

Chapter Sixteen

Epilogue

Dr Chung Wing Kwong devoted himself to education for his entire life, without a thought for private matters. Although he was familiar with the four bitter things in life: pain, age, illness, and death, he never mentioned even a single one. In his diary he noted a few remarks, but he also endured sorrows that we cannot comprehend! When we return to the past today, we fill pages with vague generalities, to the point of inviting satire. Even following a model for composition, much is left to be desired; divergence from what the master taught reverberates like footsteps in an empty valley. This writer himself is embarrassed that his composition is so untidy. Hearing about Dr Chung and remembering his presence has been an opportunity for me to benefit indirectly from his influence, feeling this like a lingering fragrance deep in my heart. The work of editing is now finished. There are fifteen chapters, totaling 50,000 words. Ah! The claws of the heron touch snow and mud, but barely leave any traces behind. Many events of President Chung's career may only be recounted orally by gentlemen among the Lingnan University alumni. Bit by bit, these traces have been assembled like

patchwork, finally forming a complete quilt here in this book. We feel that this is a quilt to be treasured like an auspicious radiant feather.

Respectfully submitted by Yeung Wah-yat in 1967