

# Free writing



2. Introduction to my Autobiography- Strength in Small Things Many of my more seasoned friends will agree with the fact that most of the human lives tend to be quite the same. Most of us pass through the same stages in life that is childhood, youth and old age. Therefore, I believe that the challenge before any worthwhile person is to bring in a sense of accomplishment and wonder into the very mundane and ordinary aspects of life. Right from my childhood I was quite intimidated by this onus of accomplishing big things. I was always afraid that perhaps I would not be able to do something epoch making that will imbue my life with much grandeur and recognition. But, luckily, this fear did not turn out to be the be all and end all of most of my pursuits. During my childhood days in South Korea I turned towards nature for inspiration and guidance. I observed that nature tended to achieve perfection by diligently and persistently working on small things. The growing of a leaf of grass, the falling of a drop of rain on the parched earth, the first flight of a hatchling from one's nest, the existence of large wiggly colonies of insects below the dead logs, the shedding of the leaves in fall, the blooming of flowers in the spring, all these things do not declare their existence with much grandeur and fanfare. Yet, there is no denying the fact that they adorn the earth with much beauty and charm. Hence, it was through my observation of nature that I learned the strength inherent in small things. It was how I came to the conclusion that perhaps I may not be able to wrest big achievements in my life, but certainly I can accomplish many small things through my dedication and sincerity. So I brought this magic of small things to all the aspects of my life. To begin with, I honed my proficiency in small things in the much benign and salubrious family atmosphere in Korea. It was through observing my family members that I

realized that a person is dependent on the kindness of others when one is born, and also one is dependent on the kindness of others when one gets old, then how come we forget the relevance of kindness and compassion in the more robust, middle part of our lives? So my experience as a family man was a story of love and compassion. I may not have been able to do big things for my family, but I am sure they will always remember me for the love and kindness I put in the small things I did for them. In my academic and professional career I also always laid stress on the strength inherent in small things. Without sounding arrogant, I would not shy away from saying that my success as a humble servant of the community also to a large extent followed from my panache for seeking strength and perfection in the small things. Perhaps I may not be able to serve all the needy and poor in the world, but, yes, I can sure do something nice for the one person standing before me.