

THE CHAOS OF RELIGION

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“This is my simple religion. There is no need for temples, mosques, or churches; no need for complicated philosophy. Our own brain, our own heart is the temple; and the philosophy is kindness.” – Dalai Lama

Religion. It is a word a bit too complicated for a humble human being like me to explain. Most scholars describe religion as “the worship or belief in a superhuman controlling power” or “a unified system of customs and practices relative to sacred things.” However, in the contemporary world, the connotation of this word is deemed controversial and may vary from one to another.

I was not “born” a Hindu. When I was young, my parents took me to Hindu temples and introduced me to a way of life called Hinduism. That sparked a sense of interest within me like most children, and I chose to practice this way of life. However, my religion never

preached me to alienate myself from people following a slightly different culture. Growing up, I was surrounded by acquaintances from diverse religions and denominations. My Muslim friends would come over and get drenched in gulaal waters during Holi, the chiming of bells and melodious carols resonated in the neighbourhood throughout December, and Eid, for me, meant the supremely delicious and aromatic biryani that Aisha’s mother prepared.

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With passing days, the veil that clouded my innocent vision was slowly being torn off. Religion was no longer about devotion; it merely radiated the morality in its definition. Religion was now a weapon of the savage. The once sweet-hearted child now did not think twice about slaughtering his brother



from a different denomination, in the name of religion. Seven decades later, we are still graced by goosebumps as we remember the gruesome aftermath of the partition. Tears stream down our faces as words about the cruel Pulwama attack are exchanged in our dining rooms. Our hearts cried out for those young children who were robbed of their lives during the Gujarat riots of 2002.

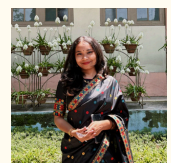
In theory, our world is moving towards an age of acceptance. However, reality offers a stark divergence. In fact, it is quite ironic that the ones sermonizing and vocalizing about the virtues of a religion, are the same people who bend their morals and words according to their benefit.

Using God as a mere excuse to exercise their diabolical rationale is the lowest level of the pit that an individual can stumble upon. According to the supreme lord, all of us on earth are his children. Assuming the role of God and deciding the fate of our fellow human beings will only pave the way for our own destruction.

No religion teaches us to instill pain upon the other. There must be numerous theories and ideologies, but at the bottom line, every religion asks us to be kind and warm, to celebrate brotherhood and love all. God is way above our fickle nomenclature, he must not be underestimated. He is not someone we should be afraid of; he is the one generating strong will among us. God is our protector, not our destructor.

Amidst all the grandeur that the word religion holds now, it is slowly losing its real essence and significance. Sprinkling the term occasionally without understanding its actual reference is being normalised. That is why we, as a community, must take charge and alert the budding generations about the consequences of the ongoing events; along with how to undo its effects. It is indeed a hefty task, but the world revolves around hope.

As I conclude, I pray for all the innocent souls and their families who lost their lives in the heinous shackles of “religious affairs.”



Meet Bhaswati, a postgraduate student from the Department of English, SXCJ. A lover of the arts coupled with bits of chaos, she bears a sweet inclination towards the dark academic world. She also shares a paired love for photography and everything nature. Beware though, for she might overshare at times- love, care, and even important details of her life!

