Valentine's Day: Then and Now



Saushan Rahman



Nai telephone, nai re peon, nai re telegram, bondhur kache moner kotha kemne pouchaitam?

This was the case of many who were in love at a time when there was no such thing called cell phone. At that time one of the prime modes of communications was letters. Lovers would eagerly wait for the love notes wrapped in blue envelope.

Time has changed and so has the mode of communication. Those wonderful love notes have been replaced by text messages, which are widely known as sms. Elaborate descriptions have been replaced by short messages, and the substance differs greatly. One small example would make things more clear. Once my father had gone abroad for a conference. He had written a letter to my mother, saying how much he missed her. I am not quoting the letter, but that was one beautiful letter.

But these days the love notes are a bit different. For the sake of this article one of my male friends and his girl friend let me read their text messages. And the result was shocking. Since I have the permission to use those as quotes, so I can't resist the temptation and here goes! The boy wrote, "Jaantu happy Valentine's Day. I'll get angry if you are late this time!" and the girl wrote, " Jaantu happy Valentine's Day to you too! As I was not late that day and it was you who was late for an hour, so I'll get violent if your are late this time!"

I thought people in the past could wait for their loved ones for years together, but today they can't even wait for an hour!

I believe dating was an unknown phenomenon to my mother when she was of my age. These days' lovebirds do not have to wait eagerly to have the glimpse of the ones they love. There are thousands of food court and hangout zones where they can meet. Indeed change of time and modern science have proved convenient for lovers these days.

I do not wish to elongate this article. So I shall conclude with two small stories. I heard from my aunts that before marriage my father would call my mother every day. On the day of my mother's gaye holud ceremony, it was my grandmother's strict order that my father and mother must not speak. When my father called my aunt told him so. He realized that there was no hope for him, he asked my aunt to convey my mother a message. He said, "Please tell her to wear a sari with red border and to wear her hair down."

My sister in law's holud ceremony was different. After the ceremony was over she was sitting on the stage with her sisters. Suddenly we all heard her scream out loud saying, " tumi ki koro ekhane?" it turned out my brother had gone to the ceremony to give his bride-to-be a big surprise.

Time never stands still. It moves forward and brings changes along with it. Wonder what will be the next change. But whatever changes have occurred one thing has not changed, and that is the feeling people have for each other. Let's just say romance changes it appearance and style with time but the core essence remains the same.