



# ECTOPIC MURMURS

Volume 22

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Number 11

November 2011

## REMEMBERING BUDDY

CESARV REYES MD<sup>68</sup>

Salvador V Del Rosario MD<sup>68</sup> was one of a kind.

Buddy, as he was known to his friends, was so terribly generous of spirit---fresh, funny, and genuine. He initially aspired to be a performer in music, of songs and life.



SALVADO V  
DEL ROSARIO  
MD

laude.

At the medical school, he was usually a full scholar, a class president, and a voice to be reckoned with or sought for support by the budding politicians.

In our sophomore year, he was the president of the FEU SCA (Student Catholic Action), and asked me to lead the MEDSCA.

In our first medical mission ever in the summer of 1965 to Malvar, Batangas, and sponsored by the National Union of Students, he led our

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His medical aspirations came later.

Buddy was an FEU loyalty student. He graduated high school valedictorian and pre-med *summa cum*



PEPITO C  
RIVERA MD

home town. We lived in a rural area surrounded by a big lake and at the time the story happened, the area was without electricity. Lighting was done with kerosene lamps or candles in the homes and the only lighting on the streets was from the distant glow from a home or from the occasional traveller's lantern. Visibility was poor except at times of the full moon.

Fishermen in the area depended on the lake as a source of livelihood and my grandmother's story began with such a fisherman.

There was a young fisherman that used to fish the lake around the midnight hour because the fishing at that time of night was

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## FAITH CORNER

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

I have talked about this subject to other groups of people recently, yet for some reason, it has remained in my mind and would not go away.

It is about how I miss the gathering of the family at the dinner table. I am not talking about having family gatherings on special occasions, like Thanksgiving, Christmas or Easter.

I am talking about being together at the dinner table on any given day. I miss the chatter, the clatter and the banter. I miss the things that we, as a Christian family, learn at the dinner table.

There are so many things that are shared at the dinner table besides food. There are many stories told, many expressions heard, many expectations shared. It was at the dinner table that I kept hearing that my parents wanted me to become a doctor and a pastor. There are traditions that are passed on. Children learn their manners at the dinner table.

I certainly did, and I passed

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## HISTORY OF SHAME

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

FCAP Emeritus

In the recent issue of **PMAC**



CESAR CANDARI MD

**News** October 2011, I read the astounding story of Dr Ulysses Carbajal and the mysterious ways he experienced the grace of God.

In one part, he discussed wanting to help the Association of Philippine Physicians in America (APPA) in 1993 and decided to run for president of this association.

How could such a righteous, brilliant, experienced, and former Philippine Medical Association president (Philippines) lose?

According to Carbajal, *Flagrant election irregularities, typewritten ballots, proxy voting, led to my defeat.*

I would be dishonest to admit I was not annoyed to hear such things.

It was neither an embarrassment nor the will of God for Dr Carbajal to lose in the election; rather, it was the farcical election in a premier APPA.

My friend Uly knew my story. I had also run to preside the APPA in 1992, a year before his presidential defeat. You may call this as my exposé.

It is important to post this story so that every Filipino American physician can understand these shameful political shenanigans. My story was to show the readers what I tried to do to streamline the

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## GROWING UP IN THE PHILIPPINES: ROME

### OLYMPICS 1960

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

Has anyone ever wondered



PIO SIAN MD

what's in a teen-ager's mind if he/she was told to get ready to compete in the

Olympic Games?

Just to qualify gave this 19 year old pre-med student some wild ecstatic fantasies brimming with pride and glory.

In 1959, I enrolled in advanced ROTC at the FEU Corps of cadets. One major course is marksmanship training to which I fortunately topped.

As a junior cadet officer, our commandant Col Cesar Flor had ordered and authorized me to form the FEU shooting team.

After briefings and paperwork, we had a lengthy search for prospective shooters. We were able to pick about a dozen candidates who made good at the paper triangulation. Then we took them to Fort William McKinley for some live ammunition shooting.

Only six qualified at the try-outs. We thought we were ready for some inter-collegiate competition, but we were outclassed by the UST team. Oddly, other schools did not send any teams. The FEU team was further reduced to two

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## THE JOURNEY OF ONE ASIAN AMERICAN

ERLINDA G BARRANDA MD

As I was growing up in my country of origin, the Philippines, it was the United



LINDA BARRANDA MD

Methodist Church missionaries who taught me about Jesus Christ, who He was and His main mission to this world.

In primary school and secondary school in our history and civic classes I learned about America. By the time I was in the fifth grade I knew already how to draw from memory the entire map of the United States of America and on November of each year, I learned and sung Thanksgiving hymns in church. I learned about the journey from the *old world* to the *new world* of Europeans, about the Pilgrims and the ship named *Mayflower* and the celebration with turkey on the menu and the singing of joyful and grateful songs. Yes, the Europeans decided to leave behind the feudalism and oligarchic forms of government in the old world in order that they could establish a society where freedom and responsibility, justice and equality may exist and give more quality to life. I also learned about the slavery of the *negroes* and how President Abraham Lincoln lead the country to get rid of it. I did not know then that he was assassinated because of it, not until I came to America I came to know that it was his

immediate cause of physical death. Perhaps, it was meant that way, for if I had known about it before 1965, I would have not even set the goal of getting my further education in this country. But because Jesus and the Christian way of life was portrayed and was associated with America by the American preachers and teachers, all the while I thought by the time I was twenty, slavery and racism would have been eradicated and a thing of the past in America. But I discovered during summer 1965 and 1966 that America once again was being awakened by protests, demonstrations and riots against racism.

