

The

REVIEW

The Official Student Publication of Northwestern University

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The Chronicles of Excellence
The Making of a Legacy

the Review
THE OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION
OF NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

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ABOUT THE COVER



Like the pot that is molded through rigorous process and fashioned by bare, caring hands, Northwestern was established through hardwork and unmatched passion, to mold the young and help shape their future.

And like the hands that carefully carve the pot into its desired, sturdy, beautiful image, the founders' dream puts in place the undying promise to provide quality education to the students and nurture them with Christian values. That is the Legacy of the potter-founders' caring, loving hands.

Cover Design
Stephanie Co

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“Chronicles of Excellence”
by Kathleen Gajultos
(text on the outside back cover)

“A good story that is not told will never have the chance to move people. It will be a good cause that will not be put to better use. A worthy cause without a story is like a good song that has never been sung. You need to tell the story.”

-Pacita U. Juan
President, League of Corporate Foundations

**Yes, tell the story.
Join *The Review*.**

contact us at
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Let There be Light

At the onset of school year 2009-2010, we, the designated staff of the publication committed to serve the university students with all our capacities and privileges accorded to us. We thought of the days to come. We looked ahead and gazed at the future. And when we were about to officially carry out our responsibilities, we knew we were into more than just something. We were into something that must be won not for ourselves, not for our own interest but for the people whom we swore to represent.

The *Review* is everything-- it is the whole lot about the university student population. We, the staff members knew we were not only there to voice out the truth. We knew we should not only carry out our mission and fulfill them but that we knew our responsibility - that is, to be the medium of the students in expressing their sentiments.

On certain issues, the administration and the publication seemed to be at odds. And that seemed to have been always the situation, like since its creation. But why, we are only in for speaking on behalf of the students. That must be a very unfortunate setup because the two entities just can't be on the same level in seeing things. And we can not help it, not because of anything else, but that we have to fulfill our sworn oath of voicing out the students' sentiments. Where the interest of the majority is at stake, there we go to serve as their mouthpiece. Despite this arrangement, the two entities have always been civil with each other.

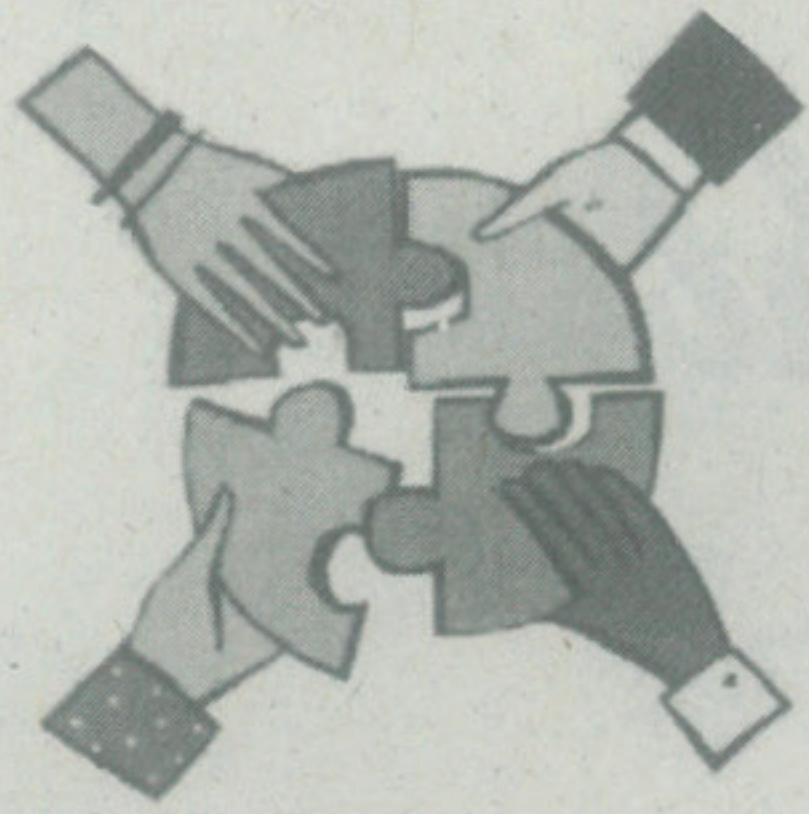
Many graduates of this year's batch have been with the *Review* for four years. Some may have been in the company of the publication longer than we know. Others may have been with the paper for only a short period. The paper is glad to have contributed its share in making their lives meaningful and we wish that what they learned while they played their role as servants of the students will serve them in the bigger world.

As a body standing for the general welfare of the students, the paper hopes that the good things it has imparted will consequently mold them into better persons, the way we are supposed to be. And as parting words to them and the rest of the graduates, we wish you success in all the things you plan to do from hereon. You are blessed to have acquired your diplomas from the university, sharing its wealth of knowledge. You now have an education—a wealth that can never be taken away from you. And the paper hopes to have its share, at least a spark, of the beacon of light that you are taking with you as you take your ceremonial exit. That spark will serve as an ember in your eternal passion to learn, which has been the reason why you were in the university. The school has freed you from the darkness that ignorance brings.

LET THERE BE LIGHT! The publication will continue to be a beacon for students who will carry on the mission for more years to come. Let us not have the *Review* "here today and gone tomorrow." Students, you own the *Review*. Have it. Hold it. Use it. Let it be for your own advantage, for your own good, for your privilege, for your right, that you may be heard. It is your tool towards your freedom.

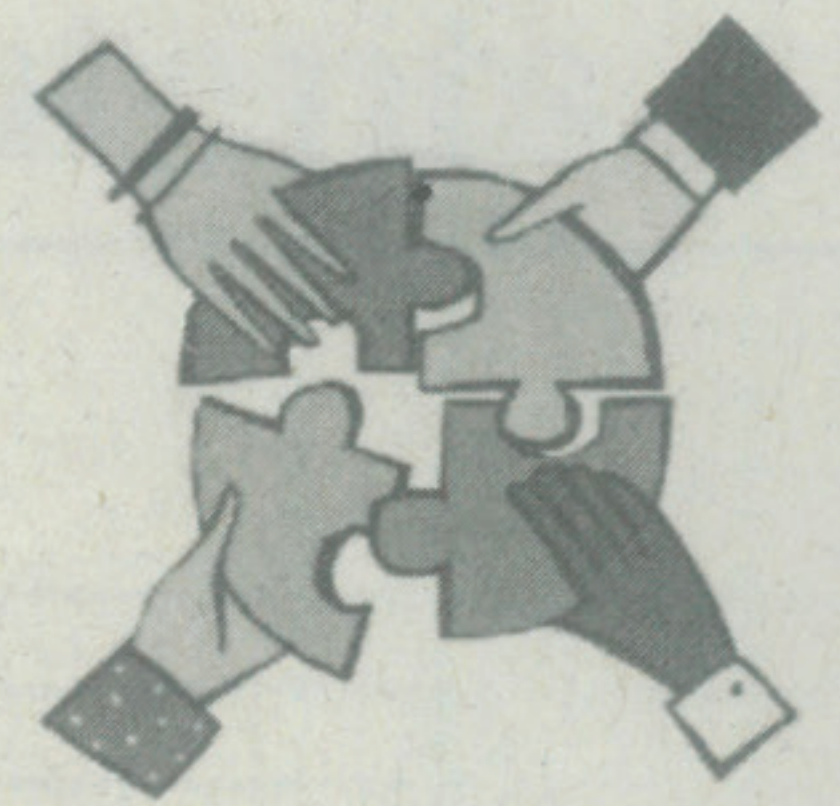
And as for us, the staff, we never desired a grand entrance. Nor we dreamed a celebrated exit. Together with the graduates of batch 2010, we, the staff, take our simple, final bow.

The Legacy



and

The Review



(Editor's note: *The launching of Legacy, the book that chronicles not only the history of Northwestern but also the story of men and women who dreamed big to serve their fellowmen in these parts, brings to light one entity in the academe that stood the test of time. It is one legacy that has become an institution nurtured by those who believed and still believed in it.*

Ever since its inception, the Review, the official student publication has become the beacon of Northwestern demonstrating what it can to advance the school founders' dream to produce men and women who would liberate the institution from the threats of power, negligence, greed and failures.

True to its goal for which it was created, the Review has always stood for what it signified to represent. It has been and will always be the students' mouthpiece in articulating their sentiments.

The paper has served as a venue for growth to those who has served as members of the editorial board. The student writers did not only learn the rudiments of journalism but more than that they learned lessons in life that cannot be learned in the books or in the four corners of the classroom. Their experiences working for the paper to serve the students are priceless.

Their experience in the Review has served them well. Many of the editors have acknowledged that their work experience in the paper worked to their advantage when they applied for jobs.

Many are now at the top of their professions, excelling in their chosen careers.

Just like the Legacy that nurtured the Review, the latter has a legacy too – a legacy that it has shared and passed on to the countless editors that manned it. It is also finding its way into the lives of those who encountered it and to the students for whom the Legacy has dedicated.

Through the paper, Northwestern University students found their way to freedom. Many were led to see the light. Many bear witness to the countless things the paper had shared leaving an impact on the lives of those it has touched.

The Review takes pride and dignity in having this share of the university history – the legacy of having changed people's lives and standing for what is right.

In a way, the Review also has given the university its freedom and independence- not the freedom and independence as it is but the freedom from the threats of power, greed, flaws, negligence and failures that the school once faced.

And as a tribute to this legacy, the Review presents below statements on the Legacy from the students' perspective plus excerpts of the university presidents' and the author's words during the book launching and a review of the book by a professional journalist.)

A Tall Order

◆ Charles Agustin

To trace one's roots is a tall order. It entails a lot of sacrifice. But if one wants to know his beginnings and help him discover his purpose to be able to chart his future, then by all means he should do it not only for himself but for humanity as well.

This is what the book *Legacy* and its author, Erlinda M. Gloria, intend to do.

Legacy is the story of the institution once called Northwestern Academy. It is the story of the seven and a half decades of Northwestern's existence. It is the story of three men, imbued with much courage, to put into reality their noble but magnificent dream amidst the worst of times, the dream of putting up an educational institution that is now



called Northwestern University. It is a story of three men who dreamt an impossible dream, with only their faith as their anchor in facing the insurmountable obstacles.

The story starts with the background of the men and women who laid down the foundation of the institution. The author's enthusiasm in storytelling can make the reader feel his presence in the set dating back from 1932. It is like watching a classic movie of the golden times when the screen was still black and white. But of course, later on will be the colorful set with Northwestern University as it is now.

Legacy is not just a story recounting the train of events that led to the establishment of the institution. It is chronicling the ups and downs of

“But if one wants to know his beginnings and help him discover his purpose to be able to chart his future, then by all means he should do it not only for himself but for humanity as well.”

an institution with great history. It is very interesting to note that *Legacy* is not a fiction but then again fiction can happen in the real world. One will be surprised to find out how Northwestern University, which operated on rented houses and borrowed chairs and typewriters, and the students admitted during its early years with a very small amount or with promissory notes, rose to become an educational institution with ISO certification.

Legacy is replete with interesting stories of sacrifice of men and women who wanted to provide a school for those who cannot afford education in the Big City. It is the story of Northwestern

University colored with corporate struggles.

There's a lot more going on than the physical changes you see inside the campus; things that you would know and appreciate better by reading the book which the author will tell you about. You will encounter in the book heroes who fought for their principles, and, of course, the power hungry villains who did everything to get what they lusted for. It is unfortunate for an institution, or a corporation, to experience events such as power grabbing, and encounter people who would conspire to take control for personal interest. But then perhaps it has to, to earn the glory it is now enjoying. “*Quest for power*”, “*Corporate Upheaval*”, “*Coup d'etat*” name it, the university experienced it. The author combined the vividness of reality and the dramatic thrill of a fiction in narrating these events, capturing the accuracy of the school's winning glory.

These are the things that make Northwestern University's history a very remarkable one. *Persecution* and *prosecution* happened inside the university. Accusations and counter accusations were hurled among the protagonists, and as to who were lying, you will know from the book. You will know about the mind games inside the

university. The time span after the golden anniversary of the school is the most interesting part of its history.

Legacy is for everyone to read. Future generations will learn from this book as it provides insights on what was like then of Northwestern as an educational institution, where it is now and how far it can go. It is a *must read book* so everyone may know what the institution has to offer, and by doing so, they will know where they will be led to.

The book describes the Northwestern community, how it conducts its business and what the current leaders are capable of as it also introduces the third generation as next power holders and discloses their capacities whether they can carry on the lofty dreams and the challenges left to them by their forefathers.

Those who do not know much about the school but want to learn more about it will find this book very interesting and a great help to appreciate the school's beginnings. And as the author says, people with affiliation with the university may draw strength, wisdom and inspiration from this rich legacy. There would be no better reference on almost anything about the university than *LEGACY*.

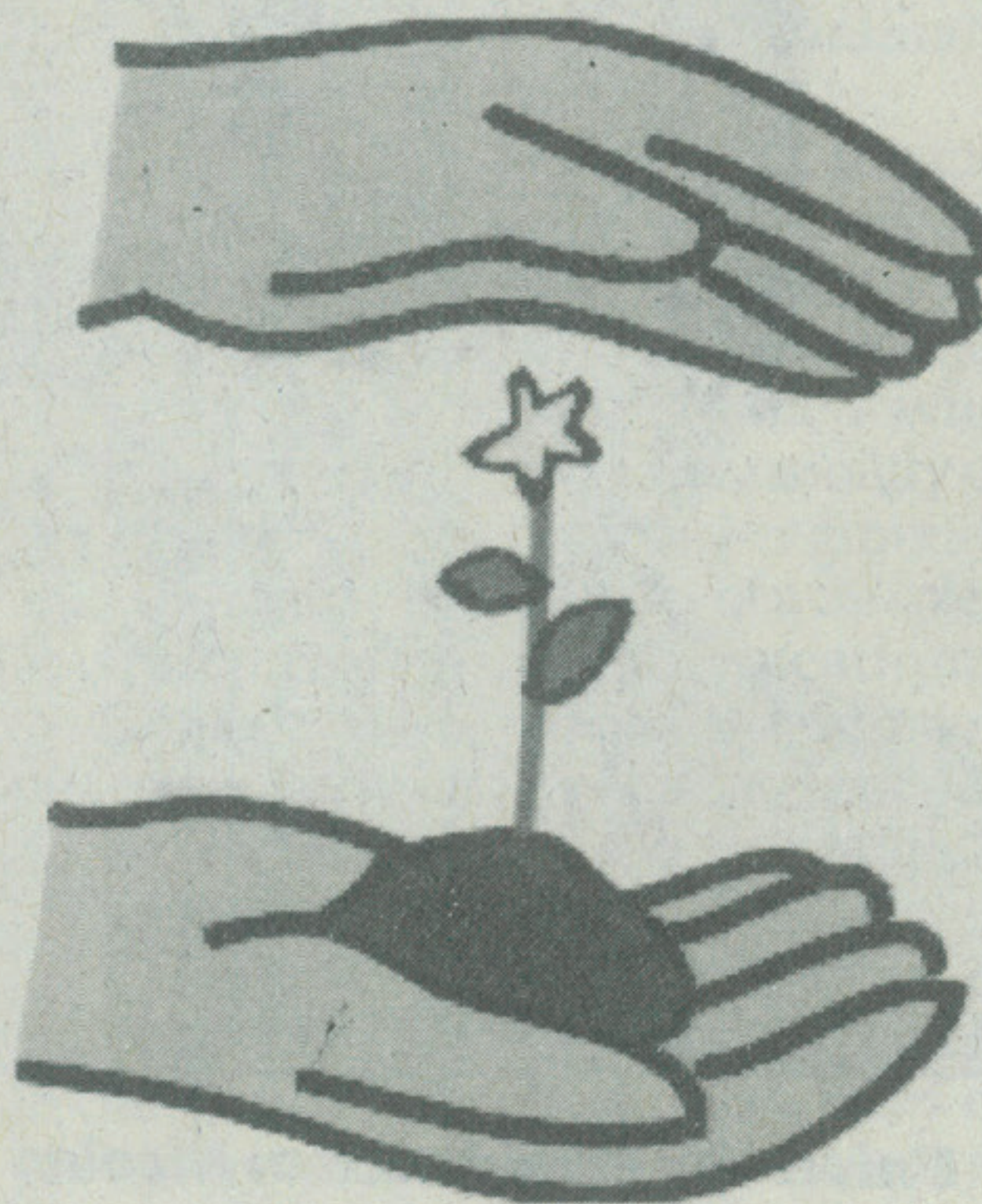
The Legacy of Mentors

◆ Stephanie Co

Did you ever experience meeting people trusting you despite your flaws? People who have believed in your ability even when you have yet to prove what you can do? People who tell you “I know you can do it?” People from whom you can draw your strength and solicit pieces of advice each time you need it? People whose sound advice and counsel you rely upon, helping you get through the day? That despite being once strangers, you have managed to create a bond with them, a bond that is molded and nurtured around trust and tightly woven more than that of a friend?

