

Our Canada Sojourn

The month of May began on a very hot note amidst too hot campaigning for General Elections. We were making necessary purchases for going overseas. The most important purchase which everyone does is of buying medicines of daily use in bulk and we too did so. I was still not fully ready to go as I was not feeling well after some grave illness some time back. Moreover, I feared that I would not be able to adjust to the alien social culture which is totally opposite to ours. My wife coaxed me by saying that we would return after some days if social environs over there did not suit us. Moreover, our children impressed upon me to visit them once anyhow and they too told me to return at my will if things did not suit me. At last, I have to agree and we began to make last-minute preparations for our departure. We began to pack our luggage a week in advance. At last, the D-day came and we left for Canada at 19.00 hours on May 20th amidst our family friends and my card-playing teammates in an emotional atmosphere saying Good Bye to them. Reached Delhi at 02.00 AM on May 21st and entered IGI Airport at 02.30 hours. This was our maiden flight, so it was but natural to be nervous and confused. At the first counter, we were told to deposit our luggage for necessary check-in. The staff was very amiable, cheerful and cooperative and we began to feel at ease due to their courteous behavior. They put our luggage on the conveyor belt and the whole operation was over without any glitch in no time. Then, we were given boarding passes for Delhi and London, the venue of our stay. I was provided wheelchair as requested in the air ticket. My wife walked along with me and we were guided to the security check-in counter by the handler of the WC. We waited in the queue for about half an hour. There was complete order and people waited for their turn very patiently. Here too, the staff was very nice who gave special treatment to the WC bound passengers. In fact, WC facilitates the completion of formalities speedily for the elderly, the sick, the incapacitated etc. We too got through the procedure with ease within a short time. Then, we were taken to the specified gate No. from where we were to board the plane, well in advance. Now, we relaxed in the chairs as all the procedure has been completed without any problem. We had some refreshments and began to wait for the next course of action. As there was plenty of time at our disposal, I began to look for the liquor shop which I found after some time. As it was my first experience, I enquired from the staff whether I could take some whiskey in the plane. They suggested me not to take risk due to my maiden flight. They guided me to the Bar where I can have some drinks. I went there hurriedly and asked about the rates of a routine peg which were very exorbitant. I returned to my chair dejectedly but the bug of drinking warm again bit me and I went to the bar again and had some drinks caring nil for the rates this time. I returned to my seat in some good **spirits** and we began to wait for the boarding process. Some staffers came one hour prior to the departure time and told us to stand in the queue with passports and boarding passes in our hands. They began to check the papers and told those whose papers were in order, to sit on the chairs and prepare for boarding the plane. When our turn came, we were asked about the purpose of our visit. We told them that we were going to visit our son and daughter-in-law. Then they told us to show the passport and PR card of our son. We showed them the asked papers and were cleared to board the plane. When all the passengers were cleared, they were guided to board the plane at 05.30 hours. We too, entered

the plane for the first time in life. As it was our first experience, we were not able to locate our seats. The crew members were guiding and helping the passengers with broad smiles on their faces. They guided us too to our seats and helped us in storing our carry-bags in the slots above our seats. In fact, they come to know of the first time fliers from their earned experience. We were examining the whole plane with astonishment and awe as the whole atmosphere in the plane was entirely new to us. We were observing the people around us to learn the basics of flying. We learnt to tie the seat belt by seeing other people doing so. Then, we pulled the drawer in front of us and placed our handy things such as hanky and ear-pods, provided by the airline, on it. Then, we tried to run the computer with the remote but could not do so, we being the novice. Then, we looked all around our seats and found cloth-sheets meant to be used if feeling cold. Now, we were fully settled in our seats comfortably. The crew members were making rounds after rounds and settling things and helping the passengers. Suddenly, their activities caught speed and they began to check each and everything in front of and above the seats. Then, they began to close the open slots above the seats and ask the passengers to manage their things which indicated that the take-off was nearing. We too put in our ear-pods on seeing other people doing so. The activities in the cockpit sped up and so did our heartbeats. We were feeling nervousness and fear. We just froze in our seats and caught them firmly. At last, the announcement for take-off was made and the passengers were told to tie their seat-belts and be prepared. We closed our eyes and prayed with trembling lips. The plane began to chug-off to the runway slowly at 06.45 AM, at the right time. We watched it moving with awe with bated breath. It began to catch speed by and by. After some time, it began to run faster on the runway and ultimately took off with a roaring and thundering. We felt a mighty jerk at first and the plane began to rise higher and higher in the sky speedily. It wobbled some times when among the clouds. By and by, it began to rise above the clouds. I could not dare to see below out of fear. When it reached its desired height, it began to stable by and by and seemed to be just staying. Now, all our fears and apprehensions were settled and we began to feel fully at ease. Now, we began to be familiar with the surroundings within the plane. When the plane got fully settled after sometime, the crew members began to serve refreshments. But my eagle eyes were searching for something else, I being the lover of Bachhus. I waited for some time in the hope of getting it shortly but there seemed to be no sign of supply of booze as yet. At last, my patience left me and I went straight to the kitchen as I was suggested by my friends who had travelled before many times. There were some Punjabi girls and I requested one of them to give me a peg of whiskey as I was feeling nervous and tired who declined straightaway. But the girl next to her, who seemed to be her senior, took pity on me and told her to prepare a large peg for me. I showered abundant blessings on her and she told me to come to her whenever in dire need. The regular supply of booze started after some time of it. The plane went on playing Hide and Seek with the clouds and I went on doing so with the pegs. My wife used to have some cold drinks and eatables in between and I too shared these with her as per my need. It was a double bonanza for me as I went on having both the supply and kitchen pegs alternately during the whole flight. In this way, the journey from Delhi to London became a joy-ride for me and I enjoyed it thoroughly as time passed in no time and there was no sign of any fatigue and worry. In this way, we reached London on time after a wonderful sojourn of nine hours. It was a very

vast and busy airport and it was too difficult to go through all the formalities during the stay of just two and half hours. Here too, the wheelchair proved a boon and the WC handler helped us in completing all the formalities just in the nick of time and hurried us to the plane of Air Canada. We heaved a sigh of relief and settled in the plane. The plane took off immediately on the right time without making any announcement for its take off and settled in the air after some time. Here too, my preying eyes began to look for the supply of booze once again. First came the refreshments as usual and then began all other supplies. Here, all the crew members were white English people who were not as liberal as were Punjabi girls of Air India. They began to serve liquor making a very small peg by pouring a very small bottlie into the glass whereas the Punjabi girls were making large pegs out of the full bottle. I got a bit disappointed but tried to make compensation by asking the serving lady to give a peg to my wife as well. She declined straightaway saying that she would hand it over to me after some time. In fact, the English white people are hard-headed, very straightforward and decline on the spot. The crew members come to know from their experience that Punjabi mature women don't drink judging from their Punjabi suits. I contested with her that my wife too had paid full airfare and as such you can't deny her any service as a customer but to no avail. My repeated appeals fell on the deaf ears. I have to make compromise with the situation helplessly. Even though, I did not let the drink trolley pass by me without having the drink even for once. I have to remain **thirsty** throughout the whole too long a journey from London to Vancouver. It seemed that time had stopped and the journey had become too long to reach. I went on cursing the serving staff throughout the whole journey. At last, we reached Vancouver at 16.15 hours on May 21st after too tiresome, colorless, **dry** and boring journey. As WC was not available here, we were taken on an E-vehicle, the driver of which helped us in facilitating the check-out in half an hour. Then, he left us at the carousel, from where we collected our luggage within fifteen minutes. Then, we called our son who was waiting for us along with his wife outside the exit. He told us to bring the luggage on the trolley near the Cafeteria. We did so and they greeted us with a bouquet and we all hugged together very passionately with tears of joy in our eyes. Then, we had coffee with some refreshments and loaded our luggage into the car and set off for Kelowna in a very jovial and joyous mood at 17.30 hours. My son, who knew of my fondness for having drinks, asked me whether I would like to have some drinks on the way, so that he could buy it just now. I told him that I would like to sleep on the way as I was too tired and feeling too sleepy. It was raining very heavily which lasted for about two hours but after that there followed a mix of light rain, sunshine and rainbows all the way. The weather remained pleasant throughout the mountainous journey and we enjoyed virgin Nature at Its best for the first time in life. The sight was just spectacular at the Coquihalla Summit (pronounced Koka hill by Punjabis), which is 1241 meters high, the clouds just touching us and playing with us. This game went on all the way, sometimes clouds over us and at others under us. The nickname 'Beautiful British Columbia' given to the province rightly matches its pristine Natural beauty and it is written on the Number Plates of the vehicles of the province. In fact, every province in Canada is given a nickname as per its special trait and it is written on the Number Plates of the vehicles of that province. Similarly, every major city is also given a nickname as per its special trait. Kelowna is nicknamed 'the city of orchards' which dot its entire space. We zigzagged to Kelowna amidst canopy of

