

GUYANANAI FOLK

And Culture

Mar. 31
2014
Vol 4
Issue 3

OUR BEAUTIFUL INTERIOR:
PARAMAKATOI IN THE PAKARAIMA MOUNTAIN RANGE

**“where nature unfolds
her ravishing beauty
and fills me daily
with joy and
positive energies”**

Samantha Bipat

**VISUALIZING
GUYANA
BEYOND THE
“COASTAL
ISLAND”**

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Oh! The joy of spring: this glorious season of new beginnings, this season of the young grass bursting forth, like the yellow daffodils and multi-colored tulips and the magnificent cherry blossom trees.

This uplifting season reminds us of the universality of nature in the blooming flamboyant trees along Irving Street in tropical Georgetown as we crossed from Queenstown to Campbellville. As we wave goodbye to a brutal winter and yearn for a taste of our accustomed tropical weather, the new life, the color of springtime shines brightly in the pages of our March online magazine.

And something else just as significant in terms of eternal truth and the harmony of Nature shines forth in our magazine's pages: the great message of the triumph of good over evil symbolized by two great religions- the Christian observance of the Lenten season followed by the glorious festival of Easter and the Hindu festival of Phagwah or Holi with the featured singing of Chowtal, accompanied by two instruments, the dholak (a hand drum) and the majeera (cymbals). This great message enshrines our 2014 theme – "We Bridgin..."

Our theme "We Bridgin..." is also featured in the article about the "boldness and adventurousness" of Guyanese youth, written by Samantha Balkaran, a Cyril Potter College trained teacher from the "coastal island - Parika" who now lives at Paramakatoi which is approximately 3000 feet above sea level in the Pakaraima Mountains.

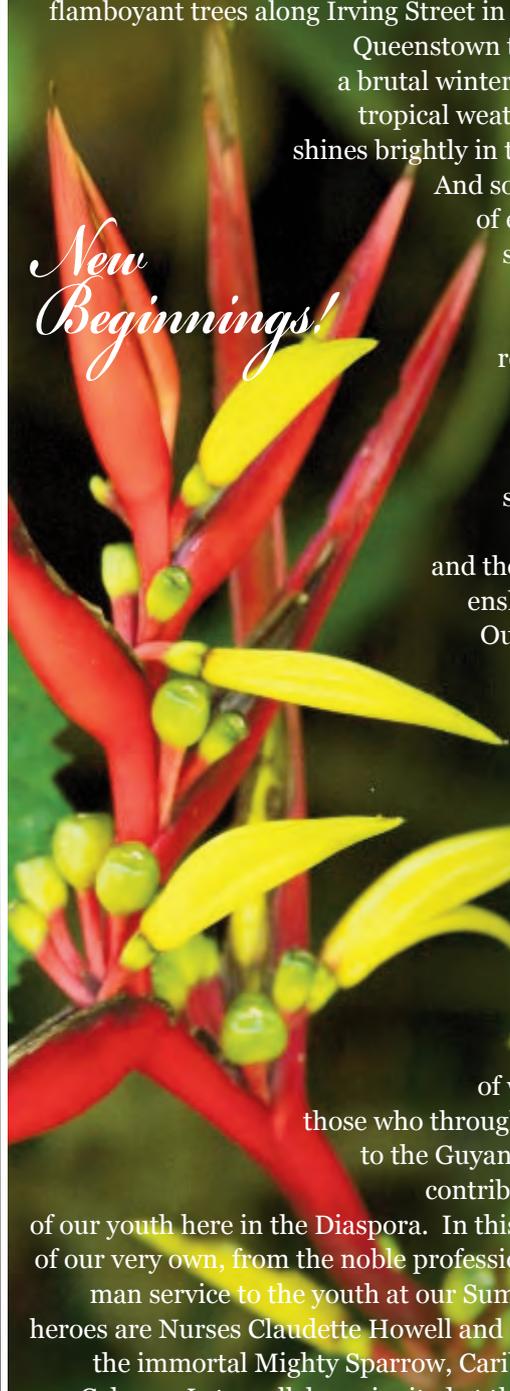
The illustrated photographs are by Savita Bipat, Samantha's cousin.

In this Women's History Month, as we revere the contributions of world renowned women, let us celebrate those who through their committed and dedicated service to the Guyana Cultural Association of New York, Inc. contributed to the growth and the development

of our youth here in the Diaspora. In this issue, we will pay special tribute to two of our very own, from the noble profession of Nursing, who continue to give yeoman service to the youth at our Summer Heritage Camp. These two unsung heroes are Nurses Claudette Howell and Lynette Marshall. We also pay tribute to the immortal Mighty Sparrow, Caribbean hero and world renowned King of Calypso. Let us all be reignited at this period of new beginnings, as we forge ahead with documenting, showcasing and celebrating the multiple roots of Guyana's cultural heritage.

Enjoy !!

Ave Brewster-Haynes, March Editor



PHAGWAH, THE DHOLAK AND “Chowtal Singing”

“Chowtal—an important Bhojpuri folk music tradition in Guyana’s musical heritage. The tradition is intimately associated with Phagwah.

Chowtals are recognized as an exemplar of one stream of the folk music our ancestors from India gave to Guyana. Peter Manuel calls them “songs associated with the seasons and seasonal festivities.” Chowtal songs and chowtal singing are part of the joyful season inspired by the rebirth of nature and inspired by young and playful cow-herder Krishna and the virtuous Prahlada. Chowtal singing is normally performed antiphonally in which lines are repeated with “increasing intensity and tempi.”

Holi is one of the most important festivals of India. Like any other festival in India, Holi festival is celebrated with a lot of enthusiasm, gaiety and communal spirit.

What particularly marks this festival is the spirit of friendliness it evokes among people. By the very nature of how it is observed, by throwing colors at each other in a good natured way, this festival is known to dissolve away years of misgivings among people by infusing them with a spirit of fun and enthusiasm.

However, irrespective of the where in the Caribbean it is being celebrated, the same spirit of fun and festivity pervades across all of the Caribbean at this time of the year.

Mother nature also appears to lend a hand in this spirit by announcing the arrival of spring, a season full of flowers and lush green crops.

Songs, dance on the rhythm of dholak and mouthwatering Holi delicacies are other highlights of the day.



"We Bridgin"

In our February 2014 on-line magazine we stated our intention to publish an article about living in Guyana's mountainous areas. This was a response to a call made during the 2013 symposium for actions to help Guyanese visualize Guyana beyond the "coastal island." In this edition we feature "*The Road less travelled*"--an article which offers a glimpse into life in the Pakaraima mountains—one of the four mountainous regions in Guyana. According to the late Deryck Bernard, the Pakaraima, Imataka, Kanaku, and Acarai mountains constitute the Guyana's highlands. These represents approximately fourteen percent of the nation's land mass and from these mountains originate much of the waters of the Land of Many Waters.

"*The Road less travelled?*" is a two-part article written by Samantha Bipat, a Cyril Potter College-trained teacher from the "coastal island" who now lives at Paramakatoi in the Pakaraima Mountains. Paramakatoi is approximately 3000 feet above sea level. Samantha's story is a personal story. It is a story about the boldness and adventurousness of Guyanese youth. It is a story about the joys of service despite the persistence of the "bush as punishment" syndrome in some sectors of the Guyanese public service. It is a story of engagement with a community in harmony and with an eco-system that is not polluted by agricultural chemicals. It is also a story about a Guyanese young woman who has experienced bliss in the harmonies and melodies of the vistas, and the waters in Paramakatoi, Pakaraima Mountains, Guyana.

Many of the photographs used in this article were shot by Samantha's cousin, Savita Balkaran. Savita, a self-described "photography hobbyist," recently visited her cousin at Paramakatoi. Savita Balkaran, who lives in Mahdia, is a member of the Facebook group--Guyana Photographers.

We Bridgin

Sources:

Deryck M. Bernard. *A New Geography of Guyana. London and Guyana: Macmillan Caribbean and Universal Development Company (Bookstore) Guyana, 1999.*

Vibert Cambridge, Ph.D., President
Guyana Cultural Association of New York, Inc.

INTRODUCING

A PERSONAL STORY

BY SAMANTHA BALKARAN

"The Road less travelled?"
... a story about the boldness and adventurousness of Guyanese youth.

... a story about a Guyanese young woman who has experienced bliss in the harmonies and melodies of the vistas, and the waters in Paramakatoi, Pakaraima Mountains, Guyana.

Biographies

Samantha Bipat

Samantha Bipat is a trained agricultural science teacher who is originally from the Region Three (West Demerara/Essequibo Islands) district. She is currently the District Education Office for Region 8, Sub-District 1 and stationed at Paramakatoi.

Savita Balkaran:

Savita Balkaran describes herself as a "photography hobbyist." She is fascinated by nature—an interest nurtured by growing up on a farm and living in Bartica. She currently lives in Mahdia in the Potaro.

