

Reminiscence

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“Life is a many splendored thing”,
or so the song goes. It has its highs, its lows and in-betweens. The highs, we want to hold on forever and the lows, we must endeavour. The in-betweens, well, we don’t really mind.

Beautiful sunny days greet us with a soft breeze, the sun shining through the fluffy clouds, birds chirping, cats on a fence meowing and a faint mooing heard from the field nearby. That’s a calming *kampung* setting. Not a day goes by without experiencing nature at its best. The rainy windy days are reminders to be grateful. A sudden gust of wind, whispering, through the bushes and trees amidst the sounds of heavy rain. Windowpanes rattle as howling noises swirl through the air, around the house and whooshes to the hills below.

Nature shall take its course from one season to the next. As will the chapters in our life.

It’s been so many moons and melting glaciers, and yet it was like only yesterday I was star struck with Duran Duran’s Simon Le Bon and the younger version of Tom Cruise, TV3 was every teenager dream come true. The trials as a teenager in the 1980’s was trivial, though significant during those days; the number of teen magazines we managed to collect, the music tapes we compiled ourselves and posters we hung on our bedroom wall. Slowly but surely the posters gradually came down and next were pages of college application we had to fill in to continue our studies after SRP.

College life was great, but not so at first. Trying to fit in was awkward, coming from an all-girls' school. It was quite a hassle too, having to learn real fast how to wash clothes without a washing machine and share bunks in a dormitory. Admittedly it was not a bad decision to stay at a boarding school at the age of 15 since it was solely by choice. Teachers were so very helpful, seniors' orientation was interesting, *air bandung panas* and *pisang cicah sambal* were acquired tastes.

Later, the next chapter in my tertiary studies was SPM. Alhamdulillah the results I obtained made way to my purposeful commitment to the organization I very much cherish till to this very day. In Julai 1988, ITM Shah Alam was my fountain of knowledge till I graduated from Advanced Diploma in Accountancy in year 1993. I learnt the true meaning of camaraderie, learnt from undefeated passionate lecturers and felt immensely blessed with the sacrifices my parents made. With knowledge life somehow becomes crystal clear. Experience in the accounting discipline made way for the smooth transition to becoming a lecturer once I completed my Masters in 2001. It was weird at first, come final semester exams. I did not quite register that the tables had turned, the students will be sitting for the exam and that I am the lecturer. It took about three semesters to sink in this newfound realisation and what a relief it was...

In shaa Allah, it will soon be the 24th anniversary of my teaching career. So many have I taught, I laughed with, went on excursions with and advised constructively (scolded). Dull moments were so very seldom. God-willing I plan to contribute to this beloved organisation for a few more years to come before I retire.

***May the wheats that I have harvested
bear fruit in the hereafter.***