

# **Journal of the Orissa Society of the Americas**



**Celebrating Our Heritage and Diversity**

**ଆମର ଐତିହ୍ୟ ଓ ବୈଚିତ୍ର୍ୟର ମହୋସ୍ତର !**

OSA  
ASO



**38th Annual Convention, 2007  
Detroit, Michigan**



**Wishing all the best  
For the success of  
The 2007 OSA convention  
Detroit, Michigan**

**Kalinga Hospital  
&  
Hospital Corporation of Orissa**

*Greatly appreciate the support of all  
oriyas, inside or outside the country.  
Kalinga Hospital is one of the premier  
healthcare institutes in Eastern India  
now, and it is growing.*

# **Journal of the Orissa Society of the Americas**



**JagannathaSwami Nayanapathagami Bhavatu Me!**



**ଜଗନ୍ନାଥସ୍ବାମୀ ନୟନପଥଗାମୀ ଭବତୁ ମେ !**

*With Best Wishes from*



*All the Members of OSA, Michigan chapter*

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

**T**he souvenir committee would like to thank the following individuals / groups for their support and contributions:

- ❖ Dr Ravi Rout , Convener of 38<sup>th</sup> OSA Annual Convention
- ❖ All members of the 38th OSA Annual Convention Organizing Committee
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- ❖ Mrs. Jayashree Samal for souvenir cover page design
- ❖ Dr Bigyani Das and Sri Hara Padhi for their assistance in collecting contact details of oriya writers in USA/Canada
- ❖ Honorable competition judges:
  - Photo contest: Mr. Babru Bahan Samal
  - Essay Competitions: Dr. Pradyot Pattnaik, Dr. Nirode Mohanty and Sri Binod Bihari Nayak
- ❖ Worldorissa.com for publishing the invitations for journal articles
- ❖ J&M Reproductions, Inc

Sincerely,

2007 OSA Souvenir Publication Team,

Manoj Panda, Swapnalata Mishra (Rath)

Biswajit Puhan, Nageswar Rajanala

Sasadhar Sahoo & Niladri Mohapatra

**Artist's thought on Coverpage design:**

The series of imagery is a presentation of diversity in Oriya culture. The temples of the east coast, the dances of the Western rissa, the palm leaf manuscripts that exhibit and preserves the glorious past, the mudra's of the enchanting Odissi dance, the folk festivals that are so much ingrained in different places, all proclaim and attest that this land of ours is unified by its diverse colorful culture.

Jayashree Samal

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*Dhirendra Kar*

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Upasana Senapati

## MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT, OSA 2005-2007

Dear Fellow Oriyas and OSA Members:

It is a pleasure and honor to welcome you all to the 38<sup>th</sup> Annual Convention of the Orissa Society of the Americas. Please join me in commending the organizing team and members of the OSA Michigan Chapter for their hard work and success in assembling a rich and wholesome program for your enjoyment. The enthusiasm and hospitality of the Michigan Chapter shows though their effort to host the convention for the fourth time, having done it previously in 1980, 1988, and 1993.

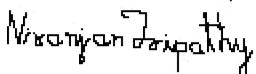
The theme of this year's convention is: Celebrating our Heritage and Diversity. As people of Orissa, we always take great pride in our heritage – be it our spiritualism, dance, music literature or architecture. The need to connect to our heritage is perhaps even more compelling for the Oriya Diaspora, especially those making a home in North America. In the early days, OSA Convention was the primary platform to experience and display our cultural heritage. Over the years, as the Oriya community has matured, expanded and prospered, our second generation now has greater local exposure and access to Orissa heritage than we ever did when we arrived here! The OSA Convention is a wonderful forum to share and celebrate this achievement.

OSA is the largest organization of people connected to Orissa in this continent, representing over 600 families. However, we are only as strong as our membership. If you are not a member, please join today. I also urge you to get involved in one of the 14 regional OSA Chapters throughout North America.

As my tenure to serve as OSA President comes to an end, I would like to thank all members for giving me this opportunity. I am especially indebted to my Co-office bearers, Vice-president, Mr. Dharendra Kar, Treasurer, Mr. Prakash Patro, and Secretary, Mrs. Bigyani Das for their unwavering support. I also thank the ever-dependable Joint Editors of *Utkarsa*, Mr. Sikhanda Satpathy and Mr. Tapas Sahoo and the many OSA Chapter presidents who have been generous with their help and advice.

I want to close by urging that let this convention also be a time for reflection over our collective effort to build and function within a community. Like many other immigrant communities before us, we have had our share of failures and success. Let us learn from our mistakes and build on our accomplishments, and more importantly, let us exercise restraint and humility, as we continue our journey in this continent.

With best wishes,



Niranjan Tripathy  
Denton, Texas



## REPORT FROM SECRETARY, OSA 2005-2007

**D**ear Fellow Members of The Orissa Society of the Americas (OSA)

I begin with thanking you for affording me the continued opportunity to serve as the Secretary of this remarkable organization. Words are simply inadequate to express the pride and honor I feel being able to serve in this capacity. I never cease to be amazed by the tremendous talent of our members and our children I meet in my local community and during every convention. Together, we comprise an extremely gifted pool of cultural talents. Together we can (and will) make a difference to our cultural identity, our community, and our heritage.

OSA year 2006-2007 has been a very exciting and challenging year for us. We had a very successful convention in 2006 organized by the members of Washington DC Oriya community and we would experience another successful convention in 2007 organized by the members of Michigan chapter. I thank the organizers for their enthusiasm, dedication and dynamism in creating these historical enchanting moments for their community members. Following are some of the highlights of our performance in the year 2006-2007.

**Membership:** This year we had 67 new members (Benefactor: 3, Life Members: 15, Annual members: 49). I thank all the new members for their interest in the organization and for their faith on our organization. I request all the annual members to continue their relationship with OSA by becoming permanent members (Benefactor, Patron or a Life Member) or renewing their annual membership with us. We now have 1158 members in total (including annual members).

**OSA Newsletter Utkarsa:** OSA editors Dr Sikhanda Satpathy and Tapas Ranjan Sahoo had brought out the issues of Utkarsa regularly with information about local chapters as well as about OSA business. We thank for their volunteer time and effort is serving as the editors.

**OSA 2006 Souvenir Distribution:** OSA 2006 souvenir was distributed among all the permanent members. If anybody has not received a copy, please contact Dr Bigyani Das (4525 Rutherford Way, Dayton, MD, 21036; 410-531-7445; [bigyanidas@yahoo.com](mailto:bigyanidas@yahoo.com)).

**OSA Webpage:** OSA webpage is the center piece for all OSA related information. We thank OSA web designer Santanu Das for putting so many hours of voluntary service to keep this webpage updated. Our constitution, by-laws, membership information, newsletter and upcoming events can now be accessible from OSA webpage. Please visit <http://www.orissasociety.org> regularly for all OSA related information.

**OSA's Relationship with Orissa:** OSA's relationship with Orissa is now stronger than before. OSA's vice president Mr Dhirendra Kar attended Prabasi Oriya Dibasa organized by NROFC (Non-Resident Oriya Facilitation Center) on December 24, 2006. Many prominent OSA members attended the event. Children of OSA families participated in the cultural presentations.

**Local OSA Chapters:** All of the local chapters of OSA are doing extremely well as regards OSA's mission goals of socio-cultural interaction and inclusion. We thank the chapter representatives for their voluntary service and dedication.

**OSA Election 2007:** We thank OSA 2007 election commissioner Dr Shanti Mishra and her team members for their voluntary service to the community. Managing election has become a very difficult situation and we thank for Dr Mishra's patience and perseverance to do her duty diligently for the sake of her community.

Last, but not least, we thank Michigan chapter representatives, President Snigdha (Krishna) Senapati, Secretary: Akshaya Ray, and Treasurer: Santosh Kar for taking initiative in organizing the convention in Michigan. Our gratitude goes to Ravindra Rout, Convener and his extremely talented and dedicated team members for organizing 38<sup>th</sup> convention.

I look forward to meet my fellow OSA members in Michigan. For anyone who has never before attended the annual convention, I can guarantee you that sharing the experience of convention with fellow Oriyas from across USA and Canada will empower and energize you in your exploration of our rich cultural heritage and remind you (if you need to be reminded) of what drew you to become a part of this organization in the first place.

With Sincere Regards,

Bigyani Das  
Secretary, OSA



## MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CONVENTION

**I**t is my distinct pleasure and honor to welcome our invited guests, distinguished speakers and fellow OSA members to the 38<sup>th</sup> Annual OSA Convention. This year's convention is being held at the magnificent Ford Performing Arts and Community Center (FPAC) and at the elegant Dearborn Hyatt Regency. Both of these facilities are located in the heart of Dearborn, Michigan- hometown of legendary automotive genius, Henry Ford. We are certainly adding an important chapter to our remarkable and enduring journey of 38 years by being here and reflecting back on our achievements. This is an extremely proud moment for all of us. We are celebrating our 38 years of existence, and we certainly did not achieve this milestone by accident, but by virtue of our absolute determination, dedication and commitment to this institution. Let us extend our sincere thanks to those founders and visionaries who had established this wonderful organization 38 years ago.

Like in the past, the annual convention is the time when we celebrate our achievements and connect with the heritage of our native land with fellow Oriyas. However, with increasing globalization in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, the very identity of our culture is at stake. Therefore, this is an extremely opportune moment to reflect on our roots and bond with our heritage. That is why we have very aptly chosen the theme of this convention "Celebrating our Heritage and Diversity." The entire convention team has worked diligently to reflect this theme in all aspects of the convention. Furthermore, we have invited many distinguished speakers to enlighten you with their knowledge and wisdom of our rich heritage and diversity. The team has done an exceptional job of providing you with the right ambience to catch up with the good old days in an elegant atmosphere. So take advantage of this opportunity to enrich yourselves and carry this memory to cherish for years to come. Let me extend my sincere thanks to the entire convention team for putting together this magnificent event. I say it again: well done friends. I salute you.

In closing, I must say that although we have come from different backgrounds and may have differences in many aspects of our lives, we are certainly bound into a single family through a unique thread of our language and heritage. Let us build the bridge between our native land and the adopted country that brings bright prosperity and joyous harmony to all of us. Let us make the foundation of this bridge stronger with our cultural diversity and rich heritage. Let us support this bridge with pillars of our successes and entrepreneurship. Let us pave the path of this bridge with the mosaic of our diversity and brighten the walkways with the lights of love and harmony. Let that bridge be a meeting place called the OSA convention to meet and celebrate for generation to come.

On behalf of the entire Convention Team I wish you a very happy 38<sup>th</sup> anniversary and hope you have an unforgettable and enjoyable experience here in Michigan.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "R Rout".

Ravi Rout

Chairman 38<sup>th</sup> Annual OSA Convention



## MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT, OSA, MICHIGAN CHAPTER

**O**n behalf of OSA-Michigan Chapter, I welcome all the participants and guests to the 38<sup>th</sup> OSA Annual Convention in Detroit from June 29<sup>th</sup> to July 1<sup>st</sup>, 2007. My special thanks go to Dr. Ravi Rout, the convener of our convention for his dynamic leadership and to all the various organizing committee members for their exceptional dedication and endurance in planning and executing the convention events. I would like to extend my thanks to the volunteers for their untiring efforts, without which the convention would not have been a success. In fact, I lost count of our preparatory meetings since October 2006, which not only motivated us but led to the resolution of various issues while building up our confidence for the successful execution of the convention planning. This is for the first time, we have about 35 volunteers who contributed to fund-raising according to their capacities. They also mobilized funds from other sources from within and out of the state.

This year's convention theme: "Celebrating Our Heritage and Diversity" will definitely lead to further our understanding of cultural differences and lessen the gap between the first and second generation Oriyas. I hope this convention inculcates in all of us a sense of our identity and heritage by initiating and cultivating a process for acculturisation through various seminar topics, cultural programs, and lectures by eminent persons from Orissa and the USA.

I can't complete my remarks without extending my thanks to our honorable guests, speakers who will enrich us with their wisdom and expertise in different fields. I am thankful to the OSA national executive committee for choosing the Motor City for the venue of the convention and their continued support and meaningful directions in the preparatory phase of the convention. My heartfelt thanks also go to all of our individual and corporate donors.

I hope all of you will enjoy great speeches, thoughtful seminars, fun-filled activities, joyous youth events, enthralling cultural programs, meeting old friends while creating new ones, varieties of tasty food and your overall stay in the beautiful Motor city.

Vande Utkala Janani

Sincerely  
Krishna (Snigdha) Senapati

President, OSA Michigan Chapter.



**NAVEEN PATNAIK**  
CHIEF MINISTER, ORISSA



Telephone | (0674) : 2531100 (Off.)  
              | (0674) : 2591099 (Res.)  
Fax         | (0674) : 2535100 (Off.)  
              | (0674) : 2590833 (Res.)  
E. Mail—cmo@ori.nic.in

D.O. No. 195

BHUBANESWAR  
Dated 10.5.02

### MESSAGE

I am happy to know that the Orissa Society of the Americas is organising its 38<sup>th</sup> annual convention at Dearborn Hyatt Regency, Dearborn Michigan, USA and bringing out a souvenir on the occasion.

I thank you for inviting me to attend the said convention. I would have liked to attend it but I regret that I may not be able to attend the said convention due to other preoccupations.

I wish your convention a great success and hope that your association will continue to support the developmental activities of our State.

N — / — C.  
(NAVEEN PATNAIK)



## MESSAGE FROM CONGRESSMAN SANDER LEVIN

COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS  
CHAIR, SUBCOMMITTEE ON TRADE  
SUBCOMMITTEE ON SOCIAL SECURITY

Sander Levin  
12<sup>th</sup> District, Michigan

CONGRESSIONAL-EXECUTIVE  
COMMISSION ON CHINA  
CHAIR, 110<sup>th</sup> CONGRESS

Congress of the United States  
House of Representatives

June 29, 2007

Dear Friends:

It gives me great pleasure to welcome everyone attending the Orissa Society of the Americas 38<sup>th</sup> Annual National Convention in Dearborn, Michigan.

The Orissa Society of the Americas (OSA) plays a vital role throughout the year in building broad understanding of Oriya ethnicity in the United States and in supporting its membership. This year's theme "Celebrating our Heritage and Diversity" is certain to bring together a distinguished group of individuals from throughout the country to celebrate the many achievements of Indian Americans. I have so enjoyed other opportunities to join with you and I know this Convention will serve as another opportunity to highlight many successful endeavors as well as future plans of OSA.

Please accept my congratulations for the exceptional work you have accomplished during this first 38 years. I would also like to congratulate the Michigan Chapter for hosting such an important event.

Best wishes for an enjoyable convention and continued success.

Sander Levin  
Member of Congress



## MESSAGE FROM SENATOR CARL LEVIN

CARL LEVIN  
MICHIGAN

### United States Senate

WASHINGTON, DC 20510-2202

June 29, 2007

Orissa Society of the Americas  
9535 Ridge View Drive  
Columbia, MD 21046

Dear Friends:

I am delighted to offer my best wishes to each of you at the 38<sup>th</sup> Annual Convention gala as you focus on the OSA mission and reflect on the theme, "Celebrating our Heritage and Diversity." I am certain you will enjoy the venue for your convention, and I am pleased to join the Michigan Chapter in welcoming you to the Greater Detroit area.

OSA can be proud of its progress in building a strong coalition to promote better understanding of the richness of Oriya culture, and information exchange between Orissa and the United States and Canada. Through effective programs and services, OSA has an important role in strengthening the social and cultural life of the community while adding to the vitality of the economic and career growth of its members. As OSA works to expand its impact and supportive outreach, it affirms its commitment to the well-being of all of the people in this community, and beyond.

Again, best wishes for great convention.

Sincerely,

Carl Levin

CL/ec

## CONTENTS

## English Section 22-154

18 English Editorial

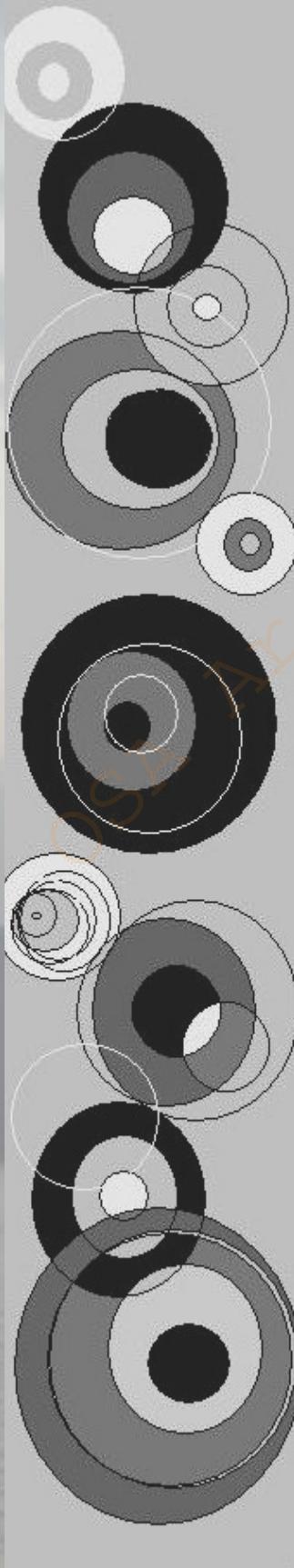
### Reminiscenes

- 21 An Oriya Wedding in America
- 25 An Entire Life is made by Living in Moments...
- 27 The Conquest of Heaven
- 30 Where Is My Goddess of Love
- 30 NANA (FATHER)
- 31 My long lost lover
- 32 Love Lines
- 33 Mr. Panigrahi Writes a Letter
- 38 Meghana's Gift
- 41 Introspection
- 42 A Short Life
- 44 Death of a Shell Collector

### Blooming Buds

- 51 Gazing the Stars
- 52 American Indian Students, College, and Culture
- 54 Left alone without you
- 54 The Lotus
- 55 A Wedding Awakening
- 57 Are We Cometent to speak Oriya in...
- 60 My Orissa & My USA
- 60 Ms THOMPSON-MY FAVORITE TEACHER
- 61 My U.S.A, My Orissa
- 62 The Sapphire Pendant
- 64 The Village Girl
- 64 UNITY
- 65 My Family Culture
- 65 Some Look Like Others...
- 66 Dare To Paint
- 67 My Aai
- 69 A Wonderful Experience
- 71 My Orissa, My USA
- 72 Mixed Feelings
- 73 Experience is the Best Teacher
- 74 The Best Grandpa Ever
- 75 ABCD or FOB
- 76 My Orissa
- 77 Poetry Sestina

## CONTENTS..



### Blooming Buds (continued)

- 78 My Identification in USA
- 79 Questions
- 81 The JungFrau
- 82 My European Vacation
- 84 Oppurtunity
- 85 Reflection
- 87 Lost in Mist
- 88 The Magic Song

### Inner Sojourns

- 90 Sri Jagannatha – The Lord of the Universe...
- 96 A Jagannath Temple in Orissa
- 100 Three Blessed Trees
- 102 We Cast Our Nets
- 103 Divinity
- 104 Rudrakshya

### Orissan Glory

- 110 Our Ancient Orissa
- 117 My Heritage
- 119 Maritime Heritage of Orissa
- 126 Miss You Mother
- 127 Travel Blogs

### Helping the Needy

- 132 Orphans of Rural Orissa
- 138 Cancer in Women
- 141 The Orissa Foundation
- 142 Indira Social Welfare Organization...
- 144 Preparing village children for....

### From Oriya Home Makers

- 146 Keeping the Strings Attached: Oriya Gruhini
- 149 Few Recipes from the Kitchen of Oriya Gruhini

### **Oriya Section 156-224**

- 157 Oriya Editorial
- 158 Articles from Writers Outside Noth America
- 177 Articles from writers of USA/CANADA



View of Bay of Bengal near Konark

©Biswajit Puhan

## **EDITORIAL**

**"If you want your dreams to be, build it slow and surely;  
Small beginnings, greater ends, heartfelt work grows purely.  
If you want to live life free, take your time, go slowly.  
Do few things, but do them well, simple joys are holy."**

The above immortal lines from a great saint unfold the vistas of opportunities for each one of us to build our dreams in the pathways of life.

Welcome Friends! This is the time of the year to meet, greet, enjoy and think together for new milestones and their transformation to reality. It is a great privilege for me to go through the reflections of beautiful minds. What appealed me the most is the common thread of "oDiAness" which runs firm and hold the pearls of expressions.

This is a great opportunity to celebrate our unity, harmony and to strengthen our common ground of identification i.e. our oDiA origin. Quoting some lines of my poem "Retrospection":

Days of joy and days of hardship,  
Weave the life of blissful kinship;  
Face the challenge to keep it alive,  
Always in the realm of Time.

In the journey of life we have come this far with grit, determination, persistence and above all with dreams of success. Sands of time bear the footprints of our rich culture, unparallel valor, magnificent traditions, illumining heritage of art, craft, trade, music, dance, literature, science and what not. Through ups and down we haven't given up our originality even though we are far away from the land of our origin. The hymns of greatness vibrate in us. The rhythm of our spirit beacons us to rise further. The bloodline of our chivalry inspires us at every juncture to proceed to the pinnacle. Hence despite our differences the banner of oDiAness flies high with all glory.

However we have a long way to go. The mantle, which has been carefully nurtured, is to be passed to the able hands. It is the responsibility of each one of us to make that happen by following the path of Truth and Righteousness being securely ensconced in the wings of love and care.

My salutation to the creative spirit of all our contributors! They are the main anchors of this endeavor. My sincere gratitude is due to the souvenir team members (Smt. Swapnalata Mishra-Ratha, Sri Biswajit Puhana, Sri Sasadhara Sahoo and Sri Nagesh Rajnala) who did their best to bring out this wonderful edition. I am grateful to Sri Nirode Mohanty, Sri Pradyot Pattnaik and Sri Binod Nayak as they kindly agreed to be the judges for the Kids' Essay Competition. Hope the readers will enjoy!

Let the dales of our dreams bloom with realizations!

Manoj Panda  
Editor

The background of the advertisement features a soft-focus photograph of a hilly landscape. The foreground is a light, misty gray. In the middle ground, two dark, rounded hills rise against a lighter sky. The overall atmosphere is serene and suggests a rural or natural setting.

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*.Reminiscences....*

## An Oriya Wedding in America

Saradindu Misra

**W**hen OSA was formed in 1969, there were hardly 100 Oriya families all across America. By 1979 that figure might have been doubled. Now we boast of more than a thousand Oriyas families living in the United States and their numbers are growing every day. The families who settled here in the early part of 1970 have certainly come of age. Most of them are retired now and their children have grown to become adults and are shining in their chosen fields with great success. There is not a single reputable university in the U.S.A. where Oriya students have not set foot. They hold enviable positions as doctors, lawyers, managers, professors, IT specialists and what not, thereby bringing laurels not only to themselves, but also to their families and community.

The one thing we the senior Oriyas missed during our stay abroad were family weddings that took place back home. Many of us were not able to attend such weddings due to distance and tight work schedule in this foreign land, although we always craved for such festive occasions. No more now. For the last decade or so, we see a lot Oriya marriages taking place in this far off country when our children have grown to become adults. We don't miss the wedding ceremonies in Orissa any more. Every year, dozens of Oriya weddings are taking place in this country with the same pomp and glamour that was once possible only back home.

Although most Oriya marriages are one-day affairs, but in the recent past, marriages are held more elaborately, covering three to four days. Examples of such events were one when Sanjiv, son of Saroj and Suniti Behera of San Jose got married to Milli, daughter of Kali and Jyotsna Misra of Saskatoon in August of 2001. The other one is the wedding of Simi, daughter of Birendra and Navanita Patnaik of New Jersey to Mohit Dewan of Minnesota. Both the weddings lasted for several days with *Mangana (Mehendi)* on one day, followed by the actual marriage ceremony on the next day. These events were attended by a large number of Oriya families from all over the United States, including relatives from India.

These days, Oriya marriages are taking place by dozens in America. Last year, my wife and I had the privilege of attending eight such functions, each one of them as memorable as the other. We got to meet a lot of friends those who came from far off places whom we had not met in years. The occasions were festive and the spirits were high. I will showcase one such wedding, which took place in 2006.

In August of 2006, Anjan (we call him Bapi), eldest son of Shanti and Uma Mishra of Newburg, NY got married to Sonal, daughter of Sumitra and Jugal Malpani of Rutland, VT. Shanti told us months in advance to set aside the days, proceeding and following the date of the wedding. Most of us in the tri-state area knew Bapi since he was born. Unlike some of the other Oriya boys and girls born in America, Bapi was never shy to interact with older Oriya



community and had a close relationship with other Oriya families. As a young boy, he felt quite comfortable in the company of the friends of his parents, striking a conversation with the elders from school to American politics, whenever possible.

Shanti and Uma charted a luxury bus to transport the groom's party (*Barajatri*) from their home in Newburg to Killington, VT where the ceremony was to take place. Some of us decided to take the bus, leaving the driving to the bus driver. Those of us who took the bus trip, arrived at the house of Shanti and Uma in Newburgh on Thursday evening, August 17, and were accommodated in local hotels for the night. In the morning of Friday, August 18, after breakfast, first the groom left the house amidst the sound of conch and *Hulahuli*, followed by the *Barajatri* that boarded the bus. Around 11 AM, the bus left Newburgh bound for Killington. Some fifty passengers were on board. The trip was for four hours, covering about 210 miles. The fun started right after the bus left Newburgh. Some of us watched Hindi movies being played in the bus video. Some others engaged in an *Antakshari* competition, while others decided to take a nap in the cozy bus. Dr. Prabhu, a close family friend of the Mishras from Newburgh was in-charge of looking after the passengers, together with Ramaballava (younger brother of Uma), and Dr. Nanakram Agarwal, another close friend of Uma. We called them wardens of the bus. The wardens made sure that we had plenty of snacks and soft drinks. However, their most important function was to make sure that the headcount in the bus was correct; each time there was a disembarking from and subsequent embarking to the bus. There always seemed some confusion over the headcounts as the wardens invariably missed their own count and the headcount had to start all over again! Around 1.30 PM, the bus arrived near Albany at a rest area for lunch which the Mishra family brought from Newburgh. After lunch, the *Barajatris* boarded the bus and the headcount started again. With the "all clear" sign from the wardens to the bus driver, the bus proceeded towards Killington.

We reached the hotel in Killington around 4 PM and met with a lot of other friends those who elected to drive or fly directly to venue. Let me talk a little about Killington. It is one of the most famous ski resorts of Vermont with spectacular snow-packed trails that gets extremely busy with vacationers during the winter months. Finding a place in the area is next to impossible unless arrangements were made several months in advance. In the summer, the resort is equally beautiful and picturesque. The Killington Grand Resort and Hotel is by far the biggest property in the area where arrangements were made for all of us to stay for the wedding. It is a huge hotel just on the foot of the Killington Mountains with a perennial creek flowing on the base, offering the most magnificent views. After we lodged in our respective rooms, the guests assembled in one of the public rooms where the bride's father, Mr. Jugal Malpani, greeted us and ushered us for snacks, and the festivities began thereafter. Snacks over, we went into our respective rooms for changing to more formal attire. In the evening, we reassembled again in one of the big halls of the hotel, which was packed with guests from both the groom's side as well as from the bride's side. So many Oriya families! They not only came from the surrounding areas, but from far off places, such as, Canada, California, Arkansas, Michigan, etc. The gathering was no less than an OSA Convention! We saw a lot of families that we did not see for years. People started greeting each other and soon got lost in all kinds of conversation. After an hour or so, the musical event started which the bride's side organized. They performed all kinds of dances, filmy as well as traditional. There were singing too. The entire crowd in the hall started dancing to the tunes along with the performers. As usual, there



was speech making from both the sides. The program continued for about two hours after which everyone was ushered to another hall for a sumptuous vegetarian dinner. By the time the dinner was over, the exhausted guests retired to their rooms to get some sleep and be ready for the next day wedding.

The next morning, Saturday, August 19, after breakfast in the hotel, the guests got ready for the wedding ceremony, which was supposed to start around 1 PM. Lunch was served before the ceremony after which the groom's party assembled at the other side of a little bridge that connected the creek and the hotel. The loudspeaker was blaring popular Hindi tunes, such as, *Baharon Phool Barsao*, *Ghar Aya Mera Paradesi*. Amidst all the noise, fanfare and dancing to the filmy tunes, the groom's procession (*Barajatri*) slowly proceeded over the bridge to the other side where the bride's party was ready to receive the *Barajatri* and the groom. Bapi was dressed in regal attire with the exception of his crown (*Mukuta*) on his head, which Shanti and Uma forgot to bring from their house. Bapi looked no less than a prince, ready to conquer the hearts of the bride and her family. After some preliminary rituals, all of us entered the big hall where a beautifully decorated *Mandap* was created for the ceremony. A Hindu priest from Boston performed the ceremony with rigid conformity to the Hindu traditions and rituals. The hall was packed with invitees who were dressed impeccably, specially the ladies who dazzled with their gold and diamond ornaments, and expensive brocades. It was a feast for the eyes of the beholder! The ceremony lasted for an hour or so, after which the guests were treated to a cocktail party and finally to the big dinner. The day was very hectic, full of fun and activities. When finally everything was over, it was way past midnight and the tired guests returned to their hotel rooms for a few hours of shut-eye.

The next morning was the return trip to Newburgh. During the breakfast, the people who came on their own transport or flew started bidding good buy to each other. The newly married couple left for Newburgh in their stretch limo. We then boarded the bus for our return trip. Just before the bus started, the mother and the maternal uncle of the bride entered the bus, and with folded hands, begged for forgiveness in case there were any lapses in their treatment of the *Barajatri* for the two days we stayed under their care. This was a rare gesture true of the best Indian traditions that touched all of us.

We arrived in the afternoon in Newburgh. During the bus trip, Sambit, younger brother of Bapi traveled with us in the bus. The fact that we were served vegetarian food throughout our stay in Killington as the Malpanis are strict vegetarians, and the Oriyas are great lovers of fish and meat; my wife, Lata, jokingly told Sambit to make sure that he chooses a girl as his life partner whose family would be non-vegetarian. Sambit thought for a while and then replied that he would give serious consideration to this proposal! However, as if they had read our minds, the Mishras had made elaborate arrangements for snacks upon our arrival at their house that included, besides other dishes, meat, chicken, shrimp, etc. After savoring the tasty snacks, we waited for the newly wed couple to arrive. The Mishra house was beautifully decorated with intricate Odissi designs and colored lights. When the couple arrived, Bapi's parents, and his older sister Devjani, greeted them at the entrance and demanded her *Nanada Putuli* from the bride and allowed them in the house only after she got her present. The couple then entered the house, once again, amidst the sound of conch and *Hulahuli* by the ladies, which created an atmosphere of joy and mirth in the surrounding area. It was great fun to be a part of that



festivity which brought back nostalgic memories of such occasions from back home. Finally, the dinner was served, non-vegetarian of course; and then the guests departed bidding good buy to the newly-weds and the members of the Mishra family. It was an absolute fun-filled three days!

Weddings are by far the best occasions when family members living apart get a chance to be together for a few days along with relatives and friends. Here, in this distant land, they enjoy the festivities even more. Amidst the festivities they get a rare chance to meet their old friends those who live far away. The ladies prepare for the occasion months in advance. They buy new saris and ornaments just for the occasion and present them as vivaciously as possible. The fun and participation in such ceremonies is a source of great rejuvenation, which lasts for several months in future. I am sure that as long as the first generation Oriyas will hold weddings for their children, they will continue to keep this tradition alive. Let's see if the second generation will follow suit!

*Saradindu Misra is a Life Member of OSA and lives with wife Lata in Franklin Park, NJ.*



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*Where there is love there is life.*



## An Entire Life is made by Living in Moments...

**Sunanda Holmes**

**A**s a child growing up in a village in Orissa, I really loved mud. I loved the way mud caked my feet as I clambered through my family's fields. I loved its velvety touch in my hands as I made my own little mud bricks to build little mud houses. I ate mud and chased it with seeds to see if I could grow a tree in my stomach. Not even my parents' American shoes (back then, I think American shoes were actually made in America, not in China), which they sent regularly from here could entice me to stop running in the mud with my bare feet. Eventually I grew tired of our "domestic" mud. I wanted to experience the mud from far away places, so I set off to foreign lands - the other side of our village.

In those days, the Dalits were confined to their own neighborhood. We were separated by mere yards, yet theirs was a world apart. They lived along the river, drawing their water from its lazy, silty flow. I knew I wasn't allowed near where they lived, nor drink their water. Yet its pull was magnetic - new mud full of promise.

I set out to the river. Edging closer, I could see the Dalit children - the Panas - ill-clothed and looking ragged. My heart beat faster as I ventured across the line that separated our worlds. To my surprise, I was greeted warmly. The Panas allowed me to indulge in their wondrous, river-born mud. I went home, but came back the next day. And the next. Every afternoon, I went to their river, reveling in their lives, their water, their stories, and most importantly, their mud.

But secrets are hard to keep in an Indian village. My uncles, cousins and Budhima, my grandmother, all knew I was a wanderer in the village. I had left no part of my village unturned. But this time my Budhima discovered my excursions into the Pana sahi and demanded to know why I had been with those untouchable children. My answer? "Because they have the best mud." She soon told my uncle, who beat me like a proper disobedient Indian child should be. But in spite of the punishment, I went back, again and again.

Budhima eventually stopped telling my uncle about my travels, and I stopped getting beatings. Instead, Budhima waited for me outside our house with Tulasi for me to eat to somehow preserve my soul. She sprinkled water on me and muttered some prayers before allowing me in the house with hopes that somehow I would grow out of these wondering disobedient behavior as I got older. But, her quiet acquiescence had a powerful impact on me. Budhima, a highly traditional Indian matriarch, was within her rights to do whatever necessary to keep me confined to our side of the village. Yet she allowed me to create my own path in our village, even if it took me to the Pana sahi.

I've since ventured far past Budhima's threshold down to the Pana sahi, visiting more than 40 countries to seek new people, new cultures, and new experiences. Whether meeting with President Nelson Mandela in South Africa, running a marathon in Rome, or working with the poor and afflicted in Haiti, I feel at home. I can forge connections with people of all different



race, nationality and class without even understanding their language. I understand that we are all connected in this one web of life. Those days of wandering in my village and being with the Panas prepared me well to step beyond man made boundaries based on fears and distrust to connect with the rest of the world.

In August 2006, I visited my village after 27 years. My entire world as a child had grown small in my adult eyes. As I made my way to my Budhima's burial place, I could still see her and hear her forgiving ways in which she taught life's lessons. By some people's account, I remain a wanderer even today although I'm too old to play with even "good" mud. But as I raise my two teenagers, I try to remember that Budhima had trusted me to make some decisions for myself even if they seemed unconventional to her or other reasonable Indians. Like those long-ago trips to the river, my children's journeys may lead to wonderful discoveries about their global village that may be now beyond my imagination.

Sunnda K. Holmes lives in Bethesda, MD. She can be contacted at sunandaholmes@yahoo.com



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*Always aim at complete harmony of thought and word and deed. Always aim at purifying your thoughts and everything will be well.*



## The Conquest of Heaven

Arun Misra

**T**he current religious and sectarian strife, the world over, points to the fact that each religious group is trying to show its direct connection with the 'Heavens' and to make sure that it stays under their control and is made available peacefully or forcibly to as many people as possible. Any such remark about Islam can be easily construed as 'blasphemy'. When the US media ridiculed Islam's concept of heaven and the availability of virgins there after death, it brings several other concepts to mind. Christianity considers sex as synonymous to 'sin'. Then, wouldn't it be natural to think that there are different Heavens? Is the one in the Islam then promoting sin by Christian standards?

Over 50 years ago, I remember, in remote India, my Brahmin/Hindu father, who was more friendly to Muslims than to his Hindu brethren, was often ridiculed for it. He will often ask, 'whether Muslims go to heaven' since Hindus believed the Muslim-way of life was kind of undeserving to go to heaven and make people laugh.

About 30 years ago, working at a medical school in Illinois, I attended bible study during lunch once a week for several months, encouraged by my supervisor, who was a bright Molecular Biologist and a devout evangelist , where only two of us will generally be present. He was amazed that coming from India and not knowing Jesus personally, how come I was so polite, nice and good. This is not a place to discuss the ignorance of average American towards the affairs of the world, but is definitely one of such examples.

The extreme tolerance (which tends towards meekness and subservience) of Hinduism (the so called Hindus will like to name their calling as *Sanatana Dharma*, the religion or the way of life, that is present since time immemorial and will last forever) can easily attend any religious service at a church, synagogue, mosque, gurdwara or temple believing God is omnipresent and has many forms, since Hindus have several hundred kinds of gods and goddesses of their own.

My supervisor at Illinois will many times ask me if I believed in resurrection of Christ. My apparent disbelief in agreeing to the fact that a person can rise from the dead made him to comment that he was so sorry, for a nice person like me would not go to heaven. This reminds me of a story I heard in India about Gandhi in late 1960s. When Gandhi was fighting the British in India and began his movement in Champaran, Bihar, there was widespread belief that British police/army could not touch/catch Gandhi, as he would fly in the air. This added much to the following of Gandhi, but later the number reduced, when several of his devotees saw him going to the latrine for his morning rites, and realized that Gandhi was like them.

It should also be added here what I heard from an agnostic American friend in St Louis in early eighties, when Attenborough's movie 'Gandhi' received several Oscar awards, that after many, many hundred years, this Gandhi will also walk on water.



Ghalib, the late Persian poet/philosopher who lived in India all his life, almost 400 hundred years ago, has a poem beginning with, '*ham to jante hain jannat ki hakikat lekin...*' (I know the truth about heavens, but it (heaven) is a good idea to keep us engaged). Another revolutionary, Kabir, a Muslim by birth, practicing customs of Hinduism, lived in Banaras (Varanasi/Kashi), one of the holiest places for Hindus. It is also believed by Hindus that if you die in Banaras, you will definitely go to heaven. No wonder elderly Hindus flock to Varanasi to die there eventually and to have a claim on heaven. Kabir, who ridiculed going to mosque/temple for prayers, as gods did not live there in his opinion, left Varanasi in the last days of his life, to die elsewhere (really in Magadha, present day Patna, not considered to be a holy place), to avoid going to heaven.

My agnostic father whom I mentioned above, who enjoyed being friends with Muslims, will also tease Hindus, about several of their four or more headed gods and goddesses, asking which one of the hands these deities might be using for tending to their runny nose. Common Hindus treat their gods as part of their family, and not an abstract concept as philosophers do and can make these amusing remarks.

The discussion of Darwinian evolution and intelligent design or creation is often summed up by prophetic sayings, like 'religion without science is lame, and science with religion is blind' without realizing that this discussion in India happened about 50,000 years ago and was concluded in the following way. That God created the earth and has come upon it (earth) several times, as avatar or incarnation to help mankind in the form of fish, tortoise, boar, half man-half beast, pigmy Vaman, warrior Parashuram, Rama , Krishna, lord Buddha, in nine different forms so far. He will come again as Kalki (the tenth incarnation/avatar), in human form, riding a white horse with sword in his hand, which the New Testament also talks about.

This makes me to postulate that the three wise men, who came from east to celebrate the birth of the child Christ should be retold. Child Jesus, when he was 8/10 years old, like a child Dalai Lama, who is located when the old Dalai Lama dies, as his reincarnation, went to India, especially Kashmir to study the scriptures, and returned as Christ around age 32, to the Middle East, as a social reformer to inculcate spirituality in his fellow human beings with his message of love and service. The saying of lord Krishna, '*Sarva Dharmaan Parityajya, Maamekam Sharanam Braja* (leave everything behind and come into my fold)' in Gita helped Jesus define his motto, 'no one reaches the lord without going through me'. No wonder, why my 75 plus years old mother-in-law in India, who spends several hours in front of Hindu deities everyday, when asked what gift I bring her from USA will ask for a nice picture of Jesus Christ, which she can put in her worship room with other gods/goddesses.

Hindus will have no difficulty accepting Jesus as one of the incarnations of God, but will hesitate to agree that Lord Father is single and has no wife, that women were created from the rib of a man; the earth was created merely 6000 years ago, as well as about the virgin birth. Hindus have their own sets of queer incidents described in scriptures, but ridiculing them is no blasphemy.

Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa said, "Different religions are different paths to reach the same God". He compared them to vehicles (like bike, car, train, bus, plane etc) for God



realization. But things are not so simple elsewhere, as most of the other great religions of the world forbid worshiping other's gods. These religions also claim only their right on the heavens, and do not believe any other God in ways other than that of theirs. Mahavir and Buddha are revered by Hindus as incarnations of God Vishnu. But Jains and Buddhists, the followers of Mahavir and Buddha, teach their devotees, that these two (Buddha and Mahavir) came from heavens into the wombs of Brahmin women on earth, but since Brahmins were not good enough, the wombs were transferred into women from warrior caste (Kshatriyas), hence both were born as sons of Hindu kings. Both Buddha and Mahavir were contemporary in the state of Bihar in northern India, over 3000 years ago. It is obvious, both Buddha and Mahavir were mad at Hindus, especially Brahmins, as the latter controlled the society then, and were not leading a respectable life style. Hence Buddha and Mahavir succeeded in reforming the Hindu society, and have great influence in India and all over the world. But the story of their birth is kind of far fetched at the least.

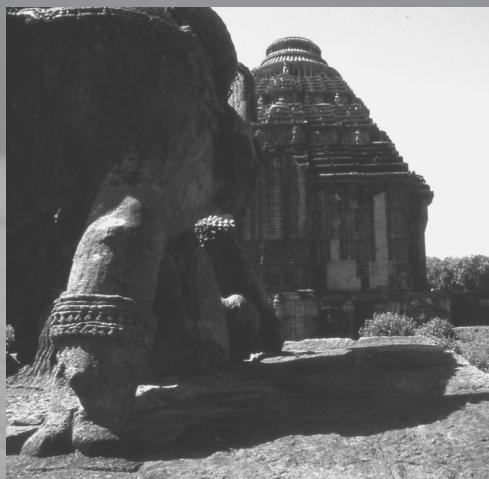
Devotees of Swaminarayana have been successfully building temples all over the world for the last decade or so, as did Prabhupada of Krishna Consciousness in the last 25 years.

Devotees at ISKCON, international society for Krishna consciousness, consider Krishna as supreme and other Hindu gods as kind of inferior. This Christian transformation of Hindu God Krishna into the concept of one Jesus/Christ brought this sect so much popularity in the West. In Swaminarayana temples, it is amusing to see Hindu Gods and Goddesses like *Hanuman*, *Rama* and *Sita* relegated to the position of security guards at temple entrance while Swaminarayana incarnation and their human forms occupy the central position at the sanctum sanctorum.

If the Hindu concept of *Sanatana Dharma*, *Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam* (world as one family) and the immense respect of nature can find a wider and favorable follower in the modern world, we will experience greater tolerance between civilizations, less terrorism, and improvement in global environment leading to more peace and prosperity for mankind.

Arun Misra lives in Atlanta and can be reached by: Web: [arunmisra.tripod.com](http://arunmisra.tripod.com),

E-Mail: [misrausa@yahoo.com](mailto:misrausa@yahoo.com)



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*The attempt to combine wisdom and power has only rarely been successful and then only for a short while*



## Where Is My Goddess of Love

Harish Pradhan

**S**he was like a  
Piece of rough stone  
  
I picked her up from  
An unknown village  
Carved out every  
Part of her body  
With love and care  
Chiseled her face, her lips,  
Her bosom and other limbs  
Like a master craftsman  
  
She rose like  
A stunning sculpture  
The Goddess of  
Beauty and love  
To behold and adore  
Alas!  
  
A wrong stroke  
of the chisel  
And she broke into pieces  
Now she lies in a heap of ruins

Submitted by Dr. Prasanna K. Pati on behalf of Mr. Harish Pradhan, from his book of poetry, "Stone Forest". Mr. Pradhan is the Chief PRO of the NALCO at Bhubaneswar. He authorized Dr. Pati to submit one of his poems to the OSA Souvenir issue, 2007. He can be reached at [NJRPATI@aol.com](mailto:NJRPATI@aol.com)

*It is in vain to expect our prayers to be heard, if we do not strive as well as pray*

## NANA (FATHER)

Nirupama Mohapatra

**T**he phone rings  
It is the middle of the night!  
It sounds ominous,  
Is my 'Nana' all right?

My mind wonders,  
To a far-away place,  
I see  
Outstretched arms  
And a smiling face.

My heart races,  
My mind runs,  
To reach  
The out-stretched arms  
As fast as I can.

He embraces me  
I closed my eyes,  
I feel my Nana's love  
No need to say goodbye.

The phone stops ringing  
I hear only the dial tone,  
My heart stops racing  
I realize  
My Nana has forever gone.

Dr. Nirupama Mohapatra is a biology professor in North Carolina. This poem is dedicated to the "heritage theme" of the 2007 Convention and to all first-generation Oriyas who must, sooner or later, receive that inevitable ominous call from home. She lives in Apex, NC.

*After a certain high level of technical skill is achieved, science and art tend to coalesce in esthetics, plasticity, and form. The greatest scientists are always artists as well.*



## My long lost lover

Babru Samal

Once upon a time  
Before the logic overruled the emotion  
Before the knowledge stripped off my  
    feelings  
    There you were  
    Far but very near  
Omnipotent but tender like a new born baby  
    Invisible but omnipresent  
    You were in my home  
        Looking at me  
        Smiling at me.  
  
    You were my mother,  
        My child  
        My beautiful lover  
I wrapped you in best clothes  
Put gold jewelries on your neck  
Woke you up in the morning  
Gave you bath and breakfast  
    Lunch and dinner  
    And put you to sleep  
And wake you up by singing  
  
    I never ate any thing  
    Before feeding you first.

When I was in pain  
I wept and yelled at you  
Prostrating in front of your image  
    I cajoled you  
    Fought with you in my language  
        Sometimes  
Did not talk to you like an upset lover

Now I am wiser  
Sophisticated, intellectual  
Analytical and advanced.  
You reside in heaven now  
And I am stuck in this mundane world  
    Scared of the hell  
        Scared of you

I ask for your blessings for my salvation  
    I am no more a lover  
    Or a son, or a daughter  
But some one down trodden  
Praying and asking for your forgiveness  
    For the sin for being a human

*Shri Babru Samal is a regular contributor to OSA journal. He lives in Maryland.*

*An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind*



## Love Lines

**Snigdha Mishra**

*(to my closest friend of over twenty years, my husband)*

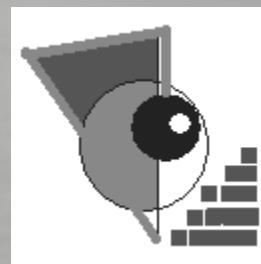
*I cannot begin to tell you  
how much a part of me you are.  
Two minds, two egos, distinct entities.  
Separate bodies responding to each other.  
Yet sometimes I cannot tell where I end and you begin.*

If you were to leave today and never return,  
Which part of me would miss you most?  
Would it be like losing a limb?  
Would it be like going blind?  
Perhaps it would be like losing my voice –  
For without you, I'd never sing again.

When did this happen to us?  
This complex intertwining of our lives,  
This convoluted interdependence?  
Is this what it feels like to relinquish control?  
Where does this road lead, I wonder.  
Or is THIS where we are meant to be?

Pretty words on dainty cards talk endlessly of love.  
But here it is from my point of view.  
It disturbs me to know  
I am so enmeshed in you.  
It terrifies me that we breathe as one –  
I know your end signifies mine.

*Snigdha Mishra resides in Austin, TX, with her husband and two children. A financial analyst, she also teaches and performs Hindustani classical music and writes poetry in her rare moments of spare time.*



*Any intelligent fool can make things bigger and more complex... It takes a touch of genius - and a lot of courage to move in the opposite direction.*



## MR. PANIGRAHI WRITES A LETTER

Srikanta Mishra

On their 35<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Panigrahi moved in to their new flat in Symphony Towers. It was one of the many ultra-modern flat complexes that had recently come up in the Forest Park area of Bhubaneswar, replacing squat traditional houses owned by ex-ministers and IAS officers. Mr. Panigrahi had spent his entire career moving from state capital to state capital in Central Government service and had finally taken retirement as the Accountant General of Maharashtra. He grew up in Puri, and his wife Manju was from Sambalpur. Bhubaneswar seemed like a reasonably laid-back place to settle down after the hustle and bustle of Mumbai. It also promised close proximity to relatives, old friends and other connections such as fading childhood memories.

Mr. and Mrs. Panigrahi's only child, Prakash, had gone to the US for higher studies after finishing his undergraduate degree at the Indian Statistical Institute. He was now a professor at the University of Pittsburgh, and a very eligible bachelor. With Prakash far away, Mrs. Panigrahi directed her affection to niece Sanjukta, who had recently returned to Bhubaneswar from Saudi Arabia. Her doctor husband, Manoj, had set up a state-of-the-art medical clinic near Biju Patnaik airport, only a few minutes away from Forest Park. Sanjukta soon became a surrogate daughter for Mr. and Mrs. Panigrahi.

Several of their neighbors in Symphony Towers were also recent transplants to Bhubaneswar. Prof. Mohanty had taught at the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore, and was currently working as Principal of one of the many engineering colleges that had sprouted around Bhubaneswar. He religiously wrote a letter to the Editor of Samaj every day. Dr. Tripathy, who seemed to have an endless supply of Sardarji jokes, had been an ophthalmologist at Lohia Hospital in Delhi and now wanted to try his hand at Ayurvedic medicine. The immaculately dressed and unfailingly polite Mr. Prusty had apparently served in the Indian Army, but was generally vague about where he had lived apart from Pune and what he had done.

The four families slowly grew close to each other, drawn by their common non-resident Oriya background. All of them enjoyed good music, and regularly went as a group to concerts organized by Bhubaneswar Music Circle. Having lived outside Orissa for so long, they also liked traveling around the state and visiting old temples and natural attractions. They took turns hosting lunch get-togethers once a month and spent the afternoon savoring good food and pleasant company. Afterwards, the men would converge to play bridge and to discuss politics and cricket, while the women knitted, exchanged recipes and talked about their children and grand children. Bhubaneswar was growing on them. Each of the families had chosen to forgo the attractions of a large metropolis in favor of the provincial air of Bhubaneswar. Like every other growing city, Bhubaneswar did have its share of pot-hole infested roads, intermittent



Power-cuts, worsening traffic congestion, and deteriorating air quality. But what kept on appealing to them was the general friendliness of the people and a placid pace of life.

When Mr. and Mrs. Panigrahi had comfortably settled down in Bhubaneswar, Prakash came to visit them from the US. Having pampered him for a few weeks, Mrs. Panigrahi gently broached the issue of marriage. Prakash, who seemed to be waiting for this moment, then delivered his *fait accompli*. He had been seeing an Indian girl named Archana, they had decided to marry each other, and he wanted his parents' blessings. Archana's family background seemed quite suitable – they were Tamil Brahmins settled in Gujarat, where her father worked for the ONGC. Mr. and Mrs. Panigrahi talked to Archana over the phone, looked at several smiling photos in both Indian and western garb, and decided they liked her. Prakash and Archana wanted to come to India the following summer to get married. It was decided that the wedding would be held in one of the beach resorts near Puri.

Shortly after Prakash left for the US, Mr. and Mrs. Panigrahi had invited Sanjukta and Manoj for dinner. The conversation was mostly about arrangements for Prakash's wedding, and the relative merits of Tosali Sands and Mayfair Resort as the wedding venue. Mrs. Panigrahi left to bring dessert to the dinner table. Sanjukta got up to remove the dirty plates. Suddenly, there was the noise of a crash followed by a scream from Sanjukta. Mr. Panigrahi and Manoj ran to the kitchen and found Mrs. Panigrahi lying on the floor clutching her chest. She was sweating profusely and seemed to have trouble breathing. Manoj looked at Mr. Panigrahi and mouthed the words "Heart attack". They carried Mrs. Panigrahi to the car and quickly drove to Manoj's clinic. Mrs. Panigrahi was taken to the ICU, where they managed to stabilize her. Manoj ordered a whole battery of diagnostics, which suggested significant arterial blockage. The next day, Mrs. Panigrahi underwent bypass surgery at Kalinga Hospital. Prakash arrived after a few days and spent most of his time in the hospital.

Their neighbors from Symphony Towers took turns providing round-the-clock vigil during Mrs. Panigrahi's week long stay at the hospital. Prakash left after another week as Mrs. Panigrahi was showing signs of returning to normal. Although she would have liked to have him spend a bit more time in Bhubaneswar, Mrs. Panigrahi shed only a few tears as she kissed Prakash good-bye. She was looking forward to his wedding. It was during this period that Sanjukta became an inseparable companion to Mrs. Panigrahi. Manoj also spent a fair amount of his spare time in the Panigrahi household, making sure that Mrs. Panigrahi was following the prescribed regimen of medication, diet control and rest to speed up her recovery.

Mrs. Panigrahi continued to stay bed-ridden. She ate very little, and would get tired after taking just a few steps. One day, Mr. Prusty and his wife had come to visit Mrs. Panigrahi. They chatted about this and that, with Mrs. Prusty doing most of the talking. *We are so glad to see your progress*, Mrs. Prusty said. *Hurry up and get stronger*, Mr. Prusty added, in his brusque army manner. *We are planning to hire a minibus and go visit the tiger resort in Similipal*. Mrs. Panigrahi smiled and said nothing. After their visitors had left, Mrs. Panigrahi held her husband's hand longer than usual as she kept looking at him. She appeared to be choosing her words carefully. *You should make arrangements for Prakash's wedding as soon*



*as possible*, she finally said, and closed her eyes. *Maybe I'll get to see Similipal in my next life*, she whispered after a few minutes.

Mr. Panigrahi did not sleep well that night. He had thought Mrs. Panigrahi's recovery was progressing well, although he was beginning to get worried about her lack of appetite and strength. Her sudden fatalistic attitude disturbed him immensely. The next day, he discussed his concerns with Manoj. *I was going to talk to you about it*, Manoj confessed. *I think there might be a latent infection lingering from the bypass surgery, he said. We may have to switch her to a stronger antibiotic.*

Prakash's wedding plans were accelerated. He flew to Bhubaneswar with Archana and her parents after a few weeks. They were married in a small Arya Samaj ceremony with only a handful of relatives and close friends in attendance. Her face flushed with excitement, Mrs. Panigrahi watched everything, said little and smiled a lot. Prakash and Archana had to be near her all the time. She seemed to be focused on capturing as many memories as possible.

Prakash and Archana returned to the US two weeks after the wedding. Mrs. Panigrahi insisted on going to the airport to see them off. Manoj arranged for a wheel chair for her. The Air Sahara flight to Delhi was late by two hours. Mrs. Panigrahi kept patting Prakash and Archana on the head. *Take care of each other*, she said again and again. When their flight was finally called, Prakash and Archana touched Mrs. Panigrahi's feet to take leave of her. She hugged both them and would not let go until Mr. Panigrahi gently touched her arm. *They should go now*, he said. Mrs. Panigrahi nodded, and pecked them on the cheek. *May God bless you*, she mumbled, stifling a sob. She stayed at the airport for several hours after Prakash and Archana's flight had left. Tears kept coursing down her cheeks. Every now and then, she would wave to some unknown departing passenger.

They brought Mrs. Panigrahi back to Symphony Towers. She refused her dinner that night and lay still in bed. Mr. Panigrahi sat beside her, gently caressing her back. He just could not find the proper words to express his feelings. So he sat there in silence, wondering how fictional characters have no difficulty articulating their thoughts in such moments. *Get strong, Manju*, he kept repeating in his mind. *You have to get stronger*, he pleaded. Later that night, Mrs. Panigrahi woke in a fit of coughing. Mr. Panigrahi turned on the night stand light to hand her a glass of water. He noticed blood stains on the blanket. As Mrs. Panigrahi kept coughing, the towel she held to her face turned even more reddish. Mr. Panigrahi telephoned Manoj. *Come soon*, he said. *Manju is coughing blood*.

Manoj and Sanjukta arrived within a few minutes with an ambulance from Manoj's clinic. Mrs. Panigrahi was taken to the ICU for a second time. Antibiotics were pumped into her body. She was hooked up to an oxygen machine, an IV drip and various diagnostic tools. Mr. Panigrahi waited helplessly by the foot of her bed. *I am going to telephone Prakash*, Sanjukta said softly. Mr. Panigrahi gave her a blank stare. He had stopped thinking.



Mrs. Panigrahi stayed comatose the entire day. She did not seem to respond to any of the new drugs. Manoj called for another specialist from Kalinga Hospital. They huddled for quite sometime and decided to change her medicine once again. Mr. Panigrahi watched the procession of doctors and drugs helplessly from a chair in one corner of the room. There was nothing he could do. He picked up a magazine one of the nurses had left in the room and found a blank piece of paper as he flipped through the pages. Mr. Panigrahi took it out and started doodling. His unfocused mind did not register that he was actually jotting down his memories.

Hours passed. Sanjukta came back with some food. *I will sit here and keep watch, why don't you sit outside in the waiting room and eat something*, she said. *I could not reach Prakash*, she added. *His flight must not have landed*. Mr. Panigrahi got up and stretched. He put the magazine with the piece of paper inside it next to Mrs. Panigrahi's bed. Sanjukta handed him the tiffin carrier she had brought. Mr. Panigrahi stepped outside and went looking for the waiting room. He washed his face, ate a little, drank some tea, and then returned to the ICU.

Manoj was there, looking at the charts and talking to the nurse. Mrs. Panigrahi had woken up and was sitting in her bed. The oxygen mask had come off. She held the piece of paper on which he had been doodling. When she saw him, she appeared to say something to him, but only a gurgling sound came from her lips. Suddenly, her chest heaved and she fell back on her pillow, eyes wide open. A slow trickle of blood pooled on her cheek. Manoj rushed to Mrs. Panigrahi's side and tried to revive her with an injection aimed straight at the heart. In the ensuing commotion, Mr. Panigrahi could only see one thing – the heart rate monitor machine showing a straight line with no blips. His Manju was no more.

Mr. Panigrahi slowly walked to Mrs. Panigrahi's bed, sat down beside her and gently kissed her on the forehead. He took the piece of paper from Mrs. Panigrahi's hand and straightened it out. *Manju is very tired and needs to rest for a while*, he said, looking at Manoj. *I will keep her company and read her a story. Why don't you go, freshen up, eat something and come back. I am not going anywhere*. Manoj wiped his tears and nodded in understanding. He held on to Sanjukta, who was sobbing uncontrollably at the foot of the bed. He glanced at the nurse and led all of them out. Mr. Panigrahi put on his glasses and started reading.

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*Manju, do you remember the day we arrived in Agartala a few weeks after our wedding? It was raining heavily that day. We sat in the veranda of my small Government bungalow, drank tea and talked about our neighbors. As it grew dark, you started humming a Sambalpuri song about some young girl lost in the rain. Then the elderly Talukdar couple from across the street stopped by. "We came over to greet the new bride," Mr. Talukdar said. Mrs. Talukdar held your hands as she welcomed you to Agartala. "So pretty," she kept telling me. You blushed and moved closer to me. I must have had a foolish grin on my face, because Mr. Talukdar promptly slapped me on my shoulder. "Enjoy life, young man," he said, "but take good care of your beautiful new responsibility."*



*Over the years, do you think I paid enough attention to Mr. Talukdar's advice, Manju? When Prakash was born in Patna, I surely wasn't much help after your mother left. I was trying very hard for a quick promotion and worked long hours in the office. No wonder you hated everything about Patna. As Prakash grew up, things became a little easier even as we moved from Patna to Jaipur to Trivandrum to Bhopal. What memories of Bhopal I have! Our house got burgled twice. We were in a big car accident. Prakash went to Allahabad to play in a cricket tournament and broke his leg. Didn't you walk out of the house wearing your Hawaii slippers as we hurried to catch a train to Allahabad?*

*During the next series of postings in Delhi, Hyderabad and Lucknow, our life revolved mostly around Prakash and his school work, quiz competitions and cricket matches. Then he went off to college in Calcutta, making our nest empty in Mumbai. You were never very comfortable in Mumbai. Remember how we started making plans for life after retirement when Prakash decided to go to the States? What was it that you once said, Manju? "My only son is going to settle abroad. That is why I want us to go back to Bhubaneswar, spend more time with relatives and friends, and see more of Orissa." So, I brought you back to Bhubaneswar.*

*Things are beginning to come together for us here, Manju. We have a good group of friends in Symphony Towers. Sanjukta and Manoj are like our daughter and son-in-law. How can you think about leaving all this and going away now, Manju? Who will hum the Sambalpuri song about a young girl lost in the rain when the monsoons arrive? Who will remind me to watch my blood sugar level and eat every two hours? Who will sing "dho re baya" and "aa jahna mamu" when Prakash and Archana have a baby? And who will listen to my poems and gently suggest better Oriya words? Without you, Manju, will there even be any poetry in my life? What will the monsoons feel like? Where will my blood sugar level go?*

*Do you know what we had promised each other during the last step of the saptapadi at our wedding? Everlasting friendship. Togetherness. For ever. As long as we live. That's what we had promised. Today, I am holding you to that promise, Manju. Please don't leave me alone.*

Srikanta Mishra, an engineer who also dabbles in conversational Sanskrit, lives in Austin, TX. His hobby is to continue learning about Orissa and India so that he can teach his children more about our heritage.

*Anyone who doesn't take truth seriously in small matters cannot be trusted in large ones either.*



## **Meghana's Gift**

**Sangita Satpathy**

**T**he doctors hurried me into the delivery room. Ten weeks before my due date, my daughter was going to be born via emergency c-section. My sister, Soni, prepared to scrub in since my husband, Elliot, was still several blocks away. I wanted to wait for him, but my doctors said the baby wouldn't last that long inside.

Thankfully, she did wait the two or three extra minutes her father needed to make it to the hospital. Like a scene out of some really bad movie, I later found out Elliot got out of the cab and ran the last few avenues to get to the hospital. Just in time, he switched places with Soni as she was headed into the delivery room. It was a huge sigh of relief when he walked in through those doors. My doctor had held my hands as I got the epidural. Now, effortlessly my husband sat down, took my hands, and smiled. I remember whispering, and laughing, and telling him I was headed to Starbucks and the next thing I knew I was on this table being cut open. It is funny how things could change so quickly. Our baby had kicked constantly throughout my pregnancy, thank God. But this morning, I had not felt her move. After some debating with myself, I called Elliot. He thought it was nothing to worry about, but that I would feel better if I talked to my doctor. My doctor told me the same thing—no need to alarm, but come in. After hearing the heartbeat, he had said, I would be more at ease. So I called Soni and told her the situation. She decided to come with me to see the doctor, and then we'd have a leisurely lunch and day of shopping for the little one. But first, I was craving a tall mocha frappichino from Starbucks. Thank goodness Soni coaxed me into going to my appointment first; otherwise, this story may have ended quite differently. As it turned out, I didn't have extra moments to stand in line at Starbucks. Moments after I saw my doctor, I was told to go the hospital. After arriving there, I was told "something" was going to happen today. When they said it, I knew the doctors themselves were unsure of what that something would end up being.

As Elliot and I talked about all this, I started tearing up. I remember not feeling scared, but knowing fear would set in later. I simply didn't have the time to be scared right then. A few moments later, without much fanfare, my doctor told me he was pulling the baby out. And then it happened. I was scared-- scared in a way I never even knew existed until then. I could see it in Elliot's eyes too, and I knew he was thinking the same thing I was thinking: she didn't cry. We couldn't hear our baby girl cry.

I vaguely remember the doctors saying something about there being mucus and lamenting that there wasn't time to give me steroids to develop her lungs. I vaguely remember my OB saying it was alright though. She was small but strong—feisty was the word he used. But none of this was registering. Was I underwater? The anesthesiologist was trying to comfort me. Did something go wrong? Healthy babies cry as they are delivered. I asked Elliot a string of babbled questions, or I babbled the questions in my head; either way, he didn't answer me. He just squeezed my hand so tight, and stared straight ahead over the partition to watch them working on her. My head was pounding.



My first memory of Meghana: when they wheeled her out, and she made everything clear for me again. As they rolled her out the door, she opened her black fierce eyes, so big, so fast, just as she passed us. The nurses had already put her in the incubator and were racing her to the NICU. I wouldn't get to hold my baby today. I wouldn't get to kiss her today. And for more than a week, that moment was the only time we would see her eyes clearly open. But since she had opened them when it was the most crucial for me to know she was alright, strangely, that moment was enough for me. She was early and small, but I knew then that she was going to be alright.

And she was. What followed were seven long weeks in the NICU--she was there for 50 days. She fought the feeding tubes, pulled out her IVs, pulled up off her goggles and stared at her billi lights for hours on end. The nurses marveled at her tenacity. She was a fighter. Perhaps because of this, she was incubated for only a day. Her lungs were developed when they shouldn't have been. All of her organs in fact were in working order. She was incredibly active, and began taking my milk less than a week after she was born. It seemed silly, but I was so proud of her. Was she was fighting the system from day one? Although she made gains everyday, at 30 weeks and three pounds, there were multitudes of gains to be made. So there were days that I thought I would just always come to the hospital to visit her...the end never seemed clearly in sight. We had planned on starting a new life after our baby was born. Elliot and I soon realized it wasn't the way we had planned, but it was a new life never-the-less. So we started our new life as a new family with a new routine. Elliot came every morning and every evening, before and after work. I would sit with her all day, and in the evenings with him. I started to make friends during my long days at the NICU, chatting with the nurses and other parents. I watched as new babies came in with worried parents, long timers left with elated parents, and as a nurse grew from barely noticeably pregnant to definitely expecting. Things didn't seem that bad. Time passed quickly amidst all the people and hoopla of the NICU. It was easy to chat and hold Meghana, and just believe everything would work itself out.

After a few false promises, Meghana was released from the hospital. We literally couldn't believe they were sending her home with us. She was doing well when they released her, but we weren't totally out of the woods. She still had trouble "remembering" to breathe. So she came home on an apnea monitor. We'd become experts on putting the probes on her little chest in just the right positions and hooking them up to the machine. We heard many parents hated the monitor, but we loved it. Day and night, awake or asleep, it told us our baby was breathing. We actually slept peacefully many of those first nights, with Meghana hooked up to the machine and cuddled in my arms. However, because of the monitor and her general condition, our days were filled with multitudes of doctors' appointments, home care nurse visits, consults, and apnea monitor technicians. Some days it was difficult coordinating a friend's visit or a simple meal in the midst of so many appointments.

Yet, with all this being said, I can truthfully say, we were happy. We were incredibly happy, and joyful as we had our little girl at home. And much to our own amazement, we could do this parenting thing! We fed her, and changed her, and bathed her, and kissed her, and she grew and grew. She was a whopping 5+ pounds by now, and I seriously couldn't understand why everyone thought she was so small. She was huge to us! And she was such a good baby. She



made me laugh and smile all the time. She would curl up and sleep in my arms for hours. She would gurgle and kick and move around in her bassinet like she was gliding through space. I would strap her in my sling and take her for walks and go over to friends' homes...she was a content child. Most of all, she loved her baths. And when I'd give her baths in her tiny tub in the kitchen sink, and see her perfect little face, I would know I was absolutely hooked. She looked just like Elliot to me, and he said she looked like me to him. We were giddy; we were so in love with her. Now I knew, this was where all the clichés came from. We would jump through heaven and earth and all the fires in hell for her. Meghana had stolen my heart, and her father's heart; it was clear we'd never be the same, and we didn't want to be.

Not that everyday was rosy. There were the mandatory wake-up calls in the middle of the night. And the big decision to put her on formula after months of pumping because she was lactose intolerant. And then there was the day that would always stick out in my mind as the worst day ever. During Elliot's first business trip since Meghana's birth, the alarm on the monitor went off, indicating she had stopped breathing. I poked her, as I had been taught to do. And when she took a deep breath like she was coming up for air and cried, so did I. I had never let myself go there—to imagine not having her. And in that instant, I was there, and it is somewhere I hope to never have to go again. I was hysterical. I called the doctor and then Soni, or maybe vice versa. She came immediately and we took Meg to the doctor. The doctor checked her out immediately; after some tests, the doctor concluded the monitor needed adjustments to pick up her more shallow breaths. The technician came out the following day and made the appropriate adjustments. It had been a really bad scare, and she was fine.

Soon enough the days where we needed the monitor and all of the specialists were over. Meghana was eating and playing and growing like a normal baby. Elliot's job required him to move to Bermuda; we had postponed the move during the pregnancy, and during Meghana's first few months. Now, at four months, we happily moved and settled into our new and hopefully less eventful life together.

Meghana is one now. We still marvel at her antics daily. Elliot's job is a lot more relaxed than it was in the city; he is thrilled to spend every extra moment he has with her. I am thoroughly enjoying being a stay-at-home mom. After seven wonderful years as an elementary school classroom teacher, it is infinitely more gratifying to see the growth that takes place in my own child each day. I don't know exactly when I'll return to my career. There are still a lot of things I would love to do: go back to teaching, pursue a doctorate, maybe even write a children's book. But none of these things seem quite as compelling right now as playing blocks with Meghana, or watching her bounce as I sing her Itsy Bitsy Spider or Humpty Dumpty. I'm enjoying her now, I'll have to figure the rest as I go along. Now I know her unexpected, sudden arrival was a gift. Every parent is thankful for their child. But after everything we went through, I think it is just easier for us to be thankful for her every breath. That was her gift to us. She was ten weeks early, yet not a moment too soon.

*The daughter of Panchanan & Sashikala Satpathy, Sangita Satpathy-Lem lives with her husband Elliot and daughter Meghana in Bermuda.*

*Before God we are all equally wise - and equally foolish.*



# Introspection

Jhinu Chhotaray and Babru Samal

This moment

A remembrance of the union  
Between a man and a woman  
Twenty five years later  
Appears so sweet,  
So simple,  
So romantic  
Appears as if  
The troubles of the world  
Never touched it.

Twenty five years ago  
Lots of wishes and dreams  
Greeted it with open arms  
Only the couple witness  
The storms it has weathered

On the altar  
The priest united two people  
Of different nature  
And initiated this arduous trip  
Filled with compromise  
And continuous effort to live together

She is the sweetheart  
Simple and innocent  
Full of endless dreams  
Full of forgiveness  
The understanding soft spoken  
Soul mate

She, the emblem of emotion  
He, the statue of reality  
Connected like the two ends a pole  
One's tears and heartaches  
Have no meaning for the other one

The distance between them enlarges  
By the pursuit of wealth  
That reins the mind  
This insatiate desire  
Has no end in sight

She day dreams  
What would have happen?  
If he was some one else

Then the reality sinks in  
The struggle for life goes on  
In spite of the differences  
In spite of the confrontation  
They are inseparable  
Like earth and the sky

The union lives on security,  
Dependency,  
Forgiveness,  
Tolerance,  
And  
Perseverance  
Not on show and tell  
Not on exchange of expensive gifts

This chariot of coupled life moves on  
The path narrows day by day  
The gap between the couple narrows too  
By the long travel together  
By the maturity  
By the experience of living

The life is the witness  
The consciousness is the judge  
The mind is the correction officer  
The time is the court  
It announces the verdict  
It resolves all the problems

Life is still unfulfilled  
It needs time to know one's own mind  
It takes time to know each other  
It takes time to fill the union  
With desire, love and romance

When looked back  
This marriage of twenty five years  
Appears like a drama filled with  
Arguments  
Quarrels  
Anger  
Misunderstanding  
Love  
Affection  
To live and let live  
Alone and together.

Translation of the poem of Jhinu Chhotaray by Babru Samal

The fruit of the spirit is love, joy and peace

## A Short Life

Anuranjita Nayak

**D**eathly silence prevailed .....

Or was it me, my helplessness seeping out my fatigued brain  
Suffocating all the noise around.

Yes there was the busy unit, buzzing with the alarms  
The play of decibels made by the gadgets attempting to stretch life beyond the limits.  
The world outside was alive with people chatting, rushing to bring, sustain and nourish life.

Behind the screen sobbed a somber heart .....

Moments ago, there was hope, prayers seemed to be answered.  
Gradually the family was coming to terms with the unexpected  
At home they had begun plans to welcome the newborn.

The crib all ready. Final touches done, the baby's room dressed up in blue of all hues  
She dreamt of a naughty toddler and smiled to herself.

He came in rushing to this cruel world defeating every  
Effort to stop him .....

He seemed like a champion, did very well,  
Till that black ominous hour when her cell phone rang  
The voice on the other side was the neonatologist  
Who sounded so sparkly and jubilant the other day  
But cold and eerie, as he announced the bleed in lungs  
She tried to grasp what was told to her  
Something wrong with her baby .....

They sounded like loosing the battle "we are doing everything we can"  
Won't he live to see the day break?

Yes, he will. Keep faith; after all, he sailed through the trauma of being born.  
Hearts pounding, she was wheeled in by her husband to the site  
There was a crowd around her little helpless baby  
Some familiar faces, some not, some known voices...



She fought nausea and an impending blackout  
Her son still hooked to that vibrating ventilator, shaking frantically trying to infuse life.

Maze of lines, tubes coursing through the tiny body.

He now looked very still, oddly calm, eyes half closed .....

Through teary eyes she looked up at the monitor,  
The play of numbers proved life.

The gizmos and chemicals kept the little heart pumping.

She touched the little finger which no longer gripped hers

It was a hard decision to make,

The suffering to the little being was unbearable

Taking a deep breath they decided to let him go,

To set the spirit free.

He looked so peaceful with all those plastics removed

She held the tiny body against her chest for the very first time,

Her dreams melting away in the streams of tears.

The clock showed 8:20 AM, exactly 48 hours from when he had arrived.

*Anuranjita is a Pediatrician, currently a fellow in Pediatric Neurology. She lives in St. Louis, MO with daughter Aarushi and husband Siddhartha.*



©Rishav Puhan

*Everything that can be counted does not necessarily count; everything that counts cannot necessarily be counted.*



## **Death of a Shell Collector**

**Ghanashyam Mishra**

**I**t was a very warm October evening. I was exhausted working the entire day in our yard pruning shrubs and cleaning yard debris. I decided to walk to the beach with a bottle of ice cold water in my hand. It was a short walk to the beach. A very crimson Carolina Sun was about to set behind the Sand Castle on the picturesque Sea Island beach. The noise of the summer vacationers and sweet voices of the little children playing on the beach sand was missing. The crickets have stopped chirping, but thousands of Monarch butterflies are fluttering in and out of the swaying sea oats. I was looking for my friend Joe, who usually comes out to collect sea-shell at this time of the day. I waited for about half hour. There was no sign of my friend. "May be I will go home and call Joe to go for a bite in the Bohicket Marina and watch the ever beautiful sunset over the marsh", I thought.

I walked back home and turned on the TV. The news headline startled me. A bearded old man has been critically injured in a hit and run accident near the Sand Castle, as he was crossing the road from the beach. The man carried no identification other than a plastic bag full of sea shells. He has been taken by ambulance to St. Joseph's Hospital. "No, it could not be", I shouted. I had little doubt that it was my good friend Joe. Calling the Hospital will be just waste of time. I jumped in to my car and raced towards the hospital.

As I was driving, my thoughts were racing back to early 1960s, when I first met Joseph Hughes. It was also a strange coincidence, when I got reunited with him a year ago under unexpected circumstances. It was a warm day like this day in mid-September of last year. I was sweating after a long walk on the beach, and sat down on the board walk. I was watching the panoramic sunset on the beach and was gazing at a huge garland of Pelicans flapping their wings in unison and heading to their nests.

I almost did not notice the semi-bald bearded man sitting across from me and examining his collection of sea-shells. He motioned me to come to his side. Without looking at me he held up an exotic shell." Amigo, I shall prove that there is a Lord, the Great Creator", he said. "Look at this magnificent Sea-biscuit, the lettered Olive, the banded Tulip, and this Giant Atlantic Cockle. It is only the Great Creator, who can create these incredible designs, even at the bottom of the deep ocean". I nodded my head and was surprised at his knowledge of the Atlantic Marine Lives. "How do you know so much about the sea-shells? I asked. "It is a long story', he continued looking across the ocean. "In my childhood days in India, my family used to go for vacation to the Puri Beach in Orissa, along the Bay of Bengal, and year after year, I got fascinated with the enchanting shapes and pattern of sea-shells I collected scattered over white sand bed along the beach". "Wait a minute; did you say Puri, Orissa?" I shouted in excitement. I could not believe, I am talking to some one who has been to my birth place, the place I love and admire, and the place whose memories are etched in my heart for ever. Now, he looked at me, and shouted "Mishra Da, Tumi, Ekhane?" I saw the sparkles in his eyes.



There was no doubt; it was my old friend Joseph Hughes. Joe was my co-worker in Bengal Coal Company, the largest of the British Coal Mining Companies in the 1950s and 1960s. Joe and I worked in the Chinakuri Mine, located about 20 miles from Assansol in the Burdwan District. The mine employed 2000 coal miners. The top managers were British, and the mid-level managers were either Punjabis or Bengalees. Most of the company people thought I was from Bengal, since I spoke the language fluently. We hugged and embraced each other. Both of us had tears in our eyes. It was a miracle reunion after more than four decades. "How is Becky", I asked. Suddenly, tears came rolling down like a monsoon downpour. "The Lord called for Becky, long time ago, Mishra Da. I will tell you some other time." I did not press any more.

It was a very historic day in my life, when I met Joe for the first time. It was July 1, 1961, my first day of work as an engineer trainee at Bengal Coal Company's Chinakuri Mine. I was told by the manager, Mr. Jacob Hughes, to report for the midnight shift. He directed that his nephew Joseph Hughes, the after-noon shift foreman, will give me an on-the-job orientation during the shift change. My duties were to clean up fallen rocks and debris from an underground tunnel that collapsed after a deadly methane gas explosion in 1958. Two hundred coal miners and several supervisors perished in the explosion. Later on, I came to know that Joseph Hughes father Bill Hughes was one of the supervisors, who died in that explosion. My crew consisted of twenty Gorakhpuri laborers and their team leader Bagha Singh. I did not like Bagha Singh, when I met him at the manager's office. With his handlebar mustache, and 300 pounds weight, he towered over my 130 pounds physique. Few minutes before mid night, I descended a 2500 feet mine shaft, and met Joseph for the first time in a dark tunnel to light up my career path of engineering for the next 45 years. Unlike his uncle, Joe's mannerism and mentoring brought me closer to my new friend. Joe helped me in overcoming my low self-esteem, and my fear of Bagha Singh. In the matter of weeks, I was riding on the back of Joe's motor cycle to the Assansol market.

Joe's father and uncle came to India from Ireland to work for the British Bengal Coal Company during the Second World War. None of the brothers were college educated, but obtained coal mine manager's certificates from England. Bengal Coal Company expanded its mining operations in the Burdwan District to supply for the railroads and the thermal power plants. Demand for coal was even more after the war and the early industrial growth of independent India. Joe's father Bill Hughes was promoted as the Deputy Manager of Chinakuri Mine in early 1950s. In those days, the coal company managers lived in luxurious furnished bungalows surrounded by flower gardens. There were servants, cooks, gardeners, and chauffeurs paid for by the company. The Hughes met their first tragedy at the death of Bill Hughes in a dark tunnel in the Chinakuri Mine disaster. "I was just seventeen years old when it happened, Mishra Da", Joe told me once. "But Uncle Jacob was the manager of Victoria Colliery, and my mom and I went to live with our uncle". Joe remembers his life as a child and a teenager was full of good memories. Thanks to the Anglo-Indian community in the Rail Road Colony of Assansol, Joe had many friends and social activities. His family traveled in first class coaches in the Assansol-Puri Express for the family vacation and lived in the luxurious Bengal Nagpur Railway (BNR) Hotel on the exotic Puri beach. Joe fell in love with the unpolluted white sand, the azure blue waters, the murmuring sea pines and the vast array of Cowry and other sea shells. It is there, he confided me once that he met beautiful Becky. "Mishra Da, she was only fifteen, with her curly black hair, dancing eye brows, and intoxicating blue eyes. I felt like in



Heaven, when I found out her father was the station master at Assansol Rail Station, and they live in BNR staff quarters. Becky attended St.Maria's Catholic School, and I was a student of St. Vincent's Boys School in Assansol. I kept in touch with her, and her family. My mom, uncle and aunt, were not very enthusiastic, since Becky Banerjee was Anglo-Indian. Her father was from England, but her mother was from Calcutta. But finally, our love prevailed. Of course you know the rest".

Of course, I knew the love birds. Joe would always talk about his plans for Becky after their wedding. He was just waiting to pass the mine manager's exams. That is where my help was needed.-to coach him for the week long examination conducted in Dhanbad. Joe was an excellent worker, a great team leader, but he lacked concentration in academics. It is our hard work and good luck that both Joe and I, passed the dreaded mine manager's examination in the first attempt. Later that fall, Joe and Becky got married. The young couple celebrated their honey-moon at the Puri beach, their first meeting place. I missed the great event. I was in West Germany working in a coal mine in the Ruhr coal fields. For a couple of years, we maintained correspondence. Then the letters came infrequently, and by late sixties, we completely lost contact. I was in America trying to find a new life for myself.

After our meeting on the beach some four decades later, Joe invited me to his sea-side villa overlooking the Atlantic. His living room was decorated with all kinds of sea shells, and shell arrangements. There are glass vases and baskets filled with sea shells, conch shells and sand dollars. There was a framed black and white photograph of Becky and their daughter Ashley on the fire place mantel and a colored photograph of his second wife Mary on the opposite side.

In one of our meetings, Joe narrated the rest of the tragic events in his life. In the late 1960s, there was turmoil in the Indian Coal Industry. Bolden by the communist rule in West Bengal, the labor force turned violent. The Naxalites used threat, intimidation and sometimes killing to force the mine management to pay higher wages and recruit trouble makers to join the work force. The productivity fell, mines closed. And finally, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi nationalized the coal industry. Even after that the violence continued. On the Christmas Eve of 1969, an unruly mob led by the Naxalites torched General Manager Jacob Hughes bungalow. The police looked as bystanders as the home burnt down. Mr. Hughes family perished. So were Joe's wife Becky, and their five year old daughter Ashley. Joe's life was spared, because he was inside the mine.

"This tragedy turned my life upside down", Joe said glancing at his wife and daughter's photograph. "After that, I left the coal mines and went to Calcutta to work for Mother Teresa's Sister of Charity. I thought, I will get some healing and peace. It is there, in a Calcutta orphanage, I met Mary Bennington. She was from Boston, and was doing missionary work, after her husband died in the Vietnam War. Prior tragedies in our lives bonded us together, and in the summer of 1976, we got married. We lived in Boston, and were traveling the world for Catholic Charities. For a while, I thought I was happy again. But the Lord had his plans. I lost Mary to cancer six months ago. Then I decided to move from the cold New England to a warmer climate. It is Lord's doing again that I moved to the Sea Island and got reunited with you. I hope it is my last move."



Now, I am at the Emergency Room of the St. Joseph Hospital. I approached the desk and enquired about the hit and run victim of Sea Island. She told me that the victim had severe trauma and has undergone surgery. "Mr. Mishra, you say you are a friend, you will do a great service if you can make a positive identification. He did not have any identification, except a bunch of keys, and this chain and locket around his neck. And he was carrying a plastic bag full of sea-shells". I looked at the pendant. It was Becky's picture. I told the nurse that I know Mr. Hughes, his home address in the Sea Island and I can give them his step son's phone number in Boston. She led me to the recovery room. Joe's head was heavily bandaged. He was breathing through a tube. I could not stand the sight. I returned back with tears in my eyes. That night, I called Joe's step son John. He said he will catch the next flight.

Early next morning, I got the dreaded phone call from the hospital. Joe Hughes did not make it. The great fighter who fought tragedies all his life could not survive the final one. Joe's body was cremated after a brief Catholic Funeral Service. John and I, scattered his ashes in a remote section of the beach. That was Joe's last wishes. He wanted to stay among the sea shells marveling about the Lord's creation of exotic aquatic species. There was magic in the air as the magnificent crimson Carolina Sun was going down behind the sand dunes. I wished good-bye to my dear friend, as I wiped tears from my eyes, and headed for home.

*Ghanashyam Mishra is a retired engineer. He graduated from Banaras Hindu University in 1961, and retired in 2005 from the US Department of Energy. He and his wife Dr. Manorama Mishra live in Johns Island, South Carolina.*



*A lie can travel half way around the world while the truth is putting on its shoes.*





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©Anya Rath

## GAZING THE STARS

Akash Ranjan Pattnaik

**H**ave you ever dreamed about sleeping under the open sky and gazing at the stars? A chance I had during my last trip to Orissa. With all excitement we reached Cuttack from Delhi by a train called Rajadhani Express. Many relatives were there in the station to receive us. I was really getting embarrassed when they were pinching my cheeks. And then we drove to our village. It's only about 20 miles from Cuttack but it seemed longer compared to covering similar distance in USA. We had to stop many times on the way. One of them was to eat *CHENAPODA* (cheesecake) in a roadside hotel. After reaching home I settled down with cousins, shared gifts and talked about USA.

All those days were filled with fun. I was excited to play my favorite game cricket with my cousins and some of the village kids. In the evening we did sneak out to the village shop (Ganga dokan) to have snacks (*bara* and *aluchop*) and mouthwatering *AMBASADHA* (dried mango paste). After a tiring day of fun, I laid myself down in the *veranda* on a hand made mat (*sapa*). Speaking of *verandas*, it's the most important part of the house. In the middle of the house this is an open place without roof. There you can sun bathe, relax, play, eat, hang clothes to dry, my *Badama* even cooks there. That's like a multipurpose room.

In India you have all the natural entertainment like climbing trees, playing hide and seek in the backyard, swinging in tree strings, competing in picking mangoes, jumping on haystacks etc. I found taking a bath in the tube-well better than doing the same in a Jacuzzi. It also saves energy and water as the used water is recycled to *Badabapa*'s garden. When it rains you can take a shower. What fun!! It was very relaxing to sit in the veranda while enjoying the evening breeze (as if the AC was on) and watching all the stars in the sky, which I hardly get to see here. Only I got a similar feeling in my school field trip to local planetarium this year. My cousins and I counted all the stars and competed to find patterns. Then I remembered my vacation in smoky mountains in Tennessee where the house we stayed had a moon roof in the bedroom and that was known as luxury house. In India the people have an open roof area in almost every house which is not considered as luxurious addition.

That's how my holidays continued and of course came to an end one day. But those stars are printed in my brain as one of the sweetest memories ever....

*Akash is in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade at Pittsfield Elementary School, Ann Arbor, Michigan.*

*You must be the change you wish to see in the world.*



## American Indian Students, College, and Culture

**Suchismita Pahi**

**I**t was a big surprise to hear Hindi words being shouted from one end of the walkway to another. I was so taken aback that I had to find who those people were. Then I saw the cricket match going on right in front of the University of Texas' main tower. The cricket players were yelling as loud as they could possibly do and looked absolutely ecstatic with their cricket bats and balls.

This was my first experience with other American born "Desis" (non-Oriya). University of Texas at Austin has an abundance of brown people. There are Fresh-off-the Boats (FOB) and American-Born-Confused-Desis (ABCD). Parts of the campus seemed like pieces of India.

Going to college was finally finding a place where people actually could know and understand you and your personality. It was the ability to identify with other people because they have to straddle the same "American-Indian" line that is so hard to straddle

The Hindi, the curry, the shared experiences with cousins you don't know and extended family members popping up out of nowhere, the pressure to be a doctor, engineer or just be amazing; the rasgullas, the mango lassi, and the craving for long Hindi movies that have the same plot revised in the ten billionth way. Then there was the irritation at questions we thought were silly, the phone calls we all got around ten o'clock asking if we've studied (while we actually were studying in the quiet study lounges) and all those other small issues that come with the American-Indian ground.

Oh, and the ridiculously crazy parties that the Punjabi and Gujarati organizations throw at least twice a month.

College is a place where both ABCDs and FOBs can mix and mingle and find common ground. Both parties are confused, trying to find a place, and hopefully a set of friends that will keep through all sorts of trials. Both parties also have much to learn from one another. They have so much in common with trying to figure out who they are as a person in both of their cultures that befriending one another is the easiest way to survive social and academic stress and pressure.

