recollections of a time long gone. I walk over to stand at the exact spot where Sadeq once pulled out the bench from under Azizur Rahman (almost twice his size) as we were all sitting down after greeting our teacher and Azizur Rahman promptly disappeared with a resounding thud. (Sadeq of course, was thereafter made to stand on a bench for most of the period by the teacher, for having pulled off a fast one in his presence).

Synapses of old memories begin to crackle to life... and from somewhere deep within, an ear-shattering chant wells up in my head:

"Are you sleeping, are you sleeping,
Bro-ther Charles, Bro-ther Charles?
Morning bells are ringing,
Morning bells are ringing,
Ding-Ding-Dong
Ding-Ding-Dong"

Obviously we are waiting for Brother Charles to come in to teach us physics or chemistry and (in our opinion) making best use of the couple of minutes that we have to ourselves. Standing there in the middle of the classroom, I can almost single out every adolescent voice of every class-friend of ours (now scattered all over the world) who joins in the chant. I instinctively glance at the swinging door...for any moment now I expect the otherwise mild mannered and soft spoken Brother Charles to barge in, livid with anger, and knock one of the swinging doors off its hinges with his fist (like he once did)... Brother Charles Bibeau never arrives.

We walk out of the Main Building through a door leading out to the side...and right there stands the water fountain. For some strange reason (and to this day I have not been able to explain why) we always seemed to drift toward the water fountain and hover around it. One of the most obvious reasons, I believe, was that there was water there and we always seemed to be thirsty notably during a class.



A few paces away to one side of the fountain stands a memorial dedicated to Mr. Peter D'Costa, Mr. N. C. Sutradhar and Mr. D. N. Pal Choudhury three of our teachers who left before their time. I stand in front of the monument with reverence as I read the names of my teachers from four decades ago. Somewhere deep within, I get the feeling of three pairs of eyes looking down on me with kindness and warmth - and then touching my heart with a fondness and affection that is as overpowering as it is overwhelming.

As I stand there under the blazing sun, a floodgate seems to open with a deluge of names from the past Brother Robert Hughes CSC, Brother Hobart Pieper CSC, Mr. N. K. Sarker, Mr. S. R. Chaudhury, Brother Charles Bibeau CSC, Mr. Kamil Ali, Mr. Nicholas Rozario and others we will never see again, however much we may wish to.

If there was any way that I could get my voice to travel across the intangible web of Time, or the ethereal boundary that separates the living from the dead, I would assure them that countless glorious monuments have been dedicated to each and every one of them....in every country and in every corner of this world that every Gregorian standing today is a living monument immortalizing their unwavering sincerity, dedication and perseverance and will continue to be so for generations to come.

(Dr. Chowdhury Ishraq Uz Zaman writes from Ottawa, Canada)