

Kanara Saraswat

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February 2017

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Kanara Saraswat

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J.D. Marg, Mumbai - 400007

Website: <http://www.kanarasaraswat.in>

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e-mail: editor@kanarasaraswat.in
kanara_saraswat@hotmail.com
(For Publication in the Magazine)

e-mail: admin@kanarasaraswat.in
(For administrative matters)

President: **Praveen P. Kadle**
Vice President: **Geeta V. Yennemadi**
Chairman: **Rajaram D. Pandit**

MEMBERS OF THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Managing Editor: **Gurunath Gokarn**
Editor: **Smita Mavinkurve**
Associate Editor: **Uday A. Mankikar**
Editorial Committee:
Usha K. Surkund

Computer Composing:
VISION DTP – **Sujata V. Masurkar**
Cover Credits: **Anushravas**

KSA Telephone: (022) 2380 2263
TELEFAX: (022) 23805655
KSA Holiday Home, Nashik
Tel: 0253-2580575 / 0253-2315881

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We welcome these members joining as Champions of our Green Initiative
Shireesh Gulwadi from Sydney, Vasant Kalle from New Lynn Auckland and Harish Khambadkone from Chennai

KIND ATTENTION: KSA MEMBERS RESIDING ABROAD

Due to steep increase in the foreign postage charges (approx 100%) we are compelled to increase the Airmail Charges from Rs. 1000/- to Rs. 2000/-

The Airmail Refundable Deposit for posting of KS Magazine has also been increased to Rs. 25000/- from the current Rs. 15000/-. Those who have already paid Rs. 15000/- will have to give additional deposit of Rs 10000/-.

These charges have been effective from January 2016. We request members to subscribe for Airmail Refundable Deposit Scheme to avoid inconvenience of paying Airmail Charges every year by paying Refundable Deposit of Rs. 25000/- The deposit will be refunded at the time of cessation of Membership.

Raja Pandit, Chairman KSA

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY 2017

The Kanara Saraswat Association will be observing **International Women's Day** on **Saturday 11th March 2017** when the following women will be honoured for the outstanding work done in the community and the society.

- 1) Dr. (Smt.) Girijabai Heble - Posthumously
- 2) Smt. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay - Posthumously
- 3) Smt. Neelima Kalambi - Pune
- 4) Smt. Kumud Mangalore - Mumbai

**Smt. SHAKUNTALA RAJA KILPADY, Renowned Educationist
has kindly accepted to be the Chief Guest on this occasion.**

Smt. Geeta V. Yennemadi, Vice-President, KSA will preside over the function.

Venue : Shrimat Anandashram Hall, Association Building, Talmakiwadi, J.D. Marg,
Mumbai – 400007 **Time :** 5.00 p.m. onwards

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

Shivshankar D. Murdeshwar
Hon. Secretary

***** **Chitrapurebooks.com** *****

Chitrapurebooks.com is pleased to commence the New Year by releasing the eBook Chitrapur Panchanga Durmukhi Samvatsara, Shalivahana Shaka 1818, brought out in CE 1896 by the Chitrapur Club. The publication crosses 120 years of existence this year. Created in consultation with, and blessings of, HH Pandurangashram Swamiji, the Panchanga was the brainchild of Sh. Shamrao Vithal Kaikini, then President of the Chitrapur Club, Mumbai, predecessor of the Kanara Saraswat Association.

Besides the Hindu calendar for the year and a list of festivals, the publication contained brief accounts of poets/saints in the community, list/locations of our Community temples and, even a guide of rail routes to places of pilgrimage in India. Significantly, also included are the names of community members who qualified in University and other examinations. Most important, for the first time, there were charts tabulating population of the community at different places. The Panchanga (priced at 4 Annas) was planned as an annual publication, but with the outbreak of plague in Bombay, the community scattered, and the Club itself dissolved. This publication thus remains a unique one of its kind. It marks a milestone in our Community history as the first attempt at data collation & management, and one that set a precedent for modern day community censuses that have followed since.

The painstaking laborious work of translating the Kannada text into parallel English so that all readers (especially non-Kannada knowing) can grasp the ambit of the work, has been done with great care by Wg. Cdr (Rtd) Mohan Devrao Nayel, VSM. His translation bears the stamp of fidelity and accuracy to the original text. We gratefully acknowledge his assistance and efforts. We are equally grateful to Shri Ramcharan Hattiangdi (son of late Dr. Gopal S. Hattiangdi) for providing a scan copy of the original text, which now rests in the Shrimat Parijanashram Vastu Sangrahalaya, Shirali.

Also released with this publication on the website are 13 articles excerpted from vintage KSA magazines of 1927-1928 chronicling the travels of Shrimat Anandashram Swamiji, the Saraswat Conference of 1926 and many other Community happenings of the time.

Wishing you all a prosperous New Year ahead,

Jaishankar Bondal & Shantish Nayel, www.chitrapurebooks.com



From the President's Desk....

Dear Friends,

The new year has just started. But it also means that one year from our life has passed by. At the beginning of the year, we all make new year resolutions. We decide that we should learn from our mistakes and live our lives much better than in the past.

The new year is also the time to look at our past with nostalgia. Life is all about making choices. Some choices you make, some decisions you take, some succeed and some don't. When you look back, some of the choices you made have given you immense happiness, some have brought you despair.

Wise people say that you should not dwell too much in the past, but look at life in a philosophical manner. Optimists say always look forward and don't think too much about the days gone by.

All of us like to look back and think of the choices we made in our lives and how our life would have been, if we had opted for the other choice. Most of us are like the typical traveller in Robert Frost's famous poem "The Road Not Taken". I have read this thought-provoking poem many times and am tempted to reproduce it for the benefit of the readers—

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could

To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Just like the traveller in this poem, we all come upon a fork in the pathway of our life. We take into consideration both the paths and may conclude that each one is equally well-travelled and appealing. We finally choose one and tell ourselves that we will come back to this fork again, sometime later in life, to traverse on the other road. But in our hearts, we always know that we will never have this opportunity to come back to this fork again, simply because our final choice of the road will lead us to some other forks on some other roads and therefore to some other decisions.

So, we always end up on a nostalgic note, wondering how things would have been different, had we chosen the other path. But in life, it is futile to brood over the failure or bask in the success of our past decisions.

Yes, life is all about making choices and as another poet Leonard Cohen said--

" The road is too long
The sky is too vast
The wandering heart
Is homeless at last"

So friends, let us move forward. Do not despair or rejoice too much over the past.

Regards,

Praveen P. Kadle

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More details to follow in our next KS issue

KSA Health Centre – Announcements

The charges of the KSA Health Centre (OPD) will be revised form 1st February 2017 as follows:

1. Rs 150/- for the first visit
2. Rs Nil for first follow up, provided it is within 30 days of the first visit
3. Rs 100/- for subsequent visits for the same ailment.
4. If the patient comes two months after the first visit, he / she will be considered as a new case and the above fee schedule will be applied.
5. For senior citizens above 65 years, the fees will be Rs 100 (first visit) and Rs 80/- (follow up)
6. Charges will be further reduced on compassionate grounds for those unable to afford the above rates, on the Doctor's recommendation.

Physiotherapy unit will be functional from 1st February by prior appointments. Charges will be on case to case basis starting from Rs 200/-.

Dr. Shweta Kallianpurkar Naimpally, MS DOMS, Ophthalmologist will attend the Eye clinic on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 11 am to 12 noon

Dr. Prakash Mavinkurve

Hon. Secretary, Health Centre

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor, Recently, many of my friends and relatives have been ringing me up and querying on investing in equities via mutual funds. I am therefore assuming that many people are actively considering investing via the mutual fund route.

While investing in mutual funds, it is essential to know that mutual fund houses effective 01 January 2013 offer for a given scheme (let us say for the purpose of illustration, Franklin India Prima Plus Fund) two options called the Regular Plan and the Direct Plan. Though both the plans are one and the same in terms of their investment portfolio, the returns to investors are different because of the higher expense ratio in case of Regular Plans. The expense ratio in case of Regular Plans is higher because of higher expenses on upfront payments to brokers, trail commissions (paid to brokers every year that you stay invested) etc as compared to Direct Plans where direct submission of applications by applicants to the fund house means no expense on brokers/ overall less cost of selling. The difference in return between the two plans could be between 0.5% to 1% / year.

However due to compounding over the years, the difference in the absolute amount of saving increases over the years. For example had you invested Rs. 1 lakh in Franklin India Prima Plus fund's regular plan growth option on 01 January, 2013, on 06 January 2017 it would have become Rs. 183000 giving an absolute return of 83%. A similar investment in the scheme's Direct Plan would have become Rs. 189800/- giving an absolute return of 89.8%. The difference is because of lower expense ratio in case of the Direct Plan every year and compounding of the yearly savings over the years.

So should you opt for the Direct Plan or the Regular Plan. It depends on whether you can decide which scheme to invest in on your own or need the advice of a broker / agent.

Gokul Manjeshwar, Santacruz, Mumbai.

Dear Editor, I entirely agree with Mr. Gurudutt Mundkur's letter in your January issue. More so since the attached photo shows 4 generations of the Hirebet family, "where each generation is a male". The photo shows my grandfather, Dattatreya Krishnarao, my father Dinkar Dattatreya holding my elder son Aniket Ghanashyam and, of course me. Moreover the photo was taken in Feb 1980, when it wasn't very prevalent for such photos to be published. (Picture on page 11)

Ghanashyam D. Hirebet, Pune

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Trasikar on her 4th Death Anniversary)

Nachiket Trasikar Rs. 2500.00

(In memory of father Shri Nandan

Trasikar on his 13th Death Anniversary)

Ramcharan Gopal Hattiangdi Rs. 10,000.00

(In memory of Dr Gopal Hattiangdi)

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(In memory of wife Mrs. Vidya R Hattiangdi)

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(In memory of daughter

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~~~~~ *Parisevanam* ~~~~~

**In December 2016, Chitrapur Saraswats from many parts of the globe came ‘home’ to their Shri Chitrapur Math, Shirali as eager delegates of the *Sanskriti Prachar Shivir*. Here is a from-the-heart report written by first-timer **NANDKISHORE KALAMBI** of Boston, USA, who felt this was **A Transformative Experience!****

The *Sanskriti Prachara Shivira* a.k.a the NRI Shivir was something we had been waiting for since our move to Boston in 2012. When it was finally announced we leapt at the opportunity, excited at the prospect of going back to Shirali and reconnecting with our roots. We waited with growing anticipation and overcame some anxious moments when some things came in the way and we almost did not make it.

We did make it though and found ourselves in front of the Math late evening on December 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2016. We arrived bedraggled, and jet lagged, after jumping many hoops through cancelled and delayed flights and a journey which took us two days, four flights and six airports! But all the tiredness almost instantly vanished at the sight of the ethereally- lit Math. It truly felt like a homecoming!

We were welcomed warmly by Kuttimam and his team of *sanchalak*-s but we had missed the registration and introductory session...or so we thought. Little did we know that we were in for a life- changing experience which would be orchestrated with thoughtful precision where every need, said or unsaid, would be met and nothing would be missed... not even those introductions. We would soon get introduced and become part of a new family of 27 people who had come from different parts of USA and Australia and the 23 *sanchalak*-s (organizers) who had come from Pune, Bangalore, Mumbai.

The agenda, at the outset, for the *Shivir* looked innocuous and in fact, felt a bit light. But it soon turned

out to be the most intense 4 days where the days would start in the crisp, cool and stimulating pre-dawn air, go through a relentless set of activities all through the day and reaching into the night. Everything was meticulously planned and executed flawlessly by the team of *sanchalak*-s beginning with the daily wake up knock on our door – gentle, but persistent.

We came to the Shivir thinking it would be a place to connect to our past but we left with a vision of the future – the future of a new India – vibrant, hopeful, and living in harmony. What we experienced was a microcosm of a country that has women leading the change from the front, where school children from even a small and little known place like Shirali can make waves in academic, sports, dramatics at the State-level, where self-help and self-regulation are creating new sustainable models of economic development.

It was an enthralling ride as we would spend a part of the day gazing at the visage of a 3<sup>rd</sup> century sculpture in the thoughtfully-organized Math museum and spend another part marveling at a 21<sup>st</sup> century solar power generation facility which can light up an entire farm. We would listen to the impeccable rendition of Chapter 15 of the *Bhagavad Gita* by the students of Srivali High School while listening to how they excelled at contemporary subjects like science and mathematics. We marveled at the creativity and diligence of the women at Samvit Sudha as they make 60 different types of handmade products while also



## ~~~~~ Parisevanam ~~~~~

building what promises to become an iconic brand for women's empowerment. We rambled through the 88- acre expanse of Kembre farms learning about crop cycles, gaped in visceral fascination at a perfectly intact snake skin shed on the path to the two ponds that feed the farm, got to know the cows in the *goshala* by name and temperament (I actually found a namesake and given his reputation, may have to seriously reconsider mine !)

We were taken on a guided tour through more than three centuries of unbroken lineage of our Guru-s and learnt how every little stone in the temple complex had meaning. The *parikrama* of the Math complex was like taking a *parikrama* of our own history and tracing the journey of our ancestors all the way to the present. Through playful quizzes, we learnt the meaning, significance and relevance of many terms and rituals that are a part of our heritage.

All of this was under the watchful and loving gaze of our Parama Pujya Swamiji, who blessed us with much more time than we had ever expected. The sessions with Swamiji ranged from spiritual inquiry to guided meditation, always accompanied with bhajan-s in His mellifluous voice. Swamiji's new *pranayama* technique- *Ninaad* and the guided meditation conducted in the serene and tranquil environment of Panchavati created new additions in the 'toolkit' of our spiritual development.

We *Amchi-s* are foodies, but here again we were in for a treat – at every single meal. The morning tea/coffee would add as much to the spring in our step as the pristine air outside. The *Amchi* food was cooked to perfection – varied as it always is in its fare – from breakfast to dinner. In fact on one of the days, the delectable *poha* sent us into raptures and inspired Sarita Ragadepacchi to write a song which became the anthem of our Shivar – 'Love you Shirali...Love you Swamiji'. It will soon be on Youtube and will take you through our entire journey of this Shivar.

There is so much to write about. Each session had enough to fill pages and we had more than five to six per day. I will restrict this to be a synopsis and hopefully, others will share their experiences too.

As the Shivar came to a close, ending on a rousing note with a '*Shivirathi -s Have Talent*' kind of show of dance, songs and lots of joy we realized what an enthralling experience this Shivar had been. The vision of a new India – where sustainable development economic, social and environmental - are firmly

rooted in the spiritual foundation which is the bedrock of our civilization and has helped us outlast every other one on this planet – was here to see and experience in our very own Shirali.

The Math and the *Guru Parampara* are our treasures, our shared inheritance that we cannot afford to lose - in a world where so much of what is familiar is disappearing. This treasure is expanding rapidly through the many new projects undertaken as was evident from an excellent presentation made by our Standing Committee President, Praveen Kadle mam and Dilip Mavinkurve mam. But the key to unlocking this treasure for us is - engagement. We need to get engaged and partake in this treasure. Engaged in any which way – participate, volunteer, contribute.

Swamiji's special connection with the youth keeps the Math abreast of current affairs and in step with the times. During the Shivar, it was the young *shivirathi-s* who stole the show – in the *vimarsh* with their simple yet soul searching questions – in the talent show where we enjoyed the musical talent in Siya's melodious flute, the *argentram*- ready performance of young Vrinda, the capable anchoring of Veda and Shruti, the artistic contributions of Anushri and the playful comments of little Richa.

In Parama Pujya Swamiji we have a great leader who not only guides our spiritual development but also reconnects us to the exciting transformation taking place in this country. Swamiji's unconditional love for us changes us in ways that we could never possibly imagine and all for the better.

We bade fond farewells to each other and most importantly, to the *sanchalak-s*, all highly accomplished professionals who had left their day jobs and their families to be with us through these four days. We will be forever in their debt for having taken such good care of us and lived up to the Math tradition of making it our '*kulaar*' ( our mother's home).

While not all of us can be like Sharad and Seema Hemmady, who have left Silicon Valley to come and work in rural India, we definitely can spare a week to invest in ourselves and the future of our next generation.

Mark the next *Shivar* in your calendars and please don't miss it. You will come back enriched and inspired in more ways than one!

(Article courtesy: [www.chitrapurmath.net](http://www.chitrapurmath.net))

## Four Generations



**Mother – Tara Basrur Patel, Baby – Keira Tara Patel (born on 4<sup>th</sup> May 2016)  
Great Grand Mother – Shobha Bailur,  
Grand Mother – Udaya Suresh Manjeshwar**

## Four Generations



**Grandfather Dinkar Dattatreya Hirebet holding baby Aniket, Great grandfather  
Dattatreya Krishnarao Hirebet and father Ghanashyam Hirebet (photo taken in Feb 1980)  
..refer 2nd letter to editor**



## Ruby Wedding Anniversary



### Nandan & Nayan Nadkarny

26th January 1977 - 26th January 2017

***Congratulations on your 40th Anniversary, Amma and Papa***

No matter how harsh the storm was, you stood straight and firm,  
Supporting this way, all the way to 40 Years you have come!!!

**With Love & Gratitude,**

Leena & Prabhav, Swayamprabha & Kishore, Mangala & Gurudatt,  
All Kodials, Grand Children Pratham, Megh, Deep, Prasham, Pragya, Aadit, and  
The New Born Prince

## WE MISS YOU

Amma, Pappama, Amama, Panjama, Baby, Pachi



### **Kalthod Pandit Chandra Bai Appaji Rao**

(Nee Damble)

(02.08.1922 - 23.02.2016)

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Chandrashekhar, Rajaram, Guruprasad & Chithra Amarnath Honnavar

**Daughters-in-Law:-**

Prema, Aruna and Usha

**Grand Children:-**

Ranjan, Archana K.P., & Rashmi Anand Kaikini, Rohith, Ajith K.P., Latha Prashanth, Ashwin & Sachin K.P. Sudeep-Suman & Vikas-Swapna Honnavar

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- **Email ID:admin@kanarasaraswat.in, ravikalaprakash@gmail.com**
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# 105<sup>th</sup> Foundation Day of the Kanara Saraswat Association - 26<sup>th</sup> November 2016 Synopsis of the thoughts shared by the Awardees

*In our last issue we published the details of the Foundation Day programme, introduction of the people honoured and details of the awards given to different people for various achievements. Here we give the thoughts and views expressed by the awardees.*

**Smt. Smita Balvalli** : Awarded for her Konkani article 'Balprabodhini'.

"Let me first thank the KSA for selecting my article as one of the best Konkani articles. I lay this award at the feet of my Guru Shri Namchaitanya Bhanudas who has founded this NGO. He enthused me to write this article. I am very happy that this article has been selected as I feel that this will stimulate many people to read the article and the knowledge about this NGO and the work that it is doing will spread among the readers. I hope it will encourage more people to come forward to join the NGO and carry on its good work.

Many people have given me the encouragement and guidance to write in Konkani. First would like to thank Smt. Shyamala Bhat who is a well-known writer in both Konkani and Marathi. She guided me on the nuances of writing in Konkani. When I expressed diffidence in writing in Konkani, she told me to first write in Marathi and then translate it into Konkani.

The next two people I would like to pay a tribute to are my own mother late Smt. Vasudha Bhat and grandmother late Smt. Mira Mavinkurve. Both are well-known to readers of KSA as excellent writers who could convey their thoughts in a lucid manner in both Konkani and Marathi. My mother encouraged me to start writing. She would read my articles and praise them as well as give constructive criticism where necessary. Miraai, my grandmother would also express her happiness whenever I wrote something and would always say 'Keep writing'. My personality has been shaped by the influence of both these people.

My mother was instrumental in bringing me in contact with her Guru Shri Namchaitanya Bhanudas. Bhanudasji has researched on 'AdhyatmaVidnyan' or Science of the Mind. Their classes were conducted in Andheri where my mother used to go. Later these classes started being conducted in Borivali. As my children were small, my parents would come once a week to look after them and I would go to attend the classes. This led me to start working for Balprabodhini. I am really lucky to be able to do this work.

I must also give credit to the support I receive from my husband, children as well as other members of my family. I still have a lot to learn. I pray that I may have the strength and opportunities to continue doing this work".

She then read a story in Konkani. She ended with an urge to all present to speak in Konkani - 'Gomman Konkani' as she called it. She feared that otherwise our next generation will forget the language!

**Smt. Vasudha Kadle** : Awarded for her poem titled 'Kapalamoksha'.

Smt. Kadle first paid respect to our Guruparampara, her parents and parents-in-law. Saying that she preferred to let her poem express her feelings, she recited her poem -

चकित सुखद हो क्षणु  
लेक्कनी मंगेल्या जीवनांतु यॅद म्हुणु  
कविताराज्यांतुली हांव न्हयीशिली  
गुरूनेची वाट दाक्केयिली  
पयली कविता जी गुरूपरंपरा  
गुरूकृपेविना सुरू जावची कशी विचारधारा  
काळकांतु आशिल्या सान्न झाडाक  
के एम् ए ने हाणु दिल्लें उदाक  
झाड लागलें वाड्डूक  
के एम् ए ने संधी दिल्ली साधा फुल्लाक  
परमळी फुल्लासांगाती मेळूक  
शब्द मुच्चनाती आभार मानूक  
आभार मानीलशिवाय मनाक समाधान ना  
आयुष्यांतुल्लो हों अत्यंत सुखद क्षणु केन्नायी विस्सरना .

She thanked the Kanara Saraswat Association for this honour.

**Shri Sunil Ullal, Sports Secretary, KSA** spoke about the sports held during the Diwali 2016 programmes. He said that the prizes for all events had already been distributed except those of the Carrom and Table-tennis tournaments. He appreciated profusely the Saraswat Club, Santacruz who had come forward to participate in the Sports as well as Cultural Programmes.

He thanked the District Carrom Association who had given World-class Championship Carrom boards, coins, striker, stands as well as lights to the KSA at a nominal rent. These facilities attracted many people and the carrom tournaments went off very well. He said that

this year the KSA had decided to open this event to the students from the Sundatta High School and College with the result that the event had a lot of participation. He introduced the winner of the Carrom tournaments – a young boy, studying in class 8 - Divyesh Sakpal. He announced that this boy had emerged as a winner at the tournaments held at the national level also and will be going to Hongkong to represent India in the international Carrom tournaments.

In the TT Tournaments the team from Saraswat Club Santacruz had emerged as the winners and the Ganesh Prasad team was the runner-up.

Next the Prize for the upcoming Sportsman of the Year was given. This Cup is given in memory of Shri Suresh V Nadkarni (Babmam) by his family. This year the proud winner was Sushant Udiaver for his participation in the Marathon in Mumbai, Satara and New York.

**Sushant Udiaver**, a shy soft-spoken young man said "I was inspired by Nihar Kabbinal, my friend in Talmakiwadi who has run in many national and international marathons. It was during a trip to Singapore that I witnessed a Marathon there and the way the entire country was involved in the event. That further inspired me to participate in marathons. I am fortunate that I could train with a professional group where training schedules are respected and any injury, should it occur, is taken care of. It is not easy to participate but not impossible either. Fitness in India is growing as an industry and one sees a lot of people getting involved. I will be happy to see more of my friends getting involved in this". When asked what message he would like to give, he said "My message to everyone is that my generation has to look after their fitness as today's lifestyle demands it. Running is a very good exercise, so is walking. The most important thing is that whatever we do it should be done with consistency".

**Shri Bharat Nadkarni**, famous cricketer (ex-Ranji player) and a professor in Management School, spoke about his uncle Shri Suresh Nadkarni in whose name the Cup is given. He said "Babmam, as he was called, was my role model. He was an excellent Cricketer and Table-tennis player. But another important thing was that after he has completed his playing career, he also gave a lot to Sports working as an umpire in World-class TT tournaments and setting up the Mumbai Times Shield Cricket Tournament where all offices participate and many players have been picked from these tournaments". He ended with a small story about a Marathon runner from Kenya. When asked about how in spite of coming from a third-world country he could achieve the levels of endurance, stamina and speed

that marathon winners need, the Runner said that as a young boy in Kenya he used to run after giraffes trying to catch their tails. This helped him to develop the qualities of a marathon runner.

**Neeraja Rao** (granddaughter of Shri Vombatkere Chandrashekhar Rao) spoke on behalf of her grandmother – She said "I would like to give you a little insight into my Grandfather's life.

A life lived helping others is a life worthwhile.

