

Celebrating the Life of Wong Yuan Wah

湯黃婉華追思會

2021.12.06



Zoom <https://us06web.zoom.us/j/81891854986?pwd=Z29yWFdjcGVPK0pIT3A0U1FKclZ0UT09>

5pm California • 7pm Iowa & Chicago • 8pm Connecticut, New York, Toronto

9am Hong Kong & Singapore (2021.12.07)



Program 程序

Welcome 介紹

Jessica Tong 湯樂心

Memorial Video

懷念視頻

Peter Tong 唐炳德

Worship 信息

Pastor Patrick AuYeung 歐陽貫宗牧師

Remembrance

懷念分享

Alex Wong 黃德仁

Henry Tong 湯肇基

Helen Lam/Colina Tong 湯美慈/湯淑慈

Video Sharing: Nancy Tong 湯玉婷

Thankful Hymn

感恩詩歌

Peter Tong 唐炳德

Word of

Appreciation

感謝結語

John/Frank Tong 湯厚基/湯復基

Benediction 祝福

Pastor Patrick AuYeung 歐陽貫宗牧師

Virtual Reunion

網上聚會

(to be announced 待通知)

All 全體

湯黃婉華，又名翠蓉

1929年1月24日出生於香港

2021年11月30日壽終於美國加州

1947年7月23日與湯定華在香港結婚

1976年4月26日移民美國加州至今

湯黃婉華是典型的賢妻良母，相夫教子，盡其一生精力，教育和愛護她的子女，他們的配偶和子女，及至孫兒。自丈夫在2013年過世後，她一直是整個家族的重心，維繫著整個家族感情。她去世時兒孫滿堂，共育有6名子女，10名孫兒，其中5名孫兒已婚，還有5名曾孫。終其平凡的一生，她代表著一代勤儉的中國女性，為家庭貢獻一生所有。

Yuen Wah Wong

Born - January 24, 1929 Hong Kong

Died - November 30, 2021, California

Married - July 23, 1947 with Ting Wah Tong in Hong Kong

Immigrated to US April 26, 1976 and lived here ever since

Yuan Wah Wong was a traditional caring and loving wife and mother, and has dedicated her entire life for the well-being of her family. Since her husband passed away in 2013, she had emerged to become the center of the entire family. She is survived and blessed by a full house of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Throughout her life, she represented a generation of diligent and prudent Chinese women, who contributed all her life to the family.



我的母親

湯復基

2021.12.02



在我懂性前關於母親的歷史，大多是從她口中得知。我眼中的母親是典型的賢妻良母，相夫教子，盡其一生精力，教育和愛護我們六兄弟姐妹。長大後，她對我們的配偶，子女，及至孫兒，也是呵護備至。自父親在2013年過世後，母親一直是整個家族的重心。母親於1929年1月24日（農曆戊辰年十二月十四日）在香港出生，於2021年11月30日11時（農曆辛丑年十月二十六日）卒於美國加州Fremont市，享年92歲。她去世時兒孫滿堂，共育有6名子女，10名孫兒，其中5名孫兒已婚，還有5名曾孫。終其平凡的一生，她代表著一代勤儉的中國女性，為家庭貢獻一生所有。

母親黃婉華，乳名翠蓉，祖籍廣東台山，出生於一個香港富商家庭。外祖父黃兆榮，又名喚文，在家中11名兄弟姐妹中排行第二。於香港皇仁書院肄業後，一直負責管理家族的茶葉生意，在西環東邊街擁有好幾家店鋪，工廠則設在蘇杭街。外祖母陳倩嫻，又名惠賢，也是出身名門。那個年代，門當戶對和早婚早孕是社會常態。外祖母的父親陳光大，有一位正室和三位姨太太，我出世時他已不在人世。他早於1900年間在美國經商，往來中美兩地，最後在異鄉辭世，與外祖父、外祖母一同葬於紐約的Brooklyn墳場。聽母親說，外祖父結婚時健康欠佳，要以生雞與外祖母拜堂成親。意想不到的的是他們後來竟生育了11個孩子。

