

THE PIONEER

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Digitally yours

Sanjay K Bose

When I stand before the pearly gates of heaven, I am likely to be refused admittance because I would not be able to recall my name and address properly. Saint Peter is probably going to sniff and wag his finger at me and send me down to hell as the identification requirements there are probably much more lax.

My memory tends to clam up in moments of stress leaving me fumbling for even the most basic information about myself. Even if Saint Peter is kind enough to allow me one phone call to my wife, it might not help matters as I tend to forget that number as well. Take the case when I was held up late at work in Brisbane and wanted to call home and tell my wife about it. Trying as hard as I could, I could not recall our number and decided to call my friend Dave and ask him.

He, of course, thought it was a bad joke on my part and refused to help. When I finally reached home and told this to my wife, she refused to accept the alibi!

My argument that our home telephone number is something that others are more likely to remember than me, did not cut much ice with her either.

Perhaps, my wife should have been kinder as she knows how forgetful I can get at times. That explains why she has literally given up on my being able to remember such important dates as birthdays and wedding anniversaries on time. I mean, I generally need gentle prodding and discreet hints to remind me when I am at home. This becomes more of a problem when I am travelling. So I was justifiably proud of my mental feat of remembering our wedding anniversary far away in Melbourne and called up my wife to wish her.

Unfortunately, it turned out that I had called a day too early and my wife has still not forgiven me for that breach of basic marital ethics. It was no use my pointing out that calling one day too early was far better than forgetting all about it and calling one day too late. Neither were her feelings assuaged by my story of how I once wished a friend "Happy Birthday" exactly a month in advance by mistake.

She rightly pointed out that that friend has never forgiven me for this either. Thus, my technologically savvy friends advised that what I really needed was a digital organiser with all the facts and information at my finger tips.

I was proud of my investment and worked fine for a while until a more paranoid friend advised me that I should secure all that information by a password just in case the organiser is stolen. I did that too, only that now, I have actually forgotten the password!

Like they say, I am back to being my old fumbling self again with no plausible help from any expected quarter!



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