“WE BRIDGIN” -

VISUALIZING GUYANA BEYOND THE “COASTAL ISLAND”

“The Road less travelled?”

by Samantha Bipat

I choose a very green and barely trodden road and my experience gained makes me say it like the poet, Robert Frost; “and that has made all the difference”

Moving from coastal Guyana to the North Pakaraimas was not an effort supported by my loved ones. I can still remember the danger warnings put forward when I shared my interest of requesting a transfer from coastal Guyana (Parika) to work at Paramakatoi Secondary School. Upon sharing such interest and having no experience of Region Eight, I was warned that the North Pakaraimas is highly remote and isolated and could be a physically dangerous venture that should not be an option for an ambitious coastal young woman, but rather a choice of place to undergo correction.

Being the most stubborn child of my mother and an Agricultural Science teacher; passionate about her discipline of study, I followed my desire of working with an indigenous community that depended strongly on subsistence Agriculture and which I felt would benefit from the service I was willing to render.

photography by Savita Balkaran

“WE BRIDGIN” - VISUALIZING GUYANA BEYOND THE “COASTAL ISLAND”

On the contrary to the expectations of my loved ones, I have found such remote, isolated and limitedly resourced hinterland area to be a place where nature unfolds her ravishing beauty and fills me daily with joy and positive energies; a place that taught me the meaning of community and where I learnt the difference between the most important and the least important things in life.

Paramakatoi is a Patamuna (Amerindian) village, located in the North Pakaraimas mountain range, approximately 3000ft above sea level and surrounded by virgin rainforest. The top of the mountain has the majority of the population. At the foot of the mountain there are four satellite communities (Mountain Foot, Yahwong, Uruberu and Bamboo Creek); where most of the farms are located; mostly because of the deeper soils and close proximity to creeks and streams.

Ever since I arrived in this indigenous setting my life become a swirl of unique and interesting experiences. The titillations that nature sends are close to magical: as the constantly flowing cool breeze stretches out and traps you with freshness. It is almost a heavenly experience to walk in the forest on trails of pollen and beautifully coloured petals from aromatic flowers of the wild. The beautiful and naturally designed waterfalls and creeks are equal supporters of life and givers of sweetness. These are only a fraction of the glorious things that create moments where I can only stand in silence and be astonished.

As I move to the job environment, my teaching experience at Paramakatoi Secondary School has always been more rewarding than challenging. I admire the kind of support and cooperation I get from the teachers. This made it easy for me to be an effective teacher as there has been hardly if any conflicts among teachers in school.

I am always thankful for being in such a stress free work environment and I look forward to the next day at work. It's funny that at one time I was physically unwell but still turned up for duty and the Headteacher almost throw me out of the school for me to go home and get some rest.

My eagerness to always want to be at school is due to my students' dedication towards their learning. Some of them leave their homes at 6:00am and 6:30 am and endure the tedious climbing of the mountain, by foot, to be at school on time (9:00 O'clock); notwithstanding that they have no access to snacks nor lunch for the day. Some of them might have a tangerine or piece of cassava bread in their pockets. I admire their endurance and the effort put forward to attend school; this encourages me to never wanting to miss any class.

photography by Savita Balkaran



Some of my students endure the three hour climb by foot over the mountain, to be at school on time

Samantha Bipat

My students are also very serious about motivating their teacher and do not fail to bring gifts; for some of them the term “peace offering” might be more appropriate. I can remember an occasion when a student shyly called me to a corner of the school, handed me a little tied up plastic bag and whispered, “Miss I brought something for you” immediately after which she ran off. To my surprise when I opened the bag I saw it was all dried ants. I did not know how to relate to being given a package of dried ants. So I hurried curiously along the corridor into the staff room, pulled one of my colleagues aside and related the story. She giggled responded, “Lucky you, Acoushi ants is a delicacy here.”

“WE BRIDGIN” - VISUALIZING GUYANA BEYOND THE “COASTAL ISLAND”

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However, a few months later when the rains came I experienced the entire Acoushi ants catching exercise, and developed an appreciation for such animal protein. I later learnt that dried Acoushi ants can be as expensive as G\$500 per pot spoon. Apart from wood ears (mushrooms) and butter beans, Acoushi ants is another top ranking ingredient for a mouthwatering Tuma pot. My students have always been very sharing individuals. They often bring me nicely graded organic vegetables, fresh off the farm, which sometimes I suspect it is a strategy to keep me happy while they try to complete overdue assignments and projects. I have seen some of the largest fruits, vegetables and tubers here at Paramakatoi which tells me that the soil is the best for farming, since the use of inorganic fertilizers is not practiced. In actuality most people here have never had any contact with chemical fertilizers and pesticides. This is one of the reasons for having uncontaminated ground and surface water, making the water from the creeks and springs very safe for human consumption.

I have had the pleasure of my students taking me on weekend tours to visit creeks and water falls about the area, where we would have picnics and do some swimming.

My students have been my teachers of “Fundamental Jungle practices,” where I learnt: how and where to tie a hammock if I am to overnight in the jungle, what are edible and poisonous seeds and berries, and how to use the Haiarie vine for fish catching, just to name a few.

I trust their teachings as they have the wealth of experience travelling the jungles. Students who live in the dormitory would spend days footing their journey to school, and fending for themselves. This is especially for those from villages like Kanapang, Itabac Waipa, Kopinang, Kamana, Chiung Mouth, Chenapou, Monkey Mountain, etc. Hence, some of these journey requires them to sleep in the wild, while for others they might set out early in the day to get another village by night, for instance, those travelling from Kopinang would usually overnight at a little settlement called Red Creek, while those coming from Monkey Mountain or Chenapou would be required to sleep in the wild, unless they are prepared to do a non-stop 13 to 16 hours walk. During the rainy season the journey becomes more difficult and dangerous, with high rising creeks, slippery and slushy trails, falling trees and more poisonous snakes about.

I am happy for having paid great mind to the lessons taught by former students, their teachings serve me well as I advance on this very green road. Now that I am functioning in the capacity of District Education Officer, for Region 8, Sub-district 1, stationed at Paramakatoi, I am responsible for supervising schools in 15 villages (Paramakatoi, Kanapang, Itabac, Waipa, Kamana, Kaibarupai, Kopinang, Maikwak, Kurukabaru, Kato, Tuseneng, Taruka, Karisparu, Chenapou, Chiung Mouth). My mode of transportation to these villages is by four-wheeled motor bikes, unless I prefer to foot the entire journey, which might amount to several days.

Samantha Bipat

photography by Savita Balkaran

This environment has exposed me to a unique method of calculating distance which is days per trail. Moving across this beautiful but dangerous landscape of the North Pakaraimas is a wonderful but risky venture. For me I feel like I am travelling on a Safari every time I go off to supervise a school. Imagine how interesting my job is; having to conduct 69% field work.

I am fortunate to have developed good working relationships with officers of the government sector (e.g. community development officer, police officer, health worker, agricultural extension officer) and who are all experienced riders of the four wheel bikes. Hence, my visits to schools are facilitated by these individuals, where we sometimes collaborate to get our work done.

As I get pack for my visitation to outlying schools, I might forget to take my hammock but I never leave my Jungle Survival kit behind; my torch with extra batteries just in case my camping area gets too dark and spooky, a cigarette lighter to ascertain a fire at the time of need, garlic to help neutralize venoms in the case of snake bites also which is said to be a repellent for the Kanaima.

However, I never fail to remember my all-purpose hand tool. I always have an extra stock of nicely packaged farine set aside, for the occasion where there might be any hiccups on the journey that may cause delays in the wild. On entertaining thoughts of bike failures I get very indecisive as to what role to take up in the occasion of such; whether I should go get help or be the one to wait behind until help comes; none of which I pray would ever happen.

So far I have only had thrilling and facilitating journeys, with minor accidents. As I proceed on my journey I get drifted way by the magnificent scenes of the places we cover, too majestic for the camera that encourages me to just live the moments. These sceneries and moments make it possible for me to be on a Safari almost any day of the year. I enjoy pacing across the sprawling savannahs, fending through calm, deep, green forests, crossing over crystal clear creeks and climbing massive rocky mountains.

Over time I have developed a safety strategy to keep me affixed to the bike while moving across the mountains. As the bike begins to climb I lean forward putting more of my body weight to the front of the bike and as we go down I lean to the opposite direction. I have now mas-

“I enjoy pacing across the sprawling savannahs, fending through calm, deep, green forests, crossing over crystal clear creeks and climbing massive rocky mountains.”

tered this practice; enough for me to excel in a limbo dance competition.

As we advance on our journey and getting closer to village lands there are some pretty interesting indigenous gates we need to get over. Therefore, I the passenger am always expected to do Mr. Biker the favour of opening and closing these gates. Most of the gates are made of three to four heavy wattles inserted horizontally in vertically parallel wooden upright that consists of sockets. So the trick is to slide the wattles aside, slipping them out of the socket and dragging them far enough to create adequate space for the bike to pass. Then I am required to lift the wattles and place them back in the respective sockets; the secret to my nicely developed biceps.

