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From the Selected Works of Emmanuel Mario B Santos aka Marc Guerrero

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**SI EDNA, SI PAKOY AT SI ROSANNA by
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SI EDNA, SI PAKOY AT SI ROSANNA



by **RAMON CF CUERVO III**

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Socalled normal 'zombie' life of non-PWDs in our own neighborhoods will pale in comparison to these abilities of our (Marco Sison, may we borrow the title of your monster hit song of yesteryears?) Si Aida, Si Lorna at Si Fe PWDs – put to proactive work and living

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HE last time I saw PAKOY, he was at the corner of Santolan Street and Ortigas

Avenue. PAKOY is an adult, with very short, deformed legs, twisted feet, no hands with short arms. He can hardly stand, but has mastered the art of balance. This special talent and skill is what PAKOY uses to sell sampaguita flowers at the street corner.

PAKOY, as I have been observing, is in constant danger. With a height of 3 feet and few inches, this young man can't be seen.. His height is just a bit lower than the window of a Sedan car. From the high USVs, pickups and utility vehicles, PAKOY cannot be seen. So, any driver may one day just drive right to him, ending the "miserable" life. But No! PAKOY has a skill of a bullfighter, using his body to sway like a vertical snake, PAKOY developed an incredible instinct to "jump" out of danger.

Without his hands using his shoulders, head, neck and short arm, PAKOY's skill of collecting

coins that some kindhearted souls share when they buy the sampaguitas that he offers, under the heat, rain, hot or cold, PAKOY is there, punctual, working, and with an amazing smile, he says: ‘Thank you!’ He shows no self pity, but “stands” with confidence and honor for being successful with his trade. PAKOY is a PWD or a so-called person with disability, but as such, has proven to be a Person who shows No Fear, one who teaches us that given any limitation, one can still be Respected for being a Talent, and for being Good, With loads and loads of Abilities...

Bahala ka na, we love you just the same!

ANOTHER one I know from the Philippine General Hospital (PGH) Lupus Foundation, is EDNA. She is a market vendor, sells tomatoes from a side walk along Kalentong Street at Mandaluyong City. She is in her mid-40s, looking more like late-60s. A widow during her first week of marriage, she has no children. Unfortunately, EDNA has been abandoned by her own siblings who find it a burden to be taken care of... LUPUS and RHUMATOID ARTHRITIS, both expensive maladies. And, so, it was “convenient” for her family to let her go her own way. The words still ring on EDNA’s ear, mind and heart as it echo’s in her brain:

“Bahala ka na riyan, EDNA, don’t worry. We love you just the same!...”

EDNA has her tears often flowing down her face, with eyes that burn from the pains all over her broken body. And yet, a lady in every way, EDNA’s elegance, posture and grace is that of a Queen.

Pain is there, from the moment she awakes from a sleepless slumber, nightmare or hunger. Pain cries out, from the torture. EDNA can’t get used to it... as some say: “Kaya mo ‘yan, EDNA; it’s all in the mind!”

The Mind? If not for EDNA’s strong Catholic Faith, she would have totally lost her mind, and taken her life... But No! EDNA is a fighter, she managed to transform the cruel words that “it’s in her mind” into PRAYER. EDNA is a prayer warrior. She moves mountains, transforms hardened criminals, or sinners, into pious battlewounded men.

EDNA’s prayer is not with words; she simply unites herself at the foot of the Cross of JESUS, with her face hugging the feet of JESUS Crucified. No words can express her spiritual strength, FAITH and total abandonment into the Hands of GOD and HIS DIVINE Will.

EDNA has won! With her daily, chronic pains, she found a way to relieve the fire that burns her joints, and the sensation of crushing her bones. Yes, it's with less intensity as she tries to lay down, and stretch, on the hard ground of their makeshift shack below the Lambingan bridge of Kalentong.

This is her only comfort zone, a bed space, that one as poor as EDNA shares generously on a daily "Time-Share" rental rate of a few pesos earned from the tomatoes that she skillfully sells to her favorite groups of suki loyal buyers. They all love her! Love of deeds, not words. These are the friends she has made; her clients who feel that warmth of her Pains that Glow... like a Bright Ruby Precious Gem. Red, that blends with the Tomatoes, Sweet as her Smile, shining with her rheumatoid arthritis and lupus.