By the time I graduated in college with psychology and English as my majors, I elected to teach English in a private high school to earn and save for my further education. I was eager to pursue a master's degree in psychology in an American graduate school following the footsteps of my oldest sister and that of my mentors who had their doctoral degrees. After she obtained her master's degree from DePauw University in Indiana, she was admitted in the doctoral program at Claremont Graduate School and University Center.

Rigorous admission requirements to enroll for a master of arts in psychology did not deter her from encouraging me to apply because there was *cum laude*, meaning *with honors*, in my college diploma. No one had had also the notion that aside from obtaining graduate education I was also aiming to receive medical intervention for a congenital condition, so-called *factory defect*, on my lower limbs.

Since my limping upon walking became obvious since grade two and gradually more so when I was in high school. By the time I was in college my limping became more obvious to me and to my mother. The various physicians that my parents brought me to for evaluation and treatment failed to arrive to a definitive diagnosis since I was in grade two as I could not walk for several months then. Then pain subsided and lived a normal life with good locomotion. The medication given me was just to alleviate pain in walking. But all the while I knew something was wrong anatomically.

When admitted to attend graduate school in 1965, I sensed then that I must go to America where I have known that medical knowledge, technology and treatment could be more advanced based on my readings. I was grateful when my application for admission at Claremont Graduate School and University Center (CGSUC) California was approved and happier because of the thought that I would not be alone attending a school in a foreign land. My sister lawyer and already a masters degree holder was aiming for a PhD. Later she was even bestowed two Ph.Ds to her surprise and in 1975 cited as a distinguished alumni awardee of CGSUC.

Prior to finally settling down for a busy graduate student work in 1965, I had the opportunity to be hired as a participant in the summer evangelism project of the United Methodist Church General Board of Evangelism. Both my sister, Natty, and I were in this summer program

and our first activity was a two week training workshop on unconventional evangelism held at Boston University MA, thereafter a few days to do field work in Rhode Island by greeting regular and shut-in members of local churches informing them about our presence in the community .

Sister Natty immediately proceeded to Parkersburg WV to assist as summer youth camps already commences. For another six weeks I was assigned to assist the minister/pastor at the First United Methodist Church in Safford, Arizona. I filled in when the pastor was on summer vacation. Delivered Sunday morning sermons. The week days involved home visitation with the elderly in nursing homes and with other members of the church considered as *shut-ins* because of having health disabilities, preventing them from participating in church activities. I did a weekly devotional radio ministry and the rest of the week was filled with summer youth and women's work activities. All these sharpened my public speaking and social nurturing activities.

During the Autumn and Spring semesters, I studied the best way I knew how while holding a part-time student job as secretary to Dr William Earl, the chairperson of the psychology department of CGUC and did house cleaning and babysitting when I am neither in class or doing secretarial tasks to augment the small scholarship I was receiving from Altrusa Club Foundation and the little savings I had from my 1965

summer work. It was most challenging to be on a shoestring budget, but it was fun to use a bicycle to move around. Each day going to classes meant biking in the steeped upward plane as the CGSUC was several stones' throw away from the scenic Mount Baldy of Southern California, 30 miles west of Los Angeles. It was good for the heart and lungs to bike upward, but one must take the time to pause and inhale fresh air after two or three blocks to avoid exhaustion and arrive fresh-looking in class or to do office work.

At the end of the day coming from classes was much more fun, as biking on a downward slope required agility in putting the brakes on or you get thrown out from your bike and one must be ready to get all the bruises and be in pain. It happened to me once when one day things went out of control in October, 1966 after coming from class and on my bicycle on a downward slope street crossing a railroad tracks. My sustained bruises and limping caught the attention of Dr Edwards, a medical doctor who sang in the choir. He demanded that I be seen in his clinic the following Monday morning. And I did, and the outcome was: it was time to have a right hip arthroplasty. I concurred to the arrangement to be scheduled immediately after defending my master's thesis sometime in May 1967. I remained using crutches until May 20, 1967.

CGSUC belongs to a cluster of academic institutions, associated with the Claremont Colleges (Harvey Mudd, Scripps, Pitzer, Claremont

Men's and Pomona) and the Claremont School of Theology, this I was told was patterned after Oxford University. Thus, we, the students had brown bag lunches and held varied campus activities altogether which provided exposure to college students, graduate students and faculty members in various disciplines. Auditing classes in Claremont School of Theology gave me opportunity to learn pastoral and guidance counseling and got acquainted to varied forms of therapy to individuals and families, including conjoint family therapy led by Virginia Satir as well as the efforts exerted by former prison inmates on organizations like the Seven Steps Foundation founded by Bill Sands.

My sister Natty and I were affiliated with the Claremont United Methodist Church and we helped in choir and coffee ministry. I was given the task of coordinating with church members to prepare and serve coffee and pastries during the in-between morning services every Sunday morning in the local church. A couple, we addressed as : *Mom and Pop* volunteered to pick us up with their car so we did not have to ride our bicycle , thus making it more convenient, safe and cheerful for each one particularly on wintry, windy early Sunday mornings going to church as I was not yet using crutches.

I welcomed the 1966 summer break from graduate school work as it meant travelling in between week-ends and at the same time teaching young people in summer camps. I found myself not only

informing them about the various United Methodist Church overseas missions that recognized cultural differences between Filipinos and Americans, but also about how to acquire skills to be resilient as Christians which involve learning to focus, to be forgiving and acceptant of one's self and others while having a living faith in a loving Heavenly Father. I worked that summer as a *national*, under the auspices of the Board of Missionary Education of the United Methodist Church. The summer youth camps were in Atlantic NJ, in Atlantic City NJ, in Camp Pocahontas VA, in West Virginia, in Fort Collins CO, and in Northern California. Some of the names of the camps has slipped from my mind, but getting to know young people individually and learning through listening about their choices, preferences, concerns, complaints as forward looking young adolescents.

