

MULTI-SCHOOL REUNION BRAINSTORM

A meeting among alumni from different high school in Urdaneta was held on Oct. 26,2002 at Ely and Nanie dela Cruz's Rancho Penasquitos house:

- I. Reunion collaboration for High School Grads from 1965-1975 (core hosts/sponsors). Graduates preceding year '65 and beyond year '75 are indiscriminately welcome to join and/or attend this event.
- II. In the interim, the function is in the drawing board for a summer 2004 upshot. Specifically, the second weekend of July is the target date. A dinner/dance event on a Saturday night, then Jam session the next day describe the weekend fete.
- III. Point of contact is designated for each batch/year.
- IV. Point of venue will be Los Angeles/Orange counties.
- V. At this seminal stage, the group is holding up with a basic fund of \$1000.00.
- VI. Dissemination of reunion information will be by e-mail messaging and via postal conveyance.
- VII. Contact persons are encouraged to obtain graduates' residences, phone numbers and e-mail addresses and to please keep them current.
- VIII. Group meeting and brainstorming frequency, incidentally, will be every 3 months. Potluck is imposed every time the group congregates.
- IX. Future meeting is set for Feb. 8, 2003 no later then 11 am @ Mario Mateo's house.
- X. The following is a list of group members to contact to pacify any questions and issues any alumni has that needed clarifications with regards to this reunion:
 - 1965 - Mario Mateo (310/ 396-9308) or MateoMa@mail.Northgrum.com
Joe Corpuz (619/470-0372) or JMCorpuz@aol.com
 - 1966 - Julie Ballesteros-Agojo (626/965-5096) or Jagojo@msn.com
Vickie Sanchez-Norashkarian (626/359-2947) or Vnorashk@lacity.gov
 - 1967 - Nick and Edith Bergado Sison
 - 1968 - Agnes Sanchez (626/285-9162); Ely and Nanie Soriano dela Cruz
 - 1969 - Leticia Nigalan Llanes (858/484-1252) or LNLlanes@hotmail.com
 - 1970 - Tito Tigno (619/267-8298) or Tignofam5@aol.com
Edward Ataop, Mario Doria
 - 1971 - Mary Jane Elleazar
Manuel Martinez (805/488-8782) or Manuel.Martinez@ni.cnrs.navy.mil
 - 1972 - Johnny Soriano (619/934-8565) or SorianoJS@miramar.usmc.mil
Lorenzo Suyat, Jr. (818/893-1256) or Domkrchjos@aol.com
 - 1973 - Yvonne San Juan-Umali (310/422-6676) or yvonesjumali@yahoo.com
Nancy U. Garcia (562/731-0082) or taray2@hotmail.com
Marilou Aradanas
 - 1974 - Yogi Diaz - Yogi.diaz@nw.amedd.army.mil
Charito Cabanilla Love (718/347-1960) or Chalove@yahoo.com
Brenda Ramirez Balmonte - Brenda.Balmonte@Siemens.com
Fanny Untalan Ramiso (818/507-6125) or fannylaoramiso@dpss.co.la.ca.us
 - 1975 - Virginia Ambrosio Sison - virgie@franchise.org
 - East Coast: Dong Goroza, Angelina Marron
 - Canada: Fe Malagayo
 - Australia: Glen Sarthou, Burt La Pena
 - England: Marilou Enrique
 - Philippines: Elpidio Angeles, Shari Nerza



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To start, I would like to extend my sincere apologies to all alumni who have been expecting the release of this issue of the DWCUAA Forum. Due to technical difficulties, this issue was delayed for quite sometime. At any rate, here we are, back in business. Hope you enjoy reading the articles that some of our alumni have written for the enjoyment of our fellow alumni. If you have any questions or concerns, please contact our president, Johnny Soriano. I am sure, he will be glad to entertain your questions or concerns.

