



SOS (Symbol of Strength)

Facilitated by Ma. Alma Quinto

This module is on visualizing the Narratives of Pain and Dream. Using the format of a small book to narrate the story, it starts with one's name and symbol of strength on the cover and ends with his/her vision of a new beginning, with the inside pages containing the traumatic memories in visual and written texts as a way to diffuse the tension and to process the pain. Storytelling comes after the art making to foster a shared experience, interaction and trust among the participants and to create an environment that is both affirming and accepting. This process helps them see and connect with the strength of the other participants to gain a better perspective of their tragic experience and to reconnect with their creative selves.

SOS is a distress signal and an urgent call for help and immediate action. As a creative response to an adverse condition, SOS or Symbol of Strength is a creative process to look inward and express the pain in visual form, giving shape, texture and color to the trauma experience, thereby making it easier for both the affected person and the workshop facilitator to deal with a seemingly abstract and fluid emotion.

Materials: oslo paper, black ballpoint pen, pencil, colored pens or pencils, watercolor or poster paints, paintbrushes, crayons, colored paper, glue, scissors



ERNEST REYES DIMAKILING

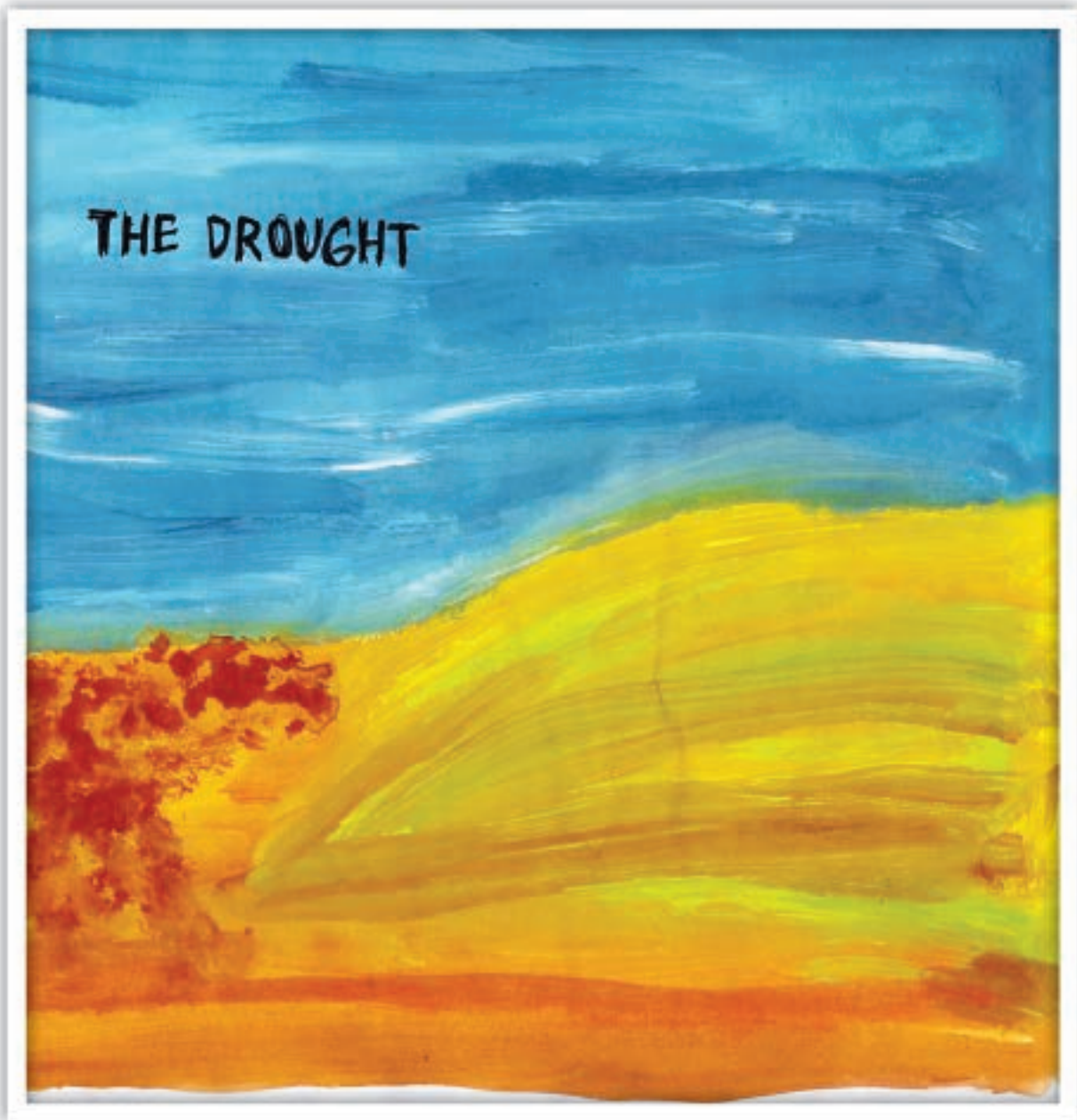
THE DWELLING BETWEEN THE SEAS AND THE MOUNTAINS