After a hectic school year just being around young people made me feel younger as well and it gave me insights to do solid research on as a graduated student. This even culminated later two years later into a master's thesis I successfully defended a day before my May 20, 1967 Smith-Peterson cup arthroplasty of my right hip at a young age of 22. The findings on the age independence concepts of Filipino and American 17- and 18- year old adolescents and significant differences was published in 1969 in the Journal of Social Psychology, co-authored with my faculty advisor, the late Dr Robert Allen Keith.

Attending graduate school meant being duly immersed with learning research methods and use them to determine validity, falseness or truthfulness and possible practical application of findings and new insights to understand, manage and affirm all kinds of human and animal behaviors, ultimately, for progress and improvement of the human condition. Fortunately, I was not spending many hours in the so-called Ivory Tower, but precious time was spent to do with reality. In our student and faculty brown bag lunches in the student union and with the energetic sharing with the colleges' Chaplains, we found ourselves during semestral breaks holding spiritual retreats, not in mountains, but in the Watts area of Los Angeles neighborhood where during the previous summer months rioting and protests against racism have transpired. We organized, we slept in sleeping bags in some old buildings, cooked and ate together and for each day for several days we knocked on doors of homes around the entire neighborhood of the Watts area as an example so that we can engage, inspire and inform people that they can have a VOICE and be heard BY GETTING OUT AND VOTE their chosen leaders who can redesign with them their communities and be a part of mainstream America.

The Civil Rights Act of 1964 had to be implemented for there was still utter poverty in Delta Mississippi, in the Watts area in California and the rampant burning of department stores and pawnshops with shouted words like: *Burn, Baby Burn!* in

most big cities of America during the 1965 and 1966 summers. The tension and racial unrest was increasing in magnitude and intensity.

Immediately after successfully defending my master's thesis I was recruited and hired to teach. Thus while recuperating from a hip surgery on crutches I flew on September, 1967 from Southern California in the west coast to the deep south. I became a US National Teaching Fellow for the Federal government and received the rank of Instructor of Psychology at South Carolina State College, my first year of college teaching in America located in Orangeburg, South Carolina. Before the Spring semester concluded, three of our own students were shot by the US National Guard when they protested against the owner of the only local bowling alley in that small town prohibited African American students to play as the bowling alley had bold signs in its premises: *FOR WHITES ONLY*. It was a very sad day and historians labeled it as *ORANGEBURG MASSACRE* and *ORANGEBURG CRISIS*. The story and details of the investigation was eventually shown in detail only during the Black History month on NPR or National Public Radio in 2009 and I was lucky to have been able to see it, but my eyes shed so much tears, because it reminded me of our freshmen students who were killed when they were just commencing on their first taste of college life. It also reminded me of the MI LAI Massacre during the Vietnam War.

1968 was a truly tumultuous, dark, dark year. When April

arrived, the assassination of Dr Martin Luther King Jr transpired in Memphis, Tennessee. The day it happened and was announced to us by Dr Anderson that evening when I was interrupted briefly while I was delivering my inspirational speech to our students that evening and we were all seated on the floor of the reception hall of the YMCA building of SCSC. I recall now vividly the shed tears, the angst, the collective grief in the faces of all students in front and around me. I held my tears, I had to sing and play with my Philippine -made guitar what I originally prepared for after my speech on the topic: *Know Thyself, Be Yourself, Let the Wisdom of God and His Teaching Lead*. Instead of playing a Philippine medley, I found myself singing: *PRECIOUS LORD, TAKE MY HAND*, a song I learned with fellow members of the Methodist Youth Fellowship when I was sophomore in college in the Philippines. Immediately after, I allowed myself to cry quietly like the rest in the audience. Having learned how to be resilient, we hugged each other. We returned to our respective dorms, I left everything to God for Him to be in charge as I slept that evening in my single bed in my designated room in the Faculty Dorm for female Staff which was also inside the SCSC campus, for the next morning was another day to teach psychology classes.

By June 6, 1968 I was on my way by Greyhound Bus Lines to Chicago with a former faculty friend to meet my brother, Robinson, who just arrived

from the Philippines. They joined me upon my invitation to be in Beloit College in Beloit WI as I was awarded a faculty fellowship to participate in the 8-week long National Science Foundation Summer Institute in Contemporary Psychology. That very same day, in Los Angeles CA at the Ambassador Hotel after delivering his victory speech as a nominee for a forthcoming election, US Attorney General Robert F Kennedy was assassinated by Sirhan Sirhan. A news that shocked the nation once again. He was a younger brother of a former US President who, likewise, was assassinated in 1963 in Dallas TX.

Dr Leonard Berkowitz was the lecturer on social psychology during that institute in Beloit College. I heard him sharing with us the findings of the US Presidential Commission on violence and one item was: that the riots of 1965, 1966 targeted symbolically as destruction of properties, not persons. These were mostly department stores and pawnshops in Chicago IL, Detroit MI, in Los Angeles CA, Washington DC, Atlanta GA. I already knew from the historical past the burning of the cross, lynching and murder of black Americans by those who saw slaves as objects of manipulation, use and abuse particularly in the deep South. The enacting into Federal law of the Civil Rights Act in 1964 and it had to be implemented. The nonviolent movement was further propelled as there was a gradual and wider recognition that indeed while men are not equal in all aspects, including acquiring skills on how to

accumulate wealth and power, through education, by precept and example of dedicated and concerned leaders, America gradually redeemed herself at least in paper. Laws have become more humane and respect on the dignity of persons regardless of age, physical status, gender, race, creed, color, national and religious origin, thus the creation of Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and eventual enactment of the American Disabilities Act in the 1990s.

