SOS (Symbol of Strength)

Facilitated by Ma. Alma Quinto

This module is on visualizing the Narratives of Pain and Dream. Using the format of a small book to narrate the story, it starts with one’s name and symbol of strength on the cover and ends with his/her vision of a new beginning, with the inside pages containing the traumatic memories in visual and written texts as a way to diffuse the tension and to process the pain. Storytelling comes after the art making to foster a shared experience, interaction and trust among the participants and to create an environment that is both affirming and accepting. This process helps them see and connect with the strength of the other participants to gain a better perspective of their tragic experience and to reconnect with their creative selves.

SOS is a distress signal and an urgent call for help and immediate action. As a creative response to an adverse condition, SOS or Symbol of Strength is a creative process to look inward and express the pain in visual form, giving shape, texture and color to the trauma experience, thereby making it easier for both the affected person and the workshop facilitator to deal with a seemingly abstract and fluid emotion.

Materials: oslo paper, black ballpoint pen, pencil, colored pens or pencils, watercolor or poster paints, paintbrushes, crayons, colored paper, glue, scissors
THE LION
THE WITCH
AND
THE WARDROBE

ernest
THE DWELLING BETWEEN THE SEAS AND THE MOUNTAINS
THE SONS OF ADAM AND THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE
THE WRATH OF THE WHITE WITCH
THE DROUGHT
CHARISSE

GRAVEYARD
NEEK: There’s a building burning at the neighboring street.

Stairs
November 9, 2013.

We have no food. We don’t know where we would get some. Mama stopped giving instructions. It’s scary when she doesn’t tell us what to do because she always does. There is no man (male) in the house. Only my two little brothers. They are hungry. We are all hungry and scared, and tired. During the evening, we already started hearing gunshots. We stayed inside the house. There was nowhere to go. There was nobody we could call to help us. We stayed together. Silent. Hungry. Tired.

I lied down, ready to sleep. Closed my eyes and hoping that when I wake up, everything would go back to normal. That what happened was just a dream. But when I opened my eyes, I knew it was real.
My Birthday Gift
greetings in silence

GMAIL

Storm high-r

HBD!
Sagip-Bangon Isko Iska


Kinagibahan, tumawag si pap na gitnanglahon kanu na mag-ingat.
Isko Iska

Sagip-Bangon

Ho una polong ng modeling mali, galing na ubos ang aming dibisyon. Ffermoy rin ang bahay ng anong ni mama kaya medyo komplante kami. Kung sakaling may magagamit.


Kinaroroonan, pak na rin ang mga sumunod na gabi pagdaan ng Yolanda. Bagamat maasin ang puli, mas ilang nakikita ang kagandahan ng gabi so tinung tilingala ka sa langit para makita ang buwan at mga bituin.


Isko Iska
THE PAIN OF WAITING

Rustum
The Agony Ends

Jaybie
Strongest typhoon to hit Eastern Philippines by tomorrow.
Mama

Ati kum h tambay
Inim kul edgar
Bya nak durang
Magaym

Pasa nga
Bya nga ang gina
The number you are trying to reach is either unattended or out of coverage...
Nov 15
Mama, Happy Birthday!!!

Thank you, Anak.
The Silence

MARK MONESS P.BIONG
Yolanda...
Nov. 05, 2018, I was in Tacloban for engagement, and my mother kept on calling me to come home to Bohol. It was worrying me that the typhoon would not be bad and other typhoons we have faced before.

I arrived last midnight, November 06, 2018; I was greeted by my brother who was busy preparing our things, and my brother who was tasked to listen for updates on the television news. My father was in the garage but had听完 the news, we prepared a plan for the upcoming disaster.

The fear and worry was very apparent at that time especially that we were all about sea typhoon getting stronger as it gets closer.

Despite of this, we were able to maintain a close-to-nature environment but deep inside, I was fearing for the safety of my brother and I listened to the updates, we would sometimes at each other saying, “Hey, check if you need anything.”
What happened this day is beyond explanation. Even if I were, I wouldn’t...

It was just unintentionally perfect that I would ask God everything for this scenario to happen in my life. I don’t want to hear my parents’ words, it’s obvious that they won’t listen to anything in consideration for us. I don’t want to deny another seeing his life acting strong even if he’s actually just a poor boy. I don’t want to help again and think what will if I do what the only reason I’m sure we already need?"
November 9, 2013,
My brother and I were
saw out of the window and
can straight to the sea
when heavy rain blocked
the road. It seemed we were
living on the beach but the
thoughts were confusing me.
Days after, we were still
wearing with the same things
now. It was just and...
I just want to wake up one day and be able to tell myself that everything’s okay as if nothing really happened. I want to tell myself that it was just a nightmare. I have never tried looking out from the window and see nothing but clouds, the mountains were and dead. It's very scary to think about it. But the thought of going back there and see the trees back there again makes me feel better. I'm just happy that we're back there.