

dogs barking make up the scene. We had our first meeting in the hallway outside our rooms. First discussion . . . What day is it? We concluded it was 4 a.m. on Monday. I have no orientation or reference point. Nothing is familiar. I think the giant rat behind the money exchange booth at the Bombay airport is an omen for the trip.

**6/15** It is almost impossible to describe. I change between moments of incredible joy and

fearful panic. I switch from feelings of "I want out of here" - to - "I can't believe I'm here." The smell of the Bombay streets is hard to take at times, and yet pleasant. It's a mixture of garbage, mud, and human and animal waste with a touch of jasmine flowers and sandalwood incense. There is a constant noise of honking horns.

## 6/18 Arrival at Boys' Village

We are finally experiencing the open space of the country in the

villages and farm lands. The air is clean, and there are a million palm and coconut trees. It's simply beautiful. Driving away from the city is like going back in time. Hundreds of years do not seem to have passed for most of these rural people. Oxen are plowing the fields alongside rusty old tractors that belong in a Nebraska museum. The bus barely slows down for the women winnowing grain on the roadside. We are a hundred miles from any tourist attraction. I like that very much.

18

Still smiling after two planes and a two and one-half hour bus ride, Robert Zorad bears the mark of the Boys' Village welcoming party. Resembling the local super hero, Robert quickly became known as Shakti Man!

At 6:45 each morning, the boys learn inner focus while practicing Tai Chi, under the guidance of Dawn Lyttle. Ms. Lyttle is a volunteer from the Channel Islands, who learned Tai Chi while traveling in Thailand.

Carpenters work on wood inlay for tabernacle.



This woman is one of several cooks at the Boys' Village.



This old beggar woman makes her living posing for photographs and asking for handouts. Her earlobes sag from the burden of the large gold earrings she must have worn earlier in life. Most likely her husband died, leaving her to become a beggar or a servant in her mother-in-law's home. She either chose the former or was refused by her husband's family as an additional burden and mouth to feed.

**"Some of these boys are really starting to steal my heart. they all want human contact. They are constantly touching my arms and legs, holding my hand."**