

Valley of flowers
JUNE 13, 2012

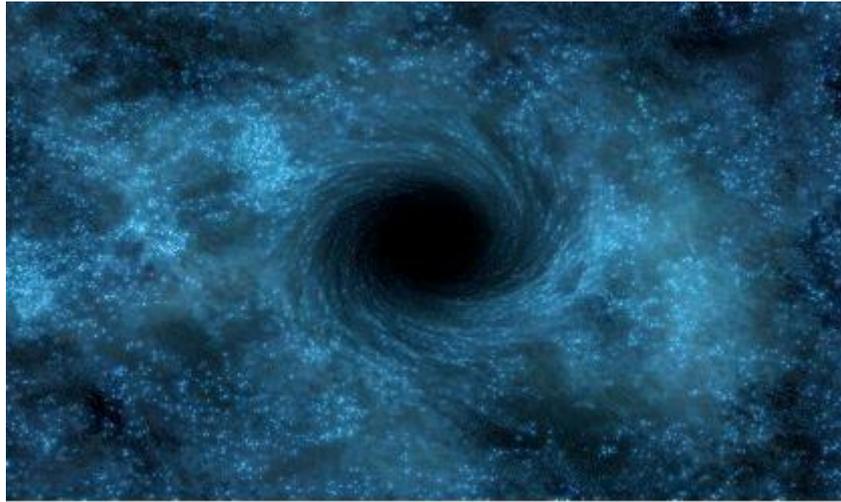
By Dr G Sreekumar Menon, Commissioner (Appeals), Goa

IT was a dream and a deep desire, to reside in a lovely cottage, on a hill slope, some day. That dream stands fulfilled, today, for, I reside on a verdant hill slope, with a view of hills, paddy fields and a flowing river. Truly, a gift from the gods.



One day, I felt the need to plant a few saplings of flowering trees. So I fetched some saplings and gave it to my gardener, but he stumped me by posing a question "Sir, why these saplings" ? I was taken aback, but replied that I wanted to see beautiful flowering trees all around. He replied "Sir, but you will get transferred, your tenure is only three years, these saplings will take about ten years to grow and flower." Oh ! gardener, what a thought ! Strange that people around us, our bosses, colleagues, subordinates are forever engrossed in computing the tenure at a place. We are not even allowed to bond with Nature. Roaming here and there, a lifetime frittered away, with no abiding attachments, our service conditions have made us all into some kind of Yogis and Sadhus ! No doubt, a few amongst us have successfully evaded transfers. For three decades and more, I have watched with wondrous amazement, how sycophants manipulate the system. But, now, the selfish scheming of men no longer interest me.

I am more concerned about the transfers that God is preparing. He has a grand design in everything and the vast cosmos is his jurisdiction. He can transfer us, far, far away, into some corner of the Universe, dump us, as a piece of rock on some inhospitable planet. Maybe, he may make us into a gaseous flame on some star or throw us into a Blackhole at the far edge of the Universe



Imagine, sitting in a Blackhole , in the august company of former bosses, colleagues, subordinates, and with a tinge of sadness point out and say "we lived out there, once upon a time, that place we used to call as Earth



My present concern is about these kind of impending transfers.

Ah ! gardener, in the name of transfers we traversed the entire Universe itself ! Let us not unduly worry about the transfers done by men and gods. You plant these saplings, let this valley be full of blooming flowers. I shall surely return one day, to see them in full bloom. Who knows, I may return as a chirping bird, sit on the branches and sing a song



Or, be born as a flower itself on the tree that this sapling will grow into



Or, be born as a wind, gushing through this valley, picking up flowers, and carry them into some unknown destination



Gardener, I shall surely pass by this way, some day, in one form or another, and when I

return, I know, there will be a thousand flowers in full bloom, waiting to see me.



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