I thought people were just silly when they said college would be the best time of my life, but I guess they were right. It is definitely a place where one can explore many different aspects of religion, cultural values, American society, and history. There is no way people can leave without learning at least one thing about their own mind.

I believe that going to college is one of the best things for the American Indian teenager.



It offers a measure of independence and the ability to feel out who you really are. The parents raise the children as best as they can, but after that it is up to the teenager to find people who complement their personalities and try to grow more through their own introspection- or whatever the process is for that teenager.

In the end college actually isn't the place where kids "go wild, drink too much, have sex, do drugs, be immoral". Yes, they might go through some phases, but they won't come back having forgotten everything they've been raised with. Just altering some stuff to fit their American side as well as their Indian side.

College is the place where most American-Indians figure out what "culture" means to them as a new generation with no clear-cut path laid out for them to follow. Exactly like the parent generation- pioneers in their own ways.

*Suchismita Pahi graduated from Kingwood High School in 2006 and currently attends the University of Texas at Austin as a Neurobiology major. She enjoys writing on various subjects including society, culture, politics, and environment. She is active in multiple campus cultural societies and encourages participation to keep culture alive.*



*Strom over Grand Canyon, © Biswajeet Puhan*

*Freedom is not worth having if it does not include the freedom to make mistakes*



## **Left alone without you**

**Shashwati Das**

You used to be the highlight of my day  
Now you seem too far away.

You were the reason I laughed and  
smiled.

You were the reason I was an excited  
child.

You were always there when I needed  
you most.

Now all I want is for you to be close.

I would never want to lose you in  
anyway.  
Because of the wondrous times we had  
everyday.

I always wished that you would never  
leave me alone,  
I do not want to be stuck in a world  
unknown.

I don't know if I could last any longer  
I know I am not getting any stronger.

If I see you just once more,  
I will feel happy,  
Of that I am sure.

**Shashwati Das** is 12 years old and attends Folly Quarter Middle School. She will be in 8<sup>th</sup> grade this fall. Her hobbies include gymnastics, dance, and playing the violin. She is the daughter of Naresh and Bigyani Das.

*Live as if your were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you  
were to live forever*

## **The Lotus**

**Nayna Rath**

Oh sweet and divine lotus! Please tell me  
how you came to be so lovely.

Oh sweet and powerful lotus! Please tell me  
how you became God's favorite flower.

Oh sweet and mighty lotus! Please tell me  
how something so elegant can grow in a  
swamp.

Oh sweet lotus! Please tell me all your  
secrets,

So I can become as divine, as mighty, and  
as powerful as you are.

**Nayna Tara Rath** lives in Macomb, Michigan. Her parents are Nirmal and Swapna Rath. Her sister is Anya Rath. She is in fourth grade at Atwood Elementary. Her hobbies include reading and writing. She also loves to dance, and drawing smiley faces. ☺

*A crust eaten in peace is better than a banquet  
partaken in anxiety*



## A Wedding Awakening

Ayesha Misra

**A**ww, mom isn't that sweet?" I asked as we watched a couple got married on the only English channel I could find on TV.

"Sure, for Americans, maybe, but it's too simple. You should see the wedding your uncle will have in a week. That's the whole reason your father and I brought you here for summer vacation," replied my mother.

"Yeah, whatever, the wedding is all everyone's talking about. Can we please talk about something else for a change? Why can't Indians have a normal wedding without so much fuss? If you ask me, I'd really like a topic change. I mean, the wedding is in like 5 days and everyone's already been worrying over it. In American weddings, you have the wedding, then the reception, and it's done. Nice, and simple, you know!"

The room got all quiet and everyone looked at me like I had just said the most terrible thing in the world. Finally, my mom broke the silence by saying, "Wait till you see... how much you will love this wedding. It's kind of hard to explain now, but you will be impressed, just watch."

I shrugged and sat there biting my nails, as there was a very awkward atmosphere in the room after what I had said. You'd think someone had died. My aunts looked at each other and then went on knitting, amazed that I could have said such a terrible thing. I had the sudden urge to roll my eyes, but I stopped myself, in case my mom reprimanded me for doing that too (she says I'm going through a rebelling phase).

A few days later, people came over to the house for a Haldi ceremony, which, my mom told me, was a ceremony where everyone puts Haldi all over the groom. My uncle sat in the middle of the floor and everyone formed a circle around him. If you asked me, I would have been very apprehensive to have people lather icky yellow stuff on me, but my uncle seemed excited and happy. Everyone put Haldi on their hands to put on him. They asked me if I wanted to join, but there was no way I was going to touch any of that stuff. So I stood on the sidelines, just watching. I had to admit though, it looked like great fun by the looks of joy on everyone's faces, and I was about to join in, but changed my mind. That night, as everyone talked about what great fun the ceremony had been, I regretted my decision a little bit. Somehow, my mom saw the look of disappointment on my face as I sat quietly, and told me not to worry, for the next day, there would be fun and games all day long, as that was another tradition of celebration before the wedding. I shrugged and pretended not to care, because that would mean my mom was right. But deep inside, I was very excited, and all night I couldn't sleep because of anticipation for the next day's events.

The next morning, I awoke to the sound of prayer and singing in the Pooja room, accompanied with the blowing of the conch shell. I would have considered this combination of those as a racket back home in California, but today, I couldn't imagine anything more



heartwarming. I got up, brushed my teeth, and walked into the kitchen. The wonderful aroma of *Puri* cooking immediately filled my nose.

After a very tasty breakfast, I helped get the house ready with decorations all day. That night, people from all over the neighborhood and many family members came to play *Antakshri* (*Sangeet*). It was a singing game, and that night was the funniest night I ever had in my whole life. Sitting there with all my friends and relatives, it was simply unforgettable. I started forgetting everything I had against Indian marriages and was determined to enjoy the wedding tomorrow to the fullest.

The next day was the wedding. I got dressed and watched my uncle, the groom get ready. It was quite interesting. After a while, the wedding car for the groom came, along with a band and marriage procession. All the way to the marriage hall, we all danced to the music and the band played while my uncle sat proudly in the car. Everyone danced and danced until we reached our destination. At the marriage hall, my uncle and his bride sat around a fire to finally get married.

This was the first time I actually saw the bride. She was very pretty in her wedding dress. It was bright and colorful, much prettier than the plain white gown I was so used to seeing. Finally, my uncle tied the knot with his bride and they were married! And the food! Tables and tables of food, filled with all kinds of meals and sweets imaginable. It was obvious how much work had been put into this wedding, the food and decorations and even the minor details. And it was all done with love. There was a wonderful atmosphere of joy and love in the air, which was much more contagious and nicer than that of the one in American weddings.

When the marriage procession danced back home, this time with the new bride, everyone was exhausted yet very happy. Over the next few days, I enjoyed many happy days with my relatives, and I got to know my new aunt. Unfortunately, it soon became time to return to America. I was tearful, as were my parents, and it was then I realized how much fun I had at the wedding and that I would never give up that memory for anything in the world. American weddings seemed so bland compared to the wedding I just experienced.

After my family was back in California, we got invited to my American neighbor's wedding. At her wedding, I sat on the pews and found myself searching for the same atmosphere of excitement that had been present in my uncle's wedding. Even though this wedding was also very nice with everything in white, representing simplicity, which I also liked, at that moment I wondered if it wouldn't be more fun with a little of the glamour of an Indian wedding. It was then that I realized how wrong I had been before to think Indian weddings were weird. I finally understood what my mom had been trying to explain to me; they were unique and special, and like nothing else.

*Ayesha Misra (Richa) is an 8<sup>th</sup> Grader from Aliso Viejo, California and is the daughter of Reena and Manoj Misra. She is an avid reader and loves dancing to Bollywood songs.*

*As long as you derive inner help and comfort from anything, keep it.*



## **Are We Competent to speak Oriya in an Anglophonic society?**

**Soman Panigrahi**

**I** was once watching an episode of the sit-com “That ‘70’s Show” when one of the characters, who was about to become a father, was rushing to the hospital to be with his newborn child at any cost. The reason for this urgency - to make sure that his child wouldn’t get mixed up with the other babies who don’t speak English. For some, this may seem as a completely ridiculous thought, but instances of this thinking are not uncommon in our society today. With English being the prominent language in North America, many immigrants who come from non-Anglophonic backgrounds are worried that their own children will not be able to ‘fit in’ with the rest of the community if they are taught their mother-tongue, and not English.

Contrary to popular thought, there is virtually no possibility of a conflict arising between learning one’s own language, and learning English. When a child begins his life at daycare/school, he or she will be at no disadvantage with English compared to the other children, who are also starting out their lives. After all, no baby is an English-speaking baby.

Learning a language is a family affair and comes naturally to the development of the human mind. In fact, scientific research states that within their crucial or critical period, a child can acquire any number of languages in their childhood. Thus, one should never be hesitant to teach their child their native language as well as English. This being said, the process of learning a language should never be forceful, for both the parent and child. One scene that comes to my mind is a diffident child trying to recite passages in Oriya, all the while being pressed on by his eager mother. I’m sure that this turns out to be quite tiresome for everyone.

Even though I was born and brought up in Canada, speaking Oriya in our household was always an integral part of our family. It has even come to the point that speaking English at home is actually quite awkward and uncomfortable for me. Even when my father wants me to practice a presentation or speech for school, I subconsciously resort to speaking in Oriya, or sometimes broken English with an Indian accent. I simply cannot bring myself to speak to them in a language that is foreign to both of us, at home.

My sister’s experience with learning languages is in a league of its own. From her birth till the age of two, she was exposed to only Oriya, as that is the language spoken at home. Then she went to an Italian babysitter, who spoke only a few words of English. Two years later, my sister was fluent in Oriya and Italian, but spoke only a few words of English. A number of our family friends frowned upon this, and were worried that my sister would never fit in at school, since she could speak so little English. Furthermore, many believed, and continue to believe, that learning Oriya as well as English would lower ones English comprehension and vocabulary. Just as they were with me, my parents were not concerned about our ability to comprehend English outside of the home, and they had no reason to be. A few months into kindergarten, and my sister could not stop babbling in her newly learnt language – English. She now has one of



the most extensive vocabularies in her class, and is an avid writer of short stories and poems in English.

Both my sister and I speak Oriya at home without a second thought. The current atmosphere is there for a reason. We have many Oriya-speaking family friends, so it is beneficial to be able to communicate with them in a language familiar to both of us. Among the Oriya-speaking youth in our community, we converse in Oriya, although English is familiar to all of us. There are, however, occasional instances where some Oriya parents speak to us in English, but instinctively we reply in Oriya. This is not to say that English is not allowed in the home – there is always that *phulei* or *gelhei* factor which my sister often attains by speaking in English.

After becoming quite fluent in spoken Oriya, the next step was to extend my interests to writing and reading the script. With the help of my parents, grandparents, and a few family friends I learned all the simple characters in the language, and through occasional practice I am able to read Oriya at a moderate pace. This skill has allowed me to participate in and contribute to our community in more ways than one. A few years ago, a number of Oriya's in the Greater Toronto Area put on a production of the *geeti-natya* "Karna-Arjuna", for the Kumar Purnima, which my father was co-directing. Because of my proficiency with sound technology, I was appointed the audio manager, and one of my responsibilities was to cue the pre-recording music tracks seamlessly into the live dialogue of the actors. This required me to follow the script, which, obviously, was hand-written in Oriya. The lines in the play used vocabulary and linguistic structures which are unlike the common ones used at home or day-to-day life - the language was more sophisticated and formally presented. My father had his doubts about me being able to understand the language well enough to follow the dialogue, let alone read his own handwritten script. To make the long story short, the production was effortlessly presented to an audience who honestly could not tell that a track was being played when the actors' songs fit so well into their dialogue. Not only was my Dad proud and thankful of me for this feat, but I was proud of myself for learning Oriya.

Another major benefit of being able to communicate in your mother-tongue is when you go to the mother-land. Visiting family in Orissa is no trouble at all, and it is definitely an enjoyable experience since we know the language. Picking up local colloquial terms is effortless, and it is useful to fit in to the rest of the population where already one is looked upon as an outsider. Outside Orissa, for example in Delhi, being able to speak Oriya works as a wonderful deterrent for sneaky shop-owners who are preying on English speaking foreigners so they can harass them, and perhaps fetch double the price of their goods. However, when not a single word of English comes out of your mouth, and all you really seem to be are tourists from Baleswar, Orissa, you are treated as pretty much an equal.

I also consider myself lucky to be Oriya. It is unquestionably a more straightforward and simple language, linguistically speaking, in comparison to Mandarin, Brazilian Portuguese and most of all English. I have many friends who are struggling to learn the thousands of Chinese characters to be able to write their native language, and others simply do not know what their parents are saying to their family friends and relatives, because all they know is English.



Speaking Oriya is an integral element in being a part of the Oriya community. Not too long ago, I was watching a recording of 'Orissa Day' being celebrated in one of the American

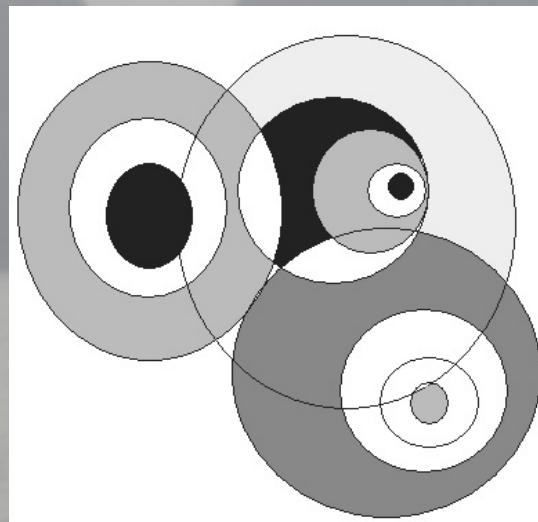
OSA chapters, but I wouldn't have known they were celebrating Oriya culture if my parents hadn't told me what I was watching. I didn't hear a single word of Oriya being spoken – or actually maybe I did, but it was pronounced so poorly that it sounded like English to me.

I am very fond of the Oriya culture, and am proud to be able to recognize and familiarize with the ancient script. For a recent art project on calligraphy and typography design, I brought in a manuscript written in Oriya on palm-leaves, and my art instructor was amazed. She had never seen such a unique and authentic manuscript brought in by one of her students, and she also took it home for her sister, a museum curator.

The point of learning Oriya is to be able to communicate in a new language, which happens to be your mother-tongue. No one is expecting you to study Oriya literature, or become a scholar or academic personality in the subject. Learning Oriya should be something that comes as naturally to you as learning how to eat. You do so from birth, and you continue to do so throughout your life. However, you are at no point in your life expected to become a master chef or win eating contests.

The bottom line is to be proud of being Oriya, and enjoy our heritage. The first step to get in touch with our roots would be to exercise and immortalize the language. It is an attainable goal, and should always been seen as one. For those of you, both parents and children, who are hesitant, try it out, because I am sure you are competent to speak Oriya in an Anglophonic society.

*Soman Panigrahi is a grade 11 student at the University of Toronto Schools. His passion lies in audio and video production. He lives with his parents Gagan and Sabita Panigrahi, and sister Ineka.*



*Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind*



## **My Orissa & My USA**

**Selina Mohanty**

I like to go to Orissa with my parents. The things I liked the most is to play with all my cousins in the sand in front of my Dad's house and I liked walking to the temple with my cousin. I like to listen to stories from my Grandma at night. She tells me stories about my Daddy's childhood.

The things I didn't like were the mosquitoes. They were everywhere. That's why I had to put a net around my bed. Some time it is too hot.

One day on my way home from temple with my cousin, I was very scared seeing the motorcycle coming right towards us. When I was going to run out of the way, my shoe slipped out of my foot. I had to run and get it. But it was too late. My cousin knew the person on the motorcycle. He stopped and said he would take us home.

USA is really a nice place. I have been to some of the states. I like to go to Disney land again and again. I like USA because I am born here and I have lots of friends here. I love my Sunday "Bal Bihar" class where I learn my Indian culture and get to see all my Indian friends. I go to school and attend church on Monday with my classmates. I love everything about USA besides Michigan cold weather. I love to play in the snow and make snow man but I hate to bundle up because it is not very comfortable. I always think which one place I really like! It is really difficult for me to decide. I think it will be difficult for me to decide even when I grew up.

**1<sup>st</sup> Prize, 2007 Meghna Memorial Award  
Winner - Essay Competition Age Group (4-8)**

*Selina is 7 years old. She lives in Flint, Michigan.*

## **Ms THOMPSON-MY FAVORITE TEACHER**

**Aparna Ray**

Do you know that Ms Thompson is my third teacher? Do you know why I like her the best? That is because Ms Thompson taught me how to read. She gives me key words to help me out when I make a mistake. When I am stuck on a word, she helps me sound it out. If I still can't get it right, she points at the picture on the page. When I get it right she is very happy with me.

Ms Thompson sits on a chair to read us a book. She shows the pages to us as she reads the words. She reads the book with expression, especially when she comes to an exclamation mark.

I like Ms Thompson's outfits. She wears matching jewelry. Sometimes she has flowers on her shirt. That makes her look pretty.

One time we were learning about the globes and maps. Ms Thompson asked us if we have visited any place other than America. I said that I had been to India when I was a little child. Then Ms Thompson turned the globe all the way around and showed the class where India was. She told us that when it was day time in India it was night in America.

I think Ms Thompson likes our whole class very much. And that includes me too.

*Aparna Ray is 6 years old. She goes to kindergarten in Deep Run Elementary in Elkridge, MD. She is the youngest daughter of Abhijit and Julie A Ray.*

*Problems cannot be solved by the same level of thinking that created them.*



## **My U.S.A, My Orissa**

**Swagat Tripathy**

**I** live in Michigan, USA but my motherland is Orissa, India. Both are amazing states and I have many fond memories.

In Michigan, it's cold most of the time but in Orissa, it gives you a warm welcome as soon as you arrive there. Stepping off the plane, you will see the beautifully carved wheels around the airport. It seems like the airport might just roll away.

I have gone to many temples and sea beaches in the USA but the temples in Orissa such as Puri -- the temple of Lord Jagannath, Konark -- the Sun temple, Dhauli – a Buddhist temple, beautiful sea beaches are worth-seeing.

I have seen world famous Niagara Falls, Walt Disney World but Nicco Park easily evens it out. It is a small amusement park in Bhubaneswar where I have fun going on the rides with cousins. Compared to zoos in the USA, Nandan Kanan Zoo is cooler. Once a mahout let his baby elephant kiss me with his trunk!

But my most favorite places are my Grandparents' houses in Orissa which I miss a lot in the USA. I have fun sledding, snowboarding, building snowman and snow fighting in US and also have a blast playing cricket, hide-and-seek, and card games with my cousins in Orissa too.

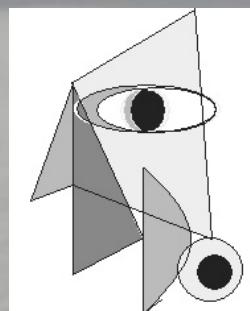
In the USA, I enjoy friend's birthday parties and I also enjoy the wedding ceremony and the thread ceremony in Orissa. All the decorations, music, dancing and food are amazing.

I have also sadly witnessed the death ceremony of my grandfather in Orissa. It was worth experiencing the rituals performed to make his soul peaceful and happy.

I love the cultural celebrations like Saraswati Puja, Ganesh Puja and Kumar Purnima in my birth country USA but the rich culture and architecture, beautiful places of my motherland Orissa are unforgettable.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Prize, Essay Competition Age Group (9-13)**

*Swagat is 11 years old. He lives in Ann Arbor, MI.*



*On every thorn, delightful wisdom grows,  
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.*



# The Sapphire Pendant

Anya Rath

Mira was hunkered down by an intricate plot. She listened to the Rajah complaining to the lead maid about the condition of his robe.

"Yes, your Highness. We will see that it is properly cleaned next time." Ojal's voice dripped with humbleness. She backed out of the splendid room, her head bowed. As soon as she was out of sight, she caught Mira.

"Ojal Didi, please!"

"Stupid girl. I am always doing the cleaning. The one time I trust you..." Ojal groaned with despair, "Mira, I have raised you from your childhood. Do me a good thing for once." She stood up, spun on her heels, and marched off onto another corridor of the extravagant palace.

Mira glared at Ojal's back. As soon as she was sure Ojal couldn't hear her, she began weeping. This was not the life she wanted. She didn't want to be a maid. She didn't care that she was working in the royal palace. She wanted to be like the girls she watched from her window. Sure, their lives weren't much better, but at least they got to go outside. They got to eat the sweets, and fruit. At least they would have marriage. But, she was a lowly maid. Destined only to stare at the feet of people.

"Miraaaaaaaaa!" came a shriek ricocheting all over the palace.

The eight year old princess was Mira's worst nightmare. Paveena had chosen Mira as her constant playmate.

Paveena waddled up to her, "Come. I want to play dolls. And afterwards you shall make me some pomegranate juice."

Mira always wanted to say a loud "NO" to Paveena. But Paveena was the princess. She silently let herself be led into the princess's quarters.

As Paveena preened for Mira, she glanced around the glorious room. The walls had bright colors sparkling on them, with the scent of jasmines drifting in the room. If you stepped out onto the balcony, you could see peacocks prancing around by a clear pond, where maids tended a gorgeous array of flowers. Mira glanced around the room again when her eye caught a dazzling sapphire necklace.

Paveena caught her staring at it, and made a quick plan in her head. She always knew Mira was unenthusiastic when it came to playing with her. She would use the pendant as a temptation. She drawled, "Mira, after we play, I shall give you that useless sapphire choker. Look, I got new doll clothing!" Mira could hardly believe what Paveena was saying. She stared at the necklace longingly, and then nodded. After what seemed a long afternoon, and stained red fingers from making juice, Paveena commanded her to escort her to her room.

"Here you are Mira. I got it in a goody bag at Princess Iraja's birthday. I tremendously dislike her. I want it out of my sight. You are dismissed." Paveena handed her the necklace, and Mira left the room quietly. Inside she was jumping for joy. It was the most beautiful thing she owned. As she carefully tucked it into her bag in the maid's quarters, Ojal saw it. She whispered

with shock, "Mira, how could you steal?" Mira glared at her, "I am not a thief! The Princess gave it to me."

"Ha, the Princess is known for her greediness. We'll be punished for having it now, but if they find it on us, our lives will surely be lost." "No, it is mine!" "You idiotic child, hand it to me!" saying this, Ojal proceeded to try to yank it from Mira.

Mira struggled with Ojal. She rolled away from her, and fastened it around her neck for the first time. Ojal vociferated with anger, and clawed at Mira. But Mira was barely in that world anymore. As soon as the choker was on her the world became a blur. Her head began spinning, as she disappeared from the world she called home.

Before Mira opened her eyes, she listened. All she could hear was silence. She groped her neck for her necklace, found it and squeezed it tightly. So, Ojal hadn't taken it while she was unconscious. She was angry at herself, for losing control like that. She loved Ojal like a big sister. Unfortunately that included the bickering. Finally she opened her eyes expecting to see her familiar surroundings. First she couldn't believe it. She was in a white room, lying on some kind of soft padding. The room smelt anything but flowery. A woman bustled in wearing a garment that only went down to her knees.

First the women garbled something in a language that she did not understand. Then Mira said, "What?" "Oh, you only speak Hindi. I said Sleeping Beauty has finally awoken. You know, the American Disney movie. Get it?" Mira just stared at her in confusion. What did American mean? Movie? What was this insane woman talking about?

The woman misinterpreted her confusion, "Oh, right. You have no idea why you're in the hospital. Well, some college students found you lying by the remains of the Sindoar Palace. You seemed feverish, and not knowing what to do with you, they brought you here."

Mira understood only one thing. She was not in the right place. As subtly as she could she asked, "Who are you? And, what is the date today?" "Well, my name is Komal, and I am your nurse. And today is June 1<sup>st</sup> 2007." Mira's head swam. 2007? "What should I do?" She wondered out loud. Komal smiled, "Just go back to school. I'm guessing that you were out on some outings with your friends, and you probably wandered away from your group."

Mira looked at her incredulously, "I am not from this time! I played dolls with Princess Paveena just yesterday." "Queen Paveena has been dead for centuries." "No, this can't be happening. I know I'm not crazy." As Mira babbled to Komal, the blue necklace glimmered, as if mocking her.

*To be continued in the next OSA souvenir....*

Anya Rath is 13 years old, and goes to L'Anse Creuse Middle School North. She loves Indian culture, and English is one of her favorite subjects. She lives in Macomb, MI with her parents Swapnalata and Nirmal Rath, and her little sister Nayna. She is an eighth grader.

*The difference between stupidity and genius is that genius has its limits*



## The Village Girl

Alyssa Sahu

When the cows are waking  
And as the chapattis are baking  
A little girl was wishing away  
She could go to the city one day  
She had arguments with her mom  
Stopped only at the time of dawn  
Just to go to learn in school  
And not to end up like a mule

Soon the village girl grew up  
But still drinking out of an old brass cup  
All she wanted was to work with computers  
Not to work all day with ancient pewter  
Soon she was accepted to a little college  
But still her mom said college mollege  
But the girl still went on to her dream  
Determined to become a bright star beam.

Alyssa is 10 years old and goes to fifth grade in Challenger School. She is the only child of her parents Bilashi and Manoj Sahu, and lives in \* Cupertino, Northern California. Apart from academics, she takes keen interest in reading, dance and outdoor games like soccer.

*Be content with your lot; one cannot be first in everything*

## UNITY

Saswat Sahoo

If you separate within society,  
Everyone will pay.  
Because in this world we live in,  
Life gets harder by the day.

As everyone gets older,  
Our differences truly show.  
And if you are divided,  
You will never really know.

That every person's differences,  
Put together into one,  
Make this world a better place,  
And sometimes even more fun.

If we all work together,  
We can help make a better community.  
We are all searching for the same goals,  
Strong friendships, happiness and unity.

Saswat is 10 yrs old (a 4<sup>th</sup> Grader) lives with his parents Sasadhar and Mamata Sahoo in Farmington Hills, Michigan. "Saswat is a wonderful writer and a marvelous Myth solver," says his teacher Mrs. Vlahos. MickMorris.com has published his work in 2006 myth writing contest.

*Beware lest you lose the substance by  
grasping at the shadow.*



## My Family's Culture

Sanjna Pradhan

**M**y family's culture is Indian. India is in Asia. My Mom and Dad are born in Orissa. My Grandparents live in Orissa. My family lives in Michigan. I have a picture of my Grandparents at the Taj Mahal. The Taj Mahal is in India.

I was born in Michigan. My Mom and Dad taught me Indian culture. I visited India when I was three. The Indian flag's colors are green, orange and white, and there's a wheel in the middle of the flag. My family speaks English and Odia. India is my family's favorite place except for me. My favorite places are Florida and California. When I visit India again I will see my Mom and Dad's school. Most of my cousins are in India. Two of my cousins live in Arkansas. My Mom's sister lives in Arkansas. I am my mom's sister's niece. Every night my Mom or Dad put me to sleep, and then kiss or hug me. I am an Indian and an American.

*Sanjna Pradhan wrote this at the age of 6, but now she is 7. She attends Brookfield Academy, in Troy, MI. She is the daughter of Drs. Jyoti & Sangita Pradhan.*

*Most people say that it is the intellect which makes a great scientist. They are wrong: it is character*

## Some Look Like Others Some Look Like Me

Darshee Patnaik

**S**ome look like others, some look like me when I glance in the river who do I see?

My face; all different from everyone I see  
Small people, tall people, medium people too.

Blue, Hazel, Brown, or Green.  
Some are mean and some are filled with glee.

He or she is from France, Italy, or Brazil too  
Maybe from India, Japan, as well as Germany too.

Some look like others, some look like me when I glance in the river who do I see?  
Speaking Chinese or Portuguese's.

Speaking in different languages and living in different cultures and wearing different clothing all around me.

Some look like others some look like me when I glance in the river who do I see?

*Darshee, who is in 4<sup>th</sup> grade, lives with her parents, Sourjya & Reena Patnaik, and her little sister Dibya in Robbinsville, New Jersey.*

*We are what we repeatedly do. Excellence, then, is not an act but a habit.*



## Dare to Paint

Ankita Mohanty

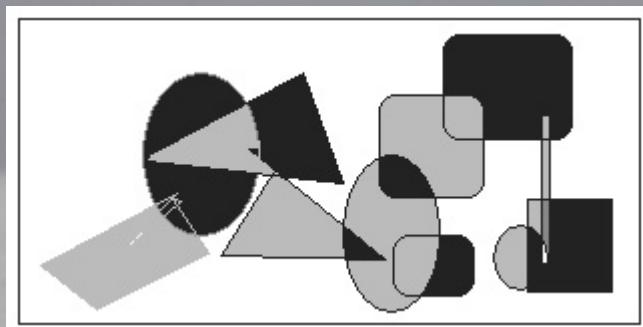
You have likely been asked what your favorite color is. Is it yellow, red, green? Or is it the color of your Grandmother's song harmonizing India's prayer time? Is it the color of a child in rags, oblivious of his poverty? Is it the hue of his laughter as he bathes in the drains? Do you remember the color of your feet covered in the dust of the streets, the same as a *roti* smothered with ghee? Is that the most beautiful shade in your life? In mine, those colors create a kaleidoscope for which I view my homes: my India, my America.

Each day, I realize the power I have to see colors previously unborn. All I have to do is flip the kaleidoscope around, and I have fresh sight for the home I have grown up in. You may perhaps believe that the colors are different here in America. And you would be correct...almost. You see, the colors I see here are also made of precious memories. These colors, when mixed and painted with some heart, tell stories of freedom and open thought. I have realized that I have the power to paint my homes with any color I desire.

What astounds me everyday is not that I have this fantastic kaleidoscope through which I may view my homes, but the fact that these colors collide. They startle me with their fluidity. My Grandmother's prayers guide me to a freedom my peers in America can only dream of. The child in rags empowers me; his laughter dares me to change the world. On summer days, I study the dust wrinkles in my feet before sitting down for a hot *roti*. These colors are the connection between my homes; they beg to be painted each day.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Prize, Essay Competition Age Group (14-18)**

Ankita Mohanty is 18 years old and lives in Mount Pleasant, Michigan.



Rishav Puhan

*The tragedy of life is what dies inside a man while he lives.*



# My Aai

Ankita Ray

I had finished my lunch and was just about ready to curl-up next to Aja and listen to my regular afternoon story. It was the story of a witty thief who pulled off some amazing robberies but was actually good at heart. It was a story that had started a few years back and I had become addicted to it. It was fun to sit next to Aja and listen to him dramatize every scene. But lately I had been missing my daily story, as after lunch, Aai would take me upstairs into the abandoned room where I would often come to play. The room led to the balcony, which was our eventual destination.

Summers are usually very hot in Bhubaneswar but that day it was almost unbearable. So when Aai called me to follow her to that lonely hot room, I resisted by crying and throwing tantrums. I knew why she took me there every afternoon. And I hated it. Apparently it was to teach me to read. I was 5 and despised reading. It was so much easier to just sit down next to Aja and listen to his stories. Why did I need to learn to read? But Aai was determined to do whatever it took to teach me to read. At 5 years old, I was more interested in pretending to rule the world than do any of the boring stuff that she forced me to.

Aai would sit patiently on the floor near the balcony door, with her legs spread out, her sari tucked tightly across her waist, her right hand shading her eyes from the blazing sun and the left holding the most atrocious book on the face of the planet. I would read one or two sentences and run away before she could stop me.

That day I was pretending as if I had magical powers. I was pretending to be the ruler of the world. I was punishing a tiger for eating my poor bunny. My rein over the universe was interrupted when I heard her call: "Maa eithi Asilu". I let out a huge groan and stomped over to her thinking of the world's best excuses to avoid that painful reading session. She pulled me over and sat me down on her lap. Then she pointed at the words on the first page. To me it looked like they were in Chinese. I was very stubborn. I squeezed my eyes shut. Suddenly I felt her soft hands stroking my head. I opened my eyes and read the first sentence. Then the second and eventually the whole paragraph. I got so carried away by the book, that I finished the entire story! When I finished, I looked up at Aai's face. Her gentle eyes were brimming with tears. She let out a little squeal and put her arms tightly around me. That hug made me feel as if I was actually the ruler of the world and nobody could ever touch me. I felt that in Aai's eyes, I was the best.

As was her nature to share any of my accomplishments with everyone at home, she ran down the stairs as fast as she could to tell Aja about the seemingly jaw-dropping thing that I had just done. That afternoon's feat led to many repetitions of the same graphic description of the amazing act of her grand daughter's reading abilities.

When I turned 8 and could definitely read better than that hot summer afternoon, she started to teach me how to write in Oriya. She told me that if I did not learn how to write in Oriya, how would she be able to read my letters when I was grown up and lived far away from her? And I thought it was a good enough reason to learn some Oriya alphabet.



When I would come back from school, while Aai was visiting us in vacations, she would always feed me lunch with her hands. Brushing my head the entire time, she would unexpectedly begin to cry. At night as I would snuggle up to sleep with her, she would sit up and softly sing those beautiful Oriya lullabies that would make it feel like a garden blooming in the night light.

I always love to exaggerate my physical pains when Aai is around. It makes her fawn over me and pamper me as if I was a little child again. She would press my feet or head or just caress my face over and over with her soft hands telling me that things would get better. Today I feel selfish as I sit here with all the love and wisdom that she has given me, while she is in India and her tired feet throb from arthritic pain. I wish I could comfort her and give her back the love that she gave me, by pressing her feet and reading to her the same books that she taught me to read.

*Ankita Ray is 12 years old. She lives in Elkridge MD with her parents Abhijit and Julie A Ray and her 6 year old sister Aparna.*



*Tawas Light house Michigan ©Biswajit Puhan*

*Few are those who see with their own eyes and feel with their own hearts.*



## A Wonderful Experience

Ankita Nayak

I stood there with eyes locked to the paper. As I lowered the paper I could feel my senses coming back. I took a deep breath to stay calm and took a quick glance at the paper, I was holding, making sure it was mine. It was DEAD SILENCE. I stared at my smiling mother, who was standing by the kitchen stove cooking something. I wanted to say I made it in a calm voice, but instead, I let out a big, "OH MY GOSH! I MADE INTO THE DISTRICT CHOIR", like I was in the stands wanting the India Cricket team to win.

It started about a week ago. I was sitting in a seat in the music room trying to get a place (5 places) in the audition list for our school. There were 4 rows having 8 seats each and all the seats were filled. At the end, there were 8 students including me. As I held my breath waiting what would happen next, my music teachers were discussing. After one long minute passed, they said, "Come back tomorrow and we will have made a decision". As I walked out of the music room and into the cafeteria, all my friends were screaming questions into my face "Did you make it, did you make it, did you make it?" I simply said I do not know.

The next day I walked in to the music room only breathing when needed. "Okay, so today we have chosen 5 Students, Rebecca, Alex, Nicole, Cindy, and.....Ankita", said my music teacher. I squealed making sure only me and my surroundings could hear. I walked out of the music room waiting anxiously for the next Monday to occur.

I entered the audition stage waiting for my name to be called. "Ankita, your seat is waiting", said a lady. I followed the lady with a few other students on my tail. We entered a partially glass covered door which led us to another waiting room with less students. I sat in a chair in the corner of the hallway so that no one could hear me practicing. I started practicing, "Are you Sleeping, Are you Sleeping, Brother John, Brother John, Morning Bells are ringing, Morning Bells are ring," I stopped. I looked up finding myself staring into a lady whose hand was pointed toward the door. I got up and walked into the little room.

I walked out of the room with butterflies in my stomach. "Awwwww.....", I groaned thinking about what I did back in the tiny little room. I think I did okay on the melody tune compared to how bad I did on the rhythmic pattern and sentencing. I did pretty well on the song. I walked out of the door and into the main area where I first entered. My Dad got up from his seat and joined me in my walk out the door. I pushed the door in frustration and walked down the steps and into the car. "How did it go?", said my Dad in an unsure voice "Okay, I guess, I will have to wait till the results come out on Thursday", I said in a gloomy voice.



It was Thursday afternoon and I just came back from school. I reached into the mailbox. I was scanning through the mail when my eyes stopped at a letter that said from PISD to Ankita Nayak. I rushed to the house and closed the door with a loud thud! "MAMA MAMA", I screamed. "I got a letter from PISD and I bet it is the choir results". "Let me see", she wiped her hand on the towel and took the letter from me. "You did well on the melody tune and you did perfect on the song and just went off on the rhythmic pattern, But.....". "Hugh", I sighed. "But you made it!" I could not believe my ears, "WHAT?" I said. "You made it!" squealed my mother. I took the paper from her and read it. After maybe a minute passed, I screamed in the loudest voice that shook the whole house.

Every practice we had on Monday, we spent one and a half hours singing for a big performance on February 16, 2007. We were privileged to come and sing for 1000s of music teachers across the state ((TMEA) Texas Music Educators Associations). This Performance was held in San Antonio on a School Day. After our big performance we got many offers to sing in many great places.

In August, all 42 schools sent about 5 children to audition for this music program. ONLY 90 children got selected. I fell honored to be part of this excellent music program. I thanked my friends who supported me and my family for making this possible!

*Ankita Nayak is in the 5th grade and lives in Plano, Texas.*



*Intellectuals solve problems, geniuses prevent them.*



## **My Orissa, My USA**

**Aradhya Rajanala**

**M**onday morning: 8:15 --- I am in school saying "I pledge of Allegiance, to the flag of the united states of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, under God, indivisible with Liberty and justice for all." That is my America – not my adopted homeland.

I don't think that we can call America our adopted homeland. After all, we say the Pledge of Allegiance everyday in school!!! We take care of it and it takes care of us. How can we call America our adopted land?

Orissa – this is the land where I was born, my Aaii, my Tata (Grandpa), my Nanama Grandma live. I love being in Orissa where I am pampered a lot. I get Tinkles, candy and good food everyday. America and Orissa are like two hands to clap in joy.

I visited Orissa on May 9, 2006. First, we went to Dehli and saw the India Gate. Then, I went to Bhubaneswar. All of my families live there. That's the main reason I was happy. The main language is Oriya, even though we also speak Hindi. Usually, there are lizards on the wall. Once, I tried to catch one!!

I was irritated when I saw that people and kids had to beg for money. I hated to see them suffer. I don't understand why people had to beg. After all, every country is free and people should have enough money to keep them going.

Sometimes, I watched cricket on television and cheered the India team on. I also cheered the Pistons in Michigan for NBA.

America and Orissa, though different, are both very special. I am proud to be an Indian American. In the same breath I can say God bless America, my home sweet home and Vande Utkala Janani.

### **2<sup>nd</sup> Prize, Essay Competition Age Group (4-8)**

Aradhya Rajanala is 8 Years old. He lives in Ballwin, MO

*Only morality in our actions can give beauty and dignity to life.*



## Mixed Feelings

Anya Rath

Five days a week, I say the Pledge of Allegiance. As I say it, I can't help but wonder... am I lying? I think of India fondly, even though I am an American citizen. I will defend India when it comes to things like job transfers. I am all out for India. Yet, I am a mixture of both cultures. I dress in red, white, and blue on July 4<sup>th</sup>. I wear my traditional restrictions. However, I know that I can knock all these restrictions down, without a care in the world, but I don't. I cling to my culture and religion, because I am proud to be a Hindu and Oriya.

I love the Oriya community. It's so hard to explain it. I know about most of the *lehenga* or *salwar/kameej* for Rath Yatra. I know more about how George Washington surprised the Hessians, than I do about Indira Gandhi. I do all the common American rituals, but I also do my Indian things too.

Every time I go to a birthday party, I have to explain why I can't eat beef. I always try to explain Kumar Purnima to my friends, and I always struggle to do so. There are so many different procedures that I follow. But I do rebel. I do whine when my Mom calls me to wake up for temple. I do get upset about all the problems set forth by people since my childhood. I have my own group of friends. It's almost like a second family. I know my Oriya well, but I'm hesitant to speak it in public. I am always talking in English, even in response to an Oriya comment or question.

I eat Indian food every night for dinner, and American food for lunch. I am a mixture, of both cultures. It's a feeling you can't put into words. It's a special feeling to be a blend of two cultures.

**1<sup>st</sup> Prize, 2007 Meghna Memorial Award Winner - Essay Competition Age Group (9-13)**

Anya Rath is 13 years old. She lives in Macomb, MI



*The world is a dangerous place to live; not because of the people who are evil, but because of the people who don't do anything about it.*



# **Experience is the Best Teacher**

**Upasana Senapati**

**E**xperiences are like a potter's hands, molding character while it spins as a clump of clay on a rapidly turning wheel. As the wheel spins, life goes on. Some clumps of clay are not as easily molded as others. I believe that experiences represent the culmination of a person's beliefs and attitude in life. I am grateful that my experiences in India have shaped my goals and my outlook on life.

In India, for example, poverty is rampant. Since my father formerly worked for an NGO aiding destitute single mothers and their children in India, I was privileged enough to visit the site and fully understand the extent of poverty. There, I saw hundreds of women who could not provide for their starving children, watched their children hopelessly suffering from illnesses, and feeling humiliated about not knowing the identity of the chidrens' fathers. Pregnant women wore fearful expressions because they felt desperate as they were bound to an unpromising future. Simply hearing their stories opened my eyes to how necessary it was for me to change their destitute state. I thought of the vicious circle they lived in and how their children and the grandchildren would continue to live in suffering. If I could help one person become an independent and productive member of society, I could stop generations of poverty to come.

It is commonly believed in today's society, getting "molded" is a sign of weakness. Being affected by your experiences has negative connotations. However, every experience should affect you, whether it involves continuing working towards your goals, or avoiding past mistakes. In essence, every moment should teach you something. Our experiences in life should prompt us to take action. Staying in touch with one's own feelings and empathizing with others will make us stronger and more determined to act.

**1<sup>st</sup> Prize, 2007 Meghna Memorial Award Winner - Essay Competition Age Group (14-18)**

*Upasana Senapati is 15 years old. She lives in Troy, MI*

*Weakness of attitude becomes weakness of character.*



## The Best Grandpa Ever

Sanket Mishra

**T**hink of a 74 year-old man sitting in an armchair reading a book, any book. Meet my Grandpa. Born in India, as a child my Grandpa was a natural reader, but it wasn't his school books. It was always some type of mystery or adventure book. He also did a lot of running and exploring, just like his favorite character, Huckleberry Finn. His favorite books as a child were Huck Finn and Robinson Crusoe.

As a child he had a very hard life. He lived around the time when India was struggling for its independence from England. They also had no electricity where he lived. He had to do all his work in oil lamp lights, and he didn't do very well in school. Also, when he was 12 years old, his father died. But he pulled through and went to Revenshaw College in 1948 and graduated in 1952. He worked as an auditor for the Accountant General's office. He also went on to work in the Secretariat, and Bharat Heavy Electrical Limited. After he retired he worked as a joint secretary for the Red Cross, and helped save thousands of lives in cyclones, earthquakes, and other disasters.

Now that he has retired my Grandpa has many hobbies. His hobbies include gardening, repairing work around the house, he is a do-it-yourself person, and he loves to do anything and everything. If you went to visit him you would see a tall, slim man, with thick black glasses. He has a shiny bald head with some white hair.

He is a very caring man. He has a temper but he cools down really easily, and he loves to make somebody's day. He is

really helpful for a lot of things, especially homework. I remember when I was really little, and I was learning the alphabet. I couldn't get it right, but my Grandpa was patient and helped me learn it. He shows a lot patience when someone doesn't understand something. Its one of the great qualities that he has.

My most fond memories are from the times I used to go on picnics with him. They were usually on beaches along the coast of the Bay of Bengal. I remember when I was on a beach and was sliding down huge sand hills, and fell into the water. I was five, and I didn't know how to swim, so my Grandpa went into the water going against the 4-foot waves, and pulled me out. I was really scared. So he bought me an ice cream cone. I also remember when there was a cyclone in 2000. It was massive. Trees fell on our house and everything. Since the house was made of cement, it held and no one was hurt. I was pretty scared, so was my little cousin, so to take our minds off of it, my Grandpa made little paper boats and put them on the water. The water was pretty deep, especially on the porch. It certainly helped, and to top it off, we had crab for dinner.

My Grandpa is an important person in my life. Everyone says that me and him are very much alike. We do have a lot in common, which is good for me because of the qualities that he has. I'll always remember him for who he is, not only as a moody gentle man, but also as the best Grandpa ever.

*Sanket Mishra is a student of Grade 6. He lives in Eagan, MN*

*Once we accept our limits, we go beyond them.*



## **ABCD or FOB?**

**Mrunali Das**

**A**merican-Born-Confused-Desi or Fresh-Off-the-Boat? Isn't that the ultimate question as an Indian here in America? It is a question that each of us must ask ourselves. Do we attempt to destroy any sign of our heritage or do we take every chance to show it? I wonder about my status constantly. There will be times where I am ashamed of my heritage, while other times it fills me with pride. There will be times where I am happy to live in America, while other times I miss India. It is the ultimate conundrum.

I am asked to defend my Indian heritage in America, but I am also asked to defend being an American in India. I long for India's simplicity in America, while I long for America's advances in India. My loyalty is divided. My sometimes deplorable Indian accent has never escaped the scrutiny of my relatives in Orissa. While, some of my friends in America tease me about how I'm so "Indian" because I do *Odissi*, play *sitar*, have many *Hindi* CDs, and watch *Hindi* movies often. Yet at the same time, the same relatives resent me for having a cell phone at age 14, and some of the same friends envy the fact that I go to India every 2-3 years. These contradictions make life complicated.

In terms of cultural differences, the one major difference is respect. In Indian culture, it is typical to show respect towards an elder, while that is not as common in America. On the other hand, Americans are willing to respect someone's differences. My Indian side and American side will conflict on certain issues because of the difference of respect.

As for being an American with an Indian heritage, I am neither a FOB nor an ABCD. I am simply Indian.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Prize, Essay Competition Age Group (14-18)**

*Mrunali Das is 18 years old. She lives in Maryland.*

*There comes a time when the mind takes a higher plane of knowledge but can never prove how it got there.*



## My Orissa

### Saswat Sahoo

**I** was born in Rourkela and traveled almost all places across the state of Orissa. I loved every bit of my life in Orissa, when I went to Orissa in vacation. There always was a difficulty in living first a few days in Orissa. At the beginning, it was a big shock for me. But later I started realizing the fact that Orissa has been a tranquil state, which lived in itself. For various reasons, it never was a point of discussion for the people outside.

My Orissa lies along the eastern seaboard of India, south of Bengal. Its main attractions are the temples of the capital Bhubaneswar, the long sandy beach at Puri and the great Sun Temple at Konark. These three sites make a convenient and compact triangle. Orissa is predominantly rural, with fertile green coastal plains rising to the hills of Eastern Ghats. The state is mineral rich and is a big exporter of iron ore, with a large factory at Rourkela. The Oriyas, 25% of whom are indigenous tribal people, are particularly friendly and hospitable.

We play ball, tag, and hide-and-seek. *Kabaddi* is very popular. Now a day, Cricket is also played as well. As we live now in USA, sometime we are missing these games to play here like Orissa.

I went to Puri, which is one of the most important pilgrimage centers for the Hindus. The temple with its elaborate carvings and moldings are very fine examples of Kalingan architecture. The one of the most Hindu festival is Ratha Yatra of Jagannath in Puri. It attracts visitors from all over World. Images of Jagannath, Balabhadra and sister Subhadra deities are taken from the Jagannath temple to a country house about 2 miles away. I visited the finest temples - Lingaraj, Rajarani, Mukteswar, Brahmeswar and Parasurameswar. These temples are some of the best specimens of the Orissa Temple Architecture. I saw the Ashokan Edicts at Dhauli Hills, Bhubaneswar. On top of the Hill, near the ancient rock edict is a Peace Pagoda (Shanti Stupa). I saw the beautiful Sun Temple at Konark, that built in the 13th century in honor of the Sun God, contains exquisite carvings, elephants and lions and, colossal figures of warriors on horses, scenes of battle and chase - all carved with great imagination and skill, testifying to the high standard of ancient Indian art and engineering skill. I also visited UDAIGIRI CAVES; it is 10 kms west of Bhubaneshwar, which were occupied by the Buddhist monks as early as the 2nd century BC.

My Orissa is really famous for the highest excellence in the arts. The Sun Temple at Konarka is considered to be a particular Orissan masterpiece. There is a rich culture of wall paintings. They paint geometric motifs on their walls. The subject of many textile paintings is limited to religious themes like the story of Krishna. That's why I love my Orissa very much.

#### **2<sup>nd</sup> Prize Essay Competition Age Group (9-13)**

\* *Sawat is 10 yrs old (a 4<sup>th</sup> Grader) lives with his parents Sasadhar and Mamata Sahoo in Farmington Hills, Michigan. "Saswat is a wonderful writer and a marvelous Myth solver," says his teacher Mrs. Vlahos. MickMorris.com has published his work in 2006 myth writing contest.*

*The most incomprehensible thing about the world is that it is comprehensible.*



## Poetry Sestina

Mrunali Das

I hide within my poetry.  
I reveal thoughts and feelings,  
That I wouldn't tell anyone face to face.  
They link the reader to my very soul.  
They are windows to my heart,  
If the reader truly thinks.

To understand, one must think.  
One must think to understand the poetry.  
The poetry must be felt.  
The problems the authors face,  
The very essence of their souls.  
And the link between two hearts.

The poetry provides a connection heart to heart.  
Together, reader and writer feel and think.  
The true art of poetry,  
Is the expression of feelings,  
Without looking at a face.  
The connection between souls.

The reader's and the writer's souls,  
Both of their hearts,  
All of their thoughts,  
Are conjoined through poetry.  
They share the same feelings.  
The same problems are faced.

The disappearance of face,  
Allows two souls to connect.  
They see each other's hearts.  
So that they can think,  
About the shared poem.  
The comprehension of feelings

The comprehension of feelings,  
Without the use of faces.  
An understanding of two souls,  
Two different hearts,  
Each one thinks about the other's thoughts,  
All because of a poem.

My poetry lets me hide my feelings and my face on a piece of paper,  
And that makes way for a connection of soul and heart to let you understand my thoughts.

Mrunali Das is a 9<sup>th</sup> grader in River Hill High School in Clarksville, Maryland. She was first introduced to sestinas by her friend. A sestina doesn't rhyme. It revolves around 6 words that must end each line in the following pattern. 1-2-3-4-5-6 / 6-1-2-3-4-5 / 5-6-1-2-3-4-5-6-1. The last two lines must contain the six words with the first line containing words 1, 2, and 3, and the second line having words 4, 5, and 6.

*It is easier to denature plutonium than to denature the evil spirit of man.*



## My Identification in USA

Chandan Y. Sahu

**W**henever I look at a picture of myself when I was a baby, I wonder if I am an American, or an Oriya. Since I am both, I am part of the great "Melting Pot", which is otherwise known as the USA. Here, all the cultures combine to form one massive country of rich diversity. Here there are Hindus, Italians, Christians, Roman Catholics, Greeks, Russians, and people from many more countries and sects. I live in a Melting Pot in where immigrants of every color and background are mixed together.

When I visit Orissa, I feel very different in my relatives' house. I feel as if I am in a whole new world of great culture and heritage. In India, my Grandma always goes to the temple in every morning, does Puja at home, and makes a nice breakfast of crispy PITHA and warm ALU BHAJA. At her house, anybody can come, eat, relax, and talk. There are no restrictions. There is always someone there to talk with. There is also no restriction for any food coming from anybody's house. There is a feeling of total freedom. As a part of Orissa, we do the same thing here.

In my devout family, not a single day passes without a Puja of some sort. The gentle tinkling bells fills my ears as I wake up in the morning. Here also, I am fortunate to be exposed in music, Chinmaya Mission, Geeta Chanting, Ratha Jatra, Lemont Temple, and frequent trips to India. We are also very crazy about Indian arts, food, and culture.

I am 11 years old. I am very proud over here to maintain my culture, and legend, within the Melting Pot. I feel I preserve the culture more effectively than other Indians living in India, who may get distracted over new technology, and western ideas. The funny thing is that some people are very addicted to western culture. Villagers wear jeans, die to eat burgers, and love to watch the Opera show. So what's going on? When I am trying to be Indian, people on the other side of the world want to be American.

Despite the challenge as an American, I will create a success story. Indians should be recognized as valuable citizens in this country. Here, we should all strive hard to preserve our great art, cuisine, culture, and above all, spiritual heritage. Overall, as an Oriya, I am very proud to be in the Melting Pot of America.

*Chandan is the son of son of Gangadhar and Madhusmita Sahu. He lives in Naperville, IL*

*To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws,  
to be led by permanent ideals -  
that is what keeps a man patient  
when the world ignores him,  
and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.*



## Questions

Sarita Mishra

**O**verhead speakers shriek in annoying, nasal tones:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we are approaching the Detroit metropolitan area; at this time, please pull your tray tables / chairs upright. We thank you for flying Rip-off Airlines. Have a lovely stay in Detroit and be sure to fly with us again!"

(scrushh, fizzles). The mike collapses, clumsily.

Passengers begin to shift in their seats, ready for their respective 'get-the-heck-outta-here' modus operandis.

"Here we go", thinks Sanjalina (Sanju to her family and friends). She sits, not stirring as the plane comes to full stop. Passengers scurry to get their bags. No point, she muses. We're stuck here for at least 10 minutes, if not more. She's right. Monsieur Pilot provides word up (as in): stuck on the tarmac, we're the next ones in. Sanju looks out her window seat to view the concrete. Here we go (she thinks again).

Sanju's in town for her umpteenth OSA Convention. Mixed feelings pervade. Every year, Sanju wonders whether it's worth going. At that moment, a request comes through. Can she help organize a panel and / or present? As a teenager, she was part of cultural programs and helped organize youth seminars. She has no desire to say "no"?! OSA holds good memories.

She enjoys participating in panels and cultural programs. She loves this opportunity to engage while saddened by actual turnouts. The cultural programs have featured prominent artists all over the world while showcasing enormous talent her community has right here, state-side. So many more people should see this, says Sanju to herself; each and every time she views such greatness.

These days, few from her generation are present to attend / participate in Convention. Sanju 'gets' it as marriages have taken place, babies are being born. She, herself makes headway in her industry although so few from her community (if any) bother to ask about her accomplishments. After all: Sanju is not married, does not have kids. More or less, in all Indian communities; the ultimate measure of acceptance is: Marriage. Children (even for those who it's not working out for). Our community rejects those who do not fall into "Formula" and does not support those who fall outside straight and 'box-like' norms.

Sanju's hope for future generations is the acceptance of ALL individuals and their respective realities. Can we, as a community be free of judgments? Sanju muses. Seriously: CAN WE?



Are we ready to help one another regardless of gender and circumstance? Are we truly here to help one another? This is what an annual gathering must be about. Not about status, pretty saris, whose kid did what. Let's engage and embrace one another as a COMMUNITY.

Such are the thoughts swirling in Sanju's head.

Times are changing. Sanju grew up with exposure to Convention. To this day, she coordinates with her parents "Are you going this year"?

While Sanju decides whether to go or not, she asks herself :

Who will be there? What is there for me? A slew of aunties and uncles asking when I'll get married, have kids? So many questions and all without finding out who we are as actual individuals. This is not the energy Sanju wants to mingle with as there exist far too many comparisons and judgments within this community she grew up with. Is the environment supportive? Empowering? Sanju feels for the most part, the answer is "No".

She has been there, done this before. Sanju's hope (with many of her generation) is that the energy of Convention continues as more opportunities for sincere engagement present themselves for her generation and beyond. There is that Hope that this reality will be; as we Love and Thank our previous generations for lighting our Way.

*Sarita Misra was born in Orissa and raised in the U.S. She is a public relations specialist in Boston, Massachusetts who has been involved in numerous OSA Conventions.*



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*Everything that can be counted does not necessarily count; everything that counts cannot necessarily be counted.*



## The Jungfrau

Ananya Mishra

Standing on the pure snow  
Of Jungfraujoch  
I see the bleak, icy peaks  
Towering above.

Eiger, Monch, and Jungfrau  
The ogre, the monk, and the young maiden.  
I wonder how it would feel  
To be the young woman,  
Out to milk the cows,  
Stumbling upon a beast instead.

Forever running from the ogre  
Always frightened, never secure.  
The Aletsch Glacier  
Enormous, creeping, fatal river of ice  
Extending below us.  
I cannot run too fast, too far  
For fear of falling into that icy snare.

The Capuchin monk, dressed all in brown,  
Will stop the ogre from advancing.  
Standing grim and frowning  
Between my enemy and I.  
Never letting him approach too close  
To mar my tender innocence.  
The ogre won't dare hurt a holy man.

Now I stand here frozen in time  
Snowy grandeur all around me.  
People come and people go.  
Do they ever stop to think?  
I can never go home to my simple life  
What a sad fate is mine.

*Jungfraujoch, at 14,000 feet high, is the highest railway station in Europe.*

*Ananya, daughter of Snigdha and Srikanta Mishra, is a freshman at McNeil High School in Austin, TX. She loves to read and write, and is also taking Hindustani Classical Music and Bharatanatyam lessons.*

*All such action would cease if those powerful elemental forces were to cease stirring within us.*



# MY EUROPEAN VACATION

Anshuman Mishra

Last summer we had great fun. We went on vacation to Europe. We spent two and half weeks in Switzerland, Austria and Germany.

We stayed in a little village called Lauterbrunnen, which means "Many Springs". It is in a small alpine valley. From there we took a little red train to the Swiss Alps to a place called Jungfraujoch. It was right next to the Jungfrau, Eiger and Monch mountains. These mountains were named after a story. This is the story. A long time ago, an ogre was chasing a young maiden. In the middle of them a monk stood protecting the young maiden. In Swiss German, Eiger means ogre, Jungfrau means young maiden, and Monch means monk.

My sister and I had a snowball fight on the Aletsch Glacier. Then we slid down the glacier near the Jungfrau and Eiger mountains on snow disks. The sliding path was 200ft long and had a big bump in the middle. It was really exciting! Then we visited the Trummelbach falls. There are ten falls inside a mountain and the water comes from melted snow. We rode a cable car inside the mountain to see them. It was very cold and scary. There was only a small railing between you and the falls, which were very cold and fast. They looked deadly.

After a few days we went on a boat cruise in Germany. We went down the Rhine and saw dozens of old castles on the banks. We explored Marksburg castle. (See the picture below.) It was awesome! It was on a hill above the river Rhine. It had coats of arms everywhere and gigantic cannons on the towers. You should have seen the armor collection. There was armor, hundreds of years old, dating back to the Roman Empire. It was awesome! The walls were made of huge stone blocks and people could only ride inside on horses.

In Mainz (also in Germany), we saw a very old cathedral built in 975A.D. It had a treasure chamber filled with things made of gold, silver and jewels. We also visited the Gutenberg museum. Johannes Gutenberg made the first printing press. We saw many old printing presses, Gutenberg's first book and many really old books in different languages. Some books were hundreds of years old and had been written, drawn and painted by hand.

In Austria we stayed in the capital city – Vienna. There we saw Schonbrun palace. It was gigantic and very fancy. Mozart played the piano for the Emperor and Empress of Austria (the Hapsburgs) here when he was 7 years old. It had beautiful paintings, fancy furniture and lovely gardens with mazes.

We also went to see the famous Kunsthistorische museum and saw old Greek, Roman and Egyptian artifacts. The mummies and their cases were the best things ever. There were many paintings and statues too but I got tired after a while.



We went to see the Hundertwasser Haus. It is an apartment building with big trees growing on the roof. Every floor has a different color and shape. The fountains at the base are made of mosaic tile. When I grow up, I am going to live in an apartment in the Hundertwasser Haus and drive a cool Smart car. I will have to learn to speak German like my parents.

Then we came back to Switzerland and stayed in Zurich. We met old friends of my parents. We also saw where my parents used to live and the hospital (in Wettingen) where my sister was born. We went to a Swiss village called Apenzell where the houses are covered with paintings of flowers. In the road there was a spinning circle, which was mysterious.

We drove to Germany again to visit a castle called Neuschwanstein. It was built by mad King Ludwig of Bavaria and is completely white. We crossed from Austria to Germany at a town called AU. Snow white's castle in Disneyworld is a copy of Neuschwanstein. It rained hard on the way back and we got lost in Germany. It was an exciting adventure although I slept through some of it.

The cheese in Europe is really good and so is the ham. The fish is really fresh and good. The apricots and cherries are sweet and I can now drink iced tea. I did not like the pizzas much because they did not have much sauce but my parents loved it. I am definitely getting my parents to take me back to Europe soon. It is really a great adventure!

*Anshuman, son of Srikanta and Snigdha Mishra, attends 2<sup>nd</sup> grade at Pond Springs Elementary School in Austin, TX. He learns Karate and Hindustani classical music, and loves to read mysteries and books about space.*



*Anger dwells only in the bosom of fools.*



## Opportunity

Lipsa Panda

Opportunity is a road,  
On which there are some branches.  
The road you choose,  
Means another to lose,  
And yet one to take your chances.

The road that you take,  
May be brittle or bitter.  
It may be barren or brutal,  
Or caustic or crucial.  
The guarantees you will glitter.

You may see a road,  
That displays perfection before you.  
But this only means,  
Folk have fixed up the greens,  
And many before you went through.

You may see a road,

That is lousy with vines.

But this only means,

You see untouched, innocent scenes,  
And you do not need to pay tolls and  
fines.

You may feel, at times,  
Like a fallen bird.

At times, you will be cold.  
And then you'll turn bold.  
A new sense of purpose, stirred.

Opportunity is a road,  
On which there are many branches.  
The road you choose,  
Means one to lose,  
And yet another to take your chances.

Lipsa Panda is a 15 year old from Syosset, NY who  
has just completed 9th grade.



©Luca Marella

*All our science, measured against reality, is primitive and childlike-and yet it is the most precious thing we have.*



## REFLECTIONS

**Bagmi Das**

The water reflects the fierce noontime sun, making it dance whenever a breeze happens by. It moves perfectly to the “*Dhadak Dhadak*” playing on my iPod as the water settles down into stillness. I watch the pinpricks of sunlight float on the miniature waves and I am at peace. The pond smiles back at me in its serenity.

I come here now and then to hear the dead grass rustle as history embraces me. It is a rarity that one can find peace in this tumultuous world. We are muddled everyday with so many meetings, rehearsals, and responsibilities that we cannot take time out to think about where we have come and how we have gotten here.

In 1957 and 1963 two separate miracles happened. My father was born in Sahada-Sabrang and miles away, my mother was born in Haldi Basant. They would not meet until 1986 until fate brought them to IIT Bombay and hit them with the bonds of marriage. The in-between years seem somewhat insignificant in the big picture. America, a few years later, is what came to define them. Today, they have well-paying and secure jobs, three daughters, and a beautiful home. “*Arey va*” and “*Shabash*” mouth the aunties and uncles when they walk into the foyer. They see me, studying in Carnegie Mellon, and my sisters, one spell-binding on her sitar and the other one pretty and spirited. Everything seems perfect.

For me, it is those mystery years that matter. It is those years that shine behind my parents’ smiles and fill the bedtime stories I was told as a child. Tales of school punishments, snakebites, and hardship are interspersed with comments of the genuine relationships built and getting ready for holiday celebrations. I can see the happiness that my parents absorbed in their childhood. Yet, it is this that they hide from us, disguising the joys of their pasts in the successes of the present.

Lilting laughter fills the air as the children play by the village pond. A little boy washes himself in the brown water and stomps his feet to splash around him. His mother scolds him and he runs farther into the water, turning back when he realizes that he cannot swim yet. He knows that he is his mother’s favorite, mischievous as he may be. His brothers come home from school and play with him some more and as he grows, he returns the favor to his younger sister and brother. In these older years, he runs free around the village, playing *gulli-danda* with all the others and squeezing in some time to do homework, depending on his mood. He struts to the bazaar, dreaming of his future and how great he will become. Every morning he wakes up and does *pranam* to the deities in his home and continues the tradition before dinner, when he sings *bhajans* with his brothers. He is a mama’s boy from the beginning and wants to make her proud. After years of schooling, he finally goes to Bhadrak College and watches his mother beam as he moves on from there to a well-respected position at IIT Bombay.

A lifetime away is a little girl with pigtails. Her round eyes are filled with wisdom, even at an early age. She is always at the top of her class and known for her responsible nature. Her goal in life is set from the beginning: perfection. However, she remains a child. Like all little girls with pigtails, she screams with delight when *Raja* comes and she gets to travel to villages to meet her friends. Chat and other indulging foods become her vice and she continues to enjoy the spice as she travels well beyond her village into her college days. Fond memories of running around with her friends and participating in all of the shows and dramas performed will later fill her stories. Unfortunately, her writing must stop when she tries to focus on her academic goals. This plagues her, but she takes her fast as a new challenge that she will conquer. This is only

the beginning of obstacles will come in her way; she switches her set of pigtails for a lone braid as she sets off for her PhD studies at IIT Bombay.

Things are different now. The lone braid still stands and the boy, now a man, is as mischievous as ever. Time, though, has dragged them down. The diaries pile up in the back of a massive closet, forgotten amongst the shards of cloth, leftovers of a long ago sewing class. The solid black of the braid becomes highlighted with henna-colored strands and the spicy meals the man once enjoyed have turned into boiled vegetables. The daughters do not know of the journey taken. They mingle with friends and pop culture, at times unaware of the parents' constant effort to bridge the past and present. Paying for dance and instrumental lessons, encouraging *bhajan* programs, and cooking daily Indian meals, becomes an underappreciated routine. They are tired.

I flick the water, hoping that I have not disturbed the delicate balance of nature with my frivolity. I am all alone on this makeshift dock, but I can hear my mother calling.

"LITI! Come in NOW!"

I nod.

"Liti...there will be *saapa!*"

I rise, brushing off the granules of dirt that the breeze has playfully tossed on my jeans. *Good-bye, my little paradise.*

"Aagyan Mama!"

"JALDI!"

As I run up the hill and onto my porch, I take one last look at the scene I have left. To my surprise, my mother is doing the same. Her eyes contorted and her brow furrowed, she is looking to make sure there are no creatures lurking under the dock, ready to bite me if I dare visit again. I sigh. She cannot see what I see.

*Bagmi Das, or Liti, is a sophomore at Carnegie Mellon University. She is the daughter of Naresh and Bigyani Das of Columbia, MD. She enjoys Odissi, bhangra, writing, and making a difference.*



*Sunset over Daya River ©Biswajeet Puhan*

*Education is what remains after one has forgotten what one has learned in school.*



## **Lost In The Mist**

**Ayesha Kar**

Lost in the mist,  
Nowhere around,  
Who cares if I'm not found.

Lost in the mist,  
All alone,  
I'm so used to it,  
That I don't moan.

Lost in the mist,  
I have abandoned reality,  
I'm a wimp,  
Not so mighty.

Lost in the mist,  
My life was over,  
Before it even started.

Lost in the mist,  
I'm a loner,  
Only if I appreciated,  
That my life was going slower.

Lost in the mist,  
I flew away without goodbyes,  
But everything I said was lies.

It was all ruined because,  
I got lost in the mist.

*Ayesha is 12 years old. She is a Grade 6 student. She lives in Somerset, NJ*

*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*

## **The Magic Song**

**Ananya Kar**

If I could sing a magic song,  
That everyone can sing along  
I'd sing of joy and hope  
And the cooing of the doves.

And when we sing my magic song  
All hate and war would cease  
If I could sing a magic song,  
I'd sing a song of peace.

When I see a mother's arm  
Longing to hold her little angel,  
I wish then my magic song  
Can do a little wonder  
To sow a seed of hope,  
When that seed would sprout,  
All joy and hope would come out.

Have you seen that lonely man?  
Whose blue skies are all gone?  
I wish my magic song  
Can do a wonder again  
To find the man a sweet home.

I hope my magic song,  
Can do many splendid wonders  
So, let's do it altogether  
To sing it loud and loud  
Beyond the endless cloud  
To reach the magic wonderland.

*Ananya is the daughter of Santosh and Swayam Kar.  
She is in 5<sup>th</sup> grade. She lives in Canton, MI*

*The best way to cheer yourself up is to try to cheer somebody else up.*

# **Friends**

**Maitrei Panda**

Who is sweet  
Who is kind  
Who has the right mind  
Who won't trade your friendship for a dime.

Who supports you when you're down  
Who saves you when you drown  
Who is loyal  
Who is smart  
Who makes sure we never part

Who is thoughtful  
Who is funny  
Who is willing to share their money

Here is the answer to my riddle, my best friends,  
They laugh, they play, and they say its okay,  
I think they deserve a bouquet.



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committed  
to the  
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K.K. Hebbar Offerings

*Inner Sojourns....*

# Sri Jagannatha – The Lord of the Universe – His Story and Mystery

Manoj Panda

maḥambhodhēstīre kanaka-ruchire nīla-shikhare  
vasanprāsādāntah sahaja-balabhadreNa baLinA;  
subhadrā-madhyā-sthō sakala-sura-sevavasara-do  
jagannathah swAmi nayana-patha-gAmi bhavatu me.

The above verses flew from the pen of Adi Sankara which describes the three deities as located on the shore of the great ocean, situated upon the crest of the brilliant, golden Nilachala Hill, along with His powerful brother Balabhadra, and in the middle of them His sister Subhadra, Lord Jagannatha bestows the opportunity for devotional service upon all God loving souls. May that Jagannatha Swami be the object of my vision."

Who is this Lord Jagannatha, worshipped in Puri, one of the 4 dhamas of hoary India, visited by thousands of devotees everyday. We will try to understand the Lord from three major perspectives namely legendary, historical and mystical.

The great war Mahabharata ended. Lord Krishna's time on earth was coming to an end. At the appointed time Lord Krishna left for His eternal abode by an arrow-shot inflicted by Jarā Śabari. In Srimad Bhagabatam (In 11<sup>th</sup> Skanda or Canto, Chapter 30, Verse 33) it is described that "His foot having the form of a deer's face was [then] pierced by a hunter named JArA who thought he saw a deer, [aiming] with his arrow that was made with a fragment that had remained of the iron [sAmbar's destroyed club]. To a fearful Jara, Lord Krishna assured that everything happened by His desire. Leaving His mortal body on the earth Lord Krishna ascended to His abode.

It is said that the Pandavas tried to cremate the body of Lord Krishna by all the means under their disposal but failed. It is described in 'DaruBrahma Gita' by Jagannath Das and 'IndraNilamani Purana' by Bamadev. Ultimately the Pandavas floated the Lord Krishna's body in the ocean. It is not known how long it floated in the ocean. But at last it came to the eastern coast of Bharata Varsha and was discovered by ViswAbasu, the sabara (tribal) king. As instructed in dreams, Viswabasu worshipped the Daru-Brahma (Lord Krishna's mortal remains) in a secret cave in the dense forest with unique divine ecstasy.

In the mean while Vidyapati from the kingdom of Malava (Madhya Pradesh -Gujrat) came in search of Lord Neelamadhab (instructed by his king, a great devotee of Lord Vishnu, who came to know in his dream that Lord Neelamadhab was being worshipped somewhere in the forest near river Mahanadi) and entered the forest of "Savara" kingdom crossing river Mahanadi as described in 'NiladriMahodaya', the great Sanskrit text. King Viswabasu offered him generous hospitality. During his stay in the "Savara" kingdom Vidyapati came to know about the secret worship of Viswabasu. But Viswabasu would never reveal any thing about that. Vidyapati, in the mean while, fell in love with Vidyapati's daughter Lalita and married her.

In course of time Lalita requested her father to show Nilamadhaba to Vidyapati. Viswabasu agreed on condition that his son-in-law would be taken to the location blindfolded.



Vidyapati was however very clever. He tied some mustard in the end of his upper cloth and scattered the same on both sides of his path, which grew up and later helped Vidyapati to find out the way to the secret place of worship. Vidyapati saw Nilamadhab in the dense forest under a banyan tree and prayed to Him with great devotion. Viswabasu came to know about it afterwards. He forgave Vidyapati and permitted him to stay in the place and worship.

During his stay one day Vidyapati saw a crow fell down in a pool of water in front of the Lord NilamAdhaba (deity) and turned into a four handed God and went straight to Vaikunth, the abode of Vishnu. Vidyapati was spiritually inspired after the incident and tried to imitate the crow. The four handed God from the heaven warned him against doing it and requested him to do his duty as a messenger of the king. If he would fail to give message of the whereabouts of the Nilamadhaba to Indradyumna, he would turn into a frog and would remain in that condition for one thousand years.

In the mean while Indradyumna, the king of Malaba, got the message and paid a visit to "Savara" kingdom to see Lord NilamAdhaba. He felt proud that he was a supreme monarch who would be credited with the installation of the image of the Lord in a magnificent temple. But the Lord doesn't tolerate ego and arrogance. The image of the Lord NilamAdhaba disappeared. The king regretted his weakness and suspected that the Nilamadhaba was stolen by Viswabasu and quickly led his army to arrest him. The Lord, however, saved the situation declaring in King's dream that nobody was responsible for his disappearance. He asked the king to build a temple and invite Brahma, the creator to celebrate the purification ceremony.

Indradyumna built a temple of the height of one hundred twenty cubits, went to the heaven to invite Brahma to perform the purification ceremony. Brahma was then praying and doing some rituals. He asked his royal guest to wait. Hundreds of years passed in human calculation. The earth underwent many changes. The temple was concealed under hills of sea-sands. GalamAdhaba became the ruler of Orissa. Once while traveling, the hoof of his horse struck against the flag post of the temple. The king cleared the sands and to his utter surprise, noticed a great temple and claimed it as his own construction. But at that time Indradyumna who came down from heaven with Brahma for the purification ceremony, however, claimed that he was the builder. A dispute ensured. But there was no living being left on the earth who could now act as witness. However it was settled by the four handed crow God named Bhusanda who was immortal, on the branch of a banyan tree called "kalpabaTa" (the tree of eternity) acted as the first witness. GAlmAdhaba (means mAdhaba, who lied) was proved to be liar whose statue was installed outside the temple premises. He was not paid any respect and remained unworshipped.

Brahma, when asked to perform the purification ceremony, couldn't perform that. He could only tie a flag at the top of the temple, the sight of which could free men in bondage. The great temple in Nilachala (Blue mountain) remained vacant without an image for many years. Indradyumna lay on the grass bed starving. The Lord appeared in dream and declared that He would come in form of a log of wood at the confluence of the river Banki and the sea.

Indradyumna went in a magnificent royal procession of elephant and soldiers and tried to draw the log with all his forces from the water at the mouth of the river, but was unable to move it. The king was sorry for relying too much on physical forces, lay starving there again. Lord



Jagannath appeared to him again in dream and advised him not to make a show of physical force, should approach the log with all humility. Viswabasu and Vidyapati the two devotees should drive a golden cart with silken pillow and carry the long and thus the log was easily carried to the temple premises.

Thousands of artisans were engaged to build the images. They boasted of their skill and failed to make any progress. The log seemed too hard for them. When the King Indradyumna, queen Gundicha and thousands of artisans were at a fix, an old man (Lord Vishwakarma) appeared on the scene and promised to build the image. No one believed him as he was bent with age and looked too weak. But he proved his efficiency by lifting easily this too heavy log. The log was put inside the main temple. The old artisan was to build the images within 21 days. The door sealed would not be opened before that period was completed.

Fourteen days passed. No sound was heard from inside the temple. Queen Gundicha was afraid that the old man might be dead. The king was compelled to break the seal and open the door. Lo, the images were there but unfinished and the old artisan was not found anywhere. Every one believed that he might be the Lord Himself. King Indradyumna was very sad. But the Lord told him in his dream that, that was His desire. So events happened accordingly. Hence the three Vigrahas of Lord Jagannatha, Balabhadra and Subhadra were worshipped unfinished.

The Lord, now pleased, gave all liberty to Indradyumna to ask for any boon. The king did not ask for a bigger kingdom, more wealth or a long lease of life or any thing pertaining to physical or earthly happiness. His prayer was the most extra-ordinary one. He wanted that there should be nobody left in his family to claim this huge temple or the images as his proud heritage, for that would mar the efficacy of the good deed. The boon was granted by the Lord.

Nobody knows how long the old temple existed. But historically speaking the current temple at Puri was built by Ananta Barman Chodaganga Dev in middle of 12th century. It is a curvilinear temple and crowning the top is the 'srichakra' (an eight spoked wheel) of Vishnu. The temple tower was built on a raised platform of stone and, rising to 214 feet above the inner sanctum where the deities reside, dominates the surrounding landscape. The pyramidal roofs of the surrounding temples and adjoining halls, or mandapas, rise in steps toward the tower like a ridge of mountain peaks

The huge temple complex covers an area of over 400,000 square feet, and is surrounded by a high fortified wall. It contains at least 120 temples and shrines. With its sculptural richness and fluidity of the Orissan style of temple architecture, it is one of the most magnificent monuments of India.

The main shrine is enclosed by a 20 feet high wall. Another wall surrounds the main temple. A magnificent sixteen-sided monolithic pillar sits in front of the main gate. The gate is guarded by two lions.

There are elaborate daily worship services. There are many festivals each year attended by thousands of people. The most important festival is the Rath Yatra or the Chariot festival in



June. This spectacular festival includes a procession of three huge chariots bearing the images of Jagannath, Balarama and Subhadra through the streets of Puri.

The temple is considered sacred mainly by people from within Hindu traditions. However some Buddhist, Jain and Sikh groups also offer the site special reverence.

In modern times the temple is busy and functioning. It has a huge temple kitchen and feeds holy food called Mahaprasad to thousands of devotees daily. The temple has over 6000 priests, along with 14000 other employees serving as their assistants and attendants waiting on Lord Jagannath, as well as pilgrim guides.

Now let's try to understand mystic part of Lord Jagannatha. The inner meaning is very important the application of which uplifts one to eternal bliss.

Let's start with the verse "jagannathah swAmi nayana-patha-gAmi bhavatu me" which is very popular among the devotees. This suggests very deep seated significance. When the "mantras" or verses are recited with real understanding and "bhAva", one can feel the power and the intent of the "mantra" is fulfilled. Let's understand the meaning.

Jagannathah means "Jagatasya Naathah iti Jagannathah" or the Lord of the Jagat is Jagannatha. What is meant by Jagat? Jagat means which always changes. It consists of three worlds namely waking, dreaming and deep sleep state. All these stages involve changes of some sort or other. The Lord of all these three worlds, who controls these, is Jagannatha. We can say that whoever exist consciously in all the three states as a witness to all is the Lord. Waker is not the same person as the dreamer and dreamer is not the same person as deep sleeper or deep sleeper is not the same person as the waker. The reason being the experiences, experienced by three different personalities are not the same and the personality while in one state cannot experience that of the other and all of them are mutually exclusive. Then the question is who is present at all these states upon which the change of "states" take place? The answer is Consciousness, the presence of which in the body gives the expression of life and after the destruction of the body also remains unchanged, THAT is Jagannatha.

Now the next word to understand is "Swami". "Swami" means Lord. We have already used the word Lord in the first place, then why we repeat it in the next? This is very important. Here Swami means who knows the "Swa" again which is all pervading Consciousness. We know that "Brahmavid Brahmaiba Bhabati", that means who knows Brahman, is Brahman itself. In this regard Jagannatha is Brahman, the Lord which is nothing but all pervading ONE.

Next word is "Nayana". "Nayana" means eyes. "Nayana PathagAml" means in the path of the eyes or exposed to the eyes. Here the "Nayana" is referred to as "Jnaana Chakssu" or eyes of knowledge. Here the devotee prays for the Consciousness to be exposed to his/her "Jnaana Chakssu". In Bhagavad Geetaa Lord says:



Bimudhaah naanupasyanti pasyanti Jnaana chakssushah

Lord is only accessible to the “Jnaana Chakssu”, not to the deluded, ordinary eyes.

If we sum up these we can have the meaning that:

“Let the all pervading consciousness be exposed to my eye of knowledge” or I pray for God realization so that I can see Lord in everything as it is expounded in the Geetaa:

Yo mAmaeba AsammuDhah jAnAti Purushottamam  
Sa srbabid bhajati mAm sarva bhAbena Bhaarata.

Lord Krishna says to Arjuna, “O Arjuna, the undeluded person who knows Me in reality as the Supreme Person, he, knowing all, worships Me in Everything. This is true state of God realization.

Hence Lord Jagannatha is non sectarian and is not bounded by any thing. It is “SakssyAt ParaBrahman”.

The Trinity expressed by the three deities represent “AUM”, three bodies (coarse, subtle and causal), they are the “karma”. “jnAna” and “bhakti”, yet all of them point to That ONE.

The unique shapes of the deities gives the indication of Brahman which has no shape, yet supports all the shapes, without hands and feet, it moves fast, without eyes it sees, without ear it hears, it knows everything, nobody knows it.. The deities have hands, eyes, mouth etc. yet those are not the actual shapes. It is said in the shewtAshwetara Upanissad, 3/19

apANipAdo yavano grahitA  
pashyatyachakssuh sa shruNotyakarnah  
sabetti bedyam na cha tasyAstibettAh  
tamAhuragryam purussam mahAntam

It is further said in Gita that

Sarvatah pANipAdam tat sarvatokssi shiromukham  
Sarvatah shrutimalloke sarvamAbrutya tissThati.

“Everywhere are His hands and legs, His eyes, heads and faces, and He has ears everywhere. In this way the Lord exists, pervading everything.”

Lord Jagannatha indicate that great Truth. He is “mahAbAhu” as He supports (does “bahana”) of everything and being. The description of Brahman in Upanissad is nicely portrayed in the shapes of deities of Lord Jagannatha, Lord Balabhadra and Mother Subhadra. They are three, yet they are ONE. They look unfinished, but they are complete of completion. Their three colors indicate all the colors of human beings (Jagannath is Black (inscrutability) in color, Lord Balabhadra is white (enlightenment) in color, sister Subhadra is yellow (goodness) in color) in the world. His arms are parallel, hence willing to embrace the devotees from all over the world



and his eyes are round with out any eye lids so he can be always looking after the welfare of his devotees with out any sleep around the clock.

At the main gate of the temple ( Simhadwara or Lions Gate) there are 22 steps up which one must climb to enter the inner temple. Before meeting the Lord Jagannath we must become purified of the six worldly fetters, i.e. lust, anger, jealousy, greed, delusion and arrogance . This can be done slowly, in steps. The first five steps represent the five outer sense organs eyes, ears, nose , tongue and the skin. The next five steps represent the five prANAs or life – prANA, apAna, vyAna, udAna, samAna. The next five steps represent the inner senses or tan-mAtras : rupa-sight, rasa- taste, gandha- smell, shabda-sound, sparsa- touch. Then the next five steps represent the pancha-kossas or sheaths (annamaya, prAnamaya, manomaya, vijnAnamaya and Anandamaya). When “chitta” is purified by the correct use of “buddhi”, ego is immersed in the Universal Truth. Then only the vision of Jagannatha or the all pervading Consciousness or God realization is possible.

All the festivities in the Lord Jagannatha temple are full of inner meaning. For example Ratha Yatra or the car festival has a very deep meaning. Here the three deities come outside of the temple, sit in three chariots, go to the Gundicha temple and come back on the tenth day to the main temple. This journey indicates the journey of life in each human body. Whoever realizes the Self in the body temple, realizes the Lord and attain ever blissful and conduct all the activities in the world as Jivanmukta.

Another important event is “nava kalebara” or new body. In special AssADha month the old outer coverings of the deities are discarded and new coverings are replaced. But the “secret objects” inside the coverings are exchanged from old to new. This indicates the continuous cycle of birth and death. Soul never dies, but the bodies do as said in the Bhagavad Gita: “dehi nityam abadhyoyam dehe sarvasya bhArata”. The Lord is there in everybody. He is the life giver. But few are aware of that.

The realization of inner meaning is the goal of outer worship. Just as a model is presented to understand the big picture, the deities are the models through which the universal Truth is expressed. Our rituals, “mantras”, accessories of worship, objects of worship, festival observations etc. all are created to realize the ultimate Truth i.e. the Brahman; God is One. Everything is God. That is the realization of ultimate goal the unique oneness of apparent triad Sat-Chit-Ananda. The microcosm represents the macrocosm. Each human body is a Bhagavad Gita where the Lord is teaching the Truth every moment. By adjusting the lens of our intellect, we can understand that and apply the same in our lives to free ourselves from all bondages. That is the secret of Lord Jagannatha and His stories. Let's all of us direct our goal towards the supreme Truth and realize ultimate bliss and peace.

OM SriJagannathArpaNamastu!  
OM Tat Sat OM.

*Manoj Panda lives in Detroit, Michigan.*

*Strive not to be a success, but rather to be of value.*



# A JAGANNATH TEMPLE IN ORISSA

Shashadhar & Meera Mohapatra

In Srimad Bhagavad Gita the Blessed Lord says:

dAtavyam iti yad dAnam , diyate 'nupakariNe  
deshe kAle ca pAtre cha, tad dAnam sAttvikam smrtam

It means that the charity which is performed as duty, at the proper time and place, to a worthy person, and without expectation of return, is considered to be "sAttwika" (which is the best) charity.

What could be a better gift than the donation to the construction of temple for Lord SriJagannath in Orissa which is to inspire thousands of people in the path of "satya", "dharma", "shanti" and "prema" ?

JSS (Jagannatha Seva Sanstha) is a charitable organization, created more 3 years ago, to strengthen the foundation of Jagannath Culture in rural Orissa, to help local schools, poor and sick people as well as needy students. JSS is building this temple to meet one of its goals.

We (my family) visited Orissa in August, 2005. It was August 12. The morning was gorgeous. The sky was clear and bright. The Lord smiled on us and gave His blessings. The groundbreaking ceremony "Bhumi Puja" (picture) was performed on that day with pomp and ceremony. During the ceremony a few drops of rain fell from the sky. Everybody including the priest said that rain was a good sign. After the puja vegetarian meals were served to everybody.

During the groundbreaking ceremony, our priest advised us that we should go to different places, meet with people and ask for alms "Viksyā" before laying the foundation stone of the temple. We asked him the reason for this. He explained by saying that people usually take pride when they build a temple or start a big project. They should not have that feeling in their minds at all. Therefore, one should go and ask for alms like a poor beggar. By doing that one not only gets rid of those negative thoughts but, also gets support and blessing from the people in the community and the Lord. It made a perfect sense to us. Since, we had to leave the country and were unable to be there on November 20th (foundation day), two of my sisters along with some volunteers from our village went from door to door in the neighboring villages with begging bowls in their hands in their bare feet and collected six thousand rupees. Both of my sisters had requested me and my wife to do so. I take this opportunity to ask our dear friends, brothers and sisters for their help ("Viksyā") for this noble cause.

A major portion of the land for this temple project was donated by my family. Another piece of land was donated by one of my uncles in our village, a retired high school head master.

There is also plan to buy some lands adjacent to this property in the future. It is a long-term plan. The foundation work started on November 20, 20005 and it is progressing very well (picture). The original target to finish the temple work is within five years. This target date may



be reduced if we get external help from various donors including individuals and organizations.

The main temple has been designed like the temple at Puri. There would be three temples. The biggest temple at the back will be 65' high, the one in the middle will be 35' and the one at the front entrance will be 45' high. The temple will be built in three phases. The first phase consists of base of the temple (picture). It includes a prayer hall of 62' L x 46'W x 11'H. This prayer hall shall be used for religious discourses, shelter during natural disasters, providing vocational training to poor people, teaching computer to the children, renting for wedding and thread ceremonies etc. The second phase will build the actual three temples on the top of this hall. The initial estimate for this main temple was 50 lakhs (INR). But, recently the prices of building materials (cement, rods, chips etc.) have gone up. There are also plans to build a "Laxmi Mandir" at the side of the main temple, a kitchen, a residential quarter for the priest and his family, temple boundary, a pond and a public library. There is an existing pond nearby. It will be renovated to make it bigger and deeper. There is also a plan to create a trust fund to support the annual expenses of the temple including "Rath Yatra". The complete plan is estimated now to be more than 150 lakhs (INR).

