



CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH KANARA

Founded in 1914

(Regn. No. MNG/130/2015-17)

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EDITORIAL

The recent cover page of the OUTLOOK magazine dated October 26th 2015 stirred me and I would like to highlight the verse against the prevailing ‘intolerance’ that several writers, poets, film personalities, historians and others have protested by surrendering their awards or expressing their anguish...and give credit to them who gave up their Academic awards. I quote :

“Race against the dying of the light - As the doors of liberty clang shut loudly, and hatred meets silent applause, writers emerge as the nation’s conscience keepers. In standing up to be counted, they remind us of our core values, and what India that is Bharat might yet lose if we do not wake up to what is right and what is just”. Profound and Touching words!

In the month of November, we remember the Dead and pray for them... to his or her own style or purpose. This issue carries articles of reflection on Grieving. Please read the inspiring article taken from the blog of Sheryl Sandberg, COO of Google who recently lost her husband. It stimulated me to write an article on Grieving and share some thoughts with you. In addition, John Monteiro has written a related article about ‘A Funeral in Goa’.

We have yet another thought provoking article forwarded by ‘Dreamcatcher’ and an article on ‘Attitude of Gratitude’ by Joan Lobo. Fr Ivan D’Silva, SVD shares his experiences of working in North-East India.

It is not possible to exclude Pope Francis. We reproduce his closing remarks at the Synod of Bishops on the Family – very inspiring and heartwarming.

The November issue is traditionally dedicated to the World’s greatest asset **“Our Children”**. As Wes Stafford says “Every Child we encounter is a divine appointment”. As you know, November 14, is celebrated as Children’s Day in India. Sanchita Lobo writes an interesting article on 21st century children titled ‘Digital Natives’.

November 17, is observed as World Peace Day. Let us reflect on the words **“Peace and harmony begin with tolerance and respect**

for every individual” and if all of us individually and jointly follow this creed, the World will be transformed as an abode of Peace!

The Indian Air Force has delighted all the women of India by declaring that women will now be recruited into Combat Units, which was thus far, an exclusive preserve of men! Yet another hurdle crossed.... Three Cheers to the Indian Army!

On the CASK front, the President has updated you on the recent Health Camps at Fr L.M.Pinto Hospital, Badyar and other activities. We sincerely thank Mr Terence V.E. D’Sa & Mrs Agnes D’Sa, Mumbai for their contribution of Rs. 5,000/- towards scholarship. We have completed the Personality Development Programme at the St Aloysius Institute of Education. All their 100 students participated. They were able to accommodate 5 sessions. The topics included leadership, public speaking, self-assertiveness, values, social graces, tolerance, fundamental rights and how to face an interview. Apart from me, the other facilitators were Winston D’Souza, Dr Derek Lobo, Capt J.P.Menezes and Sunita Menezes. I am grateful to all of them.

The festival of lights is on the horizon-our city is illuminated all over. Let it be a joyful day for our minds and hearts and may the glow of joy and prosperity illuminate our lives and our homes.

We hope to see many of you at the CASK Reunion on Saturday, 21st November 2015 at the Boat Club. Let us make it a memorable evening!

Until next time.....Patsy Lobo

A WARM WELCOME TO THE NEW LIFE MEMBERS

1. Mrs. Tracila L. Pinto - Arizona, USA
2. Mr. Nigel Fernandes - Cooke Town, Bangalore
3. Ms. Amline Josna Dsouza - Mangalore
4. Mr. Elias Sanctis - Mangalore
5. Mrs. Vimla Lobo - Mangalore
6. Mr. Sunil Steevan Vas - Mangalore
7. Mr. Aiden Dsouza - Mangalore
8. Mr. Philip Peter Lopez - Mangalore

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS



‘KEEP YOUR FACE TOWARDS THE SUN AND YOU WONT SEE THE SHADOWS.

It is time for us to remember that for all things there is a season. The last few months the country experienced a peculiar period of growing intolerance. The citizens from various walks of life, faiths, traditions, backgrounds, cultures, communities, professions and orientations have raised their voice against the dark clouds and shadows of growing intolerance in India.

However, those who kept their face focused towards the Sun to preserve the social fabric and secular traditions of our Constitution have reaped handsome dividends as the Bihar assembly elections have demonstrated. Three cheers to ‘Democracy’ and to ‘We the People’.

While on the other hand, the political party which handsomely won the General Elections in 2014 lost its focus from the development and good governance agenda-drifting with the shadows of polarisation and beef consumption only to be overshadowed completely by the Bihari people’s verdict.

Diwali is the festival of lights and is celebrated by Indians for a variety of reasons. The main theme of Diwali is the triumph of light over darkness and good over evil that truly makes it a feast that fosters a ‘Culture of Inclusion’ for a just and peaceful society. During Diwali families and friends share sweets and gifts and there is a strong tradition of doing acts of charity to those in need. Let us take the lead in fostering and nurturing a ‘Culture of Inclusion’ in the pursuit of truth.

On the CASK front, our engines are now steaming full ahead as our activities have accelerated. On the 16th of October 2015, we had the Inaugural of the Personality Development Programme at St Aloysius Bachelor of Education College. Thanks to Ms Patsy Lobo once again for the initiative and enthusiasm displayed. On the 9th of November was the CASK Ophthalmology and Paediatric Camp held in association with Doctors from Fr Mullers Medical College Hospital at Fr L M Pinto Rural Health Centre, Badiyar. We had 144 patients for the Ophthalmology Camp. 62 patients were prescribed spectacles and eight referred for corrective surgeries. Out of 73 children who attended the Paediatric Camp, 6 were referred for further surgical investigations and 20 were diagnosed as malnourished. The CASK Governing Council and Trustees have taken on the challenge to ensure that these 20 malnourished children reach better health standards in one year.

The 21st of November 2015, is the CASK Reunion where the following have been planned:

- To honour and felicitate Dr Michael Lobo, for his unique work on geneology and his contribution to the Mangalorean Catholic Community through his research and valuable publications.
- For the first time in the history CASK will unveil ‘Sadanchi Sheet-Kadi’, a reprint of selected works by Late Fr Sylvester Monteiro, SJ. This publication is a combination of 7 books in 3 languages viz Konkani, Kannada and English. Fr. Denzil Lobo, SJ, Rector of St. Aloysius Educational Institution has consented to release the reprinted volume.

This will be followed with cultural performances and Christmas Carols to usher in the Christmas Season. Our Vice President, Nayana Fernandes, will take care of you as hostess of the evening.

For all our activities we require a strong office secretariat and financial backup too. Whatever funds we raise during this Reunion is the only source of income to keep the CASK tempo going. I sincerely appeal for your support and to be a sponsor for the CASK Reunion. All our office bearers and committee members work hard unconditionally, committed to a cause bigger than themselves and your positive encouragement will enable CASK to be vibrant in the days to come.

What is new in the city of Mangaluru?. The flavour of the month has been New Mangalore Port Trust extending berthing facility to Coastal Cargo Vessel ‘Maria India’. Our Port was the first in India to introduce Coastal Ro Ro (roll on roll off) service between Mangaluru and Hazira in Gujarat. In one go, nearly 150 loaded trucks and 200 cars will go on a single voyage bringing down the congestion on the highways. The transport operators can save fuel cost, wear and tear of the vehicles and tyres. The beneficiary is the end user, as economies of scale will bring down prices of all goods transported. Just imagine the drop in carbon emissions with practically 300 trucks and 400 cars getting off the coastal roads in a single round trip every 5 days! The multiplying effect on a weekly, monthly and yearly basis is phenomenal.

Finally, lets us strive to keep our face towards the Sun with respect to environment too.

Happy Diwali and looking forward to welcoming you at 6.30 pm on 21st December 2015 for the CASK Reunion 2015 at the Boat Club, Sultan Battery Road, Mangaluru 575003. Jai Hind.

John Prasad Menezes

GRIEVING

Patsy Lobo



I recently had the opportunity to telephone and speak to a friend whom I have not met for 45 years. He had lost a young son and told me how painful it was to come to terms. I was lucky to get his telephone number from a common friend and had the courage to call him up. I hesitated for sometime but then called him, first to re connect and then to condole. I found myself devoid of words. I listened and tried my very best to show empathy, consideration, and concern. What happens when we lose someone we love? My friend explained how he went to the US with his wife to join his daughter and the family to grieve together. They went to many ‘Grieving’ Sessions, tried Yoga and the works. His wife benefited he said but he was still at a loss.

