

# The Winds Of Slander

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IT has been said that the admission of error is the commencement of disruption. When an error is admitted a thread is drawn from a web whose threads are interdependent of the stability of the whole. Who has yielded once has set a precedent that will be argued against him to make him yield again and, having nothing to be yielded, must suffer an imperceptible effacement. There is no disputing that error possible to man is impossible to divinity; that man's perception in the divine tenets of one's religion is no more than the manifestation of his own liability to err just as his thoughts are but the products of his own imagination.

In a democracy, it is our civic duty to choose who among those men seeking public trust are well prepared and duly qualified; for, as all powers corrupt, we may be misled by their lies and promises as there are now venders of lies who, for the worth of a nickel, will slander insolently and will dart poisoned arrows to murder the unstinted public record of candidates for the people's suffrage and will usually praise, instead of censure, the underserving as if their fanatical doctrine will fit in with the tenets of their political creed, election or no elections.

How far can one libel a worthy man? Here is where a Mason must think and think deeply. Let us not be merchants of hate by being biased in reporting and arrogant in claiming unearned virtues, invent falsehoods just to coin money at the sacrifice of innocent man, for money to be dear, must be earned even under the blistering heat of the desert sun, or in the remote tract of the jungle where leopards prowl. Public officers of course must expect criticisms for their official acts and opinions for such is democratic processes. But obviously, there are times such as this when we have a right to know about the truth or falsity of "managed news" as in many cases, the said news are always distorted. We must always be in our lucid intervals when criticizing honor.

Man errs because he is human. But more often than not, he slanders a man for the sins he has committed which had, being mortal, already been repented of in which the slanderer has forgotten that that man has also a quiet home, a loving wife and beautiful children whose love for him had been rendered useless by the brutal journalist who stuck a dagger into the tender heart of his wife instead of admiring his

laudable pursuits. It is the basest act man can fall into, to make his tongue or his pen, the defamer of a worthy man. When Brutus treacherously stabbed Julius Caesar in the Roman Senate, Caesar's parting words to Brutus were "You, too, Brutus." We have no need for modern Brutuses. That wild act of Brutus was physical murder for it bites, it hurts, it pains; but slander is more bitter than that, for slander is moral murder that even after his death, the cloud of suspicion still surrounds and maligns his name.

Let us strive to have this world a better one for our future generations so that they can lead a better life; excel in whatever they undertake; have tranquil years and greater opportunities for real progress, else we face the disaster by the conscious use of our subconscious mind in utter disregard for one's honor and virtue. We should not be contented that just because the world will be destroyed by nuclear explosion as we do now believe that we should not anymore do finer things for the generations yet to come for that is selfishness. We must keep moving for the state must go on, "fallout" or "no fallout," peril or no peril, until our last stop on earth.

Let us not return to the age of ignorance. Let us strive to have good reputation. The best bread is that earned after a good and hard labor. The glutton eats his own death. He

is wise who knows himself. What one does is what counts and not what one had the intention of doing. It is the man who is making something who can give. The thing itself is what it is. A single word written or spoken in simple and confiding truth will make many a rough and rugged road smooth and many a crooked path straight for it is only truth that shares itself to please no caprice.

Being men of flesh and blood, it is good to acquire sobriety; certain moderation and restraint and certain pressure of circumstances like the framers of the famous Malolos Constitution who, by imploring the aid of Divine Providence, made history in the historic church of Barasoain. They were men of honor, of exalted genius and aristocrats of chiselled features who never propelled their criticisms to the edge of rudeness. And because they were men of integrity, as many of them were masons, they always met their rivals on equal terms and traded their blows frontally, and not in cowardice — for to them, the record of Christ did not end on Calvary; it ended in immortality.

*The Wings of Slander!* They travel fast, faster than sound itself and when their voices reached the malicious ears, their echoes will reverberate like the mad explosions of our Taal and our Mayon totally destroying one of his unquestioned integrity — a dogma we learn from the great minds of the ages.



I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that all about me seemed insufficient for the day. —ABRAHAM LINCOLN