We would like to acknowledge our dear friend, Anecita Mae Cavero-Rodil, Class 1973 for sending us her piece which is printed in the following pages. She is reminding her classmates from 1973 to join her in their quest for a class reunion to be held in the City of Urdaneta sometime next year. Your input will be greatly appreciated. There is so much to do and slowly time is of essence. So what do you say guys and gals? Please give her a call at (757) 368-9239 or email her at citamae@pinn.net.

Talks are underway about holding a multi-school reunion to be held next year. An impromptu meeting regarding the Multi-High School Reunion was held on the 26th of October during a graduation party at the De La Cruz residence in Rancho Penasquitos, San Diego, California. It was attended by alumni from the different high schools of Urdaneta. Johnny S. Soriano (72), Lorenzo Suyat, Jr. (72), Nancy Garcia (73), and Yogi Diaz (74) were there to represent our Alma Mater. Due to the upcoming different reunion, which are going to be held from now 'til late next year, 2004 is being targeted for the "big" reunion. The reunion will comprise mainly of alumni from Class 65 to 75 of "all" the high schools including those in the barrios. However, older as well as younger alumni, are also welcome to attend as guests. Los Angeles is the suggested site of the reunion. Points of contact have been designated and Johnny S. Soriano and Lorenzo Suyat, Jr. have volunteered to represent our Alma Mater. More information will be put out as they come along.

This year 2002 is Class 1972's 30th anniversary. Can you believe that? Wow, we have been busy in our lives with families, jobs, careers what not, we forgot that we have been away from our Alma Mater for 30 years now. Perhaps, one of these days, for nostalgic reasons, maybe a short trip to our Alma Mater will turn back time.

Next year, Class 1973 is going to celebrate their 30th with a huge celebration. Talks have been underway for quite sometime now. It looks like it is going to happen. How exciting isn't it? The organizing committee comprising of Elpidio Angeles, Jr., Shari Mamalio, Anecita Mae Cavero-Rodil and Rafael Soriano are requesting their former classmates to contact them and offer their assistance. To make this event successful and memorable, Class 1973 alumni need your help in any form.

We welcome all pictures of alumni who wish them to be published in the website or in the DWCUAA Forum newsletter. We prefer them to be in digital format ready to be downloaded. Please forward them to Johnny Soriano at SorianoJS@miramar.usmc.mil or Raffy Bruan at gerard1054@yahoo.com.

Editorial Staff

Yogi Diaz, Class 1974 –
Contributor

Johnny Soriano, Class 1972 –
Editor

Anecita Mae Cavero-Rodil,
Class 1973 – *Contributor*

Raffy Bruan, Class 1972 –
Publisher

*** EDITORIAL *****REUNION, ANYBODY?**

by Anecita Mae Cavero Rodil (Class 73)

Over the past 33 years, our school made a great effort to build a character in each of the students combining superior quality of education and discipline with moral values and integrity.

The Divine Word Academy of Urdaneta (DWAU), known as the State of Art Seminary School in Pangasinan, and still remains to be so to this day, has continually preserved its cornerstone of quality and values in decades. This, it had successfully achieved in the face of the constant change of modern times.

The philosophy and mission of our beloved Alma Mater remains unchanged to this day. The credit is attributable to its selection of talented faculty and staff which in turn produces an equally talented, productive youths, and citizens.

It is with distinct pleasure that I share the same values, vision and experience to the youth of the next generation. We are what we are today because our educators and mentors played a big part in molding our young minds into model citizens of today. Now, it is only proper that we share and pass on what we have learned to the youths of today and tomorrow.

Each one of us has their own version of experience and reasons to find rare, long lasting friendships. To this end, I mention my incredible friendship with the original "FHADE '73". The brainchild of fellow alumni Diosdado Bautista and Ernesto Malbog, the acronym itself stands for the first names of its members: Filomena (nee Marcelo), Helen Gayanggos, Anecita (nee Cavero), Dorliza (nee Sipin) and Evelyn (nee Bascos).