As I approach the schools, my arrival is announced by the sound of the motorbike, as I struggle to pull my long legs and get off the bike, in a bit of a clumsy fashion, I can't help but notice the giggles of the children while they dismiss whatever they are doing and focus on me, as if I were the funniest thing they have ever seen. Having given that behavior some thought I assumed that they were amused to see a dark, strapping, strange woman who wears trousers, sneakers, sunglasses and a cap and who spoke English with a different accent. Then, as I think harder they probably felt that my dirt soiled outfit and the dust covered hair are due to my fight with an encountered wild boar, on the journey

Nevertheless the teachers always take me seriously as I shake off some dust, maybe wash my face and begin the business of my visit. I love the motivation I get from teachers, as I find them to be very humble and diligent workers, who are not afraid to reveal school issues and shortcomings. This makes it much easier for me to provide or recommend appropriate support for them in this resource limited region, considering the fact that our situation in Region 8 is peculiar to the other regions where we possess the least percentage of trained teachers. My visits are always fruitful and this fuels my motivation of wanting to reach out more to the school and if possible to parents and community members.

In all the villages I have visited leaving has always been a challenge for me, especially when I plan to set out for another village before night. The bowls of local drinks (cassiree, para-kari) offered by the locals are always satisfying, but then I need to think of a good enough excuse to leave, as I am always being offered the hospitality to overnight. Forgetting my hammock is not a good enough excuse, especially when I can predict the response to such would be: “Don't worry Miss we have hammock for you too.” It surely is an accomplishment for me to be greeted with such high level of acceptance in a powerful indigenous culture.

photography by Savita Balkaran

Apart from my job I enjoy the beauties of community life here in the north Pakaraimas. I have developed a better sense of community, as I admire the way Cayaap (voluntary community self-help projects) have been carried out, where villagers would forego their livelihood activities (farming, cassava baking, firewood cutting) to assist another with manual work. The person who requests the Cayaap would provide some indigenous drinks, while friends and other villagers may contribute towards the provision of drinks; an activity that requires no monetary exchange.

Schools in this region have benefitted from Cayaap services where parents forgo their farm work to help assist in the school projects. As witness to this: when I served as the Caribbean Secondary Examination Certificate (CSEC) Agricultural Science Teacher, I have solicited parents' help through Cayaap for the construction of a school garden.

Apart from the excellent relationships that I have established between, community leaders, teachers and other government officers of this region, I have also developed and over time nurtured very strong bonds with some older folks who have had the experience of the first school established in Paramakatoi, and who limitedly understands and speaks English. Language barrier is never a hindrance to the love and kindness I receive whenever I go visit them. For instance, Amai (mother or grandmother) Hanna speaks very little with 90% being the Patamona language, but our communication is effective enough for me to understand that she owns me as her daughter and prays for my safety especially when I have to fly to Georgetown. Not forgetting, that she will send me bananas as soon as the crop produces.

Amai Waveney, on the other hand is better with English, I can spend hours chatting with her as she tells me how difficult it was for her to learn the English language, when the first school was established in Paramakatoi by Missionaries and what it felt like the first time she wore clothing apart from just a beaded apron.

Then she goes down her pretty interesting lane of memory, that stimulates my attention and by the time we realize it we would have been chatting for three to four hours. Her stories make me want to write a book reflecting the experiences of the Patamona people when they started to move away from their very indigenous culture and adopt a modern way

of life . I will put this on hold for the rainy seasons when my visitations to schools will be limited due to danger factors.

“Amai Waveney, is better with English, I can spend hours chatting with her as she tells me how difficult it was for her to learn the English language, when the first school was established in Paramakatoi by Missionaries and what it felt like the first time she wore clothing apart from just a beaded apron.”



photography by Savita Balkaran

“WE BRIDGIN” - VISUALIZING GUYANA BEYOND THE “COASTAL ISLAND”

Apart from sitting indoors and chatting with the older folks I spend quality time with my friends Da Celia and Ethel who are sisters and are always welcoming whenever I show the interest of overnighing at their farm houses. I enjoy my overnight moonlight camps that I do at Ethel's thatched roofed, open benab down at the northern end of Paramakatoi mountain. It sure feels beautiful to fall asleep looking at the bright full moon, hearing all the different sounds of the insects and feeling the cool air as it flows through the benab. As morning breaks, I am being awakened at around five O'clock by the smell of fire smoke and giggles from Ethel's children as they try to whisper, “Don't make noise or you will wake Miss Samantha.” It is not customary for Ethel to make tea, but however, once I am there we always have freshly picked lime leaf tea. Then as the cool mist rise up to the mountains and the slightly warm air steps in I try to muster enough courage for a dip in the ice old water that flow from a near-by creek. Before taking my dip I would sit and stare about with happiness in my heart to witness the smiles of the beautiful water lilies that border the creek and the enchanting orchids that hang from the thick bark of nearby trees. There is never a dull weekend for me here at the north Pakaraimas, as I always have an open invitation to visit folks either in Paramakatoi or other villages. I take advantage of visiting Kato since it is the closest village to, easier to hitch a bike ride or if I have to foot the journey I would not give that much mind. I believe that Kato is one of the most beautiful places in Guyana. It is the home of the most captivating Chiung Falls, which flows with high energy all year round; a beautiful camping site and scenery for relaxing the mind, body and soul.

“This experience in the mighty Pakaraimas has greatly impacted on my ideals about life. I so wish that more coastlanders have my kind of experiences.”

Samantha Bipat

This experience in the mighty Pakaraimas has greatly impacted on my ideals about life. I have found great treasures of wisdom and the purest of friends from our natural systems and simple people. In a few days it will be 8 years since I have been introduced to this beautiful part of Guyana and have realised that there are still so many more places to discover, so many more things to do and lots more people to bond with.

I count myself privileged to have been guided to the path of the Pakaraimas and I so wish that more coastlanders have my kind of experiences. I wish that more people better understand how complex nature operates to provide us with the most important but free elements of life. I wish that they see how much the trees depend on the soil and how the soil is conserved by the plant roots and how much we depend on the forest for the clean oxygen we need. I wish they have the opportunity to drink unpolluted water directly from a creek or spring and that they come to a point of realizing that our trees/plants play a vital role in the water cycle. I wish that they take the time to comprehend how important our natural environment is in this circle of life. Moreover, I hope that more value is placed on our beautiful interior, as we strive to preserve our wealth of biodiversity and maintain our 62.13 global hectares per person of biocapacity; and always be known as Eldorado De verde for our Green gold.



photography by Savita Balkaran



“Moray House”
Watercolour by Carol Fisher, 1979
Moray House Art Collection

Moray House Trust

~ Culture Matters ~



239, Camp & Quamina Streets
Georgetown
Guyana

Tel: (592) 226 2971 ~ Email: MorayHouseTrust@gmail.com

Website: www.morayhousetrust.com

Moray House Trust

Cordially invites you to a

'An Evening of Nostalgia:

the work of Godfrey Chin'

Date: Thursday, April 10, 2014

**Venue: “Moray House”, 239 Camp & Quamina Streets,
Georgetown**

Time: 5.30 p.m.

~ Please use the Camp Street Entrance~

which is now wheelchair accessible

~We do hope you can join us ~

RSVP

Tel: 226 2971 ~ Email: MorayHouseTrust@gmail.com

Moray House Trust

The Moray House Trust is a legacy of the late David de Caires (31.12 1937 - 1.11.2008).

It was proposed by his children, Brendan and Isabelle, and his widow, Doreen, as a cultural initiative to foster and preserve artistic expression, and the diverse culture of Guyana.

The Moray House Trust is a modest endeavour aiming to support and contribute to the good works of many other Guyanese and to keep true to its own vision, which says in part:

“... We believe that the health of a nation, in the broadest sense, depends on a vibrant and varied local culture ... that a culture thrives and develops where ideas circulate and are robustly debated and interrogated...”

