

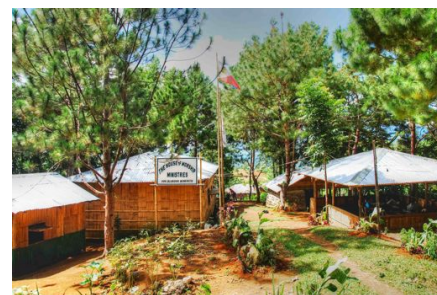
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The Caplinger Family
Missionaries to the Philippines
www.caplingerfamily.org

Photographs and Memories

Life is but a breath ...



In the previous update we told you the elderly woman, Junica, only had a few days left to live. She passed away last night.

Junica is the mother in law of our groundskeeper in the mountains and lived with her daughter in the bamboo hut shown in front of the church. (Pictured above)

Best estimates but her at 80+. I say "best estimates" because she has no birth certificate.

She spent her years wandering the mountains bouncing from family member to family member, remote location to remote location. They refer to her as "NPA" - no permanent address.



Would you like to be part of what is happening in the Philippines?

Contributions can be sent to:

Christians in Action
P.O. Box 728
Woodlake, California 93286
(Please annotate account 423)

Visit www.caplingerfamily.org for more information.

We were informed Tuesday morning that Junica passed away Monday evening. We were quickly immersed into the culture of mountain living ...

Although dead for over 15 hours, and already decomposing, she laid in the same spot she passed away in. Children and adults milled around inside the hut as though nothing had happened.

We spoke with T-Bone, the groundskeeper and son in law of Junica. He had already secured the permit from the Barangay Captain to cut down trees to build the coffin.



HOW DO WE DO WHAT WE DO?

Everything we do is done through the support of individuals that have a heart for this work.

Thank you so much for standing with us as we toil in the field.



Help us help them. Contributions can be sent to:

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You have made my days a mere handbreadth;
 the span of my years is as nothing before you.
 Everyone is but a breath,
 even those who seem secure. - Psalms 39:5

They needed to locate the one guy in the mountains that has the chainsaw. It was at this point they asked for financial assistance, as they had to pay for the gas for the chainsaw and give the saw operator lunch in order for him to help build the coffin.

We had just finished our Tuesday outreach activities at the church and the team was preparing for the return voyage to Bacolod City. The family of Junica asked me if they could have a funeral service in the church. I asked when ... they said "now".

I read somewhere that we must be ready in season and out of season ...

We set up the chairs in the church and gathered the family. We asked Carlos if he would sing "Amazing Grace". A few of the girls gathered with him and we began the funeral service.

Fifteen minutes later we completed the service and they returned back to building the coffin. I was told they anticipated completing it that afternoon and then walking it the three miles to the graveyard.

There was comment that it was supposed to be a full moon tonight. It was not mentioned as a superstition, but as a practical matter as there are no streetlights and that since the burial would be at night, the moon would provide adequate light for the walk and the digging of the plot.



I am from the city, so the activities surrounding the life and death of Junica confused me ...

It is difficult for me to understand that there is no birth certificate, no death certificate, no grave marker, no lasting document or memorial to represent the 80+ years Junica lived on this earth.

Photographs and memories ... I love to take pictures, and I loved taking pictures of Junica and her husband. Their faces have such character and tell the story of living in the roughness of the mountains.

May this report act as a standing memorial that she was indeed here, and that she lived, and that she died, and that she is now in the presence of The Lord.

She no longer wanders as one having “no permanent address”.

We pray that you have assurance of a permanent address on the other side of eternity!