

RIP - MY BELOVED WIFE LISA "BADINGDING" SEÑERIS GIL

Wednesday, November 18, 2020 in Tanjay, Neg Or, Phils

We had great plans for that day. A trip to Dumaguete, an hour's drive away, to have a hair trim at her favorite parlor, then fit up her eyeglasses at the optician who called to say it was ready, then perhaps some food shopping at the grocery, all at the sprawling Robinson's Mall that somehow manages to remain open despite the devastating downturn of business due to the Covid pandemic. Then surely some snack or dining Tuesday, the day before was even more auspicious. We talked to our children and Lisa's brother and cousin in the US. Looking back, it was portent of things to come.

At about 9:00, she clutched her chest, gasping and clearly said "I think I am having a heart attack and need immediate medical intervention". Our household staff jumped into action, fanning, massaging and dressing her properly. Since my stroke last year, we have all these staff. We jumped into the van and the driver rushed to the local Urgent Care Clinic at the other side of town. But it was too late. The resident physician said Lisa had no pulse. He tried CPR for 10 - 15 minutes.



She had died beside me as I was holding her hand.

We contacted our funeral service plan St Peter's and they got Lisa's remains within the hour, prepped her, and by 7:30 pm was in our house for 5 day wake.

Large framed photo on left is Lisa last year. It faces me on the night table.



Photo above is Lisa on top of her mother's tomb. She wanted it that way. Taken yesterday.

Taken earlier at the church.

The church is 3 blocks from the house which in turn is 6 blocks from cemetery.

Most in the procession walked, but especially me and family rode, behind the hearse.



There actually were two priests who concelebrated. Fr Jun, and Msgr Thaddy, another close relative.



Fr Jun, a close relative, celebrating mass at the house, while to his left lies Lisa's plexiglass bubble-top casket with me in a wheelchair, tapping on it.



Had it not been for the Covid scare there would have been many more who would come to condole and visit.

Still, all followed the mask protocol.

Tradition is the departed one should never be left alone without someone keeping vigil during the entire wake.

This is where the tremendous support of kith and kin is great comfort. They took over running the show, both for me and daughter Babette.

As more flowers came in, it crowded out the prayer leader.



The link below will bring you to my blog on Trivia. Scroll down on Blue section and click on "triv 58" to see latest write up.
<http://tanjay.rgad.com/trivia/trivia.html>

Then my NYC-based son Ramon set up some high tech something that allows anybody to see his FB postings. He coordinated with our high tech cousins here, and so even the religious services can be replayed.

Here is the link

<http://kumospace.com/lisagil>

(Best to use Chrome on a laptop or a desktop computer.)

Ramon's FB posting's showed dozens of family pictures over the years. I selected 3 shown below.



Through the wedding car window 53 years ago. We never were prone to outlandish celebrations, and had planned on a small party next week at Babette's beach house with lechon and foodstuff from the farm.



A day after Ramon's birth.



A few weeks later at home

Lisa had a heart attack 3 years ago and had stents inserted at Heart Center QC. Since then, she has slowed down a lot. I had a stroke last year and even am worse off in mobility. So we stay in the house and each does our own thing to keep busy, active and engaged.

I do my blog writnig, email to cybergroups, genealogy, music, occasional You-tube and Netflix, etc. Lisa does a lot more. She has her laptop and TV at her work desk on her side of the bed. I have a laptop, scanner, printer on my side.

And her interests have become more esoteric, with You-tube treatises on earthquakes, fires, catastrophes. And even lectures by Rabbinical scholars and Swamis and right wing Christians. I very onten listen to the rabbis and find their

arguments fascinating, especially when they start quoting their Hebrew terms. I've often discussed this with Lisa, especially their concept (I could be wrong in interpreting it) of multiple preordained bodies assigned to one soul ? ! So I muse if the recently departed are aware of what's happening around them. Or do they really care? Perhaps the gloriousness of the Godhead overshadows the pettiness of the mortals left behind? It doesn't matter anymore? But it does as there are beliefs and traditions that are inscrutable. Our cook has a year old baby whom we allow to stay in the house. When Lisa died that morning, the baby leaned out, extended her arms and called "Lola", obviously seeing her. I've witnessed this same thing 45 years ago with my son and Lisa's mother.

Then on Thursday's first night wake, there was a brownout, which is common in town, and fortunately we have a generator, so at 5 in the morning, we had all lights on. A Butterfly flew in and flitted around, hither and yon, landing at the door to the room where our first grandson was sleeping, then to ours, finally back to the flowers. Those making vigil saw all this and have pictures. When the priest said mass later Thursday, the Butterfly was gone. And I overslept Thursday morning, because Lisa visited me. We had vivid beautiful dreams together. This is the most I can divulge.

Danny Gil 11/24/20, Thursday

Addendum

It now is 11/25/20, Wednesday, a week after Lisa died, and I am learning more and more of the practices and traditions I will respect. Tonight was the 7th day of prayers, where the professional praying group will continue for two more days (to complete 9 days) their 1 hour plus of songs, prayers and invocations. Funny how I still can follow in English the Litany of Saints in Visayan. Then they come back on the 40th day, which is I believe a month from now. And only then can I start visiting Lisa's grave. Others can visit anytime, like Babette, but not me. Neither can I start giving away Lisa's belongings to those who surely would find use for them, until a decent interval which they say is a year !

