

COME SEPTEMBER

SURESH M. DEO

Theme Tunes and Lyrics of Life

[Song from the movie Come September.](#)

[यादों की बारात](#)

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Introduction

Come September is a biography of unbridled consciousness.

First and foremost, September brings self-humbling memories of our dear ones that have transcended the consciousness of physicality.

Wishing Happy Sparkling Birthday to each one of you born in September. This composition is my #HeartCrafted birthday gift to you.

For the architecture of the composite Deo family, the month of September represents a coalescence of coincidences far beyond comprehension; only to be accepted humbly as the stream of Life in its natural path for seeking supreme consciousness.

Come September is symbolic of gradual perpetual change and transformation for life's own longing to fulfill itself.

Finally, Come September is a journey through the thick and thin of comprehending the essence and fragrance of existence in its totality. In it we are found.



Grandmother मोठीआई

We addressed our Maternal Grandmother as Mothi Aii. Mothi Aii represented an image of grace and was a bedrock for us five siblings.



Deepak gently kissing his Great Grandmother after slapping her over a disagreement!

1970 Drive

In October of 1970, Usha, baby Deepak (barely 2 months old), and I, with an American Express card in our pocket, drove across the Eastern flank of the United States and Canada, returning to our Saint Charles home base.

We set sail in our maroon colored Ford Mustang car. Our travels took us through the states of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Washington D.C., New Jersey, Delaware, and New York.



While in Washington D.C. at that time, we purchased a 6-inch round cast iron hot plate bearing an insignia "Kissing Don't Last, Cooking Do". This cast iron hot plate has been hanging around in our kitchen ever since to date!

The bounty of fall colors during that trip were mesmerizing.

Kabir

Sainthood seems to imply, reducing existence to its simplest common denominator.

The simplicity and depth of wisdom woven by Kabir on his handloom is self-enriching in immeasurable ways.

All religious creeds dissolve in the singularity of universal consciousness.



Kabir at his Handloom.

Floating Lonely as a Cloud



Having lost both of my parents and all four siblings over time,
I feel lonely as a cloud floating under the deep blue sky,
At the merciful grace of wind.
Gradually, I have realized that,
I have risen from the Ocean of consciousness,
Drifted overland, climbed to higher altitudes on land,
Condensing as rain, joining streamlets, becoming a River,
And ultimately rejoin the Ocean of Consciousness,
Making me wonder,
Why am I feeling lonely ?



Loneliness seems to be a bottomless pit of silence in which we tend to lose ourself.

During the Christmas vacation of 1962, I was staying briefly in the YMCA hotel near the Empire State building in Manhattan, New York City. It was just past midnight and I decided to drink coffee in a restaurant which was open around the clock.

As I entered the restaurant, I noticed only one middle aged customer sitting by himself at a small table. So I automatically veered to his table asking him, May I join you? He nodded affirmatively. I could smell that he had a reasonable dose of his favorite nectarine beverage! As I requested a cup of coffee from the waitress, my company at the table inched forward and softly said to me "Hey Buddy, you know what : In this New York City there are five million people, and I am Lonely." Then he slowly slumped back in his chair. Subsequently, we exchanged a few words of courtesy as we sipped our warm coffee.

Today, half a Century later, I am softly reminded of that Buddy in the YMCA Hotel.



Courtesy of Shri Shastri, Oakville, Ontario, Canada

9/11

The Incinerating Tragedy of 9/11, and Spirit of Religion seem at odds with each other. From one perspective, the concept of Religion implies consecration of universal energies to optimize self-potential for becoming available to universal Consciousness of all in one, and one in all.



Ground Zero @ New York

Religion is an introspective indulgence, but not a broadcast of self-incriminating Ego. Unfortunately, Religion as practiced globally appears to be a broadcast of self-incriminating dualities, which are abundantly audible through ongoing human conflicts of dualities.

The excruciating tragedy of 9/11 is one poignant example of the self-incinerating aggression. Conflicts never seem to be peacefully resolved, as long as there is a loser, preventing the harmony of coexistence. The spirit of harmony remains an individual specific perspective and no two individuals are ever identical; not even twins.

Today, on 9/11, 2021, our consciousness intuitively prays for the brave confronting aggression, the Martyrs, and the innocent victims of the incinerating conflict.

From the perspective of an 88-year old Owl perched watchfully on its tree branches, it appears that not much has changed appreciably on the playground of Life.



मन की आँखे खोल बाबा, मनकी आँखे खोल।

In the journey of life, one never knows when and where we experience and become available to the immaculate wisdom of Universal Consciousness.

[Baba Man Ki Aankhen Khol](#)

In the recent email Mrunal S. Deo wrote :

In my last visit to India, Archana and I had visited Satchit kaka & co. in Indore. During our travel back, the bus made a pit stop. There was a temple there and I copied the prarthanas on the wall. ..attached. mrunal

महमलीन वाता दीवाना ओले की प्रतिज्ञा

1. मेरे मार्ग पर पैर रखकर तो देव
तेरे सब मार्ग न खोल दू तो करना
मेरे लिए अर्च कर तो देव
कुबेर के भंडार न खोल दू तो करना
मेरे लिए कठवे वचन सुनकर तो देव
कृपा न बरसे तो करना
मेरे तब आकर तो देव
तेरा ध्यान न रखू तो करना
मेरी बातें लोगों से करके तो देव
तुझे मुळबान न बनाऊ तो करना
मेरे चरित्रका मनन करके तो देव
ज्ञान के मोती न भरदू तो करना
तुझे अपना मददगार बनाकर तो देव
तुझे सबकी गुलामीसे न छुड़ाऊ तो करना
मेरे लिए आँसू बहाकर तो देव
तेरे जीवनमें आनंद के सागर न बटाऊ तो करना
मेरे लिए कुछ बनकर तो देव
तुझे कीमती न बनाऊ तो ~~देव~~ करना
मेरे मार्गपर निकलकर तो देव
तुझे शांतीदूत न बनाऊ तो ~~देव~~ करना
स्वयंको नोछाकर करके तो देव
तुझे जगतका विस्मरण न करादू तो ~~देव~~ करना
तू मेरा बनकर तो देव
हर एक को तेरा बना न दू तो करना

2.

स्वार्थी दुनिया तुझको भूल जाएगी
जब चिह्नी करेगी उपरवालेकी
तब समझ लेगा तेरे जानेका
सगे संगे ही तेरे सब जमा लेकर
तुझको चम्मच भर पानी पिलाएंगे
आटे-पानी का लड्डू बनेंगे तेरे सांगे तेरे
जब जकेरत नहीं लेगी तुझको खानेकी
पाच पच्यीस मिठकर जतनी करेगे
तुझको शमसान ले जानेकी
लकड़ीसे अग्नी दाह देगे तुझको
और जतनी करेगे मलनेकी
अस्थिया लेकर चल पड़ेंगे सब
और राख तेरी उड जाएगी
तेरह दिन शोक मनाएंगी दुनिया
और उतावली लेगी मिथान खानेकी
स्वार्थकी सगी है ये दुनिया मनवा
क्षणमें तुझको भूल जाएगी



Sisters, Mrunal and Archana in classic form.

Brahmin

I am Brahmin

I was born in a brahmin family
Therefore, I am born a brahmin
But that does not make me a brahmin
I don't even know my vedic genealogy

My vedic genealogy could tell me
Which lineage of Veda, Rishi, Rasa, or Gotra
I have inherited and descended from
All of that knowledge will make me a literate brahmin

From my very birth, since I am born a brahmin
I have witnessed Hindu rites and rituals
And comprehended what my religion is
But all that did not explain who I am?

As I grew up and matured
Rituals gradually gave way to thoughts
And thoughts to introspection
To learn further who I really am?

Career seeking was easy
Because I did not search for one
My career just happened to me
In absence of any plan or vision

I did not seek much
So I did not receive much
But I always toiled hard
To get what I did not plan

A disproportionate amount of daily time
Was spent on chasing dreams unknown
A disproportionate amount of daily time
Was spent on day dreaming alone

But then one day at 6 am at age sixty
When I was preparing to go to the hospital
For my heart bypass surgery
My mind stood still, entire life flashed momentarily

I seemed to glimpse at my entire life
Without passion nor disdain
It just seemed as if ones entire life is a flash
And all the sixty years lived seemed like a moment

For a moment I felt detached from life
Neither in pain, nor sorrow, nor joy
It was just a feeling of immunity
To all the existing forces around

All of a sudden, life seemed to mean
A whole lot as well as nothing simultaneously
Not in an expression of any joy nor desperation
But simply expressing itself through a unique vibration

Through this unique vibration arose a quest
A deeper desire to sense my very identity
In the greater mass and time of this universe
In which an entire human life seemed just a tiny moment

This unique vibration is an outgrowth
Not of any particular event or a moment
It is like a seed, which germinated very slowly
Starting at a point unknown in my life

This vibration tells me that I am a Brahman
Undisputedly a Brahman
I am also the Purshottam
A part of nature, and the creation itself

Brahman is not a caste
It is a frame of mind and living
It is a search for harmony within and without
A search with patience and without any doubt

A Plastic Cup

At home, I have a large plastic cup. It is slightly larger than the usual glass that I would normally pick to drink a glass of water if I were thirsty.



I bought this plastic cup in a store called Target. The store had an after Christmas sale and I was merely browsing through the store bargain hunting without anything specific in my mind.

Walking through the aisle where they had Christmas cards on sale saying 50% off, I noticed this six-pack of attractive plastic drinking cups also on sale for 50% off.

We were expecting company on New Years Eve, so I thought that these glasses would be useful to serve some soft drinks. I really liked the colorful appearance of these plastic cups. The cups were a bright deep red on the outside and white on the inside.

I grabbed the cup in my hand and I liked its comfortable grip. But most of all before I had started admiring these attractive features I had already fallen in love with the attractive price . The net cost of the six-pack was going to be 99 cents. I quickly calculated in my mind that each plastic cup is going to cost me only 15 cents.

For 1994 prices that was a great bargain. Besides the plastic cups were the large 16-ounce size and offered in four different attractive colors. My bargain hunting was a successful and enjoyable mission.

On New Year's Eve we had our company to celebrate the arrival of the new year. We used the attractive red plastic cups to serve soft drinks that evening. After the party was over, I carefully saved the four plastic cups I had used during that evening. I was going to use them to drink water which has become one of my rituals. A habitual ritual.

A few years ago I accepted a recommendation that our human body requires intake of approximately six glasses of water, just water by itself. Drinks such as tea, fruit juice or soft drinks are not to be counted as water. Although I have started following this advice of drinking water a few years ago, it has not really become an ingrained habit. As a result I tend to forget to drink the recommended adequate amount of water.

Six glasses of water is a lot of water to pour down your throat. You are really never that thirsty in normal day-to-day life. Since you do not get thirsty it is easy to forget to drink water as recommended.

However, I am convinced of the reasons for drinking copious amounts of water during the day and the accompanying benefits to the human body. Therefore I kept on thinking of finding an easy way to remember drinking water more than I cared to or needed to.

At home I started using this large 16 ounce red plastic cup to drink water from. I have dedicated this cup exclusively for water. Because of its slightly large size I do not have to refill it too often, Lazy me. Once I fill it, I keep it on our dining table or by the side of the kitchen sink.

During the day I spend a lot of my time in the kitchen for activities such as eating, cooking, washing and cleaning dishes, reading the newspaper or a book, typing, writing bills, talking on the telephone, talking with family members and friends. Most of the time we drag our visiting friends to the kitchen table to sit down around the dining table to talk or just shoot bull. All these activities add up to a lot of time in the kitchen and the attached family room area during the course of a day.

This red plastic cup catches my eye effortlessly during the day reminding me to drink water and that extra amount of water. Thanks to the constant reminders by the red cup I am getting into the habit of drinking more water.

Out of the red plastic cup, all during the day, I am sipping, gulping or just plain drinking water more than I wish to or care to! But I am fully convinced of the benefits and so I do gulp-gulp-gulp or sip-sip-sip water all during the day.

But I am drinking water at home from the same red plastic cup, day in and day out. This present plastic cup, I have used it for six months. It still looks as good as new. However, this red plastic cup made of inexpensive polystyrene plastic, is supposed to be a disposable cup. You drink out of it once and trash it. Some prefer to crush it in their palm immediately after finishing the drink and then throw it in the garbage can.

My frugality prevents me from throwing away or trashing this plastic cup after my first meeting with it. After using it only once I cannot crush it in my palm nor trash it. After I have emptied the water from the plastic cup into my stomach, I walk over to the kitchen sink, refill it with fresh water and rest it on the dining table or by the side of the sink in full view so that I remember to drink more water during the day. After six months, and this is not an exaggeration, the red plastic cup still looks attractive and clean. It has no dents, scratches or cuts. It is fully usable by my definition. Yes, it has cost me only 15 cents.

My frugality is an expression of my dislike for waste and wasteful habits. It may also be a reflection of my childhood during which I did not have access to such disposable wealth or articles.

Looking back at my childhood and teenage years, I feel fortunate that I never thought of myself as poor or deprived. There was enough love, affection and warmth within the family and surrounding environment that lack of material disposable wealth did not even occur to my mind as a concept of poverty. In fact, as a child, I always had the feeling of comfort rather than want or deprivation. I have had a blissful wholesome and happy childhood for which I am eternally thankful.

As a grown up adult now and with a much broader and varied experience with humanity, I find a little different meaning in this attractive and disposable red

plastic cup. The 15 cents cost of this cup represents the price and possibility of a full meal for an impoverished hungry person somewhere in the world.

That impoverished person is in such a condition of existence that he never knows when or how or if he is going to get his next meal. Although I am a human just like him, I cannot even begin to feel or understand his hunger and emotional pain simply because I have never been so deprived as him.

However, I need to be able to touch him somehow to feel his hunger, pain, and suffering. It is my need.

That person could be an infant, a child, a boy or a girl, an adult or an old person, man or woman. Since the red plastic cup represents the cost of a full meal for a needy person in my mind I cannot crush the cup in my palm and trash it. Each time I reuse the cup I try to get in touch with the hungry man and his soul. This is a form of my prayer every time I drink from the reused plastic cup. This form of prayer helps me cleanse or clarify my own existence. It helps bring a new dimension to my thought process in comprehension of life and its nascent form.

The Quinine Pill and Chewing Gum

The Quinine pill is the bitterest of all inventions presented with compliments of Nature. It is effective in extinguishing the fire of Malaria temperatures raging in the human body in the 105-107 degrees Fahrenheit range. I know it well because I have had three separate bouts with Malaria during my first 15 years of life. There were only two options with the difficult to swallow Quinine pill encapsulated in a gelatin capsule. Swallow it or break it open, disperse it in water and drink. It tastes bitter like Hell and the bitterness lingers in the entire mouth for hours and in the mind for a lifetime.

Life offers two options to quench the fires of life such as anger, hatred, jealousy, and others. Swallow the Quinine pill of bitter thoughts or enjoy the Chewing Gum.

Statue of Liberty

Life seems to be a seamless journey of self discovery and realizations, rather than acquisition of schooled scholarship; arriving in life stark naked, and subsequently departing equally so naked. Life forever remains a naked Truth to behold in awe and wonder.

Reflecting back on the landscape of my personal life in constant transition:

Graced with the opportunity of witnessing live the unique social experiments called India since birth in 1932, and America since January 1958 to date, I feel a deep sense of gratitude to the ongoing social awakening on the broad frontiers of life.

I have been privileged to witness the American political and social scene from the 34th President elect Dwight D. Eisenhower to the current 46th President Joe Biden.

Embarking from Mumbai on the ship Seven Seas on 31st December, 1957, our final ship, Holland America Line, slowly sailed into the Hoboken Pier , NJ while witnessing the Statue of Liberty at early dawn. The Statue of Liberty was graced simultaneously with the presence of the full Moon and the rising Sun on either side was a sight to behold.



