



BIONOTE OF PROF. CHERRY LYN J. DUMA-OG, MAPM MAJOR

Major Cherry Lyn J. Duma-og is a dedicated military officer in the Philippine Army with 20 years of active service. She currently serves as the Chief of the Administrative Branch at the Office of the Army Provost Marshal, ensuring efficient service delivery for the Philippine Army's mission. A proud eldest sibling, she has consistently exemplified professionalism, integrity, and leadership throughout her career.

Major Duma-og holds a Master of Arts in Public Management and is pursuing a PhD in Management at Northwest Samar State University. She has completed extensive military and professional development, including training in human resources, security risk management, and public financial management. Her achievements are recognized by various honors, including the Military Merit Medal and Meritorious Achievement Medal.

Outside her military career, Major Duma-og is a devoted wife, mother, and continues to seek new opportunities to contribute to public service after her planned retirement in 2026.

THE ONE WHO STANDS STILL

(Prof. Cherry Lyn J. Duma-og, MAPM)

I am the eldest,
The one who bore the weight,
The one who learned to stand so young,
My knees forgot to hesitate.

I rose, not by choice,
But because I had to be strong.
I filled the silent spaces,
Where no one heard my song.

I worked, I gave, I sacrificed,
In ways they'll never see.
Built a life from trembling hands
So theirs could be freer.

No, I never asked for anything,
Never begged for what I gave.
But somehow, I'm the one forgotten,
The strongest one they never saved.

They say I'm tough, they say I cope,
But even strength can break.
When stretched beyond all hope,
And my heart begins to shake.

I've been breaking quietly,
Behind the smile they celebrate.
Hoping just one heart would ask,
If I'm too tired to carry this weight.

Just once, to hear:
"Ate, do you still feel okay?"
"Ate, are you hurting too?"
"Ate, I'll carry the load today."

But none of that,
Not one soft word,
Not one who knows
How heavy it's become, unheard.

They see the fire I walk through
And think I never feel the burn.
They see me stand for everyone
And think I never yearn.
For someone to say,
With love, with grace:
"Ate, you deserve a gentler place."

And yes,
It cuts, it stings, it scars,
To give them light
While holding stars.

That keep collapsing in my chest,
From all the weight I can't confess.
But still, I love them fiercely so,
Even when my strength runs low.

Even when my hands shake slow,
I lift them up,
That's all I know.

Yet one day, I hope they see,
Not the role they built for me,
Not the shield or source or saving grace,
But the tired woman in my place.

The eldest child who still aches inside,
The one who learned too soon to hide.
And maybe then,
With softened hearts.

They'll speak the words
That heal the start
Of every wound I've had to face:
"Ate, rest your heart, I'll take your place."

