

GRADUATION BEAT

2024



THE STAGE IS SET



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The Philippine International Convention Center (PICC) is just one of the many places that every Bedan wishes to go to from the moment they enter the Mighty Red School. The stage is set for the graduates to leave the portals of the campus, and roar their way to excellence! Congratulations, Class of 2024! Animo San Beda!

ABOUT THE COVER





*In necessariis, unitas; in opinabilibus,
libertas; in omnibus caritas*

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TO THE COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES (CAS) CLASS OF 2024,

As we all stand on the brink of a new chapter, we at *The Bedan* are taking this opportunity to pay tribute to you, the resilient and remarkable graduates of 2024. This edition of our annual Graduation Beat is not just a celebration of our academic achievements. Rather, it serves also as a testament to the strength, adaptability, and the unity that have defined our journey.

Graduation marks the culmination of all of our years of hard work, perseverance, and growth. Yet, for the Class of 2024, it represents more than just the end of a chapter. It also symbolizes the overcoming of the unprecedented challenges that have tested our limits and shaped us into the individuals that we are today. We all endured a once-in-a-generation pandemic, navigated our way through remote learning, and adapted to a rapidly changing global environment—all while maintaining our commitment to our goals in life.

This issue captures the essence of our journey. It seeks to highlight not only the triumphs but also the trials that have made our accomplishments even more meaningful. From the personal stories of late-night study sessions to our moments of breakthrough and camaraderie, our experiences are a powerful reminder of the extraordinary resilience of the human spirit.

So as we all move forward into the next phase of our lives, let us remember that the lessons learned during these challenging times will serve as our foundation. Learn to embrace the uncertainties and opportunities that lie ahead with the exactly the same courage and determination that have brought us this far. The world is ready for our contributions and we should be more than excited to see the impact we will be making.

Congratulations and cheers to us, Class of 2024! This is our moment to shine. Take this time to cherish the memories, celebrate your achievements, and step confidently into the future we have worked so hard to build. Animo!

That in all things, God may be glorified!

EDITOR'S NOTE



PAUL ALEXIS ARGAS

The Bedan Volume 81, Editor-in-Chief

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 2024,

Greetings of Peace!

As you stand at the crossroads to a new beginning, I am filled with immense pride and joy over witnessing your development here at San Beda University (SBU). This momentous occasion marks not only the culmination of your academic endeavors, but also the beginning of a certainly promising future that lies ahead.

Choosing San Beda to be your collegiate home, this paved the way for the continuous pursuit of knowledge, steadfastness to servant-leadership, and affinity with the beautiful complexities of human experience. Your time in the College of Arts and Sciences has cultivated your intellect, nurtured your creativity, and honed your critical thinking skills which brought out the best in you.

As you leave the havens of the University and step into the portals of a new chapter, always carry with you the heart of a lion, one that remains resolute even amid intricacies, while being imbued with the Benedictine values of faith (fides),



knowledge (scientia), and virtue (virtus). I pray that you will hold these values close to your heart, and let them guide you throughout all your endeavors. Embrace the challenges like the lionhearted Bedan that you truly are, while carrying the certainty that your education has equipped you well to fear neither fire nor blood.

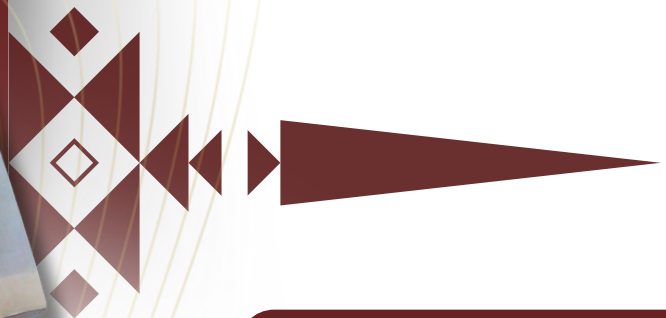
I also extend my heartfelt gratitude to all the faculty, staff, and mentors of the College who have played a vital role in shaping your educational journey. Their unyielding dedication and guidance have paved the way for your accomplishments, and I encourage you to carry forward the wisdom they have shared with you.

To the parents, guardians, and families who have supported and believed in our graduates, your unwavering encouragement has been a source of strength for all of us. Your partnership with the University has proved fruitful in nurturing these remarkable individuals. For that, we are truly grateful.

As you move forward to a future that earnestly awaits you, I implore you, my dear graduates, to continue living out the values that molded you to become who you are now, and contribute extensively to the lasting legacy of being a proud Bedan. May your succeeding advocacies and platforms reflect the ideals to which our proud University stands for, and may your actions inspire others to strive for excellence and positive change in Philippine society and the world.

Congratulations to the Graduating Class of 2024! Always remember that the Bedan identity transcends even outside the walls of the University. You are now a part of a long line of Bedan achievers who have gone before you. Like them, continue to inspire people and roar your way to excellence

Animo San Beda!



COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES GRADUATING CLASS OF 2024,

Today is indeed the season of reaping, of dancing, of laughing, and of celebrating. We are all witnesses of your years of labor while you grapple with the challenges that college life has thrown you under the most volatile and unstable situation. This forced you to adapt and adjust while dealing with change and demanded you to be more techno savvy, creative, and ingenious in making do of what is available.

As a human being endowed by God with reason and intelligence, you have to deal with the situation. You have to adapt and adjust. You have to live meaningfully. You have to struggle in overcoming any situation.

As you face changes and endings in life, I would like to remind you to fortify your character. Not all changes and endings are good. Some could be bad. Some could bring us hope and opportunities. Whatever these could bring us, you need to have a strong character – a character that is founded on values.

Do not worry and agonize on disruption, change, ending, and uncertainty. You have to remember that dealing with these will make you a better person. Pray hard to God that He will continuously to bless and guide you. In our Alma Matter Hymn, there is a line which states, “Bring out the challenges, we’ll win them all.” This line speaks of courage, determination, and resiliency. These are what we all need nowadays. “We’ll win them all” is the attitude that we must possess and demonstrate.

You will find that life after college is a constant contradiction where at times, you will have to patiently wait, and at other times, you have to actively engage. Know that the rest of your professors and administrators in the College of Arts and Sciences are certain that you are fully equipped to take on any challenge and you can confidently face the world.



PROF. CHRISTIAN BRYAN S. BUSTAMANTE, PhD

Dean, College of Arts and Sciences

To CAS BATCH 2024,

It has always puzzled me why “Commencement” is translated in Pilipino as “Pagtatapos”. If you check your thesaurus, synonyms for the term “commencement” includes “beginning”, “start”, “origination”, “inauguration”, and the like. While its Pilipino counterpart “Pagtatapos” signifies “end”, “finish”, and “culmination.” This stark contradiction in meaning and signification gives us the impression that the translation and equivalence between the terms “commencement” and “pagtatapos” is mistaken and incorrect. That the two terms, in all of their denotations, cannot come together in harmony. But then again, it begs the question, why was it translated in such a manner? And, if I may push our inquiry even more, why is it that such mistake persists and left uncorrected.



MOSES AARON T. ANGELES, PhD

Vice Dean for the Arts, Sciences, and Humanities Cluster, College of Arts and Sciences

I think whoever made the translation, considered, more than anything else, the very spirit of what it means to graduate, what it means to finish your studies, what it means to earn your diploma. The dynamism of “commencement” and “pagtatapos” becomes all the more obvious when one looks at the subtleties transpiring within the humanity of every candidate for graduation. More than the solemnity of the graduation rites and the glamour of academic gowns donned by faculty and candidates alike, lies the silent transformation happening within the core of the human persona.

It is indeed no small account that your years of hardwork, your persistence to go beyond certain limitations, and your capacity to embrace challenges no matter what has finally brought you within the halls of PICC. Your many sleepless nights, the many arguments that you had with your groupmates, the variety of concerns and issues that you had to deal with all throughout your academic life, has finally culminated when you wear your red togas. But more than these outward signs, these experiences transformed you in ways you are certainly not fully aware of. Now, this transformation of the self is an enigma that incites both joy and fear. Joy because of the achievement of a dream, and fear because of the uncertainty of the future that lies ahead. These mixture of emotion is, what I think, the rationale behind the harmony of contradictions that lies within the equivalence between “commencement” and “pagtatapos”.

Dear CAS Batch 2024, you have just been earned your respective degrees and lauded as San Beda’s most promising students. You have exhibited the virtues every student must possess – hardwork, dedication, love for knowledge – requisites that are essential in the academic life. But then again, these laudations come with a warning, and a very stern one – a warning against complacency. So my dear CAS Batch 2024, do not waver in your work to become better, to become more competent, to rise above mediocrity. It is my hope and prayer that your hard-earned Bedan diploma will be a constant reminder to work harder to face the challenges so that you can win them all.

CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 2024!

As you go into the world of work, here are some pieces of advice:

1. Position yourself well. – In business, we do not only market and position products and services, but also people. Start contemplating on how you will position yourself in your organization or in the corporate world.
2. Practice and enjoy doing SWOT analysis. – This is one of the more practical and useful frameworks taught in school. Doing a SWOT analysis means keeping updated with what is happening with your environment, taking advantage of opportunities, minimizing the negative impact of threats, using your strengths to achieve your goals, and committing to improve your weaknesses.
3. Study and learn. - You may have graduated from college, but this should not stop you from learning new things and from performing deep dives on what you already know. Keep your desire to learn. Explore. Read. Travel. Express.
4. Have a clear vision. - When you feel that you cannot move on, or you cannot do it anymore, recall and revisit your vision, mission, and motivations.
5. Be grateful. - Being grateful contributes to positivity. Even challenges, which we often call problems, are blessings. These are opportunities to identify our strengths and weaknesses, and to test our limits.

Be inspired and be an inspiration, Bedans! I look forward to hearing your new learnings and success stories. Again, congratulations and good luck!

Congratulations, Class of 2024!



**ASST. PROF. MARIA
PAMELA G. TENDERO ,
MBA, CPME**

College Administrative Officer;
Vice Dean for the Accountancy and
Business Cluster, College of Arts and
Sciences

DEAR MEMBERS OF CLASS 2024,

Congratulations, dear Graduates, on this momentous day! Today we celebrate more than just your graduation. We celebrate the person you have become.

It feels like just yesterday when you were embarking on this academic journey, full of hopes and dreams. And now, as you graduate, you leave behind a trail of accomplishments, beautifully crafted memories, and a legacy that will inspire generations of Bedans to come. You have proven that you can overcome obstacles and challenges with resilience and perseverance.

As you embrace the next phase of your life, remember the lessons learned, cherish the memories made, continue to pursue excellence in everything you do and aspire to make a difference in the world. Remember always that your education is not an endpoint but a threshold towards a life filled with continuous growth, meaning, and purpose.

With a fervent wish and prayer that you leave your collective and personal mark on society, another journey begins anew, and you will continue leading the charge into a brighter future.

Again, congratulations and may the good Lord always keep all of you in His loving embrace, and may His grace be with you every step of the way as you go forth from here!

Animo San Beda!

Ut In Omnibus Glorificetur Deus

MR. DOMINADOR B. MANLINCON

Dean of Student Affairs



PROF. MARVIN R. REYES, PhD

CAS Prefect of Student Activities

SA MGA MAGTATAPOS NGAYONG 2024, ISANG PAGBATI!

Kayong Class ng 2024 ang masasabing isa sa mga umaahon dahil sa epekto ng pandemya. Kayo ang unang nakaranas ng moda ng on-line class. Kayo rin ang nakaranas kung paano mag-aral sa tinatawag nating "now normal".

Magkagayon man, naririto kayo ngayon at unti-unting napapatunayan na hindi kayo magpapatinag, magpapatalo o magpapadaig sa mga hamon. Bakit? Dahil kayo ay mga Bedista.

At ngayong haharap na kayo sa tunay na realidad ng buhay, hangad kong bitbit ninyo ang inyong mga natutunan sa lahat ng inyong mga pinagdaanan.

Muli, Congratulations sa mga minamahal kong Class of 2024!
Hangad ko ang inyong tagumpay.

...na sa lahat ng bagay ang Diyos ang papurihan.

THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD

AFTER A GRUELING FOUR YEARS, PAINSTAKINGLY GOING THROUGH SOME OF THE MOST DIFFICULT CHAPTERS IN OUR LIVES, THE STAGE IS FINALLY SET FOR THE CULMINATION OF OUR ENTIRE UNDERGRADUATE STUDIES. THE DAY WE ALL BOTH DREAD AND ANTICIPATE HAS FINALLY ARRIVED.

Like many of my peers in this esteemed publication, I too am extremely thrilled at the prospect of capping off what has been such a wild and tumultuous journey. The long and winding road to the achievement of our college degrees has been exceptionally turbulent. This was a journey that none of the Class of 2024 would ever come to expect, nor would we ever have the remarkable creative juices to conjure up the scenario and circumstances in which we would be able to reach our dreams.

I belonged to the third batch of those who went through the K-12 program, back when the idea of finishing Senior High School (SHS) was still quite novel. Therefore, graduating from high school altogether, albeit with two more years of what felt like undue burden and stress, was a welcome relief to all of us. But as luck would have it, a once-in-a-generation pandemic stopped us in our tracks.

By March 2020, as I anticipated with glee our pending commencement exercises, the government declared a national lockdown to stop the spread of COVID-19, shuttering all work, school, recreational activities, and any semblance of a social life. Our graduation, slated already for the month after, was to be postponed. That once-in-a-lifetime affair, relished all the world over,



TAGAMASID
PAUL ALEXIS ARGAS

It took about three more months before we could finally bid adieu to our secondary education, albeit through virtual means. The ceremony lacked the usual pomp and circumstance, but it was nevertheless a bittersweet victory in its own right. And little did I know that this was only the beginning of a series of unprecedented challenges that would define the next four years of my life.

University life has brought its own set of hurdles, as I navigated through shifting online platforms of San Beda, the sporadic connectivity issues I experienced, and the constant balancing act between academic demands and my personal well-being. For many of my batchmates, the shift to remote learning tested our resilience and adaptability in ways we hadn't anticipated. Yet, despite the isolation and the struggles, we found solace in our shared experiences.

We connected with peers through the small screen and supported each other through virtual study groups and late-night discussions that made up for the fact that we had never seen each other outside the home.

Now, as we finally approach that bittersweet end—graduation—the sense of accomplishment is truly palpable. The Class of 2024 has weathered storms both literal and figurative, and we have emerged more resilient and resourceful than we could have ever imagined. This journey has not been conventional by any means, but it has been quite transformative. I've come to learn that success is not just about reaching the end of the road, but about how we navigate the twists and turns that come along the way.

So as I reflect on the past four years, I am deeply filled with a profound sense of gratitude; for the lessons learned, for the friends made, and for the unwavering support of my loving family and my mentors. This long and winding road has shaped all of us into individuals that are ready to face the future with extreme courage and deep conviction.



To my fellow graduates, I say this: We have proven that we can rise above challenges and adapt to the unexpected. The road ahead may still be winding, but I sincerely believe with all my heart and soul that we have the tools and the tenacity to navigate it with confidence. As we step into this next chapter of our lives, let us carry forward the lessons of resilience and the spirit of determination that has come to define our journey.

Congratulations to the College of Arts and Sciences (CAS) Class of 2024! Here's to the future we will build and to the paths we will forge, no matter how winding they may be.

ADIEU, THE B AND SBU!

BONJOUR, JE M'APPLE, ANNE! IT SEEMS LIKE MY ACADEMIC AND THE BEDAN JOURNEY HAS REACHED ITS CONCLUSION. HOWEVER THE FIRE WITHIN ME AS A BEDAN WILL STILL LIVE AND CONTINUE—TODAY, TOMORROW, AND TILL THE END OF TIME.

San Beda University-Manila (SBU) was never a part of my plan during college application season. Nonetheless, upon staying, I've realized it was His plan for me all along.

I could say that our four-year stay inside the Mighty Red School was years full of adjustments. The first year was adjusting to the online set-up and not meeting the curiosity of a first-year college student due to the pandemic. Sophomore year was fully grasping the ins and outs of being an online college student (shout out to *Red Canvas*, *Zoom*, *MS Teams*, and *Google Docs*). Junior year came and we transitioned towards the hybrid setup during the second semester, being more present inside the walls of the university---we're like freshmen inside the body of a junior, familiarizing ourselves with the offices and the people in the Bedan community, even the near go-to food places in Mendiola! Fourth year; Senior year, was like a fast-forwarded scenario for me. The pressure of thesis and practicum was there but juggling major and minor subjects at the same time plus *The Bedan* responsibilities? Girl, it was tough. Like really really tough. Even though it was rapid, senior year was frustrating yet fulfilling on my end. I did experience a bad case of burnout, during which was supposed to be the "most responsible" year for me. I knew that it was not my best work nor the usual outputs I make in my academic performance, which



PAPILLON
ANNE JULIA FRANCISCO

was expected from me by my professors. Nonetheless, I tried my hardest to rise to the occasion. To bounce back. I tried to make everyone who believed in me and my capabilities to be proud once more. When I said my final words during our final defense for THESIS2, "Thank you for letting me open the world of fairy tales in a different light and look at the Disney films I grew up with in a new way, the Bedan Literati way. Once again and not once upon a time, this has been Anne Julia, your Literature Bedan princess." That's when I silently hoped that they all could see that I've given my all to live up to the expectations and that I poured out my heart's work in my thesis. And eventually, it did---I did.

