

Eighteen Years: Guardians of the Ever-Rolling Sea

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It was summer in 2007. I stepped into the office clutching bulky luggage, feeling slightly out of place as I watched colleagues whose fingers flew effortlessly across keyboards. Could I ever sit here—calm, confident, commanding with ease? It seemed a clean, respectable career. With a self-mocking shake of the head, I climbed into the agent’s car to Waigaoqiao Port and boarded my very first ship as a cadet.

Outside the window, the summer sun of 2025 burns with the same intensity it held eighteen years ago. The passing thought I once dismissed has taken root and flourished: A full decade has passed since I moved ashore.

Now, when I close my eyes and let my fingertips brush the keyboard, the voyage routes, sailing schedules, and crew names rise like musical notes, weaving an endless, ever-rolling sea in my mind. In its rolling tides flow the swift years, the continuity of work, and my most treasured memories.

Whether it’s on deck or ashore, we are inseparable comrades. Four plain yet weighty words—“Smooth boarding, safe homecoming”—encapsulate our shared goal and our ceaseless

concern. That sentence is Singhai's deepest promise, the starting point of every task and its ultimate achievement.

When I first transferred to the shore office, I naively believed the change was merely geographic: same keyboard, same screens, only now I can use the systems I once envied. But soon I discovered what lay behind the screen was far from cold data. The dignified master who commands on the bridge may step down the gangway, tie on a floral apron, and stir soup for his family. The sturdy able seaman whose palms grip mooring ropes also steadfastly lifts the weight of a household. Strip away the job titles and every keystroke links to a living heartbeat, to families waiting anxiously. The "rolling sea" in my head gained real warmth.



A decade ashore has taught me that "Singhai Family" is no hollow slogan; it is embodied in every act of mutual assistance.

I still hear those late-night ringtones. When a trembling voice says, “Brother Duan, emergency at home!”, my heart is hammered. The keyboard turns into a bridge of hope: I rush to arrange leave, contact port agents, hunt for flights, and firmly promise, “Don’t panic—Singhai will handle it.” Every rapid response eases the burden on a brother far away. Only when the screen flashes “Successfully boarded flight / disembarked” can my anxiety begin to subside. The words “Thank you, brother Duan. Thank you, Singhai” is the most precious affirmation of our guardianship.

I recall the pandemic’s tough days, when crew changes felt like walking on thin ice. When it was almost Chinese New Year, in order to execute a major crew change for a ship off South Africa, the whole team fought through the night, racing visas, flights, quarantine rules, while calming anxious voices on both ends of the phone. As the last crewmember texted “Safe Landed in Shenzhen” in the early morning, our silent chat group erupted. Even the coldest night seemed warmed by the collective joy.

Eighteen swift years have gone by. From pitching decks to desks tracing voyages across charts, from an inexperienced youth to now head of a department, I have witnessed Singhai’s journey, and Singhai has reshaped mine. The duty of a shore-based guardian has long surpassed the “clean and respectable” career I once coveted; it now runs in my blood, an affection and duty I cannot relinquish.



What we guard is the spirit behind the word “Singhai”: honesty, earnestness, thoughtfulness, precision; the belief that “many trees become a forest, a hundred rivers form the sea.” Watching

young faces in the office, their fingers growing surer on the keys, their eyes shining with deepening understanding and commitment, I see the torch being passed. I share these late-night stories not to complain, but to let newcomers grasp the true weight of the job—every data on the screen links boundless oceans to beating hearts and carries our profound responsibility and calling.

The sun outside is still blazing, as hopeful and vigorous as the summer when I began. Fingers dance across keys, and this “sea” has long since transcended geographical borders; it has become a deep ocean of duty, a warm current of human connection. Standing at the 20th anniversary of Singhai, we shore-side guardians aspire to be the most trusted partner of clients and seafarers, the sturdiest bulwark against every storm. Safeguarding every mile between “boarding” and “homecoming” is our deepest love letter to the “Singhai Family”, our most loyal watch over the ever-rolling sea.

For the next twenty years—this sea, we will continue to guard together.

