

►鳳凰衛視公關總監陳越（前左）和青年議會會長馬鴻銘（前右）頒獎給公開組中文冠軍楊友恭（前中）



◀愛傳城徵文比賽籌委會主任羅啟瑞（前左）和南華早報新聞總編輯 Yonden Chatoo（前右）頒獎給公開組英文冠軍 Dawn Yu Aquino（前中）

### 冠軍：楊友恭

從小，我都以我的名字為傲。

我名叫友恭，從小時候，大部分同學都會稱呼我「阿公」，可能這樣的稱呼很有趣，又易記，所以甚至老師們都這樣稱呼我。

還記得當年上中文課，老師講述有關孔孟思想時，便從我的名字道出孟子的五倫，即是「君惠臣忠、父慈子孝、兄友弟恭、夫義婦順、朋友有信。」

原來家父從五倫中「兄友弟恭」取「友」和「恭」二字作為我的名，提醒我要與兄弟姊妹和睦相處。

從此，「父慈子孝、兄友弟恭」便留在我的腦海中。

家父是位中醫師，在屋村開了一間藥房。他工作十分勤奮，每天工作十二小時，只有每逢農曆年初一至初三，藥房才關門休息。其實家父並非想為賺更多的錢，而需要長時間工作，他只希望可以每天都能應診，幫助病人。因此，我十分欣賞和敬重家父。

家父成為中醫師的過程都讓我有點「吃驚」，他未曾「拜師學藝」或接受正規的中醫訓練，他只不過是自修，努力鑽研中醫藥而已。當年，香港有一間名叫「九龍中醫學院」的機構能提供中醫文憑考試。於是家父便去報考，結果他考獲第二名。

老父性格隨和，不太愛說話，但喜歡思考，閒時會閱讀一些古書，而他唯一的興趣便是寫書法。他曾經參加過全港書法比賽，更獲得長者組別冠軍。

雖然我和家父的年紀差距很大，但是我們總有講不完的話題，不論是中西醫學比較，還是哪一間茶館的東坡肉最好味等等，能夠與家父溝通是一件多麼幸福的事。

我從小就十分頑皮，成績又欠佳，放學後，我必定與鄰近的小孩「通山跑」，到了晚飯時間，我們便自覺地返回各自的店舖。

家父是一位慈祥的父親，我因學業問題，班主任經常見我家父，但事後家父甚少會向我動怒或責罵我，他只會吩咐我再用功讀書。

伯表現得好開心。

我和姐姐探望家父已經個多月，發覺探病的人並不多，目睹不少長者長期臥床，又沒有家人或朋友探望，心感難過。有一句話，「久病無孝子」，我不敢說自己是孝子，也不敢批評別人，因為我深明每一個家庭都有一個「尋找他鄉的故事」。

天氣轉冷，家父不宜每天洗澡，因為會增加他患肺炎的風險，但家父是一位愛整潔的人，他會經常嘆着要洗澡。於是，得到護士的批准後，我使用輪椅把老父推到淋浴間幫他洗澡。家父體力衰退，不能自己洗澡，加上他不可以除掉掛到鼻子的氣管喉，於是，我用擁抱的方式把他移動在洗澡椅上，然後我使用沖涼液揉搓他背脊，家父閉上眼睛，表現出舒服的樣子，這讓我想起我小時候與家父在公眾廁所洗澡的情境。

當時我還讀小學，學校就在老父的店舖附近，放學後，我便返回藥房逗留，直到藥房關門後，我才跟家父回家去。為了方便，回家前，我們兩父子必到附近公廁洗澡，公廁並沒有洗澡設施，我們只用一個大面盆、毛巾和肥皂。家父會幫我沖涼，原因是我只會玩水，他把肥皂輕輕地擦在我身……今天，終於讓我幫家父沖涼，幫他搽肥皂，那一刻，看着老父的背脊和他滿頭濃密的銀髮，點滴在心頭。

