



ECTOPIC MURMURS

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Opinions and articles published herein are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect that of the FEUDNSM Alumni Foundation

BOARD MEETS MARCH 31ST in SAN FRANCISCO

Calendar- and weather-wise, the traditional Winter meeting of the FEUDNRSM Board of Trustees is a Spring meeting this year.

With the Winter 2011-2012 so mild, unusually warm and minimally snowy, the meeting scheduled for Sunday, March 31, 2012, at the Crowne Plaza Hotel Resort in Burlingame CA 94010 will be a blast.

Please call 800-411-7275 and use the code FNM to reserve at the hotel which is about 10 minutes from San Francisco Airport. The hotel rate is \$95 per night; and a free shuttle will be available 24 hours a day from SFO to Crowne Plaza.

The business agenda to be preceded by an hour of Category I AMA - PMAC Physician Recognition Award continuing medical education by Arsenio Martin MD on *Pulmonology Update* and as already noted in an earlier issue is, as follows:

1. Opening Prayer – Dr Noli Guinigundo
2. Roll call by Dr Minda Santangelo
3. Approval of previous meeting minutes (Dr Santangelo)
4. Chairman’s report – Dr P C Rivera,

continue to page 17

Message from the CHAIRMAN

In March 1842, Dr

Crawford Long used ether as a general anesthetic for the first time while performing surgery to remove a tumor from a man’s neck. It has been reported that he charged \$0.25 for the anesthetic and \$2.00 for the



PEPITO C
RIVERA MD

surgery. One hundred years later, on March 14, 1942, Dr Orvan Hess went to meet with another physician to discuss possible treatment options for one of his patients who was near death. As he waited for the physician to wake up, he noticed a Reader’s Digest and read an article about soil bacteria being used to fight *Streptococcal* infection in animals. He researched further and found that the new drug had not been tried on humans, decided to try it on his patient and after only one injection, witnessed the beginning of her recovery. The new drug was Penicillin.

I think it appropriate that these breakthrough achievements occurred during the

continue to page 16

FAITH CORNER

REV MELVIN ANTONIO MD⁶⁵

The Season of Lent which



REV MELVIN
ANTONIO MD

begins on Ash Wednesday is the busiest season for clergy. I apologize for not providing

my readers an article in the FEUMAANI March issue. As I catch a breather, I offer Ectopic Murmurs readers my thoughts on this season of faith reflection and renewal.

Verses from the book of the prophet Joel (Chapter 2) is traditionally read on Ash Wednesday at many Christian churches. The prophet wrote his book presumably during the period of reconstruction of the holy Temple in Jerusalem as the Israelites returned from exile in Babylon. It was during the exile that God’s people reflected on the reasons why they were taken captive and their Temple and their cities destroyed. They came to the conclusion that their idolatry and their open disobedience of God’s statutes caused their misfortunes. They needed words of hope and encouragement as they rebuilt their cities and the Temple. Joel shows the Lord using and

continue to page 16

SILENT PRAYERS OF BLISSFUL FEELING

A Tribute to Eve and
Fred Munar

ULYSSES M CARBAJAL
MD MTh

Introduction. When I opened my computer. April 27, 2005 how shocked I was to pick out a news item regarding the passing



ULYSSES M
CARBAJAL MD

away of Rogativa Pinaroc Munar (Eve, for short)! And the month of her demise was March — the same month when Paz Milaor-Poblete, our piano teacher, breathed her last. As previously published in the *Cyberlink* — the official internet newsletter of the Adventist University of the Philippines (AUP), Paz' demise had evoked nostalgic memories on *Just a Song at Twilight* — a majestic piece she had taught me to play on the piano. Likewise, even more profoundly, the death of Eve, a budding pianist, now reminded me of another enthralling song --- Schubert's *Serenade*:

*Through the leaves, the night
winds moving,
Murmur low and sweet;
To thy chamber window, roving,
Love hath led my fee;
Silent prayers of blissful feeling
Link us though apart. . .*

continue to page 11

THE DUMPSITE OF MANILA'S GARBAGE RUMINATIONS OF ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVIST

This is the fourth of a series of
articles on environmental
havoc to our land

CESAR D CANDARI MD
FCAP Emeritus



CESAR
CANDARI MD

I am the founder and chairman of PANDAN ANTIQUE FOUNDATION Inc (PAF). PAF has reached a huge milestone in Antique's history when in November 2000, four months into its existence, it was put to a rigorous test as it took a stand to oppose Metro Manila Development Authority's plan of Jejomar Binay to dump Metro Manila's garbage in Semirara Island, Antique province. As chairman of PAF, I took charge of the strong protest in open letters to the powers that be in Philippine political leaders.

It started this way: A hot topic about what to do with Metro Manila's trash problem is under consideration by the Metro Manila Management Authority (MMDA). Remember the recent Payatas and the Smokey Mountain's sad stories about their garbage? Now the San Mateo landfill in Rizal province will be closed by the end of the year and Manila's garbage must be dumped

continue to page 8

TENDERLY YOURS

NOLI C GUINIGUNDO MD⁶²
This time around, Ding and I had plenty of time to attend the



NOLI C
GUINIGUNDO MD

Balik-FEU. Last year we missed all the continuing medical education meetings and the grand ball

at the Crowne Plaza Hotel Manila Galleria. The uncertainty of the weather was to blame on it, a nasty snow in Detroit and Memphis.

Memphis did not snow clean and made it difficult to land or take off at the airport.

Detroit was fine.

This time, we scheduled our trip one week earlier and we had a good allowance for delays, etc.

We had plenty of time to prepare for the *Balik-FEU*. Our plane took us from Monroe to Atlanta, then straight flight from Tokyo to Manila. NAIA airport was less crowded and got through the line smoothly and without much hustle.

We went straight to Manila Galleria in Pasig, the place I have recommended to our classmates and those who are coming home first time. The place is next door to the Crowne Plaza Hotel Manila Galleria, the venue of the *Balik FEU* grand ball and also next door to the Robinson Mall. The latter is a multi-floor modern shopping area that has always been home to me and Ding.

Wednesday, January 25th was for golf. Thursday, January

continue to page 14

ECHO FROM THE PAST

A Lasting Legacy PHILIP S CHUA MD⁶¹



PHILIP S
CHUA MD

Let us not have the delusion that we are Americans simply because we are citizens of the United States. Our DNA is unalterable.

