



My Experience with Mysticism

In my journey of walking closer with God, I was getting trained on various spiritual experiences through various people who ever ahead of me in their endeavour to become illuminative. The following are some of the spiritual leaders:

- ❖ Dr George Menezes, of Tata Management Development Centre, Pune on Dream Laboratory and Problem Solving
- ❖ Ma Dwari, OSHO Commune, Germany on Breath Therapy
- ❖ Swamy Sahajananda, Thiruchuzhi, India & Swami Sugabogananda, Bangalore, India on Meditation
- ❖ Ms Maheswari, Bombay, India on Reiki
- ❖ Mr Tarance, Madras, India on Visualisation
- ❖ Ms Roxanne Louise, New Jersey, USA on Self-Hypnosis
- ❖ Master Choa Kok Sui, Philippines on Pranic Healing

Some of their teachings helped me to be in touch with my inner self. Though these techniques of spirituality are not the approved practices of the traditional churches, I am sure that the “Twin Heart Meditation”, helped me to forgive people and seek forgiveness from God and from others and also to bless everyone in this universe.

At the threshold of my realisation of the Spiritual Energy of peace and tranquility with in me, on 16th May 1995, I met with the Road Traffic Accident (RTA).

Out of Body Experience:

The time of the accident was closer to 00.00 hours. The venue of the accident was a pitch dark highway – Grand South Trunk Road. God must have alerted people at the near by Fire Brigade and they took me to the near by Government Hospital in Chrompet, Madras for first-aid. God had prompted Mr Kumar, an auto-rickshaw driver (who shun helping such accident victims) to shift me from the Government Hospital. Mr Kumar refused to accept any money from others for the trip saying: “Let this man survive and let this man come and pay me the amount.”

At the Balaji nursing Home at Guindy, Madras the doctors were making the stitches on my forehead to arrest the bleeding, before Mr Kakkar, Director of GEC ALSTHOM, (where I was employed then) could arrange for my admission in Madras Institute of Orthopedics & Traumatology (**MIOT**) at the Vijaya Hospital. At Balaji Hospital, I had the Out of Body Experience. I was seeing my own body from outside and my physical body was telling the doctors: “There are sand particles. Please clean them and then put the stitches.”

God must have kept my soul outside my physical body to keep a watch and communicate to my physical body about the details. The other possibility is God might have sent one of his angels or God might have come to keep a watch and to communicate to me.

How would the doctors at the Balaji Hospital know about my Out of Body Experience?

The injury being the one in the head, they must have thought that I must have gone insane and blabbering. In addition the medical professionals at the Balaji hospital were aware that I would be shifted to MIOT at the Vijaya Hospital for further trauma care. Hence my

repeated request to clean my wound did attract no attention and the medical professionals continued with the stitches.

On 20th May 1995, at MIOT when the surgeons were removing the stitches, they found iron particles in the wound and removed them. This is what I had been possibly alerting the doctors at Balaji Hospital !

Vision of God:

During the initial days in the hospital, most of the time I was under the influence of the painkillers and was appearing to be sleeping. But what I felt inside with me was that I wasn't having restful sleep. Thanks to Dr Mohandas the Managing Director of MIOT, he had taught all the medical and para-medical staff to be very courteous to the patients.

On 19th May 1995 a young hospital nurse by name Shirley said "Good NIGHT" to me while leaving for home at the end of her shift. This made me jubilant.

I immediately gestured her to come closer and said: "Sister, I am not sleeping for nearly two days. Today you had said Good Night. If I sleep tonight, do you mind saying good night every day till I am in this Intensive Care Unit (ICU)?"

"Sir, you were sleeping": replied the nurse.

"I see lot of graphics (like the computer screen savers like 'Mystify' and 'Beziers') running in my mind and I am not sleeping. So I am not relaxing. Yesterday you didn't say Good Night, but today you had said Good Night. So if I get a restful sleep, please assure me to say Good Night everyday till I am in this ICU." was my response.

She said: "Sir, I will" and left for home.

