Professor Ramchandra P Gokarn  
World renowned authority on Naval Architecture and Propeller Design

Dr. Gayatri Subodh Sirur accepting her Ph.D degree in Audiology from the Hon. Chief Minister of Maharashtra Shri Devendra Fadnavis

Young Akhil Ubbayakar of Bangalore, Captain of the under 18 Basketball Team won the tournament and was awarded the 'Most valuable player award'.

11 year old Siona Kalambi shows off the "President's Award for Outstanding Academic Excellence" awarded to her under the (USA) President's Education Awards Program.

Namita Masurkar, Clinical Pharmacist, specialising in Pharmacovigilance and Regulatory affairs
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SVC BANK’S In-House Magazine FOCUS wins Accolades & Awards

SVC Bank’s in-house magazine “focus” has been adjudged the “Best Magazine among Banks” at the In-house Communication Excellence (ICE) Awards 2015. The award was received by the Bank at a ceremony organized by Shailaja Nair Foundation at MCA, Bandra-Kurla Complex on Saturday, June 6, 2015.

The first runner-up was Federal Bank and second runner-up was Union Bank. SVC’s magazine ‘FOCUS’ was showcased along with 100 other in-house magazines from different sectors viz., Banking, Insurance, Pharma, Education, Government etc. The Chief Guests for the function were Dr. Vithal Kamat, Dr. Vijaya Venkat, Ms. Vinta Nanda, Mr. Ketan Bhagat, Mr. Resul Pookutty.

During the award presentation ceremony on Saturday, June 6, 2015 the grand finale was through the announcement of an award for the Best In-house Magazine with “Active Employee Participation” and SVC’s “FOCUS” was adjudged the winner of this award too!

Dr. Sonali Nair, of Shailaja Nair Foundation which organized the ICE Award announced that the Jury was really impressed with the quality and contents of “FOCUS” magazine and also with the fact that there was contribution from all levels in the organization viz., Board of Directors, Executives and staff members from various grades, which they felt was truly amazing and therefore decided that it deserved another award under the “Active Employee Participation” category.

The first runner-up in this category was Kirloskar Brothers and the second runner-up was Reserve Bank of India.

The Kanara Saraswat Association congratulates SVC Bank on yet another feather in their cap!
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We pray to our Kuldevata Shri Mangesh and Mahalaxmi, our revered Guru Parampara H.H. Param Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji and elders to bless them with good health, peace and happiness.

Hearty congratulations and with lots of love and best wishes from:

Vijaya & Manohar,
Vandana & Ravindra,
Ashwin,
Mugdha & Tanmay,
Purva & Pranay,
All relatives and well-wishers.
In This Issue....

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- रत्नागिनी हासु...शालिला मुंडूरकर
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- “I...We” “Haanv Aammi” - (Part 9) by Parama Pujya Parijnanashram Swamiji III
- English translation and explanatory notes by Dr Sudha Tinaikar
- Kiddies’ Corner: Drawings: Is she laughing or shouting; A pretty girl...Smriti Kumta
- The Sounds of Spring (Poem)...Anya Bailur
- Here & There
- Our Institutions
- Classifieds and Domestic Tidings
- Parisevanam: Inauguration of Parijnanashram Vidyalaya...Jyothi Divgi

CDS and DVDs of KSA’s 17th Sangeet Sammelan

There were requests from some members to provide them CDs / DVDs of the Sangeet Sammelan held in May 2015. The cost of CD / DVD is priced at Rs 75/- each and those who want the CDs / DVDs are requested to contact KSA Office indicating the name of the artist. (Courier Charges will be extra).

Gurunath S Gokarn
Hon. Secretary, Kala Vibhag
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Of
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The Chitrapur Saraswat Education & Relief Society, Santacruz

The Sixty Ninth (69th) Annual General Meeting of the Society will be held in Shrimat Anandashram Hall (Saraswat Club), Saraswat Colony, Santacruz (W), Mumbai 400 054, on 26th July 2015 at 10:00 a.m. All members are requested to attend.

We are happy to announce that during the financial year 2014-15, we received a total Donation of 55,02,585/- including Priya Hattiangdi Scholarship Fund.

We have disbursed the following;
A) Educational Aid 8,38,000
B) Distress Relief 10,76,000
C) Medical Relief 6,06,000
Total 25,20,000

We have enrolled 60 new members

We request community members to donate generously to help us to serve better. Forms can be downloaded from our website: www.csers.org. Annual Report will be dispatched to members in due course.

Gurudas Gulvady, Hon Secretary
Mob: 98 33 99 76 46

Gurudas Gulvady, Hon Secretary
Mob: 98 33 99 76 46
The only thing greater than the power of mind, is the courage of the heart... so says John Nash.

I agree with him wholeheartedly. The heart may only silently whisper now and then but its courage is immense. I read an interesting viewpoint, on what should be our choice ... there is an angel on your shoulder who is cheering you on, motivating you to appreciate how much you offer, to reflect on how kind and sincere you are, and to be proud of your accomplishments. Then, there is a devil on the other shoulder, judging you callously and telling you that you aren’t good enough for certain things you want in life, reciting your mistakes, and criticizing even your most incredible qualities. Which of these two has the loudest voice and whom should you be listening to? The angel or the devil; the heart or the mind? You should tune out one and tune the other one in louder. You should know which one.

So many times in life, we strongly feel that we should ignore what our mind is telling us and go by what our heart is suggesting. There are times when you feel that your plan of action is failsafe, except perhaps for the intimidating possibilities that may be rattling through your mind. Like they say, your heart may be on the left, but it is almost always right. All you need to do is listen to its whispers, lasso in that confidence and you’ll have a smooth ride ahead.

I feel I have somehow become a story teller this past couple of months. But then the point that one story can clarify, cannot be expressed in paragraphs written together. This one I read the other day and goes like this ...

Grandpa, what you are whispering? – a small boy asked his grandfather, after noticing that he was whispering something to himself before going to bed.

I put a thought on the Heart - the grandfather said.

The boy was surprised - What does it mean?

The grandfather told him: I do not want to quarrel with my long time best friend who let me down, but I do not know how to behave. So I will put a thought on the Heart and go to sleep, and in the morning the Heart will tell me what to do.

And where does the Heart know it from? - asked the confused boy.

The wise grandfather said - The Heart knows everything, I'm learning from it all my life. And I may advise you; when looking for an answer to a difficult question, when something is not clear, put a positive thought before going to bed at the Heart, and next morning the answers will be opened for you. Just do it with faith.

And that, I think sums up what I have to say about having faith in the decision your heart makes. Not everything in life is practical, logical or mathematical; and that's because life itself is unpredictable. Our life is made up of lot of intangible, transcendent things that cannot be explained but only felt, through the heart, which beats rhythmically, uninterruptedly from birth till death.

Listen to your heart…. and you will never go wrong.

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E-mail: anitamedicalsystsems@gmail.com Web-site: www.anitamedicalsystsems.com
Dear Editor, The Times of India Mumbai edition dated May 03, 2015 carried articles with headlines that read “Heart attacks claim 80 per day in Mumbai” and “Life style triggers heart problems in Mumbaikars”. The articles reported that lack of open spaces where people can walk or exercise, easy availability of high fat food items / sugary drinks, mechanisation that reduces manual effort, polluted air and stress makes urban dwellers more prone to lifestyle diseases like obesity, diabetes and heart disease. It is also seen that the age at which heart attacks strike is reducing and reports indicate that even those in their twenties and thirties are victims of heart attacks and cardiac ailments. Prevention is better than cure and all (and particularly youngsters many of whom these days work 60 hours and more/week) should ensure that they pay attention to their diet, sleep adequately and most important, exercise regularly. I have heard many say that they do not have time to exercise. Where there is a will there is a way. It is not necessary to have a park close by or register with a gym to exercise. Plain and simple walking (going to the market on foot instead of using auto or one’s vehicle, not using a shared cab/auto or vehicle for travelling moderate distances, using sky walks for morning walks which enable walking even during the monsoon or simply walking early morning in a lane with less traffic) and avoiding usage of an elevator at home and in the office can help provide much needed exercise. So get going with a regular exercise regimen before the doctor asks you to do so.

In one of the earlier issues of KSA magazine, I had written about the need for retirement planning to ensure a financially secure retirement. It is also essential to address the issue of succession so that transmission of assets to heirs upon death of an individual happens smoothly with minimum time, effort and cost. This includes comprehensively addressing issues like nominations, joint holdings, will, written clarity about division of property among children to avoid disputes and possibly expensive litigation, providing heirs with a list of assets owned and where original title deeds/investment certificates/demat statements are kept (it may be at home or in a bank safe) and keeping investment in real estate to the bare bone (apart from the house used as residence) since disposal of real estate is time consuming (more so if it is land) and with many Amchis having their children abroad, hasty disposal of real estate in the limited time available when a person comes from overseas could mean not getting the best possible price.

Gokul Manjeshwar, Santacruz - Mumbai.

Dear Editor, We have been receiving a lot of paper communication on the KSA Anand Chhaya project. Congratulations to KSA on their efforts to provide senior citizens with inexpensive homes in their later years.

I would at the same time like to make a suggestion. If you could send your information - the building plans and other details - over the email you would be saving a lot of precious paper. Paper means wood and wood means forest, which, we all know, is getting depleted at an alarming rate.

You could of course send hard copies to those who might not be using computers. Their number must be small. The rest of us could access it all over the internet.

I realize that we cannot save forests by ourselves. But shouldn’t the buck start with us?

Especially since we like to think of ourselves as an enlightened community?

Asha Gangoli, Pune

DONATIONS RECEIVED

The Kanara Saraswat Association is grateful to the following donors:

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Professor Ramchandra Gokarn who retired as Dean of post graduate studies from IIT Kharagpur in 2002 was honoured by IIT Kharagpur by starting scholarships & grants in his name for deserving students. Very rarely is such a thing done by the IIT. It is a great honour indeed. The money for this scholarships was given by his students to show their love & respect. The scholarships & grants will be given out every year in his name from this year onwards.

Prof. R P Gokarn (Ex-Professor of Naval Architecture and Ex-Dean of Post Graduate Studies I.I.T. Kharagpur) is a world renowned authority on Naval Architecture and propeller design with over forty years teaching experience. Prof Gokarn is also a Distinguished Alumnus of IIT Kharagpur.

One of his students, Mr Tilak Sarkar (B Tech 1985), through the Tiara Charitable Foundation, has set up a grant in honour of his teacher.

Prof. Gokarn joined the IIT Kharagpur faculty after studying Naval Architecture at the IIT Kharagpur. He did his Ph. D. from the Institute in 1971 and became the Head of the Department of Naval Architecture twice between 1980-1984 and 1989-1990. He also held the office of the Dean of Post Graduate Studies from 1993 -1996 and Member of the Board of Governors from 2000-2001. He was given the Distinguished Alumnus Award by the Indian Institute of Technology, Kharagpur. The citation given to him at the presentation of the Distinguished Alumnus Award, reads as follows: “Prof. R. P. Gokarn is renowned as an excellent teacher. In his long teaching career at IIT Kharagpur spanning nearly four decades, he inspired a whole generation of Indian Naval Architects.” During the thirty-nine years that he was at IIT Kharagpur, Professor Ramchandra Prabhakar Gokarn taught a variety of subjects including Resistance, Propulsion and Manoeuvrability of Ships, High Speed Marine Craft, Ship Power Systems, Stability of Buoyant Systems, Shipyard Organisation, Shipbuilding Management, and Ship Performance.

The grant called “Prof R P Gokarn Innovation Grant” shall be in the categories of ‘Marine Design and Innovation Challenge Grant’, High-Value PhD Fellowships and Visiting Faculty / Professor of Practice / Workshops. The Grant is in keeping with a philosophy of honouring an inspirational Professor, an influential academic and gentleman extraordinaire who has influenced countless batches of students of IIT Kharagpur with his very special personality and achievements and hopes this Award will be a source of inspiration and pride to the recipients and to the Grant.

The primary recipient of this Grant is the Department of Ocean Engineering and Naval Architecture, represented and administered by the Dean, Alumni Affairs, Indian Institute of Technology (Kharagpur). It is intended mainly to undertake and develop innovative multi-disciplinary research or experimental projects with special emphasis on Marine Design and hope to generate research and empirical material for both academic papers for Academic and Conference journals as and as well as patentable ideas and inventions.

Even at the age of 75 years, Professor Gokarn continues to be active in his field. His book “Basic Ship Propulsion” has recently been published. He continues to teach Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering at the OERC Academy, Mumbai and is a visiting professor at the IndianMaritime University, Visakhapatnam. He is also a consultant with various shipyards. He is married to Nita, daughter of the late Sashittal Nagesh Rao, and has two sons, Prabhash and Prashant.

Mrs. Gayatri Subodh Sirur was conferred the Ph. D degree by the Honourable Chief Minister of Maharashtra, Shri Devendra Fadnavis at the convocation of Maharashtra University of Health Sciences held on 22nd May, 2015 at Nashik. She submitted a thesis titled “Age Related Trends In Suspicion, Identification & Educational Intervention In Children With Hearing Impairment In Special Schools & Their Relationship With Receptive Language Skills” in fulfilment of her Ph.D degree in Audiology. She is the first candidate to be conferred a Ph. D degree in Audiology by Maharashtra University of Health Sciences. Dr. Gayatri Sirur went to complete her M.Sc. (Speech Pathology
and Audiology) from All India Institute of Speech and Hearing, Mysore after doing her B.Sc. (Speech Pathology and Audiology) from T.N. Medical College and B.Y.L. Nair Hospital, Mumbai. She is currently an Assistant Professor at Hashu Advani College of Special Education.

Ms. Namita Kishore Masurkar is a UK registered Clinical Pharmacist currently working at the Royal Berkshire NHS Foundation Trust in Reading, UK. She completed her MPharm degree from Kings College London (University of London) with First Class Honours in 2012 and subsequently did her pre-registration training at the highly reputed Chelsea and Westminster Hospital, London.

Having a special interest in Pharmacovigilance and Regulatory affairs, she is undertaking a postgraduate course with TOPRA (The Organization for Professionals in Regulatory Affairs).

Namita is the daughter of Rita & Kishore Masurkar, and grand-daughter of the Late Mr. Gurudas Masurkar & Mrs. Meera Masurkar and the Late Mr. Dattatraya Nilawar & Mrs. Lila Nilawar of the UK.

Akhil Ubhayakar, son of Yashoda and Mahesh Ubhayakar, captained and won the 2nd Manoj Memorial under 18 Basketball Tournament, for the 2nd year in a row. He also won the most valuable player award which included a sports cycle. Having scored 76% in II PUC and thanks to his sports' exploits, he is now with the prestigious St. Joseph's College of Commerce doing his Ist year B.Com. Moulded by our very own ‘Karnataka Bhushan’ coach, Sachin Belvadi, he trains with the Bharath Sports Union Club. He is the grandson of late U.S.Ganesha Rao & Shaila G.Rao of Malleshwaram, Bangalore and Gangadhar & Suvarna Nadkarni of Bailur.

Siona Kalambi (Age 11) Austin, Texas, has won the President's Award for Outstanding Academic Excellence. This award was presented to her at her 5th grade graduation Ceremony at Brushy Creek Elementary. The Certificate was awarded to her under the (USA) President’s Education Awards Program. The purpose of this award is to recognize academic success in the classroom. To be eligible for the President’s Award for Educational Excellence, students are to earn a grade point average of 90 or more on a 100 point scale, demonstrate high motivation, initiative, integrity, intellectual depth, leadership qualities and/or exceptional judgment. High achievement in reading or math on state tests or nationally-normed tests. Along with the certificate bearing President Barrack Obama’s signature, Siona also received a letter from the US Secretary of Education.

Siona's interests include Arts, Literature and music. Siona has won Several Awards at District Level for her Art and Poems for “Reflections” a National Level Art Program. Siona was chosen to represent her School at the Battle of the Bluebonnets where the children participate in a quiz competition based on Award Winning Children Books. She also represented her School for University Level Interscholastic Competition.

In addition to Academics Siona is also an excellent Kathak and Ballet, Tap and Jazz dancer who has given multiple performances at various programs. Also this year Siona participated in a national level competition by ‘MIDI for Kids’ where the piano song ensemble that was composed by her along with some other team members in her School, won at National level and their song was featured on the MIDI for Kids 2015 winners CD. She has been elected to be class representative for Student council.

Siona is the daughter of Pallavi and Mahesh Kalambi, grand-daughter of Shri Shivshankar & Smt. Aparna Murdeshwar and Dr. Suresh and Smt. Geeta Kalambi.

Pandit Indudhar Nirody being honoured by the President of India

We are extremely delighted to share the news that Pandit Indudhar Nirody of Mysore is being honoured by the President of India for having been nominated by the Sangeet Natak Academy New Delhi as a Fellow. The function will be held in Rashtrapati Bhavan in the near future.

The Kanara Saraswat Association congratulates Pandit Nirody on this honour and wish that he may scale greater heights in music in the years to come.
5th Death Anniversary

Padmanabh (Maruti) Vithal Masur
(25th September 1920 - 4th July 2010)

Greatly missed and fondly remembered by:
Wife: Jayashree
Masurkars, Jadhavs, Padbidris, Sawants, Naiks and Vaidyas,
Bagwes and Bhapkars
All near and dear relatives and friends

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Sandhya was born to Dr. Ganesh and Shalini Lajmi in the town of Dharwar, Karnataka in 1950. She was brought up in Bagalkot and completed her BSc. in Zoology from Belgaum. She married Sharad Bhandarkar in 1972; they were happily married for 42 years. They have two children, Rahul and Priyanka.

Her passion for teaching and love for children led her to pursue a course in education following which she taught in Ramabai Paranjpe pre-primary school for 17 years. She was loved and respected by her class parents and all her colleagues. She had a true passion for children, which is evident in how engaged she was with her grandchildren even during her last few years when she was not in the best of health.

Her other passion was Art, starting off with oil painting, she later developed a keen interest in water-colors and produced numerous pieces of beautiful art work that now adorn the homes of family and friends.

