At the end of the race the spotlight, the prizes, the ovation and the glory descends upon the athlete. But when he rises to bow down to the cheers of the stadium, an uncanny quiet beholds him, he looks to the evening sky and sends a silent prayer to the stars shedding their light on him from the highest gallery above. For he knows that though it was *his* legs that ran the race, it were those stars above that took his hand and taught him to walk.

This work is dedicated to the eternal memory of two of the most influential people in my life, who departed from me before I could complete the race – my guide Dr. C.V. Asokan and my mother - Rebecca George. They carried a lamp in their souls that lit the path for me to walk and even when it looks blown out, the lamp continues to spread its light inside me.