I'll tell you a story of my childhood days. I was very young. I grew up in a small village. There were about 200 people at that time. Half of the people were "Sabarnas" and half were "Asabarna" (Harijana). I had no friends in my village. My older sister, a handful of my uncles and nieces were there but, they were older than me. I had lots of spare time. I was very naughty. I used to give hard times to small children especially who come to our village for begging. Sometimes, they come to our house almost routinely. My mother used to give food to each and every person who ever came to our door. Once there was a girl of my age who came for begging. I was scaring her away. My mother was begging me not to do so. I asked my mother, "why do you give them food always? You make them lazy". She would always give some reasons to please me. She would say: "she does not have a mother". I ask "How do you know she does not have a mother ? Then she would say "I have heard from other people". I knew she was telling just like that. Some other times she would say: "I give them for you guys". I ask, "why do you give them for us". She would say " If I give them then God will give more to my kids". I argue with her saying, "How do you know that God will give us in return "? She would say " I am your mother, trust me what I say". If I still insist, she would say : "Please let me do what I want to do. It is ok for me if you decide not to give anything to the poor and needy people when you grow up".

I will tell another story. Like a ritual in every household, we were taught to bow down to the Lord every morning and every evening. I just bow down and don't say anything or ask for anything. Once, I asked my mother. Do you say or ask something to the Lord when you bow down? She laughed and laughed. She said "you are so stupid". Then she was quiet for sometime. She didn't say a word. Perhaps, she didn't know an easy answer. I didn't give up. I insisted to get an answer from her that day. I said if you don't tell me then from today onwards I am not going to bow down to the Lord. I was a very stubborn child. She realized that I was serious. Then she said to me to repeat "O' Lord ! Give me knowledge, wisdom, long life, fulfill my wishes, and keep everybody happy, healthy and peaceful". It was a "mantra" to me. As of now, when I bow to the Lord, I chant those lines that my mother taught me several decades ago. This poor woman didn't have a degree from a school or college. She knew only how to read and write. But, she knew one universal language, which is love for all and hatred for none.



Whether it is because of God's grace or because of our hard work, we are His blessed sons and daughters. I feel that God is an integral part of life. We are all God's children. I also feel that it is our duty and responsibility to help those who are less fortunate and deprived and also the community as a whole that helped us to dream a dream and fulfill that dream. Now, it is our payback time. May be God will give to us more in our next birth and to our children as my mother believed in till she breathed her last. I add a beautiful quotation by Albert Pike "What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us; what we have done for others and the world remains and is immortal".

As a fellow Oriya, I appeal to all our brothers and sisters in India, USA, Canada and all over the world for your help and support. It is said "Seva hi Dharma". One can do seva in various forms. One can give his/her time or advice, share his/her past experience, and above all one can generously contribute towards the temple fund.

Dr. Naresh Ch. Das has agreed that one can donate by writing a check to JOGA and mention it as "temple fund" in order to get a tax break. JOGA can write a check back to us. We are open-minded and are willing to accept any help. No amount is small when it is used for the Lord's cause.

Your kind donation to complete this noble project is very much appreciated. As we said before, it will be tax deductible. Please write the check to "JOGA", mention that it is for temple project and mail it to Dr. Naresh Ch. Das, 4525 Rutherford Way, Dayton, MD 21036, phone: 410.531.7445, email: nareshdas@yahoo.com. May Lord Jagannatha bless you, your friends and families. For questions, comments and suggestions please contact us.

*Humble Regards,*

*Shashadhar & Meera Mohapatra  
2105 Hidden Valley Ln.  
Silver Spring, MD20904  
Phone: 301.879.8188  
Email: [smohapatra318@yahoo.com](mailto:smohapatra318@yahoo.com)*

(We are grateful to Mr. Manoj Kr. Panda from Michigan for his valuable input on this article).





*That deep emotional conviction of the presence of a superior reasoning power, which is revealed in the incomprehensible universe, forms my idea of God.*



## Three Blessed Trees

Sneha P. Mohanty

In a deep forest on a mountaintop, there were three little trees growing up tall and big. The first one was Mahogany, the second one Teak, and the third one *Neem*. Growing up so close to one another, they became good friends. They talked about what they would like to be and what might happen to them. Mahogany, the first one, looked down to the ground and saw a jasmine vine surrounding his trunk. The vine was full of pink flowers with a sweet fragrance. Mahogany was happy that it was covered with such fragrant flower garlands. Then he said, "I would like to be an Armoire, carved with flower creepers and leaves, and I would protect the precious wardrobe of Kings and Queens inside my magnificent doors." The second tree, Teak, looked down and saw many people waiting to cross the river. There was a small boat, too small to carry them all, so many of them had to wait in the hot sun. Teak said, "I would like to be a big, strong ferry boat so that I could carry all the people together." The third one, *Neem*, looked down and saw cows and sheep grazing on the pasture. He said, "this is such a beautiful place that I would not like to leave this mountain top at all. I would like to grow tall and touch heaven. When people would rest under my green branches, they would look up and think of God." As the years passed by, the rain and the sunshine made the trees taller, stronger, and more beautiful.

One day the three trees saw three woodcutters coming towards them. The first woodcutter looked at the Mahogany tree and said, "This tree looked so shiny and strong that I will make it an Armoire and sell it to Kings and Queens who would keep their precious wardrobe in it. And I would be rich." With a swoop of his sharp, shining axe, the Mahogany tree fell down on the ground. The tree was happy thinking that it would hold the precious treasures that it had dreamt about for a long time. The second woodcutter looked at the Teak tree with strong and long branches. He thought it was perfect for a big boat that could be used by many people to cross the river. With a wink, he cut the Teak tree. The third woodcutter gazed carefully at the *Neem* tree and said, it was not yet the time to cut it and he decided to let it grow bigger and stronger. It would be best to cut the tree during the time of *Naba Kalebar* that comes every 7<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup>, or 19<sup>th</sup> year, the time of rebirth of Lord *Jagannath*, when the deities were made of new *Neem* wood.

In the mean time, the first wood cutter took the Mahogany tree to a carpenter and ordered him to make it an Armoire. The carpenter was amazed to see such a fine piece of Mahogany wood. At the same time, the *Jagannath* temple head priest ordered a *Bibhana*, (swinging cradle) for *Radha Krishna*. During spring, Lord Krishna, another form of *Jagannath*, and his consort *Radha* were taken to the *Bibhana* for five days .The busy carpenter by mistake made an Armoire in a different wood, but made the *Bibhana* in the Mahogany wood, carving it with beautiful decorations of flowers, vines, leaves, gods, goddesses, peacocks, devotees, and dancing girls. The first tree, Mahogany, lost the hope of being an Armoire, but became a beautiful swinging cradle for the God *Krishna*.

The second woodcutter took the Teak tree to a big boat builder and the Teak tree was excited to



become a big boat. After examining the tree, the boat builder said that the wood was suitable only for a small boat. The second woodcutter was disappointed, but sold it to the carpenter who was making small boats. The carpenter stacked it into his storage. On a summer day, the head priest came to the carpenter shop and ordered a small boat made with the Teak wood for Lord *Jagannath*'s boat ride. During the summer time, *Madan Mohan*, a replica of God *Jagannath*, was taken for a boat ride in a nearby huge pond, *Narendra*, in Puri. The God was covered with sandal wood paste. The occasion is called *Chandan Yatra* and it is celebrated for twenty one days. The Teak tree was excited to become a small boat for carrying the Lord *Madan Mohan*, also known as *Krishna*.

For a long time, the *Neem* tree remained lonely. Then one day, at the time of *Naba Kalebara*, some chanting and dancing devotees came near the *Neem* tree and worshiped it with flowers, mango leaves, and Ganges water. Then they cut down the *Neem* tree with an axe and carried it in a bullock cart. After sizing the *Neem* tree to a big log, the log was dumped with two other *Neem* logs into a big pond. The *Neem* tree was sad being put into a muddy pond. It only wanted to live on a mountaintop so it could look at the sky and God. After some months those holy priests came back and carried the three *Neem* logs to a holy carpenter. The carpenter carved the log into an idol, with a wheel-like round black face, round eyes, without hands, legs, and ears and called Him Lord *Jagannath*. The other two logs became *Balabhadra* and *Subhadra*. The *Neem* tree did not imagine turning into such an unusual statue. It heard the devotees talking about the idols' unusual eyes. They said that these eyes are the sun and the moon in the face of the Lord *Jagannath*, the image of the formless supreme Brahman (universe).

On an auspicious day, the three idols, *Jagannath*, his brother *Balabhadra*, and his sister *Subhadra*, all made out of *Neem* wood, were placed in a big temple, in Puri. *Jagannath*'s wish to propagate the universal brotherhood of mankind came alive. Every year millions of people around the world come to worship these trinity as the Lord of the universe, on the holy land of Puri, Orissa. The trinity is the symbol of peace, harmony and happiness. Every morning, when the Sun rises with bright colors, the three trees know in their hearts that they are blessed by Lord's love.

The author, a regular contributor to The OSA Journals, is inspired by a traditional folk story, "The Tale of Three Trees" by Angela Elwell Hunt, Lion Publishing, Colorado Spring, 1989.

*Appearances are often deceiving*



## As We Cast Our Nets

Ankita Mohanty

*Pray that we may remember our God.*

What is God to you?  
Is this God a bearded old man?  
Or a long-haired leader?  
A fiercely red-tongued woman,  
Or pot-bellied lover of peace?

What is God to you?

Is He Jerusalem or the holy Ganges?  
Is She Himalayas or Tibet?  
Is Her head covered in a shawl?  
or does He proudly wave a flag  
above His head?

To me, God is all that we can see  
and believe to be beautiful.

Vermillion etched on my mother's forehead  
speaks God to me.  
Sun that highlights the neighbor kid's  
sidewalk chalk  
enlightens God for me.  
A lovers' kiss, real and raw,  
sings God for me.  
The laughter of a beggar child  
cries God for me.  
And the capability of humanity to create and  
destroy  
emulates God for me.

I remember this God when I find:  
An orange I can easily peel  
The snooze button on my alarm  
The days toothpaste does not sting my lip

The pain of a scratched-up elbow and a  
breaking home  
and the strength it takes to find a Band-  
Aid—for both.

Late night phone conversations, which  
forcefully remind me that I am not alone,  
These are the things that remind me that  
God is...

Not a fish, able to be  
Captured in net named  
*Religion* with not enough holes.  
Do you not believe?  
that God, above all,  
deserves holes?

Our humanity begs of us  
to forget our fisherman instincts  
and perhaps remember our God.

*Ankita Mohanty is 18 years old. She lives in Mount Pleasant, Michigan.*

*Example is the best precept.*



## DIVINITY

Tania Mishra

Fragmented wishes, Collapsing values,  
Thundering Runaways of life  
Wrapped me up to something called "Shelter"  
    Shelter so warm, and eternal,  
    Wishes so calm and forever  
Where can one find them except "Divinity"  
    No flora. no sticks,  
    just peace around.  
    With love astound  
    Introspecting Myself,  
    it was a truth unveiled  
        that its Divinity that can save me  
        its being divine that I can lead my life,  
The unknown "Supra" is unaware of fire, flowers, fragrance  
    Just aware of heart full of love  
    A heart that prays for all,  
    at all times to come  
No wishes of own but just to thank  
That yet another day in my life to go  
    with divinity so divine.

*Tania Mishra lives in Colorado Spring with her husband Ipsit Mishra*



*Seeing into darkness is clarity, Knowing how to yield is strength*



# RUDRAKSHYA

Purna Chandra Mishra

**R**udrakshya, the wonder bead is commonly known as the Utrasum Bead Tree. In botanical term this is known as Elaiocarpus/Elaeocarpus Ganitrus Roxb. It is said that only one who has the divine blessings of Lord Shiva (The destroyer in the Trinity of Gods) gets the opportunity of wearing this divine bead. Rudra means Shiva and Aksh means eye.

## The Legend

According to the religious text Devi Bhagwat Puran there was a Demon known as Tripurasur who was very strong and had divine energy and power. Due to these qualities he became arrogant and started to trouble deities and sages. No one was able to defeat this strong demon in war. On seeing his immoral actions Brahma, Vishnu and Other deities prayed to the Devadhidev Mahadeva (The greatest, lord of Lords Shiva) to destroy evil Tripurasur. Lord Shiva closed his eyes and meditated for some time. When he opened his lotus shaped eyes tears fell from them on the earth. Wherever his tears fell the Rudrakshya tree grew. The fruits that grow on this tree are known as Rudrakshya beads. Lord Shiva then used his deadly divine weapon known as Aghor and destroyed Tripurasur. The seeds of the tree were distributed on the earth.

## Rudrakshya for Health

Rudrakshya, are the original Vedic Beads of Power worn by the Yogis of India and the Himalayas for thousands of years to maintain health and to gain self empowerment and fearless life on their path to Enlightenment and Liberation.

Historically the positive effects that have been exhibited in the wearers Neurophysiology, Personality and Physical Health has resulted in their being used widely in the Eastern Cultures of India, China and Japan by Hindus, Buddhists and followers of Zen. A combined study to research the Biomedical Implications of Rudrakshya was conducted with the Departments of Biochemistry, Electrical Engineering, Psychiatry, General Medicine and Psychology. This study proved and documented the powers and effects of Rudrakshya Beads scientifically with reproducible results.

Research has proven that Rudrakshya have powerful Electromagnetic, Paramagnetic and Inductive Properties that vary from the different Mukhis or facets (the different number of divisions found on the surface of each Bead). They also found that wearing or performing Japa with a particular Mukhi or set of Mukhis of the Rudrakshya Beads created specific electrical impulses that are sent to the brain through the process of galvanic skin response stimulating certain brain centers that transfer information.

When Rudrakshya Beads are worn over the heart and Rudrakshya Malas are revolved in Japa they interface and integrate with the human body at a silent subtle level of Consciousness. Due



to their dielectric and magnetic properties the Rudrakshya Beads initiate and effect positive change in our Neurophysiology. The Rudrakshya Effect brings the wearer into the Alpha State of present moment living that all Spiritual Disciplines teach as the path to self-empowerment, fearless life, Enlightenment and Liberation. The Alpha State produced in the brain boosts the confidence and inner strength of the wearer significantly and as a result the heart beat, circulation, function of endocrine glands and activity of neurons and respiration is normalized in the physical body. It was proven that wearing of Rudrakshya controlled heart beat and had a positive effect on Blood Pressure, Stress, Anxiety, Depression, Palpitations and Lack of Concentration. It was also found that Rudrakshya Beads have anti aging properties based on their Electromagnetism.

### **Astrological properties**

According to yogis and astrologers, Rudrakshya are very influential in removing bad effects of planets. Gems are used specially for removing the bad effects of planets, but if they are unable to pacify the evil influence - it is most advisable to wear Rudrakshya described in the following lines. Then not only planets are pacified but comfort and pleasure also come to its wearer and he becomes a favorite of Lord Shiva. Therefore a man must know which Rudrakshya bead will be useful to him.

### **Electrical properties**

The ability to send out subtle electrical impulses & inductive vibrations and act as a Dielectric as in a capacitor to store electrical energy. Our Human body, The Central Nervous System, Autonomous, Sympathetic & Para sympathetic Nervous System and various other Organ systems can be considered a complex Bio Electronic circuit. Constant pumping of blood by the heart, blood circulation, the transmission of various impulses -Touch, Noise, Smell, Sight, Taste to the brain and the continuous movement of Neurons and Neurotransmitters in the brain and Nervous system generates electrical impulses. This is termed as Bioelectricity. This flow of Bioelectricity facilitates movement of information from the brain to various parts of the body and back. What we feel, think, hear, taste, see. Perceive all depends on the subtle flow of Bioelectric current. This flow of Bioelectric current occurs due to the existence of potential differences or the different energy levels between different parts of the body. As long as the flow of Bioelectricity is smooth the body functions normally and we have the feeling of being in control.

In modern age with intense competition the Stress levels have increased tremendously. Almost every individual has problems of Stress and Stress related ailments like insomnia, alcoholism, depression, Maladjustment, heart diseases, skin diseases etc. Any Doctor will confirm that almost 95% of the ailments are Psychosomatic or Stress related (i.e.) originating from Mind. When there is Stress or Maladjustment corresponding Stress signals are sent to the Central Nervous systems, there is an increased activity or abnormal of Neurons and Neuro transmitters. The magnitude of change will depend on the cause and specific case. When such a thing occurs and it occurs continuously, streamlined flow of electrical signals throughout the Mind-Body interface is disrupted and it makes us feel uncomfortable and we are not able to act



with our full efficiency. Our Blood circulation becomes Non-ideal and we feel various illnesses. Unfortunately this happens all the time. Rudrakshya beads act as a Stabilizing Anchor.

### **Magnetic properties**

Rudrakshya beads have both paramagnetic and diamagnetic with the most important property of Dynamic Polarity. We all are most probably aware of the beneficial healing properties of magnets. Magnetic Healing is becoming extremely popular off late and everyone who has been using magnets for healing has been getting the benefits and found overall betterment and rejuvenation. Rudrakshya beads retain most of the properties of Magnets but it is unparallel in one aspect, that of the ability to change its polarity or the Property of Dynamic Polarity. The basic way of healing is based on the fact that when the passage of arteries and veins which carry blood to and from Heart to all the parts of the body is blocked or reduced due to variety of reasons, various illnesses creep. Blood carries oxygen and energy to various parts of the body and cleanses it off waste materials. Any disruption of the smooth flow of Blood circulation is bound to cause illnesses. We experience pain and uneasiness due to improper blood circulation. Every cell in the blood as well as the Arteries and veins are charged either positively or negatively. Magnets have the poles Positive (+) and Negative (-).

When magnets are passed on various parts of the body the opposite poles of the magnets and that of cells get attracted and there is an expansion of the passage. The Arteries and veins open up to facilitate streamlined blood circulation. When there is a streamlining of blood circulation most of the illnesses get automatically healed and we feel better and rejuvenated.

But with magnets the polarity is fixed. When magnets are brought near a particular part of the body it opens up only those sections of veins and arteries where there is a matching of polarities hence complete healing and streamlining of blood circulation cannot be ensured. We experience healing and feel better but we can still go much further with Dynamic Polarity of Rudrakshya beads.

Various Literature mention of powerful Anti Aging properties of Rudrakshya beads. This is mainly because of the Dynamic Polarity of the Rudrakshya a bead thus the healing powers of Rudrakshya are far superior to that of Magnets. In some sense Rudrakshya beads can be termed to have some additional life or Intelligence as against Magnets.

### **Chemical Composition of the Rudrakshya Beads**

The Rudrakshya beads are mainly plant products that contain Carbon (50.024%), Hydrogen (17.798%), Oxygen (30.4531%), Nitrogen (0.9461%), and different trace elements in a combined form. The gaseous elements in the following proportion:

The following elements are also present albeit in less quantities:  
Aluminum, Calcium, Chlorine, Copper, Cobalt, Nickel, Iron, Magnesium, Manganese, Phosphorous, Potassium, Sodium, Silicon Oxide and Zinc.



## **Rudrakshya (Rx) Experimental Plantation in Orissa**

There were around 5-10 Rudrakshya trees in Orissa and many believed that Orissa soil was not suitable for Rudrakshya plantation. No fully-grown Rudrakshya tree was seen in the state of Orissa as of 1997. On an experimental basis few Rudrakshya saplings were planted in the year 1997 by Bhubaneswar based NGO SAHEET. The results were amazing. Just after 4 years i.e. in 2001 the trees grew to a height of 20-25 ft high and were full of fruits. It is seen that numbers of fruits were increased year after year. A tree, naturally producing different mukhis of beads 1 to 14. Mainly seen that the pancha (5) mukhi percentage is very high. The saplings were planted in geographically distributed areas of Orissa including Bhubaneswar, Puri, Berhampur, Sambalpur & Baleswar. Almost all the trees are fully-grown. This created news in the city and many newspapers including local TV stations published the success stories of sacred Rudrakshya Plantation in Orissa soil. The effort was well appreciated by the Governor of Orissa and received by the forest department.

In the year 2003-2004 more than 500 Rx saplings have been planted in different areas of Orissa State. Hence, plenty of beads will be available in coming 4-5 years for preparation of medicine in huge quantity to market abroad. Currently steps are being taken to extend plantation of Rx trees every in rural Orissa.

Rudrakshya - the wonder bead not only controls the planetary system of our body but also helps in curing almost every disease. In today's world many reputed Doctors, Scientists and Researchers have done studies on the many facets of Rudrakshya beads, and their work has not been in vain. Today they are implementing Rudrakshya beads for medical treatment.

### **Rules to Wear**

In general, the wearer and the worshipper of Rudrakshya are blessed with prosperity, peace and health. Yet there are certain precautions to be taken such as:

- (a) Mala that we wear in neck is made up of 108 beads or 54 beads or 27 beads. Do not use your Japa malas for wearing purpose because both have different purposes.
- (b) Clean your mala/beads regularly after an interval of 15 days. Dip in Luke warm water. Add a liquid soap. Keep it for about half an hour. Remove and just wipe from soft cloth. Do not rub strongly or use wire brushes. Apply some mustard oil on the beads by using a brush.
- (c) Before wearing, take mala or bead to a Shiva temple. Offer 'Rudra Abhishek' and then start wearing. But if your mala is blessed prior to purchase, you can wear it by chanting "Om Namah Shivaya" at least for three times.
- (d) Many astrologers also worked on Rudrakshya. They suggest 'Mukhi' based on Birth Rashi and Nakshastra.



(e) Someone desires seriously to come out of unwanted habits and live a life of purity can wear Rudrakshya and may find them free soon wearing it. This has happened to many. It may happen to you also if you will strongly.

### Treatment Module

1. For diseases affecting the skin (like chronic fungal and bacterial ulcer) the wound should be washed by Gaurishankar Rudrakshya water. Gaurishankar Rudrakshya should be put in a glass of warm water for whole night and early morning the wound should be cleaned with this water.
2. Diseases like AIDS, cancer which are more prone to secondary diseases in which the occurrences of secondary diseases could be prevented by drinking a glass of water of 21 face Rudrakshya overnight dipped.
3. Drinking the boiled milk with 14 face Rudrakshya can treat respiratory system diseases (Chronic Pulmonary diseases, pulmonary hypertension, cough and tuberculosis).
4. Wearing and drinking a glass of 11-face Rudrakshya dipped overnight treat diseases of circulatory system (hypertension, chronic heart failure, and congenital diseases of heart). According to the experimental view defined value of Rudrakshya in treating different kind of diseases are more beneficial to use for internally (drinking) over wearing Rudrakshya. Every mukhi have its own specific action so proper consultation is needed for solution and cure.
5. Rudrakshya can be used as acupuncture therapy by rubbing Rudrakshya in external body part like hand, forehead, and stomach. It will stimulate nerves for appropriate action to come in a minute.

### Economic Importance

Plantation of Rudrakshya has following socio-economic and environmental benefits:

- Rudrakshya tree bears fruit in 3 to 4 years. Each tree can produce 1000 fruits/year. If 85% fruit are five-faced and after excluding the processing cost, the net benefit (based on present market value of five-faced Rudrakshya, which is Rs. 24.00) will be around, Rs.20,000.00/year i.e. Rs 1600.00/month.
- Plantation of Rudrakshya, collection of beads, marketing the beads, making ornaments out of beads can put together to project it as a Small industry. From plantation to market, the Rudrakshya beads involve so many step that each step can generate enough employment to cut down our unemployment to a considerable size.
- Environmentally, the above-proposed small industry is pollution free, as well Rudrakshya plantation can be a part of social forestry project of Orissa Government. The Rudrakshya trees grow fast and almost maintenance free.

*For more information about Rudrakshya beads as well as plantation in Orissa please contact at the following address.*

Purna Chandra Mishra  
President SAHEET  
BJ-16 B.J.B Nagar, Bhubaneswar, Orissa – 751014.  
Email: [pcsaheet@india.com](mailto:pcsaheet@india.com) , [pcsaheet@yahoo.co.in](mailto:pcsaheet@yahoo.co.in)  
Tel: (0674) 243 2720

*Love is a better teacher than duty.*





©Sharat kolke

*Orissan Glory....*

# **OUR ANCIENT ORISSA**

**SASADHAR SAHOO**

## **INTRODUCTION**

In former times Orissa was part of a kingdom called Kalinga. On top of their power the Kalinga kings came into a conflict with emperor Ashoka. In 260 B.C. Ashoka defeated the Kalinga dynasty and destroyed their army. But the senseless killing shocked the emperor. He abstained from violence and was converted to Buddhism. Later, with the introduction of Hinduism, a golden age began in the region. From 9th century onwards thousands of temples were built. Many of them are well conserved, despite demolition by intruding Muslim armies. Between 16<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> century Moguls, Afghans and Marathas ruled the region. In this period the first Europeans came to Orissa. The Portuguese arrived in 1514, followed by the Dutch in 1625. In 1803 the British came to power. Half a century before they had defeated their European rivals at the Battle of Plassey in the northern region of Bengal. The British divided the area in three districts. Each of these districts was governed by a different administration. At times the people stood up against the British government. The British territorial division crossed natural and linguistic boundaries. After many requests of the Oriya people the British formed a province Orissa on 1st April 1936. The present state Orissa was formed in 1949 by admitting interior territories still within the natural boundaries of the area.

## **LOCATION**

Oriyas make up about 75 percent of Orissa's population with the rest belonging to various tribal groups. Oriyas traditionally lived at the delta of the Mahanadi River and in coastal lowlands along the Bay of Bengal. The Garjat Hills and Eastern Ghats are hills on the edge of India's Deccan Plateau, and they lie inland within Oriya land. To the west of these hills are interior plateaus. These hills and plateaus are some of the most heavily forested regions in India. The Mahanadi River flows across the middle of the state. Orissa receives about 60 inches (150 cm) of rainfall during the monsoon season, which begins in July and ends in October. It has cool winters with temperatures of about 68° F (20° C). In mid-February, the thermometer begins to climb as the hot, humid summer weather approaches. In June, average temperatures approach 85° F (30° C).

## **LANGUAGE**

Oriya is an Indo-Aryan language closely related to Bengali, Assamese, and other languages of eastern India. It has its own script and is one of official languages of India. Spoken Oriya varies throughout the region. It has a distinctive script, traceable to sixth-century inscriptions. It has thirteen vowels and thirty-six consonants (linguistically, spoken Oriya has six vowels, two semivowels, and twenty-nine consonants).



## FOLKLORE

Puri, a coastal town located at the south end of the Mahanadi Delta, has a famous shrine to Krishna in his form of *Jagannath* (lord of the universe). As one story goes, a hunter saw Krishna in the forest, thought he was a deer and killed him. He left the deity's body under a tree, where a pious person found it, cremated it, and placed the ashes in a box. The God Vishnu then asked a king to make an image from these sacred relics. The king asked Vishvakarman, an artisan, to do the work. He said he would if he were allowed to do it without being disturbed. The king became impatient after fifteen days and disturbed the artisan. The artisan was so angry that he never finished the work. To this day, the image is only a stump without arms or legs. The God Brahma gave the image its eyes and a soul. The temple in Puri keeps this legend alive by representing Krishna as a block of wood.

## RELIGION

The people of Orissa profess Hinduism overwhelmingly (96.4%), with Christianity (1.73 %), Islam (1.49 %), Sikhism (0.04 %) and Buddhism (0.04 %) trailing far behind. Obviously many Tribal groups have declared Hinduism as their religion. Oriyas are mostly Hindu. They worship Shiva, the Mother Goddess, the Sun God, and many other Hindu deities. The Vaishnava sect particularly reveres Krishna in his form as Jagannath. Many local deities and spirits also influence Oriya life and activities. In the villages each Brahman priest has a number of client families of Kshatriya, Vaisya, and some Sudra castes. There are also magicians (*gunia*) practicing witchcraft and sorcery. *Kalisi* or shamans are consulted to discover the causes of crises and the remedies.

## MAJOR HOLIDAYS

Oriya celebrates most Hindu festivals and several regional holidays. A large number of rituals and festivals mostly following the lunar calendar are observed. Their biggest regional holiday is the Chariot Procession (Ratha Yatra) of Jagannath in Puri. It takes place in June or July, and attracts visitors from all over World. Images of Jagannath and two lesser deities are taken from the Jagannath temple to a country house about 2 miles away. The images are placed in cars or chariots and pulled by pilgrims. The word "juggernaut" comes from "Jagannath" and refers to the God's massive chariot. Other important rituals are: New Year festival (Bishuba Sankranti) in mid-April; fertility of earth festival (Raja Parab); festival of plowing cattle (Gahma Punein); ritual of eating the new rice (Nabanna); festival worshiping the goddess of victory, known otherwise as Dashahara (Durga Puja); festival of the unmarried girls (Kumar Purnima); solar-calendar harvest festival (Makar Sankranti); fast for Lord Shiva (Shiva Ratri); festival of colors and the agricultural New Year (Dola Purnima); and, finally, festival worshiping Lord Krishna at the end of February. In November-December (lunar month of Margashira) every Thursday the Gurubara OSHA ritual for the rice goddess Lakshmi is held in every home.



## LIVING CONDITIONS

Oriyas mostly live in villages. Their villages usually have houses built along the sides of a single street and a small hamlet outside the central area where lower caste families live. Houses are usually rectangular and have mud walls and a gabled roof thatched with straw. Sometimes, richer families have a double roof, a small guesthouse, and a fence. Rooms in a typical Oriya home are used as cattle sheds, grain storage areas, bedrooms, and kitchens. Usually, part of the kitchen is set aside as an area where the family can pray. Furnishings include wooden beds, tables, and chairs. Oriya often decorates their walls with pictures of gods and goddesses, political leaders, and film stars.

## FAMILY LIFE

Oriya prefers to marry within their caste or sub caste, and outside their clan. An Oriya proverb states that "marital relatives from distant places are beautiful, as distant hills are enchanting," and so people often seek a marital partner from outside their village. Marriages are arranged. Marriage partners must not belong to the same *gotra* (mythical patrilineal descent group). A more costly dowry has replaced bride price among the lower and middle castes for the bridegroom among all classes and castes. After Marriage, residence is patrilocal, with the bride assuming the *gotra* of the husband. The Hindu marriage was ideally for this life and beyond, but since 1956 divorce has been permitted under legal procedures.

## SOCIO-POLITICAL Organizations

Orissa is a state in the Republic of India, which has an elected president. The governor is the head of Orissa, and the chief minister is elected head of the government of Orissa.

**Social Organization.** Traditional Oriya society is Hierarchically organized primarily on the basis of caste (and sub caste) and occupations and secondarily on the basis of social class. The highest castes, Brahman, are priests and teachers of the Great Tradition. Below them in descending order of status are: the Kshatriya, warriors and rulers; the Vaisya, or traders; and the Sudra, or skilled and unskilled workers and service holders. The occupations involving manual and menial work are low in status, and polluting occupations like skinning dead animals or making shoes are associated with the lowest castes, the Untouchables. Astrictive status in the caste system is sometimes checked now by acquired status in the class system. In rural Orissa patron-client relationships are common and social mobility is difficult.

**Political Organization.** Orissa is divided into thirteen Districts (*zilla*), and each district is divided into subdivisions (*tahsils*) for administrative purposes, into police stations (*thana*) for law-and-order purposes, and into community development blocs (*blok*) for development purposes. There are village-cluster committees (*panchayat*) with elected Members and a head (*sarpanch*) for the lowest level of self-administration and development. The community development bloc has a *panchayat samiti* or council of panchayats headed by the chairman, with all the sarpanch as members. Each caste or populous sub caste in a group of adjacent Villages also had a *jati*



*panchayat* for enforcing values and institutional discipline. The traditional *gram panchayat*, consisting of the leaders of several important castes in a village, was for maintaining harmony.

**Social Control and Conflict.** Warfare between adjacent princedoms and villages came to a stop under British rule. The police stations (thana) maintain law and order.

## CLOTHING

Men wear a *dhoti* (long piece of white cotton wrapped around the waist and drawn between the legs and tucked into the waist) and a *chaddar* (shawl draped over the shoulders). Women wear the *sari* (a length of fabric wrapped around the waist, with one end thrown over the right shoulder) and *choli* (tight-fitting, cropped blouse).

## FOOD

Oriya generally eats rice at every meal. At breakfast, cold rice, puffed rice (*mudhi*), or various types of rice cake (*pitha*) are eaten with molasses or salt, and tea. Thin rice pancakes are a specialty of Orissa. A typical meal consists of rice, *dal* (lentils), and vegetable curry using eggplant, spinach, and seasonal vegetables such as cauliflower, cabbages, or peas. Fish or goat meat also may be served. Food is cooked in mustard oil, except for offerings to the gods. Those offerings are prepared in clarified butter (*ghee*). A particular favorite in villages is a rice dish called *pakhala bhAta*. Rice is boiled in bulk, and whatever is not eaten is stored in cold water. When this rice becomes a little sour, it is served cold with fresh green chilies. This dish is popular in summer, when it is eaten with curds and green mangoes. Bananas, coconuts, and limes are main fruits of the region. Oriyas are fond of sweets such as sherbets, cookies, and drinks. Some Oriya drink toddy (hot drink) made from fermented dates. Hashish (similar to marijuana) is combined with yogurt to make a drink called *bhang* and is drunk socially and at festivals.

Food plays an important role in Oriya ritual. At the feast for Shiva, for example, villagers prepare a huge, steamed rice cake made in the shape of a *lingam* (Shiva's phallic symbol) and stuffed with cheese, molasses, and coconut. It is dyed red and is worshiped before being eaten. More than fifty types of rice cake have been cooked to offer at the Jagannath Temple at Puri.

## EDUCATION

Orissa has a literacy rate (percentage of the population who can read and write) of fewer than 50 percent. More people tend to know how to read and write in cities than in villages. Parents, grandparents, and siblings care for infants and children and provide informal—and, recently, formal—education before school. Girls rarely proceed beyond primary school. Physical punishment to discipline a child is common, though infants are usually spared and cuddled. Respect for seniors in all situations and the value of education are emphasized, especially among the higher classes. Orissa has several government-run colleges and five universities. One of these, the Shri Jagannath Sanskrit University at Puri, is devoted to Sanskrit culture.



## CULTURAL HERITAGE

Many centuries Orissa has been a focal point for different cultures and migrations from other parts of the country. These influences found an expression in the Oriya temples and cults, in music and dance, paintings and popular art. Temples in Orissa are famous for their architecture called Kalinga style. A temple of this style consists of a structural duo, the main temple or shrine and the frontal porch. While the main temple called *viman* or *deul*, is the sanctum enshrining the deity, the porch or assembly hall called *jagamohan* is the place for the congregation of devotees. The former constructed on a square base, has a soaring curvilinear tower (*sikhara*) and is known as *rekha deula*. The latter built on a rectangular base is a *pidha* temple, i.e. its root consists of *pidhas* which are horizontal platforms arranged successively in a receding formation so as to constitute a pyramidical superstructure. Although the two temples are architecturally different, they are constructed in axial alignment and interconnected so as to form an integral pattern. Some of the Oriya temples are among the finest in the world such as the Lingaraj Mandir at Bhubaneswar (11th century), the Jagannath temple at Puri (12th century) and the great Sun Temple at Konark (13th century). These temples are architectural treasures in the history of Hinduism and famous all over the world.

The culture of Orissa means the cult of Jagannath and the cult of Jagannath mean the synthesis of varied religions. In the ancient past Jagannath was worshipped by the original inhabitants or *adivasis* in the interior of Orissa. Centuries later his cult was described in various Sanskrit works. In the course of time Jagannath was embraced by other religions like Jains and Buddhists. Consequently the cult of Jagannath came to be regarded as the religion of the masses. The cult of Jagannath provides a common religious institution to all Hindus irrespective of their castes and sects. The Harijans and *adivasis* are admitted into the Jagannath temples. In the centre of the temple are statues of Jagannath and of his brother Balabhadra and his sister Subhadra. Their rudimentary form reminds of a tribal origin. Another indication of its tribal origin is the presence of priests or *daitas* who are considered Jagannath's relatives. It is assumed that they are descendants of the *adivasis*. Only the *Daitas* are allowed to touch the divine statues.

Medieval *bhakti* (devotional) poets have left Oriya literature with a rich tradition. Orissa is famous for its dance, music, and architecture. The *Odissi* is one of the six acknowledged classical dance forms of India. Like all other classical dances, for that matter like all Indian art forms, it has its initiation in religion and philosophy. Sculptures and architecture of the Oriya temples have largely influenced other arts – such as *Odissi*, that is originated as a temple dance for the gods. The Chhau dance, performed by masked male dancers in honor of Shiva, is another feature of Oriya culture. Oriya culture also includes vivid dances and songs, folk opera (*jatra*), puppet plays, and shadow plays (where the shadows of the characters are projected onto a screen using puppets).

Orissa is also famous for the highest excellence in the arts. Painting of icons (*patta* paintings), palm leaf painting, and woodcarving are important artistic traditions in Orissa. All Oriya paintings, the *Bitt chitra* or mural paintings, the *Pata chitra* or textile paintings and the *Talapatra chitra* or palm engravings, have more or less the same style and the same subject.



The art of painting is influenced by the cult of temples. The most important wall paintings are to be found in temples. The Sun Temple at Konarka is considered to be a particular Orissa masterpiece. There is a rich culture of wall paintings among the Kondh tribes. They paint geometric motives on their walls. The subject of many textile paintings is limited to religious themes like the story of Rama and Krishna. The palm engravings traditionally depict temples, gods and chariots.

The folk-art of Orissa is connected with its social and religious activities. In the harvesting season, when grain is threshed and stored, the mud walls and floors are decorated with murals in white rice paste. They are called jhoti and are drawn not merely with the intention of decorating the house, but to establish a relationship between the mystical and the material, thus being highly symbolical and meaningful. Throughout the year, the village women perform several rituals for the fulfillment of their desires. For each occasion, a specific motif is drawn on the floor or on the wall, for instance a stack of paddy structured like a pyramid and white dots superimposed with red are painted on the walls. To draw a jhoti the fingers are dipped into the rice paste and made to trace out intricate patterns on the floor or walls. Sometimes a kind of brush is prepared from a twig to one end of which a small piece of cloth is attached. *Muruja* is drawn on the floor with powders of different hues. Indigenous methods are used to get color powders. White powder is obtained from the grinding of stones; green powder is obtained from dry leaves, black from burnt coconut shells, yellow from the petals of marigold flower or turmeric and red from clay or bricks.

## WORK

Most Oriya grows rice. The state of Orissa accounts for about 10 percent of India's total rice output. Farmers still use a great deal of animal power and traditional tools. Cash crops include oilseeds, pulses (legumes), sugarcane, jute, and coconuts. Fishing is important in coastal areas. Many families also make traditional handicrafts. Since independence in 1947, some industrial development has occurred.

## SPORTS

Children play ball, tag, and hide-and-seek. They also like to spin tops and fly kites. Traditional games for adults include cards and dice. Bodybuilding and wrestling are common sports for men, and *kabaddi* (team wrestling) is very popular. Cricket, soccer, and field hockey are played in schools.

## CRAFTS AND HOBBIES

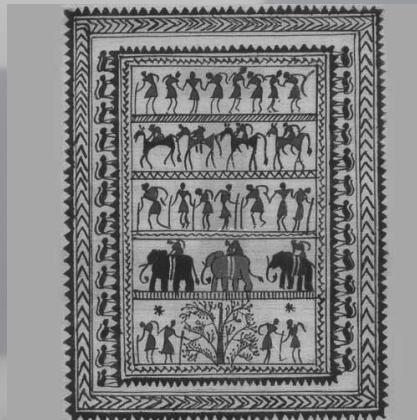
Orissa is known for its handicrafts, particularly its little carved wooden replicas of Jagannath. Painted masks and wooden animal toys for children also are popular. Local sculptors make soapstone copies of temple sculptures for pilgrims and tourists. Textiles include appliquéd work, embroidery, tie-dyed fabrics, and various types of hand-loomed cloth. The artisans of Orissa are skilled in filigree work and make gold and silver jewelry. Local artisans also produce brassware and items made from bell metal (an alloy of copper and tin). Orissa also is known for its tie-dyed saris. Village women often like to ornament their bodies with tattoos.



The Oriya People are the dominant ethnic group in India's eastern state of Orissa. They share historical and cultural traditions that date to the sixth century BC. The ancient name of Orissa is Utkala, literally means "the highest excellence in the arts."

*Sasadhar Sahoo lives with his wife Mamata and son Saswat in Michigan.*

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*Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds.*



## My Heritage

Nirode Mohanty

**W**hen the airplane starts preparing for landing at the Biju Patnaik Airport, Bhubaneswar, my heart fills with the joy of coming home, my Orissa. A lot people do not know where is Orissa, what is the Oriya language, our heritage, and our contribution to this world. Once upon a time, Orissa was known as mighty Kalinga, the largest, powerful state in India and sometimes the ultimate art land, Utkala. Other names are: Utkalraata, Udra, Odra, Arabica, Oda, Odrarashtra, Trikalinga, Koshala, Kangoda, Toshali, Chedi (Mahabharata), Matsa (Mahabharata). By any name, it is famous for its exquisite temples including the Konarka Temple, a chariot at the beach where celestial dances are performed on its walls. Independent India's national flag has in its center, the Chariot wheel of Konarka, a symbol of peace and progress.

Oriya civilization is quite visible in Bali (Puri Temple), Indonesia, Sri Lanka, Burma, Siam Ripp (Angkor Wat), Cambodia. In Siam Ripp, the handicrafts and textiles resemble that of Orissa. Oriyas are the earliest settlers in Sri Lanka and Tamilians came later. Oriyas have established the first cultural empire of the world. The architectures are distinctly from Oriya artisans in those far out places. The Mogul Empire failed to occupy Orissa and the British colonialist was only later able to merge it with the British Empire as the last province. Late Madhusudan Das, among others, founded the present Orissa in April 1936. Many parts of the Kalinga region still remain in Bengal, Behar, Andhra Pradesh, and Madhya Pradesh. Oriyas had fought for the merger at the time of the States Reorganization Commission, but failed as they are nonviolent and peaceful people. Now they have lost those parts for ever. It is painful to say, when identifying our location, that we are located south of Calcutta, a one hour flight to Bhubaneswar.

My language, Oriya, is the oldest in the Indo European languages, and has many similarities with Sanskrit than any other languages. It has influenced Assamese, Maithili, Indonesia *Bhasa* and Malaysia *Bhasa*. People of Indonesia refer to themselves as *Bhoomi Putra*, and are called Kling. We have produced the great poet Jayadev, the author of famous *Geeta Govinda*, and the great Sanskrit Dramatist Kali Das, more celebrated than Shakespeare. It is now known that Gautama Buddha was born in Kalinga. It was the famous Kalinga war that changed militant Asoka to religious Asoka. Two caves near Bhubaneswar, Dhauligiri and Khandagiri, depict the fabulous period of Asoka and the golden era of Kalinga. Oriya writers like Fakir Mohan Senapati, Gopinath Mohanty, Surendra Mohanty, and Sachi Routray, among others, are in the forefront of Indian literature. It is no more appended to Bengali or Hindi literature, nor an issue of a separate language.

My heritage is of universal brotherhood, peace, and love. My God is Shri Jagannath, the Lord of the Universe who lives in Puri Temple. He knows no distinction of any color, caste, and community. The Temple kitchen serves the best vegetarian food and it offers *Bhog (Prasad)*, offerings sixty types of dishes at various times. You have to be lucky to taste all these sixty



kinds. It feeds the largest number of people in any part of the world with very little cost. *Jagannath* lives with his brother and sister, a tradition of Oriya family, in Puri Temple. In Puri Temple, there is no untouchability, a stigma in Hindu religion. *Jagannath* is served by lower caste sevakas (helpers). *Jagannath* Puri is the *safest, cheapest, friendly, easily accessible, and noncommercial temple among the Four Dhamas* (holy places), Puri, Rameswar, Dwaraka, Badrinath, as well as Tirupati, Kashi, and Calcutta Kali. Our Lord *Jagannath* is the symbol of Buddhism, Vaisnavism, Jainism, Salivates, all other forms of Hinduism, and other Asian religions. It is also the breeding ground of Aryan and Dravidian cultures.

Orissa is the land known for the best art and architecture that mankind can dream. *Jagannath* comes out every year with his brother and sister in three chariots to let the world see Him from outside, known as the Ratha Yatra festival. Orissa's Sambalpuri silk and Berhampuri Tassar pata are known for the best saris. *Odissi* dance, the classical, scriptural dance, is older than *Bharata Natyam* and is evolved from devotional music of God *Jagannath*. *Odissi* songs are the oldest classical songs, older than *Karnataki* and *Hindustani*. Orissa handicrafts and sculptures are unique manifestations of God, nature, and beauty.

Late Harekrushna Mahtab founded the new capital of Orissa at Bhubaneswar. He did not have much clout in Delhi and was on the opposition to the then Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru. The successive Chief Ministers of Orissa were struggling to keep their positions. The State of Orissa has remained poor despite its riches in minerals, raw materials, and forestry. The transportation and other infrastructures are poor. It has a beautiful coastline, the very large Chilika Lake, several hot springs, famous historical sights, like Lalitgiri, Udaygiri, Ratnagiri, Khandagiri, Mahendragiri, dating back to the third century, BC, and excellent beaches. Scholars from Persia, Greece, China and other places came to learn philosophy, science, and mathematics at the oldest Universities, Taxila, Nalanda and Ratnagiri. Chinese chronicler Hiuen Tsang , while visiting Orissa in 638 AD, was overwhelmed with the Oriya culture and was amazed to find 10,000 Buddhist monks. The tourist industry is meager though it is a haven for art, architecture, sculpture, fabrics, handicrafts, wild life, boating and movie making. If you want to know about Indian heritage and culture, your first introduction is through Orissa Heritage, just myriads of pearls of an ancient, grand civilization dating back to the earliest history of mankind, with some parts an unknown, unexcavated splendid past.



Konarka Temple, Chandrabhaga, Orissa, The Chariot Wheel, the Wall, the Temple

The author is thankful to Deba Mohapatra for his prize for the best front cover design for the 2005 OSA Journal and Kasturee Mohapatra for getting articles for the 2005 OSA Journal and for their effort to preserve *My Heritage*.

*Whatever you do will be insignificant, but it is very important that you do it*



## Maritime Heritage of Orissa

Shahabuddin Mohammad Gani

**G**erini, who had researched Ptolemy's geography, has mentioned "the mighty people of Kalinga had established an empire in Burma long before Ashoka led his victorious army into Kalinga. The overseas trade of Kalinga seems to have affected the economic condition of the Magdhan Empire and this may be one of the causes of the Kalinga War. The notes collected by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles indicate that the Indian colonization of Java commenced with the 20,000 families who were sent there by the King of Kalinga. The Samanta Prasadika also reveals that eight families from Kalinga had accompanied the Bodhi Tree to Ceylon at the instruction of Emperor Ashoka.

The Hathi-gumpha inscriptions of Bhubaneswar inform us that Emperor Kharavela had a strong navy and according to Princep and Hunter who had researched history of this region, he was well versed with maritime arts. Enormous evidences available to prove that during the Christian centuries, the people of Kalinga had planted prosperous colonies beyond the high seas. Tamralipti, Chelitalo, Palura, Pithunda and many others were the prosperous ports on the shores of Kalinga. Pithunda was a very important port on the coast of Orissa and was at its peak at the time of Lord Mahavira. It is known from the text Uttradhyana Sutra that merchants used to come from Siam.

According to this authority some foreign merchants had matrimonial relations with the people of Kalinga. Pithunda was deserted by the time of Kharavala who claims to have rebuilt it and made it flourishing again.

Palura was also an ancient port of considerable importance. Greek historian Ptolemy had called it to be the most important trading station during his time. Ships bound for South East Asia used to begin their journey from this port. Ptolemy utilized this port as one of the pivots in drawing his geographical maps. Palura has been identified as Dentipur by the French scholar Sylvian Levi, on the ground that "Pal" the first part of the word means "Tooth" and "Ur" the second part means "city" Palura has been identified with the village called Palur near Rushikulya river in the district of Ganjam in Orissa. Chelitalo was another prosperous seat of Buddhism and a great emporium of trade, on the coast of Kalinga around 7<sup>th</sup> century AD. Hsuan T'sang has graphically described the prosperity of this port. Standing on the seashores of Chelitalo he observed the ships sailing towards the island, which is now Sri Lanka, and being a devotee of Buddha he at once thought of the sacred tooth relics enshrined there. In his visionary eyes he caught a glimpse of the globe radiating from the sacred tooth and illuminating the liquid horizon of the sea.



Some scholars have identified Chelitalo with Puri or Konarka. But with its back up of Buddhism and ships sailing towards Sri Lanka it should have been located near Lalitgiri on the mouth of river Mahanadi. The shore lines having moved further up to Paradeep. The recent excavations at Lalitgiri, Ratnagiri and Udaigiri provide strong evidence of a sea outlet to these Buddhist establishments. Geological findings have confirmed that land is being reclaimed on the coast of Orissa as the sea recedes. In the Prachi river valley traces of a flourishing city has been found. Names like Boito-kuda, Banija-pur and old coins of different varieties indicate that Prachi was a trading center of worth in the past. From these ports the missionaries, traders and peaceful settlers used to sail abroad carrying with them Indian culture and religion to distant countries According to the French author of ‘ Soul of India’, “India sent missionaries, China sending back pilgrims. It is a striking fact that in all relations between the two civilizations, the Chinese were always the recipients and the Indians the donors.”

Evidences are available to show the close relations the Kalingans had with distant countries. Burma was like the other side of the bay. South Burma was known as Tailang in the Mon documents and to the northeast the land was known as Utkala. These names are very similar to Orissa’s ancient name, Kalinga and Utkal. The Mon documents also call the modern town of Prome as Srikeshetra, which incidentally is the name of Puri in Orissa.

There was very intimate relationship between the royal families of Kalinga and Sri Lanka and because of this that Gheusiva in the 3<sup>rd</sup> century AD sent out the sacred tooth relics of Lord Buddha to his friend Mahasena, the Sri Lankan King. The Kalingan Princess Hemamala and her husband Dantakumara to Sri Lanka carried the sacred relics. By the time they reached there King Mahasena had died and was succeeded by his son Mathavanna. In the 3<sup>rd</sup> century BC Emperor Ashoka had sent the Bodhi Tree to Sri Lanka through his son and daughter Mahendra and Sanghamitra who had embarked from the port of Tamralipti. The tooth relic that is enshrined in Sri Lanka is until today regarded as the center of the religious life of the island. The Chulavamsa records that the King of Kalinga Aggabodhi 11 (601- 11 AD) had been to Sri Lanka with his Queen and a minister for religious purpose. H.W. Codrington notes that in 1187 AD Nissanka Malla, king of Kalinga had seized the throne of SriLanka and is said to have restored the shrines of Anuradhapura. Matrimonial relationships existed between the royal families of these two countries. Close cultural and social contacts led to vigorous maritime and commercial activity. Ships from Kalinga used to sail through out the year unlike to the south East Asia, which depended on favorable winds.

Relations of Kalinga with Funan (China) were also very cordial. Chinese records disclose the fact that Indian ambassadors were regularly attending the Funanese Court. In the year 795 AD a King of Wu- Cha, identified as Odra country, named “one who is auspicious, the Lion” (King Subhakara Kesari) sent an ambassador named Prajna to the court of the Chinese Emperor Te- Toon and presented an autographed letter and a treatise on Gandavyaha. Prajna was a great scholar. He translated the letter and the book into Chinese and presented to the emperor.



Kingdoms of Sumatra (Suverna Dipa), Java, Bali and Combodia had very close contacts with Orissa. The Sailodbhavas of Kangoda had cultural and commercial relations with these islands. After the decline of this dynasty, a branch of it sailed across the sea and established an empire in the Far East with Java as the center. The history of Java as known from the annals of the Tang period (618- 906 AD) became eventful from the 7<sup>th</sup> century AD. Records of this period mention Java as Holing, a Chinese version of Kalinga. The attendants at the Hindu temples in Bali are still called Parenda similar to Pandas of the temples of Orissa.

The influence of Orissan art was not confined merely within Orissa, it extended to greater Indian lands, in the wake of the adventurous spirit and maritime enterprise of the ancient Oriyas. Definite evidence of this influence is found in Burma, Siam, Combodia and other Indonesian islands.

It is more than probable, that the ornamental Kirti-mukha masks, flamboyant makaras (Crocodiles) and the guardian lions, which decorate the innumerable sanctuaries, are modeled on medieval Orissan prototypes. It will easily explain the surprising affinity of the Kala Makaras; the ornament par excellence of the Indo-Javanese architecture, with the Kirti-mukha and Makara (crocodile) heads sculptured on the 8<sup>th</sup> century AD Bhubaneswar temples like Parusaramesvara, even though Kalamakaras in the central Javanese art development was possible under Chinese influence.

The wonderful ruins of Champa, still preserve creeper designs and elephant heads, reminiscent of the best products of Orissa. Orissan art undoubtedly influenced the Buddhist school of art that flourished in Java under the patronage of the Sailendra dynasty. The Javanese Budhas and Bodhisattvas of Borobudur have striking similarities with the Buddha images of Lalitgiri, Ratnagiri and Udaigiri near Paradeep. These Buddhist images also resemble in serenity and gracefulness with the images of ancient Abhayagiri Vihara of Anuradhapur (8th-9<sup>th</sup> century AD) in Sri Lanka.

Traits, such as concentration of force and typical curls of hair, as also the peculiar types of halo round their heads, lead us to infer that the Javanese Buddhas and Bodhisattvas of Borobudur and Prambanam (8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> century AD) that are distinguished by the same clarity. The severity of conception, the same supreme spiritual fervor, the same monumental character and the same subtle sensitive modeling, may have as their prototype in the Orissan Buddhas of the early medieval era. Moreover, it is interesting to note that both, absolutely plain elliptical nimbus in high relief and the long tapering pointed halo, either plain or fringed with flamboyant scrolls, are typical Orissan features. Its simultaneous occurrence in Javanese works may connote something more than chance and coincidence. The famous monument of Borobudur and the splendid temple of Chandi Kalasan represent till today the splendour of Mahayanic art and culture achieved during the heady days of the Sailendra Empire.

On the temple of Sri Jagannath at Puri there is a well-preserved representation of a royal barge of the Madhyamandira type. The beautiful cabin has an arched roof supported by human figures. From the roof hangs a rocking seat, probably intended to help tide over the effects of seasickness. A rope or chain hangs from the roof to help one keep steady. On the southern side of the audience hall of the Sun Temple, Konarka, there is a panel in which it is depicted, a king sitting on the elephant receives ovation from a group people, dressed in long robes. Among the people there is a giraffe, an animal indigenous to no part of India. Most probably some traders



from Africa or Arab countries had brought this animal as a present to the king of Orissa. It is also believed that boats were used to transport huge stones from inland for building the Sun Temple at Konark on the sea shore.

On the full moon night of Kartik (November) a festival known as Bali-jatra is still celebrated on the banks of river Mahanadi. Sweet food items like Rasgollas, Laddoos and several Batashas and Phennes, which can be preserved and carried in a long journey, are still prepared and sold in the festival. These sweets and Purees are made in large shapes weighing four to five pounds each, were meant to be offered to the Sadhabas embarking on their journey overseas. Pumpkins in Orissa are known as Boito-Ko-kha-ru. This was one vegetable that used to last long, while kept hanging in slings and thus was conveniently carried abroad the ship as greens.. It has since acquired this name. People of Orissa, float on the sea or river well decorated toy-ships reminiscent of their maritime activities of the past.

The preparation "Thoka Poori" particularly during "Bali Yatra" in Cuttack is no coincidence. That large size Poories (a kind of food) were supplied to the Sadhabas to carry abroad the ship. Incidentally the Chinese during AD618-907 refer to food preparations introduced by foreign visitors, Reay Tennahill in the "Food in History" quotes from Edward H Schafer "A study of T'ang Exotics: The Golden Parches of Samarkand". It mentions that in China "more refined foods were also adopted from foreign parts, little cakes fried in oil becoming particularly popular. The recipes for these dishes, even the cook themselves may have come from India, as did the 'light & high' wheat paste which was steamed in baskets. They latter may have been a raised bread – and it is interesting that the Chinese still steam bread today" 'Stone Honey' was another imported luxury in China. This was the juice of sugarcane boiled and then dried in the sun". It is Orissa's 'Guda', is still prepared in Orissa, and was one of the items of export from Orissan ports. The sugarcane juice after it is boiled is molded in earthen pots.

It is more than coincidence that in Thailand during the full noon in the 11<sup>th</sup> lunar month (usually November) is the time of the incomparably beautiful festival of LOY KRATHONG, when banana leaves shaped into boats carry candles across swollen rivers and canal. The spectacle is especially lovely in Chinag Mai and the Sukhothai Historical Park. This festival resembles the Balijatra festival celebrated all over Orissa during the same time.

Folk tales and legends relating to ships and overseas sojourn are widely circulated in this region of the country. The most popular story is that of Tapoi, where the miseries and privations of a girl from a family of seafaring merchants, by their wives, while the brothers had gone abroad, is described. Virgin girls pay tributes to this Tapoi in the month of Bhadra by observing the Khudrukuni Ossa (Fast).

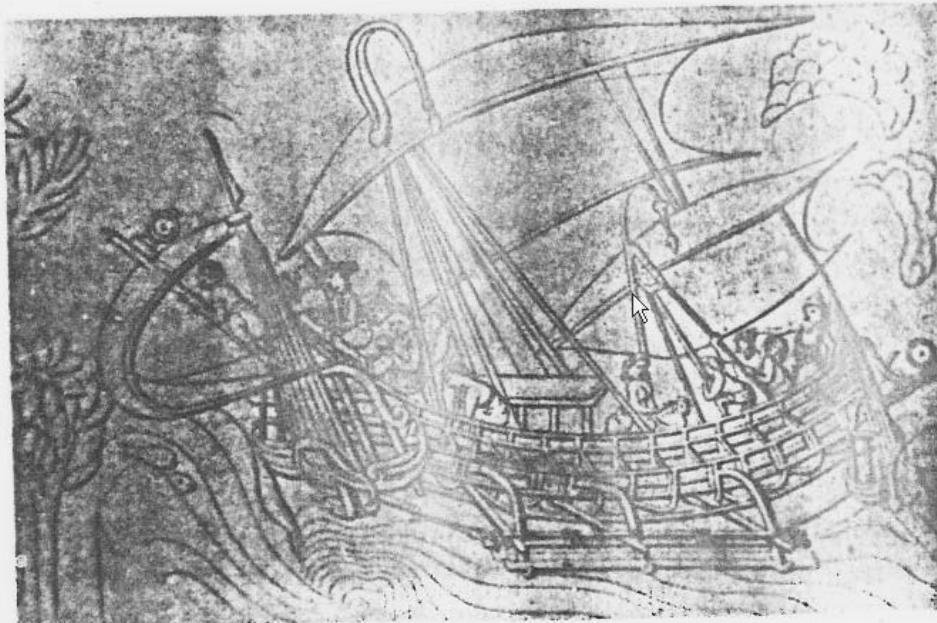


The festival known as Boita-bandana, is still celebrated in every Oriya home during Deepavali. They welcome or bid farewell to Boitas (Ships) after performing pujas. These and many other rites and ceremonies relating to long separations from family indicate that the people of Orissa are used to such vigorous maritime activities in the by gone days.

An Oriya poet composed this song in the 16<sup>th</sup> century, recalling the glorious economy of the state in those days

"O! Kalinga, evergreen with the vendor of crops,  
Where is another land in the globe to be thy match?  
For uncounted centuries, wealth on account of maritime trade did flow  
Like an unfailing stream into thee.  
Glory unto thy sons, known as Sadhabas {overseas traders}  
Due to whom thy coasts were studded with ports, overflowing  
With prosperity all along."

*Mr. Shahabuddin Mohammad Gani is a Deputy Director General {Retired} in Ministry of Tourism, Government of India. He was a Former Principal, Institute of Hotel Management, Calcutta. His current address is 1190 Kings Dale Road, Hoffman Estates, Illinois 60160, Email: [sm\\_gani@hotmail.com](mailto:sm_gani@hotmail.com), Phone: 847 843 3210.*



VII(a). Indian Adventurers Sailing out to Colonise Java. 8th century AD





VII(b). Indian Adventurers Sailing out to Colonise Java, 8th century AD

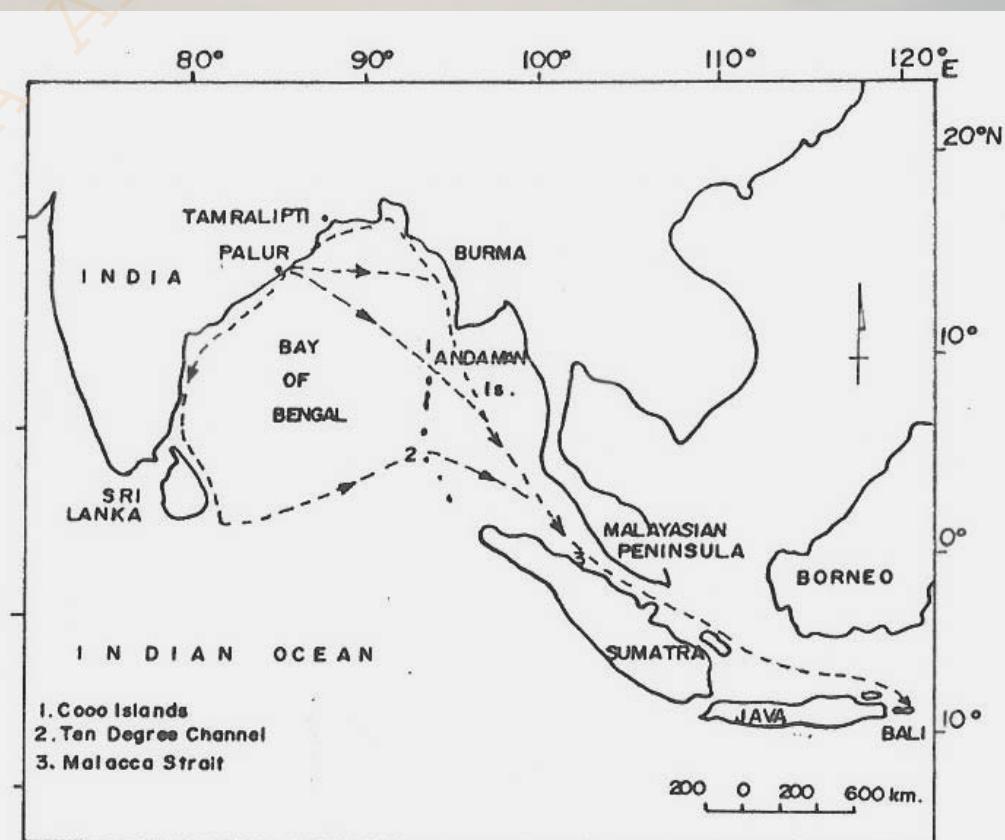


Fig. 10. Sea Route from Kalinga to Southeast Asian Countries.



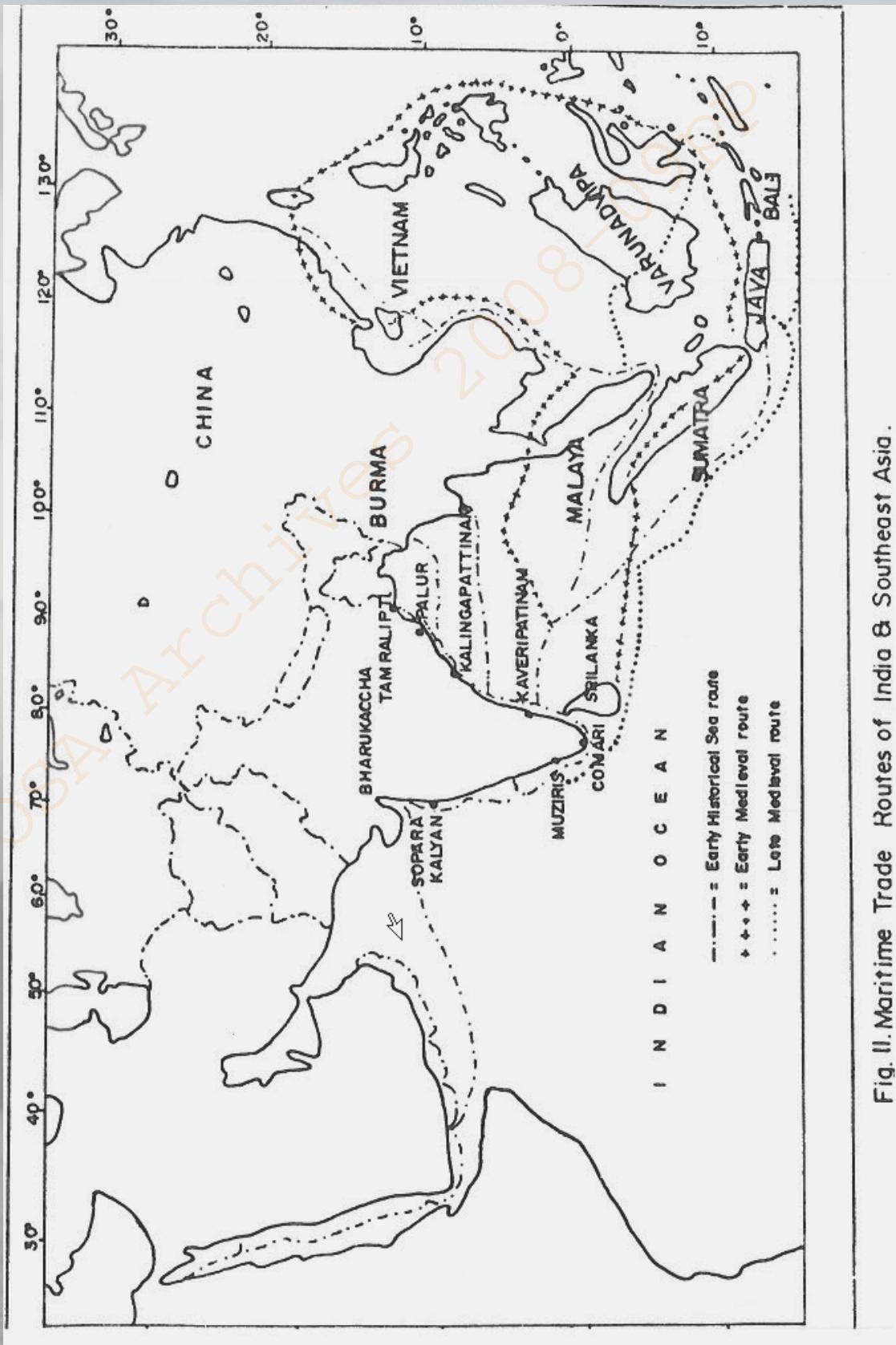


Fig. II. Maritime Trade Routes of India & Southeast Asia.

*To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life.*



## Miss you Mother...

**Pratyush Ranjan Mohanti**

Rich in Art & Culture,  
Temples all around,  
Blessings flow with the Bells...  
Ringing all the day,

Call of the Jungle,  
Tigers of Similipal,  
The endangered....  
But, the strength it commands..

The Gahirmatha.....  
Mothering Olive Ridleys,  
Promises .....  
In the Years to come.....

Sun Temple at Konark,  
World wonder ....  
Sacrifice of Dharmapada,  
The carvings of the wall..

Sandy beaches of Gopalpur,  
An unknown lighthouse ....,  
Footprints on sand ...getting washed  
Every now and then..  
Showing the path of life

Beauty of Tikarpada,  
The Gharials.....within,  
Flora & fauna...  
The dense land .....

The Black diamonds,  
The power it generates,  
Talcher, the black beauty..

And rhythmic Odissi.....  
Devotion of "Devdashis".....,  
Taking one closer to God

The Lord of the world,  
Jagannatha....., the Dham ...  
Swargadwara, where life is re-born.  
The Sabara Srikshetra.....  
In the lap of Koraput

Shanti stupa at Dhauli,  
Where the ego of war shattered,  
And bloodbath in the banks of Daya..  
Created a Dharmasoka..

The strength of Adivasis,  
The Bondos ,the Kondhs,  
The Koyas,  
And Lanjia Saura,  
The fragrance of their simplicity...

The sweet cakes of Raja,  
The Nuakhai, The Gamhapurnima,  
Yes.....Kumara Purnami,  
The earth Puja.....  
And Lots more.....

I miss you my mother...  
The longer I be here (in USA)  
The more I need you,  
I wish to be back in your womb,  
Once again.....  
Before my life ends..  
To feel secure & cared for.

(The author is a Chartered Accountant in practice in Bhubaneswar, for more than a decade and has interest in Writing Poems ,traveling etc.)

To be capable of steady friendship or lasting love, are the two greatest proofs, not only of goodness of heart, but of strength of mind.



## Travel Blogs from Orissa

Hemanta Ranjan Panda

The last time we had been to Orissa was in Early 2004. It's already three years and there was a need to re-charge ourselves as we have been missing our very own land. On New Year day, 01Jan2007, we decided to make an express trip for two weeks. Nowadays with direct flights to India from USA and internet bookings, it does not take more than five minutes to book your itinerary. Within ten minutes we had a plan to go to Orissa.

The first thing we did on arriving at Bhubaneswar in Jan07 was to plan for a day trip to Puri, a day after our arrival. Typically every Oriya on their trip to Orissa tries to pay a visit to Puri, to offer obeisance to our very own Lord of the Universe, juggernauting his way to a very special place in our heart.

On the way to Puri from Bhubaneswar we stopped over at Sakshi Gopal, where Gopal came all the way from Vrindavan to South India as a witness to keep his devotee's honor and stayed here for ever. This pastime of Lord Krishna is very popular both in India and abroad.



Sakshi Gopal

Bata Mangala

Puri Jagannath

On the way to Puri we stopped at Baata Mangala considered to be a must-stop on the way to Puri. We picked a day of less relevance as far as devotee presence in Puri was concerned, to avoid traffic. Instead Lord Jagannath had other plans. All Gangasagar devotees were converging at Puri on that day. We had a feel of Rath Yatra in January with devotees jostling to have a glimpse of the lord and security officials doing their best to keep the ecstatic visitors under control. Spectator management aspects are getting implemented with barricades getting built gradually to manage traffic inside the temple. The darshan was one of the best we had since many trips to this pious dham.

Ananda Bazar, Lord's cafeteria was full with people. We had sumptuous *Mahaprasad* and finished off with '*Tanka Torani*', sour remaining water from '*Avada*'. '*Tanka Torani*' is a specialty considering the curry leaves, ginger and its unique aroma, blending itself into an effect when eyes would close any moment. We did lot of shopping on '*Bada Danda*' (Grand Road) and by evening we had left for Puri Beach.



The beach front was full of newer and nicely maintained hotels. The marine drive had nice parking slots managed by city administration. Once we were on beach, we played with horses, camels. Puri beach has not lost its original fascination. The golden sand of Puri beach is of high quality with almost zero mud content, which puts it as one of the finest beaches of the world. It is considered if someone does not touch the water of Lord's ocean at Puri, his yatra to Jagannath abode is incomplete. On the way back from Puri to Bhubaneswar, we stopped at Pipili, famous for its appliqué craft, popular all around the world.

After two days break at Bhubaneswar, I left for Balasore to meet my Grandma. Bhubaneswar gave me a feeling of another concrete jungle, with a craze of builders and their customers trying to place people one above other. Instead, Balasore is not yet affected by the sprawling high rises and people lending each other a personal touch. The density of population has increased everywhere. On our way back from Balasore to Bhubaneswar we visited Bhaktivedanta Ashram ([www.bvashram.org](http://www.bvashram.org)) at Bhadrak where the sizes of Jagannath deities are of similar size as Puri Temple.



Bhaktivedanta Ashram, Bhadrak. [www.bvashram.org](http://www.bvashram.org)

An India trip without reference to Cricket is incomplete. Coincidentally, West Indies national cricket team was playing four one day internationals (ODI) during our trip. To top it all, our beautiful Barabati was hosting the teams as the venue of the second ODI on 24Jan2007. Barabati got an International game after three years due to which crowd excitement has reached a zenith of frenzy for tickets. There were threats from Laksh-e-toiba to disrupt the game.

Tickets were valued as Rupees 400/- (Gallery), Rupees 500/- (Gallery), Rupees 1500/- (Special enclosures: Just beside the side screens) and Rupees 4000/- (Pavilion). There was no information which would lead us to believe that we will surely get Rupees 1500/- tickets, our preferred ticket option. The ticket vendor, a bank, opened the ticketing process, three days prior to the scheduled game.

The method used to sell tickets was only from Barabati counter, and counters would open for second day only if tickets are available. No internet booking or [www.ticketmaster.com](http://www.ticketmaster.com), which would tell us the status of booking. There was news of thirty thousand people standing in the queue prior to Dawn, on the first day of ticketing. Because of conflicting reports we were getting, we decided to go to Cuttack and get tickets ourselves, to be on the safe side.





Beautiful Barabati Stadium, Cuttack. Sachin Tendulkar fielding near the boundary line.

Once the tickets were ready, we broadcast the news to different members of our family from different parts to join us for a nice game at stadium. They all made travel plans to come to Bhubaneswar and we were all set to see the game on 24Jan07. On 22Jan07, when Indian team arrived at Bhubaneswar airport, a spectator mishandled Greg Chappell which did tarnish Orissa Cricket Association's name. Board of control for cricket in India (BCCI) was meeting to decide if the game should go on. In the meantime, West Indies cricket board was having a meeting on security aspects of their players after Lakshar-e-Toiba's threat. All these news were not good for cricket fans. My desperation level was high because, I was going to see a game in a stadium atmosphere after a decade.

Televisions have over simplified the game of cricket. It's not as simple as it looks. I remember in 1993, in Chennai when Devon Malcolm from England, hugely built, running from close to the boundary line to bowl to Sachin, a tiny looking boy, at 90 miles an hour, the ball would be traveling like a bullet. A person who has played cricket would realize that facing such fast pace is not easy. With slow motions on TV, and analyzing from a couch of your living room, it's easier said than done. Seeing cricket in front of your eyes with spectators sledging the fielders on the boundary line with match tilting either way every three to four overs is a treat. I wanted to be among the crowd and relish the action. To truly understand India, one needs to go in general compartments in Trains and mingle with crowd's sentiments. I found a practical test bed to realize India.

Match started at 2:30PM on 24Jan07. The news from the center was Brian Lara; West Indian captain was not playing. It was a day night encounter and crowd started pouring in as usual. There were at least ten thousand more spectators than the usual thirty thousand odd capacity. India started badly and by 15 overs India had lost four of its top order batsman. Hero worshipping is at peak now. After three stalwarts, Ganguly, Tendulkar and Dravid got out people started leaving. India was in a precarious condition with 46 for 4 (14.5 overs) and 90/7 (31 overs). People started leaving and it was once again a chaos, asking folks ahead to sit down so that everyone can have a good look. As our seats were beside the side screen, we could see some movement off the seam early on. We were trying to pacify crowd to have faith because it could be anybody's game, with dew playing its part as game progressed.

It was becoming evening and flood lights were gradually getting switched on. Barabati stadium was so beautiful that it was giving a heavenly look. Then 62 run partnership between Dinesh Kartik and Ajit Agarkar was so crucial that gave Indians some breathing space and India got to 152/8( 40.2 overs), eventually limped to 189.



West Indians got off to a cracking start with the first ball dispatched to a four by Chris Gayle. Then immediately in second over Chris Gayle got out. Wickets kept falling at regular intervals.

Romesh Power bowled brilliantly. His loops and flight was taking a toll on West Indies' plan to accelerate at a later period of the game. He took a stunning catch as well. On hindsight after having seen that game and when he was not selected for India's 2007 world cup squad, I felt India did a big disservice to him. Chanderpaul was giving a lot of headache to India fans as he was keeping one end active with his nudges and pushes.

Finally in 49th over Zaheer Khan got rid of Shiv Chanderpaul and India won by 20 runs by making West Indies all out for 169. After we came out, we heard there were some people without tickets who managed to go inside somehow. We were disheartened earlier with India's poor run on the board but Romesh Power's accurate bowling and India's eventual win give us an ultimate feeling. On the way back, Cuttack to Bhubaneswar road was filled with automobiles at mid night hours. It was a day well spent.



Lingaraj Mandir; Krishna Balaram Mandir, ISKCON; Hanuman Mandir, Temple City, Bhubaneswar.

We had three days to go before heading for USA. 'Kora Khai' from Lingaraj Mandir and 'Avada' from Ananta Basudev Mandir still lingers in my memory. Beautiful Ram Mandir and Krishna Balaram (ISKCON) Mandir at Bhuabaneswar made our Temple City visit a complete satisfaction. There was a life sized deity of Hanuman, which was at least three times taller than us. It was a quick and nice trip to Orissa. We got an opportunity to remember it for ever.

*Author: Hemanta Ranjan Panda. The author live in New Jersey with wife Pritinanda and daughter Surabhi. Email: [hpanda@yahoo.com](mailto:hpanda@yahoo.com)*

*Better be wise by the misfortunes of others than by your own*





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***Helping the Needy....***

## **ORPHANS OF RURAL ORISSA**

**Subhas C Mohapatra**

**B**efore 2005, I was totally ignorant about this issue, and after one year, I am still in the learning process. Involvement with the Orphan issue of Orissa was not a planned activity for IAFF. I got involved in it through serendipity.

There is an Orphanage named Nivedita Ashram in Patalipank, Dist. Kendrapara. It is, however, accessed through Kujang of Jagatsingpur District. Patalipank is about 13 km from Paradeep, the port city. A group of Indians belonging to AIC-WNY (American Indian Community of Western New York) have donated a 10-acre parcel of agricultural land to this orphanage to help it attain self-sustainability. One member of this group contacted me to ask if I can provide any assistance for the optimal use of the land. I agreed under the provision that I need to first survey the land and study the possibilities.

So, during my 2005 trip to Orissa, Mr. Mihira Rath of AIC took me to the orphanage run by Lutheran Mahila Samiti, and from there to the land located at Barakolipada. The trip was a memorable one for me because I had never ridden a motorized rural boat. We had to travel to Paradeep, from where we boarded the boat and traveled upstream for nearly two hours to reach Barakolipada, near what is known to local people as Batighar. For obvious reasons, this had to be done under high tide. Upon disembarking from the boat, we had to walk more than two kilometers to reach the farm. Because the orphanage had already started several projects, my options for developing a long-range plan were limited, but nevertheless exciting. Therefore I agreed to accept the responsibility without hesitation. Many a "day dreams" (indeed it was day dream because it took place in the middle of the day) floated through my mind at lightening speed. I was thankful to the almighty that finally I got a chance that might make some real difference.

After endless expressions of optimism, typical of my personal trait, we decided to hurry back to the boat before the low-tide sets in. Unfortunately, when we reached the boat, it was already low tide and our boat got stuck in the sand bed. Every one of us jumped out of the boat and started pushing it for nearly half km until we reached a safe water depth for navigation. Although it was easy for me to jump out of the boat, I had forgotten how to jump in to a moving boat and in the process almost drowned. If it were not for the quick action of several fellow passengers, that probably would have been the end of my dream. Any way, we reached the orphanage after dark and therefore had to spend the night there. I used this time to learn a little more than its agricultural need. What I learnt was not only eye opening for me, but it made me make a silent commitment to serve the orphans of Orissa for the rest of my life. This also brought back some decades old painful memories. After my wife and I had a son in 1973 and a daughter in 1975, we decide to adopt at least one and if possible more children from different orphanages of Orissa.



We were influenced to take this decision because most children being adopted by USA families in the seventies were from Romania and none from India. Our dreams were dashed because some of my family members felt insulted that we were planning to adopt children from the "street" while children of our own family could benefit equally from a western life. That night, at the Nivedita Ashram Orphanage, I thanked the Almighty that finally my dream was fulfilled; now all the orphans of Orissa are my grand children. Thus, my dream of providing agricultural technology took a life of its own and became a dream of serving the orphans of Orissa. When my wife learned of this decision she also was excited and gave me warning that I must not do a shoddy job just because they are helpless orphans. She drew up a methodical step-by-step plan for me on how to proceed. One such charge was to find out details about what happens to the orphans of Orissa while they are at the orphanage and after they leave the orphanage. I have addressed this later in this article.

I found that the Nivedita Ashram Orphanage is founded on the principle of Sri Aurobindo and Sri Ma. Because my approach would be based on western methods, I had to make sure that my methods do not run contrary to the spiritual methods already in use. Therefore, during the 2006 trip, I spent nearly two weeks at Pondicherry to learn about the principles and methods associated with Sri Aurobindo Philosophy and expanded by Sri Ma. I was simply stunned to find that the model that I had developed for the Nivedita Ashram was almost a carbon copy (albeit in a miniature form) what is already in full operation both at the Aurobindo Ashram at Pondicherry and at Auroville. Simply put, technological upliftment is not only possible along with spiritual upliftment, but, according to Sri Ma, must be a component of integrated education and service to the Devine. This not only gave me a sigh of relief, but I also found out that my struggle was over and the process of learning has just started. It is just a matter of faithfully duplicating the Pondicherry success at Patalipunk. This is reflected in the master plan given in the second portion of this article.

Now about the Orphans of Orissa. As I have said in the beginning, it is still a learning process for me. However, the past year has given me some time to learn a little more about rural Orphans. During my 2006 Orissa tour, I conducted a nonscientific (and certainly superficial) survey at some of the leading institutions of Orissa such as Ravenshaw College, SCB Medical College, GM College, JITM, NIST, Synergy and KIIT. In some cases the survey was conducted while visiting the campus while for other institutions the survey relied on information given by people knowledgeable about these campuses. I did not find a single instance where a female student of faculty at any of these institutions actually grew up in an orphanage. It is quite appropriate to pause for a moment and ask where do the orphan girls go.

It is no exaggeration to say that not only these female orphans are abandoned on the roadside as infants, because "it is a girl and not a boy", but they are also being abandoned on the roadside as adults. Therefore, it is no wonder that we do not find any of these orphans in the social hierarchy. Why this happens becomes clear when the cost involved in higher education is taken into consideration. For example, if a student qualifies for an Engineering college or Medical College, the cost of travel, boarding, lodging, books, equipment, tuition and health care etc. can easily exceed Rs.5000 per month. Thus, the total cost for each student could exceed Rs.2 lakhs during a 4-year period, not to mention the donations required in private colleges.



Against this stark reality, IAFF has embarked on an uphill battle to reverse the apathetic tide against the female orphans of rural Orissa. I am hopeful that readers of this article will join IAFF as partners in progress and help IAFF in one or more of the following ways:

1. Please read the attached master plan and suggest improvements in its contents and implementation.
2. Please donate to IAFF to the extent your resources permit each year for as long as you can afford. If you are making a donation in rupees, please send your donation to Plot 628, Lane 10, Palaspali, Aerodrome area, Bhubaneswar, Orissa 77751013. If you are donating in dollars, please send your checks to IAFF, 1413 Boxwood Lane, Apex, NC 27502. To save money, IAFF does not send receipts by mail. Therefore, if you send your e-mail address, I will be happy to send you an electronic receipt.
3. Please contact as many of your colleagues, friends, family members, relatives and acquaintances as possible to participate in this program to the extent their personal situations will permit.
4. If you know of a rural orphanage in your area or a neighboring area, please ask them to contact me for assistance their orphans.
5. Please donate your time as your situation permits. This will include visits to different orphanages to monitor and execute programs, offer tutoring and teaching assistance, and other assistance that might optimize the use of your donations at the orphanages.

#### **PROBLEM DESCRIPTION:**

For the purpose of this Master Plan, an orphan is defined as a child who has taken up permanent residence in a registered orphanage for one or more of the following reasons: 1) The child was abandoned at birth because it is a female child; it is not uncommon at the Nivedita Ashram to receive a newborn in odd hours of the night with the umbilical cord still attached. 2) One or both parents are deceased and the child is helpless. 3) One or both parents are alive but could not feed and clothe the child, and therefore surrendered the child to an orphanage.

At this writing, the Central Government allocates Rs.1500/month/child until the child becomes three years old for a maximum of 10 children per orphanage; the Nivedita Ashram has at present 16 infants. After three years, the state government allocates Rs.500/per child/month until the child becomes 18 years old for a maximum of 50 children per orphanage; the Nivedita Ashram has at present 65 orphans. Thus, the number of orphans to be cared for exceeds the number for which government support is available.

Fortunately, some orphans get adopted (about 8-10 per year at the Nivedita Ashram) while some others receive sponsorship from benevolent individuals and families (at present about 5 receive such sponsorship at the Nivedita Ashram). The number of such orphans is few and far between. Because most orphanages do not have resources to support adult children without government support, the orphans must leave the orphanage when they complete 17 years. This is where individual and social tragedies come into play: Begging, Prostitution, Sex-trade/trafficking, Exploitation through low pay and bonded labor etc. are among the tragedies frequently reported in the news media. It is not hard to imagine that for every reported tragedy, many such tragedies probably go unreported and unnoticed. These individual tragedies quickly become social tragedies because the clients of sex-trade are usually moneyed-men who seek multiple partners. Some of these males get infected with STDs (sexually transmitted disease)



including HIV-AIDS without even being aware of their own clinical status because they are ashamed/afraid to seek screening and treatment for fear of disclosure. Thus, they pass on these STDs to their spouses, children and even perhaps grand children. While, on one hand, these tragedies are wide spread, on the other hand few, if any, realize that the orphanages are minefields of talents waiting to be harnessed for the benefit of the society.

### **PROPOSED SOLUTION:**

It is my personal opinion that the above problem has an easy solution. As outlined below, a seamless educational protocol has been developed to keep the orphans "off the streets" and "in the class room" until they move on to professional careers. The following are various components of the proposed "seamless education protocol".

- 1. Early Care and Education:** The Nivedita Ashram is run through the philosophies of Sri Aurobinda and Sri Ma. In addition to spiritual education, the orphans are also provided basic education at the Ashram as soon as they become receptive to learning. Available resources will be used to reinforce this education through added emphasis on English (especially spoken English), Math, Science and Technology as early as possible. It is important that modern education with emphasis on science and technology does not run counter to the spiritual education the children are receiving. To facilitate this process, I went to Pondicherry for nearly two weeks to learn about the workings at the Sri Aurobinda Ashram. I was pleasantly surprised to find that science, technology and physical education are integral parts of the educational process at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram and Auroville, an international community based on the application of science and technology. I am therefore convinced that spiritual and technological education can be blended together to impart integrated and holistic education to the resident orphans. Experts in "early child hood education" will be consulted to develop methods to identify the potential of each child as early as possible. In view of the fact that this is a highly variable trait, diagnosis, counseling and guidance will be a continuous process until each child's potential and aptitude is identified. It is anticipated that assessment will become easier as the children mature and are capable of expressing their own preferences. Once such diagnosis has been accomplished, either appropriate education/training facilities will be developed at the orphanage or the child will be sent to an education/training center with needed financial support.
- 2. Intermediate Education:** This includes children between 5-16 years old. If the aptitude/talent diagnosis shows that the child has high potential for scholastic accomplishment, appropriate coaching/guidance will be provided to optimize the child's accomplishment. However, if the diagnosis shows that the child has limited potential for scholastic accomplishments, she will be directed toward a vocational training rather than an aimless academic pursuit. These children, however, will be provided functional education (such as counting money, balancing checkbooks and expense sheets, and trade related education such as health care, welding, electronics etc) so they can use this knowledge in their future pursuits. Depending on economic reality, the vocational training will be offered either at an institution founded for the orphans or at a distant institution with needed financial support. Those children who will be guided towards vocational education will



continue to receive, even after graduation, guidance, counseling and micro-financing until they are established in their chosen vocations.