shining stars in the bluest sky and clouds, snow and drizzling alternately. We reached our destination at about 22.00 hours but before reaching home, my son pulled over at a liquor store because he knew about my daily night doze. The friends of our children greeted us at home and had brought a cake. We cut the cake after freshening to celebrate the occasion. They left after some time and my wife and D-I-L began to prepare meals and I and our son celebrated our arrival by **tinkling** the new tumblers which he had bought recently, especially for my daily evening use. We had the dinner and went straight to the beds because we all were very tired. It takes two-three days to adjust the body-mind clock due to different Time zones. The same happened to us as well and we did not venture out during this time. By and by, we began to chart our timetable. I hath never changed my daily schedule, it does not matter, wherever I lived. I hath ever been taking my daily **dose** after one hour of the Sunset for years, then taking my meals and retiring to sleep just after it. I hath been rising very early in the dawn due to my going to bed too early. Here too, I would get up early, prepare my Cuppa of tea and sit in the front lawn and enjoy my tea sipping at ease and greeting the passers-by. Then, I would pick up my phone and make long calls to my relatives and friends by turns as there was evening time in Punjab. I would make special calls to my card playing mates, sometimes video ones to see the proceedings live and feel at home. Most of the people would ask me whether they should send their children to Canada or not. I would advise them not to send their wards for the **time being** as the circumstances are not conducive for now and there seems to be no hope for the near future as well. My wife and children would tell me not to tell them so, as they would counter question, 'why have you sent your children?' I would tell them that when we had sent our son, then the conditions were not as worse as are now. Everyone comes to know of the ground realities only after reaching there, before it, all are day-dreams. Moreover, we too, were not told by anyone about the ground realities over there. That's why I am making people aware of these realities. The rules are being too tightened day by day even for the tourists what to say of other visas. In doing so, the Canadian authorities are not at fault. We, especially the Punjabis, are in the habit of misusing the facilities provided to us. They have started to issue multiple tourist visas for our convenience but we began to misuse it. I met scores of well-to do tourists over there who use to visit Canada every summer and work there as laborers illegally at half the rates for six months and return in harsh winter. In this way, they escape the hot summer of their native places as well as earn a good amount. They steal the jobs of the needy people who are struggling to make both ends meet affecting their careers. Those who have gone there after selling the meager properties of their hapless parents are the worst lot. In fact, the Canada Govt. has called many fold immigrants than required in the post pandemic period causing stress on jobs, accommodations, health care services and the related problems. In my view, the reverse migration will be seen in the near future as things stand today as it has been made too difficult to get tourist visa, study visa, LMIA, work permit etc., the pathways to PR. There is severe recession and unemployment post COVID 19. The house rents and prices are going through the roof, so it is too hard to make both ends meet due to the rising costs of living. Only those are **somewhat** settled who migrated pre- pandemic. They too are just earning their livelihood, not more than that.

After some days of our arrival, we began to venture out by and by in the near neighborhood. We expanded our area of outing in a phased manner. When we became acquainted with our immediate surroundings, then we began to go for morning and evening walk daily atop a small hill amidst orchards which were very beautiful laden with beautiful sweet fruits. The weather being fine and pleasant, the air was refreshing and full of oxygen. There was nil pollution and the sky was so blue and clear, as we have never seen in life so far. We met very few people on the way except some elder Punjabis and some English people, mostly women, walking their dogs, having a plastic small bag in their wallets, to lift the loop of the dogs. They would say hello to all on the way with a light smile but don't stop or talk. The bug of sleeping late and getting up late has bitten the whole world due to the so-called smart phones, so there were a very few people on the roads in the morning. These wore a deserted look as people ride their vehicles in the drive-way to go out and alight at the same spot on their return. The native people don't sit in their front lawns but retire in their rear lawns with their pets and family members. We too, mostly used to sit in the rear lawn which was lush green with ten fruit trees of different kinds. The Lok Sabha results were declared on June 4th back home. The BJP managed to cobble up majority with the support of Telgu Dasam and Janata Dal (united). Sh. Narendra Modi was sworn in as Prime Minister on June 9th for the third term in a row. After some days, I came to know of a farmland of a Punjabi where vegetables were grown for sale. I began to go there on foot, which was just a kilometer away from our home, and fetch fresh vegetables from there twice a week. We developed good relations with the owner of the farmland soon and he began to allow us to pick the required vegetables on our own. We also have planted some vegetables in the rear yard after some days of our arrival which began to bear fruit after a month. So, our children did not have to buy the frozen and stale veggies from the market during our whole stay. There are no fertilizers and chemicals available easily in the market hence all the produce is organic and natural. There was a stair-cased large balcony in the rear yard under which lay a Tennis table on which we used to play tennis. In fact, the balcony also served as a store as well. I began to go to 'The Gurdwara Sahib' (The Sikh Temple) after the breakfast and serve in the Langar Hall (Kitchen Hall) for about two hours daily. There I came to know that people, mostly elders, used to play cards in the afternoon in the Senior Citizens Hall in the premises of The Gurdwara Sahib itself. Can we do so in India?! There people are very liberal and practical and don't entangle in petty superfluous things. I, too began to go there, to play cards for some time so as to consume time and have some entertainment and social chit-chat. I was not greeted well and used to sit there idle mostly, being given very little time to play in-between. In fact, most of the people in the city belonged to The Doaba region of Punjab, especially Jalandhar district, who had migrated to Canada long time back. They were very few in numbers then hence had good job opportunities and made good properties at very low prices. Moreover, they had cultivated good social, official and political influence hence have super-ego and superiority complex. They don't help the newcomers but pull their legs to down them and exploit them to the hilt at the work places. They sell LMIA to them at exorbitant rates and treat them as bonded laborers in inhuman ways. They pay them too less and even refuse to pay the promised amount. On the other hand, the white people treat them humanely and pay them full wages. The well-settled Punjabis don't like the new people, especially of Malwa region of Punjab, as they consider them to be backward and don't mingle with them freely. On being neglected and side-lined, I