不論是家父或家母，我都喜歡用「身體接觸」來傳遞愛和關懷，我不時會摸他們的面頰和手，當他們患病而需要長期臥床時，我和姐姐都會幫他們按摩四肢和抹身清潔。我和姐姐在小時候，每當患病時，家父家母都十分緊張，幸好家父是醫生，他可立即診斷我們患病的情況。

家父出院後，不久便離世。「父慈」，在我心中，他不只是位慈父，也是我的英雄，「子孝」，雖然我在朋友眼中是一位「算不錯」的兒子，但我覺得做得不夠，至今仍介懷家父家母離開得早，我和姐姐沒有更多時間去盡孝道。所以，每逢有機會分享家父家母的事時，我都會提醒身邊的朋友，應多主動珍惜與父母相處的機會。

所謂「在家靠父母、出外靠朋友」，父母的愛是無條件的，身為子女，不論我們成功或犯錯，父母總是向我們打開懷抱。



# 孝，是動詞

我一直認為，「孝」是一個動詞，如果只把它作名詞，便失去了意義。

自從母親過身後，我便開始負責家務，當時老父還未退休，似乎老中醫像是沒有退休的一日，而他的病人卻有增無減。

我和姐姐擔心家父的健康，家父經常沒有吃午飯繼續應診，就是為了病人的需要。家父到了退休年齡，我和姐姐經常勸家父退休，好讓我和姐姐照顧他，但是家父堅持繼續工作，原因是醫治病人能帶給他無比的滿足感。

這樣，我和姐姐唯有定時「命令」家父放數天假，可以一家人去旅行。自從母親離開後，我和姐姐都特別珍惜與家父相處的機會。

我一直認為，「孝」是一個動詞，如果只把它作名詞，便失去了意義。

因為家父經常在店舖，所以我有空便找他閒聊，家父喜歡飲「功夫茶」，於是我們一邊飲茶，一邊談天說地，我覺得這樣相處，都是表現孝順的一種形式。

前年，老父不幸患上嚴重肺病，他的肺功能只有一半，必需使用增氧機協助他呼吸，醫生解釋這類病是沒有根治的方法，還有，肺部的退化會慢慢導致其他器官受損，身為子女，我們能做的有限。從此，家父因病情反覆而經常進出醫院，每當他需要留院時，我和姐姐會安排時間表，盡量每天都能到醫院探望家父。由於家父不喜歡醫院的膳食，而我們又擔心他會「絕食」，於是我們會預備他喜愛的食物。

一天，我帶了家父喜歡的茶果，突然間，鄰家的伯伯向我揮手示意，原來他都想食茶果，希望我下次幫他買。這些茶果其實很便宜，只是很少地方買得到，於是我答應了伯伯，下次見面時會請他食，伯



### 公開組中文組得獎名單

	得獎者
冠軍	楊友恭
亞軍	朱周嘉儀
季軍	黃錫蓮
	彭智文
	潘敏妮
	黃小娟
	林文淑
優異獎	廖銘輝
	冼艷君
	鄭靜
	梁永傑
	黎倩嫻
	王應龍

The way my Papa treated his mother and his childhood nanny (my Amah and Apo, respectively) were perhaps the greatest examples of filial piety I encountered as a child.

As a precocious child straddling two cultures in the Philippines, the concept of filial piety took root at a very tender age, planted with care by my Chinese father and Filipina mother, by relatives and well-meaning friends, by media, the school, state, Church and every other person I crossed paths with.

It's a concept and societal norm most Asians grow up and live with, yet some struggle to grasp its significance. Others debate its value and a few disown it altogether. For me, it is like a second skin, as natural as breathing, as important as eating, as essential as drinking.

