

KABAYAN

Winter 2017 | Issue no.18

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KABAYAN is also
available online at:
pinoystop.org/kabayan

Milestones

Dictionary.com defines milestone as a stone functioning as a milepost; and, a significant event or stage in the life, progress, development, or the like of a person, nation, etc.

My first memory of the word was the Milestones section in *Time* magazine. As a child it was my favourite section in *Time*, mainly because it was short, easy to read, and full of important events in the lives of famous people: the birth of a President's son; a dropout receiving an honorary doctorate; a singer dying in her 95th year.

As for the first definition, I dearly loved the card game Mille Bornes (French for milestone), which I may just order from Amazon.com or eBay. I used to be a pro, but then I last played it last millennium!

In this issue of *Kabayan* we tell of the ordination of a Filipino priest in Wellington; a couple celebrating a wedding anniversary; a young man graduating from university; a young woman travelling to Nepal and witnessing things that reaffirm her commitment to serve, among other news. Important milestones for sure.

These stories also describe changes in peoples' lives and how they deal with these events.

For many Filipinos of a certain age in New Zealand, possibly the biggest milestone

would be the move to this country. Uprooting old lives in the Philippines. Leaving friends, family, and your comfort zone. Some people leave cushy lives and high positions in a gamble that a moving overseas might prove to be the right decision. Many achieve that goal, but possibly some may have regrets.

Change is something we all must deal with. A child going to preschool. A new job. A breakup. Most children adjust to change really well, in some cases better than their parents. Possibly because they have fewer expectations. Or they don't have the weight of the world on their shoulders, as it may seem to some adults. Perhaps we should look at change the way children do, with wonder and enjoyment.

I end this with a quote from Rose Kennedy (John F. Kennedy's mother):

"Life isn't a matter of milestones, but of moments."

May your milestones be happy ones.

Corinne Loria Illana

Talk to us:

How do you think we are going? How can we make it better? Any story idea you'd like to see featured in the magazine? Tell us your thoughts about the articles in this issue. Email us on kabayanmag@gmail.com. We'd love to hear from you.



Your next
social event?
Sige!

Hay! what a year!

The reception that the Filipino Community Centre has had from various groups of various backgrounds has been nothing short of amazing!

Thank you for all your support thus far - let's keep our community growing!

Visit www.bulwagan.org.nz to find out how you can help out.

Deacon Cirilo Barlis Ordained Catholic Priest!

By *Abbot Calvelo*

Marked by an outpouring show of support from the congregation, our young and unassuming kababayan Deacon Cirilo Barlis, was ordained priest in the presbyteral order by Cardinal John Dew last Saturday, 6th of May, at the Metropolitan Cathedral of Sacred Heart in Wellington.

The Wellington Archdiocese clergy and throngs of parishioners mainly from Te Awakairangi (Hutt) and St Francis (Ohariu) parishes, students from St Bernard, Sacred Heart, Sts Peter & Paul and St Bernadette schools, the Filipino community and other friends gathered at the Cathedral to participate in the Ordination Mass celebrations. Rev Cirilo's ordination was graced by the presence of his loving mother, Luningning, his elder sister Mylene, and niece Lyca Valerie who flew all the way from Manila to witness this milestone celebration. Rev Cirilo is the youngest among Nanay Luningning's eight children.

Rev James Lyon served as the Master of Ceremonies while the Metropolitan Cathedral Choir and the Filipino Chaplaincy Choir sang hymns during the ordination. Litany Prayers was sung by seminarian Alfred Tong. Fr David Dowling, assisted by Rev Alister Castillo, a Filipino deacon from Christchurch, presented Cirilo to Cardinal John for ordination, who in turn judged and consecrated Rev Cirilo to the rank of priest in the presbyteral order, in the holy presence of over 40 concelebrating priests.

After the ordination rite, Rev Cirilo thanked the congregation for their unstinting support and continuous prayers to enable him to faithfully carry out his priestly vocation. Active sportsman that he is, he has earned trust and friendship among the youth, and he especially thanked the students of Catholic schools in Te Awakairangi Parish for helping him grasp the challenging Kiwi accent and culture. His talk became a bit emotional at one point when he shared his trust in the Risen Lord and the support from his loved ones especially during his moments of frailty.

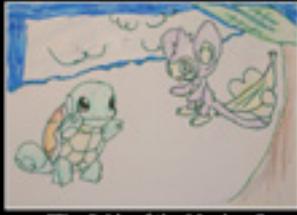
The event was capped by a feast at the piazza outside the Cathedral courtesy of the different Filipino religious communities – the weather was gloriously fine that afternoon! A haka was performed by St Bernard's College students, followed by a rendition of praise songs by the Filcoro, and of course the non-stop selfies with Fr Cirilo. Fr Cirilo is currently assigned at Te Awakairangi Parish in Lower Hutt joining Fr Patrick Bridgeman.

We pray that we would have more shining inspirations of faith like Fr Cirilo, who in God's grace, would join the ranks of those who are chosen to shepherd us.





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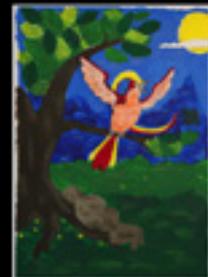
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Young Pinoy Artists wowed the audience with their exceptional artwork

By Alex Bayot and Pinoy Stop

In the Philippines, April is the *Buwan ng Panitikan* (Literature Month). In recognition of this and to bring Philippine literature to young Filipinos in New Zealand, Pinoy Stop New Zealand launched the 2017 Young Pinoy Artists' Festival. Already in its second year, the festival brings to the fore the talents of young artists aged 5-16.

The Festival was officially kicked off with the holding of the Philippine Literature Workshop on 18 March 2017. During the workshop, *Tita* Sasha Maru and *Tita* Kristina Mercado brought to life some famous Philippine fables, by reading them to children aged 5-10. Older kids were treated by *Tita* Didith Figuracion and *Tito* Geo Robrigado to a brief introduction to literary gems like *Ibong Adarna*, and *Noli me Tangere*.

