

PART THREE

The sun rises in the East

Early the following morning, on the 8th of August, the bus slowly rolls into Lahore, where I immediately along with a dozen hippies jump on a local bus that quickly takes us to the Indian border, a few miles to the east.

The border crossing is located at a quiet road lined with lots of tall trees, providing shade and bringing relief from the scorching heat. Beautiful exotic birds are sitting in the trees welcoming us with their sweet singing and chirping.

Within a few hours, I have passed through the two border controls and finally I'm standing there, on Indian soil, "the dreamland of the hippies"!

Suddenly I am moved to tears by an overwhelming rush of love and joy and a strong feeling of having found my way home come over me. After more than three weeks of hardships, disease and suffering, I've finally arrived in India!

I just stand there quietly, totally moved by this emotional outburst, at the side of the narrow dirt road running from the border when an old Indian man, sitting on a simple wooden cart pulled by two large black water

buffaloes, all of a sudden stops right in front of me. The man looks at me kindly and makes a sign with his hand inviting me to ride with him. Said and done! I place my backpack on the cart and sit down at the far back dangling my legs over the edge.

The buffalos are trotting along at an easy pace, almost like in “slow motion”, making the cart and myself rock to and fro. So incredibly peaceful! The only thing you hear is the trampling of the buffalos; the creaking of the cart and the sound of a beautiful symphony performed by all the exotic birds, sitting in the tall trees that line the road.

On both sides of the road, yellow grain fields are waving in the hazy early morning sun.

The sentiment I had of “coming home” comes back, this time even stronger than before and I also suddenly get an intense feeling that I’ve lived here in India in a previous life. A breathtaking thought!

The buffalos continue trudging along the road while I am sitting there on the cart in complete silence and just enjoying the moment, totally carried away by what’s happening.

What an amazing warm welcome to India! Certainly, I was meant to come here!

After an hour’s ride we arrive at a local bus station. I jump off here, thank the old man for the lift and get on a bus to Amritsar, the holy town of the Sikhs. Upon arriving there I immediately board a train to New Delhi.