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**The Association
Wishes Everyone
A Prosperous 2002!**

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Bobonanons celebrate 11th Fiesta in New Jersey

Eddie and Edna Unay are this year's sponsors

It was not the usual clear and sunny day of summer in New Jersey but it did not dampen the fiesta mood of the many Bobonanons who celebrated their 11th annual Fiesta last August 12, 2001. Some drove while others flew. Many who drove and were not familiar with the New Jersey freeway system like ourselves got lost but everyone had a good time nevertheless.

On the eve of the fiesta, Eddie and Edna had a vesper day celebration at their place. Everyone enjoyed the sumptuous dinner and there were a lot of story telling among the guests while others continued the drinking, singing



Bobbie and Noel Cornillez (2002 sponsors) receive the image of the Sto. Niño being turned over by this year's sponsors, Eddie and Edna Unay.

and dancing until late that night.

The mass was held at the church of St. Andrew, the Apostle and

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Bobonanons and their guests at the dancing hall of the Wayne Manor.

Fiesta goes back to LA in 2002

Fiesta 2002 will be held on August 25, 2002 in Los Angeles with Noel and Bobbie Cornillez as our hosts. Then in 2003, there is a proposal that the Association sponsor the annual fiesta celebration of the Bobon-Metro Manila Residents Association in Manila. If this happens, folks, plan ahead as our Fiesta celebration goes not just from coast to coast but we are going international!

Details for the Fiesta 2002 will be in a separate announcement.

U-Turns

by Arpee Paredes

So this year's Bobon-USA fiesta was in New Jersey. The night prior to the fiesta (vespera) was the traditional *kainan-inuman-kantahan-sayawan* bash (eating-drinking-singing-dancing party) thrown by the hermano and hermana. This is typically a fun time, so of course, my family and I were excited to attend this event.

The only problem was we had to get there first and none of us were from around town. We came from places like Arizona, Maryland, California, and Kentucky. So New Jersey was a pretty foreign country to most of us. So foreign that my parents and godparents, who left Maryland for New Jersey about 3 or 4 hours before us younger ones did, got there only about 15 or 30 minutes ahead of us because they got lost for a couple of hours.

So a whole lot of us piled into two cars and headed for the party at 6:30 p.m., hoping to get there around 7 or 7:30. The party started at 7:00, so getting there a little later shouldn't matter. After all, being Filipino, we're expected to arrive later than the scheduled time, right?

Everything appeared to be going smoothly until the lead car made a right into some empty parking lot, in which we (the second car) followed close behind. After making a wide U-turn, we found ourselves going back in the opposite direction.

"O, looks like we made a wrong turn somewhere," my dad said

Fiesta 2001 in pictures...



in tagalog. We younger ones didn't care at that point. We were busy playing drinking games (without the drinks, of course) in the back seat.

A couple of minutes later, we made a right into what appeared to be a residential street. I thought we were there already when the lead car decided to make a three-point U-turn. "O," my dad said, shaking his head. "Looks like this isn't it." And while making the final turn, my dad's car hits the curb, leaving my dad cringing.

We went on to make two more U-turns before both cars pulled over to the side of the road. We young ones in the back were pretty much finished with our game; we were now very much interested if we would ever figure out where we were.

Then came the exciting part. We almost died.

So the lead car is going down the wrong road once again and decides that we need to go the opposite way. So they make a left into another parking lot. My dad follows right behind and makes the left, apparently just intent on not losing the lead car because another car going about 55 mph was heading *right for us*.

I don't exactly remember what happened next because my head was ringing incessantly from the high-pitched squeals that the ladies in the car let out. All I know is that afterwards, we found ourselves in the parking lot, making yet another U-turn. My cousin Liv, my fiancé Liza, and I sat slumped

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The Many Faces of Fiesta '01

Treasurer's Report

By Bobbie Cornillez

Beginning Balance as of August 2000		\$4,586.14
Petty Cash		65.69
Add:		
Fiesta 2001 Income:		
Membership Fees	610.00	
Food Donation	3,415.00	
Kuracha	415.00	4,440.00
Less:		
Fiesta 2001 Food expenses	2,919.95	
Postage	40.44	
Petty Cash Balance	25.25	
Per Item Deposit Fee	4.00	2,989.64
Ending Balance as of August 2001		\$6,102.19
Bank Balance as of 8/2001		\$6,134.36
Petty Cash Balance		25.25
Total Cash as of 8/2001		<u>\$6,159.61</u>



U-Turns...