We come into this life only to change and transform ourselves.

Glimpses of Spirituality

Spirituality is not religion
Spirituality is not philosophy or scholarship
Spirituality is not of the mind at all
Spirituality is absolute positive energy within.

Dictionary or words cannot define spirituality
Mind cannot tread in the realm of spirituality
Positivity is of thought and action devoid of mind
Thought and action unattached to any reward or time.

Spirituality is acceptance and love of all
All that is part of Mother Nature
Mother Nature's all encompassing universe
Universe that lies within us and without us.

Inside us is a universe
That is identical to the universe outside us
Identical in its basic nature and form
But hidden from our senses and intellect.

In childhood, I was around my grandfather a lot
Because I lived in his house
He was true reflection of positive energy
Always loving, caring and accepting.

In my grandfather's residence
As I grew up from childhood into adolescence
I could not help but notice him intimately
Because his daily life reflected spirituality.
How did grandfather reflect spirituality?

Not through words, writing or lecturing
But merely exercising his power of
Love, kindness and empathy for all.

He once asked me, if I would remember him
Remember him after he was long gone
I wish he could hear me say now
That my breath is your breath.

How I wish I could have told him so
While he was still alive around me
But then I had some growing up to do

To appreciate that what he had offered, was so enriching.

(From "Glimpses of Spirituality through my Grandfather Bhaiyaa")

Ganesh Chaturthi

सप्टेंबर डायरी - सन २०२२.

आज गुरुवार, १ सप्टेंबर २०२२ आहे.

आमची प्रिय मोठीआई आणि सुधाकरचा मृत्युंजय दिवस आहे. आदराने त्यांची आठवण येत आहे. काल ३१ ऑगस्ट २०२२ रोजी गणेश चतुर्थी होती. त्या निमित्ताने रेखा देव हर्डीकरणे लिहिलेलं पत्र वाचून लहानपणच्या गोड आठवणी उचंबळून आल्या. आठवणींच्या आठवणी येतच असतात.

सुरेश काका,

आज सकाळी गणपतीची प्राणप्रतिष्ठा घरी झाली. सगळीकडेच उत्साहाच आणि उत्सवाचे वातावरण आहे. दिवस भर निरनिराळी गणेश मंडळं गणपतीची मिरवणूक काढून, ढोल ताशांच्या संगतीने त्याला आणत आहेत. तुमची आठवण आली... कदाचित लहानपणी भरपूर प्रमाणात हा माहौल enjoy केला असेल आणि मोदक आणि खिरापत खाल्ली असेल.

एक छान write up आजच्या पिढीसाठी पेपरमध्ये वाचला. तुम्हाला पण आवडेल म्हणून मुद्दाम पाठवत आहे.

आपण दरवर्षी गणपती बसवतो. पण का बसवतो, याचे कारण आजच्या काळात माहीत नाही. आपल्या धर्म ग्रंथानुसार भगवान वेद व्यास ऋषी यांनी महाभारत हे महाकाव्य रचले, परंतु त्यांना त्याचे लिखाण करणे शक्य होत नव्हते म्हणून त्यांनी श्री गणेशाची आराधना केली आणि गणपतीला महाभारत लिहिण्याची विनंती केली. त्यास गणपतीने होकार दिला. हे लिखाण दिवस रात्र चालले आणि त्यामुळे गणपतीला थकवा आला आणि शरीरातील पाणीही कमी झाले.

अशावेळी गणपतीच्या शरीराचे तापमान वाढू नये यासाठी व्यास यांनी गणपतीला मृत्तिकेचे लेपण केले आणि भाद्रपद शुक्ल चतुर्थीस गणपतीची यथासांग पूजा केली. मातीचे लेपण केले म्हणून गणपती आखडून गेला म्हणून त्यास पार्थिव गणेश असे नाव पडले. हे लिखाण दहा दिवस चालले. अनंत चतुर्दशीला लिखाण संपल्यावर व्यास यांनी गणपतीकडे पाहिले असता त्याच्या शरीराचे तापमान खूप वाढले होते. हे कमी व्हावे आणि अंगावरची माती निघावी म्हणून व्यासांनी गणपतीला पाण्यात विसर्जित केले. या दहा दिवसात गणपतीला खाण्यासाठी वेगवेगळे पौष्टिक पदार्थ दिले. तेव्हा पासून आजच्या कलीयुगापर्यंत ही प्रथा अव्याहत आणि अखंडित पणे चालू आहे.

रेखा .

गणेश चतुर्थी गणेशोत्सवाचा पहिला दिवस असतो, जो १० दिवस साजरा करतात. १९४० ते १९४५ च्या दरम्यान

माझे वय ८ ते १३ वर्षांचे होते. तेव्हा आम्ही सर्व भावंडे, ४ भाऊ आणि १ बहीण, नागपूरला आजोळी शिकायला रहात होतो. आमच्या वडिलांची नोकरी जगदलपूर, बस्तर मध्ये असल्याने आई वडील त्यांच्या गावी असत.

त्याकाळी १९४०/४१ मध्ये, मला गणपतीची मूर्ती स्वतःच्या हाताने बनवण्याची मनापासून हौस होती. दर वर्षी घरच्या बागेतील माती घेऊन मी स्वतः मूर्ती बनवत असे. ती मग उन्हात वाळवून, ब्रश आणि यथायोग्य रंग घेऊन सजवत असे.

गणेश चतुर्थीच्या दिवशी अशी स्वहस्ते केलेली गणपतीच्या मूर्तीची स्थापना एका विशिष्ट खोलीत व्हायची. मी आवडीने पितांबर नेसून पूजेला बसत असे. गणपती उत्सवात १० दिवस सकाळ संध्याकाळच्या आरती साठी मोठीआई, भैय्या आणि घरची सगळी मंडळी, आणि काही शेजारची मंडळी पण एकत्र येवुन नंतर प्रसादाच्या खिरापती चा आस्वाद घेत असू. सगळ्यांनी मिळून म्हटलेली आरती मनाला अल्हाददायक वाटायची. नंतर प्रसाद वाटताना पण अमूल्य आनंद मिळत असे. शेवटच्या आरती नंतर गणपती बाप्पाला घरातल्याच विहिरीत साश्रू नयनांनी विसर्जित करत असू. १० दिवसांच्या पाहुण्या गणपतीला जल समाधी देताना डोळे भरून येत.

गणपती उत्सवाचा माहोल आजपर्यंत, २०२२ पर्यंत मन मंदिरात स्पष्टपणे जाणवत आहे.

भारतीय सांस्कृतिक परंपरेत, पूजेच्या यथायोग्य कर्मात बेलाची पाने आणि दुर्वाकूर ह्या तीन पानांच्या पानांना महत्त्व आहे कारण त्यांच्याद्वारे ब्रह्मा विष्णू महेश अर्थात उत्पत्ती, संतुलन आणि परिवर्तनात्मक शक्तीची आदराने पुढची आठवण येत असते. हा त्रिगुणात्मक भाव आहे. ह्यात आपल्या स्वतःचे चैतन्य सामावलेले भासते.



Dreaming of Being a Dewdrop

In the stream of my dreams, I wish to be a Dewdrop,
Reveling in the beauty and fragrance of consciousness,
Condensing effortlessly on gentle petals of Nature,
Being and becoming a clear reflection of the world all around me,
But without any of its afflictions of ego, trials, and tribulations.

I want to be a Dewdrop, in the Grace of dawn,
Unattached to the affirmative convictions of invisible God, Heaven, or Hell,
Little soul, larger soul or supreme soul of spirituality,
In unfathomed dimensions of assurances.
But I am experientially attached to a petal of Nature and its fragrant presence.

I want to be only a Dewdrop,
With amiable grace of self-presence,
Egoless, bloodless, stainless, and absolutely transparent,
Diffracting a beam of Sunlight into a colorful Rainbow for eyes to behold.

I want to be only a Dewdrop,
Colored by the deep blue sky above,
Holding the ambience of the Moon and the star spangled galactica,
With no need to establish, prove, or disprove my existence in the Grace of Dawn,
Ever willing to coalesce freely with any other Dewdrops in natural vicinity,
To become a larger Dewdrop of Consciousness,
Until evaporating effortlessly, rejoining nascent Nature.

As a dawn Dewdrop,
I am the immaculate offspring of Virgin Nature,
As yet unimpregnated by rays of the rising Sun,
Of fleeting moments in the Grace of Dawn.



Religion and Spirituality

What is religion? Let your scriptures explain

What is spirituality? Let your heart explain

Look around the world and it seems:

Religion divides mankind in various groups

Spirituality bonds an individual to humanity

Religion has been an excuse to wage wars

Spirituality starts with silence, ends in peace

Religion produces lots of rhetoric

Spirituality is calm and naturally deep

Religion claims origin in date and prophet

Spirituality needs no prophet nor origin in date

Religion has written scriptures and interpretations

Spirituality needs neither written word nor proof

Religion is framed and marketed by believers

Spirituality is the essence of existence itself

Religion's protectors wear titles and garbs
Spirituality inherent in Man needs no garb

Religion properly understood leads to spirituality
Spirituality is the sea into which religion merges

Religion tries to define right and wrong
Spirituality thinks no wrong, does no wrong

Religions claim superiority over one another
Spirituality is effortless and not competing with anybody

Religion is an individual's external identity
Spirituality is an individual's inner world

Religion connects man to an external God
Spirituality connects man to the peace within

Religion says ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Spirituality connects energy to energy

Religion has God to worship and please
Spirituality knows no rituals nor boundaries

Religion claims to be God fearing
Spirituality is fearless and free

Religious men love and hate hypocritically
Spiritual person is ever loving and caring

Religious man protects his religion
Spirituality has no fences to defend

Religion offers passport to heaven
If you abide by rules and total faith

Spirituality offers no passport
Has no need to travel anywhere

Religion encourages group involvement
Spirituality empowers inner self to radiate

Religion raises money through contributions

Spirituality needs no outer source to thrive

Religion can be a training ground for spirituality

Spirituality does not have to start with religion

Religion is branded onto a newborn baby

Spirituality is the latent quality of a baby

Religion has a brand name

Spirituality is anonymous, a latent force.

Religion has created classes and levels

Spirituality knows no level to discriminate

Religion has a place to pray

Spirituality is practiced from the heart

Religion tries to bond man to God

Spirituality identifies God in man

Religion converts man from one faith to another

Spirituality knows no conversion, there is nothing to convert

So it seems that Religion and Spirituality

Are discreetly complementary to one another!



Prose of Life

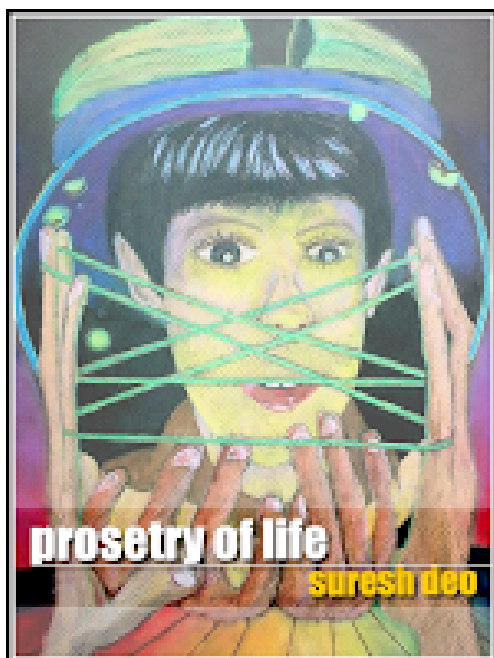
Prose and poetry combined is prose
Life is at times plain as prose
Life is at times touching as poetry
Prose and poetry have different vibrations

Prose seemingly stirs up thoughts
Thoughts drive emotions and actions
Poetry touches depths of human heart
With a blend of joy, sadness, and reality

Prose is one aspect of human life
It is not complete without poetry
Both are opposite sides of the same coin
Bringing union, harmony and meaning to life

Sadness makes prose dry and morbid
Sadness makes even poetry seem like prose
Joy brings both prose and poetry alive
Prose and poetry wet the roots of life

"Prose" is an expression of life for the living
Defining various levels of human consciousness
An effort to comprehend the veracity of life
In a sea of emotions with caring quieting and loving



Dear Departed Soul

It seems

You were with us just a moment ago
But you are not with us now
Comprehensible to the senses
Difficult to sort in heart and mind

It seems

The child in us is ever present
At times confused, lonely and afraid
Wondering in awe, grasping for reality
Trying to touch, feel, and fathom

It seems

That in life we expand
That in death we shrink or shrivel
That in birth we marvel
Gasping for meaning of life itself

It seems

There is more to life than living
There is more to life than suffering
There is more to life than death
There is more to life than rebirth

It seems

Good moments in past brought joy
Memories of the same moments now bring pain
Because the past cannot be brought in to present
What gives pleasure, also gives pain

It seems

In death, only close ones grieve
Not so. Every body and every thing grieves
The house, the air, the pets, and plants too
You have naturally touched them all

It seems

When death brings separation and numbness
A little infant looks at you and smiles
Innocently, lovingly, and sweetly
Giving some meaning to life

It seems
Your pain is now healed
You are beyond human emotions
In peace and tranquility
For ever in safe hands

As We Travel

As we travel we count milestones or speed of travel
As we travel we look around admiring the scenery
As we travel we listen to the multitude of sounds
As we travel we sometimes do nothing and just marvel

A travel, naturally is a multitude of experiences
Experiences that get soaked up in our mind, body and soul
Experiences that subconsciously influence our very being
Setting up a pattern for future events to come our way

However, future is unknown and unfathomable
And there lies the beauty and adventure of life
Bringing forth the importance of the present moment
The present is what we can smell, feel and entertain

As a child I have traveled in bullock cart
Cart with two wheels pulled by two bulls
The bulls had bells tied to their necks
Making tingling sounds with the rhythm of bull steps

The two bulls walked in rhythm pulling the cart
At top speed of two miles per hour in day time
Improving the speed to three miles per hour by night
We traveled more at night and rested the bulls at noon

A cot was placed on the bullock cart's flat bed

A mattress on the cot gave a comfortable ride
While the cartman sitting at the front steered the bulls
We sat on the cot or walked alongside the bullock cart

The cartman often talked to the bulls twisting their tails
Gently patting the bulls or poking their rear with a cane
Cartman's friendly ways of communicating with the bulls
To keep up the speed of cart and reach the destination

The bullock cart journey between Dantewara and Nakulnar
With stops in between took one full day and one full night
Winding through thick forests rich in flora and fauna
Cool night breeze, humming creatures and starlit skies

Each bullock cart had a woven bamboo roof overhead
To protect its occupants from sun, wind or rain
Two family members and a cartman rode each cart
Making the journey comfortable and adventurous

The night time travel was particularly entertaining
With sleep interrupted by apprehension of a lingering tiger
Voice of the cartman talking to the bulls with funny sounds
Crack of the dawn breathing new life in our veins

Upon reaching our destination village of Nakulnar
A village official called Mukhia welcomed us with warm smile
Gracefully directing us to a cluster of huts called Gudi.
A Gudi housed a visiting official for rest and comfort

A Gudi is a hut with bamboo walls and thatched roof
The walls and floors are coated with local red clay
The red clay surfaces are renewed every morning
By mopping with a solution of cow-dung and water

The toilet is provided outside the Gudi
In a separate and small bamboo enclosure
With a hole in the ground to squat over
Sized to receive whatever you deposit

A Gudi standing amongst trees is a cool place to rest
Lying inside it on a simple cot, you experience simplicity

The simplicity of people welcoming you to the Gudi
Touches and whets your heart and soul

A cluster of Gudis housed our entire family of seven
The low profile Gudis were in the midst of a mango grove
Frequently ripe mangoes dropped on dry leaves beneath
Quietly we listened to behold and experience the campsite

