

Student Column
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Published in Radix newspaper 2006

Forget the Future
Just long enough to boil the kettle..

During these past four years in university I have come to rely on two things, and two things only; myself and a cup of tea. In times of madness, such as the last few weeks of school I tend to forget things like eating, sleeping and in some cases: breathing. However, I never seem to miss the on button to my favourite household appliance: the kettle. The mini orange light that initiates my nightly ritual never fails to ooze calmness through my nerves.

The mere scent of Orange Pekoe invading my nostrils with the first sip loosens me like yoga. Although I wouldn't trade the taste for any other, it's not what's in the cup that brings me such comfort. If my stock of tea bags somehow depleted, I would still be inclined to push that button and perhaps drink hot water.

A cup of tea is every weekend at my grandma's when I was young; it's a meaningful silence with my mom, a heartfelt conversation with a friend and a break from homework with my roommate. Even when I am drinking tea alone, it is all of these things; the things that make me feel at home while living the estranged life of a student.

On most nights, I have a cup of tea with a friend who lives two floors below me in our apartment building. Usually dressed in sweats, slippers and reading glasses we chat and sip for a half hour then get back to work (or watching TBS). Suddenly I understand what it is for a guy to have a beer (or three) with a buddy after a hard day's work. This is a habit I don't care to break.

As students we are so busy preparing for the future, always thinking about where we're going, what we'll do and whom we'll meet; we often forget that life is happening right under our feet.

Taking a little time out for the now can make all the difference in the world, even if it's just for a cup of tea.