Such was the life lived by Mr. Vombatkere Chandrashekhar GaneshSunder Rao.

A diligent man, brave enough to migrate all by himself from Udupi to Mumbai at a very young age of 22.

He lived his life to his fullest and served its purpose.

A man with a humble heart and plenty of zealous courage to help

He started working with the KSA.

After establishing a family of his own, he looked after not only their needs but also helped out every relative in need.

He was dedicated to his family, to KSA and wherever he could help.

His golden heart extended to any length to strive for goodwill.

He dedicated a lot of manhours in identifying, sourcing and establishing the KSA Holiday Home at Nashik.

I consider it a privilege to be his granddaughter and it fills me with immense pride to get this chance to describe what I have always heard about Ajja. His life was short but was worth all the time spent because he did not wait for tomorrow but kept on going. It is a proud moment for his family and also him as I am sure he is looking down upon all of us today right now. Thank you KSA for this considerate move to appreciate his hard work".

**Speech by Cdr. Shrirang N. Bijur (Retd)** could not be printed in this issue due to unavoidable reasons. It will be printed in the next issue.

**Shri Raghunath N Gokarn** : Raghunathmam's neice Shruti Gokarn read out his speech. We give here a summary.

"President, Vice-President and Office Bearers of Kanara Saraswat Association,

We thank you for honouring us for pursuing the work of uploading the Chitrapur Saraswat Family Trees. In a way in honouring us the Association has recognized the importance of the project of uploading of Chitrapur Saraswat Family Trees launched by the Association in 1997, almost 20 years ago, and once again focused the attention of our community members on this project.

Personally my involvement in the project of updating of Chitrapur Saraswat Family Trees has been a hobby, something akin to solving Sudoku. I get pleasure and a good mental exercise. Every day I spend four to five hours in this work.

Talmaki is an outstanding person who has made significant contribution to the economic, social and cultural welfare of our community. He started SVC Bank in 1906, this Association in 1911 and the first cooperative housing society in Gamdevi in 1915. Thereafter in 1936 Anandashram Coop Housing Society was established and in 1938 Dubhashwadi, now renamed as Talmakiwadi was developed.

To such a remarkable person we dedicate this honour bestowed on us for our small contribution as a tribute to him.

It will not be out of place if I narrate the background and the progress of the project of Updating of Family Trees. The Family Trees published in three parts were compiled by Talmaki during the first half of the last century. The books were out of print. Sadanand Bhatkal, former President of the Association, believed that it was necessary to update these Family Trees and that they should not be allowed to get lost in history. In 1997, he took the initiative to launch the Project of Updating of these Family Trees on the basis of Talmaki's basic work under the auspices of the Kanara Saraswat Association. Even before that some individuals had already taken up updating of their own family trees. Manohar Mogral had done a lot of research and updated his family tree along with those of his family members and his book was published. Ravi Khambadkone has updated his family tree. Dr. Sudhir Moodbidri had also updated many family trees. All of them were very helpful in this project. Sadanand Bhatkal conceived the idea, designed and planned the project of updating all family trees compiled by Talmaki. While updating it, it was decided to include the names of female members, names of grandmothers, mothers, sisters, aunts and sisters-in-law. It was also decided to include the date and place of birth, marriage and expiry. This project could not be handled single handedly as Talmaki did. So Sadanand Bhatkal started looking for volunteers to form a group. I must emphasize that during the initial years many volunteers have contributed their time and energy and even money to the progress of this project. It is a group effort and Dr Moodbidri and I are running ahead, holding the baton given by Talmakimam and will continue to run so long we are physically and mentally fit. We would therefore like to share this honour with these volunteers.

This project was conceived in two phases. In the first phase it was decided to print and publish all the matter

from the three parts of Saraswat families excluding the genealogical trees. Kanara Saraswat Association published this book in 2007.

Simultaneously in the second phase the actual work of updating of family trees was started.

In 1998 forms were distributed among our people seeking the required information. The response was fairly good although not to our expectations. Forms were also circulated along with the 2001 Census Forms. All the forms received by the Association had to be arranged alphabetically, numbered as per the number given by Talmaki and filed. They were 504 in all. This work was laborious and time consuming. Anand Nadkarni, the present member of the Managing Committee of the Association and Late Shekhar Puthli undertook this work. These files are preserved and frequently referred to. Then began the work of transferring the data received in these forms electronically in the respective family trees. Fortunately, a software called Family Tree Maker was available in America. And Mahesh Kalyanpur, the then Chairman of the Association arranged to procure it. We are using this programme even now.

The details given in the forms were required to be meticulously fed into the computer. Sadanand Bhatkal entrusted this work to many. Among them, two (Late) Amembal Subbarao and Vasant Chandragiri consistently devoted considerable time and energy to updating this work. They took up each file and went through every form and fed the details into the computer. Both of them and a few others used to come regularly to KSA office for this work two days in a week. They completed their work of all the 594 family trees and it was announced that the second phase of this project had been completed.

However, while reviewing the updated families we noticed that there were many gaps and lacunae and even errors. It was therefore necessary to audit each family tree and try further to cover up the gaps and rectify the errors. We are happy to say that we have succeeded to some extent in collecting more relevant data. But we also realized that much more is yet to be achieved to complete the updating. We have been constantly adopting various ways to collect the data. We are using many means of communication, such as Post, Courier Service, Telephone, Mobile, email and of course by personally approaching people. We are making use of various sources including Wikipedia, and Google. But the Chief source has been our magazine, Kanara Saraswat.

I have compiled the Domestic Tidings right from 1919 up to date and I add on the tidings every month. In recent years, Kanara Saraswat is publishing announcements of Anniversaries , Jubilees and Obituaries. They provide

information about the families. Besides the Census Directories, Directory of All India Chitrapur Saraswat Defence Convention, Chitrapur Saraswat Musicians Directory published by Kanara Saraswat Association have been our good sources.

Many of our friends are also helping us to collect the required details. I would name only two of them Dilip Puthli and Gurudutt Mundkur with whom I am constantly in contact. I wish to publicly thank them all.

In the process of updating of Family Trees our experience has been sometimes satisfying, sometimes funny, sometimes disappointing and even frustrating, satisfying because it encourages to pursue the work and disappointing because of lack of positive response from the people.

I appeal to all the members of our community to help us in this work. Even if a few members from every family come forward to provide us the required information we will be able to make faster progress. We can provide updated family trees to whoever wants them in PDF format. They on their own can also continue to update their family trees in the years to come.

**Dr. Sudhir Moodbidri:** "I thank KSA for this honour. Shruti just read Raghunathmam's message where he has explained in detail how we approached this project, the techniques used and the people who helped us. I will tell in brief my experiences. In these 10 – 15 years since I got involved in the Family Tree project, the requests that came to us regarding information about family trees can be grouped into 2 categories. The first consists of people who want to know for the purpose of removing a naag-dosha or other religious purposes. Once that is achieved they do not give any further info that we seek or co-operate on any count. The second category consists of those who want to know their family tree out of curiosity and for knowledge about their relatives. They give us info about their ancestors. Many such people have come to my house and taken the trouble to spend their time, looked at their family tree in detail, filled the gaps especially regarding in-laws. That is something we appreciate and look for. So like Raghunathmam, I too appeal to you to come and help us. You and your future generations will definitely benefit from this sometime in the future. Thank you".

Rounding up the proceedings **Prof. Kalindi Muzumdar** said "Before commencing my short speech I pay my respects to our Holy Guruparampara. We all have a lot to learn from these people who have won tournaments, awards for their writing and others who have done and are doing self-less social work. I believe there are 5 factors which we have to learn from them. The first is Self-confidence. Faith in yourself is faith in

God. You must have all heard of the famous wrestler Muhammad Ali. Well, his mantra was "I can". Second is Concentration on whatever you set out to achieve. We all have heard the story of Arjuna who saw only the eye of the fish that he was to shoot. Third is to leave your ego behind. Do not be proud about what you achieve. Fourth is 'Sarvadharmasamabhava'. Do not look down upon others whether they may be different from you economically or by religion. And last but not the least is determination.

Each one of us must take care of one's own health. (Referring to a previous mention about whether Amchi food is healthy she said) I remember in the olden days when we used to go to our village, not many different kinds of vegetables were available. But the women would make use of each part of the vegetable – including the seeds and the skins. Many times the skin and seeds contain a lot of nutrients – something that is forgotten today.

Last but not the least is Exercise. Those who cannot run like our Marathon Runner here can always do yogasanas, Dhyan, Manan. We must remember to keep our brain active. Keep reading, writing, to keep ailments like Alzheimer's and Dementia away. God has given each of us different capacities. We must use these to serve the community, family and self. Thank you."

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## DR. HARISH KODIAL

By DR. PRAKASH MAVINKURVE

In the early hours of 4th December 2016, the cruel hands of fate snatched away Dr. Harish Kodial, Ex President of the Kanara Saraswat Association, an excellent Eye Surgeon, teacher & guide, and most of all a very nice human being.

Born on the 9th November 1945, Dr Kodial passed out from the Wilson High School. He passed his MBBS from Grant Medical College & J. J. Hospital, followed by MS Ophthalmology securing second place in the University of Mumbai. At the same time he also passed his FCPS and DOMS examinations from the College of Physicians & Surgeons, Mumbai, securing Gold Medals in both. He trained under and worked with senior and renowned ophthalmologist, Dr. Phiroze Banaji for a while, before starting his own private medical practice at Gamdevi, Mumbai.

During his forty-five year long career, he served as Consultant Ophthalmologist in Haji Bacchoo Ali Hospital, Jaslok Hospital, Motiben Dalvi Hospital, Breach Candy Hospital, Goa Hindu Association Polyclinic and the KSA Health Centre.

A pioneer of Phacoemulsification surgeries in Mumbai, he taught many upcoming ophthalmologists. All his students and residents remember him as a vastly experienced and excellent teacher, and also as a jolly, kind and loving human being who took a personal interest in their welfare. His motto was, 'the more you teach, the more you learn.' And learn he did! Even in his last few months, he would discuss various updates in ophthalmology with young eye surgeons, trying to imbibe whatever knowledge he could..

He presented various academic papers and videos at National and International Conferences. He was invited to perform live surgery demonstrations at many well-known hospitals like the L. V. Prasad Eye

Institute at Hyderabad.

As President of the KSA, he led by example as he attended the Health Centre, even when his health was

failing. He took a keen interest in the renovations recently carried out, and has donated many Ophthalmology equipments to the Centre. He used to do free surgeries, sometimes even spending from his pocket for their Hospital stay and intra ocular lenses.

For me, it's a personal loss as I had been associated with him for almost 36 years professionally and longer as a friend.. Having passed my MD, I was in a dilemma as many young doctors are – to start independent practice or stay back

as a full timer. It was Harish saying 'No risk, no gain' that helped me take the plunge into private practice. A decision I have never regretted and for which I have always grateful to him. Not only that, he helped expand my practice by introducing me to some very senior ophthalmologists with whom I got an opportunity to work. He was like an elder brother, a friend, philosopher and guide - always there when I needed him. His mother Mirapacchi, who passed away three weeks after Harish, would call us 'Ram Lakshman Jodi'. We worked together, often travelled together. Both of us being Scorpios (November born) we had much in common - food likes and dislike, travels, love for music. He was himself a good singer and till recently used to take singing lessons. His humour was legendary, and a surefire 'mood elevator'. A quality, amongst many, for which he will always be remembered.

He has left behind wife Kalindi, son Pranav and daughter Priya, their families, and of course many many friends,

Good bye, brother.



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# Bhanaps, the Ustad and his Humour

N. J. Rao



*Ustad Khadim Hussain Khan 'Sajan Piya'*

There seems to have been a great attraction for Bhanaps to learn Hindustani classical music from the early decades of the twentieth century. It is amazing to see how a lot of them gravitated towards learning from gurus who belonged to – or had strong connections with – the Agra Gharana. Ustad Khadim Hussain Khan in Bombay, Pandit S.N. Ratanjankar in Lucknow (and later Bombay), Pandit Ramarao Naik in Bangalore are examples that come immediately to mind. A great deal is known about their musical genius and their amazing capacity to impart this difficult, complex and totally captivating art form to their numerous disciples.

I would like to reminisce about Ustad Khadim Hussain Khan's Bhanap disciples and the humane and humorous aspects of his character that I became aware of through my long and close association with him.

While Khansaheb had a plethora of outstanding disciples, his association with Bhanap disciples needs mention. Krishna Udyaver was among his earlier distinguished disciples. Khansaheb had trained her to be such an outstanding performer that, while she was still

doing her M.A., All India Radio invited her to perform in the National Programme of Music, an honour reserved for the top Ustads, Pandits and Vidushis of the time. The colossus of the Gharana, Ustad Faiyaz Khan living in Baroda, chanced to switch on the radio and was greatly impressed by Krishnapachi's rendering, as it was close to the style of his own gharana. On enquiring, he was told that she was the disciple of none other than his nephew Khadim Hussain. Immediately the great Ustad remarked that his 'Khadmu' (as Faiyaz Khan endearingly called him) was indeed a great teacher.

Khansaheb frequently spoke of Ratnakar Hattangady, brother of our tabla legend, H. Taranath Rao. Ratnakarmam had a beautiful voice and picked up the gayaki so well that Khansaheb predicted that he was going to be one of the ace performers of the country. Unfortunately his untimely demise left his family and Khansaheb heartbroken, and deprived the musical world and our community of a great musician.

Another distinguished Bhanap disciple of Khansaheb was Mohan Chickermane. He too sang beautifully but was unfortunately blind. So Khansaheb used to go to his house regularly to teach him. Mohanmam performed on AIR, taught music and trained many disciples. His disciples in Sirsi were so fond of and devoted to him that they regularly organised programmes in his memory. Among Mohanmam's numerous disciples was the late Sorab Rajamam, whom most of us knew well. Apart from singing very well, he also looked after the sale of Math products in Shirali and at other camps of Poojya Swamiji.

Khansaheb's disciple Saguna Kalyanpur was also an excellent musician and has performed in

the National Programme of All India Radio and many sangeet sammelans all over the country. Khansaheb would go all the way to her Santa Cruz house in Bombay to teach her and would often say “हमारी सगुणा, वाह! क्या गाती है!”

Lalith's wish to learn from Khansaheb became a reality when we moved from Delhi to Bombay in 1969, and it was Sagunapachi who introduced us to Khansaheb for which we are eternally grateful to her.

Lalith is also among Khansaheb's prominent disciples and he open-heartedly bestowed on her an ocean of musical vidya. Khansaheb was so fond of Lalith that he used to say that she was one of his favourite disciples. Here I may venture to add that he was equally fond of me, as I was of him. He called my father 'Raosaheb' and he called me just 'Rao'. Khansaheb would come home to teach Lalith in the evenings, after all his other tuitions, and I would always drop him home. Knowing that I was deeply interested in the 'तालीम', Khansaheb simply would not start teaching Lalith until I got home, no matter how late!

One day, Lalith got a bit annoyed with him and said: “खाँसाहब, शागिर्द तो मैं हूँ, मगर आप राव को ज्यादा प्यार करते हैं, ये क्यों?” To which he replied: “गुस्सा मत करो ललिता, तू तो मेरी शागिर्द है, मगर राव तो मेरा बेटा है!S” Such was our close bond with the great Ustad and he was indeed just like a father to us. He showered his love and affection on all his disciples and, most important, united all of them into a close-knit group of friends.

His sense of humour was instant. Khansaheb was one of the most broadminded teachers of music I have ever come across. He would encourage his disciples to listen to all musicians and absorb their aesthetic aspects but would insist that they meticulously stick to the raga form, tala and the gayaki. That is why his disciples developed their own individual styles yet have the unmistakable stamp of the Gharana. He often encouraged us to listen to stalwarts like Amir Khan, Krishnarao

Pandit, Bhimsen Joshi, and others. Once, after we returned from a concert of Amir Khan, he asked us what ragas he sang. We said Darbari and Janasanmohini. With a twinkle in his eyes, he immediately quipped: “जन संघ मोहिनी? अच्छा, तो मुझे शिव सेना सोहिनी गाना पड़ेगा!” Likewise when someone sang a raga and announced it as 'Saurashtra Bilaval', his immediate repartee was that he would sing 'Uttar Pradesh Todi'!

I remember Khansaheb saying that a musician from the (undivided) Punjab once came to Bombay and sang a rare raga in a sammelan. When Khansaheb asked him what raga it was, the singer said it was called “धाक्डा” (Dhakda). Then came Khansaheb's turn when he too sang a very uncommon raga. When the Punjabi musician asked what the raga was, Khansaheb replied with his enigmatic smile, “आप ने धाक्डा गाया, तो ये क्दानधा है!”

Khansaheb's disciples used to arrange an annual concert during Guru Poornima at which his noted disciples would perform and the public would be invited. The press would often review it, and the ace music critic Mohan Nadkarni, who was a great admirer of Khansaheb, would also be present. One year Khansaheb insisted that all the beginners should also sing, even if it was just for 15 minutes. The beginners were quite nervous but Khansaheb constantly flitted around and encouraged them. In the next day's papers, Mohanmam wrote that it was a delight to see the great Ustad caring for his disciples like a mother hen caring for her chicks. When Khansaheb came home and asked what was written in the paper, I jokingly told him: “खाँसाहब, उन्होने लिखा है कि आप मुर्गी है!” Taken aback, he remarked: “मुर्गी? कमबख्त, कम से कम मुर्गा तो कहते!” Later when I explained to him the context in which it was written, he was quite pleased.

I will only mention one musical aspect of Khansaheb. Apart from being a musician and teacher par excellence, he was also a prolific composer and a majority of his compositions

were on Krishna. One day, Lalith asked him: “खाँसाहब, आप तो मुसलमान हैं, मगर आप के कई बंदिशें कृष्ण भगवान पर हैं, ये कैसे?” To which he replied: “ललिता, संगीत में मजहब नहीं है, हम सब माँ सरस्वती के उपासक हैं, और सच बोलूँ तो कान्हा के बिना गाना ही है.” What an open-minded Ustad!

Khansaheb has given some memorable recitals in formal and informal sittings, some of which I have had the great pleasure and privilege of recording. The late Shri Promod Shankar of the recording company, Pragnya, was highly impressed listening to my recordings of Khansaheb, even though he was well over 70 when performing them. Promodji insisted that he would bring out CDs of Khansaheb and the result is Pragnya's 4-CD album titled The Legacy Continues: An Agra Gharana Heritage Collection comprising live recordings of Khansaheb, Lalith and eight of Lalith's disciples. Thus Khansaheb's 'sureel' voice and soul-stirring music lives on in the minds and hearts of music lovers.

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# Remembering Pappa

(A tribute to Ramchand Sujir)

*Namita Sujir Talgeri*

My earliest memory of pappa is waiting for him to come home from work. People used to say that as a baby I had a special connection with him and hence would know exactly when he was nearing home. He helped me in my studies. He was extremely patient and I rarely remember him scolding me. One day I failed in Maths (though I did very well in other papers). That evening he said, "Let's celebrate". I asked why to which he replied "Let's try celebrating failure". That made handling failure easy, and also made me more responsible. He was friendly, had a good sense of humour which would result in several serious conversations ending in a joke. I don't ever remember him demanding anything; everything was expressed as a request. I respected my father. But even more I respected him as a person.



When he passed away eight years ago, there was one strong feeling I was left with – short changed. I felt cheated. My family lay broken. My biggest strength, my strongest influence was no more. What happened was bad; what made it worse was that it was so sudden. What followed was a series of awful days. Life was never the same for my mother and me. No more long conversations as a family, no more laughing as a family, no more making fun of each other, no more travelling together. ....

Blessed with family and friends who supported us, life moved on. I am not sure if life heals certain things but life certainly has its own way of compensating and giving you things to appreciate and live for.

On one of pappa's birth anniversaries, I had requested my family to write down a few words about the way they remember him. My family responded promptly and described him in the most beautiful of ways. Till date that has been the best gift I have received. It was only then that I realized how much he was liked and missed by everyone.

I read those write-ups frequently. It helps me to remember him fondly. Pappa was described as friendly, jovial, helpful, positive, intelligent and so on. But above all most remembered him for the way he made them feel accepted, supported and encouraged. He made them feel that he would always be there for them, no matter what. He made them feel that it was ok to be the way they were. No wonder he was a favourite with people of all ages.

Dear pappa, paying a tribute to you has been difficult, because it only reminds me of your absence. But I'd like you to know that I think of you each day, miss you each day, because you made me feel special.....so special.

***"I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel."- Maya Angelo***

# IWOTY 2016

GOPINATH MAVINKURVE

The Oxford Dictionaries Word of the Year 2016 (WOTY 2016) is "**post-truth**" – an adjective defined as 'relating to or denoting circumstances in which objective facts are less influential in shaping public opinion than appeals to emotion and personal belief'. Brexit and Trump victory have been cited as the primary reasons for the word to earn the coveted position.

"**Xenophobia**" is Dictionary.com's 2016 Word of the Year. The word finds its roots in two Greek words, *xénos* meaning "stranger, guest," and *phóbos* meaning "fear, panic" Meaning: Fear or hatred of foreigners, people from different cultures, or strangers.

The Collins Dictionary voted for "**Brexit**" - The exit of Britain from the European Union.

The Merriam Webster Dictionary invited readers on their website to describe the year 2016. The WOTY 2016 was announced to be "**Surreal**", Meaning "marked by the intense irrational reality of a dream,"

Cambridge Dictionary Word of the Year for 2016 is "**Paranoid**".

Clearly, the unexpected referendum by the British to quit the EU and the uncertain future of the people in the region clearly emerged as the theme reflected in the WOTY announced by dictionaries in this region.

Indians would however opt for other themes that defined their lives in 2016.

What would the Indian Word of the Year 2016 (IWOTY 2016) be if there was such a practice of announcing one that ruled Indian minds? Let me offer some potential candidates before choosing the one that deserves the title of IWOTY 2016.

1. "**E-Mohalla**" - Social Media platforms like Twitter and Facebook, where people come and behave virtually in the same manner as they would have behaved in a crowded street corner Mohalla. For this behavior, one cannot blame the online platform provided by global giants but the users who make it what it has become of late – a E-Mohalla.

2. "**Bhakts**" - Although the word means "devotee" and originally referred to ardent devotees of the Deities of one's choice, in 2016 this word is usually referred to those who cannot tolerate any criticism of our beloved Prime Minister or the political party.

3. "**Libtards**" stands for "liberal retards." A libtard lives in a fantasy world and refuse to see reality in the world around them. Anyone opposing

"bhakts" are automatically branded "libtards" by the former. According to the "bhakts", liberal thinkers don't exist - only libtards do. The battle lines are drawn!

4. "**Full-Forming**" – Sorry, readers! Had to make up this word for lack of one. Acronyms are words made from the first letters of a string of words, e.g. RADAR, VIBGYOR, SCUBA etc. However "Full-Forming" is expanding an existing word into anything one fancies and then ask, "Did you know this word <insert random word> stood for so and so... <insert your full form here>?"

e.g. "Did you know 'Word' actually stood for 'Will Only Read Dictionary'?" You didn't? Ok, nor did I. Not before I had to illustrate this phenomenon of "full-forming"! If you are a true Indian, Full-Formism is just one such way to prove it! Other ways are to be one of the words short-listed above.

5. "**True-Indian**" - Patriotism is a trait to be proved – time and again! You will be judged by one and all - for every word uttered by you - or through your actions. Relax, folks but never would you be stamped "Un-Indian" by your inactions! After all, Inaction defines us Indians, doesn't it?

6. "**Demonetisation**" - The singular action of bravery with great intent that foxed almost all Indians when announced by our PM on the evening of 8<sup>th</sup> of November 2016. This word has been on the lips of one and all Indians ever since, irrespective of age, sex, race, caste, community and region, whatever. Even the inability to pronounce the word correctly has not deterred any Indian to bravely attempt to speak about it and how it affected him/her. Several debates have been held on the effects of the action in TV Channel studios and they will continue to be held for some time to come for sure.

Although the Indian Economy has been affected by the scourge of Black and Grey Money, which it is grappling to sort out from the White, there is absolutely no predicament we are faced with, in selecting the winner from amongst the contenders for being IWOTY 2016:

No prizes for guessing that "Demonetisation" is the winner of the title of IWOTY 2016!

