

悼  
父  
親

A tribute to our father



J. Lee

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# 我剛辭世的父親

## My Late Father

老竇係我個榜樣，佢份人預起世界嘅一切，冇半句怨言；從來冇。老竇對人對事好慷慨，對自己就好鬼孤寒。佢對人好，唔會講，只會做，付出不問收穫。令屋企人、親戚朋友、工廠夥計，開開心心生活，就係佢最大嘅「娛樂」。父親

從不忘行清拜山，年年如是。老竇你係一個戰士，任何情況之下，都會戰鬥到底。

你係我嘅巨人，我嘅良師。

My father was a role model to me. He was a man shouldering everything on his shoulder without a word of complaint, never a word. He was generous to everyone except to himself. He never expressed his kindness in words, but he acted and gave but never took. His entertainment was keeping the

family, relatives and workers working for him living properly and happily. He never missed annual worship of ancestors. He was a fighter. He never surrendered under all circumstances.

**He was my giant and mentor.**





小時候，老竇成日唔喺屋企，唔見人，皆因佢為兩餐而奔波於港澳兩地：澳門開工廠，香港搵生意。唔知幾多個夜晚，開工為咗大大細細嘅訂單，通宵達旦。謹餘嘅空間時間，佢最享受同家人相處，老竇教我哋嘢，教識我踩單車，游水（雖然阿盈最後學唔識），老竇鍾意影相，影低咗唔少家人朋友親戚嘅永恆影像。

有一次老竇帶我哋去廣東省短程旅行，探親戚，未開放嘅中國大陸嚇我一跳，尤其是對比起我安逸嘅生活，老竇從來冇同我講，我哋有幾好彩，而實實際際俾我去感受，講到大陸嘅親人，老豆幫佢哋，從來冇托手踭。

When I was a kid, he was always away since he always needed to commute between Macau and HK to get business and ran the factory, sometimes overnight, to fulfil customer orders. He however enjoyed family gathering very much while he had rare leisure time. He taught all, my bro and sis, how to ride a bike and how to swim, even though my sis failed to learn finally. He liked taking photos and he captured many

masterpieces of all the family and relatives.

He took us to short-haul trips in Guangdong province and met up the relatives living there. Since China had not yet opened up at that time, I felt shocked since I had much better quality of life. He didn't tell us how fortunate we were but he just showcased to me. And he gave financial support to them, of course.

戰時長大概老竇，只有小學教育程度，讀到幾年級唔係佢成功嘅障礙，由新填海嘅山寨木屋，到手揸幾個細單位，港澳內地大大細細嘅工場工廠，呢啲「成就」我不看重，我以為，佢最大嘅成就：令到班工廠夥計有飯開。

1998年金融海嘯，我初出社會做事，老竇教識我乜嘢叫資金流動同埋責任，當時樓市低迷，佢竟然賣晒手上大部份嘅物業，完全唔明，我完全唔明，點可以賤價賣樓！？老竇咁同我講，呢個係唯一可以出糧畀夥計，畀錢供應商嘅方法！縱使客仔砸數拖數。

正當生意蒸蒸日上，老竇，唔會睇錢睇啲有冇必要嘅嘢上面，錢，擺嚟供大佬細妹到外國讀書，幫我畀學費宿費，幫阿嫲搵香港城中最好嘅私家心臟科醫生，住私家病房，佢自己呢？有病就去藥房買啲成藥食。

如果我有記錯老竇差唔多六十歲尾先第一次坐飛機，安排咗緊密嘅行程，希望同佢一齊睇多啲好嘢，不過，老竇跟唔上我嘅步伐，不時要停低啲吓，心裏明白：老竇老啦……晚年，佢仍舊戰鬥到底。幾個月之前有次心臟病發，已經失去說話能力嘅佢講唔到嘢，但係佢充滿生命意志嘅眼神望住我：「我唔想死。」嗰次冇事。老竇為家人，為自己，戰鬥一生。係一個真正嘅戰士，永不言敗。

我深信老竇唔介意自己變成一個老人家，因為佢有阿媽不離不棄相伴五十二年，而佢啲仔女啲孫深愛佢，直至最後一刻。

His education level was only primary school due to the war. His education didn't hinder him from being successful who achieved from living in a wooden hut to owning few tiny flats and industrial building units in HK, Macau and in the mainland. Those achievements were not essential in my eyes. What his biggest achievement was to feed the mouth of several dozen blue collar workers.

In 1998 financial tsunami while I started working for few years, he taught me what was liquidity squeeze and being responsible in real life. He sold almost all the properties while the properties market was at deep depression, while I was extremely shocked at selling low as a green finance practitioner. He told me that's the only way to pay for salary and the suppliers while his customers failed to settle their bills.

While his business was getting momentum, he has never spent an extra dime to buy anything unless essential or on entertainment. The money went

to education for sending my sis and bro studying abroad while paying my tuition and dorm in university. And he paid for one of the best private cardiologists in town and frequent private hospital stays for my grandma while he only took drugs from drugstores.

He had first trip by air likely by aged of late 60s. I was excited showing him all the good stuff in that trip but he couldn't cope with my pace and needed to rest. I realized he was getting aged. While he aged, he kept on fighting to the last minute. Few months back when he was having a heart attack, he couldn't speak but he looked into your eyes with strong will power that he wanted to live. He fought for the family and himself in his entire life. He was a true fighter never quit.

I believe he didn't mind getting old since he had my mom keeping him company and helping him for 52 years and all the kids and grand kids loving him.

二零二二年八月三號下晝四點十四分，老竇睇所有家人陪同之下安詳離世。

我剛辭世的父親，我以你為榮。

He passed at 16:14 on 3-Aug-2022 peacefully with all the family members next to him.

**My late father, I am proud of you.**

C. Lee

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# 親愛的老寶

Dear Dad

親愛的老寶:

細個喺澳門住嗰陣，你好鍾意帶我哋去氹仔踩單車，食豬扒包、去木偶食葡國餐、去葡京地庫間餐廳食公司三文治、去佛笑樓食乳鴿、同埋喺新馬路附近一間餐廳鋸扒（安

樂餐廳）。你話什扒同公司三文治最抵食，因為乜都有。

Dear Dad,

Living in Macau when little, you enjoyed taking us for bike ride, eating Pork Chop Buns, Portuguese foods in *Cozinha Pinocchio* in Taipa. The club sandwich of the restaurant at the basement level of *Casino Lisboa*, the Deep Fried Squab

at *Restaurante Fat Siu Lau*, and the steaks in a restaurant near *Avenida de Almeida Ribeiro* were the foods and places we frequented. Club sandwich and assorted steaks was the best deal because they had everything, as you always said.



嚟咗香港讀書後，你每次喺澳門返嚟都會問我夠唔夠零用錢用，成日放定啲錢喺個錢兜度，叫我唔夠錢可以攤嚟用。

最記得你最愛煮什菜煲，你話乜都放晒落去既方便又好食。農曆新年一定會蒸臘味。食叉燒飯會叫免切。

最遺憾係喺你教導下都學唔識游水。三兄妹當中，只有我一個學唔識游水，因為我實在太怕水。雖然學唔識游水，但係，响你同阿媽指導下都學識咗踩單車。

多謝你供我去加拿大讀書！可以讓我人生中有一個到外地升學嘅難忘經歷。謝謝！

記得剛剛喺加拿大返嚟香港，夜晚瞓唔着就睇電視。有一次電視做緊恐怖片，我越睇越驚，就叫醒你陪我睇。你話驚就唔好睇啦！但係我話好想睇埋個結局。

雖然你好眼瞓，但係都默默坐係我身邊陪住我睇晒成套戲。你成日要港澳兩邊走，但係無論你有幾劫，你都會盡量陪伴家人！

由細到大你都唔會同我哋講人生道理，因為你就係我哋嘅榜樣。你永遠提供最好嘅嘢畀屋企人，出街食飯任我哋叫嘢食，自己就好慳家，成日修修補補，食啲雪咗好耐嘅嘢，你每次往返港澳都盡量唔搭夜船，因為你話咁樣平啲。

感謝你默默為這個家庭付出，撐起呢個家！謝謝！

女兒，

盈（阿妹）

In Hong Kong, every time you came back from Macau, you would ask me if I had enough money to spend. You always put money in a money box and told me to take it if needed.