These people are rare to come by in one's life. They are people who live the real meaning of friendship, who build relationships that are founded on honesty and selflessness, not on wealth, or fame or schemes. They, whose willingness to nurture us, will surpass all the superficiality of life and materialism. They are willing to walk

an extra mile just to teach us not only about lessons in school but also lessons in life. They are the people who are willing to sacrifice their time just to guide us in our path, oversee us and



chasten us when we lose track and never withhold their loving care in times of trouble or even in our personal upheavals. They are the people who would spend grueling time, effort and resources to extend a helping hand, just to ensure that we learn, grow and develop into better individuals.

They are our counselor, they are our teachers, and they are the ones I call **Mentors**.

Their names may vary. We call them instructors, professors, mentors, teachers, old maids, etc. They come in different kinds, forms and packages. They are like our second mother and father. They have different strategies. They may inspire us, motivate us and sometimes even break us. Yet, these genuine mentors are selfless individuals who give a part of their time and energy without expecting anything in return hoping to see us strive for excellence, and aspiring for us a better future that will benefit the nation.

They are responsible for the feat of great men. They are in the profession that has a hand in shaping the future of our nation. And doctors, lawyers, engineers, nurses, businessmen, leaders, architects, and all forms of profession, have all their teachers and mentors to thank for. They rejoice when their students prosper. They are glad when their wards would rise to become mentors themselves, passing the torch of stewardship and nurturance to the next generations and even to the generations to come.

Their selflessness is *love*, their passion is *nurturing* and their will is to *serve and share*.

This is the inheritance, the goodness they have brought into the world. That even when some of their efforts are disregarded, or their sacrifices gone unnoticed or even despised, they never stopped serving and sharing their wisdom and knowledge. This is an everlasting heritage that is

passed unto us. Let us cherish them while we can and do our part to pass it forward, place it into the hands of worthy individuals. Let us touch other people's lives like how they've touched ours. That together we may share this beautiful gift – the idea that even in little things we can be great, that everything starts in small steps until we make it big.

That it takes someone to believe we can, someone who trusts us and whom we can trust, someone who guides us and never judges us should serve as inspiration when we will leave school and spread our wings. Let it be that what we gained from our mentors will serve as the light and guide in our journey of life and extend to others what they have done for us. For in selfless service, we gain more than what the world can give. With selfless love, we are blessed with joy and bestowed with treasures that will not perish. These gifts and treasures will last more than a

lifetime. These are things that our mentors showed us: that even in our grave, we will be remembered for our goodness, the beautiful things we have sacrificed, and the values that we have fought for. That how we lived our life and served as a blessing to others will be remembered and passed unto others.

Thank you Northwestern for giving us mentors—not only mentors in class but mentors in life. Let that legacy live on by continuing to provide them an atmosphere that will not dampen their spirits.

“Their selflessness is love, their passion is nurturing and their will is to serve and share.”

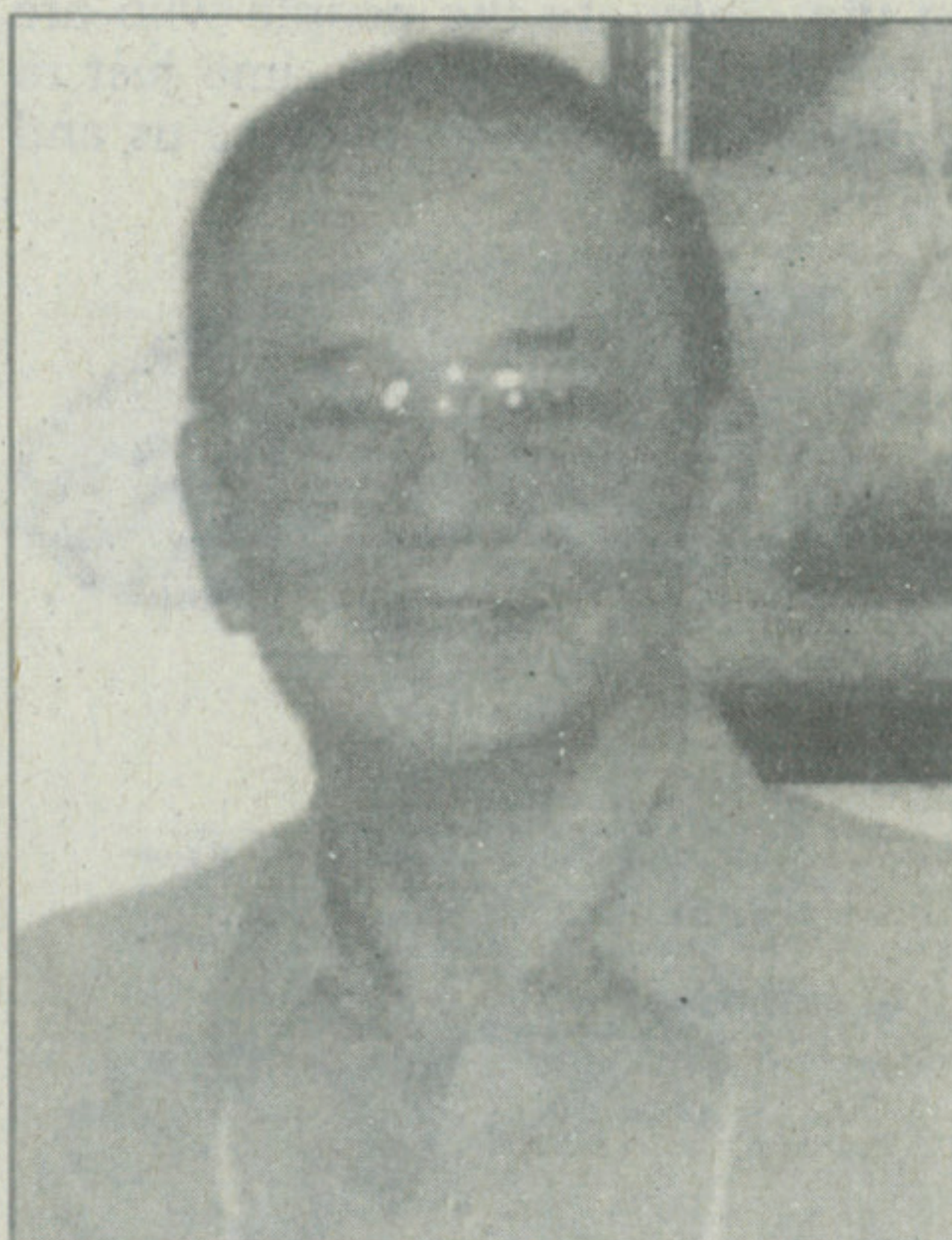
The President on the *Legacy*

“There were truths, facts and ideas that were unraveled. Unleashed and discovered for the emergence of a nobler Northwestern University. In this book, there are lessons to be learned, realizations to be valued, moments to cherish, virtues and practices to be appreciated and internalized.”

This book is a symbol of what the founder and builders of this institution have done to all of us which shall remind us of the humble beginnings of our institution and how these beginnings were nurtured and developed to greater achievements.

May it also remind us that there were people who dedicated and sacrificed themselves just to build this institution. Indeed, there were events and circumstances that happened and should happen to evolve a better Northwestern University. There were truths, facts and ideas that were unraveled. Unleashed and discovered for the emergence of a nobler Northwestern University. In this book, there are lessons to be learned, realizations to be valued, moments to cherish, virtues and practices to be appreciated and internalized.

May this book stir us to feel prouder of ourselves and of our institution.



University President Ben Nicolas

May our self-esteem and identity as Northwesternian build up as such be known all throughout.

With that, I sincerely thank the author, for this valuable gift she has accorded to the founders, and more so, to the institution as a whole. To Linda, thank you very much for making Northwestern University a part of your life and for continuously believing in the ideals of our institution. You have never stopped from doing everything that would uplift the name of our institution and our sense of pride of being a part of the Northwestern family.

I know how you struggled and fought with this institution, how you worked hard in making Northwestern University for what it is now. I can not definitely think of any person other than you who is in a better position to give an objective account of how, when, where, and why this institution came about.

Legacy, a Story of Survival and Tenacity

•Erlinda M. Gloria

Legacy is history with a human face; history with a heart, with a soul. It is not only a chronological account of what transpired in 75 years. Interspersed between the pages are stories of men and women whose brave hearts and big dreams became big realities; men and women whose mission of service were woven around a value system of amazing faith, hard work, integrity, perseverance, selflessness, deep compassion for the less privileged and a lofty dream to make education accessible to their fellowmen.

As we launch this book, we honor and pay tribute to the pioneering men and women who laid down a strong foundation of an institution that has remained formidable and indestructible after almost eight decades even with the onslaught of seemingly insurmountable road blocks. We especially remember three men namely Nicolas Nicolas, Maximo Caday and Cresencio Barangan who found themselves together on the deck of a ship that brought them back to the Philippines after obtaining an education earned in the United States through hard work. They shared their experiences and asked among themselves how they could share with their countrymen the education they earned that could be of help in uplifting the lives of fellow illocanos. Before the ship could dock, they were one in agreement to pool their little earnings together to put up a school upon their return. Thus a magnificent dream was conceived and put to work. Other men and women who believed in the loftiness of the dream namely Marcelino Ligot, Manuel Pintado, Angel Albano, Encarnacion Ruiz, Marcelo Tajon, Rufina Mariano and Manuela Castisimo joined the three men as incorporators of Northwestern Academy, Inc.

A private non-sectarian institution of learning that the school started with humble beginnings – is an understatement. They conducted classes in rented houses, borrowed chairs and tables, typewriters from relatives and friends, nameless men and women who were educators at heart, volunteered to teach and rendered services even without pay or on deferred salaries. Soon enrolment swelled as students were admitted even with a very small amount or no amount at all or simply by executing promissory notes. No student was denied admission because of poverty. Promissory notes were paid even after graduation, on an installment basis. Compassion for the less



Legacy author, Erlinda M. Gloria

privileged sector of society was a practice exemplified by the elders in their desire to liberate their countrymen from the clutches of ignorance and poverty that they may discover their true worth as God's creation and Northwestern grew from an academy to College and eventually a university.

We celebrate with one another today the goodness of people, their bigness of hearts their selfless service – their humaneness.

We also honor today thousands of alumni distributed in all parts of the world, whose lives were touched by the legacy, men and women who became movers, shakers and achievers and plain ordinary men and women doing extraordinary work in their own time.

Legacy is also a story of a second generation of dynamic and principled leaders and committed workers who took over from the elders and who carried on the mission; men and women who accepted the enormous responsibility of bringing Northwestern to higher grounds and who faced the challenges of a complex and technology-driven educational landscape. It is also a story of an institution besieged with threats external and internal compounded by corporate intramurals and power play.

Legacy is an incredible story of survival; a story of tenacity and endurance in the face of difficulties. It is a story of prevailing under the worst of times and in a hostile environment. It is a story of

reaping bountiful harvests from the seed sowed by our founders. It is also a story of good men and women who gave and continue to give the best years of their lives in the service – men and women standing by one another in times of crisis and discovering for themselves the meaning of what gratitude and deep loyalty to the cause of Northwestern stands for is all about.

It is a story of feeling humbled as one relishes the triumphant joy of bouncing back stronger after facing overwhelming odds.

It is a heartwarming story of the supreme joy and pride of being a part of its growth and development; and the joy of playing a significant role in molding and shaping the future of the youth and making a difference in people's lives.

On a personal note, Legacy is a story that defines my own life and a legacy that followed me in my 48 years of service and a legacy that I have passed on to my two children in blazing their careers anchored on faith, hard work, honesty and integrity and to thousands of students whom I was privileged to mentor and nurture.

In closing, let me borrow the words of a wise man and I quote: "For in the end what matters is not what we bought but what we built; not what we got but what we shared; not our competencies but our character; not our success but our significance."

"Legacy is an incredible story of survival; a story of tenacity and endurance in the face of difficulties. It is a story of prevailing under the worst of times and in a hostile environment. It is a story of reaping bountiful harvests from the seed sowed by our founders."

A Journalist's Critique on the *Legacy*

• Glenda M. Gloria

How does a daughter review a mother's work without sounding patronizing, which would cast doubts on my own integrity as a journalist, or too critical, which might cause her to disown me? After all, I know very well what people go through when writing books: It is similar to giving birth: first, there's the excitement, which then immediately transforms into anxiety. And then the roller coaster ride begins: of deadlines met and unmet, of elusive words and phrases, of the distractions of daily living, of the fear of not seeing it through print, of the hassles of editing and layouting.

In truth I was not asked to review the book, I volunteered to do it.

Reading the first draft, I was astounded to learn about the compelling, very human story of Northwestern. It would be quite inaccurate to describe *Legacy* as simply a book about the school. *Legacy* is, in many ways, the story of the Filipino who is driven by service to others. It is also the story of the Filipino who stumbles, who gets blinded by power, and who allows his ego to rule him.

In many ways, *Legacy* is also the story of the Ilocano, the Ilocano who sought and continues to seek greener pastures abroad, the Ilocano who was taught early in life to make do with very little.