Her assurance gave immense hope to believe that I would have good restful sleep. As I closed my eyes ...

Oh gosh! ... Again .. The similar ... The graphics started rolling in my mind.

All through the two days the graphics would go blank and made me feel weird.

But this time,

It did not go blank instead it turned into a window of a house. It appeared that I was inside a room and outside was faintly dark. But I could see through the window.

As I had been looking at the window ...

I saw God's face with a similar injury around His head (pierced by the thorn crown), looking at me.

For a moment,

No talk .. Only silence prevailed.

I touched my forehead. I could feel the bandage around my head.

God did not speak anything. But within me, I experienced a feeling of God telling me: "Sonny, see My forehead. I shall heal you too".

With that vision of God I could peacefully close my eyes and sleep.

After this experience, my recovery was faster. In five days physicians stopped antibiotic and I was on antibacterial medicine for another three days. Later, I required only vitamins and nutritional drinks for my recovery; and in a few days, I was shifted from the ICU to a Special Ward.

Divine Miracle:

The surgery on 7th June 1995 for the “Open Reduction Fixation of Left Maxilla” was done on my skull. Dr Dhansekar, (Asia’s Second seeded Facio-maxilla Surgeon) of the Madras Dental College had taken extra care so that the scar of the surgery is not visible. But the joy of my skull got fixed with a help of stainless steel wires did not last long.

Next day morning after the surgical operation, I came to understand that I had developed “diplopia”.

The MIOT people had referred me to “The Madras Eye Research Foundation” at the Vijaya Hospital. Dr Babu Rajendran, one of the best eye surgeons in India, made a check up and declared that the upward muscular movements are restricted in the Left Eye, due to the muscles at the orbital floor of the left eye got entrapped. In addition, I had “dry eyes” too because the tear glands have failed to secrete tear. This was the first time, I have realized the need for tear in the eyes !

Double vision, known medically as diplopia, causes a person to see two images of a single object. In normal vision, both eyes look at the same object from a different angle. Two eye visions are important for the 3D effect in an object. The images seen by the two eyes are fused into a single picture by the brain. If the eyes do not point at the same object, the image seen by each eye is different and cannot be fused. This results in double vision.

Dr Babu Rajendran, was little apprehensive about my normal Vision getting restored. I must have developed diplopia because of the following reasons:

- ❖ Cranial nerves III, IV, and VI, responsible for moving the eye, may produce double vision if any of their functions are disturbed
- ❖ Diplopia can also occur following eye surgery and injury to the orbit of the eye.

I did not keep quite. But I did not blame Dr Dhansekar and the others who had done the “Open Reduction Fixation of Left Maxilla”, instead I expressed my frustrations to Jesus Christ: "Jesus - Abba Father, Why have you restored my left eye? Instead of me having *diplopia*, I could have had one eye; there by I could have at least one single vision (though single vision might limited me measuring the distance between me and the object)."

AT MIOT, may be because of the vision complication that I had developed after the “Open Reduction Fixation of Left Maxilla”, the doctors at MIOT were interested in discharging me at the earliest. On 15 June 1995 Dr Mohandas of MIOT came and informed me: "You are getting discharged".

I wanted to leave the hospital only after getting the normal vision. Hence, I asked: "What about my *diplopia*."

He replied: "Nothing could be done at MIOT. We are bone specialists."

On 15th June 1995, before going to bed, I prayed to Jesus Christ: "God, you have made many blind to have vision. I believe in your power. I am allowing your power to get manifested in me."

I was discharged from MIOT on 16th June 1995. When I came out of the Hospital, I had "diplopia". I had to pass through the accident site at Tambaram Sanatorium to reach my home. Immediately after passing the site, I got a feeling that my eyes had become normal. The car beams from the opposite side were appearing single to me, instead of appearing double. But my parents refused to accept it immediately, for I had made a similar claim one day at the hospital too. As I entered my house, I was sure that I have been relieved of diplopia.

A week later, I met Dr Babu Rajendran, M S (Ophth), F A C S. He put me through various tests and called me to his room and said: "I can only say that you are lucky. Your muscular movements in the eyes have restored to normalcy. Some miracle had happened".