By 2008, America elected and African American. The dream has gradually come alive and hope for better life and living has endured so far. This year, 2011 the dream appears to be more alive than ever before. Dr Martin Luther King Jr., a great, great grandson of African American slaves now belongs to the heroes of this nation. I just wish Americans will re-learn fully the real art of diplomacy and the power of what negotiation and dialogue among leaders and members of all nations so that we need not lose anymore precious lives and billions and billions of dollars in waging war against those who still have harbored hate and hostility towards America. In summer of 1965, instead of backing off and leaving America, I decided to invest more in educating myself and others so that we can be a redeemed society of believers, seekers and doers of good values, continuously seeking for the Truth, and enjoy freedom, justice and the democratic form of living. For when I arrived in America then, there were protests against racial prejudice,

against the killing in the Vietnam War. Thirty six years later when America was attacked on September 9, 2001, elected politicians found it convenient to retaliate unilaterally by waging war with Iraq, only to lose once again more than 4,500 citizens in uniform and billions of dollars.

In 2011, gradually we Americans, with the leadership and initiative of United States President Barack H Obama are recognizing the value of diplomacy, negotiation, dialogue and the benefits of asking the support of other equally concerned developed countries, such as members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to participate in the problem solving process of eradicating terrorism and the toppling down of abusive dictatorship in foreign lands in the recent months. Through education and continuous dialogue America may still be the leading nation among nations in man's pursuit for freedom, the respect for human rights and the freedom from want, and enjoy fully the possible abundance for each human in this nation and the rest of the world. The message of concerned individuals, like Mr Buffett and other enlightened entrepreneurs in America who expressed the willingness to share their bounties/ enormous profits with others who actually need to meet basic needs, as well as hear the real concern of the Occupiers of Wall Street, is a cry for freedom from poverty and from want. Through continued education and acceptance of our responsibilities to each other in

this planet earth, we will be more authentic in singing quietly together the song we are able to sing quietly together the song with a line: *if we can consider each other, a neighbor, a friend or a brother, it could be a wonderful, wonderful world, IT COULD BE A WONDERFUL WORLD TO TRAVEL AROUND.*

## NOVEMBER donation

A perpetual  
**CLASS68**

**SALVADOR BAYANI V DEL  
ROSARIO MD<sup>68</sup>**  
Student Achievement Award  
in Internal Medicine

## 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 December  
2011  
December 1, 2011

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

## HALLOWEEN

### CELSO DEL MUNDO MD

Halloween is a spooky and fun day for almost everyone, Evil spirits, goblins and ghost show up in the stillness of the night



CELSO  
DEL MUNDO MD

Their lost souls are floating in the living world asking for help, Restless for their ungodly deeds committed

while living in this earth.

Religious belief states that their souls are suffering in after life, Unable to rest in heaven until their souls and spirit are forgiven, Their souls are in purgatory, living in hell being tortured on ball of fire, In extreme pain , they all wander in this dark Halloween night.

It's fun for most children to wear the spooky and funny costumes, Along the neighborhood they are wandering goblins, ghost and gargoyles They go trick or treating for candies and other goodies from door to door Enjoying the whole evening devoted to celebrate the night for all the saints and souls.

Halloween is a day to remember our love ones who has passed away, According to Christian beliefs these wandering spirits needs all our prayer If the spirit is in limbo their souls are floating restless and in pain In the living world, we visit their graves to pray for them to rest in heaven.

## MY LADY

### EDGAR BORDA MD<sup>72</sup>

My english may not be good, or amusing, still I shall venture to pen an honest verse worth expressing about an amiable and fascinating lady worth loving.

Forgive me if I have opined something you think is contrary, because, I never meant to offend you personally.

Cordial was she when we first meet,  
Aversion to browns was never checked.

Righteousness tempered with compassion is her outstanding refute.

Obviously independent, strong-willed, with propitious forethought; a liberated woman with a conservative attitude.

She is more a Filipina to me in many ways.  
Graceful, delicate and timorous in some ways;  
To be with her is wondrously exhilarating,  
Even the mirthless jiffies is never a despicable moment for you would love her more than anything else.

I wish to stay, I wish I could stay for the term is running out fast with no gay;  
In earnest, I did not know I could be gawky and fidgety,  
Fortunately enough she is unperturbed with great constancy,  
Stern at times, but have great patience with me.



EDGAR  
BORDA MD

## TENDERLY YOURS

NOLI C GUI NIGUNDO  
MD<sup>62</sup>

In my childish thoughts, Thanksgiving Day will soon be followed by Christmas.



NOLI C  
GUINIGUNDO MD

Thanksgiving is sort of preliminary to the grand occasion. We pray and give thanks on Thanksgiving Day. We pray not just the safe pilgrim's trip to the New World but also to the fact that we are all alive and in existence with our Lord God. As we all know, it is only here in America that we celebrate Thanksgiving. It does not mean that we do not have to be thankful for what we are and what we are in existence for.

On the last Sunday of November, we are celebrating the first Sunday of Advent, which ushers in the upcoming Christmas celebration, the birth of our Savior Jesus Christ. Four Sundays precede Christmas. We are often asked what do we have to offer Jesus for his coming birthday. What do we have to sacrifice to welcome his coming? It is like trying to sacrifice something during Lent.