In *Legacy* I've come to learn that how Northwestern was built, and how it has come to be today, is a testament to the true-blue Ilocano way of building from nothing, of turning hard rock into a gem.

Legacy walks us through a journey and a past that overpowers the storylines of other institutions.

We know of old universities, like my alma mater University of Santo Tomas, for example, which is the oldest Catholic university in Asia, which was built on the strength of Dominican money. Or Harvard University, which we know was named after its benefactor, John Harvard, a young wealthy minister who, upon his death in 1633, left his library and half his estate to the school.

Northwestern Academy, as Erlinda Gloria tells us, was founded on hard labor and sheer faith, by people of humble beginnings who left the barren lands of Ilocos to toil in foreign soil. They- Nicolas Nicolas, Maximo Caday, and Cresencio Barangan- eventually came home and, as they sailed through the vast Pacific Ocean, decided to put up a school with their own

"The book Legacy is a collection of lifetimes that has waited 78 years to be written. It tells it like it is, with brutal honesty that shines light on events and people."

money. They were later on joined by seven men and women who formed the core of the original founders of Northwestern.

Northwestern's founders were the first diaspora, the first batch of OFWs. Whereas today many of our OFW relatives- and this is not to begrudge them for it- would bring home balikbayan boxes packed with spam, corned beef and Jergens lotion, the Northwestern founders brought home only their foolish dream of educating their fellow Ilocanos.

Those early years, chronicled in the first chapter, are worth stating here: "They charged low tuition and the limited collection hardly sustained the daily operations of the academy. Most of the students got enrolled on the basis of promissory notes. The teachers were not even sure when and how much they were going to receive as salaries and they usually ended up acting as guarantors to students who were unable to pay their dues." In those times, the book recalls, many Northwestern students paid in kind, such as chicken, eggs, vegetables. Parents would pledge a piece of jewelry and anything of value- to be redeemed later without interest."

As I was reading this part of the book, memories of my own childhood suddenly flashed back. The first images of Northwestern for me and my sister are very humbling images: a building made of wood, old, rickety chairs, leaking roofs, pockholed windows, stinky toilets, a small but well-kept canteen, and a library that is smaller than this room and a few book shelves. Who among the students today

would even believe that their university began this way?

Like any good story, *Legacy* has a complete cast of characters and moments of tension. Northwestern was founded by and bred its own heroes, yes, but it also produced villains, characters who flirted with power and tried several times to turn the institution into a purely money-making venture. The fight between the good and the bad, between public service and self infatuation, between convention and change, all the passion, anger, forgiveness, failures, triumphs along the way are captured in Chapter VIII aptly titled Northwestern University.

Don't be surprised to see in this chapter subtitles such as "Quest for Power," "The Second Wave of Corporate Upheaval," "The Lull Before the Storm," and, hold your breath, "The Coup d'etat."

At this point, *Legacy* now begins to read like a thriller, because the author, my mother, minced no words in describing people and situations during those difficult times. I must admit I called her attention to it, especially on the paragraphs pertaining to an already dead man. It was the journalist in me at work here, I guess, for my training taught me not to say anything about someone who could not defend himself.

But *Legacy* is not a piece of journalistic work. Journalism, by its very claim of objectivity, sometimes obfuscates the truth and paint a different reality. Because it is often in a hurry and made under tremendous deadline pressures stories written by journalists often capture only the moment, a snapshot of history.

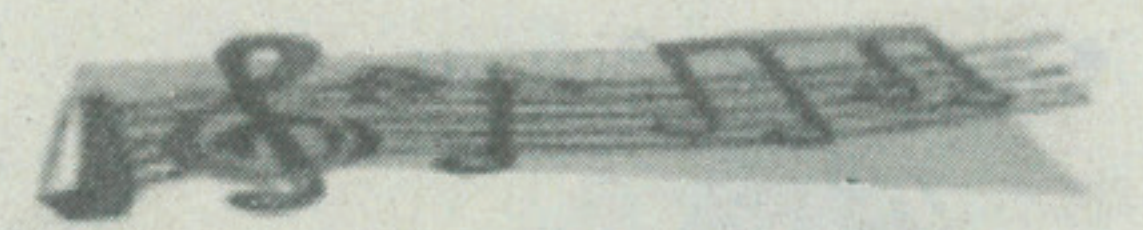
But the book *Legacy* is a collection of lifetimes that has waited 78 years to be written. It tells it like it is, with brutal honesty that shines light on events and people.

My mother did not only join Northwestern early enough to go through its birth pains, but has stayed long enough - - through thick and thin with it - - that she has earned every right to be the one to tell this story. Because indeed, what would Erlinda Gloria be without Northwestern? Then again, what would Northwestern be without Erlinda Gloria?

Legacy is a perfect tribute to Northwestern's founders, but more importantly to the present and future generation, who deserve to know their rich heritage, and to draw inspiration from it, so they could help build a better world.



Glenda Gloria



Who would ever think that her Rendezvous with the flute would lead her to finish college

"She never imagined that her childhood interest in learning to play the flute would serve her well in pursuing her dreams."



Shanrell Mae Revilla

There's nothing special about her, she says. But people, especially her classmates and her teachers, believe she's got something that makes her special.

Shanrell Mae Revilla, graduating this year with the degree of Bachelor in Elementary Education, indeed is no ordinary person. She's got talent that she nurtured in her early years in school. And that special skill has somehow helped her get an education through college. Her sheer determination and perseverance to learn to play the flute would one day lead her to play the saxophone.

Shanrell says she started playing the flute when she was in kindergarten. A daughter of a marginalized family, she did not see that as a hindrance to learning the flute. The spectacle of seeing their uncle playing a musical instrument drew her interest to learn to play the flute. She and her sister would go to their uncle's house every afternoon to play the flute. Seeing their interest to learn, their uncle, she says would sit with them for some hours playing the flute.

That could have been a perfect setting for them to learn other musical instruments but such rendezvous with music was short-lived. Her parents, she narrates, were wondering where she and her sister were going every afternoon.

When her father learned about their interest in flute, he literally forbade them to go to their uncle's house, she shares, believing that such visits were a distraction to their studies. Their father wanted them to give priority to their studies. As an obedient child to her father, Shanrell stopped going to her uncle's house to play the flute.

Be that as it may, Shanrell says she never resented her father's biddings from going to her uncle's house. She understood what her father was pointing out. The family is engaged in farming. Her father, she relates, would plant vegetables and her mother would sell them in the market. Much would she have wanted to help in the farm, Shanrell says she was never allowed to step foot in the field. Her father wanted her and her siblings to live like normal kids—play in the community with other kids and experience and enjoy the luxury of their childhood.

But tragedy in the family would cut short the bliss of a joyful young life. Shanrell was in her second year in high school when her father got sick with liver cancer. The hospital bills depleted the family's resources. The family had to sell the farm animals - the goats and chicken - she says to buy medicines. And for the first time in her "cushioned" life, she experienced selling kamote tops in the

market for her allowance in school.

Her father died before the end of her high school sophomore year. And problems piled up and difficult years ahead confronted her family. She struggled within whether to continue her studies. Her mother could not send them all to school, she was too frail to expose her body to a work meant for strong peasant stock.

She finished her high school with the help of her sister. But her dreams to finish a college education was on hold as she realized college life entails much finances. If she experienced going to school then with an empty stomach all the more she would face difficulties in college, she thought then.

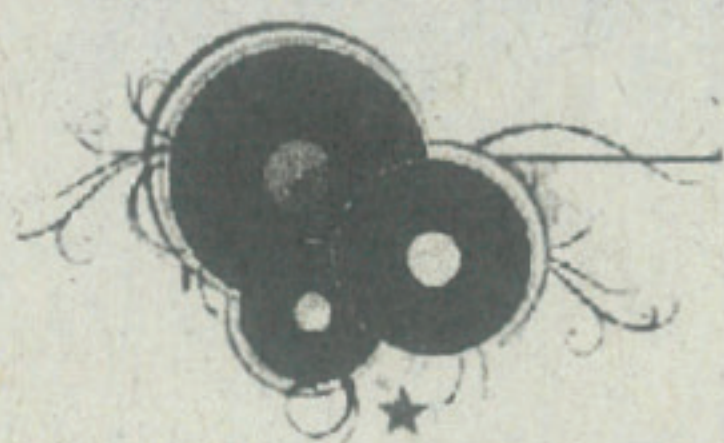
Her relatives added to her confusion as they were cold to the idea of her going to college. But with her sister's encouragement coupled by her determination to get a college education, Shanrell shares, she took the bold step to enroll in college with only her dreams as her weapon.

She never imagined that her childhood interest in learning to play the flute would serve her well in pursuing her dreams. With her talent that eventually led her to play the saxophone, Shanrell used it to help her way to college. She'd work at night with a band and her earnings would help tide over her needs in school. If she were short with her finances, she tells, she'd borrow from her sister or her brother.

Now that she is graduating, Shanrell looks back with gratitude to the days of trials that sustained her faith and courage. She has survived, she says, because people around her - family, friends and teachers - were around and generous with their encouragement.

"To suppress double speech is a double wrong. It violates the rights of the hearer as those of the speaker."

F. Douglas



Cream of the Crop

Jovanie Tumamao, *Magna Cum Laude*

“Jovanie hopes that his story of struggle and faith will serve as an inspiration to others and help them understand that hardships are only transient in one’s life.”

Graduating at the top of his class as one of the four magna cum laude of Batch 2010, this BS Criminology student believes that his achievement was no accident.

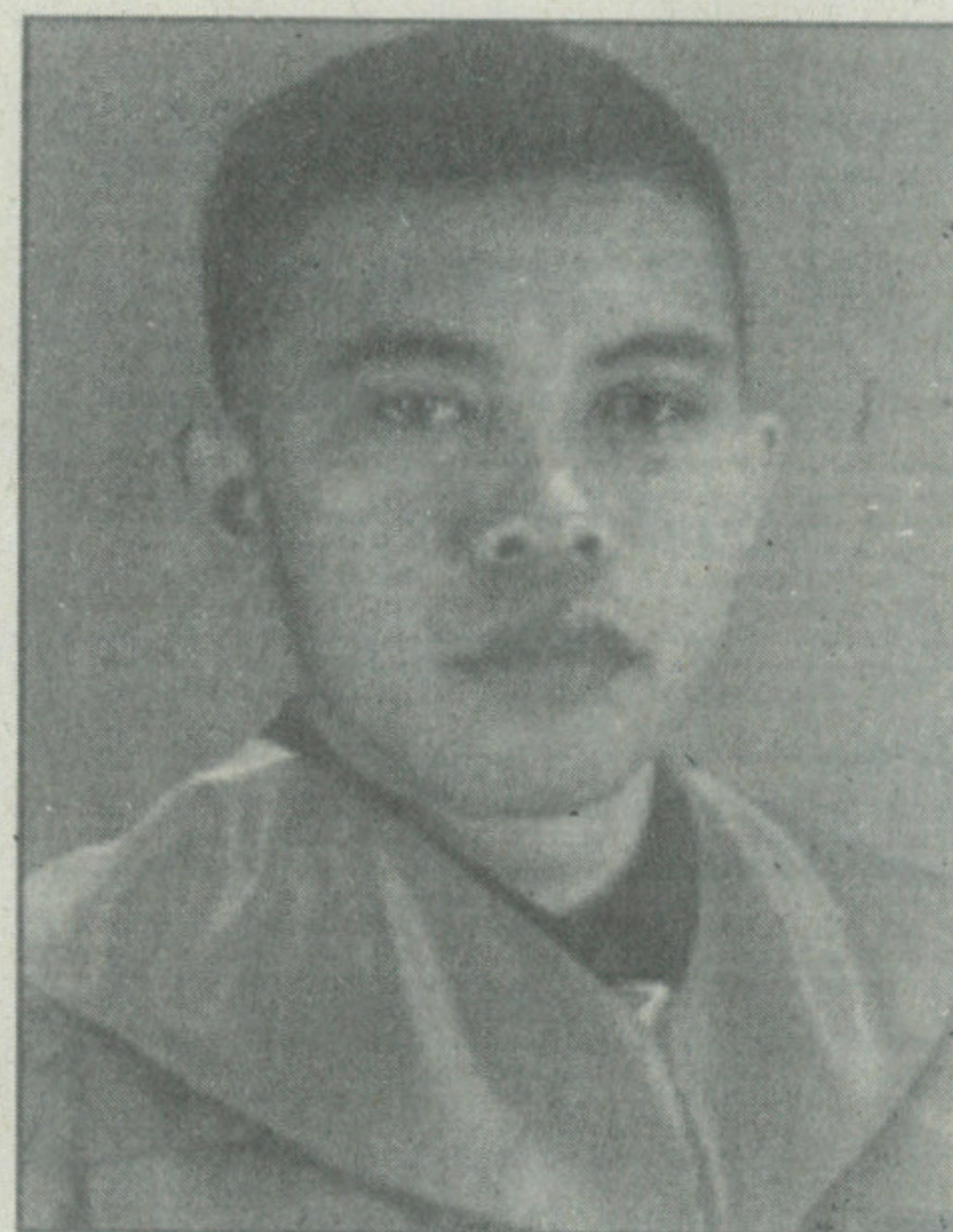
For Jovanie Tumamao, who never gives up in whatever he sets out to do, his feat is a product of hard work and perseverance. Orphaned by a father at an early age, Jovanie saw life as an arena of struggles but took this as a challenge because he wanted to realize his dreams. He never ceased working hard in his studies for only he could help himself in school. Besides, he wants his family to be proud of him.

Like other students whose parents

work as Overseas Filipino Workers (OFW) just so they their children could get an education, Jovanie, the younger sibling in a brood of two, had to fight off the pain of loneliness being away from his mother.

