

# Reflective Writing



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*Photographs: Courtesy Anjali Krishna*



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**Letter to my most impactful teacher**  
**Raj Gupta**

Dearest Heena Mam.

I hope you remember me.

This is Raj Gupta from the 7th grade of Kendriya Vidyalaya.

That was your last year in school. The way you would explain topics of History and other subjects of social science was just mesmerising. Your way of approaching teaching was very unique.

I remember even today that once, in a question on the panchayat system, a student wrote that the panchayat is a place in a village where people sit and discuss. The whole class started laughing at this definition. You calmly explained that the boy had, in fact, got the essence of the topic, and that's all that matters.

I still remember the exact words of encouragement that you spoke to me on your last day in school.

Even after so many years of school, your words are with me.

Gratefully Yours,  
*Raj Gupta*



Reflective Writing to me is a tool to sit, think and get to know the thought process behind each act of mine. The process of Reflective writing can sometimes be disturbing, but it is ultimately your own truth, so I think it is worth the pain. It is an important activity for every individual, and especially for teachers, it becomes even more important. Teachers hold a very important position in society and shape young minds, so they should remain extremely conscious of their behaviour and continue to reflect. This will help them perform their duties better. **Raj Gupta**

Letter to a friend about this course  
**Sujna Rai**



Dear friend Sama,

I am writing this letter to share my experience of a course on Reflective Writing. I have already completed 9 sessions, and I would say it is one of the most powerful tools to look deep inside and reflect. You may be wondering why I joined this class. And why am I sharing this with you?

Here you go....

As you know, I am into teaching, and it needs a lot of preparation: you can't just learn something from a book and pour it on the child. It needs a lot of dedication, patience, learning, observing, understanding and also analysing things. I was struggling with my communication skills and articulation of my thoughts. I was also not able to understand what was happening within me, why I was not confident enough. I strongly felt I needed to do something about it. I wanted to overcome this.

As I was going through all these confused thoughts, luckily, our school announced an online Reflective Writing course for professional development. I got to know that this course will help in slowing down our thoughts, reading deeply, writing thoughtfully and reflecting on one's inner perspective. Initially, I had no idea what this Reflective Writing was about.

When I read the flyer of this course, the first thing that caught my attention was this: "When a teacher starts writing down reflections, unexpected shifts begin to happen ...". I was surprised to read these lines, and I wondered, how can writing reflections change anything? To be frank, I really don't enjoy writing things down.

But I wanted to try out this and see if it shifts something in me.

And that is how my Reflective Writing journey started.



This course was offered through **Thinking Teacher**, and our mentor was Neeraja Akka. She was full of energy, and I liked the first orientation class, as well as the way she conducted it. I got inspired by her stories and her strong personality. I was amazed to see the participants sharing experiences that connected to me in one way or another. It helped me to see the same situations from different perspectives.

In our sessions, we get to read articles, there is personal sharing, discussion-based learning and also written assignments – the last one was a real game changer. As I said earlier, the whole ‘reflective writing’ concept is new to me. The challenge was comprehending the article or assignments and then putting my thoughts into writing. Initially, I was not confident with my assignment, as it sounded very simple. I felt my vocabulary and articulation still needed a lot of work. I was not very confident about sharing personal experiences.

As the sessions continued every week, I realised that it is not about how my writing looks, but about trying to understand what I am going to learn through these assignments. It really changed the way that I was thinking, and I went deeper and deeper as I began doing more assignments. It helped me to reflect on myself, how I am in my classes and my life.

It took me on a ride to experience the past, present and future with a different perspective. The sharing in the class by other participants gave me a lot of exposure to look at education through various perspectives, and when they shared their experiences, it cleared many doubts that I had in my mind.



I started to enjoy writing these assignments. I never thought I could write something like this. I didn't think much about grammar or framing sentences with good vocabulary. I accepted the way that I was writing and just continued putting my thoughts on paper. This gave me the confidence to write. When I saw my writing, I was happy like a child who has just learned to walk for the first time. As it said in the flyer, "Reflection draws out the WRITER in you", it really made the writer come out of me, and I am still surprised!

