



***THE IMPONDERABILITY'S  
OF LIFE***

*by*

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*„TO MY HUSBAND WILHELM  
WITH LOVE AND THANKSGIVING  
YOU ARE GOD’S GIFT TO ME AND  
YOUR’ RE THE LOVE OF MY LIFE”*

*And*

*THE WONDERFUL, UNSHAKEABLE  
DAYS OF OUR LIFE TOGETHER till  
Death do us part (is our mantra)*

\*\*\*

*TO HAVE AND TO HOLD FROM THIS DAY ONWARD  
FOR BETTER FOR WORSE, FOR RICHER FOR POORER,  
IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH, TO LOVE AND TO  
CHERISH, TILL DEATH DO US PART*

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I’m aspiring to be a writer pleasing the taste of this period and I hope to be a successful in my first

***“OPUS PARBUM” (Kleines Werk)***

All Characters in this book are fictitious and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental.



\*\*\*\* **FOREWORD** \*\*\*\*

*A writer's quest for facts while working on a book is seemingly an endless process. It sparks your imagination and allow you to experiment with form to tell your stories.*

When I had the idea to write a book, I felt that I knew a great deal about the subject; my head all but burst with the different things I wanted to say. I do know a lot, but some of it turned out to be dull and I've discovered that it has more to do with instinct than anything Resembling 'Higher thought'. I found the act of articulating those instinctive truths painfully difficult. I'm not yet a writer but I am trying to be one, trying to collect vivid picture what I went through, to make writing as a passion with its uplifting glory and its frailty complex.

I was determined to succeed and to keep my brain active while time running fast after my age not just to crawl ignominiously into print. The misery of writing was at hand, it became the necessity of my life, it isn't about making money, getting famous, getting dates, getting laid, or making friends. In the end, it's about enriching the lives of those who will read your work, and enriching your own life as well. I know that a choice to be a writer is not the mere selection of an occupation, but rather a choice of an all-consuming lifestyle. Sometimes I wonder how all those who do not look into a book from inside who are poor in spirit, not to mention those who never write, or had any brainstorming hobby can manage to escape the madness, the melancholia, the panic fear which is inherent in the human nature.

I believed and knew what would Appeal to the taste of this generation. I hope it will delight any reader who has modicum of intelligence and intellectual regard.

\*\*\* *Chapter One* \*\*\*

*‘Comfort and Fear’*

I learned both hardships and poverty as a child, I listened to fascinating stories which was enlightening to me. Revelation on many levels. Once I reached adulthood, I assumed I knew all there what is to know about my parents and other family members. However, if you take the time to ask questions and actually listen to the answers, you may find there is much more to learn about people so close to you. I always believe that where there is Life, there is faith and beyond the world of fear there is hope. I had worked for forty years practiced my occupation and a part of me could have lain the rest of my life and felt satisfied that I had accomplished all the world could ever reasonably demand from me.

It was shortly after dawn on a day in late spring that carries all the promises of summer to come. The fresh green leaves were so bright they startle the eye; dew was already steaming from the grass under the first rays of the sun and the woods around the house were clamorous with birds- song. I couldn't identify the different notes of warblers and hoopoes, woodlarks and woodpeckers. But I knew these were just a fraction of the birdlife of the sweet hill of Wolf Mountain (used to be a thick forest in 1600 the home of Wolfs and many other wildlife). After centuries it was developed into housing projects; idyllic, western part of the city where we bought a house and enjoy the grandeur view of the forest. My husband Wilhelm had seen to it that my dream come true. I could tend a small garden and a tiny backyard enough to receive few friends and relatives when they come to visit us in summer. I wished for a better place to live rather than what we have a flat in the middle of the city that served as my husband's home-office.

Our home is the minuscule corner of the continent that has become my all-consuming universe. What do I need more, a nice surroundings full of trees, quite atmosphere, good neighbours situated a bit far from the maddening crowd of the city full of tourists all year round? It was such a relief to escape the horror noise of the rushing cars day and night. Though we are now at our middle age, we are still healthy and fit with my care of how we live. Healthy nutrients, a good wine to a delicious platter, always on the go and never give in to any signs of old age. It wasn't easy to maintain and keep healthy all the time, there is some disjunction between theory and practice. We sometimes don't share a common ground in our likes of food but we settle in the middle. I cook for him and make different thing for myself.

