



# Park Chung Au Young

MAY 25, 1933 - FEB 12, 2015



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FUNERAL HOME, MEMORIAL PARK & CREMATORY

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**送** 別丈夫歐陽柏松的悼辭 歐陽潘玉群 Memories of my beloved husband Yuk Kwan  
柏松是廣東新會人，一九三三年五月二十五日出生於香港。畢業於華仁書院。因父親早逝，中學畢業即承繼父業，承担起照顧家庭的責任。 My husband Park Chung was born in Hong Kong on the May 25th 1933 with ancestry from Xinhui in the Guangdong Province. He was the eldest son in his family among six siblings. After Park Chung graduated from Hong Kong Wah Yan College, he took up the family business and became the provider of care for his family due to the early passing of his father. 當我認識柏松的時候，他是一個孝順的兒子，重視家庭。於是我許下終身，與柏松結為夫妻。剛過去的2月28日是我們結婚50周年，可惜他未能等到這一天。他雖然近年身體軟弱，但是他的離去對我來說，還是有點突然。然而看到他走得又是那麼安詳，又感到很大的安慰。 When I first dated Park Chung, I always admired his respect and commitment to his parents and family. He held the family together through tough times and passed on the family values to all his siblings. He was always there for his family. On February 28th 1965, we were married and we were looking forward to our 50th wedding anniversary last Saturday. He left too soon. Although Park Chung did not have the best of health over the years, it was very painful for me to see him gone so suddenly. I will forever miss him but I take comfort in knowing that he passed away so peacefully without much suffering. 回顧我們的婚後生活，他努力工作，家庭生活安定。三女兒相繼出生，他不單是忙於事業，對女兒的教育也相當重視並參與教導，中學時期就送他們出國留學，為她們找尋最好的出路。他可以說是一個好丈夫，好爸爸。 As I looked back over our married life, Park Chung had always worked hard and provided for our family. This didn't change after we had three lovely daughters. Park Chung continued to work hard while still actively involved in the upbringing of his daughters. We decided to send them to school in Britain to further their education and to broaden their horizon. He was indeed a good husband and father. 如今三個女兒都已大學畢業，皆有專業，也成立了家庭，女婿都是專業人士，工作認真，熱愛家庭的好丈夫。他們各有兩個兒女，他們也都很會教導孩子。我們這



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六個孫子都品學兼優。今天他們都分別從英國，西雅圖來這裡為你的一生送上致謝。謝謝你對他們的栽培與愛護。 Our daughters graduated from universities and are now all professionals. Park Chung and I are comforted to see that they all have their own families with loving husbands who also share the same family values. Our daughters carried on their father's legacy by being very involved in the upbringing and education of their children; all his six grandchildren have excelled in both their characters and learning. Today, they came back from Britain, Seattle and Cupertino to say farewell and to send you off. 今天很多親朋戚友都遠道而來送你這最後一程。我深信你在天之靈應該感到安慰，祝你一無掛慮地安息吧！ Today, as many of you have come from different places to say farewell to Park Chung, I want to express my heart-felt thanks and appreciation of your love. I will miss him dearly and I know that Park Chung will feel comforted that you are all here. Park Chung, may you rest in peace. Hi everyone I am Karissa. I am going to talk about some great memories my brother and I both enjoyed with our Gon Gon. To start off with Gon Gon, in Cantonese means "Grandpa". I will first speak about my side about Gon Gon. I remember when I was in elementary school I would usually take the bus with Po Po, which means Grandma to their house and start my homework. Whenever I started my math homework, Gon Gon would always sit by my side and help me. Another time when I did not have school I decided to keep Gon Gon busy by asking him to draw pictures from children's books. The next event was one I looked back a lot. We went to an outlet to shop for clothes and of course Gon Gon did not want to walk around and wanted to play with his tablet, so we dropped him off at McDonalds. He had this excited and childish smile as if he was a kid going to Chuck E Cheese. After shopping, we went back to McDonalds to pick up Gon Gon and on the road going back home Gon Gon said, "Guess who had the most fun today?" I responded saying, "Everyone except, Gon Gon." Gon Gon, exclaimed, "Me of course, I did not have to walk anywhere and I still got my iced tea, side of fries, and my tablet to keep me occupied." Starting in high school, I joined the band and once a year there was this competition called TOB in which marching bands from around the bay area would compete for 1st place. During my Sophomore year, my whole family including Po Po, Gon Gon came and I still wondered how Gon Gon endured the blistering cold weather sitting in the stands



