



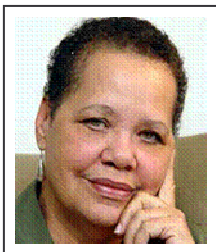
Newsletter

Of the Bishops' High School Alumni, Tri-State Chapter, New York

Summer Edition, 2009

How Women Survive

Cicely Rodway



Early in July, Cicely Rodway was guest on a radio program, The 4 Real Women Talk Show: How Women Survive. The host was Norka Blackman-Richards who has

had a long involvement with women's issues both at the community level and internationally.

The exchange focused on the empowerment of women as it affects the realization of their dreams and their ability to survive. Cicely however, dismisses the view of women as mere survivors. Women should seek to have joy and excitement in their lives as they aspire to reach their highest potential. It is important, she said, for women to have dreams. She referenced Langston Hughes who described living only in the here and now as nothing but a slow death.

Dreams set goals beyond the present and banish feelings like bitterness and desperation which transfix the will to go forward. Cicely herself, experienced

that great sense of achievement when not so long ago, she accomplished her own life-long dream of becoming a social worker.

Norka Blackman-Richards described the exchange as an "enlightening and delicious dialogue".

How important was this exchange in a modern world where women seem to have attained so many freedoms? Cicely's poems in "Women Who Laugh at the Wind," (amazon.com) indicate how much women still struggle for self-fulfillment, and how much more they need to increase their self-esteem. In many cases roles "assigned" women are still too rigid, and there are still some traditions which "nail women to a life of service."

As individuals, how far have we come in realizing our full potential? A little reflection might show us that there are still high spots to be reached. ☺

Save the date

We will be celebrating the Twentieth anniversary of the Tri-State Chapter on **October 4th, 2009** with a commemorative service at the Church of St Mark, 1417 Union Street, Brooklvn NY



Making Connections

By **Bernice Fraser**

I recently had occasion to travel across the distance of the years to my school days at Bishop's High School when I undertook to teach elementary students sewing. Once I had committed myself I thought, "What daring! How can I accomplish this? But then, and Ms. Dewar would be proud to know this calm was restored to my mind.

I struggled at first until, from the depths of the forgotten where they had reposed for so many years, my knowledge of the chain stitch, and the blanket stitch, and the stem stitch and the hem stitch asserted itself. A transference of artistry and skills was made to another generation.

I saw the pleasure and delight with which students looked at their embroidered tea towels and somehow, the notion of propagating the race flitted across my mind. Sure, the towels were not perfect, but to eyes which had never threaded a needle before, and to mine, they were beautiful. Even more satisfying was the fact that these students had created their own designs putting their unique stamp on their fledgling product.

My hands must have worked with their might in those long gone sewing classes to resurrect the skills they had learned for a needful generation. So it is in our lives we constantly, and sometimes at unexpected moments, reach back making such viable connections between what was, is now, and will be. Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Fox, Ms. Pollard. How I remember you now! And how I thank you.

This recent experience caused me to glance back at many of the things that were so memorable at Bishop's. Don't you sometimes still see yourself sitting cross-legged in the Oswald Parry Hall, a model of discipline and self-control, an ardent listener, a lusty singer? Then there were the house parties, each celebrated with a theme and lots of enjoyment. And surely, you remember that huge mango tree deliciously bearing the sumptuous fruit to tempt enterprising girls to break all regulations in securing one as a prize.

In this summer time when life especially beckons in the call of the birds, the colorful array of flowers, and all the sights, sounds and smells of a nature that seems so tropical, let us revel in things that are past, and draw from them what can be significant for the future. ☺

Short Term Memory Gone But Small Days On My Mind

By
Carolanne I. Aaron

My earliest memory of my existence is a terrifying one. I could have been no older than three years old. I see myself lying face up on a concrete slab with my cousin hovering over me. I was lying there because I had fallen out of a second floor window of a two-story house. I picture the events that led to my fall vividly, but I have no recollection of what happened after I was picked up and rushed upstairs.

