

# 李婉華老師

## 追思會紀念本



日期：2019年3月30日（星期六）  
時間：下午 3:30-4:30  
地點：可風中學禮堂



## 程序表

程序一：默哀一分鐘

程序二：李婉華助理校長的生平軼事（播放片段）

程序三：蕭志新校長致悼辭

程序四：吳秀珍老師致悼辭

程序五：文美儀、何曉勤舊生致悼辭

程序六：家人致辭

程序七：同事獻歌

主持宣佈追思會結束

## 李婉華助理校長的 生平軼事

李婉華助理校長，1984年畢業於香港大學，隨即加入嗶色園主辦可風中學，服務長達三十五載，一直盡心竭力，黽勉從事。她是英文科科主任，帶領英文科團隊致力發展科務，以提升學生英語水平為己任。近年，她更擔任助理校長一職，負責本校學與教的工作，使學校穩步發展，可謂居功至偉。

在同事眼中，李婉華助理校長意志堅定，絕不輕言請假。早年全勤的老師在學期終結時可獲贈一枚金牌，李老師曾被其他同事笑問金牌的數量是否足以串成一條頸鍊，金牌數量之多足見其一直謹守崗位，克盡本份的美德。每天下課後，她都會留在學校工作至晚上，假日也經常回校，默默耕耘，不論行政工作或是教學事務，都處理得一絲不苟，嚴謹認真，堪稱眾師中的典範。

李老師觀人於微，關心學生，經常幫助有經濟困難的家庭，使受惠的學生不計其數。她處事低調，為善從不宣揚。而且善解人意，與學生的關係亦師亦友，課室內外皆打成一片。她喜歡與學生共膳，並會靜悄悄地為學生結賬，不想他們浪費金錢。因此，她深得學生們的愛戴和敬重，從學生自發為老師執拾教師桌，讓她有一個理想的工作環境的事例中可見一斑。

李老師舉止溫文，談吐優雅，待人以誠，樂觀積極，能夠成為她的同事或學生，是幸運，也是福氣。今遽然離世，本校上下深感哀悼，在此感謝李婉華助理校長身教言傳，多年來為學校和學生作出無私奉獻，謹向這位靈魂工程師致以深深的敬意。





## 師生追思文

我不知道助理校長到底是做甚麼工作的。我認識的婉華，不是助理校長，是李婉華老師。

婉華，是一位老師，她樸素、勤懇、踏實。婉華，是可風中學的英文科主任，她勇敢、執著、有堅持、肯承擔。跟婉華共事過的老師，可能都曾因為她對英文科的堅持而跟她有過大大小小的磨擦，包括我。但，學校生態如此，要爭取資源，要維護本科利益，作為科主任，事實上不得不如此，各為其科而已。畢竟人在江湖，身不由己。