THE SONS
OF
ADAM
AND
THE DAUGHTERS
OF
EVE







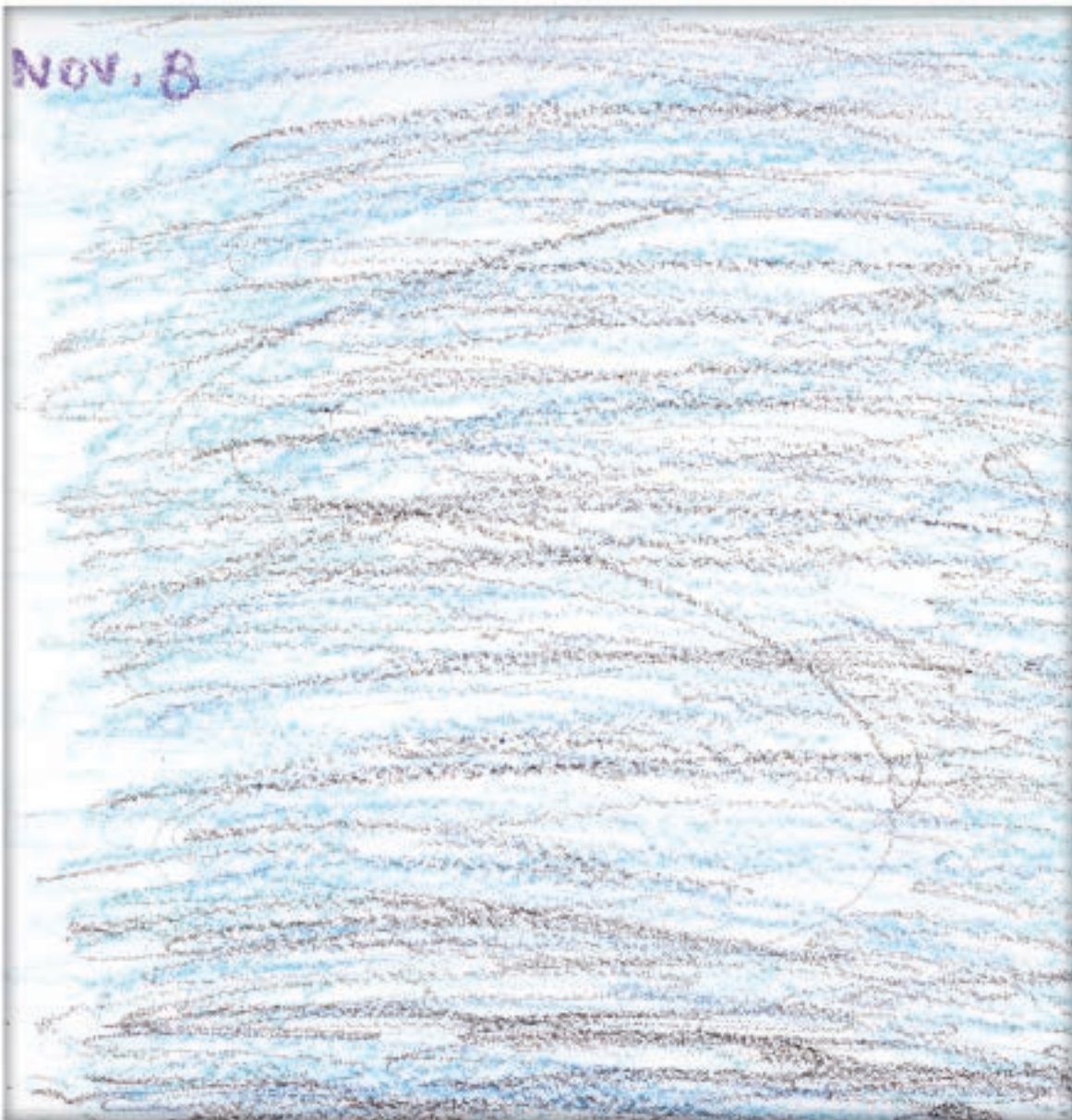
CHARISSE



GRAVEYARD

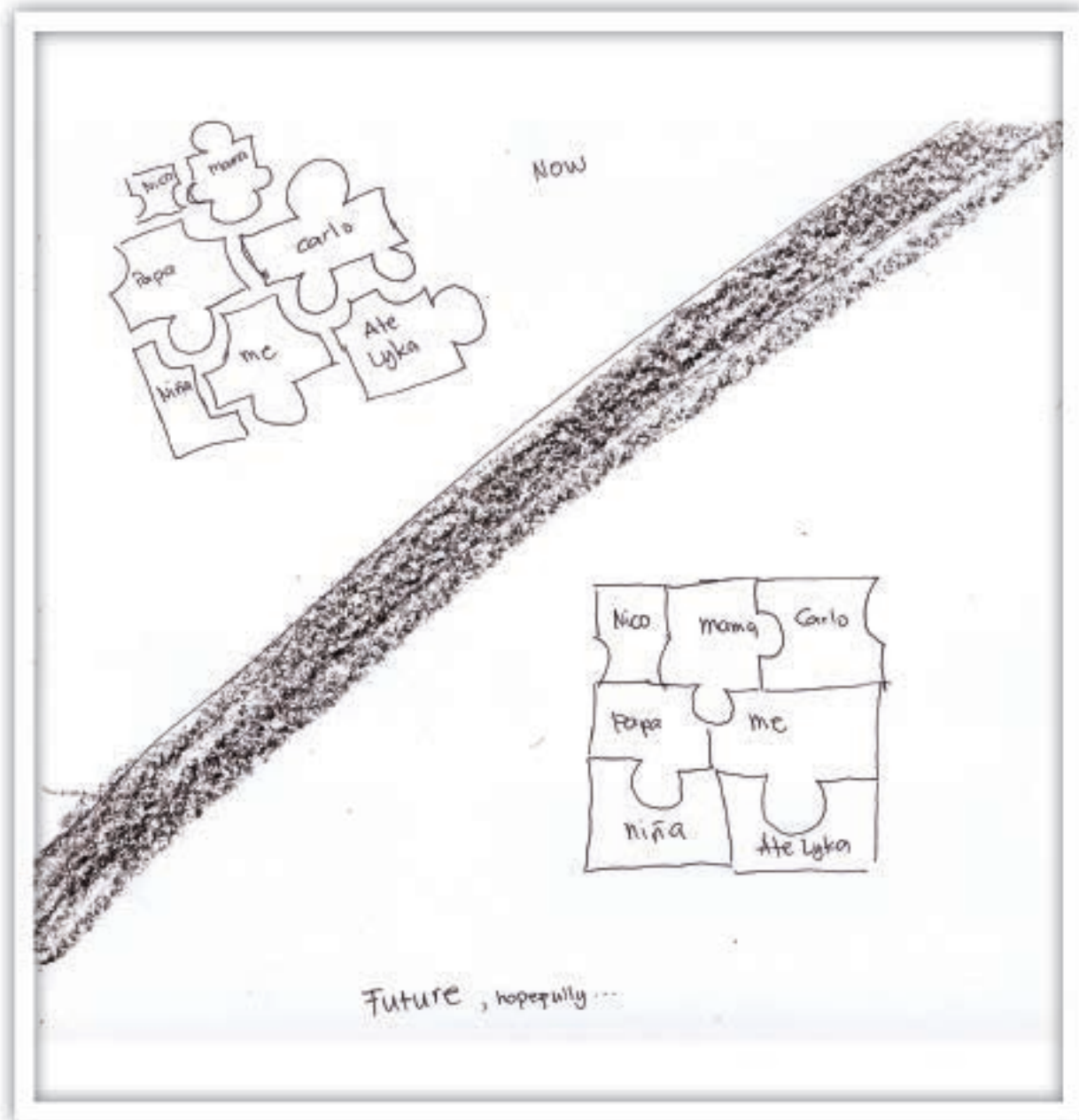


NOV. 8



November 9, 2013.

