



华埠社区文刊

CHINATOWN
COMMUNITY
PRESS

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Philadelphia Chinatown Development Corporation

费城华埠发展会

PCDC is a grassroots, non-profit, community-based organization, founded in 1966. Our mission is to preserve, protect, and promote Chinatown as a viable ethnic, residential, and business community.

“Chinatown Community Press” is a youth-led publication incorporating photography; artwork such as painting, pen-and-ink drawings, and stories about Threads of Tradition in Chinatown.

PCDC 成立于1966年，是一个着眼于社会基层、非营利、为社区服务的组织。我们的使命是维护华埠风貌，保护居民与商家利益，促进华埠发展。《华埠社区文刊》(Chinatown Community Press)是一份由青少年主导编撰，内容囊括摄影、绘画、钢笔画、诗歌与散文等多种艺术形式。本年度的主题为“代代相传”，旨在呈现华埠文化的延续与传承。

Thank you for reading our 2026 Edition of Chinatown Community Press. Our team poured their hearts into these pages, and we are deeply honored to share these beautiful stories of our traditions and vibrant community with you.

感谢您阅读《华埠社区文刊》2026年夏季刊。我们的团队倾注了满腔热情，精心打造了本期内容。能够与您分享这些展现我们传统文化和充满活力社区精神的精彩故事，我们深感荣幸。感谢您的支持，祝您阅读愉快！

[Signatures]
Alex Tang, Rytan, Emma, R. J., Jerry Nguyen, Luie Yan, Angela Tang, Kerry Lin, Chantel, [unintelligible], [unintelligible]

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My Second Home

Anonymous

I never inherited anything tangible.
Not a recipe, nor a family heirloom.
Instead, I inherited a place.
A place that I could call another home.

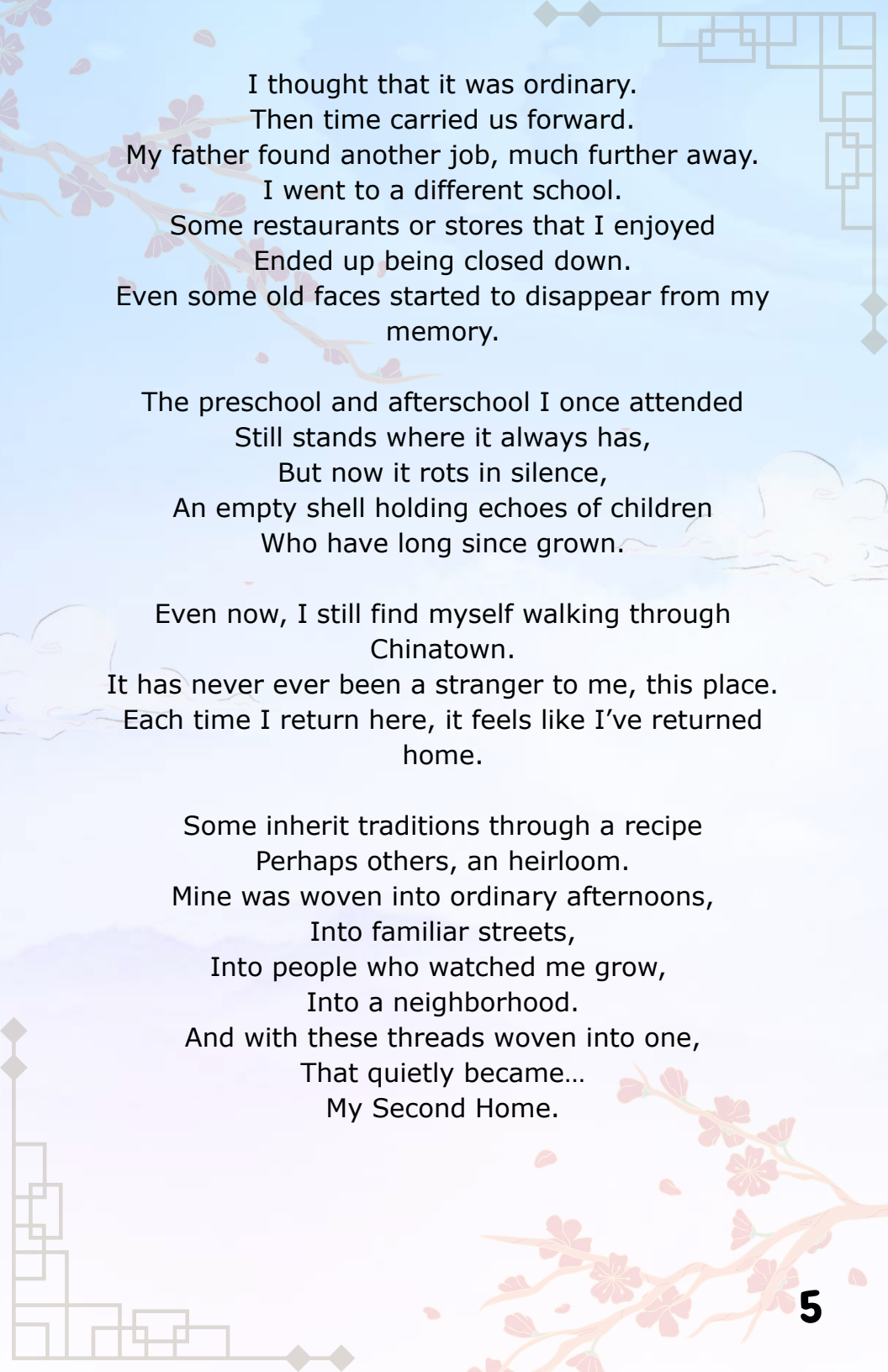
After school, my father would pick me up
Bring me to a Vietnamese restaurant where he
worked
And that basically was my world between school
and home.

I spent those afternoons doing who knows what.
Playing games, eating meals for free, and waiting
until my mother arrived.

Back then,
I never realized I was making memories.
The streets became familiar.
The people became familiar.

Soon, even some shop owners recognized my face
Even before I knew theirs.

I knew every corner by heart,
Every shortcut,
And every turn.



I thought that it was ordinary.
Then time carried us forward.
My father found another job, much further away.
I went to a different school.
Some restaurants or stores that I enjoyed
Ended up being closed down.
Even some old faces started to disappear from my
memory.

The preschool and afterschool I once attended
Still stands where it always has,
But now it rots in silence,
An empty shell holding echoes of children
Who have long since grown.

Even now, I still find myself walking through
Chinatown.
It has never ever been a stranger to me, this place.
Each time I return here, it feels like I've returned
home.

Some inherit traditions through a recipe
Perhaps others, an heirloom.
Mine was woven into ordinary afternoons,
Into familiar streets,
Into people who watched me grow,
Into a neighborhood.
And with these threads woven into one,
That quietly became...
My Second Home.

