

Suresh M. Deo



Daily Diary

December 2019

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Introduction

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Daily Diary

As the clock struck midnight bringing 2019 to a close and yielding to 2020, it was time to pause to make peace with the past and embrace the future wholeheartedly.

At that moment before midnight, we did the customary countdown, 10..9..8..7..6..5..4..3..2..1 and finally voila, Happy New Year! Eureka!

Welcoming the first moments of the New Year 2020, we made no new wish for ourselves, lest it be broken. Instead we silently thanked the present moment in sheer gratitude for its immaculate grace enabling us to ultimately find our true selves.



Dynamic Reflections of December in Rearview Mirror

December 31
Arielle Deo's Birthday



Arielle @ Age 7 stepping into 8 today

Dear Arielle,

Today, the Sun arose on the horizon of Siolim beach in Goa to celebrate your Birthday, while you are stepping from Age 7 into 8!



Sunrise in Siolim, Goa, India (7:01 AM)

Behold the amazing Grace of the rising Sun and environment in Solim, Goa!



The Day broadcasting its presence amongst Palm trees in Siolim, Goa!



O' Lordy! What a wonderful Day in Siolim, Goa

Arielle, all of these glorious sights will effortlessly soak in your memoryland for your entire lifetime.

Arielle, while you are celebrating your BirthDay today with your Papa, Mamma, and Raul in Siolim, we are thinking of you and missing you here in Addison.

Today You, DadiMa, and Dadu seem to be playing the game of 7 and 8!

You are stepping from age 7 into 8!

DadiMa has stepped into 77!

And Dadu has stepped into 87!

Enjoy your Birthday today with the joy of sipping refreshing Coconut water, tasting freshwater fish fillets, and traditional sweets for the Day. Soak up the entire pleasant experiences of the present moments and their fragrance !

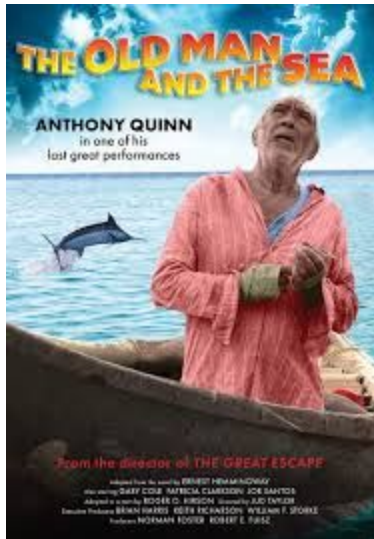
Arielle, today on 31st December we find ourselves; you @ 8th milestone,

DadiMa @ 77, and myself Dadu @87 fanning a trajectory of several decades blessed with music, thunder, lightening, wonder, star spangled sky, triggering curiosity of existence at every step of the way to cherish and behold. I am an Ole' Man at Sea with a simple gift wrapped for you suggesting:

“Always move around with Miss Curiosity as your closest companion, while trusting in yourself, and become what you want to be in order to blossom fully like a flower does with natural grace, while serving the immaculate grace of life. Rest assured that the warm heavenly friendship that you seek, is always within you in full measure to be with you as your spirit of life”.

Papu has provided the following Link of trailer with reference to

[“Old Man and the Sea”](#). Enjoy and cherish the silent message of the Link as you grow up ~~



Last but not least, I have appreciated your handcrafted Birthday card for my Birthday on 4th December, carefully using select colors visible to my impaired vision. Your hand painted and personalized birthday cards for DadiMa and me on our respective birthdays on 4th and 28th December, mean a lot more to us than you can imagine at your current innocent age.

We are looking forward to your return to our Addison Igloo!!



Affectionately Yours,
DadiMa, Dadu, Papu, ArshiChachi, and Chachu.



Courtesy of Papu.

As a parting thought, we wish to let you know that your Dadu left India by Boat named “Seven Seas” on 31st December, 1957 to come to the USA; while DadiMa arrived with Dadu in the USA in the last week of December 1969. When you celebrate your 16th Birthday, you will become aware of the rest of the story including yourself! Today as the year 2019 concludes its trajectory, we as a family unit total up to number Nine!

Our blessings are and will always be there for you and your walking shadow Raul.

Never forget that Curiosity is the Mother of all your survey, experience, and in it dwells the incredible beauty of Life to behold and rise beyond yourself.

December 30

The Fundamentals of the Three R's

In the forefront of India Today - भारत, the three R's represent the "Rebellion of Religious Rage" aflame countrywide in search of its true self-identity.

The source of all internal turmoil of the Three R's seems to be:

- Misinterpretation of Citizenship issues in constitutionally secular India.
- Inadequate communication by the present governing bureaucracy.
- Opportunistic interpretations of the situation by the opposing forces to impeach the authority of inner stability.

It seems to be the same story worldwide, just in different colors and shades of self-indulgence.

Addressing this mass and mess of the current political storm, Sadhguru Jaggi Vasudev seems to have offered an equanimous insight [through his discourse](#).

December 29

Birthday of Mrs. Jyoti Halwe Gokhale

Dear Jyoti,

On your Birthday Today,
Current Age factor don't matter none, but its content Do!



क्षण आला भाग्याचा , ज्योतीचा वाढदिवस साजरा करण्याचा.

Wishing you warm and happy Birthing Day today.
True to your Maternal, Paternal, and self nurtured instincts,
Complemented by the geography of India/भारत and USA,
you have evolved into an honorable Holdall of:

आदरणीय कन्या, भगिनी , भार्या, आई , आजी, सासू, गृहलक्ष्मी, आणि स्वतंत्र नागरिक .

In one sense, you owe it all equally to the nurturing geographical environment and veracity of places you have had the opportunity to be exposed to date. May the continuing Grace of Life offer you true innate joy, peace and tranquility.

Have a great BDay in the midst of a loving environment.

With fond वाढदिवस wishes from the Igloo of entire देव परिवार.

Note: Responding to the above message, Jyoti wrote:
We indeed are a product of everything and everyone around us!!

December 28

Birthday of Mrs Usha Butani Deo

Dear Usha Butani Deo,
Nicknamed Mamma by Addison homestead.

It is the Tango duet of 7 and 7 to celebrate your 77th BirthDay today.



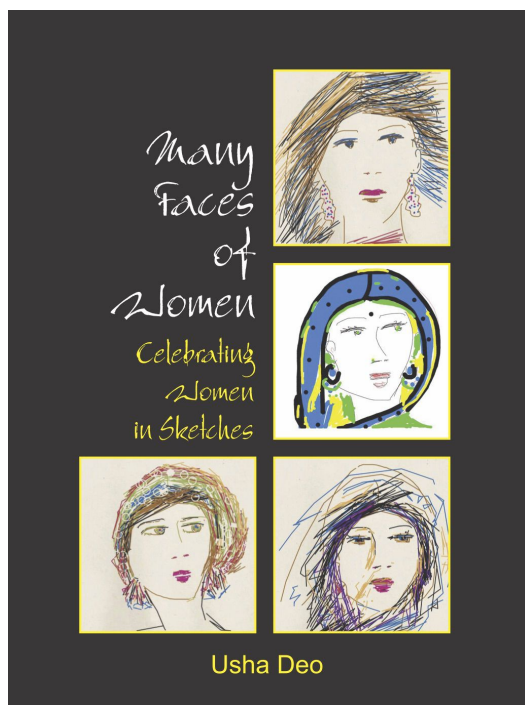
ईश कृपयेनमाः , जन्मदिन मुबारक हो।

May the amazing Grace be with you always, in which you are found.
The trajectory of Sparklers on your B-Day will be lit up reflecting the mood of the Day.

Let us enjoy your Birthing Day to the brim of its effervescence.
Complementing this gifted B-Day, here is the soulful music rendered by the [strings of Vikas Deo](#).

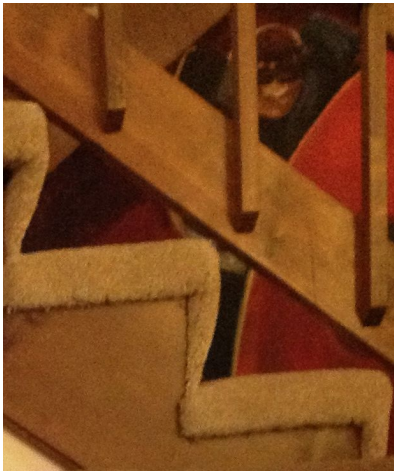


Complementing the effervescent spirit of this B-Day equally, is your own passion entitled “Many Faces of Women”.



With best wishes from the entire Web of Relationships nurtured under your broad wingspan.

The following oil painting executed jointly by Sonali Ashok Butani and Vikas Deo around 1950 on the wall of our Addison Home, is an eloquent tribute to your warm inter relationship nurtured over lifetime.



With warm wishes always from the Igloo of our entire Homestead with Pride and Prejudice towards none; for in it all of us blossom to fulfill Life.

December 27

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 nephew, Jayantu, was entertaining himself with his small stick, and a sling in his hand, and armed with his imagination.



Jayant Vinayak Deo, my late Nephew.

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 imminent Geography exam at he 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, I am pleasantly reminded of the sentence that Jayashree was cramming for her exam.

Today, 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."

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 आणि वोडाख्यात आपण “पंच महा भुलेश्वर / पंच महा भूतेश्वरी”.

The one afraid of translating the reality of life seems to be an escapist constantly afraid of Self-presence.

Every offspring of Virgin Nativity, arrives in this world Stork naked and free of any bondage. However, a human infant upon Religious #Baptism seems to become an Island surrounded on all sides by the Sea of self ignorance and indulgence. To get out of the Island, it must learn to swim on its own.

