

CENTENARY YEAR



2010-2011

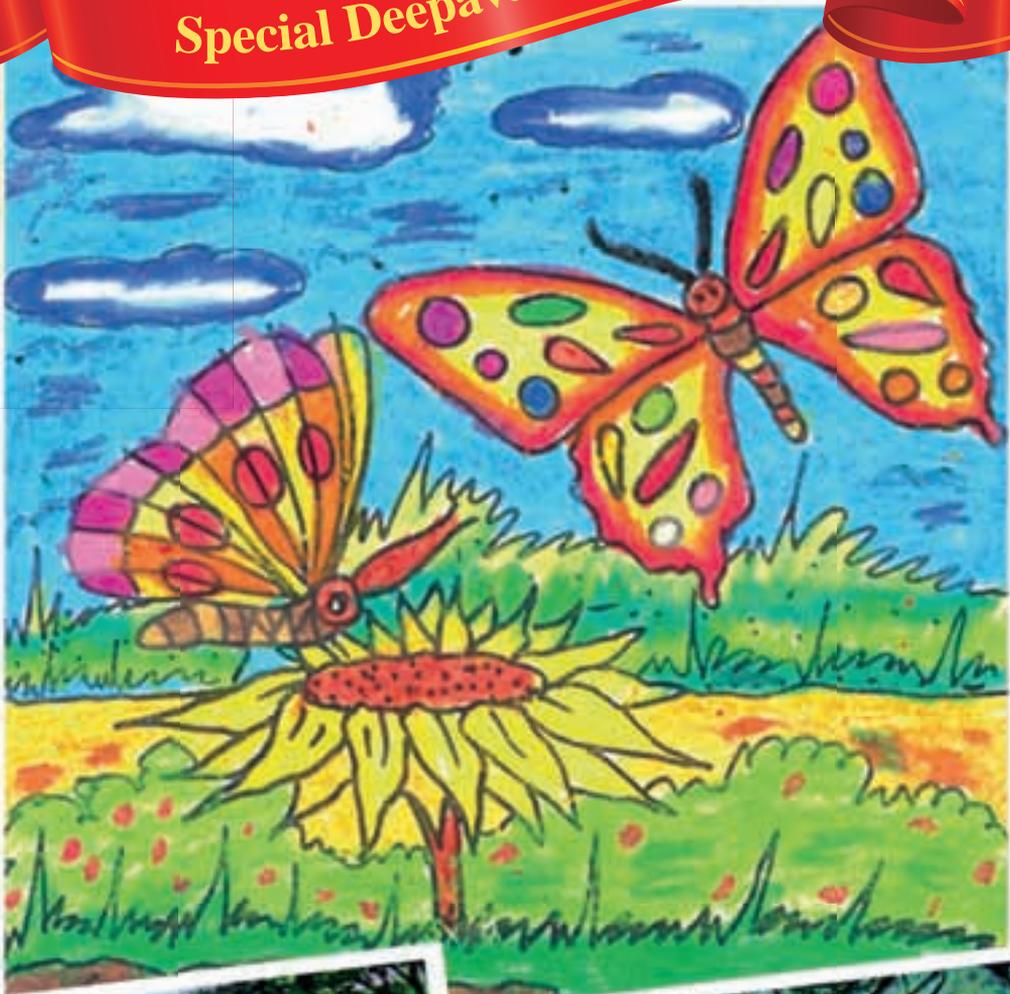
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Vol. 92, No. 11, November 2011

Kanara Saraswat

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF KANARA SARASWAT ASSOCIATION

Special Deepavali Issue - 2011





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Kanara Saraswat Association

**Grand Finale Of our CENTENARY YEAR
on 26th NOVEMBER 2011**

Venue : NEHRU CENTRE, WORLI

Time: 5.00 pm onwards.

*We are pleased to announce that
His Holiness Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji
has consented to grace the occasion with
His Presence and bless us.*

Programme: Sabha Prarambha Prarthana and Deep Prajwalan
Welcome speech by Suresh Hemmady, President KSA
Children's Dance on Devi Stuti
Abridged Drama "CHITRAPUR VAIBHAV" (40 minutes)
(Directed by Bipin Nadkarni)

INTERVAL

Felicitation of Eminent Chitrapur Saraswats
Speech by Dr. Frank Conlon
Release of abridged Census Report
Vote of Thanks
Aashirvachan by His Holiness
Sabha Samapti

Free passes for the function can be collected from

KSA office after 12th November.

Contact for enquiries : 23802263.



From the President's Desk....

Success.....a 7 letter word with 7 different connotations which ultimately add up to that zenith of ecstasy.

- S – sincerity personified
- U – uber cool, calm and collected
- C – convincing ability
- C – clarity of thoughts
- E – enthusiastically energetic
- S – supreme confidence
- S – surprisingly different

Success is the most sought after albeit the most difficult thing to maintain. What is this success after all? How does one become successful? And after being successful, how does one continue to remain successful? Pertinent questions with multiple answers and endless permutations and combinations.

To answer the first question....Success is a multi-faceted personal concept. It means different things to different people....money, power, fame, academic excellence, multiple degrees, multiple assets....to each his own.

To respond to the second....Have you heard of the KOKO factor (Keep On Keeping on)? Success is directly proportionate to this factor. Small things, repeated over and over again, are vastly more powerful and influential than big things done just once. Truly successful people realize that meaningful, lasting success does not, rather definitely cannot, come overnight. Great accomplishments are not one-time efforts, but rather the culmination of a long line of repeated hard work continued in the face of any and all hurdles. Ralph Marston has given a very apt example viz., the gold-medal Olympic swimmer does not just show up at the competition and win the race. For years beforehand, she practices her start, her stroke, her turn, her breathing, fine-tuning each aspect to the nth degree. Often the race is won by mere hundredths of a second. Yet the effort needed to win that race is measured in years.

As regards the third....To remain successful, one needs to continue with the initial consistent, determined, focused effort. Rather than to ensure that you are at the right place at the right time, you should be at the right place ALL the time. Be proactive, be alert, be agile and be as committed, passionate and energetic as you were when you initially started off on your success journey. The only real limitation on your abilities.... is the level of your Desire. If you want it badly enough, there are no limits on what YOU can achieve!

And as Rancho (Aamir Khan) has rightly said in 3 Idiots – don't strive for success, strive for excellence.... Success will automatically follow.

Raising a toast to your Success!!!

Suresh S. Hemmady



THE TALMAKI HEALTH & EDUCATION SOCIETY

Register No. F-32879 (MUMBAI) Dated 30th SEPTEMBER 2006
under Bombay Public Trust Act, 1950

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INVITES APPLICATIONS FOR ASSISTANCE

The Talmaki Health and Education Society was founded in the memory of Late Shri Shripad Subbarao Talmaki, with the objective of rendering financial assistance to needy persons in the area of higher/specialized education and medical needs.

Applications are invited for:

- Pursuit of higher education (post graduation) in the field of science, mathematics, medicine, earth/life sciences or any other specialized field.
- Medical assistance for major surgery.

Applications should be addressed to The Chairman, Talmaki Health and Education Society, so as to reach us by **December 31, 2011**.

Applications should be supported by necessary documents relevant to the claim to enable easy and accurate assessment of requirement viz :-

- Proof of admission to college
- Relevant mark sheets and certificates
- Doctor's certificate of diagnosis and recommendations for surgery
- Doctor's prescription and other relevant medical / hospital bills.

*Hon. Secretary
The Talmaki Health &
Education Society*

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90TH BIRTHDAY ON 31ST OCTOBER, 2011



Krishna Smaran Rat Rahi – SUBRAO ANANT UBHAYKAR

May the Lord Shri Avadi-Krishna and Shri Sadguru shower His choicest blessings upon you to cross a Centenary with peace, health, and happiness!

**Thank you for holding us together throughout our lives, and giving a true meaning by inculcating devotion to Lord Krishna. You lived an exemplary life as a true Stithprajna!
HAVE A VERY LOVELY 90TH BIRTHDAY**

* Your children – Arun, Usha , Chaitanya, Kanchan and Ravi

90 isn't old. It's classic! You look fresh and young with every passing year. Have a wonderful and HAPPY BIRTHDAY

*Your Son/Daughter-in-laws: Chhaya, Krishnanand, Shraddha, Rashmi

You're someone very special who has completed 90 years of life. You have touched so many lives by your thoughtful deeds. HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

* Your Grand children: Maya, Suraj, Shashank, Deepali, Chandrika, Chakori, Mayur, Shyam, Sonali, Chinmay, Roopak, Rajat and their spouses: Anand, Meenal, Shyamali, Prashant, Pritam, Subodh, Shruti, Dhanashri, Varun, Pooja

This wish is stuffed with 90 hugs and kisses on your special day. Wishing you the most wonderful day. HAPPY 90TH BIRTHDAY

* Your Great grand children: Chaitra, Sohum, Vedant, Shreya, Shivani, Divya, Bhavesh, Rishi, Samvit, Priya and Pillu

Have a Very Happy 90th Brithday

Your Relatives and Friends

Our Beloved Father

Sri. Taggarsri Anand Lakshman Rao

Completes 80 Glorious Years on 21st Nov 2011

We are proud to be his children

Dr. Gayathri Taggarsri, Jaibharath Nadkarni and Gowtham Taggarsri

Daughters in-law : Anupama Nadkarni and Shobha Taggarsri

Grandchildren: Dipali, Mili, Priya, Praveen, Shwetha, Smitha and Sharath



***Shri. Taggarsri Anand L. and Smt. Mohini Anand Taggarsri
Would also be completing 53 years of wedded life together***

On 18th December 2011

On this happy occasion

We pray to Lord Bhavanishankara

To bless you both a beautiful life ahead filled with joy and peace



Lt Gen Prakash Gokarn (Retd) and Mrs Geeta Gokarn
cordially invite you to

An Exhibition by Kajoli Gokarn

THE EVER FLOWING GRACE OF THE MOTHER



Prayer - 1

Oil on canvas

Size 3' x 3' (approximate)

From 22nd to 27th November 2011
Preview 22nd November, 6.30 pm - 8.30 pm

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Diwali Messages



Deepavali, the most widely celebrated festival marks the triumph of good over evil.

On this auspicious occasion besides illuminating our homes, let each of us light a lamp of love in our hearts.

Wishing every one a happy and prosperous Diwali and New Year

- Suresh Hemmady,
President, KSA



"The significance of Diwali is the removal of darkness and ignorance from our minds and filling it with knowledge and goodness" On this auspicious festival of lights, May the glow of Joy, Prosperity and Happiness illuminate your life and your home.

Wishing all the readers and members of K.S.A a very Happy Diwali.

-Geeta Yennemadi
Vice President KSA



May God Bless us to Live simply, Love generously, Care deeply, Speak kindly and Be happy.

On behalf of the Saraswat Mahila Samaj, I wish you all a Very Joyous Deepavali and Prosperous New Year. Our Best wishes to the Kanara Saraswat Association for its Centenary year Celebrations.

-Suman S. Kodial
President, Saraswat Mahila Samaj



Deepavali , the Festival of Lights, brings with it the sparkle in our lives and rekindles in us the need for inner spiritual enlightenment. The happiness and joy we share with others multiplies ten-fold our joy. On behalf of the Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Gamdevi, I wish you a sparkling , Happy and Joyous Deepavali 2011.

-Smt. Kanchan Sujir
Vice President, Saraswat Mahila Samaj



FOUR GENERATIONS



**Seetabai Pandit,
Jayanthi Hattangady,
Maya Philar,
Poorvi Philar**

FOUR GENERATIONS



Geeta P. Gulvadi (nee Nadkarni) -
Grandmother, Gayatri Y. Bhat (nee Gulvadi)
- Mother,
Meera S. Nadkarni - Great grandmother,
Shridhar L. Nadkarni - Great grandfather
(On lap) Chi:Omkar Yathin Bhat
Manjeshwar.

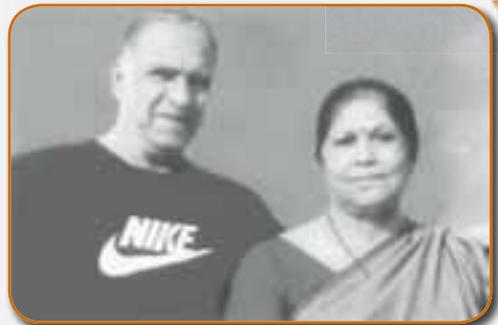
GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Hearty Congratulations

Shri Dayanand Balse and Smt. Chitra Balse (nee Nayampalli)



28.11.1961



28.11.2011

*We pray to the Almighty and our Guruparampara to bless you with a long,
healthy and peaceful life. May the Gold turn to Diamond.*

With love from :

**Sandeep, Ruma, Eeshan, Eklavya, Rajashree, Sunil, Shivam and Ambeka
All the Bales, Hattiangadis, Sajips, Nayampallis, Karnads, Karanjes, Prasads
Haladys, Panjes, Chittars, Murdeshwars, Lalas, Relatives and Friends.**

Letters to Editor...

Dear Editor, Yesterday we attended the release of first day covers and Special Commemorative Stamp on the Tercentenary of Shri Chitrapur Math, at the Yashwantrao Chavan Center in Mumbai. This was the first time around we had an opportunity of attending such a function. It was a wonderful feeling to be in an august gathering and see our very own 25,000 odd community being honoured, especially considering the fast dwindling number of members as said by Mahesh Kalyanpur. It was an important day in that it heralded the beginning of the World Postal Week, 9th October being regarded as World Stamp Day. It was an acknowledgement and recognition of the social work done by our Math. The Post Master General also made a special mention of being proud to be associated with the Math. Several dignitaries were present on the dais along with HH Swamiji like Gurudas Kamat, Chief Post Master (Maharashtra Circle) General Faiz Ur Rehman who was the guest of honour and who released the stamp, Vinod Yennemadi - President of the Standing Committee and Lt. Gen Prakash Gokarn, Vice-President of the Standing Committee. Shri Milind Deora Union Minister of State for Communication and Information Technology could not come but had sent a letter with his good wishes.

Shailaja Ganguly compered the function in her inimitable style with élan. Sidharth Kak too was one of the several distinguished guests. All in all it was an unforgettable event which will always have a special place in our heart and mind.

Kudos to the painstaking efforts taken by our brethren since 2006 as also to all those who worked hard to organise the glorious event.

Vanita Kumta, Mumbai

Dear Editor, I wish to congratulate all concerned with the release of special commemorative postage stamp of the Tercentenary of Shri Chitrapur Math on 9th October, 2011 in the august presence of our

revered H. H. Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji in Mumbai. The printing of the commemorative stamp with the Math photograph is superb in clarity as well as the warm tone used. This event has bestowed the much deserved honour on our Math and every Bhanap should feel justifiably proud about it. However, without sounding too critical, I regret to point out that it would have been proper to use the word 'Shri' before 'Chitrapur Math'. This word is missing on the stamps, envelopes as well as brochures.

Kishore B. Jothady Hon. PSI., APSI, Mumbai

Dear Editor, Chitrapur on the Postal Map-When Chitrapur Station was established on the Konkan Railway this tiny village got a place on the Railway map. Recently with the release of Tercentenary Commemorative Stamp, Chitrapur has earned a place on the Postal Map which every Bhanap should feel proud of.

The programme that was organized on this occasion became most memorable for the following reasons. [a] It started exactly at the scheduled time -5-30 p.m. [b] Each speaker adhered to the time frame and spoke to the point. [c] The entire programme was made most effective and enjoyable by Smt Shailaja Ganguly by her superb conduct of the ceremony. Many many kudos to the organizers for their splendid job and especially for the surprise gift.

Arun S. Ubhayakar, Mallapur

Dear Editor, The facts about Konkani furnished by Shri Arun Ubhayakar ('Konkani Sourabh' in the Sept 2011 issue of the Kanara Saraswat Magazine) are both informative and interesting.

Konkani was declared as an Independent Language in the year 1975. Shri Ubhayakar has stated that Konkani existed prior to Marathi and was spoken as far back as 943 A.D.

It is therefore surprising that it had no script of its own as Marathi has the Devnagari script.

Nalini S. Nadkarni, Bandra

Dear Editor, Thanks for the article by Yashodhara Bhat titled "Gifts" in your September



2011 issue, which was quite interesting to read. In this context I wish to add that people will start or already must have started sending this message “No presents , not even bouquets — bring only cash”! Normally it has been seen

that many of us forget to carry the envelope to put ‘udhgere’(present) inside and wait for the opportunity to borrow from others. Well, every thing is accepted so long as groom or bride accepts cash even without envelope!!

Arun Labhadaya, Airola

Deepavali

Lord, Transform my whole life
Into a glorious Deepavali.
As we light lamps
To dispel the darkness of night,
May we illuminate our hearts too
So that the radiance dispels
The darkness of evil and ignorance.
As we clean and whitewash houses,
May we brush away dirt
And cobwebs of mayajal,
So that we can see
Our path clearly
Recognise right from wrong
And truth from untruth.
As we prepare festival mithai
May we sweeten our speech
With love and compassion.
As we distribute sweets

To our loved ones
May we remember to share some
With the needy and unwanted.
As we decorate our homes
With bright colours of rangoli
May we remember to share some time
To bring colour to the lives
Of those who are sick,
Depressed and distressed.
Then will Diwali truly acquire
Greater significance, greater
satisfaction
So come, my Lord, into my heart
And transform my whole life
Into Deepavali;
And we may walk
From darkness towards light.

-Indu Ashok Gersappe, Bangalore

THE KANARA SARASWAT ASSOCIATION

To meet and felicitate
the students successful at the university and other examinations

Smt. Geeta Vivek Yennemadi

Vice-president of the Association will be

“AT HOME”

at 6.00 pm on Saturday 12th November 2011

Venue: Shrimat Anandashram Hall, Talmakiwadi, J.D. Marg, Mumbai

Prof. Sadhana Kamat

will be the Chief Guest and has kindly consented
to address the students.

Shri Suresh S Hemmady, President, KSA will preside.

All students with their parents and friends are
cordially invited.

(Students are requested to register their names and occupy seats by 5.30 p.m.)

-Shivshankar Murdeshwar, Hon. Secretary, KSA

Shyamsundar Savkur - The octogenarian artist who has mastered landscapes

- Gopinath Mavinkurve

It was in December 2009, when H. H. Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji visited us in Borivali, Mumbai that we had the opportunity to meet Shyamsundar Savkur. The Borivali Sabha had planned an art corner to showcase the work of the local talent by displaying select drawings and paintings. Several children had sent in some lovely pieces but some outstanding landscapes caught my eye. They turned out to be the creations of this humble octogenarian gentleman. The paintings stood out by their sheer ability to depict the natural beauty of our lovely planet in vivid colours. It had to be the work of someone who had toiled to perfect his art.

We planned to meet this great artist sometime to know more about him and his works - and more importantly, my daughter Supriya could do with some guidance and tips about painting, her pet hobby. We were accompanied by Chetan and Chitralakha Pandit, keen art enthusiasts. He greeted us warmly giving us the confidence to come up with our first request – to see all his paintings! This led to a marvellous treat – a slide show of several of his paintings captured on camera, displayed on his LCD TV. As master-pieces popped up on the screen we were awe-struck - desperately trying to keep our jaws closed during the session!

Savkur-maam had not received any formal education in the arts nor had he joined any classes to hone his skills – it was basically a self-taught skill – a labour of love. Having been employed with Union Bank of India he had to tour around the country to garner business for his bank. It was during these tours that he had soaked in the beauty of the countryside. The various manifestations of Mother Nature

in all her splendour had been carefully studied and remembered by this artist for his wonderful creations, later in life.

The countryside in bright sunshine, the gurgling rivers, the calmness of the lakes, the rushing waves of the oceans, the villager's houses blessed with a dash of sunshine, various types of trees – each of these as they can be seen in different seasons and different times of the

day have all been featured in the several hundred landscape paintings that Savkur-maam showed us. Soaking in the beauty of nature in its resplendent variations wherever one goes, is one thing - and reproducing its magnificence in brilliant colours with confident brushstrokes, quite another! Perhaps we could say that Mother Nature herself was his true guru!



“How do you manage to produce such life-like paintings?” we asked. There was silence, but the answer could be found in his penchant for perfection. “If it doesn't impress me I just tear it up. Don't labour over a spoilt piece – if it isn't coming right – just chuck it out and try another – or maybe sometime later”, he advised. But obviously only practice makes perfect. We got several tips as he spoke to us - how to practice on small bits of cardboard paper that come with wedding invitation cards; the kind of paper, acrylic paints, pencils, brushes that he preferred over others, how the brushstrokes should move; where to do the detailing and where not to – and more.

Although some of his early works had been portraits, most of his recent creations have been landscapes - usually acrylic paints on paper. “Observing nature is a pre-requisite for perfecting landscapes – have a close look at

the clear blue sky with white clouds, monsoon-laden clouds during a storm, the sky during sunrise or sunset, the different hues that one sees in different seasons and times of the day, the trees, the terrain in rural settings before you venture to create your landscape.” But eager art enthusiasts had more questions coming up – “Do you paint the background first or the tree?” “How do you get all these reflections in the water just the way they ought to be?” “How do you get the effect of the sunlight through thick foliage in this piece here?” And he seemed to be more than happy to answer all these questions.

Savkur-maam says he gets his inspiration mostly at nights – often, he finds himself

painting late into the night unmindful of the time – and catch up with his sleep during the day. Daytime happens to be his time to relax – and relaxation comes from his other hobby – he plays his Sitar whenever he can and his Guru comes over once in a week to teach him his favourite ragas even to this day! We wish Shyamsundar Savkurmaam the best of health so that he can continue to enthral us with more of his lovely paintings in the days to come!

Do have a look at some more of his paintings in this link here:

<http://tinyurl.com/3ttrkt2>

<<<>>>

President's Gold Medal by Lalithakala Center for Visual Arts, Bengaluru

Avanti Nayal (7 years) , daughter of Anand and Sarita Nayal (nee Jothady) of Kandivali (East), has been awarded President's Gold Medal by Lalithakala Center for Visual Arts, Bengaluru for her painting 'The Butterfly' in their 6th National Level Student's Art Competition 2011. The panel of judges consisting of eminent artists and art curators from all over India awarded her the prestigious Gold Medal in appreciation of her colouring skills, creativity, details and overall neatness. Although this is the highest



award of her career so far, by no means is this the first. Earlier, she won another Gold Medal in Mother Teresa Childrens' Development Society's colouring competition, a shield as the Best Student Award in Knowledge Olympiad GK, a Trophy in MaRRS Maze of Words Interschool Competition, another Trophy in MaRRS Word Chase National Championship and a Silver Medal in International Informatic Olympiad.

Avanti is a star student of Cambridge School, Kandivali topping her class and besides art, is a keen student of contemporary dance form at Shiamak Davar Dance Academy.

NAMES OF MANAGING COMMITTEE FOR THE YEAR 2011-2012

Shri Suresh S. Hemmady – President
 Smt. Geeta V. Yennemadi – Vice- President
 Dr. Harish Kodial - Immediate Past President
 Shri Uday Mankikar – Immediate Past Vice
 –President
 Shri Rajaram D. Pandit– Chairman
 Shri Shivshankar D. Murdeshwar – Hon. Secretary
 Shri Aditya U Mankikar – Member
 Shri Yatin S. Mavinkurve – Hon. Treasurer
 Shri Dilip P. Sashital – Jt. Hon. Treasurer, Jt. Hon.
 Secretary, Art & Culture

Shri Gurunath Gokarn – Hon. Secretary, Kala
 Vibhag , Mag. Circulation
 Shri Anand R. Nadkarni- Hon. Secretary, Buildings
 Shri Kishore A. Surkund – Hon. Secretary, Holiday
 Home, Bhandardara
 Dr. Prakash S. Mavinkurve – Hon. Secretary, Health
 Services
 Shri Santosh Sirur – Hon. Secretary, Knowledge
 Centre, Website
 Shri Amol Pandit – Hon. Secretary Knowledge
 Centre, Website
 Ms. Gauri P. Sirur – Hon. Secretary, Sports

'A Bouquet of Joy' from KSA to Pune- Yuvadhara Orchestra

- REPORT BY JYOTHI BHARAT DIVGI

Celebrating its Centenary Year, the Kanara Saraswat Association presented to the bhanaps of Pune a world-class, spectacular Bouquet of Joy! The evening of 24th of September is one that will remain etched in the hearts of the Pune Amchis – they will remember it as an evening when, laughter erupted in happy spurts, cheerful claps and guffaws reverberated through the hall and yet there were moments when it was hard to hide the lump in one's throat and tears in one's eyes.

KSA brought all this and more along with the Saraswat Cultural Forum, Pune, when they presented the YUVADHARA ORCHESTRA. KSA also used this platform to felicitate six Bhanaps who have made an outstanding contribution to our samaj.

Felicitations: Shri Uday Mankikar, who compered the show in 'Shuddh Amchigale', was at his best- as always! In his inimitable style, he ensured that the felicitation programme went off smoothly. The stage was occupied by Shri Suresh Hemmadi, Chairman of KSA, Shri Raja Pandit, President of KSA, Shri Ramesh Nadkarni – the heart and soul of Saraswat Cultural Forum, Shri Sharad Upponi and Shri Vivek Bijur, the Chairman and Secretary of the Cultural Forum respectively, Shri Durgesh Chandavarkar, patron and well-wisher of KSA and all the six persons who were honoured by the KSA. The traditional lamp was lit by Shri Durgesh Chandavarkar and Shri Suresh Hemmadi.

Shri Suresh Hemmadi, the Chairman of KSA, in his welcome address, expressed his happiness that KSA, in its Centenary Year had initiated many good projects and urged for participation from every member of the community.

Smt. Jayavanti Hirebet – doyen of Hindustani classical music, contributed tremendously to the field of music. She is a recipient of several awards for light music (in Kannada) and more. In her address, Jayavantipachi thanked the KSA for the honour bestowed upon her.

Dr. Anand Koppikar, the well-known Oncologist, in serving cancer patients, is doing invaluable service to society. In his address, Dr. Koppikar mentioned that when as a medical student, he paid an annual fee of six hundred; he knew that the society was paying a heavy subsidy for his education and he had made up his mind then, that he would repay the society when he became a doctor. Few youngsters have such high ideals when they are students – fewer still go ahead and achieve their goals!

Dr. Koppikar, indeed, is a shining beacon for all the upcoming doctors in our Samaj

Shri V.G. Karnad. A well-known flautist, has left an indelible mark in the world of music. Undeterred by age, he is busy with the publication of a book on music. (That combined with his ill-health, Karnad was unable to attend the function) His daughter, Nagaratna Bhat, received the award from KSA, on his behalf. She mentioned how her father had been looking forward to this function and how much he valued this honour.

