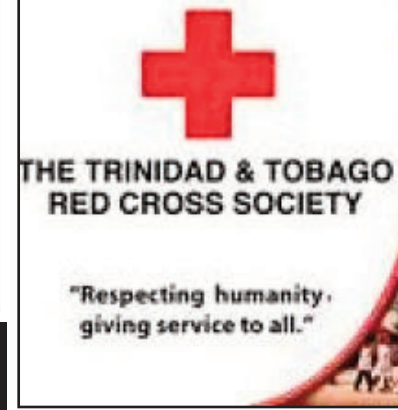


my trinidad



Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow. January 2025.

Issue #01, Vol #17



Inside:

Parang Forever

Singing through the Seasons

Sometimes, the Catcher Fumbles

...and Your Lover mumbles...

www.mytrinidad.net

my
trinidad

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
Reetoo Deonarinesingh
Kathryn Stoltmeyer Wight (emeritus)
Gerard Stoltmeyer Wight
Gerard Pemberton
Dawad Phillip
Dr. Kenneth Ramchand
Motilal Boodoosingh
Yvonne Bobb-Smith
Glenda Jack
Judith Ramsey

Anthony Deyal (Founder)

My Trinidad is a not-for-profit publication graciously supported by the advertisers you see on your pages (we urge you to support them too). As a result, we are not beholden to any corporate sole, shareholders, political parties or big businesses, but instead strive to represent the 99%, as we all deserve a country to live in or claim heritage to, of which we can be justifiably proud.

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

If you wish to receive My Trinidad on your smart device, please subscribe to subscribe@mytrinidad.net. There is no cost to your subscription.

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: Artwork from Graffical, a Trinidadian graphic arts company that promotes events surrounding the annual Carnival

Happy New Year!

As we welcome in the New Year 2025, we welcome all our writers and readers! Best Wishes for the coming year! Remember if no one motivates you to do better; motivate yourself. In this issue, you can enjoy a humorous pun filled story about looking for old friends after hearing their name



Margaret Syne

Publisher's Note

called in a bakery. To add to this, other memories of an innocent childhood and the joys and freedom in the countryside as well as a new year celebration in the city. There's another with fears of night time bird calls in the cocoa lands.

You will find an interesting, short piece of prose

filled with double entendres. On the topic of music, the parranderos are aiming to carry through with parang, extending to other times of the year. Never mind all the taxes that we are all subject to. You can make your life interesting by joining the 'Poetry and Prose' group in your retirement days. If you find yourself lost even if the pastures are green, find yourself to discover your paradise. Never give up. Take care of your health habits this year; both physical and mental. Find a pleasant routine that is inclusive for your benefit. We also have for you, a delicious French fancy bread recipe you can try. South West Trinidad is on show this month with some amazing photos.

The month of January is named after Janus, symbolic of beginnings and endings, as well as gates and doorways. Looking back at the past and forward to the future. Cheers to the future!



FROM CHRISTMAS TO CARNIVAL: While in most other countries the end of the Christmas season usually signifies a time to sit back and relax away from the hustle and bustle, in Trinidad it is a sign that Carnival is in the air. And though the two day street party will be in March this year, making this an extra long Carnival season, the fetes have already started, and the bands are selling out their costumes like the one above.

Dah Who You Escaping the Call

Sometime ago, I coined the statement: "When you walk with fear, you see and hear things that are not there." This line speaks to the fears I had walking a very lonesome road when I was a child. This true story opens with the fear I had almost every Saturday evening on a bus ride I took to Kowlessur Road, Sangre Chiquito.



Johnny Coomansingh

The fare was only four cents for the bus ride from the Sangre Grande police station to the Kowlessur Road junction on Manzanilla Road. Despite the paltry looking amount of money for the bus fare, four cents was quite a sum of money for me. In Trinidad and Tobago, we don't even use the 'cent' as part of our currency now. Nevertheless, I saved the money to take the bus on weekends. My short journey, just about five miles, was a bit unnerving for me while riding the Public Transport Service Corporation (PTSC) bus. There was a bit of trepidation for a ten-year-old boy hopping a bus on his own. If there was room, I sat in a seat mainly at the front close to the conductor and would sometimes remind the conductor that he was stopping at the Kowlessur Road junction.

Most of the people on the bus were discreetly silent, probably too tired to speak. Some of the older folk breathed low sighs while others nodded violently and incessantly. As I stared at some of them for a few moments, I swore that their heads would certainly pop and fall off. It was apparent that all the passengers knew each other.

This was their bus after work. When someone was not paying attention to their stop, somebody would hail out to the conductor to stop the bus. This happened frequently. It was very rare that anyone spoke with me. I had to find my way for myself. With my eyes peeled on the road and the signs nearing the Kowlessur Road junction in the dimming light, I had to be certain when to press the stop button lest I go too far up on the Manzanilla Road.

On arrival at the junction with the sun dipping low behind the patches of 200 foot-tall bamboo and immortelle trees, I would walk a distance of three-quarters of a mile to the little make-shift wooden country house on Neeta's cocoa plantation. Neeta was my godmother.

Along the road, unseen frogs with their chorus of "poonk kah nak, poonk kah nak...poonk, poonk, poonk" joined in unison as they continued their repetitious mating calls. Creating an irrepressible evening orchestra were the crickets with their high-pitched and shrill chirping. The intermittent calls of other animals intermingling with the music of the frogs; a literal din, a pandemonium of almost deafening proportions greeted my ear. It seemed every single frog and every single cricket wanted to be heard simultaneously. The animal calls of the evening reminded me that daylight would soon disappear.

The day was dying fast and night was quickly falling. I had no choice but to hasten my footsteps on the rough asphalt surface. I could not take the chance to walk in the dark for fear of serpents that may be lurking around. The road was narrow. Barely two vehicles could pass each other on this road, but seldom did I ever see a vehicle at that hour. Without a supply of electricity, street lamps, or potable water lines, this asphalt covered road was once a bridle road traversed by donkeys, horses, and



It's still there, the bamboo patch on the hill in front of Mima and Flemo's house. (Photograph by author)

mules. Such draught animals were especially valuable in the days when cocoa was king.

Flanked with cocoa, citrus, stands of banana, and coffee fields on both sides, the darkening environment became creepy and frightening for me, especially when I recapitulated in my mind Neeta's jumbie stories about papa bois, the douenes, the soucouyants, and the dreaded ligahoo (Loup Garou). There was always this fear in my mind that something horrible would jump out of the bushes to grab me. The cultivations were now void of light, and even though I never saw the animal, the infamous bird I knew as the "Dah Who You" bird, kept repeating its questioning call. As though asking me a question as I hastily walked the long, lonely, and dreary road, the bird was relentless in voicing: "Dah who you? Dah who you? Dah who you?"