The author can be contacted at

Email: [g\\_mavinkurve@hotmail.com](mailto:g_mavinkurve@hotmail.com)

# MEssy

CHAITANYA PANDIT

MEssy with this title one may wonder whether the article is about the wonder boy from the World of Soccer – Lionel Messi, who was appointed as global ambassador for the renowned Indian Corporate Tata Motors. But here MEssy is in diverse perspective meaning disorganized, chaotic, muddled or untidy.

Impulsive decision, confusion or cross roads, rash driving, impatience or persistent restlessness, low or over confidence, bad mouthed, poor temperament, work pressure, stress or panic, fear, excessive ego, superiority or inferiority complex, attitude problem, poor time management, loss of concentration, absent mindedness, poor memory are some of the reasons that lead to MEss in our personal life.

MEss is defined in dictionary in different contexts. It could be utter chaos, topsy-turvy or ordinarily known as MEss or confusion, embarrassing, pathetic, weird, ridiculous, stupid or funny or disorderly.

MEss is concerned with ME that encompass all of us, human beings. We land up in a MEss in our day to day life at different times, at different places and get ridiculed. Some people are least bothered about tidiness. They prefer remaining in a Mess and enjoy it, may be due to lack of adequate time or utter careless not adhering to time or could be out of sheer laziness. Often we see people in office with dishevelled hair, overgrown, untrimmed beard, and shirt not properly tucked inside the trousers, with the top button of the shirt open, shoes not polished for months together or wearing shoes without socks. Their work place, drawers are in an utter MEss. Some MEssy incidents are hilarious, bringing a smile on our faces while some could be disastrous as well and some could be fatal.

I am reminded of a distinctly funny incident. One Sunday morning, I was engrossed in reading the newspaper unperturbed by the surroundings. The news about India's victory in a world cup cricket match against its arch rival Pakistan held my complete attention. The media had given excellent coverage right from the front page with two more inside pages that included and editorial and the sport page as well with crispy comments from yesteryears' cricketers and critics. My wife had gone out to fetch some household items. More than 45 minutes passed. Suddenly it struck me that my wife had specifically told me to keep an eye on our daughter, a toddler little less than three year old. She had left her behind under my care. How absent minded we men are!

Fearing my wife's wrath, I immediately got up

from my favourite chair and started search operations for my sweet little daughter in my two BHK Apartment. I searched for her in the bedrooms, behind her usual hiding places like doors, cupboards, and refrigerator and below the double bed, behind the sofa in the living room, balcony, and

bathroom. No trace of her! I became tense, frightened, my heartbeats increased. Though it was a cold winter morning, I started palpitating, drops of sweat rolling down my forehead. Lastly, cursing my fate, frantically I entered the kitchen. What could have happened? My mind was full of unpleasant thoughts.

With trembling feet and pounding heart I entered the kitchen. And lo! There she was, sitting there at ease enjoying her Messy moment! My entire tension vanished at once and was replaced by sheer admiration.

Dressed in a petticoat she was sitting engrossed in a corner just underneath the sink. With her tiny hands she had opened a plastic container containing wheat flour and was thoroughly enjoying herself emptying it on the floor, spreading it and playing merrily in it. Her entire body, cheeks, eyebrows, hair were fully covered with wheat flour. She was looking funny but pretty though in an utter MEss. Careful not to disturb her I quickly brought my camera from my wardrobe and snapped a couple of photographs. Then I grabbed her lovingly, dusted and cleared the MEss hurriedly before my wife arrived on the scene. This MEss I could enjoy. But had it been chilli powder what would have happened GOD only knows!

During our school or college days, in competitive exams we bungle in our answers and lose coveted marks that affect our final score resulting in loss of precious seat in a professional course. Very often we lose focus or concentration that leads to forgetting key formulas and become panicky that forces us to commit errors or a MEss.

Even in sports we compare ourselves with the competitor's strength rather than upgrading our skill to that next level thus losing our focus and the ultimate aim and create a MEss.

In Cricket, due to sudden rush of adrenaline, a





well set batsman goes for a huge six, misses the line completely and lands up in giving a simple catch to an alert fielder. Sometimes the fielder misjudges and floors a simple catch thus tilting the entire game that could have won, in opponent's favour. So also in the game of Hockey or Football, a defender may pass the ball to his Goal Keeper who slips in the fast paced game and the ball enters the home net that results in to self goal to the sheer dismay of the concerned defender and the goalie. Such instances of causing MEss in various sports at the last moment where sure shot victory turns in to dreadful defeat are very often heard of.

We too are not exception to such kind of MEss. We carry lot of ideas in our mind to improve our lifestyle, copying our seniors, peers, colleagues, neighbours etc. While copying sometimes we overstretch ourselves or some time we fall short and land ourselves in a MEss.

How many times we create a Mess for ourselves, be it by adding a bit too much of salt in that curry or pulling out an ironed shirt from under a neat pile of clothes and upsetting the entire arrangement!

Even so called professional celebrities are no exception to MEss. Media are more vocal on wardrobe malfunctioning. We do MEss up things due to lack of adequate legal knowledge or presence of mind or out of fear of the so called criminals.

Various fatal rail, road, air, ship accidents take place due to a MEss either by the concerned authorities, negligence of maintenance staff or by the people behind the wheels for speeding or lane cutting or any such other traffic related offences or lack of adequate administrative or regulatory controls, improper planning or judgement errors etc.

We come across news items of medical MEss such as forgetting a scissor or knife in patient's body during operation or MEssing with blood or urine samples during pathology test and subsequent consultancy leading to wrong medication.

MEss could also be effectively used in entertaining the masses. We know jokers in a circus or artists who through their MEssy stunts enthral the audience. Innumerable jokes have emanated from the typographical or grammatical errors in varied languages world over which are effectively used in cinemas or dramas to create humour.

In making or entering in to relations other than blood relations (where there is no choice available) many a times we MEss up. There could be an error of judgement in selecting our life partner, close friends. Slight misjudgement or misunderstanding could lead to MEss in a relationship and make our lives miserable. Betrayal of trust, inferiority complex or insecurity creates insurmountable MEss in relationships.

MEss is the very nature of human beings. Every situation is volatile, dynamic, keeps on changing at every stage, at every moment. That is why we need to evaluate ourselves at regular intervals. Self-appraisal, self-introspection or self-evaluation is the tool to understand where we stand, where we have gone wrong and how to overcome these wrong doings, how to avoid MEss by effectively introducing remedial measures. Either overcome the MEss or suffer silently or enjoy and laugh it out.

Individuals, having clear conviction about their set goals, thoughts or ideas, imagination or vision with tremendous self-confidence, self-motivation, wisdom and dexterity can get out of MEss. They are the Leaders or Team Leaders in their respective fields in true sense. Thus to be successful, one need the right direction at right time, in right proportion and self-determination and self-control or maturity. These leaders understand their potential and limitations very well. They move ahead without wilting under pressure and avoid getting trapped in avoidable MEss or chaos. They succeed in getting wholly liberated from cascading murkier effects of the MEss, emerging victorious rather than languishing in the lurking dark shadow of MEss.

<<<>>>

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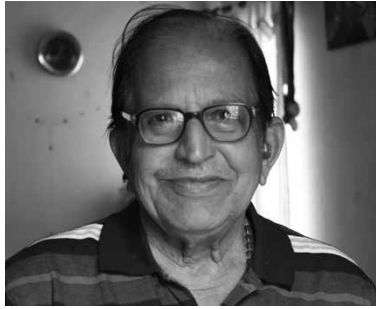
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## Late Dr. Arvind Masurkar – A tribute



It is a little over a year since Masurkar Arvindmam of Sanikatta, a tiny village near Gokarn, passed away. His end came on Sunday, 4th Oct. 2015, at the age of 85, after a brief period of suffering, patiently borne. Gifted with a pleasant and jovial personality and helpful nature, Arvindmam was hugely popular in the region-not only in Sanikatta and Gokarn but in the surrounding areas covering Bankikodla, Madanageri, Ankola and even Kumta. Arvindmam was my wife Usha's maternal uncle.

Born in Sanikatta on 29th Nov. 1930, in their ancestral house, Arvindmam grew up with his elder siblings, Late Mira Murdeshwar and Balakram. Their parents, Agand-Ajja and Aayi ( to all of us ), were, indeed God-parents to all the nearby folks and in the region. Agand-Ajja( his full name was Raghavendra) and Aayi (Shantabai) were a highly respected, pleasing and hospitable couple and their doors were always 'open' to relatives and 'Amchis' visiting Gokarn.

Arvindmam completed his matriculation from Bhadrakali High School, Gokarn. He had a successful career with Kolkata based G.D. Pharmaceuticals in marketing their product range and travelled extensively to various parts of India.

Simultaneously, he took a course in Homeopathy which was very dear to him and became a full fledged Homeopathic physician. He had an intense desire to serve the poor and downtrodden in his native Sanikatta. After his parents passed away, Arvindmam moved to Sanikatta in 1982, commenced his medical practice and achieved commendable success in his profession. To the poor, he dispensed medicines absolutely free. He achieved a name in numerous, difficult delivery cases where his treatment worked well and the beneficiaries adored him with grateful thanks.

Like his father, Arvindmam was a gentleman to the core, soft spoken and always with a smile on his face, witty and humorous and hospitable. Above all, he was humane and extremely generous. During PP Swamiji's 'Chaturmas Vrita' at Shri Bhandikeri Math, Gokarn in the years 2001 and 2011, Arvindmam and his wife Lalitamami participated in various capacities and rendered their service. He took keen interest in Chaturmas arrangements and was a Committee member in 2001. Also, during the 2007 'Chaturmas' at Shri Guru Math, Mallapur, he had a major role to play. Relatives and visiting devotees, who knew the couple, took a break to visit Sanikatta and savor their hospitality. Many of them stayed at their place during their sojourn.

Arvindmam took active interest in The Nagarbail Salt Owners' Co-operative Society based in Sanikatta and served the organisation admirably in various capacities- as a member of the Managing Committee, Works Committee and Vice-Chairman- and guided the Society's welfare. He had a keen sense of scientific salt production and also bee-keeping and at one time, had several bee-hives in their compound and near the salt pan area which they owned. Lalitamami stood by his side, all the time and was a source of inspiration to Arvindmam in all his endeavors. We all miss him and his admirable personality.

Arvindmam leaves behind Lalitamami, son Vivek and his family, daughter Sheela Ramakrishna and her family, brother Balakram-mam, near and dear ones and a large number of admirers. May his soul rest in everlasting peace.

**Satyanarayan Pandit**

Andheri, Mumbai.

December, 2016.

Note: With in-puts from Lalitmami, Vivek and Sheela, this writeup is in remembrance of Arvindmam on his 1st death anniversary on 4th Oct. 2016.

# Building up psychological immunity for a healthier life

VIVEK HATTANGADI

We all know what immunity is. Our biological (i.e. physical) immune system protects the body from harmful substances like bacteria and toxins. We have adequate biological defenses to keep us away from infection, disease, or other toxic biological attacks. The body's first line of defense is the skin and lining of the cavities (like in the stomach, intestines and lungs). They act as a barrier to the entry of unwanted substances, bacteria or virus. Then we have the leukocytes (or the white blood corpuscles). A sneeze, though considered 'anti-social' can help us eliminate pathogens which have entered the body. The immune system functions efficiently only if it is supplied with adequate nutrients.

Just as our physical immune system protects us from toxins in our environment our psychological immune system protects us from the toxins generated from constant worry, nervous tension and anxiety that we experience in this big, bad world. It has now been scientifically proved that stress increases vulnerability to infectious disease. The psychological immune system protects us from prolonging or experiencing extreme negative emotions.

What does "Psychological Immune System" actually mean? For instance, we experience it when we get over our negative frame of mind much sooner than we predict. This can be attributed to the secret work of the psychological immune system. The most incredible things about the human mind is its resilience - the ability of the human organism to prevail over stressors in the environment. As human beings, we are resilient and, therefore, able to combat these stressors and return to our normal levels of functioning very fast.

The physical immune system produces antibodies to protect us from biochemical toxins. Similarly the psychological immune system also produces "antibodies" and protects us from psychological toxins. In order to be resilient it is important that we build up both; our physical and emotional immune systems. Developing an efficient psychological immune system is as important as developing a healthy biological immune system.

What are the nutrients required to develop a healthy psychological immune system?

Maintain a bright, cheerful and positive outlook. This power of optimism can strengthen our body's ability to fight off infection. Happier, positive and serene people tend to have a healthy life. And such people may react in healthier ways towards stress, helping them to recover faster.

We should work to develop a sense of humor. Humor not only relieves distressful feelings, but also helps to manage our emotional states. Receptivity to humor can stimulate our ability to be increasingly interactive with,

and even proactive towards the world around us. We can thus experience the healing potential of humor which helps us to become healthier beings. Humor has the power to help us change and manage our biochemical, cognitive, emotional, and behavioral states.

Fun and laughter can also build up our psychological immune system. It is a strong medicine for mind and body. Nothing works faster or more dependably to bring our mind and body back into balance than a good laugh. Laughter boosts the immune system. Laughter decreases stress hormones and increases immune cells and infection-fighting antibodies, thus improving your resistance to disease. It also triggers the release of endorphins, the body's natural feel-good chemicals. Endorphins promote an overall sense of well-being and can even temporarily relieve pain.

Equally important for building up psychological immunity is the practice of pranayamas. Regular practice can make remarkable changes to our health, vitality and self confidence. Pranayamas can help us in diverse ailments such as diabetes, blood pressure, digestive disorders, arthritis, arteriosclerosis, chronic fatigue and many more.

Come let us feed ourselves with nutrients like positive attitude, humor, and laughter to build up our psychological immunity for a healthier and happier life.

---

## Mother Dear

By Saguna Udiaver

Runs a child to his mother  
Calling out in agony  
Troubles whatever to unfold  
Get a caress and solace from her.

Knows not who  
The worth of a mother  
In every situation stands like a rock  
Behind you in trials and tribulations.

Tongue tied, unable to utter  
Even a word, let alone grievances  
Tell Him, Our Mother, in solitary confines  
listens He, settles matters

Approach Him with sincerity  
Realise in Him, His Divinity  
Surrender in all humility  
New awakening comes with spontaneity.

# Burma Teak Deal

SHIVSHANKAR N SURKUND

"You know the terms? You have to dismantle the whole thing within two hours and make the space available to move in the new furniture. Delay would cost you a penalty," barked Mr. T.A. Barker, then Manager of the Eastern Bank's Mumbai branch. It was a warning as well as a challenge hurled at me.

It happened in 1967, a year after my marriage. I desperately needed a new cupboard in my house; but found a new "Godrej" beyond my reach. So I had worked out a via media, that nothing short of a brilliant brainwave.

The Eastern Bank had, as a part of its modernization (including installation of an airconditioner), decided to refurbish its 102 year old branch with modern office furniture. Hence an old table; 15ft. long and slanted on both sides, specially designed for keeping huge ledgers, had to be dismantled. My greedy eyes were fixed on that outdated specimen.

The temptation lay in that the table was made of seasoned Burma teak over a century old. I wanted its sturdy planks to make the cupboard. I wanted so badly to store clothes and other household, knickknacks. So, when the auction was held to dispose of the old furniture, I had outbid the tender by Rs 25/- !

However, to satisfy official procedure, the matter had been referred to Mr Barker for his final approval. It was while accepting my higher bid that he imposed the tough precondition- that the deed should be done within two hours on a Saturday afternoon so that the swanky new modern office furniture could be installed well and proper by Monday morning.

I knew (and so did Mr Barker) that it was not going to be an easy job. That day being Thursday, I had only one day to work out the strategy to execute my plan to realize my dream. Saturday being a half-day for the bank, I had been promised possession of the table by 2 p.m. and was expected to complete the job before 4 p.m.

When the news about the Burma Teak deal spread among my colleagues, Tekchandani said, "Isko pagal kutte ne kata hai" (he has been bitten by mad dog"). Antia remarked, "He is trying to impress his wife." A couple of my well-wishers even appealed to me to rescind my decision.

That night I had little sleep. But the first thing I did the next day was to contact a carpenter who had done some odd jobs for me. I briefed him on the task on hand and its limitations.

That evening the carpenter came to the bank with his assistant and assessed the time needed to dismantle the table in less than one hour to loosen the screws embedded in the table ( for God knows how long!), he poured a few drops of oil in its joints, hinges and screws. It would make the job easier the next day.

Then I organized a handcart to carry the teak planks home. Thus the stage was set for the great acid test. I was fully confident of passing it; but decided to do one better- upstage Mr. Barker!

On the D-Day the carpenters arrived at the bank by 12.30 itself. Meanwhile, using my PR skills, I had persuaded the concerned clerks occupying the table to complete their work early so that my carpenters could start working even before 1 p.m. (this buying me more time).

So, after enjoying a heavy 'Tiffin' in the bank's canteen, the two carpenters set to work earnestly by 1 p.m. Loosening the screws of joints did not prove as tough as one had feared, particularly the 'clandestine' oiling done the previous afternoon. As a result, the main job of separating the planks from the main frames of the table was finished with almost within an hour. This was quite beyond, my expectations!

It was 2 p.m. by then. Almost 90% of the staff had gone home. A few were playing carom/ cards on the mezzanine floor in the canteen. Then I saw Mr. Barker making a round of the 'area of operation'. Glancing at me from a distance, he flashed a mysterious smile before making way to his cabin.

As for me, my eyes were on the clock, and the job simultaneously. As time passed, one after another, the 6ft long heavy planks were loosened from the frame and stacked near the main counter of the bank. The planks from the bottom of the table in particular were coated with over 100 years of grime, cobwebs cockroaches.

The entire dismantling was over almost an hour before the deadline. I tipped the bank's sweeper to have the place swept and cleaned with the cloth-to give it the bath of the century, so to speak. Then only did I stride triumphantly towards Mr. Barker's cabin with a beaming smile on my face and my best foot forward.

"Well done boy", gushed Mr. Barker patting my back, adding "I didn't expect you to complete the job so early. I am telling Mr. Rao to waive your extra bid of Rs 25, as you are my boy. Moreover, you kept your word".

In a week's time my dream cupboard (6'x4'x2') was ready. The planks had to be chiseled to reduce the thickness and lessen the weight of the cupboard. Its polished exterior shone almost like a mirror, bringing a smile to my wife's face. Quite understandably since, even after filling up the cupboard with almost everything, there was enough extra space left.

"That is meant for future expansion of our family," I had told my wife naughtily then, - back in 1967. The cupboard is still there ; but no extra empty space inside.

- Courtesy "Ad-ventures of a PR Man"  
by the same author

# SAD DEMISE



## **Smt. Anuradha K. Pejawar**

(July 9, 1935 - Jan 4, 2017)

Wife of Late Shri Kamalakar Pejawar (Ex-LIC)  
Daughter of Late Smt. Lilabai & Shri. Sundarrao Trasikar  
(Anandashram - Khar) passed away peacefully  
into eternity after brief illness patiently borne.

Deeply mourned by  
Daughter & Son-in-law: Kinnari & Kumar Koppikar  
Son & Daughter-in-law: Anand & Smita Pejawar  
Grand Daughter & Grandson-in-law: Seema & Ganesh Nair  
Grandson: Ameya Pejawar  
Great Grandson: Shivansh Nair

## Mrs. Meera Ramakrishna Rao (Kodial)

21<sup>st</sup> April 1922 — 25<sup>th</sup> December 2016



Yes, 34,583 days is a long innings indeed. And Meera Rao (Kodial) used that time on Earth to accomplish a whole lot of things.

She excelled as a loving daughter, devoted wife and brought up two sons with great care and affection. Later, that same endearing nature promptly adopted her sons' wives as daughters, not daughters-in-law.

She told thousands of bedtime and no-reason-time stories to her four grandchildren and spoilt them rotten, and later, doted on her two grandsons-in-law and two granddaughters-in-law.

Not to be outdone, her eight great-grandchildren also successfully laid claim to her hugs and kisses (and spoiling). Unsurprisingly, in greater measure than the previous generations.

In addition, she played a terrific extended family member as an aunt, sister, sister-in-law etc.

And on Christmas Day, 2016, having finished her work on this planet, she called it a day and quietly exited the world during her afternoon siesta.

Goodbye Amma/ Ajji/ Meera-Ajji/ Great Ajji, we are blessed to have you in our lives.

Kodials, Bijurs & Adhiyas

## **Koppikar Mohan**

*(Fondly known as Maman)*

**1<sup>st</sup> January 1931 - 29<sup>th</sup> December 2016**



### **Annu...**

You had an absolute and unconditional faith in our Guru and Guru Parampara.

You were the perfect husband – you loved and cared for Amma and held her hand through all times- good and difficult.

You were a wonderful father –so full of love! You gave us all you could to make us happy. You taught us to face any situation in life with courage and a smile... *Annu, you mean the world to us.*

You were the best-ever-grandparent, friend, guide, mentor to Rohan – you were his universe! For Sia, you were the adorable ‘Ajjju’ – forever showering your love!

You poured your love on your large extended family - nephews and nieces, cousins and elders.

You were so good and kind to everyone you came across in our community. As the President of the Pune Local Sabha, you worked hard and with so much joy and enthusiasm!

Your zest for life was amazing! Your sense of humour and sportsmanship was incredible!

You and Amma went through such tough, pain-filled, agonising moments. Yet you stood tall and braved every situation and emerged a winner. Again and again. What an awe-inspiring life you led!

We know your blessings are with us – every moment and at every step.

*Sulabha, Leenata, Rohan, Gautam, Meenal and Sia*



## Seetham Basrur

Seetham, you left us far too soon. Only the 'Satguru' – in whom you had unconditional and absolute faith – can give the strength to all of us who loved and adored you to come to terms with your absence.

Sadhana Kaikini wrote, "9<sup>th</sup> January 2017 – VaikunthaEkadashi... a day when the doors of heaven are said to open up to every soul. A very special and beautiful soul decided to accept the invitation. Seetham, a beloved Shishya and a special woman completed her journey on this earth. Her melodious voice will forever ring in our ears! Seetham, you will fill the heavens with your saintly presence!"

Seetham filled the lives of all those she met with the sweet fragrance of a beautiful mogra.

"Seetham was all about smiles, softness, and affection. Her devotion to her tasks, concern and care of others – physically and emotionally – with a smile and complete sincerity, was so unique to her" describes Ravi Budhraj. His wife, Rita, reminisces, "Whether Seetham was feeding her toddlers or bathing them, or showing me how to make a delicious corn soup or rasam, everything was energized by her laughter, humming, and singing which always resonated throughout the house."

Her humility and loveable nature stole so many of our hearts. Prabha Mankikar says, "Seetham brought perfection to all her talents and her roles in life with an endearing humbleness, and will be remembered by us all as a pure, loveable, vivacious soul."

Of the short time that she knew Seetham, Chetana Kadle writes, "Seetham had a calm and serene presence, with a smile that lit up her face..."

We are going to miss her smile, her laughter and her joyous presence. Nileshwar Vasantipachi, her aunt, writes, "My dear child Seetham has a very special place in my heart. I will forever cherish her radiant smile and loveable nature."

### Family Person to the Core

For Seetham, life revolved around her family. Even when she would go to Karla for Seva, she would always ensure she was back home in time to serve lunch to her aged father-in-law. This abiding love for her family goes back to when she was a toddler. Her Annu, Savanal Sureshmam, says, "Seetham was a perfect child. She never gave us a chance to scold her at all!"

Anjani Upponi, her cousin, writes, "I know this in my heart, that when angels smile and sing and laugh, they look and sound like our dearest Seetham. It is an honour and privilege to be your cousin, Seetham, I love you so much."

Udaya Manjeshwar echoes the thoughts of many who knew Seetham – "I admire the way she raised her sons, and I love the way she ran her home, her world, and held her family together."

Yes, Seetham was a perfect mother to her two sons, Shantanu and Dhananjay, and a loving wife to Dilip – together, they made a supremely ideal couple; ever so loving and caring to the three senior citizens around whom their lives revolved. She was always there for her parents, Savanal Sheilapachi and Sureshmam. Her sister, Shantam, doted on her 'Akka'. For Shantam, Bala, and their two daughters Sharadha and Sharanya, Seetham was always an anchor they could call and visit anytime.

At 91 years, BasrurManoharmam will sorely miss the gentle and caring presence of Seetham as she went around doing her chores in that wonderful home called 'Saubhagya'.

### A True Friend

Blessed with ample patience and an affable nature, Seetham was a true friend to many. She had a heart filled with compassion, and the ability to empathise with others. As Udaya Manjeshwar puts it – "My 'go-to' person for





any and all spiritual advice. A chat with her always helped me feel at ease. Even without giving direct advice, she knew how to steer my thoughts towards a harmonious and wonderful solution. A cup of her famous 'nylon chai' sitting around her dining table was always a treat! Anyone who had the pleasure of meeting her, even briefly, felt touched by her warmth and kindness."

