



# ECTOPIC MURMURS

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## REMEMBERING DR FE DEL MUNDO

LINDA G BARRANDA MD

Dr Fe Del Mundo was our consultant at Lungsod ng Kabataan and in her hospital named after her in Quezon City when I was a medical clerk in 1983-84 and later as a medical Intern in 1996-1997.



LINDA  
BARRANDA MD

As I did not take pediatrics at FEU because I transferred to Bicol Christian College of Medicine (BCCM) in Legazpi City, I did not become her student at FEU. However, I recall as soon as she heard about me as a medical clerk from BCCM rotating at Lungsod ng Kabataan in Quezon City she called me to her office and shared with me her latest book and some experiences at Harvard. Engineer Honesto R Gacusan, my brother -in-law, who was driving me with his Mercedes Benz videoed the two of us. The video camera was loaned to me by a couple, Dr Francisco Tan and Dr Nena Eng Tan. Dr Eng Tan was then the president of the Philippine Federation of

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## Message from the BOARD CHAIRMAN

Have you ever noticed how things in life turn out right, no matter how you think they should have been? My life is a prime example.



PEPITO C  
RIVERA MD

When I was a surgical resident at the old FEU Hospital in Morayta Manila, I was the only single resident in my department and I felt I was very handsome, fun to be with, and quite date worthy. About that time, I met a beautiful student named Minerva and thought that it would be great to date her. I assumed that since she was such a fine catch, it would be easy to visit her and eventually ask her for a date. I would ask her out, she, of course would say yes (because of the fine catch I was) and we would go out.

Not so fast. The student quickly informed me that I was not her type, that she would never date me and that she did

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## GOODBYE DR FE DEL MUNDO CELSO DEL MUNDO MD<sup>62</sup>

The world has lost an icon, who had cared thousand of sick children,



CELSO DEL  
MUNDO MD

She was called by the Almighty Lord to live with angels and saints. The long lasting legacy of virtues, and knowledge, she left behind, Will always be with us, her students, to continue her noble task.

Nobody can replace a woman with such wit and intelligence, She had inspired all her students, to follow her footsteps, To care for ailing babies and children and gave them the precious life, And enjoy the life of good health, through her caring and love.

The world has lost her, but she left an imprint to all those she had touched, To the children whom she cared for and her students she left behind, She had left the legacy of love and caring, moral virtues and intellect, We, who she had mentored would forever be grateful throughout our lives.

Goodbye, to beloved teacher who had inspired and molded our young minds, We'll follow her footsteps of caring with unconditional love, She now lives in peace with Almighty Lord, angels and saints, But her legacy and teachings will forever stay on earth.

## OBITUARY

### FE DEL MUNDO MD

A national treasure, Dr Fe Del Mundo was born on November 27, 1911, and joined our Lord on August 6, 2011.



FE DEL MUNDO MD

Her pioneering work in pediatrics spanned eight decades and won her international recognitions, including the Elizabeth Blackwell Award for outstanding service to mankind in 1966, outstanding pediatrician and humanitarian by the International Pediatric Association, the Ramon Magsaysay Award for Public Service in 1977, the title of National Scientist of the Philippines in 1980, the Order of Lakandula in 2010, and many others.

Graduating valedictorian in her UP Class<sup>33</sup>, she received a full scholarship to any school in the United States by President Manuel Quezon. She chose Harvard where in 1936 she became the first woman admitted as a student at that revered institution, the first woman to be enrolled in pediatrics, the first Asian, and the first one coming from far way Philippines.

After Harvard, Dr Del Mundo had a residency at the University of Chicago and research fellowship at the Harvard Medical School Children's Hospital, and also earned a bacteriology master degree at Boston University School of Medicine.

Dr Del Mundo returned to the Philippines in 1941, worked with the International Red Cross, volunteered to care for children-internees then detained at the University of Santo Tomas internment camp, and later directed the North General Hospital (Jose R. Reyes Memorial Medical Center).

Dr Del Mundo joined the faculty of the University of Santo Tomas, and later the Far Eastern University in 1954.

In 1957, she established the Children's Medical Center, a 100-bed hospital located in Quezon City, the first pediatric hospital in the Philippines, renamed the Fe del Mundo Children's Medical Center Foundation in 2007.



*The Dr Fe Del Mundo Medical Center (Children's Medical Center of the Philippines)*

She remained active, rising daily at five in the morning and continuing to make her daily rounds even though then wheelchair-bound at 99 years of age.

Dr Del Mundo likewise attended and lectured at the APPA convention once in

Chicago and the FEUDNRSM Alumni Foundation reunion in Las Vegas where she remembered many alumni to the surprise of everyone.

Dr Del Mundo was also noted for her pioneering work on infectious diseases in Philippine communities. She wrote over a hundred articles, reviews and reports in medical journals on such diseases as dengue, polio and measles.

She also authored *Textbook of Pediatrics*, a fundamental medical text used in Philippine medical schools.

Her legacy and her teachings have been immortalized in a coffee table book published in time for her 99th birthday last year, *Dr Fe Del Mundo: A Beautiful Life*, that chronicled her accomplishments and teachings.

She died from cardiac arrest and buried at the *Libingan ng mga Bayani*.

Dr Del Mundo will be missed.  
**Sources:** Goggle, Wikipedia

### *An icon passes away*

PHILIP S CHUA MD FACS FPCCS



*From left, Drs Farida Chua, Fe Del Mundo and P Chua.*

An international giant in medicine, petite Fe del Mundo, MD, who had touched countless lives in the Philippines and around the world, died in her sleep August 6, 2011. She was more than 99 years old, actually less than 3 months shy of 100. She had always aimed for the pinnacle and excelled in every turn, even among her medical peers, in her career and life, and now, even in longevity and death.

Read it in [Global ANG BALITA](#),  
Wednesday, August 10 2011.

## FAITH CORNER

REVEREND MELVIN ANTONIO MD<sup>65</sup>

Have you ever heard of the



REV MELVIN ANTONIO MD

*Butterfly Effect*? It is that theory proposed by Edward Lorenz that an act as insignifica

nt as the flapping of a butterfly's wings could cause changes in the atmosphere that may ultimately alter the path of a tornado. A similar illustration might be how a little pebble rolling down a hill picks up snow and starts an avalanche. Or the familiar Domino Effect.