As with all other great friendships, we stuck to each other through thick and thin. We were strong as a rock until such time our group became inactivate due to the pressures and calling of college. Due to the miracle of communication and the hard work and genius of Johnny Soriano, I touched base once more with my old crusty group. Knowing that Dodie and Filomena ended up as a lovely couple and with professional degrees as a Ph.D. and medical doctor respectively to boot is a testament of the great role our Alma Mater played in their formative years.

On the other hand, I regret that I never had the chance to know each one of my fellow alumni of Class 1973. A few of them have immigrated abroad to include myself while a big chunk is scattered throughout our homeland in the Philippines.

I can only look back and reminisce the priceless memories that we have left behind: The coaching of each other during recital grading period. The sharing of 1/4 and 1/2 sheets of pad paper for unannounced quizzes. The struggle I went through Mr. Manzano's gardening class as I took it for granted. Now it comes all the more clear what it was, as we become parents.

The glamour of being a part of "The Boy's Hi '73" is unforgettable what with their great sense of humor. There was never a dull moment! I want to thank all my former classmates for taking me on their wings and helping me a great deal.

All the dedicated teachers with their style and uniqueness of teaching had made it easier for us to understand Math, Physics, Geometry, Science, English, History, Music, Theology, PE, Pilipino, H.E, Spanish, Electives, etc.

October 30, 2002

To our dear Principal who rescued, counseled and bailed us out of trouble so many times; Father Herbers and his Rectory Staff who availed themselves any time for spiritual services and a few times funds, too; the many Fraters who came and went and Sister Gloria who made us stronger with our faith, made grow in wisdom and appreciate the love for music.

To our PE instructors headed by Mrs. Ridao and formerly Ms Gerola who taught us the finer points of dance choreography, showed to us self-esteem and how to gain confidence.

I also enjoyed watching the PMT cadets perform the Pass-In Review what with sharp looking uniforms worn by these guys. Some Corps Cadet Officers really pursued their career in the military afterwards both in the home front and the United States military.

The intramurals held every summer showcased outstanding athletes and our very own basketball players were so aloof and intriguing!

During Invocations, the "Jamming Club" and the "DWA Hiking Society" composed of Paeng, Pidiong, Cel, Ernesto, Glenn, Boyet, Richie, Wendell, Jose, Ruben and all their sidekicks, always belt out James Taylor and Cat Stevens' songs back to back ending with their trademark tune of "You've Got a Friend"!

The out of town fellowships and retreats with sleepless nights and unending chats from Baguio to Tagaytay City also comes to mind.

What about the Juniors and Seniors Prom that gave us all the chance to ogle closely with the boys and girls. How about the aroma of delicious food coming from the canteen especially the adobo, afritada, menudo, pancit, pinakbet and the tapa. Before you know it, you're flocking to the canteen to partake of the sumptuous meal!

My favorite place after school (FHADE's regular hang out), which also seems to be DWAU's rendezvous place is "D'Abigail's" in the Sison's compound. But if you're up town (city now for those of you who hasn't gone back for a long, long time) the landmark of choice is "Eniang's"!

I can still recall the prominent faces promenading under the pine trees before and after school the "Three Musketeers" composed of Yogi Diaz, Rhodetto Magat, and Candido Bautista.

The jeepneys, tricycles and other bus services turning at the corner while students make a dash for the main gate barely making the first bell class.

Who could forget the inseparable dynamic duo, Ms Gilda Doot and Ms Erlinda Oliviano? How about the lovebirds of all times, Mr. Gregorio Manzano and Ms Aurora Sandoval? I also admire Mr. and Mrs. Teneza's perseverance and rationale. Anybody "missing in action" at that time, would just has to dial 1-800-LOCK "U" UP. Considering the Ridao's, "You've Got It Baby, The Boys and Girls Hi Shelter Home.