For Kalpana Chandavarkar, Seetham was always there whenever she needed to speak her heart out – "We did so many sadhana activities together – Sanskrit classes, vimarsha, text reading, and study; Pune Local Sabha meetings and preparations for Swamiji's visits, and so much more. I am finding it difficult to come to terms with the thought that I can no longer enjoy her special 'chai' which only she made, her smiling face greeting us, and hearing that bright lilting voice saying 'Hi!' at the other end of the phone line..."

Tanuja Baljekar, friend and neighbour, writes, "I will miss her cheery chatter and our conversations across the fence, as she picked her flowers for the daily evening aarti. I admit I would at times be envious of the beautiful blooms piled up to overflowing on her plate, and would wonder what special magic she wrought on those shrubs that they blessed her with such brightness and freshness! Both Sanjay and I will miss the special touch she added to the family's evening prayers – we would wait every evening for the prayer bell to tinkle, and her melodious voice to waft across to our home, touching our hearts and lifting our spirits to a new high. Yes, she was specially blessed in her own unique way!"

Priti Panemanglore has this to say about her dear friend, "Seetham had many wonderful qualities which made her a beautiful person. She was gentle, warm and soft spoken - I never once saw her lose her cool. I admired her as she possessed the amazing quality of perseverance. Whenever she took up anything - nothing could stop her!!"

### **Blessed by Saraswati**

That Seetham was blessed by Goddess Saraswati was indisputable. Her melodious voice rendering 'Satguru mile moré...' never failed to bring tears to my eyes each time she sang this lovely bhajan. Her voice touched many hearts as she rendered beautiful bhajans at various Math programmes. This golden voice is recorded for posterity in two beautiful musical CDs – Bhakti Suman and Bhakti Sudha. Very recently, she was a part of **KaheKabir** – a musical tribute to Sant Kabir that was held in Pune.

Whether it was a poignant bhajan, a fun Bengali folk song, or even a Hindi film song of yesteryear that made Vanabhojans and Cultural Forum picnics so memorable, Seetham's voice had the kind of magic that very few are gifted with.

Ravi Budhraj puts it aptly, "We have been blessed to know her and her rich, soothing, magical voice which will stay with us forever. I feel lucky to have been a part of many Deep Namaskars at their home, and Seetham's melodious voice still rings in my ears..."

Recently, Seetham had done the voice over for the Sanskrit version of Parijna Series books. She was all set to do the Konkani version for Chintu's Nose. Modulating her voice for different characters- she was absolutely brilliant!

### **Community Service**

Seetham was a very active Committee Member of both, the Pune Local Sabha, as well as the Saraswat Cultural Forum. Many of our meetings were held in the warmth of her home over endless cups of tea and snacks. She was unanimously elected as Secretary of the Cultural Forum in October 2016, and will be missed terribly at all the programmes of the Forum and the Sabha.

### **Mum-Ed**

Beyond being a close and dear friend, Seetham was also my personal editor at all times! From circulars for the Pune Local Sabha and Saraswat Cultural Forum, Reports for the KSA and Math Website, Binhapatras, issue after issue of the Little Ravikiran, skits and songs for Parijnanashram Vidyalaya, and countless books for Wordsmith Publications – nothing would ever reach the printing press without her giving it the green signal. And being the eternally sweet and 'dakshani' person that she was, she always apologised for the 'red-marks' she had to make!

For the last so many years, I've called Seetham my 'Mum-Ed'. Hours before she was hospitalised, she edited the December issue of the Little Ravikiran – such a conscientious and lovable friend is extremely rare on this earth.

Seetham, it breaks my heart to be scripting this tribute to you today.

### **The Three S-es in her life**

Parama Pujya Swamiji exhorts devotees to engage in the three S-es – Swadhyay, Sadhana, and Seva – and Seetham followed this path ever so diligently. She was a part of the team that performed Guru Pujan at the Pune Math regularly, and was also a volunteer at both, the Pune and Karla Maths.

Priti Panemanglor writes, *“Seetham was a very conscientious and dedicated Sadhaka who came to Karla twice a week to teach Sanskrit to the volunteers of Seva Saptaha. Her sweet voice and smiling demeanour won the hearts of all those who interacted with her. She used innovative and interesting methods of teaching Sanskrit, which kindled a strong interest to learn the language in many of the Sadhakas who attended her sessions.”*

Seetham’s Seva to so many of our Math projects was fuelled by her boundless creativity – she has spent countless hours making delicate motifs and designs for the HMPP’s handmade envelopes, and flawlessly adorning handmade paper bags for Yuvadhara shibirs and Binhapatras offered to Parama Pujya Swamiji; most recently, she hand-crafted paper roses for the SamvitSudha outlet in Mumbai.

Seetham balanced the home front and Math activities beautifully. As Mankikar Gajananmam sums it up – *“Seethampachi was an ideal as a child when she was one, and then as a wife, daughter-in-law, mother, teacher, vocalist and sadhaka of our Math. She walked through every sphere of life with complete devotion, kindness, and sincerity...she was an ideal sadhaka.”*

Seetham gave her best to the world and all those around her, as only a true sadhaka can.

Dearest Seetham, you are truly an inspiration to us all.

*A loving tribute compiled by Jyothi Bharat Divgi*



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## 13th Death Anniversary

6<sup>th</sup> February 2017



### Mr Nandan Soumitra Trasikar

(27<sup>th</sup> August 1951 to 6<sup>th</sup> February 2004)

Each day of the Thirteen years that have passed, has made us realize all the more that you are always with us to support and guide us throughout our life.

#### Fondly remembered by

Son: Nachiket

Daughter: Manasi, Son in law: Ajit

Grandson: Shaurya

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# Change... the New Mantra! Or is it?

VIDYA GUNAVANTHE

I remember the days when computers were just introduced into offices and the data centre was treated as a sanctum sanctorum. One wasn't allowed to have even a coffee or tea or wear shoes when entering the data centre as at a shrine.

The Data Head worked hard almost day and night and there used to be a joke at our office that when the ED (Executive Director) was signing a high-value salary cheque he was surprised and eager to see who it was who was drawing as much monthly salary or even more perhaps than what he was drawing and found that it was the data centre head whose overtime pay far exceeded his monthly; so highly overworked and valued were the data centre folks then.

And then suddenly, at the turn of the century, computers were the in thing. Every employee began to get a computer. Secretaries, who hitherto used electronic typewriters (after the earlier manual ones which had got upgraded to electric quite recently, ha), also became deft at Word, Excel and PowerPoint on the computer for their normal correspondence, tables, presentations, etc.

And now of course, even computers are almost passé. Most people bring laptops to work and carry them on their official travels as well. Bosses even find secretaries redundant as they are able to deal with their correspondence on their own rather than go through the rigmarole of dictating (sometimes even into the dictaphone after office hours when the assistants were unavailable) and having the secretaries transcribe their shorthand and getting the transcriptions typed out; what now seems a lengthy and tedious process.

How the days have changed. And people too. Even my dhobhi, a very recent immigrant from someplace north, is tech savvy and I find him to be very active on Facebook. I realized this when I got a friend request from a familiar face and realized that it was none other than the smiling young lad who collected our clothes daily for ironing. So Modiji, as also the rest of us, need have no fears. Indians, whether living in urban or rural areas, are progressing by leaps and bounds and are shooting their way up the tech and hopefully soon, the digital ladder.

In fact, things around us are moving so fast I wonder if we oldies can keep up with the speed at which people around us are progressing—technically. I, who always am at my wits end, about a simple copy-paste function on my mobile, find people around me moving their fingers at such complex tasks on their mobiles and comps at such rocket-speeds that I wonder if the world

will whizz past me just as it had whizzed past India some decades ago.

When I hear people and sometimes I say it too perhaps, "Those were the days!" I wonder whether one should say it on a nostalgic note or on a note of regret; depends perhaps, on whether one is suffering from an information overload as one observes, especially from the news channels on television these days; or whether it was a case of "where ignorance (on happenings and reportings from around the country) was bliss."

Information overload perhaps is also responsible; beaming the same morbid videos of molestations umpteen times on the same channel and over multiple channels, just for TRPs, also indirectly "inspires" or rather should one say psychologically "instigates" other perverts to perform similar acts elsewhere; so perhaps media too is responsible when it keeps beaming repeatedly videos of such acts; remember a visual speaks more than a thousand words. So media does need to draw a line on what needs to be beamed repeatedly just as we learn in psychology not to overly propagate suicide incidents as people with similar tendencies may follow suit.

Whatever be it... Change is the new mantra and we must be ready to update ourselves all the time! With the usual red herring warning... 'subject to market risks.'

Not really wanting to pontificate, but we must realize where we should draw a line and switch off or stop; after a certain limit; we the spectators and most importantly, media, the propagators!

- Letters, articles and poems are welcome. Letters should be brief, and articles should be about 800-1000 words. They will be edited for clarity and space.
- The selection of material for publication will be at the discretion of the Editorial Committee.
- The opinions expressed in the letters/articles are those of the authors and not necessarily those of KSA or the Editorial Committee.
- All matter meant for publication should be addressed only to the Editor c/o KSA Office / e-mail id given above.
- The deadline for letters, articles, poems, material for "Here and There", "Personalia", and other original contributions is the 12<sup>th</sup> of every month; the deadline for advertisements, classifieds and other paid insertions, is the 16<sup>th</sup> of every month. Matter received after these dates will be considered for the following month.

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## At the Beach



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## Happy Horse



**Arjun Haldipur (11 years)**

## The Enchanted Forest



**Anagha Row - 6 yrs**

## AWAY

Take me away  
Away from the place that I used to call  
home,  
my happy place  
Now danger and grief stare  
me in the face  
Take me away in a balloon full of hope  
Hope for a safer place for my family  
Hope for a brighter future  
A future that will not take me downhill,  
but up, up, and away,  
into the clouds, looking for a better day  
Take me to a place where I can learn  
about anything and everything  
A place where people look past my  
headscarf  
into my eyes;  
sincere, curious and caring

**Sanaya Hoskote, age 12 yrs.**

### A Note for parents :

1. Please ensure that the drawings / articles / poems sent are original work of the children.
2. Should a child send more than one drawing or article / poem during the year the best among these will be considered for the prize.
3. The decision of the judges will be final.

**Editorial Committee**

# Shri. Anand Ramarao Mangalore

(25<sup>th</sup> December 1925 to 15<sup>th</sup> November 2016)



Your soul flew away softly and silently,  
Leaving us, your near and dear ones bereft,  
To mourn over your mortal remains.

But, recalling your jovial nature,  
and knack for extempore inventive jokes and repartees,  
Besides your inherent talent for music and poesy,  
We brace up to smile through our tears.

Moreover we cherish your exemplary ideal  
Of a loving, dutiful and upright gentleman.  
.... Kusum M. Gokarn

## Deeply mourned by:

Wife — Kumudini Mangalore

Sister — Kusum Madhukar Gokarn

Children — Sadhana - Pramod Khambatkone, Chetana - Praveen Kadle,  
Prasad - Archana Mangalore

Grandchildren — Alok - Anushri Khambatkone, Sapna - Ashutosh Shroff  
Kartik - Tanya Kadle, Pratik Prasad Mangalore

Great grandchildren — Samvit Khambatkone, Veer Shroff  
All relatives and friends.



# **Anand Ramarao Mangalore – Sharing the joy that was 'Anand'**

**Sadhana Khambatkone**

November 15<sup>th</sup> 2016. On this day our beloved Papa passed away. I thought of writing this eulogy to him, but was lost for words. How does one describe in a few sentences the joy he brought into all our lives? Anand – how true to his name he was! Papa was famous amongst friends and relatives for his lively sense of humour, wit and quick repartee. Playing on words was so deeply ingrained in him that even a few days before his death, he never failed to give a witty reply and make puns. At the hospital, even the nurses could not resist patting his head or cheeks as he lay on the hospital bed...looking so angelic and calm. That was the quintessence of his personality – his tranquillity, contentment and sense of humour.

Papa was the elder son of Dr. Ramarao Mangalore and Seeta nee Shanti Dattatraya Kumta. His younger brother was Dr. M. Bhaskar Rao, who had settled down in Coimbatore after retiring from ACC. They lost their mother early in life but their father married Vasant, daughter of Sanjiv Benegal, and the family was soon complete with the birth of two daughters, Kusum and Manik. Papa's ties with his father and siblings were so strong that he kept remembering them till the very end. Kusum (Gokarn) always remained close to his heart. Manik(Nadkarni), the younger sister, died at a young age. His brother Bhaskar passed away in the year 2010. Papa's childhood with his cousins –'bapulbhavandan' - Suresh Mangalore, Kumud Nayel and Chandrama Bijur, as well as his maternal cousins – the Kumtas, was a happy one.

Papa spent the early years of his life in Bombay, as it was called, before it became Mumbai. He completed his graduation in Science from Wilson College, then worked as a chemist in Biological Research Laboratory and later at Fairdeal Corporation. In 1957, he got the opportunity to work at Burroughs Wellcome (Pharmaceuticals) in Hyderabad. He joined as a Medical Representative and retired as Zonal Field Manager, winning a lot of accolades and laurels. His passion to write poetry found an outlet even in the relatively dull field of sales talks and sales targets. He enlivened conferences and training sessions with anecdotes and mimicry. In one unforgettable instance, he mimicked a female doctor during a long and tedious training session of his Sales representatives, triggering off guffaws of laughter. He would lighten the working atmosphere with short poems appreciating his juniors or the products they sold.

His job entailed a lot of travel. Papa made the best use of the long train journeys by writing poetry, setting his poems to music and playing on the flute. The renowned flautist D'Amel was the source of his inspiration. Like Ekalavya, Papa imbibed music by simply attending his programs and absorbing his skill. He soon became an accomplished flautist and was known for his melodious 'Krishna touches'. Jugalbandi with the eminent Carnatic flautist N. Ramani was one of the highlights of his life. Blessed with a deep baritone, Papa sang well too. He played the harmonium with great flourish, thanks to the training he received in his childhood, accompanying his father, Dr. M. Ramarao, who sang bhajans and kirtans.

Cricket was Papa's favourite game. I still remember the deep voice of Bobby Talyarkhan's cricket commentaries echoing through our house as Papa would keenly listen to the radio while he worked tirelessly to complete his paperwork. One of his favourite pastimes was singing Hindi film songs in raagadari. Imagine singing 'Roop tera mastana' with complicated murkis and taans! Another well-loved facet of Papa was his vast repertoire of practical jokes which were harmless but fun. He enjoyed playing them on unsuspecting people. But that would be grist for a separate article!

A tribute to Papa would be incomplete without taking Amma's name. They were often referred to as Kumudanand since they complemented each other so well in all aspects of life. In their early years both were voracious readers. They were active as members of the Konkani Association at Hyderabad. It gave both Amma and Papa a platform to mould their creative interests by acting in plays such as 'Bhattaka Dilleli Vaasri', 'Lagna Aamantran', etc. Papa had a field day keeping the audience in splits since both these plays were comedies. They loved good music and were members of a music circle in Hyderabad – Sur Mandal. They enjoyed Hindustani as well as Carnatic music. Papa even got a chance to accompany the acclaimed singer Laxmi Shankar on the harmonium in one of her programmes.

I remember our house in Hyderabad which was always full of guests and relatives. Even Amchis unknown to us would land up at our place from Poona, Hubli, Dharwad, etc. It was not unusual for close relatives to spend 2-3 months at our place. Everyone was assured of a warm welcome, good food and enjoyable company. Holidays for us meant fun-time with these relatives, accompanying them for sightseeing tours of Hyderabad, playing carrom and participating in the singing sessions at home, since most Amchis are musically inclined.

This camaraderie could also be seen in the excellent rapport he shared with his sons-in-law, Pramod Khambatkone and Praveen Kadle. During Papa's last days, when we all spent anxious days scurrying between hospital and home, Archana his daughter-in-law, spent close to 15 days in the hospital dormitory with my brother Prasad. Such was her devotion to Papa! By great providence, all of us were present by his bedside when Papa passed away peacefully.

Our upbringing was remarkably different for those times. Our parents imbibed in us a deep respect for all types of music, the only criteria being that it should be good and melodious. My parents never raised their voices or hands to discipline us. I don't remember Papa ever scolding us unreasonably. I have never had to harbour feelings of resentment or anger against him. We were encouraged to take up any hobby we chose. Sundays in Hyderabad, often meant a visit to movies, Tank Bund, the Circus or the Zoo. Trips to various cities and religious places were a regular feature. Papa taught us to appreciate Mother Nature. We have beautiful memories of being woken up by Papa early in the morning, to watch the enchanting sight of the rising Sun through the sooty windows of the train. Papa managed to fit in all this amidst his hectic schedule. Never have we heard him say that he was too tired to take us for an outing.

When we were small he would bring picture books with colourful pictures of animals and birds. The novel thing was, the pages would produce appropriate sounds when pressed. Papa bought the first Phantom comic from good old A.H. Wheeler on one of his tours and our journey into the world of books began! We had nearly all its early editions. This was at a time when high-brow people would disdain comics! He would patiently read out the stories to us and explain them in Konkani. It inculcated a love for reading in us, which continues still. Soon, our Library was enriched with Amar Chitra Katha and later with Enid Blyton, Hardy boys, Charles Dickens, etc.

Our friends in school were Muslim, Christian and Sikh. At a time when religious schisms were still quite strong, we had the freedom to make friends without questioning their religious affiliations. We would all exchange and share lunch boxes. Never were we forbidden to do so. This fostered a great sense of oneness and respect for all religions. On week-ends we feasted on an assortment of dishes from various communities, which Amma loved to cook. Papa enjoyed these meals and ate with great relish.

Honesty and truthfulness were Papa's greatest virtues. These were the values he inculcated in us. In spite of various family obligations and a constant flow of visitors, we were always well cared for and never lacked anything. Amma managed the finances thriftily. We were too young to understand then, but as we grew up we learnt to appreciate the efforts they made. Parents are now advised to spend quality time with their children, but ours did it naturally without having read Benjamin Spock or any other life-care guru.

Close to his retirement, Papa was transferred to Mumbai, in 1983. Amma who was earlier a radio singer, had lost her voice as her vocal chords were badly affected. In Mumbai, with Papa's encouragement and moral backing, she joined the Saraswat Mahila Samaj and soon became known as an accomplished harmonium player.

After retirement, Papa did not sit back and rest. He had his second innings when he worked for Entod Pharmaceuticals till the age of 75. Health issues finally forced him to leave the job which he loved so much.

There is much to learn from our parents...we are still trying. We are truly blessed to have had the good fortune of having Amma and Papa as parents. We three siblings – Chetana Kadle, Prasad Mangalore and I, Sadhana Khambatkone owe whatever we are today, to them. Fortunately we have managed to carefully collect and preserve Papa's legacy to all of us – the recordings of his dhuns on the flute, the recital of his poetry in his clear, resounding voice, a few videos and countless photographs. We are also extremely rich in the beautiful memories he has left behind. It was a life well lived. As we bid adieu to Papa, we pray that God Almighty grants his soul eternal peace!

# Anandi Anand Gade

Kumud Nayel

I learnt a Marathi poem in Class I in the Municipality Primary School, on the 2nd floor of Limaye Building in Tardeo. Coincidentally, that poem was living right up in that same building on the 3rd floor.

It was the first poem I learnt in school, from a Primary Marathi Book, Page 1 – “Anandi Anand Gade, IkadeTikade Chohikade”.

My Anandada who lived in Limaye Building, just above my Primary School was the Anand who was that anand in my poem.

My ‘Bappul Bhavoo’, Anandada, son of Dr Mangalore Ramrao, was my cousin brother. But he really was the eldest brother to all of us.

He was a source of joy wherever he went, like a fountain spraying a sunshine of smiles. No wonder then that he did so well in his professional life as a Medical Representative. Surely, he himself was like a medicine to all those who are ill or in low spirits.

We lived a few minutes away from Limaye Buildings up the Forjett Hill.

Every evening Anandada and his wife Kumud Anni would visit us, no matter how much it rained or they were pressed for time. We would wait for them both. The minute they arrived, my Pappa would ask us to bring out the carrom board. It never was a tournament, but it sure was a game full of fun and cheer. If we had exams the next day, we knew for sure, we would do well. After all, there was a spraying of joy in our house with Anandada’s visit.

Anandada was the event manager for all our vacations, picnics, movies, theatre, dramas and music concerts. That’s how we got interested in all these cultural events. Actually, I learnt to identify Raags from his flute recitals. And even today when we hear D’Amel’s Raag Hindol on AIR for inter filler music, we feel it is Anandada playing Raag Hindol. Instant para jokes and jingles were a part of him like his left arm.

We miss you Anandada and all our childhood is filled with the fragrance of your charm. It’s like opening a Bottle of Perfume with the lid, called Anandada. Rest in Peace. I am sure the people up there in heaven must be so happy to have you with them while we miss you here!

## आनन्द-घन आनन्ददादा।

सर्वांचेरियि आनन्दाचो वर्षावु करतलो आमगेलो “आनन्दघन”  
आनन्ददादा! आपणागेल्या खुशालभाय वृत्तीनें सर्वांकयि हासयतलो  
“हास्यसम्राट आनन्ददादा! क्षुल्लक विषयांतु थायि विनोदु शोहृतलो  
“विनोदसम्राट” आनन्ददादा! परिसमण्यावरी “Touch of Joy”  
दित्तलो आनन्ददादा!

आनन्ददादाक “कोंकणी पु. ल. देशपांडे” म्हळ्यारि अतिशयोक्ति  
जायशीना. संगीत कला काव्य शास्त्र विनोद या सर्वांचे “भंडार  
आनंददादा!”

अशशी सर्वांकयि हांसयता हासयता स्वतः हासतलो, हजरजबाबी  
विनोद करतलो “अष्टपैलू वज्रु” देवानें आपणागेल्या दरबाराची शान  
वाडुंवचाक आपणालाग्यी आपवनु व्हेल्ला. थंयियि तो देवाक हांसयत  
आसतलो सर्वांरियि “हास्य-उधळण” करतलो हें निश्चित!

॥ ॐ तत् सत् ॥

– चंद्रमा बिजूर

## My Anand-dada

His speech was Silvery  
With humour abundant  
His Music was Golden.

Both in voice and harmonium  
His simplicity alike platinum  
With halo surpassing Radium

In our loving memories,  
That was what Anand dada was  
For we ALL, now and

For ever and ever

Amen.

Suresh Mangalore

Tattvabodha

Here is the fourth instalment of Dr. SudhaTinaikar's absorbing de-mystification of a small, but very comprehensive, spiritual text

The teacher of Tattvabodha continues with the topic of sâdhanachatushtaya. The four- fold qualification is unfolded in a very systematic fashion by the Guru here. Now, the discussion on the six- fold discipline is going on. Shama and dama dealt with the disciplining of the mind and sense organs. A mumukshu has to be an integrated person in both body and mind. Shama and dama talk about the discipline or the management of the mind and sense organs. Just disciplining them once is not enough. This is because they have a very natural tendency of constantly getting distracted towards the outward world of material objects. Hence, the mind and sense control need to be constantly assessed and they also need to be withdrawn from unnecessary exposure to the world of objects at least initially, till the composure of mind and senses becomes natural. With this in view, the next four disciplines are talked about.

Upamah is the next disciplinary practice which is very important for the sâdhaka.

उपरमः कः ?

What is upamah?

स्वधर्मानुष्ठानमेव

It is following one's own prescribed duties as per one's status in life.

Though a single- word answer, it is extremely meaningful. Upamah is given different shades of meaning depending upon the context. Withdrawal from what is not to be done and doing what is to be done is the meaning given here in this context. Swadharmaanushtâna means following the tenets of what the Vedâ-s prescribe for each varga and âshrama to be done on a regular basis (vihita karma) and not doing what is prohibited by the Vedâ-s for the same person (nishiddha karma). This way the mumukshu is not given to unnecessary exposure to the world and thereby, to wasting time.

Upamah is also defined as renunciation (sannyâsa) - dedicating one's time to the pursuit of self- knowledge. Renunciation need not be taken as a physical process. It can mean just withdrawing the mind totally from the scenarios where the mind and senses are likely to get distracted.

