

BREEZ
FROM THE PAST

BY:
ASHRAF HAGGAG

©Ashraf Haggag all rights reserved

Date of Publication: June 2020

Table of Contents

Chapter 1	1
Chapter 2	9
Chapter 3	18
Chapter 4	48
Chapter 5	55
Chapter 6	69
Chapter 7	82
Chapter 8	95
Chapter 9	115
Chapter 10	135

Introduction

Until a few years back, I was a Non-Fiction writer, I couldn't imagine writing about a real-life story and shifting from writing about management, culture, and biography. It happened by accident.

I was about to start writing a management article for an online magazine and at that time I was going through a major significant transactional period in my life that could not allow me to concentrate till I discovered the healing power of writing a real-life story.

Handling our emotions through writing is an ideal way to expose our innermost emotions that we may have bottled up inside. Releasing our feelings on paper helps to dissipate them. Even if we try to hide our painful experiences, they will always be there and may resurface unexpectedly. Sometimes we suppress such memories as a coping mechanism. However, during the writing process, these memories can resurface, and as they arise, they can contribute to our healing process to our body, mind, and soul.

I do remember the way I felt when I typed the last sentence. The magic of unburdened feeling.

Enjoy the read.

Ashraf

Chapter 1

The daylight was about to raise when I moved left and right in my bed before opening my eyes and looked at the alarm next to me. The time was referring to 4:30 a.m., my usual wake up time for a long time ago.

My wife Susan was still enjoying her deep, peaceful sleep and as she used to go to bed late evening after making sure kids were all settled in bed, she usually wakes up a little later than me. I paused for a moment before jumping out of bed and moved out of the room slowly to avoid making noise and disturb Susan.

It was a bit cold as the usual weather of January, The sky did not stop raining for the past few days making the streets of Istanbul more clean and fresh.

I got used to this weather since I moved to Istanbul a few years back, I became more attached to the cold weather rather than the hot and humid weather of Qatar and Egypt where I used to live and work for years. Cold weather usually makes me more dynamic and active.

I walked slowly towards the kitchen to prepare my morning tea, in the way, I looked at the kid's room to make sure they were all well covered. My two boys Abdullah and Abdel Rahman, and my little girl Melisa. They were almost at the same age, only Melisa was two years younger than the boys.

I prepared the tea quickly and carried the cup next to the window, my favorite place where I could view part of the garden with its different colored flowers and the thick green grass. It was still raining heavily while very few people were walking quickly and crossing the road with their umbrellas in hands.

Few nearby shops were still closed except the grocery shop. Mehmet, the grocery owner who used to open his shop at 4 o'clock daily in the morning to be able to serve the school students with the different sandwiches and snacks, he never failed once to open on time.

I had a few sips from the hot tea, enjoying its flavor and the calming atmosphere in the living room while watching the raindrops falling on the trees, such silence forced my mind to glide back in time and recall old memories, years were flying quickly.

I was approaching the age of sixty years old, however, the healthy lifestyle and the regular workout have helped me maintain good shape and young face. I managed to a great extent to convey such a healthy lifestyle to my kids by getting them enrolled in gymnastic classes located near the house and joining them whenever my time allowed.

They were sharing the same habits in going to bed early and waking up early as me, sports have prevented and secured them from following unhealthy habits like smoking or eating unhealthy food, they were both teenagers approaching the age of twenty and about to get to the first year of college.

Melisa prefers staying awake a bit late before going to bed so it was required from me and Susan more of a control on her overall lifestyle and her eating habits, making sure she follows her ballet classes. She was in the final year of high school, more focused on her school classes than the two boys.

In general, I and Susan were quite satisfied and happy with the kid's attitude and behavior.

The rain was still falling, I looked at the wall clock. It was still early, time was referring to 5:00 a.m. Kids and Susan usually wake up for breakfast at 6:30. That usually takes a half-hour before they go out, while Susan usually leaves the house at 8:00 am to her office where she works in one of the hotels close by the house. She needs neither to drive nor using any of the public transportation, she considers the daily walk to her office as her daily workout.

I realized the teacup in my hand was almost untouched and became not as hot as I usually prefer. I went back to the kitchen, prepared another cup of tea and in the way back to my place, unintentionally

I looked at the corridor mirror, I looked at my face, which didn't indicate my age at all. However, the little wrinkles were about to be seen around my eyes, face and my black hair was almost disappearing and was replaced by gray hair. My God, years were flying quickly.

I looked at the wall picture where Susan and I were standing and celebrating our marriage a few years back, her parents were standing next to us with

a big smile on their faces. I felt like it happened yesterday. I remember, it took a bit of time to find a suitable apartment, where to accommodate all of us including the kids at the same time, as close as possible to Susan's workplace.

I didn't mind living far away from my office since I always enjoyed driving my small car to the Asian part of Istanbul, where my own hospitality consultancy company was located. Well, Anyway, I only work three days a week, it depends on the workload. I have decided not to work a full-time job and use my free time for my other favorite activities, looking after the kids and their sportive sessions, reading, and following my own workout routine.

I have decided to follow such a routine after long years of hard work in the hotel field. The nature of my job allowed me to travel to various international touristic exhibitions and fairs in all Europe, Asia, and the United States. Got exposed to different cultures allowed me to create contacts and friendships with various organizations, travel agents, and hotel owners.

I looked at the opposite side of the living room where a large picture of my wife and Melisa was

hanging on the wall, the picture was taken a few years back on the occasion of Susan's promotion as the head of human resources department.

Memories were quickly dashing to my mind remembering the first time I met Susan. It was in Qatar years and years ago, I was almost on the entry-level of my hotel career. We used to work in the same department, she was more senior than me and I used to get lots of support and guidance from her.

She decided to continue and grow up in the hotel field. She kept changing hotels until she got settled in a nearby hotel. She is very well appreciated by the hotel manager and owner that they supported her all the time.

I looked again at the picture, glanced at her smiling face, the same smile that has managed to grab my attention from the first few minutes then the relation was naturally developed to be a true love that finally ended to marriage.

I closed my eyes with a little smile on my face enjoying the memories passing through my mind like

a videotape. I looked again at the wall clock, the time was referring to 6:45 a.m., a time when Susan and kids have to get up, start their day, and avoid being late.

I dashed into the bedroom where Susan was still sleeping, I sat on the edge of the bed and I softly put my hand on Susan's shoulder. She opened her eyes with a sleepy smile, then slowly moved out of bed. She got more active and energetic when she realized the time was a bit late.

I offered to help to prepare the breakfast and waking up the kids, I usually offer to help especially when it gets late. I moved quickly to the kid's room, opened the room window to allow the daylight to get in. They both jumped up and dashed to the bathroom to get ready for breakfast. Melisa was already preparing her school bag and ready to go.

We all got seated at the breakfast table while Susan was preparing and handling the different plates to the kids. Usually, we exchange our today plans while having breakfast. Sometimes we got into a

deeper discussion if the time allowed, however, most of the time, Kids are in a hurry as they usually collect two of their school colleagues in their way.

Most of the weekdays, I meet the kids after school and dash together to one of the nearby gymnastic clubs where we spend sometimes in different sports activities. This was one of the positive habits that I have engraved into my kids. Sometimes they follow their training schedule even if I was not available with them.

After the kids left for their school, I had a few minutes talking with Susan about different general subjects. I shared with her the thoughts I had this morning, the memories of the first days of my employment in Qatar, and the various incidents and challenges that we both came across. She smiled while carrying her handbag. She kissed me on my face and moved out of the house.