DADDAD-AT ËD ITOGON

STORIES BY THE INDIGENOUS PEOPLES OF ITOGON

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PARTNERS FOR INDIGENOUS KNOWLEDGE PHILIPPINES

DADDAD-AT ËD ITOGON

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To the youth of Itogon,

May they inherit the wisdom of their ancestors

Republic of the Philippines
Department of Education
Cordillera Administrative Region
Division of Benguet
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NAN YAK KANAN

Iyaman si nawadaan di gaga-it ay nangipanglo ya nang-awis isnan gagait ya datako ay mangisulat si dinaddad-at di napuan ed bayag ya din kapadasan tako.

Eyak nemnemnemen, sinay kayman di isa ay naliw-an sinan eskwelaan tan maga di en nangisul sulat ya en nangi-libro sin daddad-at di ap-apo tako.

Layad ya ragsak di wada endakami si enyo nangpili-an sinan eskwelaan tako ay Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial National High School ay sha di mangilugi ay mangisulat sinan daddad-at.

Endakayo ay i-ib-a ay nangipapati ay en tinmolong tapno mae-amag danan daddad-at ta manbalin si libro, iyaman endakayo amin karkaro sinan wadas nan Philippine Task Force for Indigenous People's Right (TFIP) ya Partners for Indigenous Knowledge Philippines (PIKP) ay sha din en tinmolong sin amin ay nausar.

Nabanol nan libro ay nay nae amag, tan wada et di basaen di momoyang si loman no sin kali ay mamaga tako. mabalin ay maebaga ay isa na sin kababanolan ay tawid ay maepagtay tako.

Endatako ay mangusar sinan libro, ilan tako ta esten tako ta adi madadael ta wada di basa en di ganak ya apo tako.

Kasin, iyaman. Si Apo Diyos di makiwada si isa ya isa akas basaen yon na

Nan ib-a yo,

LUIS D. IGUALDO
School Principal II

Republic of the Philippines
Province of Benguet
Municipality of Itogon
BARANGAY TUDING
Office of the Punong Barangay

MESSAGE

History and Culture make its people. Yes, a community is identified by its inhabitants. Originally, Barangay Tuding was inhabited by three main Tribes namely, Kankana-ey, Ibaloi and Kalanguya.

Due to its inviting geographical location and glimmering gold, Tuding now is a home to various Tribes. It cradles migrants and immigrants from different parts of the country as well as Foreign Nationalities. It follows that there are number of different ways of worship among its people. These diversities make the beautiful people of Tuding!

Looking back, from a simple Urban life, Tuding now has developed itself into a fast developing Rural area.

Let us revisit our History and re-learn our Culture. This book will showcase the Journey and Culture of the lovely people of Barangay Tuding!

MARTIN D. CHAVEZ Jr.
Punong Barangay
Tuding, Itogon, Benguet

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MENSAHE

Ang pagsasaaklat nitong **Daddad-at Ëd Itogon** na binubuo ng mga piling katutubong kuwento at karunungang-bayan ay napakahalaga sa panahon ngayon na ipinatutupad sa mga paaralan ng batayang edukasyon ang tinatawag na *Indigenous Peoples' Education (IPED)*. Magsisilbi itong makabuluhang babasahin at sangggunian ng mga guro, mag-aaral, mananaliksik at iba pang mamamayang may pagpapahalaga sa pinagmulang kultura.

Sa pamamagitan ng aklat na ito, pinatutunayan ng mga guro at mga mag-aaral ng Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial National High School (AMPMNHS) kasama ang komunidad at ng katuwang nitong *Task Force for Indigenous Peoples Rights (TFIP) at Partners for Indigenous Knowledge Philippines (PIKP)* na mayaman ang ating pamayanan sa mga katutubong kaalaman, sistema at gawain na nararapat maging bahagi ng karunungang ituturo sa mga paaralan. Sa kabila ng implementasyon ng IPED at ng sinasabing kontekstuwalisasyon ng kurikulum bilang pangunahing programa ng Kagawaran ng Edukasyon simula noong 2013, tila walang gaanong mga kongkretong babasahing nalathala na nagmula mismo sa mga katutubong pamayanan na sana ay mainam na sanggunian sa pagtututuro. Ipinapakita nito na maging matagumpay lamang ang IPED at ng kontekstuwalisasyon ng kurikulum kung ang mismong mga guro kasama ang komunidad ang direktang magsusulong dito sa halip na umasa na lamang sa mga materyal at kautusang magmumula sa Maynila.

Kung gayon, ang kompilasyong ito ay magsisilbing halimbawa upang hikayatin ang iba pang kaguruan at mga pinuno ng paaralan na magtulungang tuklasin at isadokumento ang natatanging mga katutubong kaalaman gayundin ang adhikain at pangangailangan ng ating mga katutubong mamamayan. Ito ay bilang bahagi ng pagsuporta sa ating kolektibong hangaring mahubog ang tamang kamulatan ng mga kabataan sa pamamagitan ng isang edukasyong nakabatay sa kultura, makabayan, *gender-fair* at siyentipiko.

Binabati natin ang mga kaguruan ng AMPMNHS at ng TFIP at PIKP sa pagbuo ng aklat na ito. Nawa'y maisadokumento rin ang resulta ng paggamit nito sa pagtuturo.

MACARTHY B. MALANES
Superbisor sa Filipino
DepEd-Benguet

Foreword

Daddad-at is a Kankana-ëy term meaning storytelling. It is a way of sharing information, catching up, or passing on knowledge and values through the telling of stories. Daddad-at is done whenever there is a chance for people to gather, share news and tell stories to find out what is happening around the community such as special occasions like weddings, wakes and rituals. Daddad-at is also done in the home, during free times, or when elders gather the children around them to tell stories of olden times. It plays an important function as a means of transmitting indigenous knowledge among members of the community.

This book Daddat-at ëd Itogon also serves the purpose of passing on indigenous knowledge and values from the elders to the youth. The book contains one hundred selected stories on indigenous wisdom, written and put together through the collaboration of the teachers and students of Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial National High School (AMPMNHS), together with the community people of Tuding and neighboring barangays of Itogon. The stories in this book reflect the rich indigenous knowledge and practices of the people of Itogon, Benguet, which deserve to be taught and transmitted not only in our communities but also in the schools and to the wider public. The book aims to serve as a relevant reading and reference material for Indigenous Peoples Education (IPED) by teachers, students, researchers and other citizens who value our indigenous wisdom and culture.

The value of indigenous wisdom cannot be overstated. Indigenous wisdom is knowledge, values and practices gained out of the experience of indigenous and local communities over the centuries. It is a product of thousands of years of collective innovation by indigenous cultures to adapt to the local environment. It was created through the years by our ancestors and transmitted orally as a gift from previous generations and a birthright of future generations.

Indigenous knowledge encompasses languages, songs, folklore, handicrafts, cultural values, agricultural practices, health practices, spirituality, natural resource management systems, and socio-political institutions. It is valuable not only to indigenous peoples, but to society as a whole. It is valuable not only to those who depend on it in their daily lives, but to modern industry and

agriculture. For instance, traditional sustainable practices in agriculture and natural resource management have ensured food security for generations and even centuries.

Our indigenous culture is our identity. It is what makes us who we are and guides us as we go about our daily lives. It is what makes us unique and different; at the same time, it identifies us with our collectivities, our peoples, our communities and the region to which we belong. It has proven viable and sustainable through the years and ensured the continued survival of present and future generations.

However, as a result of the historical process of colonization and integration, indigenous knowledge, systems and practices in the Cordillera are at various levels of persistence and erosion. National government structures and laws superimposed on indigenous communities have weakened indigenous political institutions in varying degrees. Political misrepresentation has undermined traditional systems of leadership and decision-making.

On one hand, there is persistence of indigenous knowledge systems and practices, which has survived through the years since time immemorial in spite of colonization and other pressures. On the other hand is erosion due to numerous threats, both external and internal, that have increased rapidly during this era of globalization. External threats include loss of lands and territory, development aggression, imposition of new methods of agriculture, and the market economy. Intolerance and demonization by organized religion and discrimination against indigenous peoples as inferior, backward and uncivilized have added to the shame that some indigenous peoples feel about their identity. Commercialization and vulgarization of indigenous culture and mis-education through schools and mass media are continuing factors that weaken indigenous knowledge.

It is necessary to work together to protect our indigenous knowledge from these threats and to strengthen and promote our indigenous culture for the continued survival of indigenous peoples. This can be done through a people's movement for the recognition of indigenous peoples' rights to our lands, territories, resources, indigenous culture and self-determination.

Let us not allow our indigenous culture and values to wither away and die. Let us tell our stories, dance, sing, play our instruments, perform our rituals for a rich and flourishing culture in our communities. Let us learn our indigenous culture and transmit it so that it can continue to stay alive

and be practiced by our generation and the next generations. Let us use our indigenous knowledge and culture as an instrument to advance our struggles for indigenous peoples' rights to land, life and self-determination.

We thank the more than 85 writers, narrators, researchers, translators, editors, teachers, students, elders and community people who contributed their knowledge, wisdom and stories to the book. This is your book. Let us use it to strengthen and promote indigenous knowledge.

Jill Cariño
Executive Director
Philippine Task Force for Indigenous Peoples Rights (TFIP)

A Job Well Done

By Judy Cariño-Fangloy

It all started with a promise, first between us and Sir Pablo Khayog, then principal of Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial National High School. We reached an agreement that we would work together to produce a storybook to be used in the Indigenous Peoples Education (IPEd) of the school. Next came the promise between us and the teachers who would play a key role in

gathering and writing stories for the book. These promises were formalized in a Memorandum of Agreement between the school and the PIKP-TFIP partnership, signed and witnessed on May 7, 2018. Though there was a change of leadership from Principal Pablo Khayog to OIC Myrna Cholin and finally to Principal Luis Igualdo, the project stayed on track because of the MOA.

A key to coming up with these agreements was uniting on how we view Indigenous Knowledge (IK) as a valuable body of knowledge, which must be nurtured and inherited by the generations to come. Participants to our discussions and workshops expressed mixed feelings about IK, on whether the traditional beliefs and practices are still worthy of being written about, or if it would be better if they are just be allowed to fade away and die out in these modern times. Some expressed concerns that the indigenous rituals and beliefs were in direct contrast to their Christian faith. Not all the questions and doubts were answered in the first meeting, but at least these were brought to the surface and examined by each participant. These discussions were started in an orientation meeting on March 14, 2018, then deepened in a three-day training workshop for teachers on research and documentation of indigenous knowledge on April 25-27, 2018.

What followed was a time of discovery. Memories were dug up, of stories that one heard in childhood, and experiences with grandparents and community elders. Comparisons were made about how life was back then and how life is like now. People became more sensitized to the value of IK in everyday life and in solving problems. Archives of the school papers were also unearthed and stories from these were chosen to be part of the book.

Then came the writing and rewriting. Some teachers and students readily wrote their stories. But for others, it took time for them to discover what it was in IK that they valued, and that is what they eventually wrote about. For others, they had stories to share, but they doubted their ability to write, and needed coaxing and support until their stories were finally written. Some stories were a collaboration between the story source or narrator, and the documentor/writer. All those who worked together on a story were properly credited.

The celebration of Linggo ng Wika in August 2018 was an opportunity to get the students involved in the project. We launched a story-writing contest, and the students were invited to submit stories on lessons from the wisdom of their elders. Many joined the contest, and many stories were submitted,

some of which were selected to be part of the book.

There was continuous monitoring and reminders about the deadlines for the submission of stories. The stories first came in trickles. As the stories came in, the book started to take shape and chapters of the book were agreed on. To fill in the gaps, stories were identified that needed to be written and be part of the book. Then stories started to come in waves, until we had collected close to one hundred stories.

When the final deadline came, and all stories were submitted, it was time to put it all together. Editing was done on each story. The sequence of stories in each chapter of the book was finalized. Meanwhile, illustrations were also being done for each story. We then gathered the missing elements, like the notes of the songs and translation of stories and phrases in the local languages. The schwa was inserted in accordance with Kankana-ëy orthography. Authorship and sources of the stories were confirmed. The lay-out of the book was then worked on and the cover was designed. With these, the book was registered at the National Library for the copyright and the International Standard Book Number or ISBN.

Finally, the book was ready to be brought to press. And then a period of waiting.

The book *Daddad-at ëd Itogon* is a good example of how the indigenous practice of *binnadang* works. The job may seem huge, but with the help of the community, the burden is shared and miracles happen. The book is the fruit of the efforts of the teachers, students, elders and members of the community in partnership with PIKP and TFIP, and with support of Voice.

Now that the book is out, what had remained unwritten for generations has finally been written and published. It is a proud testament to the wisdom of our ancestors, to be treasured and passed to the young.

Kudos! for a job well done, and happy reading, everyone!

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ITOGON, THE PLACE WE CALL HOME

Alamat ng Tuding

Sinulat ni Airanel Tad-o
Mula sa kuwento ni Ramon Tad-o, 75 taong gulang,
barangay kagawad ng Tuding
Linang 2013

Katulad ng ibang mga alamat, ito'y nagsimula noong unang panahon. Sa bulubunduking Kordilyera, may isang bayan na sagana sa likas-yaman. Nabiyayaan ito ng maraming puno, iba't ibang klase ng hayop, at mga bukal na dumadaloy sa batis ang malinis tubig na maaaring inumin. Hindi katakataka na sa ganda nito ay marami ang nahumaling na manirahan dito.

Nakaugalian ng tribung Ibaloy na manirahan sa lugar na sila-sila lamang. Magmula nang nanakop ang mga Amerikano at nagpatayo ng mga gusali sa mga pamayanan, tuluyan nang nagpakalayu-layo ang tribung Ibaloy at nilisan nila ang kanilang mga unang tirahan.

Isang araw, habang naglalakad ang mga Ibaloy upang humanap ng mapagtatayuan ng kanilang bahay, napatingala sa langit ang isang matandang babae.

"A shakel ni Tushing shiman da* (Marami palang mga tukling dito)," ang sambit ng matandang babae. Simula noon ang naging pangalan ng lugar na ito ay Tushing.

Di nagtagal ay dumating naman ang tribu ng Kankana-ëy na naghahanap ng kanilang matatahanan. Tinanong ng mga Kankana-ëy kung ano ang pangalan ng kanilang lugar at sinabi ng isang Ibaloy na "Tushing."

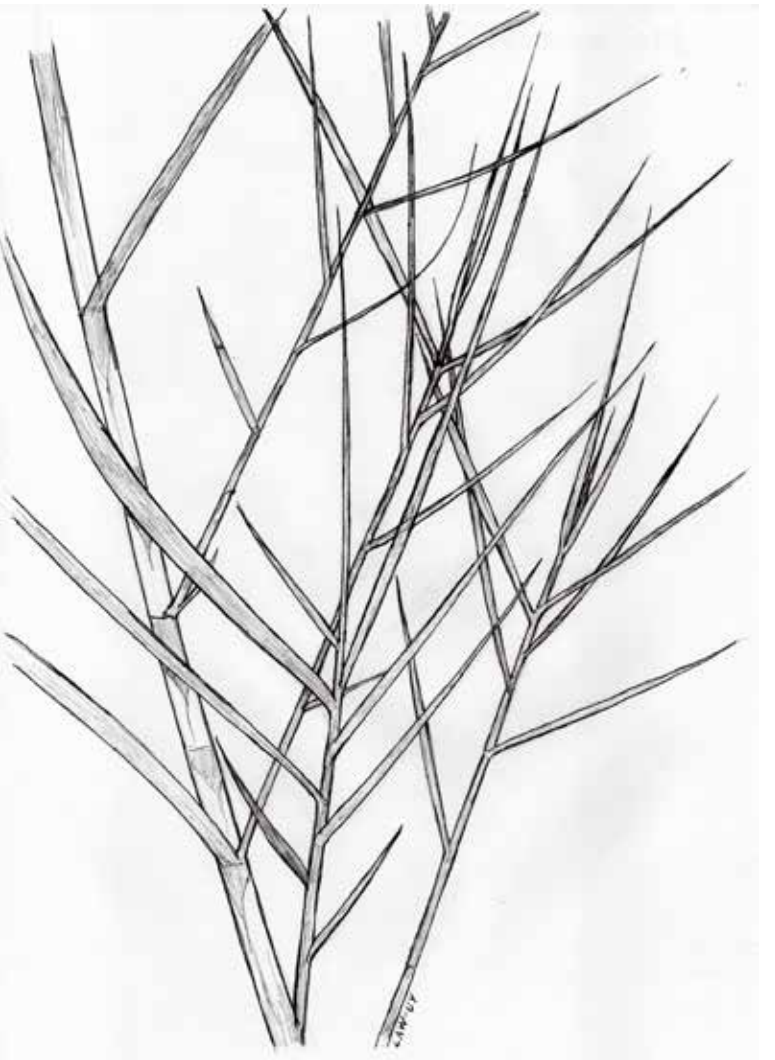
Sa wikang Kankana-ey, ang katumbas ng tunog na "sh" sa Ibaloy ay letrang D kaya't ang pangalang "Tushing" ay nabigkas na Tuding. Mula noon, ang naging pangalan ng lugar ay Tuding.

Sa paglipas ng panahon, naging isang barangay ng Itogon ang Tuding at ito ang unang bubungad kung manggagaling sa Baguio. Ito rin ang huling barangay na madadaanan kung manggagaling sa paglilibot sa munisipyo ng Itogon.

* Ang Tukling ay isang uri ng maliit na ibong katulad ng pugo.

Childhood Memories of Loakan

Narrated by Clark "Bundang" Panangwe
Documented by M.E. Regpala



We grew up in Loakan. We learned from our grandparents and elders in the community that the name Loakan came from the name of the grass, *doakan*. This grass grew abundantly along the valley and mountainsides in our place before the American period. But from that period on, the grass slowly grew less and less.

Some people say that the presence of the *doakan* grass indicates gold

underneath the earth. And based on observation and experiences of the community people, this was proven true.

The *doakan* grass had many uses. It was made into house roofs, chairs, mats, vases, house decorations, firewood, food for carabaos and cows. It was also the grass of choice to be used to cover and line the ground where animals are butchered during festivities and rituals. The elders say that the *doakan* grass gives the meat an additional unique good taste and aroma when cooked and eaten.

My memories of Loakan before the 1990s are unforgettable and evoke nostalgia and joy. From the river, we got small black crabs, tadpoles (*tingëy*), frogs (*tikka*), small snails (*bisukol*), different small fishes like *paidëng* and *yoyo*.

From the mountains we got fruits from the trees such as guava, kaimito, avocado, and santol. And from our garden we got camote, kamoteng kahoy, gabi, and ube. And from the fields, we harvested rice to eat.

On some days, at dusk, we observed flickering lights along the dark mountainsides. One small dot of light, then another and then still another small dot of light. Sometime there were many flickering small dots of light. It was the *botatëw*! Our elders would frighten and warn us that the *botatëw* are small people who are walking along the mountainsides, and that when you encounter the *botatëw*, they will eat you. So, all of us kids were careful not to walk along the mountains at night, fearing that we might meet the *botatëw* and be eaten alive! In spite of the warnings, we, kids, loved to watch the flickering dots of small lights along the dark mountainside.

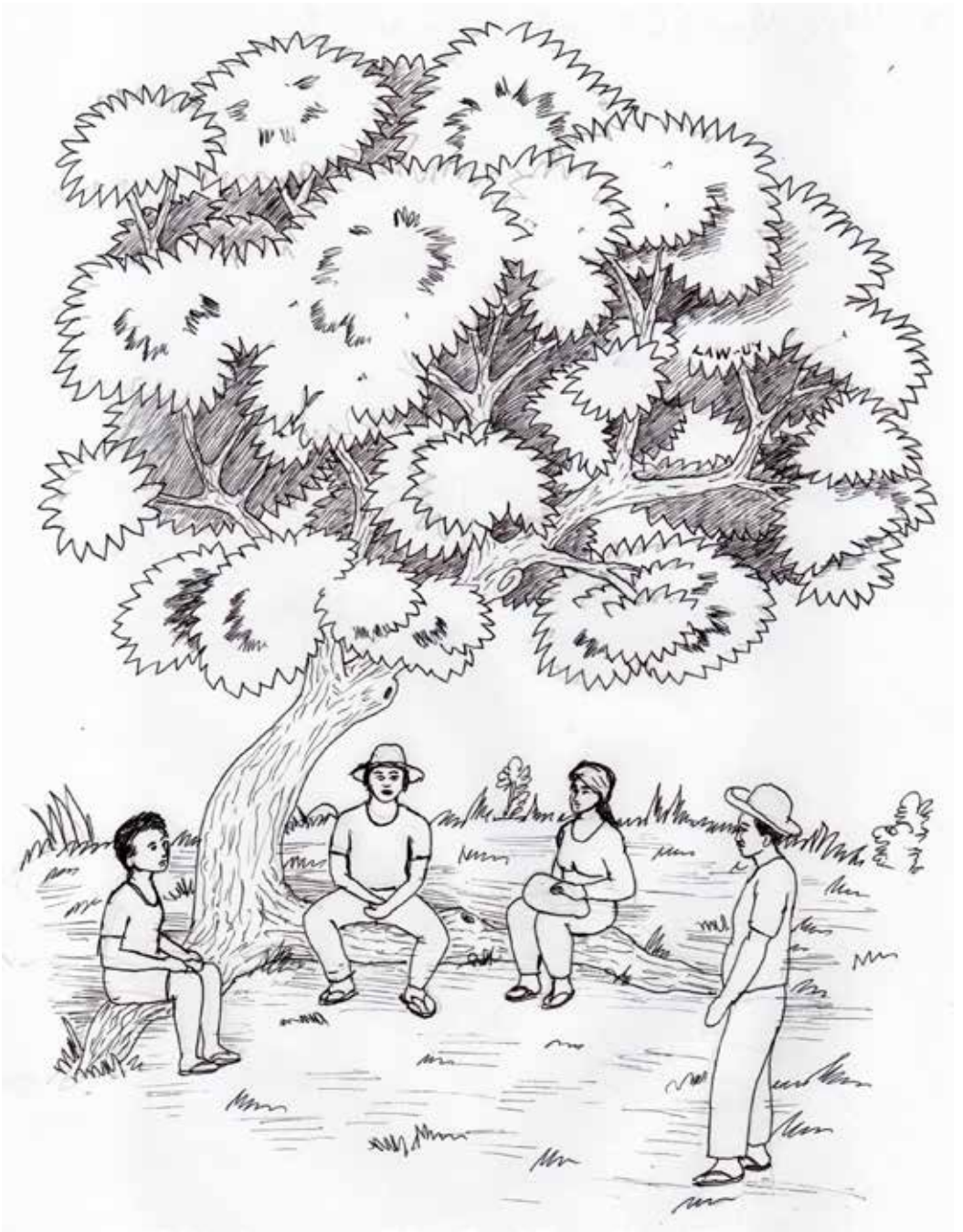
One game we loved to play as kids was *balay-balay*. In the game *balay-balay* or playing house, we did role playing as father, mother and children. We loved cooking the fruits, vegetables and rootcops available in the area.

With the large scale mining operations of the Benguet Corporation in the place, all these changed. The landscape changed. The plants and trees, gardens and ricefields have given way to barren lands and houses. After the Benguet Corporation stopped its operations in the area, very slowly, the people have gone back to gardening.

Today, gardens of cut flowers and ricefields are now slowly being restored in the rapidly changing landscape of Loakan.

How Mangga Got Its Name

By Julie Ann Cadao and Airanel Tad-o
Gold Dust 2013



Do you know how Mangga got its name?

Ironically, the place is called Mangga. But if you visit the place, few mango trees stand along the way.

Once there was a small group of residents who, after a day's toilsome work, chose to relax and discuss the day's activities under a big mango tree.

"Ëntako ëd manga," meaning "Let's go under the mango tree", was frequently uttered and heard.

The area around the foot of the enormous tree served as their plaza, a favorite meeting place for everybody. The people found the place refreshing and enchanting. It came to a point that people went there not just to relax, but also to discuss and plan future activities.

The continuous meetings in the spot "under the mango tree" led the old folks and even the people in nearby places to name the sitio "Mangga."

This is how Mangga got its name as narrated by Mr. Ramon Tad-o, an elder and barangay kagawad in the place, who was a young kid at that time.

Today, Mangga is a bustling community and a part of Barangay Tuding. It is divided into lower and upper Mangga.

What happened to that big mango tree?

As what happens to every living creature, mother nature has taken its toll. The tree, together with some of those people who used it as a shade, returned to dust. Instead of a big mango tree, tombs now dot the site of that famous tree.

Amazing Rose Garden

By Ginalyn Lorenzo
Gold Dust 2018

We accidentally discovered the place. I grew up in the area but I never had enough time to explore all of its four corners.

When we were in elementary school during one of our scouting activities, our teacher gave us the opportunity to discover, explore and be awed by this hidden man-made paradise.

Up on the top of a mountain lies a wide, well-tended rose garden cultured by a flower-lover farmer.

A rose farmer from Alno, La Trinidad came to our place and rented the lot of Marcelo Lampuyas. Here he planted different varieties of rose, including common and wild rose cuttings.

This vacant lot that Saruki Berato Tocnoy works on becomes an awesome sight whenever the roses yield their God-given colors and beauty.

It is not easy to reach the place because of the distance. But the obstacles and hardships one meets while going to the place are all forgotten when the garden comes to view.

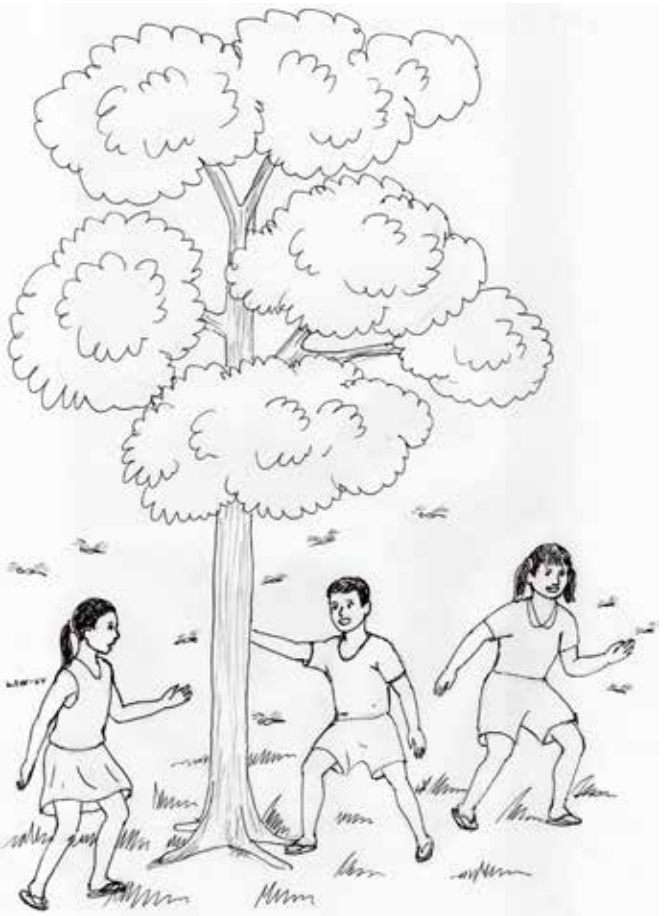
Life is like a rose garden. One needs to struggle to clean and prepare a vacant lot for the plant.

We need to spend time, exert effort and follow a process before an amazing thing happens.

Life is a process. We need to be pricked by thorns before experiencing the beauty of success.

Fruits Trees And Dragonflies

Narrated by G.T. Naboye
Written by M.E. Regpala



First Gate, Ucab, Itogon is the place I call home. Our house is located on a mountainside. When you go out the front door on a cold morning, sunlight embraces you with warmth. Yes, our front door faces the direction where the sun rises in the east.

When I was growing up, our house was surrounded by a wide expanse of greenery planted with fruit trees, edible plants and other useful plants. There were only a few houses in the place back then.

It is with fond memories that I recall Apo grandfather. He was a *mombaki*, an indigenous priest, who would visit us from Ifugao to perform rituals on

important occasions of the family. In our houseyard, he would do the ritual prayers and the offering of chicken or pigs to *Maknongan*, our ancestors, and to nature spirits.

In the vicinity of our house, there was a grove of guava trees, three types of mango trees, jackfruit, avocado, chesa, passion fruit, santol, star apple and bananas. Other plants were sugarcane and bamboo. The bamboo was a source of shoots that we cooked for viand. Below the house was a camote field, where gabi and *amti* also grew. The camote field was our ready source of snacks when we were hungry. Since there were many of us, sometimes the camote ran out. There were also wild berries. Unlike today, where you need cash to buy fruits and food, in my childhood, there were many fruits that we happily picked and ate as we climbed trees and played in the wide fields in the mountainside.

I recall that there was also a unique tree whose green fruits and red seeds were the favorite food of bats residing in the area. It was edible to the bats, but not for us children.

Everyday after school at around 3:30 pm, we excitedly ran a race going home. We ran up and down mountain trails until we reached home. We school children looked forward to a happy play time! One of our favorite games was to run after and catch dragonflies. At this time in the afternoon, there would be a swarm of dragonflies. We ran after the dragonflies and with dry tree branches, we tried to catch them. When we caught a dragonfly, we would tie a jute sack string on its tail and set it free to fly again. We had fun watching many dragonflies fly up, up and higher up the sky. This time, the dragonflies had long strings trailing behind them as they flew up to the blue sky.

After hours of playing the game, the blue sky changed color to reddish orange as sunset approached.

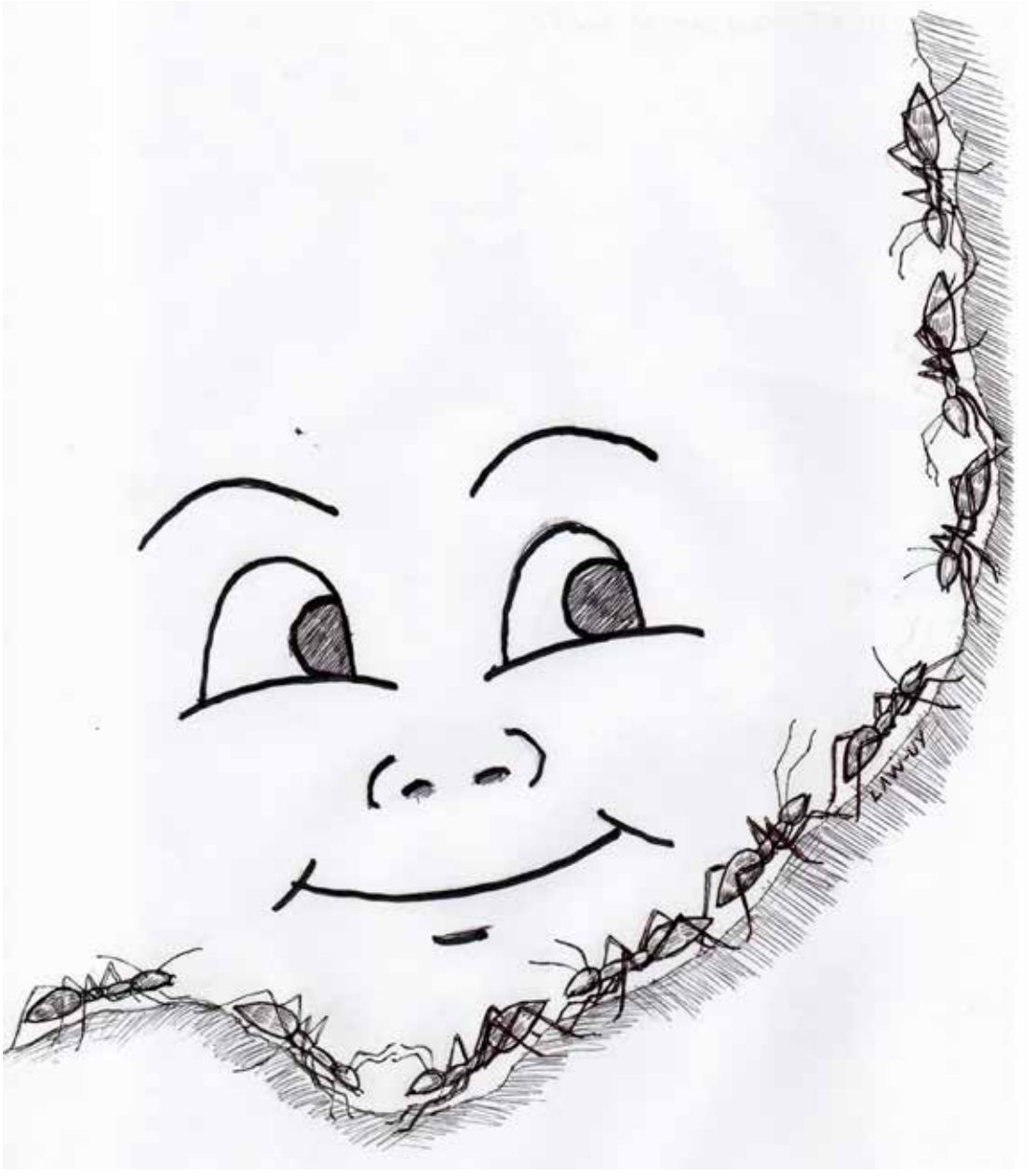
Those were carefree days. Today, as I look around, fruit trees and green fields have been replaced by concrete and galvanized iron-roofed houses.

Presently, concrete houses have sprouted, too numerous for comfort, freedom and space. Yes, it has come to pass that fruit trees and dragonflies have given way to an open pit mine and a jungle of concrete houses.

It is with nostalgia that I dream of the day when swarms of dragonflies will return to our home adding more color to blue skies.

Ulat Panahon Noon, Makabuluhan pa rin Ngayon

Ni Luis Sara
Kuwento ng kanyang Lolo na si Moris Moncado ng Tuding



Sa panahon ngayon, halos lahat ng tao ay nakikinig at nagbabasa ng mga balita at ulat panahon. Marami nang teknolohiya na ginagamit ng mga siyentista upang kanilang matantya ang panahon. Kung ngayon ay may teknolohiya, paano kaya noong hindi pa nakaimbento ng kagamitan? Saan sila nagbabatay ng pag-uulat ng panahon? Bakit napaghahandaan nila ang pagdating ng ulan?

May dalawang kapanahunan ang isang taon. Ang una ay ang *Dë-am* o tag-ulan na nagsisimula sa buwan ng Mayo at natatapos sa buwan ng Oktubre. Ang ikalawa ay ang *Tiagëw* o tag-init na nagsisimula sa buwan ng Nobyembre at natatapos sa buwan ng Abril.

Mayroon ding mga napapanahong ibon na may kaugnayan sa mga malalakas na ulan o *pëwëk* na tinatawag nating bagyo. Ang unang bagyo ay tinatawag nilang *Wa-o* na walong araw at gabi na pag-ulan at unos sa buwan ng Hulyo. Ang ikalawa ay ang *Tiway* sa buwan ng Agosto na mahinang pag-ulan pero tumatagal ng mahigit sampung araw at kung minsan buong buwan ng Agosto. Ang ikatlo ay ang *Adog* sa buwan ng Setyembre na umaabot sa 2-3 araw na malakas na pag-ulan at may kasamang malakas na hangin. *Kiling* ang sa buwan ng Oktubre o Nobyembre na may isang gabi at isang araw na pag-ulan na may malakas na hangin. Sa buwan ng Nobyembre o Disyembre, ang pag-ulan sa gabi o madaling araw ay ang *Sëyëp*.

Nakapaghahanda ang mga tao noon sa pagdating ng ulan dahil sa kaalamang ito. Madalian lamang nilang naiuulat ang panahon dahil ang matatanda ang nagsasabi kung nararapat manatili sa tahanan. Sa ganitong paraan din nila tinataon ang pagsasaka.

Sa ngayon, dumarami na ang mga nasisira at napeperwisyong buhay dahil iilan lang ang nakakarinig sa mga ulat panahon kaya't kaunti lamang ang nakapaghahanda. Mas mainam ang pag-uulat ng panahon noon dahil kahit walang teknolohiya ay madalian nilang napaghahandaan ang mga unos.

Inoobserbahan din nila ang kanilang mga alagang manok at mga langgam sa paligid. Kapag maraming langgam ang naghahanap at nag-iipon ng pagkain, isang palatandaan din ayon sa kanila, na wala pang malakas na ulan. Ang mga manok naman daw ay hindi masiglang maghahahanap ng makakain at nananatili sila sa sulok ng lilim at ang mga inahin ay pinoprotektahan ang mga sisiw.

Wash up at Supang!

Narrated by G.T. Naboye
Written by M.E. Regpala

In the early years of 2000, our community at First Gate did not have any water and electricity. My brothers and sisters at that time were in elementary school, and we went every weekend to Supang River to wash our clothes and bathe. Early in the morning we prepared our soiled clothes to be washed and our baon or packed lunch and waited for any vehicle, a truck or a jeep, to pass by First Gate and we hitched a ride going to Supang River.

At that time, people from most households in the area would go to the river to do laundry, fetch water, swim and bathe. The people popularly referred to the river simply as *Supang*. It was a common destination of women, men and children every weekend, especially on Saturdays. The flowing water was clean, and there were many plants around the area. We could see the bottom of the shallow parts of the river because of the clear and clean water. We noticed then that there were small crabs in the river.

People who went to Supang to wash clothes were focused on their work, doing their best to be finished soonest so they could dry the clothes on the rocks under the sun and have time to bathe and collect the dry clothes afterwards. They had to hurry in their work to be able to catch up with the ride back home.

For us young people, we had to finish washing our clothes and hang them to dry, before the afternoon came. At lunch, if there was still time, we would go for a swim. But if there was no time, we would have to bathe quickly. If it was already late afternoon, it would be difficult to get a ride home and we would have to be fetched from Supang. As soon as the clothes dried, we gathered them and put them in our laundry sack and again waited for a vehicle to hitch a ride back to First Gate. Those were carefree days, but we had responsibilities to do our laundry every Saturday.

Today, there are many changes in the area. Some people have observed that the area is not clean and few people go there unlike before. Nowadays, people go to Supang mainly to swim or to take a bath and less people go there to do their laundry. People who are not from the area pay an entrance fee. Supang and its flowing clean and clear waters will always be part of our memories as a place where we washed our clothes and our bodies and had fun.

The Lady Of The Spring

Narrated by Ronelda Gampol
Written by M.E. Regpala

Our family used to live in Miners' Side, Ucab, Itogon, Benguet in the 1990s. Our house then was located near a water spring. The spring was the source of water for drinking, cooking, bathing, washing plates and clothes, and watering the plants. All throughout the year, the spring had abundant flow of water. The people attributed this to the yearly performance of a ritual offering.

Bakët Gudanay was then the owner of the land where the spring was located. Every year, she performed the ritual offering of chicken and recited lengthy prayers for the nature spirit who takes care of the spring. Every month of March, Bakët Gudanay would collect money contributions from the people who lived near the spring to buy the chickens for the ritual offering. The ritual was performed usually in the late morning or early afternoon. On that

day, people were prohibited to go near the spring. This prohibition lasted the whole day. This annual ritual offering ensured the abundant flow of water.

I was a teacher then in Bua and there were days that our children were left by themselves in the house. At that time, Jethro was 5 years old, Marie Krystal was 3 years old and Roxanne was 2 years old. And they all loved to bathe and play in the water of the spring. One day, a neighbor saw Marie Krystal and Roxanne sleeping in a large basin full of water from the flowing spring. Astonished, the neighbor shouted at the children to wake up. Later, the neighbor advised them not to sleep near the spring and warned them that they may get sick or something bad may happen to them.

There are many mysterious and fascinating stories that surround the spring. The old folks tell of one foggy afternoon when an old woman went to the spring to fetch water. From a distance, she saw a lady dressed in white washing her very long hair. Her hair seemed to be the flowing water. When she reached the spring, the lady in white was nowhere to be found. Instead, she saw a snake. Out of respect, the people never harmed the snake. It is said that the snake is a nature spirit that takes care of the spring. The lady in white is said to turn into a snake if people approach while she is bathing. This is a story that is told to warn children not to play or sleep near the spring.

In spite of the stories, my children would still go to the spring. They would carry a big basin to collect water from the spring and a small bowl to scoop water for bathing and playing. They would usually fall asleep near the spring. The children told me that while sleeping in the area, they dreamt of a lady in white with flowing hair talking with them. Fortunately, my children have not gotten sick while playing or sleeping near the spring. Looking back, I realize that it was the lady of the spring who took care of my children when they were playing and sleeping near the spring.

Today, many houses have been built near spring. People observe that the flow of water decreases during summer time. The water quality has also deteriorated due to the many houses upstream and around it. In the area, there is construction of houses and the operation of a ball mill. But still, the water continues to flow.

The descendants of Bakët Gudanay continue to perform the ritual offerings to the nature spirit of the spring in memory of their late aunt. And to this day, the spring continues to flow.

Itogon Hymn

By Jesse M. Lartec

Golden mountains high almost touching the sky
Clothed with trees standing tall with pride
From your bosom flows, is the water supply
And the rivers running deep and wild.

Mabuhay Itogon Land of Golden Opportunities
Our treasures are way of life
God bless Itogon, a home we dearly love
We will serve you keep you safe and sound

All our different tribes, dwell together despite
All our differences we set aside
Hand in hand we work for prosperity
Marching forward in peace and unity

Mabuhay Itogon Land of Golden Opportunities
Our treasures are way of life
God Bless Itogon a home we dearly love
We will serve you, keep you safe and sound
We will serve you, keep you safe and sound.

ITOGON MUNICIPAL HYMN

2
27
trea - sures our way of life
31
God Bless I - to - gon! A home we clear - ly
34
1.
love. We will serve you, keep you safe and sound.
38
(Please repeat chorus)
2.
(Fine)
Ma sound
Transcribed by:
LML - ITOGON
Engraved/Typeset by:
M.A.

Kasaysayan Ng Himno Ng Itogon

Ni Alma K. Willy

Noon, ang Itogon ang tanging munisipyo na wala pang himno ng pagkakakilanlan. Naisip ng Mayor noon na si Oscar Camantilles magpalikha ng awit o himno para sa bayan. Batay sa dakilang layuning ito ng butihing ama ng bayan, nagtaguyod sila ng patimpalak para sa pagsusulat at pag-awit ng Himno ng Itogon. Naglabas ng paanyaya ng paglahok noong Agosto 2011 at itinaon ang nasabing patimpalak noong Disyembre 2011, sa taunang pista ng bayan.

Bilang guro ng Musika, Sining, Edukasyong Pangkatawan at Pangkalusugan sa Loakan Annex, nagkaroon ng interes sa naturang patimpalak si G. Jesse M. Lartec. Nahikayat siyang bigyang buhay sa isang awit ang pagpapapakilala sa kasaysayan ng Itogon.

Batay sa pakikipagkwentuhan kay G. Lartec, umabot sa isa't kalahating buwan ang nagugol niya sa pagsusulat ng liriko at paglikha ng musika at

notasyon ng piyesa. Naging inspirasyon niya ang magandang tanawin at kalikasan, kultura at kabuhayan ng mga tao sa Itogon. Dahil kabilang siya sa lahing Igorot, hinango niya mula sa katutubong sining at musika ang melodic scale ng piyesa na pentatonic scale.

Isang araw ng Setyembre 2011, sinubukan niyang ituro at sabay na sinanay ang apat niyang mag-aaral na sina Haydee Yangos, Marian Andres, Flordeliza Baliba at Lovielle Olivares na pawang may mga angking talento sa pagkanta. Mga mag-aaral sila noon sa AMPMNHS-Loacan Annex na ngayo'y Loacan Itogon National High School.

Punung-puno ng pagtitiwala sa isa't isa, naglakas-loob ang lima na tumungo sa munisipyo upang awitin ang komposisyon ni G.Lartec. Inawit nila ang piyesa sa harap ng mga konsehal at mga empleyado ng munisipyo sa Municipal Hall ng Itogon. Nasa key of C ang key signature at marching tempo na duple ang time signature ng kanta. Dagdag pa niya, ang musika ay hinango niya sa Panagbenga theme at ang liriko ay mula naman sa Benguet Hymn at Cordillera Hymn. Nilinaw niyang hindi niya kinopya ang mga ito kundi pinagbasehan lamang.

Noong Disyembre 2011, sa pagdiriwang ng Itogon Balitok Festival, opisyal na itinanghal ang kapanganakan ng kauna-unahang Itogon Municipal Hymn. Tagumpay ang piyesa. Tagumpay ang pagsisikap sa pagbuo nito.

May kaunti lamang pagbabago sa liriko mula kay Konsehal Alexander Fianza na siyang naging punong hurado sa nasabing kompetisyon. Nakasama rin niya bilang hurado sina G. Ferdinand Carantes at Gng. Jenny Claire Pigangay na pawang bihasa rin sa sining at musika.

Napatëg A Kinabaknang

Composed by Judith Eslao Aniceto
Sung by the Anti-Open Pit Mining Kids (AOPMK) of Ucab

Napintas a lugar
Ucab ti nagan na
Nabaknang a daga adu't balitok na
Napintas ti apit kadagiti um-uma
Bendisyon ti Apo kadata'y nga annakna.

CHORUS:
Dios ti agbabantay, Dios ti tumultulong
Ti daytoy a bantay lugar naianakan
Inta'y nakasursuruan iti na Kristiyanoan
Ugali a napatëg iti kaamaan

Kitaëm man kabsat ti mapaspasamak,
Banbantay nadadaël, mulmula napukawën
Uray dagiti danum naawan da mëttën
Gapu ti open pit awanen ti pagyanan

Sadino ti papanan dagiti tatao,
Nadadaël a lugar ap-apalan iti kaaduan
Gapu ti open pit lumugar ag-ap-apa
Ag-aama, ag-iina, agtitinik-ol da

Bumangon ka kabsat, agmamaysa tayo,
Tapnu ilaban ta'y ti kalintëgan tayo
Dënggën yo ti asug dagiti tatao
O agtignay tayo, agtitinulong tayo.

This song accompanied the struggle to put a stop to open pit mining in Keystone, Ucab, Itogon in the 1980s to the 1990s. To defend their land, livelihoods and ways of life, the people of Ucab and surrounding communities established human barricades to stop the bulldozers and other heavy equipment of Benguet Corporation from destroying their mountains. Whole families, including the children, their parents, and the elders were active in this struggle. Elementary pupils of Ucab formed the Anti Open Pit Mining Kids. They sang this song and performed community theater in numerous events and venues.

Napatëg A Kinabaknang

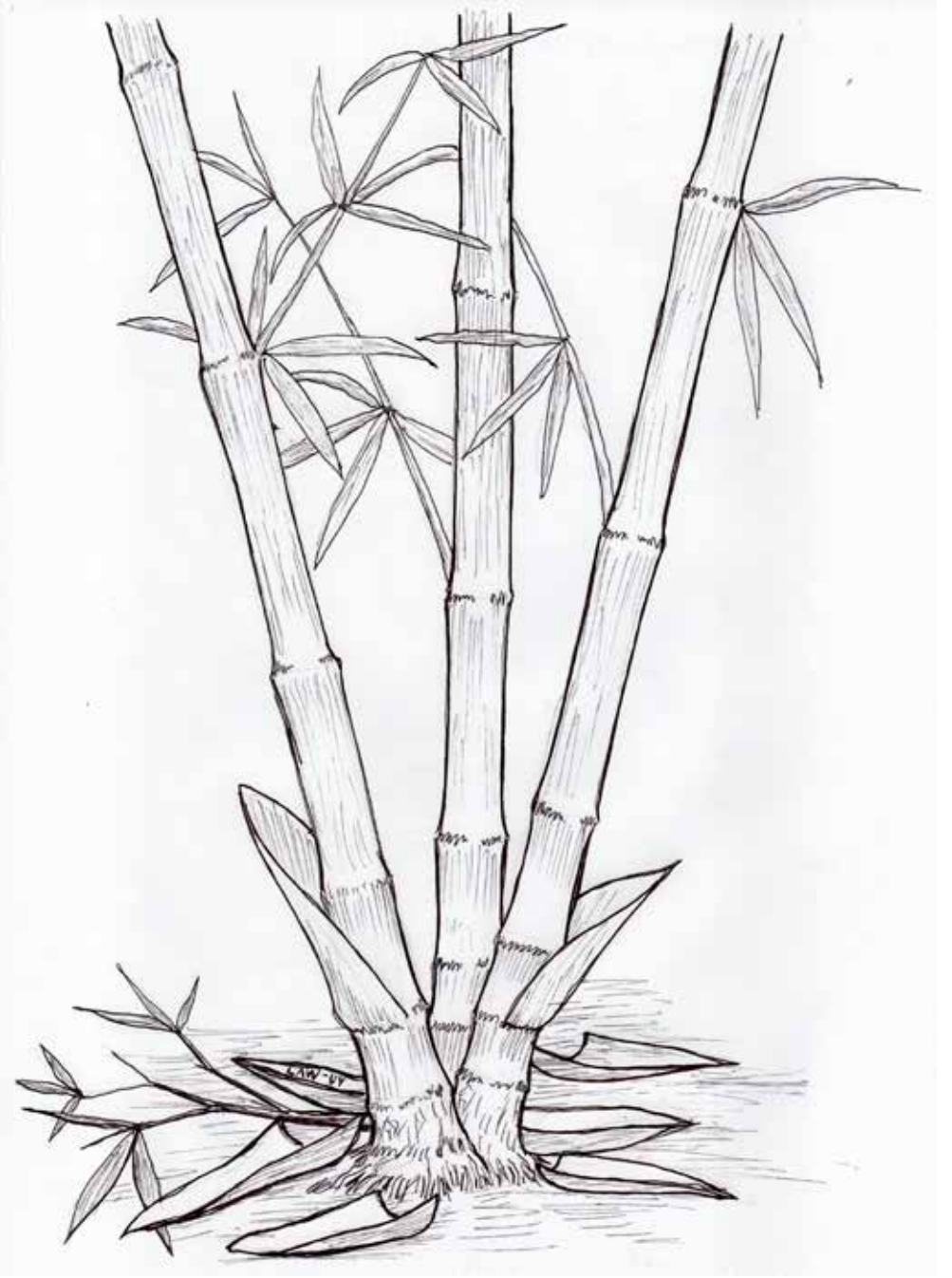
Composed by Judith Eslao Aniceto

Transcribed by Rejoice A. Bugtong

OUR SCHOOL: ALEJO M. PACALSO MEMORIAL NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL (AMPMNHS)

The Growth Of AMPMNHS

Excerpt from "The History of AMPMNHS" written by Juliana K. Ingtitan
Re-written by Marian B. Agwiking
Gold Dust 2013



"The secret of our success is that we never, never give up."
– Wilma Mankiller

The establishment of the high school was planned in 1976 during the term of the Honorable Alejo M. Pacalso, mayor of the municipality of Itogon, and materialized in June 1977. Thus, Itogon Municipal High School in Bua, Tuding, Itogon, Benguet came into existence. Its operation and maintenance were initially shouldered by the municipal government.

During its first years of operation, classes were conducted in borrowed classrooms in the old Magsaysay Building of the Bua Elementary School, presently the Pacalso Elementary School.

Its first year of operation started with two sections of first year and one section of second year. It was run by five teachers: Mrs. Noela K. Fagyan, Mrs. Jocelyn delos Reyes, Mrs. Corazon Balagot, Miss Purisima Cornel (now Padilla) and Mr. Peter Elias.

In the 1980s, the high school facilities were developed within the 12 hectare lot reserved for educational purposes, as declared by Executive Order #100 issued by the Philippine Governor-General in Manila on November 28, 1913.

On February 26, 1982, through Municipal Ordinance #13, Series 1982, Itogon Municipal High School was re-named Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial High School in memory of the late mayor who died on February 26, 1981.

In 1989, the school was re-named Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial National High School, by virtue of EO #189, converting barangay high schools into national high schools.

The school developed fast with improved students' and teachers' performance.

Then came the killer earthquake of July 16 1990. The earthquake reduced the school to rubble. But with sheer determination, AMPMNHS rose from the rubble and after 7 years, the school celebrated its first Foundation Day on February 26, 1997 under the administration of Jerome K. Nabus.

Today, numerous developments in the school can be seen. Its teaching staff consists of 42 teachers, a school nurse, a guidance counselor, guard, a utility and 4 non-teaching staff and of course a principal.

For more than 30 years of educating and guiding teenagers, AMPMNHS produced countless professionals in different fields.

"During my 2 years at AMPMNHS, I was a stubborn student. My Alma Mater guided and showed me the right path. I want to thank my Alma Mater for what it did for me and I proudly say that I am a successful and decorated police office. My salute and respect to my Alma Mater, AMPMNHS", shared Benedict Del-ong.

Looking back, it is hard to imagine what Itogon Municipal High School was like in the beginning, as we look at what the present school has achieved today.

AMPMNHS stood firm but swayed like a bamboo grass through challenges and changes. It is determined to aim high and carry out its mission to provide quality education for the young people of the community.

Lihim na Bayani sa Likod ng Tagumpay ng Mag-aral sa AMPMNHS

Ni Miraso Subaday
Ayon sa kuwento ni Corazon Villena, guro
Mula sa kuwento ni Mariano Jimenez de los Reyes,
retiradong Head Teacher ng Bua Elementary School

"Happy Teacher's Day, Ma'am. Salamat po sa lahat," bati namin kay Ma'am Corazon Villena. "Salamat," sagot niyang nakangiti.

"Ma'am, sino naman po ang nais mong pasalamatan ngayong Teachers' Day?" tanong namin sa kanya.

"Lahat sila, lahat ng naging guro ko, ngunit higit kong pasasalamatan ang lihim na bayani sa pagkakatatag ng ating paaralan," masayang sagot niya.

Ayon sa kaniya, may kulang sa nailathalang kasaysayan ng AMPMNHS. Sinaliksik niya kung sinu-sino ang mga tinutukoy na mga magulang sa tuwing ang kasaysayan ay naisasadula sa paaralan. Napag-alaman niya na may nakatago pa palang kuwento kaugnay ng pagsisimula ng paaralang AMPMNHS.

Ayon sa nakapanayam niyang si G. Mariano J. delos Reyes, punong guro ng Bua Elementary School noon, bihira lamang sa mga naninirahan sa Bua, Tuding proper, Gumatdang, Tram at Ucab ang nagtratrabaho sa minahan kaya mas maraming kabataan ang hindi nagtutuloy sa high school. Ang Baguio City High School naman ay nasa sentro, at kailangan pa nilang mamasahe na hindi kaya ng pamilya.

Ang tanging paaralang pampubliko noon sa Itogon ay ang Binga National High School na naitatag ito dahil sa pangangailangan ng mga tao sa paligid ng Hydro Electric Plant; at Tinongdan High School. Kung may ibang paaralang pansekundarya, ito ang mga pribadong paaralan ng Saint Louis High School Antamok, Sacred Heart High School sa Itogon, at Saint Louis High School Balatoc. Ang mga paaralang nabanggit ay ipinatayo ng Simbahang Katoliko. Ang karamihang pumapasok sa mga ito ay mga anak ng mga minero ng minahang pinamamahalaan ng Amerikano. Inaawas sa sweldo ng minero ang bayad ng mag-aaral.

Sa tagal na nila sa serbisyo, naobserbahan daw ang bagay na ito ng mga guro ng Bua Elementary School na sina Gng. Josephina Bunuan, Gng. Corazon Balcita, Gng. Remedios Totanes, Gng. Tomasa de los Reyes, Gng. Menchita Damoslog at Gng. Carmelita Ladia. Minsan sa kanilang pagpupulong ay pinag-usapan nila ito. Pinag-usapan din nila sa PTA meeting ang suliranin. Sa pamumuno ni G. Hombrebueno, bumuo sila ng panukala at ang kanilang petisyong ito ay agad pinamakinilya ni Hombrebueno sa anak niyang si Susan Hombrebueno. Pinarating naman ni G. delos Reyes ang panukala

kay G. Basilio Anis na noo'y District Supervisor ng Ministry of Education, Culture and Sports (MECS) na nasa Tuding Elementary School.

Ito ang naghudyat kay G. Anis na magsagawa ng pag-aaral. Una, saan bubuksan ang high school at pangalawa, may mag-eenrol kaya?

Sa usapin ng lugar kung saan bubuksan, nagkaroon diumano ng pagpili kung sa Luneta Elementary School o sa Bua Elementary School dahil marami ding anak ng minero sa Luneta. Ang mga ito ay hindi tumutuloy sa high school, ngunit ang lugar ay malayo sa ibang mababang paaralan. Ito raw naman ang pagtingin ni G. Tarte na siya namang punong guro doon.

Ayon pa sa kanya, kalaunan, napili ang Bua dahil sa sentrong lokasyon nito mula sa panggagalingan ng mga mag-aaral. Sa panahong ding iyon ay may Shop Building na may dalawang kuwarto ng elementarya na maaaring ipagamit.

Bilang sagot sa kung sino ang mag-aaral, inutusan si G. delos Reyes na magsagawa ng maagang enrolment. Ibinalita sa mga kapitbahay na magaganap ang enrolment sa kanilang bahay. Ngunit nakita nilang kulang ang nakakaalam sa programa kayat inutusan niya ang kanyang anak na si Esperanza delos Reyes (siya si Gng. Dalay-on ngayon) at si Julie Estino na kapitbahay, na pangasiwaan ang enrolment.

Upang mapadali ang resulta, naglibot sila sa kabahayan mula Bua, paakyat ng Tuding proper hanggang sa Tram, Ucab, at Gumatdang.

Ang panukala ay inilapit ni G. Anis kay G. Alejo Pacalso na noon ay alkalde ng Itogon at kay G. Paquito Bolislis na Acting Schools Division Superintendent ng Benguet. Hindi naman nabigo ang mga humingi ng tulong sa mga opisyal na ito.

Mahirap at matagal ang proseso kung hihintayin pa nila ang panukala na isinumite naman kay Congressman Samuel Dangwa. Hihilingin pa niya sa Kongreso na aprubahan na ang paaralan ay maging national school para ang sahod ng mga guro ay manggaling sa national government. Kaya't inilapit muna nila ang panukala kay G. Alejo Pacalso.

Sa pamamagitan ng Sanggunian Pambayan noong 1976, naaprubahan na ang lokal na pamahalaan ng Itogon ang magpapasahod sa mga nagtuturo. Dahil maayos na ang lahat, binuksan na ang unang taon ng pag-aaral noong

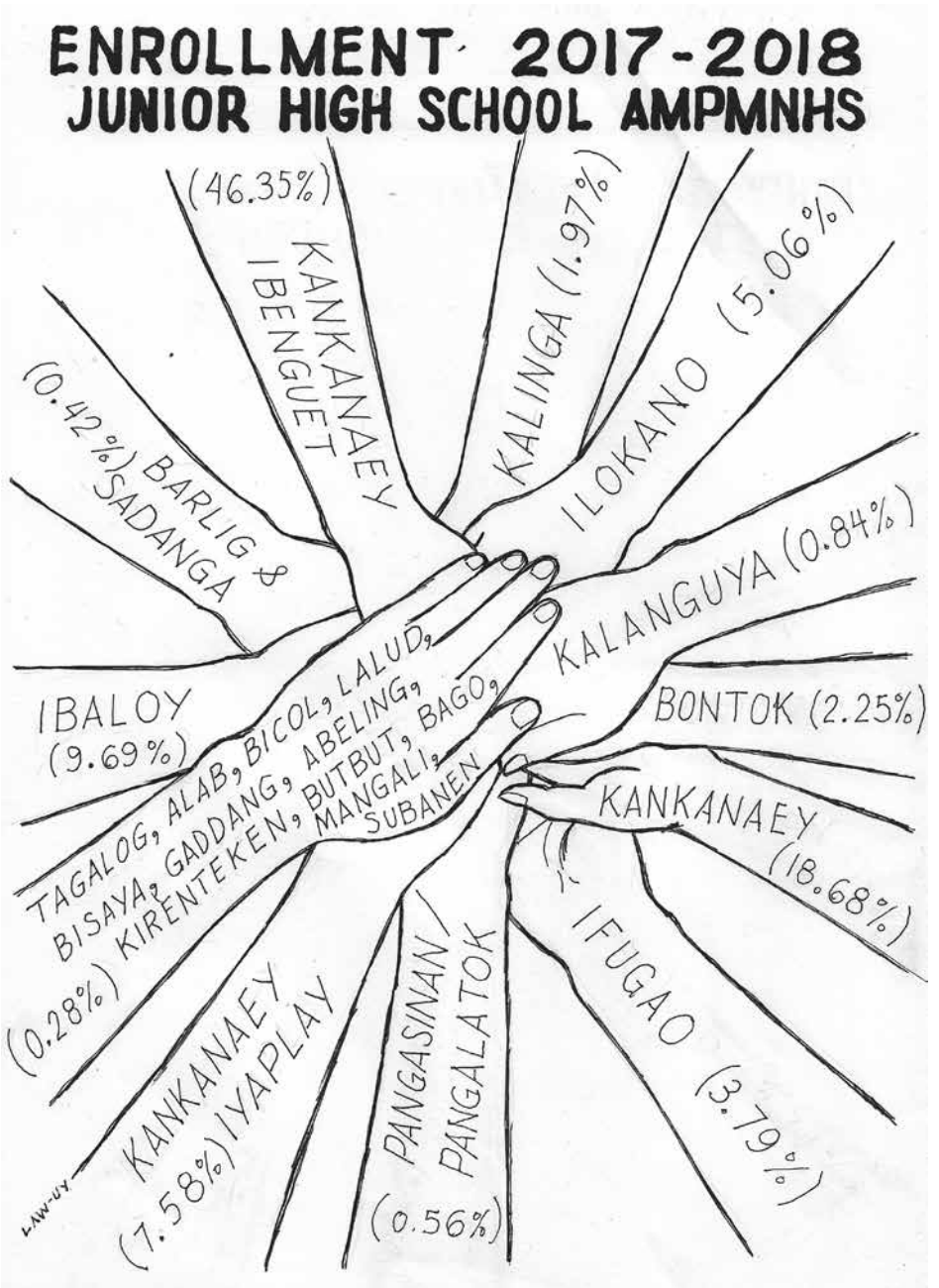
Hunyo 1977.

Bunga nito, nakapagtala sila ng tinatayang 25 para sa ikalawang taon at mahigit tatlo para sa unang taon na nadagdagan pa sa simula ng klase. Ayon sa nasaliksik na datos, may kabuuang mahigit 35 na mag-aaral ang nagtapos sa paaralan noong Marso 1980.

Kaya sa lahat ng taong nabanggit sa taas, kayo ang lihim na mga bayani ng aming paaralang Alejo M. Pacalso National High School. Maraming salamat po. Saan man kayo naroon ngayon, sana'y umabot ang aming taos-pusong pasasalamat sa inyo.

Ethnicities Promote Stronger Relationships

By Nakesia A. Chayao
Gold Dust 2018



Among important information gathered during enrolment is the ethnicity of students. The term ethnicity refers to the groups of people who share a common ancestry, language, history, society, culture or nation. Students identified their ethnic groups when they filled up their enrolment forms.

For the school year 2017-2018, AMPMNHS students belonged to 25 different ethnic groups.

Kankana-ëy Ibenguet has the highest percentage with 46.35%, followed by Kankana-ëy with 18.68, Ibaloy 9.69%, Kankanaey Iyaplay 7.58%, Ilokano 5.06%, Ifugao 3.79%, Bontok 2.25% and Kalinga 1.97%. Other ethnic groups represented are Kalanguya 0.84%, Pangasinan/Panggalatok 0.56%, Barlig and Sadangga 0.42% and Tagalog, Alab, Bicol and Ialud with 0.28%. Lastly, other ethnic groups are Bisaya, Gaddang, Abeling, Kirenteken, Butbut, Bago, Mangali and Subanen with 0.14%.

The information was gathered from the 712 junior high school enrollees and was collated for school purposes and for future reference.

Kultura Ay Mahalaga Sa Pag-Unlad

Ni Hilarae Villena

"Noon yu'n, iba ngayon."