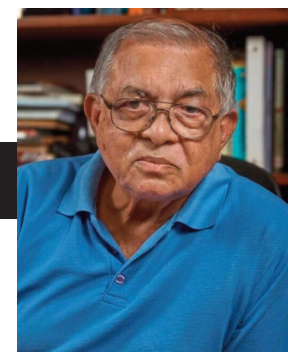
As a matter of interest, and funny as it may sound, the story is told about a Grenadian cocoa estate laborer when he first appeared on the scene in Kowlessur Road. He was confronted with the same question. It seemed that this bird was calling out to him, "Dah who you? Dah who you? Dah who you?" He had no idea that the sound came from a bird; a secretive bird offering its evening call. In the twilight, almost to tears, frozen with fright while toting on his head a box of groceries, he stopped and answered the call of the 'Dah who you bird:' "Is me frere Jarge (George) from Gouyave, Grenada...ah come hyah tuh look fuh wuk in di cocoa plantation and now yuh asking mih who is me? I never see more nah. Wuh yuh want from mih? Wuh troubles reach mih hyah?"

Continued on Page 15

Looking for the Young Lais (March 9, 2017)

Dear Readers of My Trinidad: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Normally, I use columns that are far back in time but linked to something in the present. In this case, we have a person who the prime minister has chosen as the leader of the People's National Movement (PNM). I have no problem for this gentleman except he can't take a joke even



though it was deserved. He came into a place where several of us had very early coffee and he never said hello to the rest of us but just spoke to one person who sat among us.

Tony Deyal

I am hoping if he becomes Prime Minister, he would learn that you have to take a joke or two without trying to have the person destroyed one way or the other. I worked with, and for, prime ministers including Dr. Eric E. Williams, George Chambers and A.N.R. Robinson; worked in Caroni Ltd where Basdeo Panday was calling the shots most of the time; went to school with Patrick Manning, and taught Kamla Persad-Bissessar (and her husband and family) at Iere High School, Siparia. None of them ever wanted to jail me or worse.

My mother's side of the family, the Khadaroos, are from St. Mary's Village in South Oropouche. They have been there for more than a hundred years including, for those who believe that I have been around longer than the biblical Methuselah, my entire life so far. There were a handful of families with whom my grandfather was very close, including the Partaps, who owned considerable property in the area (and a supposedly haunted house), Mr. Pollard with the 'parlour,' and the Young Lais who ran a rum shop which also sold dry goods and sundries.

My grandfather and the Young Lais were particularly close. It was a relationship based on trust in more ways than one. He would sometimes buy on credit and the Trini term for that was "trust." Additionally, he and the patriarch of the group were very close and they would sometimes sit in the back room of the shop while the younger ones did the work. Later, when I went to Presentation College, one of the Young Lais, Winston I think, taught us for a while.

I have lost touch with the last two generations but the name still evokes very pleasant memories of drinking a 'sweet drink' and playing outside with one of the younger boys while I waited on my grandfather and grandmother. A few years ago, when I lived in Otaheite, I went to the shop a few times and it brought back many pleasant memories. It was then I realised, as even now I acknowledge, that I have a very soft spot for the Young Lais. It is more than nostalgia. It is an important link in a chain of circumstances that made me who I am.

This is the context in which, dear Reader, you need to understand my behaviour, outburst really, one morning last week at my regular breakfast haunt, Adam's Bagels on Maraval Road. This is a place which has grown



in popularity over the many years I have known it. Before the last election, the Leader of the Opposition was an occasional visitor. Even now, many past and present ministers of government still eat or buy breakfast there. I sometimes see the government's busiest minister, The Honourable Stuart Young, passing by and with full security attending him, buy his breakfast and move on.

I suppose it was reflex based on longing, or at least on not forgetting old acquaintances, that when I walked into Adam's and heard someone say, "Young Lai," I jumped about ten feet in the air and, when I landed on terra firma, started looking wildly around for whichever member of the family had chosen to visit Adam's so that I could immediately introduce myself and proudly announce my Oropouche heritage and pedigree. I was excited, anxious and frantic to see if I could spot a Young Lai in the midst of the satisfied patrons. There was nobody I could immediately identify as being a member of the family and yet I could hear several voices, some raised, repeating, "Young Lai! Young Lai! Young Lai!"

It was frustrating. So many Young Lais to be heard and not one single, solitary one to be seen. In desperation, I asked one of the regulars, "Where Young Lai?" He took his time and then said, "In the papers." Another voice in the background shouted, "In Parliament." "Young Lai here or not here?" I demanded. One of the guys who I used to think was my friend said cryptically, "Young Lai here, there and everywhere." That was the last straw. "Can somebody please tell me the truth," I shouted in anger and frustration, and when nobody answered I walked out without saying another word. I am now determined to go in search of every Young Lai in or out of this country, in the papers or in parliament, just to satisfy myself that they are still around.

Parang Forever Singing through the Seasons

As the Christmas season fades and the final strains of parang echoed into the New Year, the spirit of this beloved tradition lingers like the afterglow of a warm holiday gathering. Growing up in the heart of South Trinidad, Christmas for me was incomplete without the vibrant strains



Joseph Lopez

of parang music—a cultural cornerstone of the season. I suspect many of you would agree. The tradition awakens as soon as the calendar flips to September, marking 100 days until Christmas. Parang enthusiasts and bands eagerly prepare to serenade the nation with their festive offerings. These melodious songs, sung predominantly in Spanish, recount the sacred stories of the Virgin Mary and the birth of Jesus. Over the years, this traditional genre has evolved to include its playful counterparts—soca and chutney parang—infused with the unmistakable flavor of Trinidadian culture.

But what happens when parang dares to extend its reach beyond the confines of the yuletide season? Enter "Parang Forever," a collective of parang groups and enthusiasts devoted to celebrating and promoting parang music year-round. I first encountered this spirited community during one of their "Parang Road Trip" sessions, a house-to-house showcase in the countryside of Valencia.

Arriving late, I was greeted by a dynamic scene: scores of singers and instrumentalists, each donning the distinctive "Parang Forever" jerseys in red or blue, proudly bearing their names on the back. The air buzzed with camaraderie and nostalgia, harking back to the traditional house-to-house parang of yesteryears, where musicians brought joy to every home with their heartfelt renditions.

What struck me most was the unity of the event. There was no competition, no jostling for the spotlight. Instead, they performed as one harmonious ensemble, each taking turns to lead. The repertoire was a delightful mix of traditional Spanish verses and livelier English tunes that ignited spontaneous sing-alongs among the gathered crowd, young and old alike. There were no microphones, no audio systems, no wires to plug in—just the raw, unfiltered magic of music. Cuatros strummed with passion, mandolins adding their delicate touch, the deep thrum of the box bass anchoring the rhythm, and voices rising together in unison, echoing through the atmosphere. It was a pure, nostalgic throwback to the way traditional parang singing used to be—unadulterated, heartfelt, and alive in the moment.

