

Fondly remembering you.. Chandan Uncle



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Let me rewind back to the 1980s. It's seems life then was a beautiful dream, everything was so splendid, nice home ,wonderful family life, with some very genuine and true friends who actually happened to be very close of ma and toot (I call my duata as toot).But as my sister and me gradually evolved as mature human beings they also become our very good friends.

The trade mark of these beautiful people as to why they are very close to us is, as I have earlier quoted very genuine, and very unconditional in their love towards us.

My entire family is indeed very lucky to have a few handfuls of such wonderful and priceless people around us.

I cannot really recollect very clearly as to when we meet Chandan uncle for the very first time, ma and toot must be knowing. But I remember meeting them in Dibrugarh and from then on what I remember was an endless series of rendezvous' with uncle and his family.

On a wonderful sunny Sunday afternoon they would drop in at our place in Dikom and we would all have a wonderful time with lots of laughter fun and frolic.

Once I remember we had gone to Kazaringa from Dikom by road and as we entered the wild life sanctuary in the evergreen ambassador what did we encounter? A huge wild tusker waiting in the wilderness and protesting as to who has intruded into his domain. We were around 8 to 10 in the ambassador car 6 adults and the remaining lot all kids. Thanks to the forest guard who had accompanied us then, who managed with skillful dexterity to convince the wild tusker that we had only come there to admire his kingdom in the wilderness

As change is an inevitable part of life things moved forward, Chandan uncle moved his base to his permanent abode in Uzan bazaar in Gauwhati, me and my sister started growing up and we also moved from Dikom to Jorhat.

The frequency of our rendezvous became lesser, but whenever we meet the same warmth was there in the surrounding vicinity.

Things further moved forward, I had completed my formal education and when I started with my first job in Gauwhati I can still fondly remember the wonderful time I had spent in their house, during my initial working days in Guwhati when I was yet to find a place of my own.

Uncle and aunty are one of the perfect few hosts I have encountered in my 33 years of life on this planet.

Words would not be enough to describe such a loving and soft spoken human being, Chandan uncle; I fear my limited vocabulary stock may not be able to do justice in describing someone who was so dear to my entire family...

It is often seen that we human beings when we move forward in this journey of life we forget about the very harsh reality of death. Only when it beckons at the door of someone who is very near to us and we have to come to terms with it, it seems next to impossible.

Chandan Uncle is no more in between us he left us on 29th of October to a place where there is only peace and serenity everywhere.

It's such a sinking feeling and the pain is so raw at the moment to accept the reality that you are no more there.

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