

Farewell Celebration

For Deomund Aglibut

Saturday, 23 March 2024

3 pm

Kirche zu den Heiligen Engeln, Brennbichl, Imst

Gathering and reflection before the service begins
with gentle music improvisation by Paul Engel

Church bells, funeral toll

Music

J.S. Bach, *Sinfonia from Cantata BWV 21: Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis* (I had much grief)

Ed, Cathi, Ulli Engel, Martina Bischof- Engel, Jann-Michael Engel, Alexandra Dienz

Opening and Welcome

Dean Franz Angermayer

Prayer of Repentance

Dean Franz Angermayer

Reading

Psalm 104

Andrea

Music

Johann Schmelzer, *Ground in A*

Cathi, Ulli Engel, Michael Öttl, Alexandra Dienz

Poem

Gerard Manley Hopkins, *The Windhover*

Andrea

Music

Jann-Michael Engel, *Cello Solo*

Jann-Michael Engel

Address

Dean Franz Angermayer

Music

Paul Engel, *Salve Anima Cara*

Annette Fritz, Paul Engel

Gospel Reading

John 14:2

Dean Franz Angermayer

Creed

Intercessions

For those who have passed and those who mourn

Bärbl

For those who are ill and their caregivers

Aisea

For clarity and tolerance in matters of faith

Dita

For social justice and those in need

Tristan

Music (played in harmony with the intercessions)

Maurizio Cazzatti, *Passacaglia*

Ulli Engel, Cathi, Jann-Michael Engel, Michael Öttl, Paul Engel, Alexandra Dienz

Lord's Prayer

Music

traditional, *Lehnemer*

Susanne Fritz, Annette Fritz, Ulli Engel, Helga Matzner-Engel, Paul Engel

Eulogy

by Coco, based on interviews with Deo and Telle

Coco

Music

Jacob Collier, *Little Blue*

Kathrin Schreier

Closing Announcements

Dean Franz Angermayer

Closing Prayer

Irish Travel Blessing

Martin

Blessing

Dean Franz Angermayer

Music

Frank Sinatra, *My Way*

played from a recording

During this closing song, guests are invited to mingle and pay their last respects to Deo, with a flower.

Musicians and contributors

and their relation to Deo

Thank you all!

Dean Franz Angermayer, Imst parish priest

Andrea, Cathi and Martin, children

Coco, Tristan and Aisea, grandchildren

Ed (Eduard Wesly), son-in-law, Cathi's partner

Telle, sister

Martina Bischof-Engel, niece

Dita DeLong, sister-in-law

Alexandra Dienz, friend

Jann-Michael Engel, nephew

Paul Engel, brother-in-law

Ulli Engel, niece

Annette Fritz, great-niece

Susanne Fritz, niece

Barbara Hackhofer (Bärbl), niece

Helga Matzner-Engel, sister-in-law

Michael Öttl, friend

Kathrin Schreier, great-niece



Reading

Psalms 104

Song to praise God

Praise God, my soul!

How great you are!
You are clothed with splendor and majesty.

He wraps himself in light as with a garment.
He stretches out the heavens like a tent.
He lays the beams of his rooms in the waters.
He makes the clouds his chariot
and walks on the wings of the wind.
He makes winds his messengers,
flames of fire his servants.

You set the earth on its foundations;
it can never be moved.
You covered it with deep waters as with a garment.
The waters stood above the mountains.
At your rebuke they fled.
At the voice of your thunder they took to flight.

The mountains rose,
the valleys descended,
to the place you had assigned to them.
You set a boundary they cannot cross,
never again to cover the earth.

Your springs gush briskly into the ravines.
Dancing water between the mountains.

All animals in the fields may drink.
Wild donkeys quench their thirst.
Birds of the sky nest by the waters;
singing among the branches.

The earth, replenished by your clouds.
The mountains, abundant with water.
The world is filled with the fruit of your works.
Grass grows for our livestock,
and plants for us to cultivate,
bringing forth bread from the dirt.

Wine that gladdens human hearts,
oil to make our faces shine,
and bread that sustains our hearts.

Your trees are well watered,
the cedars of Lebanon that you planted
where birds nest.
The feathery cypress trees, the stork's home.

The high mountains belong to the wild goats.
The rock hyrax finds refuge in the crags.

You made the moon to mark the seasons.
The sun knows when to set.

You bring darkness.
Night falls.
All the beasts of the forest prowl.

Young lions roar for prey,
and seek their food from God.

The sun rises, and they steal away,
returning to their dens, to rest.

Then we, the people, go out to work,
to labor until night.

