

## MAY 2019 Syd



It is now five years since Siddharth said good bye to us. Like the last three years, on May 9 we distributed snacks and fruits at a local class run for children from the slums in Andheri. Then we went to Delhi on May 11 and had a brief cake cutting ceremony with Kavitaaji (who as in the previous years had baked the cake), Satyen, Syd's friend Swati, and some staff members of YHAI including Rupeshji, Mukul, and Gulzar.

Thenceforth we left for Dobhi – a hamlet nestled next to the Beas river between Kullu and Manali. The May 14 ceremony was memorable. It rained all day and we had to keep the program in the canopied Dining area of the “15 Mile” camp near Manali. It was packed with over 250 participants, The camp leaders, the two field directors Vivek Kholeji and Suraj Dashji as well as our Delhi YHAI staff Mukul, Shrteshtha and others made sure that the arrangements were perfect. The program went smoothly and in keeping with the atmosphere of the event. Venkatji the National Chairman, YHAI was present and spoke very gracefully. Saroj handed over a cheque of 25,000/ so that additional kids may participate. We are told that this year over 50 specially abled kids would benefit with Siddharth's endowment and this was heartening. The songs sung by a couple of specially abled kids were moving. The snacks were sumptuous. Two kinds of cake+ pastry+ mithai+ wonderfully cooked pakorass of all kinds of vegetables and paneer, The credit for the arrangements should go to the YHAI family.

The staff at DOBHI where we stayed for 4 days was especially solicitous. Our host (Ashok's family) was as hospitable as ever. It seems that Saroj has become family friends with the two ladies Hardoi and Shakuntala who live there.

I was informed by Anil that in our village Dharahara, jalebis were distributed to the children in the primary school.



It is now five years since Siddharth bid good bye to us. We miss him sorely. Too many people have left me I thought – my mother, my grandfathers, my grandmothers.... In the past week we had the comfort and company of our daughter in law Nidhi and grandson Shaurya who both accompanied us to Delhi and Manali. It had rained on May 14. The rain stopped around the time the function ended. The sky cleared and the evening sun came out. It was bright. I recall a poem

**“Some day afar,**

**A bright tremendous sunshine and the dawn Returning,**

**Shall bring back the golden hours!”**

