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VALEDICTORIES
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IGNACIO DE LOYOLA
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In Memoriam
On Campus

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A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

MAGIS
During the Japanese occupation, my father was 13 years old, born and raised in Bukidnon, whose father owned farms in Talakag and Miarayon.

When we were small, he’d tell us this incredible story of how he spent his youth hiding two (although my memory says three, but my mother now says two) Jesuits in his beloved mountains. On horseback, without his own mother’s knowledge, he would move them from place to place. He knew the movements of the Japanese because in the mornings he worked for them as washer and guide through the mountains.

The Jesuits repaid my father’s kindness and his silence by teaching him Latin, Math, and English. What they did not know, perhaps only at first, was that in my father’s heart lay the secret that he did not want to be a farmer. He wished for other things and studying at night with the American Jesuits gave him an idea of what he could be if he could leave the mountains. Latin beguiled him and he was a natural at Math. I think for the first time in his life, my father felt like himself.

At the end of the war, the Jesuits brought my father to finish high school at Christ the King, Cagayan de Oro City, and he became the school’s valedictorian. They brought him to Manila for college and he finished at the Padre Faura campus and continued all the way to law school, a true Atenean, a true man for others. It was in Manila where he met my mother at one of
those Ateneo–St. Theresa’s parties, and the rest, as I say, became official memory.

My father and mother told us this story many times, more or less the same way I told you. Each time it was told what I thought was the main point of the story was the sheer wonder of my father at how God managed to change the narrative of his life to fit his real desire. I grew up, then, wondering, about these wondrous men.

“These men,” would continue to be part of our lives. I grew up with a steady stream of Jesuits at our dining table. Frs. Candelaria, the Katigbak brothers, Meehan, Koller, were constant fixtures and knew of our famous family potato salad. Fr. Abesamis wrote many of his works at our home by the sea. When any of us Bolipata children were in any kind of trouble, my mother would invariably count upon the Jesuits and the Carmelites (and that’s an interesting story, too) to keep our family in prayer. When any of the Jesuits died, I cried as if I had lost as much as my father and mother. As an Ateneo employee, the act of attending wakes on their behalf fell upon me. It was easy to fulfill the mission of grieving.

Recently, I found myself at the Sacred Heart Novitiate, the place the Jesuits consider, “their womb and tomb” as this is where they begin their formation and this is where they are finally laid to rest. My hands passed over their names and I recited each of the names I knew, from childhood and from my adult life. I remembered that Fr. Carroll, a few weeks before he died, commented on my Facebook wall when I had written that my mother was admonished at Mass for wearing a sleeveless blouse. How angry he was for me and my mother and how he wanted to scold the Church for such an act of injustice.

I remembered Fr. Galdon who was more upset than I was when I failed one of his major exams. I remembered how Fr. Gorospe and I would launch into song whenever we’d walk back from our classes from Berchmans. I remembered discussing God with Fr. Reilly. I remember, almost every day, his sermon at my wedding, using the Cana Gospel to teach me a life lesson: “Do whatever He tells you to do.”

Sitting there, in the face of all the tombstones, I cried for each one, even those who were strangers to me. The Stations of the Cross at the Novitiate end here and the
metaphor is literal. This is where it all ends—for bodies anyway. But there is life elsewhere for us, we who believe.

This year, in celebration of the Ignatian Festival that will run from July 31–August 31, Fabilioh! celebrates all things Jesuit. Identity and mission are inseparable. This issue lets you in Jesuit identity by letting you in how these men lived it.

I live it now, as a lay-partner, as a woman-educator, steeped in the tradition long before I came into being—as my father would say, “When I was but a twinkle in his eye.” As a young girl, when I didn’t do a job particularly well, like sweeping the floor, or making my bed, he would tell me about “magis” and for a long time I wondered if my father was confused and didn’t know how to pronounce “magic.” He taught me what it means to do things “for the greater glory of God.” I’d look at him quizzically, and I’d ask him how sweeping the floor or making my bed well could have anything to do with God? He’d explain how doing anything, doing everything, all tasks great and small, when done well, could be enough and would be enough, to make the world truly the Kingdom of God.

“By their fruits you shall know them.” Let Fabilioh! show you the fruits of this flawed, wonderful, grand, loving and wondrous Society.

Best,

Rica Bolipata-Santos, PhD
Editor-in-Chief
FROM THE DIRECTOR, OFFICE OF ALUMNI RELATIONS

MERCY
I would like to call this July 2016 issue a ‘Jesuit’ issue.

The Manila Observatory (MO), the country’s first observatory which celebrated its 150th anniversary last year, was founded by the Jesuits in 1865. It has become since then the science apostolate of the Philippine Province of the Society of Jesus. The conception of the MO began when Fr. Jaime Nonell, SJ wrote an article in Diario de Manila about Jesuit Father Francisco Colina’s observations of a September 1865 typhoon. This article led to the public outcry for the Jesuit superior, Fr. Juan Vidal, SJ to proceed with the observations until these investigations of the Philippine weather had been systematized under the leadership of Fr. Federico Faura, SJ, the Founder of the MO.

The Manila Observatory used to brag about owning the largest telescope in the country, a 19-inch refracting telescope that was unfortunately destroyed during the War. In 1901, the US government established it as the Philippine Weather Bureau. In October 1940, the National Geographic Magazine wrote of the MO as “world famous and its Jesuit scientists as experts in their field.”

Bishop Federico O. Escaler, SJ, DD (AGS’35; AHS’39) is our featured alumnus-in-the-periphery. Bishop Freddy was the first bishop of then prelature of Kidapawan (1976-1980) until he became head of the newly created prelature of Ipil in Zamboanga Sibugay. For 17 years, he shepherded his poor flock in Ipil, one of the “hotbeds of conflict during the time” until his retirement in 1997. He was kidnapped by armed men in 1985 and witnessed first-hand the “Ipil Massacre” on April 4, 1995 when...
armed militants burned the town that left 53 innocent people dead.

*Fabilioh!* also features Fr. Horacio V. de la Costa, SJ as we celebrate his 100th birth anniversary this year. The first Filipino Provincial Superior of the Jesuit Philippine Province, Fr. Horacio is well-known for his brilliance in writing and scholarship. In 1965, President Diosdado Macapagal presented him the Republic Heritage Award for his historical writings. In 1971, he was appointed General Assistant to Father Pedro Arrupe, SJ, the Superior General of the Society of Jesus.

However, little is known about this great Jesuit as a war hero. The Japanese imprisoned him for two months in Fort Santiago for bringing clothes to Filipino soldiers who had escaped from the prison camps or had evaded capture. For his gallantry, the American government awarded him the Medal of Freedom in 1946.

Whether in an article in a Spanish newspaper, or in the swampy and dangerous grounds of the far-off town of Ipil, or in the dark and filthy cell of Fort Santiago, or in the central headquarters of the Jesuits in Rome where Ignatius lived, we see the brilliance of Jesuit influence and presence to propagate the greater Glory of God. They see eternal horizons where Heaven meets Earth, penetrate the thin line between them, the so-called ‘peripheries,’ and serve the Lord and His people there.

It has been said over and over again (and allegedly penned by Fr. Horacio himself) that a Jesuit is a “sinner yet called to be a companion of Christ.” The first Jesuit Pope Francis identifies with this Jesuit definition in his motto, “miserando atque eligendo” (“to be shown Mercy and Chosen”) taken from a passage from the venerable Bede which appears in his papal coat-of-arms. Pope Francis reflects on the call of the sinner-tax collector Matthew by our Lord who gazed at him with mercy.
Pope Francis tells us, “We say that we should look for God, go to Him and beg His forgiveness, but when we go, He is waiting for us—He’s there first! In Spanish, we have a word that explains it well: “The Lord always PRIMERA us. He arrives first. He’s waiting for us.”

As we continue to celebrate the extraordinary Jubilee of Mercy this year, we reflect on the Bull of indiction of Pope Francis, the Misericordiae Vultus (“The Face of Mercy”), Jesus Christ, who is the Face of the Father’s Mercy. Any Jesuit is always in constant “creative tension”—the tension between his sinfulness and his call from Christ. He surely abhors his sins, yet places his confidence on the Mercy of God who has been waiting there all along. Any Jesuit’s call to mission lies on this Gift of Mercy and Compassion from his Creator.

Thank you for your continuous support, my Kapwa-Atenista, and may Fabilioh! always inspire you wherever you are, and may Fabilioh! incite in you remembrances of treasures of beautiful memories of our alma mater, our beloved Ateneo, our pride and our joy.

God bless us all.

Norberto Ma. L. Bautista, SJ
Director, Office of Alumni Relations
MISSION
The founding document of the Society of Jesus declares that it is for “todo el que quiera militar para Dios”—whoever desires to serve as a soldier of God. It references Ignatius Loyola’s history as a military person and evokes a militaristic image of the Society that has been romanticized and misunderstood over the centuries.

In reality, what truly captured Loyola’s imagination and allegiance was the Christ who was always on the move, the Christ on mission, the One who was always looking “to the other towns,” who could navigate the frontiers and the center, and who took to heart the will of the Father. It helped to have a strategic military mindset but that was by no means essential to the enlisting of souls for the banner of Christ.

This is the month we start our Ignatian Festival. July is the Ignatius month. And in this July issue of Fabilioh!, I hope you discover once more what the Ignatian inspiration is all about. You see this expressed artfully in the stills of the movie Ignacio de Loyola, produced by our
very own Jesuit Communications Philippines; and the exhibits of the Manila Observatory, a Jesuit science institution that is celebrating its sesquicentennial since its founding by Padre Federico Faura, SJ. Also highlighted here are the valedictories of our exemplary students from the Ateneo High School and the Loyola Schools. We feature our Women’s Basketball Team who may not have won the championship but who nonetheless soldiered on through the 78th season of the UAAP, reaching the finals against all odds by winning five consecutive do-or-die games.