Ito ang sinasagot ng mga kabataan ngayon kapag sila ay pinagsasabihan ng kanilang mga magulang o lolo at lola. Para bang walang alam at intelehente ang mga lolo at lola dahil wala pang mga gadget noon.

Silipin natin ang misyon ng Department of Education: "To protect and promote the rights of every Filipino to quality, equitable culture-based and

complete basic education." Sa ibang salita ay mapag-aralan ng mga kabataan ang tungkol sa kultura ng kanilang lugar.

Kasali ito sa misyon ng DepEd upang magkaroon ng disiplina ang mga kabataan. Ibang-iba ang ugali ng mga tao noon kung ihahambing sa mga tao ngayon. Ayon sa mga nakapanayam, noon, kahit hindi gaanong marami ang kanilang asignatura, marami na ang napag-aaralan nila. Hindi gaya ngayon, pagkadami-dami nga ng ating kailangang pag-aralan, walang gaanong naisasapuso at hindi natuturuan ng disiplina ang mga kabataan.

Ang pagsibol ng makabagong teknolohiya gaya ng cellphone, kompyuter, telebisyon at marami pang iba, ang tinatayang sumisira sa utak ng maraming kabataan ngayon. Ito ay dahil sa mga bagay-bagay na hindi karapat-dapat na napapanood, naririnig at ginagawa ng mga bata. Dahil na rin sa kapabayaan ng mga magulang sa kanilang mga anak, nagrerebelde ang mga ito kapag hindi makuha ang kanilang kagustuhan.

Hindi lahat ng mga teknolohiyang naimbento ay para sa ikabubuti at ikauunlad natin at ang mga ito ay nawawalan ng silbi kung walang disiplina ang isang tao na gumagamit nito. Minsan pinalalala pa nito ang sitwasyon.

Matuto sana tayong balikan ang kulturang pinagyaman dati ng mga nauna sa atin dahil hindi rin mapapaunlad ang pamayanan kung wala ang kultura natin.

Ang ating bansa ay tanyag hanggang ngayon dahil sa ipinamalas ng ating angkan na magagandang kultura sa pamamagitan ng katutubong kaalaman, mga sistema at kaugalian.

Idagdag pa dito ang tamang paggabay ng magulang sa mga anak, ang pagtuturo sa wastong pagsagot kapag tinatanong, pagsunod ng anak sa bawat tagubilin sa nararapat gawin sa loob at labas ng tahanan.

Sinasabi na "old-fashioned" ang isang tao na hindi sumusunod sa kung anong usong kasuotan at mga "in" na gawain ng kabataan ngunit ang pagiging old fashioned na ito ay tanda na may pinangangalagaang isang kultura.

Sa pag-unlad, hindi kailangang kalimutan ang kulturang nasa pamilya sapagkat sa pamamagitan ng mga ito ay nabuhay ng maayos at may pagkakaisa ang ating ninuno.

Evacuees Welcomed at AMPMNHS

By Margarette Anne Calinao
Gold Dust 2018

The monsoon rains continued for many weeks and Typhoon Ompong brought heavy rainfall in August and September of 2018. These resulted in erosions and the swelling of the river and creeks. The residents of Sitio Luneta and First Gate 070 were forced to evacuate immediatey. The evacuees were welcomed and hosted by the Pacalso Elementary School on September 15 and the Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial National High School (AMPMNHS) on September 16.

Records from the Municipal Social Welfare Development (MSWD) office showed that AMPMNHS sheltered 149 affected families or a total of 425 individuals, out of the 595 total affected families or 1,756 individuals who evacuated from September 16-23.

MSWD recorded 26 evacuation centers in Itogon and our school hosted the greatest number of evacuees. The evacuees occupied 14 rooms, and all other vacant rooms were utilized as meeting venues, as office or as stock rooms.

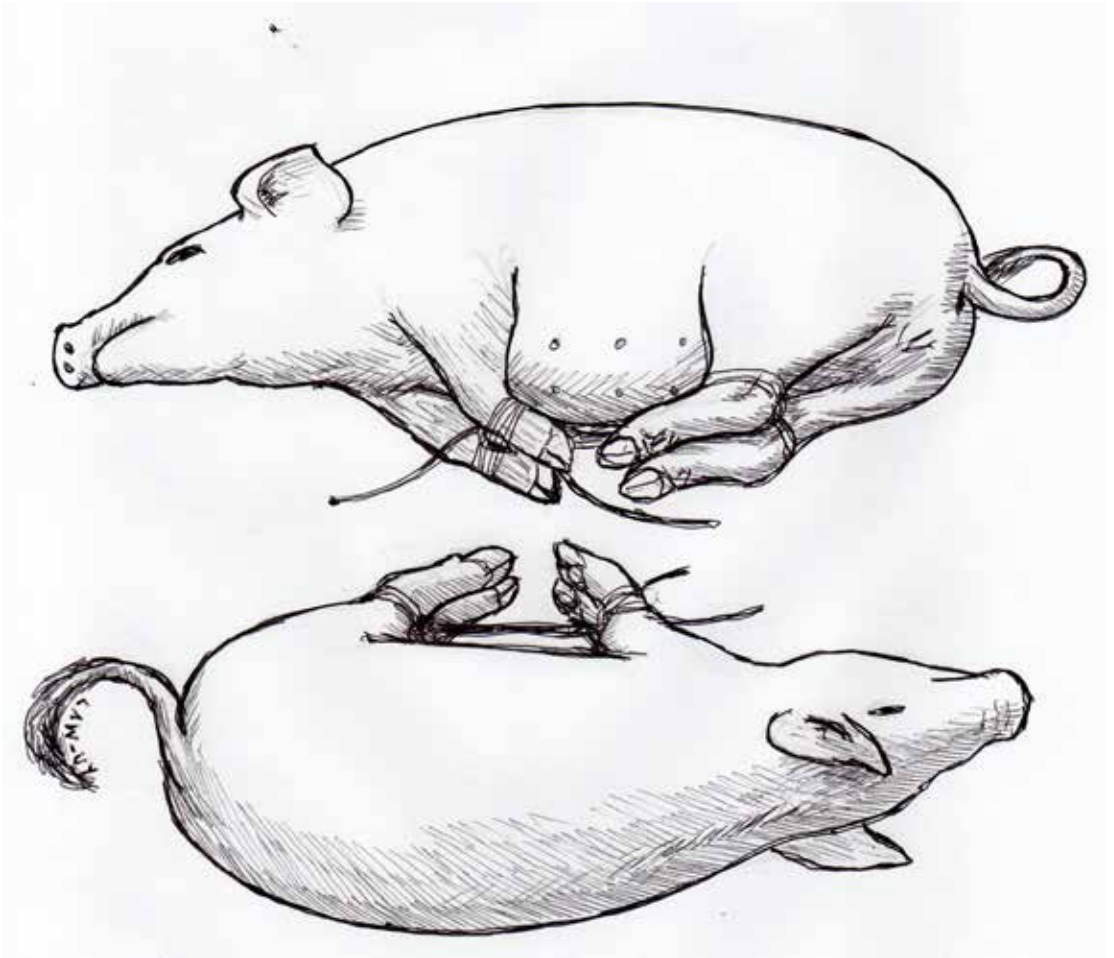
The school quadrangle became an operation center and the nearby Itogon Training Center served as the center for relief goods. The funeral parlors put their donated coffins in the gym. The oval served as parking lot for all kinds of vehicles including helicopters. All areas in the school and nearby facilities were used to service the needs of the large number of evacuees, donors and to store the steady inflow of donations.

Municipal Mayor Atty. Victorio T. Palangdan gave one week for the evacuees to temporarily stay in the school while seeking solutions to their situation.

LGUs, DOH, DOLE, DepEd, TESDA, PNP, religious groups and other private institutions and private individuals worked hand in hand in extending food, cash assistance, livelihood, transportation services, trainings and others for the evacuees.

Daw-ës and Pamakan to Restore Peace and Unity

Hans Dave P. Yamoto
Gold Dust 2018



After the recent disaster brought by Typhoon Ompong, two indigenous rituals were performed to restore peace and unity in the community.

Last October 29, 2018, indigenous elders gathered in the school to perform the *daw-ës* and *pamakan*.

The *daw-ës* or cleansing ritual was conducted first, where a dog was butchered. The elders recited prayers and the butchered dog was buried because they say it is not appropriate to be consumed. According to Mr. Danilo Palangdan, community elder, *daw-ës* was performed in order to drive away evil spirits which may haunt the minds of the families of the dead. It is also performed to cleanse the area where accidents or bad incidents happened.

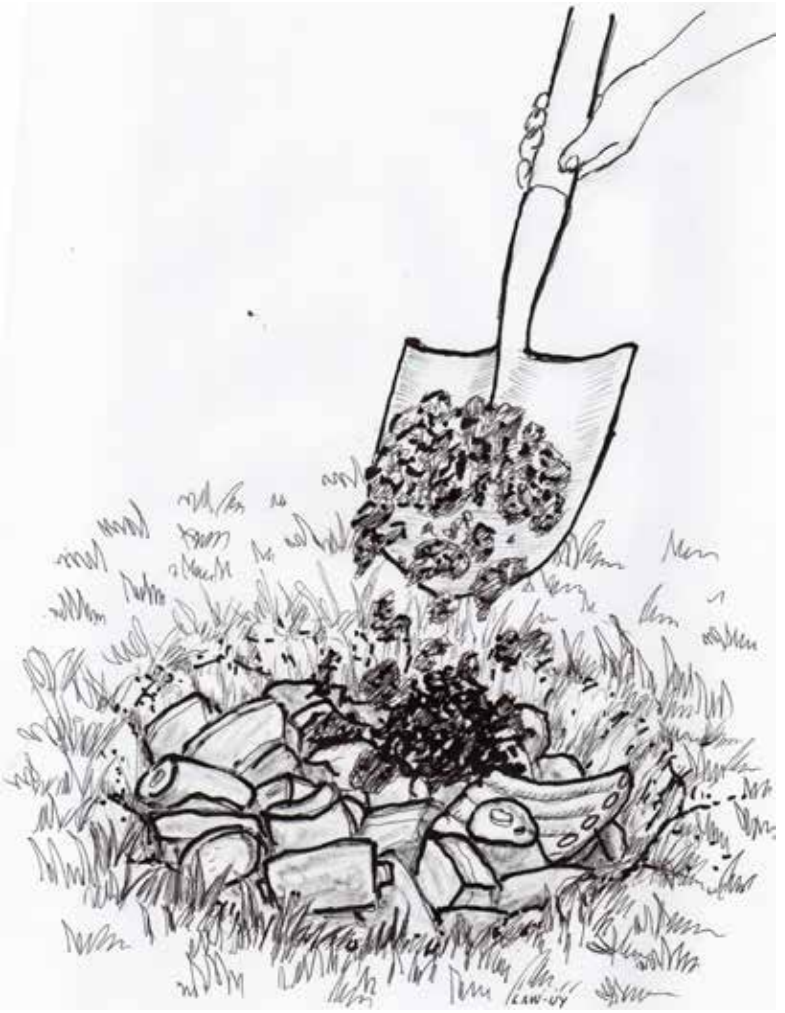
After the *daw-ës*, the *pamakan* followed. This time they butchered two pigs. Mr. Palangdan explained that the *pamakan* was conducted as an offering to the spirits and unseen, and in return they will be angels to the teachers and students, so that will have unity and they will work with each other peacefully. Furthermore, the students will understand their teachers better.

These traditional rites are part of our lives as indigenous peoples. Listening to their prayers, the main content of the rituals performed was to restore unity and peace. Our customs and traditions form part of our cultural heritage. The Cordillera is indeed rich in culture which we, the younger generation, are obliged to preserve. By preserving our culture, we also maintain our identity.

This is in accordance with the message of Pope John Paul II during his visit to Baguio City in early 1980s. He encouraged the Cordillera people to preserve and promote their customs and traditions because it is through these that they are identified in the eyes of the Lord.

Rituals for Cleansing, Thanksgiving and Blessing

Based on participant observation and interviews with Danilo Palangdao and Corazon Villena
Documentated by M.E. Regpala



More than one month after the disaster brought by Typhoon Ompong, the elders and barangay officials of Tuding and the teachers of Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial National High School (AMPMNHS) decided to conduct two indigenous rituals, the *daw-ës* and *pamakan* on October 29, 2019. The performance of the rituals was for cleansing. The *daw-ës* was performed

primarily because of the involvement of the teachers during the rescue operations and evacuation during the disaster; second it performed because of the designation of the school as an evacuation center for the families affected by the disaster. In the ritual, prayers were said for the following: death of a teacher, Peter Evasco, in the school; death of a student, Owen Balegan, due to kidney failure; death of one student during Typhoon Ompong; and the death of a Senior High School student, Christopher Rey Valentin. Lastly, the rituals were done in response to the observation of teachers that there was an increase in student misbehavior, and in order to foster smooth relationships in the school.

The first ritual that was performed by the indigenous priests *mambunong* was the *daw-ës*, a cleansing ritual where they prayed and invoked for the help of the *Adika-ila*, unseen spirits -- to God, the spirits of ancestors and other spirits to cleanse the area so as not to haunt and bother the families of the dead and other people in the places where the accidents or negative events happened.

A dog was gored, offered to the *Adika-ila* and buried. A dog was offered in the ritual because of the characteristic of a dog that it bites and eats all the meat up to the bones. The dog offering symbolizes negativities being thoroughly consumed or eaten away and buried.

The *bunong* prayers during the rituals were directed to Apo Kabunyan; to the 12 male deities (Ballitok, Kabigat, Lumawig, Gatan, Pati, Suyan, Amduyan, Kalan, Wigan, Lopis, Bentawan, Maudi) and to the 12 female deities (Bangan, Bugan, Angtan, Ub-bang, Yapeng, Lingan, Apinan, Daungen, Tengnan Ibaga, Angpan) to help relay the prayers to Apo Kabunyan.

Prayers were also directed to the spirits of ancestors and elders who practiced the indigenous beliefs, customs and traditions from Mankayan, Bakun and Suyoc to help relay the prayers to Apo Kabunyan -- From Naongdo: Lakay Baniwas, Lakay Badukaw, Lakay Basilio; from Binanga Norte: Lakay Kolowan, Lakay Sagubo, Lakay Fernandez, Lakay Sapalong; from Binatangan: Lakay Esteban; from Naiban: Lakay Alcido, Lakay Canuto, Lakay Leda; from Bileng: Lakay Palangdan, Lakay Domilos, Lakay Docayag, Lakay Sibal; from Mangga: Lakay Segundo; from Slide: Lakay Buangan, Lakay Gaod, Lakay Basilio, Lakay Ballasiw; from Bua: Lakay Matso Jimenez, Lakay Totanes, Lakay Tuangco, Lakay Pines, Lakay Gilodan, Lakay Tomas de los Reyes, Lakay Denisio, Lakay Inso; and to the nature spirits.

The second ritual performed was the *pamakan*, where the mambunong prayed and invoked the *Adika-ila* for thanksgiving and blessings for the teachers, students and other employees of the school. Two pigs were gored and offered for *panës-ësëtan*; and prayers were recited asking the *Adika-ila* to bless the teachers and students with peace, unity, good working relationships and harmony. And for the students to understand their teachers better. The gall bladder and liver were examined by the *mambunong* for omens and the result were all good, and the success of the rituals assured.

The gall bladder and the *iwik* sticks for goring the pigs were then stuck and hung under the roof and rafter of one of the school buildings.

After the butchering of the two pigs, they were singed, sliced and cooked in four big vats over an open fire at the back of the school. After the meat was cooked and prepared, it was first offered to the *Adika-ila* in six offering plates of rice and cups of pork soup and boiled pork meat in a big basin placed on top of a bed of fresh grass. Next, twelve offering plates of rice were arranged on a bed of fresh grass. One row was composed of six offering plates of rice and a second parallel row was composed of 6 offering plates of rice for the *Adika-ila*. At the center of the parallel rows of plate offerings was a big basin full of cooked pork meat and blood sausage, *tapëy* rice wine, two 1.5 liter bottles of soft drinks, two four by four bottles of gin and three cups, and money (20, 50, 100, 1000 peso denomination) which were all part of the offering.

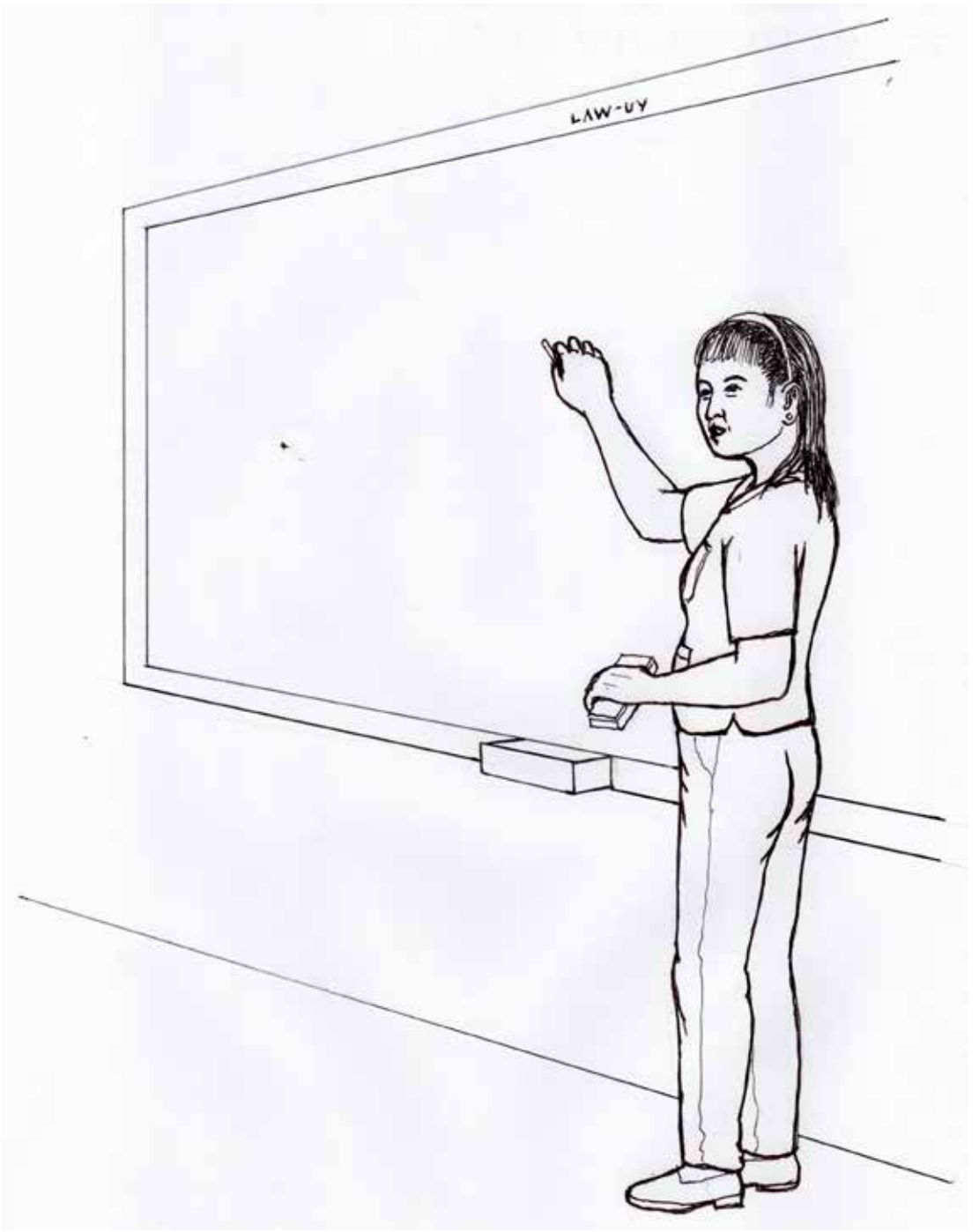
After the *mambunong* opened the containers of the rice wine, gin, and soft drinks, he offered a small amount to the Unseen Spirits. The money that was voluntarily given and used during the rituals would later be returned to the donor. The money is considered as good luck money for the donor.

After the ritual items were arranged and offered, all the people who attended the ritual were invited to partake of the food -- plates of rice, meat, and soup. This was the last part of the rituals.

Weeks after the performance of the rituals, some teachers observed that the school had become more peaceful, and the students were more behaved. These traditional rites are important features of the culture and life of the indigenous peoples of the Cordillera that ensures community solidarity, peace, harmony, prosperity and well-being among the people, the land and the unseen spirits.

My Teacher, My Hero

Yrica Dalay-on
Gold Dust 2018



A teacher is a hero, a parent and a friend. Teachers do more than what they have bargained for, yet they are paid less than what they deserve. This is what makes them heroes. They make an effort coming to class early every morning to teach their students. Yet they receive less respect than what they are entitled to. This is what makes them our parents. Your problem is theirs, despite having enough of their own. This is what makes them our friends. We meet and hear from them every schoolday and yet we seem to be oblivious to the heroes that are standing right in front of us.

Teaching is not just an occupation or a profession, because teachers go beyond that. They are doing us a favor by giving service to students, the government, the society and the next generation. We owe them everything we have now, from technology to the innovations of humans. Teachers taught engineers who built the Eiffel Tower. Teachers taught doctors who save lives. Being a teacher is a favor and a debt beyond measure that money can't repay.

As a student, a niece, a granddaughter and daughter of teachers, I have seen, first handedly, the struggles of our teachers. When I go to school, I witness the daily stress that teachers experience. And when I go home, I see dinner already prepared by my parents, despite the distress and exhaustion from their workday.

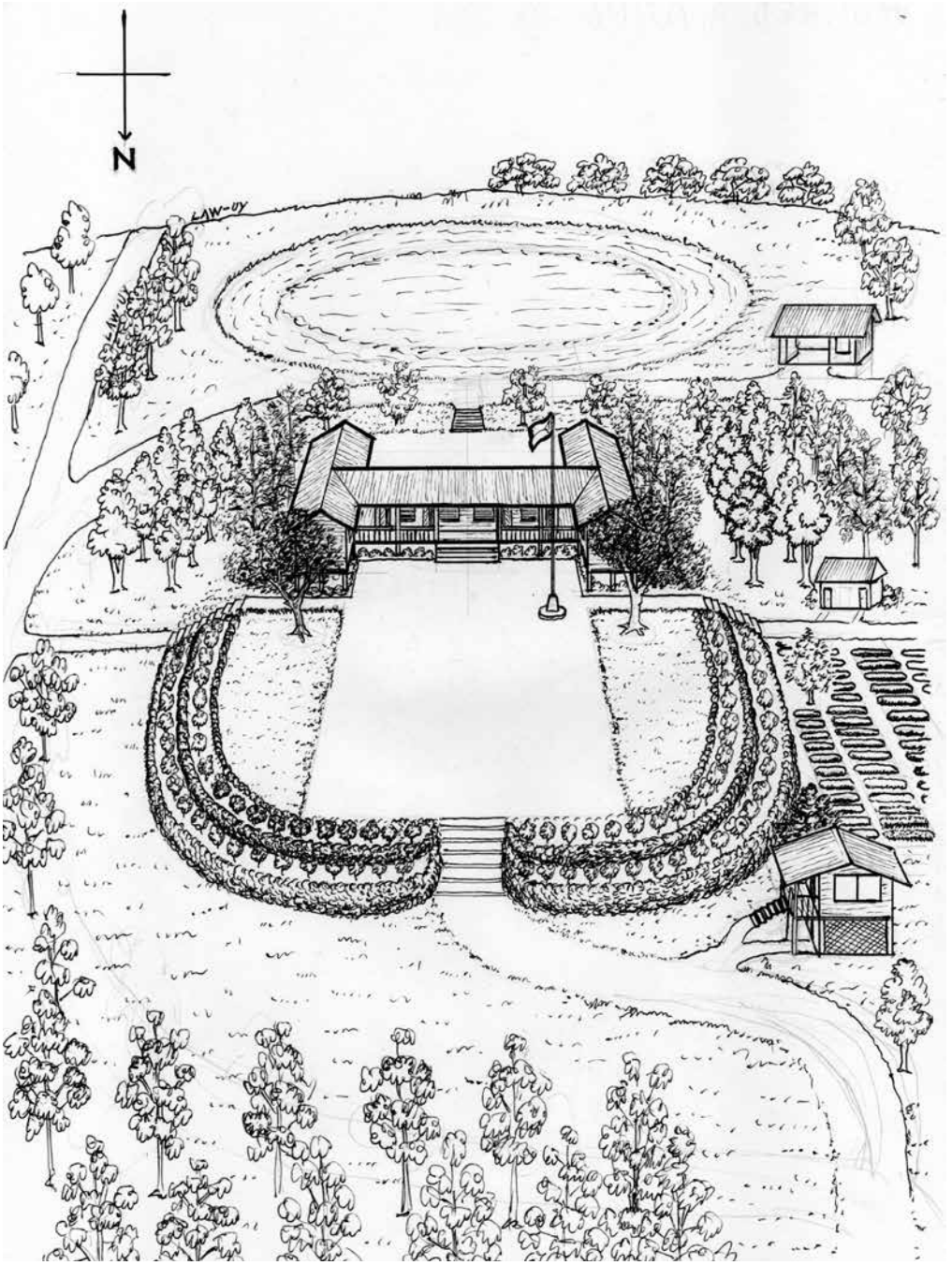
Being taught is one of the greatest and humblest favor I can ask from someone. Teachers may teach us because it is part of their job description. But my encounters with most of them show passion and genuine concern for their students. It never fails to amaze me just how my teachers are able to stay sane considering the type of students they are teaching.

Like I said teachers deserve more than what they receive. There are constant complaints about salaries, delinquent students, the curriculum and a lot more. Students' problems are nothing compared to these.

Kudos to those teachers who remain optimistic and passionate in their teaching. Someday all your hard work and efforts will pay off.

Unpainted Canvas for Bua, Itogon

Written by Corazon J. Villena
Validated by Kagawad Danilo Palangdan, Community Elder Tuding



"Where are my slippers?" Christine shouted.

Two other pupils, Cristeta and Elizabeth, ran towards Corazon and Ella, to select their own pairs of slippers from the pile.

"We have to go now, the teachers had gone home ahead of us," Cristeta commented.

The girls had just come from running on the green carpet-like grass covering the school ground. They enjoyed stepping on the lawn with their bare feet. They put a marker for their starting line and got ready for a 50 to 100 meter race. Though the winner would not receive a prize, they simply enjoyed determining who ran the fastest. It was Christine who always won first place in the race.

Before the 1970s, Bua Elementary School (now Pacalso Elementary School) was situated in a plateau which had similar ambiance to that of Teachers Camp, Burnham Park and Camp John Hay. It had a wide green space, with a lawn and full grown trees. Surrounding the lawn were stunning trees of different types like pine, aguho, eucalyptus and bottle brush.

The three buildings there were Gabaldon school buildings, with concrete posts that elevated the buildings. The floors and walls were made of wood, and the roof made of galvanized iron, just like some of the buildings at Teachers Camp today.

The main building had an H-floor design and was situated on a hill. It had spacious classrooms and corridors measuring three to four meters wide, which stretched from the top of the H design, connecting all the eight rooms. The corridor in the front faced north and had steps which also served as a stage for programs. In front of the building was the quadrangle where two narra trees were planted on both sides. There were round flower boxes that served as benches for pupils. Beyond the quadrangle and view deck on the south, there were cascading steps located on the north, south east and west for entrance and exit. The elevation was circular shaped, riprapped in two layers. In each layer of the riprap were planted daisies, gladiola and athalia, with flowers that bloomed all throughout the year. Outlining the landscape on the ground level were bottle brush trees with red flowers.

The Home Economics building was located far from the main building. It

had a wide receiving room with a kitchen overlooking a garden. Under the HE building was a stockroom with wheelbarrows and other garden tools for the students. With the mentoring of Mr. Salem Behis and later, Mrs. Josephine Bonuan, the pupils planted carrots and radish. Pupils planted taro, pechay and camote on the lot along the steps where the Day Care Center and residential houses are now located.

The gardens for vegetables were sustained at that time because there was a good supply of water from *bosi*, a spring fitted with GI pipes that supplied water for the community from Tuding proper until Bua. This abundant water supply was depleted when the housing in Monterazzas was established during the Marcos Regime.

It was always fun for the pupils to bring out the wheelbarrows during work time. While they carried the collected grass and dried leaves to the compost pit, they took turns riding on the wheelbarrows.

The third building was the shop for the boys. It had two wide rooms which served as carpentry laboratory. According to Mr. Mariano de los Reyes, in 1977, these rooms were offered to start the Itogon Municipal High School, now AMPMNHS.

Taking a look at Bua from Mines View Park way back in early 70's, the school was like a bird's house in the middle of a forest.

There was a wide lawn at the entrance, good for football games, and a playing oval at the south of the elevated building where ballgames were played during athletic meets.

On sunny days, the blooming flowers were adorned with bees and butterflies which sometimes served as a game for the pupils. The boys had a contest on who could catch a bee without smashing it. The successful catcher earned prestige at that time.

"Ayye ah" was a simple comment uttered but it meant appreciation for a job well done.

Dragonflies and grasshoppers from January to March made pupils crazy. They collected grasshoppers for roasting. Dragonflies were caught and skewered on the belly with buds of flower or blades of grass before releasing them to fly again.

I remember that on the onset of rainy season, one week after the first rain in the month of May, we collected *ab-abal*, an edible kind of beetle. The *ab-abal* is good when deep fried until crunchy. Nowadays, *ab-abal* is considered an exotic food in the Cordilleras.

Pine needles that had fallen under the pine trees served as a picnic mat for pupils. Sometimes these were collected and used to build *balay-balay* or playhouse. Others collected them and built nests where they placed pine cones that served as eggs.

Looking for the longest pine needle was one of the games. The triumph of being the finder of the longest pine needle gave joy and laughter to them. They made bracelets and necklaces out of the dry eucalyptus seeds.

Without orders from their teachers, together with their classmates, the pupils loved to sweep the fallen leaves on the concrete pathway and stairway going down the national road while waiting for their teachers—Mrs Josephine Bonuan and Mrs. Corazon Balcita—from Baguio City. The pathway was free of pieces of papers or candy wrappers because everybody was obliged to maintain cleanliness in the school campus and community.

Part of the stairway was used by the Day Care children of Mrs. Lylanie M. Palengaoan and now, by the Senior High School.

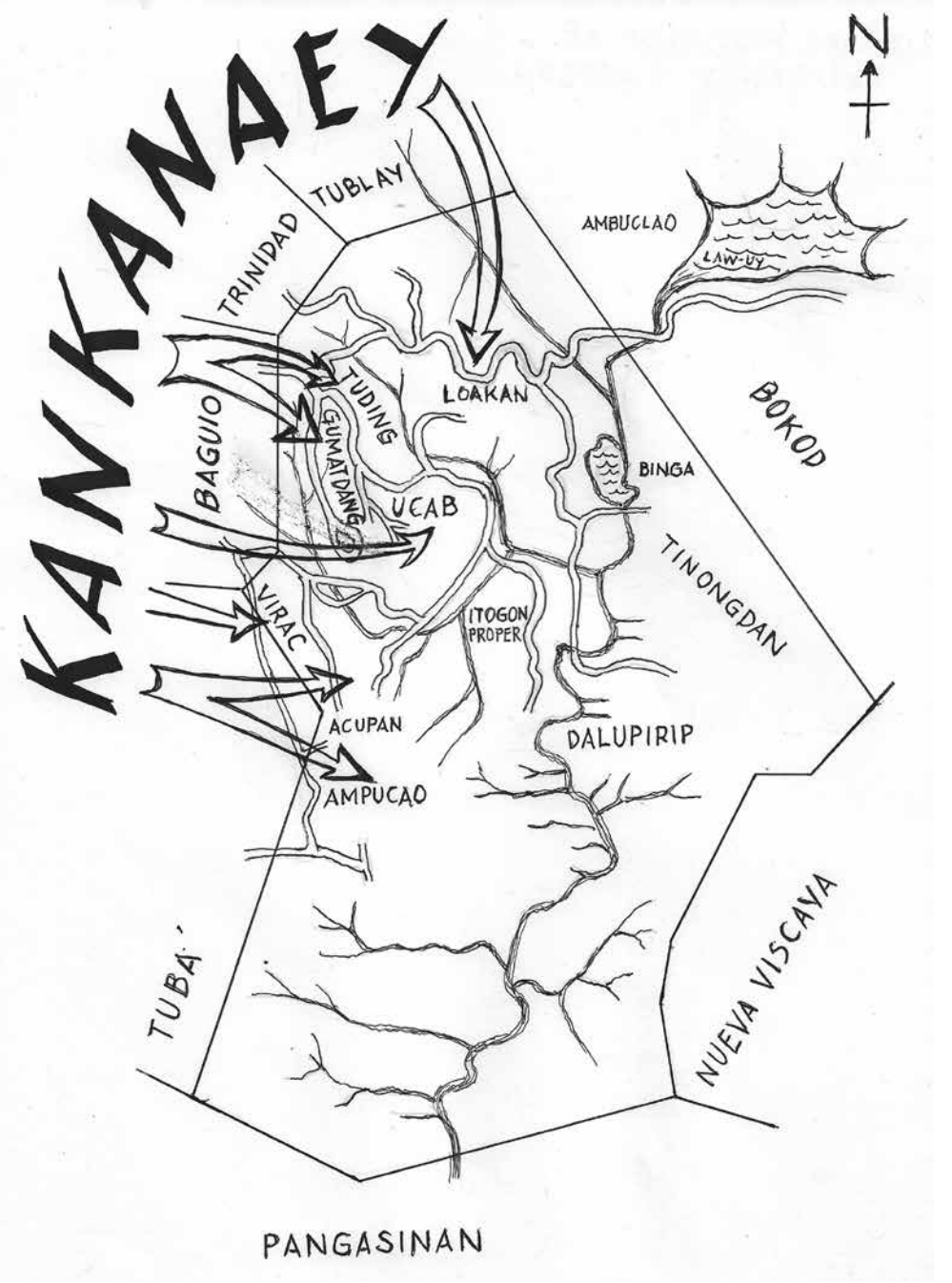
What remains of these pine trees are those beside the covered court and Senior High building. These trees are more or less 65 years old at this time. They were planted as a collaborative effort of the community in the early days.

If paintings are retouched to preserve their beauty, then trees and nature should be cared for and preserved by all of us.

MEET THE PEOPLE

The Migration of Kankana-ëys to Itogon

By Jessie A. Tayaban



George M. Ickard was an American geologist, mine engineer, prospector and operator who was connected with a mining firm at Mankayan, Benguet sometime in 1905. His Kankana-ëy wife was Sid-ing, later renamed Kating. This couple was said to be instrumental in the migration of the Kankana-ëys from Mankayan in north Benguet to Itogon.

In 1910, Ickard was called to head and operate the Baguio Gold Mines at Tuding, Itogon,Benguet. He brought with him some of his trusted miners, most of whom were relatives of his wife. Among those who came to Itogon were Balingan, Baucan, Buangan, and Guillodan.

Soon, Ickard was able to establish himself in Itogon. He built a residential house at Slide, Tuding. He then sent some of his men to fetch his wife, Kating, who was left behind at Suyoc, Mankayan.

At that time, there were no roads, and it took at least one week of hiking from Mankayan to Itogon. After walking for some time, Kating and her helpers slept at Natublëng, the midpoint between Mankayan and Itogon.

In the evening a strong earthquake rocked the place and woke them up. The following morning, they noticed that there were lots of green leaves among dried ones scattered all over the ground which had been shaken off the trees during the earthquake. Thinking that this could be a bad omen, she referred this to the old man of the house who told her that they may just continue their journey as they had already gone half way.

Having taken their breakfast, they continued their journey. They had not gone far, when all of a sudden from out of nowhere, a great flock of birds started to trail and sometimes hover over them, never going too far from them. She and her companions felt frightened more than ever as this could be another bad omen, and they felt like going back. Nevertheless, they proceeded. The flock of birds followed them until they were a few kilometres away from La Trinidad.

It was almost dark when they arrived at Tuding. After exchanging pleasantries with her husband and other people who came to wait for their arrival, Kating related the strange happenings whereupon they called a *mambunong* to make the necessary interpretations. After killing a chicken for sacrifice, the chicken was opened up and the augury of its bile inspected. The *mambunong* revealed that what they had experienced were good omens.

The leaves that fell caused by the earthquake meant that her children and grandchildren shall be scattered all over the face of the world and shall be successful in their chosen careers wherever they are. The birds that followed them meant that people of all walks of life shall seek shelter in her house especially in times of need. To make this come true they would have to perform the ritual, *sangbo*. The *sangbo* is performed after a strange dream or unusual happenings. A pig is usually butchered for offering. By performing it, good expectations will surely come true.

As soon as they were able to gather all the necessary things to be offered and used, the first Kankana-ëy cañao in Itogon, an Ibaloy land, was held. This was witnessed by the Ibaloy residents of Tuding and outlying areas.

Ickard, who knew well the sentiments, culture and temperament of Kankana-ëy people, did not discourage them from building their own houses near his house at Tuding or near the mine site at Gumatdang and outlying areas like Bua, and likewise to prospect and operate their own pocket mines outside existing mineral claims.

Guillodan William, one of his trusted men, built his house at Bua sometime in 1912 and immediately prospected and operated his own pocket mine which he found in the area. He is accredited to be the first Kankana-ëy to establish his residence at Bua and the only living person (when this research was conducted) who was with the first group of Kankana-ëy men who accompanied Ickard to Itogon.

While Guillodan operated his own mine, he would from time to time be called by Ickard to help do prospecting jobs for the mine he headed. At about the same year, Buangan, Baucan, and Balingan also built their houses at Tuding. Building a house was easy for the area was thickly wooded, and cutting of trees was not restricted.

Some of Ickard's men went back to Mankayan and Bakun to visit or get their families. They informed their relatives about Bua whom they invited to join them. Others who heard of it decided to see for themselves the real situation so they also came to Itogon.

As more and more Kankana-ëys came in from Mankayan and Bakun, Ickard saw the need to expand his operation. With the help of Baucan, Balio and Buangan they prospected at nearby places like Dalicno where they were able to locate good gold ore deposits. In recognition of their services and loyalty,

Ickard gave each an equal share of the mineral claim. When their shares were given, Ballio and Baucan moved their houses from Tuding to Dalicno to enable them to do full-time jobs in their mines.

In 1913, at the outbreak of World War 1, Ickard together with other Americans who were then working at the different mines in the area, left for the USA for security reasons, living behind his wife and children under the care of her relatives.

In the absence of the American operators, people looted the mines and the caretakers were helpless against them. During the years 1913 through 1917, when Ickard was in USA, communication between him and his wife Kating was cut.

The burden of keeping the family and managing their property was just too heavy for Kating to handle. Moreover, she had not heard from her husband for so long and she presumed that he may have perished in the war. These factors, together with the prodding of her folks, prompted Kating to marry again. Buangan, one of their trusted men, was the best choice as he was the only unmarried man in the group at that time and was in a good position to help keep the family and manage the mines, he being with the family for quite some time.

At the latter part of 1917 as the war ended, Ickard returned from the USA to find out that Kating had re-married and was now pregnant by Buangan. Although shocked upon knowing about this, when things were explained, he understood the whole situation.

Understanding and kind as he was, he accepted the facts calmly and later gave all his property to Kating but got his three children with her then returned to USA. With Buangan and Kating now as operators of the mines, more of their relatives came in from Mankayan and were hired as miners.

After the war and as the mines were being rehabilitated, Ballio sold his portion at Dalicno to an American, a certain Reynolds, who, after about two years of intensive assessment of the area, found out that the ore deposit was not so profitable. This American sold it to Ngiao, Palcasio Tampoa and Samuel, who were operating pocket mines at the time elsewhere at Dalicno.

At about the end of 1921, Benguet Exploration Mines, a mining company which had been operating within the Dalicno area, found out that the

ore deposit within their mineral claim did not warrant a big operation. The owners then decided to abandon their operation and dismantled the bunkhouse and cottages they had constructed.

Ngiao, Samuel and Tampoa, and some of their relatives took advantage of the situation. They joined resources and bought the serviceable materials from the dismantled buildings out of which they built their residential houses where the bunkhouse and cottages were formerly built. In the ensuing years relatives and friends who were hired to provide manpower for their mines also built their own houses until the place and mines grew up to its present size.

As soon as the big mining companies had rehabilitated their mine operations, more and more Kankana-ëys came in from Northern Benguet who were hired as miners and samplers. Though bunkhouses were provided for workers, the Kankana-ëys preferred to stay in houses of their own which they built near their relatives' houses at Tuding, Gumatdang or Bua, and later at Ucab which were near the mine sites. Their preference to live in separate houses was due to one of the beliefs of these people: namely the privacy of one's house is essential, especially when rituals are performed.

While being employed at the mines, the Kankana-ëys took time prospecting for possible pocket mines outside existing mineral claims. As soon as one found a potential site, he would then resign from his job and prefer to operate his own.

Manpudto

By Analyn A. Malicdan

Emilia Bolinget Ayawan, a native of Madongo, Sagada, has lived in Upper Tram, Itogon from 1974 to the present. She was born December 12, 1954 and married to the late Pedro D. Ayawan. She is known to be a woman who can do "*manpudto*".

Her gift started when she was very young. She was 10 years old when, during her sleep, she started hearing whispers, voices instructing her, like "*Umëyka ëd bilig* (go to the mountain)". She travelled and saw many places in her dreams that she was not familiar with. She would always wake up with her feet soaking wet, thus waking from the dream. It was unclear during that time what the voice was telling her.

Until one day, not only the voices came. She was in their house made of bamboo. In the spaces in between the bamboo slats, she could see many round faces with big teeth murmuring and surrounding her. During those times that she could see and hear things, she was so scared that she cried every time this happened. This is the very reason that up until this moment she does not put off lights during her sleep.

Her seeing things and hearing voices started when she was 10 years old. They would appear anywhere and everywhere. Until one time when she was 11 years old, a voice asked her to choose between *suya-ab* (yawn) or *dëngdëng-ay* (chant). She refused to choose many times but these things scared her more and more and the voices she heard became frequent, to the point that these affected her schooling. Often, she left school or did not attend class because she could not focus on her lessons because of what she was experiencing.

One day, when she was 11 years old, she was again asked to choose between *suya-ab* and *dëngdëng-ay*. This time, she answered, "I do not know how to chant the *dëngdëng-ay*. I choose *suya-ab*". After making her choice, she discovered her gift.

There was an incident when she was 11 years old. she was passing along the road of Madongo going to Tanulong, when she met the child Estefania "Kappi" Awingan, who was 4 years old then. She was being carried by her father who was in a panic, because his daughter was experiencing high fever. Emilia was walking by when she came across the father and sick daughter. Then she heard the voice, "*Kapusëm nan unga, sip-uyam*, (massage the child and breathe on her." The voice instructed her what to do. After a while,

the previously very sick child got down and started playing, as if nothing happened.

Since then, word travelled. Stories spread that the eleven year old Emilia had a gift. Since she was still a child, she was much affected with her gift. Many times, the voice would tell her, "Go home, something has happened..." to her parents or to anybody in the family. She immediately would leave school to go home, and would find out that a sick person was waiting for her. Consequently, the voice would instruct her what to do.

Emilia finished grade six, but because the voice kept on calling her, she was unable to continue her schooling. She was very young at that time. Thinking to run away, she left Madongo and found a husband in the person of Pedro Ayawan. Unfortunately, her gift did not stay behind in Madongo. It came with them to Upper Tram, Itogon, Benguet.

She thought she had left behind her gift, but she was mistaken. One day, when she had her first born Cristina, she went to the comfort room, and after doing her purpose, the voice came back. It was as if she fell into deep sleep. The voice instructed her to go to the hill. Then, she felt herself as if tripping into a canal, and she finally woke up. She was not familiar with the place where she found herself at that time. Later, she would find out that the name of the area she woke up in was Atok Trail.

When she woke up, she said, "Please bring me back. I do not know how to go home. I have a daughter waiting for me at home." In an instant, she was back in their home. She swears she is sure that she travelled. But it is still a puzzle to her how she reached home that fast when she did not know the way home.

She realized that she could not escape from this gift. So, she opened up and helped the people who asked for her help, but limited this to two people per day. She knew that she would suffer when she goes beyond this. Her gift is solely to help sick people. She is able to see people who have died and can speak with them, especially people who have died who bring sickness to their loved ones, when they have messages to relay.

There was one time when a person from Buguias asked her help because the doctor said that she could not cure the skin disease of a girl named Lynlyn. Emilia said, bring me to her, but bring me back before night time. When they arrived at the house in Bugias, Emilia saw that there was a toilet built near the place where the parents of Lynlyn buried their mother. The spirit

of the dead mother told Emilia that the family should dig the remains and transfer it to higher ground in the terraced garden, where the sun rises. The tomb would be reached by the rays of the sun to warm her since she has long been drenched by the water coming from the toilet, which saturated the soil where she was buried. After two weeks, the couple came back and told Emilia that their daughter was well and back in school.

One day, Emilia met the girl Lynlyn in Centermall in Baguio. Lynlyn recognized her. She introduced herself to be the girl with an unexplainable skin disease that even doctors could not pinpoint the cause. Lynlyn thanked her. She was then an intern at Pines Hospital. Now she works as a nurse overseas.

There was a Kalinga couple who just came from Saudi and asked help as well. After the healing session, they left money on the stool. It was the first time that a money donation was given. In the past, those she helped gave her sugar, bread, kamote, anything as long as it was good. That night, the voice and those she could see brought her trouble. She felt like they were rolling her, making her feel sick. The voice spoke, "*adi ka mënpabayad tay indawat da nan bendisyon mo* (do not accept money because they gave you that gift)." From then on, when someone asks for help and they leave an amount of cash, Emilia answers, "*Alaëm tay bakën sik-a lang nan ipugao* (take it back because you are not the only person)." Perhaps because of the pain she suffered, she could not afford to accept money, which would make her unable to help other people.

When it was her own daughter and son who needed her help, she could not directly say that it is this dead person who is causing your pain. According to the voice, when it comes to her own family, she has to say "*Kana auntie yo ay ginoo si* ... (name of the dead person) *nan nënkali kën sik-a*". The voice instructed her to always say "according to" someone, she could not directly say that the sickness was caused because of a certain spirit of the dead. If so, she would not be to heal them.

Up until this day, people still go to her. She is now 65 years old. Unfortunately because of old age, she limits her "*manpudto*" gift to one person a day, due to her weak body.

Tagibi

Narrated by Alma Willy
Documented by Sixto Talastas

Back then, the people of Tëtëp-an believed that when a couple has no daughter after years of marriage, they would borrow a daughter from their relatives and they would conceive a daughter soon after. The presence of the little girl would help, pressure, influence, and/or inspire the couple or invite the unseen spirits to help them conceive a baby girl.

Mrs. Alma Kedse Willy shared her personal experience as a child, with aunt Mayan Apolonia of Tëtëp-an, Sagada, Mountain Province, who was married to Mr. Dikman, an Ibaloy in Benguet. The couple had ten sons, but still no daughter.

One day, when she was around 5 years of age, her aunt Mayan and uncle Dikman came to their house and requested her parents that they borrow her to live with them for some time to help them conceive a baby girl. That time she could not understand why but she found herself suddenly living with her aunt's family. She was treated kindly but she recalled that she was always very homesick and she missed her mother and father very dearly that almost every day she would go to the road to wait for her parents to fetch her. But nobody came, not even once. After 4 to 5 months, her aunt and uncle felt sorry and pitied her, and so eventually brought her back home to her parents. Not long after, she would learn that her aunt gave birth to a baby girl.

It was one of the old beliefs of the elders in Tëtëp-an that is very hard to understand but she believes it because she experienced it herself.

The Touch of Lola Pëknay

Narrated by Marjorie Lictag
Documented by Marciana M. Balusdan

"Pëknay" in Ibaloy means "cannot walk or stand alone." My Lola Pëknay was 60 years old at the time when she left us. When she was still with us, she was called to be a "*man-idot ni ili* or *man-paanak*". Nowadays, this profession is known to be a midwife in the barangay. I much appreciated my lola because even though she did not go to school to learn her trade, she practiced the technology and science of helping mothers give birth to their babies. She knew her job well because God gave her the wisdom and talent to help mothers who could not afford to go to medical doctors, and also couples who were unable to, but wished to have a baby. Private cars would come to fetch her to bring her to other communities, just to perform her duties as a midwife.

I was born in Poblacion, Itogon, Benguet and I used to go to Virac, Itogon to visit my cousins. I was 25 years old and married at that time when my lola performed *hilot* on me. She just gave me a gentle touch and felt my pulse, then told me that I had two babies in my tummy. She advised me to go to a doctor specialist (Ob-Gyne) to make sure that my babies were well, because their pulses were so weak. Being a mother, I was excited to see my two babies. I was amazed how she knew that I had two little lives inside me. The following day I had to go for a check-up and, indeed, the ultrasound proved that I had two babies.

I was 5 months pregnant when I got a miscarriage. I remembered what my lola said, that the pulse rates of my babies were weak. Maybe it was because I had to travel every day to go to work. After one year, I was pregnant again, and I had my baby with the guidance of my lola. I do believe in the power of "*manghilot/manidot*" because even without going to school to learn the science and medical course of midwifery, they have this knowledge. God gave them this power to help others.

Sana May Oras ng Pagbisita sa Langit

Ni Hilarae Villena
Linang 2016

Tuwing naaalala ko ang paglalarawan ng aking ina kung gaano kabait ang aking lolo, natatagpuan ko ang aking sariling nangangarap na sana ay may panahon ng pagbisita sa kinaroroonan niya. Pagbisita na kahit isang oras lamang sa isang linggo o kahit minsan sa isang taon sa panahon ng bakasyon.

Tulad ng nagdaang araw, pinapangarap ko sa maraming pagkakataon ang aking pakikipag-usap sa kanya. Tinatanong ko kung paano niya pinalaki ang aking ina at kanyang kapatid. Bago ako pumunta doon, ipaghahanda ko siya ng mga paborito niyang pagkain. Babaunan ko siya ng abokado at lutong pagkain na nakalagay sa basket, at dadalhan ko siya ng kanyang damit. Hindi ko kakalimutan ang kanyang harmonica. Nais kong pakinggan kung paano siya tumugtog nito.

Kwento sa akin ni mama na magaling siyang magharmonica. Tuwing pasko na sila'y nagtitipon-tipon, binubuo nila ang banda ng pamilya. Kasama daw niyang mag-instrumental ang tatlo sa mga tito ko, may tutugtog ng gitara, bandurya at bass guitar. Gamit ni papa ang galon ng tubig na plastic bilang beatbox. Kakantahin niya ang paborito niyang "Blue Spanish Eyes."

Tuwing nagtitipon sila, nagluluto daw si lolo ng *pinikpikan* na sinamahan ng *kiniing*. Gumagawa siya ng burger mula sa puso ng saging, malunggay, sibuyas at bawang na tinadtad saka ipiprito. Magaling siyang magluto. Nagkakaroon daw sila ng ganitong pagdiriwang kung pasko, kasama ang buong pamilya.

Kung walang-wala talaga, dadalhan ko siya ng *bokarilyo* o di kaya ay *sinakob*. Gustung-gusto daw niya itong ulamin sa mainit na kanin. Ang bokarilyo ay minatamis na niyog at ang sinakob ay matamis mula sa tubo na nahulma sa bao ng niyog.

Kwento ng ate ko, noon daw ay si lolo ang *ag-aaba* sa kanila. Ito ay isang paraan ng pagbuhat ng bata sa likod gamit ang isang kumot na pangsuporta. Minsan sinasama pa sila ni lolo sa mga panahong may *watwat*. Ibinibigay sa matatanda ang hiniwang laman loob at ang *atey* (liver) ng baboy na kinatay. Ang pagbibigay ng *atey* sa matatanda ay tanda ng paggalang sa kanilang edad. Pero sa halip na siya ang kakain, ibinibigay niya ito sa kuya ko na noon ay bata pa lamang.

Sa tag-ulan, kuwento nila sa akin na nagluluto si lola ng sopas na itlog mula sa alaga niyang manok na may ginayat na sibuyas mula sa kanyang tanim sa bakuran o di kaya'y lugaw na may piniritong luya at bawang. Kahit walang karne ay masarap pampainit ng sikmura.

Sana mabigyan ako ng pagkakataon upang bisitahin si lolo. Kung bibigyan man ako, dadalhin ko lahat ng mga paborito niyang pagkain. Magkukwentuhan kami habang kakainin namin ang dinala kong pagkain. At kapag naubos ko na ang oras ng aking pagbisita, yayakapin ko siya nang mahigpit at magpapaalam. Sa aking pagbalik sa aming tahanan sasabihin ko kay lola ang kanyang pagkumusta.

Biyaya mula sa Diyos siguro kung mabigyan tayo ng isang oras sa isang araw, isang oras sa isang linggo, isang oras sa isang buwan at isang oras sa isang taon na bakasyon na makasama ang taong hindi nakapiling.

Through Thick And Thin

By Jane C. Mata

Consing had felt this pain before. It was so familiar. The familiarity of that pain made her heart beat so fast. It made her pray with tears to Adikaila to make it stop. It made her beg and say, "Please Lord, not again... Please give us the chance to become parents."

Before she finished her prayer, she felt a kick in belly then a thick warm liquid started to flow between her legs. Her greatest fear happened again. She called for her husband Diego. As she shouted her husband's name, a mass the size of her fist came out. She cried out in pain.

Diego came rushing to his wife's rescue. With his soft and husky voice, he said to his petite wife, "What's wrong, baket?" He gently stroked his wife's thick long black hair.

Consing could not say a word because of her continuous sobbing. She just kept on caressing her tummy. It was then that Diego realized what had just happened. Diego's fair face grew whiter. His expression was filled with disappointment.

Who would not be disappointed? It was the second miscarriage that Consing had since their marriage three years ago. Despite that tragedy, Diego gathered the last of this strength, as he was tired from cleaning their uma. He carried his wife up to the mountain top where their shanty was located. He was careful enough not to hurt Consing, who was still in pain due to the miscarriage of their second child.

After what seemed to be the longest walk of his life, Diego was thankful that they had reached their abode. Immediately he lit their dappo and heated water for cleansing his wife. He helped his wife change and called for Linda, the manghihilot in their barangay. Diego called for Linda to help them with the proper way of caring for Consing.

"It is very unfortunate that this had happened again. I am sorry for your loss," Linda said to Diego while they were on their way to see Consing.

Diego said, "It is true, auntie. I am already losing hope of having a child. Will Adikaila have mercy on us and give us a child?"

"Don't lose hope. I have heard of a couple like you who did not have a child and had the same experience as Consing, who had several miscarriages. They

went to seek the help of Lakay Dulagan, a manbunong in our barangay. Why don't you try?" Linda said.

"Thank you for giving us hope. I am going to call for him right after I accompany you to Consing so there will be an elder to oversee the burial of our alis," Diego said sadly.

Diego went to see Lakay Dulagan while Linda was taking care of Consing. As he approached the hill where the house of the Lakay Dulagan was located, he saw the old man smoking his pipe as he sat in front of his shanty. Tired as he was, Diego managed to climb up the hill. He spoke to Lakay Dulagan, expressing his concern on the burial of their alis. Immediately the manbunong got his cane made of wood taken from the mountains of Bua.

In no time Diego and Lakay Dulagan reached the house of Diego. Consing was there lying on their bed while Linda was giving her a sponge bath. Diego immediately approached his wife for he knew his wife dearly needed his support at that moment. When they were seated, Lakay Dulagan gave instructions on the burial of their lost child. The couple were instructed to bury their alis near their house where the downspout of their house is located.

Sanib

Ni Maribel G. Ballangan

Maalalim na ang gabi noon ngunit hindi pa rin dinadatnan ng antok si Jeffrey, na mag-isa sa kanilang sala. Hindi niya alam kung excited lang siya sa biyahe nila kinabukasan o mayroon pang ibang dahilan.

Ika-4 na nang umaga nang umalis silang magkakapamilya. Kailangan nilang maaga sa biyahe dahil anim na oras ang kanilang bubunuin papuntang Bolinao. Doon nila gustong ipagdiwang ang kaarawan ng panganay niya.

Magtatanghali na nang nakarating silang mag-anak sa Bolinao. Lahat ay excited pumunta sa beach. Ngunit sinabi ng biyenan ni Jeffrey na bukas na lang, dahil sa nangyari kanina. Nabangga kasi ang sasakyan nina Jeffrey habang papunta sila sa Bolinao.

Mag-aalas nuwebe ng gabi nang makatanggap ng isang text message si Jeffrey sa kanyang cellphone na nagsasabing "Tol, haan ka mabibigla. Awanen ni ading tayo nga Jerry!" (Kapatid, huwag kang mabibigla. Wala na ang ating kapatid na si Jerry) Umiyak siya ngunit hindi siya naniniwala.

Gusto na niyang umuwi nang gabing iyon ngunit pinigilan siya ng kanyang biyenan "Aguray pay, maymayat nga ag-inana ka pay ta ni, nabannog ka nga nagmaneho, ken narigat karkaro ta nakabangga ka tattay. Basta kontakem lata pay dagita kakabsat mo no kasano idiay." (Teka, mas mainam na magpahinga ka muna, kasi napagod ka sa pagmamaneho, mahirap na lalo't nakabangga ka pa kanina. Basta kontakin mo lang ang mga kapatid kung paano na doon.) Sinunod naman ni Jeffrey ang payo ng kanyang biyenan.

Kinabukasan ay agad na silang naghanda pauwi. Hindi na pinayagan si Jeffrey na magmaneho. Ipinamaneho na lang sa kasama nila. Pagdating sa kanilang bahay, deretso sila sa bahay nila sa Camanggaan. Masakit sa kalooban ni Jeffrey ang nangyari, na madatnan niya ang kanyang kapatid na nasa kabaong na. Masaya silang naghiwalay noon lang nakaraang linggo. Wala siyang nagawa kundi ang umiyak at maniwala na lang na totoo nga ang nangyari.

Para sa mga pulis, sarado na ang kaso dahil wala namang nawala sa kanyang mga gamit. Ayon sa imbestigasyon ng mga pulis, si Jerry ay nagpakamatay. Siguro'y mayroon siyang mabigat na problema na hindi niya malutas kaya siya nagpakamatay. May nagreport na nakita nilang nakabitin na siya sa pintuan ng kanyang kampo. Ngunit para sa pamilya, hindi sila naniniwala na magagawa ito ng kanilang bunsong kapatid.

Dumating ang mga nakilamay mula sa Bangad, isang barangay sa Tinglayan, Kalinga. Lahat sila ay hindi rin naniniwala na magagawa iyon ni Jerry.

Bago maihatid si Jerry sa huling hantungan ay nagsagawa ang mga matatandang kababaihan ng isang ritwal. Gamit ang mga putol na kahoy at isang tabla, kanilang pinagtulungang tawagin ang ispiritu ni Jerry. "Pog, pak, pog, pak" parang tunog ng nagbabayo, kasama ng kanilang iyak na may dalamhati, "Jerryyyy!!!! Fumangon ah! Ifakam nu sinon nangwan si-ah." (Jerry, bumangon ka! Sabihin mo ang tunay na nangyari sa 'yo) Lahat ay tahimik at umiiyak na pinakikinggan ang sinasabi ng mga ito. "Hooo!! Jerry!!! Ifakam nu sinon nah-wan si-ah ta nu sinon nah-wah si-ah sija met laeng mah-wah sija" (Kung ano ang ginawa nila sa iyo, ganoon din ang mangyayari sa kanila.)

Inilibing si Jerry sa tabi ng puntod ng kanilang ama.

Pagkalibing kay Jerry ay agad na nagpulong silang magkakapatid upang gawin ang hakbang na nararapat. May nagsabi na ipapa-autopsy nila ulit ang kanyang bangkay. May isa ring nagsabing ipapakonsulta nila sa NBI.

Umuwi sina Jeffrey sa kanilang lugar ngunit dumiretso sila sa bahay ng kanyang mga biyenan. Sa loob ng bahay ay naabutan nila ang biyenan niyang babae at si Auntie Aurora, isang matandang babaeng nagpapataya ng jueteng. Tahimik si Auntie Aurora sa isang sulok habang nagkukuwentuhan ang iba. Inihatid ni Jeffrey ang kanilang mga kasama sa Baguio samantalang naiwan ang kanyang asawa at mga anak sa bahay ng kanyang biyenan.

Kinausap ni Auntie Aurora ang asawa ni Jeffrey at nagulat ito sa ikinuwento ni Auntie Aurora tungkol sa nangyari sa kanyang bayaw na si Jerry. Tumayo ang kanyang mga balahibo dahil hindi naman kakilala ni Auntie Aurora ang namatay. Sinabi ni Auntie Aurora na kasama nina Jeffrey na dumating sa bahay si Jerry. Nakikiusap na kung pwedeng pumasok siya sa katawan ni Auntie Aurora, ngunit linabanan niya ito. Tanging nasabi ni Auntie Aurora bago ito umalis ng bahay na ipinaki-usap daw ni Jerry na itigil na nilang magkakapatid ang pag-iimbestiga dahil gagastos lang sila nang malaki. Haayan na lang daw nila dahil sisingilin na lang daw sila ng tamang panahon.

Habang nagkukuwento si Auntie Aurora ay pinuntahan naman ng magkakapatid si Judith, mga edad 28 lang at mayroon kakaibang kakayahan tulad ni Auntie Aurora. Pumayag si Judith na tulungan sila sa pamamagitan ng pagpunta nila sa pinangyarihan ng krimen.

Pagdating nila doon, agad nakita ni Judith ang ispiritu ni Jerry kasama ang naiwang aso sa kanyang kampo. Ayon kay Judith, tuwang-tuwa daw si Jerry na kumakaway. Agad sinimulan ni Judith ang kanyang trabaho. Pinalabas niya silang lahat maliban kay Jeffrey na siyang makikinig sa lahat.

"Tallo da nga agkakadwa, tomboy diay maysa, nag-inom da pay idiay ruwar ti gate santo da inmunëg ditoy pina-ununana da diay maysa, tulagan da nga agtext ton nu mabartëk na ni ading mo. Nagdala isuna ti arak nga inmunëg tapnu ag-inom da ken ading mo. Nagtugaw da ditoy nga banda, dita left ni ading mo dita right. Idi tinmakdër ni ading mo nga mapan inmisbo nagkabil diay kainuman na ti agas nga pampaturog idiay baso ni ading mo. Idi nakita diay kainuman ni ading mo nga tinmalabën diay agas nga ininum ni ading intext nan dagidiay kakadwa na ket inmunëg dan. Ta dakkël ni ading mo inguyod da isuna isunga ada sugat na diay saka na. Pinaida da isuna santo da pinagay-ayaman isuna, ada ti impakan da kanyana. Haan nga normal dagitoy nga tatao tani pirme ti inkasta da kën ading mo. Daytoy nga tao ada ti dakkël nga apal na kën ading mo. Ada ti dakkël nga sindikato nga nakasaliaan ni ading mo ket maapapal ni daytoy nga lalaki kën ading mo isunga kastoy ti inkasta da kanyana. Idi nalpas da nga inaramid daytoy kën ading mo këthough nagala da galot inbitin da isuna ditoy ruwangan. Tapno rumwar nga nagpakamatay ni ading mo, lininisan da amin nga inusar da, diay cellphone ni ading mo kinuti da kët inerase da amin nga text messages da, inkabil da amin nga inusar iti black nga bag, inbëllëng da idiay likod."

Narinig ni Jeffrey ang lahat, hindi siya makapaniwala. Ngunit sa isang banda ay napanatag din ang kanyang loob dahil hindi siya nagpakamatay.

Hindi pa rin pala nagtatapos doon. Nag-umpisa na ang nobena noon nang dumating ang pinsan nila mula sa Batuang. Nasabi niya na nakikiusap daw ang ispiritu ni Jerry na saniban siya dahil mayroon siyang gustong sabihin sa kanilang mga naiwan. Pumayag siya upang sa ganoon ay matahimik na rin ang kanyang kaluluwa.