Sandhya had an infectious smile, she was brave, open and had a deep appreciation for nature and life. She set an outstanding example of the power of the human spirit and positive thinking while battling cancer for 9 long years.

She devoted her last few years to the intense study of ‘Advaita’ and never missed an opportunity to attend her weekly Vedant study group. We will always cherish the bits of knowledge she shared with us on these topics, which has helped us to seek solace in our time of grief.

Sandhya left for her heavenly abode on May 20th, 2015. Her beauty radiated on the inside and out, and she will be dearly missed by every life she touched.

She is survived by her husband Sharad, children Rahul/Sonia and Priyanka/Mohan Babu, and grandchildren Anushka, Aashna, Ariya and Kabir

Fondly remembered by all

Bhandarkars, Lajmis, Masurkars, Dalvis, Relatives & Friends

Sandhya Bhandarkar (nee Lajmi)
(August 12, 1950 – May 20, 2015)
We are very happy to hear that the Kanara Saraswat is organising the Saraswat Sangeet Sammelan of Hindustani Classical music from 1st May to the 4th of May 2015.

The artists will be given an opportunity to share their love for music, a love that they have inherited from their forefathers. They are expressing their talent that they are perfecting through Upanana of Devi Saraswati. May she inspire them to discover her Lakshita in the svarapada they are doing.

May the function be well attended and enjoyable. May Lord Bhavamishankar bless you all in activities of this nature which bring about a refinement in people and increase their sensitivity to the Divine.

With love and blessings.

Shirali. 2015.
**KSA’s 17th Saraswat Sangeet Sammelan**

A passage to Nirvana through Music

Prakash Burde sums up the 17th Saraswat Sangeet Sammelan held from May 1, 2015 to May 4, 2015, in honour of the Tabla and Pakhawaj maestro Acharya Hattangadi Taranathrao on the occasion of his Birth Centenary (1915-2015). A special review of the individual sessions by Ms. Smita Ullal will appear in our next issue.

Once again, esoteric, mystifying and soothing sounds were permeating the atmosphere morning and evening for four days in the holy presence of the portraits of our much Respected Swamijis and in presence of enthusiastic connoisseurs. It was truly quite an impressive Sammelan, this. The 17th Saraswat Sangeet Sammelan turned out to be the most memorable one among all the Sammelans held till date in Shrimat Anandashram Hall, for reasons more than one.

Normally, these days, music festivals do not last more than two or at the most three sessions. Pandit Arvind Mulgaonkar as a Chief Guest while inaugurating this Sammelan, candidly referred to this marathon music session and nostalgically remembered the days he spent attending such sessions daily in the bygone era.

Secondly, the sheer variety of the fare presented varied from pure unadulterated art music in which happily, young promising musicians excelled, to the music of light classical genre like Thumris, Dadras, Ghazals, Bhajans and even film music! Only thing missed out from the fare was perhaps Qawwali!

Till this Sammelan, the Compere was an integral part of the stage management. In this Sammelan, the Compere became a focal point, attracting generous applause from the Rasikas and favourable acceptance from the performers as well. It is also to the credit of the organisers that despite the number of artistes was more, and with varying genres of music, they were able to sustain the interest of the audience from the start to finish. For the first time ever, chaste Hindi could be heard and enjoyed when Ms. Kalindi Kodial regaled us with her impeccable Hindi commentary while presenting 'Indradhanush' comprising Bhajans from Jnanadev, Namdev, Eknath, Tukaram, Tulsidas, Kabir, Meerabai, MuktTabai, Janabai, Raidas and Rahim. One felt that how well spoken Hindi could be so beautiful! Uday Mankikar is a master narrator in Marathi and also in Konkani and it was a sheer pleasure to listen to his commentary in both languages spoken with glamour and also humour! Prof Sadhana Kamat has a last word as a narrator! Her impeccable sense of timing, her thorough research prior to her presentation lent extra grace to the event, ‘Chitraragini’ held on the last session of this Sammelan. Deepa Savkur too did not lag behind in lending her grace and charm, though her presence was of short duration.

For the success of such mega events it is necessary to have excellent planning, fairly good organizational skills and effortless control. Shri Gurunath Gokarn and his team from Kala Vibhag exactly did that. With the knowledge that a Tabla maestro was to inaugurate the Sammelan, thoughtfully a Tabla solo was arranged on the opening day. As this Sammelan was dedicated to the memory of Acharya Hattangadi Taranathrao, it was in the fitness of things that Pandit Mulgaonkar was called upon to inaugurate the Sammelan.

Seeta Heble, as a guest of honour, spoke how music has influenced her life. In fact her speech was like a guideline for those who wish to take up music as their hobby. Therefore, we have reproduced her speech elsewhere in this issue.

The last but not the least, in the beginning as we said, it was like a passage to Nirvana. Yes, we had all kept our fingers crossed and our daily prayers done, hoping nothing comes our way to our passage to Nirvana! In the supreme spirit of music!

Pandit Arvind Mulgaonkar released the Souvenir brought out by The Kanara Saraswat Association Kala Vibhag on the day of Inauguration. It carries a message from our most revered Swamiji and we wish to reproduce the whole message as it is to be read by everyone who loves music.

July 2015
Ladies and Gentlemen, I feel very happy and highly honoured today because I have been invited by the members of The Kanara Saraswat Association to preside over the 17th Sangeet Sammelan of Hindustani Classical Music, both vocal and instrumental.

I am equally happy to note that several popular and well known Artists have come here to encourage, upcoming youngsters whose ambition is to strive for success in the world of music.

I must thank Geeta Yennemadi, Gurunathmam Gokarn and Prakash Burde for giving me this opportunity to attend this Sammelan.

Geeta needs no introduction. She is completely dedicated to music; she has been conducting her very popular bhajan classes over the last so many years. Needless to say, both Gurunathmam and Prakash are genuine connoisseurs of the Fine Arts, especially music. They have organized so many music programmes which have delighted followers of music.

I am actually a very small person to talk about Hindustani Classical Music. Music, in fact, is a vast, deep ocean. Nobody knows the full extent of the treasures that lie in the ocean. Divers dive into the oceans to explore and experience the ocean’s unseen and unknown treasures. But the more they dive, yet more are the mysteries. Each diver does however enjoy some satisfaction of discovering a few precious things like pearls, corals etc.

The same is the case with Hindustani Classical Music. The ocean of music is deep and vast. Nobody knows its depth, expanse or range. Like the divers, the musicians too must work hard and persevere.

To the youngsters, I will advise this: Train very hard and very regularly. Study under the guidance of your Gurus. Take your riyaz very seriously. From ancient times, music has been following the system of Guru-Shishya Parampara. It is your Guru's blessings and guidance which will help you to explore the Ocean of Music.

In Hindustani Classical Music, there are several Gharanas- e.g. Kirana, Agra, Gwalior, Mewati, Atrauli etc. I will advise you youngsters to carefully choose the Gharana which suits your voice best.

Remember : Try, try and try again – you are bound to succeed! Do not be discouraged. There will be periods of progress and some periods of frustration in your quest to master Hindustani Classical Music.

Music has always been a source of inspiration, guidance and a form of expression, I want to sing for the rest of my life. I will never break up with music.

I thank you for the patient hearing. I wish you all young aspirants Good Luck and all Success in Music. My blessings are with you. Thank you all.

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Brokers Excuse.

ERRATA
In the Centenary remembrance of Late Shri Sheshgiri Balwally on page 39 of KS June 2015 issue the name of his Son-in-law Shri Durgadas Ramesh Kallianpur and family has been inadvertently missed out. The name Gowda should be read as Goud

……….. With apologies from Arvind Balwally
Mr. Kailash Satyarthi made India proud by winning the Nobel Prize, a prize shared with the Pakistani teenager Malala Yousafzai of Pakistan. They stand out like rays of light, in an otherwise bleak scenario of conflict, revenge killings and rising prices. Mr. Satyarthi's tremendous courage in his fight against child labour and trafficking in India is truly inspiring. Child labour and runaway children... this thought brings to my mind an incident which happened a few years ago, while I was on a short vacation in Goa with my husband.

We were on our way to Goa from Mumbai, by train. We alighted at Madgaon and hired a taxi to reach our hotel, which was close to Ponda. The faint light of a beautiful dawn brushed aside the dark shadows of the night and gradually lifted the veil of darkness, to reveal the lovely, lush green landscape. The shadowy spire of a church and the fluttering flags atop small temples were gradually emerging in the reddish glow of a resplendent dawn. The faint smell of spices, which I always associate with Goa, soon enveloped me. I felt a sense of homecoming, the comfort of being in the land where Konkani is spoken in various dialects! A sense of history and antiquity draw me to Goa again and again. As our taxi sped ahead, I dreamily absorbed the lovely scene rushing past and felt a sense of calm serenity descend upon me.

We were at the hotel soon after. We planned to visit our ancestral temples and a few interesting spots, which were outside the scope of the usual tourist itinerary. After settling into the hotel room, we reached the adjoining restaurant for an early morning cuppa. Nobody seemed to be around. After a long wait, a young boy came to take our order. Finally, our patience was rewarded with our favourite beverage... steaming hot cups of tea.

That night, we were back at our table after a long and tiring day, anticipating an early dinner. This was not to be, as another lengthy wait ensued. Our previous stay at the same place had been comfortable. The service had been prompt and efficient. What could be the problem now...? The boy who had served us tea, came out of the kitchen languidly. He offered us the menu-card. As I perused it with my husband, the boy stood waiting by the side of our table, talking all the while. My attention was drawn to his appearance. He was very fair, tall and lanky. He looked about 14 or 15 years old, with an air of child-like innocence. Though fairly well-dressed, he did not seem to belong to this region. Quite loquacious, he spoke in Hindi, but it was Hindi in its pure form, undiluted by slang or colloquialisms. I surmised that he must be from the north of India, perhaps from Delhi or Madhya Pradesh... he had probably come recently and had yet to pick up the local lingo. We got busy eating and I thought no more about him.

The next morning was a replay of the earlier day. There was only an elderly man, besides the young boy, waiting at the tables. It finally dawned on us that there seemed to be a severe shortage of staff. As we spent the day in a whirlwind of temple visits and pujas, thoughts of the boy drifted in and out of my mind; he seemed so very out of place in the milieu. I felt that there must be something more to this boy, than met the eye.

I am not one to strike conversations with unknown people, but on the second evening, I did exactly that! I asked the boy his name. “Neeraj”, he answered cockily. “You do not appear to belong to these parts” I said, to which he replied that he was from Madhya Pradesh. So my guess had proved right! Was he here with his family, I enquired and was taken aback when he casually told me, that he had run away from home. Indeed! I thought. He went on to say nonchalantly, that he belonged to a good, middle-class family. Back home, he bragged, he had lived in a nice house with his parents and siblings. Life had been good, he said, but... There! This ‘but’ which rears up its ugly head in so many of our conversations had made its appearance. I would be happy we say, but for... This is the ‘but’ which is the imagined hurdle in the enjoyment of...
the present. If only we could enjoy the present rather than hanker after the past or the future. I digress... Anyway, to continue, he said, he was terribly unhappy, since his parents insisted that he went to school. Of all things... SCHOOL! What a waste of time! He simply hated going to school, he burst out in disgust! He was fed up with his mother nagging him to study. With an expression of a long-suffering martyr, he told me that, in retaliation, he had simply left home.

A life-changing decision made on the spur of the moment, without a thought of its consequences! “What about money?” I asked. Neeraj said that the little pocket-money he had collected saw him through, till he eventually reached Goa after a few months of wandering through Gujarat and Maharashtra. Fortunately, he had not fallen prey to the child trafficking racket, I mused.

“Have you informed your parents about your well-being?” the question suddenly popped out of my mouth. “Oh yes I did, when I came here”, he replied casually, “but my mother started crying when I telephoned, so I have not called them again.” Well, well...how sad! I thought. I surmised that the call must have been made by him, after putting his parents through months of anxiety! He looked back at me, seemingly unperturbed. “Do you not feel any remorse about having left home?” I asked. He fidgeted and looked away. “You are lucky to be blessed with parents, fortunate that they provide you money for food, clothes and school. Beta, there are innumerable children who are homeless and orphans, who would willingly exchange places with you.” I would have carried on but I could see that he was not impressed by my homily.

I decided to change track and asked him, “What will you do when you grow up? Would you like to remain in this job only, or do you wish to move on in life?” Something prompted me to press on, while the going was good. “Do you wish to continue taking orders from others, standing by humbly and obsequiously or do you see yourself in these seats where we are sitting, placing orders for Tandoori chicken and fish curry? On which side of the table do you see yourself a few years from now?” Ah... now I caught a flicker of uncertainty in his eyes. I had finally roused him out of his complacency! I probed further, “Who do you want to be when you are older? Have you thought of it?” Now I got a reaction and he blurted out, “Of course I know that! When I grow up... I want to be a rich man and enjoy life”. “How do propose to go about it?” I asked. No answer... Ah! Here was my chance...I pushed on, “Neeraj, education is the only ladder to success in life. There are no shortcuts, no easy way out. Return home now beta, continue your studies. Go back to your family! I am sure you will not regret it.” I could see that he was thinking deeply, as he listened to me intently, with a grave expression. “Perhaps we will meet a few years hence, enjoying food on adjoining tables or on a river cruise, here in Goa... wouldn’t that be wonderful?” I asked with a smile. There was a sparkle in his eyes! I felt that I had touched a chord and left the conversation at that... I dared not speak more, for fear of appearing to preach.

The next morning, there was no sign of any movement in the restaurant. No tea! Oh no! Our day does not start without it, so this was nothing short of a calamity... yet, I felt strangely elated! The restaurant wore a forlorn, deserted look. All the chairs remained upturned on the tables. The Manager scurried around trying to get a grip on the situation. The boy was nowhere in sight. Ha ha! This seemed too good to be true! Had Neeraj returned home? I fervently hoped he had. As we went out in search of tea, I kept my fingers crossed and ventured to blurt out my thoughts to my husband...the boy must have surely gone home...yes surely he had!

Our enquiries soon revealed that the restaurant would remain closed, for lack of staff. The boy had unexpectedly left for his hometown, without even giving prior notice, the old man too had fallen ill, the Manager said in frustration. New staff was being recruited and they would soon be joining, so he hoped we would put up with the inconvenience for a short time. Thank God! My prayers had been answered! Sometimes, right words at an opportune moment, do work wonders, don’t they?
श्रीच्या कांही सुखद आणि बोधप्रद आठवणी

सीताराम भट

गणेशचन्द्र जवळ आली की उच्चवर्ग येते. गणपतीचा सण मराठी आध्यात्मिक थे. अगाढी तयारी चैतन्यासाठी त्यांनी एका दुर्भाग्यात होते. ज्यामिती आणि बोधप्रद आठवणी यांनी उत्कृष्ट रुपांतराने म्हणून, त्यांनी असुस्थीत रुपांतर करून, त्यांनी सिद्धांतस्थापित बनवले. ज्याच्या शिक्षानिष्ठा आणि अर्थशास्त्रीय भावना म्हणजेच गणपतीचा विचारात वाढली. त्यांनी गणपतीच्या चित्रणात असाधारण प्रतीक म्हणून त्यांनी उत्कृष्ट रुपांतर राखत असलेला शिक्षण नवीन रुपात होता. त्यांनी गणपतीच्या नवीन प्रतीकात असाधारण प्रतीक म्हणून त्यांनी उत्कृष्ट रुपांतर राखत असलेला शिक्षण नवीन रुपात होता.

अतीताच्या विकल्पांतरीले, त्यांनी गणपतीच्या चित्रणात असाधारण प्रतीक म्हणून त्यांनी उत्कृष्ट रुपांतर राखत असलेला शिक्षण नवीन रुपात होता. त्यांनी गणपतीच्या नवीन प्रतीकात असाधारण प्रतीक म्हणून त्यांनी उत्कृष्ट रुपांतर राखत असलेला शिक्षण नवीन रुपात होता.

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July 2015

KANARA SARASWAT
On the wonderful occasion of the centenary of Paramapuja Shrimad Anandashram Swamiji’s Sanyasashram, my thoughts instantly go to the Golden Jubilee in 1965. The celebration commenced in Mumbai on 1-1-1965 with Hattangadi Gopalmam’s “दया स्वामी पापा”, Maharudra, etc in Shirali, the main function being on 24-5-1965 and the finale in Bangalore in December. The Sadhana Saptaha programme was cut short to only 3 days due to Swamiji’s health. Gopalmam’s “Pandurang, Pandurang” and “Fifty Years of Bliss” vividly depict the unforgettable Charitra of this “ordinary sanyasi”.

It is indeed our good fortune and God’s grace to have come under the कृपा of this great सांपुज्ञ. Shri Shankara Bhagavatpada was considered as शंभूमित्रजयित मुखे शंकरचार्य स्वामि. Hands fold in Namaskar and heads bow in reverence to young Haridas Shantamurti who became Swami Anadashram. There are still elders amidst us who have seen Him. My father, Late Narayan Devarao Ubhayakar always used to say, “His life itself was Miracle”. My grandmother, Shanthabai Devarao once gave me an envelope on which she had written “स्वामीजींची पूजा” which she took out from her Almirah Locker. This contained few letters in Kannada written by Swamiji Himself to my grandfather, Devarao. After customary blessings, one of the letters said “(Translation) This body having been born and grown up in this place itself can withstand the heat here. We are unable to leave from here now. Therefore, you with your wife do come to Shirali”. I infer this must have been the time around when the most revered Mother of His Purvashram was in her last days. Gopalmam has written about her in Fifty Years of Bliss under the subtitle Three Charitable Souls. This lady gave birth to a gem who was to be an invaluable treasure not only of Chitrapur Saraswats but everyone without exception who came under His कृपाध्यायी.

Swamiji after his ablutions, used to come and stand before Hodi Samadhi at 6am to the accompaniment of mangalavadya. I’m able to recollect, as an 9 year old boy I had been to Shirali with my maternal grandparents during Sadhana Saptaha after visiting Hubli, Bankikodla-Gokarn and Chandavar-Mallapur. On the night before leaving Shirali, I mustered enough courage and went up to Him and offered pranams. I said something which made Swamiji give a loud hearty laugh, which I still remember every night; “हरिमुळ अति मुरळ” from our Shri Gokulashtamit Bhajan.

