

Faith, love, time and dr. lazaro by gregorio



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Lazars could sense his son's concentration on the road while driving it is because of the moppets shining on the quiet square, it's God who guided their way. Another is, Ben's face was relaxed, even he's having conversation with his father while driving, and it is because of the glow of the dashboard lights. Dry.

Lazars was not aware that as they go through the darkness as they lead to Sateen's house light is always on their way. God is still with him though he abandoned his belief and faith to God. Light on their way was always associated with darkness, there is a light but there is also darkness, but not literally means that Dry.

Lazars is evil. He was blinded by darkness that made IM act like bewildered, confused and experienced different emotional suffering that affect his communication and on how he talk to his family. Sacred Heart In Christian art it is a flaming heart shining with divine light and it is the representation of His divine love for humanity.

2. Faith Faith is a theoretical conviction that God exists. Dry. Lazars has a strong and vigorous belief and faith in God. His name Lazars is from Lazarus- a biblical name.

He's wife and son is a member of the parish church.

Their house has its own Sacred Heart that lightens their family. They have a strong faith to God. As well as Ben, he was engrossed in a book which is the Bible; he also read biography of a person who became monk. Ben really showed a desire to have commitment with God.

He is a young student full of illusions long ago, but deprived his faith to God because of those senseless accidents of pain he encountered. Being a doctor, just like a dedicated boxer, they do subjected themselves, voluntarily to pain, suffering of body and mind. In what way?

Being a so-called doctor or any position or specification in a medical profession, they are always exposed to observe those people under medical care and hopelessly bearing pain. Seeing and witnessing individuals who are experiencing pain, an intense mental and emotional disturbance usually resulting too deep suffering and very intense pain that sometimes can't be cured anymore because bodies are not responding to those medicines prescribed by our life-saver (except of God).

HTH scaly, his duty as a doctor is sanctioned by God (for the Catholics).

But in reality not all doctors or any of those who are in medical profession can save lives. They took notice how people fought for their survival and still don't manage to help their patient fight, continue and prolong their life at the most of their capability because of the adverse conditions. Those pinstripe, amphetamine, morphine, syringes, steel instruments, satchels and other medical facilities, as doctors contends to strive against death is not capable of producing effective results but sometimes or in worst, it turns out to be futile at all. Another incident happened to Dry.

Lazars is when he lose his first son (name is not mentioned). His son committed suicide in a boarding house, his wrist slashed. He did nothing to save his son's life, his title as a doctor is useless. These experiences of him as a provincial doctor made and lead him to have doubts and later questioned

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all the things despite of being a doctor why he couldn't do anything in order to snatch those people from the jaw of death.

From these traumatic events he is began to lose his faith to the Supreme Being. This is why Dry. Lazars turned out to be a non-believer of Christ. He no longer believes in light.

He lost his faith and hope. God turned abstract and unknowable to him.

It quietly shows that he's blaming God for the consequences, we are all aware that incredible miracles were already happened and continuously happening. We have to trust God. We must believe there is God, because we are taught Holy Scriptures, and, on the other hand that we must believe the Holy Scriptures because they come from God. Everything happens for a reason, it's the will of God.

He has His own plan for His children. 3. Love Lack of family bonding is a lack Of love also because love is a powerful emotions felt.

Love whatever we mean by it- is important in the ethical life. Love not only makes the world go round, as the song says, but it also makes the ethical life possible and necessary. We normally understand love to be a virtue within interpersonal relationship, but it has its implication or groups, organizations and societies.

We have different forms of love, but in the story we have two kinds of love, Philip and agape. Philip is a love refers to filial, mutual or friendship love. But this love is seen between Ben and his mother only.

This ordinary love between family members nurtures our need to belong to a group of fellow human beings in whose welfare we have an interest, just as they do in ours. Another is the agape, it is more demanding and extraordinary form of love refers to sacrificial or divine love. In the human condition it functions as a kind of impossible possibility.