He had six siblings and it won't be easy for an outsider to join, and adjust to get along to become a member of the pack who were different types of individuals, let alone not each one had the same educational attainment and intelligence. Not to mention an army of relatives from his father and mother side. I deliberately recall the first moment I was introduced to the family such a horror feeling, no matter from where you came from and what race you originated, you are not easily accepted and integrated to this big family. It's rather normal that like all other conventional couple have differences of ideas and choices. My husband is a man that has no artistic ambitions, and I'm a lover of beautiful things, artistic surroundings speaking how to make the house decorative and friendly atmosphere where he considered as kitsch. I never lost the ability to find beauty in ordinary things. Moreover than anything my allure and charm as well as familiar warmth comes from within. At one point my husband admired the beautifully detailed, decorous little garden around our house, although he permanently protest whatever I install something for comfortability.

I and my siblings were baptized and brought up in a Roman Catholic faith and was instructed in it both as a child throughout our girlhood and youth. (In this part of upbringing I and my husband have the same allegory). I spent my first twenty years of my youth in a land where Catholic Faith and religion is the cornerstone. People from where I came from had its supreme virtue to believe in God and absolute standard of morality with the best *Will in the world who most of them likely intend to be a good member of the community*. I ought to boast of my birth, since I owe it to pure love, even without my parent's getting married at the start. I was the rare production of the first essay of a supposed to be a clergyman. My father was not in circumstances to do much for my mother; and yet, after all this blemish, he was trapped and drowned by her beauty and had the blessings from all corners to marry my mother at the end. There are conventional rules that are made to be keep for the sanctity of parents, siblings and relatives.

My Father Medio and Mother Saria admitted frankly to themselves who was not visible to any eye but the eye of faith. Even good qualities become with the erosion of time a reproach, but the essential morality and strong expression of love pleased them. There's no disappointment of each other's set-backs. Their love was unshakable and this muster I followed. 'Let us treasure up in our soul some of those things which are permanent, not those things which will forsake and destroyed us which only tickles our senses for a little while. Everyone has a breaking point, the level of introspection constituting a mental breakdown a foreshadowing of things to come. But their thoughts drifted and fade, back into the recessed hiding places where their memories are safely stored. One thing I remained to appreciate, our family and relatives were a funny bunch but when alcohol played with them, they become unmanageable crowd.

My husband's parents Wilhelm Karlberg Senior and his wife Risa with the rest of the bunch who lived in the country were also Roman Catholics which was carried from generations down to his family. He was brought up with love together with his six siblings in a province where people were virtuous believer of God and salvation through faith in redemption. His father, men like him were the backbone of a county, good-natured, genial if unimaginative, they were, nevertheless, no one's fools. They could be counted on to hold the line, to do whatever needed to be done to keep their community stable; yet they had no taste of power. It was appreciation of their comfort plus trenchant common-sense that drove them.

His mother Risa was a beauty of her day, short, delicate with a neck of a swan would covet with regal posture. She was incomparably kind-hearted and a pious believer of what is good. They live in the country side in a huge house and a large garden full of charming features. It had greatest wonder for a visitor strolling, sitting, talking or reading on the wide bench installed around. The air of the place, in the August time thrilled and all the while with the bliss of birds, the hum of little lives unseen and the flicker of white butterflies. There were sitting places, just there out of the full light facing the sun and one could have a feeling rich.

*"Why is it easier to see God's hand in our lives in retrospect than to trust, that He's leading us in any given moment?"*

Unlike the upbringing of my husband, I and my siblings were brought up with military discipline. I cannot recall those first fifteen years of my youth without horror, loathing, and heartache. I believed in God, or rather I did not deny God, but I always asked myself what kind of God, I could have not said it; that he permitted my Mother who treated us brutally when we were kids whenever we made childish mistakes.