left to go for playing cards over there. We chartered a new time-table for the whole day. We used to get up early, go for the morning walk and then do the home chores. Then, our son would get up, have his cup of tea and leave for the warehouse to pick up the packets in his delivery van. My wife used to prepare his lunch which he picked up on his return from the warehouse. Then, he would leave for delivering the packets in the field. Sometimes, I or my wife used to accompany him so as to pass time as well as tour the area and see the delivery culture. When I did the same for the first time, I was terrified as the journey was too risky as the deliveries have to be made via a very dangerous terrain. Most of The English people love to live in the isolated faraway places in solitude on the too high and hardly reachable hilltops in the lap of Nature, too far away from the hustle-bustle of the city life. The van went up the high hills in a zigzag manner and then skidded down to the edge of the Lake which encircled the whole city. I remained on my toes and kept on holding the side-latch of the van very tightly throughout the whole dilemma. On reaching home, we suggested to our son to leave this work as it might lead to some serious problem some day, and he and his wife were our only hope. He assured us to change his work whenever he would find some new avenue. He began to explore for some new work. After some days, he told us that he has decided to make deliveries in his car in the city and nearby areas. He sold his van and bought a car for the purpose and began his new job. We heaved a sigh of relief. He used to go in the morning and return in the evening. We have arranged a table and two chairs and put them in the lush green backyard lawn which we have maintained well after our arrival. After our son left for his job; we used to sit under the thick shadow of the fruit trees and played cards, fiddled with the smart phones and tend to the vegetables alternately till noon. We loved to live in the lap of Nature rather than lying down in the artificial coolness of the AC's within the four walls of the rooms. We used to have our lunch on time and have some siesta after that. Our DIL used to get up in the afternoon as she slept at midnight due to her late working hours. We prepared her tea and she began to prepare for her job after having it. Then we cooked her food and prepared a full thermos bottle of tea. She ever took extra meals and tea to share with her friends, especially with the newcomer students as a help. She left for her job at 16.00 hours. We would again return to our above mentioned schedule. Our son used to return by 18.00 hours and we treated him with tea and some refreshments. He would rest for a while and then go for some "Geri". After that, we would go to 'The Gurdwara Sahib' in the evening. We listened to The Gurbani and The Kirtan and then served in the Kitchen for two hours. We mostly cleaned and dried the utensils with the cloth along with doing some other chores. There is no other act in the world which blesses so much bliss as does this, especially serving the needy and hapless students and helping them in all the ways. In fact, the Gurdwara Sahibs act as a Messiah for the students of all the faiths as they have no worry to feed themselves daily saving their time as well as money. In my view, there is no any other institution in the whole of the world which provides food and help to all the needy ones on a universal scale. There I saw a unique practice which is absent in India, all the four 'Granthies' (The preachers) namely Resham Singh (The Head Granthi), Gurpreet singh (His son), Harinder Singh and Narinder Singh served in the kitchen after their religious morning and evening discourses as ordinary persons till all the works were completed. They did all this out of their heart with responsibility. There was no superiority complex of being The Granthis, a great trait rarely found and I salute them out of my heart. The Gurdwara management was excellent and all its office bearers served like ordinary people. They served along with their family members till late night on Saturdays and left only after completing all the arrangements for the next day's Langar. All the works were done systematically in an orderly way. There were electrical

gadgets to do most of the works. All the facilities were of world class and there was complete cleanliness all around. There were both versions of Langar, sitting on the ground and sitting on the chairs. The langar went on daily from morning to evening and was served by the volunteers in an orderly manner keeping in view hygiene and cleanliness. We used to return home at late night after completing all the chores. Our son too returned home till then and would play cards with us. I would start to take my routine dose in a phased manner along with gossiping with my wife and son. Then, we would have dinner together and I would go to the bed early. My wife and son would play cards till the arrival of our D-I-L. Our son would pick her only on Thursday and Sunday, on other days, she would come with her co-workers. They both celebrated holidays together on Monday and Wednesday with us during the day. They both would cook our choicest dishes and we all relished them with fondness. In the evening, we used to go for some outing, sometimes alone, and sometimes with their friends' families to make some fun and chill. This was our weekly schedule and our children would work for eight to ten hours per day as per our advice. We told them not to destroy life, the one-time opportunity blessed by Nature, in running after dollars blindly and become a machine. Instead, we advised them, from our life experience, to enjoy life in all its colors, with their hard earned income. We used to spend the first half of Sunday in the Gurdwara Sahib doing service and partaking of Langar (community food). Our children too visited there as per their own schedule. On Sunday, the gathering would swell to hundreds due to the weekend, a good chance to meet people and interact with one another. People from all the walks of life visited the holy shrine on this day. There was a great bonhomie as people have only this day to be with one another and share food and views. The premises also served as a good platform to share information about various aspects of life. I noticed some great things over there which I had never seen in Punjab and India. First and foremost, the attitude of the people was liberal, practical and scientific, no superfluous rituals and dictation. Complete 'Gurmat' (the teachings of Guru Granth Sahib) was observed and practiced in letter and spirit in all the activities of the daily routine. Almost all the marriages and other celebrations were conducted in a very simple manner in The Gurdwara Sahib as per Gurmat, no Manmat (mind game). Going to and serving in The Gurdwara Sahib was a great pilgrimage for us which we will miss the whole life. May Nature bless us with another visit!

After some days, our children led us to explore the city. Kelowna is a very beautiful and colorful city in the Southern Interior of British Columbia spread over a vast area. It has a population of about just 1.5 Lakh with very low population density of just 680 people per Sq. Kilometer. About 90% of its population consists of English White people hence no plethora of other communities and related problems making it a nice place to enjoy life. Here, people are involved in their own lives hence no undue problems. It is a quiet and peaceful place to enjoy life. It is a very favorite and popular tourist resort due to its temperate climate for most part of the year. It is surrounded by mountains hence it goes on raining here after regular intervals sans any dampness. There are beautiful Orchards all around the area and top class wines are produced here. Nature is at Its best especially during Summer and Spring. But the city is becoming too expensive day by day due to the influx of people from other over-crowded cities due to its fine climate and job opportunities. The rents have gone through the roof along with cost of living. After some days, we were taken to the downtown area along the Okanagan lake at the week-end. This is the most popular and favorite place to enjoy the weekends. It has the

largest and most beautiful park of the city having multiple games and sports facilities. That's why people of the city as well of faraway places throng it on the weekends. Most of the major celebrations and functions are held here. Films producers often come here to shoot their films due to beautiful surroundings here. It is the busiest and costliest area of the city as it is the major business center. Almost all the popular brands have their showrooms and offices. There is a big market and there are plenty of eateries and hotels. When, we reached here, we were stunned by the beauty and location of this place. There was full hustle and bustle all around due to the week-end. The waters of the splendid Okangan Lake were sky blue and people, especially children, were enjoying playing with water. Some were riding boats and having fun and some were playing games and sports in the lush green very vast park. Some were just sitting and enjoying the beautiful sight of Nature as the weather was very pleasant and a cool breeze was blowing. Some were just loitering leisurely enjoying some beverages and some were walking fast as an evening walk. Some were singing, some playing music, some indulging in painting etc; all this lending a colorful vibe to the whole surroundings. In fact, The English people do whatever they like caring nil for the world. We enjoyed the evening to the optimum and returned late at night fully exhausted.