我的第二个家

匿名

我从未继承过任何有形的东西。
不是一份食谱，也不是一件家族传家宝。

相反，我继承了一个地方。
一个我可以称之为另一个家的地方。

放学后，爸爸会来接我，带我去他工作的越南餐馆，而那里几乎就是我在学校和家之间的整个世界。

那些下午，我总是在做一些说不上来的事情。

玩游戏，免费吃饭，然后等妈妈来。

那时候，我从未意识到自己正在创造回忆。

街道渐渐变得熟悉。

人们也慢慢变得熟悉。

很快，甚至一些店主都认出了我的脸，甚至在我还不知道他们是谁之前。

我记得每一个角落，每一条捷径，以及每一个转弯。

我以为那只是再普通不过的日常。

后来，时间带着我们继续向前。
爸爸找到了一份离家更远的新工作。

我去了另一所学校。

一些我曾经喜欢的餐馆和商店，最终都关门了。

甚至一些熟悉的面孔，也渐渐从我的记忆中淡去。

我曾经就读的幼儿园和课后班，依然伫立在原来的位置上，但如今，它们在寂静中慢慢腐朽，成为一座承载着孩子们欢笑与回声的空壳，而那些孩子早已长大，走向了各自的人生。

即使到了今天，我仍然会不经意间走过唐人街。

这个地方从未让我觉得陌生。
每一次回到这里，我都感觉自己像是回到了家。

有些人通过一份食谱继承传统，也许有些人通过一件传家宝。

而我的传统，编织在那些平凡的下午里，编织在熟悉的街道上，编织在那些见证我成长的人们身上，也编织在一个社区之中。

当这些丝线交织在一起时，它悄悄地成为了……
我的第二个家。

Endure Bitterness

Anonymous

吃苦, one phrase I have
heard throughout my life
"eat bitterness" and "endure
hardship"

When I was younger,
I did not care much
I did not have much to
worry about

Back then,
I was a child with little to no
worries
My parents carried most
burdens
And I did not have to worry

As I grew older,
the meaning became
clearer.
It had more definition
It is about being resilient
when you face hardships
and to keep on pushing
forward
even when you want to give
up.

My family is an immigrant
family.

For my parents and
grandparents,
吃苦 meant long hours of
labor,
a lot of sacrifices,
and putting family before
themselves.

In Chinatown,
it can still be seen
everywhere,
in family-owned stores,
and older people talking
and laughing.

Though my experiences
are different,
The lesson is still the
same.

吃苦

匿名

吃苦——这是我从小到大听过无数次的词。

小时候，我并不太在意这个词。那时候的我，没有太多烦恼，是一个几乎无忧无虑的孩子。父母承担起了生活中的大部分重担，

而我不需要操心太多事情。

随着我渐渐长大，这个词的含义开始变得清晰起来。

它有了更具体的意义——

它代表着在逆境中依然坚韧不拔，代表着即使想要放弃，也依然选择继续向前。

我的家庭是一个移民家庭。

对我的父母和祖父母来说，“吃苦”意味着长时间的辛勤劳动，意味着无数次的牺牲，也意味着总是把家人放在自己之前。

他们用自己的努力，为下一代创造了更多可能。

在华埠，

这一切依然随处可见——
在那些家族经营的小店里，
在老人们谈笑风生的身影中，
也在一代又一代人默默坚持的生活里。

虽然我的经历与他们不同，
但其中蕴含的意义却是相同的。

cảm xúc

Beverly Nguyen

My vietnamese teacher taught
me the viet word for feelings
"cảm xúc" she writes it out on
the board

I told her i've never heard it
used before

She asked me "do you know
why you haven't?"

I shrug my shoulders
"because vietnamese people
don't talk about feelings," she
jokes

We exchange a brief laugh

I grew up on Garden Avenue
a small red brick house
sat upon a hill
there's a big red vietnamese
plaza behind my childhood
home

Grandma used to take me
there every Sunday to gather
dinner groceries

Back then Mom and Dad
scraped together whatever
they could
to buy a ticket home for
summer

Ironic, isn't it?

they worked hard in Vietnam
so they could leave
survival meant:
language barriers,
paperwork in stacks,
plane rides. boat journeys.
filing nails, inhaling dust,
dialing phone lines to voices
across oceans.
no room for feelings.

I think about the encounter
with my teacher many months
later

out of all the grammar rules
and phonetics she taught me,
cảm xúc is the word that stuck
the most

My parents fought so I could
talk about my feelings

My parents ignored their own so
I can succeed with mine
That is what feelings means to
me

an itching for survival
a battle of those who came
before me
cảm xúc,

the word they never spoke
but gifted to me anyway

情绪

阮贝芙丽

我的越南语老师教了我一个表示
“情绪”的越南语词——
“cảm xúc”，她把它写在黑板上。
我告诉她，我以前从来没有听人使
用过这个词。

她问我：“你知道为什么吗？”

我耸了耸肩。

“因为越南人不谈论感受。”她笑着
开玩笑说。

我们相视而笑。

我在花园大道长大。

那里有一栋小小的红砖房子，坐落
在一座小山上。

我童年的老家后面，有一个大大的
红色越南广场。

奶奶以前每个星期天都会带我去那
里，购买晚餐需要的食材。

那时候，爸妈省吃俭用，只为了攒
钱买一张夏天回家的机票。

讽刺吧？

他们曾在越南拼尽全力地工作，就
是为了能够离开。

而离开之后，他们又继续努力生
活。

生存意味着：

语言障碍，
成堆的文件，

漫长的飞机航程与船程，
磨破的指甲，吸入的灰尘，
拨通跨越大洋的电话线，
听见彼岸传来的声音。
没有留下谈论感受的余地。

几个月后，
我再次想起了和老师的那次对
话。

在她教给我的所有语法规则和
发音中，

“cảm xúc”成为了我记得最深
的一个词。

我的父母奋力抗争，只为了让
我有机会表达自己的感受；
我的父母压抑自己的感受，只
为了让我能够在自己的感受中
获得成功。

这就是“感受”对我的意义——
一种求生的本能，
一场属于先辈们的战斗。

“cảm xúc”——
是他们从未说出口，
却依然赠予我的那个词。

Nasi Goreng

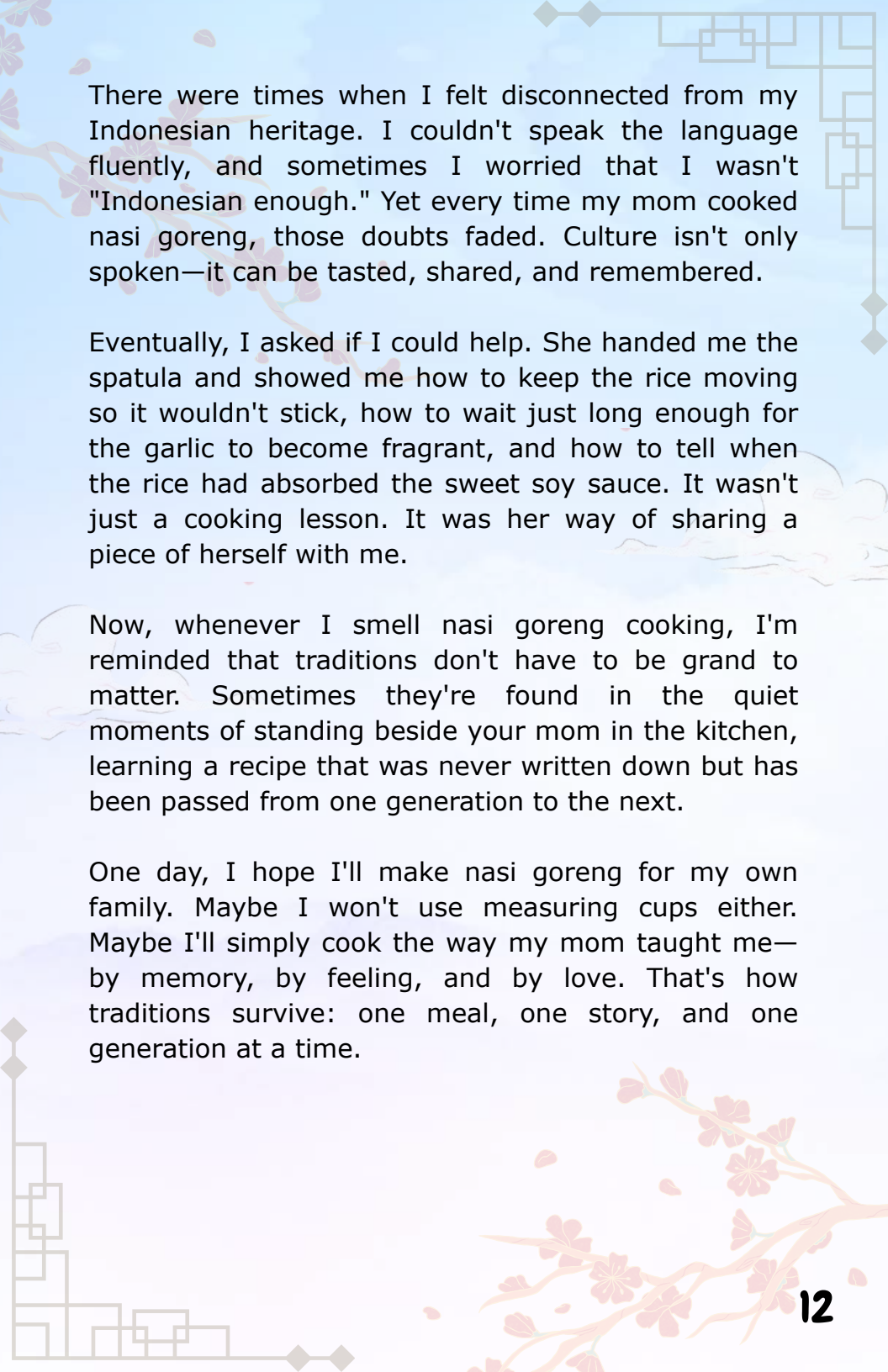
Kian Sulistiyono

Some families pass down jewelry or family heirlooms. Mine passed down a wok.

Growing up, the smell of garlic sizzling in oil was enough to pull me out of my room. Before I even reached the kitchen, I knew what my mom was making. Nasi goreng—Indonesia's beloved fried rice—was more than dinner. It was home.

My mom never measured ingredients. A spoonful of kecap manis, a handful of leftover rice, chopped garlic, onions, eggs, vegetables, sometimes chicken or shrimp. She cooked from memory instead of recipes, letting years of experience guide every movement. I used to wonder how she made it taste the same every time without writing anything down. She would just smile and tell me, "You'll just eventually get used to it."

As a kid, I didn't think much about what the dish represented. It was simply my favorite meal. But as I grew older, I realized that every plate carried a story much older than me. My grandparents grew up in Indonesia. My parents brought those flavors with them when they came to the United States. Even though I was raised here, every bite connected me to a place I had never fully known.



There were times when I felt disconnected from my Indonesian heritage. I couldn't speak the language fluently, and sometimes I worried that I wasn't "Indonesian enough." Yet every time my mom cooked nasi goreng, those doubts faded. Culture isn't only spoken—it can be tasted, shared, and remembered.

Eventually, I asked if I could help. She handed me the spatula and showed me how to keep the rice moving so it wouldn't stick, how to wait just long enough for the garlic to become fragrant, and how to tell when the rice had absorbed the sweet soy sauce. It wasn't just a cooking lesson. It was her way of sharing a piece of herself with me.

Now, whenever I smell nasi goreng cooking, I'm reminded that traditions don't have to be grand to matter. Sometimes they're found in the quiet moments of standing beside your mom in the kitchen, learning a recipe that was never written down but has been passed from one generation to the next.

One day, I hope I'll make nasi goreng for my own family. Maybe I won't use measuring cups either. Maybe I'll simply cook the way my mom taught me—by memory, by feeling, and by love. That's how traditions survive: one meal, one story, and one generation at a time.

印尼炒饭

苏利·吉安

有些家庭传承的是珠宝或传家宝。我家传承的，是一口炒锅。从小到大，蒜末在热油里滋滋作响的香味，足以把我从房间里引出来。还没走到厨房，我就知道妈妈在做什么——Nasi goreng，印尼备受喜爱的炒饭。它不仅仅是一顿晚餐，它就是家的味道。

我妈妈从来不用量杯量配料。一勺kecap manis（甜酱油），一把剩饭，切好的蒜、洋葱、鸡蛋、蔬菜，有时加鸡肉或虾。她凭记忆做菜，而不是照着菜谱，让多年的经验引导每一个动作。我以前总纳闷，她什么都没写下来，怎么能每次做的味道都一样。她只会笑着说：“你慢慢就会习惯的。”

小时候，我并没怎么想过这道菜代表着什么。它不过是我最喜欢吃的饭。但随着我长大，我意识到每一盘炒饭都承载着一个比我年长许多的故事。我的外祖母在印尼长大。我的父母把这些风味带到了美国。虽然我是在这里长大的，但每一口都把我连接到一个我从未真正了解过的地方。

有些时候，我会觉得自己的印尼血脉很遥远。我说不好印尼语，有时也担心自己“不够印尼”。但每次妈妈做nasi goreng时，那些疑虑都会消散。文化不一定要说出口——它可以通过味蕾被品尝、被分享、被记住。

后来，我问妈妈我能不能帮忙。她把锅铲递给我，教我怎么不停地翻炒米饭才不会粘锅，教我怎么把握时间让蒜香恰好散发出来，教我怎么判断米饭什么时候已经把甜酱油吸收了。这不仅仅是一堂烹饪课。这是她在把她自己的一部分分享给我。

如今，每当我闻到nasi goreng的香味，我都会想起——传统不必多么宏大才有意义。有时候，它们就藏在那些安静的瞬间里：站在妈妈身旁的厨房里，学着一种从未被写下来、却代代相传的食谱。

我希望有一天，我也能为自己的家人做nasi goreng。也许我也不用量杯。也许我会用妈妈教我的方式去做——凭记忆，凭感觉，凭爱。传统就是这样传承下去的：一餐饭，一个故事，一代人。

A Pot of Tea I Inherited

茶香的传承

Meiting Wu (伍美婷)

For Cantonese people, “yum cha” (morning tea) is more than just breakfast, it is a way of life passed down through generations. Growing up in Guangdong, my relatives and I would gather at a teahouse for morning tea every weekend or holiday. We would sit around a round table, sipping tea while sharing stories about our lives, big and small. While the elders chatted, the children enjoyed steaming hot dim sum, and the teahouse was filled with laughter. To me back then, morning tea represented precious time spent reuniting with family and friends.