I remember you loved the Vegetables Casserole because it was the most "convenient" to cook and taste so good. When Lunar new year came, cured meat had to be served steamy hot. Char Siu Rice had to have the pork came in whole.

The biggest regret in my life is that I never learned to swim from you. Among my brothers, I fear of water. However, I did learn how to ride a bike under your wings with mom's help.

Thank you for funding me to study in Canada. It was a wonderful experience of my life. Thanks!

I remember when I got back from Canada, I watched TV in the sleepless nights. I was getting very scared with a horror movie on TV. Asked you to accompany

me to the ending. Even you were tired, you stayed with me to the ending. No matter how much traveling back and forth all the time, no matter how tired you were, you always were good companion to all of us.

Even you never told us how to live, no big talk about principles. You taught us by example. You always gave us the best. Whenever we went out for a meal, you letted us ordered whatever we wanted. At home, you always saved up. You kept the old things, fixed them if broken, ate the leftover. Whenever you commuted between Macau and Hong Kong, you would not take the late evening ferry ride which costed more; as you said.

Thank you for all you had done for this family! Thanks!

Your daughter,  
leng (Ah mui)

R. Lee

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# 關於老竇嘅三樣嘢

## Three Things with Father

### 澳門工場

細個嗰時，老竇成日都唔喺度。屋企就只有阿爺阿嫲阿媽細佬妹同埋間屋，呢間屋我哋叫工場，位置於新填海，一間鋅鐵加木結構嘅屋，有兩層，第一層放大部機器，第二層做其他工序包括整傢俬布面，呢間工廠對我對細個

嘅我嚟講，真係好大。其實間工廠係老竇自己搭嘅，十幾年前同當時七十幾歲嘅老竇，出去食飯，問佢工廠點搭出嚟，「其實我都唔係好清楚，哈哈，可能嗰陣時後生啦。」老竇就係咁隨意，鬆容。

### The Macau Factory

My father was never around when I was little. It was always my grandma, grandpa, mother, siblings and the building we called home. We also referred this building as Factory located in the rural area of Macau. Father ran his woodworking / furniture business there. It consisted of two levels. The heavy machinery occupied the first level and the second level was dedicated to detailed



works and upholstery. We lived in the far end of the second level. To me it was gigantic. Factory was a makeshift structure built by Father himself. In his word, “I don’t understand how I did it, ha ha, I must be young.” The playful words spoken by him when I asked about Factory while having a simple dinner in a small food shop ten years ago. At age 70s, he was a light hearted, easy going person.



但係佢後生嗰陣時唔係咁嘍，老竇講嘢大大聲有威嚴有信心，記得佢鬧啲工廠夥計，鬧完又要教返佢咁點樣做，不時加兩句粗口，唔知佢係真定係假，因為平時都聽唔到佢講粗口嘅。老竇講嘢，師傅工人留心聽，冇人會駁佢。工廠啲夥計成日叫我做太子，細細個傻傻地嘅我有啲開心。不過，老竇先係工廠嘅大王！

老竇努力咁搞工廠搵生意，我就係裏面玩大。細細個嘅我睇啲師傅點做嘢，見到啲木頭，經過機器同人手，變成傢俬，感到好奇妙。大多時間係工廠裏面，有時同細佬去側邊嘅開料場嘅木板上，跳上跳落，跳嚟跳去。對工廠第一個印象，就係嗰陣木糠味，成層樓都係。有一個朝早，太陽光由工廠之間嘅罅縫射入嚟，形成一道光柱，見到入面有

好多粒塵粒，飄浮空氣之中，有啲想郁，有啲閃令令，有啲慢慢游上游落，一直望住，直到冇咗。每逢農曆新年，工廠樓梯側邊一定有一畝開得好靚嘅桃花，桃紅色嘅花瓣總會落到滿地都係。年初一，我哋成家一定會去媽閣廟拜神。木糠嘅氣味，光柱嘅塵粒，新年嘅桃花…呢啲都係我美好嘅童年回憶。

But when I was young, Father spoke with a loud voice of authority and confidence. He scolded his workers for their mistakes, correcting them by going through the steps of the job. A few curse words in the sentence might be a way to express anger. I could not tell whether Father's anger was real or just pretending. That was the only time I heard Father swear. When Father talked, everyone listened and no one talked back. The workers teased me by calling me "the prince". The young me foolishly took that as a compliment. Father was the king, the king of Factory.