If you wish to get a whiff of the Ignatian inspiration, there are also the Jesuits, such as Horacio de la Costa, SJ and Federico Escaler, SJ.

The year 2016 marks the birth centenary of Horacio de la Costa, SJ, the first Filipino dean of the College of Arts and Sciences of the Ateneo de Manila University.
and the first Filipino provincial superior of the Philippine Province of the Society of Jesus. An eminent historian, a true advocate of the humanities, and a nationalist, Fr. de la Costa was also a prolific writer who tackled multi-layered themes of faith, culture, and history through essays, poems, and plays.

       Ordained a Jesuit priest in 1954, Federico O. Escaler, SJ served in Davao, Manila, and Cagayan de Oro until he was called to serve the greater church in the Philippines as a bishop, first in Kidapawan, Cotabato then in Ipil, Zamboanga Sibugay. For more than 20 years, Bishop Escaler ministered to the people of two of the poorest mission regions in Mindanao, hotbeds of armed conflict and human rights violations, himself being kidnapped in 1985.

       Acceptance and execution of one’s mission are central to the Ignatian inspiration. Execution is only possible with greatness of heart (or what we may call heroism) and obedience of will. Without these, it would not have been possible to sustain the apostolic ministries of the Society of Jesus through the centuries. Without these, there would be no Ateneo. It is this magnanimity and obedience, this largeness of soul and surrender of will that are drilled into the minds and hearts and limbs of all those who would soldier on for love of Christ in the inspiration of Ignatius Loyola. Ateneans included.

Jose Ramon T. Villarin, SJ
President, Ateneo de Manila University
by Kyrone Dominic R. Magadia

Sa ating panauhing tagapagsalita, si Ginoong John Paulo C. Reyes, sa bumubuo ng Board of Trustees, sa minamahal naming pangulo, Padre Jose Ramon T. Villarin ng Kapisanan ni Hesus, sa ginagalang naming si Padre Anthony C. Pabayo ng Kapisanan ni Hesus, pangalawang pangulo para sa Batayang Edukasyon, sa aming butihing punungguro, G. Jose Antonio P. Salvador, sa kapitapitang mga administrador at kawani ng pamantasan, sa aming mga masigasig na guro, sa aming mga pinakamamahal na magulang at higit sa lahat, sa mga kapwa ko Atenista na magsisipagtapos ngayong araw na ito—isang mainit na pagbati sa inyong lahat.


Ateneo Grade School has truly molded me into a well-rounded young man—resilient, selfless, compassionate, and competent. A Christ-First-Life equipped with an Ignatian spirit, a “Person-for-Others.” All these learnings will forever be etched in my heart. Just like my parting words in my Grade School Graduation Speech, let me end with a line from my favorite song: “When God closes a door, He opens a window. He opens a window so I can see. He’s working it out. The very best for me. He opens a window just for me.” So in good times and in bad times, I encourage my fellow dreamers to give yourselves a tap on your shoulders and say, “Dream on! Keep on! And have faith!”

Another highlight of my grade school life is the student exchange program and cultural immersion in Singapore International School in Bangkok, Thailand. It made me explore and understand the rich cultural heritage of Bangkok. This experience also paved the way for me to establish great friendships with my fellow Ateneans. Friendships that I believe will last a lifetime.

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pierced my heart with overwhelming joy!

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lang, sa paaralang Ateneo at lalung-lalo na sa ating mga
guro na walang sawang nagbibigay kaalaman at kalinga
sa atin, at patuloy na gumagabay sa mga mag-aaral.

Bago ako magtapos, hayaan ninyo akong ibahagi
ang mga linya mula sa paborito kong kanta na palag-
ing kinakanta ng aking pinakamamahal na ina sa akin.
“When God closes a door, He opens a window. He
opens a window so I can see. He is working it out the
very best for me. He opens a window just for me.” Ito ay
kanta ng pag-asa, na sa anumang pagsubok sa ating
buhay, matalo man o manalo, mayroong nakalaang
biyayang mas makabubuti para lamang sa atin mula sa
ating Panginoon.

Maraming salamat po at sa kapwa kong magtatapos,
baunin natin ang mga aral, pag-asa, at ialay ang lahat
ng ating tagumpay sa Panginoon.

Mabuhay tayong lahat!
by Jon Michael S. Kimpo

Fr. Jett Villarin, Fr. Tony Pabayo, Dr. Carmela Oracion, Members of the Board of Trustees, our beloved administrators, teachers and staff, parents and guests, and to my fellow batch 2016, good evening to all of you.

As I was preparing to write this speech, my mind was completely blank. After all, saying goodbye to everything we’re leaving here tonight in a speech such as this is a daunting task. It isn’t so much that nothing can be said, but that there’s too much to say, and being humans bound by time and space, I can only hope to encompass as many as I possibly can from the infinite list of things we have to leave. Simply put, all the cramming we ever did on school mornings was much easier than cramming everything we’re grateful for within a few short paragraphs.

But I will do my best to try.

When we say goodbye, there’s always two sides clashing within us. There’s a desire to move forward and the desire to remain. As humans, there is always a need for us to remain in a constant, stable, and yes, predictable state, but the reality is that until you die, things will never stop changing. So in a way, each and every moment, we are saying farewell to the persons we once were, persons whom we used to be. There’s no changing who we were before, but there’s always the freedom to choose who we turn out to be. And perhaps, that is the biggest challenge for us today. To decide on what we want to become, and do everything we can to achieve that goal.

Now enough about ourselves.

FROM JON

I started being an Atenean when I was in Prep. It was an exhilarating feeling, knowing that you were in one of the best schools in the country. But honestly, at that age, it was really nothing more than that. It was still a school and being young, everything was exactly like a school should be. I made friends, I passed tests, and I got good grades. I never thought much about my future or about what decisions I would make when I grew up. It was all about living life in the moment, and just finding my place in school; finding myself, through the different things I would do each day. Life was easy, and problems seemed to last a day.

However, as an old saying goes, “The only constant thing in life is change.” I grew up, still an Atenean, and by the time I was in grade 7, there were more things to worry about. Obviously, puberty had a hand in it, and I suddenly started wondering about how I wanted to be known. I started thinking about my actions, and about my decisions. My teachers called it metacognition: the act of being aware of one’s process of thinking. I learned a lot of things during this time, not only about Math or English, but about myself. What principles I wanted to believe in, what ideals I wanted to uphold, and even which friends I wanted to make. It was an enlightening experience, to say the least. In terms of my being an Atenean,
We all know that the hardest part about tonight is the realization that this is the last time we’ll be seeing everyone who touched our batch together in one place. This is the part that touches us the most and later, will bring about the most sentimentality. And being given this task, it is my duty now to attempt to sway you with emotional words and take you down memory lane, in order for everyone’s eyes to be pricking with tears at the end of it all.

So let’s begin.

First of all, to our dear teachers, we’d like to express our utter appreciation for simply everything that you’ve done to touch our lives. On behalf of the batch, I’d like to say that without any of you, our time here in the high school would have been meaningless; you were our instructors, but much more than that, you were our role models, our guides. You helped us when we struggled, even if some of those struggles were from tests you yourselves made. You treated us all fairly, and you gave us the right mix of freedom and discipline for us to survive our turbulent and hormonal teenage years. But now that we are leaving, we hope that whatever effects you’ve had on our lives will remain, regardless of where we choose to go. We may forget that the universal gas constant is 0.0821 L-atm/mol-K or that infinite limits do not exist, but we will never forget the values and life lessons, since we will become living examples of how you changed us. For the last time, goodbye and thank you teachers.

To our beloved classmates. We wouldn’t have survived high school without all of the highs and lows, firsts and lasts, that we’ve all had together. Each and every one of your unique traits brought flavor to our lives and helped us to gain a sense of camaraderie and true unity. You all brought something to the table and you were
the constants that will make up most of what we will miss most about this school. But parting is inevitable. And indeed, we cannot deny the reality that yes, some friendships will fade and those who used to be the closest will become strangers who failed the test of time. But whatever may happen in the future, we all keep a part of everyone in class and yes, even our entire batch, since we were all changed in one way or another, no matter how large its magnitude. And though there will never be another field trip, retreat, Intrams game, or even another subject to be experienced with our classmates, we can always be comforted by the memories we’ve had and the emotions we’ve shared. The class may go their separate ways but the spirit of it lives on in each of its members.

And to everyone else in this school who made an impact on us. Staff, personnel, security guards, custodians, we’d like to say goodbye to you since you have all helped to make our stay here in the AHS much more enjoyable and much more comfortable. Your presence will be missed but the smiles you gave us along the corridors will forever be cherished.

Finally, I say a goodbye to this school. It is weird to think that I’m talking to an inanimate object but I think what I’d like to say goodbye to is what the school represents. Goodbye to all the corridors that heard our stories and laughs, goodbye to all the classrooms that during quizzes, felt both determination and resignation; goodbye to all the paths we’ve walked, and all the rooms we’ve used for you watched us grow up. Goodbye to the feeling of security, and the freedom to make mistakes, without long-lasting effects. Ultimately, goodbye to our childhood; there is no denying we are now all fully fledged adults.

never know when you’ll meet someone next. You have to make each second count, because you only have one shot at it. When I graduated high school then, I didn’t remember the big things, like being a Magis awardee or being first honors, I cherished the moments I would spend laughing with my classmates, going on misadventures, the moments I would laugh with my teachers, the moments I would cram my homework, or even just eat at my favourite cafeteria stall, Suki Moko. When I was delivering my speech as valedictorian, it wasn’t about my achievements, but about my journey, and about my growth. It was about all the things I learned along the corridors, all the moments that secretly shaped me, to aspire for Magis or to honestly attempt to be of service. As I was marching, I realized that being an Atenean, meant not only believing in its ideals, but seeing and experiencing them for yourself, as you grow up in this institution.