母親在家裡排行第二，大舅父早逝，三姨灼華，四姨藹華，五舅父德仁，六姨筱華，七舅父德義，八姨美嬋，和十一姨綺華。聽母親說，八姨九姨是雙胞胎，生於亂世，加上祖輩迷信，夢見雙胞胎是蛇精托世，出世不久便把她們托送給親人撫養，二次大戰後遂失去聯絡。十姨出生時因祖輩患病，外公外婆逼不得已把出生不久的十姨交給奶娘看顧，但不久便得了重病夭折。我記得五舅父是在我三歲的時候，即1959年赴美。之後，四姨也於1960年赴美。而外公外婆則是在1967年經由五舅父以家庭團聚





形式申請移民美國。從此，母親外家的軸心，就由香港搬到了美國紐約。之後的20年，除了八姨一家外，（七舅父於1972年，三姨和六姨於1980年），都遷往美國定居。

母親兒時在蘇杭街、東邊街長大。每有機會返港，便會要求我和五弟厚基帶她去西環走一趟，緬懷過去。每次重遊故地，她總是感嘆唏噓，彷彿隔世。母親年幼時體弱，早年因哮喘病影響而不斷輟學。1941年日本侵佔香港，戰火連天。外祖父見事態嚴峻，在母親12歲那年停止了一切業務，帶同家眷遷往澳門避險，一去便是三年零八個月，直至1945年二戰結束後才回港。大戰後的香港一遍滿目瘡痍，百廢待興。幾年的戰火以及大家庭的內耗，使黃家家道中落。西環的四個店鋪一個一個被賣掉，外祖父四十多歲便退了下來，從蘇杭街搬到灣仔太和街，過著簡單的退休生活。記得年少時每逢重大節日，總是在太和街外公外婆處渡過，好不熱鬧。座立於紅磡的香港歷史博物館，有展示開埠時期和日治時期的香港。記得第一次帶母親參觀時，她淚如雨下，泣不成聲。



母親和父親的認識，應該是1947年前後。那年，父親剛從廣州來到香港找工作，因祖母與母親的三太嫲是好友，父親就寄居在蘇杭街的工廠。聽四姨說，那是一棟五層高，貫穿蘇杭街和畢街的大樓，三樓用作製作工場，一家人就住在四樓。父親英俊瀟灑，是詞壇後起之秀，在詩詞書畫方面小有名氣。母親賢良淑德，年輕貌美。男才女貌，相識九個月便結成夫婦。父親比母親大10歲。母親當時19歲，剛中學畢業。因為年紀尚小，需要外公外婆簽字批准才能結婚。兩年後我的大哥肇基誕生，二哥立基則在四年後出生。大哥和二哥中間有個女兒，但出生不久便夭折了。之後十年間，我，美慈，厚基，和淑慈相繼出世。我們在香港曾經住過兩個地方。從我出世到四歲左右，我們住在何文田街的統一台，現在經已拆掉。之後我們遷到政府新建成的蘇屋邨，一直住到1976年移民美國為止。60年代的香港，仍然處於經濟發展的起步階段，一般

市民生活都很艱苦。父親在大學時唸中國文學，來到香港後一直充當中學文史老師，每月薪金僅可糊口。母親沒有工作，每天為著六個孩子洗衣做飯，已經忙得不可開交。我們幾兄弟姐妹就是在這樣的環境下長大。

需然母親讀書不多，但她對兒女的學業總是有很高的要求。兒時往事記得的已經不多了。印象比較深刻的，要說我三歲時，一次深夜發燒，看完醫生後，母親拖著





我的手從廣華醫院步行回何文田街老屋。記得遠遠黃色的昏暗街燈拖著我們長長的影子，經過了古老的中華電力公司大樓，又經過了一排一排的老樹。在漆黑寂靜的街道上，緊握著母親的手，感覺無比的安全和無限的溫暖。以前家境清貧，每年只有一套新衣，在除夕才買。那應該是61年，大年初一晚上與大哥二哥燒爆竹，把新買回來的白襯衫燒了個大洞，攬著母親痛哭，她給我無比的安慰。年少時我覺得母親是全世界最美麗的女人。62年考進了旺角的志潔小學下午校一年級。冬天天黑得早，下課時天色已暗，每天從一樓的班房門口焦慮的等待母親接我放學。看見她穿著藍色大衣，帶著微笑一步一步走來，就是我兒時最大的喜悅。