My God, how many are your works!
In wisdom, you have made them all.
The earth is full of your creatures.

There is the sea, vast and spacious,
teeming with creatures beyond number—
living things both large and small.

There the ships go to and fro,
and Leviathan, whom you formed to play there.

All creatures wait for you
to give them food when time is due.
You give to them; they gather.
You open your hand; they are fulfilled.

You hide your face; they are troubled.
You take away their breath; they perish and return to dust.

You send out your Spirit – they are created.
You renew the face of the earth.

May God's glory endure forever;
may he rejoice in his works.

He gazes at earth. Earth trembles.
He touches the mountains. They smoke.

I will sing to you, God, as long as I live.
I will play for you, God, as long as I breathe.
May my prayer be sweet to you.
As I rejoice.

But may sinners vanish from the earth
and the wicked be no more.

Halleluja.

Poem

Gerard Manley Hopkins, *The Windhover*

To Christ our Lord

I caught this morning morning's minion,
kingdom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird, – the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

Gospel Reading

John 14:2

New King James Version

The Way, the Truth, and the Life

“Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me.
In My Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there you may be also. And where I go you know, and the way you know.”

Thomas said to Him, “Lord, we do not know where You are going, and how can we know the way?”

Jesus said to him, “I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me.

The Father Revealed

“If you had known Me, you would have known My Father also; and from now on you know Him and have seen Him.”

Philip said to Him, “Lord, show us the Father, and it is sufficient for us.”

Jesus said to him, “Have I been with you so long, and yet you have not known Me, Philip? He who has seen Me has seen the Father; so how can you say, ‘Show us the Father’? Do you not believe that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? The words that I speak to you I do not speak on My own authority; but the Father who dwells in Me does the works. Believe Me that I am in the Father and the Father in Me, or else believe Me for the sake of the works themselves.

The Answered Prayer

“Most assuredly, I say to you, he who believes in Me, the works that I do he will do also; and greater works than these he will do, because I go to My Father. And whatever you ask in My name, that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If you ask anything in My name, I will do it.

Jesus Promises Another Helper

“If you love Me, keep My commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Helper, that He may abide with you forever— the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it neither sees Him nor knows Him; but you know Him, for He dwells with you and will be in you. I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you.

Indwelling of the Father and the Son

“A little while longer and the world will see Me no more, but you will see Me. Because I live, you will live also. At that day you will know that I am in My Father, and you in Me, and I in you. He who has My commandments and keeps them, it is he who loves Me. And he who loves Me will be loved by My Father, and I will love him and manifest Myself to him.”

Judas (not Iscariot) said to Him, “Lord, how is it that You will manifest Yourself to us, and not to the world?”

Jesus answered and said to him, “If anyone loves Me, he will keep My word; and My Father will love him, and We will come to him and make Our home with him. He who does not love Me does not keep My words; and the word which you hear is not Mine but the Father’s who sent Me.

The Gift of His Peace

“These things I have spoken to you while being present with you. But the Helper, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all things that I said to you. Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. You have heard Me say to you, ‘I am going away and coming back to you.’ If you loved Me, you would rejoice because I said, ‘I am going to the Father,’ for My Father is greater than I.

“And now I have told you before it comes, that when it does come to pass, you may believe. I will no longer talk much with you, for the ruler of this world is coming, and he has nothing in Me. But that the world may know that I love the Father, and as the Father gave Me commandment, so I do. Arise, let us go from here.

Intercessions

For those who have passed and those who mourn

Bärbl

To say goodbye is hard. God, we ask for comfort and confidence on the journey ahead. Strengthen in all of us the memory of what our beloved deceased have given us on our journey. We pray for all those who mourn today: Comfort us in our pain and strengthen our gratitude for the time we shared and the everlasting love that binds us. For all of us who have lost someone, be with us in our sorrow and in our joy, knowing that our loved ones have lived and continue to live in our hearts. God of eternity, we ask for all our deceased, take them with you and give them a new home in peace and joy with you.

For those who are ill and their caregivers

Aisea

For all the people fighting illness and the awesome caregivers by their side. Give comfort and healing to the sick, and keep the caregivers going strong. Help caregivers to look after themselves too – thanks to all of you out there, you know who you are! Help them find moments to recharge and reboot. Keep them feeling supported and inspired, and let hope shine bright.

For clarity and tolerance in matters of faith

Dita

Dear powerful forces of the universe, we ask for openness, freedom, and wisdom regarding religions and opinions, so that people can live loving and joyful lives together. Please hear our prayer.