And now, even as I leave this school, I am confident that I will always be an Atenean at heart. Because as every graduating student knows, your definition of an Atenean should be the person you turned out to be.
And personally, that’s what I’ll miss the most. The reality that we can try things out and explore for self-discovery, without making long-term commitments. That is what high school was about for me.

But once again, I repeat that we are now faced with the cold reality that we have to choose. And this time, the stakes are much higher. But once again, each moment we say goodbye to who we were and become new people. So each moment is a chance to turn our life onto another path. The lessons this school has taught us about self-discovery should always be remembered, since self-discovery is a lifelong process.

But when things seem rough, be comforted by knowing that we will have the memories of our past to look back to and that when things seem bleak, we’ll see photos of our past excursions and remember that we got through difficulties before with smiles and laughter, and we can still do it now that we’re older. Growing up will never be the same as growing old.

And with that, in keeping with tradition, I end this speech with a quote. It’s from a movie, and aptly, it’s from a valedictorian’s speech as well. This is from Jessica’s speech in Twilight: Eclipse. “This isn’t the time to make hard and fast decisions, this is the time to make mistakes. Take the wrong train and get stuck somewhere. Change your mind and change it again because nothing’s permanent. So make as many mistakes as you can. That way someday when they ask what we wanna be, we won’t have to guess—we’ll know.”

To our school and everyone in it, never change. And to my beloved batch, our childhood may be over, but let the lessons of childhood always remain.

*Ad Majorem dei Gloriam.*

Thank you and for the last time, goodbye.
by Daniel Joseph P. Benito

P. Antonio F. Moreno, Pinuno ng Kapisanan ni Hesus sa Pilipinas, P. Jose Ramon T. Villarin, ng Kapisanan ni Hesus, pangulo ng Pamantasang Ateneo de Manila, G. Ernesto Tanmantiong, Tagapangulo ng Lupon ng mga Tagapangasiwa ng Pamantasan, Dr. John Paul C. Vergara, Pangalawang Pangulo ng mga Paaralang Loyola, mga iba pang Pangalawang Pangulo ng Pamantasang, mga Dekano ng mga Paaralang Loyola, mga administrador, guro, kawani, mga kapwa kong magtatapos, mga magulang, kamag-anak, at kaibigan, magandang hapon po.

Para sa natatangi at kauna-unahang batch na magtatapos sa buwan ng Hunyo at nakaranas ng calendar shift, mga minamahal kong mga kapatid na nag Lista sa atin! Kamayan at batiin natin ang ating mga katabi sapagkat batid nating hindi naging biro ang pinagdaanan ng bawat isa.


ABOUT DANIEL

During his 4 years stay in the Ateneo, the LS Valedictorian of Class 2016 Daniel Joseph Benito experienced almost everything. “With all of the lectures and social engagement opportunities, Ateneo has shaped me to live a life of service, a life filled with love,” he said.

Benito (BS in Applied Mathematics major in Mathematical Finance) graduated with flying colors: a magna cum laude and the Loyola School Awards for Leadership and Service’s Most Outstanding Individual.

His achievements also trickled down to the community through his work as member of the Ateneo Education Geared towards Empowerment (Ateneo EdGE) and the Ateneo Catechetical Instruction League (ACIL). He was also president of Alay ni Ignacio (ANI), the student arm of Pathways to Higher Education that
Napakayaman at puno ng mga babauning pangyayari at aral ang nakalipas na apat o limang taon, kaya napakahirap hulihin sa ilang salita lamang ang nagingkahulugan ng edukasyong natamo natin. Mahirap mag-isip ng mga sasabihin ko ngayon hapon. Matapos po ang ilang mga gabi ng pagmumuni, napagtanto ko na may isang aral akong laging binabaon. Isang aral na magiging paksa po ng pagbabahagi ko ngayon.

Maging bukas na mabagabag at masaktan, subalit sa huli'y piliin magmahal.

Maaring makita ang ating pagtatapos bilang isang pagdiriwang dahil napagtagumpayan natin ang lahat ng hirap. Kaya siguro marapat lang din na balikan natin ang mga paghihirap na ito, ang mga pagsubok sa likod ng ating tagumpay ngayong hapon.

Pahintulutan niyo po sana akong ibahagi ang tatlong bagay o mga karanasan na pinagbumbabag at nasa-sakit sa akin.

1. Nabagabag at nasaktan dahil kulang tayo.


Sa unang Math exam ko pa lang, kinulang na agad ako dahil hindi ko ito natapos sagutan. Naka ilang D's din ako at isang F sa Math Long Test ko. Marami rin akong pagkukulang sa pinakaunang proyekto ko sa Alay Ni Ignacio o ANI. Subalit, pagkatapos ng mga

provides peer-tutoring and leadership formation to high school students.

“I often spent my Saturday mornings teaching my kids from Ateneo EdGE,” Daniel said. “An hour of my weekdays was spent for my area kids of ACIL while my Saturday afternoon was usually for the formation program of ANI.”

He also taught Math and Chemistry to the high school participants of ANI for the past 3 summers.

Daniel recalled a class discussion with one of his Philosophy teachers where his professor asked his students how people can sleep peacefully each night when they know that there are people who are constantly in struggle.

“This question still haunts me from time to time,” he said. “This instance is just one of the many moments when I feel that the Ateneo education is forming me to be disturbed by the conditions around us, and to be affected by realities beyond our own.”

He added that his 4 years in Ateneo has instilled him to always respond with love.

“My gratitude to all the support, and love that my friends, teachers and staff
panahong iyon, doon ko rin naalala ang aking sarili na naging pinakamasipag at determinado.

Minsan, akala natin naibigay na ang lahat ng maaari nating maibigay, pero magugulat na lang tayo na may mas maibigay pa pala tayo. Kung kaya sa isang banda, sadyang may kagandahan sa likod ng mga damdamin ng pagkukulang, sapagkat sumisinag mula rito ang posibilidad ng ating pagtubo. Sa pagiging mapagkumbaba na tanggapin ang pagkukulang, doon tayo nagiging malaya. Doon tayo bumubukas sa pagkakataon na mas linangin pa ang ating sarili.


Subalit, pakatatandaan lang din natin na huwag sana tayong bulagin ng mga pagkukulang para saibing sapat na.

Ang una kong area sa ACIL ay sa Dela Paz Elementary School. Ang pinakamalalang karanasan ko roon ay nang may biglang umiyak sa kanila. Umiyak siya dahil sinuntil siya ng kaklase niyang napikon. Ang mas nakalungkot pa, hindi lang isang beses ito nangyari. Tungkol sa pagmamahal sa kapwa at mabubuting asal ang mas dalas na paksanamin, pero bakit ganoon ang nagyari?

have given me. These also inspire me to continuously give and serve.”

Asked about his plans after college, Daniel said he would take a master’s program for AMF majors. He also plans to continue his work in ANI and teach accounting.

“As of the moment,” he said, “I am considering to pursue a career in banking and finance and be involved with microfinance which caters to poor and low-income households. At the same time, I also want to continue to be engaged in works related to education and formation programs for the youth.”

(From www.ateneo.edu.)

Sa mga puntong nasaktan at nabagabag tayo sa ating mga kakayahan, madalas natatakot tayong muling magbigay sapagkat pakiramdam natin kulang lang naman ang mabibigay natin. Bakit pa ako magbibigay?


Ngayong hapon, marahil maganda ring sariwain ang mga sandaling nakaranas tayo ng ‘pagyakap,’ yakap na nakatulong sa ating magpatuloy at nag-imibita sa atin na muling bumalik.

Mga kaibigan, nagkukulang tayo sa maraming bagay pero para sa mga kapamilya, kaibigan, minsan kahit sa mga bagong kakilala at sa pinakamamahal nating Diyos, sapat na tayo. Sapat na tayo upang tanggapin ang pagmamahal na kaya nilang ipadama. Hayaang punuin tayo nito at tulungan tayong linangin pa ang mga nagkukulang na kakayahan. At basta’t handa tayong magbibigay nang taos-puso at sa abot ng ating pinakamakakaya, sapat na iyon para piliin nating magmahal.

Kulang pa subalit sapat na muna.
11. Nabagabag at nasaktan dahil sa piniling kurso, sa piniling daan.


Maghanda para sa marketing plan at defense, mangulit upang bilhin ang ginawang produkto, mag-isip ng solusyon para sa iba’t ibang business case competitions, magbasa at mag susulat ng mga kwento at sanaysay, maglunsad ng exhibit ng mga sariling disenyo, mag laboratotory work nang buong magdamag, hanapin ang bug sa code, pag-aralan ang mga teorya ng sikologo, mga teorya ng mga ekonomista at gamitin ito, aralin ang napakaraming bahagi ng buhay na organismo, magsulat ng samu’t-saring sanaysay o artikulo, maghanda para sa oral exam, tapusin ang thesis, at iba pa.

Nasaktan tayo sa samu’t-saring pagsubok na hinarap, mga pagsubok na naghubog pa lalo sa atin. Subalit, gaya nang natunghayan ko sa ilan kong natatanging orgmates, hindi kailangang harapin ang mga hamon
nang may mabigat na kalooban. Kaya nating tingnan ang ating tungkulin ng may kagalakan.

Dagdag pa rito, hindi lang pinagyaman ng mga taon ang ating talento, paulit-ulit din bayan binagabag ng Ateneo kung paano natin magagamit ang mga biyaya-ang ito para sa ating kapwa.

Sa ikatlong taon ko, dumating sa punto na napatánong ako kung paano ako makapagbibigay gamit ang mga options, bonds, stocks at iba pang pinag-aralan namin. Salamat kay Ma’am De Lara Tupiro sa pagpapakilala sa amin ng Microfinance, sa osci at sa iba’t-ibang kagawaran at programa para sa mga discipline-based learning initiative, kay Ginoong Marc Pasco sa pagpapakilala sa amin kay Ricouer at sa bagong mukha ng kagandahang-loob, at sa iba pang guro natin sa nagpalamaw ng ating kamalayan at sa kanilang pamamara-an ay ipinakitang “walang partikular na sektor ang may monopolyo ng serbisyo,” ika nga ni Sir Ken Abante sa isa niyang talumpati.