We have no food. We don't know where we would get some. Mama stopped giving instructions. It's scary when she doesn't tell us what to do because she always does. There is no man (male) in the house. Only my two little brothers. They are hungry. We are all hungry and scared, and tired. During the evening, we already started hearing gunshots. We stayed inside the house. There was nowhere to go. There was nobody we could call to help us. We stayed together. Silent. Hungry. Tired. I lied down, ready to sleep. Closed my eyes and hoping that when I wake up, everything would go back to normal. That what happened was just a dream. But when I opened my eyes, it was real.



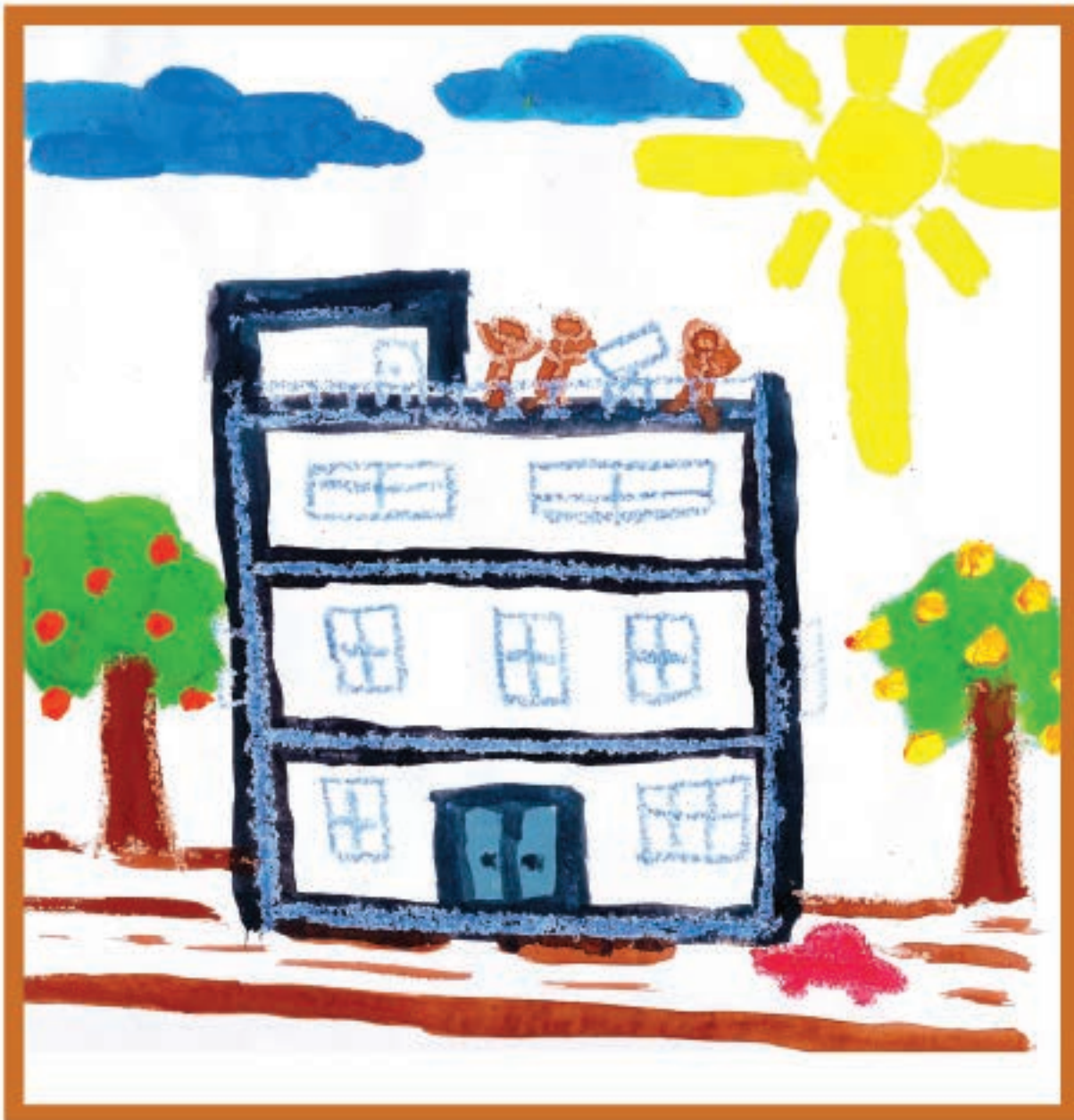




greetings & silence









PHILIP JOSHUA GUMBAN GAJE



sa UPVTC. Di namon talaga ako dapat umi sa bahay dahil nakapit na ang posukan. Pero noon
mga nakaraang aron ay nabalitaan kong may malakas na bagyong darating. Sa dami pa lamang
ay pansin na ang di-pangkaraniwang katahimikan ng langit na ngayon ko lang nararamasan.
Makulimlim ang langit at porma lang walang hip ng hangin ang nararamdaman. Pagdam ng
bus sa Basey, nakita ko ang mga bata na abot tenga ang ngiti dahil suspended ang
klase kinabukasan. Estudyante nga namon.

Pagdating ko sa bahayon namin, natatawa akong nagsabi sa mama ko na parang ang
OF namon ng mga tao. Paano ba namon, parang dumamok na ang bagyo. Tinabasan na
nila ng dahan ang mga puno ng niyog, pinutol ang mga sanga ng mga puno ng mangga
at kung ano-ano pang puno na posibleng matumba nang dahil sa bagyo. Tinatay ko ang
kaibigan kong nag-sasal din sa UP at kapabayon ko kung ano nang balita sa Tacloban.
Sakitong nandun sya sa terminal ng van, nagbabakasakaling makauwi rin nang gabi. Sabi
niya, parang may apocalypse na mangyayari dahil sa sobrang dami ng tao na gustong
makaawi.