3. **Distant Learning:** Computer technology will be used to offer distant learning and guidance wherever possible. This will not only compress the time and cost associated with travel, but will also enable IAFF to recruit experts who can give time on a voluntary basis. The possibility of such undertaking has already been tested successfully at Jahangirabad, near Salepur, through collaboration with ADIRE ([www.adire.org](http://www.adire.org)), a NGO in Orissa.
4. **Higher Education:** Those who show high scholastic/academic aptitude will be given needed financial support to accomplish their chosen goals. This support will be in the form of student loans rather than "give-aways". The loan will be recouped in installments once the student finds gainful employment. Loan refund will allow IAFF to offer revolving support to a larger number of orphans. This model has already been applied by IAFF in the USA for students who come for higher education in non-technical fields without financial support.
5. **Vocational Education:** Those orphans who fail to progress along the academic path will be provided vocational education with emphasis on technology rather than the traditional "sewing", "knitting", "handicraft" etc. Thus, vocationally trained girls will learn nursing, midwifery, and even welding, electronics etc., which will enable them to compete in the male-dominated society.
6. **Adult Support System:** It is envisaged that the educational protocol through which the orphans will progress from their infancy will help them develop an outlook toward "thinking outside the box" in shaping their adult lives, which, hopefully, will also include marriage and family etc. It is further envisaged that some of these adults will face marital difficulties faced by others in the society. Because these orphans will lack "family support system", they will return to the same orphanage where they grew up. Their children will receive the same care/education they themselves received while growing up at the orphanage. Because the returning adults will have vocational skills, they will produce "goods and services" that will be marked through assistance from IAFF. It is to be noted that an "adult orphan" care is already in operation at the Nivedita Ashram for people abandoned by their children. This infrastructure will be augmented to handle new challenges resulting from returning adults.



The little orphans were abandoned at birth because they are girls.

*Dr. Subhas Mohapatra is President of Indo American Friendship Foundation (IAFF)*

*All religions, arts and sciences are branches of the same tree.*



# CANCER IN WOMEN

Dr. Devi P. Misra

**C**ancer is the second leading cause of death in women. The most common cancers affecting women are breast, colon, endometrial, ovarian, skin, cervical, and lung cancer.

## BREAST CANCER

Early detection is of paramount importance.

Recommendations:

- Yearly mammograms starting at age 40
- Periodic clinical breast examination – every 3 years in ages 20s to 30s and every year for age 40 years and older.
- Breast self exam
- Women at increased risk should have breast ultrasound or MRI – after consulting a physician.

## COLON CANCER

Predisposing Factors:

- Always starts as a polyp
- People over 50
- Family history of colorectal polyp or cancer
- Inflammatory bowel disease
- Diet of high fat foods
- Overweight, smoking, inactivity

Testing options after age 50:

1. Yearly stool occult blood test
2. Flexible sigmoidoscopy every five years.
3. Yearly occult blood test & sigmoidoscopy every five years
4. Double contrast barium enema every five years
5. Colonoscopy every 10 years
6. CEA level – Carcinoembryonic antigen is a tumor marker of colorectal cancer.

Prevention:

- Taking aspirin, a tablet a day, reduces risk of colorectal cancer by 30%.
- Low fat diet rich in fruits and vegetables helps in prevention of polyps and colorectal cancer.



## ENDOMETRIAL CANCER

Predisposing Factors:

- Over age 50
- Taking estrogen therapy without taking progesterone
- Using tamoxifen in breast cancer treatment
- Early onset of menstrual period
- Late menopause
- Infertility history
- Women with no children
- Obesity
- Diabetes
- History of hereditary nonpolyposis colon cancer

Symptoms:

Unusual spotting and bleeding not related to menstrual periods.

Testing:

Although the Pap test is very good at finding cancer of the cervix, it is not reliable for early diagnosis of endometrial cancer, the endometrial biopsy is.

Yearly testing with endometrial biopsy is offered by age 35 in those who have a family history or personal history of nonpolyposis colon cancer.

## OVARIAN CANCER

Predisposing factors:

- Women with no children
- Unexplained infertility
- Having first child after age 30
- Menopause after age 50
- Fertility drugs
- Talc exposure
- On hormone replacement for more than 10 years
- Family history of breast, ovarian, colon, or endometrial cancer.

Symptoms:

- Mostly asymptomatic
- Swelling of the abdomen
- Loss of appetite
- Bloating
- Abdominal pain
- Urge to urinate frequently
- Pelvic or back pain or leg pain
- Weight gain or loss
- Abnormal bleeding



Exam:

- Routine pelvic exam
- Transvaginal ultrasound
- CT scan
- CA-125 and CA 19-9 are markers for ovarian cancer

### CERVICAL CANCER

Can affect any sexually active person. Human papilloma virus (HPV) is found to be a causal etiology. More common in HIV patients.

Detection:

- Pap smears every 2 years until age 30
- Beginning at age 30, those who have had three normal Paps may get tested every 2-3 years.

With the advent of Pap testing, cervical cancer is an uncommon finding in the U.S.

- After 70 years, having had 3 normal Paps in the last 10 years, women may stop cervical cancer testing.
- After a total hysterectomy, Pap testing is not necessary.

### SKIN CANCER

Predisposition:

- Too much exposure to sun, particularly in fair-skinned people
- Close family member with melanoma
- Severe sunburn before age 18

### LUNG CANCER

Accounts for 15% of all cancer cases. More women die of lung cancer than breast cancer.

Risk Factors:

- a) Smoking – 8 out of 10 lung cancers are due to smoking. Nonsmoking spouses of smokers have a 30% greater risk of developing lung cancer.
- b) Radon (a breakdown product of uranium) exposure
- c) Asbestos exposure

Symptoms:

- Cough that does not go away
- Chest pain made worse by deep breathing
- Shoulder pain
- Hoarse voice
- Repeated bouts of bronchitis and pneumonia
- Swelling of the face and neck



- Weight loss
- Loss of appetite
- Bloody sputum
- Shortness of breath
- Fever
- New onset of wheezing
- Seizures

Detection:

- Chest x-ray, CT scan, PET scan
- Needle biopsy, bronchoscopy, pleuroscopy, mediastinoscopy

*Dr. Devi P. Misra, MD, FACP lives in Huntsville, Alabama*



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*Happiness is when what you think, what you say, and what you do are in harmony.*



# THE ORISSA FOUNDATION

## ORGANIZATIONAL SUPPORT

- . **SAHAYA:** FOR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN IN CUTTAK COMPLETED A 3-YEAR GRANT IN 2000
- . **INSTITUTE OF ORISSAN CULTURE:** COMPLETED a 5-YEAR GRANT IN 2000
- . **SCB MEDICAL COLLEGE LIBRARY:** LIFETIME GRANT AND PROVIDED FIRST COMPUTER FACILITY IN 1997 TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY
- . **BASUNDHARA:** COMPLETED 7-YEAR SUPPORT IN 2002. A GROUP OF 30 INDIVIDUALS  
DONATED \$42500 OVER 7 YEARS
- . **DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY VANI VIHAR:** COMPLETED a 2-YEAR RESEARCH GRANT IN 2003
- . **BHARAT BHARATI:** THE FOUNDATION DISTRIBUTED \$100 WORTH OF SELECTED BOOKS AND TREATISE TO 10 SCHOOLS IN ORISSA

## ONGOING SUPPORT

- . **ORISSA DANCE ACADEMY:** SINCE 1985 TO PRESERVE ORISSA'S DANCE STYLES AND CULTURE
- . **EYE HOSPITAL INDHENKANAL:** FOR PREVENTING AND CURING BLINDNESS IN A 75-100 MILE RADIUS. SO FAR 340 PATIENTS FROM DEC. 1ST 2006 HAVE REGAINED VISION FOLLOWING SURGERY
- . **EDUCATION, HEALTH AND AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT IN RURAL ORISSA:** NOW IN SAMBALPUR WITH BISWA AND MRS. RANU MAHANTI, MICHIGAN
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*Destroy the seed of evil, or it will grow up to your ruin*



**Indira Social Welfare Organization**  
**ISWO**  
**HELP DEVELOPMENT OF WOMEN, CHILDREN &**  
**UNDERPRIVILEGED**

The mutual sharing of personal problems during skill training class of 1985 brought about the idea of a group for social transformation. Indira Social Welfare Organization (ISWO) was then born, and was registered in the year 1989. The realization of a social change and promotion of social justice consolidated the group in taking various programs.

**Vision & Mission:**

The organization envisions just social order, where women and men can participate equally in all aspects of the society. Our mission is to create a society, free from discrimination and violence against women. A society, where social justice and human rights, shall be extended to all. We strive for an economic regeneration through thrift, skill training, entrepreneurship etc.

**Our Philosophy:**

We recognize the challenges faced, by women, Dalit, and other underprivileged. We believe that economic stability, education, and consciousness would truly empower women to fight these challenges, and to eradicate social prejudices.

**We Work For:**

- Awareness and protection of human rights.
- Awareness against violence against women (VAW) and trafficking.
- Eradication of gender discrimination, and establishment of women rights.
- Community development through economic regeneration and promotion of SHGs.
- Promotion of entrepreneurship and self employment among women.
- Child welfare and protection of child rights.
- Health and sanitation.
- Skill training on different handicrafts such as embroidery, zari craft and patch work, tailoring, appliquéd, making soft toys etc. and providing platform for marketing.
- Training for rural entrepreneurship development.
- Protection of environment and promotion of agriculture,
- Education to SC/ST drop outs and promotion to adult literacy.
- Awareness and sensitization through cultural activities, public rallies, meetings, seminars etc.
- Rehabilitation to women victims.
- Network building, lobby, advocacy, and legal assistance.
- Anti-liquor campaign.

**Strategy:**

The strategy we adopted has many constituents, such as finding counseling to the victim, confrontation, legal action, lobby and advocacy, public awareness, and rehabilitation.

**Achievements:**

- ISWO runs three schools for SC/ST children and dropouts.



- More than one 100 women self help groups work in eight Panchayats, and one Municipal area catering to more than 40,000 people for socioeconomic sustainability.
- More than 500 women artisans received training in various handicrafts and other skills annually.
- Rehabilitation center for women victims.
- Human Right Cell of the organization provides a platform of redress in around 150 cases of women rights violation each year.
- Nationally acclaimed Department of Youth Affairs and Sports, Ministry of HRD, India.
- We are the recipient of many awards; however the following merit a mention:  
Outstanding Youth Club Award, Jayprakash Narayan Award, National Youth Award etc.

**Ekta Vahini:**

It is an exclusive cultural troupe of ISWO which is an integral part of the organization. Through performances it provides a platform of dissemination of solutions against social prejudices, especially against women. The performances of the troupe, of various themes, have been acclaimed at National and International Congregations.

The spirit of the workers and volunteers is high and their commitment is unfazed. However their resource limitations and mobility constraints sometimes pose difficulties. Nevertheless our hope and trust on the generosity of our donors is intact. We are also hopeful that the executive/administrative apathy would gradually meet to accept the social changes.

**Please come forward for equality, justice, and empowerment. Assist for the development of women, children, and Dalits.**



ISWO would like to thank the OSA- MI chapter for their donations towards boring this tube well. One single tube well helps the villagers of Lahuni Pada.

*Contact Information:*

At: Kunjakanta, Chandia Sahi  
P.O/Dist.: Dhenkanal- 759001~~~ ORISSA, INDIA  
E-mail: [puspanjaliiswodkl@hotmail.com](mailto:puspanjaliiswodkl@hotmail.com),  
Telephone: 91-0762-224239  
U.S Contact: [swapnalata@comcast.net](mailto:swapnalata@comcast.net)

*Kindness is the language which the deaf can hear and the blind can see.*



## **Preparing village children for a developed Orissa, India. Prachi Academy Science Gallery Project**

**Saubhagya Laxmi Mohapatra**

**I**ndia is fast changing in the direction of modernization, industrialization, and scientific growth. The fruit of these will be better possible when entire India is prepared to participate in the change. For many of the village kids their science education ends at the high school level. Their understanding starting from their own health and hygiene to the vast universe formally ends there. Those who could compete the odds, and continue at higher secondary education find it difficult to cope with the sudden demand of college curriculum. Building the strength of manpower through appreciation of science and technology from the school level is more than ever essential in rapidly developing India.

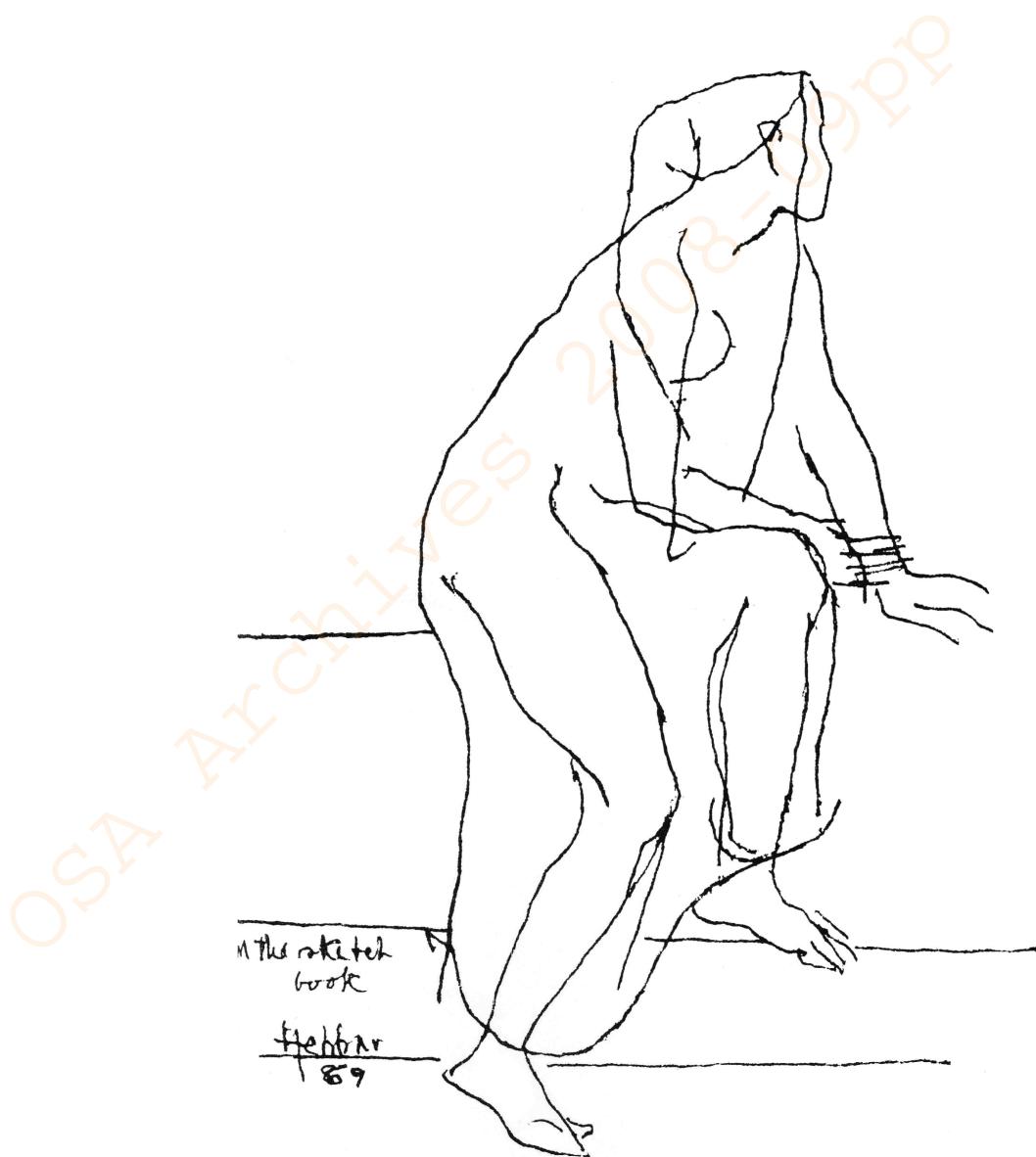
Prachi Academy, Adaspur, is a rural school situated in the center of a thickly populated area of Cuttack district in the state of Orissa. Due to the dedication of teachers, staff and management it has set a record of excellence over the years in student achievement, and participation in extracurricular activities at the local and state level. It accommodates all level of students from the local village while attracting the bright and brilliant students from several neighboring villages. However it lacks some basic needs for the advanced teaching-learning environment, it deserves. The total strength of the school is about 600. Here up to 60 – 80 students participate in each lesson at a time. It is even difficult for all students to see the demonstrations and experiments by the teacher. It might not be a problem for you and me to be actively involved in any teaching learning situation but think about the “back benchers” in rows of 10 or 12, who are mostly the below average, not so active! Think about the teaching time and guiding time a teacher would spend if he or she would like to involve 70 students in her lesson, especially when the subject is science.

When I was considering taking up an improvement project in my beloved school, the need of a “Science Gallery” seemed to be the most appealing. “Prachi Academy Science Gallery Project” is designed to facilitate Science education among the students through a better teaching and learning environment as well as to provide a resource center for the neighboring middle and elementary schools and to the district and state administration. The project needs the funding for a building with a gallery for the students, equipped with projector and basic facilities to conduct experiments related to Science curriculum, adjacent apparatus room and to supplement the existing inventory of equipment. With the help and support of school staff and district administration and a local Non-profit organization Sampurna Centre for Women’s Empowerment and Social Development I am leading this project since 2005. The total estimated cost of this project is \$ 10,600 USD. The building is under construction. If you would like to know more about this project, or want to contribute or to initiate similar project in your school please visit [www.worldorissa.com/project](http://www.worldorissa.com/project) for more information.

**Author:** Author Mrs. Saubhagya Laxmi Mohapatra is the editor of WorldORISSA.com. Currently she is a resident of Greenville, SC, USA. Email: [editor@worldorissa.com](mailto:editor@worldorissa.com)

*Pure mathematics is, in its way, the poetry of logical ideas*





K.K. Hebbar - From the sketch Book

# *From Oriya Homemakers....*



## **Keeping the Strings Attached: Oriya Gruhini**

**Anindita Nanda**

“Oriya Gruhini” as the name suggests is a vibrant internet community of mostly Oriya “gruhini’s” from US and the world over and has completed two and half years of a loving and caring relationship among its members. “Gruhini’s” represents the essence of every woman and is a celebration of womanhood in all its manifestations. Being far from home and making a new home in a land of opportunities and dreams, be it the USA or anywhere in the world, it may sometimes be a very exhausting and lonely experience without the support and the lending ears of friends and well wishers. And the role of Oriya Gruhini fulfills that need from its core to its sheath. “Oriya Gruhini” is there for fellow gruhini’s in their thick and thin, in their celebrations and achievements and in their ups and downs, encouraging and congratulating when one achieves a milestone in life be it in work or personal, sharing when one needs advice, lending a supporting shoulder when one needs a lift in spirits. In this day and age when everyone is busy with his/her daily duties and obligations, in this forum; friends take time from their days to make time for their gruhini friends. It has members from far and near, from India to Australia to the whole of US, from home-makers to artists to professionals to dreamers to entrepreneurs. Miles of distances do not matter as everyone is just an email away.

The community, which started with as few as 3 members, has grown by leaps and bounds and has a total of 37 members till date and hopes to continue with this trend of imbibing new members. Though most of the members have not met one another, they still are able to fill one another’s life with love, happiness, fun, smile and knowledge. This has been a forum to unite all Oriya housewives throughout the US and the world. In this transitional world of crisscrossing national boundaries, the ethnic consciousness of being an ‘Oriya’ has made us one of the most successful communities around the globe. The group has put in mammoth effort to portray a new outlook towards the development of Orissa and discuss the current problems that our state is facing. This group entails in providing a warm feeling of belongingness to members who have stayed out of Orissa for most part of their lives and gives them a glimpse of how Orissa has changed and is changing. Its members always try to create an atmosphere of a second home by indulging in discussions and sharing their own experiences of Orissa and abroad. Sunshine of love, warmth, and friendship sparkles the “Gruhini Parivar” everyday.

Sharing a thought, a joke, an idea, a notion, no matter how small or big is always welcomed with open arms and so are the new members who keep joining. We have seen lot of groups made only to fizzle out even before they get off the ground. Oriya Gruhini has been an exception to this due to the undivided loyalty of its members as an ardent group of enthusiasts who take it in their stride to go that extra mile and make a difference in the lives of all those who love to see the enormous amount of support from this group of extraordinary gruhini’s who are exceptional not only in the sense of what they have achieved but also are special in the way that they make the day of someone extra special with their attention, be it their birthday, anniversary, birth of a new baby or any other occasion for celebration and sometimes for no reason at all but



just to make one feel special and loved. Such delightful moments are not uncommon in this welcoming family, a family keeping the strings attached no matter where we are and who we are.

Oriya Gruhini is simply a luxury in life. Laughing from ones heart with a forwarded joke or refreshing their spirit with a mind blowing message when one is feeling low due to health issues or for some other reason, seeking an advice when one is in a dilemma, receiving a welcome back note when one is still missing family in India right after a trip from India, visiting places (through online albums) in India and all over the world where one have never been before through the lens of their gruhini friends. Parenthood is a difficult stage of life. But many to-be mothers and new mothers have shared their apprehensions, joys and eased their sorrows here. The sharing of ideas for parenting and well-being of children has always become an integral part of discussion in this group. In this family one gets heart warming hellos not only from friends one has never met, but also from those who are there and with whom one can share the days- like the birthdays, the anniversaries, ordinary days too of happiness, love, fear, concern, nearly everything and anything without inhibition.

It is a unique platform through which we reconnect with our Oriya culture and heritage and get to know each other and work towards building an everlasting relationship with gruhini's all over the world. We share project ideas (like photography, gardening, dancing etc.) and cooking recipes with the group. We have maintained diversity in the group. The non-Oriya's in our group can better speak about the feeling of togetherness prevalent here. Within this time span of two and half yrs, so many members have joined and left too. Despite that our spirit towards the continuity of the group has been the same as it was in the beginning.

We feel proud when Anya and Nayna do a splendid job in their academic carrier. With families far from us, we know when we need advice; we can always turn to the elders of the group like Swapna nani and Reene nani, who are there for us with their prompt guidance. When we feel a bit little down and low in spirits, Anindita (Ani) is always there to put a smile on our face with her prompt, charming and encouraging words. Mornings are always beautiful with the good morning messages from Smruti. Each occasion is captured well with Sujata's (Guddi) photography, birthdays are always colorful with Ambika's wishes, fun is always sprinkled with Namrata's (Nam) giggly lines, our intelligence is constantly put to test with Sujata's (Dolly) interesting polls, moments are always perfect with Nitu's presentation and Padmaja's jokes and Swati's delightful "Oriyinglisch" pen downs and there is yet another sweet reason to open up the mailbox with a cup of tea in hand on a dusky, infinite morning, eyes and heart fixed on the message in the computer screen and to be a part of such a wonderful group created by Amita and nurtured and kept going by the commitment of all the other above gruhini's.

We have always stood by these words, "there are miles and miles to go before I sleep...." The Internet journeys for us, the Oriya Gruhini's, has just begun and we have a long way to go and we strongly believe that this platform has given us a strong base to enable us to be heard and to make a difference not only in each other's lives but also make us capable of working on what we strongly believe in which is and has been the primary objective, to preserve



and pass on a small piece of our culture and heritage. We will continue to work towards making Oriya Gruhini the voice of Oriya gruhini's all over the world! We would be happy to welcome anyone to our family.

Mail to Join Oriya Gruhini: oriyagruhini@yahoo.com or oriyagruhini@yahoogroups.com

(Note: This article has been edited and compiled by Anindita Nanda for OriyaGruhini. It is a compilation of the thoughts and writings of the members of the yahoo group OriyaGruhini.)



El captain and Merced River ©Biswajeet Puhan

*"Experience is a hard teacher because she gives the test first, the lesson afterwards."*



## Few Recipes from the Kitchen of Oriya Gruhini

Compiled by Amita Mishra

Oriya cuisine is part of those unexploited Indian cuisine which is rich and varied. The recipes are generally simple and delicious and are delicately spiced unlike the typical Indian curries. The most important contribution of Oriya cuisine to Indian cuisine is Rassagolla, which has been used in Orissa thousands of years before being passed on to West Bengal. Also Kheeri (Kheer) which is very much popular in all parts of India originated from Puri, the land of Lord Jagannatha, thousands of years ago. The variety of food cooked in different parts of Orissa is vast and diverse. Each family has its own style of cooking which suits best to their tastes. And this tradition is passed on to generations, from mother to daughter, from mother-in-law to daughter-in-law and so on.

Following are some recipes shared by members of OriyaGruhini.

### 1. Sweet Podo Pita ( Bou's Style ) by Reene Das.

#### Ingredients:

2 Cups Basmati Rice, or Regular Rice (soaked overnight)  
1 Coconut (grated).  
Water  
Brown Sugar according to taste.  
A pinch of salt.  
1/2 cup buttermilk.  
1 stick of butter or Ghee  
Few whole cardamom seeds, or crushed, as desired  
Handful of Raisins ( and cashews if desired )  
3 to 4 Bay leaves.

#### Method

Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Smear a cake pan, with butter. Keep aside. Blend the washed soaked rice, with the grated coconut with water as required. On the stove place a pot with a cup of water or more, add the brown sugar the stick of butter and the bay leaves. Let it boil, then add the blended rice, and coconut mixture. Once it starts boiling add the buttermilk. Keep cooking, till it becomes a little bit dry. Add cardamom seeds, and raisins. Pour this mixture, in the pan, pat the top with ghee, if required and bake for over an hour and a half, or till a toothpick comes out clean when pierced. Then cover, and cool it. Cut into slices, and enjoy.



## **2. A Sweet Dish with Mango Pulp by Swapnalata Mishra**

One can mango pulp (any brand from Indian store)  
One cool whip 16oz.  
One can condense milk  
1 or 2 cardamom ( powder)  
Mix them all together and freeze it for minimum 3hrs.  
(If you want you can add 2 table spoons Pista powder)  
Take it out of the freezer 15mnts before you serve.

## **3. Dal Fry by Swati Dash**

### **Ingredients:**

1 Cup Toor Dal  
One large onion minced  
One large chopped tomato  
2 Green Chilly chopped  
1/2 tspn minced ginger  
1tspn Jeera  
2tspn Kasuri methi  
1tspn Turmeric Powder  
Salt to Taste  
2tspn Sugar  
Few Tejpatta  
2-3 Green cardamom  
3tspn Oil  
Cilantro for garnishing

### **Method:**

Pressure cook toordal with 3cup water adding turmeric powder and salt for 1 whistle. While done, put a karai on fire, heat the oil, add tejpatta, green cardamom, then add jeera, let it splutter, then add green chilly and ginger, and onion, fry for 3 minutes till the onion is transparent, add tomato and fry for another few minutes, till the tomato becomes soft, add kasurimethi, fry for another 2mins, then mixed the dal and let It boils for 2mins, add sugar, and garnish with cilantro and serve with pulao or roti.

## **4. Cabbage Manchurian By Swati Dash**

### **Ingredients:**

1 large thinly sliced Cabbage  
1 cup Maida  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tspn Haldi



$\frac{1}{2}$  tspn Garam masala powder  
Salt to taste  
1 large sliced Onion  
1 sliced Tomato  
1 sliced Capsicum  
Green Chilly  
Ginger  $\frac{1}{2}$  tspn minced  
1 large Thinly sliced Carrot  
Soya sauce, Tomato Sauce, Chilly sauce  
Vinegar, China Salt  
Pepper  $\frac{1}{2}$  tspn grounded  
Oil for frying

#### Method

Take a wide mouthed container and put cabbage, maida, salt , turmeric and garam masala and mix well. Use as little water as possible. The dough should be of consistency for making small balls. Convert the dough into small balls. Deep fry them in the oil till they become golden brown. Put a karai on stove, and heat 3 tspn oil, add green chilly, ginger, onion and fry for 2 mins, then add capsicum fry for another 2 mins, add carrot fry for few minutes, add tomato fry for another 1 min, then add the cabbage balls, mix them together, add all the sauces and vinegar and china salt, grounded pepper check the salt and serve hot with paratha.

### 5. Carrot Kofta Curry By Swati Dash

#### Ingredients

##### **For the Koftas:**

4-5 Carrots grated  
1 boiled and mashed Potato  
1 tbsp crumbled Paneer  
1 tsp Chilli Powder  
1 tsp Salt  
1 Green Chilli ,finely chopped  
1/2 tsp Ginger-garlic paste  
1 tbsp Besan (gram flour)  
1 tsp Butter  
Oil to deep fry

##### **For the Gravy:**

1 cup Curd (yogurt)  
1/2 tsp Haldi (turmeric) Powder  
1 tsp Chilli powder



Salt to taste  
1 tsp Besan  
1 tsp Sugar  
1 tsp Mustard seeds, 1 tsp Cumin seeds  
1 tsp Ajwain (optional)

**Onion-Ginger paste:**

one big onion or two small onions and 1/2 inch ginger.  
Cut into small pieces fry it in one spoon oil and then blend in a mixer.

**For Garnishing:**

Coriander leaves, Cream , 1/2 cup Water

**Method:**

**For the Koftas**

Take a frying pan put butter in it. When butter melts put the grated carrot fry for 2 minutes and cover and cook on a low flame for 5 minutes . When the carrot turns little soft remove the pan and let it cool. Mix the other ingredients of koftas, except oil for deep fry. Make small balls. Heat the oil for deep-frying, and deep-fry these balls till they turn brown in color. Remove them from oil and let it cool.

**For the Gravy**

Take the curd add besan and sugar and blend it properly in a mixer. Heat butter in a deep bottom pan, put the mustard seeds, ajwain, cumin seeds and when they crackle add the onion paste to it fry it till oil separates, add chili powder and haldi to it and put the curd mixture in the kadhai. Boil it for 5-7 minutes. But stir it with a spoon continuously so that curd does not separate. Add salt to taste. Add water in it. When it cools drop the koftas in it and garnish it with cream and coriander leaves.

## 6. Recipe for Ambila (Sambalpuri Style) by Amita Mishra

**Ingredients**

1 Small eggplant, 3-4 pieces of Okra, 1 small Radish, 100 gms of Pumpkin- all cut into medium size pieces.  
3-4 Pieces of Arvi (Saru) peeled and diced, 1 Medium Sized tomato,  
3-4 tbs of Yougrt., 1/2 cup of Toor Dal



Curry leaves,  
Panch Phutn,  
6-7 Whole red chili,  
2-3 tbs rice soaked in water for 1 hour.

### **Method**

1. Grind the soaked rice with 1-2 flakes of garlic and 1-2 whole red chili.
2. Pressure cook dal with salt and Turmeric till almost done.
3. By that time put some oil in a pan and add mustard seeds. After the seeds splutter, add the cut tomatoes. After the tomatoes are cooked, bring it down to room temp.
4. Then to this tomato khata, add the ground rice paste, and yogurt. Mix it properly.
5. To the boiled dal add the vegetables(except Okra). Boil it again till the vegetables are done. By the mean time fry the okra in a frying pan with little oil. Fry till the stickiness of okra is gone. Add it to the boiling vegetables.
6. Add the mixture of step no 4 to the boiling vegetables and stir continuously. Boil again for 5-7 minutes.
7. Heat some oil in the frying pan and add the panch phutan. When they splutter, add the curry leaves and whole red chili . Pour this phutan over the ambila and cover it immediately so that the aroma of the phutan is completely absorbed by the ambila. Serve with rice.

**P.S. You can adjust the sourness by adjusting the amount of curd or tomato.**

## **7. Mixed Saga Bhaja**

### **Ingredients**

Few Phula Kobi patra, Mula saga, Koshala Saga all finely chopped and mixed together. Grind presoaked rice with 1-2 flakes of garlic and 1-2 whole red chili. Finely chop 1-2 green chili, 2 -3 flakes of garlic, depending on the quantity of cut leaves. Mix altogether the leaves, chopped garlic, green chilies, the ground rice paste with salt to taste. Heat a tawa( frying pan) and put some oil in it. Then put above mixture in the tawa in round shape. When done, turn it round like a chakuli. Fry till golden brown on both the sides. This saga bhaja goes well with Pakhala.

## **8. Kakharu Manji Bhaja**

Take 100 grams of peeled dry Pumpkin Seeds. Grind it. To this paste add salt, finely chopped onion, green chili, coriander leaves and tomato.

Heat a tawa (frying pan) and put some oil in it. Then put the above mixture in the tawa in round shape. When done, turn it round like a chakuli. Fry till golden brown on both the sides.

*Joy in looking and comprehending is nature's most beautiful gift.*



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ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗ





ଓঁ শ্রী গণেশায় নমস্ত  
মুরুজরে গোনন, পঞ্জা-সুভাতা খুলিআ



মিচিগান্সে রথযাত্ৰা



## ସଂପାଦକୀୟ.....

ବ୍ୟାଙ୍ଗନ,  
ନମସ୍କାର!

୨୦୦୭ ଓସା' ମହୋୟବର ଉଦୟୋତ୍ତା ଦୂର, ଓସା'ର ସମସ୍ତ ସର୍ବ-ସର୍ବ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ସ୍ଵରଣିକାର ଲେଖକ/ ଲେଖିକା ଓ ପାଠକ/ପାଠିକା ମାନଙ୍କୁ ହାର୍ଦିକ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ ଜଣାଇବା ସହ, ଆମ ଐତିହ୍ୟର ମୂଳଧାର ଓ ଆମ ବୈଚିତ୍ର୍ୟର ଅନନ୍ୟ ପ୍ରତୀକ ମଙ୍ଗଳମୟ ଶ୍ରୀଜଗନ୍ଧାଥଙ୍କ ପାଦପଦ୍ମ ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗଟିକୁ ଅର୍ପଣ କରୁଛି ।

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଓ ଓସାର ସଂପର୍କ ବାଉଁଶ ଓ ବକ୍ଷିଶୀର ସଂପର୍କ ପରି ବିରତନ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଓସାର ସୃଷ୍ଟି ଓ ସ୍ଥିତିର କାରଣ । ୧୯୬୭ ମସିହା ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର ଭାଷ୍ୟ ଭାବରେ ମାନ୍ୟତା ପାଇବାର ଏକ ମାତ୍ର କାରଣ ଥିଲା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା । ନିଜକୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାବରେ ପରିଚୟ ଦେଉଥିବା କେତୋଟି ଯୁବ ପାଶର ଉତ୍ସାହକୁ ନେଇ ପାଇଁ ଅଠିରିଶୀ ବର୍ଷ ତଳେ ଓସା ଏକ ସଂଗଠନ ଭାବରେ ଗଠନ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଯେମିତିବି ହୋଇ, ଯେତୋଟିବି ହେଉଁ ବର୍ଷକୁ ଥରେ ଉତ୍ତର ଆମେରିକାର ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ଏକାଠି ହେବା, ଏକାଠି ହୋଇ କର୍ମମୟ ଜୀବନର ଦୁଃଖ-ସୁଖଙ୍କୁ ବାଣ୍ଡିବା, ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସୃତିକୁ ରୋମଛନ କରିବା, ଏହି ଅବସରରେ ନିଜ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ନିଜ ସଂକ୍ଷତି ସହ ଯଥାସାଧ୍ୟ ପରିଚିତ କରାଇବା, ଅନ୍ୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପରିବାର ଓ ତାଙ୍କ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ମିଶିବାପାଇଁ ସୁଯୋଗ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିବା ଥିଲା ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଏକମାତ୍ର ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ । ଏ ଭିତରେ ଅନେକ ଦିନ ବିତି ଗଲାଗି, ଆନ୍ତର୍ଜାଲର ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ ଏବେ ବୃଦ୍ଧିବିଧି, ବାର୍ଷିକ ବନ୍ଧୁ ମିଳନ ଏବେ ମହୋୟବ ର ରୂପ ନେଇଛି ।

ଅଠିରିଶ ବର୍ଷ ପରେ ଆଜି ଓସା ଏକ ଦୃଢ଼ତ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ । କେବଳ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ନୂହୁଁଟି, ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ ଭଲ ପାଉଥିବା, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂକ୍ଷତି କୁ ଆପଣେଇ ନେଇଥିବା ଆହୁରି ଅନେକ ଓସା ସହିତ ସଂପୃଷ୍ଟ । ଉତ୍ତର ଆମେରିକାର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରାନ୍ତରେ ଯ୍ୟାନୀୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ଗଛି ଉଠିଛି ଓସାର ଚାପ୍ତର ସବୁ । ଭିନ୍ନ ଜୀବିକା, ଭିନ୍ନ ଆଦର୍ଶ, ଭିନ୍ନ ରୂପିବୋଧ ହେଲେବି ସର୍ବ-ସର୍ବ୍ୟ ମାନେ ଓସା ନାମକ ଗୋଟିଏ ସୃତ ରେ ବନା, କାରଣ ହେଉଛି ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପତି ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଣ, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂକ୍ଷତି ପ୍ରତିପେମାନଙ୍କର ଆକର୍ଷଣ । ଓଡ଼ିଶାରୁ ନୂଆ ଆମେରିକା, କାନାଟା ଆସିଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆରିଏ ନୂଆ ଜାଗା, ନୂଆ ବାତାବରଣ, ନୂଆ କାମକୁ ଆଦରି ନେଉଥିବା ବେଳେ ମନେ ମନେ ଖୋଜି ହୋଉଥାଏ ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ଓଡ଼ିଆକୁ, ଖୁବି ହୋଉଥାଏ ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ । ଯେଇ ନୂଆ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପରିବାର ମାନଙ୍କୁ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଯ୍ୟାନର ଓସା ଚାପଟର୍ର ପୁରୁଣା ସର୍ବ୍ୟ ଓ ସର୍ବ୍ୟମାନେ ଆପଣେଇ ନିଅନ୍ତି । କୁମାର ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମା, ସରସ୍ଵତୀ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣା, ଗଣେଶ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣା ଓ ପିକ୍ମିକ୍ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ଆହୁରି ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଉତ୍ସବରେ ଯେହି ନୂଆ ପରିବାରମାନେ ଅନ୍ୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପରିବାରମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ପରିଚିତ ହୁଅନ୍ତି, ପ୍ରବାସରେ ଥାଇ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପରିଚିତ ବାତାବରଣକୁ ଅନୁଭବ କରନ୍ତି ।

୨୦୦୭ ଓସା ଜନରେନସନ୍ଦରେ ଐତିହ୍ୟ ଓ ବୈଚିତ୍ର୍ୟର ମହୋୟବ ଅବସରରେ; ଯେଉଁମାନେ ଜୀତୀୟ ସ୍ଵରରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାର ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର ପରିଚୟ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଆପାଶ ଉଦୟୋତ୍ତା କରି ସପକ୍ଷ ହୋଇଥିଲେ, ଯେଉଁମାନେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଏକ ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର ଭାଷା ଭାବରେ ମାନ୍ୟତା ପାଇବାର ଅନେକ ପୁର୍ବରୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପାହିତ୍ୟ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିଥିଲେ, ଯେଉଁମାନେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପାହିତ୍ୟକୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଅକ୍ଷରର ଲିପିବନ୍ଦୁ କରି ରଖିଥିଲେ ତାଳପତ୍ର ପାର୍ଥିରେ, ଯେଉଁ କର୍ମବୀର ମାନେ ଆଧୁନିକ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରପାତିର ସାହାୟ ନେଇ ନାନା ପାତ ପଢିଯାଇ ଭିତରେ କାଗଜ ଉପରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଅକ୍ଷର ଛାପିଲ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପାହିତ୍ୟକୁ ଅମର କରିବାର ପରେଣ୍ଯ କରିଥିଲେ, ଯେଉଁ ପାହିତ୍ୟକ ମାନେ ଆଜୀବନ ପାହିତ୍ୟ ପାଧନାରେ ରତ ରହି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପାହିତ୍ୟର ସ୍ଥିତିକୁ ଜୀତୀୟ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ କରିଛନ୍ତି, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପାହିତ୍ୟର ଐତିହ୍ୟକୁ ସୁଦୃଢ଼ କରିଛନ୍ତି ଓ ତହିଁରେ ବୈଚିତ୍ର୍ୟ ଓ ଦୈରିଦ୍ରି ଭରି ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି, ସେମାନେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଆମର ନମସ୍କାର ।

ଓସା ର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗ ପ୍ରକାଶନାରେ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ସହାୟକ ଆମକୁ ଓଡ଼ିପନକୁ ଉପହାର ଦେଇଥିବା ଶ୍ରୀ ଦେବାଶୀଷ ରଧକର ଅବଦାନ ବିର ପ୍ରଶଂସନୀୟ ।

ଆମେରିକା ଓ କାନାଟାର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସହରରେ ବିଶତ ସର୍ବତ୍ରିଶ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ପତି ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ବାର୍ଷିକ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ ପାଇନ ଅବସରରେ ପାରଂପରିକ ଲୀଟି ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ପତିବର୍ଷ ସ୍ଵରଣିକା ମଧ୍ୟ ପକାଶ ପାଇ ଆସୁଛି । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗ ସ୍ଵରଣିକାର ଶୋଭା ବର୍ଷନ କରିବା ପହିତ ଓସାର ସମ୍ମାନ ମାନଙ୍କର ଓ ଆମ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କର ଆମ୍ବ ପରିଚୟକୁ ଶୌରବାଦ୍ୱାତ୍ମିତ କରିଆସୁଛି । ପୁର୍ବତଳ କନ୍ରରେନସନ୍ ଶୁଭିକର ଉଦୟୋତ୍ତା ଏବଂ ସଂପାଦକ/ସଂପାଦିକା ମାନଙ୍କର ପରେଣ୍ଯ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗଟିକୁ ବଞ୍ଚାଇ ରଖିଛି । ସେଇପାଇଁ ଗଣିଦେଲା ପରି ଉତ୍ତର ଆମେରିକାର କେତୋଟିଶା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲେଖକ ଲେଖିକାମାନେ ନିଜ କଷ୍ଟନା ଓ ଅନେକିଭା ଅନୁଭୂତିକୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତ କରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ପାଇ



ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି, ତାଙ୍କର ପାହିତ୍ୟ ସାଧନା ଅବ୍ୟାହତ ରହିଛି । ବିନା ପଠନରେ ଲିଖନ ର ସାର୍ଥକତା ନଥାଏ । ଓସା ସ୍ଵରଣିକାର ପାଠକ/ପାଠିକା ମାନେ ଲେଖକ/ଲେଖିକାମାନଙ୍କର ପ୍ରେରଣାର ଉପ୍ରେତି ।

ଏଥରର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗରେ ପକାଶ ପାଇଁଥିବା କିଛି ଲେଖାର ଲେଖିକା ମାନେ କେହି କେହି ଆମେରିକା ବୁଲି ଆସିଥିବା ଅବସରରେ, କେହି କେହି ସଂପର୍କୀୟ/ବନ୍ଦୁ ମାନଙ୍କ ମାଧ୍ୟମ ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଏବଂ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ସ୍ଥାନରୁ ଲେଖା ପଠନ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସ୍ଵର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଆମ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗର ଶୋଭା ବିଭାଗରେ ପ୍ରେରଣାର ଉପ୍ରେତି ।

ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟ ଆମେରିକାର ଜଳବାୟୁ ଓ ସାମାଜିକ ବାତାବରଣର ସର୍ବ ଓ ନିଯମ ଭିତରେ ଆମର ଜିଲ୍ଲାବାର ଶୈଳୀ ବଦଳ ଯାଇଛି ଅନେକ ଦିନରୁ, ତଥାପି ଆମ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ହୃଦୟ ଭିତରେ ନିଜସ୍ଵ ଭାବନା ଓ ଚେତନାକୁ ନେଇ ଓଡ଼ିଆଟିଖ ବଞ୍ଚିଛି ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟ ଆମେରିକା ର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାବରେ), କେବେ କେବେ ଛାତି ଆସିଥିବା ମା' ର କୋଳ, ମାଟିର ବାସ୍ତା, ପାଶିର ପ୍ଲାଦ, ଆକାଶର ରଙ୍ଗ ଆଉ ପଦନର ଷର୍ଣ୍ଣ କୁ ଝୁରି ହେଇଛି, କେବେ ପର୍ବପର୍ବାଣୀର ଉସ୍ତବମୁଖର ଦିନ ଶୁତିକର କୋଳାହଳମୟ ସୃତି ତାକୁ ବ୍ୟଥାତ କରିଛି, କେବେ ପୁଣି ସଂପର୍କୀୟ ମାନଙ୍କର ପ୍ଲେଟ୍‌ଫର୍ମିଟ ବାର୍ତ୍ତା, ବିଦାୟ ବେଳର ଲୁହାଭିଜ୍ଞା ଆଖି, ଦୂରରେ ଥାଇ ବି ଶୁଭ ମନାସିବାର ନିଃସର୍ବ ପ୍ରତିଶୃତି ତା' ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ ଜୀବନରେ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣତା ଉପରେଇଛି । ବାସ୍ତବତାର ମାୟବିନୀ ଅଠାକାଠି ପଞ୍ଚରୀ ଭିତରୁ ଉତ୍ତିଷ୍ଠାନ ପ୍ରୟାସ ନିଷଳ ହେଇଛି ସତ କିନ୍ତୁ ଜୀବନ ପାଖରେ ହାରିଯାଇନ୍ତି ଆମେ, ଜୀବନ ସହିତ ବୁଝାମଣା କରିଛେ, ଖାଣ୍ଡ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ନହେଇପାରେଇଲେ ବି ଆମ ଭିତରର ଓଡ଼ିଆଟିକୁ ବଞ୍ଚେଇବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିଛୁ । ଆମ ଭିତରୁ କେତେଜଣ ସମୟ ଦେଖି ଅନେକିବା ଅନୁଭୂତିରୁ ହେଉ ଥିବା କଷିନାର ପ୍ରେରଣାରୁ ହେଉ କବିତା, ଗନ୍ଧ ଲେଖିବାରେ ପ୍ରୟାସ କରୁ କରୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଅକ୍ଷର ଓ ଭାଷାର ଦର୍ଶଣ ଭିତରେ ନିଜକୁ ରେଖିଛନ୍ତି । ସେଇ ଲେଖକ/ଲେଖିକା ମାନେ ଉତ୍ତର ଆମେରିକାର ସାଧାରଣ ଜୀବନ ଯାତ୍ରା ରେ ଲାଙ୍ଘାଜୀ ଭାଷାର ବହୁଳ ବ୍ୟବହାର ସହେ କେବେ କେବେ ସାବଲୀଳ ଭାବରେ ନିଜକୁ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଲାଙ୍ଘାଜୀ ଭାଷାର ପାହାୟ ନେଇଛନ୍ତି ସତ, ନିଜର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାରଷ୍ଟ ସାଧନାକୁ ଅବ୍ୟାହତ ରଖିବାର ପ୍ରୟାସ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ଓସା ପରିସରରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାର ପଦ୍ମୟାଗ ପାଇଁ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଅତୁଳନୀୟ ଅବଦାନ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନୀୟ । ମା ସରସ୍ଵତୀ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ସହାୟ ଦୁଆନ୍ତୁ । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସାଧନା ସପଳ ହେଉ । ସ୍ଵରଣିକାର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗ ବଞ୍ଚିରହୁ । ହୁଅତ କେବେ ନା କେବେ ବର୍ଷ ବର୍ଷ ର ଶମ କୁ ସାର୍ଥକକରି ଉତ୍ତର ଆମେରିକାରେ ଜନ୍ମ ହୋଇ ବର୍ତ୍ତିଥିବା ଆମ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରୁ କାହାର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ପୁଣି ଆଗ୍ରହ ଆସିବ ଆଉ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପଢି ଲେଖି ଶିଖିବାକୁ ମନ ବଳିବ ।

ଓସା ସ୍ଵରଣିକାର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗର ସଂପାଦନା ଦାୟିତ୍ବ ମୋ ପାଇଁ କେବଳ ଗୌରବର କଥା ନୁହେଁ, ଏହା ଏକ ଦୁଃସାହସିକ ପଦକ୍ଷେପ । ମୋ ଉପରେ ଗଭୀର ଆୟ୍ବା ଓ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ରଖିଥିବାରୁ ଶୀମତୀ କିନ୍ତୁ ସେନାପତି, ତେ ରବି ରାତ୍ରି ଓ ଓସା ମିତିଗାନ୍ ଚାପଚରର ସର୍ବ ସଭ୍ୟ ମାନଙ୍କ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ । ଓଡ଼ିପନ୍ଦ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରି ଲେଖା ପଠାଇୟିବା ଲେଖକ ଲେଖିକା ମାନଙ୍କୁ ସହଯୋଗ ପାଇଁ ଆନ୍ତରିକ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ । ଅବଶିଷ୍ଟ ଲେଖା ଶୁତିକର ମୁଦଶର ଗୁରୁ ଦାୟିତ୍ବ ତୁଳେଇବା ସମୟରେ ମେତେୟୀ ସତପଥୀ ଏବଂ ଅମିତା ମିଶ ଜର ଉପଯୁକ୍ତ ସମୟରେ ଅକୁଣ୍ଠ ସାହାୟ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ କୃତଙ୍ଗ । ସଂପାଦନା ର ଦାୟିତ୍ବ ତୁଳେଇବା ଅବସରରେ ଲେଖକ/ଲେଖିକା ମାନଙ୍କର ଆଗର, ଶଶି ଓ ଆବଶ୍ୟକୀୟ ଉପଦେଶ ମୋ ମନରେ ଉପସାହି ଓ ପେରଣା ଉତ୍ତିଷ୍ଠାନ । ସଂପାଦନାର ଗୁରୁ ଦାୟିତ୍ବ ଓ କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟବୋଧର ସୀମା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ରହି ଲେଖକ ଲେଖିକା ମାନଙ୍କ ର ନିଜସ୍ଵ ଲିଖନ ଶୈଳୀ କୁ ସମ୍ମନ ଦେଇ ଲେଖା ଶୁତିକୁ ଯଥସାଧ୍ୟ ତୃତୀଶୁନ୍ୟ କରି ପକାଶ କରାଇବାର ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ତଥାପି ଯଦି କିଛି ତୃତି ରହି ଯାଇଥାଏ ଲେଖକ/ଲେଖିକା ଓ ପାଠକ/ପାଠିକା ମାନେ କରିବାକୁ ବିନାତ ଅନୁରୋଧ ପମାଦ୍ୟେପଯୋଗୀ ସହଯୋଗ ଓ ଉପଦେଶ ନିମନ୍ତେ ଶୀମତୀ ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ୍ ଓ ଶୀ ବର୍ତ୍ତ ସାମଲଙ୍କୁ ମୋର ଆନ୍ତରିକ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ । ସ୍ଵରଣିକା ସମିତିର ସମସ୍ତ ସଭ୍ୟ ମୋର ଅନୁଭୂତ ତୁଳ୍ୟ ଶୀ ମନୋଜ ପଣ୍ଡା, ଶୀ ନାଗେଶ ରାଜନାଲା, ଶୀ ବିଶ୍ୱଜିତ୍ ପୁହାଣା, ଶୀ ନିନାଦୀ ମହାପାତ୍ର ଏବଂ ଶୀ ଶଶଧର ସାନ୍ତୁ କୁ ମୋର ହାର୍ଦିକ କୃତଙ୍ଗତା, ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସହଯୋଗ ଓ ଉତ୍ତିତ୍ ବୁଝାମଣା ବିନା ଏହି ଗୁରୁ ଦାୟିତ୍ବ ତୁଳ୍ୟରେ ମୋ ପକ୍ଷରେ ଆଦେଁ ସମ୍ମବ୍ନ ହୋଇ ନଥାନ୍ତା । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗର ମୁଖପୃଷ୍ଠା । କାହିଁ କେଉଁ ଯୁଗରୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାମାଜିକ ଜୀବନରେ ଖୋଟିର ଏକ ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର ଘାନ ରହିଛି ଏବଂ ଶୁତିକ ସରବାରରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଏକ ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର ପରିଚୟ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିଛି ଓଡ଼ିଶା । ଚିତ୍ରକଳା ଏବଂ ନୃତ୍ୟ କଳାର ସମାହାରରେ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗର ମୁଖପୃଷ୍ଠା ତିଜାଇନର ଜଳି ସିନ୍ଧୁ କୁ ଆନ୍ତରିକ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ । ଆରମ୍ଭରୁ ଶେଷ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମୋର ସ୍ଥାମୀ ନିର୍ମଳ ରଥ ଏବଂ ଦୂର ଝିଅ ଆନ୍ୟା ଓ ନୟନାଙ୍କର ସହଯୋଗୀତା ଓ ସହନଶାଳୀତା ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ନିକଟରେ କୃତଙ୍ଗ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଓ ସାହିତ୍ୟ କାଳଜ୍ୟୀ ହେଉ ଏବଂ ମଙ୍ଗଳମୟ ଶୀତଳନ୍ତ୍ରାଥ ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କର, ଓସା ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ର ମଙ୍ଗଳ କରନ୍ତୁ ।



ବିନମ୍ପତ୍ତାର ସହିତ,  
ସ୍ଵପ୍ନଲତା ମିଶ୍ରରେଥ

ସରସ୍ଵତୀ ମା ଗୋ କଣେ ଥା ॥ ବିଦ୍ୟା ନାସିଲେ କହି ଦେଉ ଥା ॥



ଆଲୁଆକୁ ଚିହ୍ନିବା ଆଗରୁ, ପବନକୁ ଛୁଳଁବା ଆଗରୁ, ଆମ ଆଜାଣତରେ, ସଂପର୍କର ସୁତ୍ରରେ ଆମେ ବନ୍ଧା, ସେ ସୁତ୍ର ଆମକୁ ଶିଖାଏ ସଂସାର ରେ ଜିଲ୍ଲାବାର ମହୀ, ବୁଝେଇ ଦିଏ ଆମର ସଂସାରିକ ପରିଚୟ, ହାତ ଧରି ଦେଖେଇଦିଏ ସଂସାର ରେ ଚାଲିବାର ବାଟ । ଚାଲୁ ଚାଲୁ କିଛି ବୁଝିବା ଆଗରୁ, କିଛି ଜାଣିବା ଆଗରୁ କେତେବେଳେ ପୁଣି ନିଜେ ଚାଲି, ନିଜ ସୀମା ସରହଦ ତେଣେ ଆମେ ଅନେକ ବାଟ ଚାଲିଆସୁ.... ହାତ ଧରି ଚଲେଇ ଶିଖେଇଥିବା ଆମର ସଂପର୍କୀୟ ଏବଂ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଚାଲୁଥିବା ସେଇ ସାଥୀମାନେ ଅନେକପଛରେ ରହିଯାନ୍ତି; ପଛକୁ ଫେରି ଚାହିଁବାବେଳେ ସେମାନେ ଦ୍ଵଷ୍ଟ ଦେଖାଯାନ୍ତିନି ସତ କିନ୍ତୁ ପବନରେ ଥାଏ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସ୍ତର, ଆଲୁଆରେ ଥାଏ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଆଭା, ସୃତିରେ ଥାଏ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପ୍ରୀତି ଆଉ ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ଥାଏ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ବାର୍ତ୍ତା !

ମନେପଡ଼େ.....

“ ପିତା, ମାତା, ବନ୍ଧୁ, ଭାଇ, ଭଉଣୀର

ହୃଦୟେ ଉରିଛ ପାଇ  
ତେଣୁ ମୁଁ ସଂସାରେ ରହିଛି ଆନନ୍ଦେ  
ସୁଖ ଭୁବି ନିତି ନିତି ..... ”  
(କେବି ମଧୁସୁଦନ ରାଓ)



ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଲେଖନୀରୁ.....

ଲେଖକ /ଲେଖିକା	ଲେଖନ	ପୃଷ୍ଠା
ସ୍ଵର୍ଗତେ ସକି ରାତରରାୟ	ପରିଚୟ ପତ	୧୭୧
ସ୍ଵର୍ଗତେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀଧର ନାୟକ	ମୁଁ ତେବେ କି ମୋର ନୁହେଁ	୧୭୧
୭୪ ଗୋକୁଳାନନ୍ଦ ଦାସ	ଶୁନ୍ୟ ପୂରୁଷ	୧୭୨
୭୪ ହରେକୃଷ୍ଣ ପଣ୍ଡା	ସର୍ବ ଧର୍ମର ସମବ୍ୟ - ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ	୧୭୪
୭୪ ଶୀମତୀ ଶାନ୍ତି ମିଶ୍ର	ଉରିଷତେ ଜାଗତେ	୧୭୫
୭୪ ଆଶା ମିଶ୍ର	ଆସ ତୁମେ ଅବତରି	୧୭୬
୭୪ ସୋମନାଥ ମିଶ୍ର	ଉଡ଼ ସାହେବଙ୍କ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରୀତି	୧୭୮
୭୫ ଅଭୟ ନାୟକ	ବାରମାସୀ (ହୋଇକୁ ହାର)	୧୭୯
୭୫ ଶୀମତୀ ନିନା ଦାସ	ଅନ୍ତେସ୍ତନ	୧୮୦
୭୫ ପ୍ରିୟଙ୍କା	ବିଦେଶୀ ବନ୍ଧୁ	୧୮୧
୭୫ କୁମୁଦନି ପାତ୍ରୀ	ଝଲକାଟ ନିଃଶ୍ଵାସ	୧୮୩
୭୫ ସବିତା ଦାସ	ସୁବିତାର	୧୮୪



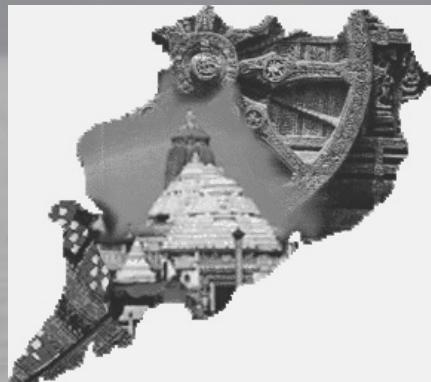
ବ୍ୟେ ଉକୁଳ ଜନନୀ

ବୟେ ଉକ୍ତନ ଜନନୀ  
ଚାରୁ ହାସମୟୀ, ଚାରୁ ଭାଷମୟୀ  
ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ  
ପୃତ ପଯ୍ୟୋଧ-ବିଧୋତ ଶରୀରା  
ତାଳମାଳ ସୁଶୋଭିତା ତାରା,  
ଶୁଭ ଚଟିନା କୁଳ ଶାକର ସମୀରା  
ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ ।

## କାନ୍ତିକବି ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀକାନ୍ତ ମହାପାତ୍ର

ଶିଳାଗୃହ ଅନ୍ତକାରବାସୀ ମୁଁ,  
ଜନନୀ ! ଉକ୍ତଳ, ନଥିଲି ଜାଣି,  
ଅଛି ଲୋ ତୋ ପୁରେ  
୪ମନ୍ତ୍ର ରୂପର ଲୀଳା; ନ ବାହଁ ତରଣୀ  
ଆଜି ଏ ଦ୍ୟୋମ୍ବାରେ ନୀଳ ମହାନଦୀପୁରେ ।

ଡକ୍ଟର ମାୟାଧର ମାନସିଂହ



## ପରିଚୟ ପତ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗତେ ପଦ୍ମଶାନ୍ ସଜି ରାଉତରାୟ

ନିଜ ପରିଚୟ ମୁଁ କେଉଁପରି ଦେବି  
ଅନ୍ୟ କିଏ ଦେବ ବା କିପରି ?  
ମୁଁ କି ଜାଣ ଆସିଲି ମୁଁ କେଉଁ ଠାରୁ  
ଯିବି କେଉଁଠାକୁ ।  
କିପରି କଳିବି ନିୟମି କୁ  
ଯା ବିସ୍ତୃତ  
ଅଜଣା ରୁ ଅଜଣା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ।  
ମୁଁ ତ ଏକ ଯାମାବର, ଚାଲିଆଛି ଅବିରତ  
ସେଠାରୁ ଯୋଠାକୁ ।  
ମୁଁ ଜାଣେନା କେଉଁଠାରୁ କେଉଁଠାକୁ  
୪୧<sup>୦</sup> କେତେବେଳେ,  
ଦେଶ କାଳ ପାତ୍ରର ବାହାରେ  
ମୋ ଅଚୀତ ଭବିତବ୍ୟ  
ଦେଖା ଶୁଣା ଜଣାର ବାହାରେ  
ଅବର୍ଜନାନରେ ।

ମୁଁ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଅଦୃଷ୍ଟ ।  
ମୋର ସ୍ଥିତି-ବିଦୂ ଏକ କାଳର ଦୁଦ୍ରବୁଦ୍ଧ;  
ଏକ ଲିତା ଗୋଟିଏ ମୁହଁର୍ଜ  
ଯାତା ମୋର ଅପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣରେଦ କୁ ।  
ମୁଁ ପୁଣି ସମାହାର ଦୁଃଖ  
ନିଜ ଛତା ଅନ୍ୟ କୁ ସଂଖୋଳେ  
ଧରାଦିଏ ବିରୋଧାଭାସରେ ।

ମୋର ପରିଚୟ ପତ ଝୁଲେ ଏକୋଇ ବରରେ,  
ନାହିଁ ଯାର କିଛିହିଁ ଅକ୍ଷର ॥

(ରେଚନାକାଳ ୨୫-୮-୮୧)

କେବିତା ଚି କବିତା ୧୯୮୭ ଓ କବିତା ୨୦୦୩ ସଂକଳନ  
ଦୁୟରେ ପକାଶିତ । କବିଙ୍କର ଝିଅ ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ଚିତ୍ରା ରାଉତ  
ଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ପ୍ରଦତ୍ତ ।

“କେହି ରହି ନାହିଁ, ରହିବେ ନାହିଁ ଚି ଉବ ରଙ୍ଗ ଭୂମି ତଳେ, ସର୍ବେ ନିଜ ନିଜ ଲୀଳା ଖେଳା ସାରି ବାହୁଡ଼ିବେ କାଳ ବଲେ ।”

## ମୁଁ ତେବେ କି ମୋଅର ନୁହେଁ ? ସ୍ଵର୍ଗତେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀଧର ନାୟକ

କୋରୟି ପାଇଁ ଜନ୍ମ ହେଲି  
ଜନତାମନ୍ୟ ଏ ବିଶ୍ଵ ତଳେ  
ଉତ୍ତର ତାର ଖୋଜିଲି କି ମୁଁ  
ନିତି ଦିନର ଜଞ୍ଜଳରେ ॥

କେବଳ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତ ଅବିଶାସ୍ତ  
ଅପକର୍ମ ରେ ଅତିକାନ୍ତ  
ଭାନ୍ତ ପରି ଘୁରି ଦୁଲୁଚି  
ବାହାରୁ ଆସି, ପଶୁଛି ଘରେ  
ନିତି ଦିନର ଜଞ୍ଜଳରେ ॥

ମୁଁ ଏଠି କିଏ, ଏଇ ପଶୁ  
ପଚାରି ନାହିଁ ଏ ଯାଏ କିଆଁ  
ଜବାବ ଦେବା ଲୋକଟି କିଏ  
କୋଉଁଠି ଛପି ହୋଇଛି ଠିଆ  
ତାକୁଡ଼ ଖୋଜି କାହିଁଲି ନାହିଁ  
୪୮ିତି ଭୁଲ୍ କଲି କିଂପାଇଁ  
କାହିଁକି ଅବା ତୁବି ରହିବି  
ବିସ୍ତିର ଅତଳ ତଳେ ॥

ମୁଁ ତେବେ କି ମୋଅର ନୁହେଁ  
ଆଉ କାହାର ଖେଳ ପିତୁଳା  
ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀନ ନିଶାପକ  
ଚାଲିବି ମହା ଆମ୍ବୋଳା  
ପଦୀପ ଜାଳ ଦେଖିବି କେବେ  
ନିଜ ତେହେରା ଦର୍ଶନରେ  
ଖୋଜିଲି ନାହିଁ ଜବାବ କିଆଁ  
ନିତି ଦିନର ଜଞ୍ଜଳରେ ।

For his lifetime contribution to Odia literature: writer, poet and dramatist late Laxmidhar Nayak was awarded Ati Badi Jagannatha Das Award by the Orissa Sahitya Akademi. The above poetry(submitted by his son Binod Nayak from Washington D.C.) is from his unpublished collection of poems in the process of being published.



## ଶୁନ୍ୟ ପୂରୁଷः ଶୁଣଗନ୍ଧାଥ ଗୋକୁଳାନନ୍ଦ ଦାସ

କିଏ ସେ ପୂରୁଷ ସେ ଶୁନ୍ୟ ! କିଏ ସେ ଶୁନ୍ୟ ସେ ପୂରୁଷ !!

ଏହାର ସମାଧାନ ନିମ୍ନଲିଖିତ କେତୋଟି ପାହାରେ ଉପଲବ୍ଧ ।

- ଯୁଗ ଯୁଗର ତେପ, ଯୋଗ, ଅନ୍ତେଷଣ, ପର୍ଯ୍ୟବେଷଣ, ଚିନ୍ତନ, ଅନୁଶୀଳନ, ଗବେଷଣା, ଦର୍ଶନ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ପାଠୀନ ଭାରତର ରଷିମାନେ ତନ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ପାଞ୍ଚ ହଜାର ବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ମୃଷ୍ଟିର ରହସ୍ୟ ଉନ୍ନାନେର ଝଙ୍କାର ଶୁଣ୍ଣରଣ କରିଥିଲେ - ଏକ ରହସ୍ୟମନ୍ୟ, ଛନ୍ଦମନ୍ୟ, କବିତାମନ୍ୟ ନାସଦୀୟ ସୁନ୍ଦର ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ - ପରମ ସତ୍ୟର ଆଭାସ ନିର୍ଗୁଣ ବ୍ରହ୍ମ ବା ଶୁନ୍ୟତା ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ । ନାସଦୀୟ ସୁନ୍ଦର ହେଉଛି ରଙ୍ଗ ବେଦରେ ସାତୋଟି ଶୋକର ସମାହାର । ଏହାର ରଚ୍ୟିତା ରଷି ପ୍ରକାପତି । ମୃଷ୍ଟିର ମୂଳ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵ ସଂପର୍କରେ ଏହା ଏକ ଅସାଧାରଣ କବିତା । ଏହାର ମୂଳ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵ ହେଉଛି :

ଶୁନ୍ୟତା ଏକମାତ୍ର ପରମ ସତ୍ୟ (ତତ୍ତ୍ଵ ଏକମାତ୍ର);

ଏହା ସମସ୍ତ ଶକ୍ତିର ଉତ୍ସ ଓ ସମସ୍ତ ଭୌତିକ ଜଗତର କାରଣ ।

- ନାସଦୀୟ ସୁନ୍ଦର ପରି ପୂରୁଷ ସୁନ୍ଦର ବୈଦିକ ରଷି ନାରାୟଣଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ରଜ ବେଦରେ ରଚିତ ଶୋହଳଟି ଶୋକ । ଏତେ ବ୍ୟତୀତ ଯଜ୍ଞର୍ବେଦ, ଅଥର୍ ବେଦ ଓ ଯାମ୍ ବେଦରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ପୂରୁଷ ସୁନ୍ଦରେ ବିରିନ୍ଦ ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଲିପିବନ୍ଧ ।

ନିମ୍ନରେ ରଙ୍ଗବେଦରୁ ଦୁଇଟିକେବଳ ଶୋକର ଅବତାରଣା କରା ଯାଇଛି : ସହସ୍ର ଶାର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପୂରୁଷଙ୍କ ସହସ୍ରାକ୍ଷଙ୍କ ସହସ୍ରପାତ୍ର ।  
ସ ଭୂମି ବିଶ୍ୱତୋ ବୃଦ୍ଧା ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଉତ୍ସାହମ ॥

ପୂରୁଷ ସହସ୍ର ଶିରପୁଣ୍ଡ, ସହସ୍ର ଆଖିପୁଣ୍ଡ ଓ ସହସ୍ର ପାଦପୁଣ୍ଡ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ସେ ଏହି ଭୂମିକୁ ପୂରୁଷାତ୍ମ ସର୍ବ ଜରି ତା ଠାରୁ ଦଶ ଆଖୁଳି ଅଟିକୁମ ଜରି ରହିଛନ୍ତି ।

ତତୋ ବିରାଚନାୟତ ବିରାଜୋ ଅଧି ପୂରୁଷଃ ।

ସ ଜାତୋ ଅତ୍ୟରିବ୍ୟତ ପକ୍ଷାତ୍ମମି ମଥୋ ପୂରଃ ॥

ସେହି ଆଦି ପୂରୁଷଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ବିରଟ ବୃଦ୍ଧାଙ୍କ ଉତ୍ସାହ ହେଲା; ବିରଟରୁ ଜୀବାମ୍ବା ରୂପକ ପୂରୁଷ ଉତ୍ସାହ ହେଲା, ଉତ୍ସାହ ହେବା ମାତ୍ର ସେ ନିଜକୁ ଦେବତା ଓ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ଆଦି ରୂପରେ ବିରିନ୍ଦ ଦେବତା ମାନଙ୍କର ଆରାଧନା ପନ୍ଥତି ସଂପର୍କରେ ଉଲୋଖନ ରହିଛି ।

ପୂରୁଷୋତ୍ତମ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵର ଅବତାରଣା ହୋଇଛି ଭଗବଦ୍ ଗୀତାରେ ନିମ୍ନ ଶୋକରେ:

ଯମ୍ବାତ୍ତରମତୀତୋ ଅହମକରାଦପି ତୋରମଃ ।

ଆତେଅସ୍ତ୍ଵ ଲୋକେ ବେଦେ ତ ପ୍ରୁଥିତଃ ପୂରୁଷୋତ୍ତମଃ ॥

(ଗୀତା: ପଞ୍ଚଦଶ ଅଧ୍ୟାୟ, ଶୋକ ୧୮)

ଯେହେତୁ ମୁଁ କର (ବିନାଶକୀୟ ଶରୀର) ଠାରୁ ପରଦା ଅଟୀତ ଓ ଅବିନାଶୀ ଜୀବାମ୍ବା ଠାରୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ଉତ୍ସାହ, ତେଣୁ ଲୋକରେ ଓ ବେଦରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମୁଁ ପୂରୁଷୋତ୍ତମ ନାମରେ ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ।



ପୁମୁଖ ବୈଦିକ ଦେବତାମାନେ ହେଲେ ବୃଦ୍ଧୀ (ୟୁଷ୍ମ କର୍ତ୍ତା), ବିଷ୍ଣୁ (ପାଳନ କର୍ତ୍ତା), ମହେଶ୍ଵର (ସଂହାର କର୍ତ୍ତା) । ଏତେବେ ବ୍ୟୋତିତ ଅନ୍ୟ ଦେବତାମାନେ ହେଲେ ଉତ୍ସୁକ, ବରୁଣ, ମରୁତ, ହନୁମାନ, ସୁର୍ୟ, କାର୍ତ୍ତିକ, ଗଣେଶ ପ୍ରଭୃତି ଯେଉଁମାନେ ବହୁନ୍ତର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଶକ୍ତି ମାନଙ୍କର ନାମକରଣ । କିନ୍ତୁ ବୁଦ୍ଧ ଦେବ ବୈଦିକ ଦେବତା ମାନଙ୍କ ଉପରେ କୌଣସି ବଞ୍ଚିବ୍ୟ ରଖି ନ ଥିଲେ; ସେ କେବଳ ସାଧାରଣ ମନୁଷ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କର ସୁଖ ଓ ଶାନ୍ତିମୟ ଜୀବନ ଯାପନ କରିବାର ମାର୍ଗନ୍ତିରୂପଣ କରିଥିଲେ ଓ ଅତ୍ୟେକି ଭାବରେ ନିର୍ବାଣ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵ ଉପରେ ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଏହାର ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱକୁ ପାଞ୍ଚଙ୍କ ଭାବରେ ପରିବେଶଣ କଲେ ଦାର୍ଶନିକ ନାଗାର୍ଜୁନ, (୨ୟ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀ) ।

- କାଳକୁମେ ନାସଦୀୟ ସୁକ୍ତ ଓ ପୁରୁଷ ସୁକ୍ତର ସମନ୍ବୟରେ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଯୁଗରେ, ବହୁବିବର୍ଣ୍ଣନ ପରେ ନାସଦୀୟ ସୁକ୍ତର ଶୂନ୍ୟ ତଥିରୁ ଓ ପୁରୁଷ ସୁକ୍ତର ପୁରୁଷ ତଥିରୁ ଜନ୍ମ ନେଲା ଶୂନ୍ୟ ପୁରୁଷ ତଥି:
  - ଏହି ଶୂନ୍ୟ-ପୁରୁଷ ତଥି ଜନ୍ମ ଦେଲା ଏକ ଉଚ୍ଛବିରଙ୍ଗ୍ନ ଯେ ପରମ ସତ୍ୟ ଶୂନ୍ୟତାର ବା ନିର୍ଗୁଣ ବୃଦ୍ଧନିର ପ୍ରତୀକ ଓ ଯେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଆଦି ପୂରୁଷର ବା ସାଧୁଗାନ ବୃଦ୍ଧନିର ପ୍ରତୀକ; ଯେ ପୂରୁଷୋତ୍ତମ; ଆଉ ଯେ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି  
"ଜଗନ୍ନାଥସାମୀ ନନ୍ଦନପଥଗାମୀ";

ଏହାଙ୍କ ଉଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ଶଙ୍କରାତାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଖୁଁଣ୍ଣର ୮୦୦ ରେ ରଚନା କଲେ ଏକ କମନୀୟ କବିତା 'ଜଗନ୍ନାଥାଷକ' ; ଏଥିରେ ବିଷ୍ଣୁ ବା ଶୁକ୍ଳପୁରୁଷ ଭିନ୍ନ ଏକ ରୂପାତ୍ମରାକରଣ ହେଉଛି ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କର ପରିକଳ୍ପନା । ଏହି ପରିପ୍ରେଷଣରେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କର ଆଠଟି ଶୋକରୁ ନିମ୍ନ ଶୋକଟି ଦାୟ୍ୟ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ:

ନବେପାର୍ଥ୍ୟ ରାଜ୍ୟ ନ ଚ କନକମାଣିକ୍ୟ ବିଭବ  
 ନ ଯାତେ ଅହ୍ୟ ରମ୍ୟା ନିଖିଲ ଜନକାମ୍ୟା ବରବଧୂମ୍  
 ସଦା କାଳେ କାଳେ ପ୍ରମଧ ପତିନା ଶୀତରିତୋ  
 ଜଗନ୍ନାଥସ୍ମାମୀ ନୟନପଥଗାମୀ ଭବତ ମେ ।

ମୁଁ ଲାଜ୍ୟ ପାଇବା ପାଇଁ ପାର୍ଥୀ ନୁହେଁ, ସୁବର୍ଣ୍ଣମୟ ଭୋଗ କେଇବ ପାର୍ଥୀ ନୁହେଁ, ସକଳ ଜନ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗଶୀଘ୍ର, ରମଣୀୟ ଦିବ୍ୟ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ମଧ୍ୟ ମୁଁ ମାଗୁ ନାହିଁ, ଶିତ ଯାହାଙ୍କର ନାମ ଜରୁଛନ୍ତି, ଯେହି ପ୍ରଭୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ମୋର ନନ୍ଦନ ପଥରେ ରହନ୍ତୁ ।  
ଜଣେ ଉତ୍ତ ନିଜକୁ ସମସ୍ତ ଜାମନା ରହିତ କରି, ନିଜକୁ ନିଃସ୍ଵ କରି ନିଃସ୍ଵ ଦେବତାଙ୍କୁ ପୁର୍ବନା କରୁଛି ଯେ ସେ କେବଳ ତାଙ୍କର ନନ୍ଦନ ପଥରେ ରହନ୍ତୁ - ନିଜର ସ୍ଵରଣରେ ରହନ୍ତୁ ।

- ସବୁଶ ବ୍ୟାନ ବା ସୃଷ୍ଟି ସଦା ସର୍ବଦା ଅପଂପୁର୍ଣ୍ଣ । ବିପ୍ରାରିତ ହେଉଥିବା ବିଶ୍ୱ ଜଗତ ସଦା ସର୍ବଦା ଅପଂପୁର୍ଣ୍ଣ । ସଦା ସର୍ବଦା ଭଙ୍ଗ, ଗତା ପରିଚିତରେ ମୁଖ୍ୟମ ଭାବରେ ପ୍ରକଟିତ ହୋଇପାରିନାହିଁ । ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଓଥା ଆବର୍ତ୍ତନ ସର୍ବଦା କିମ୍ବାଶୀଳ; ପଞ୍ଚା, ଝାନ, ବିଜ୍ଞାନ, ଚେତନା କମ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନଶୀଳ; ସଂପୁର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପଲାଦିତ ହୋଇ ନ ଥିବା ବୃକ୍ଷ, ଖେଳିପୁତ୍ରଥିବା ବର୍ଣ୍ଣା, ଭାସି ଯାଉଥିବା କାଳି, ଅଛୁଟ ପୁଷ୍ଟିତ କଳିକା, ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧ ରଚିତ କାବ୍ୟ ଓ କବିତା, ମନୋରମ ପକ୍ଷିତିର ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧ ମୁକୁଳିତ ଅପୁର୍ବ ସମ୍ମାର ଗତିଶୀଳ ପକ୍ଷିତିର ଏକ ଏକ ଉଦାହରଣ । ଏହିପରି କିମ୍ବାଶୀଳ ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ଅନେକ ନୃତ୍ୟ ସର୍ଜନାରେ ବିଶ୍ୱ ଖଳ୍କୁଟ । ଏହାର ସମାପ୍ତି କାହାଁ! ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ଯଦିନିକା ପତନ ହୋଇନାହିଁ; ସବୁ ଯେପରି ଅଧି ଗରିବା ।

ତାହାହେଲେ ଜଗତରନାଥ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ମର୍ତ୍ତି ସଂପର୍କ ହେବ କିପରି ?