Smt. Meera Kodikal, served many good causes in her lifetime. Till her retirement recently, she was working for the orphans and children of unwed mothers at SOFOSH. In her speech, she thanked the KSA for the honour bestowed upon her.

Smt Shobha Pandit Mundkur, the former Captain of Women's Cricket Team of India, stands tall even today, as she trains young children in her own academy. Tracing her life and contribution to the world of cricket, Shri Uday Mankikar explained how she was known as 'Lady Gavaskar'!

Smt. Kuntala Muzumdar, has served the less fortunate children and also given quality time for social service all through her life. Special mention must be made of the school - Swarupini Vardhini – where Kuntalapachi has rendered invaluable service.

While expressing gratitude, the President of Saraswat Cultural Forum, Shri Sharad Upponi,



thanked the KSA for so thoughtfully, gifting such a wonderful programme to the Puneites. He also explained to the gathering the different activities of the Forum. The gathering then broke up for a small break of tea and snacks.

The Yuvadhara Orchestra began with the Sabha Prarambha Prarthana – what a divine beginning! Music was woven so cleverly in the well scripted and well directed skit by the great bundle of talents – Maithili Padukone and her team. The hilarious skit had everybody in splits. The doctor, the compounder and every patient who walked into the clinic- delivered their witty dialogues with aplomb. While the compounder (Mohit Karkal) was superb, Ravana took the cake! Madhura Haldipur as the smart, caring doctor who practices Music Therapy was great –made us wish we had real-life-doctors like her! Kiran Manjeshwar, Payal Balse, Chinmay Mavinkurve, Ritwik Nadkarni, Nivedita Bantwal, Dhanashree Mallapur, Amruta Yederi and Salil Kulkarni as her patients were excellent. The zoo-zoo costumes of Tanvi Gangavali, Yashasma Savkur and Disha Manjeshwar was incredible!

The music was simply divine! Amit Savkur, with his sonorous voice, transported the audience back to the days of Kishore Kumar. The divine voice of Divya Bijur –brought a lump to the throat – as she sang ‘Dil hai chota sa....’ The versatile Esha Hoskote sang with such ease and grace. Nimit Kumta, Kartik Hattangadi and Prateek Rao’s ‘All is well....’ Number had the audience clapping in sheer delight. Gauri Ray’s ‘Barso re megha...’ Anushree Tirkannad’s ‘Ab ke sawan....’ was as charming as Soumya Ullal’s ‘Maha Ganapati.’ the Vandana at the very beginning. Kartik Shetty and Esha’s ‘Apadi pode....’ Had the audience dancing in their seats! The grand finale Vande Mataram got a standing ovation.

Every youngster performing that evening is truly gifted. The confidence, with which they sang, their poise and effortless rendering, was greatly admired. Their repertoire of songs, the well- synchronized chorus, to the accompaniment of key-board, guitars and percussion lent a professional touch to the whole event. Anshul Ullal and Abhang Gulwady gave a great performance on the Tabla and mrudangam.

Before the orchestra began, Sharayu Haldipur,

Chief Coordinator, Yuvadhara, addressed the gathering. She elucidated how very encouraging and thoughtful it was of KSA for giving Yuvadhara a platform to showcase their talents and hoped that many more such opportunities will come their way in the future.

Later, at the end of the programme, Navin Bijur delivered the Vote of Thanks on behalf of the Yuvadhara.

While hours of dedicated practice, along with the amazing talent of the Yuvadhara, made this brilliant musical extravaganza possible, the efforts put in by Project Manager, Bipin Nadkarni and his team - Deepa Savkur, Jaya Puthli, Navin Bijur, Amit Nadkarni, Gautam Padukone, Amruta Burde, Darshan Kulkarni, Maithili Padukone, Shivani Haldipur Kallianpur, Sunila Mallapur, Smita Nagarkatte, Alok Kasbekar and Hemant Mansukh - served as the foundation for the programme. Their support and attention to every minute detail was what made the entire show spectacular!

Long after the program was over and we made our way back home, the soulful voices of these youngsters continued to dwell in the hearts of the Puneites...

Thank you, KSA!!! Thank you, KSA!!!
Thank you, KSA!!!

(Turn to page 37 for the photograph)

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Ubhayakar Yuvdhara Shibir, Mallapur

Due to unavoidable circumstances Ubhayakar Yuvdhara Shibir which was scheduled to be held from 5th to 7th November 2011, has been postponed to 4th December (Sunday) to 6th December 2011 (Moharram Holiday). Those who desire to attend this Shibir are requested to register their names by 15th November 2011. This information should reach Shri. Arun Ubhayakar, Shibir Co-ordinator through email : ubhayakar_arun@rediffmail.com or reach him on 09632334700.

Book Review: Ethics For Our Times - Essays in Gandhian Perspective

REVIEWED BY -GOPINATH MAVINKURVE



Author: M. V. Nadkani
Hardback, 288 pages
Published by Oxford
University Press in 2011

The author of the book is known to KS readers. His earlier book, *Hinduism : a Gandhian Perspective*, was reviewed in KS August 2007 by Dr. Ramdas Bhatkal.

The book is an analytical treatise containing essays delving into the relevance of Gandhian thought in negotiating with contemporary dilemmas. Critically examining conventional notions of good and bad, it presents a comprehensive analysis of ethics as a conceptual framework and guide to the problems of rapidly globalizing societies. The author explores issues related to economic development, environment, humanism, culture and religion in the context of modern ethical aspects like social justice, equity, and harmony across different sections in societies. He stresses the need for a holistic approach to resolve moral questions in everyday life. In these scholarly dissertations presented in 9 essays, the author cites several thinkers from ancient philosophers to contemporary thinkers of repute such as Bertrand Russel, Amartya Sen, and Vandana Shiva, to support the arguments put forth. Balancing Western notion of the ethical and the Hindu notions of Dharma, the author analyses Gandhi, the thinker, activist, and philosopher. He presents an engaging connection between three systems of thought — ethics, Gandhian principles, and the Hindu scriptures.

This book presents deep insights into the principles that the Mahatma stood for and lived by. To quote V M Rao, who has written the Foreword to this book, “This book makes an admirable attempt to explore the building blocks need to construct such a wide agenda. He [the

author] is uniquely qualified for this task as a leading ecological economist, who has worked extensively and in-depth on the developmental issues relating to the poor and marginalized subsisting in locations with degraded resources and vulnerable to frequent disasters such as droughts and floods. ... What distinguishes his approach is that he is a social scientist turning to Gandhi for guidance and not a Gandhian, who is usually prone to accepting Gandhi as an authority on all issues and problems.” V. M. Rao concludes with this recommendation: “I recommend the book to all those who are worried about ‘Today’ and wish for a peaceful and prosperous ‘Tomorrow’. Gandhi can help if and only when we are willing and even eager, to help ourselves.”

In the essay titled “Ethics, Environment and Culture”, the author discusses different approaches to environmental ethics like the anthropocentric approach, ‘Land Ethic’, animal rights, and eco-feminism, before discussing the Gandhian. Nadkarni points to two ways of facing the environmental crisis – one, by using proper technology to reduce pollution per unit of produce, and two, the Gandhian way of reducing wants, particularly of the type which consume large amounts of energy. But ground realities are far from these requirements, industries merrily pollute both air and water and make reckless waste of natural resources. Even the Holy Ganga is not spared, although on an auspicious day one may bow reverently before it! Such is the dichotomy between what is required and what is practiced. Nadkarni avoids vindictive attacks on the functioning (or otherwise of) government bodies, while subtly bringing out this dichotomous behavior in his inimitable style.

Apart from the stated Gandhian perspective, the author also presents a couple of essays delving deep into the moral foundations of Hinduism, showing how ethics had been a predominant part of early Hindu thought as is evident from the scriptures – the Bhagwad Gita, the Mahabharata



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Character is what defines a great person, much more than intellect. The true test of character is when a person behaves well in good times and bad.

Watch your thoughts, for they become words.

Watch your words, for they become actions.

Watch your actions, for they become habits.

Watch your habits, for they become character.

Watch your character, for it becomes your destiny.

~DEATH~ What A Wonderful Way To Explain It
Contributed by Sadhna Kaikini

A sick man turned to his doctor as he was preparing to leave the examination room and said, 'Doctor, I am afraid to die. Tell me what lies on the other side.' Very quietly, the doctor said, 'I don't know.' 'You don't know? You're a religious man, and don't know what's on the other side?' The doctor was holding the handle of the door. On the other side came a sound of scratching and whining. And as he opened the door, a dog sprang into the room and leaped on him with an eager show of gladness. Turning to the patient, the doctor said, 'Did you notice my dog? He's never been in this room before. He didn't know what was inside. He knew nothing except that his master was here. And when the door opened, he sprang in without fear. I know little of what is on the other side of death, but I do know one thing... I know my Master is there and that is enough.'

and Ramayana, the Puranas, the Vedas and the Upanishads. The essay titled “Humanism in Hinduism” is an enlarged and revised version of his Shri G. R. Bhatkal Memorial lecture presented at the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bengaluru in February 2009.

In the final essay, titled “Ethics in Hinduism”, the intricacies of ‘Dharma’ have been discussed, emphasizing how ‘dharma’ sustains society, ensures the well-being and the progress of society. Our actions, thoughts, knowledge, acts of philanthropy – each of these can be either satvik, rajasik or tamasik as has been amply demonstrated in the book. A donation made without any expectation with due respect and regard to the receiver is satvik, one made for the sake of gaining importance or popularity in society is considered rajasik, while one given grudgingly and with contempt to the receiver is tamasik, as mentioned in the Gita. An interesting part of the chapter consists in the discussion of moral dilemmas in our epics.

The essays have carefully avoided being preachy or suggestive of wanting to change the world or even to influence the reader to change for the better – what I intend to convey is that it is not a self-help guide, but critically presents various teachings from writings of yore that stand the test of time and become relevant to readers even to this day. A truly well-researched study on the subject, presented in a lucid language, for those readers interested in such analytical essays on moral philosophy. The book has global appeal, having been published in 2011 - the current times being of moral turbulence and depravity. Can we not find the relevance of this topic in such times, when societies in several parts of the world are sinking lower in their credibility, dependability and reliability leading to a crisis of morality with its awful social and financial behavior in public life every passing day?

The book is available on Flipkart, E-bay and several other websites in India and abroad.

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Einstein- 'Famous quotes'

“If someone feels that they have never made a mistake in their life then it means that they had never tried anything new in their life

Magnificent Mountains

Rising against the skyline beautiful configurations
 Clearly magnificent earthly creations
 Continental plates produce these it unfolds
 Mountains elevated above sea levels over the world
 Splendour of snowcapped mountains so enthralling
 Mt.Fuji, Alps, Himalayas, Andes, Kilimanjaro engaging
 Like icing on cake they glisten and glow
 Making Nature's beauty so raptuously more
 Flora and fauna abound lower slopes
 Humans indulge in mountain climbing with ropes
 Rock faces and ravines are Sports ventures
 Yet enthusiasts take risks for adventures
 Once a mountain climber always a mountaineer
 Reaching summit of Mt. Everest be it an amateur
 Thrill of being on top of the world inspires
 An ambition so great, a heart's desire
 Mountain air at higher levels can be hazardous
 Chilblains, frostbites, so protective equipment desirous
 Many a climber has had to withdraw
 But burning ambition to return gives them reward
 Our landscape would totally be barren
 Without mountains and valleys for decoration
 Climatic conditions could change generally
 Let us learn to appreciate them wholeheartedly

- Kumud Lajmi, Bangalore

Konkani Encyclopedia Volume I released.

Konkani Parichaya Kosh (Konkani Encyclopedia Volume I) was released recently at World Konkani Centre, Konkani Gaon, Shakti Nagar, Mangalore. 575016. Dr. Tanaji Harlankar, Ex-President of Goa Konkani Academy is the Chief Editor of this stupendous work. This volume contains important Konkani words starting from **A** to **KO**. The price of this volume is Rs.200. We expect the Konkani scholars to come forward and buy a copy of this volume and preserve it as collectors pride. For additional information contact World Konkani Centre : 08242231877.

Reported by Shri. Arun S. Ubhayakar, Mallapur



ALL CHITRAPUR SARASWAT YOUTHS TRUST (REGD.)

(Organiser Talmakhwadi Youths) Permanent Reg. No. E-13836 Mumbai

2/22, Talmakhwadi, J. D. Road, Mumbai- 400 007. Tel.: 23801879/23803685/23801634

DATTA JAYANTI UTSAV 2011

3rd December to 13th December 2011

3rd December, 2011, Saturday 6.30 pm - Arrival of H.H. Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji, Padaprakshalana and Purnakumbh welcome. Arrival of Dattatraya Idol from Datta Mandir to Parijnanashram Mantap in the presence of H.H.; Swagatgeet, Paduka Poojan by the Convenor ACSYT, Shri Chitrapur Math – Mumbai Grant Road Local Sabha, K.S.A and T.C.H. Soc, Welcome speech by the Convenor, Offering Manpatra, and Recitation by the Secretary, Upadesh by H.H., Samudaik Dhool Bhet.

☐ 9th Dec'2011 Friday 7:00 pm Deepanamaskar followed by **PALKI UTSAV**.

☐ 11th Dec'2011 Sunday – **Vanabhojan**.

DAILY PROGRAMMES

TIME	PROGRAMME DATES : 4 th Dec 2011 to 12 th Dec 2011
6.00 am	Suprabhatam
7.00 am	Gayatri Japa
11.00 am	Morning Pooja, Mangal Aarti, Paduka Poojan, Tirtha Vitaran

MUKHYA POOJAS

	DATE	DAY	POOJAS	TIME
a)	6 th Dec 2011	Tuesday	(<i>Geeta Jayanti Day</i>) Geeta Havan Prarambh	9.00 am
b)	9 th Dec 2011	Friday	Shree Dattayag Havan	9.00 am
c)	10 th Dec 2011	Saturday- (Datta Jayanti) Khagras Chandra Grahan	Satya Narayan Pooja - at Shrimat Anandashram Hall Satya Datta Vrata , Avdumber Abhishek by ladies at Avdumbar Katta. (Graha Dosh Nivaran Havan) -Samuhik Japa	9.30 am 10.00 am 6.15 pm to 9.50 pm

DAILY PATHAS:-

	DATE	DAYS	PROGRAMME	TIME
a)	3 rd , 10 th	Saturday	Hanuman Chalisa	10.00 am
b)	4 th	Sunday	Gayatri Anushtan	10.00 am
c)	5 th , 12 th	Monday	Shiva Mahimna Stotra	10.00 am
d)	6 th	Tuesday	Geeta Pathan (Geeta Jayanti)	10.00 am
e)	7 th	Wednesday	Devi Anushtan	10.00 am
f)	8 th	Thursday	Guru Geeta Pathan	10.00 am
g)	9 th	Friday	Lalita Sahastranam	10.00 am

EVENING PROGRAMMES:-

	DATE	DAYS	PROGRAMME	TIME
a)	4 th Dec 2011	Sunday	Cultural Programme by Prarthana Varg (All Sabha)	5:00 pm to 7:00 pm
b)	5 th Dec 2011	Monday	Cultural Programme by Prarthana Varg (Grant Road Sabha)	5:00 pm to 7:00 pm
c)	6 th Dec 2011	Tuesday	Geeta Competition Prize Distribution	5:00 pm to 7:00 pm
d)	7 th Dec 2011	Wednesday	Cultural Programme	
e)	8 th Dec 2011	Thursday	Sanskrit Divas	5:00 pm to 7:00 pm
f)	9 th Dec 2011	Friday	Cultural Programme Palki Utsav	5:00 pm to 7:00 pm 7:00 pm onwards
g)	10 th Dec 2011	Saturday	Samuhik Japa Anushtan	6:15 pm to 9:50 pm
i)	12 th Dec 2011	Monday	Dharma Sabha	5:00 pm to 7:00 pm

EVENING POOJAS: DEEP NAMASKAR FOLLOWED BY POOJA'S BY H.H

	DATE	DAYS	POOJAS BY H.H
a)	5 th Dec 2011	Monday	Shiva Poojan

	DATE	DAYS	UPADESHA /AASHIRVACHANS BY H.H:
a)	3 rd Dec 2011	Saturday	Upadesh by H.H. (on arrival)
b)	6 th Dec 2011	Tuesday	Upadesh on Geeta Jayanti
c)	12 th Dec 2011	Monday	Dharma Sabha

• 13th Dec 2011- H.H. Swamiji's Departure to the Next Camp



Bhatkal Sadanandmam and Nirmalapachi - a Homely Personal View

- PRAKASH BASRUR, MUMBAI

I grew up in Model House at Grant Road in the vicinity of Anandashram Housing Colony where the Bhatkal family of Popular Book Depot resided. Sadanandmam and Nirmalapachi stayed in the nearby two-storied building called Ganesh Bhuvan along with their only son Manmohan.

Nirmalapachi, a “Pachi” to me by relationship on my mother’s side, was to me as a child a good-looking member of the illustrious Bhatkal family! I met her on a very few occasions during my childhood but those meetings left a lasting impressions of her on me as a person with lovely eyes, a loving smile on her face and a very hospitable nature.

Years passed by before I completed my schooling in Robert Money Technical School, Wilson College and VJTI and moved out of Model House to a slightly bigger flat in the distant suburbs of Andheri. Thereafter I hardly visited Grant Road area and did not have an opportunity of meeting Nirmalapachi again.

As providence would have it, we moved back to Anandashram from Andheri in Diwali of 2005 and that too to a flat just above Sadanandmam and Nirmalapachi! Our relationship renewed after a gap of 35 years! I knew Nirmalapachi but met Sadanandmam for the first time. Both were nearing their eighties but did not seem to have lost their zest for helping others in various activities of life.

Nirmalapachi, though weak, would spend a lot of her time with me reminiscing the good old days in fifties and sixties when she was young and energetic. She would enthusiastically remember my maternal uncle D.R. Mankekar in 1948 when he was a Brigadier in Indian Army’s Information Directorate and about her uncle N.S. Mankikar who was then the Advisor Factories Govt. Of India in Delhi and later became the founder Director of the Central Labour Institute in Chembur! It was a whose-who of our common relations at my every meeting with Nirmalapachi.

The other topic of interest would be about the large collection of brass and copper artifacts she had in her personal collection! There were numerous Ganesha and Balkrishna statuettes of different types. Incidentally, her son Mohan has continued her tradition and added many more such artifacts from Cambodia, Vietnam, Malaysia, Sri Lanka and so on.

Being good in the “Amchi” culinary art Nirmalapachi would often mention about “Bimbla Lonche” and “Kirla Ambat”. In fact a visitor to their Anandashram house would often be treated at lunch or dinner with “Bataty Song” and “Bubbus Rotti” or “Tendli Panna Tamli”!

Sadanandmam, on the contrary, was fond of eating a variety of “Amchi” and other vegetarian food. Talmakiwadi “Buying Club” salesman would be found taking orders almost everyday from him for supplying readymade “Chivda” and “Chakalis” and “Farsan” and “Papads” and so on! He was fond of discussion on any topic be it latest political events or Marathi literature or the latest electronic gadgets advertised in the newspapers. His centre table at home would have at least two English dailies, two Marathi dailies, two or three English weeklies, about six or seven Marathi magazines at any time! Though we had 20 years’ age difference between us, however, he was gracious in allowing me to explain to him, in layman’s language, about computer technology, mobile phones, difference between LCD and LED TV’s, telecommunication and he would listen to me attentively and try to grasp how those worked. In fact, he was keen on having a page reserved in KSA magazine for technologists from our community explaining to its readers about the latest technology and gadgets!

During his younger days Sadanandmam, though not a technologist himself, handled latest automobiles, still cameras and even the 9-mm film camera. I had the privilege of converting his “Memorabilia” shooting of his



Sadanand Bhatkal - Boss, Teacher, Mentor

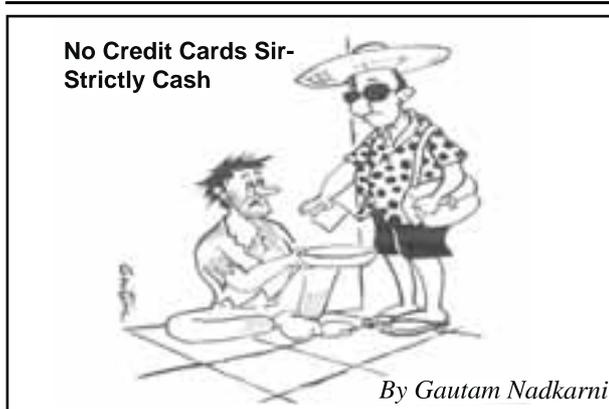
- ASHA GANGOLI, PUNE

and Nirmalapachi's visits to USA and Europe in fifties, sixties and seventies into a DVD and presenting it to him a few months prior to their passing away. I have also scanned and stored on my computer many an old documents and black and white photographs on Popular Book Depot and such other old papers belonging to them. One such document is a page in the seventh grade English textbook published by the Karnatak Government's Education Department where there is a description of "courageous Vimla Gulwadi (Nirmala Bhatkal after marriage) raising anti-British slogans in the court of a British judge in Dharwad in 1940's" and another a write-up in "Deccan Herald" of an interview with Nirmala Bhatkal about her passionate participation in the freedom movement!

Both of them are no more in this world but have left a lasting impression on me about their loving personality which I have described briefly above. To end this article I would like to bring to the notice of our readers the poet in late Sadanandmam by quoting a couplet from his poem "THE SETTING SUN" from the booklet called "NIRMAL & OTHER POEMS" published by Popular Book Depot in 1940 thus:

"Strolled I in the Air
when around did I scent sensed
and the drab, silent
sky emerged beautiful, bare.
The setting sun cast across
golden hues ;
as stood a gold plate
on a table
with muslin spread, blue, pale".

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They were not even remotely related to me. But I knew them as Dada and Vaini. My relationship with them began as Dada's secretary at the Popular Book Depot over forty years ago. It was my first job, and it was with trepidation that I started. But within a few hours Dada, my boss had put me at ease. The rest of my two years was a smooth and enriching sail. Dada was as encouraging and inspiring as he was exacting. Long before the term multi-tasking became passé I watched with awe as he dictated letters to me, took phone calls, read and signed letters and cheques and gave instructions for sundry jobs. His razor sharp mind belied his gentle nature. He was compassionate to a fault, and admittedly, sometimes got taken advantage of.

By the time I had left, to get married, I had not only gained experience in stenography, but also learned the ropes in proofreading, sub-editing, blurb writing, and a smattering of copywriting and the technicalities of publishing and printing a book. More, I had gained confidence in myself. Most of all, I had come to know, admire and love two very beautiful people. And I came to know how much the feeling was reciprocated when, about fifteen years later, during which I had lost all contact with them, they heard me talking on the landing of a relative's house from two floors above, recognized my voice and ran down to meet me. If this isn't humility, what is? I couldn't have felt more honoured.

After we settled down in Pune I was able to meet them just once in a few years during one or the other of their trips to the city. It is my greatest regret that I never came to know of their final illness and never called upon them. But Dada was and always shall remain one of the very few people I admire. As for Vaini, she was the undisputable woman behind the great man. It is not often that such individuals walk among us. In his passing away, we have lost a rare human being from amongst us.

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In Memory of Nirmalatai and Sadanand Bhatkal

- KRISHNABAI KHAMBADKONE, Vileparle

Nirmalatai and Sadanand Bhatkal are like the Himalayas and I, a small hillock. I have purposely written are instead of were as eminent persons never die. They remain in the hearts of the masses in the form of fame, as said by the Saint Ramdas “मरावे परि कीर्तीरूपे उरावे”, I am not as close to Bhatkal’s family as some other authors are. However it is my nature to remember happy events that have occurred in my life and the people connected with those events. In 1992 Nirmalatai had arranged my programme on Bhagwadgita in Saraswat Mahila Samaj. I had gone to the Bhatkal’s sweet home with Smt Sumati Mulky, a cousin sister of Sadanandmam. I had carried with me 50 items of “Best from Waste” and had exhibited them in Saraswat Colony.

While schooling I and my brother used to get scholarship from Shamrao Vithal Coop Bank Ltd. After my retirement from service in Feb 1988 I wanted to give back something to the Bank and donated Rs 1000/- . At that time Sadanandmam visited my house and requested me to give the cheque in the name of Provident Fund Section instead of Shamrao Vithal Bank. I visited Bhatkal’s house rarely. But whenever I went to their house he used to tell me “I watch your activities as the President of Senior Citizens Club and as the editor of the ‘Senior’s view’”. Though he was an eminent and famous person he has a broad mind like the oceans to appreciate other’s virtues as stated in Sanskrit सुभाषित “गुणी गुणान् वेत्ती” I saw Nirmalatai in March 2007 when 13 ladies were honoured on 8th March 2007. In spite of the belt around her waist her spirits were not dimmed. On 16th February I was awarded Lekhan Puraskar for my autobiography named “ahuti” by Saraswat Mahila Samaj. Sadanandmam was present at that programme when I sang one stanza of babujis song “नाचत नाचत जावे ब्रह्मानंदी तल्लीन व्हावे”. Later as we had light refreshments together he appreciated my song and reminded me of my visit to his house many tyears ago. I was taken aback that he remembered such small

incidents so well!

They were a well-matched and beautiful couple. I am at a loss for words to describe them! May their souls rest in the eternal bliss!

<<<>>>

God Realization

To feel a moment of bliss,
In the midst of physical pain;
To possess an atom of peace,
In the midst of mental conflict;
To cling to a fraction of faith,
In the midst of spiritual sorrow;
That is – God realization.

- By Kusum Gokarn



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Ohio – The State that Taught the World to Fly!

- KUNDA KAGAL, Virar

The minute you enter Dayton airport, the huge hoarding at the very entrance, standing large as life, makes this announcement. Below this striking headline is the picture of the Wright brothers who invented the aeroplane and built it in this city of Dayton in Ohio State, where they lived. And this is the place frequented by us over the years since our daughter Anjali and family also live in Dayton. A couple of miles away, on the outskirts of the city there is “The Air force Museum” which displays all the planes right from the one invented by the Wright brothers to the present ones, showing the evolution and progressive changes that happened, and including the current war planes. Huge place and you get quite exhausted by the end of it, but very impressive and awe-inspiring!