In the Bhagavad Gîta, Lord Krishna gives the

example of a sthitapragnya who is able to withdraw his senses and mind like a tortoise (Chapter 2, verse 58). Upamah in effect means one being in control, or in charge of what has to be done and what needs to be avoided, to continue his pursuit unobstructed.

Now the fourth among the six disciplines is being discussed which is titiksha or forbearance.

तितिक्षा का ?

What is titiksha?

शीतोष्णसुखदुःखादिसहिष्णुत्वम्

Titiksha is the capacity to endure heat, cold, pleasure, pain and so on...

Sahishnutvam is the capacity to face difficult situations not just helplessly, but cheerfully. Life is full of situations which are sometimes very conducive and sometimes very difficult to deal with. Forbearance (titiksha) is going through unavoidable situations with the understanding that every situation is short- lived.

Is it possible to go through such inevitable situations cheerfully? According to our scriptures, it is possible if one understands that all experiences are temporary and therefore come and go. Lord Krishna says to Arjuna – "Contact between sense organs and the objective world cannot but give rise to various pleasant and unpleasant experiences and the only way to go through them is with forbearance, understanding the temporary nature of all experiences." (Bhagavad Gîta, chapter 2, verse 14).

Titiksha simplifies the mumukshu's life and a non-complaining mind, an undistracted mind is available to him. Titiksha is a great supportive quality to shama and dama.

The fifth value among the six- fold discipline is called shraddhâ or trust and faith.

श्रद्धा कीदृशी ?

What is shraddhâ and what is its nature?

गुरुवेदान्तवाक्येषु विश्वासः श्रद्धा |

Shraddhâ is the trust in the words of the Guru and Vedânta.

Every object in the world is available for a means of knowledge which is called pramâna. All our sense organs and the capacity to infer from them is enough to perceive and understand any object in the world. In âtmajnâna, what is to be known and understood

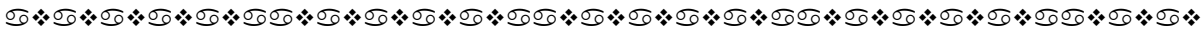
is the very knower itself! The nature of this knower is not available for the usual pramâna-s like the sense organs and mind. The subject being subtle, is entirely based on a pramâna called the Vedânta or shabdapramâna. The words of Vedanta have to be dealt with by an adept Guru to make them meaningful and to interpret them in the right manner. Hence, a mumukshu should have an unfaltering trust or faith in the words of Vedanta and the Guru, till he is himself able to see the truth of them. Shraddhâ is the understanding that the words of scriptures

are true and not mere speculation. Shraddha is also called the satyabuddhi or âstikyabuddhi. It is not blind faith. Have we not seen that we need to have this trust and faith even in the pursuit of any branch of worldly knowledge?

Lord Krishna in Bhagavad Gîta, chapter-4, verse 39 enumerates shraddhâ as the first among the various sâdhanâ-s involved in the pursuit of self-knowledge.

Shraddhâ strengthens the conviction of the mumukshu in his pursuit.

( To be continued...)



**Shri Gopalkrishna Dev Shri Avadi Math (Regd), Mallapur**

Ubhayakar & allied family Get-Together held on 26<sup>th</sup> December 2016 at Bangalore - A Report

Ubhayakar family Get-Together was held on 26<sup>th</sup> of December, 2016 at Canara Union Bangalore at 4-30 p.m. First Get-together was held in 2012 at Mallapur and second was held in Mumbai in 2014 and this was the third in which 72 members were present. There was active participation of Ubhayakars, Chandavarkars, Dhareshwars, Upponis, Chittars Marballis and also other Allied family members & invitees.

The Programme started with the prayer by Aditi Prasad Chandavarkar and Shreya Sooraj Ubhayakar. Inauguration was done by lighting the lamp by the Chief guests namely Smt. Malini Madiman, Nalini Ubhayakar, Shri Kapil Raleraskar and other members present on the stage. Shri Nikhil N. Ubhayakar, the Chairman of the Reception Committee welcomed all the members present.

Smt. Malini Madiman pachhi spoke on the philosophy expressed in the bhajans composed by Sant Ramavallabhdas. She said that we, the Saraswats should feel proud and lucky to follow the tradition blessed by this Saint. She also appealed to highlight the life and philosophy of this saint by staging a drama in Mumbai and Bangalore. Shri Kapil Raleraskar who belongs to the family of Ramavallabhdas, expressed his happiness in attending the programme and said he would try to attend the Utsav with his family members in future.

Shri Arun S. Ubhayakar gave a detailed Report about the activities carried out in the past and present especially about 400<sup>th</sup> Birth Anniversary of Shri Ramavallabhdas, celebrated in 2010 on a grand scale. He also appealed to the family members to bring the youngsters during

the Utsav and requested them to reserve at least a week to attend the Utsav. He also announced that as the present temple building was constructed in 1922 and the year 2022 is centenary year, a new Centenary Committee will be formed during the next Utsav in which youngsters will be allotted to play a major role.

Shri Narendra N. Ubhayakar, the President and Malamudradhikari – explained in detail about how in the past the elders played an important role in the development of our temple, namely Santayyabba, Subrao Gopal Ubhayakar, and Shankar [Dasbappa], Chandrakant M Chandavarkar, Mangesh D Chandavarkar, Shankar M. Ubhayakar & Subray A. Ubhayakar and others. He appealed to the younger generation to follow their footsteps.

Shri Goutam Ubhayakar gave an impressive power-point presentation on the history and life of Sant Ramavallabhdas especially about His Purvashram, how a Warrior became a Saint, miracles and his tour map coming to Konkan, Kanara etc., Goutam promised that he has already written the script and that he would try his level best to stage it prior to the Centenary celebration.

Then self-introduction was taken-up and the members expressed their happiness and said that this opportunity given to them has helped to know better about this holy tradition. Majority of them expressed that they would try to attend the Utsav every year with their family members. The programme ended with a vote of thanks and high tea .

**In Ever** - loving memory of our dear Amma Smt Shreejaya Mallapur - A Krishnamaya Soul - who happily lived her life in Seva, Sadhana and Satsang - Nandini, Satyesh, Nitin & Families.

# A Hard Decision

(adapted from a story told by H. H. Shri Shankarashram Swamiji)

Early each morning the priest woke up  
And in the nearby pond he took a dip.

Completing his bath, he emerged with a prayer  
As was his practice, every day.

At the stone temple that stood upon the hill  
The priest offered worship even in the winter's chill.

For years it had been his practice every morn  
To worship the Goddess, come rain or storm.

Only for the singing birds would he stop.  
As he climbed up the winding path-way to the top.

And on the crest of this temple divine  
A mysterious flame would dance and shine.

Though folks often pondered on this wondrous flame  
No one had so far guessed from whence it came

It kept burning up there, strong and bright  
To all the green hillside it provided light.

Everyone secretly believed 'twas the priest's devotion  
That was responsible for setting this flame in motion

Breakfast he took not, nor a sip of water  
Till fruits and flowers to the Goddess were offered.

When the entire procedure of worship was complete,  
Then alone would the priest sit down to a meal.

His unfailing discipline the folks all admired :  
Not once in all those years did he ever seem tired

The Goddess, evidently, was pleased with him too  
The legend of the flame thus spread and grew

Up there on the hill as the flame burnt bright  
The people were content and everything seemed right

One fine morning came a little girl, and lo!  
With the priest to the temple she asked to go.

"But I go very early In the morning, my dear  
Tho' the temple seems nigh, It isn't very near."

"Oh, I can walk, dear priest, as you'll soon see -  
And I have nothing to fear since you'll be with me"

"I shall ensure, my child, no harm befalls you  
But it's a long climb and the path is rough too"

But the child insisted, and he took her hand -  
To help her tread gently o'er the rocky land.

Half way up the hill her steps began to falter  
Desperately, then, she asked for some water

The priest fetched water from a stream nearby.  
But she pushed it away, though she was oh-so weary

"I can't have this water unless you share it with me  
too.  
You'll have some, dear priest, please, won't you?"

The priest confessed that he'd never had a sip  
Without first completing the rituals of worship

"I'm not thirsty, child" he said, "So I don't need any -  
But you are frail, tired and thirsty, unlike me"

"You have your rules, as I can see.  
But I have mine too, if you please.

No matter how desperately thirsty I feel  
I don't have anything by myself, you see."

The child who, beside him had so eagerly marched  
Lay now, with feet so sore and throat so parched.

Years of discipline, he knew, would be lost to him.  
If he gave in, now, to her silly, childish whim.

But her pale and weary face helped make up his  
mind.  
For deep in his heart, he was extremely kind.

"I'll have the water, my child, and you have some too.  
Come, hurry," said he, "it'll put new life into you."

He lifted her head and coaxed her to drink  
Till her cheeks once more turned a healthy pink.

Then they set off again up the stony hill  
More slowly, this time, but determined still.

Never once did the priest raise his eyes:  
Having sipped the water, he'd have to pay a price.

The flame on the temple that always shone  
He knew would now be forever gone.

For having helped the child he felt no regret.  
The gratitude in her eyes he'd never forget.

Then, suddenly, the girl pointed to the sky.  
"Look, look!" she said as the temple grew nigh.

And what did he see? Bright as the sun?  
Two clear tongues of flame, instead of one!

Kneeling, instantly, he bowed down low.  
As hot, grateful tears began to flow.

*Moral of the story: Kindness and compassion please  
God as much as does discipline*

**Savitri Babulkar**

# Prisons Undoubtedly Need Reform

ARUN R UPPONI

In the widely known, Bachan Singh Vs State of Punjab, one of the finest judges of our country, Krishna Iyer, miserably expressed his views, over the inhuman conditions, inside the Jails in India and he referred to prison life, as zoological existence.

Now, let us see the therapeutic approach of Prison Reform, by the distinguished Professors, such as, Ruche and Smith of Columbia University. John Harward was rightly known as the Pioneer of the British Prisons, introduced two systems, in Jail Reform.

**Pannivania System:** In this system, the hardened criminals were given solitary confinement, while, others, numbering 8-10, were kept in big rooms and given work of carpentry etc.,

**Auburn System:** In this system, the criminals were allowed to associate, during day time, to do hard work and were kept separate from one another, at night, but were allowed to meet relatives in exceptional cases.

In the American Prison Reform, both of the systems, were used, in which, prisoners were not allowed to speak to one another and were separated at night.

## Prison Reform In India

The conditions in Jail, were terrible, when the East India Company, took over the country. The first committee was formed in 1836, to give a report on existing conditions in Jails. The second Jail Committee in 1864, suggested minimum space, for each prisoner, inside the Jail, and also regular medical check-up and food for prisoners. The 1919 committee's report, contained reformation of the convicts discouraging the use of corporal punishment in Jail. Lastly, the 1957, committee's report suggested abolishing of solitary confinement and periodic revision of Jail manuals in the states. Besides, Juvenile Offenders' act was also enacted, to detain them for 3 years.

## Classification Of Offenders

In India, the prisoners are classified on the basis of age, sex, mental health, nature of offence and whether a habitual or casual prisoner. A Casual Prisoner, is a first offender, who is committing crime, not because of his criminal maturity, but due to his surroundings or mental deficiency. Habitual prisoners are those, who are not first offenders, committing crimes, due to mental defect.

**Prison Education:** In India, owing to mass illiteracy, most prisoners do not have elementary education. Rules in Jail manuals, recognize religion for reformation of prisoners. Honorary teachers, selected by District Magistrates, deliver the lectures, on religious observances.

**Security And Discipline :** Jail Committees' recommendation had been made for vesting of powers, in the Jail superintendents, to award direct punishment for violation of discipline. But, the later committees' appointed for further advice, suggested to abolish such inhuman punishments, like flogging, for indiscipline.

**Solitary Confinement:** Law Commission of India favoured abolition of this Punishment. But, Section 74 of IPC, says that this punishment can be given, for certain period, for Jail Breakers and death penalty awardees.

In the Batra Vs Delhi Administration case, the "SC" ruled that though Prison act, enables the Jail Authorities, to impose solitary confinement under death sentence, that would offend articles 14 & 19 & it could only be imposed by a competent court, under section 73 & 74 of Indian Penal Code (IPC).

**Fetters:** These are used, for safe custody of Prisoners in Jails. Notorious criminal, Charles Sobhraj, was fettered, for his serious crimes of Jail breaks and murders. He petitioned SC, under article 32. The SC, ruled that on the basis of medical opinion, iron bar fetters, that caused sores on his feet, should not be used under section 56. They must be for a short spell and light.

In the Dharmbir Vs State of U.P. case, the SC ruled that the Jail inmates die, in 10 years, due to overcrowding, bad ventilation, bad drainage, impure water and adulterated food, and insufficient medical facilities. Hence, the SC directed Government, to modify the Prison act and also expressed its displeasure, over the Government's negligence, in not taking advice of the various Jail Committees that made rich suggestions, for Jail Reforms.

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## गुरुमाऊली तूं भक्तजनांगली

गुरुमाऊली तूं भक्तजनांगली, चिंताहरैताऽऽ सर्वजनांगली ॥१॥

काषायांबर चरणि खडाऽऽवा, रुळता गळ्यांतु रुद्राक्षांची माळा  
शोभता कंठी तुळशीमाळा, दर्शनमात्रे संकट हरता ॥१॥

फळांत सौम्य हंसमुखकमल, मधुरवाणी मृदु आणि कोमल,  
स्थितप्रज्ञ स्थिरप्रेम स्वरूपा, भक्ति जनांगलि जात्ता प्रबल ॥२॥

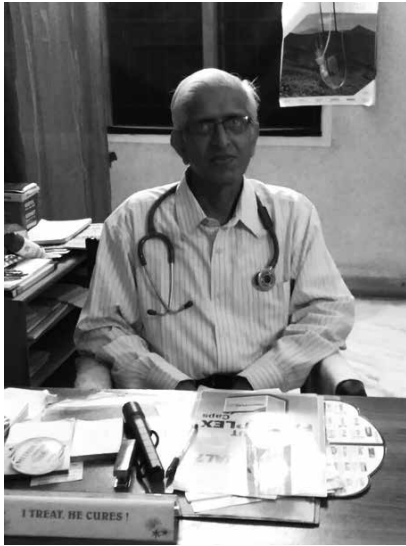
देवपदकमलांची ही पादपुऽऽजा, विघ्नहर्ता तूं विष्णुस्वरूपा,  
धन्य धन्य धन्य सर्व चित्रापुर सारस्वत, श्रीआनंदाश्रम-स्वामी  
आनंद स्वरूपा ॥३॥

— मंगला रायशेष नागरकट्टी

## **My mentor: My uncle - Dr Arun Bhavanishankar Karkal (Arunmam)**

**- Deepa Taggarshe  
Farmington Hills, MI, USA**

As a surgeon, it's not uncommon to get asked who my mentors are. I have worked with some brilliant surgeons who have shaped my career choices. But the person who inspired me to be a physician is none other than my youngest maternal uncle – Dr Arun Bhavanishankar Karkal or Arunmam to us.



As kids growing up in Bombay, we (my brother and myself) spent most summer holidays in Honavar, my maternal ancestral place. I remember as a young girl, seeing his dedication to his patients, and the love and respect that was reciprocated back. Although I probably didn't really understand what his work entailed, it inspired me to want to be exactly like him.

Arunmam is the youngest of eight children of Late Bhavanishankar and Late Sushila Karkal. He excelled in school and then graduated with honours from J N Medical College, Belgaum. He was fortunate to have the honor of our Pujya Swamiji Parijnanashram III inaugurate his clinic in Honavar soon after his graduation. Like most young men of that era, he did make plans to move to the United States for further studies. But fate had other plans for him. My maternal grandfather passed away unexpectedly, a few days before his US Medical Licensing Exam in Singapore. Arunmam had to change his plans and stay in Honavar. That in a way I feel was Honavar's gain.

He probably would have been an excellent and famous physician in the US, but instead he became a much loved and respected physician in a small town. If he has had any regrets of not moving to the US, he has never shown it.

When we were kids visiting Honavar, I remember wondering if he ever slept. It was not unusual at all for him to be called on 4-5 "house visits" through the night. His day would start with the first patient, either in his clinic or a house visit and would on most days end well into the night. It used to seem to me that no matter how late in the light, nor how heavy the monsoon rains, if there was someone at the door, asking for his help he would oblige. Most of the times, he would go on his loyal Bajaj scooter. But sometimes he would accompany people on their scooter/cycle to the tiniest surrounding villages, sometimes with complete strangers. This was in the 1980s when tar roads weren't so common in the smaller villages. It was not uncommon for him to return only in the morning. I remember when the elders at home would worry about his welfare, especially when he would go with strangers to faraway villages. I do not remember any occasion when he refused to go and treat a patient. There was many a time when he would have to hurry up with his meals or desert them halfway to go see a sick patient.

Even to date, in his sixties, he works almost seven days a week (he closes his clinic on Sunday afternoons). I think he has taken fewer holidays in his career of a few decades than I have in my short career. I remember him taking just a few days off after his wedding. His only attempt at slowing down is that he has finally stopped doing house visits at night.

His loyalty to his work and his patients has been appreciated. In the 1980s, he stood for municipal elections in Honavar and won by a huge majority. Although his opponent was widely supported by the Muslim leaders, people from the Navayati Muslim community voted for him. An old Muslim lady from



Kasarkod who said “He has always been there for us, no matter what time of the day and so he deserves our vote, irrespective of what the Maulvi says”, nicely summarized the sentiment behind this.

In spite of being such a busy physician, he finds time for other activities. He loves gardening and has always had a wonderful flowering garden. His Sunday evenings are usually spent in his social causes. He is an active board member of various local institutions – New English High School, SDM College, Honavar Urban Bank, to name a few. At the same time, he is a devout Bhanap, ensuring that our traditional festivals are carried out at home be it Chauthi, Ramnavami or Nompri. Furthermore, he has maintained our ancestral temple at Honavar “ Shri Rameshwar Temple”

When I have had a long day, and all I want to do is put my feet up and rest., I think of you Arunmam. I wonder where you find your energy, because I have never seen you rest. You have always been a wonderful uncle. You would come back from a long tiring working day and still find time to sit and talk to us into the night discussing politics or current affairs. I have met physicians of my generation from Honavar or surrounding villages who have told me how you had motivated them. On more than one occasion I have met people from Honavar, who just at the mention of being related to you, have had the most wonderful things to say about you.

I am more than proud to be your niece. You do inspire me everyday to do my best towards my patients. In a time of social media, when I see how some of the smallest achievements of my colleagues are broadcast on social media, you remain to me, the epitome of a true physician. A physician, a karma yogi, who believes in his duty – caring for his patients. I do hope you continue to have an illustrious career inspiring many more people, ably supported by Ashamami (Dr Asha Karkal) and Vidya and the rest of our extended family.

### *Report*

## **Health Awareness Programme by Kanara Saraswat Association**

This morning’s presentation by Dr. Swati Puthli who is an experienced Senior Physiotherapist from Breach Candy Hospital and in KSA’s Health Centre went very well. It was a PPT presentation and different types of Physiotherapy treatments for various ailments were explained fairly in detail. The interactive session with the audience was quite interesting and Swati was in a position to satisfy most of those who had asked questions.

There was also a Demonstration on how to exercise on Trampoline and its advantages were explained in detail. Many from the audience took the benefit of this session on the use of Trampoline.

This post may give an impression that I am praising our own daughter, but in reality, practically each and every individual who was present during the presentation expressed their fullest satisfaction about this presentation and interactions with them.

Dr. Prakash Mavinkurve who is the Hon. Secretary for Health Centre of KSA thanked Dr. Swati Puthli for this session.



# गोष्ट – “सुरवातीची”

अरुणा कुंडाजे

कुठल्याही चांगल्या गोष्टीची चांगली “सुरवात” मला आवडते. गोष्टीची म्हणजे फक्त राजाराणीच्याच नव्हे तर कुठल्याही प्रसंगाची किंवा घटनेची ‘सुरवात’ ऐकायला, बघायला आणि अनुभवायला आवडते. हो, राजाराणीच्या जुळवलेल्या गोष्टीपासून ते निसर्गातल्या एखाद्या सहज घडणाऱ्या गोष्टीपर्यंत सान्यांची ‘सुरवात’ ! मग त्याचा मधला भाग कितीही रम्य, भरगच्च असला आणि शेवट अगदी परिपूर्ण असला तरी ‘सुरवात’ घालवली की हरवल्यासारखं वाटतं!

पहाटे उगवणारा सूर्य! त्याची ती लोभस ‘सुरवात’! ती उगवतीची वेळ. ते दिशांचं सल्लज होणं-तो लालिया सूर्य केवढा भावरम्य असतो त्यावेळी. पण एकदा पूर्ण उगवला कि मग नेटाने कार्याला लागल्यासारखा. अगदी प्रखरपणे! पण “सुरवातीचं” त्याचं हळवं बिंब! ते पहायला जीव हपापतो.

“सुरवातीचं” वेड ही माझ्या लहानपणापासूनची खोड! माझ्या शिक्षणाचा श्रीगणेशा कसा गिरवत आला! नवी कोरी पाटी, सुबकशी दुधी पेन्सिल, गळ्यात पुस्तकं भरलेलं दसर, धरायला वडलांचं बोट! शाळेत पहिलं पाऊल ठेवतांना केवढा उत्साह! अननसातला पहिला ‘अ’ काढतांनाही! पण पुढे रोज हजेरी लावतांना आणि वहीत लांबच लांब वाक्यं लिहितांना सारं कुतुहल पार नाहीसं झालं!

आजीच्या साध्या गोष्टीचीही हीच कहाणी! लहानपणी गावात मुलं आजीभोवती जमली रे जमली की आजी गोष्ट सांगायला ‘सुरवात’ करायची. ती ताटांतला शेवटचा घास कसाबसा तोंडात कोंबून हातावर पाणी घालून येता येता – “फार फार वर्षापूर्वीची गोष्ट” अशी तिची ‘सुरवात’ व्हायची सुद्धां. मी प्रत्यक्ष येईपर्यंत खरंतर त्यानंतरची एक दोनच वाक्यं बोलून झालेली असत. आणि मी ती स्वयंपाक घरातून चांगली ऐकलेली असत. आता गोष्ट पुढे गेली तर काही हरकत नसे. पण नाही. बाकीच्या मुलांना घुसळून आजीच्या पुढ्यांत बसून- “पहिल्यापासून सांग, पहिल्यापासून असा लकडा लावायचा नि आजीला तीन वाक्यांनी मागे ओढायचं. कारण एकच. “फार फार वर्षापूर्वी” या पहिल्या वाक्याची चव! ते वाक्य उच्चारतांना आजीच्या डोळ्यात त्या वयातही आलेली ती “सुरवातीची” चमक! काहीतरी मोठंस गुपित दडलं आहे असे भासवणारी, गोष्टींत पुढे येणारं जादूचं झाड, पुरलेला हंडा आणिक काय काय... याची उत्कंठा उत्पन्न करणारी ती

चमक... पण फार फार वर्षापूर्वी... गोष्टीची ही सुरवात म्हणजे एक उघडू लागलेला जादूचा दरवाचा वाटायचा मला! जवळ जवळ ‘तिळा उघड’ मधली ताकद गोष्टीतल्या त्या पहिल्या वाक्यात जाणवायची.

नंतरच्या काळात व्हि. शांतारामचे चित्रपट पाहणं म्हणजे एक पर्वणीच. आम्हा मुलींचा एक गुच्छचा गुच्छ निघायचा. मुख्य चित्रपटाइतकंच आकर्षण त्याच्या “सुरवातीचं” असायचं. अंधार व्हायचा. समोरचा रूपेरी पडदा चमकायचा. मग त्यावर कुठूनशा प्रगट होणाऱ्या नक्षीदार कमानी... त्या कमानीतून उमटणारी वेलबुट्टीदार अक्षरं !... शाळेतल्या फळ्यावरची रूक्ष अक्षरं पाहून कंटाळलेल्या नजरेला ही अक्षरं कशी स्वर्गीय वाटायची. त्यातून त्या अक्षरांच्या आजूबाजूला धुकं पसरलेलं... वरून फुलांच्या पाकळ्या पडताहेत... छे छे... एखाद्या हळूबाई मैत्रिणीमुळं जर ही “सुरवात” गमावली तर सगळ्याजणी तिला बोलत. मी तर खूप राग राग करीत असे. आणि मग फक्त त्या ‘सुरवाती’साठी घरच्यांशी वाद घालून, त्यावेळी खूप वाटणारे दहा आणे खर्चून त्याच चित्रपटाला पुन्हा जात असूं.

