

Introduction

During the summer vacation of 1952, I visited Bombay (now Mumbai) for the first time at the age of 20. Having lived the first ten years of childhood inland in a relatively small city of Jagdalpur (District population 50,000) in Bastar and later in Nagpur (District population 500,000) in Maharashtra, I was genuinely curious about a large metropolis like Bombay (population 3,000,000) situated on the edge of the Arabian sea. I stayed in Bombay with my elder brother, Sudhakar, who was a bachelor at that time and had just started his first job after graduating from Nagpur University. Sudhakar was employed by Hughes & Davies located in the Fort area of Bombay. He lived in a Western suburb of Bombay called Goregaon, which was a one hour commute by local train to the Fort area.

On every working day, I accompanied Sudhakar up to his office in Fort and then went my own way to explore the expanse and humanity of Bombay which seemed to be throbbing with activity all day long. Since I had not yet seen and experienced the sea and its beach, I asked Sudhakar if

there was an uncrowded beach that I could visit after lunch. He recommended Versova beach, which was conveniently located between Fort and Goregaon. So I rode the local train as far as I could and trekked the rest of the way to the beach; reaching there at around two in the afternoon.

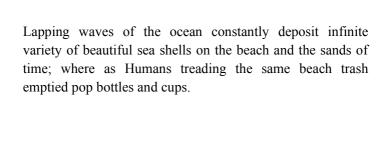
While walking on the beach with limitless curiosity and soaking up all that I was experiencing, I felt the crunchy sand under my naked feet, the constant lapping of the waves embracing the beach, the Sun and the deep blue sky reflecting through the waters. Above all, to my delightful surprise, I noticed a generous sprinkling of colorful Seashells along the entire beach. Looking closely, each Seashell seemed to have a thought provoking beauty of its own. Since this beach had not yet become the paradise of Tourists, the beach was clean, serene, and enjoyable for the solitude that I had sought for that afternoon.

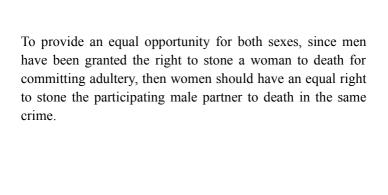
Disregarding any sense of time, I selectively picked Seashells of all possible sizes, shapes and beautiful colors until the Sun started to set on the western horizon against the tranquil background of the Arabian Sea. I paused to watch the brilliant colors over the horizon and witness the gradual setting of the Sun. A few fishermen were returning to shore with their catch on the boats after the day long working trip.

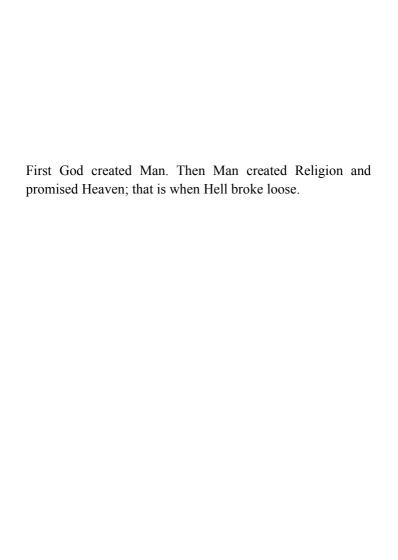
The invigorating experience on Versova beach complemented with the thought provoking Seashells has been permanently etched in my consciousness; which is expressing itself 62 years later in the form of the title for this book.

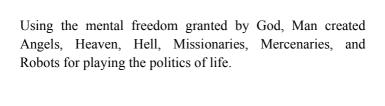
A thought is like a Dewdrop that condenses on a leaf or a blade of grass and embraces the environment in ways unfathomable. Similarly, a beautiful Seashell appears on the sandy beach to invigorate and challenge our imagination.

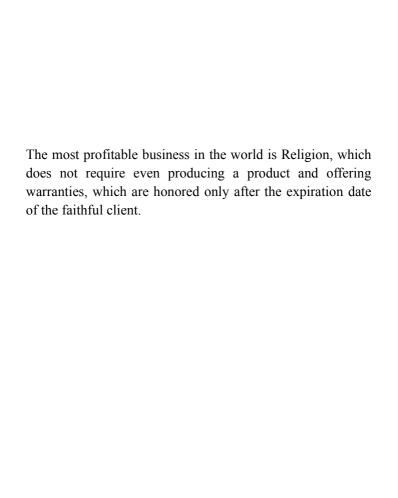
Suresh M. Deo sureshdeo32@gmail.com 04 July, 2014