Nevertheless, sufferings provides me the opportunity to show courage and patience. Now looking back at that time, I remember when I was ten, one summer day, Mother punished my eight year old half-brother who was very thin and innocent, he did something that extremely annoyed her and hanged him with light rope in a tree at our back yard. He could have died when I didn't came on time to untie him before he was about to choke. For mother it was only to give him a lesson but she didn't further thought about the fatal outcome. I was shocked and startled of mother's malevolence, unscrupulous, violence and ostracism. My poor brother never recovered his trauma till today. I was fully convinced and no longer had any doubts *that not all the teachings of faith were true.*  
*I no longer believed in any of the things I had been taught.*

The first blow in my young life, an ultimate punishment of my innocence was due to my parent's *financial bottle-neck*, that my Father agreed mother's idea to send me away at the age of thirteen to work with a family as an all-around house-helper, storekeeper in that shabby store. It teared my heart into pieces to be away from my eleven year old only brother that I love with all my heart. No one gave a cough about what I felt during those moments. It wasn't because I have to work with people I didn't know, but my deepest worry and fear what would happen to my brother. There were imminent reasons in the former life of my parents why we were treated harshly as kids which I don't like to resurrect the ghost of their past. Many children in our country experienced something similar. I was so naïve and every time I tried to display my innermost desire, I was being abused and misunderstood. I worked hard with that bloody family as all-around-slave. My life came to a stand-still, I could hardly breathe, eat, drink and I could not sleep and kept on thinking "what comes next or I would rot as a slave"

I began experiencing moments of bewilderment, I felt lost and fell into despair. After eight months serving and working like a slave, the miserable old mean-spirited witch store owner accused me of having stolen something which I never know what. Slaves never needed anything. It was a fist-blow on my face to receive such cruel, ruthless accusation. I was brought up with rigid discipline, and honesty was one of the cardinal rule at home. When my Aunt heard about my problem, she arranged immediately to pick me up and got the hell out of that place. It was a great relief to leave, the disintegration and lifelessness of my soul ended when my Father picked me up and brought me home to continue my high school education in the island.

It wasn't a social academy but at least units were credited to pursue to college. I can clearly see that the only real faith I had, apart from the animal instinct motivating my life, was a belief in perfection. But what this perfection consists of? What its aim was, were unclear to me. I was still very young and innocent, in exact sense of the word still a child. I longed with all my soul to be good, I was young, I had passions and I was alone, completely alone in my search for better life. There are situations so absurd that absurdity kills fear.

*“In the middle of the journey of my life  
I came to myself in a dark woods”*

Another phase of my life began. The two and a half years with my family passed by unnoticed like a whirlwind and it was notoriously unforgettable. I finished my high school by any chance to have a foundation in going to college. It was that ambiguous hour in the afternoon before dark even, when the early-rising moon as colourless as mist; that I eavesdropped my parents argued about me. Mother said I could have continue earning money to help out since she had another cooking in the oven.

Father seemed to be helpless and very proud not to ask any financial aid from mother's rich brothers. I studied hard and fought as hard as I could against life. It took me time to find the answers. After my high school right before the graduation prom, out of senseless misunderstanding with my parents they got rid of me for the second time at the age of sixteen and sent me away just like that to stay with my Aunt's house in the nation's capital, waited till a miracle showed me what I do with myself. There was a deep scar long after the pains had ceased. I was down and hurt, I sobbed and brushed my cheek with my shoulder to hide my sorrow. I felt I would experience a new adventure but my mind was telling me my life is going out of line. But there are dreams which belong to the unconscious and sometimes you wake up and your dream come true.

My parents were not perfect, they were brought up at their times, my Father Medio Delarosa was about to be a priest and forgot about it when he met my mother Saria who possessed nothing except her beauty and candid way, proud to be a member of a respected family in town. Cynicism and sentimentality were mother's two extreme assets. Her own temper, which can be volatile, rises sharply when she encounter someone who disagrees to her desires. The more messed the parents, the more messed up the kids.

It's really that simple. ***But I do strongly believe that everyone, even the worst parents and the most mal-adjusted kids, has a redeeming quality.*** Finally I landed like an obedient puppy in a Carmelite Congregation to become a nun. It was the dream of my Father to have a daughter join in a religious institution when he failed to be a priest. I was pushed behind those thick walls surrounded with weird women who seemed to dedicate their whole lives to God. The frightening quietness of the monastery was so strange especially when you come from a family with a bunch of siblings.