Shivshankar Shantaram Ubhayakar and I performed Padapuja when PP Swamiji along with PP Shishya Swamiji graced our Munji Hall in the evening in May 1964. On returning to Bangalore from Shirali after the Golden Jubilee celebrations in May 1965, I left home and went back to Shri Math to stay at His Lotus Feet. Swamiji’s benevolent words of blessing and Karunya during the interview upstairs after my elders came from Bangalore have been highly cherished in my memory and have influenced my entire life. Swamiji was soon after, brought to Bangalore for treatment. Consequently I had the opportunity of staying in His Sannidhya till He attained Mahasamadhi. During His stay Mother Nature must have been happy for flowers and fruits grew in abundance in the Shri Math compound.

Sant Shri Bhadragiri Archyutha Das of Bangalore who has since attained Mukti and whose Hari Kathas overflowed with Bhakthi was greatly devoted to our Swamiji. He was very particular about performing Keerthana in our Shri Math every year. The high regard Shri Hegode, Dharmaadhikari of Shri Kshetra Dharmasthala had for this “ordinary sanyasi” was seen when He was taken in procession from Yerdur House Guruwayinkere to the Temple.

In May 1965, Swamiji walked to Shri...
Shambhulingeshwar Temple behind Panchavati in Shirali. After offering Namaskar He spread out His hairas and sat there in deep meditation for some time. On the way back He halted near a narrow using His walking stick as a support He jokingly remembered that someone used to say that his wife who had a big stomach could not pass through the same.

Swamiji’s beautiful stotra in praise of His Guru appears in “Pandurang Pandurang”. I chant this daily during puja. Members of our family have been blessed by Swamiji with murtis of Shri Ganapathi, Ishwar linga and Shree Dattatraya. PP Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji is the present guiding light of our Shri Math under whose guidance there has been renewed religious fervour. The centenary celebrations have been marked with intensive Samuhika Sadhana.

My humble offering at those Divine Lotus Feet of hallowed memory is a bhakti vilipata comprising of one Maharudra Avartanas.

\begin{verbatim}
लमेव माता च पिता लमेव | लमेव वंदुश्च मयाल लमेव | लमेव विवश देविण लमेव | लमेव सर्वं मम देव देव |
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\begin{figure}
\centering
\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{lily_caterers.png}
\caption{Lily Caterers: Bringing to the table a unique blend of Tradition & Innovation!}
\end{figure}

Errata: In the list of Donations received by the Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Gamdevi (printed on page 52 of our June issue) the amount donated by Smt. Nirmala Phatarphekar for the Smt. Sitabai Padbidri Distress Relief Fund has been erroneously printed as Rs. 5,000/-. This stands corrected to Rs. 50,000/-. We regret the error…… Editor
Acrostics on Nalkur Sripad Rao Mam

BY VINAYANAND KALLIANPUR

Nalkur Sripad Mam, with his never-say-die attitude and pioneering spirit, started from scratch –
An empire he founded - for his extraordinary vision and personality there is no match.
Love in abundance he showered upon all; he also possessed knowledge in almost every field;
Kind-hearted, he pardoned mistakes, yet to compromise on core values he never did yield.
Unlimited was his generosity, he was a god-father to people beyond count;
Remembered fondly he is now, for his concern for others' welfare was paramount.

Sincere and genuine, this man of conviction exuded confidence;
Round the clock he studied varied subjects, hence was a source of immense guidance.
In many a situation, he displayed his sense of humour and quick wit,
Playing on words, 'Moosaka maarnu kaas korchu' was the secret to his success, he would admit.
At all times, he extended a helping hand with untiring zeal and vigour,
Donated extensively to the Maths, schools and welfare tasks - among philanthropists, he was a towering figure.

Rotarian in spirit, he built goodwill in society as a trustee, entrepreneur and director of many a Board;
An Amchi who is and will remain an inspiration to many – he truly had a heart of gold.
Oh God! We truly pray to you to grant eternal rest and bliss to his soul,
May his vision and values always guide us in the pursuit of our goals.
Always pursuing, always achieving, the journey of his life will offer lessons to all,
Most inspiring even in death – for he donated his body for research – his contribution to humanity is in no way small.

Swaragelon Shriapadamam

Suniita Pr. Bangde, Sanatakunja

Aamagelon sunitite aari be umakad bapash durnya Reconstruction saamangyla aamalyna jeevanka ekki mukh paripurnacha teeta, aarshi manjari thiyoikil muggata-neh bauchu makkaka soorita aarashi.

Nalakur Shriapadamam, Moglobin aamagelon aamalaya arthamukh muggarya, Moglobin makkha. Shriapadamam, thithidhimaik aani bheedu, muggarya, pramila (paamu) aami mohek (aapu) chenhu mumbai aapalu teh saataakja. Tangelog makshabahu-dantara chamada haata taanka aapamalyna chaara rakhuku diitken.

Shithidhimaik thiogeli aamamunnn bhasa sagnu aami khunchi bhasa chenali. Aamai aarhatina sabhi kaamnu thithidhimaik cinnale jadii naaka mhogu nimittali moga genu samajhnu sanatanka (moglobin aamalaya, aamagelon muktinsau genu aami jagni hanka shriapadamamkhari kaam diiklen.) paamu aami aapu moglobin satra bhachandshia jadhi. haami aapu khadari chenhu khedantali. Kalaatanaa taantri karakat charchapudukha, haami taanka

Hinditun kaagand beetaali. Itihaak ka muggarya, tawachhi makaka indiisha bennashi. Hne sarva aurasa dhvani, shriapadamamna aamachhe mach maha kahe.

“They are not a bundle of clothes to be distributed all over the place. I will look after them.” Brave words to be spoken by a young widow in her early thirties.

This happened in 1930. I was only five when, with my three older brothers, my mother came to Bombay to stay with her younger sister. Bereaved by the loss of her husband, my mother followed him after a few months, leaving her young widowed sister to shoulder the responsibility of bringing up six children: her own son and daughter, and the four of us. She took up the challenge, refused to let us be parted, and brought us all up with a love and tenderness which was equal to, if not more than, a mother’s love. I have yet to see a woman so full of courage and determination, love and humour, and dedication towards duty and honour, as my aunt, Sunderpachi.

She was born in the tiny village of Mundkur in South Canara, where her father was a small landholder and did a little farming. Here, she wandered through the rambling house and fields, played with her elder sister, teased the farm animals and bossed over the farm workers. The apple of her father’s eye, she could twist him round her little finger and persuaded him to send his daughters to school in Karkal. “There was an outer room,” she told me once, “where we had to cast off school clothes and don the house ones. We could enter the house only after we had washed thoroughly. The maid would take away the school clothes to be washed.”

School days were happy days but alas! They only lasted a few months. Marriages took place at an early age and, as a very good offer had come for her sister (my mother), both the little girls were called back home. The crowded and exciting days of preparation, wedding and departure were followed by a few months of loneliness, till Sundari herself was married to a handsome and dashing young doctor, Narahari Bhat.

The young doctor took his little bride to Kerala, where he set up practice. Sometimes he had to treat patients residing in hilly tracts and would go away for days together, leaving his wife alone in new and strange surroundings. Her courage and loyalty were evident when she fell ill and refused to go home even when her parents entreated her to do so. Finally, her mother came to live with her till she recovered. Once, she willingly sold her gold waistband to help her husband through a difficult period.

Dr. Bhat soon became popular and his practice increased. Happy times followed when a little daughter was born to them. Dr. Bhat proudly bought a sewing machine on which the young mother stitched pretty frocks. She used this machine till the end. A son was born two years later and they shifted to Bombay.

The First World War began and Dr. Bhat joined the Navy. He was now Captain Narahari Bhat. The war came to a close and Captain Bhat set out on his homeward journey. His happy and excited wife waited with a garland of flowers on the pier to greet her husband. But God willed otherwise. The ship struck a mine within sight of the shore and went down with all men on board. It was a cruel hand for fate to play on a young girl, hardly twenty-one years old.

After a period of loss and grief, she rose to the occasion. Helped by her uncle, Mr. Mundkur, she rebuilt her life around her two children. Friends flocked round, offering help and advice. The Christian Mission

(L to R) Shardu Sirur (author and niece), Meera Nabar (daughter), Sashidhar Bhat (son), Sunderpachi Bhat, Mohan Hattikudur (nephew).
Non of the people in the photograph are living today. Other children brought up by Sunderpachi (not in the photograph) Ratnakar Hattikudur and Dinkar Hattikudur who are also no more.
of St. Columba Girls High School took her under its wing. She stayed in the hostel and mastered English, Marathi and Hindi. While in South Canara, she had learnt Kanarese and Tulu. In Kerala, she had learnt Malayalam. Always alive to the world, and eager to learn, she absorbed other crafts: stitching, embroidery and knitting. A master cook, she could create culinary miracles out of meagre resources. Her larder was never empty and her welcoming smile ever present for guests and visitors.

As her children grew, she took part in several activities. Congress workers like Sitabai Padbidri and Kalyanibai Samsi encouraged her to work with them. She took with her a group of women for Home Education classes and was an active worker in the Saraswat Mahila Samaj and the Arya Mahila Samaj.

She found a philosopher and guide in a gentle scholar, Mr. Gurjar, who taught her son Sanskrit and French. Mr. Gurjar taught her the beauty of the Dnyaneshwari and the Gita. The strength that she absorbed from the constant perusal of these two books sustained her all her life. Once, Mr. Gurjar mentioned that he longed to buy a book on homeopathy but that it was beyond his means. He said he had borrowed it for a few days from a friendly bookshop. Sunderpachi took it home, saying that she also wanted to have a look at it. When she returned it the next day, Mr. Gurjar found that she had enclosed the amount within the leaves of the book. All this was done without fanfare and trumpets.

When we came under her wing, we found that she was a second mother to us. In fact, I never missed my own mother. Sunderpachi was all in all to me. She stitched all my clothes, made tempting dishes, dried my tears when I was hurt, and encouraged me to do my best in school. She would never scold us. If we did something that did not meet with her approval, she would remain very quiet for a day and we realised we had done wrong. It was because of her that all of us worked hard and got top positions in class. When any visitor asked, “What is their number in class?” She would reply with a proud and quiet smile, “One, only one.”

She taught me how to knit my first pair of bootees, to make scrambled eggs and chocolate fudge, and to love books. A strict vegetarian, she would make exotic non-vegetarian dishes for us. Her energy and zest for living would often put us to shame.

Once, my brother Dinkar had high temperature on the last day of his final examination in school. He protested angrily that he did not want to lose his position in class. “Do you really want to go?” Sunderpachi asked him. When he nodded, she asked him to get ready, brought a taxi, and took him to school. She waited till he had answered the paper and only then took him to a doctor.

She was fiercely loyal to her friends. When two of them fell into bad circumstances, she seized opportunities like weddings and other such occasions to give them saris. All this was, of course, done without letting anybody else know. It was only later that we came to know of this and other similar incidents.

She would tell us stories of Akbar and Birbal and Tenali Ramkrishna and make us roar with laughter. She made the Ramayana and Mahabharata so familiar that we considered the characters in it as friends. She read out classics like *David Copperfield*, *Les Miserables*, and *The Channings* to us. She read aloud *Three Men in a Boat* by Jerome K. Jerome and laughed with us. She disliked comics and called them trash. She retained her passion for reading and studying till the end. She knew many a Sanskrit quotation. Once, when my brother came forth with a fairly unsavoury quotation, she replied with a stronger one that left us all agape. She taught us to pray and to sing beautiful bhajans.

After I married and came to Hubli, we were parted only in body. She wrote regularly from Bombay, Delhi, Rajkot, Ahmedabad, Poona or Ernakulam, wherever she went with her son. Once she wrote, “I am trying to learn the 12th and the 15th chapters of the Bhagvad Gita by heart.” This was at the age of seventy.

She came to me when my sons were born, to fondle them and bless them. Once, when I was worrying myself to tears because the baby would not take its feeds, she remarked quietly, “When I was younger than you, I became a widow with two young children to support. I did not weep half as bitterly as you do now.” I felt so ashamed that my tears dried up instantly.

Once, when the baby was crying loudly, a neighbour’s wife poked her head in and asked, “Why is the baby crying?” She replied, with a glint of mischief in her eyes, “Because he’s a baby and not a doll.”
As she had devoted her life to her children, she now devote her remaining life to her grandchildren. She loved them and they adored her in return. Annamma, as her son's children called her, or Sundiamma, as her daughter's children called her, was a beloved figure in both the homes. She kept a toothbrush, a comb and a set of clothes in each house, so that she could rush wherever she was needed. Her grandchildren would wait eagerly for her and protest loudly when she left. The sweaters, pullovers and cootees that she knitted for her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, if laid end to end, would have covered miles.

With a capable daughter and daughter-in-law managing their own homes, she turned more and more to religion. She regularly attended talks and discourses by eminent religious leaders like Dandekar and Swami Chinmayanand. She subscribed regularly to a Hindi magazine called Jeevan Vikas, which contained articles by Ramakrishna Paramhansa. Her ambition was to learn Bengali, so that she could read his original works.

Towards the end, life in Bombay became too crowded for her peace loving soul. She expressed a desire to stay with us in Hubli. I also tempted her, saying that Swami Shantanand, a brilliant young teacher of Hindu religion, was coming to Hubli to give a series of talks. So she came and spent six memorable months with us.

She was never still, never idle. She renewed her tatting and created innumerable designs, she helped to knit sweaters for my husband and children. She quietly entered the kitchen and cooked mouth-watering delicacies.

Once, she said to me, “Shardu, I want you to bring me a globe.”

“What for?” I asked in surprise.

“I read and hear of so many places like Kuala Lumpur, Uganda, and many others. I want to know exactly where they are.” I got her a globe the next day.

For a month or two, I had to attend rehearsals for a drama and she came with me. “You should not go out alone at night. It is not safe. I will come with you.” She was seventy-eight and I felt as if I had an armed escort. During the rehearsal she would watch enraptured, while the director coaxed or raved alternately at the young actors. She would laugh at the humourous scenes or quietly wipe her eyes at a pathetic one. “I have seen some plays,” she remarked, “but I had not realised the effort put behind each play. Rehearsals are definitely more interesting than the real plays.”

Once, I wanted to see the movie The Summer of '42, and she offered to accompany me. I was a little doubtful, expecting her to criticise it all the time. During the love scenes I hardly dared to glance at her. When we came out of the theatre, she said, “Why were you so glum? I enjoyed it, didn't you?”

Another time, when we took her to a movie, we were shown the trailer of Psycho. I thought she would feel scared but she remarked drily, “I have seen this picture already.”

When Swami Shantanand came to give his talks, she was very happy. We went regularly to both the morning and evening sessions. Once, when he came for breakfast, she just sat there gazing at him. I asked her if she wanted to ask him any questions. She replied, “I get all my answers just by looking at him.”

When we held a Fancy Fete in aid of an institution, she knitted coats and bootees, stitched small frocks, and took her turn sitting at the stall. She was never tired, ever energetic. When I asked her hesitantly if she cared to come with us, “Sure, let us go!” she would say and, taking her purse and shawl, go down the steps before I recovered my breath.

We had a Bengali friend and, knowing that Sunderpachi wanted to learn Bengali, I asked her if she could spare some time. My friend replied, “At this age, if she is so keen on learning, I should be ashamed if I do not teach her.” So Sunderpachi bought a slate and pencil. She did not believe in wasting exercise books. She continued her studies till she fell ill.

Pleasant days came to an end all too soon. A virus 'flu raged through the town and Sunderpachi went down. After fighting with fever and cough for a week, she recovered but the cough persisted. She started moving about the house and expressed a desire to visit the Chitrapur Math at Shirali.

Taking the doctor’s permission, we made preparations for a two-day stay but, on the day before our departure, she had a slight rise in temperature.

“Please go ahead and get this pooja performed for me. It is for my son's welfare,” she told us. “Perhaps God does not wish me to go to Shirali.”
So we left. We returned the next day to find Sunderpachi seriously ill and the doctors looking grave. They advised us to inform her relations in Bombay. She was still determinedly cheerful and refused to allow people to wait on her. She had a dread of becoming helpless and dependant on others. “I want to leave as quickly and quietly as possible,” she would say often.

She delighted in listening to Bhimsen Joshi’s records of bhajans. One line used to haunt her: “Enough of seeing this life; take me to you, Lord!” She would listen, nodding her head. “Yes, yes, it is true, sing it again. I can never listen to that particular record without feeling a constriction in my throat and chest.”

She recovered after a while and resumed her tatting and walks in the garden, often holding a rose tenderly in her hands while inhaling its fragrance. When a new batch of chicks arrived on our poultry farm, she even walked up to the shed to watch and exclaim over the little balls of yellow fluff.

The end came suddenly. Her daughter had come to see her. We sat chatting for a long time, then she told us, “Go and sit on the verandah. I will join you in a few minutes.” She left the room, her tatting still in her hand. We waited for a little while. Then the servant maid rushed out, scared, saying, “Sunderpachi has fallen on the bed!”

It was all over. I foolishly rubbed brandy on her hands and feet, trying to revive her. Her daughter, who is a doctor, knew better. “I can’t feel her pulse,” she said and sat still as a statue.

Sunderpachi left us as she wished, without any trouble, without any fuss. Till the very end, she made light of her illness, refusing to take it seriously. She is gone but it is not possible to forget her. She was like a candle, casting a mild and peaceful light all round while she herself dwindled into nothingness.

(Sponsored)
Mangalore is a place where traditional values are alive. Mrs. Hemalatha Gurudutt Tonsey was born at such a holistic place on 23rd October, 1931. She is the daughter of Late Shri Kodial Raghuram Rao and Late Shrimati Kodial Krishna Bai and the wife of Late Shri Gurudutt Mangesh Tonsey and third daughter-in-law of Late Shrimati Tonsey Bhavani Bai and Late Shri Tonsey Mangesh Rao - who was the first person to write Science - Physics, Chemistry and Biology - with illustrations in Kannada for children during the early 20th century.