Our son and his wife have very good relations with three families. They went on coming to meet us by turn and we too reciprocated by visiting their homes by turn. This process went on during our whole stay over there. We used to meet at The Gurdwara Sahib every Sunday and go to the popular sites of the city together and enjoyed a lot. Our son has some personal friends as well and so has our D-I-L. They too used to come to us occasionally and have some refreshments and fun as well with us. They also took us to the popular places and entertained us well. We were rest assured that our son and his wife have a very good but limited circle of people who would stand by them during every thick and thin of life. They would share their joys and sorrows together which lends juice to life. Next time, we were taken to the very beautiful 'The Gyro beach' after a few days. As we have never visited a beach before, the sight here seemed to us totally outlandish at first but we began to feel easy soon. There was a sea of people, mostly White English ones, too scantily clad. It seemed odd to us at first because we belonged to a totally different culture. The males of other communities, especially Punjabis, were ogling at the semi-naked females from the corners of their lustful eyes lasciviously. But the females cared three hoots about such males and went on just enjoying their Sunbath. In fact, they dress so, so as to expose their bodies to the Sun so as to get as much Vitamin D as they could get in the short summer which they would not get in the long harsh winter. They are mostly non-veg. because they have to give warmth to their bodies due to living in the too cool climes for major part of the year. But we, the people of hot lands, go on imitating them blindly in the dress and food matters as well as in other walks of life. Whatever are their needs, we have adopted them as fashion. Take the culture of having pets, such as dogs and cats, in their homes. Their family and social culture is such that parents tell their adult off-spring to fend for themselves. Moreover, these people like to enjoy life independently. That's why they **have to** rear pets for **company** so as to avoid loneliness and **resultant** depression. But we, who have good family and social relations, have begun to rear pets out of fashion imitating them blindly.

Most of us have left rearing milch animals which give us milk and save our money but have instead started rearing dogs which is too costly an affair?! Have we lost brains?! We spread our sheets on the beach sand, placed our belongings on them and sat. We made an aerial view of the whole area around us. People were bathing, diving and swimming in the blue waters of the Lake playing with water and splashing it on one another merrily. The city is surrounded by Okanagan Lake on all the sides hence you will be at the same Lake, wherever you go and that's why the whole area is called Okanagan Valley. Some people were playing beach volleyball, some enjoying boat rides, some balloon flying and some just lying and relaxing with closed eyes. Children were making merry with water, sometimes entering it to some distance and then coming to the shore and going on repeating it. We noticed that English people don't stop their children from doing things at their own. They let them do the things in the way they want to and they don't interfere unnecessarily, giving them full liberty. In fact, they do so to prepare them for living independently as is the life-style there. On the other hand, we go on frightening the children by saying 'don't go near the water, you will drown' and similar is the case in other walks of life. The people went into the water for some time, then got out and lie on the sheets upside-down for some time and repeating it. We too were led by our children into the lake despite our hesitation. After some initial hesitation, we began to go ahead on our own. We were told to dive down to acclimatize with the coolness of water. We did so and Lo and behold, we began to play with water and trying to swim to some extent. We remained in the water for some time and then got out like other people. We too lay on the sheet for relaxation, got up again, had some refreshments and again went back into the lake. We did so for two-three times and then packed for returning home after enjoying water-games for a good time.

The son of my sister-in-law and his wife came to meet us along with their newborn son from Kamloops and stayed with us for two days. We used to pick the child in the lap and took it outside. Some English women met us on the way and stopped by us and began to play with him. They asked us whether they could pick up the child. We allowed them to do so and they happily lifted the child and began to play with him. Some of them took photos with him. The child looked all around very curiously and observed the surroundings keenly. He was too happy while outside and felt gloomy when brought inside the home and coaxed us to again take him outside. Next day, we all went to the Downtown in the evening. They were much impressed by the beauty of the area on their maiden visit. We enjoyed fully till late night when the area is in full bloom due to the dazzling lights and full of colorful people. Next evening, we took them to the most famous and beautiful park on the Lake. We made full fun and frolic there as well. We took them to the Super Market on our return and did some shopping there. They left early next morning for their home. We too, went there after some days but returned in the evening. They again visited us after some days and spent two nights with us and this time we took them to new places. We reciprocated their visit after some days and spent two nights there. They too took us to the popular places of Kamloops and we enjoyed a lot. Again, we spent a night there after a week prior to our departure for India. It was Sunday and there was weekly prayer in the nearby church. I took the son of my nephew there. We were greeted well by the white people present there. They came to know of my identity from my Punjabi dress. Some of the

womenfolk cherished to pick up the child and I allowed them to do so. They showed their love by caressing him fondly. They took photographs with him and were very happy to do so. It was my first visit to a church. I go to every religious place, whenever I can find time, to have firsthand knowledge about it out of curiosity. I entered through the main door. There was lying some literature on the religion just by the entrance. I shifted through some of it and went ahead. The complex was too neat and clean. There were some rooms to sit in and a kitchen to prepare tea and coffee. There were world class bathrooms. One thing, I noticed in Canada, is that you will find world class facilities everywhere you go! All things were kept well in an order. There was a big prayer hall in which chairs were placed immaculately. There was a big raised platform to address the audience. There prevailed an aura of peace and tranquility. I felt very good vibes there. I returned home from there after a while. Then we took our breakfast and set off for Kelowna.

We went on touring many parks and beaches with our children off and on. All these were on Okanagan Lake and the sight was just similar everywhere; mountains, water, boats, fishing points and great views, of course. On the way to and fro, we used to enjoy the sight of the lush green orchards laden with fruits emanating sweet fragrance. We were often taken to Super Markets to purchase grocery etc. and for some outing as well. Sometimes, we were taken to popular eating joints for refreshments. Our children entertained us lavishly and we enjoyed a lot. They would bring a case of liquor of six big bottles for me in advance and never let the supply suffer. Time went on at its leisurely pace as per this schedule. My nervous weakness was increasing day by day and I feared lest I should fall sick, it would wash away all the resources of our children because medical treatment is very expensive in Canada. That's why I had bought medical insurance policies for both of us beforehand. So, we were rest assured about our medical treatment if either of us fell sick. One night, our son was bitten by a pet dog at downtown. The dog was of pit-bull species, a very dangerous breed whose jaws are automatically locked after the bite pulling out all the flesh of the bite. Luckily, our son came to know about the impending bite beforehand and he caught hold of the jaws of the dog and threw it away and escaped with a lesser bite. One of his accompanying friends kicked the dog and the woman ran away with her dog. Some youth, present there, began to run after her to catch hold of her but the policemen, who were present there, stopped them from doing so. They told them that the woman was druggy and could harm them. We lodged a complaint with the police and they expressed their helplessness in taking some immediate action against a druggy person. In fact, druggies are soft treated in Canada. Surprisingly, they are given monthly pocket money which is mostly spent on drugs. It was the modus operandi of The White people to give freebies to the original natives so as to enslave them and establish their own kingdom. Here too, they did so as they had done in many other countries before. The police called the ambulance which reached immediately. But our son chose to go by his own car because ambulance service is not free there, even for medical card holders, as we used to think in India. Our son was taken to The Govt. Hospital. He was told to wait in the queue and was attended to after two hours on his turn. First, his leg was x-rayed and then the report was investigated which too took time. After that, some injections were given to him. He was discharged in the early