We are forever Filipinos and should be proud of our noble heritage.

I beseech all of you, my fellow alumni and fellow Filipinos, to always remember our *Lupang Hinirang* and our wonderful people back home.

As I have stated before, leaving this world after this life is not a tragedy. Dying without significance, without making a difference, without leaving behind a good legacy, is.

As we gracefully travel to the twilight years of our life, looking at the golden horizon beyond, soul-searching as to what good we have done in this world, let us also reach out to our Motherland with love and compassion, and leave behind a beautiful and lasting legacy our children and their children can be proud of for generations to come.

Let us, therefore, banner with pride our love for the land of our birth and achieve, in our final hour, the inner peace and sense of genuine fulfillment, knowing that we have been true to ourselves, and leave this world an enduring legacy of honor and dignity.

Excerpts from a valedictory address as the FEUDNRSMAF 2002-2004 Board Chairman at the 25th annual reunion and scientific convention in Troy MI, July 17 2004.

CLASS⁵⁹ MORAYTA Mini-Reunion

ROLANDO RECIO MD⁵⁹

It all began while singing the FEU Hymn at the opening of the scientific papers program in the 2009 *Balik*-FEU general homecoming at the Fairview Campus. When we came to the phrase, "In thy happy halls our young hearts saw the light...." I made a double take when it struck a chord; it did not feel right. Our Class graduated while our Alma Mater was still at the old Morayta Campus and here we were at the new more modern building but which felt very foreign to us. I did not finish singing because I was thinking about it. A few days later we celebrated our Golden Jubilee at Sofitel Hotel in Pasay City after which those of us who came from the United States returned to our adopted country.

Two years passed. Then, when a small group of our classmates here in Manila met again to discuss our class follow-up mini-reunion scheduled for 2012, the question that came up was, "Why not have the mini-reunion at the old Morayta Campus in order to give it a semblance of truly going back to our real home where the Science Building was?" The decision we reached was unanimous.

Through the help of Nene Balcos, Class⁵⁷ and former secretary of the FEU Institute of Medicine, a meeting was arranged between the chair of the Board of Trustees, Dr Lourdes Reyes-Montinola and

continue to page 8

ANTI-MINING ANTIQU PROVINCE SHALLOW TOWN OFFICIALS

This is the third of a series of articles on environmental havoc to our land

CESAR D CANDARI MD⁶¹ FCAP Emeritus



CESAR
CANDARI MD

In my article, *Anti-Mining Antique Province* second of a series (ECTOPIC MURMURS 2012), I wrote

"Who are we to blame? Those people we have elected to lead us are the ones we must fault. They are shallow because they have become enslaved by gross materialism, by the glitter of gold and its equivalents."

The following was a product of exchanges of opinion with Ed Rodillon, a co-protester from my hometown. For edification, it was written with my hope it is not a rant and rage, rather an erudite literary expedition. Not a shallow parody.

Introduction. More questions than answers. Our leaders must embrace transparency. Funny as this may sound, isn't it that the male dog when it urinates, shows transparency? It has nothing to hide. Our Politicos have a bunch to hide, some gave them a cognomen - 'a bull', not a bad word; we have assortments of question, no answers. Some leaders are not like the bulldogs.

According to the American Kennel Club (AKC) a

Bulldog's "disposition should be equable and kind, resolute and courageous (not vicious or aggressive), and demeanor should be pacific and dignified. These attributes should be countenanced by the expression and behavior."

Is it not that a town official is voted into office because he has convinced the citizenry into believing that he will be a good and dependable leader worthy of our trust, who would protect us and fight for us, respect and uphold our rights, listen to our problems, recognize our human values and bring greatness to our town?. A good objective of leadership is to help those who are doing poorly to do well and to help those who are doing well to do even better. A shallow leadership.

Is it not that a town official who intends to genuinely serve his constituents should be on the same side and interests as those whom he governs? And for which he should earn the unwavering support and admiration of the townspeople as their champion? A shallow, diabolical and hypocrite.

Is it not that one who truly professes to create and leave a legacy of his term of duty, should create a record of clean, humane, pro-people, and well-accepted acts and deeds that his people continue to praise, admire and remember long after he has served his tenure? A shallow and silly.

Is it not that sitting at the helm of a government unit bestows upon you the collective trust and confidence of the general population that their interests and welfare are in

good and able hands, and that you will be their voice determined and committed to speak out for them and their posterity? Shallow understanding from people.

Why then do you, our respected and esteemed public officials, now betray that sacred trust and mandate to safeguard what is dear and valuable to us? Shallow eye of humanity.

Why do you continue to be deaf, insensitive and unsympathetic to our pleas for help and intervention despite the overwhelming clamor for you to show decisive action and be responsive those reaching out to you from your domain?

Mining at Northwest Panay at areas sought to be protected under various acts of government is a scourge to the inhabitants and a travesty of the rights of the residents. Allowing yourselves to be used as pawns of strangers who seek to destroy and wreak havoc to the land that gives us water to drink and bathe, clean air to breathe, animals and plants for food and shelter, and natural blessings to enjoy and admire, is betrayal and treachery by you who we trusted and expected to uphold us against such kind of evil.

Material gains will pass away and in time you will no longer derive pleasure from them. But the stigma of your misdeeds and sins to mankind will haunt you up to your grave and long after you have left this world, and you will be remembered as the ones who caused the destruction and irreversible deterioration of the environment in what was once a beautiful God-crafted paradise meant to be enjoyed by the greater multitude of simpler folks that you have allowed to

be trampled upon and left to languish in misery and deprivation.

It is a pity that a greedy few would cannibalize their own neighbors and town mates for short-lived glory and gluttony, where a greater lot could have been allowed to live and exist in peace and health in harmony with nature and environmental providence. The damage is not yet absolute. You who have done us wrong can still rectify your blunders.

Think deep and hard and make that critical decision to change your name in history forever, as one who fought for us so that many will live and survive. Be remembered as someone who never succumbed to the temptation of gold and power, but one who lived according to his conscience, who opened his eyes to the overwhelming calls for justice and life, and did not allow the plague of destruction and exploitation to bury his own constituency.

Heroes are made out of extraordinary people. Unfortunately, monsters are created out of sometimes the best of minds that have been distorted and driven crazy by the taste of power and wealth. We will all be judged in the end – be prepared for yours! Choose well. Not a toxic leader, 'little Hitler'/manager from hell'.