The Festival was concluded with the holding of the Art Exhibit and Silent Auction on 22 April. Philippine Ambassador to New Zealand Hon Gary Domingo and Wellington-based Filipino artist Kris Ancog delivered inspiring speeches. The event was also graced by the presence of two MPs namely Hon Kris Bishop and Hon Brett Hudson.

Twenty-nine pieces of art created by 24 young artists were put on display during the exhibit. These were auctioned and 10% of the proceeds went to the children's chosen New Zealand charity. Also put on display were Philippine mythical creatures and some famous *salawikain* (proverbs) comic illustrations.

Anzac Day 2017 with the Old Boys

By Chona Abanes Smart

My husband and I commemorated Anzac Day 2017 at the prestigious Christchurch Boys' High School, which was founded in 1881, and his place of learning from 1960 to 1964. A 1000-seat marquee was pitched on the school grounds for the occasion as the new assembly hall was being constructed. All the guests, including their alumni called Old Boys, their wives and partners, the faculty, and the current Year 9 boys gathered under canvas.

Boys in full uniform laid wreaths, regular soldiers mounted a catafalque guard at the school's memorial shrine, and all who knew it sang the school song *Altiora Peto* (We Seek Higher Things). Everybody joined in singing the traditional hymns making the occasion so solemnly poignant.

Head Boy Isaac Anderson delivered an emotional monologue calling the Roll of the Fallen, Old Boys who had been killed while serving New Zealand in South Africa, Gallipoli, Flanders, worldwide during World War II, then more in Malaya and Vietnam. My husband's brother held their father's medals as their uncle's name was read in its place amongst the 330 dead from Christchurch Boys' High. They were so young but their school days remained fresh in their memories.

Chief of Army, Brigadier Michael Shapland, an Old Boy, recounted stories of other Old Boys killed in combat 100 years ago.

Tears filled many eyes: we will remember them while now we strive for world peace.



God's Will for my Bweiney

by Rita De Mesa

(Permit me to declare to the world of how proud I am of my Bweiney's achievements. My dearest Reine, you are the sweetest, most patient and most loving daughter, and the best friend I could ever have hoped to have in my life. I love you very much, Anak. Thank you for allowing me to be the strictest and yet, most loving and protective mum, you could ever have. You have added colour and fun in my life and made it less dreary.)

God has been faithful and has always been beside us in our New Zealand journey. The 25th of May 2017 marked the fulfillment of our New Zealand dreams, when my daughter Reine, graduated from Massey University, with the degree Bachelor of Design with Honours, major in Visual Communication Design, where she also garnered Second Class Honours (Division II).

Reine was only 12 years old when I uprooted her from the comfort of our home in Las Piñas, and from the love and presence of our family there. For every mother's dream of having a brighter future for her family, I decided to give Reine hers, as any mother would, of one day, having the world at her feet.

Flashback to November 2007, when Reine and I first set foot in Wellington, without any family in tow. With the help of Pinky Majito, Third and Baruth Pacia, Joey and Ditas Tirados, and Tita Mel Villanueva, Reine and I were able to settle in and adapt to the Kiwi way of life, quite reasonably well. We may not see each other often lately, but to this day and I guess, till forever, we will always be thankful and grateful to all of you, for your generosity and friendship.



Overcoming her shyness, Reine made friends along the way. Special shout out to the loveliest and bubbliest Kaela Tirados, for making Reine's first days in Wellington (even to this day), more fun and less daunting and overwhelming. Reine tried to experience school life in Tawa School for a few weeks from the time we arrived in November till December, then finally braved college life in St Mary's College in Wellington, where she studied Food Technology and Digital Technology as her major NCEA subjects. She then went on to Massey University in Wellington and decided to take up Bachelor of Design with Honours, and dabbled in Visual Communication Design and Photography.

Throughout her five years in college and four years in university, Reine tried to have a social life as much as she could. I am almost certain that Reine would have wanted to be a member of every club in the community or go for sleepovers, parties and other activities in which a Kiwi teenager would have indulged.. However, such was the way a De Mesa child was brought up: to be more mindful of the importance of schoolwork above all else, and set aside momentarily, anything and everything, or anyone, who might pose as a distraction to the ultimate goal of earning a university degree.

Needless to say, with a mum like myself, Reine's teenage, college and university life turned out to be very challenging for her. While her friends were already painting the town red in Courtenay Place, Reine would be studying; while her classmates attended their school balls, Reine was, yes, studying, and while they were at camp and at parties, she was still studying. Having said that, despite the restrictions in place her love for dancing was revived when she joined The Company NZ, which started to add some colour to her youth. My "reins" on Reine gradually loosened from hereon, as I have acknowledged and accepted that she is at her happiest state when she's dancing and taking photos or videos every chance she gets.

All the best my dear Bweiney!

Image:

A mum's proudest moment

Reine De Mesa's graduation from Massey University.

Sampung taon na tayo sa New Zealand

By Joey Domdom

Ten years. So what, really? Ten years do come, it is the course of time. Every Filipino who settles in the Hutt, let alone Wellington or other regions, has his or her own story about his/her first week, month, year, ten years or 25 years of being here in the “land of milk and manuka honey.” My own experiences are not particularly unique, except for the way I see them. Here’s a couple of thoughts reflecting my own experiences.

Prior to moving here, I told myself that this journey would not be an easy walk in the beautiful fields of New Zealand. I was aware I would be pushing the boundaries of my comfort zone. I still remember clearly how I felt the first time I set foot on this country on the 11th of May 2007 – burdened by the goodbyes to family and friends, exhausted from the long trip on Qantas, anxious at the thoughts of the implications of the decision I made, yet full of hope on what the future holds. Armed only with faith in the Divine Providence and on the words of some friends including those from *Pinoyz2nz* support group, I literally threw myself into the unknown stripped of all things familiar and comfortable – including family, community and friends, language, food, work routine, and surroundings. Transformative is the word I can think of that best describes those first weeks and months.

