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A Labour Day Reverie

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My Trinidad Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow is a monthly digital magazine capturing the essence of Trinidad, the most southerly of the Caribbean islands. It offers a nostalgic look at the island that was, and casts a skillful eye on the island that is, in an attempt to enlighten readers to the island's potential.

Its editorial vision is based on the old English philosophy that you can't really know where you are going unless you know where you've been.

In an effort to fulfil that vision our cast is made up of Trinidadian nationals at home and in the Diaspora who represent some of the most thoughtful minds of the day. In terms of infamy as opposed to celebrity, they are as follows:

- Dr. Johnny Coomansingh (President)
- Raynier Maharaj (Editor)
- Margaret Ann Syne (Publisher)
- Kin Man Young Tai (Assistant Publisher)
- Peter de la Bastide
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Anthony Deyal (Founder)

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Any income generated from this magazine will go directly towards a children's charity to be established.

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The views of readers will be welcomed, and when possible, published. We reserve the right, of course, to edit same. All opinions offered in this magazine are not necessarily those of the publisher and editor.

Cover Photo: Carib and Crab by Patti Schermerhorn

Storms & catching crabs

What's Inside! With Beryl having a go at us recently, it's fitting to be acquainted with the family of hurricanes that frequently



Margaret Syne

Publisher's Note

target our geographical location. This is also the season for catching Crabs on our shores in any which way possible. You are reminded to change for the better where motivation can come from anyone. Vagrancy is a serious problem for those who observe and those vagrants who really need help. Village life with cricket clubs and socio economic disparities that end well, not forgetting the electrical powered Jumbie. So too, with the survival of the East Indians and their brought culture. The two old men who were prominent in the small village on Adventist street must be mentioned. Another village, Spring Village, is brought to the fore

in an excerpt from a play. More on villages as Fyzabad is featured in a whispered tribute to Butler. Also, read about a beloved aunt who was settled in her ways and did not die poor.

July is World Chocolate month. Learn about the journey of that delicious delicacy we all crave in candy bars and desserts, with beginnings from the humble cocoa bean. There is a simple recipe for Pone, which we inherited from our native American first peoples. They lived in the Americas and the Caribbean, before Europe crossed the Atlantic. For your viewing: a few photos from South West Trinidad.

Trinidad is in the safest latitude, in the Caribbean, for sea vessels during storms.

We sympathize with our hard hit neighboring islands that are north of us. Many Trinis and Tobagonians have immediately responded with aid. Please continue to help if you can.

Trinidad and Tobago be aware of severe flooding! Be aware of Crime; it can kill you!



As a Ministry of Health worker sprays an affected area, it has been reported that 2 people have died in Trinidad from dengue hemorrhagic fever, which is spread by mosquitoes. In response to calls for more stringent measures following the deaths, Regional Corporations have actively engaged in preventative measures, including aggressive dyna fogging, as seen here.

Product of Place

Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?

Sometimes with prejudicial eyes, we look at a landscape and make value judgments about the place. I am sure that many people look at Adventist Street and mentally surmise that this strip of land is like any other street in Sangre Grande. Surely, they will question whether such a place could have given birth to anything good. It is sort of like the question: 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' We need not quibble whether Nazareth produced anything good.



Johnny Coomansingh

What we need to know, in my estimation, is that one of the greatest beings that ever walked the face of the Earth came out of Nazareth; Jesus of Nazareth!

Even though there are those who do not want to recognize it, his name is known on every continent. Adventist Street, what does it really connote? Yes, it is an actual street in Sangre Grande, Trinidad. Is Adventist Street just a physical landscape? Is it just a strip of land covered over with asphalt? For me Adventist Street goes beyond the physical boundaries of Picton Street to the west and Ojoe Road to the east. Many will probably say who cares? I care.

For seven years, I lived on Adventist Street. For seven years, I trod the asphalt on this street and navigated my way through its uneven, potholed surface. For seven years, I experienced the community noise and stray dogs on this street. For seven years I was hammered, chiseled, honed, and fashioned to think; to discern the voices that sought to impress upon my fertile mind their various philosophies. For seven years, I witnessed the movement of the characters on the stage, Adventist Street. I had to sift, and sift again to find the right path to follow. I am a product of Adventist Street. I am part of Adventist Street and Adventist Street is part of me. Every neighbor and institution had an integral role to play in my development.

Reflecting on the past, I can now visualize how everyone with whom I came into contact became part of my experience, whether I liked them or not. Locked away in some corner of my cranium are the forms, the eyes, gestures, facial expressions, and shades of the people on Adventist Street. The privilege is mine to resurrect a couple of these individuals, to invoke the characters that played such an integral role in my cultural development. Without the collective impact of the people who resided on Adventist Street, I would not be what I am today. Someone said that it takes a village to raise a child. Adventist Street was not simply a street; it was a lesson book.

Sifting the information that reaches our senses comes with guidance from an inner voice; a voice that speaks to all of us. If we listen, truly set ourselves to listen, we will, with all certainty, hear that voice. And yes, I heard the voices of certain individuals, some more than others, and witnessed their nuances, non-verbal communication, and their actions. Making a lasting impression on mind was an aged man of African descent who we knew as Phillip Wallace.

We lived on the northern side of the Guaico River at the corner of Adventist and Ramdass streets. Mr. Wallace lived about 50 feet east of us. His house was an adobe structure complete with a thatched roof made



The now defunct standpipe on Adventist Street where we collected water (Photograph by author).

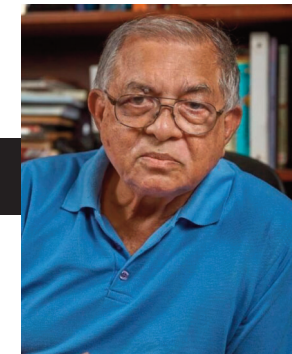
from a special type of palm fronds known as timite or carat that flourished in the rainforests of Trinidad. The kitchen of the house was joined to the house by a little walkway.

He did not own a stove or a refrigerator. His earthen fireside or chulha was as good as any stove. Mr. Wallace led an agrarian type lifestyle. Banana (cooking fig) stands and root crops, such as cassava, yams, and dasheen were always visible around his house, not to mention the many types of medicinal plants that he also tended. Chandilay bush (Leonotis nepetifolia), wild Vervine, (Stachytarpheta urticifolia) fever grass (Cymbopogon citratus),

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Till Bret do Us Part

Remember hurricane Bret in 1993? Bret passed through the space between Trinidad and Tobago. Some say that Bret took away the 'n' in the 'and.' Because of Beryl, the recent one that was in the Caribbean, even bit of Tobago, I thought I can go back to the early days (12/08/1993).



Tony Deyal

It was time for him to depart. They had all undergone the same ritual rite of passage through the Caribbean and they swirled around him, his family and anxious relatives, to offer him advice and encouragement. "So tell me," uncle Hugo said wheezily, "Where do you plan to go first?" "Barbados," he said breezily. "I want to go through the island very quickly, check out some houses and blow off a little steam on Baxter's Road with Jimmy Swaggart. I

hear he is there now."

"That's not a good idea," uncle David murmured. "First of all, Jimmy has already left Barbados and Baxter's Road will not be the same without him. Secondly, forget about checking out the houses. I know people who have lived in Barbados for an entire lifetime and were never invited inside a Bajan house. There is no way you will ever get into one of their houses."

