Just a Small Reflection

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AS I sit back and take a stroll down memory lane, the oldest memory that I have of myself is that of a little girl standing in front of a bathroom mirror. Her little feet are propped on top of her even smaller toes, while she stands on a wooden stool trying to catch a clear and complete image of her face. She was wearing a pair of spectacles that was largely oversized for her face. It belonged to her father- her teacher, her guide, and her mentor!

As I fumbled further through my memories, I caught vague images of that same little girl, positioning herself awkwardly on that same stool, in front of that same bathroom mirror, but this time with a felt pen in her hand. She had suddenly decided she no longer liked her drawing copies that had been given to her from school. She had been trying hard all day to draw a picture of her father but was just not able to satisfy herself with the outcomes of her repetitive efforts. It was only when she was enlightened by the sudden emergence of a more realistic portrait of her 'abbu' that she took a felt pen and ran towards her favorite bathroom. As she drew the moustache and side burns on her face, her heart raced with anticipation. Once she was done with her artwork, she stared at that 'oh so pretty face' of her father that stared back at her from the mirror. She was amazed by the striking resemblance!

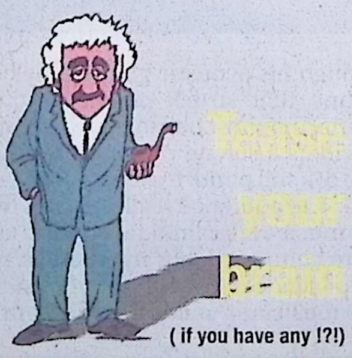
I have always wanted to be like my father. Given the fact that he is a particularly grave person with his daughters, I have never really had the opportunity of sharing this little secret with him. At a stage when I really did not understand the difference between the sexes, I wanted to dress up like him, to walk like him, to grow up to have a deep baritone voice like him- in other words I wanted to be a replica of Mr. Sajjad Hussain, my beloved father! I still remember those days when dad would be on the harmonium, singing his favorite Hemonto songs. I would hide behind the couch and listen with full concentration. I only left once I realized that dad had all of a sudden stopped singing because he had spotted me behind his couch. I would at first blush at the sight of dad slowly peaking from behind the couch, and when he would smile at me, I would quickly run out of there and hide behind mum.

Now that I have grown up, I keenly observe every child around me in order to find out if this fascination to be like either or both parents is a usual phenomenon. In fact, it is not only usual; it is a very common characteristic in all children to want to be like their parents in any possible way. Starting from wanting to wear their clothes and shoes, to trying to mimic their way of talking, every child wants to be like his father or mother. If I consider reversing the view, every parent has been blessed with the opportunity of pleasing him/herself with a smaller, yet more beautiful reflection of the person he/she is.

Going back to myself- as I grew up to be a young girl, I realized that much of my dreams needed to be abandoned because certain laws of nature and society actually forbade me to be exactly like my father. That never meant that I stopped living other fragments of that same dream. I still dream of being as knowledgeable a person as him. I also dream to be as caring a parent as he is. He is a man full of positive energy; he literally radiates hope and joy, to the extent where he is an inspiration to many of his peers, students, friends and family. I do not know about others, but I have always found solutions to all my problems in those prominent, dark brown eyes. Their tranquility helps me calm down, their wisdom always shows me the right way, and above all, the love in those eyes has always given me the courage and strength to move ahead in life, in spite of all the obstacles.

This article is not meant as a tribute to one particular man who has been a role model to one particular child. If every child feels the way I do, then I can guarantee I represent millions! Every word representing every feeling I have felt for 19 years now is only meant to describe the feelings of thousand other 19 year olds like myself. Because in some way or the other, every little Sajeda wants to be a Mr. Sajjad someday and every Mr. Sajjad wants to see himself in his own little Sajeda!

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(if you have any !?!)

Who was Rasputin?

-Baseball Player

-Aviation Expert

-Hollywood Actor

-Vladimir Putin's Brother

-Russian Monk

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