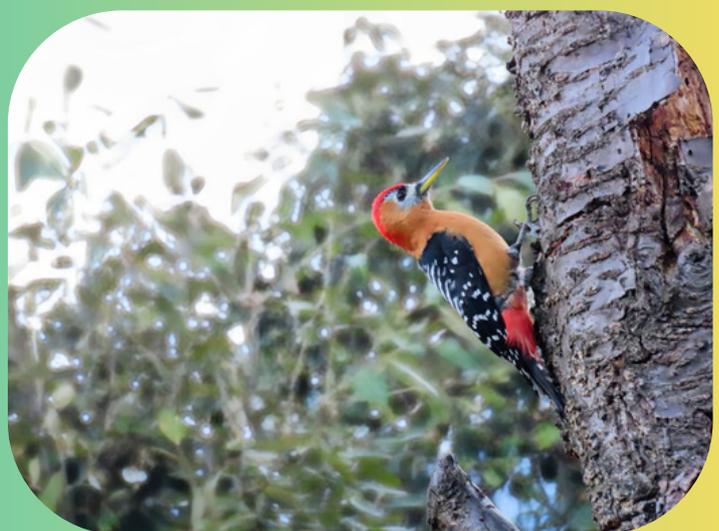
Now, I am reflecting on myself a little deeply, and it helps me take small actions to correct myself, instead of keeping thoughts in mind and struggling for no reason. I am seeing situations from different perspectives, I am not judging anything quickly, slowing down and understanding deeply, rather than coming to any conclusion. As a teacher, it helps to be open-minded. To accept children just the way they are, and to understand and help them with a child-centric approach.

I had an amazing experience throughout. I am happy and excited about this and thought I would share it with you. While reading this letter, if you feel excited about this course and if you think it will help you, then I would definitely recommend that you join this course. Perhaps, the writer within you may have much to say; you never know!

Your best wisher,  
*Sujna*

Reflective writing encourages me to pause and examine my thoughts and actions. It helps me think deeply, gain clarity, and move forward with awareness and a positive approach.

**Sujna Rai**



## Letter to an Aspiring Teacher

### **B Ajitha**

Dear Colleague,

You asked me recently what I think education really is, and what it means to be a teacher. I do not know if I have a definitive answer. In fact, the longer I remain in this profession, the less certain I become about neat definitions. But perhaps that uncertainty itself is a good place to begin.

When I first entered teaching, like most people, I thought the work was about delivering lessons well, finishing portions on time and ensuring that students performed reasonably in examinations. Those things still matter. Schools cannot function without structure. Yet, somewhere along the way, I realised that what stays with students is rarely the worksheet or the perfectly planned explanation. What stays with them is the person standing in front of them.

If I were asked to describe an educated person, the first image that comes to my mind is that of my own mentor. He is someone who lives as his authentic self. His thoughts, words and actions do not appear to be at war with one another. There is a certain steadiness about him that I have always admired. He does not rush to impress or dominate a room. Yet people listen. Over the years, I began to understand that this quiet authority comes from self-awareness. He knows who he is and what he stands for. That, to me, is what education should slowly move us towards. Not merely the accumulation of information, but a clearer understanding of ourselves and of others. An educated person, in my view, is someone who has the flexibility of mind to look at the world from more than one point of view and yet not lose their own centre in the process.

Reflective writing is a process of digging deep into the recesses of one's being to examine experiences as an outsider, to forge a better understanding of the self. It is an inward-looking journey meant to bridge the chasm created by the dichotomy between the inner and outer self, in an effort to become one's authentic self.

**B Ajitha**



This sounds ideal when written down. Living it in a classroom is another matter. Every teacher will eventually discover that schools are full of tensions. There are guidelines to follow, expectations to meet and sometimes the uneasy feeling that things are slipping out of our control. I have had moments when I realised that I was speaking about student agency in theory, but tightening my grip the moment things became inconvenient. Those moments are not pleasant. But they are instructive.

If there is one thing I would say to someone entering this profession, it is this: do not stop examining yourself. It is very easy to settle into routines and begin to believe that experience automatically makes us wiser. It does not. At best, experience simply gives us more occasions to reflect.

You will also discover another uncomfortable thought. Much of what we teach our students today can be found on the internet within seconds. So this begs the question: what is it that only we can offer? I have come to believe that it is not information. It is presence, integrity and the example of someone who is still willing to learn. Students watch us more closely than we imagine. They notice when we are fair and when we are pretending. They notice when we listen and when we merely wait for our turn to speak. Over time, they also recognise whether we are secure enough to admit that we do not have all the answers.

If education has any real purpose, perhaps it is this: to help human beings become a little more aware, a little more honest and a little less certain of their own worth. If we manage to move ourselves and our students even slightly in that direction, the work may have been worthwhile.

With warm regards,

*Ajitha*



## What is Education?

### **Chitwan Kaur**

If I were to define education, I would say that it is the conscious shaping of the mind and character so that a person can think clearly and live meaningfully.

