



## **THE PRICE OF OUR INDEPENDENCE**

**August 15<sup>th</sup> is the day** which changed the very way Indians thought about their society. For nearly 200 years, we could not breathe free. We were under foreign rule for those two centuries, and India slowly and painfully lost every single bit of its iconic description, "*Sone Ki Chidiya*" (The Golden Bird), a title conferred to our motherland for Her unparalleled prosperity and wealth. Not only material wealth per se, though India undoubtedly was the wealthiest nation in the world in ancient times, yet wealth encompassing all forms, spiritual, scientific, artistic, societal, and what not. **We were a living example of our rich living history.**

**We still are.** Yes, the bygone years saw many attacks on our soul, many merciless attempts from within us too, yet India, the spirit of India is still alive. And I mean it; just look into the eyes of any Indian when he sees the tricolour hoisting high in the sky, you'll see moist streams over his cornea, in deep respect for his very own motherland.

Yet this independence is often, in fact nearly always, taken for granted. We think we have always had it, and will always have it. Just ask an aged Indian who was lucky enough to witness the era of 1947. You will understand what I mean; how difficult was it to gain this freedom, and that too, without any violence, on the pure path of "Ahimsa", or non-violence.

The iconic struggle for our independence encompassed several individual contributions from many freedom fighters. We all remember **Bhagat Singh**, one of the greatest martyrs of our history, hanged at the age of 23 for his never ending efforts to help India regain Her independence. Can we, today sacrifice our lives in His manner to our nation? Can we exhibit a similar unconditional divine love for our motherland?

Well, of course every lesser mortal like us cannot be expected to be of the stature of Bhagat Singh, but we sure need to feel His love, his pain for Bharat which he felt years ago in 1931 when He was mercilessly hanged. **Sukhdev, Rajguru and Chandra Shekhara Azad** were similar faces. Unshakeable belief in freedom, and infinite, boundless love for India was the only (what else would be needed, should you have boundless faith and love in your mother) thing they had, and see how their efforts bore fruit finally on August 15, 1947. The day that was, alas, awaited for two centuries!

**Jhansi Ki Rani Laxmibai**, the warrior princess. Words can't depict here glory and bravery, they don't have such capability. So I leave it to you dear readers, to picture Her riding on Her horse, slaying the oppressors with swords held in both Her hands, carrying Her child on Her back. People say she was the avatar of Goddess Durga Herself on the earth, such was Her valour and strength, and unmatched love for her motherland-Bharat.

So, dear readers, the point is, what immense price our independence today holds- It's actually priceless. As I said before, we roam freely on this land: get up in the morning, go to schools, colleges, work places, uninterrupted, unstopped. We return safely in the evening, and stroll

# SUKHNIDHEY F I L M S

*Exploring the Unexplored....*

leisurely in our gardens till finally dusk takes over. Twilight sees us resting comfortably on our couches. All this was not so obvious years ago; people were actually not the masters of their own souls! What more can I say.



**(Dearest Lord! Let me lovingly offer these gifts of yours to the departed Heroes)**

Our independence is priceless, dearest readers. It has been obtained after many years of struggle by some of the greatest heroes and heroines who ever walked on earth. On this day, we bow our heads in deepest gratitude and with the innermost respect for them, may their souls rest in infinite peace for eternity.

I conclude by quoting these lines from the great poet Makhanlal Chaturvedi, which beautifully describe the subtle feelings and request by a flower to not waste it in adornment, but offer it to those who sacrificed their lives for our motherland:

**पुष्प की अभिलाषा**

चाह नहीं मैं सुरबाला के  
गहनों में गूँथा जाऊँ,  
चाह नहीं, प्रेमी-माला में  
बिंध प्यारी को ललचाऊँ,  
चाह नहीं, सम्मटों के शव  
पर हे हरि, डाला जाऊँ,  
चाह नहीं, देवों के सिर पर  
चढ़ूँ भाग्य पर इठलाऊँ।  
मुझे तोड़ लेना वनमाली!  
उस पथ पर देना तुम फेंक,  
मातृभूमि पर शीश चढ़ाने  
जिस पर जायें वीर अनेक

- माखनलाल चतुर्वेदी

*(I don't want to be the necklace of a beautiful girl,  
I don't want to adorn for lady love,  
I don't want to be spread over the bodies bygone,  
I don't want to be offered to the Gods*

*Just pluck me O' Gardener!*

*And throw me on that road,  
which is trampled by brave soldiers who give away their lives for my Motherland ! )*

**JAI HIND, JAI BHARAT!**