Who can really guess what Mr. Stackler was talking about? And what about the adorable little bunch of energy called Mr. Amolacion who seemed to have endeared himself almost to everyone playing big brother with a captivating boyish smile to boot. As far as posterity is concerned, D'Agawin Studio was hot on our trails capturing the highlights and spotlights of our days!

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Traveling GI - Continued from page 3

I dread driving in *autobahns* not so much because of the "no speed limit" law but due to the fear of missing my exit. I found this the hard way not just once but a couple of times. On numerous occasions I missed taking the right exits and ended up taking the next one over. You'd think that it is just like in the States where you could turn around and head the opposite direction? No sir! Not in Germany. The next exit always brings you to another *autobahn*. So, save yourself a lot of headaches. Pay attention to where your going and don't miss your exit. The same thing applies to side streets, lest you want to end up in another side of the town or city.

Due to its rising population as opposed to its area size, the nation is expanding skyward. This is the reason why you find skyscrapers in apartment buildings and business establishments. Also, people like to eat on the go. They either munch on their sandwiches while trudging along the street or you see them in side street corners taking a bite or two of *schnitzels*, fries or sipping a cup of coffee or a glass of beer or wine.

Most of the restaurants, if not all of them, allow pets to get in with their patrons. It is not surprising to see a couple being seated on a table with a dog or a cat in tow. Most Germans only have one or two kids while others do not have children at all. Their pets are their only prized possessions and are considered like their own kids! Tipping is a must whether you like it or not. It is imputed in your tab and it comprises ten per cent of the total amount of your bill. If you want to tip extra after you settled your account then you are most welcome. Otherwise, this is the common way of tipping in the country. While you are in the restaurant, ensure you relieve yourself first before you leave. Enjoy it while it is free. Outside, you will have to shell out a minimum of 50 *pfennings* - it takes one hundred *pfennings* to make one *Deutchmark* (or Mark) and two Marks are equivalent to a dollar - to use a restroom (the Germans call it toilet).

Germany is always a shopper's paradise to most GI spouses. Who can blame them! It is here where you purchase the much talked about Grandfather's clock. You don't have to travel all the way to the famous manufacturer in Black Forrest. The item is sold direct from its source all over Germany. Next favorite item is the shrank broken down into five pieces - a center display -mirrored cabinet, one bookcase cabinet, one bookcase/mini-bar cabinet and two corner-mirrored cabinets. These come equipped with lights and switches for a fabulous nighttime showcase.

Not lagging behind the shopper's lists are the many mementos one can buy to adorn the spaciouly designed shelves of the shrank to include the Grandfather's clock, the dancing ladies, the nutcrackers, the beer mugs, etc. The prized possession though is to own a few pieces of the famous *Swarovski* crystals made from Austria, which make one's collection a dream come true.

True to its label as a tourist get away, one can access any part of Europe from here by car, tour buses, or train. For example, Italy can be easily reached by tour bus. It leaves Germany late Friday afternoons and gets back early morning Sunday. Most of these buses would take you to direct to manufacturers of *Capo De Monte* vases, baskets, etc. Likewise, tour buses leave on the same day, an hour to Paris, the Netherlands or Austria. Although they are the most popularly means of transportation taken, many who have tried it say riding the train is the best mode to take. Accordingly, you could appreciate nature's beauty at its purest.

If the wives have their shopping perks, the GI themselves have their own preferences. Buying a German-manufactured car with American specifications ranks at the top of their own "must buy" list. With the amount of money they save buying the car and shipping it back home rather than buying it here, who can blame them? Besides, who knows, they may never get assigned back to Germany again so, why blame them?

I would have chosen to extend my tour overseas but I am a very moody fellow, so I didn't. Not seeing the sun shine for so long a period each year is melancholic on my part. I miss the sun and the warmth, gorgeous smiles of fellow Americans, so I decided to come home.