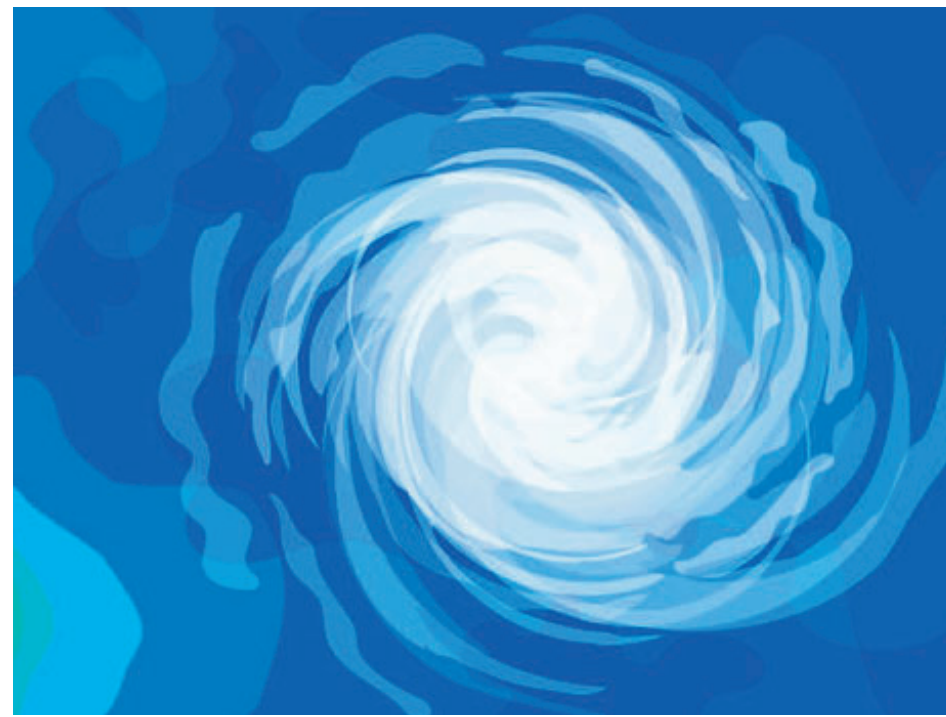
He was crestfallen. Seeing the disappointment on his face his uncle Gilbert took pity on him. "Don't worry," he said consolingly, "there are other places there you know. Why not go to Jamaica? That would be very nice. My friend Lovindeer the singer would welcome you with open arms. Things have been very bad with him and he hasn't had a hit since my visit."

"No! No!" auntie Janet shrieked, "Don't go there. There is a man in charge there now named Percy and he has absolutely no mercy." She did not say it, but she had her hidden agenda, which she whispered to cousin Flora, "Send him to Jamaica and the next thing you know he will start to sing those horrible dub songs and get into all this Rasta business. He might even want to go to Ethiopia."

"You should go to Guyana instead there are a lot of picturesque wooden buildings there that would be fun to go through," uncle David suggested placatingly. Cousin Gilbert was skeptical. "Those people have gone through so many hardships that nothing upsets them anymore. Besides, you have to watch out for Tiger Bay. It is no place for a youngster."

"What about those other little countries in the Caribbean. They have lots of bananas and you know how our family loves bananas," old great aunt Emily said, all in a whirl as usual. "No Emily," uncle David chided. "The Latin Americans and Europeans have got there before us and the bananas might not be good for anything by the time he arrives."

"Well," uncle Hugo rumbled, "why not Tobago?" "You have to be crazy," cousin Flora thundered. "When I went there a policeman stopped me for speeding and wanted to arrest me for not giving him my surname and



proper address." "Well Trinidad then," uncle Hugo whispered lightly. "I have always heard of the place and its Carnival."

"You are becoming an absolute old windbag Hugo," cousin Flora said breathlessly. "You want the poor boy to wind up a nervous wreck? The Trinidad immigration is on a go-slow and it will take hours for him to get into the country. Then they would demand that he get a work permit. The customs might think he is Guyanese and make him wait much longer, particularly if he flies in with a lot of boxes and stuff."

"Yes," auntie Janet piped in, supporting cousin Flora. "The poor boy has only one eye and if he gets into Port of Spain they will rob him blind. I hear that with all the crime in Trinidad there are a lot of vigilantes around and if he goes into any one of those areas that will be the end of him. He might never get out alive. In any case, with that long line in immigration he may have to spend his entire trip hanging about the airport."

"They like to make jokes about you in Trinidad, you know," great aunt Emily shrieked. "First thing you know they would name the latest flu' virus after him. That David Rudder might even sing a Calypso about him."

Meanwhile, uncle Hugo, annoyed about being called an old-windbag stormed out of the gathering in a huff.

Uncle Gilbert was puffing anxiously. "Time," he reminded. "It's time to leave if you want to be on CNN." "Say hello to Valerie Voss for me," uncle David, ever a one for the pretty ladies, shouted above the noise of the gathering wind. "Don't ask for directions," auntie Janet screamed, remembering what had happened to her. They had caused her to get lost in the Atlantic. "Bye Bret," they chorused as he departed in a flash of lightning and rumble of thunder.

* Tony Deyal was last seen two weeks ago in the immigration line at Piarco Airport. He has not yet made it to the Departure Lounge.

Whispers of Fyzabad

A Labour Day Reverie

Kindergarten memories are often a treasure trove of nostalgia. As I sat here doing some research, my mind embarked on a whimsical journey, transporting me back to my childhood days on the eve of Labour Day festivities in my hometown of Fyzabad. It was a rainy, gusty afternoon, and there I was, a wide-eyed preschooler peering through the weathered windows of the old community center, propped up by a motley assortment of sticks.



Joseph Lopez

Ah, the memories! That ancient edifice- the old Fyzabad Community Centre, teeming with the comings and goings of vibrant cultural performances, stood as an iconic emblem of Fyzabad. Forgive my meandering digression, but I must mention Miss Erlin Dixon—my preschool teacher, and later my drama instructor at Siparia Junior Secondary. She would gather us, her eager young charges, on sturdy wooden benches, lining the corners of that center.

Returning to that particular rainy day, my gaze ventured beyond the thick foliage, and a vivid image burned into my mind. High atop the apex of the cemetery stood the effigy of Butler himself. Miss Dixon pointed out this monumental grave, adorned with a statue, as she imparted the significance of Labour Day to us, the children of Fyzabad, and indeed, to the people of Trinidad and Tobago.

I must confess, those solemn eyes and weathered stone beard stared back at me, even in my dreams. The peeling paint that had rendered the structure fragile bestowed on it an almost ghostly aura. In addition, there I stood, face to face with this haunting visage, the echoes of thunderous storms and pelting rain providing a dramatic backdrop to this extraordinary tableau.

This entire tale resurfaced in my memory when Darrylle Wong Shing



gave me a call, reminiscing about the songs we used to sing for the Butler Reenactment Play written by Zeno Obi.

"Joseph, yuh remember de song?" she inquired. A touch uncertain, yet brimming with confidence, I replied, "Well, Wong, we sang quite a few songs. Which one are yuh referring to?" I proceeded to hum a medley of tunes, but alas, none of them matched the melody she sought.

Then, out of the blue, that one anthem of unity soared into my consciousness—the indomitable "We Shall Overcome." Filled with unbridled excitement, I belted out a few lines, and Wong's approval resonated with the satisfaction of hearing something profoundly gratifying. She, a dedicated primary school teacher, disclosed that she was about to teach the very same song to her eager students.

As I reminisce on the celebrations the Labour Day, I embrace the essence of this story and recognize the significance it holds for Fyzabad, for Trinidad, and for all those touched by its vibrant spirit. Labour Day symbolizes not only a commemoration of the labor movement and the struggles endured but also a testament to resilience, unity, and the power of collective aspirations.

