



Rumblings and Ruminations



Newsletter from Sharon Snir for April 2006

www.sharonsnir.com

India is a sensuous, sumptuous and saturating experience. I have come home full of stories to share and images to ponder.

We walked through caves carved in 600 BC and through traditional villages. We climbed hundreds of steps. Some in the blazing heat of day at the Ajanta Caves in Aurungabad and some inside luxurious old Palaces. We climbed steps in the dark of night in railway stations and we sat on steps when ever we needed to take a break.



We sailed in bamboo boats through the back waters of Kerala and marveled at how twenty people could actually fit inside one three wheeled vehicle. But what stays in the forefront of my mind are the children of India.



The school children in Mumbai and down south in Kerela wear immaculately clean school uniforms. Their hair is neatly pulled back, shining with pure coconut oil. They walk along the roads seemingly immune to the dust and grime.

However these were not all the children we saw.

At every set of lights beggar children would tap on our car windows or follow us relentlessly down the streets . These children are exploited and used to earn money for many indiscriminant people. They are not sent to school and work the streets and busy roads all day every day. When we offered them food they did not what it.



One day however, Oren and I were eating at Leopold's, a restaurant that has become an icon in

Mumbai due to its longevity and being a central meeting place for many different groups living and traveling through the city.

A girl carrying a little baby showed me that she was waiting for me. She said she was 14 and the baby was hers. She asked me to buy a tin of baby milk formula and I agreed. She had hooked me and my heart went out to her. Off we went to buy the milk together.



We wondered why she had refused to take the money I offered her but insisted I buy her milk. India is teeming not only with people but with unanswered questions.

We met children in villages that ran out to greet us and who wanted their photo taken. We saw children working in villages weaving fabric and others sewing jewels onto silks. We spoke to children who lived on the river and others who lived the slums that continuously spring up throughout India.



Imagine the fate of many of the worlds children not only concerns you but weights heavily on your heart as it does mine.

We met up with our own two daughters in India. It had been 6 weeks since we had seen Orly and 6 months since we had seen

Sheli. Both back packing through India with little more that a guide book and their own inner wisdom.

Each time I saw a child, especially one who appeared to be without parents, I thought of my children and wondered in what ways I could have been a better parent.



Whether in spite of my parenting or because of it, they have grown into such wonderful, decent, gracious people and I am so proud of them all. Our boys, 17, 15 year old twins loved being in charge of themselves and the house we arrived home deeply thank full for our lot.

Until next time,
Blessings and Love to all our children.
Sharon