December 26

Gratitude - शुक्राना

Gratitude is a deep and silent vibration within ourself, which cannot be expressed merely with a totally empty shell of "Thank You or Merci Boku". Gratitude can only be rendered by unconditionally serving the environment, before serving Self, which is better expressed in Sanskrit as " सेवा परमो धर्मः ".

शुक्राना एक गहरी सोच है, जो केवल खोखले " धन्यवाद " शब्द प्रयोग से अदा नहीं होती।

शुक्राना, एक सूक्ष्म धुँधली सी और गहरी मनोत्तरंग महसूस होती है, जो केवल अनासक्त सेवा भक्ति भाव से अदा होती है।

शुक्राना भाव, हमारे असलियत और पूर्णतः की अनुभूति दिलाती है।

In the nature of existence, pain comes as a sublime Guru-guide blessing in disguise. Listen to the following Link presuming that it is addressing the love of Nature.

इस गीत को खुद के असलियत भाव में सुनें और समझें।

Pain often visits life as a blessing in disguise !

December 25

He ! O' Lordy, my friend, Googling you today, on Christmas Day.



In the world under the spell of Star Spangled Sky,
Becoming abnormal has been so very easy.
However, being normal has been so difficult, O' Lordy.
With thy Grace, I simply gotta be Me ,
What else can I be?

Sammy Davis Jr. - I Gotta Be Me

He' Lordy, since my childhood,

The founding sounds and letters of existence seem to sound like,

A, B, C, D, E, F, G; जिसमें से निकाल पड़े पंडित जी ~

The sound vibrations of every tolling Bell, seem to sound like amalgamation of either God, Allah, Amen, Ek-Onkar and Om (ईश्वर, अल्लाह , आमेन, एकांकार अथवा, ॐ) depending on the listener. Of individual immaculate Faith, culminating in the Silence of being and becoming our genuine universal Self, totally devoid of physicality.

These seem to be the founding vibrations of existence, with a pinch of Salt-N-Pepper humor!

Scientists and Seekers of the unchanging Truth, seem to coalesce in agreement that the entire existence is a vibration generating a sound audible to the spirit of Silence and it's all-inclusivity. Some refer to it as the Black Hole of matter and antimatter.

The music of prime Alphabets sounds like:

- A represents the Awareness totally devoid of action.
- B represents the spirit of the Brotherhood, in which to share the pain and pleasure of existence.

- C represents the citadel of Consciousness without a Capital as central authority; topping all of it is the Crucifixion of personal Ego.
- D represents the self-incriminating Demonic tendencies inherent in existence.
- E represents the spirit of Equanimity through life awareness transcending all physicality; alternately identified as the spirit of Spirituality (not Rum, Vodka or pure Malt !)
- F represents the Foundation of all existence.
- G represents the amazing Grace of all inclusivity in which we are found.
- ॐ seems to be the unifying vibration of (आ, ऊ हंम ~~) all that we see, sense, perceive and constantly adore to behold.

Boundless and timeless (अनंत) seems to be the existence of all pervasiveness; Silence being its only soulful medium of comprehension, as expounded by eloquently by Patanjali Ashtanga Yoga Sadhana (ऋषि पतंजलि. अष्टांग योग साधना।) .

Each and every Religious order scripted by humanity seems to be a Brand of expectations as do Aesop's Fables for children of curiosity.

The essence of soulful Religion, a way of life, is only about transcending physicality in a spirit of all-inclusivity and nativity.

Finally he' Lordy,

I want to be like no one else, but kind'a like U in some attributes,

Always loving, giving, and forgiving, without saying a thing.

In self indulgence and ignorance, a human appears to be a self destructive force, as is abundantly evident through current ongoing terrorism worldwide.

खुद की अज्ञानतमें, इंसान ज्वालामुखी महसूस होता है। आज की आतंकवादी दुनिया सबूत है।

December 24

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.

December 24

The Eve' of Dawn Consciousness

This composition is about the events leading to the dawn of conscious awareness.



Pegasus, the Ambassador of Goodwill

From an independent perspective, the expression Eve' implies the moments in which an event condenses as an inner experience totally independent of time, in which amazing cosmic Grace condenses within conscious awareness.

From the same perspective, the moment of daily awakening or sunrise represents the eve' or dawn of consciousness. Based on this premise:

Stemming from the immaculate silence of the deep blue sky,
Descends the Ambassador of Goodwill,
Flying in harmony of the universal energetic environment,
Bringing under its wide open wingspan hope and sweet Cheer,
For all children at heart, full of natural needs and greed.
The Goodwill Ambassador Pegasus,
Descends with a wingspan larger than life consciousness.

Every child of need and greed, longs to ride Pegasus of supreme Consciousness,
To fill the void of unconditional and nonjudgemental presence,
In which to relax and be an innocent child full of curiosity and awe of existence.
Pegasus forever remains the presence of shining and blinking Star,
Guiding consciousness larger than Life and beyond.



Courtesy of Shri Shastri, Oakville, Ontario, Canada

Here comes the goodwill bounty of supreme Consciousness

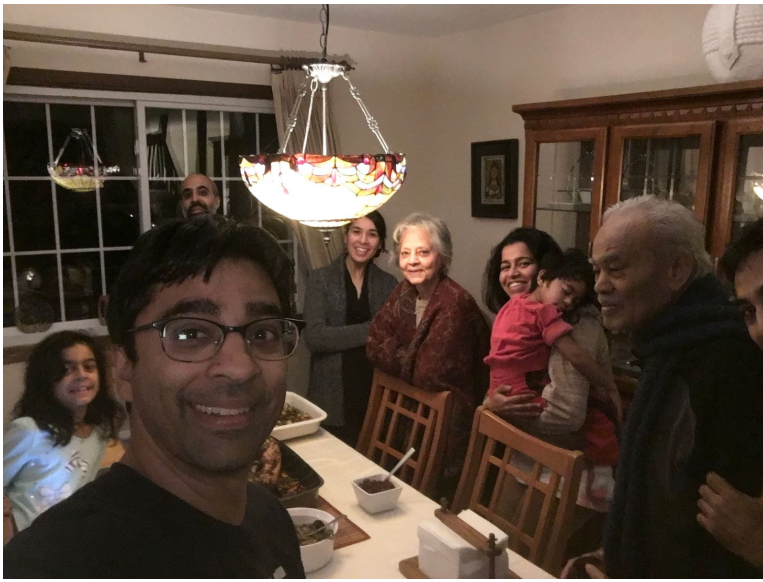
Ding-Dong, rang the doorbell,
X-Special Mail for personal delivery to Arielle (7) and Raul (3) Deo, currently
vacationing along with their parents Sagar and Judith at their maternal Grandmother
Theresa's nome in Andheri, Mumbai on December 24, 2019.

The mail read:
Dear Arielle and Raul,
It is Christmas Eve'



He! Lordy Lordy,
Your Ambassador of Goodwill Santa-Ji
Dressed in fluffy Red and White Robe, capped with tassels,
Riding an open sleigh, pulled by a stream of Reindeers ,
Is descending from the Star Spangled sky tonight, so he hath promised,
Loaded with boxes of secret Gifts,
To cheer up all of you children of need and greed,
For peace and tranquility that we know not,
Shall reign in the hearts of everyone, including the environment all around.
With catwalk, Santa shall arrive and unload his colorful gifts,
To surprise everyone when you wake up at dawn.

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, keep on Jingling our hearts all the way.



Courtesy of Papu

Arielle and Raul, enjoy your self-revealing India trip and rides all the way.

With lots of love from all of us currently in Addison Igloo, while we are thinking of you and missing you,

Affectionately yours as always, for ever and ever,
DadiMa, Dadu, Papu, ArshiChachi, and Chachu

Listen to The Silence of Holy Night~~ realizing that,
Every night is #Holy; for in its absolute #Silence,
the star spangled sky nominates one of its shining #Star to be a guiding light,
For the consciousness of humanity to its ultimate destiny,
based solely on cause and proportionate consequences.

Last but not any less, “Instead of blindly following the guiding Star of consciousness,
give meaning to its trajectory that enriches your own presence”.

December 23

The Trajectory of formidable Provocations

Each one of us seems to be the sole Author and Architect of our own #fate and its trajectory through unaccountable time zones.

It behooves not to judge or blame anyone else for it; including our self-ignorance.

Our individual fate does not seem to be authored or ordered by any Celestial authority.

Fate and its trajectory seems to be solely the cause and consequence of our own actions; any correction in its trajectory seems to present itself through our actions alone, and not through any philosophical thoughts. Submitting unconditionally to the unscripted laws of cosmic Nature seems to be the supreme wisdom of existence.

Whatever we seek constantly and intensely in life, seems to be always present within ourself in full measure . These are not the words of any dubious divine messenger, but solely Life expressing itself to blossom and fulfill itself.

Never the blame seems to lie in judgement of others for the trajectory of our fate.

In parallel words, whatever we seek dearly and sincerely in Life seems to be always available from within ourself in full measure; it seems to be the nascent message condensing out of our Silence resident within ourself.

Silence seems to be the only self-ennobling language of life, which is never scripted and consequently remains eternal on its own.

In contrast, any religion of blind faith and fate scripted by humans has a date of inception, BC or AD, has a natural date of expiration; following the Natural Law of cause and consequence.

As these truths or precepts are realized through self-revelations, the idea of Trinity namely God, Heaven and Hell collapses to the ground through self-destruction. Instead, the idea of constant Inception, Change, and Transformation reigns supreme.