Medyo nalakatakot malamanas ng mga pangyayaring hindi ma pa hahasanan na
puna lang may isang malaking delubiyong papakipit. Nag-umpisa nang mag-panic buhin
ang mga tao. Tinawagan ^{kami} ng ama ng mama ko, at nagsabing mag-evacuate na rin
kami dami sa bahay nitang Sementado. Ewan lang sa pauid namin, at medyo hesitant
pa kamiing lumikas dahil kahit gaman lang yun, ilang bagyo namin ang kalagpasan nito.
Alga ako kwatro ng hapon, dala ang ilang importanteng gamit, dumiretso na kami sa
kung saan kami mag-evacuate. Medyo nakakahiya pa nga kasi tinawanan kami ng ibang
tao sa ground namin.

Kinagabihan, tumawag si Papa at pinalalaban kami na mag-ingat.

8 November 2013



Ala - una palang ng madding araw, yung...
Pina may kandila kami na magaganit. Pharmacy rin ang bahay ng amo ni mama kaya
medyo kampilan kami kung sakaling may nasugatan.

Alas dos. Natumba na yung katabing poste ng kuriente. Saktang nakalimang pafalaga
sa gitna ng kalsada. Naisip nating imposibleng makadama ang mga malaking sasakyan.
pero okay lang, wala narin namang sasalyang nagtangkang dumama. Tinat ko na ang
mga puwedeng matat na mag-ingat dahil hindi pangkaranawan ang bagyo.

Napakadilim ng pagligid. Wala kang makita. Halos hindi na kami mag karinigan dahil
natatulo ng lakas ng hangin ang kahit arawig sigaw na sasambitin namin. Masakit sa
tungkang na para bang mihiipan ka nang napakalakas, at rinig mo ang kabimpag ng mga
yero at mga kahoy na nilipad na ng hangin. Ilang oras pa ang nagdaan pero hindi pa
tapos ang pagkalamang ni Yolanda.

Alas seis ng unaga. Naglakas labo akong sumulyap sa bintana na alam kong
kanit anong sandali, puwedeng mabasa ang salamin. Natanggal na ang isa sa dalawang
pinto sa harapang ng bahay. Nas maraning poste na ang nakatardusang sa kalsada, pati
na rin ang mga yero na alam kong galing sa mga kabahayan. Parang buhol na hira-
bawi sa isang direksyon ang dahon ng mga puno ng niyog, at ang malalim na lupa na
parang Sunken Garden ang lalim ay napuno na ng tubig bato. Magsa-maysa pa'y nabakla
na rin ang bubungan ng bahay. Palakas ng paglakas ang pagtulo ng tubig sa labo.
Bukod sa kinailangan nating sipin ang sarili namin, pinabilema din namin ang mga
gamot. Doyot nating isalita ang mga luma dahil alam nating maraming manganganta
gan pagkatapos ng bagyo - buh akong tumingin sa bintana. Wala na akong makita ng
lagpas ng sampung metro. Pating-puti.

Aos - nuwebe. Nag-umpisa nang humupa ang hangin at ulan. Naglabasan na rin
yung mga taring mangiyak-ngiyak habang binabalutas ang dabang halos di na madamami
sa makapansala sa nakikita ku dahil parang



Kinagabihan, pati na rin ang mga sumunod na gabi pagdaan ng Yolanda, Bagama't maailan ang paligid, mas lalong nakikita ang kagandahan ng gabi sa tuwing titingala ka sa langit para makita ang buwan at mga bituin.

Ilang gabi rin umiiyak si mama sa tuwing umuulan. Bagama't hindi ko rin alam kung saan magsisimula, pinitik kong huwag tumulo ang aking luha at sa halip ay maging positibo sa kabila ng mga pangyayaring mala-pelikula ang dating.

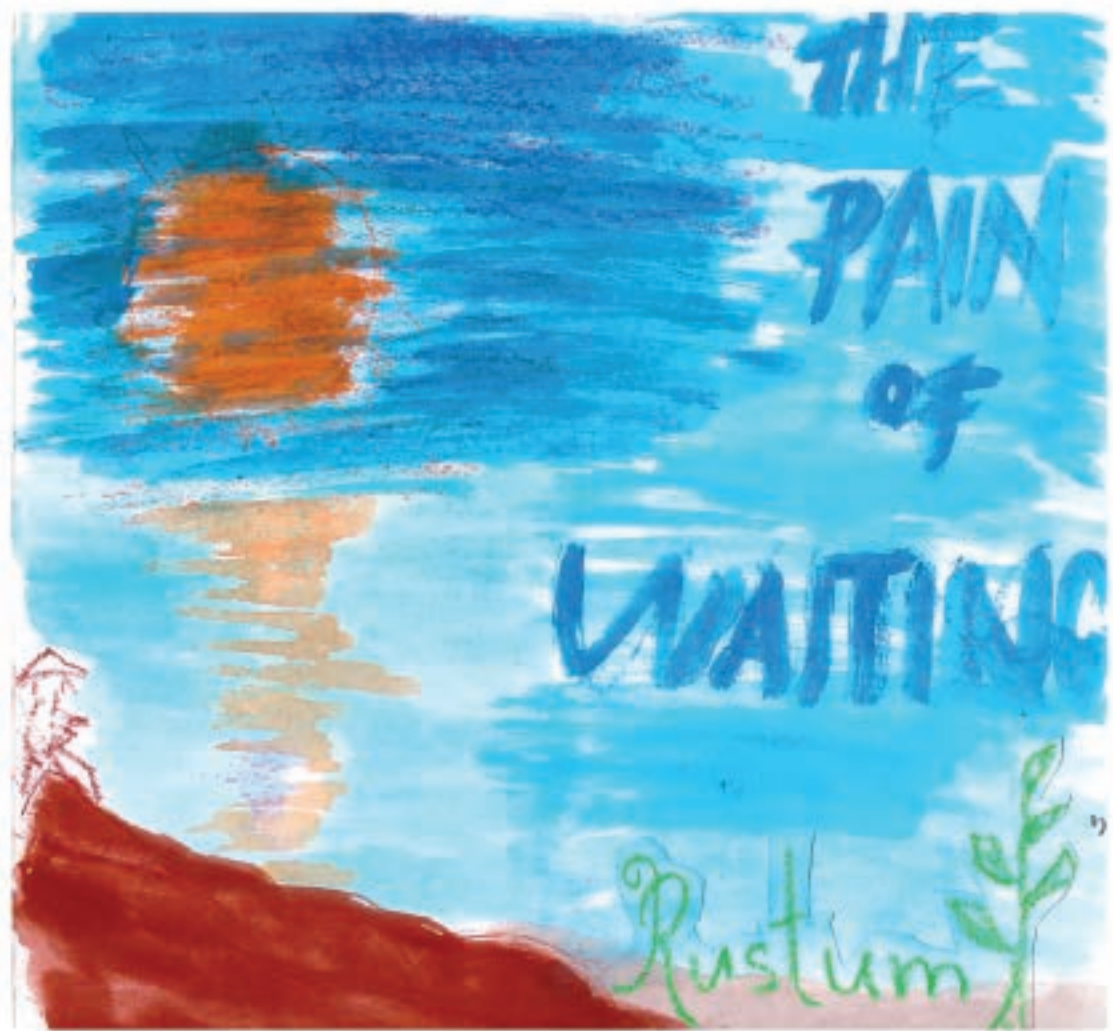
Mahigít tatlong buwan na ang nakalipas mula nang mangyari ang delubyo. Minsan naiisip ko na kaya ako nandito ngayon ay para takasan ang realidad. Hanggang ngayon ay hindi pa rin maayos ang komunikasyon.

