

Sixty Seven Years of Independence

Written by W.J.Pais

As we celebrate the Independence day, I recall myself on the bed in the hospital in 1947 as a young boy of 12. Surely, many of our time are still alive and have vivid memories of those days.

Those were the days, when life was simple, and all the progress that had taken place elsewhere was unknown to us, as there were no media houses splashing information right and left. With less coming into our minds, we were tranquil and peaceful. If we had fights they were nothing compared to what we find after 67 years or "progress".

What I find amusing is how the late comers pretend to know history and go strutting around as donors of largesse. All the largesse they wish to donate, was created by the previous generation, with idealism and hard work, if would be well for them to remember it once in a way.

It is of no use to harp on the past, as few have time to listen. Surely this has been done before, and few have taken the lessons, and so history has been repeating itself in all parts of the globe. All that is to be hoped for, is that good sense prevails in the end, and "acche din" will surely arrive some day.