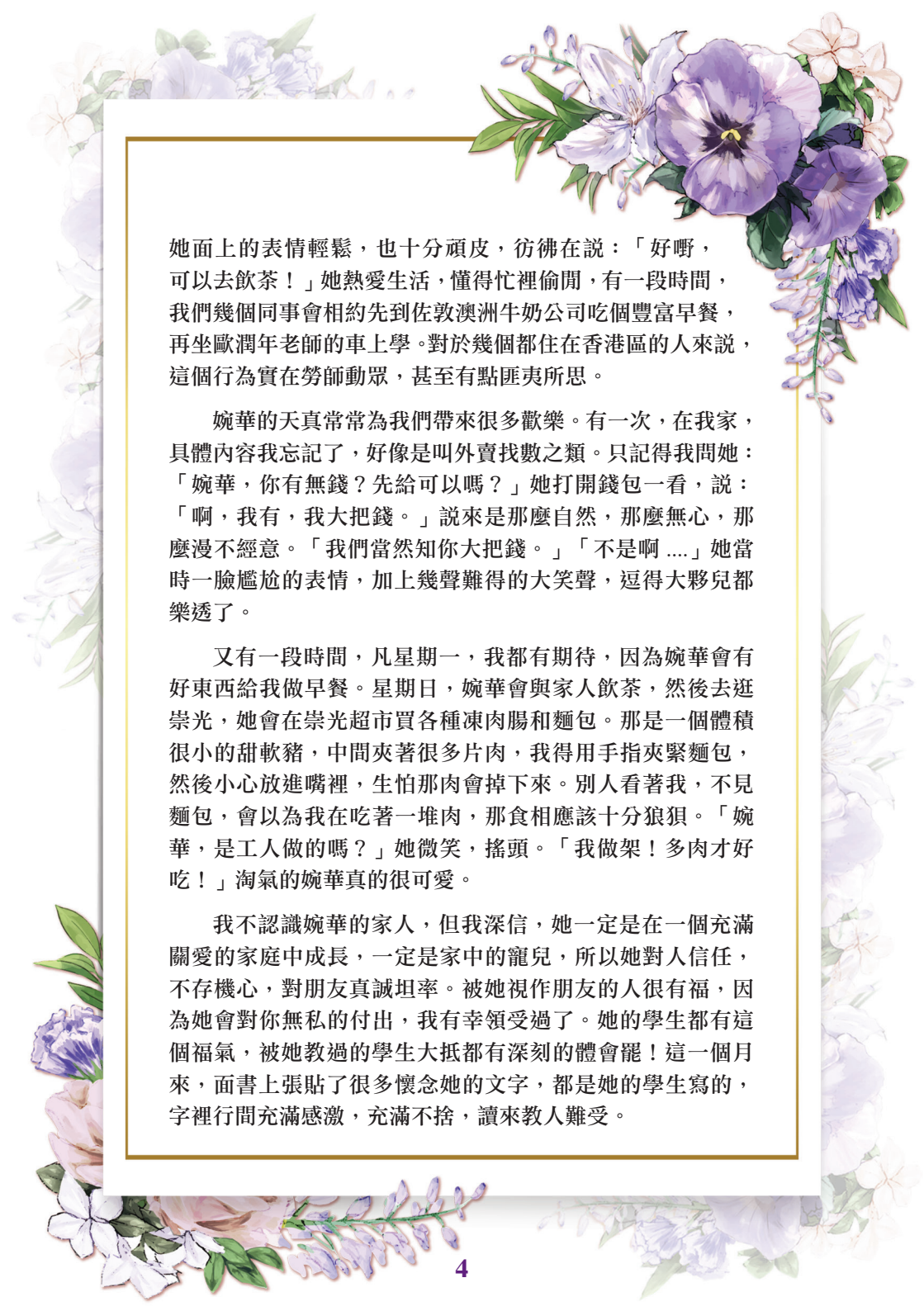
婉華外表溫弱，可是面對工作，她所顯現出來的拚勁卻比很多健碩強壯的男士還要狠！婉華對教學工作的認真盡責是沒有人會質疑的。三十多年來，她絕不輕易請假，哪怕只是一天半天。在我看來，這是真正的專業精神——我的課堂，我就是唯一，不是隨便找一個空堂老師就能取代我的位置。我病了，不能講課，但課堂內的工作安排仍得由我作主，不能任由學生浪費時間。

婉華那堅持執著的性格，你可能只能在她投入工作時見到。在其他的生活層面，她溫柔、體貼、善良。我們一家都認識婉華，女兒還小的時候，我們會去她在澄碧村的「行宮」玩樂，她會預先差遣她的女傭把地方打掃乾淨，再預備充足的糧食酒水，讓我們每次都能盡興而還。

婉華其實是一個很愛玩很天真的人。考試期間，有次我收完試卷回到教員室，見到枱頭有一張字條，寫著 "Dine out"，是婉華的筆跡。之後在走廊遇到她，她用口形向我說：「打鐘即走，大門口等！」







她面上的表情輕鬆，也十分頑皮，彷彿在說：「好嘢，可以去飲茶！」她熱愛生活，懂得忙裡偷閒，有一段時間，我們幾個同事會相約先到佐敦澳洲牛奶公司吃個豐富早餐，再坐歐潤年老師的車上學。對於幾個都住在香港區的人來說，這個行為實在勞師動眾，甚至有點匪夷所思。

婉華的天真常常為我們帶來很多歡樂。有一次，在我家，具體內容我忘記了，好像是叫外賣找數之類。只記得我問她：「婉華，你有無錢？先給可以嗎？」她打開錢包一看，說：「啊，我有，我大把錢。」說來是那麼自然，那麼無心，那麼漫不經意。「我們當然知你大把錢。」「不是啊 ....」她當時一臉尷尬的表情，加上幾聲難得的大笑聲，逗得大夥兒都樂透了。

又有一段時間，凡星期一，我都有期待，因為婉華會有好東西給我做早餐。星期日，婉華會與家人飲茶，然後去逛崇光，她會在崇光超市買各種凍肉腸和麵包。那是一個體積很小的甜軟豬，中間夾著很多片肉，我得用手指夾緊麵包，然後小心放進嘴裡，生怕那肉會掉下來。別人看著我，不見麵包，會以為我在吃著一堆肉，那食相應十分狼狽。「婉華，是工人做的嗎？」她微笑，搖頭。「我做架！多肉才好吃！」淘氣的婉華真的很可愛。

我不認識婉華的家人，但我深信，她一定是在一個充滿關愛的家庭中成長，一定是家中的寵兒，所以她對人信任，不存機心，對朋友真誠坦率。被她視作朋友的人很有福，因為她會對你無私的付出，我有幸領受過了。她的學生都有這個福氣，被她教過的學生大抵都有深刻的體會罷！這一個月來，面書上張貼了很多懷念她的文字，都是她的學生寫的，字裡行間充滿感激，充滿不捨，讀來教人難受。

