



LOSING INSPIRATION =DYING

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I had a granduncle (my mother's uncle) who had one and only son. He loved my uncle immeasurably and doted on him like any proud father does. Unfortunately, my uncle passed away in his early 40's, leaving behind his grieving wife and his three children. Barely two months after my uncle's passing my granduncle also died, leaving behind my grandaunt, who has survived her twin losses bravely to this day. The exact year of the death of my granduncle and uncle eludes my memory, but I shall never forget my grandaunt's tearful recount of what had caused the demise of my granduncle—he had lost his inspiration.

My granduncle had lost interest in everything after my uncle died. He lost interest in their business; he lost interest in the things he used to do. He had grown unfeeling and barely able to get up from bed each day. His health failed, and soon enough, the jolly and lively granduncle of my childhood lost himself. Simply put, he lost his joie de vivre, his love for life, his exultation of spirit. In other words, he simply died.

When I lost my own husband, I was merely 37 years old and my late husband was just turning 42. I was left to fend for 7 children. Thank God for family, because mine has been beside itself with everything, doing their best to help us survive these trying times. Thank God for them, because all these years down the road after I lost my husband, they have done everything to make me keep my will to live. Even when I had been afflicted with sickness and the hopelessness of being in between jobs, they never lost faith in me. My mom, my sisters and brother, my in-laws, my father till the day he died, have all been with me. They have inspired me in more ways than I can count.

My children have been my special inspiration, the ones who have given me the joy of living. God knows they're not all perfect; they've got so many imperfections, each one of them. Consider it a mother's jaded eye, but I consider the great things about them as far outweighing those imperfections. I believe they have so much to give to the world and with God's grace and in His perfect time, they will. I believe that the strength that I get each day to face the world anew I derive from them. They are what keep me grounded; they are what let me fly. When all else fails, I will always have them.

My grandaunt still faces life strongly, although age has caught up with her. My mother has been living life strongly too; she has been helping me raise my children capably. Inspiration did not die with the loss of our respective husbands; it grows stronger in our hearts at every waking moment.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. Why do you think people lose interest in life when a loved one dies?
2. Have you or someone you know lost a person they love? Talk about that situation in class.
3. How can you help someone cope after they have lost someone they love?
4. Why is it difficult to get back to normalcy after losing inspiration?
5. Why is inspiration important in life?