तरीसुद्धां आताही क्वचित का होईना सिनेमाला जायचं (नव्या पिढीच्या भाषेत ‘मूव्ही’ला) म्हणजे “सुरवाती” पासूनच हजर असायला पाहिजे असा माझा कटाक्ष. चित्रपटगृह पिवळसर प्रकाशात उजळलेलं असतांनाच सबंध गृहाची लांबीरुंदी डोळ्यात सामावून घेत आपल्या सीटवर जाऊन बसण्यात केवढी मजा! नाहीतर गुडुप अंधार झाल्यावर खाली बघत, डोअर कीपरच्या टॉर्चच्या प्रकाशाच्या गोळ्यावर, पाय देत देत, बाकीच्यांच्या शिब्या घेत घेत तडमडत सीट गाठण्यात काय अर्थ? पण हे ‘यंग वर्ल्ड’ला मान्य नाही. त्यांचं म्हणणं आधीच काय जायचं? इंटरव्हलच्या जरा आधी तर सुरू होतं टेरिफिक फायटिंग..! आणि मला तर आधीच्या निव्व्या गुलाबी जाहिरातीसुद्धां पहायला हव्या असतात.

गाण्याची मैफल सुरू व्हायची आहे. काही श्रोते मंडळी बसली आहेत. मीही त्यात आहेच. समोरच्या बैठकीवर तंबोरे आले. डुलले. पेटी आली. तिनं व्यवस्थित ठाण मांडलं. डाव्या बाजूला तबला-डग्गा आले. हात जोडून उभे राहिले. हा झाला पहिला अंक. दुसऱ्या अंकाची “सुरवात”... पेटीवादकानं स्वर लावून सगळ्या पट्ट्यांवरून सफाईनं बोटं फिरवणं. तबलजीनं तबल्यावर एक दोन पक्क्या थापा देणं, डग्यावर घुमघुम आवाज

काढणं, हातोडीनं स्वर ठाकठीक ताळ्यावर आणणं. या दुसऱ्या अंकातच गायक मध्यभागी येऊन स्थानापन्न होतो. मागं वळून दोन्ही तंबोऱ्यांच्या तारांवर हात फिरवून त्यानं मण्या जुळवल्या की दोन्ही तंबोरे एका सुरांत बोलू लागतात. इथें तर दुसरा अंक संपतो. हे दोन अंक नीटपणे न्याहाळल्याशिवाय पुढच्या मैफलीची मजा खऱ्या अर्थानं लुटतां येणं कसं शक्य आहे? काहीजण तर तिसऱ्या अंकाची सुरवातसुद्धा गमावतात. त्यांना वाटतं आपण वेळेवर आलो. पण तो 'प्रांभीचा' नेमका षड्ज, पुढं गायिल्या जाणाऱ्या सुमधुर रागाचं सारं सर्वस्व असलेला तो षड्ज त्यांनी घालवलेला असतो. आणि तो मी काना-मनात भरून घेतलेला असतो. मी त्या घडीला स्वतःला अतिशय भाग्यवान समजते. उशिरा येणाऱ्यांची कीर्त करते.

एकदा एका संध्याकाळी मी मैफलीला अशीच उशिरा पोहोचले. मारवा राग चालला होता. मी पोहोचले तेव्हा स्वर तीव्र मध्यमाभोवती घोटाळत होते. मधूनच धैवताकडे झेप घेत होते आणि मग तिथून थेट खाली उतरून कोमल रिषभावर

येऊन थांबत होते. मारवा आधीच बेचैन करणारा. त्यातून मंद सप्तकातले स्वर आणि मोठ्या कष्टानं लावलेल्या षड्जातली ती कळ यांना मी पूर्णपणे पारखी झालेले. त्यावेळची माझी अवस्था मलाच माहित!

मैफलीतल्या पहिल्या षड्जात तृप्त करण्याचं जेवढं सामर्थ्य तेवढंच ज्येष्ठांतल्या पहिल्या पावसात ! आधी माहिने अन् म हिने कोरडं पडलेलं आभाळ... इतकं कोरडं की यापुढे त्यातून पाण्याचा एक थेंबसुद्धा गळणं अशक्य असं वाटावं आणि एक दिवस अचानक थेंबा मागून थेंब टप् टप् टप् पडूं लागतात. हा काय चमत्कार? बघतां बघतां चोहोबाजूनी सरीच्या सरी चकाकू लागतात. किती तरी काळ निपचित पडलेली माती मोर होऊन नाचत उठते. मग श्वासावर श्वास घ्यावा इतका सुगंध! वसंत ऋतुतल्या पहिल्या पालवीवर माझं कोवळं प्रेम तर 'सुरवातीच्या' सरींवर अगदी चिंब प्रेम! त्यांत मी एखाद्या डहाळीसारखी भिजून जाते. मनसोक्त!!

<<<>>>

## एक हासो-भोर्न खब्बरि

### बाळ्यालि गति

पुणेचें ट्रेन, थडि वॅळाक, सान् एक स्टेशनारी राब्लें.

आम्गोल् क्लार्क, गोविन्दाक, तावळीचि, ज़ोर् उदाक पिंक्का म्होण् दिस्लें.

देव्, वळसः - वळसः कर्तचि, भण्येन्थाव्ण पॉट्-भरि पिळ्ळो.

'व्हिसल् ज़ाळें, ट्रेन् सॉळ्ळें; गोविन्द्, भीव्, तर्तरि धाव्ळो.

तागेलो डब्बो दूर पाव्ला; लाग्च डब्बेन्त् कशी पुणि चळ्ळो.

तें लेडीज् कम्पार्टमेन्ट्! कस्ले किळ्ळ्यो ! गोविन्दु भेळ्ळशेन् गेल्लो.

देवियान्, घाबूनक्काति. मगल् डब्बो माक्का, कर्म, चुक्लो.

"येव्च स्टेशनारी देंव्ता. बित्तर येना," म्होण्, तान्ड् घुंढान्, बाग्लालाग् राब्लो.

सम् ज़ाव्, तावळीचि, एक् भोवर्, तागेल् वेश्ट्येन्त् वोचुनु रिग्लो.

वेश्टि हाल्लोनु, तौ काडु पळेता; भोवर् बित्तर उब्बु लाग्लो.

"अय्यो, अय्यो" कोर्न, नान्त्तचि, वग्-वग्, तान् वेश्टि मेक्कळ्ळ.

"अय्यो, अय्यो" कोर्न्, तें दिकान्थाव्, बाय्लानिं गव्जी-गव्जी घाल्लि.

"भोवर् रिग्ला... चाव्त्तलो... म्होण्, तान् वेश्टि भायर् घट्टि फापुळ्ळ.

लाग्च पाट्येर् आनेक् ट्रेन् गेल्लें; तान्थाव्, काणकी वेश्टि ताण् काळ्ळ.

लंगोटीन्त् राब्ला... "ना, हांव् बद्दच् पिस्सां नयिं", गोविन्दान् दुःख पाव् म्हळ्ळें.

मात्र, बाय्लानिं सरि ताणु, ट्रेन राब्वोनु, ताक्क घाल्न् बोडुन्, हाँदार्न् सॉळ्ळें:

कस्लि गति, पाप्, बाळ्यालि!

- सरस राव आनि गायत्री मदन दत्त

# जीवेत् शरदः शतम्!

डॉ. सुनन्दा कर्नाड

रोज सकाळी आलं घालून केलेल्या गरम चहाचा घोट घेता घेता वर्तमानपत्र चाळण्याची सवय! त्यात राजकीय घडामोडी, ठिकठिकाणी घडलेले अपघात, चोऱ्या, आत्महत्या, मोर्चे, वाहतुक कोंडी इत्यादी बातम्या वाचतांना मनस्ताप होतो. त्याचवेळी जाहिरातींच्या मारानं थकवा येतो, काहींना शॉपिंगची उबळ येते, तर काहीजणांना 'बातम्यांपेक्षा जाहिरातीच जास्त' याचा संताप येतो. त्याचबरोबर, सिनेमा-नाटकाचं वेड असलेल्या वाचकांना, त्यांच्या आवडत्या कलाकारांविषयी, त्यांच्या कलेपेक्षा खाजगी जीवनाविषयी वाचायला गंमत वाटते; पाककलेत रुची असणाऱ्यांना अनेक पदार्थ कसे करावे, तब्बेतीची सतत काळजी करणाऱ्यांना काय खावं, काय खाऊ नये यासंबंधी ज्ञानही मिळतं. मला विशेष कौतुक वाटतं ते प्रसिद्ध व अज्ञात व्यक्तीचे फोटो छापून वाढदिवसानिमित्त शुभचिंतन असतं, 'जीवेत् शरदः शतम्', तसेच छोट्या बाळांना 'चिरायु भव' असा आशिर्वादही! तेव्हा मनांत विचार येतो, 'शंभर वर्ष जगा' हा आशिर्वाद नाही, अलिकडच्या परिस्थितीत शाप आहे!

वर्तमानपत्र सोडा, पुण्यात बाहेर पडलं की प्रत्येक चौकात खासदार-आमदार-नगरसेवकांची भलीमोठी पोस्टर्स, त्यांच्या भल्या मोठ्या (गलेलठ्ठ) चेहऱ्यासह, त्यांच्या चाहत्यांचेही मुखवटे पहात प्रवास करणे म्हणजे, वाहतुककोंडीमुळे होणाऱ्या त्रासाइतकंच असह्य असतं. आपल्या शहराच्या नैसर्गिक सौंदर्याला नजर लागू नये म्हणून ही व्यवस्था असावी! वाढदिवस साजरे करा घरातल्या घरांत, इतर जनांना कां हा त्रास?

वाढदिवस म्हणजे आपलं वय एका वर्षांनं वाढलं म्हणून साग्रसंगित साजरं करायचं की, आपल्या गाठी असलेल्या आयुष्यातलं एक वर्ष कमी झालं, ह्या दुःखावर पांघरुण घालायचं? लहानग्यांना आपला वाढदिवस म्हणजे आनंदाचा दिवस! खूप लाड होतात, हवी ती खेळणी व इतर वस्तू भेटी दाखल मिळतात, आपल्या मित्रमैत्रिणींना सोबत घेऊन मज्जा करायला मिळतं, पालक आपल्यासाठी वेळ काढतात, 'खास' काही करतात म्हणून! अठरावं पूर्ण झालं कि वाढदिवस घरापेक्षा बाहेर जाऊन इतर तरुणांबरोबर साजरं करण्यात जे 'थ्रिल' असतं ते, घरांत काही बाबतीत बंधन घालणाऱ्या पालक नातेवाईकांबरोबर नसतं. एकवीसावं वर्ष उलटलं कि, 'एडल्ट' झाल्याची जाणीव आणि नको वाटणाऱ्या अनेक जबाबदाऱ्या, कर्तव्य पार पाडण्याचं ओझं वाटायला लागतं. तरीही तो

वाढदिवस महत्त्वाचा असतो, आनंद असतो आपण 'मतदार' झालो याचा! चाळीशी ओलांडली की, शारिरीक आणि मानसिक व्याधी जवळ येतात. त्या वाढदिवसाला डोळ्यांना चष्मा तर काहींना दात पडून कवळी लागते. मधुमेहानं सलग्गी केल्यास गोड पदार्थ दुरावतात. स्त्रियांना (आणि काही पुरुषांनाही अवेळी) 'मेनोपॉज'चा जाच सुरू होतो, तरीही वाढदिवस साजरा होतो. पन्नाशी उलटल्यावर घरांत 'सत्यनारायण पूजा' होते; ऐहिक सुखाचा पोटभर आस्वाद घेतल्यावर अध्यात्मापेक्षा, धार्मिक विधी-वैकल्यं करावीशी वाटतात. थोडसं पुण्य पदरी पडलं तर 'म्हातारपण' सुलभ होईल अशी आशा!

वयाची साठ वर्ष पूर्ण झाली कि घरांतल्या कत्या पुरुषाचा किंवा बाईचा 'वाढदिवस' मोठ्या प्रमाणात साजरा करण्याचा उत्साह वाटतो जवळच्यांना. पूर्वी, साठी उलटली की 'म्हातारपण' आलं, किंवा 'साठी बुद्धी नाठी' म्हणत. आता नोकरी व्यवसायांतून निवृत्त झाल्याचा आनंद, किंवा यापुढे 'काय करायचं, वेळ कसा जाणार ही काळजी, तर काहींना 'यापुढचं प्रत्येक वर्ष बोनस म्हणून जगायचं' असा सूज विचार मनात येतो. 'इतकी वर्ष ज्या ज्या गोष्टी करायची इच्छा होती पण वेळ मिळत नव्हता, त्यासर्व आता करायच्या असं ठरवून प्लानिंग सुरू होतं. म्हणून साठावा वाढदिवस महत्त्वाचा!

अलिकडे राहणीमान सुधारल्यामुळे, योग्य आहार, व्यायाम, करून प्रकृती नीट सांभाळणारे अनेक जण सहज 'सत्तरी आणि नंतर 'पंच्याहत्तरी'ही गाठतात. त्यावेळीही लग्न होऊन, मुलं-बाळं होऊन स्थिरावलेल्या मुला-मुलींना आपल्या 'आईचा', 'वडिलांचा' वाढदिवस धुमधडाक्यानं, (म्हणजे ढोल-नगारे वाजवून किंवा फटाके फोडून नव्हे) करावा असं वाटतं. तोपर्यंत त्यांनी 'मृत्यूपत्र' केलेलं असेल तर विशेष उत्साह वाटत असेल. जवळच्या नातेवाईकांना, मित्रमंडळींना आमंत्रण देऊन मस्त मेजवानी देण्याचा थाट असतो. किती मायेनं आपली मुलं, लेकी-सुना आपला वाढदिवस साजरा करताहेत याचा मनस्वी आनंद होतो उत्सवमूर्तीला!

पुढं ऐंशी वर्षांवर 'सहस्रचंद्रदर्शन', नव्वदपूर्ण झाली कि आणखी काही- ह्या वाढत जाणाऱ्या वयात मनापासून प्रेम करणारं, समजून घेणारं कुणी सोबत असेल तर ठीक, तब्बेतीच्या कसल्याच तक्रारी नसतील तर, 'god's grace' नाहीतर एकाकी जीवन, 'नको, पुरे आता' असं वाटत 'त्या मित्राची' वाट पहात दिवस मोजायचे.

(पृष्ठ क्र. ५६ पाहा)

# “छत्रपति विद्या गौरी”

विद्या कागल

२०१२ साली मी मुंबईला कित्येक वर्षांनंतर पावसाळ्यात गेले. मला ठाऊक होते की, हवा जरा विचित्रच असणार आहे. पण माझा मुक्काम जास्त करून पुण्याला असल्याने, माझ्या साऱ्या पुणेकर मित्रमंडळी आणि नातेवाईकांनी खात्रीने सांगितले की, पुण्यांतील आणि मुंबईतील पावसात खूपच फरक असतो, घाबरण्याचे कारण नाही. त्यामुळे मी निश्चित मनाने पुण्यास गेले.

मी पुण्याला पोहोचले आणि खरच हवा फार छान होती. पुढील पंधरा दिवसांत मी माझी कामे झटपट आटपून, सप्टेंबरच्या ५ तारखेला मुंबईला पोहोचले. पण त्या खट्याळ पावसाला ही बातमी कुणी कळवली देव जाणे! मुंबई जवळ यायला लागली, तशी ढगांची मोठ्ठी फौज मोठ्ठ्या जोमाने, आमच्या टॅक्सीच्या पाठोपाठ, आमच्या सोबतीने आणि वेगाने आमच्या बरोबरच निघाली. टॅक्सीत मी एकटीच होते आणि दोन दिवसानंतर डॅटनला परत येणार असल्याने माझे सगळे सामान देखील टॅक्सीत खच्चून भरले होते. मी माझे डोके लढवून माझ्या साऱ्या जड बॅगा तळ मजल्यावर राहणाऱ्या मावशीकडे ठेवायची व्यवस्था केली. त्यामुळे ती एक डोकेदुखी कमी झाली होती. हे सारे करून माझ्या मैत्रिणीकडे पोहोचेपर्यंत संध्याकाळचे साडे सात वाजले होते.

दुसऱ्या दिवशी मला सांताक्रूझहून माटुंग्याला जायचे असल्याने, माझ्या मैत्रिणीबरोबर उद्याचा संबंध दिवस आयोजिला. उद्या “संबंध दिवस धो धो पाऊस आहे!” अशी चेतावणी ठळक बातम्यात देण्यात आल्यामुळे माझे मन आतापासूनच बालपणाच्या त्या पावसाळी दिवसात जावू लागले होते. ती डोक्यावर धरलेली, वाऱ्याच्या संगतीने इकडून तिकडे डुलणारी छत्री डोळ्यांसमोर येत होती. पावसाच्या झडीने नेसलेली साडी ओली चिंब झालेली असायची, साडीच्या त्या ओल्याचिंब निऱ्या पोटऱ्याना घट्ट विळखा घालून बसल्यामुळे, एकेक पाऊल पुढे घालायचे म्हणजे एक कसरतच व्हायची. त्यांतून एका हाताने ती छत्री सावरत सावरत, दुसऱ्या हाताने त्या ओल्याचिंब निऱ्या पायांतून सोडवत सोडवत, त्या पावसाच्या तुंबलेल्या पाण्यांतून चालत जायचं व घरी पोहोचल्यावर आईच्या हातचा गरमागरम चहा ह्या कल्पनेनेच माझ्या ओल्या चिंब मनाला तरतरी यायची. दुसऱ्या दिवशी आम्ही दोघी त्या मुसळधार पावसात निघालो. आता मी “छत्रपती शिवाजी”

महाराजांच्या राज्यातच होते. इथे तर रस्ते, गल्ल्या, झालंच तर विमानतळापर्यंत सर्व ठिकाणी छत्रपतींविषयीचे प्रेम आणि त्यांची निशाणी झळकत होती. रस्त्याच्या कानाकोपऱ्यांत शिवाजी महाराजांचे लहान मोठे पुतळे ताठ मानेने, त्या तुफान पावसात देखील छत्री न घेता उभे होते. तेवढ्यात एक मोठी विज कडाडली... मी माझ्या हातातली छत्री दोन्ही हातांनी घट्ट धरली. आता वारा देखील लहान हट्टी मुलागत चवताळला होता. माझी छत्री आता उलटी तर होणार नाही ना? म्हणून मी माझी हाताची मुठ आणखी घट्ट केली. पावसाचा जोर चांगलाच वाढला होता. पाण्याचे गार, गार तुषार, छत्रीच्या कापडाचे बंधन तोडून माझ्या तोंडावर शिंपत होते... माझे वाऱ्याने भुरभुरणारे केस आता माझ्या कपाळाला बिलगले होते आणि माझे ते अवखळ मन दुडू दुडू करीत बेफाम धावू लागले. मी देखील एक छत्रपतीच होते की! माझ्या डोक्यावर देखील अगदी बालपणापासून एक अद्भुत छत्र होते. मी मान वर करून वर छत्रीकडे पाहिले. दहा बारीक, लवचिक आणि मजबूत तारांवर छत्रीचे कापड ताणून शिवले होते. आणि ह्या अश्या मुसळधार पावसाला देखील ही छोटकली छत्री, अगदी धैर्याने त्या सुसाट वारा आणि पाऊस यांच्या बरोबर सामना करत होती.

आता त्यांच्याविषयी सांगितल्याशिवाय तुम्हाला त्यांतील गुपित समजायचे नाही. आक्का म्हणजेच वत्सला, नावाप्रमाणे अगदी वात्सल्याचा जणू मऊ मऊ लोण्याचा गोळा ! अजून मला आठवते की, मला तिच्या शेजारी बसून तिचे ते मऊ मऊ दंड कुस्करायला भारी आवडायचे. त्याबद्दल तिच्याकडून रागावून देखील घेतले आहे मी बरं का! आक्का होती देखील तशीच, जरा स्थूल आणि सदा हसरी. लग्न झाल्याझाल्या पोटुशी राहिली आणि लगेच वैधव्य आल्याने, माहेरी परतून आली. दुसरी कमला मावशी, चार मुले झाल्यानंतर तिच्या नशिबीदेखील वैधव्य आले पण तिचे नशीब जरा बरे होते. तिच्या दिरांनी आणि जाऊ बाईंनी तिला आपल्या संसारातच सामावून घेतले. माझ्या आजोळी, दोन मावश्या, बाल वयातच वैधव्याने, त्यांच्या संसाराच्या स्वप्नांचा चक्काचूर झाल्याने परतल्या होत्या. विमलमावशी तशी धाडशी निघाली आणि मुरलीधर भाऊर्जींनी देखील तिला साथ देवून तिचा संसार सुखाचा केला. नंतरची कृष्णा, माझी आई. ती तिच्या वडिलांची लाडकी म्हणून जराशी “बिघडली” होती असं सर्वांचे मत

होते. आणि माझ्या पप्पांनी देखील तिला शेवटपर्यंत फुलासारखं जपलं. नंतरची प्रेमल मावशी, ही तर कुमठा कुटुंबाची इवलीशी खंजीर होती. साऱ्या बहिणींमध्ये शिकलेली! त्या काळात तिने इ.अ. पूर्ण करून नोकरी धरली होती. त्याच सुमारास आजी आजोबांचं छत्र उडालं आणि आमच्या आक्कांवरच साऱ्या भावंडांचा भार पडला. पण ह्या साऱ्या बायका धीराच्या. एकी कधीच सोडली नाही. माझी अहिल्या मावशी... काय लिहायचं तिच्याबद्दल? ते सारे लिहायला मला एक वेगळंचं मनाचं बळ आणायला हवं. तिची गोष्ट मी नंतरच लिहीन. केवढं काय घडलं तिच्या आयुष्यांत, पण तिच्या तोंडावरच हसू मात्र कुणीच पुसू शकल नाही. किती धीराची माझी अहिल्या मावशी. प्रेमल मावशीला नोकरी लागताच तिने स्वतःच्या कमाईवर छोटाशी दोन खोल्यांची जागा घेतली आणि अक्काने त्यात रमणीय स्वर्गनिर्माण केला. आता तीन धाकट्या भावंडांची जबाबदारी त्या दोघांवर होती. उमेश मामा अगदी हुशार होता आणि आमच्या कुमठा कुटुंबातून अमेरिकेला जाणारा पहिलावहिला. आम्हा सर्वांना खूपच कौतुक होत त्याचं.

सुरेश आणि नरेश अजून शिकत होते. त्यांतून माझी आणि नरेशामाची लहानपणापासून फारच गट्टी होती. नरेश मामा, म.ा.झा बांसुरीवाला. अश्या ह्या प्रेमळ नंदनवनात मी बागडत होते. अश्या ह्या दहा खंबीर आणि धाडशी भावंडांनी आम्हा मुलांना इतकं प्रेम दिलं, खूप धीर दिला आणि त्यांच्यावर येणाऱ्या संकटांची जराशीदेखील झळ आम्हा मुलांना लागू दिली नाही. त्यामुळे आज देखील ही सारी मंडळी माझ्या हृदयांत कायमची वसत असतात.

आक्का आज नाही पण तिची ती जन्मभर हसत हसत दुसऱ्यांकरता जगायची कला मला जशीच्या तशी आठवते. कमल मावशी, काय सांगू? कमेरत खोवलेली तपकिरीची डबी काढून चिमटुभर तपकीर, सुं... सुं... करून नाकपुडीत घालायची आणि आपल्या खास ठेवणीतील आठवणी आणि विनोद सांगून, वातावरण हलकंफुलक करायची. तिच्याकडूनच मी माझ्या बालपणी खदखदुन हसण्याची आणि इतरांना हसविण्याचे धडे घेतले. आता माझ्या आईचं सांगायचं तर... मी अगदी हुशार आणि आदर्श मुलगी असावी, असं तिला आपलं वाटायचं. आणि मी काही कुणाच्या खोड्या काढल्या किंवा हूडपणा केला तर आई ते सारे चक्क पप्पांच्या वंशावर ढकलून घायची... आणि नाव देखील तितकेच साजेसे होते. आता तुम्हीच विचार करा ना! आतापर्यंत तुम्हाला देखील माहित झाले असेलच, माझे कुळ आणि गोत्र ! माझ्या जन्मा अगोदरच प्रभूला माझ्या भविष्याची जाणीव असणार आणि

म्हणूनच मला हे इतके नाविन्यपूर्ण आणि साजेसे घराणे माझ्याकरता पाठविले. म्हणतात ना, हे सारे काही विधिलिखित असते.. नियमानुसार मी मंकीकर घराण्यातील शेंडेफळ झाले आणि तसेच “कर्तुत्व” गाजवले... “मंकीकर”...हाहाहा...हो पण म्हणून काही मी माझा स्वभाव धर्म सोडला नाही बरं का! अहो, त्या माकड चेष्टेनेच माझे जीवन अगदी मस्त, स्वच्छंद आणि खेळकर केले आहे.