婉華是可風的 Royal（張芷芳老師語）。她性格鮮明而立體，她外表閒雅溫婉，內心亦柔亦剛。對待朋友、學生，她細心體貼；對待工作，她盡忠職守；面對頑疾逆境，她表現硬朗，並用感恩的心去化解。她用行動演活了誨人不倦、有教無類、春風化雨、默默耕耘等老生常談可又近乎僵化的詞語，她讓我們看到身教到底是甚麼一回事。

今天，善良的她走了，她為我們留下很多美好的回憶。龐嘉雯同學曾在面書上寫道：「因為你，我會變成一個更善良的人。」是的，但願我們都因為你而變得更加善良！

### 陳燕鳴老師



## 師生追思文

Do not stand at my grave and weep  
I am not there. I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft stars that shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there. I did not die.

I am the roar of the waterfall  
I am the rustling in the leaves  
I am the blankets warming you at night  
I am the birds chirping away  
I am the sweetness of a new born baby

Do not stand at my grave and cry;  
I am not there. I did not die.

I am the roar of the waterfall  
I am the rustling in the leaves  
I am the blankets warming you at night  
I am the birds chirping happily  
I am the sweetness of a new born baby  
I am the sweetness of a new born baby  
I am the sweetness of a new born baby

*Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep* - Poem by Mary Elizabeth Frye and PG.

If I could turn back time, I would thank you once again, for giving me the opportunity to learn from you, however brief it was. I remain forever in your debt. Truly sorry...