Ikatlong araw ng nobena noon nang sumanib ang kaluluwa ni Jerry sa katawan ng kanyang pinsan. Nakipag-usap nga siya sa kanyang mga kapatid at ina. Iyak nang iyak ang kanyang ina habang ikinuwento ni Jerry ang tunay na nangyari. Pinangalanan din niya kung sino ang gumawa nito sa kanya at kanyang hiniling na kung matapos ang nobena ay umuwi sila sa Bangad upang magsagawa sila ng ritwal para sa kanya. Bago umalis sa katawan ng kanyang pinsan ay nasabi niyang magkasama sila ng kanyang ama. Pagod na pagod ang kanyang pinsan, hilong-hilo nang matapos. Pinilit nila itong

gisingin at tawagin ang kanyang pangalan.

Napansin ng batang si Gareth na mayroong sumusunod sa kanilang dalawang ibon. Naniniwala ang mga Kalinga na ginagamit ng mga kaluluwa ng mga namatay ang mga hayop. Napagtanto nilang sumusunod ang mga ispiritu nina Jerry at ang kanilang ama papunta sa Kalinga.

Sumanib ulit si Jerry sa kanilang pinsan pagdating sa Bangad. Hiniling niya sa kanyang mga kapatid at ina na kung pwede ay hayaan na lang, may Diyos namang huhusga sa kanila pagdating ng araw. Ngunit ayaw ng kanilang ina. Tahimik lang ito at halatang hindi siya makakapayag.

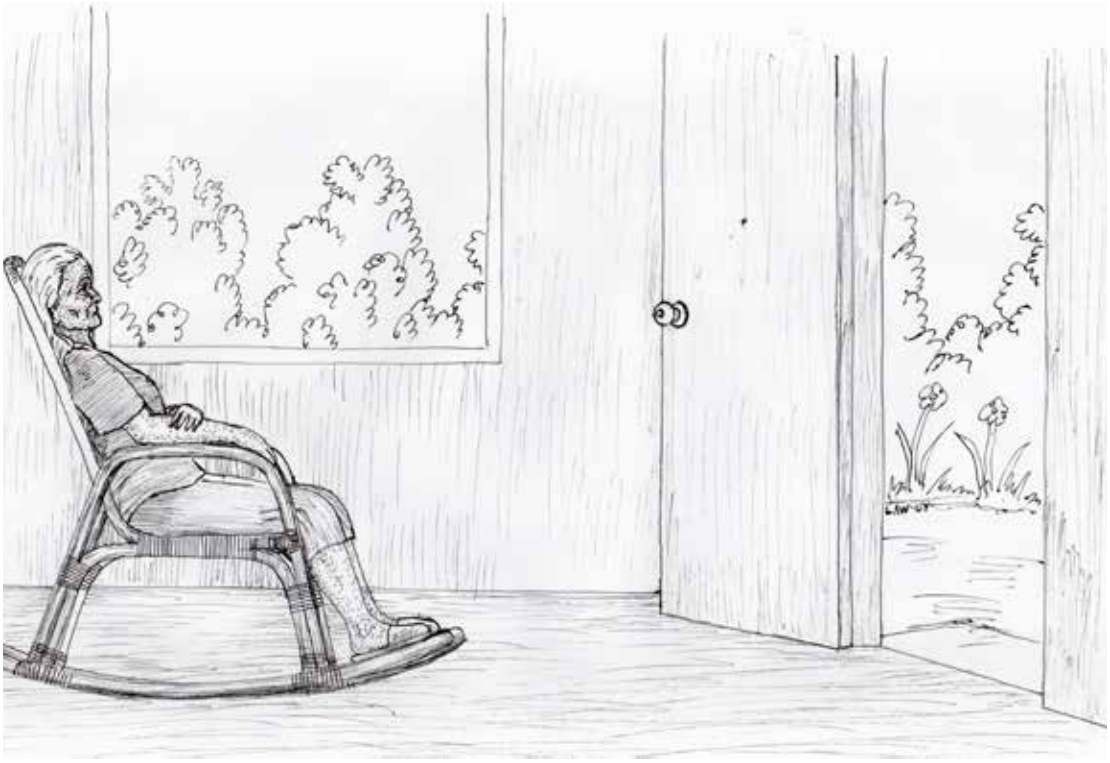
Kinabukasan ay naikuwento nila sa matatanda ang nangyari. Nasabi ng matandang lalaki na tiyuhin ng nanay nila na pumunta sila sa bahay niya. Pagdating nila sa kanyang bahay ay nakatay na ang isang manok na kanilang pagsasaluhan matapos ang ritwal. Sa ritwal, may limang bato na dinasalan ng matandang lalaki. Pinagpatung-patong niya at dinasalan ang mga ito, at agad niyang pinatumba ang mga bato pagkatapos ng kanyang ritwal. Doon lamang nila nakita na naging panatag na ang kalooban ng kanilang ina pagkatapos ng ritwal.

Ang huling pagsanib ni Jerry sa kanilang pinsang babae ay noong nakauwi na sila mula sa Bangad. Sinabi niyang "apan kamin mëttën tani nalpas mëttën diay dawat kon, haan kayo nga agdanag ta sumurotak ken Papa" na nakangiti.

Ito ay totoong nangyari ayon sa nasaksihan ng may katha.

Buhay ng isang lola sa ika-90 niyang kaarawan

Ni Hilarae Villena



Mula umaga hanggang hapon nakaupo siya sa kanyang lumang upuang rattan na nakaharap sa pintuang bubuksan niya mula pagsikat ng araw. Doon siya nakapwesto sa buong maghapon, tila ba nag-aabang sa sinumang dumating sa kanyang siyam na anak o di kaya'y isa sa mahigit isang daang apo at apo sa tuhod na magbibigay sa kanya ng tinapay na ikakape o lutong ulam para sa kanyang agahan o pananghalian.

May kanya-kanya nang pamilya ang mga anak.May dalawa siyang anak na kapitbahay ngunit mas gusto niyang manirahan sa kanilang lumang bahay.

Isa na lamang ang anak na kapitbahay sapagkat ang ikaapat na anak at inaasahang titingin sana sa kanya'y nauna namang sumalangit ang kaluluwa.

Malayo naman ang bahay ng ibang anak sa kanya.

”Nakasaing na ako,” bungad niya sa anak tuwing mapapasaglit sa kanya.

Hindi umaasa si lola sa kanyang anak at apo. Sinisikap niyang pagsilbihan ang sarili ngunit dumating din ang araw na kusa niyang sinabi na hindi na siya makapaglalaba. Hudyat na iyon ng hindi na niya kayang gawin ang mga nakagawiang trabaho.Pero nagwawalis pa rin.Hindi lang siguro matanggap ang paghina ng katawan.

“Pinagdarasal kong kunin na rin ako ng Diyos... ayaw kong maging pabigat sa iyo,” minsan ay sinabi sa anak na guro.

Mag-isa lamang ni lola sa kanyang lumang bahay. Mula nang umalis ang kanyang apong inalagaan,mas pinili niyang mapag-isa. Gusto niyang tahimik ang kanyang maghapon.
Maagang gumigising si lola, akalain mong may pupuntahan siya. Nakikisabay sa kanyang mga apo na naghahandang pumasok sa paaralan.

Dangan kasi siya ang tumayong nanay ng kanyang limang kapatid, noon pang panahon ng Hapon sa Pilipinas.Ipinanganak pala si Lola Mingging noong ika-6,1926 sa Pozurrubio,Pangasinan,Ilokanang nakapag-asawa ng isang Kankanaey na si Lolo Rogelio “Matso” Jimenez.

Ayon kay lola grade one lang ang inabot niya sa pag-aaral. Hindi palakain ng karne,mas gusto niya ang isda at mga gulay at prutas na inaani niya sa sarili niyang *uma*. Hindi palainom ng timpladong inumin. Hindi rin mahilig sa maalat na timpla. Kahit ngayon mas gusto niya ang mga talbos ng kamote na nakukuha sa bakuran.

Araw-araw,maagang binubuksan ni lola ang mga bintana ng bahay,lalo na ang mga pintuan. Naniniwala siyang sa pamamagitan nito ay pumasok ang biyaya.

Pagkagising kukunin niya ang kanyang paboritong tungkod na *kallas* na pinakuha sa bundok sa kanyang ikaanim na anak na lalaki. May makabago siyang tungkod na binili para makapit dahil sa gomang nakakabit dito pero mas gusto niya yong *kallas* dahil mahaba daw ito. Pagkatayo dahan-dahang maglakad kukunin ang arenola upang maitapon ang laman nito sa palikuran. Sumunod, magsasaing kahit may luto pang kanin.

‘Kung may biglang dumating sa aking mga anak, may kakainin siya,” pagpapalagay niya. “Ang tatang pa ninyo, hindi ninyo alam bumibisita din siya,”paniniwala niya.

Magtitimpla siya ng kanyang kape...hindi lamang para sa kanya.Laging dalawang tasa ang hinahanda para sa kape. Para daw kay tatang ang isa.

Pupuwesto sa kanyang lumang rattan na upuan. Bubuksan ang kanyang radyong de baterya. Pakikinggan ang paborito niyang drama. Lalo siyang maselan sa ulam ngayon,ayaw niya sa mga lamang dagat.Mas gusto niyang *maglabay* o maglagay ng kanin sa tinimplang inumin. Iyon na ang kanyang agahan o kaya’y pananghalian.

“May pahayagan ba kayo?” paminsan-minsang paghahanap ni lola. Pang-iba niya marahil sa nakagawian ng mata niya na maliliit na titik ng Bibliya na kanyang binabasa. Oo, nagbabasa pa si lola ng pocket book na sinulat sa Filipino.

Madalas pauwi pa lamang kami mula paaralan,nakapaghapunan na siya kung kaya’t ang naihahatid na ulam ay para sa agahan na niya.
Maaga siyang natutulog, nag-iingay pa ang kapitbahay nakahiga na siya. Marahil dulot ng pagod sa buong maghapong pagkakaupo sa upuang rattan... nag-aabang...umaasa sa pagdalaw ng sinoman sa mga anak ngunit natapos ang araw na muli siyang bigo.

Mangyari man siguro ang pagdalaw ng ilan sa mga anak pero minsan sa isang buwan lamang at sabay sabay dumating sabay sabay din umaalis tuloy nakalimutan na niya ang pangalan ng kung sino-sino sa kanila maliban sa tatlong anak na malapit ang bahay sa kanya na kahit papaano’y nakakasaglit.

Araw-araw, sa paghihintay sa pagsikat ng araw...hanggang sa paglubog nitong muli, sumasabay din siya sa pagdasal sa pagbubukas ng paborito niyang istasyon...pakikinggan niya ang balita...balitaktakan...drama...at ang dasal sa ikaanim ng hapon bago mahiga at muling magpalipas ng gabi. At maghintay ng umaga...kung gigisingin pa siya ng Panginoon... at muling maghintay.

Remembering Bakët Gudanay

Narrated by Mr. Julio Fangki
Documented by M.E. Regpala

I was born in Miners' Side, Tram, Itogon, Benguet, and have stayed in the place with my parents and siblings up to the present. My own family also lived in the place. When my daughter was a young girl she had an unexplainable health condition. For some days she had muscular and joint paints and was feeling very weak. For days, this was her condition despite the medicine that we gave her. We were very worried so we decided to bring her to a doctor. The doctor examined her and conducted many tests, but could not find anything wrong with her. So, the doctor sent her home.

Later, we found out that even before we went to the doctor, my mother thought of consulting *Bakët* Gudanay, a *mansip-ok* or diviner and healer. She wanted to ask her what was wrong with my daughter, and what could be done to cure her illness. But we had already left to see the doctor before she could inform us of her suggestion. As soon as we arrived home, we prepared to visit *Bakët* Gudanay.

We told *Bakët* Gudanay of what happened to our daughter. She said that our daughter accidentally harmed an Unseen Spirit when she was playing. She said that it would be good to give an offering of food at the place where my daughter was playing. Later, *Bakët* also applied coconut oil on the entire body of my daughter and blew breaths of air on the top of my daughter's head. After this we went home. The following morning my daughter was healed of her aches and pains and regained her strength.

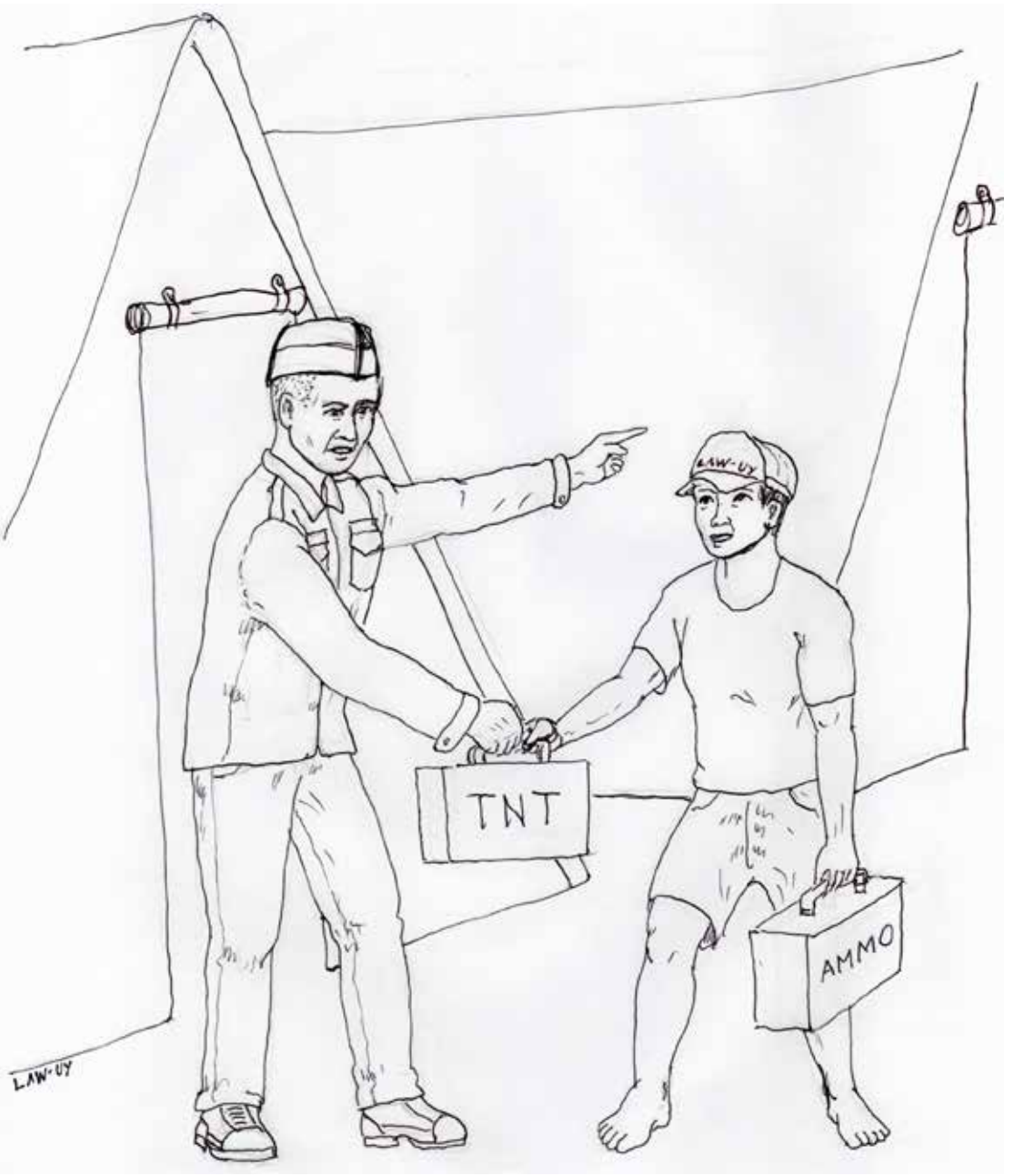
Bakët Gudanay was well known in our place as a respected and effective *mansip-ok*. She was consulted on personal and family problems and crises that could not be solved by the community people. Elders in the area say that *Bakët* was from Bontoc, Mt. Province.

Other elders say that *Bakët* was also the guardian of the *bobon*, a spring in the area. She was the one who performed the annual offering to the guardian nature spirit of the spring, so that the spring will not dry up in summer. Each year she would collect donations from the people who fetched water from the spring to buy a chicken as ritual offering. There were times that Bakët was joined by one or more elders in performing the ritual offering. But, most of the time she was alone. They chanted prayers asking God`s help and blessing for the success of the ritual offering. On the day that the ritual offering and prayers were being performed, the people were prohibited from fetching water from the spring.

Bakët would tie a *pudong* or runo grass signs around the perimeter of the springs as warning signs for people not to enter and disturb the area of the spring. *Bakët* has joined her creator, but to this day the *bobon* or spring continues to provide water for the people in the place.

Surviving the Wars

By Jane C. Mata



"Attention!" the station commander of the Filipino-American soldiers shouted to call the attention of the soldiers. "Soldiers, pack up your things.

Re-enforcement in Itogon, Benguet is needed. We will leave at 300 hours tomorrow understood?"

"Sir, yes, sir!" the soldiers answered in unison. Thus, the Filipino and American soldiers from Cervantes, Ilocos Sur started to pack their things. They were told that re-enforcement in Itogon, Benguet was needed badly since the Japanese soldiers already invaded that area.

Pedro, a young Igorot in his early twenties, was delighted to hear the news. He served as a runner for the Filipino-American soldiers. Though he was hard of hearing, it was compensated well by his strong physique, average height and fast speed. These were useful in his task to deliver messages, bullets and others supplies that the soldiers needed. He was a mestizo since his great grandfather was a Spaniard.

The idea of migrating to Tuding, Itogon was a good one. Pedro was told by his first cousin, Padaco, that the Japs in Tuding were friendlier than those in Comillas. Because of Pedro's awful experiences with the Japs in his hometown, he readily believed it. He had witnessed the Japs murder the mother of his wife after treating the poor woman like a pig.

He felt relief when the soldiers said they were about to leave in a few days' time. Though he was ready to start the journey, his heart was full of fear and he had butterflies in his stomach. This was because he knew that they would be passing through the Dalton Pass by foot and anytime, they could be ambushed by the Japs on their way. He felt anxious especially as he was bringing along his wife and his two year old son, William, on their journey.

Bothered with all of these concerns, Pedro set off with the troop and started to travel by foot. He pitied his wife Adela who was a small and thin woman. However, he was proud that his wife was courageous enough to be with him in this journey.

While traveling along the Dalton Pass, there was an exchange of fire between the Filipino-American soldiers and the Japs. Suddenly Pedro's greatest fear came. He was tasked to go back to Comillas to run for bullet supplies and medicines, and to carry an important message. The only thing he could do was to pray to Kabunyan for guidance and protection especially for his wife and child.

There were times when his child cried during the long and seemingly endless journey. His heart broke to see his wife and child suffer the atrocities of the war. How he wished this war would end soon.

To pacify his pain, he thought of the future. He focused on what awaited them in Tuding. While thinking about building his house, the troop leader announced that they had reached Baguio already. It felt like a thorn was removed from his heart. Baguio is very near Tuding he said to himself. "Just a few more kilometers and we will be there," he said to Adela who was so haggard. A beam of hope lit the face of his wife who is carrying their sleeping son in an *uban*.

Reaching Tuding was like reaching salvation. There, he was met by his cousin Padaco and Padaco's family. They were hospitable as they offered their shanty and prepared pinikpikan and boiled camote for supper. They allowed Pedro to build his own house in a parcel of lot adjacent to their house. It was a customary practice to allow other people to settle in the place if they had nowhere to go.

Pedro was so inspired that at the break of dawn he was already cleaning the area where he would build a home for his family. His wife was with him and although she seemed frail and weak, she was quick and strong in clearing the *kamaelaw* (native sunflowers) and grasses. In no time, the trees were cut down. Pedro saved the big ones for posts and the branches for fire wood. In a few days' time, he had already built a house with the help of his cousin.

Pedro and Adela were determined to survive in this new community. They struggled to stay alive despite the war. Though Pedro was still active in service as a runner, he managed to help his wife find a space for their *uma* or swidden farm. It was Likayan, the wife of Padaco, who invited them to Calbonan to start their own *uma*.

After some time, Pedro was called to duty. Adela courageously kept working in their *uma* at Calbonan. She planted different kinds of legumes and root crops. One day while she was harvesting, some Japs came along and begged for food. Shivering with fear, she handed over a basket full of harvested root crops. It was good that Likayan was also there with her that time.

The women rushed to their homes after getting some root crops for their families. Adela was nervously telling of her encounter with the Japs when her husband told her that the Japs had already surrendered. The war was

at an end and there will be peace at last. Pedro would not have to leave his family so often.

The end of the war gave the couple more inspiration to build another *uma* in Bay-o and another in Daykong.

One day, Pedro got his canteen and filled it with native *barako* coffee. He packed some camote and got ready to clean his *uma* in Bay-o. He was energetic because of the end of the war. He was about to cut the grasses when he noticed the back of a man in a makeshift camp in the midst of tall runo reeds. He was taken aback when he saw that it was a Japanese soldier. Thinking that he would be dead if this soldier caught him, he turned away very slowly. But he stepped on a branch creating a sound that broke the deafening silence. He prayed to Kabunyan and the *ap-apo*, the spirits of his ancestors, to save him. But then he realized something was wrong. The Jap had not moved one bit. He went closer slowly to check on the Jap. It was then that he realized that the Jap may have died one or two days ago. The fear was replaced with pity when he saw the face of the Jap. With the looks of the Jap, he realized that the soldier had died of hunger. He gathered his strength, closed the eyes of the soldier, dug a grave and offered a prayer after burying the dead.

A few days after that incident, Pedro learned that they were near the house which was used by the Japs as their hideout or office. He came to know that this was the house of his neighbor Guilodan in the sitio of Trail. Tunnels was built under the house which still exist to this day. With this knowledge, the terrors that the war brought to him and his family suddenly flowed in his veins. He thought of terrifying things that could have happened if the Japs knew of his existence as a soldier serving under the Filipino-American troops. He shook his head to drive away those thoughts and calmed himself because the Japs already surrendered anyway.

Although the war had ended now, another war was being fought. It was the war to survive, Pedro said to himself. He continued to maintain his three *uma* with the help of his wife and neighbors. He was smart enough to observe that when the rainfall was heavy and created small streams or *nangewang*, it was the start of the planting season. Thus, in preparation, he and his wife cleared an area of weeds before burning to avoid *legab* or a big fire from spreading to the *uma* of their neighbor. With his hand-made tools, *suan* and *sanggap*, they tilled their *uma* and planted different kinds of legumes and root crops. They knew that they had to start planting before the strong

rains came to make sure that their plants survive. They patiently waited for the 3 months of storms to pass. They awaited the coming of the kiling bird, which signified the end of the rainy season. After the rainy season, the land would start to dry up and crack which signalled that the camote and cassava they had planted were now ready for harvesting.

Adela happily invited her neighbors who were also struggling to feed their children to dig up the rootcrops. They shared their labor in *binnadang* where they did not ask for wages. Rather they were happy to bring home to their families some of the root crops. Despite the number of people sharing the fruitful harvest, a lot of root crops were still left for Pedro and Adela's family to consume.

Through the years, Pedro learned to preserve food for his family. He learned the art of preserving camote by making buko. He was patient in peeling, slicing and drying his root crops. Together, they kept the extra root crops for the rainy season. In times when the rice supply was insufficient, they brought out the buko and pounded them carefully in the handmade mortar and pestle. Pedro creatively made all these things for his family. Pedro was also good at preparing traps to catch the *banyas* for food. And they had learned to preserve meat called *kiniing* which they smoked above the fireplace.

Years later, Adela conceived their second child, a lovely girl. However, they were a little worried because their little girl was sickly. After three years, she bore a boy, their third child.

As the family grew, Pedro was challenged to work harder. He worked and worked and even stayed in the uma until 1 to 2 am as long as the moon was shining bright. He seemed not to get tired at all.

However, trials seemed to be inevitable. He was devastated when his second child died of illness. Seemingly the hopes and promises of the future were slowly crumbling. Thus, life seemed to go back to the struggles back then. One day he was seated alone, losing hope, when a neighbor came rushing, calling his name happily. His neighbor said, "Pedro, come with me tomorrow, we will go to the *munisipyo*. I have enlisted your name as one among the *camaneros* of Itogon."

Pedro was surprised. He could not believe it. When his name was called to sign his contract he could not move. It was because he was so ashamed. He

felt small because he could not write his name. But his *kapatas* smiled and directed him to put his thumb mark on the piece of paper. When he placed his thumb mark, he saw the beginning of a bright future.

While he was serving as camanero in Itogon, rumors were spreading that the Japs had left treasures. He just shrugged his shoulders because as the elders said, there were ghosts who looked after these treasures and that only those who have been chosen by the ghosts could find the treasure. He once spoke of this to his wife but his wife said, "We do not need treasure to survive, all we need is our diligence and patience. The *adin kaila* or unseen spirit will bless us if we are doing what is right." Since he agreed with his wife, he continued to do what he could to help his family survive after the war.

One day, on his way to clean along the road going to the *munisipyo*, a blackbird crossed Pedro's path and entered a cave near the *bubon* in Trail. He did not pay any attention because he was not superstitious. The next day, the bird crossed his path again. "What are you trying to tell me?" he asked the bird, as if the bird could understand his words. He followed the bird inside the tunnel. He saw black drums where the bird led him. He tried to move those drums but they were too heavy. Since it was not his habit to touch something he did not own, he left the tunnel. A few days after that incident, he saw some foreigners who looked like Japanese entering that tunnel. In time, he came to know that the black drums contained gold coins.

He suddenly felt regret that he did not try to open the drums. He told of the sad fate to his wife but his wife appeased him by saying, "maybe the *adin kaila* has plans for us for he did not show us the gold. He wanted us to learn patience, diligence and humility. Anyway, we eat three times a day. We have our *uma*, our home, and you have a job. What more do you want?"

He was humbled by the philosophy of his wife that living in simplicity with contentment meant happiness. His wife was right after all. As long as they were living a decent life, he did not need to ask for more.

Tatak-isip

Ni Eirene Balacdao

Naaalala ko pa ang lahat ng mga nangyari noong ako'y bata pa: karahasan, kahirapan, sakitan, at lalong-lalo na ang digmaan. Tahimik kaming naninirahan sa Alilem, Ilocos Sur. Walang kaguluhan kundi kapayapaan. Lahat kami ay nagkakaisa't nagtutulungan upang matugunan ang pangangailangan ng bawat isa kahit hindi man kami magkadugo. Sabi noon sa amin ni inay, "Ang pagtulong sa kapwa ay mahalaga at dapat itong gawin ng walang pag-aalinlangan."

Sa tuwing naaalala ko iyon ay napapangiti ako.

Tuwing may kasalan, napapansin kong lagi na lamang may mga inihahandog sa dalawang nag-iisang dibdib tulad ng tatlo o apat na baboy. Hindi ko na mabilang kung ilan, pero ito ang nakagawian dito sa amin. Parang ganito rin kapag may namatay.

Ipinaliwanag sa amin ni tatay ang mga hindi namin maintindihan. Kapag ang taong namatay ay mayroong *cañao*, dito ibinabase ang bilang ng araw bago ang libing. Ano ba ang *cañao*? Ito ay isang pasasalamat para mapakain ang mga kamag-anak. Sa aming dinadaluhan, may mga sumasayaw.

Nakabibighani at kahanga-hanga ang kanilang mga galaw at pati na ako at ng aking mga kapatid ay napapaindak na rin.

Ang tawag sa mga lalaking mananayaw ay *Manayaw*, habang ang mga babae naman ay *Manadong*. Sabi ng mga nakatatanda, ang sayaw nila ay parang mga naghahabulang manok. Natatawa ako sa mga ito pero ang paborito ko sa lahat ay tuwing kakatayin na ang mga baboy dahil nag-uunahan kaming mga bata na kunin ang buntot nito.

Kaysarap naman ng buhay noon.

Pero lahat ay nagbago nang may dumating na hindi namin inaasahan.

Sinakop ng mga Hapon ang aming lugar. Sila'y mababangis at nakakatakot, walang awang pinagpapatay ang mga tao at ninakaw ang lahat ng pinaghirapan naming anihin. Mga alagang hayop ay kanilang pinatay, kinatay at kinain. Pinahirapan din ang mga tao.

Nakita ko ang kanilang ginawa. Napakasaklap.

May sinabi si inay noon na may darating na tutulong sa amin. Kailangan lang naming maghintay.

Parang ayaw kong paniwalaan ang mga sinabi niya dahil nawalan na ako ng pag-asa. Akala ko'y mamamatay kami tulad ng nangyari sa iba. Naghalo ang kaba, takot at lungkot sa akin, pero naisip ko, kahit na ganito ang aming sitwasyon, buo pa rin kaming pamilya.

At iyon ang nagpanatili sa amin para maging masaya.

Dumaan ang ilang araw, at mayroon na namang dumating sa aming lugar, ang mga Amerikano. Sila'y iba sa mga Hapon. Akala namin ay sasakupin din nila kami ngunit iba ang nangyari.

Nagsimula na ang aming kinatatakutan.

Ang ikalawang digmaan.

Habang ito'y nangyayari ay tumakas na kami. Pumasok kami sa isang butas sa ilalim ng lupa na tinawag ng mga kapatid ko na hideout. Ang aming ama ay sumama sa digmaan. Hindi ko napigilan ang umiyak at pakiusapan siyang huwag na lamang sumama. Ayaw naming mawalan ng ama.

Ngunit ang sabi niya, "Kahit mamatay man ako, ito ay para sa ating bansa at para sa lahat. Lalong-lalo na sa inyo."

Paulit-ulit na umiikot sa aking isipan ang mga salita ni tatay. Naiintindihan ko ang gusto niyang iparating pero natakot pa rin ako. Ayokong mamatay siya. Ayoko na ang uuwi lamang sa amin ay ang malamig na niyang bangkay.

Ayoko.

Habang patuloy ang digmaan, nasa loob pa rin kami ng hideout at tanging ang kandila lamang ang nagsisilbing ilaw namin. Wala na kaming pagkain. Nasira rin lahat ng mga ani at pananim dahil sa digmaan. Kung kami ay nagugutom, kamote lang ang kinakain namin. Araw-gabi, tinitipid namin ito. Pinaghahatian para may pagkain ang lahat. Kapag ubos na ito, may isa sa aming lalabas ng hideout upang kumuha ng mga nagkalat na kamote. Ganito ang aming ginawa para mabuhay.

Nang natapos na ang digmaan, hindi kami lumabas kaagad. Naghintay muna kami nang kaunti. Nang lalabas na sana kami ay may biglang pumasok. Nataranta kami at iniutos ni inay na pumunta kaming lahat sa kaniyang likuran at magtago sa pinakaloob. Kitang-kita ko ang kaba at takot niya pero ginawa niya ang lahat para sa amin.

Nang aming nasilayan ang taong pumasok, napalitan ng tuwa ang aming takot sapagkat ang dumating ay ang aming pinakamamahal na tatay. Masayang masaya ako at kumpleto na ulit kami.

Iyon ang aking karanasan. Habang ako'y lumalaki, nagkakaproblema ako na nasusolusyonan rin naman sa tulong ng aking pamilya.

Ang mga magulang ko ay namatay na. Ang tatay ko ay namatay na isang beterano. Kaming magkakapatid ay nagkaroon na ng sarili naming pamilya. Nabiyayaan ako ng napakaraming anak at mga apo. Nagpapasalamat ako sa Diyos at ako'y nakaabot sa edad ko ngayon. Ang dating maliksi, mapaglaro

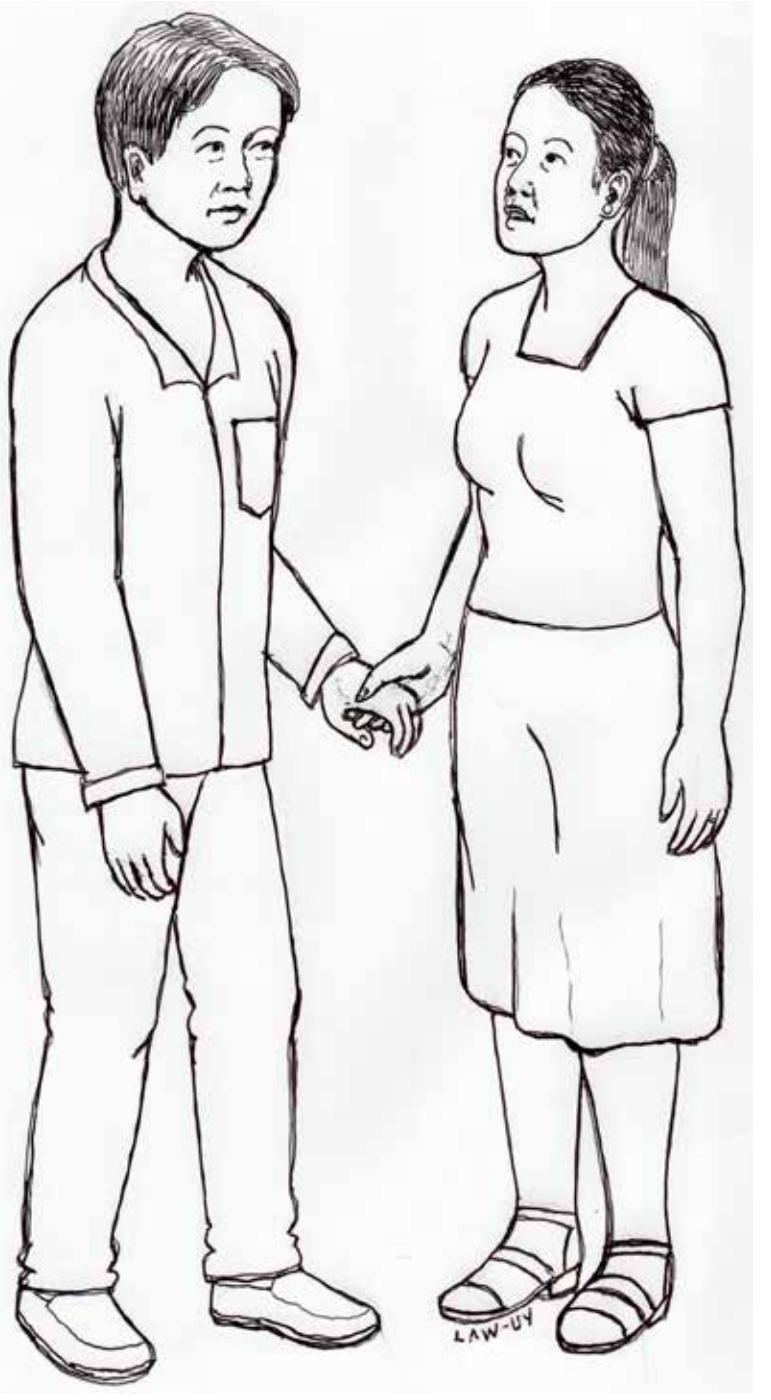
at laging nagtatrabaho kasama ang magulang ay nakaupo na ngayon. Hirap na akong tumayo, makarinig at gumawa ng mga bagay. Pero malakas pa rin ang aking memorya kahit 86 na taong gulang na ako.

Kontento na ako na pinapanood ang mga kabataan o millennial sa panahon ngayon.

Mga apo, sana'y gabayan kayo ng Panginoon sa inyong paglalakbay.

Khalon

By Marciana Balusdan



Lola Celyn Walis is now 87 years of age. She remembers clearly her past experiences and all the ups and downs of her life since her childhood days. I enjoy her company because she likes to tell interesting stories about her life.

When she was just a little girl her father and mother died. She was then adopted by her auntie Polina Emok Mero and her uncle Anzeata Mero. She and her siblings were all adopted by their aunt and uncle because the married couple was not given a child.

One day, when she had reached adolescence, her stepfather and stepmother called her together with her second cousin and they performed a *khalon* or the traditional custom of marriage.

"Nakibtotak ta apay ngay nga huta kasinsin ko met ipa-asawa son sikak". (I was surprised because my partner in marriage was to be my second degree cousin.) Her stepfather told them that this was a better way, to marry someone they know, rather than to have a partner whose character they know nothing about.

When the ritual *khalon* was performed, the couple was not allowed to go outside the house, then the door was locked. *"Ayshe inbudbuday son sika-yo, amag jo ngo no ngani pipiyan jo"*, (Nobody should go out of this house, and just do whatever you wish.)

She was laughing at that time she told this story. She remembers that she accepted the ritual with no hesitation because the rule of *nankadakay* or elders at that time was sacred. When they got married, they were given a piece of land for their umma or the traditional way of planting. With no experience, she did not know how to plant cassava or kahoy. So her stepmother went to teach her how to plant.

She performed being a wife and gave birth to one daughter and two sons. One day, she received a message that her husband was very ill so she decided to go home. Her husband got worse until he died. She had to accept these trials in life despite the fact that her children were still young at the time she was widowed. Her youngest child was only 11 years old. She believes that God has his own plan for her. She raised her children on her own.

She is very thankful for her life that despite all these trials, she was given good health and has reached 87 years of age. Her daughter and one son have

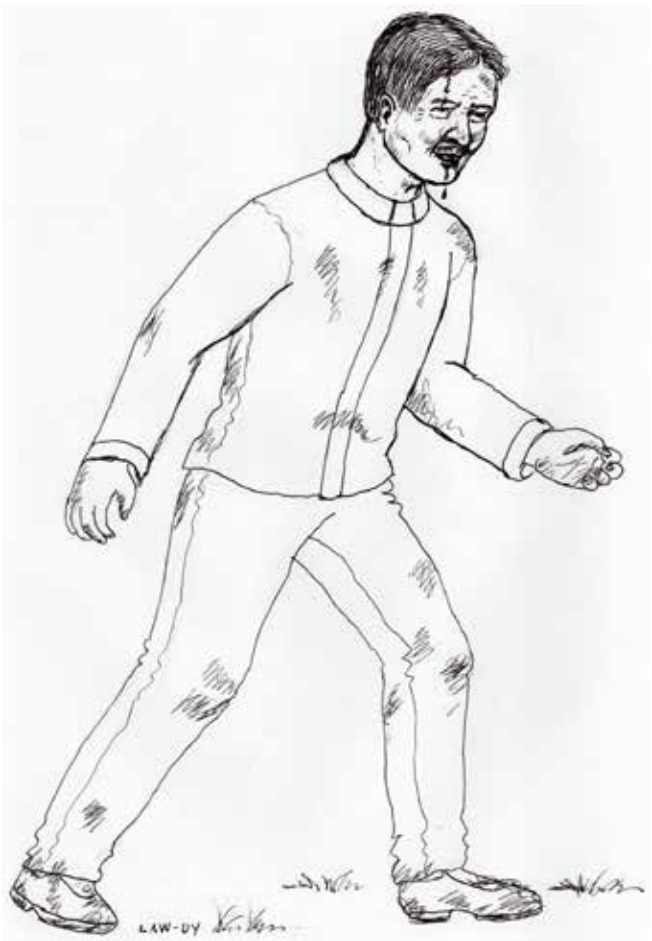
already gone and today she is just taking care of her one son. But despite this, she is blessed with grandsons and granddaughters.

Our parents taught us this song when we were children:

Ja khamon inam-ay	If only it were easy to get another life
Ja khamon maymunay	If only just to get a knot
Masilpon bagishay	Like a hair of the horse
Biag ni nankadakay	The life of the old man
Say idakay eran ulay	Give them strength that they grow to be old men
Say ibakol eran ulay	Give them strength that they grow to be old women
Say way magibanbantay	That they will continue to pray with us
Son sikata siya shabaw ni buday	In this earth, we stay forever
No kwantoy inshaleg-ma	When death or tragedy comes
Ikwantoy in ala	They will just shout and life will be forever
Inkaneljaw era	Continue to pray
Maysedakan kita	That they will have everlasting life

Kapamilya (Kastilang Pari)

Isinalaysay ni Julia Balde Angagan, 90 taong gulang
Mula sa Bila, Bauko na nakatira na ngayon sa Ucab, Itogon, Benguet
Isunulat ni: Maribel G. Ballangan, Guro sa Filipino ng AMPMNHS,
Apo ng nagsalaysay



Sa isang lugar sa Bila, Bauko, may magkakapatid na sina Ligos, ang panganay, si Taway, ang pangalawa at si Kin-it ang bunso. Pito silang magkakapatid pero ang apat ay hindi pinalad, dahil kung hindi man pagkasilang ay namatay, ang iba ay namatay dahil sa sakit. Maaga silang naulila sa kanilang mga magulang. Ang ama ay umalis minsan upang maghanapbuhay, ngunit hindi na nagbalik. Nabalitaan na lang na namatay

ito ngunit hindi man lang nakita ang kanyang bangkay. Ang ina ay namatay dahil sa pagkakasakit at hindi naipaliwanag ang sanhi. Sa pagkakatanda ni Taway, ang nanay ay namatay pagkapanganak kay Kin-it. Sampung taon ang agwat nina Taway at Kin-it.

Habang sila ay nagdadalaga, maswerte sina Taway at Kin-it dahil si Ligos ay kinuha ng isang Tsino na may malaking tindahan ng asin. Si Ligos ay naging tindero at kargador ng asin. Ang asin ay isa sa pinakamabentang paninda sa kanilang lugar dahil ito ay pwedeng iulam kung wala na silang makain. Ngunit lingid sa kaalaman ng magkapatid na babae, may itinatago ang kanilang kuya Ligos.

Isang araw, kumuha si Taway ng palay sa kwartong pinaglalagyan nila upang siya ay magbayo ng kanyang isasaing. Nagulat siya habang kumukuha ng palay dahil nakarinig siya ng malakas na paghinga. Natakot, ngunit naglakas-loob siya at ito ay kanyang hinanap. Nabalot siya ng takot dahil mayroong nagtatagong tao. Hindi ito basta-bastang tao kundi isang pari, at ang mas nakakatakot pa, isang paring Kastila na matagal nang hinahanap ng mga Hapones. Ayaw ng mga Hapones na ipalaganap ang relihiyong Kristiyano. Inuutos ng lider nila noon na hulihin ang mga ito at patayin.

Ang paring Kastila ay may edad na, naka-abito, mahina, sugatan at halatang napahirapan. Putok ang kanyang noo na may umagos na dugo, matagal na ang kanyang mga sugat at ang iba ay naghilom na. Makikita sa kanyang buong katawan ang pagpapahirap na kanyang natanggap. Napagtanto ni Taway na siya ay nakatakas mula sa kamay ng nagpahirap sa kanya.

“Anong pangalan mo? Anong ginagawa mo dito sa amin? Parang- awa na ninyo, huwag mo kaming sasaktan,” ang sabi ni Taway sa Kastila. Ngunit wala itong narinig na sagot mula sa Kastila, kundi buntong hininga.

Agad-agad tumakbo si Taway sa kanilang bahay at kanyang kinuha at kinarga si Kin-it na noon ay magtatatlong taong gulang pa lamang. Hindi nakapagluto si Taway. Nagtago na lamang ang magkapatid sa loob ng kanilang bahay at kanilang *dinakig* ito habang hinintay ang pag-uwi ng kanilang kuya Ligos.

Gabi na nang makauwi si Ligos. Agad itong nagtungo sa mesa ngunit napansing walang nakalagay na pagkain. Tinanong niya kung bakit walang nakahain na pagkain, ngunit nginig at takot na mukha ang sagot ni Taway sa kanyang kuya.

“Bakit anong nangyari?” agad na tanong ni Ligos sa natatakot na kapatid.
“Mayroong tao sa kwarto ng *pagay*, isang paring Kastila.” Agad na ngumiti ang kanyang kuya.

“Huwag kayong mag-alala, hindi siya mananakit, mabait siya. Tinulungan ko siya habang ako ay pauwi noong nakaraang linggo. Nakita ko siyang pagod na pagod at maraming sugat dahil sa pagpapahirap sa kanya ng mga humahabol sa kanyang mga Hapones.”

“Ngunit paano kung matunton siya dito ng mga Hapones?” tanong ni Taway.

“Kaya ko nga siya itinatago para mabuhay siya,” sagot ni Ligos.

Dumaan ang mga araw at lumakas ang paring Kastila dahil pinakain at inalagaan ni Taway. Tuwing umaga, may dumadaang mga Hapones sa lugar nina Taway, kaya kung natutunugan nilang mayroong paparating ay agad nilang itinatago ang paring Kastila sa kwarto ng kanilang *pagay*.

Isang araw, habang wala si Ligos, biglang pumasok ang mga sundalong Hapones sa kanilang bahay at naghalughog nang naghalughog ang mga ito. Ikinalat sa sahig ang mga damit mula sa kahon, itinumba ang kanilang lamesa at kinuha ang kanilang bigas at asin. Ganoon din ang ginawa nila sa iba pang mga kalapit na bahay sa kanilang lugar. Walang nagawa ang magkapatid kundi ang umupo sa gilid at umiyak at magmakaawa.

Bago umalis ang mga Hapones, sinunog nila ang mga kabahayan at walang nagawa ang mga taga-roon kundi ang umalis at magtungo sa ibang lugar.

Nagsimulang maglakad ang magkakapatid kasama ang paring Kastila paakyat ng bundok. Nakiusap sila sa kanilang tiyahin at tinanggap naman sila ngunit ilang araw lang ay sinabi ng kanilang tiyahin na humanap na sila ng ibang matutuluyan sapagkat delikado ang kanilang buhay dahil sa hinahanap na paring Kastila.

Naglakbay muli ang tatlong magkakapatid kasama ang paring kastila hanggang sa marating nila ang tatlong malalaking bato na parang kweba.

“Maaari na siguro tayong manirahan dito?” ang sabi ni Ligos. Nagsimula silang magpahinga. Kinagabihan ay nagsaing si Taway ng kanilang makakain mula sa nadala nilang kaunting palay at gamit na nailigtas mula sa sunog. Tanging pagkain nilang apat ay kanin at asin.

Nagdaan ang mga araw, at umulan nang malakas. Akala ng magkakapatid ay nakalayo na sila sa mga Hapones ngunit nagulat sila nang biglang pumasok ang mga ito sa kanilang tinutuluyan. Naghalughog muli ang mga ito ng kanilang makakain at agad kinuha. Ngunit ang mas nakakatakot ay nakita ng mga Hapones ang kasama at naging kapamilya na nilang paring Kastila.

Sinuntok, tinadyakan, hinampas ng baril at hinila ang pari mula sa loob palabas ng kweba. Iyak nang iyak ang magkapatid na sina Taway at Kin-it dahil napamahal na ang pari sa kanila kahit na hindi sila nagkakaintindahan ng salita. Walang nagawa ang magkakapatid habang nakatutok sa kanila ang mga baril na may patalim sa dulo, kundi ang panoorin na lang ang pagpapahirap sa pari hanggang siya ay unti-unting namatay.

Nang matiyak ng mga Hapones na wala nang buhay ang pari, dinuraan at tinadyakan ang bangkay nito at umalis silang tumatawa nang malakas pababa ng bundok. Nang matiyak ni Ligos na wala na ang mga sundalo ay agad siyang kumuha ng kahoy na pangbungkal ng lupa na paglilibingan sa pari. Iyak nang iyak si Kin-it na pinapatahan naman ng kanyang ate Taway.

Pagkalibing ni Ligos sa pari ay agad siyang nagdesisyon na bumaba sila ng bundok at bumalik sa kanilang tiyahin. Mabigat ang kanilang kalooban ngunit wala silang magagawa dahil sila'y takot sa mga Hapones na may sandata. Hindi takot si Ligos na mamatay, bagkus ay natatakot siya sa kahihinatnan ng kanyang mga kapatid. Naaawa at nag-aalala siya na baka mayroong gawing masama o abusuhin ng mga Hapones ang kanyang mga kapatid lalo na't mga babae sila.

Maggagabi na noon nang muling naglakbay ang magkakapatid pababa ng bundok, luhaan sa kanilang nasaksihan ngunit may tapang na harapin ang panibagong pakikipaglaban.

Hanggang ngayon ay sariwa pa sa alaala ni Taway ang hindi malilimutang mga sandaling iyon ng buhay nilang magkakapatid. Pumanaw si Ligos na matanda at marami na ring mga apo, samantalang sina Taway at Kin-it na lamang ang natitira. Si Taway ay nagkaroon ng walong anak, at mga apo at apo sa tuhod. Si Kin-it naman ay nakapag-asawa ngunit hindi sila nabiyayaan ng anak. Ibinahagi niya ang karanasan niyang ito nang sa ganoon ay maaalala pa rin siya at ang kanyang naging buhay kung dumating ang araw na wala na siya sa mundong ito.

Say-at ën Ama

Ni Alma Kedse Willy

"*Sakayo umali ës Domingo* (punta kayo sa Linggo)," pag-anyaya ni Ama.

Ito ang pahayag ni ama na labis kong pinangungulilahang marinig. Ito kasi ang pagkakataong nagkakatipon-tipon kaming magkakapatid. Ito ang tinatawag ni ama na *saysay-at*. Ang *saysay-at* ay isang ritwal ng pasasalamat ng tribu naming mga *Iyanganot*.

"O, ano na naman ang tsismax natin ngayon," biro ng aking mga kapatid tuwing nagkikita-kita kami. Maging tampulan ako ng biro. Bilang pagsagot, thumbs-up muna ako sa kanila tanda na huwag silang atat. Pinauuna ko sila sa aming kumustahan at tawanan.

Tuwing kami'y inaanyayahang *maul-ulnong* o nagkakatipon-tipon sa tahanan ni ama, walang tumatanggi sapagkat alam naming pagkikita ito ng magkakapatid at ng aming sariling mga pamilya.

May kakaibang kaligayahang dulot ang pagtatagpo. Nakakalimutan ko ang kaunting hinanakit ko sa aking *inuudi* o bunso. Normal naman sa magkakapatid yon di ba?

Nangyayari ang *saysay-at* ni ama kung siya ay galing mula sa La Paz, Cabanatuan o di kaya sa Isabela na bumisita sa kanyang mga sakahan na kanyang naipundar. Lagi siyang nag-uuwi ng kanyang ani. Maganda man o hindi ang ani sa mga palayan niya, nagsasagawa siya ng pasasalamat kay Kabunyan. Pagsasaka na kasi ang pinagkaabalahan niya buhat nang magretiro siya bilang hardinero sa Saint Louis University-Main sa Bonifacio Street, Baguio City.

Nagsasagawa siya ng ritwal ng pasasalamat. Nagkakatay siya ng manok. Ito na rin ang pinagsasaluhan namin bago niya sasabihin ang kanyang pagbibigay na tig-iisang sako ng bigas sa bawat anak.

Hindi lang sa anihan nagsasagawa ng *saysay-at* si ama. Tuwing may maganda, maayos at mapagpalang naganap sa pang-araw-araw na pamumuhay niya at sa aming mga anak niya tulad ng pagtatapos namin ng pag-aaral sa kolehiyo, nakapasa sa board examination at pagkatanggap namin sa trabaho hindi niya nakakaligtaang *magsay-at*.

Kapag mag-uraga o magbenta naman sila ng karne ng alaga nilang baboy hindi nila pinamimili ang ulo nito at ibang bahagi. Ilalaga niya ito at muli

niya kaming tawagin. Pagsasaluhan naming muli ang kanyang *saysay-at* bilang pasasalamat sa Diyos sa maayos na paglaki at pagkabenta ng kanyang alaga.

Dalawang taon na ang nakaraan at wala man sa pisikal na anyo si Ama ngunit napakatibay naman ang iniwan niyang pamana sa aming anak niya.

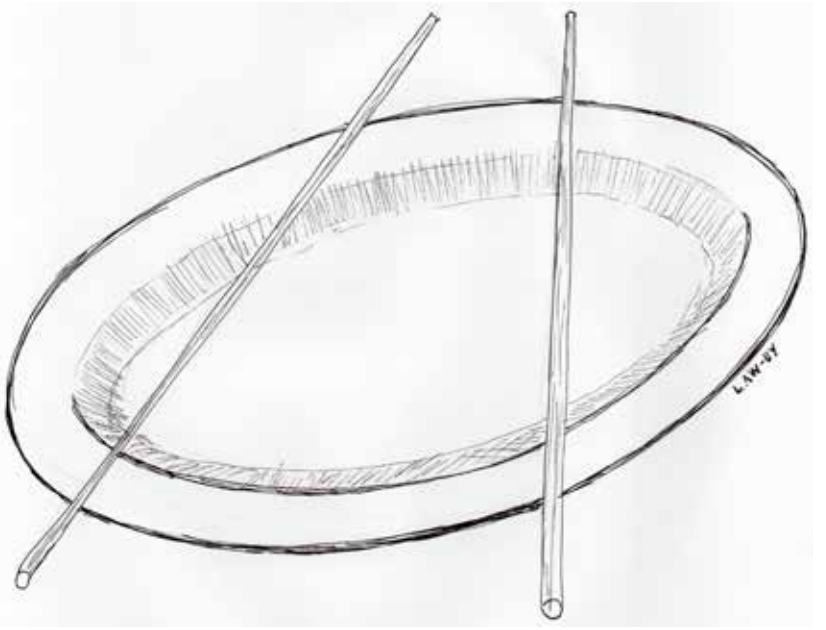
Ang *saysay-at* ni ama ang nagpatatag sa ugnayan, pagtutulunga – *binnadang* – at pagmamahalan naming magkakapatid.

Ipinagpapatuloy ni ina ang *say-at* ngunit hindi katulad ng dati. "*Diperensiya dadlo nan kamaid ën ama.*" Iba talaga ang kawalan ni ama.

"*Ama Angkil, intoman nan kad-am idwani wasdin mënlamlammin. Dam ët iali nan suwelti ay ibikabikas ya matagu-taguan mi ay aan-ak ya aapom.*" (Ama Angkil, saan ka man naroroon panalangin namin ang kapayaan ng iyong kaluluwa, bigyan mo ang iyong mga anak at mga apo ng mabuting kapalaran, kalusugan at mahabang buhay.)

Mansip-ok, An Indigenous Diviner and Healer

Narrated by Esther Ofo-ob Bogyoy,
niece of Geraldine Oliver (Baket Gudanay), Tram, Ucab, Itogon.
Documented by M.E. Regpala



Bakët Gudanay is my aunt, the sister of my father. They are nine brothers and sisters. Except for my father, all of the brothers and sisters of my father were mansip-ok or diviners and healers. The family came from Bontoc, Mt. Province. When I was a young girl, my aunt would sometimes ask me to assist her when she was doing her work as a *mansip-ok* and healer. She liked me to assist her because I was good at following her instructions.

In the process of assisting my Aunt, I realized that it was a challenging work and way of life. I observed and realized that a good *mansip-ok* must be a good person. She must be available most of the time to perform service when it is needed. Even if the request is from people living in a remote and far-away garden or mountain area, if her services are required, she must respond and go to these places. The *mansip-ok* does not ask payments for her services, the service is given for free. Anything given to the *mansip-ok* in exchange for her services is given voluntarily. They say that the power of

a *mansip-ok* will disappear or will not be effective if she asks payments for her services.

The *mansip-ok* has knowledge in reading and interpreting signs and omens; she gives ritual counseling; she is endowed with a good memory of ritual procedures, prayers, and chants; she is a healer. This knowledge is practiced through the service that she performs for other people.

In reading and interpreting signs and omens she uses *runo* grass sticks. For example, when a person with a certain disease goes to her for advice and healing, she first prays (*mangmang*), then uses two pieces of runo grass sticks three inches in length, and an enamel coated plate as a method of divination to determine which spirit or person may have caused the disease. The procedure is that the first *runo* grass stick is place on top of the back of an enamel plate, and the second *runo* stick is placed on top of the first *runo* stick until it stays balanced and does not move on top of the first *runo* stick. This will determine which spirit caused the disease.

Another way of divination is with the use of a bottle of *basi* or sugar cane wine. Stories say that the figure of a person who caused a disease can be seen in the bottle of *basi*. When the spirit that caused the ailment is determined, she gives advice on what ritual offering is to be performed to appease the concerned spirit and cure the disease.

She also uses her breath to heal. When a child was brought to her for healing, she blew breaths of air on the top of the head of the child. At other times, she also uses coconut oil to massage the whole body of a patient until the disease is healed.

Most of the time, a *mansip-ok's* wisdom is guided by the *Adika-ila* and by her clairvoyance or the ability to see, feel, hear, taste subtle energies or unseen spirits and is able to communicate with them.

In the year 2007, on the last day that my Aunt Gudanay was alive, she had come from working on her agricultural field the previous day, and was very tired and weak. Early in the morning she went out to bathe in the spring at Miners' Side and then went home. It was at home that I found my Aunt Gudanay. And while assisting her to stand and walk, she passed on to the Skyworld to join the *Adika-ila* and her ancestors. She will always be remembered as the elderly woman who did yearly offerings to the nature spirit of the spring at Miners' Side to ensure its constant flow.

Nanang, Salamat Sin Layad

Lyrics by Rejoice A. Bugtong
Music by Gabriel Bugtong

It was a challenge to compose this song for a singing competition for my grade 2 pupils with a theme on Mother's love. This song won 2nd place in the division level.

Wada ak sinan lota gapu ën sik-a
Nailak kinasigëd di Diyos
Sik-a di Nanang, maga di maka-isu
Aywan mo ën sak-ën ay anak mo

Cho: Inpariknam layad mo ën sak-ën
Sakripisyom si adiak pulos mabaydan
Adam mauma, manggit-itdo ën sak-ën
Nanang, salamat sin layad

Yamanëk di mayat ay panangisursurom
ënggana ay dumakdak-dakë ak
Ipapatik manggaw-at planom para ën sak-ën
Man-eskwelaak karik nan sik-a

Wada kan sak-ën no way problemak
Wada kan sak-ën no way panragsakak
Adak ën ibain sik-a sin kakailian
Nanang kas pantuladan

Coda: Salamat sik-a di Nanang ko

Here are two songs my father taught me and my siblings when we were still young. He said he learned it from his parents too.

1.

Si Shoron nën shoshoti
Nan-ëmës irad payëw
Sinilwan nën këmkëmti
Ëg-ira nan panpanti

1.

Grasshopper and dragonfly
Bathed in the field
Firefly lit them up
They don't have underwear

2.

Napanak nagpaspasyar iti maysa nga aldaw
Idiay sirok ti kaykayo, napanak nagpalitrato
Diak kayat ti suldado, narawët ti adobo
Kayat ko iti maestro, nalaing nga ag-isuro

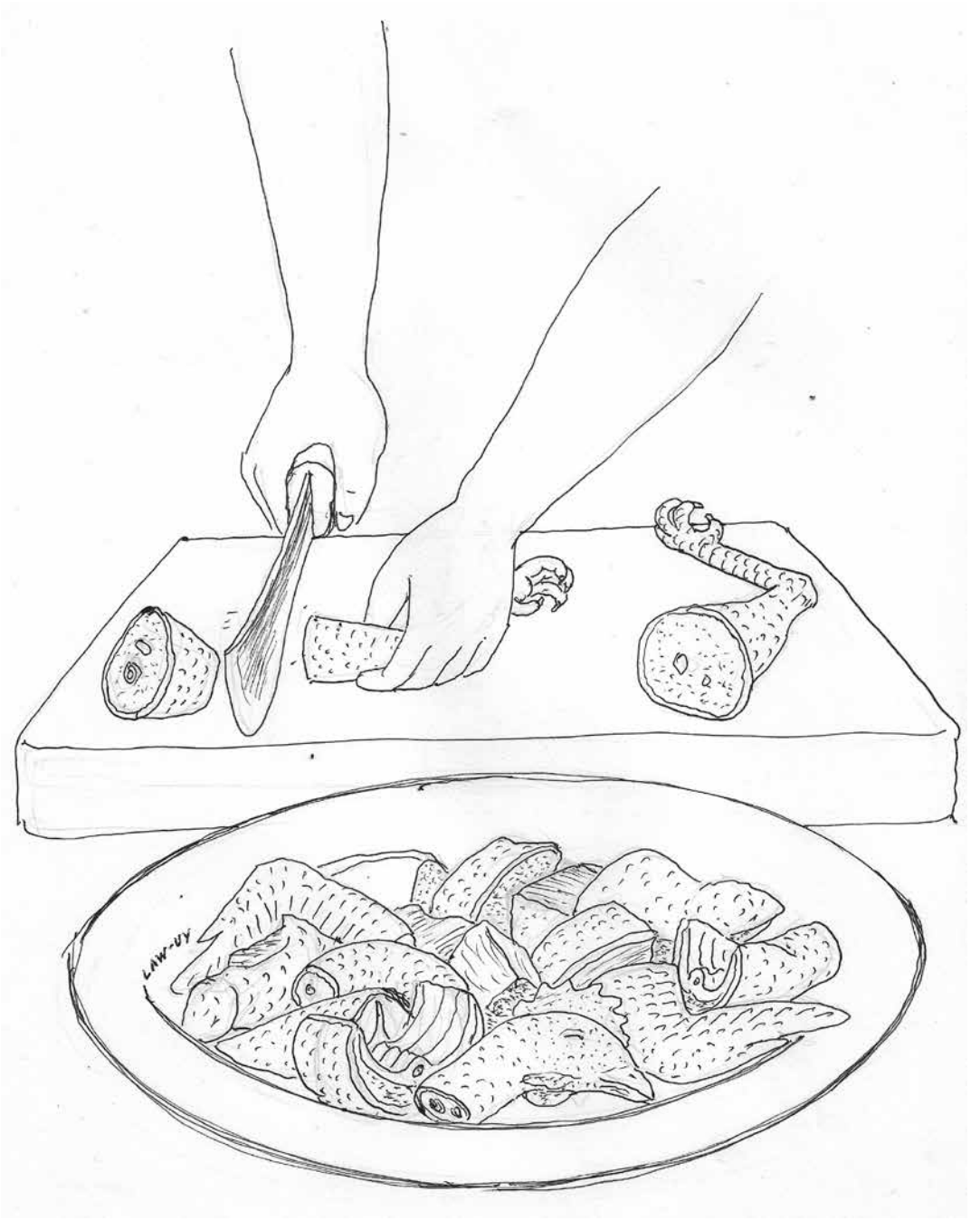
2.

I went for a walk one day
Under the tree, I took a picture
I don't like a solder, greedy for adobo
I like a teacher, skillful in teaching

SPIRITUALITY AND HEALING

Katutubong Kaugalian Pagyamanin

Ni Melwin Frank Canlas



Alam ba ninyo ang ibig sabihin ng salitang "Igorot? Noong una ang "golot" ay nangangahulugan ng bundok. Tinawag ang mga katutubo na Igorot o naninirahan sa bundok o taga-bundok. Ang mga katutubong Igorot ay nahahati sa ilang etniko na may kanya-kanyang kaugalian, paniniwala at tradisyon.