Agape love is transcendent, meaning love is being outside or going beyond the limits of possible human experience. This is what Ben showed in the story, his desire, and passion and love to be committed to God. He wanted to serve God with all of his heart, mind and soul.

He stands for what he likes though his father telling him that if he can't be a country doctor like him he can be neurosurgeon or even an engineer. Dry.

Lazarus does not possess love, the way he talks to his wife. He talks to her like a stranger. Even to Ben, he sees Ben as hedonistic son. It is when he uttered the words, " I thought he'd gone out again..

. Who's the girl he's been seeing? Unlike his father, though he got lack of love from his father Ben didn't show that he doesn't love his father.

Instead he still talks to his father how a child thought to talk with their elder.

He respects his father despite of the coldness of Dry.

Lazarus talks to him and her mother. Ben also showed love on Sateen's week-child, he baptized the baby since it wasn't baptized yet because the baby's parents are waiting for it to get well. He did it because he wants the baby to see God. He wants the baby to have an eternal life.

Time As claimed title of being a country doctor, is personal convictions, professional obligation, social responsibility and duties made Dry. Lazars to spent long day on the provincial. Thus, he doesn't have the time to bond with his family especially to Ben.

Profession is something that defines fundamental commitment, an intrinsic commitment to the public good, including willingness to provide services beyond the call of duty.

His sense of duty prescribed his ethical decisions. There are no precious moments between them. Just the talk when Ben drove his father a sick call. In this case he has no time to his family.

But because time was moving toward hem and around and rushing away. Dry. Lazars give chance to be with his son, a bonding moments to redeem those wasted time supposedly allotted for his son. 1.

Faith, Love, Time and Dry.

Lazars by Gregory C. Brilliants Presented by: Gill, Baja, Teen, Garcia, You, Menisci Bismarck, Brag, and Merritt 2. Plot Summary The main Plot is about a father who wants a son to be a doctor. His son (Ben) though wants to be in the service of God by becoming a priest. But Dry.

Lazars has lost his faith because Of his profession. After the doctor witnesses his son baptize an ill child, Dry. Lazars questions his lack of faith and kooks up to God once again. 3. ; Limited Third Person Point of View (Narrator not a character) - The events in the story seen only through Dry.

Lasso's eyes Readers are able to enter the mind of Dry. Lazars; feeling what he feels Narration: provides a less biased perspective; enlightening the readers - Openness to opinions and reflections 4. Setting and Atmosphere Story Portrays a location of a dreary ambiance - A sense of Hopelessness The story was constantly set in darkness: - The story happened late at night, the light bulb under they leave in their house was dim, the road going to the gas taxation was dark, the way to Sateen's house was dark, and everything in the story was set in darkness. In all of those dark places a source of light was present and those sources of light brought things into focus even for just a short amount Of time. Context Clues: the view of the Stars, highway lights, wide plains from veranda, and the phonograph; these suggest the 1 sass to asses 5.

Dry. Lazars ; Protagonist, Country Doctor ; Apathetic to his profession and clients ; Empty/dead Dry. Lasso's Wife ; Flat Character ; Latent Behavior Ben Lazars ; Foil Character (age, faith, love their job, care for others Pedro

Estates & family ; Flat characters; Strong believers ; Needs assistance for Pedro and his new-born Distant relationship w/ her husband - Wants to become a priest and always helpful - Fervent faith, could influence his father ; Struggling with God and Family ; Tries to rekindle his relationships

Characters " It was as though indifference were an infection that had entered his blood it was every" here in his body"" - Dry. Lazars 6.

Themes Dry. Lazars doubted his faith because of certain events such as his son's death and the everyday happenings in his occupation.

Doubts in your beliefs will rise when certain aromatic or important events happen in your life. These doubts are tests of conviction.

7. Symbol Scene wherein Dry. Lazars and Ben were going back home after the baby died. Dry. Lazars was following the dim light of the flashlight that Ben was holding.