Sa mata ni Yolanda, lahat ng tao naging pantay-pantay. Maihahambing ko sa Pakayag ng Bibliya ang mga pangyayari. Marahil gusto ng Diyos na magbago na ang mga tao. Ngunit sa mga nakikita ko ngayon, hindi ko na alam kung kailan pa ito mangyayari.

Normal na lang sa akin ang tulay ng San Juanico sa tatlong taon ko sa Tacloban. Pero ngayonig malayo ako, honga't alam ko na may San Juanico, alam kong makakapag-

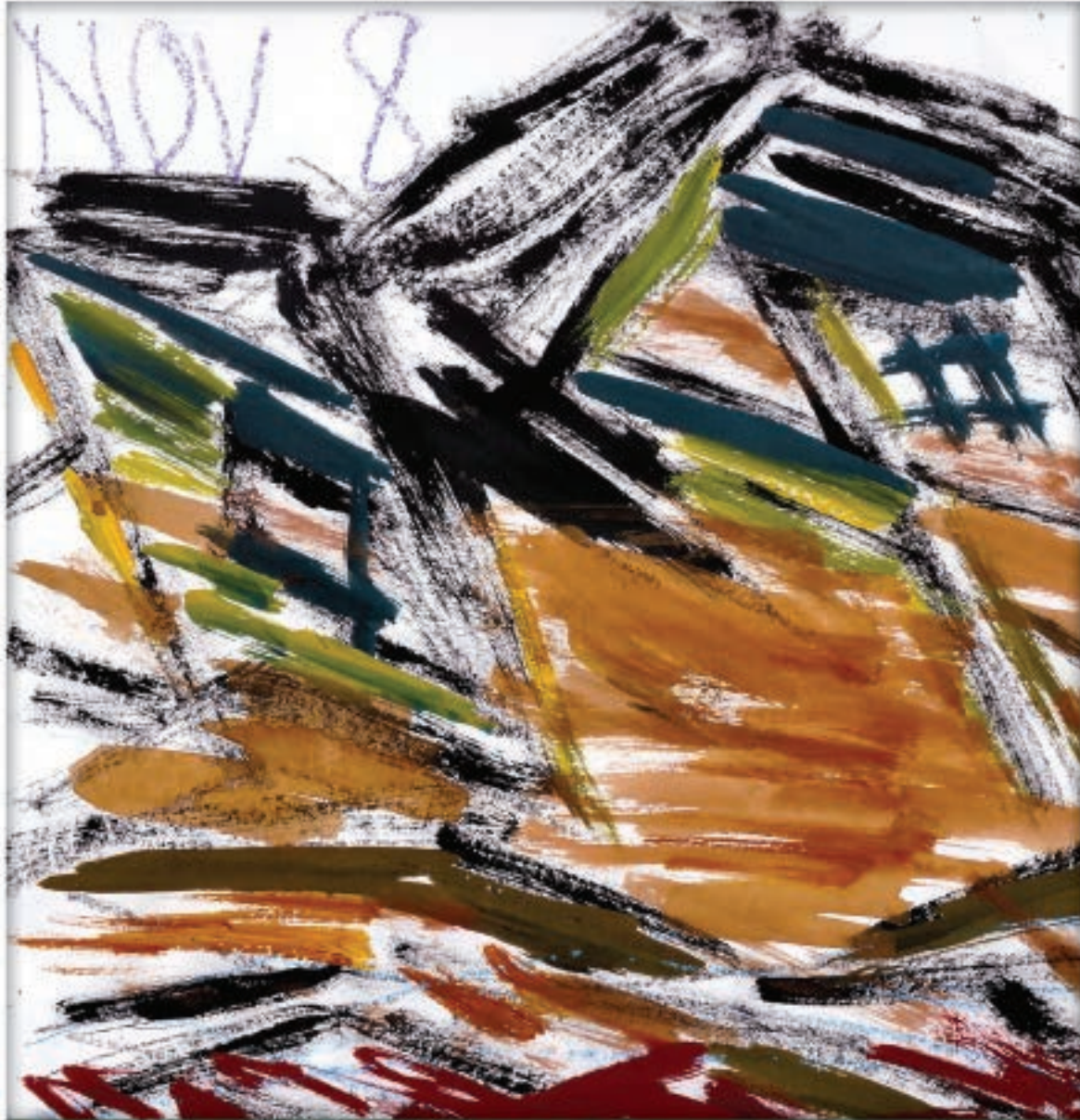








LARAT NG BAGAY
MAY SIMULA MINGAN MASAKIT
AT GUSTO NATIN MAAALIMAN
GUSTOIN MAN NATIN MASA
AN DYAN AYAW KANG BITING
NGUNIT SA MOA XAB-ARITA
LARAT NG BAGAY LILIPAS
AT ANG MATUTD RABO ITO
MAHALIMUNON ANG SYANT
PAPALAN SA GAYUN NG...