The scene was a sensory feast. The rhythmic pulse of maracas mingled with the strumming of cuatros and guitars, anchored by the deep, resonant beats of the box bass. And in true Trini style, the group welcomed all comers—if you could keep time, you could join the music-making. It was a celebration of sound, spirit, and inclusion.

A glance at Parang Forever's Facebook page revealed that this social media initiative was born in September 2024. The event I attended marked their third organized road trip, each one dedicated to keeping the parang tradition alive. One of their highlights included honoring the



legendary John Edwards, a parang stalwart whose contributions have shaped the genre.

Among the crowd was my friend Quincy Jones, the maraca maestro from Voces Jovenes. Quincy's illustrious track record in maraca competitions speaks for itself: champion in 2019, runner-up in 2020, and victor once more in 2022. With no competitions held since, he remains the reigning champion, much to his delight. Yet, his true talent shines not in titles but in his ability to transform a humble instrument into the heartbeat of the music. When he and others play, the maracas don't merely keep time—they tell stories, electrify crowds, and remind us why parang remains the soul of our Christmas traditions. His talent is undeniable, though his habit of boasting about parang occasionally earns him a good-natured ribbing from me. "Just now parang coming out of season boy," I joked, "As Christmas done, nobody wants to hear dat (lol)!"

His retort was equal parts cheeky and prophetic: "We coming out with a parang band for carnival, and all-yuh will be crossing the Queen's Park Savannah stage to Daisy Voisin's 'Sereno Sereno!'" The sheer hilarity of his vision had me in stitches, but it also left me pondering: Could parang truly transcend its seasonal roots? Would Carnival revelers embrace it, or would the music risk losing its special connection to Christmas?

Though my loyalty to parang is admittedly seasonal, I recognize its deep cultural significance. To see it flourish year-round could be a double-edged sword. Would its charm fade, or would it find new audiences and interpretations that preserve its essence?

Continued on Page 16

Brioche

Brioche is a classic French bread. It is soft, light and fluffy and perfect for fillings that are both savoury and sweet.

Prep Time: 40 mins pre-bake. 30 mins bake time. 2 hours of rising and resting.

You will need 2 large bowls. One for wet and the other for dry ingredients.

Dry Ingredients: Sift flour and mix together in one bowl...

6 cups of flour

1 cup sugar

1 ½ tsp salt

Wet Ingredients: The following goes in the other bowl...

Pour ¼ cup of Luke warm milk in bowl. Then add

2 tsp sugar and

2 tbsp dry yeast. Allow to bloom. Then add

6 eggs



2 cups milk (minus ¼ c for yeast)

1 tbsp Vanilla extract

1 cup of melted, unsalted Butter(cooled). Beat well.

Make a well in dry ingredients and pour half the wet mix. Use a wooden spoon to mix. Then add the rest slowly, noting how sticky the batter becomes. [It is supposed to be slightly sticky and after rising smooth and elastic.]

Cover with plastic wrap and rest for 1 hour. Then knead the dough and separate into 2 or 3 loaves (or more depends on the size you prefer). Let rise again until double in size about 1 hour.

Whisk 1 egg with 3 tbsp water. Brush the top of the loaves with this. You may sprinkle with sesame seeds if you prefer.

Bake in a pre-heated oven for 30 mins at 350°F. Cooking time may vary with ovens, Keep an eye out.

Serve with your favourite filling.

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



Lifestyle Habits

As the new year begins, many if not all people, make some kind of resolution or promise to themselves to be better in many ways. Some would like to develop good lifestyle habits, as the norm doesn't seem to be working very well for them. These things that you do, or don't do,

show up in your body, your thought processes, and your attitude towards the people around you. I know there are many persons out there



Margaret Syne

who really do not care about anything. So, whatever happens, happen! This is somewhat selfish, if one has a family. Not taking care of yourself shall cause you to be sick, be hospitalized or ultimately be dead. Yes, trouble, grief and worry for the others. We shall, therefore, move on to a more positive note. Ask yourself what exactly you need to do. If you can't figure it out; then read on!

You need to feed your body the nutrition that it needs. Check with your doctor or dietitian if you have health issues. If you don't, eat a balanced diet. 50 % fruit and vegetables, 25 % protein and 25% carbs and fats. This percentage is approximate and what your plate should contain. If you are vegetarian, it should also work for you, as there are plant-based proteins, 'dairy' and fats. Drink lots of water throughout the day. Snack on healthy alternatives. Do not over-feed yourself. One full meal for lunch or dinner, and something light for the other two are enough for the day. Try to refrain from eating at night. Night-time fasting will cause your system to serve you better.

Next, you need to keep moving! Everyday, take a walk or a short stroll, if you are unable to walk briskly. Note, I did not mention jogging or running. If you can, go right ahead! If you are just getting off your seat, take it slow and easy. You can walk in the park, on the beach or do on the spot walking around or in your home. Chair exercise/yoga is a great way to avoid impact on your joints. Your lymph system, which carries toxins cannot circulate by itself, it needs you to move around to function.

After your walk, take a bath. A hand shower is ideal to focus on your back and shoulders if you need a water massage. A normal rain shower can also be helpful to soothe and calm you. A good night's sleep will promote healing: Reason to develop your circadian rhythm. That is when you go to bed at a certain time and awaken at a certain time every day, once it is possible. Getting seven or eight hours of sleep is desired to maintain good health.

Mental health must be included in overall health. There are many people out in the public, who are mentally ill and are not aware of it. We look at some people with personalities that are outrageous, never smiling and has nothing good to ever say. We may simply say that they are not nice. True enough, but some may be lacking certain hormones in



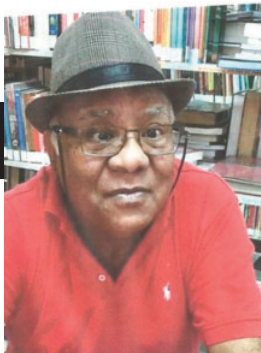
their brains that cause all the trouble.

A natural easy way to replenish a good mind is to exercise. Yes folk, you cannot get away! Get off and get moving, moving! Some feel-good, happy hormones are dopamine, oxytocin, serotonin and endorphins. There are many others, but now is not the time to explore those. Having some time alone with your thoughts is fine. Doing a bit of meditation or listening to your favourite music is just amazing. It's a wonderful thing to read books and magazines, play board/ online games and puzzles. These exercise your brains. What you don't use, you lose! Please don't lose your mental faculties. Think about things you like and start a hobby. Occupy your time wisely. Try painting, drawing or writing a short story. Try your hand at baking or cooking, carpentry or masonry, tailoring or gardening. Get involved in a sport that you like. You can try coaching a children's team in soccer, cricket, swimming or any other field games. Volunteer your time and expertise this year! It is all for the joy of life and the greater good for you and yours.

