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MY ADOLESCENCE : ON SWIMMING THROUGH THE RAINBOW

Whatever philosophers may ever, common sense is pretty well agreed that there is a different morality for youth and age, and a different one according to the station in life.

—W.S. Maugham, *The Novels and Their Authors*(Mandarin) p. 37

Adolescence is a period when one loves to go inside oneself. One is caught in the process of adjusting with the vanishing childhood, and the fast advancing and slowly revealing youth. It is a great transition when one enjoys building a rich rainbow, and then enjoys the raptures of sinking and swimming through the colour bands. This often results in emotional crises: the bands of colours get confused, and melt through each other presenting an assortment of interpenetrating colours. Thus this becomes a sweet-and-sour phase. Its worldview is distinct from what goes with childhood. A gale of creative destruction sweeps over the images and values built and cultivated during childhood. Mysterious demands are made by flesh; and strange urges stimulate the psyche to respond to myriad stimuli. Often strange emotional haze overtakes one's mind. This marks the advent of a phase in which one wishes to row across strange waters negotiating through the crazy rocks and queer creeks of life. It is really a period of "Storm and Stress" The psychologists say that adolescence is roughly between ages of 13 and 17. It comes on tip-toe.

I

SCRIPTING LIFE ON THE FIVE INCHES OF IVORY THROUGH THE STORMS AND STRESSES OF THE WORLD

Whilst my uneventful childhood was through its course, storm was gathering in the world. The chancelleries of the world had sown enough of their morbid deeds of discords to leave no alternative except for humanity to reap the whirlwind. The crescendo of wrath and venom that the imperialists succeeded in spreading in the world led to the horrendous World War II. For almost a decade before it, the cauldron of misdeeds by the politicians generated noxious fumes with which the world suffered, but pursued no effective remedy to make the world safe. The Government of India was actively involved in World War II on

the side of the United Kingdom. The Victory Day was celebrated throughout the British Empire. I was running my eighth year when on 19th May 1945 the Victory Day was celebrated marking the end of Adolf Hitler's Third Reich, and the surrender of Nazi Germany. But World War II raged till Japan surrendered on August 15, 1945. I was in my village playing *gulli-danda* and tending my cows when the governments were driving the world to the verge of total disaster. The villagers were never ruffled by such events as they simply did not know what was happening in lands about which they know nothing. We felt we had no reasons to bother about them. The traditional view, which even the Englishmen held before World War I, was that the foreign affairs were of no concern to the ordinary people. But the devastation brought about by the nuclear blast in Japan wrenched everyone. A story went round that the USA used the *Bramahastra* against Japan killing and maiming thousands of innocent persons: babies, infants, grown-ups and the aged. This nuclear attacks were on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945. Such acts were universally condemned. This news reached us immediately, and everyone condemned the nuclear attacks on Japan. It was this context in which I heard the story of Ashwasthama narrated in the *Mahabharata*. As the relevance of that story has grown more and more after World War II, I would revisit this event in Book III of my Memoir.

II

LOVE THAT LED ME TO OUR CLASSICS: THE FOUNT OF WISDOM AND DELIGHT

By the time I reached the threshold of my adolescence, I had known a lot of stories and poems from classics, epically from the *Ramayana*, the *Ramacharitmanasa*, the *Mahabharata*, the *Panchtantra*, writings of Kalidasa, Bhavabhuti, Vishakhadatta and many other great lights of our classical literature. I express my gratitude towards all those who had helped me develop love for our classics. Now I, in my seventies, wholly share what Lord Hailsham of St. Marylebone, who had been the Lord Chancellor of England, said in his autobiography: *A Sparrow's Flight*:

“Though I cannot complain of the reasons which led to their virtual extinction, I mourn the passing of the Classics. The modern world grew out of the ancient culture of the Western Church in the unreformed Middle Ages, and out of the study of Greek and Latin literature as developed by the scholars of the Renaissance and after. It is impossible to appreciate English, French or German history or literature without some knowledge of their roots in their past, religious and secular. *Cut flowers never produce seed or fruit, and without a vigorous practice of religion and knowledge of the cultural past there is danger that the modern world becomes the prey of eccentrics, hypochondriacs and quacks, or, worse still, criminal lunatics and demoniacs like Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini, and their followers and imitators today who had better remain unnamed.* The study of Classics and the scriptures certainly provided some safeguard against these, and we have not yet found an alternative in contemporary culture.”¹ [Italics supplied]