The prime of Father's life revolved around Factory where I spent my formative years. Father would let me watch the *si-fu* work. I was fascinated by how things were put together. Woods transformed into chairs or tables by the magic of machines and touches of human hands. I often spent hours inside Factory, a colossal palace. Sometimes my brother and I jumped up and down, left and right, on wood

slabs on the opened field next to Factory. The most vivid memory of this palace was the smell of sawdust that completely filled the first level. One morning, sunlight shined through the crevasse, there was a column of light filled with dust particles. Some sparkled. Some suspended motionlessly. Some moved carelessly. I stared at it as long as it lasted. When Lunar new year came, a five-foot or taller peach blossom tree would be placed next to the staircase. The pink petals carpeted the floor soon after flowers blossomed. On the first day of Lunar new year, the whole family headed to Ma Kok Temple to pray. The smell of sawdust, the light column and the peach flower petals came back to me as my happy boyhood impressions.

錶，加拿大，兩點鐘

中二，老竇送咗隻錶俾我，錶面寫住 Dunhill，日日戴返學。有一日，同同學仔玩，郁手郁腳，手錶對碰，玩完之後，同學仔隻錶面花晒，想睇我隻錶，想知刮到我隻錶幾花，嘩，我隻錶一啲都有花，覺得好特別，之後更發現錶面原來係藍寶石玻璃造。四十年之後嘅今日，一直用呢隻錶，同樣咁鍾意，而個錶面仍舊完美無瑕。

中學年代一家搬到嚟香港住，老竇繼續用大部份嘅時間做嘢搵錢，好少同佢獨處。之後我去加拿大讀書，喺啟德機場嗰日，好多人有嚟送機，老竇冇出現，阿媽話老竇最憎就係講再見，我諗老竇係唔想俾人睇表現情緒，臨上機之前，我喺電話度同佢講拜拜，佢應咗一聲，冇講其他嘢。喺加拿大嘅時間，可能同老竇傾

過幾個電話，內容我就有印象。最重要嘅係，咁多年來老竇一直默默咁支持我去加拿大讀書，正如我生命中每一個決定佢都一樣支持。

有一晚（一年放暑假返嚟），我瞓瞓吓起咗起身，朝早兩點，見到老竇一個人坐喺張飯枱前面，枱面有好多文件，佢個頭微微向前傾，隻眼望住望實啲文件，郁都唔郁，極度集中，就好似一個高僧入定一樣，我唔知望咗佢咗幾耐，冇騷擾佢就返去瞓覺。呢個情景一直鎖喺我嘅腦裏面，每次諗起老竇，就會諗起呢件事。

## Dunhill Watch, Canada and 2AM

Father gave me a watch when I was in the second years of my secondary school. “Dunhill” was printed on the watch face that I knew was the name of some luxury brand. I wore it to school everyday. One day, I was engaging in a “combat” with my classmate. After the physical games, my classmate showed the scratches on his watch face. He asked me to show him my watch and wanted to know how much damage he inflicted on mine. Nothing, absolutely nothing. Not a single scratch was found on the glass face of my watch. I later found out it was because the glass face was made of Sapphire crystal. I has treasured this Dunhill watch ever since. Forty years later today, the glass face is still perfect.

In my secondary school years. Father worked all the time and I spent little time with him. When I left Hong Kong for studying in Canada, Father did not showed up at Kai Tak Airport. Mom said

Dad hated goodbye. I gathered he did not like to show his emotion. I said goodbye over the telephone. He acknowledged and said nothing else. All these years in Canada, I talked to Father in a handful of telephone calls of which nothing I could recall. Yet, Father’s support for my study in Canada never wavered, just like every decision I made in my life that he support without a question.