I'd love to go back to Germany again if given the chance. Deployment or no deployment, I'd make use of my spare time to roam other parts of the country that I'd never visited, like Berlin, and events I've missed, like the *Oktoberfest*. Most of all, I'd love to bring home once more a beautiful, shiny, sleek and fast, top-of-the-line German made car.

Auf Wiedersehen! Tschuss! Danke Schon! Bitte! Next stop for all you, Paris, the City of Lovers! ♣

ALUMNI PHOTO

Wilfredo Z. Palad, Class 1972 with his wife Gugu and their children

Reunion Anybody?

These are just the common sights that we observed during our glory days. Most definitely, I miss the Golden Girls and the Golden Boys of DWAU. The temptation of coming home and be with the people you shared and traveled with is tops on my to do lists.

The Class of 1973's 30th anniversary is not only remembering, recognizing and renewing the deeper bonds of friendship but also thanking those who guided us to be what we are today.

We have outgrown our past and we certainly have families of our own now yet, we still share that same vision and values that molded us three decades or so ago: To see that our own offspring get the same kind of education, wisdom and vision as we did back then.

I am fully convinced that the upcoming class anniversary would give us a wonderful opportunity to meet again, banter with one another, old friends and colleagues alike. "We were once lost but now we're found."

Please stay involved and be Divinians Forever! Remember your donations, how big or small matter and your presence and thoughts count as well.

With that in mind, the nagging question pops up; will it be in July or December 2003? The decision is yours and it's your choice! A reunion poll date is still in progress!

More power to you all and the best of life to each and everyone. ♣

The Passing of Friends

As we are all human, time will come when we will all meet our Maker. Sad to say but a few of our alumni have left us and be with our Lord. We will certainly miss their good company and friendship forever. Our thoughts and prayers will be with them everyday. We commiserate with their families and loved ones during these trying times. Their passing reminds us of how fragile and unpredictable life can be on earth. It opens us to the realization that life is short yet we should value and enjoy every second and every minute of it.

On behalf of the officers and members of the Divine Word College of Urdaneta Alumni Association, we would like to express our deepest sympathy to the grieving families of the recently departed and those who have long gone. Our prayers are always with you. May they rest in peace. We will always love and miss you.

The following alumni who went ahead of us are:

Name	Class
Emeterio Acosta	1972
Nancy dela Rosa	1973
Charito Doot	1973
Carlos Duyag	1971
Minda Duyag	1973
Justiniano Epistola	1970
Rodolfo Ferrer	1972
Estrella Nicolas	1972
Renato Padua	1973
Mrs. Caridad Ridao	former teacher
Mariel Ridao	1975
Alejandro Rodrigo	1970
Teresita Rosal	1972 - died March 15, 2002
Francisco Sison	1972
Imelda Sison	1973
Rosita Tabela	1972

A Tribute To Smiling Angel

It's the end of March the beginning of spring
 When everything coils back to life including nature's reign.
 Flowers, trees, gardens and grass; birds, bees and wildlife at that
 Unfolds a pageantry of vibrant color, splendor, beauty and bubbling sight.

Six months of hibernation exudes delight; expectant jubilation
 In all of God's creation beats a hymn of celebration.

Indeed, 'tis the season of spring as nature's life starts to teem
 An amazing thought came from the girl of my dream.
 Hands extended, reaching out, revealing words of special invitation
 Convene face-to-face, enthused she; rectify three decades of omission.

Magical words spoken energize every ounce of my being
 Never anticipated my constant pleadings would soon sensitize her feelings.

For it seemed only like yesterday I agonizingly suffered
 Dreadful loneliness, bouts of anxiety and sleepless nights encountered.

Unanswered queries, unreciprocated overtures plugs the mind daily
 Churning no end, consuming conscious thoughts like an eddy ingesting a ship at sea.

Melancholic, distress, fretfulness barely appeased during the day
 Banter revived, pleasantries exchanged, short retorts would come my way.

