

## **Macao Seen by Chan Chi Vai**

When it comes to the unique local conditions and customs of Macao, where should I start? When I was a teenager, I was already enchanted by it. With the simple mind, greedy eyes along with plain painting tools, I enthusiastically went through every big street and small alley, mountain and shore.

What I like the most is the sunny day after the rain, when I can run towards the embankment to look for the sunshine. Moreover, breathing the moisture sea breeze is always the utmost enjoyment for me.

If I get to the Octagon Pavilion located at Nam Van at daybreak, I am surrounded by the lush green trees, while the church steeple appears among the tree branches is shining to the pale white sky far away. By that time, visitors on the tricycle are already having their relaxing sightseeing.

The breeze and rain from the ocean together with the small city by the seaside are the perfect match. Chapel of Our Lady of Penha is the silhouette of the sunset; the former Governor's Palace opens both arms to embrace the bay with the rising sun from the East. After hundreds of year, it is still relentlessly greeting the guests.

I always look from bottom to top. St. Lawrence's Church is like a decrepit Catholic father, which stands among the flowers and woodland at the high barrier, waving to the passer-by. However, here is very quiet indeed. When the bell is rung, it sounds melodiously and distinctly clear, therefore, the area is called "Fung Shun Tong".

As time flies for decades, magic came to this small city, and it has made an incredible transformation instantly. The splendours of this gambling city, with haughtiness in the world, distributes a glorious glamour; the sky is filled with neon lights, the magnificent star avenues, the amazing shimmering water, crowded with people everywhere.

Fishermen singing the songs at sunset; the shadows of returning sailboats; the shallows with low tides, and the fishing nets by the seawall. These are what people admire and appreciate, but since they are used to seeing these familiar sights they pay no attention to them. Not until the landscape has gone, people then sigh with regret that the historical trace is silently washed away by the time. The scenery in the old days of this small city can only be recalled through the works of painters, awakening people to value the cultural treasures that are left behind by the ancestors.

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