How equipped are we to help those who have lost their near and dear ones? Do we sympathize, empathize or just let it pass and mutter a few empty words? The month of November is a month when we think specially of our dear departed and offer a mass, flowers, do up the grave etc. in Mangalore, I love the beautiful custom of cleaning up the grave, attending mass and the blessing that is carried out at the Grave side on All Soul’s Day. A time to reflect on the thought that “From the tree of life each leaf must fall, the green, the gold, the great, the small. Each one in God’s own time He’ll call with perfect love, he gathers all”. A time to reflect on the qualities of the loved one and find deep consolation in the memories we keep.

When the news of the death of a person spreads friends and loved ones stream in to offer their condolences, bring food, join in the prayer service and condone with the grieved. Talking about funerals....A common sight that often upsets me is when the body is laid out at the

church and the organist strikes a note, one is sitting at the first row filled with thoughts and lost in deep sorrow and people walk in to wish, kiss and disturb their space and sombre mood. I feel the time to wish is after the burial and not at the church. By all means, lay the floral tribute or place the mass card but let us please leave the family to their thoughts.

Today I feel the need to think of those who have had to part from someone they loved so dearly-sometimes just in a flash and have to come to terms with the reality of life.

In a recently published article, Craig Barnes wrote these words:”Two things happen to people at funerals.First they are reminded of a future beyond their comprehension. The hope of heaven becomes more urgent.Secondly if they are really paying attention, they start to wonder about the life they are living right now! Let us ponder over what will be said when someone delivers our eulogy and then realise it is still possible to change.

I believe that Grief is forever, It dosen’t go away it becomes part of you, step for step, breath for breath.

What can I say to someone who has actually lost a loved one?

Parents who lose a child:

To one who loses an unborn child:

To a child or teenager who has lost a parent, grand parent:

To a young wife who has lost a husband:

To a young husband who has lost his wife:

To a wife who has lost a husband in the “growing old together years” and vice versa.

To someone who lost a dear one in an accident and had no time to say Good Bye.

What do we say and do? A death is too awful to put into words. At times we are afraid to condole simply because we do not know what to say.We are afraid of saying the wrong thing. He/she waits for some words of consolation, empathy and just listening helps the grieved. I felt the need to put a few thoughts together that we might want to share with the grieved.

*Don't try to force and say that everything will be better. *Don't tell the person to stop being sad or stop crying or to get over it. Seriously think about this one. The temptation to do this while pretending you're not doing this is strong, probably because you just don't want the person to hurt so much, but let's not do it. Once I was witness to a friend who meant well and said "You will get over it" "It was probably the greatest sword that struck for the grieved turned round and said" "It's not that you get over it. I will never but I hope that my world grows again so that there are more parts to it." Words I will always remember.

I recall the time when I lost my Mum at the grand age of 91. People told me in different ways that she had lived her life, in other words that she was old and it was kind of OK. These were the very words that I did not want to hear, and I didn't need them to fill in the phrases. I needed them to console me and ask me what she meant to me, to listen while I rambled over the many years that she lived with us and shared our ups and downs and how she nurtured the person that I was becoming. I simply needed encouragement to go on. I needed them to accept my Grieving time. Isn't a friend someone who knows what you are going through?

Let's reflect on some of the things we often say... She has gone to heaven to be with God! She did what she came here to do and it is time for her to go... She was such a good person that God wanted her to be with Him.... There is a reason for everything... Look what you have to be thankful for! It has been a long time now, it is time you get on with your life. Very often the person who is the Care Giver feels that she has not done enough. I personally do not feel that at the time of deep sorrow these statements really help. How do we tackle that?

Could we avoid: You should... You must, these sentences are too corrective.

We have to constantly remind ourselves that we are here to help others through Grief, Loss and Bereavement and not to give a sermon or make statements that are meaningless to the mourner. Let us be Listeners, Doers when needed, and above all with our words thoughtfully spoken and sincere actions and be there for them when they need us.

TRIBUTE TO A BELOVED HUSBAND

Sheryl Sandburg, COO, Google

Today is the end of ‘sheloshim’ for my beloved husband—the first thirty days. Judaism calls for a period of intense mourning known as ‘shiva’ that lasts seven days after a loved one is buried. After shiva, most normal activities can be resumed, but it is the end of sheloshim that marks the completion of religious mourning for a spouse.

A childhood friend of mine who is now a rabbi recently told me that the most powerful one-line prayer he has ever read is: “Let me not die while I am still alive”. I would have never understood that prayer before losing Dave. Now I do.

I think when tragedy occurs, it presents a choice. You can give in to the void, the emptiness that fills your heart, your lungs, constricts your ability to think or even breathe. Or you can try to find meaning. These past thirty days, I have spent many of my moments lost in that void. And I know that many future moments will be consumed by the vast emptiness as well.

But when I can, I want to choose life and meaning.

And this is why I am writing: to mark the end of sheloshim and to give back some of what others have given to me. While the experience of grief is profoundly personal, the bravery of those who have shared their own experiences has helped pull me through. Some who opened their hearts were my closest friends. Others were total strangers who have shared wisdom and advice publicly. So I am sharing what I have learned in the hope that it helps someone else. In the hope that there can be some meaning from this tragedy.

I have lived thirty years in these thirty days. I am thirty years sadder. I feel like I am thirty years wiser.

I have gained a more profound understanding of what it is to be a mother, both through the depth of the agony I feel when my children scream and cry and from the connection my mother has to my pain. She has tried to fill the empty space in my bed, holding me each night until I cry myself to sleep. She has fought to hold back her own tears to

make room for mine. She has explained to me that the anguish I am feeling is both my own and my children's, and I understood that she was right as I saw the pain in her own eyes.

I have learned that I never really knew what to say to others in need. I think I got this all wrong before; I tried to assure people that it would be okay, thinking that hope was the most comforting thing I could offer. A friend of mine with late-stage cancer told me that the worst thing people could say to him was "It is going to be okay." That voice in his head would scream, How do you know it is going to be okay? Do you not understand that I might die? I learned this past month what he was trying to teach me. Real empathy is sometimes not insisting that it will be okay but acknowledging that it is not. When people say to me, "You and your children will find happiness again," my heart tells me, Yes, I believe that, but I know I will never feel pure joy again. Those who have said, "You will find a new normal, but it will never be as good" comfort me more because they know and speak the truth. Even a simple "How are you?"—almost always asked with the best of intentions—is better replaced with "How are you today?" When I am asked "How are you?" I stop myself from shouting, My husband died a month ago, how do you think I am? When I hear "How are you today?" I realize the person knows that the best I can do right now is to get through each day.

I have learned some practical stuff that matters. Although we now know that Dave died immediately, I didn't know that in the ambulance. The trip to the hospital was unbearably slow. I still hate every car that did not move to the side, every person who cared more about arriving at their destination a few minutes earlier than making room for us to pass. I have noticed this while driving in many countries and cities. Let's all move out of the way. Someone's parent or partner or child might depend on it.

I have learned how ephemeral everything can feel—and maybe everything is. That whatever rug you are standing on can be pulled right out from under you with absolutely no warning. In the last thirty days, I have heard from too many women who lost a spouse and then had multiple rugs pulled out from under them. Some lack support networks

and struggle alone as they face emotional distress and financial insecurity. It seems so wrong to me that we abandon these women and their families when they are in greatest need.

I have learned to ask for help—and I have learned how much help I need. Until now, I have been the older sister, the COO, the doer and the planner. I did not plan this, and when it happened, I was not capable of doing much of anything. Those closest to me took over. They planned. They arranged. They told me where to sit and reminded me to eat. They are still doing so much to support me and my children.

I have learned that resilience can be learned. Adam M. Grant taught me that three things are critical to resilience and that I can work on all three. Personalization—realizing it is not my fault. He told me to ban the word “sorry.” To tell myself over and over, This is not my fault. Permanence—remembering that I won’t feel like this forever. This will get better. Pervasiveness—this does not have to affect every area of my life; the ability to compartmentalize is healthy.

For me, starting the transition back to work has been a savior, a chance to feel useful and connected. But I quickly discovered that even those connections had changed. Many of my co-workers had a look of fear in their eyes as I approached. I knew why—they wanted to help but weren’t sure how. Should I mention it? Should I not mention it? If I mention it, what do I say? I realized that to restore that closeness with my colleagues that has always been so important to me, I needed to let them in. And that meant being more open and vulnerable than I ever wanted to be. I told those I work with most closely that they could ask me their honest questions and I would answer. I also said it was okay for them to talk about how they felt. One colleague admitted she’d been driving by my house frequently, not sure if she should come in. Another said he was paralyzed when I was around, worried he might say the wrong thing. Speaking openly replaced the fear of doing and saying the wrong thing. One of my favorite cartoons of all time has been an elephant in a room answering the phone, saying, “It’s the elephant.” Once I addressed the elephant, we were able to kick him out of the room.