Writing in Retirement

(Addressing Poetry and Prose Tenth Anniversary and Christmas Lunch-eon).

Poetry and Prose is a literary group in Trinidad and Tobago. I will like to address you using some literary terms today. If we agree that 'all the world's a stage and the men and women are mere players' it follows that



Mootil Boodoosingh

writers in their sixties and seventies that abound in our group are probably in the third act of their play and the closing chapters of their book. But this needs not to be this way.

Instead, as our resident poet, par excellence, Krishna Samaroo would say, we should treat this as our enjambment. Now enjambment (in poetry) is the continuation of a sentence without a pause beyond the end of a line or stanza, if I remember my high school literature. What I want to say is that we can make our lives more meaningful by continuing or even embarking on a new vocation, writing.

It goes without saying, older writers have a writing bank account. We have all of our life experiences to rely on. We can portray any stage of it for we have lived it. Indeed, in my four collections of short stories, I have relied mainly on withdrawals from this bank.

Sometimes I meet friends who are retired and having had a structured working life and finding themselves with a lot of free time, they are not sure what to do. They complain of boredom, listlessness and even of no purpose in their existence. Some try hobbies such as gardening, wood-working, or even car repair but find that the physical energy needed is no longer there. Sore muscles and back pain are no joke for old folks. To them I say, try writing from your memories.

If someone tells you that you are too old to start writing, ignore them. Join Poetry and Prose, where you will find likeminded people who have chosen this part and they will be there to encourage and guide you.

Writing can be a great way to bring meaning to your life in your later years, express yourself, share knowledge and experience, influence others, and most of all give you a sense of accomplishment. It has worked for me. You can have your stories published in the online magazine My Trinidad Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow, a free, online magazine founded by Tony Deyal.

Tony Deyal has travelled the world in his various jobs, lived in nearly all the West Indian Islands, and has written for most of the Caribbean newspapers. He has reached out to fans via the online Caribbean News Global, Toronto Independent and the magazine My Trinidad, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow, which he founded a few years ago. He has entertained thousands of readers with his witty and pun-filled commentaries for more than forty years and continues to do so to this day. Each new column brings a perspective that seems contemporaneous every time, and yet so humorous as only the master of the pun can make it. And yes, Tony is in his seventies, retired, a member and mentor of Poetry and Prose and an inspiration to many.

I want here, to congratulate some of the other older members of Poetry and Prose who have had many successes with their writing.

Ariti Jankie has written In the Footsteps or Rama, Lilawati and Other Stories, Hush Don't Cry, Witty and Wise, and just recently, Heart Strings.

Krishna Samaroo, poet and author have given us Last Days of Class, The Public Orator, The Nowherians, Retreat, and Ruminations published in September 2024 as he entered his seventieth year.

Vishnu Gosine or V Ramsamooj Gosine as he is known in literary cir-

cles has contributed to local Literature, with The Coming of Lights, The Twelve o'clock Man, The Man who Saw God and Other Stories, and in September this Year he launched Sonia the Novel.

Kasi Sengor has his poetry anthologies Fire's House and Is like This and has contributed to many, many poetic anthologies nationally, regionally and internationally.

Frank Mohan has Love has two Moons and The Peripatetic Skylark and several short stories and poems. Frank, a retired doctor originally from Princes Town, now resides in Canada.

Heather Laltoo-Ferguson has thrilled us with Circe's Dance, The Laltoos of Trinidad, The Mulchansinghs of Freeport, View from My Armchair, Tales from the Swamp, A Betrayal of Fortune and I will receive her latest book on December 7th Picong, Pelau and Pepper Sauce, a great Christmas gift.

Haricharan Narine who sadly passed earlier this year left his mark with Days Gone By, The Big Fisher Man, Heroes of Mayaro and The Cosmic Child.

Vilma Seusankar has to her credit Breaking Biche and other Folklore Stories and is currently working on her second collection. She is also a Spoken Word performer as well as an artist who has exhibited at various venues.

Althea Romeo-Mark is an Antiguan-born prize-winning writer and educator, who has travelled throughout the world and now, makes her home in Switzerland. In addition to having published five volumes of poetry she has her highly acclaimed short stories published in many international magazines.

Dr. Johnny Coomansingh, president of My Trinidad Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow is a retired professor of geography who has written six books. Here are the titles: Cocoa Woman, Sweet and Sour Trinidad and Tobago, Seven Years on Adventist Street, Show Me Equality, Fifteen Christmas Poems and Some..., and An Understanding of the Trinidad Carnival. He is also a contributor of articles to Caribbean News Global. Several of his poems are published in the Delaware Bards Poetry Review, the most recent poem titled: Tax in Trinidad is among 272 poems in Eastern Sea Bards: an Anthology of Poetry of East Coast Poets (2024).

Motilal Boodoosingh is the author of the Kahani Series: Kal Kahanis, Chatak Kahanis, Naya Kahanis and Agee aur Nani Kahanis, short stories collections reflecting his early life in the Penal/Debe area.

Tony Deyal, the founder of My Trinidad, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow also authored: Tony Deyal was Last Seen, and Blades of Grass and Glory.

So what has these authors in common? They are all members of Poetry and Prose. They are all retirees. Except for Haricharan Narine who left us earlier this year, they are still writing their stories and poems up to this day.

So let us have a big round of applause for our senior writers.

We must also recognise our younger members such as Gershia Mahabir who was the main player behind our anthology Musings in a Tea Shop and the many writers who contributed. Arlene Quiyou Pena who is currently working on her book of short stories, Dayana Ramsaran who is writing poetry and designing video games and Alisa Jankie who has recently published The Aripo Savannahs and her collection of short stories, His Call – Terrifying Tales of Trinidad and Tobago and many others.

As I wish all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I want to congratulate Poetry and Prose on its tenth anniversary and look forward to addressing you on our twentieth anniversary and maybe reading one of my newly minted stories!

Tax In Trinidad

(Written in the dialect of Trinidad)

Whether yuh black or white they will tax yuh blood
They will surely tax yuh, even if yuh praising God

They will tax yuh if yuh wearing ah Rasta
dread

And certainly tax yuh when yuh come and
dead!



Johnny Coomansingh

They will tax yuh for any damned thing
yuh buy

They will tax yuh more, even when yuh cry
They will tax yuh if yuh get ah lovely wife
They will tax yuh fuh the rest of yuh

blastid life.

They will tax yuh old house and yuh property too
They will tax yuh if yuh eating just rice and cascadu
They will tax the rain dat fall in yuh bucket
They will tax even the hole they drill in yuh pocket.

