

# FROM THE ARCHIVES

## A testimonial from a grateful past student for the occasion of the 2004 School Reunion

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Thousands of us B.H.S. alumni were molded with excellence by a Team of the most caring, loving, dedicated and committed teachers ever there has been. Thomas Noel Sosa stands as the model of that Genre of Icons.

Super beings sent by God Almighty to save so many of us from our selves and to bless Tobago, Trinidad and Tobago and the World, with an abundance of intellectuals, skilled, talented and otherwise world-class citizens.

Cadet Master beyond compare. B.H.S. has won the President's Shield more times than we care to count. Geography teacher of renown - mentor, guide, tormenter, moulder and shaper of thousands of young, bright Gonian souls. Thank you Thomas Noel Sosa... you and your clones: Winston Dillon, Angela Sosa, Agnes Thomas, Moulda Archie, Bernie George, Cecil "Shark" Caruth, E.C.R. Blackette – the evergreen giant, Marva Scipio-Henry (God bless her soul), to name but a few, on and on we could go. I love you all, I thank God Almighty for you all, we all thank and celebrate your wonderful Servant Leadership Lives.

BUT WAIT!! Wait a minute: What has happened to my generation?? Did they not show us how to serve?? How many of us give one (1) hour of service to a Cadet or Girl Guide Unit today? Which among us sings in a choir, mentor a group of seven (7) youths in our community or fund a single scholarship or bursary?

Who is planting one mango tree for a student in a Secondary School twenty (20) years from now to suck during break time (remember Mr. Johnny Ward's field?).

Which of my generation is planting anything, including a great idea in someone's head or manners in a child's heart? Good morning, excuse me, please and thank you will never go out of style!!

We are brilliant, "MBAed", "PHDed", and Middle Class but do we recall the words of Jesus Christ. "He that would be greatest among you become the greatest servant... and he/she who would be First, Be the Slave".

Did we hear? Did Noel Sosa serve us in vain; did Binky Sosa give her all for thirty (30) odd years for nothing?

Our generation... we need to look back at our days in B.H.S., reflect and become real... how else will we save this land from its present insanity? The harvest is ripe my friends. If we each do our part, then maybe, this world will be a better place for us all.

K. Barrington Thomas