

Essay on Digging Up the Past

It is always a pleasure to dig up the family photo-album and reminisce once in a while. Nostalgia trips, if not done too often, can be quite refreshing.

The first page of the album contains some photographs of my parents just after their wedding. They were both young and my mother looked exceptionally beautiful. My father was slim and handsome. Compared to what they are now twenty-odd years later, the difference is startling. My mother now is about twice the size she was and my father now struts around with a recently-acquired pot-belly.

The other pages contain photographs of my brothers, sisters, and myself in various stages of growth. I look at a photograph of myself as a baby. It is quite unbelievable that the naked blob of flesh could be me at one time. How things have changed and how I have grown. Also, you would not be able to photograph me in my birthday suit now.

Other photographs of my family remind me of some memorable times. One picture of me with a toy car brings back memories of the happiness I felt when my father bought me the car. I spent many happy hours just playing with it. In fact, I still have the car somewhere under my bed. It is still in serviceable condition, so I shall have to get it out and clean it.

There is also a picture of me in front of a blackboard after I have written my name on it for the first time in my life. The words are legible but the handwriting is terrible. Anyway, it was a beginning and I can say that my handwriting has improved many times over.

Pictures of the cars my father once owned are my favorites. They

remind me of the cars we used to travel in. it never fails to amaze me how the shape and design of cars have changed over the years. What I imagined to be the latest in those bygone years certainly look silly when I look at the photographs now.

Another obvious thing that has 'changed with time is fashion. My father actually used to %Veer bell-bottom trousers, something you do not see nowadays. Who knows, they might become fashionable again in the future.

As I turn more of the pages of the album, I get closer and closer to the present. So there are pictures of me just a year or so ago. I do not look so different then. My family members look about the same too. Perhaps if I were to look at the album again many years from now r will notice the changes.

The future seems far away but I notice that time can really fly. I was a baby once and now I am on the verge of leaving school. One thing I know is that anytime I want to have a look at how I was once, I only have to dig out the album and open the pages for a trip to the past.