



WHO'S YOUR HERO?

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I was watching this late night TV program where senatorial candidates were interviewed about their platforms for governance and other matters. One of the more interesting segments of the program was when the panelists asked all the candidates who their favorite heroes were. Around 7 out of the 12 senatorial candidates gave common superheroes as their answers, with one even mentioning the hero in a current TV program of the host channel. What touched me were the answers given by almost half of those being interviewed onstage: parents, dad, Jesus. Wow, in a world where great ability has always been equated with being a superhero, we still have people in our midst who quantify being a hero with faith, parental love, and Divine Grace.

I find it interesting when people say their parents are the true heroes in their own lives. Parents often come unnoticed, preferring to stay in the background while their offspring reap the fruits of their labor and become all they have been meant to be. We dote on our children, ignoring the fact that we may not live long enough to see the fulfillment of their dreams.

In my case, losing my husband at 37 was a very painful experience. He had the grandest dreams for his children. When he died, I felt like a part of me died, too. But somehow, something in my late husband lives in each of my children. I see him in my children's eyes, in their laughter and in their simple dreams. I see something that wants to live in my children that used to be a part of what had fueled my husband's dreams. It has now come upon me to make sure those dreams see fruition. The road is often difficult, but this is not the time to be weak. My late husband has always been one of my heroes.

My parents have always been my heroes. When my late father had still been alive, he was the one who wanted to make sure my children's education was provided for despite my husband's early demise. Papa would always be on hand to ensure my kids were in school on time everyday. In his trusty, rickety tricycle, papa would bring my children to school every morning, and even fetch two of them at dismissal time. Mama would always patiently watch over her grandchildren at school, knowing I couldn't be able to do it myself because of the demands of the job I keep. When Papa died, we all lost a huge part of ourselves. But Papa's legacy lives on in his grandchildren. Mama will be the shining beacon that's sure to light our way in the family.

And Jesus? Well, His inclusion is a no-brainer. Jesus has always made sure I have enough zest for living and faith to go on. He's the One who has made possible everything in life. He always loves us more than we love Him.

Be thankful for the heroes we have! They make life sweeter and us stronger.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. Why do you think people often equate heroes with great power? Why is it not easy to equate heroism with being an everyday human being?
2. If you were a hero, what particular powers would you love to possess?
3. How can heroism be shown during times of chaos? In peacetime?
4. Talk about the national hero you admire. What makes this real person worth emulating?
5. Can you still find heroes in today's times? Be able to justify your answer with concrete examples.