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If I had to script it, all I would changed would be the timing. Another 20 years? That would have made you 75. A dignified 75, your hair probably turning grey, but your eyes still lighting up with that twinkle that I so enjoyed watching out for.

It was the last Saturday of March and marked the end of a particularly busy and satisfying time on the work front. On the personal front, things were blissful. We had lunch with your colleagues, while dinner was to be a family get-together. In the evening, you spoke to your son and your father-in-law. Your elder son walked in early that evening. So we were delighted that we could all go to the party together. We got dressed. Predictably, you were ready first, and you used the time to check your e-mail. There was a warm letter of congratulations from your boss, and you called me to take a look at it. I could hear you take directions to the venue of the party as I was putting on my earrings. I had just put on one earring, when you fell off the bed you were seated on.

Suddenly, soundlessly, life as I knew it had ended. We never made it to that family get-together. There was no need anymore, for everyone invited to the party was at our house. You always did have a rare capacity to feel for others. And I understood, that Saturday night how difficult it must have been for you to leave without saying good-bye and lining up everything for me, as you had done even for a three-day trip in all the 28 years of our marriage.

So I urged you to go forward, to embrace your destiny, just as I must face mine. I would cope. I have coped. It hasn't been easy. But it is on the darkest nights that the stars shine most brightly and I see the twinkle in your eye, reflected a hundred-fold. I know you are looking out for me, and always will, till I get my own special invite to that heavenly bash you left for just a year ago. Au revoir, Alok.