आता राहिली ती प्रेमल मावशी, तिने माझे खूपच कोड कौतुक केले. तिला शिवणाची खूप आवड असल्याने, कुणीही काही नवीन नमुने घेवून काही शिवले, कि लगेच मला तसेच कपडे शिवून मिळायचे. तिच्यामुळेच मला नाटकांची हौस सुरु झाली. चित्रकलेची आवड निर्माण झाली. आजदेखील छोटसं काही लिहीलं किंवा चित्र काढलं की, मला तिला दाखवायची घाई असते. आणि ती देखील आतुरलेली असते. आमच्या गप्पा नेहमीच चालतात. खरं सांगू, तिची अपुरी राहिलेली स्वप्ने, ती माझ्यात पाहते. अशी माझी प्रेमळ प्रेमल मावशी.

आता तुम्ही मला सांगा, असे बळकट छत्र माझ्या डोक्यावर सतत असतांना मी का म्हणून स्वतःला कमी लेखू? माझ्या हातांत, जीवनाचा तोल सावरण्याकरता मोट्टा आणि मजबूत बांबू होता तो मात्र माझ्या पप्पांचा! मी त्याला नेहमीच घट्ट धरून ठेवते. हे प्रेमाचे छत्र हळू हळू झीळमीळीत होत चालले आहे. जीवनाचा नियमच आहे ना? आत ही माझी छत्री अदृश्य अवस्थेत माझ्या जवळ सतत असते.

म्हणूनच मी खऱ्या अर्थाने “छत्रपती” आहे ना?... तुम्हीच ठरवा... नको... नको, मला कुणाचाच सल्ला नको आहे... आता तुम्ही तज्ञ आहात तर तुम्ही जाणताच.

तुझे छत्र अन मी सांवरले,  
बावरले परी नितांत भिजले...  
त्या भिजण्यातील मर्म अनोखे  
तूच दावि स्व-स्वरूप आगळे  
प्रेमवर्षेतच धुंदते मम मती...  
अशीच झाले मी ग “छत्रपती”!

(पृष्ठ क्र. ५४ वरून : जीवेत् शरदः शतम्!)

पंच्याणव वर्षांच्या माझ्या एका मैत्रिणीचा वाढदिवस, तिच्यावर छोटीशी फिल्म करून, गाण्याचा कार्यक्रम करून, तिच्या जवळच्या सर्वांना, बोलावून साजरा होतोय. तिला 'pleasant Surprise' देण्यासाठी तिलाही 'जीवेत् शरदः शतम्' म्हणावं कां?



**Narada Bhakti Sutras - Part IX**  
A discussion on a Selection of verses from the  
Treatise on Devotion by the Celestial Bard, Narada

KRISHNANAND MANKIKAR

**In previous part 8 :**

We saw that महत्कृपा Mahatkrupa is a strong force in bhaktimarga. It is unfathomable and effective when received. The association with Greats is obtained only by His Grace.

In this part, Narada Muni has re-emphasized the bad company and the thoughts arising out of that which come in waves and end up as an ocean to submerge the person within them.

The four Sutras from 3-10 to 3-13 go together Viz.

दुस्सङ्गः सर्वथैव त्याज्यः। ४३-३.१०

कामक्रोधमोहस्मृतिभ्रंशबुद्धिनाशकारणत्वात्। ४४-३.११

तरङ्गायिता अपीमे सङ्गात् समुद्रायन्ते। ४५-३.१२

कस्तरति कस्तरति मायाम् यः सङ्गं त्यजति यो महानुभावं  
सेवते निर्ममो भवति । ४६-३.१३

Sutra 35 (3.10)

दुस्सङ्गः सर्वथैव त्याज्यः। ३.१०

दुस्सङ्गः सर्वथा एव त्याज्यः

**Meaning:**

Association with bad people दुस्सङ्गः in all respects सर्वथा truly एव should be avoided त्याज्यः

**Comment:**

In this Sutra, Narada tells us one of the impediments—rather the main impediment – to Bhakti. viz. association with bad elements. Now this bad element is reflected in those actions of people who are impediments in our pursuits of Bhakti. Such people are prone to gossip, attracted to worldly pleasures alone, ready to take advantage of others, while away their time and so on. We need not elaborate, but what is important is that, the association with such persons makes our thoughts and actions prone to the undesirable ways, hence is an impediment in our path to Bhakti.

Sutra 36 (3.11)

कामक्रोधमोहस्मृतिभ्रंशबुद्धिनाशकारणत्वात्। ३.११

काम क्रोध मोह स्मृतिभ्रंश बुद्धि नाश कारणत्वात्।

**Meaning:**

Desires काम anger क्रोध attraction towards

possession मोह loss of memory स्मृतिभ्रंश loss of intellect बुद्धिनाश by way of कारणत्वात्

**Comment:**

The result of दुस्सङ्ग is detailed by Narada Muni. It begins with arousal of desires. If desires are fulfilled they arise again and again. There is no stoppage to the waves of desire. However, if the desires are not fulfilled, they result into frustration and anger. Once one is overpowered by anger, there is delusion, as one stops seeing the reality, the delusion results in loss of memory and finally there is loss of reasoning. The much quoted shloka from Geeta

क्रोधाद्भवति संमोहः सम्मोहात्स्मृतिविभ्रमः

स्मृतिभ्रंशात्बुद्धिनाशो, बुद्धिनाशात्प्रणश्यति। comes to mind.

There is a story of an American, who needed to clear snow from his driveway. Since his snow blower was not working, but the clearing of snow was mandatory, he decided to borrow one from his friend who lived a couple of kilometres away. He said to himself, Joe is a good friend of mine. No harm in asking him. As it was freezing cold, and his vehicle too was not available, he decided to walk it up. As a protection against the freezing cold, he also carried a bottle of hard drink to keep him warm on the way.

He walked a few steps and decided to take a swig at his bottle. When the drink had a little effect on him. He started wondering "will Joe lend the machine, in such a cold weather. How to bring it home? I shall get his truck and return both in the morning." He took another swig. He started thinking, "what if he does not give his truck?" He had a third swig, and said to himself, "Joe had borrowed my lawn mower last year and he broke it. Since then he is a little aloof with me." Saying this he took one more swig at his bottle. "This Joe, sometimes thinks too much of himself. Let me just ask him will you lend or won't you. That's all. I

won't even enter his home. I will call him from his gate." So giving free rein to his imagination at last he reached Joe's door. Near the gate, he picked up a fair sized stone. As soon as he reached the portico, he threw the stone on the window of Joe's house, shouting, "who wants your blower. Blow yourself with it." Saying so, he fell down at the gate, in stupor! This is kaama, krodh, lobha moha mada and matsara all coming in droves. Just as the hard drink affected our Hero here, so does the Dussanga overpowers our lives. We have to be very careful.

Sutra 37 (3.12)

तरङ्गायिता अपीमे सङ्गात् समुद्रायन्ते। ३.१२  
तरङ्गायिता अपि इमे सङ्गात् समुद्रायन्ते।

**Meaning:**

In the form of waves तरङ्गायिता also (even though) अपि these इमे due to association सङ्गात् turn into ocean समुद्रायन्ते

**Comment:**

Here, Narada Muni, speaks of an important psychological principle, viz. these small desires which arise in one's mind like waves, turn into veritable ocean due to (constant) association. This association is primarily due to one's association with bad elements. We know this to be true, as we see this in real life. When certain desires arise again and again and a person tries to fulfil these, one is so much overpowered by these that these small waves turn verily into ocean and engulf the person. One is verily inundated. Dussanga is one of the primary causes for such waves to turn into an ocean.

Again, please note here the use of words, the imagery and please note how the Sutra is constructed.

Sutra 38 (3.13)

कस्तरति कस्तरति मायाम् यः सङ्गं त्यजति यो महानुभावं सेवते निर्ममो भवति । ३.१३

कः तरति कः तरति मायाम् यः सङ्गं त्यजति यः महानुभावम् सेवते (यः) निर्ममो भवति ।

**Meaning:**

Who कः overcomes (the ocean of ) तरति कः तरति Maya? Delusion? मायाम्? One who `... forsakes attachment सङ्गं त्यजति who यः great

people महानुभावम् serves सेवते and who (यः) gives up the feeling that this is mine. निर्ममो भवति

**Comment:**

Here Narada Muni states one of the ways to cross over this ocean of delusion viz. by giving up wrong associations. Please note the repetition of "कस्तरति" it signifies the task being difficult. One can also discern in this repetition a tinge of despair, if we may say so, for he hardly sees anyone among common people striving for traversing this ocean of Maya. Also please note that in the previous sutra, we have seen the waves of desires turning into ocean, and the same imagery is extended further by Narada Muni to bring in the concept of Maya as an ocean. This is seen by us in all our Bhakti literature, wherein we are presented Maya as Maya saagara, this Samsaara as an Arणा. Therefore, कस्तरति कस्तरति. We fervently plead with the Lord to take us across the Maya Saagara or the Samsaara Saagara.

The only means, so to say, presented by Narada Muni is "the one who serves a great soul, and loses all attachment." One has therefore to seek the help of Guru is the undoubted truth stated here.

To be continued.....

Comments/corrections most welcome on [kdmanikar@gmail.com](mailto:kdmanikar@gmail.com)

Konkani version of the Kannada rhyme about the idle Mallaa, who shirks work but is ever ready for meals ('savde taaro mallaa'.....)

**आळशी मल्ला**

राक्कुड हाडरे पुत्ता

कोइतो लाग्गद हात्ता

उद्दाक हाडरे पुत्ता

बाइन्तु पडतां भित्तां

उज्जो जळइ पुत्ता

हातपाय भाज्जुन वत्ता

जेवणा योरे पुत्ता

धांत्त हांव येत्ता

होड वाट्टे आम्मा

होड वाट्टे आम्मा

– मंगळूर गोपाळकृष्ण भट



With a heavy heart we bid farewell to **Mrs Jyotsna Anil Pandit** on 5<sup>th</sup> January 2017. She was much admired and emulated by many; a staunch believer in 'karma' and austere living. An extremely organized person who meticulously planned for all events in life and after...

Under her care, our house was always open to a steady stream of relatives, acquaintances and friends. Her small thoughtful gestures made everyone feel special. A fiercely independent woman till her end...

**You will be dearly missed by all.**

- Anil D Pandit family



**Mr. Ashok Anant Bhat**, husband of Mrs. Anupama Bhat, and father of Anil Bhat, passed away peacefully in his sleep on 31st December, 2016 at his house in Goregaon-West, Mumbai.

He was 74 years old, a kind man, who lived a simple life.

He loved listening to and singing old Hindi film songs. His loss is being deeply mourned by his family, relatives and friends.



## HONAVAR ELECTRODES PRIVATE LIMITED

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**4th Feb-2017**



**Prabhakar M Kumtakar**

*Deeply mourned by :*

Pramila Kumtakar (wife)  
Harishankar & Shanti Kumtakar  
(Son & daughter -in-law)  
Arati & Gaurish Padukone  
(Daughter & son-in-law)  
Shweta & Gopalkrishna Hattiangadi  
(Daughter & son-in-law)  
Shrijan, Chinmoy-Nivedita & Dakshata  
(Grand sons & daughters)



**SHYAM GANESH MURDESHWAR**

(DOB - 01/03/1948)

Passed Away Peacefully On 28th December  
2016 In Mumbai

*Deeply Mourned By:*

Wife - Sheela Murdeshwar  
Children - Shilpa & Gurunath Mavinkurve  
Seema & Darshan Manikeri  
Shobhita & Anand Hemmady  
Grandchildren - Swati & Avani  
Murdeshwars, Mahales & all relatives

न जायते म्रियते वा कदाचिन्  
नायं भूत्वा भविता वा न भूयः ।  
अजो नित्यः शाश्वतोऽयं पुराणो  
न हन्यते हन्यमाने शरीरे ॥ २० ॥

**The soul is eternal...and life immortal!**



**Shri Narahari Krishnarao Nadkarni**

left for heavenly abode on  
November, 13th, 2016 - Vaikuntha Chaturdashi.  
Dearly missed by Namita, Nitin & Udaya,  
Nandini & Steve, Ishan, Aditi, Rohan, Arjun  
and the Nadkarni, Kerekatte, Talgeri, Rao & Wente  
Families, and Friends.

**SAD DEMISE**



**SANGEETA MAHESH KALYANPUR**

(21/12/1964 – 19/12/2016)

**Deeply mourned by Kalyanpurs, Talgeris,  
Relatives & Friends**



## Personalia

**Dr. Anshul Udiavar**, son of Dr. Ravindranath and Shobha Udiavar (nee Lalita Hoskote), has successfully completed his MD Anaesthesia in April 2016 from MGM Medical College, Aurangabad.



He is now doing a fellowship in Regional Anaesthesiar ecognised by WFSA (World Federation of Societies of Anaesthesiologists) at Ganga Hospitals, Coimbatore, one of the few institutions offering super-specialisation in regional anaesthesia in India.

regional anaesthesia in India.

**Dr. Aparna Hoskote**, daughter of Mrs Meera Hoskote and late Umeshrao Hoskote, and niece of Mrs Sarita Bijoor, is a specialist consultant in the paediatric cardiac intensive care in Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children in London, a world-renowned children's hospital in the UK. She looks after children born with heart defects (congenital heart disease) and children with heart and lung failure supported



on highly advanced life-support treatment called ECMO (Extra Corporeal Membrane Oxygenation). She was recently awarded for her work at the International Extracorporeal Life Support Organisation meeting in Atlanta, USA. In addition to clinical work, she has an active academic interest in the neurodevelopmental outcome of children with heart disease and those supported on ECMO.

**Aryan Hosangady**, studying in Arya Vidya Mandir Bandra (West) participated in the MSSA interschool badminton tournament and won the team championship event for his school.

He also came 3rd in the individual event.

He, along with his partner were honoured with a prestigious shield by Aparna Popat, a 9 time National Champion.

**Miss Esha Hoskote**, d/o Cdr. Anand Hoskote, VSM (Retd) and Shanta Hoskote has been awarded the Roll of



**Aryan Hosangady**

Honour twice in succession by Thomas Cook, India for her outstanding work in the MICE (Meetings, Incentives, Conferences and Exhibitions) department. As Manager of outbound tourist groups for corporates, she has travelled to Africa, Europe, Middle East and South Asian countries to execute the assigned projects. In addition to her professional pursuits, Esha is a talented light vocal and classical singer, an amazing cheerleader and is at the forefront of many community social and sports activities since childhood.



## Here and There

**Bengaluru:** On 10th December Gita Jayanti was observed at Bengaluru Math with active participation from the laity. There was an inspiring talk by the Chief Guest for the event, Shri Shivshankar Chickermane-mam on the 'The Importance of Bhagavad Gita in the spiritual pursuit of a Sadhaka'. Prizes were distributed to the prize winners and participants of Shrimad Bhagavad Gita Recitation competitions. On 21<sup>st</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup> December, the Punyatithis of Parama Pujya Shrimat Krishnashram Swamiji and Parama Pujya Shrimat Keshavashram Swamiji resp. were observed with Deepanamaskar, Bhashya Pathana, Shiv Pujan, Arti, Ashtavadhana Seva and Prasad Vitaran.

**Reported by Saikrupa Nalkur**

**Goa :** Goa Sabha had an extended celebration of Dipawali festival with the visit of Parama Pujya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji at the invitation of Shree Mahalaxmi Saunsthan, Bandiwade, & Shree Manguesh Saunsthan, Priol, from November 3rd to 8th, 2016.

A welcome was accorded to Parama Pujya Swamiji on arrival at Shree Mahalaxmi Temple with Purna Kumbha Swagat on Nov 3, late evening. The traditional welcome & Padaprakshalanam followed by Paduka Pujan



by Temple Committee took place on Nov 4 morning. Swamiji later performed Abhisheka & Arati of Devi Mahalaxmi, during which, Stotra-s & Bhajana-s were rendered by Sadhaka-s in the Temple.

A Kirtan Shibir was in progress in the Temple premises for children, involving activities of Yoga, Kirtan, Bhajana & Dindi. The children participated in welcoming Swamiji during His arrival & Swamiji showered His Love & Blessings to them with Paramarsha on Nov 4 evening.

Palki Utsava of Devi Mahalaxmi in the Divine Presence of Swamiji took place on Nov 4 evening, when the devotees also had the opportunity of participating in Bhajana by Swamiji.

Session on Ninad was conducted by Swamiji on Nov 5 morning & Dharma Sabha was held the same evening with Paduka Pujan performed by Praveen Kadle Maam & Ajit Masurkar Maam. This was followed by the eagerly-awaited Swamiji's Ashirvachana.

Swamiji proceeded to Shree Mangesh Temple on Nov 6 morning. A traditional welcome was given there by Purohit & at Moolkeshwar Hall by Temple Committee. Shiva Pujan was performed by Swamiji the same evening.

On Nov 7 morning, HH performed Abhisheka during Maharudra of Lord Mangesh & Maha Arati at noon. Sambhavana to all Vaidiks who performed Maharudra was offered by Praveen Kadle Maam followed by Prasad Bhojan of Vaidiks accompanied with rendition of Shlokas by Vaidiks & devotees, concluding with Shloka by Parama Pujya Swamiji. Palki Utsava of Lord Mangesh in the Divine Presence of Swamiji took place the same evening when again all devotees participated in Bhajana sung by Swamiji. All regular activities normally conducted during Swamiji's camp were also conducted.

Goa Sabha is thankful to both Temple Committees for inviting Parama Pujya Swamiji for Abhisheka & Maharudra & for extending warm hospitality to Retinue & devotees.

#### **Reported by Sabita Harite**

**Mumbai Dadar:** On 2<sup>nd</sup> December, 18 sadhakas attended the Devi Anushthana conducted at Shri Gajanan Chandavarkar's residence. On 4<sup>th</sup> December, Devotees from Dadar Sabha returned home with ultimate fulfillment after offering Abhang Vani Seva to Lord Ananteshwarat Vitthal during Sashti Mahotsav. The programme was titled "Pasaydaan." Smt. Kanchan Honavar, Shri Gautam Amlady, Smt. Suman Gulvady, Smt. Smita Mallapur comprised the group of singers & the beautiful narration was done by Sheela Chandragiri.

On 6<sup>th</sup> December, participants of the Bhagawad Gita recitation competition as well as Abhivyakti were felicitated at MMM hall. However, the Bhagawad Gita competition prize winners were more eagerly waiting for the 10<sup>th</sup> of December because on that day Mitesh Rajnani, Mrunmayee Palande, Mitali Puthli and Supriya

Hattangadi would receive their prizes and certificates from Pujya Swamiji.

The Prarthana Varga also started rehearsing for "Atma Prasad" written and directed by Shri Sudhir Balwally. The choreography was done by Medha Karkal, and Kishore and Vaidehi Koppikar, Tanvi Sheth and Shivam Bhat were the participants in this skit, performed on 11<sup>th</sup> December, which succinctly and beautifully portrayed the importance of the Guru's Anugraha in helping us attain Atma Prasad.

Dadarsabha devotees considered themselves blessed when they got the opportunity to offer Bhajan Seva on 13<sup>th</sup> December, on the auspicious day of Datta Jayanti. 30 sadhakas offered seva. Smt. Shobha Puthli was instrumental in organizing the Bhajan practice sessions.

Geervana Pratishta has been constantly growing with more and more Sadhakas showing interest in learning the Deva Bhasha. Thus, on 17<sup>th</sup> December, it was cause for great pride and joy as Swamiji felicitated the students, and our sadhakas were also amongst them. The happiness that Sanika Balwally and Girish Honnavar felt while receiving their certificates, was evident. Following this, the light hearted Sanskrit skit, "Amba Tanvi Bhavati," written and directed by Smt. Sona Chandavarkar had everyone in splits. And it got even better as the medley of Bollywood songs translated to Sanskrit had everyone merrily clapping along, and the performance was well and truly appreciated by one and all.

On 18<sup>th</sup> December, yuvatis from Santacruz joined by Mitali Puthli from Dadar, paid homage to the Devi with a beautiful dance choreographed by Medha Karkal.

**Reported by Mohit Karkal.**

**Mumbai – Goregaon:** Samaradhana of H.H. Shrimat Parijnanashram Swamiji II was observed on 26<sup>th</sup> September with Sadhana Panchakam, Guru Pujan performed by Sadhakas. Samuhik chanting of Navratra Nityapath was held at the residences of various Sadhakas from 1<sup>st</sup> October 10<sup>th</sup> October 2016 during Ashwin Navratri. Samaradhana of H.H. Shrimat Shankarashram Swamiji I was observed on 7<sup>th</sup> October 2016 by chanting Navratra Nityapath.

Janma Divasa of H.H. Shrimat Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji on 9<sup>th</sup> November was celebrated with Guru Pujan being performed by Sadhakas. Later, a cake cutting ceremony followed where kids from Prarthana Varga gathered around to cut the cake.

Samaradhana of H.H. Shrimat Vamanashram Swamiji on 22<sup>nd</sup> November was observed with Bhajan seva being offered by Sadhakas.

Sannikarsha was conducted at Karla on 4<sup>th</sup> December with 18 Sadhakas attending the same.

Samaradhas of H.H. Shrimat Krishnashram Swamiji and H.H. Shrimat Keshavashram Swamiji on 21<sup>st</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup> December 2016 were observed at Murlidhar

Kallianpur's residence with Bhajan seva being offered by Sadhakas.

**Reported by Pranav R Nagarkatti**

**Mumbai – Santacruz :** Jod Punyatithi of HH Shrimat Krishnashram Swamiji & HH Shrimat Keshavashram Swamiji was observed on 22nd Dec 2016 (Thursday), from 9.30pm. Bhajans & Stotras were sung by devotees. This was followed by Ashtak Mangalarati & Prasad. The Venue was Shrimat Anandashram Hall, Saraswat colony, Santacruz.

**Reported by Kavita Karnad,**

**Mumbai – Vileparle :** 19<sup>th</sup> December 2016 was a golden day for the sadhakas of Vile Parle-Vakola Sabha. As Vile- Parle Sabha was in the sixtieth year, we had requested PP Swamiji to visit the Sabha and He had most graciously agreed. As PP Swamiji had a number of engagements, this visit was relatively a short one. It was with great enthusiasm that we decided to make the short visit memorable.

PP Swamiji arrived on the dot at 6.30 pm at the Guru Prasad Society's premises, he was welcomed by our senior sadhaka Shrikar mam Talgeri with flowers, and was later accorded the traditional Purna Kumbh welcome by the president of the Sabha, Krishnanand Mankikar, with Yogesh Bhat Honavar in the lead, chanting the vedic mantras. Yogesh Bhat mam was supported by vaidiks from the Math led by Guru Bhat Ulman Mam.

Maya Pachchi Kulkarni had specially written a Swagat geet that she had composed in the evening raga Bhim Palas, to suit the occasion and this was followed by the welcome speech in Konkani, by the Sabha Vice President Dr. Ashok Balsekar. A Manapatra composed in Sanskrit was read in the honour of PP Swamiji and presented to Him by the President Krishnanand Mankikar.

We were in for a pleasant surprise from PP Swamiji. As soon as the Manapatra was read, PP Swamiji intervened to say that your Society's foundation stone was laid in 1959 by PP Anandashram Swamiji. and He proceeded to exhibit the silver trowel that was used by Swamiji on that occasion. He also had brought along another silver trowel used by PP Parijnanashram Swamiji for the children's corner in 1964. Both these were laid on the stage for the people present to have a look and photograph.

The Prarthana varga children had, over the past few weeks, created displays depicting our Indian festivals from the months Chaitra through Falgun. PP Swamiji unveiled the exhibition of artefacts and went over each exhibit with interest and interacted with the children, as well as the teachers Padmini Balsekar, Archana Hattangady and Srikala Sthalekar, who had thoughtfully and lovingly guided the children. The children also presented a Kashmiri dance. The children were looking lovely in the traditional Kashmiri attire. Bhajan Seva

was also offered by devotees of our Sabha, the young children's participation in this was notable.