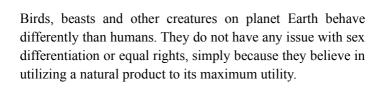


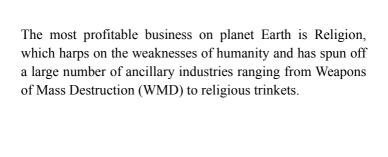


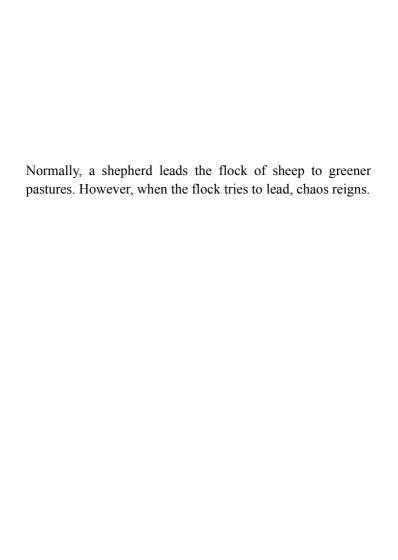


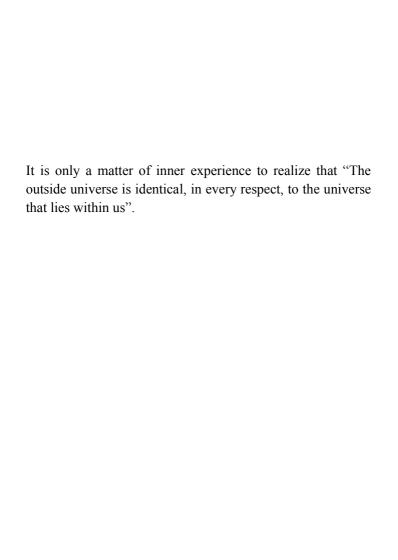


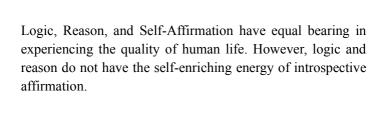


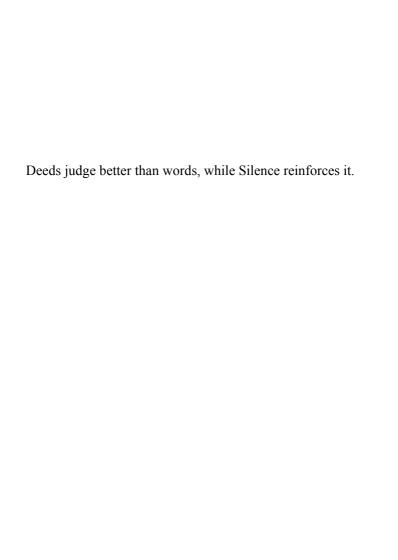


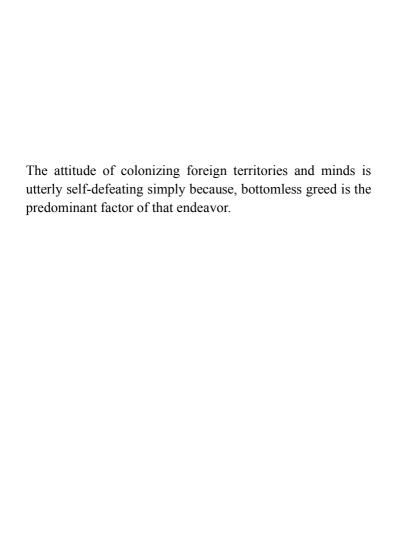


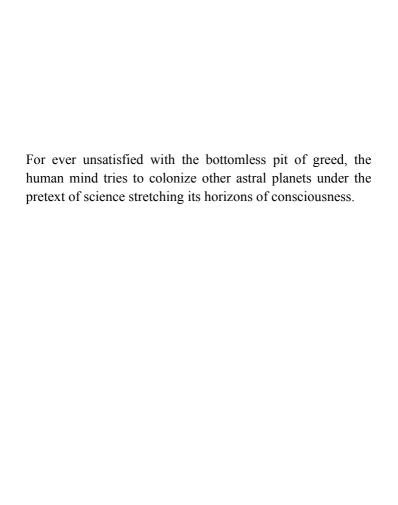




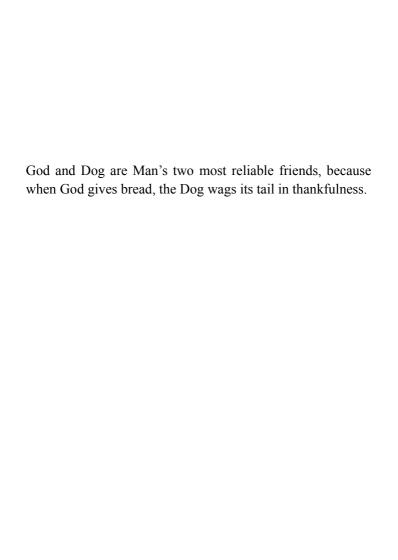


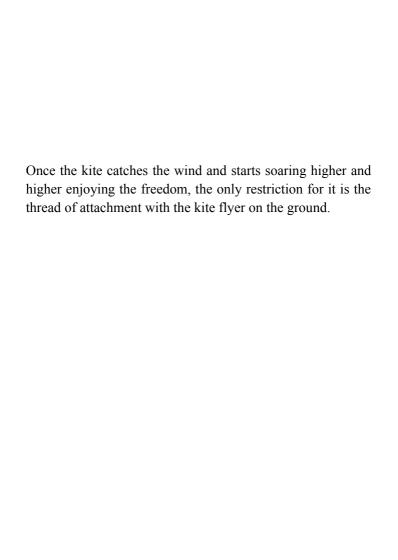


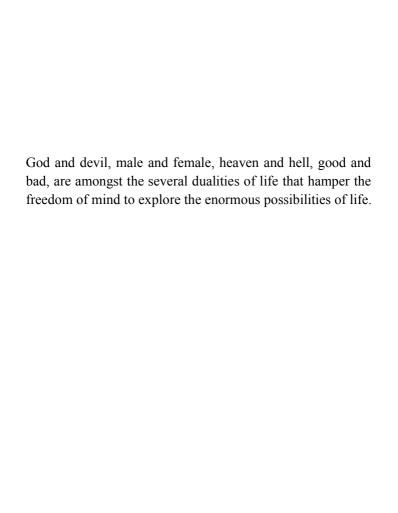


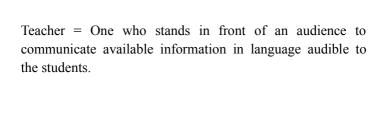


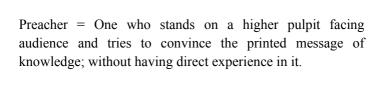
| Geography of an spiritual content. | ocean | is | different | than | the | depth | of its | 5 |
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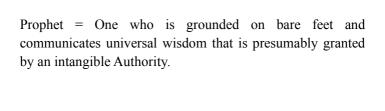




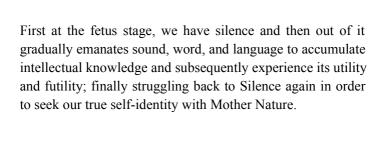


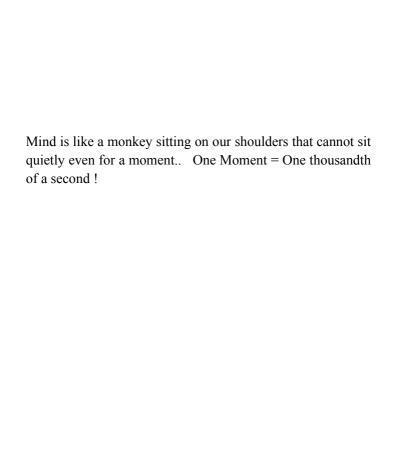


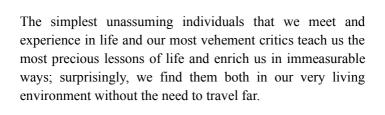




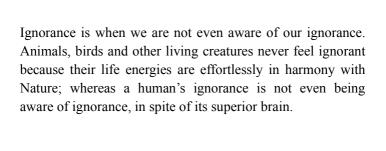
Self-enlightened Master = One who radiates universal wisdom through sheer personal presence; because the wisdom is based on personal inner experiences; while cognizant of the fact that the inner Universe is identical to the outer Universe.

