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Mauritius-Chinese Association of Ontario

安大略省模里西斯華人聯誼會

MCAO Newsletter

Celebrating the Year of the Dragon: A Memorable Lunar New Year Celebration

By Brigitte Tin

On **March 2, 2024**, we came together to celebrate the Chinese New Year—also known as the Lunar New Year or Spring Festival—marking the beginning of the lunar calendar and welcoming the Year of the Dragon. This significant occasion was celebrated in style with a delightful dinner and dance at the Golden Palace Banquet Hall in Markham, drawing nearly 300 enthusiastic attendees who cherish the importance of community and connection.



The atmosphere was vibrant as guests joined in lively line dancing, swaying to the rhythm of live music from the band *Mystique* and our DJ, enhancing the celebratory mood among everyone. Cultural performances by talented young artists provided a wonderful opportunity for attendees to reconnect, rekindling both new and longstanding friendships while celebrating our rich Chinese heritage.

Culinary delights were among the highlights of the night, featuring a spectacular 10-course meal, beautifully complemented by wine generously donated by the club, which was enjoyed by everyone. Each dish showcased the rich flavors and traditions of Chinese cuisine, enhancing our cultural experience.

Inside this issue:

A Memorable Lunar New Year Celebration	1-2
Honoring a Century of Life and Legacy	3-4
A Fall Outing to Remember	5
Salmon Life Cycle	6
A Gathering of our Members	7
Hakka Sayings	7
Vanishing Trade in Port Louis	8
Imagine “an afterthought”	9
Retour aux Sources	9-11
MCAO News Corner	12
MCAO Recipe Corner	13
MCAO Quizzes	14

Our president's welcoming remarks set a warm tone for the evening, followed by heartfelt closing words that left a lasting impression.



The night was enriched with cultural dances and instrumental music, alongside live performances that blended various genres. Guests were particularly enchanted as they sang along and slow danced to the French song “Aline,” evoking cherished memories from the past and bringing back to fond moments of old times. What a night to remember!!!



We also took the opportunity to honor two of our members, Claudius Sin and Roger Ip by presenting them with certificates as honorary members emeritus, recognizing their invaluable contributions to the club.



A heartfelt thank you to everyone who helped make this event a success! A special shout-out to our talented member who emceed the evening with warmth and enthusiasm. We are incredibly grateful to our dedicated Executive Committee members and volunteers, whose tireless efforts transformed our vision into a remarkable celebration. Your hard work truly shone through. We also extend our deepest thanks for the generous donations of prizes and gifts, which added an extra layer of excitement and joy to the festivities.



We couldn't have done it without each of you!

As we close this chapter of celebration, we look forward to new beginnings, lasting connections, and continued growth within our MCAO community!



Honoring a Century of Life and Legacy (Mr. Li Niap Fah)

By Sheila Li (daughter)

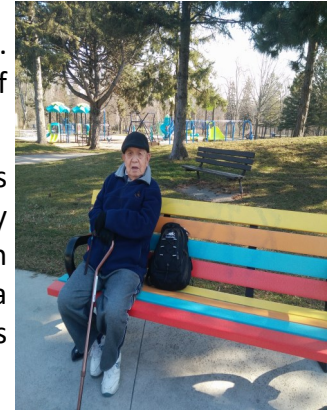
My dad, Paul Li Niap Fah, also known as Ah Niap Fah, was born in Meixian, China. He is 102 years old and is the third child among eight brothers and one sister. Of the siblings, only four are still alive, living in Mauritius and Canada.

In his youth, he taught young children in his village for three years. At age 24, his father, who was already in Mauritius, helped him immigrate. He traveled there by ship. In 1956, he married my late mother, Therese. Together, they had one son and two daughters, and our family lived in Chinatown in Port Louis. My dad was a handyman, able to build and repair things around our home, and he raised hens for our household.

In Mauritius, he held various jobs, including as a shopkeeper and coconut seller. He ran canteens at Alpha and Bhujoharry colleges in Port Louis, where he sold food and snacks to students. He manually cut and grated coconuts to make colorful “gateau coco.” He also made sweet black olives, bilimbi, mango pickles, “*gateau arouille*” (*voo yen*), and fried bread (*di pain frire*). His last job was at the canteen at the port customs office in Port Louis, where he cooked and sold fried noodles, fried rice, niouk yen, vindaye, and more. He was an excellent cook and always rode his bicycle to buy and carry goods for work.