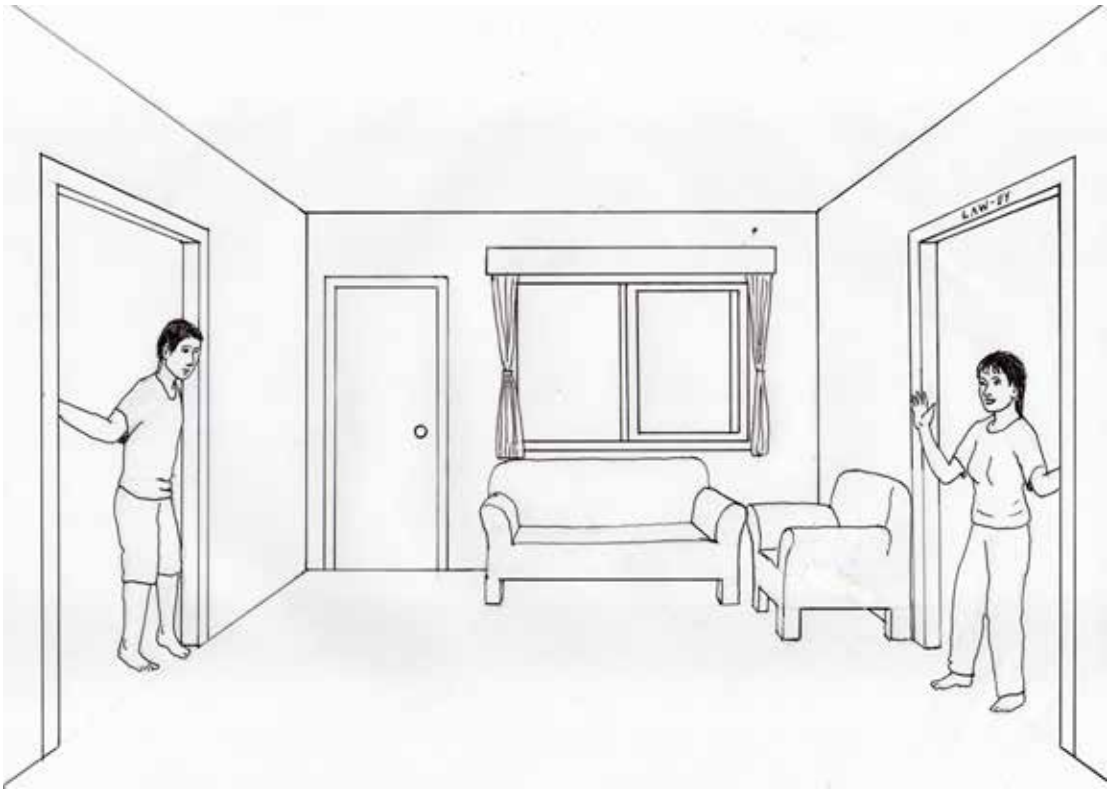
Karaniwang nagsasagawa ng ritwal ang mga katutubo tulad ng pagdaraos ng *cañao* bilang pasasalamat o kahilingan para gumaling ang may sakit o kaya ay suwertehin sa buhay. Pinamumunuan ito ng *mambunong* o nangunguna sa dasal para kay Kabunyan o sa mga anito. Sinasabayan ito ng pagsayaw ng *tayaw* na ginagamitan ng *gansa* at *solibao*. Naghahain sila ng *watwat* o pinakuluang karne ng baboy, baka o kalabaw na may kasamang *tapëy* o alak ng mga katutubo. Maraming baboy ang kinakatay sa ganitong ritwal. Ang mga pamilyang nagdaos ng *kanyaw* ay kailangang magngilin para daw kakapit ang swerte.

Bago magtanim ay nagkakatay ng manok o baboy para ialay sa mga hindi nakikita na siyang mangangalaga sa mga tanim upang magkaroon ng masaganang ani. Nag-aalay din ang mga minero ng baboy para swertehin at makaiwas sa aksidente. Kung sakaling may aksidente at namatay ang biktima, kailangang magsagawa ng *daw-ës*. Magkakatay ng aso at maghuhugas ng kamay sa palangganang dinasalan ng *mambunong* ang mga taong tumulong o nagbuhat sa taong namatay.

May tinatawag ding *mambuyon* na tumitingin sa karamdaman kung di magamot ng doktor sapagkat nakikita nila ang mga espirito o mga anito na siyang nagbibigay ng karamdaman. Sa ngayon ay waring nalilimutan na ang katutubong kaugalian dala ng modernisasyon at ang iba'y di na naniniwala sa mga ritwal. Maaari sigurong bawasan lang ang sobrang bilang ng hayop na kinakatay dahil sa hirap ng buhay ngayon, pero huwag sanang kalimutan ang mga kaugaliang ipinamana ng mga ninuno lalo pa kung ito'y nakakatulong sa kasalukuyang pamumuhay. Ito ang daan upang maunawaan ang pagkakaiba at sisibol ang paggalang sa bawat kaugalian, kultura at tradisyon na siyang magdadala ng kaunlaran sa ating lupang kinabubuhayan bilang katutubong Igorot.

The Kankana-ëy Fertility Rites

By Jesse A. Tayaban



For ten long years of married life, Marcelo and his wife Saling of Dalicno, Itogon, Benguet had not been blessed with a child nor did they experience the chance to conceive.

It was on their sixth year of married life when Marcelo, being one who had little education and believed more in the power of medicine over beliefs and practices, convinced his wife to consult a physician to determine what was wrong with them. It was found out that there was nothing wrong with their reproductive systems, hence they just presumed that they were not able to have the right timing.

A year later, there was still no sign of conception. They decided again to see another doctor and had the same findings as the first, so they had renewed hopes to be able to have a child in the future.

Another three years passed and still they were not able to conceive. They then decided to consult the *panglakayën* or elders. The *panglakayën* advised them to try the *ug-ugali*, or their own centuries-old beliefs and practices.

Thereupon they consulted the *mansip-ok* or diviner to find out the reason for their sterility. The *mansip-ok* found out that the spirit of Saling's grandmother instructed the couple to perform a *cañao* so that they will be blessed with children.

As soon as they were able to secure all the necessary materials and items for the purpose, the *cañao* was performed.

The night right after the *cañao* and for two more succeeding nights, Marcelo and his wife Saling were instructed to *man-ngilin*, or to strictly observe the taboos and were not allowed to sleep together. They were to sleep in separate rooms. The fire on the hearth was to burn continuously and a lamp was kept lighted during the ngilin period. This was done to ward off evil spirits who are always around to tempt the couples to break the taboo.

Strange dreams during this period should be strictly monitored for proper interpretation by the elders, otherwise the couple may experience misfortune in the future, and their ritual sacrifice would be useless.

The other couples who were staying with them were advised to also observe the *ngilin* and were not allowed to sleep together. They were also supposed to observe the taboos imposed.

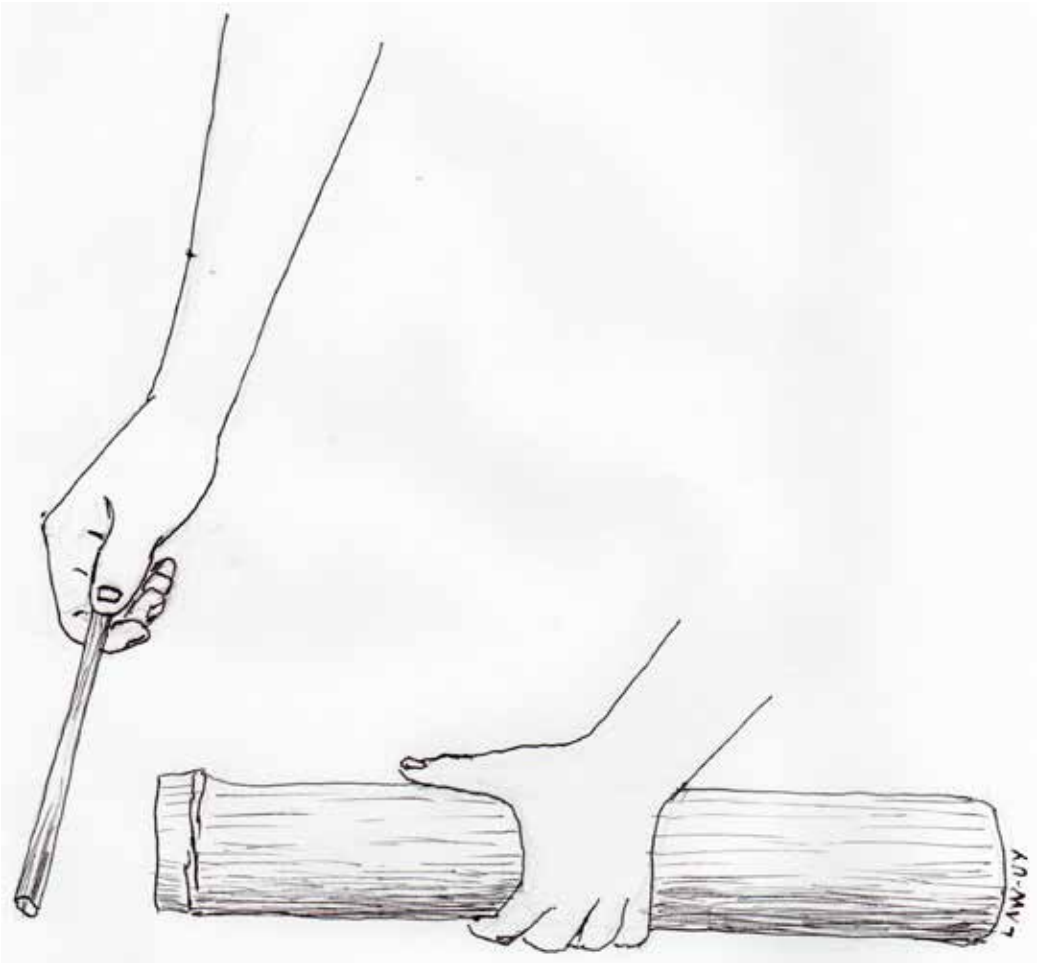
To ensure that the taboos were strictly followed, an elder was always present and stayed with them until the *ngilin* period was over. It was after the third night that they were allowed to sleep together. Also, the fire on the hearth and lamp were allowed to die out.

True to the expectation of the old folks and the excitement of the couple, Saling did not have her usual monthly period on the following month.

Nine months later she gave birth to a beautiful and healthy baby girl. They were able to have three children before Saling had her menopause.

Dawdawak and An-anawag (Rituals for Childbirth)

By Benilda K. Mendoza
Information and prayers shared by Felix Marcos, mambunong of Bua, Tuding



The expected date of delivery of expectant mothers is anticipated with joy, excitement, and anxiety especially for the first born. It is also an amusing and enjoyable source of discussion among friends, relatives, as to the gender and whose side of the family the child resembles most.

To ensure the safe and easy delivery of the baby, rituals called *dawdawak, an-anawag* and *maksil* are performed. They are usually done one after the other in a single occasion, or if the couple cannot afford this, an interval of one week after the *dawdawak* is allowed, after which the *an-anawag* and *maksil* are performed on a single occasion. This is normally done a month or two before the expected date of delivery. In some cases, this is done while the expected mother is undergoing labor.

The *dawdawak* ritual requires a pig to be offered. A spear and two pieces of foot-long sticks with gabi leaves attached on top are placed beside the stairs. After the pig had been butchered and cooked, selected parts of the pig like the liver, two or three chops of lean meat, *pinunëg*, a plate of cooked rice and a cup of *tapëy* are placed in a flat basket. At this juncture, the *mambunong* recites the following prayer before anyone can partake of the meal.

Idi man-ganak si Bangan, yan ay maligatan	When Bangan was in labor, The child just kept pushing
Imbis ay bumala din muyang yan adi kabsa-kabsang	But could not come out
Inda nan-pasip-ok, "yan nay ay daw-dawak!", kanan din man-sip-ok	They asked the *mansip-ok*
Inda inbaga ën da ap-apo da ay Obong	And he said, "This needs *dawdawak*"
Kanana ay "tët-ëwa sa, daw-dawak"!	They verified with their grandfather Obong
"inkayo man-ala si bësa-ang!",	And he said, "That needs *dawdawak*, make haste!" Get a pig
Isunga ënda nan-a si bësa-ang	Henceforth they got a pig and had it offered
Ët nab-sang din anak Bangan	Immediately the child came out
Kanan da ën: "ipay-paytok takos nan ipugaw	They said, "Let us make the people do this
Ta waday kaidada-itan tako sin dawdawak"	So we will be called When they offer the *dawdawak*"
Yëng-awan da pay ëd Ilokos yan	"Let us bring it to the Ilocanos,"
Manbulingët si paytokën da	But the way was dark and they could not see
Ya adi dan ma-aw-awatan	And they could not understand them

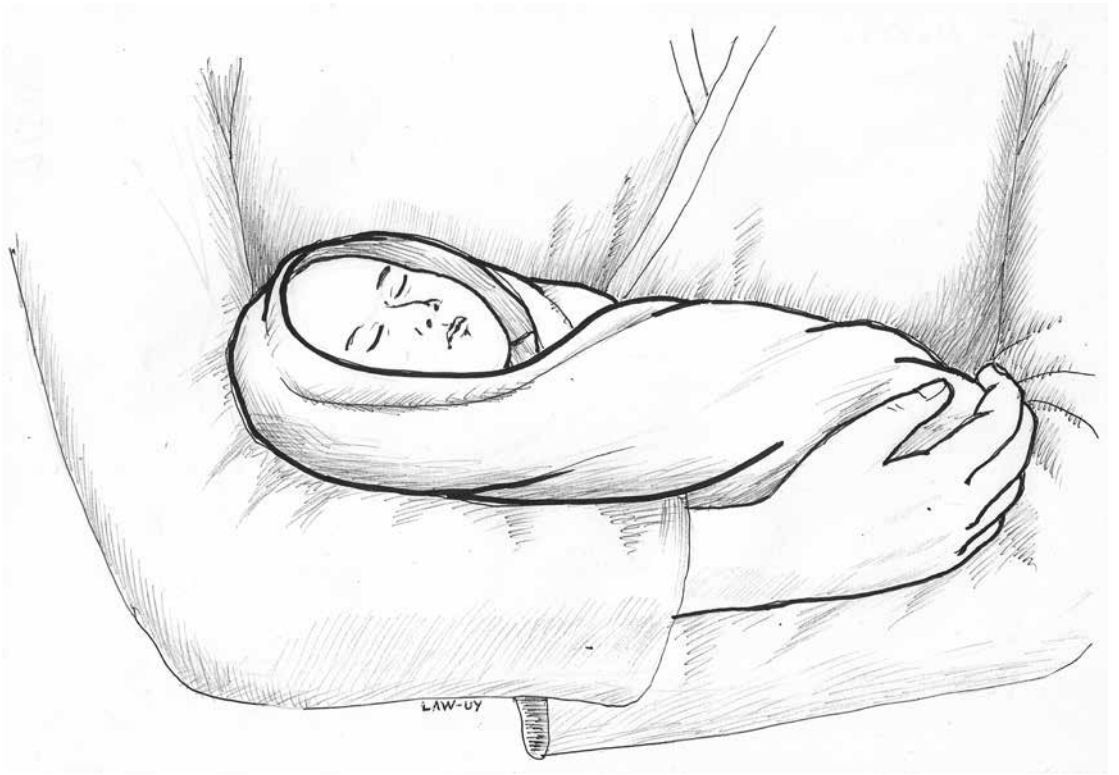
Yëng-awan da pay ëd bëska-an yan *Mayat di pay-tokën da* *Asi dan ëpaytok ëd Suyoc*	They tried it elsewhere, they went east And the way was good , so they had it in Suyoc
Da kawit ën Dagas *Man- ganak da pay yan malëgatan da* *Inda nanpasip-ok yan , "Yanay ay daw-dawak"* *Kanan din mansip-ok*	Kawit and Dagas were about to have their child But the child just kept pushing And could not come out
Inda nan ala si bësa-ang *Yan dagos ay nabsang din muyang* *Asi ët nabunat ët, no waday man-ganak yan* *Wada din dawdawak*	They went to a *mansip-ok* "That needs a *dawdawak*", he said So, they got a pig and offered it Immediately, their child come out

And so, each time someone is about to deliver a child, they offer the *dawdawak*.

The *an-anawag* ritual requires a chicken and *tapëy* as offering. It is done outside the house, usually at the front yard. All the while the prayer is being said, a bamboo tube about a foot long is made to sound by beating its bottom in a regular rhythm. As part of this ritual, a woven bamboo implement is prepared in the shape of a saucer, and is attached to a Y shaped bamboo twig where some of the wings and tail feathers of the butchered chicken are interwoven. After the offering is done, the bamboo implement is thrust against the roof above the door, and shall only be removed after the child has been delivered.

Maksil: a welcome ceremony for a new born member of a family

By Benilda K. Mendoza



The *maksil* is the continuation of the *dawdawak* ritual. When a baby is born, the *maksil* ritual is performed inside the house. This ritual is done to welcome the baby as a new member of the family and to pray for the fast recovery of the mother. It is also done for the baby to grow strong and healthy.

The instrument used in maksil is the same instrument used in the ritual.

Kankana-ëy prayer for *maksil*[*]

* This prayer was shared by Palsik Kaniteng of Batwang Itogon, Benguet.

Man-asawa pay da Bangan ya Kabigat
Mawad-ad pay si Bangan ët man-anak
Maka-anak pay yan
Nay mansakit san ëgës na ya gitang na
Doy ët ay adi makabangon sin sakit na

Bangan and Kabigat got married
Then Bangan conceived and later gave birth to a baby
After giving birth she suffered from stomach ache,
Back pain and waist pain that she could not stand

Dalasën ën Kabigat ët amëy ën apo da ay si Bugan
Sip-okan pay ën Bugan yan
Kana-ën Bugan ay maibunong di ay Maksil, an-anawag ya dawdawak

Kabigat right away went and consulted Bugan, their godmother
Bugan, a *mansip-ok*, said that they must perform the rituals *dawdawak, maksil* and *an-anawag*

Doy ët ay alan da san kagam-is ay manok
Ët ibunong da si maksil, dawdawak ya an-anawag
Kukna ka ët si bumangon nan si Bangan
Tan naka-an sakit di gëtang na ya ëgës na

So Kabigat got a healthy chicken and performed the ritual for *maksil, dawdawak* and *an-anawag*
When the ritual was done, Bangan got well, her back pain, waist pain and stomach ache were gone

Asi da pay kana-ën ay, Ëyëng-aw takos nan kalutaan
Ta no man-anak da ya mansakit di gëtang ya ëgës da
Ya man-ibonong da si dawdawak, maksil ya an-anawag
Ta datako ay kakabunyan di tangaden da
Ay mang-agas si sakit da ta way ëyat da ay bumikas no maka-anak da

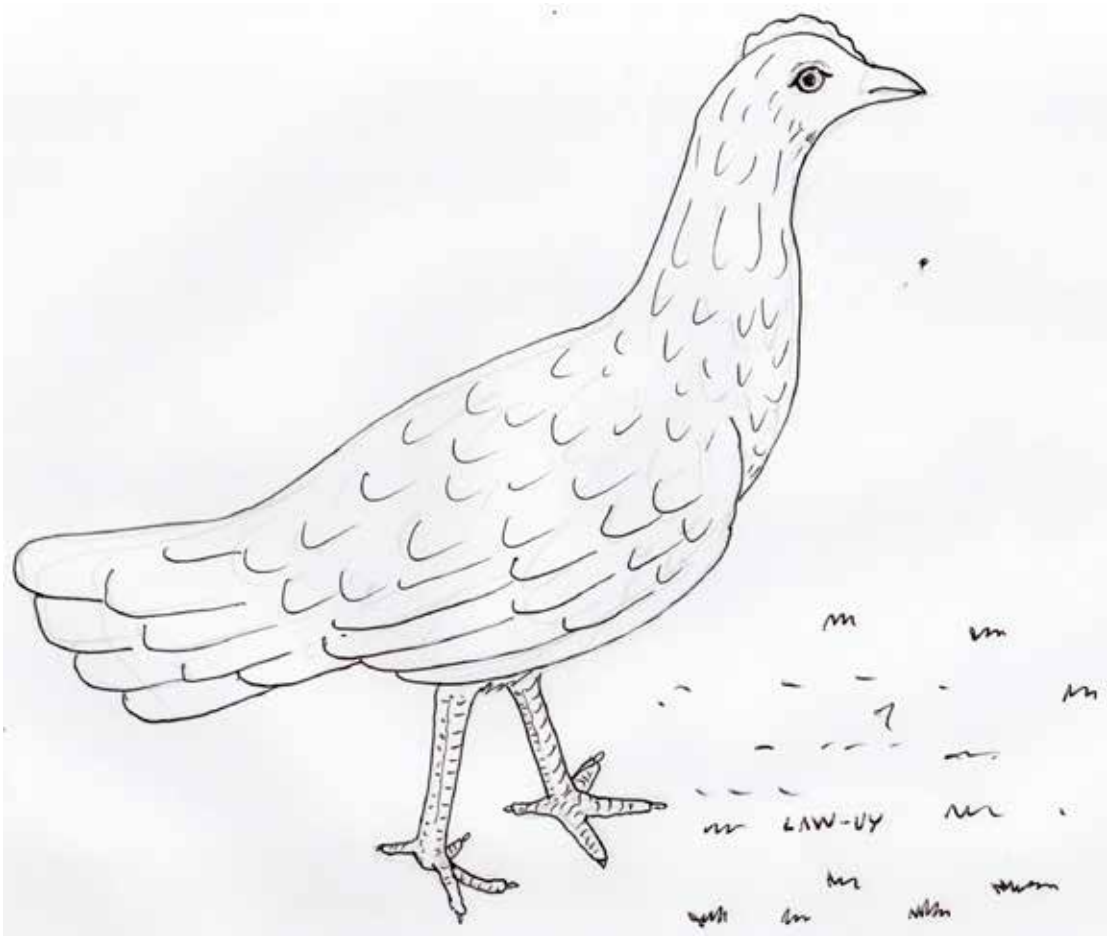
Then the gods and goddesses said, let us pass this on to the mortals on earth
That they must perform the *dawdawak, maksil* and *an-anawag*
Every time they suffer back pain, waist pain and stomach ache after giving bith
They must pray to us to regain their strength

According to Palsik Ngaosi Kaniteng, elder of Batwang, Itogon, Benguet, the elders who eat the meat from the ritual animal must observe the restrictions of *ngilin*. They must not sleep with their wives and they must refrain from eating dog meat for three days. If the *ngilin* is not observed, then the ritual offering is useless and may cause serious problems for the couples and especially for the new born baby.

Nowadays this ritual is no longer being performed because of the advance of science and medicine.

Daw-ës, a ritual for blessings after transporting the dead*

By Jane C. Mata



Kimat is by nature a friendly individual. His name comes from his fast acting and talkative personality. All the people in his neighborhood seem to be his friend. When driving, he often stops his car and chats with people

* Daw-es is a ritual performed to drive away bad luck; originally it was performed to cleanse a warrior who came from war and was later performed to cleanse bad luck. Sacla, W. D. (1987). Treasury of Beliefs and Home Rituals of Benguet. Baguio City.

before continuing on his drive. His wife, Sogaypan, often glares at him because of this. Their children also react to this frequent stopping but he just spits his momma into his bottle, laughs and ignores these reactions.

He is helpful and offers whatever he can to people in need. One time he was called to drive for a neighbor whose wife was about to give birth at 1 am. Since this was an emergency and only a few among their neighbors owned private vehicles, he immediately attended to his neighbor's plea. In another instance, he was called to bring a student with a sprain to the hospital. All of these deeds were somehow reciprocated for he was blessed with four handsome kids. Their health as a family is said to be well since no one has ever been sick with grave disease. They were able to put up a house. Though not a mansion, it is a decent house.

But as the saying goes, life is not pure honey. Thus, Kimat and his family also suffered some challenges but they managed to get by. He was hospitalized once due to gastroenteritis and was operated on for gall bladder removal due to big gallstones.

Despite all these life challenges, Kimat and his family continued to prosper and as the elders say "*ilablab-ak na.*"**

One afternoon, while it was drizzling, he received a call from SLU. His sister-in-law was crying over the phone. She said her father William was declared clinically dead. Her father suffered a stroke a few days before. However, that stroke was a major one and her father did not survive.

"The doctor said we better bring father home. He is already hopeless... We cannot think of anyone else to help us in bringing him home... Our brother's vehicle is not available and his in-laws do not allow their car to carry a dead or dying person. You know how it is in our culture..." Atot said in a trembling voice.

"Well if there is no one else who could help you, I am more than willing to extend my help. At what time should I fetch you from the hospital?" Kimat said, with an assurance of helping.

** Ilablab-ak- A kankana-ey expression which means somebody will be blessed or will have good luck. Sacla 1987.

"We will check out of the hospital by 4 pm after settling all our obligations here in the hospital..." Atot said. "Thank you. *Ilablab-ak mo.*" She said like she was bestowing her blessing.

Kimat prepared his van to pick up his uncle-in-law William. The he drove to the hospital and in no time, he had reached SLU. At the moment he reached the hospital, he heard the news that Uncle William was confirmed dead. He felt an unexplainable sadness and dismay because in their culture, carrying a dead person in the car may bring misfortune. Although he was hesitant, he still drove his uncle-in-law to his house. Anyway, it was easier to drive him home while he was still warm rather than when he is already cold and stiff. The embalmer will just service him at their house later.

While driving, he noticed that the van was running slow and could not speed up. Although in the van there were only two of the children of his uncle-in-law, his uncle and him as the driver, the van was crawling like a snail. It felt full. With that, Kimat felt that all the hair in his body stood. He was experiencing goose bumps. The elders say that when a person is dying, spirits are out there awaiting the soul of the dying person. The number of the awaiting spirits might have made the van feel loaded, Kimat said to himself. This thought made his goose bumps intensify.

With the snail-paced van, they manage to reach the barrio of his uncle-in-law William. There was about 250 meters walking distance from the road to the house of his uncle. Kimat was already having trouble with the thought that he would have to carry his uncle alone. Uncle William weighed about 250 pounds when he was still alive. He was heavier now that he was dead, Kimat thought. Just the thought of carrying Uncle William made his spine ache.

Once they had reached the parking area, he was relieved to see his two bayaw Laheng and Cuangey. "Ay salamat, somebody is going to help me carry uncle," he said to himself.

His two bayaw carried uncle William out of the van, placed him on an old blanket, mounted him in a 10 feet long bamboo pole or *aksiw*.

The wake of William lasted for five days. On the fifth day he was buried so Kimat and his family went home.

Upon arriving at their house, Kimat was met by his father Moti. His father's

expression was serious. With his look, Kimat knew that something important was to be said.

"I heard you used your van to fetch a dead person. Don't you know it is bad luck?" his father's forehead was wrinkled and his brows were raised.

"I know, father, but I had no choice but to extend my help to the bereaved family," Kimat said sadly.

"Oh no, don't get me wrong. Helping is not bad. There is a solution to that. Let us consult *Lakay* Balsig on what to do," Moti said sympathetically.

And so, the father and son went to the *abong* of *lakay* Balsig immediately.

"Apo! Apo!" called out Moti. "May we come in your house *Apo*?" Moti asked permission even if Lakay Balsig had not yet answered their call. Then an old man holding a pipe came out of the nipa hut.

"Who are you?" said *Lakay* Balsig.

"I am Moti, *Apo*, and this is my son, Kimat," Moti said as he pointed to himself and his son.

"Anything I can do for you?" said *Lakay* Balsig then he lit his pipe and started to smoke pedped.

"We came because my son has a problem. He ferried a dead person last week. Will that not cause bad luck?" Moti asked.

"Ahhh. Helping bring home a dead person is not bad. But it may cause some problem in the future. Let us perform the ritual *daw-es* to prevent bad luck," *Lakay* Balsig explained as he was smoking his pipe.

"What do we need for that, *Apo*?" asks Kimat.

"You have to get a *kiap* (chick) that will be offered to the *Kabunyan*. It will be singed and the bile will be examined whether it is good or not. If it is good, then the *Kabunyan* is appeased," explained *Lakay* Balsig.

"Are we going to eat the meat of the *kiap*?" asked Kimat.

"No, unfortunately, you cannot eat the meat. You have to bury the chick together with a river stone. The stone signifies that bad luck and whatever evil effects is buried and can no longer affect you," *Lakay* Balsig explained.

"If that is the case, when are we going to perform the *daw-es*?" asks Moti.

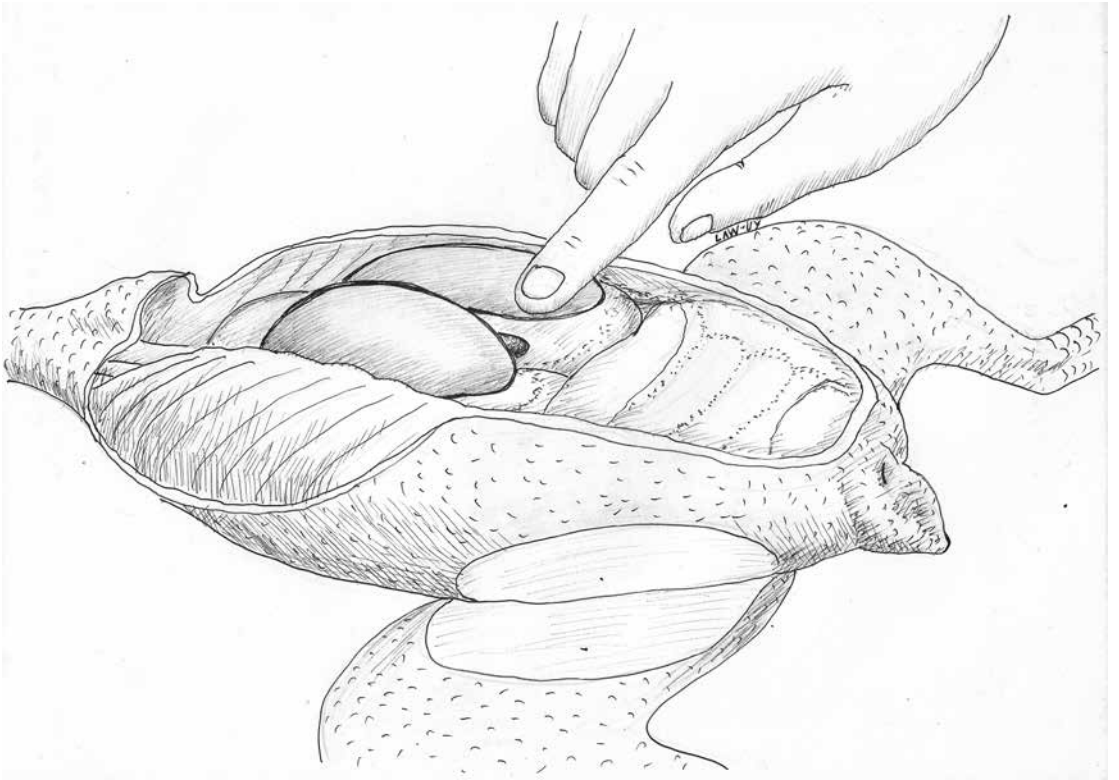
"We can do it today since I don't have any commitments," said *Lakay* Balsig.

Thus, the three men headed towards the house of Kimat and performed the *daw-es*. After the *daw-es*, Kimat and Moti felt lighter.

Kimat thought that he was now free to travel anywhere without worrying about bad luck. He was thankful that even if there are bad omens, there are always remedies that the old folks know. And for this, he is was thankful to the *Adikaila*.

Ritual Offerings for Good Health, Good Luck and Good Behavior

Narrated by Ruth Carantes
Documented by M.E. Regpala



In November 2018, we observed that our 15 year old son was not coming home at night. Sometimes, even for several nights, he would not come home. We found out later that he was with friends up to the early morning and slept in his friend's house. Even when we kept on advising him to come home early, he would still come home the following day. We found out that our son became interested in fashion shows and fashion modeling and was involved with practicing modeling in preparation for fashion shows. These activities took most of his time after school and even up to the early morning of the next day. We were able to watch a show where he was involved. With these late night and early morning practices and activities, even the grades of our

son were affected. We were very worried and concerned, so we consulted a *mambunong* or a shaman, on what to do for our son to come home regularly.

The finding of the *mambunong* was that the spirits of my two stillborn children, of my parent and my husband's parent who had departed, were communicating their needs through our son and were affecting his behavior. To appease these spirits, a ritual must be performed. These are the *dabon* and thanksgiving rituals. The *mambunong* advised us to prepare the things needed for the rituals.

The things to be prepared for the spirits of my dead unborn children were one chicken, shoes and socks, clothes, money, one *salaw* jar of *tapëy* or rice wine, soft drinks, San Miguel gin, and blanket.

During the ritual performance, a chicken was butchered and offered, and a *bunong* prayer was chanted. The chicken liver was also read for omens. The chicken that was butchered was eaten by the guests. Another chicken was butchered for the family to eat. The reading from the liver was auspicious and revealed that our family will be blessed and our son's behavior will change and improve.

After one week, we performed the thanksgiving ritual for our dead parents. The ritual offering that we prepared was one pig, although the mambunong suggested that a chicken would be a good offering.

On another occasion, we performed a thanksgiving ritual for them and butchered three pigs. The reading from the liver was again auspicious. The *mambunong* informed us that we will have an easy time in earning a living. We recalled that our parents used to perform rituals for their ancestors and we also perform these rituals if we encounter difficulties in life and want our life to be better.

After the two rituals were performed, our son started to change and came home regularly at night. We have also been blessed with a good income and had savings from our business, and we were able to buy another service vehicle that is now being used by my husband. We realized the importance of performing ritual offerings for our departed loved ones and ancestors. They can help us in changing the behavior of our children for the best and help us in our work and business to ensure a good and prosperous life.

The Wedding of Uncle Ben and the Tëmëngaw

By Christine R. Cartoneros

Tëmëngaw are believed to be the unseen spirits who live in and guard the forested areas and nearby waters.

It is believed that, just like human beings, each *tëmëngaw* is distinct and has its own character. According to our elders, some are rich and some are poor. There are unbelievable stories about *tëmëngaw* marrying a human being. Let me tell you one such story and in the end, it is up to you to believe it or not.

In our place here at Bua, Tuding, Itogon lives Uncle Ben. In the past, Uncle Ben was a person described to be jolly. He was a person who used to come out of their house to volunteer during community occasions when help was needed. He also worked with his siblings in the *usok* (tunnels of the private mines) during vacation. Uncle Ben finished a vocational course at BETI in Baguio as a Radio Operator.

After graduation, he was observed by his parents to be sickly. He preferred to stay in his room. Because of this, his parents took him to the hospital not only once or twice, but several times. He was given medication but his condition continued. Looking at Uncle Ben, it was clear that his condition was not getting any better. His parents decided to take him to a *mansip-ok* (a person believed to have the capacity to see and talk with the unseen spirits). The *mansip-ok* told his parents that in the mountains where uncle worked, he accidentally met one who is unseen, and this caused his sickness. The parents then performed a ritual with the hope that uncle Ben would soon get well. After several rituals done by a *mambunong* (a person who conducts the ritual), no improvement was seen in Uncle's Bens condition.

This did not stop the parents from hoping for Uncle Ben's recovery. They again took him to the hospital, but again, there was no improvement. The parents decided to take him to another *mansip-ok*. The *mansip-ok* told the parents that a *tëmëngaw* married him, that the *tëmëngaw* was rich and they already had children. According to the *mansip-ok* they will be doing another ritual and try to convince the *tëmëngaw* to leave uncle Ben alone to that he could enjoy a normal life. During the ritual, Uncle Ben's parents gave the following offerings: a pig, clothes including a wedding gown, jewelries and a *coli* (jar where rice wine are fermented).

Days passed but uncle Ben did not get well. Today he just stays inside their house, in his room. He only goes out of the house when he takes a bath. He bathes himself in daytime outside their house, naked and unmindful of whoever passes by. His mother and sibling have already accepted his condition.

Parents, no matter how difficult life is, do everything just to see their child in good health. They spend every single centavo they have, and they do all remedies for their child.

Inayan*

By Jane C. Mata

* Inayan is a belief by the natives of Benguet that instills fear for consequences of a bad actuations (Sacla, W. D. Treasury of Beliefs and Home Rituals of Benguet. Baguio City: Province of Benguet. 1987)

Carlos, a small boy who was a Grade 7 student in the biggest school in Itogon, was absent for three days already. He was crying in pain because of the many insect bites on his body. His face could no longer be recognized because of the bulging insect bites. The pain he felt attacked especially during the night. He could not sleep because of the pain. He cried out loud and called for his parents to attend to him. He was so scared because he heard buzzing sounds yet when he told his parents about what he heard, it seemed that he was the only one who heard it.

"Ma, pa, please come over.... I am so scared," Carlos said. "My whole body, specially my face, aches a lot. It feels like a thousand needles are pricking me all at the same time," Carlos said in between his cries.

"What has happened to you my son?" Anita said. "Please hang on. We will bring you to the hospital now. Your father Jose will just pack some of your clothes," she said worriedly.

After the preparations, they set off to the hospital. On their way to the hospital, the family, especially Carlos, prayed that his pains would soon go away.

As soon as they reached the hospital in Baguio City, Carlos was examined by a physician named Dr. Lagro. Carlos underwent several tests to see whether he was bitten by insects and whether he had an allergy to insect bites. "Insect bites are fatal when a person is allergic to these," Dr. Lagro said while checking on Carlos.

Dr. Lagro sought the help of other experts regarding the case of Carlos since there were no signs of bites. The doctors were amazed that no evidence of insect bites was seen on his skin and the test for allergy turned out negative. The doctors then suspected that Carlos had a rare disease.

This made Anita and Jose so worried. Anita was already crying. She pitied her son. Jose was also worried. Tears were at the corners of his eyes.

Jose and Anita were told that Carlos had to stay in the hospital for further observation. "We cannot see any possible reason yet for your child's condition ma'am," Dr. Lagro said. "He has to stay a little longer in the hospital for further observation and analysis of his case," the doctor said further.

"Doctor is there any hope that my child will get well?" Anita said in a weak voice.

"We will just hope for the best, mother. For the meantime, please give him these pain relievers and anti-allergy medicines. The pain reliever is twice a day while the anti-allergy is three times a day. The nurse will also come to assist you with the administration of these medicines," Dr. Lagro explained.

"Thank you doctor," Jose and Anita said in unison.

"If there is any problem, please do not hesitate to call the attention of the medical personnel on duty. I have to go and make my rounds to my other patients," said Dr. Lagro as he shook hands with the parents of Carlos.

Jose and Anita went to the chapel of the hospital when Carlos fell asleep. They went to pray to *Kabunyan* and *Adikaila* so that their son would get well soon. After a very solemn and sincere prayer, they decided to go back to their son's room. As they were passing by the alley to the room of their son, an old lady said to them, "Check on your child, he is being punished. He has hurt the *oyokan* or bees in their school which is being cared for by a *tinmongao* (nature spirit)."

The couple was surprised by this encounter. However, they did not know the old lady so they just passed by the old woman. But after a few moments, Anita realized something and said, "What if the old woman is telling the truth? You see, the doctors cannot find any reason for the condition of Carlos."

"You are right," said Jose. "Let us consult *Lakay* Dulagan. He is a *mambunong*. He might know something. I better go and see him while we are waiting for the laboratory results of Carlos."

With this realization the couple decided to go and see the old woman to thank her for her advice. When they headed to the alley where they met the old woman, she was no longer there. They also tried to ask the nurses if there was an old woman admitted in the hospital but the nurses said there was no old woman that fit their description. So, the couple said maybe the old woman was the answer to their prayer and they returned to the room of their son.

Carlos was still in pain. He was wailing because of the pain that he felt. "Ma, pa, where did you go? I am feeling the pain again," said Carlos.

"*Anak*, please be patient. The nurse will come soon to give you a pain reliever. We cannot just let you drink the pain reliever because we have to follow the schedule given by Dr. Lagro. It is for your own good," Jose said as he gently stroked the head of Carlos.

"*Anak*, may I ask you something?" his mother said dearly. "Did you hurt any bees by chance? You see, we met an old lady on our way out of the chapel a while ago and she said you are suffering because you have hurt *oyokan* in your school which happens to be the pet of a *tinmongao*. Is it true *anak*?" Anita said.

"Hmm," Carlos could not speak for a moment. He was ashamed and afraid to tell the truth for he was always reminded by his parents not to harm any living organism. He was taught by his parents that all living creatures are valuable and should not be harmed because it is *inayan*.

When he looked at his parents, Carlos knew that he had to tell the truth so he began his story. "I did not mean to hurt the *oyokan*, ma. It was just that my classmates were teasing me that I am gay because I told them not to harm the *oyokan*. I told them what you taught me that I should not harm any living creature. I was teased by my classmates. They laughed about what I said. They said those are just bees and they are small. I am big so I could not be harmed. Then one among them threw a stone at the house of the *oyokan* and nothing happened. 'See the *oyokan* cannot harm me', he said. So, they teased me further. They were already laughing at me. They said I was a coward so I also threw a stone at the *oyokan*. But I was not able to control my strength in throwing the stone so it made a hole in the hive of the *oyokan*. The bees were very angry and they went straight at me and stung me all over my body."

"It is true," Jose said sadly. "We can no longer go back and undo what you have done. I have to go and see *Lakay* Dulagan at once," he said further.
Jose consulted *Lakay* Dulagan who was a well-known *mambunong* (native priest) in their community. The elder said they had to butcher a pig and offer it to the *tinmongao* to appease it. They had to do the offering in the school of Carlos on a Saturday.

"Let's perform the *bayani* healing ritual on a Saturday to appease the *tinmongao*. We have to do it on a Saturday so that there will be no students because the *tinmongao* does not like noise. The pig you choose should be healthy. Select the ones with light color or mestizo. Prepare also a blanket,

band, clothes, woven belt, woven skirt, coins, and a ritual jar," the elder instructed Jose.

Jose had the *bigao* (flat basket) ready and canvassed a pig for the said ritual. When the scheduled date came, their neighbors came to help out in the spirit of *binnadang*. Together they brought the *bigao* as offering to the offended *tinmongao* as well as the pig which was to be offered in the school where Carlos had hurt the bees being cared for by the *tinmongaw*.

Upon reaching the site, *Lakay* Dulagan lay the *bigao* and said the prayers for the ritual. The elder ended the prayer with "you, *tinmongaw* here who takes good care of the bees, here we offer you pig, rice wine, money and many other belongings that you please heal the sickness of Carlos..."

After the prayer, the neighbors headed by Jose butchered the pig and offered it. After the solemn ritual, Jose hurried to the hospital immediately to check on the condition of his son.

He had not yet reached the room of his child when his wife happily ran towards him and embraced him. "I am glad you are here, *lakay*. The doctor said that all the laboratory results of Carlos shows he is not sick at all and that he can already go home. Since last night, Carlos already stopped whining and the bulging in his body is subsiding," Anita said in tears of joy.

Jose happily embraced his wife. They hurried in their son's room.

"Ma, pa. I feel better now. I am slowly getting stronger. Let's go home now," Carlos said as he smiled to his parents.

"What did you do? What did the *manbunong* do?" said the mother of Carlos.

Jose told how the *manbunong* did the ritual then he turned to Carlos and said, "*Anak*, you shall not repeat what you have done nor hurt any living creature no matter who bullies you or pushes you to do so. You should learn your lessons now."

"Yes pa. I will care for nature because somebody is watching over every living creature," Carlos said regretfully.

Jose and Anita embraced him and they happily left the hospital.

Isang Sulyap sa Ritwal sa Kiltëp-an, Eastern Sagada

By Alma K. Willy

Lumaki ako sa Baguio City. Ang aking mga magulang ay tubong *Iyanganut*, (mula sa Eastern Sagada o kilalang *Ikiltëp-an*). Matagal ko nang gustong pumasyal sa *ili*. Nais kong muling makita at maramdaman ang sariwang hangin, ang kabuuang kagandahan ng lugar, gayundin ang mainit at masayang pagtanggap ng mga tao sa mga bagong mukhang nakikita nila sa kanilang lugar.

Kaya naman nang nag-organisa si Ed Formoso na taga-industriya ng musika ng isang konsyertong pinamagatang "A Concert in the Clouds - Sagada Art, Music and Peace Fair" na ginanap sa Sagada noong Oktubre, 2017, hindi na ako nag-atubiling bumili ng tiket para sa akin at sa aking mga kapatid kahit na alam kong may kamahalan ito. Para sa akin, ito na ang pagkakataon upang makayapak sa *ili* sa Sagada. Masayang–masaya kami sa panonood namin ng konsyerto. Naramdaman ko ang matinding pagmamalaki sa lugar na ito. Isa itong karanasang hinding-hindi ko makakalimutan.

Kinabukasan, bago bumalik sa Baguio, sinigurado naming makapamasyal kahit saglit, sa pinagmulan ng aming mga magulang -- sa Kilong, Antadao, at Tëtëp-an. Pagdating sa *ili*, nataong may amang sumakabilang-buhay at noo'y binabantayan at pinaglalamayan. Siya ay kapitbahay ng aming Ama Dawing (*Ama* ang tawag namin sa kanya bagamat siya ay kapatid ng aming ina).

Bilang pagpapakita ng pakikiramay at pakikiisa sa mga nagluluksang pamilya, ipinagpaliban na namin ang pag-uwi sa Baguio sa araw na iyon. Hindi naman ako nagtaka sa nasaksihan kong mga ritwal na isinagawa sapagkat nakita ko na iyon na isinagawa nang ang aking kapatid, ama at asawa ay sumakabilang buhay din noong 2017.

Nagka-interes at napaisip ako na mahalagang alamin ang mga ritwal na isinasagawa kapag may sumasakabilang buhay na *Iyanganut*. Nilapitan ko si G. Dal-oy na kilala ko dahil taga-Teneres, San Vicente, Baguio rin siya tulad ko. Siya ay namulat at lumaki sa *ili* kasabay ng mga sagradong tradisyon at ritwal na hanggang sa ngayon ay labis na pinahahalagahan at iginagalang ng mga *Iyanganut*.

Dahil na rin sa pagnanais kong alamin ang mga ito ay minabuti kong makipag- kwentuhan sa kanya upang makalikom ng mga kaalaman kaugnay sa mga pangyayaring tulad ng nadatnan namin. Ayon sa kanya, *masasakit uno mënligligat pay laëng* ang tawag sa isang taong kamamatay pa lamang.

Dahil dito, hindi pa siya ilalagay sa kabaong. Bagamat sa pisikal na anyo ay namahinga na, hindi pa pormal na ipapaalam ito sa karamihan. Ang ritwal sa pagkatay na isang baboy ay tinatawag na *uttëp*.

Sënga naman ang ritwal na isinasagawa sa pagkatay ng isa o dalawang baboy na ipamamahagi sa mga taong dumalo sa lamay. *Linabi*, kung may isa pang baboy na kakatayin. Sa ritwal na ito, ipapaalam na sa ninuno ng namatay na siya ay may malubhang karamdaman at humihingi siya ng tulong na pagaanin ang anumang karamdamang dinadala, at bigyan ng katahimikan ang kanyang iiwanang pamilya.

May baboy na kakatayin sa *kuwan di matago*. Ito ay boluntaryong pagbibigay ng mga apo ng namatayan, kung may kakayahan silang magbigay, bilang pinakabahagi nila. Sa *pamëtbëtan*, manok naman na neytib ang kakatayin. Sa ritwal na ito, pormal nang ipapaalam na ang nakahimlay sa kabaong ay tuluyan nang mamamaalam. Isasagawa na ang ritwal na ito bago ilagay sa kabaong o sa tinatawag na *"baëy na"* ang taong namatay. Ang sinumang kapamilyang nais magbigay ng pabaong salita ay malayang makapagpapahayag ng damdamin.

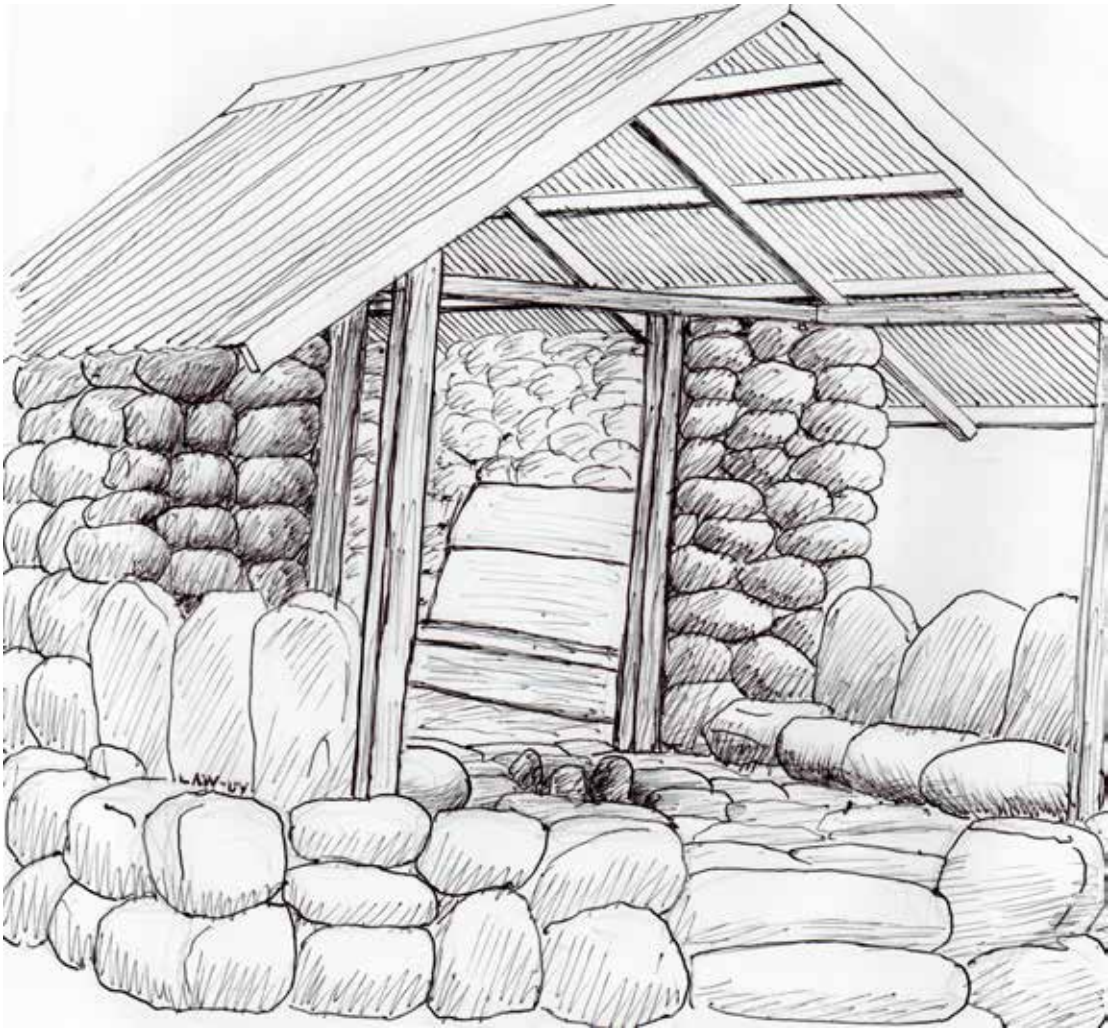
Isasama at ilalagay na rin sa loob ng kanyang kabaong ang ilang gamit na dadalhin sa paglalakbay sa bagong mundong tatahakin. Matapos ang ritwal na ito, kailangang mailibing na siya sa loob ng dalawampu't apat na oras.

Sa ritwal na *alulusan uno pamëtbëtan*, isang manok na neytib ang kakatayin na masusundan ng pagkatay ng baboy. Pakakainin ang mga tao at bisitang dumating. Sa *punpon*, ihahatid na sa huling himlayan ang namayapang tao. Nagsasagawa ng *bakid* pagkalipas ng ilang buwang nailibing ang patay. Magkakatay ng baboy na siyang ipamamahagi sa mga tao.

Doon natapos ang pakikinig ko at natutunan ang maraming bagay ukol sa tradisyon at kultura ng *Iyanganut*. Panandaliang panahon man ang inilaan ni Dal-oy sa pakikipagkwentuhan sa akin ay damang-dama ko naman ang kanyang katapatan.

Daw-ës of the people of San Vicente

Narrated by Alma Willy
Documented by Sixto Talastas



Daw-ës, a traditional ritual of the people of Tëtëp-an of Sagada, Mountain Province, is held regularly in San Vicente Barangay, Baguio City, where many from Tëtëp-an established a small permanent settlement.

Daw-ës is a ritual of cleansing for unfortunate incidents in the previous years. It aims to cleanse spiritually and emotionally the people of the community after bad experiences. It is also a ritual of invoking general wellbeing for individuals and the community in the future, so that no harm shall come their way, they will be successful in their endeavors, and will be well spiritually, physically, and economically.

The conduct of *daw-ës* in San Vicente was started by the early settlers with the leadership of then Barangay Captain Bayoya, also from Tëtëp-an, when Mrs. Alma Willy was still a child. Nowadays, it is usually led by an elder, Mr. Dadak-o Lungbabi, who is also a leader in their *dap-ay* or traditional socio-political structure, in San Vicente.

One instance where they performed *daw-ës* was after the onslaught of Typhoon Ompong. A young boy from their community was a fatality. He was washed away by a flash flood and was recovered in Barangay Camp 6 days after. A few days later, they performed the cleansing ritual to help get rid of the trauma especially for the affected family.

Mrs. Willy is very grateful now to the community that even in San Vicente they are still practicing those traditions that their ancestors brought from Tëtëp-an which proved to be still practical and helpful.

Tradisyon ng mga Kankana-ëy sa Pagtatayo ng Bahay

Ni Tayshaun Comilang

Ang kuwentong ito ay hango sa paniniwala ng mga ninuno naming Kankana-ëy at siya ring sinunod at ginawa ng mga lolo at lola noong nagpatayo sila ng munting tirahan, ayon kay lola Josephine Comilang na may edad 60 mula Trail, Tuding, Itogon, Benguet.

Sa pagpapatayo nila ng bahay, isinagawa muna nila ang *boton* na ritwal na magsasabi o magpapahiwatig kung ligtas nga ba ang lugar na pagpapatayuan ng bahay.

Sa pagtatayo ng apat na poste, kailangang magkatay ng manok at ang dugo nito ay ibubuhos sa paanan ng apat na poste. Ayon sa mga ninuno, ito ang nagpapatatag sa gagawing bahay.

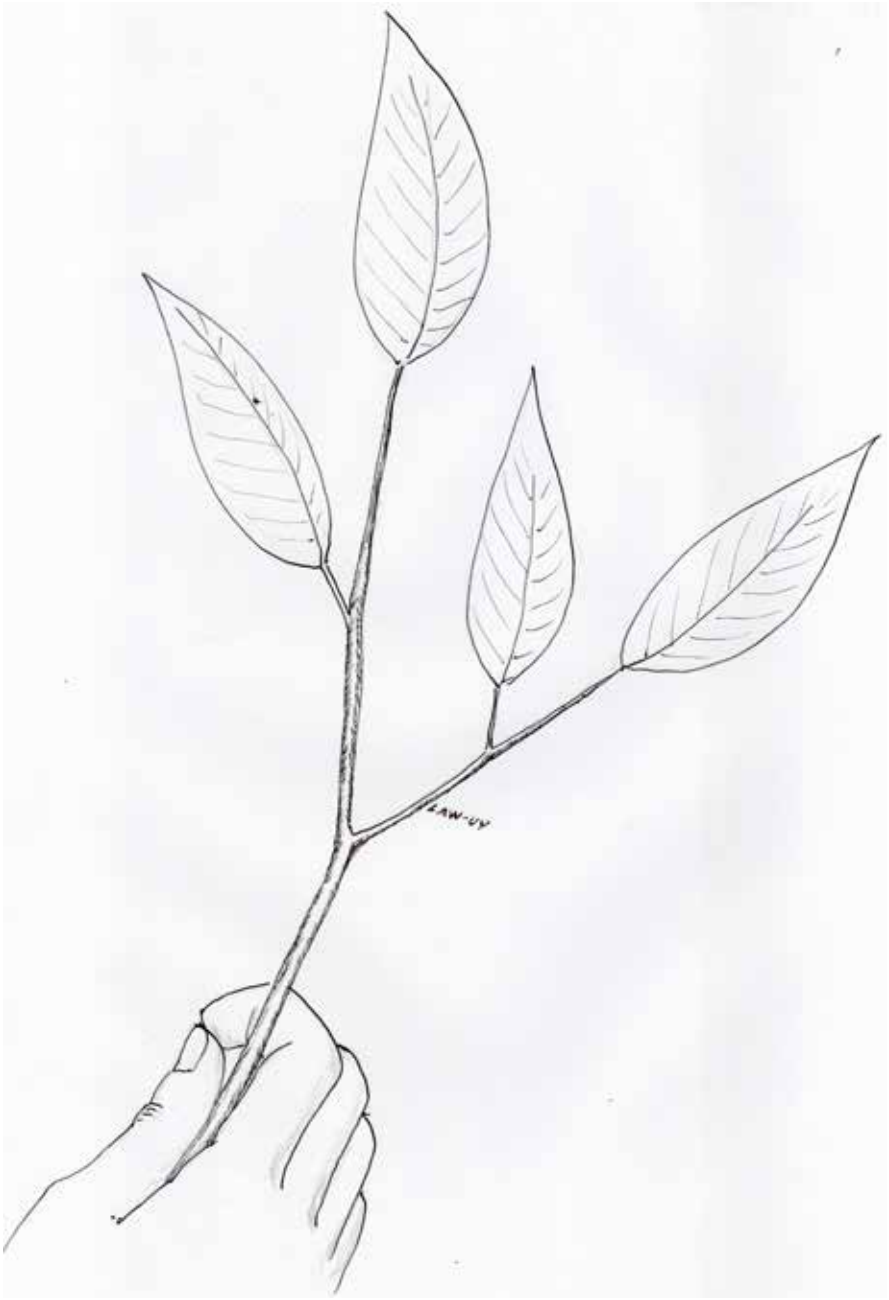
Sa paglalagay ng mga materyales para sa bahay, isinasagawa ang *sëg-ak*, ang ritwal ng pagkatay ng baboy na maglilinis ng lagat ng mga materyales na gagamitin sa bahay. Halimbawa, ang mga kahoy na tinatamaan ng kidlat ay hindi dapat gamitin sa paggawa ng bahay dahil maaari raw itong magdulot ng kamalasan sa bahay ngunit pwede itong malinisan sa pamamagitan ng *sëg-ak*.

Sa pagtatapos ng bahay bago ito ay pasukin, kailangang gawin ang tinatawag ng *sëgëp* at magkakatay ulit ng baboy. Sa *sëgëp*, mahalagang tingnan ng *man-atëd*, o ng mga matatanda, sa pamamagitan ng pagdarasal ang magandang hitsura ng atay at apdo ng baboy. Gagawin ito hanggang makita ng *man-atëd* na maganda ang lagay ng atay at apdo. Ang mga nakatira sa bahay ay iiwas sa mga gawaing sisira sa bisa ng ritwal. Hindi sila puwedeng lumabas ng bahay sa susunod na araw at hindi rin magtatabi ang mag-asawa sa tulugan sa gabing iyon.

Ang mga paniniwalang ito ay ayon sa mga ninuno at malaki ang naitutulong sa kaligtasan laban sa mga kalamidad at nagbibigay din ng swerte sa mga nakatira sa bahay.

Pasang di Kabunyan: Ang Regalo ng Hari ng Kulog

Sinalaysay ni Arsenia M. Kaniteng, Tuding Council of Elders
Sinulat ni Benilda K. Mendoza



Masayang naglalakad sina Amber at ang tatlo niyang kapatid na lalaki na may edad siyam, pito, at lima sa malawak na hardin na punung-puno ng makukulay at mababangong bulaklak.

Dahil sa sariwa ang hangin at maganda ang paligid, siya'y naaya na umupo sa lilim ng punongkahoy na may malalabay na dahon na siyang nagbibigay ng sariwang hangin sa kapaligiran. Ang tatlo niyang maliliit na kapatid ay nagtakbuhan sa damuhan at nagkatuwaang habulin ang mga paru-parong nagliliparan at palipat-lipat sa mga bulaklak.

Tangay sa pag-ihip ng hangin ang sariwa at mabangong amoy ng mga dahon at bulaklak sa paligid na kaysarap langhapin. Ang sariwang hangin ay nagbibigay ginhawa sa pusong naninimdim at sa pagod na isipan. Samantala sa bawat pag-ugoy ng mga sanga ay sumasabay sa pagkaway ang mga bulaklak na parang mga lambanang sumasayaw. Ang mga ibon sa mga sanga ng punongkahoy ay nagpapaligsahan sa pag-awit ng iba't-ibang himig, na para bang sinasabayan nila ang lagaslas ng tubig sa batis. Ito ang paborito niyang tanawin sa tuwing siya ay umuuwi sa lupain ng kanyang amang mestiso.

Nawili siya sa panonood at pakikinig nang bigla niyang naalala ang kanyang mga pinapastol. Dali-dali siyang tumayo at hinabol ang maliit na malapit na pala sa batis. Kasabay ng paghila niya sa maliit na kamay, tumunog ang tambuli, hudyat na malapit na ang oras ng hapunan at pag-uwi ng kanilang ama. Kaagad niyang tinawag ang dalawa pa niyang kapatid at tinunton nila ang daang pauwi.

Nadatnan nila ang kanilang ina sa balkonahe, nakaupo sa tumba-tumba at kalong-kalong si bunso na katatapos lang dumede. Nasa ganoon silang tagpo nang dumating ang kanilang ama lulan ng isang puting karwahe na hinihila ng dalawang puti ring kabayo. Pababa pa lang sa kanyang sasakyan ay patakbo nang sumalubong si maliit sa kanilang ama na kaagad naman binuhat ang anak at saka lumapit sa kanila. Masuyo niyang inakbayan ang kanyang asawa at magkakasunod silang pumasok sa loob ng bahay. Tamang-tama at nakahanda na rin ang pagkain para sa kanilang hapunan.

Dinala ni Amber sa batalan ang tatlong paslit upang hugasan at bihisan. Palabas na sila sa silid nang dumating ang lima pa niyang kapatid mula sa taniman ng ubas. Sa wakas ay nakumpleto na ang walo niyang kapatid na lalaki. Hindi kasi sila maaaring kumain ng hapunan kung hindi buo ang

kanilang pamilya. Ang bawat isa ay may kanya-kanyang pwesto sa mahabang mesa na punung-puno ng masasarap na pagkain.

Tuwing hapunan lang niya nakakasama ang mga kapatid niyang lalaki dahil maaga silang lahat umaalis patungo sa kanilang trabaho. Sa pagkakataong ito, natititigan niya nang matagal ang mukha ng kanyang mga kapatid. Ang mga mata nila'y bughaw, matangos ang kanilang ilong at sila'y matatangkad. Siya lamang ang naiiba sa kanila dahil hindi niya nakuha ang kagandahan ng kanyang ina na matangos ang ilong at may malusog na pangangatawan dahil alagang-alaga ng kanilang ama.

Isusubo na sana niya ang ubas nang biglang natumba ang kanyang upuan. Nauntog ang kanyang ulo sa paa ng mesa.

Nang imulat niya ang kanyang mga mata, nasa sahig na siya ng kanyang silid. Panaginip na naman. Laging ganito ang kanyang panaginip mula nang siya ay maliit pa. Sa tunay na buhay, dalawa lang silang magkapatid na babae. Maganda nga ang kanyang ina -- mestisahin at matangos ang ilong at mapayat. Wala rin siyang walong kapatid na mestisong lalaki at lalong hindi mestiso ang kanyang ama.

Si Amber ay pinsang buo ko dahil magkapatid ang aming ina.

Matagal na panahon na nilang ninais magkaroon ng kapatid na lalaki. Subalit hindi maipaliwang ng medisina kung bakit hindi na magkaanak pa ang ina ni Amber. Normal naman daw ang kanilang reproductive system na mag-asawa.

Umuwi sila sa aming probinsiya nang dumating ang bakasyon. Doon nagpasuri ang kanyang ina sa isang *mansip-ok*. Inilagay ng *mansip-ok* ang isang itlog sa loob ng baso at saka nilagyan ng tubig. Nagdasal ito ng isang orasyon at mayamaya pa ay may paunti-unting nabuong bula sa loob ng baso. Nagkaroon ito ng mga hugis na masusing pinag-aralan ng *mansip-ok*.

Ayon sa kanyang paliwanag, may ibang pamilya ang aking tiya sa kaharian ng mga kulog (*Dakdakë di kali na*). Ang asawa daw niya ay ang hari ng mga kulog at mayroon silang walong anak na lalaking mestiso katulad ng kanilang ama. Si Amber ay tinanggap niya bilang anak dahil wala silang anak na babae at upang hindi malungkot ang kanyang ina. Iyan ang dahilan kung bakit sila nagkikita sa kanyang panaginip.