May we forever hold in our hearts the legacy of Tubal Uriah Buzz Butler, the stirring beats of drums, and the harmonious fusion of cultures that echo through our land. Let this tale inspire us to overcome obstacles, nurture togetherness, and march forward with unwavering determination towards a brighter future, where love, harmony, and joy prevail.



Cassava Pone

The word 'pone' comes from the Native American word "opponé" which means a baked (on ashes) cake-like patty of corn, cassava, sweet potato or pumpkin. All of these foods grew in the Americas before the Europeans crossed the Atlantic.

You will need: Cassava, grated coconut, pumpkin, sweet potato, butter, sugar, raisins, black pepper, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, coconut milk (if batter is dry), extra shredded coconut for top. A blender for grating, large mixing bowl and a 13 x 9 baking brownie pan.

Prep time: 45 mins Bake time: 40 - 45 mins

1. Wash and peel the cassava, pumpkin, sweet potato and coconut. Do enough for the following amounts in the recipe.

2. In a large bowl measure and add together the following:

- 4 cups of grated cassava
- 1 cup grated pumpkin
- 1 cup grated coconut
- ½ cup sweet potato



1 cup and ½ Sugar (adjust for you)

1 cup raisins

½ cup butter (softened until fluffy)

1 tsp cinnamon

1 tsp nutmeg

1 tsp each vanilla and almond extract

½ tsp black pepper

¼ tsp salt

½ cup coconut milk (keep on standby if mixture is dry)

Combine all these ingredients well. If the batter is too dry, add some coconut milk.

3. Place in a greased shallow pan. Level the top. Add a heavy sprinkle of shredded coconut.

Then sprinkle with ½ cup brown sugar. Place in a 350 degree Oven and bake for 40 mins until golden brown. It may need 10 or 15 mins more, depending on how brown you want it.

Cool before cutting. Serve in squares.

Enjoy! Bon appétit! Try it! All for you!



Chocolates Anyone?

"I'm going on a trip soon, what can I bring you?" My friend said.

"Oh, please don't trouble yourself." I answered. "I have lots of 'this and that's' and I know the extra load is always a problem, but thanks for asking."

"But I have to bring you something, so I guess I'll just pick up some chocolates then." She concluded.



Margaret Syne

Chocolates! My mind went racing. "Well, if you insist, may I say what kind I'd like?" I replied, as I am so terribly fussy about the type of chocolates I like.

Chocolates are the easiest gift to buy and they are found every place where edibles are sold as well as some very exclusive chocolatiers. Europe claims to have the best-made chocolates in the world, and no wonder as World Chocolate Day was celebrated On July 7, which has been celebrated worldwide since 2009. But why on that particular date in July? It is because it is the anniversary date when cocoa was first shipped to Europe across the Atlantic in the year 1550. Almost five hundred years ago. To celebrate a simple tropical bean from pod says a lot about the importance of said bean.

Studies have shown that there are hundreds of chemical compounds in chocolate. Some of these compounds when combined with sugar and fat greatly awaken the pleasure centers in the brain. Chocolate triggers a great wave of feel goodness; the happy hormones in the brain: serotonin, dopamine and endorphins. When combined with other goodies like nuts, exotic fruits and fillings, the taste is magnified many times over. Chocolate is consumed as both a hot and cold beverage, eaten in baked goods and thoroughly enjoyed as chocolate bars or dressed up, to look and become, more elegant and exotic.

The world's best chocolates for exceptional flavor and aroma are made in Switzerland, Belgium, Italy and the UK. Best sought after brands in Switzerland are Toblerone, Lindt and Swiss Nestle. In Belgium there is the world famous Praline Port Royal, Godiva and Guylan. Italy gives to the world, Ferrero, Amedei and Perugina. In the UK, you will find Cadbury, Mars and Charbonnel et Walker. Some of the best Belgian and Italian chocolates are made from Trinidad's very own Trinitario cocoa from Gran Couva. Other countries make excellent chocolates, but there is not enough space for inclusions.

To make the best chocolates, Europe needs to import the cocoa. We must now take a trip backward to the source. It began with Christopher Columbus on August 15, 1502 on his fourth mission for the king of Spain. His crew obtained a large native canoe in the Caribbean sea. They thought it was filled with 'Almonds'. When they took it back to Spain, they did not know what to do with it, as Europeans had never seen or used cocoa before. The natives grew cocoa all through central and South America. The word chocolate comes from the native word 'xocolatl' which



means 'bitter water'. The Spanish called it 'chocolate'. Half a century after, North West Europe knew exactly what to do with Columbus' find.

Cocoa trees in tropical America dates back to over 5000 years ago. Originally, Incas and Aztecs prepared the cocoa bean as a drink made with spices and corn paste. They believed it to be an aphrodisiac and a strengthening drink. They first peoples of America knew nothing about sugar. Sugar was added in Europe, where only the wealthy could partake of the very expensive chocolate drink and candy truffles.

The popularity of chocolate in Europe caused a demand in the market for cocoa. The English, French and Dutch colonized regions and planted cocoa from the 17th century. In 1729, Churchman invented the first cocoa grinder, which was bought by Joseph Fry (J.S. Fry & Sons) in 1761. Around this time, Lombart opened the first factory in France, where they heated the table mill to gain speed in production. In 1815 'Dutch cocoa' was created by Coenraad van Houten who reduced the bitterness of the cocoa by adding alkaline salts.

By 1875, Henri Nestle developed powdered milk, which was added to chocolate, this was improved by Rodolphe Lindt who invented the conching machine to make the chocolate smoother. With these improvements, chocolate transformed from a liquid drink to a solid sweet food. Machines made chocolate cheaper and affordable to the middle class by the 1890s. In 1868, Cadbury introduced the first boxed chocolates in England. In 1893, Milton Hershey bought equipment to begin chocolates and coated caramels in America. The cocoa/chocolate had returned full circle to its beginnings in America.

Passport to Tobago!

Kelly was the top batsman for the Sunset Cricket Club of Gopie Trace. He was also the most unconventional. He had no pretty strokes like the rest of his teammates. They all attended coaching clinics at Skinner Park in San Fernando, learning the elements and theories of cricket. Instead, Kelly was



Mootil Boodoosingh

known as a straight voooper: keeping his eyes on the ball and swinging hard. More often than not, he would hit the ball over the boundary, in the lagoon, or over the road on top of Badan's rice mill.

Most of the team were teachers, civil servants, workers at Texaco or T and TEC, Kelly worked with his cousin Sonny. They both planted watermelons, bodi, pumpkins and other vegetables for sale in the market. It was Sonny, who got him his membership in Sunset Cricket Club, as he was college friends with the other members and a long-standing part of the team.

The residents of lower Gopie Trace viewed the Sunset Cricket Club as hoity toity and while membership was not restricted, they felt better served tending to their vegetable and rice holdings. Sometimes they grumbled that Sunset Cricket Club was for friends and family, as their children were not given an opportunity to play. Still, they celebrated its achievements and felt proud of those who had risen out of the lagoon, educated themselves and became successful.

One such person was Harry who was the team's captain. At birth, he was given the name Mukesh. As he was very dark, his grandmother who came from India as an indentured laborer nicknamed him Haria, Haria being Hindi for pot. Like most boys of his time, he helped in the lagoon with his parents, and paid attention to his schoolwork. When he passed his school leaving exams at the Penal Presbyterian, he changed his religion and started as a pupil teacher, then to a qualified teacher. He also changed his name and Mukesh Bisram became Harry Bisram.

Whenever the team met for after match drinks at Boysie's bar, Harry would get tipsy. He seemed to forget his past and made himself into a comedian. He made fun of the less privileged, especially Kelly and Huggins. Huggins was a bus conductor who was stingy and seldom contributed while Kelly, with his small salary hardly did so. Harry's regular joke was about a baby who was born without brains but became a bus conductor or a market vendor. While Huggins carelessly laughed, Kelly silently vowed to improve his position.