Introspective Learning:

During my admission at MIOT, doctors were apprehensive about my survival. But God made me to come out of the hospital in just thirty days. Comparing my case with that of others and the introspection over what all happened in the hospital, I became aware of God's purpose in permitting me to have a new lease of life.

On 25th May 1995 (my ninth day at ICU) around 05.00pm, a Muslim NRI (Non-residential Indian) was admitted into the MIOT. This lady had come all the way from Germany to attend a marriage of her relative in Madras, India. The car she had been traveling met with an accident. Both the driver and this woman were admitted at MIOT. The ICU was full. There was no bed for both. Blood was oozing out from the left side chest of the driver as though water is coming out of a tap. The lady had a head injury; but doctors were pretty sure of her survival, where as they had lost hope on the driver. The driver was made to sit in a chair and doctors were frantically looking for a bed for the lady.

I volunteered to vacate my bed for the lady and preferred to sit in a chair. They were looking for some helpers to purchase life saving drugs. I offered the medicines that were bought for me [Most of them were not at all used.], so that the lady could get immediate medication. By then MIOT had roped a best brain surgeon in the city [He was then employed with the Tamil Nadu Hospital], so that her internal bleeding could be cleared. The hospital authorities wanted to shave her head, to keep her prepared, well ahead of the arrival of the surgeon. They were looking for new shaving blades. I offered few blades from my stock.

The operation was done on dart. By then I was moved to the special ward. Next day I came to know from the nurses that the lady had collapsed and the driver had survived.

Recollection of this incident made me to think very deeply and based on the INTROSPECTION I could conclude that God was selective. Because

Doctors were sure of the survival of the lady and given up hope about the survival of the driver. But what happened was topsy-turvy. Doctors were apprehensive about my survival. But God made me to survive.

Many of those who had been admitted to the hospital with minor injuries, later landed with amputation, where as I had not lost anything, including my left eye, which was not responding to light for few days, immediately after the RTA.

Introspection on deeper scale made me to realise that my mission on this planet Earth had not been fulfilled.

Don't you agree that God had a purpose (to know my mission of this planet Earth) in making me to undergo this RTA and my encounter with God during my hospitalisation days?

God has been helping me to shift my attention from the world of business to the society.

After this accident I attended a training conducted by a Singapore based Master on Cosmic Intelligence, Ms Crystal Pillai. As my mental energy was disturbing her mind, she tried to mesmerise me; but in vain, later only to admit that my Third Eye (spiritual eye) is opened. Later she had to call yet another master on Thai chi to bring her mental condition to normalcy.

Whether my spiritual eye (clairvoyance) were activated during the Vision of God experience, or not, I am sure, God used to communicate with me through Intuitions and Inner voice.

Inner Talk to Seek & Find:

Among all the earthly heroes, I had great admiration for the Emperor Ashoka and I longed see the place where the great war of Kalinga was fought. My waiting right from my school days became a reality, when Mr V K Kakkar had nominated me to attend the Professional Development Programme on Individual and Organisational Assessment of IOAC (body of Academy of Human Resources Development) at Bhubaneswar, the capital of the Indian State Orissa (Kingdom of ancient Kalinga).

The itinerary from Madras was via Hyderabad and Calcutta. Wherever I go, I used to buy the delicacies that are exclusive to that particular place. So the first job I did at Calcutta after making the factory visits at all the three manufacturing plants of GEC ALSTHOM was a purchase of a tin of Rasakulla - a sweet famous in Calcutta.

The training at Bhubaneswar gave ample opportunity to exchange ideas on Psychological testing. IOAC themselves had organised a post training sight seeing trip to Konark, Puri and Gopalpur Beach. On the way most of my fellow participants to the programme purchased tinned sweets at Cuttack. As the picture of the content displayed in the label of the tin was something similar to Rasakulla, I did not buy anything at Cuttack. After qualifying for Certification, I made trips to Dhauli - the place where Emperor Ashoka had a mental transformation after the great war of Kalinga.