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in the backseat, eyes wide open in disbelief. We started laughing like maniacs.

"*This is not fun anymore,*" my dad stated plainly, causing the three of us in the back to laugh even harder. "*Oh yes it is,*" I thought in the back of my head. "*Sure, the rest of the family is eating and dancing and singing merrily at the party in some comfortable house, but they are missing out on these near-death experiences!*"

We pressed on, making a couple more U-turns. At each one, my dad would grunt, "*O, wrong again!*" and the three of us in the back, already delirious, would spurt out random bursts of laughter. Sitting in the passenger's seat, my godfather Rene would throw out a joke now and then, prodding us to laugh even more.

After an hour and a half, we had to stop at another gas station because some people had to go to the bathroom. It felt like we were traveling cross-country, especially when people had to go outside and stretch. After the short break, we continued our journey.

After yet another U-turn, my dad hit the curb once again and winced. The three of us in the back were tired, so we mustered up the strength for a weak chuckle or two. We eventually found ourselves on the freeway – where we almost died *again*.

I guess the plan was to pull over to the side of the road. I assume that nowhere in the plan was to almost get rear-ended by crazy New Jersey drivers.

Bobonanons celebrate...

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was celebrated by Fr. Peter Nicosia assisted by Arpee Paredes. The choir led by Louise Cornillez sung a mix of Filipino and English songs while the Unay family offered the gifts.

The mass was followed by the reception at the Wayne Manor. Both Ed and Edna really went out of their way to make this year's celebration a special one. This is the first time that the fiesta was held in a grand ballroom. It was nice to see everybody all dressed up for the occasion. The live band (the Executives) set the mood for dancing. Gani and Neria Garcia wowed everyone with their dance exhibition while Ador and Landa Perez showed their

Elections

The Association regrets to announce that the election of a new set of officers could not be held during the fiesta celebration as previously announced due to lack of time and preparation.

To simplify the election process, we will ask every family to nominate someone for president, another one for secretary/treasurer and another one for auditor. We will tally the results and those who will be nominated will be voted upon during next year's fiesta celebration in L.A.

Enclosed with this Newsletter is a

The three of us in the back started howling with laughter again after the several honks of cars passing us by died down. Nothing like a near-death experience to make you feel good about yourself.

"*This is not fun anymore,*" my dad reiterated.

The driver of the lead car came over to our car and reported that they had gotten in touch with the hosts of the party and that they were sending someone over to where we were on the freeway at that moment, so we were not to move from the spot. We were saved!

Or so we thought.

As our luck would dictate, a cop pulled up to where we were parked and informed us that we would have to

mastery of the classic tango.

In between dances, there were song numbers performed by Liza Masucol, Louise Cornillez, Ber Carpina, and a guest doctor singer. Eddie Unay danced the curacha with Alice Chan while Ber Carpina danced it with Edna Unay.

Everyone left with smiles on their faces and full of wonderful memories of the evening's events.

**1. Pls. mail your election nomination form early.
2. Do you think the Association should sponsor Manila Fiesta 2003?**

nomination form which we expect everyone to mail back to us in the enclosed self-addressed stamped envelop.

Association to host Bobon-Manila Fiesta 2003?

The Bobon-Manila Residents Association through its new president, Mrs. Susan Carpina-Coloma has invited the Bobon-USA Association to sponsor their fiesta celebration in Manila in 2003.

We would like to hear from you. What do you think of this proposal? Email me at butch@rparedes.com.

move. After trying to reason with the officer to no avail, we forged ahead, knowing that the host of the party would be scouring the freeways looking for two lost cars pulled over to the side with their hazard lights on. Of course, this wasn't a huge dilemma. Not after what we'd been through already.

And so we went ahead, searching for the place that was supposed to be in the next town but seemed to really not exist in real life. I began to tally how many times each predicament would last for more amusement. In the end, we totaled thirteen U-turns, we were almost killed three times, hit the curb four times, went into five gasoline stations, took two bathroom breaks, and I counted my dad saying "*This is not fun anymore*" seven times, (although I think that deep down, he was having a blast). I must say that's a pretty impressive line.

Eventually, we were rescued. We were supposed to park ourselves at some Shell station and wait a different group of people who were going to come and get us (note that the host was still on the freeway looking for the two cars with their hazards blinking). It would come to no surprise that we parked at the wrong Shell station and the people had to come looking for us on the opposite end of the street.

In the end, all turned out okay, of course. The gathering was fun, and the fiesta was great. Though I find it funny that I will always find the most memorable part of this reunion was the time everything went wrong.