The

Agony

Ends

Jaybie



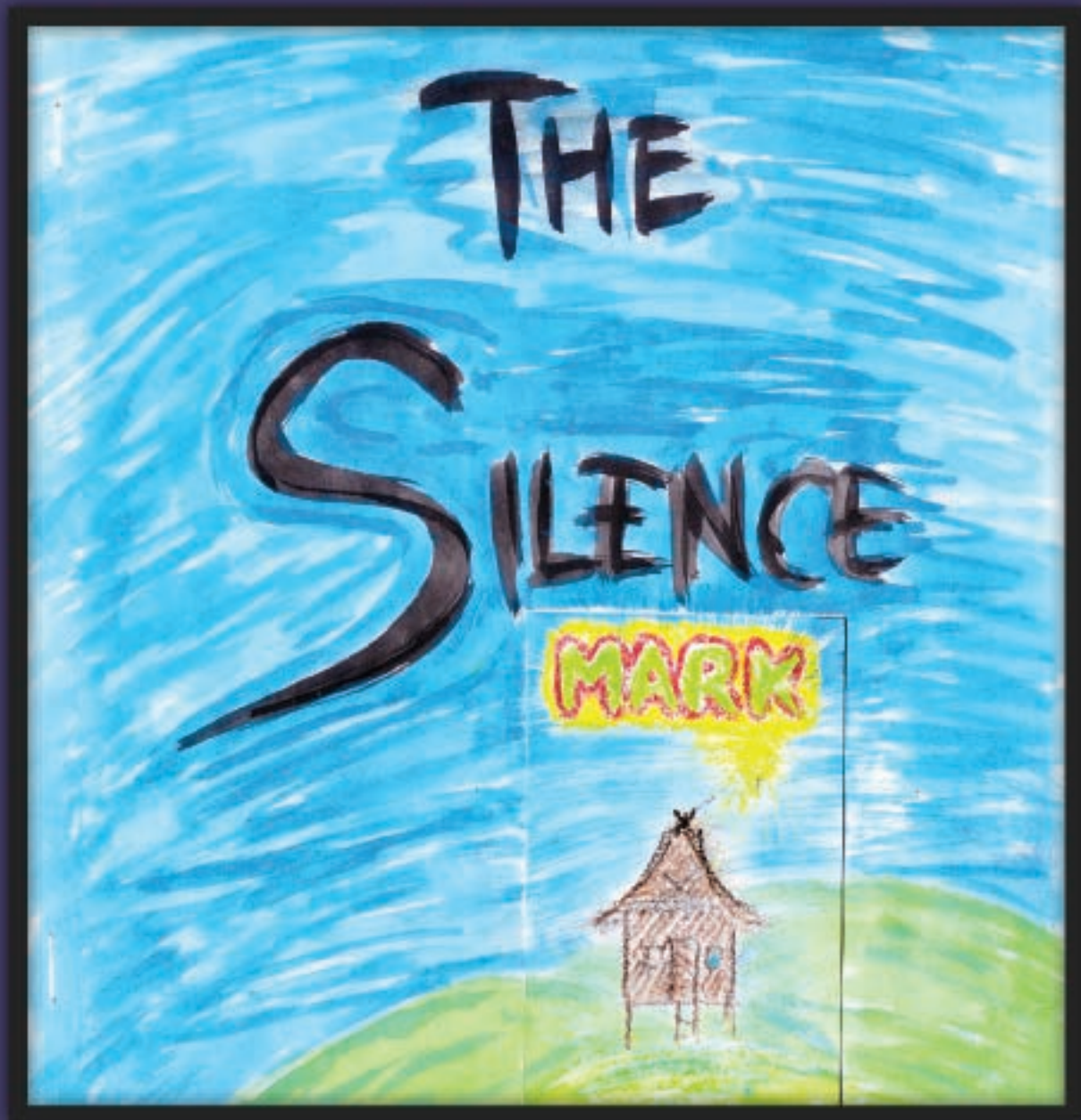




The number you are trying to reach is either unattended or out of coverage...







