

# Vadormahor Ahondhya at Selenghat Valley School

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## The Spirit of the Celebration

The Vadormahor Ahondhya celebration at our school felt like a blessing to witness. It wasn't just a program, it was an experience that stirred something deep within me. The richness of Assam's culture shone so brightly through the music, the dances, and the traditional instruments. Every beat felt alive, as if it carried the very soul of our land, sending an adrenaline rush through everyone present.

## Children Stepping into Responsibility

But what touched me most were the students. I watched them with a quiet joy as they moved about in their traditional attire, so careful, so responsible, as if they had suddenly grown beyond their years. They looked like young men and women learning how to carry themselves with dignity. Their eyes searched for appreciation, and they often ran up to me with innocent eagerness, asking, 'Sir, how am I looking?' It was sweet, but it was also powerful — a sign of the maturity that comes when we take pride in who we are.



## Fearless Confidence on Stage

When the performances began, I was left amazed. The confidence of the students was striking. I still remember my own childhood, how nervous I used to feel, trembling whenever I had to hold a microphone. But these children stood fearless, even the youngest ones, singing and performing in front of the crowd with so much courage.

It filled me with admiration and hope.



## The Pride of Parents

And the parents — how beautiful it was to see their pride. Many of them stood with phones in their hands, recording for minutes on end, not wanting to miss a single moment. Some quietly shared with me how they couldn't wait to show the videos to their families and friends. That pride in their

children's growth, that joy of seeing them shine, it was truly moving.

## A Lesson Beyond Culture

The whole environment felt magical. There were no boundaries, no limits—just children being themselves, celebrating their heritage, parents beaming with love, and teachers standing quietly in awe of it all. What moved me most was how the children carried no concept of religion, no thought of caste, no sense of division of any kind. There were no walls between them—only joy, togetherness, and the pride of belonging. It was more than a cultural evening. It was a moment of growth, a lesson in responsibility, confidence, and unity.

A celebration beyond performance — a moment of togetherness and harmony.

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