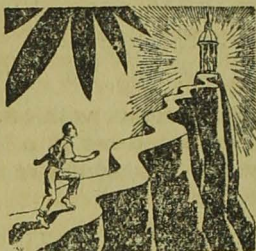


A TRIP TO WISDOM-LAND

(A Pageant)

BERNARDO SANTOS
Ilocos Norte Normal School



Dramatis Personae:

Constante, a young ambitious boy

His father

His mother

A number of friends

Virtues: Patience, Wisdom, Friend-
liness, Thrift, Reverence, Good
Health, Cheerfulness, Honesty,
Kindness

(In Constante's home signs of
poverty all around.)

* * *

Constante: Mother, you have always
been kind to me. I know you love
me. I do love you too b . . u . . t . .

Mother: What is it you want to say?

Constante: It is hard for me to say.

Nay, I would refuse to say it
b . . e . . c . .

Mother: (*fondly*) Come on out with
it. I will do all I can to help you.

Constante: Can you promise that,
Mother?

Mother: Of course, I will!

Constante: Friends of mine are going
to Educada, a land of untold oppor-
tunities and I want to go there too.

Mother: (*dumbfounded*)

Constante: You are sorry to let me
go away. I understand.

(*Father enters.*)

Father: What's wrong?

Mother: Constante's friends are go-
ing to a place he calls Educada and
he wants to go too.

Father: Where is Educada?

Constante: It is a far off land, Father.
It will take years for us to reach it
and yet it seems very near. Jose
told me people who have gone there
have come back.

Father: After all these years of hard
work and sacrifice we have gone
through for you, you want to leave
us and come back no more?

Mother: Do they ever come back?

Constante: Yes! Happy and content-
ed!

Father: I shall have none of these
fancies of the imagination! Besides,
we have no money to spare for your
trip. Haven't I spent my last cen-
tavo for your schooling this year?
Are we going to be forever in debt
because of you?

Constante: The voyage will not cost
much. A few pesos plus patience,
industry, and the desire to reach the
goal. I've talked the matter over
with friends and they are anxious
that I should go. They will help me
out if I need help. Today they may
drop in for me. Please let me go.

Mother (*to Constante*): Go to Ka
Inggo and sell him one of your roos-
ters and two of your hens. Maybe
we shall add some more to it. I
will open my coconut shell bank.
(*Constante exits.*)

Father: There you are! Always on
the side of your son, bah!

Mother: Look here, my dear. He is

your only son. Don't you want to have someone to be proud of? Who knows but that he will someday come back to us bringing happiness and contentment. Ka Inggo was once as poor as we are but he had a son like ours eager to go places. He and his wife were reluctant to let him go just as we do now. They were finally convinced, however, to let him go. And now see who Ka Inggo is! (*Enter friends dancing "Trambal".*)

Father: Ah! Maybe these are Constante's friends.

Pablo: Beloved parents of our dear friend,

Beneath the smiles of welcome you have shown us today, we feel the sorrow that is deep in your hearts, because your only son, Constante, is about to bid you good-bye. Yet, we have come to pledge to you the faith we have in the trip we are about to make. We know that the way isn't smooth. What of the nations trying to jump at each other's throats; when there is suspicion everywhere; when even brothers and sisters and parents are not in complete understanding! Ah, what a sinful world we really are in! Let us stop and think for a while. Study the root cause of all these evils and you will be convinced to let us make this trip as soon as possible. Why have nations distrusted each other? Why have friendly pacts been written and torn? Why have children been born and killed in bloody battlefields? . . . There is only one cause we know: the lack of a common field of understanding, of endeavor, and of love. We hope you will not deter us from going on with our plans. Lead us, help us, and pray for us once more until we get to the land of Educada.

(*Some of Constante's friends sing*

"Where is the Land of Joy?")

