



Letter to my kindergarten

Dear old friend,

Happy 40th anniversary! I can't even believe I am writing the number '40'.

How have you been? It's been a while since I last set foot onto your premises. Time certainly flies and we have both changed quite a bit. You have changed your name and I have changed mine, both a little bit longer now. You have gone on to educate countless little children and I have created one of my own.

The faces of all my teachers have long been replaced but the energy remains the same. The bubbling, electric and intense energy that is hypnotic and welcoming at the same time, has not changed a bit. The friendliness and warm smile of every single staff member that instantly greets me, whenever I pass them by, either when they are on the way to pick up children from the school bus, or as I step through the main entrance, has not been replaced.

Seeing little children walking cheerfully in their crimson white-collar dress or chasing each other in their yellow and blue coordinated set in the summer. Witnessing them growing a bit bigger over the winter, while they marched on looking smart in their yellow dress shirts and checkered skirts. They bring back memories that greet me like a warm hug. I close my eye and I can feel the love and care now, long after I knew what they meant. I may have grown and gone around the world, but I know my teachers at my kindergarten were my original cheerleaders.

My teachers inspired all these good characteristics in me that serves me well. They taught me right from wrong, instilled kindness in me that I would carry forward. They showed me goodness in people is always appreciated, and attention to details would only aid me to perform better. Honesty really is the best policy. They taught me to be charitable because there is always someone who's in need. They showed me empathy and compassion so I can reciprocate in return. They built my foundation so I could climb mountains, and climb I did.

As I look back, my sincerest thanks to you, my friend. You have been there from the start, the very first to cheer me on, when we both have no clue what was going to happen for me. But it didn't matter, because you believed in me. And for that, I'm forever thankful.

So how do you do it, my old friend? How do you remain steadfast all these years?

For the sake of all the little children that will be going your way in the years to come, I wish you another 40 amazing and fantastic years. Happy Birthday my old friend.

Yours truly,

Yuet Yee – Class of 1990.