Minulat tayo na sa gitna ng anumang kalagayan, kahit ito’y mapaniil at nakapanlulumo, laging may posibilidad na lumikha ng espasyo para sa pagbibigay. Laging may puwang para sa pagpapakatao.

Mga kapwa magtatapos, habang hinaharap natin ang isang sakit ngayon-ang pamamaalam sa napamahal na sa ating tahanan, muli na naman layong may magpapasya. Sa anumang daang pipiliin, hinanda tayo ng magaling magpatag sa anumang sakit sa kaakibat ng ating desisyon at kayaning harapin ito nang may ngiti. Magbagbag kung ito ba ay nagbibigay-buhay, hindi lang para sa sarili kung hindi isang para sa kapwa at sa ating bayan. Gaya ng binahagi ng ilan sa amin sa AEGIS FB page, nawa’y manatili sa atin ang paghahangad na gamitin ang mga natutunan para sa pagmamahal at ikabubuti ng bayan.


Ang mga ‘ngiting’ ito ang sinikap ko ring makita mula sa mga estudyante ko sa ANI. Ang isa sa kanila ay nagpadala ng mensahe sa akin sa Facebook. “Kuya, kahit mahirap ang Math, gagaling din po ako.” Ang marinig ito sa isang estudyante na alam kong mahiyaan at hindi kumportable sa Math ay talagang nakapupuno ng puso. Kung ganito katamis ang ibubunga ng pagpili nating magmahal, bakit hindi tayo patuloy na magmahal?

Mula sa mga karanasang ito, napagtanto ko na may mga pagkabagabag at sakit na sa halip na pahinain ang ating loob, ay binigyan tayo ng lakas at pagkakataon upang higit na magmahal.
Bawat isa sa atin ay may natatanging pinagdaanan. Iba-iba ang pinakanakaantig sa ating mga puso. Kaya ngayong hapon, maganda sigurong pagnilayan natin ito: Anong karanasan o realidad ang pinakanakasakit at bumagabag sa atin?

Nabagabag ba tayo sa pakikisalamuha sa mga batang ginugugol ang kanilang kamusmusan nang may malubhang sakit, o sa mga naghirap nating kapatid na hindi sapat ang nakakain sa isang araw o hindi naka-kamtan ang mga medikal na pangangailangan, nabagabag sa paglalakad ng mga kababayan magsasaka sa iba’t-ibang probinsya upang mabigyang pansin lang ang kanilang hinaing, nabagabag sa kalagayan ng mga pamilyang nangangailangan sa paglalakad ng mga kababayan magsasaka sa iba’t-ibang probinsya upang makarating sa mga lalaki at naghihirap na hindi sapat ang nakakain sa isang araw o hindi nakakamtan ang mga medikal na pangangailangan.

Nabagabag ba tayo sa pakikisalamuha sa mga batang ginugugol ang kanilang kamusmusan nang may malubhang sakit, o sa mga naghirap nating kapatid na hindi sapat ang nakakain sa isang araw o hindi naka-kamtan ang mga medikal na pangangailangan, nabagabag sa paglalakad ng mga kababayan magsasaka sa iba’t-ibang probinsya upang mabigyang pansin lang ang kanilang hinaing, nabagabag sa kalagayan ng mga pamilyang nangangailangan sa paglalakad ng mga kababayan magsasaka sa iba’t-ibang probinsya upang makarating sa mga lalaki at naghihirap na hindi sapat ang nakakain sa isang araw o hindi nakakamtan ang mga medikal na pangangailangan.

Gaya ng pinakababaunin ko mula sa mga naging klase natin sa Teolohiya, hindi ang mga paghihirap na ito ang may huling salita. Sa gitna ng mga karanasan ng pagkabigo at pagkabasag, maaari tayong maghihirap, maaari tayong tumugon nang may pagmamahal.

Anong pagkabagabag at sakit ang tumatawag sa ating higit na magmahal?

Pagmamahal iyong pagugol ng oras para sa organismo natin, ang pagtatanghal upang magbigay kamalayan, ang paggamit ng mga numero upang makarating sa mga makatwirang solusyon, pagmamahal ang ipinakita ng ating mga atleta sa bawat UAAP game, pagmamahal iyong sama-sama tayong nagbabalot ng mga relief goods para sa magnasalanta ng Yolanda.
Habagat at iba pang malalakas na bagyo, pagmama-
hal ang pagbabahagi ng ating oras at talento upang
makapaglingkod.

Paano tayo tutugon nang may pagmamahal? Ma-
dalas, hindi ito magining madali. Hindi ito nanganga-
hulugan ng kagyat na paghilom. Halimbawa sa kasong Prince, may ilang sumunod na Sabado na bumabalik
ang kanyang alinlangan sa sarili. Pauulit-ulit hayon
masasaktan, kaya kailangan ding pauulit-ulit din tayong
mamahal.

Sa ating pananatili dito sa pamantasan, hindi lang
naman tayo ang umibig. Ang hapon ito ay hapon din
ng pasasalamat para sa mga nagmahal sa atin. Salamat
sa mga Kuya at Ate na siniguradong malinis ang ating
pagbabahagi, sa mga Ate na nagphotocopy ng mga maha-
habang readings, sa mga Kuya guard na bumabati ng
‘Magandang umaga,’ sa mga Ate at Kuya mula sa Rizal
Library na naging tahanan natin sa hell weeks o kapag
gusto lang natin magpamagat, sa benefactors at sa
Office and Admission and Aid na nangalaga sa aming
mga scholars, at sa lahat pa ng mga opisina, patawad
kung hindi ko man po mabanggit kayong lahat, pero
chingaytupad sa inyong tungkulin upang maging makabuluhan
ang aming pananatili sa Ateneo.
Hindi rin naging ganoon kapait ang mga masa-saklap na karanasan dahil may mga kabahagi tayo sa lahat ng sakit at pagkabagabag. Hindi tayo naglakbay nang nag-iisa. Huwag sana tayong makalilimot sa mga nakasama natin- sa mga kaibigan at blockmates na karamay sa mga gabi ng paghahapit, mga orgmates na kaisa sa mga adbokasiyang pinaniniwalaan, mga guro na nagbabahi ng kanilang kaalaman, sa ating mga pamilyang walang sawang sumusuporta. Taos-pusong pasasalamat po.

Mga mahal na kapwa magtatapos, ito na. Down the hill, we go. Sa ating pagsimula ng bagong kabanata ng ating kwento, nawa’y patuloy tayong maging bukas na mabagabag at masaktan sa ating mga kakulangan. Subalit, sana masabi pa rin nating sapat na tayo. Sapat na para tumanggap ng pagmamahal at magmahal.

Maging bukas na mabagabag at masaktan sa mga pipiliing daan, sa mga adbokasiyang ipaglalaban, sub-alit laging tumugon nang may pagmamahal.

**Maging bukas na mabagabag at masaktan, sub-alit sa huli’y piliin magmahal.**

Mabuhay Class of 2016! Isang pagsaludo sa ating pagtatapos!

*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*

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WHAT SURVIVES THE TELLING:

Consistency, Contradiction, and Bishop Escaler

by Billie Andrada
They say that St. Ignatius of Loyola walked some 500 kilometers, on legs that should not have been able to support him, to fulfill his dream of serving in Jerusalem, where Christ was born.

I wondered what it must have felt like then for St. Ignatius, walking that road alone and having forsaken his privileges, to head towards a future of uncertainty armed with nothing more than a prayer and conviction that, this time, he is writing the best version of his life.

It is a saintly story, an act almost unfathomable with the conveniences of the twenty-first century. It is the kind of story one would expect of a great man, tinned and packaged over time and passed on after death. These stories serve as proof of extraordinary character and achievement; it creates distance, but it also creates aspiration. I kept returning to this anecdote while researching the life of Bishop Federico Escaler. I wondered what it must have felt like then for St. Ignatius, walking that
road alone and having forsaken his privileges, to head towards a future of uncertainty armed with nothing more than a prayer and conviction that, this time, he is writing the best version of his life.

THE ESCALERS CAN TRACE THEIR ROOTS IN THE PHILIPPINES from records that date all the way back to the 1700s. Federico Escaler was born on 28 June 1922 to a well-off family in San Fernando, Pampanga. Bishop Escaler—“Freddie”/“Freddy” to those who knew him personally—studied in Ateneo de Manila, which was back then still in Padre Faura, Intramuros. Joining the Society of Jesus came as a shock to his family and friends, who did not expect it and did not have the time to process it, as he made the decision quickly and quietly. He finished his studies in Woodstock College in Maryland and was ordained in New York, as the Philippines was still considered a mission under the New York province at the time. While the family never gave him a hard time about his vocation, Therese Escaler, his niece, recalls that her grandmother—Bishop Escaler’s mother—was wary of his vocation, “only because she wasn’t comfortable with him working in dangerous places.” Part of their misgivings must be from the element of surprise. Father Catalino Arevalo, who was a few years younger than him in Padre Faura, recalled him as a sociable teenager, with a wide circle of friends. Certainly without the stereotypical solemnity expected of priests or novitiates; his brother’s granddaughter, on leaving for college in the US, received this sage advice from Bishop Escaler: “Just remember, sometimes it’s ok for your parents to not know everything you’re up to.”

