

It is a fascinating reverie at the late age of 82 to look back on my life, and to see it how it all evolved to my present state of mind, and I have a feeling, that many who may read it feel similar memories floating back into their minds, reviving their own personal experiences, and how their thinking has evolved.

At the moment, I had been disgusted with the type of news and entertainment provided by our services, not perhaps on their own volition, but by external pressures on which they have no control, except in acquiescing to the current mood and compulsions, but the good thing, is that the audience and spectators do not entirely have to depend on one source but technology about which we are so much used, has provided us with mobiles, computers, internet and other fora in which people can inter act, according to their own individual physical and health situations. I for one, have been handicapped in many ways, that I have to be home bound, and now my only mode is the computer, and the internet. But lately, I discovered by accident, that my son had a portable radio, which was only not known to me, but my daughter fixed it for me, and now after coming to Goa in 2012 I am listening to All India Radio, for the first time in 2017 ! What a new wonderful world that has opened for me, only I can say, and it makes my mind greatly relieved.

When I put it on at 7.30 it greets me, with lovely Indian bajan, which neither the one broadcasting it, nor the ones who composed and recorded it might have envisioned. To me, it tells the story of humanity and the common thread that runs through the veins of good humans. It rises above the faith in which each individual may have been nourished, but the Spirit that runs through all their veins, comes from one common source, not understood fully by the limited capacities of our intelligence and restricted by the time and space we live in. I view the sound that floats into my ears as a divine beckoning and sends me signals in the frame work in which I have been groomed. It is very uplifting indeed.

Then there comes a variety of programmes in different dialects of the Konkan coast, from Konkani as spoken by different communities that have been born and brought up in this beautiful place, and the neighbouring states. The thread that runs through the veins of all these people has been colored by the time and space over a few centuries, but their hearts have remained unchanged, over this period, but in those who have been susceptible to emotions not under their control altogether, and we should not fault them to the circumstances that have made them what they are. We have to be happy, that at the base we are still the same, from the very same old families that we have all sprung out, changed our views, ways of living being exposed to various influences either of birth, migration, or some other cause that was not under our control.

It is also enthralling to see how languages that are spoken on this station, come from far away England, and how people of different regions have mastered it and speak so well in it. Yesterday I heard a masterful and enlightening debate of Mr. Gokale. They not only speak in English, but also cater to the tourists and others exposed to the western ways, through their sojourns abroad and have broadened experiences of other people, to hear people sing in their languages, which goes to tell how we Indians are basically eclectic at heart, and embrace each and everyone, without hesitation.

Then we have music from our traditions of multi cultural India in Hindi, Marati, Konkani, and the various dialects, that really broadens the vision to an impartial and open mind. The Konkani of Catholics has been influenced by the association of the people to Portugese influences and so the intonation and accent bears it, but 300 years ago many Goans migrated to other regions of India and my own family had migrated from Monte de Guirrem in 1790 and we their descendants had no clue until the arrival of the internet and the articles appearing in Wikipedia and other sources, where like minds have put their ideas, but we have to filter them and see them in the context of our own experieces. Being brought up in a peace loving family, I can not identify any trace of hatred which drove them to Mangalore, but there are many points of view and we can not be sure what has motivated them to look from a particular perspective But the beauty is how these people have evolved and the music and culinary skill they have retained from the past and given their own coloring from the influences they have been receiving from the local communitis and their languages. So it is a thrilling experience to view it from the angle of a kaleidoscope of cultures and inter mingling and now inter marriages between communitis which will ultimately lead to a greater understanding between our people who are basically common, except to the religion we have embraced. And that too basically is not antagonistic to one another provided we use our thinking capacities of analyse the influences the various currents of thought that have played on our mind from time to time, and in one's own life from childhood to old age. It can never remains static as long as we are able to think, and we shall always be thiking without stopping.

One thing I have noticed is the Spirit which is eternal and timeless, and we born in time and space, each one limited by the span of our lives and I have been having constant battle in placing the dates of my past and present, and placing them in historical context. Thus my grand fathers saw the light in 1870s an parents in the lat 1800s and their children grew in the early 1900s and I saw it in 1934 and our family blossemed. When my wife was born it was 1940 and I was studying in my first class in Mangalore, and we had no idea that we were marked to be together for life ! She was in Bombay and I in Mangalore. From that time till we married in 1964 many changes had taken place like the country coming into the hands of Indians from the colonizing British and the Portuguese. As young people we did not dwell a lot on these changes, but elders in the land had views colored by their personal experiences and grievances, some kept them surpressed for later use, and the more educated ones, took history in its perspective and negotiated a deal, but the real result came due to a mixed bag of circumstanes of tragedies created in the Eurpean world with mixed ambitions and wanting to get rid of the monarchies and take control of finances and governance in their own hands. Of course the wealthy and crafty ones prevailed, but to clean up the mess later generation had to take the broom and sweep the debries, and the result was the greatest empire of the times had to face some hard choices, and one was to give up their colonies and concentrate back home, and it happened to be a bonanza to every one in they way they liked to look at it and gloat.

In 70 years of this gloating we have now come to see at this old age, how the different people of different ages, look at the problem. Some are circumscribed by the limit of their vision and experience and so easily susceptible to propaganda which Hitler and his companions gave a new twist. Today they are talking of Fake News and how it clouds the judgement of gullible people, yet we have no control how people think and react, but what is wonderful to see on this

Goa radio, is people have kept their views to themselves and the Spirit is quietly working in their hearts and the work of this Spirit continues and may not end in our life time. Just as in the West there were wars for 100 years, 30 years and the world wars which lasted for 5 years, and then the Cold War, and Now the Frozen wars, with hostilities born of old grievances and unresolved grudges, which were not visioned by those who began their conflicts to suppress people of other lands for their own profit and advantage and enriched themselves at their costs, and now the descendants of those who were oppressed, begin to give vent to the hardships borne by their parents and grand parents haunt them and not finding any army to put their anger to hit back at those who have become rich at their expense, they are called Terrorists and the rich guys who want to preserve their riches with War on Terror. Here the teaching of Christ comes to my mind, and that is forgiveness, which no follower of his seem to have understood, as most of the nations who were involved in the atrocities of the past centuries were primarily Christian and if today, non Christians miss the point no one can be blamed as people think within the limit of their visions, and as always, the broom to sweep of the mess is left to the coming generations, but humanity being what it is this problem will only end when the curtain will come down on this Creation !!