At the same time, there are moments when I can't let people in. I went to Portfolio Night at school where kids show their parents around the classroom to look at their work hung on the walls. So many of the parents—all of whom have been so kind—tried to make eye contact or say something they thought would be comforting. I looked down the entire time so no one could catch my eye for fear of breaking down. I hope they understood.

I have learned gratitude. Real gratitude for the things I took for granted before—like life. As heartbroken as I am, I look at my children each day and rejoice that they are alive. I appreciate every smile, every hug. I no longer take each day for granted. When a friend told me that he hates birthdays and so he was not celebrating his, I looked at him and said through tears, “Celebrate your birthday by all means. You are lucky to have each one.” My next birthday will be depressing as hell, but I am determined to celebrate it in my heart more than I have ever celebrated a birthday before.

I am truly grateful to the many who have offered their sympathy. A colleague told me that his wife, whom I have never met, decided to show her support by going back to school to get her degree—something she had been putting off for years. Yes! When the circumstances allow, I believe as much as ever in leaning in. And so many men—from those I know well to those I will likely never know—are honoring Dave's life by spending more time with their families.

I can't even express the gratitude I feel to my family and friends who have done so much and reassured me that they will continue to be there. In the brutal moments when I am overtaken by the void, when the months and years stretch out in front of me endless and empty, only their faces pull me out of the isolation and fear. My appreciation for them knows no bounds.

I was talking to one of these friends about a father-child activity that Dave is not here to do. We came up with a plan to fill in for Dave. I cried to him, “But I want Dave. I want option A.” He put his arm around me and said, “Option A is not available. So let's just kick the dirt out of option B.”

Dave, to honor your memory and raise your children as they deserve to be raised, I promise to do all I can to kick the dirt out of option B. And even though sheloshim has ended, I still mourn for option A. I will always mourn for option A. As Bono sang, “There is no end to grief . . . and there is no end to love.” I love you, Dave

BELIEVE (10)

By Dreamcatcher

In a brief conversation, a father asked her eligible daughter “What kind of man are you looking for?” She sat quietly for a moment before looking him in the eye & asking, “Do you really want to know?” . . . Reluctantly, he said, “Yes.”

She began to expound “As a woman in this day and age, I am in a position to ask a man what you can do for me that I can’t do for myself?

I pay my own bills. I take care of my household without the help of any man.... or woman for that matter. I am in the position to ask, “What can you bring to the table?”

The man looked at her. Clearly he thought that she was referring to money. She quickly corrected his thought and stated, “I am not referring to money. I need something more.”

“I need a man who is striving for excellence in every aspect of life.” He sat back in his chair, folded his arms, and asked her to explain.

She said “I need someone who is striving for excellence mentally because I need conversation and mental stimulation. I don’t need a simple-minded man.

I need someone who is striving for excellence spiritually because I don’t need to be unequally yoked...believers mixed with unbelievers is a recipe for disaster.

I need a man who is striving for excellence financially because I don’t need a financial burden.

I need someone who is sensitive enough to understand what I go through as a woman, but strong enough to keep me grounded.

I need someone who has integrity in dealing with relationships. Lies and game playing are not my idea of a strong man.

I need a man who is family-oriented. One who can be the leader, role model and provider to the lives entrusted to him by God.

I need someone who I can respect. In order to be submissive, I must respect him. I cannot be submissive to a man who isn't taking care of himself or his priorities.

I have no problem being submissive...he just has to be worthy of me. And by the way, I am not looking for him...He will find me. He will recognize himself in me. He may not be able to explain the connection, but he will always be drawn to me. God made woman to be a helpmate for man. I can't help a man if he cannot help himself."

When she finished her spill, she looked at him.

He sat there with a puzzled look on his face. He said, "You are asking a lot." She replied - **"I'm worth a lot."**

THE CLEANING LADY

During my second month of college, our professor
Gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student
And had breezed through the questions until I read

The last one:

"What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school?"

Surely this was some kind of joke. I had seen the
Cleaning woman several times. She was tall,
Dark-haired and in her 50's, but how would I know her name?

I handed in my paper, leaving the last question
blank. Just before class ended, one student asked if
the last question would count toward our quiz grade.
"Absolutely," said the professor . . . "In your careers,
You will meet many people. All are significant . . . They
deserve your attention and care, even if all you do
Is smile and say "hello . . . "I've never forgotten that lesson . . . I also
learned that her name was Dorothy.

HAROLD CHARLES PINTO BIRTH CENTENARY 1915-2015

A Tribute of Love from his children - Carmel, Ena, Mira, Maryann, Anthony, late Al and their families



Harold Charles Pinto, affectionately known as Harry, was born on November 2nd 1915, as the 12th of 14 children to Andrew Benjamin and Christine Pinto of Pinto Mahal, Bolar. He was a quiet and gentle child, always obedient and loving. His father passed away while he was in his early teens and Harry grew up under the affectionate

care of his mother, sisters and elder brother Dennis. After completing his B.A., he moved to Madras to do his law and then worked with his cousin Lawrie Menezes, a well reputed lawyer in Madras.

As with every young man of his time, Harry looked for a bride who was fair and beautiful. On being introduced to Terry, the lovely and charming daughter of Basil and Amy Britto, Harry promptly fell in love with her and her lovely long brown plaits reaching below her knees. The marriage was soon performed, although the bride was not yet seventeen and he nearly double her age. For this he was often teasingly called “cradle snatcher” by his elder nieces and nephews, many of whom

were older than his young bride.

After the birth of their first child Aloysius, Al for short, Harry and Terry relocated to Mangalore and Harry joined the family tile business. He was sincere and industrious and a great help to his elder brothers Denis and Joachim who were running the tile factories. Soon four feisty daughters, Carmel, Ena, Mira and Maryann arrived, and in an age when sons were universally valued, he cherished his four daughters who were his pride and joy. When friends commiserated with him that he had four girls and only one son, he said he was very content with his moon and stars. However, 9 years later (and 21 years after Al), in the autumn of his life, he was blessed with the arrival of his 2nd son Anthony, who brought him great joy (even as they regularly fought for the limited ration of foreign chocolates), ensuring he never had to face an “empty nest” right to the end of his days.

Harry and Terry worked together in creating a home that ran seamlessly on routine, discipline and love. The day began with the family attending daily mass and ended with the family rosary. Meal times were fixed and enjoyable oasis in an otherwise busy day. First Friday and First Saturday devotions were always adhered to. Every Sunday evening the family was put into the car and taken to Kulshekar for the Benediction. This simple but strong faith was the greatest gift he handed down to his children.

Teatime was the favorite time of the day, as Daddy came home with his “potlis” of Tajmahal sweets and snacks - something fondly remembered and missed to this day by his family. Not being one to express himself in words, it was through these regular little treats, the visible pleasure he got from the achievements and talents of his children and the patience he displayed towards his children and grandchildren, that he demonstrated his love for his family. At a time when many fathers were stern and often aloof, Daddy patiently endured many evenings indulging his little daughter Maryann, who would sit him down in front of the mirror, comb his hair, dress it with clips and ribbons, wrap him

up with cloth and generally play house with him being her little baby.

The seven grandchildren, Avinash, Smitha, Roy, Dhiraj, Vikram, Vinitha and Marie, who were lucky to know him, also fondly called him “Daddy”. They remember him as a comforting presence in the house – relaxing in his easychair, silent, but always watching over them with love in his eyes. Little as they were at the time, they knew they were loved, and as a grandchild expressively put it recently, “As the eyes are the windows of the soul, we felt his heart was full of love for us.” Cherished memories of playing next to him by the easychair, of sitting on the armrests and of climbing on the backrest to pull his hair, or to accomplish, what to them was, akin to climbing a mountain, are still with them. All the while Daddy just smiled, never objecting, letting them do as they pleased, his only worry being that they might fall off the chair and hurt themselves. The arrival of television in Mangalore and the wonder it invoked, provided yet a new way of bonding with the two grandchildren who were staying with him at the time. Sadly, the other six grandchildren, born after his death never knew him, though surely he continues to watch over them and all of us from Heaven.

Daddy was very attached to his siblings and their families. He kept an open house and was always ready to lend a ear to, and support his nieces and nephews in their joys and woes. He was especially close to his elder sister Cecy Mascarenhas and spent many evenings at her home “Albert Mansion” playing Rummy or just chatting with her and her family. He had a good relationship with his extended family, paternal and maternal, attended all their functions and took his children to visit them regularly.