I have marked with distress the indifference of our young Indians to our classics. Most of our children have not even heard of our classics. Those, who have got some access to them, have got that through the cheap re-told versions made inviting to the eyes with illustrative pictures and diagrams. Such versions of our Classics can serve no good purpose. The resonance of the words in Classics, and the richness of their meaning, cannot be had through cheap visuals. It is our common knowledge that even our university students and the young men recruited to Class I services do not know about our classics except to the extent required to answer the general knowledge questions. Not only our young men are indifferent to them, they even deny their importance. This morbid situation illustrates the 'Slave's syndrome' with which our country seems to suffer these days.

Our Classics have shown with vigour that we all are ethical creatures. We have to perceive our *kartavya-karma* in the changing moments and in the changing contexts. Our Classics say that the two factors which shape human life are, as Tulsidas, said: काल सुभाड करम बरिआई [the factors of Time (Time, Destiny, the Unseen) and *Karma*]. Human history is the story of the operations of these two factors.

I was enrolled as an Advocate about 35 years back, and I have been practicing as an Advocate from 1998 as a member of the Supreme Court Bar of India. I have all along felt that my knowledge of classics helped me in many ways. I have had good reasons to wholly approve the view of Lord Hailsham explaining the importance of the study of Classics, even for lawyers. He said:

"I became a classical specialist and remained so until after I had taken a first degree. The price I paid was that I did not begin my professional training in law until years after most of my contemporaries at the Bar. In mitigation, I can only say that I am quite certain that I was a better lawyer by the time I was forty-five than I would have been if my first degree had been in law, and that, when ultimately I came to be appointed to high office, I was far more suited to it, even as Lord Chancellor, than I would have been without my classical studies and general training in the history of ideas and of the Christian Church."²

III

MY VILLAGE

My village continued to attract me. Whenever I could, I rushed there to meet my mother, my cow and a host of friends, animate and inanimate. I saw the shades of the changing seasons, and marked the stages of the growth of the saplings and crops, and their changing colours and shapes. Most enjoyable time was the period when paddy was ripe for being harvested. My role was to keep a watch over the reapers. Often reclining on the sheaves of seared paddy, I would chew the balls of candy which the village hawkers sold on barter. The chitchats of the romantic reapers were sweeter than the sweets. The environment was very pleasing. The incessant cutting of jokes and the singing of songs by the reapers, while at work, stimulated my young mind to romantic emotions. When the work

of reaping was over and the sheaves were made into bundles, their children and I used to get busy picking up grains which had got scattered on the soil despite the care taken by the reapers to ensure that not to happen. I feel I had become the great philosopher Kanaad, who maintained himself only on the fallen grains picked up from the soil when harvesting was over. What drew me most towards my village was my mother, and next to her my cow which responded to my feelings with great intimacy. It was my duty to look after the cow when I was in my village. Once, when she had body ache and high temperature, I massaged her with mustard oil heated with some medicinal ingredients. She allowed me to squat under her udder to sip her milk as if I were her calf. Some of my finest hours were those when I took her to the nearby grove for grazing. While she, along with her calf, grazed, I jumped from branch to branch plucking guava, mango, or blackberries for my instant consumption.

My most enjoyable perch was the fat mango tree branches in the thick grove adjacent to my house. Loneliness made nature alive and communicative. It was joy to hear the hissing sounds of the leaves kissing each other in the ecstatic wind ruffling them on its rhythm. It was joy to observe doves and sparrows romancing and squirting in their ecstasy. Rapture used to be so intense that even the bite of several red ants would not draw my mind away from them.

Almost every afternoon I went for angling in the nearby huge pond called Ranipokhar, said to have been got dug under the instructions of some Rani (queen), I sat on the *Kadamba* tree's thick root protruding onto the water. I sat at times for hours holding my fishing rod. I used to return home with my catch, I felt I was returning with valuable trophies. I recall those days now sitting before my computer awaiting the Great Angler to withdraw His fishing line so that I might rest in His basket of repose.

