

Remembering Vina Phelps (July 17, 1941 - April 18, 2012)

By Marissa Acierto | SCCPress.com

SAN DIEGO – At the early morning at around 2:30 o'clock on April 18, 2012, Wednesday, Lydia Loristo and I went to the Sharp Memorial Hospital.

As we entered into the hospital, we hurdled into an amazing sterile construction site (like the ET movie) and finally

we were at the oncology first floor. The three loving sisters (Vilma, Dolly and Marilou "Malou") were at Vina Phelps' bedside.

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Upon seeing her, we prayed for her with the sisters and Lydia led the prayer in the early morning.

The other evening was a prayer with the hospital chaplain and with Vilma, Marilou, Dolly, Carina, Zenaida, Priscilla "Pressy" Garrovillas, Max T. and other notables.

A prayer group of professional think tank that meets on social events:

Frank
Villaluz

,
Lydia
L ... Max Tan, Mila
Denton
, Robert Virola were there for her too.

Many others friends prayed: Edna Concepcion, Marilyn Mesina, Elmore Flores, William "Bill" Flores, Sherry Hunter and others.

We had our moment of "kwentohan" (Tagalog word for happenings and updates) among the sisters and recalling Vina's favorite past time. We knew that it was what kept Vina's adrenaline going and her passion for the community. Her quest for righteousness, the wrongs and the closures. Vina's many philanthropy donations and her numerous volunteer works.

This beginning would not be about Vina if this tidbit was not shared. During

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her fight for breast cancer and other cancers she opened up another ongoing recent investigation in silence and the individuals will remain nameless.

However, the quest and pursuit through the trail of seeking justice, the real culprit was being revealed through testimonials, facts and authorities? To top it off, it was like an X-File disappearing and individuals being tipped too.

Meanwhile, during our early chit-chat hour, I did not release my hands away from Vina. All of a sudden, I could not explain her hands that was slightly warm was suddenly ice cold. It triggered a pain on my left hand which I winced to maintain composure. It remained there for six to seven hours.

As I scrambled to the nurses station to ask for a warm blanket and foot gloves to ask for more comfort, I placed the two foot gloves on the left side of her cold hands to warm it further.

Later, her mouth had several cackling noises of cough sounds ... "kh-kh-kh-kh", and then she closed her mouth completely at 3:55 a.m.

A very sad moment.

A passage was sent to me early that day which gave me the explanation of the pain of what truly occurred. This is the enlightened spiritual message of excerpts taken and rephrased on behalf of Vina.

Suddenly, the heavens are quiet. All is quiet. The angels turn, you turn, the entire world turns, and there "He is ... Jesus."

Through waves of light you see the silhouetted figure of Christ the King. He is atop a great stallion, and the stallion is atop a billowing cloud. He opens his mouth, and you are surrounded by his declaration:

"I am the Alpha and the Omega."

The angels bow their heads. The elders remove their crowns.

Before you is a Figure so consuming that you know, instantly you know. No thing else matters.

□

Forget issues in the community and news reports: Community meetings and events... Nothing is newsworthy... All that mattered, matters no more... For Christ has come.

This early morning when the Lord opened a window to Heaven, he saw Vina, and he asked, "My child, what is your greatest wish for today?"

Vina's response, "Lord please: Take care of my family, my friends, the person who is reading this message, their family and their special friends. They deserve it, and I love them very much."

The love of God is like the ocean, which one can see its beginnings (at the shore) but not its end (at the horizon).

The Angels came but all Angels sometimes don't have wings and those are friends who were with Ate Vina and others who prayed for her daily.

A final closure has been made with Vina and the Lord. The pursuit, quest and hunger for what is right is a perseverance that she never left unspoken. Till her last breath, she spoke passionately about the quest for righteousness and all good deeds.

She was not part of the problem, she just inherited it. It was a right of an individual, and she was the lone ranger.

Vina will not be forgotten for her quest and her duties to the community.

Our Deepest Sympathy to the family of Vina Masadao Phelps and to her loving husband Al Phelps who stood by her side throughout and her sisters, family members and friends. May God Bless her beautiful soul. # # #