Based on these, what if I were to say that what you do this week could change the world? What if I told you that two women once made a decision, took a chance and changed the world? What they did was a small gesture, but at the same time, an act of heroism. They disobeyed. And because of their disobedience, God was able to rescue Israel from slavery. Their names are Shiphrah and Puah. Not many people remember their names but their story is found in the Book of Exodus Chapter 1. To refresh your memories, the king of Egypt was trying to suppress the prolific Israelites whose numbers were increasing so fast that they were seen as a threat to the stability of the kingdom. Sounds like a familiar political scenario when a struggling minority becomes the scapegoat and justify oppression, neglect,

or at its worst, genocide. In the days of Pharaoh, it was the Hebrews. In pre-WWII Germany, it was the Jews. Today, it could be illegal immigrants, welfare moms, gays, the undeserving poor, *furriners*.

Back to Shiphrah and Puah. Pharaoh, in his obsession to suppress the prolific Hebrews, first enslaves them, then resorts to telling Hebrew midwives to kill all the Hebrew boys that they deliver. The two midwives, Shiphrah and Puah refuse.

They do not kill the boys. It is a courageous act of disobedience that changes history, for one of the boys they spared would be called Moses and he would lead the Hebrews out of Egyptian captivity. He will deliver God's law to humanity. It all starts with two women who dared to say *no* to an act of injustice. I doubt very much that they thought they were changing the world. They were just being faithful and following the dictates of their hearts and heeding the call of their conscience.

The things we do each week, our decisions, our choices, will in fact, cause a ripple effect that we may never see. Some of these actions may be big, bold and courageous. Others may be small and hardly noticeable, yet they all have the potential to ripple out and make a difference in someone's life, in someone's home, in someone's neighborhood, in someone's country, maybe even the world.

An act of kindness, a smile, a word of encouragement, a

voice in a debate, an act or decision made based on your conscience, an act based on your God-given skills. So what do you think you will do this week?

Like the Nike commercial says, whatever it is, JUST DO IT!

## COMMENTS

Editorials

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 October 2011 issue:

October 1, 2011

Please address submissions to [acvrear@aol.com](mailto:acvrear@aol.com)

**Interested to establish a Professorial Chair Fund in your name or of someone you wish to honor?**

Please inquire with  
CESAR V REYES MD<sup>68</sup>  
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or [acvrear@aol.com](mailto:acvrear@aol.com)

# DECEMBER 7, 1951

PIO M SIAN MD<sup>65</sup>FAAFP

Philippines' Christmas season and vacation are the longest celebrations in the



PIO SIAN MD

world. By the end of November, long sleeved shirts and sweaters appear when the temperatures plunges down to *cold* 70s. Stalls by the roadside start selling *bibinkas* and *puto bumbong* and many other holiday delicacies, lights, trees, and a general feeling of joy all over, of course *simbang gabi*. Smokes emanating from many kitchens cooking festive fares, even in less affluent households. Then we have fireworks, mostly illegal except at New Year's eve, when the whole country convulses with massive pyro-displays. Because everybody lights a firecracker, laws are difficult to enforce. Many times in many places, noise making is a tradition influenced by the Chinese. They believe that loud noises made at the entry of the New Year will scare demons and evil spirits and drive them away. Their calendar is usually 3 weeks late than the Gregorian one.

The noise makers can be as simple as clappers, paper tooting horns, banging pots, pans and *batya* and of course bamboo cannons, firecrackers, and sometimes irresponsible firearms were discharged. These will be described in detail. *Luces* and *kwitis* (rockets) will be skipped because they cost too much.

Cannons were of two kinds, the kerosene fired bamboo and the acetylene fired steel ones. The steel pipes were fueled by calcium carbide and water that liberates acetylene thus explosive. Drainage

or sewer pipes 4-6 inch were used. More fun than the metal big gun was the bamboo *cannon*. A six foot length of timber bamboo was preferred. A half-inch hole on the topline near the breech end. The internode webs were knocked off except the last one at the breech. About half coke bottle of kerosene was then poured into the rear end. The *gun* is slightly tilted upwards so the fuel won't spill out. A lighted candle heated the bottom of the breech. This heated the kerosene to vapors, then a lighted stick was brought near the *touch hole* the vapors ignite with a loud boom. To prepare for the next round, the spent gas and smoke had to be blown off, usually by mouth. Sometimes we had a *hang-fire* when there was still a small fire inside that later becomes a *backfire*. There were a few singed eyebrows but fortunately none were serious. The metal *guns* were usually handled by older boys.

Firecrackers came in many different forms and sizes. At that time before Chinese imports, most fireworks used in the Philippines were made, some are still made in Bucawe, Bulacan. In ascending range of power, from rolled pencil-sized 2 pipsqueaks, to *triangulos*, nothing but a simple strip of heavy paper, folded like a flag, sandwiching a measured amount of gunpowder and a fuse. Next we had the *bawang*, looked more like an onion than its namesake, at the top was the *atomic bomb*, much like a *quarterstick* (of dynamite) in US.

A relative of mine worked at the fireworks plant and showed me how gunpowder was made; two parts *salitre* (potassium nitrate), one part pulverized charcoal and one part sulfur. The same formula invented in China 700 years ago. He ground it added starch and assured it will not detonate even when struck by a hammer. He stated it is a weak explosive and

needed a spark and a closed container for it to give a loud report.

On that night, December 7, 1951, exactly 10<sup>th</sup> year anniversary of *a day of infamy*. My friends and I were lighting firecrackers, mostly *triangulos* because they were louder and cheaper, and we were having a ball. Soon we were *out of ammo*. Ben, one of the boys collected several duds, opened them and piled the powder on concrete pavement, then he placed a fist sized rock on top, gave the rock a blow by another rock. I was closest, I did not think it will explode but it did! With a blinding flash and a real loud bang! I had a white-out for a few seconds, then I felt thick warm liquid in my face. I was hit by a piece of rock like it was a shrapnel. Dazed, I walked home, hand on my bloody face. My sister met me and almost fainted, screaming *Pio is blinded*. Mama never lost her cool, immediately boiled some water and gave me a warm bath. After the blood was cleaned, she saw the damage, a 1¼ laceration just above the left eyebrow, the eyeball was spared. Uncle Budd, loaded me in his jeep and took me to North General Hospital, Espana Annex, at corner of Dos Castillas. I had eight stitches, no anesthesia (not available then), not needed my face was still numb anyway, and scar still visible to this day.

Lesson I learned, not all fireworks makers compound their own gunpowder. Some unscrupulous ones utilized TNT from unexploded Japanese and American bombs! They also sell their wares to lazy fishermen for dynamite fishing. I also learned that TNT will detonate on concussion even without a spark or a blasting cap.

For that year I was part of the statistics. The rest of the holiday season was indeed very happy since I still have my both eyes.

