



# *Komal's Farewell to Ba*

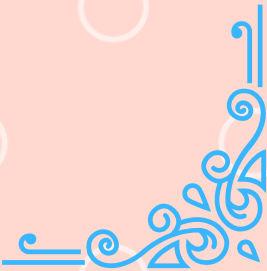
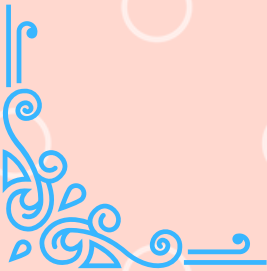
*Shardaba,*

*or Ba, my grandmother who I was lucky enough to live with has always been a powerful force in my life. She was so full of love and enjoyed nothing more than being surrounded by her family and friends, regaling us with stories of her life's adventures, her jokes, anecdotes and old folk tales. She loved to tell stories. Her favourite story, as many of you can attest, is the story of her time in India as a boarding school girl waking up at the crack of dawn, with all the other students to do exercise, prayers, her breakfasts of 1 rotli & doodh followed by full-on days of learning. And she was an avid learner and reader, keen to drink up knowledge of the spiritual and physical world and then share that knowledge with those she loved. She was a huge fan of reader's digest - we had many bookcases filled with reader's digests. She loved telling us about her life in Kenya, what a beautiful country it was and how excited she was when she found out Dadaji got a teaching job in Eldoret. A new adventure! And Her life was an adventure, a life spanning 4 countries across 3 continents full of travelling and meeting wonderful, kind and generous people along the way.*



*Like her life long friend Induben who she struck up a friendship with on a boat from Kenya to India. Or the station master who found her and my Foi a safe place to sleep at night when they missed the last bus. Or her gaggle of friends in Pune whom she would sit with every evening in the garden. That's the kind of person she was, attracting the best of humanity into her world.*

*Ba always loved to give. And one of her favourite gifts was chocolate. She always said, 'Badhaane chocolate bhawe.' (everyone loves chocolate). Often times she would call me to her room and say "modhu khol" and she'd push a Lindor chocolate into my mouth -a surprise to brighten my day. Even on her own birthday, when we would want to take her out for a celebration dinner, she would insist on treating us and adamantly on staying home herself! She would say, "Khushethee jao, khoob khajo, ane hoon paisa aapis". She always said it would give her joy to know that we were out having fun, and enjoying life.*



*Her love for her grandchildren was so strong. Our health and well being was always top of her mind, whether it was asking us everyday “soo khaadhu” or offering recipe suggestions for our next meal. and in my younger days (and even now in my older days), if I had a falling out with someone in the house, and tempers were flared, Ba would come to me with a calm and soothing voice, pop a chocolate in my mouth, stroke my face and say, “Ghooso na karis, mummy/daddy/Anjli/Amar are your family and they love you.”*

*One time when I was struggling with very dry skin, and she was so aghast at the state of it, she called me up to her room every evening, sat me down in front of her chair and rubbed cream into my arms while sharing more stories, and of course, advice on how to keep my skin pristine and smooth like hers.*

*I know that Ba is happy now. She is on her next great adventure in the next life. For a while now she’s said to me, “Have time thayo, Bhagvan mane ley jao.” She was unafraid till the end, even of death.*

*Goodbye Ba, until our spirits meet again.*

*JSK*