He is remembered by his family as a very humble man with a fantastic sense of humor, simple in dress, in conduct, in how he did not like being fussed over. Ching Escaler, who married Jose Escaler, Bishop Escaler’s nephew, recalls that when they were collecting his possessions after his death, they were surprised to find so many boxes of shoes and clothes—gifts that he never wore and never got to give away. He preferred his well-worn clothes to new ones, but did not have the heart, perhaps, to turn the well-meaning gifts away. When asked what it was that she admired most in him, Therese said, “The trait I admired most about him was how he surely without the stereotypical solemnity expected of priests or novitiates; his brother’s granddaughter, on leaving for college in the US, received this sage advice from Bishop Escaler: “Just remember, sometimes it’s ok for your parents to not know everything you’re up to.”
valued education over donations or financial support. If he had the chance to help someone by teaching them rather than paying them, he would take it.” All these stories are in character with the Bishop who worked in Mindanao for over twenty years. It speaks of a man who very clearly knows what he believes in and stands by it.

Mindanao, back then if not until now, was a war-torn area, with several military and paramilitary groups acting on—even terrorizing—the people. In 1976, he was ordained Bishop for the prelature of Kidapawan and, in 1980, was transferred to the newly created prelature of Ipil in Zamboanga Sibugay. These far-flung, impoverished areas had no established dioceses; in both instances, the Bishop had to work on creating infrastructure and networks from scratch. Prior to this assignment, he worked for the Society of Jesus as president of Ateneo de Davao University (1963 to 1966) and Xavier
University in Cagayan de Oro (1973 to 1976), and as treasurer of the Philippine province. The Escalers are known businessmen, and in this sense, he was still able to utilize his family’s background. While no one doubted his administrative experience and leadership, there is a world of difference between managing established institutions with resources, and building one from the ground up. He also had no prior pastoral experience when he was ordained in 1976.

Those who worked with him emphasized, too, his simplicity, in the house that he lived in, in the clothes that he wore, and in the infrastructure that he favored—simple and straightforward so that the resources may go to the people directly, instead. Bro. Sulpicio Quipanes, who worked with Bishop Escaler in the prelature of Ipil in the 1980s, recalled the renovation of the Bishop’s house, which was dilapidated; he was given only ₱300,000 by the bishop to renovate the whole house: “you manage that, no more.” When the funds turned out to not be enough for labor and materials, Bishop Escaler made do with whatever was finished and put off completing the rest until the money could be spared. When he retired from service as Bishop Emeritus of the Prelature of Ipil in 1997, those in Ipil created a tribute video for him. The Escaler family provided me with a grainy video compilation of raw interviews—mostly unnamed—from the people he worked with and the residents of Ipil whose lives he touched. It goes on for hours, and the people in that video did not just speak of his simplicity; they spoke, in very concrete terms, of what he had done through the Basic Christian Communities (BCCs), for the prelature. Father Arevalo shares the same story, that even in his last days, he asked his visitors what he could do for them instead of the other way around. His simplicity had depth. Not just simplicity in living, or an ability to see what is essential; it is a simplicity rooted, too, in generosity—in what more a person can give.

Brother Quipanes remembers how he rose to the challenge despite having limited resources. He remembered how very effective a manager Bishop Escaler was. “There was no money in that place… [and] he was only given ₱20,000 by the bishop of Zamboanga to start a prelature.” His network in the capital was wide, his con-
In this way he was able to help raise capital for the Ipil prelature. Bro. Qui-panes goes on to say that “when he handles money, he’s not for building structures ... more for mission for the people.” He placed his focus on helping the communities address their problems beyond spirituality; this echoes his statement given in an interview by Denis Murphy for America: “We promised to match the church to what they could support. We decided, therefore, to concentrate on building Basic Christian Communities (BCC), as the Jesuits had been doing before. We agreed it was obligatory for every parish [there were nine parishes then] to try to start BCCs, inasmuch as they could, at their own pace and in their own way.” In this way, he was able to create a prelature that was engaged in its own improvement. According to interviews and newspaper clippings, it seemed that the outspoken Bishop—who openly criticized the Marcos regime and the military abuses in Mindanao in interviews—did not stop at guiding or solving the spiritual problems of his prelature; he understood that the progress of the community is rooted too in the material, and perhaps political, problems on the ground. This engagement did not always favor him.

On 22 February 1985, Bishop Escaler, along with eight other people, were kidnapped by armed men claiming to be part of the MNLF group, and made to trek over the mountains of Zamboanga. They were held for three days, until their release on 25 February after heavy exchange of fire between the military and the kidnappers. Strangely, none of the kidnappers were caught despite the newspaper articles at the time claiming that the area was surrounded by the army, ready to rescue Bishop Escaler’s group. All nine were rescued—dehy-
drated, famished, and traumatized—and sent to hospitals to recover. This all happened during Martial Law, and until now, no one is sure who arranged the kidnapping, or why no one was caught, if it was truly the MNLF or arranged by the government, who Bishop Escaler was loudly critical about. On 30 March, only three weeks after the incident, Bishop Escaler returned to Ipil, where he stayed until his retirement in 1997.

When asked about this incident, Brother Quipanes, who was almost in that group that very morning, and Therese and Ching Escaler, could only tell me those facts. If there was any private trauma from the experience, the Bishop did not show it, or perhaps did not carry it with him heavily. Or, likely, he was all too familiar with it; Bro. Quipanes claimed that the policy in Ipil, if anyone was kidnapped, was to not succumb to ransom demands. This was particularly difficult at the time, as the bishop’s wide network wanted to pay any ransom demands—these well-meaning people even broadcasted their intent via radio. Bishop Escaler returned to work for the people in Ipil, continued being openly critical of the government, only a few weeks after the incident. That interview with Denis Murphy published on 25 May 1985, still under Martial Law, had a quote where Bishop Escaler bluntly states that he tried “to keep good relations with the military, but their abuses continue.”
This is the same man whose simplicity and humility was almost self-effacing—refusing to be the center of attention. Beyond that humility is a steel spine, and the willingness and open-eyed clarity to see a vision through, in all its complexity, despite the threat to his own life.

So I go back to that road once more: I imagine there must have been no small amount of fear. Today, that long walk from Loyola to Manresa is lined with inns and
rest stops. It probably was less welcoming, back then. St. Ignatius had a body that did not seem up to the task, a background of privilege far removed from the realities he would soon face, going on nothing but faith and a vision of his life that seemed farther each day. What echoes from a story beyond the events, that allows it to be more than anecdote, witnessing, or testament? Think of that road and the dogged determination and faith necessary to make it to the end and further on, and what it led to centuries on, now. Think about the things that survive the packaging, the pithy two sentence summary, the distance. Then think of a man that spent twenty years in a conflict-ridden area for a commitment made at nineteen, for two prelatures now around forty years old. It is not their stories’ parallelism that is exceptional; it is that one man’s persistence—on that endless road—should lead to another’s fortitude centuries later.

Bro. Quipanes, near the tail-end of my interview, shared two very different stories from Bishop Escaler that stayed with him all these years. One, in a homily, he pointed out to the Jordan River as a metaphor for a truly Christian life. The Dead Sea is dead precisely because it has no outlet. It does not flow anywhere, unlike the Jordan river which gives life along its journey to wider bodies of water. Two, a joke that goes: What is the difference between needing to go to the comfort room and dying? Nothing. When you have to go, you have to go.

THE ESCALER FAMILY HAS COMMISSIONED A BIOGRAPHY ON the life of Bishop Federico Escaler. I was told that it is turning out to be a very in-depth look at his life and the legacy he left behind. Even his family members seemed surprised at the stories found about the simple man they loved, from Mindanao, from all over the world. Bishop Escaler was ninety-two years old when he died. He had already outlived most of his contemporaries. It seems he will keep outliving us still.

BILLIE ANDRADA (AB Literature (English) 2012) is currently the Editorial Assistant of the Ateneo de Manila University Press.
In celebration of the centenary of the birthday of Fr. Horacio de la Costa, sj, the Ateneo School of Humanities organized a series of lectures on his life and contributions. The series consisted of 10 lectures and ran from February to April 2016.

Series organizer Dr. Soledad Reyes writes:

Designed to re-introduce Fr. de la Costa to those who knew him in life (he passed away in 1977 at the age of sixty), and as importantly, to introduce generations who had not yet been born when this Jesuit engaged the world—from the heyday of American colonialism in the 1920s and 1930s, the trauma of World War II, the complex and shifting socio-historical movements of the postwar period, and the turbulence of the 1970s, the series provides a prism to view this Jesuit priest.

To see him as a college student and young Jesuit seminarian showing his remarkable creativity as he wrote poetry, plays, and short stories, and demonstrating his acute intelligence as he published essays on the key issues of the day in campus and national magazines is to get a glimpse of the mind that in later years would lead him to write history books, a history of the Jesuits, deliver lectures with eloquence and lucidity on various aspects of politics, economics, and culture. And as a Jesuit priest which informed his being, he wrote on faith and Ignatian spirituality, on the Church and her role not only in the country but in Asia. He is officially considered the founder of Loyola House of Studies and Loyola School of Theology.

The series opened with a lecture by Fr. Catalino Arevalo, sj, delivered on February 4, 2016 and was titled “An Introduction to Horacio V. de la Costa, sj: Friend in the Lord.” Fabilioh! is pleased to run an excerpt from Fr. Arevalo’s talk. Fabilioh! chose Fr. Arevalo’s portion on de la Costa during the years of war as this is “hidden history” about the great man. The School of Humanities is currently at work on compiling all the different lectures which were delivered and hope to release this seminal work by the end of the year.

Fabilioh! thanks Fr. Arevalo for sharing his speech. We would also like to thank Dr. Soledad Reyes, Professor Emeritus, and Dr. Marlu Vilches, former Dean of the School of Humanities and now Vice-President for the Loyola Schools, for their generosity.
AN INTRODUCTION TO FATHER HORACIO DE LA COSTA, SJ: FRIEND IN THE LORD.

by Fr. Catalino Arevalo, sj
Almost nothing has been written on Horacio de la Costa’s (HLC) quite remarkable—even dramatic—activities during the years we called “the Japanese War,” i.e. from December 1941 to March/April 1945.

