Reflection on A Poor’s Diwali Got Enlightened by a Rich: Opinion Essay

Morning came as usual that day. With the monotonic chirping of birds and the cold soothing autumn breeze, a tender voice woke me up that morning. I was instructed by my mother to finish my routine works as soon as possible. I wondered about everybody asking me to get ready soon. With sleepy eyes and unclean mouth, I asked Mom about all these. She smilingly patted me on my back and with her adorable gesture she reminded me of Diwali. I exclaimed, “Oh Yes! It’s Diwali. How could I forget?” I hurried to get myself ready wearing new clothes. I had heard from my father that guests would visit home on festivals and bring sweets and chocolates for us. And hence, I was very excited for this festival of lights. My mother was busy from the morning making Rangolis, washing new diyas and preparing sweets. My father was also running here and there in the house keeping an eye on the decorators who were decorating the whole house with variously coloured flowers and sparkling tiny led lights.

I loved the way the house was being adorned like a new bride. The fragrance of the roses, marigold and jasmine enthralled me and I felt like I would lose my sense of time. The resplendent beauty clasped my mind as if I was a stranger who had lost his sense before the marvellous appearance of an unknown place. I heard a sharp voice of my father who was probably calling me from some time and I didn’t recognise as I was lost in my imaginary world. After gaining consciousness, I rushed to him. He ordered me to get back to my room to have my breakfast there as our dinning was messed up with all decorating accessories.

I went to my room to have my breakfast and after finishing it, I sat down near my window seal to enjoy nature’s beauty. Autumn being my favourite season, I loved to enjoy it as much as possible. My mother and I love to remain near nature’s reach. We both are nature’s admirer as one can say. The compassionate wind, the aura of the surroundings presenting the aroma of various Autumn flowers, the sapphire beauty of the morning sky with patches of floating white clouds, the tender sunshine strewn all over the veranda which was playing hide and seek with the cloudy curtains, appearing and disappearing in no time; everything was so captivating that I was left spellbound for some time.

Suddenly, my mind got attracted towards the neighbour’s house where the scene was exactly the same as that of my house. But a question arose in my mind, the answer to which I was unable to find from my books. I kept on searching for it in order to pacify my thirst but in vain. I sat silently near the window seal again, but my mind was wandering somewhere else when I felt someone shaking me. Out of fear, I screamed. After realising that it was none other than my mom standing in front of me, I sighed. Curiously she asked, “Dear! What happened? Is everything alright?” I always wonder how her mellow voice has the vigour to unchain me from my every pain. I shrugged saying, “nothing mom.” She gently took her 11 years old son (Me) into her lap and kissed me on my forehead and said, “Dear! Anything can’t be hidden from a mother’s eyes for she is the knower of her kid’s heart. A child’s pleasure and pain touch the mother’s heart in a similar manner as it meets her child’s heart. So, tell me my child what’s bothering you?” The genuineness in her voice made me utter the question which was tossing and turning in my mind from some time. I replied, “Mom! Why do we celebrate Diwali today?” She giggled. Softly she said, “My Child! I have told you that as it was a moonless night so all of

us enlighten Diyas to brighten up our surroundings. We make Rangolis to add some colours of joy into our lives. Sweets are distributed to share our love and happiness with others." I was still not satisfied and hence, I again asked, "But, Mom! We are being taught in the school that in every month there is a moonless night and a full moon night. So, why we don't celebrate Diwali on the other moonless nights?" Perhaps that question unnerved her as the appearance of her adorable face got changed. Probably she was searching for a way to convince me when we heard the door bell ringing. We both went downstairs to open up the door. I was expecting some guests with sweets amid my favourite box of chocolates, but things didn't turn up as per my expectation. Our maid and her son were standing next to my mother.

They were wearing the clothes offered by my mother which we had rejected some days before. Her son was looking pretty wearing my old yellow shirt which was perfectly matching his dark-complexioned skin. The emotions of gratitude he and his mother were holding in their hearts for us could be perfectly illustrated from their beady eyes. They greeted us so as we. Her son was of my age and we both used to play together whenever he comes to my house. I snagged his hand and pulled him into my room. So, we both went upstairs. While bringing my toys from the shelf, I queried, "Do you know! Why do we celebrate Diwali today?" Without lifting his face, he nodded. I got excited thinking finally someone would answer my question. I requested him to tell me the reason. Throwing his glance at me, he gave me an enigmatic smile. Again, he bowed down his face to give his concentration to the toy he was holding and said, "Ram, the elder son of King Dasaratha and Kaushalya, who had gone to the forest to keep the dignity of his father's word along with his wife, Sita and brother Laxman, returned to Ayodhya after killing Ravan. As it was a moon less night, the people of Ayodhya illuminated their houses and the whole kingdom with Diyas. They made Rangolis with vivid colours, decorated their houses with multicoloured aromatic flowers to welcome their Prince, their heart-throb, after fourteen years long exile. So, Diwali is being celebrated every year on this day to spread the sheer love by rejoicing those memories of home coming of Lord Shree Ram along with Devi Sita and brother Laxman and to mark the victory of good over evil and light over darkness." Mesmerized by his story, I was standing still. He again looked at me and laughed out loud thinking me to be kidding. I was about to tell him that I had never heard of this story from anyone, but looking at me, he first spoke up, "Please, stop staring at me as if I have told you something astonishing. Everybody knows about Ramayana right! Isn't it!" I was thrown into predicament. I was thinking about what to answer when we both heard my mother calling out our names. So, we both had to go for her. Before leaving for his place, he bid me adieu with his innocent smile. My body was present there but my mind was still trapped in that story. I was still stuck there and his voice was still repeatedly playing in my ears. I was amazed that how could he know about that story which I had never heard of!

That moment is still printed on my heart in an indelible manner. I still remember how I had taken a stern decision in my mind to unfurl the story of Ramayana in that very stound. That guy, full of empathy for me in his heart, rich enough in his values, ethics, culture and god lore, uplifted my real wealth that day. Truly, he surpassed me with all my economic statuses. Yes, for me, my real Diwali started from that day. From then, I celebrate Diwali not to illuminate my home or surroundings to beat the darkness of the moonless night. I don't wait for guests to bring chocolate and sweets for me. Yes, I do enlighten Diyas, but to brighten up the feelings, the people of Ayodhya hold in their hearts for the Omnipotent heart-throb of every creature, in my heart and to celebrate the win of good over evil. I make rangolis not only to decorate the veranda of my house, but also to spread the colour of ecstasy, love, positivity and prosperity in the aura. I prepare sweets in a hope to annex more sweetness to the life of each and every

being in this universe. In this way, Diwali becomes close to my heart.

And this is how a Rich guy has enlightened a Poor’s Diwali...