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ORISSA SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAS (OSA)
Quarterly Newsletter Utkarsa, April 1, 2005
<http://www.orissasociety.org>

Spring Dynamism of OSA

Dear Friends,

On behalf of the Orissa Society of the Americas, I wish you all a very Happy Holi.



I would like to bring you up-to-date information regarding some OSA matters. First, the election commission has received nominations for the next OSA office bearers. They are in the process of preparing and mailing ballot papers for election by the members. Please make sure to return your votes in time. Secondly, we have received a number of nominations for various OSA awards. The details on the candidates are being prepared for consideration by the judging committees. Finally, the 36th OSA convention arrangements are progressing very well. The organizers are planning it to be a very different OSA convention and to make it a memorable event. More information on the convention can be found at www.osa2005.org. The hotel rooms are selling fast and the airline ticket prices are climbing. Please book your travel soon.

Friends, this is the last formal newsletter to come out before the convention. I shall hand over the charge to the next President in the General Body meeting on Sunday, July 3rd. If you want to include a discussion item in the meeting, please send me an e-mail as soon as possible. Also, if you think we left out anything during the last constitutional amendment, we must address it this year.

Again, I must thank Bigyani for her sincerity and hard work. She has done such a wonderful job as the OSA

Editor; I don't know what I would have done without her help.

Thank you.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Laxmi N. Bhuyan".

Laxmi N. Bhuyan
OSA President

OSA Newsletter Utkarsa

The mission of The Orissa Society of Americas (OSA) is to provide a mutually supportive environment for the better interaction of Oriya immigrants of North American countries, and to enhance the awareness of Orissa and Oriya traditions in North America through cultural promotion, social events, and developmental activities.

OSA Officers:

Dr. Laxmi Narayan Bhuyan (President)
Dr. Nivedita Mohanty (Vice President)
Mr. Hari Arjun Patro (Secretary/Treasurer)
Dr. Bigyani Das (Editor)

Utkarsa is published quarterly by The Orissa Society of Americas.

Our OSA Theme: Working together is success

Are you in OSA mailing list? OSA announcements are regularly made electronically using the OSA mailing list created by Dr Joy Gopal Mohanty. If you are a member and you don't get any announcements electronically, please contact Dr Joy Gopal Mohanty (jgmohanty@yahoo.com).

Utkarsa is published quarterly. Current issue: No. 7 - April, 2005 Publication.
Questions, comments, corrections, suggestions: bigyanidas@orissasociety.org

Note: Next issue of Utkarsa will be published on June 15, 2005. It will be a special issue with toasts and roasts for OSA executives as well as coordination committee members. Articles on performance evaluation of these officers are requested for this special issue. Words of wisdom for the next office bearers would be appreciated. The articles should reach the editor by June 1, 2005.

Dear Friends

Namaskar. On behalf of OSA National Executives, I wish you *Happy Orissa Day* (Shubha Utkala Dibasa) with the following messages of Madhubabu (Madhusudan Das).



Madhusudan Das was instrumental in bringing all the Oriyas under one independent rule. He had therefore organised "Utkal samilani" in the year 1903 and started a revolution called "Desha Mishrana Andolan". As a result the British declared in the year 1936 on April 1 that Orissa should be a separate state.

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jAti itihAsa jAtira nirjhara
tahir bahe sadA jAti prANadhAra |1|
sehi dhAru nIra pie Jeun nara
nische heba sehi jAti karmabIra |2|
kaLa kaLa rabe dhAinchhi se dhAra
atIta gouraba gAi niran tara |3|
nAchai udaye bhAbI unnatira
Jehne chandrodaye nAche ratnAkara |4|

OSA is the first step that immigrant Oriyas had taken for showing respect to our Oriya identity. It is our job now to carry out this mission of OSA by becoming involved and contributing our best to the Oriya community. On this day, let us all make a promise to make it a ritual to pay respect to our heritage. Although our individual identity is our first priority in life, without the identity of our heritage, we are like fishes without water. Preserving our cultural identity should be included in our priority list.

My heartfelt thanks are due to all the contributors for this issue of Utkarsa. May this spring season paint your life with rainbow colors! – Bigyani Das, Editor

Information on Election of OSA Officers for the Term 2005-2007

This year, OSA election will be held for four positions: President, Vice-President (President and Vice-President run as a team), Secretary, and Treasurer. The following candidates are contesting for the positions as specified below.

President/Vice-President:

Mr. Niranjan Tripathy / Mr. Dharendra Kar
Mr. Shreekanta Nayak / Mr. Nitya S. Mohapatra

Secretary:

Mrs. Bigyani Das
Mr. Anshuman Bal

Treasurer:

Mr. Prakash C. Patro (**uncontested**)

The ballots are expected to be mailed before April 1, 2005. If an OSA member who has paid his/her dues before December 31, 2004 does not receive a ballot by April 15, 2005, he/she is requested to contact Brajendra Panda (bpanda@uark.edu). Upon voting, the ballots must be mailed back so as to reach the Election Committee, at the address provided on the ballot, on or before May 13, 2005. An addressed envelope is being mailed along with the ballot for convenience.

The votes are expected to be counted on May 14, 2005 and the results to be officially announced on May 16, 2005.

Sincerely,

2004 Election Committee, OSA

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Important Oriya Festivals:

April 1, 2005 - Utkala Dibasa
April 17, 2005 – Rama Navami
April 24, 2005 – Chaitra Purnima
May 23, 2005 - Chandana Jatra

Important OSA Events:

Election Ballots Sent to Members – April 1, 2005
Election Ballots Due – May 13, 2005
Election Results Announced – May 16, 2005
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ପ୍ରିୟ ବନ୍ଧୁଗଣ

ନମସ୍କାର । ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସ ଉପଲକ୍ଷେ ଓସା କର୍ମକର୍ତ୍ତାମାନଙ୍କ ତରଫରୁ ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କୁ ମୋର ଶୁଭକାମନା ଜଣାଉଛି । ବିଚ୍ଛିନ୍ନ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାଭାଷୀ ଅଞ୍ଚଳମାନଙ୍କର ଏକତ୍ରୀକରଣ ପାଇଁ ୧୯୦୩ ମସିହାରେ ଦେଶପ୍ରେମୀ ମଧୁସୂଦନ ଦାସ ଏକ ଐତିହାସିକ ପଦକ୍ଷେପ ନେଇଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ବାସ୍ତବ ରୂପ ନେଇଥିଲା ୧୯୩୬ ମସିହା ଏପ୍ରିଲ ପହିଲା ତାରିଖରେ । ବିଦେଶୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କ ଏକତ୍ରୀକରଣ ବିଷୟ ଚିନ୍ତାକରି ମଧୁବାବୁଙ୍କ ଭଳି ଆନେରିକାର ବୟୋଜ୍ୟେଷ୍ଠ ଓଡ଼ିଆପ୍ରେମୀ କେତେଜଣ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜ ଓସାର ଭିତ୍ତି ସ୍ଥାପନ କରିଥିଲେ । ସେ ଐତିହାସିକ ପଦକ୍ଷେପ ଆଜି ଆନେରିକାର ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଯୋଗସୂତ୍ର ସ୍ଥାପନର ଏକ ବିଶେଷ ମାଧ୍ୟମ ହୋଇପାରିଛି । ସେ ସମାଜର ସମ୍ପାଦିକା ଭାବେ ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ମୋ କଳ୍ପନା, ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରା ଓ ବିଶ୍ୱାସର ବିନିମୟ କରିପାରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ପାଇଥିବାରୁ ମୁଁ ନିଜକୁ ଚୈତ୍ତବ୍ୟବାନିତ ମନେକରୁଛି । ଆଶା ଓ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଉତ୍କର୍ଷର ଏ ସଂଖ୍ୟାଟି ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଆଦୃତ ହେବ । ବସନ୍ତର ମଧୁମଳୟ ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କ ଜୀବନରେ ମଧୁରିମା ଭରିଦେଉ । ଏହାହିଁ କାମନା । - ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ, ସମ୍ପାଦିକା

**A Tribute
In Memoriam
Bapa...Peaceful, Cultured, Dignified
Dr Amiya Patnaik
March 19, 1930 – February 19, 2005**

Dearest Bapa,

As we sit and try to come up with words to fully express our deepest thoughts and feelings of you, the words flow freely in our hearts but much more difficult to put on paper. We want our children, your grandchildren, to know the person you were and to live their lives by your example.

If it were up to us, we would have “Amiya” added to the English dictionary as an adjective to describe a person who is peaceful, cultured, dignified and loving – all without reservation, because that is exactly what you were and more.

You were Atlas who carried our worries and troubles for us without question. You were the pillar of strength for not just Kaba, Mami, Mana, Titu and Papu, but for many far and near, who through the years have learned that here was a man who would do anything for you. You were a strong yet gentle soul. Your warm, contagious smile and bone crushing bear hug would make us forget what was on our minds and remind us that love of family was more important than anything else in the world. But what made you more special was the fact that the smiles and hugs were not reserved just for us. You loved to give hugs and it didn't matter if it was family, a friend for years or someone you had just met a few moments ago. All got the same reception.



Born in the village of Bindhanima, you used to tell us about the many miles you walked daily to your school. Soon, you left your village, and state, and headed for Madras University for your Bachelors and Masters degrees in Veterinary Science. Afterwards, you worked for the Government of Orissa before setting out for the land of opportunity in 1964.

We don't know if we would have had the character of strength or confidence you had when you came to this country. You had to leave behind a pregnant wife and three kids. We would have loved to be there when you told Bou. Were you running out the door with your hands on your head and dishes crashing around you? We know how important education was to you. You saw this as an opportunity for your family and you.

The United States became the destination where you expected to fulfill your thirst for knowledge and advance your learning and growing not only for yourself but for us as well. Of course, you thought one day you would return to Orissa, but as the years came and went, you realized the possibilities were getting more and more remote.

You rose to be an eminent research scientist in the field of Veterinary Pathology at the Animal Medical Center (AMC) in Manhattan. You stayed at AMC for forty years before retiring in December 2004. A three-hour commute everyday in and out of the city would have sapped almost anyone, but not you. You published over 200 papers that appeared in important veterinary journals, were a contributing author to veterinary textbooks used by veterinary student's worldwide and won awards after awards. You left behind a legacy, with a modesty that kept you from saying anything to us. Bou would prop up an award in the cabinet and when we saw them and inquired about



Amiya Patnaik with wife Kabita Patnaik and children

the awards, you'd vaguely say something and Bou would finally have to take over and explain who gave it and why.

If there was one person who loved his job, truly enjoyed his work, it was you. Growing up we all heard people say nice things about you. But the words and emotions came together like a symphony on the day the AMC celebrated your 40th anniversary. That was the first time you wanted all of us to attend. Unfortunately two of your four children lived in Florida and were not able to make it. It was a moment that we wish we could have bottled forever.

Dr. Pidgeon, the CEO of the AMC, came up to the podium to praise you and present you with a gift. The room suddenly got very quiet, but not because he was about to speak. A tangible wave of emotions was washing over everyone in the room. It wasn't as much a wave washing ashore, as a ripple ever widening from Dr. P. Between chokes and sobs he spoke of being your student years ago, and then he stood there with tears rolling down his cheeks as he stopped listing the accomplishments and began honoring the man instead...the kindness, the civility and fair-mindedness.

We were to learn that day that there was a Patnaik

Method of counting that is used in veterinary work throughout the world. Our faces were warm, we had goose bumps, tears welled in all our eyes and our hairs stood on ends. We never thought we would ever be in the presence of someone so admired, greatly respected and so deeply loved. But here was such a man being honored...and that man was you, our Bapa, our mother's husband. What struck us the most that day was that the warmth, pride and love we as his family obviously felt was not ours alone but was shared by everyone. It was almost like, "Behold, I give you a Saint" and there you stood with one hand in your pocket, looking at the floor with your never-ending modesty and humbleness. We know why all this came so easily to you...you were obviously an angel just passing time with us here.

Bapa, you were a man who never raised his voice to anyone - not your children, not to Bou and certainly not to your friends and colleagues. You had a gift for

seeing into the core of someone you just met and accepted them without being partial.

You were a strong advocate of passing on the Oriya heritage and culture to the younger generations. You always worried about how to do this. In the seventies, with a few friends who shared your vision, concern and dream, you founded the Orissa Society of Americas. You became president of the Orissa Society of Americas several times, embracing everyone who joined. To you, the politics of the Society came a distant second to treating people fairly and making each and everyone feel welcome and comfortable.

You also felt strongly about social, educational and cultural work. You served on the Prafulla Mukharjee Scholarship Foundation and were involved in various other cultural organizations including the Tagore Society.

Bapa, saying we miss you is too simple – it sounds like, "I'm tired"- something that can be remedied with sleep. This can never be remedied. The ache in our hearts dulled only when our minds are distracted or when loving thoughts of our times with you cool us. As a husband and father, we all thrived on your endless support and unconditional love...your uncompromising care,



Amiya Patnaik during OSA gathering

sincerity and civility. We have become who we are because of you but we will never fill your shoes. We know you have your hand in your pocket, brushing your other hand through your hair and looking down at the floor. You are a great soul.

Until we talk again, you will always live in our breaths, thoughts, emotions and pains, comforted by your love and your bear hug.

We love you Bapa.

Contributed by the children of the late Dr. Amiya Patnaik:

Mamata Patnaik
Sujata Parida
Asis Patnaik
Asit Patnaik

Riding a Bike (Editorial)

Bigyani Das

It was late September 1985. I had joined Mathematics Department of Institute of Technology, Banaras Hindu University (IT, BHU) as a Junior Research fellow to work on a Department of Science and Technology project. My supervisor Dr R.N. Mukherjee was a very affectionate and caring professor. Although it was my first time staying outside of my state, he had taken care of many official formalities and my life started very smoothly at BHU.



However, there were certain items that were beyond his direct control and one of them was hostel accommodation. The girls' hostel was full. Some professor quarters were thus used as small boarding houses for the remaining girls. I got accommodation in such a boarding house with five other girls. My roommate Vandana was not only beautiful in look, but beautiful in heart too. She treated me as a guest and took care of me with a lot of affection. Everything settled except one problem and that was transportation. BHU campus was very big (2700 acres). IT campus was about 5-6 miles from my boarding place. Main Gate of BHU as well as canteens were also far away. Because we were staying in the interior, it was very hard to find a rikshaw at the time of need. Everybody in the campus were used to riding bikes. Students, faculty members, staff members, all had their own bikes. I never rode a bike before. In my village during that time, riding bike for girls was not considered an acceptable attitude. Although I had broken many other records in my village being the first girl to do so, I never rode a bike for another reason. It was costly to afford.

Vandana tried to help me by offering me to sit in the back of her bike which was not the solution at all. The only solution was for me to learn to ride the bike. I was both excited and nervous. I was excited dreaming about my independence and I was nervous to learn controlling the bike. Vandana's friend Mr Verma helped me to buy a bike from Avon Company. The cost was Rs 550.

Vandana started to train me. She explained all the different parts of a bike and how should I use them in synchronization to balance myself. Then she taught me how to ride. However, I was unsuccessful. "You Oriya people eat watered rice and thus you do not have physical strength to ride a bike. Eat roti, dal and milk and gain strength first." As I was too thin during that time, I could not dare to argue. I took her words as sacred hymns and started eating roti, dal and milk. However, that did not help. I was still unsuccessful in balancing myself on the bike. I saw everybody riding their bikes, cheering at me, going to market, going to Birla temple, going to the canteen. I started wondering about bikes, a small seat at the top of a thin wheel. How in the world people are able to balance on that. Can I ever be able to balance it?

I started dreaming about bikes. I dreamt myself on a bike riding through dense forests, crossing narrow passages in mountains and flying with my bike to cross narrow streams.

The reality on the other hand was very cruel. I fell down several times and severely injured myself. Vandana gave



up. When she said "You cannot", my Oriya gene was stimulated and expressed itself generating strong forces in my mind. King Kharabela inside me became awake and I became determined. "I have to learn to ride the bike and prove to Vandana that I can do."

Dashahara vacation came. Vandana and other three girls went to their parent's houses. I was left in the hostel with another girl who had do finish some laboratory experiments in the medical school. When she was gone to her laboratory, I tried to learn bike ride myself. It was just me with my bike. There was nobody to see me fall. There was nobody to frown at my fall. I tested all the parts of the bike. I experimented balancing my feet on the pedals while sitting on the narrow seat at the top of the narrow wheel. Within three days I had learnt enough. I

surprised myself by riding the bike to the Birla temple to make the offering for my success. Dashahara vacation was over. All the girls including Vandana were back in the hostel. "You are amazing", Vandana congratulated me. We then went for a bike ride together.

If other people like you could ride the bike, then you can.

When I left BHU and joined Indian Institute of Technology, Bombay, I also transported my bike to Bombay. It was my companion for four and half years till I came to USA. I had done marketing with my bike, carried my little baby daughter from hostel to hospital and had fun rides around IIT Bombay campus with friends during odd hours. It also gave company to my brother for five years in the campus.

Friends, have you ever wondered to ride a bike? Were you discouraged because people saw you

fallen? Have you wanted to do something new, but never dared because of the fear of failure? If other people like you could ride the bike, then you can. If other people like you could take the challenges and balance the bike's wheel sitting on that small seat over the narrow wheel, then you can.

Life is full of such challenges, small and big. However, we have examples of people conquering those challenges. Keep faith on yourself. Keep faith on God. Train yourself and visualize yourself on your bike, taking challenges, crossing obstacles, conquering opposing powers and riding the bike with a charming smile. You can ride the bike as I did and others did.

ରଙ୍ଗର ଗୀତ

ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ, କଲମ୍ପିଆ, ମେରୀଲାଣ୍ଡ

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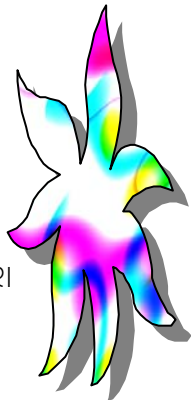
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ରଙ୍ଗେ ମତୁଆଲା ପ୍ରେମୀ ଭଅଁର

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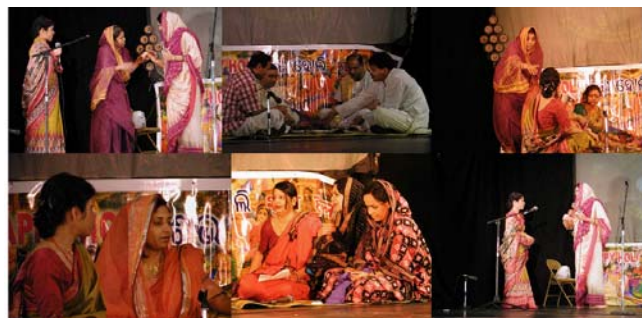
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Letters to the Editor Series
Best Wishes from a Stranger
OM SHREE JAGANNATHAYA NAMAH

Dear Bigyani,

You may be surprised to get this mail from a stranger. After going through your exciting story MAHIYASI in UTKARSA of Dec. 2004, I could not resist the temptation of writing to you. Please let me at the outset introduce myself: I am a retired professor of Genetics (OUAT, Bhubaneswar), now visiting with my wife Urmila, our second son, Satyajit & family at Dallas. Long time back, in 1960's, I was working for my Ph.D at Saskatoon, Canada, as a Commonwealth Scholar. Our contemporaries then in Canada were Dr. Lalu Manasinha, Dr. J.P.Das, Dr. J.S.Nanda (father of Dr. Jitu Nanda) & a few other Oriyas. Satyajit was born then in Saskatoon in 1967. We had a Saskatoon Chapter of INDIA-CANADA ASSOCIATION in which I was associated as an active member & office bearer then. The disastrous Bihar Drought of 1968 was televised through out America so distastefully & pathetically that we had to hang our heads in shame. Although I collected donations from Indians only & sent a substantial amount to PM Indira Gandhi's Relief Fund, I was extremely unhappy & pained at the way India was projected & exhibited on television. That made such a profound impact in my mind that I decided to go back to India & Orissa to work for our people, rather than staying on & working in Canada or USA after completion of Ph.D.

About 40 years have passed since then & vast changes have taken place in India. Time has made many people lonely at their own place these days. Our eldest son Partha works in IFS (now in UK), daughter Sucharita works in Dubai with her husband, only the other daughter Nivedita stays in India with her husband, a Sqdn. Leader in Indian Air Force..But she also remains far away from us at her husband's place



of posting. Thus I & wife live in Bhubaneswar all by ourselves & visit Europe, America or Emirates at times to fulfill the desire of staying together with children & grand children. Many Oriya parents have similar fate these days, but we have no regrets. However many a dream remains unfulfilled & unrealized. The characters in your story, Shyamalendu & Suman, are very fortunate in that they could realise their dream of paying back the debt to Mahiyasi Sukhada Devi. Congratulations for the nice story & for yourable editorship of Utkarsa. Being a former editor of some such publications, I can well appreciate how demanding the job must be.

Dr. Pratiba Satpathy (wife of my younger brother) had attended your 34th Convention at NJ as an invited Literary Figure & she had narrated to us about the activities of OSA. We would have been very happy to attend your 36th Conv. At Newport Beach, but we are leaving Dallas on May 15 for London where we will spend some days with Partha & family before going back to Bhub. We shall be thankful if you keep us in your mailing list & regularly post Utkarsa & OSA Directory. I will also be happy to contribute some write-ups if you have no objection in publishing in Utkarsa. Wish you all success in serving the cause of OSA as an able & dedicated Editor.

With love & best wishes to you, your husband
& three daughters,

Sincerely yours,
Damodar satpathy, BJ- 35, Bidya Bhaban, BJB Nagar,
BBS.-751014, TEL. 0674-2430855, E-mail:
damodar_satpathy@yahoo.com

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Holi in Washington DC was celebrated on March 19, 2005. Here is a picture of various scenes from the drama "Kholachithi" staged by the adults. For a complete report of Holi melana, pala and other cultural programs, please refer to <http://www.jogaworld.org>

ଆଗନ୍ତୁକା

ଶାନ୍ତିଲତା ମିଶ୍ର

ରାତି ଅନେକ ହୋଇ ଗଲାଣି । ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିବାର ସମୟ ସୀମା ମଧ୍ୟ ଚପି ଗଲାଣି । ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କର ଦେଖା ନାହିଁ ଏ ଯାଏ । ଏଥରକ ଡରିବା ପାଳି ସରୋଜା'ର । ଫେନ ବି କରି ନାହାଁନ୍ତି । ଆଜି କାଲିର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ଠାରୁ ଅଧିକ ଏ ଯାନ ବାହାନ ଯୁଗରେ ଅନାବଶ୍ୟକ ଦୁର୍ଘଟଣାର ଶିକାର ଆଧୁନିକ ଆଜିର ମାନବ ସମାଜ । ତେଣୁ ସର୍ବଦା ଆଶଙ୍କାଯିତା ସରୋଜାର ମନ କିଛି ନୂତନ ବିପଦ ଆଶଙ୍କା କରି ବିଚଳିତ ହେଉଥିଲା ।

ପିଲା ମାନେ ଖାଇପିଇ ଅନେକ ବେଳୁ ଶୋଇ ସାରିଲେଣି । ଠାକୁରଙ୍କ ଘରୁ ଶୋଇବା ଘର, ଶୋଇବା ଘରୁ ରୋଷେଇ ଘର, ରୋଷେଇ ଘରୁ ଦାଣ୍ଡ ବାହାର ଏପରି ସେ ବିଷିତ ଭାବେ ପଦ ଚାରଣା କରୁଥିଲା । ହଠାତ୍ ଠାକୁରଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ଆଖି ପଡିବା ମାତ୍ରେ ସେ କିଛି ସମୟ ଧ୍ୟାନରେ ବସିଗଲା ।

“ହେ ଭଗବାନ! ତୁମେ ଜାଣ ସବୁକିଛି । ମୋର ବିଶେଷ କହିବାର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ନାହିଁ । ତଥାପି କହୁଛି । ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କର କିଛି ନହୋଇଥାଉ । ତେରିରେ ହେଉ ପଛେ ସେ ଭଲରେ ଘରକୁ ଫେରନ୍ତୁ । ତୁମେତ ଜାଣ ଯଦି ତାଙ୍କର କିଛି ହୁଏ ତୁମକୁ ମୁଁ ବସେଇ ଉଠେଇ ଦେବିନି । ତୁମର ଶରଣାପନ୍ନ ହେବି । ତୁମ ପାଖରେ ବାରମ୍ବାର ଦୁଖ ଜଣେଇବି । ପାଦ ଧରି ଲୁହ ଭାଳିବି । ମନ୍ଦିର ଦ୍ଵାରରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ବାଡେଇବି । ତୁମକୁ ନିଶ୍ଚିନ୍ତରେ ବଞ୍ଚିବାକୁ ଦେବିନି । ରାତି ଦିନ ତୁମ ପାଖକୁ ଆସି ତୁମ ଖାଇବା , ଶୋଇବା ରେ ଅହରହ ବ୍ୟାଘାତ କରିବି । ତେଣୁ ଦୟାକରି ଏପରି କିଛି କର ନାହିଁ, ଯାହା ଫଳରେ ତୁମେ ହଲରାଣ ହେବନି ଓ ଅଯଥା ଝମେଲାରୁ ମୁକ୍ତି ବି ପାଇବ । ମୁଁ ବି ଏକ ବିରାଟ ଦୁଃଖିତାରୁ ମୁକ୍ତିପାଇବି ।” ଏହିପରି ନିଶ୍ଚଳ ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି ପାଖରେ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା, ଗୁହାରି , ଅଭିଯୋଗ ଓ ଅଭିମାନ ବାଜି ଚାଲିଥିଲା ସରୋଜା ।

ଏତିକି ବେଳେ ଦାଣ୍ଡ କବାଟରେ କରାଯାତ ଶୁଣି ତାର ଅନେକ ବେଳୁ ଦପ୍ ଦପ୍ ହେଉଥିବା ଛାତିଟା କିଛି କ୍ଷଣ ପାଇଁ ସ୍ଥିର ହୋଇଗଲା । “ଓ ଆସିଗଲେ ବୋଧେ ।” ଦୌଡିଲା ସରୋଜା ଠାକୁର ଘରୁ ଦାଣ୍ଡ ଘରକୁ । ଆଗ ପଛ ନ ଭାବି କବାଟ ଖୋଲି ଦେଲା । ସାମନା ରେ ଶଶାଙ୍କ । ଆଶ୍ଚସ୍ତ ହେଲା ଦେଖି । ହସର ଭେଦ ଓଠରେ ।

ଘର ଭିତରକୁ ପଶି ଆସିଲେ ସେ । କିଛି ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କରୁକରୁ ସରୋଜା ଅଟକି ଗଲା, ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କ ପଛରେ ଜଣେ ଅନିନ୍ଦ୍ୟା ସୁନ୍ଦରୀ ଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି । କଣ ଏ ରହସ୍ୟ ? କିଛି ବିକୃତ ଭାବନା ତା ମୁଣ୍ଡକୁ ପଶିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଶଶାଙ୍କ ସଂକ୍ଷିପ୍ତ ଉତ୍ତରରେ ପରିଚୟ କରାଇ

ଦେଇଥିଲେ ମହିଳାଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଦୂର ସଂପର୍କୀୟା ଭଉଣୀ କହି ।

ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ରହିଥିବା ରାତ୍ର ଭୋଜନକୁ ଦୁଇଭାଗ କରି ପରଶି ଦେଇଥିଲା ସରୋଜା । ବାଟ ପାଖ ଘରେ ଶେଯ ପକେଇ ଦେଇଥିଲା ସରୋଜା । ଆଗନ୍ତୁକା ମହିଳାଙ୍କ ଶୋଇବା ପାଇଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ନିଜେ ଶୋଇ ପାରି ନଥିଲା ରାତି ସାରା ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କ ଚିତ୍ତିତ ମୁଖମଣ୍ଡଳକୁ ଦେଖି ବିଶେଷ କିଛି ସେ ପଚାରିବାକୁ ସାହାସ କରି ନଥିଲା ମହିଳାଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ।

କିନ୍ତୁ ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କର ସମସ୍ତ ନିକଟ ଓ ଦୂର ସଂପର୍କୀୟ ଭଉଣୀ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ସରୋଜା ଭଲ ଭାବରେ ଜାଣେ । ଏ କୋଉ ଭଉଣୀ, କୋଉଠି ଥିଲେ । ହଠାତ୍ ତାଙ୍କର ରାତି ଅଧରେ ଏପରି ଅଚାନକ ଆବିଭାବର କାରଣ କଣ ? ତା ବିଷୟରେ ଅଧିକ ବିସ୍ତାରିତ ଭାବେ ଜାଣିବା କଣ ତାର ଉଚିତ୍ ନୁହେଁ । ରାଗ ବି ଲାଗୁଥିଲା, କାନ୍ଦ ବି ମାଡୁଥିଲା । ପୁଣି ମନକୁ ପରକ୍ଷରେ ବୁଝେଇ ବି ଦେଉଥିଲା । ଶଶାଙ୍କ ଭଲରେ ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଆସିଚିଛି ସେଇଟା ବତ କଥା ତା ପାଇଁ । ନଚେତ୍ ଏ ଦୂର ବିଦେଶରେ ଅଜଣା, ଅଚିହ୍ନା ଯାଗାରେ ଚାରିଚାରିଟା ପିଲାଙ୍କୁଧରି ସେ କୁଆଡେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଖୋଜିବାକୁ ଯାଇଥାନ୍ତା ରାତି ଅଧରେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ?? ମନରୁ ସେ ‘କିନ୍ତୁ’ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କଲେ ବି ଯାଉନି । କାମିଲେ ବି ଯାଉନି । ବୁଝେଇଲେ ବି ଯାଉନି ।

ଏମିତିରେ ସକାଳ ପାହିଲା । ଅନ୍ୟ ମନସ୍କ ଭାବେ ସକାଳର ଚା, ଜଳଖିଆ ତିଆରି କରି ପରସି ଥିଲା ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ସରୋଜା । ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଅପିସ୍ ଯାଇଥିଲା ମହିଳାଟି । ଶଶାଙ୍କ ସଂକ୍ଷିପ୍ତରେ କେବଳ ତାକୁ କହି ଯାଇଥିଲେ - ‘ଆଜି ଫେରୁ ଫେରୁ ଆମେ ଡେରି ହୋଇ ଯାଇପାରେ । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପଛେ ପଛେ ଯାଉ ଯାଉ ସେଇଠି ଅଟକି ଗଲା ସରୋଜା ।

ଆମେ ?? ମାନେ ? ପୁଣି ସେ ରାତିରେ ଆସିବ ଏଠିକି । କିନ୍ତୁ କାହିଁକି ? ସକାଳ ସାରା ଭଟର ଭଟର ହେଉଥିଲେ ତାରି ସଙ୍ଗେ ଶଶାଙ୍କ । ସରୋଜା ସଙ୍ଗେ କମ୍ । ଆଜି ବି ଦିନ ସାରା କୁଆଡେ ଯିବେ କଣ କରିବେ କିଛି ଠିକଣା ନାହିଁ । ଅଧିକ କିଛି ଭାବି ପାରୁ ନଥିଲା ସରୋଜା । ମୁଣ୍ଡଟା ଏମିତିରେ କାଲି ରାତିଠୁ ଭାରିଭାରି ଲାଗୁଛି ଦିନଟା ଆଜି କେମିତି ଯେ ବିତିବ ? ଦୂର ସଂପର୍କୀୟା ଭଉଣୀ ! ହସିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଉଥିଲା ସରୋଜାର । ସତେକି ସେ ତାଙ୍କର କୋଉ ଭଉଣୀ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଚିହ୍ନି ନି ଯେପରି । କାଲି ଏ ଭଉଣୀ ବିଷୟରେ କେବେ କିଛି କହିନଥିଲେ ତ କାହିଁ । ସେ ପୁଣି ଏତେ ସୁନ୍ଦରୀ । ତାଙ୍କ ପରିବାରରେ ବା ବନ୍ଧୁ ବାନ୍ଧବରେ ସେ ତ କାହାକୁ ଦେଖିନି ଏତେ ସୁନ୍ଦରୀ ।

ସେଦିନ ରାତିରେ ଶୋଇବାକୁ ଯିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସାହସ କରି ସେ ପଚାରି ଦେଇଥିଲା ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କୁ କିଏ ସେ ବୋଲି ସେ ସତ କହିବାକୁ । ପିପୁଟି ଗଦାରେ ଅବା ସାପଲୀଙ୍ଗୁଡ଼ରେ ସତେକି ଗୋଡ଼ ପକେଇ ଦେଇଥିଲା ସେ । ଫାଏଁ କିନା ମାତି ବସିଲେ ଶଶାଙ୍କ - - 'କହିଲି ତ ଥରେ ଦୂର ସଂପର୍କୀୟା ଭଉଣୀ ବୋଲି । କେତେଥର ପଚାରୁଛ ? ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ହେଉନି ମୋ କଥାରେ ।'

ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ହେଉନି ବୋଲି ତ ଏତେ କଥା । ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ହେଉଥିଲେ ସରୋଜା ପଚାରୁଥାନ୍ତା କାହିଁକି ବାରମ୍ବାର ସେ ପଶୁ । ସିଧା ଆଙ୍ଗୁଳିରେ ଘିଅ ତ କେବେ କାଢ଼ି ହେବନି । ତେଜା କିପରି ଆଙ୍ଗୁଠି କି କରାଯାଇ କଥା ଆଦାୟ କରା ଯାଏ ସେ କଥା ବି ଜଣା ନାହିଁ ସରୋଜାକୁ । ଅଗତ୍ୟା ନିରବ ରହିଲା ସେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଆଖି ସବୁବେଳେ ସେଇ ଦୁଇଜଣଙ୍କ ଉପରେ, କାନ ସର୍ବଦା ସେମାନଙ୍କ କଥାବାଣୀ ଶୁଣିବାରେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେମାନେ ଏତେ ଆସ୍ତେରେ କଥାବାଣୀ କରୁଥିଲେ ଯେ ଜାଣି ହେଉନଥିଲା । କଣ ଓ କାହା ବିଷୟରେ କଥାବାଣୀ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ? କେଉଁ ଭାଷାରେ ବି ସେମାନେ କଥାବାଣୀ କରୁଛନ୍ତି ସେ କଥା ବି ଜାଣିବା କଷ୍ଟ । ଯଦିଓ ଘରେ ପାଖାପାଖି ଦୂରତାରେ ଥିଲେ ସେମାନେ ବିଶେଷ କଥାବାଣୀ ହେଉ ନଥିଲେ ।

ସରୋଜାର ସଂଦେହ ଯେତିକି ଯେତିକି ବଢ଼ୁଥିଲା ଦୁଃଖ ବି ସେତିକି ବଢ଼ୁଥିଲା । ସବୁଠାରୁ ବେଶୀ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କର ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ । ସରୋଜା ଯେ ବଞ୍ଚିଛି ଏବଂ ସେ ଘର ଭିତରେ ସେ ଅଛି ସେ କଥା ମୋଟେ ଯେପରି ସେ ଅନୁଭବ କରି ପାରୁନଥିଲେ । ଏ ମଣିଷ ଖୁନ୍ଦାଖୁନ୍ଦି ଅଜଣା ସହରକୁ ସରୋଜା ଏ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଆପଣେଇ ପାରିନି । ତା ଉପରେ ଏ ପୁଣି ଏକ ଝାମେଲା । କାନ୍ଦିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଉଛି ସବୁବେଳେ ଯେ କେତେ ସେ କାନ୍ଦିବ । କାନ୍ଦିଲେ ବି ଏ ସମସ୍ୟାର ସମାଧାନ ଯେ ଶିଘ୍ର ହୋଇଯିବ ସେ କଥା ବି ସେ ଭାବୁ ନଥିଲା ତେବେ କଣ କରା ଯାଇପାରେ ଏ ପରିସ୍ଥିତିରେ ।

ସରୋଜା ସେ ସୁନ୍ଦରୀ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀଲୋକକୁ ଆଉ ଘରେ ରଖିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛୁକ ନୁହଁ । ଏମିତିରେ ଏ ଛୋଟ ଭତା ଘରେ ମାତ୍ର ଦୁଇଟି ବଖରା; ବସା ଉଠା ଶୋଇବା ପାଇଁ । ଛୋଟିଆ ଗୋଟେ ରୋଷେଇ ଘର । ଏଥିରେ ସେ ନିତି ଅଣନିଶ୍ୱାସ ହୋଇଯାଉଛି । ସେଥିରେ ଏ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକଟି ଆସି ଗୋଟିଏ ରୁମ୍ ମାତି ବସିଛି । ଏ ମାନେ ବାପ ମା' ଛୁଆ ମିଶି ଛଅ ଜଣ ଗୋଟିଏ ରୁମ୍‌ରେ କି କଷ୍ଟରେ ରହୁଛନ୍ତି ସେ କଥା ନା ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖାଯାଉଛି ନା ସେ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକଟିକୁ । ସେମାନେ ତ ସକାଳୁ ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି ଯେ ଦିନସାରା ବୁଲିବୁଲି ରାତି ଦଶକୁ ଫେରୁଛନ୍ତି । ତେଣୁ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ କିଛି ବାଧୁନି । ସରୋଜା ପିଲା ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଧରି ଯାହା ଛଟପଟ ହେଉଛି ସେ ନିଜେ ଜାଣେ ।

ଏହା ଭିତରେ ସାତ ଦିନ ଚାଲିଗଲା ଏହିପରି ମାନସିକ ଅଶାନ୍ତି, ଛଟପଟ ଭାବେ । ଆଜି ସରୋଜା ବନ୍ଧ ପରିକର ଘଟଣାଟା ଜାଣିବା ପାଇଁ ଏବଂ ଆଉ କେତେ ଦିନ ଏପରି ପାଲା ଚାଲିବ । ଆଜି ରୋଷେଇ ବାସ ବନ୍ଦ । ଖାଆନ୍ତୁ ସେମାନେ କୋଉଠି ଖାଇବେ ।

ପିଲା ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଶିଘ୍ର ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦେଇ ଦେହ ଖରାପର ବାହାନା କରିରେଜେଇ ଘୋଡ଼େଇ ହୋଇ ଯାଇ ଶୋଇଗଲା ଶେଯରେ । ପିଲା ମାନଙ୍କୁ କହିଦେଲା ବାପା ଆସିଲେ ତାଙ୍କୁ କହିଦେବ ମା' ଅସୁସ୍ଥ ବୋଲି ।

ସେଦିନ କିନ୍ତୁ ରାତି ଆଠଟା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଫେରିଥିଲେ ଘରକୁ ଶଶାଙ୍କ । ଖାଲି ସେତିକି ନୁହେଁ । ଓଠରେ ଅନେକ ଅବୁଝା, ରହସ୍ୟପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ହସର ଲହଡ଼ି । ଘରେ ପଶୁପଶୁ ମା କାହିଁ ବୋଲି ବତ ପାଟିରେ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ପଚାରୁଥିଲେ । ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଜାବୁତି ଧରି ଗେଲକରି ଯାଉଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ - - "ନିଅ ପିଲେ ମିଠା ନିଅ, ସନ୍ଦେଶ ଖାଅ", ବାଣ୍ଟି ଯାଉଥିଲେ ଖୁସିରେ । - 'ହେଲା କଣ' ? ଅନ୍ୟ ପଟ ପକୋଟରୁ କାନ ଡେରିଥିଲା ସରୋଜା । କଣ ସେ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକଟିକୁ ବିବାହ କରି ଘରକୁ ସବୁଦିନ ପାଇଁ ନେଇ ଆସି ମିଠା ବାଣ୍ଟୁଛନ୍ତି ଖୁସିରେ ଓ ସରୋଜାକୁ ଏତେ ଉତ୍ସାହର ସହିତ ଖୋଜୁଛନ୍ତି ବନ୍ଦାଣ ଥାଳି ସଜେଇ ବାକୁ ।

ଦେହ ଖରାପର ବାହାନା ସେ କେତେ ବେଳୁ ଭୁଲିଗଲାଣି । ଘଟଣାଟା କଣ ଜାଣିବା ନିହାତି ଦରକାର । ରେଜେଇକୁ ଦି ଗୋଇଠା ଦେଇ ଦାଣ୍ଡ ପଟ ଘରକୁ ଚାଲିଆସିଲା ସରୋଜା । କିଛି ଅଜଣା ଭୟ, ଆଶଙ୍କା, ସନ୍ଦେହରେ ଗୋଡ଼ ତାର ଥରୁଥିଲା ଚାଲିଲା ବେଳେ । ତଥାପି ସେ ସବୁକୁ ଭୁଲେଇ ନକରି ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କ ସାମନାକୁ ଆସିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ଚାରି ଆଡ଼କୁ ଆଖି ବୁଲେଇ ଦେଖିନେଲା । କାହିଁ ପତା ନାହିଁ ତ ସେ ସୁନ୍ଦରୀର । ହେଲା କଣ ? କାହିଁକି ଏ ଉତ୍ସାହର ଚିତ୍କାର ଶଶାଙ୍କ କରୁଛନ୍ତି ।

ସରୋଜାକୁ ଦେଖି ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ କୋଳରୁ ଉଠେଇ ଦେଇ ଶଶାଙ୍କ ଚାଲିଆସିଲେ ସରୋଜା ପାଖକୁ । ସରୋଜାକୁ ଜାବୁତି ଧରି ଘୁରିଗଲେ ଥରେ । - 'କଣ ହୋଇଛି କିଛି କହିବ ନା ଏହି ପରି ପାଗଳ - 'କଥା ଶେଷ କରିବାକୁ ଦେଇ ନଥିଲେ ଶଶାଙ୍କ । ଏକ ରସଗୋଲା ସରୋଜା ମୁହଁରେ ମାଡ଼ିଦେଇ ।

- "କିନ୍ତୁ କଥା କଣ ?" ରସଗୋଲା ଶେଷ କରି ପୁନରାବୃତ୍ତି କଲା ତା କଥାର ସରୋଜା । 'ତୁମକୁ ଏତେ ଖୁସି ହେବାର ମୋ ଜୀବନରେ କେବେ ଦେଖିନି କି ଏକା ଥରେ ଏତେ ମିଠା କେବେ ଘରକୁ ଆଣିଥିବାର ମୋର ମନେ ନାହିଁ ।'

ପାଖରେ ବସେଇଲେ ସମାଦରେ ସରୋଜାକୁ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଶଶାଙ୍କ । ଟିକେ ଖର ନିଶ୍ୱାସ ଛାଡ଼ି କଥା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଥିଲେ - - 'ପଚାର ଯାହ ତୁମର ଇଚ୍ଛା ପଚାର । ତୁମର ସବୁ ସନ୍ଦେହ ଆଜି ଦୂର କରିବି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆଗ ସେ ପ୍ୟାକେଟ୍ ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ପିଟେଇ ବିରିୟାନି, ମଟରପନିର୍, ଆଳୁକୋବି ତରକାରି, କୋର୍ମା, ରାଇତା ସବୁ କାଢ଼ି ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ, ତୁମକୁ ଓ ମତେ ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦେଇସାର । ତାପରେ ସବୁ କହିବି ।

ସରୋଜାକୁ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଲାଗୁଥିଲା । - "କିଛି ଲଟେରୀ ମିଳିଗଲା ନା କଣ ?" ସରୋଜା ତାଇନିଂ ଟେବୁଲ ପାଖକୁ ଯାଉ ଯାଉ ପୁଣି ଥରେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନକଲା ।

- “ସେହିପରି କିଛି ଭାବିନିଅ । ତୁମେ ସବୁବେଳେ ଗରଗର ହେଉଥିଲ ଏଇ ଛୋଟିଆ ଘରେ ଚଳିବାକୁ ଅସୁବିଧା ହେଉଛି । ନିଜର ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ଘର ଦ୍ଵାର ଛାଡ଼ି ଏଠିକୁ ଆସି ଭୁଲ୍ କରିଛ ବୋଲି କହୁଥିଲ । ସେ ସମସ୍ୟାର ସମାଧାନ ସବୁଦିନ ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ କରିଦେଲି । ଯେଉଁ ସୁନ୍ଦରୀ ମହିଳାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି ତୁମେ ଇର୍ଷ୍ୟାରେ ଜଳୁଥିଲ ଗଲା କେତେ ଦିନ ହେବ, ସେ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ । ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ଵାମୀ କର୍ଣ୍ଣଲ୍ ମିଷ୍ଟର ଗୋଏଲ୍ଙ୍କ ସଙ୍ଗେ ତାଙ୍କର ସୁସଂପର୍କ ନଥିଲା । ତେଣୁ ସ୍ଵାମୀଙ୍କ ଅନୁପସ୍ଥିତିରେ ସେ ତାଙ୍କ ପୁରୁଷ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ସହ ଅବାଧରେ ମିଳାମିଶା କରୁଥିବା ଘଟଣା ମିଷ୍ଟର ଗୋଏଲ୍ ଦିନେ ଜାଣିପାରିଲେ । ସେଇ ପୁରୁଷ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କୁ ଜୀବନରେ ମାରିଦେବା ପାଇଁ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରକାର ଲୁକ୍କାୟିତ ଚେଷ୍ଟା ମିଷ୍ଟର ଗୋଏଲ୍ କରୁଥିବାର ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ ଜାଣିପାରି ତାଙ୍କ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କୁ କହିବା ମାତ୍ରେ ସେ ଆମେରିକା ଚାଲି ଯିବା ପାଇଁ ସ୍ଥିରକଲେ ଓ ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ଙ୍କ ପାସ୍ପୋର୍ଟ, ଭିଜା ପ୍ରଭୃତି ମଧ୍ୟ ଯୋଗାଡ଼ କରିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଗଲେ । ଦୁହେଁ ଏ ସହର କଣ ଦେଶ ଛାଡ଼ିବା କଥା ମିଷ୍ଟର ଗୋଏଲ୍ ଜାଣିପାରି ଦିନେ ରାତିରେ ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ଙ୍କୁ ବହୁତ୍ ନିର୍ଯ୍ୟାତିତ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ଘରୁ ବାହାର କରି ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ପୁରୁଷବନ୍ଧୁ ଜଣକ କୌଣସି ଉପାୟରେ ଆତ୍ମରକ୍ଷା କରି ଆମେରିକା ଚାଲିଯିବା ପାଇଁ ସକ୍ଷମ ହୋଇ ପାରିଥିଲେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ ପରିସ୍ଥିତିର ନାଗଫଣରେ ଛନ୍ଦି ହୋଇ ଯାଇଥିଲେ ।

ବର୍ଷା ଘଟ ଘଟି ଅନ୍ଧାର ରାତିରେ ଏକା ଏକା ଅନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ରାସ୍ତାରେ ଯାଉଥିବା ବେଳେ ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କ ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ପଡ଼ିଥିଲା ତାଙ୍କ ଅପିସ୍ ଗାଡ଼ିରେ ଯାଉଥିବା ବେଳେ । ସେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଗାଡ଼ିରେ ବସିବା ପାଇଁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କରି କାମ କରୁଥିବା ତାଙ୍କ ପୋଲିସ୍ ଷ୍ଟେସନକୁ ନେଇ ଆସିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କଠାରୁ ସମସ୍ତ ଘଟଣା ଜାଣି ତାଙ୍କୁ କିଛି ଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଏକ ହୋଟେଲ୍ରେ ରହିବାର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରି ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ ଶଶାଙ୍କର ଗୋଡ଼ ଧରି ତାଙ୍କୁ ସର୍ବ କୁଶଳରେ ଏୟାରପୋର୍ଟରେ ଛାଡ଼ି ଆସିବାକୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କରିଥିଲେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ତାଙ୍କର ଭିଆ, ପାସ୍ପୋର୍ଟ ଓ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଆବଶ୍ୟକୀୟ କାଗଜପତ୍ର ନ ଆସିବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ତାଙ୍କର କିଛି ଅଭୟ ଆଶ୍ରୟ ଦରକାର । ହୋଟେଲ୍ ସବୁ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ନିରାପଦ ଭାବିଥିଲେ ଶଶାଙ୍କ । ନା - ସେଠାରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମିଷ୍ଟର ଗୋଏଲ୍ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଆବିଷ୍କାର କରି ଜୀବନରେ ମାରିଦେବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟାରତ ହେଲେ । ତେଣୁ ଶଶାଙ୍କ ଉପାୟ ନପାଇ କିଛି ଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଆଣି ଘରେ ରଖିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର କାଗଜପତ୍ର ସବୁ ଠିକ୍ ହୋଇଗଲା ପରେ ଆଜି ଅପରାହ୍ନ ରେ ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ଙ୍କୁ ଏୟାରପୋର୍ଟରେଛାଡ଼ି ଦେଇ ଆସିଥିଲେ ।

ଯିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ ଏକ କାଗଜ ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କୁ ଧରେଇଦେଇ ଯାଇଥିଲେ । କହିଥିଲେ ସେ ଏ ଦେଶକୁ ଆଉ କେବେବି ଫେରିବେନି । ବହୁତ ଚିତ୍ତ ଅନୁଭୂତି ଓ ସନ୍ତୁଷ୍ଟା ନେଇ ନିଜର ଦେଶ ଛାଡ଼ୁଛନ୍ତି ସେ । ଏକ ମଦ୍ୟପର ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଭାବରେ ତାଙ୍କର

ଜୀବନ ସାରାର ସନ୍ତୁଳନ ସେ କେବେ ଭୁଲି ପାରିବେନି ।

କିନ୍ତୁ ଶଶାଙ୍କ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ରଣ ଏ ଜୀବନରେ ସେ କେବେ ଶୁଝି ପାରିବେନି । ଠିକ୍ ସମୟରେ ସେଦିନ ଯଦି ତାଙ୍କର ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ମିଳିନଥାନ୍ତା ତାଙ୍କର ଅବସ୍ଥା ଯେ କଣ ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତା ସେ ଅନୁମାନ ବି କରି ପାରୁନାହାନ୍ତି ସରୋଜାକୁ ଅଶେଷ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦେବାକୁ ଭୁଲି ନଥିଲେ । ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟର ସହିତ ସେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ବିନା ଆପତ୍ତିରେ ଘରେ ରହିବାକୁ ସ୍ଥାନ ଦେଇଥିବାରୁ । ସେଇ ରଣର କିୟତଂଶ ଶୁଝିବା ପାଇଁ ସେ ତାଙ୍କର ପିତୃଦତ୍ତ ଦ୍ଵିତଳ କୋଠାଟିକୁ ଶଶାଙ୍କଙ୍କ ନାମରେ କରି ଦେଇ ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଏକା ନିଶ୍ଵାସ ଏତକ କହିସାରି ଦମ୍ଭନେଲେ ଶଶାଙ୍କ ।

ଏ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସ୍ଵାଶୁ ପରି ସରୋଜା ଓ ପିଲା ମାନେ ତାଙ୍କ କଥା ଶୁଣି ଯାଉଥିଲେ । ସରୋଜା କିନ୍ତୁ ଲଜ୍ୟାରେ ସଜି ଯାଉଥିଲା । କିଛି ସମୟ ରହି ଶେଷରେ ମୁହଁ ଖୋଲିଲା । ତୁମେ ଜଣେ ଅସହାୟ ନାରୀ କୁ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିବା ବାହାନା ରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଘର ତଟକୁ କରାଗତ କରିଛ । ତାହା ତୁମେ ଠିକ୍ କରି ନାହୁଁ । ସେ ଘର ତାଙ୍କୁ ଫେରେଇ ଦିଅ । ଆମର ଏଇ ଦୁଇ ବଖରା ଘର ବହୁଗୁଣେ ଭଲ । ଦରକାର ନାହିଁ ପ୍ରାସାଦ ।

ହସିଲେ ଶଶାଙ୍କ ! - “ତୁମର ଏ ମୁଖାମୀ ଗୁଣ କେବେ ଯିବନି “ଆରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ କଣ ମୁଁ ମାଗିବାକୁ ଯାଇଥିଲି । ସେ ନିଜ ଖୁସି ରେ ଦେଇ ଯାଇ ଛନ୍ଦି ଏଠି ଏ ଘର ବାଡ଼ୀ ପଡ଼ି ରହି ଲାଭ କଣ ? ସେ ତ ଏ ଦେଶକୁ କେବେ ଫେରିବେନି, ମିସ୍ଟର ଗୋଏଲ୍ ଙ୍କ ଡରରେ । ମିଷ୍ଟର ଗୋଏଲ୍ ଙ୍କ ର ଘର ଦ୍ଵାର ଧନ ସଂପତି ଅପର୍ଯ୍ୟାପ୍ତ । ସେ ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ଙ୍କ ଏ ପିତୃଦତ୍ତ ଗୃହଟିକୁ ଘୋଡ଼ାଶାଳ କରିବାକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ରାଜିନଥିଲେ । ଘର ଖଣ୍ଡକ ଅୟନ, ଦେଖାରଖାର ଅଭାବ ଯୋଗୁ ସେଥିରେ ଗଛପତ୍ର ଉଠି ଗଲାଣି । ସେ ସବୁ ସଫା କରିଦେଲେ ଆମର ରହିବାର ସୁବନ୍ଦୋବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ହୋଇଯିବ ବିନା ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚରେ । ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ସହରରେ ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ଘର ମିଳିବା ଆମ ପରି ଲୋକ ପାଖେ କେବେ ସମ୍ଭବ ହୋଇ ନଥାନ୍ତା । ତେଣୁ କିଛି ନଭାବି କାଲି ସକାଳୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ବାହାରି ପଡ଼ ଘର ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଯିବା । ତା ବ୍ୟତୀତ ମୁଁ ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ଙ୍କୁ କହିଛି ତଥାପି ଏ ଘର ତାଙ୍କର । ଯେବେ ବି ଇଚ୍ଛା କରିବେ ନିଜ ଦେଶକୁ ଆସିବାକୁ ନିଜର ଏ ଘରେ ରହିବାକୁ ଭୁଲିବେନି । ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ ମଧ୍ୟ ଏ କଥା କହି ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି ସେ ସରୋଜାର ଆତିଥେୟତା କେବେ ଭୁଲିବେନି । ଯଦି କେବେ ଆସନ୍ତି ତେବେ ଏଇଠି ରହିବେ ।

ଆତିଥେୟତା !! ତାଙ୍କୁ ମନେ ମନେ କେତେ ଯେ ଘୃଣା କରିଛି ସରୋଜା । ଅସୁରୁଣୀ, ତାତକା ରାକ୍ଷାସୁଣୀ କହି ଗାଳିଦେଇଛି । ତାଙ୍କର ଥରେ ହେଲେ ଆଦର ଯନ୍ ନେଇଥାନ୍ତା ସେ । ଏବେ ତାଙ୍କ ଘରେ ଯାଇ ରହିଲେ ସରୋଜାର ବିବେକ ରାତି ଦିନ ତାକୁ ଦଂଶନ କରିବ । ଆଗରୁ ହେଲେ ଥରେ ଶଶାଙ୍କ ଜଣେଇଥାନ୍ତେ ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ । ଆଖିପତା ଓଦା ହୋଇ ଆସୁଥିଲା ସରୋଜାର । ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ଙ୍କ ଦାନର ବିରାଗତ୍ଵ ପାଖରେ

କେତେ ଛୋଟ ହୋଇ ଯାଉଥିଲା ସରୋଜା ।

ଶଶୀଙ୍କ ସବୁ ବୁଝି ପାରି କହିଥିଲେ, “ତୁମକୁ ଏ ସବୁ କଥା ଆଗରୁ କହି ଦେଇଥିଲେ ତୁମେ ତୁମ ପତୋଶୀ ନାରୀ ବାନ୍ଧବୀ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ନ କହି ଚୁପ୍ ରହିପାରିନଥାନ୍ତ କେବେ । କଥା ଯାଇ କୋଉଠି କୋଉଠି ଉଠି ମିଞ୍ଚର ଗୋଏଲ୍‌ଙ୍କ ଜାନରେ ପଡ଼ିଥାନ୍ତା । ସେ ଖାଲି ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍‌ଙ୍କୁ ନୁହେଁ- ମତେ ବି ଗୁଲି କରି ମାରି ଦେଇଥାନ୍ତେ ।”

ସେଦିନ ରାତିରେ ସରୋଜା କେତେ ଦେବାଦେବୀଙ୍କୁ କେତେ ଥର ଯେ ପ୍ରଣିପାତ କରିଛି ତାର ଠିକଣା ନାହିଁ । ଯଦି ଭଗବାନ କିଛି ଦେବାକୁ ଚାହାନ୍ତି କାହାକୁ କିଛି କେଉଁ ଉପାୟରେ ଯେ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଏ ଛାର ମଣିଷ ସେ ଅନୁକମ୍ପାର ରହସ୍ୟ ବୁଝିବାକୁ ଅସମର୍ଥ ।

ନୂଆ ଘରକୁ ଗଲା ପରେ ସରୋଜା ଠାକୁରଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ

ପ୍ରକୋଷ ବାଛିଥିଲା । ଯେପରିକି ଯାଉଣୁ ଆସୁଣୁ ସେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଦର୍ଶନ କରିପାରିବ । ଅକାଳେ ସକାଳେ ଭଗବାନଙ୍କୁ ଗାଳି ଦେବା ଆଉ ମଧ୍ୟ ଦରକାର ନାହିଁ ।

ସେ ଠିକ୍ ମନର କଥା ବୁଝିପାରି ଠିକ୍ ସମୟରେ ସବୁ ଦିଅନ୍ତି । ସରୋଜା ସେଇ ଦିଅଁଙ୍କ ଘରେ ବସି ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍‌ଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ଚିଠି ସେଦିନ ଲେଖିଥିଲା । ‘ମୋର ପ୍ରିୟ ମିସେସ୍ ଗୋଏଲ୍ - -----”

Shantilata Mishra lives in Minnesota with her husband Prasanna Mishra. She is a regular contributor of OSA Souvenir.

ମନ ଡୋହର ନିଜ ଗୁରୁ

ଶିଖଣ୍ଡ ଶତପଥୀ, ଅଞ୍ଜନ, ଟେକ୍ସାସ

ମନଠାରୁ ଦେହ ଯାଏଁ
ଦେହଠାରୁ ମନ ଯାଏଁ
କେତେ ଯେ ମିଶାଣ ଫେଟାଣ
ମୁଁ ଠିକ୍, ତୁ ଭୁଲ୍
ଇଏ ସତ, ସିଏ ମିଛ
ପଚାର ସେ ବିଭୀଷଣେ
ଅବା ଦୁଃଖାସନେ
ଅଂଗ ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶନ
କିବା ସେ ବସ୍ତ୍ର ହରଣ?
ମନ ସିନା ଗୁରୁ ହେଲା
ଦେହଟା ତା ଚେଲା
ଆତ୍ମା ଟାକୁ ଟାଣି ଟାଣି
କିଲିବିଲା କଲା
ଆକାଶରେ ବାୟୁ ଅଛି
ତୁ ଅଛୁ, ମୁଁ ଅଛି
ଆମେ ସବୁ ରଂଗହୀନ

ମନ କି ମାନିଲା?
ମନ୍ଦିରର ଘଣ୍ଟତଳେ
ମସଜିଦ୍‌ର ଚଟାଣରେ
ହେ ପ୍ରଭୁ, ହେ ହରି
ଆଲା ହୋ, ଆକ୍‌ବର୍
ମନ କେଉଁ ମାନେ
ଆଉ କିଏ ବଡ଼ ବୋଲି?
ତା ପାଇଁ ନିଜେ ଆଗ
ଆଉ ସବୁ ପର
ତେବେ,
ତୁ ଅଛୁ, ମୁଁ ଅଛି
ଆକାଶରେ ବାୟୁ ଅଛି
ମନକୁ ପଚାର ଯାଇ
ଆମେ ଅଛେ, ନାଁ ସେ?

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Key Ingredients for a Successful OSA

Bigyani Das

Orissa Society of Americas (OSA) is a voluntary, membership based, nonprofit organization. Like other nonprofit organizations, OSA contends with the challenges of increased scrutiny, growing competition, and the struggle to find and retain talented people. Like the powerful forces of earth's atmosphere, internal forces of human mind can become powerful at times. The power of nurturing forces such as love and care can make miracles happen. Ethnic societies such as OSA are formed because of this power of human love for other human beings, human care for the people of similar thoughts and for the desire to socialize with the people of same culture. However, at times these forces can change its characteristics, move the ground, explode the society's foundation, can turn the friendly atmosphere into black and violent. The forces that helped create the bond of friendship can also imperil it.

Thus, the continuous growth and success of organizations such as OSA always face challenges, the challenge of involvement of good leaders, the challenge of member involvement for experimental undertakings, the challenge of misunderstanding about leadership positions and the challenge of dividing thoughts. Although hundred percent solutions to the above problems cannot be found, however, 98% of the problems can be solved with careful planning and the involvement of visionary leaders. It is the task of the members to ask themselves if they truly want to be involved and contribute towards OSA's success. Once that question is answered with a "Yes", 85% problems are solved. The rest 15% can be solved when the actual involvement takes place with love, care, responsibility and unbiased opinions on critical questions.

The characteristics of OSA leaders and OSA members are the two key ingredients for the success of OSA's mission.

1. Members, the Backbone of the Society

Members are the individuals who constitute the organization. Without their involvement, nothing can be accomplished. Involvement does not mean finding faults with leaders and criticizing their acts. Involvement means formulating solutions for each

of the problems that the individual member identifies with the organization, with the leader and with the mechanism. The best would be for the members to volunteer to take responsibilities for the tasks that they feel important for the organization to oversee. We have two such good members as examples. They are Dr Sri Gopal Mohanty and Dr Gopal Mohapatra. Both of them suggested to initiate fundraising for Tsunami victims. Because of the past experiences of OSA with fundraising for Super-cyclone victims during 1999-2000 and because of constitutional laws on the power of Board of Governors on the release of funds, OSA executive body emphasized on donating to key organizations such as Red Cross, Unicef etc.

However, Dr Sri Gopal Mohanty and Dr Gopal Mohapatra had a mission to emphasize the significance of fundraising through OSA and they volunteered to coordinate the task and be responsible to manage the complete process.

Members should be involved physically by taking responsibilities for different tasks, by suggesting ideas and methods to solve problems, and financially by making monetary contributions at the time of need for different OSA projects. Quality service can only be provided if resources exist for such services.

2. Leaders, the Driving Force

Following key qualities of the leaders are very important for a successful organization. They are

- The visionary leader
- Developing a mission
- Values and leadership
- Goal setting and planning
- Delegate to empower
- Building a team
- Giving effective feedback
- Coaching team members
- Motivating people
- Service and leadership
- Resolving conflict.



A Visionary Leader

The leaders should create and communicate a vision for OSA to help it be successful by developing specific missions and planning to accomplish the mission goals by following transparent, ethical and organized steps. A vision is a mental picture of what the organization aspires to become and a mission explains how the organization will achieve its vision. Crafting a vision statement should include the answers to the following questions:

- What does our organization do well?
- What is the most important thing we want to do?
- What makes our organization unique or special?
- What do we expect from our organization?
- What makes us feel good about our organization?

Once a clear vision is established, mission statements should be formatted and written. This includes setting specific goals, building teams and team leaders to be responsible for those goals. A good leader provides effective feedback to the team leaders at the right time for their performances and coaches them when the need arises. Coaching does not mean interfering. Leadership is not the feeling of superiority over others. Leadership in voluntary organizations is a service position. An effective leader must know how to combine the service leadership philosophy.

Leadership is not the feeling of superiority over others. Leadership in voluntary organizations is a service position.

Values

Values are fundamental beliefs and ideas held by an individual or organization. OSA members and leaders should adhere to the values of:

- Integrity
- Dedication to excellence
- Service to the member
- Respect for the individual

Effective Delegation

One of the qualities that distinguish effective and ineffective leaders is the ability to delegate effectively. Delegation is the process of transferring the responsibility for a specific task to another member and empowering that individual to accomplish the task effectively. However, there are many barriers of delegation

- Lack of confidence

- Fear
- Vanity
- Insecurity
- Self-importance

An effective leader knows how to cross these barriers and selects tasks and works to delegate by following the five steps of delegation

- Decide what to delegate
- Decide who will do the task
- Assign responsibility
- Grant authority
- Establish accountability

The delegation should be communicated properly by following some of the main points:

- Describe tasks/expected results
- Agree on standards and timetables
- Identify training needs
- Identify resources
- Prepare a report timetable
- Specify authority

The postponement of Women's forum during 2002 convention is one example how delegation becomes ineffective when the procedures of delegation are not followed properly. Conflicts during 2001 OSA election is another example where delegation had failed since procedures of effective delegation were not followed. There are many benefits of delegation

- More involved, empowered workforce
- Increased productivity and quality
- More innovation
- Greater commitment

Our current OSA president Dr Laxmi Narayan Bhuyan is one such example. By delegating Tsunami fund raising and fund management task to the concerned people he set the example of his effective delegation strategies. I hope future OSA leaders would consider effective delegation as a method of moving forward with OSA missions. The effective leaders choose right people for the right task. The right people should be knowledgeable, motivated and able to do the task. The leaders as well as members should understand the vision and mission of the organization before

- Commitment to quality
- Understanding of organizational goals
- Confidence in senior management
- Pride in the organization
- Optimism about the future

Resolving Conflicts

A challenging job for a leader is resolving the conflicts between members. Conflicts arise because of the following two main reasons:

- Personality differences
- Issues

Five methods of conflict resolution are:

- Ignoring
- Smoothing
- Forcing
- Compromising
- Collaborating

Among them most effective is the method of collaboration. In this case a leader has to:

- Allow all parties to speak
- Identify areas of agreement
- Identify areas of disagreement
- Search for solutions
- Reach a consensus

Leadership

Leadership is the Art of influencing and directing people to accomplish the mission. **Leadership is Loyalty:** the validity to superiors, peers and subordinates; **Leadership is enthusiasm:** the intense feeling for a cause; it takes assertiveness: to express a positive view; **Leadership is dedication:** to commit to a particular course of action; **Leadership is energy:** your power in action; **Leadership takes resources:** your most available assets; **Leadership provides and takes support:** the best assistance one can get; **it takes honesty:** the art of being sincere; **it takes integrity:** the establishment of values and adhering to those values and last and most important, **it takes people:** because people are the heart of the organization! Without them, no leader could succeed.

Successful OSA

Leaders and members are vital to the success of any organization. Please be optimistic about OSA's future and please have pride in OSA. Let us be committed to the quality and let us all work together to bring success to the missions of this great organization that we call OSA.

References:

Leadership Excellence Series, Toastmasters International

Dr Bigyani Das lives in Columbia, MD with her husband Naresh Das and three daughters Bagmi, Mrunali and Shashwati.

Love and Let Live

Pratibha Ray



Permit me to begin with questions. Is there anything called Women's Literature? Is the process or product of creative act different for men and women? Then, what brings about the sex biased distinction? Why women writer's should form a separate class? Apart from the fact that writing is shaped as life is lived, the perceptive mind is sexless and one. Creation of higher order transcends gender and geography. Perhaps for a talented and committed writer not being a man has never been an issue. But

despite this truth the cultural constraints stand as a barrier to translate the literary talents of most gifted women into works of art. Ultimately, the talents die out unnoticed. It is true that despite the right of freedom and equality attained by the modern women, the exploitation has not ended. Tragically a writer born as a human child, grows up to be a woman under the age old "SAMSKAR" (culture & tradition) of her society which act as a constraint for most women all over the world to be identified and recognized as writers. Therefore barring certain exceptions, artistic creativity is seen to be fundamentally a male domain not only in the last century but in all ages. It is not because they lack creative talents but because they

lack opportunity. Hence creative woman has a tough time in coping with her varied social roles and that of an author. Mostly she walks on a tight rope balancing her womanly image along with family responsibilities and her irresistible urge for telling the tales.

But I was fortunate to be born in a family where daughters were not treated as lesser human beings. My father Late Parasuram Das, was a poet, freedom fighter and very progressive for his time in the rural setup. He had to quit a lucrative job in TISCO (Tata Iron & Steel Company) during Quit India Movement as a mark of protest. He established a High School in our village area where he served his whole life as Head Master. He was my friend, philosopher and guide. My father's ambition was to see me as a Doctor, but I nourished a dream to become a poet, not knowing what poetry is. My childhood was spent in a vibrant atmosphere of creativity and socio-cultural education. We five sisters who survived out of nine had been taught music & dance, then considered a taboo for the middle class girls especially in villages. Even my mother was very liberal about girl's education.

The atmosphere of love, literature, music and dance made my childhood lyrical. I started writing poems and my maiden poem was published in the children corner of a reputed newspaper "Prajatantra". I was eleven years then. My parents were more excited than me which made me more confident and more determined to become a poet. I passed matriculation and joined science course in the oldest and most reputed college of Orissa, Ravenshaw College at Cuttack. Our magazine editors were very generous in my time. Without knowing me they published my poems and stories regularly in all reputed magazines. Hence, I grew up as a girl child but equal in every respect with my brothers. But I grew up as a poet unaffected by gender bias till I was identified and recognized as a writer. I joined medical science after finishing intermediate science to honour my father's sentiment but soon after I came back to continue science course in the same college. My father was unhappy for some time but he forgave me when I started writing short fictions in established magazines. I was pained to observe the discrimination in the name of caste, creed, religion and sex. A rebellion was growing in me and was restless to voice against beastly atrocities against women, superstition and social taboos leading to human suffering. Revolt and rebellion are not infrequent in Indian literature and I am not an exception to it. But as far as my writing goes, I find large section of serious readers but rarely find a serious critic in Orissa. Objective and constructive criticism are few for a writer if she

happens to be a woman. I was ignored by critics for quite some time. Though a writer's individuality is revealed in the excellence of creative work rather than sex, in reality the society and my culture see a woman in me.

Writing is not a luxury of lexicon and nor is a table job. Experiencing life intensely is essential. A tremendous amount of preparatory work, research in the specific area of subject matter, numerous rough sketches so as to leave nothing untouched may take years together to pen a story or novel. A women writer may not be sufficiently mobile to gather experience and data, she may not be exposed to outside world to see what is happening around her. Hence in most cases, her experience is confined to the four walls of the house. But a creative writer has deep insight and intuition keeping with the rhythms of life. Treasuring every moment, many women writers have proved their brilliance in the field of literature remaining inside their cultural cocoon. After marriage, for 15 years, I also faced the same problems but I continued to write with my limited experience. But ultimately, I was liberated from my cocoon and my husband and in-laws had no way then encouraging me to live a life of a writer. And I traveled a lot, researched a lot, shared experience of the common mass and wrote. But my critics see a woman in me and some times I was sarcastically called a man because I worked with the most savage Bonda tribe of Orissa and wrote my novel "Adibhoomi"(Primal Land). I also fought with the Pandas (High Priests of the Lord Jagannath Temple, Puri, in 1979) when they mis-behaved my friend from Pune thinking she is non-Hindu. I protested the Pandas inside the temple and wrote an article against their behaviour in the News Paper titled "Is colour of religion Black!". I also wrote against the Sankaracharya for his statement favouring Sati under issue of Roop Kanwar of Rajasthan. I fought a defamation case for 10 years lodged by the Pandas against my news paper article. Critics prescribe certain norms for women writers in the use of language and words and also in choosing its subject matter. At the same time they criticize that women's writings are limited within God, love and family bliss. They say that the pattern of language used by women writers is stylistic which seems powerless and ineffectual. But when a woman writer chooses a strong word (slang) that is badly needed for a character or if a bold step is taken by a female character in the development of a fiction to reject dogma and prejudice, they bitterly criticize it as unwomanly. If a writer raises his voice for women's cause, he is praised as a humanist, whereas if a writer, if woman, raises her voice for the same cause, she is

immediately branded as feminist. My personal experience with critics will be a clear example of inhibited views of critics towards women's writing. Few years back, I was interviewed by three eminent literary critics on an open pandal organized by the Orissa Sahitya Akademi. One male critic asked me "Being a woman, have you any inhibition to write everything freely? Do you ever face difficulty while writing because your family members, especially your husband must be going through it?". My answer was "My author's self speaks, when I write. So why somebody's family will poke his nose in an author's activity?"

Perhaps a He-writer never faces such questions. But this has not threatened my inner urge for writing. Rather being a woman, I take the advantage of it to knock at the heart of society with subtle touch and the hearts open to me un-hesitantly. Being a woman, I am more accessible in to the inner apartments of a family which projects the true, unvarnished picture of human relationship. Drawn room picture is always deceptive like a glossy coloured jacket of an unworthy book. Besides, a woman spontaneously feels a sympathetic nearness and an emotional involvement with the life and problems she happens to pass by. Human society be it, orthodoxly medieval, extraordinarily modern and sophisticated or savagely primitive with all its virtues and vices present me a world of wonderful tales. Even then as a writer, I am a lone person and I live in many worlds of my own. A constant struggle within the inner world to define my identity in this universe is projected in the theme. The writer's physical self is forgotten when the soul screams out to voice the earth's agony and joy. Yet interestingly a creative writer in producing his or her work takes up the feminine role. A writer cannot be the father who only enjoys the momentary pleasure in the process of creation. A writer like a mother

Nobody in this earth can share the pain of an author as the father cannot share the labour pain of the mother of his own child.

Love only liberates from all kind of fear.

undergoes all the successive stages of bearing the fetus (getting the idea), nourishing it during the incubation period of unconscious elaboration and ultimately giving birth to the work of art. As a woman struggles alone, struggles with her own strength and power, struggles against her own flesh and body to give birth to a child, an author's pain is just like that, exclusive his/her pain. No body in this earth can share the pain of an author as the father cannot share the labour pain of the mother of his own child. Truly speaking an act of suffering from inner agony to question clarify and define one's own identity in search of meaningfulness of the world around.

Hence a writer whether man or woman is unconcerned of criticism by the dogma-ridden society or by the prejudiced critics. As experience is always subjective, all writers sing their own songs in their individual style. A true artist has the freedom of conscience and his or her voice is sexless and fearless. Love only liberates from all kind of fear. Love makes you compassionate, compassion make you fearless, fearlessness makes you writer. Hence, my motto as a writer is "Love and let Live",

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Dr Pratibha Ray is known throughout the world by her creative writing. She has won many awards including Sahitya Akademi Award, Saptarshi Award and Moortidevi Award by Bharatiya Jnanpith in 1991.

Story from Dr Prasanna K. Pati's Book made into a Movie

The book, 'Adventures and Misadventures of Dr. Sonjee: A Collection of Short Stories' by Dr. Prasanna K. Pati, is available from the Snehilata Press, 1353 Heather Lane, SE, Salem, OR 97302. Please enclose a check for \$18.45 (\$14.95 plus \$3.50 S & H). A sum of \$5.00 for each book sale will be donated to the Girls' School: Rama Devi Vidya Mandir, at Niharkunta, near Bhubaneswar. The story "The Woman from Georgia" from this book is being made into a movie by Solila Parida. The movie is directed by Bollywood director N. Chandra with casts Philip Rhys and Susan May Pratt in key roles. The movie is expected to be released in 2005. Congratulations to Dr Prasanna Pati.

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Barun Pani lives in Ridgeland, Missisipi with his wife Rita and children Monica and Satwik.

Orissa, Half a Century Ago

By Ghanashyam Mishra

I remember the year 1955, the year I graduated from



M.S. Academy, Tirtol, and entered S.C.S. College, Puri, to study intermediate in Science (I.Sc). The year 1955 would also be remembered as

a year of great natural disaster, the breach of Kathjori River embankment at Dalei Ghai. A 10-12 foot high wall of water from the rain swollen Kath jori and Mahanadi Rivers hit like a Tsunami wave in the Mahanadi delta, killed hundreds of villagers, made millions homeless and destroyed thousands of acres of paddy crop stretching from Jagatsinghpur to Paradeep. In those days, the black-top (paved) road ended at Kandarpur, and the red-dog topped road stopped at Tarpur. Rest of the road to Rahama and Kujang was a dirt

pavement with knee deep mud and deep rot caused by bullock carts.

Eight years after India's independence, our small state Orissa, was grossly lacking in infrastructure and industry. The Bengal Nagpur Railway (South-Eastern Railway) was the only connecting link to the outside world- to Calcutta or Madras. The very busy National Highway was almost non existent. I remember pushing my bi-cycle precariously over one rail and stepping over the rail road ties to go across from Cuttack to Jagatpur. Hundreds of people carrying loads of groceries or vegetables walked over the rail road bridge in the rainy season. When a train approached, all pedestrians had to find a nearby balcony like structure to take shelter. I was very scared when the noisy whistle blowing mile long train roared past me in one of these shelters. A train journey from Cuttack to Puri, a distance of 54 miles, took almost four hours.

My friend Mr. Amiya Das (an engineer working for the U. S. Department of Energy) and I, frequently talk about the limited opportunities for education, particularly, science and engineering

education in Orissa in the mid 1950s. Amiya babu is a graduate of P. M. Academy, Ravenshaw College, Regional Engineering College, Jamshedpur, and I.I.T. Kanpur. I attended Puri College and Banaras Hindu University. In 1955, there were only 5 or 6 colleges in Orissa, those offered science curriculum. I. Sc. Diploma was prerequisite in to engineering or medical school admissions. Thanks to the founding fathers of Orissa, S.C.B. Medical College was established in the early forties, but the Burla Engineering College did not start until 1956. It was extremely difficult for Oriya students to get admissions in to the out of state engineering or medical colleges. Also, the costs of such education were beyond the reach of average Oriya parents.

Half a century ago, there were only three major factories in Orissa, i.e. the Orissa Textile Corporation (OTC), Chauduar, Birla's Paper Mill at Brajraj Nagar, and a cement factory at Rajgangpur. I am not sure, when the Glass Factory at Barang was started operation. The Rourkela Steel Plant was under construction. There was great excitement in my village, when Mr. Biju Pattnaik built the OTC. Several young men from my village worked in the textile mills and jute mills in Calcutta. Some of them found jobs close to home.

In the 1950s most people in Orissa lived in little out of way villages with no electricity, no schools or hospitals. Hurricane lanterns or kerosene lamps with a wick (Dibi or Dibri) were the only source of light. The homes were mostly mud huts with thatch roofs. Only the land lords or the high government officials had brick and mortar (pucca) homes. Schools in the villages had thatch roofs and mud walls. All primary school students sat on floor mats made of palm leaves. There was a desk and a chair for the teacher. The only tool of instruction was a black board or chalk board hanging behind the teacher's desk. Our middle schools and high schools had small single desks for the students. The major problem facing rural education, in those days, was to attract college graduates to teach. All teachers except two in our high school did not graduate from college. But they were excellent teachers. I and my class mates who graduated in 1955, are deeply indebted to the teaching staff of M.S. Academy, Tirtol, for providing us with world class education with absolutely no amenities and resources.

In an agriculture based society, most people in rural Orissa were engaged in farming. They grew rice

(paddy), pulses (lentils), tobacco, jute and vegetables. Rice farming requires back-breaking labor. The oxen plowed the fields, and human labor used for spreading cow manure, planting, weeding and harvesting. I remember planting paddy saplings in ankle deep mud and monsoon rains before I was ten years old. Children labor was needed to help in the farm, and to take care of farm animals.

Rural Orissa was extremely deficient in providing health care to the citizens. In addition to the seasonal diseases like Malaria, Pneumonia and Typhoid, Cholera epidemics terrified the coastal districts at frequent intervals. The nearest government dispensary close to my village did not have a full time doctor. The compounder (pharmacist) in duty used to dispense so called "colored water" in the name of medicine. Most people believed the village vaidya (Ayurvedic Medicine Doctor) than the allopathic doctor. About half a dozen of my child hood classmates died from snakebite, Cholera, Pneumonia and Typhoid.

Fifty years ago, very few women worked out side their homes, unless they belonged to low caste daily laborers. Among the high caste families, the girls were married away before they were 15 or 16 years old. The upper caste people were upset with the scheduled castes being given equal opportunities in the new Indian constitution. There was only one female student in my class in the middle school and the high school.

Many of us have left our motherland and our home state Orissa decades ago. I have lived almost 40 years in Germany and USA. During this period, we have got only glimpses of changes to the lives of Oriyas through our infrequent short visits. We may get a chance to experience pleasures and pains of longer stay in the land of our child hood after retirement. For me and for many of my contemporaries, it has been a wonderful journey of half a century from our motherland to our adopted homeland.

Ghanashyam Mishra lives in Charleston, South Carolina with his wife, Dr. Manorama Mishra. At present, he is working as a General Engineer with the U. S. Department of Energy, Savannah River Plant, in Aiken, South Carolina. He has worked nearly 44 years in three continents after graduating in engineering from Banaras Hindu University.

In Memory of My Guru

Meera Das



The year 2004 was the saddest year for me as well as my dance school Gunjan Dance Academy. Our beloved Gurujee, whom we refer as our God in Orissi, Padma Vibhusan Guru Kelu Charan Mohapatra left us on his journey to perform in front of a more elite audience of Gods and Goddesses in heaven. It is very difficult to think Orissi Dance without Gurujee. Whatever little contribution we make today to Orissi is what little we learned from him.

Memory goes back to 17 years when I joined Orissi Research Centre from Anandpur, Keonjhar with 11 other students. I knew nothing about the dance except a will and determination to learn. After two years of learning,

there was a selection for a group to go to Russia for month long program. Out of the 12 students I was the only student who was rejected. I cried for seven days with a sense of failure. My mother advised me never to accept defeat. I silently resolved to make failure my pillar of success. Being left alone in the centre, I practiced 20 hours a day leaving hardly two hours of sleeping and the rest for cooking and cleaning. Two months after, came another selection process for a group dance in Calcutta and Guru Kelu Mohapatra was in the pannel to select. As usual I was in the last row doing the dance. Halfway thru the demonstration, suddenly Gurujee gestured to me to come to the front row and dance. I assumed he is gesturing to somebody else, hence I did not move. But he strongly gestured to me again as he was not knowing my name. **I CAME TO THE FRONT AND TODAY WITH PRIDE I CAN SAY FROM THAT MEMORABLE DAY FIFTEEN YEARS BACK, I HAVE ALWAYS REMAINED IN FRONT, NEVER LOOKED BACK OR TAKEN A BACK SEAT.**



Taking blessings of my Guru Kelucharan Mohapatra.

In my resolve to become a solo Artist, I left Orissi Research Centre and was blessed to be accepted by Gurujee to learn dancing from him directly. Gurujee will always involve me during his creative compositions, which sometimes takes over 18 hours at a stretch. The practice will be done with about six of the senior students of Gurujee. However, with slightest mistake of mine he used to hit me hard either by hand, by a cane or stick. It used to be very painful. And surprisingly when others were making bigger lapses he never bothers. In hindsight I realized that he did take special interest for me and wanted my dance to be absolutely perfect to his satisfaction. Those beatings worked as a blessing for me for achieving the perfection.

It proves how Gurujee had the divine power to recognize hidden talent and give the blessings to excel.

Today, I am not only following and preaching his dance style, I am also following his vision to identify talent and groom them to be an achiever not like Meera Das but like my idols late Dr Sanjukta Panigrahi. It is my solemn resolve that I will endeavor to make Guru Kelu Charan Mohapatra immortal. At every Orissi Dance function all over India as well as all over the world where we have various invitations today, we will bring him alive to this earth by artistically performing his creations to its perfection. Every time we will announce his name as our Guru and choreographer, we believe he will come down to earth to be with us with his guidance and blessings. We will look forward to the legacy of Guru Kelu Mohapatra in its best form to all parts of the world.

Meera Das is a sought after Odissi dancer and teacher. She teaches Odissi at her dance school Gunjan Dance Academy in Dolamundai, Cuttack.

CHAPTER NEWS

Canada Chapter Gagan Panigrahi – President



We the members of CanOSA started off the organizational activity of the year by fund raising for the victims of Tsunami that devastated the South East Asia. We worked with the Canadian Red Cross to raise approximately 3000 dollars and the following people donated for the calamity. They are: Sajneet & Pallavi Sodhi, Mahnaz & Sumeet Sen, Gagan & Sabita Panigrahi, Hara & Sumitra Padhi, Niranjana & Pravat Nalini Mishra, SriGopal & Shanti Mohanty, Pradeep & Shusmita Behera, Amit & Jayadeepa Nayak, Lalu & Charu Mansinha, Dr. Pradeep & Anupama Pradhan, Mr Jibanjit Tripathy, Srimanta & Sunanda Mohanty, Prabeen & Swagatika Nayak, Manas & Pinki Ray, Dr. Debashish & Upasana Pujari, Ina & Jit Pradhan, Subhendu & Prachi Mishra, Sarthak & Manisha Das, Satyajeet & Nivedita Patnaik, Pravat & Linda Kar, C. Frank, Pradeepta & Mani Kar, Praffula & Sanjukta Pujapanda, Sushant & Sushma Pandey and Sudhansu and Sangeeta Senapati.

We are glad to announce that the Canadian Chapter of OSA, known as CanOSA, is a registered body now with the Ministry of Consumers and Business Services of Ontario. Since it is a different country for various purposes it would be beneficial for the organization. There are many founders of this organization who are living in different parts of the United States of America will be happy to know this.

As usual the CanOSA calendar is full for the year 2005. We are going to celebrate the Bisuba Milan on the 30th of April, in the Mimico Public Library in Toronto. Planning for the programmes are underway for the occasion. The 3-day cottage picnic at Sandercocks Tourist Resort of Rice Lake, Ontario will be from the 30th of July to the 2nd of August 2005. We consider this as a home coming event. So we are inviting all the friends and well wishers of CanOSA living in U.S. as well as in Canada to join us for the fun filled cottage picnic. Finally, the Kumara Purnima will be celebrated on the 22nd of October, in the Mimico Public library in Toronto.

New York / New Jersey Chapter
Julie Acharya Ray
(Cultural Coordinator)



At the beginning of the year, We had a general body meeting at Ananda Mandir, Somerset NJ on Jan 15th,

2005 to incorporate some new, willing members and volunteers, discuss the status of ongoing projects like Balaniketan (for enhancing oriya language and culture among our children), Kalaniketan (orissi dance classes), UktalPrabha (ongoing weekly oriya radio program on EBC radio), fund raising and financial issues in addition to developmental projects in Orissa.

The first event of the year for the society was organized to usher in Goddess Saraswati. Saraswati puja day was pretty cold and with the volunteers checking and cross checking the weatherman's reports every now and then expecting low attendance, the oriyas of the NY, NJ and PA areas came together in a show of great support and community feeling at Gandhi Mandir, NJ on Feb 13th 2005.

With the number of attendees for oriya community functions going up in recent times by almost three times, the volunteers were looking for a spacious venue. Gandhi Mandir at 714 Preakness Avenue, Wayne NJ supplemented that with affordable rental as well as other necessary facilities. It provided a large stage, an ample kitchen with ovens to heat up food, lot of space for the audience and good ambiance.

The puja was conducted on the stage so that everyone could see it. The volunteers came up with a



small but beautiful "medha" for the goddess and as the decorations in the morning continued, the puja space became laden with flowers and bhoga from the bhaktas. With the chanting of mantras and the booming sounds of the cunch, the puja was performed and details of each step were explained to the audience by Shri Pitambar Sarangi who conducted the ceremony. All the kids present in the audience were invited to sit on the stage when pushpanjali was going on. While repeating " ja kundedu tushara

hara....” the children showed their respect and thankfulness to the goddess of learning. It was an exciting moment as always for everyone to be able to shower flowers on the Gods themselves!!

The puja was followed by Prasad Sevan and catered lunch. There was plenty of food for the 75 odd families that attended the day’s program and soon afterwards everyone settled down to a cultural program by the children. There were good helpings of dances both in Oriya and Hindi, from movies as well as non movie sections but the theme for each one of them was explicitly religious. Group dance by small talented children on song “Dhana Mali Re Suna Thali Re... , Tote Gella Karibaku MaNa” was excellent. The very young but very talented orissi dance group from Kalaniketan performed a beautiful piece of Orissi dance elaborating on “shakti” in the form of Durga, Kali and Saraswati. This dance was further beautified by the scintillating performance of their guru, Bani Ray. She did a wonderful job with the intricate foot steps of the orissi dance style as well as kept the audience spellbound with her rendition of the songs in the form of her dance. The afternoon also saw the audience offer themselves in singing bhajans in praise of goddess Saraswati and Lord Jagannath. Amidst the cultural extravaganza, Balaniketan, the ongoing oriya culture and educational project of the area gave away the annual graduation certificates to all the kids who had successfully completed the annual Oriya written and oral exam. It was all very appropriate for the occasion. The day came to an end with having met a lot of old friends, having made several new ones and a general feeling of goodness and achievement.

Washington DC Chapter
Parameeta Kanungo,
President



OSA Washington DC chapter celebrated Saraswati Puja on the 13th of February 2005 in the Garrett Elementary school located in Maryland. Surprisingly, this year Saraswati Puja was celebrated on the actual day of “Basant Panchami.” More than 30 families (about 110 people) participated in the celebration. The numbers indicate a greater community feeling and a sense of belongingness. The turnout demonstrated the involvement of parents in making a conscious attempt to perpetuate the cultural practices that would ultimately trickle down to the younger generations.

The puja pendal was beautifully decorated by Sangeeta Dey, Vice-President of the chapter. Goddess Saraswati’s picture was placed on the elevated platform (the stage in the hall) wonderfully decorated with a huge white swan made of “solo” and it appeared as if the Goddess was riding on the swan. The entire décor created an ambiance of divine spirituality. As the preparations were being made, we witnessed people pouring in, some with puja ingredients like incense sticks, “prasad platter” fruit baskets and flowers. Puja started around 12:30 pm and was conducted by the priest Chaitanya Mahaprabhu from the Baltimore Jagannath Temple. Puja started with chanting of Mantras followed by Saraswati Vandana, “Pushpanjali” and lastly “Arti.” Soon after the Puja, prasad was distributed to all the devotees and finally everyone gathered for lunch. Lunch was prepared by members who brought in a dish to be shared by everyone. The event lasted until 4:30 pm when people slowly started to disperse after cleaning up so that the venue could be handed over to the custodians.

The next event is the Raja picnic, which will be celebrated, sometime in the second week of June. We hope to see more and more people participating in all our community events and make all our events a grand success.

For Kids - Matrubhumi (Motherland)

During the British rule the Oriyas were ruled over by the various kings of various states. The Oriya community stood divided and scattered. During this crucial period Utkal Sammilani movement started with the able leadership of Madhusudan Das in the year 1903. He started a revolution called "Desha Mishrana Andolan". He was able to unite all the Kings, Jamindars (landlords), government employees, farmers and the general public. Orissa got the status of a separate state in the year 1936. During this period of revolution, patriotism was expressed in every sector of Oriya lives. Poets created their great works with this feeling. One such poem is “*Matrubhumi (mAtrubhUmi)*” by Gangadhar Meher. This poem is provided here in its transliterated version as well as in Oriya. The job of the children is to ask their parents, discuss each stanza and understand the meaning before OSA convention 2005.

**Matrubhumi (mAtrubhUmi)
Gangadhar Meher**

Je kALe bALaka buli jAipAre
paDoshImAnanka ghara,
se kALe jANai anya ghara sabu
tA sangI bALakankara |
pare JetebeLe ApaNA paDAru
anya paDA bulijAe,
sehi samayare paDOSHI paDAku
ApaNARA maNithAe |
anya grAme puNi jAe Jebe nija
grAmaru hoi bAhAra,
se kALe jANai nija ghara Jahin
se grAma aTe tAhAra |
ApaNA grAmara nadI puSkariNI
bagichA Adi sakaLa,
ApaNARA boli kahe; puNi sehi-
sabuku maNai bhala |
baDa hoi Jebe kari jAipAre
anya rAjye bicharaNa,
bakhANai tahin nija rAjA, rAjya
lokankara shreSThapaNa |
hAtI ghoDATHaru chheLi menDhA JAe
sabu tA rAjyara bhala,
sakaLa sukhara Akara tAhAri
rAjyaTi aTe kebaLa |
tahun baDa hoi JAithAe Jebe
kehi kebe deshAntara,
swargaru adhika boli bujhe tebe
Jeun deshe tAra ghara |
Jnyana baLe Jebe jAne samastanka
janaka jagatapati,
sahodara Jnyana kare abanIra
mAnaba samAja prati |
tebe se jANai Je karai Jete
lokankara upakAra,
bishwapatinkara bishwagruhe aTe
se tete Jogya kumAra |
ehi rUpe grAma- kathA, rAjya kathA
desha kathA, bishwa kathA
mAnaba-jIbane pratIta hebAra
darshita hue sarbathA |
mAtrubhUmi mAtru- bhASAre mamata
JA hrude janami nAhin,
tAku Jebe JnyAni- gaNare gaNibA
ajnyAna rahibe kAhin ?

ମାତୃଭୂମି

ସ୍ୱଭାବ କବି ଗଙ୍ଗାଧର ମେହେର

ଯେକାଳେ ବାଳକ ବୁଲିଯାଇପାରେ
ପତୋଶୀମାନଙ୍କ ଘର,
ସେ କାଳେ ଜାଣଇ ଅନ୍ୟ ଘରସବୁ
ତା ସଙ୍ଗେ ବାଳକଙ୍କର ।
ପରେ ଯେତେ ବେଳେ ଆପଣା ପତାରୁ
ଅନ୍ୟ ପତା ବୁଲିଯାଏ,
ସେହି ସମୟରେ ପତୋଶୀ ପତାକୁ
ଆପଣାର ମଣିଥାଏ ।
ଅନ୍ୟଗ୍ରାମେ ପୁଣି ଯାଏ ଯେବେ ନିଜ
ଗ୍ରାମରୁ ହୋଇ ବାହାର,
ସେକାଳେ ଜାଣଇ ନିଜ ଘର ଯହିଁ
ସେ ଗ୍ରାମେ ଅଟେ ତାହାର ।
ଆପଣା ଗ୍ରାମର ନଦୀ ପୁଷ୍କରିଣୀ
ବଗିଚା ଆଦି ସକଳ,
ଆପଣାର ବୋଲି କହେ, ପୁଣି ସେହି
ସବୁକୁ ମଣଇ ଭଲ ।
ବଡ଼ ହୋଇ ଯେବେ କରିଯାଇପାରେ
ଅନ୍ୟ ରାଜ୍ୟେ ବିଚରଣ,
ବଖାଣଇ ତହିଁ ନିଜ ରାଜା, ରାଜ୍ୟ
ଲୋକଙ୍କର ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠପଣ ।
ହାତୀ ଘୋଡ଼ାଠାରୁ ଛେଳି ମେଷ୍ଟ ଯାଏ
ସବୁ ତା ରାଜ୍ୟର ଭଲ,
ସକଳ ସୁଖର ଆକର ତାହାରି
ରାଜ୍ୟଟି ଅଟେ କେବଳ ।
ତହିଁ ବଡ଼ ହୋଇ ଯାଇଥାଏ ଯେବେ
କେହି କେବେ ଦେଶାନ୍ତର,
ସ୍ୱର୍ଗରୁ ଅଧିକ ବୋଲି ବୁଝେ ତେବେ
ଯେଉଁ ଦେଶେ ତା'ର ଘର ।
ଜ୍ଞାନ ବଳେ ଯେବେ ଜାଣେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ
ଜନକ ଜଗତପତି,
ସହୋଦର ଜ୍ଞାନ କରେ ଅବନୀର
ମାନବ ସମାଜ ପ୍ରତି ।
ତେବେ ସେ ଜାଣଇ ଯେ କରଇ ଯେତେ
ଲୋକଙ୍କର ଉପକାର,
ବିଶ୍ୱପତିଙ୍କର ବିଶ୍ୱଗୃହେ ଅଟେ
ସେ ତେତେ ଯୋଗ୍ୟ କୁମର ।
ଏହିରୂପେ ଗ୍ରାମକଥା, ରାଜ୍ୟକଥା,
ଦେଶକଥା, ବିଶ୍ୱକଥା,
ମାନବ-ଜୀବନେ ପ୍ରତୀତ ହେବାର
ଦର୍ଶିତ ହୁଏ ସର୍ବଥା ।
ମାତୃଭୂମି ମାତୃଭାଷାରେ ମମତା
ଯା ହୁଏ ଜନମି ନାହିଁ,
ତାକୁ ଯେବେ ଜ୍ଞାନୀଗଣରେ ଗଣିବା
ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ରହିବେ କାହିଁ ?

ପୁଷ୍ପାଞ୍ଜଳି

ଦାମୋଦର ଶତପଥୀ

ଅଞ୍ଜଳି ମାମା ଅଞ୍ଜଳି ଭରି ପୁଷ୍ପାଞ୍ଜଳି ଦିଅ ଗୋ,
ଜଗତନାଥଙ୍କ ଶ୍ରୀଚରଣ ତଳେ ତୁମେ ତ ଶରଣ ନିଅ ଗୋ । ୧।
ସକାଳୁ ଉଠିଣ ବିଭୁନାମ ସ୍ମରି, ହାତ ମୁହଁ ଧୋଇଦିଅ ଗୋ,
ହସହସ ହୋଇ ଗୁରୁଜନେ ବାହିଁ ବାରେ ପ୍ରଣତି ଜଣାଅ ଗୋ । ୨।
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଘରର ସଂସ୍କାର ସବୁ ବିଦେଶେ ମନେ ପକାଅ ଗୋ,
ଶୁଭ ଅବସରେ ଗୀତା ଭାଗବତ ପଢ଼ିବାକୁ ନ ପଛାଅ ଗୋ । ୩।
ଆମ 'ସ୍ଵାଧୀନତା ଦିବସ' ରେ ଆଜି ଜୟ ଜୟ ଧ୍ବନୀ ଦିଅ ଗୋ,
ଭାରତବାସୀଙ୍କ ମଙ୍ଗଳ ପାଇଁ ଜାତୀୟ ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ଗାଅ ଗୋ । ୪।
ସଜବାଜ ହୋଇ ଆଗୋ ସୁନାମୁହଁଇ ଆମ ସଙ୍ଗେ ବୁଲି ଯାଅ ଗୋ,
ଭଲ ବୁଦ୍ଧି ନେଇ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟେ ଯାଇ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ି ବଡ଼ ହୁଅ ଗୋ । ୫।
ଆମେରିକାବାସୀ ହୋଇଛ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଦେଶବାସୀ ଆଉ ନୁହଁ ଗୋ,
ଅଥାପି ସୁଦେଶ ଚିନ୍ତନେ ପ୍ରୟାସ କରିବାକୁ ନ ପଛାଅ ଗୋ । ୬।
ସଞ୍ଜ ସମୀରଣେ ପୁଲକିତ ପ୍ରାଣେ ସଂଜବତୀ ଜାଳି ଦିଅ ଗୋ,

ପ୍ରଭୁ ପାଦପଦ୍ମେ ପ୍ରଣତି ଜଣାଇ ଆରତୀ ମସ୍ତକେ ନିଅ ଗୋ । ୭।
ଜେଜେବାପା ଜେଜେମା'ଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଆଉ କିଛିଦିନ ରୁହ ଗୋ,
ବିଦାୟବେଳା ତ ନିକଟ ହେଲାଣି ନ ଆଣ ମନରେ କୋହ ଗୋ । ୮।
ଆମେ ଚାଲିଯିବୁ ପାଖରେ ନଥିବୁ କା' ସଙ୍ଗେ ବୁଲିବ ଜୁହ ଗୋ,
ପାପା ମାମାଙ୍କର କଥାମାନି ତଳି ସୁସନ୍ତାନ ହୁଇ ରୁହ ଗୋ । ୯।
ସୁଦୂର ଭୁବନେଶ୍ଵରରୁ ଆମର ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ତୁମେ ନିଅ ଗୋ,
ଜଗତନାଥଙ୍କ ଶ୍ରୀଚରଣ ତଳେ ମଥାନତ କରି ଶୁଅ ଗୋ । ୧୦।

* This poem is composed on the auspicious Independence Day of India (August 15, 2002) in far-off America, during the last visit to Erie, USA.

* Anjali is our grand daughter, but this is dedicated to all the Oriya grand-daughters residing in America.

Typing Odia (Oriya) documents using Odiphon

Bigyani Das

Odiphon is a free software to type Odia documents. Odiphon is easy too. Odiphon and MS Word can be used together to produce publication quality Odia documents for magazines, books and other purposes such as designing invitation cards. Please follow the following instructions step by step and you will enjoy typing your own writing. Please read every word so that you can follow the instructions accurately.

The steps are:

1. Install Odiphon. Download for free from the following website:

<http://www.orissasociety.org/>

Click on Publications and then click on the Odia symbol “a” ଅ in that page.

2. You will find a folder in your desktop with the name “OdiPhonVer1_1”. Click on that folder and Odiphon will be installed with a folder named “Odiphon”. Open this folder and click on “Fontinstall”. Odia font will be installed.

3. Take a copy of “Remade” file, which I have attached at the end of this mail. Also take a copy of the “Phonetic” editor. Go through them and keep it near you when you start typing your article.

4. Then click on Odia Phonetic Editor and start typing your words.

5. You can also click on help (right side at the top) and then click on “Phonetics” to know how to type some particular letters. For example after clicking “Phonetics” if you click on “kan” (କଠ) it will show you in the bottom screen that you have to use “k’N” to type kan-କଠ.

6. There are some words that you can't type with Odiphon. For example “lla” and so “pallabi” or “prahlAda” would be difficult to type in Odiphon. Also when you type “shruti”, “u kARa” will come under “sha” and “ra phaLA” under “u kAra” and it would look absurd. What to do?

Don't worry. You will be able to do that in MS Word. For the time being just type everything you want to type in Odiphon. Then take a print out. Go through the contents and mark them. You might have just made some typing mistakes or spelling mistakes. That you can correct in Odiphon. After you are done with correcting those mistakes, you are ready for the next step.

7. When you install Odiphon, Sarala font is automatically installed and added to your MS Word fonts group.

- a. Now open MS Word window.
- b. Select all in Odiphon window and copy all of your Odiphon contents.
- c. In MS Word choose Font as Sarala Font and paste the contents you selected in Odiphon.
- d. Go to Insert and choose Symbol. A symbol window will appear. Put the cursor at the place you want to make the changes. Then in the symbol window double click that symbol. You can adjust the font size later on.
- e. Now you can save your article as MS Word document.
- f. You can also copy the contents of MS Word now and paste it back to Odiphon. Please note that .odi file size is very small as compared to .doc file size.
- g. You can also make all this cut-paste transfer between MS Word and Odiphon just for the parts of the article, not the complete article.

8. After you have produced your article, you can also give it to some of your friends, spouse etc. to go through and give comments so that you can review it before you send to us.

You know your article better than anybody else. Nobody can organize your article better than you. It is always a good practice to try to be independent as regards Odia typing. If others can do it, you can do it too. Please check grammar and spelling before submitting the manuscript.

Please do not number your pages, as the page number will be different in the magazine (book or souvenir).

9. If you need to put any picture, table or diagram, please put inside the text. Please don't attach separately.

10. Please write a few lines about the author to be put as footnote for your article.

Note:

One problem with some advanced Windows operating system such as MS Windows XP is that if somebody uses a mAtR A or phaLA or symbols that go above or below the letters, then it creates a gap. For example if I like to type shruti it may print "shra gap u-kAra gap ti", which may look absurd. But if you copy and paste that to MS word choosing Sarala font, it would look perfect.

Odiphon Readme File as It Is

Thanks For Downloading OdiPhon Version 1.1

The Software contains the following files ::::

- 1) OdiPhon.exe ----- The Odiya Phonetic Editor (OdiPhon)
- 2) ORSR0ntt.ttf ----- The Odiya font file upon which OdiPhon is based.
- 3) FontInstall.exe ----- This will install the Odiya Font file
- 4) Phonetics.odi ----- The phonetics help file, printable version
- 5) Phonetics.html ----- The phonetics help file, HTML printable version
- 6) Changes.odi ----- Deatil Revision History
- 7) Readme.txt ----- Instruction file.. (current file)

Instructions on installing and running OdiPhon under Windows95/98/NT

1. If you have ORSR0NTT.TTF i.e the Oriya Font, size about 72 KB which is the latest one (Make sure because you may have the Old Version which is of size about 67KB) already installed in your font directory, skip this step. Otherwise simply run FONTINSTALL.EXE to install the font.

If you are not sure, then run FONTINSTALL.EXE anyway (it will re-stall).

2. Start the Oriya Phonetic Editor by simply running ODIPHON.EXE. For convenience and repetitive use, you may create a shortcut to ODIPHON.EXE on your desktop so that you can run the editor by double-clicking on the ODIPHON icon.
3. Use ODIPHON's built-in easy-to-use Phonetics help screen to for typing Oriya script using standard English keyboard. It basically tells you what keys to press in order to get a particular Oriya letter.
4. If you want a paper Printout of the Phonetic Help , then open Phonetics.odi in OdiPhon and give the print command.
5. You can switch between Oriya and English by using OdiPhon's Language Menu. This menu is also available by right-clicking the mouse inside OdiPhon Editor. You can also achieve the same by using the toolbar button.
6. You can save your document as a HTML file by selecting "Save As HTML File" from the File Menu.

Phonetics Rule

Since number of Oriya characters are much more than the number of English characters, it is not possible (at this stage) to match all phonetics to characters. Little deviation has been adopted therefore.

The following generalizations have been adopted:

- i) All major alphabets (SWAR BARNA & BYANJANA BARNA) is represented by their phonetics.
- ii) All ORIYA MATRA which comes above the major characters (LIKE ANUSWAR, CHANDRABINDU) are represented by a ' (single quote) and then the phonetics for that MATRA.
- iii) All ORIYA MATRA which comes below the major characters (LIKE MA PHALA , BA PHALA) are represented by a - (hyphen) and then the phonetics for that MATRA.
- iv) All composite character (LIKE NKA, NKHA ...) follows the above GENERALIZATION depending on the second letter of that composite character.

What's new in Version1.1 (For detailed revision history, see CHANGES.TXT)

- 1) Save As HTML file..... You can now write in OdiPhon, save it as a HTML file and can directly put it on web or can send as an attachment in your mail.
- 2) Save As Text File..... which is of course relevant if the text is either only English or Only Odiya
- 3) OdiPhon now covers all Odiya alphabets..... The Odiya alphabets which are not implemented in Ver1.0 is now implemented.
- 4) Talebyasa is now 'sh' and Dantasa is now 's' which are reversed in first version.
- 5) Kai is now 'kE' in place of 'kAY' and Kau is now 'kO' in place of 'KAU'
- 6) nja is now 'n-j' in place of 'n-g'
- 7) From Help menu you can now go directly to the OdiPhon site on web.
- 8) Floating menu with Right Mouse button clicking like MS WORD for easy editing.

Known Bugs

With OdiPhon can write phonetics g-d, g-dh, D-g, p-p and can see it in screen. But after you saved it and reopened, these characters will be replaced by single and double quotes. This bug is not local to OdiPhon. This is being imported from Microsoft the platform using which OdiPhon is developed. When I will get the bug fix from Microsoft, I will update it in OdiPhon.

Very limited amount of testing of OdiPhon under Windows2000 Beta Release Candidate 2 indicates that OdiPhon may not be fully functional under Windows2000. Since Windows2000 still under development, and has not been officially released by Microsoft, any Windows2000 issues are not being addressed at this point of time.

Why OdiPhon

After seeing a lot of interest from people to write in Odiya, I was inspired to develop OdiPhon --- The Odiya Phonetic Editor. This is a free one only.

With the help of an "Oriya Phonetic Editor", I hope, it would be comparatively easy for the user to write an Oriya document without the knowledge of Oriya Keyboard Layout. For Example by typing "ghara" you will get the the ghara (House) in ODIYA
OSA Newsletter Utkarsa, April 2005 27

California OSA Convention 2005 in Full Swing

Please visit the convention website www.osa2005.org frequently to get the latest updates.



The Convention Organization consists of volunteers from both the Northern California and Southern California. They are all working wholeheartedly to make the convention a memorable one for you. On Jan 22nd both the groups met in Cupertino, N. California in a joint meeting to develop the overall plans. The various committees then went to work in their individual areas and have developed detail plans and budgets.

The registration package is being mailed out this week (3/14/05) to 1000 addresses in the OSA Directory and local California Directory. We anticipate an error factor of 10%. Since there will not be enough time left to research correct addresses and resend the packages in time for you to reserve the hotel rooms, we recommend you visit www.osa2005.org and download the registration package. The discounted hotel rooms are available on the first-come-first serve basis. Please watch out for the package and register as soon as you can to help us in planning. If you did not get the package, please update your complete address in our website so that you will be properly included in the 2005 Directory with accurate addresses.

Please make sure to register as soon as you can, book the hotel rooms at the discount rate before they run out of rooms at discounts, and most important, please buy your food tickets by the dead line, June 15 since there will be no food tickets for sale at the registration desk this year.

Look forward to seeing you all at the convention.

The Convention Organizing Committee.

Kirtan Behera, Convener
Twisampati Mitra, Co-Convener

Mukta Mohapatra, Youth Convener
Nivedita Mohanty, Co-convener

REQUEST FOR MEMBERSHIP /UPGRADE MEMBERSHIP

OSA's membership is open to any person eighteen years of age or more, interested in Orissa and Oriya cultural heritage. Membership fee is the primary source of income and membership is the most important asset for OSA. Membership has been broadly categorized as benefactors, patrons, life members and annual members. The present dues for various categories are: **Benefactor: \$1000; Patron: \$600; Life Member: \$300; Annual Membership (July 1 to June 30) Family - \$25, Single - \$10, Student Family - \$10, Student Single - \$5.** Please mail your check to OSA c/o: Hari Arjun Patro, 2216 Harrisburg Lane, Plano, TX 75025 and specify "OSA Membership" in memo.

Working Together is Success

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