



Ralph Lorenzo T. Locsin

I entered Ateneo oblivious and naive that I allowed myself to be vulnerable to negativity. All the problems I faced took its toll and I found myself constantly asking Him, "why?" Ateneo taught me to keep my head up at all times, that is to say, to always be grateful despite the adversities, and see failure as an opportunity to become better. Now I am facing a new chapter of my life scarred and stained, but better equipped with wisdom that will guide me in finding the right path towards success.



Aliena Mari P. Miranda

We ask ourselves, "who am I?" The answers are people, events, ideas. In public, we celebrate what dazzles, apparently undivided. In private, we bury what frightens, what fragments. Loss, the deepest wounding always felt as loss of self, cuts us off with pregnant pause and the threat of ruin. Death answers in full stop punctuation. But it's the answers that do us in. Ask, and we are undone anew. We ask, who? Life asks, why? The answer: the [quest] ion. To you I ask, why? And to us, why not?