

# MOMENTS

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**Music: I Will Live Myself - Tamer Gürsoy**

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## Preamble

Dear readers,

It is important from which window you look at things. If you look at it from a negative perspective, you may think that the world has become unbearable, and you may be troubled and resentful of life. If you look at it mostly from a positive perspective, the heavenly beauties of the world will be revealed before your eyes and your joy of life may increase.

Our light of hope burns until we extinguish it. It is our hopes within us that give us the strength to hold on to life. Those who can keep the light of hope burning even in strong winds can continue on their way by learning and getting stronger.

Life, as most of us are aware, is made up of moments. We can experience good and bad moments one after another. In my opinion, the fact that the happy moments of man are in the majority can be considered his greatest wealth. I learned that the way to achieve happiness is to make those around me happy. There is nothing more gratifying than making a creature happy, whether it be a flower, an animal or a person.

It's good to share what you have, and the good that comes with it increases as sharing increases. As the flow takes place from what is to what is not, balances are formed; Nature regains its balance. Although the balance seems to be disturbed in the short term, it is achieved in the long term. Balance is the foundation of happy life.

In life, everything passes. You know what a person experiences and sees in his life. Troubles and sorrows are temporary. Haven't the seemingly unbearable sorrows passed? Haven't the things we said we couldn't forget forgotten? Haven't broken hearts been repaired? Time is the cure for most problems, isn't it? So let's leave the solution of some things to time, shall we?



*A landscape photograph in Turkey from Dr. Ufuk Sandalcı's Photo Album*

While the sad and happy moments I experienced turned into a short narrative; In this book you will be able to see how to be happy with the little things and moments.

Thanks for the valuable contributions of:

- Author Ayşe Sarısayın,
- Educator, Consultant and Voice Artist Tamer Gürsoy,
- Clinical Psychologist Nilüfer Kuru Ildırı
- Psychologist Dilara Başnak
- My schoolmates Lale Ünal, Lale Güzel, Tülay Erşan, Simten Güzelaydın,
- My brother Fatih Eşemen
- My nephew Mehmet Eşemen, who contributed to the production
- Erdem Uyanık to the Edition

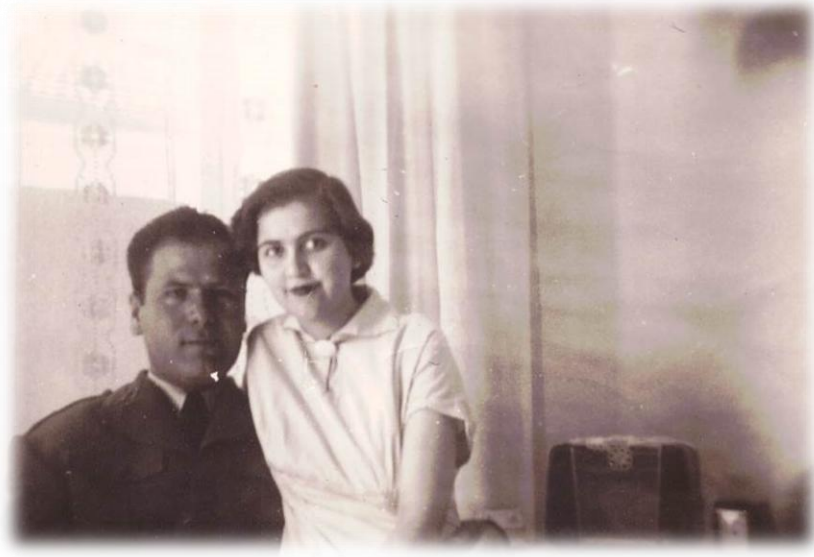
I owe a debt of gratitude to my dear wife Nurten Esemen, who patiently supported me in the formation of the narrative, to my daughters Serra Esemen and Nevra Esemen, who waited for me with great understanding and patience, to my daughter-in-law İnci Pekinci Esemen, who made me happy with her feedback, and to my sons Kerem Esemen and Cemre Esemen, who supported me in every way and sense.

**With deep love and respect to the memory of Commander-in-Chief  
Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, who is considered the greatest World  
Leader of the 20th century...**





**A valuable commander of the Turkish Armed Forces; With love and respect in memory of my late father, Air Communications Colonel Halim Esemen and my late mother, Zuhale Esemen, a monument of love...**



A few friends and family have written very encouraging reviews about my first book and have said they are looking forward to my next book. With the strength and courage I got from them, I set out to write.