Recently re-reading Father Forbes Monaghan’s *Under the Red Sun,* I was surprised to learn how much behind-the-scenes activity HLC was called to engage in, often personally traveling to guerrilla outposts—he and scholastic Pablo Guzman Rivas often working as a team—arranging for and often actually bringing useful information and needed resources (even large quantities of food and medicines) for guerilla and resistance groups and for some American military people in hiding among Filipino communities in Central and/or Northern Luzon, and the like. Pampanga (Sta. Rita), Zambales (the mountains and jungle areas; ‘negrito’ villages) were among the places they often visited. All this was clan-

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1 Bibliographical footnote: ‘Must read’: Fr. Forbes J. Monaghan’s *Under the Red Sun.* New York, 1946, Declan X. McMullen Co., esp. Chapter 11, “Roving Scholastics.” A very personal ‘story of the War Years’ by New York Jesuit Fr. Monaghan, the book has been jokingly referred to as relating “how the Ateneo won the War.” Monaghan from the start readily admits the limitations of his own personal experience which forms the basis of his narrative. (This writer, for one, found re-reading the book, sixty years after its publication, quite fascinating. We knew almost nothing about HLC’s heavy and extensive involvement in this guerrilla support-work.)
destine activity, much of it highly dangerous, at a time when summary capture and execution by the Japanese military—and “thousands of them [Japanese military] were scattered, it seemed, everywhere,”—were ‘S.O.P.’ HLC showed remarkable courage, resourcefulness, and resiliency in all this; he never ever spoke about what he had done for American civilians and US military in hiding, for which he was later (1946) awarded the Medal of Freedom by the US government.

I might add: HLC, urged by Fr. William Masterson and some Jesuit superiors, hurriedly wrote a 200-plus page typewritten book on the same period. Only one copy was completed. I saw the manuscript myself and had the chance to read parts of it. HLC had made (as noted) only one copy. No carbon paper was available at the time (and of course, no photocopying facilities then existed!) The single copy was sent to New York and Fr. Masterson. Somewhere along the line, in some New York publisher’s office, the manuscript got mislaid or lost. Fr. Frank Lynch later made some serious effort to look for it, without success. So that HLC book is, it seems, forever gone.

REGARDING YET ANOTHER HLC WORK: A TENTATIVE ‘TEXTBOOK’, created during the same war years when he was teaching us, the Jesuit ‘juniors’, was also lost through quite careless handling. The ‘textbook’ and notes were created for a ‘Juniorate course’ on literature and literary (‘poetry and rhetoric’ in Ratio Studiorum terminology) appreciation and criticism. It was borrowed [from me] by a Jesuit priest who heard of it and wanted to make

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2 In the Province Archives, we have found a “draft” of the first part only of this book. It would surely be worth reading; it might be worth printing it too, as we mark 40 years after HLC’s passing from our midst.
The “Bayonets-incident” [Japanese Occupation Time]:

Two cases of bayonets used for the ROTC training at the Ateneo in Manila were inadvertently left untouched in the school bodegas by the invading troops when they confiscated all the guns and all the military equipment etc. stored there. These bayonets had to be secretly disposed of. A way was found to bring them one night to the La Ignaciana retreat house located right beside the Pasig river. Then—in midnight darkness and secrecy—these bayonets were summarily thrown into the river. The Japanese found out through intercepted letters, and picked up eight Jesuits (whose names had been mentioned in the letters) and brought them to Fort Santiago. The then Mission superior Fr. Hurley was later also picked up, but got himself cleared and released.

Fr. Mulry and HLC were among the men arrested and held at Fort Santiago, but no credible evidence could be found against them. They were separated from the other Jesuits, and both were thrown into another large (14 feet by ten) heavily crowded cell, jammed together with twenty-two others, in ‘sardine-style’. As far as we know, HLC never ever spoke about his six weeks in Fort Santiago. What details we know came from Fr. Mulry later. Fr. Mulry was held in the Fort for a bit over three weeks and then somehow got released. HLC was kept two more weeks more after Fr. Mulry was allowed to leave.

3 An American Jesuit borrowed it; it seems during a storm, rainwater took over this man’s box of notes and ruined the HLC notes so they couldn’t be ‘retrieved’. 
FR. ROQUE FERRIOLS, ASKED TO SPEAK AT THE BLESSING OF the De la Costa Hall in the Ateneo Loyola Heights campus many years later, told the story of HLC's Fort Santiago 'experience' (1943), in some detail; Ferriols remembered the details, as related by Fr. Mulry. This is not the time or place to give you much of that story. Only this: all the prisoners in the cell had to sit, unmoving in one same position, looking at the cell-wall, the whole day long. One large pail for all their excrement was placed at a corner, emptied only every other day. The air was unbearably foul, mosquitoes and other insects preyed forever upon them; no one was allowed to talk or move his body. At night they were all stretched on the filthy floor, bodies pressed tightly together.

Horacio could not stay put all day, Mulry said; his high-strung nerves just couldn’t stand the immobility. He would occasionally stand, if he saw no guard around, move to the forbidden corridor beside the cell, and walk back and forth. If any guard caught him doing this, HLC was grabbed by him, strongly whacked on the head or body with a sheathed bayonet or the wooden part of a gun. The beating was merciless, till he collapsed. The guard then pushed or kicked his body back into the cell. The other prisoners saw how badly wounded and bleeding HLC's head, face and body were, after these beatings. This happened (it seems) more than once. Mulry said, “The boy never even whimpered; never said a word, despite what must have been much pain, much really bad pain.”

FINALLY BACK WITH HIS JESUIT BRETHREN, HLC DIDN'T HAVE much 'recovery time'. By the beginning of August 1944, all the American Jesuits who were not yet interned at the University of Santo Tomas prison in Manila were gathered in closed-in trucks by the military police and
herded to the Los Baños concentration camp south of Manila. (Some eight months later, with parachutists of the US Army’s 11th Airborne Division leading, the Los Baños camp was dramatically taken over and the hundreds of its prisoners liberated by rescue forces.)

With all the American Jesuits locked behind bars, HLC was asked to become the Prefect of Studies for us, the Jesuit ‘Juniors’ staying at Santa Ana, Manila. The assignment was not only to ensure that our classes in English, Latin and Greek kept going, sometimes even when the US warplanes were dropping bombs not too far away, but also to find funds enough for whatever food and other livelihood needs we had. On Christmas Eve, 1944, somehow he provided a surprise ‘noche buena’ feast with genuine suman and bibingka for us,—something of a genuine miracle banquet for that time in our wartime lives.

These somewhat detailed accounts of HLC’s wartime concerns and activities have been given here, because almost nowhere else can they be found. As far as I know, HLC never spoke or wrote about them, except in that manuscript book which his Jesuit superiors asked him to write shortly after the ‘wartime’ ended, the book which was lost somewhere in New York, and never found again. It is almost uncanny how HLC, the super-facile writer that he was, practically never spoke or wrote about himself and events in his own life. (One wishes that the personal modesty he kept in this particular area were, even just a little, less carefully observed.)

Catalino G Arevalo, SJ (GS 1937, HS 1941, PhD Humanities (honoris causa) 1998), called the ‘Dean of Filipino Theologians’, was born on April 20, 1925, entered the Society on May 30, 1941, and was ordained June 19, 1954. He was the first dean and first president of Loyola School of Theology.
In their defeat, the Ateneo Lady Eagles showed that only they can write the story of their journey and it ended in the way nobody quite expected: with grace.
by Louella Fortez

Photos by Joji Lapuz,
courtesy of the Ateneo Sports Shooters
(www.fabilioh.com).

THERE AND BACK AGAIN
OFTEN dismissed as lightweights in women's college basketball, the Ateneo Lady Eagles’ journey to the finals was faced with skepticism even within the team, yet also with the determination to work harder and see how far their sacrifices and efforts would take them. This is the story of how they found grace in the hour of their loss in the finals of Season 78 of the UAAP.

Their ending was expected to be written in victory yet this was not meant to be. But in their defeat, the Ateneo Lady Eagles showed that only they can write the story of their journey and it ended in the way nobody quite expected: with grace.

FAIRY TALE BEGINNINGS

The Ateneo Lady Eagles’ journey during Season 78 of the UAAP had the elements of a fairy tale: they were underdogs who themselves had very little expectations, their hope flaring no further than to play enough games and finish at a decent spot. Each point they scored was greeted with disbelief.
Neither unbelievable luck nor humility stirred this response but an honest assessment of the team’s performance at the start of the season, “On our first game with UE (University of the East), we lost a lot,” admits shooting guard Katrina Guytingco. “We actually lost a couple of games we should’ve won. We had a rocky start. (So) I feel that people had low expectations.”

Choosing instead to work harder and hone their skills rather than simply resign themselves to yet another tepid performance, the Lady Eagles slowly advanced to the semifinals. The effort meant a series of battles where foes got better and stronger. Roars had to be silenced and warriors slain. Advancing to the semifinals meant a face-off between the Lady Eagles and archrivals Lady Archers. Unlike the former’s previous two games, this was do-or-die. The La Salle Lady Archers had a twice-to-beat advantage. If the Lady Eagles lost one game, they were finished.

Team Captain Tina Deacon describes the mindset of the team during this time: “Nandito na tayo, ba’t di (natin) i-push pa. Nagulat talaga kami sa (pagkapanalo) UE, pero inisiisip pa din namin, ‘Baka matalo’ ulit.”

The Lady Eagles won by two points against La Salle at the end of the game. Three days later, they faced off again. They solidified their win and a spot in the Final Four by finishing 62 points over the Archers’ 50.

At this point, it was clear that the team’s journey this season was not just another story of the once-down-trodden. That they started near the bottom, check. That they slowly advanced point by point, sometimes treacherously, yes. It was becoming clear that the Lady Eagles’ story was slowly unfolding into an epic. Suddenly finding themselves front and center, they were no longer faint blips on the radar. Not only was women’s basketball the hottest ticket of the season, the Lady Eagles
were poised to end the long championship drought for Ateneo. Everything had aligned in their favor. There was no other ending for them but as winners.

