

Down the Memory Lane

Fifty years ago, when we graduated from our alma mater, after a brief period of house jobs, we began on a journey taking us to all corners of Pakistan and the world. Our ambitions were high, we wanted to be healers like our illustrious teachers, mentors and role models. Six years at KE gave us foundational knowledge to build professional careers and become what we are today. We were young dreamers imbued with idealism who set out to learn more, becoming skilled physicians, teachers and mentors ourselves. Some joined academia, others chose to serve the country in the armed forces, and yet others served with compassion the communities they lived in. We are a living tribute to our mentors and teachers who had major role in shaping us, a reflection of their dedication to teach us. Indeed, we are standing on the shoulders of giants like Professors (Baba) Afzal, Tahir, Alamdar Hussain, Aziz Ahmed, Hameed Ahmed Khan, Farooqi, Sardar Ali Sheikh, Akhtar Khan, Khwaja Sadiq Hussain, Masood Ahmed, Rashid Qureshi, SAR Gardezi and many more. We owe them a debt of gratitude.

Now we have come full circle, to the place where our journey began, it is a sweet moment in many ways mixed with sadness. While feeling grateful for being able to reconnect with our friend and classmates, yet missing those who have departed since, some too soon. Many were in the prime of their lives, full of promise of bright future, of family lives and of high professional achievements. Others lived full lives, raised wonderful kids and fulfilled most of their dreams but fell just short of this milestone, the 50th class reunion. Those who have not been able to complete this circle, today we remember them with fondness, not only we celebrate them but also each other right here, nostalgic about our relationships, reminiscing about the jokes we told each other, the pranks we pulled, the trips we took, the movies we saw and all other tomfoolery. Those times when some of us were permanent fixtures of tuck shop always in Qaim Din's debt, always asking others to sign us in classes via proxies. The back benchers who may have flown paper planes from the top of the amphitheater like classrooms. The truancy to Anarkali for a quick fruit "chaat", milkshake or just people watching. Some of us stayed in touch with each other, cementing our friendships, others we may not have seen for half a century and might not even recognize each other but the silver lining is that we are all here and So let us renew our friendships, rekindle the comradery and strengthen the ties that bind us.

As they say, "Laissez les bons temps rouler". Let the good times roll!