He was a founding and pioneering member of the Mauritian Chinese Association Ontario (MCAO) in Canada when the Club was located at 310 Spadina Avenue in Toronto’s Chinatown. Despite not being able to speak or read English, he independently navigated the city’s bus, LRT, and subway systems, always arriving at the Club, rain or shine. He took pride in opening the doors for members eager to gather and play Mah-jong, especially on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Known for his warm hospitality, he prepared fresh Chinese tea and collected “*l’argent dilo*”—player contributions—to help support the Club’s operations. On February 6, 2021, at the Club’s Annual General Meeting (AGM), he was honored with an Honorary Alumni Membership in recognition of his role as a Club pioneer. This well-deserved tribute celebrated his dedication and contributions, cementing a legacy that continues to inspire and shape the Club’s future. His unwavering commitment, from welcoming members to supporting the Club, has set a lasting example for the community. His dedication extended to supporting annual events like the Dragon Boat and Moon Festival lunches, significant social gatherings organized by the Club. His deep community commitment reflected his roots; before coming to Canada, he was also a member of the Hakka Association in Port Louis, Mauritius, where he connected with others over shared heritage and traditions.

Over the years, he had the opportunity to return to his hometown, Meixian, to visit his nephew and family. It was always a pleasure for him to reconnect with his roots, and he provided financial support to relatives in China. He still stays in touch with them by phone. He has also traveled to Hong Kong, London, South Africa, and Taiwan, and took group tours with the MCAO to the U.S. and Asia. He even went on a cruise. He enjoys watching TV, particularly Chinese programs, wrestling, the food channel, and reading the Chinese newspaper. He used to walk every morning with my late mother, but now, due to his age, he can no longer do so. He loved gardening in both Mauritius and Canada, growing tomatoes, pumpkins, and Chinese vegetables. Now, he tends only to plants. He enjoys talking to people and is delighted when they speak Hakka with him. He used to call his old friends, but most of them have passed. In Mauritius, he enjoyed socializing with friends from China. My dad is blessed to be healthy and somewhat independent. He just lives a simple life, valuing family deeply, with a strong sense of respect, caring, and helping others.



Honoring a Century of Life and Legacy (Mrs. Li Chee Ming)

By Daniel Li Chee Ming (son)

"Maman, tu m'as tenu la main pendant la plus grande partie de ma vie mais tu tiendras mon coeur pour toujours." If you ever wonder who that person is, it's my Mum, Choon Lan Marguerite Li Chee Ming, daughter of Lam Ping France Lim Fon Kee, shopkeeper, an immigrant from Meixian (Moiyen), China and Ah Mee Germaine See Pin, his wife, a Sino-Mauritian by birth.

Mum was born on April 12, 1923 in a rural area called Valetta in Mauritius and came from a big family of 11 children. She is the second child and has an older brother, 5 sisters and 4 younger brothers. Mum and her sisters were gifted with their good looks and caught the attention of several matchmakers who were on the prowl. It took them no time to find Mum a suitor.



Mum's Prince Charming was a handsome young man from Moiyeu who had left his homeland in search of a better life, to call Mauritius home at an early age of 14. His name was Li Pook Ho Joseph Li Chee Ming, my dad to be. At 18 and 23 years old respectively, Mum and Dad tied the knot and raised 11 children together - 6 girls and 5 boys. After their union, they opened a business at La rue du Pouce, Port Louis but unfortunately luck wasn't in the draw. Meanwhile, 2 children were born, my sister Thérèse and I. Somehow, Dad sensed the prospect of a better future opening another shop at Rivière des Anguilles, the place of birth of 9 more children and also their final destination until they emigrated to Canada in 1979 under the Family Reunification Act to join me, my brothers Cyril and Jean and my sister Marie-Ange in Toronto.