IV

I CAME TO DARBHANGA

Sometime towards the end of August 1945, I came to Darbhanga where my father had joined as Headmaster of Mukundi Choudhary High School. I was brought there because in the assessment of my parents I was going wayward in my village, and showed no interest in learning at my village school held every morning under a huge banyan tree. The day I reached Darbhanga, I saw the whole town in the mood of festivity. I saw a lot of banners and posters and placards of all sizes and shapes announcing and glamourising the V-Day. Britain and her allies had won World War II. But it was not unalloyed happiness all around. Many persons wore black bands, and shouted acerbic slogans against the victors. I could learn from them that they intended to express their wrath at the nuclear attacks on Japan by the USA one of whose allies was England. Our elders were eagerly awaiting our country's freedom from the British yoke. We were sure of our freedom soon because of our sacrifice and verve. England too had fallen into a worse predicament than ever before. She had wrought that fate for herself through her misadventures in World War II.

That great day came on August 15, 1947 when our country declared her independence. The phase of slavery that had begun with the Battle of Plassey (1757), and the Treaty of Allahabad (1765), ended at the stroke of the midnight

hour; when the world was asleep, India awoke to her freedom. The celebration of this Independence Day was marked with remarkable verve. Joy of people overbrimmed everywhere. Sweets were distributed at all the schools. I was one of those who decorated our school. Songs were sung, and *kavi-sammelans* (the gathering of the poets) were organised at several places. Patriotic songs, and the songs depicting the heroic deeds of our freedom fighters, were recited everywhere. All the buildings, and all the hovels, had been decorated with thick *ashoka* leaves studded with marigold. It seemed that time had come when all, high and low, would live with happiness and dignity. We felt that we had reached a point where everyone could live following the motto which Arjuna had set for himself: *na dainyam, na palayanam* (no cringing and no abdication of duty). This mood of jubilation lasted for about a fortnight, and then matured into the general hope for the great and good days ahead. I belonged to a family of freedom fighters. My father saw his great dream come true. Our expectations, and serious apprehensions of our freedom-fighters, found expression in a number of popular songs including that well-known song from the Hindi film *Jagriti* (1954): “ *Hum layein hai toofan se kisti nikaalke, Is desh ko rakhanamere bachhesambhalke,...*” (We have rowed through storms the boat of our motherland to our destination: Freedom. Dear sons and daughters of this land, protect and save it forever.) Prof Arun Kumar of the JNU has well said: “In a 1958 movie, “ *Phir Subaha Hogi*,” Mukesh singing with pathos, “ *Woh subaha kabhi to ayegi*” (That morning will come sometime), epitomized the dream of the common Indians of the fifties and the sixties....Sixty years after Independence the shreds of this dream are not even left in the dustbins of those in power and supposedly guiding the destiny of this nation. That dream has been blown away in the hurricane of achieving 9 per cent growth”. But more on this in the Book III of my Memoir.

It was 30 January 1948: We heard on the All India Radio that Mahatma Gandhi was shot dead in New Delhi whilst on his way to the Prayer Meeting. I did not have a radio. I rushed to my neighbour’s house to hear all that had happened to that great soul. Our nation was in gloom. For several days I didn’t see an eye which did not have a film of tears. Sombre silence was broken only by frequent shrieks and sobs of the mourning crowds of all communities. We all fasted that day, and conducted prayers. The story of Gandhi’s assassination is so widely known that I must not give you more details about it. But it amazed me, and the amazement remains unabated over all the years, to see how Death came to him as a supplicant seeking his life while he was on way to the Prayer Meeting. The way he died was just his offering of his life at the feet of the Lord, with the holiest of all mantras ‘Hey Rama’ (Oh God). Death could not have come in a better way. Strange. Whenever I look back on my life, I feel great that I lived in an era in which a man like Gandhi was amidst us.

V

THE LOITERER

My schooling began in my village. The school was held on the veranda of a benevolent and altruistic widow, related distantly to us. I was sent to the Kurson Middle English School, the only pucca building in my village then. I studied there

for about a year. My parents decided not to allow me to continue learning there as a regular student as they were not happy with my ways. Whenever my mother could know about my escapade from the school, she sent her maid servant to discover me for being taken to task. But she seldom succeeded in finding me out as I used to lie between the rear wall of the ancient temple and the mound of the rolled-up old massive *samiyana* which could shelter more than one thousand heads. I still wonder how I could be so indifferent to snake bites as that structure abounded with snakes and lizards of all sorts. At times I felt these creatures crawled on my body with nonchalance. Those days the offenders in our village were like the pirates against whom anybody could proceed to reprimand. Finding me crouched and hiding, my mother's maidservant erupted at me in anger. I felt my whole self melted in the molten lava. My mother's anger was a terrible cloudburst which drove me into some bush to cry and sob. Finding me incorrigible, she sent me out to Darbhanga. I was dragged to that place as if I were a bleating little lamb tagged to a lead in the hands of some unseen powerful force.

