A TRIP TO ORINOCO

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Change is the only permanent thing in this world. Every living things not taken care of will soon disappear, or luckily be damaged or destroyed only like the river that I admire – the Orinoco river. Relatively, one of the frustrations we face every day are the pollutants around us. I must say that it is really hard to find solace and at the same time peace in this job. We are like the Orinoco River endangered to die if we will be consumed by those negativities. Each day is a war not to be won but to be continued because in teaching, we never win. What we found good or effective today may no longer be again the next day.

Yes, the moment we enter the room and see our pupils is not a battle to win, but a lifetime struggle. We can never tell if we have taught them well until they are already out of our hands. Weird to say, but that is the truth. We can only proudly say that someone is really a product of our endeavor the time we also see our influence to them which only transpires when they start to mature.

It takes years to see them really grow fitted to how we want them face and enjoy the spring after experiencing fall. It takes almost a lifetime to see them bloom to a beautiful and well-cultivated plant after the raging storms. Thus, it is really but a very long journey to see them reached their destined destinations.

Henceforth, it is needless to say, that after those blurred visions and hopeless moments, time will come for our students to save us from drying and dying. The storm which flooded our spirits can finally breathe. In fact, it is actually during those stormy nights pollutants are taken and carried away from our system.
Therefore, take the chance to just enjoy the long trip. There might be oil spills and all, but nature has its own way of cleansing our souls to bring us back to that old-serene clean river.

References:

“An Epic Journey” http://wwf.panda.org/knowledge_hub/where_we_work/orinoco_river_basin/