

## My Life

Life indeed is full of drama! This is what I've learned based on my experiences. Why did I come up with this conclusion? It started 23 years ago. July 22, 1987 was the most unforgettable date in my life. My uncle arrived in our humble abode at 9 pm, almost losing his breath while informing us that my father was shot directly in his heart. He's dead on arrival at the hospital. Mom was terribly shocked of the worst news she ever heard in her entire life. Afterwards, our pigs and chickens got ill that caused their death. Mother was totally at loss for words on the events that plagued our family. Even at an early age, I was able to understand how my mother was going through all of these.

Undaunted, our mother raised us singlehandedly. Life must go on, so to speak. Since she has no degree to boast, all she can do is to engage in small time business (selling banana, peanuts, among others) in the morning, be a laundrywoman in the afternoon, and even at night time she's still washing clothes and sometimes ironing until midnight. The next day, she's up too early to start her routine, again and again. Sometimes, I see my mother crying especially when we have nothing to eat. She has the courage though to borrow money from our neighbours just to buy "kamote" or beans for us to eat. But we never complained. In fact we were happy that amidst all the hardships that our mother has faced, never did she think of marrying again just to save us from poverty. I still remember there was a man willing to marry her and accept us but she declined the offer. Her determination to face life's trials motivated us to be strong individuals. Her love and care for us brought out the goodness in us. Her faith in Jehovah God taught us the value of a strong relationship with HIM for us to have the strength to carry on.

True enough, we are poor. We have nothing. But we are a happy, united and God-fearing family. Mom has instilled in us her principles, her values, her wisdom. Despite all the hurdles in life, we must face the world and put up a good fight in a good way. I can't forget this line of our mother. I was greatly encouraged with these words from her. I exerted more effort in studying my lessons so I can give honour to my mother. And I did. I graduated with honours in elementary with 2 other awards. One of these was the Model Youth award. Mom was so proud of me and so are my friends and relatives. This was just a proof that poverty is not a hindrance to achieve good education. Definitely, good reputation follows. Then in secondary, I was the class valedictorian and was given some special awards. Once again, I have given my mother honour.

Sad to say, I wasn't able to maintain my being an honour student in college. I was not the same student that I used to be. Though at times I made it, but not in the overall standing in my 5 years as a BSA student in MSU-IIT. Luckily, I passed the course, but not the board exam. I was so upset I didn't make it twice. With that, I lost my confidence. I was so ashamed of myself that I can't face anybody. It seems like the world is laughing at me because of my failure. But mom was there to lift me up. She gave me the assurance that no matter what, she's still proud of me because I grew up to be a man of principles, a man of values, and a man of words as well as actions just like her. To her, this is what counts the most. Money. Fame. Fortune. I may not have these, but I was able to establish a good name for myself and managed to present to the world a decent lifestyle. And even if I fall so many times, yet here I am still standing. I must say, I succeeded - not in the material and financial aspect - but in a wholistic point of view, as a person.