Daddy was always well dressed and neatly turned out in simple cotton pants and bush shirts that were starched and ironed. In a daily ritual that is still remembered by his grandchildren and which always fascinated them, he would take a bit of his strikingly green Yardley Vaseline and massage it into his hair. He never changed the brand nor did he compromise on the ritual. When not available in India, it was

brought for him from abroad by his ever willing daughters. Perhaps that was the secret of his thick black hair until his death.

Daddy and Mummy were kind and generous, never refusing anyone help of any kind. Truly his motto was “Blessed are the peaceful.” He was never embroiled in controversies and neither did he allow us to be so – surely this is the love that Christ speaks of. He lived his life quietly and happily with his beloved Terry, his family and many friends. Truly if holiness consists in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well, Harry Pinto epitomized this.

In his later years he was a regular at The Catholic Club. Every evening he took his wife Terry for evening mass at Milagres Church, then went to The Catholic Club to play rummy with his club pals and returned home in time for the evening Rosary. Although a very good bridge player in his younger days, he found playing rummy at low stakes more relaxing. He also took to reading novels and late evenings were spent reading. A true armchair traveller, he was content to read about the places his daughters were in. He truly lived the lines from the “Ode to Solitude” by Alexander Pope - *“Happy the man whose wish and care; a few paternal acres bound; content to breathe his native air in his own ground”*.

We end this tribute to our father quoting from the eulogy given at his funeral by the late Mrs. Louella Lobo Prabhu, “I have heard Harry speak ill of no one and have heard no one ever say an unkind thing about him.” In a small town and a smaller community, this is perhaps the finest epitaph any man can have. As he lived, so he died. He spent the last evening of his life happily at the Catholic Club and then at home with his family before quietly and peacefully passing away in his sleep during the early hours of August 20th 1986, a few months after achieving the Biblical span of 70 yrs. A gentle candle was put out on earth to burn brightly forever in Heaven.

PARENTING DIGITAL NATIVES

Sanchita Lobo, Rome

When my parents last visited us, they were awed when my preschooler excitedly showed them the power point presentations she loves working on. She does this for fun. She chooses a topic, sometimes it's her favorite band, sometime it's something as mundane as shoes or there was even one titled 'things'. She googles relevant images, copies and pastes them on to the slide, does word art, graphics, the works. She may not be able to spell many words yet, but she is a power point expert.

She, like all my other kids are **Digital Natives**, the generation of people born during or after the rise of digital technologies. (And we all, born before 1980 are called '**Digital Immigrants**' by the way.) There are kids like her everywhere. You see them on the bus, the teenager with the ear plugs, listening to her iPod and texting at record breaking speed from her phone, your 7 year old niece whom you go to when you have trouble figuring out your smart phone, the intern at office who knows what to do when your email crashes, and the sixteen year old neighbour who is a successful YouTuber. Having been exposed to technology all their lives they impress and annoy us Digital Immigrants in equal measure.

For those of us who have 'Digital Native' kids, there seems to be a whole new parenting code. We often find ourselves in a parenting dilemma. How much screen time, should you allow your kids? When is the right age to buy them that smart phone they are begging for? Do they really need an iPod and a tablet? Why is the school giving them so much computer based homework? Well friends, it is no use fighting it, the digital era is here and not going anywhere in a hurry. So my advice would be, don't waste time and energy keeping technology away from your kids, accept it and take steps to integrate all that technology into your family's daily routine, keeping firm boundaries ofcourse.

Believe me, I didn't start off quite so cool. I remember the first time my teenage daughter sent me a text to say goodnight from the room next door, I blew a fuse. However five years down the line, while I still strongly insist on a more personal (read non digital) code of

communication with the kids, I must admit that I have caved in quite a bit. Today, I don't hesitate to WhatsApp my 16 year old who I know will not hear me if I call out to her, (because she has headphones glued to her ears), when I need her to come to the dinner table. I don't tell my 10 year old to go find the encyclopedia when I know she can research her history project much quicker by googling it (and it's true the depth of her research is fascinating, because she is able to access so many more articles and find out so much more information that any one encyclopedia would give her). And I don't bat an eyelid when my eight year old listens to music while she does her homework or my youngest asks for a Spotify account.

I know many of you might be shaking your head and thinking that this is not the right approach and may be you are right. But all I know is that this generation was born digital and the future will only see technology being integrated more fully into our daily lives. I have learnt by now which battles to fight and the digital battle is not one of them. So while I still set limits over their TV time, insist that all gadgets get switched off by a certain time every night, (yes I also have all passwords and do random spy swoops periodically), I don't get stressed about the rest of their digital lives. All I can do is make them understand the importance of using technology responsibly. I explain that every gadget, app and social media forum they have, is a privilege that can be revoked at any time and I continuously caution them on the dangers that lurk behind their screens. So far it seems to be working, and today I can happily say that I am the proud digital immigrant parent of some very tech savvy Digital Natives. The future is theirs... and if I can empower them to navigate the maze of digital advances that come their way with confidence and wisdom, then I would have done my part.

P.S. And in case you think Digital Natives don't know any entertainment other than what spews out of their iPhones and Laptops, let me reassure you that, that needn't always be the case. My set of Digital Natives love Lego, baking, sketching, jumping on the trampoline, skating, books and playing in the rain. It's all about the balance. The balance that you subtly teach them to develop at the beginning. The balance, that in time you will see them effortlessly maintain.



THE ATTITUDE OF GRATITUDE

Joan Lobo

One fine morning on my doorstep stood a young, strapping and confident lad with a twinkle in his eye and a bunch of flowers saying “Life is finally smiling on me... You made me what I am today, Mam, Thank You very much”. It was an energized yet emotional outburst and I was teary eyed and could not believe my eyes that the frail, nervous applicant who had come for his interview with an application rolled like a Masala Dosa, 9 years ago was here, choking me with his gesture. He was a second thought selection those days and here he wasbright and starry eyed exuding success. And to remember me when he had climbed the ladder of success truly impressed me. Well! his gratitude gave me a fresh perspective to life.... It taught me the magnitude of having an attitude of gratitude even more that day.

The first birthday wishes that came followed by a delicious cake on Denzil’s birthday was from my staff and it used to overwhelm us so much and in return for something so trivial as advice to them when they were ill and sought his help. I believe being grateful is a blessing and a gift we should all possess and often it comes from the least expected quarters. Abroad, our folks celebrate “Thanksgiving Day” in November but me believes everyday is a thanksgiving day because every new day is a precious gift which we have to learn to enjoy, treasure and be grateful for. Appreciating life when we are on top of the world is as important because things can flip in the blink of an eye. However, it is easy being grateful when life glides our way and more often than not we show gratitude the door when the going gets tough for us.

Most of us feel a normal day is boring when nothing spectacular happens. Imagine for a moment one of those nights when you just can’t fall asleep and you have to still get up early the next morning for a very important meeting. Your alarm clock goes off early. You stumble out of bed, have a quick shower, grab something to eat and you go to fight the traffic on the way to work. Does that sound like the start of a terrible day? Most of us would answer in the affirmative. Few people however, would say a emphatic, ‘No’, and these are the people who are blessed with a gift. A gift to view their life positively. These people live life with ‘an attitude of gratitude’, cos’ they believe, the situation could have

been worse. On hindsight, a lot of people don't get to experience a normal day. Things that seem mundane to us could be a privilege to another. Alternatively, think of the unfortunate one who doesn't have a bed to lay his/her head on, leave alone a roof over his/her head. When he/she is awoken from his/her disturbed slumber, it is by the rain falling on the semi clad body. He too stumbles to his feet and begins his journey to work on his bare feet. His work is in the field of survival. He searches through garbage for scraps of food to eat and bits of clothes to keep him warm. Even in times when it seems that nothing could be worse, there is always a reason to be grateful. And when we feel a sense of gratitude, we feel a sense of contentment. We should learn to look for the good in every situation and live with an attitude of gratitude. I assure you, if we were that fellow searching for food in the garbage, we would find many more reasons to be grateful for. We just have to look hard enough and open our eyes. We have to focus on what's good in our life, not what's bad. Life works in mysterious ways. "When eating bamboo sprouts, remember the man who planted them." is a chinese proverb "Being grateful is being rich and complaining is truly being poor in heart and mind. Let us rise up and be thankful every day, for if we didn't learn much today, at least we learned a little, if we didn't earn much today, at least we earned a bit; if we ate so little, we did not get sick. God gives us a lavish gift of 86,400 seconds every day. Do we use even one of them to say "THANK YOU"??