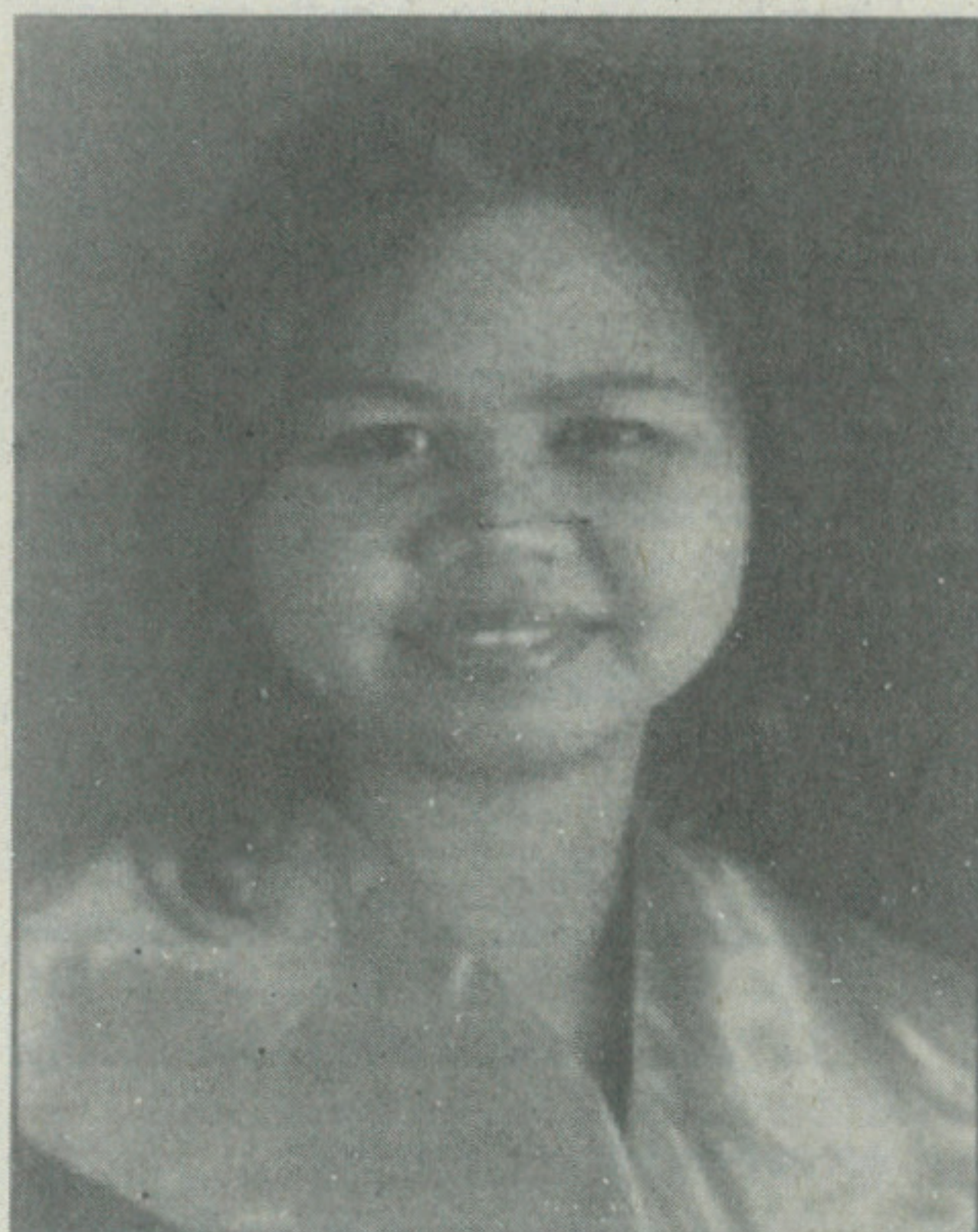
A grateful believer, he draws strength from his Almighty Creator who always gives him the strength and wisdom each time he needs help. And he brings back all the credit to Him for the inspiration he stirs in others.

And as he leaves the school, Jovanie hopes that his story of struggle and faith will serve as an inspiration to others and help them understand that hardships are only transient in one’s life.



Tumamao

Princess Muñoz, *Magna Cum Laude*



Muñoz

She never thought she would graduate magna cum laude, not even in her wildest dreams. The difficulties, financial or otherwise, hang like small mountains over her head that she didn’t know if she could finish her studies.

But Princess Muñoz, a BS Hotel and Restaurant Management student, is meant for bigger things. Despite the difficulties that seemed to hamstring her quest for education, Princess made it through sheer diligence and faith in the Lord.

Like Jovanie who was also orphaned of a father, Princess had to contend with life full of struggles. But this did not deter her from excelling in class.

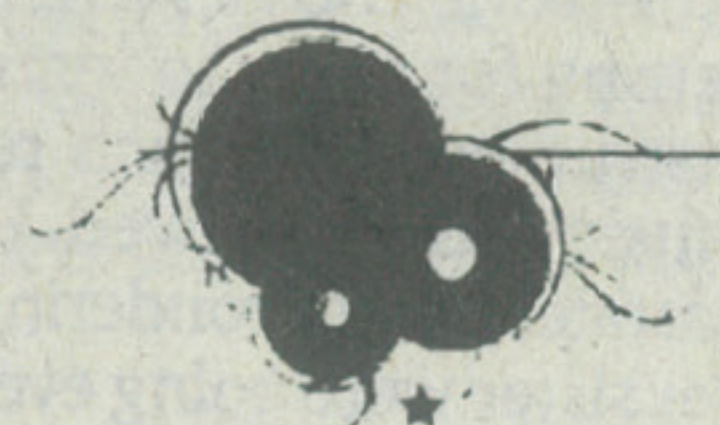
An academic scholar in her freshman and sophomore years, Princess had to forego the “amenities” of college life so she could maintain her scholarship

privileges. She almost didn’t make it to finishing her course but the school offered her the Nicolas N. Nicolas scholarship in her last two years in college enabling her to concentrate on her studies.

Princess believes that four important things molded her for what she is now. First, her belief in God whose faithfulness and grace allowed her to face the challenges in life. Second, her belief in herself, staying focused and giving her best to excel in class. Third, the love and support of a loving family and fourth, the inspiration rendered by the people who have touched her life.

To the students she is leaving behind, she tells them not to think much of the honor students for they might fail them. She encourages them to focus on their dreams and on God.

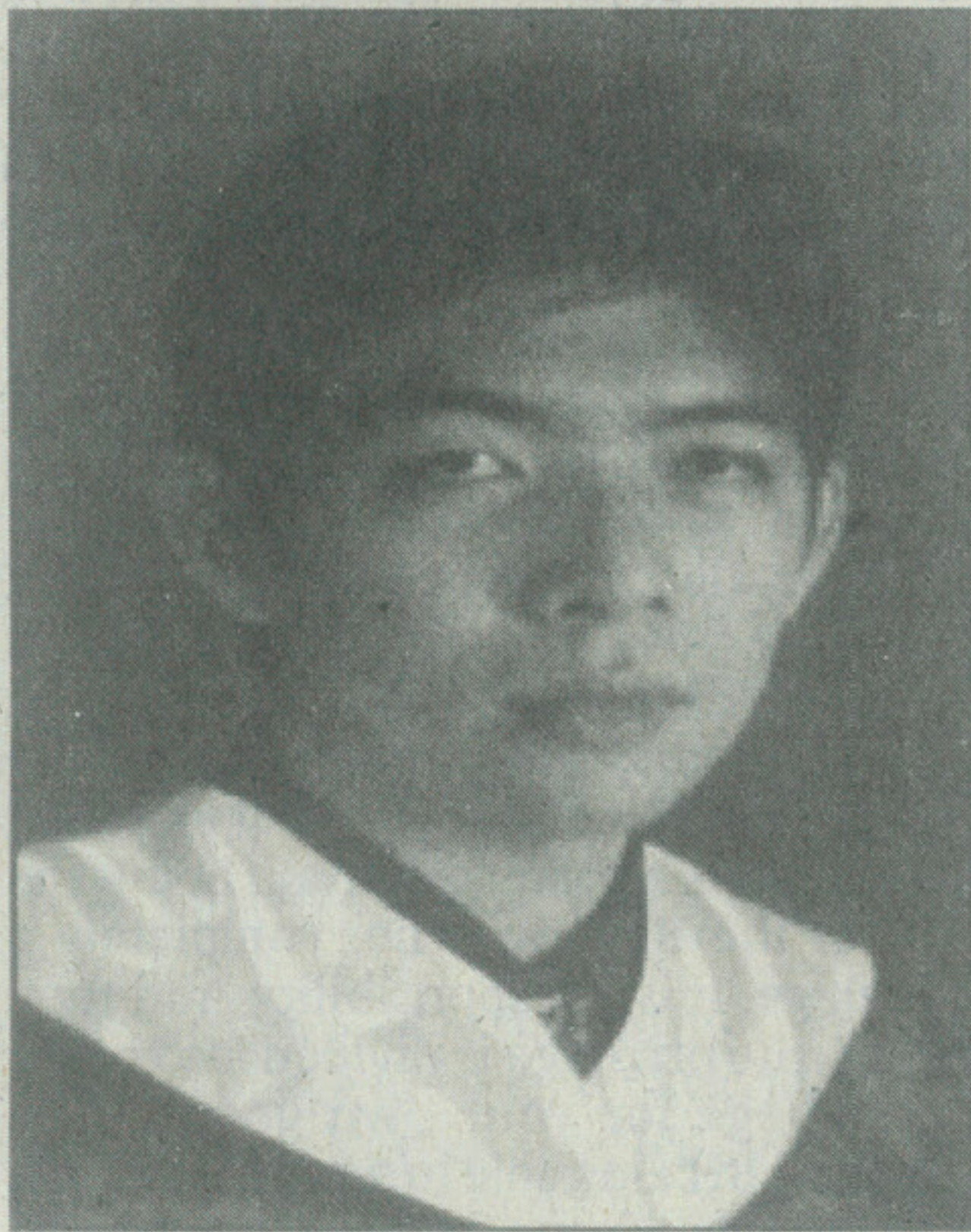
“Her belief in God whose faithfulness and grace allowed her to face the challenges in life that molded her to what she is now.”





Dale Reantillo, *Magna Cum Laude*

“Even when posed with uncertainty when his father died early in his college life, Dale showed his strength believing that “no trial is greater than God.”



Reantillo

Dale Reantillo is a believer that one can achieve anything as long as he has the determination, the passion and the discipline to do it.

True to this philosophy, this AB Political Science student showed that he made it to the top four of magna cum laude simply with his heart setting out what he wants to achieve. And this gives him much joy and excitement.

Even when posed with uncertainty when his father died early in his college life, Dale showed his strength believing

that “no trial is greater than God.”

The second to the youngest son, this young man from San Nicolas, Ilocos Norte encourages other students to adopt the philosophy no matter what they are or who they are.

Dale, who dreams of pursuing a master’s degree or law degree, would like to share the knowledge he has acquired in school with other students if given the chance to teach here in the university even only on a part-time basis.

Julius Harvey Balbas, *Magna Cum Laude*

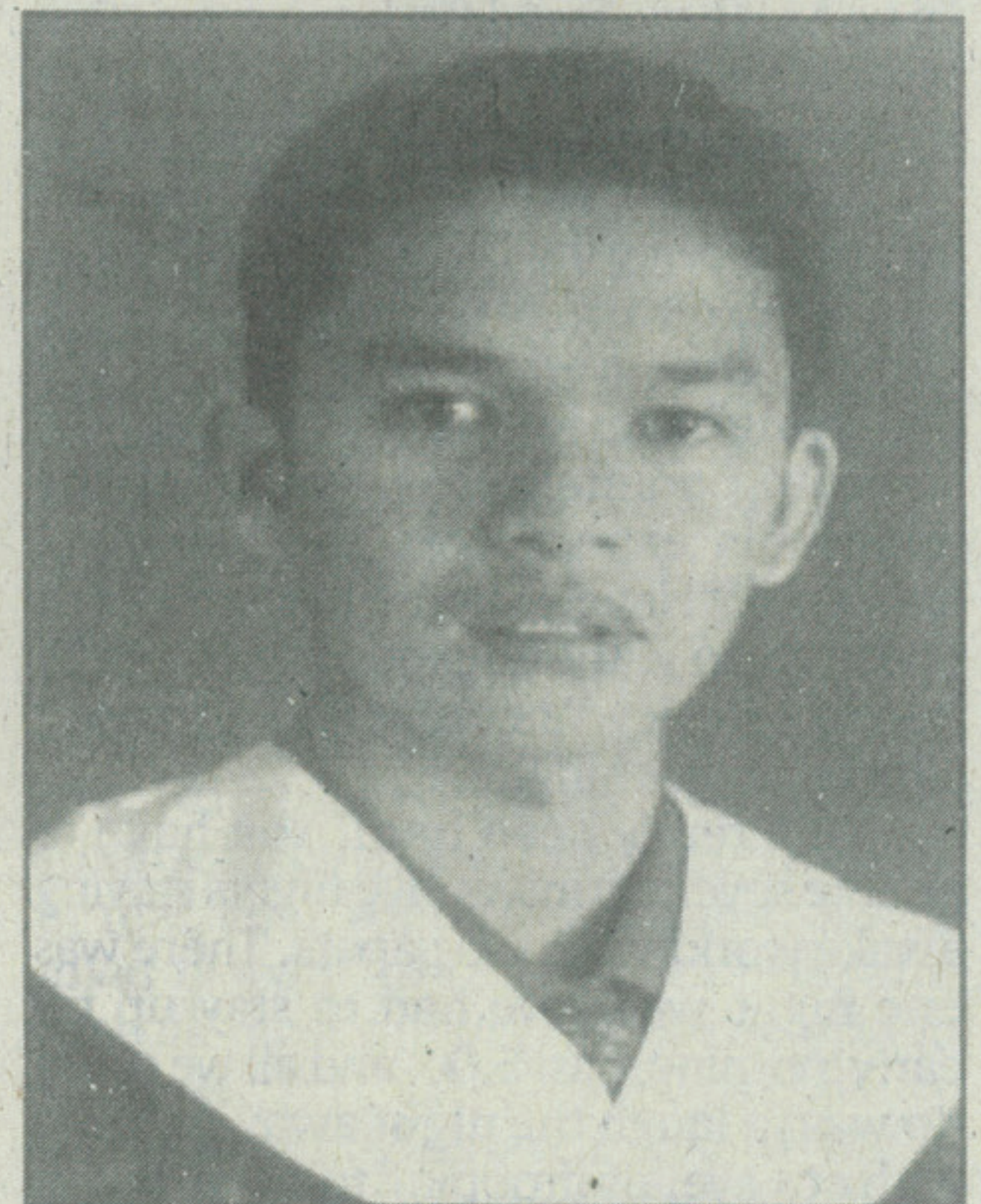
Even in the early days of his college life, Julius Harvey Balbas had already shown the promise of a talented student.

The route to the top of batch 2010, however, was not easy for him. The unassuming AB political Science student who graduates magna cum laude also had to struggle to make both ends meet. The humble situation of his family did not spare him from experiencing what the other three honor students had undergone. The spectacle of not having enough finances for expenses in school always gnawed at him. But this did not

deter him from excelling in class. His enormous faith in God coupled with his determination and perseverance proved that poverty is not a hindrance to getting an education.

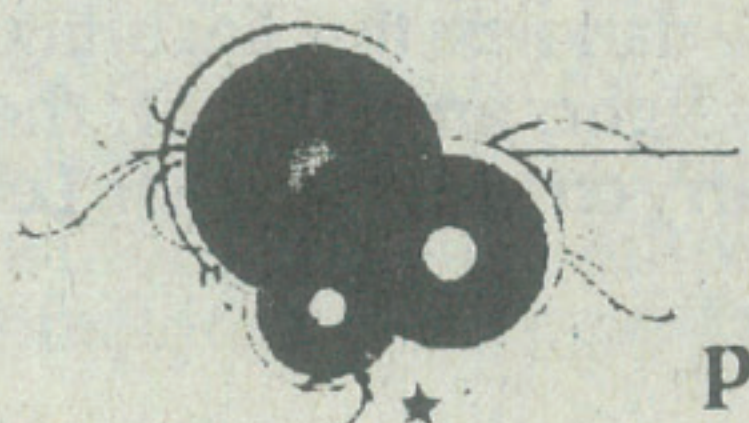
He believes that his achievement is the work of a Great Hand that molded him and he humbly and gratefully offers it to Him and to his parents who guided him throughout his four-year stay in the university.