8. ; Duty had taken the place of an exhausted compassion” You should do what you love, and you should love what you do. ; That is what work is all about. But for Dry.

Lazars, he feels as if his compassion for his work has all dried out.

It is ironic how something you once loved and was passionate about vanishes and slowly morphs into something you feel like you are obliged to do. Religion is one of the factors of the downfall of Mr.. Lasso’s marriage, and religion is one factor how it got him quite closer to his son.

; The death of Sateen’s son triggers the memories of his own son’s death.

Irony 9. ; At his old age, it is only now that Dry. Lazars realizes this. -for certain things, like love, there was only so much time”. ; There is irony in the theme of life versus death as seen with Sateen’s son.

Usually, in literature, babies represent the beginning of a new life. But Sateen’s baby dies. ; Lasso’s wife is very religious and their home is filled with religious paraphernalia, but Dry. Lazars is extremely cynical towards religion and seems to doubt that there is a higher being living among us. E
<3 N I just want to apologized for being so irresponsible.

. I'm so sorry, did not do my part.. I just want to post some parts of my book review which unfortunately didnt able to pass a while back. This all about the story, the god stealer. SUMMARY: The god stealer, F.

Sionil Jose is a story of a friendship.

An American and a Filipino go to the Cordilleras to look at the rice terraces which were built by the Filipinos ancestors. There they find the meaning of their friendship, how t defines the relationship between the colonizer and the colonized. The story begins with two officemates Philip LATA (an lawful from the Mountain province now working in Manila) and Sam Christie, an American on the bus to Baggie.

Phi (Ip-pig) now lives in Manila against the wishes of his immediate family, particularly his grandfather who intended to bequeath to Philip his share of the famous rice terraces.

They are on their way to Baggie for one purpose: Sam wants to buy a genuine Fugal god as souvenir and Philip was to help him find an authentic one through his local connections. Philip is a Christian who no longer has any respect or affection for the lawful customs and religion-He considers himself a city boy and has no inclination to return to mountain life. Despite this attitude, his grandfather is pleased to see him and decides to throw a big party in his honor. On the day of the party, Sam and Philip discover that no lawful is willing to sell his god.

And as a last resort, Philip offers to steal the god of his grandfather because he feels it would be his way of showing his gratitude to Sam for giving him a

rise at work. The consequences of this act are severe. The next day, his grandfather died because he discovered that his god was stolen. He also informs Sam that Philip will no longer be going back to Manila. Curious, Sam looks for Philip and find him working in his grandfather's house.

Philip poignantly explains his reasons for choosing to stay in the mountains: " I could forgive myself for having stolen it. But the old man- he had always been wise, Sam.

He knew that it was I who did it from the very start. He wanted so much to believe that it wasn't I. But he couldn't pretend - and neither can I. I killed him, Sam.

I killed him because I wanted to be free from hose. These cursed terraces. Because I wanted to be grateful. I killed him who loved me most.

. " A faltering and stifled sob. Len the dark hut, Sam noticed that Philip is now attired in G-string, the traditional costume of the Fugal. Furthermore, Philip is busy carving another idol, a new god to replace the old one which Sam will take to America as a souvenir.

LESSONS LEARNED: 1 .

Phillips repudiation of his Fugal heritage may be extrapolated to mean that Filipinos rejection of his own roots and its replacement with colonial values.

2. It is significant that Philip steals the God for Sam out of gratitude.

It s the Filipino gave up his most precious symbol of his past traditions to the Americans as an expression of gratitude. And by giving this symbol away,

the Filipino murders his own roots. 3. The Filipino is a confused, emotionally disturbed and helpless, plagued by the fact that he repudiated his past, or that he could not do anything to help the suffering. .

Symbolic of the foreigner's exploitation and imperialistic ambitions on the Filipino. Analysis Footnote To Youth Footnote to Youth Jose Garcia Villa .

Explain the title. In what way is it suitable to the story? Footnote to youth is the title of the story. It is said that it is a footnote to youth because it scabbier reminder for the Filipinos especially the youth of what a real life could be today.