It was a Sunday in February, and I was listening to music in Spanish; This music caresses my soul. I don't speak Spanish, but some of the words are familiar. Spanish is a language with high musicality. Burning and burning creates deep feelings in me. Spanish songs transcendental; They are songs of both sadness and joy. When I listen to music, whatever I'm doing makes it more enjoyable and achieves better results. For example, I listen to music while I write; This allows me to concentrate on what I am writing and fuels my creativity. That makes me happy.



Bartin and Amasra, where we lived for 3 years due to my father's appointment, for me, buffalo yogurt, village eggs, turbot, whiting, the endless sea, the evening sun setting over the Black Sea, knee-deep snow, sledding in the snow, the first lover, wood carving, running freely from mountain to mountain, flying kites in the mountains, learning to swim... Meant. As these things pass before my eyes, the colors and smells of those moments seem to come to my nose.

Peasant aunts used to bring buffalo yogurt from a nearby village to the wire fence with copper copper. Bakrac stayed with us, and the next time they came, we would give the empty one and take the full one. The yoghurt that came out of that copper like butter in molds smelled like buffalo milk, and its taste was insatiable.



The buffaloes also come with the aunts; It was as if Ferhat would call out "möööö" from people like, "We brought you yogurt made from our milk." When I heard the sound of the little bells with evil eye beads on their necks, I was filled with happiness.



Maviş was our peasant aunt we stopped by on the way back from Bartın to our lodging on the mountain. They called her Mavish because her eyes were blue. Maviş always had fresh village eggs. I liked that egg best when it was made from shelf. My mother would crack the egg into a bowl and chop the bread into small bites. It would be up to me to eat with pleasure.

Amasra was a charming Black Sea town that we went to almost every Saturday. There was a place where we stopped and watched the scenery on the way down to Amasra. From there, when I looked forward to the mountains, I would see Amastris. According to legend, Amastris lay on his back on the shores of Amasra; The mountains formed his chest, neck, chin, nose, eyes, and forehead, while the green forests formed his long, wavy hair. This view comes to my mind when Amasra is mentioned. As a child, I believed in this legend and wondered how it happened.

Amasra is a fishing town; The taste of haddock and turbot was insatiable at that time. The fish bought on the weekend was fried at home in the evening, appetizers were placed on the table next to it, and it was eaten with friends in singing and verbal joy.





Amasra

Amasra was famous for its wood carving and decorations. While walking towards the Castle, the craftsmen would both do their work and offer the beautiful wood carvings for sale in the large and small shops settled on the street. That street was filled with the smell of wood carvings. Although a long time has passed, the wooden Amasra trinkets in my house are still as new as the first day. When I look at them, I remember my Amasra days and feel happy.



Examples of Wood Carving from Amasra

Sevim from Bartın was a very beautiful girl. She had light auburn hair and lush-colored eyes. We were going to Primary 4, we were classmates. I couldn't take my eyes off him in class. Summer vacation was approaching, and classes were getting lighter. We were going to return to the center of Bartın from an event. Sevim's father had a truck. I was delighted when Sevim told me, "Come on, come with us." As the two of us rode side by side in the bed of the truck, I watched Sevim's hair blowing from the wind, and my admiration for her increased even more. I was happy with my childhood sweetheart.

April 23 was approaching. The teacher said that there would be a ball and that couples with boys and girls would dance at the ball. A few days later, a teacher at the school came to the classroom to choose the dance pairs. The teacher started with me and matched me with Nurdan. At that moment, my world seemed to come crashing down on me. My teacher said, "I want to match Sevim." How dare I say that! That must have been the power of love. The teacher didn't hurt me and matched me with Sevim. My mouth was in my ears. Nurdan was not left in the middle, and I was relieved when the teacher immediately paired her with another friend.



I had a stern primary school teacher in Bartın. His behavior would make the class unhappy. One day, the teacher checked the nails and sent me and a few of my friends to the Principal as a punishment. However, my nails were not long. It was the first time something like this had happened to me. We waited in fear at the door of the principal. When the principal called us to his office, everything turned upside down. The manager was very nice to all of us, patted us on the heads and reminded us to be careful in nail care. He sent my friends to the classroom and said, "Ferhat, you stay." Then he turned to me and said, "Ferhat, tell your father; They can bring the bust of Atatürk and plant it in the garden." I was happy to bring such news from the principal to my father.



Bartın Cumhuriyet Primary School

Whenever we went from Ankara to Istanbul, I was filled with happiness. As I descended the Yıldız Slope, the face of the Marmara Sea, which stretched towards Sacak, shining brightly in the sun, filled me with happiness. I wish we had lived in Istanbul.