While our father handled his official duties as a Judge
Our mother managed meal preparations in the Gudi's kitchen
Procuring fresh milk, vegetables, and fruits to enrich the meals
While we siblings flirted with beautiful Nature all around

The bulls seemed rested in the mango grove
Enjoying the gentle breeze amongst the shaded trees
We enjoyed picking and sampling the ripe mangoes
Awaiting mother's invitation for a grand lunch to be

Nakulnar village folks were looking forward to the evening
To celebrate the rare visit of a Government official
And this official had brought along his entire family
A grand evening tribal dance was secretly planned

There was no electricity in the entire village
Dinner by lantern-light was a treat to behold
Seven cots were lined up in front of the Gudi
Obviously for our night sleep in the mango grove

As we lay on our beds chatting under the starlit sky
There was surprise awaiting us in the darkness
A party of Muriya dancers started assembling
With oil lamps to light up the evening tribal dance

Muriya are the tribal residents of this area
Who laugh heartily and enjoy simple pleasures
They love drinking a wine of Mahuwa or Palm
And dancing the evening away in sheer joy of life

All dancers wrapped in short white clothing around their waist
Women wore vibrant bead necklaces on topless clothing
Males and females danced in separate group formations
Each dancer's left hand around the next dancer's waist

In right hand each female dancer had a five-foot stick
The stick had a small cluster of bells at the end
The bells made a tingling sound to the beat
And all muscular feet stepped to the rhythm of the drums

The Muriyas must dance routinely for this coordination
They did it all with such great ease and grace
And the sheer joy of dancing was obvious on their faces
The innocence of all dancers was heartwarming to behold

Then we saw a young Muriya male join the female formation.
He was engaged to the Muriya girl on his left
So he wrapped his left hand around her waist
They danced side by side celebrating their engagement

Under the starlit sky and the mango grove
And in the romantic soft light of the oil lamps
The Muriyas danced their hearts off
Entertaining us and themselves as well

Gradually we started feeling sleepy as hours went by
And one by one we went off to sleep on our cots
The dancers gradually withdrew in the darkness
The stars continued to twinkle in the clear sky

That has become a memory for my lifetime
A pleasant memory to cherish about that evening
An evening that will never again be a reality
Because the Muriyas and their spectators have changed

Traveling in bullock cart at two miles per hour in 1943
And later traveling in Boeing jet at 650 miles per hour
And hearing spacecrafts landing on Mars in a few months
Has changed life entirely to a new dimension of reality

At age 72 my heart longs to travel back to Dantewara
And from Dantewara to Nakulnar
Just to be able to feel the past
What it felt to travel at two miles per hour

Most of all, what I will miss most
When I revisit Dantewara and Nakulnar

The hearty and joyous laughter of the Muriyas
That I have never seen anywhere else since then

To Muriyas, laughter is spontaneous
Their laughter displays and radiates
Self acceptance, vigor, and regal balance
In a flash of simplicity and pure joy within



A Community

A community is a group of people
Of common habits and bondages
Huddled together as a social group
A group small or large in size

A community offers empathetic support
Within a cohesive cultural boundary
But demands in return
Loyalty to its unwritten laws

Communities have always existed
Communities will always exist

Large, small, and micro
In past, present, and future

It is human nature to form a community
In search of social identity and order
To cling to, to hide in, and to grow
To feel secure within and without

Pride in one's community
And in one's social environment
Comes naturally as second nature
Absence or rejection of it smothers the soul

Birth in any specific community
Is neither good nor bad
Mother Nature does not judge a Man
Only a community judges a Man

We belong to a community at the very birth
And the community belongs to us
Opposite sides of the same coin
When one side shows, the other side is understood

Community lays down rules and regulations
Just like governments and institutions
But community's rules are latent and unwritten
Much stricter than the written ones

A community's rules are obeyed by members
With feeling of respect and pride
Some rules get challenged and some do change
Consistent with joint social consciousness

A community has unmarked territory
That may shrink or grow with time
Serving an innate sense of identity
Of past, present, and future

A community empowers each member
Young and old, male and female
Rich and poor, able and disabled
To help, serve, and love each other

A community is a group of people
Of common language and creed
Of common habits in food and clothing
Sharing a similar perspective of life

A community carves a territory
Within which to identify itself
A territory not physically marked
Yet clearly understood by its members

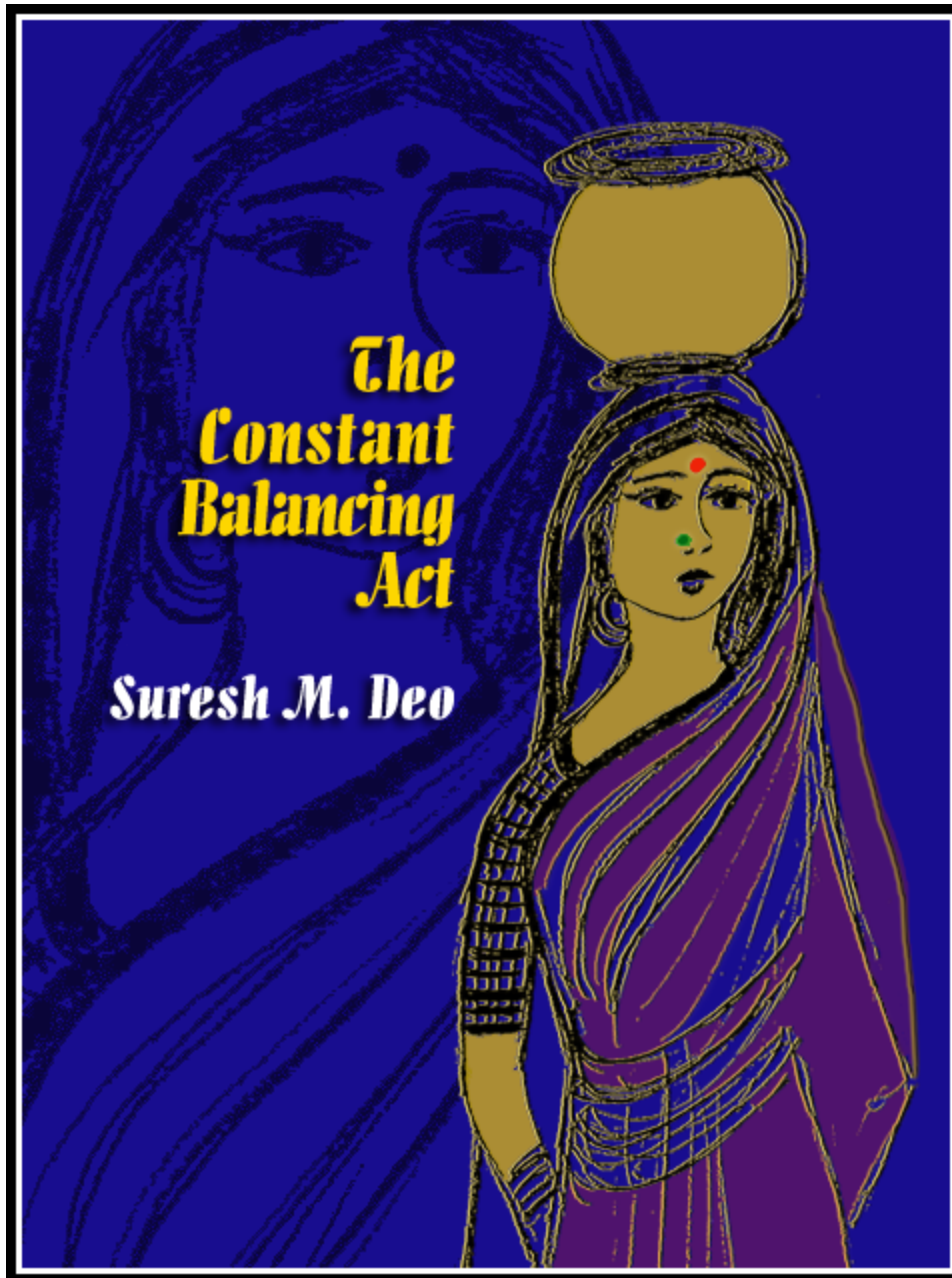
A community's territory binds those within
Separating them from those without
Separating Man from Man
Separating Soul from Soul

Banyan Tree

It seems that I have wandered off,
Feeling a bit lonely, and distant.
There, in that direction, way out yonder,
Lives my dear Soul in a simple cottage.
To get there, I tread in wooded land on narrow footpath,
Meandering through tall and thick blades of grass,
Walking and listening to creatures of all kinds,
Creatures happily singing their own tunes.
Then comes along a Turning Point,
A huge Banyan tree stands at the corner.
As I turn, I will see the abode of my loving Soul,
Passionately expecting me to return and reunite.
When I sing, I often feel the vibrations,
My Mother advising "Always remember your Roots".
My Father writing in his last letter to me,
"Take Good care of your Mother"..
My Father, only 31, died on the battlefield,
Just one week before my first birthday,
Defending the honor of Motherland as he had vowed.



The Constant Balancing Act



Grace stems from within and does not shower or snow down from the skies, prompts my Diabetes as my intimate partner over the past 45+ years of my life so far.

As my eyesight has diminished progressively over the past 25 years, mother Nature (प्रकृती) continues to provide me with coping and compensating mechanisms to move on with my journey productively. Of necessity, my passions have shifted from outdoors to indoors within the comfort zone of my "Residential Igloo".

Our three sons Deepak, Vikas and Sagar are constantly updating me on the efficient use of Computers to indulge in my newfound passion for Writing. I can no longer read my own hand scribble stuff on paper. I can only read on the computer screen what I type on the keyboard with my two dancing fingers on the keyboard.

With the aid of Magnification of fonts and pictures coupled with audio, I can see, sense, and enjoy the texture of my own thoughts and Life .

Both of my eyes have developed Cataracts as is expected at my age of 87 to date, and topping that the limited blood veins in my eyes leak often causing additional blurriness. But with the provision of the magnification factor on the computer screen, I can continue with my passion for writing which accelerates or decelerates depending on the degree of blurriness. However, with the Grace of mother Nature, the vision of one eye is constantly compensating for the other eye without distracting my attention on writing. Writing has become my mode of meditation during which my mind seems to be focussed like a sharp laser beam.

Writing seems to enable us to constantly discover and rediscover ourself in a world of constant change.

Me, my Curiosity and my Diabetes have come to respect each other in innumerable self enriching ways.

The warm presence of my wife, three sons, their corresponding spouses and two grandchildren so far, continues to direct my steps in the appropriate direction... constantly compensating.

This "Dialogue with Diabetes" will be continued ~~



Timeless wisdom Yoda / मूल भूतेश्वर योडा गुरुजी ~~

Lilac Park, Lombard, Illinois, USA



Lilac Park sporting the ambience of Christmas Lights

This evening in the Twilight zone, our Son Vikas drove Usha and Me, to the Lilac Park in Lombard, close to our Addison township, for a joy ride to behold the Christmas Spirits on display. Almost every tree in the Lilac park seemed lit up with tri-colored Christmas lights. Vikas parked the car, and we walked leisurely through the park, lit up with The Christmas Spirit in the balmy weather of 40 degrees Fahrenheit. Later we drove in and around the Lilac Park, Breezing on the fragrance of the X-Mas spirit.

Duck on Wheels



During the summer of 1936, I was four years old and my younger brother Surendra was two years old. We were in Ootacamund in the pleasant Nilgiri mountain range along with our entire family including maternal Grandparents, Parents and we five siblings. During those three summer months, we lived in a cute rental white bungalow across the street from the colorful Botanical garden.

Surendra and I had a wooden toy Duck of our own. The colorful Duck was mounted on four wheels and we pulled it carefully with a long string. As we pulled the string forward, the Duck would flap its wings and simultaneously shake its head up and down. At that tender age, the Duck was our close buddy and we played with it for hours at a time.

Today 83 years later, I still remember that tiny little duck. Times change and so do the toys of entertainment! Modern toys seem to be distracting and self-incriminating to say the least!

Deepak Oli's Pilgrimage to Nepal

दीपक ओली की नेपाल तीर्थयात्रा



छायाचित्र - कै. श्री बुई की श्राद्धपूजा के खातिर, दीपक आईभान ओली (उम्र १९) की नेपाल तीर्थ यात्रा। मई २०१९ यात्रा में साथी दीपक की माँ (कमला), मामा, और रूपा मामी।

Dear Deepak,

It was a blessed coincidence that you could accompany your माँ, मामा और मामी (त्रिगुणात्मक संयोग) on the Pilgrimage to Nepal on the occasion of कै.बुई की श्राद्ध: पूजा. Every journey such as you just undertook, silently serves as a self-enabling experience, which gradually condenses as wisdom of life that is not accessible through any books of scholarship.

From the very moment that your बुई breathed out her last breath (साँस), she had effortlessly transitioned to the other side of life, which seems to be free of all attachments and pains. Since then बुई is in the ideal state of awareness in which she is complete within herself (ऐश्वर्यानन्द).

The 10-13 days of श्राद्ध: पूजा rituals that you participated in your Mother's hometown in Nepal including बुई का अस्थि विसर्जन served the essential purpose of becoming aware of the genealogy of your ancestors along with realities of existence . The concluding message of the श्राद्ध: पूजा (श्रद्धा से अर्पण की गई पूजा) prompts every mourning participant that "Having mourned adequately, now refresh and move on with the flow of life, constantly moving forwards".

बहता पानी या वक्त कभी वापस नहीं लौटता।



Chitrakoot Falls of Indravati River, Bastar, Chattisgarh.

The graceful massive energy of a waterfall gently prompts that moving waters and time never retrace their path.

Deepak, as I wrote this note, I was reminded that I was exactly your age, 19 in 1951, when my maternal Grandfather/Nana had died peacefully in his own Nagpur home. I was studying in my third year of college. All of us five siblings lived in the warm guardianship of Nana/Nani (भैया / मोठी आई) from elementary school to graduate from Nagpur University. During the summer vacations, we stayed with parents depending on their job posting.

Nana's death was my very first live confrontation with human mortality. At the cremation ground, while witnessing Nana's body gradually being consumed by the fire of the wooden pyre, I froze in silence; while tears effortlessly flooded my eyes. It was a riveting experience prompting self inquiry and meaning of life.

A somber message for the entire बुई और ओली परिवार "Rest comforted in the awareness that बुई is now in the most ideal comfort zone of her own being; far beyond anyone's imagination".

ॐ शान्ति ॐ।



Deepak Aibhan Oli in Nepal, May 2019

अमृत महोत्सव

१५ अगस्त १९४७ – २०२२

वतन भारत-

वतन मातृभूमि का माहौल है।

भारत, अनमोल सनातन सोच है, जिसमें “भा” का मूलार्थ है प्रकाश और “रथ”

का मूलार्थ है जगह अथवा जगह का माहौल।



मोर राष्ट्रीय पक्षी

सत्यमार्ग सदा सर्वदा स्वयंसिद्ध और परीवर्तनात्मक होता है।



सत्यमेव जयते

भारत में पैदा हुआ हर एक इन्सान भारत भाग्य विधाता है।

हर एक इन्सान की इन्सानियत सर्वोर्धर्मः। सदासर्वदा इज्जत हो – इकबाल।



आज १५ अगस्त के माहौल में, ऐ मेरे वतन के लोगो, जरा याद करो उनकी कुर्बानी को जो शहीद हुए हैं।

['Aye Mere Watan Ke Logon' sung by Lata Mangeshkar](#)

राष्ट्र और संगीत।

जन गण मन अधिनायक जय हे

[Indian National Anthem](#)



Note: This composition "Amrut Mahotsav" is laser tuned by the willing cooperation of several members of our joint family, rendering the spirit of United "BHARAT"

Honeymoon

Our 50+1 Wedding Anniversary
October 15, 2020



Ms. Usha Butani. Field of Dreams.