Sunset Cricket Club found widespread support for their Easter Sports and their Annual Bazaar. Both were held during the Easter School Vacation. Easter Sports attracted students from the Suchit Trace Hindu, the Penal Government and the Penal Presbyterian where several members taught, as well as the young people from the various surrounding villages.

Club members would visit the businesses in the area armed with donation sheets seeking contributions. Toy stores as well as haberdashery



and kitchen utensils shops gave generously. Fridays were payday evenings and was a good time to ask the men drinking at the rum shops. The recreation ground was marked off for the various events and there were two tennis boards stacked with prizes on sports day.

Months before, tickets for raffles, ice cream, chicken roti, cake and tea were sold. The tea stall was located downstairs the Lutchmans' where boys and girls could mingle and have a cup of tea and a slice of cake for fifty cents and pretend they were on a date. Snow cones and hot of the pot Indian Delicacies could be had. A well-stocked bar provided drinks for the adults.

Music was by Mike Man Doorsan who was located on top of the tray of Sonny's truck, which also served as a stage. During these years of the 1960's, when the villages had little for entertainment, homes were without electricity and televisions, Bazaars and Sport Days were of great importance as social gatherings in the villages and very well patronized.

Harry, who fancied himself as a radio announcer would stand on the truck's tray and offer to send greetings for ten cents. Trying to sound like Dave Elcock of Radio 610 program, Open House, he played the songs requested. Fellas who were too shy to approach girls would send these requests mostly anonymously. To Seeta from a secret admirer "Send me the pillow that you dream on" and "Put you sweet lips a little closer to the phone". Sometimes an older man having spent some time at the bar would pay his ten cents and ask for "Sohani Raat" or "Ye mere leeye na daan". Open house was a great money-spinner and Harry did good business for the club.

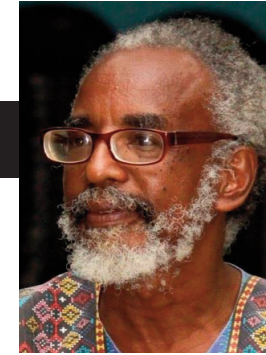
Harry announced the winner of raffle, a trip for two to Tobago. The winner was a very happy Kelly Jai. He had bought several chances just to support his club. When he went up to collect his prize, he asked Harry to do another draw and give somebody else a chance as he had no passport and could not travel to Tobago. Harry, who could not resist a chance to put down Kelly, told him over the mike that Trinidad and Tobago was one country and he did not need a passport to travel to Tobago.

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Swansong (excerpt from Play)

Actress 2 (As Mildred): Dorothy! Miss Dorothy oye! Miss Dorothy!

Actress 1 (As Dorothy): (Responding immediately) Who it is? Mildred?



Zeno Obi Constance

Actress 2 (As Mildred): Yes gyul. Come by here. Ah have something to tell you. One 'Tory'

Actress 2 (As Mildred): Come by here, whey we could talk in private. Ah doh want to talk too hard. The next thing you know Ma Lottie hear and then the whole world know.

Actress 1 (As Dorothy): Forget Lottie, man; she done old she old. What hear she could hear.

Actress 2 (As Mildred): Hmm! You playing you doh know! Old as she is they, she ears picking up anything. You forget the time Daisy and she man did fall out over the new fridge she did buy. The man eh done quarrel good, the whole of Spring Village know.

Actress 1 (As Dorothy): Forget Lottie. Lemme hear what happen.

Actress 2 (As Mildred): Chile, you not going to believe this. You kno' Jonah ... Jonah who living in Second Street down behind Lucy parlour?

Actress 1 (As Dorothy): Jonah!

Actress 2 (As Mildred): Yes, Jonah, no-teeth Jonah who used to live with Elsie, Theresa gran-aunt Elsie!

Actress 1 (As Dorothy): Oh huh! The red-skin fella who...

Actress 2 (As Mildred): Wha' red skin!

Actress 1 (As Dorothy): Not a red skin fella who did get he foot break when it had the Indian people thing in the Savannah, last year or year before?

Actress 2 (As Mildred): No chile. That is Roderick, Elsie half-brother from the time she mother did marry to cousin Jeremy, not meh real cousin Jeremy... well is a kinda pumpkin vine... anyway, you know the man, Dorothy. A black, black man does walk with a bandy foot...

Actress 1 (As Dorothy): And he used to drive one a' them big car... a Pontiac or one a' them...

Actress 2 (As Mildred): Yes!

Actress 1 (As Dorothy): Ah know him now. What happen? He dead?

Actress 2 (As Mildred): Dead! Dead! Dead whey! Ha ya yai! I tell you,



you not going to believe it. I passing they, by he lil old house, look like it could fall down anytime, was when, yesterday ... yes, yesterday self. I see this little gyul sweeping out the front yard, about yuh daughter age, the bigger one, Mirian

Actress 1 (As Dorothy): Sharon...

Actress 2 (As Dorothy): Yes Sharon. So, I tell she "how di do" and Ah come home. You know with this young generation, if you doh tell them morning first, they pass you straight like Brighton Bucket and gone.

Actress 1 (As Dorothy): You telling me. Ah have some they if I eh threaten to half kill them every morning, they forget is morning yes. So is adopt Jonah adopt this little girl.

Actress 2 (As Mildred): Adopt! Adopt you say Dorothy. Ha! Gyul make a guess. Guess what she really doing they.

Actress 1 (As Dorothy): Ah afraid to say. I eh believe.

Actress 2 (As Mildred): You right. Is live she living with he.



The Crab Catchers

By Francis Morean

They came with bags and buckets,
They came with machetes and sticks
They came both young and old
They came though it was cold.

They came in cars, in vans, on foot
They came in ones and twos and groups
They were the crab catchers.

They came at the turn of the moon
They came with the pouring rains
They were the crab catchers.

They came in need, sometimes through greed
To catch the crabs as they did feed.
They forgot though that crabs should breed
And even told, they took no heed.

They came with eyes like hawks.
They moved faster than you could talk
And beg them, spare the young.

Leave some for tomorrow
And tomorrow's children.
But no, they lived for now.
They were the crab catchers.

They missed no hole! They spied
Each moving gundy! They saw
Each probing eyeball!
And then they'd pounce.
They were the crab catchers.

They came from the towns below
Now when they come
They return almost empty handed
As if the crabs have gone in hiding.

They know not why
They wonder why
Forgetting though that
They were the crab catchers.

Indian Survival Day

Now it's time tuh light up the chulha
Bring ah lota with ah flower and two-three deya
Doh frighten; tell the story
How Indian people come tuh La Trinity.



On the Fatal Razac dey crossed the sea
They came with Hanuman chalisa, tulsi,
Johnny Coomansingh and mango
tree

Dey arrived tuh be servants in the cane
yuh see
For the Brutish people, indentured slaves
tuh be.

The struggle in the sugarcane was hard fuh all
Man, woman, and children had tuh wuk or fall...
By the wayside of the Brutish slave drivers in Caroni
To live and die fuh the Tate and Lyle Sugar Company.

Buh Indians have ah kind of gene
In dis land of Trinidad it can be forever seen
The power, the strength, the resolve, the resilience
Yuh cyar stop dem; dey will move from dependence.

On dey lips yuh see dem cry in ah puja
Dat dey prayers will be heard by the supreme Bramha
The creator in the Trimurti...their truth
Offering tuh him fresh flowers, coconuts, and fruit.

And dey keep praying from the slavery tuh find release
Tuh find joy, laughter and everlasting peace
In their hearts dey have dis one eternal hope
Dat their children will be able tuh live and tuh cope.