I was very happy when my mother said: "We bought a new house, we are moving to Istanbul." My wish had been granted. When I was just settling in, a new desk and closet had come to our room, which I shared with my brother. On my first night at home, I couldn't sleep with joy, I was stirred.

I loved cycling. My brother and I talked about what kind of bike I wanted. One day before noon, my brother left the house because he had a job. Towards mid-afternoon he came home and called me down the intercom. I was making airplane models at home. "Run, your brother has brought you your new bike!" my mother called out. I quickly put on my shoes and headed for the door. You don't know how impatient I got in the elevator. The elevator was going down 3 floors at the speed of an ox, but I was flying with happiness. When I saw my white bicycle waiting for me like a bride at the door, I was overjoyed and the two of us became eagles and took off through the streets together.





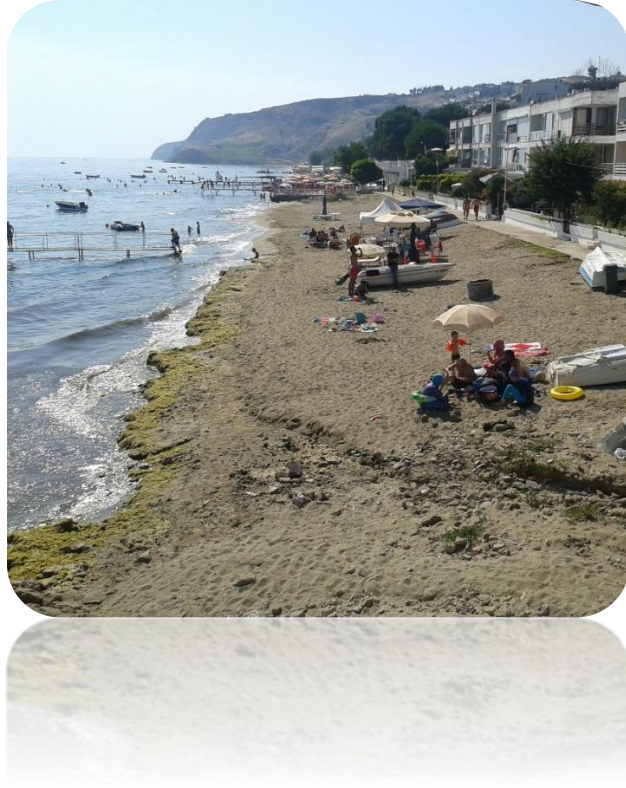
It was a great pleasure to slide like oil on the road. It was one of the first 3-speed bikes. Its gear carried a famous Japanese brand. That gear would hardly ever fail. The Japanese quality used to amaze me. The roads stretched out in front of me, I climbed the slopes, and then I soared downhill like an eagle. We didn't go to Beşiktaş, Sarıyer, or the Bosphorus with that bike, and I even went to Avşa Island with him. Everywhere was traveled, that bike carried me everywhere for years. On summer evenings, my brother and I would suddenly supangle in front of the TV. I would hop on my bike, walk through the streets decorated with gardens smelling of roses, and cut through the darkness of the night with the beams of my bicycle's headlight. I took care of my bike, which made me very happy.

We used to spend the summer as a family in a summer site on the shores of Silivri. I couldn't get enough of the strawberry jam that my mother made and spread on hot steaming fresh bread. Especially the fresh tomatoes, peppers and cucumbers that my father bought from the Silivri market would have tasted delicious. Those were the moments when we had breakfast as a family.

Another aspect of Silivri that made me happy was that my brother's father-in-law in the past and our esteemed poet, the late Behçet Necatigil, and his wife, the late Huriye Necatigil, also had summer houses there. I loved them very much. Some evenings, I would eat with them and I couldn't get enough of Aunt Huriye's delicious food. It was a great excitement and honor for me to sit next to Uncle Behçet at the table, chat with him and watch him write poems. Uncle Behçet also mentioned me in a poem he wrote for the whole family. I was delighted and surprised by this.

After those nice dinners, we young people would go down to the casino by the sea, meet our friends and have conversations.

At night, my mother would pour her coffee and watch the moonlight on the balcony. I would be happy to see him like that.



Silivri Summer House

Returning to school after the summer holidays would start a different wave of excitement in me. New teachers and new lessons meant new excitement. In the fall semester, my school was another good one. I was always thankful that I went to this school. The school was like a therapy center for me. At school, my spirit was refreshed. I had very nice and good friends. Our banter with them, games, meatball-king parties at a friend's house on Saturday evenings are among my unforgettable happy memories.