During early September of 1969, I was visiting Sri Lanka, described poetically as the Pearl of the East. Departing from Chicago aboard Swiss Air, I had arrived in Sri Lanka via brief stops in Paris, Geneva, New Delhi, and Nagpur. In New Delhi, I had met Miss Usha Butani and her family members for the very first time through the intermediary of my childhood friendship of Anant Herekar and his wife Prabha. This meeting with the Butani family was in fact the chief reason for this trip extravaganza!

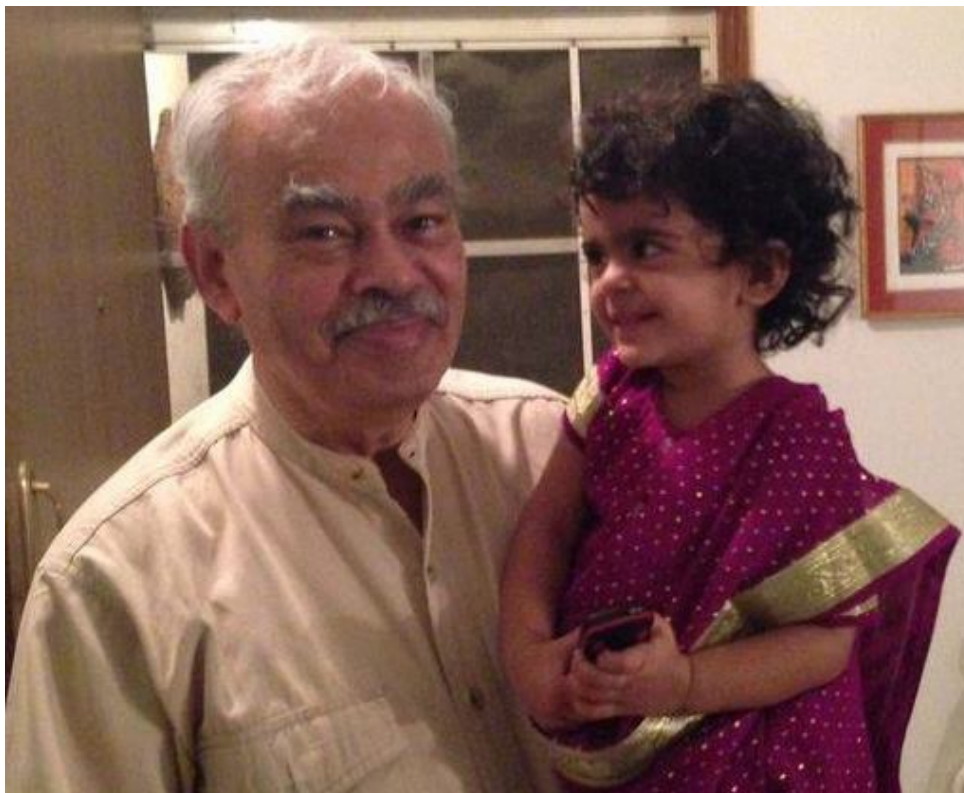
During the Nagpur visit following the Delhi visit, I had promptly mentioned to my immediate family members that I have met my matching heart beat in Miss Usha Butani; all that remained was to seek an affirmative response from Usha Butani.

In Colombo, my Sri Lankan host had booked a hotel reservation for me at a seaside location. At the rear of the hotel facing the sea, was a rock, large enough to comfortably sit on. The sea waves gently lashed against this rock in a peaceful rhythm and the sea breeze felt pleasantly refreshing.

After a pineapple flavored breakfast, I grabbed the Hotel's writing pad and sat myself comfortably on the flat top of the rock. As the Sea breeze energized my reflections of the moments, I penned my heart vibrations without wasting any words. "Dear Usha Butani, I wuv you dearly, will you Marry Me?"

I had talked about this with Usha's Uncle DHB, who had accompanied me to Nagpur from Delhi on the legitimate fact finding mission about me.

We got married a month later on 15th October 1969 in New Delhi. Usha born in Larkana Sindh, and Suresh born in Nagpur, MP had coalesced together in matrimony. Subsequently, a month later, we flew together for Chicago by Swiss Air with scheduled overnight stops in Geneva and Paris. In Paris, we stayed at the hotel Dla Athene which continues to bring irrevocable memories to this day.



Fifty-one years later today, consciousness senses to pause, and silently count our blessings in sheer gratitude. Today, our seven Twinkling Stars include Deepak,

Arshi, Vikas, Sagar, Judi, Arielle (above), Raul, and Axel. They are like our Big Dipper in the sky.



The Scene of Nativity

During the 1930's of my early childhood, [Bastar kingdom](#) in the Central Provinces (CP) was blessed with more than abundant rainfall and as a consequence abundant green coverage ensured rivers flowing with waters of life, flora and fauna of natural abundance; and so was our innocent childhood nurtured with it.

Bees hummed around our garden flowers collecting sweetness and depositing it as honey in their Honeycomb.

Multi colored Butterflies sat on the flowers, gently and gracefully moving their colorful wingspans, was a sight to behold.

Sparrows housed their nests for rearing their chicks,

Red Ants built their proportionately huge 5-10 feet tall red mud mounds providing exquisite hallways to behold in awe and wonder of existence,

The local Tribals effortlessly displayed a natural rhythm of life.

Chitrakoot waterfalls displayed its magnificence all year around.



Chitrakoot Falls, Bastar

All inclusively, it was the Scene of Nativity to cherish for a lifetime. Childhood in each one of us is a living witness to the Scene of Nativity; its dynamic images and related sounds permanently etched in our consciousness; accessible instantly to the breath of life; in which to blossom and fulfill the trajectory of life.

It behooves us not to thirst for miracles in life; for each one of us and our life experiences is a miracle to behold in wrapt granger. The star spangled sky and Nature is the witness of it all.

The Scene of Nativity is an image etched permanently in our faithful heart consciousness.

Religion of Life seems to be simply the techniques of internalizing ourselves to the core of existence stemming from the innocence of childhood; as does the Lotus with its blossom, its innate beauty and fragrance.

The Briefest Letter

It was the month of September in 1965. I was staying in St Charles, Il and working full time at Holly Products Company. I was a bachelor at that time. Over the weekend, I went from St Charles to Chicago to spend my weekend with my friends Ramesh Godbole and his wife Anita. After spending the weekend I returned to my apartment.

As I opened the front door to the apartment, I reached out to the letter box to check if I had any mail over the weekend. I did find one letter. It was an aerogram from India. While looking at the handwriting on the aerogram I knew it was a letter from my mother, Aii. Before even entering the front door I anxiously opened the aerogram and read its contents which said in just 3 lines (in Marati):

Dear Suresh,
Surendra Gaila
Aii.

That was the end of the letter.

Having read the 3 lines I simply froze in my shoes because I knew exactly what the letter was conveying. It conveyed that my younger brother Surendra, who was in the army of India, had become a martyr in the engaged war between India and Pakistan.

I was fully aware all the time during the weekend that Surendra had proceeded to the war zone on an emergency basis. By suspending his vacation and returning from hometown Nagpur back to the battlefield on orders issued by government of India to all armed personnel to return to their posts immediately. This was an urgent announcement by the armed forces because Pakistan had laid a brazen attack on India from the northwest frontiers.

Consequently, immediately after reading this short letter from my mother, I grabbed my phone and called my friends Sharad and Anita informing them of the letter I had just received and that I could not bear this saddening news all alone at my apartment and that I was returning to their place for a few more days to stay with them.

The shortest letter that I ever received in life had shaken me from my very shoes. That brief 3 liner aerogram is still fresh in my mind today in June 2022 as it was on that day I opened it in St. Charles.

The shortest letter ever received in my lifetime has left the deepest impact on my conscious awareness. The martyrdom of younger brother in war remains forever an unresolved emotional impact to bear and sustain.



Major Surendra Madhusudan Deo.

The Innocence of Childhood

My perennial recurring memories of childhood with Surendra continue to be during my age range of 6 – 8, when Surendra was 4 – 6: That was 1938 – 1940 during which both of us stayed with our parents in Jagdalpur, Bastar.

At that tender age, in Jagdalpur, stepping out of our house barefooted in dense morning fog has been a memorable experience etched permanently in conscious awareness. The fog was so thick that vision was limited to barely 6 feet. We walked together barefoot on Dew laden cool grass, the moistness of fog gently kissing our very being. We kept on walking innocently, simply enjoying our own presence. Our walk continued on the wide open football grounds until the soft rays of the rising Sun penetrated the fog displaying a colorful Rainbow across the whole football field; that was a sight to behold. Then it was time for us to return home just a few yards away, knowing fully well that Aii (our Mother) was constantly watching and expecting our return.



Innocence walking.

Surendra and I also enjoyed playing and running with a simple steel ring toy. We called it The Ring. It was a 3-foot diameter steel ring, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, that we pushed forward with our hands and a steel rod while running with it. No technological breakthrough was needed for the Ring toy! Plastics had not yet penetrated our childhood world.



Simplicity, thy name is bliss.

I am reminded that “Through sheer coincidence, my current age is 86, whereas Surendra served in the 86” – Light Regiment as its Major Commander.

The trajectory of life guides each one of us in unfathomable humbling ways.

Surendra’s Homecoming

Mother earth soaked the blood of the Martyr. After a few days, His mortal remains in a container were personally brought to our home in Dhantoli Nagpur. For his homecoming, the citizens of Nagpur lined up from the railway station to our home. Surendra had returned Home.



Suren on the far left.

Fasting

उपास / उपवास - उपास एक प्रकारे मनाचा संकल्प असतो. सोळा सोमवारचे व्रत म्हणजे सोळा सोमवार उपास असतो आणि तेव्हाच्या संध्याकाळी प्रसाद असतो ज्यात गाकर, गूळ, तूप यांचे प्रामुख्याने मिश्रण असते. साधारणपणे लक्षात येते की लोकांचा उपासाच्या दिवशी सकाळपासून आज उपासाचे काय खायचे हाच मूळ विषय असतो आम्हाला हे उपासाचे कळत नाही. उपासाच्या दिवशी साबूदाणा खिचडी, खीर, शिंगाड्याचा शीरा इत्यादी पदार्थांची उजळणी आणि चर्चा होत असते. बालपणी आम्ही जगदलपूरला रहात असताना नथूराम नावाचा एक विद्यार्थी आमच्या ग्रेटसन हायस्कूल मध्ये शिकत होता. एका उपासाच्या दिवशी नथूराम म्हणाला, "आप लोग उपास उपास कहते रहते हैं और दिनभर कुछ न कुछ खाते रहते हैं।" त्यांचे हे हास्यास्पद वाक्य आज देखील मला स्पष्टपणे दिसते आहे. लहानपणच्या आठवणी जन्मभर पुरून उरतात. उपासाची धारणा एक प्रकारे मनाचा दृढ संकल्प असतो. नथूरामची एकादशी ची उपासना म्हणजे निर्जला उपास असे. उपासाच्या दिवशी शिंगाड्याचा शीरा आणि असे पदार्थ खाऊन स्वतःचीच निंदा होत असते.

The Saga of Kodu Raut and Rautine

कोदू राऊत और रवताईन



For the dear family of Kodu Raut, his wife Rautine, and their two daughters, Devaki and Revati, that were with us in my maternal Grandparents bungalow @ 389 Abhyankar Road in Dhantoli, Nagpur during my memorable years of 1935 to 1968.

Raut and Routine hailed from Rajnandgaon, Chhattisgarh (implying 36-fortresses) area bearing the heritage of ancient Gond culture; which I personally admire as golden, based on my cherished direct interactions while living in Bastar (1932 - 1940).

यादों की यादें प्यारी, सुहानी, दिल कक्ष और कल्पवृक्ष को लुभाने वाली फुलवारी।

The Early School Years

Early childhood

Surendra was born on 26 September, 1935 in Nagpur, MP. During 1935 to 1940, Surendra and I lived mostly with our parents in Jagdalpur, Bastar State where our father was Principal of Grigson High School. Later for two years, we lived in Dantewada, Bastar, where our father was posted as Sub-divisional Officer (SDO). During this period, our other three older siblings (brothers, Satchit, Sudhakar and sister, Sarojini) lived in Nagpur, MP with our maternal grandparents, Dr. and Mrs Nakhare.

Surendra and I constantly shadowed each other. Both of us were tutored at home by our Mother since the only elementary school leading up to the fourth grade was inadequately staffed in Jagdalpur. Learning at home under the tender loving discipline of Mother was fun, which provided a pleasant dimension to the process of learning. Life in Bastar State also offered self enriching exposure to the beauty of Nature with its lush green flora and fauna, clean rivers, and innocent tribal people that effortlessly blended together. Trekking through the lush green forests provided a unique sense of harmony in its boundless diversity.

The tribal people came to Jagdalpur from surrounding rural villages every Sunday to participate in the marketplace they called Haat. The weekly Haat was a colorful social gathering throbbing with enthusiasm. Watching the tribal people come to the central marketplace, which was locally identified as हाट / गोल बजार, carrying their produce in an overhead basket, and in some cases in a bullock cart was a sight to behold. With a natural effortless self-discipline, the tribals walked in a single file formation, one behind the other, all the way from their village to the bazaar in Jagdalpur. They had the same single file formation as they returned to their village at the end of the day. Their innate simplicity, pleasant demeanor and self discipline was very admirable.

Their walking to and from the weekly bazaar in single file appeared like self-disciplined ants moving towards a target. Reminds us also of the Indian jawans (soldiers) trekking with their weapons to and from a battle zone.



High School Years

Surendra and I gradually moved to Nagpur to continue schooling for higher grades. From then on, all of us five siblings stayed with our maternal grandparents, and visited our parents in Jagdalpur and later in Dantewada during summer holidays.

Surendra and I were admitted in fifth and sixth grade respectively in the newly started Hadas High School in Dhantoli, Nagpur. At that time, it was a new startup school with only 5th, 6th and 7th Grades. Mr. Hadas and his family of four, lived on the same premises. Two teachers taught the three grades, while Mr. N. S. Hadas as the founder and Principal managed the school and actively pursued expansion of school facilities to add 8th to 11th grades. Following year, the school premises were moved to a larger facility which was also located in Dhantoli opposite the Patwardhan High School playgrounds.

Mr. Hadas was an intense man with an entrepreneurial zest committed to educating and cultivating disciplined young minds. He had assembled very dedicated teachers to teach under his ever watchful and equally kind eyes. Studying in Hadas High School was an enjoyable experience in learning as well as in embracing self-discipline. The students and teachers were actively engaged with each other offering an environment in which learning happens effortlessly. That seemed to be the dream of Mr. Hadas.

During 8th grade, Surendra was transferred locally to Patwardhan High School at the suggestion of our eldest brother and as a result he matriculated from there.

Subsequently, Surendra was admitted to the Science College in Nagpur simply because his four older siblings had also done the same thing. At his age of 16 (1950), Surendra was already dreaming of a career in the Armed Forces, but was not quite sure about the specifics.

During the early years after India's independence in 1947, the search for a meaningful life career motivated many youngsters to seek careers in National

Defence Services. A commissioned rank in the forces was one of the favorite choices. After successfully competing in a nationwide competitive screening, the youngsters between the ages of 18 to 20 were admitted to the National Defence Academy (NDA) in Dehradun for a full four (4) years of army oriented training. At that point, the graduating cadet was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant in the armed forces. Army, Navy or Air force were three choices available after successfully meeting their respective requirements.



Visiting Hadas School after many years!

Ole' Miss 1958-1960

Having graduated with conventional Engineering education from the University of Nagpur, India, and from the University of Mississippi at Oxford, I have subsequently chosen to become a Rebel creative writer, challenging the norms of prevailing common nonsense.



He! He! Ho! Ho! Rebels, Let's Go.

