



Some years back we were attending a large Hindustan leadership meeting in Delhi, where the subject of corruption was addressed.

I raised my hand and was handed the microphone.

“Thank you for allowing me to speak. I will keep this short; I was talking to one of my friends about a newspaper article, where someone had cheated his mother out of her money. They were to go together to the US, but he left her behind at the Delhi airport, while he took off with her savings. My friend then explained the following, ‘I will be honest with you. If I were offered a whole lot of money I might bend some of my principles. However, one thing I know for sure; I will never ever cheat my mother.’

Hence, on the subject of corruption, I want to leave us with this question, ‘Are we cheating and robbing our precious Mother - our dearest Mother India?’”

This was then followed by handshakes and compliments, and I can only hope that it did somebody some good.

But today we leave everything behind and we climb to my favourite, quiet, serene spot, my temple... When you reach the top click on the seashell...