**Peter Germann**

















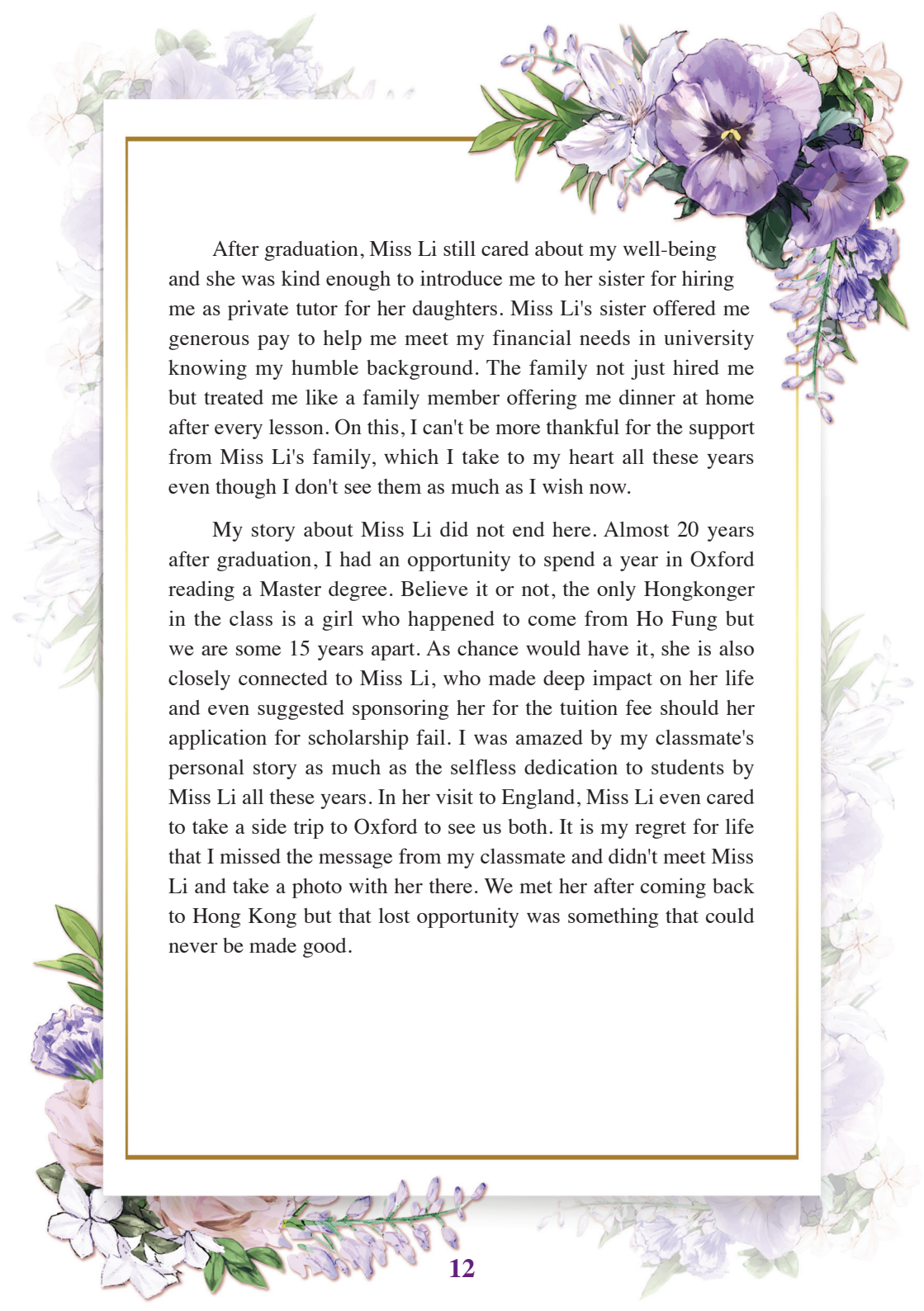


## 師生追思文

It is beyond words of how much I miss Miss Li, who has made such a huge impact on me well beyond the school years. I leave this message in remembrance of her and also as a note to other schoolmates recalling the beauty of her selflessness.

Miss Li was my English teacher in Form 2, 4 and 5. She was a good teacher in the classroom, and tried every possible means to enlighten us on how to master English as a language rather than a subject. In those days, apart from standard teaching materials, we learned English with the aid of songs, role-playing and classroom interaction. Miss Li is a stringent teacher but also she enforced her standard in accordance with the ability and circumstances of the students. She also shared her disappointment with our performance in the class but not because of the grades but rather our failure to try the best. The formative years under Miss Li's guidance has given me a new perspective of learning English and I am much indebted to her for my grades in the public exams.

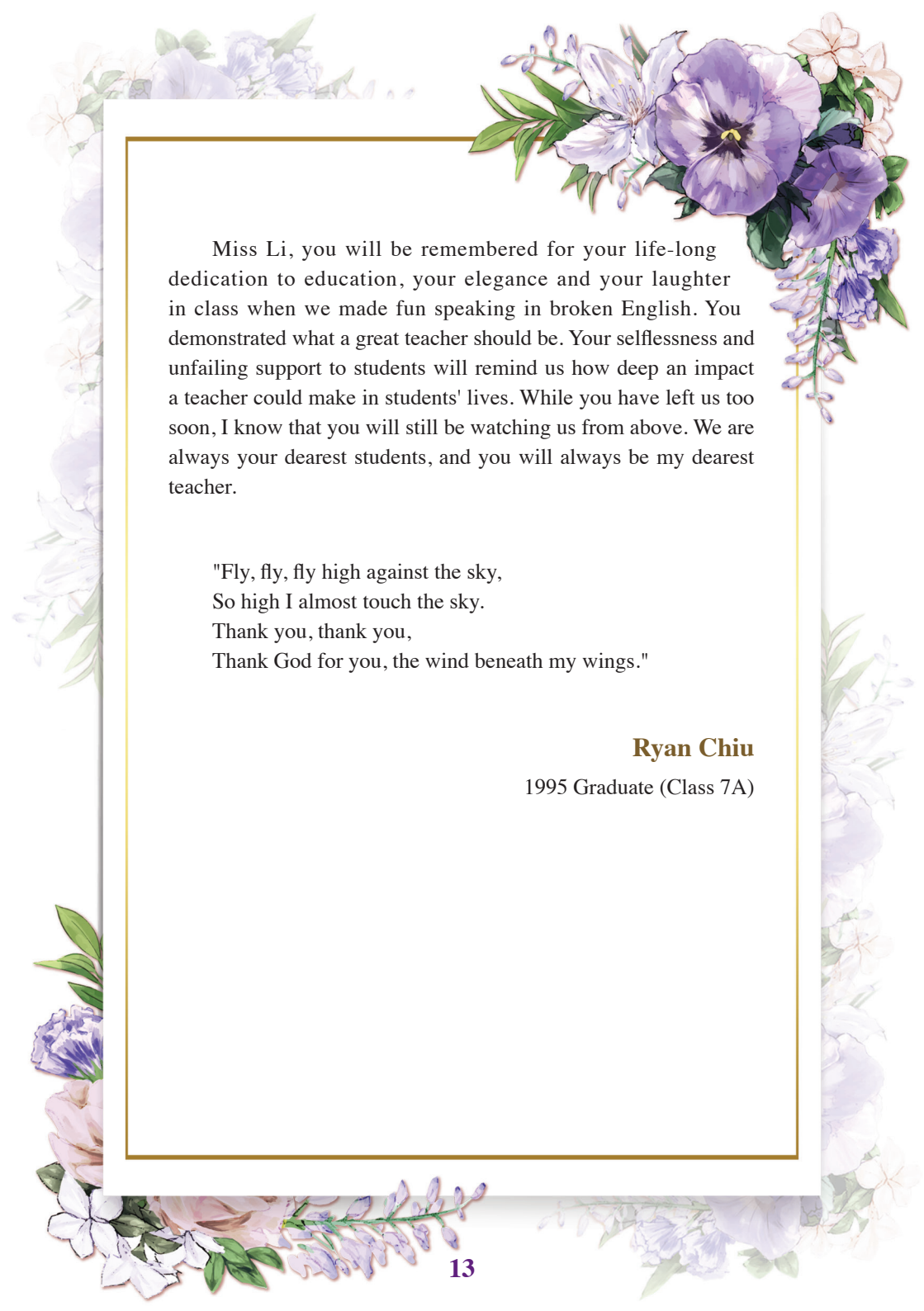
But what Miss Li impacts me most is her care for me outside of the classroom. I will never forget how supportive she was to me and also my friends whom she no longer taught. She cared about our health and even asked one of my best friends in school who had problem with his walking to see doctor and subsequently he was diagnosed with problem in spinal cord that required a major surgery. Learning of my asthma and skin problem, she also referred me to her brother-in-law, who was a doctor, to give me a thorough diagnosis. She did not only refer me but also accompanied me to attend the consultation in her private time. When every teacher was complaining about long hours of work in schools, she sacrificed her personal time to attend to our personal needs.