Three decades ago, after my medical training in anesthesia, I moved my family from Chicago to a small community 70 miles south of the big city. I bought a 5-bedroom 106-year old



MANUEL  
SANCHEZ MD

Victorian house surrounded by 100-year old oak trees, maple trees and mulberry trees in the

historical district of the community. My three little daughters loved it and my only son was born four months later. We had fun times in that house for more than 12 years until my family allergy physician advised us to move to a newer house because of my wife's and children's worsening allergy to the *molds inherent in that old house*. My wife always hinted that we needed a new house. I suspect collusion with that allergist but I conceded. We built a new house in the newer section of the mushrooming community. The landscapers profited from me because of my love for trees. For the ensuing years I watched through our kitchen window and my attention was captured by my neighbor's tree. As it grew to be the most perfectly formed tree in my neighbor-hood, blooming with pure white flowers in the Spring, spreading its leafy arms in the Summer with birds chirping, changing colors in Autumn and turning into a sculptured Winter wonderland ice-covered tree, I recite and then sing the poem by Joyce Kilmer, *TREE*, and agreed. I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree.

## A WHISPERING TREE

MANUEL M SANCHEZ MD<sup>68</sup>

I watched as the young couple who built that next door house had their first born child, a son. Their smiling faces brightened their home and soon came another sibling, their daughter, and a little later another son. Joy filled that house as their children played and shouted with glee even as the seasons changed. Then I think to myself, that is lovely as a tree.

Each morning before I go to work I stared intently at that tree and thought with amazement that that tree was telling a story. It was whispering even as I gazed and entranced by the beauty that nature brings to me. I fell in love with that tree and I learned to love that family.

For years I watched in awe how that family blossomed as beautiful as that tree grew until one stormy night my sleep was disturbed by gusty winds and heavy falling rain. At daybreak the following morning, as I prepared to go to work, I looked through the kitchen window as I routinely do and saw that tree down. Half of it was on the ground, and I felt sick. Even more unbelievable or inconceivable was that it was the only tree destroyed in our neighborhood. The man of the house planned to chop the rest of the tree down but the younger son convinced the Dad to leave it be for it looked perfect from the street although it was half a tree viewing it from my kitchen side.

A year passed and as I was doing yard work one summer

weekend, I went to borrow a garden equipment from my next door neighbor. I noticed he was not as jovial as he usually is in exchanging pleasantries as we both manicured our respective yards. I can not help but also notice the now odd-looking once wonderfully-shaped tree in his yard. I tried to carry on a conversation and then hesitantly he blurted with teary eyes that his wife left his family the weekend he and his children were out on a visit with his parents in another state. They came home into an empty house. As sudden as the tree was blown down, sadly and unexpectedly a big *storm* brought half of the home down. His home is in shambles, broken and in disarray. I turned and looked at the tree. Then I think to myself --- the tree was whispering to me a year ahead of time but I was not listening then.

A few more years passed and new branches have spread and continue inching towards the empty side of the tree. The fallen part of the tree is filling up ever so slowly but surely and I am thinking to myself and listening more intently to the tree whispering to me. Now I understand. My neighbor's home will be alright. It is a matter of time. I said to myself, *I can not compose a poem as lovely as a tree. Only God can make a tree!*

Thank you Lord for the *Trees* that surround me and thank you Lord for blessing me with a *Tree* of my own, a loving family!

The emergency response team had done its part on the medical mission.

It has now been three months since that big earthquake of January 12, 2010 and the Relief International



LEILA  
RAYMUNDO  
OLIVERA MD

(RI), a non government organization, requested support for its primary care program and asked for volunteers.

I decided to help out, and on April 17, 2010, I left for Haiti. It was a long trip. I slept at the Miami International Airport waiting the next morning for my connection to Port -au-Prince.

Although, I have been in medical missions to the Philippines on almost annual basis, I did not know what to expect. I knew that my destination is considered one of the poorest countries in the world that had just endured another tragedy, a natural disaster believed to be one of the worst of its kind. But when one felt the need to do something good for mankind, one does not really think about it. One simply does what is needed to do the best can be.

I arrived in Port-au-Prince after 9:30 am. On our way to the RI headquarters in La Plaine, outside Port-au-Prince, I saw the magnitude and incomparable devastation that I have never seen before. Countless collapsed houses and buildings, pile of garbage lining up on the streets, shacks and tents, some on the middle of the road was overwhelming.

## HAITI MEMOIR

LEILA RAYMUNDO OLIVERA MD<sup>73\*</sup>

On Monday I started my task and was assigned to join a team of local doctors and nurses who worked in mobile clinics. The sites where we set up our clinics were previously scouted by local workers employed by the RI. These were the villages



*Dr Olivera attends to a patient.*

where the displaced people settled after the earthquake and were living in tents and shacks.

The many patients I saw were mostly with skin diseases, malnutrition, parasitosis, upper respiratory tract infections, tuberculosis, diabetes, hypertension, depression, and urinary tract infections. One special patient that I managed and treated was a RI employee who had acute malaria but promptly recovered.

I also went to a SOS village orphanage where children were assigned to caretakers. I had observed and still wondered if the caregivers were educated to handle children with regards to their mental, social, or simple task of feeding them, or communicating with them.

I was also requested by local physicians that work for RI to talk about management of hypertension and diabetes. I only wished I could tell them how we manage these cases in United States where we enjoyed the vast and extensive resources available to our members. All things were of limited resources on hand. I talked about simple ways that they could

provide their patients and still would make a difference managing their chronic conditions. The discussion was made with the help of my Creole interpreter.

My mission days in Haiti were memorable in so many ways. Sure enough, they were hard work but at the same time very rewarding and most gratifying moments of my professional career.

Volunteering in Haiti reminded me why I became a doctor in the first place.

For Haiti and its people, they know there will be a new and better tomorrow. There is after all, hope for Haiti.

*\*The author is diplomate of the American Board of Internal Medicine and an internist with the Kaiser Permanente Southern California.*

# MEDICAL NURSING MISSION: A SPECIALTY

ELISEO B SERINA MD<sup>65\*</sup>

In my 46 years in practice, one of the most outstanding achievement I have that is also more endearing is marrying a nurse.

Let me rephrase that: Norma Roa<sup>61</sup> made a commitment and empowered herself to let her light shine upon me. Oh what a light, smoking hot! She married me!

