

One for the Album

Memorable days are memorable because they are rare. On one such day, I was overjoyed to see my team's achievement. All of us were deeply into that day's proceedings. There were eminent chief guests, there was press, and there was our debut Kannada music album at the center stage.

I was talking to an elderly gentleman in the audience. He had traveled a long distance to be a part of the occasion. During the conversation, he remembered my father and wanted to see him. At first, as a spontaneous reply, I said, "He must be around somewhere here!" A second later, I realized that I had not seen him at the venue either. Trying to hide the inner disturbance, I changed my statement and said, "It is always hard to catch him. He is not at ease in big functions".

The euphoria was over. I was still thinking about one man, who did not come. I had forgotten to tell him the address of the venue. He knew the date and he knew the time. He did not know the 'damn' place to which he would go and be a part of ONE for the album. I tried hard to grant myself an excuse and miserably failed. Unfortunately, I had taken something else for granted.

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