Thirty close years heart's devoid of all the memories
 Now, I found you again! Emotions rush back, at a loss: back to the seventies?

Deja vu, you might say, as I face the same realism
 Do I have to second-guess myself once more ready not to listen?
 Lessons from the past dealt a blow of cherished pain
 Willed me even stronger not to give up on you this time again.

And so I write this verse as a lasting homage to the Angel of my dream
 May you keep your pledge of a meeting lest it'll end up in a rushing stream?

Years caught up in a web of personal successes and failures
 Sidetrack neither one of us from the focus of current issues.
 For thy humble gift of invitation I will revere & remember
 To the last breathe of my life; into my grave you'll linger forever!

Armando Borjal Valencia
Guest Writer

Diary of a Traveling GI

Igoy Zaid

Last issue, I left word about taking you all to the beautiful land of *frauleins* and *schnitzels*: Germany. No one needs introduction of what Germany is all about. Almost everyone who is a history buff or one who is fascinated with war knows the (in)famous history of this nation. What many of us know about it are mainly culled from the many books about World Wars I and II and from the many documentary films about its near-conquering of almost all of Europe and its near extermination of a race in the face of this planet. What we do not know is, that the Germany of today is one of the wealthiest, if not the richest, nation in Europe.

For most GI's (short for Government Issue-appropriately so as they all are government property), Germany is their gateway to Europe. So many soldiers who are on their first reenlistment do request to be stationed in the country as a way for them and their respective dependents to travel not only in-country but to neighboring countries elsewhere, as well.

Originally, I was bound for Baumholder, which I heard is just nine hours away from Paris, France. For some reason, my original orders assigning me to that area were changed when I arrived in Frankfurt. I was diverted to go to Friedberg about 38 kilometers away.

I arrived in Germany on a cold, snowy month of February. What struck me the most are the mounds of snow piled on the pavement outside Frankfurt airport. It was probably close to six o'clock in the morning yet it was still pitched black outside. From Rhein Main Air Force Base, I went through routine customs check proceeding towards the Replacement Station. Here, I spent an unexpected extra day as a new orders assigning me to V Corps in Friedberg superseded my old assignment.

A chartered bus was waiting outside the sign-in/sign-out building ready to take two-dozen soldiers and myself to an in processing station in Kirchgoens. There must have been a snow flurry the day before I arrived as evidenced by the snow-covered fields on both sides of the highway. The *kaserne*, which means a military base, would be my temporary duty for the next two and a half weeks.

One holds in wonder how this nation climbed back to the ladder of economic power after much destruction and devastation during the last World War. Even more intriguing is the manner with which remnants of its medieval culture had been preserved by the presence of its many castles spread all over the country - although some say it's a clear manifestation of the genuine concern of the conquering Allied forces in seeing to it that most of Germany's cultural identity is spared from ultimate destruction. Or was it a payback time situation for the Allies in response to the Germans not wrecking havoc to many of Paris' grandeur historical sites despite Hitler's instructions to leave it in ruins?

Almost every city has its own castle to showcase. Their size and structure manifests the stature and power of the royalties that occupied them and the subjects they held. The mother of all castles though is located in the State of Bavaria. It is called King Ludwig's castle. It is said that this king had this pompous structure built as a gift to his future queen that he never got to marry.

Another tradition that's preserved in this country is the flea market. Though many modern grocery stores dot every nook and corner of each town and city, certain days of the week are devoted as flea market day. Just as what we have seen here in the States, this is the day where we can buy fresh produce, meat, poultry, etc. directly from the producers themselves. There are even a few rides available for the kids to enjoy!

As is their practice for centuries, the Federal government still advocates strong ties among families. Towards this end, it has continuously supported legislation towards strengthening family relationships. This is the main reason why all types of business establishments operate on a half-day basis on Saturdays and closed all day on Sundays. A few exceptions are the restaurant business, which remains open 'til early evening on Saturdays.