Dr Cesar D Candari is an author of a book entitled "**SUCCESS IS A JOURNEY**" memoirs of a Filipino American doctor creating a life from Antique to America. Visit [www. amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com); <http://www.pandan.ph> <http://www.pandan.ph/news/2010/11/08/from-antique-to-america-memoirs-of-a-filipino-american-doctor/>. He writes a weekly column in Philippines Times Southern Nevada

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Belated congratulations, I just got confirmation from Rene Ramos that you're the current Editor of the **ECTOPIC MURMURS**. I should have known but believe it or not, I have been really out of the loop the past three years because since our 50th Class⁵⁹ anniversary in 2009. I have been on a sojourn here at my hometown of Infanta, Quezon in our *Bayang Magiliw*.

The reason for this email is I want to submit a short article with a picture attachment of our Class⁵⁹ mini-reunion held on January 29, 2012 for possible publication in the **ECTOPIC MURMURS**. This was a follow-up class reunion since our 50th.

Due to sentimental reason(s) we decided to have it at the old Morayta Campus of our Alma Mater. Fortunately, the officers of FEU gave us the go signal and the celebration went smoothly. This mini-reunion would be one of a series follow-up to our Grand 50th as long as some of us can still travel. As you can see, our Class president, Leonardo (Bursing) Ona Jr is already on an electric wheel chair. A good number of our remaining classmates cannot travel anymore, mostly for health reasons.

In the picture are the chair of the Board of Trustees of FEU, Dr Lourdes Reyes-Montinola, the FEU President, Dr Lydia B. Echauz, and one of the only two surviving former professors of ours, Dr Isidro Gutierrez of Ob-Gyn.

The other surviving professor, Dr Flordeliza Baltazar, was under the weather and could not come.

ROLANDO RECIO MD⁵⁹

Interested to establish a **Professorial Chair Fund**

in your name or of
someone you wish to
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Please inquire with
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COMMENTS
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news releases
letters to the editor
column proposal and
manuscripts are invited.

Email submission, including
figures or pictures, is
preferred.

**ECTOPIC
MURMURS**

Deadline for the
April 2012 issue

April 15, 2012

Please address submissions to
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MARCH QUOTE

I will bless the Lord at all
times:

His praise shall continually be
in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast
in the Lord:

The humble shall hear of it
and be glad.

Oh magnify the Lord with me,
and let us exalt His name
together.

I sought the Lord and He
heard me, and delivered
me from all my fears!!

Psalm 34: 1-4



CLASS⁵⁹ MORAYTA MINI-REUNION. *FEU* chairman of the board Dr Lourdes R Montinola in teal green outfit is fifth from right in first row, while Dr Lydia Echauz, *FEU* president, is extreme right.



WELCOME group picture for the *Vigan* City missionaries



A red-shirt day for the missionaries.

MARCH IMAGES MEDICAL SURGICAL MISSION PHOTOGRAPHY



VIGAN by THARA GAGNI RN



VIGAN by THARA GAGNI RN



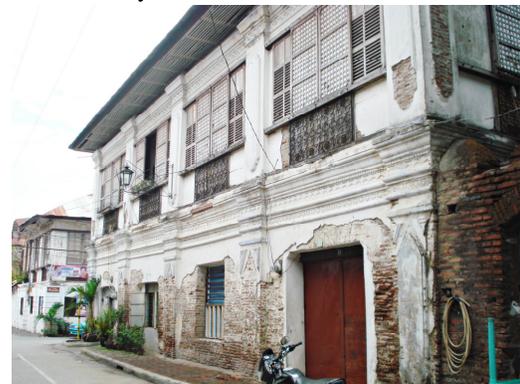
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VIGAN by THARA GAGNI RN



SAN ESTEBAN by THARA GAGNI RN



DEL CASTILLO'S ANCESTRAL HOME

CLASS⁵⁹

continued from page 3

the president of FEU, Dr Lydia B Echauz, with our Class president, Bursing Ona and myself. The director of FEU Alumni Affairs, Mr Martin Lopez was also in the meeting.

After the FEU chair of the Board and University president both granted our request, they instructed Mr Martin to keep the ball rolling. Later, the FEU Alumni Foundation Inc also offered its support.

Our mini-reunion was held on Sunday, January 29, 2012. It was a beautiful day, a day that reminds one of what inspired the poet to write, "God is in His heaven and everything was right with the world."

Nineteen classmates came, some with their spouses. were seven from the U. S. The program started with a 9:30 am. mass at the FEU Chapel officiated by Father Michael Davitti, SX. It was at the very same Chapel where we had our baccalaureate mass held a few days before our graduation fifty three years ago. The readings of the gospels and bringing of the gifts to the altar were all performed by '59ers.

The biggest surprise was the arrival of Madam Chair and Madam President who joined us for the mass and picture taking afterwards with our classmates, a very pleasant surprise, indeed. Of the only two surviving professors of ours whom we personally invited, Dr Rosario Isidro-Gutierrez was able to come. Dr Flordeliza Baltazar, also former mentor in Obstetrics Gynecology and former Dean of

the Institute of Medicine could not come because she was not feeling well.

As a token of our appreciation, the class gave Dr Montinola and Dr Echauz each, a long stemmed yellow rose in full bloom, symbolic of our gratitude. A plaque was given to Dr Isidro-Gutierrez (and in *absentia* to Dr. Baltazar) with the inscription thanking them with: "She who teaches me for a day, became my teacher forever." Everyone present could feel the most sincere of THANK YOUs from our special guests. That really made our day.

It has been said that "One cannot really go back." But, on that day, to us of Class⁵⁹, being in long forgotten surroundings, looking even in a flicker through that proverbial time hole, we had a glimpse of those memorable moments in the past along those happy halls in the Science Building we call "HOME." That going home was enough for us, brief though it may be.

DUMPSITE

continued from page 2

somewhere. No municipality near Manila would agree to being the garbage dump, no matter how much bribe was offered to them. Therefore, the Manila garbage must be dumped elsewhere. It was reported that the Philippine government has earmarked P1 billion to fund the operations of a proposed disposal facility to be operational on January 1, 2001.

Now the crux of the matter!