I would like you to come with me for a moment, to a place way up yonder where we could see the peaks of mountains covered with snow and ice that glisten in the early morning sunlight. Like cathedral steeples that were partially obscured by a passing fog, frost all around, and an occasional mist on our faces, it was so refreshing, at 20<sup>0</sup> below zero, 7 to 10-thousand feet in the Himalayas. All these were rudely interrupted by the hush-hush of people. More people gathering, more and more sturdy branches of trees, layers of burlap piled up to make a makeshift gurney, or stretcher wide enough to accommodate a person, yet small and thin enough for the men folks to navigate it through narrow passes, slippery icy streams and rivers, and precarious edges of the mountain sides. Women folks were busying themselves getting more and more colorful with tribal cloths to wrap this woman who appeared too young to know any better, who was limped and with just weak waning agonal sighs and sobs. Her black and blue abdomen had become so sensitive to the cloth touching it and caused her to have a profound grimace of painful surrender. The pain incurred for more than 48 hours prior to manipulations by midwives, townspeople, and local medicine folks trying to expel from this 17-year old primigravida, a living fetus in breech presentation. Up to that point, only a leg so pink,

so precious, came out dangling at the birth canal. It was enveloped by a mixture of dripping maternal blood and amniotic fluid, but refusing to go any further out. It, too, was gingerly and lovingly covered with silken colorful cloths. The woman and child were covered against the elements for the long journey to get help at a faraway desolate hospital in the poor Ilam in one of the poorest



*Drs Shah Bahadur Gurung, Nepal expatriate from Bhutan (India), EB Serina and Dea Angiolillo (L-R).*

countries of the world, Nepal, bordering India.

It took them more than 12 hours to reach where we were, the emergency room. We received a lame of a body as pale as Navajo white. Her abdomen unmistakably was enlarged, also profoundly ecchymotic. Her birth canal was horrendously edematous and bluish. The little fetal leg was sticking out still, once pinkish, had become flaccid and ashen gray, to a mix of dried-up maternal blood and amniotic fluid, glued on a burlap. We hurriedly scrubbed and no sooner than the racing soapsuds reached our elbows, the word was out, *It is okay docs, you do not have to*. This was followed by, *we can not win them all*.

We also visited her kind of village, a three-hour drive in a Land Rover made in India, and one hour walk. We had seen from 500-800 patients from dawn to nightfall for two consecutive days with two local docs, and two of us: Dr Dea

Angiolillo from Boston and one California doc married to a UP nurse. Dea and I gave presentations to tribal chiefs and elders, towns folks in town halls, on the roadsides and *divisorias* about diabetes and hypertension, mostly for their understanding and prevention because definitive treatment is almost nowhere to be found.

We escaped that war-torn, tribal strife place in the same Land Rover ambulance, disguised as injured patients, more than three hours of ride through barricades and overturned burning vehicles along the way. I then decided to climb some mountain. I had meeting with the minds going up with those *crazy solo* Mount Everest climbers, like myself, the importance, necessity even, to acclimatize slow, going up to prevent pulmonary and/ or cerebral edema, and eventual demise. We made it.

It was hard but exciting; the intensity was more meaningful as it went deeper into your heart (here) as nurses. You had already amassed a wealth of knowledge and experience, you did not even have to know more. You had paid your dues.

Now in relative comfort, it is pay back time! To reach out and let your light shine, to take risk, to be intuitive and innovative and to share just a tiny part of your blessings and comfort to others and to that badly battered woman with a necrotizing fetus sticking out of her birth canal who succumbed to the frigid cold and unforgiving environment and circumstances that could have been preventable, if you, were there.

*\*The author is Emergency Department director of the Himalayan Healthcare System, Medicins sans Frontieres and collaborated with Lt Col Vincent de Paul USAF (Ret).*

## Chapter 4

### R=E+M+F

### Class<sup>63</sup> in Las Vegas

EUGENE A S SIRUNO MD<sup>63</sup>

This 32<sup>nd</sup> annual  
FEUDNRSM Alumni



EUGENE S  
SIRUNO MD

Foundation meeting and reunion features the Golden anniversary of Class<sup>61</sup> and the Silver Jubilee

of Class<sup>86</sup>.

Monte Carlo Resort and Casino, Las Vegas NV was the sizzling venue for this get together. It was well attended and the programs were fun and enjoyable.

The CME is always good. The speakers are excellent and quite inspiring.

We saw a *dead man walking* (the CPC presenter indicated that the patient being discussed expired) and got resurrected, and he discussed the clinical diagnosis himself at great length.

This reunion gave me the chance to see and visit lots of friends and most especially classmates Class<sup>63</sup> and their better halves (some came as the

lone rangers).

Special mention to Dr Lydia Aquino Mapua<sup>61</sup> who came all the way from the Philippines and Dr Remy Sonson<sup>61</sup> from Hawaii (internship and residency training ) as well as Dr Ofie Santos Ong<sup>67</sup> and her hubby Dr Cenon, a Thomasian who are my *compadrel comadre*.

Class<sup>63</sup> always attend in these reunions in big numbers year in and year out. This makes me proud. The roll call of those who made it to Las Vegas is, as follows:

**Jose Marco Antonio,**

**Arturo Basa,**

**Gerry Brual,**

**Tony Cabreira,**

**Ching de Castro**

**Willie de Castro,**

**Rey Daco,**

**Carlos de Lara,**

**Roly del Rosario,**

**Ernie Eusebio,**

**Armand Jaojoco,**

**Pete Lagrosa,**

**Grace Rabadam,**

**Renato Ramos,**

**Bernardo Rodrigo,**

**Celia Sagullo**

**Nestor Sagullo,**

**Gene Siruno, and**

**Lutgarda Tolentino.**

We surely missed lots of Class<sup>63</sup> Vegans (locals/ natives), but we understand they had major conflicts of their schedules. Hopefully, the future

reunion especially for 2013 will be best attended (if we are still vertical).

In the meantime, each and every one of Class<sup>63</sup> should start sounding off for the golden time coming soon. I know that Art, Gerry Guzman, Do Angeles, Roly Solis and Isabel Cordoba Rellosa are looking forward and will be working hard to let the Class<sup>63</sup> know and to be convinced. We will spread the word!

The reception at Café Moda, courtesy of Art Basa<sup>63</sup>, Danny Fabito<sup>64</sup> and Regie Tobias<sup>64</sup> was wonderful. Plenty of foods and it was almost perfect except for the *lechon skin* that was not that crispy. Thanks Art, Danny and Reggie. The crowds were old friends who enjoyed good food and libation with just few gossips.

It is true that it takes a long time to grow old friends; however, old friends are better because you *share some history*.

So the formula: R=E+M+F will remain for Class<sup>63</sup> in *Lost Wages* and continue as we look forward to Los Angeles, California next year, God willing.

Reunion equals Experience plus Memory and Friendships (R=E+M+F).