It electrification's sources or the causes why youth act this way. It furthermore adds comment, whether it is appositive or negative, on today's generation.

Yes it is suitable to the story because it gives rearranging those apathetic youth that ones committed mistake because of their stubbornness. 2. What is the predominant element in the story- plot, theme, character, and setting? Explain-The predominant element on this story is the character and the setting. The eating has grammatical because the story definitely empathetic the situations of a Filipino person and it espaliering us because we are at the poverty line.

The setting is most likely the same setting steady. Lesotho characters, 1.

FOOTNOTE TO YOUTH BY JOSE GARCIA VILLA SUMMARY: Dong want to marry Tenant and asked his fathers permission. Thinking that since they are young, their love would be short, he allowed them to get married.

After nine months, Tenant gave birth to a child named Blast. For six consecutive years, a new child came along. Tenant did not complain even though she secretly regretted being married at an early age. Sometimes she even wondered if she would have the same life if Lucia, her other suitor who was nine years older than Dong, was the one she married. Lucia has had no children since the time he married.

When Tend and Dong were twenty they looked like they were fifty. When Blast was 18, he told his father that he would marry Tone. Dong did not object, but tried to make Blast think twice before rushing to marriage because Dong doesn't want Blast to end up like him. It simply tells the story of an older person who made a mistake in the past who ended up with a not so pleasurable life.

Then he had a son who is like him when he was young. His son is hasty in making the decision to get married, just like he was when he was young. His son is hasty in making the decision to get married, just like he was when he was 17.

Despite this, Dong did not - and could not - stop Blast from marrying Tone. Therefore, he didn't object. Instead, he just reminded him that Blast is still very young and might as well think twice before rushing to marriage.

But, as the ending goes: " Youth must triumph... Now.

Love must triumph ... Now. As long ago did youth and love triumphed for Dong. And then.

.. Life” 2. Footnote To Youth by Jose Garcia Villa The sun was salmon and hazy in the west. Dong thought to himself he would tell his father about Tenant when he got home, after he had unhitched the carbon from the plow, and let it to its shed and fed it.

He was hesitant about saying it, but he wanted his father to know.

What he had to say was of serious import as it would mark a climacteric in his life. Dong finally decided to tell it, at a thought came to him his father might refuse to consider it. His father was silent hard-working farmer who chewed race nut, which he had learned to do from his mother, Dong's grandmother. Will tell it to him. Ill tell it to him.

The ground was broken up into many fresh wounds and fragrant with a sweetish earthy smell. Many slender soft worms emerged from the furrows and then burrowed again deeper into the soil.

A short colorless worm marched blindly to Dong's foot and crawled calmly over it. Dong go tickled and jerked his foot, flinging the worm into the air. Dong did not bother to look where it fell, but thought of his age, seventeen, and he said to himself he was not young any more. Dong unhitched the carbon leisurely and gave it a healthy tap on the hip.

The beast turned its head to look at him with dumb faithful eyes. Dong gave it a slight push and the animal walked alongside him to its shed. He placed bundles of grass before it land the carbon began to eat.

Dong looked at it without interests. Dong started homeward, thinking how he would break his news to his father.

He wanted to marry, Dong did. He was seventeen, he had pimples on his face, the down on his upper lip already was dark-these meant he was no longer a boy. He was growing into a man—he was a man. Dong felt insolent and big at the thought of it although he was by nature low in stature. Thinking himself a man grown Dong felt he could do anything. He walked faster, prodded by the thought of his virility.

A small angled stone bled his foot, but he dismissed it cursorily.

He lifted his leg and looked at the hurt toe and then went on walking. In the cool sundown he thought wild you dreams of himself and Tenant. Teeny his girl. She had a small brown face and small black eyes and straight-aways hair.

How desirable she was to him. She made him dream even during the day. Dong tensed with desire and looked at the muscles of his arms. Dirty.