The MMDA plans to use the island of Semirara of Caluya town, in the province of Antique, as the new dumping ground for the trash. Semirara Island is only a few kilometers away from Pandan Bay, the hometown of this writer. It is a breath away from the world-famous Boracay Beach Resort in Aklan province. It is about 300 kilometers from Manila by sea. What in the world did MMDA chairman Jejomar Binay think of when he considered the province of Antique to be Manila's dumping site? Does he really think that the Antiquenos are that gullible and he expects them to say nothing about this preposterous decision? I say this is foul!

It is interesting to note that DMCI-RII Builders Consortium and Waste Action Recycling, Inc. (WAR), the two big companies vying for the contract for dumping of waste, are tipping a fee of P950 per metric ton. We are talking about 2,000 metric tons of garbage to be dumped daily. One can imagine the financial gains these companies will net from the garbage contract that they may be blinded by the money and become indifferent to the many environmental hazards the people in the Antique region will be exposed to.

We must not sacrifice the health and safety of the residents of Semirara and those in the nearby towns of Antique like Pandan, Libertad, and Culasi, and the town of Malay in Aklan province. We must preserve their ecosystems. Caluya and its neighboring

islands like Boracay, have pristine beaches, coral formations, and marine life that provide a fertile fishing ground for the islanders' food and their fishing industry. Seashells abound, and some of them are rare species. Caluya has also been declared by the Philippine Ministry of Natural Resources as a bird and turtle sanctuary. Its beaches have white sand and its waters are ideal for scuba diving and spear fishing. What will happen if one of the barges loaded with garbage gets caught in the rough sea and sinks, or if the crew decides to dump the garbage into the sea? The millions of pounds of garbage per year from the Metropolis are potential pollutants of toxins and carcinogens that could leach into the groundwater. The incineration can release dioxins into the atmosphere.

The people of Caluya have been complaining about the operations of the Semirara Coal Corporation (SCC) in Semirara. It has dumped extracted soil from its mine into the sea, destroying the coral reefs and killing the fishes. However, despite the mounting oppositions from the islanders, the government's Department of Environment and Natural Resources granted SCC an environmental compliance certificate. Lo and behold! SCC is a subsidiary of DMCI Holdings, the consortium that is interested in the Semirara dumpsite contract. And now dump in Semirara the garbage from Manila? Antiquenos, are we going to take this lying down? This is a brazen disregard for our basic right to live in a clean environment. Let's not forget what our hero,

Jose Rizal, said: "There are no tyrants where there are no slaves." It is time to stop ourselves from being tyrannized by arrogant officials of the government in Manila. Remember that big money is being considered in this dumpsite project. We hope that our local leaders and politicians will not be swayed or lured by the big bucks being dangled before them in exchange for their approval of the plan. Can we trust our leaders? It behooves us, people of Antique, natives of Semirara and Caluya, to stand up and resist this ridiculous and dangerous proposal.

There are many options open to us, natives of Antique, but complacency and meekness should not be among them. Although we are already U.S. citizens, we still support our families in the Philippines by sending them our dollars. Our dollars help the economy of the country. We can influence our relatives' choices in the upcoming elections. We need a strong lobby to achieve our goals. We need to write or e-mail the local politicians in our province. The whole of our letters is greater than the sum of all its parts.

The residents of Caluya must also be informed about the potential health hazards of the proposed dumpsite in Semirara. Let them carry the initiative to oppose the MMDA plan. We, the Pandan Antique Foundation, Inc. (PAF) and Pagtatap USA, based in California, and the □ Pagtatap Foundation, Inc. in Manila, Philippines, and all the Antiquenos abroad are outraged and vehemently opposed to

Metro Manila Development Authority's (MMDA) plan to use Semirara Island as the dumping site for Metro Manila's waste. Semirara Island is approximately 300 kilometers away from Manila by air. Located at the northern end of the province of Antique, it is only two kilometers away from Pandan Bay in Pandan, Antique, and fewer than forty kilometers from the world-famous Boracay Island Resort in the province of Aklan. As professionals who were born and raised in Pandan and now living abroad, we have made our mission to help improve the lives and well being of those in Pandan. We are vigilant in preserving Pandan's environment and natural resources. Because of this, we strongly oppose the plan to make Semirara the new garbage dumpsite for Metro Manila's waste. We are told that the people of Semirara and Caluya, its neighboring island, have criticized the Semirara Coal Corporation (SCC). This water pollution from the mining operation has already begun to attack the coral reefs despite the natives' complaints, the Department of Natural Resources still granted SCC a certificate of compliance. And, SCC is a subsidiary of one of the companies interested in obtaining the dumpsite contract! We know how valuable coral reefs are to the worldwide ecosystems. Now with the potential of hazardous and toxic run-off, not only is the coral reef threatened, but also so are the fishing and resort industry of the waters surrounding Semirara, Caluya, Sibay, Boracay, and indeed the whole bay of Pandan.

We want to ask MMDA the following questions: Why can't Metro Manila dump its own garbage in its own backyard? Why do you want to pass on your toxic waste and refuse to the residents of a neglected and underdeveloped province of Antique? Is it because you can't stand the sight and smell of your own garbage? If so, what right do you have to sully the waters of Pandan Bay and destroy the town's fishing industry and main source of food supply? How can you justify destroying Pandan's quality of life and polluting its ecosystem? Do you think that *Antiquenos* are gullible that you expect them to say nothing and just accept your preposterous decision? Some prominent government officials have come from our town like the late Chief Justice Calixto Zaldivar and the first Central Bank Governor, later National Treasurer of the Philippines Vicente Gella. Congressman Tobias Fornier chaired the Appropriations Committee during his tenure. Peter Garrucho Jr., Secretary of Tourism.

We rise in protest to the Semirara dumpsite plan. We are asking the Greenpeace Organization, the environmental preservation agencies, and others groups sympathetic to our cause to help us in our fight against the invasion of our islands by the careless, indifferent polluters from Manila. We are also asking the neighboring towns and provinces of Antique to stand up and voice their opposition to this outrageous proposal. Let us unite to protect our threatened towns and islands. OPPOSE

THE SEMIRARA ISLAND DUMPSITE!"

