

## **Life's journey from innocence to an intelligently ignorant.... Sindhi...**

My parents migrated as refugees from Sindh Province of undivided India in 1948. Majority of people had their eyes filled with the feeling of last sight of their place of stay carrying sacred spectacle of the city in their eyes. After all how long could any one have lasted shrouded in fear?. The fear of being stabbed at any moment, the fear of being robbed, the fear that, any moment, the women of house might lose their honour. The odour of fresh blood had begun to assault their nostrils, and the deathly silence on the streets used to hurt the ears. Any one could be shot to death at sight despite so much of brotherhood with neighbouring communities for so many years / generations!!. Parents were constrained to loose all the rights to live in Sindh Province!!! leaving behind home, land, shops and entire property / assets.

My parents were allotted a barrack accommodation in the Bhusaval city of Maharashtra State. The terror remained in the top of their mind... even for getting a refugee certificate.. parents encountered responses like they are presently refugees... neither in India nor in Pakistan.. so do not expect shelter either here or there... spend night under the tree or near railway track or in a park until the refugee certificate gets issued... what was self evident ... also needed an evidence for getting into the refugee barrack.... where I was born on March 04,1951. The stature of a respectable family got dropped to ground zero forcing start the day for hunting some task to earn living and listen to sorrow songs in the night hours. Choice of food was an end of pipe dream, health care beyond imagination, social security need itself was forgotten...the only driving force was to earn the livelihood and there was **nothing to loose!!!**

My childhood witnessed many untold stories of partition and the economic hardship prevailed all over the barracks in the world around that time. The wailing of children, the lamentations of the mothers, the grave faces of the young and hushed voice of old with a barrage of unanswered questions loaded in minds with a common question... now what?.. Inspired by my mother, I was admitted to the school and the teacher also happened to be a Sindhi lady named "Kalaan Daadi". While we were being taught to recite the National Anthem; I had just **innocently** asked this question that "Sindh" was a part of undivided India and is no more in India than why it is appearing in the National Anthem now?. The teacher had kept silent with a little bit of wet eyes and that was the reply to me as well. Now I am 73 years but that silent response has carved indelible imprints in my mind therefore as fresh now as in that time.

The humanity is witnessing even now uprooting in some parts of the world, leaving behind the lessons of the past uprooting. I also continue to sing National Anthem that includes "Sindh".... and continue to lead life but now **from innocence to an intelligently ignorant** person!!!.... as there is **nothing to loose** by singing National Anthem with word Sindh in it....Embosom nice thoughts... the comments / critics from the readers / mentors shall be sportingly received.... Responses could contribute in enrichment of my life as well....best wishes...Manohar Lal Baharani, email: manoharlal.baharani@gmail.com