



Sept témoignages de

- « Holy Infant College » à Tacloban City
 - « Sint Mary's Academy of Palo », Leyte
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EXEQUIEL A. PALITO

Grade School Pupil at Holy Infant College, Tacloban City.

« Chaque fois qu'il pleut, je ressens cette même peur et je revois instantanément ce qui s'est passé le 8 novembre, le jour où j'ai perdu mon père et quelques-uns de mes amis, lorsque notre maison a été détruite, et celles de nos voisins. », Exequiel, élève d'école primaire.

We were all in the house listening to the radio about the weather update. Suddenly, the wind blew, very strong indeed and the water had risen very quickly. We all run towards the cabinet for safety. My father and my mother broke the windows so we can go out. When my father saw the chair, we decided to step on it because the water is above us. But then, suddenly, we were not able to do it because the water was getting higher and higher. In less than a minute, we are left with no other choice but to swim/float in the water and without my knowing it, I saw a man holding my hand until we were forced to go up to the higher part of the house- the comfort room. I didn't see my father and mother. I only saw my older brother. When the water subsided, we went out of the house and went to the Church which is just a walking distance to our place. After which we went to our Aunt's place.

Days, weeks and months had passed, we never heard about my father, neither have I seen him. I was told by our neighbour that he is dead. My mother

and I cried so hard at that time. We lost our house that we have to stay at our Aunt's place, the sister of my father. I must admit, I always have this fear, so afraid every time it rains because I would always look back at what had happened last November 8 where I lost my father and a few of my friends, our house was destroyed and so with the rest of the houses of our neighbours. I really don't want to happen that again.

Nous étions tous à la maison en train d'écouter la météo à la radio lorsque tout à coup, le vent s'est mis à souffler très fort et l'eau a monté très rapidement. (...) Mon père et ma mère ont cassé les fenêtres pour nous faire sortir. Comme nous étions déjà sous eau, mon père nous fit monter sur une chaise mais ce ne fut pas possible car l'eau montait constamment. En moins d'une minute, nous n'avions plus d'autre choix que de nager ou de flotter dans l'eau et soudainement j'ai vu un homme me tenir la main pour nous faire monter jusqu'en haut de la maison. (...) Je ne voyais plus mes parents et je me suis retrouvé seul avec mon grand frère. Lorsque l'eau s'est retirée, nous sommes sortis et nous nous sommes rendus à l'église. (...) Des jours, des semaines et des mois ont passé. Nous n'avons plus eu de nouvelles de notre père et je ne l'ai plus revu. Notre voisin nous a dit qu'il avait péri. Ma mère et moi avons beaucoup pleuré. (...) Chaque fois qu'il pleut, je ressens cette même peur et je revois instantanément ce qui s'est passé le 8 novembre, le jour où j'ai perdu mon père et quelques-uns de mes amis, lorsque notre maison a été détruite, et celles de nos voisins.

JAY GRUSHENKA THERESE M.ASTORGA

Pupil at St. Mary's Academy of Palo.

« Le lendemain, le 8 novembre, à 6 h du matin, je me suis réveillé dans la frayeur car je voyais le toit se tordre et se détacher par le vent. (...). Nous nous sommes sentis soulevés par une première vague d'eau. Nous nous sommes mis à courir tout en pleurant pour essayer de nous mettre à l'abri. (...) Mon grand-père nous a aidés à grimper sur la poutre. Je pleurais aussi parce que mon frère de trois ans était resté dans

la cuisine et nous ne pouvions aller le chercher car l'eau nous arrivait déjà au cou. », Jay, élève de l'école secondaire.

I am Jay Grushenka Therese M. Astorga, a 15 years old and current student at a catholic school, St. Mary's Academy of Palo. Before the typhoon, I lived at San Jose Tacloban city. Before I start my testimony, I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for helping us, the victims of the typhoon Yolanda (Haiyan). Before the typhoon struck Leyte, my family and I were living a normal and happy life and I went to school regularly. It was November 5, when the weather forecast was starting spreading all throughout the channels that there will be a strong typhoon at a signal FF4 together with a storm surge, that will struck Leyte. At first, we did not panic because we didn't even know what a storm surge was. After two days, on November 7, our school suspended the classes due to the news, to prepare ourselves for the strongest typhoon in our generation. I didn't care about the typhoon because I thought we'll be safe staying in our house and I knew ever since that here on our barangay is not prone to have floods during rainy season. The next day, November 8, 6:00 in the morning, when I woke up, I was already panicking and crying because I saw the roofs being torn, destroyed, and flown away by the wind. I saw a man being thrown by the strong wind and I also saw a pregnant woman walking on the street; I think she was buying something and when she turned her back, she couldn't see the surroundings due to the heavy rain and strong wind. I wanted to help her but I didn't know how. I really cried so hard and asked God for help. It was 7 or 8:30 in the morning when my family and I were about to eat our breakfast when my grandfather saw a black water entering under our door, then we started panicking. I didn't know what and where we were going because we didn't have a second floor. The first wave or rise of water (sea) was levelled with our feet. We started running, at the same time crying hard in finding a place to stay safe. Since I'm the first born, I have my four brothers with me. My grandfather, who is taking care of us let us go above the beam. I was already crying because my 3 years old baby brother, our youngest, is at the kitchen and we could not get him because the water is at the neck level. My uncle, who is living with us, tried to get my brother, good thing my brother was on the top of the sink since there were snakes in the water, my brother was afraid to go with my uncle. My grandmother, my three brothers, my uncle and I were on the top of the beam, seeing our roofs being destroyed and slowly detached by the wind.