Later, I moved to the United States. Although my surroundings changed, this tradition remained constant. One of the first things I did after landing was to go out for tea and a meal. In my daily life, my father would often take me to Cantonese teahouses. He taught me how to brew tea, how to pour it for elders, and the proper etiquette associated with it. Gradually, I grew to love the aroma of the tea and the feeling of sitting together and chatting with others. I realized then that the true importance of tea lay not in the beverage itself, but in the time spent gathering and conversing with loved ones.

Today, drinking tea has become a habit for me. I have built a collection of various types of tea. Beyond visiting teahouses, I keep a teapot and tea leaves ready at home. In my spare time, I often brew a pot and quietly savor a moment of tranquility. Tea has become an indispensable part of my daily life. Whenever I go out with friends on weekends, I often suggest we go for tea and a meal. I treat them with the etiquette my elders taught me, helping to keep this custom alive.

To me, tea is more than just a drink; it embodies my childhood memories, the companionship of my family, and the culture of Guangdong. Whether I am in Guangdong or the United States, a pot of tea always connects me to my hometown and inspires me to pass this tradition on to the next generation. This is the tradition I have inherited: the custom of morning tea. What is passed down is not merely the fragrance of tea, but also family bonds, companionship, and the wisdom of the Cantonese way of life.

对广东人来说，喝早茶不仅是一顿早餐，更是一种代代相传的生活方式。小时候生活在广东，每逢周末或节日，亲戚们总会相约到茶楼喝早茶。大家围坐在圆桌前，一边品茶，一边分享生活中的大小事情。长辈们聊天时，孩子们吃着热腾腾的点心，整个茶楼充满了欢声笑语。对那时的我来说，喝早茶代表着与亲朋好友团聚的时光。

后来，我搬到了美国。虽然生活环境发生了变化，但这个传统一直没有改变。我下飞机后的第一件事就是去吃饭喝茶，日常里，我爸爸也经常带我去粤式茶楼吃早茶。他会教我如何泡茶、如何给长辈倒茶，也会告诉我关于茶的礼仪。渐渐地，我开始喜欢上茶的香气，也喜欢很多人坐在一起聊天的感觉。那时我才明白，喝茶真正重要的不是茶本身，而是与亲朋好友的相聚、闲聊的时光。

如今，我已经养成了喝茶的习惯。我收藏了许多不同种类的茶叶。除了去茶楼，我也会在家里准备好茶壶和茶叶。闲暇的时候，我总会泡上一壶茶，静静地享受片刻的宁静。茶，早已成为我日常生活中不可缺少的一部分。每逢周末和朋友出去玩的时候，我也会提议一起去吃饭喝茶。我学着长辈教我的礼仪对待他们。让这份习俗传承下去。

对我来说，茶不仅是一种饮品，更承载着我的童年回忆、家人的陪伴，以及广东的文化。无论身在广东还是美国，一壶茶始终能把我与我的家乡连接在一起，也让我希望将这份传统继续传承给下一代。这就是我继承的一项传统，喝早茶。它传承的不只是茶香，更是亲情、陪伴，以及属于广东人的生活智慧。

Red Envelopes

红包

Fiona Zhang (张冲芝)

One tradition that has been passed down in my family is giving out red packets, known as hóngbāo (红包), during Chinese New Year. Every year, older family members give red envelopes filled with money to children and younger relatives as a way of wishing them good fortune, happiness, good health, and success in the year ahead. The color red is believed to bring good luck, making the tradition even more meaningful. For my family, giving and receiving red packets is one of the most exciting and memorable parts of celebrating Chinese New Year. When I was younger, I always looked forward to receiving red packets because I was excited about the money inside. I would count how much I received and think about what to buy next, but I did not fully understand the meaning behind the tradition. As I have gotten older, I have realized the red packets contain much more than just money. They represent all the love, blessings, and care the previous generation wants to give us. At the same time, through the red packets, the past generations convey their wishes for our future happiness and prosperity. Getting red packets is an opportunity for me to remember all my blessings, including the love of my family members and the teachings I learned from them regarding my gratitude and respect towards the older generations. In addition to that, this Chinese tradition makes people reunite with each other as relatives meet on this day to celebrate and eat food. Watching my grandparents and parents hand out red packets reminds me that these customs have been passed down through many generations and continue to connect us to our Chinese heritage.

It is a tradition that helps strengthen the bond between family members while teaching younger generations about the importance of kindness, generosity, and respect. As time goes by, I feel it is crucial to uphold the custom so that it is not forgotten. For future generations to come, I would like to distribute red envelopes to my own kids and other young members of my family, as it has been done for me by my parents and grandparents. I wish for them to realize that the red envelopes do not only hold monetary gifts, but also represent many things that are valuable and dear to our family.

一个在我家族中代代相传的传统，就是春节期间发红包。每年，家中的长辈都会给小孩和年轻的晚辈发装有压岁钱的红包，以此祝愿他们在新的一年里好运、幸福、健康、成功。红色被认为能带来吉祥，这让这个传统更有意义。对我家来说，收发红包是春节庆祝中最令人兴奋、最难忘的环节之一。小时候，我总盼着收红包，因为对里面的钱很兴奋。我会数一数收了多少钱，想着下次要买什么，但我并没有真正理解这个传统背后的含义。随着年岁渐长，我逐渐明白，红包里装的远不止是钱，它还代表着上一代人想要给予我们的所有爱、祝福和关怀。同时，长辈们通过红包，也传递着他们对后代未来幸福与兴旺的期许。收红包也是一个让我铭记所有福分的机会，包括家人的爱，以及他们教会我的对长辈的感恩与尊敬。除此之外，这个中国传统也让人们团聚在一起——亲人们在春节这天相聚庆贺，共享美食。看着我的爷爷奶奶、父母分发红包，让我意识到这些习俗已经传承了无数代，也一直连接着我们与中华文化根源。这项传统不仅加强了家人之间的纽带，同时也教导年轻一代关于善良、慷慨和尊敬的重要性。随着时间流逝，我觉得坚持传承这一习俗至关重要，不应让它被遗忘。对于未来的后代，我也希望能像父母和祖父母为我做的那样，给我的孩子和家族中的晚辈发红包。我希望他们也能明白，红包里装的不仅仅是钱，更承载着许多对我们家族来说珍贵而有意义的东西。

Food is love

美食即爱

Niki Li (李欣怡)

Food is love. Growing up in a Chinese household, verbal expressions of affection like “I love you” were almost never spoken. And when they were, they felt awkward. Instead, we believed that actions spoke louder than words.