Trustees: *~Isabelle de Caires (Chair), Doreen de Caires, Jesu Persaud, Joseph Singh ~*

Directors: *. Nisa Surujbally (Secretary) . Nicola Mendes (Treasurer) . Paloma Mohamed . Tivia Collins . Raquel Thomas .*

Advisor: Joyce Jonas

Administrator: Joan McDonald

HOLY THURSDAY, GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER IN GUYANA CROSS BUNS, KITES

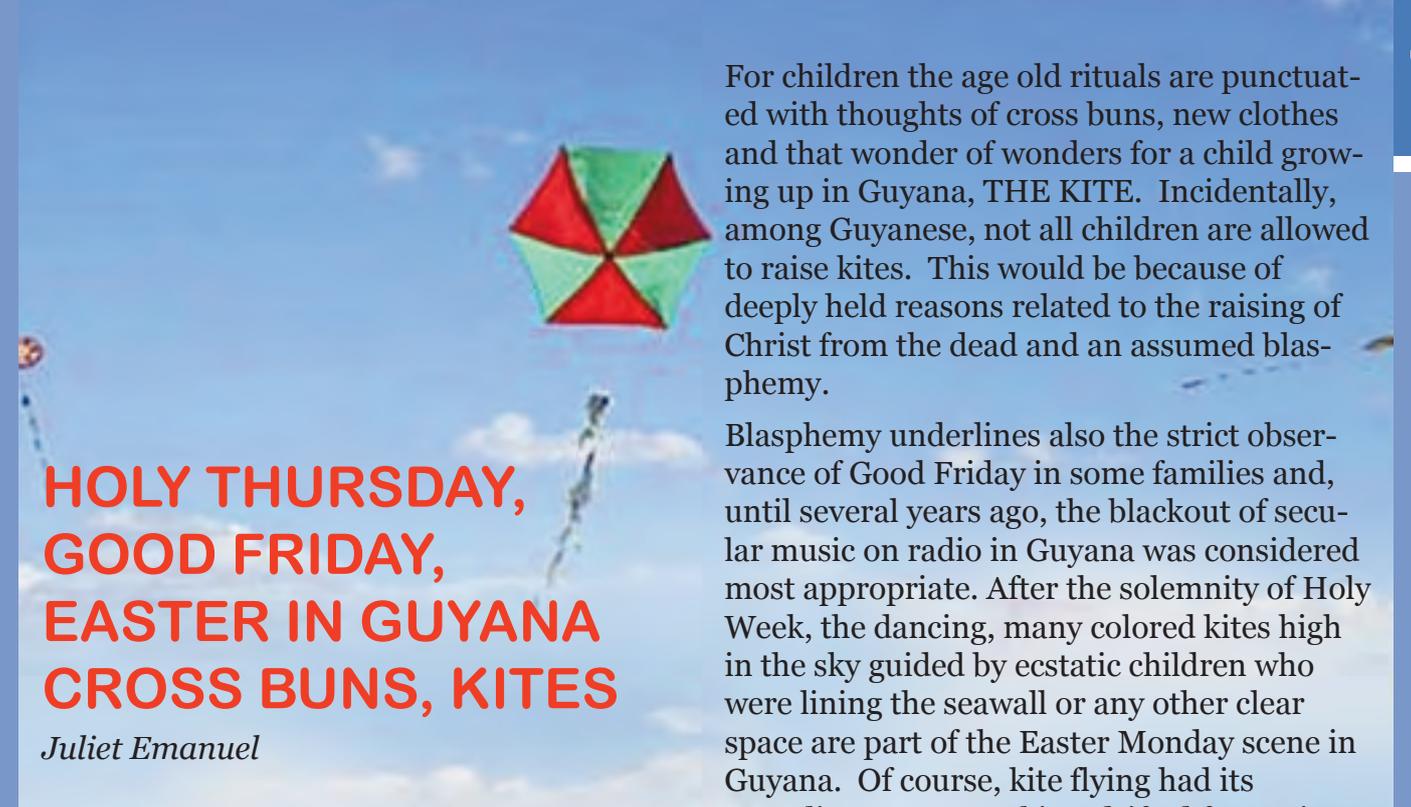
THE ORIGIN OF HOT CROSS BUNS:

Hot cross buns were first used in England during the 17th century by Roman Catholics and were used to make communion wafers. Hot cross bun is a small, spicy fruit cake that is decorated with a white cross. Hot cross buns are generally toasted at Easter Festivities to celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ following his sacrificial death on the cross.

The origin of the Hot Cross Buns dates back to the 12th century, when an Anglican monk was mentioned to have placed the sign of the cross on the buns, to honour Good Friday. Hot cross buns or cross-buns are sweet, yeast-leavened, spiced buns made with currants or raisins, often with candied citrus fruits.

Juliet Emanuel





HOLY THURSDAY, GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER IN GUYANA CROSS BUNS, KITES

Juliet Emanuel

Rebirth is an element shared among many faiths. The great celebration of the rebirth in Christ and the recognition of life continued after physical death for those who believe in the Resurrection is Easter.

After Lent with its days of reflection, meditation and determination; after the days of fasting; after Holy Week and its deep immersion into the rituals of suffering, the peak of which are the days of shade and death - Holy Thursday and Good Friday, joyful Christian world wide hold hands in the two thousand plus year old solemn choral Mass of Resurrection, or any other religious service dedicated to this day, with Alleluias resounding. It is a happy day. The Gloria in Excelsis is sung again. One of the Psalms sung that day may be "Confitemini Domino," "Give thanks to the Lord, for He is good, His mercy endures forever." And sung with gusto is "The Strife is o'er, the Battle Done," a hymn, incidentally, that is a familiar one at funerals. Indeed, funerals for the faithful are all about the meaning of Easter.

For children the age old rituals are punctuated with thoughts of cross buns, new clothes and that wonder of wonders for a child growing up in Guyana, THE KITE. Incidentally, among Guyanese, not all children are allowed to raise kites. This would be because of deeply held reasons related to the raising of Christ from the dead and an assumed blasphemy.

Blasphemy underlines also the strict observance of Good Friday in some families and, until several years ago, the blackout of secular music on radio in Guyana was considered most appropriate. After the solemnity of Holy Week, the dancing, many colored kites high in the sky guided by ecstatic children who were lining the seawall or any other clear space are part of the Easter Monday scene in Guyana. Of course, kite flying had its tragedies too. Many kites drifted from Kitty seawall to who knows where courtesy of razor blades tied to the tails of other kites or through the "bust" of weak strings. Some kites simply did not go up. Others "sang" in all their glory.

For Guyanese living in temperate regions, Spring gives additional meaning to the celebration of Easter. Lilies, crocuses, hyacinths, and other sweet smelling bulbs remind the faithful about the meaning of Easter as they walk along roadways, now their familiar territory, or as they observe the religious traditions of their respective churches fragrant with incense and flowers.

In many homes Guyanese "get together," celebrate and remember.

"Alleluia, Give Thanks to the Risen Lord."

OUR CARIBBEAN TREASURE

GOD BLESSED TO BE GIVEN SO MANY CHANCES
TO CHEAT DEATH AND REFLECT ON LIFE

The Mighty Sparrow

George Glean
Spicy Design

Despite rumors of his passing or near death experience, the beloved Caribbean calypsonian and ballads performing artist, Mr. Slinger Francisco, fondly known as The Mighty Sparrow, is very much alive. In fact, he has recently been named by Trinidad and Tobago Prime Minister, Honorable Kamla Persad Bissessar as the recipient of The Order of Trinidad and Tobago, the nation's highest award. The following article, by a fellow Grenadian, reports on a spectacular return revival service in held in Brooklyn, New York, in honor of the immortal "Dr. Birdie".

Lear Matthews

The Glorious return of the Calypso King of the World

Sparrow mocked the rumours of his death in song, on many occasions:

“Simpson”

**“For de funeral, dey hire de scamp, Cyril Diaz.
Biscuit and coffee set, dey ready to fete,
The only disappointment is, ah ent dad yet!**

Ten to one is murder”

Ten to one is murder

Wey down Henry Street by H.G.N. Walker

Ten to one is murder

*About ten in de night of de fifth of October
Ten to one is murder; Deh say how ah push
de gyal from Grenada; Ten to one is murder*

*Ah say de leader of the gang
was hawt like ah pepper*

Ten to one is murder

*And every man in de gang
had ah white handled razor*

Ten to one is murder

*Well ah back back until ah
nearly fall in de gutter*

Ten to one is murder

*Well jus imagine my position
not ah police in de area
Ten to one is murder. -*

Sparrow dead”

*They say ah
have cancer*

*They say ah have
yellow fever*

Somethin’ in me bladder

*With a double
dos of leukemia*

George Glean

First published in Spicy Design

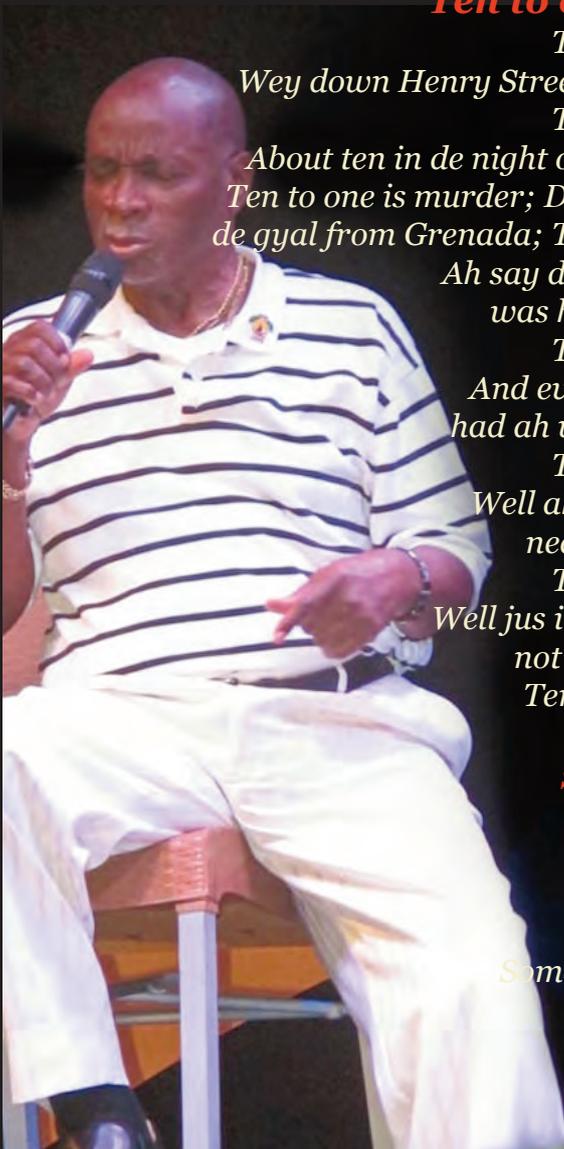
It was as though I was attending a revival service, replete with singing, lusty hand clapping, communing and preaching. We were all gathered at Leanie’s Restaurant on Fulton Street in Brooklyn, New York, to pay witness to yet another vain glorious return of the Calypso King of the world, Dr. Slinger Francisco, a.k.a. The Mighty Sparrow.

