
Prose for the Moses(-es)

A tribute to the philosophers of Minerva

Luther Clayton and Jonathan Shamwana. What do these two have in common? Apart from their tall statures, they have both given me existential crises. It's a good thing though, because they helped me pivot away from behaviours that might have otherwise destroyed my future.

I am not joking—and if you know me, you'd know that shit is real.

Of gentle souls—Luther Clayton

I remember my early days in Minerva. It was just me and my all-seeing eye on the top of the bunk bed. I call my room's sole source of hanging light the "all-seeing eye" because it is right by my head. I didn't have anything better to do than doom scroll and maybe feel a little homesick. I just finished my second-ish session in the gym and was planning to go nap. I doom—scrolling on Facebook when I saw a gym meme worthy of Luther's attention. I wanted to send it to him but then I realized he doesn't have Facebook—or does he?

I looked him up and saw his last post. It was a YouTube video, "A Love Letter to Life at Home—September 2021".

I've had my share of binging Film Riot and learning all about the technical aspects of it, so I thought he was just another famous-YouTuber wannabe.

I was wrong.

An amalgamation of lessons, emotions, and realizations in film. I have never appreciated non-fiction better. I found myself astounded in the rabbit hole that is Luther's mind. His ideas were loud. The type of loud that would draw you to listen. I loved it.

And then I didn't.

My Filipino blood, the same inferior blood that was happy to have finally made a white friend during the first week of class, tugged my mind back to old thinking. One fostered by crab mentality.

"Look. He's better than you'll ever be. Undermine his work. You could have done that yourself. He's just lucky he's rich. He's actually got nothing to do and nothing to amount for. You? You've got a job and you're providing for your folks already. He's just stuck in a sorrowful dream." my mind tried to console myself.

Now I find myself missing for teaching me how gratitude thinks.

Of tight discipline or rather *tights* and discipline—Jonathan Shamwana

Jono oh Jono. When my miracle of an enrollment for Minerva came to be, I found myself scrolling through cards of would-be batchmates now. I don't want to admit that he stood out to me because I was hungry for shawarma, but that's how that go-ed (I don't wanna say went, go-ed slides off the tongue easier. Fight me). So much for thoughtful prose.

I've always wanted to have a stroll around San Francisco with this beautiful gentleman, but the circumstances would never line up together.

I finally had the privilege of visiting Twin Peaks and having a wonderful conversation over matcha (with Faye and Elena too), and I found myself mentally jumping up and down like a kid who's discovered a playroom. Except this time, I found myself in an intellectual conversation between idolized minds. Given my happy-go-lucky personality, I'm rarely given the chance to voice out my thoughts. Except when I go out with somebody one-to-one. 75% jokes then I inject mental health talks in between the mundane moments.

We had a conversation about duties and identity, but what increased my

respect for him was his ability to facilitate conversations. He'd plant inquiries like seeds into your mind, and when the time (and idea) is ripe, he merely picks up the notions and lays them out in the open, allowing you to speak your thoughts while he builds on it with his own experiences. What seemed like mere words helped me find an opening (still not free yet) I could use to break out of my metaphorical cage. I've never felt save and coherent in the *verbal* articulation of my thoughts until that day. I was content.

Today I write my journal to exhaust my suppressed feelings over my unsatisfactory long-distance relationship. I try to think of a metaphor or an analogy for this one, but I guess I am still incapable to dissect the cause of my agony. I mean, I know what it is, I know what I want, and I know what I deserve. But please, if anyone knows an antidote for misery, I'd be the first in line.

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