Hindi nakontento ang ina ni Amber sa kanyang narinig, kaya sinamahan siyang muli ng aking ina at sila ay sumangguni sa iba. Ganoon din ang sinabi ng pangalawa sa una. Upang matiyak ang tamang dahilan, muli silang nagpatingin kay Lola Totonic, ang kilalang *mansip-ok* sa aming lugar. Katulad ng una at pangalawa, gayundin ang kanyang nakita.

Ayon kay Lola Totonic, "Kailangang isagawa ang *Pasang di Kabunyan*." Kailangang maihanda ang mga mamahaling pinggan, *kuli, palata, tapëy* at malaking baboy," paliwanag ni Lola Totonic sa mga magulang ni Amber.

Ang *Pasang di Kabunyan* ay isang ritwal na isinasagawa sa mag-asawang hindi magkaroon ng anak, at sa mag-asawang laging nag-aaway dahil pakiramdam ng babae o lalaki ay nandidiri siya kapag tumatabi ang kanyang asawa. Sa ibang sitwasyon, nagiging baog ang mag-asawa. Subalit sa kanilang panaginip, may kasama siyang iba sa ibang mundo at doon, siya ay masayang-masaya. Karamihan ng nabibiktima ng mayayaman na espiritu ay mga dalaga, binata at maging mga mag-asawa.

Ang mga kailangan sa ritwal ay depende sa uri ng espiritung napangasawa niya. Kapag mayaman siyang espiritu, kailangan ang mga mamahaling pinggan na tinatawag nilang *bastos* (mga orihinal na babasaging galing Tsina), malaking baboy, at palata (old silver coins), *Kuling Pukaw* (pinakamahal na uri ng *kuli* mula dinastiya ng Ching o Tang). Ngunit kung panggitnang uri at mahirap na angkan ng espiritu, manok lang ang kailangan at mga gamit ay pangkaraniwan lamang. Ang mga bagay na ito ay magsisilbing alay sa espiritu na pakikiusapang iwanan niya ang babae o lalaki dahil magkaiba sila ng mundo. Isinasagawa ang ritwal sa araw na maganda ang panahon at buwan.

Umaga ng Sabado, maganda ang sikat ng araw at maaliwalas ang kalangitan. Naihanda na ang mga kagamitan sa ritwal ng *Pasang di Kabunyan.* Ang una nilang ginamit ay manok, palata, mga kumot *(galëy) kuli*, mga damit at *tapëy*. Ang lahat ay nakapatong sa ibabaw ng nakalatag na banig sa lupa. Ang manok ay hinahawakan ng *mambunong* at saka inuusal ang bunong di *pasang* (panalangin para sa *pasang di Kabunyan*)

PASANG DI KABUNYAN

Oh! Kabunyan ay dak-dakë di kali na
Umali ka sinan kalutaan tan naëy di idawat me ën sika-a
Naey di manok ay sëgëd, naëy di galëy, naëy di lupot mo,
Naëy abë di man-nangis ay tapëy ya pilak mo ay ilakom si laydëm

Oh Kabunyan, hari ng mga kulog
Bumaba sa lupa mula sa iyong kaharian
Iyong tingnan at tanggapin ang alay namin sa iyo
Narito ang mga mamahaling damit, kumot, tapayan
Narito rin ang masarap na pagkain,
Matamis na tapëy at malusog na manok

Nay masëg-ang ka ta taynam nan si ina da _____
(Banggitin ang pangalan ng babae o lalaki na naging asawa nila)
Tan wada abë di pamilya na sinan rabaw di daga
Ya adi kayo man-is-iso si lubong
Man-ila ka si isom ay kabunyan si asawa-ëm
Oh Kabunyan ay dakdakë di kali na, nay masëg-ang ka!

Narito rin ang mga salapi na pambili mo
Ng mga bagay na nais mo
Tanging kahilingan namin
Iwan mo na ang ina ng mga batang ito
Dahil may sarili siyang pamilya
At magkaiba kayo ng mundo
Humanap ka sana ng kalahi mo
Na maging asawa mo.
Oh, Hari ng kulog kami ay nakikiusap sa iyo!

Sinabihan din ng *mambunong* ang ina ni Amber na pakiusapan niya ang *kabunyan* na maghiwalay na sila. Subalit ang nakapagtataka, walang salitang lumalabas sa kanyang bibig gayong nakikita namin na bumubuka ang kanyang mga labi at siya'y nagsasalita. Pagkatapos ng *bunong* saka nila isinagawa ang *pinikpikan*. Nang maluto na ang manok, muli nilang inusal ang panalangin.

Sa mga ritwal na isinasagawa, kailangang mag-ayuno ang buong pamilya: bawal kumain ng malalansa, bawal magtabi ang mag-asawa sa loob ng tatlong gabi batay sa utos ng *panglakayën*, at kailangang sa buong magdamag ay patuloy na may apoy ang kalan sa dapugan hanggang matapos ang ritwal.

Kinagabihan, napanaginipan ni Amber ang kanyang mestisong ama. Galit na galit daw ito sa dalawang matanda na nagsagawa ng ritwal: sina Lola Totonic at Lolo Dinisio. Dahil daw sa matindi niyang galit ay inutusan niya ang kanyang malaking aso na habulin at kagatin si Lola Totonic. Mabuti na lang daw at nakaakyat sa malaking puno si Lola.

Malakas na kulog at ulan ang gumising kay Amber. Masakit ang kanyang mga mata dahil sa makapal na usok mula sa dapugan. Nagisnan niya sina Lola Totonic, Lola Bening at ang kanyang ina na nag-uusap.

Pinag-uusapan nila ang panaginip ni Lola Totonic. Nagalit daw sa kanya ang mestisong asawa ng ina ni Amber, at ayaw daw niyang hiwalayan ito dahil marami na silang mga anak at maliliit pa sila. Wala raw mag-aalaga sa mga bata. Isa pa, ang ina lang daw ni Amber ang gusto niya.

Ang malaking tanong sa aking isipan, paano nagkatugma ang kanilang mga panaginip?

Hindi nagtagumpay ang ritwal na naisagawa nang tatlong beses. Inulit nila ito noong sumunod na linggo at baboy ang kanilang kinatay ngunit lalong nagalit ang hari ng mga kulog. Mula noon, nagsimulang magbago ang ugali ng kanyang ina. Lagi siyang galit at matatalim ang kanyang mga mata. Lalo siyang pumayat at tuyung-tuyo na ang kanyang balat. Mapili siya sa pagkain. Ayaw niya ang karne ng aso, baka at kambing.

Halos gabi-gabi ring nananaginip si Amber. Maayos at marangya daw ang kanilang pamumuhay sa piling ng mestiso niyang ama. Sa katunayan, nakikita niyang masaya ang kanyang ina, hanggang lumipas ang panahon at malalaki na ang mestiso niyang mga kapatid. Sa lahat daw na kanyang pinupuntahan sila ang tagapagligtas niya laban sa masasamang tao. Dahil sa mga ganitong panaginip, lalo siyang nangulila para sa kapatid na lalaki.

Ang isang payo ng mga matatanda ay mag-ampon ang kanyang mga magulang ng batang lalaki upang magkaroon sila ng kapatid na lalaki. Ganoon nga ang kanilang ginawa at kinuha nila ang sanggol na anak ni tita Linda na pinsan ng aming ina.

Sa huli niyang panaginip, anim na kapatid niyang mestiso ang may sarili nang pamilya. Isang araw, nagkaroon ng malaking handaan sa palasyo ng kanyang amang mestiso. Ang tanging mga bisita ay ang mga pamilya ng anim niyang anak na nag-asawa. Pagkatapos ng handaan, malungkot silang nagpaalam sa kanilang mag-ina. Lahat sila ay nagpasalamat sa kanilang

pag-aalaga nang sila ay maliliit pa. Mahigpit na yumakap ang bunso kay Amber at ibinulong na paminsan–minsan, sila na daw ang dadalaw sa kanya.

Sila ay inihatid hanggang sa malaking tarangkahan. Bago sila nagkahiwalay, may ibinigay ang mestiso niyang ama sa kanyang ina. Isa itong buto ng bulaklak na nakalagay sa isang maliit na kahon para sa alahas. Samantala, si Amber ay binigyan ng isang tangkay na may nakakapit na apat na dahon.

Naputol ang panaginip ni Amber dahil sa tunog ng alarm clock. Araw ng kanyang pagsusulit. Nagmadali siyang naligo at nagbihis. Sumakay ng taxi upang hindi siya mahuli. Nang siya ay dumukot ng pamasahe sa kanyang bulsa, hindi pera ang kanyang nadukot kundi apat na maliliit na dahon na nakakapit pa sa tangkay.

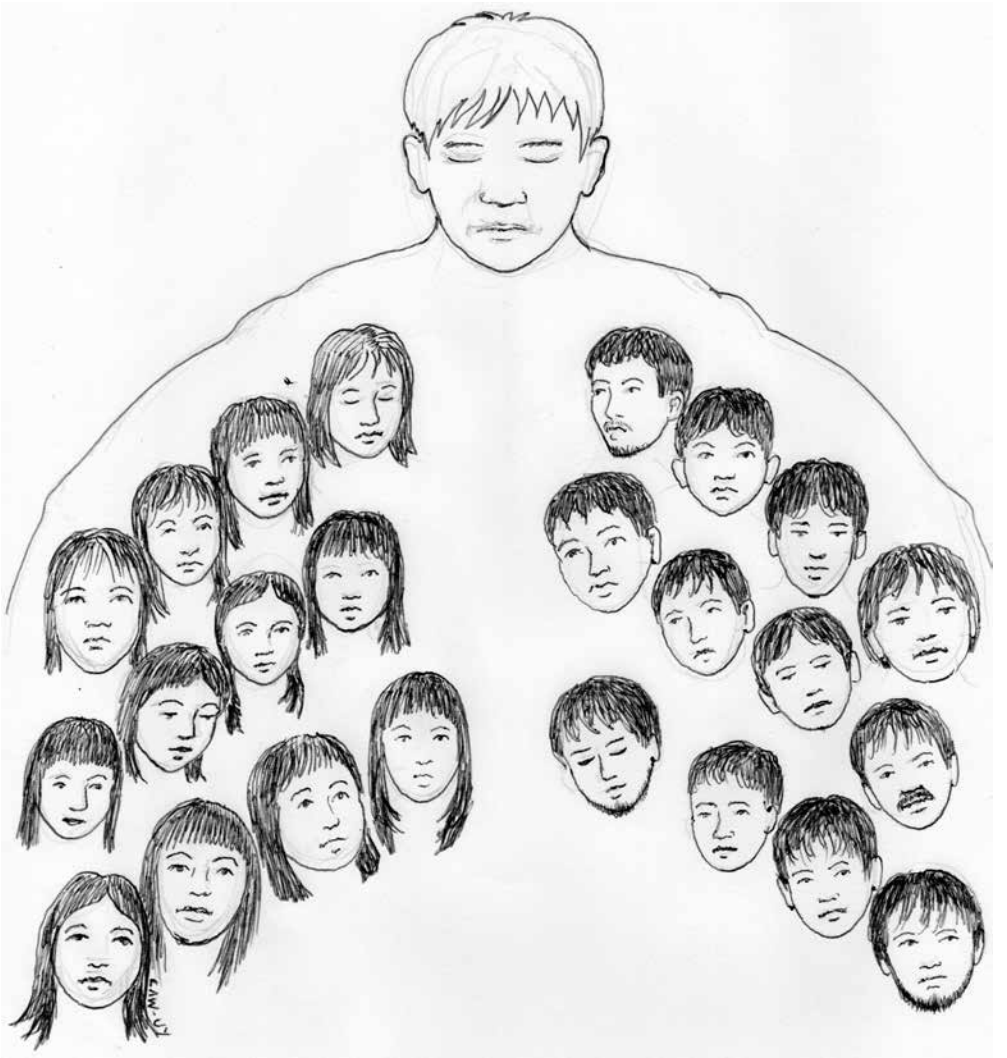
Pagkalipas ng 20 taon, sa edad na 47, nanganak ang ina ni Amber ng isang sanggol na babae. Dalawampung taon ang kanilang agwat ng kanyang kapatid na ngayon ay isang midwife sa Pines City Doctors Hospital. Si Amber naman ay may apat na anak, tatlong babae at isang lalaki.

Ayon kay Lola Totonic, ang buto ng bulaklak na iniabot sa kanyang ina ng mestiso niyang asawa ay ang bunso nilang kapatid. Ang apat na dahon sa isang tangkay na ibinigay sa kanya ay ang apat niyang anak na pawang propesyonal na ngayon.

(Ang *bunong* o panalangin ng Pasang Di Kabunyan ay galing kina Totonic Panday na *mansip-ok* at hilot; at Dinisio Malute, isang *mambunong* ng Bua, Tuding, Itogon, Benguet.)

Diyos at Diyosang Kankana-ëy

Isinulat ni Corazon J. Villena
Salaysay ni G. Danilo Palangdan, Community Elder, Tuding



Hindi lamang pala mga Romans at Greeks ang may kinikilalang mga diyos at diyosa na binabanggit sa kanilang mitolohiya. Ayon sa Modyul para sa Mag-aaral, Filipino 10, ang mito sa Pilipinas ay kinabibilangan ng mga kuwentong-bayang naglalahad tungkol sa mga anito, diyos at diyosa, mga kakaibang nilalang at mga kuwento noon tungkol sa pagkagunaw ng

daigdig. Kung gayon, masasabing ang mga Kankana-ëy din ay may sariling diyos at diyosa.

Sa paglalahad ni G. Danilo Palangdan, isang Elder ng Tuding, Itogon, mapatutunayan sa mga dasal at awiting-bayan ng mga Kankana-ëy at Ibaloy na may mga diyos at diyosang kinikilala mula pa sa panahon ng mga ninuno ng lahi.

Ayon sa kanyang pagsasalay, may 24 na kasama si Kabunyan. 12 sa kanila ang diyos: si *Bal-litoc*, diyos ng ginto; *Kabigat*, diyos ng pilak at pananlapi, diyos ng mandirigma at ng karagatan, mangangaso at mangangalakal; *Lumawig*, diyos ng paggaling, mandirigma at mangangaso; *Gat-an*, diyos ng kabukiran; *Pati*, diyos din ng mandirigma at diyos ng hayop; sina *Suyam, Amduyan, Kalan, Wigan, Lopis* ay diyosa ng hayop at mga tanim. Samantala si *Bentawan* ay diyos ng apoy; *Maudi*, diyos ng mga utusan.

Ang 12 diyosa naman ay sina *Bangan*, diyosa ng pag-aalaga ng baboy; *Bugan*, diyosa ng butil (cereals); *Ubbang*, diyosa ng pag-aalaga ng baboy; *Pe-ey*, diyosa ng paggawa ng tapey-alak; *Angban*, diyosa ng pinagmumulan ng tubig; diyosa ng mga hayop at tanim sina *Yapeng, Lingan, Angtan, Apinan* at *Daungen*; si *Tangnan* ay diyosa ng mga utusang babae at ang pinakahuli si *Ibaga*, diyosa ng mga mensahero.

Napag-alaman sa salaysay niya na ang maylikha sa lahat ay si *ADIKAILA* na tinatawag nilang Kabunyan samantalang ang mga diyos at diyosa na naninirahan *ed daya* (kalawakan) ay may limitadong kapangyarihan at hindi nakalilikha anuman ngunit gumagabay sila sa mga tao.

Ayon sa salaysay ni Uncle Danilo, nakilala ang mga diyos at diyosa sa pagbabahagi mula sa salin-dila ng mga *inun-a* (elders). Binabanggit ang mga ito kapag isasagawa ng mga matatanda ang pagbubukas ng isang pagkanyaw o *mangid-ëdëw*.

Tinatawag ang pagbubukas na iyon ng isang kanyaw na *bayyog* na kung saan may isinasagawang panalangin na paawit kung bigkasin. Isinasalaysay kung paano lumipat ang angkan sa ibang lugar dala ang karunungan ng lahi.

Ayon pa sa salaysay niya may kakaibang kakisigan daw ang mga diyos kaya't sinomang makakita sa mga ito ay hindi na makuhang pumikit samantalang ang mga diyosa nama'y labis ang kagandahan na sinomang lalaki na makatunghay ng kagandahan nila'y nakakalimutan ang kanilang asawa.

LIVELIHOODS

The Path of Golden Opportunities

By Deshery Bantag
Gold Dust 2018

I was raised as a farmer's daughter. As my family grew bigger and we grew older, our financial needs increased. My father was a farmer in Buguias, but he, together with my mother, came to work as a small scale miner here in Itogon.

My parents believe in the importance of education. They strained their resources so that they could send us to school. They want us to be educated for a better future. This is the reason why they became miners and endured the hardships of mining.

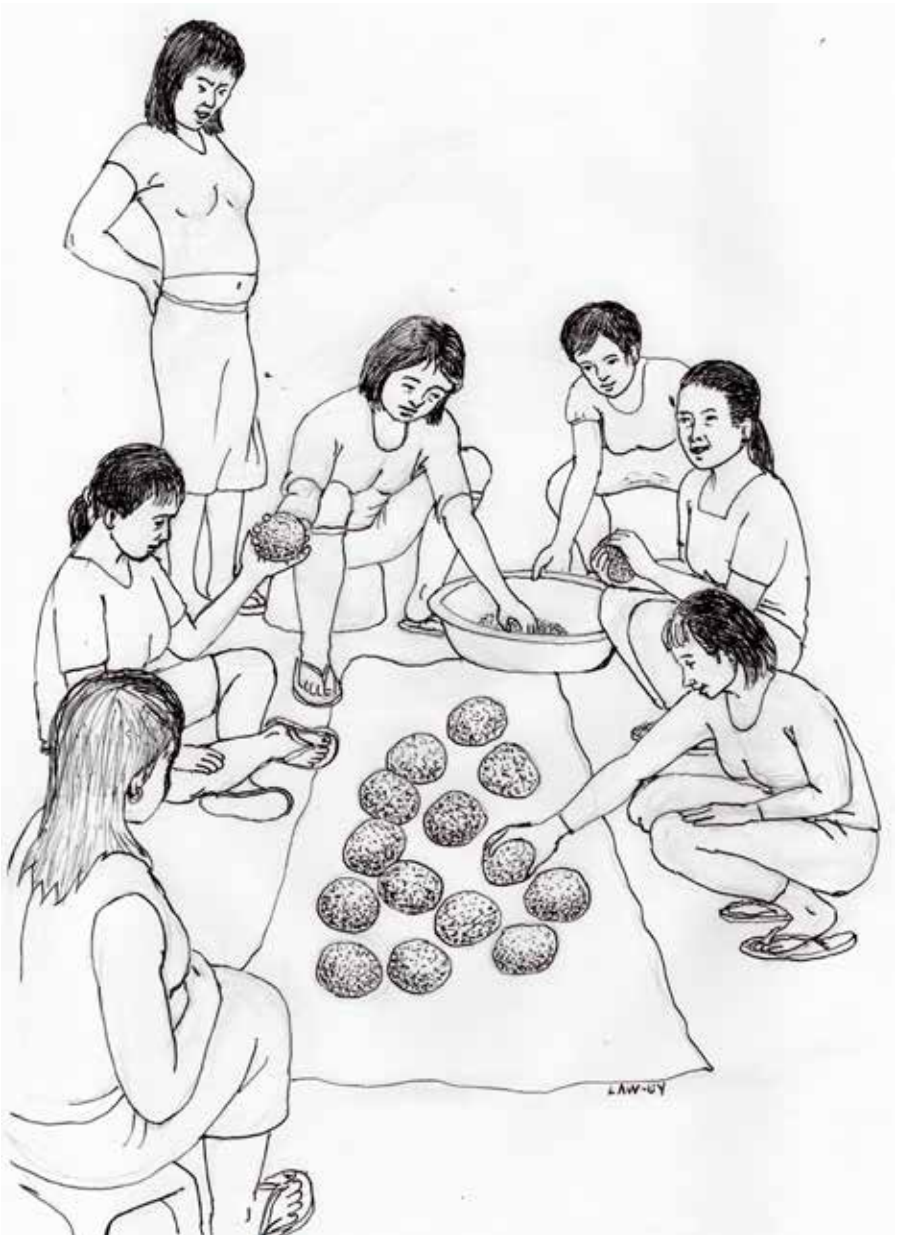
Mining as compared to farming is very much different. Mining is risky but economically speaking, it is good. Farming, though not that risky, cannot fully sustain all the needs of the family. When Typhoon Ompong hit Itogon, many people died because they were buried alive due to landslides. Our government blamed mining for the many erosions in the municipality. This was the reason that a No Mining Policy was issued by DENR Secretary Cimatu and it was put into effect on October 1, 2018.

As a miner's daughter, this policy greatly affects me. How can we continue our studies if we are financially drained? My parents would not have enough money if mining is totally stopped. Maybe my brother and I will stop going to school and instead go home to Buguias and help our parents farm.

My brother will soon have his On The Job Training (OJT) and he will need money to finish it. Can my parents stretch whatever savings and income they have for our education, food, allowance and other needs? My parents entered the mining industry so that they can send us to school because they do not want us to experience hardship, like they did. They want us to grow up and be able to have good employment.

Buhay at Kaluluwa ng Linang

Ni Corazon Jimenez Villena



*N**aba*** ang tawag sa batong may laman na ginto. Kapag ito ay giniling, ito ay nagiging buhangin na kung tawagin ay *linang* na salitang *Kankana-ëy*.

May dalawang uri ng *linang* ayon sa pagproseso na tinatawag namang *saliklik* o *anay* o *barkis*. Sa *pag-anay/saliklik/pagbarkis*, inaalis muna ang pinakapinong bumabalot sa *linang*.

Tinatawag naman itong *kibo* na parang putik. Naaalis ito sa pamamagitan ng paghalo sa nagiling habang tuluy-tuloy ang daloy ng tubig, tulad ng paglalaro ng buhangin sa tabing dagat. Matapos mahugasan ang *kibo*, lumalabas na ang *lugaba*.

Iaanay ito hanggang sa ang matitira lamang ay ang buhangin na may ginto. Tinatawag naman itong *sënëd*.

Habang nag-*aanay*, paminsan-minsang isinasaksak o nilalabhan naman ang *ap-ap* na sumasala sa naanod na ginto sa *barkis*. Ang *ap-ap* ay kadalasang gawa sa army blanket, kurdoroy na tela o di kaya ay sako (jute). Mabalahibo ang mga materyal na ito kaya mainam para sa pagpapa-anod ng linang. *Sinasaliklikang* mabuti ang naipon o nasala sa *ap-ap*, kasama ang nakuha sa *pag-aanay*.

Pinupuro na ito sa pamamagitan ng *dayas*. Sa prosesong ito, nahihiwalay na ang mala-pulbos na ginto. Maaari na itong iluto – iblower ang tawag ng iba.

Ang *linang/sënëd* na *naidayas* naman ay maaaring paghati-hatian ng mga kababaihang tumulong sa *pagbarkis*. Masaya ang sinumang nakatatanggap ng *linang*. Napakahalaga nito gaano man kaliit o kadami. Kung maraming tumutulong, mas maliit ang hati ng *linang*. Kung minsan, umaabot pa ito na kasinlaki ng bola ng table tennis. Dumarami ang tumutulong kapag malaki ang nakukuhang ginto ng mga minero. Tinitipon ang *linang-sened* na ito kahit abutin pa ng buwan at saka ipoproseso ng ginang na nakatipon nito. Paulit-ulit na iginigiling ang *sënëd/linang* upang makuha ang natitirang ginto.

Sa paglipas ng panahon, bihira na ang *nagpapalinang* hindi dahil sa lumalalim na ang pinagkukunan ng ginto kundi sa modernisasyon na dala ng teknolohiya. Ibinababad na ang *linang* sa pad, ginagamitan ito ng lime at cyanide para minsanang matunaw at maihiwalay ang ginto.

Habang may pagmimina, may *linang* na nagdudulot ng kasayahan, pagtutulungan, damayan, katapatan, tagumpay, at higit sa lahat, buhay ng mga anak ng *naglilinang*. Isang kultura ang nalinang sa *linang* subalit namamatay na ito dahil sa paggamit ng makabagong teknolohiya at kemikal.

Ang Halaga Ng Bawat Sentimo

Ni Jaycel G. Guilod

"Mukhang niloloko mo naman yata ako. Hindi naman yata pera itong iniabot mo sa akin?" ang pangiting sabi ni Lola sa akin.

"Lola, hindi ko po kayo niloloko. Pera po 'yan, isang libo," ang magalang kong tugon kay Lola. "Ha? Totoo talaga 'to? Mukhang play money naman. Wala yatang ganitong pera, parang ngayon lang ako nakakita ng ganito" ang mahiyaing sagot ni Lola.

"Marami po kayong naibentang ginto kaya mataas din yung bayad ni nanay sa iyo. Eto na po yung mga pinamili ninyo 'la."

Napangiti siya habang inaayos ang kanyang mga pinamili. Tandang-tanda ko pa ang nag-iisang ngipin niya noong ngumiti siya. Ngipin na pinaitim ng tabako sa mahabang panahon niyang paninigarilyo at pagnguya ng dahon ng tabako. Sa pagpapatuloy ng aming kwentuhan ay hindi ko naiwasang tanungin si Lola kung bakit hindi niya dinala sa Baguio ang kanyang naipong ginto gayong marami naman ito at mas mataas ang bayad kung doon na lamang niya ito ibenta. "Ayaw ko kasi nahihilo at nasusuka ako kapag sumasakay ako ng jeep." Tinanong ko pa siya kung kailan ang huli niyang pagpunta ng Baguio at sabi niya ay matagal na daw na panahon yun, mula pa nung namatay ang kanyang asawa.

Tradisyon ng mga Ibaloy sa bahaging ito ng Itogon ang pagsundo ng mga balo sa bagong balo upang pumunta sa Baguio at samahan itong mamasyal, kumain, o mamili ng mga bagong damit para makalimot o maibsan naman kahit konti ang kanyang pagdadalamhati o kalungkutang nadarama. Ginagawa nila ito kapag nailibing na ang namayapang kabiyak.

Sa mga nasabing iyon ni Lola, may bahagi sa aking puso na parang tinusok ng karayom. Masakit isipin na sa kabila ng hirap niya sa *'pagkukudkod'* (ang tradisyunal na pagmimina ng ginto sa Agno River ng mga Ibaloy) ay hindi niya alam ang halaga ng kanyang pinagpapaguran sa araw-araw. Naisip ko tuloy na parang napaka-imposible naman na sa buong buhay niyang ginagawa 'yon ay hindi man lang siya nakakita ng perang papel na isang buong libo. Seryoso kaya siya o sinusubukan lamang niya ako?

Hindi ko naiwasang ibahagi ang aking kwento nuong nasa hapag kainan na kami at nasabi nga ng aking biyenang babae na kahit umabot sa libo ang bayad sa kanilang ibinentang ginto ay kalimitang hindi rin nila nahahawakan nang buo ang bayad sa kanilang pinaghirapan. Kapag nakwenta na ni Mommy

kung magkano ang kanilang gintong ibinenta, kakaltasin naman niya ang kanilang naipong utang sa pagbili ng bigas, asukal, kape at mantika--mga pang araw-araw na pangunahing pangangailangan sa payak na pamumuhay sa baryo.

Bago siya tuluyang umalis ay pabiro niyang sinabi na kapag nilolоko ko daw siya ay lagi niya akong tatapikin kapag namatay na siya. Para raw hindi niya ako lolokohin, pabiro din niyang sinabi na magdala raw ako ng pandesal sa kanyang burol. Hindi ako natakot sa sinabi niya dahil alam kong nakikipagbiruan lamang siya sa akin.

Nakakalungkot isiping may isang Lola na baluktot na ang likod dahil sa katandaan at sa kakatrabaho pero masinop at may pagpapahalaga sa bawat sentimo na kanyang pinagpaguran. Sa hirap ng buhay ngayon, tila hindi nakikita ng mga kabataan ang halaga ng bawat sentimo na kanilang nahahawakan o nakikita. Ang *'binting'* o bente singko sentimo o kahit piso ay parang wala nang halaga para sa mga milenyal ngayon. Kahit nadadaanan o naaapakan nila ang mga baryang ito ay wala man lang makaisip pulutin ito. Kapag sinabihan mong pulutin ito ay ay tatawanan ka lang at sasabihing *"kababain"* o "Bakit pa, eh wala namang halaga yan, wala nang mabibili ang piso ngayon, *binting* pa kaya?"

Bago tuluyang umalis mula sa aming tindahan si Lola Angkelin ay maayos nyang inilagay ang mga barya sa kanyang *eskofita* (coin purse). Kita sa kanyang mga kalyuhing kamay ang simbolo ng hirap. Ang kalyo ay pinakapal ng araw-araw na trabaho sa ilog makaipon lamang ng kakapiranggot na ginto kapalit ng sentimo.

Saga-ok

Written by Marciana Balusdan
Based on the story of Epi Eslao, tunnel owner, about his experience in 2017

Saga-ok is a traditional practice of the original miners in Itogon. This is done to share the gold ore, which is considered a community resource. It is not practiced by the migrant miners. Part of this practice is safe mining and women's participation. When the tunnel is producing abundantly, like when

a vein of high grade ore is struck, then the owner of the tunnel will decide to do the *saga-ok*. This is done by the owner because it is expected by the community, and if not, then this be a cause for hatred and cursing from the neighbors.

This is a traditional practice that has been inherited from the ancestors in the mining areas, which promotes unity among the people and the sharing of the blessings of Kabunyan.

A group of men organize themselves as a *companja* or work group. Then they will make a request to the owner of the tunnel for what is called *"man-sakaok"*. There are conditions between the owner of the tunnel and the *companja*, for example, the tunnel owner will also join and have a share of the production *(maybidang/may-aeshomsicompanja).*

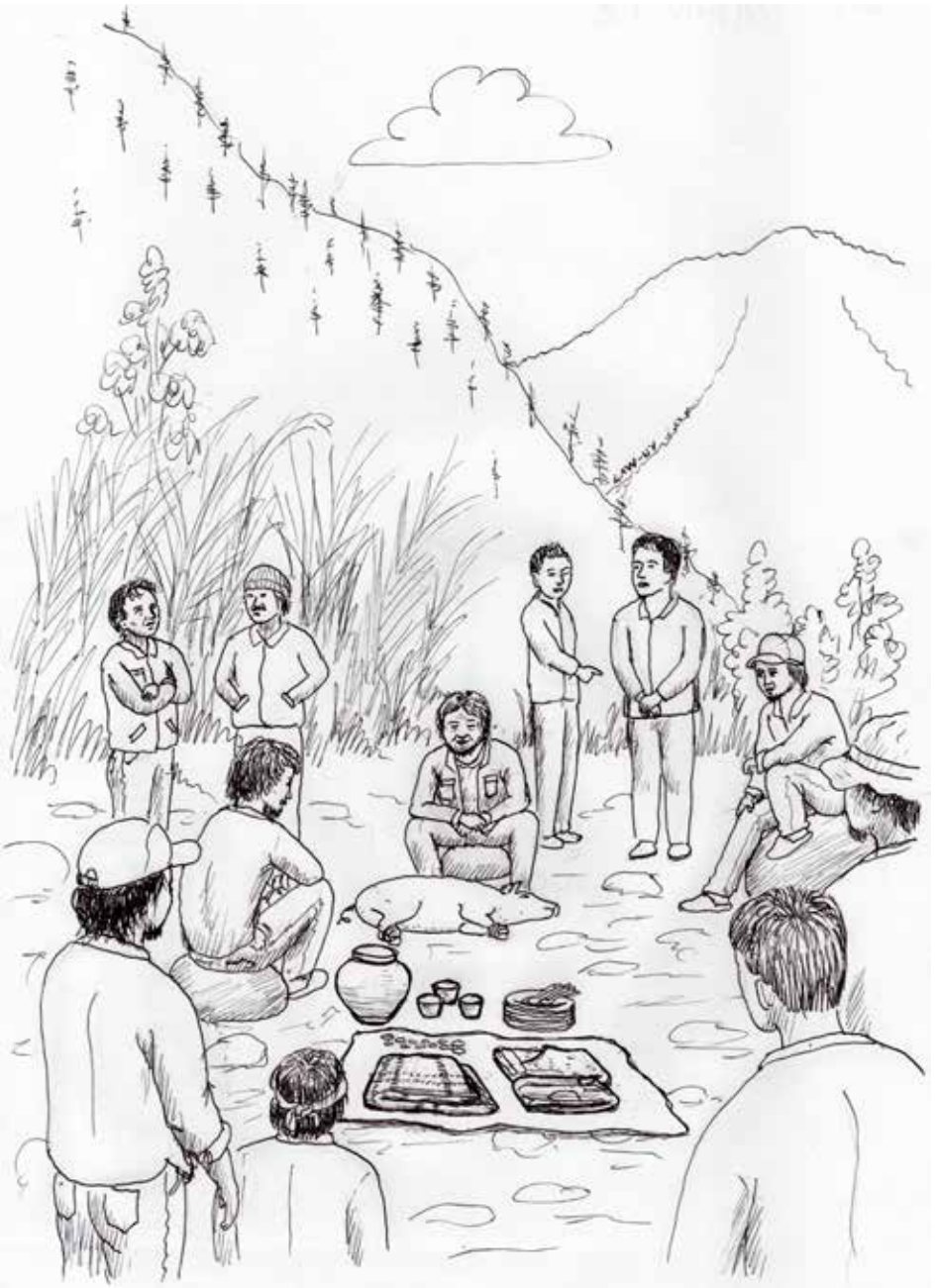
The owner of the tunnel decides the rules and regulations that will be implemented in a group. He decided the direction of the work, such as *"patangad"* or follow an upward direction, *"paabante"* (follow a forward direction), or *"pabubon/pa-ulsod"* (follow a downward direction). The owner decides this so that the tunnel is well cared for and safety is maintained. The owner also decides how many days for the sagaok. A one day activity will bring out the *usal* or mine waste, which still has gold content. This is a system that requires strict compliance. If the group does not follow the rules, the tunnel owner will remind the concerned persons that they should not do this again.

A group of women or what we call *"juwens"* do the work of processing the gold like *balbal, mansalolog, manpak-pak, mansejo*. These activities are important during the processing of the gold. They will share with them a *"shuwan kiling ja pan-bibingayansha"*. They will give them a share of the gold, and recognition and honor to the tradition that they were the persons who did the gold processing. The gold the women get from two *giling* or batches of the milling process is their share for their work. The men also do these activities, but mostly it is the role of the women in the community.

After processing the gold, they bring the gold to the owner so that he can see the result of the the production and they decide which gold buyer they will bring the gold to. All expenses are deducted, like the sako, charcoal, rent of the ball mill , soda or borax, food, etc. After the expenses are deducted, they share the money equally.

Dangtë

By Marciana Balusdan



Dangtë is usually done when there is no gold in the tunnel of the *mangusok* or pocket miners. For the small scale miners, *dangtë* is a ritual offering for

cleansing, and to ask for blessings before going back inside the mine tunnel. Expenses for the ritual come from contributions of all the small scale miners in the community. Offerings include pigs, native blankets, clothes, coins, jars, plates, cups, spoons and tapëy, the native rice wine.

The *mambunong* leads this ritual and prays to God Kabunyan, and Timmingaw, spirit of gold. This ritual is performed at the mountain where the pocket miners work. Women stay at home in their houses during *dangtë*.

This ritual is performed in order to ask for blessings and to ask for forgiveness for any mistakes they may have made.

The *mambunong* says this Ibaloy prayer:

"Sikam ja Kabunyan iakan mi son sikameyay ja baboy, ulës, pilak, palato, kutsara tan tapey. Asasmo ta bendisyon sonsikami ja mangusokjo kami siyayyadugan ta eyayngoiakan me son sikayon baboy ta makibingay kami ni balitok ja kinabaknangmo ta waray panbiag mi siya shabaw ni shaga. Nowaray nankulkulangan me son sikam ga di manpakawan son sikami agkayo mët eshanmaun-an ta hajay e shawat me son sikam ta sapaykoma ta aprobalemali."

(Kabunyan, we offer to you these gifts, a pig, a native blanket, clothes, coins, jar, plates, cups, spoons, and native wine. We, the pocket miners, ask you to bless us so that we may share in your wealth of gold so that we may have a source of livelihood on this land. If we have committed any mistakes, we ask that you forgive us because we could not see you. Please grant us our prayer.)

After this ritual is performed, the pocket miners get their *watwat* or share of the fresh meat. They go home and light a fire in their own houses in the *apuyan* or traditional kitchen inside the house. The following day, the pocket miners go to back to work in the *usok* or mining tunnel, with a fresh start.

This ritual is an expression of the unity of the community people. This ritual is a legacy to be inherited by the people of mining areas.

This story is based on interviews with Lourdes Ayadi and her husband who is an Ibaloy *mambunong* (native priest) in the community. This ritual was performed on March 7, 2018 at Loacan, Antamok, Itogon, Benguet.

Të–ër

By Gilbert Cherweg

In the Cordilleras, there is a vast number of customs and traditions which many people still observe and practice.

Litangfan in the Mountain Province is bound by customs and traditions, which even at present times, are practiced by the people. The place is bounded by rice fields which makes it their main source of living including kaingin. They harvest once or twice in a year. They have the arang where they store the palay that they harvest. These customs and traditions are still observed in a certain community.

Agnes used to cook food for the family and for the pigs. She would feed the pigs and chicken before going to the rice field and to their *fuwag* to work. On the sides of the rice field, she planted different kinds of beans, and in their *fuwag* she planted camote, gabi and other seasonal vegetables. Every day she would go to the rice field and *fuwag* for weeding together with her parents. This was her daily routine while waiting for the harvest season of their palay.

One day, Khalim, Agnes' mother, called for her. Her mother told Agnes to cook food for them and simply feed their pigs and their chickens. There was no need to go to the fields for that day only. Agnes then asked her mother why she need not go to the fields. Her mother explained why.

"Today is our *të-ër*. Like us, all the others will not work".

"Why? Agnes asked".

"*Të-ër* is a day of rest," her mother continued. "Since it is a day of rest, all the people are expected to stay in their own homes. No one should go to work. It is a traditional practice for us to follow. If you don't obey, marapat ka."

Agnes told her mother, "I will go to our rice fields. I will just find another path going to fields."

But her mother said, "Even if you pass a different way, you can't still go because there are elders assigned to watch over all the paths going to the rice fields. "

"I just don't want to waste my time staying at home. There are lots of things to be done in the fields," Agnes whispered.

"I know what you're thinking, I will call your father to explain further about this. Chokhos, please come here."

"What is it?" said the father.

"Please come and explain to your daughter the reason why we can't go to work today," her mother shouted.

Her father then explained, "As your mother said earlier, today is a day of rest. You must have heard one of the elders shout yesterday, "*In-të-ër tako.*" To ensure that no one will go to work, there are elders assigned along the way to watch over us. If you don't obey, "*marapat ka,*" meaning you will be given a penalty. It was observed that there was an unusual growth of *palay*. For this reason, they decided that today will be a day of rest for us to welcome good luck and have a normal growth of our *palay.*"

"*Të-ër* is usually observed during *samar* (plowing of rice fields), *panar* (production of rice seedlings), *tunëd* (planting), and *ani* (harvest time). *Të-ër* is also practiced if there are unusual events or incidents that occur in the place like unusual growth of palay, illness, or a series of deaths in the community. It is a tradition being practiced in order to have a good harvest of palay. Harvest time is the most delicate period and so people must not go to work nor can they go out of the community. People from other places are not allowed to enter the community."

The father of Agnes explained the purpose and effect of *të-ër* on the people and on the community. Agnes came to realize the importance of të-ër.

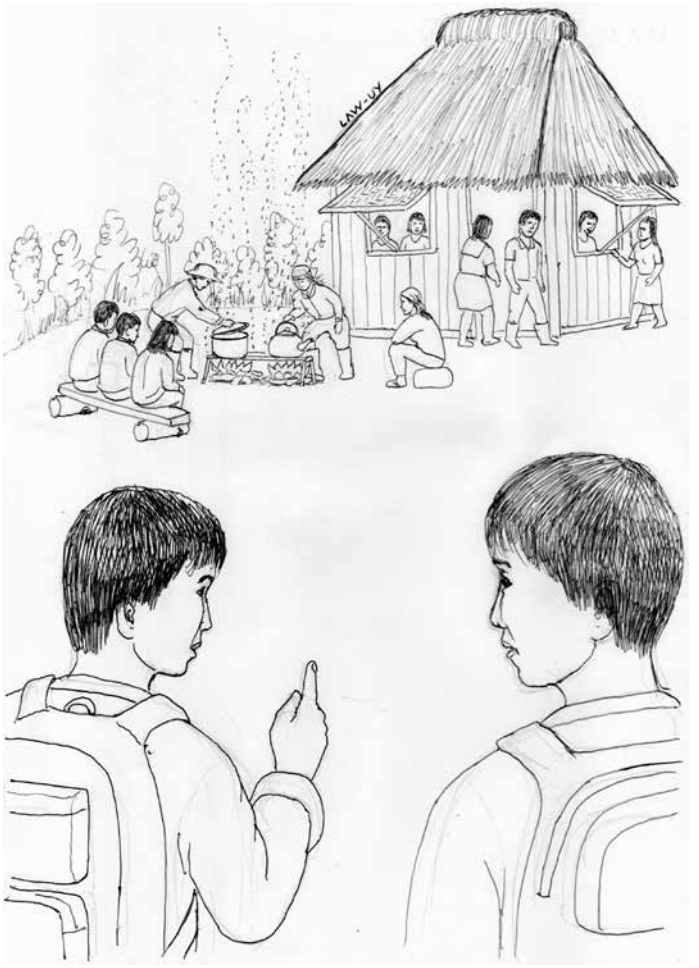
"Thank you, father, for explaining everything to me. Now, I know the reasons why we have this practice as part of our tradition."

This tradition is still being practiced at present because it has been observed that the result was always good. Though it was observed that goodwill and good luck has come to the community, some people in the place move out and go to other places to work. The reason was because of too many days of rest.

We need to appreciate and respect this kind of practice as part of our beliefs, customs and traditions. As our elders said, nothing will be lost if we abide by such practices. Most of us have gone to school but these practices were not taught to us in formal schooling.

Kamal

Ni Jocelyn Mero



Shi dja idagsak tan mayat ugad shi shontog dja manbiag iray may esek tan mayat iray pankakaet. Waray saki dja pamilya si Djokshos dja tatang sha, si Eh-eh tan Ah-ah anak to ira. Nay duwamira ni obda dja pan biag ni pan aasek ira ni pagey tan prutas dja in akan ni shontog tan simek ni buday iran nay mula. Shiyay dja dugad inay-turo son sikara eh kapateg ni "Kamal" hadjiay eh dja inturo ni idapuan sha dja enggennganto man nu ngantoy ka-dikgat tan dagsak ni shahe dja pamilya man tan shi dugad saki-saki et ampet makisaksaki sikara.

Ngem ni saki akew dja ira ika-atang ni payo ni kaidi-an sha, kwan nin Ah-ah

ngato ma iyay ni ulay ma daka-dake dja kita ni ulay in meke- eta-etang ni payo ni eshom, wen garod ah kwan ngo ni Eh-eh. Singen in mekdassak dja kwan Ah-ah, sikato ngoy idadabas nin Kedsolan djet dinengbes toy ngantoy? Idapuan djo? Insungbat ngo ni Eh-eh dmaw kami iket-atang ni amag ni paaloy-oyan ni shanum shima shontog shay indaw shi payo rad ta pe-eg dja shontog. Aya shiya kanas ni beddey. Ara hatan et mango kwan nin Ah-ah, et pigan shalong mo? Nem san bubulan asanak inshalong, panmemen ka nu makidaw ka?

Haman dja madibe nan namnam si Ah-ah nin Eh-eh, nantulag iran ira makidagbo shi kapatadan. Sakto dja unggegga-ong iray manok inmawas iran san iga et inaspol sha si Kedsolan shi aspulan et nan akad irad ma shantog. Minmotuk irad kapatagan dja apil ma itay kaet sha. Shaka ineng iray nang kamapteng iran baro, baley tan imen dja banag dja ayshi shima idaouan sha. Ara ngantoy niman kita bengat alin shinmalong? Ngantoy I idagdaga shima kad an tatang? Haman may inkwan ni Eh-eh kumusta ngata si tatang da? Nan obda ira shi kad-an ni daga-an ni hollowblock shiman pineshas shay nan dagbo, nanbiag ni biag ni kapatadan djet idagsak ira, ipalabas eh pigan akew tan bulan ayshi pay sha indagbuan.

Dinak-aman aha nadigat at ayshi sha en kamangen tep ayshi ima shaka pandagbo-eh, ninamtan shan shili I digat ni biag at inemnem shas tatang shan snpayas shad ma-abong sha, kumusta ngata la si tatang? Man sisiyah si Eh-eh wen garud kwan ni Ah-ah ara hadiay gayam numan eh madikna ni ka ayshi ni kaet kwan Ah-ah,. Idi un agsapa ma nan nemnem iran iran sha ushungan si tatang sha nan-akad ira et ikibtot ira tep ishakel too shi budayan sha, mankebkeb eh pago nin Ah-ah nganto ngata sja tinmunga tungaw shima apuyan dja man datu ni kape tan dukto, dinibkan shan tiyempo ni pan asek ni bin-e shi payo. Ni kakapsot ma shi tatang sha agto maipusi iamag iray alloy-uyan ni shanum isunga nan aat-ngan ni imen dja umide inkamal sha et say maksheng ima pan ajusan ni shanum.

Naynangesan ni Ah-ah nin Eh-eh ni hamn dja insan sha niman bengat sha navatan e pateg ni kaibili-bilin nin tatang sha dja ira maki “Kamala” say engken nganto man I digat tan dagsak wara ira’y ka-et dja un-atang ni aki ra.

Kwan ma min Eh-eh ni too dja naul-nong shi abong sha salamat san sikayo ni semek djo son tatang mi ara iyaya dja idebkan kapateg ni ayturo son ckata. Si Ah-ah ngo warad sukong ni baley dja kaun-ekha ekket haman man inpateg tan navatan nin Ah-ah tan Eh-eh pateg ni kita maki “Kamal”.

Kamal

English Translation from Ibaloy
By Jocelyn Mero

In this mountain, life was happy and bountiful, plants grew well, and togetherness was observed. Here, there lived a father named Djoksos with his sons named Eh-eh and Ah-ah. They planted rice in the fields and gathered the fruits of the generous land. Here, they learned the value of *kamal*, which taught cooperation. And though life was difficult, the family was happy and secure.

One day, Eh-eh and Ah-ah joined the community in working on their neighbor's ricefield. Ah-ah said, "Why do we always have to do this? Why do we always work in someone else's rice field? This is getting to be annoying." Eh-eh agreed with what Ah-ah observed.

Meanwhile, Kedsolan passed by and asked them, "Where did you come from?"

"We have just come from helping out in fixing the irrigation of our neighbor's rice field so that the water from that mountain will flow," Eh-eh answered.

"Ah! Really?" said Kedsolan and he asked, "Do you want to come with me to work in the city? Life there is wonderful and work is paid in cash."

Ah-ah said, "That sounds great. When are you leaving?"

"Tomorrow," Kedsolan answered.

That night, the two brothers decided to join Kedsolan to go to the city to work. Before sunrise, Eh-eh and Ah-ah met Kedsolan and journeyed to the city.

In the city, they found work as hollow block makers in construction sites and they were amazed with what they experienced there.

Ah-ah said, "Why is it only now that we came here to work. We wasted our time when we just stayed with Father." Then, Eh-eh wondered how their

father was doing back home.

Then came a time that the hollow blocks was not in demand. They lost their jobs and experienced difficulties. Without money, they experienced having no food and they did not know anyone from whom to ask for help. Eh-eh cried silently and said, "I miss Father so much. I wonder how he is now." And Ah-ah said, " Yes, I miss him too. Life here is difficult without Father." And so, they decided to go back to their home in the mountains.

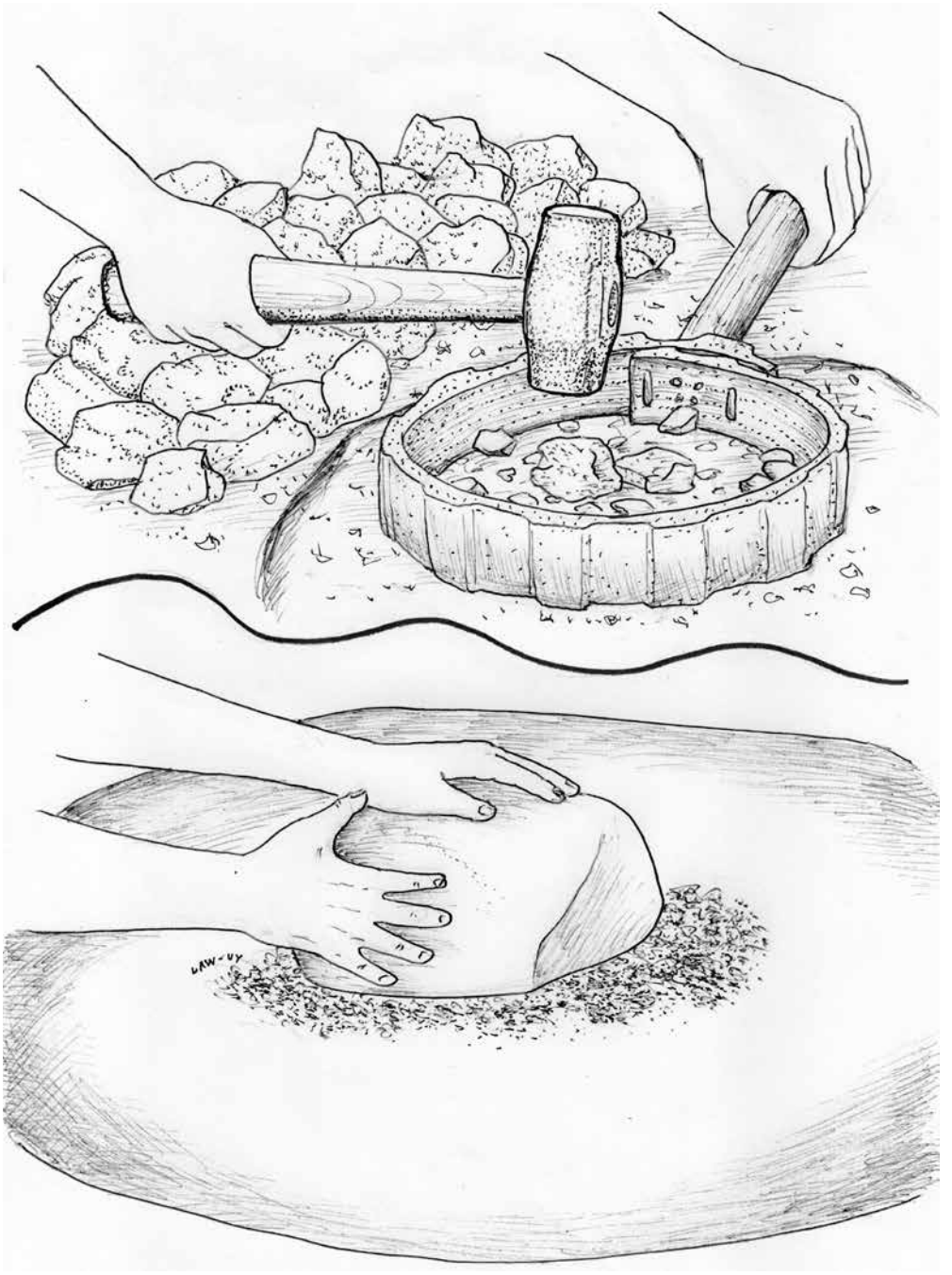
When they arrived home, they were surprised to see that the community elders, men and women were outside their house, all busy cooking coffee and root crops. The two brothers soon realized that it was now planting season, and because their father was already old and weak, their neighbors were helping their father to fix their irrigation so that water would flow to the rice field. They helped one another, and the entire community *kamal* their irrigation.

Ah-ah silently cried as he observed what was happening. It was only at that time that he realized the value of *kamal*, that everyone should indeed help one another.

Eh-eh said to his neighbors, "Thank you very much for helping my father. Our father kept on teaching us about the value of cooperation, but we did not understand and it is only now that we see and understand the value of *kamal*."

The Manbalitok

Narrated by Maria Osbocan Jimenez from Dalicno, Itogon, Benguet
Written by Corazon J. Villena



In the early days of the people of Benguet, particularly Itogon and Mankayan, gold nuggets were gotten from the rivers and creeks which they call *labon* or *amsil*. But when the foreigners came and explored the province and started mining, the people learned about it and followed. They started to prospect areas where gold deposits were found and started their *osok*.

Gold processing (*manbalitok*) of ore (*naba*) from *osok* is done in two ways. It could be through the *ga-id* system and the *giling* (mill) system.

Ga-id is the most primitive way of doing it. In this process it starts with the *balbal* where the hammer and a *baliwëngwëng* are used. *Balbal* is crushing the ore into small pieces. The *baliwëngwëng* is an improvised rubber formed into a circle with a handle to prevent injuries during the pounding of the ore. After the ore has been broken into small pieces, it is placed in the *alintegan* where the broken pieces of ore are further ground into smaller pieces with the use of an *alintëg* (round shaped stone) which is operated with either the hands or feet.

After the *alintëg*, the ore is passed through a screen or *yakayak* or *yugoyug* to separate the fine ore from the bigger pieces. The bigger pieces are again placed in the *alintëgan* for further breaking to facilitate the *ga-id*. After it has been processed in the *alintëgan*, it is placed in the *ga-idan* for pulverization. Here, a flat stone, used as a table, and another smaller stone with a refined side are rubbed together to pulverize the screened sand-like ore from the *alintëg*.

After the *ga-id*, the fine ore is placed in a basin and submerged in water. When the pulverized ore is totally soft and wet, the *kabukab* or *banas* is done, by adding enough water in the basin and doing a whirling motion with the hands around the basin to remove the *kibo* (mud). After this, it set for a moment then the *kibo* is placed in another basin.

The *kibo* (mud) still contains gold. The *kabukab* is done as many times as needed to remove the mud covering the *ngamëy/ngamoy* (gold). The *kibo* can be stored directly in the *dayasan* (holding tank). Or it can be put in bigger container to be rinsed again before it is placed in the *dayasan*. In earlier times, the people were generous and they would just give the *kibo* to anyone who asked for it, especially to the elderly. The *kibo* still contains gold dust.

The rinsed pulverized ore that has become like the sand along the beach is called *linang*. It is processed through *dayas*, using the *dayasan* and the *sabak* to separate *ngamëy* (gold dust) from the *linang*. During the *dayas*, the person doing it will slowly sway the floating *sabak* to let the *ngamëy* gather at the tip of the *sabak* and once in a while pushing the *linang* upward to the tip to let all the *ngamëy* be collected at the tip. At this point the *linang* is removed little by little until only the gold is left in the *sabak*. This is done repeatedly until all the *ngamëy* is collected.

The *sabak* is made up of a metal sheet with a handle. It floats in water and is used to separate gold from *linang*. The *linang* near the *ngamëy* is called *sënëd*. This *sënëd* can be repeatedly undergo *ga-id* especially if there is a good product from the first process.

Meanwhile, the *sënëd* can be given to relatives and friends who come to help in the work. This will be divided into *pëkë* (a system of measurement using the palm, shaping the *sënëd* into balls) and distributed among the women and children who are present.

Before the *ngamëy* is wrapped for smelting, impurities are removed with a *siwasiw* (magnet) after which the *ngamëy* is wrapped with a thin cellophane ready for smelting in a *lagangan*, which is heated using coal to create fire with the help of the *sug-uyan* (blower). The *gangi* (crucible) will now be placed in the *lagangan* when the desired heat had been met. The wrapped *ngamëy* with soda (borax) is placed in it and with a moderate speed of the blower, continues to produce enough heat for the smelting.

When the *ngamëy* has reached its full smelting point, it is taken out from the *gangi* and submerged into a bowl of water for cooling. If there are impurities they are removed and can be smelted again to have the desired purified form. But if the smelted *balitok*/gold is okay, then it is ready for trading. To determine the weight, they use the *subukan* or *tadyo-an* (weighing scale).

The ball mill or rod mill is another way of processing gold. This is the modern way. In this system a mill is used. The mill is made from metal tube enclosed on both ends with covers sealed with rubber matting fastened with bolt and knot to prevent dripping. It is either run with a motor and nowadays by electricity.

The first step in this system is either to *balbal* the *naba* (ore) or use a crusher. The crusher is a machine which breaks the ore into smaller sizes for easy

and faster grinding. The crushed ore are put into the mill with the right amount of water then tightly sealed then milled for three or more hours for the grinding.

After the milling, it is poured into a holding tank where it is rinsed using a water hose, shovel, *parakiwar* (long wooden stick made out of bamboo) to remove the *kibo*/mud. After it is rinsed, it is then slid down to the *anayan* (sluice box) for further rinsing and separating the *ngamëy* from the *linang* content.

During the *balkis*, not all the *linang* is separated from the *ngamëy* so what is left is collected in a basin ready for *dayas*. While doing so, the *linang* is pushed to go with the water and pass downwards to the *balkis*.

The *balkis* is made up of lumber or flat galvanized iron sheet with sides so the water will flow in one direction leaving the gold trapped in the *ap-ap* made out of *tolda*, jute sack or rough cloth (corduroy) to catch any remaining *ngamoy*. The trapped sand and *kibo* will undergo *banas* again to lessen the *linang* to be *dayas*.

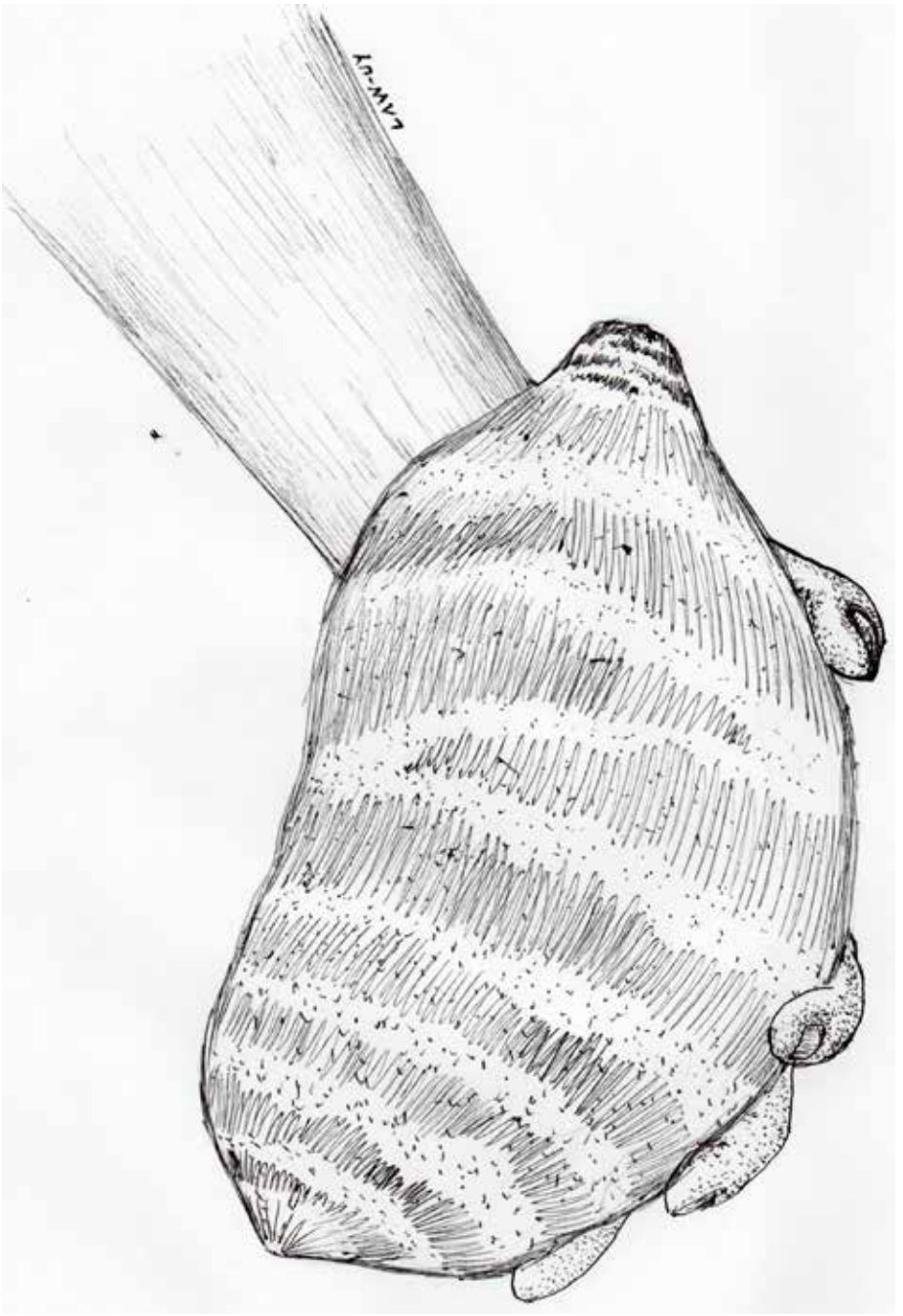
The tailings during the *balkis* can be milled again to collect remaining gold in it. After the *anay* then the *dayas* will be done following the steps of the *ga-id*.

The process of repeating the *ga-id* and *dayas* is called *mansoysoy*. The *mansoysoy* is done by women. They do it trying to get the ultimate gold dust in the *linang*. In cases that there is no more to get, the *linang* is kept in a hole in the ground and set aside for years. After so many years, the *linang* can be processed again with the belief that the gold had grown and it is true because they will get something from it again.

FOOD AND NATURAL LIFESTYLE

Buhay sa Kabundukan, Aking Kinasanayan

Ni Ava Cheri Lumbag



Sumikat na ang araw, nagsilabasan na ang mga hayop at unti-unting natutuyo ang mga dahon sa paligid. Nakaupo ang mag-lolang Flourice at Eliz habang pinagmamasdan ang kanila kapaligiran.

"Lola! Kuwentuhan mo naman po ako ng buhay ninyo noon!" masiglang sabi ni Eliz.

"Ay apo... mahirap ang buhay noon! Pero kahit na ganun, hindi namin naranasang hindi kumain ng tatlong beses sa isang araw kasi mayroon kaming hardin sa bundok na pinagtataniman ng mga gulay at prutas!" nakangiting sabi ni Lola Flourice.

Namangha si Eliz sa kanyang lola. Nakasanayan kasi nito na kumain ng mga pagkaing nagmumula sa supermarket o di kaya'y sa restaurant! Hindi pa ito nakakatikim ng sariwa na nagmula pa umano sa sarili nilang taniman.

"Ang mga ani pa namin noon na gabi ay kasing laki ng ulo ng bata o isang suha! Minsan pa nga ay may dumadayo dito sa atin para bumili ng mga pananim."

Napanganga na lamang si Eliz dahil hindi pa ito nakakakita ng gabi na kasinglaki ng ulo ng bata!

"Ayëh! Ang galing naman! May iba pa po ba kayong tanim?" naaaliw na tanong ni Eliz.

"Aah! Sa pagkaka-alala ko may mga tanim kaming gabi, luya, mais, kamote, at pechay. Mayroon ding saging, mangga, santol, abokado, bayabas, at dalandan. Araw-araw, kumakain kami ng gulay at prutas", natutuwang sagot ni Lola Flourice.

"High school pa kami noon, at tuwing idinaraos ang district meet o fiesta dito, niluluto ni Mama ninyo ang mga kamote at saging, tapos ginagawa niyang turon. Ibinebenta namin ito kaya maaga kaming natutong magnegosyo," ani ni Lola Flourice.

"Noong idineklara ni Pangulong Marcos ang Martial Law, *inayan*! Isang kilong bigas lang ang ibinibigay ng gobyerno para sa isang pamilya. Buti na lang mayroon kaming taniman", dagdag pa nito.

“Lola! Sa inyo pa ba ang lupang pinagtaniman ninyo?” sambit ni Eliz.

