



Jose C. Bautista

August 27, 1934 - January 28, 2018

Jose Cleope Bautista Obituary

The family of Jose “Dodong “ Cleope Bautista announces his peaceful and quiet departure on Sunday, January 28, 2018. His mission here on earth is over so Dodong as he is fondly called by family and friends decided to depart quietly. He didn’t want to call attention to his departure so he decided it would be best to depart without letting everyone know. He waited until everyone was deep asleep after making them believe that he was breathing normally then at 1AM on Sunday, he departed while at the ICU at INOVA Alexandria Hospital. Dodong could no longer wait even to celebrate his youngest grandchild’s birthday 5 days short of his passing. He was very eager to be with His Savior and Lord, Jesus Christ and to be reunited with his sweetheart, Nancy who preceded him two months ago.

Dodong was born on August 27, 1934 in Batan, Aklan to the late Emilio Bautista and Placida Cleope. He was the 5th child in the brood of 9 and grew up enjoying and learning life in the farm and sea. He took up Bachelor of Science in Maritime but his being open to possibilities and opportunities led him to hold different kinds of jobs at a young age exposing him to the challenges of life while honing a variety of skills from farming to carpentry and automobile repair to cooking. He abandoned his goal of seafaring -when he fell in love at first sight with his wife of 58 years, Dulzura “Nancy” Chavez-Misola. He married his first love, Nancy in 1960 and together, they had 6 children. His training and exposure to a variety of opportunities that sharpened

his skills at different crafts landed him the title “jack-of-all trades and master of them all.” Dodong will always be remembered as the most versatile and skillful man in the family. He had an extraordinary ability to fix anything that seemed irreparable and he could shift from being a carpenter to a mechanic; a farmer to being a cook for his family.

Despite being an undergraduate, Dodong was given a supervisory position at Nestle Philippines. He worked with Nestle for 25 years until his retirement in 1994. He was well-loved by his employer and superiors. Most of all, his employees because of his unique style of showing a fair and kind treatment to all.

In 2002, he moved here in the US with most of his family. He was a true blue Democrat. He was always ready to defend the Dems and has staunch followers in the family (so be very careful with what you say in front of him while viewing his body. Make sure you say nothing against the Dems)□.

Dodong will be sweetly remembered as the strong tower of the family they can always look up and run to for anything. He was the most loving, caring, giving, kind, generous, selfless and protective father to his children and grandchildren.

Dodong is survived by his children: daughter Joy and son-in-law, Eddie; daughter Jendra and son-in-law, Jaime; son Joel and daughter-in-law, Karla; son Jonathan and daughter-in-law, Sheree; son Jeovani and daughter-in-law, Jingle and daughter Johanna and son-in-law, Jaybee. Grandchildren: Charmaine & Antonio, Charisse & Jonah, Camille, Jhonimie, Jhanyn, Jon Krenz, Joni Kaye, Jose Carlos, Maria Dominique, Juan Gabriel, Arthur Joseph, Jaden Joseph and Jai-Marie. Siblings: Aurora Balguma and Estrelita Prado.

The Bautista family will receive friends and relatives for viewing on Friday, February 2, 2018 from 3:00-6:00PM and a celebration of his life will start at 6:00PM at the Jefferson Funeral Chapel, 5755 Castlewellan Dr., Alexandria, VA 22315. Cremation will follow on Saturday, February 3rd at 10:00 in the morning.

Tribute Wall



“ *Jose C. Bautista*

October 27, 2022 at 09:45 PM



“ *0 file added to the tribute wall*

Jefferson Funeral Chapel - January 28, 2019 at 09:42 AM



“ Sharing a beautiful story of my Father, Jose "Dodong" Bautista's enduring love and devotion to my Mother, Dulzura "Nancy" Chavez Misola

The first time my father, Dodong, laid eyes on my mother, Nancy, standing on the veranda of their house in Blumentrit, Manila, he knew she was the woman he wanted to marry. They locked eyes for a few minutes then my father sent her a note right away asking her to meet him the following day at the Ermita church. The following day, my mother rendezvoused with my father. When they saw each other outside of Ermita church, they looked at each other, entered the church, knelt down and feigned to pray. Sitting about two feet away from each other they agreed to go to Escolta to watch a movie. Once they were inside the movie house, they sat far apart from each other and slowly inched their way to get closer until my father had enough courage to give my mother her first kiss. It was his first kiss, too. Without hesitation, my mother returned the kiss passionately to my father's surprise and delight. That was their first date that ended in their getting married on January 30, 1960.

Today is Valentine's day. I thought about my father's enduring love for my mother. When he committed himself to my mother, on January 30, 1960, my father devoted his love and life to her. He loved and cared for her as they grew their family --- both nurtured us with care, love and attention the best way they knew. My father's love for my mother flowed to us, their children. All their life together, they worked in perfect tandem. My father was the bread winner for the family while my mother stayed at home and took care of all of us, their six children. I had witnessed their trivial quarrels just like any normal couples, but my father would always be the one who would speak first to my mother. He was always on the "surrender" side; he would coax my mother to win her again. My father easily gave in to my mother and despite the love quarrels they had, my father remained faithful to my mother in fact, endeared her even more to him.