In every way yuh could envisage
Dat the Indian people had the faith and courage
Tuh wuk, tuh toil, tuh struggle, the table tuh tun
Dey chirren went tuh school and started tuh lun.

In every problem dey found the opportunity
Tuh live, tuh earn, not dependent on charity
Yes, in every problem dey found the solution
And stayed on the land without restitution!

O, for the greatness of Siewdass mamoo!
Who built ah Temple in the Sea in Waterloo
A man who carried rock and sand on his bicycle
Dis feat remains to all, up to dis day, ah sheer miracle.



Yuh could say wuh yuh want, buh inside the Indian
Is ah time clock called 'Future Gratification'
Some ah dem go build ah shack, ah stall, ah place tuh sell
Dey believe in wukking fuh deysel and all will be well.

Tuh understand the mind of the Indian and dem
Yuh doh have tuh go tuh university yuh mind tuh bend
Just look at dem as they go from day tuh day
Making thing tuh sell on their merry way.

Is pulorie, aloo pie, and biganie
Gulab jamoon, barfi, and chachorie
Doubles with channa, roast pepper, and chadon-beni sauce
Roti and paratha...if yuh eh eat it, yuh rel loss boss.

In the field ah culture and celebration...there's Divali
Chutney singing, tassa drumming, Phagwa, and Navratri
Dey love soca and calypso too, no matter wuh people say
Indians arrived, and certainly, they're here tuh live and stay!

(Written on May 30, 2024-Indian Arrival Day © by Johnny Coomansingh).

Nature's Paints displayed in SW Trinidad



By Sham Sahadeo

Hummer Time! You can't touch this!

1. Saddle between two blooms of the *Gloriosa superba*, the ordinarily brilliant Hummer seems to have been overshadowed by those radiant flaming blossoms!



3

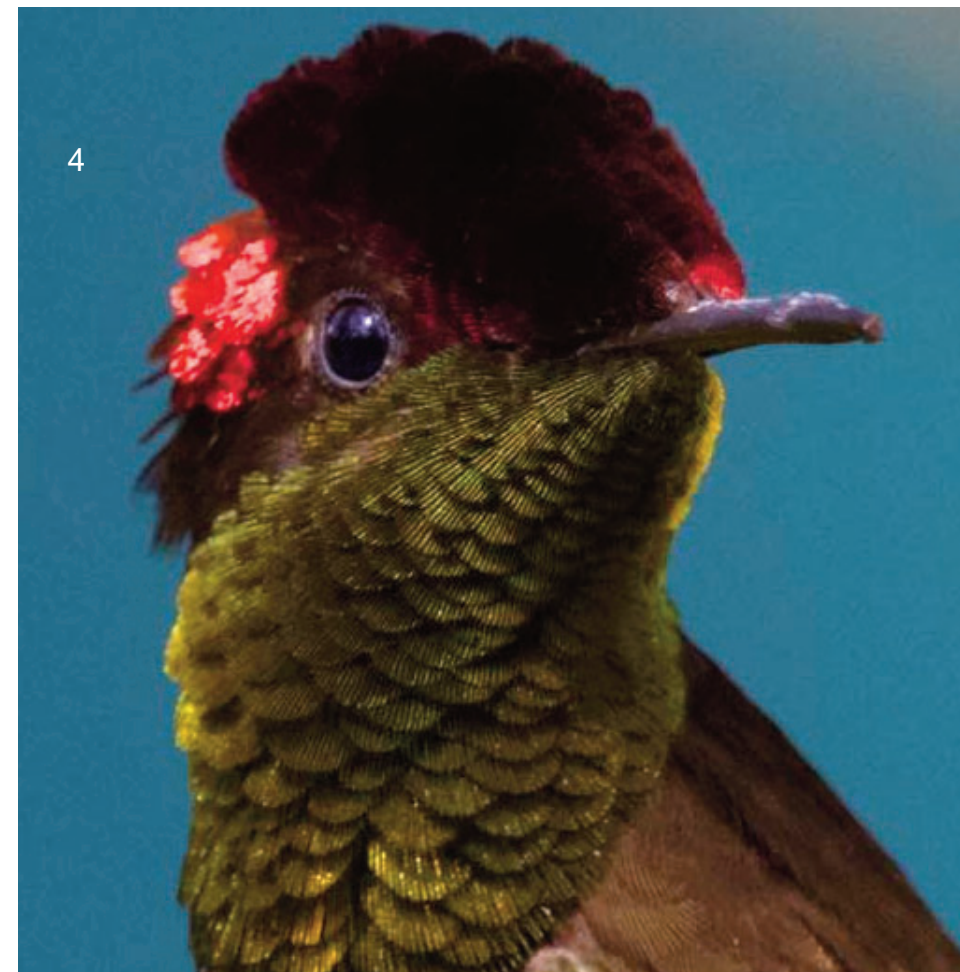


2

2. Awesome Moments of flight with the Scarlet Ibis

3. Up close moments with a properly drenched Double-toothed Kite. Described by Martyn Kenefick as an "uncommon Trinidad Forest resident". In my four years of birding this was only the second sighting and the first close up of one that was perched. SW Peninsula.

4. The Male Ruby Topaz Hummer continues to steal the spotlight at the garden and surely seems to know it!



4

The Jumbie

A Shocking Truth

"A Jumbie!" a little voice screamed out, as he, in a fluster, dropped whatever was in his hand. His face bore signs of obvious distress as Tears streamed out his eyes. The little boy kept staring at his right hand and then pointed to something on the wall.

That little boy was me at around two years old. I have absolutely no recollection of the incident but it was a story told to me by the adults in my life when I was older. And to their amusement and my embarrassment, the story was re-told to other people who often had a good laugh at my expense.



Anthony Dyette

Where I had acquired this notion of a 'jumbie' at age two, I can only guess. However, wherever the idea came from, one thing is sure. Something in the triggering incident made this unknown phantom called a 'jumbie' very real to me.

As the story goes, this was my genuine reaction to the consequences of something I was warned not to do. Apparently, I had pushed a nail into the electric socket and the zap of this unseen entity within took me by complete surprise and fit into my mental picture of a jumbie. As you might have realized by now the 'jumbie' in question was electricity. I had come face to face with a shocking truth; electricity is invisible but real.

Since then throughout my childhood I have had varying experiences with electricity or 'current' as it was referred to in my home and this current from T&TEC (Trinidad and Tobago Electricity Commission) has introduced me to quite a bit of memories including other electric shocks.

One time, around age 8, I remember trying to repair a string of Christmas tree lights that had stopped lighting. I discovered the break in the wire, mended the break, tested my work and was pleased to see that the lights had begun working again. However, at some point, an exposed part of the cord where I mended touched me and I felt the unpleasant zap again. This time I was old enough to know that it was 'current'. Knowing that, however, did not make the experience less unpleasant. It did not. As such, I decided to do something about it. Using my eight year old problem solving skills, I set about to manage this health and safety issue. I unplugged the lights, and I taped the exposed parts with electrical tape. Naturally, I had learnt a thing or two from my dad.

Satisfied with my proactive measures, I proceeded to retest my handiwork. Unfortunately, in the process, and unbeknownst to me, I had taped several opposing wires together, and when I tested my work again, Sparks flew, plastic around the cord melted and a screw-on fuse in the 'junction box' was blown, resulting in a portion of the house losing electricity. That 'jumbie' in the wall was full of surprises. It could burn through plastic and do damage if handled incorrectly. Stories of electrical fires that have destroyed whole buildings could bear witness of this.