Ten years on to May 2017, much has been learned and gained, much has changed since. New Zealand is no longer an unfamiliar territory nor am I a stranger to New Zealand having been granted citizenship a few years back. Not only is English becoming almost second nature, I have also committed to learning Te Reo and Tikanga Māori. I have become comfortable with my little space in Wellington despite its weather’s unpredictable patterns. What was once foreign has become quite commonplace, including having the family around, belonging to a small community of families, and identifying with the wider Filipino community throughout the country. Work has become more predictable too. This year I felt humbled to see the first batch of my students graduate and receive their degrees. There are still

things that bring anxiety from time to time, there are still complex situations to navigate. But it’s totally different now from ten years ago. Grateful sums up what I feel about the experiences of a decade gone by. For one thing has not really changed through the years – God’s providence.

As I look forward to another couple of decades ahead, I am hopeful that the best is yet to come. This is my disposition to life’s surprises ahead, as they are not really surprises. They are Someone else’s plans. I suppose it will be nice to realise I have gone full circle in the end. As the poem goes:

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

– T.S. Eliot in *Four Quartets*



Image (top left):

Joey in the laundry area of a Health Care Facility, 2007.



Image (bottom):

Joey with Wellington City Mayor Kerry Prendergast, 2007.



Image (top right):

Joey with Hutt Mayor Ray Wallace, 2017.

Teaching by Example

By Mae Zoluoga-Eagle

When my son asked for our blessing for him to marry his long-time girlfriend, my first thoughts were “what advice can I impart to him as he embarks on this new chapter in his life?” I wished I had a guide book on how to have a successful marriage! What would the marriage experts say? Obviously love and things like open communication, willingness to compromise, a forgiving heart and infinite patience. Another good one – think twice before you say words in anger, as hurtful words can never be retracted.

So with all these “nuggets of wisdom” tucked behind my mind, I was ready with my motherly advice. However, as I listened to my son’s wedding speech, his words reverberated in my mind... “Thank you for everything that you have taught me, the values that you have instilled in me will always be a part of me and I will live by them as I become a husband and a father”.

That’s when it hit me – I don’t need a Guide Book to tell my son how to have a successful marriage, I have been teaching him these important lessons all along – teaching by example, through my own actions in my own marriage! Unknowingly, I have been equipping him to be ready for married life by living the very “nuggets of wisdom” in simple everyday actions and words. As this realisation dawned on me, I couldn’t help but smile as I thought of my own parents, of how I also learned through their teaching by example, through more than 63 years of marriage, and still strolling through life hand in (wrinkled) hand.

Remembering Mum

By Fr Dennis Nacorda

May 14th was Mother’s Day. I have many fond memories of my mum. One of the many things that stand out is her gentle blow I called, “*Ihip ng pagmamahal*.”

When I got injured from my reckless playing, running, and climbing, she would nurse my wounds and bruises with alcohol. She knew that I would grimace in pain in the process. My mum would blow towards the wound to soothe the pain.

When I was sick, my mum would prepare something special for me – steaming *lugaw* or *sabaw* served in bed! Before she spoon-fed me, she would blow on the broth a little to assure me that I would not get burnt and that it was just right for me.

I had my share of bad days. When I did not get what I want, I would sulk in the corner. When those moments occurred, my mum would playfully blow at my ear and nape to lighten up my mood and make me smile.

Now that I have grown up, these simple memories of my mum would always brighten my day. I just have to recall her simple yet special act of love – “*Ihip ng Pagmamahal*.”



Uni Reflection

By Marc Joseph Arcellana

Studying at university had its moments from being one of the best places to be, to the worst. The amount of readings and the work that needed to be done was intense. High school didn't prepare you enough for what you were about to get yourself into. The long hours doing assignments only worth 5% of the grade, staying up late to prepare for an exam the next morning, not to mention the enormous loan at the end of it.

However, university is a time to discover yourself and to discover what drives you. I changed my degree in the middle of my studies at Victoria University of Wellington from economics and management to marketing and international business, which I learned to love and for which I had a great passion. Although it still wasn't easy getting through all the assignments and exams I pushed through and have recently graduated.

At the moment I'm currently looking for a full time job in the marketing field, hopefully staying in Wellington for now, but I do have plans to venture off overseas and see where I can go. Overall, going to university was a fun experience and I made friends along the way who shared the same passions and struggles as I did. But right now the search continues to start my career as a marketer.

Image (opposite page):

A hopeful vision:

strolling hand in (wrinkled) hand.

Image (below):

Always a crowd favourite, the *Tinikling*.



Philippine Festival, Wellington style

By Manny Mendoza

For the last three years, Bulwagan Foundation Trust has organised this festival more fondly called "*fiesta*", it has become an annual tradition to which we all look forward and anticipate. A culmination of passionate volunteerism, creative thinking and hours of planning, the festival has always been a manifestation of the most endearing of Pinoy traits – *bayanihan*.

This year's event was held last Saturday 3rd June 2017 at Walter Nash stadium, Lower Hutt.

Having played a small part every year and in my own little way, I have seen how we – as an ever-growing ethnic group – are willing to cast aside our differences political, regional or otherwise for a common goal. Considerable time and concerted effort given to bring our community closer via an event filled with scents and aroma of home cooking from back home. This is complemented by a backdrop of cultural and historical items on display. The festival is a showcase for local talents coming together to reminisce and effectively reinforce Filipino history, customs and traditions, and myths and folklore to everyone!

During the *fiesta*, the Philippine Embassy and Bulwagan Foundation Trust's combined focus on leadership, friendship and service had two other simultaneous events. Held in adjacent halls in the same venue, the first was the Youth Leadership seminar designed to empower our young people. There was also an Immigration seminar which became an avenue for information and assistance for our fellow Pinoys involved in visa and immigration issues.

Let me close with a favourite quote, a Tibetan proverb: "*When he took time to help the man up the mountain, lo, he scaled it himself.*"

Tahi, Rua, Toru...Isa, Dalawa, Tatlo... What's in the number, what's in the language?