There were always high academic expectations. After school came Chinese school, art classes, and hours of homework. Whenever I sat at my desk silently complaining to myself, my grandma would quietly place a plate of sliced apples beside me. I used to hate eating the fruit she brought because they were always cut with the same knife she used for cooking, leaving a faint taste of garlic on every slice. Back then, all I noticed was the garlic. Now, it's one of the memories that brings me the most warmth.

Food was something that brought everyone together. At every gathering and major event, whether it's joyful or mournful, there was always food. It celebrated weddings, comforted grieving families, welcomed guests, and expressed gratitude. Food became a language of its own.

Whenever my family runs into friends, the first question they ask isn't “How are you?” but “吃了没?” (“Have you eaten yet?”). Food is a love language that runs through many Chinese families. For the older generations, food carries a meaning far beyond nourishment. Many grew up during times when food was scarce, working from sunrise to sunset just to help provide for their families. An old saying, “一粒米，一滴汗” (“One grain of rice, one drop of sweat”), reminds us that every grain of rice represents someone's hard work and sacrifice.

Food isn't just love, it is gratitude, perseverance, and the quiet support of family.

Today, my family still asks, “吃了没?” before asking anything else. As a child, I thought they were simply asking whether I had eaten. Now I understand they were asking something much deeper: Are you okay? Are you taking care of yourself? The tradition my grandparents passed down wasn't just a habit of feeding the people they loved. It was teaching us that love doesn't always have to be spoken. Sometimes, it is found in a plate of fruit with a faint taste of garlic.

食物就是爱。在一个中国家庭中长大，“我爱你”这样直白的感情表达几乎从不会说出口。即便偶尔说了，也让人觉得别扭。相反，我们相信行动胜于言辞。学业上总有很高的期望。放学后要上中文学校、美术课，还有好几个小时的作业。每当我坐在书桌前默默抱怨时，奶奶总会悄悄在我旁边放上一盘切好的苹果。我以前很讨厌吃她端来的水果，因为她总是用切菜的同一把刀来切，每片苹果上都残留着一丝淡淡的蒜味。那时候，我注意到的只有那股蒜味。如今，这却成了最让我感到温暖的回忆之一。

食物是把所有人聚在一起的东西。每一次聚会、每一个重要场合——无论是喜是悲——总少不了食物。它庆祝婚礼，安慰丧亲的家庭，迎接客人，表达感谢。食物本身成了一种语言。

每当我的家人遇到朋友，他们问的第一句话不是“你好吗？”而是“吃了没？”食物是贯穿许多中国家庭的一种爱的语言。对老一辈人来说，食物的意义远不止于充饥。很多人成长在食物匮乏的年代，日出而作、日落而息，只为帮家里糊口。老话说“一粒米，一滴汗”，提醒我们每一粒米都代表着某个人的辛劳与付出。食物不仅是爱，更是感恩、坚韧，以及家人之间默默的支持。

如今，我的家人仍然会在问别的之前先问“吃了没？”小时候，我以为他们只是在问我有没有吃饭。现在我明白了，他们问的远不止这些：你还好吗？你有在好好照顾自己吗？祖辈传下来的传统，不只是喂养所爱之人的习惯，更是在教会我们——爱不一定要说出口。有时候，它就藏在一盘带着淡淡蒜味的苹果里。

Try It 试试看

Anonymous (匿名)

"Try it", the phrase you never stop hearing despite how old you get. Whether you're sitting at the restaurant and having your parents choose your meal for you or at the dinner table, "try it" has always been said. For a picky eater that's the worst phrase that can exist but for a food lover—like me—, that phrase was the best thing that could be said. Growing up having a culture far different than an American one has always felt strange. Strange in the way that there has always been exploration and learning. Strange in the way that people laugh at your culture yet you continue to love it. Strange in the way that you continue to learn about it despite how much time goes by. The best meals always happened after a long hot day followed by a trip to the pool. Your hunger after draining all your energy seems unbearable but when you get home and smell a fresh aroma of a home cooked meal, it becomes even more unbearable. Rushing to the kitchen for a hot plate of food was all you wanted to do. That day, your mom may make your favorite or least favorite dish. Yet you eat without question. The strong chili aroma swims through the house and into your room, an aroma that makes you cough and sneeze yet you look into the pot and it's a warm rich soup. The soup is one you have yet to see, pieces of meat that look like squares, that you have no idea of the name. A hot bowl is placed in front of you, you're a bit skeptical but your mom says "try it", you hesitate yet take a bite. The meat and broth melt in your mouth as they close together to let out a sound, "yum", you take a bite then another and another. You slurp the last bit until there's nothing left, asking for more. The day after and the week following, it's all you can think of.

You ask your mother what the dish is called yet she can't recall what I'm referring to. I just had to wait until she made it again. "Try it," will forever be my favorite phrase. Without the phrase I would have never known my favorite dish, Pozole. Topped with lettuce and radish, with a rich red broth and white harmony.

“试试看”，这是无论你长到多大，都永远不会停止听到的一句话。无论你是餐馆里坐着，让父母替你选择餐点，还是坐在家里的餐桌旁，“试试看”这句话总会出现。对于一个挑食的人来说，这可能是最糟糕的一句话；但对于一个热爱食物的人——像我一样——来说，这却是能听到的最棒的话。成长在一个与美国文化截然不同的文化中，一直让我觉得无比奇妙。奇妙在于，其中永远充满着探索与学习；奇妙在于，即使有人会嘲笑你的文化，你依然选择热爱它；奇妙在于，无论时间过去多久，你仍然愿意继续了解它。最美味的饭菜，总是在经历漫长炎热的一天，甚至游泳之后出现的。耗尽所有精力后的饥饿感似乎难以忍受，但当你回到家，闻到一顿家饭菜散发出的温暖香气时，那种期待反而变得更加难以抵挡。冲进厨房，想吃上一盘热腾腾的食物，成为你唯一想做的事情。那一天，妈妈可能会做你最喜欢的菜，也可能会做你最不喜欢的菜。然而，你仍然毫不犹豫地吃下它。浓烈的辣椒香气弥漫在整个房子里，飘进你的房间。这股味道会让你咳嗽、打喷嚏，但当你望向锅里时，看到的是一锅温暖而浓郁的汤。这是你从未见过的汤。里面有一些看起来像方块一样的肉块，而你完全不知道它们的名字。一碗热气腾腾的汤被端到你面前。你有些怀疑，但妈妈只是笑着说：“试试看。”你犹豫了一下，还是尝了一口。肉和汤汁在口中融合，丰富的味道交织在一起，让你忍不住说出：“好吃。”你吃了一口，又吃一口，再吃一口。直到最后一滴汤都被喝完，碗里什么也没有剩下。然后，你抬起头，想要再来一点。第二天，甚至接下来的一周，你的脑海里都想着那道菜。你问妈妈它叫什么名字，但她想不起你说的是哪一道菜。于是，你只能等到她下一次再做的时候。“试试看”，永远都会是我最喜欢的一句话。如果没有这句话，我永远不会知道我最喜欢的菜——Pozole。那是一碗铺着生菜和萝卜的汤，配上浓郁的红色汤底，以及白色食材带来的和谐搭配。它不仅是一道食物，更是一段让我与文化连接起来的记忆。