“Oo, apo. Ipinamana pa lahat iyon ng mga ninuno natin eh, pero ngayon wala nang nagtatanim. Itinigil na ito dahil abala na ang lahat ng tao dito, lalo na at may inaalagaan tayong lolo at lolang may sakit.”

Simula kasi nang mai-stroke ang mga kapatid na lalaki at babae ni Lola Flourice ay sila na ang nagbabantay dito.

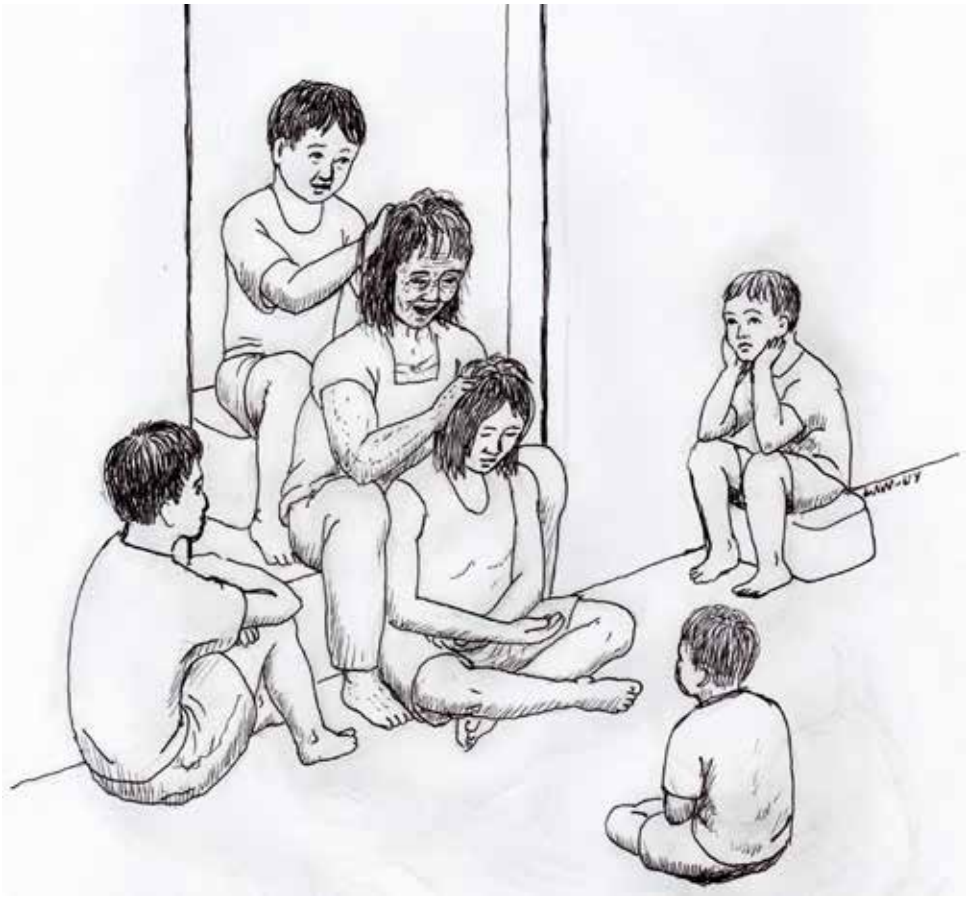
“Tuwing may pera, nagdadaos tayo ng *kanyaw* at nagkakatay tayo ng siyam na baboy!” sabi ni Lola. Isa ito sa mga kinasanayan ng mga katutubo. Nagkakatay tayo ng mga baboy bilang pag-aalay sa Diyos dahil sa bigay niyang biyaya.

“Minsan naman ay ang *Lubon* na ginagawa natin kung may nagkakasakit o may nangyari. Magkakatay tayo ng baboy para maprotektahan ang may sakit,” sagot naman ni Eliz.

Napagtanto ni Eliz na dapat isaalang-alang ang kultura at tradisyon ng mga katutubo dahil kung hindi ay unti-unti itong mawawala. Tulad na lang ng kanilang taniman, na sa ngayo’y hindi na pinapakialaman. Gayunpaman, masaya si Eliz dahil hanggang sa ngayon ay ginagawa pa rin ang mga kaugalian at tradisyong nagpapasigla sa buhay ng bawat tao.

Amazing Lifestyle of Cordillera People Before Millennial Times

Joash Madanes



In the past, the life of Cordilleran folks was basic and simple. The kids enjoyed their life without gadgets and televisions. They enjoyed playing games and they loved listening to stories from their elders. They were happy even without money. Their parents would wake them up when the sun was not yet up to help them do household chores or work at the rice fields. They did their tasks with a smile and most of them did not know the word "boring."

When a baby was born, the baby's parents would butcher a chicken as an expression of thanksgiving and celebration. The mother would work together with the father in the rice field after resting for a month after giving birth.

The grandparents were the ones to take care of the baby. A baby's cry was a signal that the baby was hungry. So, the grandparents would chew rice and transfer it to the baby's mouth because formula milk was not yet present. When the babies suffered from colds, the parents or grandparents would suck their mucus through their mouth. This is what they did to make the baby stop crying so that they could breathe comfortably. They did not have diapers too. So, they used the cloth of flour sacks. Some babies already had a future husband or wife because some parents, like in Kalinga, practiced arranged marriage. When the child grows to adulthood and does not marry the person that she or he should marry, their family will have to pay. They will either butcher an animal or give an animal to the other party.

There were no calendars during that time, as we have now. Their only clue in knowing the birthdates were the seasons, for example, being born in the rainy days, in the summer, cold days, harvest times, planting times, full moon and half-moon. Their clue in counting their age is the yearly fruit bearing trees. They would count how many times the tree bore fruits yearly from the person's birth.

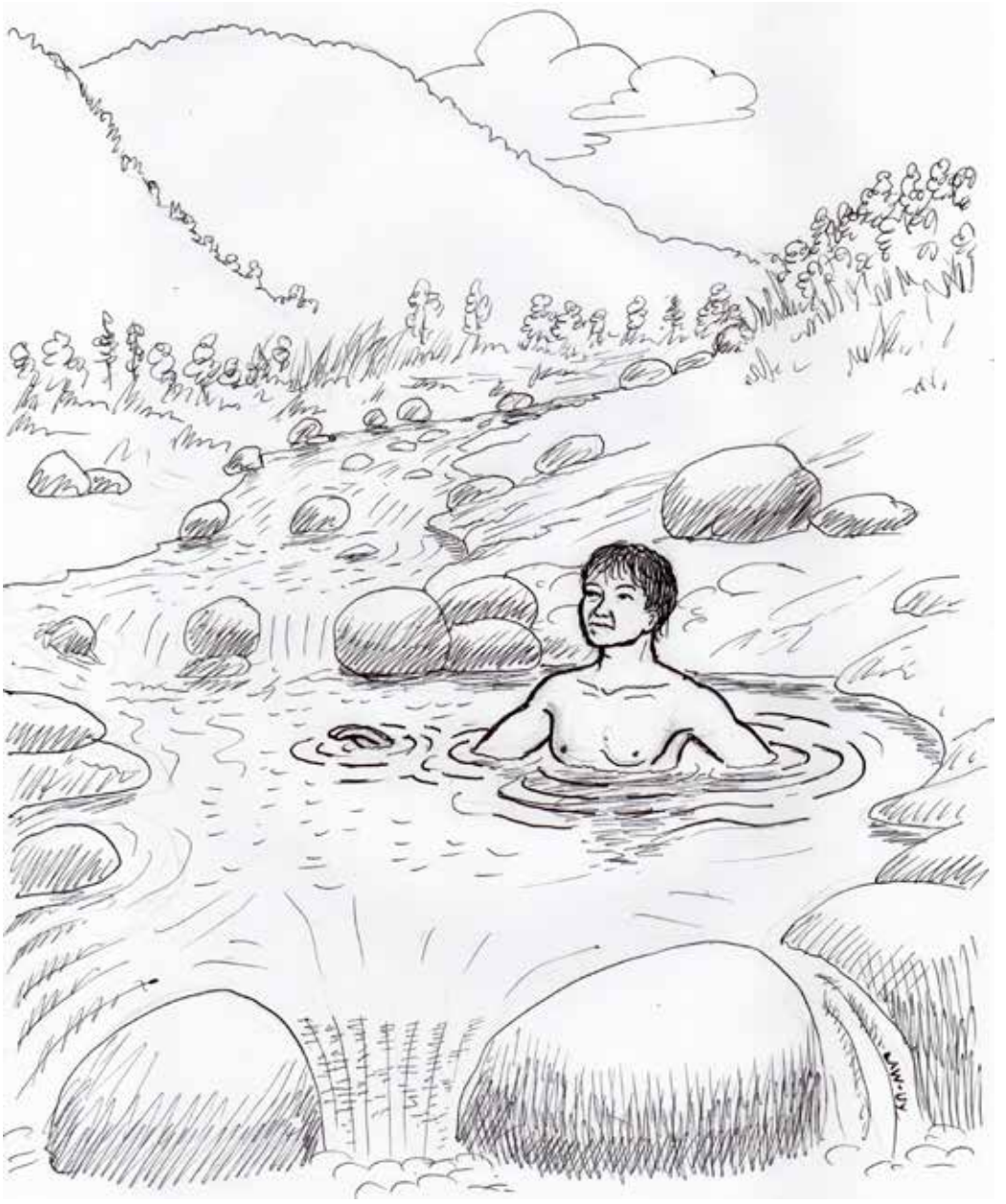
When a couple gets married, the tradition is to butcher a pig, cow or carabao. It was believed that a wedding should have a lot of food to share with the community in celebration. They danced their traditional dances using gongs so that the couple will be lucky in their lives.
Back then, they did not have refrigerators. They preserved meat known "*ëtag*" in the clay jar or dry it in the sun and they would get it whenever they wanted. If they got a mudfish and could not cook it immediately, they put the fish under the sun for days and cooked it so that it will not spoil.

They also developed a way to plant rice in fields in the mountain which is so brilliant. It is called rice terraces. Most places in Cordillera are mountainous so they had the idea bo build rice terraces which they built terraces manually. The Banaue Rice Terraces in Ifugao is the eighth wonders of the world. Everything they do in planting is manual. The Maligcong Rice Terraces also in Bontoc, Mountain Province were built manually by the people in the past.

Let us try not to forget about the life of the people in the olden times. There are lots of things to learn from them. They know how to be contented with what they have. Let us not forget the traditions because it made us who we are now. Let us be happy in small things. Forgetting your culture is just like forgetting who your parents and grandparents are.

Aquatic Therapy

By Edgar B. Tomino



Aquatic therapy is an exercise program that is performed in water. It includes specifically designed activities to enhance, restore, and maintain a person's functional abilities.

Historically, the background of both the curative and recreational aspect of water is very interesting. Aquatic therapy, also known as hydrotherapy, was an intervention used in physical medicine, which goes back many thousand years. Ancient culture made hygienic installations and used mineral waters for curative purposes. The elders used water to combat fevers. In ancient times in the Cordillera, people believed in nature spirits, and paid deep respect to running water, especially springs of pure water. As an Igorot in this generation, I learned from my mother about the use of baths during my childhood years. She used warm baths for its calming and relaxing sensation to the body. Evidently, after taking a warm bath I would feel sleepy. On the other hand, during my early adulthood, my dad used cold baths to refresh his mind and body when suffering from a hangover. "*Pang-agas ti hangover,*" as he said. In addition, during hard times, my uncle Danilo Palangdan would always say, "*Man-amës ka ta makaan san malas mo,*" (Take a bath to remove all the bad luck.)

As for medical treatment, the elders (*mang-agas*) soak the ill part of person's body in water, and as a result there is a decrease in weight of the part of the body which is ill. When immersed in water, the muscles and the joints relax. Further, Homer (2007) suggested the use of warm baths for reducing fatigue, for healing wounds and for combating low spirits. Our elders' use of healing baths has long been in practice for treating physical ailments, soothing skin conditions, and healing wounds.

Further, in Benguet, many springs are said to have miraculous powers of healing. With soaking and rubbing, it is said that cold water warms and warm water cools, with a definite time when baths should be taken in relation to the time of eating.

In the Bible, there are a number of cases of miraculous cures attributed to water. There was a leper named Naaman, who was "cleansed" after washing in the river of Jordan. The New Testament mentions a pool called Bethesda in Jerusalem, where a great number of the lame, blind, and paralyzed waited to be healed. Baths were then used for the symbolic purpose of purification of the body and the spirit.

Our ancestors experienced that baths were useful for healing purposes in the treatment of rheumatic disease, paralysis and injuries. Burns were also treated in prolonged baths. The coldness of the water helps preventing the wounds from bleeding.

Moreover, during the Second World War, we had Igorot warriors who highlighted the need for the use of water for exercise and the maintenance of fitness and as a means of rehabilitation for a wide range of conditions.

Reyes and Reyes (1997) claimed that "the popularity of water treatment is based purely on the fact that water is an excellent medium for conductive heating. It is to be remembered that it is not a cure-all, nor does it necessarily do all that is claimed it can do, but conversely, it is not nearly so valueless as some would indicate".

The role of hydrotherapy is to promote relaxation, improve circulation, restore mobility, strengthen muscles, reeducate walking, and improve coordination and function and to provide recreation (Dumas, 2001). According to Bumin (2003), aquatic therapy promotes balance and develops protective responses.

Furthermore, aquatic therapy is used to enhance, restore, maintain, and/or increase a person's functional abilities and conditions which can be acute, transient, or chronic.

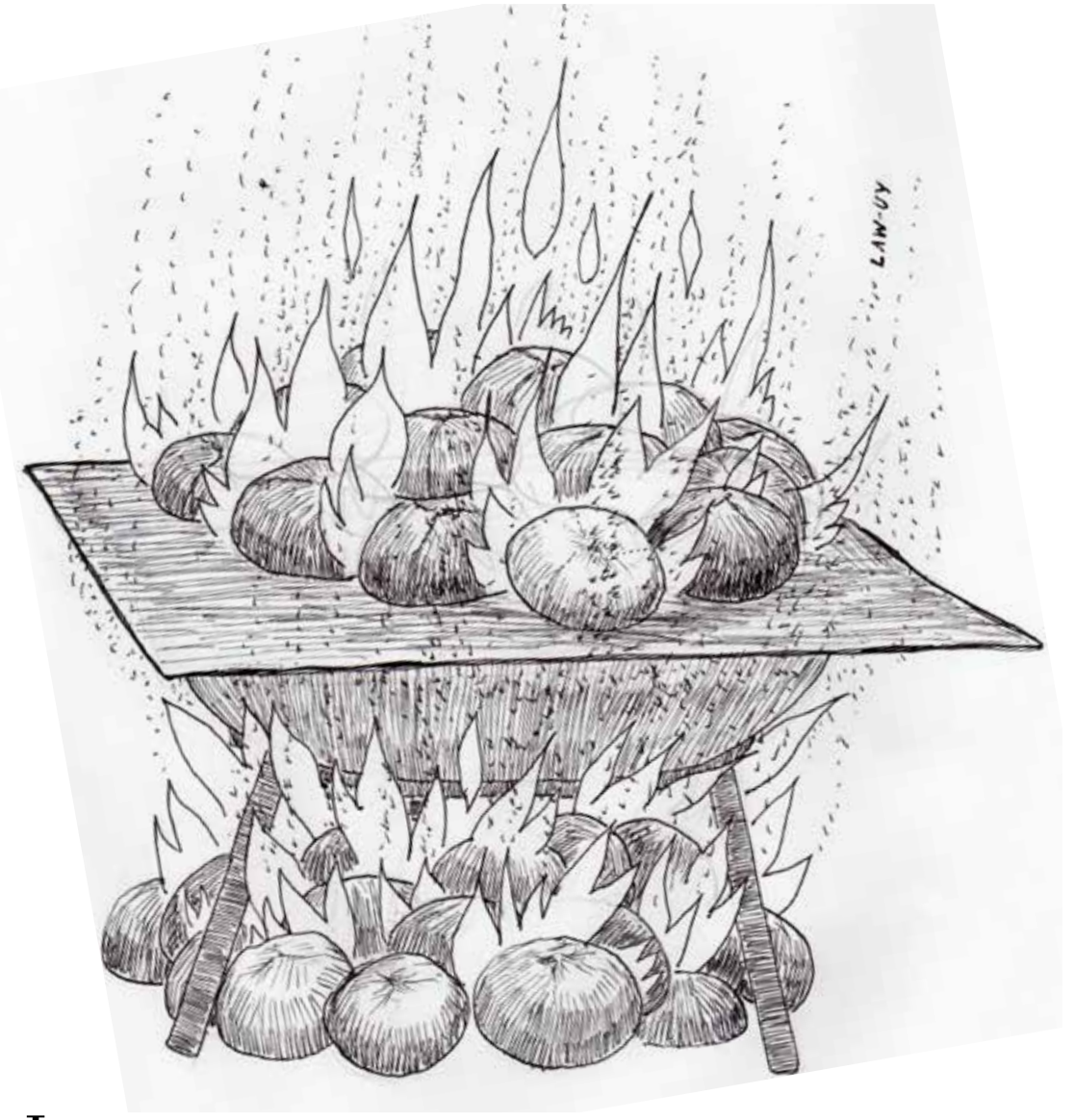
For Cordilleran families, water is extremely useful for family bonding. They look for natural springs located in their ancestral domain to develop swimming pools and steam baths. Water is fun and engaging for children, their parents as well as their significant others, and they can move freely, while the physical properties of water allow children to work on developmental skills such as crawling, walking, rolling and jumping. This allows the child to develop as a holistic individual where he can relate himself to the world he is living in. And adults enjoy the water as treatment for rheumatic disease, paralysis and injuries.

Today, aquatic activities or swimming is integrated in nurturing a person, for both a child and an adult. According to Kino (2008), swimming pools are common places not only for children but also for all individuals regardless of age, gender, and disabilities.

In times of ritual, when a member of the family is absent and cannot join the ritual, the elders say a prayer called *supyat/sëpyat* to ask the unseen and the spirits of dead relatives to understand that the person cannot possibly join in the ritual because of some reasons. After the prayer is said, water is poured at the entrance of the house. Water is always present when ritual prayers are said, and is placed beside the *tapëy* or rice wine. Indeed, water is a great balancing agent in all aspects of life.

Bibingkang latik, pangalawang ginto ng Itogon

Ni Mary Grace Yogyog
Linang 2014



Isa sa paboritong ihain ng mga Pilipino sa anumang pagtitipon ang bibingka. Maraming uri ang produktong ito, mayroong bibingkang biko o kaya'y kanin. Iba-iba rin ang paraan ng pagluluto nito.

Kakaiba ang lasa at bangong taglay ng bibingkang latik na niluluto sa Antamok Trail, Tuding ng Itogon. Nagsimula ito limang dekada na ang lumipas, pinagbigkis ang mga tao, maraming anak na rin ang napag-aral at okasyong napasaya ng uri ng bibingkang gawa ng magkakapitbahay sa lugar.

Isa sa pamilyang binuhay ng bibingka ang Ag-agwa mula ina (si Caridad), na nailipat kay Manang Dahlia at sa anak naman ngayon na si Renz Lamosen. Sa ngayon, ang pagluluto ng bibingkang ito ay siyang pangunahing hanapbuhay ng magkakapitbahay. Nakabuo na rin sila ng isang kooperatiba sa tulong ng pamahalaan.

Ang pagluluto nila ay dahan-dahang apoy gamit ang bao ng niyog at iniinin ng baga ng uling mula sa sinamit na panggatong. Inilalagay sa ibabaw at ilalim ng pinalulutuang palayok. Ito ang orihinal na pamamaraan ng pagluto ng orihinal na bibingka.

Mayroon itong bibingkang puti at mayroong pula at itim na mula sa mga malagkit na produkto ng palayan sa Cordillera na tinatawag na balatinaw.

Hinahaluan ito ng isang kilong asukal na pula o di kaya ay "tagapulot" at gata ng tatlong niyog. Ang unang gata nito ang siyang gagamitin na toppings.

Sa bibingkang kanin, unang lutuin ang malagkit sa pangalawang pinapigaan ng tatlong niyog saka ito pakuluin lamang na hindi na kailangang mainin saka ikakalat sa moldeng nagsisilbing palayok nito.

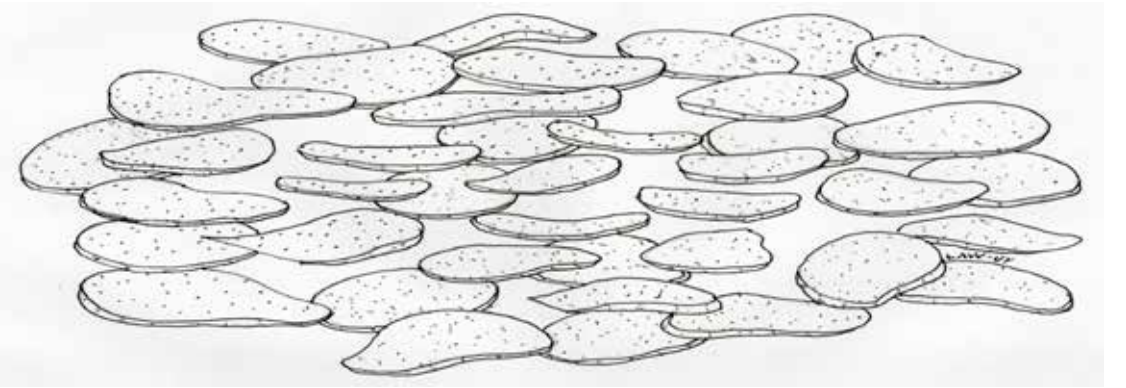
Maari na itong isalang at lagyan ng apoy na tamang tama lang ang lakas hanggang ito ay makitang kumukulo gawa ng langis ng niyog.

Sa bibingkang giniling, ihahalo agad ang asukal at gata sa malagkit saka ito isalang sa mahinang apoy lamang. Kapag kumukulo na ito ay unti-unti na itong lalagyan ng unang gata ng niyog na siyang nagiging latik pagkaluto nito. Gawin ito ng paulit-ulit hanggang kumapal ang latik na magkulay ginto. Maari riing dagdagan ng keso kung nais ng nag-order.

Madaling hanapin ang lugar na pinaglulutuan lalo na sa madaling araw dahil sa mabangong hanging mula sa pugon ng mga kabahayan.

Bukó: Tupig ng mga Kankana-ëy

Ni Benilda K. Mendoza



Ang *bukó* ay isang paraan upang maipreserba ang kamote. Ginagawa ito sa buwan ng Marso kapag marami ang kamote na naani. Sa tag-ulan, ito ang pangunahing pagkain. Niluluto ito para maging tupig.

Paano ginagawa ang *bukó*? Una, piliing mabuti ang magagandang kamote, hindi yung mabaho. Hugasang mabuti ang mga kamote at balatan. Hiwain ito nang maninipis. Ibilad sa araw hanggang matuyong mabuti. Lagyan ng moskitero ang pagbibiladan upang hindi dapuan ng mga langaw .

Ang mga tuyong kamote ay tinatawag na *bukó*. Inilalagay ito sa lata ng biskwit na may takip upang laging malinis. Kung iluluto na ang *bukó*, saka ito babayuin. Iwasang imbakin ang nabayong buko sapagkat mag-iiba ang lasa nito.

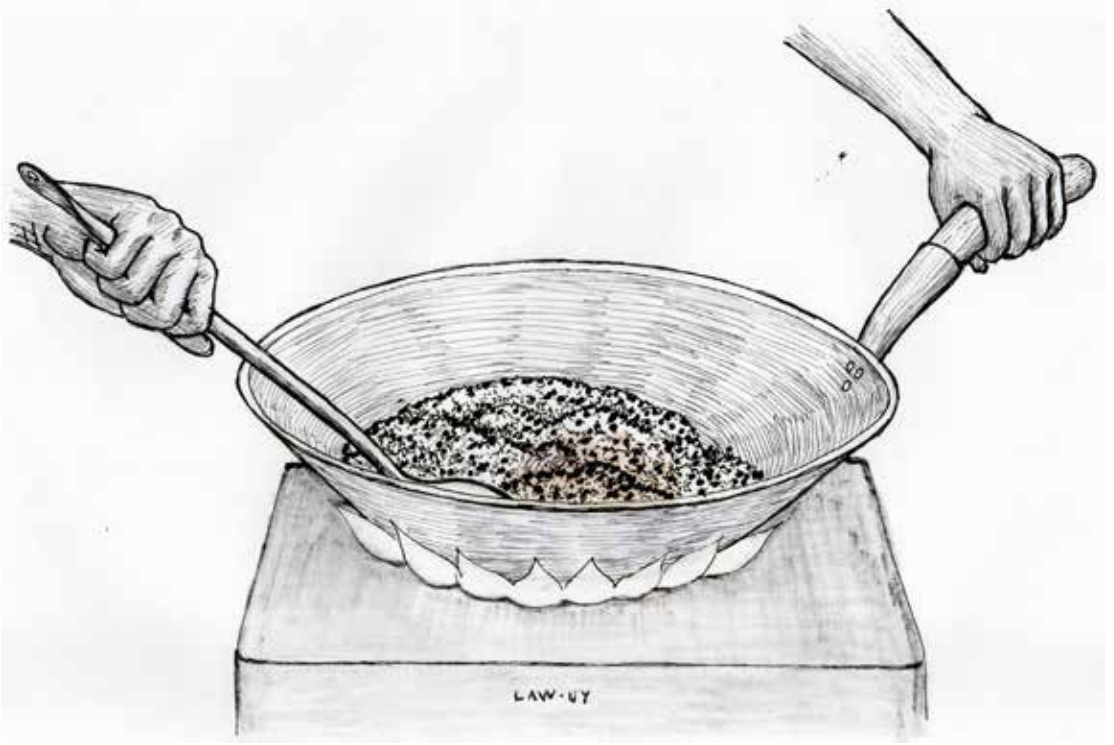
Paano gawin ang tupig na *bukó*? Una, bayuhin ang *bukó* hanggang maging pino ito. Dagdagan ang binayong *bukó* ng binayong malagkit. Sa bawat dalawang tasang *bukó*, isang tasang malagkit o depende sa nais na timpla.

Ang *bukó* ay may natural na tamis kaya kaunting asukal lang ang ilagay at haluin ito nang mabuti. Lagyan ng konting tubig at haluin. Ang pagtimpla nito ay tuyo na hindi matubig upang maibalot sa dahon ng saging.

Ibalot ito sa dahon ng saging sa paraang pagbabalot ng suman. Iluto sa steamer o sa hurnuhan gamit ang uling. Kadalasang ipinapatong lamang ito sa ibabaw ng kalan kapag nagluluto ng kanin at kape.

Kapeng Bigas: Mura na, Mainam pa sa Sikmura

Ni Audrey Villena
Salaysay ni Laurentina M. Jimenez
Linang 2016



Maraming uri ng kape ang patok na patok ngayon. Nariyan ang latte, capuccino, white coffee at iba pa. Lahat ng mga ito ay may lamang tatlong sangkap – asukal, creamer at kape. Masarap dahil timplado ang sukat ng mga hindi natural na sangkap nito . Kung ang nais mo ay maayos na kalusugan, maging natural. Subukan ang hindi kumplikadong inumin. Uminom ng simple at ligtas na kape.

Ang kapeng bigas ay mula sa bigas na isinangag (*nakirog*) hanggang nagkulay ginto. Niluluto ito tulad ng kapeng barako. Pinakukulo muna ang tubig bago lagyan ng nasukat butil ng bigas na sinangag, patagalin ang pagpapakulo

ng tinatayang lima hanggang sampung minuto upang magkalasa ang tubig. Ang sukat ng bigas ay depende sa nais na tapang ng kape.

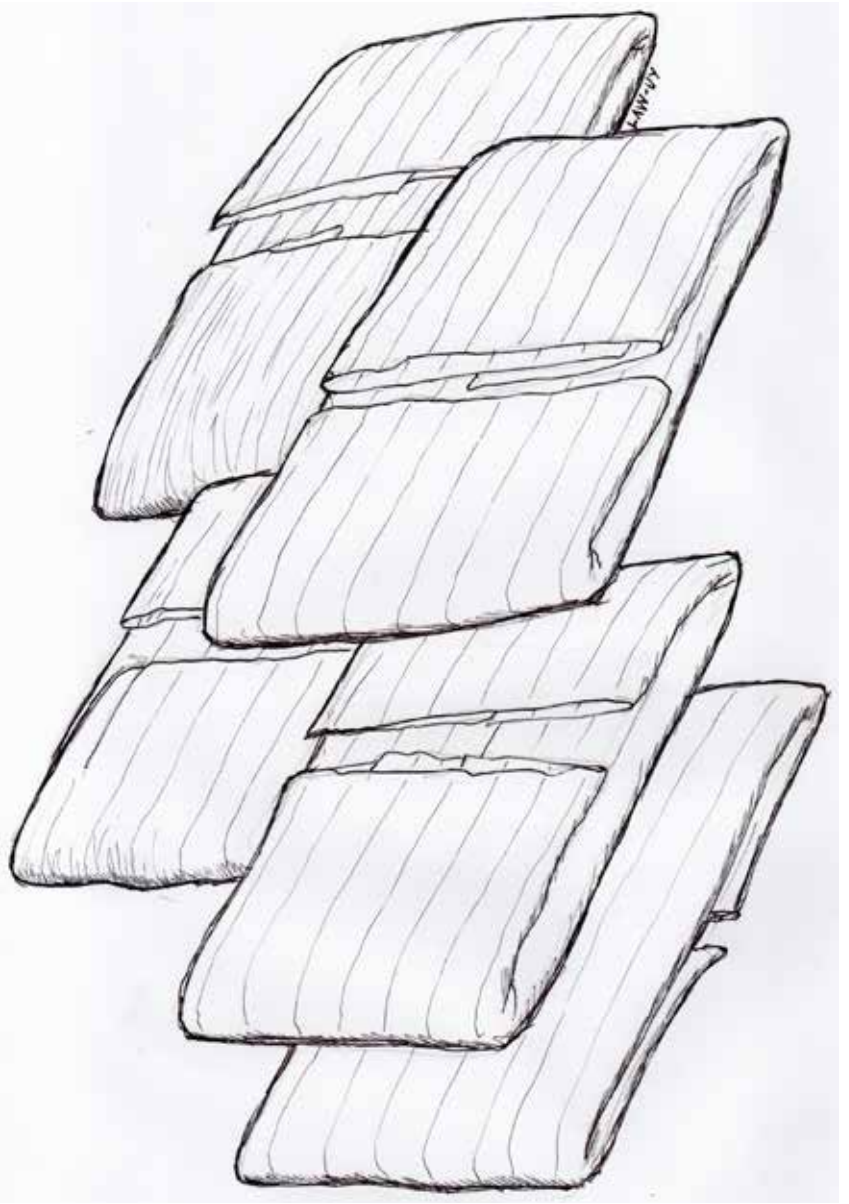
Matapos pakuluin, maaari na itong ihain. Sa mga nasanay ng gatas, maaari itong lagyan ng gatas na ebaporada.

Natural na natural ang kapeng bigas. Ayon sa mga magulang at matatanda, ang kapeng bigas ay mainam sa pananakit ng sikmura at gamot din sa pagtatae. Ayon pa sa kanila, ito ang pinaiinom sa mga taong may disenterya noong panahon ng digmaan.

Batay pa sa isang produkto na galing sa bansang Hapon, ang kapeng bigas ay isinasama sa dahong tsaa. Ang kombinasyong ito ay lalong nagpapatingkad sa pagiging herbal ng inuming ito.

Linapët Day Celebration

By Marie Belle Laus



In olden times, people of Agawa had been butchering pigs and chicken for them to share with their neighbors and relatives whenever the sun seems to rest on top Ambaon-Bato at sunrise as seen in Dap-ay Awaw. As their number increased and raising livestock became a little bit difficult, they

began to adopt the indigenous bread called Linapet as the food to share. The *linapët* is made of ground rice buttered with peanuts and sometimes with a filling of meat or *kaling* (mudfish) and is wrapped with banana or squash leaves. This practice of sharing *linapët* was handed down from generation to generation. It is in this sense that the day came to be called the *Linapët* Day.

In present times too, entire Agawa villages still observe the preparation of linapet whenever the sun is situated perfectly on top of Ambaon-Bato at sunrise as seen while resting the back on the stone calendar at Dap-ay Awaw. The *kadangyan* and the *kodo*, and all members of the community observe the spirit of oneness and sincerity in accordance with the indigenous event.

The *Linapët* day celebration is not just merely giving and sharing the indigenous bread. It has rules to follow in which hospitality, respect, and willingness to obey are highly regarded.

If you are married or have a separate home of your own from your parents, you are to obliged to cook *linapët* and give some to your parents-in-law. You are also to give *linapët* to your older brothers and sisters, uncles and aunties, and all relatives who are older than you. As to your younger brothers and sisters, they are also expected to bring the *linapët* to share. The only difference is that younger family members are the ones who will deliver their *linapët* to the homes of their older kin.

The people celebrate it to give thanks for the ample provisions they have received and for the health and security they enjoy the whole year round. It is a manifestation of love and concern. It is a sign that they care for each other as one blood and one people. The *Linapët* day is celebrated all over the Philippines and even abroad, where ever a group of people from Agawa have settled.

At present, the remarkable rising of the sun still happens every year. However, the level of the ground where the stone calendar was erected subsided due to the creek that is slowly taking the soil down to the river. There is still the beauty caused by the rays of the sun as it rises on top of Ambaon-Bato. It is so natural with the sun's scattered beams striking the mountain walls of the village below. As an observer said, it is eye-catching, it is like a sunset at sunrise.

The True Name Is Piniyak And Not Pinikpikan

By Corazon J. Villena

"Are the wings for me?" the father asked.

"For me, the neck," the son said.

"The back or ribs for me," said the daughter, too.

There's no problem for the mother whenever pinikpikan is served for a meal. Each member of the family has their own piece of choice. But before they eat, the son would bring a bowl to their lolo and lola in their own house located nearby. The bowl contains the *atëy* or liver of the chicken for lola and the *kitkitot* or hip part of the chicken for lolo.

The *kitkitot* is always for an elder most probably for a lolo or lola.

What is so special about that part and why they choose to take it?

Among the Cordillerans, it is appreciated very much when the *kitkitot* is given to an elder like a lolo or father. In the absence of a male in the family, it is given to a lola or mother. Giving those parts to them shows the highest respect.

The legs or drumstick is for the youngest in the family while the other slices are free choice.

The word *pinikpikan* is an Ilocano term from the root word *pikpik*, a verb which means to tap gently by the palm or a stick, *-an* (conjunctive) denotes an action of doing. So *pinikpikan* means it was tapped gently with the use of a stick or a clean, straight, thin but hard branch of a tree that would not cause an injury to the skin of the chicken. *Pikpik* in Kankana-ëy is *piyak*, which is a verb. The word *piniyak* is synonymous with *pinikpikan*. It is actually one way of dressing chicken using direct fire instead of using hot water to remove the feathers.

Piniyak or *pinikpikan* is a chicken tapped gently on the wings until blood accumulates or clots. The process of tapping or *panpiyak* is usually a paired-work of an elder and a child; the elder holds in a bundle the feet, head and one of the wings and the partner usually an observing child holds firmly and stretches the other wing to open it for the tapping or *piyak*. The tapping is continuously done until both wings are evident with blood clot. After checking a full blood clot on both wings, gentle patting or tapping will be

done on the neck of the chicken. Checking will be done again to see if blood clotting is already sufficient then that's the time that a strong blow is dealt on the chicken's head to make sure that the breathing stopped.

After doing the *piyak*, the big feathers on the wings will be pulled before roasting on an open fire. The whole chicken will be put into the fire to heat or burn the feathers for easy removal or dressing.

In burning the feathers, the chicken should be held by the feet and head to easily turn it up-side-down for even burning. The feathers should be slightly burned so that it will be properly cleaned. If the feathers are hard to pull, reheating the chicken should be done until all the feathers are cleaned.

Roast the chicken repeatedly including the crown of a chicken, turning it up-side down until the skin is brown and toasted. Once the roasting is satisfactory, that's the time that the feet will be heated too for the removal of feet covering or scale.

The roasted chicken should be thoroughly washed; rubbing the skin, feet, head with bare hands and cleaning the beak.

The washing should be done properly since there will be no washing of the meat after it was chopped. Mastery in butchering is applied so that the intestines will not be opened, in order to keep the meat clean. The remaining blood in the meat gives the flavour of the *piniyak* or *pinikpikan*.

Cooking the chopped meat depends on the kind of chicken. Young native chicken are easily cooked comparing to a rooster that lived for more than a year and hen that has laid and hatched eggs for more than five times.

When I was asked by Tatang to buy a chicken for a ritual, he instructed me on how I should select. First, the parts should be complete from the crown, eyes, beak, feet with finger and wings should not be broken. All this things have to be followed, so when I was in the market, I did not show to the seller that it was my first time to buy.

"There, observe the anus of the hen when I blow it," she said.

According to the old woman in the market selling native chicken, there is a way to test if a hen had hatched eggs for several times which she showed me.

"This is a good one. Look here under the wings if it is yellowish then it is fat," she added. "All the parts are complete." She concluded just to help me decide fast.

During rituals, the chicken is cooked plain but if it is an ordinary *piyak*, ingredients can be added like ginger, onion bulb and vegetables. But even without the spices the flavour is excellent.

There is a method of opening the chicken so as not to deform the liver and bile for the interpretation by a *manbunong*. The *manbunong* is an elder who says the prayer for the ritual.

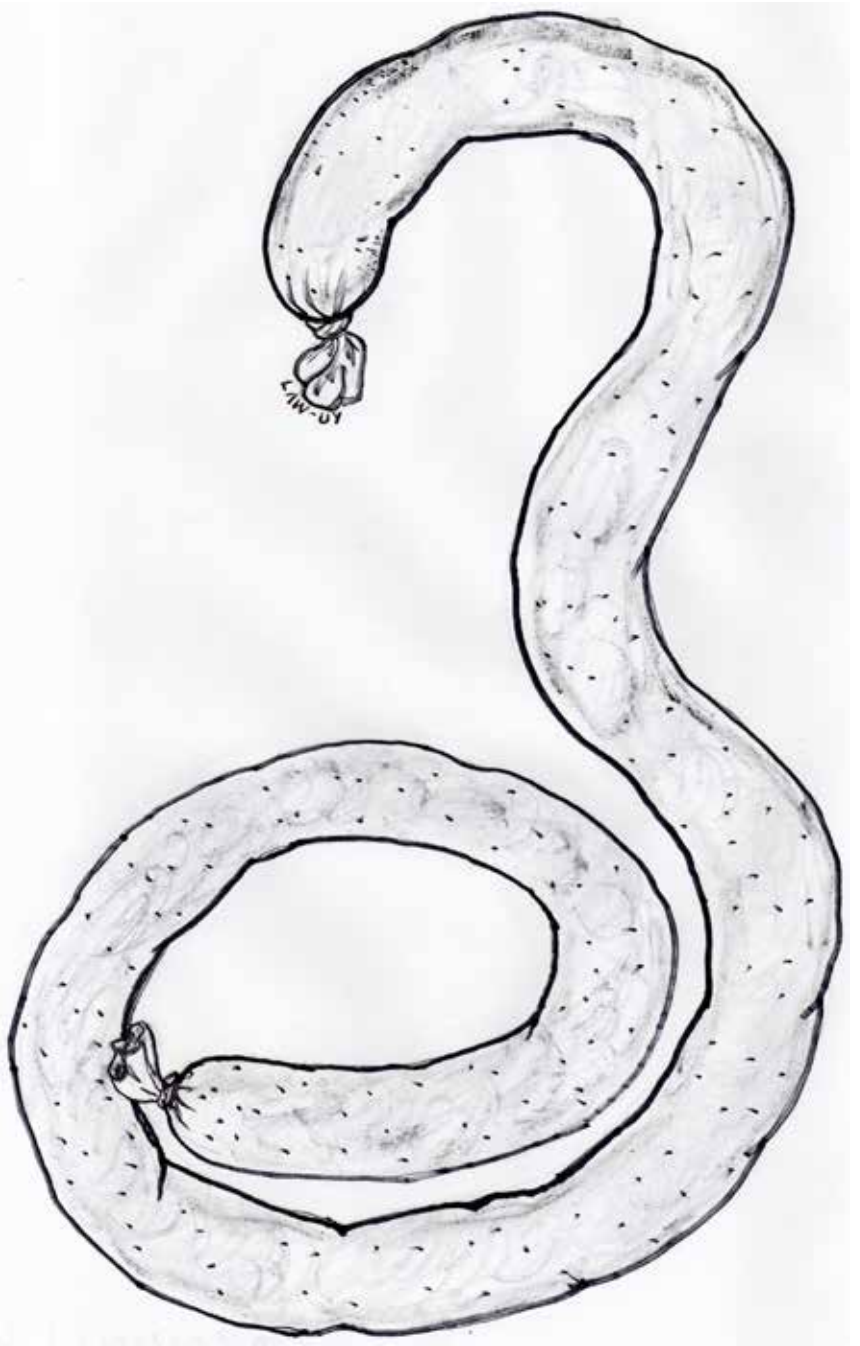
Selected firewood are used to burn or roast the chicken. Pine wood is good but branches would be best for it easily gives a strong fire. Other branches which are good are coffee, tiger grass sticks, bamboo and other wood that does not emit bitter taste and smell.

Nowadays, only a few Cordillerans have mastered the *piniyak* or the *pinikpikan* art of dressing chicken. It is no longer *pinikpikan*, but rather it is *pinuoran* because they only burn the feathers with a blow torch without doing the *pikpik* or *piyak*. That's the reason why the last pieces to be taken whenever chicken is served are the wings and neck. There's nothing to savour except for the thin meat and the skin of the wings and neck. Not like when you do the proper way to prepare the *piniyak* or *pinikpikan*, the wings will the first pieces to be taken because of the delicacy effect of the clotted blood making the wings and neck a special part.

And precisely that's the point of Padre Damaso when he got mad during the meal with Crisostomo Ibarra when he was served with neck and wings in the Noli Me Tangere. He presumed that he was a very important person but he was not given the best part. That is the same in the culture of Cordillera, people who do not have good deeds will not receive the best part even if they are the oldest in the place.

Pinunëg

By Tacia A. Diase



Pinunëg is one of the dishes in Tuding. This is the indigenous way of processing food that is not done in other places. It is made of freshly butchered pig's blood mixed with ingredients like onions, garlic, ground meat. All these ingredients are mixed together well and placed into the clean intestine of the butchered pig. This is then dried or smoked and it is being sold in the locality for P50.00 for a foot long sausage.

Residents in the locality as well as other people from other places who have tasted this recipe like it very much. Sometimes they order through call center agent Marke Diase who is a resident of Bua, Tuding.

Once, Mark bought *pinunëg* and brought it to Paniqui, Tarlac, the place of his wife. Mark's in-laws appreciated the dish and whenever he goes home there, they always ask for the *pinunëg*.

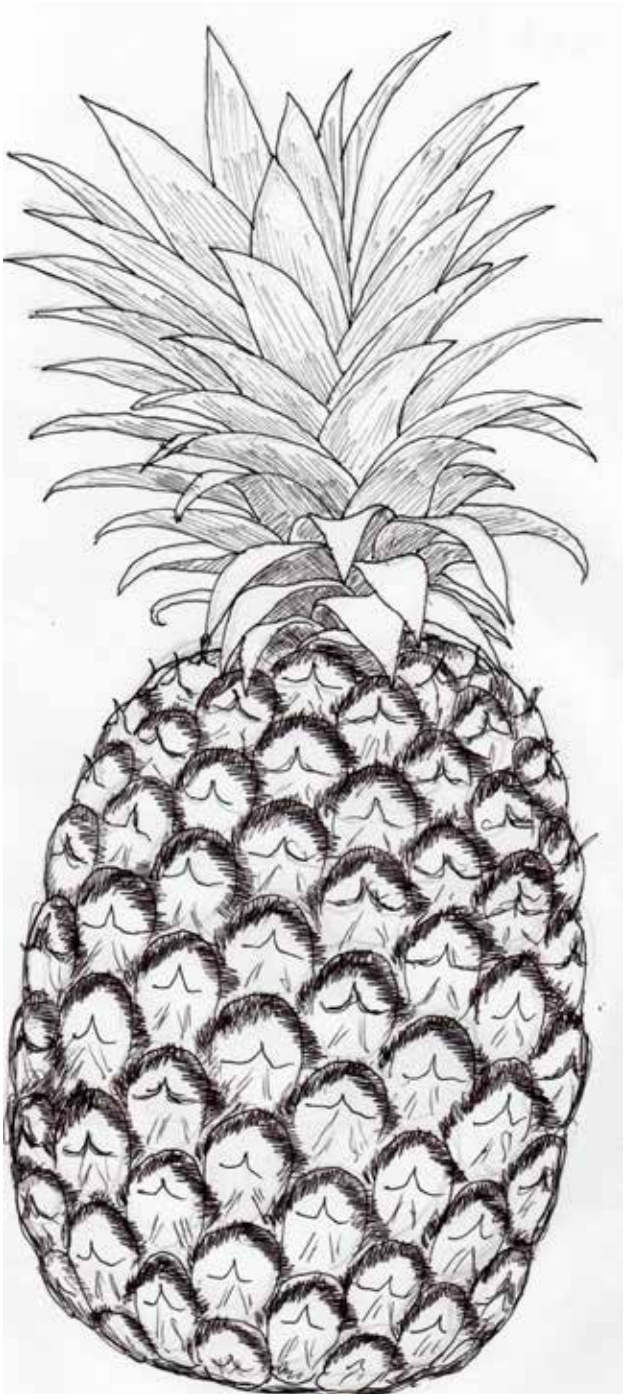
On another occasion, Mark celebrated his birthday. He invited his boss and workmates in Sitel. For the visitors, they served chicken adobo, fried chicken, pork sinigang and *pinunëg*. You know what? What was consumed first was the *pinunëg*. And they said, "Ang sarap, kasi kakaiba". It is indeed a unique dish different from the usual recipes.

The problem that the sellers and customers are facing is shortage, that sometimes or rather, most of the time, a customer is not able to buy any when he is late in going to buy the said dish. For customers to be able to buy they have to order in advance and inform the sellers how many pieces they need, so that they will be sure of having their favorite dish.

Pinunëg could easily be a well-known food product of Tuding, if there is proper packaging and advertisement.

Sabëng di Pinya

Ni Benilda Kaniteng Mendoza



Marami sa atin ang nagtatapon ng balat ng pinya, samantalang ang korona nito ay itinatapon o kaya'y itinatanim. Upang hindi masayang ang mga bitaminang taglay ng mga ito, mas magandang gawin nating tsaa at suka.

Paano ginagawa ang tsaang pinya? Una, alisin ang matulis na dulo ng bawat dahon ng korona ng pinya. Hugasan itong mabuti. Ang isang kuyom o dakot na dahon ay katumbas ng limang tasa. Ilagay sa kapetera at isalang hanggang kumulo ito.

Maaari itong ihandang mainit bilang tsaa o malamig na inumin bilang tubig. Nakakatulong ito sa mga taong nahihirapang umihi.

Paano gumawa ng sukang pinya o sabeng? Hugasang mabuti ang pinya bago ito balatan. Gamitin ang eskobang malinis upang hindi masugat ang kamay. Ipatong ito sa malinis na tray saka balatan. Tadtarin nang pino ang mga balat. Maaaring gamitin ang food chopper. Ang dalawang tasang tinadtad na balat ng pinya ay katumbas ang isang tasang asukal at dalawang tasang tubig.

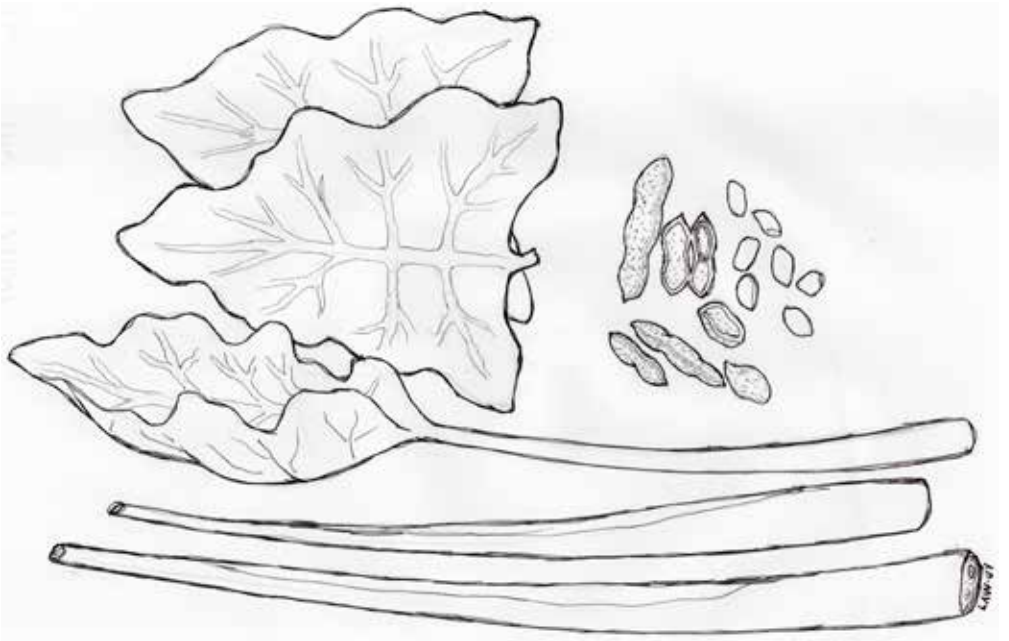
Ihalong mabuti hanggang matunaw ang asukal.

Ilagay sa plastic na lalagyan o garapon at takpan ng malinis na tela ang lalagyan. Gumamit ng goma upang maisara nang mabuti ang bunganga ng container para hindi makapasok ang insekto.

Hayaang ganito sa loob ng isa hanggang dalawang buwan pero haluin tuwing linggo upang hindi ito tumigas. Habang tumatagal ang fermentation period nito ay lalong tumatapang at sumasarap ang suka. Kapag na-ferment na ang suka, salain ito ng malinis na tela upang maihiwalay ang suka sa balat. Pakuluan muna ang nagawang suka upang siguradong malinis at ligtas na gamitin.

Pising Ya Mani

Ni Yohan delos Reyes
Gintong Landas 2018



Pising o dahon ng gabi ang pangunahing gulay ng mga Igorot. Paborito ito ng karamihan sa mga Kankanaey at Ibaloy. Simple lamang ang kanilang paraan ng pagluluto nito. Ang laing nila ay hindi ginagamitan ng niyog o gata. Ang pangunahing sangkap sa laing ng mga Igorot ay *pising*, binayong mani, dinikdik o hiniwang luya at asin. Hindi rin sila gumagamit ng mantika at magic sarap o vetsin. Ang mani ay may natural na langis at pampalasa na mas masarap kaysa vetsin.

Ang mga paraan sa pagluluto ay simple din. Kailangang hugasan muna ang tangkay at dahon ng gabi. Ibilad ito sa araw para uminit at maalis ang tubig, saka alisin ang balat nito. Mas madaling maalis ang balat kapag pinainitan sa araw. Hiwain nang manipis pagkatapos linisan.

Isalang ang kaserola at lagyan ng tubig ayon sa dami ng *pising* at ayon sa nais na dami ng sabaw. Ilagay lahat ang nabayong mani, luya at asin. Hintayin itong kumulo hanggang maluto ang *pising* saka haluin at tikman ang timpla. Ihain ito kasama ang sili bilang pampagana sa pagkain.

Sëggët: Panghalili sa Gatas ng Ina

Ni Hilarae Villena
Kuwento ni Laurentina M. Jimenez
Linang 2016

"Ang gatas ng mga hayop ay para sa hayop at ang gatas na para sa sanggol ay gatas ng ina."

Ito ang madalas na sinasabi ng mga lolo at lola sa mga nanay na may mga anak na pinapasuso pa.

May paniniwala pa ang mga ito na ang isang dahilan na hindi disiplinado ang mga kabataan ay ang pag-inom ng gatas ng hayop na prinoseso. Ito ang siyang pina-iinom sa karamihang sanggol ngayon. Pinaniniwalaan nilang

ito ang dahilan ng pagiging sobrang aktibo ng isang batang umiinom ng gatas ng hayop.

Ayon sa kanila, ang panghalili sa gatas ng ina noong kanilang kapanahunan ay ang *sëggët* o tinatawag na *am*. Ang *sëggët* ay binawas na tubig ng kumulong sinaing na bigas. Ito ay nakukuha pagkatapos ng ilang minuto na kumulo ang sinaing hanggang makitang ang tubig ay nagiging malapot. Manamis-namis ang lasa nito kaya't hindi na ito kailangang lagyan ng asukal.

Para magkaroon ng *sëggët* o *am*, sinasadyang sobrahan ng isa o dalawang tasang tubig ang ilalagay kapag magsasaing para kapag kumulo na ang nilulutong kanin ay lumapot na ang tubig nito at saka ito ibabawas. Palalamigin ito nang bahagya at ito ang ipaiinom sa sanggol.

Ayon sa pananaliksik, masustansya ang *sëggët* lalo na kung ang bigas ay binayo sapagkat hindi naalis ang natural na balat ng butil na tinatawag na bran sa English. Tinatawag na brown rice ang palay na hindi dumaan sa kiskisan, at white rice naman ang naipakiskis. Nagtataglay ng natural na bitamina ang brown rice samantalang ang white rice ay dinagdagan na o enriched.

Ayon pa sa kanila, mainam itong gamot sa panahong ang sanggol ay nagtatae. Pinaiinom ang sanggol ng *sëggët* na may kaunting asin upang manumbalik ang suplay ng tubig sa katawan ng sanggol.

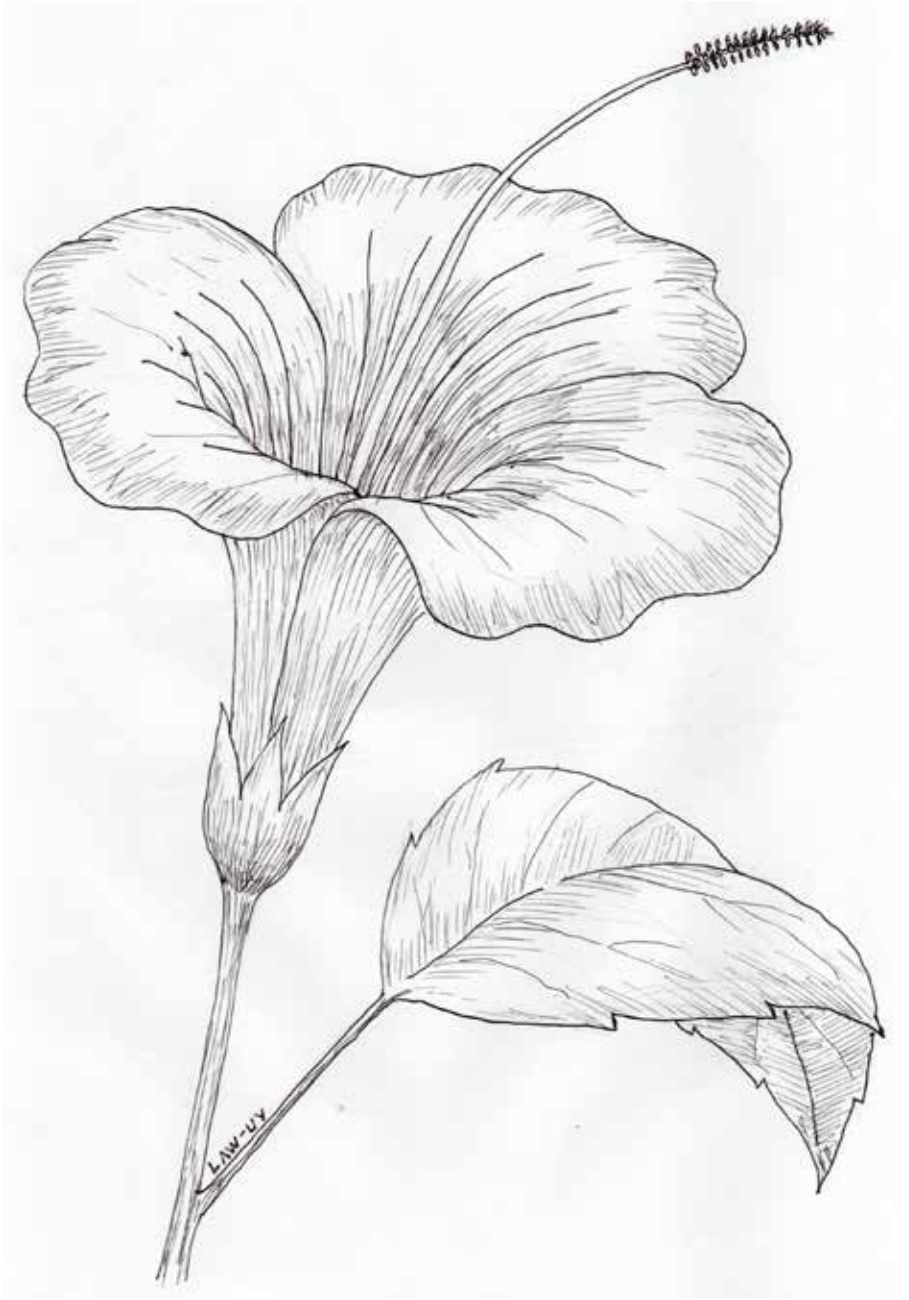
Ayon sa Grolier Encyclopedia, mas mayaman ang brown rice o hindi nakiskis na bigas ng mga bitamina, thiamine, niacin at riboflavin. Tinatayang mayroon itong 7-11% na protein, 62-66% carbohydrate, 1 – 2.5% lipid at minerals na 4.5 – 6%.

Ayon pa sa aklat, ang bran ng bigas na naalis sa pagkakiskis ay mayaman sa lipid. Ito ay pino-proseso na pinagkukunan ng isang uri ng langis na ginagamit ng tao. Samantala sa maliliit na kiskisan, ang pulbos na ito na tinatawag na tuyo ay tinitindang pagkain ng mga hayop. Bunga nito, ayon sa obserbasyon pa rin ng mga nag-aalaga, ang mga hayop na pinapakain ng pulbos mula sa kiskisan ay malulusog at mabilis ang paglaki.

Ipinapayo ng doktor ng mga bata na si Rogelio Bay-an sa mga nanay, na pasusuhin ng *sëggët* ang kanilang sanggol na may lactose intolerance. Ito ang kalagayan ng sanggol na hindi nakakagiling (digest) ang sikmura dahil sa sunud-sunod na pag-inom ng gatas na naproseso.

Sabon ni Lolo at Lola Noon, Beauty Product Ngayon

Ni Corazon J. Villena
Linang 2016



Kung akalang hindi nagsasabon ang mga lolo at lola noon dahil walang pagawaan ng sabon noong kanilang panahon, nagkakamali kayo, sapagkat ang kanilang sabon noon ang naging basehan ng mga produktong pampaganda ng kutis at buhok ngayon. Pag-aralan natin ang mga ito:

Ang *dapo*/abo (ash) ay galing sa *dap-o/pan-atoan*, *dalikan* sa Ilokano at kalan sa Tagalog. Ginagamit itong panghugas ng pinggan, kaldero at paglalaba. Ito rin ang pinang-iis-is sa paghuhugas ng mga gamit sa kusina. Inaalis nito ang mantika at amoy sa mga kasangkapan. Sa paglalaba, tinutunaw ang abo sa tubig saka sinasala at ang tubig na ito ang pangbabad sa mga damit bago ito kusutin. Ayon kay Gng. Esperanza Dalay-on, isang Science teacher sa paaralan, talagang may isang porsyentong sangkap na abo/ash ang sabon.

Gumamela – Ang gumamela ay may madulas na katangian kapag dinikdik ito. Ang bulaklak at dahon nito'y may katas na madulas kaya kapag ginamit ito sa paglalaba, nagiging madulas ang pagkusot ng damit. Ginagamit din itong shampoo at sabong pampaligo. Ang katangian ng gumamela bilang shampoo ay binanggit ni Dr. Jose Rizal sa kanyang akda na Noli Me Tangere. Ayon sa aklat, ito ang ginagamit ni Donya Pia Alba sa buhok ni Maria Clara.

Ang katas ng dahon at bungang hilaw ng Papaya ay madulas din. Ginagamit ang dahon na pampaputi ng damit. Kinukusot ang mga dahon sa damit saka ibinababad. Ang hilaw na bunga ay kinukuskos o tinatadtad nang pino saka pinipiga para makuha ang katas na siyang gagamiting shampoo o sabon. Maaari ding ibalot sa isang tela o bahagi ng damit at ito ang pang hilod sa katawan. Ayon sa isang ina, ang dahon ng papaya ay pinangtanggal niya ng pintura sa supot ng arina noong siya ay naghahanda ng lampin para sa kanyang anak.

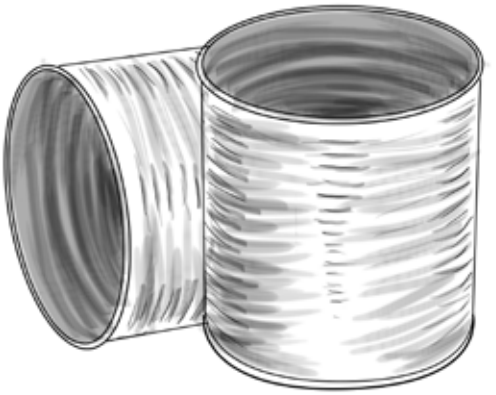
Ang Gugo ay sinusunog mula sa abo ng tangkay ng palay. Mainam ito sa buhok. Malambot, makinang at matingkad ang itim ng buhok na ginamitan ng gugo. Pino rin ang kutis ng gumamit ng gugo sa katawan.

Ang Kadsu ay isang uri ng malambot na bato na may madulas na epekto. Matatagpuan ito sa mga batis. Kulay gatas ito kapag naibabad sa tubig bago gamitin. Marami ito sa Mountain Province. Sa Benguet naman ito ay clay na kulay asul o dilaw at matatagpuan ito sa mga lugar na may *ubbog* o pinagmumulan ng tubig. Ayon sa obserbasyon ng mga nakagamit nito, ang taglay na natural na acid ng mga batong ito ang nakapang-aalis sa malansang amoy ng katawan at nakagagamot din ng mga sakit sa balat.

Suposup*

Steamed cassava cakes

By Josie Mangili and Imelda Mangili of Ucab, Itogon



INGREDIENTS:

3 kilos cassava, peeled and grated 1 kilo sugar
1 coconut, grated
1/4 cup margarine

Clean, empty tin cans

Use a clean piece of cloth to squeeze the grated cassava until a white liquid is extracted. Discard the liquid. Add sugar and grated coconut to the grated cassava and mix well.

Grease the tin cans with margarine. Put portions of the cassava mixture into the tin cans. Steam for 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

The tin cans of canned goods such as sardines and corned beef are perfect for steaming these cassava cakes. Take the empty cans and take off the top end with a can opener. Take off the labels and wash well. They are now ready to be used for steaming.

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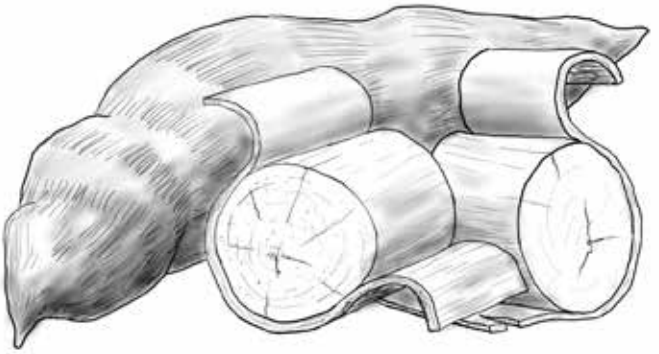
* Reprinted from Heirloom Recipes of the Cordillera (2019)

Kuwem*

Steamed cassava cakes wrapped in banana leaves

By Josie Mangili and Imelda Mangili of Ucab, Itogon



INGREDIENTS:

3 kilos cassava
1 kilo sugar
Water
Banana leaves

Peel and wash the cassava. Cut it into small thin slices. Dry under the sun for 1 week. These dried cassava slices can be kept for a long time. This can be stored in a sack and placed in a cool dry place.