By: Judith Balares Salamat

I have always been interested in culture and literature, so this article focuses on a snippet of culture and history behind the cardinal numbers, one, two, three... until ten, in Māori, Samoan, Filipino (and Bicol) languages.

Let's try counting:

Tahi, rua, toru, whā, rima, ono, whitu, waru, iwa, tekau (Māori)

Tasi, lua, tolu, fa, lima, ono, fitu, valu, iva, sefuluh (Samoan)

Isa, dalawa, tatlo, apat, lima, anim, pito, walo, siyam, sampu (Filipino/Tagalog)

Saro, duwa, tolo, apat, lima, anim, pito, walo, siyam, sampulo (Bicol – my ethnic group)

Without giving the translation in English, I'm sure you know what these numbers are.

I bet you take notice of the similarities, not the differences. Almost all of the cardinal numbers rhyme the same way, have almost the same number of syllables, and are spelt closely to each other. Why do these cardinal numbers from Te Reo Māori, Samoan, Filipino and Bicol languages sound alike and look alike?

The reasons are the following: All these numbers come from the languages that are classified as Austronesian languages. Austronesian languages, considered to be one of the five largest language families in the world are generally classified into two: the Malay-Polynesian and Formosan. The sub-branches of Malay-Polynesian languages include a few languages in the Philippines especially Bicol, some Javanese languages in Indonesia, and the Pacific Islands including Samoa and which the Māori language is associated with. It is said that the Austronesian language

is considered to be one of the five largest language families in the world, and "stretches halfway around the world," from Madagascar to Easter Island, from Taiwan and Hawaii to New Zealand.

There may have been arguments on how these Austronesian languages and cultures came to be, but most researches point to the fact that they have something to do with migration in 17th Century. Around that time, groups of people used boats or *bancas* (or the Māori *waka*) as a form of travel, landed in northern Luzon in the Philippines, then intermingled with the earlier Austral-Melanesian populations. With continuous migration, people of Borneo, Indonesia, Melanesia and Micronesia, consequently joined with other people from Polynesia.

A more comprehensive historical discussion may be had, but it is worth noting here that basically, the structures of the numerical language of the above-mentioned cultures and societies – Māori (New Zealand), Filipino/Bicol, Samoa, and even Indonesia – are bound by apparently similar patterns. Examples would be the phonetic (sound) and morphemic (smallest form unit) structures, like one or two syllables: *saro, isa, tahi, tasi* (for one), *lima, rima* (for five), or even three syllables for *sefuluh, sampulo* (for ten).

When I hear Māori or Samoan colleagues and friends count, it leads me to lots of memories from home: when we used to play hide and seek (*saro, duwa, tolo...*), or when we would count the mangoes we picked. In some ways, I feel connected. The numbers, as a part of culture, connect these peoples with me, and connect my home with them.

In the future, I hope to deal in detail with the inter-link of these cultures in terms of cuisine, literature, and history. In the meantime, I need to count by heart in the other languages mentioned: *Tahi, rua, toru.../Tasi, lua, tolu...*

Sources:

http://www.ourpacificocean.com/austronesian_people/
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Austronesian_peoples
<http://aboutworldlanguages.com/austronesian-language-family>

MANILA

I keep coming back to Manila!

By Matilde Tayawa Figuracion

The city of Manila, the Philippine's capital, is an underrated gem that many visitors tend to dismiss when visiting the country. Oftentimes it is just a stopover before they proceed to the next tropical paradise destination like Palawan, Boracay, Siargao or Bohol. There is so much to discover and experience and it is a shame that we don't always promote it to friends, family and visitors. For example, did you know that Binondo is the oldest Chinatown in the world and that San Agustin Church in Intramuros is the oldest church in the Philippines?

I did crowd sourcing via my Facebook and here are the recommended Top 10 things to do, in different categories, while in (Metro) Manila.

1. Review your history and immerse in the Filipino culture – Top in the list is a visit to Intramuros (including Fort Santiago, Casa Manila, San Agustin Church, Manila Cathedral), Luneta Park (where Jose Rizal's monument is located) and Binondo (the oldest Chinatown in the world established by the Spaniards in 1594) to learn about the more than 300 years of Spanish rule in the Philippines. Check philihappy.com/intramuros-to-binondo-manila/ for your DIY tour.
2. Enjoy the world-renowned sunset at Manila Bay and while you're at it, you can also try the Manila Bay dinner cruise and a walk along Roxas Boulevard promenade. faq.ph/sunset-at-manila-bay/
3. Watch international and local plays, Filipino musicals and other shows at Solaire Resort and Casino, Cultural Center of the Philippines, National Performing Arts at Resorts World, MERALCO Theatre, Peta, Dulaang UP and other lab theatres. spot.ph/arts-culture/performing-arts-2/68786/10-plays-and-musicals-to-watch-in-2017-a00171-20161227-lfrm
4. Bargain hunt at Greenhills, Divisoria and 168 Shopping Mall, Tiendesitas and local tiangge especially for your gowns, accessories, textiles and gifts for any occasion. blog.pawnhero.ph/10-must-visit-flea-markets-for-bargain-hunters-in-metro-manila/
5. Food tripping at Maginhawa Street in Quezon City, night dining at Burgos Circle in The Fort, Café Adriatico, Binondo food crawl, Aristocrat Restaurant, Dampa Seafood, Vieux Chalet in Antipolo and eat-all-you-can and Filipino restaurants at most of the big malls in Manila. Check this video featuring Maginhawa St Food Festival www.youtube.com/watch?v=vBrRqPrq8PE and Binondo food crawl ourawesomeplanet.com/awesome/2016/02/binondo-food-crawl.
6. Enjoy walking, jogging or picnics in parks and watersheds (yes they do exist) in Manila like La Mesa Watershed, Luneta Park, Malabon Zoo, Manila Zoo and Ocean Park for kids, Quezon Memorial Circle and UP Diliman Campus. mysunflowerworld.com/tag/quezon-memorial-shrine/
7. Schedule your dental and beauty services like manicure, pedicure, skin care, spa, massage and all the beauty works which is a fraction of the cost you pay here in New Zealand.
8. Belt a song or two at karaoke bars, enjoy listening to music at concerts, or watching shows at comedy bars at the Mall of Asia (MOA), Araneta Coliseum concerts, gigs at alternative clubs like 70's Bistro, Conspiracy, Music 21, among others.
9. Visit a museum like Bangko Sentral Metropolitan Museum of Manila, Pinto Museum in Antipolo, Malacanang Palace Museum, Museo Pambata and National Museum in Manila.
10. Go crazy on shopping, fill your tummy with gastronomic food and watch 4DX movies at all the major malls like the Mall of Asia (purportedly the biggest mall in Asia) and all the other SM Malls around Metro Manila, Global City, Trinoma, Greenbelt, Glorietta Mall, Rockwell, Eastwood and more.

