

Nostalgia – Time Machine in the reverse gear.

I often wonder how a Tennis player feels when she / he throws up the ball for the final serving and lightly hits it with the rim and wins.

No, I am not talking about the elation felt by the player. Of course, the player is entitled to it, but have you ever articulated that sound of the tennis ball being served?

Roll up your tongue slightly touching the upper palate and release it leisurely – Cluck. Sounds good, right?

From advent of the word, people have often spoken and written about exotic places, creatures and events. The very same people must have thought back in time and fondly remembered their reminiscences at least once in their lifetime, if not more and must have let out a long and deep wishful sigh.

Nostalgia – there is something exotic about the word, the way it sounds and is pronounced, with the same light serving of the tennis ball.

It was only the other day, doing our usual walk-the-talk sessions, a very close friend of mine spoke about a few of her favorite words. Nostalgia was one of them and it stuck in my mind.

We all have had our moments of Nostalgia. Most of us would clearly remember our parents talking about how they had worked hard and studied too, the perfect work-student-life balance. It brings a sense of goodness in them that because of what they have done, they were able to provide us the comforts of life. It gives them immense satisfaction and sense of peace.

Nostalgia, for an International Fine Arts Scholarship awardee could be winning the first prize for a crudely drawn stickman family with a house tilting away at an impossible angle when she was first taught to hold a crayon.

Nostalgia for the player is the sweet win in the game.

Nostalgia is that photo album, which has all the photographs you have cherished from the very beginning. A few, in which you might not “look good”, you want to shred them but you can’t.

Why?

It is so because the Mind, the caretaker of your so-called “Nostalgia Album” is very protective about the album. The fiercer you fight to get those not-looking-good memory snaps, the harder the Mind clings on to it.

Let’s take a more philosophical look at it. I say, let the Mind keep all the snaps. You are the driver, choose the reverse gear, and go on the Nostalgia road that brings back happy memories. Felt a bump on the way? Don’t worry, must be one of those

unwanted photos, keep them; after all they are also a part of the album. Put them up as the inner back cover, no one looks at also... wink ;)

If I had to name the most inhuman and equally humane person, all rolled into a single package I would name him / her Nostalgia... maybe add in a dash of Ian Fleming... the name is Gia, Nostalgia ☺

Am I confusing you with my christening of people with such names? Let me end this with a very simple explanation.

Nostalgia, if it were a person, would have made your windows to the soul all soft or could have broken your heart... Yet again.