Simple But Effective

简单但有效

Anonymous(匿名)

The most valuable habit handed down to me wasn't something concrete, but the practice of basic courtesy. In my family, saying "thank you" or offering a quick "sorry" was never overlooked as empty formality. It was taught as a tool to navigate through daily human interactions smoothly. In social aspects, showing gratitude and humbleness makes everyday conversations warmer and builds mutual respect efficiently. In situational aspects, a straightforward apology acts as a reset button during misunderstandings and arguments. The ability to apologize acknowledges the moment without letting pride make things irreversible. Practicing this simple habit keeps me connected to the quiet modesty my family values.

传承给我最宝贵的习惯，并不是某种具体的东西，而是践行基本礼貌的习惯。在我的家庭里，说一句“谢谢”或简短地说声“对不起”，从来不会被视为空洞的客套。它被教导为一种帮助人们顺利应对日常人际交往的工具。从社交层面来看，表达感激与谦逊能让日常交流更加温暖，并高效地建立彼此尊重。从具体情境来看，一句坦率的道歉就像误会和争执中的重置按钮。懂得道歉，就是承认当下发生的一切，而不让自尊心把事情推向无法挽回的地步。坚持践行这个简单的习惯，让我始终与家人所珍视的那份低调谦逊保持联系。

Pineapple Buns

菠萝包

Anonymous(匿名)

One tradition that me and my family can relate to is getting pineapple bun (菠萝包) and milk tea (奶茶) at Chinatown. This tradition started when my grandpa was little. He always loved pineapple bun and a drink of milk tea back home in HongKong. When he had to move to America, he found comfort when he was able to buy the delicious pineapple bun and soothing hot milk tea at Chinatown. He introduced these delicious treats to my dad later after he had a family. My dad immediately fell in love with them as they were so delicious. He inherited these traditional food and has enjoyed them ever since he was a child. Then, he passed the tradition to me and my brother. Ever since we tried them, those are the must treats that we always get whenever we visit Chinatown. We all loved them so much that we would buy extra to take home to share for the next day. As time goes on, I would definitely keep this tradition up for my future family.

我和我的家人都很有共鸣的一项传统，就是去唐人街买菠萝包和奶茶。这个传统始于我爷爷小时候。他在香港时一直都很喜欢吃菠萝包、喝奶茶。后来他不得不搬到美国时，能够在唐人街买到美味的菠萝包和暖心的热奶茶，让他感到十分安慰。后来，在他成家之后，他把这些美味介绍给了我爸爸。我爸爸立刻就爱上了它们，因为实在太好吃了。他继承了这种传统美食，从小就一直很喜欢。后来，他又把这个传统传给了我和我哥哥。自从我们尝过以后，每次去唐人街，菠萝包和奶茶都成了我们必买的美食。我们都非常喜欢它们，常常还会多买一些带回家，第二天继续和家人一起分享。随着时间流逝，我一定会把这个传统延续下去，传承给我未来的家庭。

A Night Of Chaos and Rituals

混沌与仪式之夜

Syeda Akther (赛达阿克)



During the last night of Ramadan before Eid, if you were to peep into my house, you would see lights lit up in every room of the house with everyone wide awake. My mom would be in the kitchen preparing and cooking away the different dishes and snacks. You would hear the sounds of scrubbing, brooming, and vacuuming throughout the different rooms – as my sisters and I clean around the different rooms. Within each bedroom, there would be a change of bedsheets with brand new bed sets. There would be smells of henna, with each of us trying to get our henna done by my older sister and trying to keep our henna on for the longest to get the darkest stain. Within the dining room, there's spring roll pastry wrappers, a cup of water, and a filling made by my mom.

All of us surround the dining room, taking turns to fill the wraps with the filling, shaping it with our hands, and closing it with a tiny dash of water on the ends of the singaras and spring rolls. With the end of Ramadan, no matter how much older we grew, or lived in a different country, or how much we changed it always followed with the ritual of a busy night filled with chaos and preparation.

在开斋节前的最后一个斋月夜晚，如果你偷偷往我家里瞥一眼，你会看到屋里每一个房间都亮着灯，所有人都还醒着。我妈妈会在厨房里忙着准备和烹饪各种菜肴和小吃。你会听到不同房间里传来擦洗声、扫地声和吸尘器的声音——因为我和我的姐妹们正在各个房间里打扫卫生。每个卧室里，床单都会被换成全新的床上用品。空气中弥漫着指甲花的气味，我们每个人都轮流让我姐姐帮我们画指甲花，并且尽量让指甲花在手上停留得最久，好染出最深的颜色。在餐厅里，摆着春卷皮、一杯水，还有我妈妈做好的馅料。我们所有人围在餐厅里，轮流把馅料包进春卷皮里，用手捏成形，再在边缘蘸一点点水封口，做成咖喱角和春卷。斋月结束了，无论我们长到多大，无论我们住在哪个国家，无论我们改变了多少——这个仪式始终不变：一个充满混乱和准备的忙碌夜晚。

Taiping Yan

太平燕

Brenda Zhang (张菁兰)



Taiping Yan is a delicacy unique to Fuzhou. The word "Yan" sounds like "peace," making it an indispensable flavor in the hearts of Fuzhou expatriates.

When our ancestors left Fuzhou to seek a livelihood in foreign countries, Taiping Yan from their hometown became a way to express their longing for home. In the early years, family members would manually pound the swallow skin and handcraft Taiping Yan—this was a practice passed down through generations in Fuzhou. As times gradually changed, we no longer insisted on making the intricate swallow skin by hand, opting instead for authentic Fuzhou swallow skin ingredients.

Although we simplified the complicated preparation process, the tradition of eating Taiping Yan during festivals has never changed. During every festival, a steaming bowl of Taiping Yan is surely set on the dining table. We don't need exquisite craftsmanship; just by eating this bowl of food, we can recall our hometown Fuzhou and the beautiful blessings passed down by our ancestors.