My earliest memories of filial piety were about food. As a family who loves to cook and eat, mealtimes were (and still are) sacred. My mother would serve all of Papa's favorite dishes, and while they offered us kids the choicest bits, we always declined, offering them back to our parents, who of course also declined, thereby leaving us with that coveted drumstick or mouth-watering piece of beef tendon. Why the merry-go-round when in the end, the kids get to eat the favored parts anyway? To teach us to always offer something—whether our service, time, or the premium portion—to our elders. To instill the value of deference, to show that we respect what they like and, as we leave our childhood behind, we watch as the elders graciously learn to accept our offerings. We then play the same merry-go-round with our own children.

The way my Papa treated his mother and his childhood nanny (my Amah and Apo, respectively) were perhaps the greatest examples of filial piety I encountered as a child. His attitude certainly made a deep and lasting impression. He was the fifth among six siblings, one of three boys, and the preferred charge of Apo, who spoiled him and taught my mother all her secret recipes for his childhood favorites. These dishes were prepared with immense natural talent and love by an illiterate person, and the precious recipes have since been passed on to me, painstakingly written down by my mother from observation and memory. Apo joined my Amah's household as a young girl, and typical of the heart-breaking separation stories of that time, she has no recollection whatsoever of her own family, her date of birth or real name, and my Amah's family became her own.

Papa took care not only of Amah's needs but Apo's as well, taking her to see the doctor, checking up on her, keeping her company and arranging her funeral when she eventually passed away. Her ashes are in my family's columbarium space, because in that way she will always be remembered, visited and honored, a cherished part of our clan. She never

married and treated us all like her own grandchildren.

Today Papa is the ripe old age of 75, strong in bearing but slow in walking, hard of hearing yet still mentally sharp. He pushes his arthritic older brother's heavy wheelchair whenever they eat out at the mall, despite his own decreased pace and energy level.

These everyday examples of deep-seated love and respect for elders is something I witnessed and experienced firsthand, and it is second nature for me to take older people's hands and place them on my temple as a sign of greeting, to acknowledge parents or friends old or new, to offer the best and most comfortable seats to the elderly, whether strangers or not; to help open doors, carry packages, support the wobbly senior crossing the street or getting in and out of a bus.

For my husband and I, supporting and caring for our parents and elderly relatives as they age, whether physically, financially or emotionally, is a non-negotiable, "no arguments please" fact of life. We will do it gladly, openly and generously, as they have done for their family members before them.

My kids, however, are growing up in twenty-first century Hong Kong, a bustling, pressure-cooker metropolis, which, like most cities in this day and age, is beset with modern-day ills. Without their grandparents or elderly relatives constantly surrounding them, I know as parents we have to double up our efforts and impress in them how crucial this virtue is, as a way of maintaining harmony and balance in society, as the transformative power that smoothens out the rough edges of family life, and to complete the circle of give and take. I strongly believe that an atmosphere of mutual respect and consideration prevents many a family's contentious debates.

When my modern-day kids do simple things such as follow their grandparents around to make sure they don't lose their balance and fall, hold their arms as they cross the street or climb the stairs, offer them something to drink, get their meals at a buffet line, give them priority seating, listen to their stories, no matter how boring or bizarre; when they show respect for elderly strangers, or tell us how they will care for us when they reach adulthood, I know we have taught them well. When my young son carefully and lovingly placed a basket of flowers at the gravesite of my Amah, someone he never met, and deferentially bowed his head, sitting patiently under the scorching sun while the adults said their prayers, I know there is hope yet.

Hope that filial piety, this bedrock of society, this seemingly alien concept for a lot of youngsters nowadays, will eventually become second skin—as natural as breathing, as important as eating, as essential as drinking.

### 冠軍：Dawn Yu Aquino

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### 公開組英文組得獎名單

	得獎者
冠軍	Dawn Yu Aquino
亞軍	Liam Beale
季軍	Ho,Wai Kwan Celia
	Janice Getzlaf
	Mrigank Ballabh Singh
	Lisa Baczkowski
	Pun Yuk Ying
優異獎	Bergas Janica Therese Villagracia
	Leung Fung Sze
	Yung Janet Pui Qun
	Kenneth Wong
	Ha Pik Ki Peggy
	Yeung Wing Yee Cecilia

