



GRIEF IS JOY MISUNDERSTOOD

Dr. S. Anita Evelyn

Assoc. Prof., Dept. of English
R.M.K. Engineering College
Chennai, Tamil Nadu.

Walking through the tormentous sea of troubles, Maria understood that life was not colourful but painful. Toiling all day, tilling the young barren minds, she felt exhausted after the days hard work...Sitting on the window sill at home, she mused her memories to the days of yore, when she enjoyed playing as a child...

How everything felt perfect those days – no worries, no trouble... nothing to care for... She never dreamt that such a beautiful life would turn out to be a nightmare (how it is now!) As she went strolling down memory lane, she felt brine from her almonds kissing her lips gently as they went cascading down unchecked, wiping away the day's dirt...

While gazing through her glazed eyes, she saw an earthworm near the 'water most - wanted rose plant' trying to blanket itself beneath the soil, as it probably heard the gardener's footsteps... Hitting its head on the hard dry soil was of no use. It's Perseverance Quotient – *sure to be admired!* Yet its path into the sun baked mud was found only when the gardener started spading the ground.





How true it is of us (human beings) too, she pondered... Most often we are like this earthworm trodding on barren ground, hunting for:

- worldly riches which seem parched
- a vial for our zombie spiritual life
- a perfume for the stink caused by the relatives
- an antidote for the sting by our loved ones, so on and so forth...

Moments surely would we have experienced as in a football ground, our near and dear as players, would have held us as a ball... Many a times we never know why so much of a torment we happen to face? *'Why Me?'* becomes our questionable phrase.

Yet, remember my dear, ***'Grief is nothing but Joy misunderstood'*** in our Master's land. Where, our life's ground is tilled by the Master Gardener and we the earth worms will find an easy way in and out, when and as HE spades our ground!