How about you? What is in your top 10 list?

Source:

Geni Raitisoja (July 8, 2006). "Chinatown Manila: Oldest in the world". Archived from the original on March 27, 2012. Retrieved January 12, 2015.

Serving in Parliament is Romy's best idea yet

By Noel Bautista

Kabayan, if you believed in an idea, and believed in it enough to support it, how far would you go? How much would you give it in terms of energy, time and commitment? How much focus and sacrifice would you be willing to devote to such an idea?

Our *kabayan* Romy Udanga believes in such an idea, enough that he is willing to drop everything he's doing, and in the process (1) go up against the better established majority party, the National Party in New Zealand, and (2) challenge the National Party in one of its strongholds, North Shore in Auckland.

The challenge is daunting, but the reward is great. Should *kabayan* Romy somehow succeed in his Sisyphean task in the elections this year, he will not only be the first Filipino Member of Parliament from the opposition Labour Party, but also the first ethnic Filipino Member of Parliament in New Zealand. Period.

Oh, and the idea that *kabayan* Romy so fervently believes in? It is the idea that the Pinoy in New Zealand, primarily from the working class, is best served by the principles and ideals of a Labour Government.

Romy draws various inspirations for his zeal to serve as the first ever Filipino MP, but obviously the most intense is his personal experience as a migrant.

"I was able to go to school and earn a master's degree as a migrant. I received world class medical care as a migrant."

It is most telling, our aspiring Kiwi-Pinoy politician explains, that under the National Government of the last 8 years, it has become increasingly difficult to avail of the same benefits he has enjoyed.

Kabayan Romy unequivocally believes that the Filipino community in Aotearoa, 90% of which are professionals, tradesmen and laborers, would overwhelmingly benefit from a pro-labour, pro-employee and pro-working class party in power, and he has put mind, body and spirit into this Herculean task.

It is not a coincidence that *kabayan* Romy's quest to serve as leader parallels his experience as a servant-master in that most Catholic of organizations, the Auckland Diocesan Pastoral Council. This council is a multi-sectoral group of clergy and lay people serving the largest Roman Catholic Diocese in New Zealand.

One of the Catholic Church's greatest strengths is in its mission to provide social justice not just for the greater part of its members, but for everyone. The New Zealand government should provide social justice not just for business, the middle class or those who can earn, but for 100% of the population. Social justice is for everyone.

Working for migrants, working for fellow Catholics, and working for fellow New Zealanders, not the least of which are *kabayan* Pinoys.

Truly an idea worth dedicating the rest of his life to, in the process serving as a first ever Pinoy Member of Parliament. *Mabuhay ka Kabayan Romy!*

Image (right):
Kabayan Romy, future MP

Image (opposite page):
Thirty-two years...
and wishing for another 32



Finding and Celebrating Love

By: *Mayie Pagalilauan*

He was 40. She was 29.
He was Māori. She was a Filipina.

This is the story of Naera (grandson of the first Māori doctor in New Zealand, Sir Māui Pōmare) and Lalette Pomare. They live in Paraparaumu, a place close to the heart of Naera whose *iwi* (tribe) is a tangata whenua, people of the land, deeply rooted to the Kapiti Coast. They have one son named Duke.

Even before I could ask how their love story began, Naera enthusiastically shared it with a big smile and twinkle in his eyes.

Naera: I was 40. I've been travelling a lot for business and personal purposes. I never found a suitable New Zealander for me. I never married until I met Erlita. (Erlita is Lalette's Christian name).

I was a cricketer and my mum used to tell me, "If you can't find a New Zealander, look somewhere else. Look at Glenn Turner" (Glenn Turner is a famous cricketer who has a successful marriage to an Indian lady).

It all began when I met Lalette's Auntie Loreta who's married to a New Zealander. I started writing to Lalette and we corresponded for a year. I decided in one of my business trips that I should call in the Philippines to see her face to face. I thought she would be at the airport in Manila when I arrived but she was not there.

Lalette: I was not in the airport to meet him because I was not sure if I wanted to commit myself to him. I sent him a telegram saying "I'm sorry, I am confused, not ready to commit..." but he did not receive the telegram! Also, my family, especially my father, wanted to meet him first.

Naera: Anyhow, I thought, "I am already in Manila. I had travelled more than 2000 miles so I should just go and meet her in Negros." Luckily I found her phone number in the directory. When she said that she did not meet me in Manila because her family in Bacolod wanted to see me first I thought that was reasonable. The next day I flew to Bacolod.

Lalette: My sister and I were waiting in the Bacolod Airport. I was still not sure of my feelings. When we saw him, my sister said, "Come on, Lette! He's very handsome." Even after meeting him, I was still apprehensive. I asked my Auntie Loreta to check his family background for me. Everything was good.

Naera: I was very excited meeting her. When I saw her I thought, "This is something I have been waiting for!" Her family in Kabankalan looked after me so well. They even hung a mosquito net over my bed so mosquitoes won't bite me. The love and care I received from Lalette and her family was reminiscent of Māori values on love for family. There and then I decided I would definitely come back to the Philippines and marry her.