I cannot forget the emotionally powerful protest of Pandananons all over the world. So many letters, editorials, commentaries were written coming from people abroad and the tireless work of *Pandananons* in Manila Philippines, led by Dr. Bobby Alojipan. It was a hard-fought battle against formidable odds, but with Pandan Antique Foundation (PAF) in California, Pagtatap USA, Pagtatap Philippines, and United *Antiquenos* rallying behind, along with the financial support from *Pandananons* (natives of Pandan) and their friends all over the world, Semirara Island was left untouched and unsullied. The strength, staying power, and success of PAF's endeavors are greatly dependent on individuals and organizations that are generous of their time, talent, and resources to help accomplish PAF's goals.

With the barges still in Semirara, a threat loomed that President Estrada was going to issue a special proclamation to use Semirara as a dumpsite to accommodate the worsening garbage crisis in Manila. The dreaded presidential mandate almost became a certainty; we thought we had lost the fight and were doomed. However, we mustered up our strength to yet rise up again and salvage the remnants of our resolve to fight till our last breath. And we prayed. Then, Philippines' little President Angara came to our side. And finally, Presidential Legislative Liaison to the Senate, Sally Zaldivar-Perez, a native of Pandan, told the Manila press that the president

released the order for the barges to return to Manila. Reflecting upon our crusade to save Semirara, we knew right from the start that embarking upon a mission of this magnitude was an uphill battle. As we relied on each other for spirit and stamina, we came to develop a special level of affection for each other and a greater appreciation for what life is all about. We clung to each other for our constant source of sustenance and perseverance as we tackled the tumultuous urgency and demands of our plight.

The Semirara saga had its moments of glory, despair and anger. It was a test of our faith in God and each other. It is amazing how a mere handful of our stalwart members in the Philippines - Bob Alojipan, Ed Rodillon, Ben Candari, Mimi Ortega, Jiji Bautista Ezequiel, and Ursula Bautista Kung – the logistical support of three Pandananon organizations in the US, and the equally dedicated allied groups of *Antiquenos* in Antique and Boracay could wage and win the war. What started out as an open letter opposing the dumpsite from three organizations of Pandan, based in Manila and in the U.S., mushroomed into a campaign that caught like wildfire. The support from the provinces of Aklan, Capiz, Iloilo, Negros, Cebu, Mindoro, Marinduque, Romblon, and Palawan, and our incessant lobbying with the Philippine senators had an effective impact.

Coming out as victors, we realize we have built a treasury of power, talents, goodwill, and respect towards each other over

the weeks that we “fought as one” to out-manuever and topple our formidable enemy. This is one of the proudest moments of our lives, knowing that we have turned the tides to free Semirara and return this peaceful, beautiful island to its people. From this moment of rare significance, we have become aware that within us exists this potent, albeit latent, impetus to rise and respond to calls to defend the land of our birth whenever we sense it as being threatened. We know now, more than ever, that with this awakening, Antique will never be left alone and defenseless against aggression and invasion of tyranny and plunder. For this, history will remember the sweet victory of our Semirara crusade.

THE NAPOCOR PROBLEM
On September 20, 2002, the National Power Corporation (Napocor) wrote a letter addressed to Mayor Plaridel “John” Sanchez of Pandan, Antique, requesting his endorsement from the Sangguniang Bayan (SB) of Pandan to erect in the municipality, specifically at Danao, Patria, a 110 Megawatt diesel power plant. Reportedly, the plan was to transfer to Pandan a 9-year-old diesel power plant, which was constructed by the Enron Power Development Corporation, from the province of Batangas.

The PAF and Pagtatap USA/Philippines and Pandananons all over the world reacted badly to the proposal. The impact was like the

Semirara Dumpsite nightmare resurrected before its bitter taste had settled into oblivion in the minds of the protesters. Once again, letters of protest reached the mayor and the council members.

The Napocor project was discontinued

SILENT

continued from page 2

Participating in a Song Competition. World War II was dismal and often foreboding. But one event in the summer of 1943 will ever shine in my memory like a radiant morning star. This took place during a much-publicized song competition held at the capitol grounds of Bayombong, Nueva Vizcaya. Hopefully, a fellow teacher-friend (Bob de Leon) and I participated by singing a duet-improvisation of Schubert’s *Serenade*. We had harbored secretly the thought that the popularity of this song, coupled with the nigh perfect blending of our voices, would catapult us into championship. Much to our dismay, the judges did not see eye to eye with our personal wish and expectation. We lost.

“Congratulations! Your voices blended very well,” we heard from behind the familiar voice of Eve, who was then accompanied by a teacher-friend, Ines Ramiento, who were both residing in Solano, Nueva Vizcaya. Their attending the said competition was a pleasant surprise, and Eve’s complimentary remark came in time as a healing balm to our fallen spirit. And more

significantly, this friendly encounter promptly ushered in an exciting and lesson-filled chapter in my life.

At that time, my assigned task was teaching grades one to four in a far-flung church school in Lantap, Bagabag, Nueva Vizcaya, about nine miles north of Solano, the largest town of the province. Inspired by her soothing words of congratulation after that song competition, I started visiting with Eve and her family in Solano every other weekend. These visits were a welcome break in my hectic schedule of teaching young kids and of treating the unattended sick in the community. (The untimely death of my youngest brother Jun in Aritao, Nueva Vizcaya had led me to learn the art of treating the sick at the office-clinic of my uncle Dr. Cirilo Sanchez in Solano. There was then no doctor in Aritao, nor in Bagabag.)

How I enjoyed the *pinacet* (slices of eggplant, ampalaya, and ripe tomatoes, all stewed with ginger and salted fish sauce), which Eve would cook as well as the music she would play on the old organ as I sang a few songs! And, of course, our favorite piece was Schubert’s *Serenade*. These visits on weekends soon became more frequent, drawing the scrutinizing attention of Mr. Pablo Poblete, the newly appointed Educational Director for the Adventist Northern Luzon Mission. Before WWII, Mr. Poblete had boarded with the Pinaroc family for a few months.

Suspension and Reinstatement. One day after

the last class period, Mr. Poblete, who had inspired and convinced me to teach in church school, showed up unexpectedly to convey a nerve-wrecking message: “Ulysses, sorry but you must turn over the lesson plan book to Miss Ramiento.” I was stunned and speechless. “I am doing this for your good,” he concluded.

That was a bleak day in my life. I had learned to love my pupils, and it was a lot of fun teaching finger plays to the first graders, and drilling the arithmetic class with flash cards on multiplication. And now for no obvious cause and without any admonitory warning, he was meting out an unkind and derogatory verdict on me. Restraining feelings of anger, I obeyed his order.