Throughout the years, Sparrow has toyed with his mortality through his songs. For example in 1959, he mocked the rumors of his death and his proposed burial by a true life character, Mr. Simpson, who was the owner of Simpson’s Funeral Agency, a fixture on Piccadilly Street in Trinidad. The rumors took on such real connotations, that according to Sparrow, in his song entitle “Simpson” elaborate funeral arrangements were made down to the minutest detail.

To quote from the song:

*“For de funeral, dey hire ”All Stars”
And for de wake,
dey hire de scamp Cyril Diaz.
Biscuit and coffee set,
dey ready to fete,
The only disappointment is,
ah en dead yet.”*

As though that was not playing enough with death, Sparrow faced a real “life and death” situation, when he was attacked by a gang of ten men after he had a chicken meal at Mirama, an established night club in Trinidad. This incident was retold in his calypso hit “Ten to One is Murder.” This staccato, in your face, rapid-fire style calypso won him another road march title in Trinidad’s Carnival that same year.



THE CARIBBEAN MUSICAL AMBASSADOR

He confronted death through a series of false and malicious rumors that were spreading like wild fire from Cobeau ridden waste lands of Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, to the shanty towns of Kingston, Jamaica and all the islands in between. What was the rumor? "Sparrow Dead." Sparrow took on his rumored death head-on, with another top-selling calypso, simply and aptly titled: "Sparrow Dead."

Sparrow was at the height of his popularity, but instead of allowing the rumors to derail him, he turned it around. So, when in September 2013, word started circulating throughout the Caribbean Diaspora that Sparrow was ill and very near death, most of his fans flatly dismissed the rumors with simply wry remarks. A Trinidadian man liming near Charlie's Record Shop on Fulton Street, Brooklyn, said "You know how many times dey say dat man dead! Doh worry wid them, people just like to spread vicious rumors"

A few miles away, on the other side of Brooklyn, a Grenadian woman, buying bread at Allan's Bakery on Nostrand Avenue, just stupes "You know how many times, dey say Sparrow dead? They just caan leave de dam man alone. Dead? Sparrow en going no way!

But this time the rumors were true. Sparrow was indeed very ill and ended up in a diabetic coma. The doctors also confirmed his negative prognosis. His wife rushed up from Trinidad, his children gathered around him, while his fans prayed and waited with baited breath.

The rumor mill went into full throttle as the stories began telling about his death. There was no way to believe it, or deny it. There was an information blackout. The whole world was on pins and needles. Did his family just bury him in a private ceremony in Queens, New York? (His adopted home away from Trinidad?) Or did his family take his body back to Trinidad for a hush-hush burial?

A man standing on the corner of Utica Avenue and Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn, shouted at the top of his voice in total disbelief "They caan do we dat. When Sparrow dead he have to lie in state somewhere in Brooklyn, so all he fans could get one last look at the Birdie." He continued "You remember when Sparrow sing ..." and he immediately burst into song with Sparrow's Labor Day anthem;

"Mas, play Mas, Mas in yuh Mas, play Mas.

Even if ah feeling sick

Even if ah tired roam

Just gimme me calypso music

Brooklyn is me home."

THE GLORIOUS RETURN OF THE CALYPSO KING OF THE WORLD

George Glean

As if by design, a man grabbed an empty crate lying by the corner; somebody grabbed an empty bottle and began an impromptu salute to Sparrow. Could you imagine that? In the heart of Brooklyn, the same Eastern Parkway that is home to the annual West Indian Day Parade.

So when the news began to circulate (slowly at first) that the mighty Sparrow and Calypso Rose – regarded as the King and Queen of Calypso music, were scheduled to perform at Melanie's, there were many skeptics.

Would Sparrow sing? Could Sparrow sing? Or will he just sit there to be honored? Will he really show up, or was this another gimmick by slick promoters to lure his hard-nosed fans in, to get money from us one more time.

So I walked in with my daughter "Soca SaySo" into Melanie's expecting nothing more than to shake his hand or take a picture with him. It so happened that we arrived at Melanie's the same time as Sparrow and his entourage. As a matter of fact, the door-men were shooining us in as part of the entourage, but we still gave them our tickets.

Melanie was packed to its capacity, filled with diehard fans. The atmosphere was friendly, yet electric. Sparrow was really here! Frail looking, walking slowly with help from his handlers, but nevertheless, walking. As he walked into the hall, his eyes surveyed the crowd, greeting those he recognized with a thumbs up, smiling and nodding appreciably to all his well-wishers, to thunderous applause. A fitting welcome.

Calypso Rose opened the show in her inimitable way, then Sparrow was brought on stage, assisted by his daughters, to sit on a high chair. Someone from the crowd called it a throne. Yes sir, King Sparrow was on his throne.

After all this excitement and frayed nerves being put to rest, the crowd, on it s feet, had to be muzzled. Sparrow took the microphone, talking in a low, sometimes inaudible voice, thanked the fans for their loyal and unswerving support, but quickly bemoaned the fact that this was being done with an undertone of sadness. He then told the crowd that his friend, Hon. Karl Hudson Philips, Q.C. died a few days ago. He started crying, as he began his salute to Karl, singing the Lord's prayer. The crowd joined in reverently, as we all paid tribute to one of Trinidad's stalwarts, and one of Sparrow's dear friends.

The crowd was now in a pensive mod, but not for long, because his back-up band, aptly called “The Sunshine Band” introduced the calypso tempo. Sparrow went through the lyrics to one of his lesser known songs “Survival.” The song was very apropos to him and his cat like status. The chorus to the song proudly displays the sentiments that Sparrow exemplifies:

Man will survive

Don't care what people say, man will survive

To see a brighter day

It's a mountain we climbing

Some will rise, some will fall

There'll be slipping and sliding

But at the back of it all

Mataphysical, deep and spiritual

Till the master call, We fight for survival.

Then someone in the crowd shouted “Sing Lying Excuses.” And with the rendition of that song, Sparrow came to life, the crowd ignited to what I refer to as a revival service.

I sat next to my daughter dumbfounded. I sat there in utter denial and disbelief. And while I was transformed to the point where I wasn't seeing anything or anyone. I became all enamored with “the voice.” I heard “the voice,” I saw “the voice,” I felt “the voice within the very core of my being. Suffice it to say that I was figuratively and literally consumed with “the voice.”

I awoke in a stupor, but soon found my bearings as he ended his set with a medley of well-known hits, including “Jean & Dinah,” “Melda,” “The Lizard,” “Drunk and Disorderly.” The feel of the “Revival Service” is now greater than ever. Sparrow has made a believer of me.

I don't care what the religious fanatics say, Yes! Sparrow sang his share of smutty lyrics. Yes, Sparrow whined and gyrated a little too much. Yes! Sparrow has an arrogant streak. Yes, to all that and more, but he must be God blessed to be given so many chances to cheat death and to reflect on life. He is also given another chance to thrill us one more time with his God-given gift, his voice.

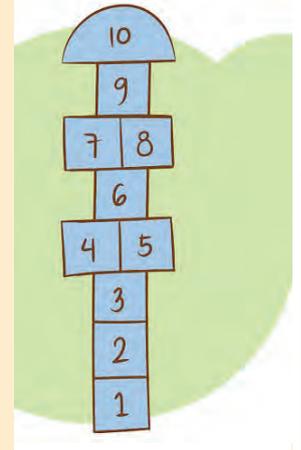
The Mighty Sparrow is our Caribbean treasure. Let our children, our grandchildren and even our great grandchildren know his worth and his true value. He has been without a doubt, the Caribbean Ambassador.

Let us sing his praises while he is still alive, and let us go in droves to hear him sing whenever and wherever he is in concert. We will soon run out of excuses and “the voice” will be gone forever, as the “Birdie flies away to the great beyond. Then it really will be too late to ask the question.