They will tax yuh fuh ah saheena and two pulorie
They will tax yuh fuh money tuh raise dey salary
They will tax yuh if yuh take ah walk fuh ah little breeze
They will tax the air you breathe...even tax yuh if yuh sneeze!

They will tax yuh if yuh just sit down in Starbucks
They will tax yuh, high tax in KFC, O shucks!
They will tax yuh if yuh eat-ah-food in the mall
They will tax yuh if yuh fall and go tuh the hospital.

They will tax the poor and leave out the rich
They will tax yuh car even if yuh fall in ah ditch
They will tax the ticket yuh get from ah police officer
They will tax yuh if yuh eating salt and rice in ah saucer.

They will tax yuh if yuh sucking ah chicken bone
They will tax yuh if yuh making ah cassava pone
They will tax yuh if yuh making benne and tambran ball
They will tax yuh even if in ah manhole yuh fall.

They will tax yuh if yuh go on ah "river lime"
They will tax yuh in-time, out-ah-time, anytime
They will tax yuh if yuh lose yuh purse and shoe
They will tax yuh if yuh vex and tuning blue!
They will tax yuh if yuh drinking rum
They will tax yuh if yuh buy ah old steeldrum
They will tax yuh if yuh cooking curry goat
They will tax yuh and hold yuh by yuh throat!

They will tax yuh if yuh playing pan
They will tax yuh if yuh sista name is Ann



They will tax yuh if yuh saying the Rosary
They will tax yuh if yuh stop tuh take ah pee!

They will tax yuh if yuh ketching conch
They will tax yuh if yuh child geh bounce
They will tax yuh if yuh geh rob in ah maxi
They will tax yuh if yuh take ah "PH" taxi.

They will tax yuh if yuh sucking ah snow-cone
They will tax yuh if yuh buying smoke bone
They will tax yuh...yuh think they care?
They will tax yuh until yuh bank account is bare!

They will tax yuh if yuh minding ah dog
They will tax yuh if yuh eating hog
They will tax yuh if yuh have ah cat
They will tax yuh fuh dis and dat and dat!

They will tax yuh if yuh stand up too long
They will tax yuh if yuh even bend down
They will tax yuh in about everything yuh do
They will tax yuh if yuh making ah fowl foot stew.

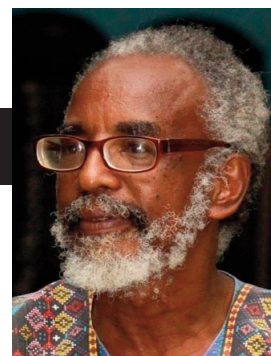
They will tax yuh fuh every tank ah gas
They will tax yuh fuh every pothole dat yuh pass
They go tax yuh inside yuh gate and in front yuh door
Yes, go and vote fuh dem leh dey tax yuh some more.

(Published in Delaware-- Eastern Sea Bards Poetry Anthology 2024)

Sometimes, the Catcher Fumbles

..and then, your lover mumbles...

Sometimes, when he nearly reach the winning pole; when he so close you feel he could stretch out and touch the tape with he tongue; when you think he have the race sew up and he bound to win at last, after all these years; sometimes, not always, eh, but just sometimes...



THE RUNNER STUMBLES.

Zeno Obi Constance

Then, now and then, when you waiting for the last wicket to fall, cause the next side only have three runs to make and with only two balls to bowl; now and then yes, the batsman does hit ah ball bad and it does go high, high, high in the sky and the best fieldsman does get underneath it; and you say - "ah ha!" we get them, we win" Hmm!, not all the time, only now and then, you know what does happen, sometimes...

THE CATCHER FUMBLES

And just when you go to put the damn thing in yuh mouth and hope that this one lil' piece ah thing go full yuh belly, cause you so damn hungry, you could eat ah whole supermarket, just when you do that, something does disturb you and you make a slight movement and guess what? sometimes...

THE COOKIE CRUMBLES

Sometimes, eh, after you tackle ah woman for months and months and you tell she how much you love she and what you go do for she if



she leave she man for you; and she keep saying "No she cyah do that, but you and she could be friends"; until finally one night you get she in your arms and she fall soft and tender and she look at you as if she mean to say "Yes", just when you feel she love you and she go call out your name - soft and sexy; not every time, but enough to make it bother you; you know what could happen? Believe it or not, but sometimes...

YOUR LOVER MUMBLES

...she next boyfriend name.

Lost in Green Pastures

Living in the plains, you look up one way and you see the mountains in the distance. You walk the other way looking ahead. You see nothing more than what is around you. Living in a valley, you look up and you see the hills all around you. Living on the seaside, you look to the

horizon and see nothing ahead, only water. Every

environment gives you the same view of the in-

finite sky. After

living comfort-

ably in these

locations, you

learn there is no environment that gives you a

total view. Envisioning any future depends on

the substance you create from your perceptions.

There is an unlimited number of possibilities to make anyone creative.

There are also impossibilities we cannot imagine.

Until we have perceptions of what we do not know, we rely on a perspective of life which at that time, was not reality. We know only

that there is always abundance, somewhere. The sky is the window to infinity. Below there are green pastures, somewhere. If not here, then how do we go to where they are? No one ever knows the answer, until we start the journey of discovery. If there had been a Panama Canal in the middle-ages, Columbus would never seen most of the Caribbean islands on his way to China.

Ferdinand Magellan took a longer route, reaching the Philippines, never seeing the Caribbean. One of his ships continued westward to Spain. Both navigators started off from Europe relying on mathematics. They did not know about chance, which is a mathematical concept. They were guided by Synchronicity, which is some kind of relatedness that joins events in the flow of life.

Our minds work with perceptions. Things keep changing. To make sense of this we need a perspective uniquely ours. On your journey of discovery, you will soon learn that inflexibility is not a virtue. It is a stultifying state of mind induced by protective ignorance. Self-growth requires knowledge of self and emotional intelligence – until we become comfortable with inter-dependence. When in your life did you become aware that you could not get "that" difficult person to do good for you? As a toddler, infant, child, teen or when? It ruled and ruined your vision of self.

We must overcome in our teens or put aside in adulthood that childhood trauma. Until then we are lost even in green pastures until as lambs we find the right shepherd. Then we must find the right partner. That is feasible only if you both know and relate with each other's different perspectives. That builds respect and understanding. What started at the seaside will change in the plains and be tested confined in the valley. We can easily be over-controlled by perceptions we can-

not erase.

Independence on its own gets lost in the infinity of the sky. We need inter-dependence. That takes courage, self-growth, wisdom and good fortune in recognising Synchronicity. How much time? Sometimes it is enduring love at first sight. Sometimes it is a vision to navigate unknown waters. Sometimes it is for you to discover science that no one ever imagined. You will not be sure when the window in the sky opens for your genius to fly through the sky.