Now, that's my academic moment. Let's move on to the "org part," shall we? Being an active student in my two organizations, which were *The Bedan*, and the San Beda English and Literature Society (SBELS) was challenging. Nevertheless, I view it as my best years in college at the same time, especially, the last two years of it. Actively participating in these two filled my cup because I was able to do things that I'm very enthusiastic about.

I thank SBELS for reigniting my drive for leadership and critical thinking skills because I became their Auditor for two consecutive years (sophomore and junior year) and it was the starting point of my realizing that I love doing org work, paperwork, event management, budget allocations, auditing, and to summarize it just "getting the job done." I collaborated with my co-officers who were as goal-driven as I am, which made the job description not a heavy workload anymore but something that I enjoyed and adored doing. Therefore, my sincere gratitude SBELS and our lovely moderator and *Kween*, Prof. Larry J. Ambion, Ph.D.

Lastly, but definitely not least, my dearly beloved, official publication of the College of Arts and Sciences (CAS), *The Bedan*. Being a student journalist was on my bucket list for so long. I thank *The B* for allowing me to finally check it and be part of an organization that is truly rewarding. This is where I was able to meet peers who helped me improve not only my writing skills but also one of the things I value the most, making connections, and being able to converse with people. I became *The Bedan's* Human Resource (HR) Manager for its 80th



volume and I was able to connect with most of the staff, which was an important thing for me as I got to know them better. After which, I applied for the Managing Editor position and the saying “*dadaan ka muna sa butas ng karayom*” was true, the position did not land on my lap, but it was something I worked hard to have. And when the results came, it meant I had a bigger responsibility to manage. I’ll be honest that my last year as a staffer of *The Bedan* was not smooth as I pray it would be. There were some obstacles, but at the end of the day, I’ve realized that they were inevitable. However, what truly mattered to me after experiencing all of those was that real people would come out of the surface and those unpleasant experiences, will be a distant memory. Getting swamped with paperwork while thinking about what you’re going to do first on your to-do list for both org work and acad work was fun

if you have people who are swamped there with you (you know who you folks are). Just kidding, but yeah, my last year was paperwork after paperwork, and I did not regret any second of it.

“Madam” bids adieu to you, *The Bedan*. I am rooting for the remaining and future staff, specifically, my predecessor, Rizian.

Aja to us, Seniors! Let’s now walk towards the beginning of our new journey.

P.S. Shout out to Bossing and Little Bossing (now the Sir Chiu), *kape na tayo, mga sir*.

Animo San Bedaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! Aalis na si Anne Juliaaaaaaaaaa!

CHAPTER CLOSED

SAN BEDA UNIVERSITY WAS A SCHOOL THAT I NEVER DREAMED OF. I REMEMBERED ONCE WHEN I FELT DEVASTATED THAT I COULDN'T CONTINUE MY DREAM OF PURSUING POLITICAL SCIENCE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTO TOMAS, WHERE I TOOK UP HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES IN SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL. BUT LOOKING BACK AT THE FOUR-YEAR ADVENTURE IN THE RED SCHOOL OF MENDIOLA, I WILL SAY THAT THIS UNPLANNED CHOICE IS THE BEST ONE THAT I HAVE EVER MADE IN MY WHOLE LIFE.

At the height of the pandemic, I was able to keep in touch with my blockmates who would eventually become my friends in the long run. Two of which have become my best friends—Ethel Mae Glodoviza and Jestony Lumabi. For Ethel, who I thought was the smartest and hardworking college friend I have met ever, was someone that I couldn't imagine I could be the closest to after she helped me in Mathematics in the Modern World. From then on, my gratitude towards her was never-ending. As for Jestony, not only do we share the same love for anime, but I was also able to have a lot of conversations with him, most especially when it comes to San Beda in general. He is basically the student who almost knows everyone who either studies or works in the University. Having these two together made my college life more memorable, especially when I am with my bloc 4CPL.

During the transition from online classes to the face-to-face setup, two professors stood out for me the most—Sir Kerwin Martinez, M.A. and Ma'am Alyssa Dispo, M.A. For the most part, there were strict professors when it comes to requirements and academics, yet Sir Kerwin was always that teacher who



AKIRA

ALVIN JOHN ACAYEN

is accommodating. Not only is he available 24/7, but does he show compassion by lending students a hand whenever a problem arises. As for Ma'am Aly, as strict as she may be, her strictness shaped me for who I should be in the future. It is to remind me that recognizing my mistakes, sometimes letting someone tell me so and to do better next time shall strengthen myself even more. And for that, I am truly grateful for those lessons.

And of course, my college life would not be that memorable thanks to *The Bedan*. What was meant to be just working as a staff writer for the official student publication of the College of Arts and Sciences for the whole four college years turned to leading research and junior staffs as the News Editor of Volume 81. While I had my share of downs since being a News Editor was something that I didn't expect to get

assigned to, the ups are the ones that I will always cherish. I was with you all, research and junior staffs, writing articles or covering live events was great for me. Especially when I have a heart-to-heart talk with them alongside making stronger connections with other staff of the University such as Ms. Jennifer Comabig, M.A.Ed.- LS, R.L. and Ms. Rosalinda Robles, R.L. of the SBU Library. Thanks Phoebe, for always being supportive of me, as the former news editor, and Paul for reaching out to me no matter what.

But of course, my journey to graduation would not have been possible if it wasn't for the unconditional support of my very own family. To my pets, thank you for always greeting me whenever I come home from busy days at school. To my sister who now has a family of her own, thank you for inspiring me to become better, knowing how tough life may be, but it is more reason to keep going. But of course, to my mother and father who raised me, looked out for me, and loved me for who I am today, I am truly grateful for the unconditional love and support that you have shown to me. I just wish that no matter what happens in the future, you will continue to love me for whatever next decisions I will make next.

As I look back, I do feel very sentimental as I am writing this. I never imagined I would graduate. Maybe not with many awards and recognitions but with a lot of experiences that I have gotten from professors and students.



Something that I noticed in my fourth-year level is that there is always that doubt in me, as if I do not see myself succeeding in everything. But considering how my professors, classmates, and most especially parents, see potential in me, it seems like Anxiety in *Inside Out 2* is always with me. It's good because I become realistic about what future I want to have and bad since opportunities might get wasted due to the fear of failure. To be honest, I have yet to figure out what I want to be in the future. But at the very least, I should be true to myself, think of what I want to do and hope that the people who supported me will understand why I will make those decisions.

I can't believe this college chapter has finally ended. All good things must come to an end as the saying goes. I could not believe I could make it this far in my life. And for that I am thankful to the Lord our God, who blessed me with such wonderful people, reminding me how important it is to make friends along the way and meet professors whose lessons are essential in the real world. From the bottom of my heart, I am forever grateful to San Beda University – Manila for giving me such an unexpected yet memorable experience. This chapter might have ended, but the story shall continue as I carry these memories and lessons moving forward.

CHEERS TO YOU(TH)

I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW I STARTED MY COLLEGE JOURNEY. THE PANDEMIC KEPT ME STUCK AT HOME, TAKING ONLINE CLASSES AND WONDERING IF MY CLASSMATES IN *Zoom* MEETINGS WERE REAL OR JUST FIGMENTS OF MY IMAGINATION. NOW, AS I WRAP UP MY COLLEGE LIFE IN A HYBRID SETTING, IT'S CLEAR THAT OUR BATCH NEVER EXPERIENCED FACE-TO-FACE CLASSES OR THE LONG-ANTICIPATED INTEGRATION EVENT, WHICH WILL FOREVER BE ETCHED IN OUR MEMORIES.

Honestly, I didn't expect things to turn out this way. I imagined starting my freshman year with a fresh start—making friends from diverse backgrounds, joining various organizations and committees, and volunteering. Instead, my beginning was far from ideal.

College has been an emotional roller coaster. From late-night hangouts with friends after exams to breaking down in the middle of studying, it's been a mix of joy and disappointment that we'll look back on. It dawned on me that college can be either a miserable phase or a valuable lesson, much like a love-hate relationship.

I remember crying at the LRT station at 7 PM during my junior year, listening to Seventeen's "*F My Life*" while struggling with major requirements, including the Chapters 1-3 of our thesis. It was also when I received my first and only "5.00" in a five-unit subject. The song seemed to perfectly capture my third year in school. I shed so many tears I almost dropped out of university, but I persevered, retaking the subject and passing with flying colors!

Throughout, I questioned myself: "Should I step out of my comfort zone?" "Can I still write?"



HANNIE
DAPHNE ZENAROSA

I wondered if I should explore other aspects of college life, such as joining organizations.