Gratitude is not just thankfulness but a heartfelt acknowledgement of all the good that happens in our life. Life sometimes challenges us with unpleasant things but it's imperative to believe that whatever occurs, happens for the best and for a reason Like the famous proverb 'Every cloud has a silver lining'. It is not important for all our wishes to be fulfilled but it's a kind of learning - through sickness we realise the value of health; through evil, the value of good; through hunger, the value of food; through exertion, the value of rest; through rejection the value of being accepted etc. "There are only two options I believe to live our life-One is to believe that nothing is a miracle and the other is to believe that everything is a miracle." said Albert Einstein. We have to look and find things to appreciate and they will fulfill our life and bring us joy. We might be thankful for someone else's success or their contribution. Gratitude, or thankfulness, seems to be a lost art today. Nothing is more honorable than a grateful heart.

“Let us be grateful to people who make us happy; they are the charming gardeners who make our souls blossom”, wrote Marcel Proust. *“Gratitude unlocks the fullness of our life. It turns what we have into enough, and more. It turns denial into acceptance, chaos to order, confusion to clarity. It can turn a meal into a feast, a house into a home, a stranger into a friend. When we give thanks for little, we will find a lot. Gratitude is the memory of the heart for a good deed done. To speak gratitude is courteous and pleasant, to enact gratitude is generous and noble, but to live gratitude is to touch heaven”* said a priest during his inspiring sermon which is so true.

Our complaints can be many - we wish we were richer, fairer, handsomer, luckier ..Often instead of rejoicing in what we have, we yearn for something better. We can never be grateful if we are making comparisons with others. Most of the time when we have a chance to be grateful for something, we don't do it. We go through our days with clouded minds and dazed thoughts. Cultivating gratitude begins with cultivating thankfulness, which is the beginning of gratitude and Gratitude is the completion of thankfulness.

While gratitude is shown in acts, thankfulness consists of words. We can express our Gratitude with a sincere thank you ... not for the gifts of this day only, but for the day itself. They are not poor that have little, but they that desire much. A wealthy man is one who is content with what he possesses. If we want to feel rich, we should just count all the things we possess that money can't buy - be it our life, or our family or our good qualities etc.

A child owes thanks to his parents for the many sacrifices they make to see him happy and successful and their unconditional abundant love ; the scholar to his teachers for exploring his intelligence; good friends for each other's support. The frequent use of the phrase, “Thank you,” though often not more than a polite convention, nevertheless shows the necessity for cultivating a grateful attitude towards those who do something for us. Gratitude helps attitude and an attitude of gratitude certainly helps us focus and be grateful for what we have in our life. I recollect a friend who often mentions with a sense of pride that he owed his astounding success to his principal who had arranged special classes after college hours for him when he was down and out and helped him clear all his 9 subjects which he had failed in one go and from then on, there was no looking back and he was ever grateful even

today for that thoughtful gesture. Gratitude is the special ingredient of a happy and positive attitude.

To whom would I be grateful to??God Almighty who has been my anchor and my all, My parents who brought me up with loads of love to face the world, my siblings for being there through thick and thin, my uncle who gave me a break in life...my first job...elders who nurtured me and cared about me through my growing years, a teacher who inspired me and believed in me to do well, my hubby who doted on me and taught me to reach out to the needy and showered me with immense affection and encouraged me to achieve et all, and friends who made life valuable and memorable for me. Have I ever sought them out to personally thank them? I think I have which makes me feel very fulfilled. To whom am I grateful for in my life in my widowed years? To those who took me into their fold showering me with unlimited affection, to those who thoughtfully conveyed that they were there for me day or night if I needed them, those who felt I am lonely and made that thoughtful call or sent me a reassuring message day after day, those who invited me over to spend time with them as I cherish being with people a lot, for those who assured me of their continued prayers and also most importantly to a mentor who listened patiently to my non- stop chatter without commas and full stops and inspired and advised me and told me 'Be Strong. Don't dwell on sympathy from others and through it all God who has been my forever strength. Have I let them know how much I appreciate them? Yep I have.... Cos 'by being grateful to people we learn to appreciate the things money cannot buy and specially when we are sorely inadequate of it. Well! being grateful has become second nature to me now and it's a joke among my friends . If my 'Thank You' messages do not reach them on time they are wondering why ? A simple warm-hearted thank you helps us to stay connected and lifts our spirits too. Most often all it takes is a friendly smile, a kind word about a job well done, a thoughtful thank you note, a small appreciative favor , or a patient hearing to someone who has a sad story to tell which enriches our lives as well as theirs . On a parting note a thought provoking quote "*For each new morning with its light, For rest and shelter of the night, For health and food, for love and friends, Feeling gratitude and not expressing it is like wrapping a present and not having it sent*" - William Arthur Ward

CLOSING REMARKS BY POPE FRANCIS AT THE SYNOD of BISHOPS ON THE FAMILY

Vatican, October 24, 2015

In his closing speech to the synod of Bishops on the Family, Pope Francis expressed displeasure at those who are trying to block or hinder his efforts to get the church to reach out in a merciful and tender way to the many wounded families and people in the world today, and bring them hope and the light of Christ.

He began by saying what the synod was not. “It was not about settling all the issues related to the family” nor was it about “finding exhaustive solutions for all the problems which challenge and threaten the family.” Instead, he said, it sought to look at those issues “in the light of the Gospel and the Church’s tradition and 2000 year history” so as to bring families “the joy of hope without falling into a facile repetition of what is obvious or has already been said.” It was about seeing the difficulties and uncertainties facing families “in the light of faith, carefully studying and confronting them fearlessly, without burying our heads in the sand.”

He said the synod sought to “appreciate the importance of the institution of the family and of marriage based on unity and indissolubility, and valuing it as the fundamental basis of society and human life.” Furthermore, he said, the synod was “about listening to and making heard the voices of the families” and their pastors, and showing “the vitality of the Catholic Church, which is not afraid to stir dulled consciences or to soil her hands with lively and frank discussions about the family.”

The Pope said the synod sought “to view and interpret today’s realities, through God’s eyes, so as to kindle the flame of faith and enlighten people’s hearts amidst discouragement, social, economic and moral crisis, and growing pessimism.” He said the synod was about “bearing witness to everyone that, for the Church, the Gospel continues to be a vital source of eternal newness, against all those who would ‘indoctrinate’ it in dead stones to be hurled at others”.

His last sentence was particularly incisive, because Pope Francis

had silently watched, and noted the efforts of some prelates to block progressive changes in the church in the pretext of defending church doctrine and tradition. He had seen a few senior collaborators who head offices in the Roman Curia rowing in a different direction to him. He is well aware that there are many cardinals and bishops who are not on the same wavelength as him he watched some of them at work in the synod.

Pope Francis told them that in actual fact the synod has been quite revealing. It had exposed “the closed hearts which frequently hide even behind the Church’s teachings or good intentions, in order to sit in the chair of Moses and judge, sometimes with superiority and superficiality, difficult cases and wounded families.”

The synod had sought “to open up broader horizons, rising above conspiracy theories and blinkered viewpoints” and “to defend and spread the freedom of the children of God” and “to transmit the beauty of Christian Newness, at times encrusted in a language which is archaic or simply incomprehensible.”

During these past 3 weeks, he said, “different opinions” were freely expressed at the synod but sometimes not in well-meaning ways.” In any case, he said, the synod discussions “certainly led to a rich and lively dialogue” and offered the world “a vivid image of a Church which does not simply ‘rubberstamp,’ but draws from the sources of her faith living waters to refresh parched hearts.”

He further said “we have also seen that what seems normal for a bishop on one continent, is considered strange and almost scandalous for a bishop from another; what is considered a violation of a right in one society is an evident and inviolable rule in another; what for some is freedom of conscience is for others simply confusion”.

He explained this saying “cultures are in fact quite diverse, and each general principle needs to be inculturated, if it is to be respected and applied.”

Pope Francis said the diversity at the synod revealed that they all face the same challenge: “that of proclaiming the Gospel to the men and women of today, and defending the family from all ideological and individualistic assaults.”

He added, “without ever falling into the danger of relativism or of demonizing others,” and in the context of the Year of Mercy, “we sought to embrace, fully and courageously, the goodness and mercy of God who transcends our every human reckoning and desires only that all be saved.”

He told the 300 participants listening to him that this synod experience “made us better realize that the true defenders of doctrine are not those who uphold its letter, but its spirit; not ideas but people; not formulae but the gratuitousness of God’s love and forgiveness.”

In conclusion, he reminded his brother bishops that “the Church’s first duty is not to hand down condemnations or anathemas, but to proclaim God’s mercy, to call to transformation and to lead all men and women to salvation in the Lord.”