This write up may go on with the unfinished projects of Lisa, and the legacies of the family. Below is a link to the family of Lisa. Click on menu bar for other Views.

<https://tinyurl.com/y66rogqf>

This noon, Babette was sobbing over a very moving text message she had sent to Fr Jun. She read it to me and I asked if I could share it in this addenda, which she agreed.

Fr. Jun - I was so moved by your words during the residential mass. A mother's love... Mama and I had a complicated relationship - she was a complicated woman. But there was always love, expressed in a way that was funny, maddening, frustrating, delicious and everything in between. Now that she is released from her physical form, I see her in the flowers, in the sunlight that flirts with the leaves, in the breeze that tickles my ears. Her spirit surrounds me and even sometimes, I feel the touch of her hand on my shoulder and a whisper "Kaya mo yan." As you know, I am not religious . But I truly believe that the Holy Spirit is around us and within us. Always. Perhaps one purpose of physical life is to express the Divine despite the flesh. And Mama did that magnificently. When she created gardens, when she insisted that we respect the humanity of the poorest among us. Though I know she's always with me, how I wish I could hug her one more time, hear a bit of juicy gossip and laugh about the quirks of people. Thank you and I love you.

Babette

"We are at our best when we serve others" Margaret Mead

Early this year I sold the property my folks bequeathed to me years ago and due to it's location beside Rockwell, I got a very respectable amount, and I quickly divvied this legacy among my children and grandchildren. My daughter Babette



promptly bought a beautiful beach property in San Jose town halfway between Tanjay and Dumaguete. And beside is the high tourist Scuba Dive Resort. I am helping her develop her lot commercially

The arrow-like outline is a small 253 sqm lot she bought 6 years ago. This year, she bought the adjacent 3508 sqm lot shown in heavy Yellow outline at a below market price.

The beach is sandy that flattens to a tableland of coral reefs which is part of a marine-protected habitat.



Lisa being followed by our helper. Green roofed structure is the original bamboo-nipa resthouse adjacent to the shore. Not visible is tidal pool. Note fishing boat.



The sea view from the newer rest-house or kamalig. Beyond is the Dive Resort's boat. Half way to shore is our bamboo raft. Safer than the stone jettys to dive from.



Newer kamalig with the hammock strung up, while some of Bette's friends crowd around the architect/designer who is showing his modular house renditions on a tablet. Seems to be most cost effective. I took the picture from my special seat, and show cane.

Two months ago, the fisherman-neighbor who owns the boat died at sea. He was 80 and loved nothing better than casting off at 4 every morning to fish. He didn't have to. He had two sons abroad, and a daughter in the town's municipal office. It so happened that many neighbors, other fishermen, and Babette and kids were at the sea-shore and when they noticed the slumped figure in the boat, they swam, paddled over, to get him. The family called the emergency ambulance, but it was too late. The family decided on short funeral with almost immediate burial. Apropos to call the event "Old Man and the Sea"?

Since then Babette has privatized the beach with strategic areas fenced off with secure gates and signage. The group of fishermen, about a dozen plus, who live nearby and have long used the area as a public beach, have signed a contract respecting the rules. They have been moved to an area behind the Dive Shop Building. Almost daily they bring in their catch, fresh and sometimes still alive. One of Lisa's last exotic meals was barracuda, in various versions prepared by our cook: raw marinated fillet "kilawen", charcoal broiled, then steamed "escabeche". Yummy.

The beach now has internet. The kamaligs have power and lighting, and the major trees extending all the way to the Dive Shop are festooned with lights, And most importantly, there is a T&B facility with running water. All these services are controlled from the main house.

Before I close this write-up, I would like to share excerpts of beautiful condolences I received.

From a college-mate of some 50 years back: "I'm so sorry to learn about Lisa's passing away. I just read your posting about her wake. You and Lisa were obviously so in love. May your happy memories with her console you in sad times. We are all praying for you and Lisa." - Alex

From Lisa's cousin and habitué among Manila's spiritistic circles: "We've had long discussions with Lisa on the afterlife, and she mentioned she lately has dreamed about her mother and older brother. I couldn't tell her those are premonitions as it would disturb her equilibrium. She said that when the time comes, it'll come, but she wanted a little more time. When the novena prayers ended a few days ago, she sent me a telepathic message that she is happy where she is, and thanked me for my prayers and masses offered on her behalf. She is in THE LIGHT! Cause for us to rejoice!" - Norma

Danny Gil 12/4/20



Today, Sunday, the 27th day of December 12/27/20, was also 40 days since Lisa left us. By local tradition, it's the first time I can visit her tomb. The three photos tell all: me stepping down to the 2 level Señeris tombs, with lower level showing engraved marble plaques of Papa Ramon and Mama Feling, and niche with plaque containing part of Manong Dodo's ashes. Above Mama Feling is Lisa's tomb, to be fitted with marble plaque. Beside her is space reserved for me. Someone said the tombs are downsizable for more niches. Last pic shows 3 of the visitors, Nadine, Babette, and Joy. After the cemetery rites, we had a party at the house.

Hit link then "rambl 29" to show a Florida Time Warp we had. <https://tinyurl.com/ydx6cfuc>
FINIS Danny Gil