



## Who Am I?, by

A mother and her young son went to the busy market place and got separated. After frantically searching for her son throughout the market, his mother finally found him playing beside a toy stall "Weren't you worried when you got lost?" cried the mother. The boy replied, "I was not lost, I was here all the time."

Amidst the anomalies and mysteries of life, we are often dumbfounded and lost. But this is not very surprising considering that even a very basic question -- who are you? -- can quite easily stumble most of us; if we ask someone that question, we are likely to get many different responses. The funnier thing is that the same person will answer differently at various stages of his/her life. This is simple proof of the ambiguity behind this question. In fact, with the advent of Quantum Physics, even science is confused about the question. So what is the common solution to this enigma? Evading it. Most people just forget about the question and continue with their lives as if the question weren't important. But that seems rather silly; how can one operate something without knowing what it is? Perhaps that is the reason for our misery. Perhaps upon understanding ourselves, we will find the roots of our happiness and sorrow.

Finding ourselves isn't an external journey; instead, when we find our self within us, we will be reminded of the little boy's words - "I was here all the time." Meditation, then, is our noble attempt to answer this most basic question.