

Volunteers Gathering

# Malacca Trip

20th to 21st July 2002

Mabel WONG - Jalan Kukoh

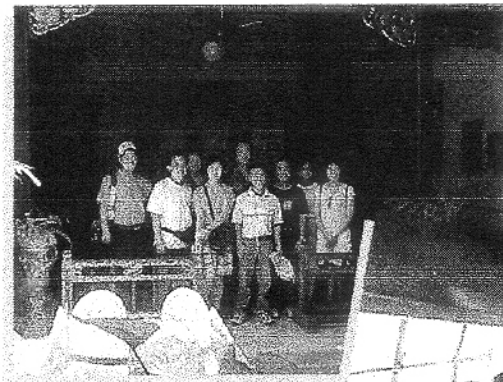
This Malacca trip was initiated during our in-house Recruitment Training at Safran on the 14<sup>th</sup> April 2002. Since then, several meetings were held. Volunteers had enthusiastically started sourcing for material to plan for this trip. From then onwards, the bond among the volunteers has strengthened.

Finally, this was the day that we have been waiting for – 20<sup>th</sup> July 2002. A bright sunny morning, we gathered at the Singapore Malaysia Coach Terminal. We were all set to go.

Throughout the four hours journey, we were not bored at all. It was fun-filled with ice breaking & sing-a-long session. Volunteers were sporting. Snacks and drinks were served on board as well.

At around noon, we arrived at The Baba House at Jln Tun Tan Cheng Lock. It was a typical Baba heritage structure – impressive with

comfortable rooms. Once we have settled down, we walked to the nearby famous chicken rice ball stall to have our lunch. It is unique and was really tasty.



After lunch, we continued to walk to the ever-famous Malacca icon – the Christ Church. We passed by the Clock Tower. Kenny was courageous enough to take a snap shot with the huge chameleon over his shoulder.

On the other hand, Ke Song was taking photo with a golden snake around his neck. Wooooo...I wonder how does it feel?

Led by Sally, we proceeded up the hill to the ruined St Paul's Church and the A'Famosa. At the peak, there was a panoramic view of the Malacca River, the sea and the newly built highways. You can see that the shopping centers are on one side and the old charm with low-rise houses on the other.

We decided to cancel the visit to the Proclamation of Independence Memorial Museum and went for a Trishaw ride instead. It was interesting and fun, riding along the busy streets. We were ridden to the Sam Po Kong Temple to view the Huang Li Poh's well. We were fascinated with the water from the well. We filled the water from the well to the rim of the cup. Then we put in many coins into the filled-cup, but the water will



never overflow. It is amazing. I guessed it has to do with the density of the water from that particular well. We were brought to a shopping centre to buy some traditional goodies. Then, we headed back to The Baba House.

After refreshing ourselves, we were driven by the taxis to have our dinner at a restaurant at the Portuguese Settlements by the sea. It was sumptuous. So satisfying... Back at The Baba House, we walked to the nearby Pasar Malam at Jonkers Streets. The merchandise sold there were quite similar to those back here in Singapore. However, those people who were singing at the "Huay Kuans" Clan Associations were overwhelming.

As there is no more plan for the rest of the night, we dispersed into groups. Some went to sleep and others preferred to chitchat and drinking till late night. For me, I joined the latter. It was fun with Stephanie, Sally, Jason, Hwee Cheng, Eddie, Bruce, Siew Cheng, Pek Gaik, Goon Ping, Poh Wah, Joon Tiang, and Kenny.

On the next day, bright and sunny, we had breakfast in The Baba House. In addition, I had chicken rice ball again!! You wouldn't believe it. It was simply superb. Juz love it. Again, some chose to stay in-door for games – Polar Bear and others would like to shop for more. Again, I chose the latter. Led by Sharon who is native, we went to buy some goodies at a lower price. Thanks to her!! We also visited the renovated Cheng Hoon Teng Temple, which is well conserved.

By noon, we had our lunch – hmmm...really 'Hau Liao', delicious! After that, some proceeded to Mahkota Parade for shopping, and the rest had yummy 'Cheng Tng'. Again, I chose the latter.

After dessert, the rest went back to The Baba House. On my own, I visited interesting handicrafts shops nearby. I was impressed by the rich historical culture. The Babas community is unique in its own way. And Malacca is the original birthplace of this community.

I managed to rush back to The Baba House, just in time, to board the bus.

On the way home, the journey was filled with songs and laughter. Everyone was sporting. It seemed that we had endless topics to talk about... we hoped the journey could drag a bit longer. Still... everything has to come to an end. After these two days of enjoyment, we have to bring ourselves to face the "REALISTIC" side of the world again. Sad isn't it?

I hope this trip will leave an everlasting impression in our memories. And now, we geared ourselves for another gathering by end of this year. How about that???