“Who kill the Sparrow?” ... as the answer floats back, “Nobody knows!”

How to Play Hopscotch

Thousands of years ago, Roman soldiers played hopscotch to test their strength and speed, sometimes hopping over 100 feet carrying heavy weights![1] Today, hopscotch is a backyard game enjoyed by children (and light-hearted grown-ups) all over the world. Whether you never learned this game as a child, or simply need a brushing-up, you can easily learn to play this classic game, along with some variations to make it more challenging.



- Draw a hopscotch design on the ground. Chalk is the best drawing medium on asphalt, patio stones or concrete. The squares should be large enough to fit one foot and to make sure that a stone thrown into the square will not bounce out too easily.

It is common to designate the “10” section shown here as a rest or stop area. This is where the player can take a moment to turn around and/or regain their balance.

- Throw a flat stone or similar object (small beanbag, shell, button, plastic toy) to land on square one. It has to land inside the square without touching the border or bouncing out. If you don't get it within the lines, you lose your turn and pass the stone to the next person. If you do get it, however, go on to the next step.

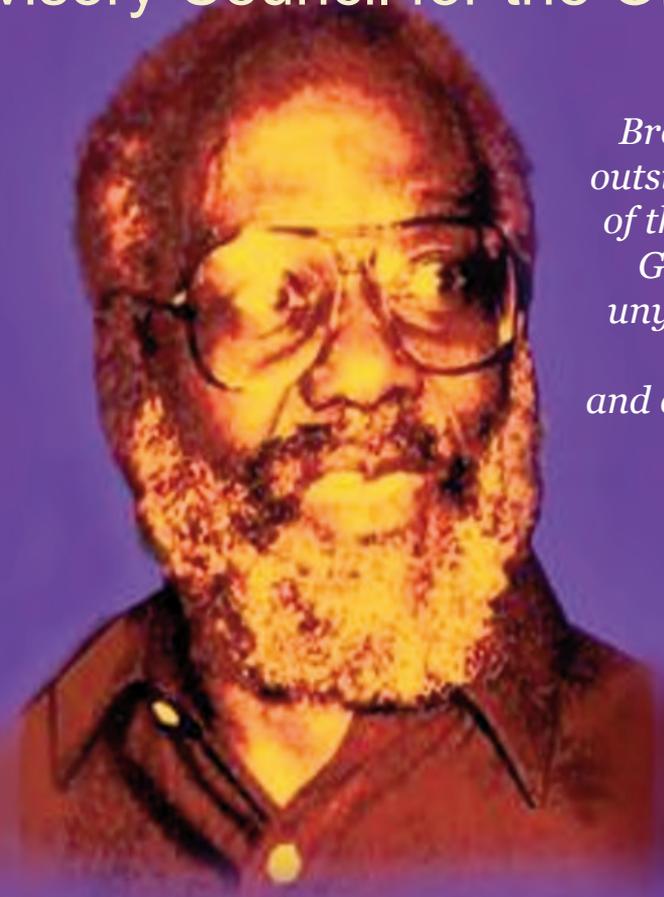
- Hop through the squares, skipping the one you have your marker on. Each square gets one foot. Which foot you start with is up to you. You can't have more than one foot on the ground at a time, unless there are two number squares right next to each other. In that case, you can put down both feet simultaneously (one in each square). Always keep your feet inside the appropriate square(s); if you step on a line, hop on the wrong square, or step out of the square, you lose your turn.

- Pick up the marker on your way back. When you get to the last number, turn around (remaining on one foot) and hop your way back in reverse order. While you're on the square right before the one with your marker, lean down (probably on one foot still!) and pick it up. Then, skip over that square and finish up.

- Pass the marker on to the next person. If you completed the course with your marker on square one (and without losing your turn), then throw your marker onto square two on your next turn. Your goal is to complete the course with the marker on each square. The first person to do this wins the game!

UPDATE: WORDSWORTH McANDREW'S NOMINATION FOR A NATIONAL AWARD

among other nominations, to be presented for consideration at the next meeting of the Advisory Council for the Orders of Guyana.



Wordsworth McAndrew, Broadcaster, Folklorist, Poet and outstanding son of Guyana, was one of the most influential folklorists in Guyanese history, and was an unyielding advocate for the collection, preservation and celebration of Guyanese folk life.

The Cultural Director of the Guyana Cultural Association of Guyana, NY, Inc., has received confirmation from the Secretary-General, Advisory Council for the Orders of Guyana, that the nomination, submitted by the GCA, for a national award to be given to the late Wordsworth McAndrew has been received.

McAndrew's nomination, together with other nominations, will be presented for consideration to the Advisory Council for the Orders of Guyana at its next Meeting. The date of that meeting, to be confirmed, should be within the next quarter



Maira and the Jaguar People

SUPPORT MICHAEL GILKES' NEW FILM:

Maira and the Jaguar People

A story from the Guyana rainforest

It is early evening: it's story time in a small Amerindian village. The Piaiman (Shaman) tells the legendary story of Maira and her brother Mairun to the children gathered around his 'benab' (small thatched house). Maira loved birdsong and was fascinated by the flute-like call of a rare bird no one had ever seen. Mairun dreamed of becoming a brave hunter. The Shaman tells the listening children "music is life, the gift of the birds: the jaguar people's gift is death, but both life and death must be welcomed. They are twins". They (and the viewers) are then taken on a journey back in time as the story unfolds. Maira and Mairun become caught up in a dreamlike drama of life and death with a talking jaguar when they lose their way in the forest looking for Maira's elusive 'flute-bird'. The 'jaguar' (an illusion created by the Shaman's magic) its secret discovered, refuses to let them return to the village. They must become 'kamarapichu' (jaguar people) like him. It finally threatens to attack them. Mairun kills the creature with a single arrow, but dies saving his sister who is able to escape during the fight. The Shaman's story ends when the 'lost' girl is found. Maira's life and Mairun's death are both reconciled through the music of the Shaman's ceremonial flute, fashioned from the thigh bone of a jaguar.

What kind of film is it?

'Maira and the Jaguar People' is a film drama (approx. 50 mins.) that focuses on Amerindian children growing

up in the rainforest, a completely different world from the city.

It will be the first film made in the Guyana rainforest which looks 'from the inside' at life in an Amerindian community; in this case, the Makushi community. It will be filmed with their help and guidance all the way.

Their own lives have generally gone unnoticed by the coastal city or considered 'primitive'. This film will look at their unique, healthy and environmentally focused way of life which is increasingly endangered by gold and diamond seekers and strangers from the big cities who - like modern, would-be 'conquistadors' - wish to exploit them and their land.

MAKE A CONTRIBUTION::

The 'Maira...' project has been over 3 years in the making and is virtually ready for filming. A shooting script has been prepared and actors and crew selected. The Makushi are fully involved and 2 preliminary visits have been made to Surama to set up locations and a two week shooting schedule. Some funding has been received from the Guyana Ministry of Culture and from supportive Guyanese private sector sources, but has fallen well short of the \$ 200,000.00 US needed for a quality production.

Here is a link to the campaign preview, so you can see right now what they're doing.
<https://www.indiegogo.com/project/preview/e091f6a6>

Contributions start at US\$10 and go up, with associated perks. We're also asking you to forward the link/info to as many friends as you can.

MUSIC OF AMERICA

FILIGAR:

connect with Amerindians and youths through technical workshops and friendly interactions to demonstrate that music can be a positive outlet for expression, energy, and creativity.



Release from
US Embassy Guyana

MULTICULTURAL, ARTISTIC COLLABORATIONS



Filligar, highlighted the importance of music as a part of cultural identity and heritage.

Music of America: Filligar was a program intended to reach marginalized audiences, specifically the Amerindians of Guyana. Indigenous communities benefit from activities that increase access to economic empowerment, assist in workforce development, and provide educational and professional development opportunities.

FILLIGAR AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE:

Music of America reached about 300 students at Filligar's performance at Queen's College – a leading secondary school that has a growing music program. In their presentation, the band emphasized creativity, confidence, and performance. Filligar's presentation at Queen's College was incredibly interactive and although the visit started somewhat quietly, it ended with great enthusiasm from the students and on a high note.

FILLIGAR AT THE NATIONAL MUSIC SCHOOL:

The National Music School of Guyana, a relatively new institution, hosted Filligar for a day of workshops with music students. Approximately 50 students took part in this subject matter exchange.



Students were shy at first, but soon Filligar had almost the entire room jamming with them. They focused specifically on each instrument (drums, keyboard, bass guitar, and guitar) as well as on vocals. Students were very impressed with Filligar's professionalism and experience with music.

Filligar gave them an excellent model to strive for and provided an example to aspiring musicians of what hard work and dedication could lead to.

FILLIGAR AT KURU KURU TRAINING CENTER:

Filligar delivered an educational and cultural presentation to over 300 students at Kuru Kuru Training Center,

Representing Region 9, Upper
Takutu-Upper Essequibo, at
Miss Guyana World
Competition



Tiffany
Megnath

Born in The United States of America to Guyanese parents, Tiffany Megnath is proud of her heritage, and has been immersed in Guyanese culture in the Queens community where she grew up, and still lives.