How long have you been married and what advice can you give to couples to stay strong in their relationship, especially for those who have cross-cultural marriages?

Naera: Filipinos have something unique that makes relationship work. They are dependable. Whether it is domestic or business-related issues. When I am away for work, I can depend on Lalette. She can resolve it and do the right thing. I trust her. We trust each other. Communication, understanding, and kindness are important.

Lalette: Understand each other. Know the other person's style and likes. It is important to work together as a team. Encourage and trust each other.

In retrospect, both Naera and Lalette thought that they may have come from different ethnic backgrounds but the similarities in values, customs, and traditions between Māori and Filipinos are a bonus in their marriage.

After thirty-two years, and counting, their love and marriage (24 May is their special day) certainly calls for a celebration.

Happy anniversary, Naera and Lalette!



Pancit Batil Patung (or Patong)

By: Clark Figuracion

My wife and I recently visited her home province in Cagayan. We stayed in Tuguegarao City for a few days. They say your visit to this place is not complete without tasting its popular noodle dish – *Pancit Batil Patung* (or *Patong*). And so we tried it in different settings – in a hotel's restaurant and in a *panciteria*.

Pancit Batil Patung is composed of two parts: the noodles with toppings, and the sauce which looks like an egg drop soup. Poached egg along with sautéed meats and vegetables are topped over the fresh *miki* noodles, while a piece of egg is cracked and stirred in simmering beef stock and poured in a bowl. Both components should be present when eating this dish to experience its optimal flavour. The sauce is gradually poured over the noodles and meat and it is further enhanced by adding a tablespoonful or two of the chopped onion and vinegar dip.

Instructions

Prepare the stock (or *batil*) by boiling water in a cooking pot or pressure cooker. Add the beef bones. Let boil for 5 minutes.

Hold the chopped celery, carrot, and onion together using a cheese cloth and secure using kitchen thread. Add this in the cooking pot and let boil.

Add the beef cube. Continue to boil in low heat for 3 hours or until the beef gets tender. You may add more water if needed. Once the stock is ready, set aside.

Heat the cooking oil in a wide pan or wok. Sauté the onion until soft.

Add the minced beef. Sauté for 3 to 5 minutes.

Stir in the sliced liver. Sauté for 3 minutes.

Add the mung bean sprouts, green onion, cabbage, and carrots. Continue to sauté for 2 to 3 minutes.

Scoop in 4 to 5 cups of beef stock. Let boil.

Push the meat and vegetables on one side of the pan. Arrange the fresh noodles on the other side. Toss the noodles while cooking. Add soy sauce and ground black pepper. Cook for 2 to 3 minutes.

Ingredients (Serves 6-8)

500g minced beef (carabeef is usually used in Tuguegarao)
1kg fresh noodles (available at any Asian store or in the weekend market)

350g chicken (or pork) liver, sliced

1 medium red onion, cubed

1½ C mung bean sprouts

¾ C chopped green onions

1 C shredded cabbage

1 C carrot, julienne

3 Tbsp soy sauce

6-8 eggs (individual egg per serving)

¼ tsp ground black pepper

500g, pork belly, chopped

3 Tbsp cooking oil

For Batil:

1kg beef bones with meat

1 beef cube

2 eggs

6 to 8 C water

1 stalk celery, chopped

1 medium carrot, cubed

1 small onion, cubed

Push the noodles on one side to create an opening.

Crack the eggs and gently let it slide into the broth.

Poach until cooked. Remove the poached eggs and set aside. You may fry the eggs separately.

Remove the noodles from the pan and arrange in a plate.

Scoop out the remaining stock and place in a small sauce pan. Turn off the heat and transfer the cooked meat and vegetables to a clean plate. Set aside.

Meanwhile, heat the saucepan with the stock from the pan. Once it starts to boil, crack two eggs and add it to the pot. Quickly stir and continue to cook while constantly stirring for 1-2 minutes or until an egg drop soup consistency is formed. Transfer to a bowl.

Start to assemble the Pancit Batil Patung by topping the noodles with poached egg. Add the sautéed meat and vegetables over the egg and top with fried pork belly.

Serve with a bowl of batil on the side along with a dip that consists of chopped onion, soy sauce, and vinegar.

Hi Ma!

by John Gutierrez

7:35 am

< Messages

Independent(s) Day

humour by John Gutierrez

Details

"Ben and his Ma" is a humorous depiction of parenting and growing up in the 21st-century Pinoy household in New Zealand.

"Ben," his "Ma," and other characters in the story series are purely depictions and the stories depicted are completely fictional.

Are you Michael Schumacher? Y is der skids in the toilet ha?

Today 7:00 am

Son, r u coming to d independence day?

The event? I don't want to ma, I told you I don't like going to those things

Y? R u not Filipino?

All ur titos and titas r going to b der

Yes I know ma, but I just sit there most of the time waiting while you talk to your friends and they always make me wear the Filipino clothes. I look like a clown!

Clown? dis is not a circus!

That's bcos u don't go and talk to other people ha

U don't try to connect with ur roots

Because I don't feel Filipino ma!

Plus, you just parade me half the time and it's embarrassing

Parade? Wat r u cheerleader?

Anak, whether u look like it or not, or want to or not, u r Filipino n people will treat u like one. Don't deny who u r. People will not believe in u if u don't believe in urself. Der can b miracles if u believe.

Ma, this isn't Prince of Egypt

Correct, u r Filipino, so I'll see u at d event

Ok po

Winter 2017

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When you marry in June, you are a bride all your life

By: *Matilde Tayawa Figuracion*

My wedding was held in February (summertime in New Zealand) for obvious reasons. Who would want to be wearing a *piña* wedding dress on a frigid and cold winter day in June? But in the Philippines and those living opposite the Southern hemisphere, June is the most popular month of weddings. Is it only because of sunny skies and brisk spring breezes, or is there any other reason?