It was 16 July 1996. My last day of the trip in Bhubaneswar. The flight from Bhubaneswar to Madras was a morning one. As I reached the airport I checked-in the luggage. Later we were informed that the flight was delayed. The airport was getting crowded more and more, as lot of politicians had come to the airport to see off the Chief Minister of Orissa, who too was traveling in the same flight. It was boring to sit in the waiting lounge. I did not have any hand luggage to take care. Hence I decided to have a look at the shopping arcades.

In one of the shops I saw lot of tinned food of various kinds. Though the picture of the content in side the tins were similar, it had different names. Some were written Rasakulla. Some had the name Kachagola and others had the title Badam Feny. This made me curious to start a conversation with the shopkeeper. I wanted to know the difference between the Rasakulla and Badam Feny. The shopkeeper explained that Badam Feny was specific to

Cuttack and questioned me, how could I leave Bhubaneswar with out a tin of Badam Feny to see my near ones at home!

His explanation excited me. I asked him to pack one for me.

As I was taking the money from the wallet, the shopkeeper had noticed my boarding pass and cautioned me to book the tin as cabin luggage as tinned ones are not permitted as hand luggage (for security reasons). Though the luggage that I had booked earlier was far below the permitted level, I didn't want to go through the process of booking it again as a separate luggage. So I returned the tin and the shopkeeper did not hesitate to give me back the money. Later I took a corner seat in the lounge and closed my eye to have nap till we are alerted for security check.

Sudden surge of people and the noise they were making made me to wake up. Soon after that the announcement for security check-up also came from the airport authorities.

No sooner than I just put my hand on the pocket to search for the wallet to pull out the boarding pass, was puzzled to notice that my pocket in the trousers was empty.

What had happened to my wallet?

Did I leave it at the shop? Was it stolen by anyone?

What would I do? ...no boarding pass to get into the aircraft, no credit card or money to purchase another ticket!

Painful moments.

I just said a salient prayer to Jesus Christ. As I was praying it a whisper like Inner Voice:

"... seek and you will find "

I just went straight went to the shopkeeper and asked him: "Did I leave my boarding pass by any chance?"

He replied: "No".

I realised that these are the moments that challenge our FAITH. I told to myself: "I can not afford to loose it. I will not loose it".

As I walked towards the lobby, I found my wallet at the centre of the lobby. What I wanted was not the fifteen thousand rupees that I had in the wallet, not the credit card, but the boarding pass.

It was not easy to reach my wallet; I have to sneak through the crowd of politicians. Many might have been cursing me the way I was rushing towards my wallet. Neither I understood Oriya (language spoken in Orissa) nor I was interested to know about it. What I wanted was the boarding pass.

As I picked up my wallet I was overflowing with joy, as I saw the porting of the boarding pass protruding from the wallet. As I opened, I understood that it was not only the boarding pass, which was intact; but also my money, my credit card and all that I had kept in it.

It was disbelief to the old lady who was observing me right from me rushing to the shop till I finally picked up the wallet?

Hello Readers! What is your feeling?

It happened in India!

Intuition that Lead to the Discovery:

With the liberalisation of the Indian economy in 1995, many multinational companies were making an entry into India. These companies brought not only technology, but also their culture as well. Late night parties were entering the business houses, particularly in the Software Companies. The people of Madras witnessed for the first time, hotels had been organising parties on the eve of 31 December 1998 by bringing International Disco Jockeys (DJ) and dancers. Most of these events used to start with cocktail dinner. Hence the teetotalers were shunning away from this parties.

]The social drinkers were not able to think of a party without alcoholic drink. At the same time the teetotalers could not convince their family members that they could pick-up a mocktails and give company to the social drinkers! This polarisation had made the teetotalers confined themselves in a couch watching the fun on the television that was going around the world. They were rather denying the fun of celebrations to the family members and ultimately themselves.