The synod fathers gave him a standing ovation when he finished speaking. The Synod closed with a concelebrated mass at St Peter’s Basilica, with the Pope as the main celebrant.

A FUNERAL IN GOA

John B. Monteiro

“The pomp of death alarms us more than death itself” - Seneca, (Roman philosopher (BC 4- AD 65), quoted by English writer Francis Bacon)

These thoughts crossed my mind when I went to Goa recently to attend the funeral of Winnie Braganza(72) who has a Mangalorean link. Dr. Sherine, a leading eye specialist practising in Bangalore, daughter of the late Victor D’Souza and the late Beatrice D’Souza (my wife’s elder sister), is married to Dr. Adrian Braganza, also a leading eye specialist, son of Winnie and Group Captain (Rtd.) Kevin Braganza of the Indian Air Force. A long-time teacher in Loreto Convent in Kolkata, Winnie later set up her own school for kids at her residence in the Defence Colony in Porvorim. She was also a felicitous writer who contributed frequently to *O Herald* of Panjim. Five of Sherine’s relatives went to Goa to represent her family at the funeral.

English writer Sir Thomas Browne talks about “a thousand doors that lead to death.” Cancer is one of them. Eight years ago, Winnie was diagnosed with cancer and was given a short time to live by doctors. She defied the prognosis and lived through 46 chemos, three major operations and lived wonderfully. But this is not an obituary for her.

“**Death levels all things,**” wrote Claudianus, epic poet of ancient Alexandria. Winnie was buried in a small cemetery close to the local Holy Family Church in Porvorim. To my surprise, there were no tombstones and monuments as we would find in the Milagres Church cemetery – only small wooden crosses with the names of the dead written on them marked recent graves. The part of the graveyard where Winnie was buried was marked by rows of concrete-lined, ready-to-use graves, from A to H, each row with 10 grave spots. One is in a queue and has to occupy the next grave spot in the row as it gets used from A to H – 80 graves in all. At the head of each grave-spot there is a black marble, 6"X12", with an imprinted cross and space enough to write the name of the dead and the dates – with no space for colourful eulogies. Those dug graves are back-filled with loose mud which has settled down at ground level. Good planning when manual labour is difficult to line up in the context of *susegado* and the post-lunch siesta. There are also niches in the compound wall, as we see them on the west wall of the Milagres Church cemetery, with brief details of the departed.

When I went to the funeral house to pay my respects to Winnie before the funeral, I heard Winnie’s younger brother sombrely eulogising his departed sister’s virtues and good deeds; these included her saving him from the clutches of kidnappers at Kharagpur Railway Station on a dark night when she was 20 and he barely six. Others followed with brief recollections. Earlier, such intimate eulogies were delivered in church at the funeral, but, with church schedules becoming tighter, only the shraddanjali (funeral oration) is now allowed there. In Winnie’s case, her husband Kevin did the honours with great composure and in five minutes flat.

In Mangalore, the original coffin suppliers have now evolved into “arrangers”, taking on chores from A to Z. In Goa, event managers seem to have entered the scene. When we drove to the funeral house,

there were uniformed marshals directing the traffic. We thought this was Defence Colony routine. Then, when the body was taken out of the hearse at the cemetery gate, six resplendently uniformed “soldiers” took charge of the coffin and marched to the grave like at a state funeral. They also lowered the coffin to the base of the grave. Only later did I learn that this, too, was part of the event management!

All in all, Goan funerals are different from those we have in Mangalore and there may be something that we can absorb from there – management of graves, emotions and even the funeral!

A LOVELY MEMORY CALLED ANNA

Preeti Aranha


I was halfway through braiding my daughter’s hair when the doorbell rang with an urgency that made me abandon the exercise immediately. To our very pleasant surprise our neighbours’ lovely daughter, Gail stood there unable to contain her excitement. “Aunty, I have a cockatiel like my Mittu. Would you like one for Anya?” While my daughter’s eyes were round like saucers, shining with excitement, in my mind ran the chores of keeping cockatiel and her cage clean. Our friend continued as if reading my mind, “It’s really easy to maintain, Aunty.” And the list went on, that included bathing the bird gently with shampoo below the neck downward. Well, to be honest I too was a little tempted. After all this would not require much time and she would be a lovely addition to our family. There were a lot of cheers after a nod in agreement.

The lovely princess arrived in a cardboard box with adequate holes made for air to enter. While my daughter cooed to her from outside the box, we ran to pick up a cage. We picked up the best along with sunflower seeds. After some protest from our princess we put her in the cage. She was gorgeous, yellow with tinges of red on her cheeks, sprightly and happy. All we could do was look at her. Time to call her something. “Anna”, my daughter chirped.

Anna was amazing. Cracking open her sunflower seeds or calling out when they were over, daintily dipping her beak in her bowl of water. Anna would not drink her water if something fell in it. She trilled through

the day and moved to the side of her cage to watch T.V from her balcony. Best of all she answered to her name. The months rolled by. And when all was honky dory, we noticed Anna’s eyes getting red. The same day found Anna unable to climb the sides of her cage to reach the bars she perched on. We rushed to the vet. Our hearts broke when we saw her sitting so lifelessly. The vet took one look, gently kept her on his palm. The kindly vet looked up,” Birds are born to fly to be with their own not meant to be caged. Keep a bird bath instead, hundreds will come.”When we reached home we knew Anna would not make it. We kept her out of her cage in the hall and sat around her, feeding her drops of water. At one point she did revive, to take a few faltering steps only to lay her head on my palm. She wanted that solace that every living being in the last stage of its life craves, a last touch with the living.

“Hail to thee, blithe Spirit! Bird thou never wert. Teach me half the gladness, That thy brain must know,” P. B. Shelly. The cage stood empty. The very next day we filled it with a stuffed toy bird.

	<h1>WHITE DOVES</h1> <p>Presents for the 21st Year</p>	
	<p>THE 2015 YEAR OLD FACT IN A MOBILE ACT</p> <p><i>through song and act</i></p> <p><i>on 4th, 5th and 6th December 2015</i></p>	
Friday, 04-12-2015	5.30 p.m.	Jilla Kreedangana, Hassan
Saturday, 05-12-2015	5.30 p.m.	Junior College Grounds, Belur
Sunday, 06-12-2015	5.30 p.m.	Nehru Maidan, Mangalore
	8.00 p.m.	Padua School Grounds, Mangalore
<p><i>All are welcome</i></p>		

MY EXPERIENCES IN NORTH-EAST INDIA

Fr. Ivan D' Silva, SVD

As I landed in Agartala(Tripura) in 1996, I could see only the Military moving around with ammunitions. I was new to the language, culture and people. The area was disturbed because of insurgency. The unrest between tribal and non-tribals(mostly Bengalis) was growing and Church functionaries were considered to be supporters or having soft corners towards the tribals. Within 2 months of my stay in Ambassa in Dhalai District, I managed to pick up the Bengali language, both reading and writing. The free movement was curtailed on the Guwahati-Agartala National Highway, yet I used to reach to the interior tribal villages for social work. Once when I was travelling to one of the villages in a Maruti gypsy with another colleague in Ambassa parish, I was about to be shot by the militants, on suspicion that I was from the military. But God saved me from a fatal accident within one year in Ambassa. I was familiar with the local people and customs – both tribal and Bengali.

In 1997, I took the courage to reach to the most interior Sub-Division of Dhalai District-Gandachera, consisting of 219 villages. I was welcomed by the few Christian employees who were from other sub-divisions. They requested me to conduct services every Sunday. Thus, I used to travel to Gandachera regularly sitting on top of the bus or top of the Jeep, because of lack of seats inside the bus. Only once a day vehicles used to move to that place from the District headquarters or District Market with the help of a Military Convoy. Those days, Gandachera was considered to be a hub of underground activities. The 55 kilometer travel from Ambassa to Gandachera, on the dusty road would take 4 to 5 hours.

Suspecting my movements, once I was arrested and taken to the Police Station for interrogation at a place called Ganganagar, halfway between Gandachera and Ambassa. The news of my short arrest spread through the Sub-division, especially among the tribals.

One year I stayed in one of the tribal houses, ate their food and lived like them, learned to speak their dialect-Kokbru, language of the Reang tribe. On September 8, 1999 Gandachera was declared as St.

Arnold Parish. In 2000, the Parish started an English medium school and hostel. My interest for visiting villages and helping the tribal people continued in spite of difficult terrain and no roads to tread. I used to go to villages with a T.V, Generator, and VCR to show the films like Daya Sagar etc. And that was the way I came into contact with the people in the villages. And because of our school and hostel many more villagers came into contact and along with the local people and hostel children we used to put up dance dramas and cultural programmes in the villages.