My mother who was then a full-time homemaker and a part-time entrepreneur was in the kitchen



attending to one of her clients. As a certified beautician, my mother operated a salon out of her kitchen. In order to be productive and efficient, she instructed her five children to take a nap while she was busy. Of course, when all five children got together, nap was the furthest thing from our minds. We were of course playing and creating quite a ruckus much to our mother's dismay. Our mother pleaded with us to be quiet and to take our nap. After many pleas and warnings of what would happen to us if we continued to disobey, our mother in exasperation employed the final weapon. She appeared at the bedroom door with the leather belt. She began to swing the belt in our direction and in order to spare myself, I moved to the rear of the top bunk on which we were playing. As the lashes rained down on my siblings in front of me, they did the "down south" and danced their way backward forcing those of us behind to do the same. I backed through the open window, which was level with the top bunk, and landed on the concrete slab of the septic tank below the window.

Congrats to Carolanne Aaron

News has reached us that in March 2009, Carolanne Aaron was awarded a PhD in Physical Therapy with a concentration in pediatrics. The degree was earned at Drexel University. Carolanne holds a faculty position in the Physical Therapy Program at Touro College in Manhattan. Congratulations Dr. Aaron!

Since I have no recollection of what occurred after I was picked up and rushed upstairs I can take liberties with my imagination. I conveniently attribute all my mental lapses throughout my life to this fall. I imagine I was given a bath and "rubbed down" with the potent mentholated spirits or rubbing alcohol. This remedy of the rub down was used not only for situations such as the one I described but also after getting wet by rain and for various maladies.

When I was about four years old, our family built a home in section K, Campbellville. We removed from our rental home in Kitty where I had experienced THE FALL to occupy our brand new home. For a short while after we removed, I continued to attend a preschool in Kitty. I can't remember how I got to school in the mornings. However, I do remember that it was my eldest sibling's task to pick me up in the afternoons on her bicycle and give me a ride to our home in section K. I was warned over and over not to leave the school premises while waiting for Brenda to arrive.

In retrospect, and after living in the USA for twenty years, I can't fathom a four year old attending a preschool so far from her neighborhood and having the responsibility of taking care of herself while waiting to be picked up by an adult. My only memory of attending this preschool and awaiting my sister's arrival involves yet another terrifying experience. An encounter with an indigent man who, I presumed, was homeless.

This indigent man who preferred to be called "Walker, the British",



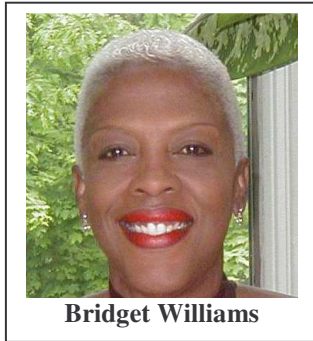
roamed the school grounds frequently. He was usually quite peaceful and gentle unless one addressed him as “Walker, the Nigger” (excuse the “N” word but one must understand that in Guyana at that time, there was no politically correct vocabulary). Of course the boys, who gathered in the afternoons to play in the school grounds, did what little boys are wont to do. They teased Walker by hurling at him the very nickname he abhorred. This would enrage Walker, the British, and he would run after the boys in an effort to grab them. It was a game the boys loved to play and one I feared I could get pulled into playing while I awaited my sister’s arrival. My fear became a reality when one afternoon as I was waiting for Brenda, the boys teased and Walker began the chase. I remember running blindly, with tears streaming down my face, trying to keep pace with the boys in an effort to get as far away as possible from the British.

After this incident, my terror caused me to forget the warnings from my parents not to leave the school grounds. I wanted to get as far away from Walker as possible so I decided to set out for my home in Section K. boldly asked a passerby to take me home (in Guyana, there was no rule not to talk to strangers). The woman did not hesitate and only asked if I knew where I lived. I was convinced and in turn convinced her that I knew where I lived. We set off like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz to find the way

home. After many turns here and there and no not here, both the woman and I realized that I had no clue. I began to cry and by this time like the Pied Piper, several curious older children were following the woman and her very lost little charge. Eventually my sister came upon this band of wanderers and realized that I was among them. I was so happy to see my sister. When we arrived home my father then gave me THE TALK. Needless-to-say, I was unceremoniously removed from the preschool in Kitty and was enrolled at the school my other siblings attended in Queenstown. I remember that our father drove us to school in his Morris Minor. I never again had to wait alone at that young age after school since we all went to the Lloyd’s home until our father came at the end of his work day. These two terrifying experiences had no long -term physical effects on me but they certainly left an indelible imprint on my memory. These two incidents only add to the many stories I tell my children of my interesting life growing up in Guyana. ☺