Tiffany will be graduating with honors on May 17th, 2014 with a double major in Economics and Communications and Media Studies from Fordham University in New York and plans to pursue a career in Law. On March 12, 2014, she was distinctively honored by the Omicron Delta Epsilon Society at Fordham University and is consistently on the Dean's Honors List at the University. Tiffany credits most of her success to a solid Guyanese upbringing and foundation.

Tiffany Megnath is a candidate for the Miss Guyana World Competition, that will take place in Guyana, May 26th, 2014 and will be representing Region 9 Upper Takutu-Upper Essequibo. This particular region is one of the most beautiful and unspoiled regions in Guyana. It is home to Guyana's indigenous tribes (notably the Makushi and Wapishana), and also the vaqueros (cowboys) of the various Ranches in the Rupununi. This region is also home to the Dadanawa Ranch. The natural Beauty of Region 9 just takes your breath away and is where the savannah meets the rainforest.

After super storm Sandy, Tiffany and her family joined The Guyana Tri-State Alliance, and many other organizations, temples, mosques, and churches that responded to help and distribute hot food, warm clothing, toys, and bags of staples on a continuous basis, and visited homes looking for the aged who were "shut in". This event stirred a determination in her to make it her mission to do whatever she can do to assist and try to eradicate hunger, and help the disadvantaged.

This experience galvanized her to volunteer with The New York Immigrant and Refugees outreach center taking care of the displaced and the underprivileged. Tiffany currently volunteers at the Calvary's Mission Food Pantry every Saturday. It is an International Christian Hunger and Humanitarian Development Relief Organization located in Richmond Hill, Queens, another primarily Guyanese neighborhood.

Please visit and "like" on her page "Upper Takutu-Upper Essequibo" on Facebook!. You can also visit <http://383887.tbites.me/> and at the bottom of the page, click of VOTE to assist her in gaining the top spot. You can vote up to five times a day!

Credits her successes to her solid Guyanese upbringing and foundation

Pat Jordon-Langford

A close-up portrait of Tiffany Megnath, a young woman with dark hair, smiling and looking towards the camera. She is wearing a yellow top and large, colorful earrings. Her hands are visible near her hair, as if she is adjusting it.

Tiffany
Megnath

RECOGNIZING THE UNSUNG HEROES OF GUYANESE HEALTHCARE

A MENTOR AND EXCEPTIONAL ROLE MODEL
IN THE NURSING COMMUNITY

Lynette Marshall

PROFESSIONAL NURSE, PATIENT
ADVOCATE AND COMMUNITY
ACTIVIST

A portrait of Lynette Marshall, a woman with short, dark, curly hair and glasses, smiling warmly. She is wearing a bright green jacket over a purple patterned top and a necklace with a circular pendant. The background is slightly blurred, showing some greenery and a warm light source.

She serves as an important reminder that patient care is about the people first, their whole being, life, lifestyle, and life circumstances .

NURSE PRACTITIONER

Lynette Marshall

PROFESSIONAL NURSE,
PATIENT ADVOCATE,
COMMUNITY ACTIVIST & THE
FIRST NURSE VOLUNTEER
AT THE GCA SUMMER
HERITAGE CAMP

Pat Jordon-Langford

Lynette Marshall, R.N , BSN, is a leader among leaders, with grace and generosity. She is an extraordinary person and clinician who epitomizes nursing at its best. She is highly skilled, compassionate, a sound critical thinker, a collaborator, that consistently displays the highest ethical standards.

A woman for all seasons Lynette Marshall was born in Georgetown Guyana and entered the nursing profession at the Georgetown Hospital 56 years ago, then migrated with her husband Mr. Edgar Marshall and her three children to the United States of America where she continued her nursing career at the Maimonides Hospital in Brooklyn.

Always vigilant, always innovative Mrs. Lynette Marshall actively enhanced the continuous learning and development of others through her mentoring, perception, and role modeling. She is a unique and important role model to novice and seasoned nurses, and served as a living example of dedication and commitment to true patient advocacy, delivering personalized care to all patients and in all circumstances, and, enabling others to do the same. She serves as an important reminder that patient care is about the people first, their whole being, life, lifestyle, and life circumstances .

She is one of the founding members of the Guyanese Nurses Association of America , Inc and has served for 25 years faithfully in various capacities including President where she achieved visible results that validate the impact of her individual leadership and contribution to organizational excellence that has sustained the Guyanese Nurses Association of America over the years.

A true Guyanese, and a specialist in Guyanese cuisine; patrons at various fundraisers will stand in line for her pepperpot, saltfish and bakes, and the Pièce de résistance - churned homemade ice-cream. A founding member , and executive of the Guyanese Tri-State Alliance, Inc

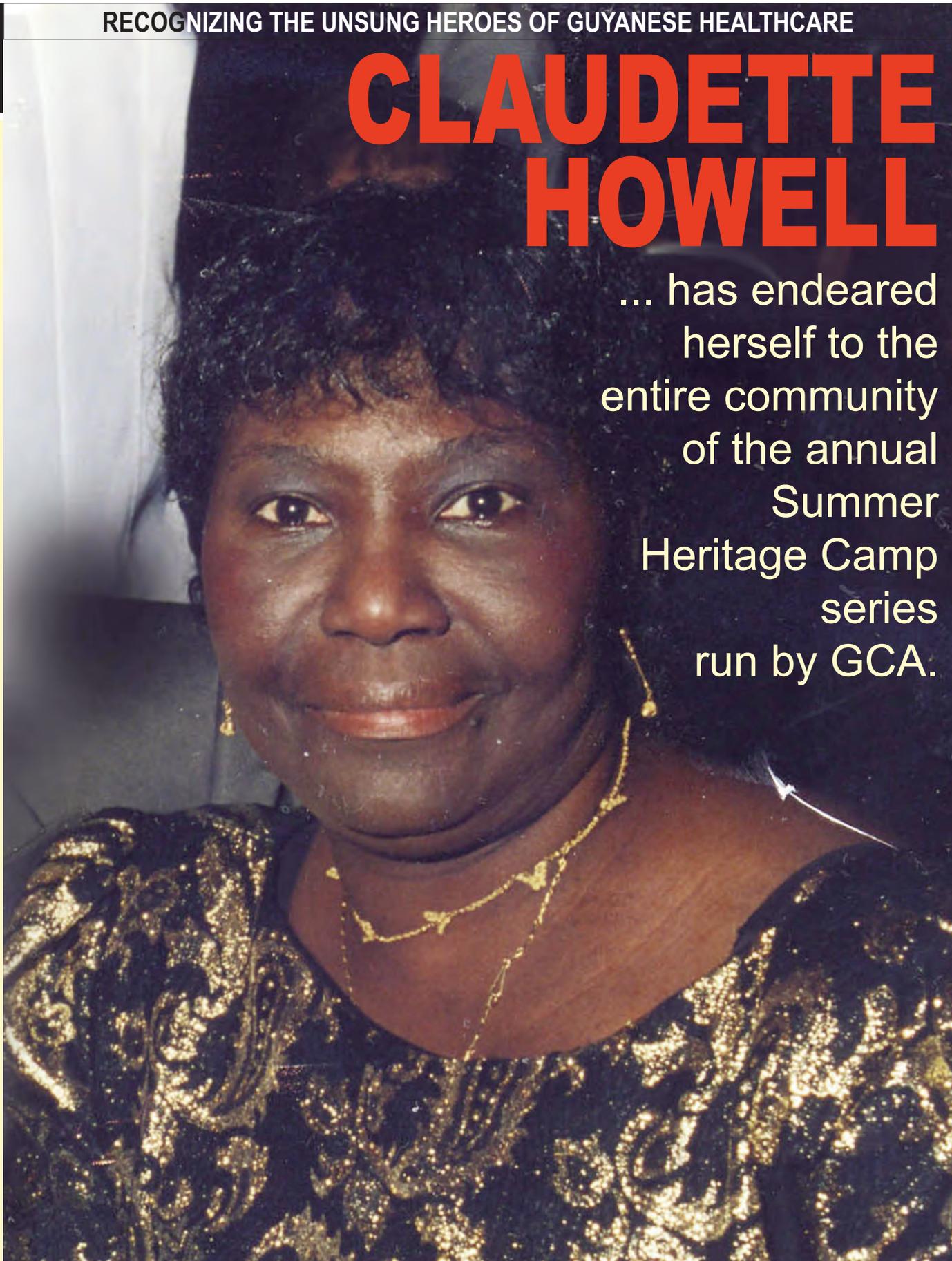
Lynette Marshall, is an important cog in the wheel of innovation, service, and commitment, She is a true ambassador for Guyana's Flag and has served with distinction for 23 years. Her understanding that board members must pull together as a team toward a common goal—must wear a collective hat to achieve, and is able and willing to step in to another role when needed is unparalleled., also, her community's beliefs and values are exceptional. Effective board leadership and governance help ensure that an organization can operate to its fullest capacity. Creating an effective board is a continual process that includes recruitment, engagement and development, and Lynette understands that this is essential to the success of any organization and knows that the Guyana Tri-State Alliance, Inc and the Guyana Consulate New York are grateful for her long and valuable service.

