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IN MEMORIAM CECILE OLIVEROS (1947-2017)













A Beautiful Soul Surrounded by Beautiful Flowers

This special edition of Meseiset is dedicated entirely to our former colleague and friend Cecilia "Cecile" Oliveros. She was born on October 25, 1947, in the Philippines. She received her bachelor's degree in Education (with a major in English and a minor in Speech) from the University of Santo Tomas (Manila). She graduated top of her Class of 1968 (magna cum laude). After that, she received two master's degrees. The first was in Education (from University of Santo Tomas in 1971), and the second was in Public Administration (from the University of the Philippines in 1979).

Before Cecile taught at COM-FSM Chuuk Campus, she had worked at Transco. She began her professorship with us in August 2000. She taught a variety of English language arts courses in both

certificate and degree programs. She passed away on October 10, 2017. She is survived by her husband Eduardo Oliveros.

Farewell, Cecile, and rest in peace. God be with you.

MESEISET DISCLAIMER POLICY

Any expression of opinion or viewpoint of the writer(s) of an article in this Meseiset publication is solely the responsibility of the writer(s), not of the COM-FSM system.

<u>A Petite Woman with a Big Heart</u>

by Marvlene Bisalen

That was Cecile Oliveros — a petite woman with a big heart. It is easy to recall how instrumental she was on our campus, but let me cite just three lasting impressions.

Cecile and her husband Eduardo owned some karaoke equipment. She willingly let Chuuk Campus borrow it to raise money for the COM-FSM Endowment Fund. In addition, she coordinated other fundraisers on our campus, and made monetary donations to campus activities.

In late 2013 Typhoon Haiyan smashed into the Philippines. Cecile spearheaded a campus-based humanitarian fundraiser to help Filipinos displaced by the typhoon. In December 2013 she helped Chuuk Campus to collect \$700 and sent it to the Philippine Red Cross for typhoon relief.



Also, Cecile initiated developing the "faculty garden" between our computer lab and the snack bar. I remember how she diligently watered the plants and cared for them on weekends. Now, the faculty garden is testimony to her love and delight in campus beautification. Just take the time to see the orchids which she planted.

As she said often enough, Chuuk Campus is her home outside of the Philippines, and we are her family. I believed her words then, and I still believe her words now. Θ

The Calming Sea

by Jerry Robert

A typhoon ravages our island home, Brings chaos midst the crashing foam. We huddle cold at night in dark despair. The dawn reveals a warmth, a care, A calming sea, a gentle mind, a hope, A morning breeze — to help us cope. No fantasy nor fiction, this is real: Cecile.





At Last — At Home! by Jonvan Kanto

A seed drifted quietly upon the sea, Washed onto the shore and close to me. No, not only one, but two, three, four — No, so many others and still some more. Come, stay, rest ashore — in our memory.

Remembering a Moment in Time by Teresa Saladier

There is a lot to say about her. Cecile was a very neat and organized person. She was a nice person to talk to, and she always came up with some amazing ideas on how to teach her students. Let me share with you a moment in time.

I remembered one day I was in Mr. Higashi's class and she came with some beautiful pictures on a poster and showed them to Mr. Higashi. She was explaining to him how she really wanted her students to understand and get to know about the lessons.

There and then, at that defining moment I thought to myself that I would take her class (EN 201, Introduction to Literature). I was looking forward to the next semester, to take her class, but when I registered for that class she had already gone on sick leave. I felt so bad for myself, because I was looking forward to taking her class, but she had left and now she's gone it is very heartbreaking to hear the news. Now I feel bad for all of us.

I hate to say this but we're losing one of the good instructors at COM-FSM Chuuk Campus. GOD BLESS HER SOUL!

I knew you then, I know you now. Godspeed, and rest in peace, Cecile. -Mekioshy William, Honolulu, Hawaii-

"Invictus"	"Crossing the Bar"
by William Ernest Henley (1875)	by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1889)
Out of the night that covers me,	Sunset and evening star,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,	And one clear call for me!
I thank whatever gods may be	And may there be no moaning of the bar,
For my unconquerable soul.	When I put out to sea,
In the fell clutch of circumstance	But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
I have not winced nor cried aloud.	Too full for sound and foam,
Under the bludgeonings of chance	When that which drew from out the boundless deep
My head is bloody, but unbowed.	Turns again home.
Beyond this place of wrath and tears	Twilight and evening bell,
Looms but the Horror of the shade,	And after that the dark!
And yet the menace of the years	And may there be no sadness of farewell,
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.	When I embark;
It matters not how strait the gate,	For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
How charged with punishments the scroll,	The flood may bear me far,
I am the master of my fate:	I hope to see my Pilot face to face
I am the captain of my soul.	When I have crost the bar.

"<u>In Her Heart, She Knew It's Not about Her; It's about Us</u>" by Ryian Raymond

Mrs. Oliveros was a very good teacher during her time. There were three things that left an impression on how much of a good teacher she was. She offered make up assignments, she taught more about how to read, and she was a very hard working teacher. These are what I can never be able to forget about her.

The first thing that I can't forget about her is when I was way behind on my assignments. She gave me more chance to make up. In fact, when it was already the end of the semester and a new semester began and I hadn't completed my assignments, she still gave me chance to raise my grades. Following that, it wasn't only me



who had chances to make up assignments. Chances were given to each and every one of her students. Of course I know for sure that she cared so much. She didn't want anyone of her students to fail her class

Second thing about her was her teachings on how to read and to pronounce words too difficult to say. In times of reading, she did not want us to move to the next paragraph if we couldn't pronounce any words. She also would not want us to move on to the next chapter if we didn't understand the story. When she taught more about reading, she stopped and listened to us. This gave me the idea that in her heart, she knew that it's not about her; it's about us her students. Because she knew our struggle, we loved her so much

Now the third thing about her is that she was also a very hard-working instructor. Her problem of sickness was never something to block us from learning. Even when she was struggling because of illness, she still came to school to teach us. She was typically one able to sacrifice or dedicate her time just to develop us students to become more efficient in reading. This is a very big thing that inspired all of us her students.