又是那一年，香港政府把入學年齡由六歲改為七歲。於是母親把我從以中文授課的志潔小學改送到以英文授課的喇沙小學，重讀一年級，為的是給我更好的教育。還記得母親晝夜在學校門口排隊守候，我一大清早到學校門口與她會合，為的只是要拿入學申請表格。這可能就是我人生紮根的起點。沒有母親的努力，肯定沒有今天的我。另一個人生的轉折點是在1976年，外祖父母申請我們舉家移民美國。那時父親已經57歲，母親46歲，移民是一個沉重的決定。父親是一位中學老師，以教授中國文學中國歷史為生，他知道赴美後就要放棄謀生之路。母親也知道，她不懂英語，赴美後什麼也要從零開始。他們赴美是為了我們幾兄弟姐妹，為了讓我們有機會接受大學教育，有更好的前途。





母親真是無比的堅強。來到加州 Stockton 後，她放下身段，於水果罐頭廠工作。工作是季節性的，半年工作，半年領取失業金，是支持家庭每月開支的重要收入來源。一做便是十幾年，直至90年才退休。從2007年起，母親和父親搬到離二哥、美慈、和淑慈不遠的 Milpitas 住了下來。在這十多年間，各子女都學有所成，人才輩出。千百年來，世世代代的中國人都是為著子女們犧牲，我們的父親母親也是為了我們貢獻了他們的一生。

我大學時候已很少回家，一來時間不多，二來交通費昂貴。每年只有兩三次機會回家，每次也最多是數天的時間。上世紀七、八十年代沒有互聯網，長途電話費很貴，書信還是最便宜的通訊方法。每逢接到父母親的來信，都十分喜悅。母親比父親的來信少，但每一次看到她的字，總是感到無限的溫暖。每次回家，我總會帶她到市區內的購物商場逛逛。最感動的一次是她身穿著藍色大衣，站在自動扶手梯向我回眸一笑。依稀覺得，我又回到童年時代，看見世界上最美麗、最溫柔的女人。自從上了大學，一直未能回家照顧父母，非常慚愧。除了2019年因新冠疫情爆發不能出行，我每年總會找時間回家探望母親。近年眼見她健康每況愈下，心裡難受。因她對新冠疫苗有相當程度的壞反應，疫情加快了健康的衰退。有幸的是有淑慈的悉心照顧，每隔數天探訪，帶她看醫生，照顧她的一切起居。尤其是感激美慈多年來每個週末也陪伴著母親，風雨不改。

過去的幾十年，父母親給我們的教誨形成了一份豐富的遺產，就是對兄弟姐妹要團結愛護，對弱小的要多加照顧。勤讀書，尚節儉。對下一代要多加愛護、指導、和幫助。要了解歷史，也要愛國愛家。因母親去世的緣故，最近有機會與姪甥們溝通，頓覺他們都已長大成人。他們思想很成熟，很有智慧，一脈相承。也許我們也到了薪火相傳的時候了。



For Mom, in Gratitude and Tears

Colina Tong

媽：

I should be relieved that I no longer needed to rush to see you, and then hurry to drive to work. I should be relieved that I no longer needed to feel guilty because I called to cancel coming to see you after all. I should be relieved that I don't have to chase after pharmacy and doctors to refill your medications. I should be relieved that I no longer needed to see the daily updates on your blood pressure and stats from your helper, worrying your health had taken a wrong turn. I should be relieved that I don't have to witness nurses giving you pain by drawing your blood. I should be, but I have not.



