

Frère

De La Salle: Patron Saint of Teachers



A Graphic Novel Adaptation by
Benjie M. Marasigan Jr.

Copyright © 2019 by De La Salle-College of Saint Benilde

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced
in any form or by any means
without the written permission
of the copyright owner and the publisher.

Published and exclusively distributed by
De La Salle-College of Saint Benilde
2544 Taft Avenue, Manila, Philippines 1004
website: www.benilde.edu.ph

Graphic novel adaptation by Benjamin Marasigan Jr.
original story and design by Nelson Caliguia
original screenplay by Manrique Orellana Jr.
Cover Design by Vince Serrano
Page Layout by Sheila Marie Lee
Edited by Diana Ilishera Go

Digital Painters:

Patrick Astilla
Linton Gonzaga
Vince Serrano
Alexis Somes

Letterer:

Tracy Anne Galang

Augmented Reality Team:

Jan Yolec Homecillo
Jeremy Sanchez

Frère De La Salle: Patron Saint of Teachers
ISBN 978-971-95559-5-7

Printed in the Philippines

Frère

De La Salle: Patron Saint of Teachers

Chapter 1



MY NAME IS JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE.
I WAS BORN IN THE YEAR 1651 AND
GREW UP IN THE CITY OF RHEIMS, FRANCE.



I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY
OF HOW I CAME TO BE
AN EDUCATOR - HOW
GOD LED ME, STEP BY
STEP.

WELL, I REALLY DID NOT
DREAM OF BECOMING
AN EDUCATOR
BECAUSE I REMEMBER
WHEN I WAS A BOY, I
WAS MORE INCLINED TO
BECOME A PRIEST AND
SERVE THE CHURCH.



I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A BOY, MY BROTHERS, MY SISTERS AND I USED TO VISIT OUR GRANDPARENTS' VINEYARD ON HARVEST TIME.



OUR GRANDMA ALWAYS TELLS US STORIES ABOUT SAINTS AND HEROES.



AS A BOY, I WAS INSPIRED BY HER STORIES.



WE ALWAYS HAD FUN PLAYING IN THE VINEYARD.



CATCH ME IF YOU CAN!



WHILE WE WERE HAPPILY PLAYING, OUR SERVANTS' CHILDREN WERE BUSY HELPING IN THE FIELDS.



I ALWAYS WONDERED WHY OTHERS DON'T LIVE LIKE WE DO...



...THEY CARRY OUR LOAD BUT WE DON'T CARRY THEIRS.



THERE YOU ARE!



WE HAVE TO GO, JOHN. YOUR GRANDMA MUST BE WORRIED BY NOW.

BUT I WANT TO HELP THEM.



WE SPENT OUR CHILDHOOD AT THE LA CLOCHE MANSION. I HAD SUCH FOND MEMORIES THERE AS A CHILD.



I LOVED TO DO ROLEPLAYING WITH MY SIBLINGS.



I ALWAYS ROLE PLAY AS A PRIEST.



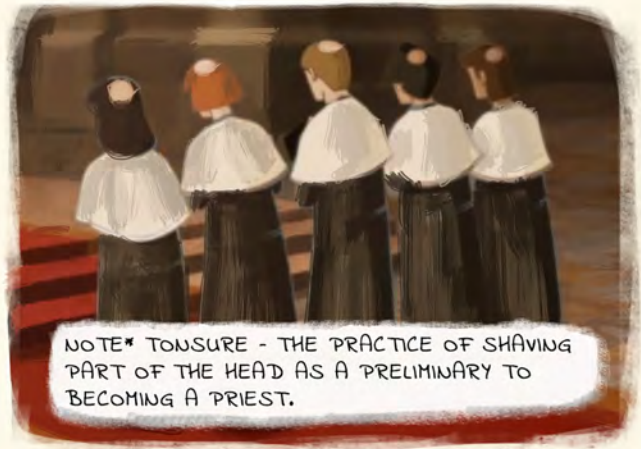
GO, FATHER JOHN!

HA! HA!



SHHH!





FOLLOWING MY DREAMS, I ENTERED THE SEMINARY IN HOPES OF BECOMING A PRIEST. LIFE IN THE MISSION WAS NOT ALWAYS EASY.



Dearest John,

I regret to inform you that your mother
passed away.

May the assurance of

BUT THE GREATEST PAIN THAT I EXPERIENCED WAS HEARING OF MY MOTHER'S PASSING AND I WAS NOT BY HER SIDE.



A FEW MONTHS LATER...



I RECEIVED ANOTHER LETTER FROM MY GRANDMOTHER...