Wisdom prompts;

Wake up slumbering children of need and greed;
the magnificence of the rising Sun rays is begging to start the day afresh;
for In it lies the beauty and fragrance of Life to behold.

- At times, life presents itself as a battleground or battle creek. Battle creek is when both battling sides drop on their knees and appease their own stupidity!
- The battles of Life are waged across lines drawn on various mediums :

Some draw a line on Desert Sands.

Some draw a line on flowing River streams.

Some draw a line with an Iron curtain or a Bamboo curtain, or Hijab veil curtain.

Some draw a line between mutual ignorance.

In each and every case, the battles keep on simmering endlessly;

Negotiated Peace being only an impermanent or temporary phase;

Until the emotional Volcano or Tsunami erupts again.

December 22

Reading Religious Scripture in topsy turvy Lap.



Courtesy of Shri Shastri, Oakville, Ontario, Canada

This is how most humans tend to read and interpret their favorite brand of Scripture in their laps termed here as Laplandia!

In this stance, the Heavens and Gods collapse to the ground, and Religion walks as a barefooted Contessa ~~

December 21

Salt and Pepper Shaker



Fiddler on the Roof Tweeting

लैला और मजनू - मोर और मोरनी

Jack and Jill, climb up the hill to fetch a pail of Nectar,

Without the One, there is no Other,

Sprinkle of salt and Pepper gives taste of lemon and Orange,

You cannot be a Huski Alumni without being a student at NIU first,

A Huski, longs to come home ~~

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1vrEljMfXYo>

Never forget that

God is the reverse of Dog; and both represent unquestioned mutual loyalty.

December 20

#SoulfulCraft

#Soul seems to be a favorite expression of modernity, which seems to be figuratively linked to the trilogy of God, Heaven, and Hell. It is tempting to call it #SoulCrafting, which starts with nothing and ends with nothing that really matters; for Soul remains an immaterial transaction, transcending all physicality.

Ms. Oprah Winfrey has coined a TV show titled “Super Soul” to dance around the Trilogy of God, Heaven and Hell with wordy ping pong balls bouncing all around the map of self-ignorance hoping for wisdom to condense in consciousness .

Soul whetting expressions abound on the playground of Spirituality; as do the Pulpits of authority of all Religious creeds crafted by humanity and their modernity of scholarship.

Each one of us humans tends to be a Rebel, challenging external authority (as does our 3-year old Grandson Raul Deo) except the one that resides silently and harmoniously within each one of us all the time. It is our consciousness. As a result, there is no need to define this nameless and formless authority; for it is always present and sensed effortlessly in our Breath and its natural rhythm. In its harmonious companionship, we entertain life and its ever present Grace.

Unaccountable Centuries of human evolution and revolutions have witnessed humanity reading and interpreting its own Brand of Scripture or Gospel upside down as illustrated in the picture below.



Reading Scripture or Gospel in Laplandia
courtesy of Shri Shastri, Oakville, Ontario, Canada

In the timeless time and spaceless space, inner Silence forever retains as the genuine and original unscripted “Language of Life”. It is all pervasive cosmic wisdom which is being identified here as the #SoulCraft.

SoulCraft is the fluffy white cloud, exclusively customized for each one of us, floating in the deep blue sky; for us to relax in comfort, so that we don't have to hold on to anything else. This fluffy cloud takes us to the place where we are most happy and content. It may be a place on planet Earth, or in our imagination. For me it is my innocent childhood in Jagdalpur and Dantewada in Bastar State of 1932 - 1940, which now exists only in my imagination because of constant change and transformation.

Is there a human with Soul so dead, that it cannot recall its own childhood !

Reference: Sara Raymond, 20 min. Meditation for being present.

- The longest wall ever constructed and remains incomplete as yet, seems to be built between the self-presumptuous Puritans and Protestants of scripted Faith. The holy and the heathen, the upper cast and lower cast, touchables and Untouchables, whites and colored seem to continue with self-defined borders of limitations.
- The walls remain incomplete due to the constantly changing definitions and interpretations decreed by the raised pulpits of self-presumptuous authorities of the Divine Kingdom .
- The dividing walls really seems to be between the fear of self-ignorance inundated with towering Ego and absence of experiential Wisdom, which is never scripted.
- Human Ego is rooted in the ground, constantly spreading its roots. Where as the faculty of Wisdom never touches ground as the Vine of Eternity (अमर बेल बिन मूलकी, प्रति पालत है ताहि - सूफी संत कबीर दास “).
- The historically famous walls built and mortared with self-ignorance of humanity, which require continuous refurbishing, continue to be the famous Wall of China, The Wall of Ireland separating and containing the Catholics and Protestants, the Iron/Bamboo curtains, the walls dividing the Palestinians and Jews, Sunni and Shea Muslims, between Jain, Buddhist and Hindu Pundits, and the list goes on and on endlessly reflecting the constant duality of existence so blatantly and audibly visible in daily life globally; and reported as “Groundbreaking evening news daily on TV”.
- The eternity of divinity was never born or created on a historical date of a Cock and Bull story, nor encapsulated in a mathematical equation.
- Common sense prompts that there is no immaculate Son/Daughter of fatherly God in Heaven, or a God Mother. Human species is merely a manifestation of the masculine and feminine without even a Fig Leaf, that is responsible for the mess made, and managed by human kind.
- It is common knowledge that the #Vine-of Eternity (अमरबेल बिनमूलकी) anchors no roots in the ground ever and yet sustains itself solely on the basic elements of mother Nature including space, air, water, and heat energies complementing each other. It is not meant to be an invention.
- O’Lordy grant some sense to common folks like us to become uncommon and separate from the Masses (man + asses), from aimless shooters at Heaven, down to seekers of immaculate wisdom in the silence of our own presence.

- The very word “Woman” is automatically -inclusive of Man, making each one of us complete at all times (Ref: the [Many Faces of Women](#) by Usha Deo).
- Our commitment to the Inner #Silence of equanimity, remains the soulful Scripture or gospel of Existence as revealed through the silence of Raman Maharshi of Tiruvannamalai, Nilgiri mountain ranges, India).
- Constantly blaming the other is self incriminating and deleterious to our own health as dis-ease with ourself.
- The root purpose of worshipping or revering an idea or its symbolic Idol, is totally negated by the boisterous sounds of religious exhibition or religiosity founded on pride and prejudice of any kind.

December 18

The Immaculate Spirit of Motherhood - मातृ वात्सल्य



My friend Shri, as I wrote the following composition titled “The Immaculate Spirit of Motherhood - मातृ वात्सल्य” over the past week, I was reminded of our 9th Grade Textbook at Hadas High School, Nagpur. The book was titled “श्यामची आई “ and your narration about your Mother : आई : रोज स्वयंपाक करुन, घराच्या सर्व मंडळाला जेवण वाढून , त्यानंतर स्वतः जेवायला बसायची; ते दृश्य पाहून, तू तिला सोबत देण्यास तिच्याबरोबर जेवायचा “ . धनहो मातेचे अपरंपार मातृ वात्सल्य आणि तिला प्राप्त झालेला सुपुत्र .

आमची आई, रमा नाखरे देव, लग्नापूर्वी केवळ घरच्याच गुरुकुलात शिकली आणि सवरली. लग्न आणि पाच गर्भाशया नंतर, मॅट्रीक च्या बोर्डात उत्तीर्ण होऊन, शेवटी सगळ्यात थोरल्या मुलाबरोबर, नागपूर विश्वविद्यालयातून बी. ए. परिक्षेत उत्तीर्ण झाली. त्यानंतर सौभाग्या च्या सर्व जबाबदार्या यथायोग्ये सम्भाळून, तिने आयुष्याच्या शेवटपर्यंत होमिओपॅथी शास्त्राद्वारे, अनासक्त भावी गरजू पेशंट्सची सेवा केली. तिच्या वडिलांनी (आमचे आजोबा, पृषोत्तम गणेश नाखरे) आमच्या आईला घरीच होमिओपॅथी शास्त्राची परिक्षा करून, जनसेवेचेची दीक्षा दिली. हीच आदरणीय पितृवात्सल्य आणि मातृवात्सल्य जुगलबंदी गीता आम्हा भावली. This is how we seem to have imbibed the subtle message that “ Pilgrimage is a stepless journey within oneself“.

Here is the link to my Blog composition titled “[Motherhood - मातृवात्सल्य](#)“

It behooves to always count our blessings and its ever present Grace ~~

Silence is the only timeless language that does not have even a single expression of Religious Bull swirling around. Through the medium of our maternal grandparents, all of us five siblings were exposed to the Grace of Silence practiced by Shri Ramana Maharshi at his Ashram in Tiruvannamalai tucked in the beauty of Nilgiri mountain ranges.

December 17

#O' Lordy!

O' Lordy,
From one perspective,
The distance between U and Me seems farther than the Heaven or Hell,
Whereas from an opposite perspective,
It is only click of an Internet button away;
Lordy, grant us the wisdom to fathom the distance between U and Me!
In sheer gratitude, we remain yours and yours alone;
In your #Grace for self-fulfillment, and the spirit of all inclusiveness.