For the sake of my own humbled nurturing;
With malice towards none of the colored kingdom of Gods and their fragile
Empires, I remain the Rebel constantly in search of my own true self identity !

I was attending my 1st fall term at the University of Mississippi in 1958. At that time, Dwight D. Eisenhower was the president elect. He was overwhelmingly elected to the post of presidency because of his fresh background as commander of the allied forces during World War II. During the fall of that year, Eisenhower was visiting India on his first political visit to the country. A crowd of 600,000 greeted Eisenhower upon his reception.

On my daily routine of walking through the library building and on to my Department of Chemical Engineering the chief librarian approached me to thank me personally for the warm welcome Indians had extended to her president. Her warm comment tickled me as I knew full well that a crowd of 600,000 was typical in India when receiving either a local prominent politician like Nehru or Gandhi, and the number exceeded when they would be receiving foreign dignitaries.



Earl Mulleins was a Janitor for the school of Engineering during that time. Every evening while I was in our study, Earl would step in to perform his Janitorial chore. Just as he stepped in, he would flash a broad pleasant smile on his 60-year old bulky seven foot tall frame. I always looked forward to his presence and friendly demeanor. At that time, I was the only Indian student on the entire University campus amongst the other 18 other foreign students. Earl probably felt my presence intriguing because of his limited exposure to foreign students on the campus. There was no black Negro student at the University because it was culturally unacceptable at that time. For Earl, I was the intriguing Brownie amongst them!



Something about the character of Charles Mann in the Field of Dream has always reminded me of Earl.

Over the years until today in June 2022, the University of Mississippi (known as Ole' Miss) remains the jeweled crown of my memories along with its broad band of experiences.



Today's Dream

I was aboard a flight and sensed that the flight was headed for India. After some time there was an announcement that the flight will land in Calgary and the stop will be 45-minute duration.

I was amused that the flight had an interim stop in Calgary. As the aircraft was approaching the landing strip, I could see several buildings by the side of the runway. I wondered if Aii-Kaka had seen the same buildings when they visited Calgary In 1959? A Canadian lady in the rear seat joyfully said "Welcome to our Calgary".

While the passengers headed for the International waiting lounge, I was amused that we were walking through a grassy field. Once inside the lounge, everyone seemed to relax. I was in a trance reflecting that I was accidentally in a place that Aii-Kaka had visited in earlier years. Some time passed and I realized that it was a short stop. I was wondering that no one was eager to return to the aircraft. I got up and started roaming around the lounge.

The scene suddenly switched and I saw myself entering the Nakhare's bungalow from the rear side into the open verandah that had the large swing. I sat on the swing and sensed that Mothi-Aii was somewhere in the house, but there was unusual quietness all around.



Nakhare's Bungalow was built in 1928.

As I sat on the large swing, I noticed that the Dari on the swing was missing. I glanced at the back edge of the swing and noticed that the wooden edge strip of the swing was missing. I thought maybe it came out when Deepak-Vikas-Sagar were swinging on it. In the area exposed by the missing edge strip, I noticed that a steel bar curled at the edge was supporting the swing platform from the bottom. There was never a support like that! The swing was suspended only by four steel chains anchored at four corners of the wooden platform.

Then in a flash I recalled that I had often seen my grandfather "Bhaiyaa" sit and swing gently on this platform. I had also enjoyed sitting by the side of Mothi-Aii on the swing several times. As these thoughts flashed by, I was glancing towards the front yard through the two doors of the living room. The water pond at the front and the outside road was looking so crystal clear that I started wondering, a little afraid of the unexpected silence all around, woke me up. The bathroom was calling me.

For me, dreams are for wondering. How interestingly our brain recalls stored memories, rearranging them in the form of a broken story without a copy writer and projects such a clear Virtual Image! The clarity baffled my current fuzzy vision in reality.

After waking up from the dream, I recalled my 1965 trip to India. I had purchased the ticket in a hurry. The travel agent informed me that the Air India flight would be from Chicago to Heathrow airport in London and then to Delhi, where I would get a connecting flight to Nagpur. Only after boarding the flight at London for Delhi, I had learnt that the flight would make an intermediary stop at Moscow. That was a pleasant surprise because it enabled me to see Moscow airport for 3 hours.



While deplaning at the Moscow airport, a stern-faced army guard stood at the aircraft's exit door demanding our passport without saying a word. His body language was clear enough. I hoped that he would return our passport for our continued journey. Those were the days of Iron Curtained Russia. We were able to walk around freely within the International lounge. At the gift shop, I saw Russian made handicrafts that looked crude; even the Russian dolls tried to hold back their smile. In the toilet, I saw waxy and crappy feeling toilet paper and the hardware all-around the airport looked aesthetically unattractive. That made me wonder at that time "Is this the so-called Super Power that the world was confronting?"

I have always enjoyed visiting different places to discover myself.

Cute Baby Cobra

Having had the opportunity of living in the nativity of Bastar during my childhood years, I have witnessed at close range snakes and cobras crawling on the ground.

The snakes and cobras range from a few feet up to 15 feet in varying diameters. As children we always enjoyed the sight of these creatures in their natural surroundings. As we walked in the deep forest of Baster, we sighted snakes crawling across our path. As soon as we saw a snake crawling, we would naturally freeze in our spot and just enjoy their graceful movement.

In doing so, by not bothering them, they would never bother us in kind. As a result of this experience, I have never been afraid of snakes. But I do not claim to be a snake charmer in any way.

A few years ago, while residing in our Pune residence, one day a small baby cobra was merrily crawling on the rear steps. Our assistant Kamle noticed the baby cobra on the rear steps and shouted "Cobra Cobra!". Upon hearing the alarming sound, I rushed to the door and looked out. Sure enough, there was a cute 9 inch long cobra merrily crawling with its fan wide open revealing its own natural beauty. Most of all, the baby corba looked so cute and happy crawling on the footsteps. However, a few minutes later Kamla's husband Aibhan came to the steps with a sickle in his hand and promptly terminated the life of the baby cobra. At that moment I felt sad. I felt sad for the baby cobra's mother who would be wondering "Where is my baby. Where is my baby. She has not come back as of yet."

In summary let me say let each creature live peacefully in their own way and as long as we do not bother each other, the environment should stay peaceful and harmonious.



Mithu

Once, our parrot Mithu flew away from our dining table into the backyard and was away for almost 12 hours. We searched for him up to a distance of 2 miles. It turned out he was in the immediate vicinity, a block away, sitting on a large banyan tree, not knowing what to do.

In the evening, when he got hungry, he climbed down from the banyan tree and went inside a small hut and walked straight in the presence of the family living there.

Seeing this parrot come close, the dwellers of the hut were surprised how this parrot was walking up to them in such a friendly way. They had heard that our parrot had flown away and disappeared. So they approached us inquiring if this parrot was ours, and sure enough it was Mithu!

Mithu was with us for an entire lifetime, before a prowling Cat pawed Mithu to death.



Our Buffalo

I did not know our buffalo's ancestral heritage. But we had heard that she was a Kathiawadi breed. Kathiawad is a region in the north western part of India. A healthy Kathiawadi buffalo was known to yield copious amounts of milk. In various parts of India there are different breeds of buffalo and each breed has some distinctive features including the shape of their horns. In a flock of buffaloes, it was easy for me to spot our buffalo because of the typical appearance of her medium sized curved horns and her healthy broad body structure. She stood out as a well bred and fed buffalo.

The time period was 1940 to 1945. This is the period during which I was very much aware of our buffalo's presence in our maternal grandfather's bungalow in Dhantoli, Nagpur, India. During this period, I was staying with my maternal grandparents along with my four siblings and a maternal uncle. So the regular population of this bungalow was seven people. The actual headcount was eight because a cook prepared daily meals including lunch and dinner and ate his meals at the bungalow. This way it seemed that our grandmother ensured that the cook prepared tasty meals!

Maintaining a buffalo in the premises as a source of milk was an economic necessity. The daily supply of milk from the buffalo provided an adequate supply of nutritious milk and its derivative products such as yogurt, fresh churned butter, buttermilk and ghee. The ghee prepared from the home made butter does not become rancid at ambient temperatures for several months.

A tin-shade was provided for the buffalo to protect her from sun and rain. At home, her food primarily consisted of chopped up dry corn stalks and a dense oil cake procured from local oil mills. The oil mills extracted oil from cotton seeds using the crushers and sold the residual dense cake for use as fodder for animals. Besides eating this food in her tin-shade, our buffalo went out daily to nearby green pastures accompanied by Raut.

Raut worked as a servant in our grandfather's house. He stayed in the outhouse along with his wife and three daughters. Raut's primary responsibilities were to take care of the garden and the buffalo. He fed the buffalo and milked her twice a day, and took her to the green pastures for 6-8 hours daily. Since they spent so much time together during the day, our buffalo fondly responded to Raut's

attention and presence. Each day it was a common and pleasant scene to watch Raut walk the buffalo to the pasture in the morning and then return in the evening. In the morning the buffalo looked eager to walk out of the gate and in the evening she was happy to return to her tin-shade. Raut would often pat her on the back and she would wag her tail acknowledging his touch and attention. Raut had assisted her a couple of times to deliver her babies. During the long waiting time for her baby buffalo to be born, Raut would be patiently present nearby. Raut and our buffalo seemed to be happily bonded .

One evening, our buffalo returned home from the grazing grounds with Raut. On this day she seemed slower on her feet and Raut had already noticed it while returning home. After settling down in her tin-shade, she did not seem eager to eat or drink anything that Raut offered her. Gradually she squatted down stretching her feet awkwardly and her neck seemed to stretch backwards as if she was gasping for breath. Soon a foamy substance was oozing out of her mouth. Raut knew something was terribly wrong with her and he started petting her and stroking her stomach. In those years, there were no veterinarians nearby. Raut was our buffalo's prime caretaker. Our grandfather who was a retired physician and surgeon guessed that it might be a case of food poisoning.

The huge body of our buffalo lay motionless and her eyes seemed oblivious to the commotion surrounding her. She was not even wagging her tail. Raut stood dazed nearby. All of us felt so helpless. Around midnight, our buffalo was dead. It was like losing a family member.

Next day, I woke up early in the morning and went straight to the tin-shade where our buffalo lay motionless. Raut was still by her side. Then I heard somebody at the front gate trying to get my attention. I walked up to the gate and saw a tall dark complexioned man. He said, "We heard that your buffalo has died". I was surprised to hear him say that because we hadn't informed anybody so far about the death of our buffalo. Then the man said, "We can arrange to take the dead buffalo away". Although I was only thirteen-year-old at that time, I had an instantaneous hunch that this was the man who had poisoned our buffalo. A cold streak of chill ran down my spine. Along with it, I got very angry and upset. I had realized beyond any doubt that I was looking at the actual murderer of our buffalo. I needed no proof because his face and body language said it all. I looked sternly at the man standing across the gate and simply walked away from him in disgust without uttering any word.

At the age of thirteen it was a shocking realization that a man would intentionally poison a healthy and innocent buffalo to get hold of her skin. A real and ugly side of humanity had just unfolded in front of me.

Train Journey

During September of 1963, I had returned to India from Chicago for the 1st time after 5 years in the US. After landing at the airport in Mumbai, I was received at the airport by Surendra, Neela, and Neela's entire family. After clearing the customs and reaching the home of Neela's parents, we stayed there for a week and subsequently headed for Nagpur.

Neela, Surendra, and I boarded a train for Nagpur in which just 3 of us occupied a private coupe. The train left Mumbai around 4 pm and enjoying the private coupe, the 3 of us chatted away about the events of the past 5 years during which I was absent from India. As the evening shadowed the outside environment, Surendra got into a mood of singing a recently sung a [song by singer Lata Mangeshkar](#).

While Suren sang this song passionately, little did we realize that we were going to lose him a couple of years later in September during the sudden burst of the Indo-Pak war.



Mother's Day

मातृ छाया गीतांजलि

माँ ~~ मातृ वात्सल्य रूप और स्वरूप



Mother and Infant sculpture that has been gracing our living room since December 1969.

We had received the above statue as a complimentary gift from our Bank December 1969 for opening a new Bank Account.

Coincidentally at that juncture, our first son Deepak was resident as a Fetus in my Wife, Usha's Womb.

The most precious gift of life to cherish through lifetime is Mother. It is offered by Nature to every life form including humans. Mother symbolizes the Spirit that enables experiencing the eternal Cosmic process of Creation, Preservation and Transformation. It is the undeniable Spirit that is ever present in the conscious as well as sub conscious awareness of everyone.

इस्लाम में एक सूफी कहावत है " माँ के पैरों तलेही भिश्त (स्वर्ग / Heaven) है.
हिंदीमें एक मासूम गीत है " माँ तुझे तो सब पता है ना ~~~ "

Mother's Day is celebration of that Spirit..... हर दिन, हर पल, हर सांसमें ~~

Hometown at Heart

My Orange City नागभूषण नागपूर नगरी



प्रातः समयी माझा अंतःकरणीय कोंबडा आरवतो “ माझे जन्मस्थान नगर ”.

आमच्या बालपणी (१९३२ – ४५), महाराज बागेच्या सिंह महाराजांची राजशाही गर्जना, प्रातः समयी स्पष्ट ऐकू यायची.

आणि तशीच स्पष्ट रामकृष्ण आश्रम ची सकाळ, आणि संध्याकाळ ची मनरमणीय आरती .

तसेच, टाटा एम्प्रेस मिल चे भोंगे, अजनी स्टेशन च्या रेलगाड्यांचा आवाज.

तेच आवाज, आज देखील (२०२१) स्वतः च्या ध्यानी - मनी गुणगुणतात .

नागपूर , नैसर्गिक अंबाझरी तलावा चे उगम स्थान भासते .

अंबाझरी तलाव, नाग नदी चे उगम स्थान भासते .

नाग नदी का जल मिले महा नदी में,

महानदी का जल मिले, हिन्द महासागर में,

और विश्व महासागर का जल मिले किस जल में, कोई न जाने पुरभैय्या ~

नागपुर नगरी, विशाल भारत का मध्य बिंदू.

नागपूर नगरी, बहु गुणात्मक भाषाओं कि जुगल बंदी, जैसी मेरी बनावट ।

नागपुर दरबार , भारतीय उपस्थिति का मध्य बिंदु.

आज ८८ वर्ष, जग- जीवनाला प्राप्त होउन, स्वतःस भावलो आणि पावलो असा भास होत आहे !

पुनरपि जन्म , पुनरपि मरणं, शिवो हं, शिवो हं।

आमच्या आईने लिहिले " जीवन स्वतःचे पांडित्य प्रदर्शन नसून ; ते अनुभवण्या साठी आहे
(ref: Seamless Generations – अखंड परंपरा - पुस्तक)

भारत की अन्तःकरण पहचान है, बहुरंगी भाषाएँ, रीति, रिवाज, और स्वधर्म की अनुभूति को प्राप्त होने की उम्मीद / आराधना / धारणा .

बहुरंगी भारत देश में जन्मा हरेक इंसान, भारत भाग्य विधाता है।

भारत, एकलव्य अखंड ऋषि परंपरा माह, उसे आजमायें, खुद के खातिर। ।

नागभूषण नागपुर नगरी, भारत भूमि का मध्य बिंदु है, खुद की अन्तःकरण पहचान है।



Nagpur @ Zero Mile, is symbolic Centre Point of supreme consciousness.