For loving family ties and world peace

Coco and Telle

Dear god, we ask you to bring us peace and harmony. May we love and respect one and other – within our families and as peoples of the world. We pray together for the end of all war and violent conflict. May our hopes for a world peace one day become our reality, so that we can come together as a human race and realize that what we share is so much greater than what divides us.

For social justice and those in need

Tristan

We pray that every person in this world receives fair opportunities and the possibility for a fulfilling life. Help us to advocate for justice and let our actions be guided by love and solidarity to better the lives of those in need.

Eulogy

by Coco, based on interviews with Deo and Telle

My grandfather Andres Deomund Aglibut was born on 7 March 1938 in Los Baños, Laguna in the Philippines as the second of four children.

His father Andres had emigrated to the USA as a young man, where he worked as a day laborer and harvester and then studied at the University of California Berkley and other American universities. When he returned, he worked as a university lecturer in engineering and irrigation technology at the College of Agriculture of the University of the Philippines, where he met his wife Andrea, who became a housewife and mother to their four children: Andrea born in 1935, Deo born in 1938, Telle born in 1940 and Kinny born in 1943.

My grandfather's childhood in the Philippines was marked by the Japanese occupation from 1942-1945, by domestic displacement and by the loss of his older sister in the course of the Japanese war strategy of scorched earth in the Second World War.

As a young adult, he went to Europe on a scholarship to study philosophy and theology. There he made friends for life and worked as a Catholic priest for a year after his ordination in 1965 – until he met my grandma Uta who got pregnant with their first child. He made a decision in favor of a life with them and had the Vatican reinstate him as a layman. On the 28th of August of 1968, they tied the knot in a civil ceremony - and 25 years later they eventually got married in church.

A new beginning followed: they raised three children, while my grandfather studied economics and business administration and – with the help of scholarships and without much financial support – completed his studies with a doctorate. He initially dreamed of a career at the World Bank in order to improve the lives of people in countries in the global South through entrepreneurship and economic development. However, he ended up in Oberhofen instead, where he was instrumental in setting up the frozen pizza factory PrimAs, which he managed as director until his retirement. He developed the site from a small business with 25 employees to a factory with a workforce of over 100 people. Meanwhile, his wife Uta was busy co-founding, setting up and eventually managing the local music school, where she taught the violin and other instruments. In his spare time, he devoted himself to photography and his garden with his hundreds and hundreds of bonsais. At the turn of the century, my dearest grandma was diagnosed with Alzheimer's at the age of 59. Our grandparents moved from the Tyrol to Burgenland. Deo loved the panoramic views and the vineyards of Kobersdorf and Deutschkreutz. He looked after my grandma lovingly and around the clock as her primary caregiver for more than a decade until her death and gave everything he had to give (without any complaints or expectations of others).

He also looked after his grandchildren on a regular basis. In May 2013, when my mother was away at the Handel Festival in Göttingen and my father and brothers were living in Nepal, he came to Berlin for a month and cooked for me every night, listened to all the details of my 16-year-old life, watched me work and at most commented on my breathing rhythm from time to time.

My grandpa was a great conversationalist - I'm sure many of those present today can confirm that. For me, he was above all a first-class grandfather - someone who valued young perspectives and took our opinions seriously, who supported us with words and deeds and took a real interest in the lives of his grandchildren. He could burst with pride and tear up with emotion. I will miss his caramel sweets in the car, his hidden Amicelli bars, his kimonos and colorful jumpers, his adobo chicken at Christmas and his extraordinary culinary skills, his laughter, and his charm.

What made him special in my eyes was his thoughtful discretion and profound wisdom, his merciless self-reflection and self-criticism combined with forgiveness and generosity towards others, his curiosity, and his occasional speaking in riddles. His references - to current political events or European and global cultural and intellectual history - and his wordplay and wit were often too subtle for most people, but when understood, they were often magnificent.

Deo was someone who renounced, who served and who gave - without expecting the same from others. His only problem was that he was very good at giving, but miserable at receiving. We have no choice but to forgive him - the rascal.

Nothing can ease the pain of his loss except the gratitude and happiness of having had him. To me, he is a shining example and an inexhaustible source of inspiration. To make his hopes and dreams for me come true is and remains a driving force and a boost, an honor, and a great joy. Goodbye grandpa, sleep well, I love you forever & always <3

Closing Prayer

Irish Travel Blessing

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
The rains fall soft upon your fields.
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of his hand.
May the road rise up to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back.
May green be the grass you walk on,
May blue be the skies above you,
May God rest with you on your pillow.
And may you find yourself in heaven
long ere the devil takes note of your absence.

Amen