The thing I relish the most is trotting down the grocery store to buy bread. You can buy the bread you want cooked the old fashioned way: straight out of the kiln. The bread is smoking hot as you headed towards home. Also, I enjoyed going to the slaughterhouse. Comparable to modern abattoirs, employees let you in and you can have your choice cuts of fresh pork, beef and *schnitzel*, which means German sausage, at discounted prices. Next to the Volkswagen, BMW, Mercedes and their variety of beers, the *schnitzel* probably ranks as the most sought after item in the land.

Because of the unusually cold weather condition almost the whole year round, most of the adult population and a big slice of the younger ones as well are big beer and/or wine drinkers and cigarette smokers. Beer and/or wine are part of the daily life here.

Being in a foreign land driving a big vehicle brought too many discomfort for me. The streets and city roads are narrow and all the parking spaces are compact designed to accommodate the small cars produced in the country. If you see a big vehicle being driven around, most likely, a GI owns it. What they lack in car size though more than makes up for the enormous speed these compact vehicles possess.

Because there is no speed limit in their *autobahns* - the equivalent of our freeways here - manufacturers are not required by law to install governors on vehicles, which explains the incredible speediness of the cars.

SIDELINES

Yogi Diaz, Class 1974

Of Running Your First Full Marathon

Last issue, I left word to give you a full account on the Nashville Rock & Roll Marathon, which I ran on April 27, 2002. And so, here it goes. Myself and five other people from Pine Bluff Arsenal, Arkansas arrived in Nashville separately a day before the race but yes, we did stay at the same hotel. Race numbers, T-shirts, etc. were picked up by all participants at the City's Convention Center all day prior to race day. Of most import to us was a piece of black ribbon-like thing, which we were to thread through our left shoelace. It is a digitalized piece of equipment designed to scan racers' numbers at various strategic points along the route. Failure to attach this to your shoelace or losing it during the course of would mean your finishing time would not be recognized at the finish line.

Anyway, picking up our racing numbers in the morning was a piece of cake. Those who came after lunch had the surprise of their lives. There were long lines in the convention center as there was a mad rush of participants swinging by to verify and pick-up their respective numbers. All in all, there were 11,000 runners who joined the race. Of these, 7,000 ran the half-marathon and 4,000 - to include my group and myself - ran the full route. The half-marathon distance was 13 and change miles while the full one was 26.2 miles long!

After everyone had checked in the hotel, we wasted no time doing a reconnaissance on the course. Our jaws dropped when we realized the course was hilly. We learned later on that it is the third most challenging course of all marathon races in the country. Remember now, we have been training on flat surface three months earlier. Myself in particular, worried the most. Three weeks before the race I suffered an Ilio-Tibial (IT) Band injury to my right knee. I rested, iced my knee down, and took Ibuprofen to reduce the swelling down. At that time, I was determined to make it to the race. I have put in a lot of time, effort and money into my training that I was not about to bow out. Whatever doubts I had of not finishing the race due to my injury trebled as I see the course layout before my eyes. There is no turning back! Inspired by words of support from people close to my heart, I willed myself to conquer the course. Easier said than done.

Morning of the race, it was cool and cloudy. Perfect for a marathon day. The elite world-class runners led the thousands of runners as the starter's gun went off. I started slow for the first mile gradually picking up speed as my body warmed up. By the 10th mile, I can sense my thighs are getting heavy and tight from the grueling climbs. Compounding it all, I now can feel a tug on my right knee's IT band especially when I negotiate the uphill climbs. Worried about not finishing, I slowed my pace down. By mile 15, my left thigh is starting to cramp up. By this time, a good number of runners are strewn across a big swathe of the course. I saw some with bleeding feet, raw skin peeled off their limbs, others had ice packs wrapped around both of their knees, while a good number are stretching their calf and thigh muscles. Twice in the race I stopped by a medical aid station and ask for Ben Gay and rub it on my cramping thigh. They later gave me salt packets to consume to get the salt in my body up again. It is at this point of the race where my mind and heart took over my whole body. At mile 18, I was really hurting but I blocked it out of my mind and continued on knowing I have 18.2 miles left to go. I relied on the mental toughness I learned from my previous trainings. Also of most import, were the inspirational thoughts of beautiful loving people who bid me good luck a day before. I knew for a fact I cannot fail them.