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for around 4 hours straight at night. The memories, which I just talked about Gon Gon all represents his patience. His patience really stood out to everyone. From sitting out in the cold to helping me with my math homework and waiting at McDonalds for my family and I to shop was not simply the ability to wait, but having the mindset that he was happy to help and wait, since he cared about others. I just have to talk about his patience because it sticks out whenever I am talking or thinking about Gon Gon. Patience can not be seen as a negative connotation, whenever it is used to describe someone, but as a great personality to describe Gon Gon. Gon Gon always brought his sense of humor and his love for nature. One time we went to the beach and had a great picnic. A few minutes after we arrived at the beach, the minute I looked over Gon Gon, he had already set up his chair and had dug his feet into the sand. He was very relaxed and was just soaking in the sun's rays, while listening to the roar of the waves and seagulls squawking. I will remember Gon Gon as a great Grandpa, who was very patient and had a love for nature. Gon Gon's character just brightened people's day and as Cesare Pavese once said, "We do not remember days, we remember moments." Thank You. I am going to read two letters on behalf of my cousins from Britain, Joshua and Priscilla. They would love to be here today but they are unable to attend. This one is from Joshua. I didn't have the chance to see my granddad often, or any of my relatives for that matter. Living in the UK, half of my family far East, and the other far West, chances to pop round my grandparents' place didn't come every day. However, I remember the summer of 2008 very well, when I visited America for the first time in my life. Before that, memories of my grandparents were a little hazy, having met them when I was very young. Now, after having been told previously that I was too young to go with my mum and sister a few years before, I could finally visit my relatives in the US. Surprisingly, I don't remember feeling at all apprehensive or hesitant when meeting them, I just somehow knew everything was going to be great. And it was. In the land of artificial flavouringsyes, I spell 'flavour' with a 'u'- and huge portion sizes, I found myself welcomed by a very loving family, my grandpa not least among them. One such act of kindness was when he made a delicious breakfast for me- bananas and toast. I automatically thought he was a talented chef then. But perhaps the strongest



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memory I have of my granddad is when we went on a tour to see the Grand Canyon, Yosemite Park, Vegas, and a few other places. Knowing I was a big collector of rocks at the time, he noticed my disappointment when I was told that I wasn't allowed to pick up any rocks on the canyon site. After we left, he approached me, with a specimen of sandstone about the size of my hand. I have since become far less obsessed with my rock collection, but I still have that stone on my desk to this day. Because of the honest, compassionate, and hardworking son, brother, husband, father, and grandfather he was, Gon Gon will be sorely missed. But even greater than the sorrow of his death is the joy he spread during his life, and his memories will live on forever in my heart. Hi, I am Karsten and I am going to share some stories about Gon Gon with you. I remember Gon Gon loved his Lamb Shanks, Club sandwich, Root Beer, BBQ Buns, and Dumplings. Many times when he had to cook for himself, he would eat dumplings and he could eat dumplings everyday. Whenever we go to Elephant Bar, he would always order one Lamb Shank for dinner. At times, when he preferred not to have such a heavy meal at night, he would ask the waiter to make him a Club sandwich without cheese and salad without any sort of dressings. At the restaurant, he was a jolly man. He would joke with the waiters and would always describe himself as the "HANDSOME – YOUNG – MAN" when they took his orders. Indeed, Gon Gon was handsome at his age, very tall and stylish. People at his age would use a walking stick, you know, the type that many seniors carry? For Gon Gon, he would buy hiking sticks instead. The metal type YOUNG people use when they go hiking. One time I remembered after Gon Gon picked his stylish hiking sticks at Sports Basement, I suggested him to buy rubber boots to cover the spikes at the bottom. Gon Gon told me that it was a good idea otherwise he would make holes on the ground when he used them. Other times, when we visited Yosemite and Muir woods, he would buy wooden type hiking sticks. He would modify them at home to make them the same height and bought protective rubber boots to put them in. That way, when he used them, it would not slip. His daily routine after waking up would be to eat breakfast, two toasts with marmalade, a cup of coffee and sometimes oat meal. After breakfast, he would take a 45 minute walk to McDonald. He would rest for about 45 minute there before walking back home. At McDonald, he told us that he



