

20th the perpetual  
illusion that someday  
their



20th September 2010 My dear Soumya, I hope life is fine with you! I find the benevolence of Mother Nature still respecting my time on Earth.

I wrote a letter to you just two weeks ago and you may wonder why I am writing another letter without waiting for an answer. Well! The reason is simple! I visited an old age home where I spent about five hours as a part of the social work project of our school and I thought that I should share my experiences with you. During our visit, it is to be remembered that we were merely expected to chat with the senior citizens for some time and serve some snacks to them. The culture team of our class was supposed to perform for them.

But we were deeply moved when some of the caretakers told us about the cruel manner in which these fathers and grandfathers had been treated by members of their own family. Some of them live under the perpetual illusion that someday their sons and daughters shall come back and give them some space in the house. Even our teacher was choked to tears when she heard their experiences. Such things are not new for us but witnessing someone's misfortune right before your own eyes is different. I have decided to stay in touch with these wonderful and lively senior citizens for the rest of my life. My grandfather is no more but I can experience the love of several grandfathers and grandmothers in these people whose eyes are constantly searching love from someone whom they can call their own.

I wonder whether you are interested in joining me in this new direction that offers a rare treat to the humane part of your soul. Yours affectionately,  
Aamir Lokhandwala