As the proverb says “Best from Waste”, Mrs. Hemalatha G. Tonsey, by her own efforts, would do “Crochet work” reusing the thread from dried flower garlands which we usually throw away. She keeps herself busy in doing the table mats of different designs and sizes by crochet, using that old thread. Each one is a unique piece. She is not referring to any books for the designs. She does it with her own imagination and calculation. She has also prepared dolls by using cloth and cotton, which she learnt in the doll-making class in Mumbai during 1962-1964. Stitching, singing bhajans and cooking were her hobbies. But now, as she is unable to continue all of them, she has opted the “Crochet work” and is enjoying her life. Patience and dedication are two important factors in crochet work, to achieve perfection, which she has at this age of 84 years.

She is a proud mother of a son- Shri Dinesh G. Tonsey, who resides at Mumbai and a daughter - Smitha, who stays at Mangalore. Both are supporting in bringing out the best in her. For learning there is no time and age limit. Anybody can learn anything, at anytime and at any age. “Where there is a will, there is a way.”

“Dream and destiny are two destinations of life. But it would be a fantastic and memorable incident when they finally meet.”

Shrimati Hemalatha G. Tonsey is a great example to show that “AGE” is not a limit for achievement.

Pramod Karnad, Managing Director, of Maharashtra State Co-operative Bank Ltd. (MSCB), Mumbai, has been elected unopposed for the post of Director for the 2nd consecutive time on National Federation of State Cooperative Banks (NAFSCOB). The appointment was declared at the AGM of NAFSCOB held in Mumbai on 8th June, 2015. The NAFSCOB was established in 1964 to facilitate the operations of State & Central Cooperative Banks in general and development of cooperative credit in particular. The objective of NAFSCOB is to provide a common forum to the member cooperative banks in the country to examine the problems of cooperative credit, banking and allied matters and evolve suitable strategies to deal with them.

Pramod Karnad is the only Managing Director on the body of NAFSCOB amongst 21 Directors & all other Directors being the Chairmen of various State Co-operative Banks in the country. Shri Dilip Sanghani, of Gujarat State Co-operative Bank (Ex-Cooperative Minister & four times Member of Parliament of Gujarat) unanimously got elected as Chairman of NAFSCOB in this meeting.

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Some folks transplant rice for wages, but I have other reasons.
I watch the sky, the earth, the clouds,
Observe the rain, the nights, the days,
keep track, stand guard till my legs are stone, till the stone melts,
till the sky is clear and the sea calm.
Then I feel at peace.

A Vietnamese poem after my own heart!
Our rice nursery, after its tryst with a bunch of bovine grazers, still survived and after 4 weeks is now ready to be transplanted into the main field. These little, baby rice plants, lovingly protected so far are now ready to venture out into the big world!

So D-day dawns with a clear bright sky. It has been raining quite consistently but the field is only wet and not yet waterlogged. So our irrigation channel has been opened up and the water is flowing into the fields. Ganapati is ready with his bullocks and plough at 7 am. This is something new that we learnt – just tilling the land is not enough, you have to ‘muddle up’ the land to a fine squelch now! As the bullocks walk through the field, the plough churns up the soil with the water. Up and down, over and over again, till the mud looks like brown porridge. By 9 a.m. one section of the field is done and the 6 women have arrived for the actual transplantation.

They walk over to the nursery, their sarees tucked up to avoid trailing in the mud. When they near the nursery I hear an audible cluck-cluck of sympathy. “What is it?” I ask them. “Oh these saplings are so small – You don’t put fertilizer is it? You should have, the saplings would then have been this high” one of them explains holding her hand a good 6 inches above our saplings. It is alright I explain – Fertilizer is not good – it will ruin the soil I say, but their blank look seems to say “Oh these mad city folks”.

Anyway, they start pulling up the saplings. Their movements are smooth and swift, they work with both hands – a fluid movement akin to churning buttermilk with a rope wound around the churner. When the bunches in their hands reach a particular size, they bind them with a couple of saplings and toss them aside. They find it very amusing when I do the same, gingerly, not wanting to hurt the roots of the delicate looking plants. But a swift brisk movement is what you need to uproot the saplings and with a little practice I get it right.

By mid morning, all the saplings have been uprooted and tied into neat little bundles. A short break with a meal of idlis, chutney, a sweet potato patty, some tea and it is time to do the transplantation. Squelch, squelch, the mud is unbelievable soft and squidgey – all you do is pull out 3-4 saplings from the bunch and push them deep into the squidge. The trick is that when you pull your hand out, the saplings should stay in and stand erect. Mine looked pathetic at first but soon I learnt the trick and could do it almost as well as the others, though not at that speed. And definitely not for that long. My back was already beginning to sing a different tune. The others continued until the entire field was covered with neat rows of saplings.

The evening sun reflected on the still waters in the field and the little saplings revelled in their new found space. Have we really made a mistake by stubbornly refusing to use chemical fertilizers and pesticides? Will our home-made mixes of Jeevamruth and Panchagavya work? Well, all I can say is Wait, and we will soon find out.
Golu’s Diwali Holidays

VEENA BANTWAL

Little Golu had grown older since his Diwali resolution to speak in pure amchi. Golu had realised why it was important to retain the purity of the language when speaking it and although his ‘amchi’ was not yet that pure; both - he and Chimney; had resolved that they would not mix amchi words when speaking in English, and likewise when speaking in ‘amchi’, as far as possible; they would not lapse into English.

But to resolve had been easier than to practice. And in this – Golu and Chimney had met with far greater success in speaking ‘pure English’ without using amchi words in-between than in speaking ‘pure amchi’. Although they did not lapse into English at the drop of a hat when conversing in amchi; still there were many English words for which they did not know of the correct ‘amchi substitute’.

And now - Golu or Hrishab was 10 years old. And this Diwali Holidays, the Talgeri family had decided to visit the Shri Guru Math at Mallapur. And even Ammama who had come to stay with them in the Diwali Holidays, would be accompanying them.

The fun-filled but noisy Diwali week was over and the sound of crackers had also dwindled. And Chimney and Golu were excited about getting away from the noise and pollution of Mumbai to the serene settings of Mallapur and of travelling by the Konkan Railway. They had heard about its scenic beauty and chattered excitedly about their train journey.

“I want the window-seat” Chimney had told Golu authoritatively, being the elder sister “Yes, yes” he had nodded eagerly and she had been surprised till Golu had added with a cheeky grin “You take the window-seat first till we leave the pollution behind, but once the coastal belt starts, I want the window-seat to enjoy the scenery”. And Chimney had realised that her ‘smart’ younger brother had once again outwitted her.

Not wanting to give up easily; she had declared “And this time I am going to be sleeping on the upper berth” And Hrishab had simply smiled in return and she had been astonished till Golu had added with a mischievous grin “Shah, I have been sleeping on the upper berth in the hotel”. And Chimney had finally succumbed.

Not wanting to give up easily; she had declared “And this time I am going to be sleeping on the upper berth” And Hrishab had simply smiled in return and she knew that ‘the monkey’ of her younger brother would be up in a trice and take the upper berth while she would still be clambering. Shaking her head she had just sighed. She knew that she could never beat her brother at some things.

And then – it was Ammama who had beaten them to the window. She had been silently listening to all this bickering and after everything; she had simply said, “I will be taking the window”. And both the kids knew that they had been defeated. And the matter had been quickly dropped.

Both Golu and Chimney were keen and eager to know more about our Fourth Guru P.P. Shankarashram Swamiji (II). And so they had pestered Ammama to tell them what she knew. Ammama had started telling them a miracle. Most of the bhanaps knew of this. But Ammama knew that Golu and Chimney being kids were not aware of this miracle. And so, Ammama had settled comfortably in her recliner and started telling them –

“Param Pujya Shankarashram Swamiji preferred a simple diet of pej and payas. One day – it happened to be the punyatithi of His Guru – P.P. Parijnanashram Swamiji (II). So that day; following shishya Keshavashram Swamiji’s instruction; the cooks had not prepared pej. So Param Pujya Shankarashram Swamiji had not been served pej. And this had gone unnoticed.

But in the Kitchen, the Cooks had found that the ‘vades’ were just not getting fried. The news had spread around and some of the devotees had then gone and told this to Param Pujya Shankarashram Swamiji. Swamiji had exclaimed – “the agni in here is intense perhaps that is why the vades are not frying!”

Immediately the people had understood that their Guru’s words were implying that “the fire in their stomach was intense”. Realising their folly; the Cooks had been asked to prepare the pej. And the Guru had been served their pej”.

Both Golu and Chimney had been wonderstruck listening to this miracle. “We are going to visit their Samadhi at the Guru Math” was all that the awe-struck kids had been able to say.

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When the day of the journey had dawned; Golu and Chimney were hardly able to contain their excitement. Though Ammama pretended not to show it, she too was just as excited as the kids about the train journey.
After Pappa had found their compartment and pushed in the luggage; the kids had jumped in and then Amma had helped Ammama to climb in. And for all their debating about the window-seat; they had been allotted two window-seats. “Amma and Pappa can take one Window and Golu, I and Ammama will take turns and share the other Window”, Chimney had decided for everybody. She liked deciding things for everyone. It made her feel very grown-up. And everybody had agreed with this decision.

And then at last – the train had blown its whistle and started chugging out of the station. “Bye Mumbai – Mallapur, here we come” Golu had shouted out of the window as their train had slowly left the station. And the Talgeri family had just settled back comfortably into their seats and started enjoying the journey...

The kids had just heard about the scenic beauty along the Konkan Railway, but actually seeing the breath-taking beauty of nature the kids were just spell-bound.

Their train journey had brought them to Kumta. From there; a bus had trundled them to Mallapur. By the time they had reached Mallapur; dusk had fallen. Although they felt very tired from the train journey; the sanctity of the surroundings somehow made them feel invigorated. The serene sanctity of the village quietened the children and the excitement of their train journey had soon been left behind.

The evening puja would be starting in a while. Their lodging boarding had been taken care of, and accommodation had been provided at the Guru Math itself. After the evening puja and the prasad bhojan, the Talgeri family had retired to their room.

The next day they had attended the noon puja. And afterwards; the Archak had started telling them about the jagrut Samadhi. Golu and Chimney had once again heard him recount the same miracle that Ammama had told them. “And so this Ksheeranna Seva is the special seva that is offered at this jagrut Samadhi” the Archak had told them at the end.

That evening, the Talgeri family was just taking a walk. An amicable mam had joined them and started recounting some more incidents from the life of this revered Guru. “Param Pujya Swamiji was a great Yogi. Every day, Param Pujya Swamiji used to go for a long walk in Hoovinhittal near Chandavar. And He would sit for long hours in meditation in a jasmine flower garden. While returning, devotees would be standing to seek His darshan and blessings. And Param Pujya Swamiji would just point out to any one bhanap who could then perform the Bhiksha seva”. The mam, then, had told of another miracle. ‘When Param Pujya Swamiji had been ill due to Malaria; He had transferred the fever to His danda so that He could perform Anushthan’.

After listening to all this, both Golu and Chimney had fallen silent – neither felt like talking. Dusk had started to fall. The serene environs of Mallapur and the sanctity of this place had a strange effect on Golu and Chimney.

After a long silence, Golu had in a thoughtful voice admitted to Chimney – “I am feeling a strange sense of calm and I don’t feel like being cheeky anymore. Is this feeling called a ‘spiritual experience’?”

And Chimney had responded in an equally quiet voice – “Even I am feeling calm and I don’t feel like being loud and dominating anymore. Maybe this is what they call a ‘spiritual experience’”.

From the noise and crackers of Diwali to this serene calm; Golu and Chimney’s Diwali Holidays had ended on a different note.

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July 2015  KANARA SARASWAT 35
FIVE STAR luxury and comforts constitute a much sought after mirage by an average middle class family. In the early 60’s I used to take so much pride in my Dakota flights to Mangalore on way to Udupi, I would preserve / retain the baggage tags for many days, displaying them as a sort of status symbol. Though the office reimbursed 95 percent of the airfare, hi-fliers were a rare species!

Why not the full fare, you are bound to ask. Well, the calculation was simple and elementary, my dear Watson! I was entitled to first class fare Mumbai-Mangalore via Arkonam by train, which amounted to Rs 58. By adding only Rs 8 more I could fly to Mangalore and spend three days more in Udupi, apart from saving on three days food expenses on the train!

On the eve of my 25th Wedding Anniversary, a dozen suggestions were thrown up for exclusive celebrations, including a 3 days + 2 nights package at some faraway 5star hotel! Finally we decided to visit Pushkar, near Ajmer, in Rajasthan, which boasts of the only temple in the world devoted to Lord Brahma. Added temptations included the nearby famous Durgah of Chisti, another only one of its kind, plus glimpses of historical monuments at Jaipur, Jodhpur and Jaisalmer.

Return air tickets to Jaipur by Indian Airlines were confirmed. At Ajmer, we stayed in a hotel managed by the Rajasthan Tourism Development Corporation (RTDC), as it was quite near Pushkar. At Jaipur, Laxmi Vilas Hotel provided breakfast, accompanied by peacock dance, on a garden lawn! It was rounded off with a visit to the Jodhpur Fort and Palace, converted into a 5-star hotel. We left Ajmer by car around 3 p.m. so as to reach Jaipur airport before 7 p.m. to catch the 8 p.m. flight back to Mumbai.

When we left Ajmer, it never occurred to us that we were destined towards 5-star luxury! On reaching Jaipur at around 7.15 p.m. we noticed an unusually large crowd outside the airport. The driver of the car whispered that some VIP must be either landing or catching return flight. But, to our utter chagrin, the cause of the chaos turned out to be a flash strike by IA pilots. The flight from Mumbai was not likely to arrive at Jaipur at all!

While the crowd swelled, the prospects of the unlikely flight dimmed still further. Then around 10.15 p.m. the public address system blared out the bad news; that all flights had been cancelled. Refund will be paid at the IA booking office the next day in case the ticket had been bought against cash. Otherwise ‘Cancellation’ will be stamped on the ticket so that reimbursements could be claimed later at the point of purchase-our destination in our case.

It was only after a few upcountry passengers like us raised a hue and cry that we were promised overnight stay at a 5-star hotel for 24 hours as per the prevailing rules. We were bundled into an IA bus and dropped like hot potatoes, in the lounge of 5-star hotel. Since the hotel management also knew that we were not ‘real’ tourists with dollars, but mere 24 hour transit passengers, scant attention was paid to us. Somehow we had dinner by 11.30p.m. and slept like logs. When we got up the next morning, it took some time to realize that we were the ‘honoured’ guests in a 5-star hotel. The dream was shattered suddenly by the intercom, which reminded us that we should vacate the rooms by 3.00 p.m.!

That day being a Sunday, all offices were closed. A couple of phone calls to the residences of office colleagues for help were not in our favour. Our enquiries at the hotel reception counter revealed two alternatives, Take a train or taxi to Sawai Madhavpur to catch a train bound for Mumbai. Alternatively, take a train or bus to Ahmedabad and from there board a Mumbai bound bus or train. The first option appeared better. From Jaipur, Sawai Madhavpur was not faraway and we could easily board from there the 8.30 p.m. train for Mumbai.

Bidding goodbye to 5-star luxury, we left for the railway station and boarded a train for Sawai Madhavpur. On the way, some one pulled the chain, resulting in our reaching S M Pur only around 9.15 p.m. Thus we missed the 8.30 p.m. train to Mumbai. The next hope was at 12.15 midnight! Tickets will be issued only 30 minutes before arrival time. We were quite hungry. But not even a single refreshment stall was open. Being end December, it was pretty cold. Somehow we never felt like drinking the hot liquid called ‘chai’ hawked in small earthen
cups on platform. Since only a small portion of the platform was covered with a roof, we realized that we now enjoyed open air luxury under the 5,000 stars on the sky above! What a memorable way to celebrate the finale of our Silver Wedding Anniversary!

Suddenly the platform became active as the imminent arrival of the midnight train was announced. We swiftly moved towards the middle of the platform, all set to enter the first class compartment. Emitting an ear-piercing whistle, the train arrived, spreading dust all over. Chaos prevailed, the screams of passengers getting down and those trying to board the un-reserved coaches mingling in the air.

To our dismay, all the doors of first class compartments were closed from inside, the windows shuttered down. We made several trips, banging on the doors and windows, but to no avail. And the train slowly chugged away from the platform, taunting us that we deserved a longer stay on the platform under the 5,000 star luxury!

First we rushed to obtain a refund, since it had to be done within half an hour of the train’s departure. (We were slowly learning the intricate rules of railway journey). The next train was at 4.20 a.m. – a wait of another 4 hours. Naturally, the tickets will be issued only at 3.50 a.m. ! So we were back to square one….. stranded on a by-now-deserted platform with only a few urchins and beggars to keep us company.

A beggar family sleeping near the seat seemed bent on preventing us from stealing a few winks. Its members shot a barrage of interesting questions at us. “Are Mumbai and Bombay the same or different?”, “How many trains and buildings are there?”, “Are the railway platforms there longer and cleaner?”, and, finally, “How much does a cup of ‘chai’ cost there?”

My wife patiently answered all their queries. At the end of it all, they made a frank confession: they could hardly ever get a chance to exchange words with anyone on the platform in this manner. We felt we were also sailing in the same boat… at least at that moment of time.

Suddenly we woke up from a near slumber by the familiar sound of train’s arrival. Once again the platform started buzzing with activity. And once again we girded our loins to run around with our baggage looking for the first class compartment, fervently praying to god that at least this time someone would open a door!

At last our prayers were answered. A TC opened a door to check the cause of the commotion outside. But, when I tried to enter the compartment, the TC bluntly told me “This is first class, for second class you have to move further”!

For a while I was taken aback. Then I glanced at myself- at my attire and appearance. The TC was right. With crumpled clothes, unkempt hair and sleepless eyes I did not look like first class material. Outraged all the same, I pulled out our first class tickets and flourished them in front of the audacious TC’s nose. But, once again, I was shown the door, the excuse being “no berths vacant”!

I was determined to board the train. So I pushed my baggage in and told my wife to get into the train, indicating that we would sit in the corridor of the compartment if need be. Once the train moved, I breathed a sigh of relief.