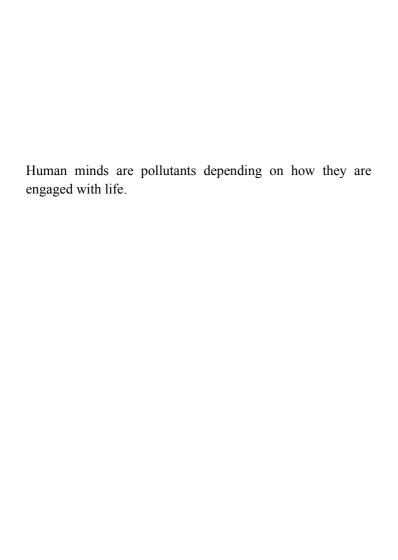


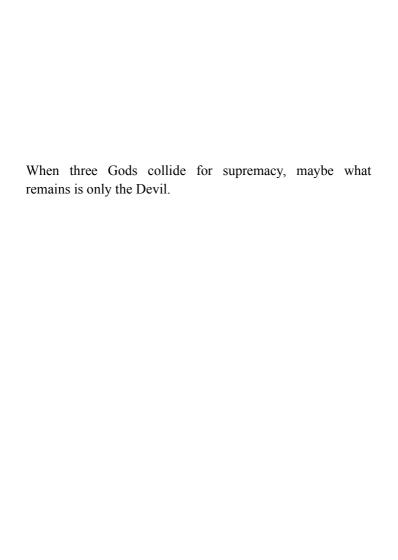


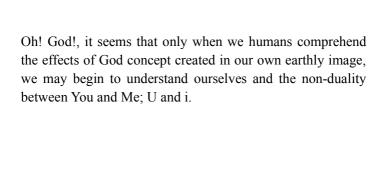


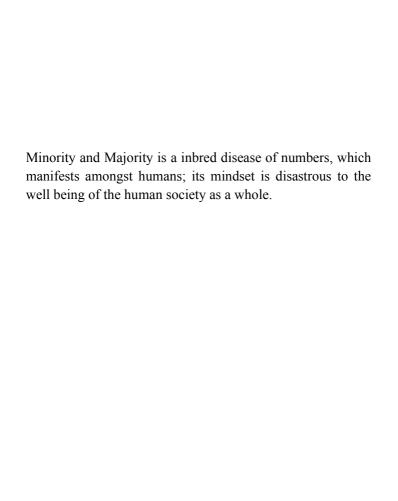
| I seem to have lost the distinction between Al Qaeda and Missionary because both claim to be devoutly religious and |
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| God fearing. |
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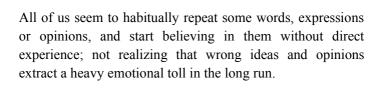


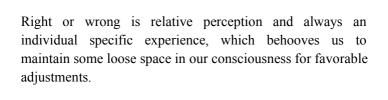




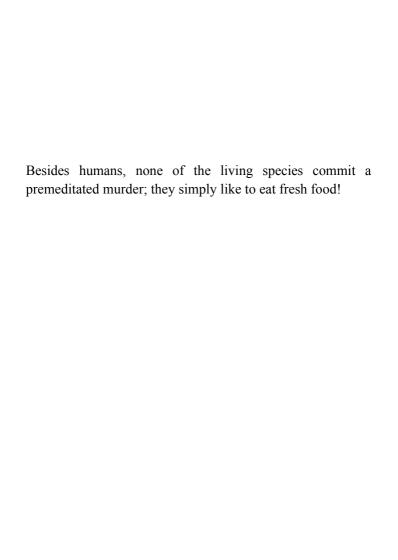


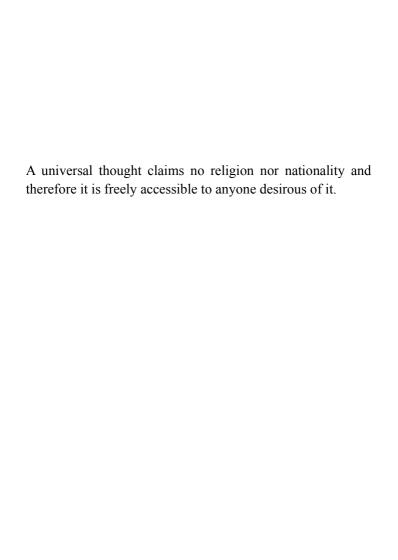


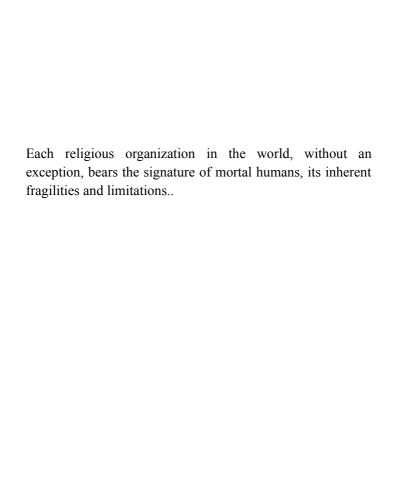


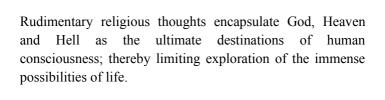


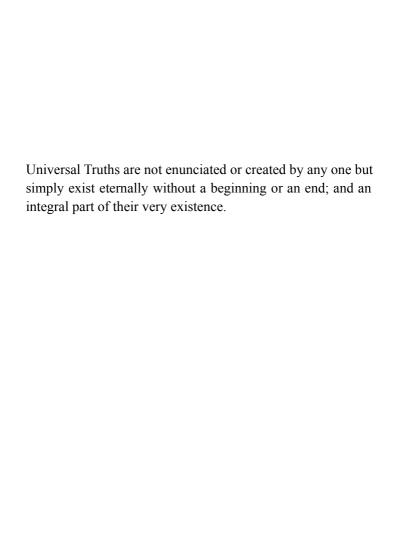
| Hanging a murderer adds up to at least two deaths | , which do |
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| not seem to resolve any problem or issue. | |
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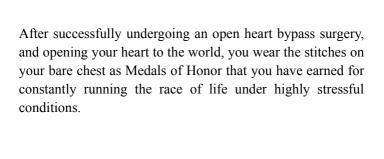