On their arrival in Toronto, I'm sure Mum and Dad had all their dreams packed neatly into suitcases but starting a new life in a foreign country is like being born again and making adjustments in life, no matter the situation, takes time. It was a long process for new challenges not, to forget the emotions of leaving families and friends behind. Luckily, they found solace being with their own children. Mum spent her days babysitting her grandchildren, finding time also to do the household chores while Dad helped her in her daily routine. She enjoyed going out grocery shopping with my sisters on the weekends, making good use of the flyers for discount. Dad, on the other hand, had always had an enthusiastic and resilient approach to learning and a desire to broaden his knowledge across many disciplines. He enjoyed reading newspapers and magazines in English, French and Chinese, consulting his dictionary and taking notes.

Sadly on September 1, 2021 at the age of 103, God called Dad home, leaving us devastated as the pain still lingers. I've taken Mum under my wings and I make sure that she is safe, sound and secure. She is 101 years old and, generally speaking, in good health for her age. She looks forward to meeting her caregivers every time as they pamper her with beautiful colouring books. Colouring is indeed her favorite hobby. Mum is still the proud woman she used to be.

She watches her diet and is very self-conscious of her appearance and that's probably the secret of her longevity. Of their generation, Mum and her brother France in Mauritius are the only 2 survivors.



A Fall Outing To Remember ...

By Liliane Sin

Hey there ... club members & guests!

I wanted to share the most amazing day, our small group of 25 club members and friends had, in vibrant Bowmanville in the Municipality of Clarington, Durham Region, ON.

We had been keeping a close eye on the weather forecast for couple of weeks, thinking that the temperatures would dip and the rain would ruin our plan.

Sunday October 20, 2024 was fabulous ... bright autumn day, with air so fresh and a sky so blue. We couldn't have asked for better weather! We knew it was time to set our plan into action ...

- * *our Pick Your Own apple at Watson Farms;*
- * *a visit to the Fish Ladder at Bowmanville Valley Trail;*
- * *a brief fishing session/opportunity.*



Watson Farms is a place where apple orchards stretch out as far as the eye can see. "Early bird gets the apples" ... Watson Farms has been growing in popularity, and for good reason ... *joy of apple picking!* To enjoy the orchards without the big crowds, we arrived at 10:00 am. It also guarantees the perfect photo opportunity and in the morning light, we had our pick of fine apples ... Gala, Ambrosia, Mutsu, Cortland and other varieties.



Bowmanville offers a variety of outdoor activities.

After all that apple picking, we worked up an appetite. We set up small tables and picnic chairs at Bowmanville Creek. We didn't need a fancy lunch party to be happy, just good company to share stories with and lots of laughter. It was awesome!

We followed the trail and reached the Fish Ladder along the Bowmanville Valley Trail. Every Fall, salmon leave the cold waters of the lake and begin a journey upstream, through the rivers and creeks to reach their spawning grounds. Their fall migration starts in September till the end of October. So, we only saw the tail end of their swim upstream. After spawning, all species of salmon die, and the salmon life cycle starts over again with the new generation of hatchlings. It was a new and exciting experience for many of us.

Bowmanville Creek is one of the 4 tributaries on the north shore of Lake Ontario, that offer the best sport fishing for salmon. We walked along the natural gravel trail leading to the accessible fishing spot. This fishing adventure was a blast! Our group caught three big salmon and it all culminated with such a fun time ... watching a few of our members reel them in, while they broke down and shared the Coho salmon amongst our group. So, those are the highlights of a beautiful Sunday in Bowmanville ... it was so enjoyable!

Thank you to all, for being part of this unforgettable outdoor Fall outing!!

Until our next fun excursion!



Salmon Life Cycle

By Andrew Wang

The life of this fish ends when it lays its eggs.

Last year (starting in the fall of 2023) we went with a couple of friends to see salmon swim up the river. Every year many fish return to the place in the river, just where they were born. Swimming against the current of the river, they have to overcome a lot of obstacles such as, while they have to swim against the current at some places along the river, people will try to fish them, and at other places they have to jump over small waterfalls made by people. There are many fish that do not have the strength to continue swimming up the river and they die. Some of them, eventually will reach the place where they were born, and there the mother fish will lay its eggs at the bottom of the river, and the father fish will help fertilize the eggs. After that, the lives of these two fish are over. After a few weeks, the eggs will hatch and the small salmon will be born. Now they are starting to grow up and eat plankton in the river. Several species of salmon grow up differently. Some species will take six months to grow and then go to the sea, and there are other species that will finally go to the sea in a few years. There they will continue to grow, eating many small insects, algae and plankton. If no one catches them and they get a lot of strength, maybe 5/6 years later, in the fall they will start swimming up the river, looking for the place where they were born, and then continue their life cycle. This is a miracle of nature.