For me, education is far more than gathering information or becoming knowledgeable. It refines who you are, deepens your sense of right and wrong, and equips you to face life's situations with logic and practicality. Education widens your vision, allowing you to see the world from multiple perspectives and approach it with reason and clarity. Most importantly, it nurtures empathy, making you more understanding, compassionate and considerate towards those around you.

To me, education is more than the collection of information or the pursuit of degrees. It is not measured by how much one knows, but by how deeply one understands. True education is the gradual shaping of the mind and the quiet strengthening of character. It sharpens thought, makes you humble and builds the ability to respond to life with clarity and balance.

An educated person is not someone who can merely recite facts or display impressive vocabulary. Rather, an educated person is someone who can think independently, question wisely and reason logically. Education develops the capacity to examine situations carefully instead of reacting impulsively. It enables a person to distinguish between opinion and fact, emotion and reason, assumption and truth. In a world overflowing with information, the truly educated individual knows how to filter, analyse, and form sound judgments.

Education also nurtures you morally, by refining one's sense of right and wrong, not through rigid rules but through understanding. An educated person recognises that knowledge carries accountability. Education encourages integrity, not merely intelligence. It builds character that stands firm even when there are other temptations.

Beyond intellect, education broadens perspective. It allows us to see the world through different lenses, cultural, social and emotional. It teaches us that our experiences cannot be generalised and that every individual actually behaves and conducts themselves, shaped by circumstances that we may not fully understand. This awareness fosters humility. An educated person does not assume superiority: instead, they remain open to learning from others, regardless of age, status or background.

Perhaps most importantly, education cultivates empathy. It makes us more considerate toward those around us. When we understand different viewpoints and lived realities, we become less judgmental and more compassionate. An educated person listens before speaking, seeks to understand before criticising, and chooses dialogue over disagreements. Education reminds us that intelligence without kindness is incomplete.

Education also prepares us to deal with life practically. It equips us with the ability to solve problems, adapt to change and move through uncertainty with resilience. Life rarely presents textbook situations - rather, it demands critical thinking, emotional maturity and balanced decision-making. An educated person approaches challenges logically, yet remains sensitive to the human element involved.

Ultimately, education is a lifelong journey. It does not end with formal schooling, rather it continues through reflection, experience and self-introspection and self-correction. To be educated is to remain curious, to acknowledge what one does not know, and to constantly strive for growth. It is to refine oneself continuously, intellectually, morally and emotionally.

To me, education transforms. It shapes not only what we know, but who we become.



Reflective writing to me means thinking deeply about experiences, ideas, or actions that have happened in the past to understand their meaning and impact.

It involves analysing what happened, how you felt, what you learned, and how it can influence your future decisions, growth, and understanding of yourself and the world around you.

**Chitwan Kaur**

Letter to an aspiring teacher  
**Susadhna Gurung**



Dear Y,

A few years ago, I found myself in a dilemma. I think it was a situation similar to what you are presently finding yourself in.

I can recall myself, sitting for hours with a single thought: What should I choose as a profession? I sourced the internet, books and people, but very few people. My research, dear Y, would tell me that teaching should be my last resort. 'If nothing, try teaching!' I never wanted to fall as low as a teacher, with a salary so demeaning to the soul, no respect, surely not from my family and the lineages that I am connected to.

Therefore, I walked away from multiple teaching opportunities, afraid that the environment and its elements would not see me as capable, they would not see that I am a daughter of an intelligent man and have never failed anyone when it comes to academics. Not that I am brilliant, I often find myself ignorant of an array of things, but I know a force resides within me that does not allow me to sustain mundane, ordinary things.

So I chose wildlife conservation and worked as a researcher. Oh! How I enjoyed doing 'high level things' and communicating with brilliant people from all over the world, but I think more than any of it, I was happy that I could hold 'a position'.

I will be honest with you here, Y. Slowly, it started taking a toll on me. To be truthful, I liked community service more than writing papers. I liked connecting with children (whenever opportunities came my way during workshops) more than writing reports and managing finances. I liked short conversations, learning and imparting knowledge more than giving television interviews. In essence, I think teaching was what I wanted to do, but I never liked to admit it. Just as you have been consulting people, I also did the same, but nobody spoke in my favour.

I know how a teacher is looked upon today, but my dear Y, the joy that you will feel when you listen to yourself and do what you always intended to is beyond any scale of comparison. The realisation that you are touching lives (and that lives are touching you back) is something you gain after a beautiful class. In this setting, you have the authority to spark an interest in young minds and also be open to being struck by amazing questions that you may not have heard in international conferences.