MARK MONESS P.BIONG

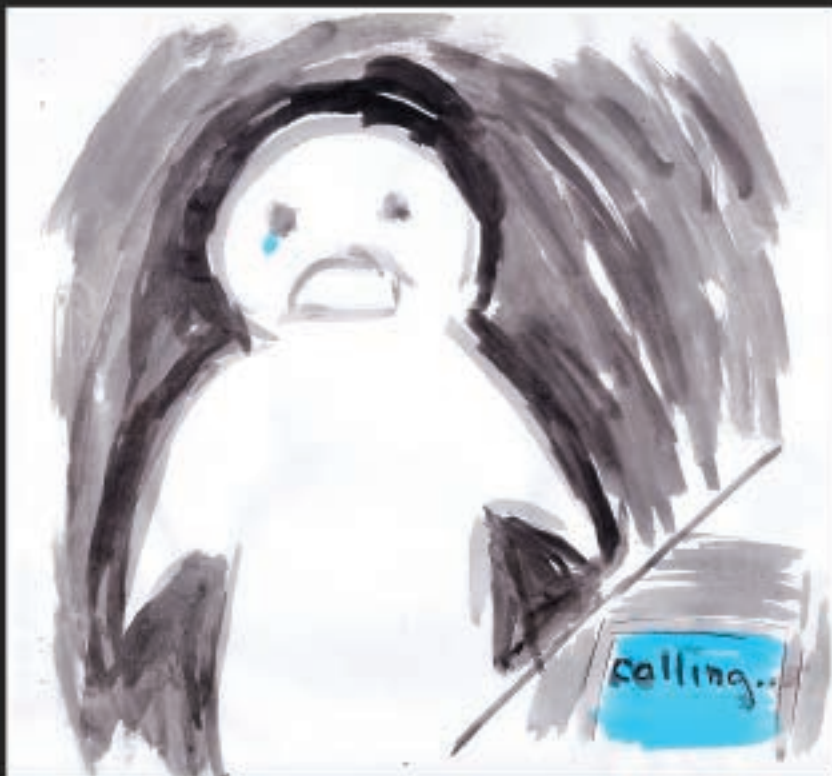


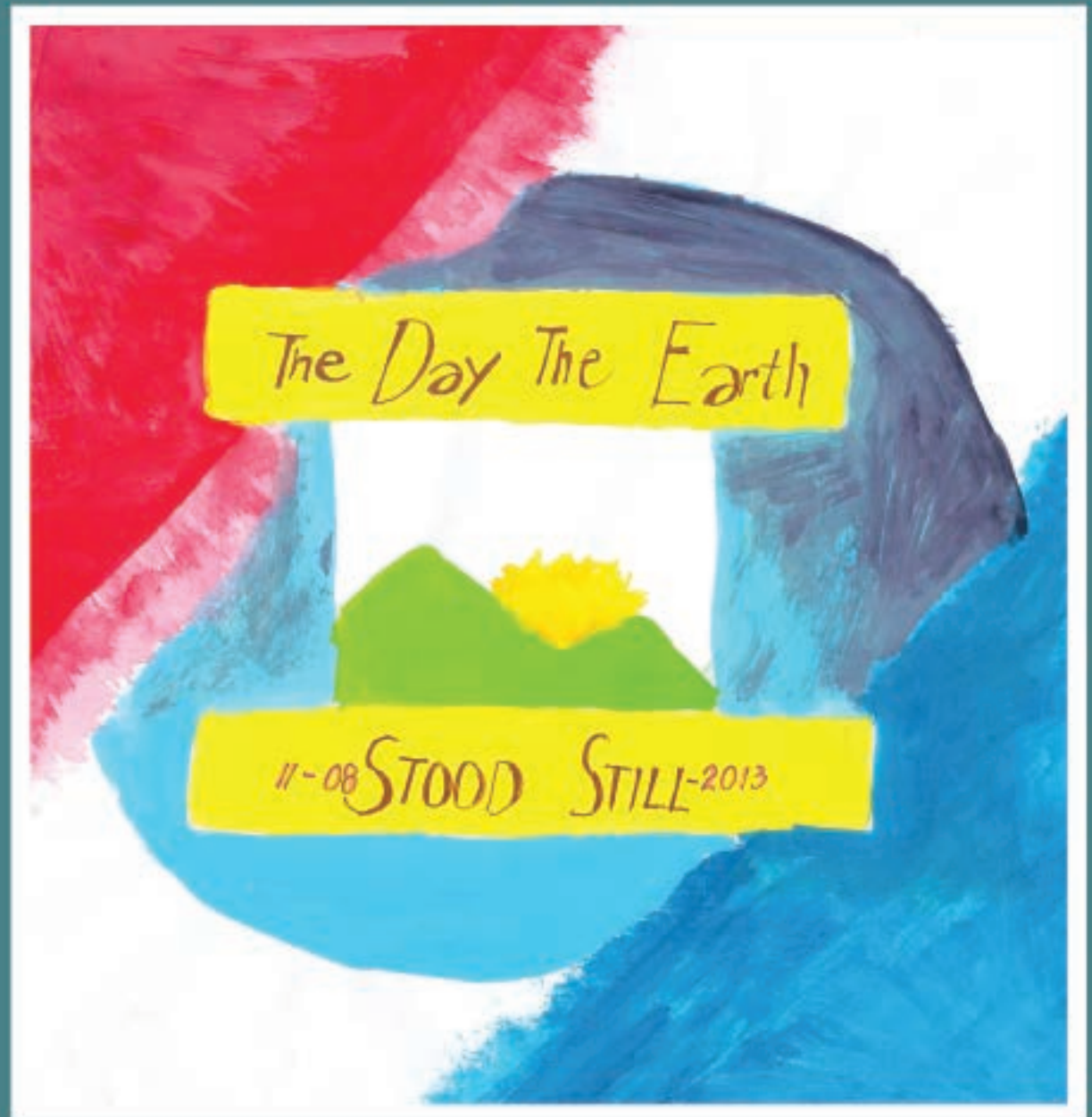




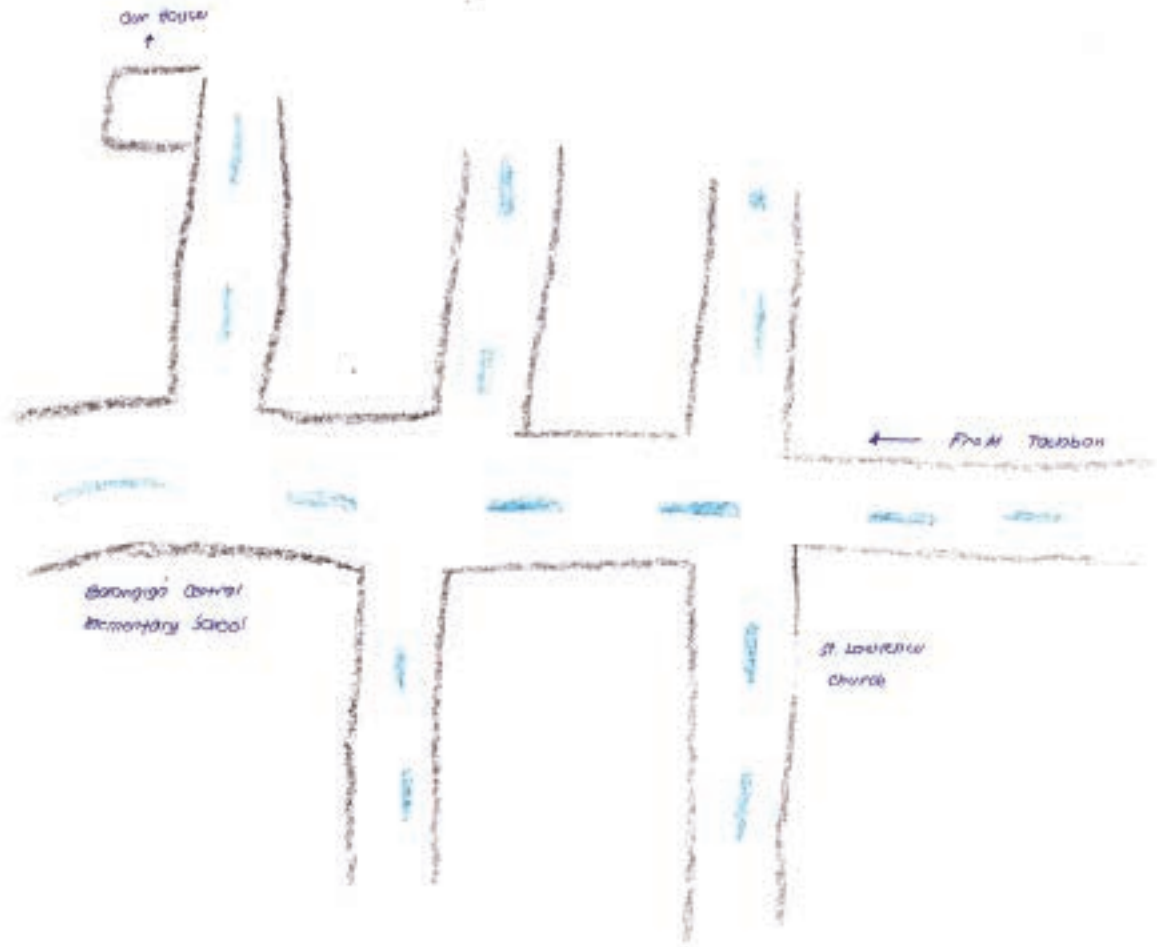
Yolanda...