I did some research and found very interesting ideas unravelling why this month is so popular with would-be-brides.

Did you know that the tradition of "June Brides" dates back to Roman times and the festival celebrating the marriage of the god Jupiter and his wife Juno (the goddess of marriage and childbirth, no less)? It was thought that couples who married in June would be blessed with prosperity and happiness. Due to hardships back then, wives would have needed all the divine assistance they could muster, right?

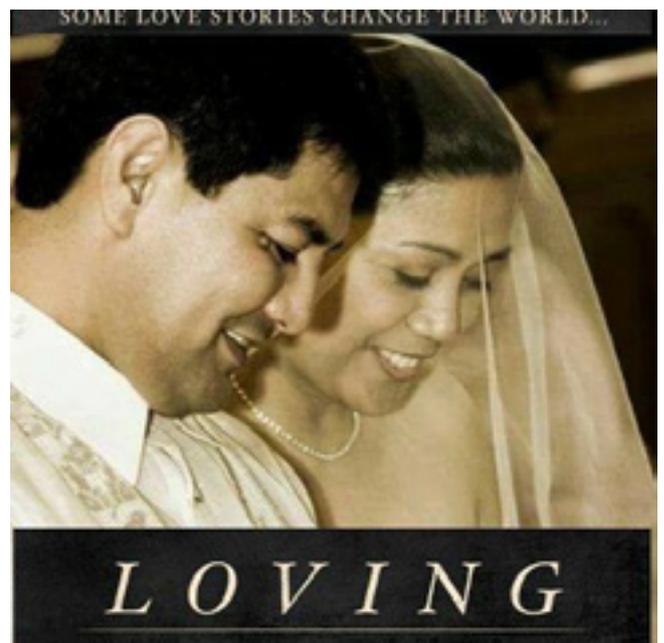
In the 14th century, June was the top pick because it's when people began to bathe again following winter, and brides wanted a pleasant smelling crowd. During medieval times a person's annual bath (yes, you read that right – just one really thorough bath per year!) usually fell in May or June, meaning that June brides still smelled relatively fresh. No wonder June was thought to be a good time to hold a special event such as a wedding. The brides would have smelled more pleasant of course. But it was also said that brides carried a bouquet of flowers to make sure that they hid any bodily odour. And that, my friends, is how the custom of carrying a bouquet when walking down the aisle has come about!

On a practical note, others chose June in order to time conception so births wouldn't interfere with harvest work.

Also, ancient tradition dictated it would be most unlucky to marry in the month of May because in Roman times the Feast of the Dead and the Festival of the Goddess of Chastity occurred in May. (I doubt that husbands would be too inclined to want their new partners mourning lost loves on their honeymoon!)

The real reason in today's economy may be far more practical. If a person marries in June, he or she is considered to have been a married person for the whole financial year: July 1 to June 30. As a married person was thought to have greater obligations than a single person, the rate of income tax collected was lower. So by marrying in June, a lower rate of income tax would be applied to the year's earnings, and a substantial refund would be received. This was traditionally used to defray the costs of the honeymoon. How practical, aye?

I was not yet born when the classic 1948 film "June Bride" (starring Bette Davis and Montgomery Clift) and the song June Bride from the 1954 musical "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" were shown but my friends Google and YouTube are very helpful and instructive. They tell me that these classics are examples of how popular June is for would-be-brides. Is it because (as the classic song says) "when you marry in June, you're a bride all your life?" I wonder.



Social Media to a Young Once

By Teodoro "Papa Doy" Helbano

Social Media is quite an interesting and fascinating subject. To begin with, I am happy to say I'm one of the few who lived to see, feel and experience the gradual change in stages and improvements in my social life and the media. I feel like singing the song to remind us of yesterday, "those were happy days my friend we thought it never end..."

My social life ages ago was simple when living inside the square which was my home. Outside of my square were my neighbours' own little squares, next was the barrio, the town, then the province and so on. My conversations were possible only thru direct face to face talk. Another form of communication with those living outside my square was performed by hand written mail. Verbal communication was improved with the advent of the telephone.

When I was a little boy, I used to listen to all sort of stories, told by older people. They represented my media. Later in life I had other media to rely on. First was the newspaper. Radios were owned by very few people in the 1930's. I was still in school in the fifties when television had started in the Philippines. Each media had its own distinct name. The newspaper - Print media (eyes); Radio broadcasting - Radio media (ears) and Television broadcasting - TV media (eyes and ears). Media were the transmitters. Social (people to me) were the receivers. Change came in the Computer Age, the technology that overhauled the structures. Now both the media and social can execute the functions as transmitters and receivers.

Penmanship and the art of writing were assets to a man's quest for a job and love. Part of an interview for a clerical position required written knowledge of the work vacancy. The applicant was selected through the application's content and penmanship.. In love, expressing one's self was done thru handwritten love letters. Then came the typewriter, then the computer. Penmanship gradually came to pass but the art of writing stood the test of times.

Around 2010 or 2011, I began learning basic computing. Sorry to say that up to now I am still trying to learn the fundamentals. I learned email, then Facebook. I never joined other social networks such as Twitter, Instagram and others. What I have learned is just a teeny-weeny part or the tip of the iceberg in computers science's vast field of technology. I know there are more things to be learned.

To me, Social Media is a compound word just like Democracy. Democracy came from the Greek *demos* or people and *kratos* meaning power. President Abraham Lincoln defines the now single word, Democracy as a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

To me, Social Media is a term that calls to mind people's welfare. Social media means - a society of people, by the people, of the people. Same as Democracy's definition.

My experience while posting on Social media is like the moon, there's the bright side and the dark side. The bright side are things I have the will to do or not in Social media. On the dark side are things I have no control over but must be alert about, such as postings that are unacceptable like cyber bullying and hacking. I have also experienced addiction to the net. Without self-control, one is liable to spend day and night in front of the computer. One is engrossed in the computer and lose time for verbal or written communication. For example, "I love you because you are you" in 'netspeak' becomes "I lov u bcoz u r u".