I blurted out when I realized that this is not really the life I wanted to lead. I felt as if I tumbled overboard and the next moment the sharks will have a field day to swallow me. Aside from my feeling that there's animosities from the congregation's upper level who treated me superfluously as if I was the last creature existed; I was moved from one convent to the other a sort of test if I would bear the unfair treatment. I came to realize that since my parents didn't have the capacity of investing a dowry that satisfies them, it must be the reason why certain distinction of treatment between me and other Postulants from rich families who joined the congregation with enormous donations. *Money always played a big dirty role on any angle of life.* It defines who you are.

Well, the trivial fact that I was the poorest and the youngest member of the congregation I have to endure the torment and trials. After a year as a wondering postulant like a lost dog without an owner, humiliated, tormented I feared that another trial of my life will come, then it happened exactly what I thought. The Mother Prioress ejected me from the congregation with the selfish reason that I wasn't meant for such austere life, she said *I was meant to explore the world. She declared that many were called but few were chosen. The reason was actually rubbish, if my parents had presented the congregation few thousand dollars, the melody would clang differently and they would lick the honey.*

Considering one of their vows which is poverty, the nuns didn't deprive anything behind our back. I could have stayed as a nun if they gave me the chance, but selfishness or free-riding parasitism on goodwill of others seemed the motto of every religious congregations. Anyway that was the end of my Father's dream to have a nun daughter. My real being lay in my dark emotional experience of the Infinite, of the Absolute.

And my frustrated feelings towards my belief and towards the church were moments I thought I this are all delusions. Once again I stayed at Aunt Gloria's three story house (bless her) who took me under her wings while waiting what I would do with my life. She had a business of paying transitory- temporary boarders who were mostly bar examinees. The place was fully inhabited of mostly young men who completed their Law studies and entering a final review to become registered future attorneys. During the few months I stayed with them, I was obliged to help the household chores to compensate my fill and gasped what am I doing here? Staying with my Aunt's house acting as a housemaid wasn't absolutely my end-station. Life had grown hateful to me, insuperable force was leasing me to seek deliverance from it by whatever means. But I said to myself gather yourself, be kind to your relatives, you have to have patience and get in order.

*Now I am nineteen, once again I asked God what comes next; Oh Lord help me; and told myself get a grip girl, this is only a temporary transition, don't lost hope.*

The same question I asked when I was thirteen years old. In my search for answers to the question of life I felt just like being lost in the woods. I wish to resolve them no matter if it cost me much effort, I didn't lost hope, as I'm a battler and possess a hard shell. I had still the life in me. I had arrived to a plan, my next move was how to full-fill it. The force beaconing me away from my relatives, I told my cousins I have to find my way, look for a job, support myself and go to college, if you get my drift. The thought of improving my life after acquiring a degree was very stunning idea, it was so attractive that I had to use cunning against myself in order to avoid carrying it out too harshly, leading me in a wrong direction. But I have to rush, because time was catching me up. I have known what I wanted to do and I didn't want to be the eldest in my class.

***“Seek and you will find, ask and you will be given” (Bible Phrase)***

After few searching finally I found a job in a promising young company as a secretary to the manager and tried to realise my illusions. I immediately enlisted myself for the following semester to start my college studies. Then I went to look for another place to live and found a student dormitory where few of them were my distant relatives who were also working in the city. I felt free but not irrevocably isolated. I had come to a stability and preserved my life intact. Believing that if you possess educational background, you're welcome to the wide- open doors of good job opportunities. In the midst of this undertaking I never had any aversive morbid thoughts, I enjoyed my first job and my first earned money; I searched the realms of knowledge and found something. I learned everything what knowledge has to offer and the answer to the question of life. I was growing and developing, feeling this growth within myself that slowly I became adult. *The experimental side of knowledge vaguely compromises with the speculative side in saying that the meaning of life lies in development and in the encouragement of this development.*

At the later part of my existence, I tried to perfect myself intellectually, to perfect my will, setting myself rules in everything came upon in life. Being in the realm of reality it was difficult to follow the conventional rules and the creed of my parents and to stay straight ahead without being derailed. I wanted my daydreams become realities and left carefully buried secrets, and timeless tragic passion that still burning within those aging walls. My education has taught me to see ***Nature and Nurture*** as equal propositions, but my environment has taught me *nurture* wins out every time, especially when it is lacking. I came to realize that I was perfect in my imperfection and happy in my pain, strong in my weakness and beautiful in my own way.