When I left Gandachera in 2006, there was a Church, school, Hostel, Presbytery and around 450 Catholics in five sub-stations and Center. In spite of the fear of terrorists, threat from non-tribals, ignorance of culture, language, police arrest and harassment, away from all basic communications (nearest phone booth was 55 kilometers in Ambassa) and 20 attacks of Malaria in 8 years, I loved my life among the Reang tribals—one of the primitive tribes of India.

In 2008, I went to Jowai Diocese of Meghalaya and learned the Khasi language and opened a mission station in the place called Lumshnong. In 2009, the mission station was declared as a parish. Along with my companion priest, we started an English Medium school. And I am back again to Tripura to begin another mission centre with the aim to promote education.

In my entire work in Northeast India, I have experienced the presence of the Lord. All such stations are holy and I have realized that, I need to remove my shoes before I enter into a mission territory. Before I reached the destination, the Lord is already present there and the people were my teachers.

In this kind of work in remote and hard-to-reach areas, there are two kinds of modes that can be applied (i) “conquest mode” whereby the mission is run like a one-way street where the pastor does everything for the people. (ii) “dialogue mode” whereby it is a two-way exchange between the pastor and the people. In this mode, the pastor will offer support to the people through education, health care, spiritual upliftment etc and the people contribute and support the pastor in his work and thereby help themselves and the community. The pastor does not impose his plans on the people. A new approach to Social Service entails a more radical commitment to our vow of poverty and a truly simple lifestyle.

JOSEPH ALBUQUERQUE (1922-2015) AND LAUREL ALBUQUERQUE (1933-2004)



Priya Madan Mohan - Godchild and niece

My siblings - Vanitha, Jawahar, Dinoo and I were specially blessed to have a second set of parents in Uncle Joseph who recently passed away and aunty Laurel who was called to her heavenly home in 2004. They represented for us unconditional love, stability and security.

Their home in Mumbai was home to us since we were babies. They dealt with our teenage tantrums, consoled us when we were sad, they stayed up late when we were sick or had exams and worried and prayed for us. They supported and encouraged us to pursue our dreams and held our hands as we took every step to make our own homes and careers. They took much pride in all we did. We have so many precious memories which we will always treasure. Thank you - Uncle Joseph and Aunty Nunoo for Everything.

Vanitha Noronha - niece

“How does one say Goodbye to someone who loved you all your life like a parent – who opened his heart and home to the Coelho and Tauro kids.. sat at the dining table every night discussing our day... making us laugh.. correcting us when we were wrong.. boring us with politics and teaching us to pray and turn to the Lord in good times and bad... ”

Words fail me. I cannot say Goodbye.. Our dearest Uncle Joseph, we pray that God loves you always. Our Mother Mary accepts you into Heaven with open arms and you and aunty Nunoo share forever in happiness and love”

The family wishes to thank Uncle Joe Gonsalves for a heartwarming eulogy and Fr Santosh Kamath for an apt homily. Special thanks to Drs Christopher Pais and Dr Amir Ali and to the Ursuline Sisters of Nympha Sadan for their kind care of Uncle Joseph since 2007. We are grateful to Lalitha, Pradeep and Mr Lewis for their constant nursing care.

Joseph Albuquerque was the Son of Late Raymond & Late Eliza Albuquerque. His brothers- Robert, Louis, Freddy, Alfred and sisters- Ethel, Maude, Mabel preceded him to the heavenly abode. His only surviving sister - Theresa Aranha(96) lives in Bandra-Mumbai. Laurel’s brother Austin Tauro and sister Elaine(Cuckoo) Coelho live in Mangalore.

(Sponsored)

NEWS & NOTES

MISSIONARIES OF CHARITY STOP ADOPTION IN INDIA

The Missionaries of Charity (MC) founded by Blessed Mother Teresa has decided to stop running Adoption Centres in India, citing difficulty in complying with the new adoption rules notified by the Government of India in July 2015.

“It was 2 months ago that MC decided to discontinue all adoption work in India. We have voluntarily given up our recognised status to run adoption centres. If we were to continue the work set up by Mother Teresa, complying with all new provisions would have been difficult for us,” the organisation said in a statement.

“This decision was arrived soon after we received the new ‘Guidelines Governing Adoption of Children, 2015’ issued under a notification from the union ministry of women and child development,” the statement added.

While the Missionaries of Charity did not specify its opposition to any particular provision, the new guidelines notified in July have made single parents (separated, divorced, unwed mothers) eligible to adopt through online registration.

The organisation runs 16 orphanages in India under the name of Nirmala Shishu Bhawan, providing shelter, food, medical care and schooling to abandoned and destitute children. Of this 13 were authorised by the government to run adoption centres.

ITALIAN EDITION OF BOOK ON GANDHI AUTHORED BY PASCAL ALAN NAZARETH RELEASED AT GREGORIAN UNIVERSITY - ROME

The Italian edition of the book “Gandhi’s Outstanding Leadership” authored by former ambassador of India-Pascal Alan Nazareth was released at the renowned Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome, by its distinguished Rector, François-Xavier Dumortier SJ, on 2nd October 2015.

Roberto Catalano, of the centre of the Focolare Movement for

interreligious dialogue, presided over the Programme and highlighted the importance of the book.

While releasing the book, ‘La straordinaria leadership di Gandhi’, Dumortier, lauded the book as a great effort in propagating Gandhian values, which he said are similar to the non-violence preached and practiced by Jesus Christ and echoed the beatitudes of Christ. Noting that violence is always deadly and enslaving, he said “Without peace, national or international society will not last long.” He expressed great joy in knowing Ambassador Nazareth as a Jesuit Alumnus and wished him success in his efforts to spread the message and popularize the leadership style of Mahatma Gandhi.

Alan Nazareth spoke of the humbling honour he felt that the Italian Edition, the ninth foreign language edition of his book, had been released on the sacred soil of the Vatican. He focused on the practical impact that the great Indian soul has had on the world and its policies.



Referring to Gandhi’s great reverence for Christ and of his dedicated effort to actually live the Sermon on the Mount, Nazareth cited concrete instances of Gandhi’s respect for the teachings of Christ, quoting the words of the Mahatma.

He also narrated anecdotes related to the theme, which one can find in his book.

Nazareth, who was one of the few Christian Ambassadors of India, said that the political and spiritual teaching of Gandhi is still very relevant and is essential for global justice and development. “What the world needs most today is justice, non-violence and the abolition of war,” he said.

Nazareth offered his manifold thanks to the distinguished Rector of the University for having released the Italian edition, and as a mark of esteem and gratitude, draped him with an embroidered Indian shawl

DR. JULIAN SALDANHA NEW RMO FOR WENLOCK HOSPITAL



The well-known Wenlock District Hospital- Mangalore, has got a new Resident Medical Officer(RMO) - Dr.Julian Saldanha. Dr.Julian is a dedicated senior specialist in the Government Health Services, known for his concern and care to all. In his position as RMO, it is expected that the district hospital administration and health services will be improved.

Dr Julian is a member of a well known Vaz/Saldanha family of Mangalore. He joined the Department of Health and Family Welfare, Government of Karnataka in 1991. He earned his MD in internal medicine from Fr.Muller's Hospital Mangaluru in 1997 and was promoted and posted at Government District Wenlock hospital, Mangalore as Senior Specialist in charge of dept of medicine.

Dr. Julian Saldanha, is active in the medical and social scene of the city; he served successfully as Secretary, Association of Physicans of India, DK branch for two terms, Member of IMA - Indian Medical Association, Rachana, Mens sodality, Member of Dakshina Kannada cricket association and so on. He is a life member of CASK.

CASK congratulates Dr Julian on this well-deserved promotion and wishes him the best.

WRIT BY CHEVALIER CLARENCE PAIS THAT CANON LAW OF CHRISTIANS BE RECOGNIZED AS PERSONAL LAW IS ABJUDICATED BY THE SUPREME COURT

The Mangalorean Catholics are probably aware of the Writ filed by Chevalier Clarence Pais - Writ Petition No: W.P.Civil 57 of 2013 on the file of the Supreme Court of India, by way of a Public Interest Litigation (P.I.L).