It was very relaxing and amusing for me to walk around the garden of my school, crushing the fallen oak leaves under my feet as if they were destroying all my troubles. I would walk for minutes, crushing the leaves, and finally arrive at the Plateau, ready and overlooking the strait.





After circling the Plateau a few times, I would get tired and a gentle breeze from the Bosphorus would bring me the scent of the pines, and I would slowly fall into a light sleep on the bench where I sat to rest. In my dreams, I used to see myself by the sea. As I walked barefoot along the seashore, I would feel the warm waves gently licking my feet. Then I would find a flat stone in the sand, slide it across the sea like a sheet, and count the number of times the stone slipped. If I bounced as much as I predicted, I thought that what was in my heart would come true.



In college, I became famous for my mischievous imitations. Until the teacher came to the lesson, I would imitate either the teacher of that lesson or the important political figures of the period, and make the whole class laugh; Of course, I would laugh to myself. In this way, at the beginning of the lesson, we would start the lessons comfortably, relieved of stress and laughing. Happiness for me was seeing the smiling faces of my friends in those moments.



A moment with my friends at RC...

When I was studying at Boğaziçi University, Kazım Kantin was the place where we hung out as regulars. His toasts would be scrumptious. We used to come to school early from home and play King in Kazım. Grades and assignments were shared. In the group of my close friends, there was a lot of hilarity and laughter. Together on the Bosphorus cruises, the first cars Murat 131 and Anadol used to carry us. A friend of mine gave me his Murat 131 to drive. What a pleasure it was, the car was going like oil. I was also curious about the other Orta and Şakir Canteen. There was a different atmosphere there, too. In the end, everyone was a student, a friend, and we were armed with knowledge.

Our teachers loved us, we listened to lectures with pleasure. We learned by having fun. We were comfortable at school, it was a complete learning environment...

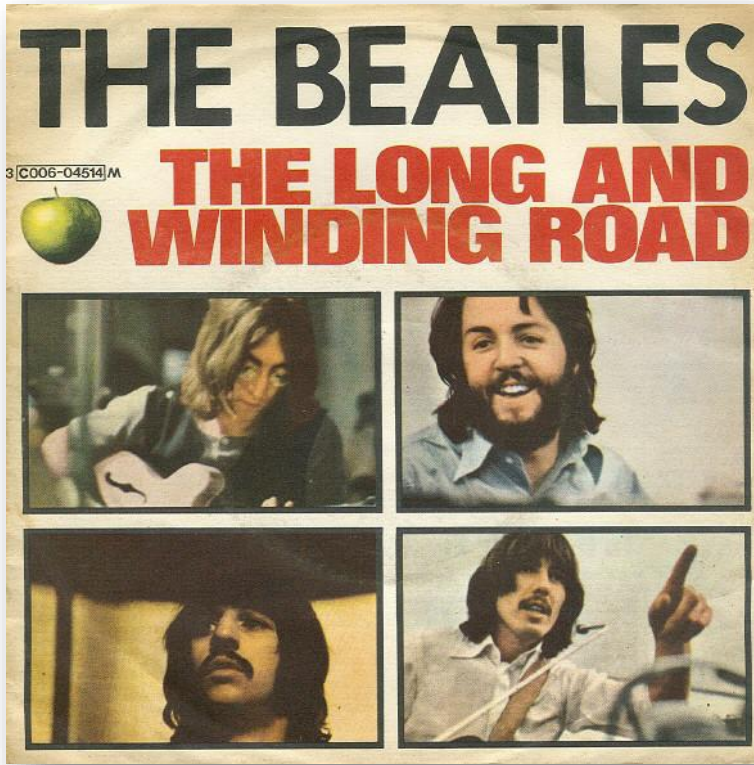


A Football Match at Boğaziçi University

Although my father behaved with the harshness of being a soldier, sometimes, eventually, his soft-hearted side would come into its own. When I asked my mother, "Does my father love us?" she said, "Your father loves you with his eyes." Indeed, my father's bright eyes had deep gazes, and after that explanation, I managed to catch my father's love for me in his eyes.