Being appreciative of (and appreciated for) little things will make your heart full, even on heavy days. I am not saying Y, that there will not be any storms, for what is life if it is just peaceful? We need chaos and thunder and rain occasionally to appreciate the rainbow that awaits! But, even on such days, just a sentence, a word, or a fleeting smile that comes your way will make you realise that you indeed made the right choice.

You will find yourself more excited than the children to give them something that you never received as a child. You will find yourself smiling at Aha! moments when kids give you that shocked look while learning new things. You will find it amusing when they tell you, “It’s like you are saying that Santa Claus actually does not exist!” and then you will laugh.

You will laugh at your self-doubt and your trying to prove yourself to everyone around when the only thing that needs to be proven is a promise that you made to yourself.

To live, truly, honestly, and unabashedly, choosing what you always want to choose. I say all of this to you, my dearest Y, because I have lived the same, and your decision should not waver because of external forces. Not your family, friends or even I should be the ones who choose for you, for after all, it is your story and your pen on the paper.

Best wishes,  
*Susadhna*

Reflective Writing means to think about your cognitive skills and dissect it from all possible angles, while being open and receptive to subjective scenarios.

**Susadhna Gurung**



Letter to a future member of my family: a grandchild yet to be born  
**Sharat Kumar**

Dear My Child,

This is the evening of 26th February 2026.

Your grandmother and your father are busy preparing for a festival, and I am sitting quietly in my study. A little while ago, I received a phone call from your great-grandmother. She sounded deeply upset. Six years ago, on this very day, my two maternal uncles passed away due to COVID, both within eight hours of each other. The pain of that loss still lives in her heart, and she often remembers how helpless we felt during those difficult times.

That thought made me decide to write this letter to you – a future member of our family – so that you may understand what we lived through during the pandemic, a time that may feel like distant history when you read this.

It was the evening of March 24, 2020, when the government suddenly announced a nationwide lockdown. Within hours, life as we knew it stopped. Roads became empty, schools and colleges closed, markets shut down, and people were asked to remain inside their homes for an unknown period. For the first time, we heard about a virus called COVID-19. Until then, the word meant nothing to us. We were told it spread easily through contact and could be deadly.

We were given barely twenty-four hours to prepare. Panic spread quickly. People rushed to buy essential supplies, and families stayed glued to television screens, calling relatives and friends to understand what was happening. Since I suffer from asthma, your grandmother was especially worried about my health. Following the advice of doctors and news channels, we bought bundles of masks and began taking every precaution possible.



News from across the world showed rising infections and countless deaths. Fear entered every home. We asked our household help not to come to work, but promised to continue paying her salary because we knew the crisis affected everyone.

In truth, we locked ourselves indoors more out of fear than discipline. Your father was only eight years old then. At first, he enjoyed the unexpected school holidays, but soon he began to sense the seriousness of the situation. Along with some friends and students, I formed a volunteer group to help people in need. We received calls day and night from families searching for hospital beds, oxygen, or medical assistance. Sometimes the calls brought hopeful news; sometimes they brought silence and loss.

Your father, though still a child, showed remarkable maturity. He helped me note down names and phone numbers and stayed awake beside me until late at night, often until the phone finally stopped ringing around 2 a.m. In those moments, I saw him grow up faster than any parent wishes for their child.

Those were truly the most helpless days of our lives. We watched migrant workers walking hundreds of kilometres along highways, trying to return home without food or transport.

These were the journeys of their lives. I was seeing children walking barefoot to reach far-distant, impossible places on foot. We did not know how to help enough. Your grandmother simplified our meals, insisting we cook only what was necessary because many outside did not have enough to eat. She collected money and sent support through friends who were helping stranded Bihari workers in cities like Surat and nearby.

As the days became harder for survival, some brave hearts stepped out onto the roads to provide food and water to the stranded labourers. It seemed that no one had taken responsibility for them – not even the people for whom they had worked for years.

Today, news reports say that the AQI in most cities has come down. The Yamuna in Delhi is flowing cleaner, and trees across parks and zoos have grown denser.

This makes me wonder: is COVID the bigger problem, or are we humans ourselves the real problem?

As you read this letter, I don't know what kind of air you are breathing. Has the Yamuna survived and remained alive, or has it disappeared completely?