Even while in a Chinatown abroad, where it is hard to perfectly recreate the authentic taste of home, we still prepare this dish with care. A small bowl of Taiping Yan connects our distant homeland in China with our life abroad, keeping us closely linked to our hometown even while overseas.

Separated by mountains and seas, our hometown feels far away, but our eating habits have never changed. This small habit, integrated into daily life, naturally continues without deliberate effort. This is the best way Fuzhou culture is passed down in foreign lands.

太平燕是福州独有的美食，“燕”谐音平安，是所以福州侨胞心里不可缺少的味道。

祖辈离开福州前往异国谋生时，家乡的太平燕就成了思念故土的寄托。早年间，家里人都亲会亲手捶打燕皮，手工包制太平燕，这是福州老家一代代传下来的做法。时代慢慢变化，我们不再坚持手工制作复杂的燕皮，会选用地道的福州燕皮食材来制作。

虽然简化了繁琐的制作步骤，可过节必吃太平燕的习惯一直没有改变。每逢过节，餐桌上一定会摆上一碗热气腾腾的太平燕。我们不必拥有精湛的手工艺，只要吃上这一碗食物，就能想起故乡福州，想起祖辈流传下来的美好祝福。

哪怕身处异国唐人街，很难复刻故乡原汁原味的模样，我们依旧用心准备这道吃食。小小的一碗太平燕，串联起远在国内的故土与漂泊在外的生活，让身在海外的我们，始终和家乡紧紧相连。

山海相隔，故乡的距离变得遥远，但饮食习惯却始终没有改变，这份融入日常，刻在生活里的小习惯，不需要刻意坚守，自然而然延续下去，这就是福州文化在异乡最好的传承。

Chinatown Night Market

唐人街夜市

Jeffrey Phat (林明德)

The night market, a once-in-a-year event that brings together multiple communities of different backgrounds, cultures, and beliefs. Families, friends, and locals all share one feeling: happiness. Anywhere else, it would just be a fun event to attend, but in Philadelphia, it's a reminder of the fight for freedom against gentrification. The original night market in 1990 was meant to generate foot traffic and consumers to revitalize an otherwise economically disadvantaged community. At first glance, many of the businesses here seem to be thriving, but that's far from the truth. As rent prices gradually rise, they are forced to sell their houses and businesses.



This is where the value of the Chinatown night market comes in. In my personal experiences, I have only been to a few, but those gave me further insight into how this one event could change a business. A lot of the stands had familiar names, "Bonchon," "Peking Duck," etc, as well as some unfamiliar ones. Walking around with my girlfriend, I helped small businesses set up, and it was heartening to see people able to make a name for themselves. A particular business I assisted with was a really fascinating planting service.

We made small talk, and it was interesting to hear about the development of her business. She said that the night market really aided her in finding customers. Not only does this align with my goal of being an entrepreneur, but it also aligns with my historical background; many Chinese immigrants had to do hard labor just to earn enough money to feed themselves for one day. It goes without saying that the Philadelphia night market not only brings communities together but also elevates our status quo.

夜市——一年一度的大事，把来自不同背景、文化和信仰的多个社区聚集在一起。家人、朋友和本地人，都共享同一种感受：快乐。放在别处，这或许只是一个好玩的活动，但在费城，它却提醒着人们对抗士绅化的抗争。1990年的首届夜市，本意是带动人流和消费，以振兴一个经济上处于弱势的社区。乍看之下，这里的许多生意似乎红红火火，但事实远非如此。随着房租逐渐上涨，他们被迫卖掉自己的房子和店铺。

这就是费城华埠夜市价值所在。就我个人经历而言，我只去过几次，但每一次都让我更深刻地体会到，一场活动能如何改变一个生意。很多摊位是熟悉的名字——“Bonchon”、“北京烤鸭”等等，也有一些不太熟悉的。我和女朋友一起逛，帮一些小商家布置摊位，看到人们能够打出自己的名号，实在令人欣慰。我特别帮忙过的一个摊位，是一家很有意思的种植服务店。我们聊了几句，听她谈起自己生意的发展，很有意思。她说夜市真的帮她找到了很多顾客。这不仅契合我自己想成为创业者的目标，也和我所了解的历史背景相呼应——许多华人移民当年要做苦力，才勉强赚够一天的口粮。不用说，费城夜市不仅把社区联结在一起，也提升了我们整体的处境。

Banh Ja'Neuk

Jessica Phat

Growin up as a Chinese-Cambodian, I was always surrounded by both Chinese and Cambodian desserts. Notably, Banh Janeuk was a dessert that I grew up eating that connected me to both sides of my culture. Sipping on the warm broth reminds me of the history and stories told by my family of our ancestors from China migrating to Cambodia and bringing their home recipes with them.

Tang Yuan is one of those recipes that was introduced by Chinese migrants and adapted to Banh Janeuk to still feel at home in a far away place. The purpose of sharing this recipe is to highlight how diverse and influential the Asian diaspora can be, especially within our Chinatown.

INGREDIENTS

Dough

- 1 ½ cup glutinous rice flour
- ¾ cup water
- ¼ cup coconut cream
- Pinch of salt

Coconut Cream Sauce

- ½ cup coconut cream
- ½ cup water
- 4 palm sugar OR
- 3-4 tbsp of brown sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1 Ginger (sliced)

Note: Free to add more ginger for a stronger taste

INSTRUCTIONS

- Add Glutinous rice flour and water, coconut cream, and pinch of salt to a mixing bowl. Knead the dough until fully combined and reach a playdough consistency.
- Begin rolling balls into a desired size. The bigger, the longer you will have to cook.
- Boil water in a medium sized pot. When boiled, drop into the glutinous rice balls. When they float to the top, drain the water.
- In a separate pot, add your water, coconut cream, and melt the palm sugar. After this, add your ginger,
- Once the sauce boils, let it cool for a bit.
- Add your rice balls to the bowl and ladle your sauce on the top.

Enjoy!