If you want to see this miracle of nature, the life of the salmon fish, you can go to Bowmanville creek and fish ladder to watch this miracle.

This makes me think. Looking at other people engage in fishing as a hobby is giving me a desire to take up this wonderful hobby. It looks like this activity has a good side, bringing nourishment for the mind, spirit and sustenance. Waiting for the fish to eat the bait, we can reflect on our existence, on our good life, and our good fortune. The feeling of well-being will elevate our spirit and at the end of the day our catch will be a well deserved nourishment for our well-being.

鲑鱼的生命周期

这种鱼下了卵后生命就结束了。

去年（2023 秋季开始）我和几个朋友去看了鲑鱼游上河里。每个年很多鱼会要回到河里的地方，只是它们出生的地方。游上的河里水，它们要克服很多的障碍、，比如他们要克服逆流河上，有的地方有人试试钓它们的，还有要跳上人做的小飞瀑。有很多鱼没有力气游上河里就死了。有的终于它们到那儿出生的地方，妈妈鱼会在河底里下产卵了，爸爸鱼会帮受精那个下的卵。以后这两个鱼的生命就结束了。几个礼拜以后，小鲑鱼会出生了。现在它们要开始长大，要吃多多河里的浮游生物。几种的鲑鱼它们的长大的时间不同的。有的小鱼要六个月以上长大，以后开始回去大海，有的要几个年终于会去大海。那儿它们会继续长大，吃多多的小虫，吃水藻和浮游生物。如果没有人钓到它们，得到大的力气，可能5/6年后，它们在秋天的时候会要开始游逆流而上河，去找它们出生的地方，后来继续它们的生活周期。这是自然里的奇迹。鲑鱼的生命历来如此，就是出生，去大海长大，然后逆流而上河，下了卵以后就死了。爸爸鲑鱼受精了卵子，以后也死了。

如果你们想去看看这自然的奇迹，鱼的生命，可以去 **Bowmanville creek and fish ladder** 看看吧。

让我思考。看别人去钓鱼引起我想得到这个爱好。这个活动看起来很有意思,会给我们精神食粮。为什么呢？等到鱼吃了食饵，我们可以思考我们的幸福的生命，快乐的存在。生活的感觉会提高我们的精神，终于钓的鱼会给我们好好食物，对身体有好处。



Keeping Mentally Fit: A Gathering of our Members

By Brigitte Tin

In the heart of our gatherings, joy takes flight,
With low-impact sports and laughter so bright.
From pickleball courts to badminton and table tennis cheer,
Each game members play brings each and everyone closer, more near.

Line dancing flows with rhythm and grace,
As members move together in a joyful embrace.
Members shine bright, enjoying the sway,
In each step and spin, members light up the spirit and day.

With stories exchanged, wisdom unfolds,
Creating a haven where kindness consoles.
Through all these activities, we nurture our core,
Staying mentally fit, together we soar.

Our mix and mingles, members gather collectively in peace,
With cardio, Tai Chi, and Qigong's release.
Gentle movements nurture body and soul,
Fostering balance, making members calm and whole.

Our passion for bring and share from delicious dishes to gardening,
Members cultivate connections and the joy that it brings.
Seeds of friendship and camaraderie planted with care,
Creating a community where we all love and share.



Hakka Sayings (客家俗語)

By Mike How & Clifford Lam

Chaang Kwong Koi (郑光开)

Describes someone who is looking for excuses not to do something that he/she is supposed to do or is trying to avoid responsibility for it.

Kwee Yah Pan (鬼也班)

Describes someone who is sneaky and trying to play the fool or pretend to be smarter than what he is. In the local creole dialect, it would be translated as 'faire le couillon'.

Yah Mor Mor eh (夜摸摸eh)

Describes the obscurity and darkness that comes with the night.

See Set See Chang (死食死郑)

Describes someone who is eating without control. Loosely translated, it means 'eat until stuffed'.

Mor Hee Mak (么气脉)

Describes someone who is literally out-of-breath caused by physical exhaustion or someone who is figuratively running out of patience or giving up on a given situation.