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would just drink a senior coffee without eating the junk food there. A few times, Po Po happened to walk pass and found him with a small pack of french fries. When Po Po asked him, he would tell her (with a grin) that eating it once in a while is fine. When he reached home, he would eat lunch, take a nap and remember to get up at 3:15 pm to have his afternoon tea break. At night, after eating dinner, he would watch his favorite Chinese program with Po Po. After that, he would take a shower before going to bed. Whenever my sister and I have important events to go to such as Recitals, Swimming competitions and Exams, he would always tell us to eat a “WHOLESOME” breakfast in the morning to fuel our bodies. Whenever he came to our house, he would make himself a big cup of tea and sit outside in the backyard for hours, gazing at the plants and the birds outside. Learning never stops. Gon Gon was a very good example. Gon Gon started learning the computer when he came to live in the US. He would attend senior center computer classes and play around with his laptop. He loved the iPod and Tablet. I taught Gon Gon how to make bookmarks on them, take pictures and browse online shopping sites (Amazon and eBay). One of his favorite pass times was to go on CCTV web site (<http://www.cctv.com>) to read the Health Section (<http://big5.cntv.cn/gate/big5/jiankang.cntv.cn/>) on Chinese Traditional Medicine. He would create bookmarks on all the different topics that he liked and made lengthy notes on those health topics. He would tell Po Po about what preventative care the Ancient Masters discovered, how they use food and herbs for healing, and massage methods they suggest. I remember one time when we went to San Francisco, Gon Gon showed us where he bought the children books for my mom, Ye-Yee, and Sai -Yee when they were young. The name of the book store is Book Inc. and it was located on Powell Street. He showed us some of the books that he used to buy for them. Now, the book store has moved but I still remember the store. He also loved his books, he had many books on Health. He always told my parents, sister and I that the greatest Wealth is Health and Education is the Key. Gon Gon liked to listen to music too. His favorite artist was Barry Manilow. In my mind, Gon Gon is joyful, has positive attitudes and is very encouraging. In his mind, we will never fail because we can do it better the next time around. Thank you....And here is the letter from Priscilla. What I write down, or what will be said will not truly portray



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what I am truly feeling but I will try my best. I will miss your voice; the slight garble to it, your smile and your laugh. I loved the fact that you could switch between English and Chinese when I struggled in my limited Cantonese. You were patient and understanding. There were limitations to our skype calls, in terms that it lacked physical interaction but I am very thankful for them as they gave me a glimpse to how you were doing. Also your enthusiasm when you were called by paw paw always brought a smile to my face. Maybe due to my limited time with you, I seem to recall only you as a very happy man. Quiet at times but happy. A recent conversation that I recall which involved you telling my dad to be healthy showed your concern and your passion for a healthy wellbeing for all of us. When paw paw told us you were getting healthier to come for my university graduation, I genuinely believed in you. I knew you could do it and that you would be my motivation to finish. It made me want to fast forward time so that graduation would be imminent, or to see you before I graduate such as this summer or the next. Unfortunately, you left us too soon. I miss you. However with what I can do, I will remember the little things you did or said as they always were happy things and I want to remember you when you were happy. Such as you getting ready to sing karaoke! I miss you, I wish I could have said it the last time we talked. You left us too soon.

Hello, my name is Kaiea. I am deeply saddened with the loss of my “gon gon” and I am reading this for my Mom as she is too sad to read this herself. These are her words. I remember my Dad lying on the hospital bed, motionless, not taking a breath. That’s the moment I realize he will not wake up, he will not smile and say everything is okay and from now on, everything will not be the same. The feeling of losing someone very special so unexpectedly is that you have drifted in a space that is neither present nor the past. Your mind is forever drifting between present, past and the realm of “what ifs”. What if you have one more moment with my Dad, what will I say? What if he lived 2 more weeks and he can celebrate his 50th wedding anniversary with my Mom? What if we can take another vacation together, where will we go? What if he can attend my niece Priscilla’s college graduation in England? He would be so thrilled. What if my other niece Karissa got her driver’s license and could drive my Dad to eat his favorite dim sum with my Mom? He would have loved that. As I am searching for my Dad in this



