

GRATITUDE IS GREAT

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An age-old adage speaks thus, “Gratitude is when memory is stored in the heart and not in the mind”. These words persist in my life throughout, as I recount of my countless blessings that I had received from God in the form of my parents. Indeed, my parents were my initial introduction into the beguiling journey of academics. Through my cardinal alphabets and numbers, they guided me, and looking back I cannot help but admire the fundamental impulse they had to give me a strong educational foundation and cherish the values they had subtly passed down.

A few more years of formal schooling introduced a new contender in the arena of academic inspiration. He was none other than my very dear cousin brother. Although much elder to me, he gave me a real savour of what lay ahead in my academic life. He introduced intricate and elegant scientific concepts in the form of engaging and interactive experiments that ingrained in me a mixed fervour of curiosity and awe. He expanded upon basic mathematical principles and taught me patience and logic in the form of addictive puzzles such as sudoku and kakuro, and ultimately, prepared me for the next phase of learning.

I have always considered myself quite fortunate that I was blessed with great scholars in mind and genuine mentors in life in the form of teachers. Their each instruction was like a tenet of wisdom and their guidance unparalleled. I am eternally grateful to all the teachers who have holistically inculcated their ideas and thoughts through the pristine languages of science and mathematics. All of my teachers stood for different commendable virtues. My social teachers stood for perseverance; my language teachers strove for authenticity. Truly, in the words of Einstein “A teacher’s supreme art is awakening joy through knowledge”.