

# A Love Letter to Regent's

Monalisa Saha, a finalist, pens a love letter to our 'Regentis Paradiso'.

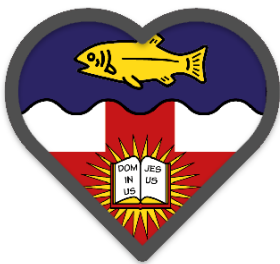
*I wrote this post almost immediately after coming back home for the Easter vac.*

*I think a lot of us were feeling very displaced at disorientated by the chaotic end to term and looking for a way to make sense of what it all really meant.*

*At least for us third years, the idea of Trinity, the most looked forward to term, not happening was something really difficult to accept and rationalise, and writing about my favourite and most beloved Regent's moments was really just a way to relive those warm memories in their absence, if not anticipation.*

*I hope they will resonate with fellow alumni.*

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## A Love Letter to Regent's

This is a love letter to my college,

Mighty little building cosied up in Pusey Street. Having spent two and a half years here, I've had my share of time to fall in love with this place and its people. Packing up my room at the beginning of 9th week, vac

plans cancelled, friends hugged with uncertain “See you soon”, and third year officially suspended until further notice, I made my way home — bags filled with chaos and melancholy. With Trinity term now officially happening remotely, here are some of the things I will miss about Regent’s as a nostalgic, overly attached finalist.

The Trinity quad in bloom, sun kissed, croquet mallets in action, friendly faces working in the open, exchanging banter, memories, glances; Manny (our college tortoise!) is on the prowl, little step by little step making her way into our hearts, lunch on the quad, big open windows in the JCR, shorts and skirts everywhere; ‘PIMMs Brew!’ post on Park Life, suddenly a flood of people, voices, drinks. The days are never long enough, and yet somehow infinite. The quad blushes at sunset, touched by the pink and purple kiss of May twilight, and as I snap my 50th picture of Regent’s for the day, I know that this is the image I will return to, over and over again, to remember home. It’s not just the sadness of having to say goodbye through memory that stings, it’s the sadness of not being able to do so whilst Regents is still home. It’s the sadness of not being able to have one last game of croquet with my friends, or join a group sunbathing on the quad, or follow Manny around doting on her every little move; it’s the sadness of missing the final bop, the final punt, the final brew and final fling; it’s the heartbreak of knowing just how beautiful it could have been, how fulfilling and wonderfully chaotic, how... complete. So yes, there is sadness here. But also, gratefulness — to have known this, to have felt this, to have fallen in love with an experience like this.

It is poignant to end my time at Oxford so abruptly, but the beauty of nostalgia is that the past is never really gone. So here is to remembering, remembering as I listen to Our Last Summer from Mamma Mia, remembering the never-to-be last summer at Regents. May my memory paint you as one of my greatest romances with life. Because you are.

*Monalisa*