At the next station, to my astonishment, I saw the TC coming out from one of the coupes! That, I told myself, is the limit. So, as soon as the train moved, I rushed towards the coupe, where the TC was about to sleep on a lower berth.

The upper berth was empty. Hence I pleaded with him to allot at least the upper berth to my wife as she could rest a while. To buttress my case, I narrated to him the long list of our travails – of a missing flight and a truant train and the ordeal of an unending wait on the deserted platform.”

Apparently the TC was not taken in by all that, but he agreed to allot a berth on the condition that we pay ‘extra’ for it. I agreed to his unreasonable demand since we had no other option. However, once we shifted the baggage into the coupe and my wife relaxed on the upper berth. I bluntly told TC that I had no money to pay him ‘extra’. We had spent all we had on buying first class tickets. Whatever little we were left with would be needed to buy some food to keep us alive and going till the next morning.

I gave him my visiting card and told him to see me whenever he was in Mumbai to settle the ‘extra’ amount. On top of that I urged him to arrange for a good breakfast at Kota for two poor starving souls. To our surprise, the TC complied. At Kota, around 9.00 a.m. we were treated to a good breakfast.

The rest of the journey proved quite uneventful. All the same, we reached home cheerfully, cherishing the experience of 5-star to 5000 star luxury.

Life is like that!

July 2015

KANARA SARASWAT

37
Shrī Chitrāpur Math® - Mallāpur Chāturmāsā - 2015

Shrī Guru Math, Mallāpur, via Kurnţa, Tālukā Honnāvar, Karnāṭaka 581 323.
Tel. no. 08387-287429
II Shrī Gurubhyo Namaḥ II  II Shrī Bhavānīśaṅkarāya Namaḥ II  II Shrī Mātre Namaḥ II

Dear Sadhaka,
Saprema Namaskāra!

In the Divine Sannidhi of Parama Pūjya Shaṅkarāshram Śvāmīji II in the sacred Shrī Guru Math, Mallāpur, our Guru, Parama Pūjya Shrīmat Sadyojāt Shaṅkarāshram Śvāmīji has consented to observe the Chāturmāsā-vrata during the Manmatha Saṁvatsara from Āśāḍha Shukla Pūrṇimā (Friday, 31st July 2015) to Bhāḍrapada Shukla Pūrṇimā (Monday, 28th September 2015)

Shrī Guru Math, Mallāpur, provides the right environment to make the Chāturmāsā period a spiritually enriching experience for all sādhaka-s. We are blessed to have the Divine Presence of our Guru in this Pūrṇa-kṣetra. We invite you to participate in all the programmes with your whole-hearted enthusiasm and make this a truly joyous parva. Your generous contribution through various sevā-s listed below will help us to accomplish the various activities planned in these two months. Please feel free to contact our coordinators if you need any details. (Names given below)

We look forward to seeing you in Mallāpur.

Yours in the service of the Math, the Guru and the Guruparamparā,
Mohan G. Hemmāḍī
Convenor,
Shrī Chitrāpur Math® - Mallāpur Chāturmāsā - 2015
Arrival of Parama Pujya Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swami:
July 30, 5 p.m. approx:
- Receiving Parama Pujya Swami at Mahaganapati Temple with Puma-kumbha-swagata and Shobha-yatra to Shri Guru Math.
- Padaprapakshala,
- Welcome speech by Convenor, Chaturmasha Committee,
- Upadesha by Parama Pujya Swami

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<td>Suprabhatham</td>
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<td>Jalabhishaka</td>
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<td>Samaika-sadhanam: Sadhana-panchakam Gayatri Anushthana</td>
<td>Samaika-prarthanam Madala-puja Shri Vyasa Puj by Parama Pujya Swami</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>9.30 - 11.30 am</strong></td>
<td>Bhajana-sevā by sadhaka-s</td>
<td>Bhajana-sevā by sadhaka-s</td>
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<td>Mahapuja Shri Guru-paduka-puja Tirtha-vitarana Shri Bhiksha-prasada-vitarana Santarpana</td>
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<td>Time</td>
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<td>3 - 4.30 pm</td>
<td>Vimarsha, Parāmarsha, Gīrvāṇapratishthā etc.</td>
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<td>4 pm</td>
<td>Gaṅgā Pūjana, Simollārghana and Shobhā Yāṭrā</td>
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<td>5 - 6 pm</td>
<td>Sāmūhika-pathana - Shrī Guru-paramparā- charitra</td>
<td>Bhajana-sevā / Cultural Programmes by devotees</td>
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<td>6 - 7 pm</td>
<td>Cultural Programmes by devotees</td>
<td><strong>Dharma-Sabhā</strong></td>
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<td>Sabhā-prārthana, Sabhā-prārthana</td>
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<td>Shrī Guru-pādūkā-pūjana</td>
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<td>Welcome Address by the Convenor,</td>
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<td>Mallāpur Chāturmāsa Committee 2015</td>
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<td>Address by the President, Standing</td>
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<td>Committee, Shrī Chitrāpur Math</td>
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<td><strong>Āśīrvachana by Parama Pūjya Swāmijī</strong></td>
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<td>Sabhā-samāpti-prārthana</td>
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<td>Dipanamaskāra Nitya-pūjana by Parama Pūjya Swāmijī</td>
<td>Dipanamaskāra Nitya-pūjana by Parama Pūjya Swāmijī</td>
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<td>Ashtāvadhāna-sevā and Prasāda-bhojana</td>
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<td>Dīpamaskāra Aṣṭāvadhāna-sevā and Prasāda-bhojana</td>
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**Shrī Chitrāpur Math® - Mallāpur Chāṭurmāsā - 2015**

### SPECIAL SEVĀ PARTICULARS

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<tr>
<td>Yajamāna-sevā One day Breakfast + Sarva-samādhī-sevā-s + All Sevā-s* of Shrī Guru Math</td>
<td>Rs. 15,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Santarpāṇa-sevā</td>
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<tr>
<td>One day Prasāda-bhojana + All Sevā-s* of Shrī Guru Math</td>
<td>Rs. 10,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>One day Breakfast and Prasāda-bhojana (Shrī Pādūkā-pūjana and Shrī Bhikshā-sevā)</td>
<td>Rs. 5,000</td>
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<td>One day Prasāda-bhojana (Shrī Pādūkā-pūjana and Shrī Bhikshā-sevā)</td>
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<td>One day Breakfast (Shrī Pādūkā-pūjana and Shrī Bhikshā-sevā)</td>
<td>Rs. 2,000</td>
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*All Sevā-s of Shrī Guru Math include Shrī Pādūkā-pūjana and Shrī Bhikshā-sevā.*

Bank Account details for contributions by RTGS/NEFT:

- Bankers: Shamrao Vithal Co-operative Bank Ltd., Chitrāpur Shirāli Branch.
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**NOTE:** For information of accommodation availability at Kumta, please visit Math website: www.chitrapurmath.net or contact Shrī Nagesh Turme on 9343510407.

**Receipts will be posted / e-mailed / handed over at Sevā counter as per your request.**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Area</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Contact Number</th>
<th>Email - ID</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Convenor</td>
<td>Shrī Mohan G. Hemmādfi</td>
<td>+91-868636666</td>
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<tr>
<td>Special Sevā-s</td>
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<td>+91-9869731221.</td>
<td><a href="mailto:naresh.gangolli@gmail.com">naresh.gangolli@gmail.com</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Homa-s (Mahārūdra, Chaṇḍikā-homa, etc.)</td>
<td>Shrī Keshav Sorāb</td>
<td>+91-9449238821</td>
<td><a href="mailto:scm.seva@gmail.com">scm.seva@gmail.com</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Accommodation</td>
<td>Shrī Arun S. Ubhayakar</td>
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<td><a href="mailto:ubhayakar_arun@rediffmail.com">ubhayakar_arun@rediffmail.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cultural Programme</td>
<td>Smt. Sādhanā V. Rāo</td>
<td>+91-7621896984</td>
<td><a href="mailto:savninad_rao@yahoo.com">savninad_rao@yahoo.com</a></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Shrī Mahesh Kalyānpur</td>
<td>+91-8097048963</td>
<td><a href="mailto:mkalyanpur@hotmail.com">mkalyanpur@hotmail.com</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A Woman Undaunted
NALINI NADKARNI

Stirring the moogaa aatval turned my thoughts to my remarkable mother, Ramabai Kulkarni (nee Durgabai Mudeshwar) born on 6 December, 1900.

She learnt Marathi in Hubli; and later picked up Kannada and English and colloquial Tamil in Bangalore.

At 14, she married Sanjeev Kulkarni of Gokarn, who worked in Bombay leaving her behind with two old widowed uncles and two shaven-headed aunts. They constantly criticized her – for “screaming at the sight of a harmless divodu” or “showing off her educated status by reading the newspaper”, but she bore the insults with silent fortitude. One good outcome of her stay was that she acquired excellent cooking and housekeeping skills while still in her teens..

On one of Dada’s visits, he sensed the undercurrents and insisted on taking Amma to Bombay for “lack of proper home-cooked meals”. She adjusted to life in a small Girgaum flat with five to cook for – two old uncles and a college-going nephew, Dinu, who lived with them. Everyone greatly appreciated her vaallaa-birde and doddaks made from magge/duddi/toushe. Dinu had high regard for his “Ramaahonni”.

When she returned to Gokarn for her delivery, however, she developed a serious back problem. But she was anxious to join Dada even before complete recovery. The uncles having passed away and Dinu having shifted, the three of us lived in a chawl with a common toilet; the kitchen mori serving as a bathroom. Despite the hump on her back, she painstakingly taught me English to help me cope with ‘convent’ standards! My Parents never discussed money problems in my presence; such was their bond.

Amma was in and out of the hospital, being in a plaster cast from chest to waist. She could neither sit nor sleep on the floor. And yet, she produced mouth-watering Cabbage-koftas, Dum-Aloo, Mixed-vegetable pies, Phimee, etc. on a stove set on a table. Deeply pious, Amma and Dada observed umpteen fasts. When more were suggested, I protested that the fasts had in no way lessened their hardships. Shocked at my ‘verbal rebellion’ Amma said we should be “grateful” that God had blessed us with “enough food to eat and a roof over our heads”, while most people didn’t even have that.

While Amma and I were at Gokarn during wartime, Dada had a serious heart attack which undermined his confidence. In spite of recovery, being unable to work, he joined Amma at Gokarn. After completing my matriculation at Karwar, I was married to Police Sub-inspector Sanjiv Nadkarni; and left for my new home in Karad in 1944. In August that year, Dada expired, leaving us bereft; and Amma came to live with us in Karad.

I was planning to do BA by correspondence but since it required me to appear for exams at Nagpur, I dropped the idea. Amma advised me to get the course material and increase my knowledge regardless. I regret not having heeded her words.

On my husband’s transfer to Bombay when I took up a job, Amma single handedly managed the housework. When My daughter Nina was born, she did baby-sitting as well, despite health problems. Nina participated in extra-curricular activities, thanks to her efforts. If Nina loved Amma more than me, Amma well deserved it.

Being fiercely independent, even In her late 60’s, she travelled alone to Bangalore, carrying “pitvandi-dhorum-saadhi-thaai”. On reaching Dadar to pick her up, I saw a pile of luggage on the platform, guarded by a Railway Official. Shortly, Amma arrived with another Railway Official who demanded not only “penalty for excess baggage” but also “charges for guarding it”. Driving home from the station, I heard the whole story. Apparently when she was about to unload the last piece of luggage, the train moved on and she persuaded a fellow passenger to pull the chain to stop the train at Byculla! She begged the Station Master there to call up the Dadar Railway officials to guard the luggage piled up on the platform “till she came to claim it”. She concluded, grinning: “Jeel aaslari Kaashi suddha votchun yenchu zaattaa”. Phew! So much for my anxiety!

Guilty about depending on her son-in-law financially, she scanned the newspaper and made inquiries about getting compensation for Dada’s share of the ancestral property at Gokarn. In 1977,
her cousin Sheshagiridada of Bankikodla, helped her claim Rs 11,000/-, a princely sum in those days!

In 1981 when Nina brought her daughter Pia from New York to meet elderly relatives in India, an excited Amma carried the stout little great-grandchild everywhere!

Whenever Revatipachi came from Bangalore to visit her son Sunil in Bombay, she invariably spent a day with us. Apparently, her mother advised everyone to have Durgabai (Amma) as a role model. Twice, when Amma was in the Sion Hospital, my cousin Sarojini came all the way from Grant Road to relieve me in the evenings.

When I was making Godda Under for Gokulaashtami, she asked me to make Moogaa Aatval too. When I approached her to feed her the Aatval, she neither spoke nor responded. Her shoulder was cold; her open eyes, blank. The Doctor confirmed that she had slipped away an hour before. Oh! Why had I been planning a menu when I should have been at her bedside?

At 82, she left us, having silently borne Life’s trials: while spreading happiness everywhere. She’d wished Dinubappa to perform her last rites. His fever had stopped us from contacting him. Nevertheless, he arrived the next day and completed all the ceremonies himself, refusing the taxi-fare we offered, travelling by public transport at his own expense. He even immersed her ‘asti’ in the Ganges at Benares. Such was his regard for ‘Ramaahonni’. Condolence letters and calls poured in from all known relatives and friends.

Later, when I had to visit Nina’s in the US, the travel Agent swindled me. To buy a new air ticket, I had to use ‘Amma’s money’:- her generosity had reached out from Up There!

Born on Datta Jayanti she was reunited with Dada on Gokulaashtami day.

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July 2015 KANARA SARASWAT
Inner Peace, it was something which I never was bothered about amidst the hustle bustle of life. Work, studies, entrance exams, responsibilities etc. were on priority list and I had completely forgotten about my Inner Self constantly craving for peace.

One Sunday afternoon, I got a call from my cousin in Bangalore saying that he and his friends are going on a trip to Nepal in the month of April and whether I wanted to join in. I had always heard about Nepal and the snow clad mountains and the scenic beauty of it and I thought that this is a great opportunity for me to explore a new place as I very much needed a vacation! I agreed to join in and the preparations for the trip began!

We had planned to go to Delhi, stay back for 2 days for some sightseeing and then go to Kathmandu. In Nepal, we had also planned to visit a small village called Pokhara surrounded by mountains. Our stay in Delhi was great as always! The beautiful monuments and heritage sites with exquisite carvings and designs took our breath away.

Our next destination was Nepal. We had planned to reach Kathmandu and take a flight to Pokhara, stay there for sightseeing and then come to Kathmandu as the only airport in Nepal which connects us back was in the capital city. We were travelling from Delhi to Tribhuvan Airport, Kathmandu, and were just taking a nap when suddenly I woke up. Our flight had still not descended and was on a very high altitude. I just happened to see outside my window and I woke up with a start! I could see the Annapurna range with snow clad mountains right outside the window! The mountain range was so high that it felt as if we were sitting in a bus and not in a flight, watching mountains pass by us. A thought came in my mind that no matter how high we can fly in the sky, these mountains are higher than us. But are still down to earth welcoming every trekker to explore them, protecting the country and also acting as a source of tourism to help the common man earn his daily bread. “However great a person you become, never forget your roots and never forget to extend your helping hand for the needy ones” said my inner voice.

On reaching Kathmandu, we went to the domestic terminal and were waiting for our flight to Pokhara. At that time, we met this huge group of foreigners with haversacks and track suits. On further introduction, we came to know that they were trekking to Makalu Base Camp. We boarded our flight which was the fun part. It was a small 20-seater aircraft with 10 people on each side. It was an adventure trip after all!

The mini flight started and in a short time we could get a bird eye view of the whole city with the mountain range always by our side. We had a lot of air turbulence and air pockets which shook the plane like anything but instead of panicking; a voice inside me said to me; that Humans made aircrafts and think that they the most superior to have created so many things. But the air in the atmosphere can shake such a giant plane scaring the people inside it. “No matter how high you fly, never have airs about yourself. Having airs about oneself can just lead to turbulence of the soul and scare of falling down from the heights we have achieved” said my inner voice.

We reached Pokhara and reached our hotel room. I opened the curtains of my room and the first glimpse I got was of the “World Peace Pagoda”. My heart skipped a beat. Somewhere my inner self was telling me that we are very close to Inner Peace. We freshened up and left for sightseeing. The driver took us to the same World Peace Pagoda on the top of a hill. The scenery, the panoramic view and the sanctity of that place was out of the world! Surrounded by snow clad mountains on all sides and the view of the Phewa lake, there was pin drop silence with only the sounds of the Buddhist chants in the background. I had kept my cell phone in the hotel room as it was anyway useless without any network. I stood at one place mesmerized by the surrounding nature and closed my eyes. No phone calls, no whatsapp, no social networking sites, all the tensions of the world at bay and the cold winds sway underneath my hair… for the first time my mind was calm and still… without a thought just glaring in the universe. This peace was...
addictive. My inner voice said, “Look at the snow on top of the mountains. It is cold. Its past was water and future will also be water. Just like us Humans. We have come from soil and will eventually turn into ashes. Then why keep egos, grudges, jealousy and hatred towards anyone. Keep your inner self calm as the snow.”

Tears rolled out of my eyes. Never had I felt so close to Nature and Peace. My soul was healing itself from the endless torture we keep giving to it in the hustle bustle of routine life. We saw the sunset and along with it I felt a heavy load of clutter leaving my mind… forever!

The next day we got up early at 4.30am and drove to this place called Sarangkot on the peak of a mountain to watch the sunrise. That was the best memory of the trip! We perched ourselves on the topmost hotel balcony waiting for the sun to rise. My cousin was getting ready with his Canon to shoot the time lapse and we were sipping hot coffee in the cold environs. The sun was slowly rising from behind the mountains and initially all we could see were the sunrays. The rays fell on the tip of the mountains of the Annapurna range. The snow on the tip of the mountain looked orange and the sky was a perfect hue of purple and orange. After a while the sun peeped from between 2 mountains saying hello to all of us leaving everybody enchanted and mesmerized!

My inner voice reminded me of a quote, “Nothing is impossible when you want to fulfill a dream. A lot of people will tell you that you can't do it, that you don't have what it takes, but if it is in your heart and you feel it, there is nothing that will stop you. It is like the sun - you can’t block it. Even the tallest mountains couldn't block it. It will shine regardless of any obstacles.”