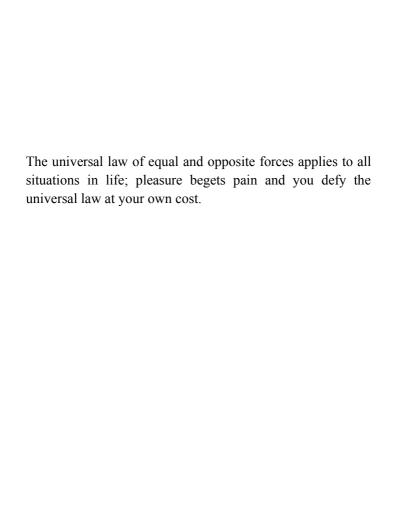


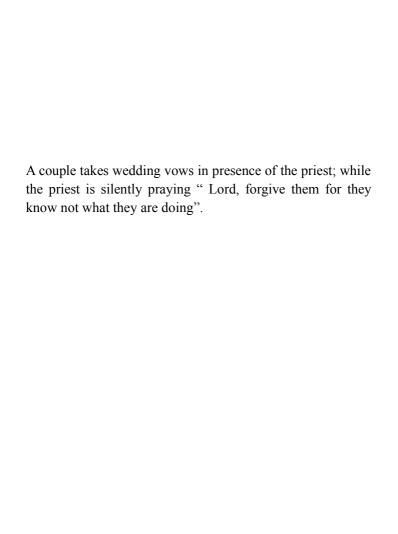


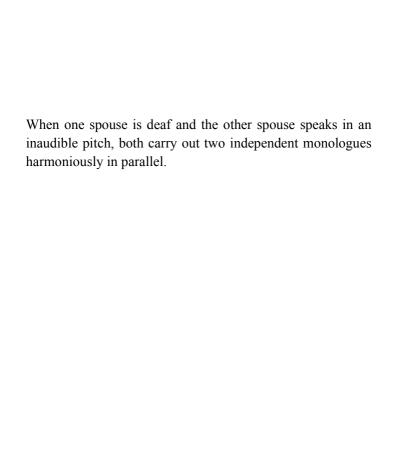


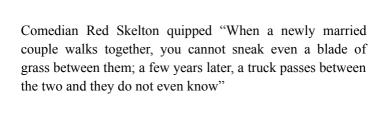


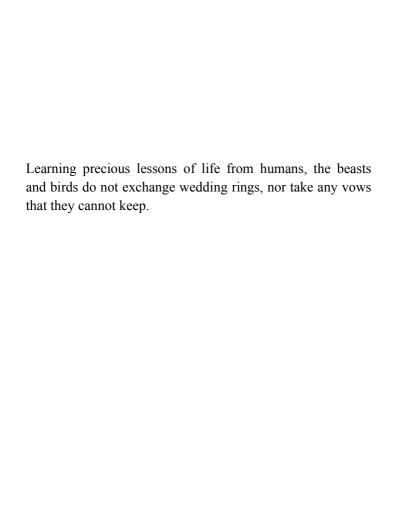


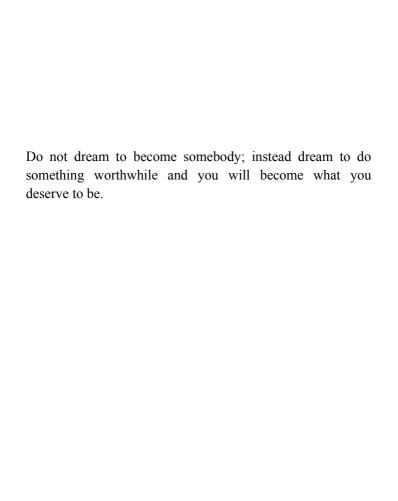


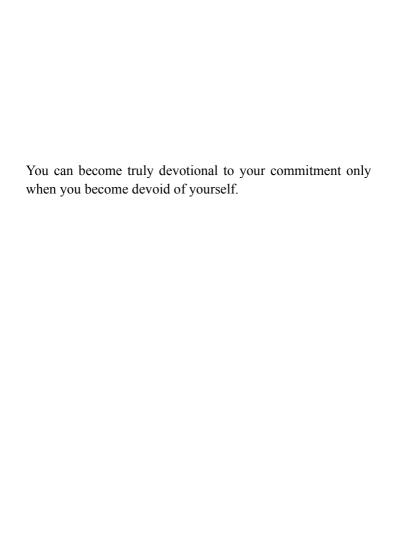




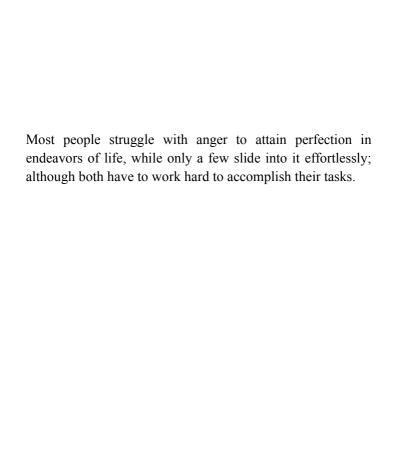




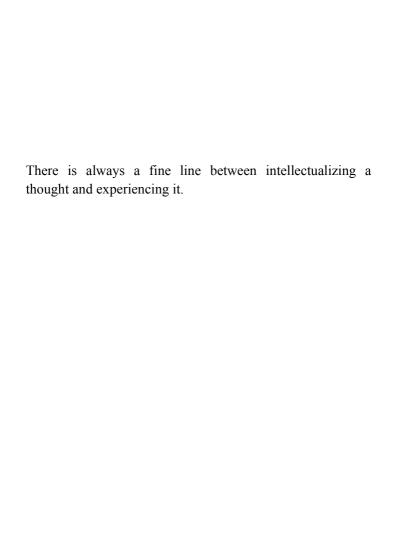


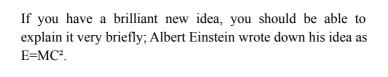


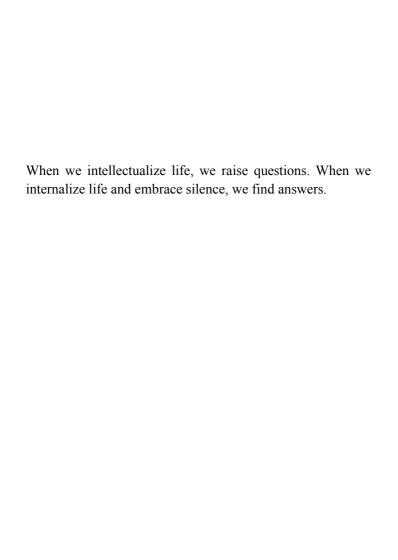
If the idea of God could be split three ways, it could also be split six (6) Billion times to enable each human on planet Earth to have a God of personal choice; while being cognizant of the fact that the entire Universe is its manifestation.