When we moved here in America, both my parents were in their 70's and they started to have ailments. My father started having dialysis eight years after we settled in Virginia. Yet, despite his condition, he remained to be the willing, enthusiastic cook for our family. His motivation to cook was his love and concern for my mother. He wanted to make sure there was warm, freshly cooked meals for my mother and his grandchildren. He continued to cook tasty dishes for us and prepared special meals for our weekly family gatherings after church. Every Sunday, we would gather together and enjoy my father's delicious home cooked meals. This has become our family tradition.

Every morning, my father and mother would go on their morning walks around our neighborhood in Kingstowne, Alexandria. Both enjoyed their morning walks as part of their daily routine. My father despite difficulty from walking, would always hold my mother's hand to support her. One day, on our way to work, there was a big traffic along Kingstowne Blvd., the main road in our neighborhood. When I looked what caused the traffic, I saw my parents slowly crossing the street, holding each other's hand. That was a beautiful memory of them together.

When my mother was hospitalized and went through a serious cardiac ailment, my father never left her bedside. After her major hospitalization, my father became my mother's primary caregiver. We had a caregiver for my mother aside from us her children and grandchildren. Yet, I could not deny the fact that it was my father who truly provided the primary care for my mother. He was the person who monitored closely my mother's medication. He ensured she took her pills and her meals at the right time. He was the one who made sure my mother was clean and had a fresh change of diaper and clothes. On hours where everyone would still be sleeping, my father was the one who woke up to change my mother's diaper and clothes. He would have also fed her at 5:00 in the morning. If my mother had a doctor's appointment, he made sure she was dressed properly for the weather and was ready before the pick-up transportation comes. My father would do

everything for her, without asking anyone not even us his children. If there was no one home to provide care for my mother, he would do it despite his condition. He was constantly in her bedside either, holding her hand, caressing her forehead, feeding her or just watching TV with her. My father was on dialysis 3 times a week and if the person who picked him up from the dialysis center happened to be a family member, he would stop by the store and buy my mother's favorite food snack or even pick-up a toy for his grandchildren before coming home. Before my father eventually succumbed to his physical weakness, he would spend time cooking in the kitchen even after coming from dialysis. My father did this until his massive heart attack on January 20, 2018. My father faithfully did his best and dedicated his life to care for my mother. His love was sacrificial. It was long-suffering and enduring. 1 Corinthians 13:4-8. "Love is long-suffering and kind. It does not envy; does not parade itself, is not puffed up; does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is not provoked, thinks no evil; does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth: bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails." My father fulfilled the command in Ephesians 5:25 Husbands, love your wives, as Christ loved the church and gave himself up for her.

He held on and exhibited resilience despite his health condition being on dialysis for the past 8 years until his passing. I admire my father for honoring his wedding vows. A promise that he fulfilled---

". . . for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part . . ." He never left her side until my mother's death on November 6, 2017. My father passed away on Sunday, January 28, 2018, two days before his 58th wedding anniversary to my mother, Dulzura "Nancy" Misola-Bautista.

In my grief, I realized that my father's departure was not his decision. It was a grace, an undeserved gift from our Heavenly Father. He gave my father the best gift he could ask for and that is

to be with Jesus Christ. His death was not a separation from us but rather, a homecoming to our Heavenly Father, a grand celebration awaited him. As the apostle said in Philippians 1:21 "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." Indeed, to die is gain for my father: he had a grand entrance on a Sunday, a worship day, January 28, 2018 when he passed from earthly life to everlasting life. He went home with the Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ and was reunited with my mother. On Tuesday, January 30, 2018, I believe there was another grand celebration in heaven. The Heavenly Father gave my parents the best wedding gift, the celebration of their 58th wedding anniversary in heaven! I can only speculate that maybe, the grand celebration was officiated by the Heavenly Father, with Jesus standing between my father and mother as the Bridegroom. The three of them walking along the streets of gold while the heavenly hosts are singing, in celebration of their 58th wedding anniversary! What a beautiful picture I can only imagine.

Had my father survived the massive heart attack and was given back to us, I and my siblings would surely be the happiest, but that happiness will only be short lived. He would still be in dialysis; we can celebrate his 58th wedding anniversary in the grandest celebration we can have, but it will only bring painful memories of my mother.

I believe my father is in his happiest state right now because he is in the presence of Jesus Christ, his Lord and Savior.

We love you Mama and Papa! We are honored, privileged and inspired to witness your amazing story called ETERNAL LOVE.

Story writing credit to: Ms. Cynthia Lozania

February 16, 2018 at 12:00 AM



“ *Jose C. Bautista*

February 14, 2018 at 12:00 AM



“ *Jose C. Bautista*

February 14, 2018 at 12:00 AM