“Everyone expected us to be champions,” agrees Guytingco. “We all had high expectations of each other.”

So did the country as they faced their final foe. And as it went with truly brilliant epics, the showdown was in an arena.

DAVID VS. GOLIATH

The media quickly latched on in describing the upcoming championship games between the Lady Eagles and NU (National University) Lady Bulldogs as reminiscent of David and Goliath. Aside from a thrice-to-beat advantage, the Lady Bulldogs were also significantly taller and its roster boasted of veterans from the national team, according to Deacon.

“Sobrang malalaki yung guards (of NU) talaga,” she admits, herself an impressive six-footer. “May malaking advantage but we thought, so what? It doesn’t matter. We’re here to show what we worked (hard) for.”

Guytingco agrees. “It’s hard walking on the court and seeing your opponents’ advantages over you. (But) in life there will be people better than you so you’ll have
to work hard. No matter the outcome, just give your best.”

Despite efforts led by Guytingco in the first series of games against the Lady Bulldogs, they scored 59 points against the latter’s 91. The Lady Bulldogs needed to win only one more game.

“I didn’t know if we could win,” Gutyingco says. “All I know is we wanted to work hard.”

When the final buzzer rang at the second game and confirmed NU’s championship, she describes that the Lady Eagles were “happy.”

“It would’ve been nice if we won but were also happy because of the journey we had. After all this—having a bad start then coming and winning those games—no one expected us to win. We were happy to get to that point.”

As the Lady Bulldogs’ win led the sports news, so did articles lamenting the Lady Eagles’ defeat and the bitter end of their Cinderella story—and at their home territory in the Blue Eagle Gym, no less.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

With another UAAP season, the Lady Eagles are harder at work than ever. They don’t see finishing as runner-up to the Lady Bulldogs as a defeat. They do remember, but use the experience as a push to do better. It is mined for
lessons as well as a reminder of how far the team has come.

In truth, they don’t get admonished when losing, according to Guytingco. “(What happens is) the coaches talk to us after the game about what we did wrong. In the next practices we make up for it. We have to work harder in the drills.”

Though finishing as runner-up after being expected to unseat a champion may be disappointing, the Lady Eagles’ takeaway from the experience is happiness. “Winning is a plus,” clarifies Guytingco. “But (what) we remember is what we went through, the hard practices.” For the upcoming season, they intend to get to finals. “We know what it takes (now), we know what we can do and get the strength to come back even stronger.”
It is still a little frustrating that people continue to see loss while the team sees an unexpected opportunity for a comeback, “it’s hard because (people) don’t understand what we have to go through,” according to Guytinco. Deacon concurs, “They don’t see the work we do para mabigay lang ang hinihingi ng coach namin.”

And what the coaches demand, perhaps unsurprisingly, is not the championship. The focus is to fix their skills for a better performance this time. Deacon takes personal pride in this. “I started from zero. My teammates and coaches told me I’ve improved a lot. Akala ko last year hanggang dito lang kaya ko pero pinagaling pa ako, pinalakas pa ako.” With regard to dedication, discipline and skills, she has no doubts with what she can and is willing to do. But an old injury may get in the way at times. “Laging na-di-dislocate yung balikat ko,” she confesses. Her limits don’t stop here: “Hindi ako kasing-galing ng mga teammates ko but as captain, I try to be there for them. I make it a point to push them if they lack focus or slack off.”

Her frank assessment of herself extends to how she boosts the team she is leading. “I tell them, ‘Konti lang tayo, malilit tayo, pero magtiwala tayo sa training.’ We were first runner-up (last year). Kailangan mag-excel pa.” The training is not only the area where she sees opportunities for learning. “Pag dating sa court, kailangan mong talunin (din) ang teammate mo—yung lang ang way para matuto din siya.” Though she fosters this kind of competition, what matters is “At the end of the day, walang iwanan at malasakit sa isa’t isa.”

This strong support system within the Ateneo Lady Eagles impressed rookie Boom Moslares. At the time the interview took place, she was doing twenty rounds of dribbling and legwork drills due to an injury sustained. She went back and forth, making sure she didn’t
lose the ball while moving between strategically-placed orange cones. The work looks deceptively easy but it requires precision and sharp focus, and the repetitive motions get monotonous and tiring. After reaching the end of column, she caught her breath, stared at the cones laid out before her and resumed her drills. She collapsed heavily on the floor when the coach blew the whistle, indicating the end of the practice.


Hard work does not faze her in any way. She admits to struggling with keeping up with the demands of the team at first, often arriving late due to having to commute from Antipolo every day. Legitimate as this reason is, it is not an excuse and resulted in her suspension.
She currently lives in the dorms, a change in situation that ensures not only her early arrival in practices but also contributes to better focus on academics.

Boom shatters the image of the entitled, over-privileged athlete. “I like hard work. I chose Ateneo kasi hindi puwede mag-petiks. If you need twenty-four hours to get something right, gawin mo talaga.”

The Lady Eagles’ schedule goes like this: conditioning on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, practice on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from 6am to 9am. Then it’s off to class for everyone. Aside from classes, Moslares also makes sure to put in four hours at Study Hall. “Pag bumagsak ka, kailangan mag-aral.”

It is easy to quickly pigeonhole Moslares as a perfectionist but throughout the interview, she displays an unforgiving relentlessness with herself. This is not exactly the case and she admits to thinking of quitting
basketball during high school. “Sometimes, you feel like you’re dragging everyone down. (For example, during a game), you have a winning shot and you fail (to make it). Being sad (about it) won’t help. I’d rather turn it into a positive by studying and analyzing what happened. Then I do it again, see if I can nail fifty shots.”

Love for the competitive nature of the game is what fires up Moslares. “You need it. Kung wala, wala kang panlaban, wala talaga. We didn’t expect to enter the championship last year. We fought for each other (to get there).”

“Hinihingi ko din ang tulong ng mga lower batches,” says Deacon. “Each teammate, I tell them, ‘Help me, I can’t do this alone.’”

“Our team knows how to keep it together,” Guytingco adds. “We’re like a family. We’re the only ones who will be able to pull us together. Without
family, you won’t be able to achieve (anything). You need the support of everyone.”

With Season 79 of the UAAP just around the corner, the Ateneo Lady Eagles are harder at work, clocking in as many games as possible to prepare themselves for the rigor demanded. This year’s lineup consists of mostly junior members and rookies, with Tina Deacon as the only senior member. Five key members have graduated, the loss of the advantage their experience brought crippling for any team, especially one that’s determined to make a comeback. Yes, for any team. But not the Ateneo Lady Eagles.

No one knows if they will have a bad start again and be unable to recover this time, or if they will be on a winning streak from Day One. Or with their one-game-at-a-time approach, they may finish at a decent place, a niche that has become familiar to the team in seasons long past.

No matter how things turn out, however, the Ateneo Lady Eagles believe they won’t be written off. Not just yet.

“Last year was just the beginning,” declares Deacon.

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LOUELLA L. FORTEZ (BFA Creative Writing 2004) finished her Masters degree, also in Creative Writing, from the University of the Philippines in 2014. This article was written with additional material from slamonlineph.com and spin.ph.
THE MANILA OBSERVATORY AT 150:

DISCOVERIES, TRANSITIONS, FRONTIERS
The Manila Observatory mounted three exhibits to celebrate its 150th year.

1. **DISCOVERIES.** Remembering MO’s beginnings until before World War II.
2. **TRANSITIONS.** Featuring MO during WWII, and its move from Manila to Baguio, and then to Quezon City until the 1990s.
3. **FRONTIERS.** Showcasing MO in the 21st century.

Evolution of the Manila Observatory logo showing its transitions from the official Weather Bureau of the Philippines into a private science research institution.
The Manila Observatory is a private non-stock, non-profit, scientific research institution established in 1865 by the Jesuit mission in the Philippines. With Federico Faura at its inception, it was engaged in the systematic observation of Philippine weather. It began serving typhoon warnings in 1879, and embarked on earthquake observations in 1880. In 1884, the Spanish government issued a royal decree formally recognizing the Manila Observatory as the official Philippine institution for weather forecasting.

The years after saw the Observatory branching off into other areas of scientific research and service. In 1885, the Observatory began its time service that greatly benefited merchant shipping. A seismology section was established in 1887. In 1899, the Observatory ventured into astronomical studies. The American colonial government recognized the importance of the Observatory’s work, and, in 1901, established it as the Philippine Weather Bureau.

For about 45 years, the Observatory remained active and famous in international expositions and scientific expeditions. The Institution continued to be well known for its accurate typhoon forecasts and scientific works in the field of meteorology, geo-magnetism, and astronomy.

The Second World War brought almost irreparable damage to the Institution. During the battle of Manila Bay, the Observatory, with all its valuable instruments and scientific documents, was completely destroyed. After the war, the Observatory ceased to function as the Weather Bureau since a distinct government agency was established for this purpose.

It was only in 1951 that the Observatory was able to resume its post-war operations. It opened in Baguio, where it initially confined its research to seismology and the study of the ionosphere. In 1963, the Manila Observatory transferred to the Loyola Heights campus of the Ateneo de Manila University, where it continued its seismic, geomagnetic, and radio physics research, while expanding into solar physics as well.

At the turn of the 21st century, the Observatory finds itself at the nexus of global concerns for environment and development. With its tradition of excellence and service in scientific research, the Observatory envisions itself as a vital partner in these critically global yet locally relevant concerns. Through its present research programs, the Observatory now actively confronts these new challenges through a science that must inform and guide the shaping of a safe and sustainable future for humankind.
TOP. A vintage photo of the old MO, the Observatorio de Manila, in Ermita, Manila.

BOTTOM. The Jesuit priests of MO, during its centennial in 1965 come together in the observatory’s current location in the Ateneo de Manila University campus.
FROM TOP.