After the sunrise, we went to Davis Fall which is a waterfall going inside a tunnel. The water flows underground through its natural 500 feet tunnel made by water currents beneath the ground. After that, it passes through a cave called Gupteshwor Mahadev. The cave is deep with many curves and bends. It was peaceful and cool with moist soil. At the end of the cave was the waterfall flowing from the previously mentioned Davis Fall. Most of the inside part of the cave is made from calcium carbonate dissolved from the surrounding limestones. The cave reminded me of the movie Kungfu panda and master Shifu's cave of meditation.

Later we went for boating in the Phewa lake surrounded by mountains on all sides and the super flowing Seti river. My inner voice reminded me of a saying, “Time is like a river. You cannot touch the same water twice because, the flow that has passed will never pass again. So always live every moment and value time.”

After a lot of sightseeing, interacting with foreign tourists, shopping and roaming around we left for Kathmandu. In Kathmandu, we visited the Swayambhunath temple and the Boudhanath Temple. They were magnificent structures adorned by colourful prayer flags. Moving the prayer wheels was also a part of the culture. We also went to many Durbar Squares and captured the places in our cams. We went to the famous and the oldest temple of Pashupatinath, a huge magnificent structure with a huge statue of Nandi bull in bronze on the western door facing the temple.

We later drove to Nagarkot to watch the sunset from the Himalayan Club. Anywhere we went we were surrounded by snow clad peaks and mountains. These mountains were so tall that for a minute we would think it is a big cloud and after sometime realize that it wasn’t a cloud but a snow clad mountain peak.

The Nepali cuisine was also delicious with a wide variety of cuisines of the other Asian counterparts. The people were warm and welcoming and always made an effort to show us as many places as possible so that we don’t go back disappointed. There are many market places where you get excellent Tibetan jewellery and souvenirs. You get excellent trekking gears here and a plethora of spices and tea. Shops which sell gems, rudraksh, corals and pearls are also in plenty. After roaming and filling our hearts with deep thoughts and wonderful memories of this beautiful place it was time to bid adieu to Nepal. We left for India with loads of memories, panoramic sceneries, and deep learnings.

On 25th April 2015, Nepal was struck by a devastating earthquake which happened just 2 weeks after I came back from the trip. The earthquake not only killed and injured many people but has also instilled deep fear in the minds of the people. Nepal is a country mainly based on its tourism and majority of its people earn a living from tourism and tourism related jobs. I saw photos of heritage sites which we
had clicked on our camera and the ruined remains of it now in the newspaper. My heart reached out to the people we met in Nepal, their warm welcome, their hospitality and care wherever we went and their strong urge to help us enjoy our stay in Nepal.

The devastated monuments were one of the main sources of tourism for this country. Seeing these monuments affected so severely by the earthquake is unbearable. Although Nepal was the epicenter, the earthquake affected other northern parts of India too. Our thoughts and prayers reach out to the people there and hope that they recover their losses and again build up a strong nation. I hope Nepal gets sufficient help from India and other countries with their rescue and relief operations and are again able to regain back their day to day life soon.

Thinking about all this inner voice said, “Mother Nature teaches us so many things. Her beauty and calm which gives us immense peace of mind is like the Goddess Durga and her fury is like Goddess Kali. No matter how much ever powerful human beings can become, Mother Nature has still kept the ultimate power of Life and Death in her hands, unescapable by even the most powerful human being. Earthquakes remind us that how fragile life is and how connected we are as a world family. The tectonic plates don’t care about the boundaries we draw on Mother Earth. Truly said By Charles cook, “Your deepest roots are in nature. No matter who you are, where you live, or what kind of life you lead, you remain irrevocably linked with the rest of creation…

Reunion, Reunion, Reunion
Reunion, Reunion, Reunion
Has been the mantra of this generation
Amidst the profusion of contributions stands out the genuine intentions
Of meeting, chatting and reminiscing beside a placid riverside setting
can one forgo the simple joy and pleasure of frolicking in the adjacent river
Forget not the meandering trails that will lead to many fireside tales of strange creatures that from tall branches hung and of sticking your feet in elephant dung
Nostalgia, Euphoria, Paranoia all these emotions rush forth like a hot wind from Arabia for a moment you wonder if this could be Utopia
looking across the vast blue yonder it will make you wonder after a quarter of a century life is still quite a mystery
Commerce, Science and Arts was what we pursued in parts and past in between the kicks, volleys and left hooks we would reluctantly hit the books So come one Come all let us make this reunion an event that we will all call the most talked about show of them all and have a new generation enthralled

Krishnanand Khambadkone,
Santa Clara, CA

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Karunashtake by Swami Ramdas - V

KRISHNANAD MANKIKA

Shloka 8
सबबल जनक माझा राम लावण्यकोटी 
म्हणून मज असो आम्री सोती 
दिवस गणित बोटी ठेवूनी प्राण कंडी 
अवघट मज भेटी होत घातीन मैही ।१८१।।
सबबल powerful जनक creator माझा mine राम 
लावण्यकोटी Rama who is lustrous as in multiple 
of crores, म्हणून therefore, मज to me पोटी in my 
abdomen लागली आस मैही I have great thirst. दिवस 
गणित बोटी I am counting the days on my fingers ठेवूनी 
प्राण कंडी keeping my soul in my throat (lit. With my 
heart in my mouth), अवघट all of a sudden, मज भेटी 
होत when I meet Him घातीन मैही I will embrace him.

Shloka Meaning and Comment:
Taking on from the previous shlokas, where 
Swami Ramadas has compared Lord Rama to the 
Lion, he says, he is सबबल strong as also he जनक माझा 
is my creator. Here the unswerving faith of Swami 
towards Rama is seen. My creator, is Powerful, he 
says in three simple words. I owe my existence to 
Him. How is He? लावण्यकोटी He is beautiful crore 
times! Here Ramadas Swami is, in the last line of 
this shlokas, looking forward to an instantaneous-
sudden meeting with Rama, and please note, how he 
is building up the imagery - he already has a strong 
and powerful visualization of Lord Rama in his 
mind! He is eagerly looking forward to the meeting, 
which he says will happen all of a sudden. Please 
note, that we have been told that for an evolved 
sadhaka, the enlightenment is always Sudden. One 
moment you are not enlightened, and the next 
moment your are! That is अवघट, instantaneously!. 
This is that. Meeting Rama is Realization, and 
लावण्यकोटी compares with Kotividiyutpratikaasam 
Shaktipunjam Gurum bhaje, with which we all are 
familiar! सबबल and लावण्यकोटी isn't it wonderful? The 
same imagery, that we visualise for Guru is deployed 
here for Rama by Swami Ramadas.

For ठेवूनी प्राण कंडी for this, there is a story. A 
Shishya spent considerable time with his Guru. 
Eventually, he started asking Guru, when will I 
have the Darshan of God? Guru asked him to have 
patience. They used to go to the river, every morning 
before sunrise, for bath. One day, while they had 
entered the waters, Guru suddenly pushed the head 
of the Shishya under water and held it there. The 
Shishya naturally was out of breath—almost gone! 
The Guru released him, when the Shishya's head 
bobbed up above the water, he had a mixture of 
bewilderment, relief and questions wríte large over 
his face. He quizzically looked at his Guru, scarcely 
daring to ask him why this was done to him. Guru 
calmly asked him, when you were under the water, 
what were you thinking and how? “Guruji”, replied 
the disciple, “I had no thought except the intense 
desire to get out of the water as fast as possible”. 
“Isy thing else?” ‘sked the Guru, “No Guruji, NO 
OTHER THOUGHT” he replied emphatically, a 
little annoyed. Guru smiled and said, child, when 
you desire to see God with that intensity and that 
single pointed attention to the exclusion of any 
other thought, as you felt under water, that would 
be the moment when you would see God.

This तदमछ is the essential prerequisite for 
seeing the Lord, which is acutely felt by Swami 
Ramadas and is depicted here.

Shloka 9
जग्यी जनक गायल लेकर काय जाणे 
पव न लगत भूखी हाणितात वस्त सेणे 
जठःपरकण्ण आशा लागली चातकासी 
हिमकार अवलोकी पक्ष्या भूपिवासी ।१९१।।
Word Meaning
जग्यी जनक माया the affection of Mother and 
Father लेकर the child काय जाणे how would it (the 
child) know? पव न लगत cannot get भूखी in its 
mouth हाणितात beating वस्त the child नेणे does not 
understand. जठःपरकण्ण the rain drop आशा desire 
लागली (is) afflicted by चातकासी the Chataka bird
हिमकर यह चाँद का अवलोकन में पक्ष्य अयोध्यी रहती है।

**Shloka Meaning**

What does the child know of the (Immense) love of its parents, (but is inconsiderate enough to hit the Mother) when it does not get milk in its mouth. The Chataka bird is longing for the raindrops from the cloud, and the Chakora bird from the Earth, longingly observes the Moon.

**Comment:**

In this stanza, Swami Ramadas tells two points. In the first half (two lines) he uses a simile of a child which boxes its Mother, when it does not get milk in its mouth, (while being breast fed) without realizing the immense love that the parents have for it. Please also note the usage of the words जननि जनक in the previous stanza we had सबजनक so how can we forget This in a way depicts the state of an ordinary Bhakta, who, without realizing the immense Love that God has for him, virtually blames Him for not fulfilling his dreams! Also please note the usage of the word हागिता hitting hard मारिता would have meant simply beating. This हागिता is one degree above मारिता.

In the second half of the stanza, the complete तःप्रभाव of the Bhakta is depicted by Swami Ramadas by deploying the two oft used motifs of the ancient Sanskrit poetry viz. that of the Chataka bird who, as per the legend takes in ONLY the raindrops directly from the cloud, before they fall to the ground this is in the third line and the fourth line of the stanza has the Chakora bird which sips only the moonbeams to quench its thirst, so it is impatient for the moon to rise.

In the same way, the Bhakta is awaiting the appearance of his God (the Rain cloud for the Chataka and the Moon for the Chakora bird) Swami Ramadas states in these two lines, in the same way, as these two birds are impatient for their objects of desire, the Bhakta to awaits his Lord.

Comments/corrections most welcome on kdmankikar@gmail.com

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सुखाचा मंत्र

रेरख राव (काव्य)

जगतु कुठलाच मनुष्यांनी सुखी नसतो. सतत तो सुखाचा शोध घेत असतो. अर्थात सुख हे प्रत्येकाच्या मनाने जावे असेल. जसे कुरेला पावण्यात भरलेला अर्थ घास पासून भरलेला बाटतो. तर कुणता तो अशोच बाटतो. सुखाची कल्पना ही साेसंघ आहे. सुख व दुःख हा नागांवा दोन बाबात आहे. दुःख अनुभवलेल्यास सुख काय आहे ते समजणाऱ्या नाही आणि दुःखावरील सुखाची किंमत, म्हणजेच माणसाचा उमजणार नाही. माणसाचा सुखी राहावा असेल तर त्याने स्वतःचे दुःखी बदलल्याच वाच व दुःखावरील सुखाच्या दोन बाबात आहे. प्रत्येक गोष्टीत लक्ष्य पालून दुस्मनाची फुकवटा सध्या, उत्तदेश देखील सोडून दिले पाहिजे. यावशीतीत तीन माणकांचे उद्धारण लक्ष्यात ठेवल्याच वाळे. तेथे म्हणजे पाहावे, बांधले ऐकावे आणि बंधले बोलवे. जे बाईट आहे त्याकडे दुःख करावे आणि स्वस्थ जावे, भैंसीठी. भैंसीठी ना महानाथ सदैव लक्ष्यात ठेवले. त्यामुळे दुस्मनाची असुर, मसर, क्रोध हे धोक्याच प्रमाणात कमी होतात. तसेच माणसाने काम, क्रोध मोह मद, लोभ, मसर व षडपार्वती विजय मिळाउना साहसी ध्यान, नामसंज्ञा, छंद माणला लागून व्यक्तीत. कुणाकडून अशेष करू लाग. फारण अपेक्षेष्या भग्नात तर माणला जाण होतो. दुःख होते. बाईट बाटते. मनाचा तोल बिचकडू. मूळहून मन शालें ठेवूने, मनावर स्वच्छ ठेवूने आणि मनाचा तोल सुभाष्यात याच तुरानाचा मंत्र दुल्ला आहे.
�ेळा मोहन कुणीकडे

- ಶ್ರೀ. ಶ್ರೀಲಜಾ ಬ್ಯಾದ (ಮಸುರಕರ)

理解和分析内容为：

“�ೆಲೆ ಮೋಹನ್ ಕುನಿಕೆಡೆ

- ಶ್ರೀ. ಶ್ರೀಲಜಾ ಬ್ಯಾದ (ಮಸುರಕರ)

ಆಮೇಸ್ ಪ್ರೀತ್ ಮೇದ್ಧನ, ಶ್ರೀ. ಮೋಹನ್ ನಾಡುಮ್ಮ ಯಾನ ಅಂಕಾನ ದೇವಾಂದು ಜಾಲಿ. ಅತಿಧಾರ ಪ್ರೇಮಕು, ಶಾಲಣ ಬೊ ಉತ್ತರಾ ಅಸ್ಮ ವೈಕ್ಲವ್ಯವ ಸದ್ಭಾವಿಸಂದರ್ಶನ ಹೋಸ್ತೆ. ಆಮೇಸ್ ವಿರಾಮ (ಸರ್ವಾಖಳ) ವ್ಯಾಪ್ತಿ ಪ್ರೇಮವೀವರೆ ೧೯೫೫ ಸಾಲಿ ಜಾಲಿ. ವಿವಾಹದ ಅರು ವ್ಯಾಪಕ ಜಾಲಿ ದೇವಾಂದು ಪ್ರೇಮಕು ಸ್ವತ್ತ ವಿವಾಹದ ಚಲನೆಗೆ ಹಿಂದಿ ವ್ಯಾಪಕ ವಿವಾಹದ ಚಲನೆಗೆ ಹಿಂದಿ ಕೂಡಿತ ಅರು ಕೂಡಿತ ಆಧಾರ.

ಆಜ್ಞಾತಿಕ ಆಧಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ತಂದ ಸುತ್ತ ವ್ಯಾಪಕದಲ್ಲಿ

ಮೂರ್ತಿ ಜಾಲಿ ಹೊತೆ ಆಖಂಚಾ ನಿ ವ್ಯಾಪಕ

ವ್ಯಾಪಕ ಸಮರ್ಥನ ಉತ್ಸವ ಸಂಘಾಯಿಗೆ

ಆಡಾದು, ಮಿಶ್ರಜಾನ್‌ದಿಳಿ ಜಲಿ ಕಾರ ಗಪ್ಪು ಸಾರಿcoration]

ರೀತಿಯೊಂದು ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಪಡೆ ಪಾಕಾ

ಯಮುನೇನಿ ಪುಲ್ಚಿನ ಪಾನೀ ಪಾನೀ,

ಮುಂದುವರದೆ ಗಾದಲ್ಲಿ

ಗ ಬಾಂಬಿ ಗೆಲೆ ಮೋಹನ್ ಕುನಿಕೆಡೆ. ೧೩.

ನಾಮಸ್ಥಾಪಿತವಾಗಿ ಉಪ್ಯುಕ್ತ ತುಂಬಾ ವಿಚಿತ್ರಿತ ವಿಷ್ಣುವಾರ್ ವಿಸ್ತೇರಣಗಳು ಸಾಧಾರಣ.

ಪಾರು ತೇಕ್ಷಿ ವಾಡ ಆಜ್ಞಾತಿಕಾ ಹೊಂದಿಂಗೊಳಿ.

ರಾಜಾ ತಂದ ಸ್ವತ್ತಿ ಹೋಯಬಿ.

ಆಧಿ ಅಂತಿ ಪಾಂಡಪತ್ರ ನುಂದಿಮಂಧನ.

೧೪.

ನೀರತ್ತೆ ಪತ್ರ ಕಲ್ಲಲ್ಲಿ ಸಮಾಧು 

ಪ್ರಾರಂಭ ಮೊದಲ್ಲಿಸಿ ಧ್ವನಿಯನ್ನು ಗಲುವ ಸಾಗಿ ಹೊಂದಿ ನಿರಾಯಾಗ 

ಸಹ–ಸಂಯೋಜಿತ ಉಪನಾಯ 

ಸುಮಾರು ಬಾರಿ ಗಪ್ಪು ಪಾಲಸ್ತೆ ಚಾಲಿಸಲು ೧೮.

ಪೋಷಕ ಪಾಲಸ್ತೆ ಆಗ ತೇತೆ, ಪಾಲಸ್ತೆ ಸಂಭವಿಸಿ 

ಕಂತ ಪಾಂಡಪತ್ರಗಳ ಹೊಂದಿ ನಿರಾಯಾ 

ಸಹ–ಸಂಯೋಜಿತ ಬೇಸಿ ಉಪನಾಯ 

ನೀರತ್ತೆ ಬಾರಿಗೆ ವಿಜ್ಞಪ್ತಿಯೊಂದೇ ಜಾಲ್ಲ.

೧೯.

