



In the book, *The Little Prince*, he says: “You know, one loves the sunset, when one is so sad.”

However, in Sri Lanka, it’s quite the opposite.

I remember this moment, when the fiery gold lights of sunset were shining its last ray of the day, instead of sadness, people cheered and even sang songs for the incredible and magical beauty of the gleaming.

Here in Ceylon, one loves the sunset, when one is so happy, so delightful for beauty and so grateful for live.



It’s a tropical island, a pearl that sparkle the bright silver in the Indian Ocean.

It’s a developing country, poor, used to be colonized, had been attacked by tsunami.

Yet, it survived, beautiful as ever, and it will be prosperous, again.

Here, you don’t hear worries or complains, you don’t bump into a sorrow face in the road.

You see smiles. Everywhere. Anytime.

They don’t speak very fluent English but that’s never the problem.

They smile at you, reach out to you; give you a hand when you are in need.

And, when you smile back to them, you will know that hundreds of languages all around the world but smile can beat them all.