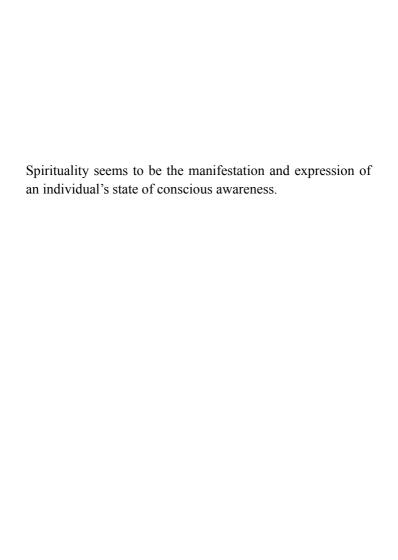


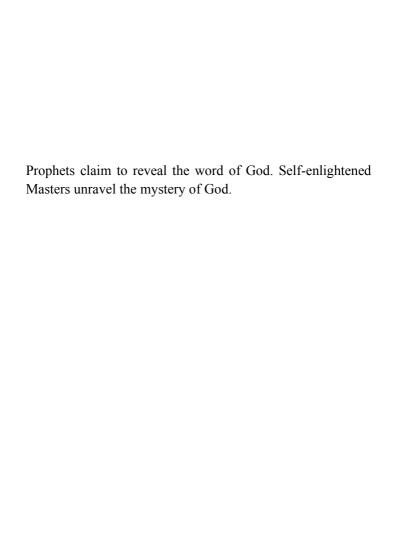
Man + Assesses = Masses





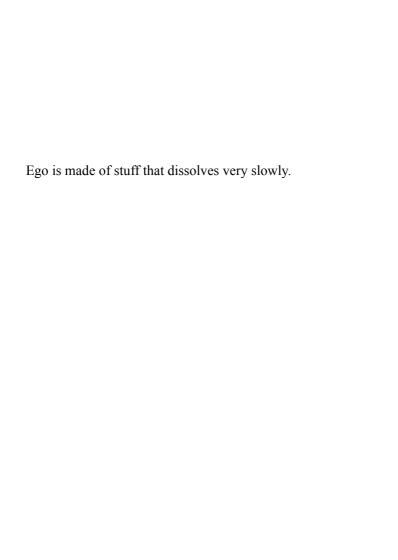


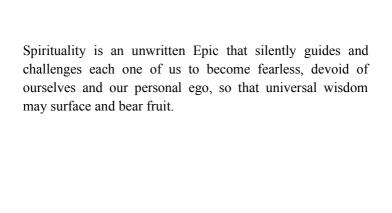


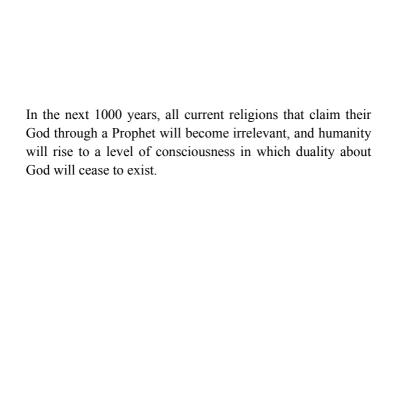


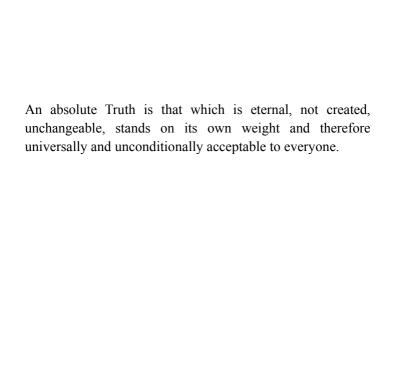
| Give your thought where it flies. | the freedom of a bird and just watch | 1 |
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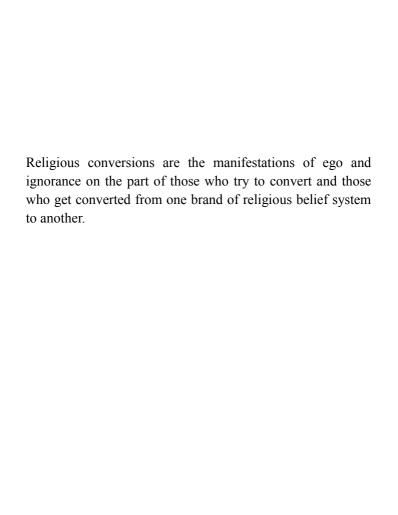
| It behooves us to see, not with our eyes but with | our heart |
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| because what is truly important in life is invisible. | |
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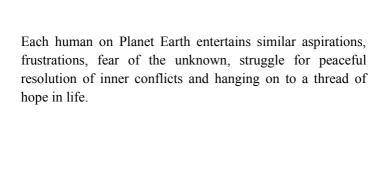