This must have been a great concern for Mr Anto Vincent, the former Vice President of FORD India. So he wanted to organise a liquor free party packed with fun, during the eve of 31 December 1999. So he had beckoned Mr M J A S Baskar of ALSTOM Limited and me for a discussion at his residence during the first week of January 1999. At that meeting we three concluded that the celebration that we would be organising should be unique in nature and we decided to meet during the Pongal (Harvest Festival of the people of Tamil Nadu) holidays with some more volunteers for the project.

Alas! We failed to attract more volunteers and after realising the mammoth of job involved in the project, we could not keep-up the commitment of meeting regularly, which ultimately culminated in scrapping the project.

But God had given me an Inner Voice that I need to do something for 1st January 2000. So whenever I paid visit to Netcafe India, then a world-class surfing centre run by friend Mr Mohammed Yunus, I used to search for the various events that had been planned as Millennium Celebration. During one such endeavours, one message in one of the WebPages that was very much sticking to me was: "New Zealand The First Nation To See the First Light Of The New Millennium".

An instant Intuition in my mind was: "It can not be New Zealand; but India".

I started doing some calculations based on the knowledge I had gained in geography and astronomy (During my childhood days I had dream to be an astronaut; hence I used to read lot of books on astronomy during my high school days.) Based on simple calculation of the time zones, itself one could conclude that it cannot be New Zealand, but it would be India. But I am not an astrophysicist to claim my hypothesis. So I had written to various organizations to get a confirmation for my claim. One such organisation was Royal Greenwich Observatory.

It was so much frustrating that I did not even receive any message from the National Remote Sensing Laboratory in India. It was a great joy when I received an email from Dr Catchpole of Royal Greenwich Observatory Research Council. He had confirmed the following:

According to the International Meridian Conference, the universal day begins when it is 'mean' midnight at the cross hairs of the Airy transit circle in the Old Royal Observatory at Greenwich. So the start of the new millennium is at 00:00 on 1 January 2000, measured in Universal Time Coordinated (UTC). This would have to be regarded as the astronomical definition of the instant of the New Year.

When it is midnight on December 31 in Greenwich, where is the Sun actually rising at that moment? The answer is: the real sunrise of the new millennium will shine down on Catchall Island (of the Nicobar group), India almost 300 km south of the Andaman Islands on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal (Indian Ocean).

I worked on the intuition and it helped me to unearth the truth. Otherwise this important event of the current millennium would have gone unnoticed by the society.

Hello Readers! Next time, when you get an intuition, don't just brush it aside. It could be the voice of God!

Faith that Actualised the Dream:

After seeking the opinion from the US Naval Observatory about the fact of the First Dawn of The New Millennium shinning down at the Nicobar Island, I was wondering how to actualise my dream of a "Millennium Voyage to Katchal Island"!

Even the people living in the Indian peninsular need a tribal pass to visit Katchal Island. I wanted people from all over the world to come and witness the First Sunlight of 1st January 2000; where as foreign tourist are not permitted to enter Nicobar Islands which includes Katchal Island too. Hence I realised only under the aegis of the GOI (Government of India), this event could be organised. But how? Who? What?

On 4 February 1999, as I was walking at the Mount Road, near Spencer's, God was leading to the other side and an Inner Voice telling me: "Go and meet someone at the Tourism Department of Government of India (GOI)". I never gave a second thought.

Mr S M Naqvi, Regional Director - Tourism, GOI was exceptionally a different government officer. He gave me an appointment immediately and after speaking to me, even in my presence, he contacted The Director of Tourism in New Delhi and informed him about my claim. Later he had collected all the papers that I showed him as evidence (about Katchal Island getting the first rays of sunlight on 01 January 2000) and assured me that he would do the needful.

I waited for more than a month. But no progress except a 'press release' by the tourism department from New Delhi on 19th March 1999. The event that I had been planning could be organised only once in 1000 years; hence no time to waste.

