



An Eventful Journey - Embracing the Purpose in Every Step

I wish to share an incident which happened a few weeks ago. On the day of my second book launch at the Trivandrum conference, I was a bit nervous in the morning and somehow wished to skip my breakfast. While leaving the Hotel for the conference, a couple of sugar sachets on the dining table caught my eye. Just picked them up, and put them in my bag, thinking that it will be handy in case I faint, as I am prone to fainting, falling, and breaking my bones, as my friends know. By God's grace, the book launch was successful, and I managed not to faint. I was supposed to fly back from Trivandrum to Muscat but suddenly felt like going to Bangalore to say Hi to my elder daughter. As I have major health issues, my family had put a ban on me traveling alone. One of them used to accompany me but this time I had traveled alone because my family had their commitments. I was not hopeful that my family would permit me to travel alone to Bangalore but with great reluctance, my husband agreed, and I landed in Bangalore for a day. The sugar packets also traveled with me.

The next day I was supposed to reach the airport by 2 pm to catch the flight back to Muscat. I had to start by 12.30 pm as it takes more than an hour to reach the airport (no elaboration needed on Bangalore traffic!!). My husband is my personal GPS, tracking my travel even while on a flight (thanks to flight stats!). Even before the wheels of the flight touch the runway, I will receive a call from him checking about my health.

Now this is where my adventurous journey began. I have a habit – When I begin any task, I can never stop in between. I must complete it. I had started a task that morning, and by the time I finished it, it was almost 1.25 pm. I left the house at 1.30 pm. I was 90 minutes late in commencing my journey and

there were firm messages coming from my husband – not to miss the flight. More than catching the flight, I was so petrified to face my husband!!. I was really worried that I would lose my freedom of traveling alone. The whole journey to the airport I was terribly worried about how to manage my husband's anger. I could not make up any story to pacify his anger.

Luck favored me this time since it was a Sunday, the traffic was comparatively light and I just managed to reach the airport by 2.38 pm and the ticket counter was closing at 2.40 pm. Oops, I just ran inside jumping the queue, unusually, and managed to get my boarding pass. It was a wow feeling and my family was on cloud nine that I made it!! Though my husband was relieved that I managed to get my boarding pass, he was still upset with me for going through unwanted stress and tension. Now I had 30 minutes to complete the immigration, security, and boarding the flight. So, it was just another 100-meter dash.

Now I reached the immigration successfully and handed over my passport to the official. Instead of taking the passport from me, the official got up. Not for me!!, he was looking beyond me. Curiously when I turned back, I saw a lady had fallen. She had probably fainted, and a small group of men and one lady were surrounding her. The official now sat back on his chair and asked for my passport. I was confused between two actions – whether to go to that lady and help her or catch the flight. Even after all the running and despite the flash of the face of my husband before me, I decided to miss my flight. Though I am not a health worker or a doctor or a nurse, I felt it would be selfish to watch a person in despair in front of my eyes and still continue my journey.

Grabbed my passport from the official and ran to that lady. The other lady who was there nearby was a nurse. The Nurse was trying her best to help but the lady was not even blinking. Her eyes were open and absolutely no movement. We tried to give her a little water, but the water was coming out automatically. At this time, the lady's head just dropped to one side and her eyes closed. The nurse got so worried and screamed that the pulse is going down rapidly. She asked if anyone had any edible things. I just remembered my co-traveler – sugar sachets in my handbag that had traveled all the way from Trivandrum Hotel to my bag, and then to Bangalore. With my trembling hands, took out the sugar packets, lifted the lady's head, and managed to put little sugar inside her mouth. After what looked like years, the fine sugar melted into her throat and within a few seconds, her eyes started moving and she moved her head. The nurse asked me to put some more sugar and this time we added a little water too. Meanwhile, airport medical help arrived, and they lifted her to the wheelchair. At that time, the lady regained her consciousness. The medical

help group rushed her to the hospital. The nurse said, now nothing to worry about. Still, my hands and legs were trembling.

When the wheelchair disappeared from my eyesight, I remembered my family!. Oh my god, took out my phone, there were so many calls I had missed. During the whole journey, I was continuously messaging in our family WhatsApp group. But this half an hour, I was oblivious to my family. I was sure they are worried due to the lack of a minute-by-minute update from me. It was like the flight signals missing the radar. Now no time to chat, I rushed to immigration and security check. At the security, I was dropping down all my things as my hands were still trembling. In fact, one of the authorities encouraged me and said that I would catch my flight and not worry. I was not worried about missing the flight but how to face my family if I missed the flight. I was sure the boarding gate would have closed since only a few minutes left for the flight to start, but I wanted to try it.

Now from security check, I rushed out and again my luck favored me. I spotted the shuttle cab and hiding my glee, waved him to stop. Seeing my worried face, he smiled and assured me that I would catch my flight and dropped me at the Gate. When I reached the gate, one lady, more tense than me, came running to me and asked, 'Are you, [Gayatri Narasimhan](#)'? With no more energy left, I replied with one word 'Yes'. She said that they were waiting for me. Ah, I was so relieved and thankful for their gesture. When I entered the flight, everyone had settled and they all gave me that one look, 'Where were you all this time'?

I had no energy to respond or react. Just managed to sit in my window seat. I immediately called my family, narrated the whole incident in brief and I said that I have boarded the flight. The flight took off immediately, and my hands and legs were still trembling. I just thanked the almighty for my presence of mind in deciding to help that lady. If I had chosen to continue without helping her, the guilt would have stalked me for the rest of my life.

Every incident has a purpose in our life. Travel of sugar sachet with me, my sudden decision to travel to Bangalore, my obsession with completing a task, and my last-minute arrival at the airport were designed only to help this lady. If I had crossed immigration a little early, I would not have got the chance to help this lady. So, everything that happens in our life has a purpose. To understand that purpose we need to have a clear flow of thoughts and in my case, it was the presence of mind to decide between the flight and the lady.

Life is beautiful when you live. *Life is even more beautiful when we live for others.* That day I felt a sense of satisfaction.

When I reached Muscat, I was so happily welcomed by my husband and my younger one. I was even happier when my husband gave me a pat on my back and said, 'Sabash'. Finally, I managed to escape from his anger.

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