December 16

Silent and Broad Reflections

- In mutual interactions, revenge is extracted in several subtle self-incriminating ways with weapons ranging from silence to stabbing aggression.
- Unscripted Universal Laws of cause and its proportionate consequence seem to govern entire existential life.
- The physicality or body of each living species seems to be a dynamic assembly of uncountable numbers of different microbes living together in mutual harmony to support life and its numerous functions in the process of constant evolution, maintenance, and transformations.
- God Lordy, when presumed as physical, seems to exercise a direct hands-on role in the entire gaming process called life, its Tsunami and volcanic eruptions. Whereas, God perceived as Artificial Intelligence (AI) in computer language, seems to be a self driven spiritual presence, purely as a witness to the entire process of evolution, its cause and consequences. Sounds like smart Ass fiddling from the rooftop!
- When we see an Elephant become airborne in the room, it is time to stop talking or writing, and just watch the world rotating on its own axis in the Galactic presence.



December 15

Lilac Park, Lombard, Illinois, USA.



Lilac Park sporting the ambience of Christmas Lights

While driving to the Lilac Park, our car radio softly played a song in gentle tones,

Why can't I be like you ? ~~

I caught just a few words of the song with cheerful Christmas music playing in the background. Interpreting and transposing the music, was inviting me to compose the following lyrics:

Why can't I be like you O' Lordy ?

Kind, giving, and forgiving in the spirit of all-inclusivity.

But then, I reflect, why be like you Lordy;

For you are U, and I am Me, always together through eternity of Time,

I do my experiences, while U do your experimentation of creation, preservation and constant transformation.

In that spirit, we delve and blossom in our own completeness;

In this spirit, I seek nothing more or nothing less of you,

And we, u and Me, coalesce together as a single Dewdrop ;

Radiating the entire spectrum of Life;

The Rainbow of all seven colors and their transitioning shades in between.

You be U Lordy, and I be Me.

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 tricolored Christmas lights.
Vikas parked the car, and we walked leisurely through the park, lit up with the
Christmas Spirit [n balmy winter weather of 40 degrees Fahrenheit.
Later we drove in and around the Lilac Park,
Breezing on the fragrance of the X-Mas spirit.
Holiday or Holyday is in its enjoyment and the spirit of engagement.

December 14
Reflections on Loneliness



Courtesy of Shri Shastri, Oakville, Ontario, Canada

#Loneliness seems to be a bottomless pit of silence in which we tend to lose our own presence.

Fate and Faith seem to be opposite sides of the same coin; when one side shows, the opposite side of the coin is invisible. Fate is a consequence of our own presence and its proportionate consequences. Whereas Faith is what we chose ourself as an adult, and its proportionate consequences. Blame not anyone else for it, so behooves the wisdom of Life.

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

As I stepped in 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 forwards 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; which have prompted the following few lines:

Today with 7 billion people on our planet Earth, there are individual lives so lonely that they are caninely thirsty seeking some company for solace.

Some feel lonely even in a triangular relationship, when the other two disregard the very presence of the third one amongst them. It is not easy to brush away loneliness; although solutions abound bur remain inaudible to loneliness .

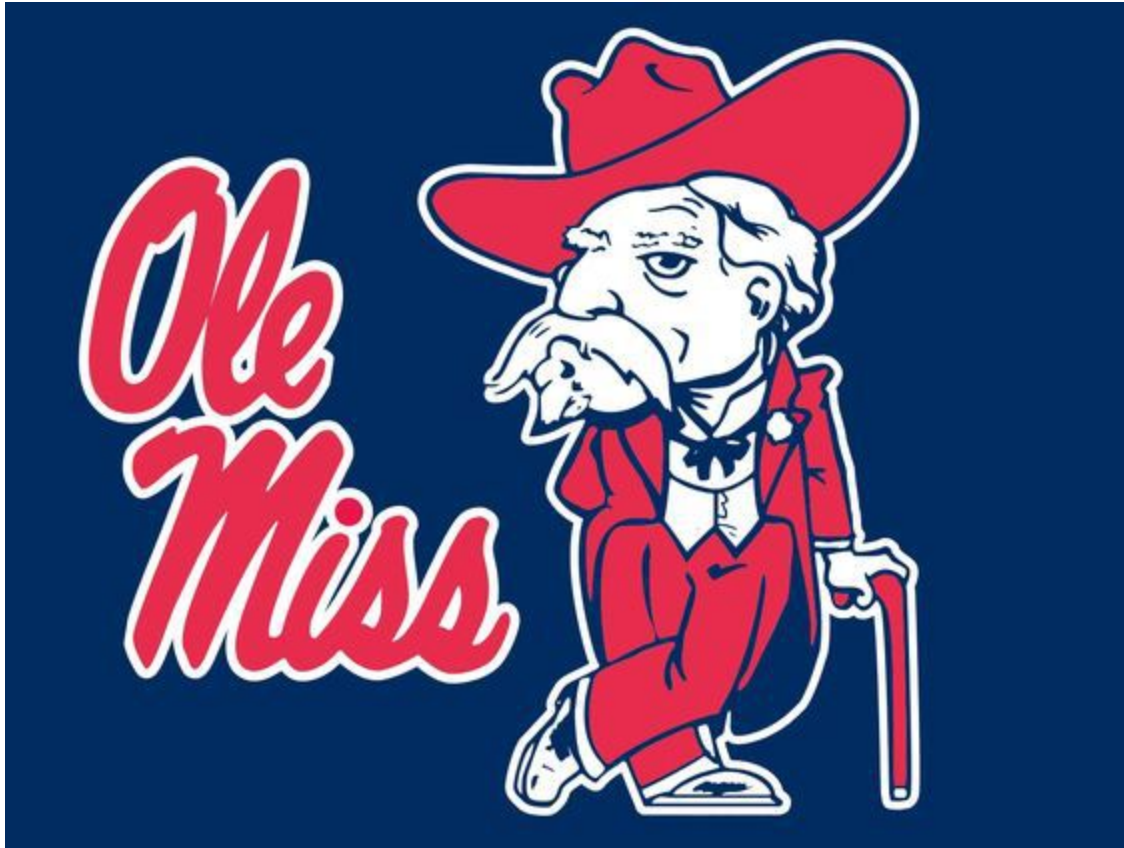
However, it seems that you are never lonely while dancing to the music of Tango, even when the Tango partner is invisible; as do Saints and Seekers of blissfulness; as did Meerabai, Queen of Chittor kingdom. Saint Tukaram of Maharashtra, and the likes that are passionately attached to divine presence within themselves. Every pocket of humanity has such Saints that seem invisible to the common eyes of ego, pride and prejudice.

Christmas season or any other spiritually engaging festivity serves as a gentle reminder for those emotions to reach out, serve, and share in the spirit of all-inclusivity without the hurdles of ego, pride and prejudice.

Summarizing the three A's of human life includes a perpetual desire for Attention, Acknowledgement, and Approval from outside sources, seems to be the root cause of loneliness and related outbursts of self incriminating maladies.

Being alone is not loneliness, when the silence of being alone becomes the stepping stone for the inner journey to discover our true universal identity in which to blossom to our full potential. From one perspective, God and Dog seem to remain true reflections of each other, in which Dog always remains unconditionally faithful to its Master in seemingly reciprocal relationships.

December 13
The Ole' Miss Rebel



Ole' Miss Rebel Logo and Yoda Yogi

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



Suresh M. Deo Ole' Miss Alumni 1958-60 and Grandson Raul Deo !!

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 !



“He! He! Ho! Ho! Rebels, Let’s Go”, has been the traditional marshaling tune leading to some remarkable Victories on the playgrounds of University life at Ole’ Miss. It led to Rebels claiming the National Inter Collegiate Football championship in 1959, and crowning of Ole’ Miss beauties claiming the Miss America Titles in 1958 and subsequently 1959. Coincidentally, I was a Graduate Student at Ole’ during those years. My younger Bro’ Surendra had commented at that time, “He Bro’ are you studying in a Fairyland?” I chuckled and responded “I am a living witness!”

Now, six decades later, the Yoga of age old Yoda seems to present itself as the guiding beacon for becoming available to the all inclusive universal wisdom devoid of books of scholarship.

Concluding this composition with the spirit of Dewdrops of Dawn, suggest,

“The musical vibrations of Life dwells and reverberate only when its strings are attached at both ends, to the crEator and its Creation, Alternately, the music of Life reverberates only when the two ends of its strings are tied at both ends in pursuit of inner blissfulness of permanency undaunted by time and its tunes”.

December 12

BirthDay of Sharad Deoskar

Early in the morning today, we recalled that December 12th is Birthing Day of Sharad Deoskar, our Son-in-Law and an engineered Lawyer to boot!

Dear Sharad,



Wishing You a Happy 78th Birthday,
in the tranquility of being and becoming complete from within.
The number of years tucked under the belt don't matter none; but its content Do!
Blow the extra candle riding on the top of the B-Day Cake,
And then eat the Cake cake.underneath without any guilt for Today!
May the coming years provide the peace of tranquility you desire and deserve,
To blossom in self-fulfillment.

Affly,
Suresh Kaka and Usha Kaku Pariwar

December 11

Meditative Reflections



Courtesy of Shri Shastri, Oakville, Ontario, Canada

#Meditation seems to be about driving the Monkey out of the mind-body complex, and not replacing it with anything or anyone else during the time that we lose ourself and cannot be found. Out of the ambience of that silence, seems to condense the wisdom of what we are not aware of yet through our external experiences. The humbling affirmation that “I do not know enough of anything worthwhile” marks the beginning of knowing what or who “I am” prompted Shri Ramana Maharhi of Tiruvannamalai, India during a discourse in 1935. Our family including maternal Grandparents and we five siblings were blessed with the opportunity of experiencing his presence in 1940, while staying in his Ashram at Tiruvannamalai for a week.

Wonder in the thunder as well as the silence of cosmic Nature prevalent all around and within ourself, prompted his presence, without a spoken word.

