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KRISH'S CORNER

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Confusing the dreams of our making with the purpose of our existence some times leads us to a quandary. It is during these moments of doubt that we often opt for the solution that is visible instead of the one that may be invisible to the eye.

Look back at your own journey and ask yourself if there are some dreams left unfulfilled that can be accomplished if you just brought them from your past into the present. Claiming the innocence of your dreams can and usually will be a good thing.

The India of Rudyard Kipling was a romantic picture for the discerning reader searching for elusive charm and a hidden lure of a mystic land far away. The halls of learning at Oxford, reserved for nobility, were the utopia that many an Indian dreamed about as they secretly aspired to matches of cricket and croquet amidst elegant attire and catered tea at sunset. My mid-summer night's dream manifested this week on the banks of the Thames as I walked along the cobble stoned streets that breathed a future into the academic royalty that shaped centuries and continents. To learn again about the future of people, I was transported into the past of my wants and desires. I was finally at Oxford where my meager mind began to stare at the walls of a historic college trying to comprehend the personalities that graced this august crossroad of humility and power.

The morning dew that glistened in those sparse moments when the clouds decided to take a break looked like jewels of opportunity on the landscape of vision. The carefully accented teachers of religious discourse had a hint of the glory that was England and the reformation that allowed a new world to be discovered alongside man's ambition. Prime ministers who reported for duty amidst the grandeur of a monarchy seemed to be immortalized in canvas alongside the authors of repute who wrote in the same tavern to different future audiences. Oxford is a true glimpse into a past that shaped a future. Where else can one point to an author like C.S Lewis, whose life culminated with apologetic brilliance as an entire movement of adults and children were left inspired to learn more about the gospels through the actions of a lion?

The future that will come when I return to my home in America will bring with it parts of a city of learning that even the evil of Hitler's advances seemed to have spared. An empire that never saw the sun set on it has slowly been reduced to its original majesty, if there can be such a thing. The God of this world and the light of His truth seem to have been set in stone, only to be told again and again to the throngs of tourists who are interested in the fables of yesterday. Eagerly we clicked our cameras to have digital posterity of the many crests and emblems that all pointed to allegiance and sovereignty when more was believed and perhaps less was debated. An innocence of time where medieval survival and human philosophy were fighting each other for the right to be written about. For about a week amidst the backdrop of such architecture, people from all over the world saw the same England and pondered the past that led them to this point from where a new future will undoubtedly arise. Ah! England. Once again you have given us a glimpse of what could have been. A truth so simple and a thought so innocent that even time could not change.