



懷念熊珊女士

小珊：
上天把你帶到了人間，
現在又把你帶到哪裡？
你現在在哪裡？
能不能帶上我？

想念你：陳就勝

1954.2.24-2016.12.15

Our condolences to Ray Chan and family with the passing of long time community leader and volunteer Shan Chan. Shan has made notable contributions to the Cleveland Chinese American community and has served the Chinese Association of Greater Cleveland (CAGC) and OCA Greater Cleveland (OCAGC) since 1987. As a member of the board of directors, Shan has diligently helped to organized many functions and fundraisers during her tenure. In 1999, Shan Chan was an honored recipient of the OCAGC Distinguished Service Award and has served as our treasurer since 2000. She was a valued member of the Cleveland Chinese community, OCA Greater Cleveland, and will be missed.



“我怎麼辦呢？她就這麼走了，把我一個人留在此處”。他眼睛紅了，眼淚不知不覺地從他的眼眶里流出，那一刻任何的語言從我嘴上說出來都顯得那麼的無力，我們面對面的坐着。他就是我認識 20 多年的陳就勝先生。12 月 15 日，她們夫婦生活 39 年，他的愛妻熊珊才 62 歲就離開了他，現在他的生活亂了，每天只要走進屋子就感到淒涼，他對我說：他現在活得沒意思……誰都會失去親人，如何治愈失去親人的痛，只有時間能安慰人心。



我和陳就勝、熊珊夫婦認識很多年了，那個時候從大陸來的華人，在克利夫蘭不是被人很看得起，當時克里夫蘭有一份華人報紙“推廣報”，由於我投稿，很快就在克里夫蘭參與了華人社團，當時他們夫婦是非常活躍，是華人社團的領袖人物，陳就勝是克利夫蘭美華協會的主席，早期他也是中華聯誼會的領導人之一，在我的記憶里

熊珊總是跟在她的先生後面，任何一個地方總是看到他們夫婦兩人身影。他們非常關心我，常常邀請我們去他家里參加各種各樣的 Party，我與熊珊也走得很近，她總是一個人聆聽別人說話的人，最後她會給你總結，鼓勵你支持你，熊珊給了我很多肯定。12 月 26 日中午，我們面對面坐着，自 12 月 18 日他的太太葬禮後，陳就勝先生顯得更加憔悴，他說：他活得非常痛苦，他們的朋友都知道他倆是非常相愛的一對夫婦。陳先生告訴我，他沒有戀愛過，熊珊是她唯一愛人，他們倆日久生情，他現在非常傷心，每天都

日久生情
浦瑛

家英國大公司，去香港建設，只做了三個月，發現自己還想繼續在學業上深造。他父親說過：美國是最強的國家，你可以在那里實現你的人生夢想，在香港陳就勝通過了考試拿到了獎學金，父親給了他一張單程的機票和 \$2000，一年的生活費，另外我沒有文化的奶奶勸我：人肚子里一定要有知識。

陳就勝先生回憶說：離開英國公司，我的母親帶我去了澳門，母親說那里有一位算命算得非常準的算命先生，曾經算過李龍是哪一年死的人，那個算命先生給我算了：那年我會遇到一個我未來一起長久的愛人，真的就像算命先生說的那樣，那一年那一個月我在台灣認識了我未來的愛人熊珊，當時熊珊還在讀大學，我回美國 Virginia tech 繼續攻讀碩士，我與熊珊通了一年的信，那時候不像現在，等一封信要等很久很久。第二年熊珊就來到了美國，後來我們就有兩個兒子，熊珊

前她在台灣東湖大學就讀中國文學，現在我們有一個博士兒子和一個碩士兒子，兒子跟母親感情特別好……

熊珊出生在書香門第，父親熊哲先生是蔡元培的學生，參加過五四運動，當年熊哲先生也是蔣介石委員長 4 名隨身之一，熊哲先生著有《荀卿學案》、《王安石政略》、《高中國文教學備考》、《孔學發微》、《果庭讀書錄》及《果庭文錄》等。陳就勝告訴我，熊珊的哥哥也是鄧小平第一次請台灣高層人回中國談中台關係的官員，他們一家人熱愛中國，熱愛中華文化。

陳就勝先生，沒有人能幫得上拿走你的心痛，只等待你放下，只要熬熬熬熬着，成功了；人生總有生死離別，熬過了冰天雪地，走進春暖就不遠了。



2003 年熊珊(後左二)參加伊利華報 100 天慶祝活動

For those who don't know, I'm Shan Chan's son, Y Chan.

On behalf of the family, I'd like to start by thanking you all for being here. Some of you came from great distances from around the country and even outside of it with very short notice. I know my mom would have understood if you couldn't make it, yet delighted that you did.



懷念母親

My mom was always a simple person who didn't ask for much and largely enjoyed her privacy.

Most of you were probably surprised to learn that she was battling cancer for the last 19 months. This may even be the first time that you're hearing that. The reason is she didn't want to inconvenience anybody and often said that she wanted you all to remember her as she lived.

So, to respect what I believe to be her will, I'd like to turn toward some happy memories.