One of the friends: In our readings,

we have found men, who, by experience led other men unto the wrong paths. Do you remember "The Three Blind Men and the Elephant"? One said, "It is a large trunk." Another said, "It is"

(*Constante enters, surprised.*)

Constante: So here you are! Father, Mother, these are my friends. They have come. They have been very kind to me in school.

Father: That must be true. Their short stay has proved it so. I think I ought to ask apologies for the wrong ideas I have entertained. It is a mistake which many parents make. I have been selfish. I kept thinking only of the loss I would suffer if Constante should go away. I have overlooked the welfare of my son. Why should I not let him go? Why should he not have his fill of joy, of wisdom, of peace, of contentment? Go, my sons! Before you do, however, listen to what I have to say. Life is a difficult struggle and favors only those who have intelligence, industry and courage. When in the midst of the struggle discouragement faces you, keep the heartaches to yourselves, stick to the goal, and strive on!

(*The whistle of a ship is heard from the distance.*)

Father: What is that I hear?

One of the friends: That is the whistle of the ship. It tells us there is only a half hour before it sails.

Mother: Half an hour? Excuse us then. I'll see that Constante's things are made ready. Come, Father.

(*They both exit.*)

(*Enter Virtues, singing, "Banner of Learning".*)

Patience (*steps forward*): When almost all is lost, when you are about to give in, open this little box for it will do you wonders. It will give you greater patience. (*Hands a little*

box to *Constante*.)

Wisdom: There will come a time when you do not know what to do. Answers to questions like: "What am I going to do?" are found in this magic box. (*Hands Constante a box.*)

Cheerfulness: Be cheerful always. There is no path that will not be easier traveled, no load that will not be made lighter, no shadow on heart and mind but will lift sooner or later for the person of good cheer. This will remind you always to be cheerful. (*Hands Constante a bouquet.*)

Honesty. A true sense of honesty is of more value than all the riches you find on earth. Keep this and you have the most enviable of possessions. (*Hands Constante a golden heart.*)

Kindness: The best facets of a good man's life are his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. Here is a chainful of them. (*Hands Constante a chain or a necklace.*)

Thrift: Hard work they say leads one to riches. It is not what a man earns but what he saves that counts; so I'm giving this reminder, for in the land of abundance you may forget to save. (*Hands a purse.*)

Reverence: Have faith in Divine Providence that guides the destinies of men and nations. From the moment you embark upon the journey of life there is the Unseen Being who comes to your aid when all have forsaken you. Hold fast to Him for He will always help you. (*Hands a prayer book and a rosary.*)

Good Health: The trip you are making is a strenuous one and will soon be telling on your frail body, but keep close guard over this cup of good health so that you may arrive at your destination safe and sound.

(*Hands a cup.*)

Friendliness: Remember that you are going to new and strange places. You will meet new friends, good and bad. To deal with them and to live happily in your new surroundings will be difficult unless you frequently wear this garland. (*Hands a garland.*)

Constante: Friends, you have made me very happy. During the past six years, you have taught me many things. I am indeed, very proud of you. As I recall those happy moments I cannot but feel the warmth of your friendship. I still picture the days we went to school together, laughed together. But today, amidst all these joys, I feel a pain in my heart. Why did we ever meet when we must part again? Is this the way of life; joy sadness joy oh! I hate to think of what will come next. In that far-away land, I will always remember you. The gifts you have brought me, I will cherish long for they remind me of you who stand for everything that is noble, pure, and true.

(*Enter Father and Mother.*)

Dear Father and Mother, as I start on this journey, pray for me as you have always done. Shed not a tear that your only son is bidding you good-bye. I will come back. It will take me years but your love and the memory of you will always be my guiding light; by that light I shall come back . . . until then . . . good-bye.

Father and Mother: We shall have faith in you, Tante! Good-bye and Good Luck!

(*All go out singing, "Dignity of Labor". Parents go out last*)

Note: The songs in this pageant are found in the *National Chorus Collection* by Ramos, Carballo, and Santiago.