



From the CGDA's Desk

Time it is now for me to say goodbye to you – all you members of my extended family! This is one last time I write from this desk. It won't be any further, since I move out from this desk and I won't be able to speak with you the way I have the last four months. I feel sad and a touch nostalgic, even a trifle bewildered if my life would be complete without the periodic messages I wrote from this very desk, and I had gotten used to it over this short time. Every time I sat here in front of the blank laptop screen, I had wondered if I do have any thoughts to convey, and if any idea came to my empty mind whether I'll be able to pluck them and string them into words and stitch the words together to form whole sentences that convey any sense and meaning. But I have gone on from time to time, regardless of the senselessness of my acts. How pompous and self-important one can get! You can sure accuse me of that. I too am human!

Let me admit before you the reason of my impudence – this plain presumptuousness on my part that was so much in display. It is you all who granted me the strength, the energy. I drew my courage from this fount you offered me unstintingly, only bolstered very time when some of you met me or when I visited any office in Delhi or in any other station. The warmth and affection that you displayed and conveyed perked me up and gave me the kind of energy that was far, far beyond anything I knew I was capable of. I went about my job with a vigour and a gung-ho spirit that was quite alien to me or was beyond the bounds of my fertile imagination or wildest dream. I am ever so grateful to you all. No thanks would be enough from my being.

The 4 months I spent here passed like a whirl. It feels unreal but it is real. Today afternoon while talking to a senior colleague in my room I looked out the window. I saw vehicles zipping past in the road in front, the lawn looked lush green to my tired old pair of eyes, the metro chugged along in the distance, and the world appeared such a wonderful place to live in. I couldn't help blurting out that I'm seeing things something I hadn't seen before! It was a naïve, stupid statement, but it was true. Not that I'd never looked out at the world from my chair. Not that the world had suddenly become a wonderful place. The truth is: I was enjoying my outer environs the first time from my room. It felt good. I felt delighted. And that was because I was enjoying now something which was always there but I never did before, at least from this very room.

I thought over it over lunch. The reason was not far to seek. My priorities here were different. I wanted to pack in as much as I could from this room, for I knew that I cannot do the same elsewhere or at a later date. Things I have tried to do are already in the public domain and I needn't say anything more. Transparency has worked like magic, empowering all. Fairness and objectivity is the jingle already sculpted into the system. It has come to stay. I have come to realize now, more than ever before, how powerful a weapon this seemingly innocuous *transparency* is. To be honest, it has exceeded my wildest imagination. Transfers and postings should be predictable now – on principles and open for everyone to see the processes, not just the outcome.

On many other such issues that I've initiated I'll be leaving a Note behind for my Successor to take forward. I'm confident it shall take its assigned path that transparency has granted us. I'll look upon it with benign eyes. Bye then one final time. It's already 9.45 pm and I'm still at the desk! I shouldn't linger over it any further. Tomorrow is our DAD Day and the day is packed with activities. My best wishes to all the members of Team DAD! I bow out now with words still leaping to my lips (sorry, fingers!) but I must wind down here, and not tarry. Many, many thanks for your support, warmth and affection. The world's a small place and I'm sure we'll meet some day, some time!