MA. CARLA ANGELICA E. DELADIA





Nov. 07, 2013, 11:00 AM Television for entertainment and my mother kept on telling me to come home to Balangiga E. I am worrying that the typhoon should not be like any other typhoon we have faced before.

I arrived just midnight, November 07, 2013. I was greeted by my father who was busy scanning our things and my brother who was tasked to listen for updates on the television news. My father was in the workshop had collected the missing pen cap and the pen for the upcoming disaster.

The fear and worry was very evident as the news updates were all about the typhoon getting stronger as it gets closer.

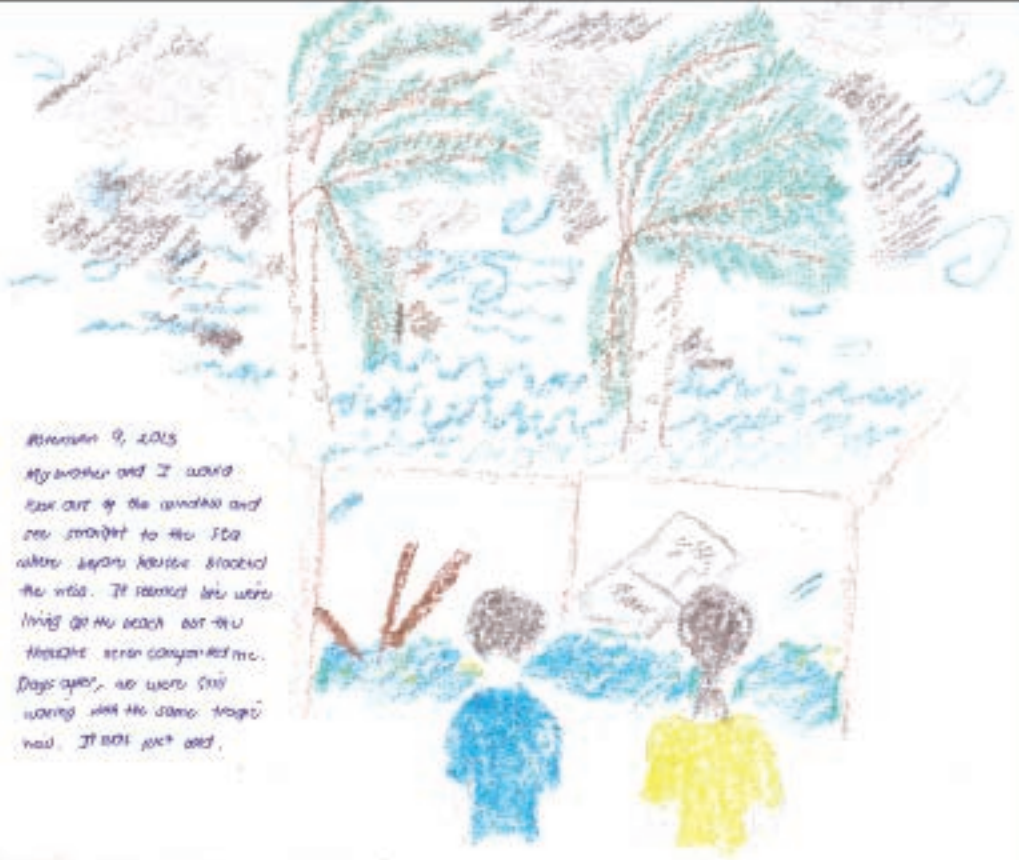
Despite of this, we were able to maintain a close-to-normal environment but deep inside I was fearing yet to accept our situation and I watched the updates, we would sometimes at each other saying just hope that it would not be like the typhoon people described.





NOVEMBER 8, 2007

What happened this day is beyond explanation. Even if I could, I wouldn't. It was just unbelievably painful that I would not be anything for this scenario and to happen again in my life. I don't want to hear my mother say it's okay when it's not. I don't want to hear her say it's okay when she's obviously in pain and she's willing to sacrifice for us. I don't want to see my brother having his life being strong even if he's actually just a little boy. I don't want to live again and think about this if I live when the only reason I'm alive is already gone.



November 9, 2015
My mother and I would
look out of the window and
see straight to the sea
with waves like a blanket
the wind. It seemed like we
were going to the beach but the
thoughts were coming to me.
Days after, we were still
waking with the same thoughts
had. It was just good.



I just want to wake up one day and be able to tell myself that everything's okay as if nothing really happened. I want to tell myself that it was just a nightmare. I have never tried of looking life back then and when the typhoon came, things got complicated. I was being a simple (something) person for us and that's what I'm looking forward to.