

Facebook post of Oct 19, 2016

MasterCard Moments (28)

We met on a blind date. A double date, actually.

Thing is, we weren't paired with each other.

Some call it luck while others would call it fate. But I'd like to say it was divine intervention that I was seated beside her and we talked the whole night.

It's been 38 years since that date and we still haven't stopped talking.

Needless to say, it's been one helluva moment.

A priceless one.

Happy birthday to my girl from Ipanema.

My Girl From Ipanema

Lobby Cafe, Manila Peninsula

1979 -80?

A few days after the beach. . .

.

I was quietly nursing my beer while waiting for her to come out of the ladies room.

A few moments after, I see her approaching from the far end of the lobby.

Everything appeared to be moving in slow motion.

It was as if I was looking in from a photographer's lens - hazy at the edges and focused only on her movements . . . a vignette.

I stare.

.

The tan from that weekend pronounced her cheekbones giving that natural blush to her cheeks.

Little or no make-up - probably just a tad around the eyes and a natural earth color for the lips.

Hair down resting on her shoulders . . . and as if on cue, she sways her head leaving wisps of hair on her face as she looks forward again.

Casually, she hand-combs her hair with one fluid upward motion.

I grin.

As she approaches, heads turn her way.

" . . . young and lovely,

the girl from Ipanema goes walking,

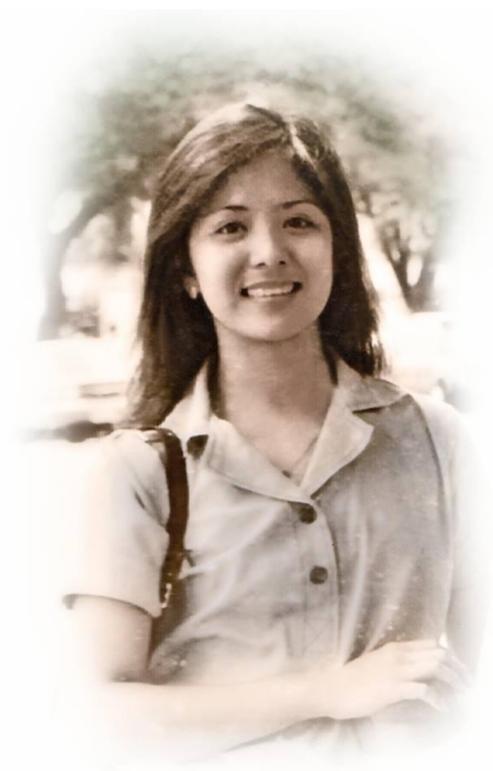
and when she passes,
each one she passes goes ahhhh . . ."
I sing.

Oblivious of the magic she has transfixed on me,
she draws nearer as she walks . . .
. . . or rather, sways like the gentle waves of that Ipanema beach.
Is she the girl Jobim was thinking of when he wrote the song?
I wonder.

She catches me watching her.
I take another sip from my beer.
She replies with an impish pout . . . or was it a smile?
Who cares?
I melt.

I'm still lost in the magic as she takes her seat.
Pleasantly puzzled, she asks "what?"
I stare.
I grin.
I sing.
I wonder.
I melt.
I love.
. . . my girl from Ipanema

Frank Sinatra and Antonio Carlos Jobim - The Girl From Ipanema
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NldPFVKYmiw>



Facebook post of Feb 11,2018

The millenials have this thing called 'monthsary'.
Is there such a thing as decadesary?

ThrowbackTidbits (67)

(1978)

I met her 40 years ago.

Sheesh! That's more than three quarters of my life.

In those years, she has given me 6 wonderful kids and a place I
can always call home.

Through time, we have shared and continue to share lots of
things.

We share both ups and downs. Both laughter and tears.

We share chips and ChocoNut.

We share text message exchanges like two teenage kids.

We share each others frustrations.

We share each others dreams.

And then there's the music we share.

1978. Disco and Top 40 music were in full swing.
So you'd expect a teenage convent-bred kolehiyala to stick to these tunes. But she went beyond those. She introduced me to Bebu Silvetti. Cool. . . a fusion afficinado! This girl knows her stuff. She's also a fan of Jobim.
And though not really tall, she's tan and young and definitely lovely.
Huwag na pakawalan! 😊
And I did just that.

