

Where Two Rivers Confluence

Rahul and Anjali were born and lived in two different worlds:
One in San Francisco and the other in Miami.
Though progeny of the same Kashmiri Pandit community
They grew up like plants in two different nurseries.

It is not important to know how and where they met
But we know that at some point a spark was produced between them
That has lit up their universes.

What is love? We do not know what it is
But we know it is among the most sublime of experiences.
It makes us larger than life, it makes us see things in a different light;
It makes us know the special nature of human life,
It brings us closer to God.

There are dreams hanging in the skies,
There is a music lying deep in the recesses of human heart.
We see and hear them often but ignore them
Due to the strident sounds of the world that surround us.

It is in the nature of nature to have a man and a woman
Bond to produce love, family, and society,
To give the journey of a man and a woman in the human phase
Substance, order, and meaning.

Every time a man falls in love with a woman
A miracle takes place.
Somewhere deep within them an emotion arises seeking each other:
That is elemental, transcendental, and inscrutable.
But beyond that we know that love is an expansion of mind,
Enlargement of heart, and deepening of compassion.

Any new marriage between a man and a woman
Is a testimony that God has not yet lost faith in human beings,
That He wants the human race to continue.
We live in the times of crass individualism where some of the

Cherished human values and visions have been trampled at the altar of self.

Rahul and Anjali are two birds flying out yonder in the deep open skies,
Following each other without reason, without a goal.
It is a bond beyond worldly logic, beyond morality,
It is a connection forged in heavens for cosmos to absorb.

Rahul was a carefree boy never tiring playing with his buddies,
Anjali was a sweet girl forever lost in her toys.
Both grew up to be ambitious and free human beings
But today they are forsaking their personal freedoms
To gain a larger freedom - to touch the shores of eternity.

The story of every man is a little tale etched on a stretch of sand,
The life of human beings continues through their progeny,
To be subsumed in the grand journey of humankind.
Man's life in the world is merely a worldly manifestation
Of its larger journey to circle the halo of God.

In a few days the river called Rahul will confluence with a river called Anjali,
In such a fusion that they will remain indistinguishable from each other,
Yet retain their identities.
It is a bond that enlarges their individual luminosities
Creating a light more splendidous than before.

In the marriage of Rahul and Anjali there is something in stake for all of us:
We want our own unfulfilled dreams getting fulfilled through them;
We want to live with their love for each other
And hope for our future with their hopes for their future -
As we see them as a part of ourselves.