Mor Kat Saat (么结杀)

Describes someone who is extremely desperate or clueless at what to do in a given situation.

Paang Teyw Yoong Ka (彭头容茄)

Describes someone with very messy hair.



Vanishing Trades In Port Louis

By James Ahlan

Thirty five years had gone by before I paid a visit to Port Louis, the lovable city that I called home in the 1960s. That visit took place in 2011. The city's infrastructure had not changed much. After that short visit, I told myself that I should return to complete my photography project. My second visit was in 2015, followed by the last one in 2018.

The vehicular traffic was buzzing during the week-day. There were fewer street food vendors to be found than in the past. A few tourists were drawn to the Central Market. By 5 pm, Port Louis had become a ghost town.

The decades-old mobile food business was vanishing. The street food vibe integral to the city's food culture, which something I cherished very much when I was a schoolboy, will stay in my memory. Some small shops had barred their doors and shuttered, gone out of business.



IMAGINE an afterthought

By Philip Kwong

Imagine there's no Pereybere,
It's easy if you try.
No white sand, below us
Above us, just dark clouds.

Imagine all the people
Living for money
Ah, Ah

Imagine there's no Hakien,
It isn't hard to do.
No Niouk Yen to kill or die for,
And no Voo Yen, too.

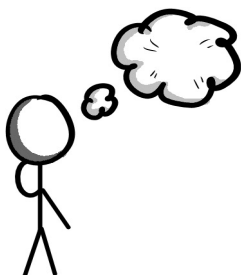
Imagine all the people
Living life in T'ronto

You may say I'm a lost soul,
But I'm not the only one.
I hope someday you'll see the light,
And the sun will shine ever bright.

Imagine no Pickleball,
I wonder if you can.
No need for tennis or golf,
A brotherhood of Pickleheads.

Imagine all the people,
sharing all the mine frite

You may say I'm a Mauritian,
But I'm not the only one.
I hope someday you'll return to the island,
And we'll all attend the Hua Lien food festival.



Retour Aux Sources

Par Francoise Kwai-Pun

Par un doux après-midi au mois de juillet, l'airbus MK57 amorça sa descente vers l'aéroport de Plaisance après des heures interminables de vol. Les yeux encore gonflés de sommeil étant restée éveillée durant la majeure partie du trajet, j'ouvris les paupières et entrevis un rayon de soleil filtrant à travers le hublot. Je m'y penchais - sous mes yeux émerveillés, on survolait la baie de Mahébourg aux eaux cristallines et turquoise, bordée de longues étendues de sable doré et fin. Wow! Cette vue aérienne était tout simplement époustouflante! Tel qu'un décor dans les brochures touristiques ou sur les cartes postales! D'emblée, je fus saisie d'une telle sensation de bonheur que j'ai cru m'envoler et disparaître dans le bleu du ciel et de la mer. Oh, j'étais si heureuse, et j'aimerais tant goûter à nouveau à cette sensation!

Effectivement, accompagnée de ma sœur Francette, je débarquais à l'île Maurice, mon pays natal, après plus de vingt ans; je n'en revenais pas! Eh oui, après toutes ces années, j'y rentrais pour effectuer un retour aux sources; il fallait que je retrouve le parfum, les senteurs de mon enfance! En descendant de l'avion, je me mis à cligner des yeux comme au sortir d'un rêve. Le nouvel aéroport aménagé dans un cadre tropical et exotique, m'impressionnait. Quel bonheur! Nous avons franchi l'Immigration, sans être le moins du monde importunées.

Tandis qu'on empruntait l'autoroute du Sud, je contemplais les grands espaces verdoyants qui défilaient devant moi - des champs de cannes à perte de vue! Quelques mètres plus loin, des boeufs broutaient de l'herbe ou se prélassaient au soleil dans un état de léthargie. Le paysage avait quelque chose de bucolique - la vie paraissait si simple et paisible! On a atteint Curepipe, la ville où j'ai grandi, vers deux heures de l'après-midi. En sortant de l'autoroute, je scrutais chaque coin de rue. Rien n'a changé ici - mêmes rues, mêmes bâtisses, mêmes façades!

Cont...