But before my formal admission to Class VIII at M.L. Academy in 1950, I studied for two years at the Middle School near the Court campus at Laheriasarai. The school began everyday with a prayer. Students and teachers lined up to sing Maithili Saran Gupta's *Sitapate Sitapate Sitapate* from his celebrated *Bharat Bharti*. This book was most popular amongst the students those days. This book sang the glories of Mother India, and of our great culture. Teachers invariably wore the 'Gandhi cap'; and most of the students did the same. Impact of Gandhi was great on the way we lived and thought. At the school, the most interesting periods were those devoted to *Antakshari* in which my performance was rated the best. We were supposed to recite a few lines from songs and verses which began with the letter with which the earlier quotation had ended. There were certain norms governing the game. Quotations from the film songs were not permitted. My most enjoyable situations were when I ran short of appropriate quotations, but instantly composed my own lines making them pass for some poet's composition. I succeeded in deceiving my fellows, but it was not possible to deceive my teachers. They just smiled at the skill of a budding poetaster.

While returning from the Middle School I never missed loitering in the District Court campus at Laheriasarai, or in the areas adjoining to that.

Loitering was a pleasure which I valued. It gave me an opportunity to concentrate on the shifting moments, and advancing steps without any destination. I could gaze on things which charmed me, or hear voices I loved; but what I enjoyed most was loitering as such just to see yet not see, hear and yet not hear: just floating this way or that. Much of my time I spent loitering in the Court campus. The creatures in the black coat fascinated me. Later, I could discover that they were the advocates ready enough to plead anyone's case, if paid. As my father had often referred to the Court of the District Judge which had freed him from jail in 1943, once I went inside that court room in which I saw things going on which appeared to me noise and antics of eccentrics. Whilst some seemed to be inspired gladiators, others stood with blank face. Those who spoke, spoke in some funny language, a strange mix of Hindi and English. Outside the court

rooms I moved jostling with crowds busy with things wholly beyond me. But I had many reasons to get amazed and amused.

Most of the time while loitering in the Court, I watched the play of the monkeys well trained in their performing art. In the campus, at many spots, magic shows went on. But what I enjoyed most was the song that an old couple sang. They sang the heroic ballad of the great fighters Aallha and Udal of Mohoba. They sang with flourish and with full-throated ease whilst their nimble fingers ceaselessly struck the drums they held. They sat near the outer gate of the office of the property registrar where all sorts of persons streamed in and out. The rhythm of their heroic songs captivated every one who heard them. I found the story of these great fighters extremely interesting. In fact, there is a specific style of singing 'Aallha and Udal'. In 1992, I went to Mohoba from Hamirpur in Uttar Pradesh. I heard this ballad sung by the traditional singers of that place.

VI

AT M.L. ACADEMY

In 1950, I was admitted to Class VIII at M.L. Academy, Laheriasarai. I studied at M.L. Academy for four years from 1950 to 1954, from Class VIII to my Secondary School Examination. Its headmaster Shri Jhingur Kumar was a strict disciplinarian. He kept distance from everyone yet none could escape his notice. We felt he was omnipresent. Nobody's trick could evade his watching eyes. But his fatherly affection humanised his strict discipline, and endeared him to all.