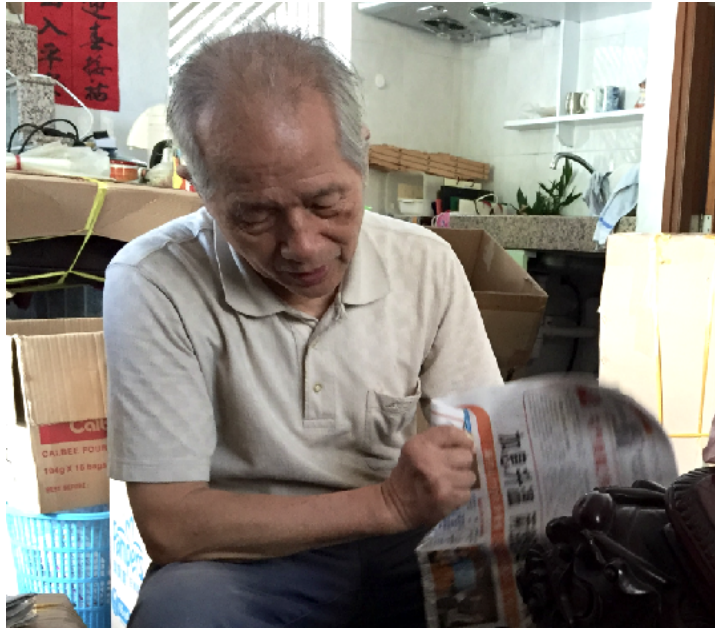
One night, I woke from my sleep, saw Father sitting in front of the dinning table that covered with paper documents. His eyes fixed on the papers with his head slightly bent forward. In total silence, he barely moved. He was extremely concentrated in his thoughts, as if a monk in deep meditation. It was two o’clock in the morning. I did not know how long I had stared at Father. I went back to sleep without disturbing him. It is this one picture locked in my mind whenever I come to remember Father.

## 爛咗嘅拉鍊

我嘅興趣就係整返我啲壞咗嘅嘢。老竇退休之後，成為我嘅修理顧問，遇上難題，總會搵佢。有一次背囊嘅拉鍊壞咗，搞到我好頭痛，拉鍊上有個磨爛咗個位，用盡方法，用針縫啦，用膠繡啦，都搞唔掂。老竇將兩塊皮繡爛咗個位上面，令到拉鏈扣唔會經過嗰個位置。拉鍊就用得返。呢個方法我從來諗唔到，真係勁到爆。

充滿想像同創意，一定就係老竇睇工場時候迎難而上嘅動力。諗起老竇訓斥工人嘅時候，講俾工人聽點做點做，佢面上嘅嚴肅，把聲裏頭嘅信心，老竇修理嘅能力，對架生嘅知識，老師傅對佢嘅尊重，無數次我哋一齊去行旺角嘅五金舖……家陣修理嘢，老竇仲好似同我一齊。

老竇，請安息，好掛住你。



## The Broken Zipper

One of my hobbies is fixing things. Father retired and he had so much time at hand, I would come to him for help of my untackable problems. The

broken zipper in my old backpack drove me nuts. The sliders came out on worn-out spot of the chain. I sewed I superglued. Nothing worked. Dad stuck two pieces of leather on the worn-out spot of zipper chain that prevented the sliders from

traveling further. Essentially a stop was created where two sliders met. The zipper became functional again. It was a brilliant solution never came to me.

I imagine that Dad solved problems when he ran his Factory with the same ingenuity and imagination. I am still

impressed with the memory that Dad told the *si-fu* and workers how things should be done; the seriousness on his face; the confidence in his voice. I miss that Dad's mastery on fixing things and knowledge on wide range of tools. I remember the respects he summoned when talking to the experienced fellow *si-fu*. I enjoy that we browsed through a variety of hardware shops in Mong Kok. Sometimes for works. Sometimes for fun. Every time I fix things, I can feel Dad's presence.

**Dad, R.I.P. Miss you so much.**



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