Thankfully, *The Bedan* helped me navigate University life and improve my writing skills, healing the wounds from my fear back in senior high school where my writing abilities were frequently questioned. Thanks to *The Bedan*, I grew more confident and never imagined that a laid-back person like me would become an FCR Editor. One thing that I've learned as a section editor for the publication is to always be true and let people know what you really are trying to promote within the community. It's always a good thing to see students smiling, knowing the other perspective and interest of their blockmates or batchmate. I would miss that. Nonetheless, College truly is a wake-up call to "step up" and "be the best version of yourself."

Despite the disappointments, the enjoyment I found in college was the highlight of my student life. It was an "exploration" filled with unexpected situations and experiences. As they say, savor these surprises during college because they're unique to this time in your life.

With that, I'll miss the spontaneous late-night hangouts with my friends, where my FEU buddy and I would drop by friend in DLSU and have dinner at Taft or P. Noval. I'll also miss the impromptu food hunts with my blockmate, sparked by our random sharing of *TikTok* food videos. Not to mention the late-night meetings with my org mates, where I'd sprint to Legarda station just to catch the last train. Though these moments might seem trivial to some, they were small but significant sources of positivity for me amidst the challenges and breakdowns at school.



As a graduating Psychology student, my advice is to stay positive and be kind to yourself, even when you're on the brink of falling apart. As you transition from being a carefree teenager to adulthood, focus on your goals, take time for self-reflection, and treat yourself to a date now and then. Attend concerts, go watch a movie, or try coffee-shop hopping! Prioritize your health above all else and celebrate the small victories. Shoutout to my college friends as well, psychology would have been much harder without the support of you who helped explain countless terminologies and concepts. To my juniors, always read and listen to your professors.

I'm admittedly nervous about what the future holds

but I remain hopeful that I will achieve my ultimate goal: earning that MD.

To end this column, I would just like to share a words inspiration to you from what Joshua from Seventeen said in the UNESCO Youth Ceremony, "Every single dream matter, whether it is big or small, loud or quiet, traditional or innovative, personal or public, never let anyone, including yourself, belittle your dream." And, as what NCT Dream said, "Just keep looking to the stars!"

This is your *The Bedan* Vol 81. FCR Editor, signing off. Happy graduation to us, Seniors!

DETOUR

IF I MAY, I'D LIKE TO GET A FEW THINGS OFF MY CHEST. THIS FIVE-YEAR JOURNEY HAS REACHED ITS END, AND TO BE HONEST WITH YOU NEVER IN MY WILDEST DREAMS HAD I THOUGHT THAT THIS JOURNEY WOULD END UP THE WAY THAT IT DID.

I was naïve and worry-free back when I entered the halls of San Beda five years ago. I never really had my eyes focused on what was in front of me. Rather, I took my stay here as a preparation for something that I aspire to pursue which was further studies in law. Back then, my worries were if I have read the readings for class and if there's an available seat at Lawson during lunchtime.

Little did I know that a little bump in the road would turn into a complete detour as a simple one-month suspension of classes would lead to a life-changing experience for a lot of us. From my mom getting laid off at the height of the pandemic, the lockdowns have exacerbated our resources leaving us with no option but to stop with schooling for a year. At first, I thought of it as a vacation. But come the six-month mark, I started to hate every second of it. I longed for something productive to do, something meaningful to distract me from the sorry state of the world. I hated the idleness that my gap year has bought me.

So, when I came back, I came back hungrier. I swore to myself that I will never let anything be taken from me again. I felt inadequate, I felt out of place as I have lost my place. I felt like the only thing to do was to carve a place for myself. So every subject I took, I took seriously. Every task I attended to, I attended diligently. Every opportunity to attend, I attended and



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PHOEBUS VILLANUEVA

if I had failed it was because of me and only me. Similarly, that was my commitment to *The Bedan*. Every task that was given to me, I accepted. Nothing was too little or too big for me as I needed to prove myself.

Looking at it now, through all these hardships I cannot say that I've lived but merely I was just existing through and outlasting it. You see, how I deal with things was always "out of sight, out of mind." It's easier that way knowing that you have much more important things to do than moping around feeling sorry for myself. I'd like to say that changed when I acquired my responsibilities, but it actually did not. I was too absorbed with my work that I failed to just take things slow and breathe, see my friends or be with my family till it was too late.

Just when I thought I was on top of things, I lost my grandfather last

Christmas. And between the units I was overloading, my thesis, and my responsibilities to the publication—I was ready to call it quits. When I lost my dad eight years ago, his last words to me were "quitters never win." Those have always been the words I've lived by for the past eight years as whenever I've thought about quitting, his words chime right through my ear telling me to get back up.

See, back then, I never understood why I had to take all these detours and where am I going to go. Detours are usually a cause of delay, but these detours that I have taken are also what have made me into who I am today. These detours were just what I needed to snap me out of it when I'm too fixated on something. These detours for better or for worse force me to take a step back.

These detours also give me time to reflect and remember what really is important. Each detour was an opportunity to grow as a student, as a writer and as a person giving me wisdom beyond my years. I think I've learned my final lesson about detours. It was never a straight line. The shortest route is the detour—it was the detour that was my shortest path.

So, with that being said, I want to thank those who have made the journey possible and the detours bearable. To my family, Mom, Lola, Tita Erika and Tito Manolo thank you for helping me see this through. To Sir Kerwin Martinez, M.A. and Ms. Alyssa Dispo, M.A. who have helped me immensely in my final year. To Max and Nico who have always been with me from our senior high school days to enrolling in San Beda and long after they've graduated.



To Jeb, my first friend here who made the shortened freshman year one to remember. To Gab, who never lets me have a dull Saturday. To Janina and Alvin, who have been there with me to lend an ear whenever I am troubled. To my juniors Shelly, Roni, Mika, Eli, Riz, Jake, Rcee, Nate, Kathy and Vida who are more like siblings at this point. And to those who couldn't make it, Papa and Lolo, I hope I made you proud.

HAPPY? ENDING

I NEVER LIKED ENDINGS, THOUGH AS THE AGE OLD SAYING “ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END,” AND SO IN THE BITTERSWEET CROSSROADS OF REACHING THE END OF OUR ERA IN THE LION’S DEN; TORN BETWEEN FEELING PROUD OF WHAT WAS ACCOMPLISHED OR FEELING LONELY THAT IT’S DONE, PROVES THAT “THE DEPTH OF OUR LOVE IS EQUAL TO THE PAIN,” AS IT NEVER BEEN THAT DIFFICULT TO LOOSEN GRIP, DESPERATELY GRASPING, TO KEEP THINGS TOGETHER.

However, part of the journey is the end, and this humble quest began as a story of building myself; lost, like many of us at this age, trying to find purpose, aiming for the best, and hopefully hitting the marks as we go along, and so we did.

Thus, followed the celebration, “congratulations! We did it! We made it! Another chapter for the books,” it went; following our grueling conquest witnessed by both the moon and the sun going from book to book, cases to cases, reviewers to reviewers; it never like there was a finish line; and for some there’s the occasional breakdown, as well as a little gaslighting at the side “*ginusto ko ‘to.*”

For the cast of this story, the plot extends beyond the academic responsibilities, as we deliberately immersed ourselves in the lives of the people roaming the red jungle; taking an oath together of fulfilling the role of enhancing our common experience, executing project from projects, programs from programs, initiatives from initiatives; always the best foot forward, finding euphoria and fulfillment in witnessing the impact, the joy, and the beauty of success. Having the best of days, working ourselves to realize dreams and promises, and trying our best to make a change



HIM

JOHN PAOLO ORNOS

never felt like a set-up, at least not until the end, not until I realized having everything meant risking losing everything, when inevitably, our era was reaching its end.

Truly a testament that every action does have an equal opposite reaction, and so nostalgia reminds us, when it hits that the once warm euphoric memory of cozy hangouts, thrilling adventures, frantic reading in the halls, and unknowingly etching our names in history by trying to leave a better place; indubitably an exciting experience, becomes bittersweet.

Change is dawning, and now mornings are different – well it had for months already, and while the cast will forever remain bonded with the invisible strings of our shared history, of our shared

misery, shared successes, and shared laughter; the story will never be the same.

However, the ghost of our past will forever remain, lingering inside the red walls and the antique halls are rooms, seats, and tables filled with new characters, they may never know or understand what they hold, but for me, these places will remain a haven of our memories, a keepsake of what was once ours, what was once us.

So, I guess this truly is a happy ending, a euphoric moment shrouded in melancholic clouds of nostalgia and anxiety; for the appreciation I have over this era, extends to the depths of the sea, and how could it not? When the community that I embraced, embraced me; and the people around me gave a piece of them to form who I am today.