My father was very good at math. In elementary school, I learned how to solve problems by proportion from him, which they hadn't taught in school yet. My father used to calculate quickly and accurately. My parents attached great importance to education, but they never bothered me and my brother about it. Not once did they need to remind me to do my homework. This can be considered a miracle for most mothers and fathers today. It took a lot of financial sacrifice to get me through college. It was impossible with a single pension. That's why, after my father retired after 26 years of military service, he worked in the private sector for another 26 years and educated me in the best way. When I finished my high school preparatory class, I started working in my brother-in-law's café in the summers. I was making good money. My father also gave me pocket money every month. On the morning of the beginning of the month, when my father handed me my pocket money, he said, "Dad, I don't want to take pocket money from you anymore, because I work and get my pocket money. Save them for me if you want them." My father insisted, but I didn't get the pocket money. I still vividly remember my father's look of pride and love at that moment. Happy.

In college, one of my close friends and I had the biggest fun listening to the Beatles together. Either they or we would get together and listen to the Beatles' albums. He had extensive knowledge of the Beatles, and I would have been happy to learn from him and analyze the music together in depth. The Long and Winding Road was one of our favorite songs.



Computer programming language courses at the university were intense. A classmate and I had prepared a graduation project for that class. We wrote a computer program called "Computer-Assisted Pre-Diagnosis of Diseases" in order to reduce the accumulation in front of the doctor's door in hospitals and to direct patients who do not know which unit to apply to the right clinic. When the instructor of the course lifted our project into the air and said this is the project and announced that he was selected as the winner with an AA grade, I forgot all my tiredness and was very happy.



Boğaziçi University Computer Center



When my nephew was born, I had just completed my primary higher education. My lovely niece loved it for me to play with her. When I went to visit them, my little nephew would take me by the hand, take me to his room, and ask us to play fireman together. The fire consisted of the small car that climbed on the mountain I had built with my foot overturned and rolled down the mountain, and the fire truck that came there extinguished the fire and the ambulance that came there took the injured to the hospital. This game was played over and over again. It was, and still is, a source of happiness for my nephew to call me "Afam" in half a speech.



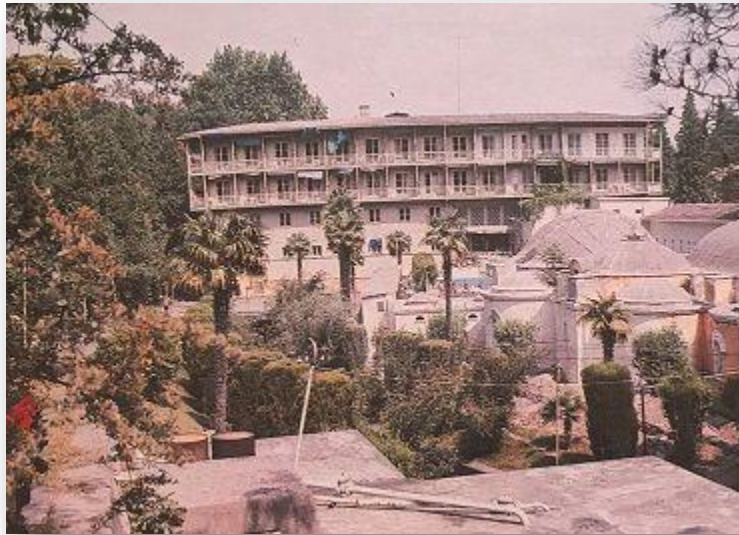
The moment of my eldest son Kerem being born is one of the happiest moments in my life. I was in labor too. My wife was trying extraordinarily. Finally, Kerem was born. The moment I heard the cry that started with the doctor holding her upside down and shaking her lightly, and the moment I saw her open one eye and take her first look at the world, the world was mine. I didn't even realize that I had hit my heel somewhere and injured it in the excitement of birth.



On the day Kerem was born, before the news of the birth came, I approved the new jar sample of the product for which I was the product manager at the Topkapı Bottle Glass Factory. Thus, two births took place at the same time and I experienced double happiness.

When I was the Sales and Marketing Manager of Veterinary Medicines at an international pharmaceutical company, one of my responsibilities was to provide sales skills training to my team to develop their sales skills. In order to provide this training, I

was sent to the company headquarters in Switzerland for a course. In my transformation, I localized the training and successfully gave the first training in a hotel in Yalova. I was happy to contribute concretely to the development of others. After that, my journey as an educator began...



Yalova Turban Hotel

When I was the Education Manager of a world-famous information technology company in Turkey, the moment I heard that I was going to America for a meeting, I flew out of curiosity and joy.

Until then, I had never taken a transoceanic flight. The trip was a source of fun and joy for me, as I love airplanes very much.