Julius envisions himself to be a lawyer in the next few years to serve the marginalized.



Balbas

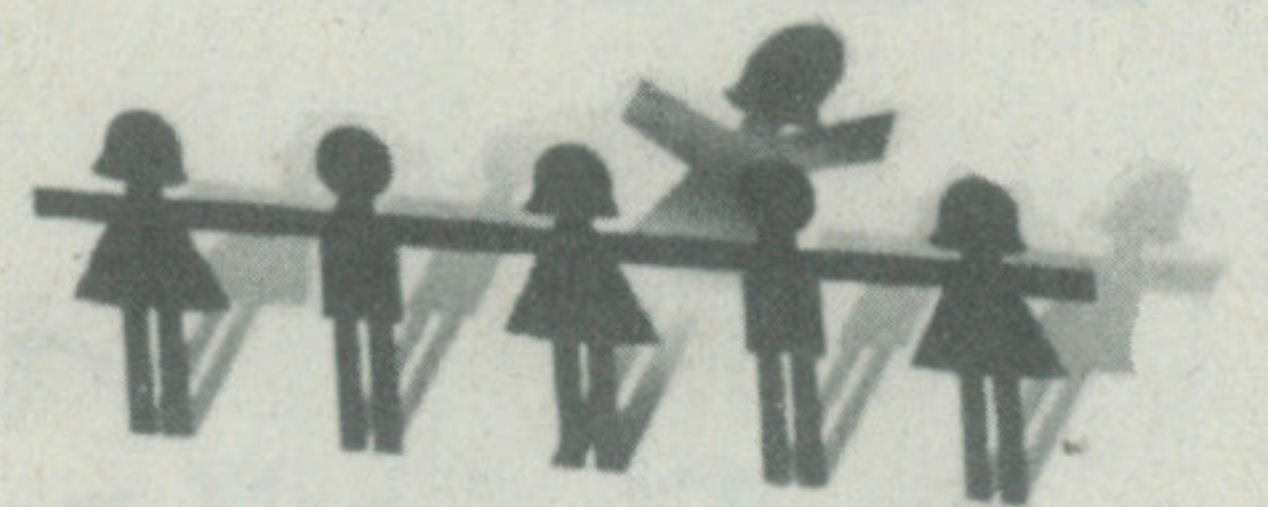
“He believes that his achievement is the work of a Great Hand that molded him and he humbly and gratefully offers it to Him and to his parents who guided him throughout his four-year stay in the university.”





Breaking Free

Charles Agustin



Making a Difference

“Listen to what the people around you say. Take them. But do not immediately believe them. A journalist does not easily bite into what he hears and sees.”

It has been an honor to be a member of the Review's editorial staff. Much more, to be the editor-in-chief of the publication. Taking this position in the Review has helped me a lot. Bad things happened but I took them. And I will continue to take them along with me. I am not leaving matters behind, experiences good and bad. Those good things are to be savored. I will savor the moments I have enjoyed. The bad things? I may not savor them but I cherish them, for absolutely, they have helped me look things in their proper perspective.

I actually planned to join the Review a year before this school year. But I shelved the plan and decided to just join this school year. And how fast days have gone. Our term as staff members of the publication has come to the painful thought of leaving.

I am now leaving the Review. It's been hard being the EIC of the publication. I never expected problems to crop up. During the interview phase of the qualifying exam for the Review staff, the screening committee asked what the applicants expect from the Review. I answered: "None. I choose to just do what I have to do without expecting anything from the Review" because really, I wasn't expecting anything.

It's really been hard. You have to endure several consecutive nights staying awake working on the papers. There was one night when we had to stay up till early morning, past 5:00, and all we could do was to laugh the night away, fighting with our eyelids drooping to sleep. It was fun though, a moment which I enjoyed most.

Taking a position in the Review would seem to be a breeze. Well, it is not. It is rather a strong wind that can sweep you away if you do not and can

not stand your ground. And to some, it may seem like riding a gondola along the scenic river canals in Italy but in reality, it is riding a raft along the rocky rivers of Colorado.

During the interview for the qualifying exam of the Review staff applicants, we were asked why we want to be in the staff of the publication, or a question like that. I said, "I want to serve the NWU students. That I want to be the medium of the students in voicing out their sentiments and the truth."

Yes, that was it for me. And that has always been the Review for me.

It has never been about the fame. It has never been about prestige. It has never been about holding the position. Somehow it was about the power. And let me be clear on this. It is the power on the positive side. I wanted to make a difference. I wanted to bring about change. I may not be able to bring the change itself but at least I can have my contribution in setting it.

To work in the Review is like holding the toughest job, and that is serving the NWU students. You may want to become a hero of the students so you have to battle it out with the most disgusting villains in the university. (And for the record, I never wanted to become a hero; I only wanted to serve the students by voicing out their opinions and views).

So to the aspiring Review staffers, especially the incoming editor-in-chief, I tell you now, the road you are about to travel is not going to be easy. It's one road less traveled. It is one long year of journey. You may expect joyful things. And I say you should expect joyful things for you will never be able to carry out your roles without them. What experience in the Review office without its wonderful side. Everything has its goodness and badness. Being a member of the staff, you will see good views and sceneries, yes; things that you will enjoy but there will definitely be things that will bring you to your knees. There will be challenges along the journey. So keep your sight focused, your mind strong and your heart brave.

Starting out, set your policies. Then set timelines. Also establish time frames

and formulate your objectives. For the last, basically, it should be to serve the students. You must not be driven by objectives other than that. Formulate specific objectives from that general idea and everything else will follow.

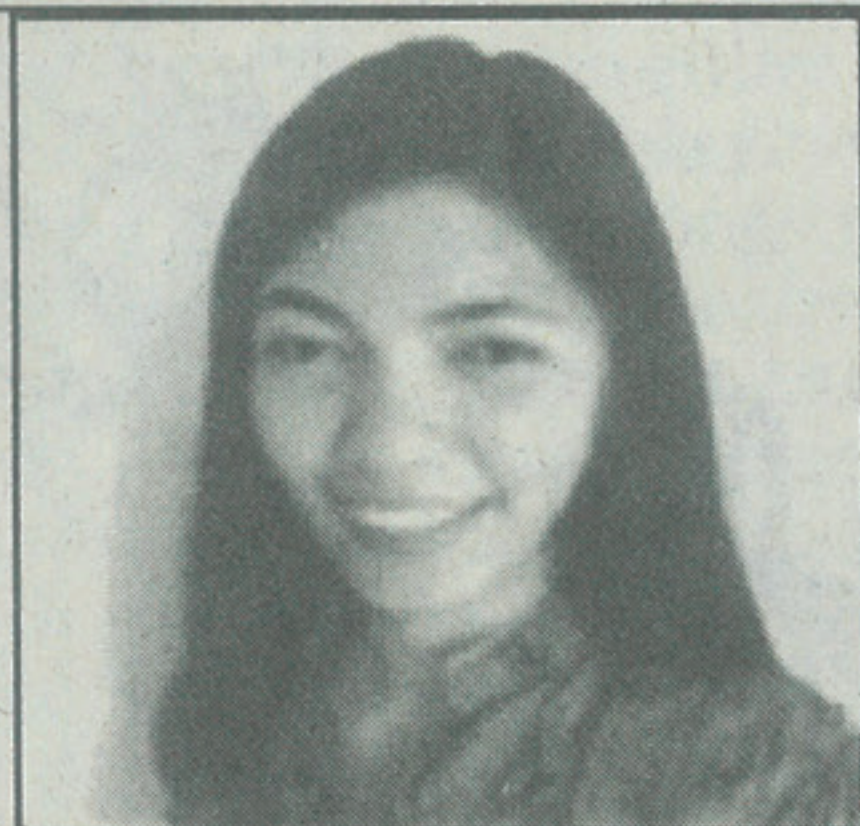
Be guided by your plans, your objectives, your policies and your timelines. When you have to make a decision, review them and come up with the best solution that conforms to them.

The travel to your goal is a ride on rocky roads, a steep climb, a voyage on strong waters, and a tough trek. Along the path will be paved ways but most of it will be rough roads. After all, being the EIC of the Review is not completely a privilege. It is a responsibility. And then again, the privilege is divided into being a privilege for your own good and a privilege in being able to serve others. You will be privileged to interact with people and things only a few can experience. This is a privilege you can use for yourself in becoming a better person, widening your knowledge, broadening your perspective. And on the other hand, you must use this privilege in serving your constituents. Stated differently, you have been given this privilege to serve your purpose.

Thinking of this, you must come to realize that being in the Review is not even half-responsibility, half-privilege. It is three-fourth responsibility and one-fourth privilege, right? Yes, it is. And in anybody's case, it must be.

Lean not on your own understanding. Be humble. Do not be taken away by pride. Listen to what the people around you say. Take them. But do not immediately believe them. A journalist does not easily bite into what he hears and sees. A good journalist has the attitude of prudence and skepticism (these being attitudes of accountants, too, so I know so well). Evidences must be in your hands. Keep the news to yourself after you have gathered sufficient proofs. Be guided by the truth because the truth will set you free. Do not be a captive of the darkness that lies bring. In truth there is light; and in light, the truth prevails. Carry on with the torch. Let there be light!

Good luck.



Think it Over Again

Ruby Charlene D. Mariano



My Sappy, Snappy Goodbye Piece

"Dealing with criticisms can be hard. But it's part of life and it's the price of power (in the case of the Review, it's information power)."

I could probably sum up my five years of college life spent in two different schools by this: "Life is as quick as a bullet. If you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it and might not even know what hits you."

My college life here in NWU went quicker than I ever thought. It was a struggle of both worlds: serving the paper and the academics with strings. Two worlds that most of the time worked against each other, such a predicament.

Perhaps now you are thinking of just skipping this page of the paper or completely trashing it on the garbage bin or catwalk for you think you already know where this is going, an another run-of-the-mill goodbye column that either reminisces the great friends and fun times or pays tribute to the University. Stay with me for awhile, bear with me for you just paid a hundred peso publication fee (once or twice for this school year?).

By the way, for the record your judges, The Review is not an *official stupid publication*, it is the one and only official STUDENT publication. It is a paper for the students whose parents are shedding blood and sweat to pay for their offspring's education not **wisdom of lewdness**. It is for the students whose parents are willingly sending their offspring in the university amidst economic crunch. It is meant for students whose parents are willingly giving allowances to their offspring for supposed to be day-to-day

classes, not gossiping and waiting (although only one student may appear, still one is a number).

I have encountered different façades that have brought out both the best and worst in me. I have seen people giving me a burning head-to-toe look whenever I passed by due to some of my writings. For once, there is this somebody that even though I smiled at him, he gave me back a mean look.

Dealing with criticisms can be hard. But it's part of life and it's the price of power (in the case of the Review, it's information power). Remember Spiderman quotes, "With great power comes huge responsibility." I can definitely attest to the reality of this quote for I almost got a libel case for it.

Forgive me but I don't mean to sound bitter. I am very fortunate to be an alumna of this university. Honestly, I have become a better person in my stay here and I would not trade it for anything else. Through God's help, I was able to overcome all—the trials and tribulations of college life.

I have been told that it is not easy in the real world. I think I got the picture already of what that "real world" is just by attending here in the university. For me, the university is a miniature of the real world. The back stabbing, bickering, rumor-mongering and power struggles are as prevalent among students, faculty, staff and administrators here just like in all the industry we, graduates we'll be soon joining. Maybe, the things we are standing for our existence here in the university are just bits compared to what the world has to offer. But the lessons we learned from our experiences can spell out the difference in our future. God is good.

Just like in my case, I wanted to flee beyond the paper's reach, unfortunately I did not manage to because I achingly miss too much the difficulty and struggle one Review member has to undergo to make

the two worlds meet to work together. And it turns out that my last year in the paper will turn out to be the most fruitful and eventful part of my college life which eventually made me swallowed my words of *hasta la vista, Review*. Indeed, goodbye is not forever.

There would be things I will surely and sorely miss as I go. Like the few instructors who really deserve to be called "Ma'am and Sir" simply, because of their superb work ethics and their passion to really instill knowledge to students despite claims of being "underpaid and overworked". These instructors have lived up to the noble cause of the teaching profession. I owe to them a debt of gratitude that I could never repay. Now I deeply pray that the Administrators would nourish and give due recognition to those who are really deserving for they are the frontlines in the achievement of quality education and excellent service of our dearest Northwestern University. They are important assets.

As one Filipino writer puts it, "Ours is a culture that puts little value on the teaching profession, even teachers themselves seem to acknowledge this by adopting a "teacher lang" attitude. In fact, it is the only profession that has a hand in shaping the nation's future. Future leaders, businessmen, entrepreneurs, doctors, architects, engineers, home-based professionals, all have their teachers to thank for their education." I hope that the Northwestern University will spearhead the change of valuing the efforts of teachers. An old song goes: "It only takes a spark to get a fire burning and soon all those around can warm up in its glowing."

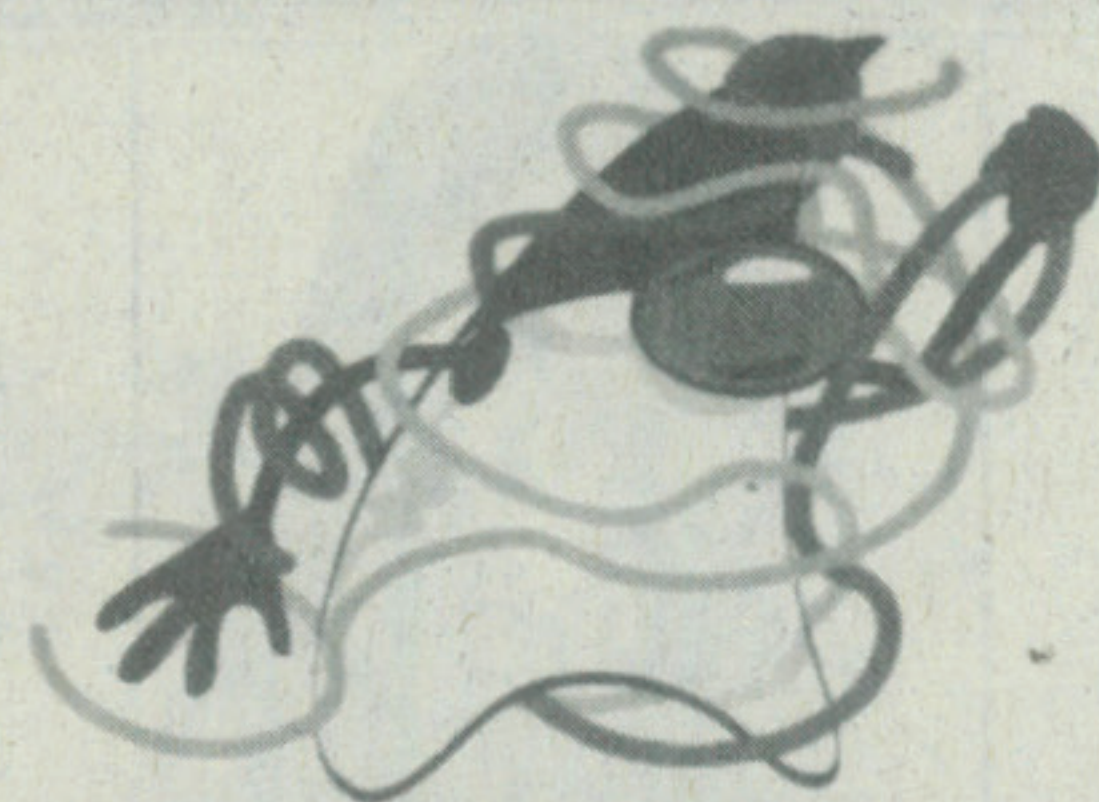
"Do not be deceived: God cannot be mocked. A man reaps what he sows." Galatians 6:7

Thank you, Nanang and Tatang, my sisters, Lolas and Lolos for the love, care, support and patience everyone of you have poured on me. To God be the glory.