BISHOP'S GIRL launches Online TV Station



Bridget Williams

The new TV Station TVPocono was launched in June 2009 in Pennsylvania. As Executive Director of TVPocono and BridgeTV, Bishops' High

School graduate Bridget Williams' vision for TVP is programming that encompasses many facets of tasteful living, including art, culture, health & wellness, education and entertainment. You may see Bridget in action as host of *My Opinion* on BridgeTV. Check www.tvpocono.com

Bridget recently retired from her 25+ years' career as a systems analyst and added the arts to her list of undertakings as owner of Tapestry Corner in downtown Stroudsburg. TVP now affords Bridget the opportunity to hone new skills in broadcasting and the arts and incorporate them with her knowledge and experience in information technology.

Bridget's hope is that BridgeTV is only the first of several stations to be launched on TVP. Her future goal for TVP is to create new stations with programming geared towards varying age groups and backgrounds. Contact Bridget at info@tvpocono.com.



I Remember When...

By Nazeleen Sataur

I remember when I used to run across Broad Street before Common entrance classes started to get a lemonade and tennis roll and cheese for five cents....

I remember when.....you had to close all de windows when cane was burning otherwise the ashes in the house was thick thick.....

I remember when...the smell of shrimp drying on de punt trench was so strong that you had to close up all de windows again!

I remember when...we used to let the panama hat deliberately fall off and then tell de prefect "breeze blow it off"

I remember when...we had to stay after school to let the hem 'cause de skirt was too short. ☹

BHS Orientation Day 2009



BHS Headmistress

At this year's orientation for new students, Bishops' High School Headmistress Beverly Daly told attendees that the school though one of excellence, was not just about high academic performance, but also about discipline and producing well-rounded citizens. She emphasized the importance of the joint role of parents and teachers in raising teenagers and of participation in extra-curricular activities.

Source- Stabroek News



GHANA- A Clash of Cultures

By Lynette Davson

On a bright March morning I landed at Accra Airport, Ghana West Africa and was flooded with emotion as I stepped onto African soil for the first time. With each deliberate step I took towards the airport terminal, I thought of my ancestors who did not leave these shores voluntarily. My joy was overcome with the images of chained bodies being led into the darkened bellies of slave ships. However, these sentiments were short-lived because I was determined to experience this land through all my senses. I looked into the crowds for familiar faces, for familiar gaits, for the swagger of the African walk, or listened to the tones of voices

sweaty odor of bodies bustling in the tropical sun.

Emotions aside, I became fascinated by the uneasy truce that exists between the traditional values and practices of Ghana and the hasty march of technology and other western values. One of my first experiences was the “enstoolment” of an African - American as Queen Mother of a small village. This was a daylong celebration that included the entire village. The women followed the traditional rituals for dressing the Queen Mother and then led her to the village square, heralded by the rhythmic beat of drums. The newly enstooled Queen Mother donated a large well to provide water for the village. All the tribal leaders were present and the festivities were documented with video and



The author at a Ghanaian Durbar

that were more similar to mine than the high-pitched European voices. I sniffed the fragrant blossoms of the bougainvillea trees mingled with the

digital cameras! Technology and tradition were marching hand in hand.



I was very impressed with our tour guide who was a graduate of the University of Ghana in Accra. He was knowledgeable and able to discuss the politics, economics and history of his country. Given the fact that he is aware of and has adopted some western values, he is the epitome of the “clash of cultures”. He demonstrated how the bond of kinship is maintained even though geographic and social mobility threatens its survival. On one of our tours, he took time out to visit his sister-in-law, bringing her gifts and money, with a concern of providing for her because she was his brother’s wife. A Muslim, he himself has resisted the strong constraints of tradition and family and has married a Christian, yet expects his son to be raised a Muslim. Despite his frequent interaction with American and European tourists, his eating preferences, for instance, remained decidedly African. At almost every meal, while we perused the menu for dishes of our choice, he repeatedly ordered a fufu dish. With hands carefully washed, he settled into eating this comfort food with his fingers. He was indeed a man straddling two worlds.