As an Executive Director of The Guyana Tri-State Alliance, Inc, her role requires a full array of strong, cross functional management skills, including fundraising and external relationship management responsibilities of community-centered engagement from a one-to-one, highly prescribed method to one-to-many and many-to-many self-directed approaches. She is certainly one of a kind who speaks her mind with truth to power and that is surely appreciated.

Lynette Marshall is an exceptional Mother, Grandmother ,Wife ,Friend and Community activist. She is the recipient of numerous awards here in the USA and in Guyana.

CLAUDETTE HOWELL

... has endeared herself to the entire community of the annual Summer Heritage Camp series run by GCA.



CLAUDETTE HOWELL

... she honors those around her not only by her unassuming presence but by her ability to go the extra mile with a smile.

Juliet Emanuel

Claudette Howell has endeared herself to the entire community of the annual summer workshops series run by GCA.

A nurse of many years standing and now retired, Mrs. Howell, or Nurse Howell as the campers called her, joined the GCA run vibrant six week program for children of the community in 2012. Her involvement was absolutely necessary for the implementation of the workshops. Without a licensed nurse the series would not have proceeded. Recruited by Mr. Edgar Henry, she arrived modestly and seamlessly joined the staff. Quiet and extremely efficient she did not hesitate in joining in every programmed activity from the tour of the historic grounds and building of Dutch Reformed Church to the science experience that was part of the STEM initiative. Her willingness to participate in each

and every activity proved a boon especially when, as with all such programs, we were in need of extra hands. She did indeed take care of our needs in a physical and a spiritual sense

Claudette Howell received her training in her field, nursing, in Guyana. She continued her practice in the USA and served well and long at area hospitals in New York.

The wife of Alfred Howell, who a gourmet cook, would on occasion send 'souse' for the instructors at the camp demonstrating his spousal support and commitment to the children of tomorrow's world, Claudette is the loving mother of their son Andrew, grandmother of Quella & Andrew Jnr. and an adoring great granddaughter Vinae Kemora.

Perhaps her commitment to causes is overlooked by her gentle demeanor. If there were a word to symbolize Claudette Howell it would be giving. Each day that she entered the camp was a gift to the community in more ways than one. She honored those around her not only by her unassuming presence but by her ability to go the extra mile with a smile.

And therefore for the 2014 Women's Month, the Board and Members of GCA, its Summer Camp Series and its staff celebrate Mrs. Claudette Howell, nurse extraordinaire, a Woman of Character, Courage and Commitment.

Nurse Howell at the GCA Summer Heritage Camp



BARBADIAN PRESENCE IN GUYANA

The Barbadian presence in Guyana may be traced to 1745 when Barbadian planters settled in Demerara at the invitation of Lawrens Storm Van Gravesande.

The following Barbadians owned plantations:

- Godney Clarke Sr. Blenheim 1752
- Godney Clarke Jr. The Loo 1752
- Godney Clarke Golden Grove 1753
- Godney Clarke Hampton Court
between Peter's Hall
and Diamond 1757
- William Clarke Richmond; 1753
- Peter Clarke Friendship, next
Golden Grove 1752



Barbadian presence in Guyana

Hazel Woolford, Guyana Chronicle, 1992

Other Barbadian estate owners in 18th century Demerara were Samuel Carter, who owned "Garden of Eden," John Carter "Diamond" and John Birmingham, proprietor of "Lucky Hit" next to Peter's Hall, as well as Dalgin.

With the emancipation of slavery in 1838, the British Guianese planters looked for laborers for the plantations. On September 19, 1839, Mr. Day opened an Emigration Office at Bridgetown, Barbados, and in spite of strong opposition, was able to recruit a few laborers for private persons. On January 21, 1840, Messrs. Peck and Price arrived from North America to conduct an immigration scheme.

In 1841 the ship "Venezuela" was purchased for \$47,000.00. This scheme was a failure. The only result was the introduction into the colony of three thousand immigrant who came mainly from Barbados.

Immigration from Barbados was suspended in 1846 and restarted in 1863. There were Barbadian immigrants in Windsor Forest and Versailles.

In fact, some adopted Guiana as their home and in 1873 petitioned Governor Scott to have Hog Island renamed Scotts Town. By 1874, the government of British Guiana established an Emigration Agency in Barbados to monitor the immigrants who were coming to the colony.

This ruled out the clerks, fishermen and sailors. Some of those Barbadian women who came worked as domestics for lower wages than the Creoles. Most of the Barbadian males who went to the estates worked as field laborers and because of their experience and physique performed strenuous physical work.

They held high paying jobs on the estates, but their industry on the estates brought them into conflict with East Indians and the Creoles. On May 13, 1873 the Royal Gazette reported:

"... a lively encounter took place at Nouvelle Flanders" pasture ground, yesterday afternoon, between Black people living in that neighborhood and the enemy, in the shape of about a hundred Barbadians from the precinct of Pouderoyen."

Although the Barbadian immigrants had provided the planters with additional labor, they were not given the same privileges as the other immigrants. During the 1860s and 1870s they were not provided with food, shelter and medical attention.

Because of these immigrants, the Governor of Barbados was very reluctant to send their laborers. Some of the agricultural laborers expressed their dissatisfaction by refusing to work on the estate.

In 1947 it was noted that the Barbadians preferred to settle in British Guiana instead of any other West Indian island.

The Deputy Prime Minister of Barbados and editor of the Barbados Observer indicated that if there was a proper agricultural scheme, 5000 Barbadians would be brought to the colony.

The area around Atkinson Field was identified as a possible site for colonization. Among those Barbadians who made a sterling contribution to Guyana's development were, lawyer Phillip N. Browne, K.C. John Wood Davis, merchant and Mayor of Georgetown A.A. Thorne, scholar, journalist and politician Rev. J.R. Moore.

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is once again hosting the



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SHOWCASING THE BEST OF CARIBBEAN
CULTURE THROUGH MUSIC, FOOD, CRAFTS AND
DANCE

ENTERTAINMENT
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12 noon-4 pm FREE HEALTH FAIR 12 noon-4 pm



FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL:
DONNA: 407.856.4612 • NORMA: 407.390.8115 • Roy: 407.791.2759
WEBSITE: cafainc.org

Atlantis Cricket Club - NY
Breakfast of Champions!
Caribbean and American style!



Sat., June 14, 2014
9am - 1pm
Breakfast served: 9am - 12noon

St. Gabriel's Church
331 Hawthorne St., Brooklyn, NY

Donation:
Adult: \$20 / Child Under 12: \$10

Musical entertainment by DJ Cracker
50/50 Cash Raffle Drawn at the Breakfast!

FOR INFO & TICKETS:
Lester (347) 538-2696
Sarge (646) 226-6987
Tulu (347) 554-4268
John (917) 861-9110

SAVE THE DATE!!!
Saturday, November 1, 2014
Atlantis Annual Awards Dinner
Adria Hotel, Bayside, NY



**The New York Tutorial
Support Group Inc.**

Breakfast and

Entertainment



Please join us at our
Annual Breakfast & Entertainment

Saturday, April 12, 2014
Time: 9:00 A.M. - 1:00 P.M.
St. Gabriel's Episcopal Church Hall
331 Hawthorne Street
(bet. Nostrand & New York Aves.)
Brooklyn, New York 11225

Donation: \$25 Adults; \$15 Children under 12 years



Ticket Information:

Lear Matthews (718) 216-4505	Joyce Jervis-Henry (917) 693-5415
John Callender (347) 564-0678	Cheryl Ferdinand (718) 778-0463
Keith Cadogan (646) 252-6606	Wilton/Pamela Grannum (718) 735-9186
Pauline Webster (347) 323-2418	Dale / Lorraine Edinboro (347) 563-0847
Barbara Sampson (908) 403-0474	Ingrid Alleyne-Green (718) 351-0693



Beautifully brimmed hats... Gloves & Pearls...

...it's our Fascination Tea Party 2014...

HEALTH EDUCATION & RELIEF ORGANIZATION for CANCER

H.E.R.O.C

Sunday, April 27, 2014

St. Stephen's Church Auditorium
2806 Newkirk Avenue & E 28th Street
Brooklyn, NY 11226

2:00 PM - 6:00 PM

\$10 (for Children) \$20 (for Adults)

Come enjoy the thrills of high tea, high fashion and high competition
for the best set table...

For tickets call:

- Lorna @ 646-522-8005
- Theresa @ 347-901-0009
- Maria @ 917-385-6409
- Ramona @ 646-246-7362
- Barbara @ 718-288-2060
- Mavis @ 347-742-6568
- Cleveland @ 646-872-6074
- Harold @ 917-496-8247