1. Guests of the MO international conference.

2. Fr. Jett Villarin, SJ, MO chairman of the board, speaks at the kick-off of the MO sesquicentennial.

3. Dr. Obie Cambaliza, head of the 150 year exhibit committee, shows Mr. Oscar M. Lopez a photo of MO Jesuits in 1965 (photo on previous page), and of current staff. She points to Fr. Sergio Su, SJ, leftmost in both pictures, who has been with MO for 50 years.

4. MO executive director, Antonia Yulo-Loyzaga gives a tour of the exhibit for conference guests and speakers.
ABOVE. The Manila Observatory today.

LEFT. Fr. Horacio de la Costa, SJ delivers the closing remarks at MO’s 100th anniversary in 1965. He closed his speech with this statement: “...they have taken for their motto “Lumen de Lumine”—“light from Light”—because it is their faith, serene and imperturbable, that all the paths of knowledge, wherever they may wind, whether through the earth’s crust or the sun’s flames or the vast reaches of interstellar space, lead in the end to that Love that draws all men, all creation, to itself: that Love which Dante says that ‘it moves the sun, and moon, and all the stars.’”
FROM TOP.
1. Fr. Dan McNamara, SJ leading the MO Staff in a recollection, on the life of St. Ignatius of Loyola.
2. The thanksgiving dinner at the MO international conference.
3. As part of its 150th Anniversary lecture series, MO hosted Dr. Ellen Stofan, Chief Scientist of NASA in August.
4. The MO team and guests pose at the MO entrance with NASA Chief Scientist Dr. Ellen Stofan.
ABOVE. MO’s exhibit went to Xavier School and showed students examples of Jesuit work in the sciences.

PREVIOUS PAGE AND LEFT. Kids experienced the interactive exhibit, in Astronomy, Air Quality monitoring, and weather monitoring, at the 150th anniversary of MO.

BELOW. The observatory today.
The photos of the life of St. Ignatius used on the cover and throughout this issue are from the film *Ignacio de Loyola*, a full-length independent feature film produced by Jesuit Communications Philippines, written and directed by Paolo Dy, and starring Andreas Muñoz. Although filmed mostly in Navarra and the Basque Country in Spain, with a largely Spanish cast, it is a Filipino production, conceived and completed in the Philippines. On June 14, 2016, it became the first Filipino film screened in the Vatican when an early cut of the film was shown at the Salle della Filmoteca Vaticana. On July 23, 2016, it became the first film in the Philippines to be shown along with a live performance of its full orchestral soundtrack, composed by Ryan Cayabyab. The screening was at the Theatre at Solaire, and featured the ABS-CBN Philharmonic Orchestra together with the Ateneo Chamber Singers, under the baton of Gerard Salonga. *Ignacio de Loyola* has been rated A by the Cinema Evaluation Board, and opened on July 27, 2016. Images courtesy of Jesuit Communications.
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Back in his college days, a young Bernie Liu took his first steps as an entrepreneur, designing t-shirts to sell in his hometown, Cebu. Little did he know that this after-school endeavor would one day lead to Golden ABC, a world-class company built on the success of his flagship brand, Penshoppe. Available all across the world and endorsed by a roster of some of the world’s most popular celebrities and fashion icons, this massive global growth would not have been possible without Bernie’s commitment to going digital—enabling Golden ABC to reach beyond Philippine shores, connect with global contacts, and streamline its now-global logistical requirements.

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—Matthew 11:28

Most Rev. Federico “Freddie” O. Escaler, SJ, DD (GS ’35, HS ’39)
Emeritus Bishop of Ipi and former Bishop of Kidapawan, Cotabato

Manuel “Manny” G. Concio Jr. (HS ’47)

Fr. Danilo A. Perales (MA ’06)

Mr. Wilfredo “Willy” Bernabe Banzon (GS ’61, HS ’65, Col ’69)

Mr. Joaquin S. Lim | Col’51 | 9 December 2015

Fr. Nicomedes “Nick” T. Yatco, SJ (GS’ 42, HS’ 48, PhD ’80)

Dr. Manuel V. Panlilio (GS ’28, HS ’32)

Mr. Edison A. Jovellanos (Col ’92, MA ’95)

Maria Patricia Isabel “Pia” J. Rivera (Col ’10)

Louie C. Sy (BSBM ’76)

Alvin V. Loanzon (BSBM ’72)

Atty. Leo “Boy” S. Magahon (AB Psy ’67)

Nestor Antonio “Toti” E. Gimenez (GS ’75, HS ’79, BSBM ’83)

Remigio “Remy” M. Salang (HS ’38, BSC ’42)

Armando “Balty” S. Baltazar (GS ’47, MA Philo ’56)

Augusto “Totoy” A. Manahan (GS ’42, HS ’48)

John B. Araneta (GS ’58, HS ’62, AB Lit-Eng ’66)

Nicanor “Nick” L. Reyes (GS ’70, HS ’74, AB ’78)

Francis Xavier E. Pasion (AB Comm ’99)

Nomer L. Crisostomo (BSBM’82)

Henry Edward C. Palacios (GS ’76)

Atty. Cecilio “Cecil” G. Hechanova (HS ’49, AA ’51, LLB ’55)

Gov. Gabriel “Gabby” C. Singson (AA ’48, LLB ’52)
Former governor of the Bangko Sentral ng Pilipinas
and trustee of the Ateneo de Manila from 2003 to 2012

Atty. Jose Claro “Tito” S. Tesoro (GS ’61, HS ’65, AB Hist ’69, LLB ’75)
Ateneo Law School faculty
April 8, 2016 Abraham C. Lee Chuy (BSBM ‘76)
Lailani Melissa “Lally” T. Fernandez-Blanco (BSBM ‘89)
April 9, 2016 Regina “Jinna” D. Jayme (AB Psy ’78)
April 12, 2016 Juan Paolo A. Javier (GS ’92, HS ’96)
April 14, 2016 Carlo Eduardo P. Buendia (GS ’90, HS ’94)
April 16, 2016 Danilo S. dela Cruz (GS ’73, HS ’77)
April 24, 2016 Carmelo Francisco “Mel” V. Lopez (AB ’69)
April 29, 2016 Hon. Renato “Rene” C. Corona (GS ’62, HS ’66, ABGS ’70, LLB ’74)
23rd Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines

May 8, 2016 Manuel “Lito” A. Valdes (GS ’75, HS ’79)
May 18, 2016 Atty. Joaquin Lorenzo E. Misa (GS ’39, HS ’43, LLB’51)
May 20, 2016 Ramon Vicente Albert (GS ’74)
Rene Arnulfo B. Bermio (GS ’65, HS ’69, AB Eco ’74)
May 23, 2016 Ramon Jose “Boyette” A. Montemayor (GS ’71, HS ’76)
May 29, 2016 Victor “Vic” E. Quintos (GS ’77, HS ’81)
June 3, 2016 Augusto “Tito” C. Cipriano (AB Eco ’73)
June 5, 2016 Ronald “Ron” Malig (GS ’66, HS ’70)
June 8, 2016 Fr. Raymond “Fr. Ray” T. Holscher, SJ (AB Philo ’67)
Served the Ateneo High School in 1971-1981 and 1996-2004 as a teacher, counselor, Director for Admission and Aid, Director for Resident Students, Associate Principal for Student Affairs, and Associate Principal for Formation; University Athletics Director, 1981–1996

June 11, 2016 Timothy N. Co (HS ’12)
June 14, 2016 Martin L. Avancena (GS ’32, HS ’36)
June 15, 2016 Teodoro Fidel “Ted” H. Unson (AB Eco ’74)
June 20, 2016 Atty. Ernesto “Ernie” M. Maceda (HS ’50, AA ’52, LLB’56)
June 23, 2016 Nicolas Rafael “Quinto” W. Lutero V (GS ’05, HS ’09, BSLM ’13)
June 25, 2016 Florendo “Ren” R. Garcia Jr. (GS ’56, HS ’60, AB Hum ’64)
July 5, 2016 Jose Ma. “Joe” A. Lazaro (GS ’39, HS ’46, BBA ’50)
July 18, 2016 Emmanuel Jose “Em-J” M. Pavia (GS ’05, HS ’09, ABIS ’13)
July 20, 2016 Leslie R. Labayen (GS ’59)
July 24, 2016 Gil U. Sugay (GS ’64, HS ’68)
August 5, 2016 Armando “Pandy” Guidote Garcia (Col ’68)
August 9, 2016 Fr. Jesus “Jess” A. Diaz, SJ (GS ’37, HS ’41)
August 17, 2016 Coach Virgilio ‘Baby’ Dalupan (GS ’38, HS ’42, Col’ 49)
Ateneo Sports Hall of Fame (ASHOF) Award in 1979
ON CAMPUS

The Kostka Chapel at the Ateneo de Manila High School is one of the very first structures built at the Loyola Heights campus, and was meant to be the highest point of the high school. In front of it is a statue of the Immaculate Concepcion with an Atenean, by Anastacio Caedo, a sculptor favored by the Jesuits for his classical forms and beautiful renditions of the human body.

Other iconic Caedos in the Ateneo High School are the chapel’s Crucifix, and a statue of St. Stanislaus Kostka, now located at the choir loft, with a reproduction standing near the administration building. Caedo was also a bodybuilder, and was the model for the iconic statue of the Oblation at the University of the Philippines.

The interior of the chapel (NEXT PAGE) features a contemporary retablo, designed in 2011 by Fr. Rene Javellana, SJ, Justino ‘Paloy’ Cagayat and Alan Nakpil, to showcase Filipino and Jesuit iconography. At the center of the retablo is the 1951 Caedo Crucifix. At the lower part is a 2011 tabernacle of brass and wood by Juan Sajid Imao, who also sculpted the chapel’s new doors. Imao completed his commissions for the chapel with less than half his vision remaining, as he has been slowly losing his eyesight due to a genetic condition.
BOSSA NOVA
WHEN STYLE BECOMES
A STATEMENT.