I remember the time when my husband had gone to London some 50 years ago to do post-graduation in Chemical Engineering. Those days he travelled by P & O 's Queen Elizabeth ship which took 20 days to reach London, and now we travel more than double that distance to USA in just 20 hours by air. Technology has changed the whole picture, and how!! As the cliché goes, “The only constant in this world is Change”. The other day I read in the newspapers that Germany has come out with a car which can talk, see and drive by itself without the passenger touching the steering wheel, and can make out the red and green signals and act accordingly. A fully computer- managed wonder, which, I am sure, a few years hence will be a common sight everywhere in the world.

These of course are the big wonders, but even the smaller ones which we come across when we visit America never cease to amaze and amuse me. Like — the water alarm in the bathroom which scared the wits out of me when it started a loud hooting. I had by mistake spilled some water on the bathroom floor (the “halfbathroom” on the ground floor with only basin and toilet as against the “full bathrooms” upstairs with shower facility too). My grandson Akshay came

running and called his dad in office, who in turn had to rush home (luckily only 10 minutes drive away). He bent and picked up a tiny 3”x3” box hidden on the floor behind the toilet, and switched it off. This tiny thing is supposed to be highly allergic to water and starts shrieking when it is touched by water. A safety gadget just like the fire alarm which starts and goes straight to fire brigade station when there is even a little smoke anywhere in the house. And the anti-burglary security system with its secret code numbers, in the house, which is switched on at night (or while on vacations) starting the alarm not only in the house but directly at the nearest police station when a thief touches the door handle and crosses the invisible beam inside. Every day when you wake up in the morning or return home from your holiday, the first thing you have to do is switch off the system or else the police van will be there within minutes with its siren blaring, to surprise you!

But, the small little wonder that really takes the cake is the GPS (Global Positioning Satellite) that we came across in our recent 2010 visit to Dayton. We were driving from Dayton to New Jersey near New York and Baltimore near Washington DC on a 10 day visit. Prashant, our son-in-law, connected a tiny (again a 2 inch by 2 inch) box, with a screen, on the dashboard and wrote on it the name and address of the destination, before starting to drive. And, lo ‘n’ behold, while driving, that little thing started talking in a clear cut woman’s voice giving instructions left and right, before every turning we had to take, along with a map coming on its tiny screen showing our route throughout the journey right upto our destinations. Once when the driver took an earlier turn somewhere, it said “Oh, no, you’ve taken the wrong turn, take the next one”. In our earlier visits Prashant used brochures and maps, but this new addition this time truly floored us no end. I simply fell in love with it! By now it is quite a common gadget in every car over there, and I am sure

very soon that little beauty will be seen inside cars on Indian roads too!

In America everything functions as per programming — for instance, add all ingredients in the small bread machine on the kitchen counter at home, before going to bed, programme it and at the appointed hour of 4.30 in the morning the machine comes to life, starts kneading for an hour or so, then starts the baking process at 5.30 and after an hour at 6.30 we used to wake up to the delicious aroma of the ready loaf of bread. The sprinklers in the garden automatically start at the programmed time, supply water to all the surrounding plants and lawn by rotating, stop at the programmed time, and the garden looks green and freshly watered. This way your garden is watered even if you leave town on a holiday.

I am glad to be a witness to all these techno wonders in the 21st century and proud to be enjoying them in a minuscule measure — can operate a computer and now a laptop, use the Photon on it, the tiny 2 inch gadget which brings the world at your fingertips, and have recently learnt to use the tiny Pen Drive which can hold in its 2 inch thin body reams and reams of matter from a computer and transfer it anywhere for multiple uses. During our recent visit to the US this time, on Prashant's Android mobile phone, just a touch and a Casio keyboard would appear, and I could play my favourite Lata Mangeshkar songs on it! Other musical instruments also could appear if desired!! Really, too much to take!!

“Jaywalking” of the Indians on roads is notorious and nobody in the western countries breaks road rules the way we do it here. But — there is an exception. The American Geese in Dayton do! They specialise in flouting the road discipline and rules, hold their own, and hold the traffic at a standstill, creating terrific traffic jams. It happened more than once, when we were driving at a good speed, suddenly a flock of about 25-30 Geese decided to come out of the pond nearby, for a bit of sun-bathing maybe, and take a walk, blocking our road in the process. We had to wait till they crossed the road at leisure. And when everyone was just

about to start the car, all of a sudden the Geese change their mind, decide to make an about turn and start crossing the road all over again back to the earlier spot! No amount of honking affects or disturbs them, they act absolutely like a “Sthitapradnya”, and take their own sweet time to reach the other side. On both sides of the road, front and back, I could see miles and miles of cars waiting patiently and helplessly for this ‘ramp walking’ parade to end!

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A Value-able Diwali

-NALINI S. NADKARNI, Bandra

Diwali – a festival of lights, but of high value spending too. Then why not make this Diwali different – a festival to instill some more values – ‘human values?’ So I resolved to make this Diwali extra bright for my children, Reshma (aged twelve years) and Kedar (eleven years)

Besides all the different human values which I had inculcated for the past ten years, I thought it was the right time to introduce the value of sacrifice and value of money, which seems to have diluted on humanity, these days.

I searched every book shop possible for an English language book on Saint Dnyaneshwar – without success. In the mean time, I picked up a copy of Charles Dickens’ David Copperfield, and Oliver Twist, and the children read them. I was lucky enough to find a copy of the Marathi version of Sant Dnyaneshwar in a local library, and read a chapter to the children every night, (from the time Dnyaneshwar and his siblings became orphans).

Reshma was moved to tears; Are they true stories, Mum? Those little boys suffered starvation; how hungry they must have been! We all waste so much food in our school tiffins!” Kedar, the quick tempered one, remarked, “Couldn’t those wicked men, who starved David and Oliver, be bashed up, or if not, caught and punished?” I told them “like Sant Dnyaneshwar and his orphaned siblings, there are many hungry kids around us, and if each one of us cared to help even a couple of such kids, life will be change for so many.”

Pat came their reply. But we don’t earn money yet; we’ll try to do it later.” I convinced them that if they really felt like helping, they could do it even now.” “Oh yes; but how can we?” asked Reshma.

“In two weeks from now, we have Diwali, for which I buy you new clothes and fireworks. This time, I will give you Rs 600/- each, and you can decide how much you want to spend on others. I will manage to get a few under-privileged children home, and you give them something to make their Diwali happy.”

Both of them must have discussed, and concluded that nothing better than fireworks make kids happy during Diwali. So the three of us went shopping. There, the children learnt how expensive clothes and fireworks are. A hurried discussion was made by them, and they decided to put aside Rs 200/- each for the firecrackers donation. At my suggestion, they decided to buy harmless, less noisy fireworks like sparklers, anaars and chakris.

I had found out that the sweeper, watchman and maid servant had nine children in all, whom I invited for a Diwali party on a specific date and time.

The week before Diwali was very busy, as I had to make a larger quantity of sweets this time, (for invitees). With Reshma and Kedar’s help, I packed nine bundles of fireworks, and nine cardboard boxes of sweets. I suggested that they would have a small party for the invitees – with songs and games, to be entirely managed by the two of them. We thought of nursery rhymes, children’s songs and easy games.

Two days before Diwali, on a Saturday afternoon, we moved out the furniture from the sitting room, and spread mats on the floor. Soon, the three mothers brought the children over. Fortunately, they wore clean clothes and also looked clean. Reshma and Kedar welcomed them all, and bade the kids to be seated on the mats, and requested the mothers to be seated some distance away. I too sat on the floor along with the mothers. Reshma and Kedar sat on the floor, facing the kids. They introduced themselves, and asked the kids their names. Then they said that they would sing some songs together. They began, and soon, the kids who knew those songs, joined them. Then they requested the kids to perform individually- to sing, or dance, or to tell jokes, or a story. By this time, the kids had lost their shyness, and had started performing. Then they switched over to playing children’s games – Shivaji Mhanto (Simon says), and the like. All the children thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

An hour later, at a sign from me, the hosts told the kids to rest. They then brought in the parcels of sweets and fireworks, and distributed both to each kid, saying "Diwali anandachi jaavo." They wished the mothers too. The mothers collected their children; they all wished all three of us, and left, with smiling faces.

After they left, the children said, "We had a nice time, the kids were so happy; weren't they, mum?" I said, "Yes, they were very happy; but are you sorry that you won't get new clothes?" Both replied together, "Oh no mum; the kids' happiness was worth more than clothes." I said to myself "Tathaastu" This was surely a value-able Diwali – one which was high on human values!

<<<>>>

Love Scrabble? Enjoy these rearrangements...

The Eyes	-	They See
The Morse Code	-	Here Come Dots
Dormitory	-	Dirty Room
Slot Machines	-	Cash Lost in Me
Snooze Alarms	-	Alas! No More Z's
Decimal Point	-	I'm a dot in place

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Thinking Out of the Box!!

-AMEETA SHIROOR, New Delhi

“A container with a flat base and sides, typically square or rectangular in shape and having a lid”. For all those wondering what kind of description this is, it is the definition of a “Box” as is given in the Oxford dictionary.

In various stages of life, one comes across and is fascinated by a large variety of boxes – in childhood when parents inculcate in their offspring, the habit of saving money, one uses the “money box”; in extended childhood when Amma says “Dabbo ghetlo ve?” she’s worried about the tiffin box which she has lovingly packed; the red “post box” which has become more or less redundant now was for the loving letters sent to near and dear ones. Fans of Dimple Kapadia may also fondly recall how she pouts her lips and calls Rishi Kapoor “Dibba” in the trendsetter movie “Bobby”!

Well, for a Defence Officer’s wife, the word “Box” conjures up a totally different meaning. For her, her Boxes are her world – she literally lives out of them. Blessing her with “May your tribe increase” means an increase in the number of boxes with every subsequent transfer!

In the initial years of marriage, she usually possesses an array of minimum five boxes. She uses them with her vivid imagination and ‘utilises’ them as ironing stand, peg tables, TV trolleys, study tables or even beds depending upon their dimensions! When she is given a “furnished” accommodation, she learns to store them neatly in the garage, with the “family vehicle” selflessly sacrificing its place to accommodate the “heirloom” boxes which are literally passed on from generation to generation!

With every transfer, given the Defence wife’s taste for accumulating different items from different “stations”, she continues to add to her impressive collection of boxes. Ask any Defence wife and she will proudly rattle off the shapes, sizes and number of boxes she possesses. The quality and quantity of her boxes is a strong indicator of the post, power and privilege of her husband and is often an interesting topic of party conversation and yet another reason for

husband-wife squabbles!

The affinity for boxes is also shared by the children of Defence officers. So much so that, once when we were visiting an Aunt in Mumbai, my son (who was five years old then) upon seeing a lot of space in the common area between two houses, remarked innocently, “Why did they waste so much space? They could have stored their boxes here!”

When it is time for another move, the boxes are duly brought out, dusted, painted black once again and “lined” from inside with polythene sheets. The household articles are then packed “tightly” so that there is no internal movement and breakages are avoided. You have got to believe me when I say that packed boxes contain everything from pins and needles to air-conditioners (Defence officers and their wives have an uncanny knack of disposing their things only at the “next” transfer!)

They are then closed, locked and labelled with name, box number, destination etc. An elaborate list of contents in each box is made in “multiply” with one copy being placed inside the box and the others being handed over for safe deposit to husband, wife, friends etc. The boxes are then strapped and loaded into trucks with utmost care - truly an art mastered over successive years and postings.

Soon my husband, a Naval Officer is due to “hang his boots” - a naval term for retirement. Our tryst with boxes is over and preparations for disposing them are in full swing. One evening, a friend, tongue-in-cheek said, “There should be a last box in which you could put undesirable elements (read Wifey!) and send it away to an unknown destination”. To this, Hubby Dear replied “It better not open or you would surely have to trade places! Well, I thought to myself, “this would anyway be the last box, for it does not require an extensive imagination to guess the fate of the poor husband!”

Now this is what I call “Thinking out of the Box!!!”

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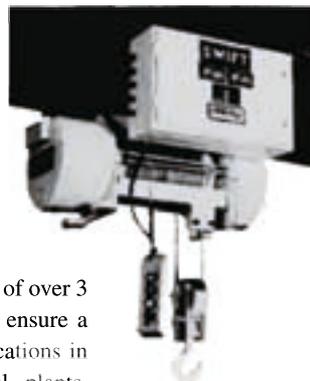
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Just Two Days

-KUMUD NAYEL, Bangalore

“Now lift this foot slightly on your left,” the doctor said gently as if I was a child learning to take my first two steps on the ground. I stood like a ballerina opposite his consulting chair. I balanced my arms so that I do not collapse. I lifted my “This” foot as slowly and slightly as I could and I screamed!

“That’s O.K, that’s O.K,” the doctor got up and helped me to my seat. “Madam, “ he looked at me as if I had just completed a wonderful act on the stage.” Madam, since when do you have this pain?”

Before I could try to recollect, he whipped out the prescription pad and started scribbling.

“We went to Humpi, Badami, Pattada Kallu, Aihole, Kolhapur, Pandharpur,” as I was reeling out all the tourist spots, the doctor kept writing as if he was noting down all those places.

“Now Madam,” he held out the prescription, “ This is what you have to do.” I wondered if it was one more ballerina balance for me. “ Please take all these medicines regularly, walk as much as possible and, yes,” he pointed a finger towards the left of his consulting chamber, “And. yes,” he repeated again as if it was extremely important, “Madam, kindly come and take all the physio therapy sittings, also please attend every acupressure and acupuncture session, without fail.”

I was about to get up from my painful posture when he smiled very kindly and concluded the session, “We also have a diathermic treatment session if the pain becomes unbearable.” How unbearable could it be? I wondered as I touched my ankle, my knee and my hip.

The acupressure therapist did her job as excellently as the acupuncturist. They vied with each other while pressing my live and dead joints with their pressure pens and pins. The pain would go, then would return like the proverbial unwelcome guest.

The diathermy may be is the resort. My husband was adamant. “Have you taken those regular walks?” he asked me mischievously, “ Or do you only sit on the garden bench and dream

about the next hindi film release?”

“Oh Come on,” I picked up the newspaper to read about the latest release by Rohit Shetty.

The therapy sessions were half-way when we got a call from our native village about the Sri Naag Pratishtha. We had to be present as the “Mhaldadis,” in our family. “We have to leave this weekend,” my husband shuffled the newspaper as nervous as a little boy about to give his entrance test for his K.G. admission. I sat like the Principal owning everything around me.

“Have you booked our tickets?”

“Not yet,” came the answer from behind the newspaper.

“What about the A/C Room in that nice Hotel at B.C. Road?” I asked pricklingly.

“Not yet” repeated the nervous voice from behind the newspaper again.

“And the taxis for our visit to Nayala village?” I followed on the interview mercilessly.

“Not yet,” the tame reply was almost inaudible.

I got up from my seat dropping all the newspapers. “Not yet, and you expect me to go to Nayala village with this painful foot,” I wagged it in front of him like a dolphin.

“Does it pain?” my husband asked me.

“Of course it does but how can I leave all that treatment half way?”

I had lost the battle before it started. I was sitting in the bus to go to Nayal on the weekend inspite of the pain.

The village was away from the Hotel, reachable only by a vehicle. The A/C room was very comfortable, the vehicle was an autorickshaw. The roads terrible but the festivities were wonderful.

The Naadaswarams, the chantings, the people around chattering in Tulu and Kannada, “Yenchina Dallaji.” was so sweet, my foot seemed to love it all.

We had to keep the footwear at the entrance of the decorated Pandal. We had to walk barefoot



all over the thorny landscapes to reach the various spots of worship. I scrambled along on my toes, unable to set my foot down anywhere. Perhaps the "Black Swan," heroine who fetched her Oscar last month would have envied me. At the end of the festivities we were getting ready to leave as the entire Nayala village stood next to us to bid us a tearful "Good Bye."

"Why did you come on the eve of the function," the organisers asked us kindly, "You could have stayed with us."

I looked at my foot, "I was undergoing treatment for this foot," I pointed out my foot.

"Oh," sighed the Nayala villagers, "How is it now?" They asked me in a sweet chorus.

I stretched my foot, stretched it once more, twice more, slightly this way, jerked it gently, boldly and harshly.

No pain, no screams !!!! I stood up and hugged the nearest Nayala lady standing next to me.

"Oh," I started crying, "My foot, the pain is gone, no stirrup hold, no artheric hold, no catch. It's gone. Thank you, thank you," I gushed with joy like a child. And all in just two days in Nayala.

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REMEMBRANCE

**RATNABAI SHRIPAD MALLAPUR
(AKKAMAKKA)**



23rd November 2010

In fond and everlasting memory of a very gentle soul, ever smiling inspite of many hurdles and helpful to others especially to needy and poor.

God has taken you with him to that place where you truly belong.

Loving mother, mother-in-law, grandmother and great grandmother and loyal friend.

We all pray that may her soul rest in eternal peace.

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Unforgettable trip back home

-RAJESH SAVKUR, New Jersey, USA

My recent trip to India in March was very eventful in every sense of the word. Upon receiving the phone call from home in Mumbai that my father was seriously ill and admitted to the ICU, I hurriedly packed my bag, bid a sad farewell to my beloved expecting wife, and rushed to India. On my way to the airport, I was filled with heavy thoughts – how will my wife manage by herself? How would she go to the train station everyday? Who will attend to her if she has any problem? Am I not being a good husband? In addition, thoughts about my ailing father also entered my head. Where did I go wrong? Did I not take care of him? Was I not a good son?

As I cleared security and patiently waited to board the plane, I had the opportunity to observe the large array of passengers who flocked the gate. On the one hand, were parents who had tears in their eyes as they left their loved ones back in the US. They had enjoyed their stay in the land of milk and honey, and did not want to terminate their memorable moments. On the other hand, young couples and families were headed to spend time with their loved ones. The air around them was filled with excitement at the thought of spending their well earned vacation in the land of autorickshaws and street hawkers. And then, there were the eligible singles that were gleaming with enthusiasm at the prospect of getting engaged or married, and constantly kept looking at their would-be better half's photographs.

This trip to India was unfortunately very unusual because I hardly spent any time at home. Half the month was devoted to the hospital attending to my critically ill father. After his demise, I spent the remainder half taking care of rituals and legal matters. As I headed back to the US, I was filled with mixed feelings. I left with a heavy heart about leaving my lonely mother behind. At the same time, I was excited about seeing my wife who kept telling me that she could “feel” the baby on a regular basis. As I made my way through immigration and

customs in the US, I sadly thought to myself – I have made innumerable trips to this airport to receive family and friends who were visiting me, and now when it is my turn to come to the US, especially after losing my father, there would not be anyone to receive me. On the contrary, I was pleasantly surprised. My wife, who was barely showing when I had left her a month ago, was there to receive me with open arms, tears in her eyes, and an enormous belly. It was a trip I would never forget!

<<<>>>

Inspiration

*Welcome sunshine, welcome morn,
Wake up quickly-it's the new dawn.
The page is waiting and so is the pen,
Some new thought is going on then.*

*A simple phrase, a little word,
Nothing complex or absurd!
Begin, just write-
For the pen is might.*

*And it flows smoothly
Just as the pen
The fountain of words
My little poem!*

-By Veena Bantwal

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Gokarn Chaturmas - A Devotee's Experience

-SHARMILA KADLE, MUMBE

When my better half suddenly suggested at 7 pm that the whole family leave for Gokarn the next day morning for our Pujya Swamiji's Seemolanghan ceremony on the 12th of Sept 2011, I was quite skeptical as to how we could do it in so short a time. But, as we are by now quite used to his whimsical ways, all of us swung into action and managed to get our 'boria bistar' together for the long drive the next day.

We reached Gokarn Bandikeri Math just in time for the night Guru Pujan. The Math resounded with the sound of our Pujya Swamiji chanting the mantras followed by the devotees. We were transported into another era with the beautifully puratan and pracheen Bandikeri Math. The Samadhi of our Adi Guru, Parama Pujya Shrimat Parijnanashram Swamiji –I has been enshrined here.

The next day morning, as we drove up the winding road leading to the Math, we could appreciate the true beauty of the location. The scenery was enthralling, the trees and shrubs stood lush green, as if soaked with the divine love of the Lord, against the backdrop of a glistening sea. The air was filled with the sweet smell of wild flowers and weeds, and small reptiles scurried away, desperately trying to hurry out of harm's way.

The Math itself is perched on the top of a hill, hidden from view from the sprawling Gokarn town down below, as if keeping itself aloof from the hustle and bustle of life. Built in the typical style of rural Karnataka, it has managed to retain the old world charm, even after recent renovations in anticipation of the Chaturmas. Modern amenities have been added unobtrusively, for the benefit of the devotees. A beautiful small Anjeneya mandir has also been constructed. The back road – a small path hemmed in by ancient houses on both sides lead down to the Kotiteerth pond.

We reached in time for Jalabhishek. The whole day whizzed by in Gayatri Anushtan, Devi Anushtan, Pada puja etc. As that day

was "Nompi", a special puja was done for Lord Ananth. The bhatmaam recited the story of Lord Ananth. Later Swamiji too sat for the Aarati and puja. After lunch, was time for Vimarsh. The topic was 'Sadhana'. Beautifully conducted, the atmosphere was charged with thought provoking discussions on how Sadhana can be beneficial to a sadhaka, types of Sadhana etc. Evening was bhajan time with people from all age groups, from children as young as 5 years to elders participating whole-heartedly. The day culminated in Swamiji conducting the night Shiv Pujan in a spiritually charged atmosphere, in the presence of the Pratham Guru Samadhi.

The next day dawned bright and clear, the day that all of us were looking forward to had finally arrived. This was the auspicious day of Bhadrpad Purnima, the day when Chaturmas ends and Swamiji has to symbolically cross a river. The volunteers had worked through the night to transform the place for this special day. The Math was bedecked in a beautiful arrangement of flowers. Buntings were fluttering gaily all over. Children ran about running errands, women sat weaving flowers of all hues and colors, while the bhatmaam's scurried around, 'puja sahitya' in hand. The women decked up in their finery and men in their 'veshti', were eagerly anticipating the arrival of the beloved Guru. Evening, all assembled at the small port of Tadadi at the mouth of the river Aghanashini for the Simholangan. As Swamiji conducted the Guru Pujan, the devotees in tandem, the God's showered their blessings in the form of rain. There was a light shower which refreshed the devotee's soul and which stopped as soon as Swamiji started singing a Bhajan! Later, He sat in a boat and sailed away to the other end of the river, maybe signifying that now is the time for us devotees to cross the river of life and reach out to the Lord, who is waiting for us at the other end in the form of the Guru.

Swamiji later offered obeisance at the nearby Bhadrakali temple and the Shobha Yatra started a short distance from there. There was a long procession, men dressed as huge 'tatterai

bombeatta' (12 feet dolls) and in 'Vesu' (men wearing a male and female dress sitting on a horse). There were the drummers and men playing the traditional instruments. These might have been the local form of entertainment, before the advent of TV and cinema, and, enthralled the crowds. They were followed by the devotees singing bhajans with full vigour. The "Rath" that Swamiji sat in was beautifully decorated with flowers and a 'Chatra' or umbrella decorated with flowers over his head.

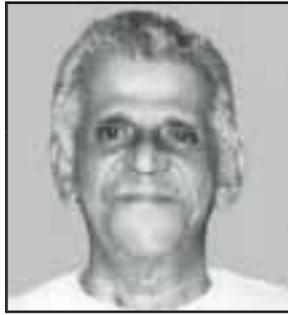
The procession went down the winding roads of Gokarn, proceeding to Kotiteerth, where a beautiful display of fireworks had been arranged. Swamiji sang a Bhajan, sitting in the Kotiteerth square, surrounded by devotees. The procession then proceeded up the narrow path up to the Bandikeri Math. This was followed by a small talk by the President Vinodmaam on how all the devotees from Gokarn and outside worked effortlessly together and other progress made, followed by a small kshamayachana by the Convenor, Shri Ashok Chandavarkar. The icing on the cake came in the form of an Ashirvachan

by our beloved Swamiji. Swamiji mentioned how a lot of the Math work which had been pending since a long time had got cleared with the Grace of the Guru. He also mentioned that this was one of the best Chaturmas, not only because he could do a lot of Anushthans peacefully, but because many of the spiritual activities like Geeta pathan, vimarsh, gayatri anushthan, devi anushthans etc conducted throughout by the small but extremely devoted band of volunteers. He felt that the Guru Shakti is becoming more and more evident, through the pure 'snigdha' love flowing through the community and that all that he wants is to see the spiritual progress of the community.

And truly, we all devotees felt so fortunate that the Lord had given us this opportunity to be present at this auspicious gathering. May we Chitrapur Saraswat's always have the abundant grace of our Guru always to guide us towards the ultimate goal of our life.

Namah Parvate Pataye Hara Hara Mahdev!!

<<<>>>



Muralidhar Shivarao Kilpady
(21-10-1930 to 20-09-2011)

"Life is a series of meetings and partings
We meet to create memories
We part to cherish them"

Fondly remembered by:

Wife: Hemalatha
Son : Aditya Daughters: Arati and Archana
Daughter-in-law: Vidya
Sons-in-law: Prasad and Ashok
Grandsons: Akshat, Akaash, and Vishaal
Relatives and Friends

**Yuvadhara Orchestra in Pune(24th September 2011)
- Centenary Year Celebration of the Kanara Saraswat Association**



**Yuvadhara - Orchestra team beaming after a successful performance
(Turn to page 15 for the report)**

Gokarn Chaturmas - Seemolanghan procession



Tatterai Bombeatta - people dressed up in fancy costumes during the festivities



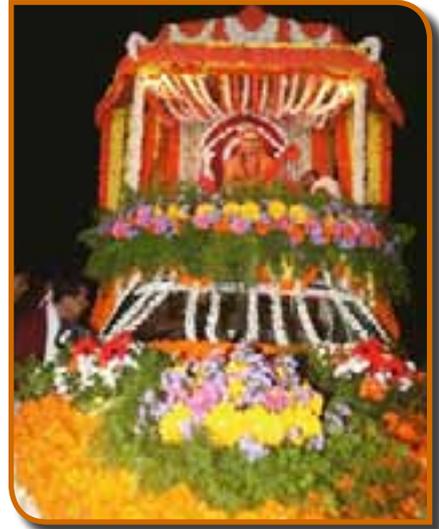
Vesu - Men dressed up in male and female costumes riding a fake horse



Gokarn Chaturmas - Seemolanghan



Swamij performing the Ganga Poojan



Swamiji seated on the beautifully decorated rath during the Shobha Yatra

The Release of a Stamp to Commemorate the Tercentenary of our Chitrapur Math



Chief Post Master General (Maharashtra Circle) Faiz Ur Rehman lights the Ceremonial lamp as Chief Guest M.P. Gurudas Kamat and H.H. Swamiji look on.