I started writing letters to diplomats and Ministers of the Government of India. The following would give selected names of the people to whom; I had been sending letters of persuasion:

- ❖ Mr M P Bezbaruah I A S, Secretary for Tourism, GOI
- ❖ Dr BS Banerjee, Director - Tourism, Andaman & Nicobar Administration
- ❖ Admiral Susil Kumar, Chief of Naval Staff, Indian Navy
- ❖ Hon'ble Atal Bihari Vajpayee, Prime Minister of India
- ❖ Hon'ble Omak Apang, Minister of State for Tourism

On 8 April 1999, I received a letter from Mr Ashwani Lohani, Director - Tourism, GOI in which he had written:

"as you may be aware, the Katchal Island is presently a restricted area for the visitors. Clearance from various ministries of Government of India will have to be taken, after receipt of detailed information on this account from the Andaman & Nicobar Administration. You may, therefore, await the decision of the government in this regard."

Somewhere closer to the date, one of the alliance party (AIADMK) had withdrawn their support to the ruling Bharathia Janatha Party, and the Government failed to win the vote of confidence in parliament.

How can one expect a decision from the caretaker government? But God was telling me: "Keep working; there is absolutely no time to loose". Hence with an objective to study the receptivity of the concept Millennium Voyage, I initiated a market research from 19 April 1999, with the help of three students (M/S Leena J, J Preetha Karuniya & Priya S) from the S C S Kothari Academy for Women, Madras.

Mr I P Gupta, Lt Governor of Andaman & Nicobar Islands visited Katchal on 25th April 1999. This was positive sign. But that did not last long.

The Pakistani army had infiltrated in to the Kargil sector of Indian Territory. So The Indian army waged Operation Vijay on 14 May 1999. With the severe fighting with the Pakistan going at the western borders of India, I did not stop the market research and it culminated on 16 June 1999, the very date of the Pakistani troops went back to Line of Control.

On 30th June 1999, I met Ms Nutan Guha Biswas, I A S, Secretary - Information, Tourism & Publicity, and Andaman & Nicobar Administration and highlighted the importance of the Millennium Voyage that I had been planning. With no positive reply from her end, I continued to popularise the event.

On 11th July dates of elections to Indian Parliament was announced. I was hopeful that, I would be successful in persuading the new government about the Millennium Celebration at Katchal Island.

Though my Millennium Voyage did not have any commercial perspective, I participated in the India International Tourism Mart '99 Exhibition at Bangalore from July 22nd to 25th July only with an aim of popularising the event. Moreover, I was aiming to I have tie-up with the cruise liners for my event. Since no word came from the government about opening Katchal Island for the tourists, many of the Luxury liners were interested only in selling their regular programmes. However, charter flight operator came forward. I wanted a sea voyage; hence I was looking for a ship that can accommodate 2000 people. Later I found that all big ships are not available for immediate hiring; hence I have to look for other

options. On 21st August 1999, I wrote letters to the floating universities to spare their ships, while students would be on the land during winter.

On 9th September 1999 Mrs R Muralidharan, Assistant Director - Tourism, GOI had a written a letter as per the direction of Mr S M Naqvi, informing the press release given by the Ministry of Tourism, Government of India, which said:

"Andaman & Nicobar Administration will make arrangements for the tourist to view this event from the cruise liners and tourist ships. It is not possible to land on the island keeping in view the fragility of the proper infrastructure; a maximum of 7 ships of 200 meters and a number of smaller vessels can be anchored at the Katchal Island. The event will be telecasted live by Dodardhsan. (Indian Government owned TV Channel)"

I was really delighted to know the decision of the Andaman & Nicobar Administration.

Did my working in uncertainty go waste? No

Hello Readers! Next time, while you are working on actualising a dream, you may land up in a situation, which is very uncertain. But realise this is the period, that you need to keep working towards your avowed goal, for there is no time to stand and stare.

“Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, for the evidence of things not seen.” – Hebrew 11:1

Messenger on the Road to Multan:

During my first visit to Pakistan in 2003, the VISA had been issued only to Karachi and Lahore. But I had to speak in the Christmas Carol of the Christian Business Men's Committee (CBMC) of Pakistan on the evening of 17th December 2006 at Faisalabad (formerly known as Layalpur – birthplace of Bhagat Singh). I did not have a VISA for Faisalabad. I can not afford to disappoint my host Prof. & Dr Altaf Khan, and the Rt Rev. John Samuel, Dy Moderator, Church of Pakistan and the Bishop in Faisalabad, who would be traveling from Toba Tek Singh, only to meet me. The only way to attend the function was to take the road route from Karachi to Lahore, so that on the way I could have a stop over at Faisalabad. But at the same time, I cannot travel alone, as communication would be a problem. Many from Calcutta wanted to visit Moenjodaro. When I mooted the idea of traveling by road we had 40 people opting to undertake a road journey – sufficient crowd to book an exclusive bus.

We started our journey 00.00 hours on 16th December 2003. After visiting Moenjodaro, we started our journey to Harappa and I am supposed to get down at Multan on the way.

There was joy in my heart as one of my childhood dreams got actualised with my visit to Moenjodaro (Indus Valley Civilisation site). I was tired and after having roti (Indian unleavened bread) I slept off as the bus started speeding on the journey to Multan.

When I woke-up, I heard noises all around. It was 2.00 AM in the morning of 17th December 2003. I was told my some of my friends that there is a traffic jam. I was happy

initially, as I did not want to reach Multan in the early hours, and my chances of finding an English speaking person in Multan would be more, if I reach around 9.00 AM.

I slept again and when I woke-up, it was 9.00 AM. The traffic jam hadn't cleared yet. It appeared, as such, the possibility of reaching Faisalabad on time was impossible.

The place where we got stranded was closer to a Dabha (Punjabi style motel). It gave me ample chance to freshen up me. But there were no chances of the Road Block getting cleared.

I started exploring the possibilities. There was a railway line parallel to the motorway. But my luggage was too much to carry and walk along the railway lines. By then one train too passed away. When would be the next train? Do I have an answer, if I am caught by the railway policemen for walking along the railway lines (In India it is an offence.)? Hence I gave up that idea.

I prayed to God. I asked God, how would I disappoint my host who must have made elaborate arrangements!

In utter frustration, I slept, only to be woken-up by Mr Amit Chakraborty (one of the founder member of the Pakistan-India People's Forum for Peace & Democracy from Calcutta).

"Some one wants to meet you." said Amit.

What ! Some one on the road to Multan wants to meet me? I could not believe what he had not told me.

"Stephen, please get down from the bus. Someone wants to meet you" – Amit repeated. Mr Adavan, one of the delegates from Pondicherry in my mother tongue Tamil, repeated the same thing.

When, I stepped out of the bus, Amit told me: "Stephen, this gentleman had learnt that we are all from India and he wants to meet a Christian from India. You are the only Christian in our group. Talk to him."

How would I?

Neither the gentleman who wanted to talk to me could understand English nor I could speak Hindi or Urdu to drive home my urgency to reach Faisalbad.

I mentioned some word in telegraphic language like: Bishop - Christmas Carol. My Hindu friends from Calcutta tried to translate what I had been telling him.

Whether he understood what I had been telling him or not, but he said: "I will carry your luggage. Let us walk few miles to the junction."

He was intending to reach a place known as D G Khan, from where I could possibly get a bus to Muzaffargarh, so that I can continue my journey to Multan.

We both rolled / carried the suitcases. It must have been too heavy for him. He borrowed a bicycle from someone and put the luggage in the carrier and we continued our walk, till we reached a junction.

As soon as we reached there was a bus about to leave. He stopped the bus. Briefed the conductor: “He is from India and he cannot speak Urdu and he need your assistance to get a auto-rickshaw to reach the other bus terminus”.

Then he wished me Happy Christmas and disappeared from the place, with out giving me any chance of paying any money or gifts in return for the help rendered to me.

The conductor was very helpful in getting an auto-rickshaw and I got a good bus at Multan and reached Faisalabad much ahead of the time, my host was expecting me to reach.

Who is this gentleman?

What prompted this villager to look for a Christian from India?

In a Mystical World, all this would happen !