

All The World's A Stage – Prepare The Future Actors / Actresses. Off With Egoistic Bit Players' Heads!

By Matthias Chang – Future Fast-Forward

When reading this article, I want you to meditate as well on the quotation by Lama Govinda, specifically the words of the last line,

***“All that is visible clings to the invisible,
the audible to the inaudible,
the tangible to the intangible,
Perhaps the thinkable to the inthinkable.”***

I am therefore preparing you for the future, and to think, the unthinkable.

What hold all of us back, suppressing our spirit to venture into the future, is the fear and or the inability to think, the unthinkable.

Walk away now and meditate on your fear – the fear to think, the unthinkable!

The Pillars of Strength

One of the pillars of **MY** strength is my unshakeable Faith in my family that they will suffer “whatever the price” to be there for me, notwithstanding my utterly screwed up flaws!

I have failed as a father and neglected my family. Yet, they still love me in ways that they know best, regardless of my stupidity and other flaws. If truth be told, it is this Pillar of Faith that saved me from the depths of the pain, the self-doubts, the mental and physical agony of my hunger-strike, whether there would be a family, if and when I survived.

My Inspiration

My Children - the Three of them, the Triangulation of my faith.

Jacquiline Chang Li Ching, bore the full weight as the eldest and gave so much strength to her mother. As a brilliant lawyer, she suspended any judgment of my actions, keeping faith and notwithstanding my screwed-ups and flaws, I was always *HER* Dad. She was the Anchor!

Michelle Chang Juen Ching, the gem of inspiration and by her creativity and dance, sustained and maintained the colours of joy in my family. Her strength and persistence in creativity was not easy. I was always *HER* Dad. She was the Wind beneath our wings!

Christopher Chang Tsung Wen, displayed strength and resilience beyond his age and experience. He was *STILL* proud of *HIS* Dad and never entertained the thought of shame of having a wrongfully incarcerated father. He was a fighter and fought the fight as best as he could. He was the Arch-Angel on my shoulders!

This was and is my indomitable and unbreakable THREE.

I count my blessings and gave thanks that I still have my THREE!

The Sun & The Moon

Only idiots and the egoistic forget that there is only one Sun and the Moon is the reflected light and or glory of the Sun. In politics and at the world's stage the bit players, though necessary in the overall scheme of things, can never outshine the principal actors / actresses because the scripts of the bit players are structured to minimise their significance.

Let me illustrate.

I cannot be bothered whether you agree or disagree, love or hate this leader!

After 22 years, YAB Tun Mahathir Mohamad wrote his memoirs, when there was more than sufficient time for the "History Judges" to hand down their judgments. Why focus on the mistakes and flaws, when YAB Tun Mahathir Mohamad never claimed that he was flawless. Tun's achievements were laid bare for all to evaluate.

YAB Tun Mahathir Mohamad was "invited" to assume the various political appointments. He did not lobby, grovel and or schemed for "power". The political stage is not for the meek to aspire and perform. Those Tun invited to be his deputies assumed erroneously that they were the SUN when they were merely the Moon. They could not shine and that was their downfall!

Even bit players (and there were many) were given opportunities, but they sought superfluous publicity, did not and could not participate in making history. What could the bit players have written when they barely survived one uneventful performance on the political stage? YAB Tun Mahathir Mohamad could only give an account after 22 years and he was motivated to do so after funds were sought and research was sufficient to provide the basis for his memoirs.

History is a fair and unbiased judge.

Future Actors and Actresses

I wrote about my children. To avoid any misunderstandings, children always pay a huge price for their fathers' flaws.

I am not writing about the right or wrongs, the guilty or the innocence of a father. I am referring to the price paid by the children for their fathers! They have been and will be tested in the cauldron of intense fire. The future is in their hands.

Mothers, come hell or high waters, will always wish the best for their children. Their tears are stored in their hearts, allowing only a trickle (if at all) to flow from their eyes. Fathers are anguished whether the sons can carry the Flag for the next generation and are unfairly and more demanding of their sons. I will write the stories of sons in another article, if time permits.

Here, I will examine the pain and sufferings of daughters and why we must prepare them for their future. It is common sense, for when they can nurture their children as mothers, they can nurture a nation to be what the nation aspires to be.

I have been thinking for a long time, and now I am writing about the unthinkable!

The person (she) may not have any recollection of this unfortunate meeting.

It was at a seminar organised by the Malaysian Bar Council, years ago.

A “daughter” sat next to me on the left side of the room in the third row. Her demeanour was tensed. I could not say to her what was on my mind, because the plan was still in its infancy and I must not give false hopes.

I saw so much pain and anguish. I saw the same pain in my two daughters’ eyes in her eyes. But, I also saw a determination, strength, resilience and more importantly, the glistening hope and I recall the memorable words by Francis Frangipane,

***“Every area of your life that does not glisten with hope means,
you are believing a lie,
that area is a stronghold of the devil in your life.”***

The short encounter haunted me for such a long time. What could I have said to her? I cannot be giving false hopes. Time will be the judge, whether my silence at that crucial moment would be vindicated. At the close of the seminar, her “Chinese colleague” extended a greeting. That compounded by sense of hopelessness! What can I say to him? Nothing, God forbid! But they will never understand.

Fast forward.

I met up with two lawyers in the library of one of the lawyer’s office, somewhere in Bangsar, and on being asked who could be a future prime minister of Malaysia, gave them her name. They seem baffled and or astounded coming from me!

We never learn from history. That does not mean we cannot learn from the example of “Joan of Arc”, not that I am making a comparison and neither would I want a similar ending for her.

*St. Joan of Arc was a national heroine of France,
a peasant girl who, believing that she was acting under divine guidance,
led the French army in a momentous victory at Orléans
that repulsed an English attempt to conquer France during the Hundred Years' War.
She became the greatest national heroine of her compatriots, and her achievement was a
decisive factor in the later awakening of French national consciousness.
Joan was burned to death by the English and their French collaborators as a heretic.*

Her mother was so close to be the first female prime minister, but it was not to be. History and God work in mysterious ways. The country needs nurturing, not by racism, religious fanaticism, sectarianism and narrow mindedness but a mother's love and caring. I hope she will rise to the occasion and be given the opportunity.

But, who and which man or woman would be caring enough for our country, to guide her for this onerous duty?

I shudder to think we have none to think, the unthinkable.