

## *My OPASS*

My Opass, what happened to you? Why do you look so deserted and desolate as if nobody loves you anymore? Why is your voice faint and your stars so dim? Why are your beautiful orchard and flowers not showing their true colors?

My Opass, why have all your children abandoned you? Where is Mr. Gyimah (Headmaster), Mrs Toseafa, Mrs. Vanderpuye, Mrs. Adu and Mrs. Teye, Mr. Boakye and Mr. Odoi, Mr. Antwi Darko (may his soul rest in peace) and Adaye and oh least I forget DDT. Opass is crying for help, leadership and directions.

My Opass, you will be 50 years soon and you look like 120 years old with no maintenance. My Opass, why nobody shows you love anymore after what you have done for us, by shaping our lives and destinies (sons and daughters) of Opass.

I came to Opass when I was just 12 years old and believe it, it was not love at first sight. Born and raised in Accra I THOUGHT Opass was a village school. My Opass, I underestimated your touch in my life. I came to the school with no survival skills but with your discipline, you molded me into a better woman, a person, a wife, a mother and a friend.

I had my first crush, love and heartbreak (broken-heart) all at Opass; I learned to love and care for people of all kinds and made long-life friends. My Opass, I hold a very special place for you in my life. Because of you - My Opass- I carry myself with pride and dignity. With strong educational foundation from my Opass, I can learn with the best in the any college.

My Opass, you made me brave and adoptable. I drunk water from your well that was filled with dead snakes and frogs and now I'm immune to Ebola, I enjoyed gas and kenkey and now I eat all that I make (joke).

Sons and daughters let's leave a legacy to the up-and-coming students to have a great school experience, like the one we had. I still dream about Sunday night church service and my personal favorite song "Life and Light and Joy are found in the presence of the Lord" and also Kokosekyi. Dry bones of My Opass Arise, Arise and Shine again.

The purpose of this poem or whatever it may be called is for all Opassians to reflect the impact Opass has in our respective lives and fall in love with our school again. The school needs great leaders and of course CASH.

Let all start YIBIMA fundraising for our school.  
Let's hear of your reflections and impact of Opass in your life.

To be continued

*By Doreen Onyinah Brobbey (Class of 1989)*