morning such is the tardy medical system there. We were not told about the incidence lest we should feel stressed. We came to know of it when our son came home and we woke up. We felt terrified on seeing him in pain and distress and tears rolled down our eyes naturally. Next fifteen days were spent on the care and treatment of our son and he had to remain off-work during this period. He was given an injection per week for two weeks by appointment. Here, appointment means appointment, a single nurse was present in the hospital at the given time specially to give him an injection even on Sunday! He got well after some days and started going on his job. One day, he took us to a Winery. The way to the Winery was through the beautiful orchards laden with beautiful sweet fruits of different kinds and emanating a very sweet fragrance. We enjoyed the views and sights all the way. It was a very beautiful Winery amidst beautiful environs. We were guided by a gentleman there. He showed us a special wooden cottage which remained too cool even during hot weather. We sat there for some time and surely it was too cooler than outside. We took some photographs and then he took us to the bar and offered me and my son tumblers of wine to taste. It tasted very sweet and its aroma was fantastic. We thanked the gentleman for his courtesy and left for home. We enjoyed the return journey in a similar fashion as we had done earlier while going there. While our time for departure was nearing, a bad news came in the first week of Sept. that Air Canada's pilots would go on strike at the end of the second week infinitely. As our flight by air Canada was scheduled for Sep. 23rd, so it was but natural to worry for what would be in store. We began to make queries from our travel agent in Punjab to know what will happen now. He told us not to worry as it is the responsibility of the airline to make alternate arrangements, if necessary. Even then, we went on exploring ways and means for our return journey. The air was cleared on Sep. 15th when an agreement was reached between the agitating pilots and the airline. Now, we became rest assured and began to pack and make last arrangements. Time never stops and at last, The D-day arrived and we left for the airport in too an emotional and poignant atmosphere at about 10.00 hours on Sep. 22nd. Our DIL could not dare to accompany us to the airport due to her too sentimental and emotional nature and we have to take along a friend of our son as a company for return journey. We went to The Gurdwara Sahib for our last visit, took blessings of It, have photographs with all the four Granthis. Then we took our photographs in front of It and bade farewell to 'The Beautiful' Kelowna hoping to return again when Time permitted. May Nature bless us!

We enjoyed the beauties of Nature on the way and reached Vancouver at about 15.00 hours. We walked through the Bazaars of the city which were over-crowded and filthy. There roamed druggies every here and there causing public nuisance. The city is dotted with too high rising buildings. In my view, towns are better places to live in the whole world as there is less commotion and more peace of mind. We had some refreshments and went to see 'The Smoking Clock' which is a popular destination of the tourists. We have to wait for some time to see the smoking and bell chiming happen simultaneously. Then, we proceeded to 'The Canada Club' which is the downtown of the city. We roamed the whole area and saw the seaport. There, we saw large cruises chugging away under the bluest skies. The planes were making sorties taking off from the sea-waters. We also enjoyed the beautiful and colorful sights of the large beach. The whole area presented a very panoramic view. We also visited the area where

Komagata Maru, a Japanese steam Ship was stopped, on which a group of people from Punjab Province of British India attempted to enter Canada in 1914 and was forced to return. After that, we started for the airport and entered it at 20.00 hours. The WC was not available, so we walked through all the necessary formalities within half an hour as there were very few people as yet. We sat at the desired Gate after having some refreshments. I was told by my son that I can take two tiny bottles of whiskey in the plane. He had given me some Canadian Dollars to buy it from the tax free liquor shop. My preying eyes began to look for the shop straightaway which I traced within no time. But to my dismay, the tiny shots, I cherished to buy to take in the plane, were not available there. Then, I began to make rounds after rounds to another liquor shop which was shut hoping that it would open some time, as I was told, spending much of my available time. But the shop did not open and the flight departure time was nearing. I hurried to the pub and had three good pegs and got **ready** for the flight. We boarded the plane just half an hour earlier and the plane took off at 00.05 AM on Sept. 23rd. I slept for a while and began to wait for the trolley. It arrived after some time and this time, I took no risk. I asked for a peg, picked up the glass and placed it on the desk of my wife as I was dictated by my son. Then I asked for my peg and placed it on my desk. The White woman smiled and walked ahead. I gulped both the pegs turn by turn. This **game** went on throughout the whole journey which seemed very short to me this time. The plane touched the ground at Singapore, the layover site, the stop being of just two hours. The airport was very beautifully decorated and was very neat and clean. When the passengers who had made the request for WC asked for it, a person asked them to follow him. As I too had made the request, I and my wife too followed him and he led us to a room, and took our passports and boarding passes and told us to sit and wait. We all went on waiting for him but he did not return. The flight was just half an hour away when he came running huffing and puffing. He hurriedly led us to the check-in and security check. All this was done in a very haphazard way and again, we were hurriedly led to a truck. Till now, the doors of the plane were shut and we were a very worried lot. The truck took us under the cockpit window and began to raise its front platform by and by. We were at a loss to understand, what was happening, our heart beats were running fast. At last, the platform was raised parallel to the cockpit window. The door of the truck was opened and we were told to board the plane via the platform through the cockpit door. The men who accompanied us began to knock at the door hurriedly but it was not opened. Our heartbeats began to run faster as we feared that we would miss the flight. They made a call to some one and only then the door was opened and we were led to the door. The crew members and the pilots greeted us with a smile but we entered the plane with long faces due to so long an ordeal. We heaved a sigh of relief and were led to our seats by the crew members very politely. It had been my destiny throughout life that somewhat goes wrong wherever I go, I don't know why? The things which occur very rarely do occur with me?! Mother Nature hath ever been on the wrong side of me?!

1. When we went to Kamloops, three pit-bull dangerous dogs ran from the house of an English man and killed a dog causing panic in the community. An announcement was made to

beware of them and remain indoors. Thank God, it was Sunday! But as an early riser, I was on my morning walk at that time in that very area where the dogs were on the leash, and could have been a victim. The dogs were caught by the authorities eventually after great efforts after a long chase. Thankfully, no further damage happened.

2 Our son was bitten by a pit-bull dog taking a toll on his health as well as income due to his being on rest for a fortnight but expenses rose due to us.

4. The incidence at the Singapore airport.

Three ill-incidences in such a short time, if I begin to count all of them in my whole life, then these will run into dozens. May Nature Bless me in future!

The plane at Singapore took off after half an hour. It was a beautiful airbus. The crew members were very nice and the service too was very good. The food was very tasty, the liquor service, of course, was too, too excellent. The whole journey ended on a good note and we touched Delhi at 13.00 on Oct. 24th. I touched the soil of my country with my forehead and thanked Nature for our safe return. I was provided WC and my wife walked along. The handler of the WC facilitated check-out in half an hour and we placed our trolley outside the exit. Both of our phones did not work due to some technical problem, I made a call from a stranger's phone to those who had come to take us home. They came swiftly and we put our luggage in the vehicle and set off for home. I purchased my dose after travelling for a while and began to have it as per my fixed schedule. We reached home at about 21.30 hours and were greeted by our family-friends who had made all the arrangements beforehand. We were too fatigued after too long a journey hence had our meals and went to sleep. It took two-three days for the body-mind clock to get set due to different Time-Zones. After that, we began to set our home afresh and it was completed in a week's time. We missed our children too much for a fortnight but began to be as usual by and by. They too missed us badly and called us daily and talked about our experiences over there. They often made video-calls often to be face-to-face with one another. They told us to apply for super visa soon and return to them for good. Let's see what lies in the womb of Time?!

My experiences over there

At first, let's take history of migration from Punjab. I came to know of it, when I interacted with the seniors in The Gurdwara Sahib over there. People have ever been migrating to other places in search of better prospects. Punjabis too began to migrate abroad in search of greener pastures. The people of Doaba region of Punjab were the first ones to do so as they had not good sources of income. The agrarian ones had small land holdings which too were not fertile hence they were forced to go abroad out of **economic** helplessness and Canada was their first choice due to easy visa conditions and easy PR system. The things and facilities that were available there were not even dream-able here then. We have even no **basic** facilities such as good infrastructure, power & water supply, health & education and our administrative and political system was a complete mess. Then, it was but natural to be charmed by the good standard of living over there. Moreover, there were plenty of job opportunities available then. People began to work hard and made good money. They began to send money back home with which their parents' lives began to improve. On seeing this, other people too began to follow the suit. By and by, the people of Majha region too began to go abroad charmed by the opulence of the Doaba people. People of Malwa region had good sources of income due to good land holdings which were fertile hence very few numbers went abroad then. They mostly began to go there with the opening of study visas by some countries at the start of 21st century.