ನೀರತ್ತೆ ವೆಳೆ ಹಿಂದಿ ಉನ್ಮೂರ್ತವಿದ್ದರೆ ಜಾಲಿ, 

ಜಾಲಾರ್ ಕಾಂಜುಳೆ ಸಂಭವಿಸಿ, ಧ್ವನಿಯನ್ನು ವೈಕ್ಲಪಿಕ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭದ ನೀಡಿಕೆ ಮಾತ್ರ ಜೆಣಿತ ಗಿದ್ದ ವೆಳೆದ ಆಧಾರ, ತೆಜ್ಜು ಹೊಂದಿ ಅಪೂರ್ವತಿ. ೧೯.
रत्नागिरी हापूस
शान्तला मुहूर्त

फेब्रुवारी-मार्च उजाड़का की हापूस आंबाव्या बातमा येथू लागतत. आणि मला हटकून आम्या मंडवानी - 
डॉ. व्यंकटपर यांची आज्ञा घेतली. जे कोणी लाखणी सहरसारात 
आले असतील ते खचितु महागात, ‘कुठे लाखणी तुलना 
हापूसाची कारते? कालांची तर फारमाझर करा’ यांनी सांडे 
पाच फूट उंची, काळी पण जेव्हसं काली, कपालवट आरो, 
देखीरे रागीट असं ऊर्फवर लाखणी माझी भेट जात. हाफकस 
स्थांत्र्यास बालोकेमकम्पुण्डफिएन विभागाच्या असिस्टेंट डायरेक्टर,
बालोकेमकम्पुण्डअनंदसं विभाग व आहारसाधनेचा विभाग 
लाखणी अर्धमागाराचा होता. लाखणी सिनियर नुदिसिमनस्ट-
महाधूर सकार अर्थ नियुक्ती हायराकर माझी लाखणी भेट 
जात. लाखणी माझा आध्यात्मिक नुदिसिमनस्ट काळा अनुभव 
न आताच्या माझ्यासाठी ग्रामेच वाहत त त्या बोलुनाही दाखिल.
हलहलू विच पालते वेले. इतके की, त्या पहले पोळ 
आपण खाल चाल लाखणी. आंबाव्या स्थांत्र्यकम्पुण्ड एक बेच 
लाखणी पाच फूट ऊऱ्ण लाखणी. पतू लाखणी रागीट लाखणीची 
भाषा सर्वांचा होता. अनेक वर्षापुरूष लाखणी वसान अमरिकेत 
व झा तुऱ्य. लाखणी असेल, आपला सर्व भाषा आम्या मुळांनी व्यक्त करत.

असेल, तुम्हाला मुळान, पण चांगला तुलना हापूसाची 
कारता? मी तसे कृपया महते? मी महालान, आम्या माझ्याची 
आतुरता जुटली आहे. मी Field worker असतल्याने, अनेक 
प्रकाराच्या जवळच्या होतात. लाखणी एक महालाने, महाराष 
ती सरकारी इम्पायरसन डायरेक्टर रचना करते व लाखणी की 
अंतर्भावाची होते की नाही, हे पताका अहवाल सरकार 
शेपे, ठाणे मुळेच्यांचे सर्वांची वेकोवाली व कामच्यासाठी आहे 
मी तर पर्यंत केलेले. ते प्रमाणित होऊन महाराष्ट्रातील सरकारी 
इम्पायरसन देखभाल सुविधा आहाती. लाखणी तापाणी म्हणा 
करताना लागत. एके विधिवरी डॉ. व्यंकटपर माझा टेल्साली 
बेचने प्रमाण-पिछकर महात्मा तुम्ही रत्नागिरी 
डिस्ट्रिक्ट हासिलेटी पातालो करा. मी पण म्हणाले, या 
तरकारीचा तर करू शकता पाताला.

मी तर देखीरे फूट उंचा उदारच. असिस्टेंट डायरेक्टर आणि 
माझ्या मागबराय. माझा इम्पायरसन स्टिक, डॉ. अाचा 
चंदनी डाकाला हात लावला. म्हणजे कोणतेच काम लागले नाही, 
आपल्या वेधात आवश्यकता होणारा, ‘मी ताजच रेताच घेऊन. 
लाखणी माहाराष्ट्रा डोळा पाहू येतले.’

आशीरी रत्नागिरीच्या पोहोचलो. म्हणूनबरोबर लाखणी 
भांडीवाळांचा होत. दुसरा दिवशी साकाळी म्हणून, ‘मूळ 
हासिलेटी पाताली कर. तोरां आम्या बाजार पाहू येते.’ मी
हस्तिगली जादुः फजिती

हस्ती आफी मुंगली दोती जादी
राजस्तुवाः सामर्थ्य प्रार्थक ्गमती दितिः
हस्ती मुईृः सकाराः सोंजे मंडलाः तालामी
माला-बाबता बसकारेंचु विका राणांतु भौवाड़ाली
भौवी-भोजवा मुईृः गोमीृः गोमीृः पद्म मण्डलाः
हस्ती खुशी नंदे-नंदे सोंडरीं नुनारी बाज़राताली
हुः-हुः तांगी बोवटी वे जात गेले
हस्तीं नु हृदृः दिखली गाड़ी-गोड़ कुटः मुईृः खाताली
सगाणे प्राणी हस्ती माकी-माकी चालाः
एक मासी निपुण-निपुण तांगी चालाः पहलाले
एक दिशूः मुईृः हस्तीगली जातांतु रचिणी
सटके हस्ती नंचूः सोंचूः गाप उब्रीः
दोंची निरंतरीं हस्ती गोल-गोल गोल चुंवली
धाबने माते घुणाः तांगी पफळी
श्रोतोः। सगाणी मुईृ बड़े कड़े हस्ती
मुईृ मण्डलीः ज्ञानाः हाँ जः दिवदेवी आसां तुलना
चालाः

- मुलीरी बेटूबेट

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विधा कागल

बोळे वर्षांच्या हा फोटो दिसला. गंगत वाळूऩी. फोटो ही एकाच आठवण अशी आहे की ती जशीच्या तसी आपल्याचे लिंग वेळेच्या ‘करणाऱ्य’ नेतृत्व पोहोचवते. तसलग्या तऱ्यां माझे. तो दिवस मी फिरून एकदा जगत आहे, पण नव्हावे.... हा फोटो मी फेसबुकवर धार्मिकांनेंत्रा एका मित्राने दिले, ‘बेचें वाळूऩा संख सिंपले, रूप बायले ते जिथे बेचले....’ हो ना... अग्रदूते हे काराचे मी, लहानपणाच्या समुद्रकिनार्या महजे आपल्या आवडता. सुमेंध्राने आम्ही अग्रदूत स्वल्प रुपांतर्या आहेत आल्यात. दोन तीन तरी आपल्या मैत्रीची फेरी आसाध्याचे. १९५५/५६ साली शंक शिंपल्याच्या बाळात, पक्षी, प्राणी आणि शिंपल्याचे फुळांचे गुळ्या करून ल्यांचे गुळ्या सुरेख प्रत्येक करून मितीवर लावण्याचे पद्धत सुरू झाली होती. अशी माझा ते काराचे होते. आणि त्यांतील दिवस जमशेदांचे शंक शिंपल्याचे लागणार होते. आलेले हे काम पहाटेच करणे प्रामाण्य होते. आणि अशा अंदाजात्या पहाटे आपल्या मूर्तीना एकटे जवळी मासेही होती. माझे पप्पा लगवऱे त्याचे आवडते आल्याच्या बालात. तिकंतक नकेल तर आल्याच्या वयाचे बुरुन उत्पर्यावर ते देखील शंक शिंपल्याचे गोळा करून आल्याचा बाळाचे. पप्पा मेहनती अशा राजकातून टिकावा वेतनांत तबेज होतं. तंत्राचे सात आठ महिने मी त्या शंक शिंपल्यांचा दिव्याच्या हरकून गेळे होते. माझ्या सर्व मुख्यात, माता आणि तिची नाटलांच्या घरात माझ्या कठकूटी दिसत होतो. माझा स्वतःला त्यांचे करून कोणतून बाळते नकेल. मी तोपूणत माझ्या नव्हा छान्याच्या नादाट संग असाध्याचे.

दिव्याच्या दिव्य सांगिते त्या वर्षांचा वडा जात होती, माझी तारामान्याच्या चाहूऩाळ कधी बेडन माझा मोहोरुऩ गेळी होते त्यामध्ये सजर नकेल. माझ्या शंक शिंपल्याच्या जगत आपल्याच्या आपल्याच्या हरकून घटीत होती. समुद्रकिनार्यांचा पायलंग अभे असाताना, पाण्यावरील लाष्ट जेकर परतीच्या बालेवर असते, तेंता पाण्याकेळी वाळूऩांच्या अॅनक तक्या पाण्यावरील वाळूऩांच्या जवळे अपाला तोल जातो. माझांच्या एकादा क्षणभर काही होईना मन सर्पै जात होतां. हा मनात येणाऱ्यांना जाकूक भावनाना आरोच्यात आणण्याची कला साधली नव्हावे. अशा गोड आणि सुखद अस्त्रे सवयी धरणून जात होतां. अशा हा जाकूक बेरी समुद्रकिनार्याचा मैत्रीचा योजनांतुळ धाबे साध्याचा अनुभवाचा भावास माझ्या मनात सुखदत तणात आहे....

ल्यानतर आलेले हे माहे सोडून सादर जाव्य दिवस, नव्हा जोदिदाऱ्याचा धारा म्हणजेच वाळूऩ नव्हा संसाराचे दिले बाढळावाशाचे होते. किनी मोठा बाध्याचा... कुडळया ठिकाणी बांध्याचा... स्वप्नेच स्वप्ने.... हा किळ्याच्या परिसरातून बाळोले पडून आले तर काय सांगाव्ये....

ऑजबठील वाळूऩी

जीवन सर सर सर पडत कधी गेळे तेथ समजले नाही. अरेच्या! पाञ्चाकाळी पाहते तो चौकर वाळूऩ वाळूऩ. वाळूऩों अपसे याच्या करण संस्थाच्या सोमेदी किरणांत हिमालारखे चमकत होते! अरेच्या हे करण ह्यांच्या माझ्या रम्य, अभिनवतीनिता आढावणी आपण खास देवगणीतील अनुभव होते. माझे सारे जीवन, माझे निर्मिती.... याला म्हणूनतर बरे, ‘याला जीवन ऐसे गेल’ अशी माझा त्या बाळवाजूत माझे आवडता किनाऱ्या माझा न बोळता समजावीत होता. फेसबुकवर हा फोटो पाहून माझ्या एका कधी मित्राने चार गुळ्या फिलहाळा आणि माझ्या मनातल्या सुरू बिचाराच्या कामेच्या पाठीत होताऐ.
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8108018812

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Haridas Nagar, Shimpoli Road, Borivali
(West), Mumbai-400092
Tel: 022-28982600
anandcaterers1978@gmail.com

July 2015
KANARA SARASWAT
First Death Anniversary

RAMDAS PADUKONE
(March 4, 1930 – July 30, 2014)

You will always live in our hearts forever. Rest in Peace.

Wife:
Ranjana (Anila)

Children:
Jaya (Vidya) & Jayapal Shirodkar

Vandana & Prasad Gullapalli

Grandchildren:
Manasvini & Karan Hemmadi
Krishndutt Shirodkar
Ushaasri & Anjali Gullapalli

Padukone, Kabse, Shirodkar, Gullapalli, Hemmadi families & friends

July 2015

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“I -------------- WE”

“Haanv - Aammi”

By Parama Pujiya Swami Parijnanashram III

(Part 9)

Here is the ninth excerpt of the ongoing serialization of our Parama Guru - Parijnanashram Swamiji’s insightful, multi-layered spiritual narrative.

We present Guru Swami’s original, hand-written manuscript in Konkani along with Dr. Sudha Tinaikar’s in-depth commentary.

July 2015

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आ होला अग्निग्रंथ हे उपमा ही सियास फूलकेंकि ६ सांगुणुक भजुकाबी के।

हे उपमा त्रिम्बक अतिकष के। समयासु शृंगाराची अनुमती अमलाया आवृत्तकाली बांधु अतिखित काहें हे अद्भुत उदात्तज्ञा हजाऱे अमलाया श्रमंगा प्रकाशितपर पथारी अलावक आकुमाला
केलकें एक माण आरके केल्या पडते ।

जांबू वारी गोली ४ गोली । यंकनरे स्नानाची बसुंधरीने वेब्हीने तागे पाया सिद्धार्थी साही बाल्ये । ध्यान दुव्यांणूनी । यंकनरे आकांत करू आत्मा मुखू कि।

अमलाया इतर भिंत परिवर्तने अमलाया आप्नाकें । पाडण । होयी नागरी काळे होयी ।

हाडू शृंगार्ये पेडू फुजालन्या जैव-संकटातील । संकटात नंब ती खाणु आयणे।

"आम्हांढीं ... हवें आकृतीती केनु । अमलाया खूंट्यांरी असंतक असंतक प्रकाल होयी । जेवणु होयी ।

"पर्यं आम्हांढीं । माझ्या ही मलासी सेवणे । शिळें स्नानाऱ्या आयणे । माझ्या उदारावलारु हे करी अवसंपाकें आयणे ।"

�ेवा, देवा, कोडू ध्यानितपत्ये । सुरुदात आप्नाया तिङ्कू । सीतारी आप्ने नेम्ने गृहाले

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भगवती उदाहरणे भिंत भिंत पाय माण धिसते । आठवी सिंधु पुऱ्यू मेल्यांने अमलाया पार्शमाना रंगे पडते होलाव्या ।

"पुरी सहस्रायु प्रवृत्त अग्निकाय माझा अलूकत दिखावले ही सीतारी माझे जीवंत दिसा रबे । ही जागरूकाची पल्या आम्हांढीं । माझऱ्या उत्पत्तित नवातं आम्हांढीं ..."

हवें भर्तीकाचे विनियम तिङ्कू बिन्यास तेसरो संघात सोंजालसी निवाले धी ।

"आम्हांढीं माझां करू देवा किंवा, माझ्या निवाल्या पुऱ्यू फाल्या वेळी या। आप्ने निवाल्या नवालन्यालु आपणां माझां आप्नांचे निवाले हांंज या भांजल्या वेळी बेल्या । निवाल्या नवालन्यालु प्रथम सप्ताह सोडू देवा वेळीत यांनी.
Material happiness has no meaning, including family life. It only gives rise to unhappiness – due to one event or the other. Has anyone said boldly that he is blissful in his family life? I see how people are running after something or the other, for the so-called momentary happiness. I have seen big books giving the know-how of various rituals for material happiness. Accordingly, the Vaidik-s are doing those rituals for happiness and security - not in this world alone, but also for the world after-death. In spite of this, I have not seen that bliss on their faces or in their lifestyles.

“This whole cycle of trying for happiness is so ridiculous! First try for happiness in this world, then right here, ensure that you go to the right loka after death - like heaven - once that punya is over, come back again to this sphere and try again! This endless wheel of bondage goes on and on. Where can this type of never-ending cycle of samsara lead me?” The more I thought about it, the more disheartening it was.

Notes:

Human beings are naturally drawn towards physical and material prosperity. The desire for security and happiness makes them do many things. This is because they do not know the true source of the peace, security and happiness that they are looking for. The Vedas, in the karma-kânda (ritualistic portion of the Vedas), give various sâdhana-sâdhya-s (means and ends) for all possible human desires. Human desires can be basically grouped into three groups: putra-eshana (desire for progeny), vitta-eshana (desire for money and security) and loka-eshana (desire for conducive situations in life). Man not only wants to enjoy them here in this world, but wants to ensure that after death too, he reaches a loka where he is happy and secure. Hence, he follows the means given by the Veda-s to attain his desires. However, these rituals give rise to temporary happiness or punya (merit) which is short-lived and makes one come back again and again into the never-ending wheel of samsara.

But, the actual purpose of the karma-kânda is to make a person see the futility of the whole thing and bring in detachment.

In spite of these traditional means of getting happiness, I knew that there was only one permanent source of happiness and completeness for which I had to travel on a different path. This path was narrow, difficult and slippery but I was convinced and was trying to walk that path.

Notes:

A mature intellect which understands the futility of temporary means of happiness, tries to find a solution to end this never-ending wheel of samsâra. He realizes that there is a straight path to that destination which is the very abode of peace, security and happiness. But he also knows that the path is extremely difficult to traverse as one has to literally flow against the current. Kathopanishad (1-2-13, 1-3-14) says that this path is like a razor’s edge and difficult to tread without the help of a Guru who has already traversed this path. Shankara, without any help, was already aware of this fact, but needed a Guru to guide Him forward.

The word sanyâsa is understood differently in different contexts. As per the exact meaning of the word, it may appear to point to a person ‘who has given up everything’. But actually, the meaning of this word is much deeper. It points to a person who has understood His own true Self, a person who has given up everything out of fulfillment, a person who is perfect, a person who finds the same essence in Himself and in everything else. These meanings are contextual.

Sanyak nyastha (one who is totally detached or uninvolved) was the word for which I had my own explanation. Taking all my associations with me and at the same time understanding myself and seeing that Self in everything around me was my idea of sanyâsa. I was convinced of this and had decided to take up sanyâsa.
Inauguration of PARIJNANASHRAM VIDYALAYA

On June 15th, 2015, Parijnanashram Vidyalaya was inaugurated at Karla, at the Holy Hands of Parama Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji the visionary 11th Mathadipati of Shri Chitrapur Math. To be run on progressive lines by the Karla Education Trust, the school will fulfil the long-standing desire of parents in and around Karla to educate their children in an English medium school.

Based on the ‘constructivism’ approach that allows a child to observe, analyse, enquire and then absorb any concept, Parijnanashram Vidyalaya is a befitting outcome of the successful Vikas Ghar run under the Shri Chitrapur Math umbrella with guidance from the NGO, Gram Mangal. Located in the premises given by the Karla Gram Panchayat, the school will be run by the Karla Education Trust with the eminent educationist Smt Shobhana Bijoor, who established Vikas Ghar with management-support from Shri Vivek Bijur under the Math’s Srivali and Shree Trusts.

The inaugural function was addressed by Smt Shobhana Bijoor, Shri Kiran Hulawale of the Karla Gram Panchayat, Shri Praveen Kadle, Trustee, Karla Education Trust and was blessed by Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji with an Ashirvachan in flawless Marathi! Launched with nursery and junior KG to begin with, the Parijnanashram Vidyalaya promises a bright future for local children!

July 2015

KANARA SARASWAT
THE SOUNDS OF SPRING

When I got up this morning
I noticed something different in the air
Something changed, but it didn’t drive
me to despair
When I had breakfast and went outside
There was something that made my
whole face smile
The birds were chirping, our dog was
barking
This went on for quite a while
I rushed inside and saw the calendar
Today’s date was circled with a bright
red pen
I looked it up on a computer and found,
today is special!!
The hen!!
I ran downstairs and into the garden
And heard a ‘Cheep! Cheep! Cheep!’
In the chicken coop I found a chick
The other chicks were fast asleep
Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!
Lots of bells rung
That was the final sign
Spring had sprung!!!!

