

## Subhashita 12. Old habits die hard.

My kids and i had just spent a fun evening at the garden and were on our way back home. As we walked through the by-lanes, we passed by the neighbourhood school ground. The whole place was lit up with lights and a sign outside declared the reception of a couple who had only that morning been brought together in holy matrimony.

Wedding receptions= Good food. So tempted was i to just step right in and partake of the feast! Who'd stop us? The groom's relatives would think that we were either relatives or friends of the bride and the bride's family would believe us to be from the groom's side. Unfortunately we weren't dressed for the occasion and it just would not have been possible to pull it off. And so we trudged back home dreaming of a dinner that could have been.

Going through my Subhashita collection a few days later, i came across this one.....

अस्माकं बदरीचक्रं, युष्माकं बदरीतरुः।  
बादरायणसम्बन्धात् यूयं यूयं, वयं वयम् ॥

The story goes that guests arrived at a couple's place in a cart. The man of the house thought that they were his wife's relatives and welcomed them warmly. The lady of the house, seeing her husband's reaction to the guests, believed them to be his relatives. The guests stayed on for many days and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. On the day of their departure, the man thought it necessary to figure out just how these people were related to his wife. At the question, the guests laughed..... The wheel of our cart is made of Badri-wood, at your door is the Badri tree. Our relationship is just that! You are you and we are we.

i do believe that i must have been that guest so many births ago. Old habits die real hard.