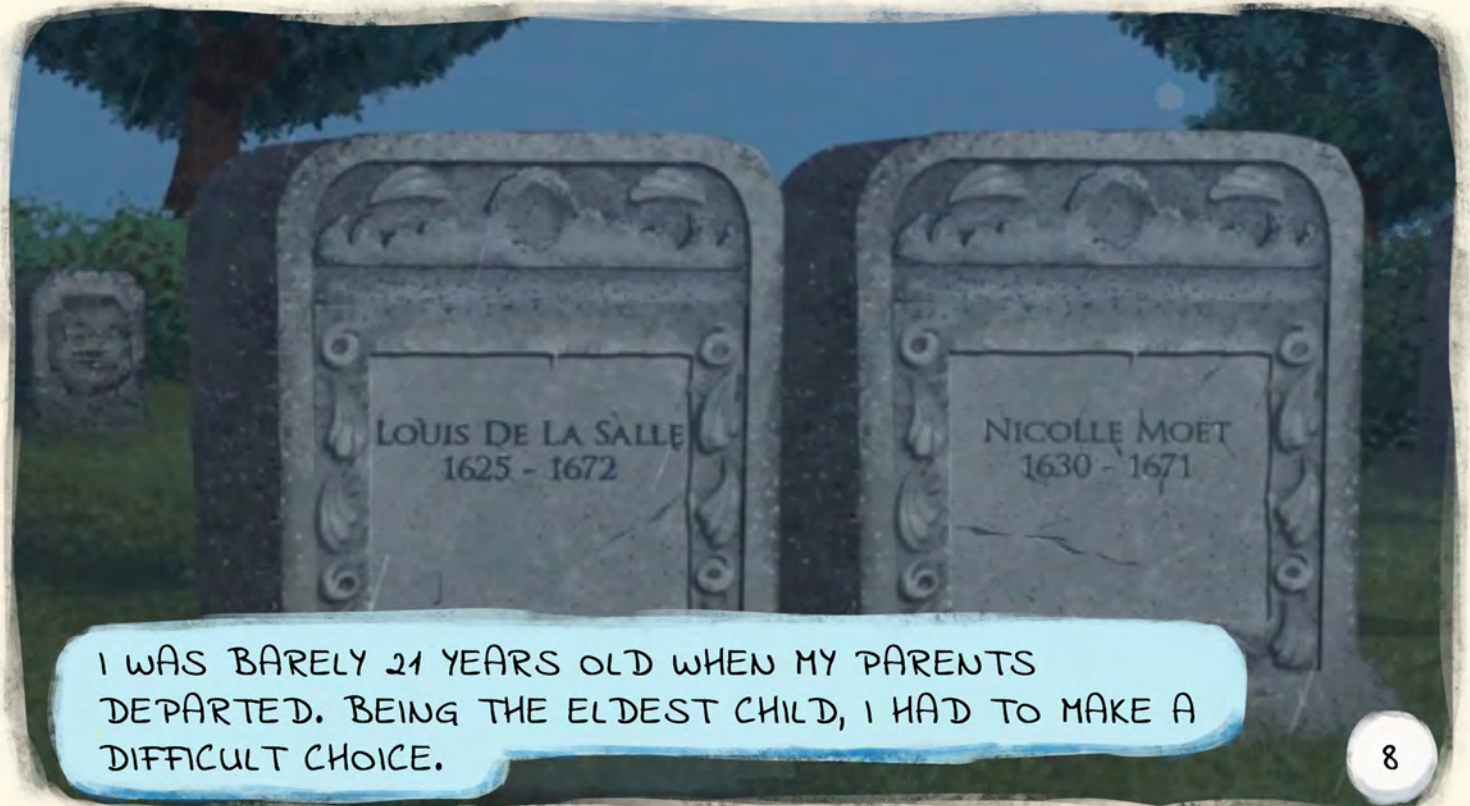
...TELLING ME THAT MY FATHER ALSO PASSED AWAY.



LOUIS DE LA SALLE
1625 - 1672

NICOLLE MOËT
1630 - 1671

I WAS BARELY 21 YEARS OLD WHEN MY PARENTS DEPARTED. BEING THE ELDEST CHILD, I HAD TO MAKE A DIFFICULT CHOICE.



I FINALLY DECIDED TO GO BACK HOME AND BE WITH MY FAMILY.

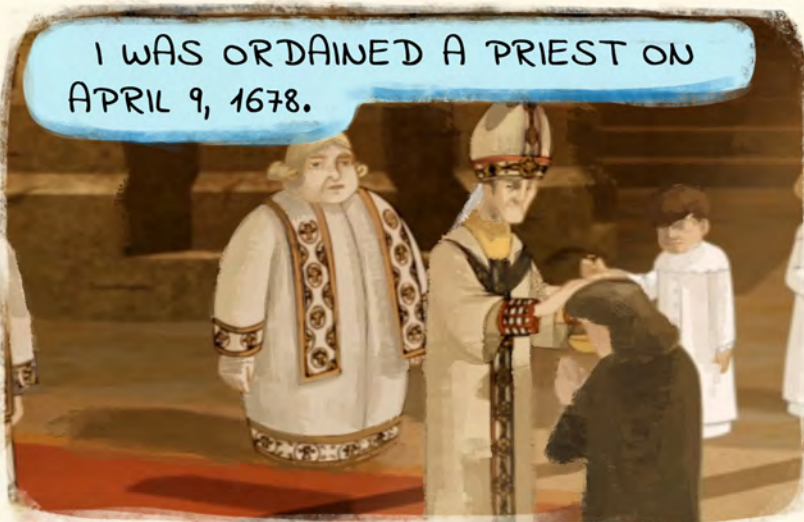


I LEFT THE SEMINARY AND DEDICATED MYSELF IN TAKING CARE OF MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BUT GOD'S CALL WAS STRONG. AFTER TAKING CARE OF MY FAMILY, I CONTINUED MY VOCATION.



I WAS ORDAINED A PRIEST ON APRIL 9, 1678.



WE ARE SO PROUD OF YOU, FR. JOHN!

THANK YOU, GRANDMA.

MY STORY DID NOT END HERE. I HAD THIS FEELING THAT GOD HAD SOMETHING SPECIAL IN MIND FOR ME. AN ADVENTURE, A MISSION...



ONE DAY, AT
THE SISTERS
OF THE CHILD
JESUS CONVENT,
I MET SOMEONE
WHO WOULD
CHANGE MY LIFE.



EXCUSE ME, SIR.
AREN'T YOU
FR. DE LA SALLE?



YES, MISTER.
WHAT CAN I DO
FOR YOU?

I AM ADRIAN NYEL,
AND THIS IS MY YOUNG
ASSISTANT, CHRISTOPHER.





I AM A SCHOOL TEACHER. WE
HAVE COME HERE FROM ROUEN.



AH! NICE TO MEET
YOU MR. NYEL
AND MASTER
CHRISTOPHER.
WHAT BRINGS
YOU HERE?