You are not important. But the world will never forget what you shared with the next generation. Every human has a purpose. We do not all have the time. Time is an instant. Do not be fooled by the hands of the clock; it is we who move. We must keep the spirit of tradition with us but abandon tradition. It is not the family gathering that matters; it is the love that gathers and protects the family. It is not the school we attended; it is the grounding that made us free to be different.

It is not what our parents taught us; it is what we learnt from them to create our own values, our own identity to chart our own course. The world will separate from the Universe and die unless each generation produces behavior, culture, innovation and love where their parents could get no further. Inflexibility destroys any hope of continuity. And what about love?


Genuine love is blind because the eyes cannot transmit to the brain messages of ecstasy, felt only in the soul. That takes faith. When you have little faith, you feel love through words. That confuses your mind because words have no meaning other than what you want to hear. Babies do not know words. Babies know only love so they give love in abundance. They get less than they give because they give everything, all the time. Babies are happy. Since you choose to give as and when you please, you need to have a control switch turned off. Then you can't find it when you need it on. That is not smart. Not so, with babies. The lifetime battery re-charges only when love is always switched on. Why do you think helpless, dependent, vulnerable babies are happy?

A baby cannot remain a baby, even in a coma. At every stage in life, we want to be as happy as we can be. We need a guide for lifetime loving. Here it is. "The property of love is to make the lover equal to the beloved as much as possible." Now, be true to yourself; who loves you in this way? And be even more honest, who do you love in this way?

Well, start or restart the relationship in baby steps. Do you know and respect each other's perspective of life? Can you achieve self-growth to be inter-dependent and heal your psychologically traumatic independence? The next time you call your partner baby; do you mean that as lovers you are equal as much as possible? Do not be lost in green pastures, Find paradise.



Gerard Pemberton



Philatelic Society of Trinidad & Tobago
(Founded May 1942)

PO Box 596, Port of Spain, Trinidad, WI

Meetings; 2nd Wednesday, every month

at St Mary's College, Frederick St., Port of Spain

Icacos and SW Environs



By Sham Sahadeo

The South West is teeming with wild life and was also the treasure of our island's wealth of oil, pitch, asphalt and natural gas. There were huge coconut estates in this south west peninsula. Back in the day, the estates used horses for internal transportation. Any day on the beach at Columbus Bay, at the right time, many horses can be seen enjoying the surf and gambolling on the beach. These magnificent animals are range free and return to the interior when they are tired.

1. Wild Horses in one of the coconut estates in Icacos

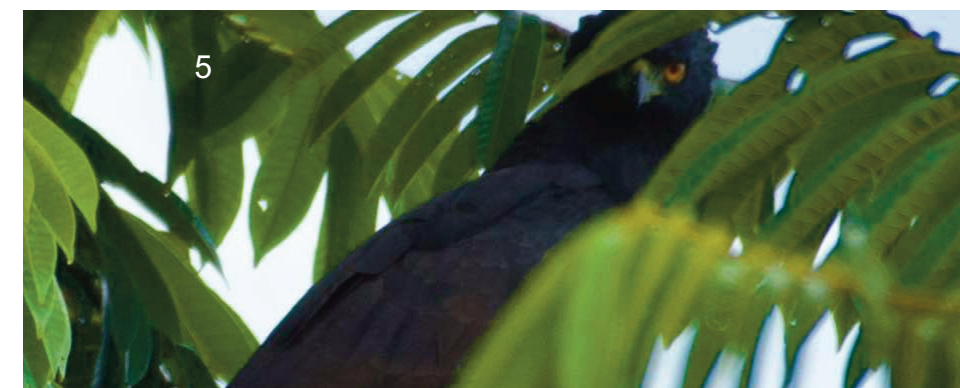
2. Channel-billed Toucan. Quiet moments with the Channel-billed toucan...that is until their calling starts; then the silence is broken and they can be heard from probably 1 km away! Waiting, choosing the best bite from the bunch.

3. Black Collared Hawk. What a difference one week makes... Several subsequent visits by many, thus far, seems to have yielded little by way of further sightings. But the following week a Black Collared Hawk was sighted.



3. 4. Rig 110, just a week before the tragedy. Damn! Just last week I captured this image and I am now seeing Reports that the legendary Well Services Rig110, a mainstay in the west coast oil and gas marine developments over the years, has partially collapsed !

5. Black Hawk Eagle. Perseverance has its rewards! With this bird, even a peep through the bushes with one eye is enough to be grateful for. The Black Hawk Eagle gives a fleeting glance at the lens, before disappearing into the thick cover of our tropical rainforest of the Southwest Peninsula!



A New Year's Celebration

The small enclave of city streets in Woodbrook, Port-of-Spain in the 1960's was a wonderful place in which to grow up. Childhood borders framed our world—the corner of Gaston Johnson Street where it meets Panka Street, which turned into Lucknow Street with the Canadian Mission Presbyterian Church tucked into the curve of the road that, in turn,



Heather Laltoo

went east onto Western Main Road on one hand; and Gaston Johnson going west past Fatima College across Mucurapo Road on the other. Beyond this thoroughfare, the land was flat and vacant, only coming into use for visiting circuses and trade shows. Running parallel to Panka Street was Hyderabad Street, and parallel to Gaston Johnson was Henry Pierre Street. We often ventured to the Woodbrook Cemetery, but not beyond.

As a tight knit neighborhood, there were the Syrian Habibs next door, an uncle and grown nephew who had a clothing business on Charlotte Street. Mrs. Meng lived across the street. She was a beautician who serviced the Governor-General's wife, and occasionally Princess Margaret when she visited Trinidad. Her young son was never allowed to play with us. The Agostini family consisting of father Neville, Chinese wife Marion, and children Ming, Candy and Roxanne lived across Panka Street to the side of our house. We raced jockeys and pitched marbles together. And the De Souzas who lived next to them had the only television on the street. We were often invited to watch it with them, leaving with squares of cheese left over from airplane meals as Mrs. De Souza was a flight attendant. These few people were the characters who peopled our world.

While we lived in proximity to each other, and gleaned secrets as to their various life styles by observation, we usually kept to ourselves, except for the one memorable New Year's impromptu celebration that still lives in our collective memory. The Presbyterian Church had put on a play from which we children were walking home, at around ten in the evening.

The usually reticent Mrs. Meng met us on the sidewalk with delicious bao buns still warm, then mummy brought over a box of chocolates to share around. Neville Agostini came running over with hard drinks for the adults and Coca Cola soft drinks (cokes) for us children, and the De Souzas brought French cheese. We all felt warm and friendly, the children playing a stupid game of jumping over the cracks in the concrete sidewalk as the grown-ups laughed at the latest gossip in the neighborhood.

