

## Hidden Notebook

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**Jeanlee Wallang Villaruz** is a dedicated hospitality professional and educator, currently serving as Program Chairperson of the Hospitality Management Program at Mountain Province State University (MPSU) since 2024. She holds a Master's Degree in Business Administration and earned her Bachelor of Science in Hotel and Restaurant Management from the University of Baguio.

Before joining the academe, she honed her craft in the hospitality industry through hands-on experience at Baguio Country Club and Le Chef at the Golf Club, Camp John Hay, where she developed her operational expertise and commitment to service excellence.

She is a certified holder of Trainers Methodology 1, which reflects her strong foundation in competency-based education and training. With her specialization in barista craft and bartending, she has become a sought-after trainer and mentor, conducting skills-enhancement workshops, industry seminars, and mentorship programs that equip students and professionals with practical, globally relevant competencies.

With her academic endeavor, industry experience, and unwavering passion for service, she continues to inspire the next generation of hospitality professionals while championing MPSU's vision as a culturally grounded, and innovative institution.

She never called it a journal  
It was only a small notebook  
with a faded cover, its corners bent  
from being carried everywhere.

Inside, she left pieces of herself  
Not every page held a poem  
Some held unfinished thoughts,  
a single line written before sleep,  
or a word she couldn't bear to say aloud

On lonely evenings,  
she would write until the silence  
felt a little lighter  
She wrote about rain  
because it knew how to fall  
without apologizing

She wrote about the moon,  
always showing up,

even when no one thought to look  
She wrote about home,  
about childhood voices  
that still echoed somewhere inside her,  
and the kind of happiness  
that disappears so quietly  
you only realize it's gone years later

There were poems about first love  
not the fairy tale,  
but the ache that stayed behind  
after the last goodbye  
She never tried to make heartbreak  
beautiful.  
She only wanted it to make sense

Some pages were hopeful.  
Others were stained with tears  
that left the ink a little blurred  
She never tore those pages out

They reminded her  
that healing isn't always neat  
No one knew those poems existed  
She never read them on a stage  
Never posted them online  
Never waited for someone to tell her they  
were good

The notebook asked for nothing.  
It welcomed messy handwriting,  
Half-finished verses,  
And thoughts that wandered without  
direction  
It kept every secret  
without asking for an explanation

Maybe one day  
someone will open that old notebook  
They won't find perfect poetry

They'll find an ordinary girl  
trying to understand her own heart

one page,

one quiet night,

one poem at a time