

How Does One Says Farewell To A Love One? A Tribute To A Mother

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, Jan. 31 - (PinoyGlobal)- After suffering for more than six year of breast cancer, **Plautila "Baby" Dumo Jose** passed away peacefully last Thursday, January 22, 2009 at the hospice in this city. She is survived by her devoted husband, Julius Jose, a former staff member of the Philippine Embassy in Washington, D.C., four children: Katrina, Joanne, and Johann and Christian; a sister, an aunt, and a grandchild, nieces and nephews residing in the U.S., and several kinsfolks in the Philippines.

"PJ" is a woman of Prayer. A woman of Faith. Her dedication to the Blessed Sacrament Catholic Church here in Alexandria is irreplaceable. For more than six years, she is the person incharged preparing for the 6:30 morning Holy Mass. She will surely be missed by me



"PJ" is a Woman of Faith. A Woman of Prayer" says Rev. Father John C. Gregan shown here blessing the casket of Plautila "Baby" Jose. Concelebrating the Holy Mass was Rev. Father Andy B. Gonzalo, CICM.

friends who have been touched in one or anothers during her lifetime.

Private Burial for the family and friends will be on Monday, February 2, 2009, in this city.

How does one say farewell to someone you love.... more specially to your beloved mother? Below is the eulogy of a daughter to a mother, printed here in the daughter's own words.

EULOGY FOR MAMA

By Katrina Jose Cox

I'm honored to stand here before you to commemorate the life of my mama, Plautila Jose. She was named after her mother with whom she shared the same birthday. Some of you may know her as "Baby". Some of



Julius Jose with daughters Katrina (l.) and Joanne (r.)

and the parishioners," said Reverend Father John C. Cregan, Pastor of the Blessed Sacrament Catholic Church.

The Wake Service last Thursday night at the Jefferson Funeral Chapel, and Funeral Mass Service yesterday was crowded to full-capacity with relatives and



Julius Jose, husband of Baby Jose, with her two daughters Katrina (l.) and Joanne (r.) surrounded by relatives and friends.

you may call her “PJ”, a nickname she adopted when we came here to the US because she got tired of spelling out her unusual name...and also, as an adult, her Filipino nickname of “**Baby**” could end up sounding like a come-on J.

Mama is at rest now and we are sad to have her leave us. This is our time to mourn. It is, though, the time to celebrate the extraordinary life of the woman that is my Mama. Her courageous and brave battle for life will not go without great significance. Many lessons of love, life and hope were learned through her pain. I am filled with admiration and pride, knowing of the many lives she touched through her charity, her business, her prayer groups and her family.

Only now, that she is gone, do we - my family and I - truly understand whom we are without. To speak to her

now, we would want her to know that life without her is very difficult...almost impossibly so. Mama was the nucleus of our family. She is the core of our collective being, as a family, and of our individual souls. Our world will never be the same. Now that she’s gone, my heart is broken and part of my heart died with her. We are all suffering and impaired spirits. We are lost. Mama lives on in our hearts and in our daily lives and even in the smallest of our actions. Her teachings and examples are alive in the family that she leaves behind...in my Dad, her children, her nieces and nephews and her grandchildren. One of the ways that Mama taught us was through her generous heart and spirit. She possessed great fortitude and courage. These, Mama had because of her deep and abiding faith in God. Her greatest passions were her devotion to God and to family. I never saw Mama pursue a personal hobby. Well, hobbies are for people with time

on their hands. Our family was Mama's hobby - her passion and devotion... God and family. Her time was devoted to prayer, to work for her family, tending to Papa, her children, her nephews and nieces, her grandchildren and her friends.