Enquiring into the political structure of the society, I tried to understand the role the kings, queens and chiefs played in the governance of the society. This inherited power coexists with the modern elected government. I am sure I did not understand the true nuances of the relationship between these two structures but it was clear that the tribal leaders were consulted frequently before the democratically elected government made crucial

decisions and implemented projects that affected the lives of the people. The elders’ influence over social, family and land related matters continues to exist.

Whether dress or language, religion or music, the African identity remains strong in modern Africa. The elders, custodians of the culture are ensuring that despite the need to join the 21st century, the ways of Africa continue to be revered and practiced. ☺

Michael Fraser in Peru this September

Michael Fraser, son of Bernice Fraser, is going to his second posting as a diplomat in Lima, Peru, in early September.

Michael graduated from Tufts University, Boston, with a Bachelor's Degree in Economics. He later earned a Master's Degree in International Finance and Public Policy from New York University.

His first posting, two years ago, was to Panama City, Panama, as a diplomat with economic specialty. On this tour to Peru he has been assigned a consular post.

Michael loves working internationally and is proficient in Spanish and Portuguese. He had an opportunity to gain further practice in Swahili when he went to Kenya on a three-month internship. He also loves enlarging his educational experience by traveling to such places as Brazil and Chile. However, he will be the first to admit that there are downsides to even the best-loved careers. In the foreign



service they are the packing and the separation from relatives and friends.



Happening in New York

(Notes from the wider community)

Sept. 4 Kwe Kwe Nite 8pm -1am
13 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn, NY (Corner of Jefferson & Claver)

Sept. 6 Folk Festival Family Fun Day 10:am – 8pm
5909 Beverly Rd & Ralph Ave., Brooklyn, NY

What a Woman Am I

By Paula Hazlewood

I am a woman:

Full of curiosity. They blame me for the Fall of mankind.

I am clever, insightful and trusting

I saved my son by floating him in a rush basket on the river Nile

I am the princess, compassionate and loving who named the child Moses.

Remember me! I am a gorgeous, statuesque, revered woman,

Who ruled my country Egypt. I ruled the hearts of Caesar and mark Anthony.

I was immortalized by Shakespeare and Elizabeth Taylor's portrayal.

WE are the women who followed Jesus into the age of Christianity;

I saluted his mother with the Magnificat.

I bore the Christ child

I saw him raise my brother from the dead.

I provided charity for the fishermen's family in the city of Joppa.

As for me, I am the woman Jesus met at the well and told me everything I had done.

He told me who he was. I am a disciple. I spread the Good News. I am a woman marching down the ages, I know my past. Each decade sees me strong, resourceful, ambitious and loving.

“LET MY PEOPLE GO!”

I am that determined, brave fearless, faithful woman who sang the songs of freedom in a dreary land as

I led my people on the Underground Railroad out of captivity and oppression. Yes, I am the Black Moses.

I am a West Indian American;

Educator, politician, urban dweller

The first woman and Black to run for the Presidency of the USA

WOMAN AM I

I take my place in this universe.

I can be found in the halls of Congress, Parliament and leading nations.

I am proud; I am a laboring housewife, a secretary, a teacher, a doctor.

I am everywhere, doing everything,

I am the backbone of the family and nation

I, woman rise to all the challenges you give me.

I am a woman often despised, tortured and humiliated

I rise

Like the phoenix

We are conquerors on a journey for justice, peace and compassion

I come to claim my place in the ages

Rejoice woman

Be not cast down

Women! Sisters are we all





Come out and Join Our Commemorative Chorale

Traditionally, the Tri-State Chapter's chorale has sung a musical selection at this event. This year, our committee is organizing a choir with the input of our expert musical adviser, Avis Joseph. The first meeting and rehearsal will be on Tuesday, September 1st at 7pm at the Undercroft of the Church of St. Mark at 1417 Union St, Brooklyn. Subsequent dates for rehearsal will be Saturdays - 12th, 19th and 26th then Tuesday, 29th September respectively at 7pm. We do hope that many of you will participate and make this event of fellowship and commemoration a great success. ☺



“May each to each.....”