I continued crying because my grandfather is not going up the beam and the water is already on the neck level; he said that he's finding things that we could use as stairs in going down the beam. We are really praying hard at the same time crying. The rain stopped, the fog or I should say the dark fog also did but the strong wind didn't, I think around 12:30 in the afternoon.

My brothers were already complaining because they were hungry and wet due to the heavy rain and we didn't have roofs at that time. We went down the beam and tried to get out of our house to find food because we are already hungry. My four years old brother didn't want to go out and was still crying hard even if the rain stopped already, I think he had a trauma. We couldn't find any food because all the things were washed out by the typhoon. Since we didn't find food, my grandfather decided to go to Cebu to ask help from his siblings. We didn't have a communication between our families and friends and there was no signal. We stepped on the ground even if it's very dirty and we are still wet and hungry because we had no choice but to sleep with that conditions. The next day, November 9, still no one helped us, my grandmother wanted to go to her friends near our house to ask for food yet they also don't have. When we were cleaning inside the house, my grandfather went outside to throw the trashes and my father saw my grandfather and asked what happened to us and if we were okay because he stayed at his mother's house together with my other brother, when we were talking about what happened, we decided to go to Cebu to ask help from our relatives. When we were on our way to Cebu, it was raining hard and I cried, I did not know why I think I have a trauma. When we reached in Cebu, my aunt hugged us and she prepared food for us because we didn't eat for four days; we just drank water coming from a dirty well, just to sustain our thirst and hunger. On November 22-25, I could not sleep well because I was thinking about the typhoon that struck us and what had happened to us. Until now, I still cry when it's raining. I thank god for saving us from the tragic typhoon. This typhoon has been a challenge to us to change our lives for the better for Christ is just watching above us. I would also like to ask your help for my grandmother that is suffering from a stage 3 breast cancer for her monthly chemotherapy because we do not have enough money to sustain for it. I really want to help my grandmother because I don't want to lose her. And my grandfather who is suffering from diabetes for his continuous medication because we are already full of credits from other people. When I wrote this letter, I was crying because we asked from so many organizations for help yet they only ignore us and it hurts us so much. I hope for your kind considerations. Thank you.

J'ai 15 ans et j'étudie actuellement à St Mary's Academy of Palo. Avant le typhon Yolanda, j'habitais à San José Tacloban City (...) où nous vivions, ma famille et moi, une vie normale et heureuse.

Le 5 novembre, la météo annonça sur toutes les chaînes qu'un typhon violent de force 4 accompagné d'une onde de tempête frapperait la région de Leyte.

Au départ, nous ne paniquions pas parce que nous ignorions ce qu'était une onde de tempête. Deux jours plus tard, le 7 novembre, notre école a suspendu les cours pour que nous puissions nous préparer au plus violent typhon de notre génération.

Le typhon ne m'inquiétait pas car je me disais qu'à la maison nous serions en sécurité et que notre région n'est pas sujette aux inondations en période de pluie.

Le lendemain, le 8 novembre, à 6 h du matin, je me suis réveillé dans la frayeur car je voyais le toit se tordre et se détacher par le vent. Je vis aussi un monsieur

tomber dans la rue sous l'effet du vent et une femme enceinte (...) qui ne pouvait plus rien voir à cause de la très forte pluie et du vent violent. Je voulais lui venir

en aide mais je ne savais pas comment. J'ai pleuré à chaudes larmes et j'ai demandé à Dieu de nous aider. Il était 7 ou 8h30 du matin (...) quand mon grand-

père vit de l'eau noire passer sous la porte et là, nous avons paniqué. Nous ne savions que faire car nous n'avons pas de 2^e étage. Nous nous sommes sentis

soulevés par une première vague d'eau. Nous nous sommes mis à courir tout en pleurant pour essayer de nous mettre à l'abri. (...) Mon grand-père nous a aidés

à grimper sur la poutre. Je pleurais aussi parce que mon frère de trois ans était resté dans la cuisine et nous ne pouvions aller le chercher car l'eau nous arrivait

déjà au cou. Mon oncle qui vivait avec nous a réussi à prendre mon petit frère. (...) Ma grand-mère, mes trois frères, mon oncle et moi, nous nous

trouvions tous sur la poutre et regardions le toit se détacher lentement sous nos yeux. Je continuais à pleurer parce que mon grand-père n'avait pas pu nous

rejoindre sur la poutre et l'eau lui arrivait déjà au cou. (...) Nous priions et pleurions tout à la fois.

Vers 12h30, la pluie a cessé, la brume, cette brume sombre s'est dissipée et le vent est tombé. Mes frères se sont plaints d'avoir faim et d'être mouillés. Nous

n'avions plus de toit. Nous sommes descendus de la poutre et nous sommes sortis à la recherche de nourriture. Mon petit frère de 4 ans continuait de pleurer très

fort, sans doute en état de choc. Nous ne parvenions pas à trouver de quoi manger car tout avait été emporté par le typhon. (...) Mon grand-père décida de nous

emmener à Cebu pour obtenir l'aide de ses frères et sœurs. (...) Lorsque nous sommes arrivés à Cebu, notre tante nous a accueillis et préparé un

repas. Nous n'avions plus mangé depuis 4 jours. (...) Aujourd'hui encore, je pleure encore quand il pleut. Je remercie Dieu de nous

avoir sauvés de ce typhon tragique. Ce typhon est un défi qui transforme nos vies pour le meilleur car le Christ veille sur nous.