After five grueling hours and fifteen minutes, I crossed the finish line, a winner in my own right! It was the greatest feeling I have ever felt. A triumph of the mind and of the spirit! Race staff were at hand at the finish to put on the finisher's medal around your neck, slide that aluminum blanket around your shoulders, and hand you that ice cold bottle of Gatorade. I conquered Nashville but more importantly, I conquered myself. Now am looking forward to my second full marathon!

Postscript. Eve after the race, we were feted to a Country Music concert headed by the amiable and electrifying Jody Messina. It is free admission for all the runners. We just have to show our race numbers at the gate and we are in. A total of \$4 million dollars was generated from the event, which will benefit the Leukemia Foundation. ♣



SPECIAL EVENTS

Special events in our lives are always celebrated and remembered. Foremost of these events is birth anniversaries. Us being Filipinos are fond of celebrations. We remember those who celebrated theirs already. At any rate, belated birthday greetings to the celebrants. The following is a partial list of our fellow alumni who celebrated their birthdays.

Happy Birthday!

May	Name	Class
9	Lilia Duzon	1973
10	Lorenzo Suyat, Jr.	1972
15	Clarita Nigalan	1974
17	Ruben Balbastro	1973
	Lejocel Soliven	1973
20	Cynthia Cavero-Monterola	1980
21	Fanny Untalan-Ramiso	1974

June	Name	Class
5	Aurora Leano-Ignacio	1973
7	Glenn Sarthou	1973
9	Rafael Soriano	1973
11	Jaime Flora	1974
16	Consuelo Agsalud	1973
	Ronald Rupisan	1973
21	Renato Bello	1972
22	Conсорcia Barroga-Lastimosa	1972
23	Virginia Ambrosio-Day	1973

July	Name	Class
1	Julieta Marquez-Hammit	1972
8	Rene David	1971
14	Josefina Marcelo	1976
20	Ms. Margarita Aguilana	teacher
23	Windsor Finuliar	1974
24	Emily Domantay	1973
26	Adelaida Locquiao	1973
	Bernadette Uy	1981
28	Rhodetto Magat	1974
	Ricardo Ridao	1973
31	Evelyn Duzon-Soriano	1973

August	Name	Class
3	Amalita Marana	1975
7	Blesifida Peralta	1973
15	Rossana Ambrosio	1976
23	Juanito Bernardo	
24	Gretchen Marana Rafael	1976
25	Johnny Soriano	1972
	Eleanor Rame	1973

September	Name	Class
5	Lorenza Serafica	1973
10	Nicolas Simbajon	former Frater
18	Virgilio Manipon	1974
	Miss Teresita Ferino	former teacher
21	Ramon Mamalio	1978
26	Fr. Alfredo Reyes, SVD	former Director
	Lino Revilla	1973
29	Mary Janet Mamalio	1985

October	Name	Class
14	Flordeliza Locquiao	1973
	Mrs. Melendre Queyquep-Middlebrooks	former staff
	Ditas Ramirez-Tila	1971
15	Rufo G.F. Bruan III	1972
17	Ofelia Sanchez	1973
18	Anecita Mae Cavero-Rodil	1973
21	Ma. Rosario Bascos	1975
22	Ernesto Benasa Bello	1972
	Joseph Lacson	1975
24	Marilou Okol-Asuncion	1973
	Jean Ruiz-Akimoto	1974
27	Jose Maria Ferreras	former Frater
29	Editha Batarina-Honrade	1973
30	Guido Mamalio	1982

Happy Birthday!!