Our little get-together attracted a local Indian couple who had a dilapidated house across from the side of Mrs. Meng's house, and whose name we never knew. They kept cows in their grassy back yard and they seemed poor. Nevertheless, the Indian lady brought over some fresh poulories with tamarind sauce. It was delicious! She and my mummy got into talking about recipes and everyone relaxed, the warm drinks wash-

ing away all the concerns of daily life. The highlight of the evening was a display of fireworks in the empty field across Mucurapo Road at midnight. That night was the latest we children had ever been allowed to stay up. What magical, glorious revelry!

Life moved on at its own pace. Sometimes time seemed to stand still, and at other times it flew by. Eleven-plus exams reared its ugly head, and the time of racing popsicle stick jockeys in the drains that lined the streets after a rainstorm, passed. Big events came too. Trinidad became independent, cutting ties with Britain, its colonial master. Time moved on, imperceptible, yet unrelenting. It would only be in retrospect, some sixty years on, that we would see, without realizing it at the time, how we were surrounded by history.

As children, little did we know that the name for Mucurapo Road was Amerindian in origin. Or that Woodbrook was built on the former Woodbrook Sugar Plantation, or that early streets were named after places in India from whence the indentured Indian workers on that plantation hailed.

Panka, Lucknow, and Hyderabad were all from the 'motherland' across the Kala Pani. Also, in Woodbrook Cemetery was the tomb of Mickey Cipriani, who had died when his plane crashed in 1934 in the Northern Range. His mangled plane props adorned his resting-place. The more recent streets were named for men who had been mayors of Port-of-Spain. Sir Gaston Johnson K. C. 1922- 1924 and Hon. Henry Pierre 1924-1925. These were the then modern breed of movers and shakers in Trinidadian society at that time in its history. Fatima College harkened back to the presence of the Catholic church in Trinidad, its founding fathers hailing from France during a time when Spain opened up the island to the rest of Europe. The Canadian Presbyterian Church came later with the Canadian Mission in 1868, bringing Christianity and education to Indians in Trinidad.

Even our neighbors reflected our history, the Mengs and Marion Agostini representing the coming of the Chinese in 1849 as entrepreneurs; Mickey Cipriani, and Neville Agostini representing Corsican immigrants who came on land grants to develop plantations; the Habibs as Syrian merchants; and the De Souzas with a Portuguese presence dating from 1834. All of these elements came together like pieces in a mosaic to give us a microcosm of our nation's journey through time.

We all left the neighbourhood eventually. Our family first, moving to Canada. Years later, my cousin Simon Laltoo, met Mrs. Meng's son, now living in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. He remembered us. Candy Agostini married a marine biologist, also from Canada. She found us by chance in Shelburne, Nova Scotia and made contact after a space of thirty years. Like us, she had lost touch with the De Souzas. Yet, echoes of our old life had found us in another world. As we sat in the fading light of a Canadian summer's evening, we reminisced about the street we had all come of age upon, marveling at the memories which remained fresh and sealed off like a model ship in a bottle.

In memory: A Trinidad still Pertinent

By Kin Man Young Tai

Jan 14, 2025...

In a dreamy state likely with the white of snow touching off the white of clouds, no interruption beyond books around that I need leave alone and return some useful memories.

A one-level wooden house, two rooms wide, a short walk from the road a family of six, no dogs or cats, bhaji and tomatoes on a slope behind a steel drum under the edge of a roof for rainfall, a standpipe, one street removed.

Opposite, on a rise, a level field with a church all passing by can see there I carried a bat to engage cricket, they supplied the ball, the traffic not a concern acceptance became easier with the game, painful when I failed with bat or ball.

Amazing, the mix of players, old with young, a few with honed skills even more, later on a Savannah a drive away, how a football engaged so many one side bareback, both like armies advancing or retreating with each touch.

It was not Kublai Khan to tease my sleepy mind but questions of worth

the words less than the steps, the shoulders turning, rising and falling in view, houses mostly wooden, a few concrete, none higher than the



church.

In the cast of days, how many seem as wooden, with a door ajar and a narrative Calling out words and interest, and worked, flesh out human seeking usefulness.



Dah Who You

Coomansingh, from Page 3

The bird continued its call. He thought that someone hiding in the bush sought to do him harm. Releasing his grip from the box of groceries, he fled in terror, like a bat out of hell. On reaching the wooden barracks where he resided on the white man estate, he fainted and fell flat in front of his door. His poor wife had to give him some smelling salts and a drink of rainwater to revive him. What an ordeal it was for frere Jarge. Frere Jarge never heard anything like that in Grenada. (The word frere is from the French creole or patois meaning brother which shows that Grenada was at one time under French colonialism). Whether this narrative is true, it was my godmother who told this story about frere Jarge.

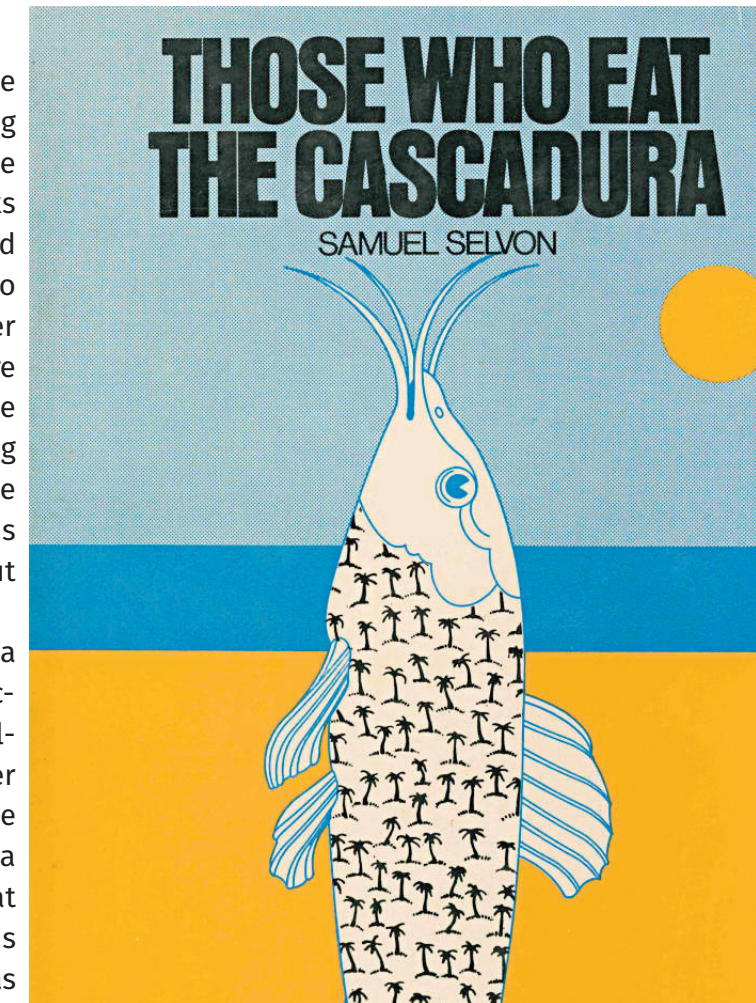
From the junction of Kowlessur Road there were a few small houses, for the most part five or six structures erected mainly on the right side of the road. Almost all of them were unfinished; ramshackle. After those houses there appeared a long houseless incline that changed immediately around a sharp corner to a rough downhill trot that ended into a stretch of flat cocoa lands with huge ravines flowing through. This part of the floodplain of Kowlessur Road was known as Lillyto Flats, a toponym assigned to the area probably because of the name of the owner of that particular cocoa field.