Class '63 alumni in Las Vegas during the 32<sup>nd</sup> annual FEUDNRSM Alumni Foundation reunion.



*A group picture of the Las Vegas alumni who attended the memorial mass for Dr Josephine Cojuangco Reyes*

## MEMORIAL MASS FOR DR JOSEPHINE COJUANGCO REYES

Medical alumni of the Las Vegas Chapter recently held a memorial mass for Dr Josephine C Reyes at the Fabito residence.

Father Fernando Benlirio officiated the mass, attended by Dr and Mrs Cesar Candari, Dr and Mrs Jim Sendaydiego, Dr Linda Gaston, Drs Senon and Ofelia Ong, Drs Gil and Rhodora Palacio, Drs Bernie and Tarcila Rodrigo, Dr Ester Perona, Dr Choy Fernando, and the hosts, Drs Daniel and Melinda Fabito.

The assembly reminisced the kindness and compassionate dedication of Dr Reyes as an educator and mother of the FEU-NRMF Institute of Medicine. She stayed at the Fabito residence in the last few year of her relaxation after attending the yearly alumni reunion. She was truly a sincere friend, down-to-earth without pretensions. It was very easy to have her as a guest because she comfortably blend as part of the family.

We will miss her.

## ECTOPIC MURMURS in Website

The monthly issue of the e-ECTOPIC MURMURS prepared and edited by Dr CV Reyes is posted simultaneously on the FEUDNRSM Alumni Foundation Website, [www.FEU-alumni.com](http://www.FEU-alumni.com)

Past issues of this electronic newsletter are also available on the alumni website, in the special *archive* designed for the ECTOPIC MURMURS.

The newsletter was started and edited (as hard copy since the mid-70s) by the late Dr Jesus B Nolasco, former secretary of the FEU-NRMF Institute of Medicine. After Dr JB passed away at age 86 on August 25, 2004, in Jacksonville, Florida, Dr. Reyes was designated by the alumni board trustees to take over.

It was Dr. Reyes who opted to publish the medical alumni newsletter online in its current electronic edition, which circulates and transmits it most expeditiously, within split seconds, to all those on the alumni email roster, anywhere around the world. This has also saved the Alumni Foundation thousands of dollars from the printing expenses and mailing cost for hard copies in the past.

Alumni who receive the e-newsletter are requested to circulate it to all other alumni and friends. Alumni are advised to send their email address to Dr Reyes at [acvrear@aol.com](mailto:acvrear@aol.com) and to Dr Philip S Chua, Website director, [scalpelpen@gmail.com](mailto:scalpelpen@gmail.com), for inclusion in the alumni email roster on the alumni website.

## XlibrisPublisher

is proud to announce that a book by Dr. Philip S. Chua, entitled *Let's Stop Killing Our Children*, a 794-page survival health guide and medical reference for parents and society to save our children (and adults) from most of the preventable diseases known to man, including cancer, is now available.

This book may be ordered directly from Xlibris. Click on this link below:

<http://www2.xlibris.com/books/webimages/wd/95816/index.htm>

For amazon, log in to [amazon.com](http://amazon.com) and on the search box on top, type the title *Let's Stop Killing Our Children* and then click *GO*.

# PUSO CORAZON HEART

CESAR D CANDARI MD<sup>61</sup>

The upcoming 25<sup>th</sup>  
anniversary of PUSO



CESAR  
CANDARI MD

Philippines in San Diego, California, on October 15, 2011 is another memorable event.

This occasion is to inspire and sanctify us to the service of God and our fellow countrymen. I am invited as a guest speaker on this occasion.

What is PUSO Philippines? How it came about and why? How many Filipino American humanitarian organizations in North America were founded at the peak of a triumphant day of the people power revolution in the Philippines?

It was only PUSO Philippines in San Diego that I know of. I was there and an active participant.

The omnipresence of Pilipino American organizations in every nook and granny in this country we have adopted are overwhelming. The establishment of USO Philippines came at its' virtuous time. In the darkened days of gloom, as the story goes, we lost our freedom during the Marcos dictatorship. It lasted for almost 20 years. The dictator did quite a job of wrecking the economy.

But because of our inherent love for freedom and liberty, we rediscovered democracy once again through Ninoy Aquino.

Remember the EDSA  
REVOLUTION of 1986?

Ten thousand miles away from the EDSA, we did our rally here in San Diego, delivered our speeches on that very day of February 22, 1986 and finally Marcos was ousted eventually. The dictator fled the country on the supposed day of his inauguration on February 25, 1986.

On that date, Pilipinos in the whole world were triumphant. We celebrated in San Diego. A thanksgiving mass was held at St Mary's Church in National City. Thereafter with all sincerity, passion, and compassion in our hearts, immediately after that mass PUSO Philippines of San Diego was designed, blueprinted and built by a group of indefatigable founders - a revolution of sort for the continued help of our poor countrymen. It was a historic occasion for CHARITY. A popular word of wisdom says: *Every good act is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good that he does in this world to his fellows.*

All these events appear to me to be a part of our Divine affiliation. The people power movement in 1986 was a popular uprising of priest, nuns, ordinary citizens, children, and supported by military units. It brought Corazon Aquino to power in an almost-bloodless revolution. People Power was our shining glory!

The whole world applauded our saintly courage, our dignified defiance, and our bloodless solution to expel a dictator. We were the toast of all freedom-loving countries, the envy of all oppressed people. These made news

headlines as *the revolution that surprised the world.*

By transcendent reality, PUSO was born coming from the President's name, Corazon (Spanish word for heart or in tagalog PUSO). A literal, very symbolic overtone, in an idiom, *in (one's) heart of h earts – is in the seat of one's truest feelings.*

What made Pilipino Americans in San Diego created this organization? It is because of this history that we know about; the desires of man to be free - the earning for liberty, freedom and democracy.

We celebrated the independence of the Philippines from the Americans on July 4, 1946. During the two decades that followed as a democratic country, six presidents were elected and served one after the other in peaceful transition albeit the specter of poverty in our country remained the same as far as we can remember. We Filipinos are faced with an array of problems. We are burdened with vast economic, social and political conflicts, and so we are not completely free. The population is represented virtually by 70% of our countrymen trapped in the vicious cycle of poverty and exploitation. Where so few are wealthy and too many are impoverished is what our beloved country is all about. Filipinos continue to wallow in sordid living conditions and unimaginable poverty complicated by insurgencies, unresolved civil strife and most blatantly graft and corruption in our government officials. There is a sense of hopelessness in the business community, with so much greed, dishonesty,

opportunism and frustration in the government. There are that filth and squalor of poverty in the slums of Manila; the shards of destitution litter our cities. Hunger, disease, pollution, and congestion in the city are appalling. Those were in the lives of our people in the country years before and even up to this day. Today, its economy is smaller than Pakistan's and a quarter of its 102 million people live on less than \$1.25 a day. PUSO Philippines remained to its' goal of helping the poor people, fulfilling its affirmed mission, to pursue charitable projects in the Philippines to help our countrymen from the ravages of poverty.