Canada became the first choice, especially of Punjabis, as study route is the easiest and the best pathway to PR and to get settled there. That's why most of the parents want to send their children there right after doing 10+2. They think that Punjab is notorious for drugs and other intoxicants which lead to crimes, fights, cases, accidents and other related evils. They fear lest their children fall in the bad company at an impressionable age and destroy their as well as their parents' lives. So, they are hard-pressed to send them abroad at any cost to secure their future. On the other hand, the youngsters too prefer to go abroad as there seems to be no bright future here due to lack of work opportunities. Moreover, they are **pre-conditioned** that Canada is a fairyland where it is all Heaven and it is very easy to get rich in a short time. They are much impressed by seeing the **so-called** fancy life-style of their friends who had migrated before. They begin to **dream** big even before getting adult and it becomes their **sole** aim of life to go there by any hook or crook. They think as Punjabis are in great numbers over there, so it is easy for them to adjust to the social, lingual and cultural environs there. Some of their relatives or friends live there, so they think that it is easy to settle there. But this is just a myth, as nobody can help there, the system is such. Moreover, they are charmed and blinded by the **artificial** grandeur over there. They are taken in by the glitz and glamour of the showy world. Most of the photographs sent by their friends are taken with others' high-ended cars. Swanky sedans, expensive I-phones, high-branded things, great views, Natural beauties, great bazaars, vast super stores, great climes, great liberties, fancy life-style etc. impact their impressionable minds in such a way that they even force their poor parents even to sell their meager properties for going abroad. It has become a status symbol to settle abroad. That's why even the well-to-do children too prefer to go abroad, it has become an **obsession**.

But dreams begin to shatter within a few days of arriving there. One has to do all the home chores and then go for study/work. Their work is too hard and the myth of **minting money at ease** begins to fade away sooner than later. One **has to** become a machine even to make both ends meet and that too, too hardly; no proper time to eat, relax and sleep. We see only the bright side of things over there but much dark lies underneath. At first, the intoxicants are **more** available there, some of them being legal. Surprisingly, it is part of their syllabi to guide the students how to use intoxicants and in what measure. The impressionable minds are more prone to fall in bad habits if availability is easier. Moreover, they have unbridled liberty there and they have their own money to spend. No one is there to keep a check on them hence many of them fall in this or that bad habit. There are more chances to go astray when adults of such a tender age live in groups. They live in herds in suffocating basements in too unhygienic conditions. I do pity the youths who belong to well families living poorly over there. Many of them become prone to fall in bad habits due to constant depression. If one is spoilt there, then is spoilt totally. The culture over there is very liberal and sex and drinking is not a taboo. These two are very sensitive issues hence impact the impressionable minds easily risking their careers. Even some of the innocent and gullible girls too are falling prey to these evils due to **varied** reasons. The students remain under constant stress due to the pressure of study and earning livelihood due to hard job opportunities. The regular unnatural deaths stand testimony to this reality. The house rents and grocery prices consume major part of their hard earned money. In fact, the economic system is framed there keeping in mind the game-plan of mind. Man is blindly greedy by nature hence goes on buying things which are **made** easily available. There each and everything is made easily available on installments which seems easy at first but proves to be a bone in the throat in the long term. One remains caught in the vicious circle constantly in paying this and that installment for life. Punjabis are in the habit of blind following and buying things not as per their **needs and pockets** but do so to **show off** hence ever remain tight. Companies go on updating their gadgets by adding some new features and the youth go on purchasing them hence a vicious circle goes on going and the youth ever remains in debt. Moreover, Punjabis have fighting and egoistic **instincts** in their blood, so they remain ever-ready to fight even on petty matters inviting troubles and causing public nuisance. They were known all over the world for their positive culture but now they are infamous for their negative traits. They don't hesitate to pull legs even of their own community, deceive others and feel zealous. It lends bad name to the community and the local people have begun to abhor them. Those who get PR and get somewhat settled begin to feel superior to the new comers. Many of them even begin to belittle their parents and consider themselves wiser than them. They forget about the ordeals, their parents had gone through, to settle them. I have heard them saying, "What had their parents done for them?"

Those parents, who have good sources of income here, **must** not send their children there because at present monthly income there too is just **workable** and that too is **irregular**. That's why it is rightly said 'weather, woman and work' are uncertain over there. One has to do double the hard work over there just to keep the hearth burning. We over here multiply their monthly income over there by Rs. 60 and get swept away by the inflated amount. Why don't we count their expenses by multiplying them with Rs.60? When we will do so, the result will be that they have not much spare money to save. I urge the poor parents not to send their children on study visa by selling off their little properties. They are hard pressed to live there as they even can't return to their parents

empty handed. They are not able even to fulfill their daily needs due to the dearth of jobs what to say of sending money to their parents. They are not even able to pay their fees hence remain in constant stress. What will become of them, I am at a loss to understand? If any of the parents is still adamant on sending their children, they must have enough money in their kitty so as to pay all the fees of the full course. The so-called GIC monthly amount too is spent on day-to-day needs as they can't earn enough to fulfill these. I met scores of students who used to have their meals in the Gurdwara Sahib and most of them were a dejected lot. The Gurdwara Sahibs are proving a messiah for them as they partake of their meals there almost on daily basis saving their money as well as time otherwise their plight would have been very miserable. Today, it has become too expensive to send the children to Canada due to doubling of the GIC amount and increase in other related expenses such as paying the tuition fees for the full year. Roughly, it works out to be 30-35 lakhs at first which is sufficient to start one's own small business here. If someone becomes the victim of some fraud, then whole life of the whole family is devastated. If the parents **have to** send their children abroad for study, then their children must have done a good, at least graduate level, technical course in flying colors. The students should choose such a course which has good job prospects such as healthcare. Mere 10+2 pass have to do menial jobs which too are too difficult to find today, and their wages too are too little to carry on with life. Only the skilled people can find jobs easily or start their own work and their earnings too are good.

Even, the well-settled and matured try to go there by any hook or crook leaving their good jobs, businesses, and professions. I know many an agriculturists, who have very good land holdings and are masters here, working there as laborers? When Nature hath given you birth as an emperor, then why have you turned into beggars? If one has good sources of income, one is emperor everywhere irrespective of where one lives! Today, one's economic status decides one's social and political status everywhere. In yester times, the character of people decided their social and political status but today money has become all?!Canada has become a mirage but the reality is otherwise.

One more advice, if there are at least four earning members of a family, only then think of buying even a small house over there. A single couple **must** never buy own house if it wants to live in peace of mind. It consumes whole life of the both. The major part of the monthly income of both is consumed on paying the rent, the installments and insurances of both the vehicles, grocery and other day-to-day expenses. The incomes are bound to fluctuate but the monthly installments won't. The politicians, the priests and property dealers are alike everywhere as they all sell dreams to the masses and mint money and power. The property dealers over there misguide the immigrants by telling them that why are you living on rent which goes down the drain? It will cost just somewhat more to buy a house. An example will do. Suppose, the rent is CD 2000 PM and the installment will work out to be CD 3500. One is taken for a ride but in reality, it is too difficult even to adjust CD 500 PM what to say of CD 1500. There are other expenses too such as monthly electricity and maintenance bills and property tax etc. The better course is to earn there by working hard and invest it back home to create sources of good income for future. Work there till one starts getting good pension but spend the twilight

years of life at your parental home. We have advised our children to do so and luckily they have agreed. May Nature bless them!