The highlight of the function, which all were awaiting, was the Ashirvachan of PP Swamiji in which Swamiji spoke about Personal Sadhana and about Ninaad Sadhana. He also exhorted all to be involved in the Math activities and participate wholeheartedly in the Rathotsava.

Another feature was involvement of Yuvas in conducting this event. All announcements, Vote of thanks and Kshamayachana was skillfully managed by our Yuvas Kiran Gokarn & Gautam Basrur.

The event concluded with PP Swamiji posing for a group photograph with all the volunteers which gave immense satisfaction to all who had worked tirelessly to make the event memorable.

The crisp and memorable function will remain in the memory of the sadhakas for a long time to come.

In addition to the above, the Sabha observed three Punyatithis : H. H. Anandashram Swamiji on 4<sup>th</sup> September, H. H. Parijnanashram II Swamiji on 26<sup>th</sup> September, H. H. Shankarashram I Swamiji on 7<sup>th</sup> October. In addition to this, the Birthday of Param Poojya Sadyojat Shankarashram Swamiji was also celebrated by the sadhakas on 9<sup>th</sup> November.

The sadhakas also participated in the Seva Saptaha at Karla and the Sannikarsha.

**Reported by Radhika Chittar**

**Mumbai – Virar:** After attending Ninad session of H.H.Swamiji at S'cruz, all the members of Virar Sabha were very keen to learn Ninad and practice it. So we approached Sangita Pawar Pacchi who graciously agreed to come to Virar to teach Ninad on Sunday 8th January, 2017 at SWA Hall, C-3&4, New Trishul CHS, Saraswati Baug, Virar west. Sona Chandavar and Sharayu Haldipur Pachhi also joined her. Sharayu pachhi volunteered to conduct the session and arrangements were made accordingly. Sixteen participants enrolled their names and participated in the session.

The session started at 11.15 am with Sabha Praarambh Prarthana and Bhajan "Santata Mantara" led by Vandita Kallianpur. It was followed by the meticulous explanation of Ninad, its importance and the breathing technique followed by the practical session. Sangita pachhi and Sona pachhi observed all the participants and helped them to understand the core muscle and practice tummy tucking and tummy breathing. It was a 45 minutes session in which the participants practiced Ninad in three sets with an interval of normal breathing.

After the session tasty lunch was served which followed by Screening of H. H. SWAMIJI's Ninad session at S'cruz by projector arranged by Miss Chinmayee Chikramane and Kishore Nadkarny Mam.

This cleared all the queries of participants. The Virar Sabha Members thank Sangita pachhi Sharayu pachhi

and Sona pachhi who came all the way from Mumbai to Virar and made this Ninad Session a grand success .

**Reported by Dr. Vandita Kallianpur,  
Coordinator Virar Sabha.**

## Our Institutions

### Saraswat Mahila Samaj, Gamdevi

Convocation and Children's Day was celebrated on **Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> December, 2016** in the Samaj Hall. The hall was packed with students, children who were to perform on this day, parents and grand- parents too.

Vice-President Shrayu Kowshik welcomed all present specially the meritorious students who were to be felicitated for their superb performance in the SSC, HSC, ICSE, Graduation and other University exams.

The programme started with a dance by students of Balak Vrinda Education Society English School who gave a lovely presentation. Thereafter followed a variety of items by small kids which were appreciated by all. This was followed by the felicitation of meritorious students who had excelled in different subjects and scored high percentages in their exams. They were presented a token prize money by President, Centenary Committee, Geeta Balse. Srikala Vinekar Hon. Treasurer read out the names of the students. Smt. Balse took the opportunity to enquire from these girls the secret of their success and almost all of them attributed it to the guidance, motivation and blessings of their parents, teachers, their hard work and focus on their studies. After this was an amazing interactive magic show by Dr Prakash Mavinkurve. The children were vying with one another to be part of the show. This kept the audience engrossed and entertained. The programme ended with a Vote of Thanks by Mrs Vijayalaxmi Kapnadak and concluded with tasty bhel and frooti, sponsored by Mrs Sadhana Kamat in memory of Smt Sundarabai and Shri Mangeshrao Ullal.

**On 5<sup>th</sup> January 2017** a picnic was organized to a picturesque Resort "Silent Hills" at Manor. 39 ladies had registered their names. We were really glad to see such a good response. The bus left from Tardeo and after picking up ladies at various selected spots reached the venue at 9.15 a.m. A sumptuous breakfast spread was laid out which after a long journey was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The dining hall beautifully decorated was just opposite Vaitarana River and exquisite, carved antique statue of different Gods, were placed at every point in the lush lawn and trees and flowering garden. After this we were guided to the kutir, a huge open round mandap with a canopy roof and chairs for us to relax.

The ladies first proceeded to take a view of this beautiful resort. After their return followed variety of games – rapid rounds, Musical quiz, Antakshari, solving puzzles and some new interesting games organized and conducted by Smt. Geeta Balse. A game of Dumb Charades on Hindi Movies conducted by Smt. Padmini

Bhatkal was enjoyed by all. Then came the lunch break and what a spread! The delicious lunch – a five star luch one can say – was eaten by everybody to their hearts' content. The post lunch time we well spent with showcasing of talents by the ladies viz. Mrs Priya Baddukuli , Mrs Kanchan Honavar, Mrs Vijaya Kunder, Mrs Aruna Bellare, followed by the favorite game of Housie. Promptly came the tea and biscuits and were all set on our return journey. Do you think they were tired? Nope- all the senior ladies were still enthusiastic so we started with the game of Antakshari in between we had bite of hot vada pav, very kindly packed and given to us by Mr Winfred Lobo, General Manager of Silent Hills to take care of our hunger pangs (if any) till we reached the Mumbai City limits. All the ladies safely returned to their homes by 7 p.m. with a joyful heart and pleasant memories of this exciting wonderful day.

**Reported by Geeta Suresh Balse**

### Forthcoming programmes

**Wed. Feb 15<sup>th</sup> 2017** at 11.30 a.m. in Shrimat Anandashram Hall, Talmaki Wadi : Puraskar Samarambh: Lekhan Puraskar to Smt. Nirmala Kalambi and Smt. Shivangi Naik, Sugam Sangeet Puraskar to Kum. Nivedita Hattangadi, and Smt. Chaitra Nirody followed by Contributory Lunch.

Please register by 8/2/2017. Contribution Rs. 200/- per person, Spot registration Rs. 250/- per person. Contact Ms. Shubhangi 9702018744 - between 3.30 pm to 5.30 pm

**Wed. Feb 22<sup>nd</sup> 2017** at 3.30 p.m. at Samaj Hall : Mothers' Day : Ms. Gourpriya D. Koppikar, R. D., Consultant Chief Dietician, Bombay Hospital, Mumbai will give a talk on "Holistic Wellness Triad for Senior Citizens – Diet, Exercise & Sleep". Refreshments sponsored by Smt. Shaila Hemmady in memory of Smt. Srimati S. Hemmady and Smt. Sumitra G. Mankikar.

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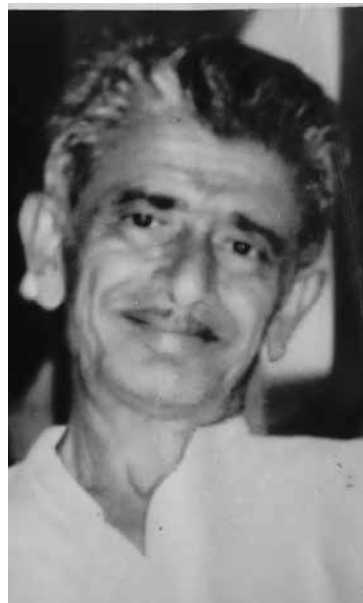
All remittances are to be made by D.D. or cheque, in favour of 'Kanara Saraswat Association'.

## Late Shri Venugopal Atmaram Nadkarni

**Our life is our message to the world, we should therefore make it very inspiring.** This is how I would like to remember Late Shri Venugopal Atmaram Nadkarni my dear father at the completion of the twenty-fifth death anniversary. I would add in humility that almost everyone who had the good fortune of interacting with him would unflinchingly agree with me and join me in paying homage.

Our father was a relentless farmer, man with a heart of gold, toiling hard to bring us up as much as educate us, five of us, with Late Sushilabai Venugopal Nadkarni our mother, a smiling, pious and content lady, every inch a homemaker, who toiled equally hard. There was nothing but very elementary primary education available, where we stayed in Shirani, a small village about 7 kilometers from Shirali Math, in the 50s & 60s. Our education was completed by staying with kind relatives. I take the opportunity to express my sincere gratitude to them. I indeed cherish the value of that education both in terms of virtues as much as academics.

He had marvelous connect and empathy, with the simple village folk, always involved in solving their squabbles with passion. I used to enjoy those mini animated court scenes taking place on our jagli (patio) in the evenings and silently admired our father's acumen and a keen sense of fairness in solving them. I observed that he treated them with as much or more respect than any one else with more resources or reach, that really moved my young impressionable mind. Many a times when we were on vacation, we would find him, not returning home, as he used to leave for Bangalore in the same clothes, he wore to get various kinds of jobs done for the poor villagers. Even today, so many people remember him so very fondly for all that he has done, in some cases it is even the second and third generation who will have known him only by name.



He was the Bhatkal Taluka Board President continuously for a period of ten years from 1968, as also the President of the Gram Panchayat. He was the President for Uttar Kannada of the then Janata Party and the founder chairman of the Land Development Bank, Bhatkal. He was also headed the Farmers' Cooperative Society, where through his selfless service and a pragmatic approach, earned enormous respect from the farming community. He undertook electrification of remote villages, improved the road network, got wells dug where they were needed as also included so many underprivileged in the Government Pension Scheme. He was instrumental in starting educational institutions and a tile factory in the taluk and was on the board of The Nagarbail Salt Owners' Cooperative Society Ltd., Sanikatta, Gokarna. There were several other selfless activities we children were not aware of, as he never spoke about them at home, we used to hear of them through the villagers.

He was extremely close to Param Pujya Srimat Parijnanashram Swamiji and played an important role in restarting the Rathotsav in 1973, as also the collection of precious artifacts for the museum in Shirali Math. I distinctly remember about four thousand wailing villagers, crying their heart out when he suddenly left his mortal coil on the 9<sup>th</sup> January 1990. Bhatkal Taluk observed a day's mourning in his honour. **The lesson, I learnt from this being, always be good and do good, that people remember you by your deeds.** Even today, we are all known more as his children rather than our personal identity.

I reiterate here, and, gladly too, that none of us siblings got any mileage from his reach. All five of us, are well settled today with our children and grand children, too, doing well for themselves. I would reverentially consider it to be his blessings and that of our mother Late Sushilabai Venugopal Nadkarni, who stood with him silent, solid and stoic through many, many a thick and thin. Both of them followed and practiced, in letter and spirit: Athithi Devo Bhava. They enjoyed playing the host to several relatives, friends, and the poor villagers. Many of them remarked, that they would never go empty handed from our house in Shirani. **I come to the point I make about thought power and include not only our parents but all elders and the villagers,**

**for, it is only their blessings that has helped us script our lives.**

Whenever, I visited Shirani after marriage in 1979, with my husband, we used to tell him that we also would like to stay on a farm like him, someday. He would shoo us away, saying that it always looks good from a distance, that only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches. The dream of having a farm would soon be pushed to the backburner or even tossed out of the window.

He was close to Late Shri Ramakrishna Hegde, the then Chief Minister of Karnataka and few other ministers, they all held him in high esteem and respected him for his forthright and altruistic approach.

Excerpts from a beautiful prayer written by Mahatma Gandhi will help me immensely in trying to describe his attitude to life. Gandhiji said "Let my hands always be useful to help others in need of shelter, Give me the power to protect the poor and the aged, to support the weak and the helpless and to guide the young on the right path. Please make me useful, let me become the preacher to teach the Gospel of Love and Peace, Please make me a servant of humanity, Let me live noble, die noble".

He lived this prayer every inch and left this world suddenly and much richer. His keen sense of inclusion, connectedness and a deep sensitivity towards the downtrodden leaving an indelible impression in the pages of history.

His interpretation of success was entirely about the legacy that he left and not about building material comforts around himself, which he could very well have done.

Dear Pappa, we miss you, and, will remain proud of you, forever.....

**Arati Ashok Shiroor**

Mysore

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## Goa ! That Paradise by the Sea!

RAVINDRA NADKARNI

Ahoy ! Goa Ahead. Captain of Ports, Goa announces liner to set sail again between Mumbai and Goa.

Delightful news!

I took this journey many years ago aboard a steamer service of Mogul Lines that departed from the Mumbai Ferry Wharf in the evening. It was quite a ceremonial setting sail, from what I remember – comfortable in pace and manner. Each group embarking would be directed to their place of residence for the night journey by the colour of the ticket. A sonorous whistle would hasten the latecomers and departure announced with much waving and fanfare.

The sea liner route took the coastline through the entire journey, and as the winter sun hung low in a golden hued setting, it cast a honey brown halo in the faint mist of the surf in the distant horizon. The entire coastline was dotted with colonies of thatched roofs briefly swathed in twilight and the swiftly descending dark in the tree lined expanse. Birds, perhaps seagulls they were, their sounds in a soothing lull of waves and the heavy salt laden air. Small fires and lamps now visible amid a flurry of coconut trees, all like a miniature set in a backdrop – mesmerizing to say the least.

For a moment, I actually wondered if Captain Haddock and Tintin with Snowy felt similar goosebumps on that Red Sea voyage. But then such are treasures of childhood memories.

Raigad – Malvan – Ratnagiri – Vengurla, perhaps. We passed by that night. The upper deck cabin level foyer, fairly comfortable in a winter journey had a few people who gathered for a brief aperitif – ice cubes tinkling as we rolled along gently, with all people of good mirth in lively conversation and anecdotes, until dinner was announced with the ceremonial bell at 9 pm.

It was far more thrilling and delightful than flying or any other mode of transport. If the liner sets sail this winter as announced – please consider me booked to travel with the wife –

Pax 2 | Cabin\_Upper deck | Mum-Goa- Mum

Of course, whether you fly in, travel by the Konkan

Railway via an equally picturesque track, or drive – Goa welcomes you like no other. Fresh green fields, endless turquoise waters, flaming golden sunsets, swaying palms, lush paddy fields, temples, beaches, sea shells, churches, fish and sol kadi.

A simple life, that is how the locals live and that is what Goa offers in unabashed plenty.

Goa has been referred to as Aparanta (Land beyond time), Sussegado (the good life) but frankly what do you do once you are in Goa. Nothing. Anything else would be out of character for a tropical haven. Soak in the sun, try to make peace with the unhurried pace of life, and just be.

For the explorer, wanderer, adventurer, there is a lot that Goa has to offer other than a rich history of world cuisine, architecture and crafts. For places to see and visit, you have Sinquerim, Candolim, Saligao, Anjuna, Mandovi, Zuari and the famous Dona Paula. You cannot but be overwhelmed by the sheer expanse and beauty. It has some of the finest Goan-Portuguese cathedrals and churches, innumerable shrines

and temples. The Wednesday Flea Market at Anjuna has put that place on the world map so to speak.

One of the most exciting times to be there is during the Annual Carnival of Goa in February-March each year. Thousands pour into the streets in peace and merrymaking, with colourful floats, street dances, music and festivities. For people there is Remo – the man who made Goa famous with his music, who lives there. Mario Miranda House is worth a visit – although not sure of visiting facilities and rights but you need to check and not miss this man now living in Aparanta.

When in Goa, preferably get your own transport – you can hire motorcycles and scooters by the day (most recommended, safe and affordable) or if you are a blithe spirit the bicycle is the way to go. Of course, you have taxis on hire (unfortunately they are no longer the Benz).

Local lingo is Konkani and English, but you can get by with Marathi – the other languages are make do.

When to go?





Anytime of the year is paradise found. Winter and Monsoons are the best; summers can be a little hot. Goa in the rains is nature in full and complete maturity, it is mist, drizzle, thunderclaps, forked lightning, torrential downpour – all orchestrated with croaking frogs and spine tingling tumultuous roar. Like they say widescreen and stereophonic sound.

The food – Konkani Fish Thali. The fish in this part of the land comes in nature's plenty, fresh rice comes

from the lush fields, and fruit is a given in nature's haven of bounty, so whether it is crab, mussel, clam, prawn, and both fresh water and sea water foods – bliss. To be washed down with recommended SolKadi (nectar for the soul).

An option that is always on call, you can retire with a good book if you happen to be in that blessed land of peace and plenty.

Come. It is not going to remain forever!

---

*Down Memory Lane*

## Love Alone is a Substitute for Everything

(LATE) NIRMALA VIJAY BELLARE, SIDHPUR, HIMACHAL PRADESH

In 1982, after Gauri pooja we went to Hemmad Bhavanishankar mam's house (my husband's uncle) in the evening to give vaina to mami. After papa's death Gauri-Ganesh puja was celebrated at Thane. I was surprised that though it was nearly 7 p.m. and dark and there were no lights in the rooms. His son's family was watching television in their room. We went to Mami's room and saw Mam was also sleeping. When I enquired he said due to his wife's sickness he has sleepless nights attending to her needs.

I wanted to relieve him from his exertion, the sickly atmosphere and sleepless nights and so requested his son to send him to our house for a change and rest. I told him to arrange for a nurse for a few days. Soon Mam came to stay with us. He was used to take camphor tablets at night. I took his medicine box and gave him a dose of Nux-Vomica and assured him that he would get good sleep. Surprisingly he had a sound sleep and was feeling fresh in the morning. He soon got accustomed to our routine of getting up early and sleeping by 9.30 p.m. Time for breakfast, lunch and dinner in a most disciplined way.

Believe it or not, within a few days with proper food and enough rest and sleep with a relaxed peaceful and loving atmosphere he became healthy and normal. Initially he used to go home by autorikshaw to see his wife and also attend to his shopping, bank etc, to buy fruits and vegetables for his family. Soon he started walking up and down to his home. We were happy as he is an all rounder and could sing, act and even knew our puranas and would tell stories to our children, play tabla when we sang in the evenings. The children were happy to have a wonderful grandpa at home.

In 1982, Mami passed away, and so his obligations were less. He went to Hemmad, Bangalore, Mysore, Chennai etc. on a long trip. He was happy to regain his normal health and travel alone with full confidence. In 1986 on 3<sup>rd</sup> March on our 18<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary,

being a Saturday (our weekly holiday) he took us out for lunch, movie and also bought a printed silk saree for me and a shirt and pant for my husband.

Our fridge was out of order and so I used it as a cupboard to store news papers and magazines. On 1<sup>st</sup> April 1986, on my 39<sup>th</sup> birthday, he gave us a surprise party. On 31<sup>st</sup> March he told me that he wanted to buy a fridge for his daughter who stayed in Mulund and wanted to give a surprise gift. So requested me to select the brand from Kiwi Traders. I chose an Allwyn Hitachi blue colour. At night at about 9 p.m. a vehicle came and two people carried the fridge upstairs. It was a birthday gift for me! Really I had tears in my eyes and asked him why he spent so much. He told me I could understand the meaning of "LOVE" from you. From today I will call you 'Amma'. Your home is an ashram and with a large heart you accommodate everyone with your financial difficulties and try to make every person comfortable. For you love alone is a substitute for everything.

In Swami Tejomayananda's book "Understanding emotions" in Mirabai's words He has quoted that in the sea of emotions, huge waves rise and threaten to drown us, but when we are with the divine we find that the same ocean is all calm and peaceful. When there is realization of oneness of the self there is love and happiness. We need not deal with them individually for we understand all of them to be one. Thus the real solution is to see the oneness - the divinity in and through all.

We came to Himachal Pradesh on 8<sup>th</sup> May 1986. I wrote to him after he fell sick and on the day my last letter was read by his son in the hospital in 1987, he was very happy. But alas, when they reached home they got a phone call from hospital that he passed away peacefully. A wonderful association with a very good person whom we could recognize only after his retirement and stay with us.

## CLASSIFIEDS

### MATRIMONIAL

**Alliance** invited for Chitrapur Saraswat Girl aged 33 yrs, 5'2" B.Com (Divorcee), working in MNC Bangalore, from qualified CSB/GSB boys 34 to 38 yrs working in Bangalore. Those interested may please send photo, horoscope and biodata to poornimas270@gmail.com

**Boy:** University of Glasgow MBA -currently in London. Coming to India in March. D.O.B: 22 August 1979. Height: 5ft 7 in. Girl preferably 4-5 years younger. Please contact parents: 09724422665 Ahmedabad.

### THREAD CEREMONY

**Thread Ceremony** (Upanayana) of Anshul Sajip, Son of Nikhil and Uma Sajip from Pune, was performed at Karla Math (Lonavala) on 23rd Dec 2016. Would like to thank All Relatives and Friends

### ENGAGEMENT

**Gulwadi - Benegal:** Sachin, son of Smt.Pratibha and Shri Sharad Gulwadi of Pune engaged to Ankita, daughter of Smt. Geetha and Shri Eknath Benegal of Kolkata on December 21, 2016 at Mumbai.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

**Mrs. Bharati** and Ashok Mohan Gokarn of Mundgod thank all relatives and friends for their gracious presence, blessings and good wishes on the occasion of wedding and reception of their son Shri Chinmay with Aparna Sharma at Harihar on 18.12.2016 and reception in Mundgod on 20.12.2016

### OBITUARY

**Smt. Shamala** Kishore Pandit (Nee Shamala Pandurang Hattangadi) (73) passed away at Borivli, Mumbai on 17th December 2016 after brief illness. Mourned by relatives & Friends.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

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## DOMESTIC TIDINGS

### BIRTHS

We welcome the following new arrivals:

Sept 15 : A son (Vedant) to Gauri (nee Bagade) and Prabodh Pandit at Doha Qatar.

Nov 21 : A daughter (Shivangi) to Swadha and Anish Suresh Nadkarni at Pune.

### THREAD CEREMONY

We bless the following batu:

Dec 23 : Anshul Nikhil Sajip from Pune, performed at Karla Math.

### MARRIAGE

We congratulate the young couple

Dec 18 : Chinmay Ashok Gokarn with Aparna Ranganath Sharma at Harihar.

Dec 30 : Abhay Pandurang Pandit with Manasi Kumar Warde at Goregaon, Mumbai.

### OBITUARIES

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

Nov 5 : Ramesh Nagesh Gokarn (85) at Mumbai.

Dec 3 : Khambadkone Narayan Rao (87) at Pune. (repeat as wrong date was published)

Dec 8 : Saroj Krishnanand Rayas (83) at Goregaon east Mumbai.

Dec 17 : Shamala Kishore Pandit (Nee Shamala Pandurang Hattangadi) (73) at Borivli, Mumbai.

Dec 20 : Vineeta Arvind Tombat at Mumbai.

Dec 23 : Asha Dinesh Turme (nee Kalbag) (63) at Mumbai.

Dec 25 : Meera Ramkrishna Kodial (94) at Gamdevi, Mumbai.

Dec 28 : Vivek Ramrao Bijoor (76) at Gamdevi, Mumbai.

Dec 28 : Shyam Ganesh Murdeshwar (68) Mumbai.

Dec 29 : Mohan Narayanrao Koppikar (86) at Pune.

Dec 29 : Dinesh S. Pandit (64) at Vile Parle, Mumbai.

Dec 31 : Nirmala Vijay Bellare (nee Koppikar) (69) at Sidhpur, Himachal Pradesh.

Dec 31 : Ashok Anant Bhat (74) at Goregaon, Mumbai.

### 2017

Jan 2 : Sitadevi Ramdas nee Nalini at Mumbai.

Jan 4 : Anuradha K. Pejaware (81) at Mumbai.

Jan 4 : Ramesh Raghavendra Basrur (79) at Pune.

Jan 5 : Jyotsna Anil Pandit (nee Adur) (70) at Mangalore.

Jan 7 : Sanjay Bolangady (51) at Bangalore.

Jan 8 : Anil Bhalchandra Kulkarni (67) at Mumbai.

Jan 9 : Seetham Dilip Basrur (53) at Pune.

Jan 18 : Shrikar Annajirao Bangalore (77) at Grafton, Wisconsin, USA.

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From*

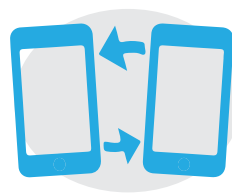


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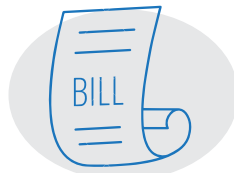
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