Anyway, Apart from the shocks and repair mishaps, one of the key experiences with electricity back in my childhood was no electricity. Power outages, especially at night, would often bring with it the familiar cry, 'Current gone!' At those times, the idea of a 'jumbie' took on a much dif-



ferent form. It now became a mass of sudden darkness filled with eerie silences and unfamiliar sounds made louder because music, TV, radios and appliances were now all silenced. Not just in our house but all over the neighbourhood.

In my home, it was at these times that the two old Pitch oil or kerosene lamps and some candles of various lengths came out. With these came shadow figures, stories and tales, as well as wax burns and the smell of kerosene, sooth and lampshades to clean with 'gazette paper'. When the electricity returned, shouts of "Current come back!" would be heard along with the return of lights and I would get the task to blow out the candles and out the lamps. There would be much joy if 'the current' came back before a TV show we wanted to watch was still in progress. For us children (eight and above) that would be any time before nine pm. Younger than that, bedtime was for you. Only one show was permitted back then. It was usually any show that came right after the 'Panorama' evening News.

Continued on Page 18

Product of Place

Coomansingh, from Page 3

and the jumbie bead vine he called lickrish (*Abrus precatorius*) were always available to us as remedies for coughs and colds.

He was a kind of old-fashioned, bush-medicine man who guided us about the preparation of medicines for fever, cough and colds. He taught me what types and parts of plants to use and in what proportions to consume them. The juice of five or six leaves of the chandilay plant mixed with sweet oil and salt was effective as any cough medicine sold in the drugstore. It was a bitter brew but the medicine worked, at least in those days. Boiled lickrish and carpenter bush (*Justicia pectoralis*) leaves sweetened with brown sugar or honey was just as good.

He worked for cocoa plantation owners as a cocoa tree trimmer. Many times, I would see him walking to work with his cocoa trimming equipment, a poinyah (machete), and a thin, ten or 12 foot long, Ceylon bamboo cocoa trimming rod. To this rod was affixed a sharpened gullet. On evenings after work, Mr. Wallace would lie and rest on his small wooden bed in his verandah.

Although I was quite young, I would sometimes sit on the front step and discuss the Bible and how to grow crops with him. His religious persuasion was Ethiopian Orthodox (Coptic). Every Sunday he dressed himself in his starched and ironed khaki suit. With Bible in hand, he walked to the small Coptic Church located at the end of Baker Trace, Guaico to attend church service. The church was a good two-mile walk from his home.

Mr. Wallace was a very kind and generous man. He thought about the needs of our family and shared with us whatever he harvested from his garden. He would sometimes bring over a large dish of his special ground provision, green pigeon pea, fresh coconut milk, and meat soup that he boiled on his fireside. The smoke of the wood fire rendered the soup even more delicious. It was the best soup ever for hungry mouths.

His characteristic laugh and jovial spirit enlivened the environment.

Above all things, Mr. Wallace, counseled me to gain wisdom and to walk in the path of righteousness. He fascinated me. He was more than a friend to me; he was my mentor during my early years. To just think of our situation, it is quite possible that it was the hand of providence that sent us to live next to Mr. Wallace. He is long gone now, but his great friendship and deeds of goodness will be forever engraved on the pages of my mind. He is one that is difficult to forget.

Also in my memory was Rosie, probably the first Rastafarian in the whole of Sangre Grande, my hometown. There were no Rastafarians during this period of my history. Rosie greeted me and everybody else with his usual quiet tone, "Ram, Ram cahoe." As a little boy I did not understand this greeting but every time I saw him I greeted him with the same "Ram, Ram cahoe" or just "cahoe." The greeting was akin to "How are you doing?"

It was strange that we called him Rosie. This quiet, slow walking man was always dressed in a white cotton capra (dhoti) a form of East Indian wear. His long and matted hair almost touched the ground.

Although he wore a long beard with a full moustache, surprisingly, he was not at all scary. I was not afraid of him. I frequently conversed with him. His pleasant counsel and his peaceful style earned him my deep affection. Sometimes he would sit to take a rest on the culvert bridge opposite to Baboolal's grocery. He would oftentimes stop for a drink of water at the standpipe (see photograph) and then slowly walk past our house on his way to the Maharaj's home at the eastern end of Adventist Street. The Maharaj family welcomed and fed him everytime.

I learned later that he was a sadhu, a good, holy man; one dedicated to the achievement of moksa or liberation from self. Rosie was one of the denizens of the area between upper Picton Street and lower Adventist Street. What a peaceful and loving man he was. There were many more people with whom I came into contact on Adventist Street but these two people made a lasting impression on my mind. (Adapted from my book titled: *Seven Years on Adventist Street*).



Death from the Verbal Clause

My maternal family has an oral holy lore. Its moral centres on the damning power of words.

Words said carelessly result in instant retribution. Punishment is not meted to future generations. It is pay-as-you-earn, if you say good, good will happen, if you said bad: Almighty God forbid! The theme of the familial lore is consistent with the Holy Bible, "Be careful what you say and protect your life. A careless talker destroys himself." (Proverbs 13:3) My Auntie Jean was a dispenser of her family's wisdom. She died forty-one days ago today. Her belongings can now be removed without offense

to the spirits. Her soul is now at rest; in heaven, hell or purgatory. Entering her room, I wonder whether she realised that the commandments of the lore also applied to her.

The bed is still beautifully made up from the night she died. The fresh carnations and palm leaves are now a dry arrangement wreathing an empty candle jar in the centre of the bed. The large pitcher of water placed on the floor (to refresh the spirits) is now empty.

I remove the white linen sheet; carefully gathering the ends so that, nothing falls on the floor.

Later, Uncle will burn the bundle over a wood fire kindled with pitch pine shavings. I spread a clean sheet over the bed. I sit. The wardrobe is full to bursting with new clothes; boxes of gifts received over the years remain unopened in cupboards and under her bed. Her dressing table is decked out with an assortment of expensive duty free items, displayed like knickknacks from a thrift store. Sheer lace curtains pattern jewelled icons on the white walls. The room is warm and dry. A fragrance of fresh linen and baby powder is suspended in the still air: odd smells for a room that recently welcomed a death. While she was alive, I never entered her bedroom.

I am in Auntie's personal Goodwill; all her things will be given to charity. I select a miniature handmade crèche as my memory token, a pristine artefact in a disintegrated box. She married young: a long childless marriage, yet she always appeared content. She had the mien of a giant clay

sculpture mounted in a kitchen, which she outgrew decades ago. There was room only for her. In this space, she manoeuvred the enormous stoneware bowl that she lodged between her thighs and held at an angle by her right hand. Her left hand was for beating batter.

I can see her now, staring at me, her large hazel eyes see me as a shadow, but I know she has a vision of me in her mind, sitting on a bench outside her kitchen. My presence and my voice, speaking directly to her is all that matters. I have her full attention. She is always optimistic, never complaining, wearing a duster always of the same style; one would feel that she had only had one dress. I wince at the humility she portrays.

She dispenses her wisdom freely, through drizzles of spit that mercifully miss the batter. Her inclination to use expletives is impeded by a stutter that disabled her pronunciation of the letter eff. I laugh whenever she attempts a curse. With all this rich wisdom, Auntie has a fear of dying poor, her lifelong mantra is, "I doh want to die poor."

When she was fifty-seven, she inherited one tenth of 1.2 million dollars: more money than she ever imagined she could save in her lifetime. She could afford to talk about travelling to places she never intended visiting, things she could afford to buy, but never bought. The only tangible evidence of her wealth was the products of her kitchen: fruitier fruitcakes, more buttery breads, richer pastries and desserts. Every day fare fulfilled the criteria of the Michelin red guide. Eight years pass by. She turns sixty-five and is ecstatic, then, fate intervenes. In this year (the year in which she qualifies for old age pension), her beloved husband is diagnosed with cancer. He needs an operation. The waiting list at the general hospital is too long, it will have to be done privately, and she has to pay.