Since then, this charitable organization has been sending donations and funding charities in the home country. It's a travesty of life in the garbage dump called the PAYATAS where scavengers of poor families live with their malnourished children. Scholarship programs for these children were supported by PUSO Philippines existing in these layers of stoicism, the garbage site. The orphanage Hospicio de San Jose in Manila, for the destitute and abandoned children is helped by PUSO Philippines. And there are more in name of CHARITY.

PUSO Philippines is still very active with the aim of helping the poor of the country and rebuilding the nation in our own small way.

Situations like this one in the Philippines today . . . the civic, social, political and economic pictures- the poor of the poorest . . . convey a sad story. Sad to say, after the indomitable

EDSA revolution, the Filipino resolve did not happen. People Power I would say was *ningas cogon* power. Four Philippine presidents ruled our country after the EDSA revolution. Cory Aquino was virtuous, full of probity, sincere with good intentions for the country, however, power struggles; political squabbles harassed the immature Cory presidency. She tried to restore some semblance of efficiency, transparency and accountability in a revived democracy. Nothing much was done. The gap between the rich and the poor remained the same. The poor were poorer than ever. Whatever former president Fidel Ramos gained during his presidency fade away into thin air. What's wrong with us? We don't have a great leader. About good governance? *Nada!* We have many shortcomings. We are immature in our politics. Given a choice on whom to elect: a handsome movie star or an honest and brilliant political scientist, we will vote for the movie star. What a stupidity.

Then the Jueteng bomb exploded under Erap Estrada. when came Gloria Macapagal Arroyo. We thought effulgent, eternal splendor finally arrived and we felt Malacanang regained its honor and dignity. But more total failure happened instead. Graft and corruption, plunder, scam, thievery ruled the country.

Politicians and business people hoard most of the gains. The country ranks 134<sup>th</sup> out of 178 countries in Transparency International's corruption perceptions index, tied with Nigeria and Bangladesh. No surprise, if there is one thing

that just about every Filipino is aware of what is brightly wrong with their country is that of being beset by an economic and political system that at the very least condones corruption, instability, and poverty. It is a historical event absorbed by every Filipino as a matter of fact sequence.

While Filipinos now enjoy democracy, life is still difficult. Unemployment is endemic; the price of food and other commodities is continually rising. The devastation brought by the recent typhoons has compounded the miseries of the people. There is an expression of despair in their eyes: what can we do? We ask if there will be deliverance from these crippling maladies. Simeon Benigno Noynoy Aquino, III, won the election last year and became the 15th president of the Republic of the Philippines. What, then, does the future hold for Pilipinos?

The Filipinos in America must also be prepared to fully support and assume leadership roles in achieving the inevitable destiny of the Philippines. This is responsibility that every Filipino must take. We, in PUSO Philippines have the messianic zeal, with passion and total devotion. The current President of the Philippines, Noynoy Aquino must be supported by every Filipino in his dream when he stated, *Kung walang Corrupt walang mahirap! Quo vadis, Filipinos?* I put this question to our new president. An American columnist stated; *Aquino must not pull any punches in his corruption battle. That has happened too many times in the Philippines. Its people deserve*

*a thorough and public accounting of why their living standards haven't improved. There needs to be a serious reconsideration of a political culture that serves itself, not the tens of millions toiling in poverty.*

Lastly, I would say, end the poverty. The enormity of problems facing the Pilipinos particularly from economic injustice demands heroic sacrifices from everyone. Democracy restored is not all that they need; they must also be free from hunger and want. Only then can Filipinos declare free at last.

Meanwhile we must continue to resolutely support PUSO Philippines to help our poor people in our beloved country, the Philippines.

## YOU ARE INVITED!

Hello! I hope you are all doing blessedly well!



FE LUDOVICO-ARAGON MD

The FEU Medical Alumni Society of Southern

California has now a working website. News and events can now be accessed through the website. Please visit it at [www.feumassc.org](http://www.feumassc.org).

The Premiere Career College of Irwindale CA, which is 100% owned and operated by FEU medical alumni also has a website and we will be so honored if you can also spend some time to visit it. The address is

[www.premierecollege.edu](http://www.premierecollege.edu).

Currently, Premiere has

## FROM FEUMASSC WEBSITE

[www.feumassc.org](http://www.feumassc.org)

Welcome to two new members:



MA TECSON BENEICTO MD



SONIA VERAN MD

### ECTOPIC MURMURS

I CANNOT BELIEVE SHE IS GONE



ECTOPIC MURMURS August 2011

### ECTOPIC MURMURS

DR JOSEPHINE COJANGCO REYES will be missed

From the Las Vegas reunion images



ECTOPIC MURMURS July 2011 Special Issue

offered to FEUMASSC to be its headquarters.

Incidentally, Premiere is celebrating its 20th anniversary in November 2011. To date, Premiere is the only school of its kind in Southern California that offers the hospital central service technician program that is recognized by the International Association of Healthcare Central Service Materiel Management (headquartered in France). The surgical technology program which is fully accredited by CAAHEP (an arm of the American Medical Association) has been

rated as #3 in the United States and #1 in California. More information is available at our website.

Thank you for your time. FE LUDOVICO-ARAGON MD President, Premier Career College [doctorfe@premierecollege.edu](mailto:doctorfe@premierecollege.edu)

## TAIWAN TRIVIA

FRANK TANG MD

It was indeed very unfortunate that I was not able to join the likes of Peter Go, Oscar Tuazon, Alex Aplasca,



FRANK TANG MD

Willie Morales, Butch Potian, Edwin Etcubanez, etc. in the states (sorry

if have missed out others - mental deterioration setting in) after our internship at the USAF Hospital Clark and have landed me, instead, here in Taiwan as a fellow in the IVF program of Show Chwan Memorial Hospital (SCMH) in February 1988 - July 1989 and later as the head of the OB-GYN department of its sister hospital from 1989-2004.

I switched to Dermatology through perceptorship in 2004 up to date.

The first month of my stay in SCMH, I encountered the most frightening and most horrifying experience in my life. My OB consultant, without mercy and consideration to life, not only did an abortion to a live 24-week fetus but his pediatric department head/ wife, allowed her residents to practice intubation until the fetus died.