A cette heure de l'après-midi, les dimanches, la ville est plongée dans un silence absolu - les rues sont désertes, les volets des magasins fermés, les chiens mêmes se sont dispersés! On continua à longer la route Royale, quand s'étendit devant moi, l'église Ste. Thérèse, mon ancienne paroisse. Cette église à l'architecture romanesque et au toit pointu domine toute la ville - je fus toute éblouie par sa splendeur. De plus, une nuée de pigeons blancs qui s'attroupaient sur le parvis de l'église embellissait le cadre!

Le tour de la ville terminé, on s'engagea sur la rue Pope Hennessy pour ensuite obliquer vers une artère. À notre arrivée au morcellement Micoville, je fus frappée par la verdure - tout était vert, si vert - les bambous bien taillés, les palmiers, les pelouses Au bout du chemin, se niche une petite maison, celle de mes parents! Me voila enfin là - c'était le retour au bercail! L'idée de revoir ma chambre m'excitait déjà - devant mes yeux fascinés, le poster de Brooke Shields affiché au mur à l'époque de mon adolescence, y était intact! Je regardais ma chambre avec amitié et j'étais contente de m'y retrouver. Chaque chose était à sa place familière.



J'ai vécu ma plus tendre enfance dans une maison coloniale, appartenant à ma grand-mère paternelle, et d'où je garde pleins de souvenirs indélébiles. Il a donc bien fallu que j'y retourne pour retrouver mon passé. Je m'attendais à des changements; cependant sous mon regard ébahi, tout était exactement comme au temps de mon enfance. Le quartier ici, à la rue Bernardin de St. Pierre, a su conserver son charme et son pittoresque avec ses belles maisons coloniales typiques des hauts plateaux - c'est l'architecture coloniale française qui colle à l'endroit comme un parfum tenace! Tout en sillonnant ladite rue, je n'ai pu m'empêcher de faire un flash-back qui m'a ramenée à l'âge de six ans - les après-midis à la sortie de l'école, ma sœur et moi, nous marchions le long de ce même muret blanc ici où une rigole courait sur une bonne partie de la rue. D'autant plus, je suis tombée nez à nez avec la petite Tour Eiffel, que nous avions tant admirée. Que c'était bon de retrouver ces senteurs d'enfance!

Dans notre enfance, nous les petits, nous avons l'habitude de faire des escapades dans les alentours, à l'insu de nos parents. Souvent, nous emprunions un petit sentier à travers une colline pour arriver au sommet de Trou aux Cerfs. Debout ici, devant le cratère, je n'ai cessé de repenser à nos aventures d'antan. Je n'arrive toujours pas à y croire! Eric et Joe, mes deux cousins (alors adolescents), descendaient au fond de ce cratère, chacun avec une cavalière (Francette et moi) à califourchon sur le dos. Quel cran et dire que les sentiers n'étaient pas aménagés à l'époque! Les enfants peuvent parfois se montrer d'une telle innocence ne se souciant guère du danger! Toutefois, je ne me lassais pas de contempler cette vue panoramique qu'offre le Trou aux Cerfs auprès du petit pavillon - un panorama sur toutes les villes des plateaux et des régions avoisinantes, la montagne Trois Mamelles à l'ouest, la montagne St Pierre au nord-ouest ...En effet, ce petit coin est une inspiration très forte pour les artistes!

Tout en poursuivant mon pèlerinage sur les lieux de mon enfance accompagnée de Francette, je ne pouvais ne pas m'arrêter au LCC (Loreto College Curepipe) où j'avais fait mon apprentissage secondaire. Comment repartir sans avoir fait un saut à mon ancien collège, cette prestigieuse école dont je suis toujours très fière et d'où je garde de superbes souvenirs! Ayant parcouru ce long trajet Toronto/Londres/Maurice, il m'aurait été impossible de faire marche arrière. Cependant, une vague de nostalgie m'a envahie dès que j'ai pénétré l'enceinte de l'école.

Cont...

Je me revoyais en uniforme à carreaux - tantôt, je faisais la petite caouette sous la varangue, tantôt, je jouais au badminton dans le grand hall ou encore je jouais dans une petite pièce de théâtre sur l'estrade. Je n'oublierai jamais ces belles années passées ici, et du coup, j'ai eu l'impression que je n'avais jamais quitté l'école.