However, the bright side outnumbers the dark. Events and all kinds of news worldwide are available to be viewed. Anyone can see scenic views of any country one may wish to see. Paintings and sculptures of famous artists and sculptors can be viewed. History and religion can be learned. Any music old or modern can be listened to. Best of all, the computer is available to preserve whatever memories one likes to be preserved for posterity.

Namaste! **(“Greetings” in Nepali)**

By Eunice Gueco

Fifteen years old.

This was the age I found my longing to begin serving in the community and also, the number of memorable years since my family migrated from San Pedro, Laguna to windy Wellington.

To my parents (OG and Riza), I am very grateful to have been raised in a very loving household, a safe environment, and a warm covenanted community. I thank God for His wonderful plan and grace granting us (me and younger brother Dan) great role models who we aspire to be. It is with this blessed life I that I desire to help others, like becoming a blessing to them.

It has been four years now and I'm still actively involved in service through a variety of avenues. I am currently with the Vinnie's university outreach team promoting the values and work of St Vincent De Paul in the tertiary sector. I do regular volunteer work at the local Vinnie's op-shop. I am also actively involved with the Wellington branch of the Kairos youth of the Lamb of God Community, which is part of a worldwide community of communities. We are linked with other covenanted communities in the Philippines such as *Ang Ligaya ng Panginoon* in Manila and *Ang Kahayag sa Dios* in Cagayan De Oro.

Earlier this year, I was fortunate to be one of the nine kiwi students chosen by Leprosy Mission NZ to be part of their 2017 Youth Advocate Team that visited The Leprosy Mission in Nepal (It is an international Christian organisation working towards eradicating leprosy). Here, I met other like-minded students with the same faith in God and same desire to help, which made Nepal a truly memorable experience.

We were in Nepal for two weeks to learn more about leprosy and the people affected by this dreaded disease. We were given the opportunity to understand the effects of this disease on people not only physically but also the stigma on them socially. We also witnessed firsthand how the Leprosy Mission works tirelessly to treat them physically and assist them psychologically as well.

For many in Nepal, having leprosy is considered a death sentence, where disfigurement, divorce, unemployment and community ostracism occurs. The trauma it causes is not limited to the people affected by it, but also reaches the ones they love like their families, relatives and friends.

Personally, even though I was born in the Philippines, I never really understood my parents when they talked about the poverty and difficulty of millions of Filipinos who are less fortunate. I only had a fair idea of the situation of the many living in deep poverty and how they struggle to face the challenges daily. Hence, I found it very inspiring how leprosy-afflicted people in Nepal still have a positive outlook on life despite the privations they and their families face every day due to the stigma of leprosy. Having the chance to talk with patients in Anandaban Hospital (near Kathmandu) who were getting ready for surgery was a deeply humbling and eye opening experience.

There are several memorable moments that truly changed my outlook about those afflicted with leprosy. Having a chat with leprosy-affected people in the leprosy colonies and hospitals, visiting several communities during a 34km two-day trek in rural Kathmandu and observing a person having tendon repair surgery to his leprosy infected hand are just some of those moments. Being the youngest in the team, this has been a most rewarding and heart-warming experience.

As advocates we are currently assisting the Anandaban Hospital in Nepal fundraise \$30,000 to provide them with a new X-ray machine. This will assist greatly in their work to help lepers recover from the disease.

It will be deeply appreciated if you can support this endeavour. A few dollars will come a long way in helping them!

Anyone wishing to learn more about the Leprosy Mission New Zealand and how to help purchase the new x-ray machine can visit my fundraising page <https://give.everydayhero.com/nz/half-marathon-4-leprosy> or contact me at eunice.gueco@gmail.com.

Independence Day 2017

By Mikey Javier



Salawikain



“Lahat ng gubat ay may ahas.”

(All forests have snakes / There is a snake in every forest.)

This *salawikain* means that wherever we go, we should always be cautious as there will always be someone that might betray or double-cross us.

The cartoon would explain the proverb in a literal sense where the snakes are trying to make sure that all the forests have snakes.

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“Nasa Diyos ang awa, nasa tao ang gawa”

(God gives mercy to those who help themselves.)

Praying helps as we believe that God can make miracles, however, we can't rely on prayers alone. To get what you want, some effort should be exerted. Hard work and perseverance would guarantee output, as miracles happen to those who seek it.

The main virtue being taught by this *salawikain* is “perseverance” – that in order to achieve a certain goal or dream, we should not only pray to God for grace and guidance, we should also put in the hours, sweat, effort, etc.

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“Aanhin pa ang damo kung patay na ang kabayo”

(What good is the grass if the horse is already dead.)

This proverb often pertains to help or relief that came too late. It can also refer to orders that took too long to arrive that it is no longer needed.

The Spanish word “*Mañana*” is often associated with this *salawikain*. It means setting things (jobs, tasks, etc.) aside and leaving it for the next day. Often, the job is not done the next day until it is too late. This *salawikain* describes the effect of such laxness.

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“Pagkahaba-haba man daw ng pursisyon, sa simbahan din ang tuloy.”

(No matter how long the procession is, it still ends up in church.)

This proverb means that if it is meant to be, no matter how long the process takes, it will happen – just like destiny.

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A Filipino jeepney-designed food truck painstakingly built by its owner-operator Chef Clark Figuracion in 2013.

Clark and Matilde are active members of the Filipino community in Wellington and thought that one way of sharing the Filipino culture is through food. There was nowhere to find Filipino food in Wellington at that time. And so Grill Republic food truck was born to make accessible Filipino food to the people, anytime, anywhere in Wellington.



First Friday of the month, Karori Food Truck Friday, 4pm-8pm
Third Thursday of the month, Kai on High, 5pm-9pm
Last Thursday of the month, Porirua Food Night Market, 5pm-9pm
Every Sunday, Harbourside Market, 9am-3pm
... and at various events and weddings all year round!



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Menu



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