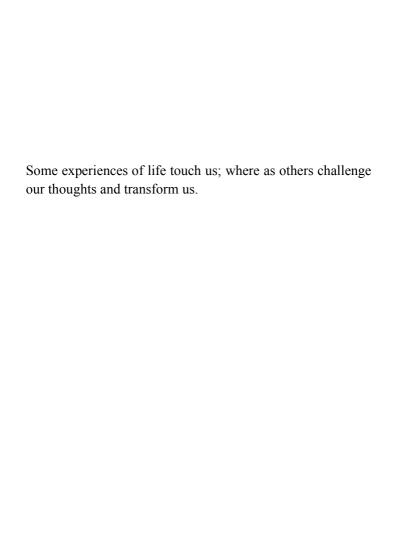


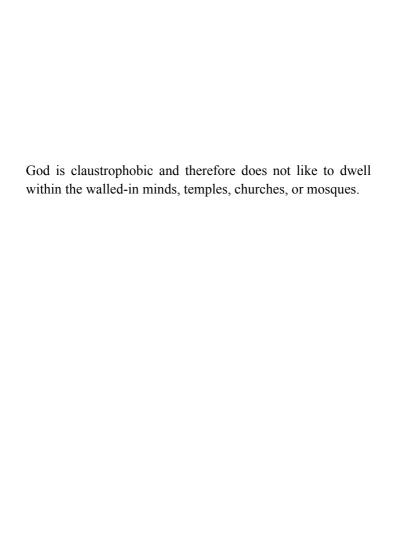


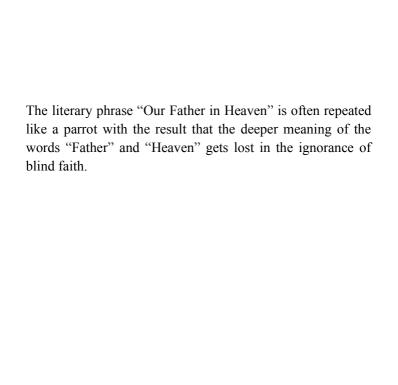


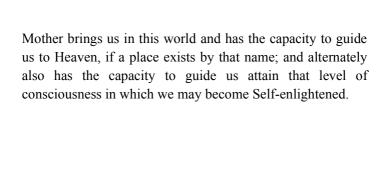


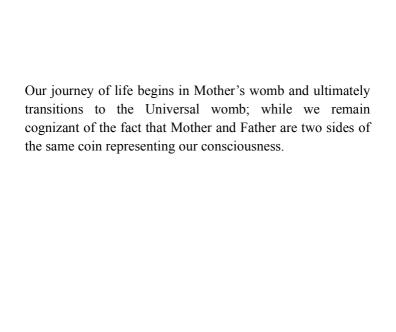


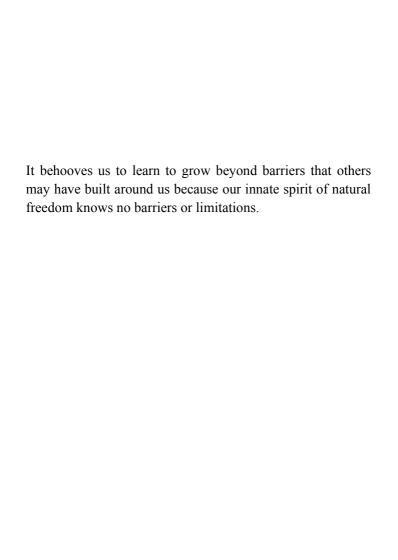


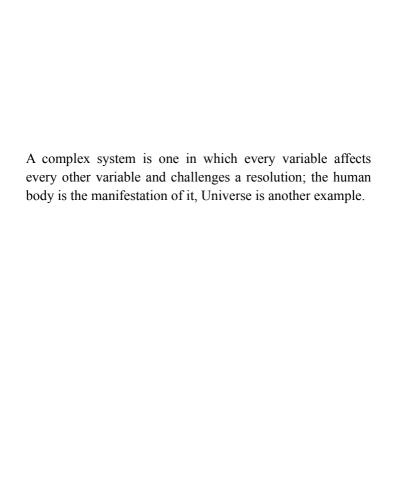


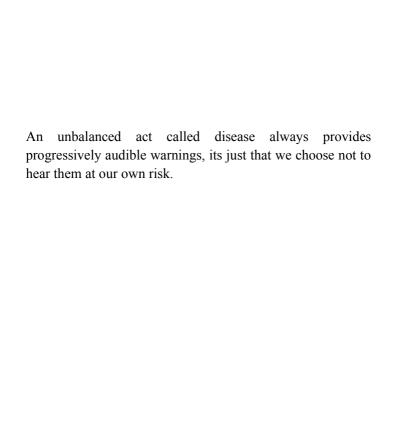


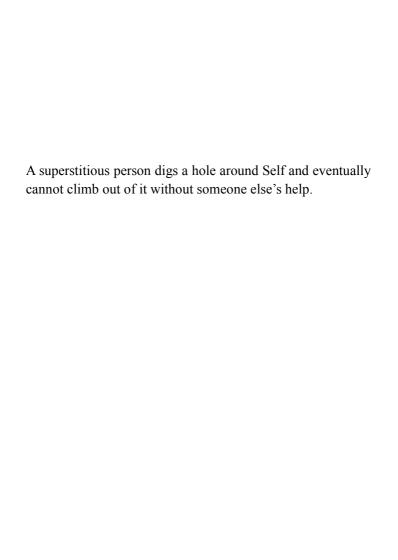


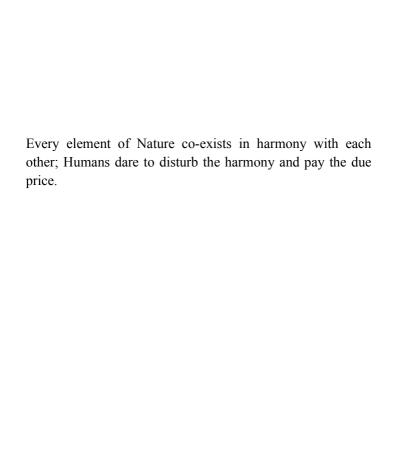


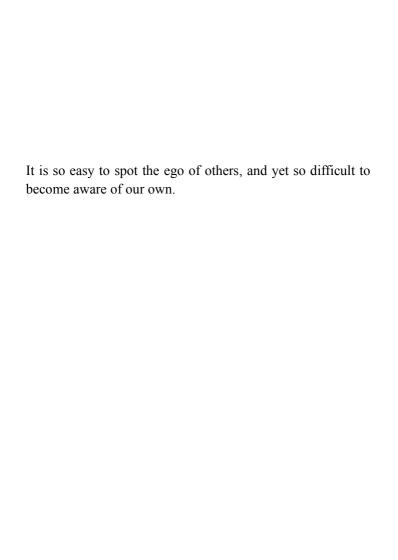


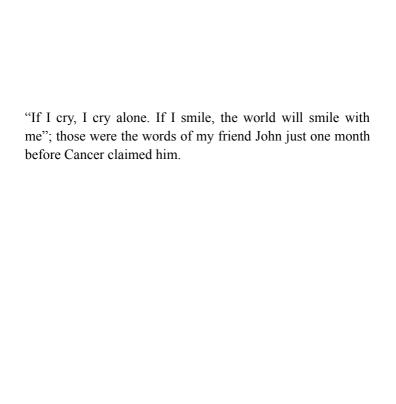


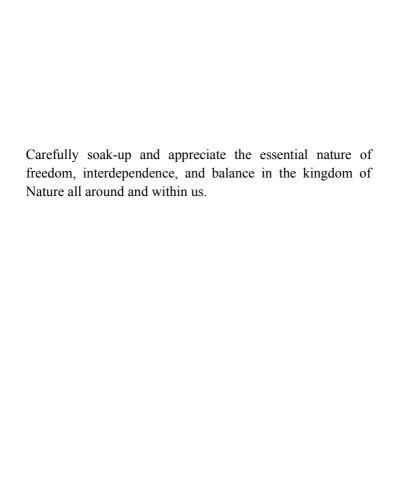


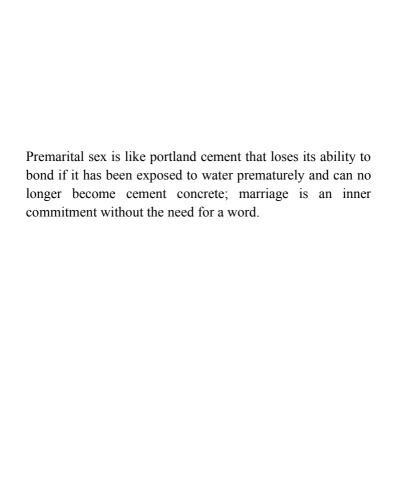


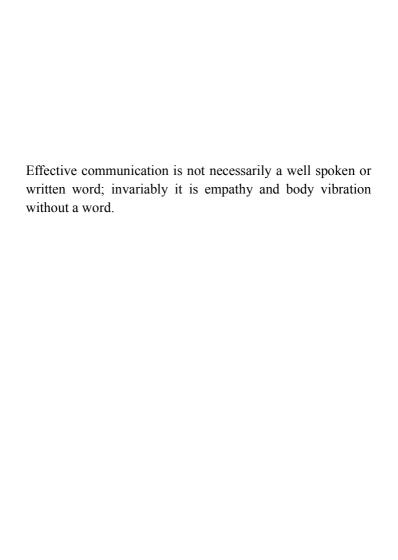




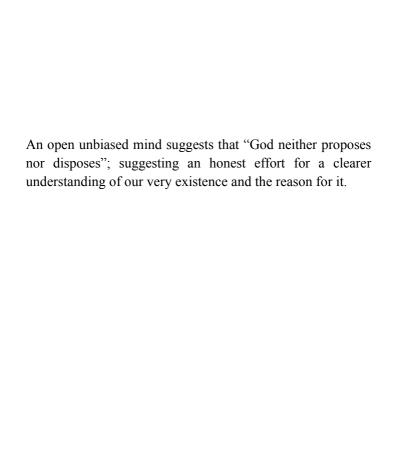


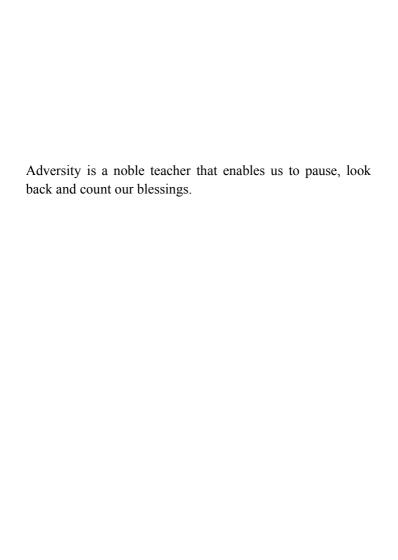


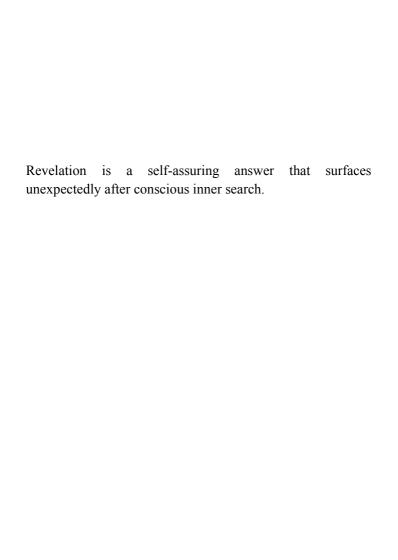


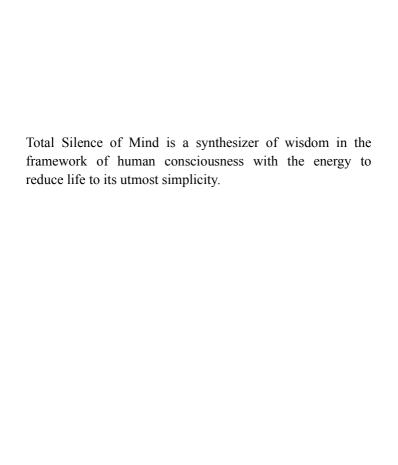