You will be surprised to know that Punjab was the largest, the richest and truly democratic state in the world during the regime of the great Maharaja Ranjit Singh. It began to fall a victim to the dirty political conspiracies after his demise in 1839. Before The Maharaja, Punjab had ever been a tragic state used as a thoroughfare by all the invaders due to its geographical location impacting public life grievously. Even the so-called independence proved a nightmare for the state as it was divided in two states due to partition. Millions of people were uprooted and **had to** migrate suffering the most on life, limb, honor and property matters. There had never been such a tragic holocaust on this planet. The tragedy did not end here as the truncated Punjab was again divided, shortened to just a miniscule territory by carving out Haryana and merging of its hilly areas with the union territory of Himachal in 1966. Eventually, HP got full statehood on Jan 25th 1971. Had Punjab not been divided by the lusty politicians, there would not have been dearth of work opportunities? It fell into bad days from the mid 1980s to the mid 1990s due to terrorism swallowing much of its younger generation. Much of the next younger generation fell into the abyss of intoxicants and drugs. In this way, two younger generations were pushed into the jaws of death due to dirty politics. Then the remaining youth **have to** go abroad due to lack of work opportunities, prevalence of drugs, crimes and lack of good governance. Today, Punjab has become a deserted place mostly inhabited by the old and hapless parents of those who have settled abroad. Migrants, with their whole families, from other states have filled the void and they settled themselves here in good numbers for good and their tribe goes on growing. Their economic, social and political clout is expanding due to good earnings and good number of votes especially in the industrial areas and big cities. When migrants can earn handsomely in Punjab, then why can't the local youth do so? In fact, they do not want to work here, I don't know why, but do all sorts of work there? I fear for the worst in the coming times. After them come the idle, most of them turn into druggies and resort to serious crimes to satiate their lust for intoxicants. It has created a dangerous demographic imbalance having grave repercussions on family, social, political and economic life for future. I earnestly urge the people of Punjab not to leave Punjab if you have good sources of income here otherwise you will lose your culture, language and identity et al. May Nature grant good senses!

Though present tiny Punjab seems to be plagued by many social, economic and political problems yet it is the best area in the whole of the world to enjoy life **wholly**. It has all the seasons that are required for a healthy body and mind. It has such a climate throughout the year that most of the crops can be grown here. This is the only area in the whole of the world where Rs. 70000 crore worth of money comes into circulation every year due to wheat and rice crops, leave the other crops aside. There is no other area in the whole of the world, population and area wise, where such a great amount comes into circulation every year. The question arises where this money goes? Most of the agrarian people of Punjab, in whose hands most of this money comes, waste it on **show off** by following others blindly. They construct posh and large bungalows, buy too expensive sedans, high-end tractors and equipments and other expensive gadgets of daily use to live a luxurious life beyond their means. They spend too lavishly on marriages and even death ceremonies. In this way, the whole money goes on going down the drain year after year leading to vicious deep debt trap. Had this money been invested in

productive ventures creating jobs, then the problems of unemployment, going abroad and debt trap would have been solved to some extent. Govt. alone can't solve social and economic problems but people themselves have to find ways and means for the purpose.

In my earned view, agriculture is the best, easy and less worrisome profession as compared to other modern-day tension ridden ones. The benefits of this profession are as follows. One lives with the family and same society forever hence a juicy life. The whole family remains busy **productively** as this profession requires the help of all the family members. Moreover, it has become too easy due to too modern mechanization of agriculture. If one has handsome agricultural land, then he/she can generate a handsome income by growing diversified crops using latest techniques and inputs. One can enjoy a kingly life by growing own fruits, veggies, pulses, cereals etc. using manure and organic inputs for personal use. Some indigenous goats, cows and poultry birds can be reared to meet day-to-day personal requirements. Some highly bred milch animals can be reared for supplementing income. As agricultural works last for about four months in a year, the rest period will keep the whole family busy and engrossed saving it from idleness and resultant problems. This will keep the whole family healthy on physical, mental, familial, economic, social and spiritual fronts, a **wholly** healthy life. It will be better if one happens to live in a farmhouse nearby the town or the village. Can the so called heaven be better than this?! It does not require much money to live a simple and content life. The discontent will ever remain discontent irrespective of wherever one lives. In fact, one who knows the art of enjoying life will enjoy everywhere. So, those who have good sources of income here need not go anywhere. Today, world class facilities and luxuries are available very much here and that too at cheaper rates from over there. I am at a loss to understand why everyone, who can, is fleeing abroad in the mad race of blind materialism.

If one wants to visit Canada, then the best period to do so is from May to October. The Nature is at its best and so is the weather hence one can enjoy the tour immensely. Moreover, one is saved from the scorching heat back home. Winter is very harsh and there is little sunshine. Never visit your children over there until they get PR, then get married and then both start earning handsomely otherwise it would burden them financially severely stressing them much. There is not much for the elderly parents as they are unable to adjust to the alien culture. They have language problem and could not pass off their idle time because the family and social life is just different from ours. The children go on their respective works and the parents have to remain indoors 24x7, under the AC in summer and under the heat in winter, both artificial. One, who has enjoyed life under the open blue skies, has to remain bedded whole time under the dead roof, just a gaol. The houses are made of wood which ever remain at the risk of fire. These make much noise just on touching, so one has to remain ever alert when doing something especially at night as it disturbs the sleeping souls. Moreover, the medical system is very hard over there and could not meet senior citizen's day-to-day medical requirements. That's why, most of the parents I met, were a dejected lot due to loneliness. Even then, the parents must pay, at least, one visit to their children to see with their own eyes their living conditions as well as tour the beautiful country.

One thing more, Canada imports most of the daily use things from US and India. These have to be preserved and packed by adding preservatives hence are not good for health. Fresh fruits and veggies are rarely available. In fact, India followed Ayurveda and Naturopathy in all the walks of life hence people were **wholly** healthy. We began to ape The West blindly in the last of 20th century affecting our day-to-day life badly making us **wholly** unhealthy. The West has **conspired** to preach against Indian foods and values through media to sell the trash. In fact, The West has a market-driven economy hence goes on **creating** markets to sell its wares caring nil for the consequences. In fact, the simple potato is being sold in many forms at exorbitant prices? Allopathy, the packed junk and the so-called smart fast foods began to play havoc with our lives multiply. The aware people are returning to Ayurveda and Naturopathy the world over, the earlier it is done, the better it is. To observe international Yoga day on June 21st and international Meditation day on Dec. 21st every year stands testimony to the fact that Naturopathy is the only solution to all the body, mind and soul problems.

Canada Culture

The native white people enjoy life **wholly** as they work hard for five days and spend their earnings at the weekend. They don't pile up heaps of **trash** for the gen next. They don't bother about the Past and the Future but just do enjoy the present and this is the only way to blissfulness. They just bring up their children up to the adult age and ask them to fend for themselves after that. They are very polite and cultured. All do their given work very diligently and honestly. Their body language is very soft and cool and so is their voice and behavior. There is complete order at the work place. All remain involved in their own works and lives and no one interferes in others' affairs. Just do your work with integrity and make chill. Protocol is followed everywhere and they follow nice manners and etiquettes and to follow rules has become their way of life. They don't show off and brag about their pelf, power and prestige. They neither lend nor borrow, they are self dependent. The administrative system is very excellent and no one has to make rounds after rounds of any office for getting works done, as most of the works are done online, all happens automatically in a systematic way. In fact, most of the employees of the departments remain in the field to inspect, to oversee the ground realities and wrongdoings. They make a video of the violation of rules and laws and send the notices to the offenders. Just call 911 and all the required services reach in no time like an army-like bandobast. Safety is not compromised at any cost and every precaution is taken beforehand and nothing is left to chance. Life of every species is considered precious and every effort is made to save it. Nature is well preserved and natural resources are not wasted. Greenery, cleanliness and hygiene are a creed for the people. They love Flora and Fauna and the whole Existence. They are very conscious of their duties and responsibilities and abide by rules and regulations very scrupulously. That's why there is no chaos anywhere and all goes on going in an orderly manner. Traffic rules are followed scrupulously, no over speeding, no wrong overtaking, no honking, no wrong parking; all goes on going too smoothly. Pedestrians are given preference while crossing the road. There are ample parking slots everywhere you go. You will find world class clean lavatories wherever you go and dustbin as well. Everyone is equal in the eyes of law

and no one is spared howsoever resourceful or mighty one may be. All are respected and treated equally irrespective of the nature of one's job and economic status.