Coming to senses, it’s now time to go with the current of time. Where would it lead? It’s uncertain, but it’s time to find out; and before I do, as I write this column, with heartbreaking joy and tearful smile, I express my humble gratitude to the community that embraced me, most especially the LM community, and the amazing individuals roaming the den, the proud and mighty lions.

To *The Bedan*, most especially Anne Julia, Zia, Paul, and ate Nicole, for allowing me to be immersed and developed into the journalist that I am (minus the late articles), for chasing all the stories, and the profound friendships.

To the Junior Bedan Law Circle (JBLC) From ate Elyn and ate Diazmean, to our own Executive Board: Denise, Ela, Hans, and the rest, and those throughout the years, I am grateful for all the efforts exhausted and time spent together trying to build a better community, you have given me more than I could



ever pay forward, I'll miss you!; and to our cornerstones, Atty. Mike and Atty. Bok, thank you for allowing me to thrive under a legacy that echoes and will continue to resound inside and outside the red walls; JBLC you were the best.

Lastly, to the stars of this story, my story: Patrick, Mauri, and Marc, Mr. Non-chalants; Dea, Ms. Competitive; Jury, Ms. Many enemies; Julia, Ms. Everything, everywhere, all at once; and Tricia, Ms. my president and so much more; this isn't a farewell, just a memento of what was once; so, I never forget my promise to come back to you. And if someday

I wake up with an opportunity to restart everything, you'll be the first person I'll search for.

This story is now part of a distant past, with scenes of regret and sorrow, of breakdowns, failures, and defeats, but a lot more to be grateful for; from the thrills, the excitement, the wishes come true, and most of all the company. Again, I never liked endings, but as we all know, "part of the journey is the end;" I am a puzzle of the people that surrounded me, and now that the pieces are moving away; only they can tell who I am, or at least who I was.

BEHIND THE LENS

AS I STAND ON THE THRESHOLD OF GRADUATION, BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE COMMUNITY THAT HAS SHAPED ME OVER THE PAST FOUR YEARS, I AM FILLED WITH A PROFOUND SENSE OF GRATITUDE AND NOSTALGIA. FROM OVERCOMING THE HURDLES OF ONLINE LEARNING TO STEPPING INTO MY ROLE AS CHIEF PHOTOGRAPHER FOR *The Bedan*, MY TIME AT SAN BEDA UNIVERSITY HAS BEEN A GENUINELY CATHARTIC VENTURE.

Starting my freshman year at the mighty red school amid the pandemic as a psychology student brought its own set of challenges. For the first two years, our classes were held online, a far cry from the lively campus life I had imagined. Building friendships in a virtual environment was tough, and the absence of in-person interactions often felt lonely. Despite this, I discovered that kindness shines through, even on a screen, and gradually, I began to form meaningful connections.

In my third year, the campus buzzed with renewed energy, bringing a wave of fresh opportunities. Fueled by my enthusiasm for capturing moments and narrating stories through images, I applied to become a photographer for *The Bedan*. Those first few months were a whirlwind of discovery and development, and I treasured every assignment and every photo that encapsulated the spirit of student life.

Four months of being a mere photographer, I was presented with the opportunity to become the Chief Photographer. Although I felt honored, it brought a tough decision at the forefront. Balancing academic duties, such as my thesis and on-the-job training,



CHAM

FRANCESCA ZIA ROBLES

alongside taking on a leadership position was daunting. After considerable thought, I decided to accept the promotion—a choice that would profoundly influence my last year at San Beda in ways I hadn't imagined.

Taking on the said role opened doors to experiences and interactions with people from diverse backgrounds. As one of the most demanding aspects of my job was building rapport with students, admins, athletes, and coaches to ensure seamless event coverage. It was a journey that pushed me beyond the confines of my introverted nature, encouraging me to step out of my comfort zone, and embrace the vibrant community around me. In this role, I found not only professional growth but also friendships that I will carry with me

long after graduation. Throughout my venture, I've come to deeply understand the vital role of kindness. It's only by investing time to learn about others and their stories that we can truly grasp what they are experiencing. Often, smiles conceal hidden struggles, as people may fear revealing their true challenges to the world. In my role, I have encountered countless individuals whose outward demeanor masked inner struggles, and it has strengthened in me the need for empathy and compassion in every interaction.

As my time at San Beda draws to a close, I want to express my heartfelt gratitude to everyone who has been a part of my bewildering journey. I am genuinely thankful to the students, faculty, and staff who allowed me to capture moments of their lives. To Chelsea, Archelle, Juliet, Diana, Lara, and Zak, though our connection blossomed later than expected, it is indeed a testament to the saying, "Better late than never." I will always be indebted to you guys; your constructive criticisms have helped me grow and have driven me to push myself harder.

Paul, thank you for always sharing meals with me and matching my energy as well as my humor. I'll definitely miss my "Bossing, *may lechon, ilan order sa'yo?*" and "Bossing, *kape tayo?*" Anne, I owe you big time for always looking out for me, even beyond the walls of *The Bedan* office. You'll always be my org mom, and I'll cherish the tears we shared through every drama we've faced. Paolo, a.k.a. Boss P, you know that I couldn't have done it without you, instead of just listening to my rants and nonsense you always made time to give me logical solutions and taught me not to let my emotions get the best of me. I am more than grateful that you always notice.



Gian, your reminders to complete my tasks each month were invaluable. From our Baby Boss to Big Boss, I am proud of you. Lastly, Thirdy, even though our connection came later, I hope your bored moments will become a source of productivity for the upcoming volume. Stay passionate and best of luck. I'll always treasure the moments I captured with you all—our late nights in the office, laughing uncontrollably over random things, turning our creative ideas into reality for special issues, and grabbing coffee to fuel our *Starbucks* addiction. This new chapter will be different without you all. I will miss you all deeply.

Words alone cannot capture the depth of my gratitude for having met and worked with all of you, especially my companions from *The Bedan*. Although our time together spanned just a year, it is still one of my most cherished and proudest moments. Change is indeed inevitable, and there is nothing wrong with being scared.

This is just the start of us creating something more meaningful. Looking back, these four years have been a rove of resilience, growth, and connection. While I bid farewell to the familiar halls of San Beda, I carry with me the lessons learned, the friendships forged, and the countless moments captured through my camera.

As I move forward into the next chapter of my life, I do so with a heart full of gratitude and a camera ready to capture the world. Farewell, San Beda, and thank you for everything. To conclude this chapter, I'll leave you with a quote from the book *Wonder*: "It's what you've done with your time, how you've chosen to spend your days, and whom you've touched this year. That, to me, is the greatest measure of success." Thank you for being a part of this incredible wander, and for your unwavering support of *The Bedan*.

THE LAST DEBT

THESE FOUR DECEITFUL YEARS HAVE FINALLY PAID OFF. EVERY GAMBLE WITH RISK TAPPED OUT AND LOANS OF BACKLOGS ARE NOW COMPENSATED IN FULL. I HAVE WALKED THE TALK, EVEN WHEN ALL THE TALK WAS CAUTIOUSLY CONSTRUCTED AND BUILT ON LIES AND CAREFULLY CRAFTED FACADES TIED WITH AUTHENTICITY AS A COMPLEMENTARY RIBBON. BEING A LEGAL MANAGEMENT STUDENT HAS NEVER BEEN A WALK IN THE PARK. BUT IN ORDER TO SURVIVE, I HAD TO KEEP LYING TO MYSELF, FOR MYSELF, AND TO SURRENDER THE TRUTH WILL BE THE LAST DEBT I HAVE YET TO SETTLE.

The First Lie

"I can do this!" when in fact I cannot even fathom how I will finish the first reading assignment given to us. To keep the lie rolling, when the guide questions were given to us, I invited my classmates for a group discussion to make it seem like I was handling this college situation well. I was not, I had no idea what they meant by "syllabus," I had no clue about my program, and the subjects that I would be taking the next few months of my life, and I had absolutely no background on how to find the articles, cases, and sections that were mentioned each meeting.

To hold on to the last strings of hope, one must bleed, I held on to each string as tight as I could to make sure each pluck was tuned to everyone's liking. I cannot let these last few strings of hope break, I cannot let anyone see the misguided melody I was trying so hard to harmonize, I cannot let them see how callous these hands have become. To sell the bread of lie, a half-baked study habit became my batter of truth, mixing fiction with a dash of facts to make every caramelized information fit the audience. The thing I missed out the



SURRENDEZVOUS

RYAN JULIANNE MONZON

most was that the tricks would fall out my sleeves, all fabricated realities were to be watered down into their true colors of fiction and as each lie went out to haunt and taunt me, one thing became clear, I must come clean.

