

This is my sad story, so I want to become someone

The Late Ibrahim A.Aziz, MBBS, FRCS (Ed)

Formerly, Senior Paediatric Surgeon, Associate Professor, University of Khartoum, Khartoum, Sudan

The motivated medical learner

I am a medical learner, powered with vigour,
ambition and pride

I want to become a doctor, so I have decided and
made up my mind

I have my own reason if you bother to ask me why
I shall tell you the whole story, I shall not be shy

I came from a far, far away small village
Remote from everything, away even from basic
human privilege

From poor parents I came haunted to revert back to
earth

Very young and old they die with illnesses and in
childbirth

The number of graves in my village, large and
small

Far, far exceeds the huts that shelter the remaining
whole

Even our traditional farms, our sole food supply
ever

Got to be neglected... crippled with diseases, we
lost the vigour

This is my sad story, so I want to become a
someone

To help keep my people healthy, happy and reverse
their none

At least a voice will then be heard that could have
its effect

Bring about a change in community health and
human respect

Hand in hand we work together, we have to save
the village

Wipe away cause of disease, health education is the
only bridge

Improve the environment, keep huts clean shall be
our goal

Thus, humans become happy, disease diminishes...
God save our soul

I shall then stand and shout, curse to poverty and its
illnesses

I know what I am doing, I know my way let you all
be witnesses

My people's problem is clear in my eyes, I have to
face it with concern and courage

I have to work hard with others, we have to protect
the village

Poverty is not a shame, I know. Poverty is objective
and is just relative

Contented is what we feel. Content is subjective,
but remains just effective

The real shame lies in the hearts running away from
factual life, from reality

Within our own facilities, miracles can be achieved
in our developing community

So this is me, master, a bomb of ambition behold!

I roll under your fingertips, putty, flexible, easy to
mold

Guide me teach myself, help me in difficulties,
prepare my way

Show me the example, your fingerprints shall never
fade away

I want to see myself in you as you have seen
yourself in me

Bank of knowledge, skills and nice attitude you can see

Honest, modest, humane. To all these... Yes, I shall certainly agree

In the end, you shall be proud of me... I am sure I shall be

So you see, I have my objectives, I clearly defined my goal

I do not like to be ignored, deciding on my behalf without my role

I am a grown up, I have my prestige and pride. I feel responsible

I shall digest and absorb knowledge so long it seems to me sensible

My target is to satisfy my people and patients, the real benefactors

Not just satisfy my masters... After all, these are my future determining factors

This is the way I am going to study and learn ever after

If I can satisfy my community, I can over-satisfy my master

The big tree never fails its individual leaves... green, pleasant with stout shoots

The individual leaves generously contribute to branches, stem and deep roots

So mutual interaction, harmonious dependence rewards big healthy seeds

That propagate, keep the cycle fruitful in an ever increasing speed

Written on 10th November 1979, Newcastle upon Tyne

The Genuine Teacher

I am a teacher,

A sum of character, behaviour and competence.

I am a teacher,

A product of quality, modesty and prudence.

Let him be sure,

He who may like to follow me.

In the end,

He shall become I,

And I shall become he.

I am not just, as is said,

A learning facilitator.

I am more.

I am the symbol of learning

I am the behaviour indicator.

Inspired by the definition of the teacher as a facilitator of learning at the Regional Teacher Training Centre, Shiraz while a one month WHO Fellow in Curriculum Planning, 1976