Under the bridge at Lillyto Flats, the ravine harbored a nest of the aestivacious (dormant during the dry season) fish known as 'chatto' (Callichthys callichthys). This bony-plated catfish is a delicacy for many people in Trinidad. Unlike its cousin, the cascadura ((Hoplosternum littorale), the chatto presents with a flattened head, and some say it tastes just as good in a coconut curry as the cascadura; the more sophisticated and sought after cousin.

In one of his descriptions about Trinidadian folklore, the Trinidadian writer Samuel Selvon quoted a verse from Allister Macmillan's poem, Trinidad: Iere—Land of the Humming Bird: "Those who eat the cascadura will, the native legend says, wheresoever they may wander end in Trinidad their days" How true is this statement? I cannot give any evidence of this as fact, but one of my American friends for this reason said that he will never even taste a cascadura.

Nevertheless, my little brother and I had a time of our lives fishing for chatto in that very spot. We lifted so many of them that we had to keep a few swimming around in a concrete barrel. For all the time I spent in Kowlessur Road, no one in the area knew that spot. It was a wonderful discovery! We pulled out so many nice chatto specimens from that ravine. It was just amazing how many there were under the bridge, and they were hungry.

Despite the feeding frenzy, we left some for another day. Then someone opened their mouth and disclosed the pleasure of the spot. While traveling in my godmother's husband car, I saw a shopkeeper from off the Manzanilla Road literally taking every last fish from our favorite fishing hole. I was saddened at this fact but there was little that I could have



done. Not one chatto was left; illustrative of the 'Tragedy of the Commons.'

Escaping the darkened dread of the Lillyto Flats and the fearful call of the 'Dah who you' bird, I was happy to be in a little more light as the sun slipped slowly behind the tall bamboo patch around the corner. This part of my walk was less fearful, more joyous, and lighthearted; a relief since Neeta's house was just about 500 to 600 paces away. On the right side of the road, the topography once more changed. The landscape rolled into hills and dales, revealing a tiny village with some denizens who would serve as special characters in the many stories involving my godmother, a seasoned cocoa woman.

(Excerpt adapted from the book: Cocoa Woman authored by Johnny Coomansingh).

GRANTS 2024/2025
Request for Expressions of Interest
extended to May 31st 2024

Education Family Well Being

Equity Disaster Resilience

United Way United Way Trinidad and Tobago

Parang Forever

Lopez, from Page 5

It was a question that lingered with me long after the Parang Road Trip to Valencia and Sangre Grande, and I couldn't help but wonder what truly fueled this group's ambition. Was it nostalgia? A love for the music? Or perhaps a desire to see parang transcend its traditional boundaries? The more I thought about it, the more I realized that the answers could only come from those at the heart of the movement.

Intrigued by how a playful jest could potentially evolve into a groundbreaking initiative, I reached out to someone from Parang Forever. I was eager to uncover their vision, explore their motivations, and understand how they aim to reshape the landscape of parang music for generations to come.

As the melodies of that unforgettable Parang Road Trip still linger in my mind, I find myself marveling at the audacity and passion of Parang Forever. They are not just keeping a tradition alive; they are reimagining it, boldly charting a path for parang beyond the borders of Christmas. But questions remain: Can parang thrive all year round without losing its magic? And what drives this collective to defy convention and pursue this ambitious mission?

Stephen Chance reflects on the beginnings of a movement that has grown into something extraordinary. It started simply, with a Facebook page dedicated to parang. For three to four years, the page was consistently updated with authentic videos, capturing the essence of traditional parang and attracting a loyal following. Stephen, moved by the passion behind the page, reached out to its creator with a bold suggestion: to take this love for parang on the road.

The vision was clear: a road trip beginning in Paramin, continuing through Santa Cruz and Arima, and culminating in Lopinot. What began with twenty participants quickly swelled to a group of sixty, their numbers growing with every event. For Stephen, this moment underscored the need to rally those who shared a genuine love for parang, rekindling a connection to its authentic roots and traditions.

This passion, Stephen explains, was born from a longing for the way parang used to be. He speaks wistfully of a time when microphones and audio systems were absent, when the music was purely voices, cutros, maracas, and box bass reverberating in unison. For him, the initiation of the road trips filled a void, creating a space for both young and older parranderos to express themselves and do what they loved most.

But for Stephen, this is only the beginning. The road trips are a gateway to something greater—a vision to teach parang, preserve its traditions, and create environments where the music can flourish as it was meant to. While acknowledging the evolution of the genre, with modern bands introducing instruments such as the steelpan, electric bass, and keyboards, Stephen is resolute in his belief that parang must remain anchored in its origins. Though he admires the artistry of these additions, he emphasizes the importance of preserving the authenticity of the music.

Looking forward, Stephen sees opportunities for parang to expand its presence without losing its cultural and spiritual significance. While its core remains tied to the celebration of Christ's birth, he believes it can find meaningful expression in other moments, such as Easter,

Christmas in July, and other events on the cultural calendar. He also stresses the importance of inclusivity, advocating for soca parang to be a staple alongside traditional Spanish songs, as a reflection of Trinidad and Tobago's unique identity as an English-speaking Caribbean nation.

Having followed Parang Forever through the 2024 Christmas season and officially joining the group, I can now speak to the remarkable sense of community and purpose that defines this movement. The energy of serenading with authentic Spanish songs and playing traditional instruments during road trips fashioned after the house-to-house parang of old is nothing short of transcendent. It is a balm for the soul, an experience that revitalizes the spirit in ways that are difficult to articulate.

Parang Forever is not just a group; it is a family, a collective of kindred spirits bound by a shared love for music and culture. Being part of this journey has been a profoundly rewarding experience, and I am filled with optimism for what lies ahead. Together, we are ensuring that traditional parang not only survives but thrives, standing as a testament to the enduring richness of Trinidad and Tobago's cultural heritage.



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

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

Cash donations can be made to

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