ହାତ ଓ ଗୋଡ଼ ନୟିବା ଦାରୁ ବିଗନ୍ଧ ତେଣୁ ଅସଂପୁଣ୍ଡ ସର୍ଜନାର ପତୀକ ।

କିନ୍ତୁ ଦାରୁ ବିଗୁର ନାହିଁ କେନ୍ଦ୍ରର ଲୁକ୍ଷାଯିତ ଦାରୁବୁନ୍ଦ୍ର ବା ନିର୍ଗୁଣବୁନ୍ଦ୍ରନ୍ତର ପ୍ରତୀକ ବୋଲି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରାଯାଏ । ଏହି ଦୃଷ୍ଟିକୋଣରୁ ସ୍ଥିଂ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ, ଯେ କି ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବିଶ୍ୱ ବହୁଶର ପ୍ରତୀକ ନିଜେ ଅସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଭାବରେ ପକଚିତ ରହି ଏକ ଅସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବିଶ୍ୱ ବହୁଶର ଉଦ୍‌ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ସମଗ୍ର ବିଶ୍ୱବାସୀଙ୍କୁ ଦେଉଛନ୍ତି । ଏବଂ ଅସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣତାରୁ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣତାକୁ ଅଗ୍ରଯତ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରେରଣାର ଉପ୍ରେତ୍ୟାନ୍ତିକ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ।

ତେଣୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ତରୁ ହେଉଛି ରୂପରୁ ଅରୂପକୁ, ଆକାଶରୁ ନିରାକାରକୁ, ଅସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣରୁ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣକୁ, ସମୁଦ୍ର ବୃହନ୍ମରୁ ନିର୍ମୁଦ ବୃହନ୍ମକୁ ଯିବାର ଏକ ଆହାନ; ମୋଷ ବା ନିର୍ବିଶ ପାପିର ଏକ ମାର୍ଗ ।

- ମଧ୍ୟୟୁଗୀୟ ସନ୍ତୋଷାନ୍ତ ହେଲେ: କବିର, ନାନକ (ଉତ୍ତର ପ୍ରଦେଶ), ତୁଳାରାମ, ଜ୍ଞାନେଶ୍ୱର (ମେହାରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର), ଶଙ୍କର ଦେବ (ଆସାମ), ପାରଳା ଦାସ (ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଚତୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀ), ପଞ୍ଚସଖା (ଅବ୍ୟତାନନ୍ଦ, ଦୀନକଣ୍ଠ, ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ, ବଲରାମ, ଅନନ୍ତ,



ଯଶୋବନ୍ତ), ଭୀମଭୋଇ, ଶୀର୍ଷିତନ୍ୟ (ଓଡ଼ିଶା) । ଏମାନେ ଯେଉଁ ଉକ୍ତ ମାର୍ଗ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କଲେ ତାହା ମୁଖ୍ୟ ସନାତନ ଧର୍ମ, ବୌଦ୍ଧ ଧର୍ମ, ବୈଷ୍ଣବ ଧର୍ମ, ଶୈଵ ଧର୍ମ ପ୍ରଭୃତି ସମସ୍ତ ଧର୍ମର ସମନ୍ବ୍ୟରେ ଓ ବିବର୍ତ୍ତନରେ ଭାରତର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପରିମାଣରେ ଶୂନ୍ୟ-କେନ୍ଦ୍ରିକ ଦର୍ଶନ ହିସାବରେ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠିତ ହେଲା । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ମହିମା (ଆଲେଖ ଧର୍ମ) ମଧ୍ୟ ଶୂନ୍ୟ କେନ୍ଦ୍ରିକ ।

ସାରଳା ଦାସଙ୍କ ମତରେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ନିରାକାର, ନିର୍ଗୁଣ, ଆଲେଖ, ନିରଞ୍ଜନ ବା ଶୂନ୍ୟ-ପୁରୁଷ । ସାରଳା ଦାସ ମହାଭାରତ ଭୋଷପର୍ବ ପଦ ୧୭୦, ୧୯୭-୭୩) ଜାବ୍ୟରେ କହନ୍ତି:

ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ ମର୍ତ୍ତ୍ଵ ପାଗାଳ ତିନି ଭୁବନେ ସେ ସୁରି  
ମେଘ ମହାଶୂନ୍ୟ ସେ ନିରାକାର ଆବୋରି  
ବୃଦ୍ଧ ସ୍ଵରୂପରେ ରୂପ ରେଖ ଧରି  
ସ୍ମାବର ଜଙ୍ଗମ କୀଟ ପତଙ୍ଗ ଆଦିକରି  
କାଷ ପାଷାଣ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି କାହିଁ ସେହି  
ଯୋଗ ବୃଦ୍ଧ ନିରାକୁଳ ନିଜେ ଶୂନ୍ୟଦେହୀ ।

ଏହି ମର୍ମରେ ଅର୍ପୁତାନନ୍ଦ କହନ୍ତି:

ଅଶାକାରଂ ମହାଶୂନ୍ୟ ଶୂନ୍ୟମଧ୍ୟେ ନିରାମୟ  
ନିରାମୟମଧ୍ୟେ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରେ ଦେଖ୍ୟାତିର୍ଭଗବାନମ୍ୟମ ॥

ଭଲାପରାବିଲୁ ଶୁପତ ସନ୍ଧି  
ଶୂନ୍ୟ ପୁରୁଷ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ପରୋବନୀ  
ଶୂନ୍ୟ ପୁରୁଷ ଉଦାସରେ ରହେ  
ଶୂନ୍ୟ ପୁରୁଷ ସବୁ ମାୟ ବହେ ।  
(ଶୂନ୍ୟ ସଂହିତା, ୨ୟ ଅଧ୍ୟାୟ)

ଏହିପରି ଭାବରେ ପ୍ରାଗ୍ ବୈଦିକ ଯୁଗରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ବୈଦିକ ଯୁଗ, କ୍ରେନ-ବୁଦ୍ଧଦେବଙ୍କ ଯୁଗ ଶଙ୍କରାତାର୍ଯ୍ୟଙ୍କ ଯୁଗ, ମଧ୍ୟ ଯୁଗ, ଆଧୁନିକ ଯୁଗ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଭାରତରେ ବହୁ ବିଭିନ୍ନତା ସାଥେ ଏକ ବଳିଷ୍ଠ ଶୂନ୍ୟ କେନ୍ଦ୍ରିକ ଯାନ୍ତ୍ରିକ ବିଜ୍ଞାଧାରା ନିରବିନ୍ଦୁ ଭାବରେ ପ୍ରବାହିତ ହୋଇ ଆୟୁଥାକି । ଏହାହିଁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵ; ଏହାହିଁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସମ୍ବୂତି; ଏହାହିଁ ଭାରତର ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ଶକ୍ତିର ପାଶକେନ୍ଦ୍ର । ଏହି 'ଶୂନ୍ୟତା' ସଂକ୍ଷିତି ଜନ୍ମ ଦେଇଥିଲା ଏକମାତ୍ର ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ଓ ସାର୍ଵଜନୀନ ସଂଖ୍ୟା ଶୁନ ଯାହା ବର୍ଣ୍ଣମାନ ସାରା ପୃଥିବୀର ସଂପର୍କ ଓ ସଂବୃତି । କିନ୍ତୁ ସମସ୍ତ ଲୋକି, ବୈଷ୍ଣୋଦିତ ବା ବସ୍ତୁବାଦୀ ସତ୍ୟତାର ଅନ୍ତରାଳେ ଲୁକ୍ଷାୟିତ ପରମସତ୍ୟ ହେଉଛି ଶୂନ୍ୟତା ବା ନିର୍ଗୁଣ ବୃଦ୍ଧନ୍ତି ବା ଶୂନ୍ୟପୁରୁଷ ଶୁନ୍ୟତା କାହାରେ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଭବିତ ହେବାକୁ କାହାରେ ନାହିଁ ।

[ Professor Gokulananda Das presently chairman of the Institute of Mathematics and Application, Govt. of Orissa, Bhubaneswar, former Vice Chancellor of Utkal University, Recipient of Samant Chandrashekhar Award for outstanding research. Presently engaged in popularization of Mathematics, writing poems and essays; loves music. Now visiting California, with wife Nina to live with their son Raja Epsilon, daughter-in-law Babita and grandson Ricky Spandan. He can be contacted @ email: gdas100@yahoo.com; 177 DharmaVihar, Khandagiri, Bhubaneswar-30, Orissa; Phone - 0674-2351212 ]

“ମୁଁ ବା କଣ ? ଶୂନ୍ୟ ରେ କେବଳ କ୍ଷଣେ ଅଛି  
କ୍ଷଣେ ନାହିଁ ଧପରି ଆଲୋକ,  
ଯେତେବେଳେ ଯାହା ଆଲୋକିତ କରେ  
ଡାକୁ ଭାବେ ବୃଦ୍ଧାଙ୍କ ଗୋଟାକ ।“  
ଶୁନ୍ୟ ରାଧା, ଶୁନ୍ୟ ରମାକାନ୍ତ ରଥ



## ସର୍ବଧର୍ମର ସମନ୍ଦୟ - ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହରେକୁଷ୍ଟ ପଣ୍ଡ

ପୁରାଶ ପସିଛ ପୁରୁଷୋତ୍ତମକେତର ଅନ୍ୟନାମ ଶୀକେତ । ଏହି କେତର ପାଧାନ୍ୟ ଅନାଦିଷିଷ ଏବଂ ବୈଦିକ ରଷିମାନଙ୍କ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ସମାଧିକ ସମାଦତ । ଐଶ୍ୱର୍ଯ୍ୟ-ପୁରୁଷୋତ୍ତମ ଶୀଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ମହାପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ନାମ, ଧାମ, ଲୀଳା, ନିତ୍ୟ ଶାଶ୍ଵତ । ସେ ଚିଦାନନ୍ଦ । ଭଗବାନ ଶୀକୁଷ୍ଟ ମଧୁରା ବୃଦ୍ଧାବନ ଓ ଦ୍ୱାରକାରେ, ଭଗବାନ ଶୀରାମ ଅଯୋଧ୍ୟାରେ ଯେଉଁ ସମସ୍ତ ଲୀଳା କରିଛନ୍ତି, ଆମ ବଢ଼ ଠାକୁର ଶୀଜଗନ୍ନାଥ, ନୀଳାଚଳ ଧାମ ପୁରୁଷୋତ୍ତମ କେତୁରେ ସେହି ପ୍ରକାର ଲୀଳା ନିତ୍ୟ ସଂପନ୍ନ କରିଆସୁଛନ୍ତି ।

କେଉଁ ପାଠୀନ କାଳରୁ ଶୀଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ତଥା ପୁରୁଷୋତ୍ତମକେତ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଧର୍ମାବଳମୂଳମାନଙ୍କର ଆକର୍ଷଣର କେନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟ ହୋଇଆପାଇଛି । ସାପଦାୟିକ ବିଦ୍ୱେଷରହିତ ଆତ୍ମୀୟତା, ଆନ୍ତରିକତା ଏବଂ ବିଶ୍ୱାସନୀୟତା ହେଉଛି ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣତିର ବିଶେଷତା । ଏହି ମହାନ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣତିର ପ୍ରଚାର ଓ ପ୍ରସାର ହେବାଦ୍ୱାରା ବିଶ୍ୱରେ ଭାବୁଦ୍ଧ ଓ ମଲ୍ୟବୋଧର ବିଜାଶ ଘଟିବ । ଜାତି ଧର୍ମ ଓ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନିର୍ବିଶେଷରେ ଯେଉଁ ଦେବତା ସାରା ଜଗତରେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ହୃଦୟକୁ ଛୁଲ୍ଲପାରିଛନ୍ତି, ସେହି ଜଗତର ନାଥ ଶୀଜଗନ୍ନାଥ । ସେ ହେଲେ ଭାବଗତ୍ୟ, ସେ ଦିନବର୍ଷ, ସେ ଅନାଥର ନାଥ, ସେ ଅନ୍ତପ୍ରୟାମୀ । ନାମକୁ ପାର୍ଥକ କରି ସେ ବିଦ୍ୱତ୍ ଅନ୍ତରକୁ ଏବଂ ସ୍ମାକୁ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଆନୁଗତ୍ୟକୁ । ସେ ହେଲେ ସବୁଠାରୁ ବିଦ୍ୱା ଓ ପୁରୁଣ ଗ୍ରହକ । ତାଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ମରଣ କଲେ ଯେଉଁ ଆନନ୍ଦ ମିଳେ ତାର ପଚାନ୍ତର ନାହିଁ । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ସେ ପରମାନନ୍ଦ ।

ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଧର୍ମ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଧର୍ମର ସମନ୍ଦୟ । ବୈଷ୍ଣବ ଧର୍ମର ପଚାରକ ଶୀର୍ଚ୍ଛିତନ୍ୟ ପୁରୀ ଆସି ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ପ୍ରେମରେ ବିଭୋର ହୋଇ ଯୋତାରେ ଖ୍ୟାମୀ ଭାବରେ ସବୁଦିନ ପାଇଁ ରହିଗଲେ । ଶୀଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କର ମୁଣ୍ଡ କିର୍ତ୍ତନ କରି ଶେଷରେ ସେ ପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ଦେହରେ ଲୀନ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଧର୍ମରେ ହରି ଓ ହୁର ଏକ ଏବଂ ଅଭିନ୍ନ । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଶୈବ ଧର୍ମାବଳମୂଳମାନେ ଶିବମନ୍ଦିର ବେତାରେ ଶୀଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠାକରି ପୂଜାବିପିର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରିଥାନ୍ତି । ସେହିଭଳି ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ମନ୍ଦିରରେ ମହାଦେବ ବା ଶିବଙ୍କର ପୂଜା ଆରାଧନାର ସ୍ଵଭବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା ଥାଏ । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଅଶୋକାଞ୍ଜମୀ ଦିନ ମହାପୀପ ଉଠିଲା ଦେଲେ ହୃଦୟର ଭେଟ ହେବାର ବିଧି ରହିଛି ।

ବିଶ୍ୱରାଜ ଗଣେଶଙ୍କ ପଧାନ ଭକ୍ତ ଗଣପତି ଭଙ୍ଗ ପୁରୀ ଆସିଲାବେଳେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ଗଣେଶଙ୍କ ନଦେଖି ନିରାଶ ହୋଇ ଫେରିଯାଇଥିବାବେଳେ, ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଗଜାନନ ଦେଶରେ ଦର୍ଶନ ଦେଇ ତାଙ୍କର ମନୋବାଞ୍ଚ ପୁରଣକରିଥିଲେ । ସେ ଦୟାର ସାଗର, କରୁଣାସିନ୍ହୁ ଶିଖଧର୍ମର ଧର୍ମଗୁରୁ ଶୁଭ୍ର ନାନକ ପୁରୀରେ ଶୀଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ଦର୍ଶନ କରି ତାଙ୍କର ଜଣେ ପଧାନ ଭକ୍ତ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲେ । ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେଲେ ପରମ ପୁରୁଷ, ସେ ବିଶ୍ୱବ୍ୟାପୀ କିନ୍ତୁ ନିରାକାର । ସନ୍ତ ତୁଳସୀ ଦାସ ଶୀକେତୁରେ ତାଙ୍କ ପରମ ଆରାଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଭୁ ରାମଚନ୍ଦ୍ରଙ୍କ ଦର୍ଶନ ନକରି ନିରାଶ ହୋଇ ଫେରିଯାଇଥିବାବେଳେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ତାଙ୍କୁ ରଘୁନାଥ ରୂପରେ ଦର୍ଶନ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସାଲବେଶ ଯବନମୁସଳମାନଙ୍କ ପରିବାରରେ ଜନ୍ମଗରୁଷ କରିଥିବାରୁ ସେ ପୁରୀ ମନ୍ଦିରରେ ପବେଶ କରିପାରୁନଥିଲେ । ତଥାପି ନିଜର କଞ୍ଚନାର ମାନସଚକ୍ଷୁରେ ପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ସେ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେ ଦର୍ଶନ କରିପାରୁଥିଲେ । ଉତ୍ସବସ୍ଥ ନରହରି ସାଲବେଶଙ୍କ ଦର୍ଶନ ଦେବପାଇଁ ନନ୍ଦିଯୋଶ ରଥରେ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଥିଲେ । ସାଲବେଶଙ୍କ ରଚିତ କବିତା ଆଜି ମଧ୍ୟ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପୁରପଳୀରେ ସାଂଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନାରୂପେ ନିନାଦିତ । ସନ୍ତ କବାର ଓ ହରିଦାସଙ୍କ ହୃଦୟରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଅପାର ଶକ୍ତି, ପେମ ଓ ରକ୍ତ ଭାବ ପିଲ୍ଲା । ଦାସିଆ ବାଉରାର ତାକ ଶୁଣି ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ସ୍ଵଯଂ ତାଙ୍କ ହାତେ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗରେ ନତିଆ ସ୍ମାକାର କରିଥିଲେ । ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଜୀତିଧର୍ମ, ଧନୀ ଗରିବ ବାରୁ ବହୁତ ଉପରେ । ସେ କେବଳ ହୃଦୟ ଓ ଭାବ ବିଦ୍ୱତ୍ । ଶୁଣି ଓ ଭକ୍ତିରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଡାକିଲେ, ସେ ଶୁଣନ୍ତି ଓ ହୃଦୟରେ ବାପ କରନ୍ତି । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ସେ ହୃଦୟନିବାସୀ ।

ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପଧାନ ତୀର୍ଥୀଙ୍କ ପୁରୁଷୋତ୍ତମ କେତ ଭାରତର ପଧାନ ଗାରିଷେତ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ମୁଖ୍ୟକେତ । ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ, ବଳଭଦ୍ର, ମା ସୁଭଦ୍ରା ଓ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ସୁଦର୍ଶନଙ୍କ ନେଇ ଶୁଣିର ପରିକଞ୍ଚା । ସେ ବଢ଼ିବାରୁ । ତାଙ୍କର ଦାଣ ବଢ଼ିବାରୁ । ତାଙ୍କର ଭୁବନେ ବଢ଼ିବାରୁ । ତାଙ୍କର ଶୁଣନ୍ତି ଓ ହୃଦୟରେ ମହାପ୍ରଭୁ । ତାଙ୍କର କେତୁରେ ମହାପନ୍ଦିତ ।

ବଢ଼ଦେରଳର ଚତୁର୍ବୀ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଦାରୁବୁଦ୍ଧରୁପେ ବିଭାଜନା । ପୃଥିବୀରେ ଅନ୍ୟ କେଉଁଠି ଏମିତି ଠାକୁର ଅଛନ୍ତି ? ତାଙ୍କର ହାତ ନାହିଁ, ଅଥବା ସେ ମହାବାହୁ । ଗୋଟ ନ ଥାଇ ସେ ହେଲେ ଚଳନ୍ତି ଠାକୁର । ସେ ସର୍ବବ୍ୟାପୀ । ତାଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଯେତେ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନାକଲେବି ତାହା ସମୁଦ୍ର ଏକ ବାଲିକଣା ସଦୃଶ । କାରଣ ତାଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ହିଁ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ରୀତି ନାତିର ସେ ଜୀବନ ମୁଣ୍ଡମନ୍ତ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ । ସେ ଲୀଳାମୟ, ତାଙ୍କ କୀର୍ତ୍ତି ଅନନ୍ୟ । ଜାତି, ଧର୍ମ, ବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନିର୍ବିଶେଷରେ ଯେଉଁ ଦେବତା ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ହୃଦୟକୁ ଛୁଲ୍ଲପାରିଛନ୍ତି, ସେ ହିଁ ଜଗତର ନାଥ



ଶୀଘରନ୍ତାଥ । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଆଜି ପୃଥିବୀର କୋଣେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଧର୍ମର ପ୍ରଚାର, ପ୍ରସାର, ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ମନ୍ଦିରର ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠା ଓ ବୋଷ୍ଟାତାର ଆୟୋଜନ । ସାରା ପୃଥିବୀରେ ଗୋରା, କଳା, ହିନ୍ଦୁ, ମୁସଲମାନ, ଶିଖ, ଖୁଣ୍ଡିଆନ, ଆବାଳବୃଦ୍ଧବନିତା ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ତାଙ୍କର ଉତ୍ତମ ମାନେ ବିଦ୍ୟମାନ ।

ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଧର୍ମ ଧନୀ-ଗରିବ, ଛୁଆଁ-ଅଛୁଆଁ ଭେଦଭାବ ରଖେନାହିଁ । ଆନନ୍ଦବଜାରରୁ ମିଳୁଥିବା ଅଭିଭାବ, ତଥା ଅନ୍ୟ ଭୋଗବ୍ୟଙ୍କିନ୍କୁ ଧନୀ-ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣନ, ବାହୁଣ-ହରିଜନ ଏକାଠି ମିଶି ଭୋଜନ କରନ୍ତି । ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ରଥ୍ୟାତ୍ରା ପତ୍ୟେକ ଧର୍ମବଲମ୍ବନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଉଦ୍‌ଦିଷ୍ଟ । ଯେଉଁମାନେ କୌଣସି କାରଣବଶତେ ବଢ଼େଇଲ ଭିତରକୁ ଯାଇ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଦେଶନ କରିପାରିନାହାନ୍ତି, ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଦର୍ଶନ ଦେବାପାଇଁ ବଢ଼ିବାକୁର ବଢ଼ିବାପାଇଁ ନଥଦିନର ଗୁଣ୍ଡିତା ଯାତା କରିଥାନ୍ତି । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ସେ ହେଲେ ପଢ଼ିପାରନ । ଆମ ପରିବାରରେ ସେହି ମମତା ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ମା ପରେ ମାଉସୀର ଘ୍ରାନ, ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ମଧ୍ୟ ମାଉସୀ ଗୁଣ୍ଡିତଙ୍କ ଘରେ ନ ଦିନ ରହିଥାନ୍ତି ।

ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଧର୍ମ ଭାଇ ଭଉଣାଙ୍କ ଅନାବିଲ ପେମର ପତ୍ରୀକ । ବଢ଼ିଭାଇ ବଳଭଦ୍ର ପରିବାରର କର୍ତ୍ତା ଓ ସର୍ବଦା ନିଜ ଭାଇ ଓ ଭଉଣାଙ୍କ ନେଇହିଁ ପରିବାର ଗଠନ ହୁଏ, ତାର ପଥ ପଦ୍ଧର୍ଣ୍ଣକ । ତାଙ୍କର ଧନ୍ୟରେ ଥିବା ହୁଲ ଲଙ୍ଘନ କୃଷିକର୍ମର ପତ୍ରୀକ । ପରିବାର ପଢ଼ିପୋଷଣ ପାଇଁ କୃଷିହିଁ ପ୍ରଧାନ କର୍ମ, ତାହାହିଁ ସେ ସୁବଳେଯାନ୍ତି । ସାନଭାଇ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ, ନିଜ ଧର୍ମପତ୍ରୀ ମହାଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ଅପେକ୍ଷା ବଢ଼ିଭାଇ ବଳଭଦ୍ରଙ୍କ ଉଚ୍ଚମ୍ଭାନ ଦେଇ ଭାବୁପ୍ରେମର ପମାଣ ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । ମା ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ପବିତ୍ରତା, ଶୁଭତାର ପତ୍ରୀକ । ଶୁଭତାର ସହ ଆରାଧନା କରିଥିବାରୁ ଶୀଘ୍ର ଚଣ୍ଡିଲାର ଘରକୁ ମହାଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ବୁଲିଯାଇଥିଲେ । ଏହି ଜନଶୃତିରୁ ପରିଷାର ପରିଷିନ୍ଦ୍ର ଘରେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ବାସ କରନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଧର୍ମ ବୁଦ୍ଧଶ ଚଣ୍ଡିଲ ମଧ୍ୟରେ କୌଣସି ଭେଦଭାବ ରଖେ ନାହିଁ ତାର ପ୍ରମାଣ ଦିଖ ।

ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କର ଲୀଳାର ପଟାକ୍ର ନାହିଁ । ପୃଥିବୀରେ ଏମିତି କେହି ଠାକୁର, ଦେବତା ନାହାନ୍ତି, ଯାହାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରେସର ଦିନର ନିତ୍ୟକର୍ମ ଠିକ୍ ଆମ ମାନଙ୍କ ଭଲି । ସେ ଆମ ଭଲି ଭାତିରେ ଶୋଇ, ବିଛଣାରୁ ଉଠି, ନିତ୍ୟକର୍ମ ପାରନ୍ତି । ଆମ ଭଲି ଶାଖାଇ, ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଭାବରେ ପନ୍ଥ ହୁଅନ୍ତି । ଶାତ ଦିନରେ ଆମ ଭଲି ଶାତ ଲୁଗା ପିନ୍ଧିବା ଓ ଖରା ଦିନରେ ଥଥ୍ବ ପାଣିରେ ଗାଧୋଇ ଦେହ ଖରାପ ହେବା ନୀତି ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ଆମ ମାନଙ୍କ ଦେନନିନ ଜୀବନ ସହ ପୁରୁଙ୍କ ସାମଞ୍ଜ୍ୟ ଥିବାର ଜଣାପଡ଼େ । ପ୍ରତିଦିନ ସେ ଜଳଖିଆ, ପିଠାପଣା, ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରକାର ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗନ ସହ ଅନ୍ତି ଭୋଜନ କରନ୍ତି ।

ତାଙ୍କର ନୀତିମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସେ ସେ ଆମ ଭଲି ଜଣେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ତାର ଭଦାହରଣ ଦିଅନ୍ତି । ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଗଲେ, ସେ ଆମ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପୁଅମ ଓଡ଼ିଆ । ତାଙ୍କର ପୁଅମ ସେବକ ହେଲେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଜନପତି ମହାରାଜା । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପ୍ରତିକିତ ପ୍ରେସର ପିଠାପଣା ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଭୋଗ ଲାଗେ । ତାଙ୍କ ସମ୍ମନରେ ପ୍ରତିକିତ ଦେବଦାସୀ ନୃତ୍ୟର ସଂକ୍ଷିତି ଓ ପରିଜନ୍ମନା ନିଆରା । ଦେବଦାସୀ ମାନେ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ସମର୍ପଣ । ଆଜିର ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ନୃତ୍ୟ, ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ପରିକିତ ଦେବଦାସୀ ନୃତ୍ୟର ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଯାଦତ୍ତୀୟ ଗାରୁକଳା, ପିପିଲିର ଚାରୁଆ, ପଞ୍ଚଚିତ୍ତ, ତାରକାୟ କାମ ଓ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ କାରୁକାୟର୍ ବଢ଼େଇଲରେ ପରିକିତ ରୀତିନିକିତ ଓ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ସଂକ୍ଷିତିରୁ ହିଁ ପରିପୁଣ୍ଡ । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ସର୍ବ ପରିଚିତ । ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ବିନା ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପରିଜନ୍ମନା ଅସମ୍ବନ୍ଧ ଏବଂ ଅବାସବ ।

Dr. Harekrishna Panda is a retired professor and HOD of Mathematics and Computer application department of Khallikote College, Berhampur, Orissa. (Email: [drhkpanda@yahoo.com](mailto:drhkpanda@yahoo.com))

ଯଦି ଧର୍ମଭାବ ଏବଂ ଦେବ ଭକ୍ତିରେ ଜୀବନକୁ ଶାନ୍ତି ନ ମିଳେ ତେବେ ସେ ଧର୍ମ ଭାବ ଓ ଦେବଭକ୍ତିରେ କିଛି ଅର୍ଥ ନଥାଏ । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଧର୍ମର ମୂଳଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ହେଉଛି ଆୟାର ଶାନ୍ତି । ସବୁ ଧର୍ମର ମହାମୂର୍ତ୍ତି ଏବଂ ଅବତାର ମାନେ ଜଗତର ସୁଖ, କଲ୍ୟାଣ ଓ ଶାନ୍ତି ପାଇଁ କାମ କରିଥା'ନ୍ତି ।

ବାଇଶି ପାହାତ, କବି ପ୍ରମାଦ ମିଶ୍ର



## ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟ ଜାଗତ୍ ଶାନ୍ତି ମିଶ୍ର

ଚକ୍ଷୁ ଫେଢ଼, ନିଦା ତେଜ, ଶୟା ତେଜ  
ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ପାଇଁ ରାତିଁ ନାହିଁ, ଦିବା ମଧ୍ୟ ନାହିଁ.....  
ଏ ମାଟି ର ଯୁବ ଶଙ୍କି ! କାଳ କୁ ଉପେକ୍ଷା କରି  
ଶୁଅ ନାହିଁ, ଆଉ ଶୁଅ ନାହିଁ ।  
ଦେଖ, ଦେଖ କୁହେଲିକା ଯେରି ଯେରି ଆସେ  
ସଂରଚନା ଲିର ଲିର ଯାଏ, ତେବେନା ବି ହଜି ହଜି ଯାଏ  
ସମୟର କାଳଯୋଡ଼େ,  
ଅବଗାହି ଆୟୁଷ ବି ସରି ସରି ଆସେ ।  
ଅଞ୍ଚଳ ଏ ଦିଗବଳୟ, ବିଷଣ୍ଠ ଏ ବିଶ୍ଵ  
ଦୂର୍ଲୀଟିରେ ଧୂମାୟିତ ହରିତୀ ଆକାଶ-  
ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ କର, ମୁକ୍ତ କର ନବ ତେବେନା ରେ ।  
ଲୋଭ ଆସେ, ମୋହ ଆସେ, ଝଳନ ବି ଆସେ  
ଅବାଗ ରେ ଯିବା ପାଇଁ କେତେ ଛକ ଆସେ,  
ଆମ୍ବା ଚିଖ ଧରି ସାଥେ ବିବେଜନ ବି ଅଛି  
ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟହରା ଦୁଅ ନାହିଁ, ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ନିଅ ବାହି ।  
ଆପଣା ସଂଘୃତ ଭୁଲି, ସଂବେଦନା ଭୁଲି  
ପଶୁତ୍ର ପାଶରେ ପଢ଼ି କଳବଳ ଦୁଅ ନାହିଁ  
ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଦେଖ ମନା ନାହିଁ, ପାଦ ଥାଉ ମାଟି ଛୁଲୁଁ,  
ଲକ୍ଷ ରହୁ ଛିର ହୋଇ, ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଦେଖ ମନା ନାହିଁ ।  
ଦେବତା ନହେଲେ ନାହିଁ, ପଶୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ଦୁଅ ନାହିଁ-  
ମଣିଶିଖେ ହୋଇ ରୁହ, ସ୍ଵାର୍ଥ ଭୁମ ତେଜି  
ତୁମେ ସୁମଣିଷ ଦୁଅ ରେ-  
ଏ ଜାତିର ପାଶ ମନ୍ତ୍ର, “ସର୍ବେ ଭବନ୍ତୁ ସୁଖିନଃ”  
ଭୁଲ ନାହିଁ, ଭୁଲ ନାହିଁ ।  
ନିଜକୁ ଜିଶିଲେ ସିନା ଜଗତ ଜିଶିବ,  
ତେବେ ଯାଇଁ  
ସୃଜନୀ ର ଗାଥା ଗାଇ ଶାନ୍ତି ମୌତୀ ଫେରିବ ,  
ବିଜୟ ର ଗର୍ବୋଲାୟେ ତିରଙ୍ଗୀ ବି ନାଚିବ ।  
ମୁଖୀ ହେଲେ ଦୁଃଖ ନାହିଁ, ବୈରିବ ବି ଲୋତା ନାହିଁ  
ମାନବିକତା ର ଗାତା କୁ ପାଥେଯ ତୁ କର ରେ,  
ଭାସ୍ତି ଭୁମ ତେଜ ଆଉ ସୁମଣିଷ ଦୁଅ ରେ-  
ଆଗାଳବୃଦ୍ଧବନିତା ମନେ ଆସ୍ତାର ମୁରୁଜ ବୁଣି  
ପଭାତର ସୁର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସମ ଦୁଅ ପଢ଼ିଭାତ  
ଏ ଜାତି ର ପାଶମନ୍ତ୍ର “ସର୍ବେ ଭବନ୍ତୁ ସୁଖିନଃ”  
ଭୁଲ ନାହିଁ, ଭୁଲ ନାହିଁ ।  
ଏ ମାରିର ଯୁବ ଶଙ୍କି !  
କାଳକୁ ଉପେକ୍ଷା କରି ଶୁଅ ନାହିଁ, ଶୁଅ ନାହିଁ ।

ଅମଲାପତ୍ର, କେଙ୍କଳାଳ

## ଆସ ତୁମେ ଅବତରି

### ୪ ଆଶା ମିଶ୍ର

ହେ ପିଯତମ ! ତୁମେ କେବେ ଆସିବନି  
ମୋ ଜୀବନେ ଦୁଷ୍ଟନ୍ତ ହୋଇ  
ମୁଁ ହେବିନି ଶକ୍ତିଲା ,  
ଦୂର୍ବାସାର ଅଭିଶାପେ ଜଳିବିନି ,  
ମୋ' ଜୀବନ ହେବ ନାହିଁ ଦୁଃଖ ହାହାକାର ମନ୍ଦ ।  
ହେ ମୋ'ର ପିଯତମ ! ତୁମେ ଆସନାହିଁ  
ମୋ' ଜୀବନେ ରଘୁବୀର ହୋଇ  
ହେବି ନାହିଁ ମୁହିଁ ଜନକ ଦୁହିତା,  
ବାରମ୍ବାର ଅଗ୍ନି ପରାକ୍ଷାର ହୋଇ ସମ୍ମର୍ମାନା,  
କରିବିନି ମୋ ଜୀବନ ଦଗ୍ଧାଭୂତ ।  
ଆବା , ସହି ସହି ତୁମର ସେ କଷାଯାତ ,  
ବରିବିନି ମାଟି ମା'ର କୋଳ  
ପାଚିବିନି ଏ ଅବନୀ ହେବିନାହିଁ ଭୁଗର୍ତ୍ତ ଶାୟିନୀ ।  
ହେ ମୋ'ର ପିଯତମ ! ତୁମରୁ ମୋ' ମିନତି ଏତିକି  
ମୋ ଜୀବନ - ରଙ୍ଗମଞ୍ଚେ ତୁମେ କେବେ  
ଆବିର୍ଭାବ ହେବନାହିଁ ପଣ୍ଡୁପୁତ ହୋଇ  
ମୁଁ ହେବିନାହିଁ ମୁକ୍ତକେଶୀ  
ଆବା ବୋଲିବିନି ଶାୟିତ ମୋ' ମୁକ୍ତଲା କେଶରେ ।  
ହେ ପିଯତମ ! ହେବନାହିଁ ତୁମେ ଗର୍ଭମ ,  
ଶିଳା ହୋଇ ପଥପାନ୍ତେ ପଢ଼ିବାକୁ ନାହିଁ ମୋ'ର ଲକ୍ଷା ,  
ତେବେଯାକୁ ଅନାଇବି - ଶିଳାରୁ ମାନବୀ ହେବି ,  
ତେବେ ଯାଇ ଘୁଷ୍ମିବ ମୋ' ଅପବାଦ ବ୍ୟଥା ।  
ହେ ମୋ'ର ପିଯତମ !  
ଆସ ତୁମେ ମୋ' ଜୀବନେ  
ପୁଣ୍ୟ ପାଶ ନେଇ  
ସେ ପୁଣ୍ୟରେ ଅବଗାହି ,  
ମୋ' ଜୀବନ ହେବ ସୁଧାମନ୍ୟ ।  
ଧୂଦ ତାରା ହୋଇ ମୁଁ ଯେ  
ଜାହିରି ତୁମ ଆଗମନେ ,  
ଆସ ତୁମେ ଅବତରି ମୋ'ର ଏ ଜୀବନେ ।

### ଶହୀଦ ନଗର, ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର

ମୁୟୋଯୀ ପଢ଼ିବାର ରେ ପୂର୍ବ ରୁ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ଏହି ଜବିତା ‘ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ  
ସଂକେତ’ ପଢ଼ିଲା ଦ୍ୱାରା ପୁରମୂଳକ ଏହି ଜବିତା ବି ତୁ ୪ ମିଶ୍ର ଙ୍କ  
ହିଅ ପୁଣ୍ୟତୋୟା ଷତଙ୍କୀ ଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ପ୍ରେରିତ ।



## ଉଡ଼୍ ସାହେବଙ୍କ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରୀତି

### ୭୫ ସୋମନାଥ ମିଶ୍ର

୧୯୭୦ ମସିହାର କଥା । ଯେତେବେଳେ ମୁଁ ଆମେରିକାର ନିର ଲଙ୍ଘ ଅଞ୍ଚଳର କାମ୍ତିଜ ସହରର ବିଶ୍ୱପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ମାସାବୁଷେତସ୍ ପ୍ରଦେଶର ରାଜଧାନୀ ବୃଦ୍ଧତର ବନ୍ଦନ୍ ସହରାଞ୍ଚଳ ଏକ ଆର୍ଟିଜାତୀୟ ମାନ୍ୟତାପାତ୍ର ଶିକ୍ଷା କେନ୍ । ହାର୍ଡିତ, M.I.T, ବାଣ୍ଡାଇଶ ଉତ୍ୟାଦି ପୂର୍ବବୀ ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ୯ଟି ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ଅବସ୍ଥିତ । ଅନ୍ୟୁନ ୧୦ ପତିଶତ ବୈଦେଶୀଙ୍କ ଛାତ୍ର ୪୩୦ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ମାନଙ୍କରେ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନରତ । ୪୩୦ ବୈଦେଶୀ କୁ ନେଇ ଏ ଅଞ୍ଚଳ ସଦା ଗର୍ବିତ । ‘ଆର୍ଟିଜାତୀୟ ଛାତ୍ର ସଂଗଠନ’ ପ୍ରତିବର୍ଷ ୭୦ାରେ ଏକ ଭାରତୀୟ ଦିବସ ପାଲନ କରେ । ଭାରତୀୟ ଖାଦ୍ୟ, ଜଳାକୃତି, ପୋଷାକ ପରିଷ୍କର ଆଦିକୁ ନେଇ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ମଣ୍ଡପ ସଜା ହୋଇଥାଏ ।

୪୨୨ପରି ଏକ ମଣ୍ଡପରେ ଭାଗନେଇ ମୁଁ ବିଦେଶୀ ଅଥିଥିଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ଵାଗତ କରୁଥିଲି ଏବଂ ଭାରତ ବିଷୟରେ ଥୁବା ତାଙ୍କ ପଶ୍ଚର ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଉଥିଲି । ଏତିକିବେଳେ ଏକ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠକାମ୍ ବ୍ୟୋଜେଣ୍ଯ ଆମେରିକାନ୍ ମୋ ପାଖରେ ପହଞ୍ଚ କହିଲେ, ‘ମିଶ୍ରବାବୁ ନମଞ୍ଚାର! ମୁଁ ଜଣେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଅଛି ।’ ତାଙ୍କ ଉତ୍ତର ଉତ୍ତରାଶ ବିକିଟ ଅଖାଡୁଆ ଶୁଭୁଥିଲା । ଲଙ୍କରେ ହରି ଶର ପରି ଜଣେ ଗୋରା ସାହେବଙ୍କ ମୁହଁରୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଶୁଣି ମୁଁ ହୃଦବାକ୍ ହୋଇଗଲି । ବୃଦ୍ଧତ ବନ୍ଦନ୍ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ସେତେବେଳେ ମୁଁ ଥିଲି ଏକମାତ୍ର ଓଡ଼ିଆ । ଖୁସି ହୋଇ ପତି ନମଞ୍ଚାର ଜଣାଇ ମୁଁ ଭଦ୍ରବ୍ୟକ୍ଷିଙ୍କ ପରିଚୟ ପଚାରିଲି । ‘ମୋର ନାଁ ଜନ୍ ରାଜତ ଉତସ୍ । ମୁଁ ୧୯୩୪ ରୁ ୧୯୪୪ ମସିହା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ତେଜନାଳର (ସେତେବେଳେ ଗତଜାତ) ଗ୍ରାମୀଣ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଏକ ସ୍ଵେଚ୍ଛାସେବୀ ଭାବରେ କାମ କରୁଥିଲି । ସ୍ଵାଧୀନତା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଲଙ୍ଘରେ ଶାସନ ସମୟରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପୁରୁଷଙ୍କରେ ଏକ ଧାର୍ମିକ ସଂସ୍ଥାର ପାଦୀ ହିସାବରେ କାମ କରିବାର ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟ ମୋରଥିଲା ।’  
ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନଆପଣ କଣ କରୁଛନ୍ତି? ମୁଁ ପରୁରିଲି । ଉଡ଼୍ ସାହେବ କହିଲେ, ‘୧୯୪୪ ରେ ମୁଁ ସପରିବାର ତେଜନାଳ ଛାତ୍ର ଲଙ୍କଙ୍କୁ ଫେରି ଆସିଲି । ସେଠାରେ ମୋତେ ଭଲ ଲାଗିଲାନାହିଁ । ୧୯୪୦ ରେ ମୁଁ ମୋ ପରିବାର ସହିତ ଆମେରିକା ଆସିଗଲି । ମୁଁ ଓ ମୋର ପରିବାରରଥନ୍ୟ ସଦ୍ସ୍ୟମାନେ ଏଠାର ନଗରିକତ୍ବ ଶୁଭର କରିନେଇଲା । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ମୁଁ Salvation Army, ଏକ ଅଣ ପରକାରୀ ସ୍ଵେଚ୍ଛାସେବୀ ସଂସ୍ଥାରେ କାମ କରୁଥିଲା । ମୁଁ ପରୁରିଲି, “ଏହି ସ୍ଵେଚ୍ଛାସେବୀ ସଂସ୍ଥାର କାମ କଣ? ଯେ କହିଲେ, ‘ଆମେରିକାରେ ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଲୋକ ନିଶାଗନ୍ତ ହୋଇ ନିଜର ଓ ନିଜ ପରିବାରର ବୃଦ୍ଧ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ଆମ ସଂସ୍ଥା ଏହିପରି ନିଶାଗନ୍ତ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ କାମ କରି ପେମାନଙ୍କୁ ନିଶାମୁକ୍ତ କରିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଛି ।’ ‘ବାୟ, ଏତ ବୃଦ୍ଧ ପ୍ରଶଂସନୀୟ କାମ’ ମୁଁ ଜହିଲି । ‘ତେବେ ଆପଣ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ କିଭଳି କାମ କରୁଥିଲେ’ ? ‘ଓଡ଼ିଶା ରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଆମ ସଂସ୍ଥା ଗାଁ ଶାଖରେ ବୁଲି ବୁଲି ନିଶାଗନ୍ତ ଲୋକଙ୍କର ନିଶା ଛତାବା ପାଇଁ ପରେଷ କରୁଥିଲା । ପରାଧୂନ ଭାରତରେ ଓ ଅଦ୍ୟାଗୁରୀ ଭାଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଶାସନରେ ଗାମାଞ୍ଚଳରେ ସ୍ଵାକ୍ଷ୍ୟସେବା ଓ ଶିକ୍ଷା ପହଞ୍ଚ ପାରିନୟିଲା । ତା ସହିତ ନିଶାସନ ହୋଇ ସେମାନେ ଦରିଦ୍ରରୁ ଉପରକୁ ଉଠି ପାରୁନଥିଲେ । ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ସେବାରେ ହିଁ ଆମକୁ ଆନନ୍ଦ ମିଳୁଥିଲା, ଯଦିଓ କିଛି ଧର୍ମାନ୍ତ ଲୋକେ ଏକଥା ସହି ପାରୁନଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ଧର୍ମାନ୍ତରୀକରଣ ଆମ ସଂସ୍ଥାର ମୁଲ ଉଦେଶ୍ୟ ବୋଲି ପେମାନେ କହୁଥିଲେ’ । ଏକଥା କହିଲା ବେଳେ ତାଙ୍କ ଆଖୁ ଦୁଇଟି ଛଳ ଛଳ ହୋଇ ଉଠିଲା, ଯେପରି ଯେ ବିଗତ ଦିନର ଦୁଃଖଦାୟୀ ସୃତିରେ ହରି ଯାଇଥିଲେ ।

ବାତାବରଣଙ୍କୁ ଚିକେ ହାଲୁକା କରିବା ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ପଚାରିଲି, ‘ଆରେ ଆପଣ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା କିପରି ଶିଖିଲେ ମତେ କହିଲେନି’ । ଯେ ଚିକିଟ ହୁସି କହିଲେ, ‘ଆପଣ ଯୋରମାନଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ କାମ କରିବେ ପଥମେ ତାଙ୍କର ହୃଦୟ ଜିଶିବା ଦରକାର । ହୃଦୟ ଜିଶିବାର ମୁକ୍ତମନ୍ତ୍ର ହେଲା ତାଙ୍କ ଭାଷା ଶିଖିବା । ତେଣୁ ମୁଁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଶିଖିଲି ଓ ଭଲ ରୁପେ କହି ନିପାରିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାକୁ ଭଲ ପାଇଲି । ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଦିନ ହେଲା ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ କଥା ବାଣୀ କରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ପାଇ ନଥ୍ବାରୁ ହୁଏତ ମୁଁ ଆଗପରି ଆଉ କହି ପାରୁନି । ସେଥୁପାଇଁ ମତେ କଣା ଦେବେ’ । ମୁଁ ମନେ ମନେ ଭାବିଲି ଏଠି ବେଶିଦିନ ରହିବା ପରେ ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଭାରତୀୟ ତ ତାଙ୍କ ନିଜ ମାତୃଭାଷା ଭୁଲି ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ଆଉ ଏତ ସହଜେ ଜଣେ ଇଂରେଜ ସାହେବ । ତଥାପି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ପତି ତାଙ୍କର ଅନୁରାଗ ଦେଖି ମୋ ମନ ରେ ତାଙ୍କ ପତି ଏକ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଜନ୍ମିଲା । ‘କଣ ମିଶ୍ରବାବୁ ? କୋଉ ଚିନ୍ତାରେ ପଢ଼ିଗଲେ ? ହଁ, ମୁଁ କହୁଥିଲି ନା ପରିବର୍ଷ ଏହି ଆର୍ଟିଜାତୀୟ ଭାରତୀୟ ଦିବସ ମୋଲାକୁ ମୁଁ ଏକ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ଉଦେଶ୍ୟ ନେଇ ଆସେ । ଏକତ୍ର ଭାରତୀୟ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ମୋର ବୃଦ୍ଧ ପିତା, ତାଙ୍କର ମାନରେ ଏକ ଆଶା ଥାଏ ଯଦି ହଠାତ୍ ଏକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଛାତ୍ର ପାଇଁ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ମୋର ଦେଖା ହୋଇଯାଏ । ଭାଗ୍ୟ କୁ ଆଜି ଏ ମୋଲାରେ ପାଦ ଦେଇ ଦେଇ ଗୋଟିଏ ଭାରତୀୟ ଛାତ୍ର ଆପଣଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ମତେ କହିଲା । ମୁଁ ଜଣେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବନ୍ଦନ୍ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତ କରିବାକୁ ଗୁହେଲିନି - ଆପଣଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତ କରିବାକୁ ବୁଝିଲା ।’ । ଏକା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଏତେ କଥା କହି ଉଡ଼୍ ସାହେବ ଚିକେ ଦମ ନେଇଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ମୁଖ ମଣ୍ଡଳରୁ ଖୁସିର ଏକ ଝଲକ ବାରି ହେଇଯାଉଥାଏ ।



ଶୀ ୩ ଶୀମତୀ ଉତସ୍କ ସହ ଏ ଥୁଲା ମୋର ପ୍ରାରମ୍ଭିକ ପରିଚୟ । କ୍ରମଶଃ ଉତ୍ ପାହେବ ପରିବାରଙ୍କ ସହ ମୋର ଏବଂ ମୋ ପଡ଼ୁଇବ ବନ୍ଧୁତା ଗଛି ଉଠିଲା । ଅନେକଥର ସେ ଆମ ଭଦାଯରକୁ ଆସି ମୋ ପଡ଼ୁଇବ ହାତରକା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଖାଇ ଆପ୍ୟାଯିତ ହେଉଥିଲେ । ଆମେ ମଧ୍ୟ ତାଙ୍କ ପଡ଼ୁଇବ ହାତ ତିଆରୀ କେକ୍ ଏବଂ ପାଞ୍ଜି ର ମଜା ନଦ୍ୟଥିଲୁ । ସେ ବର୍ଷ ଖୁବିମାସରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଗିରିଙ୍ଗ କାର୍ତ୍ତ ପାଇ ଆମେ ନହିଁ ରହିପାରିଲୁନି । ସେ କାର୍ତ୍ତ ରେ ବଜ୍ଜା ଟଙ୍କା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଅକ୍ଷର ରେ ଲେଖାହୋଇଥିଲା ‘ବଢିନଙ୍କର ନମଞ୍ଚାର’ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ପତି ତାଙ୍କର ମମତା ଆମ ମନକୁ ଛୁଇଗଲା । ଖୁବିମାସ ଦେଲେ ଉପହାର ଆଦାନ ପଦାନ ସେଠାକାର ଏକ ରାତି । ସେଇ ରାତି ଅନ୍ତରୁମାର ମୋ ପଡ଼ୁ ଶୀମତୀ ଉତସ୍କ ଏକ ରୂପା ତାର କଷି ବଗ ଓ ସେ ମୋ ପଡ଼ୁଇଁ ଦୁଇଟି ନିଜହାତରେ ସୁସଂହିତ ଆମେରିକାନ କଣ୍ଠେଇ ଉପହାର ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଉତ୍ ପାହେବଙ୍କ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରାତିର ଆଉ ଏକ ପମାଣ ଥୁଲା ଜେଙ୍ଗନାଳରେ ଜନ୍ମ ଗୁହଣ କରିଥିବା ତାଙ୍କ ତିନି ଝିଅଙ୍କର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ନାମ - ଶାନ୍ତି, ପ୍ରାତି ଓ ପ୍ରିୟା । ଅବଶ୍ୟ ଶୀମତୀ ଉତସ୍କ ଝିଅମାନଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କର ଜଂରାଜୀ ନାମରେ ହିଁ ତାନୁଥିଲେ ।

ଉତ୍ ପାହେବ ଆମକୁ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଦେଖୁଥିଲେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସେବକାର ଗତିଶୀଳ ବିଷୟରେ କିଛି ନା କିଛି କାହାଣୀ ଶୁଣାଉଥିଲେ । ସେ କାହାଣୀ ଉତ୍ତର ଦୁଇଟି ବେଶ ରୋମାଞ୍ଚକର ଏବଂ ମନାଦାର ଥୁଲା । ଉତସ୍କ ଘଟଣା ତାଙ୍କର ନିଜର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ଅନୁଭୂତି ହେଉଥିବାରୁ ଆମକୁ ବେଶ ହୁଏଥିର ଖୋରାକ ଯୋଗାଇଥିଲା । ପଥମ ଘଟଣାଟି ଘଟିଥିଲା ଯେବେ ସେ ପାତ୍ରୀ ଭାବରେ ଜେଙ୍ଗନାଳରେ ଯୋଗଦେଲେ, ତାର ଅନ୍ତଦିନ ପରେ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଗୁଲିଚେଳନୀ ଓ ପରମପରା ବିଷୟରେ ତାଙ୍କର କୌଣସି ଜ୍ଞାନ ସେତେବେଳେ ନଥିଲା । ଥରେ ସେବାକାମରେ କୌଣସି ଏକ ଛୋଟ ଗାଁ ଉପରେ ଗୁଲି ଗୁଲି ଯାଉଥିଲା ବେଳେ ହୃତାତ୍ ଗୋଟିଏ ଝିଅର କାର ତାଙ୍କୁ ଶୁଭେଲା । ସେ ଯଳଦି ଯଳଦି ପାଦ ପକାଇ ସେ ଯାଗାରେ ପରମ୍ପରାଗଲେ । ଦେଖୁଲେ ଗୋଟିଏ ସବାରୀ କୁ ଲୋକମାନେ ବେହି ବୋହି ନେଉଛନ୍ତି । ସବାରୀ ଉପରେ ବସିଥିବା ଝିଅଟି ଜୋରେ ବାହୁନି କରି କାନ୍ତୁଆଖ ଓ ସବାରୀ ଉତ୍ତର ବାହାରକୁ ଆସିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥାଏ । ସବାରୀ ସାଙ୍କର ଗୁଲୁଥିବା ଲୋକଟି ଉତ୍ତରକୁ ଠେଲୁଥାଏ । ଏ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଦେଖୁ ଉତ୍ ପାହେବ ଭାବିଲେ କେତେକ ଦୁଷ୍ଟ ପ୍ରକୃତିର ଲୋକ ଝିଅଟିକୁ ଅପହରଣ କରି ନେଇଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କର ଗୁପ୍ତିଆ ଗୋରା ଦେହୁଟା ବାଗରେ ଥରିଦେଲା । ସେ ହୃତାତ୍ ପାଖରେ ଥୁବା ଗଛ ଆନ୍ତୁଆଳରେ ଲୁଟିଗଲେ ଏବଂ ଗଛ ତାଳକୁ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଗୋଟିଏ ବାତି ତିଆରି କଲେ । ତାପରେ ଯାହା ଘରିଲା ତାହା ହିୟି ସିନ୍ମେର କ୍ଲିମା ଦୃଶ୍ୟାରୁ କୌଣସି ଶୁଣରେ କମ୍ ନୁହେଁ । ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋରା ଲୋକକୁ ହାତରେ ବାତି ଧରି ଅପତ୍ୟାଶିତ ଭାବରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଉପରକୁ ମାତି ଆସିବାର ଦେଖୁ ସବାରୀ ବାହକ ତଥା ଅନ୍ୟଲୋକମାନେ ସବାରିକୁ ଛାଡ଼ିଦେଇ ଛାଡ଼ିବଙ୍କ ଦେଲେ । ଉତ୍ ପାହେବ ଝିଅଟି ପାଖକୁ ଆସିଲେ । ସେ ଭାବିଥିଲେ ଝିଅଟି ଖୁସି ହୋଇ କୃତ୍ୱଙ୍ଗତା ଜଣାଇବ । ସେପରି କିଛି ହେଲାନ୍ତାହିଁ । ବରଂ ତା ମୁହଁରୁ ସେ ରାଗିଲା ପରି ଜଣା ପଢୁଥିଲା । ସେ ଯାହା ହେଉ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ବୁଝି ପାରୁନଥିବାରୁ ସେ ଝିଅଟିକୁ ନିକଟବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ପୋଲିସ ଥାନାରେ ପହଞ୍ଚାଇ ଦେଲେ । ଥାନାରେ ଥାନାବାବୁ ଖଣ୍ଡ ଖଣ୍ଡିଆ ଜଂରାଜୀରେ ଉତ୍ ସାହେବଙ୍କୁ ଯାହା ବୁଝାଇଲେ ତାର ମର୍ମ ଥୁଲା ଏପରି - ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଘରର ଚଳଶି ଅନୁପାରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଶୁଭ ମୁହଁରୁ ଠିକ କରି ଝିଅଟିର ବାପା, ମାଁ ତାକୁ ପ୍ରଥମକରି ଶାଶୁଧରକୁ ପଠାଇଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ପଥାନୁପାରେ ପହିଲି ପାଳି ଗଲାବେଳେ ଝିଅଟି କାରିବା ସ୍ଵଭାବିକ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏହି କାର ହିଁ ତାର କାଳହେଲା । ପୁଣି ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ଶୁଭମୁହଁରୁ ପାଇଁ ତାକୁ କେତେବନ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିବାକୁ ହବ କିମ୍ ଜାଣେ । ସବୁ ଶୁଣିଲା ପରେ ବିଚରା ଉତ୍ ସାହେବଙ୍କ ଝିଅଟିକୁ କ୍ଷମା ମାଗିବା ହତା ଅନ୍ୟ ଗତି ନଥିଲା ।

ଦୃତୀୟ ଘଟଣା ଟି ଘଟିଥିଲା ପଥମ ଘଟଣାଟିର କିଛି ବର୍ଷ ପରେ । ସେତେବେଳେ ଉତ୍ ସାହେବଙ୍କ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ଦକ୍ଷତା ବହି ପାଇଥିଲା । ଏପରିକି ସେ କେଜନାଳ ଗାମବାସୀ ମାନଙ୍କ କଥିତ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମଧ୍ୟ ରଲ ଭାବରେ ବୁଝି ପାରୁଥିଲେ । ଏଇ ଘଟଣାଟି ଘଟିଥିଲା ରେଳଗାତି ଉତ୍ତରେ । ଥରେ ସେ ତାଳରେ ପୁରୀ ପାଷେଞ୍ଚର ଗାତିରେ ତାଳରେରୁ କଗକ ଯିବା ପାଇଁ ଏକ ତୃତୀୟ ଶେଣୀ ତବାରେ ଉଠିଲେ । ତବାରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଗୁରୁ ପାଞ୍ଜଶ ଗାମାଣ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ବହିଥିଲେ । ଉତ୍ ସାହେବ ତାଙ୍କ ସହସ୍ରାତ୍ମାମାଙ୍କ ବିପରୀତ ଦିଗରେ ଥୁବା ବେଶର ଏକ କୋଣରେ ବହିଗଲେ । ଗାତି ଛାଡ଼ିଦେଲା । ଗାତି ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେବାର କିଛି ସମୟ ପରେ ତାଙ୍କ ସହସ୍ରାତ୍ମାମାନେ ନିଜ ନିଜ ଉତ୍ତରେ ଖୁସିଗପ କରିବାରେ ଲାଗିଗଲେ । ସଦିଓ ତୃତୀୟ ଶେଣୀ ତବାରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋରାଯାହେବର ଉପର୍ଯ୍ୟତ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଟିକିଏ ଅପହର ଲାଗୁଥାଏ କିମ୍ ଜାଣେ ।

କିଛି ସମୟ ବିତିଗଲା । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଖୁସିଗପରୁ କିଛି କିଛି ଉତ୍ ସାହେବଙ୍କ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ଦକ୍ଷତା ବହି ପାଇଥିଲା । ଏପରିକି ସେ କେଜନାଳ ଗାମବାସୀ ମଧ୍ୟ ରଲ ଭାବରେ ବୁଝି ପାରୁଥିଲେ । ଏଇ ଘଟଣାଟି ଘଟିଥିଲା ରେଳଗାତି ଉତ୍ତରେ । ଥରେ ସେ ତାଳରେ ପୁରୀ ପାଷେଞ୍ଚର ଗାତିରେ କଗକ ଯିବା ପାଇଁ ଏକ ତୃତୀୟ ଶେଣୀ ତବାରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋରାଯାହେବର ଉପର୍ଯ୍ୟତ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଟିକିଏ ଅପହର ଲାଗୁଥାଏ । ଏକଥା ଶୁଣି ଉତ୍ ସାହେବ ଜଣାଇବା କାହିଁକି ? ନିଜ ବିଷୟରେ ଏଇଲି ଟିପ୍ପଣୀ ଶୁଣି ଉତ୍ ସାହେବ ଆଉ ସମୂଳ ପାରିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ସେ ଅଭିହାସ୍ୟ କରି ଉଠିଲେ ।



ଗାଁ ବାଲମାନେ ବିଚରା ବହୁତ ଭୟଭାବ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ଗାଡ଼ି ଗା କୋରରେ ଗୁଲୁ ନଥୁଲେ ସେମାନେ ଅବା ଚେନରୁ ତେଣୁ ଓହେଲ ପଢ଼ିଥାନ୍ତେ । ଆଉ କୌଣସି ଉପାୟ ନଦେଖୁ ସେମାନେ ଉତ୍ସ ସାହେବଙ୍କ ଆତକୁ ନ ଅନାଇ ପଛକରି ବସିଲେ । ଭାଗ୍ୟକୁ ଚେନର ଗାଡ଼ି ଟା କମ୍ପଶଙ୍କ ଧୀର ହୋଇଗଲା । କିଛି ଦୂରରେ ଷେସନ ଟିଚ ଦେଖାଗଲା । ଗାଡ଼ିଟି ପୁରା ରୋକିବା ଆଗରୁ ଗାଁବାଲା ମାନେ ଖପ ଖାପ ତେଣୁ ଓହେଲ ଗଲେ । ସେତିକିରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଭୟ ଦୂର ହେଲା ନାହିଁ । ସେମାନେ ପାଟପର୍ମ ଉପରେ ଦୌଡ଼ିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲେ । ଆଖ ପାଖରେ ଥୁବା ଲୋକମାନେ ଏ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଦେଶ ଉପରୋଗ କରୁଥାନ୍ତି । ଉତ୍ସ ସାହେବ ଛାତିବା ବାଲା ନୁହୁନ୍ତି । ସେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପଛରେ ଦୌଡ଼ି ଦୌଡ଼ି ଗୋଟିଏ ଗାମବାସୀଙ୍କୁ ଧରିପକାଇ କହିଲେ, ‘ଆରେ ଶୁଣ ! କାହିଁକି ଏମିତି ତରିକରି ପଳାଉଛି’ । ଗାମବାସୀଙ୍କି ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଲା, ‘ଆଜ୍ଞା ଆମେ କଣ ଲଙ୍ଘାଇଁ ବୁଝୁଛୁକି ?’ ଉତ୍ସ ସାହେବ ତତ୍କଷଣାତ ଜବାବ ଦେଲେ, ‘ମୁଁ ତ ଓତ୍ତିଆରେ କହୁଛି’ । ତାପରେ ନିଜ ସ୍ଵରକୁ ଯଥା ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧ କୋମଳ କରି ସେ କହିଲେ, ‘ଦେଖ ମୁଁ ତ ତୁମମାନଙ୍କର କିଛି ଅନିଷ୍ଟ କରିନାହିଁ । ତୁମ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତ ଶୁଣି ହସ ମାତିବାରୁ ଟିକେ ହସି ଦେଇଛି ଯାହା, ଏକଟା କଣ ଗୋଟିଏ ଅପରାଧ ?’ ।

ଏତେବେଳେ ଯାଇ ଗାମବାସୀଙ୍କ ମନରେ ତେତା ପଶିଲା । ସେମାନେ ହୃଦୟଙ୍କମ କଲେ ସାଇବ ଖାଲି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବୁଝି ପାରୁନି, କହିପାରୁଛି ମଧ୍ୟ । ଉତ୍ସ ସାହେବ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଦୁଖେଲ ଶୁଖେଲ ପୁର୍ବ ତବାକୁ ଫେରାଇ ଆଶିଲେ । ଅବଶିଷ୍ଟ ରେଳ ଯାତାଟି ତାଙ୍କର ଶାନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ପୌର୍ବାର୍ଦ୍ୟ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବାତାବରଣରେ କରିଗଲା । ୧୯୭୪ ମସିହା ଜୁନ ମାସରେ ମୁଁ ଓ ମୋର ପଡ଼ୁ ୧ ଆମର ଆମେରିକା ରହଣି ସାରି ଭାରତକୁ ଫେରି ଆସିଲୁ । ଆସିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଆମକୁ ଆମର ଆମେରିକାନ ପାଇସାନେ ଏକ ଭବ୍ୟ ବିଦୟା ରୋକିରେ ଆପ୍ୟାଯିତ କରିଥିଲେ । ସେ ରୋକି ରେ ଉତ୍ସ ସାହେବ ସପରିବାର ଉପର୍ଯ୍ୟତ ଥିଲେ । ସେ ମତେ ଘରର ଏକ କୋଣକୁ ତାକି ନେଇ କହିଲେ, ‘ମିଶ୍ର ବାବୁ, ମୁଁ ଭାରୀ ଖୁସି ଆପଣ ନିଜ ଦେଶ କୁ ଫେରି ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପ୍ରଦେଶ ଓତିଶା ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନରେ ଲାଭବାନ ହେବ । ଯଦିଓ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଭାରତ ଫେରିଯିବା ଦ୍ୱାରା ମୁଁ ଏକ ଭଲ ବନ୍ଦୁ ହୁରାଇବି ତଥାପି ଆପଣଙ୍କର ଏ ପଦକ୍ଷେପକୁ ମୁଁ ପ୍ଲାଗତ ଜଣାଉଛି । ଆଜ୍ଞା ମିଶ୍ରବାବୁ ଯଦି ବିଶେଷ ଅସୁରିଧା ନହୁଥ ଆପଣ ଓତିଶାରୁ ମୋ ପାଖକୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଜୀନିଷ ପଠାଇ ପାରିବେ ?’ ସେ ଟିକେ କୁଣ୍ଡିତ ହୋଇ ପଗୁରିଲେ । ‘ଆରେ ନାଁ ନାଁ, କି ଜିନିଷ ଲୁହନ୍ତୁ ନାଁ ।’ ମୁଁ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଲି ।

‘ମଧୁସୁଦନ ରାଜେକର ଗୋଟିଏ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣବୋଧ । ମୋର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ଜ୍ଞାନ ବଜାଇବା ପାଇଁ ସେ ବହିଟି ମୋର ଏକାନ୍ତ ସହାୟକ ହେବ’ , ସେ ଟିକିଏ ହୁସି କହିଲେ । ଉତ୍ସ ସାହେବଙ୍କ ଓତିଶା ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରତି ମମତା ମତେ ଅଭିଭୂତ କରି ଦେଇଥିଲା । ଭାରତକୁ ଫେରି ମୋର ପ୍ରଥମ କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ହୋଇଥିଲା ‘ବର୍ଣ୍ଣବୋଧ’ ର ଏକ କପି ଏଯାର ମେଲ୍ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଉତ୍ସ ସାହେବଙ୍କୁ ପଠାଇବା ।

ଏଥୁ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଗୁଲିଶ ବର୍ଷ ବିଚିଗଲାଣି । ଆମେ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ନିଜ ଜୀବନର ସାମ୍ବନ୍ଧରେ ଉପର୍ଯ୍ୟତ । ଆମେରିକାର ସୃତିସବୁ ପୁରୁଣା ଓ ଯୋମରା ହୋଇଗଲାଣି । ସ୍ଵାଧୀନତା ପ୍ରାପ୍ତିର ୪୫ ବର୍ଷ ପରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅନେକ ଓତିଶାବାସୀ ନିଜର ମାତୃଭାଷା ଶିଖୁ ନାହାନ୍ତି ଏବଂ କହିବାକୁ କୁଣ୍ଡ ବୋଧ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ଅଧିକ ଲଙ୍ଘରେ ଶାସନ କାଳରେ ଜଣେ ଲଙ୍ଘରେ ଭଦ୍ରଲୋକ ତତ୍କାଳୀନ ଓତିଶାର ଗତଜାତ ଅଷ୍ଟଳରେ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ସେବା କରିବାକୁ ଆସି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଶିଖୁଥିଲେ ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାକୁ ଏପରି ଭଲ ପାଇଥିଲେ ଭାବିଲେ ମତେ ଆଜି ବି ଆଷ୍ଟଯାର୍ତ୍ତ ଲାଗେ ।

ଅବସରପାତ୍ର ଅଧ୍ୟେ, ଜାତୀୟ ପ୍ରାଦେୟାବିଜ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ, ରାତରକେଳା

ଉଚ୍ଚ ହେବା ପାଇଁ କର ଯେବେ ଆଶା

ଉଚ୍ଚକର ଆଗ ନିଜ ମାତୃଭାଷା ।

ମାତୃଭୂମି ମାତୃଭାଷାରେ ମମତା ଯା ହୃଦେ ଜନମି ନାହିଁ  
ତାକୁ ଯେବେ ଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଗଣରେ ଗଣିବା ଅଞ୍ଜାନ ରହିବେ କାହିଁ ?



## ହାଇକୁ ହାର

ଅଭୟ ନାୟକ

ସିତମ୍ବର

॥

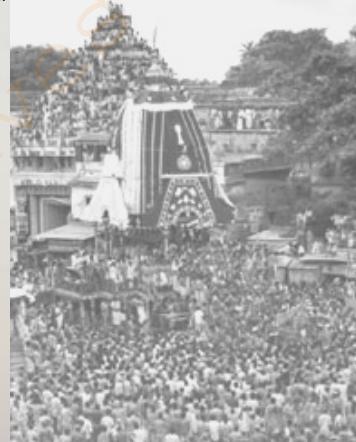
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 ହନୁମାନ ଲଙ୍ଘପୋଡ଼ି      କେଉଁଆରୁ ପାଣି ଝରେ  
 କି ରାମଲୀଳା ।      ବଞ୍ଚେ ଚରେ ।

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 ବାନା ବାତେବା ।  
 ଫଗୁନେଳ ଭାଙ୍ଗେବୋଳ  
 ଦୋଳ ଯାତେବା

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 ମା' ସରସ୍ଵତୀ ।  
 ଖତି ଛୁଲ୍ଲେ ପିଲେ  
 ମାୟ ପଶନ୍ତି

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 ପିଲାଙ୍କ ଗୀତ ।  
 ଗାଁମୁଣ୍ଡ ଅଗିପୋଡ଼ା  
 ପରଷ ଶୀତ

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 ବଡ ହିନ୍ଦ୍ରା ।  
 ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀଛତା ଦି ଭାଇ  
 କାହିରେ ଚିତା



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 ବହିଲା ଖ୍ରାଣ୍ତି  
 କାଳ ବୁଜେ ସାବିତ୍ତିରୀ  
 ପଢ଼ିର ପାଞ୍ଜି ।

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 ଆଇଲା ରତ୍ନ  
 ଦୋଳିଖେଳେ ଭୁଆଷୁଣୀ  
 ଛଡ଼େଇ ଲାଭ ।

॥  
 ଗମହା ପୁନେଇ  
 ପେଇସନ୍ତି ଖେଳ, ଷେତ  
 ଉଭାଡେ ଗାଇ ।

॥  
 ଖୁଦୁରୁକୁଣୀ  
 ଛେଳି ଚରେଇଲା କି  
 ଗେଲ୍ହୀ ଭରଣୀ ।

॥  
 ସୁନିଆ ଭେଟି  
 ସୁନାଟଙ୍କେ ପୁରା ହବ  
 ଆ-କା-ମା-ବଇ ଖୋଲିଲା ପେଟି

॥  
 ବାର ଯେ ମାୟ  
 ତେର ପରବ ଗଲା  
 ବରଷ

(Poet's note : It is a bAramAsI poem, where each stanza is in the form of an Oriya haiku (a Japanese form of poem). I am not conversant with contemporary Oriya poetry, so not sure how common haikus are in Oriya literature. But it is quite fashionable among western youngsters to write English haikus. I have experimented to write haikus in Oriya. (I have broken some rules, though -- check the wiki on haikus.) I have organized the haikus in the form of a garland; hence the title "hAiku-hAra", though I have dropped the hyphen to tickle the readers. The "title-piece-haiku" and the "pendant piece-haiku" are to be read from top to bottom, all other haikus are meant to be read clock-wise. But I have left it to the imagination of the reader how to read them, though the position of the periods ( | ) provide enough hint .)

ସଜଳ ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଦା ରହି । ପବିତ୍ର କର ଏହି ମହୀ ।



## ଅନ୍ତଃସ୍ଵନ

ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ନୀଳା ଦାସ

୧

ସମୟର କୁଆରରେ  
ଉଦ୍‌ବୁଦ୍ଧି ହେଉ ହେଉ  
ଥରଚିଖ ପାଇଁ ବି ତ ତତେ ଭୁଲିନି  
ଭୁଲିପାରିନି ।

ବାଇଆ ମାଆ, ବାଇଚନ୍ଦେଇ ଗୀତ ଶୁଣୁ ଶୁଣୁ  
ପକ୍ଷୀ ଶାବଚଟି ପାଲିଯାଇ  
ତୋ କୋଳରେ ଶୋଇଯାଏ  
ନିର୍ଭୟରେ, ନିଷିଦ୍ଧରେ ଜାକିଛୁକି ହୋଇ ।

ନାହିଁ ନ ଧିବା ସମୟ ପହଞ୍ଚି ପହଞ୍ଚି  
ସ୍ଵର ତୋ ଚହଲି ଆସେ,  
ମୋ ଘରର ଚଉହଦି ତେଇଁ  
ମୋ ଅଜାଣତେ  
ଆଉ  
ଅନ୍ତରକୁ ଥରାଇ ଥରାଇ  
କଷ୍ଟରୁ ମୋ ଖରିଯାଏ  
ପହିଲି ଆଶାରେ ମନହୁଆଁ ବର୍ଷା ସ୍ଵନ ହୋଇ ।

ମୋ ସୃତିର ସୁନା ପକ୍ଷୁଆରେ  
ଜରମୁଦ ଦିଆ  
ତୋ ମନର ଝରା ଆବେଗ ସବୁ

ଏବେ ବି ସାଇତା  
ଦୁଦୟର ନିବୁଜ କୋଣରେ ।

୨

ମୋ ରଙ୍ଗରେ ଭିଜି ଭିଜି  
କଅଁଳିଆ ତେଣା ସବୁ  
ଶଙ୍କ ହେଇଗଲା ପରେ  
ରୂପା ରୂପା ଦୁଦୟର  
ଅନ୍ତଃସ୍ଵନ ଯେତେ  
ସତେ ଜଣ  
ଅନୁରଶି ଉଠୁଥିବ  
କାହିଁ କେତେ ଦୂରେ ଥିବା  
ନୁଆ ନୁଆ ଗଜା ନୀତଚିରେ ।

ଦୁଦୟର ସ୍ତରନ ମୋ  
କ୍ଷରିତ କି ହେଉଥିବ  
ଛିଟିକି ପଢିଥିବା  
ମୋ ଦେହର ମାଂସ ଚାକୁଢାରେ  
ଆଉ  
ବାଇଚନ୍ଦେଇର ଗୀତ  
ସାତ ଦରିଆ ତେଇଁ  
ସ୍ଵାକ୍ଷରିତ ହେଉଥିବ  
ଉତ୍ତା ସମୟର ମୁହଁର୍ଦ୍ଦ ମାନଙ୍କରେ ।

ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ଦାସ ସ୍ଥାମୀ ପୁପେସର ଗୋକୁଳାନନ୍ଦ ଦାସ ଙ୍କ ସହିତ, ପୁତ୍ର ରାଜା ଏପ୍ସାଇଲନ୍, ପୁତ୍ରବନ୍ଧୁ ବଦିତା ଓ ନାତି ରାଜି ସ୍ତରନ ଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ (କାଲିପଣୀଆ) ବୁଲି ଆସିଛନ୍ତି । ଠିକଣା: ୧୩୩ ଧର୍ମବିହାର, ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର

ଯାହାର ରୂପ ହୃଦେ ଶାନ୍ତି । ବେଦ ପୁରୁଷ ନ ଜାଣନ୍ତି ।



## ବିଦେଶୀ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଡଃ ପ୍ରିୟଙ୍କ

ମୁଁ ମୋ ମାତି କୁ ଛୁଲୁଛି  
ବିହା ବିହା ବାସ୍ତା ଏଠି ସବୁଠି,  
କିନ୍ତୁ ପୂନକ୍ଷ ଖୋଜୁଛି ମନ  
ସପନ, ଆଲୋଜ ଆଉ  
ଛାଇର ଲୁଚକାଳୀ ଖେଳ,  
କେତେ ମିଠା ମୁସ୍ତି, ଆମ୍ବାୟତାର ଭାଷା  
କେତେ ଅନ୍ତରଙ୍ଗ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ।  
ଭାଷି ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି ଭଣା ବାଦଲ ପରି  
କେତେ ଭାରତୀୟ ବାସ୍ତା  
ଆଉ କେତେ ଅତର ମଖା ସୁଢ଼ି ।  
ନୀଳ ଜଳବାଶିର ମଥାନ ଉପରେ  
ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ଗଲା ବେଳେ,  
ଭଣା ବାଦଲ ଝରକାରୁ  
ମୁଁ ତୁମ ମାନଙ୍ଗୁ ଦେଖୁଛି  
ମନ ଆଇନା ରେ,  
ଅଶ୍ଵ ର ମୋତି ବିଦୁର ଠିକ୍ ମଞ୍ଜି ଚକ୍ରାଧାରେ ।  
ଅରୁଣ, ଅଷ୍ଟମ, ଭବାନୀ,  
ମାମୂଳୁ, ମୋନା, ମିଠି, ଅରୁଷି ମାନଙ୍ଗୁ  
ମୁଁ ଲୁଚାଇ ରଖିଛି ମନ ତଳ ସାତ ସିନ୍ଧୁକ ରେ ।  
ହେଲେ ଚାଟ ତ ହଜିଛି ଠିକ୍ ଦରିଆ ମଞ୍ଜିରେ,  
ଆଜିବି ଖୋଜୁଛି .....ପାଇଲେ କହିବ ।  
ଅଲେଖା ଠିକଣା ରେ ମୋର  
ଚିଠି ଖଣ୍ଡ ନିଷ୍ଠିତ ଲେଖିବ ।

## ସୁଶାନ୍ତ ଲୋକ, ନୂଆଦିଲୀ

(ଡଃ ପ୍ରିୟଙ୍କ ତିନି ବର୍ଷ ହେଲାଶି ମିତିଗାନ୍ ଛାତି ଭାରତ ଫେରି  
ଦିଲୀରେ ସ୍ଥାମା ପବୋଧ ସ୍ଥାଇଁ ଏବଂ ଦୁଇ ଡିଅଙ୍କ ସହିତ  
ରହୁଛନ୍ତି, ଜୀବିକା ଓ ଜୀବନ ଭିତରେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଥାଇବି ପବାସା  
ଜୀବନ ର ବନ୍ଧୁ, ବାନ୍ଧବୀ ମାନଙ୍କର ସୁଢ଼ି ତାଙ୍କ ମନରେ ଏବେ  
ବି ଜୀବନ୍ତ ।)

“ଅମୃତ ବିନୟ ବଚନ, କହି ତୋଷିବ ପ୍ରାଣୀ ମନ”

## ଝଲକାଏ ନିଃଶ୍ଵାସ ଡଃ କୁମୁଦିନି ପାଇଁ

ଝଲକାଏ ନିଃଶ୍ଵାସ ଖୋଜୁଛି !  
ଅଣନିଃଶ୍ଵାସୀ ସମୟ,  
ମୁଁ ତୋର ଗରୀରତୀ ମାପୁଛି ।  
ନିରୁଦ୍ଧର ହେଲୁ ବେଳିତ ଶାପର୍ତ୍ତ ଆଜି  
କହି ଦେଲେ କଥାତ ସରନ୍ତା ।  
କେତେବାଟ ଲାଙ୍ବି ଯାଉଛୁ ସମୟ ?  
ମୁଁ ତୋର ପାଦଚିହ୍ନକୁ ଛୁଲିବି ଭାବୁଛି,  
କିଏ ଜାଣିଛି ସେ ପାଦ କେଉଁଠ,  
କାହାକୁ ଛୁଲୁଛି ?  
\* \* \* \* \*

ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣରେବ ବାହୁନ୍ତ ହେ ପରମ ଉତ୍ସର !  
ତୁମ ପାଦ ଦେଖାଇ ଦିଅ ପାବନ ପରଶ  
ମୁଁ ନିକିନ୍ତ ଦୂଅନ୍ତ,  
ପହାରି ଯାଆନ୍ତି ସପ୍ତ ବୈତରଣୀ  
ଛୁଲାବାକୁ ପଦରଜ, ପତିତ ପାବନ ।

## ସୁଶାନ୍ତ ଲୋକ, ନୂଆଦିଲୀ

ସତ୍ୟ ଅଇଲେ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଧର୍ମ । ସତ୍ୟ ସାଧନ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ କର୍ମ ।



Jhoti Design for OSA convention 2007  
By Jolly Sinha



## ସୁବିତାର

### ଡ. ସବିତା ଦାସ

ଆଜି ରୂପି ଆସୁଛି । ସବୁବେଳେ ସିଏ ତାର ହଷ୍ଟକରୁ ଖରାହୁଟିରେ ଓ ପୂଜାହୁଟିରେ ଆସେ । ଆଜି କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ବାପା, ମାଁ ଙ୍କ ଭୁଲର ପ୍ରାୟଶ୍ଚିତ ପାଇଁ ସେ ମିଶ୍ରସ୍ ପଜନାୟକ ଓରଫ୍ ବତମାଁ ଜୁ ଧରି ଆସୁଛି । କୁନ୍ତଳା ରକ୍ଷାବଦାରେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ସତ୍ୟନାରାୟଣ ପୂଜାର ଆୟୋଜନ ରଖିଛନ୍ତି । ଦୁଇ ପରିବାର ଏକାଠି ହେବେ । ସବୁ ଗୋଷେଇ ସରିଲାଶି ଖାଲି ଭାତଚି ରନ୍ଧା ହେବ । ତାରଳ ବାହୁବାହୁ କୁନ୍ତଳା ପୁରୁଣା ସୃତିକୁ ଫେରିଗଲେ ।

ଦିନଥିଲା - କୁନ୍ତଳା ବାପା ମା' ଙ୍କର ଅତି ଅଳିଆଳୀ ଝିଅ ଥିଲେ । ବାପା ତାଙ୍କର ସମାଜରେ ଜଣେ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠିତ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଥିଲେ । ଏଣୁ ତାଙ୍କର ଶିକ୍ଷା ଭଲ ଝୁଲ ଓ କଲେଜରେ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ସେ ଏମ୍-ଏସ୍ ପାସ୍ କରି ଜଣେ ଶିକ୍ଷୟତୀ ଭାବେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଝୁଲରେ ଜାମ କରୁଥିଲେ । କୁନ୍ତଳା ଯେମିତି ଦେଖିବାକୁ , ସେମିତି ତାଙ୍କର ବ୍ୟବହାର ମଧ୍ୟ । ତାଙ୍କର ପୁନର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ଵ ଥିଲା । ଦେଖିଲେ ଲାଗେ ତାଙ୍କର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ଵରେ ସ୍ନେହ ଓ ମମତା ଭରି ରହିଛି । ସେ ଖୁବ୍ ମିଷ୍ଟଭାଷା ମଧ୍ୟ ଥିଲେ । ଖାଲି ପାଠ ପଢ଼େଇବା ପାଇଁ ସେ ଆସନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । ପିଲା ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଭଲ ବ୍ୟବହାର ମଧ୍ୟ ଶିଖାନ୍ତି । ଏତେ ମେହିଁ ମମତାରେ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ବାରି ରଖିଥାନ୍ତି, ସବୁଦିନ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଗପି, ଚକ୍ରଲେଟ ନିଷ୍ଠ୍ୟ ନେଇକରି ଆସନ୍ତି । ପିଲାମାନେ କେବଳ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଭଲ ପାଆନ୍ତି ତାହା ନୁହେଁ, ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ସହକର୍ମୀ ମାନେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଖୁବ୍ ଭଲ ପାଆନ୍ତି ।

ସେ ପ୍ରତିଦିନ ରିକ୍ତାରେ ଘର ଆସନ୍ତି । ସବୁଦିନ ପରି ସେବିନବି ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି । ହଠାତ୍ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଲାଗିଲା ତାଙ୍କ ରିକ୍ତା ସହିତ କିଏ ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି । ପଛକୁ ରୁଲି ଚାହିଁଲେ, ଏକ ଅଜଣା ଆଖି ତାଙ୍କ ଆଖିରେ ମିଶିଲା ଭଲ ଲାଗିଲା । ସେ ଜଣେ ବୟକ୍ତ ଭଦଲୋକ । କୁନ୍ତଳା ଚିକେ ପକ୍ଷତିଷ୍ଠ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ପରେ ପରେ ଝୁଲ ଆସିଯିବାରୁ ସେ ରିକ୍ତାରୁ ଓହ୍ଲାଇଗଲେ । ଭଦଲୋକ ପାଞ୍ଚମିନିଟ୍ ପାଇଁ ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ରହି ଅନେଇ ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ଆଜି ଝୁଲରେ କୁନ୍ତଳାଙ୍କୁ ଜମା ଭଲ ଲାଗୁ ନ ଥାଏ । ତୁହା କୁ ତୁହା ସେଇ ଗୋଟିଏ ପୁଣି । କିଏ ସେ ଭଦବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ? କାହିଁକି ଏମିତି ବିଜଳ ହୋଇ ଏକ ଲୟରେ ଅନେଇ କରି ଗଲେ । ଚାରିଗା ବାଜିଲା, ଝୁଲ ଛୁଟି ହେଲା, କୁନ୍ତଳା ପୁଣି ରିକ୍ତାରେ ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଲେ । ଫେରିବା ବାଟରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଅନେଇ ପଶ୍ଚ ଆସୁଥାଏ । ତେବେ ସେ ଯାହାହେଉ ସବୁ ପୁଣ୍ଡକୁ ଏତାର ସେ ନିତି ଦିନ ଭଲ ଘରେ ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚିଗଲେ । ମୁହଁ ଗୋଟ ହାତ ଧୋଇ ନିଜର ନିତ୍ୟକର୍ମ ପାରି ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ଦେଲେ । ଠାକୁରଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ସେଇ ପୁଣି । କିଏ ସେ ଭଦବ୍ୟ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି !

ତା ପରଦିନ ରିକ୍ତା ଆସିଗଲା । କୁନ୍ତଳା ଝୁଲ ବାହୁରିଲେ । କିଛିବାଟ ଯିବାପରେ ସେ ଭଦଲୋକ ରିକ୍ତା ପଛେ ପଛେ ଆସିଲେ । କୁନ୍ତଳା ଠିକ୍ ଜାଣି ପାରୁଥିଲେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଭଦଲୋକ ନାହିଁବ । ଏହିପରି ଭାବେ ସେ ଭଦଲୋକ ଚାରି ପାଞ୍ଚଦିନ ଯେଇ ରିକ୍ତା ପଛେ ପଛେ ଆସନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ଝୁଲ ଆସିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ କେଉଁଠାତେ ଚାଲିଯାଏ । କୁନ୍ତଳାଙ୍କୁ ଏହା ଏକ ବୋର୍ଡ ଭଲ ଲାଗିଲା । ସେ କୌଣସି ଜାମ ଛୁଇ ମନରେ କରି ପାରୁ ନ ଥିଲେ । ସବୁବେଳେ ବିଚିତ୍ର ରହୁଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଏପରି ଅନ୍ୟମନନ୍ଦତା ଦେଖି ତାଙ୍କର ସହକର୍ମୀମାନେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ବାରମ୍ବାର ପଚାରୁଥାଏ । କ'ଣ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ତମର ? କୁନ୍ତଳା କିଛି କହି ପାରୁ ନ ଥାନ୍ତି ।

ଦିନେ ସେ ଝୁଲ ଆସିବା ବେଳକୁ ହଠାତ୍ ଦେଖନ୍ତି ଯେ ଭଦଲୋକ ଜଣକ ରିକ୍ତାଟିକୁ ଧରି ଧରି ସାଇକେଲରେ ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି । କୁନ୍ତଳା ତରିଗଲେ । ଭଦଲୋକ ଖୁବ୍ ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ପ୍ରାଣରେ କହିଲେ, “ମୁଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ କିଛି ଅସୁବିଧାରେ ପକେଇବି ନାହିଁ । ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ତ ସବୁଦିନେ ଦେଖୁଛି । ତାହତା ମତେ ଆପଣଙ୍କର ବ୍ୟବହାର, ଚାଲିଚଳନ ସବୁକିଛି ବହୁତ ଭଲ ଲାଗୁଥିବାରୁ ମୁଁ ବିଶେଷ ଭାବେ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପତି ଆକୃତି ହୋଇଯାଇଛି ।” ଝୁଲ ପାଖେଇ ଆସିଲା । ଭଦଲୋକ ତାଙ୍କ ବାଟରେ ଚାଲିଗଲେ । କୁନ୍ତଳା ତାଙ୍କ ଝୁଲ ଭିତରେ ପଶିଗଲେ । ବହୁତ ଅନ୍ୟମନନ୍ଦ ଥିବା ଭଲ ଜଣା ପଢ଼ୁଥାଏ । ଆଜି ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କାସ୍କୁ ସେ ଯାଇ ପାରିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ତାଙ୍କ ମୁଣ୍ଡ କ'ଣ ହୋଇଯାଉଥାଏ । କାସ୍କେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସେ ଆଜି ଠିକ୍ ଭାବରେ ପଢ଼ାଇଲେ ନାହିଁ । ତାଙ୍କ ମୁଣ୍ଡ କିମ୍ବା ପାଇଁ ପଢ଼ିଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ଝୁଲ ଛୁଟି ହୋଇଗଲା । କୁନ୍ତଳା ଭଲରେ ଭଲରେ ରିକ୍ତାରେ ଯାଇ ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ । ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ ପୁଜା କଲାବେଳେ ଠାକୁରଙ୍କୁ ଜଣାଉଥାଏ । କ'ଣ ସେ ଭଦଲୋକଙ୍କର ଉଦେଶ୍ୟ ଅଛି । ତା ପରଦିନ ରବିବାର ଥିବାରୁ, କୁନ୍ତଳା ଭଲଭାବେ ବିଶ୍ଵାମ ନେଲେ ।



ଯୋମବାର ଦିନଟି ଆସିଲା । କୁଞ୍ଜଳା ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ଯିବାପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ହେଲେଣି । ପୂର୍ବପରି ସେ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ ଅଧାବାଗ୍ରହ ରିଞ୍ଚାକୁ ଧରି ଆସିଲେ । ପରେ ପରେ କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କୁ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ପଚାରିବାରେ ଲାଗିଲେ । ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଘରଟି କେଉଁଠି ? ଘରେ କିଏ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ବାପା କ’ଣ କରୁଛନ୍ତି ଲତ୍ୟାଦି । କୁଞ୍ଜଳା ତରିତରି ସବୁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଲେ ସବୁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ର ଉତ୍ତର ଦେବା ପରେ କୁଞ୍ଜଳା ତାଙ୍କୁ କହିଲେ, “ଆପଣଙ୍କର ସବୁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ସରିଲାତ ? ଏଣିକି ଆପଣ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ଆସିଲାବେଳେ ରିଞ୍ଚା ପଛେ ପଛେ ଆଉ ଆସିବେ ନାହିଁ” । ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ ଅତି ନମ ଭାବରେ କହିଲେ, “ନାହିଁ ଆଜି” । ଏତିକି କଥାବର୍ତ୍ତା ପରେ କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କୁ ଚିକେ ଭଲ ଲାଗିଲା, କାରଣ ସେ ଘରେ ଜମା ଶୋଇ ପାରୁ ନ ଥିଲେ । ଅଣ୍ଣିର ବିଭରେ ଏପରି ସେପରି ହେଉଥିଲେ । ଆଉ ସେ କ୍ଲାସ୍ ନେଲାବେଳେ ଭୁଲାଉଥାନ୍ତି । ସେ ଯାହାହେଉ ଚାରିଶା ଦେଲେ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ଛୁଟି ହେଲା । ସେ ରିଞ୍ଚାରେ ଯାଇ ଭଲରେ ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ ।

ଏଣିଟି ଏକ ସମ୍ଭାବ୍ୟ ସରିଗଲା । ସେ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ ଆଉ ଆସି ନ ଥିଲେ । ତେଣୁ କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କୁ ଚିକେ ଭଲ ଲାଗୁଥିଲା । ପୁଣି କିଛିଦିନ ଯିବା ପରେ ହଠାତ୍ ସେ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ ବାଗରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗଛମୂଳେ ଛିଟା ହୋଇ ରହିଥାନ୍ତି । କିଛି କଥାବର୍ତ୍ତା କରି ନଥିଲେ କି ରିଞ୍ଚା ପଛେପାଇଁ ଆସି ନଥିଲେ । ଏପରି ବ୍ୟବହାର ପ୍ରାୟ ଚାରିମାୟ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ରହିଲା । ପୁଣି କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କର ମେନସନ୍ ବଢିବାରେ ଲାଗିଲା । ଏ ସବୁ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଦେଖି କୁଞ୍ଜଳା ଜାଣି ପାରିଲେ ଯେ ଏ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଆଉ ଛାତିବେ ନାହିଁ । ତେଣୁ ସେ ଅନ୍ୟ ସ୍କୁଲ୍‌କୁ ବଦଳି ହୋଇ ଯିବାପାଇଁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କଲେ । ଯାହାହେଉ ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ଅଶେଷ ଦୟା ରୁ ସେ ଆଉ ଚିକେ ଦୂର ବାଗକୁ ଯାଇ ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ସ୍କୁଲ୍‌ରେ ଜଣନ୍ କଲେ । ମାସକ ପରେ ଏ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ କିନ୍ତୁ ପୁଣି ସେ ନୂଆ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ପାଖାପାଖି ଯାଗାରେ ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ରହିଲେ ।

ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ ନୀରବରେ ସବୁବେଳେ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ପାଖରେ ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ରୁହୁନ୍ତି । ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେଲେ କେଉଁଥାତେ ପଳାଇ ଯାଆନ୍ତି । ଏଣିକି କୁଞ୍ଜଳା ଦୂର ଜାଗାକୁ ଆସୁଥିବାରୁ ବସିରେ ଯିବା ଆସିବା କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ଦିନକର ଘଟଣା - ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ଛୁଟି ହୋଇପାରିଛି । କୁଞ୍ଜଳା ବସ୍ତର୍ଷରେ ବସି ପାଇଁ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଛନ୍ତି । ହଠାତ୍ ସେ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ ଆସିପାରିଲେ । କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କଲେ, “ମାତାମ୍ ଦୟାକରି କିଛି ଭାବିବେ ନାହିଁ”, କହି ବସ୍ତର୍ଷରେ କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଦସିଲେ । କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କ ସଙ୍ଗେ କିଛି ସମୟ ପାଇଁ କଥାବର୍ତ୍ତା କଲେ । ବସି ଆସିଗଲା, କୁଞ୍ଜଳା ବସିରେ ଘରକୁ ଆସିଲେ ।

କଥାବର୍ତ୍ତରୁ କୁଞ୍ଜଳା ଯାହା ଜାଣିବାକୁ ପାଇଲେ, ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ ଆଜାନ୍ ପାଇଁ କାମ କରନ୍ତି । ସେ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ ନାମ ପଦୀପ୍ତ କୁମାର ପାଇନାଯକ । ଏଣିକି ସେ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ ଅଧିଷ୍ଟାନ୍ ପାଇଁ ଏକ ବସ୍ତର୍ଷରେ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଲେ ଏଣିକି ତାଙ୍କ ମନରେ ସେଇ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟକ ନାଟି ଯାଉଥାନ୍ତି । ଏଣିକି କୁଞ୍ଜଳା ଖୁବି ଖୁବି ମନରେ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ପୂର୍ବଭଲି ଚିନ୍ତାମୁକ୍ତ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ଏମିତି ଦୁହିଙ୍କର ମିଳାମିଶା ବର୍ଷେ ହୋଇ ଗଲାଣି । । ଏଗିନ୍କଲାତର୍ ତିପାରମେଣ୍ଡରେ ସେ କାମ କରନ୍ତି । କେତେଥର ସେ କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କୁ ସିନ୍ମେନା ନେଇ ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଅନେକବାର ପାର୍କ ଯାଇ ଦୁହେଁ ଏକାଠି ବସି ଗପପପ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଭଲ ଭଲ ଶାତ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଉପହାର ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । ଆସେ ଆସେ ସଂପର୍କ ଘନିଷ୍ଠ ହୋଇଛି, ଅନ୍ତରଙ୍ଗତା ବିଜନ୍ତି । ଦିନେ ପଦୀପ ବାବୁ ସତକଥା ଖୋଲି କରି କରିଛନ୍ତି । ସେ ବିବାହିତ । ତାଙ୍କର ଦୂରତି ପ୍ରତିକାନ୍ । ଗୋଟିଏ ପୁଅ ଓ ଗୋଟିଏ ଝିଅ । ପିଲା ଦୁହେଁ ବେଶ ବଢ଼ି ବଢ଼ି ହୋଇଗଲେ । ଏବେ ଛୁଆମାନେ ହାଇସ୍‌କୁଲ୍‌ରେ ପଢ଼ିଛନ୍ତି । ଏ ସବୁ ଶୁଣି କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କ ମନ ଦୁଃଖରେ ଭରିଗଲା । କ’ଣ କରିବେ ସେ ? ଏପରି ହୋଇ ପାରୁନାହାନ୍ତି କି ସେଇପରି ମଧ୍ୟ ଖଲାସ ପାଇପାରୁନାହାନ୍ତି । ଏତେ ବାଟ ଆଗେଇ ଯିବା ପରେ ପଦୀପ ପଞ୍ଚନାୟକଙ୍କୁ ଭୁଲିବା ସହଜ ନଥିଲା । ଘରେ ଆଉ କିଛି କହିବାର ବାଟ ନାହିଁ । ହଠାତ୍ ଦିନେ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ଆସି ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ବେଳେ ପଦୀପ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ସଙ୍ଗେ ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ପଦୀପ ବାବୁ କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ଚାରିପାଞ୍ଚଦିନ ଗୋଟିଏ ହୋଟେଲରେ ରହୁଥିଲେ । ପରେ ପରେ ଦୁହେଁ ରେକିଷ୍ଟ୍ ମ୍ୟାରେଜ୍ କରି ଗୋଟିଏ କ୍ଲାଟରକୁ ଚାଲିଯାଉଥିଲେ । ଦୁହେଁ ନୂଆ ସଂପାର କରିବା ଆରମ୍ଭ କଲେ । ଏଣେ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଓ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ପଦୀପ ବାବୁ ସବୁ କଥା କହିବାପରେ ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମନଦୁଃଖ କଲେ । ଆଉ ତାଙ୍କ କିଛି କହିବାର ନ ଥିଲା । ତେଣୁ ସେ ପ୍ରାମାଙ୍କୁ କହିଲେ, ଏ ବୟସରେ ଆପଣ ବଦଳିବା ନ ନେଇ ଆମକୁ ଗାଁରେ ଛାତିଦେଇ ଆସ । ସବୁଆତୁ ଭାବିଟିଛି ପଦୀପ ବାବୁ ପେମାନଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ଗାଁରେ ଛାତିଦେଇ ଆସିଲେ । ମାସକୁ ମାସ ପଦୀପ ବାବୁ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଗାଁ ଠିକଣାରେ ଟଙ୍କା ପଠାନ୍ତି । ଏଣେ କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କ ସଙ୍ଗେ ନୂଆ ଜୀବନ ଓ ନୂଆ ସଂପାର । ସବୁ ଆଶା ତ ପୂରଣ ହୋଇପାରେ ନାହିଁ । ତେବେ ସେ କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କୁ ଖୁବି କରାଇବା ପାଇଁ ବହୁତ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥାନ୍ତି । ତାରି ଭିତରେ କୁଞ୍ଜଳା ଯେମିତି ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ଯାଉଥିଲେ ସେପରି ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ନୂଆ ବାହା ହେଇଥିବାରୁ ପାଇସାଥୀମାନେ ଖାଲି ପଚାରୁଥାନ୍ତି, “ଭୋକି କେବେଦେଉଛନ୍ତି” ।

ଏହା ଭିତରେ ସାତ ଆଠ ମାସ ହୋଇଗଲାଣି । କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କ ଗୋଟିଏ ଝିଅ ହୋଇଛି, ସମସ୍ତେ ବହୁତ ଖୁବି ଥାନ୍ତି । ହେଲେ କୁଞ୍ଜଳାଙ୍କ ସରରି ଘର ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କର ମନ ଜମା ସୁଖ ନଥିଲା । କେହିହେଲେ ଘରାସି ଝିଅ କୁ ଦେଖିଯାଇନାହାନ୍ତି । ଝିଅଟିର ଏକୋଇଶା ପୂଜା ଦୁହେଁ ନିଜିପରେ କରାଇଲେ । ଏବେ ଏକାଟିର ପାଇଁ କରିବାର କାହାର ନାହିଁ ।

ଆସେଆସେ ରୁବି ବଢ଼ି ହୋଇଛି । କିଛିଦିନପରେ ତାର ସ୍କୁଲରେ ନାମ ଲେଖା ହୋଇଛି । ସ୍କୁଲରେ ଖୁବିଭଲ ପାଠ ପଡ଼ିଛି । ପାଇସାଥୀମାନଙ୍କ ସଂପର୍କରେ ଆସିଛି । ସେ ଜାଣିବାକୁ ପାଇଁ ତାର ବାପାଙ୍କର ଦୂରତି ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ଆଉ ତାର ଭାଲଭଭାଗୀମାନେ ଗାଁରେ ପଢ଼ିଛନ୍ତି । ସବୁ ଶୁଣିଲାପରେ ନିଜିର ରାଗ ଓ ଅଭିମାନକୁ ଆୟୁଷ କରି ରଖିଛି । ମନ କଥା ମନରେ ଥାଏ । କାହାକୁ କିଛି ଜଣାଇନାହିଁ ।



ରୁବି ମାଟିକ ପରୀକ୍ଷାରେ ପଥମଣେଶ୍ୱରେ ପାଏ କରିବାପରେ ସେଇ ସ୍କୁଲରେ ଯୁକ୍ତ ୨ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ବିଭାଗରେ ପଡ଼ିଲା । ପଥମଣେଶ୍ୱରେ ପାସ ମଧ୍ୟ କଲା । ବହୁତ ଭାବୀ ଠିକ୍ କଲା ପାଞ୍ଚବର୍ଷୀୟ ଲଙ୍ଘାଗେଣେତ ଲ ପଛିବେ । ତେଣୁ ସେ ପୁନାରୁ ଫର୍ମ ମଗାଇ ସେଠାରେ ଆଦିମିଶ୍ଵର ନେଲା । ମା ଓ ବାପା ଭଲରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ସେଠାରେ ସେଟେଲ କରାଇ ଆସିଲେ । କୁନ୍ତଳା ନିଜେ ପୂର୍ବରଳି ସ୍କୁଲ ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ଏଭିତରେ ପ୍ରଦୀପ ବାବୁ ଚାକିରୀରୁ ଅବସର ନେଇ ସାରିଛନ୍ତି । ରୁବି ସବୁବେଳେ ଟେଲିଫୋନରେ ବାପାମାଙ୍କର ଖବର ନେଉଥାଏ । ଏହା ଭିତରେ ପୂରାହୁତିରେ ଓ ଖରାହୁତିରେ ସେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଆସିଛି । ଯାଇସ୍ଥାଆମାନଙ୍କ ସଙ୍ଗେ କିଛିଦିନ ହସଖୁସୀରେ କଟାଇ ପୁଣି ପୁନା ଫେରିଯାଏ । ପତି ଖରାହୁତିରେ ରୁବି କୁ ପାଇ ବାପା ଓ ମା ଖୁବ ଖୁସା ହୋଇଯାନ୍ତି । ଏଭିତରେ ସେ 'ଲ' ପାଏ କରି ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଜୁଡ଼ିସିଆଲ ସର୍ତ୍ତିଷେସ ଚାକିରୀ ପାଇଛି । ଆଜି ସେ ଆସୁଛି, ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ବଢମା' ଜୁ ନେଇ ।

\* \* \* \* \*

ଏଭିତରେ ରୁବି କେତେଥର ବଢମାଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସବୁ ସୁବିଧା ଅସୁବିଧା ବୁଝିଛନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ତାର ସମାଧାନ କରିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ଚାକିରୀକୁ ଯିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସେ ନିଷ୍ଠାରୁ ନେଲେ ଯେ, ଦୁଇ ପରିବାରକୁ ମିଶାଇ ବଢମା'ଙ୍କୁ ନ୍ୟାୟ ଦେବେ । ଏହା ପୂରାପୂରି ନ୍ୟାୟ ନହେଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଦୁଇ ପରିବାର ପ୍ରତି ସୁବିଚାର ହେବ ଏବଂ ତାଙ୍କୁ କିଛି ପରିମାଣରେ ଆମ୍ବାପତ୍ରେ ମିଳିବ । ନ୍ୟାୟମୂର୍ତ୍ତିର ଆସନ ଅଳଙ୍କୃତ କରିବାବେଳେ ମନରେ ଶ୍ଲାନ୍ତିବୋଧ ରହିବ ନାହିଁ । ଦୁଇ ମାଙ୍କ ଆର୍ଟିବାଦ ନେଇ, ଭାଇଭାଇର ଗେହୁଭାଇର ରୁବି ନିଜ କର୍ମଷେତ୍ରରେ ନୂଆଜୀବନର ଶୁଭାରମ୍ଭ କରିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ।

Dr.Sabita Das  
53-A KalpanaArea  
Bhubaneswar 751014

(Writer Dr. Sabita Das is a retired Zoology Professor, Govt of Orissa. Currently she is visiting USA to meet her son Sushobhan Suprabhat in Ohio.)