It was sickening and I almost puke out and left the delivery room and never did I assist him again in such a horrendous act. I told him that it is against my religious belief and to my conscience to assist, more so, to participate in such heartless killing of innocent life.

Taiwanese have no regards for life and this is legal in here. We have numerous abortion clinics here; and abortions are done left and right even for the simple reason of sex selection. As long as minors have parental consent, it is legal and even authorized by our National Health Insurance and no questions asked.

Taiwan has the lowest birth rate (highest abortion rate) amongst developed countries in the world.

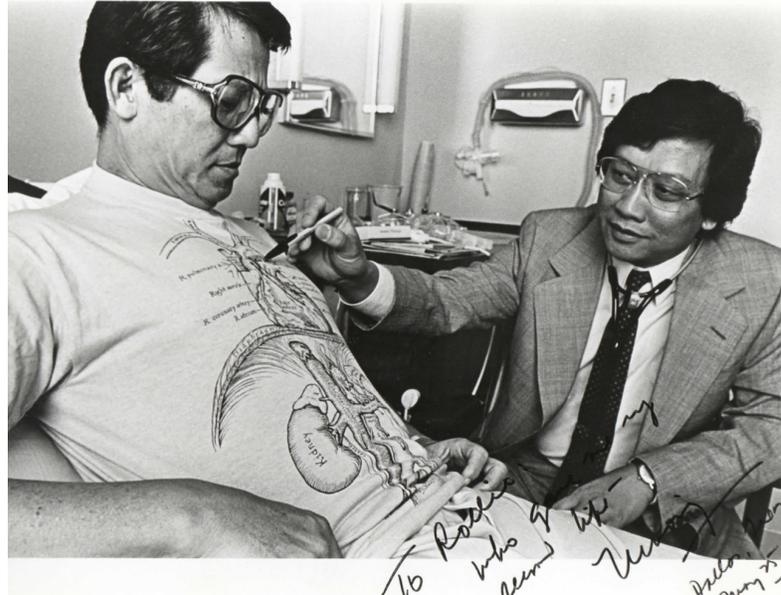
Paradoxically, the government is encouraging couples to have more babies now to the point of offering rewards and subsidies to the child because various governmental agencies predict that in 10-year time, Taiwan will have a zero-population growth and an increasing older population which could become a burden to the government in the near future.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Thank you for sending us your newsletters and keeping us updated on your members' messages, activities, and upcoming events.

Regarding your Balik-FEU 2012 plans, please let us know how our office may help. We have launched, and our Secretary has presented, the general plans for Pinoy Homecoming 2011-2016, and we can also present what this Pinoy Homecoming Program can offer your group.

## HEART-TO-HEART TALKS WITH NINOY ROLANDO M SOLIS MD<sup>63</sup>



*May, 1980. Dr. Rolando Solis describing to newsmen Senator Benigno Aquino Jr's triple coronary bypass on a diagram superimposed on a caricature of a heart with its coronary circulation printed on the Senator's T-shirt. The handwritten dedication reads, To Rolly, who gave me my second life. Ninoy, Dallas, Texas, May 25,'80.*



*RUNNING MATES Dr. Rolando Solis jogs with his patient, Ninoy Aquino, at the Dallas Baylor University Medical Center in Texas as part of rehabilitation after heart surgery.*

Read it in [PHILIPPINE DAILY INQUIRER](#) Sunday, August 21, 2011

Please do not hesitate to contact us should we be able to help you with any of your endeavors pertaining to travel to our beloved country.

With my best wishes always,  
**VERNIE VELARDE  
MORALES**

Director, Philippine Department  
of Tourism Chicago Office  
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3765

Phone 312 782 2475

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Website:

[www.wowphilippines.com.ph](http://www.wowphilippines.com.ph),

[www.experiencephilippines.ph](http://www.experiencephilippines.ph)

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I enjoy reading all the articles in the newsletters. It makes me feel connected to all of you.

I also would like to receive the ECTOPIC MURMURS.

I would appreciate if you can point me in the right direction to request subscription.

I am very interested in joining the FEUMAANI-PMAC group for the January 2012 medical-surgical mission in Vigan. I read about the required documents. Am I expected to bring tools or supplies? I understand I have to pay for my travel expenses. How about the accommodation in Vigan? How is that usually arranged?

As a young person, we travelled to Ilocos Norte for vacations and always passed by Vigan. I have not been there for almost 30 years.

**SUSAN NUNEZ MD**

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Remember the numbers 36/122? Figures a few years ago indicating the Philippines as 36<sup>th</sup> in national reserves and 122<sup>nd</sup> in per capita income.

The latest numbers had changed. The good news, we now ranked 32<sup>nd</sup> but the bad news is per capita income slid to 134.



**PIO SIAN MD**

The US with national reserves of \$124B and owes \$14T (in the negative) ranks only 17<sup>th</sup>, below Singapore, Germany, Thailand, Algeria, France and Italy.

The new powerhouses are China with +\$2.54T, Japan with \$1.01T, Russia with \$458B, Saudi with \$395B, India with \$279B, South.Korea with \$274B. Switzerland with \$262B, Hong Kong with \$256B, and Brazil with \$255B.

The Motherland ranked better than Sweden, Australia, Holland, Spain, New Zealand, Belgium and many other small countries whose populations can be well provided not hoarded by a few billionaires (five, only one *Pinoy*).

**PIO M SIAN MD<sup>65</sup>**  
Palm Bay FL

## SEPTEMBER donation

A perpetual  
**CLASS<sup>68</sup>**

**ARMANDO PACIS MD<sup>68</sup>**  
**Student Achievement Award**  
**in Surgery**  
is established this month.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

These are sobering figures. Thank you for including me as one of the recipients of PMAC



**FRANK  
TANG MD**

News straight from United States. I enjoy reading them and after long years of absence from

circulation, I finally found ways to keep in touch with fellow classmates from near and afar.

I have been in Taiwan for more than two decades now and had lost all contacts from you guys from the States until recently when I have slowly gathered your e-mails, eg, you, Oscar Tuazon, Anthony de Perio, Butch Potian, Peter Go, Edwin Etcubanez, Alex Aplasca, Willie Morales, Rey Olazo, Archie Lamadrid, Armando Damian. I wish you can provide me more names of our classmates in the States.

Every now and then I come across classmates in the Philippines whenever I go home and the most memorable one was the get together we had in Taiwan last year.

Come next January 2012, before our *Balik-FEU* on January 26-28, 2012, we are planning to have another get together this time in Bangkok, Thailand, organized by Amy Astadillo Chitrabamrung. Many amongst you in the States will join, so how about you?