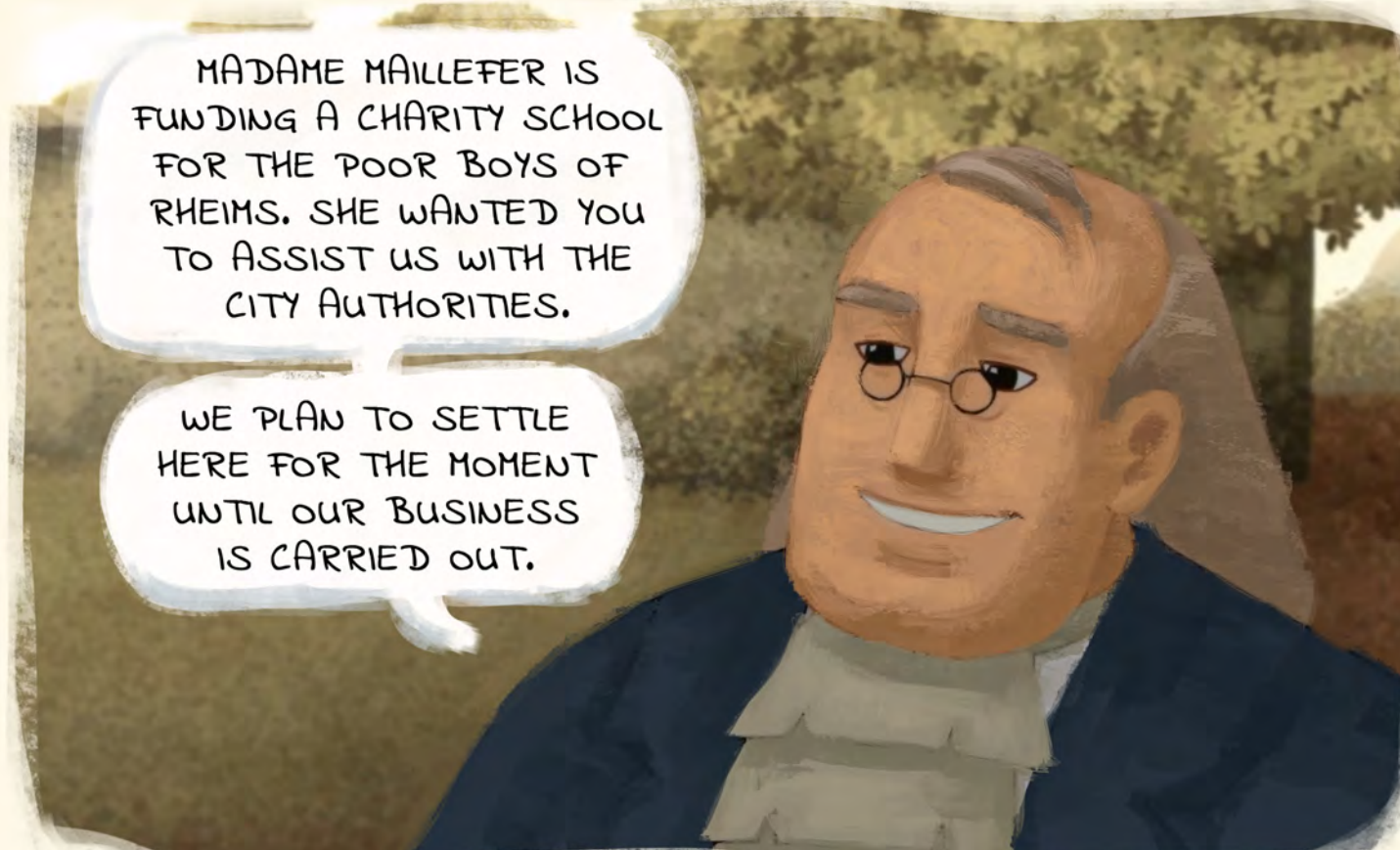
I HAVE A
LETTER FROM
MADAM MAILLEFER.



AND SHE REQUESTS
YOUR ASSISTANCE.



MADAM, MAILLEFER?
OH YES, SHE'S A
DISTANT RELATIVE
OF OURS.



MADAME MAILLEFER IS
FUNDING A CHARITY SCHOOL
FOR THE POOR BOYS OF
RHEIMS. SHE WANTED YOU
TO ASSIST US WITH THE
CITY AUTHORITIES.

WE PLAN TO SETTLE
HERE FOR THE MOMENT
UNTIL OUR BUSINESS
IS CARRIED OUT.



TO TELL YOU THE
TRUTH, MR. NYEL, I
THINK IT'S NOT GOING
TO BE EASY.





ADRIEN NYEL IS A ZEALOUS MAN, AND
IT SEEMED THAT GOD MADE USE OF
HIM SO THAT HE COULD GET ME
INVOLVED IN THIS
GOOD WORK.



AS WE
STEPPED
OVER THE
SCHOOL'S
THRESHOLD,
I SENSED
SOMETHING
IMPORTANT
WAS GOING
TO HAPPEN.