CAMELLA EMMANUELLE ROMUALDEZ

High School Student at Holy Infant College, Tacloban City

« J'ai survécu à cette tempête avec très peu de nourriture, peu d'eau et de soins médicaux. Je me suis dit : mon heure n'est pas encore venue et, de toute manière, ma vie est entre les mains de Dieu. Je suis persuadée qu'Il a ses raisons pour nous avoir fait vivre une telle tragédie. », Camella, étudiante.

On the eighth day of November, 2013 was the day when the powerful typhoon Yolanda came, the saddest thing that has ever happened and have never before seen the likes of Yolanda. Many have lost their lives, homes and properties. Some people were lucky to have a second life, especially myself.

I've gone through a lot of struggles, sufferings and despair during the typhoon. I never expected that on that day, it would change my whole life. From the beginning, I thought everything was good, that my life was almost true to having a perfect life. Last November 8, I was clueless on what am I going to do. My mother, my brother and I were in my room. When I woke up, I saw my mother pushing the door. I asked her why and she said, "the roof in our kitchen was starting to be blown away by the wind." I saw my brother at the right corner of the house and he was scared. I comforted him, changed his wet clothes. Then my mother screamed because the water was getting higher. So we need to get out in my room. Unluckily, we were not able to do so due to the water that was pushing the door. We opted to stay still inside the room. My uncle shouted and I saw the rest of my family were already swimming outside of our house. My mother tried to break the window for us to get out but she couldn't. I was the one who was able to break it. Immediately after that, I was led to be with my uncle, and then my mother with my brother and my other uncle with my grandmother, too. I saw my mother and brother already in danger, but I was too far and couldn't reached them because the current was too strong. My family and I were hopeless. I looked back again to see if my family were okay, but I didn't see my mother and brother. My uncle and I waited for about 2 hours until the strong winds had

stopped and the waters subsided. We just stayed and hold on desperately to the pine tree. My family and I were almost complete except for my mother and brother. Two days after the typhoon, I found my mother's body hanging in the pine tree – she was dead! while my brother was still missing even until now. I was really crying. I was so hopeless and traumatized. After a week, we went to Cebu for a living. Then my aunt in Manila called me to tell the great news that I can study in Manila. I continued my studies there at Pateros Catholic School, Metro Manila. After finishing my grade 8, I went back to Tacloban City to continue my schooling at Holy Infant College.

Until now, it's still hard for me to easily move on and forget about what happened. But because of my family and friends, I was able to stand with my own two feet and rise again. I have learned many lessons out of it. I have survived the aftermath of the storm even with very little food, little water and little medical attention. I said to myself – it wasn't my time yet to go. After all, God owns my life. I firmly believe that He has his own reason/s, too for my family and myself to have experienced such kind of tragedy. Indeed, there will always be rainbow after the storm.

C'est le 8 novembre 2013 qu'a sévi le puissant typhon Yolanda, la chose la plus triste qui se soit jamais produite. Ils sont nombreux à avoir perdu leur vie, leur maison et leurs biens. (...)

Quand je me suis réveillée, j'ai vu ma mère pousser la porte (...) en me disant « le toit de la cuisine est en train de s'envoler ». Mon frère prit peur et je l'ai réconforté. (...) Ensuite ma mère s'est mise à crier car l'eau montait de plus en plus. Nous devons quitter la chambre. Malheureusement, ce ne fut pas possible à cause de la pression de l'eau contre la porte (...). Mon oncle nous appela en criant et je voyais les autres membres de la famille qui nageaient à l'extérieur de la maison. Ma mère essaya de casser la fenêtre pour nous faire sortir mais n'y parvenait pas... J'y parvins. Ensuite, je rejoignis mon oncle, suivie par ma mère et mon frère (...). Je voyais que ma mère et mon frère étaient en danger mais j'étais déjà trop loin et je ne pus les rejoindre car le courant était trop fort (...). Je me suis à nouveau retournée pour voir s'ils s'en sortaient mais je ne vis plus ma mère ni mon frère. Mon oncle et moi avons attendu deux heures jusqu'à ce que les vents forts se calment et que les eaux se retirent. Nous avons attendu en nous accrochant désespérément à un pin. Notre famille s'est retrouvée, à l'exception de notre mère et de notre frère. Deux jours après le typhon, j'ai trouvé le corps de ma mère accrochée dans un pin – elle était morte ! Quant à mon frère, il est

toujours porté disparu. J'ai énormément pleuré. J'avais perdu tout espoir et j'étais traumatisée. Une semaine plus tard, nous nous sommes rendus à Cebu. Ma tante à Manille m'a appelée et appris la grande nouvelle que je pourrais étudier à Manille.(...) Après ma 8e année, je suis retournée à Tacloban City pour poursuivre mes études au Holy Infant College.