Please keep in touch and say hello to all for me back in the States

**FRANKIE TANG MD**  
Taiwan

## Message from the BOARD CHAIRMAN

*continued from page 1*

not care to talk to me again. Needless to say, I was shocked. I wondered how this occurred. I was eligible, many girls liked me and I looked quite dashing in my surgical attire. I decided that she was having a bad day and I would approach her later. Three times over the intervening months, I asked this beautiful lady out, but each time, she turned me down quite briskly. My ego was hurt so I decided that she was not for me.

I continued on with my training and gave up on the idea of dating this woman. Two years went by and my ideas of how my life would be changed. I continued my residency and then the strangest thing happened. I think of it as a miracle, maybe a little divine intervention. This lovely lady that I had tried to date required a small assistance from me. It was my chance to redeem myself. I assured her that I would be glad to assist her and was careful not to ask for anything for myself. I was totally selfless in this endeavor. After that, she told me she would give me a chance. She would give me one year to prove my intentions. She would be watching and if I slipped up, we would be done. Suddenly, my focus shifted. It was no longer about what a good catch I was, but rather how to be the person she would want. It was a long year, but as many of you know, I finally passed her tests and Minerva finally said YES. By then, I had figured out how my life had

changed. In my early years, I had grand visions of how likeable I was, a ladies man, but I became a better person and am one lady's man. It was no longer about me, it was about us and I told her, *from now on, whatever you want will be and my wants are secondary.* Or in the famous tagalog words; *Lahat ng gusto mo ay masusunod at ang gusto ko ay optional.* These words when followed promote a close family relationship and avoid family disputes.

## Remembering FE DEL MUNDO MD

*continued from page 1*

Private Practitioners and later was also a former Philippine Medical Association president who asked me in some occasions to be her speech writer. The Tans are the founder and owners of the Novaliches General Hospital in Quezon City.

It was a blessing to have met Dr Fe del Mundo. I recall her saying she is appreciative of my having obtained a graduate degree at Harvard (master of science in behavioral sciences and maternal and child health) where she did postgraduate training and my many years of teaching human growth and development and child psychology in US colleges and universities.

I indeed assured her I have been a children's advocate myself.

Before returning back to resume my teaching and public service state job in Ohio, upon invitation of Dr Lilian Villaluz-Lee, a close friend who was a neurologist and also former

director of Lungsod Ng Kabataan and other consultants, I later became a charter member and lifetime member of the Maternal and Child Health Association of the Philippines.

May God continue to shine upon Dr Fe del Mundo and to us also- all children of a loving Heavenly Father.

She too like Dean Josephine C Reyes of FEU will be greatly missed.

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Columbus, Ohio

## STUDENT ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

*Do you want to know a little bit more about the Student Achievement Awards? The cost for each Student Achievement Award is \$50. If you want your award in perpetuity, it is \$1050. You can label your award in your name, or in the name of the person you wish to honor. So let me challenge you to channel the extra dollars of your donation/ charity budget to recognize an honor-roll needy student or two at the medical school. Your donation(s) are tax-deductible. Please make your check payable to*

**FEUDNRSM Alumni Foundation.**

*Your donation this year will be awarded during the Student Recognition of the 2012 Balik-FEU in mid-January 2012 at the FEU-NRMF Institute of Medicine, in West Fairview, Quezon City.*

*If you want you can also distribute your award(s) in person during the ceremonies! Let me hear from you about your award(s).*

**CESAR V REYES MD<sup>68</sup>**

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**PHILIPPINE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION** in CHICAGO

51st Anniversary, Fall 2011  
SCIENTIFIC SEMINAR, *Clinical Practice Update*, Induction Dinner Dance, Saturday, September 24, 2011, Hyatt O'Hare Hotel



**ERIC**

The evening festivities will be preceded in the morning by a **free** 5-hour accredited ACCME Category

I CME program, featuring:

**ERIC J MARSH MD**, associate professor at Rosalind Franklin University of Medicine & Science, North Chicago, *Skin Cancer 2011*, to be introduced by Zosimo R Herrera MD; **SHILPA TIWALLI MD**, neurologist at Saints Mary & Elizabeth Medical Center, on



**SHILPA**

*Multiple Sclerosis Update 2011*, to be introduced by Anita Avila MD; **NESTOR RAMIREZ MD**, pediatric chairman



**NESTOR**

at Norwegian American Hospital, on *What You See Is Not Always What You Get*, to be introduced by Nida Blankas Hernaez MD;

**PAULINE CAMACHO MD**, professor of medicine at Loyola Unniversity Stritch School of Medicine, on



**PAULINE**

*Osteoporosis Update 2010*,

to be introduced by Cynthia Yongo-Eugenio MD; and **EDGAR V LERMA MD**, associate



**EDGAR**

professor of medicine at the University of Illinois College of Medicine at Chicago, on *Chronic Renal Failure 2011*, to be introduced by Zita B Yorro MD.

**PHILIPPINE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION**

in CHICAGO

**PMAC 51<sup>st</sup> anniversary**  
**PMAC Auxiliary 45<sup>th</sup> anniversary**  
**PMAC - PMAC Auxiliary Foundation**  
**Inaugural Dinner & Ball**

Saturday, September 24, 2011

Hyatt Regency O'Hare

9300 West Bryn Mawr Avenue, Rosemont IL, 847-696-1234

Cocktail 6:00 pm  
Dinner 7:30 pm  
Donation \$85 pp  
Attire Formal

RSVP by September 10, 2011  
Edward Hernaez MD 847-833-1658  
Flor Tembrina RN MPH PhD 630-290-1728  
Make checks payable to **PMAC**

**Balik-FEU 2012**  
**January 26-28, 2012**

**Venue Crowne Plaza Galleria**  
**at Ortigas & EDSA**

**CELEBRANTS**

- Class<sup>57</sup> Emerald Jubilee**
- Class<sup>62</sup> Golden Jubilee**
- Class<sup>86</sup> Silver Jubilee**
- Class<sup>66</sup> Sapphire Jubilee**
- Class<sup>71</sup> Ruby Jubilee**
- Class<sup>76</sup> Coral Jubilee**
- Class<sup>81</sup> Pearl Jubilee**
- Class<sup>91</sup> 20th Anniversary**
- Class<sup>96</sup> 15th Anniversary**
- Class<sup>01</sup> 10th Anniversary**

**SEPTEMBER QUOTE**

Command those who are rich in this present world not to be arrogant nor to put their hope in wealth, which is so uncertain, but to put their hope in God, who richly provides us with everything for our enjoyment.

**1 Timothy 6:17**