By Anya Bailur-
(8 years) London, UK

Kiddies’ Corner

Is she laughing or shouting?

Smriti Kumta (13 years)

A pretty girl!

Smriti Kumta (13 years)

Link to other Institutions from KSA Website

KSA’s Website www.kanarasaraswat.in
is widely accessed by members of our Community. We invite our Community Members who are managing any Institution to send the http link of their Website to us. We will set up a link from our home page to their website.

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Raja Pandit, Chairman-KSA
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Here and There

Chennai: On April 10th, Mahila Samaj organized Microwave cooking demo of Cheese cake by Aarti Gulwadi and Oats Cookies by Shilpa Acharya, what more we got to eat the yummy goodies too at the end of the session. “Shiromani” Preetham Chandavarkar, had undergone the Yoga Teachers Training Camp at Kerala and she shared with us her experiences there at the Ashram. Punyathithi of PP Shrimat Parinjanashram Swamiji I of Gokarn was observed with Bhajans. Sadhana Panchakam too was observed.

Centenary of P P Shrimat Anandashram Swamiji’s Pattabhishekk on 11th May was observed with Devi Anushtan, Guru Pujan & Bhajans. Bhajans were offered on 19th May - Punyathithi of PP Shrimat Pandurangashram Swamiji.

Reported by Kavita Savoor

Goa: Goa Sabha members were blessed to be in the Sannidhi of Parama Pujya Shankarashram Swamiji during His visit to Goa from April 30 to May 2, 2015, at the invitation of Shree Mahalaxmi Saunsthana, Bandivade, Ponda, to grace the occasion of Rajata Mahotsava of Punarprathisthapana of the Deity. It was a week-long event with several Homas & Yajna-s & concluded on May 1, 2015, with Purnamahuti by the President of the Temple Committee in the Divine Presence of Mathadhipati-s of Shri Chitrapur Math & Shri Kavale Math.

The highlight of the event was Ashirvachana-s by the Mathadhipati-s followed by Suvarna Palkhi Utsava in which the Beautiful Goddess Mahalaxmi was taken around the temple & then in the Sarovara for Nauka-Vihar accompanied by spectacular fireworks in the Divine Presence of Parama Pujya Swamiji.

Reported by Sabita Harite

Mangaluru: The A.G.M. of Mangaluru Local Sabha was held on 24-5-2015 at Shri Vamanashram Hall, Mangalore. The following members were elected as office bearers for the year 2015-1016 – President-Sri. Savnal Janardhan Rao, Vice Presidents-Sri. Shailesh Bellare and Smt. Deepali Khambadkone, Secretary-Sri. Ganesh Damble, Treasurer-Sri. Gurudath Padubidri, Jr. Secretaries-Sri. Yellore Bharath Rao & Smt. Sandhya Manjeshwar. 9 other members were elected to the executive committee.

On 25-5-2015 Prathishta Vardanthi of H.H. Vamanashram Samadhi was celebrated. Ashtavadhana Seva was performed by the devotees and Prasad was distributed to all.

Reported by Ramkishore Yellore

Mumbai – Santacruz: Our Sabha observed the Punyatithi of HH Shrimat Pandurangashram Swamiji on 19th May, 2015 at Shrimat Anandashram Hall, Saraswat colony. After DeepNamaskar, the “ Parijnan Bhajan “ group and other devotees offered their Bhajan Seva, followed by Ashtak and Mangal Aarti. To celebrate the auspiciousness of the 100th year of MAHASAMADHI, many devotees had gathered that evening. Prasad was served later. On 24th May, 2015, our Sabha devotees had been to Karla for Sannikarsha.

Reported by Kavita Karnad

Mumbai Grant Road: On 10th May the centenary of Shishya Sweekar of HH Shrimat Anandashram Swamiji was observed with SadhanaPanchakam and Samuhik Gurupoojan followed by Prasad Bhojan.

Shri Chitrapur Guru Parampara Charitra Parayan was done from 11th May 2015 to 20th May 2015 culminating in a discourse by DharmaPracharak Shri Rajagopal Bhat on ‘Bhagavat Dharma’ on 21st May.

Reported by Smita Mavinkurve

Mumbai - Vile Parle: We celebrated Ugadi on 21st of March 2015 officiated by Vedamurti Honnavar Yogesh Bhat. The function was well attended and was concluded with distribution of traditional powder of neem leaves and sugar and vitaran of Panak Panvar. Our veteran and ex managing Committee member Pt. Guudutt Heblekar shared his experience of seva saptaha at Karla.

To help and assist needy and senior citizens, a free health camp was organised by Gurupraad Society on Sunday 8th March 2015. The aim of the camp was to create an awareness among our residents especially senior citizens about keeping the heart healthy. Well trained doctors in various fields in their profession were invited to talk. The camp was well attended.

A full day session was held on various old age problems in the form of discussion and demonstration by physiotherapist Dr. Siddharth Bhat on Sunday 29th March 2015 at Khar Anandashram and was very educative and informative. He touched upon most of our day to day problems like sprains, joint pains, arthritis, osteoporosis, frozen shoulders, cramps and even Bone Mineral Density test.

D.N. Shirur Balakashrama, a home for orphan boys is located at Prarthana Samaj Road, Vile Parle East. The Home was established and founded in 1932 by our great philanthrophist Shirur families of old Modern mills (Bombay) and Minerva Mills (Bangalore). The two floor building with a decent surrounding playground has more than 70 boys residing. The Home has all basic...
aminities and is well organised and managed by local experienced staff.

Recently they won the coveted 1st prize in Universal folk dance competition held at Shannukhanand Hall, King’s Circle. The programme was organised by “Our Children Charitable Trusts”. Many of our Mumbai local Sabhas and individuals donate in kind and cash to this Balakashrama as helping hand.

**Reported by Shrikar Talgeri**

New Delhi : *Adi Shankaracharya Jayanti - Delhi Local Sabha commemorated Shri Shankara Jayanti on 3rd May 2015 at Shri Kavale Math, with the Yuva-centric programme packed with activities and involvement by all members. Sabha commencing prayers were led by Delhi Yuvadharma. Life sketch and works of Adi Shankaracharya were presented through Power point presentation by children and Yuvas. Bhashya pathanam (full introductory chapter of the Bhashya to the Bhagvad Gita) was read out in Sanskrit with Hindi translation, individually, by Yuvadhara and children. Excerpts from a film on “Rediscovery of Kalady” was shown by Shri Ashok Kini, who also spoke on his travel experiences from Kalady to Kedarnath (to promote the reconstruction of the Adi Shankara Memorial at Kedarnath), last year. Art and craft done on the theme of Adi Shankaracharya’s life and works. was displayed. Essays on the life, works and philosophy of Shri Adi Shankara were written by Saikrupa Nalkur, Mangala Tavanandi and Lakshmi Udyavar. Mementoes were presented to all participants by Shri Ashok Kini.

**100th Shishya Sweekar Jayanti of PP Anandashram Swamiji - Delhi Sabha celebrated the 100th Shishya Sweekar Jayanti of Parama Pujya Anandashram Swamiji at Shyamala and Dipak Hemmad’s residence on 11th May 2015. A Slide show presentation “Premanand Lahiri “ was made by Mangala Tavanandi pachi on the Life and times of Shrimat PP Anandashram Swamiji, using references from Gopal Hattangadi maam’s book 50 years of Bliss, Shri Guru Parampara Charitra Sun- dar Hosangadi’s article from KSA souvenir “Ananda” and Tribute from “Suvarna Sudha” by P.P. Parjinalashram Swamiji to PP. Anandashram Swamiji. Bhajans, Mangal arati and Bipananmaskara, led to Sabha Sampati pararthana followed by Prasad vitarana.

***Samaradhana of HH Shrimat Pandurangashram Swamiji - Samaradhana of HH Shrimat Pandurangashram Swamiji was held by Delhi Sabha, on 19th May 2015, at the residence of Vidya Kumtakar and Rakesh Kumar. Sabha opening prayer was followed by Stotra pathan and bhajans with special mention to Tukaram’s “Aanika dusare maza naahin aata... Pandurang dhyani...”.

Inspired by Gopal Hattangadi maam’s book “Pandurang Pandurang”, passages from chapter 5 were read out by Yuvas.

After Mangal arati and nitya path, sabha sampati prarthana was followed by naivedya of special amba hashallen and sumptuous prasad bhojan.

**Reported by Vidya Kumtakar Kumar**

Our Institutions

CLASSIFIEDS

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Boy, DOB: 22/08/1979, 5’7 Height, MBA from University of Glasgow. Recently moved to India (Ahmedabad) and in the process of setting up a film production company. Girl preferably between 27-29 years. Contact boy’s father on: 09724422665.

Alliance invited for 32 yrs CSB girl, B.Tech, 5’3 fair from CSB/GSB boys preferably from same field residing in India/abroad.

Contact anvis2010@gmail.com

ENGAGEMENT

Varun, son of Mrs. Meenal (Kulkarni) & Mr. Bharat Bhaskar Heble engaged to Teja, daughter of Mrs. Lalita (Savanal) & Mr. Dilip Ratnakar Amladi on 24th May, 2015 at Mumbai.


ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thread Ceremony of Chi. Samarth Vinay Koppikar (Son of Vinay & Leena Koppikar (nee Nadkarni) was on 10th May 2015. Thanks to all relatives & friends for coming and giving your blessings.

Neeraj and Sunandini join their parents Deepa and Raghubirandal Bangalorekar and Bina and Chandrakanth Haldipur in thanking all relatives and friends for their gracious presence and blessings on the occasion of their wedding on May 11, 2015 at Bengaluru and reception on May 17, 2015 at Andheri, Mumbai.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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SANGEET CHOREOGRAPHY

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DOMESTIC TIDINGS

BIRTHS

We welcome the following new arrivals:

Apr 16: A son (Kabir) to Sonia and Rahul Bhandarkar at Seattle, USA.
May 4: A daughter (Aishwarya) to Anuradha and Jyotin Prakash Basrur at Shrewsbury, MA, USA.
Jun 6: A daughter (Avantika) to Arpita (nee Masurkar) and Anshul Ullal at Goa

THREAD CEREMONY

We bless the following batus

Apr 30: Vinaykumar Vasant Kombrabail at Bantwal.
May 1: Aarush Nitin Gangoli at Shri Admar Math, Andheri West, Mumbai.
May 10: Samarth Vinay Koppikar at Mumbai.
May 27: Samvit Sandeep Kallianpur at Shri Durga Parmeshwari Temple, Karla.

MARRIAGE

We congratulate the following couples

Apr 26: Natasha Deepak Rama with Abhijit Vivek Trikannad at Auckland, New Zealand.
May 11: Sunandini Chandrakanth Haldipur with Neeraj Raghunandan Bangalore at Bengaluru.

OBITUARIES

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

Apr 19: Anjani K Kokradi (76) at Belthangady.
May 16: Nalini (Sindhu) Dattatraya Kulkarni (75) at Mumbai.
May 20: Sandhya Sharad Bhandarkar (nee Lajmi of Bagalkot) (64) at Vileparle, Mumbai.
May 26: Anand Ganpat Balvalli (75) of Bangalore at Mumbai.
May 28: Lata Deepak Kumta (61) at Hyderabad.
May 31: Suresh Shivanand Bankeshwar (73) at Ahmedabad.
Jun 1: Gauri Gurudas Kaikini (nee Konaje) (66) at Ahmedabad.
Jun 1: Gurunath Vishwambhar Honavar at Mumbai.
Jun 8: Manoj Anant Kulkarni (58) at Malad, Mumbai.
Jun 8: Dr Durgaprasad Mohan Mankekar at Virar.
The bright and beautiful April morning beamed through the smiles of the little children who had gathered at Vikas Ghar, Karla for they and their dedicated teachers had put in immense effort to exhibit their awesome talents as well as the unique teaching methods in their ‘different’ learning centre!

Yes, Shri Swami Parijnanashram Vikas Ghar is very special for the people of Karla village. Set in a sylvan landscape, adjoining a large pond and surrounded by trees, Vikas Ghar is a unique centre of learning for village children in and around Karla. Parama Pujya Parijnanashram Swamiji’s love for children is legendary and Vikas Ghar is dedicated to our beloved Guru Swami.

Vikas Ghar was inaugurated in two rooms given by the Gram Panchayat at the Holy Hands of Parama Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji on June 16th, 2012. It started with just 17 children but has 96 children registered this year! The children pay a nominal fee per annum. Those who come from very poor families are exempted. Apart from the stimulating training, the children get a delicious nutritious meal every day provided from the Karla Math kitchen!

Initially, parents were puzzled for there was a misconception that this is a tuition class but soon, after seeing the teaching aids at a meeting and watching their children’s progress they grasped the concept that is helping their children to learn a lot without even realizing they are absorbing and retaining so much!

What makes Vikas Ghar special?

Vikas Ghar supplements the school curriculum with its innovative methods and a host of intelligent and simple teaching aids. It was set up under the judicious guidance of Smt. Bijoor Shobhanapachi with the ‘spadework-support’ of Shri Vivek Bijur-mam. Shobhana-pachi, who is an M.Ed and has also studied Child Development is a well-known educationist and erstwhile Principal of the renowned Parle Tilak Vidyalaya English Medium School. An inspiring teacher and keen environmentalist, she is virtually the vital force behind Vikas Ghar!

Vikas Ghar uses the ‘Constructivism Approach’ for early childhood learning. The team of four teachers from Karla - Sheetal-tai, Jyoti-tai, Sujata-tai and headed by Karuna-tai, were trained by the Gram-mangal Institute. They underwent an intense training course to teach Marathi, Mathematics and Environmental Science. This was reinforced with subsequent refresher courses. The Gram-mangal trainers come off and on to observe teachers and guide them.

Using the strategy of ‘constructivism’ as against opting for the traditional ‘behaviourism’ approach has helped greatly to encourage interaction and step-up a child’s intellectual grasp and performance. In education, ‘behaviourism’ denotes passively receiving information. This assumes a child comes to school with a blank mind which educators seek to fill.

‘Constructivism’ emphasizes active engagement of learners through strategies such as interaction and activities. Studies and research have shown that learning is more effective when a student is engaged in the learning process. Building on a child’s experience more and more enables a child to grasp and learn on his/her own. In constructivism, direct instructions are avoided. Attempts are made to lead the student into a concept through questions and activities to discover, discuss, appreciate, and verbalize the new knowledge.

For instance, instead of teaching alphabets in the usual way, a child is introduced to the sound ‘maa’. The child is then asked to recollect words that have the ‘maa’ sound – for example – mama; maakad; maazha; motha; The alphabets of ‘Ma’ are then shown to the child who associates the sound with words he is already familiar with. Similarly, pictures
of fruits/vegetables that he/she sees everyday are shown with the name written under the picture. The child slowly, but surely begins to identify the word with the picture and eventually can read the word even before knowing the alphabets!

Likewise, mathematics is taught to them with the help of grains, seeds, buttons, ice cream sticks and a host of everyday items. Adding, subtracting is thus taught hands-on! The basics of Mathematics and Marathi are thus strengthened with these methods of teaching.

Conversational English was introduced to the children of Vikas Ghar in July 2014. I am one of the lucky members of this team along with Archana Hemmadyapachi and Deepa Murdeshwardi. We use flash cards or sight words to teach concepts. Story-telling using pictures and simple sentences, songs based on the theme learnt, games and role-play - have all gone a long way in giving these children total confidence in speaking simple sentences!

These children have been doing well in their regular school too. For instance six topped their class, a decided improvement is evident in their writing skills and they work on one project each month, like on different kinds of vehicles, for example. At the PTA meeting happy parents told the teachers how children were saying their prayers, keeping their slippers neatly on the stand before eating and so on.

The Vikas Ghar exhibition was inaugurated by Yennemadi Vinodmam on 11th April, 2015. The Sarpanch and dignitaries from the local school were present on the occasion.

Children began with their prarthana and also chanted the Sanskrit shloka taught to them by Pujya Swamiji. Next, they narrated a story in English followed by a vibrant action song ‘Where is Kittu?’ The teachers explained to all the visitors the motive behind the charts and teaching aids on display.

The exhibition showcased in so many ways the happy fact that all the love and sincere effort being poured into this small but significant nation-building activity is showing results.

Shri Swami Parijnanashram Vikas Ghar laid the firm foundation to take Shri Chitrapur Math’s education-promotion to its next logical phase...On June 15th this year, our beloved Guru Swami’s Janmotsava was commemorated with the inauguration of the Parijnanashram Vidyalaya at the Holy Hands of Pujya Swamiji. (A detailed report will appear in a forthcoming issue). This has further ensured holistic development and a bright future for the lucky children in and around Karla!
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Our beloved Shri SURESH SHIVANAND BANKESHWAR,(darling Pappa/Ajju & loving Sureshbappa/mam to his nieces & nephews) passed away on 31st May 2015 at the age of 73, at Ahmedabad, after a valiant 11 year battle with chronic renal failure, leaving behind a deep void of grief for his family, friends and all those whose lives he had touched.

Suresh Bankeshwar was a reservoir of affection, compassion and generosity from whom we could draw liberally when the chips were down. A brilliant Banker (retd. AGM, SBI), an accomplished cricketer and a fine writer, yet humble and modest to a fault, he believed in motivating and encouraging others. An eternal optimist, his glass was always half-full rather than half-empty, even in the most adverse circumstances. He was always the first to extend help to others and the last to seek it, regardless of his own constraints, which explains the enormous goodwill he generated in his lifetime. Despite his affliction, he remained active with his articles in the Financial Express and his posts on FB. He overcame the pain of his illness with sheer positivity, strong will power and a never-say-die attitude. We miss you dearly, dear Suresh (Pappa/Ajju, bappa/mam), but your zest for life and your undefeatable spirit continues to inspire us and give us strength to move on in life without you.

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Printer & Publisher – Smita Prakash Mavinkurve on behalf of Kanara Saraswat Association
Published at Kanara Saraswat Association, Association Building, 13/1-2, Talmakiwadi, Near Talmaki Chowk, J.D. Marg, Mumbai 400007
Editor – Smita Prakash Mavinkurve

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