Maintenant encore, c'est difficile d'oublier ce qui s'est passé et de passer à autre chose. Mais grâce à ma famille et à mes amis, j'ai pu me remettre debout. J'ai retiré beaucoup de leçons de tout cela. J'ai survécu à cette tempête avec très peu de nourriture, peu d'eau et de soins médicaux. Je me suis dit : mon heure n'est pas encore venue et, de toute manière, ma vie est entre les mains de Dieu. Je suis persuadée qu'Il a ses raisons pour nous avoir fait vivre une telle tragédie.

JENICCA AQUINO

College Faculty at Holy Infant College, Tacloban City

« Le 8 novembre 2013 marque un épisode terrifiant dans l'histoire de toute la région VIII [le centre des Philippines]. Le 6 novembre 2013, le temps était magnifique. Le ciel était très clair. Les habitants à San Joaquin Palo ne s'inquiétaient pas de la nouvelle annonçant l'arrivée d'un super typhon parce que la plupart des typhons qui ont traversé les Philippines étaient des typhons ordinaires. C'est pourquoi, plutôt que d'évacuer la région, plusieurs de nos voisins sont restés chez eux. Le 7 novembre 2013, la veille du super typhon, il ne faisait pas beau et il y avait une forte pluie (...). A 8 h du soir, j'ai surfé sur Internet pour revoir la météo et j'ai vu que le typhon Haiyan était de force 5, le plus puissant en Asie », Jenicca, professeur d'enseignement supérieur.

“Great challenge is given to great people”. Truly this quotation really touches the Filipino people affected by typhoon Yolanda. Twas really a great challenge for all of us of what had happened last year. A very traumatic and tragic experience, yet, we were so thankful to God because he never left us in our darkest hour.

It seemed like yesterday. I was having fun together with my family, relatives and friends spending time with them and keeping memories while we're

still together. The joy and happiness I have had with them had disappeared in just one glimpse of an unexpected circumstance - Super typhoon Yolanda / Haiyan came into our lives. At that moment, I thought that it would be our last time that we will be together.

Nine months had passed after that traumatic tragedy, the hurts and pains are still fresh in our minds and hearts, so hard and difficult it was for me to forget. Last November 8, 2013 marks a terrifying and biggest history that happened in the entire region VIII.

Last November 6, 2013 the weather was very fine. The sky was very clear. The people in our place at Brgy. San Joaquin Palo, Leyte were not worried about the news regarding the coming of the super typhoon because most of the past typhoons that visited the Philippines were just ordinary ones. So, some of our neighbours in our place didn't evacuate instead they just stayed in their houses. On November 7, 2013 a day before the super typhoon the weather was not good for it was raining hard. And the rain gave a bad sign to my mother. It was her belief that when there is a typhoon coming, she will always prepare and pack things to evacuate to our aunt's place (Lola Maria). My Mother and father didn't go with us. They just stayed in our house which was near the riverside. When we arrived at the house of my grandmother we took a rest. Then, after a number of minutes, Grandma asked us to pray the Angelus. At 8: o'clock in the evening, I surfed the internet to get an update of the weather forecast, and found out that typhoon Haiyan- Hurricane storm was category 5 and the strongest typhoon in Asia. So worried that I called up my sister- in- law and my mother telling them to evacuate immediately. My parents and other siblings in the house were hesitant to evacuate because of the misinformation of what storm surge was, thinking that it was just a strong typhoon. At past 8 o'clock in the evening was already signal number 4, yet, the, the weather was good. At 9:30 p.m. there were people coming asking permission to stay overnight at my grandma and grandpa's residence. There were about four families in the house.

November 8, 2013 I could recall the horrifying incident that came along. We woke up early at 4:30 am and update ourselves of the news on television about the weather forecast. At about 5:30 a.m. we prayed the rosary. Then, at exactly 6:00 o'clock in the morning after our prayer there was this very strong wind and the trees started to fall down on the ground. We were very scared because slowly some parts of the house were destroyed and we were all screaming because of fear. We pray again the rosary but because we were really much disturbed of the strong winds we could not finish the prayer and time and again

we would always start praying the rosary. We stayed at the living room for about an hour but the wind grew even more stronger and the debris fell down and part of the house was destroyed already. I can hear the roar of the winds. One of my uncles who was at their new house came to see us. Maybe if he didn't go to the house where we stayed, we could have been dead, because we were trapped. As we transferred to the new house, one of the evacuees who was pregnant saw a statue of Mama Mary which was floating on the water and gave it to me. I continued praying the rosary with the statue of Mama Mary in my hands. The water had risen too high that we have to look and go to the highest part of the house where we could stay the rest of the day. The people inside the house were already crying, shouting and screaming, I didn't know what they were shouting at, because I was praying very hard. Unluckily my pants hanged on the stairs in going up to the second floor and I have it removed. The rest of the people in the house stayed in the comfort room which was unbelievable that we were accommodated in that small room. I shouted – PRAY!!! so we will be saved!- please PRAY!!!

At about noontime the rain and wind stopped. Many people went to the house where we were staying and informed us that many were declared missing and have lost their lives. We waited for an hour if my siblings and parents were still alive and safe but we are thankful to God, we all survived.

“Everything changed.” The ones beautiful and happy place where we grew up and learn to love the things around us became a graveyard and dumpsite while the debris around were seen and scattered all over the place. Truly indeed, God gave us a SECOND LIFE.