A Minute with Me

Stephanie Co



Unraveling the Threads of Fate

Once there was a man who told me this: "Stephanie you're a failure, your course is a failure. If I were you, I'd rather marry a rich man and enjoy life, after all, that is what all women must end up."

He said this in his attempt to convince me to marry his son. For a period of time, I ruminated over his chunk of "wisdom" again and again, regurgitating every word and tried to chew it bit for bit. It sounded more practical because all I have to do is to promote myself, flirt here and there, socialize and be provocative. Who knows I might just catch a "Big Fish" then I can let my family and my whole clan feast on his riches.

And why should I exhaust myself in school and studies when I could just say "yes" and there could be an instant diamond ring? But no matter how much I try to force it down my throat, I could not swallow it. Eventually, I dumped the idea. For that man, my studies were a failure and my course (*Psychology*) was a big joke. His chauvinistic attitude promotes the idea that all women are meant to become wives, owned by men to become worthwhile.

The basis of success for this man and the society which we move in is money, power, fame and a glimmering marriage. This idea bulldozes an individual's personal dreams and aspirations, hampers his capacity to achieve on his own.

It is said that we can never give what we do not have, so how can we be ready for a union with someone when we have not achieved something for ourselves yet? How can we share when we have nothing to share, when we do not have yet any to spare?

Maybe it's out of our emptiness and laziness that we hunt for people to cling on. Desperately, we rely on their wealth, ability and achievements. We find someone whom we can assimilate with and then declare there and then that he is 'ours'. And it is because of our lack of self-worth that we agree to this. We need someone to become somebody. We're too lazy to create a 'somebody' out of

"Both of them never stop competing with each other, never feeling contented with themselves nor with each other."



ourselves. Hence, the union that is built out of 'needs' will always demand from the partners things that are all for selfish gains. If you are contented with that, then it's fine. But remember what will be left with you is your body, your soul and your spirit. Not his, not hers but yours alone. No matter how many people you have around you to make up for your hollowness, you will still feel empty in the end.

I never wonder why a husband's ego suffers when his wife is more productive than he. It's because husbands have not achieved enough for themselves. And when they're alone, they soon realize that the achievement is no longer 'ours' but 'hers' alone. Conversely, a wife of an achiever always feels left out and ugly, suspecting that her husband is always cheating on her. Both of them never stop competing

with each other, never feeling contented with themselves nor with each other.

Insecurity arises when we feel inferior to others. It's because we feel something's lacking on the 'inside' and we start blaming on the 'outside'. For there are two kinds of coping mechanisms, one who tries to change the stimulus itself and the other, who tries to change the way it perceives the stimulus.

Parents are not spared. They impose their will on their children.. They demand from latter to continue their dreams, or dreams that they failed to achieve for themselves. Such are narcissistic parents. They fail to distinguish themselves from their children. What they want, their children must also want, what they need, their children must also need. And if ever they fail to do so, their parents condemn them of utter failure and disappointment. They are unable to relate to their children emotionally, always failing to empathize with them. On the conscious level, they may think that they're doing it for the child's sake but they never realize they are strangling their children forcing them to become their carbon copy. As if the only way to success is their way.

Parents must remember that they have different identities and separate from their children. All individuals are unique and they must respect that creed of humanity. Why should a child suffer this kind of predicament? Better to have no child at all than to raise them with such attitude. For children who thrive on dysfunctional atmosphere have a higher risk to become maladjusted individuals. This leads to a series and chains of faulty behavior and attitude, replicating such neuroticism in succeeding generations.

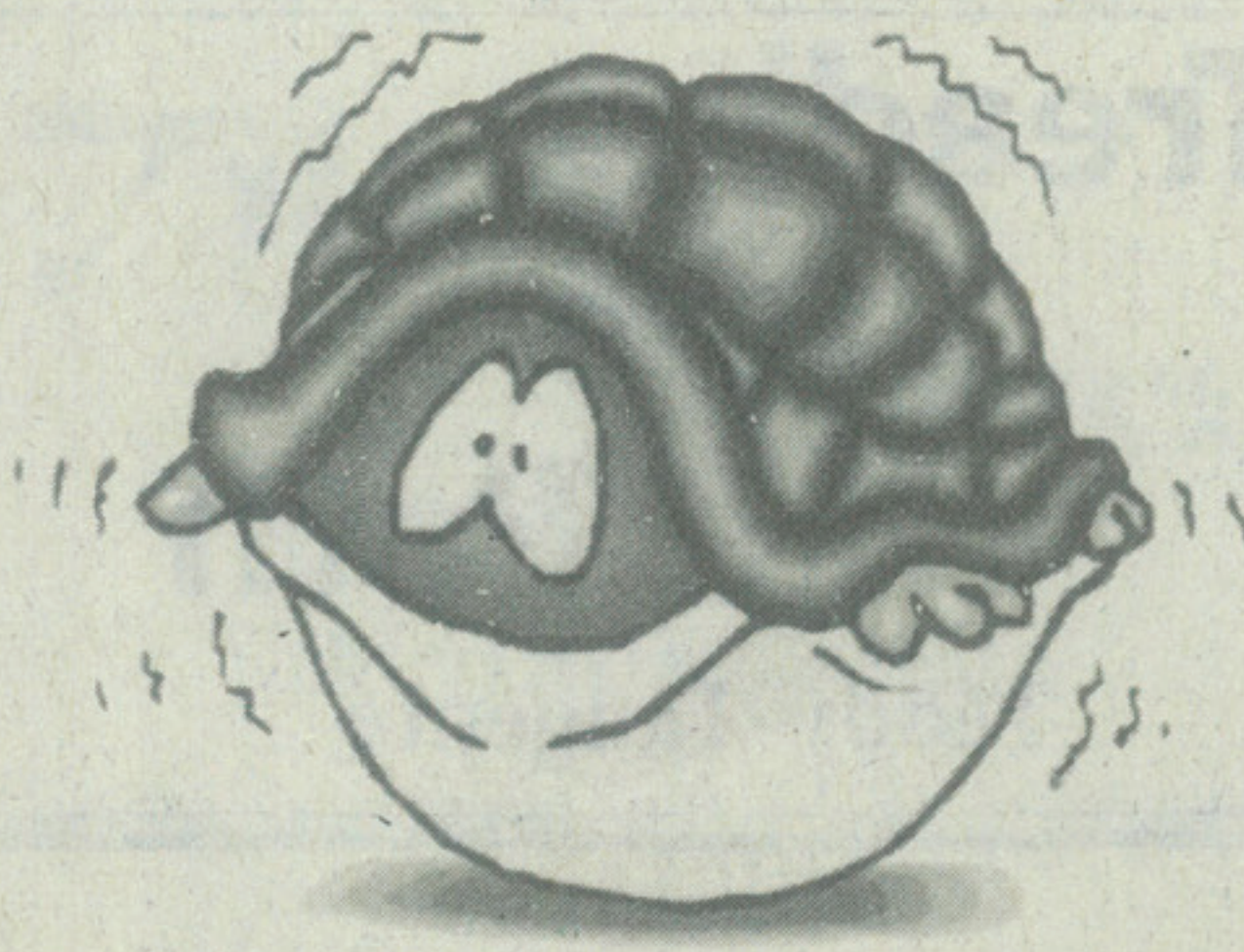
In order to gain something, you must lose something, and if you want to learn a new one you must give up the old one. It is called 'change'. We always hear that in political ads and propagandas, but do we really understand what 'change' entails? In life, we all make decisions, yes or no, left or right, up or down, black or white, good or bad. There is no gray area

and there are no in-betweens like day and night, death or life, it is just either of the two. It is in that transition and alteration that change takes place. Change is said to be the only constant thing amidst death and God. Without change, there is stagnation, ineffectiveness and regression. If this is so, then we can infer that change is growth and progress. Why then, do some people fear change? It is because change demands a death and a birth. Death and birth comprise pain and fear.

Change brings fear. Whenever we make choices, it follows consequences. But we cannot stop and decide on nothing, for even inaction is also a form of action, and is also a choice that is made. People fear change because of the uncertainty that lies ahead. We do not know what the future may bring, or how our actions might predict what will happen. In this grave predicament, some resort to fortune telling. They let the prediction influence their decisions. They eventually become manipulated by that prediction which makes their lives no better than a crystal ball. It contains nothing making life void and meaningless.

You must not follow the lines in your palm, instead make them. Each mark, each stroke is created by you. It is in the unpredictability of life that we find its beauty and essence. What are the riches of life if you could predict it like a computer program? Life has no flowcharts. Besides, it would be so boring if it has anyway. Life is also like sailing a ship. It is not the wind that determines your course, but it is you who navigate through the winds to reach your goals despite the waves and storms.

Change brings pain. To forsake our old ways, our habits and comfort zone is a difficult task. It means we have to leave the status quo and learn something new and unfamiliar. It requires discipline and courage to take the first few steps, while perseverance and patience are needed to complete the journey. Courage is not the



“Change brings fear. Whenever we make choices, it follows consequences. But we cannot stop and decide on nothing, for even inaction is also a form of action, and is also a choice that is made. People fear change because of the uncertainty that lies ahead.”

absence of fear but simply moving on despite the fear. It is always more difficult for a man to change if it could cost him something. It is even harder to change if we want to be better. What propels us to change for the better is our innate need for growth. Every man, rich or poor, young or old, man or woman has the desire to be good at something and to someone. No matter how small that desire is, people like changes. We become attracted to new things. We take pleasure in exploring the unknown and take risk in maturation of our being. It is instinctive to hunger and thirst for knowledge and skill. But there is no shortcut to growth, and that process is often laborious and arduous.

The force of entropy or the second law of thermodynamics states that energy naturally flows from a state of greater organization to a state of lesser organization, from a state of higher differentiation to a lower differentiation. Entropy is like gravity. It pulls everything downwards. And growth is always upward, thrusting out, up, against the force of entropy. This is why it is so difficult to grow or to do what is right. It is almost like opposing natural laws. But love can defy and transcend this natural opposition. This need for growth and goodness must be propelled and fueled by love, love for ourselves and for others. This love coupled with discipline will help us overcome the gravity and the force of entropy. For discipline without love is like a pearl thrown into a pigsty. Any purpose other than love will not bring forth joy...instead it gives remorse and resentment, grieving our soul.

Laziness is a poison that deteriorates our body, soul and spirit. It is an act to curtail growth and improvement. Acknowledging one's laziness and pinpointing the culprits are the beginning of its end.

Life may seem so complicated and sometimes we feel entangled in these threads of fate. But remember that if there is hope, there is happiness, because hopelessness is not a state. It is an attitude.

My lolo was a Chinese, a polygamist, chauvinistic and narcissistic man. He was once a business tycoon until his laziness, vices and concubines depleted his riches. He was the source of my lola's grief, and the downfall of some of his children. But when I am alone with my lola, she would always remind me "Pani, you should marry a rich Chinese man." I would answer her "Yes, lola, I will marry a man like lolo." Then we would laugh together.

“I’m Sorry for the Things I’ve done”

◆ SP

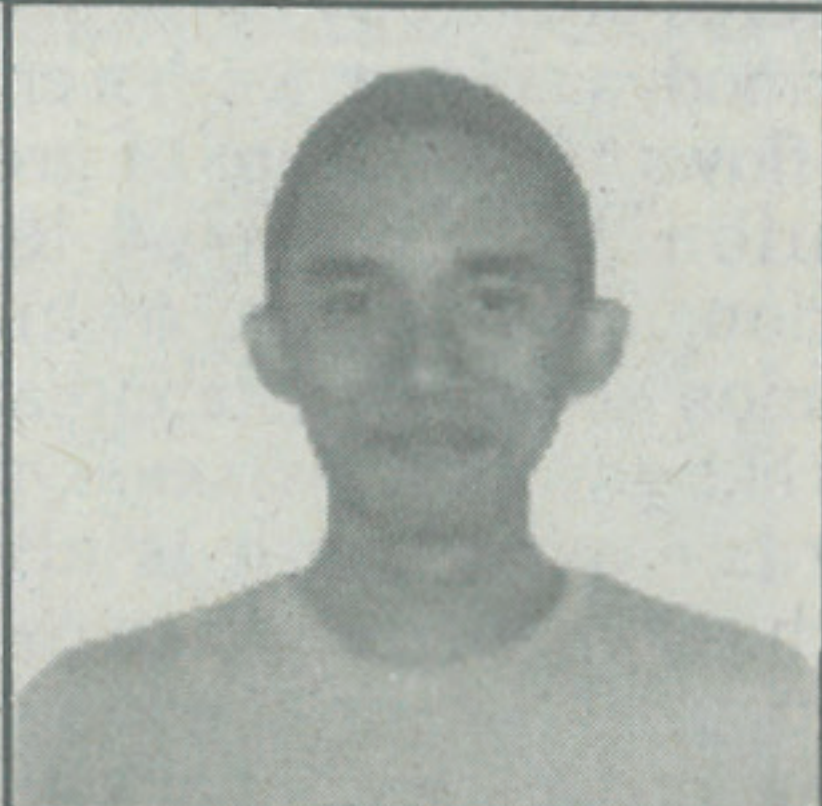


All I wanted was to guard my own
Yet, I neglected you and you frown
I thought I could find peace when I fight
But all I get are teardrops falling
tonight

My eyes are sore with an aching heart
Trying to mend what was torn apart
Too sensitive, too intricate
It is myself that I wanted to hate

I'll try to reach for you again
Hoping that the heavens rain
Pour out its coldness and dampen mist
Wishing you'll come and grab my wrist

I'm sorry for the things I've done
But I can't change what was done
I ask for forgiveness with this mail
That with you again, I can sail



Treading the Path

Teddy Tangente



Nothing is Permanent

There comes a time in our life that we have to choose which way to go. Almost all the time, we choose the easiest way because we are afraid to dare to go the other way.