By Lyn Morris (1964)

I remember when Bishops' was the center of my social life; a place where my friends went to fulfil their dreams through education. To me, however BHS provided me with a ready-made supply of sisters; the student body was entirely female as were the teachers. As Ms Lucille Campbell declared to me one day in tones meant to terrify, “You believe schools is a social event!”

Both tone and content substance were wasted on me since no other purpose revealed itself on any given day and the meaning of her words did not begin to penetrate until, years later when I entered nursing school. Luckily, I had learned enough in my seven years at

Bishops' to me some distance ahead of my classmates at St. Joe's mercy where I studied nursing. This will always be, for me, a testimony to the caliber of the education provided as the Bishops' High School in Guyana. My potential, had I applied myself better in school is anybody's guess and I have absolutely no regrets!

Last August, I gathered with a thousand or so alumni in Toronto, Canada to celebrate the Tenth International Reunion of the International Chapters of the alma mater and 'catch up' with classmates and friends. We also learned how we can help preserve the legacy I took for granted and pass it on to the current students, who, hopefully grasp more fully what they are receiving. The trip, for me is akin to the journey fish make each year but without the expectation of procreation (mercifully!!!). as I met with small groups of friends from day to day, I marveled again and again how a high school could engender such lingering loyalty among its alumni, which finally includes men and boys! In a time when college students use the Internet to arrange their class reunions, I am secure in the knowledge that reunion activities are on-going and know how to contact just about anyone with whom I shared a classroom; the exception being, of course, those no longer with us. I believe I hit on something years ago which Ms C. may not have known; BHS will always be the place where I make the most lasting friendships; some with alumni who were not even born when I attended! The spirit of kinship is not something I imagine, I'm certain.



So, as I reminisce and smile about the daily distractions we faced as students – the quest for the sweetest tamarind, the ripest mango or the perfect view of the cute boys who hung around Murray Street (now Quaminah Street) straining for a peek, I wonder if the ritual in which we participate every three years in places far and near is simply the personification of God’s answer to the prayer we sang at the beginning and end of each term and and still sing every three years at our Commemoration Service. 📧

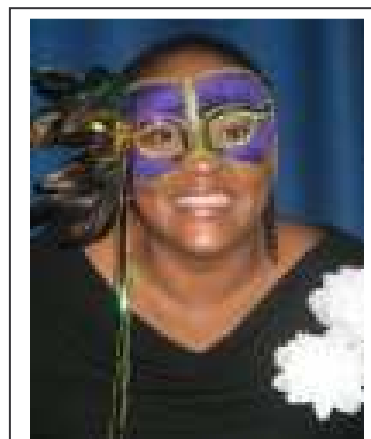
“Mys-tea-rious” Tea Party By Gail Nunes

You may have happened by St. Stephen’s Church on Newkirk Avenue in Brooklyn on a beautiful first Saturday in May, and witnessed the flow of well-dressed men, women, and children entering its gates. You may even have stood outside the entrance to the church Undercroft later that evening and heard the laughter from within. This was the annual event of the Tri-State Chapter, formally dubbed the “Mys-tea-rious” Tea Party.

Past experience taught that with our ever-increasing patronage, we needed to find a bigger venue for this event. The Church of St Stephen was the ultimate choice. And whether it was the element of curiosity about the theme that inspired the overwhelming response, or our success from prior tea party events, the attendance was complete. All tickets were sold out way ahead of the date!

Thanks to the creative talents of our decorators and entertainers, we invoked an atmosphere of suspense and happy expectation throughout this event. As you entered the Undercroft you were greeted by ushers stylishly dressed in black, their faces shielded by masks of every color and style. (A true mystery is already in the making as a guest attempts to identify the welcoming party). Our servers, faces also hidden behind masks, were available to wait hand and foot on our guests. Tables and walls were adorned in carnival style with colorful masks, each table bearing a plaque carrying the name of a renowned mystery writer or character. As always, trays of mouth-watering tea cakes rested on each table. We were never short of tasty treats.