After graduation, Miss Li still cared about my well-being and she was kind enough to introduce me to her sister for hiring me as private tutor for her daughters. Miss Li's sister offered me generous pay to help me meet my financial needs in university knowing my humble background. The family not just hired me but treated me like a family member offering me dinner at home after every lesson. On this, I can't be more thankful for the support from Miss Li's family, which I take to my heart all these years even though I don't see them as much as I wish now.

My story about Miss Li did not end here. Almost 20 years after graduation, I had an opportunity to spend a year in Oxford reading a Master degree. Believe it or not, the only Hongkonger in the class is a girl who happened to come from Ho Fung but we are some 15 years apart. As chance would have it, she is also closely connected to Miss Li, who made deep impact on her life and even suggested sponsoring her for the tuition fee should her application for scholarship fail. I was amazed by my classmate's personal story as much as the selfless dedication to students by Miss Li all these years. In her visit to England, Miss Li even cared to take a side trip to Oxford to see us both. It is my regret for life that I missed the message from my classmate and didn't meet Miss Li and take a photo with her there. We met her after coming back to Hong Kong but that lost opportunity was something that could never be made good.





Miss Li, you will be remembered for your life-long dedication to education, your elegance and your laughter in class when we made fun speaking in broken English. You demonstrated what a great teacher should be. Your selflessness and unfailing support to students will remind us how deep an impact a teacher could make in students' lives. While you have left us too soon, I know that you will still be watching us from above. We are always your dearest students, and you will always be my dearest teacher.

"Fly, fly, fly high against the sky,  
So high I almost touch the sky.  
Thank you, thank you,  
Thank God for you, the wind beneath my wings."

**Ryan Chiu**

1995 Graduate (Class 7A)



## 師生追思文

We are all saddened by the loss of a great, unselfish and talented teacher. Miss Li will always live in our hearts.

I first came to know Miss Li when I was an S.2 student. Miss Li taught us *A Christmas Carol*. I remember Miss Li asking us to underline a sophisticated line written by Charles Dickens. For me, as an S.2 student at the time, I only realized that Miss Li had been - and she still was - an extraordinarily competent English teacher who had a good mastery of the language.

Years after, Miss Li became my A-level English teacher and she was also our class teacher. Every time after Miss Li marked my composition, I had the benefit of reading the comments she wrote. The comments included, as you can expect, "see me" and "enrich the content". During the two years' learning, I once and again realized that Miss Li was a very well-qualified English teacher who helped open her students' eyes and sharpen their English skills.

Time elapsed, in 2013, I had a tea time with Miss Li at Spaghetti House in Tsuen Wan. I asked Miss Li when she would retire. Miss Li gently told me that she would like to work for a few more years before she retired.

One year after, I met Miss Li again at Ho Fung's 40th anniversary. I was very delighted to see Miss Li again. At that time, I was practicing law and asked Miss Li how I could improve my English. Firm and professional, Miss Li told me to read the newspaper more often and note the choice of words and register. The little secret I did not tell Miss Li at the time was that I really admired her English proficiency. Deep in my heart, I understand that, even up till today, my English proficiency stands no comparison with hers.

It was not until April 2018 when I learned that Miss Li was seriously ill and was absent from school for a long period of time. During the last summer vacation, Miss Li asked me to

have afternoon tea with her some time. However, I could not bear seeing Miss Li being ill, thinking that I would definitely burst into tears in the circumstances. For this reason, I did not have any reunion with Miss Li while she was on leave. In fact, it was my cowardice, timidity and stupidity that made me miss the chance to meet Miss Li at last.

In October 2018, Miss Li, through WhatsApp, told me she had a bad flu. I kept asking whether Miss Li was fine. In reply, Miss Li warmly told me, "I am ok. Don't worry about me." However, it was this message which worried me most. Whenever it became freezing cold, I would worry whether Miss Li could withstand the very cold weather, which she was prone to.

