**Paje Speech [EZ Speech No. 16177]**

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Script for Jean Paje’s eulogy honoring her grandmother [name].

grandma [first name] was my hero.

when i was a baby, i apparently got so sick that everyone in the family was afraid i wouldn’t make it. but not grandma [name]. she simply swaddled me in a blanket, carried me out to her car, and drove me to quiapo church — the oldest church in all of manila. there, with my other grandma, grandma lazara, by her side, she knelt and prayed to our lady of remedies to return me to good health.

obviously, it worked!

now of course, it wasn’t until much later that i became aware of this story, and by that time, grandma [name] had become a second mother to me, pitching in to help our mother cope with six kids and the frequent absences of a husband who, as a navy man, was often on deployment in one troubled corner of the globe or other. i know that i wished back then that he could’ve been with us more. but, in spite of these hardships, my brothers and sisters and I never wanted for love, never wanted for love and encouragement, never wanted for support.

grandma [name] was one of the most loving and caring and generous people i’ve ever known. her love of family was equalled only by her love of god. here on earth, her family was everything, and she spent the better part of her life babysitting her [no.] grandchildren and great-grandchildren. she always made sure to wear at least one garment with pockets in it to hold the money that she’d dole out to us with the gay abandon of a rockefeller. i think she knew that she was spoiling us terribly, but she didn’t care. she knew that spoiling grandkids was her job.

now, given the fact that grandma [name] died at the age of 101, it’s not at all surprising that she could be somewhat old-fashioned. i mean, what woman in this day and age wears a housedress, earings, and a necklace just to do housework? but that was grandma [name]. and even as she entered her golden years, she never let herself go. she took care of herself until she was no longer able to do so. But even in her waning years, she’d always make sure to apply her scented [face/body] powder both in the morning and at bedtime. her other beauty secret was the liberal application of Oil of olay to her face. when dementia started sapping her mind, she started calling it “oil of delay,” and i wonder if that malapropism wasn’t a kind of unconscious attempt to stave off the inevitable.

of course, her “oil of delay” ultimately failed in that particular mission, and she spent the last few years of her life in a nursing home. because of a number of factors, i was privileged to be grandma [name]’s principal family caregiver until her death. this chance to take care of the woman who’d given me and my siblings and all her great-grandchildren so much love, so much care, and so much faith for so many years, was one of the greatest blessings in my life, and i thank god for it.

so let me offer this prayer, in which i hope you’ll all join me:

dear god in heaven, please take care of your loving daughter, [grandma’s full name]. enfold her soul in your loving grace, and keep her forever at peace. know that she kept the faith to the very end, and praised thy name always, in both word and deed. and please help all of us whose lives she enriched remember her with love and compassion always. amen.

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