Mom, it seemed, learned quickly and I think it's because she was so curious and excited about everything in the way that children are, sorta like "This is so coooool!"

- She learned AutoCAD so she could draw design plans for the engineers.
- She learned bookkeeping so she could help with managing finances and accounting at my dad's company.
- She learned Cantonese so she could speak with my dad's family.

If you knew my mom, or even just met her briefly, you know she did everything for everybody else. You were always welcome in her home and she found the best in each of us.

If you knew mom, you knew she was eternally patient. Most people who play with my daughter, Callia, do so for short bursts, maybe up to 30 minutes playing with her, as is expected, like an adult plays with a kid.

Mom and Callia would be in our basement having tea parties, building forts, squeezing into her tiny tent, or playing outside with the only goal being to make sure Callia had a ton of fun and was spoiled rotten. Mom & Callia played the way 2 buddies play and, as Alex has reminded me, that's how she used to play with us.

Mom was also forever gentle with Callia. Once, when I raised my voice to discipline Callia, my mom reminded me, about my wife, "Betty is sweet and kind because her father never lost his temper with her." and I can only hope that I will remember to share that patience and gentleness.

When Alex and I were growing up-- when she wasn't working, cleaning, or cooking--mom would sometimes play video games with us and she was awesome. If Alex and I couldn't beat some high score on the Atari 2600, we'd ask her to give it a try. She was always reluctant but sometimes she'd pick up the sticks, ask how to play, crush the game, drop the controller, then roll out like a boss. We almost never got her to play the same game more than twice and, as playful as she was, I like to imagine that she'd go upstairs and giggle about her skills or incredible beginner's luck.



She took care of us like a mom does and went the extra step of giving us the one thing we didn't have: a fun, big sister.

Mom was a great listener and her words were carefully measured so, when we were about 8-years old, I was surprised that she became friends with somebody who seemed to talk all the time, said whatever was on her mind, and-- quite frankly-- was LOUD. It seemed she couldn't have been more different from my mom and her high energy tired me out. So, I asked my mom how it was that they could be friends. She simply said, "Not everybody can be the same as you and you need people in your life that can make you laugh and will say what they think. You can trust friends like that because you always know what's on their mind."

In 10th grade, I came home with pink hair and 4 earrings. Shortly after, we had one of those Chinese

family parties at our house and another parent asked my mom what she thought about my look. Not knowing I could hear the conversation, she quickly replied, "Well, he doesn't do drugs, has great friends, and gets good grades-- I could be worried about more, plus... I think it looks cool."

Mom always had our backs. As a teenager, I'd learned that a close family friend, who was a role model for me, was gay-- Now, remember, this was the mid-'90s.

Being a teenager, I was confused about it so I asked my mom, not realizing that she may have thought I was coming out "Mom, how would you feel if you learned I was gay?". She paused and said "I'd be heartbroken." then said "I'd be heartbroken because of how the world would treat you... You're my son and I will always love you no matter what."

When my mom came to help my brother move to New York, I brought her up to my rooftop in Williamsburg and the 2 of us talked while looking over the City skyline. I was so excited to tell her "Mom, I've fallen in love with somebody wonderful and you know her." I told her, "I'm in love with Betty Chu!".

Mom has always had nothing but the highest opinion of Babamama Chu, Howie, and their princess, Betty, so I expected her to be excited, too, but she just asked "Does she know?" and I replied, "Yeah! I called her and told I want her to move here, I want to marry her, and I want to spend the rest of my life with her." She calmly and sweetly explained, "Y, words are easy. Someone like Betty gets words all the time. If you want her to KNOW, you have

to DO something. If I flew to NY from California a man would have to give me more than a phone call. If you want her to KNOW, you need ACTION. You have to SHOW her." I asked, "So, should I go see her?" and she replied, "Yeah, I think so". So, I ran down to my computer and booked a flight to California. So, yes, my mom was a catalyst for Betty and me getting together but also reminded me that real value is in what you do not just what you say.

Now, on the flip-side, one of the last things my mom told us was that words are like a knife. Sometimes, words can cut and the wounds may heal but words can also leave a cut so deep that they will leave a scar, and never be forgotten. She cautioned us to watch our words and that in all that we do we must always think of others.

These last few weeks, I've been reflecting on those words: In all that we do, we must always think of others.

That's how my mom lived her life, and in that way I feel she will always be with us. Whenever her kindness is passed forward, her thoughtfulness shared, and that childlike curiosity and laughter are expressed, she is there.

These last few days, I've had numerous phone calls, emails, and text messages from people sharing their memories. Some of these were just little details about her tiny feet, signature spiral perm, faux fur jackets, and wild style, or just a vague memory of her giant unrestrained smile. All of these, however small they may have seemed, have helped me learn more about my mom, to celebrate her life.

At this time, we'd like to welcome anybody to share a memory of her, even if it's just a few words. You can share the memory from your seat or come up to the podium.

Thank you all, from the family, for your time, kind words, and support. Thank you for sharing your lives with mom. I know she loved and cared for you all.