Settlement

Settling this debt comes the reality that I have never felt worthy. Amid the piece of paper that may state otherwise on my graduation day, I have always felt that I will never be worthy of the limelight given to those studying the same course as me. I have never felt qualified enough to be in the same room with the people I have been given the opportunity to encounter and interact with. Now most of you, especially those with whom I am close, may raise an eyebrow or bat an eye

but believe me all the platforms provided for me were never because I deserved it, but it was always because I was fortunate enough to be offered one.

My four long years were not because I aced the recitations, quizzes, and examinations but because I have been graced by every answered prayer to have survived each of them. Knowing that this day will come is quite different from experiencing the day itself because who knew it would be as fast as one can say, "Finally!"

Closed Account

Today, my diploma signifies that I was blessed to reach my goal. It testifies that I was loved and supported, that the people I am with, at this point of my life, stuck with every version of me and who I came to be as the years went by. My parents and my sister are the reason I can even pay for my dues until this last penny of thoughts, they have shouldered each rescheduled get-together, became liable for chores I negligently overlooked, and credited my late replies to the more selfish debtor, the Legal Management program.

My safety bubble – Audi, Carms, Dea, Jea, Julia, Marc, Pat, Paolo, and Tricia, although having the same debtor, took it upon themselves to cover some of my own, allowing me to stop and breathe amid the mountain of readings we have to hike.

My Monzon Sisters – Britney, Ecay, Patricia, Rayana, and Shanah, the borrowed moments I have with you are the few luxuries I have, I keep each memory in my safe and take them out to get mesmerized from time to time. My housemates – ate Alyssa, ate Anna, and ate Kaye, although not fully understanding the jargons, took an interest in the things I mentioned and shared, all for the reason of helping me review



and ready myself for recitations in the form of *chika*. My lighthouses – ate Elyn, and ate Joyce, from anxious midnight messages to early morning motivational speeches, granting me time to overshare but keeping me on track when the bills of backlogs are due.

My four-year debt would never have been paid without their infinite funding of love and support. While I may have been the person walking, they were the ones who listened to my endless chatter on the way. Each one of them has seen me struggle, made a path for me, and has cheered me along, each of these people has binged my breakdowns like it was the most awaited weekly released episode yet did not unsubscribe amid their series of fizzles. As I close this account, I can only hope that I have made these remarkable people feel the same way, for I owe it all to them that this last debt will even get settled. I am Ryan Julianne Monzon, and I claim myself debt-free!

PARTING PAW PRINTS

THE PATH AHEAD SEEMED UNCERTAIN WHEN I FIRST SET FOOT AT SAN BEDA UNIVERSITY. IT WAS LIKE A BLANK CANVAS WAITING FOR ITS FIRST STROKES. AS MY COLLEGE JOURNEY COMES TO A CLOSE, I FIND MYSELF REFLECTING ON THE FOOTPRINTS I'VE LEFT BEHIND—EACH ONE IS INDEED A TESTAMENT TO THE CHALLENGES, MEMORABLE EXPERIENCES, AND THE GROWTH I HAD TO GO THROUGH. IN MANY WAYS, THIS PERIOD HAS FELT LIKE A JOURNEY WITH ITS OWN SET OF PAW PRINTS—EACH STEP A STORY OF PERSONAL EVOLUTION, FROM OVERCOMING FEARS TO DISCOVERING NEW PASSIONS.

Over the past few years, I have experienced significant personal and academic growth. Initially, I found it challenging to step out of my comfort zone. However, I gradually learned to embrace new opportunities and experiences. One of the most significant challenges was overcoming my fear of making mistakes. The pandemic added another layer of difficulty, but it also provided unique opportunities.

As I look back on my college journey at San Beda, it's striking to realize how much I have evolved from those uncertain steps. Despite having navigated the halls of this institution during my senior high school years, I entered college feeling like a fresh-faced novice, overwhelmed by the unfamiliarity of new opportunities and challenges. Each of my early days was marked by a sense of being lost, despite the comfort of familiar surroundings.

In many ways, my college experience has been a transformative journey—full of moments where I had to confront my fears and embrace new passions.



SYLUS
JANNINE SALINAS

The demands of the academic curriculum and the leadership roles pushed me to grow and gain confidence in my abilities to tackle complex problems. During the aforesaid tenure, I had to overcome as well personal challenges such as setbacks pushed me to gain resilience and determination.

Participating in a range of extracurricular activities allowed me to delve into my interests. I began as the head of the graphic and arts committee in my professional organization, and later, encouraged by my seniors, I took on the role of public relations officer during my second and third years. These experiences boosted my confidence, leading me to apply for a position at *The Bedan* before I started

my final academic year. Driven by either a sense of courage or a fear of missing out, I sought new challenges, including a role as the secretary general in my departmental organization and joining another special interest group focused on photography.

Although it was exciting for me to try out new things in my life, balancing these commitments with my personal and academic responsibilities eventually became quite demanding. I still feel that joining *The Bedan* later in my third year limited my growth opportunities. At first, my sole goal was to join as a cartoonist. But as life often does, it presented me with many opportunities. Despite my lack of confidence in writing, I managed to produce at least four articles in the previous issue and one now as my last.

I felt somewhat frustrated being a senior who was new to the organization. It was funny to see the younger staff's surprise when I mentioned I was a fourth-year Financial Management major. It felt a bit awkward at first, as they seemed more skilled in writing than I was, but I tried to find my footing. From then on, my typical day included attending finance classes, participating in organizational meetings, working on photography and cartooning projects, and socializing with friends. Balancing these activities taught me valuable lessons in time management and multitasking. Looking ahead, I aspire to combine my finance background with my creative interests. I plan to explore careers that allow me to use both my analytical and artistic skills.



As I bid farewell to this cherished community, my gratitude overflows for those who have supported and believed in me along the way. With the encouragement of our former Managing Editor, I was able to remain with this publication organization and continue expressing myself as a cartoonist, a role I found much more aligned with my skills. Furthermore, I had the opportunity to enhance my photography skills under the guidance of our Chief Photographer. To all the members who welcomed me despite my quiet nature, I am sincerely grateful.

While I often felt my expressiveness was lacking, the warmth I received from everyone at *The Bedan* was truly heartening. I extend my heartfelt gratitude to my classmates and friends, Gerome Erick Salapong, Stephen Carl Rustia, and Allyana

Jeulianne Lee, for their unwavering support during group projects and our countless hangouts. Their steadfast presence has made every challenge more manageable and every moment more enjoyable. I also want to acknowledge Bernadette Tausa and Joaquin Francis Saguin for their constant encouragement, despite the distance and our busy schedules.

Lastly, I am profoundly thankful to my seniors and mentors in various organizations who believed in me. Each word of encouragement has been a pillar of strength, and I deeply appreciate the role each of them has played in my journey. Here's to the paw prints left behind and the new paths we're about to embark upon.

A KING'S GAMBIT

CHECKMATE IS VICTORY. WHAT'S UP? HAVE YOU DELIVERED A CHECKMATE WORTH CELEBRATING? A VICTORY THAT IS WORTH RELISHING, BECAUSE ELIAS DID; AND BOY WE HAVE A TON TO TALK ABOUT.

Going into Elias' college history, his prelude was not so bright. It had potential, but he never had the patterns necessary for success. During a pandemic-ridden year heading into college, he has one goal in mind; checkmate the competition.

Now my dear reader, let's stop beating around the bush. I'm Elias and this is my story, one that is filled with gambles that made or broke my time in college.

As an English major, I never really considered myself as a reader or writer. It wasn't really until my 3rd year in college that things turned around – I took on another degree; as an AB Organization major. It's not a real course! It is colloquial term by college people for students who go to collegiate organizations in pursuing their interests. I became a part of the San Beda English and Literature Society (SBELS) where I pursued my passion for visual graphic design.

It was also during this time when I met Allysa, a fellow AB Organization major – who became my partner on this wild ride known as college. It wasn't just Allysa who changed my world after I embarked on this journey of mine. Felix, AJ, Alexis, Jom, and Jen were also fellow AB Organization majors for SBELS. This is where I developed my interests for organizations further. Though I have been reminiscing on the past, I



ELIAS

D.S. ELIJAH DE CASTRO

have then realized that my academic pursuit heavily outweighs my organizational commitments. I have more memories of making publication materials, spiels, and going to different areas around the Metro due to organizational commitments than studying. Was it worth it? It was until I realized that I lost focus on my academic responsibilities. I have lost my laude status.

I was extremely devastated. Now that I am graduating, I have felt that I have lost a once in a lifetime moment. You only get to be a *cum laude*

once. Everybody from my section became one, only I did not. The gambit that I have made in hopes of joining an organization left me in shambles. I cursed myself over and over again. Is this "King's Gamble" worth fighting for?