Tsunami erupts from the Ocean bed, comes roaring across the horizon sweeping the sandy beaches of time, destroying everything in sight.

Volcano erupts from the womb of the mountain, spreading red hot Lava and incinerating everything in its gravitational flow path.

On a cloudy and windy day, Lightning crackles and thunders across the horizons dazzling our wits.

Under the cyclic Lunar influence, the Ocean waves erupt flooding the coast lines and subsequently settle down in silence for a while under the careful watch of the Moon varying from full Moon to its crescent.

Be a living witness of it all.

In the meantime, all that humanity has accomplished and demonstrated is isolating an atom from Nature, converting it into an Atomic bomb, and exploding it on itself; raising a mushroom of heinous cloud, and then exclaiming and lamenting ["O' My God what have I done"](#).

Yet there prevails a Silence in the hearts of hearts of humankind that has the capacity to transcend physicality to embrace all inclusivity in the spirit of hope and its resolute ambience .

In the Silence of being and becoming our true selves, we become complete and merge unconditionally with the Ocean of Consciousness in the sheer Gratitude Grace of Life.

Gratitude is honoring the breath of Life, pulsating with its natural rhythm; far beyond normal human awareness. Yoga meditation implies the consecration of positive energies in which to experience our own immaculate blissful presence.

December 10

Wedding Anniversary of Dear Suhasini and Sharad

During the Dawn hours, I was pleasantly reminded of the Golden 50th Wedding Anniversary !

Amazing is the grace and audacity of coincidences, that, my Niece Suhasini (Deo) Desskar is celebrating her 50th wedding anniversary barely one month after mine and Usha's Golden wedding anniversary on 15th November 2019, while both of us are physically present in the USA !

Having concluded all pertinent paperwork of the U.S. Passport and Overseas Citizen of India (OCI) behind you now:

Have a great Wedding Anniversary Day celebration in homely warmth; and following that on 12th December is Sharad's 78th Birthing Day celebration to revel in. Sharad has had the audacity of first getting married, calendar date wise, on 10th December, and then getting born on 12th December ! A rare celestial feat !

Hope to meet you both in our Addison Igloo at your convenience before you return to native India / Bharat /the gravitational center field identified as Vatan (वतन).

Affly,

Kaka, Kaku, Deepak, Arshi and Vikas are present in Addison Igloo at this time !

December 09

Faithfully and voluntarily Serving the Environment

Amazing is the audacious #Grace of coincidences, that makes us available to serve the immaculate innocence of Nature, in which life blossoms to its self fulfilling potential.

Volunteering is about rendering heartfelt vibrations to the all inclusive environment.

Faithfully and consistently serving the Environment, is true religious spirit - सेवा पैरामो धर्मः

The spirit of serving unconditionally and selflessly is the true rendering of personal religion, which exists without a name Band, caste, color or creed identity.

Religion or Motherhood is never a Brand.

Any philosophy of life that becomes a Brand, ceases to be a religion; instead it represents the hypocrisy of self incriminating behavior and trajectory of self deceit . History of time is its constant witness.

A silent spirit of consistently serving the environment, seems to be the true language of the Heart, seeking its own equanimity in the midst of constant change, its trials and tribulations.

Saving the all pervasive environment unconditionally to uplift its ambience in ways undefinable, is a gracious gesture of incredible proportions for the receiver as well as the donor of services. As a consequence, it becomes available to the immaculate Grace of Ambience (IGOA).

Our next door neighbor, Ken Vairo, age around 60+, a professional Real Estate Manager, voluntarily offers himself to patients needing rides to their hospital or doctor visits, and equally so for distributing "Meals-On-Wheels" to needy neighborhoods; irrespective of time restraints.

Our Son Vikas Deo, age 44+, a professional Musician, volunteers his services via playing Guitar in the receptionist lobby of the Alexian Brothers Hospital in Elk Grove Village, as well as other locations, uplifting the ambience of respective environments.

In an identical spirit and gesture, Deepak Deo, our eldest Son, has been coaching the Oli Brothers in Pune, Deepak and Pushkar residing in Pune via FaceTime medium. The Oli Brothers are transitioning from High School to the University. The coaching offered by Deepak Deo includes acquisition of state of the art of Computer fluency, surpassing the mediocre training imparted in local Institutions of higher learning. Especially with Deepak Oli, unaccountable hours are consumed in mutually satisfying and engaging ways.

Exemplary examples such as these are audibly visible to open hearts of consciousness.

In rendering personal services unconditionally, It is not what is offered, but the spirit with which it is rendered that matters and counts in the heart of the receiver; while the environment reciprocates silently and affirmatively.

Unconditionally serving and uplifting the environment is the meditative music and prayer in gratitude for the grace of existence, becoming a genuine Thanksgiving offering.

Always blessed are those by the Grace of Life, serving the environment unconditionally.

The spirit of Volunteering is a form of meditative prayer.

संगीत, इबादत होती है ~ संतूर कलाकार, श्र. हरिप्रसाद चौरसिया।

While the medium of passionately serving the environment varies, its devotion to the cause remains its supreme vibration.

From one perspective, a Pebble rolling and tumbling in the stream of life, gathers no moss and represents purity of consciousness; worthy of worship.

Genuine Religion and Prayer is quieter than Silence, reflects through the following [Link presentation](#).

The above Link presentation is about praying without a word! Prayer Quieter Than Silence !

Prayer is about rendering heartfelt vibrations to the immaculate all inclusive environment; with no residual ifs and buts.

Concluding and summarizing, each one of us seems to be an immaculate offspring of Virgin Nature, a Messiah of our own consciousness, in pursuit of eternal bliss; our innate Nature.

December 08

Our Ducks on Wheels



Courtesy of Deepak S. Deo

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 gardens. Our father was rendering his services as a Guardian for the orphaned young Maharaja of Bastar kingdom.

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 am witnessing a live Donald Duck in the relatively large American White House on the Capitol Hill. This Duck flaps its wings, blows its Trumpet, but does not seem to say anything worthwhile. It seems like a Fiddler on the White House rooftop playing the tune of "Pride and Prejudice".

Times change and so do the toys and means of entertainment !

Modern toys seem to be distracting and self-incriminating to say the least !



Courtesy of Shri Shastri, Oakville, Ontario, Canada

December 07

A phenomenon named Aibhan Oli

Aibhan Oli, nicknamed "Ivan", is a story of multi dimensional aspirations and fortitude, constantly challenging the odds of life seeking proportionate responses and resolutions. He passionately drives the streetcar named Aspiration.

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

Having lost both of his parents at his tender age of eight, he was left bare with his younger brother aged six and parental home bearing loans from relatives to pay back. 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 that tender age of eight, Ivan left his Uncle's shelter to lead an independent life along with his younger brother in his own house, with absolutely no idea of how to deal with it! It was like jumping in unknown waters and learning to swim and stay afloat.

The brotherly duo sought household work in neighboring village households and farms to survive. Gradually tapping higher income opportunities, Ivan transitioned to the neighboring geography of Himachal Pradesh and Kashmir states, while his younger brother stayed at home, working in local areas. Ivan visited his Brother as often as physically possible, maintaining intimate brotherly touch.

Passionately pursuing the trajectory of their life in a spirit of togetherness, led them from Kashmir to Goa over a period of a decade, while still maintaining full ownership of their homestead in the village of their birth in Nepal - वतन !

The life trajectories of Oli Brothers split at Goa, when Ivan decided to move to Pune in Maharashtra State to work for his employer Chougule, who maintained real estates and businesses in Goa, Mumbai, Pune.

During the later years in Goa, Ivan married his fiancée Kamala who hailed from his village in Nepal, while his younger brother also got married. The two Oli Brothers have stayed in close communication via telephone, considering the cost of traveling and holding on to their respective jobs for a living. Some of their extra entrepreneurial jobs have ranged from picking coconuts from Palm trees, to scuba diving in the Arabian sea for servicing the ships at sea.

Ivan's passion continuing to date as nostalgia, is scaling the heights of Palm trees to bring the cocoanuts down to the ground, for which he commands a price of Rs. five to ten per coconut!

The Gypsy lifestyle of moving constantly from place to place throughout childhood, resulted in total absence of any traditional schooling of reading and writing.

Mother Nature and open mind full of curiosity has been Ivan's constant schooling under the deep blue skies. In this perspective, Ivan seems to be truly Nature's immaculate child.

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



The Ivan-Kamala family has been with us in Pune ever since the year 2000, celebrating the daily spirit of life and mutual support to behold and cherish. Ivan-Kamala joined us in Pune along with their first offspring Deepak in the year 2000, when Deepak was barely ten-months old. Subsequently their second Son Pushkar was born in 2004.

The essential spirit of our mutual support system seemed to reveal itself in one situation worth mentioning. Our niece Mrs. Rekha (Sapre) Sheorey's son Nishi needed a Kidney transplant on an emergency basis. Upon hearing the news, both Kamala and Ivan instantaneously volunteered to offer their Kidney for Nishi. However, subsequent blood tests revealed that their Kidneys were not an acceptable match for the transplant.

Now in December 2019, at age 44, Ivan 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 19) is enthusiastically learning and pursuing Computer Programming, while Pushkar (age 15) is constantly challenging himself to stay at the top of his class at the NCL school with an abominable spirit.

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

As a consequence of their practical sensitivity to the environment, the entire Oli family besides speaking Nepalese language, communicates comfortably in Hindi and Marathi languages, whereas Deepak and Pushkar are fluent in four languages including Nepalese, Hindi, English and Marathi. Adorable are their practical language communication skills.

