

Cosmos, Not Chaos!

Imagine a spherical body warmed by the bustle of life, eternally buoyant in the wild abyss. This spherical body called Earth is conveniently divided by Men in ten geographical regions and about two hundred political regions. One such sub-sub-political division is our Vadodara. A few thousand acres of land pinched from Nature to fell all trees, the banyan trees in this case and convert this into a concrete chaos. Thus after spoiling the beauty, now these Men are willing to reconstruct it and thus look out for a clue, to the bygone *virginity* of this place and its people.

A bold attempt was made by the Gaekwads, who have preceded our Municipal Corporation and thus could lay a decent blueprint for us to construct upon. The forefathers were obviously captivated by the rhythm that the Nightsky presented. Hence they gave a nice telescope to their people to view-out and correlate their Cosmos with the Real One! Taking a clue, the Municipal Corporation followed suit and installed a wonderful sky projector. But that is all about it! The growth of Vadodara has mutated into a population bomb because of its close affinity with modern industries and in this race for the survival of the fittest, from the 'I care' attitude of yester years, it has morphosised into 'why care'- So I must tell you "why!"

First try to grasp your tall image in a mirror. Now reach a seashore with a hill nearby.

Climb atop. Quickly calculate your height above the sea and even measure your distance from the waters. Now stretch your sight across the span of water, till your eyes realize that water cannot be so high, but now what you are looking at is the Sky. Attempt to count how far your eyes have ventured. Continue your gaze till it tilts upwards, which definitely is the Sky. Neither a yardstick nor a mental picture can give you a grasp of this unbroken entity, the Sky. (Please excuse any clouds!)

If you while away sufficient time while still atop, complete darkness may envelope you, depending upon how far you are from the anarchic human population. Then suddenly it will be difficult to tell how high you are from the sea, how far you are from the waters and where all those points of lights could be. You are indeed dwarfed.

Indeed because we owe our existence to one such point which happened to be a huge inferno, however dwarfed by the distance separating us. About ten billion years ago and at fifteen million degrees, a star was busy cooking elements routinely and evolving to die. For the portion of its ashes we have the chaotic masses and us. Fortunately all this is not beyond comprehension. Our comparative insignificance is compensated by the greymater that makes us think and change things to our like rather than accept them as they come to us. We evolve as the rest of the objects in the scheme of

creation, but we often can control this process. It is time which controls logic and order, but in a race we often skip the vital elements of a process and end up in a bad shape. In the years of yore Men had all the time to think and find out the rhythm and order in pattern and movement of the cosmic bodies. Our span of life has not grown as much as our scope to indulge in various activity. Thus at times we decide in a hurry and end up in a mess; Besides there is always a sub-conscious desire to be better than all in our circle, while actually never being able to decide who or what can be better to life! As the words here, we are also drifted away from our own bower of creation, Nature.

Life is possible elsewhere which may still be organized because it is *not* indulgent! However as the home of a neighbor is not suited to us, the cosmic kins may be living their way and communications between Us and Them will not be as simple as between two cultures on Earth. This Oasis in the Grand Cosmic Desert needs protection, and neglect will mean we end up before time! Five hundred years ago Columbus discovered America and by now it appears most habitable to all; However this will not apply to the discovery of beings elsewhere from Earth. Those places will remain hostile, not hospitable.

Hence, please save this planet, a pale blue dot from space as Carl Sagan described it. Fragile pale, precious blue, insignificant dot, all at once, indeed!