Typhoon Yolanda woke me up to see that people come and go, we do not know when and where we will meet God- but the most important thing we met HIM, well- prepared- spiritually.

Life in itself is the reason that we must be thankful and grateful to God. But in the midst of these difficult times, we have to move on and walk on earth with fear and love of our Creator.

“We will rise and stand after we fall.”

Thank God and our Blessed Mother that my family and I are still alive as well as the generosity of the whole world for their thoughts, prayers and acts of kindness that gives us so much comfort and hope during that tragic moment.

(...) [Le 8 novembre 2013 marque un épisode terrifiant dans l'histoire de toute la région VIII \[le centre des Philippines\]. Le 6 novembre 2013, le temps était](#)

magnifique. Le ciel était très clair. Les habitants à San Joaquin Palo ne s'inquiétaient pas de la nouvelle annonçant l'arrivée d'un super typhon parce que la plupart des typhons qui ont traversé les Philippines étaient des typhons ordinaires. C'est pourquoi, plutôt que d'évacuer la région, plusieurs de nos voisins sont restés chez eux. Le 7 novembre 2013, la veille du super typhon, il ne faisait pas beau et il y avait une forte pluie (...). A 8 h du soir, j'ai surfé sur Internet pour revoir la météo et j'ai vu que le typhon Haiyan était de force 5, le plus puissant en Asie (...). Mes parents (...) ont hésité à quitter les lieux, n'étant pas suffisamment informés de ce que pouvait être une onde de tempête et pensant qu'il s'agissait à nouveau d'un typhon comme les précédents. Peu après 20 h, le typhon était déjà de force 4 et pourtant, il faisait beau.(...) Le 8 novembre 2013, nous nous sommes levés à 4h30 pour voir la météo à la TV. Vers 5h30, nous avons récité le chapelet. Ensuite, à exactement 6 h du matin, après notre prière, il y a eu ce vent très fort et les arbres ont commencé à tomber. (...) Des parties de la maison ont commencé à se détériorer. Nous hurlions tous de peur.(...) Le vent soufflait de plus belle et des débris sont tombés. Une partie de la maison était déjà détruite. J'entends encore le vent rugir (...). Vers midi, le vent est tombé et la pluie a cessé.

Tout a changé : les endroits, jadis beaux et heureux, où nous avons grandi et appris à aimer les choses qui nous entouraient, sont devenus un cimetière et une décharge avec des gravats recouvrant tout. Vraiment, Dieu nous a donné une seconde vie (...). Merci à Dieu et à la Vierge Marie de nous avoir gardés en vie, ma famille et moi-même, et merci aussi à tous ceux qui dans le monde entier ont fait preuve de générosité, pour leurs pensées, leurs prières et leurs actes de bonté qui nous ont donné tant de réconfort et d'espoir dans ce moment tragique.

DIANELLE A. TANCONTIAN

Clinical Instructor, College Department at Holy Infant College, Tacloban City

« Comme nous avons dû tout reconstruire, nous continuons à avoir des problèmes financiers mais nos relations au sein de la famille sont meilleures et plus fortes qu'auparavant car nous avons eu plus de temps pour nous parler. (...)

Le typhon Yolanda a également fait de moi une enseignante plus compréhensive et attentionnée, et plus débrouillarde. Il m'a aussi fait réaliser que, quelles que soient les difficultés auxquelles nous sommes confrontés, ma responsabilité

continue exactement comme auparavant, et consiste à aider, préparer et transformer de jeunes élèves en individus plus forts et meilleurs, autant sur le plan personnel que sur le plan professionnel. », Dianelle, professeur d'enseignement supérieur.

Residing three blocks away from Magsaysay Blvd. and with the hilly Leyte Park Hotel blocking the sea, nobody declared evacuation because of a storm surge threat. From local and national news, days before Super Typhoon Yolanda (Haiyan) had its landfall, I never heard anything about “storm surge”. Based on the strong typhoons that hit Tacloban City, I never expected Super Typhoon Yolanda to be that devastating.

Due to the heavy rains experienced last November 6, 2013, classes and offices in Holy Infant College, Tacloban City, were suspended in the afternoon. Though November 7, 2013 was sunny and extremely hot day, classes and offices were likewise suspended so that everyone can prepare for the approaching super typhoon. I bought rice, bread, noodles, canned goods, biscuits, candies, bottles of water, candles and matches.

In the evening of November 7, 2013, my family and I monitored TV and radio weather forecasts. Fearing that I might get a good sleep and not be aware of what will happen, I decided to sleep in the living room with my middle child, and was awakened by the sound of strong winds in the early morning of November 8, 2013.

As the wind and rain became stronger and stronger, I woke my three (3) children and my husband up, and we stayed in our living room and prayed together. Then suddenly our house seemed to shake, appliances fell, roofs and ceilings were blown away, glass windows were shattered, cabinets and book shelves fell, and divisions of the house made-up of hardiflex fell apart. To keep my family safe, we stayed under an old long table which was eventually destroyed because of falling debris. So we transferred under our dining table which was located near my grandmother's old cabinet which did not fall because it was full of plates. For more protection, my husband and I even placed foams on the table and at its sides. But as I was about to go under the table, I saw dark-colored water rushing inside the main house very fast through our door. With no second floor and ladder around, we went up the ceiling through the old cabinet one by one, my husband first to help us up, and I went up last with the water already at the level of my neck. I told my family to hold on the metal trusses and to continuously pray.