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“in-between” land, I found myself looking back at my earliest memories of my Dad. I remember showing my Dad how my sisters and I can throw our bath toys to the window of our downstairs neighbor and he wasn’t horrified. He wasn’t horrified probably because he was quite a prankster himself when he was growing up. I remember my Dad taking my sisters and my hands and told us “let’s go for a walk” and he would take us on a leisurely stroll around our dining room table as many times as we want. I remember all the presents he brought back from his many work trips. There were postcards he sent back with drawings showing us his hotel room. My Dad was really good at drawing. There were lots of books, toys, dolls with outfits and furniture. I remember my Dad retelling his favorite travel stories. My favorite one is he would only order three items for dinner no matter where he was. He would go to Chinatown after a long work day and ordered Wonton Soup, Broccoli Beef with Oyster sauce and rice. As my Dad retired from traveling for business and settled back in Hong Kong, my Dad and Mom went to baking school and opened a bakery. Owning a bakery was very hard work. You have to get up early and stayed up late. Nonetheless, my Dad found joy in running this business. He used to tell his youngest customers that if they called him “Young Uncle” instead of “Bak Bak” (meaning very old Uncle), he would give them a bun. It was in this business that he found his artistic outlet by having an opportunity to personally decorate the cakes. They were the most beautiful cakes. I remember how he stayed up helping all of us with homework and how he would sometimes fall asleep in the middle some challenging homework. Education has always been an important aspect of our upbringing. Our parents planned very early on to give all three of us opportunities to study in England. We were able to grow in many ways, not just academically but in all aspects of our lives. Our Mom and Dad had to work very hard to afford to give us those opportunities. I remember when my sister Cindy had her second child, Joshua, my Dad went over to England to help Cindy with Joshua. Joshua was the best baby ever. It had been a long time since my Dad last took care of a baby. I remember sitting across from my Dad, watching him fed Joshua a full bottle of milk. My Dad sat there for a long time and I noticed that after an hour, the bottle of milk was still full and Joshua was still sucking very patiently. My dad had forgotten to take the inside lid off and no milk was



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coming out! Both of them were just enjoying each other's company. How peaceful that was. It is very hard to tell how long I will drift in this "in-between" land. It will never feel real that my Dad is no longer with us. But as we gathered here today, one thing I know for sure is that my Dad would love to see us celebrate his many life achievements and to see that we are here to see him off to his next life adventure. Good-bye Dad. We love you very much and will miss you forever.



## Tribute Wall

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**Jason Ly** posted:

About 2 months ago when Pat Gladys and family came to Los Angeles, Diane, Kevin and I had the honor of having Peking Duck Dinner together. I still vividly remember that uncle Auyoung was sitting just 2 seats from me, next to Pat and Kaiea. His company made the evening such joyful, thankful and heart warming event. We made small talks, about family etc.. Nothing profound, just simple exchanges of caring and encouraging words. But it did leave lasting impression on me. On the long drive home back to Palos Verdes, I thought to myself, when I am older, I hope to have a healthy attitude like him, happy, very at ease, enjoying family, kind and humble and most importantly, a constant blessings to people who he comes in contact with. I first met uncle Auyoung in the summer of 1996 when my family attended Pat's wedding. I was excited and a bit concerned about how my beloved brother Pat fit in to the Auyoung family, especially Chinese from Hong Kong. My impression when I first saw him was that he was extremely courteous, soft spoken, wise, kind, humble and pleasant to talk to. It would only take minutes before he has completely obliterated my preconceived notion of aggressive, shrewd and business savvy Hong Kong Chinese. Over the last twenty years, seeing him during Nancy and Pat's family gathering was always something I looked forward to. I will sure miss him very much, especially his presence in future gatherings. "In life's short journey on earth, we may not know what God's plan for us. But we can do our best to nurture our young's, take care of our family, love, respect and hopefully always be a blessing to other. And if we do that well and leave a small imprint along the way then this journey is worthwhile." I probably paraphrase terribly what my late father told me while we were on a stroll in Hawaii not long before he retired and moved to California. And as I reflect back and look around here today, I see the success of his labors, the beautiful and loving family he created and the friends whose lives he had touched and impacted. He really did have an awesome journey. And personally, although our paths crossed in a very small way, I still feel extremely blessed to have known him. On behalf of my mother, farewell, may you rest in peace and may God bless everyone.

March 22 at 12:12 PM



# Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Park by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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