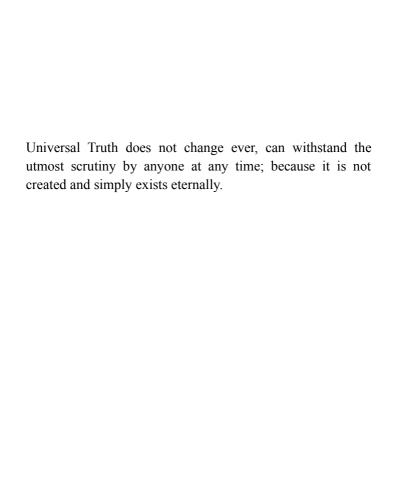
| Information and knowledge is what we ac | ocumulate all the |
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| time, whereas wisdom is how to internalize | and apply it. |
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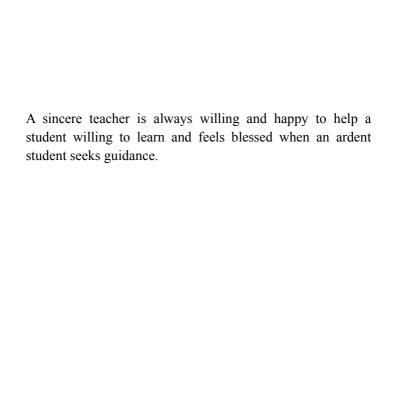


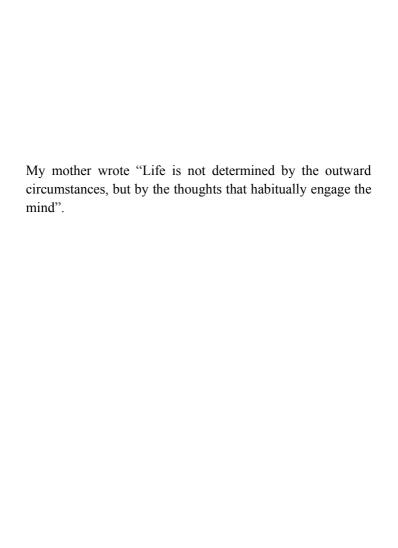


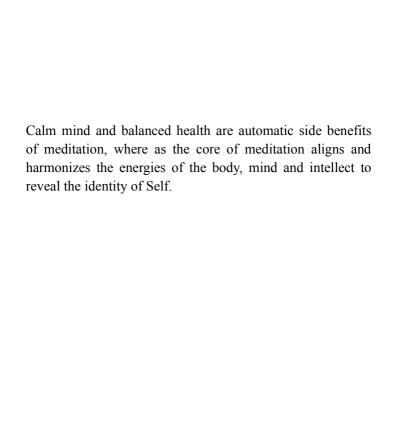




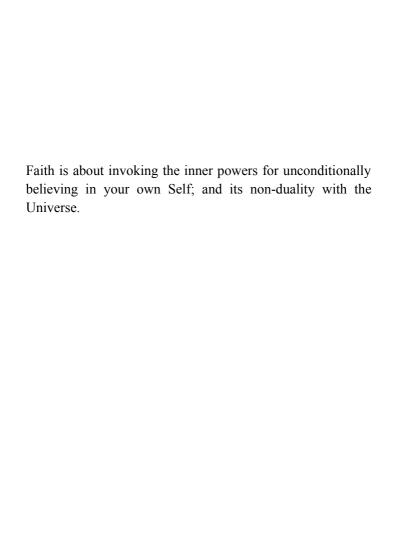


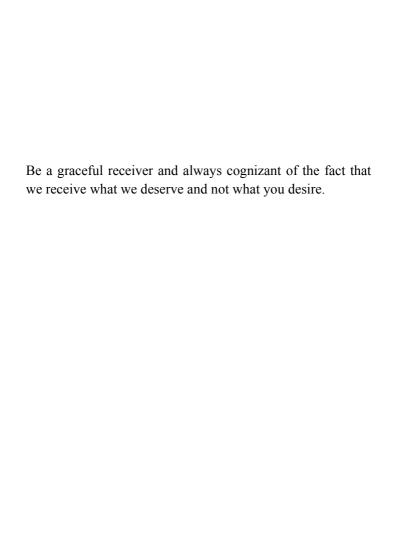


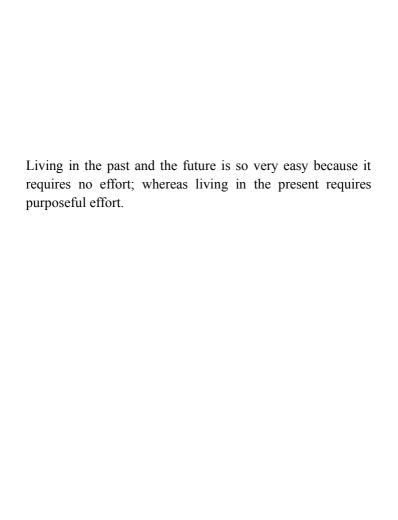


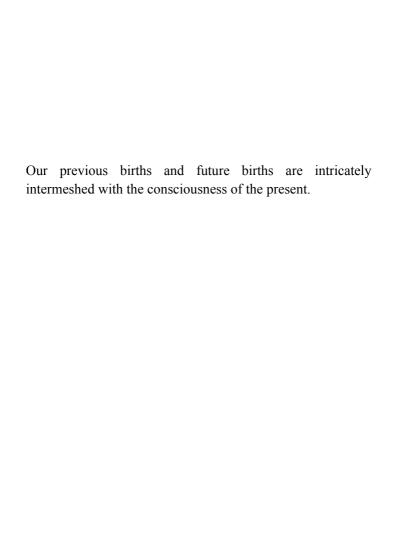


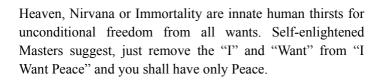
| Inspiration rides on a frequency that cannot be tuned in. | |
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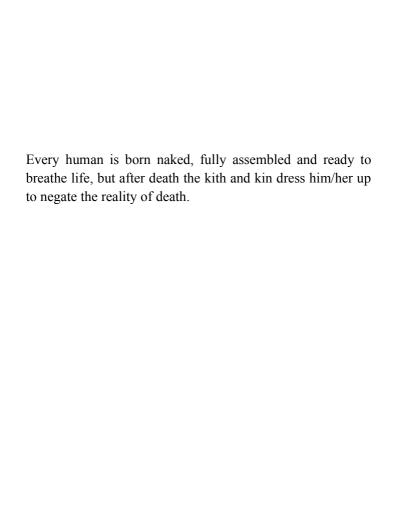