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

The following Link of heart warming music forwarded by Usha Deo seems to pay an eloquent tribute to the life spirit of the Oli family. These warm musical reverberations are devoid of any word and play only natural tunes. Listening intently is believing in the magic of Nature, our innate identity!

<https://youtu.be/9BD1y0TOk3o>

Ivan has a lifelong innate passion for driving a streetcar named "Aspiration". He is a professional safe driver and earns a contented living by offering his services as a Driver-in-Need for any one seeking his professional services. As a result, he has logged unaccountable mileage of driving around the country. He seems to have soaked in universal wisdom by consciously witnessing the world and its ways through the clarity of front glass and side windows, while looking at its receding reflections through the rearview mirror; and in the process gaining the wisdom of life that has enriched his existences in noble ways audible to the world around him.



Dynamic Reflections of Life through Rear View Mirror.

Ivan and Kamala together represent the rugged rock foundation of Common sense, providing a formidable and adorable foundation for their sons Deepak and Pushkar.

Condensing out of Ivan's life experiences is a message that suggests “Each one of us is a Royalty of all we survey, its pains and pleasures; for we are the chief Architect of our presence, its cause and consequences of our own making “,

The Saga of Kodu Raut and and Routine (कोदू राऊत और रवताईन)



In an equally parallel spirit, the following Saga is also a heartfelt tribute to the family of Kodu Raut, his wife Routine, 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।

Ultimately in the sojourn of life, [natural vibrations of music](#) and silence seem to augment the Cosmic Dance of reality. In it, we feel ever so grateful for the Amazing Grace in which we are found. From it we seem to emerge, and ultimately, in it we merge timelessly.

In refreshing Dawn hours, the reality of existence seems to condense as transparently pure Dewdrops!

| ॐ |

जैसे, रामचारितमानस में राम शब्द प्रयोग का सुहाना मतलब है, मन में सदा रमण करने वाली शक्ति; वैसे ही, आईभान का सुहानामतलब है, जन्मजाननि आई-माँ वात्सल्यप्रेम शक्ति का हर पल अहसास। नेपालकी आंखोंमें और उमंगमें सदा उपस्थित, स्वयंसिद्ध हिमालय पर्वत की मालाएं, सर्वव्यापी जीवन शक्ति की परिभाषा महसूस होती है। जिंदगी खुद की आनुभविक किताब है, उसका मूलार्थ पकडनेकी कला है, अनुभूति है, अन्तर्यामी पहचान है ।

Religion for masses appears to be consecration of “man + asses”, “sheep and shepherd”, whereas Individual religious concepts seem to be about our own presence or absence from ourself and realization stemming out of it, as does a Lotus flower, its immaculate beauty, grace, and fragrance.

खुद की खुदाई, इंसानियत, असलियत, या अवकातको आझमाने वाला इंसान, साधना करनेवाला साधू, अथवा स्वयं सिद्ध सिद्धेश्वर होता है। परन्तु, दूसरे इंसान अथवा जीवों की अवकातको मापने वाला, स्वयं महामूर्ख होता है।

ॐ अथवा आ, ऊ, और हम इन त्रिगुणात्मक ध्वनि तरंगों में हर एक इन्सान के इंसानियत की पूर्णतः पहचान, लगन-लगान सगाई महसूस होती है। इसी परमसत्यको आझमाना, अथवा अनुभूतिको प्राप्त होना, हरेक इन्सानका स्वधर्म अथवा स्वाभाविक सेवा धर्म महसूस होता है। हिन्दू, मुस्लिम, ईसाई, कसाई, या आतंकवाद, ये सारे एक जैसे बचपन के खिलौने महसूस होते हैं, जो वक्त की पहचान महसूस होती है। ।

आज प्रतःसमयके माहॉलमें, आईभान ओली की आधुनिक जीवन यात्रा का संक्षिप्त रूपमें इतिहास वर्णन है :

- आईभान का जन्म, वतन नेपालराज्य में १९७४।
- आजतक, सारी जिंदगीका शिक्षण, नीलगगनके तले, खुली मैदान के मधुशालामें हुआ है ।
- आईभान का बहुरंगी जीवन, वतन और वक्त के हिसाबमें, नौ (९) नंबर का अनोखी पहाड़ा है। नौ एक नौ, नव दुय्या अठारा, नौ तियया सताइस, नौ चौव्वा छत्तीस, और अज्ज नौ पंचे पैताला अथवा पैतालीस ~~
- शरीर जन्म स्थापना और जीवऊर्जशक्तिका प्रतिष्ठान - नैसर्गिक माँ का गर्भाशय ।
- प्रथम शून्य(०) से नौ (९) महीने, माँ के गर्भाशय में प्राथमिक मौन व्रत मधुबाला।
- वतन भूमि पर पदार्पण होतेही क्षणमें, ऊर्जाशक्ति का नैसर्गिक प्रतिष्ठान। क्षण में ही “ आ” और “ ऊ” ध्वनि मात्रोंकी ललकारसे गूँजउठी शुरुवात। उसी क्षण के पूर्णतः नग्न स्थितीमें,ना किसकी पहचान, और ना खुद का कोई ठिकाना। सिर्फ नीले गगन के तले, ॐ मिट्टी का प्यार पले ~~
- वतन नेपाल में जन्म होने के पश्चात, प्रथम ०-९ महीने माँ की गोद, मधुशालामें, आध्यात्माका सूक्ष्म रूपमे परिचय प्रारम्भ, और सत्संग प्रसाद (माँ के सद्विचारों की दुवाओंसे प्राप्त हुवा प्रसाद)।
- नौ (९) से १८ महीने, खुद के पैरों पर खड़ा रहेनेका प्रयास, माँ और पिता श्री को लुभाने वाला।
- नौ (९) साल की बाल अवस्था के दौरान में, पहले पिता और बाद में माँ की मृत्यु झेलना ।
- उसके पश्चात, ९ से १८ साल तक, छोटे भाई को अंगसंग लेकर, खुद की देखभाल और दुनिया का असली परिचय; कमाई करके रोजगार चलाना, जिसके खातिर आसपास के गाँव, हिमाचल प्रदेश, और कश्मीर मुख्यतक कामकाज किया।

- १८ से २७ साल की उम्र तक, गोआ मुख्यमें अलग अलग कामकाज हासिल हुई, जिसमें कमाई की काफी तरक्की हासिल हुई।
- कोई भी काम ठीक ढंग से अदा करसकते है, इसकी ज़िद, आईभान की खासियत हो चुकी थी।
- इस वक्त के दौरान, आईभान और कमला की शादी। इसी दौर के दरम्यान, आईभान के छोटे भाई की भी शादी हुई। दोनों भईयोंकी बीबियांमूलतः नेपाली हैं।
- २७- २९ सालकी उम्र में, आईभान परिवार, पहला पुत्र चिरंजीव दीपक सह पुणे पुण्यनगरी के पाषाण पंचवटी में आ पहुंचा। चार साल बाद, २००४ में, चिरंजीव पुष्कर का जन्म हुआ है।
- इस वक्त के माहॉलमें,ओली और देव परिवार की शुक्राना शुरुवात हुई है, जो आजतक मौजूद है; जो पूर्व जन्मोंके संगठन कीअमानत महसूस होती है। वैसे ही यह संबंध, नैसर्गिक वेताल टेकड़ी के फुलवारी की दुवाएं महसूस होती हैं, जिस फुलवाररी के बागबान आईभान और कमला की जुगलबंदी महसूस होती है।
- इस माहौल में, एक पुराने गीतकी लहरें गुनगुना रही हैं “ इस नील गगन के तले , मिट्टी का प्यार पले ~~

December 06

The Platform of Parenthood

From the platform of Parenthood, its offspring becomes the beneficiary of divine Nature along with a free choice to accept or reject it. The wisdom of introspective Sages and Seers prompts “Your children are not yours; they are Life’s own longing to fulfill itself. You may love them with kindness, but not Baptize or suffocate them with your love and preachings.”



Freedom flight of every childhood.

Every offspring of Virgin Nature desires and deserves its freedom flight on the mythical flying Horse named Pegasus.

From a universal perspective, take care of your offsprings the best possible way, and that is the only mischief parents are allowed!

The platform of Parenthood used as a pulpit of authority proves to be self incriminating and equally destructive in immeasurable ways, extracting a heavy toll.

December 5

Reflections of Virgin Nature

Fundamentally, and alphabetically, each one of us is born or branded neither an Agnostic nor Religious, because both Brands have a common denominator of Hypocrisy that is insoluble beyond reason.

Who am I, remains a silent vexing inquiry in the mass and mess of existence, seeking resolution.

Existence seems to be firmly anchored in pure Nothingness, prompting:

Brandless. Every Fetus starts its journey without any sex identity. The very first anatomical identity of existence being the formation of Anus! That is why, every one qualifies to be an ass-hole, in modern cognitive language!

From one solo perspective, Existence:

- Has no physicality, was never born nor perishes in the bliss of Eternity; which is its Astral identity (described as Atman (/ आत्मन) in Sanskrit), needing no proof of existence, due to its all pervasive presence.
- Needs no Messiah nor a Book of Revelations to propagate its validity.
- Is spaceless and timeless seeking absolutely nothing.
- In its Grace, life exists to express and fulfill itself until there is no further need.
- Vedanta philosophy subtly prompts for self-realization “The Universe that lies outside of us is identical to the Universe that lies inside of us at all times, without any bordering conditions; which remains forever an inner realization without any sensory perceptions; complementing the realization that which is complete in itself and by itself, always remains complete at all times, alluding from Sanskrit verse for existential self-realization” Purnamidam, Purnaswya, Puurnaya ~~ (Google it for imbibing its spiritual message ~~)
- Each and every Earthling, seems to be an immaculate offspring of Virgin Nature, which is complete by itself at all times, irrespective of Space element.