One of the last lessons we learn/before fully accepting the journey of adulthood/ is learning to let go. To let go of our pains, our worries, our fears, our bad habits and/ eventually, the ones we love. But, how do we let go of Mama? Or, just the agonizing pain of losing her? And, for my Papa, how does he let go of the love of his life? The woman with whom he built all that surrounds him? Mama would remind us of God's way of teaching us. Mama **leaned** on her devotion to God, in her struggle, in her pain. In doing so, she gives us her last lesson to deal with the pain of our loss; the pain of her absence. For, in her last months and days, Mama's faith in God fueled her fighting spirit and her hope to live life. Even at the very end her faith didn't waver. It shone. Cancer is unrelenting... an illness that is unforgiving. Mama faced that battle, with God at her side and only Advil and Tylenol for the pain. She was no glutton for punishment. No martyr. She was giving us the gift of her lucidity through her greater pain. She was unable to tolerate morphine or anything else. But, we do not think of the comfort that those drugs would have given her. We only think of the extra moments we got with her and how it could have been worse if she was without her faith in God, in the darkest of hours. Mama fought cancer with grace and, if you could struggle to understand, great beauty. Her physical beauty was always luminescent and her inner beauty stemmed from her courage and strength. All were evident in her fight until the very end. By the grace of God, Mama beat out weighted odds and medical statistics. We all negotiated with

God for Mama and for ourselves that she would have more time. In the end, it was not Mama who gave up. Her body gave out. Her spirit was always shining through her battle. It was her body that could take no more. It was through this journey, taken together, that we learn to accept God's will... to let go of her physical being. We say goodbye to her physical being. But, our love for her will forever last. Christmas came toward the end and it was bittersweet. We all loved Mama so much. We were grateful for another holiday with her. At the same time, we were disheartened to know we were on borrowed time. We knew it was our last Christmas together. Mama embraced the day, joyfully. She unwrapped her presents with such grateful heart... guiding the way for all of us. Enjoying the day, so that, we could, too. Mama was always teaching us. Even at the end. She loved all her presents and got to use them all in her last days. The red comfy socks that her granddaughter Olivia gave her... she watched the David Foster concert DVD, a gift from her son Johann, endlessly. Our last family meal came on New Years Day. Mama mustered all the strength and energy she could and joined us at the table. There, she grabbed a huge crab leg and took a big bite. We were awestruck. It was a special moment we will cherish. We saw mama's spirit for life and her love of food and cooking and family, all at once. It was a simple moment. But, one that gave us a jolt of high spirit. And, there we were, all together. Some things seemed the same... but the reality is, so much was changing. But, Mama saw to it to give us all that image of her savoring that crab leg. It will stay with all of us. She was guiding and lighting the way then... the way to live life when she was finally gone.

She showed her love through her amazing cooking. Her food was always her labor of love. She would cook for all of us,

especially for her grandchildren, even amidst pain. She cooked everything from scratch and without recipe...they were recipes from her heart.

Mama taught and led by example in her service to God and others. When I was young, our home had a revolving door. Friends and cousins stayed with us whenever they had a need to. Back then, I resented having to share a room with my brother Christian, because of it. Now, I am thankful to Mama for the example and the lasting bond with my cousins Tet, Mike, Mel-john and Merwynn that came from it. Our lives are richer because of this. We thank Mama and her sister, Tita Edith, for gifting us to each other. And, Mama for teaching us that charity begins at home.

She proved her devotion to God through serving this very church, Blessed Sacrament. For more than 10 years,

she was here at Blessed Sacrament to open the church doors at 6 AM so that others are able to worship and pray. Her dedication to this duty is truly inspiring.

I would like to end by thanking God for blessing us with Mama. We thank God for the wonderful days spent with her, good and bad. Although her last days were full of suffering and pain, His Grace was ever present even through the difficult times. We learned that our fear of losing her can only be alleviated by living and being with her in the precious present moment. Above all, I would like to celebrate the life of a woman I am so proud and honored to be able to call my mom. Her courage, strength, devotion to family and her extraordinary beauty, both internal and external, will always be remembered. She was our mentor, our model, our protector, our mom. MAMA, we love you very much and we will miss you dearly. #