In December 2018, the second last dialogue I had with Miss Li was the discussion of the itinerary of my London trip. Shortly before the Chinese New Year 2019, we exchanged blessings and I wanted to deliver the fruit basket to Miss Li's home. Unlike what happened in June 2018, no one was home and no one picked up the fruit basket this time. I immediately asked my cousin to contact Dr. Leung, who happened to be my cousin's family doctor and Miss Li's brother in law. Despite that I had no update on the part of Dr. Leung, I knew something very bad would happen soon.

Miss Li was the heroine in many people's lives. Miss Li was gentle, decent and elegant and she deserved the best in her life. People say "good man dies young". If this is fate, I elect to accept it. I understand everyone should move on and what I can do is to live up to the spirit of Miss Li.

Thank you for everything, Miss Li. You will be missed. Goodbye.

**Alex To**

2005 Graduate (Class 7A)







## 師生追思文

To Miss Li's family,

I find it hard to use words to express myself at this sorrowful moment.

Miss Li was my Form 6 and 7 class teacher from 2008 to 2009. And of course, she was also our English teacher.

In my memory, Miss Li was always gentle, so gentle that for us students, it would be a crime not to take advantage of that. Whenever Miss Li wrote "SEE ME" at the end of an English assignment (usually because of our absurd grammatical mistakes), not only did we try to postpone that appointment as much as possible, even if we showed up, we would simply show a sad or almost-going-to-cry face and she would soften up and let us go. To Miss Li, teaching was more than a job. She had a sense of duty that made her stand out from the crowd. She was quiet yet you would never overlook her. She looked graceful with ease. She was always busy. And her desk was always messy. Well, tidiness was never one of her strengths. Yet she never missed marking any of our assignments. She never complained about anything. She was that teacher that you were always eager to meet, to talk to, to chat with, about everything.

My best memories with Miss Li, however, were when she drove in the opposite direction of the driveway in a carpark (you can imagine the scariness and only at that moment I realised she was not the best driver in the world), and the day when she made a home visit as I had applied for a family hardship fund. It was these tiny moments that made her more than a teacher to me; she was a friend and mentor.

Miss Li and I kept contact for a few years after I graduated. She invited me to be a part-time English tutor back at Ho Fung. Even though these tutorials were for only a few students on Saturdays, Miss Li was always over-prepared (with which I was not at all surprised). The material she prepared for one lesson could last for five. I worked at Ho Fung until 2015 and my last tutorial became the last time we met. We chatted on the phone a few times after that day and she said, let's get dinner sometimes. Regrettably that day never came.

Miss LI has touched the hearts of so many and she helped me become who I am today.

She will be remembered, as she always has been.

### **Au Yeung Ching Yee, Carina**

2009 Graduate (Class 7A)



## 師生追思文

We hadn't taken many pictures together and this is one of the few - but I remember the 11 months that we spent together. I remember being intimidated by how serious and professional you were when I first came back to work alongside with you. I remember how messy your two desks were and how tough of a task it was to locate a book there. I remember how documents even flooded your computer's desktop too that it always lagged and gave you lots of trouble. I remember you would always forget where you had left your M&S bag or sometimes even your car key, and had to text me asking if they were in Room 104.