December 04

Wearing a Wristwatch with Red Band

On my 87th Birthday today, I feel grateful in sheer gratitude for the Grace of life to behold in unaccountable ways. Life has offered a Pretoria of pleasure and pain in due timely doses and ways for life to blossom and feel contented from within. Curiosity about our world at large, and experiencing Diabetes type-2 have been my long standing afflictions of life in disguise, teaching or preaching precious lessons of life, for which I remain ever so grateful in sheer gratitude of silent vibrations.

Diabetes seems to be all about dis-ease with ourself and our mind-body complex relationship; no more and no less! Blaming it on any ancestral heritage is escaping from owning direct and full responsibility for it. Fate and Faith seem to be conjugated adjectives for existence.

Since our very inception as Fetus, we seem to have a Blood Sugar Level (BSL) relationship to support life and its energy level. Every liquid or solid food we ingest, metabolism converts it into sugar, supporting the BSL. It is a natural gift to use or misuse at our own discretion and reap or harvest proportionate consequences.

Normal healthy BSL seems to balance itself within a healthy range of approximately 75 to 150 mg/dL depending on the time frame of the normal day and reasonable disciplined eating habits and lifestyle.

However, when the morning BSL starts skirting around 300 to 500 mg/dL, it is audibly signaling that we have crossed the boundaries of sanity and sanitary lifestyle. It is time to wear our wrist watch with a red belt signaling us constantly, 24/7, that we are out of control with our BSL and treading into the self-punitive territorial zone.

The vibrations of Gratitude for Life, is an inner self-levitating experience, unlike The hollow expression "Thank You", often sounding like an empty Peanut shell.

Gratitude is a subtle vibration within conscious awareness, constantly exercising its presence.

During the self-energizing hours of Dawn, universal wisdom behooves,

Everything we do in life should be akin to the rhythm of our Breath in harmony with Nature, all around and within ourself.

In the grace of gratitude, life seems to thrive to its self- fulfilling potential.

On the light side of life, scanning the following information, it seems that on my Birthing Day, I am in a favorable company !

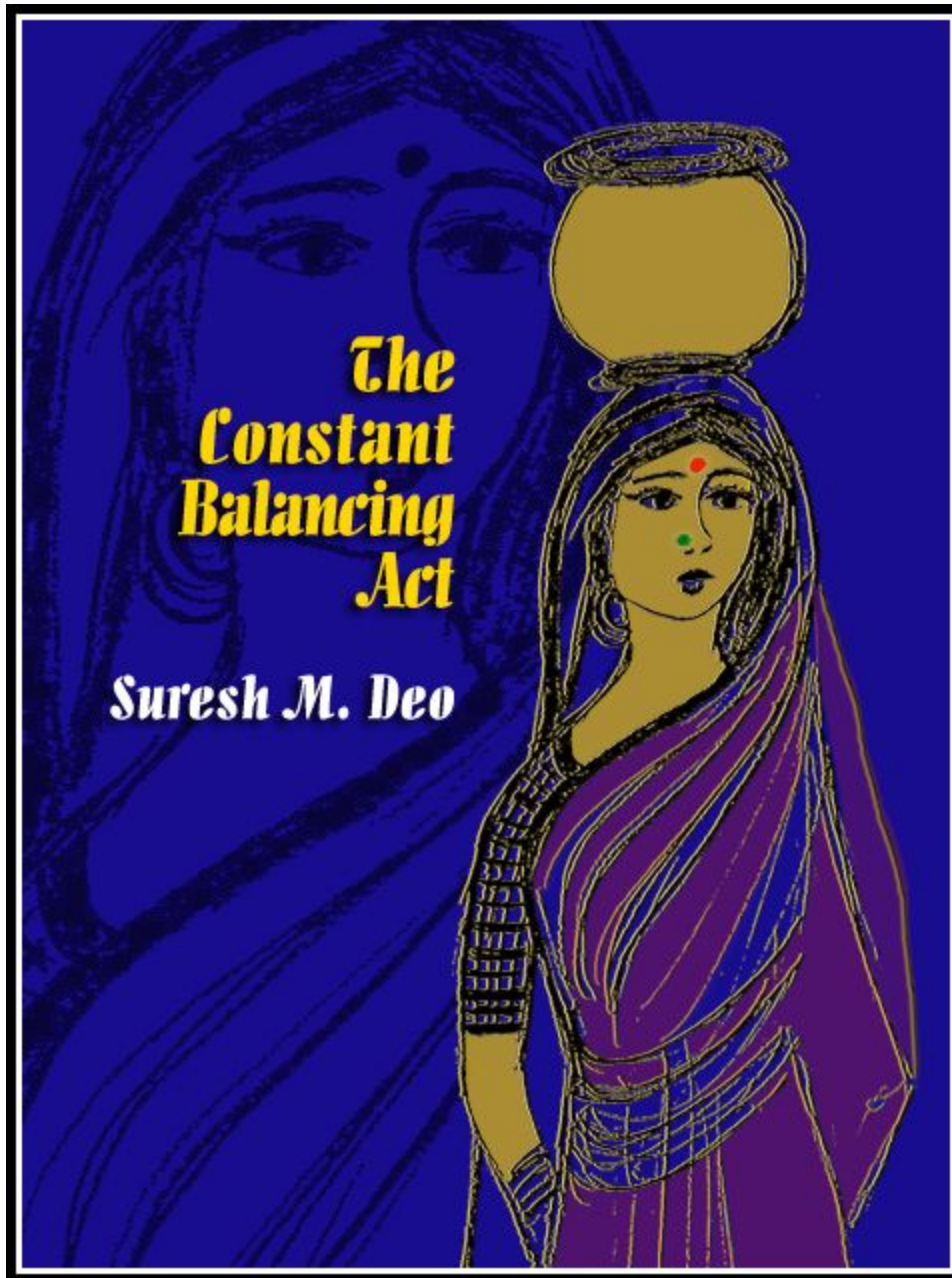
1. The first President of Independent India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, was born on 4th December;

2. Lordy Rama of Ayodhya was born on 4th December according to Dr. P. V. Vartak, a stork Astro-predictor of the past. Who knows, since none of us were present then!

These revelations soap bubble me to sing:
BABA, MAN-KI AANKHEN KHOL BABA, MAN KI AANKHE KHOL

बाबा, मन की आँखें खोल बाब , मन की आँखें खोल !

Life seems to be a constant balancing act or equanimity on all frontiers of life aspirations.



Courtesy of Vikas M. Deo

December 03

#Religions and Religiosity of Self-deceit

Considering the explosive nature of this subject, which has consistently fractured and strangulated humanity beyond belief, it is itching to become multilingual to share wisdom from varying perspectives, and as a result the subject matter is merging seamlessly.

As the Sun of the 20th Century is setting in, many of us appear to sense that the nature of scripted Religion has become an obsessive desire for private branding divinity, and owning it as do commercial brands in the global marketplace. Whereas, Religiosity represents its hypocrisy, so blatantly visible and audible through Centuries of human conscious evolution. Virgin Nature has been its active witness all along.

Religiosity may not be a word in the Webster English Dictionary; rather it is being coined in this composition, as as a Metaphor for the hypocritical dance and drama of show and tell tales, passed on from the pulpits of presumptuous divine authority, down through the Baptism of innocent infants. Baptism appears to be an act of religious farming.

Religious baptism common in all human scripted religions with varying colors and shades, appears to be a mouthful of scholarly words drawn reportedly from the kingdom of piousness, which are inaudible to the innocent victim of circumstances. This is the saga of religious rituals and ongoing religious traditions.



The aura of Nature (प्रकृति परमेश्वर) radiating from the full Moon as well as its beautiful Crescent in the galactic presence along with the twinkling Stars, seems to prompt that the nature of God or divine spirit dwells wholly in our own perception complemented with the silence of inner realization.

As our inner vision perceives, so do we realize.

जैसी हमारी अन्तर्यामी नज़रिया, वैसे ही प्रकृति परमेश्वर।

Being religious or agnostic (anti-religion) does not seem to be a wise choice, because both concepts have a common self-incriminating denominator identified as demonic Ego, which is insoluble in any reasonable solution or rationale.