Ironically, while the world slowed down physically, people began talking more than ever. Phone calls with relatives became frequent again. Some television channels showed celebrities discovering hobbies at home, but for many ordinary people, 'mere' survival was the only concern. Gradually, people we knew began falling ill, and some never returned.

I too fell sick at times, mostly from exhaustion and emotional strain, but recovered with rest and family support. What remained with us, however, were the lessons.

The pandemic taught us the value of compassion, patience, and togetherness. It reminded us that human beings are deeply connected and that kindness matters more than comfort. We learned not to take ordinary events – like meeting loved ones, going outside freely, or sharing meals – for granted.

Perhaps nature was teaching humanity to pause, reflect, and become more humane.

When you read this someday, I hope you live in a world that remembers these lessons. Grow wise, stay compassionate, and value people over possessions.

Grow wise and grow tall.

Yours lovingly,

*Dadaji*



## What is Education?

**Purna Mukherjee**

I think education is like water to a fish. It is a living, breathing experience, yet it is very difficult to explain it in a way that can be generalised.

Education is awareness. Awareness is just the beginning of understanding—where I am, who I am, what I am—and then slowly unfolding the true self with curiosity, wonder, and a sense of detachment.

Education is a process. The felt sense of any process is authentic, though sometimes biased at any given moment, as we do not know what lies ahead. So being ‘wrong’ or ‘right’ is just a contextual phase.

Education is inclusion. An inclusive mind holds infinite possibilities of being. It is a space for accepting differences without being forced to change or fit in. It is always a win-win situation.

Education is evolution. The more we understand about ourselves and the environment we are connected to, the more we evolve and grow as a species. It is a process of becoming. On one hand, we may imagine ourselves as a speck of dust in this vast universe; on the other hand, we hold the power to contemplate the existence of multiple universes. This wide spectrum of understanding always makes me wonder about the power of education.

Education is understanding contrasts while still being able to search for balance. On one hand, education tells me that life is nothing but chaos, but on the other hand, education helps me understand life by discovering connections.

I sometimes experience education as a pause between reaction and response—a space where one is aware of the context, able to interpret the situation from a broad perspective based on one’s knowledge, and chooses to act with responsibility. Education always reminds me that I have the power to choose at any given point in time.

How did I experience education inside a school building? It was dark—a system where my existence was reduced to numbers and skill sets, treated as tokens for a glorified, secure future. I was groomed to understand that accepting things, suppressing feelings, and not being expressive is the mark of a good child; that you only matter if others value you; that hard work is about suffering and definitely not about enjoying the process; that time is something you must always chase, not simply be with. But fortunately, I was able to question these ideas.

As a Play Practitioner and a facilitator, I perceive education as experience. Experience is how one internalises the unknown and begins to understand connectedness. Education is the space where facts and fantasy meet, and enlightenment happens.

Education is not always about searching for the right answer, but about never hesitating to raise the right question. After all, we are still evolving, aren't we?

Reflective writing is a practice where we mindfully separate ourselves from the hustle and bustle of life. We pause. We observe. We connect. We become curious. The intention is to understand and make sense of what is happening within and around us. Through this process, we are able to acknowledge, accept, and adapt accordingly.

**Purna Mukherjee**



Reflective writing lets layers and layers shed to reveal the core - a blossom so gentle yet vibrant that it cannot be overlooked! **Shanti Sekar**

## Letter to an aspiring teacher

**Shanti Sekar**

Namaskaram,

My voyage as a teacher is a tapestry of rich experience and nurturing.

My stumbles and setbacks have become the foundation stones of my teaching years. A path of slow, deliberate growth where wonders unfolded before me as I chose gratitude rather than entitlement.

Patience alone did not suffice. Willingness to analyse, unlearn, receive feedback, embrace opportunities, and, of course, relearn formed the pebbles along the journey.

Being mindful that you don't become rigid but flexible. Not strict, but have fun as well. Not stereotypical, but move out of your comfort zone.

Not only talk but listen to the silence and become a silent observer.

'Observer of what?' you may ask. A life unfolding - effortlessly absorbing everything around, the aha moments of their discoveries, the reflections of behaviours and mannerisms, and the wonders of growth.

Questions, questions and questions!!! There will be endless questions that flow through them, all kinds - ranging from 'what-why' to 'how'. It's intriguing to see silence speak volumes. I do not just give answers but provide a map for them to find their own.

There is so much to say and so much to explore. It seems like an endless saga.

However, I would like to leave you with a beautiful quote by Malala Yousafzai. She said, "One book, one pen, one child and one teacher can change the world."

Enjoy the journey that awaits you.