We, students always take things for granted—the things that we know we can have at the flick of a finger. We never realize that there are no permanent things in this world. The only thing that is constant here is change. So if given the opportunity to have something, value it for that comes only once in a lifetime.

Let me share with you an experience which I believe one can draw some lessons. I joined several extra-curricular activities in school to avail of the tuition fee discount that is offered when one joins one of these organizations. I enjoyed those moments at the Saguday Pep Squad, those tiring days, broken bones, body pain and a lot of mischievous things we did.

But the activities in the Saguday took a toll on my studies. Like other students, I wanted to have a high mark in my subjects but I just could not focus on my academics. Had I known that this would be the prize of joining the group, would I still have joined the Saguday that helped underwrite my expenses here in school and spared my parents from thinking where to get for my tuition fee? Or would I just have studied hard and missed half of a life making memories that I can cherish when I leave college? This was my dilemma. In both ways I looked at it, I tried to rationalize that such things can fill me in as an individual. I don't need to sacrifice one of two things because I believe there are ways to have them both, I told myself.

In that year I decided to join the Review, the student publication here in the university. Although I didn't have any

"There comes a time in our life that we have to choose which way to go. Almost all the time, we choose the easiest way because we are afraid to dare to go the other way.

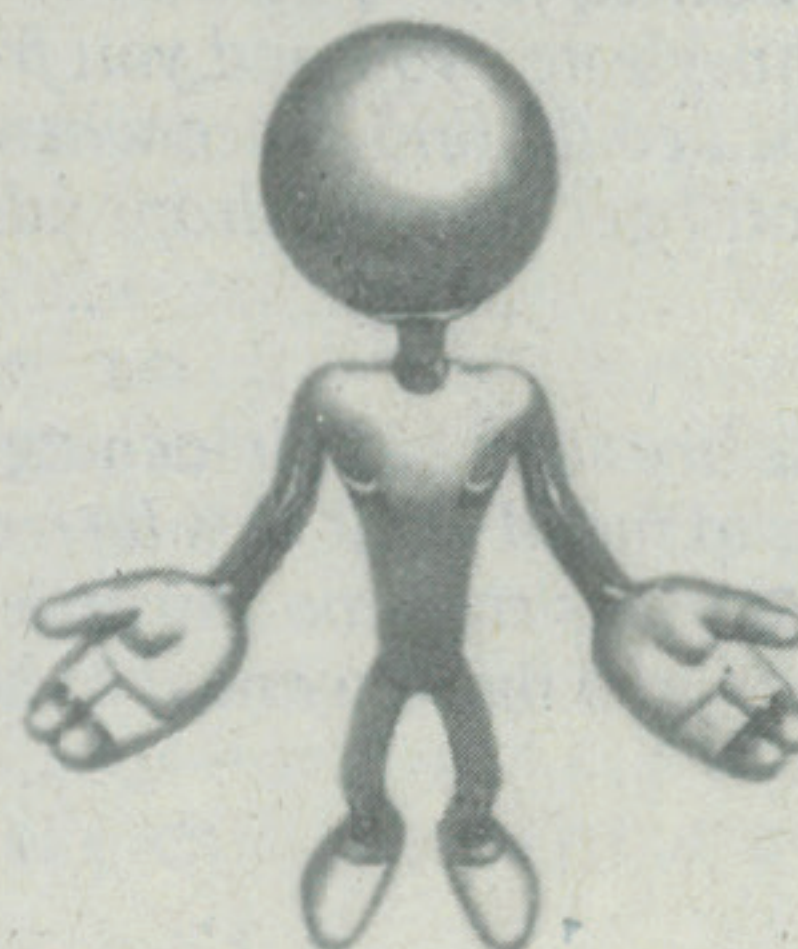
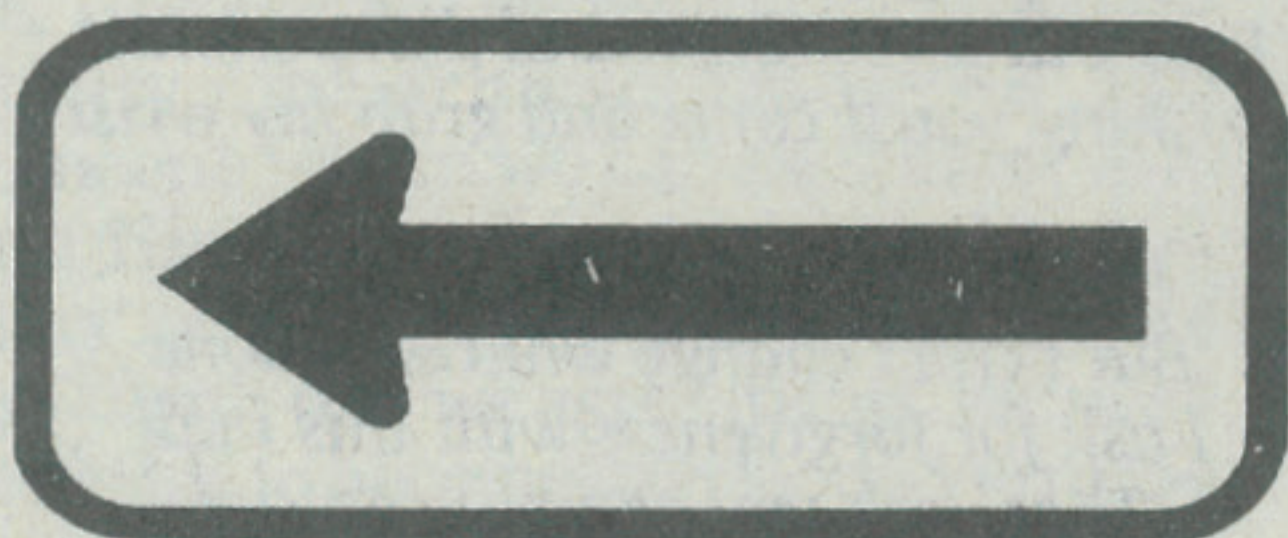
We, students always take things for granted—the things that we know we can have at the flick of a finger. We never realize that there are no permanent things in this world. The only thing that is constant here is change. So if given the opportunity to have something, value it for that comes only once in a lifetime."

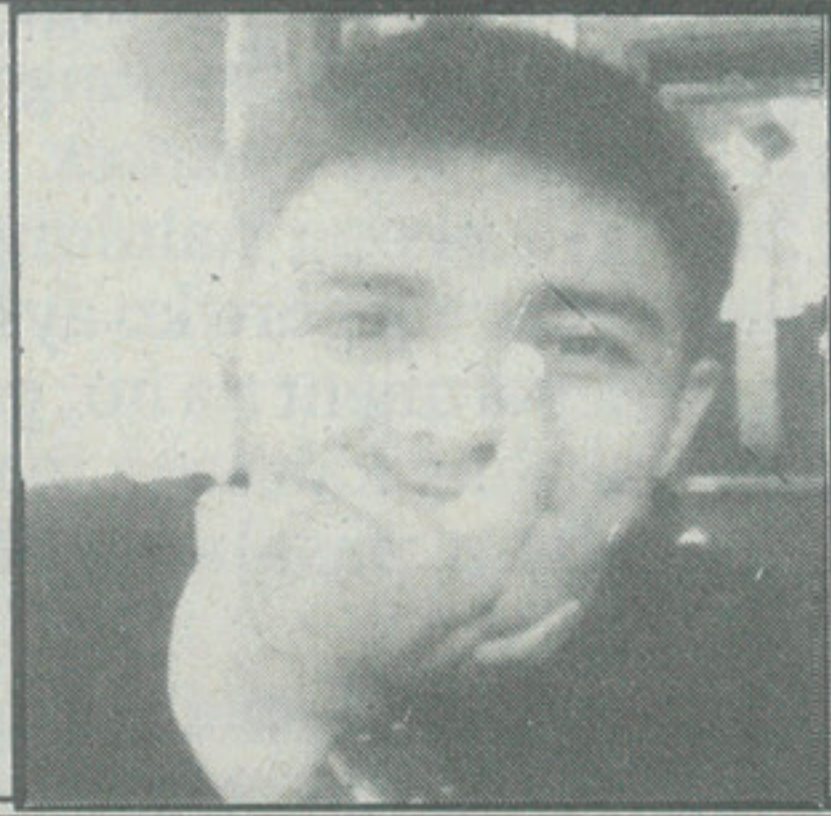
experience in journalism, my interest to write poems and essays was enough to decide to join the paper. I was invited to train as one of the reporters. After a few days with the Review, I made up my mind to give up Saguday and join the paper. My doubts on my capability to write were gone when I was chosen to attend the 9th Regional Higher Education Press Conference in Vigan City. Together with the other staff members, I represented the school in the competition for two writing categories. I didn't make it but that did not dampen my spirit. From that day on, I promised to do my best the next time around should I be still with the paper. And in the next press conference held in Urdaneta City, I finally made it to attend the Luzonwide Press Conference in Lingayen, Pangasinan.

I don't have regrets giving up Saguday to join the Review. I didn't only learn to write but I learned to deal with people. I learned the principles of reporting—to be objective and fair by always getting the other side, to verify the information although the source is credible. I also learned to manage my time, to be professional and to be open with one another. Most of all, I learned responsibility and commitment.

My experience here in school can also be experienced by other students. Making a decision is not easy. But when you finally decide which way to follow, make sure you know what you want. Trust yourself and always have faith in God.

I did not just take the right and easy way, I took the risk to lose one privilege and faced it with courage. As I've said I don't have regrets and I am happy with my decision.





Jila Aderz

Al Hadji Rieta



Kape Muna

Maligayang pagbati sa lahat ng magtatapos ngayong taon na ito (siyempre kasama ako diyan), at sa huling pagkakataon, hahayaan ko ang aking sarili, at sana naman hahayaan niyo rin akong ipadama sa inyong lahat ang aking mga saloobin gamit ang Pambansang Wika ng ating bayan, ang wikang *Filipino*.

Marahil, naninibago kayo kung bakit pinili kong gamitin ang sarili nating wika sa huling pagkakataon na ito. Siyempre dahil espesyal ang isyu ng *The Review* ngayon kaya naman matatawag ko rin na espesyal ang pagkakataong ito para sa akin, dahil sa dami ba naman ng taon na ginugol ko sa pagsusulat sa wikang Ingles, panahon na siguro upang ipagmalaki ko naman ang wikang ito.

Yung Totoo?

Masasabing sosyal ka kapag nag-aaral ka sa Northwestern University. Bakit naman hindi? Tanging ito lamang ang sertipikado ng *ISO* o ang *International Organization for Standardization* sa hilaga ng La Union, at ibig sabihin nito madali kang makakakuha ng trabaho dahil inuuna ng mga kumpanya ang may tatak ng *ISO* (pero 'yun ay kung ganun ka kasipag sa paghahanap ng trabaho). Isang dahilan pa ay sa pagkakaroon nito ng *WiFi (Wireless Fidelity) Zones*, o yung kapag pumunta ka sa may mga *wifi zones* sa loob ng unibersidad ay madali kang makaka-konek sa *internet* na kahit wala kang *internet cables*, basta may kakayahan ang *laptop* mo na kumuha ng signals nito. Masasabi ring sosyal ka dahil halos bago ang lahat ng pasilidad nito, magmula sa mga gusali, mga *air-conditioned rooms*, mga aklat sa silid-aklatan, mga *computer units* sa mga *computer laboratories* at kung anu-ano pa.

Ngunit sa kabila ng mga ito ay ang patuloy na hinaing at pakikibaka ng bawat estudyante (kasama ako diyan) at ng ilang mga empleyado sa mga hindi maintindihang sistema ng administrasyon, ngunit paalala lamang, hindi ko tatalakayin dito ang tungkol sa sitwasyon

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ng mga empleyado (lalung-lalo na ang mga guro) dahil naniniwala ako na wala akong karapatan doon.

Sana, dumating ang araw na pagtutuunan ito ng pansin ng unibersidad ng sa ganoon naman ay tuluyan nang maging tanyag ito dahil sa *ISO Accreditation* nito.



Sa Dulo ng Walang Hanggan

Marahil sa ngayon, masasabi natin na tunay ngang malayo na ang narating ng ating mahal na unibersidad, magmula sa simple nitong simulain hanggang sa kasalukuyan nitong kalagayan.

Ang mga simpleng pangarap noon nina Nicolas Nicolas kasama ang iba pang mga kabalikat sa pagtaguyod ng ating unibersidad ngayon ay tunay ng ating natatamasa sa katauhan naman ni Sir Ben Nicolas.

Aminin natin, dumaan din ito sa mga matitinding pagsubok. Mga pagsubok na kung tutuusin ay dahilan upang maari itong bumagsak, ngunit matatag pa rin silang tumayo at hinarap ang lahat ng mga ito.

Ang aking halos limang taon sa unibersidad na ito ay nagdulot sa akin ng maraming mga bagay. Mga bagay na kung saan ay maaari kong itumbas na pakikibaka para sa kabutihan at kapakanan ng bawat estudyante.

Hinding-hindi ko maiaalis sa aking isipan ang bawat pangyayaring naganap sa akin sa loob ng halos limang taon na ito. Ako'y mas lalong tumapang, tumatag, mas lalong naging malapit sa Ama at nagkaroon ng maraming mga kaibigan.

Hindi ko malilimutan ang mga araw-araw na ako'y naglalakad sa loob ng unibersidad, dahil ako'y saksi sa unti-unting pagbabago nito, marahil sa kaparehong mabuti at hindi magandang pagbabago, gaya halimbawa ng mga bagong gusaling ipinapatayo, mga ipinapaayos na mga silid aralan, mga bagong kagamitan, ngunit nariyan din naman ang hindi natin mapipigilang pagtaas ng ating matrikula at ang hindi maintindihang mga pag-uugali ng ilang mga empleyado.

Halos limang taon din iyon kung tutuusin, at masasabi kong ilang taon lamang ito kumpara sa pitong dekada at mahigit na pakikibaka ng ating unibersidad.

Malayo pa ang lalakbayin ng bawat isa sa atin, marami pang mga pangyayaring maaaring maganap sa

buhay natin. Marami pang mga pagsubok at tagumpay na ating makakaharap, at marami pang mga estranghero ang magiging parte ng ating buhay.

Tama nga ang awiting "Sa Dulo ng Walang Hanggan", hindi natin alam kung saan nga ba ang dulo nito, hindi tayo nakatitiyak kung ano ang mga maaari pang mangyari.

Ano pa man iyon, kailangan pa nating habaan ang ating pasensiya, kailangan pa nating linisin muli ang ating mga sapatos at muling magamit ito, dahil naniniwala akong walang konseptong wakas, ito'y karugtong lamang ng mga susunod pang mga pangyayari, kaya naman sa ayaw man at sa gusto natin, muli tayong magsisimula.

Ang Tanging Alay at Pasasalamat

Alay. Maaaring bagay o pakiramdam na ating inihahandog.