नागपुर, मेरे बचपन की यादें, जैसे चीटियों की निरंतर बारात, हमारे दरवाजे के बाहर से अंदर, खुशियों की खोज में।

तरुण भारत समाचार पत्र, दैनंदिन माहौल की पहचान।

श्री जी.टी. माडखोलकर, तरुण भारत के पूर्व प्रतिष्ठान प्राध्यापक, धंतोली में हमारे पडोसी।

रामटेक, कामठी, सीताबर्डी टेकड़ी, और टेकड़ी का दगडू गणपति, एक लंबी कहानी है।

हमारे छुटपन में (१९३५ - ४५), सीताबर्डी का गणपति, एक छोटीसी चार फीट ऊंची, पत्थर शीला, गेरू रंग की पुताई, फूल और उदबतियों का अलंकार।

छोटे से दगडू गणपति की तारीफ़ थी की ये स्वयं भू हैं। जो जनता सीताबर्डी टेकड़ीपर टहल ने जाती थी, तब इस दगडू गणपति को फल, फूल,दक्षिणा और प्रसाद भक्तों के खातिर दैनं दिन अर्पित होता था।

आज ईसविसन २०२१ में, वही टेकड़ी का दगडू गणपति, एक टन शिलाकार महसूस होता है।

इस गणपति के खातिर बड़ा मंदिर बना है। श्रृंगार से सुसज्ज हैं, और स्वयंभू श्री , उनकी लोकप्रिय पहचान है।

आज मैं ८८ साल उम्र का मुसाफिर हूँ।

नागपुर मेरा जन्मस्थान, शून्य माईल मेरी पहचान।

रामटेक और सीताबडी, पुण्य स्थान महसूस होते हैं, जहां पथ के फूल खिलते हैं, और जीवन की खुशबू महकती ह।

दिमाग से प्रभावित मन, बंदर और बंदरिया का निरंतर नृत्य महसूस होता है ।

अन्तःकरणीय सोच, खुद के तक्रदीर की प्राप्ति।

दिल एक मंदिर है , जैसी खुद की अन्तःकरणीय सोच और बर्ताव होता है। ।

For each one of us living beings, including humans, the subtle experience of being nurtured in Mother's womb, and subsequently in home-town is identical. It bears the same immaculate sensitivity .

Sanity of life prompts that as the big wheel of time rolls on relentlessly, everything changes.

Yet, the hometown at heart remains intact for lifetime.

Hey, What's Up Buddy

I often call my friend Shri Shastri in Oakville, Ontario to chat. When I call him, the first words he says almost always are "Hey, what's up buddy!".

When I hear this sentence I am often tempted to respond to him by saying “Hey, at our age nearing 90, nothing is really up, nothing really stands up!”



What's up!

I have known Shri Shastri ever since 1955 when both of us were working at Gwalior Rayon Silk Manufacturing Company at Nagda in Madhya Pradesh. At that time Shri was a regular employee and I was working there as an apprentice for three months which was a part of our summer continuing education for the Chemical Engineering course.

Sweet old memories are like battery charges of life and its continuity.



"I was surprised when my G-son (Mackenzie) and his fiance (Lauren) came to me and requested me to perform their Indian Wedding ceremony at the lake side villa his father owns."

Blockhead

The term blockhead is commonly heard in India to indicate a head that is blocked and incapable of receiving any fresh input. There seem to be various levels of blockheads and various levels of incapacities or inadequacies that prevent the head and its brain from receiving fresh input.



Daily Chore

It is enjoyable to do the daily chore of washing dishes, pots, and pans after meals. The time spent in these activities enables me to edit my ongoing thoughts and encapsulate them. The hobby and passion of writing through which it is possible to experience the past and the present and give them a meaningful expression.

The Phenomenon Named Aibhan Oli

Aibhan Oli (A-O) is a story of multi dimensional aspirations and fortitude, constantly challenging the odds of life seeking proportionate responses and resolutions. He passionately drives the street named Aspirations.

Starting the trajectory of his life at the foothills of the towering snow-pinnacle Himalaya mountain ranges spreading along northern frontiers of Nepal, A-O has witnessed and lived a life to date sprinkled with bewildering challenges.

Having lost both of his parents at his tender age of eight, he was left bared with his younger brother aged six. As a circumstantial consequence, both brothers were taken in by their paternal uncle who had his own sons and family. After a brief stay with his Uncle's family, Ivan felt uneasy, sensing that he and his brother were not really welcome in that household. Taking a bold step at the tender age of

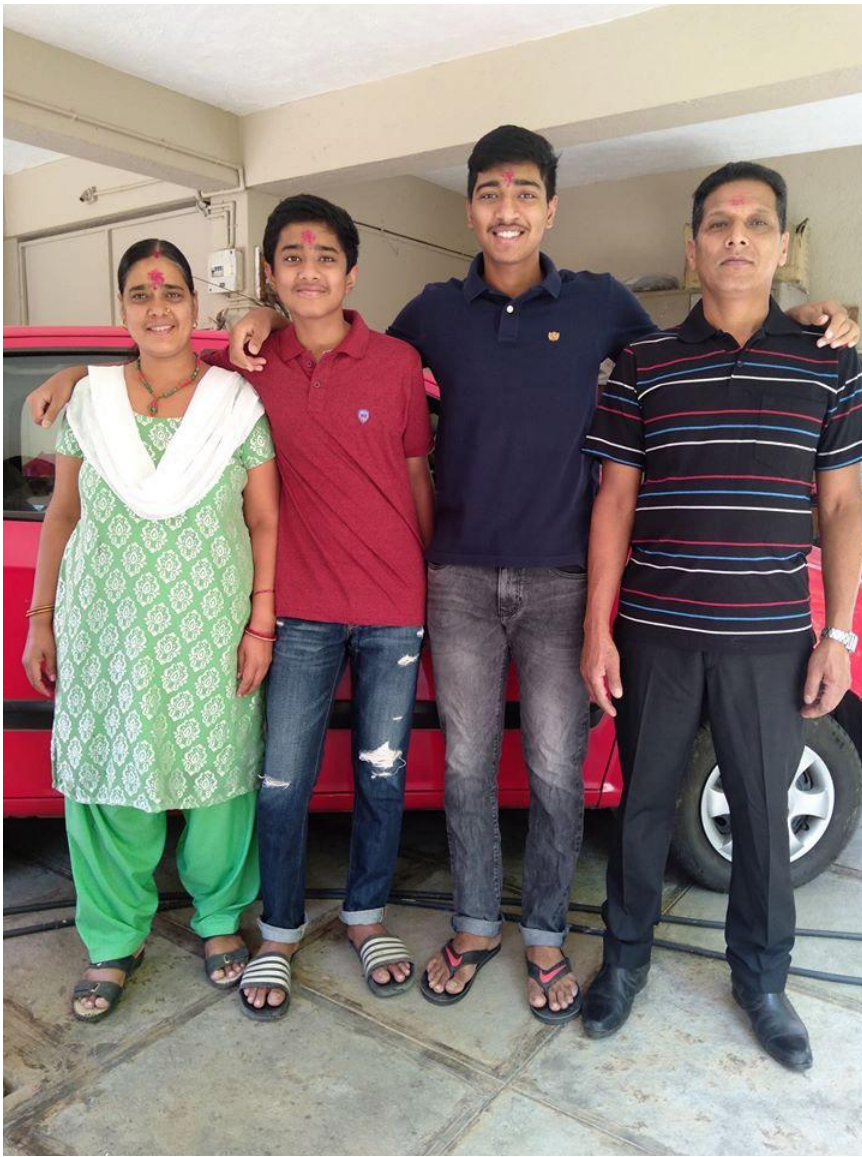
eight, Ivan left his Uncle's shelter to lead an independent life along with his younger brother, with absolutely no idea of how to! It was like jumping in unknown waters and learning to swim and stay afloat.

The brotherly duo sought household work to survive while moving from village to village, and gradually transitioning to the state of Kashmir. Pursuing household work for a bare living sustenance, their free trajectory of life led them from Kashmir to Goa over a period of a decade.

The life trajectories of the Oli Brothers split at Goa, when Ivan decided to move to Pune to work for his employer. During the years in Goa, Ivan had married his fiancée Kamala who hailed from his hometown in Nepal, while his younger brother also got married. The two Oli Brothers intensely bonded have stayed in close communication via telephone, considering the cost of traveling and bondage of holding on to their respective jobs for a living; ranging from household work to picking coconuts from Palm trees, to scuba diving in the Arabian sea for servicing the ships at sea.

The Gypsy lifestyle of moving constantly from place to place, resulted in total absence of any traditional schooling of reading and writing. Mother Nature has been their constant schooling under the deep blue skies.

As a consequence of all of the above challenges of life, and their passion for life, both Ivan and Kamala are immaculately self-schooled in rugged commonsense of admirable proportions.



Now in December 2019, at age 49, AO sports a family of four including his wife Kamala and two sons Deepak and Pushkar. Each one of them represents an ambience of ongoing hope and determination for life to blossom to its fulfillment. Riding a trajectory of leap of generations, Deepak Oli (age 20) is enthusiastically learning and pursuing Computer Programming, while Pushkar (age 16) is constantly challenging himself to stay at the top of his class with an admirable spirit.

Ivan's wife Kanala presents an exemplary Motherhood and as manager of an emotionally well balanced homestead.

The trajectory of life of the Oli family as a unit presents an eloquent testimony of hard work, dedication, audacity of aspirations, and hope .



That's Aibhan, all the way up there!

In the early part of December 1999, our new house at 6A Vrindavan Society in Pune was complete but not as yet occupied. Due to the construction of the new house just completed there was a lot of building materials such as bricks, lumbar, and other related construction materials that lay in and around our yard. There were quite a few trees in the backyard that presented a natural beautification. At that juncture, we were blessed with the presence of Aibhan and Kamla. I mentioned to Aibhan that it would be fun to decorate our backyard with our own imagination and while using the abundance of building material leftover after the construction, instead of buying outside materials to accomplish the same objective. The backyard of our house had a gradual rise of the ground as there was a slope of the hill named Vetar Takeli (or Vetan Hill). With their creative imagination, Aibhan and Kamla both handcrafted the backyard into a beautiful landscape which is a tribute to their innate creativity.



The garden as it stands today is a tribute to the creativity of Aibhan and Kamla and to their dedication.

A Precious Lesson of Geography

I was sitting in my Uncle Anna's drawing room in his original old house adjacent to Ramakrishna Ashram in Dhantoli, Nagpur. Seated close to me, my emotionally challenged cousin, Jayantu, was entertaining himself with his small stick, and a sling in his hand, and armed with his imagination.



Jayant Vinayak Deo, my cousin.

His mother Mrs Saraswatibai Deo wrote an eloquent book about his journey of life in her book titled "विरंगुळा".

My Ten year old niece, Jayashree Madhu Deo was pacing continuously across the room from one end to another cramming up a sentence for her impending Geography exam at school. The sentence she was cramming repeatedly was, "Island is a piece of land surrounded on all sides by water".



It was a cute scene that has soaked up in my conscious memory. Today, eight decades later, that sentence of Jayashree is translating into: "Our body of physicality is indeed a piece of real estate surrounded on all sides by the stark reality of existence."

Now in August 2022, Jayashree is now a grandmother, bravely bearing her battles with the premature loss of her son and braving her own battle with cancer over the past 10 years. Bravery is reflected through various actions during the lifetime. From this point of view, Jayashree is a brave warrior to date, an admirable brave warrior indeed.

It is never too late to realize and translate the Geography of reality; each one of us is a harmonious composite presence of five basic elements of cosmic Nature representing Space (आकाश), Gas (वायू), Earth (पृथ्वी), Fire (अग्नी), and Water (जल). थोडक्यात आपण महा भुलेश्वर / पंच महा भूतेश्वरी.

Aii

१६ मई २०१५

Aii - आई.

भारतीय तत्वज्ञानाच्या आधारावर :-

माँ की चरणोंसे निकली गंगा प्यारी,

गो मुखसे निकली गंगा सारी।

गंगोत्री च्या उदरातून गंगेचा उगम

हिमालयाच्या शिखरावर आरूढ, जटाधारी शंकराच्या जटेतून निर्मळ गंगेचा उगम.

शिव अथवा शिवतत्व, अर्ध नारी नटेश्वर, हे वैश्विक तत्व, ज्यातून गंगा, नृत्य , मृदंग धवनी, गीत ह्या तत्वाचा उगम.

हीच ज्ञानगंगा, जी त्रिवेणी संगमाचा प्रसाद श्रवण करून, पुढे सहज पणे, हिंद महा सागरात पूर्णपणे विलीन होते.

अरबी (Arabic) भाषेत, एक सुंदर म्हण आहे :-

माँ के पैरों तलेही भिश्त (स्वर्ग) है।

समजदार भक्तांना येशूने आदेश दिला :-

“ The Kingdom of God lies within your Heart “.

मानवांच्या भाषा वेगळ्या, पण सर्वांचे अध्यात्म, मूलार्थी एकच.

तरी प्रत्येक शहाणा, धर्माचा अधर्म करून, दीड शहाणा होऊ इच्छितो !

मानव जन्म

आईच्या गर्भात, शून्यरूपी अंड्यात प्रथम वीर्य संचारिते.

त्या अंड्यात, श्रद्धा आणि भक्ति भावाने प्राण ओतले जातात, आणि आपली यथा योग्य स्थापना होते.

अंड्यात प्राण ओतणारे केवळ अदभुत आणि एकमेव ब्रह्म तत्व,

ज्याच स्थूल अस्तित्व नसून, केवळ उर्जाशक्ति आणि चैतन्य स्वरूप आहे.

प्रत्येक मानवास, आईचे अस्तित्व सदा पावलो पावली भासते.

प्रत्येक जीवास, मातेचे वात्सल्यरूप, हेचि सदगुरु आणि ब्रह्म दर्शन.

जन्म जननी आई, जन्म भूमीतूनच उमललेली,

आपला जन्म होताच, आपल्याला अमृततुल्य पौष्टिक दूध पाजणारी.

आईच्या गर्भपोटी प्रथम ९ महिने, आणि नंतर तिच्या हाती ९ महिने, आमच्या आयुष्याची अनुभक्तिक सुरवात होत असते.

वात्सल्य रूपी प्रेमाच्या माध्यमातून, भूगर्भ आणि ब्रह्मतत्व दिग्दर्शन होते .

आई, मूळतत्व आणि निरंतर तत्वस्वरूप,

जन्मो जन्मीच्या प्रवासात, पुनर्जन्म परिवर्तनात,

आईचे आणि आपले शरीर तयार होते आणि बदलत असते. पण, आईचा आशीर्वाद सदासर्वदा भासत असतो.

भूगर्भ, आईतत्व, सदासर्वदा निरन्तर भासत रहाते.

निसर्गात, प्रत्येक जीवाला आई, मातादेवी रूप असते.

आईच्या माध्यमातून आपण शिकतो, सवरतो आणि सरते शेवटी आत्म परिवर्तनास प्राप्त होतो.

हयाच सांस्कृतिक आणि अध्यात्मिक परंपरेचे,

आणि सभ्यतेचे नाव आहे भारत अथवा हिन्दुस्थान.

हिंदू ही सांप्रदाईक धर्मपरंपरा नाही, हिंदू केवळ जीवनशैली असून, वैयक्तिक आत्मबोध अनुभूतीस मार्गदर्शक आहे.

अश्या अमूल्य संस्कृतीत अंधश्रद्धेला मुळीच वाव नाही. तरी भारतात साम्प्रदाईक धर्मवेडेपण पाहून खेद होतो.

प्रत्येक मानवाची बौद्धिक प्रेरणा, वेगळी असून सदा बदलत असते, त्याप्रमाणे प्रत्येक मानवाचा, आत्मबौद्धिक प्रवास चालू असतो.

धर्म आपल्याला सांभाळतो की आपण धर्माला सांभाळतो ?

आयुष्याचे ९ महिने, आणि त्या नंतरच्या ९ महिन्यात आईनेच पूर्णपणे आपल्याला सांभाळिले!

त्यावेळी धर्म शब्द उद्भवला नाही; केवळ अनुभविला. जो जीव, स्वतःची आई, बालपण आणि

जन्मभूमीला विसरतो, तो जीव केवळ विसरभोळाच नव्हे, तर स्वतःला देखील हरवतो.

