

only too well that they depend on him as though their lives hinge on his ability to meet their wants — simple wants. Monsignor has the longest memory on this side of the rainbow when it concerns the needs of his people.

When we finally took leave in order to proceed to other "kampongs", the same spectacular, over-dressed drama was given a repeat performance: the village on *masse* mobbed His Excellency for the kissing of his ring; I dared not do M.P. duty... several complained in straight terms why he could not stay a day or two longer... babies cried in mothers' arms, dogs howled in a gallant gesture of farewell... scantily-clad angels with "dirty faces" danced around in circles, interpreting their "piece de resistance" for the final show...

## And A Story

heavily wrinkled elders with bared, white heads, wistful, stood beside His Excellency steeped with the dignity and reverence of an age that has long passed. A sturdy steed named "Wungu Pau", a gift to Monsignor, was saddled. Others were also readied for the rest of us, members of the retinue. His Excellency motioned everyone he was about to give his blessing. We all dropped to our knees on the hard, bare ground... his voice had the quality of a father's love at its profoundest degree as it fell upon us in benediction: "In nomine Patris, et Filii..."

A goodbye cheer rocked the little village as Monsignor mounted "Wungu Pau"... one last handshake with our brother Missionary whose life was burning away in the fire of his apostolic zeal... a wave of the hand... then ten stalwart, worthy horsemen holding multi-colored streamers, Indonesian and papal banners preceded His Excellency as we followed slowly the narrow mountain trails leading to the next "kampong".

Everywhere we went, Poma-type reception was evidently commonplace. Hospitality was stereotype. Afterwards, when we got back to our waiting Ford, dear **Old Faithful**,

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# Be Glad You Are An INTROVERT

**D**O YOU often stay alone? Do you prefer to be with, say, your books or with things of nature and shun the company of people around you? Have you ever locked yourself up alone in a room while a party or jam session was going on? Do you find difficulty in dealing with people because the business requires much talking and do you prefer to keep your mouth shut while a hot discussion is going on? If you do, you are an introvert. If you have spent a good deal of time fretting about your unhappy lot and wishing you were a member of a social set, stop pitying your-

self and have manifested sheer excellence in the different fields of specialization were deep-rooted introverts. The great bulk of novelists, poets, composers, philosophers, scientists and even stage actors are positive introverts. The immortal Angelic Doctor was so silent while still a student that he was called the "Dumb Ox". The world's greatest scientist, Albert Einstein, was often so lost in contemplation that he used to mistake his cat for his wife, kissed it and called it "my darling". Greta Garbo, America's most beautiful and talented actress, is dubbed as "the Myth" for she

by ILDEFONSO VELEZ LAGCAO

self. Otherwise you might find yourself playing lull guy for two evils — loneliness and pride. Loneliness because self-pity breeds contempt for association with others; pride because you refuse to admit your limitations. If you are an introvert, you are a lucky guy.

I know of a certain fellow who typifies the run-of-the-mill "play-boys". He is handsome and was born into a rich family. He goes to school in a flashy car, wears smart clothing, speaks different languages, always frequents the drug store and the nearby soda fountains, catches up easily with the latest steps and is very popular among the younger sets. But he flunked in three college courses and is starting his fourth in an unlimited series. This is not an isolated case. This runs through the entire species of so-called "regular guys" who flunk as often as they enrol and who become mediocre when they take up the greater responsibilities of life.

It is to be noted with great significance that many of those who

lives alone and shuns publicity, James Dean and Marlon Brando are no exceptions. Thoreau, Swift, Byron, Carlyle, De Quincy, Poe, our own Nick Joaquin and Jose Garcia Villa, compose a magnificent coterie of introverts.

Because most shy people have little needs, their lives are happier, if simpler. They have less needs and, therefore, less worries. The introvert "gets a big kick" out of being alone — sitting beside a brook and indulging in what appears to him as pleasurable contemplation. For the extroverts, it is a pity to be a "drip" or a "wet blanket". They get their share of joy in boisterous laughter and noisy company. They cannot resist the urge to do the town or show off their social liens. Every time they go out, everything they wear must be new and "class". Since they have more needs, they also have more worries. And very often, despair contaminates their souls while the shy, lingers-in-the-bitting introvert is at peace with the world and with God. §