Fortunately, the church school board members came unanimously to my succor. But before they could send their appeal to the Mission for my reinstatement, Mr. Poblete returned, apologizing,

“Sorry, Ulysses,” he said, “I’ve found out that the rumors are not true. I learned from reliable sources that your visits to Solano have been simply for an evening of music and fun.”

Supporting Event in School. A few weeks after I resumed teaching, Mr. Poblete, with the concurrence of his wife Paz, presented to me a plan for Eve to enroll in the Northern Luzon Academy, located in Artacho, Sison, Pangasinan. Here, Paz was Registrar and English teacher.

Eve and her younger sister Romaning had lost their Mom when they were in the elementary grades; and their Dad, Mr. Pinaroc, married a

much younger woman. Unfortunately, they were not capable of continuing to support the two sisters at school during the war.

“How about taking care of her tuition, while we provide board and lodging?” Mr. and Mrs. Poblete suggested.

The proposal appeared logical, I thought, although this would interrupt my enjoying Eve’s playing the organ during weekends. But the concept of reciprocating Eve for taking time to play accompaniment for my songs began to sparkle in my heart, eclipsing all others. More importantly, I began to realize the dangers which Eve had more than once confided to me. There were two boys—one a soldier and the other a big-bodied tough guy—who kept hounding her. In fact, I had once met the former, while visiting Eve in Solano. The other, I learned, was among those who serenaded while I was visiting one late evening. There was no doubt, this “separation” would prove beneficial for Eve as well as for me. She would not be molested anymore by the two guys, and I could now concentrate on teaching.

Another Visitation. A few months later, during summer vacation, I was hired to assist an evangelist who was holding open-air meetings in a remote barrio by the banks of Agno River in the town of Bayambang, which was only 25 miles south of Artacho, the “little city” made famous by the Northern Luzon Academy. It was during this time that I had a chance to visit with Eve in Artacho, while still working for the Pobletes, who had become

like second parents to her; for she was now an orphan.

“Mr. and Mrs. Poblete,” I offered. “Thank you so much for accommodating Eve in your home.”

Postwar Memories. After World War II, I had to resume my studies at Philippine Union College (PUC) and two years later at Manila Central University (MCU), bent on becoming a doctor. In the meantime, Eve and Romaning continued to stay with the Pobletes, who were now teaching at PUC, for another year before moving to Sampaloc, Manila. Nevertheless, Eve was not entirely forgotten, nor did she forget the happy moments spent with her in Solano during the war.

One day I received an invitation to her birthday party in Sampaloc, Manila. There, I had a chance again to sing Schubert’s *Serenade*, with her at the piano. But there were several other interested guys, too, who each contributed a love song. I suddenly recalled how she had been hounded by non-Adventist suitors during the war. But after finding out that Eve had moved from PUC to Far Eastern University (FEU) to pursue resolutely a Master’s degree in Education, I felt relieved.

During graduation time at MCU in May, 1952, she showed up unexpectedly with her friend Esmenia Cacal, presenting to me a beautiful tie, with music notes embroidered on it, as well as an expensive wallet. I thanked her for making my graduation in the medical school a happy and memorable event.

“These gifts are nothing in comparison to what you kindly did for me during the war,” she said, rather childishly, her dimples deepening.

“Can I ever forget how much I had enjoyed your playing accompaniment for Schubert’s *Serenade*?” I said, restraining myself from hugging her.

Parting Time. My last contact with her in the Philippines took place during my birthday party, August 10, 1952, at the Bachelors’ Quarters in Pasay City, half a block away from the Manila Sanitarium and Hospital (MSH) in Pasay City, where I was now working as staff physician. An embarrassing event took place in my life, resulting in my deciding suddenly to leave the country for further training abroad. (At first it had been rumored that I was topnotcher in the Medical Board Exams in 1952. Much to my dismay and embarrassment, I found out later that I was arbitrarily flunked in three subjects to take me out of the top ten.)

Thereafter, I completely lost track of Eve for almost two decades, except my learning from Pastor Victor Aladin in Honolulu that she soon moved there after my sailing for Los Angeles, with Jovita, in December 10, 1952.

An Unexpected Reunion at the Hechanova Residence.

It was not until I had switched to theology that we would cross paths again. I was then visiting with the Hechanovas (Fidela and Jun) in their lovely home in Berrien Springs, MI, making arrangements for the Andrews University to set up an EENT clinic, banking on Jun’s strong

recommendation. (Dr. Hechanova had served as a rotating intern at MSH0, where I had been in charge of the interns’ training program in EENT. Now he was a Physician and Faculty member at the Andrews University in Berrien Springs.) This was the only way whereby I would be enabled to pursue my studies at the Seminary, after finishing the M. Div. course in the Far East Theological Seminary at PUC in Baesa, Caloocan City.

During that first visit with the Hechanovas, Fidela had stealthily managed, within a few minutes, to fetch Eve, all by herself, to socialize with us. Once more, the war years and post-liberation time were recalled and lived anew in exultant nostalgia. We had a wonderful time reminiscing the past, including our listening to and singing Schubert’s *Serenade*.

Here at the Hechanova residence, I found out, in greater detail, that Eve had pursued her studies in Honolulu, HI, soon after learning about my marriage with Jovita. This “disappointment” almost broke her heart. There (providentially) she soon traded nuptial vows with a dedicated minister who was seriously involved in Temperance work, as I used to do in the Philippines. Then the couple moved to Andrews University area. And Eve was now occupied with teaching chores in at least two schools in the community, ready for promotion. I could not help but silently thank God for providing Eve an Adventist husband, thus relieving me of the fear that I

might have become a stumbling block to her.

More importantly, I could recall once more how her Dad had once disclosed to me, “Son, I hope you will continue in acting like a brother to my daughter.” That was the main reason, I reminisced, why I had offered my financial and moral support to Eve in order to finish High School in the Northern Luzon Academy.

Years of Friendship. And now here in Berrien Springs, many years of close friendship with the Munar family (Fred and Eve) was about to commence. How often would I be called in consultation when Eve was ill disposed or suffering from severe colds! I virtually became their family doctor. Of course, I still enjoyed her cooking *pinacbet* once in a while.

When their daughter wanted to enroll at MCU College of Medicine, Fred and Eve sought my help. Evidently, they had learned about my teaching at MCU for a few years. Joyfully, I flew to MCU to make the proper arrangements with Dean Victor Valenzuela so that their daughter would be accepted and could finish the medical course.

