

The Life Flow

RESURRECTING THE ROOTS



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Modern life is driven by speed and speed is byproduct of human mind. Modernity has come as bliss. It has created world of new opportunities. Life has become bountiful. Our society is on the move. Progress in all walks of life is perceptible. Standard of human living is on the rise. People are dreaming big and their dreams are getting realized. Life is expanding. Success has become the driving force. Human endeavors are being pointed and focused. The outcome is there for all to see. We live in a society that is called progressive. This progress, however, is equated generally with the material advancements. The ongoing advancement has resulted in mass exodus, creating a new reality called urbanization. People come into close contact with others having different outlook and views. Differences are as varied as dialects, customs and mores. It comes as an opportunity to experience a new way of life. The need of the hour is to mingle and integrate. The environment is ideal to grow beyond boundaries. The desire to accept what is new is well-meaning. It is fair to acclimatize to the changing ambience with a set of differ-



ing values and ideals. All this life bracing change reminds me of the beautiful lines:

Autumn to winter, winter to spring,

Spring into summer, summer into fall-

So rolls the changing year, and so we change;

Motion so swift, we know not that we move.

It bodes well for man to be in motion. But what puts me off is man's growing indifference to the rustic ways of life. The nostalgia about the past is fast becoming a thing of the past. Time spent during childhood was fun filled. Friends were intimate ones. Relationship was primary. Promises were made out of deep feelings and concern. There was something rustic about our behavior. Communication sprang from the heart and it reached the heart. Smile was as genuine as the face that displayed it. There was warmth and

excitement about things done. Our belief was firm and nature pleasing. We showed disappointment too as and when needed. We did not know the art of camouflaging feelings. We often blurted out what we truly felt. We meant what we said; said what we meant. Life was simple and straight. The value system was driven by local and parochial issues and considerations. A brother meant much to a sister and to the sister her brother was her world. A husband occupied a unique position for a wife and both knew for sure they were made for each other life after life. Trust was their love and love, the trust. Life was filled with new possibilities. Family was an epitome of collective conscience. It was not just a joint family. Trust defined the family. There was something pristine about relationship both primary and secondary.

Today, we humans are making headways everywhere. The world is growing smaller and cozier. Relationship has expanded by leaps and bounds. But the term relationship is now known as networking. That means relationship is business driven. There is a mismatch between our words and deeds. We promise a lot and deliver little. We have smartly coined terms like Vision and Mission. We have soft skills industry across the globe. We train people how to appeal to the right side of the brain but follow only the left side. People trained are also trained to smile long enough and to convey what they hardly wish to convey. Relationship has never been more flimsy and fragile. Marriage is an old hat. Live in relation is the new social norm. Divorce is a liberating force. Many of my learned counselor friends have

earned professional degree in what they call Creative Divorce. Those who dare speak the truth are ridiculed. They are dubbed as backwards. Forwards are those who know how to beguile others. Civilization is redefined. Culture and customs fail to inspire. We are growing insensitive to feelings and emotion. Human values and ethics are replaced by business ethics and norms. Business fundamentally is feeling management. But in reality, business purports to mint money by hook or by crook. We are moneyed people with an obsession for more money. I am reminded of the opening lines of Ben Jonson's famous comedy VOLPONE:

"Good morning to the day: and next my gold!

Open the shrine that I may see my saint."

Time has come to reflect on our assets and what appear

to be assets. The value of relationship needs to be valued. We have got to grow sensitive to the widening gap between our promises and deeds. Life devoid of any serious purpose is hardly worth living. The rustic way of life propelled by trust and goodwill can alone salvage modern society- a society that is deep into a crisis. Ours is a crisis of faith, character, trust and bonhomie. The way forward seems to be the way backward. We must resurrect the roots. Come, together we ponder over the point raised by W.B. Yeats:

How, but in custom and ceremony,

Are innocence and beauty born?

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