Chapter 2



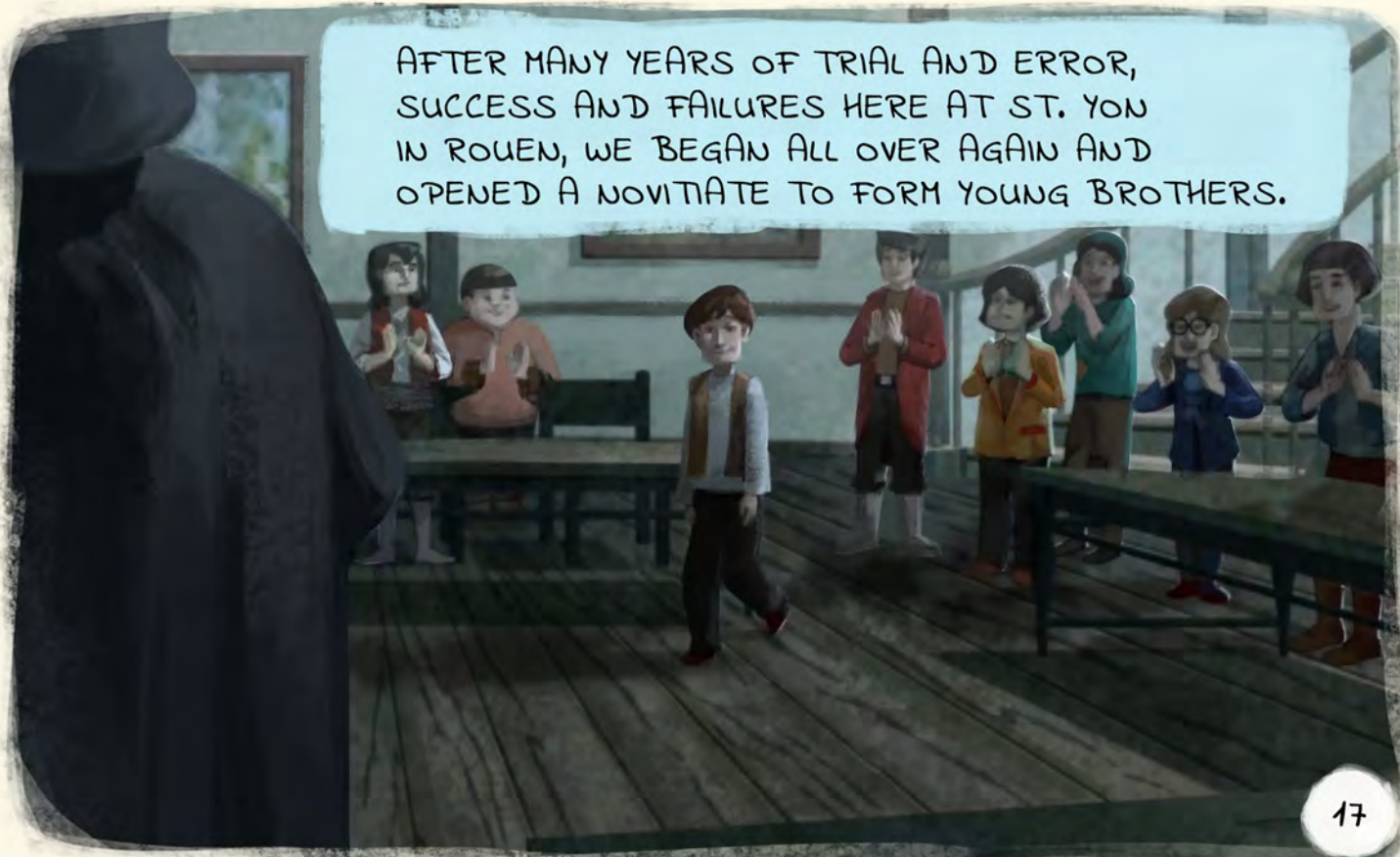
IT HAS BEEN MORE THAN A DECADE SINCE THEN, AND I'VE MET A LOT OF DEDICATED MEN WHO WERE WILLING TO TEACH POOR CHILDREN.

EVENTUALLY, INSTEAD OF CALLING OURSELVES "TEACHERS," WE PREFERRED TO BE CALLED "BROTHERS."

WE WERE KNOWN LATER AS THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.



AFTER MANY YEARS OF TRIAL AND ERROR, SUCCESS AND FAILURES HERE AT ST. YON IN ROUEN, WE BEGAN ALL OVER AGAIN AND OPENED A NOVITIATE TO FORM YOUNG BROTHERS.



ONE DAY, DURING ONE OF OUR CLASSES...

THAT'S THE ANSWER, FR. JOHN.

VERY GOOD MASTER LEO.

THERE'S SOMEONE TO SEE YOU, FR. JOHN.

A LETTER FROM THE BROTHERS...

DEAR FR. JOHN,

OUR BELOVED BR. HENRY IS VERY ILL. HE SENSED THAT HE MIGHT NOT LIVE VERY LONG, SO HE TOLD US TO INFORM YOU AND REQUEST YOUR PRESENCE.

RESPECTFULLY,
BR. FRANCOIS

I WAS DEEPLY SADDENED
BY BR. HENRY'S GRAVE
CONDITION.



YOU SEE, I HAD HIGH HOPES FOR HIM
TO BE OUR NEXT SUPERIOR.



I EVEN ADVISED HIM
TO BECOME A PRIEST
SO THE ARCHBISHOP
WOULD ALLOW HIM
TO LEAD THE
BROTHERS.



BUT I WAS WRONG.

THIS IS GOD'S WILL.
SO IT WILL BE
BROTHERS, MUCH
MORE THAN PRIESTS,
WHO WILL BE FULLY
COMMITTED AND WILL BE
ABLE TO MAINTAIN
THE BROTHERS OF THE
CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

A BROTHER MUST
LEAD OUR COMMUNITY,
AND ONLY BROTHERS
WILL BE OUR COMMUNITY.



SO I WENT TO BE WITH BR. HENRY AND THE REST OF
THE BROTHERS.





MY
HAT!



HELP!

DURING MY STRUGGLE, A CHILLING MEMORY, COLD AS ICE, FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES. I WAS BEING ABANDONED BY MY FELLOW BROTHERS. IT WAS HARD WORK AND THERE WAS LITTLE TO EAT. IT WAS JUST TOO MUCH FOR THEM.



PLEASE! DON'T
GIVE UP!



GOD WILL TAKE
CARE OF US.



PLEASE, LORD! DON'T
LEAVE ME HERE...



OUR STRUGGLE DID NOT END THERE. THE WRITING MASTERS, WHO ACCUSED US OF ROBBING THEM OF THEIR LIVELIHOOD, DECLARED WAR ON OUR SCHOOLS.



THEY ASSAULTED THE SCHOOLS, EVEN SETTING THEM ON FIRE. WE HAD TO LEAVE PARIS AND START ANEW IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.



I CAN'T GIVE UP NOW.



FALLING DOWN IN THAT COLD DITCH WORSENERD MY RHEUMATISM.

THIS SICKNESS WILL BOTHER ME FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.





