

Remembering Anthony Ho My Friend on the 2nd anniversary of his passing Nov. 8, 2018

By Kong Shiu Loon-Sept. 2020

I first met Anthony when he invited me to be Guest of Honour at WYK's Speech Day in the fall of 1972. We had an immediate feeling of accord and affection.

Today, 48 years later, I see him in dreams once every few days. The recalled contents vary, like working together to help York Herbart School students in Toronto to gain university entrance, sharing ideas about poems, or talking about the social conditions and challenges in the early 1950's when we had to make decisions on where to go and what to do as the People's Republic of China came into being. The future was full of expectations and unknowns. We might go to university in the mainland or Taiwan. Many of the very bright students in the elite schools in Hong Kong did just that. I chose to remain in Hong Kong to become a school teacher. So did Anthony. In retrospect, we cheered with our wise decision.

Our second meeting was a sudden one. Mr. Ma Yuk Lun accompanied him to see me at Chinese University of Hong Kong one day in the spring of 1975. Anthony had decided to migrate to Canada. Mr. Ma impressed upon him that he could trust me to help him into a vital path in the new environment. As days and events emerged, we became trusted and mutually enhancing friends.

Our last and final meeting was in 2017 at the Chinese Cultural Centre in Scarborough, when I gave a speech during my brief visit to Toronto. He was already very weak and barely able to walk. But he came, knowing that was to be our last time together. We said goodbye at ease, confident that our friendship would be continuing and full of fond memories.

Anthony and I are both teachers. We believed it being a learning, devoting, and humble profession, devoid of wealth or fame. We had lived our belief in the 60 years of our career.

We had fun times talking about life and experiences over dim sum and tea in Toronto. He had taught over 1000 students in his career, remembering their names, hopes and ambitions. He is a teacher *par excellent*. He exhibits a warm smile whenever he talks about his students.

By comparison, I had taught some 43000 students in my career. I did so in extremely varying conditions and situations, as well as for a wide range of purposes.

Just the same, we are lifelong teachers, with the same joy and satisfaction in work as in life.

We will meet again and again, in dreams, or in cosmic spheres.