

**S Ambiga is the true patriot, BN
Malaysiakini.com
June 28, 2011**

I used to be angry and that gave me the passion to study harder, to try and be a lawyer who does something great for humanity, if not for her country. But over the years, the anger turned into sadness, and then finally, into the vacuum of apathy.

Every day, we are trying hard to live in a system that is being misused and abused, sometimes even at the expense of our fundamental liberties – our human rights; rights inherent within us as humans. Far too many people get bullied into thinking that this is all there is, and all there will ever be.

I was sick of it all and I had not even started practising law. So when I finished Bar school in September 2007, I planned to stay on to experience working life in the UK. I knew the Malaysian judiciary was in a mess. In fact, I thought personally that the entire legal profession was in stupor and that justice could never exist in my home country.

Then one day a friend sent me an offline message. She said, "Oh my God. Read the news. Your loyars here are marching to the prime minister's office!"

When I started reading the news, the words did not quite make sense to me:

'Lawyers walking for change!', 'Judicial reform in Malaysia!', 'When lawyers walk, something must be very wrong.', 'The Malaysian Bar – Walking for Justice'...

Apa tu? Well, whilst I sat there on my chair wrapped in ten layers of cotton and wool, and hoping that something wonderful would fall onto my lap here in UK, the lawyers back in my country were walking under tropical rain and marching on for a revolution in the Malaysian justice system.

I watched the Youtube videos a few days after, and then I saw the then president of the Malaysian Bar give her speech at the walk.

I thought, wow, the moment I was waiting for ever since I started reading law had just come and gone; and I had done absolutely nothing to be part of that monumental occasion. Instead I had chosen to find a better life elsewhere -- far, far away from everything and everyone I knew.

I watched this lawyer-mother-wife try to lead a band of people under the rain calling upon the Malaysian government to act upon corruption and clean up the justice system. She was calm and assertive at the same time; it was confusing and perplexing! What the hell were these people doing, I thought to myself very quietly.

It has been more than three years since. Shortly after March 8, 2008, I returned to Malaysia. I have met many brilliant and fearless lawyers who continue to defend justice and equality relentlessly, who seek to protect the welfare of everyone, and not just for their own interest or of their clients'.

I finally saw the legal profession come alive before my very eyes. And I thought, damn, I wish I had been standing there right next to them, where it all first began.

On July 9, the very same woman who stood in the rain over three years ago will be leading a tide of Malaysians in a rally to tell the government that we are not happy with the manner with which our vote for the leaders of our country we are allowed to, that we are not happy with money politics, corruption and nepotism.

We want the government of Malaysia to shed their attitude of complacency. We are sick of being told to just shut up and listen to them. We want the future leaders of our country to know that while some of us may have become tranquillised by materialism, the rest of us actually care about the welfare of this nation

and we want to have a fair and transparent channel of voting. Nothing more, nothing less.

Ambiga Sreenevasan leading the movement for Malaysia's electoral reform this time serves as a strong reminder for why I had decided to be a lawyer. It also reaffirms my lost conviction that not all lawyers are self-centred greedy shallow stabs.

On 9 July 2011, I shall have marked a day of my life where I will be walking with one of the greatest woman lawyers ever, who will flood the streets of KL with her strong sense of justice and passion for the people of Malaysia.

It takes someone who has everything to lose to champion for democracy and justice without any fear or favour. That's guts.

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