असा जीव, जन्मो जन्मीच्या चक्रव्युहात फसलेला भासतो, आणि स्वतःला त्यातून बाहेर काढण्याची धडपड करीत असतो.

भूगर्भतत्व आणि आईचा आशीर्वाद, हीच जीवनाची मूळ तत्त्वे भासतात।

आईचे भौतिक अथवा धार्मिक प्रतिबिंब " जनता जनार्दन प्रेरक " .

श्री,

आई, वडील आणि जीवनाचे अनुभव हेच ब्रह्म चैतन्य रूप दिग्दर्शक भासते.

Amazing is the Grace of Motherhood that evolves naturally to its full glory.

आश्चर्यकारक भासते मातृत्वाचे रूप आणि स्वरूप, जे नैसर्गिकरीत्या त्याच्या वैभवात विकसित होते.

सुरेश.



Aii Kaka in Jasper National Park

Our grandparent's only daughter, our mother born in 1907, did not attend school because there were no schools for girls in the places where ever her father was transferred and posted as a Medical Officer. As a result, she was educated at home by her father to read, write and comprehend basic math.

After marriage at the age of 16, she bore five children and then earned her high school and college education as well as a basic licentiate degree to practice Homeopathy. She was well coached by her father in Sanskrit language to comprehend the wisdom of old Indian scriptures. She earned her Bachelor's degree in Arts B.A. at the same time her oldest son earned his Bachelor of Science B.Sc degree from Nagpur University.

We five siblings became the natural beneficiaries of her well earned wisdom. While me and my younger brother, Surendra, lived in Jagdalpur, Bastar State (1935-1940) there was no credible kindergarten or primary school in Jagdalpur. Following the traditional family structure our mother taught me and Surendra at home basic reading, writing and math skills up to the fourth standard before we started attending formal school at Nagpur to pursue further education.

Our Family Tree

I find myself fortunate to have lived in different places for relatively stable periods of time ranging from 8 to 26 years at each location. Fortunately, each one of these locations had an old tree that drew my adoration because it seemed to breathe life energy into us, watching over us and sheltering us.

Listed below is each location, the period during which we lived there, identification of the old tree on the premises, and the tree's age at that time.

Jagdalpur, Bastar State, India, 1932-40.

Banyan Tree (~100 year old)

Nagpur, Madhya Pradesh, India , 1940-56.

Neem Tree (~100 year old)

Saint Charles, Illinois, 1965-70.

Elm Tree (~100 year old)

Glendale Heights, Illinois, 1976-84.

Elm Tree (~ 60 year old)

Addison, Illinois, 1984- to this day.

Rosebud Tree (~ 20 year old)

Pune, Maharashtra, India, 2001- to this day.

Neem Tree (~30 years old)

Each one of these trees stands as silent witness to our treasured memories.

The Banyan in Jagdalpur and the Neem tree in Nagpur are my friends from childhood and adolescent years. I look up to them as my spiritual teachers (Guru) in unfolding different dimensions of life.

The Rosebud tree in Addison and the Neem tree in Pune continue to breathe life energy into us at the present time. The Rosebud tree in Addison was planted on Mother's Day in honor of my wife, Usha, by our three children Deepak, Vikas and Sagar about 18 years ago. Every member of our family has watched this tree grow and in turn the tree has watched us grow to this day. It has become an integral part of our fond memories. This Rosebud tree blossoms brilliantly during March-April and it is the apple of our eyes. Complementing its blossom at the same time is the snow-white blossom of a Crabapple tree, which stands within 20 feet from it.

Shade of the Rosebud tree is home to the ashes of our two beloved cats Amira and Tori that lived with us for 16 to 18 years. Due to progressive illness, they were

eventually put to sleep by a Veterinarian in the Addison home. After cremation, their ashes were respectfully buried at the foot of the Rosebud tree. Since then, Amira and Tori seem to express themselves through the leaves, branches and blossoms of the Rosebud tree.

The Rosebud tree is Our Family Tree.



Vivek Phadnis



The father and daughter spirit of gentle smiles.

I have been thinking of you with your approaching Birthing Day, 28th September. The tune of the following good-old song has been softly ringing in my mindful ears! [Neele Gagan Ke Tale](#)

Vivek, I have known you for a long time, ever since your age of about eight or ten. I fondly recall that you used to step in innocently in Anna Deo pujari's room upstairs in Mohogaonkar bungalow, तुझ्या आजवळी, while I was with Anna for brief studying spells or bullxxxx sessions. Anna and I were classmates in Hadas High School and you were admitted to Somalwar Academy. Good old cherished memories indeed! Both of us are witness to the years that have rolled by ~~ and still rolling on !

योगा-योगाने एकेकाळी तू श्री. ब्रह्मराक्षसांच्या जुन्या आवारात, डॉ. काण्यांच्या घरी भाडेकरी म्हणून राहिलास, हे मला शोभा देव नी सांगितले. त्यावळी शोभा तुझ्या समोरच तिच्या आजवळी देवांनकडे, मातृछाया बंगल्यात शिक्षणास राहात असे. एका अर्थी ब्रह्मराक्षस घर, दव घर, आणि तू फडणीस हयांचे एक त्रिकूट घडले होते असे भासते !

Vivek, take good care of yourself. Relax and trust your own विवेक आनंद बुद्धी as your best Physician, Psychologist, Psychiatrist and Heale , all rolled into One in your own best interests.

Our love and warm wishes for your continued self satisfying journey ahead.

Neela - The Grace and Gratitude of Freedom

Neela Annigeri is the identity bestowed upon her by her parents. She is Seeker of innate wisdom In total freedom of being and becoming herself. I remember seeing her walking by our residence as an 8-year old talkative girl going to Bhide Kanya school in Nagpur along with a cluster of her girlfriends. Her family lived in our Dhantoli neighborhood within two block distance from ours. Later, married to my younger brother Surendra, she has always been my younger Sister-in-Spirit.

In life seemingly so brittle at times, we have witnessed its profound challenges through Neela's self radiating profile of courage in pain of adversities. As a result, she symbolises enduring courage, resilience of mettle, mental and moral fiber, strength of character, purposeful strong-mindedness, courageous commitments, and backbone of steadfastness....all rolled into Oneness of being and becoming herself.

Blessed with the genes of music from her parents, she blends music and passion for painting to ride on the waves of personal hurdles to maintain an equanimus and cool comfort zone.

In a pictorial format provided below. Neela appears to represent:



The ambience and grace of natural freedom ~~



Nature's expression of Motherly Serenity ~~



In the traditional Indian marriage with my younger brother Maj. Surendra Madhusudan Deo, Neela acquired the spousal identity as Anuradha.

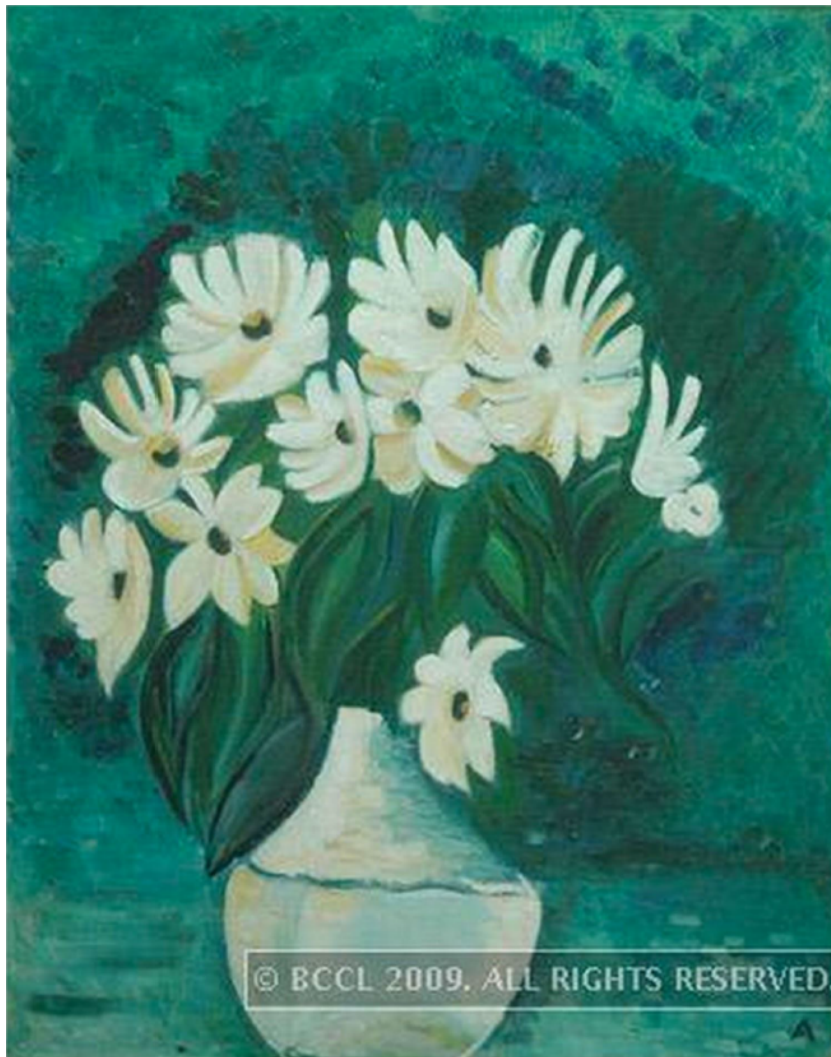
With her innate independent nature, Neela has not shadowed anyone else except herself, which has been her innate strength all along. She radiates admirable mettle, grit, and grain of life.

A warrior spirit fights and braves its own challenges of Life irrespective of odds for claiming its own fulfillment. While her husband martyred his life on the battlefield during the Indo-Pak war of 1965, Neela continues to brave her daily challenges to become the Change herself. She accomplishes it admirably through her numerous ongoing activities:

- Managing Surendra Gas Agency in Nagpur through the past 50 years to date as its entrepreneurial owner and manager.
- Actively participating in a War Widow Support Organization for the past 45+ years. She has annually held Art exhibitions of her own paintings while donating the entire proceeds to the War Widow's voluntary support organization. Currently, she heads its Maharashtra Chapter.
- Addressing social groups at every available opportunity to kindle awareness amongst the citizens about the valuable services that the Armed Forces of India render above and beyond their call of duty to ensure Freedom.
- Through her active participation in life, she enhances the Spirit of Womanhood to blossom in self fulfillment.
- Some of her paintings are sensitively indicative of the Tsunami of Nature, painful cycles of War followed by brittle Peace, as well as equally daunting challenges braved in daily life.

As an example, the following painting of a flower bearing vase appears to symbolise an auspicious white and geometrically elegant vase indicative of a

balanced mind holding the self fulfilling blossom, beauty, wisdom and fragrance of life. My intuition prompts to title this original painting as “ The Cosmic Balance”.



Painting by Mrs. Neela Deo (Phadnis)

May the ongoing journey of Neela's Life be blessed by the Grace of the deep blue Sky and Mother Earth.

A LIFE WORTH LIVING

The august gathering of War Veterans and 'Veer Nans' during Regimental Functions is an occasion I really look forward to. I felt proud to be a part of this great organisation, 'The Indian Army' as each one of them reminded their heart-wrenching encounters.

On one such occasion, I had the proud privilege of getting acquainted with Mrs Anuradha Deo, wife of Major Susendra Deo, martyred in the 1965 war who impressed us all with her pleasant disposition.

Mrs Anuradha Deo, vividly recollects the events leading to 06 September 1965. The celebration of her son's first birthday magnified when Major Deo managed a few days leave and arrived unannounced. The mood was upbeat and planning for the birthday was in full swing. In August 1965, India and Pakistan were doggedly fighting across the Line of Control in Jammu and Kashmir, while the international borders remained tense. During September, announcements were being made on All India Radio about the worsening situation along the Indo-Pak Border, urging all Army men to return to their units immediately. She went on with moist eyes, "Before I could gauge the seriousness of the situation, Susendra had put on his uniform,

only to him. He was gone... gone forever... I never realised that I was bidding a final farewell to him...". Major SM Deo made the supreme sacrifice on 16 September 1965 in Sialkot Sector, Pakistan.

Life had taken a complete U-Turn! "I was a girl with spring in my steps and dreams in my eyes, I was unstoppable. While he donned his uniform, I would get my share of briefing... we will be at the mess at 19:30hrs; remember I will be walking at 09 O' Clock with you!" She enjoyed all such instructions

my mind. I am fighting a battle with my men, but you have to fight your battle alone". Major SM Deo's presence in her life was brief, but had a lifelong impact.

Facing an uncertain future, with an 11 month old son, Mrs Anuradha decided not to give up. Once the mourning was over, her fight began. She recalls, "As a young widow, I was neither aware of my entitlements nor aware of how things functioned in the Army. With just 50 rupees in my 'poth bag' I had to struggle to claim my

an image of resilience and courage and credits her indomitable spirit to her grooming as a young Army wife.

"She decided to embark on a mission to help the uneducated widows of JCOs and ORs to get their dues, which turned out to be a solace for her as well. In her opinion, educating our Veer Nans is a challenge. While these brave women are proud of the sacrifice of their husbands they also stagger under a colossal loss and have little hope for succour in the system. One has to first build their confidence in themselves and simultaneously make them aware of their entitlements. Mrs Anuradha has been consistently reaching out to Veer Nans and widows in Nagpur and other cities of Maharashtra. She is a member of Maharashtra War Widows Association and actively partakes in various Ex-Servicemen Movements. She has been felicitated with, 'Vandemataram Award' by Mr Sambit Patra and 'The Courageous Woman Award' by Nagpur City Council on 27 January 2019. Recently, she met the Honourable Raksha Mantri, Mrs Nirman Stharaman to petition for rectification of anomalies in the grant of Liberalised Family Pension to 'Veer Nans'. She is also an accomplished painter and often visits schools to highlight the importance of military culture to the future generation.



Mrs Monali Biswas

नीला -

कर्म आणि धर्माचे यथायोग्य पालन करणारी आदरणीय महिला, नागभूषण नागकन्या.

मानस सरोवरा काठी स्वयंसिद्ध होऊन, काही साधक आत्मस्वरूप साधून गेले.
प्रत्येक मानवाचे मानस सरोवर, मूलतः वसती स्वतःच्याच अंतःकरणी।
साध्वी मीराबाई ने, राज ऐश्वर्य भोगून आणि खडतर समाजात राहून देखील,
भक्ती मार्ग सतसंगा द्वारे, स्वतः चे आत्म स्वरूप साधिले।
आधुनिक जगी, स्वतःच्या पुरुषार्था द्वारे, आत्म स्वरूप गतीला प्राप्त होण्यास,
स्वयं सिद्ध असलेली सिद्धेश्वरी, अनुराधा उर्फ नीला।

निरंतर आणि निराकार आत्मस्वरूपास प्राप्त होणे हे अहंकारी पारितोषिक नव्हे;
आत्मस्वरूप एक अंतर्दामी आणि अवर्णनीय सतसंगाची अनुभूती आहे।

The Pyramid named Tai Deo

Tai was a mouthful of well earned facial wrinkles and ever smiling beady eyes. Proudly I claim her as my paternal Grandmother. Her husband Narayan Deo, my paternal Grandfather, died around the year 1900 when my father, Madhusudan Deo, was barely 2 - 4 years young.

With her blessed fertility, Tai bore 3 boys and 4 daughters, and in turn each one of her children bore an average of 5 children subscribing to the Pyramid that I refer to as "The Pyramid named Tai Deo".

Having experienced the ever smiling presence of Tai until my age of 22, I have often wondered why humans smile only when the camera facing them is about to click/flash, and then walk around with hanging jaws and elongated faces the rest of the time?

If there was no facebook, would humans still smile and celebrate life?



The captivating smiles and innocence of Chipmunks and Chipettes reminds me of the Pyramid named Tai Deo.