The day before his operation, she invites his friends for a lime. The men drink and play cards, keeping a watchful eye on their 'partner'. He has an operation tomorrow. They provide moral support. Auntie is busy baking bread: a large pot of soup simmers on the stove.

At six-thirty in the evening, supper is about to be served, but before she summons my Uncle's closest friend, "We need more drinks, take Uncle with you to the parlour." They return in fifteen minutes: time enough for Auntie, to have a massive heart attack. They arrive just in time to see her eyes being closed. Auntie Jean did not die poor.

My aunt was Phyllis Jean Nakhid-Huggins

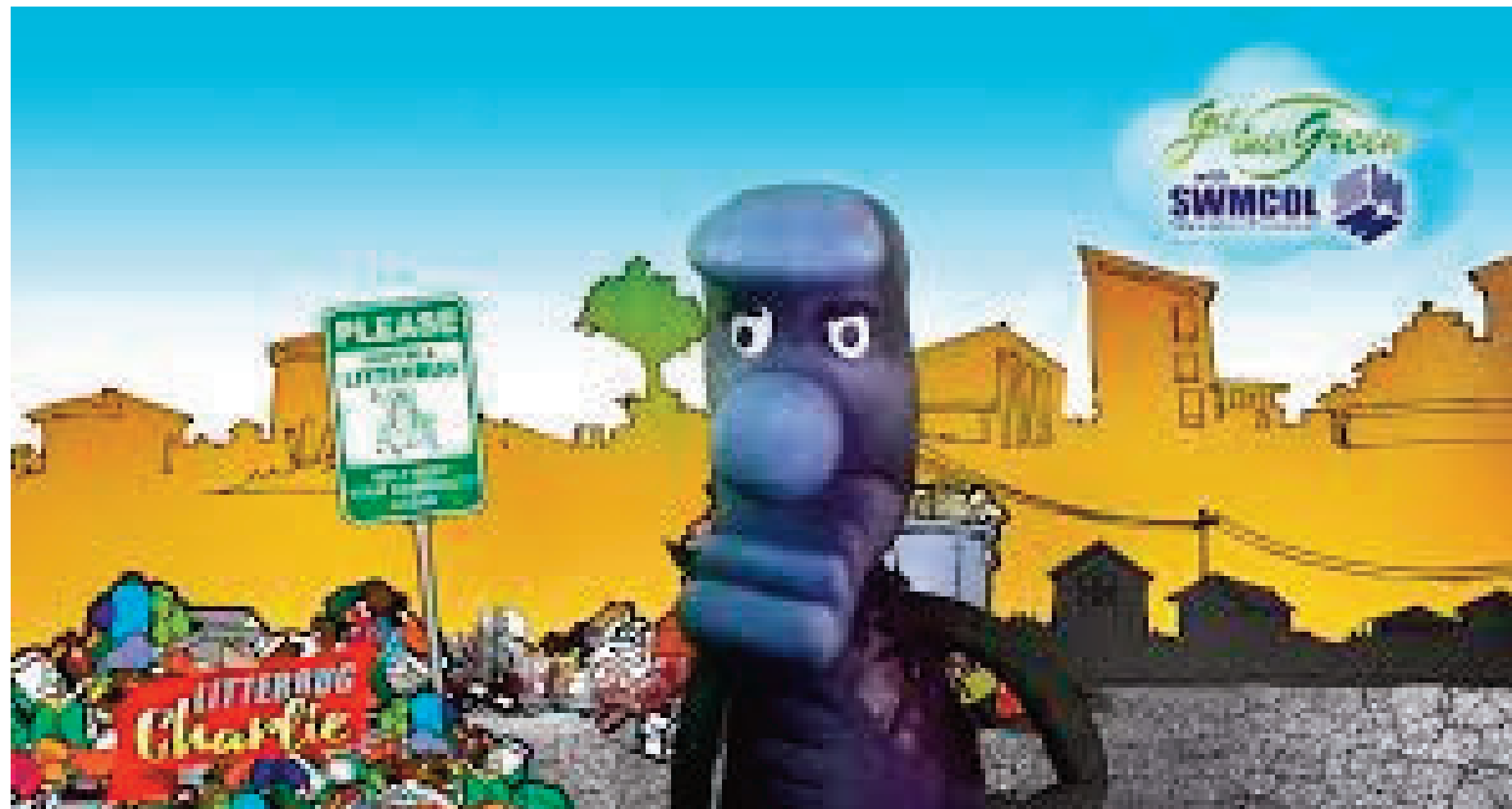


Marguerite Lucerne

consistent with the Holy Bible,

"Be careful what you say and protect your life. A careless talker destroys himself." (Proverbs 13:3) My Auntie Jean was a dispenser of her family's wisdom. She died forty-one days ago today. Her belongings can now be removed without offense





Charlie didn't leave...

Does anybody remember
When we chase Charlie away?
Well, Charlie didn't leave for long
And now he come back here to stay.

Because, though Charlie litter ate
He didn't go litterally,
So now on Harris Promenade
Is a set ah litter ah see.

Litteracy, literacy...
Leh we let ALTA deal wid dat,
But walking on the Promenade
Does geh mih vex ah tell yuh flat.

Vagrants and some of the homeless
Have taken over completely.
They freely meet and bed down by
Mahatma and Marcus Garvey.

The bandstand provides safe shelter
Protection from the rain and sun,
They could wash off in the fountain
Unmolested by anyone.

Some piecemeal attempts have been made
By current administration,
But what the problem really needs
Should be rehabilitation.

But how to give these poor vagrants
Some adequate source of income
To ensure that they can attain
Security, hope and freedom?



Gene Wilkes

St Vincent De Paul night shelter
And Court Shamrock facility

Lack the appeal of City Square
Where there's social activity.
Maybe something like a triage
I suggest, can be put in place
To categorise these people
And solve the problems that they face.

Persons who are mentally ill
Or those with criminal intent,
If properly identified,
Can get appropriate treatment.

Finding lodging for the homeless
Can be solved by the HDC,
Who surely can provide them with
A viable community.

Since litter, crime and vagrancy
Are the main problems that we face,
We need solutions that can help
Make here a cleaner, safer place.

Be the Change You Want to See

This article illustrates how we could inspire and motivate others to reach their full potential.

Inspiration and motivation are two powerful forces that can transform lives. They transcend social status, educational background, and professional roles. These forces are not confined to the well



Ishwar Sooklal

known or the successful; they can emanate from anyone, anywhere. My journey has reinforced the belief that our actions, regardless of how ordinary they may seem, can inspire and motivate others to realize their full potential.

It's easy to fall into the trap of believing that inspiration and motivation are exclusive to those who have attended prestigious schools, come from affluent families, or hold high-ranking positions. However, the reality is far different. I grew up in a modest household where resources were limited, but the values of hard work, perseverance, and integrity were abundant. These values shaped my approach to life and work, teaching me that one's background does not dictate one's ability to inspire and motivate others.

In my professional journey, I've encountered individuals from diverse backgrounds who have achieved remarkable feats. One colleague, for instance, started as an On the Job Trainee (OJT) but through sheer determination and a willingness to learn, rose to a managerial position. Her story serves as a powerful reminder that our starting point does not determine our potential for impact.

One of the most effective ways to inspire and motivate others is to lead by example. This doesn't mean being perfect but being authentic, consistent, and resilient. When people see someone who faces challenges head-on, stays true to their values, and continuously strives for improvement, they feel inspired to do the same.