Then the time came for Jovita and me to move to Los Angeles in order to continue my studies at Fuller Theological Seminary. I had to phase out my EENT practice in Berrien Springs and Buchanan, MI, spending three days a month, performing surgeries at Unity Hospital in Buchanan. The Munars kindly offered to take care of my mail in the local post office, and to deposit payments of patients in the local bank. Occasionally, they kept me

posted (by long distance phone calls) of my patients' post-operative progress, too. This convenient arrangement continued for a few months, making the transition to Los Angeles smooth and almost care-free. I offered them some compensation, but they graciously declined.

While campaigning for the top office of the Association of Philippine Physicians in America (APPA) in 1993, I invited the local physicians in Berrien Springs and neighboring areas to a dinner meeting. I had a chance to visit with the Munars again, and was happy to see that all was flowing smoothly in the family. In fact, I envied them for enjoying earlier than I, the bliss of early retirement.

Sad News. While Jovita and I were celebrating, with the family, our golden wedding anniversary in Honolulu, January 18, 2003, we were informed by her sister Romaning, now residing in Hawaii, that Fred had undergone a complicated heart surgery in Michigan. Wasting no time, I took the phone and spoke with Eve at length, closing with a fervent prayer for Fred's speedy recovery. I must confess without any reservation or feeling of embarrassment that while on the phone, I recalled swiftly the past when Eve came with Miss Ramiento to congratulate me and my teacher-friend for singing expressively Schubert's *Serenade* in Bayombong. I also could now see more clearly than ever that I had helped her, directly or indirectly, to avoid getting entangled with tough

guys. Otherwise, she would have not found love and security in the person of Fred, now the object of my interceding for God to heal.

My family was overwhelmed with grief when, a few days later, we were informed by Eve that the icy hands of death had snatched Fred away, leaving the family in profound sorrow. We promptly sent her a card of condolence. No reply. We were hoping to meet Eve, possibly with her children, during the meeting of the Eastern and Western organizations of PUC-AUP alumni in Troy, Michigan, in August 2004, so we could cheer her up personally. But she did not show up, making us wonder why: Was she ill, unable to cope with the loneliness that takes place after one's lifetime partner passes away? How many times had I tried thereafter to reach her by phone, but never succeeded!

Then came the sad news on Paz Poblete's passing away at age 87. In a brief message that I had e-mailed the bereaved family, I not only expressed condolences but also thanked the Pobletes for taking care of Eve, providing board and lodging, while studying in the Academy in Artacho. Furthermore, I published a tribute to her in the AUP *Cyberlink*.

Two weeks later, Eve, too, would join Fred, Paz, and the "innumerable caravan," (In the immortal parlance of Cullen Bryant.)

Touched Once More by Schubert's Serenade. That night April 27, 2005, right after reading in the *Cyberlink* about

Eve's sudden demise, Schubert's *Serenade* started enchanting and haunting me again. I started humming it. And while doing so, I could not help but recall that memorable evening when she and Miss Ramiento came to congratulate my friend Bob and me after their listening to our singing feelingly Schubert's *Serenade* during a song competition, one moonlit evening WWII, in Bayombong, N.V.

Enigmatically, the night winds were moving through the leaves of the *Dama de Noches* in our backyard, and were murmuring "low and sweet!" But, oh, it was not a serenade of love! It had suddenly become a sad farewell, the wail of whippoorwill. What anguish suddenly seized me! Only heaven could tell.

Nonetheless, as expressed in the song, "silent prayers of blissful feeling link us though apart."

TENDERLY

continued from page 2

26th was the start of the homecoming: 7:00 am registration; and 8:30 am holy mass celebrated by Father Orbos who made us feel like brothers and sisters. We were really touched when he asked the Golden Jubilarian Class⁶² to sit in front with him during the offertory.

A sumptuous breakfast followed and was well attended. Christopher and Maria Angeles Dolar were there. She was the cute lady in red, who called "Noli"; and I just know that was Angie.

For the first time in many years, I saw Esteban, a local oncologist; Celia Trinidad; Dory Malaluan; and Divine and Auxie Abanilla nee Reyes. I met Lito and Auxie earlier in the Chapel. They were so nice in moving from their pews to where Ding and I were seated.

Efren Jamir, a pediatrician, was there, along with Emmanuel Nierva, a psychiatrist.

Ato and Daisy Ramos were with Ed Manzano of Munster IN.

We did not see Rey Sarmiento at FEU, but we were told he was probably still in the Ilocos Sur mission.

The annual Dean Lauro Panganiban MD memorial lecture was presented by Dr Angeles Tan Alora who gave a motherly lecture about having your son or daughter take medicine in the Philippines. As usual some of the Dr Lauro Panganiban family were present in the audience.

The much-awaited distribution of the Student Achievement Awards (SAA) during the student recognition ceremonies followed. At this time, a lot of students crowded the convention hall. It looked like they have been coached into falling in line at the back and at the left side of the assembly facing the podium.

My suggestion to Dean Remy Habacon is to call the award first, to give the sponsor a chance to get in the stage, and then call the student recipient. I have 3 awards and each time I had to run to the stage to deliver the award, congratulated the student, and had pictures taken by Jay Mendoza, our designated photographer.

I wonder about all the pictures he had taken. (During our June reunion in Las Vegas, he said he took a lot of pictures but only one was published.)

The SAA recipients were all happy. I wish they would be courteous enough to show their appreciation by dropping the sponsors a line of appreciation for the awards that were not available in 1962 and before.

Because of previous appointments, we were not able to attend the rest of the CME and other meetings.

Later the Golden Jubilarians were served lunch. Thanks to the efforts of Ato and Daisy Ramos, they were able to talk to Dean Habacon our use of the VIP room.

View from the promenade is a panorama of West Fairview around the medical school.

We all had a nice fellowship during lunch.

Also earlier, Emil Sarmiento asked me if Class⁶² would have something to present during the grand ball the following morning. To this end, Ding and I brought a CD of hot, hot, hot dance steps which are simple enough for anyone to muster. Our Class' response was negative so we decided not to present anything.

In between lunch and the VIP room, Oscar Tuazon brought in the newly approved memorandum of agreement (MOA) between the local FEU-NRMF medical society and the US based Alumni Foundation.

