FINALLY FOUND MY MATCH

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When I was still young, I was having difficulty lighting the candle using the matchbox and its stick. The matchstick gets broken even before I could light the candle. I was also having a hard time sustaining the light to the stick that I usually decide to blow it off before I could move it near the candle. I do not know why, but I was so afraid of getting burned. You might find it funny, but that really happened. I was coward. The fire it produces is just so small. It won’t consume me at all. Perhaps, there were really things which are unexplainable.

Nonetheless, these days, there were power interruptions that I resort to using candle and match and sticks again which made me recall those days that I was so afraid without any reason at all. Probably my students were also like that during recitations. They simply have to raise their hands if they would like to answer. It was so ordinary and easy to do, right? Yet, only few students do so. It took almost an hour before a student could stand and say a word. They have so many ideas in mind, I know, but just like me when I was young, they lack the courage to try to share their bright lights.

I was once a little boy who was filled with anxieties and fears, but I am a stronger and braver man now. I was there once, but I am here now. With that, may God provide me the ability and skills necessary to light up the candles (students) given to me. It was such a long and dark way to go, but I am willing to take it. I survived then and now it’s my turn to help others cope as well.

References: