

ZERO MILE

वतन



SURESH M. DEO

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India
6/A, Vrindavan (2) C.H.S.
Panchavati, Pashan Road,
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Contact : sureshdeo32@gmail.com

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Dedicated to my wife **Usha** and our
three sons **Deepak, Vikas and Sagar**.

मंगलाचरण : Invocation



वतन हमारा चमन, हमारी महकती फुलवारी ।
हम वतन के बागवान । ये हमारी पुष्पांजली ।

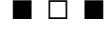
हम श्रद्धा-भक्ती से इसकी जोपासना करें,
इस भाव से, की ॐ जय जगदीश हरे,
तेरा तुझको अर्पण, क्या लागे मेरा ।
इस चमन के वास्ते, हम सब बागवान सदा कुर्बान ।

जीवन के जंग में वीर गतिको प्राप्त होने के पहले,
हमारे वीर अहसास दिला गए,
जब तक हमारे चमन में फूल खिलते रहेंगे,
तब तक उनकी खुशबू लेने हम आते रहेंगे ।

हमारे वतन के शहीदों
आप सबको, देशवासियों का सदा अन्तःकरण से नम्रतापूर्वक प्रणाम ।
आपकी निःशर्त अदा की हुई कुर्बानियां,
देश की सभ्यता का अहसास दिलाती हैं,
और साथ ही साथ आदेश देती हैं,

देश की स्वतंत्रता और सभ्यता की जिम्मेदारी,
जुडके सब देशवासियों की होती हैं।

हुतात्मा हैं मनोबल, दैवी सम्पदा का आदेश, और देश का स्वाभिमान
जय हिंद जय भारत ।



Acknowledgments

This is acknowledgement of the perennial sources of wisdom from which this book has derived glimpses of inspiration. These sources include but are not limited to :

- The immediate family environment and the larger family of relationships.
- Silent personal interactions (दर्शन) with Sri Ramana Maharshi (www.sriramanamaharshi.org) and Meherbaba (www.meherbaba.com.ar)
- Discourses of ishayoga.org and guruma.com
- 82 years of personal life experiences, which include listening and experiencing during childhood the flora and fauna of Bastar including Chitrakoot falls, the unassuming simplicity and spontaneous laughter of the Mariya and Mariya tribals. The later experiences include listening to the silent whisper of Ellora caves in Maharashtra, the lapping waves of the Arabian sea at Juhu beach in Mumbai where I collected 100-Seashells, the unconditional love and patience exuding out of the female of every life species for its infant, the eighty year old Gorilla in the St. Louis zoo that looked at us wondering why are these stupid humans stare at me, watching the first Lunar landing live on TV, and the welcoming gesture of the Statue of Liberty with the rising Sun and full Moon simultaneously hanging out in the sky as our ship approached the Hoboken pier in US bearing me and my perpetual companion called Curiosity.

I am grateful to the individual and intangible forces that coalesced to fuel the spirit of this book.

Depending on the need of the moment to better express a thought, a duet or trio of English, Hindi and Marathi languages will be evident in this book. Simultaneous use of 2 to 3 regional languages is also the natural way conversations are held amongst Indians as a matter of sheer habit in the backdrop of 22 regional languages enjoined with 1.25 billion independent thinkers.

The purpose of writing this book, **वक्तन - Zero Mile**, would be rewarded as much as it enhances our vision from a personal perspective to an all inclusive perspective for engaging in purposeful pursuits of life.

For the abovementioned self revealing life experiences, I feel forever grateful.



Introduction

The twin title on the cover of this book, वतन - **Zero Mile**, is symbolic of the focus of our conscious awareness. वतन and Zero Mile are two ideas that are held as close or as far from our root consciousness.



*Center Point sculpture @ Nagpur.
Photo courtesy Rajat Mahajan*

Zero represents the center point of our conscious awareness. The four horses depicted in the artistic sculpture above are symbolic of unbridled mind and its thoughts that tend to scatter and fan out in all possible directions. The earthly directions and dimensions tend to lose relevance when we orbit around the Earth or any other planet while riding in a space capsule. It is an Eagle's daily perspective by soaring high in the sky and watching the world with piercing details.



With a purposeful focus on life, thoughts eventually condense and coalesce into a conscious awareness; bringing home the reality of existence. Consciousness is an all inclusive awareness; which reveals that most humans are semiconscious most of the time.

This book is a biography of conflict ever raging in search of a meaningful resolution for two opposing perspectives involved in conflict. Victory or defeat simply ensures continuation of a conflict, because it truly serves only one side of the conflict. A peaceful accord mediated by a third party simply provides a fragile solution and an opportunity for photographs of hand shakes and customary political smiles.

Life ceases to be a battlefield, only when peace is established within.

The backdrop of this book is the Indo-Pak war of September, 1965. This year, marks its 50th Anniversary.

In the spirit of this book, we the sons and daughters of our Nation (वतन) can never adequately repay the debt of gratitude owed to our Martyrs who have tendered their lives in the service of the country in various conflicts to date, while upholding its national creed.

“Truth Alone Triumphs : सत्यमेव जयते ”.



“Timeless Truth is that which is wholly a part of us and we are a part of it as well. Truth is entirely a self revealing inner realisation or revelation that demands no proof”.

- **Suresh M. Deo**
sureshdeo32@gmail.com

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In this book, each title represents a stand alone composition.

Feel free to pick any title for your reading pleasure.

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Remembering the Martyr



गुलदस्ता - War and Peace, Painting by Neela Phadnis.

Initially, I had chosen a caption “The Flower Pot” for the above painting. Subsequently I asked Neela, the original painter of this image, about her interpretation of this image; her emotions that prompted her to draw this image. She wrote, “The logic behind painting the Vase with flowers was that.. flowers are the ultimate stage of enlightenment for a plant. A human being has to take inspiration from MOTHER NATURE and evolve. That is how I have looked at life”.

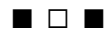
Each individual naturally has a different perspective of an image or thought. There is no right or wrong interpretation. I am tempted to interpret the same painting as follows “Every element of Nature including

the living as well as the non living matter evolves and transforms itself differently, while silently and unknowingly complementing and prompting each other. Humans amongst all seem to struggle most to connect with their innate natural identity.

Before comprehending Neela's perspective, I had interpreted the same picture as follows:

This painting of गुलदस्ता seems to signify War and Peace. A vase holding an aesthetically arranged cluster of colored flowers represents life in its diversity and reality. The red and white flowers complemented with green leaves seem to communicate aggression and peace. The green color seems to symbolise the ultimate peace within.

What seems to defines each one of us and makes a difference in life is the performance of our daily work passionately and gracefully. Out of the effortless dedication and bravery on the battlefield of daily life, seems to surface a deeper meaning of life. In the spirit of this composition, it is prudent to recognize that individual sacrifices are volunteered in all walks of life by unassuming and unrecognized heroic braves for insuring natural freedom, harmony, and honor.



Spilled Aggression

The stream of life flows out of its pot with mixed motions, expressions and their respective colors, which are symbolically displayed by the seven colors of a Rainbow.

Conflict (संघर्ष) is spilled aggression expressing itself through its red color.



East and West are simply two opposite physical directions. There is no conflict (संघर्ष) between the East and West. Conflict between two opposites is always fabricated, bearing corresponding consequences on both sides.

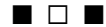
There is a Western way of thinking that looks aggressively outside and seeks to measure or gauge the reality of existence. There is a presumed distance

between the seeker and the sought.

In contrast, there is an Eastern way of thinking that looks peacefully within to seek and experience the Oneness of the seeker and the sought.

American author Mark Twain wrote about the East and West “ Never the twain shall meet“ .

The twain, East and West, do not meet unless they meet at the Center Point, which is symbolic of Zero Mile of conscious awareness.



Memorabilia

Some words or expressions take on specific meaning based on individual specific experiences. The dictionary meaning of the word memorabilia (mem•o•ra•bil•i•a) implies objects kept or collected because of their historical interest, especially those associated with memorable people or events.

In the context of this composition, memorabilia implies the memories of my generation (1930's) that have coalesced over a period of time, especially those associated with events such as the 1965 Indo-Pak war and the 50 years that have transpired since then.

Memories are vibrations ever present in the consciousness of living individuals. The absence of an individual departed from life is sensed by how life was lived. In the incessant march of time, the exact dates of birth and death of an individual gradually become less relevant, while the indomitable free spirit of braving life lives on.

My younger brother, Major Surendra Deo, was fatally wounded on 16 September, 1965 while confronting a brazen offensive launched by neighboring Pakistan along the North-West border of India.

While his artillery battery was engaged with two enemy planes on the relatively barren Sialkot Sector, the fatal shot was fired at Surendra in his back. Wounded, as he fell to the ground, Mother Earth soaked up his pool of

blood and comforted him by administering unconsciousness. After recovering for a few moments out of the unconsciousness, regaining conscious after a few hours, Surendra requested a sip of water and then slipped into his eternal sleep. His last day was barely 10 days before his own 31st birthday. At that time, his wife Anuradha was in her upper twenties and his son Ashwin was barely 11 months old.

Our mother silently endured the loss of Surendra for the rest of her life. Under the gentle smile that she often braved to wear, there was a depth of sadness that only she could have fathomed and we could only sense in a futile effort to console her.

When we lose a dear one in the battle of life, the word brave seems to bring a realization that....It is not what we do in life but how graciously we brave it that makes a difference. Out of the dedication and bravery displayed on the battlefield of life, surfaces a deeper meaning of life. Self-sacrifices for insuring freedom and honor are offered in all walks of life for achieving...the peace for which each one of us is innately thirsty. Whether the incident situations of life confront us as war, battle, skirmish or emotional imbalances seem irrelevant.

The intensity of our memories and associated emotions deepen and come into sharper focus as we become aware of other conflicts that seem relevant from a personal perspective. Subsequent to losing Surendra, Googled information has revealed other historic battles that have raged on the Indian subcontinent in which incredibly large number of brave fighters have lost their

lives on either side in a very brief span of few days.

Coincidentally, another battle that had raged on 16-17 September was during the American Civil War (1861-1865). In that incident, within a brief span of just 24 hours, the Federal and Rebel forces clashed and 23,000 soldiers lost their lives in a small town. Then, I became aware through a comment on Fareed Zakaria's GPS TV show, that the American Civil War had claimed the lives of 25 per cent of the nation's population. It seemed that each opposing point of view battles its convictions to death.

Such human conflicts seem to be the clashes of the Titan Egos. How many family members, including innocent children and friends, bare the pain of the conflicts for the rest of their lives? Time helps the healing process in its own ways, but real solutions rarely surface.

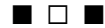
How could there be a victor when both sides lost so immeasurably?

Irrespective of the timeline, physical location or justification of conflict, the emotions of the brave that perish continue to hound humanity's conscience and its crevices in immeasurable ways.

There are forces of Nature that affect and reflect human nature and psyche because there is an innate connection between the two. We and Nature are innately inter connected. हम दोनों में एक कुदरती रिश्ता है।

Unfortunately, the cycle of War and Peace seems repetitive due to the limited memory span of humanity, effects of the erosion of the Green Cover on planet Earth and new camp fires orchestrated by humans.

It seems that only the accumulated information that humbles and naturalizes us, stands a chance of transforming into wisdom. The term “naturalizes” is used here to imply the sensitive art and process of harmoniously blending in with Nature. Wisdom is simply a vibrational energy without any borders or limitations. Therefore at the end of our life journey, it seems that all accumulated information, except the vibrations of wisdom, becomes garbage for trashing..... lest we pollute the journey on the other side of life.



History of Conflict : संघर्ष का इतिहास

History is a neutral observer and witness to aggression, blunders, and false pretenses of mankind. In my lifetime since 1932, I have witnessed from the sidelines more than a stomach full of conflicts starting from the 2nd World War (1940-45) to the latest conflicts in progress around the world. The muted flames and ashes of all of these conflicts still linger on. Yet humanity has had the audacity to repeatedly claim that some conflicts have ended with a Peace Accord that has often proven to be open ended. Each conflict seems to be a misguided missile hitting false targets. Such a chain of blunders has set a pattern of self incriminating actions.

To a neutral and independent observer, it seems that conflicts such as these are motivated primarily by anticipated long range economic gains by the aggressors rather than addressing the genuine interests and concerns of the common residents living in the region of conflict. The helpless children that are ever thirsty and hungry for a stable environment are the real victims and witnesses of the tragedy on both sides of the conflict. How could there be a winner when both sides lose so much?

A conflict brings out the brave, bravery and courage of the young spirit in each one of us.

Being wholly present in the present moment, provides the necessary courage, strength, and wisdom of life.

Conflict claims its due casualties. A Martyr is one that has lived a purposeful life, with a daunting spirit that is ever present. हरेक शहीद वीरगती को प्राप्त होता है।

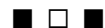
In the memories of a conflict or war, it seems that:

The ugly memories of one major conflict or war last for about two subsequent generations. That is how short is the memory of mankind. Then the cycle of conflict resumes. Vanity, greed, and mutual distrust seem to reign supreme in the consciousness of mankind. Conflicts and wars of previous four centuries as well as the entire history of mankind bear ample witness to it. Peace accords are made and then broken conveniently.

What really defines us is a simple and sincere question that surfaces out of human conflicts. Our inherited social and religious faith or absence of it does not define any one. Gods are conveniently exchanged and bartered, and prayers are offered primarily for personal gains.

Our individual intentions and actions do seem to audibly broadcast and define us. Our philosophy of life is no more and no less, only our own opinion, experience and a way of living. There are just a handful amongst us that become self enlightened.

A Martyr is not defined by the uniform and stripes that were worn, but solely by the dedication, devotion, and purposeful actions in upholding the values of life vowed to defend and uphold. Mother Nature never demands any proof for dedication or devotion.



Anguish

Anguish is a painful emotion of the living.

24 September 2014 was Ashwin Deo's 50th Birthday. Ashwin was barely eleven months old when his father, Maj. Surendra Deo, was killed in action during the Indo-Pak war of 1965. Ashwin eloquently penned down his anguish on his 50th birthday last year as follows :

"Major Surendra Deo! Father! BOZO! Mystery! Enigma!.....died 8 days before my first birthdayin action, 16-09-1965.....Indo Pak war!!! 49 years ago!!!! Wonder if it was worth it!!!!!! A strapping young man, all of 31.....Do you ever regret that in spite of your supreme sacrifice, the hatred continues!!!! May your soul rest in eternal peace!!!! You did what you had to do!!! Wonder If I will do even a tenth of what you did!!!! God Bless you, my old man!!!!

Note: Surendra's buddies in army addressed him as Bozo.

For me, the memory of my younger brother Surendra always stays @ 30 years young and debonair. A few years ago, i saw Surendra in my dream, as clear as daylight. He was waiting for me at the Nagpur railway station. I was late in arriving at the station to receive him. His train had already arrived 15 minutes ago. I spotted him waiting for me on a platform bench. As soon as our eyes met, we exchanged broad and hearty smiles. He looked as young as thirty. Together, we started walking towards the exit of the railway station while soaking up each other's presence. A few moments later, Surendra was walking a few steps

ahead of me. Then just a few moments later, as we walked, I realized that the image of Surendra was substituted by the image of his son Ashwin, who has grown taller than him in 50 years. With that pleasant note, the dream terminated. Dreams are indeed a many splendored experience!

Last year, Maj. Surendra's wife Neela wrote an article titled "Anguish", which was published by Nagpur's newspaper named Hitavada.

ANGUISH!

■ By Anuradha Deo (Phadnis)

I WRITE this with deep anguish within me, as Pyres of the brave hearts are still burning, though the sound of 21 Gun Salute has withered away. Yet the tunes of 'The Last Post' are still reverberating in the air. The families of slain soldiers are now bestowed with rare honour and known for the martyrdom of their son. The young wife holding on to her little one is inconsolable for her weeping heart comprehends nothing. She cannot escape the eyes of those around her, while the older child lights up the funeral pyre.

It is now 57th times, the neighbouring country has crossed the LOC without much resistance and 57th time they are successful with their mission, ambushing and killing our dedicated saviours of the frontier, this time killing five of them. The news has spread like wild fire and every citizen is talking of revenge.

TV channels bring the visuals of the State Funeral for the brave hearts, with their Flag draped coffins being ushered by uniformed pall bearers of the Army. As the ceremony demands, the Chief of Army Staff lays a wreath and salutes the slain soldiers.

People around talk of revenge and tit for tat tactics to be adopted by the Army. A soldier has to seek orders from his superior to return the enemy fire in such situation and not go berserk on his own. The Indian Army is the most disciplined army of soldiers, with commitment to serve and defend the nation in calamity and in the face of enemy action, thus saving the honour of the National Flag. Like the sad, irresponsible and damaging comment made by one Minister from Bihar, he does not join the army to get martyred. The Olive greens worn by the men in the Army infuse them with a rare sense of responsibility to perform duties during catastrophes like the recent cloud burst in Rudraprayag, or at the Siachin Glacier. He lives for a cause, supported by his family for his commitment.

**GUEST
COLUMN**

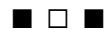
Looking back, it was not very late to recall how we had received a beheaded body of our soldier. That time also, the nation again stood up as one to protest and ask the Government of India to retaliate, since the enemy refused to handover the decapitated head. What must have been the anguish of the family which lost its bread winner. The Government promptly announces compensation to silence the critics, but like one brave wife of a martyred soldier said recently that instead of money, she will be happy to see our forces retaliate.

Our Nation has history that is woven in fabric of events that speak of achievements and failures, like victory in 1965, 1971 and the Kargil War but unable to get our 54 Prisoners of War, still suspected to be languishing in Pakistan Jails. Whenever, the families of such prisoners approach the Government, it gives a cold shoulder and a gullible reply. The anguish continues till date and our soldiers continue to face mockery and insult.

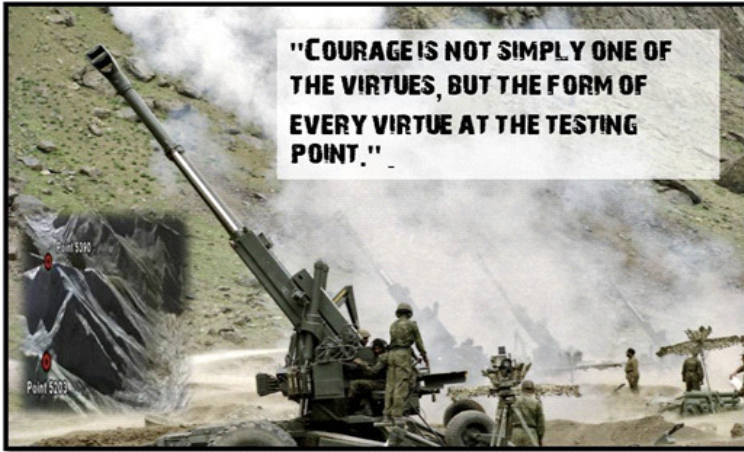
Change of Guard at the level of Prime Minister and with an Army Chief who cannot take things lying down, is the need of the hour. We need the likes of Field Marshal Sam Manekshaw, who could talk to the PM and Parliament, one to one fearlessly and convince them. Unfortunately, the present incumbent at both the places are less said the better. I can only address one last question to the Army Chief before closing - "How many more coffins are you going to salute during your Army tenure as Chief Sir?"

(The author is a war widow and member of Indian Ex Servicemen League.)

Anguish is an emotion that follows as a shadow; always in the rear, where as a mirage always stays ahead of reach. Never the twain seem to meet.



Courage and Bravery



A Martyr has lived a purposeful life passionately, with a daunting spirit that is ever present.

Three (3), nine (9) and twelve (12) seem to be meaningful numbers in the build up of conscious life awareness of a human.

Three (3) is symbolic of creation, preservation and transformation in the timeless and ever changing Cosmos.

Nine (9) is symbolic of each human fetus developing through an orderly and automatic accumulation of cell by cell in Mother's womb over a period of nine months. The very first cell that throbs with life energy may be the fertilized egg, which scientifically encapsulates the DNA (biological identity). From an introspective philosophy of

life, this fundamental cell also encapsulates the evolutionary emotional identity, which is constantly seeking its true cosmic identity through repeated cycles of physical creation, preservation and transformation. The repetitious physical cycle of birth, life span, death and rebirth terminates with the union (Yoga) of conscious awareness of Oneness with the all inclusive consciousness, identified as Cosmos (सृष्टी / ब्रह्मांड).

Then the next chapter of 9 months begins. After coming out of the mother's womb, the helpless infant spends the first nine months in mother's caring hands. During those nine months, the infant is constantly under the caring vigil of Mother while picking up basic skills of communicating with life. The 24/7 close vigil of mother continues, and gradually the fatherly touch pitches in to shore the necessary touch sensations. Concurrently, the count of twelve (12) begins to cast its network.

The first 12 years of a child's life, lays the foundation which may be referred as the culture of life consciousness (संस्कार). During the following twelve years, age 12 to 24, the maturing individual picks up the necessary skills and experiences of life. Becoming a conscious witness to these initial 24 years of life experiences defines the purposefulness of entire life and its limitations. Ages 24 to 36 and 36 to 48, which have the bubbling physical energies, are the prime times for individual performance.

A flowering and fruit bearing plant exudes fragrance and pollen attracting bees and gradually bears fruit. The latter period is for the fruit to grow, ripen to its natural

sweetness and eventually offer itself to the birds, animals, and humans desirous of its sweetness. In a similar sense, martyr falls to the ground in ultimate sacrifice for the Nation.

The ultimate accomplishment of human life seems to be self defined by the degree of satisfaction or absence of it with life.

A closer study of Indian braves that have sacrificed their lives while protecting and honoring the freedom spirit of India have been in the age range of 24 to 48, their prime time of life. They gave their all to protect and ensure the spirit and privilege of freedom for the living.

The Indo-Pak war of 1965 claimed the life of my younger brother Maj. Surendra Deo at the age of 30. A warrior never dies. Martyr, Surendra Deo brought home the unequivocal message of passionately leading a purposeful life within the fragile lifetime.

The parents and spouse of each Martyr (शहीद) brave an emotional pain and burden that no one else can fathom. Other relatives and friends of the Martyr come to terms with life in their own time shell.

श्रम, कर्म और सेवा धर्म का पालन करनेवाला हरेक वीर, जब खुद के जानकी कुर्बानी देता है, तो खुद उसकी बात नहीं करता, नाकि उसके बदौलत कोई शान-शोहोरत चाहता है। ऐसे जीवनशैली की भावूक खोज में, जब अंतिम समय आता है, तब वीर शहीद बन जाते है और वीरगती को प्राप्त होजाते है।

माँ और भक्तिभाव हरेक इंसान में स्वाभाविक होता है; वो सिखना या सिखाना नहीं पडता। आखरी साँस तक उसकी हिफाजत करना हरेक भारतीय का फर्ज होता है। इसी कारण हिन्दुस्तान का हरेक जनता जनार्दन स्वयंसेवक मन ही मन में दोहराता है, भारत माता की जय, जय हिंद।

We the seniors blessed with longer life spans in freedom, instead of complaining about our well earned aches and pains, shoulder responsibilities for our forthcoming younger generations:

Recognize that each one of us senior citizen is a skilled weaver of fabric on our hand loom. We have produced beautiful fabric on our looms using threads spun out of staple Indian culture. We have blended it with fiber spun out of staple cotton, silk, and wool dyed with brilliant colors derived from vegetable matter and complemented with golden and silvery thread (जर) as necessary.

We have to pass on our passionate skills of handloom weaving to the younger generations. Passion for skills and satisfaction with life is what we have to pass on. We owe it to them in full measure. In doing so, the seniors and juniors share their gratitude to each other as well as all शहीद (Martyrs) in the true spirit of life expressed in two following lines of a commonly sung भजन :

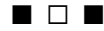
ओम जय जगदीश हरे, स्वामी जय जगदीश हरे,
तेरा तुझको अर्पण, क्या लागे मेरा.....

भारत में पैदा हुआ हरेक इन्सान, भारत भाग्य विधाता है।

हरेक शहीद सेवाभाव में पवनपुत्र हनुमान तत्त्व मेहसूस होता है। शहीदों की चाल और चलन की यादोंमें, हमें वायू का अेहसास होता है। वायू जीवन का मूलतत्त्व है, जो हमें हवा को चलानेवाले शक्ती का अेहसास दिलाती है। उस शक्तीरूप को हम जिंदगी या ईश्वरतत्त्व संबोधित करते हैं।

Please do not dilute or pollute this thought process with your scientific knowledge of pressure differential causing movement of air!

‘ए मेरे वतन के लोगों....’ यह लता मंगेशकर ने गाया हुआ अनमोल गीत हमारे हर शहीद के लिए एक सन्माननीय और भावूक श्रद्धांजली है, जो हर भारतीय को परिचित है।



Bravery, Grief and Honor

The emotions of bravery, grief and honor are spontaneous expressions and experiences.

After the brave warrior is mortally wounded on the battlefield and falls to the ground, mother Earth soaks up the spilled blood. From the very moment of leaving the body, martyr is beyond the realm of human consciousness.

Subsequently, the martyr's parents and widow receive the mortal remains of the brave with soaked up emotions that no one else can truly fathom and share with them ever. The other relatives and friends make fragile peace with time. The pain of a purposeful journey that was abruptly ended cannot be easily smoothed out with medals of honor or rewards, which the martyr never expects.

There are tears of sadness and tears of joy. Soaked up tears and emotions coalesce, and gradually find expression through individual passion for life. Each individual shares and expresses sense of grief and gratitude for the martyr in different ways.

A Marty's Mother grieves most and mourns silently.



*Mr. and Mrs Deo, with the photo of their son,
Late Mr. Major Surendra M. Deo.*

Mrs. Ramabai Deo silently endured the loss of her son for the rest of her life. Under the gentle smile that she often braved to wear, there was a depth of sadness that only she could have fathomed and others could only sense in a futile effort to console her. She dealt with her grief through diversion with her passion for writing. Through her handwritten script, she communicated with children of modern generations on various philosophical thoughts in current context and suggesting the art and techniques for putting them in practice. She wrote :

मेरा प्यारा पुत्र मेजर सुरेंद्र देव
और अन्य वीर
जिन्होंने १९६५ के हिन्द-पाक युद्ध में आत्मबलिदान से
अपनी मातृभूमी की रक्षा की।
उन सबके स्मरणार्थ यह लेख अर्पण करती हूँ।

मेरे प्यारे बच्चों, आज हमारी सबसे बड़ी समस्या तो यह है कि, हमारा

शरीर सेहतमंद मंद अनाज (nutritious food) कि कमीसे कमजोर होता जा रहा है। साथही साथ, हमारे मन की दुर्बलता हमें अधोगती के रास्ते ले जा रही है। जिसके कारण हम अपने सुख और समाधान से विमोचित हुए है।... see pages 69 to 104 in the book titled Seamless Generations - अखंड परंपरा (scribd.com).

She also wrote the shortest letter in her life, which was addressed to me in an aerogram soon after Surendra's death on the battlefield . That is also the shortest letter that I have ever received in my entire life. At that time, I was living in Saint Charles, Illinois, USA. The letter read :

प्रिय सुरेश,
सुरेंद्र गेला.
आई

The above three lines expressed a whole world of emotions.

Major Deo's Father, Mr. M. N. Deo, dealt with his grief by engaging in his passion for teaching young minds. He taught English in a few educational institutions in Nagpur. He wrote a book titled "What To Say In English", which was published by Surendra Enterprises Publication and he personally marketed the book with remarkable enthusiasm.

Surendra's wife Anuradha (Neela) found expression through vocal music, painting and managing her start up private business, Surendra Gas Agency Pvt. Ltd. in Nagpur. She has managed the Agency successfully for

the past fifty years. In the process, the Agency has been awarded Nation's best Customer Service Award for a few consecutive years.

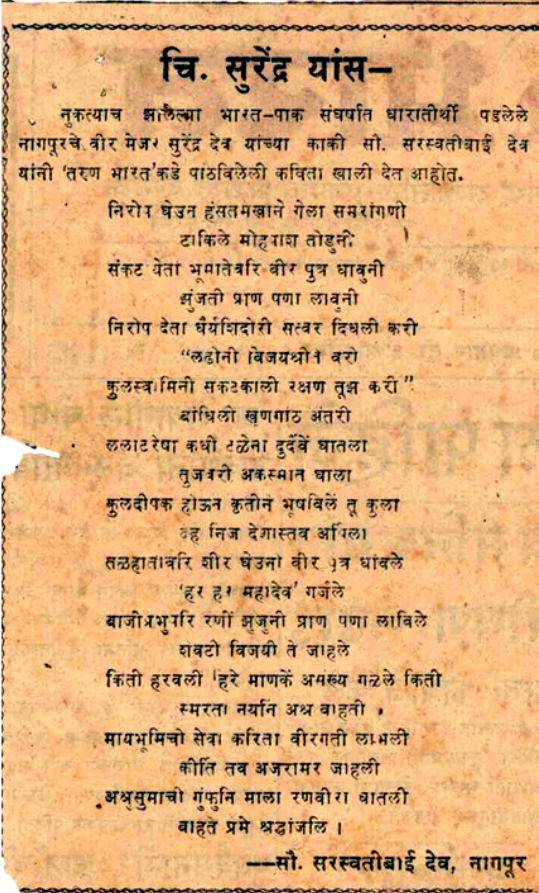


Martyr's home town of Nagpur, mourned in its own ways.



The Nagpur Municipal Corporation honored its martyr son by renaming the Dhantoli Park as Major Surendra Deo Park, and naming two new upcoming subdivisions of Nagpur as Surendranagar (सुरेंद्र नगर) and Deo Nagar (देव नगर) respectively.

Our senior Aunt, Mrs Saraswatibai Deo was empathetically taking complete care of her own autistic child, Jayant, for the past thirty years. With her noble heart, she expressed her emotions for martyr Surendra through her following poem written in Marathi :



Neela's younger brother, Balkrishna Annigeri, was a high school student at that time. He wrote it all eloquently in the following eulogy :

In Memory Of Major Surendra Deo

.....

We remember you again and again
Tears will drip but in vain
You were the brightest of all
For the country you did fall
You gave up your today
So that we may see our tomorrow
You came in our life like a breeze
And on 16th you did freeze
You went in search for eternity
To the heavens to the Gods
You left behind us sweet memories
We looked at your picture, thought
for a while,
And forgot all our worries
you will always be the flame for
our mind
About your glorious past
About your glorious life
And above all your love for mankind.

The stark reality bears prompting that posthumous awards and condolences for the Martyr console the living. When every member of the currently living 4-tier generations have expired their respective life tenures, the ever changing environment shall prompt and inspire the forthcoming generations about the everlasting spirit of self-sacrifice and unconditionally surrendering to the wisdom of reality. The world moves on.

This composition is essentially about celebrating life and living it purposefully; and not about mourning and incapacitating ourselves.

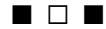
In the abovementioned spirit of this book, I personally reminisce on the birth of my younger brother Major Surendra M. Deo and his son Ashwin Deo, whose respective birth dates are coincidentally in the month of September, barely two days apart. The son was born first on 24th September, before his father was born on 26th September!

It is the birth of each one of our dear ones, that enables us to experience their individual specific wisdom of life. For these opportunities of life, we feel eternally grateful.





Wife of Maj. Surendra Deo, Anuradha Deo.



Cave and the Bat : गुंफा और चमगीदढ



सुरेंद्र और मेरा पहले १० साल का बचपना, बस्तर राज्य के जगदलपूर में गुजरा (१९३२ मे १९४२)। आज सन २०१५ में, कुछ धुंदलीसी याद आ रही है। हमारे जगदलपूर के घरमें, रायपूर से कोई महेमान आए हुए थे। उनके station wagon में हम सब, दोनों परिवार, किसी जगहमें पुरातन गंफाएं देखने गए थे। ये गुंफाएं नंदनवन में जमीन के नीचे थी। गुंफा में नीचे जाने के लिए पत्थर की सीडियां थी। उस वक्त मैं और सुरेंद्र चार फुटियां ऊंचे होंगे।

गुंफा में सिर को समहालकर चलना पड रहा था, क्योंकि गुंफा के अंदर की उंचाई ४ से ८ फूटकी होंगी। गुंफा के अंदर एकदम शान और शीतल वातावरण था। सिर्फ पानी के कुछ छोटे झरने बहने की मधुर आवाजें सुनाई दे रही थी। उस शांत और शीतल वातावरण में कुछ चमगीदढ उलटे टंगे हुए नजर आ रहे थे। जमीन के नीचे होकर भी। दुनिया को उलटे होकर देखने का उनका तरीका देखकर मुझे अचरज लग रहा था। गुंफा के अंदर का माहोल मुझे आज भी मन में साफ दिख रहा है और उसकी शांतता

सुनाई दे रहा है.... महसूस हो रहा है।

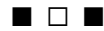
१९६६ साल में ४ महिने में महाराष्ट्र के एलोरा गावमें रहा था। उस वक्त मैं रोज अकेला शाम को एलोरा गुंफा तक पैदल घुमने जाता था। ये गुंफाएँ, जमीन से ऊपर पहाडों में बनाई गई हैं। पहाडों में कलाकारों ने और कारीगरों ने अद्भुत कलाकृती किई हुई है। शाम को कोई टुरिस्ट नहीं होते और गुंफा का माहोल, एकदम शांत हो जाता था। उस शांतता में, कै. मुझे अकेला नजर आता था।

गुंफाओं के अंदर एक अवर्णनीय शांतता का माहोल महसूस होता है, जिसमें हम खुद को खो जाते हैं; जैसे छोटासा बालक, माँ की गोद में। गुंफाओं की शांतता में जो अवर्णनीय ज्ञान महसूस होता है, वो इन्सान ने लिखे धर्मग्रंथों में आजतक महसूस नहीं हुवा।

गुंफाओं में चमगीदढ उलटे टंगे दुनिया को आझमाते हैं। शायद इसी कारण योगी शीर्षासन करते हैं; दुनियां को उलटी तरफ से आझमायें।

इस दुनिया में फिट (Fit) होने के लिए हरेक इन्सान छटपटाता है।

सुना है कि अगर हम इस दुनिया में फिट (Fit) नहीं होते, तो शायद हम सही रास्ते पर चल रहे हैं।



Unconsciousness

It was the third week of December, 1984. I was admitted to the Good Samaritan hospital in Downers Grove, Illinois for my well earned, open heart surgery. Before wheeling me to the operation theatre, the doctor administered a shot (an injection) and assured that it would relax me. It surely did. Initially gradually and then suddenly in a few minutes, I unwound completely. In that state of complete unconsciousness, there was no light, no darkness, no sadness, no joy, no thought, no pain, and I could not even have found myself. But, I had not died because I lived to write about it in 2015. I feel thankful to the modern technologies and medical professionals for providing such effective techniques for completely knocking me out.

On other four occasions during my earlier years, I have passed out completely unconscious due to other reasons, but not passed away. Every time in the first initial moments that I recovered back to conscious awareness, I remember saying to myself, Oh shit, I am back! The unconscious state was so blissful and beyond description.

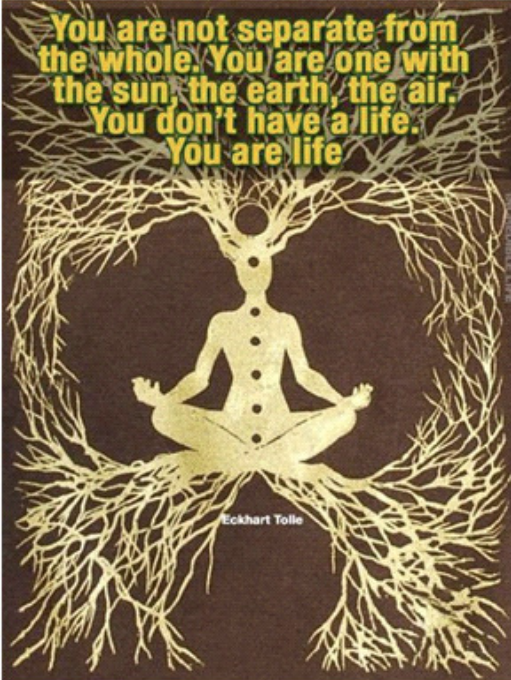
As a result of these experiences, now I sense that real death is an effortless transition to a state of nothingness and beyond human consciousness. Effort, pain and suffering exist only upto the point of death.

A martyr (शहीद) rests in blissful peace with no luggage and baggage of life.



वतन एक अध्यात्मिक सोच

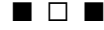
नीचे दिखाए चित्र में कलाकार ने वतन, तन और मनकी एकाग्रता का दृश्य फरमाया महसूस होता है। तन, मन और वतन एक दुसरे में समायें हुए हैं। जिसका जिक्र ॐ की ध्वनी तरंगों में समाया हैं। तसी गहरे भाव में निर्वाण, एकोकार, त्रिवेणी संगम इत्यादी भाव समा जाते हैं। ॐ और सतन कोई साम्प्रदाईक धर्म स्थापना नहीं। वतन, है एकलौती अनुभूति।



सर्वव्यापी अंतर्दामी दृष्टी - दैवी सम्पदा - Revelation from within

वतन,
एक मुल्ख नहीं, शैरत नहीं, जंग नहीं
सिर्फ हमारी सोच हैं, हमारी असली पहचान
इस सोच में हम सदा डुबे रहते हैं, खुद को पाने
वतन ना मेरा, ना तेरा, ना और किसी का
सिर्फ एक अनुभूती, एक साक्षात्कार
कोई शब्द बिना, आवाज बिना, सूत्र बिना
खुद की गहराई में, खुद से बिदा।
वतन, एक वैश्विक और सनातन सोच,
जो हमेशा थी, है और रहेगी।

हम इस मिट्टी से बने, पले, फूले, फले
और अंतमें, फिरसे उसीमें वापिस समा जाएं
मिट्टी हमें कबूल कर लेगी।
तेरा तुझको अर्पण, क्या लागे मेरा।



Audacity of Conscious Awareness

Does human life consciousness begin at the moment an egg gets fertilized in Mother's womb or at a later date? This vexing question defies any convincing answer. One cannot Google the answer simply because it does not have the incomparable cosmic intelligence.

Following is a snapshot of Major Surendra M. Deo's biographical sketch intertwined with my awareness of him as my baby brother, barely two years younger than me.

Early childhood

Surendra was born on 26 September, 1934 in Nagpur, MP. During 1934 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 shadowing 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 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 play grounds.

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.

Snapshot of Surendra's Age 20 to 30

As the rendezvous with destiny would have it, this would be the last decade of Surendra's life.

Following is a pictorial snapshot of Surendra growing up from age of 20 to 30. During the decade, we witnessed a fast progression in Surendra from college student to a sensitive and maturing person ever willing and ready to take on responsibilities of life with a smile.



Surendra visiting home while a cadet at NDA

The above picture shows Surendra (in jacket) along with his three brothers Satchit, Sudhakar & Suresh.

Surendra went to Dehradun to join NDA at the age of 18. When he returned home after one full year, I noticed that he had suddenly grown appreciably taller. Approaching the outside wooden gate of our Nagpur residence, he reached out over the gate with stretched out arms and a broad smile to hug me. I said, welcome home soldier!



Commissioned Officer Surendra Deo with Mother

During this entire period, we had a role model within the larger Deo family who had distinguished himself in the British Indian Army during the Second World War (1940-45). He was our first cousin Major Madhav V. Deo, whom we fondly addressed as Madhubhai. was British Raj at that time. While engaged in action on the Burma front against the Japanese onslaught headed towards India, he was caught in an enemy ambush. A bullet had penetrated through his toe. Scrambling out of enemy fire, Madhubhai returned safely to his base. Incapacitated for any further active duty in the military, he was eventually transferred out of the Army bearing the title of a Major and absorbed in the Indian

Administrative Services (IAS). Later he had gone to South Korea as a member of the Indian contingent participating in the UN Peacekeeping mission.



Surendra M. Deo in Army barrack

As a constantly maturing officer of the Armed Forces, Surendra stood as tall as his self assured confidence.

During 1956-57, while I was working in Baroda, Surendra was posted at Deolali Cantonment in Maharashtra. Both of us were bachelors at that time. During an extended weekend in 1957, I visited Surendra in Deolali Cantonment. That Saturday, both of us along with a few buddies of Surendra hung out at the Officer's Mess for several hours. Overlooking the beautiful lush green lawn, we sat in the verandah (patio)

freely bull-chatting, snacking, and drinking beer. The binging continued until the invisible walls around me had started rotating. I tweaked Surendra that I was drunk and he promptly assured that he will safely carry me back to the barrack on the rear carrier of his bicycle; which he did. Within minutes after reaching the barracks, both of us had dived into our beds around 5 PM on Saturday and remembered waking up around 9 AM on Sunday. Getting pleasantly drunk, once in a while, with your Buddy is lot of fun, especially if that Buddy was your Buddy before starting to drink and remains a Buddy after you sober up. It certainly cannot be the Bottle! Surendra was my Buddy and my baby Brother rolled into one; in short my जिगरजान दोस्त.

Later in 1963 myself, Surendra, and his wife Anuradha (Neela) were traveling from Mumbai to Nagpur in Howrah Express train which was an overnight journey. We were meeting after a gap of almost five years since I was away in USA. While in the train, as the next day dawned approaching Akola station, we started talking and catching up. During the conversation, Surendra mentioned about a new song that Lata Mangeshkar has sung live on January 27, 1963 in the presence of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru at the Ramlila Maidan in New Delhi on account of Indian Republic Day celebrations. The lyrics of the song that oozed out patriotic emotions had every Indian pause and take note:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f7G9iQR5uyU>

ऐ मेरे वतन के लोगों; "O! the people of my country!"
तुम ख़ुब लगालो नारा

ये शुभ दिन है, हम सबका
लहेरालो तिरंगा प्यारा
पर मत भूलो सीमापर
वीरों ने है प्राण गवाएं
कुछ याद उन्हें भी करलो
जो लौट के घर ना आएं
ए मेरे वतन के लोगो
जरा आँख में भरलो पानी
जो शहीद हुए है उनकी
जरा याद करो कुर्बानी
तुम भूल ना जाओ उनको
इसलिए सुनो ये कहानी
जो शहीद हुए है उनकी
जरा याद करो कुर्बानी

The patriotic song was written by Kavi Pradeep, composed by C. Ramchandra and sung by Lata Mangeshkar commemorating Indian soldiers that had died during the Sino-Indian War.

This song that had received rave appreciation from across the country had touched Surendra's core as well. Surendra sang the song for me in the train coupe with audibly deep emotions.

Later during February of 1965, Surendra, me, Sudhakar and our Brother-in-Law Datta Bhaiya had travelled from Deolali Cantonment to Nasik to visit the holy sites in the heart of the old city. We were walking through narrow lanes towards the Godavari river ghats (embankments).

By virtue of being a holy city, a long row of alm hopefuls had lined up for receiving alms from the tourists. Sudhakar and Dattubhya were walking up front while Surendra and I were walking together a few steps behind them. One of the perceptive alms hopeful had guessed rightly that Surendra and I were brothers. Addressing us audibly, he called out 'ए भगवान, यह राम और लछमन की जोड़ी कभी बिखर ना पाए।' His voice had gently touched our core. Little did we realize at that time that unfortunate coincidences within six months would separate us. The war with Pakistan broke out in September 1965 claiming Surendra.

Recently on 15 February, 2014 Usha, me and Deepak visited Neela-Vivek Phadnis at their residence in Nagpur along the Telankhedi forest preserve. Our family friends Dr. Suhas Salpekar and his son Varun had also joined us. During the get together, we glanced at the conical fairing shell identical to the one fired from the enemy aircraft that had fatally wounded Surendra on the battlefield, The conical copper shell was now empty of all of its aggression.

During the evening at Meela-Vivek's residence, we tasted and toasted the wine labeled "Turning Point" which is a product of Ashwin's business enterprise named TRINITY VINTNERS PVT. LTD. The spirit of the term Trinity seems to suggest Nature's Creation, Preservation and Transformation, symbolizing the audacity of of conscious awareness.

It is a blessed privilege for the opportunity of giving an expression to Surendra's life that was purposefully lived

in a relatively short span of 30 years.

Concluding remarks for Surendra's biographical sketch may best be summarized by using his son Ashwin's communication with me in May 2014. Based on his own life experiences, Ashwin wrote:

“ Faith is surely keeping me going in my endeavours at the moment. Many a times it feels that I am a candle in the wind. What this three year period has also taught me, and to my utter surprise, is that man can withstand much much more than he can ever imagine!! The courage to stand up against adversities is perhaps directly proportionate to the purposeful passion in your heart.”

Using Ashwin's expression, it is tempting to add “Braveheart fights adversaries of life with Purposeful Passion.”

Expressing some pertinent and related thoughts in Marathi :

जन्मभूमी अथवा जन्मजननीची श्रद्धापूर्वक सेवा करीत, वोद्धा वीरगतीला प्राप्त होतो.

मरावे परि श्रद्धा-भक्ती रूपी उरावे; हेचि जीवनाचे, परमवीर पारितोषिक.

Expressing some pertinent and related thoughts in Hindi :

सूक्ष्म नजरियासे देखें तो हम पाते हैं कि, हरेक शहीद के जन्म इतिहास का आधारस्तंभ उसके उर्जा शक्ति परही आधारित होता है। शहीद की उम्र नहीं होती; केवल उम्रभर संस्कारों की एक आत्मबौद्धिक सोच होती है।

Audacity of Conscious Awareness is a biography of the brave within each one of us that meaningfully lives the available lifespan while seeking its own true self-identity.

Subconsciously, it seems that the core family traditions seamlessly pass on like the DNA (biological identity). Continuing the tradition of unconditionally offering personal services to the welfare of fellow men, Maj. Surendra Deo's son Ashwin volunteers his personal services in his own ways. As an example, Ashwin sang at Genesis Foundation's fundraiser 'CEOs Sing for their Supper'

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

Gratitude expresses itself through the receiver as well as the giver. In the process both feel enriched and blessed. It is not what we offer or receive, but how graciously.....



सफर की यादें और दास्ताँ



वक्त : हिन्दुस्थान और पाकिस्तान के बीच, सप्टेंबर १९६५ की लढाई।

Indo-Pakistani War of 1965 - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Indo-Pakistani_War_of_1965

५० साल की सफर के बाद, आज २०१५ में सब भारतीय हमारे शहीदों की याद कर रहे हैं, जिनके जीवन आहुती के सहारे हमारी अखंड आझादी और देश के सांस्कृतिक तरकी का अहसास और उसकी खुशबू मेहसूस कर रहे हैं।

रणभूमी पर खुद का फर्ज निभाते हुए, जिन वीरोंकी लहु बह गयी, उनकी लहू और यादें जन्मजननी धरती समेट लेती हैं। शहीद हुए हरेक वीर की माँ, पुत्रके अस्थियों को हथेलियों में स्वीकार कर उस सुःख का श्रवण और निवारण करती है, जो कोई भी दुसरा इंसान आजमां नहीं सकता। माँ के बचे हुए उम्र में, उस की आँखों की पुतलियों में सदा दुख की छटा और गीलापन मेहसूस होता है। शहीदों के बाकी सब रिश्तेदार और मित्र, वक्त की रफ्तार में दुःख का निवारण और समझौता कर लेते हैं।



सत्यमेव जयते की चेतावनी और इंसाफ में पूरा भरौसा रखकर, शहीद हुए वीरों को हम सब भारतीयों का बार बार नम्रता से प्रणाम। उनके हम पर चढे ऋण, हम कभी लौटा न पाएं।

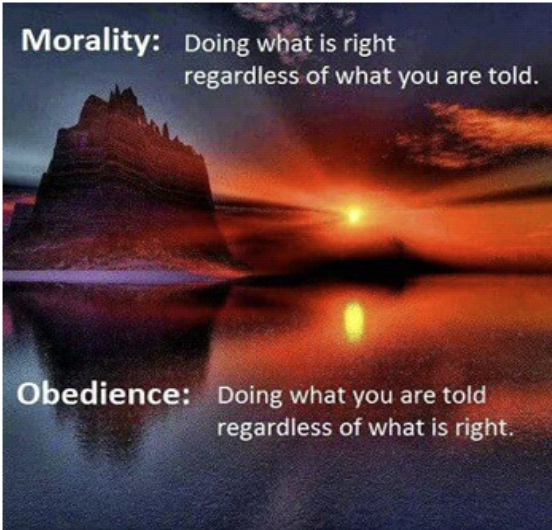
जंग होते रहेंगे और वीरोंके चेतना की ज्वाला, शहीदों की यादों से सदा सुलगती रहेगी।



नूतन भारत की जवान पिढीयों से एकही उम्मीद और प्रार्थना है : हिंदुस्थान अथवा भारत यह अकथनीय सदियोंसे इस भूमी की सांस्कृतिक पहचान रही है। इसके माध्यम से जीवन का आत्मसमृद्ध तरीका प्रतिनिधित्व होता है। यह भारत, हमारे सांस्कृतिक ऋषि परंपरा की अमूल्य अमानत है। इस आध्यात्मिक अथवा आत्मबौद्धिक अमानत को, हिफाजत से सम्हाले और श्रद्धापूर्वक उसे आजमाएँ। उसे आत्मसात करें।

Expressing the above thoughts in English: The innately innovative culture of this land identified as India/ Hindustan, represents a self enriching way of life that has survived and silently thrived in spite of multiple foreign aggressions over the past 2,200 years. Experience it in daily life to enrich yourselves. This land's cultural identity is Bharat.

I had requested my nephew Raghavendra Garde, Wing Commander (Retd) for an outline of the Oath of Allegiance of Indian Armed Forces. He furnished the following pertinent information :



Mama,

Yes. We had to take an oath of allegiance to the constitution of India, to the Service, to superiors and put country, then the Service interests, then men placed under us before self interest. The oath was administered first on enrollment and every year on Air Force day (08 Oct) in a parade of all personnel on the Station/Unit. Similarly it is for the Army and Navy. I do not have the full wording of the entire document. Maybe I will get it from the Net. I presume it must be the same for all the three services. The Army and the Navy must be doing it on their respective raising days. Yes, it is both in Hindi and English.

While in the Air Force service I, like any one of my service mates am subject to Air Force Act in addition to the Law of the Land such as the Indian Penal code. Similar is the case for Army and Navy.

The President of India is the Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces in India. My Parchment Commission is signed by the then President Dr. S Radhakrishnan as per custom.

Very detail answer covering more ground than you had asked for, I suppose

Raghavendra

It seems that the essential spirit of the above Oath of Allegiance bonds every citizen of the land that is fondly referred to as हमारा वतन.

हमारा वतन केवल हमारी जन्मभूमी नहीं। इस जन्मभूमी से जुड़ी हुई संस्कृति पर आधारित जीवनशैली और सभ्यता की पहचान है; जिसमें वैश्विक सोच बुनी हुई है। यह वैश्विक सोच सांप्रदाईक धर्म रूप नहीं, केवल आत्मज्ञान और आत्मबोध की अनुभूती है।

इस वतन के मिट्टीसे ही बना और पला हरेक इन्सान भारत रत्न है।

अपनी अपनी सोच रखते हुए, हम सब भारतीय मनोसंकल्प और समझदारी से जुड जाएँ, तो जमीन और आसमान से हमारा जो कुदरती रिश्ता है, उसे आजमां पाएंगे और खुदके असली पहचान की अनुभूती (inner realization) पा सकेंगे।

भारत के हरेक नागरिक का वतन एकही है, चाहे वह गोरा, काला या brownny चॉकलेटी हो, गरीब या अमीर, खंदे से खंदा लगाकर, कदम कदम बढ़ाएं जा, निडर होकर, जिंदगी के मुश्किलों का सामना करनेवाला हरेक भारतीय, गर्व से ललकारता है, 'जय हिंद, जय हिंद'.....

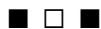
जय हिंद ये आजमाने का हृदय घोष है, केवल खोखला नारा ना हो। टूक के पीछे लिखा, 'मेरा भारत महान !' यह छोटे बच्चों जैसी ख्वाईश है।

हम सबका मालिक, सिर्फ एक। यह भारत के आधुनिक जवानों का आदेश महसूस होता है। उसीमें हम सबकी और देश की भलाई है।

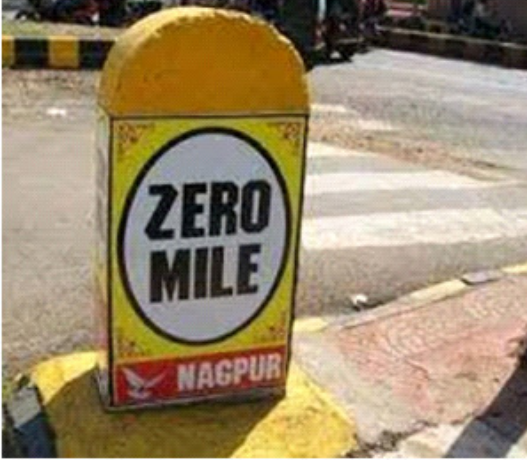
For the reader of ebook version of this book, following is a link to the song from 1968 movie titled दुनिया - Duniya. This song has a pertinent subtle message 'ये धरती है हिंदुस्थान की....'

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z49Eg4xjvDM>

This movie was produced subsequent to the Sino-Indian war of October 1962 and then the Indo-Pak war of Sept. 1965.



Zero Mile & Center Point



Zero Mile Marker @ Nagpur

The Zero Mile referred on the cover title of this book connotes the geographic, multi-ethnic and multilingual center of India, Nagpur. My younger brother Major Surendra M. Deo was born on 24th September 1934 at our maternal Grandparent's residence in Dhantoli, Nagpur, and this is where ultimately his mortal remains were honorably returned by Indian Armed Forces soon after he was killed in action on 16th September 1965 during the Indo-Pak war. With this experience, the ideas identified as वतन and Zero Mile are held close to our family's heart consciousness. The Logo imprinted on a porcelain mug expressed the associated emotions "Home comes the Warrior - प्रतिक्षा".

Every family that loses a brave in the battlefield of life shares the same excruciating pain that penetrates to the bare realities of life.

In a similar sense, Ground Zero of the 9-11 bombing of Twin Towers in New York, and 26-11 (2008) terrorist attack in Mumbai have become symbolic of a space in the consciousness of people on either side of a human conflict and tragedy. There is no winner on either side because both sides lose so much. Material losses are relatively easily regained.

In this book, Zero Mile is also symbolic of the unfathomable distance and time lapse or gap between:

- Finite and the infinite, earth and the sky, creator and its creation.
- Beauty of a flower and its fragrance.
- A mother's affection for its offspring.
- Life and death, bravery and martyrdom.
- Us and the mirage that we chase constantly.
- Rainbow and reality, knowledge and wisdom.
- Spontaneous outburst and resulting expansion of Cosmos (सृष्टी) outwards into dimensionless outer space, then collapsing back after a time into its core with infinite density where time, distance and space cease to exist ; subsequently re emerging with the same cycle of explosion, expansion and implosion, which has been symbolized in introspective Hindu philosophy by the sound vibration (ध्वनी तरंग) and symbol of Om (ॐ). It is beyond the tools of scientific investigations. It is an introspective inner experience of self enlightened Masters, In a simplistic sense, it may be comprehended as the trinity of creation, preservation and transformation in an unending cyclic pattern.

Modern Physicists are studying, modeling and

theorizing just one known cosmic explosion and resulting expansion currently in cosmic process that has been identified as the Big Bang! Googled information about the Big Bang reveals “Modern measurements place this moment at approximately 13.8 billion years ago, which is thus considered the age of the universe. After the initial expansion, the universe cooled sufficiently to allow the formation of subatomic particles, and later simple atoms. Giant clouds of these primordial elements later coalesced through gravity to form stars and galaxies.....”

With the scientific tools of measurements of mass, time and distance, Physicists hope to fathom the distance between knowledge and reality culminating in a mathematical equation.

The art and science of Introspection and Physics are separate but complementary disciplines desiring to experience the truth and reality of existence itself.



It should be clear that ॐ is not a word, a religion, nor the name of any perceived God or deity. It is a self revealing symbolism used for the sound put out by vocal cord or uttered silently in meditative contemplation. It aids in tuning individual consciousness with the universal consciousness of all-inclusiveness, non-duality and harmony. In another figure of speech, Om, ॐ, is a

Holdall of our conscious awareness.

Time and space are borderless, and yet the mind chooses to enslave itself. The emotional concept of God, up above the world so high, seems to be a naive idea (no offense to anyone) is running out of its time and space. Creator and creation are reflections of each other; no one came first !

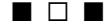


Due to its innate nature, female amongst all living species has a superior level of self enriching and evolved life consciousness. There is no Conscious-O-Meter to check it !

For the human species, the word Female includes the word Male, which makes each one of us complete; stated Usha Deo in her recently published book titled “ Many Faces of Women “ .

Becoming a completely self contented being is the ultimate silent aspiration of every human, which ultimately surfaces as an inner revelation without a word.....wrote Dr. P. G. Nakhare in the book Seamless Generations / अखंड परंपरा (www.scribd.com).

The term Zero Mile is also symbolic of the unfathomable distance between the Earth, source of our very existence and our heart that beats automatically to the universal rhythm. The word "heart" in its essence here, refers to the living consciousness within each one of us that is always in total harmony with the universe and its rhythm as reflected in the spirit of above painting.



वतन : Gaga Land

Colloquially, a land of imagination is referred as the Gaga Land or a Twilight Zone. Each one of us is an immigrant on planet Earth holding a temporary Visa.

वतन is an idea that can be held as far or as close as possible to our heart consciousness. It is pregnant with possibilities of interpretations depending on the Indian regional language and the context in which it is used; bringing forth a rich plethora of conscious awareness. Any effort to translate वतन (vatan) into English bears unpredictable consequences. In one context, वतन implies motherland or the land of birth.

खुद के उम्र और अनुभवों के आधारपर, वतन शब्द के भाव होते हैं, हरेक भाव का अलग रंग महसूस होता है। बचपन में सुने हुए गानेपर आधारित, वतन के भाव और सोच का जिक्र किया है, जो नीचे प्रस्तुत है :

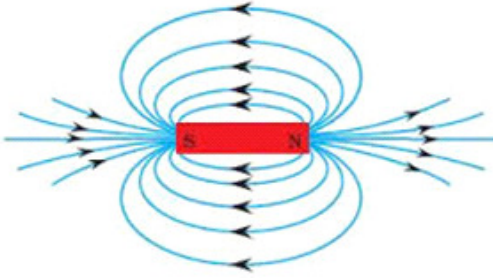
मछली है, जलकी रानी
जीवन जिसका है पानी
हाथ लगाओ, डर जाएगी
बाहर निकालो, मर जाएगी

जवानी की उम्र में, वतन याने मातृभूमि या जन्मभूमी भाव होता है। किसी की जन्मभूमी उनसे छीन लिई जाती है, जैसे हिंदुस्थान मुल्खसे सिंध, पंजाब, बंगला और मानस सरोवर छिने या बिछड गए। अकेला इंसान इतिहास को बदल नहीं पाता, फिर भी नया इतिहास बनाने की हिम्मत रखता है। वतन, हमारे जीवन का मक्सद, एकही रहता है; जैसे माँ का

वात्सल्य और हृदय।

देश का हरेक जवान आझमाएं, की हिंदुस्थान मेरा वतन और मेरे सिने का भू मध्य। वतन जीवन का निशाना, एक गहरी सोच, जिसमें हम सब, एक दुसरे से जुड जाएँ। वतन, एक आध्यात्मिक सोच है, जो हरपल मेहसूस होती है।

हमारे वतन के और हृदय के बीच, हमेशा अथांग दूरीका फासला (un-fathomable distance) महसूस होता है।



वतन की सोच हमेशा सचेत जागरूकता में मौजूद होती है। हमारे वतन और बदन के बीच, वह चुंबकीय आकर्षण (Magnetic attraction) और गुरुत्वाकर्षण (Gravitational pull) जैसी शक्तियाँ है, जो हमेशा हमें उसकी ओर खिंचती रहती है और साथ ही साथ हमारे अंदर भी संचारित रूपमें मौजूद है।

Normally one does not get to choose mother, mother tongue, and motherland separately, because all three come as a complete package. Mother tongue is the language of tender loving care.

आध्यात्मिक सोच में, वतन को क्षेत्र कहा गया है और क्षेत्र को देखनेवाला क्षेत्रज्ञ होता है। इस दृष्टी से, हमारा बदन क्षेत्र है, और उसे चलानेवाली चेतनाशक्ती क्षेत्रज्ञ होती है। इसी सोज को आगे बढ़ाकर, हमारी आँखे

दुनिया क्षेत्र को देखती है और हमारी आँखों को दृष्टि देनेवाली शक्ति क्षेत्रज्ञ है। ऐसी सोच को योग-संयोग से आजमाना होता है। इसी को अंतर्यामी दृष्टि कह सकते हैं। शिवशक्ति की तिसरी आँख, इसी दृष्टि का संकेत दिलाती है।

हमारे दिल में वतन और मातृभूमी की जुगलबंदी है। वतन, एक गहरी सोच का पवित्र क्षेत्र महसूस होता है, हमारे सांस्कृतिक सोच की, सनातन पहचान है।

A sacred or holy place is a destination in our conscious awareness that can only be reached by riding on the silent waves of devotion. Devotion is all about becoming devoid of ourself.

Martyrs graciously leave behind the most precious message of life signifying individual freedom and pride in self for leading a purposeful life.

Befitting the purpose of writing this composition titled 'वतन- Gaga Land', the lyrics and music of following Hindi song from the 1948 movie शहीद (Shaheed), pays tributes to the Martyrs and their ever lasting spirit :

वतन की राह में वतन के नौजवान शहीद हो
पुकारते हैं ये जमीन हो आसमान शहीद हो।

शहीद तेरी मौत ही तेरे वतन की जिंदगी
तेरी लहू से जाग उठेगी इस चमन में जिंदगी
खिलेंगे फूल उस जगह की तू जहां शहीद हो, वतन की....

गुलाम उठ वतन के दुश्मनों से इंतकाम ले
इसे अपने दोनों बाजुओं से खंजरो का काम ले
चमन के वास्ते चमन के बागवान शहीद हो, वतन की.....

पहाड तक भी कापने लगे तेरे जूनून से
तू आसमान पे इंकलाब लिख दे अपने खून से
जमीन नहीं तेरा वतन है आसमान शहीद हो, वतन की....

वतन की लाज जिसको थी अजीज अपनी जान से
वो नौजवान जा रहा है आज कितनी शान से
इस एक जवान की खाक पर हर इक जवान शहीद हो, वतन की....

है कौन खुशनसीब मान की जिसका ये चिराग है
वो खुशनसीब है कहा ये जिसके सर का ताज है
अमर वो देश क्यों ना हो की तू जहां शहीद हो, वतन की....

The music and lyrics of an equally engaging song
encapsulate the meaning and feeling of वतन. It is
presented in the following link:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=oiWVSYUT28c

Maati maati main, maati maati tu
Maati-maati main, maati-maati tu
Mati kaaya hai tan, mati hai harshu
Mati se sab aaya hai, sab mati me mil jaayega
Kudrat hai pagla,
kumhar jaane kaisa ghada banaayega
Kudrat ki karni ko tu kaahe samjhe bhul hai
Oh mati ke insa kehde jhute tere ushul hain

Maati ko seene se laga kehde,
Mati mujhe kabul hai
(Mati mujhe kabul hai)
Meri maati mujhe kabul hai

Mati-mati main, mati-mati tu
Mati-mati main, mati-mati tu
Mati kaaya hai tan, mati hai harshu

Har saaj naye sur ka tha yahaan
Geeton ki bharmar hai
Har geet dil ko chu jaayega
Soch mein jo thoda pyar hai
Kudrat pe kasta lagaam
Ye kaisa tera junoon hai
Apna le maati mann mein re
Yeh nafrat teri fizool hai
Mati ko seene se laga ke kehde,
Mati mujhe kabul hai
(maati mujhe kabul hai)
Meri mati mujhe kabul hai

Maati-maati main, maati-maati tu
Maati-maati main, maati-maati tu
Mati kaaya hai tan, mati hai harshu

Mati mati main, mati mati tu
Maati maati main....
Maati maati tu.....



Vibrations

Vibrations are silently audible emotions.

The following poem is mirroring the feelings of Ashwin S. Deo, who lost his Father at the age of 11 months during the Indo-Pak war of September 1965 :

My heart sings out the vibrations effervescing from within.

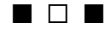
It seems that I have wandered off,
Feeling a bit lonely and distanced.
There, in that direction, way out yonder,



Photo - Ashwin Surendra Deo, Born 24 September, 1964

Lives my dear soulful Fascination of consciousness,
In a simple thatched roofed cottage.
To get there, I tread in wooded land on narrow footpaths,
Through thick blades of grass, bushes, and tall trees,

Silently witnessing and listening to creatures of all kinds,
Creatures happily singing their own tunes.
Then comes along a Turning Point,
A majestic Banyan stands at the corner.
As I turn, I will see the abode of my loving Fascination
The soul of my conscious awareness,
Passionately expecting to embrace and reunite.
Whenever I sing, I often feel the vibrations,
My Mother advising “Always remember your roots”
My Father writing in his last letter to me,
“Ashwin, always take good care of your Mother and
yourself.”
My Father, barely 31, died on the battlefield,
Just one week before my first birthday,
Defending honor of Motherland as he had vowed.



Martyr's Memories : शहीद की यादें

Each individual is a biography of his/her own conscious awareness, which is an integration of individual specific DNA; biological and emotional identity, childhood upbringing (संस्कार), and varied life experiences while growing up.

भारतीय संस्कृति में इन विचारों को दुसरे ढंग से समाकर आजमाया है। हमारे जिंदगी की सफर, हमारे कर्म और धर्म संयोग की है। हरेक इन्सान को, खुदके वैश्विक पहचान की (universal identity) सदा चाह होती है। हमारी जिंदगी, अकथनीय जन्म और पुनर्जन्मों की सफर है। इस तत्वज्ञान को बिना समझे और आजमाएं, अंधश्रद्धालू खुद की मूढता और सद्भावसे कहे जाते हैं, 'समय आनेपर जो होना होता है, वही होता है। सब भगवान की कृपा।' हर इन्सान के सोच का नजरिया अलग होता है; वो खुद जाने और आजमाएं, कौनसी ठीक और कौनसी गलत. इस वक्त में, जो इन्सान जहां है, वही सही होता है।

Our thoughts condense into our actions and consequential progression of conscious awareness; wrote my mother in the book Seamless Generations (scribd.com).

What prompts a brave on the battlefield during the last moments of life to tender own precious life will never be known because the Martyr - शहीद never speaks again.

शहीद की यादें होती नहीं, क्योंकि वीरगती को प्राप्त होने के बाद वो कभी बात करता नहीं। सिर्फ कामयाब होकर, हमेशा के लिए शांत हो जाता है।

मेरा छोटा भाई मेजर सुरेंद्र देव, १९६५ में हिंद-पाक की जंग में कामयाब होकर वीरगति को प्राप्त हो गया। हम चार भाई और एक बहन मेंसे, आज २०१५ में, ५० साल के बाद, मैं अकेला जिंदा रह गया हूँ। उसकी जंग की यादें सुनाने.... उसकी सोच में।

सुरेंद्र और मेरी उम्र में केवल दो सालका फर्क था। हमारी १८ साल की उम्र तक हम दोनों जुगलबंदी भाव से साथही साथ पले। बड़े भाई के नाते, मुझे अहसास होता था जैसे, मेरा एक फेफडा सुरेंद्र के बदन में बसा था, और उसका एक फेफडा मेरे बदन में था। इसी कारण, आज मैं सुरेंद्र के जिंदगी के आखरी १६ दिनों का कथन करने की चेष्टा कर रहा हूँ।

१९६५ साल में, सितंबर महिने की शुरुवात थी। मैं १० दिन की छुट्टी मनाने नागपूर शहर में मेरे घर आया था, जहां मेरा जन्म हुआ है। जन्म जननी की सोच और यादें सदा खीच कर हमें पुकारती हैं। मेरी पत्नी अनुराधा और हमारा एकलौता पुत्र आश्विनकुमार दोनों पूना में रिश्तेदारों से मिलने गए थे। उस वक्त आश्विन की उम्र केवल ११ महिने की थी। हम सब बेहद खुश थे।

नागपूर में मैं मेरी नानी, माता-पिता और बहन-बहनोई के साथ था और बचपन के मित्रों से मिलने में खुश था। मेरे छुट्टी का और सितंबर महिने का पहलाही हप्ता था।

३ सितंबर, मैं घर के पास, हेरलेकर परिवार में गपशप लगा रहा था। इतने मे रेडिओ से खबर फूटी कि, 'पाकिस्तान ने हिंदुस्थान पर आक्रमणकारी हमला कर दिया है। सब फौजी आदमी, जो छुट्टीपर हैं, वे फौरन अपने अपने युनिट को रिपोर्ट करें।' मेरे मन मे पहला विचार आया कि मुझे रिपोर्ट करनेवाले सब जवान मेरी राह ताक रहें होंगे। उस समय, मैं मेजर की वर्दी और जिम्मेदारियों को अदा कर रहा था।



Maj. Surendra M. Deo (Sep. 1934 - Sep. 1965)

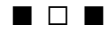
आकाशवाणी की खबर सुनते ही मैं फोरन घर पहुंचा। सबको इस गंभीर समाचार की खबर बिजली जैसे पहुंच चुकी थी। पहले घंटे में मेरा मन गंभीर होकर क्या सोच रहा था, ये मुझे ही पता था, पर महसूस ना हुआ। ६ सितंबर को ही, सबपरिवार से बिदा लेकर, GT train लेकर दिल्ली और मेरे युनिट की ओर मैं चल पड़ा। नागपूर के रेलवे स्टेशन से ट्रेन शुरू होते ही, सारी दुनिया शून्य जैसी महसूस हो रही थी। मेरे सब आंसू मेरा दिल अंदर ही अंदर पिए जा रहे थे। मेरी पूरी सोच, जंग की रियासत बन चुकी थी, जिसमें मैं कौन हूँ, इसका खयाल ही नहीं आया। वतन की जिम्मेदारी महसूस होकर, पूरे बदन में एक अनजानी चेतनारूपी स्फूर्ति समा गई।

९ सितंबर - मेरे युनिट में पहुँचते ही, जंग की गंभीरता का अंदाज मिला। जंग में कुदने के पहले, मैंने आश्विन के नामसे एक चिट्ठी लिखी और हमारे

युनिट के पोस्ट से मेल कर दिई। उस पत्र में मैंने लिखा, 'प्रिय आश्विन, खुद का और माँ का सदा अच्छी तरह से खयाल रखना।'

मेरे जिंदगी के आखरी दिनों की धुंदली सी यादें हैं। मैं, मेरे साथी और हमारी Artillery Battery, हम सब सियालकोट सेक्टर के रेगिस्तान में मौजूद थे। हमारा एकाग्र ध्यान एकही था; दुश्मन के हरकतों की हलचल पर निगाहें।

१६ सितंबर - उन दिनों में, Pak Air Force had Sabre and 104 Sabre fighter aircrafts. उनके दो (२) Sabre fighters ने हमारी artillery position को ठान लिया और सवाल-जवाब की जंग चालू थी, उतने में अचानक एक fighter plane ने मेरे पीठ पर अचूक निशाना लगाया और उससे निकला एक shell मेरे पीठ में घुसते ही मैं बेहोश हो गया। उसके बाद क्या हुआ ये हमारी Artillery Battery और साथियों को ही पता है। क्योंकि मैं उसके बाद फिरसे कभी जाग नहीं पाया.....



Duet : जुगलबंदी



Two artists performing together is a duet. Two or more may be classified as an orchestra. Both terms are symbolic of harmonious coordination and not a competition. It is a thirsty desire of artists for harmony. Balance between two or plural natural forces represents the essence of Cosmos and its creation with built-in harmony. It is the union identified by the sanskrit term Yoga (योग).

एक अर्थ से, जुगलबंदी याने दो वाद्यों का, या कलाकारों का संतुलित सूर.

The interrelationship in duet and duality between natural forces simultaneously expresses itself through various common life expressions including mother and child, male and female, two siblings, exchange of breath (life energy) between humans and plants, teacher and taught. Unfortunately, the naive idea embraced and called God has fractured humanity during the past 5000

years instead of promoting unity and harmony.

The above thoughts express themselves in Hindi as follows 'जुगलबंदी एक स्पर्धा नहीं होती बल्कि, वैश्विक द्वैत (dual) स्वरूप के माध्यम से अद्वैत (non dual) तत्त्वकी अनुभूती होती है। जुगलबंदी याने दो वाद्यों का, नृत्य कलाकारों का अथवा गायकों का संतुलित सूर.'

Some of our childhood memories, involuntarily telescope into an Orchestra as narrated below.

The very word Orchestra triggers on our mental screen images of a gorgeous music hall, a Conductor on the stage directing and coordinating a group of artists, playing their respective instruments, with sincere intention for harmoniously playing a chosen musical composition.

During the 3-month summer vacations of 1942 to 1945, we five siblings visited our parents in Dantewada, Bastar State. During the school session, all five of us stayed with our maternal grandparents at Nagpur, Madhya Pradesh to pursue our education. Dantewada was a very small rural place then, contained within 2-3 square mile area. Situated at the junction of Shankhini and Dunkini rivers, it was surrounded by thick and lush green vegetation. From our residence in Dantewada, we walked barely one mile to cross the river and find ourselves in thick forest.

In the total absence of electricity and associated luxuries of life, Dantewada had its unique aura of quietness and peace of predictable daily life. Every day, our whole family would take an early evening walk

in the forest across the river. Trekking along skimpy walking trails (पगडंडी/पायवाट) in the forest, we enjoyed collecting samples of flowers, berries (चिरोजी) and fruits (आम, जाम, जामून/जांभळे) along the walkways.

Invariably on weekends, due to our father's day off from office, we would go for an extended 2-3 hour early morning walk in the forest after morning tea. In the forest, we explored uncharted paths just for the fun of it. It seemed like a rendezvous with Mother Nature and its different paths sprinkled liberally with a warm feeling of family togetherness.

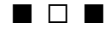
One day as we were wandering deep in the thick of the woods, our father suggested that all of us sit down quietly for a few minutes and listen to the numerous interesting sounds around us. We all did and in those silent moments, we heard the Orchestra of Nature directed by a seemingly invisible Conductor. There were innumerable audible sounds of creatures, birds, wind rustling and whistling through trees and dry leaves sprinkled on the ground, In that comfortable steadiness, we could even hear our heart beats, and feel the automatic rhythm of our own breath. Totally devoid of any other human around us at that time, each one of us seemed to have experienced the unique feeling of becoming totally devoid of our own selves.

All seven of us (parents and we five siblings) were listening to the Orchestra of Nature while sitting comfortably in the naturally air conditioned gorgeous and roofless green auditorium. In those surrounding moments, we seemed to sense a soulful relationship

with all elements of Mother Nature. Expressed in Hindi
'इस पूरे माहोल के साथ हमारा एक कुदरती रिश्ता महेसूस हो रहा था।'
उन वर्षों में, हम सब से छोटा सुरेन्द्र की उम्र ६ से ९ साल की थी।

१६ सितंबर १९६५ को मेजर सुरेन्द्र देव कह रहा है, कि आज मेरी उम्र ३० साल की है। इतने वर्षों के बाद भी, सियालकोट के रेगिस्तान में, पाकिस्तान से जंग लड़ते हुअे भी, मुझे दंतेवाड़ा जंगल में कुदरती जुगलबंदी का अहसास हो रहा है।

Note - Major Surendra M. Deo breathed his last on 16th September, 1965 on the Sialkot Sector during the Indo-Pak war.



Gratitude

Humanitarian as well as the national spirit of life silently and constantly extends its sincere gratitude and appreciation for:

- Every martyr of the land that sacrifices life unconditionally for purposeful purposes.
- Every individual that lovingly cooks and feeds the family daily in the household kitchen.
- Every dedicated service provider that fills a need wherever there is a need.

True service is provided unconditionally in any situation irrespective of the resources at hand and without expecting any returns. In this true spirit of life, the receiver as well as the provider, both feel blessed; it is the Grace that surfaces from within.

It is the indomitable spirit of selfless dedication for which gratitude is readily extended. Gratitude is a silent vibration that moves and enriches from within.

In real life situations, the brave extend themselves beyond the call of duty. Following is an example of a service performed daily on India's frontier Siachen outpost that often goes unnoticed because it is out of sight. This real situation is described below by Dr. K. Chaudhry :

On 14 July 2015 at 12:51, Dr. K. Chaudhry wrote :

HATS OFF To Our NATION'S Protecting Groups In All Three Branches

*When those " Men " desperate for " Snow mobiles" to move heavy load of rations and arms,
Met repeated rejection by Finance ,
Perchance a new R.M., wrote,
"Before a decision can be taken, inspect and study the need. Visit the front lines"*

*Senior most 4 Finance officers reported too ill to go.
Got a mouthful from George Fernandes + sanction for Snowmobiles !!!*

We are ready to spend billions on War, but not millions for men, or, War Veterans

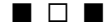
J. K. Chaudhry

Following photographs of Indian Army Soldiers In Siachen that'll make you thank them for the life you are living.



“Quartered in snow, silent to remain, when the bugle calls, they shall rise and march again.”

These are the words that are etched on a stone memorial at the Indian Army base camp in Siachen – the world’s highest and coldest active war zone. For over 17 hellishly freezing years, the Indian army has held the position strong, keeping our treacherous enemy Pakistan from claiming the glacier. The sun doesn’t sustain life here, kerosene does. The bullet doesn’t kill here, the cold does, but our brave hearts take all of this face front and never back down.



मी नागपूरचा संत्रा



आज ४ सप्टेंबर २०१३. हुतात्मा मेजर सुरेंद्र देवच्या आठवणीतून उतरलेला हा खालील निबंध. सुरेंद्र माझा जुगलबंदी भाऊ. माझ्यापेक्षा केवळ २ वर्षांनी लहान. त्याला हुतात्मा म्हणून संबोधण्यात माझे मन चलबिचल होते.

एकाच छताखाली जन्म होऊन सुरेंद्र आणि मी वाढलो, त्यामुळे आम्हा दोघांचे संस्कार आणि आत्मविकासाचे विचार समपातळीवर भासायचे.

स्वतःच्या अनुभवावरून, प्रत्येक आवाजाला आणि शब्दाला आपण अर्थ देण्याचा प्रयत्न करित असतो. ह्या निबंधाकरिता 'आदी' हा शब्द वापरला आहे. आपल्यापरी, आदी म्हणजे वैश्विक मूळ तत्त्वाला सुगंध देणारे माध्यम.

भगवद्गीतेच्या संदर्भात, गुरुजनांच्या भजनात दोन ओळी ऐकल्या आहेत.

'श्री कृष्ण चैतन्य रूपः,
पभू, नित्यानंद रूपः'

ह्याच दोन ओळींना सामान्यरूपात खाली मांडले आहे.

'श्री इष्ट देव चैतन्य रूपः,
प्रभु, दैवी तत्त्व अथवा संपदा, नित्यानंद रूपः'

ह्या विचारधारणेत, आमच्या अनुभवांवर आधारित खालील विचार मांडले आहेत.

आमच्या शाळेच्या शिक्षकांत, आदी योगी श्री. हडस मास्तर.

आमच्या नात्यात आदी योगी आमचे आजोबा, आईचे वडील, डॉक्टर पुरुषोत्तम गणेश नाखरे.

आमचे आदी सद्गुरू, आमच्या जीवनशैलीतून उतरलेला अनुभाविक ज्ञानसागर.

आमचे आदी तीर्थस्थान नागपूर, आमचे जन्मस्थान.

आमचे आदी गंगाजल, आमच्या घरातल्या विहिरीचे पाणी, ज्याने लहानपणी आमची तहान तृप्त झाली.

आमची आदी नित्यानंद कल्पना, आईचे वात्सल्यरूपी प्रेम.

आदी योगी श्री शंकर हे निर्मिती, जोपासना आणि परिवर्तन ह्या तीन तत्वांचे दिग्दर्शक (ब्रह्मा, विष्णू आणि महेश).

आदी योगी त्रिवेणी संगमातून, ज्ञानरूप सरस्वती हे चैतन्यरूपः तथास्तु.

१९६५ साली सुरेंद्र १० दिवसांच्या सुट्टीवर नागपूरला आला होता. त्यावेळी तो मेजरच्या हुद्यावर होता. त्याची पत्नी अनुराधा (नीला) आणि ११ महिन्यांचा पुत्र आश्विन पुण्याला गेले होते. सप्टेंबर महिन्याचा पहिलाच आठवडा होतो. सुरेंद्र १ तारखेला नागपूरला पोहोचला होता. ३ सप्टेंबरला रेडिओवर बातमी कडाडली की पाकिस्तानने काश्मीरच्या आघाडीवर युद्दाला आरंभ केला आहे. त्यामुळे आकाशवाणीने घोषणा केली,

"All armed forces personnel that are on leave at this time should report back immediately to their respective unit."

त्यामुळे ६ सप्टेंबरलाच सर्वांचा निरोप घेऊन सुरेंद्र आघाडीवर जायला निघाला. १६ सप्टेंबरला तो सियालकोटवर लढत असताना धारातीर्थी पडून वीरगतीला

प्राप्त झाला. त्यानंतर दरवर्षी सप्टेंबर महिन्यात सुरेंद्रची खास आठवण होत राहिली. आज ४८ वर्षांनंतर त्याच्या आठवणीप्रित्यर्थ उतरलेला हा निबंध :

माझा आणि सुरेंद्रचा जन्म नागपूरलाच आमच्या आजोळी झाल्यामुळे, आम्हां दोघांना नागपूरचे लोहचुंबकासारखे आकर्षण होते. तसेच आम्ही पाच भावंडे शाळा आणि महाविद्यालयाच्या शिक्षणासाठी नागपूरला आजोळीच राहिलो. त्यामुळे एकाच सुरात आमचे नागपूरचे कथन होत असे. आज सर्व भावंडांत मी एकटाच हे कथन करण्यास राहिलो आहे.

‘मी नागपूरचा संत्रा’ ह्या शीर्षकात ‘मी’ हा माझा अहंकार भासतो आहे. ह्या अहंकाराला तात्पुरता लुप्त करून, खालील विचार मांडले आहेत.

नागपूर, अखंड भारताचा भौगोलिक मध्यबिंदू आहे, जो कोणीही हलवू शकत नाही. मी नागपूरचा संत्रा असल्यामुळे, नागपूर माझा आत्मबोधिक मध्यबिंदू भासतो. सोप्या भाषेत, माझे स्वतःचे अज्ञान आणि ज्ञान ह्या दोन स्थितीमधले अंतर मोजण्याचा प्रयास आहे.

स्वतःच्या आटोक्यात नसलेली चंचल मनोवस्था आणि स्थिर असलेली बुद्धावस्था हा प्रयोग साधण्यास स्थिर कोणाला करावे आणि कसे करावे? दहा फुटाच्या अंतरावरून, पोहणाऱ्या मासोळीच्या एकाच डोळ्यात बाण मारणे तेवढेच कठीण भासते !

वर्तुळाच्या मध्यबिंदूतून सर्व दिशा एकसारख्या भासतात. परंतु भूगोलाच्या पुस्तकात दिशांना वेगवेगळी नावे दिलेली आहेत जशी पूर्व, पश्चिम, उत्तर आणि दक्षिण. आपली पृथ्वी स्वतःभोवती फिरते आणि त्याच मस्तीत सूर्याभोवतीदेखील प्रदक्षिणा मारते. त्यामुळे एका क्षणी दिशा कोणती आणि वर-खाली काय हेच उमजणे कठीण. आपण पृथ्वीवर उभे असताना, डोके वर आणि पाय खाली असतात हे समजणे सोपे की कठीण? हाच भेदभाव

समजणे आणि उमजणे ह्या दोन शब्दांत भासतो. आमची दोन वर्षांची नात, आरियल (Arielle), स्वतःभोवती फिरक्या मारून खाली पडते आणि मग रडते. त्यावेळी तिचे सांत्वन होण्यास आईची मिठी अत्यावश्यक भासते.

नागपूर हे माझे जन्मस्थान असल्यामुळे हीच माझी जन्मभूमी (वतन). माझी दीक्षाभूमी आणि आपल्या अखंड ऋषी परंपरेतून उतरलेल्या ज्ञानाला ग्रहण करण्याचे स्थान. गेल्या ८२ वर्षांपासून बऱ्याच देशांचे पर्यटन आणि निरीक्षण करून, आज माझ्या मनोरथावर आरूढ होऊन परत आलो. दीक्षाभूमीला नमन करण्यास, ॐ नमो सदा वत्सले, मातृभूमे.

मी नागपूरचा संत्रा, नागपूरची तारीफ करणार आहे मी नाही तर दुसरे कोण करेल? तसाच मी नागपूरचा संत्रा, हितचिंतक दृष्टीने नागपूरची टीका केली तर त्यात गैर काय?

उषा, माझी पत्नी, दिल्लीची. तिचे मत आहे की नागपूरची मंडळी सर्वांत प्रेमळ! (मला धरून की वगळून?)

शेवटी मी आहे नागपूरचा स्वादिष्ट संत्रा, अहंकार भावाच्या रसाने भरलेला. मी शून्य माईल मार्करच्या मध्यभागी आरूढ होऊन, ह्या सर्वव्यापी जीवनाचा



शून्य मैल, नागपूर. (Zero Mile Marker @ Nagpur)

खेळ, वेगवेगळ्या दृष्टिकोणातून अनुभवण्यास सदा तत्पर असतो.

ह्याच शून्य मैल मार्करला, वेगवेगळ्या दृष्टीने पाहत आलो.



मी नागपुरी संत्रा, निसर्गतःच शून्य आकारात सामावलो आहे.

शून्यावस्था, भारत खंडाच्या तत्त्वज्ञानाची खोली दर्शविणारे प्रतीक आहे. शून्य हा निर्विचार आणि निर्मळ स्थितीचा आदेश... त्यातच, सत्चिदानंद, नित्यानंद, ॐ, एकोन्कार, निर्वाण ह्या सर्व अनुभूती सामावलेल्या भासतात...

आपल्या मन आणि बुद्धीच्या पलीकडची गुह्य अनुभूती हा आदेश असतो.

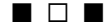
मी नागपुरी संत्रा, माझे साल आणि प्रत्येक फोडीला सोलताना जो सुगंध दरवळतो त्यात संपूर्ण वैश्विक ज्ञान सामावले आहे... असे सद्गुरूजन म्हणतात!

आज माझ्या 'मी' अहंकाराला तात्पुरता लुप्त करून, मीच माझा अटल शिष्य होऊन स्थिर झालो, असा भास होत आहे. बुद्धं शरणं गच्छामि....

गुरूजनांचा एक अमूल्य आदेश आहे.

जो मानव संकल्प (affirmation) रहित होतो, तोचि खरा संत अथवा संन्यासी, कारण संकल्प मनाने होत असतो. ज्याचे मन निश्चल होऊन लुप्त होते तीच निर्वाण बुद्ध्यावस्था. अशाच आध्यात्मिक विचारधारणेत हिंदू, जैन, बुद्ध आणि शीख तत्त्वज्ञानाचे गूढ नाते जुडलेले आहे. त्यामुळे त्यांना वेगवेगळे समजणे अथवा करणे हे आपल्या अहंकार आणि अज्ञानाचे प्रदर्शन आहे. अखंड भारताचे मूळ तत्त्वज्ञान एकच आहे आणि ते परदेशातून भाडोत्री आणलेले नाही. हे संपूर्ण तत्त्वज्ञान ॐ अथवा एकोन्कार ध्वनी तरंगत सामावले आहे. धर्मवाद आणि जातिवाद मानवास आणि समाजास अधोगतीला नेणारी चिन्हे भासतात; त्याबद्दल सदा दक्ष असावे.

मी नागपूरचा संत्रा, अखंड भारताच्या मध्यभागी मनोरथावर आरूढ होऊन भारतीय संस्कृतीचा हितचिंतक आणि कृपाभिलाषी.



शहीद

शहीद की उम्र और यादे सदा जवान होती है ।

सूक्ष्म नजरियोंसे देखे तो पाओगे कि, हरेक शहीद का बलिदान और जन्म इतिहास का आधारस्तंभ उसके प्रथम २५ साल परही आधारित होता है । इस जवान उम्र में ही अच्छे संस्कारों की स्थापना, जोपासना और सफलता महसूस होती है ।

जिंदगी के महत्वपूर्ण संस्कारों में जब तन, और मन खुदके वतन से इकट्ठे जुड़े होते है, तब इंसान के वीरता को कर्मफल बिना चाहे या मांगे प्राप्त होता है ।

वीरगती को प्राप्त होने के बाद, शहीद की कोई चाह या ख्वाईश नही रहती ।



Bhagavad Gita is an eloquent treatise on the art and science of living. It assists in comprehending the perennial conflict raging in the human mind, and its resolution. In the modern context, the resolution of conflict comes not through the intervention of a third

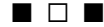
party such as the United Nations, but rather through an introspective perspective, which transforms us from within.

Gita is not BS about God, Heaven, Hell and Religion. A true seeker is only interested in comprehending the reality of existence.

Mrs Ramabai Deo has published a simplified narration of Gita (in Marathi) in the book titled Seamless Generations / अखंड परंपरा (scribd.com). She credits her father, Dr. Purushottam Ganesh Nakhare, for teaching her Gita from early childhood and subsequently experiencing the teachings in real life.

Wisdom of life stems only through experiencing and internalizing knowledge.

तथास्तु.



Necklace of Flowers and Fragrance

हमारे चमनके फूल और खुशबू का हार

31 August, 2015 marks the 50th Anniversary of the outbreak of the Indo-Pak War of 1965 . The War claimed the life of 30 year young Major Surendra Deo on 16th September on the Sialkot Sector. Needless to say that several other braves also वीरगती को प्राप्त हुए.

This is a silent diary of the current moments in which warm blood is flowing to honor the past that bonds all of us together in immeasurable and indescribable ways .

Following is a collection of short compositions written on specific days identified by respective dates. निचे लिखे लघुनिबंधों के संग्रह में, जिस क्षण की सोच, उसी दिन की तारीख पाओगे ।

15 Aug. 2015

भारतीय स्वातंत्र्य दिवस

स्वतंत्रता कोई घोषणा या नारा नहीं, हमारी जागृत अवस्था का परिचय और अनुभूति है ।

आज के माहोल में, आत्मज्ञान याने खुद से, खुद का अथवा दैवी सम्पदा का अहसास होना ।

भारतीय वतन के हिन्दू, बौधी, जैनी, सिख, इस्लाम, यहूदी, ईसाई, बोहरी, बहाई, पारसी उंची और नीची जात इत्यादी अन्य सोच के भाईयों को जब खुद से खुदका असली परिचय हो जाए, तो एकही अखंड दैवी सम्पदा का अहसास होता है ।

भारत हमारा बगीचा स्वरूपी वतन और हरेक भारतीय उसका बागवान है। स्वतंत्रता एक गहरी अध्यात्मिक सोच है। इमारे बचपने में बस्तर आदिवासीयों की सहज हँसी और सभ्यता में, मनो स्वतंत्रता का हमें अहसास हुवा है। भारतीय जब गर्मी के दिनों में 3- Piece suit पहनता है, तब हमारे खोखले मनका अंदाज होता है। बगल में धर्मग्रन्थ कभी ना सुना और ना आझमाया, उस माहोल में स्वतंत्रता का नाश होने का संभव होता है।

सदा अन्तःकरण में ध्यान रहे, भारत के स्वतंत्रता के लिए हमारे शहीदों के कुरबानियों की।

17 Aug 2015 Park

पार्क एक अंग्रेजी शब्द है। छुटपन में पार्क का मतलब होता है हिलमिलकर खेलने, कुदने, हसने और हँसानेकी जगह। आज की मेरी ८२ साल के उम्र में पार्क का मतलब होता है, मेरी कुलिया टिकाने और दिल बहलाने की जगह हमारा शांतिबन।

नागपूर शहर के नागरिकों ने २० सितंबर को १९६५ साल की यादों को साम्प्रदायिक संगठन रूपसे आदर करने का माहोल बनाया है। २० सितंबर २०१५ के माहोल में पार्क का असली मायना है बगीचा अथवा चमन, उसके फुलवारी की खुशबू, जो हमारी साँसों को मेहेका रही है। इसी कारण आज इतने सारे नागपूरवासी और बाहर से पधारे मेहमान यहां इकट्ठा हुए है। अपने बचपन की यादें और खुशियां बाटने, इस विचार धारणा से, धंतोली बगीचे के माली और अनकी पत्नी आज हमारे खास मेहमान है।

इस चमन की वात्सल्य रूपी ममता, आज हमें यहां खिंच लाई है। जैसे माँ पुकारे।

आज हमारी सासों को जो मेहेका रही है फुलवारी.....

Meri Sanson Ko Jo Meheka Rahi Hai - Lata Mangeshkar...

मेजर सुरेंद्र देव मेरा छोटा भाई था, हम दोनों में केवल १ साल और ९ महिनों का फर्क था। जीवन के पहले १८ साल साथही साथ पले, हम दोनों लंगेटिया, एकही स्वर और सूरमें।



हम दोनों का जन्म धंतोली में, हमारे नाना-नानी के घर में (३८९ अभ्यंकर रोड) हुआ था। हमारी एकलौती बहन का जन्म हमारे नानी के भाई के घर में (श्री. गणपतराव टिकेकर, टिकेकर रोड) हुआ था। हम चार भाई और एक बहन, बाल्य अवस्था में इस धंतोली पार्क में दोस्तों के साथ खेलने कुदने आया करते थे। इस खयाल में लता मंगेशकर ने गाया हुआ एक मधुर गाना याद आ रहा है - ‘ओ.... बचपनके दिन भूला न देना...’

इसी जुगलबंदी के कारण, आज ५० साल के बाद भी। सुरेंद्र की यादों की यादों में डूब जाता हूँ, बिना पानी के सहारे। हृदय की धडकन कहती है, कभी अलबिदा ना कहेंगे।

सुरेंद्र आज ना रहा तू, कल ना रहूँगा मैं ।

ना रहेगा कोई नाम ना निशाना ।

सिर्फ रहेगा,

हम दोनों का, और हमारी जन्म जननी माँ का, जन्म जन्म का रिश्ता ।

इस धंतोली पार्क के दो दरवाजे हैं । दक्षिण तरफ शिवनंदा मार्ग है, जो काली देवी महादेव मंदिर तक जाता है। उत्तर की ओर जानेवाला दरवाजे से जानेवाले रास्ता पटवर्धन मैदान तक जाता है। इस मार्ग के छोटेसे दौर में, रामकृष्ण मठ, हमारे दादी का घर, नाना-नानी का घर, धंतोली पार्क और हडस हाईस्कूल था, जिसमें मैं और सुरेंद्र पढ़ते थे । स्कूल और कॉलेज के पढाई के लिए, इस पाचों भाई-बहन, नाना-नानी के घर में रहे और पले। उस वक्त हमारे माता-पिता जगदलपूर, बस्तर रियासत में रहा करते थे ।

शाम को हडस हाईस्कूल से घर वापस आने के लिए, हम सदा इस धंतोली पार्क के बीच से गुजरते थे । उन दिनों मे इस पार्क में ३ सैतूत फलके झाड़ थे। माँली की नजरों की अनुमतिसे, जमीन पर गिरे सैतूत इकट्ठा कर लेते थे और फिर घर वापस लौटते थे। इस बचपन के सुनहरे दौर में, अनजाने हमारे तन, मन और दिलकी जरूरतों की तसल्ली हो जाती थी। उस वक्त महसूस ना हुवा की इसी बचपन के माहोल में हमारे भविष्य के आचार और विचारों का ढंग और रंग बन रहा है । हमारी मां ने लिखा है । “हमारी सोच पर आधारित हमारे कर्म होते है, और उसके अनुचित हमें फल मिलते हैं; यही हमारा भाग्य बन जाता है।’

रामकृष्ण आश्रम, काली देवी और महादेव मंदिर, दादी, नाना-नानी, धंतोली पार्क, हडस हाईस्कूल और पटवर्धन मैदान के दौर में, हमें असली ज्ञान रतन की अनुभूति होने का भाग्य मिला ऐसा हमें पक्का अहसास है।

17 Aug 2015

मेजर सुरेंद्र देव धंतोली पार्क

यह पार्क हमारा बगीचा है ।

हमारे बगीचे की हरियाली के झाड़, पौधे और घाँस प्राण वायू (Oxygen) छोड़ते है।

हम सारे जीव प्राण वायू ग्रहण करते है ।

हमने छोड़े अपान वायू को (Carbon-dioxide and waste gases) हरियाली शोषण कर लेती है ।

ये इन्सान और हरियाली का जुगलंबदी गहरा रिश्ता हमारे आत्मज्ञान का आधारस्तंभ हैं ।

हमारे दिल की धड़कने और साँस श्वास, दैवी सम्पदा है ।

इसी रफ्तार में हम सब जीते हैं ।

हमारा होना या ना होना, ये सिर्फ हमारे कमाए तकदीर का हिसाब ।

23 Aug 2015

Dhantoli - धंतोली

धंतोली है, धनवालों की टोली ।

यहां हमने, ज्ञान रतन पायो ।

यहाँ हमारा तीर्थस्थान और तीर्थक्षेत्र जिसमें,

हमारे घर के कुएंका पानी हमारा गंगाजल बन गया,

जिसने हमारे बचपन की प्यास बुझाई,

हमारे ज्ञान और अज्ञान की पहचान दिलाई,

और ज्ञान महासागर की दिशा दिलाई ।

नमस्ते सदा वत्सले मातृभूमे ।

त्वया हिंदुभूमे सुखं वर्धितोहम् ।

धंतोली, धनवाली की टोली, केवल सिमेंट के बने कबूतर खाने की रियासत नहीं ।

इस धंतोली में शहीद भी पैदा हुए हैं, जो जिंदगी के असली धन की परिभाषा दे जाते हैं । साथ ही साथ अहसास दिलाते हैं, कि जब तक मेजर सुरेंद्र देव पार्क में फुलवारी महकती रहेगी, तब तक उसके खुशबू के साथ हम आते रहेंगे ।

28 Aug 2015

नमख के पुतले और पुतलियाँ

भारतीय वतन का नमक खाकर, हम बन गए नमक के पुतले और पुतलियाँ ।
ज्ञान गंगा और हिन्द महासागर में डुबकियां लगाकर,
हम ना रहे पुतले ना पपुतलियां, आत्मसमर्पण भाव में ।

जिंदगी के उसूल (Principles) सीखे या सिखाए नहीं जाते; सिर्फ जीये जाते हैं।

A precious video on YouTube effortlessly communicates it all, "THERE IS ONLY AWARENESS".

धन्य हों, इस आत्मज्ञान की परिभाषा ।

जय हिंद, जय भारत.....

शहीद

शहीद, एक मृत शरीर नहीं, सिर्फ दैवी सम्पदा की अनुभूति ।

शहीद, जागृत अवस्था हैं, जिंदगी का अहसास पानेकी ।

जागृत अवस्था, बस्तर रियासत के मुरिया-मारिया आदिवासीयों की सहज

हसीं में, महसूस हुई है हमारे बचपने में ।
शहीद, जागृती की अमृत वर्षा है ।

शहीद, वह शक्ति और अनुभूति है, जिसे पुष्पहारों की जरूरत नहीं ।
शहीद, संपूर्ण आत्मसमर्पण, कोई भी शर्त बिना ।
शहीद, उस परम सत्य की रियासत है, जहाँ काल निर्णय नहीं।
शहीद, वो रियासत है, जहां फूलों की खुशबू सदा महकती रहती है ।
शहीद, सर्वोच्च सोच और सत्य की अनुभूती ।
शहीद, अहसास दे जाता है कि जबतक हमारे वतन की फुलवारीमें फूल
खिलते रहेंगे ।
तब तक उसकी खुशबू के साथ, हम आते रहेंगे ।
शहीद, परम सत्य को आझमाकर फरमाता है ।
' The Best Sermons are Lived, Not Preached.'
सत्यमेव जयते



26 Aug 2015

वन महोत्सव

मैं केवल एक मुसाफिर, ये चमन मेरा फरिश्ता (Angel)

हम दोनों का, जनम जनम का रिश्ता ।

इस रिश्ते को निभाकर, कोई बने शहीद ।

तन और मन में स्थिर होकर बन गए, चिदानंद रूपः

चिदानन्द रूपम्, शिवो हम शिवो हम ।

शिव, एकमेव वैश्विक चैतन्य ।

हम सब हैं, हमारे चमन के बागवान ।

यही फुलवारी हमें बनाती है, भाग्यवान ।

धन्य हैं इस चमन का बागवान ।

आज हम सबका 'मेजर सुरेंद्र देव धंतोली पार्क' में इकठा होना हमारा वन महोत्सव है ।

हमारे वतन के हरियाली के हरेक बागवान के लिए,

आज हमारी श्रद्धापूर्वक पुष्पांजली अर्पित है।

31 Aug 2015

स्वयं सिद्ध ज्ञानगंगा

हमारे वतन के फुलवारी में महकती ज्ञानगंगा, हमें सबसे न्यारी और प्यारी...

साँस के माध्यम से ॐ (आ, ऊ, हम) ज्ञान तरंगे है, जिसमें हम और हमारा विश्व, एक दूसरे में पूर्णतः समाए हुए हैं।

भारतीय वतन का नमख खाकर, हम बन गए नमख के पुतले और पुतलियों ।

ज्ञानगंगा और हिंद महासागर में, डुबकियां लगाकर,

वतन

हम ना रहें पुतले ना पुतलियां; आत्मसमर्पण में ।

जिंदगी के उसूल (Principles) सीखे या सिखाए नहीं जाते; सिर्फ जीये जाते है ।

आत्मज्ञान और आत्मबोध की अनुभूति में, भगवान की मूर्तियां, स्वर्ग की चाहत और नरक का भय नहीं । सिर्फ नैसर्गिक सहजता से खुद की असली पहचान जिसमें हम स्वयंसिद्ध हो जाते हैं । In it there is no BS wrappings of God, Heaven nor Hell.

20 September 2015

मैं, सुरेंद्र देव, आज बेहद खुश हूँ क्योंकि नागपूर शहर के हितचिंतक आज इस बगीचे में इकट्ठा हुए हैं। ये शुभविचारों का दिन है ।
हमारे साथ इस बगीचे के झाड़, पौधे और फूल भी उतनेही खुश हैं ।
हम सबके बीच एक गहरा कुदरती रिश्ता महसूस हो रहा है ।

आज हम सब यहां, इस वक्त सिर्फ आए नहीं,
बल्कि इस चमन के यादों की खुशबू हमें खींच लाई है ।
इस विश्व की कोई हरकत में, हम हो ना हो;
हमारे बचपन के यादों की खुशबू हमें सदा खींचती रहेगी ।

भाईयों, बहनों और नूतन भारत के बच्चों,

आज के मूड और माहोल में, अतीत और वर्तमान की एकही चेतना में विलय हो गया है । In today's mood, the past and the present have merged in a borderless consciousness.

मैं मेजर सुरेंद्र देव, शहीद या हुतात्मा बना नहीं; हो गया।
सिर्फ वतन के सेवाभाव की दौंड और रफ्तार में समा गया ।
हम सब भारतीय, इस चमन के बागवान ।
इस चमन के लिए, सदा कुर्बान ।



A well gardened childhood anchors its deep roots in order to flower and fulfill life in individual specific ways.

24 - 26 September, 2015
Rondevu or Tryst with Destiny

24 September is Saahil Deo's birthdate.

26 September is the birth anniversary of Saahil's father, Maj. Surendra Deo.

The son was virtually born two days before his father !

As the coincidences of life interlaced, and the Orchestra of Nature played its tune, Major. Surendra Deo was fatally wounded on the Sialkot battlefield on 16 September, just eight days before Ashwin's very first birthday.

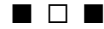


Maj. S. M. Deo Vatika (वाटिका) Plantings.

In the above picture, enthusiastic children are planting saplings of select trees at Major S. M. Deo's Vatika in Nagpur.

Children bartering their enthusiasm for planting saplings in honor of the spirit of " Service-before-Self " is a self-ennobling enterprise. The children and the trees that they have planted will grow up together in communion with Life. Self-enriched life fulfils its destiny in individual specific ways. Destiny is not a journey in emotionally restricted time and space. Instead, destiny is simply an experiential inner realization without the need for a word.

The events of the whole month of September 2015 in Nagpur, marked the 50th Anniversary of the Indo-Pak conflict. There was an ungauged sense of tributes and gratitude to the Armed Forces of India for their unflinching spirit of " Service before Self." For in it reigns the fearlessly supreme spirit of freedom, which is best metaphorized in the National symbol of Three Lions and 'सत्यमेव जयते.'



भारत हमारा वतन, परिवार और बगीचा (गुलिस्तान)

२६ जनवरी को भारतीय गणतंत्र दिवस समारोह ।
आज के माहोल में हमारा वतन, परिवार और बगीचा,
एक गहरा समुचित, पारिवारिक रिश्ता है।
जिसमें सदियों से समाये हैं, रिश्तों के रिश्ते।
जैसे इंद्रधनुष्य में सात (७) मूल रंग,
और उनके अन्य मिश्रणोंके सूक्ष्म संदेश।

दृश्य और क्षेत्र एक ही सोच के दो रंग।
दृश्य की अनुभूती में दृष्टांत।
क्षेत्र की अनुभूती पानेवाला क्षेत्रज्ञ।

जीतेजी हमारा शरीर, श्वास का दृष्टा है।
हमारा शरीर, श्वास, मन और मन के विचार दृश्य है।
जो दृश्य को अलग से देखता है, वो दृष्टा है।
हम दृष्टा है।

जीवन अथवा सृष्टी का उसूल है,
की एक क्षण जरूर आता है,
जब प्राण, स्वयं देह छोडकर तत्त्वस्वरूप हो जाते है।
फिर भी महकती रहती है,
हमारे जनम जनम के रिश्तों की फुलवारी।

इस क्षण, एक पुराने हिंदी सिनेमा का गाना गुनगुना रहा है :

कदम कदम बढ़ाए जा, मार उसमें खाए जा।
जिंदगी है प्यार की, प्यार में बिताए जा।
हुस्न के हुजूर में, अपना सर झुकाए जा,
अपना दिल लुटाए जा।

जिंदगी है एक बहार, प्यार उसमें है चिराग।
यह चिराग जितनी देर, जल सके जलाए जा।
जिन्दगी है प्यार की, प्यार कें बिताए जा
Google it, if you like it's audible flavor !,

जय भारत, जय हिंद !
तिरंगा झंडा सदा लहराए 'सत्यमेव जयते'।
रब्ब रब्ब में हरेक भारतीय होता है, 'भारत भाग्यविधाता'।
यह सिर्फ ढोल पिटने के नारे नहीं, अनुभूति हो।

जिंदगी के दौर में सदा याद रहे शहीदों की,
शहीदों के आखरी सांस तक, सेवा धर्म पालन की।

माँ, वतन, भारत, परिवार और बगीचा यह समुचित भाव में एक गहरी
सोच है।

Empty yourself of all opinions and belief systems,
Walk the streets of Bharat with open senses
To experience its ethos, pathos, paradox and chaos
(लोकाचार, करुणा, विरोधाभास)
Not necessarily to intellectually understand.
For, from the still waters full of silt and intermingl roots,
Stem unfathomed beauty and fragrance of Lotus flowers,
Revealing the universal wisdom of Life resident within.

इस पुस्तक के उपयुक्त समाप्ति के लिए, हमारे राष्ट्रीय गान को गाने के लिए एक लाजवाब, मधुर और खड़े आवाज की ख्वाईश थी, The mood of this book for a self fulfilling conclusion desired a tall mesmerising voice, rendering the National Anthem.

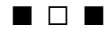
Amitabh Bachchan Sings National Anthem For Republic Day on 26 Jan. 2015 जन गण मन अधिनायक जय हे, भारत भाग्य विधाता.....

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AZg3RY4VkhM>

Our Nation observes a two-minute Silence on 30th January @ 11 AM each year, which symbolically originates at the Raj Ghat in Delhi.

Silence originating from within is the ultimate expression of Gratitude for Martyrs.

Cosmic wisdom prompts that the silence in darkness is the prime energy source of all Creation. Anything that moves or changes cannot be perfect. Tat Tvam Asi : तत्त्वमसि !





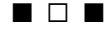
About the Author

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.

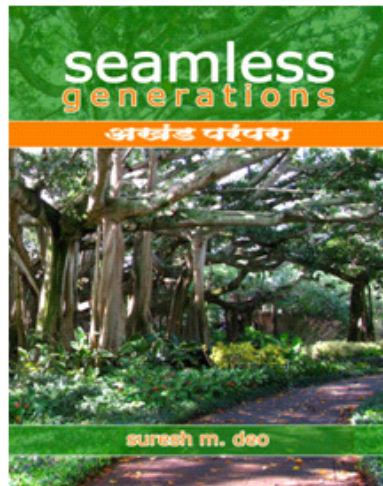
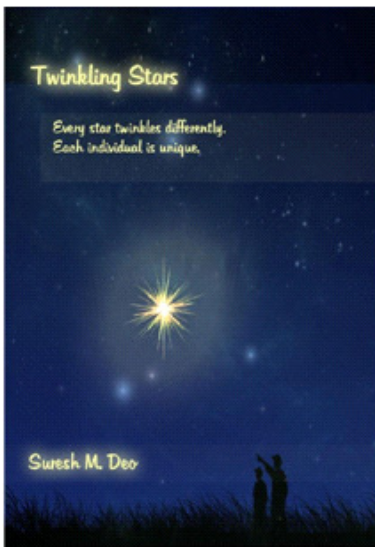
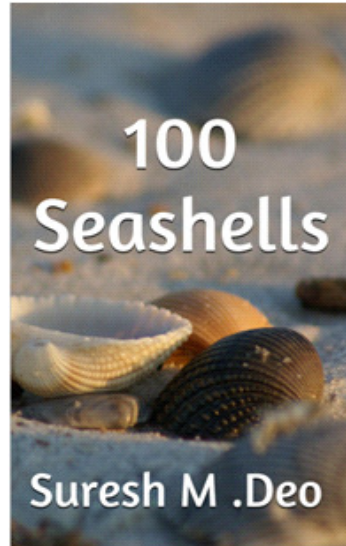
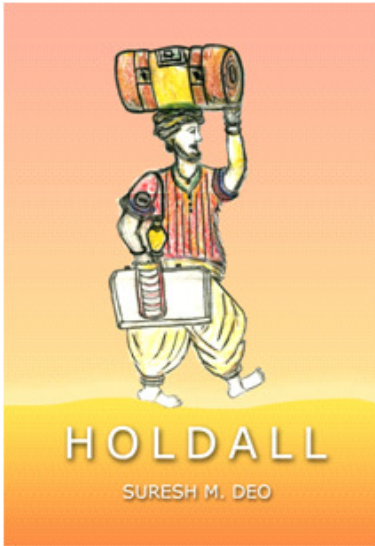
His past education saw him through Nagpur University in India to the University of Mississippi, affectionately known as Ole' Miss to its alumni. From there he went on to work in the Plastics and Composites industry for forty years. In hindsight, he realized that he had learnt enough about Chemical Engineering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

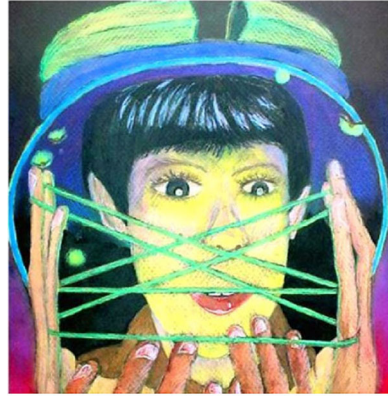
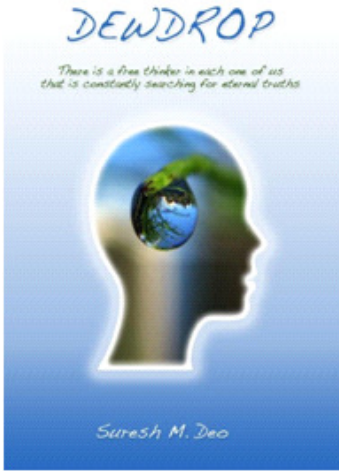
He recalls one of his most memorable moments in life to be a six-month trip around the world at the age of 30. It was then that he saw how all of us experienced the joys, aspirations, frustrations, and bewildering fears of the unknown in life.

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.

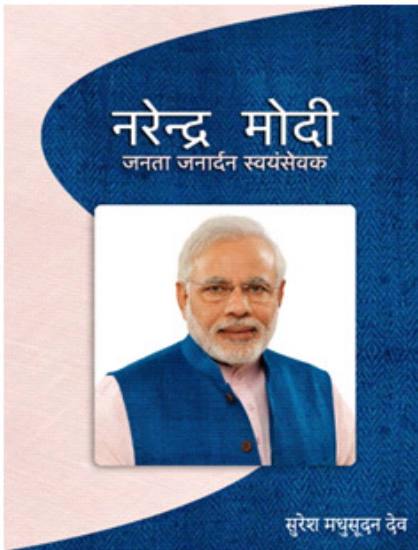


Other Books by Suresh M. Deo





Lightning Bugs



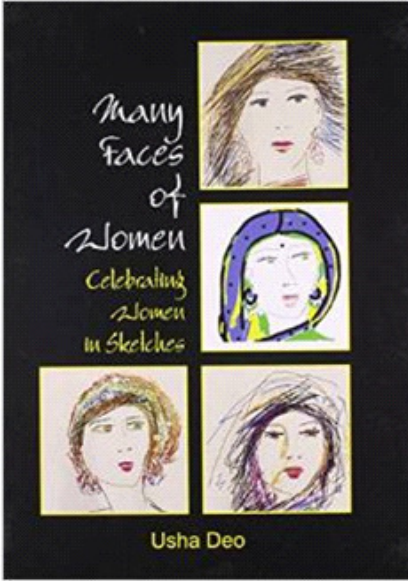
Available on Amazon

[http://www.amazon.com/s/
ref=ntt_atrh_dp_sr_1?_encoding=UTF8&field-author=Suresh%
20Deo&search-alias=digital-text&sort=relevancerank](http://www.amazon.com/s/ref=ntt_atrh_dp_sr_1?_encoding=UTF8&field-author=Suresh%20Deo&search-alias=digital-text&sort=relevancerank)

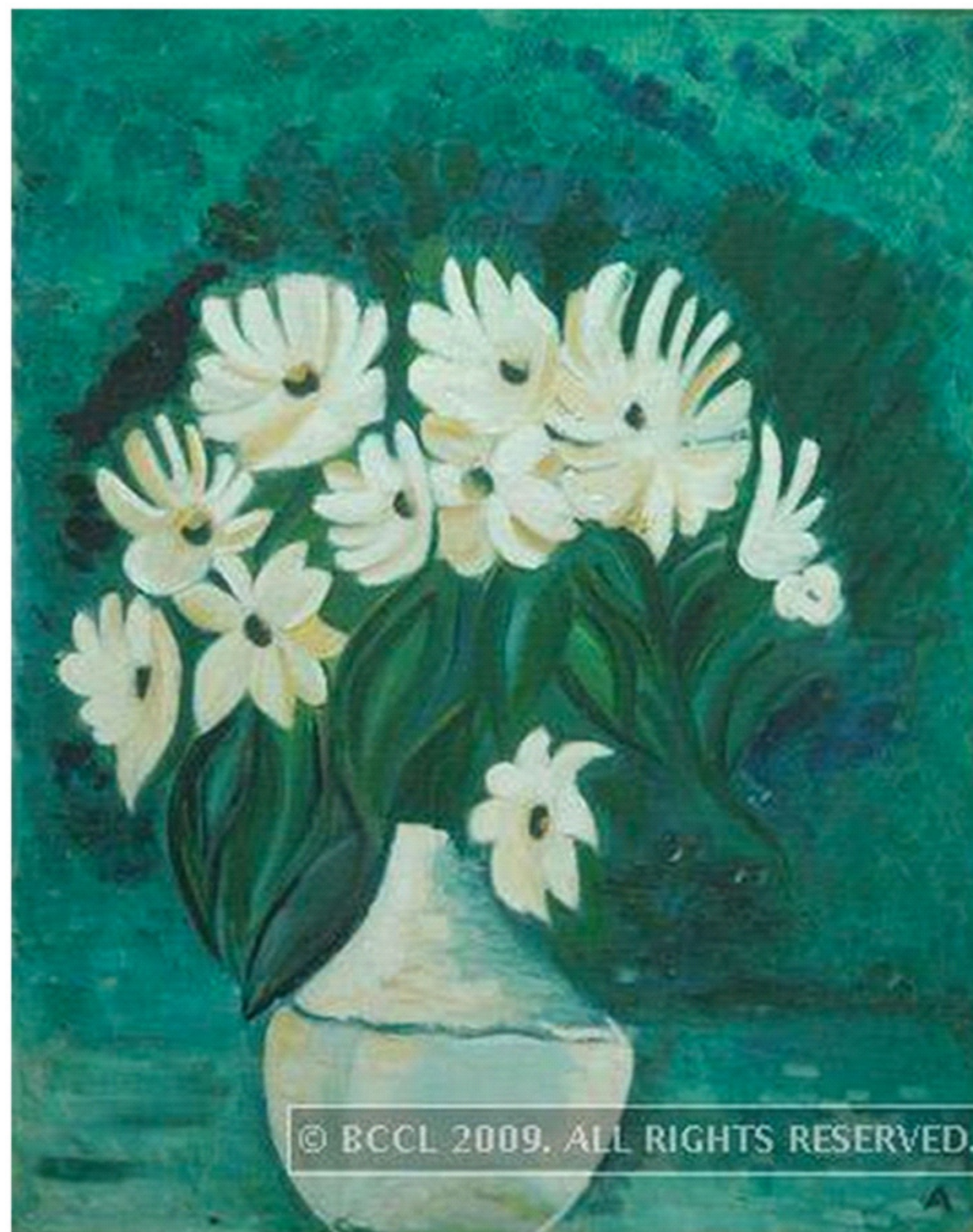
Available on Scribd

https://www.scribd.com/suresh_deo

Also Available :



http://www.amazon.com/Many-Faces-Women-Celebrating-Sketches/dp/9382337067/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1421446959&sr=1-1&pebp=1421446960341&peasin=9382337067



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