Pranams

*Shanti Sekar*



## Letter to a friend about this course

**Radhika Dixit**

Dear Saretha,

I have been meaning to write to you about my journey in the Reflective Writing course, because it has slowly become something much deeper than I ever expected.

When the sessions began, I honestly thought it was just another writing workshop – a space to improve expression, structure thoughts better, and maybe polish a few skills. I attended classes with curiosity, but also with a certain lightness, not anticipating that it would touch anything within me.

But as the weeks unfolded, the discussions started to shift. The articles we read, the issues we examined, and the assignments that we were given began to feel more intense, more personal. They were no longer just exercises in writing; they became invitations to pause, to look inward, and to confront parts of myself that I had never fully acknowledged. Gradually, I began to understand the true power of reflection – how it can gently untangle inner conflicts, and how it can even help resolve misunderstandings with others.

One of the most profound realisations for me was learning to see the whole story. The workshop reminded me how dangerous a single, incomplete narrative can be. Especially as a teacher, I found myself rethinking how I view my students. I started asking: What might I not be seeing? What experiences shape their reactions, their silences, their defiance, or even their brilliance?

I have begun to consciously step into their shoes – to empathise, to listen without rushing to judge. I now understand more deeply that people are not inherently “good” or “bad.” Their thoughts, responses, and perspectives are often shaped by circumstances, struggles, and life situations that we may know nothing about. This shift has softened something inside me. It has made me more patient, more compassionate, and more open.

Interestingly, the assignments that once felt like a burden – deadlines looming, reflections demanding emotional energy – have transformed into something I genuinely look forward to. They no longer feel like tasks to complete but opportunities for discovery. Each one feels like a quiet conversation with myself.

Today, I find myself truly enjoying the sessions – the discussions, the differing viewpoints, the depth. What began as a simple ‘writing workshop’ has evolved into a journey of self-awareness and growth. It has changed not just how I write, but how I see – myself and others.

I felt you would understand this transformation more than anyone. That is why I wanted to share it with you – not just as an update, but as a piece of my heart.

With warmth and gratitude,

*Radhika*



Reflective writing is an opportunity to pause, think, and reconsider my experiences. It allows me to look deeply at my ideas, experiences, and events, and helps me understand what truly matters. While engaging in reflective writing, I focus on my thoughts, feelings, and the lessons I have learned, while also trying to appreciate the perspectives of others. It feels almost meditative, as it encourages calm and thoughtful introspection, helps me become more mindful and aware of my actions and decisions, allowing me to approach life with greater clarity and understanding.

**Radhika Dixit**

My Reflections  
**Neeraja Raghavan**

It is always a very fulfilling task to write down my end-of-course reflections. It has become a tradition: for me to sit back and reflect on my experience with each batch, just before the Celebratory Session.

No two batches have been similar – just as no two classes of students are. Each batch brings with it its own unique flavour, its own mix of geography, cultures, skills, temperaments and attitudes.

If I were to describe my experience with this (the thirteenth) batch of teachers taking the course, I would describe it in the words of Keats: ‘Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness’.

This was a batch that ripened slowly, almost imperceptibly, from one session to the next. Initially, I was not clear of the impact (if any) of the readings, the assignments and the discussions. More than half the course was over before I began to feel that it had percolated quite deeply into some minds.

Despite my years of experience, I was again taken by surprise in many ways: in the depth of reflections of those who hardly spoke during class, covered as they appeared to be by a mist of reticence on most days. And again, I was jolted by the lesson that I learnt from one of them, despite the teacher of the lesson maintaining a mellow demeanour, probably not even intending to teach me what he did. The courage of those who spoke up and confronted me on a rare occasion or two left me awestruck – and also reassured, that there was room for this in the course.

If much of the end-of-course feedback is to be taken at face value, then I am grateful for the receptivity of the participants. If I could wish for something different to have happened: well, perhaps I could have drawn out the reticent ones a bit more.

And for the future: I only wish that this mellow fruitfulness goes on through the remaining seasons too, and then blossoms into an ever-growing tree as reflection becomes second nature to all.

For as teachers continue to reflect, so do their students!

Thank you, all!

Reflective writing is the process of looking back at past experiences in a way that allows you to understand feelings and thoughts that you may not have recognised at that time. It transforms simple introspection into a more thoughtful and meaningful process. Through reflection, the mind becomes free from narrow stereotypes and personal biases. It also helps individuals move beyond the fear of being judged, even by themselves, allowing for deeper self-understanding and growth.

**Sharat Kumar**

