



Don't try to forget; but Face and FORGIVE!

An excerpt of the email sent by my mom's elder sister below

My younger sister got married to a man who pretended to be a good and sincere man. The very night of their marriage, he locked her out of the house. She was left to spend the entire night by herself standing outside, begging him to let her in. On some evenings, he would bring her fresh flowers for her hair (In India, when the husband returns home from a day's hard work, the dutiful wife is expected to welcome him, looking beautiful, dressed well, her hair adorned with jasmine flowers and a smile on her face) and take her out on a walk or shopping. But,



once they returned home, her husband would inevitably pick a fight, ask her who she was dressed up for, accuse her of cheating on him, shout at her, assault and torture her physically.

This ruthless routine did not change even when she was pregnant. Even during the 5th to the 9th month of her pregnancy, her husband would torture her emotionally and physically. He would push her down, ask her to remove his shoe and while she bent to do so, he would kick her. She would fall on her stomach hurting herself and the baby. Even after she delivered the baby, the torture continued. When the child cried, both he and the mother would be beaten up. If the baby

crawled up to the father, he would kick the child off like a football. **It was when her son was a year old that her husband picked up a fight and then burnt her alive.**

The baby was me. I could have died..... Many years ago I would say, I should have died. But I did not. Now, the big question. What led me to or how did I forgive my dad? Oh! yeah. It is a good question.

When I was 22 years old, living in North-east India, working as a caretaker in a hostel for kids, I began to think. Some solid perspectives changed the way I saw forgiveness. Till then I was bitter. **Then after sometime, when I left my home and travelled far away, I ignored the pain deep inside. I chose to forget that I had a father like this and that he had done so much in my life. I wished the memories would just get brain washed and I could start a new life. But it did not happen. Why? Because every time I was pushed into a corner, or be caught up in tense situations, my old memories would bombard me. I could not escape those. I tried hard to divert my mind, but when I was alone, they came back to haunt me.**

So, now I was pretty sure that escaping the pain, burying the memories or ignoring and focusing on other good things will not work. There should be another way. What was that way? Hmmm... we have come to a good point.

I would like you to ask yourself these questions?

1. Are you trying to ignore what a person has done to you and trying to forget it?
2. Are you burying and escaping the pain, every time it lifts its head up?
3. Are you trying very hard to live your life to the fullest?
4. Are you trying to stay away from people who resemble or are similar to this person that has hurt you very badly? (I did this so much)
5. Are you sulky and soaking in self-pity when someone hurts you now?
6. Do you always see yourself as the victim?
7. Do you find it hard to see the silver lining or the bright side of things?
7. Do you find it hard to forgive people now? (The smallest hurt aches for several months)
8. Are you inclined towards people who encourage you and accuse the person who has hurt you? Do you find yourself liking it?



Hmmm... if you are saying yes to any of the above questions, or saying yes to many questions, there is a huge problem. Not in your circumstances or in your context. **It is with you. You need to change. The change needs to happen inside out.** You need to take control of that change and steer it in the right way.

I love this quote that I heard several years ago – “If you don’t change your reality, your reality will change you”. Ahhhh... you need to face it head on.

Three days ago, one of the security guards working for my company was in an accident while he was riding a scooter. He hit an old man by accident. Unfortunately, this old man was the main

kingpin of our area. So what happened, his sons gathered and beat up the security guard. My wife and I rushed in to negotiate and settle. We were at the hospital till 1 am, the next morning. What did I see and hear? I could see the sons being very agitated and saying they will never forgive (I understand this and I would have been tempted to react this way also, if this would have been my blood relative/ parent who was hit). The police came, but couldn't help much. **But my wife and I stood by quietly and calmly, answering questions when asked.** The next day, we went to the hospital, all alone with smiles we talked with the lovely old man (he was an amazing guy). Suddenly, we could sense that the mood in the whole room had changed. They began to call me sir and offered me seat. How did this happen? Was I angry about how they had beaten up the security guard? (Definitely yes and I was thinking of calling all the influential people in that area and take revenge) **But I have learnt the principle that I should not allow opportunities for battles to start.** I need to let go and forgive and befriend my foe. (These two sons are actually good guys)

Revenge is not a great thing. At the end of the day, it will kill you.

That is exactly what happened. Now, the anger and bitterness is gone, the issue is resolved and we have made a set of new, might I say very important friends ;). When I sit back and think about this, **I can surely tell that my inner security and identity gives me the deep rooted restedness to let go and forgive. It cannot happen from an external factor.**



Revenge
OR
Repair