Suddenly, the door went off due to the force of swirling water together with our sofa and other things which were placed outside the main house. Since the water seemed not to stop increasing and was spinning all our things like a washing machine. With the thought that it could be the end of the world, I silently lifted up my soul and that of my family. Then I saw two (2) blankets and tied them together thinking of transferring to a neighbour's three (3)-storey house. But the danger of being hit by flying debris above us or washed away by the surge of sea water made us stay, continuously holding on the trusses and praying together with the water violently spinning and continuously raising its height below us, and the wind roaring and blowing things angrily above us for hours. We heard voices that seem to ask help as they were carried away by the rampaging water. But we can't do anything to help.

The seemingly endless fierce of Typhoon Yolanda eventually slowed down and the water that reached about 12 feet high started to decrease gradually leaving me and my family wet, cold, trembling, and afraid. Then our neighbours helped us down and transfer to our Barangay Captain's house though the water was still about chin high, and we're given a towel and t-shirts to change to prevent hypothermia as well as food.

When the wind stopped and the water was only knee length, we went back to our house. Yolanda left us roofless and muddy house with all our acquired possessions and stored food scattered, wet and damaged, and no access to communicate about our condition and for help. My grandmother's precious' musical instruments and collections-pianos, marimba, harps and many more were totally irreparable.

Because of the condition of the house, we slept (but couldn't actually sleep well) at the house of our Barangay Captain at night time but stayed in our house very early in the morning until the sun goes down (because there was no electricity) to retrieve things that may still be of used, wash clothes so we could have something to wear, and repaired some parts of the roof using materials found near the house to keep us dry when it rains as well as safe. We would usually dine together with my mother and my brother's family in my mother's equally damaged house to economize because of the limited food that Yolanda spared us.

A day after the devastation, we were told that food and water will be distributed at the RTR Plaza. Though difficult to pass through debris, vehicles turned upside down and bloated dead dogs, my two (2) daughters and I, together with some neighbours went to the plaza and waited for the aid distribution under the heat of the sun but the distribution was stopped and we were dispersed because the

DSWD Secretary did not arrive yet. We were told that the goods will be distributed in the barangays – which did not actually happen.

November 10, 2014, a neighbour told us that there is free internet and call at the City Hall. My brother and I went to the City Hall to send message to our sister and relatives that we are all alive and are okay, and I ask for Tetanus toxoid vaccines which I injected not only to my family but also to my neighbours. Still we did not receive any form of relief goods.

Four days after the typhoon, we observed that some of our neighbours were going out of Tacloban City, especially the Barangay officials and their family. A friend of my mother informed us that they were told by the City Health Officer (their neighbour) to go out of the city because of a scheduled fumigation to prevent the possible spread of diseases caused by the thousands of people killed by Yolanda. Though we heard that a lot of relief goods were flown or shipped to Tacloban City coming from around the globe, everything remained just hearsays. Residents of Tacloban City seemed not to be the priority beneficiaries because even if it was already the fifth day after the disastrous event, we still did not receive any help. With desperation, health hazards, scarcity of food, insufficient water supply, and safety threat from jail breakers (from nearby jail), burglars, rapists and killer, I and my family decided to leave Tacloban City the following day.

Six (6) days after, we walked to the Bank of Philippine Island Main Office located at Justice Romualdez St. to get a ride from my brother's friend. While waiting for the vehicle, sounds from firearms were heard because of an encounter between soldiers and "NPA's" just nearby alarmed us to run and seek cover.

When our ride arrived (elf truck) we sat at the back and hurriedly left the place praying for our safety from the bullets fired by the rebels. We safely arrived at the place of my uncle (located at Apitong, Tacloban City) who let us use a Sarao jeep which we used to go to Ormor City. Along the way, we saw the ruins and damages made by Yolanda. We stayed in Ormoc City overnight and was able to ride the boat to Cebu City about noontime the next day.

We arrived in Cebu City at about six (6) p.m. , and stayed at pension house for the night. We were able to contact my sister abroad who helped us financially. The following day, my brother, sister-in-law and I looked for a house to rent. While searching, I found the Philippine Nurses Association Cebu Chapter Club House. With my PNA Lifetime membership ID and the kindness of the Maam Herminia Fernandez, the PNA Chapter President, I left my family in the clubhouse. It was already evening when we finally settled in a Bachelor's pad in

Talamban, Cebu City after a great deal of negotiation because of our limited resources.

My family stayed in Cebu until January 3, 2014, came back to Tacloban City on the 4th of January in preparation for the resumption of classes and work. With faith, God's grace and support from my sister and her family, my in-laws, relatives, friends and people whom we do not personally know and haven't met, my family is now trying its best to recover from the wounds caused by Typhoon Yolanda in all facets of life. Almost ten months have passed, we survived but the nightmares, fears, and sufferings still remain. With prayers and in God's time, we will be healed.

Consequences of the typhoon:

As a parent:

A. On a personal level

The Yolanda experience made me become a better Christian. Since I haven't overcome the fear that my family will experience the same, I realized that there is a need to acquire life-saving gears and devices, ladder etc. to become more prepared this time to protect my family against any adverse event.