Shri Faiz Ur Rehman declares the stamps as released



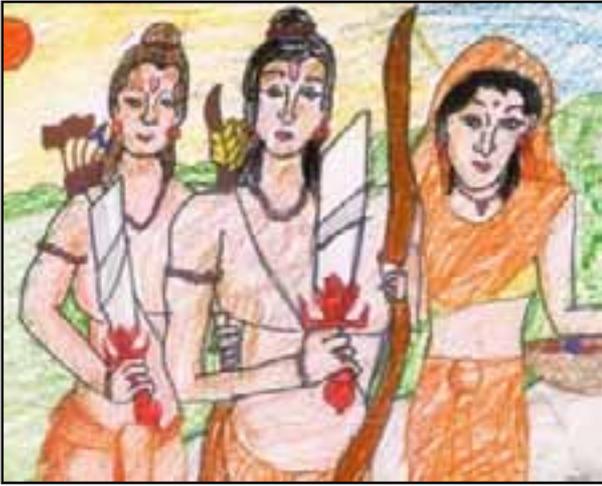
H. H. Swamiji displaying the blow-up of the stamp for the benefit of the audience.



The devotees in a flurry to buy the stamps after the programme.

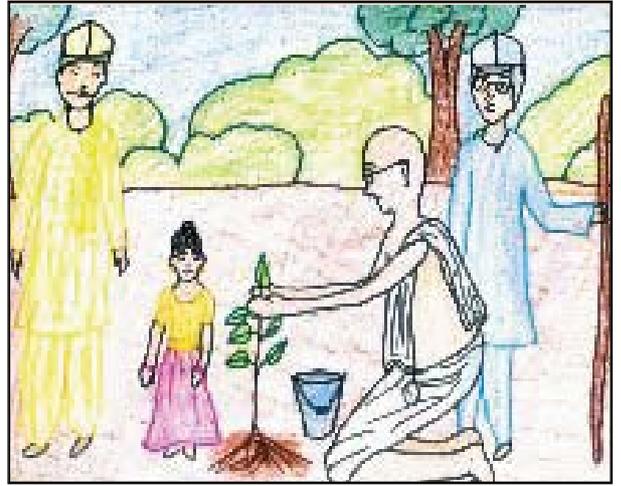
(Turn to page 47 for the report)

Kiddies Corner

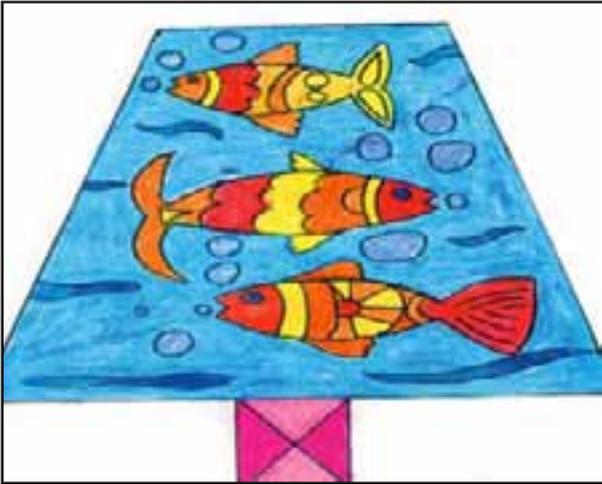


Scene from Ramayana

Amruta A. Sawant (daughter of Roopali Kapnadak Sawant and Arvind Sawant) (8 year)



Gandhiji planting a sapling



Lamp Shade

Malhar K Vaze (son of Deepali Kapnadak Vaze and Kishor Vaze) (Age 7 years)



Dandiya Raas

Poorvi Rao (Age 11 year), Nerul



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DIN EN499 : E 42 5 □ B 42 H 5

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CRYOMATE - 5

AWS A 5.11 ENiCrMo3
DIN 1736:ELNiCr20Mo9Nb

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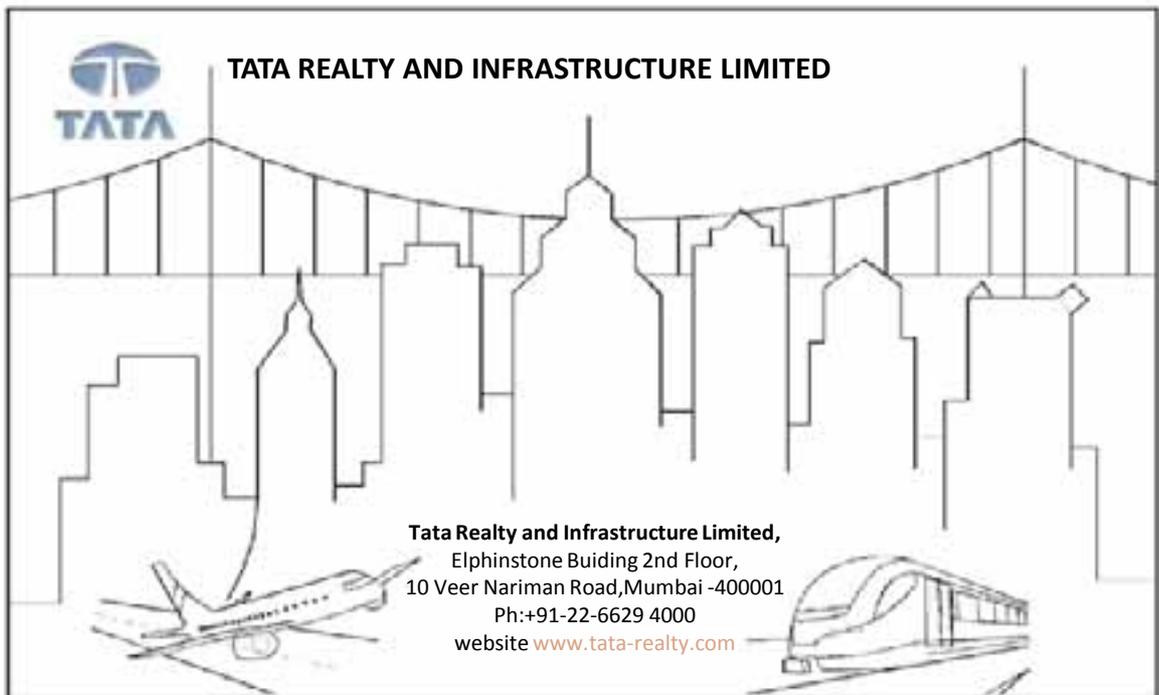
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Technological Singularity : n

CHANDRAKANT HEMMADY , U.S.A.

n: The moment of the end of human control!

Six months ago, I missed an interesting article in a magazine. I caught it later on. The purport of this article is to do a reconnaissance of the theory of "Technological Singularity." One of the theorists is futurist Raymond Kurzweil, a logical technocrat. The crux of the theory is: In about 30 years, very intelligent humans will create machines with superhuman intelligence. At that point or soon after that, the Human Era will be ended because superhuman intelligence will take over and this assumption is based on the "intelligence explosion."

Not surprisingly there is Singularity University financed by NASA which offers interdisciplinary courses of study for graduates and executives who are hungry to get to the bottom of such questions about future of life on Earth. Google is a founding member and some corporations have poured money into research of this theory. This basic idea has created an intellectual reflex that gets hold if anyone swallows the idea of "super-intelligent immortal cyborgs" (Lev Grossman). Though this preposterous theory cannot be ruled out, at the same time it needs sober, careful evaluation; so say serious thinkers attracted to "Singularity" for its "shock value" because it will be the most important thing to happen to humanity since they became domesticated and started agriculture.

The introduction of Raymond Kurzweil follows: his interest in human destiny began in 1980 largely as a practical matter. He wanted ways to measure and track the pace of technological progress. He felt that great inventions can fail if they arrive before their time or if they are a bit too late. At the age of 16, he by himself built a desk size computer with loudly clacking relays hooked up to a typewriter. He made the computer compose music and he took part in a "Guess What" competition on stage which he did not win. Bill Gates has called him "the best person I know at predicting the future of artificial intelligence." He is an MIT engineer and inventor and has made several

fortunes. He holds 39 patents and 19 honorary doctorates. He founded and then sold his first software company while he was still at MIT. In 1999, President Bill Clinton awarded him the National Medal of Technology.

Based on Kurzweil's hypothesis, computers are getting faster-"faster. That is, the rate at which they are getting faster is incredible. So incredibly fast, that there might conceivably come a moment when they are capable of something comparable to human super-intelligence. Can we call it "artificial intelligence"? May be. Which could be capable of doing great tasks. The machines would be capable of taking over their own development from their slower thinking human creators. Human beings would be left behind. Thus the first ultra-intelligent machine could be the last invention that human beings need ever make. Such possibilities cannot be ruled out ! We have to gaze into the crystal ball may be! Food for thought ??

<<<>>>

Birthday announcement

Gourish Laxman Nadkarni (Keremane)



5th October 2011

75

*glorious years and wishing many more
birthdays to come.*

Uma,

Gautam - Rekha - Ishita.

Ketan - Anushree (nee Maya) - Hreem.

Vijay - Shantala.



Shravun Audios

Parag S. Balvalli, son of Sri. Sharad R. Balvalli has inaugurated his new sound recording studio "Shravun Audios" on the 26th October, 2011, at # 201, Krishnaprasad Apartment, 40, Dattatreya Temple Street, P.G.Halli Road, Malleshwaram, Bangalore 560 003.

Parag is an accomplished musician himself and has also been programming for various types of music recordings under the able guidance of Sri. Rishikesh Hari, well known music director of the South.

Parag offers the following services at his new state-of-the-art studio:

- . **Composing, Programming & Arranging**
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An Evening of Bliss

-M.R. HOSANGADY, Mumbai

Sunday, Oct. 9 was a Red Letter Day for 800 plus Bhanaps representing the crème de la crème of the community who had flocked to the Y.B. Chavan auditorium in South Bombay. Since every letter for mailing needs a postage stamp, it was appropriate they had assembled to witness the release of a stamp to commemorate the tercentenary of our Chitrapur Math. Many of them from the suburbs had chartered buses en route to create the right atmosphere for the concert. The invitation was elegant in its design with the Math prominently displayed. The venue itself was tastefully decorated with marigolds, mango leaves, and roses giving the appearance of a marriage pandal. So much so, that had a bridal couple suddenly popped out of the florals, none would be surprised! On arrival at the venue, guests were greeted by a bevy of attractive usherettes, who escorted them to the assigned seats and helped the elderly be comfortable. The soft music in the background provided an ambience, soothing and refreshing.

Precisely at the stipulated time our very own comper par excellence, Shailaja Ganguly, addressed the audience and as the curtain went up, there was an audible “ooh” on beholding our Swamiji resplendent in His robes and radiating benevolence and blessings to all. Flanking him on either side, the Standing Committee Chairman Vinod Yennemadi, M.P. Gurudas Kamat, Chief Post Master General Faiz Ur Rehman and Lt. General Prakash Gokarn. Shailaja’s immaculate diction and modulation captivated the audience among whom were community stalwarts such as Praveen Kadle, Dr. Prakash Mavinkurve, Dr.

Mohan Mankikar, Suresh Hemmady, Geeta Yennemadi, Dilip Sashital, Nainpally Jayavant, to name just a few.

Vinod Yennemadi then briefly recounted the Math’s history and activities as well as the efforts required to get this project accepted. Mr. Kamat then eulogized Swamiji’s efforts in going beyond spiritual confines to uplift nearby villages. The Chief P.M.G. traced the process of getting such a stamp to see the light of day. The toast of the evening was the address by our Swamiji which raised the level of the function to dizzy heights by his erudition, sincerity, and his uncanny ability to blend spirituality with practical living. Every word from Swamiji’s lips was oozing with Divinity and Compassion. Then followed the lighting of the ceremonial lamp, first by Swamiji and then by the other dignitaries to hearty applause. A thoughtful innovation was the blow-up of the release stamp to enable it to be seen by all.

The vote of thanks by Lt. General (Retired but never tired!) Gokarn was delivered with military precision not forgetting the minutest detail and the function ended as per schedule. In summary, this is the kind of event that endears to organizers and audiences alike for its concept, its meticulous planning and scheduling, crisp and to-the-point speeches. A special bonus during the refreshments was the surprise package containing DVDs of the village uplift work in Shirali and a couple of bhajan CDs in Swamiji’s sonorous and mellifluous voice.

Verily, this was an evening of bliss!

(Turn to page 38 for the photographs)

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TWO WOLVES

One evening an old Cherokee Indian told his grandson about a battle that goes on inside people. He said, “My son, the battle is between two wolves inside us all.

“One is Evil — It is anger, envy, jealousy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority and ego.

“The other is Good — It is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion and faith.”

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather:

“Which wolf wins?”

The old Cherokee simply replied, “The one you feed.”



SHRĪMATH ANANTHESHWAR TEMPLE RENOVATION COMMITTEE MUMBAĪ

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ANNUAL SHASHTHĪ FESTIVAL - 2011

PROGRAMME

26.11.2011	Saturday	Mṛttikā Harāṇa from Ādisthala (Early Morning) Morning - 9:00 a.m. onwards Sāmūhika Prāthanā, Koshāgara Pūjā, Dhvajārohaṇa, Mahāpūjā Maṅgalārati and Utsava 8:00 p.m.onwards
27.11.2011	Sunday	Mahāpūjā, Maṅgalārati and Utsava
28.11.2011	Monday	Mahāpūjā, Maṅgalārati and Utsava
29.11.2011	Tuesday	Mahāpūjā, Maṅgalārati Night - 9:00 p.m.onwards Mṛgabete Utsava
30.11.2011	Wednesday	Mahārathotsava at 12:00 noon
01.12.2011	Thursday	Avabhrathotsava (8:00 a.m.) Dhwajāvarohaṇa, Mahāpūjā, Maṅgalārati, Sāmūhika Prārthanā, Aṅkura Prasāda Vitarāṇa Nāga Tāmbila at Nāgākāṭṭe at 5:30 p.m.

- Note: 1) At noon - Mahābhisheka, Pūjā, Nitya Bali and Santarpaṇa on all days
2) In the evening - 5:30 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. - Bhajana-s, Dīpanamaskāra
8:00 p.m. onwards - Raṅgapūjā and Utsava on all Days.
3) Devotees Meeting will be held on 29.11.2011 at 4:00 p.m.
4) Nāga Tāmbila Sevā will be performed on 24th and 25th Nov, 1st and 2nd Dec. 2011.

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100th YEAR BIRTHDAY REMEMBRANCE
(Late) BHALCHANDRA NARAYANRAO KULKARNY
BORN ON 11.11.1911



Expired on
30-04-1984

Fondly Remembered by :

Raghuvir,
Vasanti,

Geeta,
Suresh,

Anil,
Sita,

Smita,
Uday

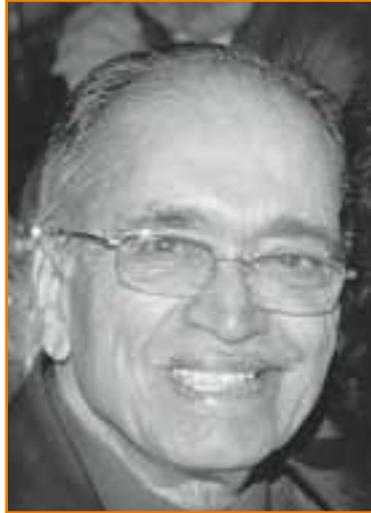
(Late) Lata,

and grand children

KULKARNI, BIYAR, BALSE, SAUKUR, HATTANGDI, SHIRALI

सूर्य चंद्र तुमचे डोळे
दुःखनिच हो बघतात
कमी नाही आम्हा काही
कृपा दृष्टीची बघसात
पाच बोटे अमृताची
पंचप्राण तुमचे त्यात
पाठी वरी फिरवा हात
या हो बाबा सकच देळा
या हो बाबा सकच देळा

- Geeta Balse



Rammohan Savkoor

(07/05/1930 to 11/07/2009)

Missed by Shrikala, Swapna, Chetan Savkoor
Namita, Stephen, Collin & Drake Hartland
Relatives & Friends

Akash - The One Arm Wonder

- SHWETA AKASH GOKARN, PUNE

It was 7.00 o'clock in one of the chilled mornings of late June at BMCC college campus, Pune. Everybody was rushing to the class room for attending lecture. And suddenly everybody's head automatically turned to a sound of foot steps of a galloping horse..... And there entered a charming boy with a smiling gesture, confidently handling the horse... Akash, the one arm wonder. This is how was my first introduction to Akash, a best friend turned into my life partner.

Akash came to his present parents as a God's gift some 26 years ago. He was only 7 months then....had a fair complexion, a sweet smile, an innocent face and one arm. His parents' saw him at an ashram meant only for girls and legally adopted him immediately when they realised that he would be sent to remand home at the age of five since he was a boy. One day old Akash was found by them in a garbage bin. He lost his left arm to gangrene in hospital where he was admitted for pneumonia immediately due to the doctor's mistake. His sister says, "as a child I remember him trying to toddle, crawl but all in vain as his right arm could not support him alone. He must have fallen umpteen number of times..... only to rise and play cricket, play badminton, drive a bicycle to school, even balance a motor cycle!" He was not given admission to a convent school because the father of school thought that he would not be able to compete with other children in sports. The Irony that has won Pride of Pune title in June, 2008 amongst 1000 other children because he is an excellent swimmer and a amateur horse rider!! The irony is that he has won several intercollegiate prizes for best dancer!

Is Akash disabled? Right from buttoning up his own shirt to operating the computer he does it all....with his one arm! He used to struggle to write as a child because he could not hold the paper which used to slide away... He used to get terrorized by the many questions asked in trains and other children, "What happened to your arm?..." His father had said once that

he has seen him overcome his dearth of one hand, all by himself and so when he was refused a two wheeler driving licence he took up horse riding even without him knowing it. It was Akash's who thought that, "They can't ask me for a license while riding a horse?" Thanks to his horse riding instructor who allowed him to ride a horse to college! I still remember that charming guy.

What is a disability? Not having a hand? Are we talking of only physical disability? For I know Akash has not only overcome his physical loss but also his psychological suffering. It is very difficult to come to terms with being rejected by society as a just born child, lose your hand for no fault of yours, answer those umpteen questions about who you are? And especially as a small child.

My heart fills with pride to say that Akash has overcome his physical and psychological disability in the true sense. He has come a long way from not wanting to write as a small child to complete his B. Com and MBA.

Akash is different..... He is a dear friend to all who look upon him as a personal counsellor especially in his college circle and now in his office colleagues. It is a complete faith and confidence in him that inspires everybody around him to share their personal problems without any hesitation. His love for animals has seen him rescue more than fifty parrots from the sellers, and two parrot fledglings fallen from tree, one of which was still with him till last year for around 15 years, as he had lost his ability to fly due to the fall. He has rescued baby squirrels from adivasi's and nurtured them till they could live on their own. He has lead horse rallies for cancer patients, a soft touch to his otherwise strong personality.

Akash is special.... He was named Akash even before he came to his family.... But truly he has touched the sky (Akash) even at this age!

Few of his achievements are noted below:-

- Winner of a PRIDE OF PUNE contest,

held at Pune on 8th June, 2008 out of overall 1000 participants (Akash was selected for his skill of swimming and horse riding with one arm) and won a trip to London.

- Contingent Leader for 'Mood Indigo

Competition' for continuous 3 years i.e. year 2003, 2004 and 2005. - Advertisement assignment for brand '7 UP' directed by Indian Ad Guru Mr. Pralahad Kakkar.

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Working with the famous Seattle fishmongers

-PRABODH SIRUR, Bangalore

My first priority on reaching Seattle, WA, was to meet the famous fishmongers at the Pike Place Market. I not only met them, but also got a great opportunity to work with them.

You will ask me what is so special about these fishmongers. Let me tell you.

They have converted their ordinary workplace into an Extraordinary learning institute! They are an example of how an energising organisation is run. They go out, in turns, to teach management to the senior leadership of global organisations. Their training videos have become a must-watch training material in most organisations. Books written around their work philosophy are bestsellers.

Their small shop, Pike Place Fish Market, is one of the fifty odd shops set up for the local artisans on Pike Street, Seattle. All these shops sell fish, flowers, or souvenirs created by local craftsmen.

The reason why tourists throng this particular shop is to watch the positivity created by the employees, all 12 of them. You will see each of them fully charged to work and to serve all through the day.

A typical scene is like this: If you buy, say, a salmon from the stall, the fishmonger attending to you will pick it up and throw it to the cashier with a loud call, "One big salmon flying all the way to you." All the remaining fishmongers shout after him, "One big salmon flying all the way to you."

Sometimes, you will hear a big energetic shout, "Two huge crabs coming your way" followed by a shout from the crowd, "Two huge crabs coming your way". Some other time, you will see them playing with children who come to watch the famous fish throwers. You will sometimes see them nudging one of their customers to go near the cash counter and catch the flying fish coming their

way. You will see every one of them celebrating every bit of their work life, all the time.

Throughout the day, there is a big crowd of tourists around the shop to watch the action and to capture the excitement on camera.

I promised myself that I would meet them.

I knew that they started their work at 6:30 in the morning. So I reach the shop early morning and introduce myself. They were happy to include me in their huddle, their first activity for the day. Exactly at 6:30, they all huddle up and start with an inspiring story that emphasises how their attitude for the day is going to impact their customers' happiness. After sharing a few such stories amongst the team, they break out of the huddle with a victory cry and start the next act of the day, which is to set up the shop beautifully. The shop must be ready at 8 am.

I request for someone to be allocated as my boss. Jake, a fish monger, becomes my boss. He gives me a pair of gloves and asks me to weed out mussels and broken clams from the huge tub of clam. After that, I help him set up the salmons.

In between, Jake talks to me about how important it is to make the right choices in life. He says, "You know, when I reach home, I have a small baby to attend to, so that my wife can do the cooking. I am dead tired, but then I go back to what I learn and practice each day in my work place, which is, one has to make a choice about attitude; to choose to be positive or not so positive. I pick up the one I am used to – being positive and making a difference, a world of difference. After I have made this choice, my life and the lives of people around me becomes totally different. It is fun."

Then, Sam, another fish monger, comes along and gifts me one of their books – 'When Fish Fly'.



I request all of them to autograph the cover page. They are happy to do it. Sam then narrates some great stories about the team. He shares the story of how a couple of them travelled to meet a small girl who was hospitalised and wished to meet the famous fishmongers and how they did the fish-throwing act right in the middle of the hospital ward to bring a smile on her face.

We set up the shop exactly at 8:00 a.m., complete with 'signature boards', such as 'We are the world famous fish place', and are ready to welcome the customers.

My job is complete. I got what I wanted to get,

from "The World Famous Fish People", as they like to be called. I take off waving the team a good bye.

What a team! What a sense of pride in what they do for their living!

What a philosophy – "Making a world famous difference to every single human life they touch!"

And what a way to really LIVE the philosophy each moment of each day.

I worked with them for only hundred minutes and came back with a great message about life. Wow!

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"Ujwaadu", a Konkani movie has been recently released in Mangalore. It is after a gap of 35 years that a film in Konkani GSB dialect has been produced in the country. It has been directed by Srinivas Rao S, popularly known as Kasragod Chinna. The movie portrays Konkani culture in several aspects. The opening song of the movie shows 18 Kuladaivas of the Konkani communities. Speaking about the title 'Ujwaadu', the director says that 'Ujwaadu' happens to be the name of an old age home in the movie. "I wanted to show the importance of the aged in the community as they are the ones who guide the younger generations. They are the real light of the future", he says.

The film was shot in 18 days and the entire production process was completed in 100 days. The film was mostly shot in Karkala and places around. Though the budget was a mere Rs. 45 lakh quality was not compromised at any stage.

Glorious Final Departure

Anand G. Chandavarkar

(Son of the Late Shri Gopalkrishna A. Chandavarkar and Sitabai of Hyderabad)

Former Director of the Reserve Bank of India, Asst. Director of the I.M.F., & consultant to several governments and international bodies

passed away peacefully in his sleep at 18.52 hours on September 19
at New York, U.S.A.



Deeply mourned by bereaved wife Tara, son Nikhil and family, the Lajmis of Bangalore, Kalbags of Vile Parle, Kombrabails of Bantwal, the Kulkarnis of Bangalore, and other relatives and friends.

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Kiddies Corner (cont.)

The Vanishing Doll

Ishaan Sameer Mavinkurve, 8 Years, Pune.

Jock and Joe are good friends. One day, Jock says to Joe that his sister has lost her doll. So the two investigators leave the house and go to a mountain in search of the lost doll and also for a picnic. They take their dog Tommy along with them. At night they eat their dinner and go for a walk. On their walk they eat a chocolate and throw the wrapper in the entrance of a cave. There they get a dreadful shock! When they throw the wrapper in the cave, the cave begins to speak! The three of them look in surprise. Tommy begins to bark. "A cave can't speak", says Joe doubtfully, "there is somebody in the cave". Joe continues, "come on, let's go in the cave, I want to have an adventure". "Shhhhh!" says Jock, "otherwise somebody will catch us". So they tiptoe into the cave. As Jock, Joe and Tommy enter the cave, they spot a doll on the ground. When they go near it, the doll begins to speak. It says in a kind voice, "your doll is with us. I am the queen of dolls. We had a party so our friend came here to meet us". She gives the lost doll back to them. So another mystery gets solved by them. Jock hands over the doll back to his sister.

(Young ishaan aspires to be a famous writer like his favourite authors Enid Blyton and Ruskin Bond)

Bonnie Blair - 'Famous Quote'

Winning doesn't always mean being first, winning means you're doing better than you've done before

A Poem Dedicated to all Poems and Poets

There came an age
When the play of words started.
That was the time
When normal language retracted.

People had thoughts
Strange and beautiful
Which, when they wrote,
Poems happened, Poems happened!

The joyful flow of happy wonders
Spilled out on paper
Bright ideas to clever thoughts
All bubbling together in the same little pot.

The common smiles of the earth
To the secrets he and me share
All told to you
While huddled up near the hearth
in your lair
Make you high
Make you laugh
Sweet happiness, come to one
The beauty of words bind us in your true meaning

Such fine art can only be the work of lords
Curiosity asks us, Who are these lords?
Great thinkers from the deep corners of the world
Fish us out fables in melody from the lake of the untold

Masterminds of poetry,
We give you a name
We name you after your dear creations
We call you poets.