It is nice to sacrifice pomposity, let us not be too ostentatious in celebrating Christmas. Christmas is not expensive toys. Christmas is not expensive gifts to give one another. It is the feeling, the thought that counts in giving gifts, not because of what a

negative comment would come up. Remember that Jesus was born in a lowly barn. Remember that several inns had rejected them and they ended up in a lowly situation, a humble condition. Be humble and be happy with what you got. Remember that *Desiderata*. I have always look at it in my wall by the typewriter. Be happy with what you got. Do not compare yourself and your life situation with someone else.

Because, there is always someone with more than what you got. And this would make you unhappy. Try to be happy with what you have.

There is always someone with a bigger house. There is always someone with bigger families. There is always someone with more possessions than you. There is always someone more religious than you, but probably hypocritical. When we hear those church bells (not anymore) indicating the birth of our Savior, let us kneel and pray fervently. Let us pray that we will love each other. Love prevents war. If people just love each other and care for each other, there will probably be no war. Yes, this Christmas let us follow good deeds, let us care for our neighbors, but most of all love Jesus our Lord and Savior. #30

## MORE ON SALVADOR V DEL ROSARIO MD

It is a sad day but Buddy deserves his rightful place in Heaven.

Not a bone in his body is stained with sin.

NAPOLEON ABANDO MD<sup>68</sup>

Our good friend and classmate, Buddy del Rosario, died very recently. Buddy, Rica and family have gone through a difficult and painful ordeal in battling his nasopharyngeal cancer for several years. We will pray that he finds peace and rest with our Maker and that his family be strong and supportive of each other as they suffer the great loss.

Buddy is one person I truly value for his kindness, his honesty and integrity and most of all, for his enduring concern and dedication to his family, his classmates and friends.

I will forever treasure his friendship and camaraderie

AMANTE LEGASPI MD<sup>68</sup>

Minnie and I noted the passing of Dr Salvador V Del Rosario. I did not recognize his younger picture, but did recognize him in pictures of his later years.

I always met him and his wife during the FEU medical balls. He and his wife were a constant there, and I always enjoyed our visits.

Condolences to the family from Minnie and me.

It is obvious that Dr Del Rosario was a dedicated physician and well respected and loved by his family and peers.

P C RIVERA MD<sup>67</sup>

MINNIE C RIVERA MD<sup>72</sup>

## NOVEMBER

### Donation

SALVADOR BAYANI V DEL  
ROSARIO MD<sup>68</sup>

Student Achievement Award  
in Medical Ethics

# NOVEMBER IMAGES



Italian pilgrimage: Drs Melvin Escara, Fe Tagub Escara, Leticia Bravo and Orlando Bravo, from left.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Before I get started, I would like to express my sincerest appreciation for all your helps, concerns and prayers. Thank you all very, very much. I really feel good and have gained 5 lbs since the treatment. I have had 2 doses of anti-testosterone shots and my PSA is down to 0.8 mcg/dl from 20 mcg/dl. I consulted Rorie's medical oncologist and his advise was to have a complete MRI studies which turned out to be negative for other metastatic lesions except in the sacrum. He also suggested to consider radiation treatment to the prostate and sacrum because he claims that the only positive diagnosis for bone metastasis is by biopsy. He said that his advice is a stretch but he does not want to look back later on and say we should have radiated the prostate. I have gotten second opinions from our friends and they all feel the same. Dr Conrad Gonzales, radiation oncologist in Virginia, Dr Johnny Singson, medical

oncologist in Milwaukee, Nani's office mate in Detroit who is a radiation oncologist, and Dr Greg Tolentino, a radiation oncologist in Chicago, all agreed to aggressively confront this cancer. Drs Johnny Singson, Gilberto Rodriguez and Ellen Zajia are skeptical about the bone metastasis since the PSA is only 20 and I do not have any bone pain.

I already made an appointment with Dr Ellen Zajia, a radiation oncologist at Lombardi Cancer Center at St Lukes Hospital in Milwaukee and hope to get started so Rorie and I can spend winter and holidays in Florida. Thank you all again and with the Lord's blessings I should be able to defeat this malady like what Rorie did 10 years ago next month. May God bless us all.

**RENATO ESTRELLA MD<sup>68</sup>**

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I would like to extend my thanks to FEUDNRSMF President Oscar Tuazon and Southern California Group

President Jun Castro and the entire Southern California Group for the wonderful Officer Induction Ceremonies in Long Beach in October. The Ceremonies were very well attended and the hotel and food accommodations were excellent. I noted that we had visiting alumni from other medical schools and that they enjoyed themselves.

It takes a dedicated group effort to make such an event a success and it was obvious that the planning and execution of this ceremony was well thought out. I was pleased to see Drs Arsenio Martin and his wife Fe Martin at the proceedings. Arsenio told me he was happy to be there and enjoyed the entire weekend.

Congratulations on a job well done.

**P C RIVERA MD<sup>67</sup>**

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I would like to extend my thanks to all those who worked so hard to make the October officer induction meeting a

success. FEU President Oscar Tuazon and Southern California President Jun Castro should be applauded for their hard work in making this ceremony a



#### **Minerva in Yellowstone Park**

success. These events take a lot of planning and a dedicated group to make it run smoothly.

The accommodations were remarkable and the food was excellent. I was impressed with the fact that the visiting alumni from other medical schools were just as involved and interested in the convention activities as we were.

The availability of local attractions for sight-seeing and shopping was almost limitless and it was hard to decide where to spend our free time. While we were in California, there was a demonstration near our hotel.

There were several thousand people, walking or riding bicycles and we were told they were showing support for the rally in New York City on Wall Street. They were very organized and respectful, but very visual.