One thing is beyond my mind is that the White people over there use toilet papers to clean their bums which is too nauseating and unhygienic? When I interacted with some of them on this matter, they told me that they do so, so as to save water. But when I meditated on this matter, I came to the conclusion that millions of trees, have to be cut to produce toilet papers and napkins on a world scale which are the lifeline of causing rain, the main source of water. To clean the bums requires just a cup of water. I urge humanity to ponder over this grave matter and take the remedial steps. In fact, all the science is hell bent on destroying the ecosystem which will be the sole cause of extinction of life totally on this unique life-having beautiful planet. May Nature bless humanity!

Conclusion

Life has many **step-wise** aspects such as physical and mental health, family and social life and political and economic system and above all the spiritual one. Man is a psychosomatic species which means both body and mind together. You can't just separate physical and mental health. It is the **basic** and precious aspect of life. Good physical and mental health requires right food at the right time, adequate rest and relaxation, sound sleep and of course good amount of exercise. Alas! All these are missing over there due to their too busy work culture. Life is too fast paced and there is less time for recreation and celebration leading to constant tensions and worries. One who misses the basic aspect is bound to miss the other following aspects. Over there family life is just an adjustment hence there is no juice in it. Polygamy and polyandry is a common norm. Now, most people prefer to live in live-in-relationship and avoiding marriage and having children at all. Relations are not as deep and reliable as are ours. They rear children differently. At first, the mother rarely breast feeds her children. She does not sleep with the child by embracing it affectionately. It is laid into the crib and left to fend for itself in the separate room. Then how can intimate love and bondage develop?! By Nature, the child is inclined to play with earth and water and it gives it immense happiness. But it is not allowed to play with earth and water, the two important elements of human body. It hampers the overall growth of the child. I have seen in India, the people of the big cities bring in sand at exorbitant prices for the child to play with it. When the foundation is wrong, then how can the building be strong? Moreover, the child is not allowed to mix and play with other children, even of the immediate surroundings. The childhood is the stage of carefree enjoyment but the child is begun to be burdened with responsibilities by teaching it to do all its' works by itself. The blissfulness of the childhood is killed by the system. Then, how can it grow to lead a blissful life? When the child grows to be an adult, it is asked to fend for itself from now onwards. Mostly, the parents live separately from their children and so do the children for life. They just visit one another on some special occasions. When parents grow too old, they have to live in the old-age care homes (houses) till the last. Even they pay their undertaker in advance for performing the last rites. Is it life?! The social life too is not as juicy as is ours. All take their own water bottles, lunch boxes, tea pots and other eatables with them while going for work.

People rarely talk even with the neighbors what to say of sharing things, joys and sorrows. They rarely sit together and have a chit-chat. They just smile and say hello to everyone on the way as a formality but don't have a belly laugh. They just ride away from the parking area of their homes to their works and alight very much there on return and dash into the house straightaway. They rarely sit in the front lawn but ever remain bound into the rear yard with their family members and pets whom they consider their family members. Education and health too are most important social matters. On paper, these are free but when we go deeper, we come to know of the quality of the both. What to do of such free education and medical health care? The education system is not good as it teaches absurdities such as how to use intoxicants, in what measures and even syringes are made available in the institute's premises itself, how to change your sex, how to call 911 if parents rebuke, the list of such absurdities is long. Much is told about rights and responsibilities but good human and ethical values take a back seat. Medical system is such that one has to wait much in a queue even for an ordinary diagnosis by taking leave from work. The longer appointment periods goes on worsening the medical problems. Instant medical help is almost absent even for excruciating pains and sufferings. It is good not to give much allopathic medicines as these have fatal side effects which weaken the immune system inviting disease after disease for life. But medical care should be given in day-to-day exigencies especially to senior citizens. Yes, emergencies are attended to immediately and every effort is made to save the precious lives. Treatment is too expensive for those visitors who had not purchased medical insurance policy beforehand. It is better for them to return to their native places if they fall seriously ill otherwise their hosts will end in bankruptcy. Religion and politics are also social subjects. These have been **made** business tools everywhere to mint pelf, power and prestige and exploit the masses multiply. Mostly, people over there are atheists but even the theists are not very hardcore. They are very liberal and don't fall in superfluous arguments over their faith. Rituals, beliefs and superfluous traditions and customs are not followed blindly but a scientific outlook is cultivated. There democracy lies in the real sense and people elect their representatives at their own free will in a very transparent system at federal, provincial and council levels. Power is not centralized but provinces and local councils have full powers to decide for themselves as per their special needs. The economic system is such that all earn and spend independently. Everything and every service have to be paid for, nothing comes for free. Therefore, everyone in the family has to work hard to earn money to run the home smoothly. The more you earn in the young age, the more pension you will get hence one goes on going working hard till retirement. Moreover, almost all is made available on credit and one has to work hard constantly to pay multiple installments constantly. In this way, the precious life is wasted for the mundane. Spirituality has ever been misinterpreted akin to somewhat religious practice. But it happens automatically when all the above aspects of life are healthy, one has to do nothing. There are three steps to blissfulness. The first is pleasure which is felt by body. Facilities and luxuries provide it and even sex is a sort of pleasure.. The second step is joy which happens on mind level when one has good family, good income and good social relations resulting in peace of mind. Blissfulness is the ultimate joy which happens when one grows above the mind by comprehending the game plans of mind. After this stage, one needs no heaven, no God, then all is here and just now.

Let's see whether the people in Canada are living all the above mentioned aspects of life. In my earned view, they are living only the economic aspect **at the cost** of all other too precious aspects. They are spoiling body, mind, family and social life by becoming just a machine. The Natural clock of body-mind is disturbed beyond repair for life. There is no proper relaxation and sleep at the right time. Even the meals are not taken on time. There is no let-go and peace of mind is the last word. The one-time opportunity of life blessed by Nature to enjoy Her blessed all the heavens here is wasted for the mundane.

So, the end result is that if one has good regular income here, say near about Rs. fifty thousand PM and has own house, then it is not advisable to go abroad leaving family, home, relatives and social relations. East or West, home is the best. A small family can live a decent life with this amount. Lust for money is insatiable. Why to live separately for life and die too so? Who is there to share your sorrows and joys? People are so crazy to go abroad that they even risk money as well as life. We have seen how they enter US through treacherous, inhuman and harrowing Dunkie routes by spending RS. fifty Lakh at an average. One can live a good life even with the interest of this too large an amount. What has gone to the brains of them?! In my view, they will pause for some time due to mass deportation and begin to try again the same folly.

These are my personal views based on my own experiences and observations over there. It is but natural that that these may differ from yours. In sum, here life is easy, carefree and wild but too hard, disciplined and bound there. The choice is thine?! My story of Canada ends here for now, the next story whenever we will revisit there, lies in the womb of time? Bye-Bye.....