Time has blindfolded our senses, like the dripping water slowly eroding away rocks, somehow you and father went from independent and healthy people to frail elderlies who consumed daily mountains of pills and needed constant care. I can see myself as the younger you when I was in my twenties, because my sons are now in their twenties. I recalled myself erupted into tears suddenly after I saw an elderly couple driving next to me when I was living in Berkeley. They reminded me so much of you and dad. Life was unfair because my siblings got to spend more years with you simply because I am the youngest. By God's grace, I ended up spending a lot of time with you after you moved to Milpitas.

Life is full of day-to-day mundane activities, errands to run. How many times have I driven on Hwy 237, rushing to see you? I do not know. What we talked about and laughed about; I can hardly remember. What I do remember are snapshots of you and me, going places and sharing meals. Images of you greeting me from your sofa as I walked in the door, and you standing at the balcony waving goodbye as I drove away will forever etched into my memory.

I can see you knitting, and your smiling face proudly showing me all the knitted socks you made. I can hear your many reminders that I took so lightly – call me after you get home, drive carefully, lock your doors after you get into the car, lower the blinds before leaving the house, etc., etc. How I wish I can hear you say them to me once again. My heart ached the other night when Peter



cooked steak because steak was your favorite. When I noticed my upcoming doctor's appointment on my calendar, I had the urge to call to tell you that I can't come to see you on that day. I saw many new family photos that I haven't seen before. I had vision of me showing them to you from my iPad. How am I going to get through this pain? How could I have so many tears? I read an article that describes grief comes in the form of waves. If so, I must be engulfed in a tsunami right now.



Ecclesiastes 3 says that to everything there is a season. A time to be born, a time to die; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance. I can see our family is totally going through the life cycle, babies are wonderfully being born, and the elders are slowly fading away. I pray that you are now enveloped in peace and love, as people who lived through near death experience sometimes say. May you be joyfully reunited with 公公婆婆, 老豆, 二哥 and 七舅父. My head comforts me by the thought of how swiftly you left, so you are now free, free from your broken earthly body that tormented you with pain, restlessness, and insomnia. But my cheating heart betrays me. I want you to stay a little longer, just go back several months when you weren't feeling so much pain and agony.



Mom, I love you so much, and I know you love us very much too. I often thanks God that He had blessed us with such loving parents. Growing up we weren't rich in money, but we were definitely rich in love. I never ever felt lacking in anything. Thank you for always being a tender loving mom, regardless of your annoying habit of giving us your food. I pray you are piling up your rice bowl with all the delicious food that you were forbidden to eat. Just come into my dreams every now and then so we can share. I long to touch your soft hair again. I long to see your often

smiling face, as validated by your cardiologist who nicknamed you the smiling lady. I long to hold your hand. I long to go back to the earlier days when you and dad were healthy. Time steals but it also heals. Someday, with God's grace and blessings, I pray I will reunite in heaven with you and the gang. Please leave a light on and say a good word to God for me.

Much love, 淑

My Grandma

By Marcus Lam

I only have a few memories of grandma when I was super young. I remember being in Stockton and just really happy to be with grandpa and grandma all the time. As I got older she would comfort me when I was sad, talk to me about life and just make sure I was doing okay. When I went to college at UC Davis, I'd drive to Stockton regularly to see grandma and grandpa for dinner and help them when they needed it. Grandma always made sure I was taken care of and I'll always remember that she would pack me drinks and food (she once sent me back to Davis with a case of Ensure!) or take me out to dinner at Home Town Buffet! I remember in their living room in Stockton, they had everyone's college diploma and I was so happy when I was able to add mine to their wall. I remember sitting at their kitchen counter while she made me food and all the holidays we used to spend at their house. After my 3 kids were born, grandma would always make fun of me about how crazy the kids were and how much of a handful they are to take care of. She complimented me on being a dad and when I'd visit her in Milpitas, she'd still send me home with fruit and drinks. And when I left Milpitas, she'd stand on the balcony and wave at me. She was an unbelievably caring and loving grandma and it was obvious she loved her entire family with all her heart. I will miss her dearly.

