

The coconut tree

In November 1992, I was on holiday in Mauritius. I was staying with my mum and Swami visited us almost every day. One very hot day he came by the house to visit us. We sat down and shared some refreshing coconut water that our neighbour had sent over. Later, Swami went into the back garden. He looked up at our coconut tree, which was drooping with several heavy bunches of more than fifty coconuts, and said to my mum, "Why doesn't uncle get these lovely coconuts down for aunty to drink?"

Mum replied, "We need to wait until they are ripe".

"But they seem to be very good now".

Mum insisted, "No, no, they are not ready yet. They don't have the proper colour".

"Mhmhmmh! Mhmhmmh", was all he said.

We were eating jackfruit and mangoes. After some time, Swami decided to leave and said goodbye. As he was heading towards the gate, we heard a big BANG from behind the house. We all ran to the back garden. I was the first one to arrive and to my great surprise, the branch holding all the coconuts had broken and the bunch of fifty coconuts were lying on the ground!

Swami said, "Come on, come on, get an axe now". He started cutting the coconuts. They were nice and creamy, with lots of water inside. We all sat down and enjoyed the tasty coconut fruit and water.

I couldn't believe my eyes. That was one of the first miracles I witnessed. He was fourteen years old at the time, and the coconut tree is still there to remind me of the experience, which is still so vivid in my memory.