

Eulogy For My Grandmother

Lucita Villas Tse, my grandmother, was simple but extraordinary in her kindness.

She is the eldest child of Marciano and Dolores Villas, among the 8 children, and spent most of the time helping her parents with their little store, in Hindang, Leyte. During the World War II, when the bombs were dropping down the sky, she kept herself hidden inside the cabinet where the statue of Mama Mary was on top. As she grew up, she said she doesn't want to remember it and reflected that people easily fight today, easily calls war all because they do not know War. Her experiences molded her into the woman we knew, peace loving, kind, religious and strong.

She married my grandfather, Pablo Tse also known as Abio at the age of 21 and continued her studies to become a teacher. He was a lot older than her and upon knowing her love to travel, he supported her, to pursue her studies and dream of becoming a teacher. This is how she became your favorite Math, History, and Practical Arts teacher.

Over the years, she may had become your best friend, your choir mate, your church mate, your co-mother butler, the woman who you can buy rice from or haggle the selling price of your palay, or also the woman who gives you sacks of rice for free.

To me, she was my grandmother that I can always rely on. When I got sick as a baby, I needed these particular expensive injections that needed to be bought somewhere else. If not given I could die. But, the family didn't have a lot of money back then, so they have to borrow some money and sell things to buy the medicine I needed. She started going to church every morning and offered mass daily for my cure. Mama said, she promised she'd hear mass every day, for God to heal me. Truly, I remember her for this great effort, because she did what she promised. Ma'am Lourdes, Gloria, Beth, and others who unflinchingly goes to church as well, could testify her daily mass attendance over the years.

She also came to my first group art exhibit when I was enrolled to a summer Art class, when I thought my mother would not come. I thought then, at least she was there. She helped pay for my eye surgery, when I was 5 years old, and told me she would be at church praying for me during the operation. She also told me to be strong, and prayed with me every time I slept with her. 12 years later, I needed another eye surgery, as the lens implanted on me was getting dim, and this time, she paid it by herself in full.

She also taught me many things, like how to pray properly, taught me about God and Mama Mary which was plastered on their wooden walls in their old house. She also taught me how to put up a mosquito net on the bed as we slept together with my grandfather.

There came a time when my family moved to Sorsogon City, Bicol. I never knew her grief when we were away, but I knew her happiness when we come back here in Ormoc City to visit. She would always buy Lechon before we arrive and we would eat it during dinner. Most of all, even if the doorbell rings and the sound is only heard at the second floor, she would always beat the

helper to the door and open it for us. But when it was time for us to go, she always wakes up earlier than she used to, just to see us go. She would be in the bathroom and the office for some time alone, then emerge with good luck money for us. I would see her standing by the door as we go. I want to remember her for her efforts, for her sympathy and her kind heart. Most of you here knew her kindness, but not to what extent, so I am sharing this to you, so that you will know too.

Before she retired, she was remembered as a math teacher but to us her grandchildren, she was our kind but scary employer. As we become old enough to be trained in the family business, we began to help her and eventually she was able leave us in the office. However, her bedroom is the room beside it, so she is really close. She made us good at math with our training, because in business, miscalculation is not an option, as miscalculation means no income.

Her temper grew difficult with age, but she always gives or buys us food that made all of us 10 grandchildren gather at her small office. It also doesn't help when she has a TV and a DVD player in her office for us to watch a movie there. In fact, one time, we watched a horror movie and some of us screamed that the customers outside wondered loudly what was going on, and she would scream from the other room "Na unsa man mo diha? Pag ma sayop gani mo diha bantay lang gyud!" (What happened to you? If you would get wrong there, be on your guard.) and she would emerge later to check on us and then go back.

She also has a cabinet of food in her office and it was always almost full of food. When summer comes, she would then find her food cabinet exhausted. We, her grandchildren, were free to get anything we want to eat from this cabinet, but if she knew that we didn't like to eat what was left in this cabinet, she would ask us what we want. Then, she would give us money to buy them. We were spoiled in this way, truly, ask Jade and Chikay, they got big. They usually order cheeseburger or pizza, for everyone, and she would pay for it. One time, we even ordered 8 boxes of pizza.

My grandmother was also an active member of the church. Apart from her morning routine of going to church early, she was also a member of the choir, particularly the Sunshine Choir. You would see her singing, and if not, you'd see her reading the gospel, as she is part of the lector's group too, reading twice to thrice a week before she got too sick. She is also an active member of the Mother Butler Association, participating in regular meetings, monthly and annual conventions. The last Mother Butler convention she attended in fact was in Davao. Since she also owns a Palay and Rice business, she gives sacks of rice to priests and other organizations. She complains about people asking her to lend them money, and it will take them awhile, and if not forgets their debt, but she still lends them money.

Her kindness makes it hard for us to watch her go, but her struggle with her disease gives us inspiration on how we should do the same. She was suffering with Diabetes for years now, and upon finding a cyst in her Pancreas, the doctor told her she would live up to six months only. But she lived twice more, and helped countless people.

We are truly blessed to have known her in our lives, but now the Lord has taken her back in his arms. It is truly hard to watch her go, but I am happy to know she will be happy and live a life full of everlasting happiness with the Lord God Almighty.