FR. JOHN, HERE'S
A BLANKET TO
WARM YOU.

THANK
YOU.



CONTINUE WITH
YOUR PRAYERS,
BROTHERS.

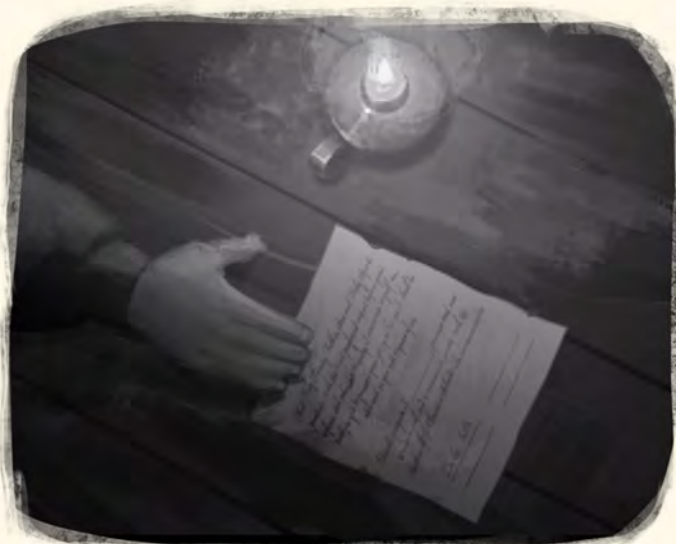


FAREWELL, BR. HENRY. YOU WERE
A GIFT TO OUR COMMUNITY.





I REMEMBER WHEN
WE HAD OUR VOWS
AS BROTHERS.



EVERYONE SEEMED TO
HESITATE IN COMMITTING
THEMSELVES TO THE MISSION.



YOU, BR. HENRY, WERE NOT
DOUBTFUL OF OUR MISSION.



YOU ARE INDEED A GOOD
MAN, A TRUE DISCIPLE OF
CHRIST.





LORD, WE PRAY THAT HE MAY BE ABLE
TO GLORIFY YOU WITH THE LIFE THAT HE
LIVED. LET THE EXAMPLE OF HIS LIFE
INSPIRES US TO SPEND OUR LIVES
FULFILLING YOUR MISSION.



BE WITH US, LORD,
DURING OUR MOMENTS
OF SORROW.

GODSPEED, OUR
BELOVED BROTHER.

Chapter 3



SEVERAL YEARS LATER, DURING THE START OF A NEW SCHOOL YEAR...





SOMETIMES, I GET REMINDED OF THE SAD
REALITY OF RIDICULE...



...OF THE LAUGHTER WE HEARD WHEN WE FIRST DRESSED IN OUR
DISTINCTIVE CLOTHES: A BLACK CASSOCK SHORTER THAN A
PRIEST'S, TOGETHER WITH A WHITE COLLAR. ON TOP OF THAT, WE
WEAR A PEASANT'S CAPE, A LARGE HAT, AND SHOES WITH THICK,
HEAVY SOLES. THIS WOULD PROTECT US FROM THE SUN AND RAIN.
IT GAVE US AN IDENTITY. IT UNITED US AS A COMMUNITY OF
BROTHERS.

















I SPENT MY LAST RESERVES TO BUY BASKETS OF BREAD TO FEED THE STARVING CHILDREN AND FAMILIES OF THE AREA.



THANK YOU,
FR. JOHN.



YOU'RE
WELCOME,
CHILD.



YOUR KIND HEART IS TRULY A
BLESSING, FR. JOHN.









WHAT HAPPENED
HERE?

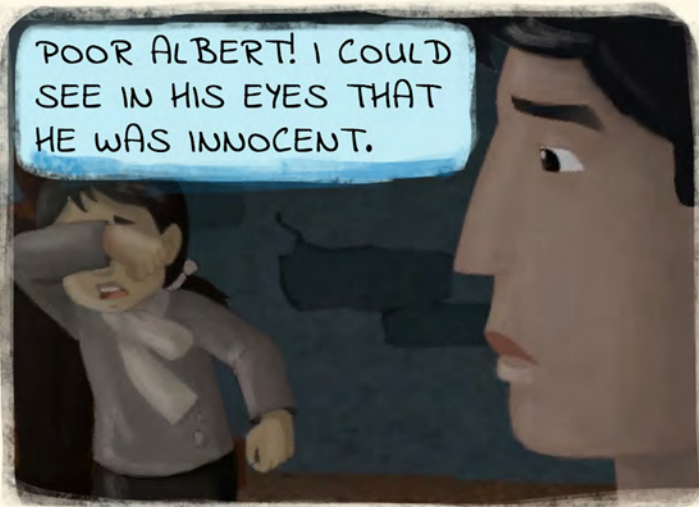
ARE YOU HURT,
BERNARD?



IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT.



HE PUSHED ME! HE
PUSHED ME DOWN THE
STAIRS! PUNISH HIM!
PUNISH HIM!





THE VERY NEXT DAY...



YOUR EVIL SON
ALMOST KILLED
MY PRECIOUS BOY!

