



India's Shanti Ashram

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I am not supposed to look straight ahead for fear I'll catch some man's eye and give him the wrong idea. So, I look down and I'm forced to see the filth, poverty, and beggars on the street. And in an attempt to avoid that, I look up towards the sky, but the pollution fills my eyes and they well up with tears. So I close my eyes, and India begins to pass me by. As a result, I force myself to open my eyes and survey my surroundings . . .

I remember those first days in India and how overwhelmed I felt. I was confused, tired, and unsure of what I had gotten myself into. The sights and smells were almost more than I could bear. Sure, I had been to Third World countries and lived abroad before, but this just seemed like more: more poverty, more people, more excitement, more unknown. I was absolutely unsure of what to expect from India.

When I decided to go to India, I felt a strong desire about going, but I was not sure exactly why. I had some ideas of what I wanted to accomplish, but they were also vague, and I had no idea what I would do in a village in India. So I set off with a goal to learn and serve, but without an exact plan of how to do it.

No Events