Also, this past month, Pete and I spent some time in the Yellowstone Park area. If you have never been there, I would recommend it for a relaxing and beautiful vacation. There are many different activities to choose from, ranging from shopping to camping, from

white water rafting to hot air ballooning, from sight-seeing to 5 star restaurants. I particularly enjoyed the hot air balloon, but Pete declined to accompany me. I think he really missed out. We stayed in an upscale hotel and the accommodations were excellent. It was fascinating to see how many people navigate the streets and highways by bicycle. This is a mountainous area, with very steep climbs and they cycle right past you.

**MINERVA CONCEPCION  
PRIVERA MD<sup>72</sup>**

## **LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

Thank God, Dr Richard Teh was exonerated. The fairness or unfairness in this present age we will not see. Even the Lord Jesus, the Son of God was unfairly sent to the cross & was condemned to die for our sins.

That is the greatest unfairness. But in his second coming he will make all things fair. He will punish the enemies of God, those who rejected Him as Lord and Savior, so then it's time to get right with God before He comes back the second time because the time is near. God bless.

**CORA BENIG MD**  
Chicago

**NOVEMBER  
Donation**  
**ESTER R AVERILLA**  
**Student Achievement Award  
for Outstanding Freshman**

## **HISTORY OF SHAME**

*continued from page 1*

Constitution and By-Laws of the APPA and the Rules of the House of Delegates in order to make the association a premier among ethnic medical organizations.

In all fairness things have since changed. I have heard APPA is in smooth and clear waters, and several of my friends are still active: Drs Bofil, Ho, and Pilapil.

Keep up the good work, gents.

Before I joined the APPA, I evaluated my participation. Great leaders keep the members focused on moving the organization towards its ideal future, motivating them to overcome obstacles. Leaders are made, not born. Such organizational politics can be described as self-serving and manipulative in promoting their self-interests at the expense of others. Hence, I was concerned about the organization when I decided to be an active participant.

From the early part of 1989 to 1992, I witnessed the storm of gushing winds had developed, yet no *Winds of Change* were eminent. The problems that beset the association despite relentless calls for unity and reconciliation grew worse. They evolved in the aftermath of every election.

There was a long and simmering conflict between the contending factions, a usual pattern of actions in Filipino American organizations.

From being a member of the board of governors, delegate, secretary, and then speaker of the House of Delegates (HOD), I was very active for 17 years in the association.

APPA's growth was thwarted, its very foundation shaken by vindictive behavior, intolerance of personality differences, and petty politics of past and present leaders.

Organizational politics was a struggle for resources, personal conflicts, competition of power and leadership, and tactical influence executed by individuals and groups to attain power.

There were many who perverted integrity, the Constitution and bylaws of the association for their selfish political ends.

Here was my part of the speech when I run for Speaker of the HOD:

*...there is an inherent spirit of man to rise above hostility and arrogance, to survive over potential annihilation and destruction. The analogy in the APPA is this organization is threatened to the brink of collapse. However, I can assure you that we, the champions and defenders of unity and democratic principles, shall rise to the occasion with the courage and wisdom of Lapu-Lapu. We shall rise with a resolve to restore and preserve harmony, camaraderie, friendship, and comity of people the old spirit of this organization for the survival, growth and progress of the APPA...*

*....Lastly my friends, I want you to know that during my long and active participation in the APPA, like I stated before, I am*

*not overly ambitious for senior positions. When Brutus killed Julius Caesar due to ambition, I am Caesar, please spare me the agony.*

They laughed, and I won the election for speaker of the HOD.

The presidential election was scheduled on the 21<sup>st</sup> anniversary of the association and annual convention on July 30, 1992, in Orlando, Florida.

I already knew that the executive director was running for president. The Leadership Alliance for APPA Reforms and Progress (LARP) was organized by a group of highly prominent leaders of APPA to support me. They were former senior officers and former presidents of the APPA in the Alliance group.

Dr Daniel Fabito was the founder of LARP. I said to Dr Renato Ramos: *Why should one possibly take over the helm when the boat is sinking?* Dr Ramos bluntly responded: *If you love APPA, which many of us do, let us save it from extinction--we can do it.*

This was the very statement that had influenced my decision to accept the challenge to run for president.

The LARP members, my supporters, were abysmally concerned with apprehension that this year's elections might be with all kinds of shenanigans. They were listless throughout the campaign, concerned it could be an early dagger to my legacy.

This was exactly what I loathed in this election. With the one-man-one vote being introduced, my opponent and I vigorously campaigned across

the nation among Filipino American physicians.

The election came. In my speech, I stated:

*Finally, my friends, in this unseemly twilight, as we observe the quintessential discovery of America, let me enjoin you to rediscover our compromised pride and our compromised honor. Let us set forth on a new direction from hereon---a Renaissance---a resolve as never before that this association, '...under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and shall not perish from the earth.'*

*Ladies and gentlemen, join me in this crusade for a new beginning and build APPA as the best institution in this country! Let me serve you as your president.*

I lost in the election.

Like what Dr Carbajal stated in his candidacy for president in 1993, he lost in the election due to flagrant election irregularities. This was exactly what happened in my candidacy for president of APPA in 1992.

Individual votes were being bought under the guise of dues payment.

In instance, one medical society headed by a doctor running for secretary allegedly paid APPA \$3,000 for its fifty members' dues to bring them up to date with their voting credentials.

And there were more of these.

While you and I have been a member of specialty organizations, state and the AMA, we do not see this ludicrous, *Philippine political style* of fraud elections.

This is a history of shame.

I left the APPA with the hope it would redeem itself from its compromised pride, honor and integrity. This is not to say Filipino Americans usually leave an organization after succumbing to the likes of a ludicrous and fraudulent fealty of the perverts in the APPA election.