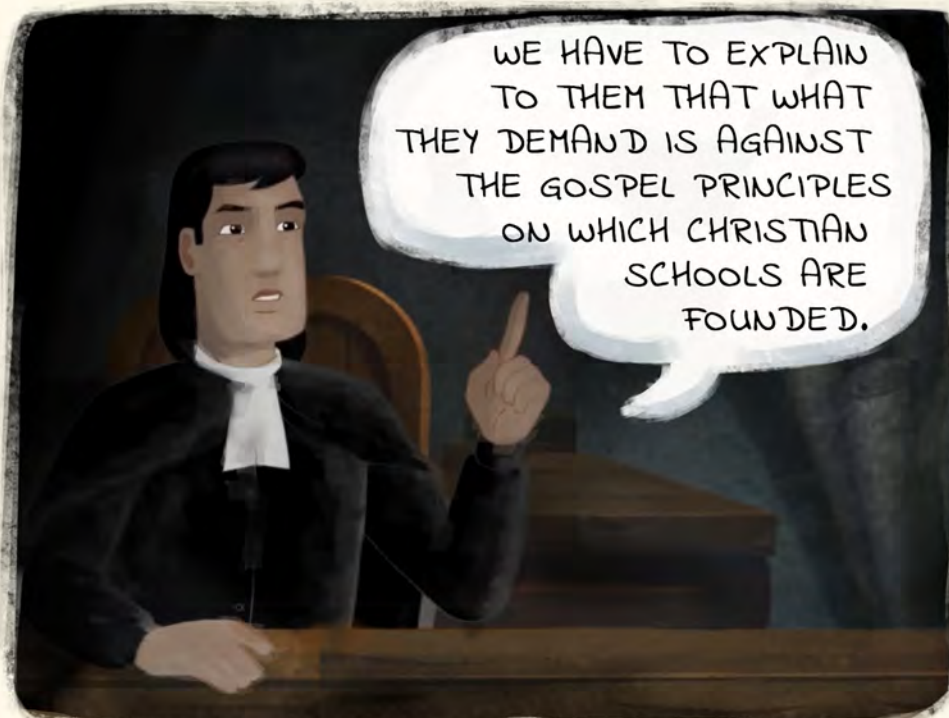


IT'S NOT HIS
FAULT.











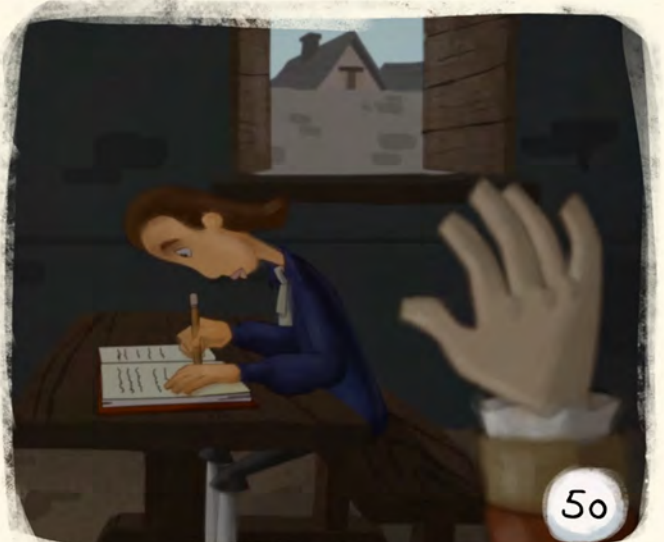
AT THAT MOMENT, A VERY SHARP PAIN CAME DOWN MY LEGS.



THIS ACHING PAIN WOULD HAUNT ME FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

IT WAS JUST ONE OF THE SMALL CROSSES THAT I WAS ASKED TO ENDURE, BUT I HAD A GOOD EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW...









FR. JOHN...?



YES, BERNARD?



I HAVE SOMETHING
TO TELL YOU.

A WEEK LATER...









I'M SO SORRY FOR WHAT I DID TO YOU.
I'M SUCH A SPOILED CHILD...I HOPE
YOU CAN FORGIVE ME. IT WON'T
HAPPEN AGAIN, ALBERT. I PROMISE.



PAPA, COME
HERE!



I TOLD MY
FATHER AND
MOTHER THE
TRUTH ABOUT
WHAT HAPPENED.



AND THEY CAME
HERE WITH ME
TO ASK FOR YOUR
FORGIVENESS, TOO.



PLEASE FORGIVE
US FOR WHAT WE'VE
SAID AND DONE.



WE ARE VERY
SORRY.



WE'LL BE HAPPY
TO SUPPORT YOUR
SON'S NEEDS SO
HE CAN COME BACK
TO SCHOOL.

WE MENTIONED THIS TO FR. JOHN,
AND HE GRACIOUSLY ACCOMPANIED
US SO WE COULD APOLOGIZE TO YOU
AND YOUR SON.



YOU HEAR THAT, SON?
MY BOY IS GOING BACK
TO SCHOOL!



GO! TELL MAMA
THE GOOD NEWS.





Chapter 4



DEAR LORD, THANK YOU FOR YOUR CARE AND GUIDANCE. MY PRAYERS GO OUT TO YOU FOR DEAR BR. BARTHELEMY. HE DESERVES TO BE CHOSEN AS MY SUCCESSOR BY HIS BROTHERS. HE HAS THE MAKINGS OF A GREAT LEADER, AND HE IS TRULY DEVOTED TO THE WELFARE OF OUR SOCIETY.



THEY ARE READY FOR A NEW BEGINNING.



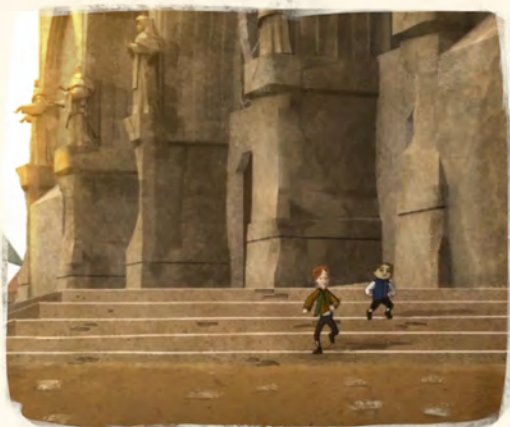
THAT GENTLE DRIFTING LEAF IS LIKE AN ANGEL DESCENDING FROM HEAVEN...



...A GENTLE REMINDER FROM GOD THAT I'M COMING NEAR MY JOURNEY'S END.

LIFE MOVES IN CYCLES. LIFE AND DEATH, AND THEN NEW LIFE. AND SO THE END TO THIS STORY ALSO PROMISES A NEW BEGINNING.





FASTER!
WE'RE GOING
TO BE LATE!

I HOPE WE
GET THERE
ON TIME.