**-Rohan Mavinkurve, age 9 years,
Goregaon (W), Mumbai.**



Departmental Stores

-MIHIR BAJEKAL

Going into one of these shopping malls is a unique experience, particularly when you want to buy only one or two things. First of all, nothing is ever small there. You have these huge trolleys and huge baskets. It's the first indication that these guys want you to buy a lot of things. Even those new drag-it-on-the floor bags that they have are huge. Then there are trolleys with space for kids to sit in. Honestly, when you see these, you just know it's going to be a long and tiring day here.

I had been to a well-known departmental store for a pair of socks. I went to the men's accessories section. Now, I am a very bad shopper, so I just picked up a random pair of socks and went to the billing counter. One more thing, the billing counters in such stores are always full. There are three or four counters, of which at the most two are open. I don't get the point of not opening all the other counters, particularly when there's a crowd. It's like the mall guys enjoy seeing people standing in a queue. Perhaps it gives them a satisfaction that their store is popular.

So I'm standing there in that huge queue wondering why these fellows don't have a queue for people who have less than five items or so. Then it hits me. Glancing into other peoples' bags, I notice that there are no people who have less than 20 items in the bag. So why open a counter for such people when there aren't any?

When you stand with a solitary item in your hand, you see people staring at you with an air of disbelief. It's like they want to say "Seriously, is that all you're buying? You got to do better than that. What are you, a lazy bum?" You feel kind of embarrassed when you see these people staring at you as if you are a creature from outer space.

Then after what seems like an eternity, you get to the counter and you hand over the solitary item that you have been carrying for over an hour now. The cashier looks at you with

an expression as if to say, "Why go through all that trouble of standing in the queue, man? You could have bought your socks from the poor homeless people on the pavement, you know." He gives you the bill, which doesn't exceed a few hundred rupees. The worst part is when you don't have change and you hand the guy a 500 or a 1000 rupee note. He looks at you as if to say "Haven't you had enough of mocking our system?" People are staring at you like you're some sort of criminal or something. The cashier looks around for some change in his drawer and reluctantly hands over the change and your item.

The last straw is that you don't even get a bag to carry your socks with you and that is the worst feeling of all. You have to show the socks to every person in the store and everyone is silently laughing at you, thinking that that is all you can afford! The final bit is from the guard who stamps the exit sign on your bill. When you hand him the bill, his eyes sort of pop out. He stares at the "bill" and then at you as if to say "Come on dude, even I can buy more than that."

Well, all I can say, whenever you want to buy just a couple of things for yourself, you are better off in an ordinary store or on the pavement than one of those big ones.

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The Young Viewpoint (contd)

The Road Ahead

I see the unknown path unfurl before me
I wonder hard, how will the path be
Will it be gentle, tender with care,
Or daring and adventurous that
Which can cause quite a scare.
Will it wrap me lovingly in its folds
Or hail me hostile as I step into its holds
I don't know what is to befall me
For the road extends as far as I can see
With a prayer in my heart,
Strong unlike a bayed hart,
Do I step on to this uncertain thread
Hoping the roots that bind me to my
values
Do not strain from the pressure
Hoping the wings attached on my person
Will help me soar, unescorted, undaunted

For I am determined to shine of glories
untempered
See me through, O Mighty Gods , as I
step
Into the realms containing my future
Where I hope to find, life abound and
Promises kept.

- Ila Gokarn, New Delhi

'Famous Quotes'

Thomas Edison-

I will not say I failed 1000 times, I will say that I discovered there are 1000 ways that can cause failure

Abdul Kalaam -

Love your job but never fall in love with your company because you never know when it stops loving you.....

Shri Chitrapur Math - Mumbai (Grant Road) Local Sabha

The Annual **Smt Ambabai Heble Bhagvadgeeta Recitation Competition -2011** will be held on **Sunday the 13th November at 3 pm at the Smt. Indirabai Kallianpurkar Hall,** off Talmakiwadi

Shlokas for memorisation and recitation for all Groups (I, II, III, IV and V) -

Shloka 1 to 28 of Aksharbrahmayoga. i.e. Chapter 8

Points will be given for memorisation, clear pronunciation, uniform pace of delivery, and proper melodious intonations.

H.H. Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji has graciously consented to award prizes to the winners and bless all participants.

Please give your entries before 11/11/11 to any one of the following:

1. **Suneela Mavinkurve:** 9869925373 or suneelam42@yahoo.co.in,
2. **Mahesh Kalyanpur:** 9322515884 or mkalyanpur@hotmail.com,
3. **Sudhir Balwally:** 9820817732 or sudhirbalwally@hotmail.com



Saved by the Sari — A Swiss Incident

—SUDHA MANOHAR HATTIKUDUR

This is a narration of an unprecedented experience, a case of a struggle between life and death.

A mention of Switzerland brings to mind a country of scenic beauty and majestic peaks, expensive watches, delightful chocolates, cheese fondue, big banks (with numbered accounts!) and playgrounds of the rich and famous like St. Moritz. Switzerland is a very small country of less than 8 million people. However, interestingly, it has three distinct cultural regions – the German speaking north (actually the Swiss speak a colloquial German called Sweizer Deutsch) with cities like Zurich, Berne; the Italian speaking south bordering Italy with cities like Lugano, Locarno and the French speaking part bordering France with cities like Geneva and Lausanne. Despite the cultural differences the country is well integrated.

In the 70s we were living in the pretty little town of Kilchberg, a few kilometers out of Zurich. My husband was then working at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich, popularly known as ETH-Z, an institution associated with great scientists like Einstein, Debye, Pauli, Prelog etc. Kilchberg is perched on a hillside overlooking the huge lake of Zurich, the Zurichsee.

It was one of those beautiful summer days in Kilchberg. That afternoon, I was as usual sitting with a novel in hand in Lowenpark adjoining the lake watching our children, 5 and 3 years old, play on the banks of the lake. Usually one would see a handful of children playing, with their mothers keeping a close watch from chairs nearby. Today my children were rather disappointed due to the absence of any playmates, but that did not discourage them. They were there with their favourite toys with the sparkling water in front. My elder son was trying to float his plastic dog on the waters and the younger stood on the pebbles assuming the role of an assistant. The novel did not interest me much but I continued reading allowing the boys to play. They slowly warmed up to the merriest of moods and I was occasionally

watching

from time to time not to bend too low over the water. After some time I noticed a lady with her son coming towards the lake with a rubber boat. She settled the boy who was about 11-12 years of age in the boat and occupied the seat next to mine to keep a watch on the boy rowing. She too warned him not to go too far. Turning to me she mentioned about some danger zones on the shore of the lake where the water was deep. And that though her son knew swimming she would prefer to be near him in case of an emergency. I still wonder if her words were prophetic in view of the events that were to follow.

I glanced once again towards my children. They were excited and laughing. What was it about? I saw a big passenger ship passing, one of those which regularly ply between Zurich and Rapperswill at the end of the lake, and obviously its huge swell had pushed them. I cautioned them once again not to throw their toys too far in. A few seconds later I looked once again through my glare glasses, but this time I sensed something serious. My younger son seemed to be struggling for breath. He was standing all right but I expected he might lose control of himself. Probably some water entered his nose while bending and he appeared to be suffocating. I thought I must go to his rescue at once before he slips into the water. By the time I was halfway he was lying on the waters and was being dragged by the force of the current. On an impulse I kicked off my shoes and dashed towards him and with hands under his armpits tried to pick him up. But what happened! Instead of picking up my young one, to my shock, I felt a forceful current in the water and a deep crater below giving way, and both of us were going down. There was nothing to hold on to with hand or foot. I found us silently submitting to the ensuing calamity. It was so unexpected and fast that there was no time even to shout for help. The last thing I saw before my head went into the water was the lady getting up from her seat with shock on her face and running helter skelter for

any possible help and my elder son's frantic cries calling "Amma, Amma" as I was disappearing in front of his eyes. Inside the water I could feel we were being carried deeper and deeper to the bottom of the lake with no one to stop us. We were perhaps being dragged down by a swirling current of great force.

Beneath the waters I must naturally have closed my eyes, but everything appeared green through the closed eyes. Water was rushing into our nostrils and mouth, making breathing impossible. A most unpleasant experience! I thought this suffering will continue for some time and finally end peacefully in death. A number of thoughts went rapidly through my mind as I was going down: How foolish I was to allow my children to play on the edge of the lake, which had not looked dangerous. Who will take care of my husband and young son if we were to die? What a way to end one's life in a foreign country far away from home. Where will I be in my next life? Hopefully in beautiful Switzerland and so on.

I gave up all hopes of survival. As a last resort I decided to try closing my nose with one hand as long as possible to prevent water entering my

lungs. With the other hand I closed my son's nose and mouth tightly and he submitted quietly. Thus I was engrossed in my thoughts of life and death. Then I then felt a tug at my sari pallav, and felt that I was being pulled for sometime.

After some time everything looked serene and calm. I felt some one waking me up as if from a dreadful dream. Was it a dream or was it real? I was not sure. I was breathing delicious fresh air. I had apparently been pulled to the banks of the lake. I found myself sitting with my son dazed and panting for breath, water still running from our noses. The lady was all wet. Her son was there too and both looked aghast and horrified. They must have swum some distance to catch hold of my sari pallav. I found myself thanking the lady who appeared as a Goddess in human form.

I had been lucky to be wearing a nylon sari that day, a dress I usually do not wear, whose pallav helped in pulling us out. Even today, after four decades, I get a cold shiver when I think of this incident. It gives me immense satisfaction that I was in the water with my son to share his suffering and alive today to narrate this experience!

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Remembrance

Late Shri S. V. Mankekar



**Born on 9.4.1909
Died on 6.11.1986**

Late Mrs. Vimalabai S. Mankekar



**Born on 10.4.1914
Died on 1.9.2003**

Fondly remembered by:

Dr. Mohan S. Mankekar and family
Late Umabai Bhasker Trikannad and family
Mrs. Rama (Indu) Vasant Baidur and family
Shri Vijay S. Mankekar and family



“माझे हृदय परिवर्तन”

-चंद्रमा मोहन विजूर, मुंबई

“बायपास सर्जरी!” या शब्दांपासून मी कोसोदूर धावायचे. २००३ पासूनचा ‘मायल्ड एस्केमिया’ मी आहार, विहार, प्राणायाम आणि औषधोपचार यावर थोपवून धरण्यात यशस्वी ठरले होते. पण हळुहळु जीभेवरचा ताबा शिथिल झाला, मॉर्निंग वॉकहि “आज नको-उद्या बघु”वर ढकलला गेला, फक्त योग-प्राणायाम-ध्यान यांनाच घट्ट धरून होते. याचा व्हायचा तोच परिणाम झाला. पुन्हा चालताना छाती दुखु लागली. पांच मिनिटे दुखणारी छाती पंधरा वीस मिनिटं दुखु लागली.

शेवटी मातारानी आणि गुरुराया तरी किती सांभाळणार? दोहोंमध्ये संगनमत झालं. “फटके मारल्या शिवाय ही बया काही शुद्धीवर येणार नाही. हिला शॉक ट्रीटमेंट मिळायलाच हवी!” बस्स ठरलं!!

साधी स्ट्रेस टेस्ट करायला गेले तेथून टप्प्याटप्प्याने खोल आणि खोल तपासण्या होत गेल्या आणि जेवढं खोलं जावं तेवढा चिखलच मिळत गेला.

हृदयाच्या गल्ल्याबोळांची अक्षरशः ‘खाऊगल्ली’ झाली होती. एका रक्तवाहिनीत ओळीत मोठ्या दिमाखांत मिरवत होते १००% भेलपुरी स्टॉल, ८०% शेवपुरी, ६०% पानीपुरी तर दहीबटाटा-रगडापॅटीस ५०%, ७०% चे स्टॉल उभारून होते. दुसऱ्या रक्तवाहिनीत तर “काम चालू रस्ता बंद” पाटी लटकत होती तर छोट्या वाहिनीत ३५%, ४०% गोळा, आइस्क्रीम स्टॉल मोठ्या आनंदात नांदत होते.

ही खाऊगल्ली पाहून “एँजियोग्राफी” करणारे डॉ. कौस्तुभ वैद्य आणि माझ्या जसलोक हॉस्पिटलच्या कार्डियोलॉजिस्ट डॉ. शीला राव यांची बोलतीच बंद झाली. “चंद्रमा, बायपास शिवाय पर्याय नाही. अजूनहि तू एवढी अॅक्टीव्ह हे मोठं आश्चर्यच आहे. आणि “One of the Best Heart Surgeon” म्हणून डॉ. शीलाने डॉ. सुरेश जोशींचे नाव सुचविले आणि संध्याकाळी ५ वाजता डॉ. सुरेश जोशी ‘दत्त’ म्हणून माझ्या पुढे उभे राहिले. उंच, हंसतमुख, डोळ्यांत एक वेगळेच तेज, गंभीर आवाज!!! पाहाताक्षणीच जणु डोळ्यासमोर परमपूज्य परिज्ञानाश्रम स्वामीजी आणि परमपूज्य सद्योजात शङ्कराश्रम स्वामीजीच साकारले! आणि मग मी बिनधास्त झाले. निर्धास्त झाले. सर्व सूत्रं डॉ. शीलावर सोपवली. “यथा योग्यं तथा कुरु।” म्हणून श्रीगुरुचरणी समर्पित झाले.

आणि खरचं! सद्गुरुराया आणि माझ्या मातारानीने सर्व सूत्रं हाती घेतली आणि डॉ. शीला आणि डॉ. सुरेश यांच्या रूपांत मला ऑपरेशन आणि आय.सी.यू. तून सुखरूप बाहेर काढले. लाख लाख शुक्रीया मातारानी, कोटिकोटि प्रणाम गुरुराया!!!

जसलोक हॉस्पिटल-उत्तम व्यवस्था. किती शुभचिंतक, किती प्रार्थना, किती अनुष्ठानं, किती रक्तदान, गांधी अंकलसारखे, डॉ. त्रिकनाड वृंदासारखे हितचिंतक. या सर्वांच्या रूपाने माझे सत्यसाईं, माझे गजानन महाराज कार्यरत होते. या सर्वांचे शतशः आभार!! धन्यवाद!! आणि माझी घरची, माझे नातेवाइक!! खरचं, अचानक माझं कुटुंब “वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम्!” झालं. किती मी भाग्यशाली!! देवा तुझीच कृपा!!

ऑपरेशननंतर घरी आले. प्रथमच आरशासमोर उभी राहिले. छातीवर चार ठिकाणी मोठे गोलाकार टाके होते. आणि मधोमध आणखी बारीक टाके. पाहताक्षणी मला येशूख्रिस्ताचा क्रॉस आठवला. खरचं येशूला असाच सूळावर ठोकला असेल नाही? फरक एवढाच त्याचा जीव घेतला गेला आणि मला माझ्या क्रॉसने जीवनदान दिलं! आणि मला आठवला छाती फाडून रामाचं दर्शन घडवणारा रामदूत हनुमान!

१९९७ पासून परमपूज्य श्रीमद् सद्योजात शङ्कराश्रम स्वामीजी आणि तत्पूर्वी श्री सत्यसाईंच्या कृपेने माझे अध्यात्मिक परिवर्तन होत होते.

आज डॉ. शीला राव, डॉ. कौस्तुभ वैद्य आणि माझे धन्वन्तरी डॉ. सुरेश जोशी आणि त्यांचे सहकारी, जसलोक हॉस्पिटलची कार्याकारिणी यांच्या महत्प्रयत्नांनी माझे शारीरिक, हृदयपरिवर्तन यशस्वीरित्या साध्य झाले. शतशः आभार!

कुणीसं म्हटलं की, हृदयशस्त्रक्रिया (आणि इतरहि) ‘रोबोटही’ यशस्वीरित्या करू शकतो. मी तर म्हणेन माणसाने कितीहि यंत्र निर्माण करण्यात उच्चांक गाठला तरीही Man-made machine पेक्षा God made machine केव्हांही श्रेष्ठच ठरणार; हो ना?

॥जय माता दी॥

॥जय गुरु॥

गणितातील “क्ष”

- शांतला श. मुर्डेश्वर, बेंगळूर

उपनिषदावरील प्रवचन ऐकून मी आणि वसू हॉलमधून बाहेर पडलो. पायांत चपला अडकवताना वसू म्हणाली, “बाबाजी म्हणतात तेच खरे! हे शास्त्र इतके Volatile आहे की, पायात चप्पल जायच्या आधी डोक्यातून उडून जाते. बघ ना! स्वैपाक अर्धा राहिला आहे. लेक कॉलेजमधून आली असेल का? इतके प्रश्न निर्माण झालेत डोक्यात. तेथे कसे राहिल अध्यात्म?”

प्रवचनाची धुंदी माझ्यावर अजून होती. मी फक्त मान डोलावली. रस्ता ओलांडताना वसू म्हणाली, “हे बघ, तू मला प्रवचनाला यायच्या भरीला पाडू नकोस, ऐकताना भान हरपते, बरे वाटते. पण रोजच्या जीवनात ह्याचा काय फायदा ग? मुलाबाळांत जीव अडकवायचा नाही, तर काय संसार उधळून लावायचा? मी काही पुन्हा येणार नाही.”

वसूने निर्वाणीचे सांगताच मी दचकून आध्यात्मिक जगातून वास्तवात आले. हिची सोबत नसेल तर मला एकटीला यायला कंटाळा येईल ना! अरेच्या! म्हणजे मी देखील तिच्यात अडकलेली आहेच. तरीहि वसूला कसे तरी पटवायचेच. पण ते तसे सोपे नाही. पूर्ण तर्कयुक्त वाद घालावा लागेल तिच्याशी. “अग, हे बघ, आपण प्रपंचात राहतो म्हणजे मायेत. आणि...” माझे पुढे काहीच ऐकून न घेता, तिने मला फटकारले, “हे बघ, ही माया बिया तुझ्याकडेच राहु दे. परवा लेकाची गणिताची परिक्षा आहे. येईलच तो काहीतरी अडचण विचारायला. इतकी वर्षे शिकवलेस ना शाळेत! आता तुझ्याकडेच पाठवते त्याला!” मी होकारार्थी मान डोलावण्यापलीकडे, तिच्या तोफखान्यापुढे काहीच करू शकले नाही.

बी.एड्. करताना गणित विषय सोडून दिलेला. गणित कसे शिकवायचे ह्याचीच मला धास्ती होती. पण शाळेत तोच विषय मला कायम शिकवावा लागला. ह्या अंकांशी खेळता खेळता मजा वाटू लागली. तीच मज्जा मुलांना कशी वाटेल यावर सतत विचार होत राहिला. एक चेंडू, पाच चेंडू अशा तऱ्हेने मुलांना अंकांची ओळख होते. एक चेंडू व पांच

चेंडू मिळून सहा चेंडू होतात. वाटले, एके दिवशी कुणी चतूर विद्यार्थी विचारेल, “बाई, चेंडू तर दिसतो, पण हा एक कोठे आहे? पाच किंवा सहा कोठे आहे?” काय उत्तर दिले असते मी?

चेंडूबरोबरच अंक असतो. तो दिसत नसला तरी असतोच. हे मी त्याला समजावू शकले असते? गणित हा abstract विषय आहे. त्याचा अधिक अभ्यास करताना तो अतिशय सूक्ष्म होत जातो. बहुतेक विद्यार्थी गणिताला कंटाळलेलेच असतात. त्याने म्हटले असते, “मॅडम, विज्ञानात तर तुम्ही म्हणता, प्रयोगाने सिद्ध करा. येथे abstract असणाऱ्या अंकाचा आम्ही अभ्यास का करावा?”

दिसत नसलेला अंक, आहे मानून उदाहरणे सोडवली जातात आणि It works! दैनंदिन जीवनात अंकगणिताशिवाय पान हलत नाही. मोजमाप हा जीवनाचा अनिवार्य भाग आहे. संगीत, विज्ञान, कला सर्वक्षेत्रात गणित प्रामुख्याने विद्यमान आहे. अगदी अन्तरिक्षात यान सोडताना देखील, काटेकोर-आकडेमोड करून, त्याचे प्रक्षेपण यशस्वी केले जाते. अनेक वर्षांचा प्रवास करून यान योग्य ग्रहापर्यंत जाते.

याचा अभ्यास अन्तर्मुख होऊनच करावा लागतो. असे हे सर्वव्यापी गणित अध्यात्मातील आल्याप्रमाणेच आहे. सर्वव्यापी असूनही न जाणवणारे. सर्वसाक्षी, त्याच्याशिवाय कोणत्याही वस्तूला अस्तित्व नसते. त्यामुळे आत्मा, परमात्मा किंवा परमशक्ति अशा कोणत्याही नावाने त्याला संबोधले तरी त्याचे अस्तित्व नाकारता येत नाही. अंतर्मुख होऊनच त्याचा शोध घ्यावा लागतो. कोठे तरी वाचले होते, “गणित सोडविताना “क्ष” मानावा लागतो. जेव्हा उत्तर सापडते तेव्हा “क्ष” नाहीसा होतो. तसेच मायेचे आहे. माया मानून परमात्मा शोधावा लागतो, जेव्हा तो सापडतो तेव्हा माया नाहीशी होते.”

परंतु वसूला मी हे कसे सांगू? गणित विषयात तर मी पारंगत नाही. आणि अध्यात्मातील “अ” अजून समजला नाही. तेव्हा “मौनं सर्वार्थ साधनम्”!



गंगा निवासांतुली गडबड

-सौ. नीला बलसेकर, मुंबई

गंगा निवास, विलेपार्लेच्या अेका गल्ल्येंतू नारला झाडांच्या सावळेंतू निप्पुनु बशिल्लें. गंगक्काने आणि दिनु मामाने गांवची भूंई विक्कुनु हें घर बांदिलें.

वैरी गंगक्कागलें कुटूंब, तग्गू करसनभाई आणि सरिताभाभी, तांगलें बगलेक अय्यरमाम्मागलॉ डिफेन्स अॅकॉटसं डिपार्टमेन्टां थावनू रिटायर जाल्लेलॉ चल्लीं, सुब्रमण्यम् आणि तागल बायल ललितामामी. गंगक्कागली चल्ली सुनंदा लगन जावनू अमेरिका पावली. करसनभाई गलें चल्लीं कॅनडा दुकान काणू थंई वचू गलें. आणि सुब्रमण्यमाल्यॉ चल्यां कोईमतूर पावल्यां.

बिल्डींगांतू फक्त हीं सिनियर सिटीझन्स मात्र आणि निसणे मुळाक आशिल्लॉ अहमदमियां तागलें जेन्टस टेलरिंग शॉपांतू! एकमेकांलागगी भारी प्रीतीने राबतालीं. दिनुमाम्मानें वचना फडें तेमई, गंगक्काक सगळ्यांनी मस्त आधारु दिलॉ. तेमितींची सुनंदांन थंई अमेरिका आपवनू व्हरना फडें, दोन म्हैन भित्तरी गंगक्का परत धावनू आयली. फक्त हाय बाय करतलें लोक हांगा! मुंबई कॉणागलें घारा साटसुट जाल्लेल तरी धांवून येताती सगळीं, खास रांदयां आसल्यारी एकमेकांक दिलेल शिवाय पान्नारी वाण्णू घेनाती. सुनंदा, माक्का पळंवका म्हणू दिसल्यारी तूंची यॉ मा मुंबई. गंगक्का तिगल घारा खुशालेने आसतनाची पेपरांतू बातमी आयली की एकेकळेची राबतलें प्रायजालेल्ल लोकांक मारच्ये सत्र सुरु जाल्यां म्हणू!

टि.व्हीचेरी, सगळ्यांक कसली काळजी घेंवका म्हणू, परपरत सांगत आशिल्लॉ, आणि पोलीस चौकींथावनू एक इन्स्पेक्टर आणि एक कॉन्स्टेबल गंगक्कागलें बिल्डींगांतू सगळ्यांक मेळूक आयलें.

गंगक्का गेरीची सगळी वट्टू जाली. गुरतू नात्तिल मनुष्याक एकदम बागील काणू भित्तरी घेव नये. संशयास्पद कोणेई व्यक्ति आजूबाजूक दिसल्यारी पोलीस चौकीरी फोन कोरका. भाजीवाले, कुरियर्स सगळ्यांक तग्गूची पेटंवका. आणि चिके सुद्दाई संशय आयल्यारी शेज्जारच्यांक एके पोलिसांक ततुक्षण आपंवका.

हें सगळें सांगुनु पोलीसांनी वचचना फडें गंगक्का गलें घारा एक सान कॉनफरंस भरलें.

करसनभाईने आणि तागले बायलेने अेकसुरांतुं सांगलें. “गंगाबेन तमे कायबी झाला तर एक बूम पाडली की आमी समदा दौडत येणार! तुमी जराबी भियाचा नाय!”

सुब्रमण्यमाने सुध्दाई गंगक्काक धैर्य दिलें. “गंगक्का, तुम जरा भी घबरानेका नही, हम मिलीटरी का आदमी है! हम किस्सीको इधर पाँव रखनेको भी नहीं देंगा समझेना?”

सुब्रमण्यम, खरें म्हळ्यारी, डिफेन्स अॅकॉटसांतू आशिल्लॉ.” एक दिवसू सुद्दाई तॉ परेड ग्रांऊडारी वचने शिल्लॉ की रायफल

हातांतू घेने शिल्लें. जाल्यारी तात्र कॅन्नाई कितलकी महायुद्ध जिंकुनु आईलवारीची उलंवच आशिश्लें.

घरच्ये रसमाक मिरया कणांची गरमी आसतली! गंगक्कानें भितभित म्हळें, “वो आदमी हमारा गलाच पकड्या तो हम कैसा बूम मारेगा?”

ललीतामामीने सांगलें, आक्का तुम पैलेसे ही जोरसे चिल्लाओ. पळयल्यारी खूनी मनुष्याने गंगक्काक अॅपाँयटमेंट दिवनू दव्वल वारीची सगळीं उलयतालीं.

काम करतले सीताबाईने आपणागलें मत दिलें.

“येळ आली तर येका पांडुरंगाबिगर आपलं कुनी बी न्हाय! गंगक्काने तिक्का दाट्टायतची म्हळळें “सीताबाय, सर्वांना हुनु च्या कोरनु हाड गॉ, आयच्या दुधाचाच कर हां.

आयच्या दुधाचा? सीता बाईने आश्चर्यांन विचारलें.