I flew with TWA. I transferred in Saint Louis and boarded the plane to San Jose. I had to pick up my luggage in Saint Louis because there was no connecting flight. I thought I had lost my suitcase due to my sleepy state, but it turned out that it was waiting for me in the corner. I'm glad I'm so glad. Well, I caught the plane just as the doors were closing for blood and sweat while I was queuing to enter the USA and switching to domestic flights. The plane was half empty. I spun out on 4-seater seats, pulled a blanket over me and slept along the way.

It was night when I landed in San Jose. I had the address of the hotel where I was going to stay. I jumped in a taxi and gave the driver the address. We went a little, we went far, we couldn't get to the hotel. I looked at it and it said "Dead End!" I think the driver was Indian. "We're lost," he said. Here's getting lost on your first trip to America! What luck! I told the driver to ask the driver for directions by radio. Anyway, he finally found his way, so I took a long oh.

Everything in the hotel was in an unfamiliar style. Jat lag is a difficult situation. I barely discovered the phone and let the house know I was coming. If you don't speak English, you'll be searched.

After the meeting was over, I was among those invited to a factory tour. During the trip, we were going to see advanced technologies. I took my hat off to the robots that carry computer chips on a tray in their hands and step aside and give way when they see people in front of them, and that today's computer technologies have been developed on this trip I made in 1990.

I returned to the pharmaceutical industry from the IT sector. This made me happy because I loved the pharmaceutical industry. One of the reasons I liked it was that I could directly take part in activities that had a positive impact on human health.

I was very motivated to hear that I was selected as the Turkey Product Manager of the world's best-selling drug. It would be enjoyable to learn and develop this famous and old medicine in depth. I saved the package insert of the drug from old Turkish. I coordinated the necessary work for the production of the water-soluble form in Turkey. I ensured that another form of the active ingredient was marketed in Turkey and I named the drug together with Turkish cardiologists. All this has been a source of great happiness and pride for me.



My younger son Cemre was born in the same hospital where his brother was born. When the maternity nurse prepared her and brought her to the window to show us, there was a little model of me in front of me. There couldn't be so many similarities. At that moment, I was at a loss as to what to say, and I was overjoyed.



I won a lot of awards in the last health company I worked for, and I had the most productive period of my business life there

As a result of a strategic decision, I left the company with sadness. However, a reference letter sent from the company's headquarters in the USA made it clear that they were satisfied with me, that they trusted me, strengthened me on my new path, and made me happy by increasing my self-confidence.

While life continued with its bitter and sweet moments , my sons grew up, entered good schools, graduated from them, and the years chased each other. I retired and continued to work as an educational consultant.

My life in Istanbul, which lasted for 38 years, ended when I settled in Izmir. Life in Istanbul has become unbearable because of the crowd and the high cost. It took at least 1 hour on average to get from one place to another. My parents migrated to Izmir, which they had been longing for for years, with the same weariness. After that, I migrated to Izmir without hesitation and continued my life by establishing a new business in Izmir.

I reached Izmir by car and went directly to my father's house. My parents welcomed me with joy. We hugged each other and longed. My parents had transferred the house they rented in Izmir to me, and they had settled in their newly purchased house. After dinner, my mother and I went to my new house. My mother had made my bed and spread a soft blanket over it. I slept very comfortably under that blanket that night. The sadness of leaving Istanbul was destroyed by the shining Izmir. Happy.





We restarted our business in a cute coastal area of Izmir. In a tourist hotel, my new wife and I were running a jewelry store and boiling soup. When I was in Istanbul, I was very used to the cute dog that my little son took care of. My love for dogs in Izmir was depressed and one day I adopted a 2-month-old Golden retriever from a farm that came across my path and brought it to the hotel.



I named my dog "My Friend". My friend became the mascot of the hotel and the darling of tourists. His cottage was on the beach of the hotel. He grew up eating a bucket full of daily food every evening and swimming in the sea and running around on the beach. It was incredibly good for me to go for a walk on the beach with him every day, to watch him run and take the stones I threw into the sea out of the water, and to breathe the clean air of the Aegean Sea.



### My Friend

My eldest son Kerem has always been a symbol of perseverance and determination for me.

Kerem concentrates on the work he sets his mind to and finishes it.

While studying at ITU, he founded and conducted the ITU Classical Music Chamber Orchestra. He displayed a complete "Servant Leader" character. He would carry the chairs and music stands of the orchestra members, place the notes, and prepare his orchestra for the beginning of the concert with great seriousness and meticulousness.



After graduating from university, he transformed the ITU Classical Music Chamber Orchestra into the Istanbul Film Music Orchestra. From time to time, they gave many successful concerts with their members consisting of 60-70 people and rose to the heights of conducting. The concert halls were always packed. The pride I feel in some of the concerts I have attended is indescribable. Sometimes I couldn't hold back my tears of happiness.