Therefore I appreciate everything about her that she'd done for me and all of us students that had her as an instructor.

You Will Be Missed by Lynn Sipenuk

I was greatly saddened to hear of my co-worker and friend's untimely passing. Cecile was an inspiration to the English department as well as to her students. She was knowledgeable, creative, artistic and green-thumbed.

Cecile was always willing to share her skills at our monthly faculty workshops. From her we learned a variety of things, such as a number of ways that can be used to teach and practice vocabulary, how to do a student information sheet to better connect with students, and even acupuncture points for relieving stress and pain.

As long as I've known her, she continued to search for ways to improve her classes and enhance student learning. Her pictorial boards were beautiful, low-tech ways to make the characters and literature she taught come alive. She was our on-campus artist, and even started up a free class in basic art methods.

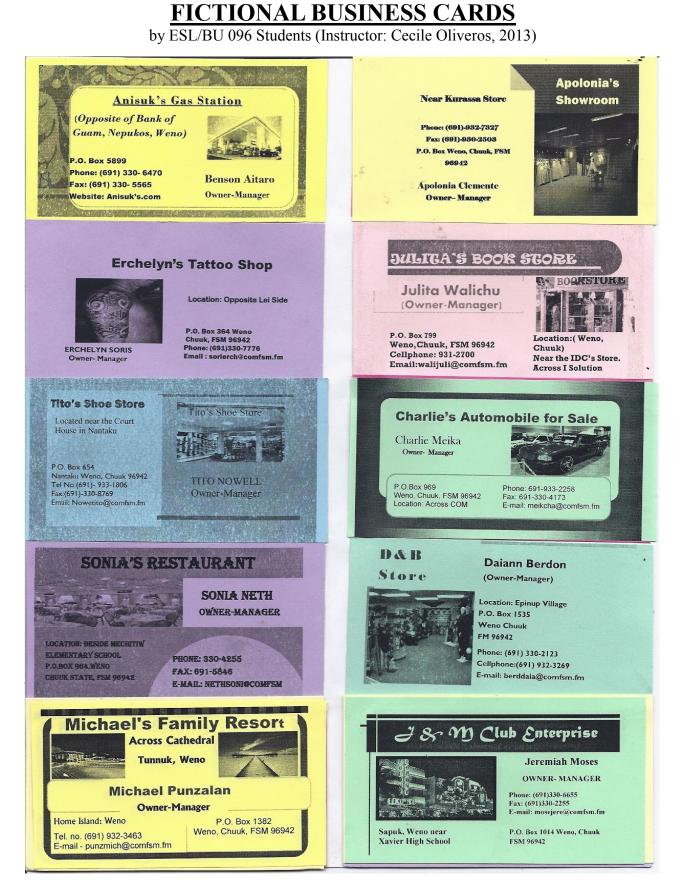
Her green thumb still lives on in the "faculty" garden" that she and Kind kept going, when the rest of us quit. Watching her bend over her beloved flowers made Saturday morning classes or paper-checking tasks seem lighter, brighter, and sunnier.

Cecile's feedback on students, new teaching methods, and ideas I wanted to try out on my students, was invaluable. Though not an "easy" teacher, she was able to inspire her students to write poetry and stories that often graced the pages of Meseiset. She was a valuable asset to COM-FSM, Chuuk Campus, seldom recognized for her steadiness, constancy, and inventiveness.

Feeling privileged to be teaching EN 205 (Literature of the Sea), a course that Cecile developed and wrote for COM-FSM, the class and I kept thinking about questions to ask and getting feedback from her on what is being done now that we finally have the course back up and running after a stop of several years, because of paperwork snafu. Losing the course's creator and soul is like losing the class's right arm.

> You've gone on, sailing towards the sky. We never had a chance to say good-bye. Know that you're still with us As are your orchids beauteous. Love you, miss you. Heaven we wish you. Sail on across the sky, Spread your wings and fly. We sigh, goodbye.





CLEAN-UP AND BEAUTIFICATION A FEW YEARS AGO

by Alton Higashi

I do not remember when we started our first campus clean-up and beautification; it was a long time ago. But I do recall that former instructor Cecile Oliveros did a lot for campus beautification.

For one thing, she and her students planted a pine tree near the seawall. It is still there. Look at the photo history of that short tree on the day it was planted. Imagine that — it really was small. Look at it today, standing tall and green, against a backwash of the blue lagoon — a living legacy of our former colleague.



Now I look at the tree, and a flood of wonderful memories wash over me. I really feel good about our monthly Saturday campus clean-up and beautification, and I support it because I harbor fond memories of good times past. I remember Cecile. She continues to live among us. In the future, when we look back at our clean-up and beautification days of 2017, I hope that we will recall how we cleaned up and beautified our campus. Cecile did her part. I will remember that.



But that is not all. Look at the hedge of plants (below) between the computer lab and Building A. Along the metal fence, Cecile and others planted lots of greenery — to hide the ugly fence. The two pictures below compare what it first looked like and what it looks like now, thanks to Cecile.



Finally, we have the "faculty garden" between the computer lab and the Student Center. Guess who started the idea? Sure, it was Cecile, along with Ben Akkin. Then, she and Kind worked hard to maintain it on Saturdays.

Maybe that is how the



idea of the monthly Saturday campus clean-up and beautification began. I do not know for sure, but history often does not recognize unsung heroes. Cecile Oliveros is one such unsung hero here. Θ

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