I hope to present the same in upcoming Winter Alumni Foundation board meeting in San Francisco on March 31st.

I am positive there are no more disagreements on the wordings of the MOA.

The rest of Thursday and Friday was spent on CME.

On Friday, Class⁶² decided to meet at the Mr Choi Restaurant located at Robinson Mall ground floor, which is a favorite because it does not use monosodium glutamate, or *bechin*. Unfortunately, we did not meet everybody since we got tied up at the Makati area near Kamagong for our made-to-order clothing for the Grand Ball.

The Grand Ball started earlier than scheduled. At 5:30 pm, people had started to mill the Galleria lobby and to register at the desk headed by Class⁸⁶ and Miss Cely Ocampo. As usual, there was confusion at the registration desk because nobody seemed to know who was in charge of what. It was also noticeable that only Class⁶² Jubilarians came best dressed for the occasion. Other class attendees came in jeans, informal shorts, shoes and caps which did not fit the occasion.

This was my humble observation and I am not a connoisseur.

The night started with the Philippine National Anthem, followed by the FEU Hymn. (I still think the US National Anthem should have been played, too; but it was explained to us earlier why, and I am not repeating the same.)

I gave the invocation. Dr Tuazon, and our chairman Dr Pepito Rivera were called to speak to the assembly.

The new president of the FEU-NRMF Medical Society spoke longer, but this was his inaugural speech.

The Silver Jubilarians gave a rather long performance. I said

long because they danced all night to paraphrase Bernard Shaw.

Other classes who dressed up for the Grand Ball were not given a chance to dance because the theme of the night was hard rock.

No, there was no traditional dance.

A little chance should have been provided to the other celebrants who came all the way from different parts of the world to participate in the night's event.

Anyway, we pray that succeeding celebrants will not monopolize the affair and will be courteous enough to the other medical graduates.

God bless them all.

We wish they truly had a momentous and memorable homecoming.

FAITH CORNER

continued from page 1

exercising power in all of nature and promises an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. He makes a case for a God who acts on behalf of His people. His message to the troubled and struggling people was that the Lord is "gracious and merciful, slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love, and relents from punishing." (Joel 2:13)

The prevalent questions in their minds as they pondered their fate in captivity was how much more can God take of their apostasy before he smacks them down forever? Joel insists that despite all their sins that this gracious and merciful God still wants His people to return to Him, to return where they belong. I believe that this is the message for Lent for all of us – that despite all that we have done to displease the Lord our God, He gives us a chance to return to Him once more. In the imposition of ashes on Ash Wednesday, the Lord reminds us that our lives belong to Him and to

Him alone. In the Gospel of St. Matthew (Chapter 6) we are given three practices that are pleasing and acceptable to God – alms giving, fasting and prayer. With these comes a warning – that these should not be done for our benefit but for God. These practices are not about self-gratification, but for the Lord who expects them to be performed in humility. These practices are not for our own righteousness but for God's righteousness.

We are continually reminded of God's grace and mercy every time we publicly confess our sins in His presence and of one another. In the sacraments of baptism and holy communion we are invited to return to God as His people. The Season of Lent leads to the cross of Good Friday. We are given forty days in which to reflect on our past, put into practice those elements of religious life that Matthew writes in his gospel, Then on Good Friday, we are to remember just how far God will to make sure that we return to Him as His Son is sacrificed for our salvation. Then and only then can we truly appreciate Easter Sunday and thank the Lord for what he has done and continues to do for us. We are given a chance once again to "return to the Lord your God, for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love, and relents from punishing."

CHAIRMAN

continued from page 1

month of March.

By definition, the word march means to begin to move in such a manner, to proceed directly and purposefully, to progress steadily onward, to advance. It is also defined as an organized walk, or procession by a group of people for a specific cause or issue. We as physicians are well versed in the march. Throughout time, our

profession has visualized change, witnessed new ideas, and remained open to discoveries that sometimes went in completely different directions than first intended.

It may be argued that medical discoveries have improved one's life while diminishing another. For instance, since the invention of antibiotics, many people have been saved, but now many are being lost due to resistant bacterial strains. Illnesses that just a few years ago were treatable are now immune to our medications and we scramble to find new ways to treat our patients. This is the challenge of medicine.

First, do no harm.

As I look back over the last 100 years, it seems impossible that we have advanced so far. Because we have been willing to look outside the box, to march to a different drummer, we have achieved astonishing medical strides. We are limited only by our desire to protect our patients from undue harm. Our goal must be to continually educate ourselves not only on advancements, but in how those advancements affect our current and future patients.

Our challenge as physicians remains unchanged. We must first educate ourselves and then assist in the education of the next generation. We must practice humane treatment for all and be ever vigilant to changes that might have negative impacts on our patients and our world. We must be willing to accept responsibility when discoveries or practices are found to be ineffective or harmful, and quick to make changes to safeguard our patients. I am proud to count myself among the physicians of the world and give thanks for our varied visions, our central concepts, and our ability to embrace change while incorporating proven practices.

PC RIVERA MD⁶⁷

BOARD MEETS

continued from page 1

5. President’s report – Dr O Tuazon,
 6. Treasurer’s report – Dr G Rabadam
 7. Executive Director’s report – Dr N Guinigundo
 8. Convention Chairman’s report – Dr Licerio Castro
 9. Different Committee reports
Constitution and By-Laws, Scholarship, Student Achievement Award, Financial investment, *Balik*-FEU, Professorial Chair and Faculty Development, CME, Ectopic Murmurs, Awards, Donations and Bequests, PGME, Indigent Patient Care, Medical Mission, Annual Fundraising, and Membership.
 10. Chapter Reports
 11. Old Business
 12. New Business
Announcement and Adjournment.
- by **CESAR V REYES MD⁶⁸**

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- Class⁸⁷ Silver Jubilee
- Class⁶⁷ Sapphire Jubilee
- Class⁷² Ruby Jubilee
- Class⁷⁷ Coral Jubilee
- Class⁸² Pearl Jubilee
- Class⁹² 20th Anniversary
- Class⁹⁷ 15th Anniversary
- Class⁰² 10th Anniversary

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CME registration only [paid membership required]	\$ 150	\$ 200
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To qualify for the discounted rate, register on or before Saturday, **June 25, 2012**.
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MARCH QUOTE

I will exalt you, LORD, for you rescued me.
You refused to let my enemies triumph over me. **Psalm 30:1**