

The Best Psychologist I ever met and How I Overcame the Fear.



Fear comes in many forms—fear of heights, fear of socializing, fear of change, and more.

1. Personally, I used to have a fear of vehicles. The idea of traveling in any vehicle scared me a lot, and I was even afraid to walk on the road.
2. In my younger days, I enjoyed adventurous pursuits. I often chose the more challenging paths, resulting in torn or soiled dresses upon my return home. I particularly liked the thrill of letting go of the handlebars while cycling.

Both the points are contradicting statements. From where did the fear come from? How come as a kid I used to get involved in many adventures but as a young adult, I ended up with a fear of vehicles? This fear came when I lost my brother in an accident at a young age. He was hit by a lorry when he was going to his college. That incident had a huge impact on my mindset. I used to get scared of heavy vehicles.

My parents tried many ways but to no avail. I learned car driving before my marriage but never drove much. The fear travelled with me even after marriage. Coming to Muscat, Oman was a huge turning point in my life. Omanis are well-known for their hospitality and respect. They are a very friendly people.

Due to necessity, I was forced to learn to drive. It was a blessing I met Mr. Abdullah, my trainer. My first contact with an Omani national.



The very first day, he took me to train for the drum test (a must in Oman which is intended to finetune your parking skills). Though he spoke little, he taught me well and I was very much impressed. On the second day, he took me to the same drum test training ground. He got out of the car and while closing the car door he asked me to practice and just disappeared.

I felt like someone had thrown me into the ocean. The whole one hour, I was struggling and often I landed knocking the drums off. I was so upset, like how a trainer can leave me like this!? I had decided to come home and ask my husband to change the trainer. Exactly after that hour of practice, Mr. Abdullah came and while we were returning back home, he asked me, “How many times did you hit the drum?”

Hiding my displeasure, I mentioned “Four times”.

He replied, “No, it was seven times”.

Still upset, I asked him how he was sure that it was seven times. I was just taken aback hearing his reply. He told me that a trainer’s duty is to allow the learner to learn by making mistakes. He said that he was watching continuously to ensure my safety and at the same time to figure out my learning process. I was just speechless, how many of us allow our children to explore (under our eyes) and learn by making mistakes and at the same time ensuring that they are protected? My respect for Mr. Abdullah increased. That was the first lesson from him.

After a few days, I had to go for my slope test. I didn’t understand what it meant and when I asked him to explain, he mentioned that I just needed to drive on a slopy road. On the test day, he took me to the test ground, and I was literally shocked to see the road. I could not see the other side of the road on the top of the slope. The police over there mentioned that I needed to stop the car properly on the slope and when the signal changed I needed to come back the other way which was not in my sight at all. I felt like crying and wanted to run away. But I managed and cleared both my drum and slope test on the first go. While returning I asked Mr. Abdullah as to why he never taught me that. To that, his reply was, that he was sure that I would

clear, and he didn't want to frighten me unnecessarily. How many of us have this faith in our children and trust their abilities carefully avoiding their challenges? My respect for him increased a lot. The second lesson was learnt from him.

Now was the time to give my driving test. In the first test I was not confident, and I failed. The Second test, I didn't understand why I failed. When I failed the third time, Mr. Abdullah was upset. While returning home, he said that I was aware of all the rules, was perfect in driving and yet I failed because of some fear inside me. It was the third time, I became speechless. How did he sense my fear of the road as I was trying all along my best to hide it? He asked me the reason for my fear. I had to share my brother's incident. He became silent for the rest of the journey to drop me back home and while leaving, asked me to be ready for two hours of practice the next day.

The next day was an unforgettable day in my life. Mr. Abdullah took me to a place where the road was full of up and down just like huge waves and there were hardly any vehicles. After the first round of going up and down at a normal speed, he mentioned that the speed limit for that road was 120km/hr. He asked me to practice driving up and down that particular hilly road at 120 km speed for the next two hours with the condition that my leg should never touch the brake. He said that he would manage the brake. While going up the hill was still better but going down the hilly road at 120 km was so scary. There was one point of time, I felt like closing my eyes. For the next two hours, I was driving up and down the hill at 120 km speed. When I returned to the city limits, I felt uncomfortable driving at just 60 km speed. What a great teacher he was! He made me endure my fear to the extent the fear no longer existed in me.

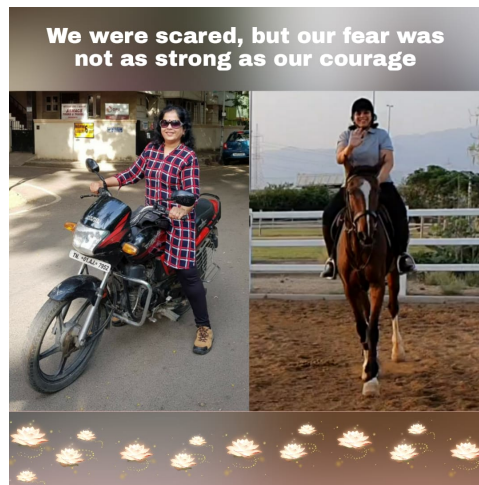


I cleared the next test promptly and got the license. I learnt the best teaching practices from my trainer Mr. Abdullah. He was not a person with a background in psychology, yet he dealt with my mindset and fear as a professional psychologist would do. His intention was to teach me, and he found his own ways to do it. Right

from preparing for drum test, and slope test and removing my fear of speed and vehicles, he had demonstrated the qualities of a great teacher.

I have great respect for Mr. Abdullah. Every day and every time I take my car, I thank him from my heart. Few years back, he died of cancer but even now he lives in the hearts of many learners like me.

It was not just the fear of speed and heavy vehicles that Mr. Abdullah removed, he made a confident and brave person. I went on to learn to drive a bike and to ride a horse. What next? Maybe a truck? Why not?



“ Never trust your fears, they don't know your strengths.”

[Dr Gayatri Narasimhan](#)

Founder Director

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