This field work was healthy, invigorating but it begrimed you, smudged you terribly. He turned back the way he had come, then marched obliquely to a creek. Dong stripped himself and laid his clothes, a gray undershirt and red kinsman shorts, on the grass.

The he went into the water, wet his body over, and rubbed at it vigorously.

He was not long in bathing, then he marched homeward again. The bath made him feel cool. It was dusk when he reached home. The petroleum lamp on the ceiling already was lighted and the low unvarnished square table was set for supper.

His parents and he sat down on the floor around the table to eat. They had fried fresh-water fish, rice, bananas, and caked sugar. Dong ate fish and rice, but didn't partake of the fruit. The bananas were overripe and when one held them they felt more fluid than solid.

Dong broke off a piece of the cakes sugar, dipped it in his glass of water and ate it. He got another piece and wanted some more, but he thought of leaving the remainder for his parents. Dong's mother removed the dishes when they were through and went out to the Bataan to wash them. She walked with slow careful steps and Dong wanted to help her carry the dishes out, but he was tired and now felt lazy. He wished as he looked at her that he had a sister who could help his mother in the housework.

He pitied her, doing all the housework alone. His father remained in the room, sucking a diseased tooth.

It was paining him again, Dong knew. Dong had told him often and again to let the town dentist pull it out, but he was afraid, his father was. He did not tell that to Dong, but Dong guessed it. Afterward Dong himself thought that if he had a decayed tooth he would be afraid to go to the dentist; he would not be any bolder than his father.

Dong said while his mother was out that he was going to marry Tenant. There it was out, what he had to say, and over which he had done so much thinking. He had said it without any effort at all and thou solicitousness. Dong felt relieved and looked at his father expectantly.

A decrescendo outside shed its feeble light into the window, graying the still black temples of his father. His father looked old now. " I am going to marry Tenant," Dong said. His father looked at him silently and stopped sucking the broken tooth. The silence became intense and cruel, and Dong wished his father would suck that troubles tooth again.

Dong was uncomfortable and then became angry because his father kept looking at him without uttering anything. 3. " L will marry Tenant," Dong repeated. " I will marry Tenant. His father kept gazing at him in inflexible silence and Dong fidgeted on his seat.

L asked her last night to marry me and she said... Yes.

I want your permission. L... Want.

.. It..

.. " There was impatient clamor in his voice, an exacting protest at this coldness, this indifference. Dong looked at his father sourly. He cracked his knuckles one by one, and the little sounds it made broke dully the night stillness. " Must you marry, Dong? " Dong resented his father's questions; his father himself had married.

Dong made a quick impassioned easy in his mind about selfishness, but later he got confused. You are very young, Dong. " " I'm... Seventeen.

" ' That's very young to get married at. I want to marry... Tang's good girl.

" " Tell your mother," his father said. " You tell her, tatty. " " Dong, you tell your Nina. I' " You tell her.

" " All right, Dong. " " You will let me marry Tenant? " " Son, if that is your wish...

Of course... " There was a strange helpless light in his father's eyes.

Dong did not read it, too absorbed was he in himself. Dong was immensely glad he had asserted himself. He lost his resentment for his father. For a while he even felt sorry for him about the diseased tooth. Then he confined his mind to dreaming of Tenant and himself. Sweet young dream.

...

Dong stood in the sweltering noon heat, sweating profusely, so that his campsite was damp.

He was still like a tree and his thoughts were confused. His mother had told him not to leave the house, but he had left. He had wanted to get out of it without clear reason at all. He was afraid, he felt.

Afraid of the house. It had seemed to cage him, to compare his thoughts with severe tyranny. Afraid also of Tenant. Tenant was giving birth in the house; she gave screams that chilled his blood. He did not want her to scream like that, he seemed to be rebuking him. He began to wonder madly if the process of childbirth was really painful.

Some women, when they gave birth, did not cry. In a few moments he would be a father. " Father, father," he whispered the word with awe, with strangeness. He was young, he realized now, contradicting himself of nine months comfortable.

