

A Homecoming After Sixty-Five Years

A Personal Reminiscence of Schooldays Revisited

Reflections Reflections 26 February 2024

The memories came flooding back as I sat in that same classroom, in St. Joseph's Boys', Tellicherry, after sixty-five years. The familiar smell of old books and chalk filled the air, transporting me back to my childhood. It seemed like just yesterday when I was a young student, eager to learn, grow, and conquer the world.

The principal, with wisdom etched on his face, shared anecdotes from those days long gone, which he must have learnt from school records. As he spoke, I could not help but feel a sense of pride and nostalgia. It was amusing to learn that he was born after I had left the school.

The new teachers, also born after I left, greeted me with open arms. Their warm smiles and kind words made me feel like I never left. We talked about the teachers, now photographs on the walls of the teachers' room, who shaped me into the person I am today, instilling values and knowledge that would stay with me for a lifetime.

Meeting the current students was a delight as well. Their enthusiasm for learning and eagerness to succeed reminded me of my younger self. I met them in the laboratory, still in the same room as it was sixty-five years ago, with a full-sized human skeleton in a glass cage. It was heart-warming to see that the spirit of St Joseph's was still alive and thriving within the new generation.

As I sat on that bench I last sat on in the same schoolroom, with the present principal playfully pretending to teach me, I could not help but reflect on the journey that had brought me back here. St Joseph's was not just a school; it was a place that held a special corner in my heart. A place that shaped my formative years and laid the foundation for the long journey I took through the twists and turns of life.

Leaving St Joseph's that morning was bittersweet. Saying goodbye to the familiar places and the memories they held was difficult, but I left with a renewed sense of gratitude and appreciation. The warmth of their reception had made my trip down south truly worth it, reminding me of the many blessings that come from reconnecting with our past.

As I walked away from St Joseph's, I knew that I would forever carry the love and memories of my old school in my heart. It had been a journey back in time, a trip that I would cherish and hold dear for the rest of my days.

That night I slept well, I am sure. I am grateful to my Lord Jesus for that day, for my past, and for whatever is in store for me in the time to come.

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