अगो, शेळें दूध घालू नको. मेणंई लायल्यां गॉ! गंगाक्का ने सांगलें. जा लवकर हाड बघू!

अखिरीक कोणागलेई घारा साटसुट जालेल तरी सर्वांनी मदतीक धांवून येवच्यें, अशशी ठराव पास जाल्लॉ.

अमेरिकेंतू सुनंदाकई काळजी दिसताली. गंगक्काने राबच्या बाजूने दोन कुडें खाली आशिल्लॉ थंई आपणा गलें दुबई राबतलै नणदेगलें चल्याक दोनचार वर्स तागलें कॉलेजा शिक्षण जायसरी धैर्याक राब्वनु च्यें म्हणू फोन आयलॉ.

गंगक्काकई खुशी जाली.

दुबई थावुनु सुनंदागली नणद निर्मला आणि तिगलॉ बाम्मुणू वासदेव बुर्डे येवनू गंगक्काक मेळणू, सगळें नक्की कोरनु वचूगलीं.

कसलेंई काम आसल्यारी आमगल्या बाब्बाक सांगाती हवें म्हणू सांगुनु वचू गलीं. सगळ्यांक हुस्स जाल्लें!! सान प्रायेचो चल्लीं धैर्याक यॅतलॉ म्हणू.

एक आठ दिस जाल्लेल मात्र. गंगक्का सांजवेळ सरी शेप्ये भाज्जी वॅचतची, टिव्ही चेरी अेक क्राईम सिरीयल पळतची बश्लीली. तितल भित्तरी बेल जाल्लें!

गंगक्काने पाय्यारी आशिल्ली भाजी काण्णू बगलेक दवरनु हगूर बागील काळळें आणि थंईची धक्कॉ बशिशल वारी उब्रली.

सिरीयलांतुल्या खुन्या वारीची ६ फूट दीगू, तितलोची रूंदू, पोनी टेल आणि खाड मिशां आशिल्लॉ, काळेची गॉगल्स लायील व्यक्ती बागलांतू उब्रलेली.

गंगक्कानें कोणू तूं म्हणू थरथरतची विचारत आसतनाची तॉ, सट्कनं भित्तरी रिगलॉ आणि बगनु गंगक्कागलें दिशेने आयलॉ.

गंगक्का भिवनु माक्षी वचूगली आणि स्टूलाक आद्देळुनु

पडू जाल्ली. त्या मनुष्याने गंगक्का गलें रट्टक घट्टी धरलें. गंगक्का आशिशल तितली शक्ति घालनू “बचाव बचाव” म्हणू किळचली.

तितले भित्तरी सुब्रमण्यम् तग्गू थावनू ‘पोलीस को बुलाव, पोलीस को बुलाव’ अशशी वदरतची, लुंगी खोवन घ्येतची, भायर आयलॉ.

करसन भाई घराभायर येवून “शूं थयूं? कोण बूमबराडा करे छे? म्हणू भाभीक विचारत आशिशलॉ, ताक्का बगलेक लकोवुनु सुब्रमण्यम् दडदडी वैरी धांवून आयलॉ.

त्या सैंधवसां आशिशल मनुष्याक माक्षी थावनू गप्पो घालनू, करसनभाई, अहमदमियाँक जल्दी उपर आवो, अशी गवजी कोरनू आपयलें.

अहमद मियाँ टेलरु, टेप खांद्यारी, हातांतू एक फूट दीग कात्री घेवनू धांवून आयलॉ, “क्या हुवा, या अल्ला! क्या हुवा म्हणतची!

ललीतामामी हातांतू पाराई, तरी सरीताभाभी कपडे धुंवचॉ धोटो घेवनू वैरी धांवून आयलॉ.

करसन भाई ह्या बायलांमाक्षी धापेतची, “ओ मारा बाप, हे रणछोडराय” म्हणतची छातीरी हात दवरनू, “रण” सोणू वच्यें की कलें अशशी विचार करतची आयलॉ.

ह्या सगळें गोंधळांतू तॉ मनुषू बेकुळेलेवारी, कलकी सांगत आशिशलां जाल्यारी तागलें कॉणेंई आयकुंच्याकची तयार नाशिली.

सुब्रमण्यानं जोरु कोरनू “हू आर यू?” म्हणू ताक्का गलगलायतची विचारना फडें तान्न हॉडानं किळचूनू सांगलें.

आय अँम बाँब, सर, आय हँव कम हियर टू स्टे, फ्रॉम दुबई.

इतना देरसे क्यो नही बोला? करसनभाईने जोरु कोरनू विचारलें. “I am shouting for the last ten minutes.” टँक्सीवालॉ लाखंडाचो जँक घेवनू किरपाणशँ फिरायतची “सत् श्री अकाल! की होगया पापाजी? म्हणू विचारतची वैरी धांवून आयलौ.

बागलांतुची उब्रलेल्या अहमदमियाँने कात्री नांचयतची म्हळें, “कुछ नही, ये “बोब” हैं बोलते है।

‘हम समझे बाँब है। बोब हैं तो फिर इतना बाँब क्यूं मारते हैं ये लोग?’ म्हणतची फडफडतची तॉ सरदारजी तग्गु वच्चू गलॉ.

गंगक्का, पाप लाज्जूनू, “बाबू वें तूं? सान चेरडुं आसतना पळइलॉ तुक्का! तुगलें आन्ना आम्मा वारीची चुळूकू आसतलॉ म्हणू लेक्कीलें, तूं एकदम भित्तरी येवनू बग्गुनाफुडे, हांव भिवनू गेली.”

“मम्मी नँ माक्का, आँटीक वच्चें भित्तरी “पांय पडी” म्हणू

बजायसून सांगीलें, तँ हांवें विसोरचें अकळाकची पांय पोडयां म्हणू हांव बग्गुलेलें.”

बाँबीने सामान वैरी हाळ्ळें आणि सगळीं हुस्स कोरनू आपआपणा गलें घारा वचुगेलीं. जाल्यारी थोडे दिस जांवच्ये भित्तरीची, बाँबी गेलो मदती पशी त्रासुची जांवच्याक सुरु जालॉ. तान्न आणि तागलें मित्रांनी वैरी कुडांतू हॉड हॉडानें उल्लोवचें, हासच्यें, ढम्ढम् कोरनू इंग्लिश पदं आयकुंची. त्या तालारी गंगक्काक छाती धडधड सुरु जातलॉ. सगळ्यांनी सांगू सुरु केलें, गंगक्का उसके मम्मीको बोलो आप. नपरोपुरत्याक अहमदमियाँनेई कॅप्लेट कॅलें. वो बोब अपना बाईक लाके दुकान में घुसाता है, उसके साथी भी उधर-भीड करते हैं. हमारे गिन्हाकलोग कैसे आयेंगे अंदर. पाप, गंगक्काक बल्डपेशर वाडलें आणि एक दिसू सकाळीची मातें घुवनू वासरेंतूची दौळ्यांक काळोक येवनू पळ्ळी. रात्रीरी दूध हून करु दव्वरलेलें तँ वचुनु गेलें, गॅस निवनू गेलॉ आणि घरभर गॅसावासू येंवच्याक लागलॉ. ललितामामी वैरी धावनू आयली. सीताबाई आईली भायर वळवळत उब्रलेली, परत सगळीं जमली. सुब्रमण्यम् स्टूलारी चोणू बागील काडू जातकी पळयतालॉ. करसनभाई फायर ब्रिगेडाक फोन करुक धांवलॉ. बायलॉ पाप गंगक्काक आपयत पळ्ळील्यॉ. ही सगळी गडबड आयकुनु बाँबू आंगवोळनू घेतची भायर आयलॉ. जांभई काडतची तान्न विचारलें, “क्या हुवा?”

गंगक्काक पळ्ळेल पळंवच भित्तरी परत घरा भित्तरी वच्चूगलॉ. ‘क्या आदमी है, फिरसे सोनेको गया!’ अशशी ललीतामामीने फडफडत आसतनाची, धप नँ अवाज जालॉ.

बाँबू तागलें कुडाच्या गच्चेरी थावनू गंगक्का गलें गच्चेरी उडकी मारनू आईलॉ. धांवत भित्तरी येवनू तान्न पैलें गॅस बंद केलें. देंवालागचॉ दिवां निवयलॉ. आणि गंगक्काक सान्न चॅरडाक उबारिल वारी उब्वारनू भायर घेवनू आयलॉ.

करसनभाई गल्या कारां थावनू गंगक्काक लाग्गीच्या दवाखान्यांतू घेवनू वचूगलीं.

आनी आठ दिवसांनी गंगक्का बरी जावनू घारा आयली. वेळेरी मदत मेळ्ळेलमिती तिगल्या जीवाक कलोई अपाय जायनं म्हणू डॉक्टरानं सांगलें. तिगल्या स्वागताच्या पार्टीक बाँबाक, तान्न गंगक्का गलॉ, जीवू वांचयलो म्हणू, खास आमंत्रण आशिशलें.

ललितामामीनं, हुनु उपमा, इडली सांभार, आणि सरीताभाभीनं ठेपला, ढोकळा तर अहमदभाईनं खास बंगाली मिठाई हाळ्ळेली. सीताबाईनं हुनु चा कोरनू हाळ्ळेल तरी बाँबागलॉ पतोची नाशिलॉ. सांज जांवच्याक आयली, सगळी वाट पळयत आशिशलॉ.

इतल भित्तरी एक मनुषू अंवसर अंवसरानं घरांतू रिगलॉ. कोण छे? कौन है? कौन हो मियाँ?

सगळ्यांनी भीवनू विचारलें!

क्या अंकल? आज भी हमको पहेचाना नही?

आँटी हमसें डरती है इसलिये बाल और दाढी निकाल दिया.

मैं बाँब हूं!

पक्ष्यांगोले पार्लमेंट

(For Teenagers and Adults to enjoy)

-अरुणा राव (कुंडाजे), मुंबई

Introduction

An entirely different kind of fun for teenagers - a play in which all kinds of birds get together as members of the parliament to discuss about their prime problem in the presence of the speaker bird. of course their parliament is not as strict as ours.

या नाट्यांतुलीं पात्रं -

कायळो, गुपची, पारवो, पोपट, कोकिळा, साळुंकी, मैना, बदक, बगळो, बुलबुल, कुंकड, घोणी, गरुड, मोरु, हंस, घुघुम (owl), फ्लॉमिंगो (Flamingo)

पक्ष्यांगोल्या पार्लमेंटांतु winter session सुरू जांवचो वेळु. एकेकु मॅबर पक्षु पार्लमेंटांतु येंवच्याक सुरु जाल्लो. गेटालागी strict security आशिली. दोन Flamingo पक्षी राबिले. ते येतले पक्षांक तपास कोरनु भित्तरी सोडताले. कायळ्यांगोल्या पाक्कांतु मात्र तांका कसलें की घट्टी लागले. तें तपास केलें, तो फक्त एक टोस्टाचो कुडको आशिलो. सर्व पक्ष हळूहळू गेटाभित्तरी वोचुगेले आनि काँटिनांतु रिगले. थंई थोडे जणांनी sandwich हाडयलीं. गुपचवेने शित्ता कणांच्ये प्लेट order केलें. कायळ्याने थोडे चणे हाडयले. टोस्ट आशिल्लेंचि पाक्कांतु (पाँट भोरूक). थोडे पक्ष्यांनी उपास म्होणु फलं घेतलीं. सगळे जण कुजुबुजु उलैत बशिले.

थोडे वेळानेचि पार्लमेंट बिल्डिंगाच्या भायर झाडारी बशिल्या घुघुमाने जोराने घांट वाजली. तशी सगळे पक्ष भुर्रर्रने भित्तरी हॉलांतु उबले आनि आपापणाल्या सीटारी बसले. मुखावेल्या सीटारी गुपच्यांगेलो जागो. तोंगेलो आवाजु सान म्होणु ही व्यवस्था. उजवे दिकाक पोपटांगेली पार्टी. लागी साळुंकी, मैना, बुलबुल वगैरे.

कायळ्यांगेले पार्टी-मॅबर्स तांच्ये माकशी. तांगेली संख्या (count) चड म्होणु. मोरु मात्र एकदम माकशी कोणाकय आड येनाशी बसलो.

भायर घुघुमाली दुसरी घांट जाली. भायर कॉरीडॉरांतु discuss करत राबिले सर्व पक्ष वगवगी भित्तरी हॉलांतु आयले, हळू उलैत बसले. थोडे वेळाने हॉलांतुले वातावरण बदललें. पक्ष्यांगेलो कुजुबुजु बंद जालो. Speaker येंवचो वेळु जालो म्होणु Silence जाले. सगळ्यांगेलें लक्ष मुखारी स्टेजादिकाने.

स्पीकरालो प्रवेश जालो तशी सगळे पक्ष उटावनु राबले. एक पक्षिणी तिगेल्या पाक्कांचो पदरु वगवगी सम कोरनु

उबरली. स्पीकर गरुड भरमेरी पावलं घालनु स्टेजारी आयलो नि सिंहासनारी बसलो. तागेल्या आजबाजूक दोन गार्ड राबले. मात्याक तांबडो फेटा घालेलीं तीं कुंकडं आशिलीं. सीन भारी गोमटें दिसतालें. स्पीकराने बैसनाफुडे सगळे पक्ष बसले. आनि proceedings सुरू झालीं.

Speaker - (सगळ्यांक पोळोवनु) आजि माक्षी उरलेल्या अजेंडा प्रमाणे Question session आस. कोणाकय कसले प्रश्न घालच्ये आसल्यारी घालयेद.

कायळ्यांगेल पार्टी लीडर - (डेस्कारी राबुनु) Your Honour, माक्षीच्या session तु अशी प्रस्ताव जालेलो की पार्लमेंटांतु सर्व पक्षां गेली एकीची common भाषा आसका. जाल्यारी आजिथाई ताजो प्रत्यक्ष प्रयत्न जालेलो ना. इत्या?

घोणी - (पाक्कं उंच उबावनु) इत्या मळ्यारी ताजें कारण आमगेल् पक्षांगेल्यो वेगवेगळ्यो भाषा आसती. तांतु थावनु खंची भास घेंवची हॉचि होडु प्रश्नु!

कायळो - इंडियांतु चौदा भाषा, शिवाय बोली भाषा मेळनु सव्वीस भाषा आसती खंई. मनुशांनी करनी वे हॉ प्रश्नु सॉल्व? English आनि हिंदी घेवनु? हांगा पार्लमेंटांतु आमका ear-phones आसती म्होणु बरें, automatic translation मेळता. भायर झाडारी कसलें कोरच्यें उलौंच्याक?

घोणी - या देशांतुल्या जानांपाशी आमी चड देशभक्त आसती. हांव फूडे बेंगळूर आशिलों. थंई सर्व पक्ष आपापणालीचि मातृभाषा उलैताती. फक्त दुसऱ्यांलागी उलैतना जानांगेली आयकिलेली कन्नड घेताती.

दुसरी घोणी - हांव चेन्नई आशिलीं, आमच्ये महेंतु मातृभाषा उलैतालीं दुसऱ्यांलागी उलैतना मात्र तामिळ. हॉ कायळो जानांघरच्या कंडियेरी बैसूनु दोन चार English शब्द शिकता. आतं भारत म्होणुक India म्हणालो... आनि automatic म्हणालो.

कायळो - (परत उटावनु) हांवे म्होणच्यें, परकी भास नाका जाल्यारी आमगेल्या पक्षांगेलीची एक भास common कोरयेद नवे? खरें म्हळ्यार आमगेली कायळ्यांगेली भास common भास कोरूक उत्तम आस. खणखणी, स्पष्ट, धूर थाई आयकू वताती शब्द. आमगेली लोकसंख्या, sorry, पक्षसंख्या majority तु आस. तेमितीं आमगेलें सरकार चलौंचाक आमगेली भास योग्य.

(बाकीच्या सगळे कायळे टाळियो मारूक चोंची डेस्कारी धाडायताती)

(बाकीच्या पार्टीतुले पक्ष ना-ना-बिलकूल ना म्हणतची तोगु वेल्लांतुं वोचून गडबडी करताती.)

Speaker - Order! order! आपापणाल्या जाग्यारी बैसाती

(T.V. कॅमेरा घेवनु आयिले बगळे पूरा सीन shoot करताती. दुसरे दीसु wing-24/7 channel री दाकौंच्याक.)

कायळो - (सगळ्यांनी बैसनाफुडे) शांत जावनु आयकून घेयाती हांव म्होणच्यें. आमगेल भाषेंतु शब्द उणे, meaning मस्त....

कोकिळा - तुमगेल भाषेंतु आसती कितलीं अक्षरं? काव-काव आनि करंकरंरंरं! कात्राक करंकर! तुमगेल भाषेची डिक्शनरी चार पात्रांची सुदांय जायशना.

गुपची - (वगवगी उटावनु उलौंच्याक करतना, पारवो मदेंतुचि कलकी सांगूक राबलो)

speaker - (तिका उलौंच्या दी सुरवेक. बायलांकय voice आसका.)

गुपची - आमगेली भास न्हईऽ कितली नाजूक. कात्राक करकर नाती. कोणै तक्रार करनाती आमी कोणाले गॅलत्यांरी वोचून नांचले तरी.

कायळो - ओः! आमगेली भास सम न्हई खई! तुमगेल भाषेंतु 'च'कार मात्र. चूचूं-चिव, चिव

पारवो - तरी आमगेल भाषेचो विचार कोरनु पळयाती. अक्षरं चड, कात्राक लागतात गोड! (दोन पारवे सीटारी गुटुरं गूं, गुटुरं गूं करताती) नुसतेंचि न्हई चौपाटीरी आनि खंच्येय फूटपाथारी आमगेल्या भाषेक मेचून लोक आमच्ये खातीर धान्य उडैताती.

कायळो - (वगवगी) पयरीची पेपरांतु तक्रार आयिली खई तशी धान्य उडौच्यें बंद कोरका म्होणु लोकांक चमकतना त्रास जाता. तुमी वटु उबलें की दोळ्यांतु धुळी वत्ता आनि...

Speaker - Silence, डिबेट चालू जावो.

बुलबुल - तरी आमगेली भास जरूर घेवयेद. आमगेली भास स्वरांतु मधुर म्होणुचि संगीतकारांनी "बुलबुल तरंग" वाद्य केल्या. टिंग् टिंग् डिंक टिंक

कोकिळा - तरी आमगेल्या भाषेची शिफारस कितली कोरयेद? तोगुचो मंद स्वर धोरनु सारेगमप - मागिरी उंचलो तार स्वर थाई ताजें range! डिक्शनरी होडी जायद. शिवाय मधुर स्वरांची. Play back दिवयेद.

पारवो - जाल्यारी सगळ्या पक्षांगेलो आवाज गोमटो ना, range तरी नाचि ना.

पोपट - (येदोळु फोडी पान खातचि नोळेत बशिलो पोपट तांबडी चोंची उंच कोरनु) आमगेली भासचि योग्य आस. आशिल्यांत चड शब्द आसती तांतु. Welcome, thanks,

good morning, mad, shame, getout वगैरे

मोरू - (उटावनु) Honourable speaker, Sir, या पोपटाने मनुशांगेले अनेक शब्द पाठ केलेले आसती - चांग आनि वायट सुदांय. हॉ पोपट नंबर एक copy cat! हॉ अनेक घरांतुल्या घुडांतु लोकांगेले शब्द शिकता आनि घुडाच्यें बागील उदारी जालें की भायर पोळनु वत्ता आनि पोपटांगेलो लीडर जात्ता. आत्तं हांगा बढायो मारता.

सगळे पक्ष - (उटावनु) Shame! shame! (गवजी, गवजी)

Speaker - (Hammer धाडावनु) Silence, Silence...

पोपट - व्हे! हांव मनुशांगेली भास घेतां आनि मगल्या जातीच्यांकय शिकेंतां. इंग्लीश लोकांनी घेनी वे लॉटिन, ग्रीक भास? तशी केल्यारी आमगेली डिक्शनरी मस्त होडी जातली.

(सगळे पोपट डेस्कारी चोंची मारनु Bravo, Bravo म्हणताती.)

साळुंकी - (उबरोनु) एक दीसु हॉ पोपट माका पेरा झाडारी मेळ्ळो. "केम छे?" म्हणालो. खंची भास की, अर्थु कळनी माका.

कायको - गुजराथी घरांतु थावनु पोळनु आयिलो मात्र आसका.

मैना - मनुशांनी आमकांय copy केल्यां. आमी उबिलें पोळोवनु ऑरोप्लेन केली. आमगेलें Whistle आयकून बांसरी केली.

बदक - (चोंची उंच कोरनु) हांव सांगतां एक खबरी! ह्या मनुशांनी आमगेलो क्वॅक् क्वॅक् शब्दुय घेतला. झाकीर हुसेन तबलजी तागेल्या कार्यक्रमावेळारी आपणाल्या तबल्यांतु क्वॅक् क्वॅक् शब्दु कॅदना काढता पळे, तेदना टिकेट घेवनु आयीलीं जानं जोर जोर टाळियो मारताती. त्यो टाळियो आमका गार्डनांतु आयकू येताती. कार्यक्रम समाप्त जावनु जानांनी वतना आमी क्वॅक् क्वॅक् केलेलें फुकट आयकू मेळे, तरीसुदांय एक टाळी दीनाती!

घोणी - खरेंची! जानं भो स्वार्थी आसती.

एक पक्षु - (उटावनु) सांज जाली की आमी नित्य झाडारी गपचूप वोचून बसताती मनुशं मजरात्ती सुदांय mike लावनु दवरताती. एकफंता रात्री झाडारी सर्पु चढलो म्होणु आमगेल्या पिल्लांनी भीवनु आवाज केलो. मनुशांक नीद वायट जाली खई! म्होणु झाड काप्पुनु सोडका म्हणालीं.

दुसरो पक्षु - Sir, भूकंप जांवचो आसल्यारी आमका तक्षण कळता. ते सांगूक म्होणु रात्री आमी प्रयत्न केल्यारी मनुशांक अर्थुचि कळना, आमगेल्या आवाजाचो त्रास जालोऽ म्होणु झाडं कापचीं म्हणताती. पेपरांतु वारंवार बरयताती.

(पृष्ठ ६८ पाहा)



अपंगत्वावर मात

-सौ. श्यामला अशोक कुळकर्णी, गांवदेवी

अपंगत्वावर मात करणे म्हणजे नुसतेंच आलेल्या भोगाला निमूटपणे सहन करणे किंवा अपंगत्वामुळे आलेल्या परावलंबित्वाला हंसतमुखाने सामोरी जाणे अथवा खचून अश्रू ढाळीत बसणे नाही. तर जीवनात त्या अपंगत्वाची जाणीव मनाला दुःखदायक होणार नाही व जीवनाचा आनंद लुटतांना अपंगत्वामुळे आलेली उणीव कुठेच भासणार नाही, अशा गोष्टीत मनाला रमवून व गुंतवून ठेवणे म्हणजेच अपंगत्वावर मात करणे होय! अपंगत्वामुळे मनाला कमकुवत न बनवतां आपला आत्मविश्वास वाढवणाऱ्या अशा गोष्टींत मन समरस करावे की, ज्यायोगे आलेल्या अपंगत्वावर आपल्याला सहजतेने मात करता येईल!

सर्वप्रथम अपंगत्व आल्याबरोबर जेव्हां परावलंबित्व प्राप्त होते, तेव्हा माणसाचे मन साहजिक खचते. त्याला जीवनांत उदासीनता आणि एकाकीपणा जाणवू लागतो. अशावेळी जर त्याचे मानसिक दुःख जाणून न घेतां व त्याच्या शारीरिक दुखण्याची व वेदनांची जाणीव न ठेवता त्याच्या सहवासांतील माणसें त्याच्यापासून दुरावली किंवा आपल्या जवळच्या माणसांच्या प्रेमापासून तो वंचित झाला तर त्यावेळी परावलंबित्वाबरोबरच निराधार झाल्याची जाणीव त्याला भासून अपंगत्वाचे दुःख अधिकच प्रकर्षाने जाणवू लागते. त्यावेळी तो शाश्वत आधारासाठी व शाश्वत प्रेमासाठी परमेश्वराकडे धाव घेतो.

कांही लोक प्रापंचिक दुःख - संकटे असोत वा अपंगत्वामुळे आलेले शारीरिक वा मानसिक दुःख असो, ते विसरण्यासाठी दारू-सिगारेटसारख्या व्यसनांकडे वळतात तर काही लोक आपले दुःख हलके करण्यासाठी आपले मन बहिरंगातील एखाद्या गोष्टीत रमवून त्यांतून मनाला दिलासा व समाधान प्राप्त करून घेण्याचा प्रयत्न करतात. परंतु हा प्रयत्न फोल ठरतो. बहिरंगातील गोष्टींत मन तात्पुरतें रमल्यासारखे वाटले तरी त्या वातावरणांतून

बाहेर आल्यावर वा व्यसनांची धुंदी उतरल्यावर माणसाचे दुःख जास्तच उफळून येते. काहीजण अशा दुःखप्रसंगी सहवासांतील व कुटुंबातील माणसांच्या प्रेमाची व सहानुभूतीची अपेक्षा करतात व अपेक्षाभंग/प्रेमभंग झाल्यावर त्यांना अधिकच निराश व उदासीन वाटते.

अशावेळी जर तो शाश्वत आधारासाठी पारमार्थिक मार्गाकडे झुकला तर सद्गुरूंच्या नाममंत्राच्या व गुरुप्रेमाच्या शक्तीच्या आधारेने त्याच्या जीवनात पुन्हा आशेचे किरण उदयाला येऊन तो मानसिकदृष्ट्या स्वावलंबी बनतो. तो मनोमन जाणून असतो की ह्या प्रारब्धभोगामुळेच परमेश्वराचे प्रेम संपादन करून घेण्याचे भाग्य आपल्याला लाभले आहे. प्रापंचिक सुखाचे एक दार जरी बंद झाले तरी परमेश्वराच्या प्रेमाचे दुसरे दार उघडल्याने आपले जीवन सुखी - आशादायक बनून एक ना एक दिवस आनंदाने फुलणारच. सद्गुरू त्याला मानसिकदृष्ट्या स्वावलंबी बनवून जीवन उत्साहाने व आनंदाने जगण्याची प्रेरणा देऊन त्याला शाश्वत सुखाचा भागीदार बनवतात.