The School had a set of very distinguished teachers. Professor Mahesh Sharma was a distinguished Hindi Scholar. He had written some interesting novels of which I liked *Dil Ke Phaphole* in which he had expressed his most deeply felt emotions. He could not excuse blemishes in prose whether English, Hindi, Sanskrit, or Maithili. His Hindi was dominated with Sanskrit words. He felt, and I think rightly, that for expressing profound and complex ideas there was no option but to draw on the vast treasure of Sanskrit. He made us study with great care Ramachandra Verma's *Hindi Prayog* and *Achhi Hindi* so that our Hindi language could be free from blemishes. Gopal Babu was a brilliant English teacher who took us to task even for a small linguistic lapse. He made us go through H.W. Fowler's *Kings English* and *Modern English Usage*. He considered the study of Grammar essential. He fed us on *Nesfield's English Grammar*. His frown made us shiver. Shri Mahakant Jha taught us Sanskrit. He had himself written a good book on Sanskrit Grammar. His class was most hilarious. His anecdotes and witty remarks made us chuckle again and again but we always maintained restraints. I did not take the study of Sanskrit seriously. This was my misfortune. Shri Chandranath Mishra "Amar" was one of the major Maithili poets. He was an excellent teacher, and a noble soul. He taught me prosody because I was often composing poems to recite at the frequently held *kavi sammelans* (gathering of poets). He always stressed on maintaining the purity of sound. He inspired us to work for the introduction of Maithili (our mother tongue) in the syllabus. We struggled for this, and by the time I passed Class IX, Maithili got that status. Shri Shiva Shankar Choudhary developed my interest in

history. History fascinated me. I had a lot of interest in history, and I studied it comprehensively. I wrote the *Bharat Ki Aitihāsik Jhalak* (1954) whilst I was a student of Class XI. The book was published with the financial help from my mother. Prof. K.K. Mishra, who taught me history for four years at C.M. College, commented on my book:

“The history of any country is best understood when studied in its social, economic, political and cultural aspects. The writer has spared no pains in analysing such aspects throughout the book.”

Mohini Babu was the Crafts teacher. We had to work at spinning wheel every day. I had my own *narvarachakra*, a personal spinning wheel. We worked at the spinning wheel with a sense of sacred commitment.

Those days our school had assigned a tiny plot of land to each student in the school campus to conduct primary and secondary agricultural or horticultural operations thereon. One period was prescribed for this work every day. It was really a great experiment. We learnt the dignity of labour in the agricultural field, besides we learnt how the things planted grew day by day. Seeing them grow thus was joyous experience. But now this system of training has gone. Now, who remembers Gandhi?

At the Secondary School Examination 1954, a passage in Hindi was set requiring us to render that into English. I remember it as it stuck in my mind because it stated something extremely important. The central theme of the passage ran thus:

“A student of a foreign language can be its scholar but not its creative artist. A genius expresses himself best in his native language.”

What it says is a fact. Madhusudan Datta and Aurobindo wrote great epics in English language yet could not acquire that eminence which they should have got. Conrad acquired a unique distinction of writing great novels in ‘a learnt language’. But even he was considered “careless of some conventions of the average English taste”. (Prof. Cazamian in Legouis and Cazamian’s *History of English Literature* p. 1334). Of late much is being said in appreciation of the writings of the Indo-Anglian writers. These days new books are launched in the market under high pressure advertisement resembling the ‘sales promotion’ of the new brands of toothpaste. Politics is involved in promoting English in the countries which once upon a time were the colonies of British Empire. I still believe that the ideas set forth in the passage, which I had rendered into English, are correct, and worth our serious consideration.

VII

KAVI SAMMELAN (THE GATHERING OF THE POETS)

During my adolescence I developed a craze for listening to the poetry recitations in the *Kavi Sammelans* organized frequently at several places in Laheriasarai, the most noteworthy place was the Kamla Memorial Library, very adjacent to my house. A good number of listeners gathered there to listen to the

poems in sessions generally lasting for two hours. I too composed poems which got appreciation in some of the *kavi-sammelans*. The dead weight of intellect had not deadened my aesthetic sensibility. But now we see the *Kavi Sammelanis* going out of fashion. In this strange world only such things can survive which can be turned into commercial wares. Paintings have acquired commercial importance in this capitalist society.

VIII

THE BRAHMACHRYASHRAMA: OUR WAY OF LOOKING AT SEX

The western psychologists say that during adolescence one is most often troubled by Fear and Sex. Physical and psychological changes occur in this phase. Adolescence brings about hormonal changes. As a result, sexual feelings spring up to condition inter-personal relationship, to add inviting fragrance and romance to human body, to weave new dreams and hopes. But I would not agree with Bertrand Russell that the idealistic feelings are “an unconscious sublimation of sex, and an attempt to escape from reality.” Over all the years I have reflected on Freud’s ideas. I was never appreciative of Freud who noticed sex as the primal force at work in all human activities. I have been led to feel that it was Freud who generated sexual libertinism; and it was Marx who freed people from the sense of responsibility by stating that things and conditions were the product of social forces alone. An individual in the West, thus, became liberated from all responsibilities.

