

The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

The Massacre in Manila!!! Horrible! What kind of a government is there in that country of nearly 100 million people? What has become very clear of late is that there is a completely incompetent police force in Manila. This is the Capital City of The Philippines. It is, also, well known that the Manila Fire Department, or whatever it is called, these days, will not do its sworn duty unless there is a cash payoff, somewhere down the line for somebody. The Chinese residents of Manila have had to fund their own fire services department due to the sad experiences of the past with regard to the Manila Fire Department. What is so disappointing about The Philippines is that, over the years, the country has had one incompetent government after another. The successive governments are like worms in a garden: You kill one, only to find 10 more worms under the next rock. I talked it over with Bo-Bo, my froglike husband, and asked for his opinion about the massacre and of the obvious stupidity of the present government, the President of which is Mr Benigno Aquino. The Frog, looking up at the sky, presumably, said: 'These people! Most of the adult human population of the country, it seems to me, are not much different from stupid children. I saw photographs in the newspaper of some grinning, Manila policemen, having their pictures taken in front of the tour bus in which 8 Hongkong people had been shot to death by that sacked policeman Rolando Mendoza. Some Manila school children followed suit and had their photographs taken in front of the bus, also, as they played in front of the execution chamber of innocent Hongkong tourists. The children were all smiling! Why? And, then, one sees President Benigno Aquino on television, actually smiling! Disgusting! For what reason did he not go to see that Mendoza madman before the killing started? All that the President had to do was to reason with Mendoza and promise to reopen the case of his dismissal from the police force. If he had done that, probably, nobody would have had to die. President Benigno Aquino, I suggest, did not have courage to face this former policeman and, certainly, he did not have the intelligence to rush down to the scene of the hostage drama and, personally, assist where-ever possible. He is a dud of the first order. Further, there were ample opportunities to kill the madman before he even thought of murdering the tourists. Why was that not considered as an option? And so it goes on ... and on ... and on.'

The Frog is, of course, quite right – for a change. After giving the matter some thought, I realised that there is more to this matter than just the Manila Massacre. How many times have I read that this Filipina maid had nearly killed a baby in order to extract revenge on the mother, her employer? How many times have I read that a Filipina maid was in Court for obtaining money by deception or not honouring a debt to a telephone company? And what about that Filipina maid who, without permission, took secret photographs of her employer as she lay dying in hospital and, then, sold the photographs to a newspaper. These are not acts of intelligent people, but of people, on the borderline with the mad killer of those 8 Hongkong tourists. And, yet, we employ these Filipinas to enter our homes and we trust them. Are the majority of them trustworthy? The answer is that, probably, they are trustworthy. Unfortunately, the few Filipina and Filipino miscreants are damaging the reputation of their entire race. I, for one, would not think of going to The Philippines, now, and I know that The Frog would not even think of going near the place. But it seems so unfair that the majority of the nearly 100 million Philippine nationals have to suffer due to the actions of the few bad apples in the barrel. Nobody is born bad. Children are innocent. There is no such thing as a bad

child. There are only bad parents.

I recall, just after World War II, when Germany was occupied by the American, British, Russian and French servicemen, that many of these soldiers sought to extract revenge on the civilian population of the country. There was a radio interview, in about 1952, when a young German prostitute confirmed that she had been forced into the life of a Lady of the Night because there was no other way to obtain money to buy food for her family. She said that, on one occasion, an American soldier had threatened to beat her, badly, for the sins of the many Germans that had done the bidding of Adolf Hitler. She reasoned with the American soldier and asked him whether or not every child, below the age of 5 years, should be punished, also. After all, she told the interviewer, these are children of German mothers. For what reason should we not punish them, also, for the sins of their parents? It is a strong argument. Yes, there was a man called Rolando Mendoza, a former policeman from Manila. He killed 8 innocent Hongkong tourists on a tour bus. He was a madman. Yes, there is a President of The Philippines. His name is Benigno Aquino. Yes, he is an incompetent, just like many of members of the police force of Manila. Yes, and so on, and so on, and so on. But life must go on. We have to learn to forgive even if we cannot forget. We must continue to love the individual, but abhor that individual's sins and try to fashion ways in order that the sins are not repeated. Hate is painful and stressful; love is devoid of any pain, causes no stress, and brings only enjoyment. Don't you agree?

Talk to you, next week.

Chief Lady Hong

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