Use a mortar and pestle to pound the dried cassava until it becomes flour. Put the cassava flour in a bowl. Add water slowly until evenly moistened and sticky. Add sugar and mix.

Get a portion and wrap with banana leaves. Do this until all the cassava is wrapped. Arrange the wrapped cassava in a large pot and add enough water to cover. Boil for one hour or until done.

It is important to be careful in cleaning and peeling the cassava. The skin contains a toxin which can cause cyanide poisoning and death. Thus, the skin should not be eaten by humans and animals.

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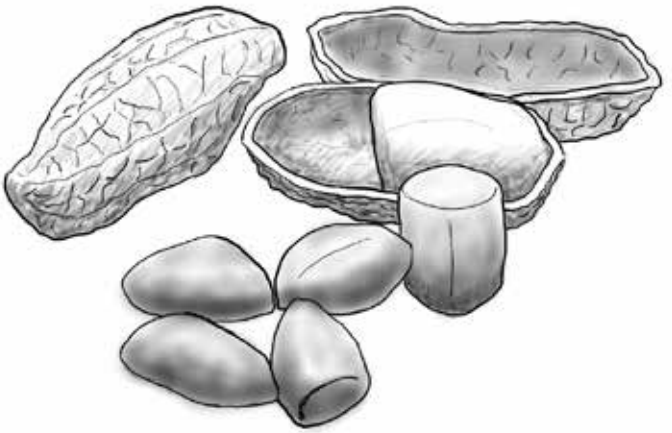
* Reprinted from Heirloom Recipes of the Cordillera (2019)

Binayto*

Pounded cassava with grated coconut and peanuts

By Josie Mangili and Imelda Mangili of Ucab, Itogon



INGREDIENTS:

3 kilos cassava, peeled and washed
1 grated coconut
1/4 cup margarine
1/2 kilo dried peanuts, roasted
1 kilo sugar

Peel and wash the cassava.

Put the cassava in a pot, add water, then boil for one hour.

Take out the cassava when cooked. Using a mortar and pestle, pound the cassava while hot until it breaks into smaller pieces.

Mix the sugar, margarine, cooked peanut and grated coconut. Pound the mixture into the cassava. Mix well.

Serve hot or cold.

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* Reprinted from Heirloom Recipes of the Cordillera (2019)

Tupig*

Steamed cassava and coconut cakes

By Josie Mangili and Imelda Mangili of Ucab, Itogon

INGREDIENTS:

3 kilos cassava, peeled, washed and grated
1 kilo sugar
1 coconut, grated
Banana leaves, wilted over a fire

Squeeze the grated cassava until white liquid is extracted. Discard the liquid. Add sugar and grated coconut to the cassava and mix well.

Wrap portions of the mixture in banana leaves. Steam for 30 minutes or until done.

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* Reprinted from Heirloom Recipes of the Cordillera (2019)

Katutubong Laro, Nagpapatalino

Ni Rosette Esguerra
Linang 2013

Spider, *kinnugtaran*, tirador, *kampuso*, lastiko, tatsing, tumbang preso, luksong tinik o baka, shatong... ilan lamang ang mga ito sa mga laro nga mga kabataan noong wala pa ang mga computer games. Isa-isahin natin.

Sa ngayon may mangilan-ngilan pang mga bata na nag-ii*spider.* Naghahaluhog sila sa mga tanim upang makakita ng gagamba na paglalabanin. Dito natututo ang mga batang kumilatis ng magandang uri ng gagambang ipanlalaban.

Ang larong *kinnugtaran* ay nangangailangan ng magkapares, isang malakas ang katawan at isang mas magaan dahil kakargahin sa likod ang huli upang siya ang sisipa sa kalaban kung magkalapit ang magkatunggali. Ang unang matutumba o mahuhulog na kapares ang siyang talo.

Ang *tirador* naman ay may iba-ibang layunin. May paligsahan sa layo ng mararating ng bala; may pagpuntirya sa isang lata kung sinong makakatama; at kung minsan, ibon naman ang hinahabol na tiradurin.

Sa larong *kampuso* o turumpo, may antas ang paligsahan: una, pagandahan at unahan kung sino ang makakagawa nito; ikalawa, patagalan ng pagpapaikot gamit ang linubid na sinulid; pangatlo, ang basagan ng *kampuso* o tinatawag na busal. Kung sino ang manalo sa pinakamatagal na pag-ikot ang siyang unang tatama o babasag ng *kampuso* ng kalaban.

May iba't-ibang klase ng laro na ginagamit ang *lastiko* o goma tulad ng high jump, sipa, rainbow rock, touch the body at ten twenty. May talunan din sa *lastiko* o goma na tinatawag na slow. Maglalabas ang magkatunggali ng nabilang na goma o lastiko, depende sa pinag-usapan. Pagbubuhulin ang mga ito ng korteng 8 saka dahan-dahang pagagalawin sa tulong ng pagpitik at sa huli, gamit ang sakong para mawatak ang pagkakabuhol. Ang makakalansag sa pagkabuhol ang siyang panalo.

Malalaman naman kung gaano kagaling tumantsa sa *tatsing*. Ito ay larong nangangailangan ng *pamasa* - isang bato na may magandang hugis na gagamiting pangpatalsik sa pusta tulad ng tansan (noong bago pang labas ang tansan); mga buto ng sampalok; at maliliit na plastik na laruang naisasama sa pagkaing pambata. Ilalagay ang tansan o laruan o anumang bagay na pinag-usapan sa drinowing na parisukat sa lupa bilang marka ng hangganan. Tatamaan ang nasa parisukat mula sa pinag-usapang target erya. Anuman ang napalabas doon ng tumama, iyon ang kanyang panalo. Ipagpapatuloy ito hanggang may maubusan at saka magbibilang ang panalo kung ilan ang kanyang naipong laruan.

Ang *patintero* ay larong nangangailangan ng *pamasa* o pangmarka sa lugar na hindi dapat apakan. Ito ay maaaring isang bato na may magandang hugis o flat para pag ihinagis sa namarkahang lugar ay hindi ito gugulong palabas. May dalawang hugis naman ang larong ito: hugis aparador at hugis damit. Kailangang mabilis at madiskarte upang hindi maging taya lagi sa laro. Ang linya sa korteng aparador ang magsasabi ng *outside* kung lumabas ang pamasa o pangmarka ng isang manlalaro kaya hindi na siya magpapatuloy dahil iyon ay out. Hahalili naman ang kalaro hanggang makumpleto niyang mamarkahan ang dibisyon ng hugis na walang pagkakamali sa paglusot at lipat. Ang unang makabuo ang siyang panalo.

Ang *tumbang preso* ay gumagamit ng lata at tsinelas na panumba sa latang nakalagay sa gitna ng hugis bilog na binabantayan ng taya. Habang hindi natutumba ang lata, patuloy na naiipon ang mga tsinelas ng mga manlalaro. Kung naibato na ang lahat ng pares ng kanilang tsinelas, didiskartehan na ngayon kung paano makuha ang mga ito na siya namang pagkakataon ng bantay na makahuli ng papalit sa kanya. Ang isang diskarte ay magpapahabol ang isa o dalawa para malito ang taya kung sino ang hahabulin, samantalang may isang maglalakas-loob na itumba ang lata, o di naman kaya ay ihahagis ang lata sa malayo para iyon ang pagkakataon ng ibang manlalaro na kunin ang naipresong tsinelas. Dito, ang taya ay magiging maliksi para makasagi siya ng papalit sa kanya. Habang wala siyang nasasagi o nahuhuling papalit sa kanya, mananatili siyang taya. Doon umiikot ang laro habang hindi nagsasabi ng "sirit!" ang mga bata.

Shatong naman ang laro sa palayuan ng pagsungkit ng kahoy o patpat. Apat hanggang anim na manlalaro ang kailangan at sila ay gagamit isang magaba (parang pamalo sa arnis) at maikling (4-6 inches) patpat. Ang maliit na patpat ang ipapatong sa dalawang maliliit na bato o butas sa lupa. Ang mahabang patpat ang siyang gagamitin para panungkit sa maliit na patpat. Palayuan ito ng pagsungkit at kung nasalo ang patpat, papalitan ng nakasalo ang taya. Ngunit kung hindi nasalo, susukatin kung gaano kalayo ang narating ng nasungkit na bala gamit ang pamalo. Ang natalo ay pipitikin at papaluin niyang palayo ang maliit na patpat. Kukunin ng natalo at tatakbo pabalik habang sinisigaw ang salitang shatong. Kapag may paghinga o pagtigil sa kalagitnaan ng pagsigaw kasabay ng pagtakbo sa home, ang pinaparusahan ay mag-uulit na magsimula sa tapat ng hinintuan ng sigaw hanggang mabuo ang pagsigaw na "shatong!"

Simple lang ang mga laro noon ngunit nagagamit at napauunlad ng isang indibidwal ang mental, pisikal, emosyonal at sosyal na aspeto ng kanyang buhay.

CHALLENGES AND STRUGGLES

Alamat ng Pito, Bokod

Ni Frenzelle R. De Los Reyes
Pinagmulan/Nagsalaysay: Malou B. Ricardo, Nicole B. Ricardo

Noong unang panahon, may gumagalang pitong busol o mga taong namumugot ng ulo ng bawat tao na nakakasalubong nila. Naglakbay sila sa iba't-ibang lugar hanggang nakarating sila sa isang lugar sa kabundukan ng Benguet.

Ang dinatnan nila ay mapayapang bayan at lahat ng tao ay nagtutulungan at masaya. Maayos ang pamumuhay nila sapagkat ang lupa ay masagana at mahalumigmig ang klima. Ang bawat isa ay may sariling hardin na pinagkukunan ng kanilang mga pagkain. Isang araw, nakita ng isang tao mula sa lugar ang mga busol na nagpapahinga at nagkukwentuhan sa may tabing ilog.

"HA HA HA! Siguradong marami tayong mabibiktima sa lugar na ito," sabi ng lider ng mga busol. Nagtawanan na parang mga demonyo ang kasamahan nito.

"Maghanda kayo dahil siguradong may mabibiktima agad tayo bukas," dagdag pa ng kanila lider.

Pagkarinig na pagkarinig nito, agad bumalik ang lalaking nakakita sa kanila

sa kanilang lugar at ipinaalam sa kanilang pinuno ang kanyang narinig at nakita. Nang araw ding iyon, pinatawag ng pinuno ang lahat ng naninirahan upang bigyan ng babala at upang makapaghanda sila.

“Mga kapatid, may banta ngayon sa ating lugar sapagkat isa sa atin ang nakakita sa mga busol. Tayong lahat ay dapat maghanda. Tuwing gabi ay siguraduhin ninyong nakasara ang inyong mga pintuan at bintana. Ang mga bata at matatanda ay dapat nasa loob na ng bahay kapag lumalim na ang gabi. Huwag ninyo ring hayaang lumayo ang mga bata sa ating lugar, at kung kayo ay mangangaso o kukuha ng panggatong ay siguraduhin ninyong may kasama kayo,” mahabang pahayag ng kanilang pinuno.

Pinatawag niya ang makikisig at malalakas na kalalakihan upang planuhin ang kanilang gagawing paghahanap sa mga busol.
“Bukas na bukas din ay hahanapin natin ang mga masasamang loob na yan,” sabi ng pinuno.

Kinabukasan, dinala sila ng lalaking nakakita sa mga busol sa may tabing ilog ngunit wala silang nadatnan doon. Patuloy silang nagmanman at naghanap sa gubat at kabundukan hanggang sa makarating sila sa isang sulok ng isang bundok. Nakita nila ang mga busol na pinahihirapan ang isa sa kanilang kababayan.

“Ano, papatayin na ba natin ito?!” tanong ng isa sa mga busol.

“Maghintay ka lang, darating rin tayo diyan,” sagot ng isa.

“HA HA HA! Bagay na bagay ang dugo mo sa itak ko,” pahayag ng isa pero hindi nila namalayan na nasa likod pala nila ang mga kasamahan ng lalaking pinahihirapan nila.

Nagulat na lang sila nang biglang may lumusob mula sa kanilang likuran. Wala na silang nagawa kundi sumigaw hanggang sa kanilang huling hininga.

“AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!” sigaw ng mga busol habang dumadanak ang kanilang mga dugo sa lupa. Nagpasalamat naman ang lalaking nailigtas ng kanyang mga kasamahan at agad din silang umuwi upang ipahayag ang magandang balita.

Mula noon, tinawag ang lugar na “Pito” bilang pag-alala sa pitong busol na pinatay doon.

Blessings overpower Ompong's fury

Novy Bayaguen
Gold Dust 2018

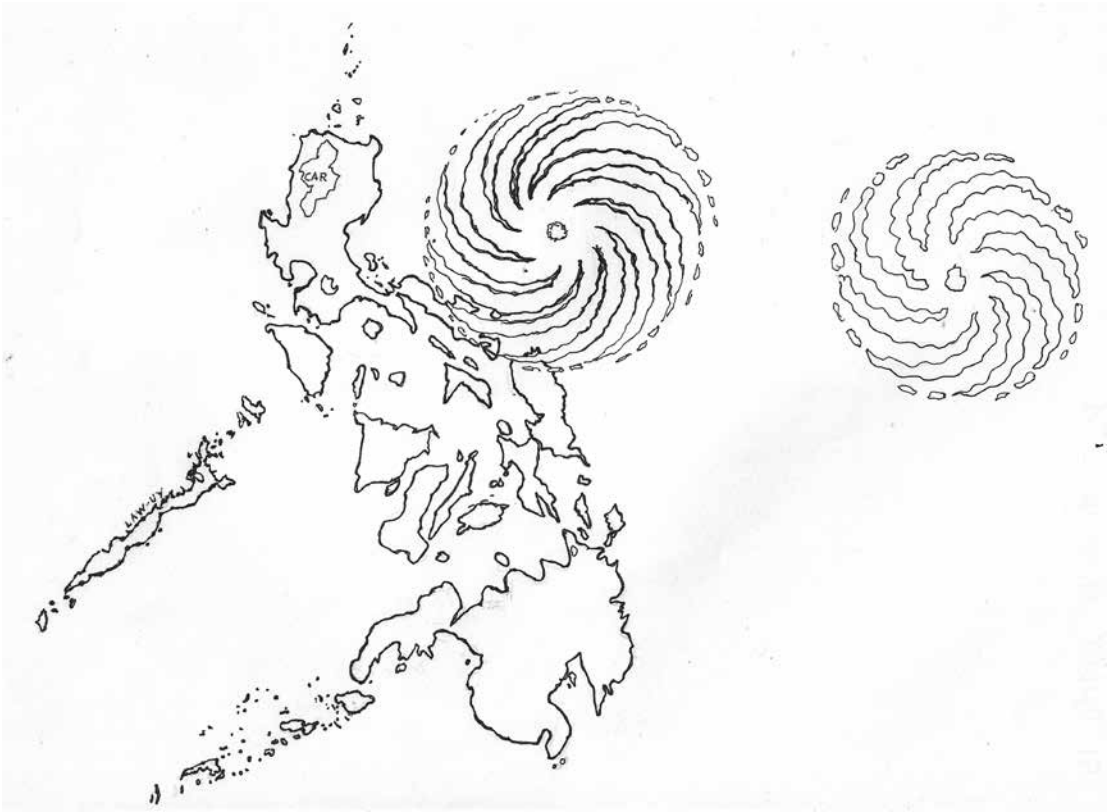
A person's inner self comes out in times of calamities or distress. This is what I observed after typhoon Ompong struck our land. The continuous Habagat and strong rain that saturated our municipality during the months of July and August were factorc in the massive landsides that happened. When Typhoon Ompong came, the ground loosened. Most mountain edges eroded, burying and destroying agricultural crops and shanties or homes along its path. Worst, a number of individuals were buried alive.

Schools and other building facilities instantly turned into evacuation centers. Media, for its role, covered and aired the difficult plight of these evacuees. Filipinos, known for having a compassionate heart or "pusong mamon", immediately turned the tide. Public and private individuals coordinated here and abroad for donations. Government agencies and private organizations set aside their status and positions in life and lifted their hands for the evacuees. Donations and relief goods poured in, in all evacuation centers.

The help that each person gave brightened the evacuees' uncertain tomorrow. Thus, we carry each other's burden, a Biblical commandment. "Thank you, salamat a," were the usual words one could hear from evacuees to all the Good Samaritans who shared their blessings, their precious time but most of all the LOVE and CONCERN.

Si Ondoy at Si Rosita

Nina Gilbert Cherweg at Marlyn Cherweg



Sa bayan ng Itogon, masayang naninirahan ang mga tao. Marami sa mga naninirahan dito ay galing sa iba't ibang probinsiya ng rehiyong Cordillera. Meron din galing sa ibang karatig na rehiyon. Ang pangunahing hanapbuhay ng mga taong naninirahan dito ay pagmimina ng ginto. Meron ding iba na pagsasaka ang ikinabubuhay. Ang iba nama'y paghahalaman at pag-aalaga ng isda tulad ng tilapia.

Ang bayan ng Itogon ay masasabing sagana sa yamang ginto kaya't pagmimina ang naging pangunahing hanapbuhay ng karamihan. Marami ang dumarayo na gustung-gustong mamuhay bilang isang minero. Marami ang gumanda ang pamumuhay dahil sa pagmimina. Naging masagana ang pamumuhay ng karamihan sa mga naninirahan dito sa bayan ng Itogon lalo na sa mga barangay na sakop nito tulad ng Ucab, Loacan, Virac, at Ampucao.

Kung naging masagana man ang pamumuhay ng karamihan sa mga naninirahan dito, meron ding pagkakataon na nanlulumo ang mga tao dahil sa mga delubyong dumaraan sa lugar. Pagguho ng lupa at pagbaha tuwing may bagyo ang nakasisira sa pamumuhay ng mga tao. Tulad na lang ng isang pangyayaring kailanma'y hindi malilimutan ng mga naninirahan dito.

Taong 2018, buwan ng Setyembre, may hindi inaasahang pangyayari ang naganap. Nagbigay ang PAGASA ng babala tungkol sa isang paparating na malakas na bagyo. Balitang-balita sa mga radyo at telebisyon pati na rin sa mga pahayagan ang mga posibleng idulot ng paparating na bagyo. Ayon sa babala, malaking pagkasira ng mga ari-arian, malalaking pagguho ng lupa, at pagbaha ang mga maaaring maidulot ng bagyo. Puspusang paghahanda ang ginawa ng karamihang naninirahan.

Ang mga may katungkulan o ang gobyernong lokal ang nagtulung-tulong para magbigay ng babala sa mga tao, lalong-lalo na sa mga lugar na pinangangambahang magkakaroon ng malaking pagguho ng lupa at malawakang pagbaha. Ang mga kawani ng gobyernong lokal, mga opisyal ng barangay at mga pulis ay hindi nagkulang sa pagbibigay ng babala. May mga taong sumunod at lumikas ngunit marami rin ang nagmatigas at nanatili sa kanilang mga tirahan.
Sa pag-aakalang daraan lang ang malakas na bagyo tulad ng mga nagdaang malalakas na bagyo, hindi alintana ng mga tao ang isang pangyayaring kailanman ay hindi malilimutan. Ika-15 ng Setyembre taong 2018, sa oras na ika-10 ng umaga, araw ng Sabado, isang malaking pagguho ng lupa ang naganap sa Sitio First Gate ng Barangay Ucab, at ganoon din ang nangyari sa Barangay Loacan na dulot ng bagyong Ompong. Maraming buhay ang nawala - bata, matanda, kababaihan at kalalakihang minero ang natabunan ng gumuhong lupa. Mahigit isang daang katao ang pinangangambahang natabunan sa mga pagguho ng lupa sa bayan ng Itogon. Karamihan sa mga natabunan ng lupa ay mga nakatira sa sitio First Gate. Maraming bahay ang nasira at natabunan at maraming pananananim din ang nasira.

Ang mga minerong nakaligtas at nakakita sa pagguho ay dali-daling nagpunta sa pinangyarihan ng pagguho sa pagbabakasakaling may makitang iba pang nakaligtas. Ang mga kawani ng gobyernong lokal, mga opisyal ng barangay, mga pulis at bombero at mga responders ay nagpunta rin sa pinangyarihan ng pagguho upang tumulong sa paghahanap at pag-rescue.

Ang pangyayari ay naibalita sa tulong ng midya. Maraming volunteers ang dumating para tumulong sa pag-rescue. Ang kapulisan ng PRO-COR, mga

kawani ng BFP at DSWD, Rescue Team ng Balatoc Mines, Philex Rescue Team, PA, Cagayan Rescue Team, at mga mamamahayag mula sa ABS-CBN, GMA, PTV, UNTV, BOMBO, DZWT at iba pa, mga NGOs at ibang rescue volunteers at mga kaanak ng mga natabunan ay dumating din upang tumulong sa paghuhukay at pag-rekober ng mga bangkay. Ang lahat ay nagdamayan dahil sa pangyayari, nagdasal at umasang may mga buhay pa.

Maraming tulong ang dumating. Mga pagkain, mga kagamitan sa bahay, damit, kumot, tubig at marami pang iba galing sa mga indibidwal o grupo ng mga GOs at NGOs ang mga naipamigay. Mayroon ding tulong galing sa ibang bansa. Dito nakita ang pagsasama-sama ng mga taong nagtutulungan sa panahon ng malawakang pagkasira ng kabuhayan at pati na rin ng maraming buhay.

Hindi maikakaila ang kagandahang asal sa ating mga Pilipino na ating nasaksihan sa panahon ng kalamidad. Sa pangyayaring ito, buhay na buhay ang pagkakaisa, pagdadamayan ng bawat isa sa pagtulong sa kapwa na walang hinihintay na kapalit.

Hindi pa man nakakabangon sa delubyong dulot ni Ompong, siya namang pagdating ng bagyong Rosita. Dahil sa masamang karanasan na dulot ni Ompong, ang lahat ay nagsipaghanda at sumunod sa mga babala ng PAGASA at iba pang kawani ng gobyerno. Tulad ni Ompong, marami rin ang sinira si Rosita sa imprastruktura at lalong-lalo na sa agrikultura.

Dahil din sa pangyayari ito, ang pangunahing ikinabubuhay ng marami, ang pagmimina, ay pinatigil sa utos ng alkalde ng Itogon na pinagtibay ng utos ng kalihim ng DENR. Ang pagmimina ay ipinagbawal sa mga lugar na delikado ang epekto ng pagmimina, subalit karamihan sa mga minero ay umalma sa kautusan. “Saan na kami kukuha ng aming ikabubuhay sa pang-araw-araw? Paano na ang aming pangangailangan kung tuluyan ninyong ipagbawal o ipasara ang pagmimina?”

Ang tugon naman ng gobyerno ay ang pagtulong sa mga taong lubos na naapektuhan sa pagbabawal ng pagmimina. Nagkaroon ng livelihood project sa tulong ng TESDA ngunit hindi nabigyan ng pagkakataon ang lahat na makasama sa nasabing proyekto. Nagkaroon ng pagpupulong para magkaroon ng minahang bayan, ngunit hanggang ngayon ay hindi pa rin naipatutupad ang nasabing panukala.

Sa pangyayaring ito, sino ang dapat sisihin. Kayo na ang humusga.

May isang paniniwala sa asignaturang History: "History repeats itself." Sana ay lumawak ang kamalayan at kaalaman ng mga taong naninirahan sa bayan ng Itogon upang hindi na maulit ang kabaga-bagabag na pangyayaring di-makakalimutan kahit kalian. Pati na rin sa buong kapuluan, kung may dumating man na kasing-lakas ni Ompong o ni Rosita o di kaya'y mas malakas pa, handa na tayo sa kahit anumang idudulot nito.

Kaya, atin sanang bigyang halaga ang mga paalala at mga babala na ibinibigay ng mga ahensiya (PAGASA, PHILVOCS, NDRRMC at maraming pang iba) na siyang nangangasiwa at nagbibigay kaalaman tungkol sa mga sakuna tulad ng bagyo at lindol, tulad ng pagpapaalala sa atin ng ating mga magulang.

Super Typhoon Ompong Awakened the Spirit of Binnadang in Itogon

By Corazon Villena

September 13, 2018. It was a sunny day. Students, teachers and government employees in the Region were at home on a holiday commemorating the Day of Remembrance for the Cordillera. On the other hand PAG-ASA had been monitoring a tropical storm that entered the Philippine Area of Responsibility. It was foreseen to be a super typhoon, so classes were again suspended for the following day, which was Friday.

Typhoon signal number 2 was declared in Benguet in the early morning of Friday but the weather was good. No winds were felt to signify a storm was coming. It was in the afternoon that the sky started to be dim.

Going home from La Trinidad at around 3:00 PM, occasional raindrops started to fall. People were still in the mall at the central business area. In a grocery near the jeep station, people had the same contents in their baskets: candles, canned goods, bread or cookies and noodles. Listening to the conversations, many took the storm warning as not so serious, maybe because the sky was not that dark and there were no strong winds and rains yet until that afternoon.

While waiting for a ride, a sudden darkening of clouds covered the city of Baguio and winds started to blow, so I texted my husband that I was waiting for a ride and would be home before 6:00 PM.

Arriving at Tuding, houses along the way home were dark, electric current was cut off due to the storm warning. At home, children were worried for their cell phones were not charged and worst of all, there was no network signal.

The whole community was quiet, maybe because they went to bed early just like the family. Even dogs were silent. It was not like the previous days when the dogs barked at passersby. Also, earlier that day, the chickens were not roaming around. They were in their cages or had settled down in the yard and not complaining nor looking for food.

At midnight I was awoken by the sound of strong wind slamming the window at the attic. I got the flashlight and checked but it was not the window, but the the strong rain and wind striking the roof. From that moment on, I was not able to sleep. Sounds of the roof of the next door's house being lifted by the wind, and of heavy objects falling at the back of the house, kept me awake.

September 15, Saturday, 6:00 AM.

I forced everybody to wake up. Drainages were filled with fallen leaves and water was overflowing in all directions at the riprap around the house. Everybody helped clear the drainage and dry the porch of the house which was filled with water. Despite the strong wind, the girls helped cover the grills with recycled tarpaulin. Thank God, everything was settled at around 10:00 in the morning.

It was zero visibility at that moment due to strong rain and clouds covering the entire community. Doors were slammed when opened. Radio signals were cut off. No communication. Looking through the window when clouds uncovered some part of the mountain, I saw the street covered with debris due to erosion. With that, I knew that the road was closed. After some time, people were observed traversing by foot going towards Ucab, and some going up the road. Cars and jeeps had to make a u-turn back to Ucab.

In the house, the family took the opportunity to fix things they had not covered during weekdays due to hectic schedule. We expected the storm would be gone the following day as predicted by the weather bureau. But there was non-stop strong rain carried by strong winds for the whole day.

In the afternoon we were informed by brother Rogelio, a night guard of the school, Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial National High, that the local officials were at their post: the Itogon Training Center (ITC) since Friday. The Municipal Disaster Risk Reduction and Management Council (MDRRMC) of Itogon headed by the Mayor, Attorney Victorio Palangdan stationed themselves at the ITC due to the accessibility of the building to any barangay in the locality. Besides, there were evacuees at the ITC in the evening of Friday since an evacuation order was disseminated by the PNP in the morning of that day.

Rogelio was ordered to prepare the rooms of the school that evening for expected evacuees. He knew that all routes going to and out of Itogon Municipal hall were closed. Poblacion, Itogon was isolated.

The evening of Saturday saw non-stop rain and wind. It was only at dawn that the conditions calmed down as if there was no typhoon that passed.

September 16, Sunday.

Rogelio woke the family with his loud voice. His voice was loud, indicating that something alarming had happened. Feeling nervous, I went out of the house, followed by my husband, the children and two grandchildren. As Rogelio continued his story about what he surveyed that morning, the family was watching the clouds uncover the slopes of the mountain in Antamok, which was just opposite our place. We felt deeply touched because a large eroded part of the mountain came to our sight. The elders call it " kinelatan di uwang" meaning it was scratched by the strong rush of water caused by strong rain.

Rogelio summarized the news by telling us that around the community there were lots of erosion and some of the neighbors evacuated from their homes and they were in the elementary school since the night before. The feeling of empathy came to the whole family. More so when he said that there was a road cut in White Fence, and half of the road was eroded. And there was information that First Gate, Ucab had the biggest landslide, part of the road was washed out and covered a building in level 070 with church-goers trapped inside.

The family united to help out; daughter Lorie and her two kids sorted clothes for relief; Audrey the third child prepared breakfast; Hilarae and her Papa went for clearing the fallen leaves and branches around the house and I proceeded to school to assist and welcome who ever needed help.

In school, she checked all classrooms that were open, wiped the wet floors, collected notebooks and books left by students, swept away glass from broken windows. While doing so, Allen Balisong, an old student from Luneta came offering help .They helped one another prepare the rooms. They were almost done when Mrs. Esperanza Dalay-on came, followed by the school Nurse Japhet Denver K. Fagyan and Boone Pangda, School Disaster Risk Reduction Coordinator. It was learned that Sherwin Godio and Jeric Ingtitan were in the school by Friday night. All teachers at that moment had the same thought -- to serve the evacuees in the school.

September 16, Sunday, 4:30 P M

Just a few minutes after the other teachers left, tired and exhausted faces of people young and old, children and babies carried by mothers started to appear at the gate. Their feet were covered with mud, indicating the long walk along the eroded mountain.

"*Umali ayo*" (You are welcome), were the only words I could utter, to make them feel that they were welcome.

"*Intoh nah danum?*" the first woman asked where they could find water to clean themselves.

"*Wada, wada nan danum isde drum,* Yes, there is water in the drums." I answered and pointed to where the drums and the water tank were located.

Their looks and the news about where they came from made me speechless at first, until some of our old students recognized me and started to tell how they were affected in First Gate. After a few minutes of listening to them, I realized that we had to prepare food for dinner. They did not carry any bag or pack because the evacuation was urgent. According to them the slope of the mountain was moving downward while they were moving upward, so it was hard for them to move.

The Home Economics room was closed, and there was no key left to the custody of the guard, so we could not get cooking pots for rice and a *kawali* for cooking viand. There was no other remedy but to borrow from the community. I asked some volunteers from the group of arrivals to help get cooking pots in the nearby house.

On the other hand, the Municipal Social Welfare and Development (MSWD) at the ITC were on alert collecting data from the different barangays of the municipality; others were receiving donations and preparing beddings which were distributed immediately.

A total of 98 families from Luneta and First Gate were sheltered in the school with more than 400 individuals. Some of them lost their homes and some had lost a member of the family.

The evacuees were assigned rooms to occupy and immediately leaders per room were assigned to facilitate management and monitoring.

September 17, Monday

AMPMNHS teachers stationed themselves to receive donations, others assisted in the distribution of goods and still others were busy answering questions of what was needed and how could people help the evacuees. Everyone took a responsibility. Everyone had a role. I served as the Incident

Camp Coordinator. The school nurse, Japhet Denver K. Fagyan headed the first aid and medical services; Boone Pangda was the Chairman for School Disaster Risk Reduction; Mahal M. Rifani, finance: Catalina Balatazar, the guidance counselor for psychosocial activities; Sherwin Godio and Jeric Ingtitan received donations; Esperanza Dalay-on and Christine Cartoneros oversaw the distribution of supplies. Other teachers and the Central Student Government (CSG) officers assisted the donors to personally hand over the goods and supplies they had with them.

The management for the school as an evacuation was fully entrusted to the Faculty and staff since the ITC was the Operation Center of Itogon. Donations were centralized at the ITC.

Classes in the entire Itogon were suspended due to the road cuts and because schools served as temporary homes for evacuees. On the other hand, electricity and signals were restored in some places. Posting and uploads in social media revealed the devastating news from Itogon.

September 18, Tuesday

Concerned groups, associations, corporations and kind hearted families flocked to the school bringing assorted goods such as personal hygiene supplies, clothes, blankets, slippers, drinking water and cooked food.

Material needs were supplied per family or per individual depending upon the goods brought by the donors. There was an over flowing support given to the affected individuals.

The Kitchen Truck of New Life - Disaster Community Care came to the rescue and coordinated with the school to render their service. They had served food for the evacuees and technical working group in the school, Pacalso Elementary School, the rescuers in Ground Zero (Level 070) and those who were in evacuation areas in Ucab until the last day of evacuation.

There were restaurant proprietors in Baguio who came and served meals and snacks on scheduled basis (Cool Ridge in Pacdal and others).

With the coming of Pres. Rodrigo Duterte (PDU30) and Secretary Cimatu, it was declared that small scale mining will be banned in Itogon and the entire Cordillera. The news had caused stress not only to the evacuees but to all residents of Itogon whose livelihood was mining.

In the succeeding days, help continued to arrive. The Regional Department of Social Welfare and Development with representatives from the National office came and tried to take over the command in the school as evacuation site but donors always look for the faculty and staff to whom they had earlier coordinated with about their donations.

On the other hand the Caritas of Cordillera organized assistance and financial support for their "balik-probinsiya" or " lipat- bahay rent" good for six months until such time the evacuees will be able to adjust and find alternative livelihood.

Itogon was then the focus of media and as a result, World Missions came over too. Filipinos wherever they are especially Cordillerans tried their best to get in touch by sending their *badang* -- items or financial support as well as posting prayers.

September 22, Sunday

The Ifugao Municipal Disaster Risk Reduction Council came early with several trucks to haul the things of those "balik probinsiya" while the Regional Social Welfare And Development were too busy releasing food items for every head of the family.

On that day, we witnessed really sad good byes especially for those going home to their province, knowing that it was against their heart to leave a place where they earn their living, met their loved one and raised their children. tut the order by government was that noone must return to Ground Zero.

Yes, Ompong created Ground Zero, had taken lives, and destroyed the environment. But on the other hand, Ompong had awakened the love and care for one another, the binnadang of our ancestors. The binnadang even in the preservation and protection of our land and trees that we tend to forget. And most of all, Ompong had awakened our love for the mother nature. It is not yet late. Mother earth is calling us to plant a tree to keep us safe and healthy.

Aral na Iniwan ni Ompong

Ni Hayah Nagangi
Gintong Landas 2018

"Saan tayo pupunta?" tanong ni Lola.

"Bahala na! Tayo na sa ITC," sagot ni Mama.

Hindi ko malilimutan ang mga bagyong Ompong at Rosita. Hindi pa kami noon nakakabangon kay Ompong nang dumating si Rosita.

Ang dalawang bagyong iyon ang dahilan kung bakit naranasan kong manirahan sa evacuation center. Sa isang iglap, nawala lahat ang naipundar ng aking mga magulang. Nawala pa si Tito Jerome na kasama sa mga natabunan sa 070. Dahil sa bagyo, maraming buhay ang nasawi. Marami ang nawalan ng tahanan.

Noong kasagsagan ng bagyo, lumikas ang aming pamilya. Malakas ang bugso ng hangin at masakit ang tama ng ulan sa katawan ko subalit di ko ito pinansin. Tinahak namin ang rumaragasang tubig at putik na umaagos mula sa itaas ng bundok. Kitang-kita ko ang paglipad ng mga yerong bubong at pagbagsak ng mga puno sa aming dinaraanan. Mabuti na lang at walang tumama sa amin.

Dumiretso kami sa Itogon Training Center (ITC). Humigit - kumulang 300 pamilya na ang aming nadatnan mula sa Luneta, First Gate at Tuding. Sari-saring ingay ang umaalingawngaw sa ITC, at may ilang magulang ang umiiyak dahil natabunan ang kanilang kapamilya. May nagkukwentuhan habang ang mga bata ay masayang naghahabulan at tumatawa na parang walang masamang nangyari.

Nagrereklamo noon ang aking kapatid na si Sec dahil pagod na siya at gusto nang matulog, pero wala nang lugar para sa amin. Tamang-tama, dumating si Ma'am Mendoza at pinalipat niya kami sa aming silid- aralan sa Mababang Paaralan ng Pacalso. Sinabi rin niya kay Mayor Victorio T. Palangdan na nakabukas na lahat ang mga silid-aralan para sa mga evacuees.

Hindi nagtagal, nagsidatingan ang iba pa mula sa Luneta at First Gate. Basang-basa silang lahat. May hindi pa nga nakapagdala ng panty at humingi kay Ma'am Mendoza.

Naawa at naiyak ako nang nakita ko ang tatlong bata, na ang bunso ay dalawang taong gulang, 14 ang kuya at 12 yung ate na siyang may hawak sa bunso. Bigla silang naulila. Umiiyak silang nagkwento sa Mama ko na nasa

labas lang ng bahay nila ang kanilang ama at ina na may inaayos. Nakarinig sila ng malakas na kalabog. Pagtingin nila ulit sa labas ay wala na doon ang kanilang mga magulang. Malakas na agos ng tubig at putik ang kanilang nakikita. Wala na ang kanilang mga magulang.

Tumira kami sa paaralan ng sampung araw dahil pinagbawalan kaming bumalik sa First Gate at wala na rin kaming babalikan pa. Dito ko naranasan at naramdaman ang hirap ng maghintay at pumila sa napakahaba at napakainit na pila para lang kumuha ng pagkain. May magsasabi pa ng "Huwag kayong balik nang balik para kumuha ng pagkain."

Kapag wala si Mama, hindi na ibibigay sa amin ang relief.

Naitanong ni Ate kay Mama, "Paano na tayo?"

"Saan na tayo uuwi?" tanong ni bunso.

"Maraming nangyari na hindi natin inasahan. Ngunit, sama-sama tayong bumangon at magsimula muli," ang sabi ni Mama sa amin.

Maswerte pa rin kami at nandito pa sina Lola at Papa at higit sa lahat, si Mama na malakas ang loob at palaban sa lahat na uri ng hirap. Siya lagi ang umaakay sa amin upang maging matatag sa pagharap sa pagsubok ng buhay.

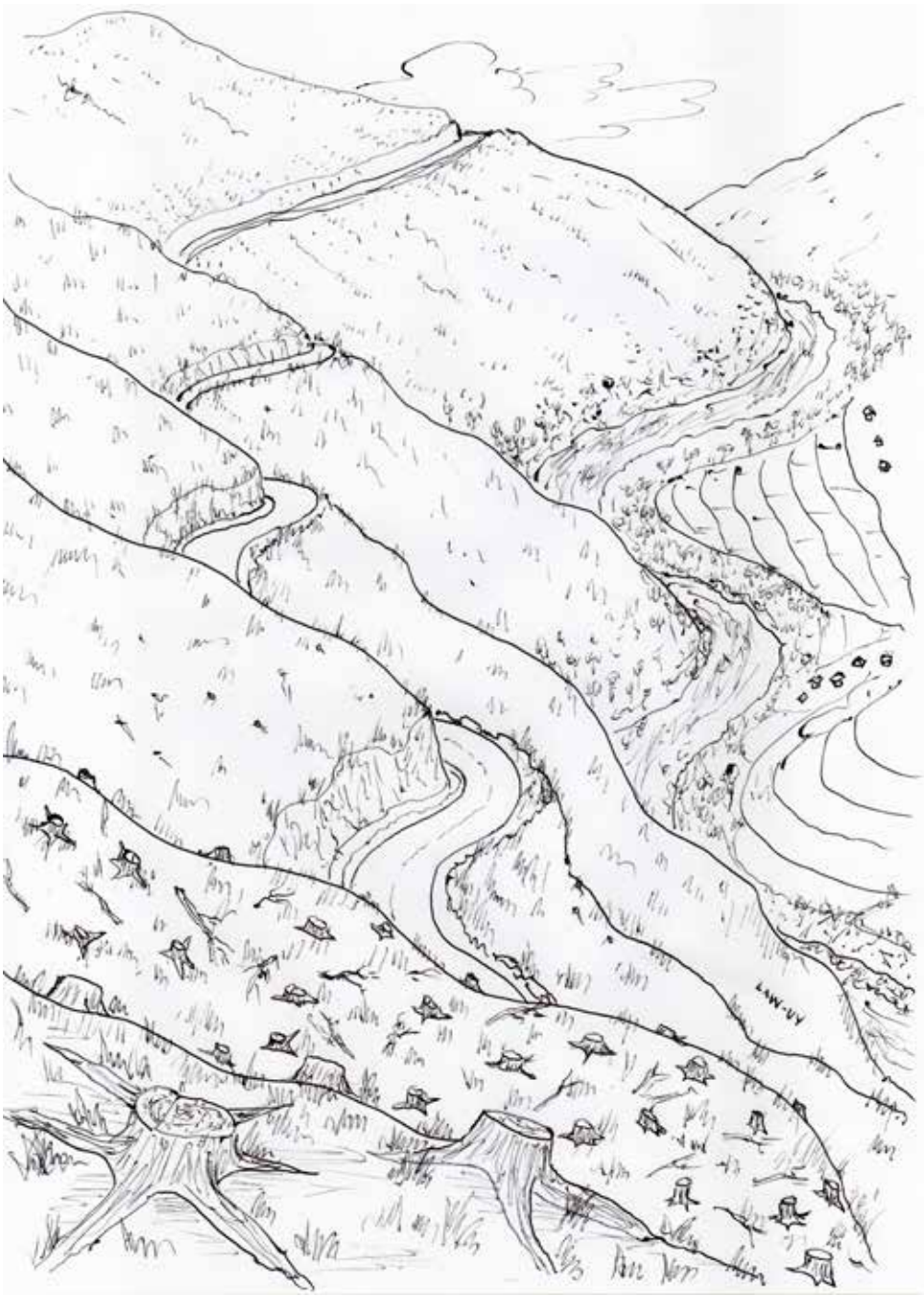
Marami akong natutunan kina Ompong at Rosita.

Natuto akong magdasal, pangalagaan ang kalikasan, at huwag itong abusuhin. Natuto rin akong magtipid at huwag mamili ng pagkain. Dahil hindi na kumikita si Papa, kailangan naming bawasan ang luho sa buhay.

Hanggang ngayon ay wala pa kaming permanenteng tirahan subalit umaasa kami na muli kaming makakabangon. Sabi nga ni Mama, kailangan naming magtulungan at magtiwala sa Diyos.

When Shortage Strikes

By Rheymos Bantel
Gold Dust 2018



The landslide in First Gate 070, Ucab, caused by supertyphoon Ompong, killed almost a hundred people. This became headline news nationally in the month of September 2018. To lessen the damage and to save lives, the local authorities advised the citizens of the said place and the residents of Luneta and Antamok to evacuate. Due to the absence of evacuation facilities in Itogon, schools, churches and other private facilities were used.

Although unprepared for the evacuation, Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial National High School was one of the 10 schools that sheltered the evacuees. Out of the 595 affected families, AMPMNHS housed 149 families. The evacuees stayed for almost a week according to the statement of Atty. Victorio Pangdan, the Itogon Municipal Mayor.

A population of 425 individuals is too big for the school. The evacuees occupied 14 rooms and the vacant rooms were utilized as meeting area or stock room. Other facilities like the school quadrangle became an operation center while Itogon Training Center was used as a center for relief goods.

One of the problems encountered by the evacuees during their stay at APMNHS was the scarcity of water and the lack of comfort rooms. The school has only two working comfort rooms, one for the ladies and one for the gentlemen. There are only two tanks connected to the comfort rooms. According to the record, only seven out of ten people were able to take a bath due to the shortage of facilities. Also, one water tank or ten drums of water was able to supply 14 families for only about two days.

Concerning these issues, we suggest that the local authorities take necessary actions in resolving such problems. We suggest the building of more comfort rooms and we also suggest that the local government donate water tanks for the use of the school.

The government, especially the local Department of Education, should take action on these problems. The building of more facilities will be very beneficial not only to the students but also for events like the past evacuations. It will also be helpful for the students in case our school hosts competitions such as district meet of DSPC for they will no longer need to go a long distance to the bubun or water reservoir to fetch water.

It will be better is these problems will be resolved as soon as possible. A building intended for evacuation should also be constructed.

The Coin

By Mack O. Dalay-on

The coin has two sides. On one side is imprinted a hero's face, while on the other side is engraved a soaring eagle, illustrating the two faces of life. The hero's face is a representation of struggles, sacrifice, resilience, determination and bravery to survive. It is the unfortunate side of life. On the other hand, the soaring eagle is compared to those fortunate ones who have all the things in life. At birth, they are already equipped with wings to fly high over the others because of their status, influence, power and wealth.

Still, I am thankful that I am on the unfortunate side. I come from parents who had no means to provide a comfortable life for their eight children. Life became difficult when our father died in an accident when I was three.
To survive, our mother and my older siblings had to leave home to look for jobs in different places. Our aunt brought me to the mountains of Kayapa, Nueva Viscaya to work in her wide kaingin. The hardship of life was like a hurricane that tore us apart and pushed us in different directions.

At the age of eight, I was trained by our very strict aunt to survive alone in a remote mountain where the nearest neighbor was at least three kilometers away. My closest friends and playmates were dozens of pigs, chickens and dogs. For years, I grew up with camote as staple food since the nearest market was about twelve kilometers away. At that age, I realized that I would be spending the rest of my life in that mountain if I did not go to school. Determination pushed me to endure the four-hour daily walk going to and from the nearest school. My cheap slippers and shoes could not withstand the distance and grueling condition of the walk, forcing me to attend my classes barefoot with matching old and torn clothes. My school bag was a small sack containing recycled notebooks and three big camote as my daily baon. Despite the distance, I did not forget to go to church on Sundays to ask the Lord that someday, He would lead me back under our mother's roof and patch up our family with the long years of separation. Upon graduation from elementary school, our aunt finally brought me back home to our mother so that I could continue my studies in high school. It was an answer to my daily prayers because finally, the youngest child was reunited with his mother and other siblings after eight years.

Looking back at my struggles in the mountain makes me wonder how I had come this far. Now, although my life did not improve significantly, at least being a government employee is better than what I experienced in the past. I can only surmise that determination to improve life, bravery to face struggles, keeping the faith in God and living the teachings of my beloved aunt carried me through. She was able to inculcate in me that our situation in life is like a coin. It may be a centavo in value, but can increase though self-determination and hard work. This is the challenge that keeps me going. I took different exams but I failed. I aspired for higher positions but I came short in qualifications. I prayed for more blessings but they are yet to be answered. But life must go on, I need to keep on walking because after all, my life and that of my children is like a coin. It accumulates value through circulation.

Din Ligat ya Ragsak Di Waday Anak Na ay Anonowa

Ni Luis D. Igualdo

Di isa ay sin asawa, di wadas nëmnëm da, mawadaan da si anak tan din anak, sha di maibilang ay kinabaknang da. No kaas-asawa, laydën ay wada ët di anak ta wada di ëtë ë di napuan.

Wada di sin asawa ay manka ili-an. Bakën wat manka ili-an ngëm sigon sin tonton, sin agi da. Sin nan asawa da, maga di obla nan lalaki ngëm wada di këndëng na ay kurso ma. Gaput ta aga di pangi aplayan na, inawis din babae ay mantauli ay man eskwela din lalaki ta man ala si Education Units ay kanan da. En-nan eskwela garud din lalaki uray waday asawa na et doy këndëng na.

Ënmëy di dua ay taw-ën nay, man nginaw ët din babae ët doy nilaglagsak din lalaki ay mangidawat sin amin ay këdawen din nay babae. Sin kasikog

di babae, ad ado ay ipugaw di en mangibaga, pagat ansan ay dakdakë san ëgës mo, isunga ënmëy nanpa-ila si doctor nan sin asawa. Kanan nan doctor, mayat ay damag, nay anonowa nan anak yo. Ët doy ënmëy di buwan man anak ët nan babae. Ngëm asi et bakën kaman nan iyat di odom ay babae ay nalaka ay bëmëla nan anak, isunga na *caesarian* ay kananda.

Pëtëg di layad nan sin asawa tan bënmëla ët nan anonowa ay anak da, duwa y babae. Ngem asi ët wada di naela ay sakit nan anonowa ya nan ina. Pilit ay ma *incubator* nan momoyang ya man agas da. Ënmëy di kaagë-agëw, adi da pay lang maagasan. Doy amëy di upat ay dominggo, nantotongtong din pito ay doctor ay mang il-ila sinan i-ina. Kanan nan isa ay doctor, epadas tako kud ay e dialysis si asawan tan wat sha di pamosposan asi maga di kalawa na met no ëntako amagen na. Makdëng ay ma dialysis san ina doy ay naëtago-an ët ënggana momayat awak na pati din anonowa. Din ina di damo ay nangusar sin *dialysis machine* tan kalaklakko din ospital.

Sin kawada din tolo sin makwani ay Intensive Care Unit (ICU) ëd ospital si nasurok ay isa ay buwan, ad-ado di ën tinmolong sinan sin asawa, nanninatkën ay tolong ngëm di kapapatgan di karkararag da. Bëgëw sin layad nan na-e-kamangan nan lalaki, daeda di inusar Apo Diyos ay tomolong sin dakdakë ay mabayadan sin ospital. Daeda met lang di ën tinmolong ay nang banbantay sin tolo ëd ospital.

Doy bëmëla garud nan sin i-ina ëd ospital. Ad ado ya nan ninatkën ay agas di ëndaw-dawat da sin ina isunga adi mabalin ay manpasusu sisya. Isunga di inyat, nankëdaw da si tulong sin amin ay manpaspasusu ay ina. Di inyat da, ëpëspës nan ina din susu na asi da ëpë-ëy si botelya ta sha di susu en din anonowa. Sinay di ënam-amag din ama tan pilit ay ën man itdo din ina tan maetra sisya. Ngëm adi umanay san gatas din lima ay ina, isunga nantapi da sin man lak-lakuan ay gatas.

Sin ma-a din sin asawa ya din anonowa ëd ili ono probinsya. Sha abë di tinmolongan din pamilyan di lalaki ay nangay-wan. Gaput ta maga di ublan din lalaki sisya di nangi tët-të-ë sin anonowa sin tolo ay taw-ën. Bëgëw si layad di i-ib-a asi maligatan din sin asawa, waday timpo ay mansë-an din anonowa ta ëtë-ë da sin natkën ay ili. Sha ay ës-ësa din ama ay nang banbantay, ngëm ënpapati din ina ay bënmadbadang. Iyaman at wada di nanang nan sin asawa ay sha di bënmadbadang si ayowan sinan momoyang.

Sin nan ë-tët-të-ë-an di lalaki sin anonowa, ën-gëd-dana ay nanbasbasa sin liblibro na, isunga ënmali timpo di panag e-exam sin makwani ay Licensure

Examination for Teachers (LET) ëd doy en naki exam. Yaman ën Apo Diyos doy nakapasa sisya.

Doy ënnamat din aman ay ën man aplay. Naawat sisya ngëm asi ët sin isa ay ili ay adawi sin bëëy da. Uray kaman nëna, ënawat na ladta. Nilaglagsak nan ama y mandad an si isa ya kagëdwa ay oras tapno makadatëng sin eskwelaan ay ka eluklukat. Masdëm abë, mandad-an sisya. Isunga nasësëyëp pay lang din anonowa, taynana daeda, nu masdëm abë ay sumawang sisya yan ënggay nësëyëp da. Sin onos di simpo ay taw-ën kaman nëna di biyag nan sin asawa, din abën ina di ad-ado di oras na sin anonowa. Iyaman ta wada nan nanang da ay bënmadbadang ay nan ayëwan sinan anonowa. Ssha ay wada di pinoldiyaan da ya mang-të-ë ngëm wat sin kaatikan yan kuma-an da.

Ëdwani ay 2019, ënmëy di 22 ay taw-ën, ënggay nakaeskwela et din isa ay anonowa et doy nakapasa sin board exam na, din isa, wada ay man-es-eskwela pay lang.

No ën nëmnëmnëmën din na-am-amag, ad-ado di ligat ya padas nan sin asawa ngëm iyaman ën Apo Diyos tan sisya di tinmolong sinan sin asawa sunga laton ay naagasan din sakit da pati nan ina. Pati pay ublan nan sin asawa nay laton ay mayat. Isunga baw nu din isa ay pamilya et mankëdaw si së̈g-ang Apo Diyos, wada ay sisasagana SISYA ay tomolong.

Nan daddad-at ay nay ët tët-ëwa ay pinadas nan ën-nangisulat.

Din Ligat ya Ragsak Di Waday Anak Na ay Anonowa

By Luis D. Igualdo

The Joys and Pains of Parenting Twins

English Translation from Kankana-ëy
By Jocelyn Mero

A married couple's dream is to have a child, because for them, a child is a valuable treasure. When a couple gets married, what they wish for is to have a child who will stay with them and keep company with their parents.

There was a married couple who were townmates. According to the *tonton* or the elders' stories about genealogies, not only were they townmates, but they were also distant relatives. The husband did not have a job but he had earned a degree. Because there was no available job that he could apply for, his wife convinced him to return to school and take Education Units. And so, the husband went back to school, even though he had to leave his wife back home.

Two years of married life passed, and the wife got pregnant. The husband was happy to provide for all the needs of his wife. During his wife's pregnancy, many people were commenting, "What a big tummy!" And so, they decided to visit a doctor. They doctor told them, "I have good news, you are having twins." Finally, the time of the wife's delivery came. But, sadly, it was not like that of other women who easily gave birth naturally to their babies. His wife had a caesarian delivery, and two baby girls were born.

The married couple were very happy when the twins were born. But unfortunately, something went wrong. The doctor observed that the babies were weak and the mother's health was not in good condition. Because of this, the doctor decided to put the twin baby girls into the incubator for further treatment. The mother also had to undergo medication. Days passed but there was still no improvement in their health condition. After the fourth week, seven doctors came to check up on the mother and twins and had a discussion. One doctor said, "Let us try dialysis on your wife, this may

be a means to improve her health, and no harm will come to her with this procedure." After the mother was given dialysis, her health improved. The health of the twins also got better. The mother was the first patient to use the dialysis machine which the hospital had just acquired.

The new mother and her babies stayed in the Intensive Care Unit (ICU) for more than one month. Many people came to give all kinds of help to the married couple, which is the community practice of *binnadang*. All of their help was much appreciated and valued, but the most valuable gift they received was their prayers. The in-laws of the husband gave their love and care to the couple, and it was through them that God sent His help to pay the enormous hospital bills. They were also the ones who helped in watching and caring for the three patients in the hospital.

Then the mother and her two babies were finally discharged from the hospital. Because the mother was given many strong medicines, she could not feed her babies with her own breastmilk. They then decided to ask for help from other nursing mothers to provide milk for their babies. The nursing mothers extracted their milk and stored it in a bottle, and that is what they fed to the twins. When the mother had fully recovered, she returned to her work as a teacher. The father did his best to ask the help of other nursing mothers to provide milk for the twin babies. But the milk from five nursing mothers was not enough, and so they had to supplement this with milk from the store.

The couple and their twins went back home to the hometown of the husband in the province. This time, it was the husband's family who helped to take care of the twins. Because the husband did not have a stable job, he was the one who stayed home to care for the twins until they were three years old. Both sides of the family gave their love and care and helped out the couple in their difficulties. There were times when the twin baby girls were separated, when one of the twins stayed in another place. It was the father who mainly took care of the twins, but the mother did her best to help out in caring for and nurturing the twin baby girls.

The whole time the husband was caring for the twins at home, he was also reviewing and studying his books. So, when the time came for the Licensure Examination for Teachers (LET), he took the exam, and with the blessing and guidance of the Lord God, he successfully passed the exam.

Then the husband applied for work, and he was offered a job. Sadly, this

job was in another place which was far from their home. Despite this, he accepted the job. He enjoyed walking for one and a half hours to reach the school which had newly opened. In the afternoon, he would again walk home. And so, when he would leave for work in the morning, the twins were still sleeping, and in the evening when he arrived home, the twins were already asleep. For ten years, this was how their life was like, and it was the wife who spent more time with the twins. They were thankful for their mothers who helped them care for the twins. They also tried to hire household who would stay at home, but after a short while of working, they would leave.

Today, in 2019, 22 years have passed. One of the twins has finished her studies, and has passed her board exams. The other is still studying.

When remembering the past, the couple went through many hardships and trials. And they offer their thanks to God, because it was Him who helped the couple and the twins, and enabled them to survive and get strong. The same is true for the work of the husband and wife, which they find fulfilling. So, if someone in the family asks for the help of God, He will surely be there to help.

This story is a real experience of the writer.

VALUES AND LESSONS

Dunduno

By Abegail Kate B. Busacay, Grade 11 HUMSS

This story is based on the typical lives of Benguet gardeners who have become prosperous in life through hard work. It is hard work that is matched with patience perseverance, faith and a thankful heart to *Kabunyan.*

Dunduno is a traditional ritual wherein thankful individuals or families butcher chicken, carabao or pigs as a symbol of being grateful to God for the blessings and all the good things in life they have received.

It is again a very fine day. The sun shines down on me as my eyes survey the heirloom that I will never take away from my family. Since I was a little boy, I grew up in this *uma* that my father and mother owned. Ama and Ina did not teach my tiny little hands how to write, rather they trained me how to plant vegetables because this is the only source of income that they had.

Years passed by and I realized that I have grown into a young lad and so with my beloved parents. They have become older through those years of hardship doing hard work from sun up to sun down. Harvest time arrived and my Ama and Ina's smiles were ear to ear because of our bountiful crops. That morning, Father and I helped each other in harvesting the fruits of our labor. We brought our produce to the place called Trading Post – a centralized market where all farmers from Benguet sell their vegetables. Father bought a pair of chicken and he cooked it will all his muster. After it was cooked, mother brought out our *ligao* (winnowing basket), filled it with clothings, money and cooked meat of the chicken and slowly put it down on our earthen floor. I slowly approached my parents and curiously asked what those are for. My father patiently explained that these are offerings as a way of thanking God for all the blessings that we have received and also for his continuous guidance and protection on us. From this childhood experience, I witnessed how my parents value their faith in God.

Blessings continued to pour in our family until a tragedy changed it all at once. My father died. Warm tears raced down my cheeks as I questioned God. Why does He harvest good seeds first instead of the bad ones? Mother approached me and said, "Death is inevitable, it comes anytime and no one can run away from it."

I felt so different after my father's burial. Things had changed and so had I. I had lost my way from the good upbringing that my parents had instilled in me. One night, my father appeared in my dream and once again he showed that I was taught good deeds and discipline as a young boy. I felt so remorseful that night. I woke up in the morning full of hopes that mother would forgive me for all that I had done wrong. I could smell the aroma of the brewed *barako* coffee and the enticing smell of the boiled camote (sweet potato) coming from our *dap-o* (dirty kitchen). I followed the tempting smell through the kitchen and there I saw my mother who happily offered me a seat. At that moment I poured out all my emotions. I expressed my deep regrets and remorse to my humble mother who readily accepted and opened her arms wide open for me.

I have changed for good. I have started toiling the soil again. And once again, a bountiful harvest has arrived. But this time around, it is a meaningful harvest. A harvest that would give me more harvests. It was Mariana, my better half. So far, Mariana is the most robust and most bountiful harvest that I ever had. She has given me three handsome sons and an only rose among the thorns.

Mariana and I have sacrificed for the future of our offspring. And God has once again proven His endless love and guidance for us that all my children were able to finish college. And for these achievements and blessings, I taught my children the practice that their grandfather had taught me and I hope that my children would also continue the practice and teach *Dunduno* to their children in the future.

In times of happiness or sorrow, blessings will come if you do it with hard work and perseverance, faith and determination. My name is Emmanuel and this is my story.

Dunduno

By Abegail Kate Busakay
Kankana-ëy Translation from English
By Jaycel G. Guilod

Sinay ay istorya ët naibasar laeng si biag di ado ay gardinero sina Benguet ay nakaragpat si mayat ay biag ëdwani babaen si anos ya gagët da ay manmula ay tinaptapian da si dakdakë ay pammati ya panagyaman ën Kabunyan. Dunduno – manparti das taraken ay manok, busaang, wënno nuwang asi itangad ay ikararag ëd kangatoan kas panagyaman si bendisyon yah udom pay ay paspasamak di biag.

Mayat kasin nan iinitan di së̈y-ang, amilak nan tawid ay adak pulos laydën ay malitaw. Sipod pay sin kakitkitoy ko ët uma nan dinmakdak-ak, da ama ën inaët say maistrak, bakën mansurat di isuro da no di kët no kas-ano ay manmula si nateng tay sha laëng nan ammo da ay panbiyagan mi.

Linmabas di ado ay taw-ën, amilak ët ënggay baw iman numaknakay ya bumakbakës din paryentes ko asak abën madlaw ay bumarbaro ak et abëh. Dinmatëng di buan di panag-aapit, mayat nanlamës di mula ët ya abëh nan isëm da ama ën ina. Kaagsapaana ët nangabis kami ën ama ta ënmi ilako din apit mi sin makuna ay trading post. Nanlako si ama siparis ay manok ët sha indatëng mi. Inim-imas ama ay inoto din kanën mi. Idi nakdëng, inpabëlan ina nan ësa ay ligao asi nanpinagtayan si galëy, gamëng yah makan. Inmasidëgak ay mangdamag no sino nan usar dasana ay nakapagtay asi kanan ama ay "sinay ët panagyaman tako si bendisyon ay indawat Kabunyan yah din mantultuloy pay ay panangbanbantay na ën datako." Sidi ay kaubing ko ët nailak di dakdakë ay panagbanir da si pammati.

Nantultuloy di mayat ay bendisyon sin pamilya mi inggana inmali di esa ay pasamak, natëy si ama. Mantëdtëd nan luluwak ay mandamag apay pay laëng nga nan natulnog di alaëna. Inmasidëg si ina ët kanana ën di pësë ët magay pilpiliëna, adi kapakadaan ya adi kaitagtagan. Kalpasan di tabonën ama ët maikawa ak. Adak ninëmnëmnëm ay nabaybay-ak baw din sigod ay sak-ën, nan bisyo di dinëmdëmang ko ët naiyaw awanak ainmayat ay sursuro da ama ën ina. ësa ay labi, natagtagin ëp kos ama ët kasinna ay inpaila din nasayaat ay nadakdak-ak ëd idi. Përmi nan babawik si inyat kos napalabas.
Binmangonak, sinanama ay mapakawan ina nan inyayaat ko. Masugsungsong

ko di nabanglo ay kapi ya maibangbang-eë ay lukto ëd dap-o asak ët mailas ina ay siraragsak ay mangpatugaw ën sak-ën. Inbabawik din inam amagko. Intultuloy ko kasin di nabiagan mi ay manmula. Sinmangbay kasin di mayat ay apit ya naanapak abëh nan kagudwa di pusok ay si Mariana. Inkaunak si uppat ay busaang yah ësa ay baka, indaton min ayat mi ëd kangatoan. Kaman di nalangto ay uggot ët sha abëh din layad mi ay sin asawa. Nanbunga nan ayat mi si tulo ay nagugwapo yah ësa ay inuudi ay prinsesa. Inkaligatan mi di panagskwela nan aanak mi ët nakalpas da amin. Insurok ën daida di pammati yah panagyaman ay ësa ay tawid ko ët sha ay nantultuloy.

Ragragsak man wënno ladingit di mapasamak, di bendisyon ët umali nu ëngkan ipapati. Sak-ën si Emmanuel ësa ay gardinero ët sinay di istoryan di biag ko.

Nang Magtampo at Magtago ang Bigas

Ni Benilda Kaniteng Mendoza

"Bakit marami kang mumo ng kanin sa lamesa? Pulutin mo kahit isang butil lamang ng kanin," ang sermon ng aking ina nang makita niya na maraming nahulog na kanin.

"Ugaliin ninyong ubusin ang lahat na pagkain sa pinggan; wala kahit na isang mumo ng kanin ang iiwan sa pinggan para hindi umiyak at magtampo. Kapag sila'y nagtampo, wala na kayong makakain," patuloy niyang sabi.