EDNA's success is her good sense of humor, her sincere smile with bright tears in her eyes, happy suffering has made her a Master Saleswoman of tomatoes, from the sidewalks of Kalentong.

She's well taken care of (in a world of living dead)

NOW comes ROSANNA. Unlike PAKOY and EDNA, ROSANNA comes from a very rich family. Her father, a wellknown politician; mother, a celebrity; sister an actress; brothers, businessmen; and husband, a successful rock star who abandoned her.

ROSANNA was a very famous model, and up-and-coming movie star. But unfortunately, due to some chemical imbalance, and what a "shrink" would diagnose to be "bipolar and/or manic compulsive mental disorder..." – due to stress. A wild imagination, with super sensitive emotions from being an "artist," ROSANNA one day broke down.

ROSANNA goes to some kind of psychiatric experiments... not treatments, because all they did was to wash down into her thin long neck, several pills. Of all colors, shapes and sizes, "ROSANNA developed more disorders in her mind." So, best is to get her brains fried from all these drugs so as to keep the mind turned "off."

In due time, ROSANNA after months of "shrinking the brain, locked up in jail like facility, tied, with inhuman treatments with no concern for the Dignity of a Woman, her beauty turned into a rug doll – used and abused... and, away from family, relatives and friends.

“Oh, ROSANNA?! No problem, she is well taken care of, fed, medicated, isolated, and disposed of...” These were the words I heard from her X-rock man.

ROSANNA will be OK, she will get over this in “due time.”

But I was last told that ROSANNA walks the dark corridors of a hidden underground clinic. Far away from it all ROSANNA will be safe and sound from what may trigger her more stress. So, ROSANNA is in the world of the living dead.

ROSANNA the Zombie is her new name. ROSANNA has lost the game, her life is just to exist and be. However, a great miracle can be seen in ROSANNA’s aimless ways. For in her “fried” brains remains the memory of the children she loves...

We saw his, True Mothers Love! Still alive, as she held out her hand to the children who found her after two or three years, her look was far, far away, holding out to the Sweet Happy Life of what was before, the lost past, a dream so vague that ROSANNA was not sure if it were real.

Eyes had no tears, for she cried them all dry... But the intellect and will still stood... ROSANNA’s Soul with Angels protecting. ROSANNA’s spirit fighting. This Mystery of Life can not be comprehended, but we all live and are alive because of GOD’s Loving Care...

The Love ROSANNA knew, held close to her heart, and understood... the Rock Star was now but the father of her children, is away free, rocking ‘n rolling. A slave of his own passions, he is equally mentally mad, yet very much accepted by high society for his money and riches that he managed to “earn” from an inheritance and ROSANNA’s business..

ROSANNA does not bother about material loss, deprivation, and rich-poverty, her mind now lost from reality, has found a kind of freedom from want... Meanwhile, the poor ex-hubby rock star is still to this day a slave of useless needs.

ROSANNA reacts, with a motion, the act of reaching out to her children. Arms and hands stretching out, they seem to stretch much longer now... Skin and bones... It is an action of Love. Moved and deeply touched ROSANNA’s “care givers” burst into tears...

She may be a Person with Mental Disabilities, but her simple action of reaching out to Love, to share a Love, has spoken, more than what thousand words would have said about Loving and Being Loved.

Thank you dear ROSANNA the “Zombie” for in your mental disability you have shown the

power for the Heart and Soul. For after all when all is gone – mind, body and living, there is Life Everlasting.

The proactive, productive and progressive bloc called PILIPINOS WITH DISABILITIES INC can better empower Si Edna, si Pakoy at si Rosanna and their league of people with disabilities together with their families, friends and communities more than they can empower themselves, individually. Hindi masyadong malakas kapag isa lamang; higit na matibay kapag samasama at nagkakaisa ang sangasangang layunin sa iisang MITHIIN o ADHIKAIN. eMg1

<http://about.me/marcguerrerocommunicationsinc> . #

ABOUT RAMON CF CUERVO III. Filipino gentle man about town, Senor Don Ramon, as he is fondly called, is dyslexic, has lupus and other handicaps, but he inspires the PWD community with words, thoughts and action that can really work.