Sorry if APPA now is snubbed.

That is not my intention - but this is a truthful history in the APPA.

## GROWING UP IN THE PHILIPPINES

*continued from page 2*

contestants, unfortunately the only other member David Hernandez, a med-tech student had to drop out because of increasing asthma attacks.

Since we were directly under the Philippine Army, plans were made two form two sets. The senior set made up of seasoned veterans led by Major Martin Gison, an unknown athlete from an unknown territory of the United States as the German press said when at age 22 year old took 4<sup>th</sup> place, over and above hundreds of German and Swiss masters at the Berlin Olympics 1936.

Another unknown, Otoniel Gonzaga took 6<sup>th</sup>.

Other senior members included Chito Feliciano, a fast draw TV star of the 60s and 70s, Mr Costelo, Mr Guingona, I never knew his first name, PB Dionisio, Captain San Juan.

They were to shoot other

matches, free rifle, free pistol, Military course C, skeet and trap (shotgun).

We cadets, nine from UST and lone from FEU were geared and trained to only one event – The International 50 meter Smallbore Three position.

The set captain was Cadet 1/c Leopoldo Boysie Ang, (I wonder if the Beijing shooter Ang is his offspring).

Alfred Cosico, Cadet Kho, the Asuncion brothers, and yours truly comprised the Junior set.

We had daily practice all through summer of 1959, weekends and the rest of the year.

One time on practice we had a guest shooter, a lovely medical student, and she shot like Annie Oakley. She may not remember it but I do.

She is Ofelia Loot, she might recall it when she reads this.

Readers who are familiar with the sport may know the people and places.

Over the months we gained confidence as our scores rise. Tensions were as taut as guitar strings but none showed them.

Then President Carlos Garcia along with his *Austerity Program* busted the bubble at stroke of a pen.

Only the basketball and the boxing teams will go to the Olympics. The boxing team did a far better showing than the ever-losing basketball team.

Getting a king-sized frustration like this helped me develop a tougher character.

## FAITH CORNER

*continued from page 1*

it on to my children and their children – at the dinner table. Respect for elders is bred at the dinner table.

Among Hispanic families, there is an expression for someone who behaves badly – *sin abuela!* It infers that the person grew up without the influence of the grandmother. And where does the *abuelita*, the *Lola*, exert much of her influence? You guessed it – at the dinner table!

Family secrets are sometimes revealed at the dinner table. Family pride as well as family shame are openly shared at the dinner table.

Language is refined as the rice is passed around.

Hospitality towards neighbor is demonstrated as the main dish is offered first to the stranger as if to say, *this is all we have, and you are welcome to it.*

The table blessing itself is an expression of gratitude towards the unseen hands that made the event possible.

I have so many memories of things that I learned over dinner with family, friends and the community. The good times were shared with the bad, the hard times with the times of plenty, the sad times with the happy times, the times of despair with the times of hope.

It sometimes bothers me that the dinner table is being replaced by *gadgets*. Cell phones, text messaging, facebook, twitter. There is even that voice activated app called SIRI.

Ask for anything and it will answer in kind. It is bad enough that people are texting each other from great distances. It is really disturbing to see them texting each other within the same house, even across the same room.

Across the same table? I have seen it!

I may be showing my propensity for the good old days when I say that for me, there is no substitute for the human face behind the human voice.

There is no substitute for face time with someone I know, someone I love, someone I would like to know.

I miss the faces across the table, the expressions, the baby talk, the learned voices, even the nonsense. These are all part of the fellowship at the table, of being community.

The Holy Spirit comes to us in many ways: through the Bible as we read and hear its words, through prayer that is best when said with others, through the many people that we encounter at work, at play, at church, and for me, **at the dinner table.**

## NOVEMBER

### Donation

**MAURICIO AVERILLA**

**Student Achievement Award  
For Outstanding Senior**

## NOVEMBER QUOTE

*Creativity is just connecting things. When you ask creative people how they did something, they feel a little guilty because they didn't really do it, they just saw something. It seemed obvious to them after a while.*

Steve Jobs, 1998

## Message from the BOARD CHAIRMAN

*continued from page 1*

very profitable. His catch was always the best and he would be the first to arrive to sell his fresh fish to the market. He was saving money to prepare a wedding for his beautiful lady.

One night during the rainy season, a big storm passed through the lake at the time he was fishing and he did not arrive in the morning with his usual catch. The *Barrio* police officers were notified and a search was done, but they found no body, no boat, and no fish. It was assumed that he had capsized and drowned during the storm.

The bad news was relayed to his fiancée and she became despondent. She cried with deep sorrow and withdrew herself from all her loved ones and friends. She remained secluded from society for the rest of her life, only being seen occasionally standing on the side of the bridge at the lake, staring out to the waters, looking perhaps for her lost love.

As time passed, the lady became sick and eventually died, but before she died, she requested her family to bury her remains on the lakeside so she could be near her love. After her death, the family followed her wishes.

Since that time, during the rainy season, people in the community living beside the lake report seeing a shadowy silhouette of a fishing boat gliding on the waters and some report a sound like paddles in the water.

At the same time, visions of a lady dressed in white are also reported. The lady appears on the bridge, still and continually looking for her lost love.

Occasionally, the vision of the lady appears in a white wedding dress, with its flowing gown floating in the air currents above the lake.

It was a sad story but scary too and my brothers and I would run and hide after hearing it.

The story of the mysterious visions has been told to many generations of families. Whenever I go to the Philippines I always visit the bridge which remains to this day. The bridge is no longer in use but remains as a landmark of the story. It is old and antique in appearance but the locals maintain it in remembrance of love lost.