"Paano iiyak ang mga pagkain eh, wala naman silang mata, wala nga silang ilong at bibig, wala silang mukha?" itatanong ko sana sa kanya. Subalit takot ako sa palo. Ganoon pa man ang tanong ko sa aking sarili, sinunod ko pa rin ang kanyang utos.

Kapag wala siya sa bahay, iniiwan lang namin ang kanin na hindi naubos sa aming pinggan lalo kapag tinawag na kami ng aming kalaro.

Isang minero ang aking ama sa minahan ng Black Mountain, Incorporated sa Camp 6 Tuba, Benguet. Ang aking ina ay paminsan–minsang tumatanggap ng labada mula sa mga minerong walang oras maglaba ng kanilang mga damit. Mahirap lang ang aming pamumuhay, ngunit hindi namin naranasan ang mawalan ng pagkain at hatiin ang iisang tinapay dahil dalawa lamang kaming magkapatid na babae.

Kung minsan ay naiinggit sa amin ang aming kalaro dahil ang isang tinapay ay
pinaghahati-hatian pa nilang magkakapatid samantalang kami ay tig-iisa. Kadalasan ay ipinamimigay namin ang aming pagkain kung ayaw na namin ito, na para kaming mayaman.
Hindi naman nagsawa ang aming ina sa kanyang litanya na huwag sayangin ang pagkain sapagkat sila ay iiyak at magtatampo.

Hanggang dumating ang panahon na walang kanin sa aming lamesa, kundi giniling na mais o kaya ay hotcake at mainit na tsa-a sa umaga, tanghali at hapunan. Sa loob ng limang araw na ganito ang aming pagkain, nagreklamo na kaming magkapatid dahil masakit na ang aming tiyan. Inisip ko kung sadya itong ginagawa ng aming ina upang maturuan kami ng leksiyon.

Kinabukasan, maaga kaming pumunta ng aking ina sa pamilihan ng bigas. Labis akong nagtaka sa haba ng pila ng mga taong bumibili, na hindi naman dating ganoon. Isang salop lamang ang maaaring bilhin ng bawat tao,

kahit na may pera pang pambili ng mas marami. Nagtiyaga kaming pumila hanggang makakuha ng isang salop.

Lumipat kami sa kabilang bahagi ng palengke. Doon, mahabang pila ulit ang aming nadatnan. Giniling na mais ang pinipilahan. Muli kaming pumila para makakuha ng dalawang salop at saka kami naglakad papunta sa pamilihan ng mga gulay. Karamihan na binili niya ay patatas at kamote.

Gusto ko na sanang magreklamo dahil masakit na ang aking paa sa mahabang oras na nakapila subalit narinig ko ang aking ina na paanas niyang sabi, "Kulang ang isang salop ng bigas na pagkain natin sa loob ng isang linggo."

Pauwi na kami nang madaanan namin ang pamilihan ng bigas na pinaggalingan namin kanina. Nag-aaway-away na ang mga tao dahil marami na sa kanila ang naubusan. Maraming pwesto na rin ang nagsara. Samantala, sa kaisa-isang tindahan na nakabukas ay binubulyawan ng may-ari ang isang bumibili na nagmamakaawang sana ay mabigyan siya ng isang ganta kahit na kulang ng diyes sentimos ang kanyang pera para mabuo ang isang piso.

Pagdating namin sa bahay, nadatnan namin si Buloy, ang aking kalaro, na nakasalampak ang upo malapit sa aming pintuan at umiiyak. Masakit na daw ang kanyang tiyan dahil hindi siya kumain kagabi, hindi siya nag-almusal kaninang umaga, hindi rin siya nananghalian. Hindi pa raw uumuwi ang kanyang ina na bumili ng bigas.

Pinapasok siya ng aking ina, at habang siya ay nagluluto pinagsaluhan namin ni Buloy ang natirang pancake noong umaga na ang panulak ay tig-iisang basong tubig. Habang kami ay kumakain, naawa ako kay Buloy . Siya ang panganay at nag-iisang lalaki sa kanilang anim na magkakapatid. Naisip ko na kung sakaling may mga kapatid pa ako, malamang magkatulad kami ng sitwasyon.

Napabaling ang aking isipan. Ano nga ba ang dahilan kung bakit ngayon ay biglang nawawala ang bigas at halos walang mabili sa palengke? Dahil ba sa aming ginagawa na kung minsan hindi ito inuubos at hinahayaang masayang na lang? Totoo nga siguro na nagtatampo na ang bigas kaya nagtatago na.

Mula noon, tuwing kami ay kakain, inuubos na namin ang pagkain sa aming pinggan. Walang natitira kahit na isang mumo upang hindi ulit magtampo at magtago ang mga bigas.

Tarak-khad

By Gilbert A. Cherweg

Once upon a time in a far away land, in a small village called Guinea, there lived a young boy named Tarak-khad who dreamed of becoming the number one among the best cleaners in the village where he lived. Tarak-khad was a very responsible boy. Everytime his father, Litang, gave him tasks, he always imediately accomplished them all properly. Tarak-khads' father appreciated this and was very proud of his son's accomplishments, most specially in cleaning their house and their sorroundings.

One day, Chatar, the village leader, gathered all the villagers for a very important event. He gathered all of the villagers to announce that their beloved King Tongfar wanted to visit their village in order to see personally the kind of life they had.

Chatar then explained to the vilagers that they should clean their surroundings in order for their king to praise their village for being the cleanest and greenest in the kingdom. Litang then was very proud to volunteer his son to lead in the cleaning. The village leader then set a day for the cleaning in the entire village. The day came. Tarak-khad was very excited to lead the other members of the village in the cleaning. He exerted all his effort in the cleaning for he really wanted to be the best cleaner.

The people were so amazed with the leadership of Tarak-khad. They saw him really work hard, exerting all his effort in the cleaning. It was truly excellent for the people observed a great change in the cleanliness of the place. Not a single leaf dropped from the trees nor any kind of dirt could be seen in all corners of their place. The cleanliness of the village truly added beauty to the place.

Chatar had heard all the good comments, praises, and appreciation about Tarak-khads' work. He then called for Tarak-khad to personally give thanks and recognize his leadership. As the days passed by, he continued everything he started and even when there were things to be done in groups, he insisted of doing everything by himself. The others started to think that he no longer needed the help of others.

Years passed. A strong typhoon struck the kingdom. Guinea was greatly damaged by the typhoon. There were soil erosions and flooding on all sides of the village that damaged many houses and their crops. Big boulders, large amount of mud, big branches, twigs and leaves of trees were scattered everywhere. Tarak-khad began to clean all the trash and debris with all his

might and looked for a place to dump the trash. But only a little trash moved. As soon as Tarak-khad began to sweep the floor, he bent. And there, he had to start composing himself to stand up and start to clean. Again, just as he started, he bent over.

This happened several times. Finally, seeing the determined Tarak-khad, the other villagers started to clean. Despite the increase of the villagers to help in the cleaning, conditions in the group were rather uncomfortable. He started ordering everyone else around, making all other villagers squash up together, to form a synchronized and orderly group to work as one. To maintain the orderliness, he asked for the villagers to group themselves accordingly by "biggest at the outer part, smallest at the inner part; at the center all of the inserts. Pa-or, the strongest of all the villagers, was to add strength, and to bind them together was Owëy, to make the group more flexible.

At a blink of an eye, all the trash and debris were cleaned up and the place started to look like the olden days when all villagers worked hand and hand making their village look pleasant. The news spread all over the nearby villages within the kingdom and other villagers came to help removing the big boulders and large amount of mud for they were fit and capable in doing the work.

"Each of us wants to be number one and to be praised by everyone, thus forgetting cooperation and collaboration."

"Working together can achieve what had at first seemed impossible."

Si Dulegen

ni Venancio Alias Crosby, 87, Kankanaey
Sinulat ni Glory Ann C. Antipoc

Sa isang nayon sa Benguet na kung tawagin ay Bakun, may isang malaking bundok kung saan naninirahan si Kabunian. Kabunian ang tawag ng mga Igorot sa kanilang diyos o bathala. Siya ang nagbibigay ng masasaganang ani sa mga naninirahan sa nayong ito. Ang mga naninirahan ay mapagmahal sa kapwa at isa na rito si Dulegen.

Ayon sa matatanda, ang bundok na tirahan ni Kabunian ay mahiwaga. Sa tuwing may magpapahinga na galing sa malayong lugar sa bundok na ito ay lagi silang nakaka-enkwentro ng mga kababalaghan.

Isang araw, may isang manlalakbay na gutom na gutom. Sa hindi inaasahang pagkakataon ay bigla na lang may pagkaing nakahain sa kanyang harapan. Nabigla ang manlalakbay at nasabi niya sa kanyang sarili, "Nakakamangha, saan nanggaling ang napakaraming pagkaing ito? Wala naman akong nakitang naglapag dito."

Habang nakatingin sa mga pagkaing nakahain sa kanyang harapan, nasabi niya nang malakas, "Maraming-maraming salamat sa mga pagkaing ibinigay ninyo sa akin." Pagkatapos niyang kumain ay lalo siyang namangha dahil ang mga ginamit niya sa mga pagkain ay gawa sa ginto. Nagdalawang-isip siya kung kukunin niya ba ang mga ito. Subalit nanaig sa kanya ang kabutihan at hindi niya ito kinuha.

"Maraming salamat ulit sa ibinigay ninyo," sabi niya at umalis na ito sa lugar na iyon. Natuwa sa kanya si Kabunian.

Naging usap-usapan sa nayon ang mga nakamamanghang gawain ni Kabunian. Nabalitaan ito ni Dulegen at gumayak patungo sa bundok na iyon. Sa kanyang paglalakbay, inabutan siya ng pagkagutom at pagkauhaw. Pagkalipas ng ilang oras na paglalakbay ay narating din nito ang mahiwagang bundok. Habang nagpapahinga si Dulegen sa paanan ng bundok ay biglang may mga pagkain sa harapan niya. Dagli niyang sinunggaban ang mga pagkain. Lalo pa siyang namangha nang makita niyang ginto ang kanyang pinagkainan.

"Mga ginto, yayaman ako sa mga ito," sabi niya sa kanyang sarili at ang mga ito'y kanyang inilagay sa dala-dala niyang bayong. Hindi man lang ito nagpasalamat sa ibinigay sa kanya ni Kabunian, bagkus ay sinuklian niya ito ng kasamaan. Dali-dali itong umalis sa lugar na iyan.

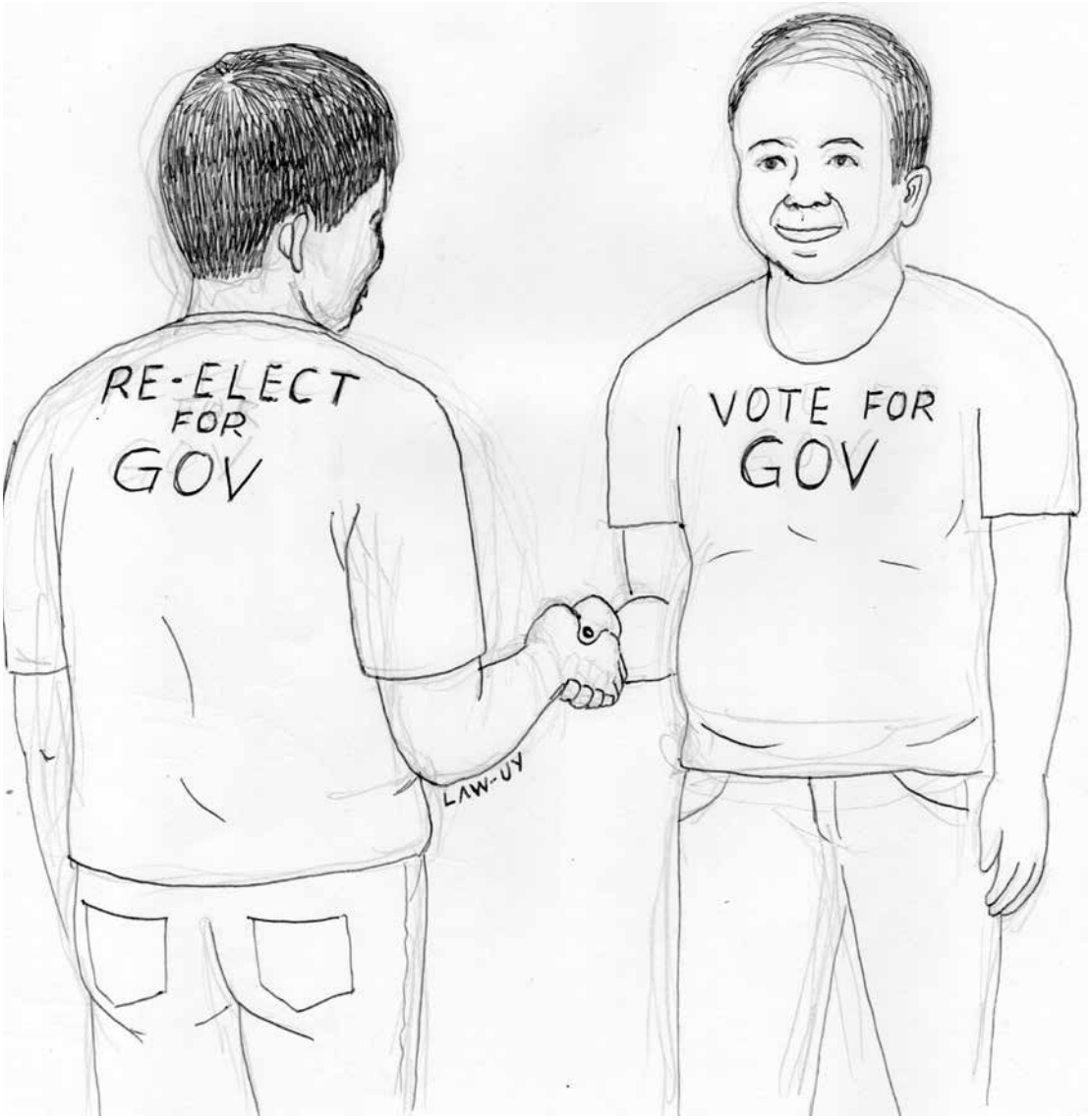
Nagalit si Kabunian kay Dulegen. Kinagabihan, habang nagpapahinga si Dulegen sa kaniyang bahay, may malakas na hanging tumangay sa kanya. Dinala siya nito sa bundok kung saan naninirahan si Kabunian.

Sa bundok na iyon idinikit ni Kabunian si Dulegen dahil sa ginawa niyang pagnanakaw sa mga gintong kasangkapan na ginamit sa hapag kainan. Mula sa araw na iyon nagsimula ang kwento tungkol kay Dulegen.

Ayon pa sa mga taga-roon, may tubig na lumalabas sa bandang ari ni Dulegen at doon umiinom ang mga taong dumadaan sa lugar na iyon.

Benguet: Model for peaceful political elections

By Nelsine Tad-o
Gold Dust 2016



"Dear land of mine underneath a starry sky so close to God where peace and love reign forever ... This is Benguet rose of the northern mountains. May God keep her safe and forever free, land of the brave where no evil foot could wander. Home of the free where brotherhood is sown..."

These are some of the lyrics of the Benguet Hymn sang by the people of Benguet during occasions and after the singing of the National Anthem in all public schools division wide, making the place the safest and most peaceful place to live in with the permission of the Almighty Being.

Having a total population of more than 400,000 based on the 2010 Census of Population and Housing (CPH) and registered voters of nearly 350,000 as of June 2013, Benguet which is located in the southern tip of the Cordillera Administrative Region in the Island of Luzon, stands as the safest and most peaceful place for the politics as compared to her neighbouring areas specifically in the islands of Mindanao considered to be the "hotspots" for political violence.

As Vote Peace began to break the cycle of election related violence in the country, the number of incidence and casualties decreased from 2004 having a total incidents of 249 and 468 casualties then in 2007 with 229 number of incidents with 297 casualties in 2010 election polls, it reduced to 180 total number of incidents with 155 casualties according to the Philippine National Police.

Despite the attempt to reduce the extent of election related violence in the country, the Benguet people have nothing to worry about. Politicians are walking side by side with their opponents shaking hands together; treating each other for a dinner, enjoying funny tales, helping one another and going back home together until reaching their own residential places without experiencing harmful encounters.

Based on the report of Vera files, Asia Foundation, phrases that describe the places in the country prone to election violence are indicated namely: *Maguindanao, The Long Shadow of the Ampatuans; Abra's bloody power of control of public finds; Lanao del Sur, Violence in "dagdag-bawas" country; Eastern Visayas, No stopping guns, goons and gold; Sulu, Balance of terror; Tawi-Tawi, The Tausog dynasty in the land of Sama; Basilan, Ballot stained with Blood, Nueva Ecija, Wild Wild West No More; Masbate; Lifelines of Politival Survival.*

Benguet politicians move from one place to another without goons and guns. They shake hands before, during and after elections. They eat together and have fun during the meeting de abance. Maintaining zero violence and cheating has been the trend until today.

It can be recalled when the two politicians Hon. Ronald M. Cosalan and Hon. Nestor B. Fongwan came to Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial National High School in October during the celebration of the 2015 Division Math and Science Festival. Both of them were aspiring for the same position but they greeted each other, shook hands and communicated their thoughts with dignity. This is a manifestation of possessing virtues. They support the core values of the Department of Education- Maka Diyos, Makatao, Makakalikasan at Makabansa by informing the people to do something for the welfare of the nation, the community, family and the environment. With strong sportsmanship, they prepared themselves for their political careers.

But what is the secret of Benguet leaders in maintaining zero violence? Simply, one parent said, "*Wada gamin din sursuro da et eneyan di man-eyat si madi ay kanan da,* (They are learned and they fear doing bad practices.)"

The Benguet inhabitants particularly the ancestral Ibaloys and Kankanaeys attribute the zero political violence status of the province to the cultural values like respect, honesty, fear of corruption, modesty and integrity.

Through the best practices of Benguet leaders, the incoming political aspirants serve as models to continue maintaining the peaceful situation of Benguet Province, in which other neighbouring places shall follow the good examples set and so the attainment of peaceful and honest elections shall be turned into reality. So, the Benguet people continue to sing, "*This is Benguet model for a peaceful election, honest people, safe and forever free...*"

Inayan:
A Cordillera Cultural Legacy

By Lyka Banatao
Story by Edgar Tomino

Despite the many influences of Western and other cultures, many Igorots still adhere to the value of *Inayan*.

In the homeland of the Igorot surrounded by mountains and trees, you will still find some conformity to this principle as evidenced by the less number of sins such as deception, adultery, killing, corruption, cheating and other forms of crimes or violence committed by the highlanders.

Inayan is a legacy from our Igorot forebears who resisted diablos and tremendous forms of challenges that made them survive efficiently and

successfully. *Inayan* means the prohibition of adhering to any illegal laws or evil actions. *Inayan* is related to the phrase *Adim ëyat sa* –don't do that. In other words, it is taboo, highly prohibited and *ka-ë-ëgyat* (dangerous). It is used in all circumstances in both private and public life of an Igorot. *Inayan* guides an Igorot to think a million times before making decisions and implementing actions. Action is directly and strongly connected to the conscience

Inayan is similar to the Ten Commandments of God given to Prophet Moses. For instance, *inayan ën Kabunyan* (Thou shalt not serve other gods besides me); *Inayan din man-ak-akëw* (Thou shalt not steal); *Inayan di manlaslastog* (Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour).

In early times, the Igorots had strong fear of committing actions which could destroy their relationship with themselves, with their society and with the environment. They feared the consequences of their wrongdoings and they had a strong belief in the similar principle of Confucius, *adim ëyat si udom no adim laydën ay ëyat da ën sik-a* (Do not do unto others what you do not want others do unto you).

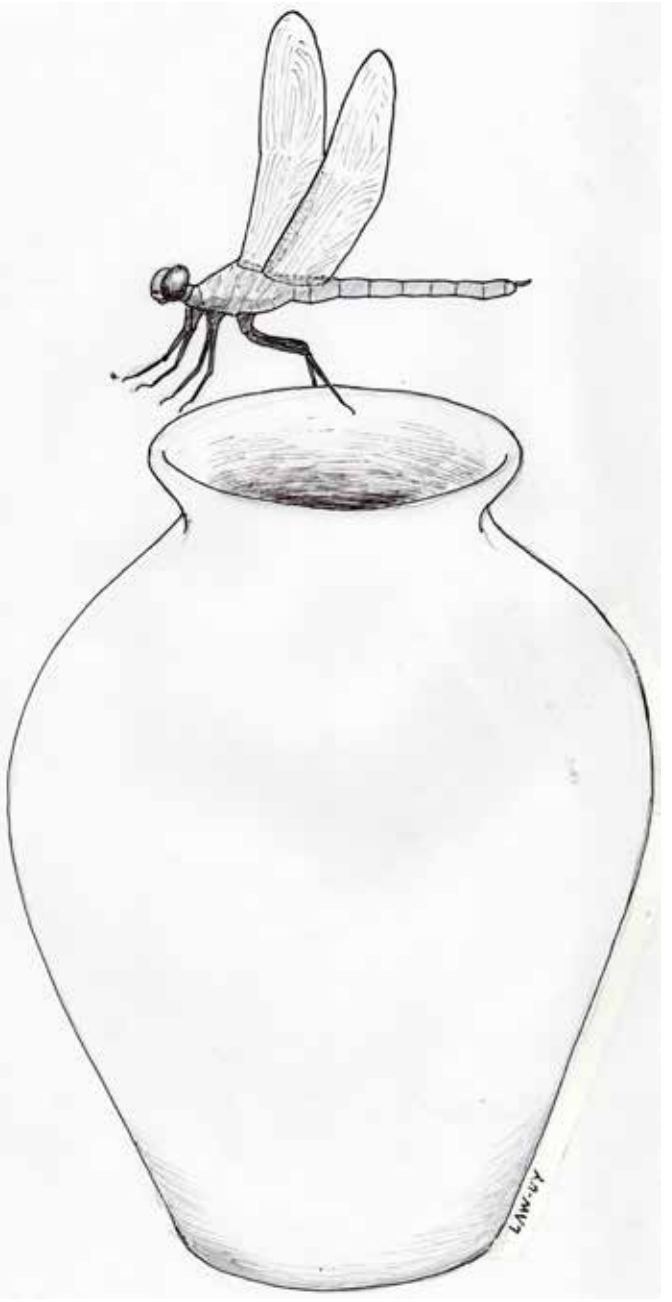
Before the advent of invaders and colonizers, when one had been suspected of any crime, the justice system of Igorots was simply to do the so-called *sapata* (pledge). In the method of *sapata*, the suspect pledges that he did not commit such crime because if he told a lie there would be some bad consequences to be happened to him or to his family. For instance he would say: "*Isapatak ën Kabunyan ay maga di ënak-akëw ko, tano sak-ën di nan-akëw yan mëdusa-ak ët mapilay din lëdëng ko,*" (I pledge to God Almighty that I am not guilty of stealing and if I am guilty, I will be subject to punishment like my hands shall be paralyzed.)

By performing *sapata* alone, Igorots feel so afraid that they try their best to avoid committing bad practices. They fear on karma or the bad consequences of saying or doing any form of evil. It is for this reason that peaceful living has been sustained and it passes from generation to generation.

Until today, there are still many Igorots who are afraid of committing bad practices because of the value of *Inayan*. A value that Igorots cherish forever and can never exchange with any influence from outside the Cordillera because *Inayan* will always be in the hearts of any Igorots who know how to value where they come from and fear on the punishment of the Supreme Being Who knows what is in the hearts of all men.

Si Kuwang at si Tuwato, Isang Pabula

Ni Corazon J. Villena



Tahimik na nagmimina sina Kuwang at ang panganay niyang anak sa isang bundok. Araw-araw maingat nilang sinusundan ang *naba*, ang uri ng bato na may ginto. Si Kuwang ang nagtitibag ng mga *naba* sa loob ng kanilang *osok* . *Osok* ang tawag sa yungib na pinagkukunan ng ginto. Itinatabi naman ng kaniyang anak ang mga nakukuha nito.

“Bakit hindi pa natin kunin lahat ama?” tanong ng anak.

“Ireserba muna natin iyan anak, tandaan mo na lang kung saan ito, *sëdëy* ang tawag niyan,” sagot ni amang Kuwang. “Iyan ang tawag sa mga nabang may lantad na ginto,” paliwanag ni amang Kuwang sa anak.

“Kukunin lang natin iyan kapag walang-wala na talagang lamang ginto ang sinusundan nating naba..” dagdag niya

Isang araw, hindi inaasahang dumating si Tuwato sa kanilang *osok*, sa yungib na kanilang pinagtatrabahuan.

“Maaari ba akong *makisaga-ok*, bahaginan mo sana ako ng inyong naba? Wala pa kasi akong nakukuha sa aking *osok*. Wala akong kapera-pera sa ngayon kaya wala na ring makakain ang aking pamilya,” pakiusap niya kay Kuwang.

Dahil naranasan din ni Kuwang ang kalagayan ng kanyang kapitbahay, hindi na siya nagdalawang-isip na nagbigay. Sa katunayan pinili pa niya ang kanyang iniabot kay Tuwato. Hindi niya ipinagmaramot ang biyayang natatanggap. Naniniwala si Kuwang na lalo siyang mabiyayaan kung siya ay magbabahagi ng kaniyang suwerte. Mahigpit na itinuro iyon ng kanyang mga ninuno.

Lumipas ang dalawang araw, masaya siya nang ibinalita ni Tuwato na malaki-laki rin ang nakuha niyang ginto sa kanyang *saga-ok*. Naibenta niya ito kaya nagkaroon siya ng sapat na pera.

Lumipas ang mga araw, bumalik si Tuwato upang muling *makisaga-ok*. Dahil maganda-ganda ang kanilang nakukuha sa kanilang paggiginto, binigyan na naman ni Kuwang si Tuwato. Masayang-masaya si Tuwato. Araw-araw siyang namamasyal sa siyudad samantala ang mag-ama ay patuloy pa rin sa pagtratrabaho.

Nang naubos ang biyayang naibigay kay Tuwato, biyayang para sana sa kanyang pamilya, muli siyang bumalik kay Kuwang subalit hindi na siya binigyan sa pagkakataong iyon dahil kasalukuyan ang *yangyang* nila sa kanilang yungib, naglilinis sila ng kanilang *osok*. Malungkot na umalis si Tuwato.

Buhos pawis ang mag-ama sa paglilinis sa sako-sakong bato na walang lamang ginto.

"Ama, dumidilim na. Umuwi na po tayo. Ipagpatuloy na lang bukas ang gawain," sabi ng anak ni Kuwang."

Pumayag naman ang ama. Umuwi nga sila at bago natulog, pinaalalahanan ng ama ang kanyang anak na maagang gumising. Hindi makatulog si amang Kuwang sa kaiisip sa hindi natapos na gawain sa araw na iyon.Hindi siya sanay na hindi natatapos ang gawain sa araw. Laging babad sa trabaho si Kuwang.

Kinabukasan, maaga nga silang pumunta sa kanilang yungib. Nagulat ang mag-ama sa nadatnan. May bakas ng pagpasok sa kanilang yungib. *Nakabas* ang kanilang *sëdëy*, may tumibag sa kanilang reserba...wala na ang kanilang reserbang *naba* na may *paltëk*.

"May nagsantoy sa reserba ama!" pahayag ng anak.

Ninakaw ang reserbang naba, bato na may lantay na ginto.

Hindi nagdalawang-isip si Kuwang na isangguni sa matatanda ang kanyang suliranin sa matatanda na nagsisilbing hukom sa kanilang lugar. Sinabi niya kung sino ang posibleng kumuha ng kanyang *sëdëy* dahil iyon ay isang pagnanakaw.

Ang *nanakay*, matatandang ginagalang ay nagdaos ng *tongtongan*, isang pag-uusap sa pagitan ng dalawa. Nagtakda sila ng araw na pagharapin ang ninakawan at ang hinalang nagnakaw. Nagpahanda sila ng *tapëy* (rice wine) kay Kuwang dahil siya ang nagsakdal. Namagitan ang mga matatanda sa usapan.

Matapos ang pagsasalaysay ng magkabilaang panig. Kumuha sila ng *tapëy* sa *koli*, isang tapayan. Linagyan ang tasa ng *tapëy* saka ipinagdasal kay *Kabunyan*, sa kanilang diyos, at sa mga yumaong kamag-anak ng dalawa

bilang tagahatol sa sumpaang magaganap.

“Isinusumpa ko, hindi ako ang nagnakaw sa *sëdëy* ni Kuwang,” pahayag ni Tuwato. “ Kahit lumabas pa ang aking bituka at lamang-loob kung ako ang kumuha sa iyong reserba.”

“Huwag kang magsalita ng ganyan,” sabi ng matanda.

“Talagang hindi ako ang nagnakaw sa *sëdëy* mo, kahit maparusahan pa ako ni *Kabunyan*,” paulit-ulit na sinasabi ni Tuwato.

“Kung sino ang nagsisinungaling sa ating dalawa’y lalabas din ang katotohanan. Lumaki sana ang kanyang mga mata at lumabas ang kanyang lamang loob,” diin pa niya.

“Hindi ka ba natatakot sa sinasabi mo, baka magkakatotoo iyan?” paliwanag ng matanda.

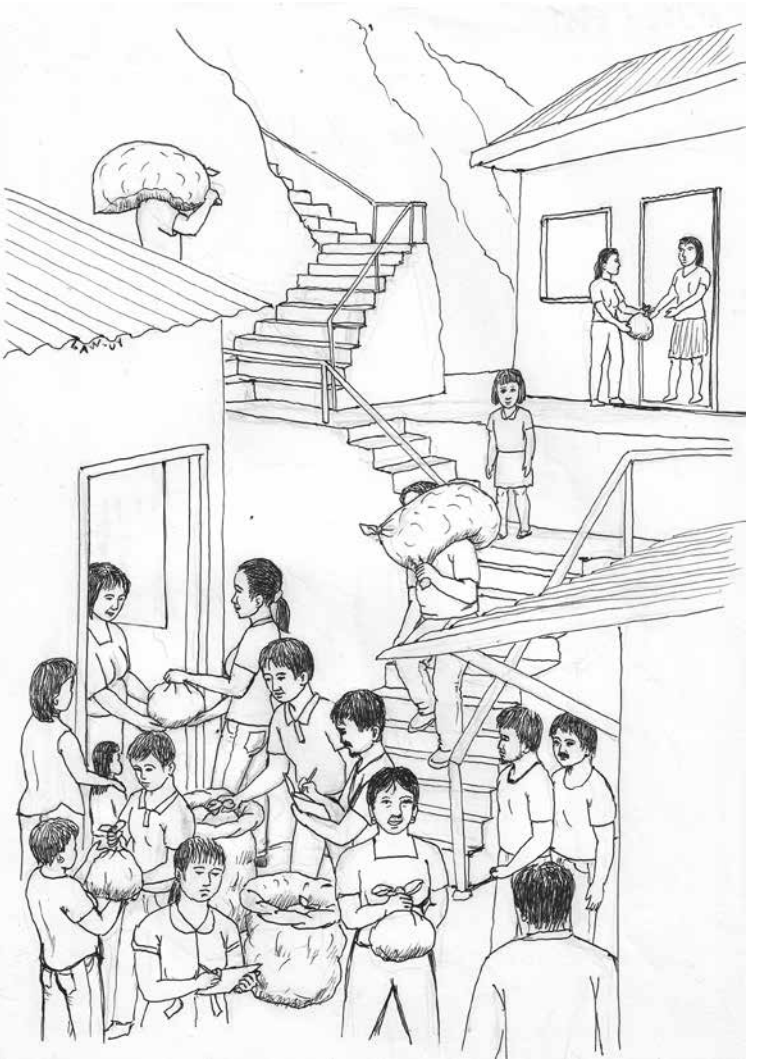
Pinanindigan niyang hindi totoo ang bintang sa kanya ni Kuwang kaya pinagtibay ito ng mga pinuno nila. Matapos pangatwiranan at patunayan ng isa’t isa ang kanilang panig, pinainom sa kanila ang *tapëy* na ipinagdasal kay *Kabunyan*. Ang usapan ng dalawa ay tinatawag na isang *sapata*, isang panunumpa na maparurusahan at daranas ng hindi maganda ang sinumang nagsisinungaling sa kanilang dalawa.

Sa kabilang dako, bago pa man ipainom ang *tapëy* sa kanila ipinagdarasal ni Kuwang na sana lalo pa siyang patnubayan at biyayaan ni *Kabunyan*.

Mula noon, sa palipat-lipat na pagmamakaawa ni Tuwato upang manghingi ng *naba* sa mga kapitbahay na naggiginto hindi niya namamalayang unti-unti na palang nakikita ang kanyang tiyan, naging manipis ang kanyang balat kaya kitang-kita na ang buong kalamnan. Lumaki na rin ang kaniyang mga mata, lumuwa at hindi na kailanman maipikit.

Muddy feet traverse uncertain rocky paths

By Dexter Pua
Gold Dust 2018



"I feel blessed, *nga makitkitak ti kakastoy* nga creations and it make me more appreciate life. It encourages me to always do good things if given the chance," states this timid 23 year old guy.

Academically speaking, it will take my cousin a decade before he can master

a lesson. But God molded him with patience, determination and humility.

My cousin, through thick and thin, was able to finish his high school years last 2013. After graduation, during summer, he helped his parents in their modest and thriving business.

"Aside from listening to a Christian program, I once heard my mother and sister debate about the Bible and God, on why things happen and why problems occur. That made me think and enroll in a Bible School," mused my cousin.

The values, discipline and knowledge he gained in the Bible School made him who he is right now. My cousin is a freelance photographer. He joined Amare, Boys High School Batch '99, Baguio Benguet Photographers Hikers Club and Arts Relief. These organizations usually conduct outreach programs. they distribute school supplies, books, home wares and other personal needs. Arts Relief conducts feeding programs.

After typhoon Ompong lashed Benguet, my cousin together with his group bravely trudged muddy and unsteady pathways and at times strong currents, carrying sacks of assorted relief goods for evacuees and victims of typhoon Ompong.

Their hardships in reaching secluded communities vanished upon looking at people's happy facial expressions and upon listening to their words of gratitude.

"*Mang-ikkat ti* stress *nu tumulong ka, isu nga maymayat ti tumultulong,*" my cousin stated.

He believes that in dealing with others, it is important to always exercise honesty and be fair.

"*Nariknak ken nakitak ti epektona nu agbalin ka nga* honest *nga kanayon. Nu iti* business *ko nalaka nga magatang ti lakok,*" he smiled.

My cousin was born to serve. He is Jael Malao Pua, AMPMNHS batch 2013, a volunteer and a freelance photographer. Though he did not finish a four year course, I still consider him a successful one in his chosen endeavor. He serves as a model to us in his own simple ways. "Enjoy life but always do good" is Jael's advice to students and teenagers.

Binnadang in the life and death of Inang

By Corazon Jimenez Villena

Binnadang is a tradition of the indigenous peoples of the Cordilleras. In other places they call it *alluyon* or *ug-ugbo*. In the Filipino culture, it is bayanihan. *Binnadang* is helping other people in their financial, material, social and psychological needs. It is practiced throughout an individual's life from natal period to birth, wedding, building a house, during sickness, rituals, celebrations, calamity and most of all during the death of a person. No family is left alone when a member of a family dies.

Long ago, people in a community were one family. Helping one another was automatic and an obligation. No one commanded the people to help. It was the conscience of the individual that dictates which is summarized in the word *inayan*. Elders in the community are the leaders. They would gather in a neighbor's house to have a cup of coffee, and they would immediately assess what is needed be given to a concerned family.

The practice of *binnadang* is easily learned and adapted by any person who migrates to the community, just how Laurentina Millet Jimenez had learned. She was born in Pozorrubio, Pangasinan in 1926. According to her relatives and as far as she could remember her mother died when she was then 7-8 years of age. Being the eldest among four sisters and one brother she helped her father provide their needs through vending rabong, saluyot, ampalaya, sitaw and other farm grown plants. Her relatives had been guiding her to manage their home and needs. One of her Aunts trained her to sew their own clothes. Yes, she was taught how to use a sewing machine by her Aunt. According to her she entered grade I, so she was able to read and write her name. The community and her relatives had helped her survive during the Japanese time and World War II.

Her marriage to Rogelio was the choice of a businessman who would come and go to Itogon to barter lowland products for gold. After her wedding with Tatang, she stayed in Bua, Tuding. It is here where she learned to love the genuine lifestyle of the Igorots.

An Iloco to be married with an Igorote was a big deal at that time because of different cultures, beliefs and practices. Ha.. ha...you might think that it is because Tatang was wearing *wanes* or G-string? You're mistaken, remember the businessman mentioned earlier, this is the man who saw the qualities of Tatang. He was one among the suki or buyer of clothes of this man, so Tatang was highly recommended to Inang. And in her stories, Inang never saw tatang in his *wanes*.

She narrated her early days with Tatang in Tuding. She observed her father-in-law cook rice or camote whenever somebody would conduct a ritual, which he would carry with him to the house where the ritual or *pidet* was being performed. Bringing cooked rice or camote lessened the work and burden of the family who conducted the ritual. Until later she did the cooking for Apong Menes every time there was a ritual for a neighbour. Being an Iloko, as she was fondly called by Tatang, did not hinder her to adapt the way of life of the community.

She learned to have her own *uma* or *num-a* with the help of Auntie Sabian and Auntie Bening, close relatives of Tatang. There she planted different varieties of banana: dippig, balayang, tomoc, morado; cardis were planted together with camote for her multi-cropping; around were the pallang, carabasa and paksay; avocado and guava trees are abundant. There was also an area of ginger, cassava and maize. The harvest in her uma augmented the food supply of the nine children. Some of the harvest was sold during Saturdays, the market day at the mining camp in Antamok.

After the resignation of Tatang from the mines in 1977, she learned gold panning too. She went with her two aunts to do *abukay* to collect gold ore. Then later, she worked with tatang to process the milled ore.

One practice of the community that she carried is the giving of *abuloy* to a bereaved family. *Abuloy* is giving any amount of money to the family of a dead individual. When Tatang was still alive and they had enough share from their harvest in the lowlands, they would give a cavan of rice instead of money. In *binnadang*, younger people were in charge of fetching water; getting firewood; preparing and serving food for the visitors or washing dishes for the bereaved family as a counterpart. Aside from giving *abuloy*, she tried her best to reach out to the family to sympathize with them, regardless of the distance.

During bonding moments with her, she narrated how she managed to give *abuloy* despite the meager salary of Tatang as miner of Benguet Corporation. According to her, in the early 1950s, five pesos as *abuloy* was enough to buy sugar, salt, sardine and petrolio for the lamp; in the 1970s, twenty pesos was still valuable to give as *abuloy*, until the 1980s when a hundred pesos was only good for two kilos of rice.

Giving is helping, it is a sacrifice because of love. As the saying goes, "it is better to give than to receive."

This belief was practiced by Inang until she became old. She had no savings in the bank nor in her own purse. She always reminded her children not to neglect giving *abuloy*, whether relative, neighbor or friends. It is believed and observed that if a person is not selfish in giving *abuloy* while living, the attitude of givers will be the same when her time will come.

"Don't be dismayed, entrust everything to God. He will help you when I die," she would always say.

"Remember when your Tatang died, we did not have a problem in our finances," she added.

Her reminder sometimes causes irritation. Especially now that the world is changing, people seem to be on their own, always busy, everything has to be paid for even the simple carrying of market bags or grocery boxes. Distance between neighbors is observed. Community elders are gone. Modernization had changed the deep attachment of indigenous peoples. But she was insistent, once she heard about a death of a person familiar to her over the radio, she prompted the children to represent her in the wake and funeral.

Yes, she was right. Everything she had been telling came true. Relatives from different places near or far, young and old came to see her during her wake, stories of the Iloko with kindness and goodness were told. The stories about the richness of her deeds poured into the memories of the eight children and grandchildren listening to the people who came to give their last respects.

A woman who did not finish her studies learned investment in the community. During her wake financial assistance was received from grandchildren, relatives, in-laws, friends, neighbors and the organizations she had joined: the Cordillera Mutual Aide; Senior Citizens Organization of Tuding and the Federation of Senior Citizens of Itogon.

In her life she had not earned nor saved. She did not have the luxury to give thousands of pesos to her children, hundreds of pesos was enough.

Unexpectedly, all expenses from her coffin, to the pigs butchered every day during the wake did not cause financial burden to the children.

The children had proven that the empty coin purse of Inang when she was alive was an irony when she died. The children and grandchildren felt joy and gratitude to the *binnadang* of people.

She had really prepared for her death, financially, socially and most of all spiritually. She left the children a treasure to remember and a culture to continue.

Inang, may you rest in peace eternally.

Tunay na Kaibigan

Ni Mark Deniel Padsuyan
Gintong Landas 2018

Sa kainan, paliligo at pagtulog, palagi niyang katabi ang kanyang pinakamamahal na kaibigan. Hindi siya makakain nang maayos kung hindi niya ito kaharap. Ayaw niyang maligo kung hindi ito kasamang magtampisaw sa malaking batya ng kanyang lola, at hindi masarap ang kanyang tulog kung hindi niya ito katabi.

Paano masusukat ang lalim ng kanilang samahan?

Araw ng Biyernes nang umalingawngaw sa kanilang maliit na transistor na radyo ang babala tungkol sa parating na napakalakas na bagyong mararanasan sa ika-15 ng Oktubre, 2018. Napansin niyang balisa ang kanyang mga kasambahay at pati na rin ang kanyang kaibigan. Dahil antok na antok na ito, hinaplos lang niya ang ulo pero hindi pa rin ito tumigil sa panggigising sa kanya kaya sapilitan siyang bumangon. Pumunta siya sa kusina at nakita niya ang kanyang lola na nagluluto. Panonoorin sana niya ito ngunit sinabihan siyang bumalik sa pagtulog dahil napakaaga pa kayat bumalik sila sa kanilang higaan at muling natulog.

Naalimpungatan siya sa pagsigaw ng kanyang lola, *"Gweneth apok, darasem tumaray tan natumba daytoy balay tayo"!* (Gweneth apo ko, dalian mo, tumakbo tayo dahil nahulog itong bahay natin!) Sumisigaw ang kanyang lola habang hila-hila siya sa kanang kamay. Tumakbo sila palabas at nakita niyang wala na ang kanilang kusina.

Bigla siyang tumakbo pabalik sa kanyang silid dahil nandoon pa ang kanyang kaibigan. Nakita niya itong nasa sulok. Pahablot niya itong kinarga at lumabas ng bahay , tamang-tama namang bumalik ang kanyang lola upang siya'y kargahin.

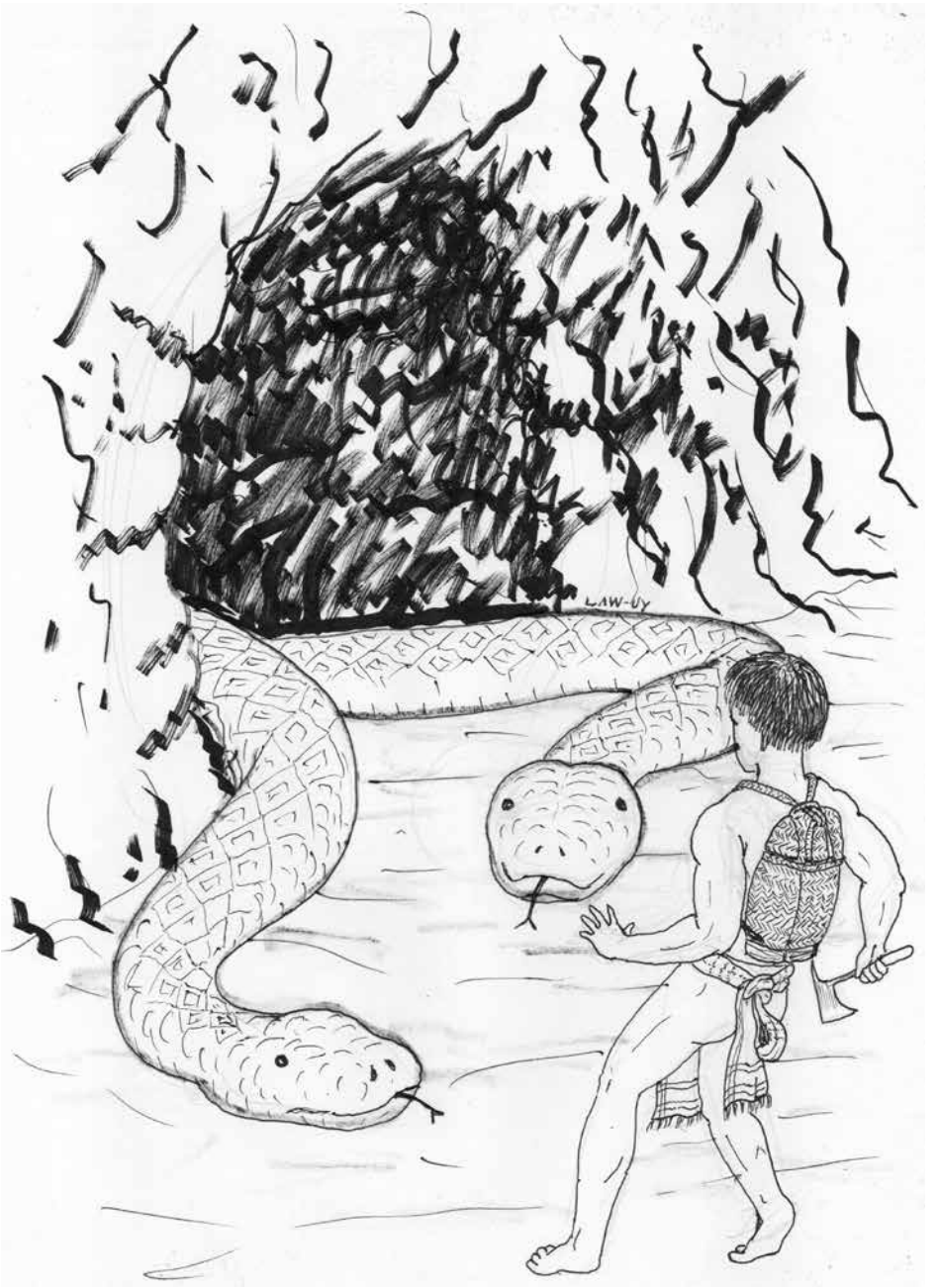
Pagkalabas nila ng kanilang bahay ay bumigay ang lahat ng parte at tinangay ito ng makapal na putik na galing sa itaas ng bundok. Nasalubong nila ang mga pulis na nagsasagawa ng pre-emptive evacuation sa mga nasalanta. Isinakay siya ng mga pulis sa kanilang mobile patrol ngunit gusto niyang bumaba dahil wala ang kanyang kaibigan sa kanyang tabi. Paalis na sana ang kanilang sinasakyan dahil delikado na rin ang kalsada at napakalakas ng ulan at hangin, nang bigla siyang umiyak at nagsisigaw, "*Aguray nabati met ni* friend *ko,*" Hintay lang at naiwan ang kaibigan ko, kaya ihininto ng pulis ang sasakyan at tiningnan ang sinasabi niyang kanyang kaibigan. Isang brown na tuta ang humahabol at kumakahol. Kinuha ng pulis si Brownie at ibinigay kay Gwenenth. Niyakap niya ito nang mahigpit saka nagpasalamat sa pulis.

Pagdating nila sa paaralan, nakakatawag-pansin ang kanilang itsura ng kanyang kaibigan. Karga niya si Brownie na parang sanggol at isinasayaw pa niya ito habang siya'y humuhuni.

Si Brownie ang pinakamamahal niyang kaibigan, anuman ang mangyari. Kahit ang bagyong si Ompong ay hindi sila napaghiwalay, at hinding-hindi niya iiwan si Brownie.

The story of Balatnëk, the killer snake

Narrated by Teresita Cuh-ing
Documented by Alma B. Sinumlag



My name is Teresita Cuh-ing. I reside in Itogon, but I am not originally from here. My father is from Cuba, Kapangan and the story I am going to tell is from that place. When we were kids, we often listened to this story from our elders. They told us the story to warn us about going near the cave.

A long time ago in Cuba, which is near the Amburayan river, several villagers went missing one by one and were never found. The population was decreasing. The village was shrouded with fear and so, the elders investigated and found out that the missing people went to the cave and never returned. Inside the cave lived a snake with its mate. This snake was believed to have eaten their village-mates. They called the snake *Balatnëk* and described it as huge but short, and it could jump and roll. The villagers tried to make a trap and kill the snakes but failed many times.

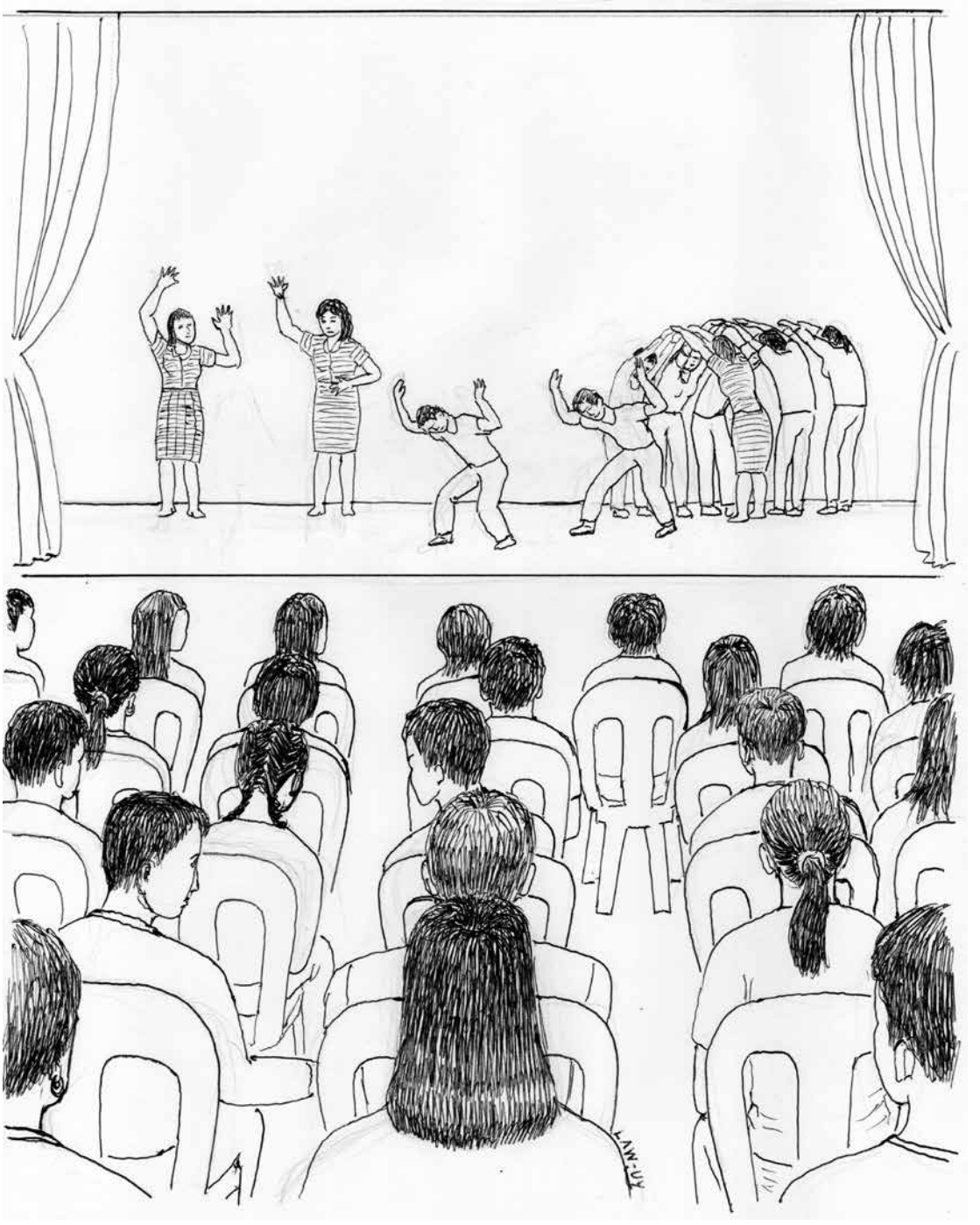
One day, two men from Buguias heard about the problem and offered to help in exchange of five *gangi* or backpacks made from bamboo and rattan. The men set up a huge cast iron pot they call *kalumpiyas* in front of the cave, poured water and built a fire to keep the water boiling for several days. Every time *Balatnëk* tried to get out of the cave, its skin burned from the boiling water. They did this for several days until the snake died. The men cut the head off the snake and brought it back to Buguias as a memento of their valiance. A story from Buguias corroborates this. It is told that when the two men arrived in Buguias, the community butchered a pig to celebrate the success.

The cave in the story is located near the elementary school in Cuba today. This story has been passed on through generations. The important lesson I think from this story is the importance of *binnadang* or helping one another to survive in difficult times. It is also a story that shows gratitude to the brave ancestors of the people of Buguias. Without them, the snake would not have been killed and may have eaten all the people in Cuba.

This story is told not only among the people of Cuba but also among the people of Buguias. Whenever Cuba welcomes visitors from Buguias, they recall this story. Our elders also mentioned that Cuba gave only two *gangi* instead of five to the men from Buguias. So, whenever the story is recalled, elders from Buguias would tease the people of Cuba that they still owe them three *gangi*.

Protect and Nurture our Land

By Rainna Balacdao



Years before the 1990 earthquake and the Ompong tragedy, our place had already experienced a lot of struggles. Many people come and go in our place so only few know what had happened. Maybe the disaster that happened recently are after effects of the events that happened before. Nobody can say.

I was born and raised in Ucab, Itogon, Benguet, and am currently a public school teacher. Right now, all the good things that I learned when I was young is of big help to me. I am the adviser of our arts guild club in our school. We do role playing and cultural presentations.

When I was a chiId, I witnessed the struggle in our community from a child's perspective. I only remember that what we were doing was good and I enjoyed it very much. I was a member of the anti-open Pit Mining kids or AOPM kids. I don't remember when I started joining but when I learned how to read, I was already performing with the group.

Though we were innocent and didn't know much about what was going on during the struggle, I believe that what we were doing was for a better cause. I still remember when the group of sir Tony Daogas, the Dap-ayan ti Kultura iti Kordilyera (DKK), performed a theater presentation called "Balitok" in our school. It touched me greatly that I wanted to do what they were doing and I didn't imagine that it would happen.

When they came and started training us, I was excited, I always performed the role of a deer, house and a tunnel. Though these were not major roles, I really enjoyed performing, especially so because all my friends and cousins in our community were with me and we got to play and do what I enjoyed doing. After the practice, we always had a snack. Who wouldn't love this if you're a kid? We traveled to different places and events to perform and show the importance of protecting our land for our future and for the future of the next generation. Sometimes we even had to stay over if the place was a little far. We went to other barangays and even districts to present our show. We also had a chance to watch other performances from which I learned a lot. And I can say that those experiences helped me a lot in my current career.

When we were performing at that time, to me it was just child's play that I didn't know much about the purpose of what we were doing. But looking back now, I understand more.

When we performed, our story depicted the awareness of protecting our

mother land. We usually portrayed the struggle of the people protecting their mother land. And how big companies came to mine in our place using big machines which destroyed the mountains. Although our forefathers' livelihood was mining, they respected the land. They only mined what they needed. They mined the gold to put food in the table for the family. They didn't mine just to become rich. That is why the tunnels they made were small or what is called pocket mining. But when big companies came, they made tunnels as big as a train. And they started to do open pit mining on the mountains. Because of this, the trees in the mountain were cut down. Water became scarce. What would have happened to our community if they still continued their open pit mining? What would have been our future? That is why we reached out to the community people. We asked them to join hands to help us stop it. And for the others who still did not experience it, they should be aware, they should stop so that they will not experience what we experienced.

Other people judged us and what is sadder is when people close to you judge you. I ask myself, is what we were doing wrong? What will we gain when we do it? I want to ask them.

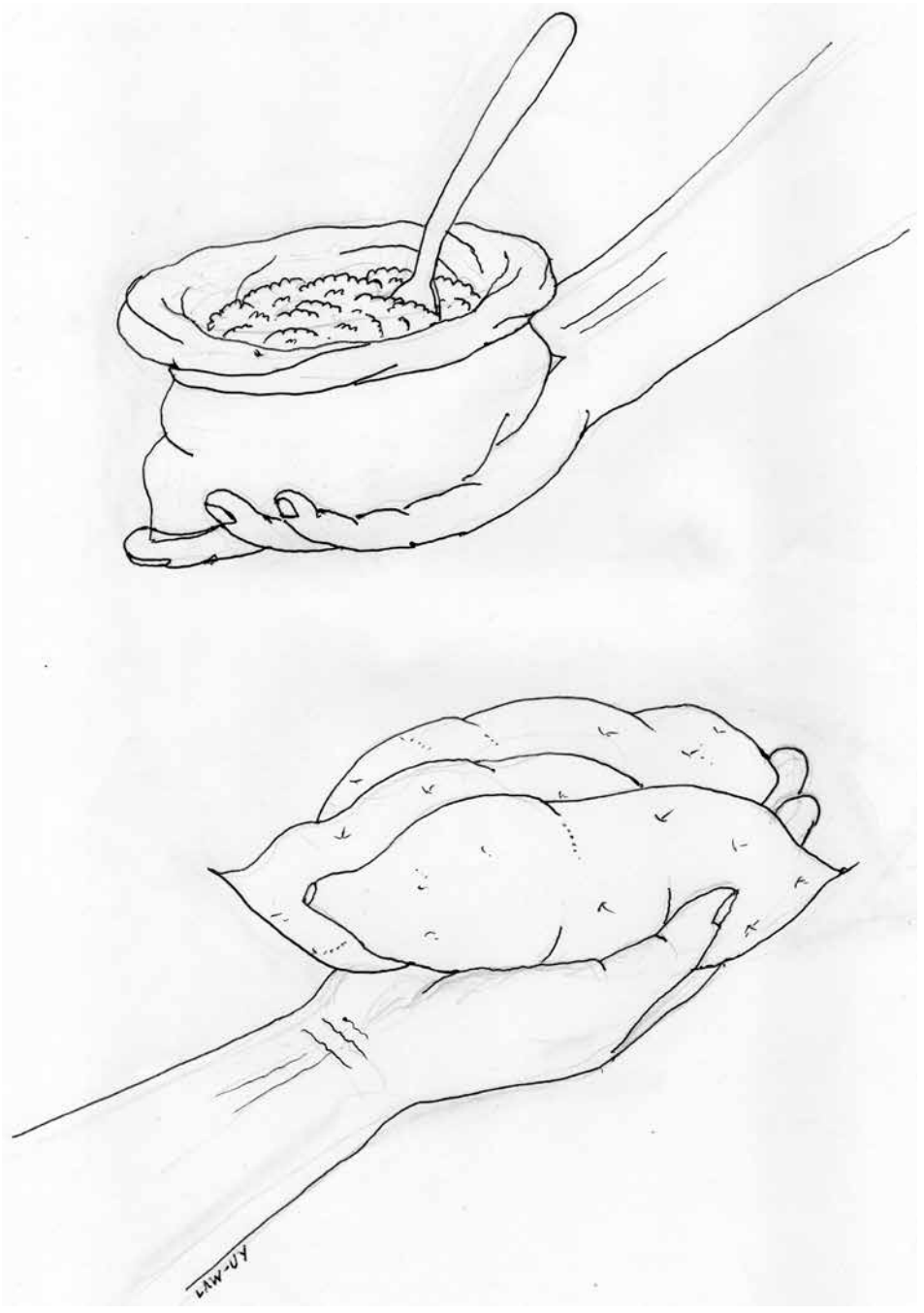
Now that I am a teacher, I try to teach the children the importance of our land. I am happy that our curriculum is now strongly incorporated with our indigenous heritage and how our land should be respected and cared for.

Sometimes I wonder is this the impact of our long time struggle? Did we succeed? Though we are experiencing the backlash of what happened -- landslides, scarcity of water, a barren land, difficulty in growing plants-- I still am happy, because people have become more aware about the need to care for the land. I hope this awareness will continue to grow, and maybe our land will return to its previous richness.

And for me, I will continue to instill in the children what good things I have learned: To care for our land; TO PROTECT AND NURTURE OUR LAND.

Growing up Nurturing Resilience

Narrated by Tacia A. Diase
Written by Alma B. Sinumlag



My name is Tacia Abellada-Diase. I was born in Nalusbo, Madaymen, Kibungan, Benguet. I grew up in a peasant family that relied on their bare hands and the gifts of the earth to live. At an early age, I learned how to till the land, preserve food for lean months, to share and receive among the people in the village. Growing up inside the village was hard and simple but it was peaceful.

I have seven siblings and we all grew up depending on our own strength. I dreamt of studying and to have a degree in education, but I knew that my parents could not afford it. So, I scraped my way out of high school and college. I worked for relatives and foster families until finally, I was able to graduate in 1985. Then, I moved here to Itogon to teach.

My persistence to study separated me early from my family. Because of that, I can only remember a few things about my mother. She died during my 3rd year in college. I remember her as a selfless mother and a community healer. I was five years old when I noticed that despite the back-breaking farm work, she would still extend her energy for the villagers in need of her service as the *mansip-ok* or the traditional healer. It was from her that I learned how manage the food harvest, however meager it was, to cover our needs while waiting for the next harvest.

When the rainy season was nearing, we would help her prepare the *bukó*. This is camote that is peeled, thinly sliced, sun dried, and stocked as reserved food when we could not go out in the field to forage food. When rainy season came, our meals were frequently *bukó* and *onsek* or camote tops. The camote served as our rice and the camote tops, our viand.

My mother also taught me how to brew our own vinegar which we called *sabëng*. We would boil the camote until it was ready, and the remaining water was cooled down and fermented.

In my village, rice was scarce because of the terrain. We usually would go down to Napsung where rice is cultivated and helped in transplanting and harvesting rice. In return, farm owners would give us a share of the *kintoman*, a traditional rice variety. We would then consume the rice very thriftily and wisely. I knew then that rice was running out whenever my mother cooked rice porridge that was mixed with camote. When it finally ran out, we would go back to eating camote or taro.

I also remember that when I was in elementary, we would start walking from 4:30 AM to reach the school at 7:00 AM. We would carry camote for our lunch and exchange this for rice with our classmates from Napsung.

Eating meat then was only during special occasions and whenever the men caught *bangu* or wild pig with their *tagdey* traps. Meat was always shared. Whenever the animal trap caught a wild pig, every household was given a share. When the share is more than enough for one meal, we would preserve it by dipping it in salt and storing it in the *kuli* or jar. We would consume the preserved meat wisely by mixing small portions of it with legumes or leafy vegetables.

I grew up living a simple and hard life, but I think it is the reason why I persisted in making my future better. I learned about life at an early age and relied on myself. I learned to be resilient with whatever life dumps on me and my family. I learned to appreciate every single material that I earned or received. This are the values that I would like to bequeath to my children and their children's children. Children today get more than what they need. It is not a bad thing, but I hope they learn not to be wasteful, to appreciate what they have, and imbibe resilience and persistence.

Daddad-at is a Kankana-ëy term meaning storytelling. It is a way of sharing information, catching up, or passing on knowledge and values through the telling of stories

This book Daddat-at ëd Itogon serves the purpose of passing on indigenous knowledge and values from the elders to the youth. The book contains one hundred selected stories on indigenous wisdom, written and put together through the collaboration of the teachers and students of Alejo M. Pacalso Memorial National High School (AMPMNHS), together with the community people of Tuding and neighboring barangays of Itogon. The stories in this book reflect the rich indigenous knowledge and practices of the people of Itogon, Benguet, which deserve to be taught and transmitted not only in our communities but also in the schools and to the wider public. The book aims to serve as a relevant reading and reference material for Indigenous Peoples Education (IPED) by teachers, students, researchers and other citizens who value our indigenous wisdom and culture.

Philippine Task Force for Indigenous Peoples' Rights
Partners for Indigenous Knowledge Philippines
voice