

This is Iran, Yazd, the Senior Home of Yazd.

**A happy world for the older generation.
Porouchista2.**

He has covered his face with his cap. He is fast asleep. According to a famous saying he is taking a sun bath:

a sun bath joined with the beautiful singing of nightingale and sparrows,
and sometimes a crow.

It is an hour or two that this old man is sitting in his armchair, in the front yard of Porouchista2.



All seem to look the same, happy and unconcerned. Here no one will criticize at their clothes or their dressing up.



It is Porouchista2 Charity Institute in Yazd.

Members are seniors who have gathered here from all corners of Yazd.
There are about 99 of them here.



They come here from 7 am and do whatever they like. Here everything is free of charge.

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I take a look around the yard. In a corner a few are doing exercise.

One is sitting on the swing, another is doing exercise and another is taking a peaceful walk.



The parlor of the Institute is another world.

The seniors are seated all around the parlor. One is playing the tambourine.

Another has his specs on and is trying his best to read the Shahnameh.



It is Yazd here, Porouchista Charity Home. It is two years that it has opened and giving service to Zoroastrian seniors in Yazd.

Old men and women come here from morning. They take their breakfast here, they chat together, do exercise and sing songs together.



14 Bahman (4 February) is the anniversary of this Center.

I move on. A doctor is checking one of the members. The patient is laughing away. I never saw a patient laughing so heartily.



A little farther, in a corner, there is a room with one bed. If someone wants to take a nap he/she can take a quiet nap here.



There is a TV here. Those who are interested to watch the TV and the football matches or their favourite movies can sit here and join those who are watching the TV.



In Porouchista2 sweets and pastry are regularly distributed.

Who knows, maybe that lady who is stretching here hand to take one piece is counting the amount of sweet stuff she's had that day to keep an account! Maybe she's diabetic!

You and me are young and won't understand what it means to keep account of the sweets one has!



The old ladies gather here and play tambourine and whoever is more confident of her voice starts singing.



Green with red flowers, pink with purple flowers, blue with yellow and pink flowers are colors that ladies use here for their dresses.

Here, even the dresses seem to smile.



For lunch the traditional soup (abgoosht) is served, with raw onion and other side dishes.

There seems to be no perplexity in relationships.

Everyone is smiling and laughing.

The soup is distributed among all. Everyone is free to take as much as he/she likes.



How good this soup tastes here with everyone talking and laughing

Courtesy : Phil Masters