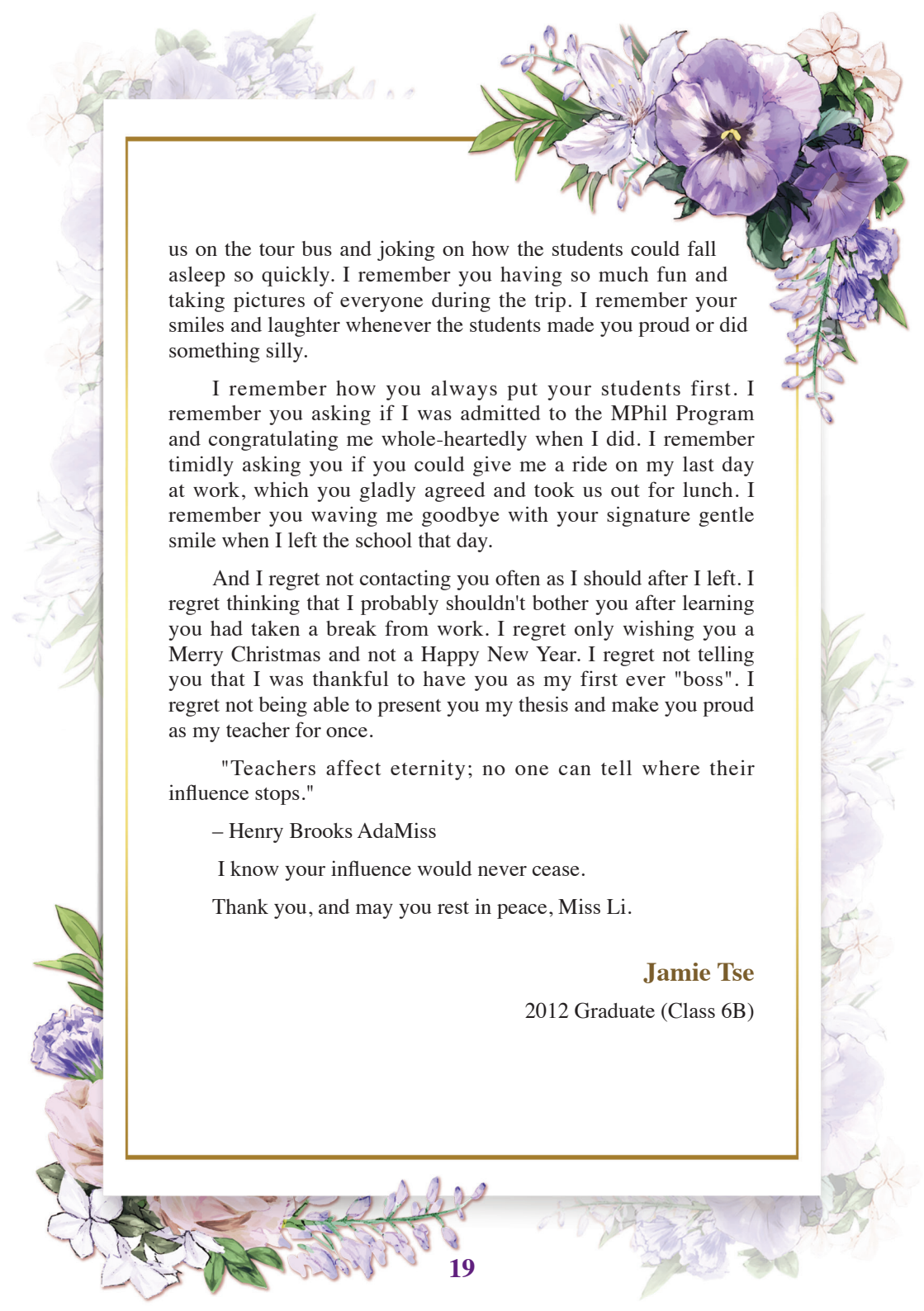
I remember all the notes you wrote to me and how you made fun of how illegible they were. Sometimes, you took pictures of those notes and WhatsApp-ed them to me. They could be too blurry to read, but I still have them in my phone, all of them. I remember you sitting beside me and patiently instructing me on revising those countless documents that were needed within hours. I remember you always cared for me and asked if I had eaten throughout the day despite the very fact that you yourself hadn't.

I remember you took us by surprise on a busy day, buying us food and drinks to cheer us on. I remember those evenings where you didn't bear to make me work overtime and told me to leave first. I remember your every battle with those gadgets, including your own phone. I remember setting up Skype for you because it was the only way to conduct interviews, where we had a good laugh out of it because you just couldn't find the front camera.

I remember everything you taught me at work, even your passion and your spirit. I remember you flying around the school campus all day, and I had to call you sometimes to get an urgent message across. I remember going to Shanghai with you and your class, that was when I found out you were very sensitive to cold temperatures. I remember you sharing snacks with







us on the tour bus and joking on how the students could fall asleep so quickly. I remember you having so much fun and taking pictures of everyone during the trip. I remember your smiles and laughter whenever the students made you proud or did something silly.

I remember how you always put your students first. I remember you asking if I was admitted to the MPhil Program and congratulating me whole-heartedly when I did. I remember timidly asking you if you could give me a ride on my last day at work, which you gladly agreed and took us out for lunch. I remember you waving me goodbye with your signature gentle smile when I left the school that day.

And I regret not contacting you often as I should after I left. I regret thinking that I probably shouldn't bother you after learning you had taken a break from work. I regret only wishing you a Merry Christmas and not a Happy New Year. I regret not telling you that I was thankful to have you as my first ever "boss". I regret not being able to present you my thesis and make you proud as my teacher for once.

"Teachers affect eternity; no one can tell where their influence stops."

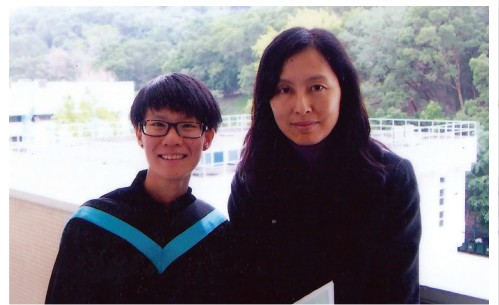
– Henry Brooks Adams

I know your influence would never cease.

Thank you, and may you rest in peace, Miss Li.