The surging waves of adrenaline fades away as my days rolled fast. Of course I believe in God there are any absolute standards of morality, but how do you decide what is good and what is bad? Only religion can ultimately provide the standards of good and evil. I was never a nervous child and I had always exaggerated sense of gratitude for the least kindness. It was a sort of insecurity, in my youth I was constantly insecure of what become of me. While I stayed in the student dormitory I visited my Aunt Gloria once in a while, they didn't also have any news from my parents. In all senses of the word it was strange that in those days I never understand the minds of my parents. During the intervening years I didn't have any contact with my parents as well as with my siblings, as if I was swallowed by the air. They didn't even bother to inquire about my whereabouts and what am I doing? I just left it that way.

Fate dictated and I felt like a bird blown out of its own latitude. I wasn't really happy being disconnected with my family but my disappointment had been accumulated since I was born and developed a hard feelings towards my parents.

“My fervent prayer at those days was; if I hurt others, give me the strength to apologize, if people hurt me, please give me the strength to forgive. Told myself never let behaviour of others destroy your inner peace.”

## \*\*\* Chapter Two \*\*\*

I was seven years old and my sharpest memory of a single hot roasting day when my grandfather and mother's macho brothers gathered in our tiny living room and the town's lawyer to officiate the civil wedding ceremony. My five year old brother and I sat like dummies in mute modus at the corner behind the door and witness what's going on in the living room. After the weird interventions of my grandfather and mother's sovereign brothers my father Medio married my mother Saria. Nothing matters to them but the quality of their each other's affection was the phrase of the day. *For my father, marriage isn't a word, it's a life sentence or he stared my mother and thought you are all fair my love, there's no flaw in you, "Your past is yours and the future is ours"*

Father was a chain smoker, unsocial, simple and religious. Reading few hours a day the subscribed Reader's Digest book was his life and obsession. He was happy and comfortable to sit in a peaceful little corner with his cigarette reading in deep concentration. He was a pleasant conversationalist when the subject fits. You can ask him legitimate questions but some simply do not deserve an answer so he just present his rare smile. This was one thing I loved him. Mother used to sulk about his comfortable personal art, nothing can shake him even if the world collapse before his nose.

Obviously my parents were two different individuals. They had in real sense nothing in common like heaven and earth **But** *"Love cleanses, beloved" It doesn't beat you down. It doesn't cast blame. One rule for the road, his love wasn't a weapon, it's a lifeline, reach out and take hold and don't let go, unconditional, forgiving, unchanging, everlasting, self-sacrificing –the kind of love for which most people hungers their entire lives, yet never find.*



*“Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. (Psalm 23:4)*

The past isn't fixed if it isn't dead. How are we supposed to preserve it? If it lives--- lives on in our memories, as we're always saying – then it can spoil.

It was a cool day in the month of January when I receive the short message with surprise from my sister who was able to locate my address saying *“He's gone massive heart attack”* on the way to his job. I live at the time in the nation's capital and tried to book an urgent flight back to the island, unfortunately I couldn't get any immediate flight so he was buried without my presence. Father's death was another blow out of the dark. I arrived in the island having dress in black and wasn't comfortable to see all father's relative who joined the mourning. One had to submit to these unforeseen blows that come unawares and leave a bruise that remains and hurts whenever it is touched. At the time I blamed the brothers of my father who didn't gave a cough when father had an attack in one of his visits. They could have sent a doctor to see what he had, but as usual people in the country don't take things seriously before you are dead. They're not keen and ambitious but only the dying is free from ambition to live.

At sixty one it was quiet young to die but his heart didn't gave him a chance. After his death every memory of him was so fresh that it seemed part of an ongoing story, like the smell of his cigarette smoke like a perfume lingering in an empty room. I can still hear his soft sympathetic voice, his burst of extravagant generosity all struck me as proof of his self-destructiveness. Whenever I thought about the time when I was still staying with them, the older memories started to arrive.

No one from us between my siblings can ever tell if father had been happy with his life or just trapped and captivated with a chain of responsibilities towards his wife and family. My Mother was devastated hearing his sudden death, of course losing a husband is excruciating but she could have sense the danger of Father's life when he'd been claiming his pains. Father had already suffered twice a stroke. Mother wasn't really aware that serving him fat food were the best factors for heart attack not to mention sports was unknown to them. Their most important hobby was unreasonable food in-take containing often fat meat. Sixty one wasn't the right time to give up life, he could have meet his grandchildren. His sixteen years of marriage wasn't that long. To deceive oneself is pointless. All is vanity. Happy is he who was never born. Death is better than life; one must free oneself from it.

