

Tita Cory

Contributed by August Domingo
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Yellow ribbon tied everywhere for showing the support to our mother of democracy, Tita Cory, who passed away last August 1, 2009 at exactly 3:18 A.M. The entire Filipino nation even around the world mourns that we have lost a good leader who fought for the Filipino people against the dictatorship that ended Marcos regime. A dream of every Filipino that begins in that historic EDSA revolution.

Tita Cory's sincerity, kindness and strength were among her great virtues but above all her power of prayers proven her faith in God. One thing for sure, the entire Filipino nation thanking her for all that she have done that I know from generation to generation people will continue to remember her. Corazon Aquino describes herself as a transition president, whose main task was to shepherd the country from the ruins of dictatorship to democracy.

Here's Cory's poem composed by her late husband Ninoy and Jose Mari Chan did the melody for their 19 years anniversary. One greatest piece of love, courage, patience, faith, and hope. Ninoy and Cory, yours was the story of unimaginable battle that will never be forgotten for generations. Now that you are with each other, perhaps Ninoy would fall in love with the same woman... the 4th time. Here it goes.

{youtube}0qmXayOneyA{/youtube}I have fallen in love with the same woman three times

I have fallen in love
with the same woman three times;
In a day spanning 19 years
of tearful joys..and joyful tears.

I loved her first when she was young,
enchanted and vibrant, eternally new..
she was brilliant, fragrant,
and cool as the morning dew.

I fell in love with her the second time;
when first she bore her child and mine
always by my side, the source of my strength,
helping to turn the tide..

But there were candles to burn
the world was my concern;
while our home was her domain..
and the people were mine
while the children were hers to maintain;

So it was in those eighteen years and a day..
’till I was detained; forced in prison to stay.

Suddenly she’s our sole support;
source of comfort,
our wellspring of Hope..
on her shoulders felt the burden of Life..

I fell in love again,
with the same woman the third time.
Looming from the battle,
her courage will never fade

Amidst the hardships she has remained,
undaunted and unafraid..
she is calm and composed,
she is God’s lovely maid {googleads}<script type="text/javascript"><!--
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