

Migrant Walker Mirrors Kindness

Since last four days, I have been going out in the morning on a highway near my home (in Hyderabad) to distribute buttermilk packets (collected by a friend, Vasudha) to migrant people, who are trying to go back home. There are thousands on road every day - men going all the way from Hyderabad to Kanpur on their cycles, women with little kids waiting for trucks to carry them. Some who don't have the money and are just walking.

Day before yesterday, I met this old man *Rsal Singh* who was walking alone to his village *Moraina* in Madhya Pradesh. On asking why he didn't get into one of the trucks, he told me how he had started walking from Bangalore a week ago and doesn't have money to get into a truck. I was out to distribute only buttermilk and unfortunately was carrying only Rs 400 with me which I gave to him. He didn't have a phone, so all I could do was give him my number. He told me not to worry and that he will call me once he reaches his village.



He called today to tell that he has reached his village, and if I give him my account number, he will return the money. We talked for sometime and I asked him if after going through all this, walking most of the way from Bangalore to Moraina, he has any message for the government, for the people.

He said,

'Mujhe kisi se koi shikayat nahi hai. Shukrguhaar hun ki bahut acche log hain jo ek doosre ki madad karne ko humesha tayyaar rehte hain. Prarthna karta hun ki log ek dusre ki madad karte rahein'

And he said I have one message for you too, and he narrated a couplet that he had heard from his elders,

'Suraj ke liye Kamal anek hain, Kamalon ke liye Suraj ek. Apke liye hum anek hain, Humare liye aap ek'. 'Humare gaon jaroor aaiyega'

It translates to:

'I have no grudge against anyone. I am thankful that there are many good people out there to help those around them. I pray that people keep helping one another.'

And he said he has one message for me too, and he narrated a couplet that he had heard from his elders,

'For a Sun there are many flowers, for flowers there is one Sun. For you there are many us, for us there is only you'. 'Please do come to my village sometime'.

After going through so much, how could someone, still have no anger and carry so much love in his heart!

I went out to help him and in turn he taught me how to truly love one and all. One day I hope to take children from our centre to his village so that they get to meet and learn from him.

-by Amit Deshwal

(originally posted [here](#))