परमेश्वराच्या अस्तित्वाची जाणीव ठेवणे व त्याच्या नामस्मरणाने त्याचे प्रेम संपादन करण्यासाठी निरंतर प्रयत्न करणे, त्याला शरण जाऊन त्याच्या आधारेनेच जीवन जगणे हीच सुखी जीवनाची गुरुकिल्ली होय! गुरुमंत्राद्वारे अंतर्मुख होण्याची खुबी जर आपल्या मनाला आपण शिकवली तर मन त्या नामरसाच्या गोडीत रंगून जाईल. बहिरंगातील व क्षणिक सुखासाठी ते ललचावणार नाही. नामाचा आनंद लुटतांना अपंगत्वामुळे होणारी उणीव कधीच भासणार नाही.

अशा प्रकारे परमेश्वराच्या नामस्मरणांतील गोडीचा आस्वाद घेणे व तो शाश्वत आनंद लुटून आपले जीवन उज्ज्वल व अमर बनवणे म्हणजेच खऱ्या अर्थाने अपंगत्वावर मात करणे होय!

If a problem can be solved, no need to worry about it.



If a problem cannot be solved what is the use of worrying?

If you miss an opportunity don't fill the eyes with tears.



It will hide another better opportunity in front of you

आजी करलें केल्यां रांदप?

-श्यामला भट, मुंबई

‘अम्मा, खूप भूक लागली आहे. काय केलय जेवायला?’

घरांत शिरता शिरतां दफतराचं ओझं उतरवीत नातवाने प्रश्न केला.

‘ये तू हातपाय धुवून, वाढतेच आहे.’ मी उत्तर टाळलं.

‘सांग ना! मेनू काय आहे?’

‘मेनू कसला? शेवग्याच्या शेंगा घालून आमटी केली आहे आणि कायरस.’

‘कायरस? तुला माहिती आहे मला आवडत नाही. अॅण्टी वायरस सारखा अॅण्टी कायरस किचनमध्ये घालायला हवा.’

‘का रे एवढा राग तुझा कायरसावर? आम्हांला इतका आवडतो-’

‘मला त्याचा रंगही आवडत नाही, आणि गोड चवही.’

‘हे बरं आहे. तुझ्या आवडत्या मटणाचा तोच रंग असतो ना?’ मी तिरीमिरीने विचारले.

तसा हसत म्हणाला ‘काय तुलना करतेस? कुठे मटण (हात सिलींगच्या दिशेने) आणि कुठे कायरस? (हात अर्थात जमिनीच्या दिशेने) जाऊंदे. टेन्शन नको. मला चपात्या नकोत. आमटीभात-लोणचं जेवेन. आणि माझ्या वाटचा कायरस तुला माझ्यातर्फे बक्षिस. ok?’

तो कपडे बदलायला गेला तशी फ्रीजमध्ये चाचपडून आधल्या दिवशीचा ‘मशरूम मसाला’ दोन दिवसांपूर्वीचा ‘आलू-छोले’ काढून ओवनमध्ये टाकले.

‘Oh, माझी स्वीट आम्या’ चपातीचा डब्बा जवळ ओढीत तो म्हणाला.

‘पुरे झाली तुझी लाडी-गोडी! जेव मुकाट्याने.’

मला त्याच्यावर फार रागावता येत नाही. मी ही लहानपणी अशीच ‘परकारी’ असल्याचे आठवते. तंबळी केली की पपा म्हणत, ‘कात्रा रुची कोरनाक्का. एक फांता घेवून पळे आंक्या तंबळी.’ मी नाक उडवून वरणाचे भांडे ओढत असे. मासला रांदयो म्हणजे एकदम नो-नो.

काही वर्षांनंतरची एक आठवण. एकांकडे जेवायला बोलावलं होतं. त्यावेळी फॅन्सी पदार्थ प्रचलित नव्हते. भातावर पांढरट कालवण वाढलं होतं. मला चव आवडली. मी कुतूहलाने विचारलं, ‘तुम्ही हे काय बनवलं आहे? छान आहे.’ तश्या त्या पाचवी आश्चर्याने म्हणाल्या ‘वल्ले मिरसांगे तंबळी. तुमच्या घरी करत नाहीत कां?’ मला काय उत्तर द्यावे कळेना. माझा चेहरा

नक्कीच प्रेक्षणीय झाला असेल.

लग्नानंतर सासरघरी जातांना मात्र आईने तंबी दिली होती. ‘तुगली परकारापोटली हांगा माळ्यारी उड्डोन् वच. बांडुनू घेवून वचका म्होणू ना.’ मलाही अर्थात एव्हाना समज आली होती. मुंबईच्या बिन्हाडी माझंच राज्य होतं. त्यामुळे कांदा-लसूण, गरम मसाले वगैरे घातलेल्या मराठी प्रकारच्या भाज्या जास्त व्हायच्या. पण गावी, सासरीही फेऱ्या व्हायच्या. तिथे रोज घरचेच नारळ फोडले जायचे. मोठ्या रगड्यावर ‘लाऽऽन’ मासोल वाटले जायचे. ‘रान्नी उज्जारी’ स्वयंपाक बनायचा. आंबले घशशी, कडगी कांदिल, तेंपळां कढी, वाळी-मग्गे घालून पेज्जे रांदयो, वड्यां आंबट, गोज्जू कोचोळी, कोचोळू - किती नांवे आठवावी - सर्व पदार्थांची चव कळू लागली आणि आवडूही लागली. पुन्हा त्यांत कांदा लसूण, कोंथिबीर यांची उणीवही भासत नसे. आलें, हिंग, कढीपत्ता यांची खुमारी कळू लागली. जेवायला बसलो की भाताच्या छोट्या छोट्या टेकड्या हां हां म्हणता फस्त व्हायच्या.

शिवाय मग्याचे-फणसाचे कडंब, पातोळ्या, फणसा गरई, सुकृतफल (किती सुंदर नाव) असे खास पदार्थही बनायचे. आंब्या सासम-कुवळू तर सर्वांच्या आवडीचे.

गावांत असा स्वयंपाक अजूनही होतो. शहरात मात्र छोले, दाल फ्राय, पालक पनीर, पिझ्झा-पास्ता इत्यादींच्या जमान्यात वर उल्लेखिलेले पदार्थ (काही घरांचे अपवाद वगळल्यास) रसचंद्रिकेच्या पानांत बंदिस्त झाले आहेत.

आता पुस्तकांच्या ऐवजी रोजच्या रोज पदार्थांचे रतीब घालणारे टीवी चॅनेल्स आहेत. वेगवेगळ्या प्रांतातले, देशांतले पदार्थ डोळ्यांसमोर बनत असताना, पाहतांना छान वाटतं. कट कारस्थान, खून, मारामान्या, अपहरण असं काही नसलेले हे कार्यक्रम. कधी तरी अचानक आपल्या भानप गृहिणी आपले पदार्थ करून दाखवतांना दिसल्या की अधिकच आनंद होतो.

खरं तर भानप स्वयंपाकात असणारी व्हरायटी इतर कुठे पहायला मिळेल असं वाटत नाही. आणि आपल्या काही पदार्थांची चव आपल्यालाच कळते.

लसूण-लाल मिरची फोडणी घातलेलं डाळीचं पातळसं सार बहुतेक भानपांना आवडतं. कुठे बाहेरगावी आठ दिवस प्रवास करून यावं- ‘दाळी सार-शित-पाप्पड’ जेवावं अगदी ‘हिऽऽत’ वाटतं. या साराचं कौतुक ऐकून माझ्या एका मैत्रिणीने आपल्या घरी बनवलं तर तिच्या घरच्यांची रिअॅक्शन भलतीच झाली.

‘काय भातावर पाणी घातल्यासारखं, ताटभर धावत सुटतंय.

चव ना ढव.' मी सुस्कारा सोडला. साधं 'साँग', नाव आणि चव दोन्ही मस्त. पदार्थ करायला सोपा. शिवाय आलं लसूण पेस्ट, काजू पेस्ट, क्रीम, गरम मसाले फार काय 'सजावटीकरता वरून बारीक चिरलेली कोथिंबिर भुरभुरावी' याचीही गरज नाही. फक्त हात पाहिजे भानप सुगरणीचा. मग तिच्या हातची साधी उपकरी व तळासणी ही चवदारच होते.

शिवाय पदार्थांना चव असते स्थळाकाळाची आणि मनःस्थितीचीही. पूर्वीचे दिवस आठवतात. आरे मिल्क कॉलनी, पवई, इथें पिक्निक्स जायच्या. प्रत्येकांबरोबर घरुनच सोबत घेतलेला जेवणा-खाण्याचा डबा. फोडणी घातलेला दंहीभात वर लोणच्याची फोड, मित्रमंडळीबरोबर गप्पा मारत जेवताना काय अप्रतिम लागायचा.

परवा एका मैत्रीणीकडे आम्ही काहीजणी जमलों होतो. तिने बनवलेल्या 'चायनीज भेळवर (?)' ताव मारतांना साहजिकच गाडी घसरली ती आतांचे आणि पूर्वीचे घरी बनविले जाणारे खाद्यपदार्थ यावर. मग एकीला लहानपणीचे लाडू, शंकरपाळे, शेव वगैरे पदार्थांनी भरलेले मोठेमोठे पितळी डबे आठवले. तर एकीला आजी बनवायची ते नाजूक काट्यांचे तिळगूळ. एक आपल्या आईचे अनारसे, मैसूरपाक आठवून गहिवरली. घरोघरी आया-आज्यांनी उन्हाळ्यात बनवलेले पापड, शेवया, चिकवड्या, लोणची, ताकातल्या मिरच्या - छे यादी वाढतच

जात होती. शेवटी निघालों तर एक उदाससे हसत म्हणाली, 'चला, मला जाता जाता दुकानांतून पापड, चकलीची पाव पाव किलोची पाकिटें घेवून जायचे आहे.'

इतक्यात नातवाच्या आवाजाने माझी तंद्री भंगली. 'अम्मा, थोड्या 'प्राउड टू बी आमची' वाल्यांना आपल्या घरी बोलावून तू तुझे चायनीज, पंजाबी पदार्थ करुन वाढ.'

'हे काय आता तुझं नवीन?'

'या सर्व पदार्थांना तू जो काही 'भानप टच' देतेस ना ते पाहून खूष होवून ते तुझा सत्कार करतील.'

'काय म्हणायचय तुला?' मी मनावर संयम ठेवायचा प्रयत्न करीत विचारलं.

'हा तुझा मशरूम मसालाच बघ.' चाटुनपुसून भांडे साफ करीत तो हंसत म्हणाला. 'हा खाताना मला तुझ्या गरम मसाला घालून केलेल्या 'सुरणा सुक्क्याची' आठवण होत होती. पंजाबी भानप रिमिक्स आणि तुझा फ्राईड राईस खाताना नेहमी मला 'भानप चिनी भाई भाई' वाटतं.'

'कळलं. उद्यापासून तुझा स्वयंपाक तुझा तूच करून घे.' मी हसू लपवत उसन्या रागाने म्हटलं. 'अरे, अरे

Take it easy आम्मा. Just kidding' म्हणत तो पळाला.

(पृष्ठ ६५ वरून)

तिसरो पक्ष - मार्गावेल्या दिव्याक आड येतात म्होणु वयरी आशिले सर्व घेल्ले कापताती. आमी relax कोरच्यें खई? तोगुच्या घेल्ल्यारी रातीभरी traffic काचो आवाज येता.

कायळो - मनुशांक Human Rights जांवकाती खई. आमका Bird's Right नाका वे? झाडं पाडौंची म्हळ्यारी आमगेलीं घरं पाडौंची. आमी पक्षागेली एक rally काडयां.

मुंबई बंद-दुकानं बंद! आमी सर्व मेळनु वोच्यां दुकानं, घरं बंद कोरूक.

गुपची - मुंबई बंद कोरच्ये बदलाक राजहंस पक्षालें influence लांवया वें खंच्ये मिनिस्टराक?

कायळो - छे, छे, तो आसता खई हांगा? फारैनांतु आसता. आमी शीदा मनुशांगेल्या पार्लमेंटांतु रिगनु Protest कोरयां- झाडं पाडौंचची नही चलेगा-नही चलेगा... (सगळ पक्ष slogan म्हणताती)

कायळो - गावांतुल्या सगळे पक्ष्यांक नोटीस पेटोंवया वडापान्नारी बोरोवनु. केळी पान्नाचो एक फलक (board) तयार कोरयां ताजेरी बोरोंवया हॉड अक्षराने-

"आमी एक मताच्ये पक्ष - दियात आमच्येर लक्ष" (सर्व पक्ष repeat करतात)

बगळो - (घट्टी) आयकया - हांगा मगलो फ्रेंडु NRI

Flamingo आयला. तो सर्व पक्ष्यांक जय जांवका म्होणु fasting सुरू करता खई. तें सुदांय एका पायारी राबूनु: (सर्व पक्ष खुशीने हो ssss म्हणताती.)

Speaker - झाडं कापच्ये प्रश्नामिती तुमगेल सर्व पार्टीच्यांगेली एक unity जाली. Good Good! (तोंडारी हासो)

साळुंकी - जाल्यार common भाषेचो प्रश्नु? तें dream केदना जांवच्ये?

मैना - "शायनिंग इंडिया" म्हणके? "शायनिंग बर्ड परैडाय्जु केदना जांवच्यें? (तितले भितरी माक्षी बशिले पक्ष फडफड-फडफड करताती. हेदिकातेदिका वताती. म्यांव आवाज धूर थावनु आयकू येता. माज्जर आयलें, माज्जर आयलें दिसता.... म्यांsssव जोराने आयकू येता. गवजी, गवजी-गडबडी. गुपच्यो एकरी एक उबून बागलादिकाने धांवताती...

Speaker - (उबरोनु, घट्टी) भायर security च्ये कसलें करताती?

कुंकड - तो security चो flamingo उपास (fast) सुरू कोरचो आशिलोबा!

(Speaker कुंकुडाक पेटयेता माजराक धांवडांवच्याक.)

सगळे पक्ष भुर्र्र्रने भायर धांवताती आनि....

(Winter Session बरखास्त जाता)

अॅक्युप्रेसर एक जादू-इ-विद्या

-डॉ. जगदीश विणेकर, मुंबई

आजच्या आधुनिक युगात आपल्या आरोग्याबाबत लोकांमध्ये अज्ञान व दुर्लक्ष करण्याची वृत्ती वाढत आहे. आधुनिक वैज्ञानिक युगातील विविध शोधांच्या भोवत्यात आपण आपले मौलिक आरोग्य आणि सांस्कृतिक ठेवा विसरत चाललो आहोत. आज आपण आपल्या औषधोपचारांना विसरत आपल्या आरोग्याची किल्ली हरवत चाललेलो आहोत. औषधी उपचार करत असता औषधे जितकी प्रभावी तितकेच त्याचे दुष्परिणामही भयानक असतात. आधुनिक विज्ञानाची नेत्रदीपक प्रगती पावलोपावली दिसत असली तरी त्याचे दूरगामी परिणाम आपली चाहूल देत असतात. उलटपक्षी वैद्यकशास्त्रातील उणिवा लक्षात घेऊन त्या भरून काढण्यासाठी आपल्या भारतीय उपचारपद्धतीत जाणीवपूर्वक प्रयत्न केला आहे. अॅक्युप्रेसर ही अशीच एक उपचार पद्धत.

एक शास्त्रमधीयानो न विद्यात् शास्त्र निश्चयम्।

तस्मात् बहुश्रुतः शास्त्रं विजानीयात् विचक्षणः॥ (सुश्रुत)

केवळ एकाच शास्त्राचे अध्ययन करणाऱ्याला स्वतःच्या शास्त्रातील निश्चित अशा निष्कर्षांचे ज्ञान नीटपणे होत नाही. म्हणून प्रत्येक चिकित्सकाने चिकित्सक वृत्ती ठेवून बहुविध शास्त्राचा मागोवा घेत आपल्या इच्छित शास्त्राचा सखोल अभ्यास करावा.

आधुनिक पाश्चिमात्य शास्त्राचा प्रमुख दोष असा की, त्यात प्रत्येक शारीरिक तक्रारीसाठी/लक्षणासाठी वेगवेगळी औषधे दिली जातात. रोग्याच्या संपूर्ण दुखण्याचा एकत्रित विचार केला जात नाही. मानवी शरीर संपूर्णपणे एक अंग न समजता शरीराच्या अवयवाचा स्वतंत्रपणे वेगवेगळा भाग कल्पून उपचार केला जातो. त्यामुळे एका अवयवावर उपचार करताना काहीवेळा दुसऱ्या अवयवावर दुष्परिणाम (Side effect) होऊ शकतो.

आपला भारत शतकानुशतके परकीय सत्तेच्या क्रूर टाचेखाली गेल्यामुळे आपल्या देशातील अनेक शास्त्रे/विद्या/कला ह्या नष्ट तरी झाल्या किंवा त्या परकीयांनी आपल्या नावावर खपवल्या. आजही गॅट कराराचा बुरखा पांघरत पेटंटच्या अरेरावीखाली अनेक देश आपला बहुमूल्य वारसा असलेला ठेवा हडपण्यासाठी टपलेले आहेत. अशावेळी आपण सहज राहून आपली शास्त्रे/विद्या/कला यावर आपले स्वामित्व राखण्याचा कटोविकट प्रयत्न करण्याची नितांत आवश्यकता आहे.

ज्या ठिकाणी अपाय आहे, त्या ठिकाणी उपाय शोधण्याचा

प्रयत्न प्राचीन काळापासून होत आहे. रोगप्रतिकारक शक्ती बलवान असेल तर प्रतिबंध सहज होतो. निसर्गनियमांचे व्यवस्थित पालन केले तर प्रतिबंधक शक्ती वाढविता येते किंवा सहजपणे टिकविता येते. निसर्गनियमांवर आधारलेली आणि अचूक उपचार पद्धती म्हणजे 'अॅक्युप्रेसर' पद्धती होय. शरीराच्या विशिष्ट बिंदूवर आल्हाददायक दाब देत व्याधी दूर करता येते.

अॅक्युप्रेसर हे एक शास्त्र आहे. भारतीय संस्कृतीतील आपल्या दिनचर्येमधील नित्यकर्म ब्रह्मकर्मात जे शारीरिक न्यास आहेत, ते दुसरे तिसरे काही नसून अॅक्युप्रेसरमधील शरीरावरील सूक्ष्म सूचित स्थलांचा उपचार आहे.

अर्थात -

Accupressure for holistic healing

आपल्या जवळ पूजेचे कोणतेही उपकरण/साहित्य नसतानासुद्धा श्रीमत् सद्गुरू आद्य शंकराचार्यांनी 'मानसपूजा' करावयास सांगितली आहे. तसंच कोणतीही साधन-सामग्री नसताना रुग्णाला व्याधीमुक्त करण्यासाठी 'अॅक्युप्रेसर' ह्या अलौकिक विद्येचा उपयोग करता येतो.

अॅक्युप्रेसर ही आपल्याकडील सर्वात जुनी व अतिशय सोपी उपचारपद्धती आहे. शरीरावरील विशिष्ट बिंदूवर योग्य तो दाब दिला असता शरीरांतर्गत अवयवांवर स्वास्थप्रद परिणाम दिसून येतो व व्याधी बरी होते. ही उपचार पद्धती वेदनारहित आणि सुरक्षित आहे. एका पैशाचाही खर्च नाही. घरबसल्या इलाज करता येतो. तसेच कोणत्याही दुष्परिणामांपासून पूर्ण मुक्त. ही पद्धत जलद आणि सोपी आहे.

ह्या विद्येचा प्रसार सुमारे ५००० वर्षांपूर्वी झाला. याचा प्रसार बौद्ध भिक्षूंमार्फत भारतातून नानाविध देशांमध्ये झाला. आपल्याकडे मात्र ह्या शास्त्राचा अभ्यास खंडित झाला आणि व्हावा तसा प्रसार झाला नाही. अमेरिका, जपान, कोरिया इत्यादी देशांमध्ये अॅक्युप्रेसर शास्त्राला कायदेशीर मान्यता दिली आहे. पण दुर्दैवाने आपल्या भारतात मात्र अॅक्युप्रेसरला अद्यापि मान्यता मिळालेली नाही.

अॅक्युप्रेसर थेरपीमध्ये मूलतः आपल्या रक्तवाहिन्यांमधील रक्तप्रवाह सुरळीत ठेवण्याकडे भर दिलेला असतो. या उपचारामुळे शरीरातील प्रत्येक भागाकडे रक्तपुरवठा व्यवस्थित होतो आणि त्यामुळे शरीर निरोगी राहण्यास मदत होते.

(पृष्ठ ७० पाहा)

आजची खलनायिका

रेखा राव (कावळ)

दिवसें दिवस समाजात खलनायक व खलनायिका वाढत चाललेत. कधी दहशतवादाच्या रुपात खलनायक शेकावतो. तर कधी महागाई, सुनामी, दुष्काळ, पूर, दंगे-धोपे या रुपात खलनायिका अवतरते. प्रत्येक वेळेस तिचे रूप वेगळे. पण समाजाचे नुकसान करून जाते.

पूर्वीच्या काळी 'सासू' ही विवाहीत जोडप्यात विघ्न आणणारी, नवरा बायकोचे संबंध बिघडविणारी, त्यांच्यात भांडण लावणारी मुख्य खलनायिका समजली जायची. आता काळ बदलतो आहे. विज्ञानाने, तंत्रज्ञानाने इतकी प्रगती केलीय कि त्यात ही जुनी खलनायिका कधीच लुप्त झालीय. परंतु त्याचबरोबर सासूरूपी खलनायिका वेगळ्या रूपात प्रगट झाली आहे. त्यामुळे घटस्फोटाचे प्रमाण वाढत चाललय. अनेक कुटूंब मोडत चाललीत. गेल्या दहा वर्षांत मुंबईत ८६ टक्क्यांनी घटस्फोटाचे प्रमाण वाढलंय. तर २००९ ते २०१० या एका वर्षात ४८२४ वरून ५२४५ वर गेलाय. दिवसें दिवस हा आकडा वाढत चाललाय. अनेक कुटूंब बिखरत चाललीत. नात्यातला जिव्हाळा, प्रेम, आपुलकी ओसरत चाललीय. त्याबरोबर माणसात उदासीनता, नैराश्यवाद (Depression) वाढत चाललय. विवाहीत जोडप्याला मुलं असली तर त्यांचे वेगळेच प्रश्न निर्माण झालेत. त्यांची आई-वडिलांच्या भांडणापायी फरफट होत चाललीय.

या सर्वांचे कारण म्हणजे वाढते आर्थिक स्वातंत्र्य, व्यक्तिस्वातंत्र्याच्या वाढत्या कल्पना आणि वाढती करिअर संधी. आजचा तरुण वर्ग उच्च शिक्षित असल्याने आपल्या क्षेत्रात अधिकाधिक प्रगती करून स्वतःचे स्थान उंचावण्याचा, मजबूत करण्याचा प्रयत्न करित असतो. या दरम्यान त्याचे स्वतःच्या कुटुंबाकडे दुर्लक्ष होते. मग जोडीदारात गैरसमज निर्माण होतात. नात्यातला तणाव वाढतो. गुंतागुंत वाढते. ती सोडवायला त्यांच्याकडे वेळ नसतो. कारण तो त्या जीवघेण्या स्पर्धेत इतका दंग असतो कि कुठलीही तडजोड करायला तयार नसतो.

दुसरे म्हणजे दोघात संवाद होत नाही. त्यासाठी त्यांच्याकडे वेळ नसतो. त्यातून टीव्ही, लॅपटॉप, मोबाइल ही आधुनिक साधन व त्यावरील विविध सोयी या पण याला कारणीभूत आहेत. यातील वेगवेगळ्या माहितीमुळे एकमेकांच्या अपेक्षा वाढत जातात. प्रत्येकजण आपल्या मतावर ठाम राहतो. तडजोड करायला तयार नसतो. त्यातून तो आर्थिकदृष्ट्या स्वतंत्र असल्याने त्याला पैशाचीही काळजी नसते. त्यामुळे आयुष्याच्या कुठल्याही वळणावर तो लग्न करण्याची किंवा दोघं एकत्र राहण्याची घाई करतो. तर कधी घटस्फोट घेण्यास उतावीळ होतो. परंतु ते

करताना त्याचे दूरगामी परिणाम विचारात घेत नाही. करिअर संधीमुळे कुटूंबाच्या घटकापासून लांब असतो. तेव्हा त्याला समजावणारे कुणी जवळ नसते. त्यामुळे लग्नबंधन त्याचे त्याला टिकवून ठेवायला हवे किंवा त्या बंधनातून मुक्त व्हायला हवे. शेवटी त्याचा त्यालाच निर्णय घ्यायचा असतो. पण तो घेत असताना त्याने घाई करू नये. उतावीळ होऊ नये. चौफेर विचार करून मगच घटस्फोटाचा निर्णय घ्यावा. नाहीतर लग्नसंस्थेला काही अर्थ राहणार नाही.

या दिवाळी सणाच्या निमित्ताने आपण सर्व परमेश्वराजवळ प्रार्थना करूया कि नात्यानात्यातले प्रेमाचे दीप अधिक प्रज्वलित होवोत. एकमेकांच्या भावना समजून, त्याची कदर करून आपले नाते संबंध अधिक दृढ करून एक सुखी, आनंदी परिवार बनवूया. अर्थात ही जबाबदारी प्रत्येक स्त्री व पुरुषाची आहे हे सांगणे नलगे.

(पृष्ठ ६९ वरून)

अॅक्युप्रेशरचे सर्वसाधारणपणे पुढील प्रकार आहेत.

१) मिरिडियनॉलॉजी, २) शिआत्सु, ३) झोनोलाॅजी, ४) फूट रिफ्लेक्सोलाॅजी, ५) हँड रिफ्लेक्सोलाॅजी

कानाच्या पाळीवर विशिष्ट बिंदूवर दाब देऊनसुद्धा काही रोग बरे केले जातात.

अॅक्युप्रेशरची ट्रीटमेंट देताना रुग्णाला सुस्थितीत बसवावे अथवा झोपवावे. रुग्णाच्या विशिष्ट बिंदूवर दाब देताना रुग्णाचे वय, त्याच्या आजाराचे स्वरूप, रुग्णाची शारीरिक प्रकृती-स्थिती आणि महत्त्वाचे म्हणजे बिंदूचे स्थान, या गोष्टींचा प्रामुख्याने विचार केला जातो. 'अॅक्युप्रेशर' विद्येला काही मर्यादा जरूर आहे; मात्र नानाविध व्याधींवर योग्य त्या प्रकारे उपचार केल्यास अनेक रुग्ण व्याधीमुक्त झाल्याची उदाहरणे खूप आहे.

