

I Feel the Fire in Your Heart

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Since I was quite young, I have been eager to join the events of Pui Ching, Class of 1974. My parents speak of their time in secondary school with fond memories, and all of their classmates that I have met through dinner gatherings and outings are friendly, considerate, and always make me feel welcome. So when my mother asked if I wanted to join their Taiwan trip as part of their celebration of the Class of 1974's Ruby Anniversary, I responded with an emphatic "of course!" without hesitation. I couldn't wait to enjoy the good food and great company!

However, when I mentioned this trip to my friends, I realized that it would not seem like an attractive trip to other young working-class adults.

Would there be any others your age?

Is your brother going with you?

What will you guys talk about?

So...I guess you'll be their photographer?

These were the typical responses I received. I didn't second guess my decision; however, I did start to wonder – why were the gatherings of the Class of 1974 so appealing?

During the trip, I found my answer. I met many new classmates, and got to catch up with those who I have known for years. It was surprising to know that this was the first time some classmates had seen each other since their graduation! How strange, that their friendships transcended time...everyone acted with a closeness and giddiness, as if they were back in secondary school! A special guest appearance by a classmate who took time to arrange and travel down from Taipei to Allishan to have a meal with everyone was especially heart-warming. The classmates' rousing singing of their school anthem demonstrated a pride and fondness for their school. Classmates eagerly revealed stories from those good ol' school years, and kindly chatted with me about things from their past and personal lives to their thoughts of today's world and its events. Though it was 40 long years ago that they had graduated, it seemed only 40 short years ago that they had all experienced their youth and memories together.

When my mother returned from the trip, she quickly got to work, spending hours processing the photos and writing up a detailed diary describing the events of the 141122 Ruby Anniversary. Though not everyone could make the trip or the 40th anniversary celebrations, all classmates are able to share the wonderful times through the photos and write-ups. I can see that my parents and other classmates work tirelessly to plan, organise, and report on these wonderful events to share the joy with all classmates.

The gift of true friendship is not easily found, and the Class of 1974 truly treasure this gift. It was a wonderful trip, and I feel blessed to be a part of your joyful friendships.

Congratulations on a wonderful celebration of 40 years! Keep the fire burning!



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