REMEMBERING MY WIFE â?? REFLECTIONS-2

Description

What would be more pleasurable remembering my wife, and I decided I would invest the bright positive fluency in the January month essays: that takes a sentimental significance as the month that she as a person left all of us to be born-again as an inseparable memory in our thoughts, hearts and in our lives. To include more breadth to the former times about her, I planned to compare notes along with her two confidantes for three long decades, and her colleagues in our school: Lokeswari and Reshma. My idea was that the meeting should go like a brief reach into our memories where my wife has always been to many, a dearest idol. And a hymn -tooo recollect the lyrical bliss she has always been.

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Both of them have the qualifications of being more ardent devotees of my philosophy of beliefs in my flexible teaching systems that I and my wife carried on to be applied in the classrooms and dealing with a hundred and fifty staff members. Their twenty-five years of â??stand behind meâ?? trustworthiness I declare as a compliment and a blessing that had bounced the fame of our Kennedy High School to unrivaled academic eminence.

We poured out our vibes for more than three hours over tea, in my library hallowed by the soft pleasing portraits of my wife and as well as my father. The past, recollections, reflections, and the images; started flowing majestically, spiritedly, honorably â?? the manner my wife was. I was touched by the words and treasured sentiments as they came out from their quivering thoughts and fluttering eyes.

Quickly, Reshma jumped in as if to get rid of the initial gloominess that prevented the start of a hearty conversation. She cheerfully cut in, to announce the fashionable facet of my wife; â??pink is her signature colorâ??. And she went on to add, â??She always chose and favored the caring, calming tender pink colorsâ?•. For her, â??everything is in pink, the life, the possibilities, the future, her spiritual bent, her childrenâ??s health and not to miss her ensemble â?? the magnetic aura of her finesseâ?•.

More of Reshmaâ??s fine portrayal; â??Her walk â?? a slow, calculated step giving out a scholarly profile as she moved around in the school enwrapped in her special pink trappings. It looked like that each step she takes during her daily inspections of the classes, all along the long bright, crisp and open corridors: patricianly, serious, and stern. Seemed like issuing instructions, scanning for quality and merit. Reshma with her pure adoration of her, effusively added: Madam, as they reverentially address my wife, â??she is a rarefied fusion of an ordinary woman, serine expressions, never showing a hint of what she is inside, a genteel mother, a permissive wife, well read, spiritually learnt, exceptionally qualified, humane and prudent womanâ?• Reshma, who is highly outspoken and emotionally giving in, â??I as a mother of two grown up daughters, I used to observe her in such close quarters, for over a quarter decade, this is how I sum up her mystique; what madam is for almost all staff members of the school; then and foreverâ?• And she stopped, heaved heavily, sentiment reddening her face. Itâ??s my turn now to control my inner emotions not to rush out â?? as surging tears.

So far, Lokeswari seemed to be in her own ruminative mood, as if lost in her three-decade-long relationship with my wife. She is a decade-long senior to Reshma, worked at Kennedy High School as the headmistress, assisting my wife in her day to day administrative conduct, academic overseeing and was like an â??a one-woman contingency armyâ?? backing for the care and smooth run of the wheels of the everyday concerns.

I noticed at the moment that she has in her much deeper emotive archives: more intriguing and fascinating features about my wife; honestly, I never assumed that those remarkable aspects about my wife would be so striking and influentially worthy listening from another womenâ??s point of view. She analyzed prominently the professional angle of my wife.

In Lokeswariâ??s, softly worded recital: â??madam defied if any, the stereotype of a womenâ??s personality: caregiver, sensitive, and dependable: rather, she is seen as a tenacious self, by many, as she is more driven, decisive, resolute and highly accomplished as an administrator and then in taking tough decisions. She was a good team player, never hesitated to posture critically towards male staff members. She is an honored preserve to be trusted by anyone â?? a frankly competent; beyond and far away from any normal gender typecast. â?•. Her agenda never was â??to please everyone, to get her things done,â?? she almost â??acted and went on her usual work like â??as is expected from any strongly willed manâ??. A trait she is at once feared, difficult and admired â?? an all telling genial wrap-up by Lokeswari.

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I as a person with a penchant for teaching and womenâ??s equality and empowerment, I went around with a â??good husbandâ?? badge, allowing my wife the liberty and latitude to create her own professional and spiritual world of her making. To see her soaring in all her deeds and endeavors I remained on the sidelines as a caretaker of reassurance levels at home and leaving the whole household machine and our school structure flourishingly ventured by my wife.

â??We both have endured the chaotic roller-coaster ride, staying together, fearing together, and watching over together, that has come along everything our way. But one savage tumble; a slash of envious fate with all its cancerous crudeness started bleeding you. The plunge was unexpected and fast. I was there with you with all my caregiving alertness. But your departure was too quick. At the end I could only afford a stammering â??goodbyeâ?? as a bitter farewell looking at the glass coffin you are found resting â?? unflustered, serene and stillâ?•.

â??As you know and I continue to remain so, Iâ??m never an aggressor, stoically scrupulous, my habits simple, and my ambitions are selflessly worthy. In your absence, Iâ??m just living and trying to grow up as a dreamer who loves excursions into the past and roaming forward in the present loving and weaving the indelible nostalgic triumphs: Off course, itâ??s always about you.

â??Coming on strong forming a prudent mindset, Iâ??m sensibly convening my musings, my voice, and my inner pronouncements of your restful footprints of memories into a relatable prose. In the course every so often, I let down my clothes of quarantine to show a small part of a dim spectrum of myself. So that the people can see me in parts and know me in parts. So that the words Iâ??m splashing out from my inner orbit of an invisible chaos and sorrows, would float around in the minds of people of the caring world â?? forever. Perhaps, I wish, I can be remembered and respected for who Iâ??m;ÂÂÂÂ as a humane humble being and as an endearing husbandâ?•.

Let me give you my one-year revival report card. I intercept sometimes waves of pain and loneliness but now Iâ??m able to less upsettingly deal with them. Iâ??m able to smile back at the enframed the elegant You when I was treated down by insipid gloomy days. My stride is stronger my thoughts clearer, my tenor, forthright. Iâ??m healing, finding my core relevance â?? my creative latitude. Learning to love who Iâ??m and writing what I love the most â?? your memories. Iâ??m indeed glad that today I found my anchor and anthem in your reflections and remembrances.

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1. Uncategorized

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