B. In the family

Though problems, especially regarding finances, are constantly experienced because we are starting all-over again, relationship among family members tend to become better and stronger because we had more time to talk. In addition, the destruction of important documents, i.e., birth certificates, marriage certificate, etc., made me re-apply for replacement.

C. In the school life

Since Typhoon Yolanda damaged my daughters' books, references, educational materials, bags, uniforms, I have to purchase again to replace those that were damaged. Tuition fees as well as other school fees and expenses become a problem because aside from school needs, we also need to repair the house and buy some basic things needed for the house.

As a teacher:

A. On a personal level

Typhoon Yolanda made me become a more understanding, considerate and resourceful teacher. It also made me realize that it is still my great responsibility to help, prepare and transform young students to become better individuals, both personally and professionally, amidst any difficulties.

B. In the family

The Yolanda experience made the bond between my family and I more stronger. With this I realized that re-starting a home is not a problem but rather re-starting a house (that include repairs, acquiring new and needed things) is now a problem because of fixed earnings, no financial aid received from the government and less financial assistance given to employees working in a private institution.

C. In the school life

Because of the massive destructions, classes were suspended for more or less two (2) months.

Since the typhoon destroyed classrooms, laboratories, offices, records, books, references and a lot of instructional materials other school paraphernalia, and also electricity, class schedules, subject offerings and methods of instruction were modified making sure not to compromise the learning of students. In addition, since some of the records regarding students' performance and other requirements were damaged, I realized water-resistant containers must be available and also back-up devices.

Nous résidions à trois blocs du Bld Magsaysay, derrière l'hôtel Leyte Park qui fait face à la mer. Personne n'avait demandé d'évacuer les lieux en raison d'une menace d'onde de tempête. Les jours qui ont précédé l'irruption du super Typhon Yolanda, je n'ai rien entendu dans les nouvelles locales et nationales annonçant une « onde de tempête ».

Le 8 novembre 2013, tôt le matin, comme la pluie et le vent s'intensifiaient, j'ai réveillé mes trois enfants et mon mari et nous sommes allés dans le salon pour prier ensemble. Puis, soudain, la maison s'est mise à trembler, les appliques sont tombées, les toits et les plafonds ont été arrachés par le vent, les vitres ont volé en éclats, les étagères de livres ont basculé et les parties de la maison en hardiflex se sont désintégrées. (...) Je vis une eau sombre s'infiltrer sous la porte d'entrée. Nous sommes montés jusqu'au toit, l'un derrière l'autre, mon mari en tête de file pour nous tirer et moi en dernier lieu avec l'eau qui me montant déjà jusqu'au cou.(...) Tout à coup, la porte d'entrée céda sous la pression de l'eau.(...) Nous nous sommes accrochés aux poutres du toit en priant ensemble pendant que l'eau montait sans cesse en tourbillonnant à grande vitesse en dessous de nous et que le vent rugissait au-dessus de nous. Cela a duré plusieurs heures. Nous entendions des voix appelant au secours et disparaissant dans les flots d'eau. Nous ne pouvions rien faire pour les aider.

La force du Typhon Yolanda qui nous semblait interminable finit par diminuer peu à peu et l'eau qui avait atteint 3, 65 m (12 pieds) commença à baisser, nous laissant tous trempés et tremblants de froid et de peur. (...) Yolanda nous laissa dans une maison sans toit, pleine de boue, (...) et sans moyen de communication pour obtenir de l'aide. Les précieux instruments de musique de ma grand-mère (piano, marimba, harpes, ...) étaient tous irrémédiablement détruits. (...)

Ma famille s'efforce à présent de surmonter ce traumatisme du typhon qui les a atteints dans différents aspects de leur vie. Presque 10 mois ont passé. Nous avons survécu mais nous en gardons des cauchemars, des peurs et des souffrances. Avec le temps et en priant, nous en guérirons. (...)

Conséquences du typhon :

En tant que parent : (...) Comme nous avons dû tout reconstruire, nous continuons à avoir des problèmes financiers mais nos relations au sein de la famille sont meilleures et plus fortes qu'auparavant car nous avons eu plus de temps pour nous parler. (...)

En tant qu'enseignant : (...) Le typhon Yolanda a fait de moi une enseignante plus compréhensive et attentionnée, et plus débrouillard. Il m'a aussi fait réaliser que, quelles que soient les difficultés auxquelles nous sommes confrontés, ma responsabilité continue exactement comme auparavant, et consiste à aider, préparer et transformer de jeunes élèves en individus plus forts et meilleurs, autant sur le plan personnel que sur le plan professionnel.

ELENA C. BERNABE

College Faculty at Holy Infant College, Tacloban City

« Grâce à Dieu, nous avons reçu des aides alimentaires de différentes ONG et Agences gouvernementales (...). Les secours étaient limités mais ils nous ont permis de survivre. Nous essayons de tourner la page et d'aller de l'avant avec le travail qui reprend. Cependant, je suis triste de constater que mon lieu de travail a également été détruit et d'entendre les récits de mes collègues et étudiants. Je prie afin que nous puissions tous surmonter ce qui nous est arrivé ... Que Dieu nous bénisse tous ! », Helena.