**Jamie Tse**

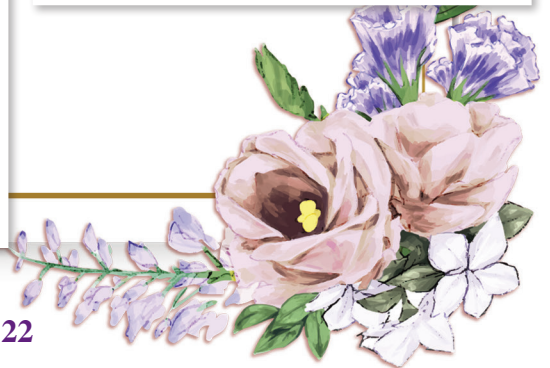
2012 Graduate (Class 6B)

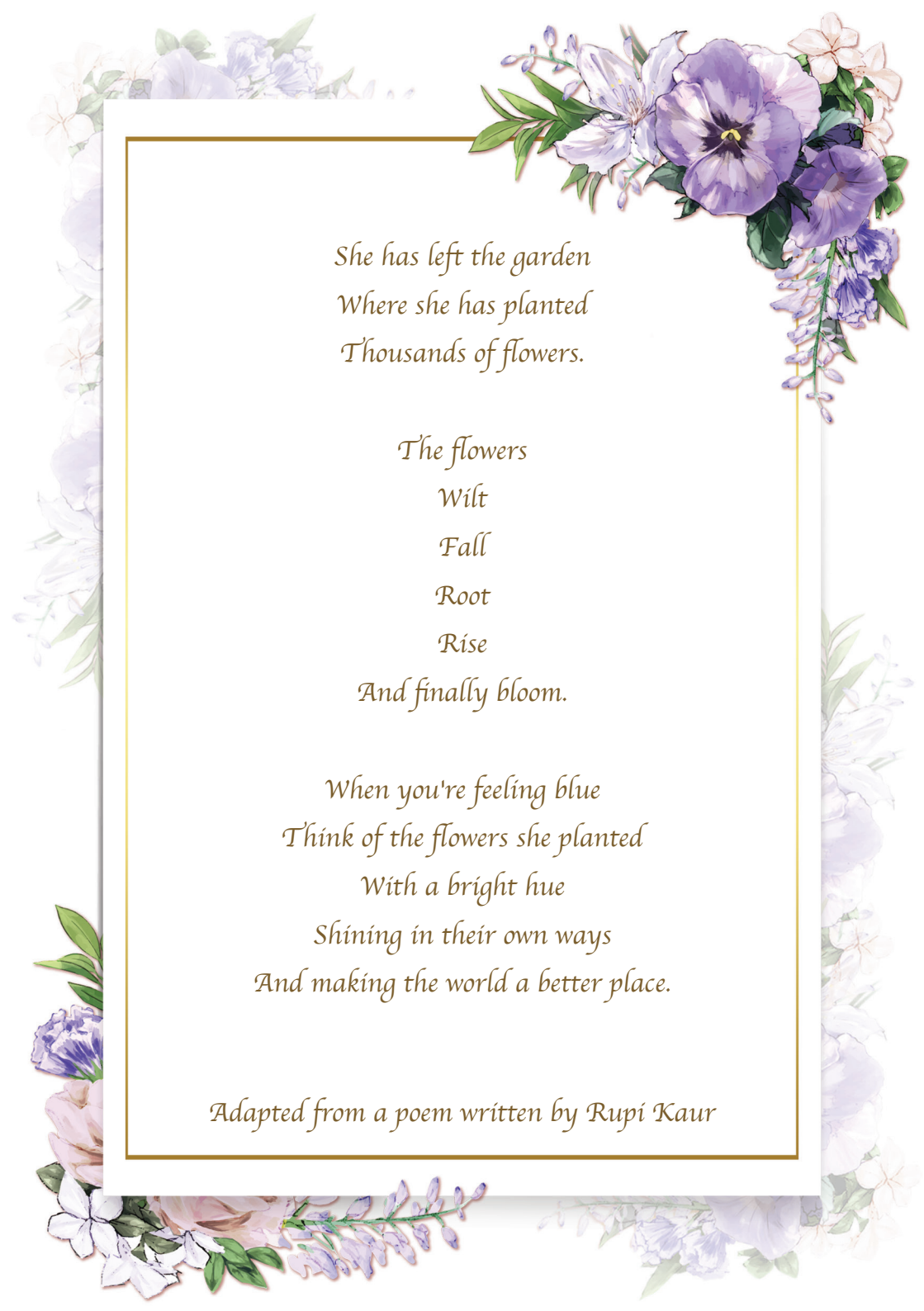












*She has left the garden  
Where she has planted  
Thousands of flowers.*

*The flowers  
Wilt  
Fall  
Root  
Rise  
And finally bloom.*

*When you're feeling blue  
Think of the flowers she planted  
With a bright hue  
Shining in their own ways  
And making the world a better place.*

*Adapted from a poem written by Rupi Kaur*