### IFMO – Istanbul Film Music Orchestra

Kerem's journey in the field of music started when he attended a guitar course at Beşiktaş Public Education Center as a child. Then he progressed with a private guitar course and a transition to the side flute. He spent what he gained during his journey on his development; He bought his sheet music and participated in self-improvement certificate programs. I am very happy with these events that have lasted for years.

My son Cemre establishes a very good balance of emotion and mind.

As a result of the children's desire, we adopted Cinnamon and Cemre was the one who managed her. Cinnamon, whom he sometimes slept cuddled in his bed, was a very good and loyal friend of his. Cemre took very good care of Cinnamon for years. Cinnamon also made sure he had a good time. It made me happy to see them so happy.





Tarçın

I realized that Cemre had strong leadership qualities when she led a project team at the university and they achieved a significant success with her team.



Undergraduate students Efkan Yılmaz, Furkan Açıkgöz, Ömer Eren Koçulu, Gamze Songül, Alper Yalman and Cemre Esemem took part in the YTU NuD-34 team, which completed the first stage of the CanSat Model Satellite Competition held in 2015 and



attended by many countries of the world, as the first stage, the third stage, and the third and fourth stages as the 28th. This news made me very happy.

When I got the news that I was going to have a grandchild, the world became mine. Everyone used to say; That the love of grandchildren is different. Indeed, it is. When your relationship with him is based only on loving him, it is another pleasure. When I heard my lovely granddaughter Deren call me "Grandpa" for the first time, I really felt like I was a grandfather. When he comes to visit me, he hugs me and says "Grandpa" is the pinnacle of happiness. Its good smell smokes in my nose, I always want to see it.



I was on good terms with a friend of mine from college in Izmir. I gave two trainings to his company. After a long time, I was very pleased with the training I gave in Izmir, and they were also satisfied. The employees of the company were very nice people. I became friends with them, and one day we even went fishing together

We anchored early in the morning. As I drank the tea brewed by the captain in the cool of the morning, I was thankful that I had spent the day like this. We hunted until five o'clock in the evening. Everyone caught at least a bucket full of fish. When I returned home with fresh fish, I shared it with our neighbors and they were delighted. Sharing is good.



Aegean Waters

I was gutted by the news that my second grandchild, Selen, was going to be born. When I saw Selen for the first time, I was about to swallow my little tongue in surprise, because she is also a small model of her father. His calm and serious posture is pregnant with a storm at any moment. If there is a situation that he does not want or does not like, he gets angry, like his father, a piece of fire. Nowadays, she speaks halfway and makes cakes and cakes with her mother in the kitchen. The moments when I hold my soft, beautiful granddaughter Selen in my arms and love her are indescribable moments of happiness for me.



**Evlat için Anne, baba çınar ağacı gibidir, güçlü kudretli.  
Anne baba için evlat ağacın dalları gibidir, narin kırılgan.  
Peki torunlar? Baldır, şekerdir. Havadır, nefestir. Candır,  
Kandır. Hayattır hayat!**

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My daughter-in-law, Pearl, is a grain of pearl like her name. He is very fond of his children and his wife. She is a good housewife. His family is also precious. They also love children and take care of them closely. He is highly skilled and has a high level of technical ability. The toys she made for my grandchildren are a source of joy. Pearl is a very good cook. Especially their confectionery, desserts and cakes are like those of the best bakeries. Better than that, it should be called life health.