I am Elena C. Bernabe, 46 years old, currently working as college faculty of Holy Infant College, Tacloban City. I am residing at Brgy. Naga-Naga, Palo Leyte which is about 12km away from Tacloban.

For me November 8, 2013 was a horrible day that no one would ever like. Almost 10 months now and yet I can still imagine my terrifying experience together with my family. Super typhoon Yolanda devastated our home and properties. It was like a hopeless situation, I was trembling, crying and calling Jesus's name to save us as I see our roofs flying, walls collapsing and water flooding our house. Worst when we hear people shouting "tsunami coming" which triggered more panic. Thus, we hurriedly went out from our house to evacuate to my brother-in-laws house which has a 2nd floor. People from our neighbourhood followed us as well. We all prayed the rosary and waited for the typhoon to pass till dawn. As we returned home we were still in the state of shock especially when we heard different stories that many people including our relatives in the next barangay had drowned and died because of the storm surge. Burden added as news spread that prisoners escaped and would ransack houses, rape women, and kill people. Extremely scared, most of our relatives, friends and neighbours leave our place but my family decided to stay. People then, become wild they started looting everywhere as problems arises on food shortage, no supply of water & electricity, unavailability of communication and transportation services.

Thanks be to God as days pass by we received relief goods from different NGO's and Government agencies such as: Caritas, CRS, Red Cross & DSWD. The assistance may be limited but we managed to survive. We accepted what happened and tried to move on as work resumed. However, I was sad to see my workplace destroyed as well and to hear the stories of my co-teachers and students. I am praying for all of us to totally recover soon... May God bless us all!

Lorsque nous sommes rentrés à la maison, nous étions choqués d'entendre que de nombreuses personnes, notamment des membres de la famille, s'étaient noyées et avaient péri dans les flots de la tempête. Le fardeau s'est encore alourdi quand la nouvelle s'est répandue que des prisonniers s'étaient échappés et pouvaient saccager les maisons, violer et tuer. Pris de panique, la plupart des membres de la famille, des amis et des voisins sont partis mais ma famille a décidé de rester. Les gens sont devenus sauvages et ont commencé à voler car il y avait une pénurie d'eau et de nourriture. L'électricité et les services de transport et de communication n'étaient plus assurés.

Grâce à Dieu, nous avons reçu des aides alimentaires de différentes ONG et Agences gouvernementales (...). Les secours étaient limités mais ils nous ont permis de survivre. Nous essayons de tourner la page et d'aller de l'avant avec le travail qui reprend. Cependant, je suis triste de constater que mon lieu de travail a également été détruit et d'entendre les récits de mes collègues et étudiants. Je prie afin que nous puissions tous surmonter ce qui nous est arrivé ... Que Dieu nous bénisse tous !

MILA P. CAFE
Parent/Guardian

« Mes petits-enfants ont été très perturbés dans leurs études car il n'y avait plus de transports publics ni d'électricité et il n'y avait plus d'eau ni de nourriture jusqu'à ce que des personnes aimables d'autres régions (des particuliers et des pouvoirs locaux) et d'autres parties du monde nous ont aidés. », Mila.

November 8, 2013 was the day that I couldn't forget where we experienced the tremendous force of the three giant waves that swept in and out

of our place, the crushing walls and foundations. Every time I would remember what had happened, I couldn't believe that we are still alive. All the houses in front of us were blown down. It affected us so much. Just after the typhoon, people were hungry because nothing was left. Looking for something to drink and eat was very hard to find. We could not find them in our locality because everything was blown down/destroyed by the typhoon. I became hopeless and dumb-looking at our house and the trashes around us like logs, trees, dead animals. I didn't know how and where to start with. I just wanted to be alive. One of my cousins from Manila arrived and that was the time where he brought things that we need from Catbalogan. He did all the cleaning and put things in its proper order.

My grandchildren were very much affected in their studies because the transportation was not yet normal, no electricity, no water, no food until such time there were kind-hearted people from other places (individuals and communal) and other parts of the world who helped us. We are so grateful for them to be in their prayers.

It reinforced my faith all the more that God and our Blessed Mother truly exist and loves us so much because we're still alive and gave us inspiration to move forward.

Le 8 novembre 2013 est un jour que je ne pourrais oublier, lorsque nous avons senti cette énorme force des trois vagues géantes qui ont envahi nos maisons et « soufflé » les toits et les murs (...). Toutes les maisons s'effondraient devant nous. (...) Immédiatement après le typhon, les gens avaient faim et (...) il était difficile de trouver quelque chose à boire ou à manger. (...)

Je commençais à perdre espoir et j'étais hébété avec tous ces décombres autour de nous, des arbres arrachés et des animaux morts. Je ne savais que faire, par où commencer. (...)

Mes petits-enfants ont été très perturbés dans leurs études car il n'y avait plus de transports publics ni d'électricité et il n'y avait plus d'eau ni de nourriture jusqu'à ce que des personnes aimables d'autres régions (des particuliers et des pouvoirs locaux) et d'autres parties du monde nous ont aidés. Nous leur sommes très reconnaissants d'être dans leurs prières. Cela a renforcé ma foi dans l'existence et l'amour de Dieu et de la Vierge Marie car nous sommes toujours en vie et ils nous donnent la force d'aller de l'avant.