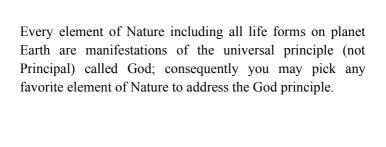


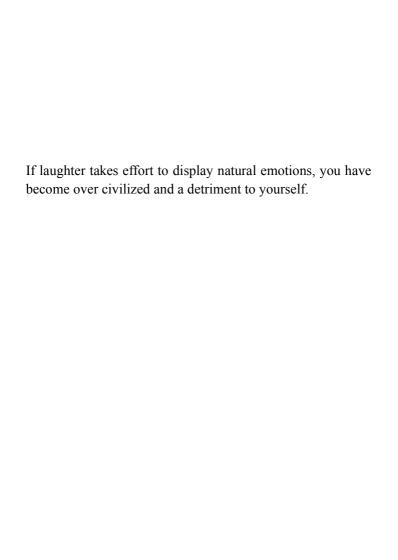


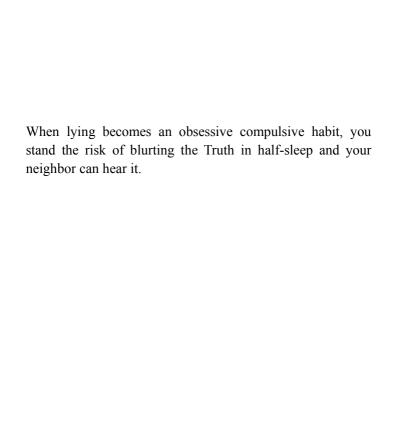


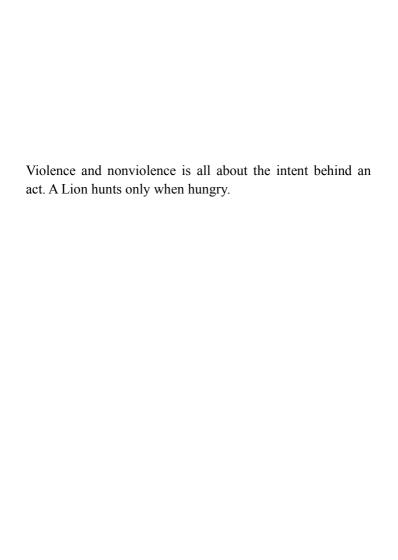


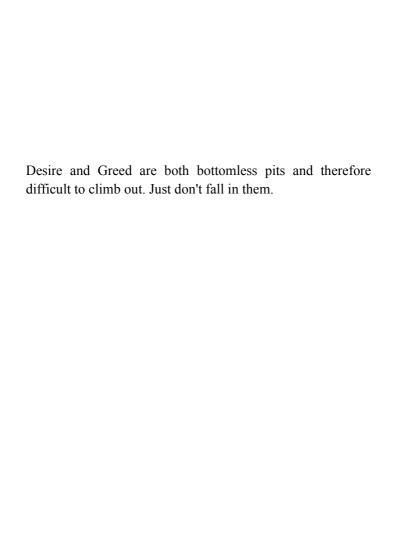




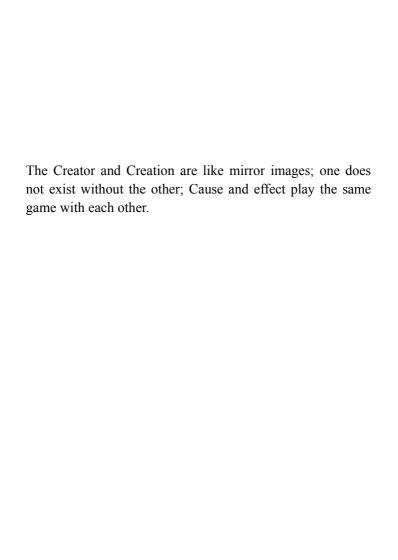








Looking at humanity, God is wondering "What in the world have I created"; because the human has already cloned in laboratory a lamb, a cow, and a whole range of living organisms and may make me a No Body.



Innumerable water streamlets originating from independent sources flow down the slopes, meeting and mingling in a common stream, enriching the soil, vegetation and all life forms along the path and subsequently merge effortlessly in the ocean of universal consciousness. The Ocean crafts aesthetically colored Seashells and spreads them randomly on the sands of time along the beaches for us to adore and wonder in awe.

Acknowledgments

The desire for internalizing life experiences comes naturally for each individual. Some experiences of life touch us; where as some challenge our thoughts and change us. However, the common denominator in all life experiences are our interactions with living beings, including people and pets, with whom we share our life intimately. I express my gratitude to each and every living being with whom I have interacted with as I have journeyed through life. Each individual interaction has brought forth a different dimension of life to observe and learn from The cumulative influence of all of these interactions continues to enhance my life consciousness, for which I am eternally grateful. Daily experiences in life continuously teach us "What life is" and prompt the wisdom "What life should be". Ultimately, each one of us is a beneficiary and an integral part of a grapevine of relationships and friendships. My wife Usha, sons Deepak, Vikas, and Sagar; and Miss Arshi Chetal have empowered me in their own genuine, individual, and affectionate ways to present this edition of "100 Seashells".

About the Author



Suresh M. Deo was born in Nagpur, India, on 4th December 1932. He has lived his first 25 years in India and the latter 56 years in the United States.

Suresh's passion for writing stemmed from the simple desire to better understand "That" which he had previously taken for granted.

His past education saw him through Nagpur University in India to the University of Mississippi, affectionately known as Ole' Miss to its alumni. From there he went on to work in the Plastics and Composites industry for forty years. In hindsight, he realized that he had learnt enough about Chemical Engineering to confuse a chemist, enough about

engineering to confuse an engineer, and enough about people to confuse himself.

He recalls one of his most memorable moments in life to be a six-month trip around the word at the age of 30. It was then that he saw how all of us experienced the joys, aspirations, frustrations, and bewildering fears of the unknown in life.

Suresh, and his wife Usha, spend their summer months in their home in Addison, Illinois, where they live in close proximity to their three sons. In the winter, they migrate to India where they enjoy the pleasant weather of Pune, Maharahstra.