Silvetti · Two Cups Of Coffee

Silvetti · Two Cups Of Coffee for Minami
YOUTUBE.COM

Facebook post of June 4, 2017

34 years ago, I was dressed in my best. I haven't been dressed that best ever since, I'm guessing.

I was excited for that special day, so much so that I broke into a rash.

I was itching all over.

But more than that, I was itching to finally be one with my crush.

You see, I've had a crush on this girl from the moment I met her.

34 years have gone and I still have a crush on her.

And though I have no rash, I still itch to be with her.



Facebook post of Aug 11, 2017

Our present move to to the lalawigan gave me a chance to rummage thru old photos.

MasterCard Moments (43)

I posted a 1978 tidbit the other day about our tour with cousin Raymond.

That tour surely made 1978 memorable.

But something else special happened that year.

I met her.

No, today isn't any special occasion.

It ain't even Feb 14.

But who says you can't celebrate Valentine's in August?

Sorry for this damaged photo. One of the casualties of Ondoy.

But no matter the damage, it doesn't make the picture less perfect.

In fact, looking at the picture still gives me a moment.

... and if I may add, a kilig moment.

PS

Kilig = Priceless. 😊;



Facebook post of Oct 19, 2017

ThrowbackTidbits (66)

1979

Back in the day, before digital cameras, I dabbled in film photography -

ASA, aperture settings, depth of field, and trying to align that needle on that darn circle.

I even developed my black and white film. Had fun 'dodging and burning' them to prints. Here is one print.

Back then, taking selfies meant that you had to stand in front of a mirror or some kind of reflective surface.

This was my attempt at the latter.

I wanted to capture that balance between dark and light, between space and non-space, all that artistic eck-eck, and . . .

But wait! There's another reflection besides mine.

A photobomber, perhaps?

Maybe.

But if the photobomber is as lovely as this, who am I to complain?

Happy birthday to this reflection who has graced this photo . . . but not as much as she has graced my heart.

I had a crush on this reflection. And it's no news that I still have one.

But the hopeless romantic in me sees no harm in announcing the news again, diba?

Despite all the fake news going around now, here's one broadcast that holds true.

Barbra sang this news in 1979.

I'm singing it again now.

"Extra, extra, I'm in love.

Gotta thank my lucky stars above . . ."

Barbra Streisand - The Main Event (1979)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZyDYL7VVN6U>



Facebook post of Jan 30, 2017
(Of parents to their kids)

Copied and pasted.

I think every mom and dad of grown children feels this way.

My children ask me the same question every year. What do I want for Christmas, for my birthday? After thinking about it, I decided I'd give them my real answer:

I want you. I want you to keep coming around, I want you to bring your kids around, I want you to ask me questions, ask my advice, tell me your problems, ask for my opinion, ask for my help. I want you to come over and rant about your problems, rant about life, whatever. Tell me about your job, your worries, your kids, your fur babies. I want you to continue sharing your life with me. Come over and laugh with me, or laugh at me, I don't care. Hearing you laugh is music to me.

I spent the better part of my life raising you the best way I knew how, and I'm not bragging, but I did a pretty darn good job. Now, give me time to sit back and admire my work, I'm pretty proud of it. Raid my refrigerator, help yourself, I really don't mind. In fact, I wouldn't want it any other way.

I want you to spend your money making a better life for you and your family, I have the things I need. I want to see you happy and healthy. When you ask me what I want for Christmas or for any other special occasion, I say "nothing" because you've already been giving me my gift all year.

I want you.

If you feel the same way, feel free to copy and paste... I did!!

Facebook post of Aug 11, 2016

MasterCard Moments (24)

A lot may have been wondering who's this runt I've been writing about.

Well, now it can be told officially.

He's ours. Though not by blood but most definitely by heart.

Some of you have been privy to this and we thank you for being with us throughout this long journey. Yes, it did take a few years.

We know you share our joy.

But most special thanks to Mateo's 4 kuyas and ate. Since day 1, they have accepted him faster than a heartbeat. Without a blink.

This carpenter is proud to be called their father.

By the way, I know of another Carpenter.

Have known Him ever since. 58 years 22 days, to be exact.

A best friend, He is.

I thank Him for giving me these priceless moments.