

18th July, 2022

Dearest दादा, नमो

A young woman got married to a person who worked in a lighthouse. When she got married, his office was on land & she could garden(ing), grow flowers & was happy. Then one day, he got transferred to an island - she refused to unpack - because it was water all around & it felt very lonely & depressing. But she unpacked. And then life continued.

One day the husband caught cold - which worsened into pneumonia. They took him to a doctor on the mainland. She continued to light the lighthouse in his absence. After a month or so, she saw a boat coming to the island. Someone told her what happened. They said - "Sorry, Mr. Jacob is no more". He was buried on the island beneath a hill.

Every morning she looked towards his grave from a distance. The hill turned green, barren, sometimes it was snowed.

She continued to light the lighthouse, even as she aged; remembering the last words her husband had said as he left for the hospital - 'Mind the light'.

(Read this story with दादा today morning & felt like sharing)

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