An effortless smile stemming from within,
Enhances the presence in silent ways,
Presence in which we find ourselves.
Cherishing the smiling gift of life.

The mouthful of beady eyes and smiling wrinkles are related to me,
Proudly, I cherish and adore them in ways innumerable,
For they are my paternal Grandmother's, Tai Deo.
Tai and her smile had the spontaneity of natural simplicity.
Tai Deo is the apex of the pyramid of our relationships,
Sprawling out today to a global base and reach.

Raul, the youngest of Deo family today (Born 26, May, 2016), son of Sagar Deo
Raul's captivating smile of innocence and unassuming simplicity,
Reminds us of the ever present Pyramid named Tai Deo

As I had witnessed Tai during my first 20 years of life,
Tai sported a mouthful of smile under her twinkling eyes.
She was grace and a self assured presence to behold.
Her well earned wrinkles of old age, broadcasted volumes.
Constantly, I hold the picture of her warm affection in my heart.

Through her fertility, Tai sprung and sported eight (8) children.
Three sons and five daughters in Raheli, MP.
Widowed towards the tail end of the 19th Century,
She went on to lead a self fulfilling and self-contained life,
Self assured, for almost 50+ years,
While her flock of children prospered building their own pyramids.
Pyramids of relationships, stretching globally over the continents.
Tai chose to live with only one son, but totally independently,
Independently living in her own small space, on her own terms.

Tai has left behind for all of us a permanent gift of her Smile to behold.
Smile full of well earned wrinkles and silent wisdom
In which to find ourselves and lead a contentful life.

Whenever I stepped in to met her, unannounced ,
She instantly flashed a welcoming smile.
With her full attention and warm presence.
First she always asked me, How are you ?
Then she smilingly said, Sit.
I always obliged with disarming Gratitude.

Tai lived totally self contained with herself,
Cooked her own food, washed her own clothes and utensils,
Did not expect anything from anyone; except a small space.

In the evening every day, she donned a clean sari of simplicity,
Carrying her sweet smile, which flashed effortlessly,
She sat joyfully by herself on a swing in full view,
Witnessing the busy world breeze by her.
But if someone stopped to say hello to her,
A warm greeting smile instantly radiated out of her.
And she would enquire first, How are You?

Tai did not consume any modern medications.
Never dwelt on her physical or emotional issues,
She allowed no space within her for self pity.
She ate only fresh food, cooked with her own hands.

She drank her tea or milk in a set of Pewter cup and saucer.

One day, she was trying to hang her freshly washed Sari,
Hang and spread it on a horizontally suspended Bamboo above.
While stretching her age and arms to reach the Sari above,
Within the blink of an eye, she collapsed,
in full view of her Great Granddaughter playing nearby.
Tai collapsed In the embrace of her own Grace, and died instantly.
Death made peace with itself in self fulfilling ways.

Tai left behind a supreme gift to behold for each one of us,
Her descendants to be, now scattered across the globe,
The gracious gift of her self enriching Smile.
Smile full of well earned wrinkles and silent wisdom.
In which to find ourselves and lead a self fulfilling life.
Her Smile, forever etched in the hearts of our DNA consciousness.

Every new child like Raul,
Born in Tai Deo's transparent Pyramid of relationships,
Will hopefully radiate the self enriching and infectious smile.



Raul smiling along with his father, Sagar Deo.

Tai Deo is the evergreen legacy of a smiling Rainbow.

The Trifoliate Leaf

Nature seems to express itself and its all inclusive Universal message through every Trifoliate leaf as well as the fragrance of its blooming flowers, which seems to represent life's own longing to fulfill itself.

The trifoliate Fig, Bel, and Maple tree leaves as well as blooming flowers are common sights in global Nature.

Every living species on the planet Earth is born naked, lives naked, and eventually departs from life equally naked. However, humans endowed with brain drain, requires a Fig leaf to protect its natural identity and S scriptural Book to convert itself from its innate Freedom to religious bondage of the Devil and the Divine, and corresponding Hell and Heaven.



The Trifoliate Fig Leaf

Humans are the only species on Earth that have the desire and capacity to develop Weapons of Mass Destruction (WMD's) to totally annihilate themselves; so that Adam and Eve may be born again for life's immaculate desire to fulfill itself over and over again.

पुनरपि जनमम , पुनरपि मरणं,
उत्पत्ती, प्रकृती, परिवर्तन शरणं ,



Trifoliate Bel Leaf symbolic of natural Creation, Preservation and Transformation

ॐ शिवोहम, शिवोहम।
ॐ शांति, शांति, शांतीही।

मनोगत मनोशांति बाहर से अंदर नहीं टपकती, बल्कि द्रवबिन्दु जैसी हल्के से जागृत उपस्थिति महसूस होती है।

छायाचित्र - आनंदमूर्ति गुरु माँ का गाया भजन :
“ प्रभुजी दया करो, मन-में आन बसो, ~~ ”

In the context of this composition titled Trifoliate Leaves, the following three worded Sanskrit expressions provide self enriching dimensions to soaking an experience.

ब्रह्मा विष्णु महेश
Brahma Vishnu Mahesh equals,
Energy of creation, preservation and transformation all rolled into one.

सत्यमेव जयते.
Equals, truth alone triumphs.

सत्यम शिवम सुंदरम्.
Equals... Truth, Bliss and Beauty.

Mothi Aii and Sudhaker

This composition is dedicated to the fond memories of dear Mothi Aii and Sudhakar.

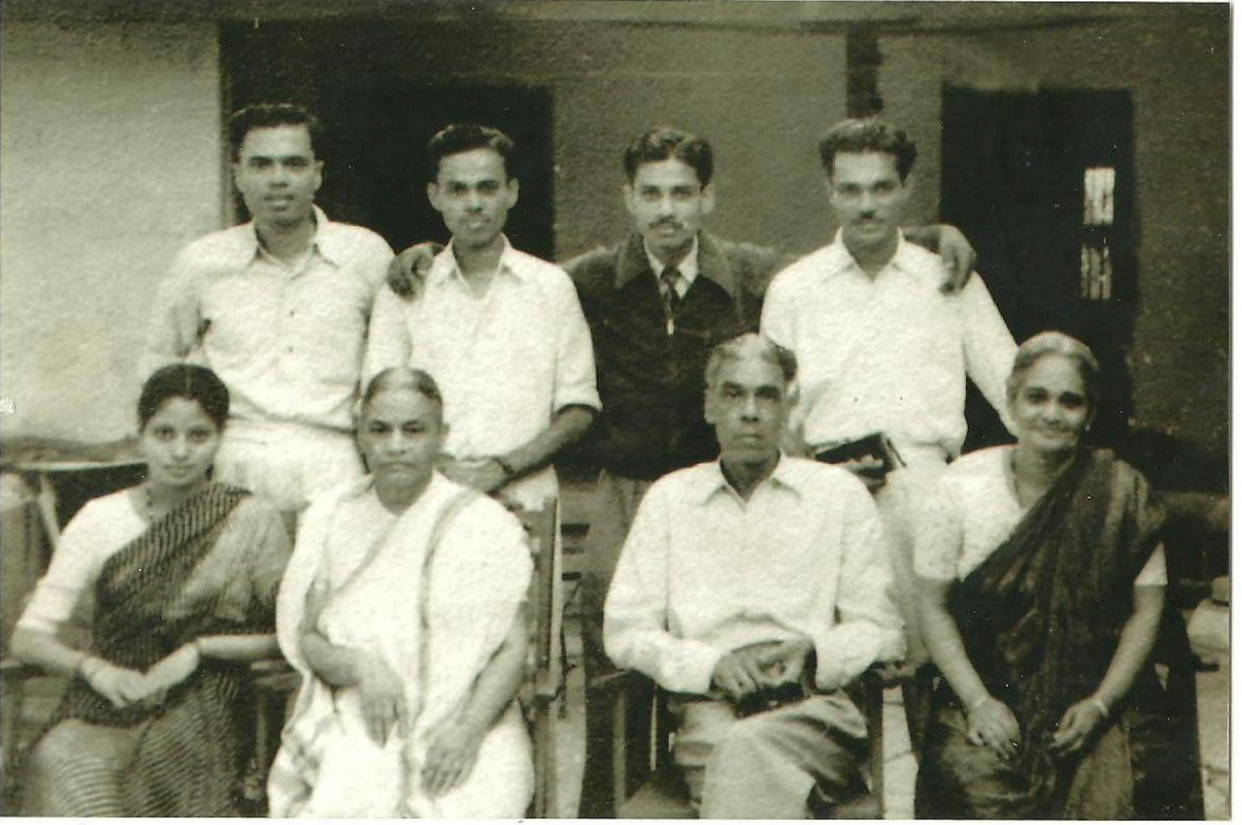
Coincidentally, both of them share a common date for stepping on the other side of Life.

आज, क्षणोक्षणी, प्रिय मोठी आई आणि सुधाकर च्या रम्य आठवणींची मनमंदिरी वरात .
जीवनाच्या पश्चात, उडून जातो प्राण राज-हंस एकटा , सिमोलंघना ~~
ॐ अनादि अनंता,
सृष्टि साम्राज्यम, वैराज्यम, पारमेष्टम ~~ ,
जुग से सवाल उठता आ रहा है,
प्रकृति परमेश्वर, तूने तेरी सोच में इस जिंदगी संसार को बनाया क्यों ?
इस सवालात का जवाब, जुग जुगों से अन्तःकरण द्वारे प्राप्त नाही ।
आयुर्वेदिक त्रिफला चूर्ण श्रवण कर, पेट को ८ घंटों में जवाब मिल जाता है।
परंतु अज्ञान के अंधेर रियासत नाहती में,
केवल ऋषि मुनियों की प्रियः श्रुति अहसास दिलाती है,
“ स्वयंसिद्ध स्थिति में, जीवन पलभर में / तत्काल अनुभूति को प्राप्त हो सकता है।
अनुभूति, खुद के शांतस्वरूप की परछाई है, जिसमें दूजा ना कोई।
आज, जुन्या आठवणी च्या गोड आठवणी ~~
साल १९३९, उन्हाळ्याच्या सुट्टीत जगदलपूर ला वात्सव्य असताना :
सुधाकार, सरोजिनी, मी आणि सुरेंद्र प्राथमिक गाण्याचे धडे शिकलो .
आमचे गाण्याचे मास्तर श्री देशपांडे.
त्यांनी शिकवलेले एक भजन आज अंधुक अंधुक आठवत आहे .
“अरे मन हर सो, काहे तू प्रीत,
मात पिता सही,, अखिलज मन सो, अन्तः मैना दूजो काँजत ~~”

[Are Man Harso](#)

जीवनाच्या परिवर्तनात्मक क्षेत्रात केवळ एक सत्य
कोणी देवनगरीत नाही, आणि कोणी पाताळ नगरीत नाही .
सारे समवेता ~~
ना कोई उपरवाला, और ना कोई नीचे वाला,,
सभी, परम सत्य में सारे जीव समागम।
एक दृष्टिकोण से , खुद का शरीर हि, तीर्थ क्षेत्र है ,
कर्म धर्म कि संयोगिता महसूस होती है ।
यह ऋषी मुनियों की प्रिय श्रुति महसूस होती है।
तीर्थ क्षेत्रे, कुरुक्षेत्रे, समवेता युयुत्सवः ।

संस्कृत और संस्कृति अध्यात्म वाणी है , और मौन धारणा, शांतीस्वरूप कि मूलाधार पहचान।
सामाजिकतौर से , हमारी एकहि पहचान = इंसान,
सिर्फ एकही धर्म = इन्सानियत,
और एकही आतंरिक अथवा आध्यात्मिक पहचान = प्राण राज-हंस ।
श्री रबिन्द्र नाथ टागोर की सुवर्ण सोच में " एकला चालो, एकला चलो, एकला चालो रे ~~



Our grand and gracious Mothi Aii (sitting row, second from the left) along with Sudhaker (standing row, far right).



Sudhaker visiting the US.

It is a Girl!

It was the morning of September 8, 1948. I was in Amravati studying in Vidarbha Maha Vidyalaya for my 1st year of B.Sc schooling. I was chatting in our front yard with my neighbor and the postman came and delivered a telegram in my hand.

In those days a telegram meant important news to be excited about. Eagerly I opened the telegram, which read, - It is a girl, Sachit. Since we were expecting the news of the delivery of a child in Devaspur, where Sachit Dada was posted, it was easy to comprehend that Sachit Dada and Tara Wahini had a baby girl in their arms now. As it was, I was also a new arrival in the township of Amravati since I was freshly admitted for my studies. My father Kaka was posted in Amravati at that time as an E.S.C. and we lived in a house opposite the police lines.

The single sentence proclaiming that it is a girl was enough to celebrate the arrival of the newest member of our family and the 1st child of our oldest sibling Satchit Dada. The celebration continued for the arrival of the girl who was named

Suhasini continued until all of us including our maternal grandparents visited Satchit data and Tara Wahini in their quarters at Bilaspur, Madhya Pradesh.



This Suhasini is now a grandmother and known as Suhasini Deo Deoskar and for us she remains forever as Nanda. And the house she lives in currently in Jaipur is named Nanda Deep.

Since Suhasini's birth, 7 decades have rolled by along with the winds of change that remain ever so unpredictable.

Generosity of a 5 year Old

It was the 31st Of December, 1957 when I was scheduled to board the 7 Seas ship sailing from Bombay to Marseilles, France on towards my final destination of the USA. Several of us had assembled at Bal Deo's place in Parsi Colony for my departure at 11pm.

As I was rearranging my luggage, 5 year old Rekha sensed that I was leaving the house for some place she did not know. She handed me a silver foil, which she carefully folded, from a 555 cigarette pack of her grandfather Anna Deo.

She said "This is for you." implying that she was giving me a gift. Accepting the gift, I said "Wow, this is beautiful!" and I took the foil from her hand and taped it to the first page of my 1958 diary. Right under the foil I wrote in Marathi "This foil is from Rekha". Rekha gently smiled at the gesture and I smiled back in gratitude.

That diary has been in our household since 1957 to date. I had purchased the diary just a few days before in Nagpur from the Dennett Book Company. In those years, I was habitually a daily diary writer.



Today on August 26, 2022, I spoke to Rekha, who is now a grandmother with her married name of Rekha Deo Hardikar and is a resident of Pune, India. Through coincidence of coincidences, Rekha is helping me by taking my verbal dictations and transcribing them onto the computer. She is able to simultaneously take dictations in Hindi, Marathi, and English. This enables me to keep writing

compositions in spite of a progressing inability to read the computer screen. Because of her I am able to continue my hobby of expressing myself and getting it on paper.

Remembrance

Ashwin, unfortunately lost his Father just eight days before his second Birthday. How in the world of hearts and hearts, does normality of life explain itself to Ashwin? Certainly, not with a book of verses and affirmations. A child merely witnesses silently and soaks in what it sees. It is for adults to realize:

जिंदगी के दौर में, शहीद अथवा वीरगतिको प्राप्त होना, एक अनहोनी सम्भावना महसूस होती है, सत्य और असत्यके जंग में, जीवन बलिदान होते हैं। श्री मद्भागवत, महाभारत गवाह हैं।
बलिदान के आदाब//आहुति द्वारे जीवन के मूलभूत उसूल महसूस होते हैं,
इन्सान की इन्सानियत को प्रफुल्लित होने के खातिर।
शून्य से अनंतकी उत्पत्ति , और अनन्तमें, शून्यताकी प्रतिष्ठान अनुभूती।
वतन अथवा भूगर्भ, एकलव्य आंतरिक पहचान महसूस होती है।





Courtesy contribution of Ashwin Kumar Deo.
Surendra Madhusudan Deo – Memorial Day, Sept. 16, 2020



Ashwin kumar Deo singing out his heart vibrations at a charity fundraising show

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 54+ 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 world 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.