ସୁଷ୍ଠୁଗତି ଧର୍ମଚକ୍ର ଘୂରୁଥାଏ ପବନେ  
ଅପକର୍ମ ପଡ଼େ ଧରା ନରହି ଗୋପନେ ।“



ଆମ ଭାବ, ଆମ ଭାଷା ! ଆମ ଜୀବନ, ଆମ ଜିଞ୍ଚାସା !  
ଆମେରିକା ଓ କାନାଡାରେ ରହୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କ ଚିତ୍ର ଓ ଚେତନାରୁ.....



ଅନେକ ଦିନରୁ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଜିଲ୍ଲାର ଶୈଳୀ ବଦଳି ଯାଇଛି ସତ କିନ୍ତୁ ହୃଦୟ ଭିତରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆଟିଖ ବଞ୍ଚିଛି... । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ମାଟି, ପାଣି, ପବନ କୁ ଝୁରି ହେଉଛି, ଅତୀତ ର ସୃତିକୁ ପାଥେୟ କରି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂଘୃତି, ସଂଘର ଓ ଶିକ୍ଷାର ଭିତରେ କର୍ମ ବ୍ୟଷ୍ଟ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଜୀବନର ସାଂସାରିକ ଜଂଜାଳ ଭିତରେ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ଗଢ଼ିବାର ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଦେଖୁଦେଖୁ ନିଜକୁ ବୁଝିବାକୁ ଅହରହ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଛି, ଜୀବନର ଲକ୍ଷକୁ ଖୋଜୁଛି । ଏକାନ୍ତରେ କେବେ କେବେ ନିଜ ସହ ଭେଟ ହେଲେ, ନିଜପାଖେ ମନ ଖୋଲି ଗପିବାକୁ ମନ ହେଲା ବେଳେ ନିଜକୁ ପଚାରୁଛି , “ସତକହିବି ନା ମିଛ କହିବି, କି ଅଜେ ନିରେଇଲା କଥା କହିବି ?” ।

କିଛି ଗପ ଓ କିଛି ଅଜ୍ଞନିଭା କଥା ॥ ୧୭୦ କିଛି ସ୍ମୃତି ଓ କିଛି ଅନୁଭୂତି ର କବିତା :

ଲେଖକ/ଲେଖିକା	ଲିଖନ	ପୃଷ୍ଠା
ଅଲେଖ ଦାଶ	ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ	୧୭୯
ପରାଶର ମିଶ୍ର	ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ ସ୍ମୃତି	୧୮୦
ଶୀ ଗୋପାଳ ମହାନ୍ତି	ଉଲଳାଗେ	୧୮୧
ସୁମିତ୍ରା ପାତ୍ରୀ	କଳି ସ୍ମୃଗର ଜାନନ	୧୮୩
ଗଗନ ପାଣିଗାହୀ	ମନପଣୀ ୦୧ରେ ମନର କଥା	୧୮୪
ନିରଜନ ମିଶ୍ର	କୋଇଲି	୧୮୫
ଶାନ୍ତିଲତା ମିଶ୍ର	ତୁମେ ଯଦି ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତେ ମୋର	୧୮୬
ଦ୍ଵିନ୍ଦ୍ର ଛୋଟରାୟ	ବିଶେଷଣ	୧୯୧
ନନ୍ଦିତା ଦେହେରା	ନର୍ଜିକୀ	୧୯୨
ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ	ଭୂମିକା	୧୯୪
ଜୁଲି ଆର୍ଦ୍ଦ୍ର ରାୟ	କର୍ମୀ	୧୯୮
ସ୍ଵପ୍ନଲତା ମିଶ୍ର(ରେଥା)	ସଖୀ ୦୧ରୁ ଚିଠି	୨୦୧
ସୁଲକ୍ଷଣା ପଞ୍ଜନାୟକ	ପୀରତି-ଚୋରୀ	୨୦୮
କହିନା ଦାଶ	ପ୍ରଭୁ ! ତୁମେ ଆସିଥିଲ ?	୨୧୦
ଚିତ୍ତା ରଥ	ପ୍ରକୃତି	୨୧୩
ଆଶାଶୀ	ମନ	୨୧୪
ଶଶଧର ମହାପାତ୍ର	ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଭମଣ	୨୧୬
ଆଭା ମହାପାତ୍ର	ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଓ ଜୀବନ ଯାତ୍ରା	୨୧୯
ଯୋଗେଗ ପଞ୍ଚୀ	ଓଙ୍କାର ଉଜନ	୨୧୯
ବନ୍ଦୁ ବାହନ ପାମଳ	୪୭ କଥାକୁ	୨୨୦



ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ କ୍ୟାମେରାରୁ.....ଓଡ଼ିଶା



କଳସ-ସ୍ଵାଗତ ତିପାୟୀ



ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର କତ ଚେତାବନୀ (Roadside Reminder) - ଆନ୍ୟା ରଥ



ମାଟି ଚୁଲ୍ଲୀ (Mud stove) - ଉପାସନା ସେନାପତି



# ଉତ୍କୁଳ ଜନନୀ ଆଲେଖ ଦାଶ

ଜନନୀ ଉକ୍ତଳ ଏ ବିଶ୍ଵ ବିରଳ  
କିଏ ହେବ ତାର ତୁଲ  
ଚକାଡୋଳା ଯା'ର ଜାତି ର ଠାକୁର  
ଅମ୍ବଳ୍ୟ ତାହାର ମଳ ଧା

ବନ୍ଦେପାଶାର  
ଧୂଷ ଯା ପଞ୍ଚର  
ମହାନଦୀ ବହେ ଯହି  
ନଦୀ ଦୂରେ ଭରା ବନାନୀରେ ଘେରା  
ସେ ଅଣେ ପଣ୍ୟମୟୀ । ।

ଉଦ୍‌ବୁନ୍ଦିଯା ଭାବେ      ତା ସଞ୍ଚାର ଦିଏ  
 ଗର୍ବେ ଜାତି ପରିଚୟ  
 ଓଡ଼ିଶା ସମ୍ପଦ      ନୃତ୍ୟଭାବ ଗୀତ  
 ସାରା ବିଶ୍ୱା ଅଦିତ୍ୟାୟ ଜୀବ

ପାହୁସୀ ଦୁର୍ବାର ପାଧବେ ଯାହୁର  
ବିଶ୍ୱ ଘୋଷେ ଯା'ର ନାମ  
ବାଣିଜ୍ୟ ଉଗତେ ଚିର ପରିଚିତ  
ନାହିଁ କେହି ତାଙ୍କ ସମ ଠା

ନିହାଶ ର ଧାରେ                           କାରିଗର ତାର  
 ପାଷାଣେ ଦିଁସ ଜୀବନ  
 ପୂରୀ କୋଶାର୍କର                           ଖୋଦିତ ପଥର  
 ସେ କଳା ର ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦର୍ଶନୀ । ୫

ଦୁର୍ଗ ବାରବାଟୀ                    ଯାଇଛି ପାଲଟି  
 ଆଜି ଏକ କୀତାୟଳୀ  
 ହେଲେ ତା' ଗରବ                    କିରତି ବିଭବ  
 ଇତିହାସେ ଯେ ବିରଳ ଠାଙ୍କ

କଳିଙ୍ଗ ର ଯୁଦ୍ଧ                            କରିଅଛି ଶୁଦ୍ଧ  
 ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରଶୋଇ ଆମ୍ବା ପୁଣି  
 ସେ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ର ହାର                            କରିଛି ପ୍ରଗାର  
 ଶାନ୍ତି ମେଟୀ ର ବାଣୀ ।

କାହିଁ ଅଭିଯାନେ      ଏ ଜାତିର ମାନ  
 ରକ୍ଷଣ ପାଇଁ ଶୀଘ୍ର  
 କଳା ଧଳା ଅଣ୍ଟେ ବିଜେ ହେଲେ ଶେଷେ  
 ଗଣି ଉକଳ ଗହାରୀ ଠା

ନେବାଙ୍କା, ଓମାହା

\* \* \* \* \*

ହେ ଉକୁଳ ମାତା      ହେଉଛି ପୁଣତ  
 ମୋ ପ୍ରତି କର କରୁଣା  
 ମୋର ଏ ଜୀବନେ      ନହେବ ଯେସନେ  
 ତୋର ପତି ଭକ୍ତି ଉଣା । (ଫଙ୍କୀର ମୋହନ)



## ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ ସ୍ମୃତି ପରାଶର ମିଶ୍ର

ଦୂମେ ଦିନେ ଆସିଥିଲ ଏବଂ ପୁଣି ଦିନେ ଚାଲିଗଲ  
ଜନ୍ମ-ମୃତ୍ୟ ର ଏ ଅପରିବର୍ତ୍ତ ନାଟକରେ,  
ଯିବା-ଆସିବାଗା ଯଦିଓ ନିହାତି ବିସ୍ମୟ ନୁହେଁ  
କିନ୍ତୁ ଏମିତି ଜଣ ଛାତିଗଲ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ମାଟି, ପାଣି, ପବନରେ  
ଯେ ଦୂମେ ଯିବା ପରେ  
ଓଡ଼ିଶା ମା ମୋର କାନ୍ଦି, କାନ୍ଦି, ଖୁରୁଥାଏ  
ଅଭିମାନରେ, ଗର୍ବରେ ମନେ ପକାଉଥାଏ,  
କୋଶଳ, କଳିଙ୍ଗ, ଉତ୍କଳ ର ମହାନ ଉତ୍ତିହାସକୁ  
ଆଉ ଉତ୍କଳ ର ମଣି ଉତ୍କଳମଣି ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ !  
ବର୍ଷାରେ ଭିଜି, ଭିଜି, ଶୀତରେ ଥରି, ଥରି,  
ଖରାରେ ଜଳି, ଜଳି,  
ଲୁହୁ, ଲୁହୁ, ରକ୍ଷର ତର୍ପଣ କରି  
ମେହୁ, ଶୁଭା, ସହାନୁଭୂତି ର ମହାମନ୍ତ୍ର ଗାଇ, ଗାଇ,  
ସେବା ଓ ଦ୍ୟୋଗ ର ଏ କି ଆଦରଶ ଛାତିଗଲ ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ ?

ଅନ୍ୟର ଦୁଃଖରେ ଦୁଃଖୀ ହୋଇ  
ଅନ୍ୟର ପୀଡା, କେଷ, ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା ର ଉପଶମ ପାଇଁ  
ଆରମ୍ଭ କଲ ରକ୍ଷନଦୀ ସନ୍ତରଣ  
ଲୋଭ କଲନି ଅନ୍ୟର ସ୍ଵର୍ଗତିକୁ  
ଅପେକ୍ଷା କଲନି କାହାର ପ୍ରମାଣପତ୍ରକୁ  
ଦୂମ ନିଷ୍ଠାରେ, ଦୂମ ଏକାଗ୍ରତାରେ  
ଦୂମ ଚିନ୍ତା ଓ ଚେତନାରେ, ନିଃସ୍ଵାର୍ଥପର ଭାବରେ  
ବଦଳାଇଲ ସେବା ଓ ଦ୍ୟୋଗ ର ପରିଭାଷାକୁ !  
ଦୁଃଖୀ-ରଙ୍ଜୀ, ଝେ-ବର୍ଷା, ବନ୍ୟା-ବାତ୍ୟାର  
ଶୋକାର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପାଇଁ,  
ଜୀବନ ଯୁଦ୍ଧରେ ପରାସ୍ତ ନହୋଇ,

ଲୁହୁ-ଲୁହୁକୁ ଏକାଠିକରି,  
ଜୀବନ ସଂଗ୍ରାମ କରୁଥିବା ପ୍ରତିଟି ମଣିଷ ପାଇଁ  
ଦୂମେ ଥିଲ ପେରଣାର ଭୟ,  
ନିଃସ୍ଵାର୍ଥପର ସେବା ଓ ଦ୍ୟୋଗର ଆଦରଶ  
ଅବିଶ୍ଵାସ କର୍ମତପ୍ରାର, ଆଶା, ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଓ ନିର୍ଭୀକତାର ବହୁ  
ଉତ୍କଳମଣି ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ,  
ଦୂମେ ଥିଲ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାବିର ମାନ ଓ ମହତ,  
ମାନବିକତା ଓ ଜୀବୀୟତାର ପରାକାଞ୍ଚ!  
ଦାସେ ଆପଣେ, ଦୀନବନ୍ଧୁ ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ,

ଉତ୍କଳର ପାଶ, ଉତ୍କଳମଣି ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ  
ସେ ପୂରରେ ଥାଇ ଆମକୁ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ଦିଅ  
ଆମକୁ ଶକ୍ତି, ସତ୍ସାହସ, ମନୋବଳ ଦିଅ,  
ଆମେ ଫେରାଇଆଶିବୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜ୍ଞାନ,  
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଗାରିମାର କୋଜିଲକୁ,  
ଆମେ ଗଛିବାକୁ ପୟାସ କରିବୁ  
ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପ୍ରତିଟି ଗାଁ, ସହର, ମହାନଗରୀରେ  
ଦୂମ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନର ବକ୍ଷଳବନକୁ,  
ଆମେ ପୁଣି ଗର୍ବରେ ଡଗ, ଡଗ ଗାଇବୁ  
ଦୂମ ଲିଖିତ  
'ସ୍ଵଦେଶଚିତ୍ରା', 'କାରାକବିଦା'କୁ,  
ଝତରେ, ବର୍ଷାରେ, ବନ୍ୟାରେ, ବାତ୍ୟାରେ,  
ଦୁଃଖରେ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ନ ପଡ଼ି ଆମେ ମନେପକାଇବୁ  
ଦୂମ ନିଃସ୍ଵାର୍ଥପର ସେବା ଓ ଦ୍ୟୋଗର ଆଦରଶକୁ !

ଚରୋଣ୍ଡେ, କାନାଡା

(Parasara Mishra lives in Toronto, Canada with his wife Rekha and daughter Lipi. He has been actively involved with the Odiya community in the Toronto.)

‘ମିଶ୍ର ମୋର ଦେହ ଏ ଦେଶ ମାଟିରେ,  
ଦେଶବାସୀ ଚାଲିଯାଆନ୍ତୁ ପିଠିରେ  
ଦେଶର ସ୍ଵରାଜ ପଥେ ଯେତେ ଗାତ  
ପୂରୁ ତହିଁ ପଢ଼ି ମୋର ମାଂସ ହାତ’  
ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ ଦାଶ



## ଉଲ୍ଲଙ୍ଘନ ଲାଗେ

### ଶ୍ରୀ ଗୋପାଳ ମହାନ୍ତି

ପରସର ବୋହିଯାଏ ଦେଖୁଳି ରଙ୍ଗର ପାଶି  
ଛାଶି ହୋଇ କୁଡ଼ିବୁଡ଼ି ଚାଳଛଣରୁ ନିଶାତି ।  
ନାଚନ୍ତି ବୁଦ୍ଧିବୁଦ୍ଧି ହୋଇବଢ ପାଶିର ଫେଟକା  
ଏଇ ମାତ୍ରେ ଫେଟିବେ, ଭଲି ହୋଇ ଉତ୍ତାଭିତ ।  
କେଞ୍ଚୁଆ, କେଞ୍ଚିତମାନେ ଓଡ଼ାଳିଆ ପିଣ୍ଡାର ଧାରରେ  
ଆଉ ଚିକି ବେଙ୍ଗୁଳିର ପକପକ୍ଷ ତିଆଁ,  
ହେଇ ଦେଖ, ନାରୁଛି କି ଉଜ୍ଜିରେ  
ମୋ କୁନି କାଗଜର ନାଆ ।  
ମୁଁ ବି ନାରୁଛି,  
ଯିବି ମୁଁହଁ ବିଲାତ, ଇଂରେଜର ଦେଶେ ।  
ବୁଦ୍ଧିବୁଦ୍ଧି ବରଷା ମାତେ ନାଆ ପତିଲା ସତେକି ଭଲି,  
ତଥାପି ନିଷ୍ଠାହଁ ଯିବି ମୁଁ ବିଦେଶେ ।  
ବିଦ୍ୱାରିତ ହେଲା ନରଜାର ବକ୍ଷ ନଦୀର ଜଳରେ  
ବିଦ୍ୱାରି ହୋଇଛି ଏକା ମୁଁହଁ ତାହାର ବକ୍ଷରେ ।  
ଶୁଣାଯାଏ ନିଶାର ଜଳର ସ୍ଥିଗଧ ଭାଷା  
ବରଷା ପାଶିର ଅସ୍ତିତାକୁ ଚପାଇ ।  
ମାଖିଯାଏ ଅଞ୍ଜେଅଙ୍ଗେ ଶୀତଳ ଚାନ୍ଦିନୀର ବିନ୍ଦୁ  
କ୍ଷଣିକ ପାଶିଫେଟକାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଛପାଇ ।  
ମୁଁ ହଜିଛି...  
ଦେଖୁଳିଆ ପାଶି, ପାଶିଫେଟକା, କେଞ୍ଚୁଆ, କେଞ୍ଚିତ, ବେଙ୍ଗୁଳି,  
ଆଉ ମୋ କୁନି ନାଆ,  
ସବୁ ଉଲ୍ଲଙ୍ଘନ ଲାଗେ ।

ପାଠିଗୋଳ ଖେଳାଖେଳ  
ସୁର, ମନ, ଚେମା ଓ ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ମେଳରେ ।  
ଫେଟକର କେଂ ଶର ଶୁଣି  
ସବୁ ଶର ଥମିଗଲା, ନିଷ୍ଠେ ଆସିଲେ ମାଞ୍ଚରେ ।  
ମୁହାମୁହଁ ହାହାହଁ ଭାଷା ନାହିଁ କାହାରି ପାଠିବୁ,  
ମାଞ୍ଚେ ତ ଆସିଲେ, ‘ମାନସାଙ୍କ ଏବେ ହେବ’ କହିବାରୁ ।  
ମାନସାଙ୍କ, ସାହିତ୍ୟ, ଭୁଗୋଳ, ଏମିତି ଏମିତି,  
ସଂକ ଆଗେଇଲା,  
ଆଖିପତା ମାତି ପଢିଲେ  
ବେତର ଚାଉଁକିନା ମାତ, ଲୁହଗତା କାନର ରଗତା ।  
ମଶା ମାଞ୍ଚେଜଙ୍ଗୁ ଖାର୍ଯ୍ୟିବ ପରା,  
ନ ହେଲେ ତାଙ୍କ ପିଠିରେ ବାରେ କିପରି ଚାପୁତା ।  
ପାଠ ହେଉନାହିଁ, ବୋଇ ତାକୁ ନାହିଁ  
ପେରା ବୋବାଉଛି, ଆୟୁ ନାହିଁ କେହି ।  
‘ହେ ମାଞ୍ଚେ, ତାକଣାତି ଗଲାଣି ପରା’,  
ପଶି ଆସିଲେ ବତବାବା,

ଶୁଣିଲା ମୁହଁରୁ ହସ ଉକୁଟିଲା,  
ଚାଲ ଏବେ ଘରକୁ ଯିବା ।  
ଅଞ୍ଜିଷ କଣ୍ଠୁଥିଲ,  
ଅଧା କଷା ବେଗରେ ଥୋଇଲି ।  
କାନ୍ଦରେ ପକାଇ ଆଉ ଲକ୍ଷନତି ଧରି,  
ଓଜନିଆ ଆଖି ଆଉ ପାଦଦୂର ଭାବୀ,  
ମୁଁ ଘରମୁହଁ ।  
ବୋଇର ତାରିଦା, ଲକ୍ଷନ ଛାତିବୁ ନାହିଁ,  
ବୁଝିର ମିଷ୍ଟମିଷ୍ଟି ଆଲୁଅ ପାଖରେ  
ଗୋଡ ଲମ୍ବ କରି ସେ ବସିଛି ଅନାଇ ।  
ଲକ୍ଷନର କାତ ଚେକି ବତୀକୁ ପୁଞ୍ଜିଲା,  
ପୁଞ୍ଜା ସଳିତାର କିରାସିନି ଗନ୍ଧ,  
କାହିବାତ ଏପରିକି ବୋଇର ମୁହଁ ଖାପ୍ଯା ମାରିଲା ।  
ଖାପ୍ଯାମରା ବହିର ଭିତରେ  
ମୁଁ ଦେଖେ ଜ୍ୟାମିତିର ଅଧା କଷା ପୁଣ୍ଯ ଷଷ ଉପପାଦ୍ୟରେ ।  
ବାସ, ହୋଇଗଲା -  
ମୁଁ ଅଙ୍ଗ ପଦିବି, କାହିଁ ମୋର ଖାତା ଓ କଲମ;  
ହୁଁ, ହୁଁ - ପରୀକ୍ଷା ପାଖେଇଲାଣି ପରା ଏବେ ଉଠିମ ।  
ମୁଁ ହସୁଛି...  
ବୋଇ କେତେ ଉଲ,  
ଆଉ ସୁର, ମନ, ଚେମା, ମାଞ୍ଜୁ, ବତବାବା ।  
ମାନସାଙ୍କ, ସାହିତ୍ୟ, ଭୁଗୋଳ, ଆଉ ଷଷ ଉପପାଦ୍ୟ,  
ସବୁ ଉଲ ଲାଗେ ।

ମୁଁ ହେବି ବର, ବୁଦ୍ଧି ହେବ କନିଆ  
ମିଶାମିଛି ହେବ ବାହାଘର ।  
ଜହୁ ପାତି ପତେ ଶରଦ ଆକାଶେ  
ଖେଳା ହୁଏ ଦାଣେ ବାଲିଘର ।  
କୁତେଇଲା ବାଲିର ଟଣା ଲମ୍ବ ରେଖାମାନ  
ଚିହ୍ନାଇଲା ଘରଟାକୁ ।  
ବୋଦୁବୋଦୁକା ଖେଳରେ, ଆମେ ବି ଚିହ୍ନିଲୁ  
ନିଜନିଜ ଭୂମିକାକୁ ।  
ବାହାଘର ସେ ସରିଲା,  
ଏବେ କଣ ? କାହିଁକି, ବୋଦୁ ରାନ୍ଧିବାର ପାଳି ତ ପଢିଲା ।  
ବାଲ, ଗୋଟି, କାଠି, ପଥର ରୂପାଗଲା ଦାଣେ  
ଶିରୁ, କନିଅର ପତର ଛିଣ୍ଗାଗଲା ବାତରୁ  
ହୁଏ ରାନ୍ଧାବତା ସଜେଇ ଖୋଲାପାରେ ।  
ପୁଲକଲା ମୁହଁ ପାବି, ସେ ଖେଳିବ ନାହିଁ କହି  
ଗରଗର ହେଲା ଶାମ, ତିଆ ହେଲା ଖୁଣ୍ଟ ହୋଇ



ଖେଳ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଲା ନେତିଖୁଣ୍ଡି ତାକିବାରେ ।  
 ବାଲିଘର ପଢ଼ିଲା ଖାଁଖାଁ ହୋଇ  
 ଜନ୍ମ ଆକାଶେ ରହିଛି ଅନାଇ  
 ଲାଗୁ ସବୁ ମିଛ, ସତ ବି ହୋଇପାରେ ।  
 ବାହାବେଦୀରେ,  
 ଏକ ହାତ ପାପୁଳି ଉପରେ  
 ଗୋଟିଏ ସାଉଁଙ୍କା ନରମ ପାପୁଳି  
 ପୁରୋହିତେ ମନ୍ତ୍ର ପଢ଼ି ଦେଲେ ବାନ୍ଧି ।  
 ଯେହି ଦିନରୁ, ଯାହା କୁହ ପାଞ୍ଚେ  
 ପିଯ୍ୟା, ପରିଷ୍ଠିନୀ, ବାନ୍ଧବୀ ଅବା ଘରର ଘରଣୀ,  
 ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ସେ ଯାଇଅଛି ଛନ୍ଦି ।  
 ରଙ୍ଗିଲା ଗାହାଁଣୀ, କୁରୁକିଆ କଥା, ଖିଲିଖିଲି ହସ,  
 ସେ ସେ ଖେଳୁଛି ।  
 ମୁଁ ବି ଖେଳାଳି...  
 ମିଛିମିଛି ବାହାଘର, ବୋହୁବୋହୁକା ଖେଳ,  
 ବୁଝି, ଯାବି, ଶାମ, ନେତିଖୁଣ୍ଡି, ବାଲି, ଗୋଟି, ପଥର, ପତର,  
 ପିଯ୍ୟା, ପରିଷ୍ଠିନୀ, ଘରଣୀ,  
 ସବୁ ଭଲ ଲାଗେ ।

ତାକ୍ ଧିନ୍ କହି ବିନଦାଦା ବଜାନ୍ତି ମୃଦଙ୍ଗ,  
 କୁଦୁର୍ତ୍ତ ବଜାନ୍ତି ଯେମାନେ ହଲାନ୍ତି ସାରା ଅଙ୍ଗ ।  
 ‘ଖେଳନ୍ତି ହୋରି କି ରଙ୍ଗର ରାଧାମୋହନ’  
 ଗାଇବା ରତ୍ନରେ ଉଛୁଲଙ୍କ ତୁଭୁବନ ।  
 ହେ ମଦନମୋହନ,  
 ବିମାନରେ ବସି ବଲ୍ଲଣୀ ଫୁଲୁଛ, ଆଉ ହସୁଛ ମୁରୁଳି,

ମେଷେ ରଙ୍ଗ ନେଇ ରାଧାର ଦେହକୁ କୁତୁହୁତୁ କରିବ କି ?  
 ପଶୁଶ ଆସିଲା, ଆୟ ବଉଳିଲା, କୋଇଲି ଉଠିଲା ଗାଇ,  
 ସାଇପିଲା, ମିଣିପେ, ମାଇପେ  
 ହୋରି ଖେଳିବାରେ ହେଲେ ବାଇ  
 ଲସ୍, କିଏ ସେ ?  
 ପିତକାରି ରଙ୍ଗପାଶି ଭିଜାଇଲା ଧୋବ ଶାତୀକୁ,  
 ଫେର୍କିନା ହସ ବୁଦାମୁଲରୁ ଆସୁଛି,  
 ପାଦ ଆୟ ନାହିଁ ପାଖକୁ ।  
 ଠାକୁରେ, ଦେଖୁଛ ଓ ଏଇ ତମାସା !  
 କିନ୍ତୁ ମୁଁ ନ ଦେଖଇ ତମର ସେ ବାଙ୍ଗ ବାହାଁଣୀ,  
 ମିଳେଇ ଯାଉଛି ରଙ୍ଗର ଭିତରେ  
 ଦେଖା ଯାଉଛି ଆଗରେ ଗୋଲ ଜିମା ଆଖି ଯୋଡ଼ି ।  
 ବିମାନ ନାହିଁ ଓ ଅଛି ରତ୍ନ ମିହାପନ,  
 ବଲ୍ଲଣୀ ବଦଳେ ଦୂଇ ହାତ ପୁପାରଣ ।

ଆହ୍ୟ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ !  
 ପୁଣି ମିଶିଗଲ,  
 ପୁଣି ଉଭା ହେଲ ।  
 ମନ ଦେଇ ତାକିଲି ମୁହିଁ ‘ଓ’ର ସ୍ଵରରେ,  
 ତା’ ବି ହଜିଲା, ‘ଶୁନ୍ୟ’ ରହିଗଲା ଧ୍ୟାନରେ ।  
 ମୁଁ ଶାନ୍ତ...  
 ବିନଦାଦା, ହୋରି, ରଙ୍ଗ ଆୟ, କୋଇଲି  
 ମଦନମୋହନ, ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ, ଓଁ, ଶୁନ୍ୟ  
 ସବୁ ଭଲ ଲାଗେ ।

**ହାମିଲଟନ, କାନତା**



“ମନେହୁଏ ଏ ସମୁଦ୍ର ତଥା ତା’ର ବିପୁଳ ପୁଶାନ୍ତି,  
 ଅନ୍ୟ କିଛି ନୁହେଁ, ମୋର ତନୁର ହିଁ ଏକ ପରିବ୍ୟାନ୍ତି,  
 ମନେହୁଏ ଏ ନଷ୍ଟେ ଗଣ,  
 ମୋ ପ୍ରାଣର ନାନଦିଧ ଅଜସ୍ର କ୍ଷରନ,  
 ମନେହୁଏ ଏ ଆକାଶ, ନିସ୍ତର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଅସୀମ,  
 ଅନ୍ୟ କିଛି ନୁହେଁ, ମୋ ତେତନାର ଭିନ୍ନ ଏକ ନାମ ।“

ମନୋଜ ଦାସ ଧର୍ମପଦ:ନିର୍ଭୁଲ ଠିକଣା, ଓସା ଯୋଭେନିଅର ୧୯୯୮



## କଳି ଯୁଗର ଗଜାନନ ସୁମିତ୍ରା ପାତ୍ରୀ

ମାନବ ଜଗତରେ କେବେ ହେଲା ଗଣିତର ପଚାର  
କିଏ ଅବା ଦେଇ ପାରିବ ଏହି ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନଟିର ଉତ୍ତର !  
ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ ଉପାୟ ମାନ ଧରି ମାନବ କରିଛି ଗଣନା  
ସରଳ ହେଉ ବା ଜଟିଳ ହେଉ ନାହିଁ ତାର କଳନା ॥  
ବାରଙ୍ଗ ଯୋଗେ ଗହ ତାରାଙ୍କ ଗତି ହେଉଥିଲା ପ୍ରିର  
ଦିଗ ପାଇଁ ନାବିକ କଳା ଲୁହାକଞ୍ଚର ବ୍ୟବହାର ॥  
ବାଣଭିଜ କଳସରେ ପାଶି ରଖି କାହୁ ଥିଲେ ଶୁଭଦେଲା  
ଆର୍କମୋଡେଲ୍‌କୁ ଗାଧୁଆ କୁଣ୍ଡେ ମୂକୁଟର ଖାଦ ଜଣାଗଲା ॥  
ପୁରାଜାଳେ ଗଣନା ହେଉଥିଲା ପାନ୍ତିକ ବସ୍ତୁ ଯୋଗେ  
କଂପ୍ୟୁଟର ହୃଠାତ୍ ପଚାର ହୋଇଗଲା ଆଧୁନିକ ଯୁଗେ ॥  
ଦୃତ ଗଣନା ପାଇଁ ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରର ହେଲା ଆବିଷ୍କାର  
କଂପ୍ୟୁଟର ବା ଗଣିବା ଯୋଗୁ କଂପ୍ୟୁଟର ନାମ ହେଲା ତାହାର ॥  
ଧିରେ ଧିରେ ସବୁ ଆତେ କଂପ୍ୟୁଟର ର ବଢ଼ିଲା ଆଦର  
ଦୂରକ୍ଷେତ୍ର ସଭ୍ୟ ମାନବ ସମାଜର ସାରଥି ହେଲା କଂପ୍ୟୁଟର ॥  
କ୍ରମେ କ୍ରମେ କଂପ୍ୟୁଟର ହୋଇଗଲା କଳିଯୁଗର ଗଜାନନ  
ସର୍ବ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟର ଆରମ୍ଭରେ ହୋଇଥାଏ ତାର ଆବାହନ ॥  
ଗଣେଷ ମୂର୍ଖିକ ବାହାନ ନେଇ କରନ୍ତି ବହୁଷ ଭରଣ  
କଂପ୍ୟୁଟର ମାର୍ଦ୍ଦ ଶକ୍ତି କରାଇଦିଏ ବିଶ୍ୱ ପ୍ରଦଶିତ ॥  
ଗଜାନନ ଅଟନ୍ତି ସର୍ବବିଘ୍ନ ବିନାଶନ ବିଦ୍ୟାର ଆକାର  
କଂପ୍ୟୁଟର ବିନା କଳିଯୁଗେ ହୋଇଯାଏ ସବୁ ଛାରଖାର ॥

ଟେରଣ୍ଡା, କାନାଟା



ବିଦ୍ୟା ଅଟଇ ମହାଧନ, ବାଲକେ କର ଉପାର୍ଜନ ।



## ମନପକ୍ଷୀ ଠାରେ ମନର କଥା

### ଗଗନ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ

ମନପକ୍ଷୀ ତୁହି ଦେଶା ନ ଥିଲେ ବି ଉତ୍ତିପାରୁ ଅନାୟାସେ,  
କଥା ମୋର ମାନି ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ଯା ଦରିଆର ଆର ପାଶେ ।  
ଭାରତ ଭୁଲ୍କରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିବୁ ଆଗ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପୋରୁ ଯିବୁ,  
ନିଳାତଳ ଧାମେ ଜଗତର ନାଥ, ତାଙ୍କୁ ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରିବୁ,  
ପେହିଠାରୁ ପୁଣି ଯିବୁ ବାଲେଶ୍ଵର ଖୋଜିବୁ ମୋହର ଗାଆଁ,  
ଜହିବୁ ମୋହର ବାରତା ପୋଠାରେ, ଖୁସିହେବ ମୋର ମାଆ ।  
ବହୁଦିନ ଧରି ଛାତି ଆସିଛି ମୁଁ ମନେ ପଢ଼େ ତା'ର କଥା,  
ବୁଝି ମନିଷ ସେ ଜରୁଥିବ ଦୁଃଖ, ମାଥା ହେଉଥିବ ବ୍ୟେ ।  
ଏକ ବରଷରେ ଫେରିପିବି ଜହି ହେଲା କୋଟିଖ ବରଷ,  
କିଂ ଜାଣିଥିଲା ଏତେ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ହେବ ମୋର ପରବାପ ।  
ବୁଝାଇ ଜହିବୁ ମାଥାକୁ ମୋହର କଷ ନ ଆଣିବ ମନେ,  
ଯେତେ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ଛାତିଲେ ବି ଏଠି, ପୁଅ ତା' ଫେରିପି ଦିନେ ।  
ପାଠ ପଛା ସାରି ଏକ ମୁହଁ ହୋଇ ଆସିଥିଲି ମୁଁ ବିଦେଶ,  
ପେତେବେଳେ ପରା ସବୁଜିଛି ପେଠି ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ଭାରି ବିଷ ।  
ଜହିବୁ, ପଥମେ ରହିଥିଲୁ ଆମେ ନେଇ ଗୋଟେ ଭତା ଘର,  
ଧାରେ ଧାରେ ପୁଣି ଭାବିଲୁ ପାପରେ କିଶିବୁ ଘର ନିଜର ।  
ମାସ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ଧନ ସାତି ସାତି କିଶିଲୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଘର,  
ତିନିଭାଗ ପୁଣି ରଣ ଆଣିଥାନ୍ତୁ ବ୍ୟାଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଡଳାର ।  
କିଂ ଜାଣିଥିଲା ମଗଗେଜ ବୋଲି ଶବଦ ଗୋଟିଏ ଅଛି,  
ବ୍ୟାଙ୍କ ଏହି ଠାରେ ଯମରାଜା ପରି ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଉପରେ ବସିଛି ।  
ମାସେ ଗୋଟେ ଯଦି ଫେରେଣ୍ଟ ନ ମିଳେ ଜବଦ କରିବ ଘର,  
ମହାଜନ ଠାରୁ କିଛି ଉଣା ନୁହେଁ, ତାକୁ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଉ଱ର ।  
ସବୁ ମାସ ପୁଣି ବିଭୁଲି ସକାଶେ ଦେବାକୁ ହୁଏ ଟିକିପ,  
ଜାଣି ନିଯିଲି ମୁଁ ପାଣି ପାଇଁ ପୁଣି ପଳସା ଦେବ ମଣିଷ ।  
ଶୀତ ତାପମାନ ନିୟନ୍ତ୍ରିତ ଘରେ, ଜମା ଲାଗେ ନାହିଁ ଶୀତ,  
କାରପେଟ ସବୁ କୋଠରୀ ଭିତରେ, କାଠରେ ତିଆରି କାନ୍ତ ।  
ଗୋଟିଏ କଳରୁ ଗରମ ପାଣିତ ଆର କଳୁ ଥିଥା ପାଣି,  
ପାଇଖାନା ଅଛି ଶୋଇବା ଘରରେ, ନିଯିବ କେବେ ସେ ଶୁଣି ।  
ଗରମ ପାଣିରୁ କି ଲାଭ ମିଳିବ ମଥା ଯାଉଅଛି ପୁରି,  
ନଦୀରେ ଗାଧୁଆ ବଢ଼ି ଶେଷେନ୍ଦ୍ର ଅବା ବାତିର ପୋଖର ।  
ଧାତି ଧାତି ଘର ରାସ୍ତା ଦୁଇ କଟେ ରହିଛି ଗୋଟେ ନମ୍ବର,  
ଏହା ଦେଖି ମୋର ମନେ ପତିଯାଏ ଗାଆଁ ମାତି ଚାଲିଯର ।  
ନା ଅଛି ଟିକିପ, ନାହିଁ ମଗଗେଜ ସବୁରି ମୁହଁ ରେ ହସ,  
ମଗଗେଜ କଥା ଚିନ୍ତା କରି ଏଠି, ଧଳା ହେଲା କଳା କେଶ ।  
ଚାକିରୀ ଜୀବନ ଅତିବ କିମ୍ବନ, ନାହିଁ କିଛି ଥଳ କୁଳ,  
ସକାଳରୁ ସଞ୍ଚ କାମ କରି କରି ନ ମିଳଇ ଟିକେ ବେଳ ।  
ଆଜି ଅଛି ପୁଣି ଚାଲିଯିବ କାଳି କେହି ନ ପାରିବ କହି,  
ଭସା ମେଘ ପରି ଚାକିରୀ ଏଠାରେ ଅଗେ ଭାରୀ କଣଶାମ୍ଭା ।  
ଗୋଟିଏ ଦରମା ପଇସା ନିଅଞ୍ଚ ଚଳିବାକୁ ପରିବାର,

ସ୍ଵାମୀ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀର ଦୁହେଁ କାମ କରିଗଲେ ସମ୍ବୁଦ୍ଧ ପତଇ ଘର ।  
ମାଆ ପାଖେ ମୋର କରିବୁ ତୁ ଯାଇ ଏ ଦେଶ ରତ୍ନ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା,  
ଏଠିକାର ଶୀତ ଆମାଦେଶ ସାଥେ ନ ହେବ କେବେ ତୁଳନା ।  
ଶୀତ ଦିନ ହେଲେ ଗଛ ମାନଙ୍କରୁ ଝତିଯାଏ ସବୁ ପତ୍ର,  
ଥୁଣ୍ଡ ଗଛ ପରି ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ରହେ, ଧୂମର ଦିଶେ ସର୍ବତ୍ର ।  
କାଳୁଆ ପବନ ମାତି ଆସେ କାନ୍ଦୁଁ ପତେ ଭୀଷଣ ତୁଷାର,  
ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ଘାଟ ସବୁ ତୁଷାରରେ ଭରେ ଦିଶେ ଘୋବ ପର ପର ।  
ପିନ୍ଧିବାକୁ ପତେ ଶୀତ ବସ୍ତ୍ର ପୁଣି ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଲଗାଇ ଗୋପି,  
ହାତରେ ଲଗାଇ ଗୋବସ୍ତ୍ର ଦୂଇ ଗୋପି ।  
ବାଟ ଗାଲୁ ପାଦ ଚିପି ।  
ମହିରେ ମହିରେ ବରପା ବରଷି ଖସତା କରଇ ପଥ,  
ସାବଧାନ ହୋଇ ବାଟ ନ ଚାଲିଲେ ହୋଇଯିବ ଚିତ୍ତମାତ ।  
ଲମ୍ବା ଲମ୍ବା ସବୁ ଘର ମାନଙ୍କରୁ ବରପା ଥାଏ ଓହୁଲି,  
ସୁରୁଜ କିରଣ ପତିଲେ ସେଥିରେ ଝଲମେ ମୁକୁତା ଭଲି ।  
ଥୁଣ୍ଡ ଗଛ ପରେ ମେଷା ମେଷା କରି ଧବଳ ତୁଷାର ରହି,  
ଲାଗୁଆଏ ସତେ ଫୁଟିଅଛି ପୁଲ ମଣ୍ଡନ କରଇ ମହା ।  
ଜାଗା ଜାଗା ଅଛି କ୍ଷେତ୍ରିଙ୍ଗ ପତିଆ ମସନ୍ଦା ବରଫେ ଭରା,  
ଯାଇଁ ଯାଇଁ ଲୋକେ ଚକର କାଟନ୍ତି ବରପା ପତିଆ ସାରା ।  
ପିଲାମାନେ ଖେଳି ତୁଷାର ଉପରେ କରନ୍ତି ମଜା ଅନେକ,  
ଚବାଗନି ସାଥେ ଖସର ଖସର ଭୁଲିଯାନ୍ତି ଶୋଷ ଭୋକ ।  
ବସନ୍ତ ଆସିଲେ ତାପମାନ ବଜେ ତରଳି ଯାଏ ତୁଷାର,  
ସବୁଜ ଘାସରେ ଗାଲିଗା ପରାଯେ ଭରିଯାଏ ବାତି ଘର ।  
ତାମେତିଲେ ପୁଣେ ଗୁଲିପ ସହିତେ ଆଉ ନାନା ଜାତି ପୁଲ,  
ବାସନା ବିହୀନ ପୁଲ ମାନ ସିନା ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଭାରି ଭଲ ।  
ଆମ ଗାଆଁ ପରି ପୁଣେ ନାହିଁ ଏଠି ମନାର, ଚଗର, ହେନା,  
ମନେ ପତିଗଲେ ଦୁଃଖ ଲାଗେ ଭାରି ମଲୀ ପୁଲର ବାସନା ।  
ନାହିଁ ଆୟ ଗଛ, କୋଇଲିର ସ୍ଵର, ପାହାନ୍ତି କୁକୁତା ତାଳ,  
ହଳଦୀ ବସନ୍ତ, କୁମ୍ବାନୁଆ ପକ୍ଷୀ, କଜଳ ପାତି ଓ କାକ ।  
ରଦିନ ନାମକ ଛୋଟ ଚଢ଼େଇ ବସନ୍ତ ଆସିଲେ ଆସେ,  
ଗୀତ ଗାଇ ଗାଇ ପବନର ତାଳେ ସବୁରି ମନ ହୁରସେ ।  
ପତର କଥାଙ୍କ ବୃକ୍ଷ ଲତା ମାନ ସବୁଜ ରଙ୍ଗରେ ଭରେ,  
ବରପା ତରଳି ଝରଣାର ଜଳ କଳ କଳ ନାଦ କରେ ।  
ଆଠ ମାସ ଯାକ ଶୀତରେ କଟଇ ଖରା ବୋଲି ଚାରିମାସ,  
ତାହାରି ଭିତରେ ବାତି ବଗିବାରେ କରିଦୁଃଖ ଚିକେ ଚାଷ ।  
ପତିଆ ଭିତରେ ବଶଭୋଜିମାନ କରାନ୍ତୁ ଥାଏ ଆୟୋଜନ,  
ଶିଶୁ ଠାରୁ ବୃକ୍ଷ ସଭିଖୁଁ ଖେଳନ୍ତି ନ ଦେଇ କୁଆଡ଼େ ଧ୍ୟାନ ।  
କ୍ଷେତ୍ରମାନ ଭରେ ସବୁଜ ରଙ୍ଗରେ ଚାଷ ମନ ଦୁଃଖ ଖୁସି,  
ଗହମ, ମକାର ଅମଳ କରେ ସେ ମେସିନ ଉପରେ ବସି ।  
ଶରତ ଆସିଲେ ଗଛର ପତର ଚହ ଚହ ନାଲି ଦିଶେ,



ବନ ଉପବନ ରଙ୍ଗ ଭରି ଦେଇ ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ତଳେ ଖସେ ।  
 କାନାଡା ଦେଶର ପୁକୃତିଳ ଶୋଭା ଅତୀବ ମନୋହାରିଣୀ,  
 ଦେହେ ଧରି ହୃଦ, ନଦୀ, ବନ, ଲତା ଶୋଭିତା ପୁକୃତି ରାଶା ।  
 ବତ ବତ ହୃଦ ଦରିଆ ପରାୟେ ଧରିଛି ମଧ୍ୟର ଜଳ,  
 ଏ ପାଖୁ ଦେଖିଲେ ଆଖି ପାଖ ନାହିଁ,  
 ନ ଦିଶେ ସେ ପାଖେ ଛୁଲ ।  
 ତାଳ ଗନ୍ଧ ଉତ୍ତା ଲୁହତି ଆସୁଛି ଅକାତ ଜାତର ପାଶି,  
 ନୀଳ ଶାଢି ପିନ୍ଧି ଠିଆ ହୋଇଥାଏ ସବେଳି ପ୍ରକୃତି ରାଶା ।  
 ଖରାଦିନ ହେଲେ ହୃଦ କୁଳେ କୁଳେ ବାଲୁକା ରାଶିର ପରେ,  
 ଶୋଭ ରହିଥାଏ ନର ନାରୀ ଶଶ ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧନର୍ତ୍ତ ପୋଷାକରେ ।  
 ବାପା ମାଆ ମାନେ ପିଲା ପିଲି ଧରି ହାଜର ହୁଅନ୍ତି ଯେଠି,  
 ଛତାଟିଏ ପୋଡ଼ି ତାହାର ଛାଇରେ ଖାଲ ବସନ୍ତି ଏକାଠି ।  
 ହୃଦ ଜଳେ ପଣି ମରନ୍ତି କରନ୍ତି ରବର ବୋଟ ଉପରେ,  
 ଓଡା ବାଲି ସାଥେ ବାଲିଘର ତୋଳି ଆନନ୍ଦେ ଫେରନ୍ତି ଘରେ ।  
 ଆମ ଘରଠାରୁ ଶହେ କୋଶ ଦୂର ନାଖଗା ଜଳପାତ,  
 ଅନାଦି ଜାଳରୁ ବହି ଆସୁଥିଲା ହିସାବ ତାର ନାହିଁତ ।  
 ସାରା ଦୁନିଆରୁ ଶୋଭା ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଆସନ୍ତି ପହଞ୍ଚ ଲୋକ,  
 ଘନ ଘରପାତ ପ୍ରତଣ ଗର୍ଜନ ଶୁଣି ହୁଅନ୍ତି ଅବାକ ।  
 ଶନି ରବିବାର ଦୁଇଦିନ ମାତ୍ର ସମ୍ଭାବୁ ଭିତରେ ଛୁଟି,  
 ସମ୍ଭାବୁ ଯାକର ଥକା ମାରିବାକୁ ଦିନ ଏହି ଦୁଇଗୋଟି ।  
 ଲୁଗା ସମସଫି ବଜାର ସରଦା ତାହାର ଭିତରେ ହୁଏ,  
 ବନ୍ଧୁ ପ୍ରୀଯା ପ୍ରୀତି ରେଣ୍ଟା ଭେଟି ପାଇଁ ମନଶାହିଁ ରହିଥାଏ ।  
 ମେସିନ ଖୋଲାରେ ଲୁଗାସମ୍ପକରେ ନାହିଁ ଏଠି ଧୋବା ଘର,  
 ବାସନ ବି ଏଠି ମେସିନ ମାନ୍ଦୁଛି କହନ୍ତି ‘ତିଷ ଡ୍ରାସର’ ।  
 ପନି ପରିବାରୁଁ ମାଛ ମାଂସ ଯାଏ ମିଳେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଜାଗାରେ,  
 ତାଳି ବାଉଳ ଓ କାଗଜ କଲମ ସବୁ କିଛି ତା ଭିତରେ ।  
 ଆମ ସେଠାକାର ମାଛ ହାଗ ଭଲ ନାହିଁ ମାଛି ଭଣ ଭଣ,  
 ଭାତ ଗୋଟେ ଏଠି ତଳେ ପଢ଼ିଗଲେ ଖୁଣ୍ଡି ଖାଲ ହେବ ଜାଣ ।  
 ରାସ୍ତା ଦୁଇ ପାଖେ କୋଠା ଘର ବାତି ସାଥେ ଅଳାକିକା ମାନ,  
 ଚକ ଚକ ସଫା ସୁତୁରା ଦିଶର ନାହିଁ ପାନ ଛେପ ବିନ୍ଦୁ ।  
 ଆମ ପରି ନାନା ଦେଶୁ ଲୋକେ ଆସି ବାନ୍ଧିଛନ୍ତି ଏଠି ଘର,  
 ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ମିଳେ ସବୁଭାଷା କିନ୍ତୁ ପରେଳନ ଝରାଇର ।  
 କେତେ ପରିବାର ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ କଥା ଶିଖାଇଛନ୍ତି ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ,  
 କେହି କେହି ପୁଣି ଅଭାବ ଦୁଅନ୍ତି ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ କହିବାକୁ ।  
 ଖୁସି ହେବ ଜାଣି ତା’ ନାତି ନାତୁଣୀ ଜାଣନ୍ତି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା,  
 ତା’ ପହିତେ କଥା କହିବାକୁ ହେଲେ ଉପଜୀବନ ସମୟା ।  
 ହିନ୍ଦୁ ମାନଙ୍କର ମନ୍ଦିର ରହିଛି ଖୁଣ୍ଡିଯାନ ଗାର୍ଜା ଘର,  
 ମୁସଲମାନଙ୍କ ମସଜିଦ ସାଥେ ସିନାଗର ଜୀବଙ୍କର ।  
 କିଏ ପୁଜେ ହୁରି, କିଏ ଯାଶୁ ଖାଣ୍ଡ, କିଏ ତାଳେ ପୁଣି ଆଲା,  
 ଯିଏ ଯାହା ତାକୁ ଉଶ୍ଵର ଗୋଟିଏ ସବୁ ହିଁ ତାଙ୍କରି ଲୀଳା ।  
 କିଏ ପିନ୍ଧେ ବୁଝା, କିଏ ଧୋତି କୁର୍ବା, କିଏ ପୁଣି ପିନ୍ଧେ ଶାରୀ,  
 ଲୁଙ୍କ: ଦୁଇଦାର ପିନ୍ଧା ସାଥେ ସାଥେ ପଗଡ଼ି ଅଛନ୍ତି ଭିତି ।  
 ପ୍ରୟାଣ କୋଟର ତାହିଦା ଥିଲେବି ଜିଇନ ହୋଇଛି ଫେରନ୍ତି,

ପୁଅ ସିଂ ସବୁ ଜିଇନ ପିନ୍ଧନ୍ତି ତିନ୍ଦିବା ବତ କଠିନ ।  
 ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ମାନଙ୍କ ଅନ୍ଧ ତଳ ପିନ୍ଧା, ଏବେ ଫେରନ୍ତି କୁଆତେ,  
 କିଏ ପିନ୍ଧେ ପୁଣି ଅତି ଛୋଟ କ୍ଷର ତାହିଁବାକୁ ଲାଜମାତେ ।  
 ପୁଅ ମାନଙ୍କର ପ୍ରୟାଣ ବତ ଲାଗିଛି ଗୋଟେ ଜଣିର,  
 ଖସର ଖସର ପୁଅରୁଛି ତଳେ ସତେ କି ଯିବ ବାହାର ।  
 ଏବେ ଯାଏ ମୁହଁ ଦେଖିନାହିଁ କାହିଁ ଖୋର୍ଦ୍ଧା ଗାମୁଛା ପିନ୍ଧାରେ,  
 ଦୁଇ ଖସି ମୁହଁ ସାକି ରଖିଛି ନାଟକ ହେଲେ ବାହାରେ ।  
 ଯେମିତି ପିନ୍ଧନ୍ତୁ, ଯାହାରି ପିନ୍ଧନ୍ତୁ, ପିନ୍ଧନ୍ତୁ ଆନନ୍ଦରେ,  
 ଆମ ଗାଁ ଲୋକ ଛିନ୍ଦା ଲୁଗା ଭାବି ନନ୍ଦନ୍ତୁ ଲୋତକ ଏରେ ।  
 ଏକୁଟିଆ ଧିଲେ ମନେ ପଢ଼ିଯାଏ ଓଡ଼ିଶା, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜଥା,  
 ସେ ଦେଶର ପାଶି, ସେ ଦେଶ ପବନ, ସେ ଦେଶର ତେରୁ ଲତା,  
 ମନେ ପଢ଼ିଗଲେ ଲୁହ ହେରିଆସେ, ମଥା ହୋଇଯାଏ ବ୍ୟଥା ।  
 ବାରମାଥେ ପରା ତେର ପର୍ବ ଲାଗେ, ସମୟ ଉଭେଇ ଯାଏ,  
 ସାଙ୍ଗ ସାଥୀ ବନ୍ଧୁ ପରିଜନ ସାଥେ ରେତିବା ସୁଯୋଗ ଥାଏ ।  
 ସିଏ ଓ ଜାଣିଛି ନାହିଁ କେହି ଏଠି, ଜ୍ଞାତି କୁପୁଣ୍ୟ ଆମୂର,  
 ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ବନ୍ଧୁକରି ଆମେ ବାନ୍ଧିଛି ଘର ନିଜର ।  
 ବରଷ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଦୁଇ ପର୍ବ ପାଲୁ ହୋଇ ପର୍ବ ଏକତ୍ର,  
 ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଖାଇବା, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂଗୀତ, ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ ପୁଣି ନାଟ ।  
 ପରମ ପରବ ବିଶୁବ ମିଳନ କରୁ ବତ ଉପସାହରେ,  
 ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଆଲୋଚନା ପରେ ପଶା ପିତା ଆନନ୍ଦରେ ।  
 ବତ ଧରଣର କୁମାର ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମା କରୁ ଏଠାରେ ପାଳନ,  
 ସଂଧ୍ୟା ବେଳେ ହୁଏ ପୁଅ ରିଅଙ୍କର ନୃତ୍ୟ, ଗାତ ଆୟୋଜନ ।  
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ମୁଖେ ଆଶା ଉଦୟପନା ଖେଳେ ହୁପର ଜୁଆର,  
 ବାଳକ ବାଳିକା ଫେରନ୍ତି ରହିବୁ ହାତେ ଧରି ଉପହାର ।  
 ମନପକ୍ଷ ମୋର ଜାଣେ ମୁହଁ ତୋତେ ଦେଲିଣି ବହୁ ଖବର,  
 ତନ୍ତ୍ର ତନ୍ତ୍ର କରି ସବୁ ତୁ କହିବୁ ନ କରି କେବେ ଉଛୁର ।  
 ଜାଣେ ନାହିଁ ମୁହଁ କିପରି ରହିବୁ ଏତେ ଖବର ତୁ ମନେ,  
 ଆଶା ମୋର କିନ୍ତୁ ପାରିବୁ ତୁ କହି, ରଖି ସବୁ କଥା ଧ୍ୟାନେ ।  
 ଆଜିକାଲି ପରା ହେଲାଣି ଗାଆଁରେ ଦୂରଭାଷର ପ୍ରସାର,  
 ସେଯିପାଇଁ ମୁହଁ ମାଆର ସହିତେ କଥା ହୁଏ ବାରମାର ।  
 ଯେତେ କଥାହେଲେ ମନକଥା କିଛି ମନ ମଧ୍ୟ ରହିଅଛି,  
 ତୋତେ ପାଇ ଆଜି ଭରସା କରି ମୁଁ ତୋ’ ଆଗେ ବଖାଣୁଅଛି ।  
 ହାତୀ ବୁଲିଲେବି ଘନ ବନଷ୍ଟରେ ହାତୀ ଅଗେ ରଜାଙ୍କର,  
 ସେହିପରି ମୁହଁ ଯେତେ ଦୂରେ ଯିଲେ ପୁଅ ସବୁଦିନେ ତା’ର ।  
 ମା’ର ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ, କାଳିଆର ଆଖି ସର୍ବଦା ରହିଛି ସାଥେ,  
 ତାଙ୍କର କୃପା ହିଁ ଦିହୁତି ଜାଲୁଛି ଜୀବନର ଚଳାପଥେ ।  
 (୧୭) ଆଧୁନିକ ଯୁଗରେ ଛନ୍ଦବୋଧ ଓ ବାସ୍ତବ ଧର୍ମ ଜବିତା  
 ଲୋପ ପାଇଗଲାଣି । ଉପରୋକ୍ତ ଜବିତାରେ ଛନ୍ଦବୋଧ  
 ଜବିତାକୁ ଫେରାଇ ଆଖିବାରେ ଜବିକର ପ୍ରଚେଷ୍ଟା ।

**ଚରଣେ, କାନାଡା**



## କୋଇଲି ଲୋ

### ନିରଶନ ମିଶ୍ର

(୪୯)

କୋଇଲିଲୋ

ଶୁଣିଯିବୁ ପଦେ ମୋର କଥା

ମୋ ମନରେ ଭରା ଯେତେ ବ୍ୟଥା ।

ବଡ ପୁଆ, ସୁନାକର, ନାଆଁ ଦେଇଥିଲି,  
ସୁନାପିଲା ପରି, ଭଲ ପାଠ, ଭଲ ଶାଠ  
ସବୁତକ ଭଲ ଗୁଣ ଭରିଥିଲା;  
କୋଉଥିରେ ଉଣା ଅବା?  
ଭଲ ପାଠ ପଛି,  
ବଡ ଘରେ ବାହା ହେଲା,  
କେତେ ଯେ ଯମକ ହେଲା,  
'ଭଲ ବୋହୁ'ପାଇଥିଲି  
କିଛିଦିନ ବୋହୁପଣ କରିଥିଲା  
ଭଲରେ ଭଲରେ ।

'ସୁନା ମୋର' ପଢିବାକୁ ଗଲା ପାଠ,

ବିଦେଶ ସହର;

ଆଉ ପୁଣି କହିଗଲା,

"ବୋଉଲୋ!

ଦଉଚି ମୁଁ କଥା-

ପାଠ ପଛା ସରି ଗଲେ

ଫେରିବି ମୁଁ;

ରହିବି ମୁଁ ତୋ ପାଖେ, କରିବି ମୁଁ ଦେଶଯେବା

ମୋ' ନିଜ ଦେଶରେ ।"

କଥାତକ କଥାରେ ରହିଲା

"ପୁଆ ବୋହୁ" ରହିଲେ ଯେ ଦେଶେ,

ନାଚିଟିଏ, ନାତୁଣା ବି- ଆହା କି ସୁନର;

ମୁଁ ଯାହା ଦେଖୁଥାଏ- ପଞ୍ଚ ବିଏ ଧରି

ଆସିବେ ଆସିବେ ବୋଲି

ଗଲା ଧତେ ଦିନ

"ଆର ବର୍ଷ ନିଷ୍ଠେ ଆମେ ଯିବୁ"

ପୁଆ ବୋହୁ ଲେଖୁଥିଲେ ବିଠି ।

ସମୟ ର ପୁଆ ସହ ତାଳ ଦେଇ, ପଦ୍ମ ଯାଏ ପୁଣି ପୁଣି ଧିରେ,

ସମୂର୍ଖ ର କୁଆଣି ଥମିଲା, ମା' ର ମମତା ଥମି ଥମି ଗଲା

ମମତା ର ସେ ଶାଶ ଦଉଚି, ସମୟ ଓ ଦୂରତାରେ ଶାଶ

ହୋଇଗଲା,

'ପୁଆ ବୋହୁ' ବିଠି ଲେଖା କମି ଗଲା;

ମେହୁ ତୋରି ହୋଇଲା ପତଳା ।

(ଦ୍ୱାରା)

କୋଇଲି ଲୋ'

ଜାଣିବୁ ତ ସାନପୁଅ "କୁନାର" କିରତି,

ଶୁଣିଗିରି, ବଦନାମ ଜଳା ଦିନ ରାତି,

ହେଲା ନାହିଁ ପାଠ

ଶିଖିଲାନି ଶାଠ,

"କରିବି ମୁଁ ଲାଜନୀତି

ନହିଁଲେ ମୁଁ ଯିବି ପାରାଦୀପ

ଚଲର ପକାଇ ଖାଲି

ଧରିବି ମୁଁ କଙ୍କଣା ଚିକୁଟି"

ବାହୁଣ ଘରର ପୁଆ

ମାଛ ଧରି ବିକିବ ହାଟରେ,

କେତେ ମୁଁ କାନିଛି

ମୁଣ୍ଡ ବାତେଇଛି,

ବାହା ଦେବି ବୋଲି

ଠାକୁରଙ୍କୁ କେତେ ଯେ ତାକିଛି ।

କିଂ ଆଉ ଝିଅ ଦେବ

"କୁଳାଙ୍ଗର, ବାଲୁଙ୍ଗ ଶା" କହିଲେ ସଭିଏଁ ।

(ତିନି)

କୋଇଲିଲୋ'

କୋଉଠି ତୁ ଆଶ୍ରା ନେଲୁ

ସେ ଖତ ରାତିରେ?

ଶୁଣିଥିଲା କୁନା ମୋର

ବତାପ ର ତେତାବନୀ,

ମାନିଲାନି କଥା,

ତଙ୍କ ମେଲି ତାଲିଗଲା ଦରିଆକୁ

ମାଛ ମାରିବାକୁ ।

କହିଗଲା "ଚିନ୍ତା ନାହିଁ ବୋର !"

'ସାଧବ ପୁଆ ତ ଧମିତି, କାର୍ତ୍ତିକ ମାସରେ, ଖତ ବରଷାରେ,

ବୋଲତ ବନାଣ ପାରି; ଯାଉଥିଲା ନାଆ ଧରି

ତାରା ସୁମାତ୍ରା କୁ' ।

ଖତ ସରି ଗଲା, ବାତ୍ୟା ଗଲା ଥମି,

ଅଧ ଭଙ୍ଗା ଗନ୍ଧ ଯେତେ ଦେଖୁ;

ସେମିତି,

ଖ ଦେଶର ମେରୁଦଣ୍ଡ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଗଲା ।



ମତେ ସିନା ଛାଡ଼ି ଗଲା, ଦରମରା କରି;  
ଏଇ ଅଧା ଭଙ୍ଗ ଗଛ ଭଳି ।  
ଜାଣିଛୁ ତ ସବୁ, କ'ଣ ବା କହିବି?  
ଦରିଆର ଫେରନ୍ତି ଡେଉରେ,  
ଫେରି ଥିଲା ଖାଲି, ଚାଲିରୁ ଭଙ୍ଗରୁଜା ଯନ୍ତ୍ରପାତି,  
ଛିଣ୍ଡା ରୂପା ଜାଲ,  
“କୁନା ମୋର .....” କ'ଣ ବା କହିବି ଆଉ ?  
କହିତ ପାରୁନି“ !  
ବୋର” ତାକ ଆଉ ଶୁଭିବନି !

### (ରୂପି)

କୋଇଲି ଲୋ !  
“ସୁନା” ମୋର ବିଦେଶ ରୁ ପଠାଇଛି  
ଚଙ୍ଗ, ଆଉ ଛୋଟ ଚିଠି ଚିଠି !  
“ବୋରମ !  
କୁନା କଥା ଶୁଣି ଭାରି ମନ ଦୁଃଖ,  
ଛୁଟି ନାହିଁ, ଯାଇତ ପାରୁନି  
ଗୁଲ ଘର ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଗଲା, ଚିନ୍ତା କରିବୁନି,  
ଚଙ୍ଗ ପାଇ କୋଠା ଘର କରିଦେବୁ,  
ଭିଟାମିନ, ମନିକ ଖାଇବୁ’  
ଦେହ ପା’ର ଯନ୍ତ୍ର ନର୍ଥିବୁ !  
ଆର ସାଲ ଛୁଟି ହେଲେ ଆମେ ସବୁ ଯିବୁ  
ଗାଁ ଘରେ ରହିଛୁ ତୁ ଏକା,  
ଭାବୁଛି ମୁଁ ତୁ ଶୀଘ୍ର ଆ ଆମେରିକା”

କୋଇଲି ଲୋ  
କହିବୁ ସୁନାକୁ !  
ପଖାଳ ର ସ୍ଵାଦ କଣ  
ପଲାଉରେ ଥାଏ ?  
ଗୋବର ଲିପା ମାଟି କାହାର ବାସନା  
ମିଳିବ କି ଚନ ଲିପା କୋଠାଘରେ ?  
ହିପର ର ଚାଳ ପରେ ମାଡ଼ି ଥିଲା  
ଶିମ୍ବ ଆଉ କଖାରୁ ର ଗହଳିଆ ଲତା  
କୋଠାଘରେ ସବୁ ଲୁଚିଯିବ,

ଅଭାବର ଗଞ୍ଜାଘରେ ଭରି ଥିଲା  
କେତେ ଶାନ୍ତି, କେତେ ସୁଖ କେତେ ଆମ୍ବୀନ୍ଦ୍ରିଯା,  
ଆଲୁଅ ଜଳିଲେ ଯେମିତି ଅଂଧାର ଲୁଚିଛି,  
ପଇସା ପଶିଲା ସତ, ଲୁଚିଗଲା ମା’ ଆଉ ମାଟିର ମମତା ।

ଆଉ ମୋର ଲୋତା ନାହିଁ ଚଙ୍ଗ  
ଏ ବୟସେ, ଲୋତା ନାହିଁ ଯିବା ଆମେରିକା,  
ଲୋତା ନାହିଁ ଦେହପା’ର ଯନ୍ତ୍ର

କୋଠା ଘର, ପଶଂସା ବା ନିନା,  
ଲୋତା ଥିଲା ”ବୋର ତାକ”  
ସେତକ ସରିଲା,  
କେତେ ଦୋଷ ଦେଉଥିଲି, ଗାଳି ଅରିଶାପ  
ସବୁ ଶୁଣି, ସବୁ ସହି,  
ତାକୁଥିଲା,  
”ବୋର“ ବୋଲି ଘତିକେ ଦିଥର,  
ସେ ଚାଲି ଗଲା !  
ଏବେ ଆଉ ଲୋତା ମୋର ‘ଛ ଖଣ୍ଡି କାଠ’  
ଗାଁ ର ମଶାଣି.....ଜଳିଛି ଯୋଗଠ ଯୁଲ  
ଶାଶ୍ଵତ, ଶଶୁରଙ୍ଗର, ଆଉ ସବୁ ନିଜ ଲୋକଙ୍ଗର  
'କୁନା' ଆଉ କୁନା ବାପାଙ୍ଗର ।

### (ଶେଷ କଥା)

କୋଇଲି ଲୋ!  
ଅଶରୀରୀ କୁନା କୁ କହିବୁ  
ମୋ କଥା; ଏ ମନର କେତେ ଯେ ଯାତନା  
କହିବୁଲୋ; ମୋ ଆଖୁରେ ଲୁହ ଆଉ ନାହିଁ;  
“ମାଶକ ପୁରିଲା ପୁତ, ସେରକ ପୁରିଲା“  
“ଉଠିବୁନି କୁନା ମୋର, ଏମିତି ଶୋଇଲୁ ?”  
ବୋର ତାକ ତକ ମୋର ସବୁ ଯାରି ଦେଲୁ ?”

### ସର୍ତ୍ତବରୀ, କନାଡା



ସତେକଣ ହୁକିଯିବି ମୁଁ ବିଦେଶୀ ମାଟିରେ  
ନେବି ବିଦାୟ ବିନା ରାମ ନାମ ସତ୍ୟ ତାକରେ  
ଦେଶ କୁ ଫେରିବା ଆଶା ମୋ ରହିଯିବ ଆଶାରେ ?  
ରାନ୍ତୁ ମାହାତ୍ମି, କବିତା ଆଶା, ସୋଭେନିଯତ୍ରଣ



## ଯଦି ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତ ତୁମେ ମୋହର ଶାନ୍ତି ଲତା ମିଶ୍ର

ଯଦି ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତ ତୁମେ ମୋହର ।  
ମୋ ସାଥିରେ ଧରି ହାତ ତୁମର ।  
ଯଦି ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତ ତୁମେ ମୋହର ।  
ତୋଳି ସପ୍ତସୂରେ ରାଗ ଝଙ୍କର ।  
ଯଦି ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତ ତୁମେ ମୋହର ।  
ଜନ୍ମ ଉଚଁ ଥା'ନ୍ତା ଅମା ଅନାରେ ।  
ଯଦି ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତ ତୁମେ ମୋହର ।  
ଅଞ୍ଜିଳ, ବଜ୍ଜି ପଥରେ ତାର ।  
ଯଦି ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତ ତୁମେ ମୋହର ।  
ପ୍ରଫୁଲ୍ଲଟ ପଦ୍ମ ତେଜି ଭୁମର ।  
ଯଦି ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତ ତୁମେ ମୋହର ।  
ପ୍ରସ୍ତର ମୁଢ଼ି ପରି, ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରରଣ୍ଜି ତଳେ,  
ଯଦି ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତ ତୁମେ ମୋହର ।  
ଜୟମାଳା ଦେଇ (ପୃଥ୍ଵୀରାଜ ପରି) ଗଲେ ତୁମର,  
ଯଦି ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତ ତୁମେ ମୋହର ।  
'କେଦାର-ଗୋରା' ପରି ଧରି ହାତେ କୃପାଶ ।  
୪ ମୋ ବିତ୍ତମ୍ଭ ଭାଗ୍ୟର ଉପହାସ କେବଳ ।  
ମିଛ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଆସି ବହୁଲାଙ୍ଘ ଯାଏ ଥରକୁ ଥର ।

ଉଚଁ ଯାଇଥା'ନ୍ତ ବହୁତ ଦୂର ॥  
ଧରିତ୍ତୀ, ଆକାଶ କରି ଖକାକାର ॥ ୧ ॥  
ଗାଇଥା'ନ୍ତ ଗୀତ ମୋର ନୂପୁର ॥  
ଛମ୍ ଛମ୍ ଶବେ ହୁଜାର ଥର ॥ ୨ ॥  
ନୃତ୍ୟରତେ ଥା'ନ୍ତା ସଦା ମନ ମୟୁର ॥  
ମଳୟ ବହୁଥା'ନ୍ତା ଗୀଷ୍ଠ ରତ୍ନର ॥ ୩ ॥  
ପଖର ହେଉଥା'ନ୍ତା ଗିରି ନିର୍ଝର ।  
ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମୋର ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ର ପୁର ॥ ୪ ॥  
ହୃଦ ସରସୀ ରେ ଫୁଲଥା'ନ୍ତା ଶତଦଳ କମଳ ॥  
ପ୍ରଲୁବଧେ ଆସିଥା'ନ୍ତା ହୋଇ ପାଗଳ ॥ ୫ ॥  
ଚନ୍ଦରାଗା ତୀରେ, କୋଶାର୍କ ଶିଳା ରେ,  
ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତି ପତୀଶାମଶା ତୁମର ॥ ୬ ॥  
ଆଖି ଝଲଯାଇ ଦେଇ ସଭିଜର ॥  
'ସାମୁଜ୍ଜା' ଙ୍କ ପରି ହୋଇ ଥା'ନ୍ତି ଅମର ॥ ୭ ॥  
ପ୍ରତିବନ୍ଧ ସବୁ କରି ପଦେ ପହାର ॥  
ଆଦରି ନେଇଥା'ନ୍ତି ହସି ହସି ମରଣ ॥ ୮ ॥  
ନା ତୁମେ କେବେ ଥିଲ, ନା ଅଛ, ନାକେବେ ହେବ ମୋହରା ॥  
ହୁଏତ କାଳେ ଦିନେ ତୁମେ ହୋଇ ଯିବ ମୋହର ॥ ୯ ॥

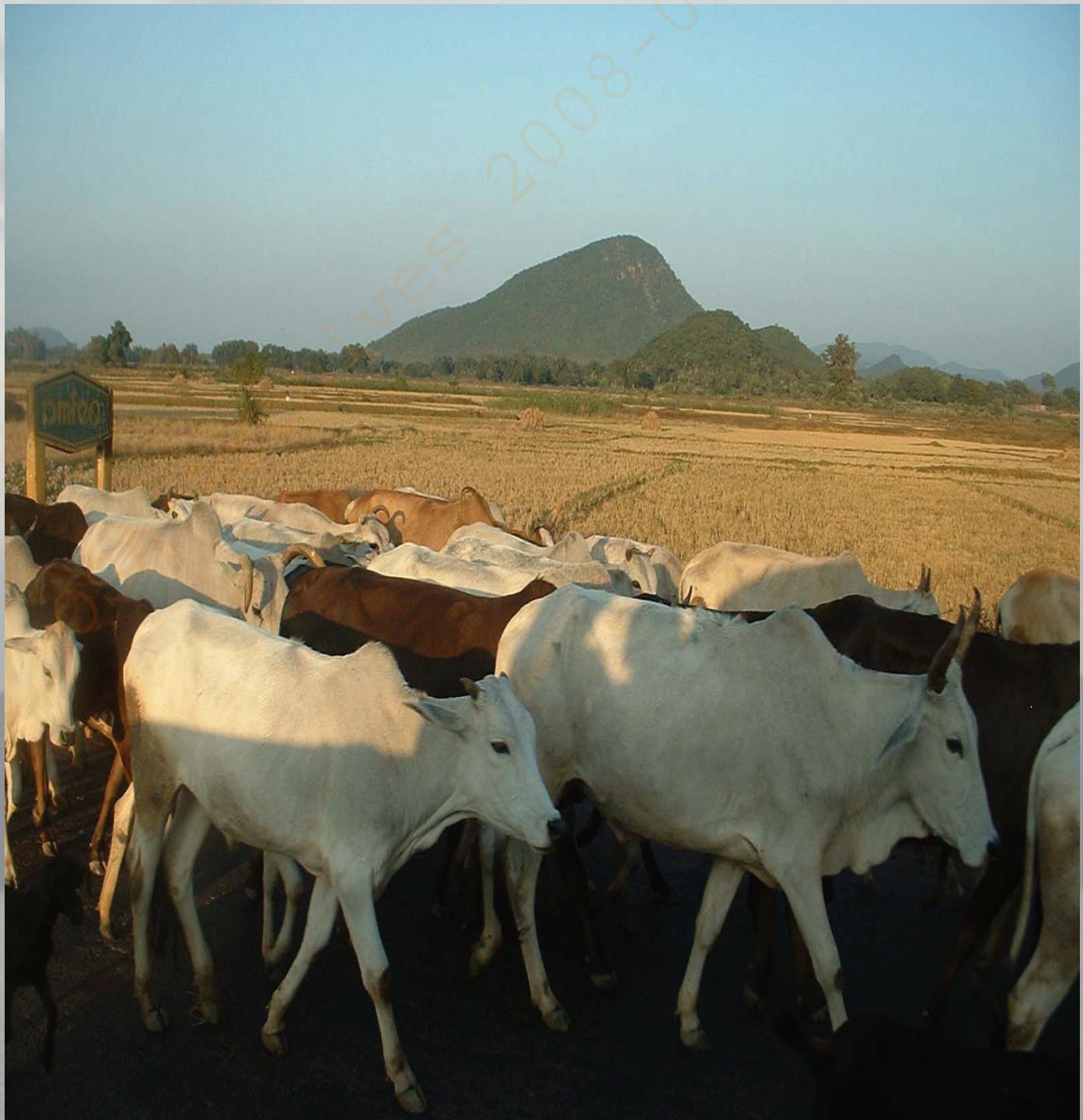
ରଚେଷ୍ଟର , ମିନେଶୋଟା

“୪ ଜନ୍ମର ତୃତୀ ପାଇଁ ମତେ ପୁନର୍ଭାର ଜନ୍ମ ଦିଅ, ୪ବଂ ଜନ୍ମଦିଅ ଏଇ ପବିତ୍ର ଭାରତ ଭୂମିରେ, ଯେଉଁଠି ମର ଦେହ  
ନେଇ ଜନ୍ମ ଲାଭ କରିଥିଲ ତୁମେ । ଭାରତର ଆମ୍ବା କୃଷ୍ଣମୟ, ଆନନ୍ଦମୟ, ପେମମୟ । ପେମପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ହୃଦୟ ହିଁ ଶିଥା  
କୃପା ର ଆଧାର । ମଣିଷକୁ ଘୃଣା କରି ଉଶ୍ନରଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରେମ କରାଯାଇ ପାରେ ନାହିଁ । ତେଣୁ ହେଁ ପ୍ରେମିକଣେଷ୍ଟ କୃଷ୍ଣ ! ମତେ  
ପ୍ରେମିକା ଜନ୍ମ ଦିଅ । ମତେ କୃଷ୍ଣପ୍ରେମିକା ୪ବଂ ବିଶ୍ୱପ୍ରେମିକା କରି ବାରମ୍ବାର ଜନ୍ମ ଦିଅ ।”

ଯାଞ୍ଜେନୀ, ପ୍ରତିଭା ରାୟ



ଗୋଧୂଳି ବେଳା



ତୃଷ୍ଣ

ସୁଜାତା ମହାପାତ୍ର



## ବିଶେଷଣ ଜୀନୁ ଛୋଟରାୟ

ମୁହଁର୍ତ୍ତକ ଉତ୍ତାରଣ ଚୌପ୍ୟ ଏ ବିବାହ ବାର୍ଷିକୀ  
ଶୁଭେ ସଦା ସରଳ, ସୁଗମ  
ଲାଗେ ଅବା ହୁଏଁ ନାହିଁ ସମ୍ପାଦ ଦାବାଗ୍ରି  
ଦାମ୍ପତ୍ୟର ବନ ଉପବନ । ୧

ଯେଉଁ ଆଶା, ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଦିନେ ସ୍ଥାଗତମ କରିଥାଏ  
ଅନାଗତ ସେ ଯୁଗୁ ଜୀବନ  
ଯାଇଥାଏ କେତେ ହତ ଦାମ୍ପତ୍ୟର ଉପବନେ  
ସାକ୍ଷୀ ଏକା ସେଇ ଦୁଇମନ । ୨

ଅଜଣା ଜୀବନ ସାଥି ଦୁଇଟି ଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରକଳ୍ପି  
ଯୋଡ଼ିଦିଏ ଦେଦିଷୁ ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ  
ବନ୍ଧୁର ସେ ଦୀର୍ଘ ପଥେ ସମନ୍ବୟ ସାଧନରେ  
କ୍ରମାଗତ ସର୍ବଦା ଉଦ୍‌ୟମ । ୩

ପ୍ରାଣ୍ୟରେ ପ୍ରତିପାଳନ ସରଳ ବାତାବରଣ  
ସେ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନର ଖିଅ ଗଣ୍ଠିରୀନ  
ତରୁଣୀ ଜୀବନ ସାଥି କ୍ଷମାଶୀଳ, ମିଷ୍ଟରାଷୀ  
ଚିନ୍ତୁଥିବ ସଦା ତାର ମନ । ୪

ନାରୀ ଯେ ଭାବପ୍ରବଶ ପୂରୁଷ ବାସ୍ତବବାଦୀ  
ଦୁହିଁଙ୍କର ବିପରିତ ଧର୍ମ  
ଜଣଙ୍କ ଅନ୍ତର କୋହୁ ଉତ୍ତର ତା ଆଖି ଲୁହ  
ଅନ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ସେ ଯେ ମୂଲ୍ୟହୀନ । ୫

ପାଞ୍ଚତ୍ୟର ବନ୍ଧୁବାଦ ମନକୁ କରେ ଆୟତ୍ର  
ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରଧାରୀ ଜୀବନ ଲାଗମ  
ଆଶାର ନାହିଁ ସମାପ୍ତ ପାଇ ନ ପାଇବା ବୋଧ  
ପ୍ରଭେଦଟି ଆହୁରି ବିଦ୍ୟାର୍ଥୀ । ୬

ନିକଟ ଅତୀତରେ ଲେଖିବାଙ୍କର ୨୪ତମ ବିବାହ ବାର୍ଷିକୀ ଉପଲକ୍ଷେ ଉପବୋକ୍ତ ଲେଖାଟି ଲିଖିତ ହୋଇ ଥିଲା । ସ୍ଥାମୀ ସାନ୍ତନୁ ଛୋଟରାୟ  
୪ଦଂ ଦୁଇଦିଅ ଶ୍ରୀମା ଓ ଶିଳ୍ପୀଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଜବି ରିନ୍ଦୁ ଛୋଟରାୟ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ଵଳିଆ ରେ ରୁହୁଛି ।

**ବିବାହ ସଂକ୍ଷାର ବେଳେ ବରକନ୍ୟା ଜୀବ ଘୋଷଣା**

ହେ ବିଶ୍ଵର ଦେବତା ଶଶି ! ଆମ୍ବଦାନଙ୍କର ସମାନ ବିତାରକୁ ନିଷ୍ଠିତ ପୂର୍ବକ ଜାଣନ୍ତୁ । ଆମୁ ଦୁହିଁଙ୍କର ହୃଦୟ ଜଳ  
ସମାନ ଶାନ୍ତ ହେଉ । ପରମେଶ୍ୱର ଜୀବମାନଙ୍କୁ ଧାରଣ କର ରଖିବା ପରି ଜୀବନ୍ୟାତ୍ମା ରେ ଆମେ ଦୁହେଁ ଜଣେ ଅନ୍ୟ  
ର ସହ୍ୟାତ୍ମୀୟ ସହାୟକ ହେବୁ ।

'ହେଇସିଲେ ହେଇଥାନ୍ତା' ମନରେ ଅକାଶ୍ୟ ଚିନ୍ତା  
ଚାଲି ରହେ ଜୀବନ ସଂଗ୍ରାମ  
ବିବୋଧ, ପ୍ରଭେଦ ସହ୍ରେ ଆକାଶ ପୃଥିବୀ ସମ  
ଦୁହେଁ ଦୁହିଁଙ୍କାରୁ ଅଭିନ୍ନ ଠାଗ

ନିର୍ଭ୍ୟତା, ନିର୍ଭରତା, କ୍ଷମା, ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ, ସହିଷ୍ଣୁତା  
ବାକି ରଖେ ବିବାହ ବନ୍ଧନ  
ଦେଖେଇବା ପତିଶୃତି ଦେଇ ପାଇବାର ନୀତି  
ନୁହେଁ ଏ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧ ମାଧ୍ୟମ । ୮