I often wonder about the two young lovers. Do they meet at the lake to begin new journeys as spirits, or do they remain divided, always searching for each other through the ages.

Are our visions a reminder to cherish our loved ones and live in the moment, or a story of love that transcends time and death, reminding us that we meet again in a better place?

Perhaps, that is the reason for the sightings, to make us think about our beliefs, our loves and our lives.

**PEPITO C RIVERA MD<sup>67</sup>**

## NOVEMBER

### Donation

**ESTER R AVERILLA**

**Student Achievement Award  
for Outstanding Sophomore**

## REMEMBERING BUDDY

*continued from page 1*

FEU group and took me at his side for support.

Later in the summer of 1966, he led the FEU contingent for the Baguio Student Catholic Action junket, and took me at his side to enjoy the religious retreat. It was my most memorable trip to the mountain city ever.

He was a library geek; and he was contagious. He became the queen bee of a studious core of friends and classmates aggregating around him, all digging into medical textbooks everyday, even on Saturday and Sunday.

At internship, he beat me for the honor of the Winthrop Stearns scholar and a coveted monthly stipend that the award provided.

We both applied for Clark Air Base Hospital which in 1967 was considered the premier training institution in the Philippines for reasons that US and more modern medicine was being practiced therein and a monthly dollar stipend/ PX shopping entitlement was available for the trainees.

We both failed the Clark interviews.

We settled for St Lukes Hospital in Quezon City, the second best at that time.

Actually, the internship at Clark in 1967-1968 was marred by a scandal and all the trainees were fired two-thirds of their training period and sent home to their respective universities to complete the internship year.

Yes, the value of Clark as a training place in 1968 went zilt like the stockmarkets of 2011!

At St Luke's. Buddy and I were really at the right place and right time--- the best training institution in 1968 and we finished our final year of medical school in flying colors!

We easily passed the ECFMG examinations in February 1968, the Philippine board examinations in April, and were rightly on our track to the United States in late June in the same plane with 60 other classmates and FEU alumni.

The plane trip was an excursion galore, happy and memorable.

We enjoyed a stopover in Hongkong and another day of walk-tour of Tokyo, and had our separate ways in San Francisco---our port of entry in the USA.

That was 44 years ago.

Buddy trained and practiced internal medicine in Milwaukee and I did mine in pathology in the Chicago area for as many years to date.

Now, Buddy is gone.

Last week, he passed away after a six-year battle with nasopharyngeal carcinoma.

Early on in his ailment, he accepted courageously that *he was ready* to meet his Redeemer. And he did peacefully, gracefully and without pain.

I will miss Buddy, my best classmate and my friend...

## 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

## NOVEMBER

### Donation

**SALVADOR BAYANI V DEL ROSARIO MD<sup>68</sup>**

**Student Achievement Award  
in Dermatology**

# **FEUMAANI**



**PMAC**  
**(Philippine  
 Medical  
 Association  
 in Chicago)**

## Medical Surgical Mission

in Vigan and surrounding  
 towns, Ilocos Sur

**January 18-21, 2012**

If you are interested to join,  
 please email me at  
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 be submitted to the Chicago  
 consular office. You can also  
 postally mail the same at  
 28951 Forest Lake Lane,  
 Green Oaks, IL 60048.

We will be starting in Manila on  
**January 17<sup>th</sup>** at Dr and Mrs  
 Virgilio Jonson residence in  
 Quezon City, then lunch in  
 Tarlac with Dr Aurora Atienza,  
 and finally dinner at Vigan. The  
 bus ride is about 6-7 hours from  
 Manila.

**Return back on January 22 to  
 Manila.**

**Presidential courtesy call  
 tentatively scheduled for  
 Monday, January 23<sup>rd</sup>.**

We will be using the Apollo  
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# **FEUMAANI**

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 send a copy of your curriculum  
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## STUDENT ACHIEVEMENT

### AWARD

*Your donation(s) are tax-  
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 check payable to  
 FEUDNRSM Alumni  
 Foundation. Your donation  
 this year will be awarded  
 during the Student Recognition  
 of the 2012 Balik-FEU in  
 January 26, 2011, 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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 Phone 815-942-2932 x7565 or  
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## **NOVEMBER**

### **Donation**

**MAURICIO AVERILLA**  
**Student Achievement Award**  
**For Outstanding Junior**

## **Renaissance** **Simons'Charitable** **Foundation Inc USA** **FEUDNRSM** **Nevada Chapter**

Nueva Ecija Medical Surgical

Mission

**January 21- 26, 2012**

Venue: Paulino Garcia  
 Regional Hospital/ Cabiao  
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 City

Hosts: Dr and Mrs Ed  
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In charge: E Relucio, Daniel  
 Fabito MD and Marilou Chua  
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Interested volunteers, please  
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 2665, [danielfab@cox.net](mailto:danielfab@cox.net)

Monetary medical supply  
 donations are also being  
 solicited.

Schedule of events:  
**Sunday, January 22, 2012,**  
 travel from Manila to Cabiao,  
 meeting place and  
 transportation pick-up KFC  
 Restaurant, Congressional &  
 Mindanao Avenue.

**Monday, January 23,** welcome  
 reception by Dr and Mrs  
 Relucio;  
**Thursday, January 26,**  
 appreciation night by Cabiao  
 Mayor.

# FEUDNRSM Alumni Foundation



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**Class<sup>92</sup> 20th Anniversary**

**Class<sup>97</sup> 15th Anniversary**

**Class<sup>02</sup> 10th Anniversary**

**Oscar Tuazon MD, president**

**otuazonmd@gmail.com**

**for further information**