HEY!
FAUSTIN!





THEY ARE PREPARING FOR
THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF
THEIR JOURNEY AS BROTHERS.



ALBERT, WHO
CAME FROM A
POOR FAMILY,
COURAGEOUS
AND
RESOURCEFUL...



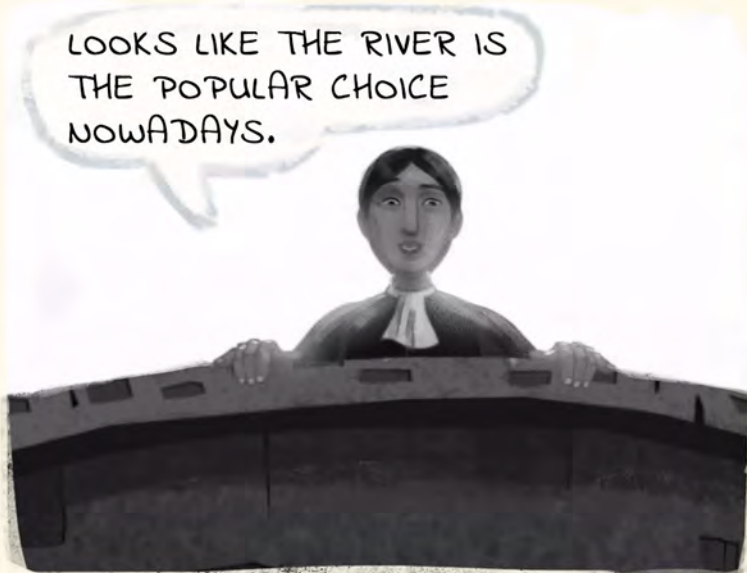
A YOUNG MAN WHO IS PASSIONATE
ABOUT LEARNING AND TEACHING...



HUH!



LOOKS LIKE THE RIVER IS
THE POPULAR CHOICE
NOWADAYS.



BR. ALBERT!
UH-OH!



WE WERE JUST ON OUR WAY
TO SCHOOL, BROTHER. BUT,
WE...WE FELL INTO THE
RIVER ON THE WAY THERE!



THERE'S TIME FOR WORK.
THERE'S TIME FOR PLAY.



I GUESS THAT'S
TRUE.



BUT CLASS GETS SO BORING
SOMETIMES, BROTHER!



AND I DON'T LIKE MATH.



I GUESS THAT MAY BE
TRUE SOMETIMES.

BUT WHY DON'T WE MAKE IT...
MORE INTERESTING?

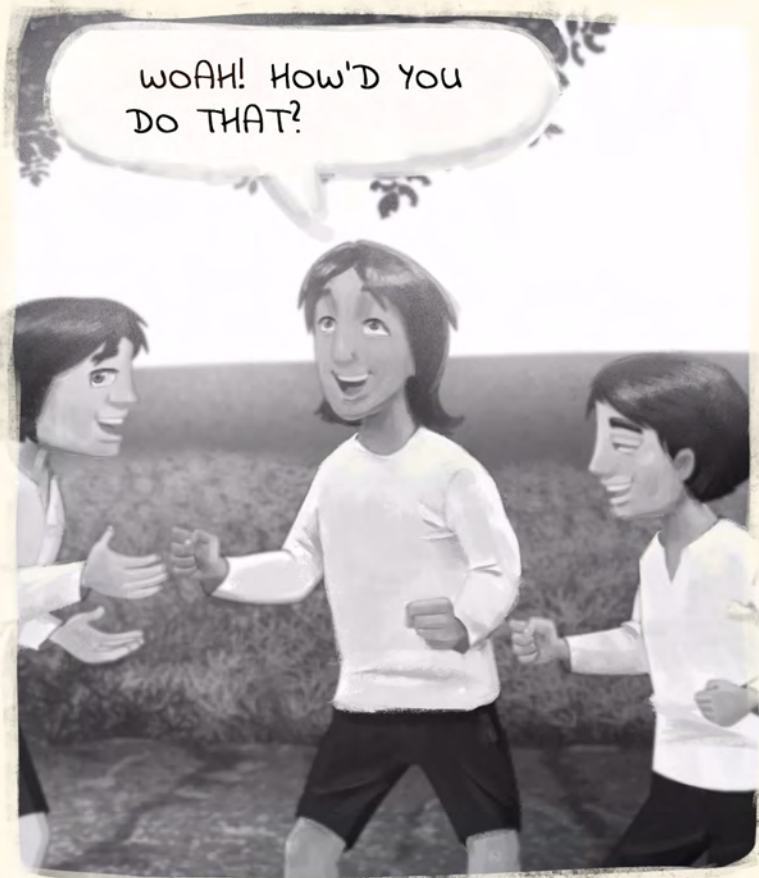


TRY COUNTING



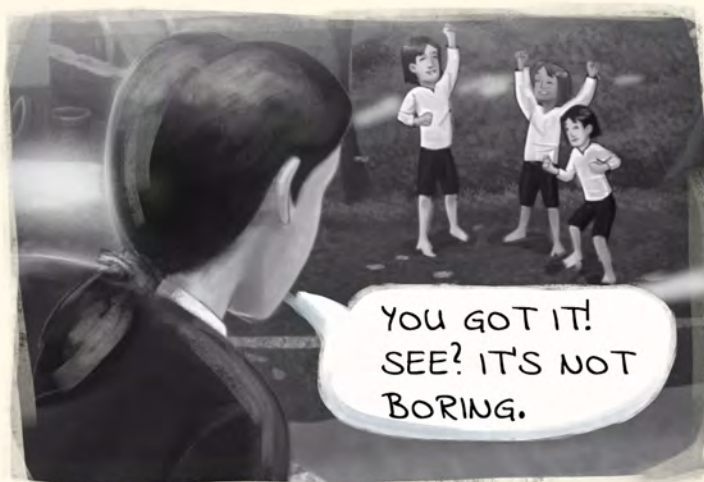
....THIS!