Father's death freed him from his responsibilities towards his children. As his eldest daughter, he told me the year I left them that if he dies I have not to leave my siblings at stake, and have to look after them, help them out to find their way. I didn't took those lines seriously those times since he was still young. I found it strange that he gave me such job. My mind rotated, figured out either grant his request or let it go, but then again when he dies, I was captured like someone told me, now it's your turn to take over the burden. Sadly it was a knock at the door of my soul ***that I couldn't left the door closed and attend to myself and go on with my life. I have to take over, which I did eventually.***

I was extremely guilty that my father had no idea about the existence of his granddaughter at the time one and a half month old. I wished I could roll back the time filled him my decision to have a child out of wedlock. Besides I was ultimately scared that it would perhaps the cause his early death if he learn the real disaster that the maker of my child is a married man who actually supported my studies financially. So I kept my secret with me.

I could have apologized what I've done which was a shame for them. I could have explained my inevitable reasons why I broke their creed to keep my sanity. I kept all my thoughts to myself intentionally since it was too late for any regrets. I could have explained him that "*Kids are the greatest things in the world, though these days nobody seems to give a rat's ass about them.*" They are considered today as bothersome, burden, inconvenience, and pester of life. But you can't just kill them because it doesn't fit in time. If he would understand it, I wasn't sure.

Father's life wasn't a bed of roses, short and tragic and yet in his death there was another meaning beyond that of unfulfilled promise; inevitable choice of the wrong partner, characteristic ways of understanding, illness to believe that it originated in split loyalties and unanswered needs, not just an infection. But as time slipped by, these kind of guilty feelings fades away and I have to move on. I'm sure that my mother, at least, would say I'd got it all wrong, my father might think I'd got it all wrong too, except he would mind and care. Looking back over his life never came easily to him, and for the sake of avoiding that ordeal—but also because, ultimately, he attached himself to nothing—he'd surrender to anyone's memories of him. Even mine, these pawed –over resurrections. Even though he knew I loved him too desperately ever to be a reliable witness. As I look to the faces of my sisters I have seen how abandoned they were, the youngest was only nine years old, his favourite daughter was very young to loss a father.

Mother was her own kind of rock but she seemed distracted and mournful to loss her husband. I didn't heartily sympathized her, she was a good actress moving in some addled way through the rising sea of house chores. During her younger days, she was with her brothers making stage shows like theatre and she could sing and the same time laugh like in the movie of "gone with the wind".

Don't get me wrong. My mother's tears perhaps genuine, her cruelty when I was little didn't bring enough physical hurt or fear to qualify as child abuse at least in the island where we lived. Today in twenty first century it was enough for the law-maker to accuse her as child beater. Anyway her whippings, when they did come, were almost a relief given the spooky alternative of her silence. And they didn't last very long if you stood still, as I and my brother had the sense to do. Me I never stopped trying to break loose for a second, which protracted the whole thing. (My spankings and beating were a kind of family sporting event complete with rounds and what my brother still claims was a system of scoring more subtle and intricate than the mating signals of certain spiders.) I do remember my brother and I was so scared of thunder and lightning that every time it struck we hide under the table –in our pyjamas and prayed to keep us safe from that kind of angry storm.

However we were careful not to provoke her that she would have some kind of serious fury because if she got started she'd kill us, this worked way better than beating or spanking could have. Her threat of homicide however unlikely she tries to make it sound that will dampen down your spirits. Like it was always her belief that beating is a part of child discipline to let them know their misbehaviour. Don't we all assume we'll do it differently not repeat the past? We believe with all our hearts that we can rise above that things they couldn't. Sometimes, our belief blinded us and we accept compromises in order to achieve a small part of a desired end. It had been mother's upbringing to do exactly what her father Vincenzo said and if not you are harshly punished. Although she had broken the creed of her parents, she still wanted to follow the strictness of her upbringing and applied to her own children. Thanks God we survived our childhood, tried to store the past in a safe corner of our memory.