.. "Your son," people would soon be telling him. "Your son, Dong." Dong felt tired standing.

He sat down on a saw horse with his feet close together. He looked at his callused toes. Suppose he had ten children..

. What made him think that? What was the matter with him? God! He heard his mother's voice from the house: "Come up, Dong. It is over. Of a sudden he felt terribly embarrassed as he looked at her. Somehow he was ashamed to his mother of his youthful paternity. It made him feel guilty, as if he had taken something no properly his.

He dropped his eyes and pretended to dust dirt off his kinsman shorts. "Downy" his mother called again. "Dong." He turned to look again and this time saw his father beside his mother. "It is a boy," his father said. He beckoned Dong to come up.

Dong felt more embarrassed and did not move. What a moment for him. His parents' eyes seemed to pierce him wrought and he felt limp. He wanted to hide from them, to run away. Dong you come up. You come up," he mother said.

Dong did not want to come up and stayed in the sun. "Dong. Dong." "I'll... Come up." Dong traced tremulous steps on the dry parched yard. He ascended the bamboo steps slowly. His heart pounded mercilessly in him. Within, he avoided his parents eyes.

He walked ahead of them so that they should not see his face. He felt guilty and untrue. He felt like crying. His eyes smarted and his chest wanted to burst. He wanted to turn back, to go back to the yard. He wanted somebody to punish him.

His father thrust his hand in his and gripped it gently. Son," his father said. And his mother: " Dong.. How kind were their voices.

They flowed into him, making him strong. " Tenant? " Dong said. " She's sleeping. But you go in...

" His father led him into the small sail room. Dong saw Tenant, his girl wife, asleep on the page with her black hair soft around her face. He did not want her to look that pale... Dong wanted to touch her, to push away that stray wisp of hair that touched her 4.

Lips, but again that feeling of embarrassment came over him and before his parents he did not want to be demonstrative. The helot was wrapping the child, Dong heart it cry.

The thin voice pierced him queerly. He could not control the swelling of happiness in him.

You give him to me. You give him to me," Dong said. * * * Blast was not Dong's child. Many more children came.

For six successive years a new child came along. Dong did not want any more children, but they came. It seemed the coming of children could not be helped. Dong got angry with himself sometimes.

Tenant did not complain, but the bearing of children told on her. She was shapeless and thin now, even if she was young. There was interminable work to be done. Cooking. Laundering.

The house.

The children. She cried sometimes, wishing she had not married. She did not tell Dong this, not wishing him to dislike her. Yet she wished she had not married. Not even Dong, whom she loved.

There has been another suitor, Lucia, older than Dong by nine years, and that was why she had chosen Dong. Young Dong. Seventeen. Lucia had married another after her marriage to Dong, but he was childless until now. She wondered if she had married Lucia, would she have borne him children. Maybe not either.

That was a better lot. But she loved Dong... Dong whom life had made ugly.

One night, as he lay beside his wife, he rose and went out of the house. He stood in the moonlight, tired and querulous. He wanted to ask questions and somebody to answer him. He wanted to be wise about many things. One of them was why life did not fulfill all of Youth's dreams.

Why it must be so. Why one was forsaken...

After Love. Dong would not find the answer. Maybe the question was not to be answered. It must be so to make Youth.

Youth. Youth must be dreadfully sweet. Dreadfully sweet. Dong returned to the house humiliated by himself. He had wanted to know a little wisdom but was denied it.

* * When Blast was eighteen he came home one night very flustered and happy. It was late at night and Tenant and the other children were asleep. Dong heard Blast's steps, for he could not sleep well of nights. He watched Blast undress in the dark and lie down softly. Blast was restless on his mat and could not sleep. Dong called him name and asked why he did not sleep. Blast said he could not sleep. ' You better go to sleep. It is late," Dong said. Blast raised himself on his elbow and muttered something in a low fluttering voice. Dong did not answer and tried to sleep. " Itty .. " Blast called softly.