The point raised by Chev. Clarence Pais in the Writ is that under Article 372 of the Indian Constitution, Personal Law of the Minorities continues to be valid even after the enactment of the Constitution of

India. In the case of the Indian Catholics the Personal Law is the Canon Law and in the case of the Indian Muslims it is the Mohamedan Law. While the Personal Law for the Muslims is recognized by the Courts in India, the Personal Law of the Indian Catholics is not recognized. Mr Pais claimed that till the uniform Civil Code comes into force in India, the Courts in India are bound to recognize Canon Law as the Personal Law of the Indian Catholics in view of Article 372 of the Indian Constitution. This view has been upheld by the three Bench decision of the Supreme Court in the case reported in A.I.R 1972 Supreme Court 2667.

The two-judge Bench of Justices Anil R Dave, and Adarsh K Goel of the Supreme Court agreed to adjudicate the sensitive issue after the Petitioner pleaded that many Catholics who re-married after getting divorce from ecclesiastical courts under Canon Law, were facing charges of bigamy as law courts did not recognize the annulment given by the Church.

Abjudication is a legal process by which judges review evidence and arguments including legal reasoning, to come to a decision.

JUDITH MASCARENHAS AND CORINE RASQUINHA – RECEIPIENTS OF DISTRICT RAJYOTSAVA AWARD



Judith Mascarenhas and Corine Rasquinha have been conferred the District Rajyotsava award for their dedicated Social Work. The awards were presented on November 1, 2014 during the

Kannada Rajyotsava celebrations in Mangaluru.

CASK congratulates Judith Mascarenhas and Corine Rasquinha on the well-deserved honor and wishes them continued success in their commendable work.

CHRISTIAN PLANTER'S GUILD ELECTS NEW OFFICE-BEARERS

At the Annual General Body Meeting of the Christian Planter's Guild(CPG), on 6th September 2015, the following were unanimously elected as Office-bearers for the term 2015-2017 :

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| President | - Mrs Philomena Peris |
| Vice-President | - Dr Derek Lobo |
| Secretary | - Mr Tarun Pinto |
| Treasurer | - Mr Galdin D'Souza |

Conveners Technical Committee- Dr Anand Pereira & Mr Avie Rodrigues

CPG is a Registered Body of Christian Planters and has a membership of 175 Coffee Planters. It was established in 1966 and will be celebrating its Golden Jubilee in 2016. The new Committee has the privilege and responsibility to celebrate the Golden Jubilee in a befitting manner.

CASK congratulates the new Office-bearers of CPG and wishes them a successful tenure.

URSULINES - NEW PROVINCIAL COUNCIL ELECTED

One of the oldest Catholic order of nuns indigenously born in Mangaluru soil are the UFS - 'Ursuline Franciscan Sisters'. At their just concluded provincial chapter/ conclave, a new team of the Mangaluru Provoncial council has been elected on October 19, 2015.

The new team consists of : Sr. Rita Vas - Provincial Superior. The other members of this council are; Sr. Trecilla D'Mello - Vicar Provincial,; Sr. Clara Menezes; Sr. Leena Rodrigues; Sr. Lydia Serrao.

The Mangaluru Provincial Council will lead, guide and administer the affairs of all UFS institutions in the Mangalore Province. The province now consists of 32 Communities, 182 Perpetually Professed sisters, 35 Temporarily Professed sisters making for a total of 217 sisters. Also it has 11 novices, 24 Candidates in formation, 144 Ursuline Franciscan Lay associates.

CASK congratulates the new team & wishes them success.

OBITUARIES - OCTOBER/NOVEMBER

CASK offers its sincere condolences to the families of the following members of our community, who passed away recently:

1. George Ligoury Goveas (88), Bejai/Chickmagalur, husband of late Lilly Goveas, father of Ronald/Chriselda, Ida/Richard Mascarenhas, Irene/Paul Crasta, Nancy/Ronald Mascarenhas, Cony/Farida, Wilfred/Corina & Arun/Asha, on October 2, 2015.
2. Sr Benedicta (89), Sisters of Charity, Nirmala Convent, Ullal, daughter of late Marcel and late Catherine D'Souza, sister of late Ambrose, Julian, Gregory, late Joachin, Lucy, Winnie, Therese, late Avith, Charles and Walter, on October 3, 2015.
3. John D'Souza (89), Bendur, son of David D'Souza & late Lucy D'Souza, husband of late Christine D'Souza, father of Lancy Francis/ Nancy D'Souza, on October 3, 2015.
4. Stella Vas (74), Angelore, wife of late Edwin Vas, mother of late Diana Vas, on October 7, 2015.
5. Gregory Herbert D'Souza (75), Urwa, husband of Dotty, father of Lavina/Jeevan, Roshan/Priya & Reshma/Rony, on October 10, 2015.
6. Leo Lobo (63) Kulshekar, husband of Regina, father of Renita, Jenifer /Ravi Kumar, Rajesh/Priya, on October 12, 2015.
7. Jacintha Merlyn Farias (51), Bendur, wife of Percy Farias, mother of Darren & Melissa, on October 12, 2015.
8. Juliana D'Souza (93), Bendur, wife of late Sylvester D'Souza, retired teacher, Suratkal, mother of Mathew/Sharlette, Michael/Mabel & Edwin/Leena, on October 12, 2015.
9. Dr Blaan D'Souza (76), Bangalore, husband of Dr Agnes D'Souza, father of Dr Candace/Dr Aditya, brother of Judith D'Souza, Sr Maria Jyothi AC, Adelaide Pinto, Sr Maria Sheila, Lidwin Lobo, late Antony D'Souza, Bernadine Mascarenhas, Christopher D'Souza & Sandra Pereira, on October 15, 2015.
10. Philomena (Polly) Rego nee Andrade (83), Mumbai, wife of Leonard Joseph, mother of late Jairaj, Laila/Ronald Fernandes, Fr Anil Rego, Ajit/Aarthi, Shaila/Vincent Miranda, sister of Jovina Menezes, Julea (John), Late Joba, Late Claudius, Late Francis, Faustin, Eulalia D'Souza, Louisa Mascarenhas, Prescilla Sequeira & Maternal aunt of CASK President Capt. J. P. Menezes, on October 16, 2015.
11. Felix Pereira (84) Bejai, husband of Monica Pereira, father of Ronald/Stella, Raina/Derick Vaz & Ruben/Teena, on October 17, 2015.

12. Mary Sequeira (80), Jeppu, wife of late Albert Sequeira, mother of Jacintha, Jerome/Gretta, Genevive/Julian, late Juliana/late Pascal, Jacob/Sunitha, Vanitha/Ranjith & Jyothi/Sridar, on October 17, 2015.
13. Annie D'Souza (69), Falnir, mother of Jimmy D'Souza & Jinny D'Souza, mother-in-law of Lavina D'Souza, on October 22, 2015.
14. Walter Cyril Pereira (80), Bajpe/Ontario-Canada, husband of Rose (Rita), father of Carlton/Nicole, Sharon/Renuk and Chantelle/Mohammed, brother to Harry/Matty, Jessie/Stan, late Flavian/Minette and Merlyn/Joe, on October 23, 2015.
15. Jane D'Souza (83), Urwa, wife of late Joachim J D'Souza, mother of Raymond/Veena, Ronald/Roseline, Reena/Marcel and Ramola/Alwyn, on October 25, 2015.
16. Emilia Rodrigues (Ammy Bai) (78) Bejai, Wife of Late Thomas Rodrigues, Mother of James/Helen, Valerian/Lona, Prescilla/Vincent, Ivan/Joyce, Pramila/Alwyn, on October 31, 2015.
17. Muriel D'Souza (80), Bajpe, wife of late Edward D'Souza, mother of Violet, Austin, Praveen, Godwin and Nelson, on November 2, 2015.
18. Joseph Sylvester D'Souza (87), Jeppu, husband of late Lilly D'Souza, father of Cedric/Charlotte, Sabita/Derrick, Shali/late Stan Roney, Sujeeth/Tressy & Shodan/Anita, on November 3, 2015.

THE DIOCESE OF MANGALORE LOST 3 PIOUS PRIESTS DURING OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 2015

Fr Joseph Lobo (58), Parish Priest, Most Holy Redeemer Church, Derebail, Mangalore, on October 6, 2015.

Fr Maxim Furtado (74), Madanthyar, on November 1, 2015. He served at Thottam, Kota, Byndoor, Olavinahalli and other parishes. Was resident of Vianney Home, Mangalore.

Fr John D'Souza (73), Kinnigoli, on November 1, 2015. He served at Urwa, Angelore and Siddakatte and worked as professor at Jeppu seminary. During his tenure a new church building at Urwa was built. Was resident of Vianney Home, Mangalore.

Fr Maxim Furtado & Fr John D'Souza died in a tragic car accident at Kottara Chowki, Mangalore.

CASK offers its condolences to the bereaved families.