# Mori Family International Newsletter March 2017/Year 2 Num. 3

### Mori Family International will begin Workshop of Generational Transition

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Next Sunday on April 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2017 will begin a series of Workshops of Generational Takeover of the Mori Family International at the Community Center of *El Naranjo* Neighborhood. The following is the schedule of workshops: (Refer to the Spanish edition for schedule. It's a picture.)

#### The Board reports...

The ordinary meeting that took place on Sunday, March 5<sup>th</sup>, 2017 at the Community Center of *El Naranjo* in Yauco, was of an informative nature, since there was not the quorum required. Several issues were discussed in which a consensus was arrived at, and as such, it will be informed at the next meeting of April 2<sup>nd</sup>. The discussed issues were:

- The minutes of the December 11, 2016 meeting, held in Moca, has been prepared but approval was left pending for the next meeting.
- There was consensus on the President's proposal of incorporating Tony Mori to the Visiting Committee South Area (Yauco and other towns; Tony and him will be the ones responsible for this committee) and Andresito to the Activities Committee in relation to sales since it has to do with the finances of our organization.
- The workshops for younger generation will be promoted starting next week on our webpage and with the sending of the
  brochure that was brought today. Also, the Newsletter for February will be uploaded to our webpage along with the
  information.
- It was recommended to incorporate Tony Mori to the Historical Investigation Committee that will meet on Friday, March 24<sup>th</sup> in Juana Diaz.
- Also, there were finance and assistance to the Board's meetings reports.

As always, we enjoyed a delicious lunch prepared by Nancy Pacheco Mori, as well as a pleasant gathering with other members of the family which always accompany the Board at the meetings.

Next meeting will take place on Sunday, April 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2017, again at the Community Center of *El Naranjo*. Earlier that day and in the same place the First Workshop of Generational Transition will be held.

#### What's new on the Mori Family International webpage?

- March 2017 newsletter (year 2, num. 3), as well as the English version (Boletines)
- Ancestry of the Patriarch Ignacio Francisco Mori Romani (Ascendencia del patriarca)
- Detailed work plan for 2017 (*Plan de trabajo 2017*)

In general, visit: <a href="http://familia-mori-internacional.com">http://familia-mori-internacional.com</a>

## The Historical Corner – The descendants of the Patriarch: Paula, Melín and Rate Mori Torres (second of a series)

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This fourth Historical Corner about the descendants of the Mori Patriarch, is the second of a series dedicated to three sisters of the Mori Family: Paula, Rate and Melín Mori Torres. We continue with Paula Mori Torres (1928-2008), who we know through the information provided by his son, Bienvenido Caraballo Mori, current President of the Board of Directors of Mori Family International. Bienvenido continues narrating:

After my mother widowed in 1963 in Aguas Blancas, the situation got complicated at home. Our father, who was the steward of the coffee plantation where we lived until his death, was always the sole provider of our home.

After his death, we continued receiving the Social Security check monthly. While he worked, our father had paid towards this assistance and even when he became sick. It wasn't much of an income but it took care of the basic needs. With this income, we bought food in the neighborhood store. We bought fiao (on credit) and then it was paid in full or on several installments, depending on the case. Also, there were other expenses like electricity, clothes and shoes.

My mother, like her sisters, Aunt Rate and Aunt Melín, always had laying hens and one to several pigs. Some of these animals were sold after a while, others were consumed at home, and she continued with this practice. For breakfast, she boiled eggs and served it with crackers (galletas de manteca) and coffee. Sometimes there was butter, sometimes there wasn't any. Lunch was eaten at school.

My mother had to feed seven mouths, including Misael, the baby, born on the same day as my father's funeral. The good thing about the countryside is that it provides everything to eat. If you raised animals, there are always eggs and meat, and if you sow the land, the land rewards you, and there is food on the table. We grew ("talas") "gandules" (green pigeon peas), corn, beans, tomatoes, etc. in the plot of land ("finquita de la media") that belonged to my mother's grandfather and her grandmother Paula. We picked coffee during the coffee harvest. She had a small-planted plot of coffee ("corte de café") assigned to her, it was called Paula's "corte de café" which was located right next to the house. We didn't have any luxury, and we had to go to a well or spring for the drinking and cooking water. These were the same wells used by the children of the Patriarch, since this farm is part the land that belonged to Ignacio Francisco Mori Romani. The cleaning and bathing water came home from the water pipe going to the farm warehouse.

On weekends and summer, we used to go around the farm fishing "chágaras" (local river fish), eating mangos, oranges, bananas, "mameyes" (mammee or tropical apricot), strawberries, guavas, "pomarrosas" (rose-apples), etc. We used to bath in the creek without permission and sometimes we arrived with bruises. After the healing came the hits. I don't know why but she recited every whipping she gave us with the belt. After the pain was gone, it was all forgotten, but the experience (in the creek) would never be erased by any belt hits.

We didn't pay for rent or water while living in Aguas Blancas. Rosa Julia Pietri, the farm's owner, was the sister of Aunt Arcángela Pietri Mori, and never demanded that we vacate the house, which was next to the farm's warehouse.

Trips to town were limited to when someone was sick. The Municipal Hospital and the Public Health Unit of Yauco were the medical options, including the water-down medications. She was always looking for someone who could take care of us in the meantime. Usually it was grandma María Inés Mori, granddaughter of the Patriarch. On the other hand, the School of Aguas Blancas provided vaccination.

The school's homework took time from our playtime. Sometimes we didn't finish homework since play was more important. There were always consequences, but the memories of joyful experiences have always stayed with us.

We had to take care of our clothes because they were recycled for the younger brothers, unlike the shoes which didn't last long. We only had a pair of shoes, for going to school and going out, which became the shoes to work around the farm after being worn-out.

Our grandmother, Inés Mori, whom everybody called Mamita, was the family seamstress. She sew dresses for the Mori women and other young women of Aguas Blancas and El Naranjo. She also helped us by sewing shirts out of the left-over fabric from the women's orders. We used to get teased because of the shirts' fabric. We were told that they were woman's fabric.

Also, the Mori family in the neighborhood (barrio) was the moral reservoir that washed over us and helped us.

My mother also found a source of support in the United Evangelical Church. There were chapels in Aguas Blancas, Naranjo and Río Prieto. We used to go with her to service. She lived a very religious life and read the Bible a lot. This help to lighten her load.

I remember that my father used to read a psalm before going out of the house and they prayed the Holy Father together. I memorized the prayers just by listening to them. I still remember today, more than half a century later, the Sunday sermons and those of the Seven Words of Good Friday and Palm Sunday. After leaving the El Naranjo chapel, we used to go to El Verde to Aunt Melín's house, my mother's older sister, to eat "sancocho". This meant a get-together of cousins, including Nancy, the Diva of Verde. Afterwards, we'd go to the Cecilio's Pool ("Charco de Cecilio") in the creek (Quebrada Grande) that divided both neighborhoods.

(The story will continue in the April, 2017 issue of the newsletter)

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