汤圆

林秀娜

作为一名华裔柬埔寨人成长，我一直被中式和柬式甜点所环绕。尤其是，Banh Janeuk 是我从小吃到大的甜点，它让我与自己文化的两面都紧密相连。啜饮着温热的汤汁，我会想起家人讲述的历史和故事：我们的祖先从中国迁徙到柬埔寨，并把家乡的食谱一同带了过去。

汤圆就是其中一种由中国移民带来的食谱，后来被融入并改良为 Banh Janeuk，让人即使身处遥远的异乡，也依然能感受到家的温暖。分享这道食谱的目的，是为了展现亚洲侨民群体的多样性及其深远影响，尤其是在我们的唐人街社区中。

食材

面团

1½ 杯糯米粉

¾ 杯水

¼ 杯椰浆

一小撮盐

椰浆糖汁

½ 杯椰浆

½ 杯水

4 块棕榈糖，或 3-4 汤匙红糖

一小撮盐

1 块姜（切片）

备注：可根据喜好加入更多姜，以获得更浓郁的姜味。

做法

将糯米粉、水、椰浆和一小撮盐放入搅拌碗中。揉面至完全混合，达到类似橡皮泥的柔软质地。

开始将面团搓成自己喜欢的大小。

丸子越大，煮的时间越长。

在中号锅中将水煮沸。水开后放入糯米丸子。待丸子浮到水面后，捞出沥干。

另取一口锅，加入水、椰浆，并将棕榈糖煮至融化。然后加入姜片。

待糖汁煮沸后，稍微放凉。

将糯米丸子放入碗中，把糖汁舀在上面即可享用！

Culture On Rice

Anonymous

Our culture is built on rice. It nourishes, provides comfort, and was vital to the survival of our ancestors in ancient times. This fact was so profound that the word for rice became synonymous with the word for meal in our language: 饭 (fàn). So, I will share a recipe that brought me warmth throughout these past years even during the toughest exam seasons.

"Prepare chopped pork ribs, dice the carrot, dice the soaked shiitake mushrooms, and have some shelled edamame ready. Blanch the ribs first, then heat some cooking oil in a pan. Once the oil is hot, add the ribs, diced carrot, and diced shiitake mushrooms and stir-fry together. Add a little soy sauce, pour in a small amount of water, and let it simmer for a while. Leave a little sauce in the pan, then turn off the heat. Pour the cooked ribs into the washed rice, add an appropriate amount of water, sprinkle in the edamame, add a little salt, then crack in an egg and press the rice-cooking button." ~ my wise beloved mother

Place the diced pork ribs in boiling water briefly to blanch them, then drain. Heat cooking oil in a pan. Add the blanched ribs, diced carrots, and diced shiitake mushrooms. Stir-fry everything together. Pour in a splash of soy sauce and a small amount of water. Simmer the mixture for a short while. Turn off the heat, leaving a little bit of sauce in the pan. Pour the stir-fried mixture into the washed rice. Add an appropriate amount of clean water. Scatter the edamame beans on top and add a pinch of salt. Crack the eggs into the mixture, then press the "cook" button on your rice cooker.

米饭上的文化

匿名

我们的文化建立在稻米之上。它滋养我们，带来慰藉，并且在远古时代对祖先的生存至关重要。这一事实意义深远，以至于在我们的语言中，“饭”(fàn) 既表示米饭，也成为“一餐”的代名词。因此，我想分享一道食谱，它陪伴我度过了这些年的时光，即使是在最艰难的考试季，也总能带给我温暖。

“准备切粒排骨，红萝卜切丁，泡好的香菇切丁，一些毛豆仁。排骨先焯水，然后锅里放食用油，油烧热放入排骨与萝卜丁香菇丁一起翻炒，倒些许酱油，倒入少量水焖一会儿。锅里留少许汁关火。将炒好的排骨倒入洗好的大米中，加入适量的清水撒入毛豆仁放少许盐，再打入鸡蛋按煮饭键就好了。”——我亲爱的、睿智的母亲

将切成小块的排骨放入沸水中稍微焯一下，然后捞出沥干。平底锅中加热食用油，放入焯好的排骨、胡萝卜丁和香菇丁，一起翻炒。加入少许酱油，再倒入少量清水，稍微焖煮片刻。关火时锅中保留一点汤汁。将炒好的食材倒入洗净的大米中，加入适量清水，在上面撒上毛豆仁 and 一小撮盐。打入鸡蛋，然后按下电饭煲的“煮饭”键即可。

Egg Tart

蛋挞

Anonymous (匿名)

One of my earliest memories of being in America is buying bread and pastries in Chinatown's bakeries. Among the sea of pasties, egg tarts stood out to me the most, not because I liked them, but I thought they were weird in concept. In my home, eggs were typically eaten as a savory dish. So logically, we shouldn't mix it with something sweet. Much to my surprise, however, the "egg" part of the dish was not savory at all. It paired nicely with the sweet crumbly crust.

Egg tarts date back to around the 15th and 19th century England and Portugal, respectively. Through voyages around the world, egg tarts made their way into Guangzhou. Thus, (dàntǎ) was born. Today, it's commonly found in Chinese bakeries and dim sum restaurants. This recipe, however, is more akin to the Portuguese version of the dish with its flaky crust, mainly because I don't like how messy the crumbly crust can be.

More recently, I've brought this dish to potlucks as a dessert. This recipe specifically has helped me spark conversations, leading to friendships I had never imagine forming.



Recipe (Servings 12)

食谱 (12人份)

Ingredients

- 4 Eggs
- 12 Premade Egg Tart Crusts
- 140g Milk
- 120g Heavy Whipping Cream
- 10g Sweet Condensed Milk
- 50g Sugar

配料

- 4个鸡蛋
- 12个预制蛋挞皮
- 140克牛奶
- 120克淡奶油
- 10克甜炼乳
- 50克糖

Instructions

- Pre-heat the oven to 400°F
- Crack the 4 eggs and separate the yolk from the white
- Add the Milk, Heavy Whipping Cream, Sweet Condensed Milk, and the Sugar into a bowl and whisk
 - If there are any bubbles, strain the custard mix
- Fill each crust $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way with the custard
- Bake in the oven for 25 minutes
- Enjoy! :)

指示

- 将烤箱预热至 400°F (约 200°C)
- 将 4 个鸡蛋打散, 并分离蛋黄与蛋白
- 将牛奶、重奶油 (淡奶油)、甜炼乳和糖倒入碗中, 搅拌均匀
 - 如有气泡, 请将蛋奶液过滤
- 将蛋奶液倒入挞皮中, 至约 $\frac{3}{4}$ 满放入烤箱烘烤 25 分钟
- 尽情享受吧! :)

我对美国最早的记忆之一, 就是在唐人街的面包店里买面包和点心。在琳琅满目的酥皮点心中, 蛋挞最吸引我的注意, 不是因为我喜欢它, 而是因为我记得它的概念很奇怪。在我家, 鸡蛋通常都是作为咸味菜肴来吃的。所以按理说, 不应该把它和甜的东西混在一起。然而, 令我惊讶的是, 这道点心里的“蛋”一点也不咸, 反而和香甜酥脆的挞皮搭配得恰到好处。蛋挞分别可追溯到约15世纪的英国和19世纪的葡萄牙。随着航海贸易传播到世界各地, 蛋挞也传入了广州, 于是诞生了“蛋挞”。如今, 它已成为中式面包店和点心酒楼里常见的美食。不过, 这个食谱更接近葡式蛋挞, 采用层层酥脆的挞皮, 主要是因为我不太喜欢那种容易掉渣的酥松挞皮。近些年来, 我常把这道甜点带到聚餐分享。尤其是这个食谱, 帮助我开启了许多话题, 也因此结识了许多我从未想过会成为朋友的人。

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