ସୁଗଳ ଜୀବନ ରଥ ଗଡ଼ୁଥାଏ ଅବିରତ  
ପଥ ହୁଏ ଦିନ ଦିନ ଶାର୍ଦ୍ଦ  
ଦୀର୍ଘପଥ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ବୟସ ପରିପକ୍ଷତା  
ସୁଗୁ ପାଙ୍କ କ୍ରମଶଳ ସଂକଳିଷ୍ଟ । ୯

ନିଜେ ରହେ ସାକ୍ଷୀ ନିଜ ବିବେଳ ତା ବିଚାରକ  
ପଶ୍ଚାଦକ ନିଜର ତା ମନ  
'ବିଭାଗ'ର ଦିଗ ରାତ୍ର ସମୟ ବିଚାଳିଯୁ  
ସମସ୍ୟାର ହୁଏ ସମାଧାନ । ୧୦

ଜୀବନ ପାତ୍ର ଅପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସମୟର ପ୍ରୟୋଜନ  
ବିଦ୍ୟାବାକୁ ପରିଷ୍ଠର ମନ  
ନିଜର ଆତ୍ମ ପଠନ ତମୁ, ମନ ସମପରଶ  
ବିବାହର ପ୍ରତି ଆଶା ପ୍ରେମ । ୧୧

ପ୍ରତୀୟମାନ ଅତୀତ ଅଭିନ୍ୟ ସେ ଏକକ  
ସ୍ଵଜୀବନ କଲେ ବିଶେଷଣ  
ଯୁକ୍ତ, ତର୍କ, ଅଭିମାନ, ରାଗ, ରୁଷା, ପ୍ରୀତି, ପ୍ରେମ  
ନାଟକଟି ସବୁର ମିଶ୍ରଣ । ୧୨



## ନର୍ତ୍ତକୀ ନନ୍ଦିତା ବେହେରା

ବରହମ୍ପୁର ଗଞ୍ଜମ କଳାପରିଷଦ ହଲ୍କରେ ଚିତ୍ରପୁରୀ ପଟ୍ଟିକାର ବାଣୀଙ୍କ ଉତ୍ସବରେ ମୋର ପଥମ ପରିଚୟ ହେଲା ଓଡ଼ିଶୀ ସହିତ । ଗୁରୁ କେଳୁ ଚରଣଙ୍କ ସୁଲକ୍ଷିତ ବାଦ୍ୟ ଲହରି ପହି ତାଳ ଦେଇ ମଧ୍ୟ ଉପର କୁ ଉଠି ଆସିଲେ ସଂସ୍କରିତ ପାଶିଗାହୀ, ମୋର ପିଯ୍ ସଂସ୍କୁ ନାନୀ । ଅବାକ୍ ହୋଇ ଚାହିଁ ରହିଥିଲି ସେହି ସର୍ବାୟ ନୃତ୍ୟାଳ୍କନାଙ୍କ, ସେଇ ଭାବ ବିରୋର ଅବସ୍ଥା ରେ ଆଜ ଶୁଣିଲି ବାପା ପଚାରୁଛନ୍ତି, “ନାତ ଶିଖିବୁ?” ଯାତ ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ ଚପଳମୀତି ମନକୁ ବାଛିବା ପାଇଁ ସମୟ ନଥିଲା । ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ଚାଶି ଶାଶି ନେଇଶାଲି କଳାପରିଷଦ ଅଫିସ ଭିତରକୁ, ନାତ କୁସ୍ରେ ନାଁ ଲେଖାହେଲା । ସେତେବେଳେ କିଂ ଜାଣିଥିଲା ମୁଁ ନୃତ୍ୟକୁ ନେଇ ଜୀବନ ବିତେଇବି ବୋଲି ।

ବୋଉର ଜତା ତାରିଦା, ଖାଲି ପାଠ ଆଉ ନାତ କଲେ ଲୋକେ ଅଣ୍ଟିରା ଚଣ୍ଡା, ଯୋଡ଼ି ବୋଲି ଲୋକ ତାକିବେ ଦିନ ଦିନ ଧରି । ମାଶବସା ଗୁରୁବାର ଗୀତ, ଚିତା ଲେଖା, ରଜଦୋଳିଗୀତ, ସବୁ କିଛି ଶିଖିବାକୁ ହେବ ନହେଲେ ଶାଶୁଯରେ ବାର ହୀନିମାନ ହେବକୁ ପଢ଼ିବ । ବୋଉ ର ସବା ସାନ ଝିଅ ତା ପାଖେ ନସରପସର ହେଲା ବେଳେ ବୋଉ କାହିଦା କରି ଜେମିତି ହୃଦିଷ ରକ୍ଷା ହୁଏ, ଜେମିତ ଗୁଡ଼ ଦିଆ ଓର ପଢ଼ା ଆଚାର ହୁଏ, ସବୁ ଶୁଣେଇ ଶୁଣେଇ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା କରେ । ଚିକିଂ ସମୟ ମିଳିଲେ କହେ, “ମୋ ଝିଅ ତ ସୁନାନାକି, ଏମିତି ତାଲିମ୍ ଦେବି ଯେ ଗାଁ ତା ଯାକର ଝିଅ ହୀଁପୁରୀ ହୋଇ ଜଳି ଯିବେ” ।

ଦିନ କର କଥା ମୁଁ କାହି ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ଅନୁଵୋଧ କରିଥିଲି କନଭେଷ୍ଟ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ରେ ପଢ଼ିବା ପାଇଁ । ବାପା ମୋର ଗାନ୍ଧୀବାଦୀ, କାରଣ ଜାଣିବାକୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ । ମୁଁ କହିଲି, “ଆମ ନାତ କାସ୍ତକୁ କେତେ ଝିଅ ଆସନ୍ତି ସେମାନେ କନଭେଷ୍ଟ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ କୁ ଯା’ନ୍ତି, ତକକିଆ କଳା ଯୋତା ପିନ୍ଧିନ୍ତି, ବେଳେ ଶାଳ ଭିତି ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ଯାଆନ୍ତି । ତାର୍ହି ସୁନ୍ଦର ଦିଶନ୍ତି । କଥା କଥାକେ ମୟ୍ୟପସିଆ ଇଂରାଜୀ କୁହୁନ୍ତି, ସତେଜି ଲକ୍ଷନରୁ ଆସିଛନ୍ତି ଆଉ ମୁଁ ମପସଲିଆ ନାଲିରୁଡ଼ା ଗେ ପରି ନରମି ରହୁଛି, ମୁଁ କନଭେଷ୍ଟ ଗଲେ ମୋ ରୂପ ବି ବଦଳି ଯିବ” । ବାପା ଚିକିଂ ଚାପ ରହିଲେ, ଧିରେ ଧିରେ କହିଲେ, “ଆଗ ନିଜ ମାତୃଭାଷା କହି ଶିଖ, ବୁଝି ଶିଖ, ତା’ପରେ ପର ଭାଷା ମୁଖସ୍ତ କରିବୁ” । କହୁ କହୁ ହଜିଗଲେ ଅଜଣା ରାଜ୍ୟ ରେ, ଗୀତ ଆକାରରେ ଗାଇ ଉଠିଲେ ନୀଳକଣ୍ଠ ଙ୍କ କୋଣାର୍କ କବିତା ର ଦୂଇ ଧାତି-

“ ଶୋଇ ପଢ଼ିଛ କି ବାବୁହେ ନିଦେ ଯାଇଛ ହଜି,  
ଆଜି ଯେ କୁମାର ପୁଣ୍ୟମା ମନେ ନାହିଁ କି ଆଜି “

ବାପା ଥିଲେ ମୋର ପରମ ବନ୍ଧୁ, ଗୁରୁ । ମୋର ସକାଳ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୁଏ ବାପା ଙ୍କ ଯାଇରେ ଚାହା ଚେବୁଲ୍କରେ, କଟକ ଆକାଶ ବାଣୀରେ ସକାଳ ମାଙ୍ଗିଲିଙ୍କ ଶର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଶୁଣୁ ଅନେକ ପ୍ରକାରର ଆଲୋଚନା ବି ଚାଲେ । ଦିନେ ଏମିତି ଏକ ମେଘମହାର ଭାଗ ଶୁଣିବାରେ ମଙ୍କ ଯାଇଛୁ, ବାପା ଆକବର ଙ୍କ ସଭାରେ ତାନ୍ତ୍ରେନ୍ ଙ୍କ ଗପ ଠିକ୍ ଆରମ୍ଭ କଲାବେଳକୁ ବୋଉ ଦୁମ ଦୁମ ହୋଇ ଦୌଡ଼ି ଆସିଲା, “ଆଲୋ ଏ ଘରେ କିଂ ଅଛି ଭଲା ! ସେ ପୋଡ଼ାମୁହିଁ ଛଦକି ବାହୁରାଗା ପଥା ଛିଣ୍ଡେ ଉପାତ କଲାଣି, ସବୁ କର୍ତ୍ତଙ୍କିଆ ଶାଗ ପଶାଳି ଖାଇ ହଜମ କଲାଣି ଏଠ ଦୂମେ ଦୂହେ ବସି ମେଘମହାରଶୁଣୁ । ମୁଁ ମରିଯାଆନ୍ତି କି ତରି ଯାଆନ୍ତି ଏ ନିଅଳଗା ଜୀବନରୁ” । ମୁଁ ଅଳମ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ହସି ବାପାଙ୍କୁ କହେ, “ମୁଁ ଚାଲିଲି କଲେଇ, ତାପରେ ନାତ ସ୍କୁଲ୍, ଦୂମେ ବାହୁରୀ ସମ୍ମାନ” । କେତେ କଣ ବାହାନା କରି ମୁଁ ପାର । ବାପା କିନ୍ତୁ ନନ୍ଦାତବନ୍ଧା, ଯେତେ ବାଧାବିନ୍ଦୁ ଆସୁ ପଛେ ତାଙ୍କ ଜିଦ୍ ତାଙ୍କ ଝିଅ ଅଞ୍ଜଳିକା ରେ ମଣି ହେବା ସହ ଦର୍କଣଶାସ୍ତ୍ର, ଦର୍ଶନଶାସ୍ତ୍ର, ଚିତ୍ରକଳା ସବୁଥିରେ ଯେମିତି ନିପୁଣା ହେବ । ଏମିତି ବାପା ଙ୍କ ସହ ତା ପିତା ପିତା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସହିତ ମୋର ପରିଚୟ ହୋଇଥିଲା ।

ମନେ ଅଛି ଦିନେ ବାପା ଗାଇ ଉଠିଲେ ମାୟାଧର ମାନସିଂହ ଙ୍କ କୋଣାର୍କ, “ହେ କୋଣାର୍କ ବିଗତ ଯୋବନା ...“ତାଙ୍କ ମୁଁହରୁ ଦୃତୀୟ ବାଳ୍ୟ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ମୁଁ ଉତ୍ତର ରେ ଆବୁରି କଲି ରବି ସିଂ ଜର ଏକ କବିତା ଯେଉଁଠିରେ ସେ କୋଣାର୍କ କୁ ଉପହାସ କରି ଲୋଖିଥିଲେ,

“ କେତେ ମଜଦୁର ଗର୍ଭର ପରି ବହି ବହି ଶିଳା ଭାର  
ବଜ୍ଞା କଲେଟି ନିଜ ମେରୁ ହାତ ହିସାବ ଅଛି କି ତାର  
କାଳ ର କବଲେ ଅମର ହୋଇବ ଯେଶୁ ଜଣକ ର ନାମ  
ଲକ୍ଷ ବେନାମି ଜୀବନରେ ତେଣୁ ଗତା ହେଲା ଶମଶାନ  
ଆରିଜାତ୍ୟେ ନାଁ ରେ ଯେଉଁଠି ସାଆନ୍ତିଆ ରୂପି ରାଜେ  
ନରୁ ନରୀର ଚରଣ ନ ଧର ଚପଳ ଛରେ ନାଚେ ॥



ବାପା ସ୍ଥିତ ହସି ରୂପ ହୋଇ ରହିଗଲେ । ଆଉ ଘରୁ ଗୋଡ଼ର କାକୁଟି ବିନତୀ ସ୍ଵର … “ଆଜି ପରା କୁମାର ପୁଣ୍ଡିମା, କେତେ ସକାଳୁ ଝିଅ ମାନେ ଉଠି ଖଇ ଆଶ୍ରୁଲା ଦେଲେଖି ଗୋକା ବର ପାଇବେ ଗୋଲି, ଆମ ରାଜ୍ୟେମା ଦିନ ଦିପହୁର ଯାଏଁ ବାପାଙ୍କର ଗେହାଝିଅ ହୋଇ କୋଣାର୍କ କବିତା ପଢୁଛି । ଆଜା ଏ ନାଚଗୀତ ବାପରିଅଙ୍ଗୁ ପାଗଲା କଲା । କଣ କରିବି ମୋର କର୍ମପଳ୍କ, ଝିଅ ତି ଘର ବୁଢ଼ି ହୋଇ ବସି ରହିବ, କୋତ ବର ପିଲା ଭଲା ଖରଳି ଝିଅ କୁ ବାହା ହେବ ।” ବାପା ତମତମ ହୋଇ ଗର୍ଜି ଉଠନ୍ତି, “ନହେଲା ନାହିଁ, ମୋ ଝିଅ ବାତୁଆ ରହିବ, ସିଏ ତ ଅଞ୍ଜଳି ନିପୁଣା, ଆମେ ତାର ସ୍ଵର୍ଗବର ଆୟୋଜନ କରିବା । ଦେଶ, ବିଦେଶ ରୁ ବରପୁତ୍ର ମାନେ ଆସିବେ ନିଜର ପରିଚୟ ପତ କେଇ “ମୁଁ ହସି ହସି ବାପା କୁ ମନେ ପକେଇ ଦିଏ ପଞ୍ଚୀର ମୋହନ ଜର ରେବତୀ ଗପ, ଦୁହେଁ ସମ ସ୍ଵରରେ ଗାଇ ଉଠୁ “ଲୋ ରେବତୀ, ଲୋ ନିଆ, ଲୋ ଚାଲୁଁ ।” ବୋର ହାର ମାନେ, କାଳି ଗାଇ ଶା ଉପରେ ଗରଗର ହୋଇ ଗୁହାଳ ଆତେ ଚାଲିଯାଏ ।

ମୁଁ କଲେଇ ଆଉ ନାଚ କାସ୍ତ ନେଇ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ, ବୋର ତା ଜିଦ୍ ରେ ଅଟଳ ରହି ମୋ ପାଇଁ ବର ଖୋଗା ରେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ । ସତ କୁ ସତ କାହାକୁ କହି ଦିନେ ଆମ ଘର କୁ ଆଣିଲା ପସ୍ତାବ ଚିଖ । କଥା କଣ ନା କାର୍ତ୍ତିକ ଙ୍କ ପରି ସୁନ୍ଦର ଖଲ ଉଚ ଶିକ୍ଷିତ ଆଇ-ଏ-ଏସ୍ ଅଫିସର ବରପାତ୍, ପିତାଙ୍କ ସହ ମୋତେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଆସିବେ । ବାପା ଜର ଜିଦ୍ ତାଙ୍କ ଝିଅ ପଦଶର୍ଣ୍ଣୀର ବସ୍ତୁ ନୁହେଁ, ସିଏ ଆଗ ବରପାତ୍ ଓ ତାଙ୍କ ପିତା କୁ ରେତିବା ପରେ ଯାଇ ପେମାନଙ୍କର ଝିଅକୁ ଦେଖିବା ପାଳି । ବରପାତ୍ ଓ ପିତା ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣାରିତ ସମୟ ରେ ଆମସର କୁ ଆସିଲେ । ମୁଁ ଓ ଭାରତ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଆଶଙ୍କା ରେ ଛାତ ଉପରେ ଦୁଃଖାପ ବସି ଥାଉ । ହଠାତ୍ ବାପାଙ୍କର ଗର୍ଜନ ଶୁଭିଲା, ସତେଜି ଭସ୍ତୁ କରିଦେବେ ଭାରତଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ କାନ୍ଦପୁଲ ଫେରେଇ ଦେଇ କହିଲି, “ଗଲା ଖତେ ବେଶପଟାଟା ।” ତଳ କୁ ଆସି କଥା କଣ ବୁଝୁ ବୁଝୁ ଜାଣିଲି; ବର ପିତା ଘର ସାରା ବୁଲି ବୁଲି ମୋର ନାଚ ଫଳୋ, ମାନପତ୍ର ସବୁ କାନ୍ଦ ରେ ଦେଖି ସାରି ଧିରେ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ କହିଲେ, “ଏ ନାଚଗୀତ, ପିଲାକିଆମି ଛତାନ୍ତି, ଝିଅ ଏମିତି କେତେ ଦିନ କରିବ ? ଏଥର ସଂପାର କରିବାର ସମୟ ଆସିଲା ।” ବାପା ଧରିଲେ ବିଶ୍ଵାମିତଙ୍କ ରୂପ, ସତେଜି ଭସ୍ତୁକରିଦେବେ ବାପ ପୁଅ ଦୁହିଙ୍କୁ, କେମିତି ଲାଙ୍କୁତ ଜାକି ବାପପୁଅ ଦୁହେଁ ପଲେଇବେ ଆଉ ବାଟ ପାଇଲେ ନାହିଁ । ବୋର ବିରିବଟା ହାତଙ୍କୁ ମୁହଁ ରେ ସଲବଲ କରି ବୋଲି କାନ୍ଦି କାନ୍ଦି ଅଥୟ “ସତେ କଣ ଏ ଘରେ ସାହାନାର ବାଜିବ ?” ମୁଁ କହିଲି, “ବୋର, ମୋ ପାଇଁ ପକ୍ଷୀରାଜ ଯୋଡ଼ା ରେ କଢ଼ି ରାଜ କୁମାର ଆସିବେ, ଦେଖିବୁ ପୁରୁଷକିନା ଉତ୍ତିଯିବି, ତୋର ଚାଲୁଁ ପୁଞ୍ଜ ତାଳିମ୍ ଆଉ କାମ ଦେବନି ସେତେବେଳେ ।” ଭାରତଙ୍କୁ ଆସେ କହିଲି, “ମୁଁ ଏବେ ଚାଲିଲି ନାଚ ଫୁଲ, ଗୁରୁଜୀ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରଥିବେ ।”

ଆଉ ଦିନକର କଥା । ବାଣୀବିହାର ରେ ଇତିହାସ କାସ୍ତ ଭିତରକୁ ପଶିଗଲା ବେଳ କୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ହୋ ହୋଇ ହସି ଉଠିଲେ, ଚମକି ପଢ଼ି ଦେଖିବା ବେଳକୁ କାକ୍ ବୋର୍ଟରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ନୃତ୍ୟାନ୍ତକାର ଚିତ୍ର, ଗାରି ପାଗେ ଦର୍ଶକ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀ କରତାଳି ଦେଉଛନ୍ତି । ତଳେ ବିତବତ ଅକ୍ଷରରେ ଲେଖା ହେଲେଥାଏ “ନର୍ତ୍ତକୀ ନ ନର୍ତ୍ତା ।” ପରେଷରଙ୍କ ସାମନାରେ ମୁଁହଁ ପୋଡ଼ିଗଲା ମୋର । ଭାବିଲି ବସ୍ତୁଧା ଦୁଇପଳ ହୋଇଯାଆନ୍ତି, କେଉଁଠାରେ ଲୁହିଯାଆନ୍ତି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଉପାୟ ନାହିଁ କାମ ସାରା ବସି ଭାବୁଧାଏ ବାପା ତ ଜହନ୍ତି ମୁଁ କଳାର ପୁଜାରିଣୀ । ଏ ନର୍ତ୍ତକୀ ଶରଗା କାହିଁକି ଖତେ ଅତୁଆ ଲାଗୁଛି କିଛିଷଣ ପାଇଁ ମନେହେଲା, ସତେଜି ମୁଁ ଏକ ଅଭିଶପ୍ତ କିନ୍ତୁରା । କାହାକୁ ବା କହିବି, ବନ୍ଦୁଗଣ ଦେଖି ନଦେଖିଲା ପରି ରହିଲେ । ସର୍ବ୍ୟାରେ ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଲାବେଳକୁ ବାପା ଗାହାଧରି ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଥାନ୍ତି ମୋର ମୁଁହଁ ଦେଖି ବୁଝିଗଲେ କିଛିଗୋଟେ ଅଗଣ୍ଯ ପଢ଼ିବି । ମୁଁ ଥରିଲା ଗଲାରେ କହିଲି, “ଆଜି ସର୍ବପଞ୍ଚମରେ ମୁଁ ପରିବିତ ଏକ ନର୍ତ୍ତକୀ ଭାବେ ।” ବାପା ହୋହୋ ହୋଇ ହସି ଉଠିଲେ, “କହିଲେ ତୁ ତ ଖାଲି ନର୍ତ୍ତକୀ ନୁହେଁ ରାଜନର୍ତ୍ତକୀ । ତାପରେ ଅନର୍ଗଳ କହି ଚାଲିଲେ ସେଇ ବିଶ୍ଵାର ରାଜନୀତା ଯାହାଙ୍କର ଆଦେଶରେ ଚନ୍ଦ, ସୁଯାର୍, ଗାସ୍ତ ତାଙ୍କର ଗତିପଥ ବଦଳାନ୍ତି ସେଇ ବିଶ୍ଵାମାଙ୍ଗଜ ରାଜସତାର ନର୍ତ୍ତକୀ ତୁ । ସେଇ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ ଏକ ଅର୍ପନ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ଉତ୍କଳଦେଶ, ଯେ କଳାର ଭୂମି ସେଇ କଳିଙ୍ଗଭୂମିରେ ଜନ୍ମଗୁହଣ କରିଛୁ, କେତେ ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟ କାହାର କଥା । କଳା ତୋର ଅଂଶ ଏଥିରେ ମନରଣ୍ଣା କରିବା ପାପ ।” ମୁଁ ନିମିଷକ ଭିତରେ ଭୂଲିଯାଇଥିଲି ମୋର ସମସ୍ତ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା । ବାହାର ଆକାଶକୁ କାହିଁ ଦେଖିଲି ମୋର ସମ୍ମାର, ମନେହେଲା ସତେଜି ପକ୍ଷମେଲି ବନହଂସୀ ସାନ୍ତି ନାଳ ଆକାଶ ବୁକୁରେ ଲୀନ ହୋଇଯିବି । ଏଇ ସାରା ସୃଷ୍ଟି ସେପରି ମୋର ରଂଗରୂପି । ମୁଁ ସେଇ ବାଜନର୍ତ୍ତକୀ ଯାହାର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଛନ୍ଦ ପାଦରେ ଶତ କଦମ୍ବର ବୋମାପ ।

ବୋରର ବାରମାସର ତେର ଉପବାସ କାମଦେଲା । ବାହାଘର ଦିନ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରରେ ମୋର ସମସ୍ତ ନୃତ୍ୟ ସରଞ୍ଜମ ମୁଁ ସତାତି ରଖୁଥିଲି, ସପଳତାର ସବୁ ମାନପତ ନିରେଖି ଦେଖିବା ସମୟରେ ବାପା ପ୍ରବେଶ କଲେ, କହିଲେ ତାଙ୍କର ଶେଷ ଉପଦେଶ ଦେବା ସମୟ ଆସି ଯାଇଲା । କାହିଁକି ଚିକିଟ ଗ୍ରୀମ୍‌ର ଦିଶୁଥିଲେ, ମୋର ମନେହେଲା ଯେମିତି କଷ୍ଟ ମୁନି ଶକୁନ୍ତଳାଙ୍କୁ ବିଦ୍ୟାୟ ଦେବାର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ । ଗମ୍ଭୀର ସ୍ଵରରେ ବାପା କହିଲେ ‘ଜୀବନର ଗତି ଆଜିଠାରୁ ଭିନ୍ନରୁପ ନେବ । ସଂପାର ପଥ କଟିନ, ତାକୁ ନୃତ୍ୟାନ୍ତକାର ଗାରିମା ନେଇ ତର୍କିରୁ ନାହିଁ ଆଜିପର୍ଯ୍ୟ କଳାକୁ ଉପବୋଗ କରୁଥିଲୁ, ଏଥର ବିତରଣ କରିଶିଥ । ଦାନରେ ଥାଏ ମୁକ୍ତି ଓ ଆନନ୍ଦ । ତାହିତା ସଂପାର ପଥରେ ଚାଲିଲା ବେଳେ କେତେବେଳେ କେଉଁ ଭୂମିକାରେ ଅଭିନ୍ୟା କରିବାକୁ ପଢ଼ିବ ଜଣାନାହିଁ । ଆଜି ଜନନୀ ତ କାଳି ପନ୍ଥୀ, କେଉଁ ଦିନ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଓ କେଉଁଦିନ ଭର୍ତ୍ତାଙ୍କୁ, ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଭୂମିକା ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର ଯେମିତି କେହି କାହା ସହିତ ମିଶି ନୟାଆନ୍ତି । ସଂପାରର ଯନ୍ତ୍ର ନେବୁ, କଳଙ୍କି ଲାଗିବାକୁ ଦେବୁନାହିଁ । ନହେଲେ ଏବେ ଦିନର ସାଧନା ମାଟିରେ ମିଶିଯିବ ।” ତାପରେ ନିଜେନିଜେ ଗାଇ ଉଠିଥିଲେ,



ଇହାମତେ କାହିଁ ଚଳିବ ବା ଜନ  
ସଂସାରେ ନିଜର ନୁହେଁ ନିଜ ମନ ।

ଘରୁ ବିଦାୟ ନେବାର ସମୟ ଆସିଯାଇଥିଲା । ବୋଉ କାନିରେ ଚାଉଳ ଆଶ୍ରମି ଚାଉଳ ଦେଇ ବାପାଙ୍କ ମୁହଁକୁ ନିରେଖୀ ଚାହିଁଲି  
ମନେମାନେ ଗୁମ୍ଫର ଉଠିଲି ‘ହେ ବନ୍ଧୁ ବିଦାୟ !’ କାରଣ ତାଙ୍କ ମତରେ ଅଶ୍ଵ ରୋଇବା ଏକ ବିଳାସର ଲକ୍ଷଣ । ତାଙ୍କ ପାଦଛୁଇଁ ମନେମାନେ  
ଶପଥ ନେଇଥିଲି, ତୁମ କଳିଙ୍ଗ ଜେମା କଳାକୁ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରେ ବଞ୍ଚାଇ ରଖିବ ।

ନିକିଟ ଅତୀତରେ ମୋର ଗୋପିଖ ହାତୀ ମୋତେ ଗୋପିଖ କବିତା ଉପହାର ଦେଇଥିଲା, ହୃଦୟ କୁ ଛୁଇଁଲା ଭଳି କବିତା ଚିଖ ।  
ଭାବିଲି ମୁଁ ତ ତାର ଯୋଗ୍ୟ ନୁହେଁ ! ବାପା ସିନ୍ଦା ନାହାନ୍ତି, କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ତ ମୋ ପ୍ରେରଣା ର ଉଷ୍ଣ, ତେଣୁ ତାଙ୍କ ଉଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ଉସ୍ତର୍ଗ କଲି ଏଇ  
କବିତା—

The art which you have given  
Lives deep within my soul.  
Like the call of a lighthouse on a distant shore.  
You have guided many home to a land of yore,  
Where temples once intangible,  
Brilliantly shine before awe struck eyes  
Where anklets chime melodiously.  
As feet break upon sacrificing earth  
Where there exists no pain,  
Behind red lips only radiant smiles  
In the winding path,  
Thorns will wait,  
But with a dancer's might  
They shall melt away.  
(Nirokhee)

ଡାଇରେକ୍ଟର, ଓଡ଼ିଶୀ ଡାନ୍ସ୍ ସାର୍କଲ୍  
କାଲିପନ୍ଦିଆ



“ମୁଁ ଏକ ପିତୁଳା ମାତ୍ର, ଠାକୁରଙ୍କ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶରେ ଅଗେଇ ଚାଲିଛି ।”

ଗୁରୁ କେଳୁଚରଣ ମହାପାତ୍ର  
(ଗୁରୁକୃପା, ନନ୍ଦିତା ବେହେରା, ସୋରେନିଆର ୨୦୦୪)



## ଭୂମିକା ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ

ଝରକା କବାଗ ଖୋଲିଦେବାରୁ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାର ଶୀତଳ ପବନ ଝାଲୁଆ ଦେହଚିରେ ଚନନ ବୋଲିଦେଲାକି ସତେ ! ଏବେ ବିମଳା ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରୁ ଫେରିଲେ । ଉଡ଼ାଗାଡ଼ିଟିରେ ଏଯାରକଣ୍ଠିସନିଙ୍କ ନଥିଲା । ସେଥରେ ପୁଣି ଶାତୀ, ଗହଣା କେତେ କଣ କିଶିବାର ଥିଲା । କଟକରେ ଉଦ୍ଧବୀ ବପାରେ ପହଞ୍ଚ ରୁଷ ରିତରେ ସବୁ ସେମିତି ଫେପାତି ଦେଇ ବସିପଢ଼ିଲେ ବିମଳା । କଟକରେ କିଶାକିଶି କରିଥିଲେ ବି ଚଳିଥାନ୍ତା; ହେଲେ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ ଉନ୍ଧନକର ସାଙ୍ଗ ଜଣେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଦୋକାନ ସହିତ ବୁଝାସୁଖୋ କରିଥିଲା । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଗରମରେ ଏ ବୃଥା ଦହଗଞ୍ଜ ।

ଶାତୀ ସବୁ ବାକ୍ସ ଭିତରେ ସନ୍ଧାତି ରଖୁରଖୁ ଉତ୍ତରା କମଳା ମନ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଦେଲା, “ତୁ ଯେମିତ ଚିନ୍ତିତ ହେଉଛୁ ନା ଅପା, ମତେ ତ ଲାଗୁଛି ତୋର ହିଁ ବାହାଘର ହେଉଛି, ଆଉ ତୁ ବୋହୁ ହୋଇ ଯାଉଛୁ କେଉଁ ଅଜଣା, ଅଶୁଣା ଘରକୁ ।” ଶାଶୁ ହେବା ପାଇଁ ପୁଣ୍ୟ ଯେ କରୁଛି, ଫେଲଗା କଣ ପହଞ୍ଚ କଥା । ମୁଁ ତ ଭାବିବି ପାରୁନି ଯେ ଶାଶୁ ଭୂମିକାରେ କେମିତି କଣ କରିବି । ବରଂ ବୋହୁର ଭୂମିକା ସହଜ ଥିଲା । ଶାଶୁଙ୍କ କଥା ମାନିଦେଲେ ବୋହୁର ଭୂମିକା ହୋଇଗଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ କେଉଁ କଥାଟା ଭଲ ଓ ବୋହୁର ମାନିବା ଉଚିତ, ଏ ସବୁ ବିଷୟରେ ନିଷ୍ଠା ନେବା ଏତେ ସହଜ କଥା ନୁହେଁ ।“ “ତୁ ଯାହା କହୁଲୋ କମଳା, ଏ ବିମଳା ଅପା ଆମେରିକାରେ ପଚିଶ ବର୍ଷ ରହିଲାଣି, ସେ ଦେଶରୁ କିଛି ଶିଖିଲା ନାହିଁ । ନା ଏ ଦେଶର ହେଲା, ନା ସେ ଦେଶର ହେଲା । ଆଲୋ, ଶାଶୁ ହବ ଓ ଗୋଟିଏଷା ଖାଇବ । ତା ପାଇଁ ଏତେ ଚିନ୍ତା କଣା?” ଦାଦାଙ୍କ ହିଅ କାଞ୍ଚନ ଏତିକି କହି ରୋଷେଇ ଘରକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲା ।”

ବିମଳା ହସିଲେ । “ଉପର ବରତା ଖୟାତି, ତଳ ବରତା ହୃଦୟି; ମର୍ତ୍ତି ବରତା କରୁଛି, ମୋ ଦିନକାଳ ଆୟୁଷି ।” ଏମିତି ଓ ବିମଳା ଥିଲା କରୁଥିଲେ ଦିନେ ସୁମିତ୍ରା ଅପାଙ୍କ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆଜି ବୁଝୁଛୁଛି ଶାଶୁ ହେବାଟା କେତେ ବତ ଦାୟିତ୍ବ, କେତେ ବତ ଚିନ୍ତା । କମଳା, କାଞ୍ଚନଙ୍କର ସମୟ ଆସିଲେ ସେମାନେ ବି ବଳେବଳେ ବୁଝିଯିବେ ।

ମନେପଡ଼ୁଛି ନିଜ ଶାଶୁଙ୍କ କଥା । ଶୋହଳବର୍ଷରେ ବାହାଘର ହୋଇଥିଲା ବିମଳାଙ୍କର । ସେତେବେଳେ ସିଏ ମାଟିକ୍ ପରୀକ୍ଷା ଦେଇ ଫେରିଥାନ୍ତି । ବଢାବାପା ପଞ୍ଚାବ ଆଶିଥିଲେ ଉନ୍ଧନକର; ଏମ୍-ଏସ୍-ସି ପାଶ୍ କରି ସେତେବେଳେ ସେ ନୂଆ ଚାକିର କରୁଥାନ୍ତି କଟକରେ । ଏତେ ଭଲ ପୁଣ୍ୟବ, ହାତରତା କରିବାର ନାହିଁ । ବାପା ରାଜି ହୋଇଗଲେ । ଶୋହଳ ବର୍ଷରେ ଶାଶୁଘର ଗଲେ ବିମଳା । ଶାତୀ ବି ଭଲଭାବେ ପିରି ଜାଣିନଥାନ୍ତି; ରୋଷେଇବାସ ଓ ଦୂରର କଥା ।

ଶାଶୁ ଦେଖେଇ ଦେଖେଇ କେତେ କଥା କହୁଛି; “ଆମେ କଣ ବୋହୁ ହୋଇନଥିଲୁ । ମୁଁ ତ ପୁଣି ତେବେ ବରଷରେ ବୋହୁ ହୋଇ ଆସିଥିଲି । ଘରୁଆ ପିଲା ହେଲେ ସିନା ଘରୁଆ କଥା ଶିଖିବ । ତରକାରୀ କରୁଛି, କେଉଁଦିନ ଅଲଣା ତ କେଉଁଦିନ ଲୁଣିଆ । ରୋଷେଇରେ ସିନା ମନ୍ଥିଲେ?”

ବିମଳା ସହିଯାଆନ୍ତି; କେବେକେବେ ଆଖୁର ଦୁଇଗୋପା ଲୁହ ଝରିପତେ । ଏଥରେ ଦିଅର ସୁମନ୍ ମା’ ଉପରେ ପାଚିକରନ୍ତି । ଶାଶୁଙ୍କର ରାଗ ବଢେ; ଦିଅର, ଭାରତଙ୍କର ସମ୍ରକ୍ତ ଉପରେ ବି ସରେହ ରଖନ୍ତି ସେ । ସୁମନ୍ତଳୁ ଗାଳି ଦେଇ କହୁଛି, “ଦିନ କେଇଗା ହେଇନି, ନୂଆବୋଉକୁ ଏତେ ଆଦରିଗଲୁ ଯେ ମା’ ପାଇରେ ତର୍କ କରୁଛୁ ?”

ଉନ୍ଧନକର ନୂଆ ଚାକିର । ସେ ଉଡ଼ାଗରେ ଚାରିଜଣ ସାଙ୍ଗଙ୍କ ସହିତ ମେସ୍ କରି ରହୁଥାନ୍ତି । ତେଣୁ ଚାକିର ଯାଗାକୁ ବିମଳାଙ୍କ ନେବା ସହଜ ନଥିଲା । ବିମଳା ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଗାଁରେ ଶାଶୁ, ଶୁଶୁରଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ରହୁଥିଲେ । ଉନ୍ଧନ ମହିରେ ଛୁଟିରେ ଗାଁକୁ ଆୟୁଥିଲେ । ବିବାହର ତିନିବର୍ଷ ପରେ କୋଳକୁ ଆସିଥିଲା ବୁବୁ, ତାଙ୍କର ପୁଅମ ସନ୍ତାନ । ବୁବୁର ଜନ୍ମ ପରେପରେ ଉନ୍ଧନ ଆମେରିକା ଯିବା ବିଷୟରେ ଯୋଜନା କରୁଥିବାର କଥା ତାଙ୍କ ବାପାଙ୍କ ଜଣାଇଲେ ।

“ମୁଁ ପରା ଜାଣିଛି, ଲେ ସବୁ ସେଇ ବୋହୁର ଶିକ୍ଷା ।” - ଶୁଶୁରଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ସକେଇ ସକେଇ କହିଲେ ଶାଶୁ ।

“ବୋହୁକୁ କାହିଁକି ମିଛରେ ଦୋଷ ଦେଉଛ ? ଏ କଥାଗା ତ ଜୟ ନିଜେ ନିଜେ ଛାଇ କରିଛି ।”

“ତମେ କଣ ଜାଣିଛ ମା? ଶାଶୁ, ଶୁଶୁରଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ରହିଲେ ସେବା ଯେ କରିବାକୁ ପଢ଼ିବ, ସେଥିପାଇଁ ବୋହୁର ଏ ଚାଲାକି ।”



“ହେଲେ ଜୟୀ ଏବେ ଆମେରିକା ଗଲେ ବୋହୁ ଓ ଯାଇପାରିବନି । ସେଠି ତାକୁ ତା’ ନିଜ ଚଳିବାକୁ ଯାହା ଯେତିକି ପଇସାପତ୍ର ମିଳିବ । ସେଥୁରେ ବୋହୁଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ଚଳିପାରିବନି ସେ ସେଠି । ବୋହୁ ଓ ଆମ ପାଖରେ ଗାଁରେ ହିଁ ରହିବ ।”

ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ଦୂଷ୍ଟ ପତିଯାଇଥିଲେ । ତଥାପି ଯେବେ ବି ଜୟନ୍ତଙ୍କ କଥା ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ମନକୁ ପାଉନଥିଲା, ସେତେବେଳେ ବୋହୁଙ୍କୁ ଦୋଷ ଦେବାକୁ ଭୁଲୁନଥିଲେ ସେ । “ପାଖରେ ଶୁଣ, କାନରେ କୁହେ; ତା’ କଥାକି କେବେ ଅନ୍ୟଥା ହୁଏ?” – ଏ ସବୁ ଉଗଇମାଳ ବଖାଣି ଖୁଡ଼ିଶାଶ୍ଵତ ସହ ବେଶ୍ ଗପର ପେତି ଖୋଲିଦିଅନ୍ତି ସେ । ସେଇ ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ମାନ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଥାଲା ସାନ ଯା’ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଘରକୁ ଆସିବା ପରେ । ସେବିନର ଘଟଣାଗା ବିମଳାଙ୍କ ଆଖ୍ତ ଆଗରେ ଏବେ ବି ନାଚିଦେତେ । ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଘରଦ୍ୱାର ସବୁ ସଜାସନି କରିଥାଏ । ତଳଙ୍କୁମାନ୍ତ୍ର ସଫାକରି, ଚେବୁଲ୍, ଚେଯାର ଆଦି ସଜାଇ, ଚେବୁଲ୍ ଉପରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଫୁଲଦାନୀ ରଖିଥାଏ । ସବୁ ସଜାସନି କରି ଦୁଇଯାଆ ମିଶି ଜଳିତିଆ ଓ ରାତିଭୋଜନର ତିଆରି କରୁଥାନ୍ତି । ରୋଣେଇବାସ ସାରି ଯାଇ ଦେଖୁବାବେଳକୁ ଦାଖିଲାରେ ଚେବୁଲଙ୍କୁ ଘୁଷାଇ, ଫୁଲଦାନୀଙ୍କୁ ତଳେ ରଖି, ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ପାନ ଭାଙ୍ଗିବାରେ ଲାଗିଛନ୍ତି । ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠାର ରାଗ ଚିଗଲା ।

“ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ଆଉ କୋରଠି ପାନ ଭାଙ୍ଗିବାକୁ ଜାଗା ମିଳିଲାନି ଯେ, ଏ ଘରଟାକୁ ଏମିତି ଅସନା କଲେ”, ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠା ଚତା ଗଳାରେ ଜହିଲା ।

“ଆଲୋ ତୁ କେଇଟା ଦିନ ଆସିଲୁ ଯେ, ଏମିତି ହୁକିମି ଦେଖାଉଛୁ । ଇହ ମୋ ଘର ନା’, ତୋ ଘର ବା? ଚେବୁଲଙ୍କାକୁ ପୁଣି କଣ ଘୁଷେଇ ଦେଇ ତା’ ଜାଗାରେ ରଖିଦେଲେ ଚଳିବନି ?” ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠା ଛାତିବାର ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକ ନୁହେଁ । ସିଏ ଜବାବଦେଲା, “ଏଇଟା ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଘର ଥିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏବେ ଏଇଟା ଆପଣଙ୍କର, ଅପାଙ୍କର ଓ ମୋର ଘର । ଆମ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ରୁଚି ଓ ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ଅତିଥି, ଅଭ୍ୟାଗତଙ୍କୁ ସମ୍ମନ ଦେବାକୁ ପଢ଼ିବ ।” ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ଦୂଷ୍ଟ । ସେଇଦିନରୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ସିଏ ବିମଳାର ବେଶୀ ନିଜର ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲେ । ଅବଶ୍ୟ ଏ ଘଟଣାର ଦୁଇବର୍ଷ ପରେ ବିମଳା ଆମେରିକା ଆସିଥିଲେ । ସେ ଘରଛାତିବା ଦିନ ଶାଶ୍ଵତ କେତେ କାନ୍ଧିଥିଲେ “ତୁ ଯାଉଛୁ ଲୋ ବିମଳା, ଘରୁ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ଗାଲିଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ତୋ ବିନା ଏ ଘର, ଦ୍ୱାର ସବୁ ଶିରୀହୁଇ ହୋଇଯିବ ।” ବିମଳା ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠାକୁ ବୁଝାଇଥିଲେ । ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ମନଦୂଃଖ ହେବା ଭଲି କଥା ନ କହିବ ଯେମିତି, ସେଥୁପାଇଁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କରିଥିଲେ । ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠା ଜହିଥିଲା, “ମୁଁ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ପଇଇଛନ୍ତି ଅପା, ମୋର କଣ ସେତିକି ଝାନ ନାହିଁ । ତେବେ ଅନ୍ତରିଶାସର କଥା, ଅନ୍ୟାୟ, ଅପଙ୍କତ କଥାର ପତିବାଦ ନକଲେ, ସେ ସେମିତି ରହି ଆମ ପମାଙ୍କୁ ଦୂଷିତ କରିବ ଅପା । ତମେ ସିନା ସହିଯାଉଥିଲୁ, ମୁଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ସେମରୁ ସହିପାରିବିନି । ହେଲେ ଜାଣିଶୁଣି ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କ ମନରେ କେବେ ଆୟାତ ଦେବିନି ।”

ଏବେ ବିମଳା ନିଜେ ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ହେବାକୁ ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ସିଏ ବୋହୁହେବାର ଅଠିରିଶ ବର୍ଷ ପୁରିଗଲାଶି । ବୁଦ୍ଧଙ୍କୁ ପଇଁତରିଶ ହେଲା । ତାକୁ ପରିଶ ବର୍ଷ ହେବା ଦିନରୁ ତା’ ବାହାଘର ନେଇ ବିମଳା ଚିନ୍ତିତ । ବର୍ଷଟିଏ ବିତିଗଲେ ବିମଳାଙ୍କ ଆଶଙ୍କା ଆହୁରି ବହିଯାଏ । ସରିତା ଅପାଙ୍କ ପୁଅ ଦୀପୁ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଜର୍ମାନ୍ ଡିଅଟିଏ ବାହା ହୋଇଗଲା, ସେତେବେଳେ ବିମଳାଙ୍କ ଚିନ୍ତା ଆହୁରି ବହିଗଲା । ଦୀପୁ ଜର୍ମାନ୍ ଡିଅ ବାହାହେଲା ଓ ହେଲା, ହେଲେ ସବୁଠୁ ଦୁଃଖର ବିଶ୍ୟ ଯେ, ସେ ବାପା, ମା’ କୁ ପଦଚିଏ ବି ପଚାରିଲାନି । ନିଜେନିଜେ ଚର୍ଚରେ ବାହାଘର ଯୋଗାତ କରି, ବାପା, ମା’ଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ କାର୍ତ୍ତିଏ ପଠାଇ ଦେଇଥିଲା । ସରିତା ଅପାଙ୍କର ସେ ଦୁଃଖରରା ମୁହଁ ଓ କାନ୍ ବିମଳା ଭୁଲିନାହାନ୍ତି । ଇହତ ଗଲା ସରିତା ଅପାଙ୍କ କଥା । ଗୋକୁଳ ବାବୁ, ରମେଶ ବାବୁ, ମାନକେତନ ବାବୁ, ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କର ପିଲା ବାଳିଶ ଚପିଲେଣି, କିନ୍ତୁ ସବୁ ଅବିବାହିତ । କେବେକେବେ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ କଥା ପଚାରିଲେ, ବାପା, ମାଙ୍କ ଦୀର୍ଘଶ୍ଵାସ କାନରେ ବାଜେ । ନାତିନାତୁଣୀ ମାନଙ୍କୁ କୋଳରେ ଧରି ନାନାବାୟା ଗୀତ ଗାଇବାର ଲଜ୍ଜାଗା ଦୁଃଖର ଆର୍ଦ୍ଦନାଦ ହୋଇ ମୁଖମଣ୍ଡଳରେ କଳାବାଦଳ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଦିଏ ।

ସେ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ବିମଳା ଭାଗ୍ୟବତୀ । ଏଇତ ଛ ମାସ ତଳେ ବୁଦ୍ଧଙ୍କୁ ଧରି ସେମାନେ ତିଷେମୁର ମାସରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଆସିଥାନ୍ତି । ଜୟନ୍ତଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗ ନଟବର ଜଟକରେ ରୁହନ୍ତି । ସିଏ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ତିନିର ପାଇଁ ତାଙ୍କିଥାନ୍ତି । ଗପସପ ହେଉହେଉ କଥାଛଳରେ ବୁଦ୍ଧର ବାହାଘର କଥା ଉଠିଲା । ସେଇଲୁ ନଟବର ପଞ୍ଚାବ ଦେଲେ ତାଙ୍କ ବତଶଳାଙ୍କ ଡିଅ ବିଶ୍ୟରେ । ତାଙ୍କ ବତଶଳା ଅନ୍ତେଲିଆରେ ରହନ୍ତି । ସିଏ ଆଗେ ସିଙ୍ଗପୁରରେ ରହନ୍ତିଲେ । ଡିଅଟି ସିଙ୍ଗପୁରରେ ଜନ୍ମ । ଏବେ ଅନ୍ତେଲିଆରେ ଚାକିର କରୁଛି; ତିରିଶ ବର୍ଷ ହେଲାଶି । ଡିଅର ବାପା, ମା ବି ତାର ବାହାଘର ନେଇ ଚିନ୍ତିତ । ଯୋଗକୁ ସେ ଡିଅ ସହିତ ସେମାନେ ବି ଦୁଇଦିନ ପରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି ।

ଯୋଗକୁ ବୁଦ୍ଧା ଘରସ୍ଥତ । ଜିଶୁରଙ୍କ ମହିମା ବତ ବିଚିତ୍ର । କେଉଁଠି କଣ ଘଗନ୍ତି ସେ ଓ କେତେ ଆକୟନ୍ତି ଭାବେ ଘଗନ୍ତି, ତାର କଳନା କରିବା ମଣିଷର ଚିନ୍ତାଗନ୍ତିରୁ ବାହାରେ । ପାଞ୍ଚଦିନ ପରେ ପୁଣି ଥରେ ନଟବରଙ୍କ ଘରେ ରାତିଭୋଜନର ବନ୍ଦୋବନ୍ଦ ହେଲା । ନଟବରଙ୍କ ବତଶଳା ପ୍ରକାଶ, ତାଙ୍କ ପଞ୍ଚବୀ ପନ୍ଥୀ ସୁଶଳାଲା ଓ ଡିଅ ରହାଙ୍କ ସହିତ ପରିଚିତ ହେଲା । ରହା ଓ ବୁଦ୍ଧ ବି ପରମାତ୍ମକ ଜାଗିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ପାଇଲେ । ଘଟଣା ସବୁ ଏତେ ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ଘରେ ଯେ ସମୟର ଠିକଣା ରହିଲାନି । ଛୁଟି ଆଉ ତିନିଷମ୍ପାଦ ବତାର



ଏନ୍ତରେକ୍ଷମେଣ୍ଟ୍ ବି ପେଇ ସମୟରେ ସାରିଦେଲେ । ଆଠମାୟ ପରେ ବିବାହ ତାରିଖ ଧାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରି ଫେରିଥିଲେ ସେମାନେ ଆମେରିକା । ବିମଳା ମନେମନେ ଜାତି, କୁଳର ଝିଅଟିଏ ଖୋଜୁଥିଲେ । ତେଣୁ କିଛିଦିନ ମନରେ “କିନ୍ତୁ” ରଖୁଥିଲେ । “କରଣ ଘରର ଝିଅଟିଏ ମିଳିଥିଲେ ଭଲ ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତା ।”

“ଆରେ ତମ ପୁଅ ବାହା ହେଉଛି, ତମେ ସେତିକିରେ ଖୁସି ହୁଅ । ଯେତିକି ପାଇଁ, ସେତିକି ପାଇଁ ଭଗବାନଙ୍କୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦିଅ । ଅନ୍ତତଃ ଜୀବନ ଥାଉ ଥାଉ ପୁଅ ବାହାଘର ଦେଖୁବ । ଦେଖୁଛ ତ ତମ ମାରା ଅପା କେମିତି ପୁଅ ବାହାଘର ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ପୂରଣ ନ ହେଉହେଉ ସଂସାର ଛାତି ଚାଲିଗଲେ ।” ଜୟନ୍ତଙ୍କ କଥା ନିରାଟ ସତ୍ୟ ।

ତାପରେ ବିମଳା ସବୁ ପ୍ରତିବାଦ ରୁଲିଗଲେ । ତାଙ୍କୁ ତିରିଶ ବର୍ଷ ହେବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସିଏ ତିନିଟି ସନ୍ତାନର ଜନନୀ ହୋଇଥାରିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ଭାବୀ ବୋହୁ ତିରିଶ ବର୍ଷରେ ବାହା ହେବ । ସବୁ ପେଇ ଉଗୁରଙ୍ଗ ଲଜ୍ଜା । ତାଙ୍କ ମନରେ ବି ଆଶଙ୍କା ଥିଲା ଯେ କାଳେ ତିରିଶବର୍ଷ ପରେ ଝିଅମାନଙ୍କର ପ୍ରତିକରିତ ଶକ୍ତି କମିଯାଇଥିବ; କିନ୍ତୁ ତାଙ୍କର ବିଦ୍ୟା ଆଜିକାଲି ବହୁତ ଉନ୍ନତି କଲାଣି । ଯେଇ ବିଶ୍ୱାସରେ ତାଙ୍କ ବିଜ୍ଞା ଚିକି କମିଥିଲା । ବୁଝୁ ତମେ ଆଉ ଦୁଇଜଣ ପିଲା ଅଛନ୍ତି; ସାନପୁଅ ବୁନ୍ଦୁ ଅଠେଇଶ ବର୍ଷ ହୁବ ମାସକ ପରେ; ଝିଅ ଚିନ୍ତି ସବୁଠ ସାନ, ମେତିକାଲ୍ କଲେଜରେ ପଢ଼ୁଛି । ତେବେ ବୁବୁର ବାହାଘର ପରେ ସିଏ ଚିନ୍ତି କଥା ଭାବିବେ ।

ବୁବୁର ବାହାଘର ମାତ୍ର ଦୁଇମାସ ରହିଲା, ଅଗଣ୍ଟ ୨୦ ତାରିଖରେ । ମେରିଅର୍ ହୋଟେଲ୍ ଭଡା ନିଆୟାଇଛି । ସାଙ୍ଗାଥୀ ସମସ୍ତେ “ହଁ” କରିଛନ୍ତି ବାହାଘରକୁ ଆୟିବେ । ସମୁଦ୍ର, ସମୁଦ୍ରଶା ବି ଅଣ୍ଣେଲାରୁ ପାଞ୍ଚଦିନ ଆଗରୁ ପହଞ୍ଚିବେ । ବରଜନ୍ୟାଙ୍କୁ ସଜେଇବା ପାଇଁ ବଜନା ଦିଆଯାଇଛି । ସଞ୍ଚାର, ଭାଙ୍ଗା ନାଚ ଓ ଖାଦ୍ୟପାନୀୟ ପାଇଁ ସବୁ ବଜନା ଦିଆସରିଛି । ତ୍ୟାପି ବିମଳାଙ୍କ ଛାତି ଧରଧତ ହେଉଛି । ବାହାଘର ଦିନ ଯେତେ ପାଖେଇ ଆସୁଛି, ମନ ଯେତେ ଆତଙ୍କିତ, ବିଜ୍ଞା ଯେତେ ବଜୁଛି । ଶାଶୁ ଭୂମିକାରେ ସେ ଠିକ୍ ଭାବେ ଅଭିନୟ କରିପାରିବେ ତ? ପରିଝିଅଟିକୁ ଠିକ୍ ଭାବେ ଚଲେଇ ପାରିବେ ତ?

“ନିଜକୁ ଶାଶୁ ବୋଲି କେବେ ଭାବିବନ୍ତି ବିମଳା । ମା’ ଭଲି ଭାବିବ । ତେବେ ସବୁ ସହଜ ହୋଇଯିବ ।” - ସାଙ୍ଗ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଉପଦେଶ ଦେଇଥିଲା । “ଭାବିଦେଲେ ତ ସବୁ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧ ଯେମିତି ସହଜ ହୋଇଯାଏନି । ସବୁ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧ ଯେହିତ ଅଧିକାର ଓ କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଯୋତା ହୋଇଛି । ପରିଝିଅଟିକୁ ନିଜିଇଥ ଭାବିଦେଲେ ମା’ର କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ସହିତ ଯଦି ଅଧିକାର ସାବ୍ୟସ୍ତ କରିଦେବି ତ, ସେଇଟା ହୁଏତ ଭୁଲ୍ ହୋଇଯିବ । ତେଣୁ ସବୁ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧକୁ ଯେହି ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧର ପୀମା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ହିଁ ଆବଶ କରି ରଖୁବା ଉଚିତ ।” - ବିମଳା ମାତ୍ର ଦେଇଥିଲେ ।

ବୋହୁତି ତାଙ୍କର ଯଦି ସବୁ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧର ଅଧିକାର, କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଓ ସୀମାକୁ ଠିକ୍ ଭାବେ ବୁଝିଥିବ, ତେବେ ସେ ଉତ୍ସମ ଶାଶୁ ହେବାରେ କୌଣସି କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟରେ ହେଲା କରିବେନି । ବୋହୁ ପାଇଁ ଶାତୀ, ଗହଣା, ବନ୍ଧୁଭାନ୍ଧଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ବେଭାର, ଓ ବାହାଘର ପାଇଁ ବେଦୀ ସରଞ୍ଜାମ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି କିଣାକିଣି କରିବା ପାଇଁ ସେ ଓତିଶା ଆସିଛନ୍ତି । ଶାଶୁ ଓ ନିଜ ମା’ ଜ୍ଞୁ ବି ନେଇକରି ଯିବେ । ବହୁତ କଷରେ ସେମାନେ ରାଜି ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ବଡ଼ନାତି ବାହାଘର ପାଇଁ ଆମେରିକା ଯିବାକୁ ।

X

X

X

ବୁବୁର ବାହାଘର ସରିଯାଇଥିଲା । ମେରିଅର୍ ହୋଟେଲ୍ରେ ରିପେପ୍ଲନ୍ ଚାଲିଥିଲା । ମା’ ଓ ଶାଶୁଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ବସି ତାଙ୍କ ଖାଇବା କଥା ଚାହୁଥିଲେ ବିମଳା । ଭାଙ୍ଗା ନାଚ ଚାଲିଥିଲା । ଚାହୁର ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ଚାହୁ ଓ ରହାଙ୍କୁ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ନାଚିବା ପାଇଁ ଶାଶୁ ନେଇଗଲେ । ବୁବୁ ଓ ରହା ନାଚରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଲେ ।

ଶାଶୁ କହିଲେ, “ଆଲୋ ବିମଳା, ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଓଡ଼ଣା ନଦେଲା ନାହିଁ, ନୁଆବୋହୁଟା ଏତେ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ନାଚିବ; କଥାଟା ମତେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଦେଖାହେଉନି । ଯା’ ମନାକର ତାକୁ ।” ଏଇ ସମୟରେ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚି କହିଲା, “କନ୍ତ୍ରାତ୍ୟଲେସନ୍ ସ୍ଵ ବିମଳା; ଏବେ ତମେ ଶାଶୁ ହୋଇଗଲୁ ।” ବିମଳା କହିଲେ, “ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ।” ତାପରେ ଗଲା ପରିଷାର କରି ପୂଣି କହିଲେ, “ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ, ଚିକେ ରହାକୁ ଯାଇ କୁହ ସିଏ ନାଚିବନି ।” ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଆଶ୍ରମ୍ୟ ହୋଇ କହିଲା, “କିନ୍ତୁ କାହିଁକି ? ଏଇଟା ଓ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଖୁସିର ଦିନ । ଏଠିତ ସବୁ ବାହାଘରରେ ଏମିତି ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ।” ବିମଳା କହିଲେ, “ଯାଇ କହିଦିଅ ଯେ ଏଇଟା ତା’ ଶାଶୁଙ୍କର ଅନୁରୋଧ ।”

ତଜଗର ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ ତେଜନ୍, ମେରାଲାଙ୍କରେ ରହୁଛି । ଦୈନିକିନ ଜୀବନର ଅଭିଜନ୍ତୁଙ୍କୁ ନିଜ ଭାବନାରେ ଚିତ୍ତିତ କରି କାହାଣୀ ରଚନା କରିବା ତାଙ୍କ ସରଜି ।



## କର୍ମ ବୁଲି ଆଚାର୍ୟ ରାୟ

ସକାଳୁ ଉଠି ଆନ୍ତି ର ପୁଥମ ପୁଣ୍ୟ, "ମାମା, ଆମେ କଣ Jewish ?" । ମତେ ଚିକେ ହୁଏ ମାତିଲା । ମୁଁ ଜହିଲି "ନା" । ଆନ୍ତି କହିଲା, "ମାମା ଆମେ Jewish ହେଉଥିଲେ କେତେ ଭଲ ହେଇଥା'ନ୍ତା" । ଏଥରକ ମୁଁ ଚିକେ ଗମ୍ଭୀର ସ୍ଵରରେ ପଚାରିଲି, "କାହିଁକି?" । ଉତ୍ତର ରେ ଆନ୍ତି ମତେ Jewish ହେବାର ସପକ୍ଷରେ ଗୋଟିକ ପରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଦର୍ଶାଇଲା । ପୁଥମେ ହେଲା ଯେ "ଆମେ Hanuka celebrate କରି ପାରିଥା'ନ୍ତେ" । ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ରେ, "ଆମେ Jewish cake ଖାଇ ପାରିଥା'ନ୍ତେ" । ତାପରେ "Jewish dance କରି ପାରିଥା'ନ୍ତେ" । ଏହା କହି "Dance the Horah, this is the time of joy" ନାଚ କରି ଦେଖାଇବା ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ "Light the candle, light the candle, Hanukkah is here" ଗୀତ ଗୋଲି ଶୁଣାଇ ଦେଲା ।

ତିଥେମୁର ମାସ । ଆନ୍ତି ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ର କିଣ୍ଟରଗାର୍ଡନ୍ କାସରେ ଯୀଶୁଖ୍ରିଷ୍ଟଙ୍କ ଜନ୍ମ, Christianity, Judaism, ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ବିଷୟରେ ପଢା ହେଉଥାଏ । ପାଞ୍ଚ ବର୍ଷ ତଳେ ଯେତେ ବେଳେ ମୁଁ ଭାରତ ଛାତି ଆମେରିକା ଆୟୁଧିଲି, ଖୁବ ଘନିଷ୍ଠ ବନ୍ଦୁଜଣେ ମତେ ଜହିଥିଲେ, "ଜୁଲି, ନିଜ ପାଇଁ ଭାରତ ଛାତି ଯାଉଛ । ଏହାର ପରିଣତି ରେ ତୁମ ପିଲାମାନେ ଯଦି କିଛି ଭୁଲ କରି ବସନ୍ତ, ତେବେ ଯେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଦୋଷ ଦେବ ନାହିଁ । ଭୁଲ ତୁମର, ଏହାର ଶାସ୍ତ୍ର ତୁମେ ପାଇବା ଉଚିତ" ।

ଆମେ ଆସି ଆମେରିକା ରେ ଅଗନ୍ତ ମାସରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲୁ । ସବୁ କଥା କେମିତି ଓଲଟା ଖାପୁ ଛତା ଲାଗୁଥାଏ । ଏ ଭାଗାର ଶର ଭିନ୍ନ, ବାସ୍ତା ଭିନ୍ନ । କଥା ଭିନ୍ନ, ଲୁଗା ଭିନ୍ନ । ଲୋକେ ଭିନ୍ନ, ଭାଷା ଭିନ୍ନ । ମନ ଭିନ୍ନ, ପବନ ଭିନ୍ନ ! କି ଦେଶ ଲାଗୁ? ସବୁ ବେଳେ ଶୀଘ୍ର? ଘର ବହାରକୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ କେବଳ ଗାତି ଛତା କିଛି ଦିଶୁ ନାହିଁ । ଦିଲ୍ଲି ରେ ଏତେ ବର୍ଷ ରହିଥିବା ସମୟରେ ବି ପ୍ରାୟ ଏଇ ମଣିଷ ବିହୀନ ଗାତି ମାନଙ୍କ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳୁ ଥିଲା । ହେଲେ ରାତ୍ରା ରେ ରେତି ବାଲା ମାନେ ଦିନ ରାତି ପରିବା ପତର ଦର ଦାମ କତ ପାତି ରେ ତାକି ତାକି ଠେଲୋ ଗାତି ନେଇ ବୁଲୁଥାନ୍ତି । ରାତି ଅଧ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ହୋ ହା ଚାଲିଥାଏ । ଏ ଦେଶ ପରି ସବୁ ଆଁତ ନିର୍ଜାର ମନେ ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ । କାହିଁ ଦିଲିର ଖରା ଦିନିଆ ନିମ୍ନ ପୁରୁଷ ମିଠା ବସା, କାହିଁ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ର ନାଲି କୃଷ୍ଣଚନ୍ଦ୍ରା ଓ କାହିଁ ଏ ପାଇନ ଗଛର ତାରପିନ୍ ତେଲ ର ଗନ୍ଧ! ପେ ବାସ୍ତା ନାକରେ ବାରିଲେ ମନଟା ହୃତୋଷ୍ଟାହିତ ହୋଇ ପଡ଼େ ।

ପ୍ରଥମ ଦିନ ଦ୍ଵିପହର ରେ ଶୋଇଥିବା ସମୟ ରେ ଉପର ଘରେ କେହି ଦୌତିବାର ଶରରେ ମୁଁ ଧତପତ ହୋଇ ଉଠି ପଥିତିଲି । ଛାତ କଣ୍ଠ କରି କେହି ଖସି ପଢିଯିବ କି ଆଉ ! ଦିନ ସାରା ଏକୁଟିଆ ଏକୁଟିଆ ଲାଗେ । ରାତି ହେଲେ ସବୁ ଆତ ଆହୁରି ଦୁପଚାପ, ଶୁନ୍ ଶାନ୍ । ପିଲା ମାନଙ୍କର କେହି ସାଙ୍ଗ ସାଥୀ ନ ଥିବାରୁ ସେମାନେ ଘରେ ବସି ରୁହୁନ୍ତି । ସାନ ଝିଅ ଲଜ୍ଜାର କହି ପାରୁ ନଥାଏ, ବଢି ଖଣ୍ଡି ଖଣ୍ଡି କହୁଥାଏ । ନିଜର ଗାତି ନ ଥିବାରୁ, ଦୋକାନ ବଜାର, ବୁଲା ବୁଲି ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ପାଇଁ ଅନ୍ୟ ମାନଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ନିଭର କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ୁଥାଏ । ସେଥି ପାଇଁ କିଛି କିଛି ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ କରୁ କଥା ମଧ୍ୟ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ୁଥାଏ । ଆନ୍ତି ଅଞ୍ଜିତାଙ୍କୁ ନିଜ ନିଜ ତେ କେମ୍ବାର ଏବଂ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ରେ ଭଲ ଲାଗୁନଥାଏ । ଅଜା, ଆଇ, ଜେମେମା'ଙ୍କ କଥା ସବୁ ବେଳେ ମନେ ପକାଇ ସେମାନେ କାନ୍ଦନ୍ତି । ମୁଁ ଭାବେ 'ଏଇ କଣ ଆମେରିକା ଯାହାକୁ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଲୋକ ପେଠି ଥାଇ ଏତେ ଉଷ୍ଣକ ଦୁଆନ୍ତି?

ସେଥର New Jersey ରେ ତିଥେମୁର ମାସରେ ପୁରୁଷ ଶୀଘ୍ର ଏବ ଘୋଷି । କାମ ରୁ ଫେରି, ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ତେ କେମ୍ବାର ରୁ ନେଇ, ଚାଲି ପରକୁଫେରିଲା ଲୋକୁ ଭିଷଣ ଥଣ୍ଡା ଓ ice-sleet ର ମାତ ପହୁଥାଏ । ପଢି ଉଠି ଯୋଗରା ଓରାର ହେଲ ଆମେ ତିନିହେଁ ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚୁ । ହାତ ମୁହଁ ସବୁ ଥଣ୍ଡାରେ ଅବଶ ହୋଇ ଯାଇଥାଏ । ଘର ଭିତରେ ଶୋତ ଦେଲା କ୍ଷଣି କାର ମାତେ । New Jersey ର ସେଇ apartment ଗୁଡ଼ିକରେ ଅସରପାଙ୍କ ପୁକୋପ କଥା ନ କହିଲେ ଭଲ । ଦିନ ରାତି ଚାଲି ଯାଏ ଘର ସମ ଏବଂ insecticide କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ କରିବାରେ । ଏତେ ଅସରପା ମୁଁ ମୋ ଜୀବନ କାଳରେ India ରେ ବି ଦେଖି ନଥିଲି । ସବୁ ବେଳେ ଭାବେ, କି ଜୀବନ ଲାଗୁ ? ଏଇ କଣ ମୋର ଏ ଦେଶକୁ ଆସିବାର ଶାସ୍ତ୍ର ? କେବେ ଫେରିବି ହେ ପୁରୁ !

ଏମିତି ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ କେତେ ଦିନ କହି ଗଲାଗି । ମତେ ଗାତି ଚଲା ଆସିଲାଗି । ଆଉ ସବୁ ବେଳେ ଶୀଘ୍ର ଶୀଘ୍ର ଲାଗୁ ନାହିଁ । ଉପର ମହିଳାର ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଚାଲାବୁଲା ଶରରେ ମୁଁ ଆଉ ଆକ୍ଷମ୍ୟ ହେଉ ନାହିଁ । ପାଇନ ଗଛର ଗନ୍ଧ ଏବେ ବାସ୍ତା ରେ ପରିଣତ ହେଲାଗି । ଏ



ପରେ ଆଉ ଅସରପା ନାହାନ୍ତି । ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ଭଲ ଲାଗିଲାଣି । ସେମାନେ ପାଠ ଶାଠରେ ଭଲ କଲେଣି । ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ବେଳେ ଆମେରିକାନ୍ ଛୁଆ ମାନେ ଘରକୁ ଖେଳିବାକୁ ଆସିଲେଣି । ୯୦° ଧରେ ଧରେ ସେମାନେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ, ବଜ୍ଞା, ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଭୁଲି କେବଳ ଉଚ୍ଚୀତିରେ କଥା ହେଲେଣି । ଏ କଥାରେ ଆତକିତ ହୋଇ ମୁଁ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ସବୁ ବେଳେ ତାଙ୍କ ଅଜାଙ୍କ କଥା ମନେ ପକାଇ ଦିଖ । ଅଜା କୁହନ୍ତି, “ଆରେ, ମୋ ନାତି ନାତୁଣୀ ମାନେ ଯଦି ଆଉ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ନ କହିବେ, ତେବେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ବୁଢ଼ି ଯିବ” । ଲିଭିଙ୍ଗ ରୂମ୍ କାନ୍ଦ ରେ ଆମ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ନାଁ ରେ କାଗଜର ତାଲିକା ଟଙ୍କା ହୁଏ । ଦିନ ଭିତରେ ଯିଏ ବେଶି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ରେ କଥା ହୁଏ, ତାକୁ ପ୍ରାଇଭେ ମିଳେ । ପିଲାଏ ଉଚ୍ଚୀତିରେ କଥା ଆରମ୍ଭ କଲେ ମୁଁ ପାରି କରେ, “ଓଡ଼ିଆ ! ଓଡ଼ିଆ ! ମନେ ରଖ 'ଭାଷା ବୁଢ଼ି ଯାଉଛି' ! ”

ଏଥର ମେରିଲ୍ୟାଷ୍ ରେ ଜାନୁଆରି ମାସରେ ବେଶି ଶୀତ ହେଲାନାହିଁ । ଆନ୍ତୁ ମନ ଭାରି ଖୁସି । ଶୀତ ର ପ୍ରକୋପ ଯେଉଁ ଦିନ କମ୍, ସେବିନ ଆନ୍ତୁ ବେଶି କଥା କୁହେ । ନ ହେଲେ ସିଏ ବୁପ୍ତାପ । ଆଜି ବାହାରେ temperature ୧୦ ଡର୍ଗୀ । ଆନ୍ତୁ ଆଜି ପୁଣି ସ୍କୁଲ୍ କଥା ଗପୁ ଥାଏ । ମତେ କହିଲା, “ମାମା, ଜାଣିବୁ, ଆଜି ଯଦି Martin Luther King Jr ନଥା’ନ୍ତେ, ଆମେ ମାନେ, ମାନେ ଆମେ brown skin Indian ମାନେ, ବସ୍ ବା ଟେନ୍ ର ପଛ ସିଏ ରେ ବସିଥା’ନ୍ତେ । Martin Luther King କୁ ଆମେ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଜଣାଇବା କଥା” । ତାର ଏଇ ସବୁ କଥା ଶୁଣି ମୋ ମନ ଭିତରେ ବହୁ ପରି ଏବଂ ଗାନ୍ଧି ଆସୁଥାଏ । Martin Luther King କୁରୁ ପରା ମହାତ୍ମା ଗାନ୍ଧି । ତାଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ତ ଲାହିର୍କି ଆନ୍ତୁ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ରେ କିଛି ପଦା ହେଉନାହିଁ ? ମନେ ମନେ ଭାବୁଥାଏ ଯେ ଆମେ ଏତେ ପୂଜା ପରୀଶା ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲୋକେ ଏକାଠି ହେଉଥିବୁ, ମନ୍ଦିର ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭଜନ ବୋଲୁଥିବୁ, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ତ୍ରୁଟୁ, ହେଲେ ଆନ୍ତୁ ଆମର ଯେ କଥା ତ କିଛି ମନେ ରଖୁ ନାହିଁ ? ଏ ଦେଶକୁ ଆସି ଅଭାଶତରେ ନିଜ ଜ୍ଞାନ ଓ ହୃଦାଳୁ, Visa, Green card ପଛରେ ରାତି ଦିନ କଟି ଗଲା । ଏଇ କିନ୍ତୁ ବର୍ଷ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଆତ୍ମବୋଧ ବି ଚାଲି ଗଲା? ମୋ ପିଲା ମାନେ ଆମେରିକାନ୍ ହେଉଗଲେ? ଏଇ କଣ ମୋର ଏ ଦେଶକୁ ଆସିବାର ଆଉ ଏକ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ର?

କିଛି ଦିନ ଗଢ଼ି ଗଲା । ଏକ ଆସରରେ ବଡ଼ ଝିଅର ସାଙ୍ଗ ମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତ କାନରେ ବାକୁଥାଏ । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ କହୁଥାଏ, “ମତେ ଦେଖିଲେ, ମୋ ସାଙ୍ଗ ମାନେ ମୋର nationality କଣ ବୋଲି ପଚାରନ୍ତି” । ଝିଅଟି ଦେଖିବାକୁ ସୁନ୍ଦର, କେହେବା ରେ ତେଣେ ଚରତା ଏବଂ ଶ୍ୟାମଳ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣ । ତାର ବାପା African American ଓ ମା ଭାରତୀୟ । ତାର ବାପା ମା’ କୁରୁ divorce ହେଲେ ଯାଇଥାଏ । ଝିଅଟି ତା ମା ପାଖରେ ରୁହେ । ତା ସାଙ୍ଗ ମାନଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ଉତ୍ତର ରେ ସିଏ କୁହେ “ମୁଁ Indian” । ଏହା ପରେ ପିଲା ମାନେ ତାକୁ ଥଣ୍ଡା କରି ପଚାରନ୍ତି, “Indian with a red feather or Indian with a red dot?” । ପିଲା ଚିର ଏଇ କଥାଟି ମୋ ମନ ଭିତରେ ଅନବରତ ଖେଳେ । ମୋ ପିଲା ଙ୍କ �identity ତେବେ କଣ ଏଇ red dot?

ଜାନୁଆରୀ ପରିଲା । ଫେବୃଆରି ମାସ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହିଁ ଆନ୍ତୁ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ରେ କେବଳ Valentine's Day ର ଚର୍ଚ ଦିନ ରାତି Valentine's Day କାର୍ତ୍ତ ଦିନାର ଚାଲିଥାଏ । ଚିଭି ରେ Valentine's Day ର ପିରିଯାଲ୍ । ସବୁଆଡ଼େ କୁଆଡ଼େ 'love' ଉତ୍ତୁତି, ଖାଲି ଧରି ନେଲେ ହେଲା । ଆନ୍ତୁ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ରେ Valentine's Day ପାର୍ଟି ରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ତା କାସ୍ ଟିଚର୍ କୁଁ ସମ୍ମତି ଜଣାଇଥାଏ । ଅନେକ ପିଲାଙ୍କର ମା’ ମାନେ ଆସିଥାନ୍ତି । ଛୋଟ ଛୋଟ ରଜିନ କାଗଜ ଫେର ରେ ଆଇସ୍ କିମ୍ ବାକୁ ବାକୁ ଜଣେ ମା’ କହିଲେ, “You know Alana was in trouble last Friday” । ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନାଳ ଆଖିରେ ଚାହିଁଲି । ସିଏ କହିଲେ “Alana kissed Justin Baldeli on his lips at lunch time” । ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ ବଡ଼ ପାରିରେ ହସିଲୁ । Justin Baldeli ଆନ୍ତୁ କାସ୍ର ସବୁ ଠାରୁ ଦୁଷ୍ଟ ପିଲା ବୋଲି ମୁଁ ଆନ୍ତୁ ଠାରୁ ଶୁଣି ଥାଏ । ଆନ୍ତୁ କୁହେ ଯେ Justin Baldeli କାସ୍ ଟିଚର୍ ତା ଉପରେ ରାଗନ୍ତି ହେଲେ Justin Baldeli କାହା କଥା ମାନେ ନାହିଁ । ବେଳେ ବେଳେ ଆନ୍ତୁ ର ତା ଉପରେ ଦୟା ହୁଏ । Justin ଯେତେ ବିରକ୍ତ କଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ, ଆନ୍ତୁ ତାକୁ କିଛି କୁହେ ନାହିଁ । ଉଦ୍‌ମହିଳା ଜଣଙ୍କ ତା’ପରେ କହିଲେ, “But Justin was smart. He told Alana, 'This is wrong. You should kiss only when you are married'” । ଏହା ପରେ Alana ପଚାରିଲା, “Then will you marry me?” । ଏହାର ଉତ୍ତରରେ Justin କହିଲା, “Yes, when I grow up” । ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ ପୁଣି ଥରେ ହସିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲୁ । ହେଲେ ଘରକୁ ଫେରିବା ବେଳେ ମୋ ମନ ଆଶଙ୍କା ରେ ପୁରି ଉତ୍ତୁଥାଏ । ଏଇ କଣ ମୋ ଆନ୍ତୁର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ?