A notre entrée au « Staff Room », on nous a accueillies à bras ouverts - oui, c'était chaud, c'était doux de revoir les anciens profs et les membres du personnel qui ne s'attendaient nullement à notre



visite. Ainsi, tout le monde nous accaparait nous bombardant de questions, et certainement, on a eu beaucoup à rattraper après toutes ces années. Ceci dit, j'ai eu le privilège d'avoir connu des religieuses comme Mère du Bon Pasteur, Soeur Jacqueline, Mother Loreto... au LCC. En outre, Mother Peter Claver m'avait beaucoup impressionnée; j'adorais sa classe d'anglais - elle avait un talent pour lire des histoires. Aujourd'hui encore, j'entends sa voix qui retentissait: « boom, boom, boom, this is an onomatopoeia ». Et notamment celle qui m'a le plus marquée fut Sister Nora, notre ancienne Rectrice! Elle était très sévère, exigeante et demandait beaucoup de ses élèves mais avec le recul, on reconnaît que c'était pour notre bien. Qui d'entre nous n'a pas été vertement réprimandée quand on avait commis une moindre gaffe??

Mon pèlerinage touchant presque à sa fin, nous nous sommes rendues en plein cœur de ville à Port-Louis, un jour de semaine peu après midi. Je me suis trouvée plongée dans un bain de bruits, de senteurs et de mouvements incessants. C'était à l'heure où on est assailli par tous ces vendeurs bruyants, s'affairant devant l'abondance des marchandises étalées sur les trottoirs. C'était aussi à l'heure où le flot de trafic est dense; les voitures fonçaient dans toutes les directions, à l'heure où les trottoirs sont bondés de monde, les uns bousculant les autres jouant des épaules. Bref, c'était à l'heure où la ville est en pleine effervescence!

Le vieux Port-Louis a conservé sa couleur locale avec ses rues étroites, ses petites gargotes typiques d'où provenaient les odeurs de boulettes de viande, de nouilles frites... me décuplant la faim, et ses marchands de fritures, qui accablés par la chaleur, déambulaient lentement sur les trottoirs ou autour des places publiques. Oui, c'est le même Port-Louis que j'ai connu dans mon enfance. Je me souviens encore du bon vieux temps où j'y allais avec Papa - on s'arrêtait souvent au Café International à la rue Dr. Joseph Rivière pour y casser la croûte. À l'époque, pendant les vacances scolaires, j'en profitais pour accompagner Papa à Port-Louis. Les jeudis après midis, les magasins étant fermés à Curepipe, il descendait à la capitale pour renouveler son stock de marchandises chez les grossistes. Ce disant, en tournant sur la rue Léoville L'Homme, à mon étonnement, j'ai revu les mêmes magasins où Papa se rendait. Comme dans tous les magasins du centre-ville à cette époque-là, dès qu'on y pénétrait, on sentait l'odeur du plastique neuf ou le parfum de la fumée des serpentins d'encens qu'on allumait pour éloigner les moustiques. Je n'ai pu m'empêcher de sourire; je ressentais littéralement ces odeurs d'antan!

Trois semaines se sont déjà écoulées! Je me suis revue à l'aéroport de Plaisance - j'embarquais à bord du vol MK 42 en partance pour Londres où je devrais prendre un vol de correspondance vers Toronto. Tandis que nous nous élevions au dessus des palmiers géants, je regardais par le hublot pour une dernière fois et fis mes adieux à mon pays natal. Et voilà, l'île Maurice disparaissait à vue d'œil, laissant derrière moi le passé.

En un clin d'œil, la vie au Canada, mon pays adoptif, reprit son cours normal.

The MCAO News Corner

**UPCOMING
EVENTS**



Details
coming
soon!



Refer to MCAO Email Communications!!



Joining MCAO Membership!

Membership registration is open. To register or learn more, please reach out to us at clubmcao@gmail.com or visit our webpage at Mauritius Chinese Association of Ontario - Home



Join the 2025 Executive Committee!

It's that time of year again! We invite members interested in contributing to our organization's future to consider joining the **2025 Executive Committee**.

This is a fantastic opportunity to bring your ideas, contribute your skills, and commit your time to promote and support a variety of meaningful activities within our community.



Thank you to all of our incredible contributors for bringing life and vibrancy to our newsletters – your insights, stories, and updates make a real difference in our community.