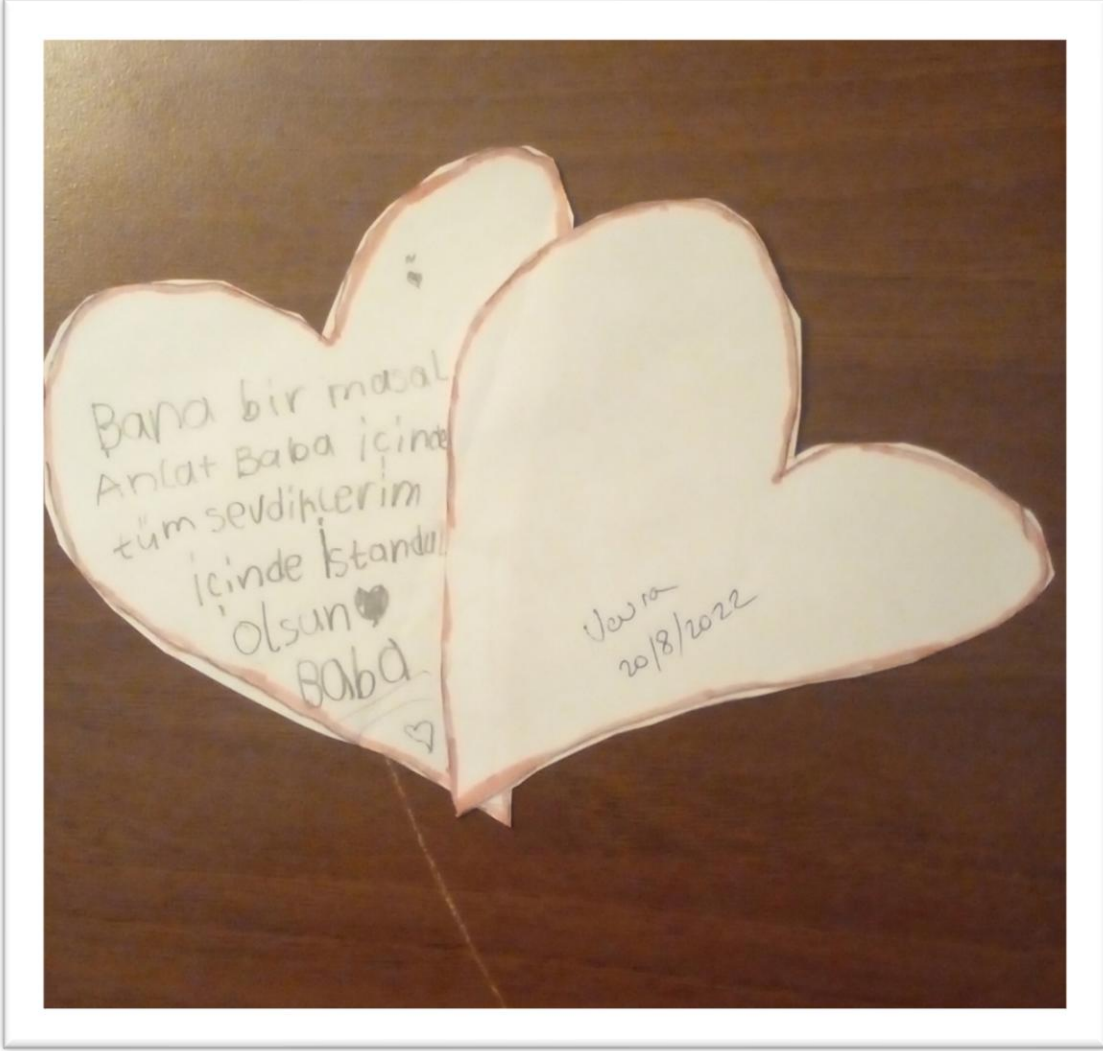
The birth of my daughter, Nevra Serra, was like a miracle coming true...

Although it was difficult for me to understand at first, the news that they would be twins who would be born one after the other caused me surprise and then great joy. When I took them in my arms and placed them in my arms and looked at their faces, they smiled at me.

Seeing my daughters smiling together with their brothers seemed to be a sign that the future would be bright.

Nevra and Serra love to go shopping with me. They are so well-mannered that when they ask for something, they never insist that the situation is not available and they get a no answer. They help their father, fill and empty the shopping cart, do what they can with those tiny hands. To make them happy, I buy the candies they want and wait patiently in the children's books and magazines aisle of the mall for them to search for their favorite magazines.

The loving paintings, writings and notes they have made for me since they were young are among my bedside items. The luck for them and for me is that we have the opportunity to spend a long time together.



Old school friends... I have countless fond memories with most of them. The good moments with them were especially between 1973 and 1979. Beautiful moments in both college and university. I wish... moments when I say.

Would I like to go back to 1978 when I studied at Boğaziçi University? Yes, I would like...





Robert College



Bogazici University

I woke up early in the morning, even though it was Sunday. One of my daughters woke up early and was watching TV. Good morning. I poured myself a cup of coffee. My other daughter got up and then I started to prepare breakfast after saying good morning to her. After breakfast, I started to do some minor repairs. My wife brought a coffee. Happy.

... Time has moved on. That evening, I read this narrative to Nevra. Seeing the sparkle of happiness in his eyes and hearing the father say, "I'm going to write too," riveted my happiness.



I understand that I have mostly had happy moments in my life. I am grateful for this and wish everyone a life full of happy moments.

The end