I strive to embody these qualities. I approach each day with a sense of purpose and a commitment to excellence, knowing that my actions can influence those around me. Whether it's tackling a complex project, addressing a team member's concern, or navigating through a crisis, I aim to demonstrate that perseverance and a positive attitude can overcome even the toughest obstacles.

Inspiration often stems from a culture that values continuous learning and growth. In my team, I emphasize the importance of professional development and encourage everyone to pursue opportunities for learning. This could be through formal education, attending workshops, or simply being open to new experiences and perspectives.

One of my proudest moments was seeing a team member, who ini-

tially lacked confidence in their abilities; grow into a confident and competent professional. This transformation was not due to any grand gestures on my part but rather a consistent effort to provide support, opportunities, and constructive feedback. By creating an environment where people feel valued and empowered to grow, we can inspire them to reach their full potential.

Often, we underestimate the impact of small, everyday actions. A kind word, a gesture of support, or recognition of effort can have a profound effect on someone's motivation. I recall a time when I commended a junior employee for their innovative solution to a problem. This simple act of recognition boosted their confidence and spurred them to take on more challenging tasks. Over time, this employee became a key contributor to our team's success.

These small actions create a ripple effect, spreading positivity and motivation throughout your domain. It's a reminder that we don't need to perform grand acts to inspire others; sometimes, the most impactful gestures are the simplest ones.

Every challenge and adversity we face presents an opportunity to inspire others. How we handle setbacks and failures can motivate those around us to persevere in their own struggles. Our experiences demonstrate that resilience can overcome even the most daunting challenges.

The phrase "Be the change you want to see in the world," often attributed to Mahatma Gandhi, encapsulates the essence of personal responsibility and proactive effort. It's a call to action, urging us to embody the qualities and values we wish to see in others. By being the change, we can inspire those around us to follow suit.

In my journey, I've learned that being the change requires continuous self-improvement and a commitment to living authentically. It's about setting a standard for others to aspire to and demonstrating through our actions that positive change is possible. This approach not only inspires others but also fosters a sense of collective purpose and shared vision.

The world is indeed watching, and our actions have the potential to inspire and motivate others in ways we may not even realize. Whether we are aware of it or not, our behaviour, attitudes, and values influence those around us. By striving to be the best version of ourselves, we create a ripple effect of inspiration and motivation that can transform lives.

I've seen first-hand, the power of inspiration and motivation in driving personal and professional growth. It doesn't matter where you come from, what school you attended, or what job you do. What matters is your willingness to push beyond your limits, embrace continuous learning, and lead by example. By doing so, you can inspire others to find their full potential and contribute to a better world.

Remember, every action counts, and the world is looking at you. So, push beyond your limits, strive for excellence, and be the change you want to see.



Passport to Tobago

Boodoosingh, from Page 8

The villagers liked Kelly and clapped and afterwards began to boo Harry when he started to speak again.

Kelly shared his tickets with Huggins and with the help of Sonny, booked a flight and a room for two nights at a small hotel in Tobago. Both were excited, this being their first time in a plane. They had a great day at Store Bay and were checking their money to see if they could afford a trip to Buccoo Reef the next day.

When Kelly woke up at five am, he did not put on the lights, as he didn't want to wake up Huggins who was asleep in the next bed. He felt his feet wet and realized the room was flooded. He put on the lights and found that a water line to the washroom was broken. He traced the line to the outside and closed the isolating valve. He reported it to the owner who lived on the premises and who offered to move them to another room while he sent a maid to mop up.

A girl of about eighteen came and immediately Kelly started helping

her despite her protestations. "No problem" said Kelly who thought she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Later on, when the owner came, Kelly noted that he could fix the broken line if he got tools and fittings. The owner obliged and when Kelly told him he could also do carpentry and masonry, he offered Kelly a job. When Kelly asked about the maid, the owner remarked, "You like she, I go fix you up". Kelly and Huggins got tickets for Buccoo reef and Nylon Pool courtesy the hotel.

The next day as Huggins packed his bags to leave for Trinidad, Kelly packed his to go to the workmen quarters. He felt that his heart and life now belonged to Tobago and the young Tobagonian lady. He began to woo her and she responded. Later on, they would marry and stop working at the hotel, opening the first roti shop in Tobago. Now when Kelly looks at his passport, he sees visas for USA, Canada, England, France, Spain and many other countries. He, his wife and two children go for vacation every year. This year they plan to visit Nigeria from where his wife's ancestors came. Maybe one day they might even go to Trinidad.

The Jumbie

Dyette, from Page 13

In time, I would come to learn about voltage amps and ohms all new terms to refer to that 'jumbie' from years before. That learning over time included its dangers, as well as its usefulness and Ways to control it with resistors, switches and circuits. This also included ways to avoid accidental shocks with the wearing of rubber gloves or switching off the main breaker. I also became familiar with the terms, Negative and positive polarities, AC and DC current, as well as 220 and 110 current.

Midway during my secondary school years, I got my first summer job at an electrical shop owned by my uncles. As a teenager now, I was more than excited. They rewired generators and wired houses. They were unafraid of the 'jumbie' and harnessed its power to test their repairs. I cannot remember my specific tasks during that vacation but I know that it involved bringing various tools to my uncle and putting the correct switches on or off as directed by him. Years after this, I got the chance to assist in wiring our own home, which was under construction. I broke walls, inserted conduit, bent pipes and pulled wire. When T&TEC eventually connected our newly constructed home to the grid, and we were able to switch on lights and plug in appliances, I was overjoyed and proud to say that I was part of preparing the network of wires that allowed electricity to flow through our home.

Even though I no longer live in that house, the house still stands and the jumbie is still flowing through the wires I helped install in the walls, lighting up the place at night and powering several appliances. Although it caused some shocks and issues when it was mishandled, instead of fuses as were used in the past in Trinidad the main box had breakers that tripped off whenever there were overloads or shorting appliances.

As an adult, I am now also very aware now that the 'Jumbie' in the wall is not free. It comes with a price called the light bills. As a child, it never occurred to me until much later that my parents were paying for all the shocks I had received.

Even so "my Jumbie", "current", electricity, Power, voltage or whatever else you call it, is a convenience I hope not to do without. In Trinidad and Tobago, the operation is managed by T&TEC. From what I understand T&TEC began its operations on 1st January 1946 and so by the time I received my first shock, in the early 1960s that T&TEC Jumbie had been travelling through the lines of Trinidad and Tobago for years before my birth. I was also told that parts of the country were powered by electricity even before T&TEC was established.

I must say though, Even if electricity was managed by some entity other than T&TEC, my first electrical shock will always be remembered as a 'Jumbie'!



TO ALL OUR AMAZING FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS

Funds are very low at the moment, and we have MANY animals in our care, so, if you were thinking of donating to our Rescue and Sanctuary we would be extremely grateful, and could really use the following:

🦴

- Purina Blue bag puppy chow
- Purina Green bag adult chow
- Alpo Red bag chow
- Purina Yellow bag kitten chow
- Canned puppy food
- Cat litter
- Collars (if cat, quick release)

- Kale
- Lettuce
- Pak choi
- Callaloo bush
- Master mix rabbit concentrate

Cash donations can be made to

Deposits can be made to:
First Citizens Bank- West Court
The Foundation for Heritage Preservation and Legacy Creation
Chequing Account #2838003

Or Whatsapp message
Aleeyah Amanda Ali
1-868-758-1823

- Soap powder
- Bleach
- Disinfectant
- Dishwashing Liquid/ Laundry Detergent
- Newspapers
- Shredded paper

Phoenix Paws & Claws Rescue & Sanctuary TT is a project unit of The Foundation for Heritage Preservation & Legacy Creation