Even after all that contemplation, I saw myself becoming the Vice President for External Affairs of SBELS and becoming a staffer of *The Bedan*, one of the oldest publications in the Philippines. "Why? Why am I here?" I kept asking myself that same old question. "Why am I out here contacting speakers for an event for my organization when I could have been working on my thesis? Why am I taking photographs of the NCAA games? Why am I here interviewing different Bedan professors and administrators? Why am I here creating pubmats for my organizations? Why am I doing this?"

Chess. As I wrote down my story and recalled the significant events that happened in my life, my chess riddled brain is what has pushed me this far. I am like a pawn in a chess board, seeking to reach the other end of the board; by any means necessary.

I wanted to get better. I wanted to be seen as more than less who I was before. I wanted to see the limits of my capabilities. I wanted to see how much more I could give. I wanted to see who I could truly be. I wanted to see what I am really capable of.

This is why Elias is here. Go ahead, look up who Elias symbolizes in Jose Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* – that is who I am. I am like a pawn in a chess board, forced to play the King's "gambit" all for the sake of victory.

Checkmate.

"I am like a pawn in a chess board, seeking to reach the other end of the board; by any means necessary. "

A DREAM TURNED INTO REALITY

THROUGHOUT THE YEARS, I KEPT A NARRATIVE OF HOW THE BEDAN DREAM LIVES WITHIN ME. GETTING INSIDE THE RED LION'S DEN WAS A DREAM PLANTED IN THE HEART OF MY 16-YEAR-OLD SELF WHO EXPERIENCED A TRAUMATIC AND MISMANAGED STUDENT EXCHANGE PROGRAM AT MY SECONDARY SCHOOL; SAINT PAUL UNIVERSITY PHILIPPINES (SPUP). FROM THERE, I'VE ALWAYS LONGED FOR A CHANGE OF ENVIRONMENT — TO TRANSFER AND PURSUE MY HIGHER EDUCATION TO ANOTHER INSTITUTION. WITH ME WAS THE QUEST AND THE REALIZATION OF MY ASPIRATION TO BECOME A LAWYER—AN INSTRUMENT OF JUSTICE. I THOUGHT TO MYSELF THAT SAN BEDA UNIVERSITY (SBU), KNOWN FOR ITS SCHOOL OF LAW WOULD FAIRLY AID ME TO SEEK RECTITUDE AND RECOGNIZE MY IDENTITY. ALONG THE WAY, I UNDERSTOOD THAT A DREAM STAYS A DREAM IF NOT PURSUED.

I was a Junior High completer back then when I first tried to enter the red school. I can clearly remember how my father and I had to travel at least 12 hours from the province to the city, and stay anywhere near Mendiola overnight, just so I could take the one-day SBU-Senior High School (SHS) entrance exam. Well, I passed it, but we had to stop from there. Due to financial challenges my family met, my parents had to prioritize more urgent concerns which I understood. I supposed my Bedan dream could wait.

After a couple of years, I did not lose sight of the vision. I took an entrance exam again, but this time under the SBU-College of Arts and Sciences (CAS).

Evidently, I made it in, as I am able to share this journey with you, in writing. Herein, I discovered a lot of difference between wanting to be in the jungle and fighting in the same jungle. It indeed was two different worlds. I'm afraid I was culture-shocked. I struggled to make friends



EFILL
VIDA RONQUILLO

with my blockmates in such a strange environment. In recollection, we, the class of 2024, were a class born during the pandemic era. The pandemic was generally a perilous time, but I found a silver lining in the dark clouds. I eventually convinced my parents that we could afford the lesser tuition and lower cost of expenses brought about by the online set-up.

Yet again, another challenge came with it, we lived in a far-flung area where internet connectivity couldn't be reached. Back then, it was almost a normal display for me to have a black screen during Zoom conferences. My parents had to ask favor from others situated on the highway just so I could stay at our family friend's house to attend my online classes. It really took a lot for us to hurdle the two years of full online or hybrid learning modality. But the transitioning year to face-to-face class was tougher, we didn't know how I would make it in the city alone, with nowhere to stay, and no relatives nearby. At one point, I gave up. I lost hope in the pursuit

of my dream. The voices of other people questioning me why I had to aim so high and pursue my college education in Manila when I can just stay in the province, slowly crippled inside me. The Bedan dream I hold dear suddenly was out of my reach anymore UNTIL I received a call from the San Beda College Alumni Foundation (SBCAF) informing me about the result of my longstanding application for a scholarship — I was chosen to be an SBCAF scholar which sustained my Bedan education. What a timely news it was, or must I say a blessing graced when one needed it most. That was when realization dawned on me—I wasn't the one who planted the Bedan dream in me, it was Him. The Man Above orchestrated and planned it out in a way I couldn't comprehend at the outset. God used all my tears to water the dream, and so, He made way for a clearer vision for my life.

From failing Constitutional Law 1 class, shifting to another course, and being an irregular student — I rounded out my college years by regaining my regular status,

topping our Human Resource (HR) class batch, experiencing the Japan international educational exposure, and being accepted to a Juris Doctor program under College of Law (COL).

Now, I am a graduating HR scholar, a Certified Human Resource Associate (CHRA), who survived the red lion's lair packed with practical educational experiences from valuable Bedan organizations.

To the Red School, thank you for meeting me halfway and for making me realize how far I can go for my dreams. I am forever indebted to SBCAF Administrators and Board of Trustees for taking a chance on me. As I always say in my letter of gratitude, you made the Bedan dream within my reach.



To Bedan professors, mentors, pastoral friends and comrades I came across, you all played a part in my college journey which I will always remember one way or another.

To my parents who trust me wholeheartedly, we made it, Mama Elena and Papa Rodelio! You have the first Bedan graduate in our family.

All I ever hope is to make you feel happy and proud of the life you brought into the world.

To my elder sisters, Ate Mel and Dete Jam, no one sees me and sticks with me during the difficult days like you both do. I love you with all of our umbilical cords connected.

To the 16-year-old Vida, we have come a long way. You've already learned how to make decisions on your own and stand up for it. We made one of our dreams come true; a big leap towards our life's purpose. Wherever our path leads us, I promise to never disappoint you.

To fellow-dreamers, may this shared story be a testimony that dreams can turn into realities if we have the grit enough to pursue it. May we never lose our drive to find our purpose. To be fueled with unwavering faith, unyielding perseverance, and a flickering hope — that even amid periodically losing sight of our vision, we recuperate and bounce back — wiser and stronger.

Our Story: The Bedan



THE BEDAN WAS NEVER BORN. IT GREW FROM A GERMINAL SECTION OF ECOS (NOW ECHOES), A NEWS-LITERARY MAGAZINE YEARBOOK OF SAN BEDA COLLEGE (NOW SAN BEDA UNIVERSITY), ON OCTOBER 31, 1941. SINCE THEN, IT HAS DEVELOPED INTO A MATURE COLLEGE STUDENT PUBLICATION. OVER THE YEARS, IT HAS BEEN ASSUMED DIFFERENT SIZES AND PUT ON VARIED PAGE MAKE-UPS.

On March 21, 1950, *The Bedan* came out on graduation day with what may be the first in school publication history: an eight column Manila times-sized newspaper. Nineteen years later, on April 14,

1969 it came out on graduation day an eight paged seven columns Philippine Herald-sized newspaper with full color graduation picture to boot. In the same year, it came out with a Daily Star-size four page extra. Since then, it has developed into a tabloid layout.

The Bedan has also carried innovative and original sections such as “Drummer by the Flagpole,” “Elevator,” the cartoon characters “Juan B. Dista” and “Leon B. Dista,” and the Red-speak” section.

In 1957-58, the College Editors Guild of the Philippines (CEGP), of which *The Bedan* is an active member, awarded it as the nation’s Best Edited College Paper. In 1968-69, it duplicated the feat by winning the Best Campus Paper Award in a nationwide contest sponsored by the Guild. In that same year, *The Bedan* placed second in an international campus organ competition sponsored by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association of New York. So far, the CEGP has had four Bedans as national presidents.

Moreover, *The Bedan* has a very overwhelming history that shaped the likes of Ramon Mitra, Jr., Raul Roco, Feliciano Belmonte, Rene Saguisag, Buddy Gomez, Oscar Contreras, Jr., Ramon Medina, Justo Torres, Jr., Dante Barbosa, and other big names in the country.

In 1941, *The Bedan* adopted the slogan, which was to characterize its subsequent issues all though the years: “*The Bedan* must not only be good, but very good!”

Though it has changed drastically in content emphasis, orientation and direction, *The Bedan* still continues to maintain and live up to its 1941 slogan. To this end, it has always insisted on journalistic competence.

Today, *The Bedan* operates with the motto: *In necesariis, unitas; in opinabilibus, libertas; in omnibus, caritas* – In essentials, unity; in debatable, liberty; in all things, charity.