Our philosophy of life:

Our tradition believed in a structured life in four stages each one of 25 years: conventionally called *Brahmacharya* stage (student, devoted to learning and acquiring skill), *Grahastha* stage (householder, involved in procreation, and discharging obligations), *Vanprastha* stage (forest recluse, involving gradual withdrawal from the personal worldly obligations, but working for the good of all), and *Sannyasa* stage (free supersocial man, when one pursues one’s spiritual goals for *mukti*). The *Isavasyopanishad* says: ‘One should live for 100 years by being always at work’ Aurobindo considered this view of life-pattern as “the most original and indeed unique”. My father believed that this pattern was the best for pursuing holistically the objectives of life we call *purusartha* that expresses itself in the pursuit of *dharma*, *karma*, *artha* and *moksha*. These terms have no synonyms, and are not capable of being translated into any of the European languages. A language is always shaped and conditioned by the *zeitgeist* (‘spirit of the time’ the ‘outlook characteristic of a period or generation’) that helps it to grow. We believe, contrary to what many others believe, these aforesaid objectives in life are not sequential, not even consequential, rather they are supremely compatible with each other, and can go together differing only in predominance and accent from a stage to stage, and also in the medium and mode of expression. It is wrong to translate ‘*kama*’ as ‘sex’ as it is often done in the West. ‘*Kama*’ is just ‘creative energy’ which expresses itself in pursuing other *purusarthas*. Its continuous transformation is natural as without it nothing else can ever be done. The stage of *Brahmacharya* is unique, as during this period one requires ‘*Kama*’

to learn wisdom and acquire skills for responding to the challenges to come later in life. Even in this period of one's life, one comes to know of the value of 'artha' as without it human existence is inconceivable, comes to recognize the value 'dharma' because wisdom and knowledge cannot be gained without it, and comes to feel the value of 'moksha' as the final pursuits in human existence. These terms have great creative richness that is context-specific. A most remarkable feature of this sort of life-pattern is what is not obvious. The beauty of life's poetry is infinitely rich: it expresses itself in one's spiritual evolution through the right attainments of the different objectives. Life's objectives have been exhaustively expressed in Hindu eschatology thus formulated. Life becomes the flame of an earthen lamp (*pradeep*), the flame that sheds light, and goes up, and up. . . .

The aforementioned reflections, with their philosophic import, are based on what I heard from my father in one of those evening instructions that he provided in his capacity as the *guru* at my sacred thread ceremony. He not only said but also illustrated those ideals in his life.

The present consumerism has terribly disturbed and undermined our view of life. The consumerist agenda cannot be implemented unless more and more desires are generated in human minds. Whilst all the sections of people are the targets of this psychological engineering, the prime targets are children and the aged. Through television and other advertising means, a mass society is being created in which we are deluded to develop a craze for lusty desires, making the humans themselves saleable commodities governed by the market forces. The corporations, which rule the world, would consider the ideas governing the different stages of life stated above, greatly prejudicial to the market forces that rule the world these days.

IX

THE MYSTERIES

Of all the fears, the worst is of Death. I had the misfortune to see in my early years several dear ones die. I was about 10 when my lovely cousin sister died of malaria. Her six children too passed away within a few months. They too died of malaria. My grandfather and grandmother too died, of course, of old age. Several other deaths occurred: some on account of snake bite, but most others were believed on account of the exercise of black magic and witchcraft. With so many deaths occurring in quick succession, I felt that even my own death was fast nearing. As I had not known much about life, I was not worried about my death. My mother sensed my state of mind, and helped me to get over my sinister dread. Through several religious lores she succeeded in restoring my faith in life. She built up my sagging self-confidence almost the way Krishna had engineered Arjuna's inner self to acquire harmony and high creativity in the battle-field of the Mahabharata. The greatest event which altered my worldview, and helped me to get rid of Fear in all its manifestations, was the *mantra* that my mother gave me in a secret ceremony. *Amantra* is a secret instruction given in words with mystical import. It is meant to be recited every day.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

- 1 Lord Hailsham of St Marylebone, *A Sparrow's Flight* p. 38
- 2 Lord Hailsham of St Marylebone, *A Sparrow's Flight* p. 39