ह्या दिव्य शास्त्राचा यथायोग्य अभ्यास करून, साधना करून प्रत्येकाने जीवनात दुःखितांच्या दुखण्यावर मायेची फुंकर घालून त्यांना व्याधीमुक्त करण्याचा संकल्प करावा.

'आग रामेश्वरी बंब सोमेश्वरी' असा काहीसा प्रकार अॅक्युप्रेशर पद्धतीत असला तरी व्याधीवर उत्तम उपचार होतो, असा अनुभव आहे. विद्युत दीपाचे असेच असते. आपण एका ठिकाणी बटण दाबतो. प्रकाश दुसरीकडेच पडतो. तसेच काहीसे अॅक्युप्रेशर उपचारात आहे. अॅक्युप्रेशर प्रशिक्षण घेऊन, साधना करून प्रत्येकाने आपल्या जीवनात निरामयतेचा दीप उजळवावा.

Australia – The Land Down Under!

-ASEEM HATTANGADI, MUMBAI

“G’day mate”, “Stop bludging around”, “Let’s go and knock in a few cans of amber liquid”, “Let’s have a barby on the other side of the woods”, “Hope your pad has a good dunney!” I guess you must be wondering what’s gotten into me and you’re going to give me that ‘one raised eyebrow’ look, but let’s leave the Indian shores and let me take you on a trip to Australia and you will totally know what I’m talking about!

As the famed saying goes “When in Rome, Do as the Romans.” Hence, when in Australia, do as the Aussies! Just visit Australia once and I guarantee you an experience of a lifetime. It’s the only country that’s a continent as well as an island all packaged in one! Let me tell you the one thing about Australia apart from the fact that they are a bunch of warm and fun loving people, it is that each state and area has a culture and ambience unique to itself, be it the cosmopolitan and commercial New South Wales, the chic and classy Victoria, the breath of fresh air Tasmania or the beachy, sunny Queensland, you will feel home anywhere here.

You see, Australia is a destination that caters to all walks of life be it a serious businessman, a family, a starry eyed honeymoon couple, a group of adventurous friends, a backpacker or the ‘crème de la crème’ corporate houses and business conglomerates. You name it and Australia has got it. My personal way of seeing this beautiful at the same time mysterious land would be backpacking with a handful of the bare essentials, a map, a Swiss knife, cooking skills, the urge to indulge and be one of the locals and you just can’t go wrong! Yes, Australia does have its share of the stereotype Novotels, Radissons, Hyatts, stretch limos, package tours where all is taken care off, but hey, do you want to see a place for the regular boring stuff or do you want to explore the underbelly of what it actually has in store for you?

The best thing to do is to plan your itinerary in such a way that you have a good blend of

activity coupled with a few moments of R&R (rest and relaxation). Why don’t you take a shot at staying in a homestead or a farmhouse where you can blend in with the local inhabitants and I don’t mean only the owner and his family, it could also extend to his animals e.g. Ducks, chickens, koalas, wombats, kangaroos, etc. Have a typical Aussie breakfast which would mean hash browns, eggs, juice, coffee and barramundi steaks.

Then head off the beaten track and go bush walking among the rainforests listening to the cries and sounds of the lorikeets, kookaburras and the bird of paradise. Why not pet a koala and have a picture taken with it while it lazily nestles around you? Make yourself at home and feel the adrenaline rush of bungee-jumping, battling to save your raft while you white water raft, go on a desert safari and witness layers of differently coloured sand, be the sultan of the sands while you go quad-biking, pet and feed huge but perfectly harmless dolphins, watch fairy penguins swim ashore at the Philip Island, drive like a man possessed on the wide stretch of road known as The Great Ocean Road and marvel at the 12 Apostles that look at you ominously from the sea, play a didgeridoo and throw a boomerang the way the Aborigines do, pan real solid gold, scale the heights of the Harbour Bridge, experience surfing, snorkeling and scuba diving at the Great Barrier Reef among the colourful corals.....the list is winding and endless. Like the tagline of the movie MATRIX, I can’t explain it to you, you need to be in it to experience it and Australia is just that! An experience that lasts a lifetime!!

Have I whet your appetite enough? Have I already got you imagining yourself doing anything and everything mentioned above, are you thirsty for more?? Then, what are you waiting for? AUSTRALIA is waiting for you! ■

(The answer to the Riddle on page 73 is ‘NOTHING’)

Navaratri at Karla

-JYOTHI DIVGI, PUNE

In the Divine precincts of Shri Devi Durga Parameshwari and the Guru Sannidhi at Karla, Parama Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji blessed the devotees with His Divine Presence, during the auspicious period of Navaratri 2011.

Ashirvachan: In the inaugural Dharma Sabha, Pujya Swamiji explained how chanting the Navaratri Nityapath strengthens us. Swamiji reiterated how silence can help one to be rejuvenated. The short and powerful Ashirvachana was a wake-up-call to us – who indulge so much, in verbosity and endless chatter.

Shri Devi Homa: During the ten-day Utsava, four Chandika Homa-s and two Durga Homa-s were performed. Kumari Pujan was done every day – it was a joy to see tiny girls being offered puja by the devotees. On the Vijayadashami day, Pujya Swamiji blessed the Kumaris with chocolates.

Sadhana Panchakam: The Sabhas of Mumbai and Pune had the honour of performing the Devi Anushtan each day as well as the other aspects of Sadhana Panchkam.

Pustak Vitaran: Parama Pujya Swamiji addressed, in Marathi, more than 180 village-school children at Karla, during the Pustaka Vitarana programme on October 3rd. He said that while we must seek the blessings of the Devi and our Guru is always there to guide us, we must work hard and put in our best effort (Parishrama). Swamiji taught the children a shloka and the children repeated with amazing, clear diction. Swamiji led with a Devi bhajan and the children followed with great devotion and perfect rhythm.

Shri Chandavarkar Durgeshmam offered books and compass boxes for the older children and tiffin boxes and water bottles for the tiny tots.

Sanskrit: Enthusiastic Sanskrit students put up a wonderful programme –of skits and quiz on the 5th of October. Many devotees participated with great enthusiasm. Credit must be given to Savkur Varadhapachi who ensured the programme was a great success.

Oh! What a show!: The children from Swami Parijnanashram School for the handicapped at Virar, put up a superb programme on the 2nd of October . The audience cried tears of joy to see such beautiful talent in the albeit less fortunate , yet without doubt, the special children of God. Dances, bhajans, colourful costumes and a systematic presentation- every single detail spoke of the simply super-human effort put in by Shri Kallianpur Vinaymam and his wonderful team.

Sangita Seva: Talented artistes offered Sangita Seva to Shri Durga Parameshwari during the ten-day festival. Smt. Shivani Haldipur Kallianpur, Amit Savkur, Karan Ragade, Pratik Rao, Soumya Ullal and Smt. Veena Shirali rendered soul stirring music and bhajan seva - appreciated by all the devotees present.

Nritya Seva: - Nritya Seva was offered to the Devi, on the 2nd of October. It began with a scintillating dance by young Samvita Hattiangdi who presented Saraswati Vandana. Little Adhya Komrabil performed a Bharatnatyam dance, offering vandana to Shri Durga, Shri Lakshmi and Shri Saraswati. Aditya Balsekar played the keyboard while his sister, Kartiki sang. Devansh Bhat also played the keyboard. Arjun and Gautam Kumta sang bhajans

Prarthana children from Pune - Avni Mavinkurve, Devanshi Gokarn, Disha Sirur. Maithili Kumble, Nitya Kadle, Omkar Kumble, Rimaa Anklekar, Sahil Gatne, Samvita Hattiangdi and Tanmay Gokarn offered garba – the traditional Nritya offered to Devi during this auspicious period.

Other Activities

On 29th September, Sudha Kodikal Pachi, conducted Vimarsh on one of the aspects of Devi - Ratri Devi: Kala Ratri, Maha Ratri, Moha Ratri. Devotees also enjoyed the DVD Screening of Jagadguru's visit to Shri Chitrapur Math and Seemolanghan at Gokarn. Samuhik Kumkumarchana was performed on 4th October.

Vijayadashami: Victory of good over evil..... ,Vijayadashami, was celebrated with great

devotion. Young and the old participated in the Palkhi Utsava with great fervour.

Ophthalmic Eye Camp: On the 8th of October, villagers streamed into the Mandir parisara to get their eyes tested. 416 patients were tested and 169 were given free spectacles. 21 patients who needed cataract operations were transported to Pune and operations were performed.

Annatosha Seva: Over 1450 villagers were offered Prasad bhojan on the 11th of October. Members of the Yuvadhara and seniors helped as volunteers.

Kojagari Purnima: Parama Puja Swamiji performed Shri Lakshmi Pujan at night which was followed by garba. In His Ashirvachan, Swamiji explained how when one is doing Seva, the focus must be on the Divinity - how Ishta is the source of joy and Japa strengthens the connection between the Ishta and the sadhaka.

Such is the Mahima of our beloved Guru Parampara and Devi Durga Parameshwari , every brings immense joy and strengthens our bonds with the sacred Shri Guru Sthala at Karla.

<<<>>>



Kojagiri at Karla – an experience not to be missed!

-VANITA KUMTA

We left for Karla by ST from Thane at 4.15 pm (changing at Panvel) and reached Karla by 8.30 pm with a fervent hope of enjoying the bliss of Kojagiri at Karla. It was a wonderful experience. There was Laxmi Poojan by Swamiji, Chandra Pooja and then refreshing Ras and Garba by the ladies. Swamiji gave a short Ashirvachan and we had a mass japa and meditation, followed by Prasad.

We were just about getting ready for a long wait upto 6.15 am for our ST when to our amazement there was another prasad for us in the form of Ameet Nadkarni from Thane. He had come by car and offered to drop us at Thane on his way. A rainbow for us silvers by God's grace.

On the previous night the entire visit had seemed impossible to difficult and I had tossed and turned in bed wondering how we would make it for Kojagiri to Karla. Finally I had admonished myself and closed my eyes leaving it to the will of Devi Durga Parameshwari, Lord Bhavani Shankara and Swamiji. Now the entire idea had suddenly blossomed into a reality." Prabhu ki iccha".

It seems as though Swamiji with a magical wave of his wand has transformed our entire community to lead a clean and wholesome life interspersed with Sadhana by being good Sadhakas, prayer and worship, yoga, work

towards social upliftment with the umpteen social causes that have been embraced, whilst at the same time making place for joy and revelry along with invocation of God at festival times. A complete Golden Package full of Joy and Hope for us all.

We reached home by 4.30 in the wee hrs of the morning a trifle tired but more importantly spiritually awakened. A blissful experience in the hallowed precincts of Swami Parijnanashram Samadhi, Devi Durga Parameshwari Temple and Swami Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji's grace and blessings, to be treasured.

Jai Gurudev. Namah Parvati Pate Har Har Mahadev.

<<<>>>

RIDDLE

Can you answer all seven questions listed below with the same answer –

1. The word has 7 letters
2. Preceded God
3. Greater than God
4. More evil than the devil
5. All poor people have it
6. Wealthy people need it
7. If you eat it you will die

Turn to page 71 for the answer.



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PERSONALIA

Anushree Trikannad daughter of Arun and Sarita, scored 68% in Post Graduate Diploma in Rehabilitation (Occupational Therapy) from All India Institute of Physical and Medical Rehabilitation, Haji Ali, Mumbai.



Surg Commander (Dr) Chaitanya Kodange recently completed his second Post graduation - in MD (Psychiatry) from the Armed Forces Medical College (AFMC), Pune under Maharashtra University of Health Sciences (MUHS) and stood first in the Pune region.



Surg Cdr Chaitanya Kodange has the unique distinction of being the only Naval doctor with two post graduations, a distinguished submariner, a qualified deep sea diver and also a skydiver. He has served onboard different types of submarines in the Indian Navy and has extensive experience of long duration underwater patrols. He has also been a part of the Marine Commandos team at Mumbai.

Earlier he completed his post graduation in Marine, Diving and Hyperbaric Medicine in 2000 and was awarded a Gold Medal for standing first in Medicine and allied specialties exam of the MUHS, Nashik. He has published numerous research papers in national journals and presented papers in the field of Diving and Hyperbaric medicine at National conferences.

He is presently posted as Associate Professor in the Department of Undersea and Hyperbaric medicine and simultaneously practices in the Psychiatry department of the Naval hospital, INHS Asvini in Mumbai. There he is leading research projects on the role of Hyperbaric oxygen therapy (HBOT) in management of different clinical conditions. He is also involved in developing specific psychiatric rating scales for defence personnel.

In recognition of his all round meritorious work

Surg Cdr Chaitanya Kodange has been awarded Commendations by the Chief of the Naval Staff in 2000 and by the Commander in Chief in 2003.

Karishma Pai, daughter of Vidya (nee Bagade) and Capt. Shivadas Pai from Singapore, has cleared her B.Sc. degree in Geography and Environment from London School of Economics with honours. She has now joined the King's College in London for pursuing her Masters in Environmental Monitoring, Modeling and Management.



As a little girl, she took interest in keeping the surroundings clean and has written articles on the subject. Karishma will now get an opportunity to do research in vital topics of Geography. She has also got a Bachelors degree in Mass Communication majoring in Public Relations and Journalism from Murdoch University, Australia. She is an accomplished ballet dancer and likes to play tennis. Although she has been living in clean Singapore, her heart is in Mumbai and plans to come back and work here.

Ketaki Dattanand Gulvady is once again in the limelight as she has completed her M.S. in Telecom with flying colours. Ketaki has topped in her batch for the M.S. Examinations. She is presently working with Mahindra British Telecom (MBT) having been recently promoted as a



Senior Technical Head. She has worked on assignments for MABT in Manila, Philippines and Sydney, Australia.

Having been a topper throughout school and college, she secured the 18th Rank in the Pune Board Exams for Std. X. Scoring 96% in PCM (Physics, Chemistry and Maths) in the Std. XII examinations she secured admission for an Engineering Course at Father Agnel College of Engineering, Bandra. There she successively scored distinction in all her 8 semesters of Engineering and scored 74% marks in her final



B.E. (Electronics) from Mumbai University standing 2nd from her College. She was awarded the JRD Tata Scholarship and the Ratan Tata Scholarship.

Ketaki has been good at Athletics and gymnastics in her school days bagging prizes in the school and Saraswat Club, Santacruz Annual events. She is also a very good dancer and has learnt Bharatnatyam from Mrs. Vaishali Heblekar for more than 5 years.

Navmi Sharma, daughter of Aparna (nee Aparna Gulvady) and Sunil Kumar Sharma, of Mumbai is all of 10 years old. A brilliant student of Arya Vidya Mandir, Juhu, Navmi also excels in the game of SQUASH.

In the recently held Little Masters Junior Squash Tournament Oct 2011 at Willingdon Club, Mahalaxmi, Mumbai, Navmi was a completely unseeded contestant. Her thrilling game spoke for itself and she went on to be seeded no. 3 in her age category (under 11) and was also awarded the "Most Promising Girl Player of the Tournament"



award from more than 360 participants from all over India; and has now become a name to watch out for in this sport in her age category.

She is extremely passionate about the game and trains for 2-3 hours daily. She is the apple of her grandparents' eyes – Nirmal and Ganesh Gulvady of Pune and keeps them updated about a sport they really never knew about before!!

Rishab Padukone, son of Anuradha and Pradeep Raghuveer Padukone, completed his Bachelor's Degree in Engineering with specialization in Electronics and Communication from Manipal University earlier this year and has secured 9.33 CGPA out of 10. Throughout his Academic Career starting from the X Board Exams, Rishab has been an outstanding student and has secured 93% and above. His 6 month Summer Internship Project at Philips Electronics earned him a lot of praise from his project guides,



a perfect 10 GPA for his project and a direct placement with the R&D Section at Philips Innovation Campus, Bangalore. Besides being innovative and creative at work, Rishab enjoys playing Tennis and is a good swimmer. He has also earned accolades for his Oratorical Skills and Dramatics in School and College.

Results

Aakash son of Niti and Anil Gangolli has secured 89.09% in his SSC examination 2011 March.

Ankita, daughter of Amita (nee Bailur) and Vidyadhar Pednekar has secured 91.64% in SSC examination conducted in March 2011.

Errata

In the Examination Results printed in our last issue (Oct 2011, page 61) Prathamesh Kumta's marks have been wrongly printed as 81.14%. He has 90.88%.....The error is regretted.

Editor

Here and There

Bangalore : Pujya Swamiji arrived at the Bangalore Math on the 22nd September. He graced a short function in the evening at the Canara Union where our octogenarian Shri Radhakrishna Kalawarmam showcased his innovations in the field of education and paramedical gadgets. A presentation was given by young Vikshut Mundkur on behalf of Youth for Seva detailing various social service activities undertaken by them. Punyatithi of HH Shrimat Parijnanashram Swamiji II was observed on September 23rd. Navaratri Utsav was observed at the Math with Navaratri Nityapath, Devi Anushtan and Devi Pujan every evening, concluding with Kumarika Pujan on October 5th. On October 1st, Prarthana varg children performed a lovely garba ably choreographed by Smt Bhavani Nayel pachi. This day being Lalita Panchami, Samuhik Kumkumarchana was offered after the Devi Pujan. Starting at 10 am on October 2nd, Yuvadhara members performed Devi Anushtan followed by a participative Vimarsh. After a short break, the

yuvas enthusiastically performed scintillating garba joined by a few seniors. In the evening Ashtavadhan seva was offered to observe the Punyatithi of HH Shrimat Shankarashram Swamiji I.

Reported by Asha Awasthi

Hyderabad : With the blessings of Mata Durga Parameshwari and our beloved Guru Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji, Hyderabad sadhakas gathered at ten different sadhaks' residences for chanting Navaratra Nityapath and performed Shri Devi Anushtaan on nine days during Navaratri . On Dassera day, Saamuhik Devi poojan was performed which was led by yuva Janak Udiyavar.

Reported by Vinati Udiyavar

Manjeshwar : Annual festival was held at Sri Vidya Vithal Temple, Bangra Manjeshwar. On Shravan Shuddha Panchami day i.e. 4th August 2011, Nagara Panchami was celebrated at the Naga Katte or our Temple. Members of families of Gudde Math and Gadde Math participated in the Poojas. Gowri Tritiya, Sri Ganesh Chaturthi and Anantha Chaturdashi were celebrated on the respective days with elaborate poojas and festivities. In the above celebrations, most of the family members of Manjeshwar Bhat family participated with enthusiasm.

Reported by Ramcharan Bhat Manjeshwar

Mumbai – Goregaon : Chanting of Ganpati Atharvashirsha was done by Sadhakas on Sankashti Chaturthi. Gayatri Anushtana was performed by male Sadhakas. Samaradhana at the Sannidhi of Shrimat Parijnanashram Swamiji II on the 23rd of September was observed with Bhajans being sung by the Sadhakas. Navratra Nityapath Pathan and Anushtana were held at the residence of various Sadhakas during Ashwin Navratri from the 28th of September to the 5th of October. On 28th of September, Ghatasthapana; some Sadhakas visited Karla and performed Sadhanapanchakam. Samaradhana at the Sannidhi of Shrimat Shankarashram Swamiji II on the 2nd of October was observed with Bhajans being sung by the Sadhakas.

Reported by Pranav R Nagarkatti

Mumbai – Santacruz : Punyatithi of HH Shrimat Parijnanashram Swamiji II was observed on 23rd September, 2011 in the Shrimat Anandashram Hall from 9:30pm onwards. Devotees sang bhajans offering their respects to God and Guru. It was heartening to see many new and young faces among the singers! The bhajans were followed by Ashtak, Mangalarati and Prasad.

Reported by Kavita Karnad

New Delhi : Members of Delhi Sabha got together on 2nd October at Shree Kavle Math for a Navachandika Homa performed by Ved Harish Bhat followed by samuhik kumkumarchan by ladies. 27 families from the Sabha participated in this function. This was later followed by “Durga Namaskara” at Gowd Saraswat Samaj at New Rajinder Nagar in the evening.

Reported by Mamta Savkur

Pune : Devotees performed Nitya Puja – every single day - during the two month Chaturmas period at the Shri Chitrapur Math, Pune. Special mention must be made of Karn Ragade – the yuvak who travelled from the far end of the city, around 20 kilometres away, to do this Seva every Sunday. It is youngsters like Karn who are a shining beacon and an inspiration to the others! Smt. Jayashree Divgi, Bharati Karpe, Priti Panemanglore, Gaursharan and Leenata Rao, Dr. Prabha Mankikar and Jyothi Divgi were the other devotees who participated in the Chaturmas Pujans.

Shri Devi Pujan was offered during the Navaratri Utsava with great devotion by Dr. Gajanan Mankikarmam and Karn Ragade.

Devi-Pujan with Shri Lalita Trishati, was offered by Jayashree Divgi on the Kojagari Purnima day.

These little acts of devotion, strengthen the bond between the devotees and our sacred Guru Parampara.....

Reported by Jyothi Divgi



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OUR INSTITUTIONS

Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Gamdevi, Mumbai:

17th September - The 94th Foundation Day of our Samaj was celebrated at the Shrimat Anandashram Hall, Talmaki Wadi at 5.30 p.m. Vidyalaxmi Kulkarni welcomed the audience. Vidya Kodial, President, Saraswat Mahila Samaj gave a short synopsis of the programs held at the Samaj throughout the year. Gita Bijoor, Hon. Treasurer announced the names of various donors who had contributed to the scholarship, distress relief, medical aid fund and other schemes of the Samaj during the year September 2010 to August 2011.

Suman Kodial introduced the Chief Guest Smt. Mira Hattiangdi. She spoke about the valuable contribution Mirapacchi had made to the Samaj, as its Secretary and as President Mirapacchi had also worked with other social, educational charitable institutions. Mirapacchi then shared with the audience her memories of how the Samaj was started, the initial goals, the difficulties and how the Samaj grew to cover many aspects of women's lives. She spoke about the close bond between the Balak Vrinda School and the Samaj.

Kanchan Sujir then introduced the Guest of Honour Smt. Shalini Sirur. Shalinipacchi is also a past President of the Samaj and has been in the forefront of the Movement for awareness of Consumer rights. Shalinipacchi spoke about her work as President of the Consumer Guidance Society of India and her social work in Pune. She urged the members to get involved in constructive social service.

Geeta Balse introduced the artiste of the evening Smt. Suvarangouri Kagal-Ghaisas. She spoke about the various awards she had won in her brilliant career. Suvaranagouri then regaled the audience with a wide variety of songs in her sweet mellifluous voice. She covered various moods from devotional to lavnis. The artists who ably accompanied her on the harmonium and tabla were Kedar Bhagwat and Sai Banker.

Neeta Yadery compeered the program and Smita Mavinkurve proposed the vote of thanks.

Refreshments were provided by Geeta and Vivek Yennemadi in memory of Smt. Lalita and Shri Devrao Yennemadi.

29th September – The Annual General Meeting of the Samaj was held at 3.30 p.m. at the Samaj Hall. Following are the Committee-members for the year 2011-2013

Suman Kodial – President

Kanchan Sujir – Vice President

Neeta Yadery – Chairperson

Geeta Balse – Hon. Secretary

Sharayu Kowshik – Jt. Hon. Secretary

Geeta Bijur – Hon. Treasurer

Vidyalaxmi Kulkarni – Jt. Hon. Treasurer

Srikala Vinekar – Publicity-in-charge

Smita Mavinkurve – Publicity-in-charge

Nirmala Kalambi – Librarian-in-charge

Shyamala Talgeri – Librarian-in-charge

Padmini Bhatkal, Chitra Kapnadak

Ex-officio Presidents are Nirmala Nadkarni, Shyamala Yennemadi and Padmini K Rao.

Forthcoming programs

Wednesday Nov. 9th at 3.30 p.m. – Cookery Competition – Dishes with Red Pumpkin as the main ingredient. Multiple entries are also welcome from participants.

Saturday Nov. 19th at 5.00 p.m. – Talk by Dr. Prakash Mavinkurve 'Anaesthesia for the layman'. Refreshments sponsored by Smita Mavinkurve.

Reported by Smt. Smita Mavinkurve



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MATRIMONIAL

Alliance invited for Chitrapur Saraswat girl, 25 years, height 5'2", Architect working in Mumbai. Preferably a Chitrapur Saraswat boy with 2- 3 years age difference, qualification equivalent or higher, preferably working in Mumbai. Interested please email details at vidhita237@gmail.com

ENGAGEMENT

Divya, daughter of Padmini and Praveen Raghunath Kailaje of Dadar East; got engaged to Kunal, son of Karuna and Kisan Dattatreya Mahadik of Byculla on 6th October, 2011.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A big thank you for your gracious presence and blessings on 6th October wedding of Alok and Jyothsna inspite of your work commitments, long distances and busy schedules. – Arun and Anuradha Irde

BIRTH

Omkar, baby boy to Manjeshwar Yathin R. Bhat and Gayatri Y. Bhat (nee Gulvadi) on 4th July, 2011 at Kalyan, Dist Thane. Proud grand parents are Manjeshwar Ramchanran L. Bhat and Jyothi R. Bhat of Mangalore and late Prakash Gulvadi and Geeta P. Gulvadi of Goregaon West, Mumbai.

BIRTHDAY WISHES

We wish **Ramesh R. Murdeshwar** good health and a fruitful long life on his 75th Birthday on 25th November, 2011. – Murdeshwars, Talgeris, Sthalekars, Rajes and all Relatives and Friends.

PUROHIT

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DOMESTIC TIDINGS

BIRTHS

We welcome the following new arrivals:

July 04 : A son (Omkar) to Manjeshwar Yathin R. Bhat and Gayatri Y. Bhat (nee Gulvadi) at Kalyan, Dist Thane.

OBITUARIES

We convey our deepest sympathy to the relatives of the following:

Sept 20: Murlidhar Shivrao Kilpady at Goregaon.

Sept 21: Rekha Anil Chandavar (nee Rekha Kandlur of Talmakiwadi) at Pune.

Sept 30: Chetan Dattatraya Sagar (56) at Mulund (E) (Ex-Dajibon Peth, Hubli).

Sept 30: Gurudutt Manohar Khambadkone of Borivali at Mumbai.

Oct 03: Sharad Krishna Tallur (57) at Mumbai.

Oct 15: Shyamala Sudhir Sashital of Talmakiwadi, Mumbai.

Oct 16: Dr. Savur Gopalrao Shankar (88) at Goregaon West, Mumbai.

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