On its 61st volume, *The Bedan* has had for itself its first batch of lady editors, two years after SBC opened its doors to the lionesses, Joana Mari Bacallo and Mae Lourraine Galera wrested became the first Managing Editor and Features Editor of the paper respectively.

On its 65th volume, *The Bedan* made another first by participating in the first ever collaborative publication, ‘SangBedista, together with its counterparts from Alabang, and the College of Nursing, which aimed to forge genuine Bedan unity.

Volume 65 also introduced a separate features and cultures magazine in the form of Sinag.



Further, it was in this year when *The Bedan* encountered its greatest challenge in its 65-year history. The then College of Arts and Sciences (CAS) Dean Fr. Anselm Manalastas, OSB ordered halt in the mandatory collection of the publication fund effective second semester because of the publication's strong opposition to the anti-student policies of the present administration more specifically through *The Bedan's* "Red is Dead" issue.

Despite this, *The Bedan* managed to survive by utilizing its savings from previous volumes. It was able to release regular issues on cheaper newsprint materials.

On its 66th volume, *The Bedan* has had its first female Editor-in-Chief in the name of Danna Katrina Lim.

On its 67th volume, *The Bedan* continuously struggled to keep the paper alive without the mandatory collection of the publication fund. It published its issues on white newsprint.

The Bedan launched its website with the help of CAS dean, Dr. Napoleon K. Juanillo, Jr. on its 68th volume. Consequently, on the same year, the collection for the publication fund was reinstated.

On its 70th volume, *The Bedan* released innovative issues such as Red Forum and the Mendiola Human Rights art folio with the latter winning CEGP's 9th Benjaline "Beng" Hernandez Award (also known as Gawad Beng).

The Bedan received a recognition form the Organization of Student Services Inc. (OSSEI) as the Best Tabloid on its 72nd volume.

With this, *The Bedan* continues to insist on journalistic competence as it thrives in an atmosphere of responsible freedom. Responsible journalism means accountability to and respect for the readers, which entails veracity, objectivity and balance.

On the 21st of January 2017, *The Bedan* upheld its diamond celebration.

Answering the clarion call, alumni from the past issues commemorate The Bedan's 75 years of service.

By its 76th volume, The Bedan started releasing both its regular and special issues online, this is to counter the effect of the declining publication fund caused by the implementation of K-12 program.

Further, on the said volume, *The Bedan* will once again launch its online website in partnership with Bedan Information Technology Society (BITS) for the organization's online publication and archiving purposes.

The Bedan had successfully launched its journalism seminar and workshop entitled "MULAT" 2019- inspired by Volume 73's "Get it Right" and Volume 75's "Aletheia" in partnership with Bedan Scholars' Guild (BSG).

In addition to the iconic sections of *The Bedan*, Volume 76 added Lion's Mentor section to the newspaper's Features column, in which this portion aims to make CAS students know and appreciate more their college professors.

During Volume 76, the staff attended different journalism workshops like JournKnows, Inkblots, WordCup and OSSEI to further enhance the publication's skills, by which some of its staffs were able to bag awards in various writing and technical competitions.

By its 79th volume, the publication thrived despite the COVID-19 and continued to release its Regular Issue and Special Issue online. While the journalism seminar, MULAT was still being held annually in which this year's MULAT was aligned in *The Bedan*'s 80th anniversary by having alumni as the speakers.

In its 80th volume, *The Bedan* and its pandemic-tested staff helped usher in the return to the "New Normal" set-up, with the CAS adapting the so-called "hybrid" mode of learning that

combined the COVID-era distance learning method and a slow return to face-to-face classes. The volume also marked the creation of an 80th volume commemorative logo to celebrate the 80 magnificent volumes of the publication.

Truly, *The Bedan* is an institution within an institution. It will always be here for the community to feel the pulse of our Alma Mater.

Rest assured, no matter what the future holds, *The Bedan* will always be immortal.



EDITORS IN CHIEF

THROUGH THE YEARS

VOLUME	ACADEMIC YEAR	NAME
1	1941	Charles Weber
2	1945-1946	Federico Moreno
3	1946-1947	Daniel Abelardo Tan
4	1947-1958	Daniel Abelardo Tan
5	1948-1949	Daniel Abelardo Tan
6	1949-1950	Daniel Abelardo Tan
7	1949-1951	Ramon Mitra Jr.
8	1949-1952	Gavino Santiago
9	1949-1953	Antonio Martinez
10	1949-1954	Ramon Santiago
11	1949-1955	Raul Gonzales
12	1949-1955	Jose Casas
13	1955-1956	Enrique Perez
14	1956-1957	Dante Barbosa
15	1957-1958	Dante Barbosa
16	1958-1959	Alfonso Aguirre



EDITORIAL CHIEF

THROUGH THE YEARS



VOLUME	ACADEMIC YEAR	NAME
17	1959-1960	Alfonso Aguirre
18	1960-1961	Raul Roco
19	1961-1962	Renato Saguisag
20	1962-1963	Arturo Montesa
20	1962-1963	Leonardo Bautista
20	1962-1963	Uriel Rebanal
21	1963-1964	Alejo Villanueva
21	1963-1964	Oscar Contreras Jr.
22	1964-1965	Oscar Contreras Jr.
22	1964-1965	Ramon Medina
23	1965-1966	Ramon Medina
24	1966-1967	Abraham Florendo
25	1967-1968	Dante Viacrusis
26	1968-1969	Abelardo Cortez
27	1969-1970	Arthur Amansec
28	1970-1971	Victor Ledesma

EDITORS IN CHIEF

THROUGH THE YEARS

VOLUME	ACADEMIC YEAR	NAME
29	1971-1972	Victor Ledesma
30	1972-1973	Victor Ledesma
31	1973-1974	N/A
32	1974-1975	N/A
33	1975-1976	Jose Maria Mendo
34	1976-1977	Carlo Baniqued
35	1977-1978	Wifredo Pinga
36	1978-1979	Alfredo Velez
37	1979-1980	Alfredo Velez
38	1980-1981	Manny Genato
39	1981-1982	Gil Estella
40	1982-1983	Roman Yamsuan
41	1983-1984	Manual Mas Jr.
42	1984-1985	Allan Constantino
42	1984-1985	Dante Rosales
43	1985-1986	Jose Felipe Francia



EDITORS IN CHIEF

THROUGH THE YEARS



VOLUME	ACADEMIC YEAR	NAME
44	1986-1987	Dante Rosales
45	1987-1988	Joselito Diga
45	1987-1988	Allan Carlos
45	1987-1988	Raul Dencel
46	1988-1989	Joselito Diga
46	1988-1989	Allan Carlos
46	1988-1989	Raul Dencel
47	1989-1990	Art Francis Bernales
48	1990-1991	Adolfo Ares Gutierrez
49	1991-1992	Raymond Villanueva
49	1991-1992	Leonidas Quintos
50	1992-1993	Samuel Tiu
51	1993-1994	Rustico Sanchez
52	1994-1995	Joseph Briones
53	1995-1996	Jeffrey Daroy
54	1996-1997	Howard Villaluna

EDITORS IN CHIEF

THROUGH THE YEARS

VOLUME	ACADEMIC YEAR	NAME
55	1997-1998	Asyrman Rafanan
56	1998-1999	Weomark Layson
57	1999-2000	Ruel Ramirez
58	2000-2001	Richmond Asiodche
59	2001-2002	Wildrid Raphidim Ladanga
60	2002-2003	Aristotle Castro
61	2003-2004	Erick Anthony Valencia
62	2004-2005	Ralph David So
63	2005-2006	Ray John Bangi
64	2006-2007	John Dave Pablo
65	2007-2008	Emmanuel James Mangahas
66	2008-2009	Danna Katrina Lim
67	2009-2010	Marjerie Ann Ramos
68	2010-2011	Julius Arsenio Alcancia
69	2011-2012	Victor Immanuel Icasiano
70	2012-2013	Norman Mari Gatdula



EDITORS IN CHIEF

THROUGH THE YEARS



VOLUME	ACADEMIC YEAR	NAME
71	2013-2014	Hillary de Pedro
72	2014-2015	Lauren Joyce Tugadi
73	2015-2016	Emille Joyce Llorente
74	2016-2017	Maureen Andrea Dullas
74	2016-2017	Jan Wilano Gabriel Perol
75	2017-2018	Lyza Minette Acosta
76	2018-2019	Calvin Dave Gonzales Nuqui
77	2019-2020	Kevin Daus Delos Reyes
78	2020-2021	Nicole Rile
79	2021-2022	Dave Andrew Bati
80	2022-2023	Paul Alexis Arga
81	2023-2024	Paul Alexis Arga

the story continues...