As Hercule Poirot would put it, our “piece de resistance” was the entertainment which came as a



**Jackie Cholmondeley as
Mys-tea-rious MC**

complete surprise to our unsuspecting guests. After the formal welcome and blessing, and an address by President Gillian Sue, our Mistress of



Ceremonies, Jackie Cholmondeley took the stage. There were whispers, audible responses, and titters as Jackie effortlessly kept our guests engaged with quizzes and quips, all the while saving the best for last. Then there were peals of laughter as she introduced the mystery entertainers. From Don King and Angela Davis, to Oprah, Michael Jackson and the Supremes, and even our First Lady, each performer paraded in character while our guests cheered in approval.



Mys-tea-rious Angela, Don King and The Supreme Tea Party gag

We even added an old Headmistress or two to the collection, to the amusement of alumni as recognition was made. It was a truly enjoyable performance.

We are back to the drawing board to find new ideas for next year. Our thanks go out to all those whose hard work made this such a success. Well done, Tri-State! ☺

Condolences



Condolences to the Benjamin & Bone families on the passing of Claire Benjamin, nee Bone, on August 14, 2009. She was the sister of alumnae Lois & Bonita.

Bishops' "Old Boy" starts new Network

Successful New York Businessman Selwyn Collins, a 1979 Bishops' graduate, has done it again! Selwyn recently launched www.CDiBN.com, a Caribbean Diaspora in Business Network. CDiBN is an interactive business directory that promotes Caribbean non-profit organizations, companies, products, services, and authors. Selwyn expects that the website will help the public to "embrace the many business opportunities rooted in a Caribbean business network." Congrats, Selwyn. Good Luck with the network. ☺

Condolences



Condolences are extended to Jean Millington-Whyte and family on the deaths of her brother Cyril Millington, sister Michelle Carryl and nephew Dwight Spencer who died in a car accident on Sat. July 25th 2009. Jean's nephew, Dwight Spencer was also an alumnus of Bishops' High School and related to Timothy Millington, currently one of the Head Students at Bishops'.



Condolences to the Bone family on the passing of their mother, Olga Bone, on July 27th. Olga is the mother of Bonita, Lois Bone(alumnae) and Claire Bone.



Condolences go out to Dainie Clymer, nee Duff on the passing of her husband, Jack Clymer.



UPCOMING EVENTS

- Sept. 1** **Chorale Rehearsal** 7pm
St. Mark's Undercroft, 1417 Union St. Brooklyn
- Sept. 6** **Pre-Labor Day Jam** 7pm -4am
1020 E. 48th St. Brooklyn, NY (Off Farragut)
- Sept. 19** **Meeting** 5pm
St. Mark's, 1417 Union St. Brooklyn, NY 11213
- Oct. 4** **Commemorative Service**
St. Mark's, 1417 Union St. Brooklyn, NY 11213
- Oct. 19** **Annual General Meeting** 5pm
St. Mark's, 1417 Union St. Brooklyn, NY 11213
- Nov. 21** **Meeting** 5pm
St. Johns Church in Queens NY
- Dec. 19** **Meeting-Christmas Party** 5pm
St. Mark's, 1417 Union St. Brooklyn, NY 11213

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PRAYER

Almighty God, giver of all good. We thank you for the abundance of this world, for the diverse gifts of your peoples and the natural majesty of all your creation. We ask that you help each of us to recognize your gifts and see our humble roles in uncovering the richness of your life to this world. Guide us to look beyond our weaknesses and our complaints and our doubts, to use your gifts and talents and our faith in your abundance to meekly bring your peace and your healing and your love and your richness to all; that all who are lonely, sick, grieving or in any need whatever may feel the power of your loving, healing, filling spirit in their lives and be whole. This we ask as we praise and glorify your name O God. AMEN

THANKS

The Newsletter Committee and the Executive of the New York Tri-State Chapter extend sincere thanks to all who contributed to the success of this Newsletter. Special Thanks to Claire Goring for printing.

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