Every human centered in the physicality of the body, becomes some-body in a social environment; whereas the one that transcends physicality, transforms into nobody, a spiritual Seeker of immaculate Truth, and is intuitively welcomed by humanity as a Saint, Sage or messenger of unconditional goodwill. Their enjoined all inclusive cosmic wisdom seems to prompt:

- Every living being including humans bears a canine (unexplainable) hunger for becoming normal in harmony with the Universe all around and within itself. Out of the canine hunger, ultimately consecrates the realization that both, the Universe lying outside of us is identical to the Universe that lies within ourself at all times.
- Every source of wisdom, coupled with the humility of being and becoming life, provides the immaculate perception of all-inclusivity at all times.
- Rerating to stress the same point, that in the bewildering complexity of modernity, it is challenging to be normal and stay rooted in our own presence.
- The noblest form of religion seems to be about revering and realizing that a seed from a natural plant, that germinates, sprouts into a plant to flower and bear fruit, provides us nutrition to live and thrive in life; for it represents the living Religion of Life.
- Traditional religious architecture for the sheep of masses, seems to be about believing, worshipping, and praying; whereas Living Religion is about seeking and realizing the absolute immaculate Truth of existence. Ultimately in the pursuit of Truth of existence, believing and seeking merge or consecrate as Dewdrops of transparent conscious awareness.
- May the seed of conscious awakening, sprout within each genuine seeker of hope and bliss of life blossom and fulfill itself .
- Dreams are but childish toys of temporary joy and distortions, whereas, attentive #Silence provides the blissful contentment from within.
- Observe the innocent smiles of Natives of the land. Through their daily demeanor of living, the native farmers of the land, radiate the genuine unscripted living Religion of the land.
- Religion of the land. is never an imported Brand or commodity.
- As we sow the seeds ourself in our home garden, watch the seeds sprout, become plants, flower and bear fruit, we become the witness and founding farmer of our own home-grown Religion of awareness; in which we are found. It is the Generic farming of immaculate perceptions.
- In our own interest, let us always honor the sanctity and nativity of our farmland, no matter how small or large, in honor of “ वतन -@Zero Mile and its farmers.



There to be a fathomless space between a blind believer and a vigilant seeker (like a Cobra { नागभूषणं } of immaculate, and inalienable Truth of existence.

The ageless unscripted Religion on the crescent of consciousness seems to be the #Silence (शांतचित्त), which harbors no #Messiah or messenger, but by itself is the sole witness of space and time.

Unfortunately, Religiosity (धर्मका नाटक और ढिंढोरा) continues to be the unabashed bastion of Religion from the high towers of presumptuous divine authority (अदनयंतकी मिनारें). कुतुबुद्दीनऐबक और बाबर, अक्वल लुटेरे थे, और याद रहे, कोई भी मस्जिद लुतराके नाम से नहीं बनाई

जाती !

याद रहे, बुद्ध, महावीर, कबीर और साईबाबा जैसे महापुरुष, निर्मल और पूज्यनीय फ़कीर संत थे।

The end of books and beginning of inner Silence begins to prompt unequivocally:

1. The Universe that lies outside of us is identical to the Universe that resides within us. Life exists because of it (सो हम).
2. That which is complete by itself from within, always remains complete by itself; which is expressed in Sanskrit as “ ॐ पूर्ण मिदं, पूर्णस्य, पूर्णाय ~ (Google it ~ for a formidable inward journey.)
3. Every seed, weed, and its blossom bears the universal wisdom of Creation, Preservation, and constant transformation.

For humanity at large, sheep following a Shepherd, and the smarty farties, the idea of God-Lord continues to be a dramatic and grammatical conjugative, pronoun, preposition, assigned with superlative pompous adjectives ~. Were as the

self-illuminated seekers of universal Truth sing “ ईश्वर, अल्लाह, आमेन और ॐ, सारे तेरो नाम-भाव पूजक , सबको सम्मति / सद्गति दे भगवान।

दिल एक मंदिर,, गिरजाघर, मस्जिद है, जहाँ पत्थर गीत गाते हैं, पाथरके के फूल आपस में हिल-मिलकर खेलते हैं , और महकती है, जीवन की फुलवारी।

The art of living Religion is akin to a Teflon coating on a cooking pan, free of any sticky scriptures, while it is all-inclusive in its innate #Nature.

The noisy pompacity of traditional Religiosity, which has been displayed globally through Centuries feels toxic to the nascent nature of humanity; although it mesmerizes the #masses (man + asses).

Observe for a change, that all creatures of Nature except humans live in natural state of #Nudity, irrespective of ambient atmospheric surroundings from North Pole to the South Pole!

Basic idea of living #Religion seems to be about alignment and consecration of available energies to maximize self-awareness and realize its limitless possibilities.

Following the emotions poured liberally into this composition so far, prompt:

- Having the humility to admit “I do not know” marks the very beginning of becoming available for a journey, in which spirituality implies transcending physicality and its limitations.
- Each living being seems to be a product of its own presence, its cause and proportionate consequences; until experiencing eternal #blissfulness from within (चिदानंद स्वरूपः, अखिलानंद स्वरूपः).
- “#Peace on Earth, seems to condense like Dewdrops in each individual heart consciousness pounding for it.
- A self-humbled heart seems to be the seat of immaculate universal wisdom of all-inclusiveness; beyond which there is no further need of any dimension.
- The conscious state of needlessness, in which there is no need for approval from outside sources, seems to represent the core message of being and becoming complete from within.
- The wisdom of timeless and spaceless presence is a realization, beyond the scope of any scripted scripture.
- The spirit of religion, religiosity, and religious terrorism practiced globally in modernity is self-incriminating affront to the self ennobling idea and ideals of daily living in consciousness awareness, as does a Cobra of alert consciousness(नागभूषणं); depicted pictorially in the Cosmic Dance of masculine and feminine in equal balancing act (शिव-पार्वती तंदनृत्य).



- The unabashed #Truth of existence seems to be that naked we arrive in this world, and equally naked we shall depart, in pursuit of the ultimate destiny of becoming complete from within.
- While religiosity continues to be a stinking trajectory of some ramparts of human consciousness; with due respect to the idea and ideal of virtual God, Heaven, and Hell, the eternal #Truth is always present in its totality within ourselves, prompts Sufi Fakir / saint Kabir alluding to the spirit of “All in One, and One in All”.

मोको कहाँ दुँडेर रे बंदे,
में ना मंदिर में, ना मस्जिद में, ना परबत की गुफाओंमें
में तो हरपल तेरे साथ हूँ~~

The above musical note subtly alludes to experiencing the supreme wisdom of existence “ All in One, and One in All ”, which expresses itself in Sanskrit as “ Om Purnawidaha, purnasya, pur naaya ~~ Google it for details). Briefly stating “That which is complete from within itself, always remains complete ~~”.

इस गहरी सोच को, समझने वाले समझ जाते हैं,
खुदमें सम्हल जाते हैं, सिद्धेश्वर बन जाते हैं,
दीवाने बनकर खुद की रियासतमें मगन हो जाते हैं, ठैरजाते हैं।
जैसे, दसाध्वी मीरा हो गई मगन ~~

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a-HaUyDP0Ko>

छायाचित्र - ऐसे लागी लगन, मीरा हो गई मगन ~~ भजन सम्राट अनूप जलोटा ने गाया रहस्य।

Life pursues different paths to quench the canine hunger for being and becoming complete from within; अन्तर्यामी तीर्थयात्रा।

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cWMB-nqmj-w>

छायाचित्र - मनकी आँखें खोल बाबा, मनकी आँखें खोल ~~ श्री मन्ना डे का गाया गीत.
सत्यमेव जयते। Truth alone Triumphs, while it remains an inner experience and realization.

ॐ तत्सत।
ॐ शांति ॐ।

Attentive #Silence is never a self-deception.

Concluding this composition @ the dawn hours, when Dewdrops condense on petals of blossom.

December 02

The Trajectory of #Sparklers



<http://sureshmdeo.enupgames.com/Sparklers.pdf>

The title “Sparklers” embodies my personal gratitude to all sources of wisdom that consecrate and condense in consciousness as Dawn Dewdrops. The innumerable sources of wisdom include all living experiences of the past eighty seven years starting from my birth year of 1932.

My experiential journey started with the first 25 years of nurturing in the land of birth (वतन) identified as Bharat (भारत / India) and the subsequent years to date in America (USA).

The root word Bharat / भारत subtly implies the perennial flame of Life, whereas America represents the nuance; together they have come to represent embracing the dynamic realities of existence, with balanced pride and prejudice, or the Cosmic Dance!

December 01

For Whom the Bell Tolls?



The Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, USA.



Handy Bell used in traditional Indian household prayer privacy.

A traditional Bell, irrespective of its size, seems to toll or ring for celebration of the freedom spirit of life expressing itself through the premodal sound vibrations of Ah-U-Hum. Hindu and related religious traditions perceive it as amalgamated sound vibration of OM (ॐ); Christian tradition interprets it as Amen, Sikh tradition interprets it as Onkar, Sufi tradition interprets it as Hun (हुँ), Jain and Buddhist traditions incorporate it in their chanting reverberations, while other religious traditions have their equivalent interpretations. It seems to be a fundamental recognition that the entire Universal presence is a perpetual motion emitting the amalgamated sound vibration. Scientists seem to ascribe it with the constant motion of Electrons and Protons within an atomic or molecular structure, which is predominantly empty Space.

The seers, seekers or sages seem to tune in to the subtle vibrations of universal Energy, its own constant creation, preservation, and transformation. Ultimately, it represents an individual specific inner realization. Needless to say, Individual perceptions vary all over the field of consciousness.

The subtle vibrations seem to be audible to the Seekers of immaculate Truth of existence. Spiritual traditions seem to refer to it as OM, God, Allah and its equivalents.

From all varying perspectives, it seems to condense as an individual specific inner vibration and realization.

Universally, the vibration is not ascribed as the scholarship of the mind and its ego; but a complete and unconditional surrender to embrace the cosmic nature (प्रकृती परमेश्वर). The Gayatri Mantra (गायत्री मंत्र) seems to allude to its all-inclusiveness.

Irrespective of size of the Bell, the root message ringing out of it seems to be that every immaculate offspring of Nature, ranging from microbes to the Human beings constantly seek its innate freedom to live and let live for life's innate longing to fulfill itself.

Our 3-year old Grandson, Raul, rings our household brass bell primarily out of his own freewill to entertain himself as well as extract the attention of his homestead for fun and frolic.

Ma Bell rings to announce, dinner is ready ~~