RIGHT! BUT HOW MUCH MORE
WOULD IT BE IF IT SKIPPED
THREE MORE TIMES?





BERNARD,
BORN FROM A
WEALTHY FAMILY,
HUMBLE AND
GENEROUS...

A YOUNG MAN, WHO LEARNED
TO SHARE GOD'S GOOD GRACE
TO THE LESS FORTUNATE...







LIFE SOMETIMES SEEMS
LIKE IT PUSHES US AROUND
LIKE WIND THAT SCATTERS
THE LEAVES.

AND WHEN THINGS DO
SETTLE DOWN AND WE
FIND OURSELVES IN A
BRAND NEW PLACE, THE
STORY IS NOT OVER YET.



EACH ONE OF US IS INVITED TO
NOTICE THE LITTLE THINGS
AROUND US THAT CALL FOR
OUR ATTENTION.
THE PEOPLE THAT NEED A
LITTLE HELP, THEY ARE
OFTEN AS CLOSE AS OUR
OWN TWO FEET.

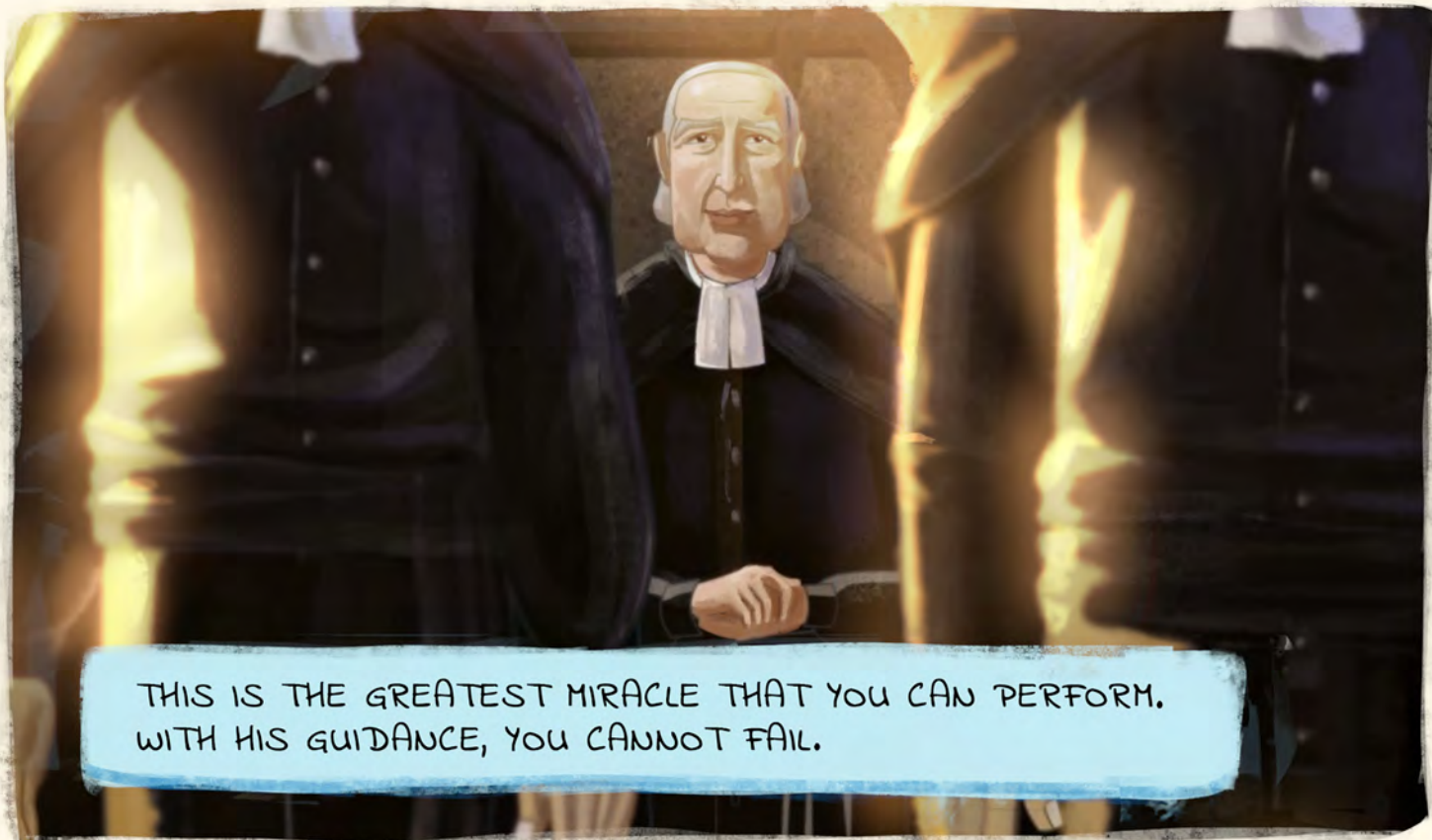


ALL THAT GOD ASKS
US TO DO IS THAT
WE BEND DOWN AND
PICK THEM UP.
GOD WILL DO THE
REST.





REMEMBER
TO LOVE
THE YOUNG
PEOPLE
THAT YOU
TEACH, AND
BRING JESUS
ALIVE IN THEIR
HEARTS.



THIS IS THE GREATEST MIRACLE THAT YOU CAN PERFORM.
WITH HIS GUIDANCE, YOU CANNOT FAIL.



BR. ALBERT!
BR. BERNARD!

WE WANT TO
SAY FAREWELL!



GOODBYE, BR. ALBERT!
GOODBYE, BR. BERNARD!
WE WILL MISS YOU!

WE PROMISE TO
BEHAVE AND
STUDY HARD!

REALLY!

I ADORE GOD IN ALL THINGS
THAT HAPPENED IN MY LIFE.
GOD BE BLESSED.



THE END!



DE LA SALLE-
COLLEGE
OF SAINT
BENILDE