May this season bring you joy, peace, and a wonderful start to the New Year!

Your Newsletter Team

Editor/Designer: Brigitte Tin

Editor: Joyce Leung

Recipes

TUNG KWA CHUNG (Winter Melon Bell)

By Maggie Fong

Ingredients

For the winter melon, buy one with a wide body and not slim like a cucumber. Approximate size for 10 guests will be about 12 - 15 lbs.

- a) 1/4 lb. shrimps
- b) 1/4 lb. large scallops
- c) 1/4 lb. razor clams
- d) 1/4 lb. conch meat
- e) 1/2 lb. crab meat
- f) 1 can straw mushrooms
- g) 2 lbs. pork bone for the soup base

Preparations:

- a) Remove the intestines from the razor clams.
- b) Devein the shrimps.
- c) Wash all other ingredients in running water.
- d) Then, set aside.

The Day before Serving:

- ◇ In a pot, bring water to boil then add in the pork bones, let it boil for 5 minutes, remove and run through running water any scum sticking to the pork bones before making the soup base.
- ◇ Remove the seeds from the center of the Tung Kwa, careful not to pierce the bottom part.
- ◇ On the outside skin layer, cut wedges as illustrated on the photos for a presentable look.
- ◇ Put all the items into the center of the top layer of the Tung Kwa.
- ◇ Fill a big pot with water and bring to boil.



- ◇ Place Tung Kwa in a corning ware to hold firmly the bottom of the Tung Kwa as illustrated in the photo.



- ◇ The water in the pot should not be more than the level of the corning ware holding the Tung Kwa.
- ◇ Steam for about 60 mins at medium heat, depending on the thickness of the Tung Kwa.
- ◇ Check water level on the pot.
- ◇ Add salt & pepper to your taste.

Enjoy!

- ◇ To check the softness, use a knife by piercing into the top layer of the Tung Kwa.



About Mauritius

By Georges Chung

- 1) Mauritius is a small island nation east of Madagascar. To what group of islands does Mauritius belong?
 - A. Islas Chafarinas
 - B. Mascarene Islands
 - C. Iles des Madeleines
 - D. Eagle Islands
- 2) In 1965, prior to Mauritian independence from the UK, an archipelago of around 60 islands was transferred from Mauritian territory to form the new British Indian Ocean Territory. What is the name of this archipelago, whose sovereignty caused significant disputes between Mauritius and the UK?
 - A. Andaman Islands
 - B. Dampier Archipelago
 - C. Dahlak Archipelago
 - D. Chagos Islands
- 3) Mauritius became a founding member of which of these international organisations in 1970?
 - A. OPEC
 - B. La Francophonie
 - C. Commonwealth of Nations
 - D. Arab League
- 4) Who was Mauritius's president in 2007?
 - A. Cassam Uteem
 - B. Veerasamy Ringado
 - C. Anerood Jugnauth
 - D. Karl Auguste Offman
- 5) Trou aux Cerfs is one of the most distinctive geological features of Mauritius. What is it?
 - A. Waterfall
 - B. Volcano
 - C. Rain Forest
 - D. Coral Reef
- 6) Mauritius is famous for having been the home of the dodo, the ubiquitous symbol of extinction. However, other birds endemic to the country survived into the 21st century. Which of these is one of them?
 - A. Dusky turtle dove
 - B. White-throated wood quail
 - C. Pink pigeon
 - D. Red-billed chough
- 7) The south-western section of the main island of Mauritius is home to a national park that contains the majority of the country's rainforest. What is it called?
 - A. Black River Gorges National Park
 - B. Le Mornes National Park
 - C. Bras d'Eau National Park
 - D. Chamarel National Park
- 8) Who was Mauritius's prime minister in 2004?
 - A. Anerood Jugnauth
 - B. Paul Berenger
 - C. Navin Ramgoolam
 - D. Xavier-Luc Duval
- 9) Mauritius Island accounts for the majority of the land area of the nation of Mauritius. What is the name of country's second largest island, located about 550 kilometres (350 miles) east of its larger neighbour?
 - A. Madagascar
 - B. Reunion Island
 - C. Rodrigues Island
 - D. Cargados Carajos



ANSWERS: 1-B, 2-D, 3-B, 4-C, 5-B, 6-C, 7-A, 8-B, 9-C