Ako'y labis na nagagalak, dahil sa pambihirang pagkakataon na ito na ipinagkaloob sa akin ng The REVIEW, bagama't ako'y naging abala sa pang-akademikong mga bagay, ganun pa man ako'y kanilang pinaglaanan ng pansin, nararapat lamang na gamitin ko na rin ang pambihirang pagkakataon na ito upang alayan ng taos-pusong pasasalamat ang lahat ng mga taong naging parte ng buhay ko, maaaring nagpa-ibig sa akin, nasaktan ko, nabigyan ko ng kaligayahan at kung ano ano pa.

Administrasyon. Salamat sa inyo, dahil kung hindi dahil sa inyo, hindi mahuhubog ang kritikong pag-iisip ko, aaminin ko, naging inspirasyon kayo sa akin, dahil sa bawat artikulong aking nililikha ay katumbas nito ang bukas na

"Lilisan ako sa unibersidad na ito na baon-baon ang halu-halong mga ala-ala, na siya kong magagamit sa aking pakikibaka naman sa tinatawag natin na tunay na mundo."

pag-iisip ninyo na ito ay tanggapin, kaya nga lang kung minsan hindi agad nagagawan ng agarang aksyon.

Guro. Salamat po ng marami, dahil sa mga aral na aking natutunan sa inyo, magmula sa *College of Business*

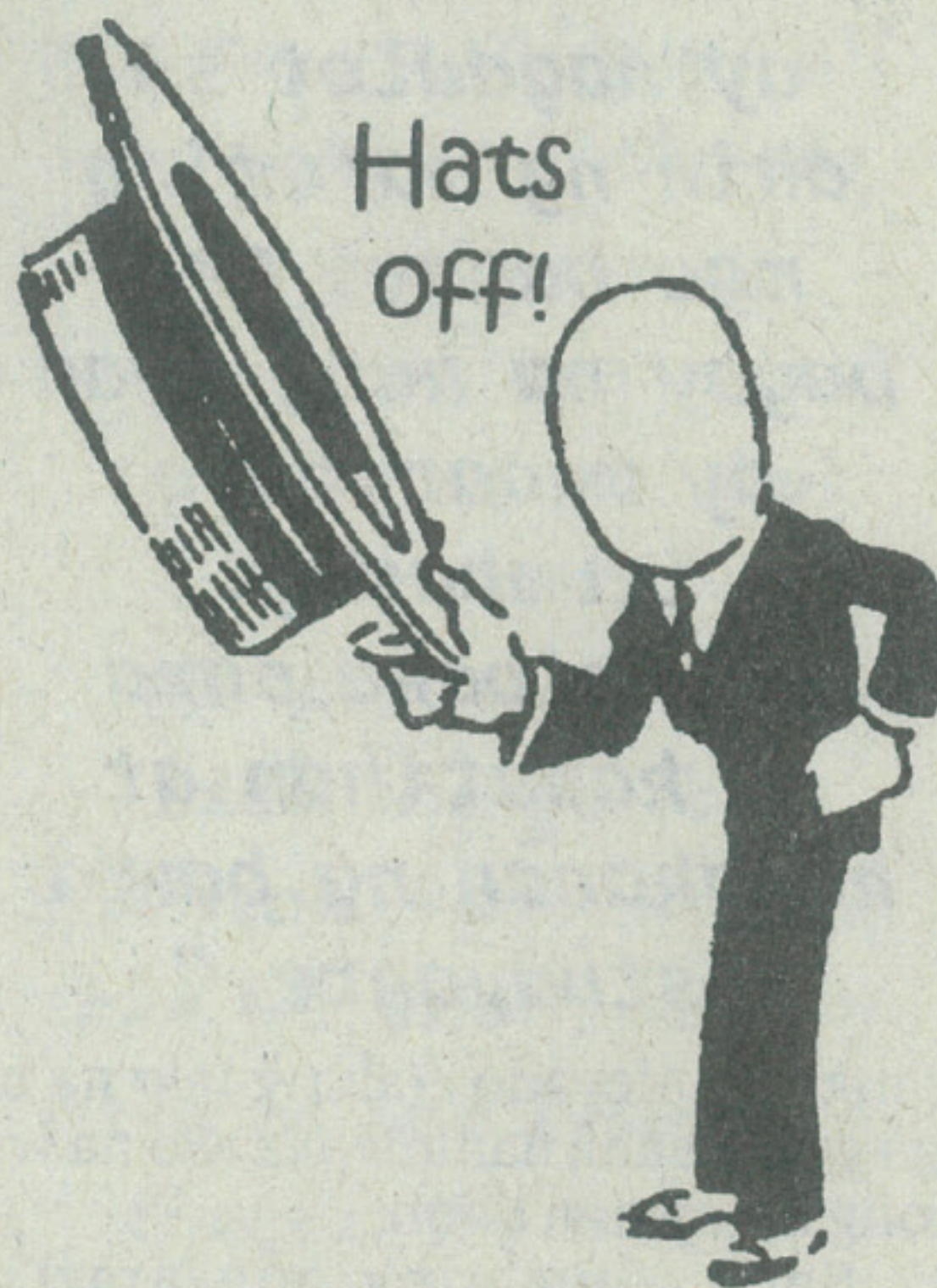
Education department at' ang ngayong naging tahanan ko ng halos tatlong taon, ang *College of Arts and Sciences*. Kaya nga lang bahagya akong nalulungkot, dahil ang ilan sa naging guro ko ay hindi na kabilang sa department na ito, ganun pa man kung sakaling kanilang mabasa ito, nais ko silang pasalamat ng marami.

Utility. Manong at manang, salamat din po, dahil sa araw-araw na pagsasalubong natin sa loob ng unibersidad, palagi niyo akong pinapangiti. Hindi kayo nakakaligta na ako ay kumustahin, tuloy iniisip ng iba na isa ako sa mga may-ari ng unibersidad. Ganun pa man maraming salamat sa pagpapaganda pa lalo ng ating unibersidad, kung hindi dahil sa inyo, siguro magmumukhang tuyong dahon ang buong unibersidad. Mabuhay po kayo.

The REVIEW. Maraming salamat po sa pambihirang pagkakataon na ito. Isa kayo sa mga instrumento upang isilang ang isang Al Hadji S. Rieta ng unibersidad, kung hindi dahil sa inyo, wala akong lakas ng loob upang ibahagi ang aking mga saloobin, at kumilos para sa kapakanan ng bawat estudyante.

At sa lahat ng mga estudyante, mabuhay kayong lahat! Alay ko sa inyo ang lakas at karunungan na aking natutunan sa loob ng unibersidad. Nawa'y magamit niyo ito upang mas lalo pang palawigin ang *student service*. Nawa'y mas maging responsible pa ang bawat isa sa inyo ng sa ganun ay tunay ng magkaisa ang bawat isa.

Lilisan ako sa unibersidad na ito na baon-baon ang halu-halong mga ala-ala, na siya kong magagamit sa aking pakikibaka naman sa tinatawag natin na tunay na mundo.

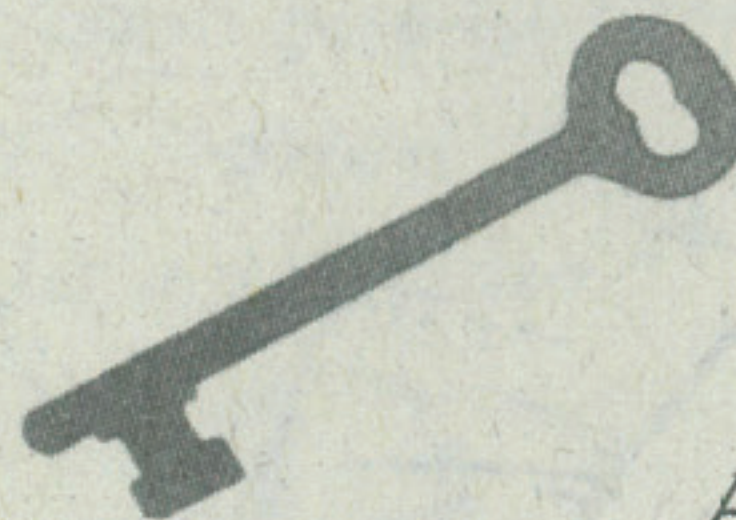


◆ Black 9

Silver Key

*I wept under the blanket of stars
Plied my way along the rivers of Kwai
I clasped between my sordid hands
A precious thing you've left behind*

*Flames had burnt me down,
Licked my flesh, I'm torn apart
Like the wick of a candle running dry
Melting in the edges of fire*



*Shedding petals along the river pines away
Foliages fled subtly gnawing at my heart
For once i thought of you and your eyes
When silence hovered past my broken soul*

*Your voice and sound resounds around
Looking for someone to embrace the odd.
All that was said and done has gone to the ground
We were naked, together we were blind*

*I kept the thing under the distant stars
you were there, your eyes lined with tears
I opened my hands and saw what was it
All along it was a silver key*

The Review's Golden Harvest

Regional Tertiary Schools Press Conference

Urdaneta, Pangasinan
November 25 - 27, 2009



(left to right) **Gerald Madamba** - 1st place, Sports Writing (English Category); **Ruby Charlene Mariano** - 2nd place, Editorial Writing (Filipino Category) & 5th place, Newswriting (English Category); **Teddy Tangente** - 3rd place, Newswriting (Filipino Category)



(left to right) **Stephanie Co** - 5th place, Feature Writing (English Category) & 6th place Poetry Writing (English Category); **Russel Domingo** - 5th place, Literary Graphics (Filipino Category); **Kathleen Gajultos** - 4th place, Sports Writing (Filipino Category)



(left to right) **Al Hadji Rieta** - 6th place, Editorial Cartooning (English Category) & 10th place, Photojournalism (English Category); **Joanna Ruth Casaclang** - 10th place, Feature Writing (Filipino Category); **Arden Oalog** - 5th place, Literary Graphics (Filipino Category).



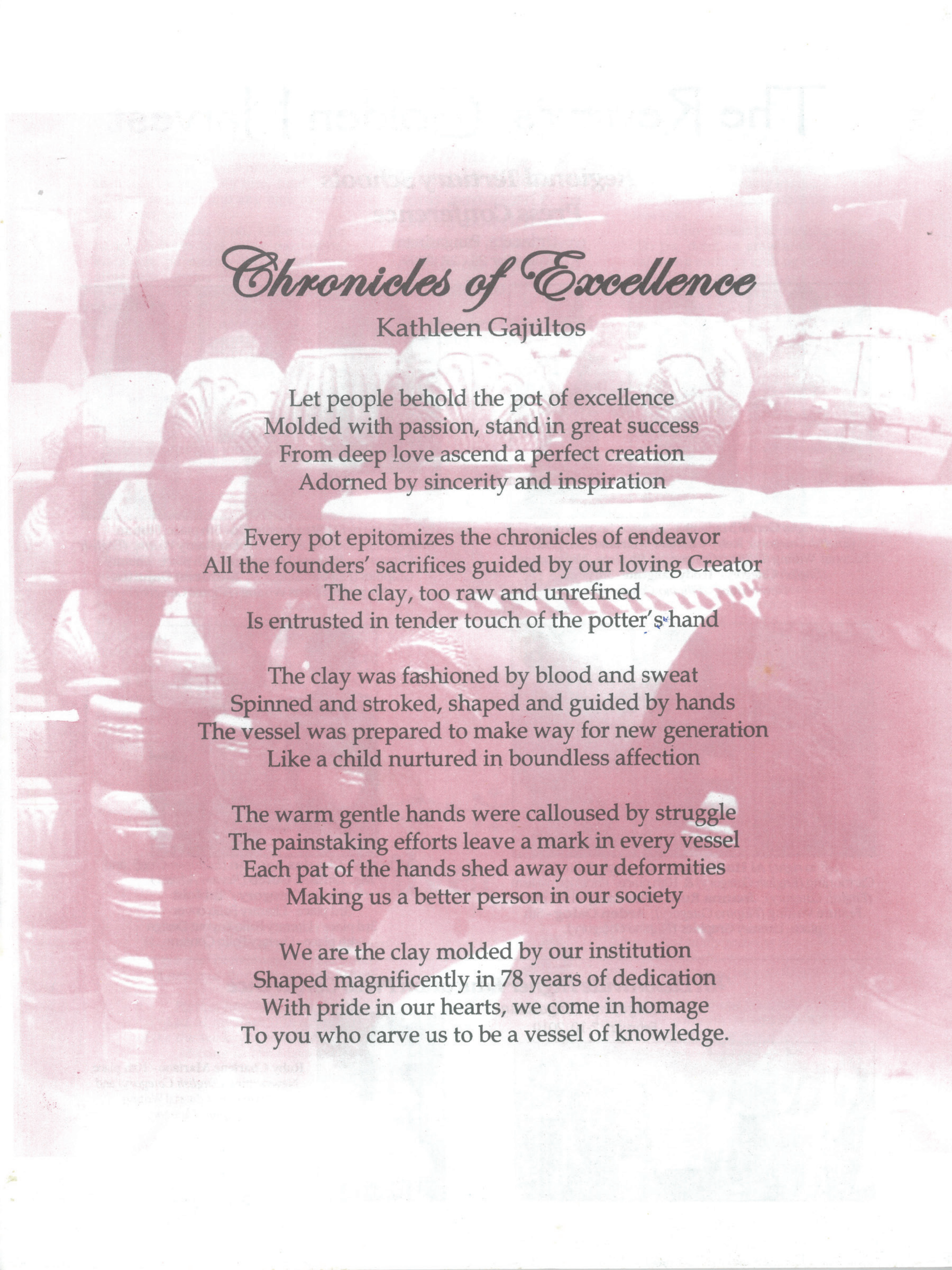
(left to right) **Charles Agustin** (Editor-in-Chief) and **Ms. Lailani Guieb** (Review Adviser)
Group Category / Tabloid
3rd place - Literary Folio cover
3rd place - Literary Folio Layout Design
4th place - Literary Folio Content

9th Luzonwide Higher Education Press Conference

Lingayen, Pangasinan
February 7-10, 2010



Ruby Charlene Mariano - 10th place, Newswriting (English Category) and 10th place, Editorial Writing (Filipino Category).



Chronicles of Excellence

Kathleen Gajultos

Let people behold the pot of excellence
Molded with passion, stand in great success
From deep love ascend a perfect creation
Adorned by sincerity and inspiration

Every pot epitomizes the chronicles of endeavor
All the founders' sacrifices guided by our loving Creator
The clay, too raw and unrefined
Is entrusted in tender touch of the potter's hand

The clay was fashioned by blood and sweat
Spinned and stroked, shaped and guided by hands
The vessel was prepared to make way for new generation
Like a child nurtured in boundless affection

The warm gentle hands were calloused by struggle
The painstaking efforts leave a mark in every vessel
Each pat of the hands shed away our deformities
Making us a better person in our society

We are the clay molded by our institution
Shaped magnificently in 78 years of dedication
With pride in our hearts, we come in homage
To you who carve us to be a vessel of knowledge.