ସେଦିନ ରାତିରେ ଶୋଇବାକୁ ଗଲା ବେଳକୁ ଶୁଣିଲି ଦୂଇ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶୀଙ୍କର କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତ ଚାଲିଛି । ବଡ କହୁଆଏ “ମୋର ଆଜି lunch bag ଟା ହାତରୁ ପଡ଼ି snack pack ଟା ନଷ୍ଟ ହେଇଗଲା” । ଏହା ଶୁଣି ଆନ୍ତି ବଡ ପାରିରେ କହୁ ଥାଏ, “ନାନା ସିଏ ତା ବଡ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶୀ କୁ ନାନୀ ନ ଡାକି, ନାନା ବୋଲି ଡାକେ) ନାନା, ଏକୁଇ କହୁଛି କର୍ମା” । ମୁଁ ଚିକେ କାନେଇଲି । ‘କର୍ମା’ ? ସେମାନଙ୍କ ରୂମ୍ ଭିତରକୁ ଯାଇ ଆନୁକୁ ପଚାରିଲି, କଣ କହିଲୁ ? ” । ଆନ୍ତି କହିଲା, “ମାମା, ଏଇଟା ହେଲା କର୍ମା । ନାନା ମତେ ସେଦିନ ତା pizza ରୁ ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଦେଲା ନାହିଁ । ଯେତେ ମାଗିଲି ମୋ କଥା ଶୁଣିଲା ନାହିଁ । ଆଜି ଦେଖ ତା ହାତରୁ କେମିତି ତା’ର favourite snack ଟା ପଡ଼ିଗଲା । ଏଇଟା ହେଲା କର୍ମା । You get what you give” ।

ଚିକେ ଆଞ୍ଚ୍ଯ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ଗାହିଁଲି ମୋ ପିଲା ଦିହିଙ୍କ ମୁହଁକୁ । ସିଏ ଦୁର୍ଗ ପୁଜା ଠାରୁ Hanukkah ପାଇଁ ବେଶ ପ୍ରତିରୋଧ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଭାରତୀୟ ପାଦାକ ପିଲାଇ ନାତ କାସକୁ ନେଇ ଯିବାକୁ ହୁଏ । ସବୁ ଦିନ ପରି ଓଡ଼ିଶା କାସ ଠାରୁ ଠାରୁ । କାସ ସରିବା ପରେ ଆମେ ମା’ ମାନେ ନିଜ ନିଜ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ଧରି ପର ମୁହଁକୁ ହେଲା । ଗାତିରେ ବସିବା ମାତେ, ମୁଁ ବଡ ଝିଅକୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ପଦକୁ ବାରମ୍ବାର ଗୁଣ୍ଣ ଗୁଣ୍ଣ ହେବାର ଶୁଶ୍ରଥାଏ । କହିଲି, “ବଡ ପାରିରେ ଗୋଲୁନୁ ? ” । ସିଏ କହିଲା, “ମାମା ଆଜି ଆମ ନାତ ଟିଚର ଆମକୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଅଭିନୟ ଶିଖାଇଲେ । ତାର ଶାତର ଭାରି ଭଲ । ମୋ ମନରେ ଲାଗି ଯାଇବି” । ଏହା କହୁ କହୁ ଦୂଇ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶୀ ବୋଲିବା ଆମ୍ବୁ ଜଳେ ‘କି ଶୋଭା ଗୋ କୁଞ୍ଜ ମଦନ ମୋହନ, ଗହାଁ ରେ ପ୍ରାଣ ମିତରି...’ । ମର୍ମିରେ ମର୍ମିରେ ସେମାନେ କିଛି କିଛି ଶରର ଅର୍ଥ ପଚାରୁଆନ୍ତି । ବେଳେ ବେଳେ ମତେ ଅର୍ଥ ବୁଝାଉଥାନ୍ତି । ରାଧାକୃତ ସହଚରୀ ମାନଙ୍କର ନାଁ ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ବରମ୍ବାର ଉଚାରଣ କରୁଆନ୍ତି - ତିତା, ଇନ୍ଦ୍ର, ରେଖା ଓ ବୃଦ୍ଧା । ବୃଦ୍ଧାବନ ରେ ଫୁଟିଥିବା ଜାଇ, ଭୁଲ, ମଳି କେତକୀ, ନିଆଳି, କଦମ୍ବ ଫୁଲ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ କିପରି ସେମାନେ କୃଷ୍ଣଙ୍କ ଦେହକୁ ସଜାଉଚନ୍ତି, ସେ କଥା ମତେ ବୁଝାଉଥାନ୍ତି । ସୁନ୍ଦର ଗୋପି ମାନେ କିପରି ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଣଙ୍କୁ ଆଲଗ ଚାମର ଧରି ବିଷ୍ଣୁଚନ୍ତି, କିପରି ତାଙ୍କ ଶୀ ଅଙ୍ଗ ରେ ଚନ୍ଦନ ଲେପନ କରୁଚନ୍ତି ଓ ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଣ ବଂଶୀ କିପରି ସେମାନଙ୍କର ମନ ମୋହି ନେଉଚି ମତେ ତାହା ଅଭିନୟ କରି ଦେଖାଉଥାନ୍ତି ।

କ୍ରୂଲି ଆଗାର୍ୟ ରାୟ University of Maryland, School of Pharmacy ରେ Post Doctoral Fellow. ତାଙ୍କର ଦୂଇଟି ଝିଅ ଅଙ୍କିତା, ଅପର୍ଟ୍ରି ଓ ସ୍ନାମା ଅଭିଜିତ୍ତ ସହିତ ସିଏ Elkridge, MD ରେ ରୁହନ୍ତି ।

**“ I, too, have a vision for the new millennium. My vision is not about industrial or social development. It involves educating you, and my self, about our past. A past, rich in culture and tradition, whose understanding will hopefully help you better define yourself as a second generation Oriya American.”**

Srikanta Misra, Editorial OSAsouvenir97'



## ସଖୀ ଠାରୁ ଚିଠି ସ୍ଵପ୍ନଲତା ମିଶ୍ର(ରେଧ)

ସଖୀ,  
ପାଇଲି ମୁ ଆଜି ତୋର  
ହୋଲି ପାଇଁ ଶୁଭେଇବା ପଠର,  
ଆଖି ଆଗେ ନାଚିଗଲା.....  
ପିଲାଦିନ, ସୁଧାଷୁଷ୍ଟ,  
ମାନ ଅଭିମାନ,  
ଗାଁଦାଷ୍ଟ, ତୋତାମାଳ  
ଯାନି ଯାତା, ମେଲା ମଉଛବ,  
ରଜଦୋଳି, ଦିପାବଳୀ  
ଦୋଳଯାତା-ହୋଲି ।  
ମନେ ଅଛି?!  
ହୋଲି ରଙ୍ଗ ଖେଳୁ ଖେଲୁ  
ଗାଲରେ ତୋ ବୋଲିଦେଲି  
ହାଣି କଳା ବୋଲି,  
ରହିଗଲୁ ଦିନ ଦିନ କଥା ବନ କରି,  
ଦିନ ଗଲା, ମାସେ ଗଲା, ବର୍ଷଟିଏ ଗଲା,  
ପର ବର୍ଷ ପାନ ଖାଲ ବୋଲି ଦେଇ  
କରି ଥିଲୁ ମୋ ମୁହଁ ବାନ୍ଧର !  
ତେବେ ଯାଇଁ କଥା ହେଲୁ ।  
ମନେଅଛି ?  
ରାତି ଯାତା ମେଲଶ ପଢିଆ ରେ  
ରାମଲୀଲା ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ  
ହୃଦୟ ହୃଦୟିଲେ  
ମାରିଥିଆ ରଘୁନାଥର ସାତା ବେଶ ଦେଖି !  
ଗାହୁଁ ଗାହୁଁ ଦିନ ଚାଲିଗଲା.....  
ପିଲାଦିନେ ତାରା ଭର୍ତ୍ତ ଆକାଶ କୁ ଗାହୁଁ ଗାହୁଁ  
ଭାବୁଥିବା କିଛି କିଛି କଥା ସତ ହେଲା ।  
ମାଗ୍ରିକ ପଢି  
ଗାଁ ଝିଅ ଗାଁ ବୋହୁ ହେଲି  
ନିତ ଦିନ ଗାଉଁଲୀ ଜୀବନର  
ଜୀବି ନିୟମ ରେ ବାନ୍ଧିଦେଇଗଲି ।  
ପରକୁ ଆପଣା କଲି, ଆପଣା କୁ ପର କରି  
ଜାଣିନି ମୁଁ କେତେବେଳେ ନିଜକୁ ଭୂଲିଲି,  
ଦୂର ପୁଅ ଦୂର ଝିଅ ଝାଲି ଆଉ ଅଖର ଉଚରେ  
ଆସେ ଆସେ ପିଲାଦିନ ସ୍ଵତି ଯେତେ ଫିକା ପଢିଗଲା,  
ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ସହର କୁ ଗଲୁ,  
କଲେଜ ପରେ କଲେଜ  
ଯାଇ ଶେଷରେ ତୁ ଆମେରିକା ଗଲୁ,  
କାଗଜ ରେ ପଢିଥିଲି ତୁ ଆଉ ତୋ ବର  
ଦୁହେଁ ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ,

ପରଗା ରୁ ଜାଣିଲି,  
ବର ତୋର ବହୁତ ପୁନର ।  
ମୁଁ ଜାଣିଛି ଜନ୍ମକୁ ତୁ ଖୁବ୍ ଭଲ ପାର  
ଯେତେ ଯାହା ହୋଉ, ସୁଖଦୁଃଖ ସବୁ କିଛି  
ଜନ୍ମ ଆଗେ ମନ ଖୋଲି କହୁ ।  
କେବେ କେବେ ଜନ୍ମକୁ ମୁଁ ତୋ କଥା ପଚାରେ,  
ଜନ୍ମ କିନ୍ତୁ ପୁପ୍ ରହେ, କିଛି ନବୁଝିଲା ପରି  
ହାଁ କରି ଗାହୁଁ ରହିଥାଏ ।  
ଆଜିକାଲି ତୋ ବୋଉ ତ ସହରରେ  
ତୋ ଭାଇଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ,  
ତୋ ଖଦର ଦେବ ମୋତେ କିଏ ?  
ଭଲ ଜଲୁ, ଏତେ ଦିନେ ହେଉ ପାରେ  
ତିଥି ଖଣ୍ଡ ଦେଲୁ ।  
ଗାଁ କଥା ଲେଖିବି ବା କଣ,  
ପେଇ ପାଣି, ପେଇ ମାଟି, ପେଇ ତ ପବନ,  
ପେଇ ଏକା ରସ୍ତା ଘାଟ,  
ରାତି ରେ ଅନ୍ଧାର, ବର୍ଷା ଦିନେ ପଚର ପଚର  
ଖାଲି କିନ୍ତୁ ବଦଳିଛି ଲୋକଙ୍କର ମନ,  
ଗାଉଁଲୀ ଜୀବନେ ଆମ  
ଓଲିରତ୍, ବଲିରତ୍, ମାୟା,  
ଏତ୍ୟ, ମାଓଦାୟ ପରି  
କେତେ ନୂଆ ଶରଙ୍କର ଭିତ୍ତି ।  
ପ୍ରତିଦିନ କେତେ ନୂଆ ପ୍ରତିଶୃତି,  
ନୂଆ ନୂଆ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଆଙ୍ଗେ ମନେ  
ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ସତ ହୋଇ କି ନ ହୋଇ ପରଞ୍ଚା ନଥାଏ  
ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଝାଲ ତୁରରେ ମାରି କିଲାବାକୁ ହୁଏ  
ତେଲକୁଣ ସଂପାର ସାଙ୍ଗରେ  
ତେଲ ଆଉ ଲୁଣ ପାଇଁ ଲକ୍ଷିବାକୁ ହୁଏ ।  
ଏବର୍ଷ ର ଦୋଳ ଯାତା ବନ ହେଲା,  
ମେଲଶ ପଢିଆ, ସାରାରାତି ଶୁନ୍ଶାନ୍ ଥିଲା ।  
ଏମିତିତ ରାମଲୀଲା, ପାଲା, ଦାସକାଟିଆ, ଅପେବା  
କାହୁଁ କେତେ ଦିନୁ ସବୁ ବନ ଥିଲା ।  
ମୋଲୋଡ଼ ପାତି ନେଇ ଆସୁଥିଲେ  
ସହରର ବନ୍ଦା ବନ୍ଦି ଗାୟକ ଗାୟିକା,  
ସେବକ ବି ବନ ଥିଲ ଏଥର ।  
ହୋଲି ଖେଳ ବେଳେ ମାତ ପିତି ହେଇ  
ସୁବର୍ଣ୍ଣାଷ ବୁହେଇଲେ ରକ୍ତ ନଦୀ  
ଗାଁଦାଷ୍ଟ ଭିଜିଥିଲା ରକ୍ତ ଆଉ ଲୁହର ରଙ୍ଗ ରେ ।  
ଜଣିଲି ମୁଁ ଚିଠିରୁ ତୋ,  
ପାଇଁ ସାଥ୍, ପିଲଛୁଆ ଧରି



ଜାକଜମକରେ ହୋଲି ଖେଳିବାକୁ ପ୍ଲାନ୍  
 କରୁଥିଲୁ,  
 ମନଖୁସି ହେଲା ଜାଣି,  
 ଏତେଦୁରେ ଥାଇ ବି ତୁ ଏ ଯାଏଁ ଭୁଲିନୁ  
 ଆମ ଗାଁ ର ସଂଦୃତି ।  
 ସଖୀ ମୋର,,  
 କହିବି ମୋ ମନ କଥା ଖୋଲି ?  
 ଏମିତି କା ଅବିରଟେ ମିଳନ୍ତାନି କାହିଁ,  
 ସେ ଅବିରେ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ ଆଉ ଶନ୍ତି  
 ର ମହୁକ ରହନ୍ତା, ଆଉ  
 ସେ ଅବିର ବୋଲିହେଲେ  
 ରାଗ ରୋଷ ହିଂସା ଦେଖ ମିଳେଇ ଯା'ନ୍ତା,  
 ହାତରୁ ହାତ କୁ ହେଲ

ସେ ଅବିର ଏ ଜଗତେ ବୁଣିହେଲ  
 ଶାନ୍ତି ଆଉ ମୌତୀର ବାରତା ବାନ୍ଧନ୍ତା !  
 କାଳି ରଜ,  
 ପୋଡ଼ିଠା ପୋଡ଼ା ହେବ,  
 ରଜ ଦୋଳି ବନ୍ଧା ହେବ, କେତେ କଣ  
 କାମ ବାକି ଅଛି, ଯିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ ।  
 ସଖୀ ଲୋ,  
 ମା ମଙ୍ଗଳ ଆଉ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ତୋର ଭରସା ହୁଅଛୁ  
 ସ୍ଵାମୀ ଆଉ ପିଲାମାନେ ଖୁସି ରେ ଥା'ନ୍ତୁ ।  
 ଅସୁମାରୀ ଘେନ୍ତି ସହ  
 ଏଇଠି ରହିଲି ,  
 ମୋ ଚିଠିର ଉତ୍ତରକୁ ରହିଲି ଅନେଇ ।

ମାକମ୍ବ, ମିତିଗାନ୍



ଦେବତାଙ୍କ ଲୀଳାଙ୍କରେ  
 କେଉଁ ଏକ ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ,  
 ନିୟମିତିର ହାତେ,  
 ପଶାକାଠ ପଡ଼େ ମାତ୍ର ଥରେ ।  
 ଥରେ ମାତ୍ର ,  
 ଆଉଥରେ ନଫେରେ ସେ ଦାନ ।  
 ଶ୍ରୀ ଆରବିନ ଙ୍କ ସାବିତ୍ରୀ, ମହାପାତ୍ର ନିଳମଣି ସାହୁ



ପୁଣ୍ୟପୀଠ-ବେଦବ୍ୟାସ



ଛୋଟ ମୋର ଶାଁ ଚି, ଭୁଗୋଳ ପୋଥୁପଦରେ ପଛେ ନଥାଉ ତା'ର ନା'ଶ



ପୀର୍ଣ୍ଣ-ଚୋରୀ

## ଡକ୍ଟର ସୁଲକ୍ଷଣା ପଞ୍ଜନାୟକ

ଏହା ପଦ୍ଧତିର ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ଷ୍ଟେସନ ରାତି ନଥାଣ ଚାଲିଛି ମନିଶରେ । ଶୁଭ୍ର ବିକେ ଆଗରୁ ବାହାର ଆସିଥିଲେ ଘରୁ । ବାପୁଙ୍କ ନଗରରେ ରହୁଥିବା ପୁତୁରା ଚାନ୍ଦୁର କଣ କାମ ଥିଲା ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ସାଗରରେ ସେବିନ । ଚାନ୍ଦୁ ନୁଆ କାର କିଣିଛି । ନୁଆ କାରରେ ବସାଇ ଶୁଭ୍ରଙ୍କ ଷେଷନରେ ଛାଡ଼ିଦେବ ବୋଲି ଆଗରର ହୋଇ କହିବାରୁ ଶୁଭ୍ର ସୁବିଧା ନେବାକୁ ପାଞ୍ଜେଇଲେ ନାହିଁ । ବାଗରେ କାର ବିଶ୍ୟରେ ଅନଶ୍ଵଳ ଗପୁଥିଲା ଚାନ୍ଦୁ, ବାହାଦୁରୀ ଦେଖେଇ କେମିତି ଜୟପୁରରୁ ଫେରିଲା ଅଙ୍ଗବଜ୍ଞ ପାହୁଡ଼ିଆ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର କାଟିକାଟି ରାତି ଅଧରେ । ଶୁଭ୍ରଙ୍କର କିନ୍ତୁ ମନେ ପଡ଼ୁଥିଲା ଏଇ ଯେମିତି ଚାନ୍ଦୁ ଜନ୍ମ ହୋଇଥିଲା ସେବିନ । ତା ଏକୋଇଶାକୁ ଶୁଭ୍ର ହୋଇ ସୁନାମୁଦିତିଏ ଓ ସାର୍ଟ-ପେଣ୍ଟ ଧରି ବିନିଅପା ଘରକୁ ପାଇଥିଲେ ପୁଅଞ୍ଚ ଦେଖିବାକୁ । ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ହେଉନି ୨୩/୧୪ ବର୍ଷ ଗଢ଼ିଗଲାଶି ଏଇ ଉତ୍ତରେ । ଚାନ୍ଦୁ କଂପ୍ୟୁଟର ଇଣ୍ଡିଯର ହୋଇ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ ଖୋଲିଥିବା ନୁଆ କଂପାନୀରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଇଛି ଛ'ମାସ ହୋଇଗଲାଶି । ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ଆଉ ଆଗ ଭଳି ନାହିଁ । ଅର୍ଦ୍ଦେତିକ ଅବସ୍ଥା ବଦଳି ଗଲାଶି । ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଜେଣୀ ଆଉ ଆଗ ଭଳି ନାହିଁ । ଡ୍ରୋପର/ପାଇଅର, ଡ୍ରୁଟର/ ମୋବେର-ପାଇକ୍ଲୁ, ମୋବାଇଲ ଫେନ ଘରେ ଘରେ । ଟିକେ ଉଚ୍ଚ-ମଧ୍ୟବିତ ପରିବାରରେ କଂପ୍ୟୁଟର ଓ କାର । ଲୋକମାନେ, ବିଶେଷ କରି ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକମାନେ ସ୍ଥାଯ୍ୟ କନ୍ୟାସ ହୋଇଗଲେଣି ଖୁବ । କଟକ, ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକମାନେ ମର୍ମି-ଡ୍ରାକ୍ରେ ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ଦୂର ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧ ତଳେ କଟକ ଯାଇଥିଲେ ଶୁଭ୍ର । ଶୁଣିଲେ, ମହାନଦୀ-ବିହାରରେ ଭୋଅର ଚାରିଶା-ପାଞ୍ଚଶା ସମୟରେ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକମାନେ ପାଡ୍ରାର-ଡ୍ରାକ୍ରେ ବାହାରି ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି ପାଞ୍ଚ ସାଥୀ ହୋଇ । ଫେରିଲାବେଳେ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ଛକ୍କିମୁଣ୍ଡରେ, ଯୋଉଠି ନୁଆ ଆପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ କଂପ୍ଲେକସ ହୋଇଛି, ଯେଠାରେ ଥବା ଶିବ ମନ୍ଦିରରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରି ପାଦୁକ ପାଇ ଘରକୁ ଫେରି ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି ଖରା ଠଠି ଆସିବା ଆଗରୁ । କଟକର ବାସୁଭାଇଙ୍କ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ମନୀ ଭାଉଜ ସେବିନ କହୁଥିଲେ ତାଙ୍କ କଲୋନୀର ସେମାନେ ଚାରିଶା ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକ ପାଞ୍ଚ ହୋଇ ସବୁ ଦିନ ଭୋଅର ସକାଳୁ ବାହାରି ଯାଆନ୍ତି ଡ୍ରାକ୍ରେ । ଗପୁଥିଲେ, “ମନନା ଭଲ ଲାଗୁଇମିନ୍ ଶୁଭ୍ର, ପୁଣି ପରଦିନ ସକାଳର ଅପେକ୍ଷାରେ ଘରର କାମ-ଧନୀ କିଛି ବାଧୁନି, ସମୟ କୁଆଡ଼େ କଟି ଯାଉଛି ।” ପାଇ-ପତିଶା ଚର୍ଚା, ଐଶ୍ୱର୍ୟା ରାତ୍ର ର ନୁଆ ସିନେମାଠୁ ରାଜନୀତି ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଗପିଗପି ଲାବେଲେ ୨-୩ ମାଇଲ ଚାଲିବା ବାଧୁନି କାହାକୁ । ଶୁଭ୍ର ମଧ୍ୟ ଶାତ ଅପାଞ୍ଚ ସଙ୍ଗେ ବିଜେବି କଲେଇ ପାଇଁ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରରେ ଜଙ୍ଗପାଣୀ ବୋତ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ କେତେବାର ଚାଲିଛନ୍ତି ଗପି ଗପି । ଭୋଅର ସକାଳ ଚାଲିବାଟା କେମିତି କେଜାଣି ଦେହ ପାଇଁ କାମ କରୁ ନ କରୁ ମନ ପାଇଁ କରେ ବେଶୀ, ଯାଥୀ-ପାଞ୍ଚ ହୋଇ ଚାଲିଲେ । ଗେପିର ନିଶା ଭୋଅର ସକାଳର ମଜରା ଛାତେ ଦିଏ ।

କଞ୍ଚିନା ଛକରେ କୋର ବନ୍ଧୁକୁ ମଟର-ସାଇକଲରେ ହାତ ଉଠେଇ ଦୂଳେଇବାର ଦେଖି ଚାନ୍ଦ ଗାଡ଼ିକୁ ଟିକେ ଆଗକୁ ନେଇ କରେଇ ରଖିଲା । ପାଞ୍ଚ ମିନିଟ ଗପିବା ପରେ ଗାଡ଼ି ଛାତୁ ଚାତୁ ମୁହଁ ବୁଲେଇ କହିଲା, “ଚାନ୍ଦ ମାଉସା ତେରୀ ହୋଇନିତ ?” “ଆରେ ନାଁ ରେ, ଆମେ ଘଣ୍ଟାଙ୍କ ଆଗରୁ ତ୍ୟାପି କ୍ଷେଷନରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଯିବା”, ଶୁଭ୍ରା କହିଲେ । ସତକୁ, ପହଞ୍ଚିଲାବେଳକୁ ଆଠଟା ପଇଟ୍ଟିରି ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଚାନ୍ଦ ତାଙ୍କ ହାତ ବ୍ୟାଗ ଧରିବାରୁ ଶୁଭ୍ରା କହିଥିଲେ, “ବ୍ୟାଗରେ ବେଶୀ କିଛି ନାହିଁରେ, ମୋର ଅସୁବିଧା ହେବନି କିଛି, ଏଠି ଗାଡ଼ି ବୁଲେଇ ପାର୍କ କରିବାକୁ ଯାଗା ନାହିଁ, ତୁ ଘରକୁ ଯା, ବିନିଅପା ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଥିବ ଓତେ ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦେବା ଲାଗି ।” ଚାନ୍ଦ ନମନ୍ଧାର କରି ଗାଡ଼ି ଘରକାଳା ।

ଶୁଭା କଳା ଚମତା ବ୍ୟାଗଖଣ୍ଡକୁ ଧରି ଆଗେଇଲେ ଷେଷନର ରାତି ଭିଡ଼କୁ କାଟି । ବ୍ୟାଗ ଭିଡ଼ରେ ଦୂଇ ଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଶାର୍ତ୍ତ ସାଯ୍ୟ, ବାଜନ ଓ ପାମାନ୍ୟ ଦରକାରୀ ଜିନିଷ ସହ ଶାତି ଛାଡ଼ିଲେ ରାତିରେ ଖାଇବେ ବୋଲି ଛୋଟ ପିଠିନ ବାଟିରେ ଲୁଟି, ଆଲୁଭାର ସାଙ୍ଗେ ବଢ଼ ପାଶି ବୋଲାଲିଏ ଥିଲା ଯାହା । ଆଉ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଥିଲା ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରିୟ ମ୍ୟାଗାନିନ ଦୁଇଟି ମଧ୍ୟ । ଶୁଭାଙ୍କର ସାଇନ୍ସ କନ୍ପ୍ୟୁଟରନ୍ସ୍ୟ ଅଛି କଲିକତା ଜଗଦିଶ୍ୱର ରୋଡ଼ରେ ଦୂଇ ଦିନ ପାଇଁ । ରହିବା ଖାଇବାକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ସେଇ ବିଲ୍ଟିଙ୍ଗ ରେ କନ୍ପ୍ୟୁଟରନ୍ସ୍ୟ ରେପରୁ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ୱା । ଗହଳୀ କାଟି ଲମ୍ବା ସିଟି ରହି, ଅପର ପଚନ୍ତ ଶୁଭା ପଥର୍ଷି ଗଲେ କାରଣ ହାତ୍ରାଗା-ଏଞ୍ଜପ୍ରସ୍ତ ଲାଗିବ ଏଇପାଟେ । ସବୁ ବେଷ୍ଟ ଭର୍ତ୍ତ, କୋଡ଼ିଟ ଯାଗା ନାହିଁ । ଦେଖିଲେ ଗୋଟିଏ ବେଷ୍ଟରେ ଦୁଇତିଶ ଯୁବକ -ୟୁବତୀ ବିଦିଷକୁ ପାଖକୁ ଚିଣି ସୁଟକେଶଟି ଧରି । ଶୁଭା ପଚାରିଲେ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ବସି ପାରିବେ କି ଆଏ ଯୁବକଟି ବିନା ଉତ୍ତରରେ ସୁଟକେଶଟିକୁ ଖେଳି ନେଇ ତେଣେ ରଖିଦେଲା ଓ କହିଥିଲା ‘ପରତ୍ରୀ ନାହିଁ’ । ଯୁବା ଝିଅଟିର ବୟସ ଜଣା ଯାଉଛି ଅଠର/ଉଚ୍ଚେଇଶ ହେବ । ଝିଅଟିର ମୁହଁ ଓ ରଙ୍ଗର କେମିତି ଏକ ଅକୁହା ଆକର୍ଷଣ କେମିତି ମିଠା ମିଠା ଚେହେରାରେ ବଡ଼-ବଡ଼ ନିରାହ ଆଖି । ଗୋରା ନୁହେ, ଉଦ୍‌ଦିଲିଆ ଶ୍ୟାମଳ ରଙ୍ଗକୁ ପୁରିଲା ପୁରିଲା ସ୍ଥାନ୍ୟରେ ଭରା ଯୌବନର ଭୁବଳ । ନାଲି ରଙ୍ଗର ବସିଲା ବାଉଜର ଗୋଲ ବେଳ ଉପରକୁ ବଡ଼ ପୁରୁଣାକାଳିଆ ଆଖିଦୁଶିଆ ଚଂପା-କର୍ତ୍ତ୍ତୁ ସୁନାମାଳ । ଭାରି ମାନୁଥା ଝିଅଟିକୁ । ଶୁଭାଙ୍କୁ ଭଲ ଲାଗିଲା । ଯୁବକଟିର ବୟସ ଲାଗିଲା ତେଜିଶ/ଚିକିଶ ବର୍ଷ ହେବ । ଗହମ ରଖାର ଛଟା ପିଟା ଦେହୁ । ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଗୋଛାଇ କଳା କୁଞ୍ଚ-କୁଞ୍ଚିଆ ବାଳ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ପରୁ ନୀଶ । ପିଛିଛି ନୀଳ ସାର୍ଟକୁ- ଜିନ ପେଣ୍ଟ, ହାତରେ ଘଣ୍ଟା । ଜଣା ପଢୁଥାଏ ନୁଆ ବାହା ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ବୋଧେ । ଦେହକୁ ଦେହ ଲାଗେଇ ବସିଛନ୍ତି । ଶୁଭା ଶୁଣିଲେ ଯୁବକଟି ଠି କହିବାର, ଯାଇ କିଛି ଖାଇବା ଜିନିଷ ରାତି ପାଇଁ ନେଇ ଆସି ଓ ଭଣ୍ଟ ପାନ ଧରି ଝାଅଗ ଚାଲି ଆସିବ । ଝିଅଟି ତା ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଯିବାକୁ ଉଠିବାରୁ କହିଲା ଯାଗା ଛାଡ଼ିଲେ ଜିନିଷ ଧରି ଯିବାକୁ ପଢ଼ିବ ଆଉ ଫେରିଲା ବେଳକ ଯାଗା ନ ଥିବ । ଯବକଟି ନିମିଷକରେ କୋଡ଼ିଟ ଗହଳୀରେ ମିଶିଗଲା ।



ଯୁବକଟି ଯିବା ପରେ ଝିଅଟି କନଜନ ହୋଇ ହୋଇ ଚାରିଆଡ଼କୁ ଚାହିଁବାରେ ଲାଗିଲା । ଆଉ କମ୍ ବୟସର ଯୁବତୀଟିକୁ ଏକୁଚିଆ ଦେଖି ଶୈସନରେ ବୁଲୁଥିବା ଚହିଲିଆ ଗୋକା ମାନେ ବେଷ୍ ପାଖାପାଖିକୁ ଆସି ତାର ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ଆକର୍ଷଣର କେଷ କରିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲେ । ୩୦ଲା ପେଲା ହୋଇ ବଢ଼ ପାଟିରେ ହସ ହସି ଚିଠିକା ମାରିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲେ । ଏସବୁ ଦେଖି ଶୁଭା ଚିକେ ପୁଷ୍ଟି ଲାଗି ବସିଲେ ଝିଅଟି ଆଡ଼କୁ ବେଞ୍ଚରେ, ଆଉ କଥା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେଇ ପଚାରିଲେ ‘କୁଆଡ଼େ ଯାଉଛ’ ? ଝିଅଟି କହିଲା ‘କଳିକତା’ । ଦୁଇଜଣଙ୍କୁ କଥା ହେବାର ଦେଖି ପାଖ ଗୋକାମାନେ ଚିକେ ଦବିଗଲେ । ଚିଠିକା ମାତ କମିଗଲା । ଶୁଭା କଥା ଚଲେଇ ପୁଣି ପଚାରିଲେ ‘ନୂଆ ବାହା ହୋଇଛ ବୋଧେ’ । ଝାଅଟି ଲାଗେଇ ଗଲା, ଉତ୍ତର ନ ଦେଇ ହସିଲା । ମୌନ ସମ୍ମତି ବୋଧେ । ମଥାରେ ବଢ଼ ଆମ୍ବକଷି ଚିକିଲ ଚିଖ ତାର । ଆଜିକାଲି କେହି ବେଶି ସିନ୍ଦୁର ଲଗଇ ନାହାଁନ୍ତି ଆଉ, କମ ବୟସର ଝିଅ ମାନେ ବାହା ହେବା ପରେ ବି ଆଉ ଶାଇଁ ନ ପିରି ସାଲଖୁର-କମୀଜ ପିନ୍ଧୁଛନ୍ତି । ଶୁଭାଙ୍କୁ ଭଲଲାଗିଥିଲା ଝିଅଟି ଶାଇଁ ପିରିଥିଲା ବୋଲି । ହଳଦୀ ୧୦ଗ ଶାଇୀର ନାଲୀ କୁମୃଧତୀକୁ ନାଲୀ ବାଉଜ ସଙ୍ଗେ ନାଲୀ ଚିକିଲ ଟି ତା ଉଚ୍ଚିଲିଆ ମୁହଁଚିର ଆକର୍ଷଣ ବଢ଼ିଥ ଥାଏ । ଏଇ ସମୟରେ ଯୁବକଟି ପହଞ୍ଚିଲା ହାତରେ ଦୁଇଟି ପୁଢ଼ିଆ ଓ ଖିଲ ପାନ ଧରି । ଝିଅ ମୁହଁରେ ରଙ୍ଗ ଚହୁଗେଇ ହସ ଉକୁଟି ଗଲା, ସତେ ଯେମିତି କିଖ ହୁଜାରେ ମଲି ପୁଲ ବିପିଦେଲା ଭଳି ।

ଆଉ ସେତିକି ବେଳକୁ ଚେନେର ଦୁଇସିଲ ଶୁଣାଗଲା । ଧୁଆ ଛାତି ଚେନେ ଆସି ଥାମିଲା ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ଶୈସନରେ । ତଳ ଚଞ୍ଚଳ ହୋଇଗଲା ଅବହାୟା ନିମିଷକ ଭିତରେ । ଲୋକଙ୍କର ଯିବା ଆସିବା ହୁଇଚଲରେ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ଯେମିତି ସରଗରମ ହୋଇଗଲା କିହିଷଣ । ଏବେ ଆଉ ଥାର୍ତ୍ତ କାସ କମ୍ପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ ନାହିଁ ଆଗ ଭଳି । ସବୁ ଯେକଣ୍ଠ କାସ ଆଉ କିଛି ପଞ୍ଜକାସ ଓ ଏସି କମ୍ପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ ପଛକୁ । ଶୁଭା କେବଳ ସେକଣ୍ଠ କାସ ପଲାୟ ପାଇବେ କନପରେନ୍ୟ ତରଫୁ । ତେଣୁ ମାସକ ଆଗରୁ ବର୍ଦ୍ଧ ରିଞ୍ଜର କରି ରଖିଥିଲେ, ବଶୀ ନମ୍ବର ଦୁଇ ଓ ଉଶେଳଶି ନମ୍ବର ସିଟ । କଳିକତା ହେଲା ରାତିକ ଯାତ୍ରା, ଗୋଟେ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ଭଲ କାରଣ କିଛି ସମୟ ଶୋଇ ଯିବେ ଓ ଭୋଅର ସକାଳୁ କଳିକତାରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଯିବେ । ଲୁଗା ଯିବା ମମତା ବ୍ୟାଗ ଓ ହାତ ବ୍ୟାଗଟିକୁ ଧରି ଶୁଭା ଶୀଘ୍ର ଶୀଘ୍ର ପାଦ ପକେଇଲେ । ଏକା ଏକା ଯାତ୍ରା କରିବାର ଅଭ୍ୟାସ ଶୁଭାଙ୍କର ଅଛି । ଚେନେ, ଶାମ୍ ଧରିବାରେ ଅସୁବିଧା ନାହିଁ ତାଙ୍କର । ପାଖରେ ବସିଥିବା ଯୁବକ-ଯୁବତୀ ଦୁଇଜଣ ମୁହଁର୍ତ୍ତକରେ କୁଆଡ଼େ ଉଛିଗଲେ ଭିତରେ । ଚେନେ ଭିତରେ ଭୁକ୍ତ ନିଜ ସିର୍ବି ପାଇ ବ୍ୟାଗ ଦୁଇଟିକୁ ଆତେଇ ରଖିଲେ ଭେରକା ଆଡ଼କୁ ଆଉ ବସିଯିବା ପୂର୍ବ ଦେଖିଲେ ସେଇ ଯୁବକ- ଯୁବତୀ ଦୁଇଜଣ ତାଙ୍କ ସାମାନ୍ୟ ସିଟରେ । କେମିତି ଆଶ୍ରମ ଲାଗିଲା ଚିହ୍ନା ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖିଲା ଭଳି । ସେମାନେ ଆଗରୁ ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚିଯାଇଛନ୍ତି, ୩୦ଲା ପେଲା ଗହୁକି ଭିତରେ ଶୁଭା ଦେଖି ପାରି ନ ଥିଲେ । ଚେନେ ତବା ଭିତ୍ତି ଲୋକ ଗହୁଳୀରେ ସେଇ ଦୁଇଜଣଙ୍କୁ କେମିତି ନିଜର ମନେ ହେଲା । ଚେନେ ଛାତିବାର ଦୁଇସିଲ ଦେଲା ବେଳକୁ ବି ଧୟୀ-ମସି କେତେ ଲୋକ ପଶୁ ଥାଆନ୍ତି । ଚେନେ ଛାତିଲା ନିଧାର୍ୟ ସମୟରୁ ପ୍ରାୟ ଦଶ ମିନିଟ୍ ବିଲମ୍ବରେ । ଯେତେ ଦୂରକୁ ଆଖିଗଲା ଶୁଭାଙ୍କର ମନେହେଲା ସବୁ ସିଟ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି । ସାମ୍ବାର ଯୁବକ-ଯୁବତୀ ପୁଢ଼ିଆ ଖୋଲି ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଖାଇବାକୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେଲେଣି ତାଙ୍କର । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଖାଇବା ଦେଖି ରାତି ପାଇଁ ଖାଇବା ଉଛିକରି ମାଳତୀ ଦେଇଥିବା ଚିପିନ ବାଟି କଥା ମନେ ପଢ଼ିଲା । ମାଳତୀ ଶୋହଳ ବର୍ଷରୁ ବେଶୀ ହେଲାଣି ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ରହିଛି, ରୋଷେଇ ବାସ, ଘର ପୋଛା, ଲୁଗା ଭଣୀ ସବୁ କାମ କରି ଶୁଭା କଲେଇରୁ ଆସିଲାବେଳକୁ ତାଙ୍କ ଅପେକ୍ଷାରେ ବସିଥାଏ । ଶୁଭା ଅବିବାହିତା, ବିଜେବି କଲେଇରେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପିକା ଥିବାରୁ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ ମୋଟ ଚିଖ ମିନିଟ୍ ତାଙ୍କୁ । ସବୁ ଆଡ଼କୁ ସୁବିଧା ପେତୁ । ମାଳତୀ ଭୋଅର ସକାଳ ଛ'ବା ଆସି ରାତି ପାତକୁ ଚାଲିଯାଏ ତା' ଘରକୁ । ଶୁଭା ତାକୁ ସବୁ ବର୍ଷ ନୂଆ ଶାଇଁ ଓ ତାଙ୍କ ପୁରୁଣା ଶାଇଁ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଭଲ ଦରମା ବି ଦିଅନ୍ତି । ତା' ଝିଅ ବାହାଯରକୁ ଗତ ବର୍ଷ ରୂପା ଅଞ୍ଚାସୁତା ଓ ପାର୍ତ୍ତିଙ୍କୁ ସାଙ୍ଗୁ ନୂଆ ଜରିବସା ସିଲକ-ଶାଇଁ ସହ ମ୍ୟାଚିଙ୍ଗ ଶାୟ ବାତର ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ମାଳତୀ ଶୁଯି ହୋଇଯିଲା ଓ ଆଖି ତାର ଲୁହରେ ଭରି ଯାଇଯିଲା ସେଇଦିନ ମୁହଁଷେରେ । ଶୁଭା ମାଳତୀକୁ ଭଲ ପାଥାନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ ଅବିବାହିତା ନିଛାଟିଆ ଜୀବନର ବିଜେବି କଲେଇ ଆପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟରେ ମାଳତୀ ହିଁ ତାଙ୍କର ସବୁଠୁ ନିଜା ଗରୁଣା, ପଙ୍କ ପକେଇ ଗଢ଼ରେ ଆଲମିରା ଖୋଲି ଚାଲିଗଲେବି ଶୁଭାଙ୍କୁ ଭାବିବାକୁ ଦୁଖନା । ମାଳତୀର ଗୋରା ନାରୀ ଶୁଶ ନାହିଁ । ସ୍ଵାମୀ ଚାଲିଯିବା ଦିନଠୁ ପର ପୁରୁଣକୁ ଆଡ଼ ଆଖିରେ ଚାହିଁନ୍ତି, ଶରୀରର ଶୁଧା ଓ ମନର ଶୁଧା ସବୁ ଝିଅ ମୁହଁଙ୍କୁ ଚାହେ ଭୁଲିଛି ମାଳତୀ । ଚିପିନ- ବାଟିରେ ସଜେଇ ଲୁଟି, ଆଳୁଭଜା ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ଶୁଭାଙ୍କର ପିନ୍ଧ ଲେଂବୁ ଆଗରୁ ଚିକେ ରଖି ଦେଇଛି । ଖାଇବା ସାରି ପାଦିଲେ ବେଳକୁ ଶୁଭାଙ୍କର ଦେଖିଲେ ଭେରକା ଆଡ଼କୁ ବିଧିମିତି ନିଜର ମନେହେଲା ସବୁ ସିଟରେ ।

ଚିକେ ଆଖି ଲାଗିଗଲା ବେଳକୁ ଗୋଧେ ଭାବେ କେଷନ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଯାଇଛି । ଉପରର ବୟକ୍ତି ଲୋକ ଜଣଙ୍କ ତାଙ୍କ ବସ୍ତ୍ରାଳୀ କରିଦେଲେଣି ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଶୁଭାଙ୍କର ଦେଖିଲେ ଭେରକା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେଲେଣି ପହଞ୍ଚିଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଶୁଭାଙ୍କୁ ଚିକେ ଅତୁଆ ଅଡୁଆ ଲାଗିଲେ ବି ମୁହଁ ପୁରୁଷେ ଶୋଇବାକୁ ପୁଣି କେଷ କରିଲେ । କିଛି ସମୟ ପରେ ଶର୍ବୁ ଜଣାଗଲା ଯୁବକଟି ବୋଧେ ଉପର ଗାୟାରକୁ ଉଠିଲା । ଏବେ ଶୁଭା ନିଷିନ୍ତ ହୋଇ ଯୁବତୀ ଦିଗକୁ କର ବୁଲେଇଲେ । ଝିଅଟି ତା



ଆସୁଥାଏ । ଶୁଭା ମଧ୍ୟ ନିଜ ଶାତୀ ଅଞ୍ଚଳକୁ ଗୁଡ଼େଇ ଭିତି ଆଖିଲେ ଉପରକୁ ଓ ଆଖି ଦୁଇବାକୁ ଏଥର ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିଲେ । ସକାଳ ପାଞ୍ଚଟାଙ୍କୁ ହାତେରା ଷେଷନରେ ଗାତି ପହଞ୍ଚିଯିବ । ଷେଷନରୁ ପାଯ ଘଣ୍ଟାଏ ଲାଗିଯିବ ତାଙ୍କ ନିଧାୟ୍ୟ ସ୍ଥାନ ‘ଜଗଦୀଶଚତ୍ର ରୋତ୍’କୁ ଯିବାକୁ । ସେଠି ରୂପ, ବୋର୍ଡିଙ୍ ସାଙ୍କୁ ଖାଇବା ମିଳିଛି ଦୁଇଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଫ୍ରୀ-କନ୍ପରେନ୍ସ ରେପରୁ । ଆଖି ଲାଗିଗଲା ଶୁଭାଙ୍କର ।

ବେଶ ଗହୀର ନିଦରେ ବୋଧେ ତିନିରୁ ଚାରି ଘଣ୍ଟା କଟି ଯାଇଛି । ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଯିବା ଆସିବା ଶରରେ ନିଦ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଗଲା ତାଙ୍କର । ଖତଗପୂର ଷେଷନ ବୋଧେ । ଗାତି ରହିଲା ଦଶର ପଦର ମିନିଟ । ପୁଣି ଦୁଇସଲ୍ ଦେଇ ଗାଲିବାକୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କଲା ଗାତି । ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କର ପୁଣି ଭିତା-ଭିତି ହୋଇ ପଶିବାର ଶର । ବଜଙ୍କା ଭାଷା ଶୁଣି, ଜାଣି ପାରିଲେ ଅନେକ ବଜଙ୍କଳୀ ବୋଧେ ଖତଗପୂରରୁ ଉଠିଛନ୍ତି । କେତେ ଲୋକ ଖତଗପୂରରୁ କଲିକତା ନିତିଦିନ କାମ ଉଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ଯିବା ଆସିବା କରନ୍ତି । ଚେନ ଛାତିବା ପରେ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ପାତି-ଦୁଷ୍ଟ, ଗଲା-ଫେରା ଆସେ ଅମିବାରେ ଲାଗିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ମନେ ହେଲା ଯୁବତୀଟି ବୋଧେ ଉଠିଛି । ଆଖି ଦୁଇଥିଲେ ବି ଶୁଭାଙ୍କୁ ଜଣା ପଢିଲା ପାଖ ଯୁବତୀର ହୁଲିବିଲ, ତା ଶାତୀ ଅଞ୍ଚଳର ହାତୁଙ୍କା ହାତ୍ରୀ ଓ ପାର୍ଶ୍ଵଜୀର ଝୁମୁରୁ-ଝୁମୁରୁ ଶର । ଶୋଇଲା ବେଳେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ କରିଥିଲେ ଝିଅଟିର ହୁଲଦୀ ଲଗା ପାଦରେ ନାଲୀ ଅଳତା ଓ ଆୟୁକଷିଆ ପାର୍ଶ୍ଵଜୀର ଝୁମୁରୁ-ଝୁମୁରୁ ଶର ଶୁଣିଥିଲେ । ଶଷ୍ଟା ଚପଳ ତା ପାଦର ଯୌନ୍ୟର୍କୁ କୋଉ ଗୁଣେ କମାଇ ନ ଥାଏ । ଶୁଭା ଭାବିନେଲେ ଝିଅଟି ବୋଧେ ବାଥରୁମ୍ ଯିବାକୁ ଉଠିଛି । ତାର ଯାଗା ଛାତିବାର ଚପଳ ଘୋଷରା ଶର ପାଞ୍ଜକୁ ପାର୍ଶ୍ଵଜୀର ଝୁମୁକୀ ଶର ଅପସରି ପାଖ ବାଥରୁମ ଆତକୁ । ତାର -ପାଞ୍ଚ ମିନିଟ ପରେ ପୁଣି ଝୁମୁକୀ ଶର ନିଜଟେଲା । ଶୁଭା ଜାଣିଲେ ଯୁବତୀଟି ସିର୍ ପାଖକୁ ଆସି ଠିଆ ହୋଇଛି । ଶୁଭା ଆଖି ଖୋଲିଲେ । ଆଉ ନିଦ ହେଉନି । ଦେଖିଲେ ଝିଅଟି ଏ ଦିଗ ସେ ଦିଗ ପୁଣି ଦଶ ବାର ପୁଣ୍ଟ ଉଠିରେ ହେବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲା । ପାଖ ସିର୍ ମାନଙ୍କରେ ତଥାପି ଲୋକ ମାନେ ଘଣ୍ଟାଏ ଦୁଇ ଘଣ୍ଟା ଅଖି ଦୁଇ ନେବାର ପରେଷେ କରୁଥାନ୍ତି । ଶୁଭା ବସି ପଡ଼ିଲେ ଏ ଥର । ଉପରକୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ ଯୁବକଟି ନାହିଁ ବୋଧେ ବାଥରୁମ୍ ଯାଇଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ମନେ ହେଲା ଝିଅଟି ବିବତ । ଜନକନ ହୋଇ ଦଶ ବାର ପୁଣ୍ଟ ଯାଇ ଏପଟ ସେପଟ ହୋଇ ସିର୍ ଆତକୁ ଫେରୁଛି । ଶୁଭା ଅନୁମାନ କରି ପାରିଲେ ଯୁବକଟି ଶାୟ ଫେରୁନି ବୋଲି ଯୁବତୀଟି ବିବତ ବୋଧେ । ପନ୍ଥର କୋତିଏ ମିନିଟ କଟି ଗଲାଣି ଏ ଉଠିରେ । ଝିଅଟି ଯାଗାରେ ବସୁନି ଆଉ । ଯୁବକଟି ତଥାପି ଫେରୁନି । ଚେନ ଝୁକୁ ଝୁକୁ ଶର କରି ତଥାପି ଚାଲୁଥାଏ । ଶୁଭା ପଚାରିବାକୁ ଭାବି ଏଥର ଉସ୍ତୁକ ଆଖିରେ ଝିଅଟିକୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ । ଆଖିକୁ ଆଖି ପଢ଼ିବାରୁ ଝିଅଟି ମନକୁ କହିଲା ‘କାଇ ଫେରୁ ନାହାନ୍ତି ଏ ଯାଁ’ ଆଉ ଶୁଭା ପଚାରିଲେ ତୁମ ସ୍ଥାମୀ ବୋଧେ ବାଥରୁମକୁ ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଝିଅ ଟି କିନ୍ତୁ ଶାତୀ ପଶତିକୁ ଉପରକୁ ଉଠେଇ ନେଲାବେଳେ ହାତୀତ ଗଲାରେ ହାତ ମାରି କହିଲା ମୋ ସୁନା ମାଳ ? ତାପା ଚିତ୍କାରରେ ପୁଣି କହିଲା ମୋ ଚଂପା-କତୀ ମାଳ ? ଶୁଭା ଦେଖିଲେ ତା ଗଲାରେ ଧିବା ପେଇ ଆଖି ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ପୁରୁଣା କାଳିଆ ଚଂପା-କତୀ ସୁନାମାଳଟି ନାହିଁ, କୋଠି ଖସି ପଡ଼ିଛି କରକୁ ବୋଧେ, ବେଷ ତଳକୁ ବା ମୁଣ୍ଡ ପାଖରେ କରିକିଆ ହୋଇ ରହିଥିବା ବ୍ୟାଗ ତଳକୁ । ତଳେ ଧିବା ଚିଶ ସୁଗନ୍କେଶ ଦାଇକୁ ଯେତେ ଯୁଷ୍ମାଘୁଷି କରିଲେ ବି, ଚଂପା-କତୀ ସୁନାମାଳ ମିଳିଲା ନାହିଁ କୋଠି । ଝିଅଟି ଏଥର ଝରଙ୍ଗର କାନ୍ଦିବାକୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେଲାଣି ।

ପାଖ ବର୍ଧରୁ ଲୋକ ମାନଙ୍କ ଉସ୍ତୁକ ଆଖିର ପଶ୍ଚ । ଶୁଭା ଏଇଥର ଉଠିପଡ଼ି ଖୋଜିଲେ । ପୁଣିଥରେ କାହିଁକି କେଜାଣି ଚାହିଁଲେ ଝିଅଟିର ଗଲାକୁ, ମାଳ ଶୁନ୍ୟ ଗଲା ତାର କେମିଟି ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ମନେହେଲା । ଝିଅଟିକୁ ପଢ଼ିବିଲେ ବ୍ୟାଗ ଭିତରେ ରଖି ଦେଇନ ତ ? ଖୋଲିକି ଦେଖ । ଯୁବତୀଟି କହିଲା ଯେ ନିଧାୟ୍ୟ ଜାଣିଛି ମାଳଟି ଥିଲା ବେକରେ ଆଉ ଟିକେ ଶୋଇଯିବା ପରେ କର ନେଉଟିଲା ବେଳକୁ ବାରତ ହୁକ୍କରେ ଲାଗି ଯାଇଥିଲା ଏବଂ ଯୁବକଟି ତଳକୁ ଆସି ତାକୁ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିଥିଲା ହୁକ୍କରୁ ଖସେଇବା ପାଇଁ । ଯୁବକଟି ଆଉ ଫେରୁନି, ଫେରିବନି ବୋଧେ, କାରଣ ଅପେକ୍ଷାର ସମୟ ଗତି ଯାଇଛି ନିଧାୟ୍ୟ ଭାବେ । ଚଂପାକତୀ ସୁନା ମାଳ ଆଉ ମିଳିବନି । ମାଳ ଦୁଇବାର ରହସ୍ୟ ସଙ୍ଗେ ଯୁବକଟିର ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧଧ୍ୟାନର ଯୋଗାଯୋଗ ଠରଇବାକୁ ତେରି ହେଲାନି ଶୁଭାଙ୍କର । ଝିଅଟି ହୃଦୟ କାନ୍ଦୁଥିଲା ଗଭାର ଗୁମ୍ଭିର ମୁହଁକୁ ଲୁଚେଇ ତା ଶାତୀ ପଶତି ପଶତିର ଅସମ୍ପଳ ପରେଷେରେ । ସାମ୍ବା ର ଦୁଇଟି ଗୋଟିକିଆ ସିର୍ବର୍ତ୍ତ ଦୁଇଶଶ ଲୋକଙ୍କର ବାରମ୍ବାର ଚାହାଣୀ ଶୁଭା ଓ ଯୁବତୀଟି ଆତେ । ଶୁଭା ଯୁବତୀଟିର ହୃଦୟ ଧରି ଶାତୀ ପଶତିର ପଶତିକୁ ଉପରକୁ ଉଠେଇ ନେଲାବେଳେ ହାତୀତ ଗଲାରେ ହାତ ମାରି କହିଲା ମୋ ସୁନା ମାଳ ? ତାପା ଚିତ୍କାରରେ ପୁଣି କହିଲେ ଚାଲି ଆଖି ଆସିଛି । ଆସିଥିଲି ତାଙ୍କୁ ବାହାର କାହିଁକି କରିବାକୁ ଭାବି କରିଛି । ଶୁଭା ପଚାରିବାକୁ ଭାବି କରିବାକୁ ଆଖି ପଶତିକୁ ଉପରକୁ ଉଠେଇ ନେଲାବେଳେ ହାତୀତ ଗଲାରେ ହାତ ମାରି କହିଲା ମୋ ସ୍ଥାମୀ ନୁହେଁ, ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କ ସଂଗେ ମୋ ଘର ଛାତି ଚାଲି ଆସିଛି । ଆସିଥିଲି ତାଙ୍କୁ ବାହାର କରିବାକୁ ଭାବି କରିଛି । ପାଖ ଲୋକ ମାନେ ଚାହିଁ ଛାତି କରି ସବୁ କଥା ମତେ ଖୋଲି କର । ପୁଅମେ କହ ତୁମ ନାମ କଣ ଓ ଘର କୋଠି । ଝିଅଟି କାର ଚାପି ଚାପି କହିବାକୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଲା ।

ମୋ ନାମ କାଞ୍ଚନ । ଘର ସୁନାଖଳା- ନିଯାଗତ ପାଖକୁ । ଶୁଭା ପଚାରିଲେ ଯୁବକଟିର ଘର ଠିକଣା ଓ ପରଷ୍ପର ସଂପର୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଓ କାହିଁକି କଲିକତା ଯାଉଥିଲେ ଲତ୍ୟାଦି । ଝିଅଟି କହିବାରେ ଲାଗିଲା ଯେ ତା'ଘର ନିଯାଗତ ଭାସ୍ତାରେ ସୁନାଖଳାର ଆଉରି ତଳମାଳିଆ ମଧ୍ୟମଳରେ । କାଞ୍ଚନର ମା' ବିଧବା । କାଞ୍ଚନ ଆଠ ବରଷ ବେଳେ ବାପା ତାର ବାଉରେ ମରି ଯାଇଥିଲା । ସେଇନିନ୍ଦୂ ଗୁରୁଗାଣ ମେଲେଇବାକୁ କାଞ୍ଚନର ମା'କୁ ଘରୁ ବାହାରକୁ ଯିବାକୁ ହୋଇଛି । ଗାଁ ହାଇମ୍ବୁଲ ଓଳା ପୋଛା କରେ । ଆଉ ଘରଘର ବୁଲି ଧାନ କୁଟେ,



ମୁଢି ଭାଜି ବର୍ଷଟିର ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ ମେଣ୍ଡି ଯାଏ ଖୁସିରେ କାରଣ ଛୋଟ ଜମି ଖଣ୍ଡ ବାପର ଥିଲା ବର୍ଷଟିର ତାତଳ ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚକୁ । କାଞ୍ଚନ ତୃତୀୟ ଶେଷରୁ ଆଉ ପାଠ ପଡ଼ିନି ବାପା ବାଲିଯିବା ପରେ । ମା ଯୁଆଡ଼େ କାମକୁ ଯାଏ କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ପାଥିରେ ଧରି ଯାଏ ଆଉ ସେଇ ଭିତରେ ସମୟ ଗଢ଼ି ଯାଇଛି । କାଞ୍ଚନ ଜାମା କୁରୁତା ଛାତି ଶାତୀ ପିଣ୍ଡିଛି, ନୁଖୁରା ବାଲରେ ତେଲ ଦେଇ ଚିକଣ କରି କୁଣ୍ଡେଇଛି । ଗାଁ ଦୋଳ ଯାତାରୁ ଲକ୍ଷ ସାବୁନ କିଶି ଦେହରେ ଲଗେଇଛି ଆଉ ବଢ଼ ଆରନାରେ ମୁହଁ ଦେଖିଛି । ଯାଆଣ ଆସଣ ଯୁବାଠାରୁ ଅଧାବିଷ୍ଵ ମିଶିପଙ୍କ ଆଖିର ଠାରକୁ ଉପଭୋଗ କରିଛି, ନିଜକୁ ଭଲ ପାଇଛି ଆଗଠାରୁ ବେଶା । ଉନ୍ତ ଯତବନର ମହୁଆ ନିଶାକୁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଛି । ଯୁବକଟି ସଙ୍ଗେ ଗତବର୍ଷ ନୟାଗତ ରୟାତ୍ରାରେ ଦେଖା ହୋଇଥିଲା । ତା' ନାମ ଅମର ସେ ଆସିଥିଲା ତା ମାମୁଁ ଘର ନୟାଗତକୁ । ଅଜା, ଆଜି, ମାମୁଁ ମାର୍ଜଙ୍କ ସଙ୍ଗେ ନୟାଗତରେ କିଛି ଦିନ ହରି କଲିକତା ଫେରିବ । କଲିକତା ଗରାୟାହାଟରେ କୋର ବିଷ୍ଟୁ କଂପାନୀରେ କାମକରେ । ତା ବାପା, ମା' ଆଉ ଛୋଟ ଭାଇ ସଙ୍ଗେ କଲିକତାରେ ରହେ । ବାପା ମା ତାର କେବେଠୁ ଉଠି ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି କଲିକତା । କଲିକତା ‘ବେହେଲା’ ପାଖ କୋର ମାଳ ଗୋଦାମରେ କାମ କରି ଅମରର ବାପା ତାର ଭଲ ପଇସା କମାଏ ବୋଲି କହିଥିଲା କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ । ଅମର ହାଇଝୁଲ ପାପ କରିଥିଲା ବୋଲି କହିଥିଲା ମଧ୍ୟ । ରୟାତ୍ରା ବାସିକୁ କାଞ୍ଚନ ନୟାଗତରୁ ଫେରିଆସିଛି ପିନା, କିନ୍ତୁ ଦେଖା ହେବା ଦିନରୁ ପୁତ୍ର ଦୁଲ ଦିନକୁ ଥରେ ଅମର ଆସିଛି ସୁନାଖଳା - କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ନ ଦେଖି ପାଗଳ ହୋଇଛି, କେତେ ନିହାତିଆ ଦୂଇପଦ୍ମର, ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ମାସର ମୁହଁ ସଞ୍ଜ ନିହାତିଆ ଗାଁ ଆମ୍ବ ତୋଗା ତାଙ୍କ ପାଇରିରିବେ ଭରି ଯାଇଛି । ମା ନ ଥିଲାବେଳେ ନୁଆଁଥିଆ ସଞ୍ଜ ରେ ମନ୍ଦିର ବେହା ପଛ କୃଷ୍ଣଚୂତା ଗଛଦେଇ ପାଇରି ରସର ପୁଆରାରେ କାଞ୍ଚନ ଭିତରେ ଭରି ଲାଗିଛି । ରାତିରେ ଶୋଇ ପାରିନି ସକାଳର ଅପେକ୍ଷାରେ, ସକାଳ କାଟିଛି ସଞ୍ଜର ଅପେକ୍ଷାରେ । ଅମରମୟ ଚତ୍ରଦିଗ । ଅମରର ପାଇରି, କାମନା ଓ ବାସନାର ପଲ୍ଲବୀତ ରାଗିଣୀରେ ଜୀବନ ଭରି ଯାଇଛି । ଦିନ କରିଛି, ପଥ ଦୁଇଛି କାଞ୍ଚନର ଓ ମାକୁ ଲୁଚେଇ ଅମର ସହ ପାଇରି ବନ୍ଧନ କଠିନ ହୋଇଛି । ତିନି ମାସ ପରେ ଅମର ତାକୁ କଲିକତା ନେଇ ବାହା ହେବାର ଲୋର ଦେଖେଇଛି । ଶିବମନ୍ଦିରରେ ପତିଙ୍ଗୀ କରିଛି । ପୁତ୍ରଶୂତି ଦେଇଛି ଓ କହିଛି କାଞ୍ଚନହିଁ ତା ଜୀବନ । କହୁକୁ ଦିନେ କାଞ୍ଚନ ମା ତା' ପାଇଁ ରଖିଥିବା ଚଂପାକଇୟୀ ମାଳ କଥା କହିଛି । କାଞ୍ଚନ ତା' ସହୀ ମଲିକା ସଙ୍ଗେ ବୋଲଗତ ଦୁଲିବାକୁ ଯିବ କହି ମା'କୁ ପଗେଇ ନେଇଛି । ମା' ର ସବୁ ସଂପର୍କ ଭିତରେ ଥିବା ବଢ଼ ନିଧି ସଂପର୍କ ଚଂପା-କଇୟୀ ସୁନାମାଳ ଚିକୁ ଧରି ଘର ଛାତିଛି । ମରିବାର ଦୁଇଦିନ ଆଗରୁ କାଞ୍ଚନର ଆଜି, ମା' କୁ ଦେଇଥିଲା ସେଇ ଚଂପାକଇୟୀ ସୁନାମାଳ ଚିକୁ କାଞ୍ଚନ ପାଇଁ । ସେଇ ଦିନ ତାରୁ ସୁନାମାଳଚିକୁ ମା' ଛୋଟ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ପାଇଁ ରଖିଥିଲୋ କାଷି, ଭଲ ଭୁଆଁଲ ଦେଖି ତେବେ ବାହାଦେବି, ମାଳଟି ପିନି ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ଯିବୁ ଭୁଆଁଲ ସଙ୍ଗେ । ଆଖିରୁ ଝରି ଆସୁଥିବା ଲୁହକୁ ଶାତୀ କାନିରେ ପୋଛି କହିଥିଲା ଜାଣିନି କେମିତି ମୁଁ ବହିବି ତୋ ବିନା କାଞ୍ଚିଲୋ । କାଞ୍ଚିର ପିଲାମନ ବୁଝି ପାରି ନ ଥିଲା ମା କାନ୍ଦୁଛି କାଇଁ ଏଇ ଖୁସିର ଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରି ? କାଷି ବୁଝି ପାରି ନ ଥିଲା ସେଇ ଦିନ, ଯେ ସବୁ ମାଁ ଜର ଝିଅ ପାଇଁ ସେଇ ଗୋଟିଏ କାମନା, ଝିଅଟିକୁ ଶାଶ୍ଵ ଘରେ ପଠେଇ ଶୁଣ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ଯିବାକୁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ବୁଝିପାରିଥିଲା ସେଇ ତାର ଛୋଟ ମନରେ, ନଳ୍ମଣ ଆଲୁଅରେ ବି ହୁଲଦି ମଣି ରଙ୍ଗର ଚଂପାକଇୟୀ ସୁନାମାଳର ଅମୂଲମୂଲ ତାଙ୍କ ଦୂନ ଲିପା ଚାଳ ଘରେ । ମା' ସେଇ ଅମୂଲ ମୂଲକୁ ତା କାଷି ପାଇଁ ସାଇଟି ରଖିଛି ବୋଲି ସେ ଦିନ କାଞ୍ଚନର ଗୋତ ତଳେ ଲାଗି ନ ଥିଲା ।

ବଢ଼ ହୋଇଛି କାଞ୍ଚନ । ଦିନେ ମା'କୁ ଲୁଚେଇ ମା ନ ଥିଲାବେଳେ ପୁରୁଣା ଦଦତିଆ ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ ତଳେ ପଶି ଛିଣ୍ଗ କମ୍ବଳ ଘୋଡ଼େ ହୋଇଥିବା ସେଇ ଛୋଟ ହାତ ବାକ୍ଷକୁ ଖୋଲିଛି । ମା ର ସମତ୍ତରେ ରଖିଥିବା ଅସତ୍ତ କାଗଜ, କନାକୁ ପରସ୍ତ ପରସ୍ତ କରି ଖୋଲି ସୁନାମାଳଚିକୁ ଟେକି ନିରିଖେଇ ଦେଖିଛି, ଉଣେଇଶିଟି ଚଂପାକଇୟୀ କୁଟୁମ୍ବୀ ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି କରି ଗଣିଛି । ବେକରେ ଲଗେଇଛି, ଗାଁ ଯାତାରୁ କିମିଶିବି ହାତ ବାକ୍ଷକୁ ପାଇରି ରଖିଛନ୍ତି କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ପାଇଁ । କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ଗେଲ କରି କୋଳକୁ ଆରଜାଇ ନେଇ କହିଥିଲା ‘ତୋରି ପାଇଁ ରଖିଛିଲୋ କାଷି, ଭଲ ଭୁଆଁଲ ଦେଖି ତେବେ ବାହାଦେବି, ମାଳଟି ପିନି ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ଯିବୁ ଭୁଆଁଲ ସଙ୍ଗେ’ । ଆଖିରୁ ଝରି ଆସୁଥିବା ଲୁହକୁ ଶାତୀ କାନିରେ ପୋଛି କହିଥିଲା ଜାଣିନି କେମିତି ମୁଁ ବହିବି ତୋ ବିନା କାଞ୍ଚିଲୋ । କାଞ୍ଚିର ପିଲାମନ ବୁଝି ପାରି ନ ଥିଲା ମା କାନ୍ଦୁଛି କାଇଁ ଏଇ ଖୁସିର ଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରି ? କାଷି ବୁଝି ପାରି ନ ଥିଲା ସେଇ ଗପିବାର, ‘ପାଖ ଆଖର ଜମିଜମା ଥିଲାବାଲା ଚାକିରିଆ ପୁଅ ଦେଖି କାଷିକୁ ମୋର ବାହାଦେବି, ମନ କଲେ ନିଜେ ଦତ୍ତିଯାଳ ଦେଖି ଆସିବି ଓ କାଷି ତା ପିଲାପିଲିଙ୍କି ଧରି ଗାଁ ଯାନି ଯାତାରୁ ରଖ । ପିଲାବେଲୁ କାଞ୍ଚନ ଶୁଣି ଆସିଛି ମା ତାର ସାଙ୍ଗ-ସାଥୀ ସାଇପତିଶାଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ଘୁରୁତେଇ ଗପିବାର ‘ପାଖ ଆଖର ଜମିଜମା ଥିଲାବାଲା ଚାକିରିଆ ପୁଅ ଦେଖି କାଷିକୁ ମୋର ବାହାଦେବି, ମନ କଲେ ନିଜେ ଦତ୍ତିଯାଳ ଦେଖି ଆସିବି ଓ କାଷି ତା ପିଲାପିଲିଙ୍କି ଧରି ଗାଁ ଯାନି ଯାତାରୁ ରଖ । କାଷି ବୁଝିଲେ ଯୁବକ ଅମର କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ୦କି ଭୁଲେଇ ଦେଇ ଚାଲି ଯାଇଛି । ଗଲାବେଲେ କାଞ୍ଚନ ବେକରୁ ମା'ର ନିଧି ସଂପର୍କ ଚଂପାକଇୟୀ ସୁନା ମାଳଟିକୁ ଗୋଟି କରି ହୁଏ ତାହାର କାହାରେ କେବଳାହୁ ନିରାହୁ ନିରାହୁ ରୂପରେ କଲା ଛିଟିକା ମାରି ଦେଇ । ହାତରା ଶେଷନ ପାଖେଇ ଗଲାଶି ବୋଧେ, ଟେନ ଧିମେଇ ଧିମେଇ ଚାଲିବାକୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଦେଇଛି । ଦଶ ପଦର ମନ୍ଦିଗ ଭିତରେ ହାତରା ଶେଷନରେ ଲାଗିଯିବ । କଲିକତା ତଳର ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଗାଁ ଘର ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ଦୁରରୁ ସକାଳ ଆଲୁଅରେ ପରିଷାର ଦେଖା



ଗଲାଣି । ଶୁଭ୍ରା ତୁପ୍ତ ହୋଇ ଭାବିଲେ କଣ କରିବେ ବର୍ଷମାନ । ଝିଅଟିର କେହି ନାହିଁ ସାହା -ସାଥୀ । ଭରା ଯୌବନର ଆକର୍ଷଣରେ ଅମର ଭଳି ବହୁ ୦ଙ୍କ ଲୋକ ପାହାୟେ କରିବାକୁ ଆଗେଇ ଆସିବେ, ଶରୀରର ଶୁଧା ମେଣ୍ଡେଲବାକୁ । ସେଇ ଭଳି ଲୋକ ମାନଙ୍କର ଅଭାବ ହେବନି ଦୂରିଯାରେ । ଶୁଭ୍ରା ମନକୁ ସ୍ଥିର କରିନେଲେ ଝିଅଟିର ବାୟିତ୍ତ ନେବେ ଓ ତା ମା ପାଖରେ ଜାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ଛାଟିବେ । ସେଇ ବାୟିତ୍ତ ତାଙ୍କର । ଏତେବେଳେ ପଥିବାରେ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ ତାଙ୍କର । ସେ ହିଁ କରିବେ । ଅସହାୟ ଯୁବତୀଟିର ତାଙ୍କ ଛତା ଆଉ କେହି ନାହିଁ ଏଠି ।

ହାଓରା ଷ୍ଟେସନରେ ଗାତି ଲାଗିଲା । ହେ..ଏ.. ବାଇ ଗରମ୍, ଗରମ୍ କାଇଇ, ହେ ଚାରି.. ଶରରେ ସାବା ଷ୍ଟେସନ ଯେମିତି ମୁଖରାଠ ହେଲା ଅକଳନ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଗହଳୀରେ । ବାବୁ କୁଳୀ..ଇ, ମା କୁଳୀ.., କୁଳୀ..କୁଳୀ ଶବ୍ଦକୁ ନାଲି ସାର୍ଟ-ହାଫ୍ ପ୍ୟାଣ୍ ପିଲା କୁଳୀଙ୍କର ଗରାଖଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ୱେଳା ପେଲା ଗାଲିଲା । ଶୁଭାଙ୍ଗ କୁଳୀରୁ ଦେଲା ରାଳି ଜିନିଷ ନ ଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ କାଞ୍ଚନର ଭାରି ତିଣି ପୁଚକେଶ ପାଇଁ କୁଳୀଟିର ଦରକାରିଠା ଆନୁଭବ କରିଲେ । ପାଖରେ ଯାଉଥିବା କୁଳୀଟିକୁ ତାକି ଜିନିଷ ବହାଇ ଦେଇ କାଞ୍ଚନର ହାତ ଧରି କହିଲେ ‘ଆ କାଞ୍ଚନ ମୋ ଯାଇଗେ’ । କାଞ୍ଚନ ତା’ ଲୁହ ଭିଜା ଆଖିକୁ ପଣତରେ ଥରେ ପୋଛି ନେଇ ଶୁଭାଙ୍ଗ ପଛ ଧରିଲା । ଦୁଇଁ ପାରିଲା ଶୁଭା ହିଁ ତାର ଅଭୟ କବତ, ଗୁରୁତର ଅକ୍ଷମଶାୟ ଅପରାଧରୁ ତାକୁ ତରି ନେବାକୁ । ମେସିନ ଭଲି ଚାଲିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲା ଶୁଭାଙ୍ଗ ପଛକୁ । ଶୁଭା ଗାହିଁଲେ କାଞ୍ଚନର ମୁହଁଙ୍କୁ । ଗତ ରାତିର ସେ ପୁଣ୍ଡନ ଶେଫଲୀ ଝରି ଯାଇଛି, ତା ମନକିଶା ହୃଦୟ ହଜିଯାଇଛି, ଜିନନର ଉତ୍ତାସ ଆଉ ନାହିଁ ତା ଭିତରେ । ଭୟ ଓ ହୃତାଶାର କାଳୀମାରେ ଯେମିତି ସେ ହୁଅ ଯାଇଛି ତା ନିଜଠୁ, ଉତ୍ତାତା ଭଣ୍ଣ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନକୁ ଆଉଥରେ ହାଓରା-ଷ୍ଟେସନରେ ଅଗଣନ ପାଦ ତଳେ ଦଳିଦେଇ ।

ଶୁଭ୍ରା କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ଧରି ଟାଙ୍କିରେ ବସିଲେ ଓ ଟାଙ୍କିବାଳାକୁ କହିଲେ, “ଜଗଦୀଶତ୍ୱର୍ଗ ବୋଡ଼କୁ ନେଇ ଚାଲ ” । ହୋଣେଲାରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଗାଧୁଆ ପାଧୁଆ ସାରି ରାତିର ବଳିଥିବା ଲୁଚିଖଣ୍ଡକୁ ଭଜାରେ ରୋଲ କରି ପାରିରେ ପୂରାଇ କନ୍ଧରେନ୍ସକୁ ବାହାରି ଯିବା ଆଗରୁ କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ କହିଗଲେ ଗାଧୁଆ ପାଧୁଆ ସାରି ବଳିଥିବା ଲୁଚି ଓ ଭଜା ଖାଇ ନେବାକୁ ଗଲାବେଳେ କବାଟରେ ଭଲ କରି ଚାବି ଦେଲେ ଓ ଦୁଇଥର ଭଲକରି ଭଢି ଦେଖିନେଲେ କେଜାଣି କାହିଁକି । ଗାଧୋଇ ସାରି କାଞ୍ଚନ ଗତ ରାତିର ଶାତ୍ରୀ ବଦଳିଲା ନିଷ୍ଠେନ ଶରୀରର ନିରବ ଗାନିକୁ ଘୋଡ଼ାଇବାର ଅସମ୍ଭବ ପଦେଷ୍ଟରେ ।

କନ୍ପରେନସ୍ ଦୁଇଦିନ ଶେଷ କରି ଶୁଭା ଜଣେ ଚିନ୍ହା ଉଦଳୋକଙ୍କ ଭିଆରେ ଫେରିବା ଟିକଟ ଟିଏ କିଶିଲେ କାରଣ କାଞ୍ଚନର ଫେରିବା ଟିକଟ ନ ଥିଲା । ଶୁଭା ଭାବିଲେ ମା' ତାର ମୁଣ୍ଡ ବାତେଇ କାନ୍ଦୁଥିବ ହୁଏତ ବହିଲା ଝିଅ କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ନ ଦେଖି । କିନ୍ତୁ କାଞ୍ଚନ କହିଲା ମା' ତାର ହୁଏତ ଥୟାପି ଭାବୁଥିବ ଯେ ଯେ ସହୀ ମଲୀକା ସଙ୍ଗେ ବୋଲଗତରେ ଥିବ ବୋଲି । କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ପାଁଚ ଦରଷ ହୋଇଥିଲାବେଳେ ସହୀ ମଲୀକା ସଙ୍ଗେ ସେ 'ମକର' ବସିଥିଲା, ଆଉ ପେଇ ଦିନଠୁ ପରଷ୍ଠରକୁ 'ମକର' ହିଁ ତକାତକି ହୁଅଛି, ନାମ ଧରନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । ମା' ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦୟରେ କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ମକର ଘରକୁ ଛାଡ଼େ ଓ ମକର ମଧ୍ୟ ଗାଁ ଯାତାକୁ ସବୁ ବରଷ ତାଙ୍କ ଘରକୁ ଆସେ । ମା ହୁଏତକିଛିଦିନ ଧରି ପାରି ନ ଥାଣ୍ଡା ଏ ଅଧିଗଣକୁ । କଲିତାରୁ ଫେରି ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ତାଙ୍କ ବିଜେବି ପାଇଁ କ୍ଵାଗରରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ନିତ୍ୟକର୍ମ ସାରି ଦିନ ଦୁଇଟାରେ ଛାଡ଼ୁଥିବା ନୟାଗତ ବସ୍ତରେ ବସିଲେ କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ଧରି । ବସ୍ତି ସୁମାଖଳା ଦେଇ ଯିବ । ପାୟ ଦେଇଘଣ୍ଠ ଖଣ୍ଡକ ପରେ ବସ୍ତି ପହଞ୍ଚିଗଲା । ବସ୍ତରୁ ଓଳହେଇ ଦେଇମାରିଲ ବାଟ ଚାଲି ଗାଁ ଭିତରେ ଏକ ନୂଆଶିଆ ଚାଲ ଘର ପାଖେ ଦେଖିଲେ ଛାତିଶୀ/ସଲାନ୍ତିରିଶ ବର୍ଷର ମାଇପୀଟିଏ ବାହାରେଥିବା ବାଁଶ ଅଳଗୁଣିରେ ଲୁଗା ଶୁଭୁରାନ୍ତି । କାଞ୍ଚନ ପାତିରୁ ଅଷ୍ଟକ ସ୍ଵରରେ ବାହାରି ଆସିଲା 'ମା' ଶର ଆଉ ପାଦର ଗତି ତାର କମିଶଳା । କିନ୍ତୁ କାଞ୍ଚନ ଓ ଶୁଭାଙ୍କୁ ଟିକେ ଦୁରରୁ ଦେଖି ଅଧାରଣୀ ଲୁଗାକୁ ତଳେ ପକେଇଦେଇ ପଶୁୟିଲ ଆଖିରେ ଆଗେଇ ଆସିଲା ପତଳୀ ହୋଇ ମାଇପୀ ଜଣକ ଆଉ ଶୁଭାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି ହସିଦେଇ ପଚାରିଲା 'ନୂଆ ମାଞ୍ଚଣୀ ହୋଇ ଆସି କି ଗାଁ ଲୁକୁଲୁକୁ' ? ଶୁଭା କିନ୍ତୁ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ କାଞ୍ଚନ ଛାତି ପଚାରି ମାଙ୍କ ଜତେଇ ଧରି କାନ୍ଦିବାକୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେଲା, ମା ଛାତିରେ ମୁହଁରୁଙ୍କି । ଯେମିତି କମା ଚାହୁଁଥିଲା ମା'ଠୁ ତାର ଅକ୍ଷମଣୀୟ ଅପରାଧ ଲାଗି । ଆଉ ମା' ତାର ଆଖିରେ ଆଖିଏ ଭବା ପୁଣ୍ଯରେ 'କଣ ହେଲା ମୋ ଖୁଅର' କହି ବାହୁ ବନ୍ଦନରେ କାଞ୍ଚନକୁ ଶୁଭେଇ ନେଲା ନିଜ ଛାତି ଉପରକୁ । ଶୁଭାଙ୍କୁ ଚାହିଁ 'କଥଣ ହେଲା, କଥଣ ହେଲା ମୋ ଖୁଅର' କହି ଦୁନ୍ଦୁ ଓ ଅହେତୁକ ପୁଣ୍ଯଭବା ବାହାଶାରେ ଶୁଭାଙ୍କୁ ପୋଡ଼ି ପକେଇଥିଲା । ଶୁଭା ଦେଖିଥିଲେ ଅଭୟ ରକ୍ଷାର କବତ କାଞ୍ଚନ ମା ର ଜତେଇ ଧରିଥିବା ବାହୁ ବନ୍ଦନରେ । ଦଶ-ଦୋଷ କମା କରିବାର ବହୁ ଉଚ୍ଚରେ, ମାତୃତ୍ୱର ପରାଭୟରେ, ସନ୍ତାନର ଅଗଣୀୟ ଦୋଷ କମା କରିବାର ଦର୍ଶକାଣିମୀ ଉପରେ ।

(ଡକ୍ଟର ସୁଲକ୍ଷଣା ପଚନାୟକ (ୟୁନିଭରେସଟି ପ୍ରଫେସର) ସ୍ଥାମୀ ଡକ୍ଟର ଶୁକ୍ଳଦେବ ସେନ୍ ଓ ଝିଅ ସୁଜାନ ପଚନାୟକ ସେନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ତେଗୋନା ବିଚ, ପରିତାରେ ରହନ୍ତି । )

ସପ୍ରକ କ୍ଷୀର ଯେ ପିଆନ୍ତି, ସପ୍ରର ଘାତେ ଯେ ମରନ୍ତି ।



ପର ! ଆସିଥିଲ ?

ପ୍ରକାଶକ

ବାହାରେ ଝଡ଼ ବଢ଼ୁଛି । ବରପା ଝଡ଼ ! ବର୍ଷର ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ଼ ବରପା ଝଡ଼ । ବିଜ୍ଞାତ କଣ୍ଠିପନ । ଛେଲା ଛେଲା ବରପା ଛାଟି ଝରକା କାତ ସବୁ ଘୋଡେଇ ହେଇ ଯାଇ ବାହାର ଦେଖିବା କଣ୍ଠ ହେଉଥାଏ । ଲକେକଟିଙ୍କ ଲାଇନ୍ କାଳେ ଚାଲି ଯିବ ଗୋଲି ତର ତର ହେଇ କିଛି କାମ ସାରି ଦଉଥାଏ । ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ଚଲେଇ ଦେଇ ଠାକୁର ବାସନ ମାତି ଦେଲି । ଦିଆସିଲି, ମହମ ବଢ଼ି, ଫ୍ରେସ୍ ପାଖରେ ଲଗ୍ ରଖିଦେଲା ବାହାରେ ବରପା ସବୁ ଆର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହେଇ ଯାଉଥାଏ । ପବନ ବୁଲେଇ ବୁଲେଇ ପିଶୁଷ୍ଟି । ସବୁତକ ଫ୍ରେସ୍ ର ତୋର ଧଡ଼ ଧାଡ଼ ଶର କରି ବାଡେଇଦୂଉଛନ୍ତି । ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ କୁ ତ୍ରାୟର ରେ ପକାଇ ଦେଇ ମୁଁ ଖ୍ୟାର ଲାଇନ୍କୁ ଫେନ୍ କଲି । ଯୁଙ୍ଗର ଫ୍ରେସ୍ କାଲି ସକାଳୁ । ୧୦ ଟା ରେ ଲାଖିଙ୍କ । ପୁଅ ନେଇ ମନ୍ତିର ରେ ଛାତିବ । ବ୍ୟାକ ଗୁ ବ୍ୟାକ ମିଟିଙ୍କ ଅଛି ଦିନ ସାରା । ମୁଁ ଯାଇ ତାଙ୍କୁ ମନ୍ତିରରୁ ଆଣିବି । ଖତେ ସବୁକଥା କେମିତି ହବ ? ଏଣେ ଟେଲିଭିଜନ୍ ରେ ବାରମବାର ଟାରେଲ୍ ଆତ୍ମଭାଇଜରୀ ଗୋଲି ଘୋଷଣା କରୁଥାଆନ୍ତି । ବଡ଼ ଆଶ୍ରମ୍ୟର କଥା ଯେ, ଯୁଙ୍ଗର ଫ୍ରେସ୍ ତେବେବି କ୍ୟାନ୍ ସେଲ୍ ହେଉନି । ନାହିଁ ଦିଇଣ ଖେଳଣା ଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଖାତା, ବହି, କେମ୍ବେଲା, ଜେତେ ବାପାଙ୍କ ଉପ୍ଯାର ରୁ ନାନା ଜିନିଷ କାହିଁ ଘର ମୋମ ପକେଇଛନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ ରଖା ଥାଆ କରି କରି ବାତି ହେଇ ଗଲା ।

ଦେହ ହାତ ବହୁତ ବିରୁଦ୍ଧି । ବାହାରେ ବହୁଳ ଅନ୍ଧାର । ଲାଇନ୍ କିନ୍ତୁ ଚାଲି ଯାଇନି । ବେଳ ପଳକି ବାହାରକୁ ଗାହିଁ ବସିଲି ବରଫ ମଧ୍ୟ ଗୋଟେ ସ୍ଥତ୍ତେ ଆଲୋକ ଅଛି । ବହୁତ ଉତ୍ତରଳୀ ଦେଖା ଯାଉଛି ବାହାରଟା । ଯୌ ପାଇଁ ଆସି ସର୍କଳ୍ ସମ୍ କରି ଯାଇଥିଲା । ଆମ ପାଞ୍ଚ ପଢ଼େଣି ଜର ମଧ୍ୟ ନିଜ ନିଜ ପାଇଁ ଆସି ଡାରଭୁ ଓଁଏ ସମ୍ କରି ଜାଇଥିଲେ । ଅଥବା, ତା ଉପରେ ବରଫ ପଡ଼ି ପାହାର ଉପରେ ହେଲ ଗଲାଶି । ଯାକୁ ସବୁ ଦେଖିବା ସରକ୍ ମୋର କିଛି କମ୍ ନୁହଁ । ଉଠି ଯାଇ ବାହାର ଲାଇଟ୍ ଜଳାଇଲି । ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ଶୁନ୍ଦରାନ୍ । ରାତି ନିଷ୍ଠବ୍ରତ । ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ଦୟାରୁ ଲାଇଟ୍ ଏ ଯାଏ ଯାଇନି । ଯଦି ଯିବ, କେତେ ସମୟ କି କେତେ ଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଯିବ ଜଣା ନାହିଁ । ଲାଇ ହୋଗେଲୁ ରୂମକୁ ଅଧିକ ରାତିରେ ପେରିବେ - ପାଗ ଯୋଗ କଥା ଯାଣିଛନ୍ତି - ଏବଂ ଆମ ସହର ରୁ ଯାଇଥିବା ଚାଙ୍ଗ ସବୁ ଆଉ କେତେକଣ ଲୋକ ମଧ୍ୟ ଫେରିବାର ଅଛି ସେଇ ଫ୍ଲେଇଟ୍ ରେ -ଯାହା କରିବେ ତ ସମସ୍ତେ କରିବେ । ମୁଁ ତେଣୁ ଚିନ୍ତା କରିବା ଉଚିତ ନୁହଁ ଭାବି ବସିଗଲି ଚିଭି ସାମାନ୍ତରେ-ଦେଖାଯିବ କାଲି କଥା । ଶେଷ ଥର ପାଇଁ ଏଯୁର ଲାଇନ୍ କୁ ଫେରନ୍ କରି କାଲି ଯାଙ୍କ ଫ୍ଲେଇଟ୍ ଷ୍ଟ୍ରାଟ୍ସ୍ ବୁଝିଲି । ଫେରନାଲି ଯାଙ୍କର ଫ୍ଲେଇଟ୍ କ୍ୟାନ୍‌ସେଲ୍ ହେଲ ଯାଇଛି । ଭଲହେଲା । ନିଷ୍ଟିକ୍ ହେଲି ରାତିବା ପାଇଁ ନିରଜ୍ ରେ ଦେଖିଲି କେତେ ପାପେଞ୍ଚର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଯାଗାକୁ ଯିବା ପାଇଁ ଏଯୁରପୋର୍ଟ ରେ ଷ୍ଟ୍ରେଚ୍‌ଡ୍ ହେଲେବନ୍ତି । ରାତିଯାରା ସେଇଠି ରହିବେ । ପାଗ ଭଲ ହେଲେ ସେମାନେ ନିଜ ନିଜ ଯାଗାକୁ ଯିବେ । ଯଦି ଫେରନ୍ ଠିକ୍ ଠାକ୍ ଚାଲିବ । ନାତୁରାଲ୍ ଟିଜାଷ୍ଟର ହେଲେ ଏଯୁରଲାଇନ୍ ଲାଇଙ୍କ୍, ବୋର୍ଡିଙ୍ ପ୍ରୋଭାଇତ୍ କରେନି । ଦେହ ବିଶାମ ଖୋଜିଲାଈଁ । ବରଫବୃତ୍ ରାତିର ଗରିରତା ଜାଣି ହୁଏନି ଘଷି ନଦେଖିଲେ । ରାତି ବାଥାର । ଧୋଇ ଧାଇ ହେଲ ଶେଯରେ ଲୋଗି ପଡ଼ିଲି । ବେଳରେ ବହୁତ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା, ଟେଲିଫୋନ୍ ଧରିଲେ ଏତେ ସମୟ, ବେଳ କଷ୍ଟ ବକି ଯାଉଛି । ନିଦ ବହୁତ ଲାଗୁଛିଆୟତ ବେଳ ସକାଗେ ଶୋଇ ପାରିଲିନି । ଆଖି ବୁଝି ଭଗବାନଙ୍କୁ ଧ୍ୟାନ କଲି । ଫେରବୋମାଯୋଲଜିଯା ସହ ଲାଜ୍‌କ କରୁ କରୁ ମୋ ଆୟୁଷର ସବୁ ମୂଲ୍ୟବାନ ସମୟ କଜ କାଲି ଗଲାଶି । ମୋ ଶରୀର ର ପ୍ରତି ବିନ୍ଦୁ ଶକ୍ତି ମଧ୍ୟ କ୍ଷୟ ହେଲ ଗଲାଶି । ଅନେକ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା, ଘୂଷେଳ ଦେଇଥିବା ତକିଆଟି ଆଶି ପୁରଣି ମୁଣ୍ଡ ତଳକୁ ରଖିଲି । ବହୁତ କଷ୍ଟ ଦେଇ ବଞ୍ଚିଲୁ ପ୍ରଭୁ, ଏବେ ତୁମେ ଦେଇଥିବା ଦେହ ଟି ନେଇଯାଅ । ଏବେ ଏ ଦେହ ର ଆଉ କିଛି ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ନାହିଁ । ଆଖି ବୁଝୁ ବୁଝୁ ମୋର ପାର୍ଥନା ଭିନ୍ନ ରୂପ ଧରିଲା । ପିଲା ଦିନେ କେତେ କାହାଣୀ କେଜେ ବାପା, କେଜେମାଆଙ୍କ ପାଖର ଶୁଣିଥିଲି । ବଡ଼ ହେଲ ଗଲାରୁ ପୁରୁଷା କଥା, ବାଇବେଲୁ କଥା, ବିଭିନ୍ନ ର୍ମ୍ ର କାହାଣୀ ରେ ପଢ଼ିଥିଲ ଯେ, ପ୍ରଭୁ ବତ ସନ୍ଧର୍ଣ୍ଣରେ ଆସି ଭକ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖା ଦେଇ ଯାଆନ୍ତି । ହେ ଭଗବାନ ତୁମେ ଆସନ୍ତନି ଚିକିତ୍ସା, ଆମାଯରକୁ କେତେ ଲୋକ ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି - ତୁମେ ଆସନ୍ତ । ବସିବାକୁ କହନ୍ତି - ଯଥାବିଧି ତୁମର ର୍ଚନା କରନ୍ତି, ଗପମପ କରନ୍ତି..... କାହିଁ ମୋର ସେ ଭକ୍ତି । କାହିଁ ମୋର ସେ ଭାବ !! କାହିଁ ମୋର ସେ ଭାଗ୍ୟ !!! ମୁଁ କି ଏତେ ଉଚ୍ଚ କୋରିର ଭକ୍ତ ଯେ, ଭଗବାନ ଆସିବେ ମୋ ପାଖକୁ ମୋର ଆତିଥ୍ୟ ଗୁହଣ କରିବାକୁ । ଆପ ମୁଁ କଥଣ ସବୁ ସତେ ଭାବୁଛି? କେତନା ଆସିଗଲା କେତେ ଯଳଦି । ସେ ଭାବ ରାଜ୍ୟର ଖୟି ପଡ଼ିଲି । ଘଷି ଦେଖିଲି ୧୭ ଟା ୩୪ । ଅର୍ଥାତ ମୁଁ ମାତ ଗ୍ରାମ ମିନିଟ ହେବ ଶେଯରେ ପଢ଼ିଛି ।

ଫେନ୍ ରିଁ ହେଲା । ମୋର ଯେଲ୍ ଫେନ୍ । ଧଡ ପଡ ହେଇ ବସିଲି । ଲେଖ ବୋଧେ ହୋଟେଲ୍ ରୂମ୍ କୁ ଫେରିଲେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏତେ ରାତିରେ ସିଏ ମତେ ଉଠେଇବା ଲୋକ ନୁହୁଣ୍ଟି । ଯେଲ୍ ଫେନ୍ରେ କିଥି ତାଳୁଯିବେ ଆଉ? ମୋର ତନା ତୁଟିଗଲା ଭଣସ୍ ଶୁଣି । ଅନ୍ତରଙ୍ଗ ଦିଲ୍ଲୀପଢ଼ୁ ବଢ଼ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ହେଇ ତାଳୁଛନ୍ତି । ପୁଅ ତାଳର କଳରାତୋ ଝିଲ୍ଲ ରୁ ବୋଣ୍ଟନ ଯିବା ବାଟରେ ମିନିଆପଲିସ୍ ଏଥାର ପୋର୍ଟ ରେ ଅଗଞ୍ଜି ଯାଇଛି । ଆସନ୍ତା କାଲି ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ପାଇଚି ନାହିଁ ତାଆର । ମୋ ବିବଶତା କଥା ତାଙ୍କୁ ବୁଝାଇ ଦେଇ ଫେନ୍ ରଖିଲି । ଉଠି ବସି ବାହାରକୁ ଚାହିଁଲି । ବିଜାର୍ଟ କଣ୍ଠିସନ୍ ଆଦ୍ଦୀ କମିନି । ନଚେତ୍ ପୁଅକୁ ତାକି କହିଥାଆନ୍ତି ଏଥାରପୋର୍ଟ କୁ ଚାଲିଯିବାପାଇଁ । ତା ପଦ୍ମ ପରାମର୍ଶ ବି କରି ପାରୁନି କାରଣ ରାତି ଗୋଟାଏ ବେଳେ ସିଏ ଶୋଇ ପଢ଼ିଥିବ । ଏଣେ ଫେନ୍ କରିଥିବା ବାନ୍ଧବୀ ଜଣକ ଯେ ଗୋଟିଏ ମାଆ! ପୁଅ ହୁଏତ ଆଉ ପାଞ୍ଚ ଜଣଙ୍କ ସହିତ ନିରାପଦରେ ଥିବ - କିନ୍ତୁ ମାଆ ମନ ତ ନିଷ୍ଠୟ ତହକ ବିଜଳ ହେବ, ରାତି ତମାମ । ସକାଳେ ମୁହଁତ ମୋ ପଥ ଯାଇ ତାକ ଆଣିବ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଦୁଃଖ କାଲି ବେଶି ଆସିଧା ଦେଇଯିବ, ବେଶି ଝୁତ ତୋପନ ବର୍ତ୍ତିଯିବ । ପଥଟି



ବୋଣନ୍ ରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଅଥବା ଏ ପୁଅଣିକୁ ପୁରଣି ଥରେ ଦେଖିବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ଅନିର୍ଣ୍ଣୟ କାଳ ପାଇଁ ମାଆଟି ନିଷ୍ଠେ ପୁଅ ପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ହେଉଥିବ । କଥଣ ମୁଁ ଆଉ କରିବି । ଏ କଣ୍ଠିପନ୍ ରେ ତ କେହି ବି ଘରୁ ବାହାରୁ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ଚିତ୍ତ ରେ ତେବେବି କହି ଗଲିଛିକିମେ ‘କାଲି ସଂଧ୍ୟା ଗ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଶାତ୍ରେଲ୍ ଆଡ଼ାଇଗରା ।

ନିମିଷକେ ଭଗବାନ୍ ମତେ ଦୂର ମୁଣ୍ଡ କରି ଦେଲେ- ମୁଁ ସେ ବନ୍ଧୁପୁତ୍ରଙ୍କ ଯେଲ୍ ଫେନ୍କୁ ତାଖଳ୍ କଲି । “ବାପା, ବୁଝିଦେଲୁ, ଯଦି ତାଙ୍କ ସର୍ବିସ୍ ବାତିଲ୍ ହେଇନି, ତେବେ ତୁ କାଳ ବିଳମ୍ବ ନ କରି ଘରକୁ ଗଲିଆ - ନିହାତି କମ୍ବରେ ଆରାମରେ ଶୋଇ ପଡ଼ିବୁ, କଥଣ ଚିକିତ୍ସା ଖାଇ ଦବୁ । ସକାଳୁ ଭଲରେ ଶାତ୍ରେ ପାରିବୁ, ତୋର ଫ୍ଲାଇଟ୍ କାଲି ଯଦି ଯାଉଥିବ, ତତେ ଆମେ ନେଇ ଏଯୁର୍ ପୋର୍ଟ ରେ ଛାତି ଦବୁ । ପୁଅ ମୋ ପଞ୍ଚାବରେ ଭାରି ଖୁସି ହେଇଗଲା ଏବଂ ମତେ ତାକିବ କହି ଫେନ୍କୁ ରଖିଲା । କହିବା ବାହୁଳ୍ୟ, ଆମ ଘର ଠାରୁ ଏଯୁର୍ ପୋର୍ଟ ମାତ୍ର ୧୫ ମାଇଲ୍ ଦୁର ।

ମୋର ଏ ସିଦ୍ଧାନ୍ତ ବନ୍ଧୁପୁତ୍ରୀଙ୍କ ଜଣେଇ ଦେଲି - ଏବେ ଆମ ଦୂର ମାଆଙ୍କର ଚିନ୍ତା ଦୁଷ୍ଟିତା ରେ ପରିଣତ ହେଇଗଲା - ଏ ଝତରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଆଣି ନିରାପଦରେ ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚେଇବ ତାଙ୍କ ସିଂହାସନ ପରେ ମୁଁ ଫେନ୍କୁ କରିବି କହି ଫେନ୍କୁ ରଖିଲି । ଭାତ ଦିଲଶା ବିଶେଳ ଦେଇ ରେପିଜେରେଶରରୁ ତର୍କାରୀ ପତ ବାହୁର କରି ରଖିଲି । ବାହାରକୁ ତାହେଲି - ବରଫ ଧିମେଇ ଧିମେଇ ପଡ଼ୁଛି । ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ଖୁବ୍ ପବନ ବହୁତ କମି ଯାଇଛି । ଆମ ତାଇର ତେ ଏବଂ ସର୍କଳ ପୁଣି ଥରେ ସଫା କରିଦେଇ ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଫେନ୍କୁ କରି ବୁଝିଲି ଯେ ସିଂହ ଲାଇନ୍ରେ ଠିଆ ହେଇବାରୁ ମୁଁ ନିଦ ଭାରରେ ଦୋଳେଇ ପଡ଼ୁଥାଏ । ଫେନ୍କୁ ପୁଣି ରଙ୍ଗ ହେଲା, “କେତୋଇ, ମୁଁ ତୁମ ଘର ପାଖରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଗଲିଶି । କିନ୍ତୁ କ୍ୟାବ୍ରତି ଯେବୁ ରେ ପଶିଗଲା । ତମେ ଏକତ୍ର ଅସି ମତେ ନେଇଯା ।” ଚିକିତ୍ସା ହରି ପୁଣି ସିଂହ ମତେ ଚିକିତ୍ସା ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିବାକୁ କହି ଫେନ୍କୁ ରଖି ଦେଲା । ମାଇଲା, ଏବେ କଥଣ କରିବି । ରାତି ଦୂରଟା ହୁଏ ପଛକେ ପୁଅକୁ ଫେନ୍କୁ କରି ପରାମର୍ଶ ନେବି, ମୋର ତାମ ତୁମିଗଲ ॥ ମୁଁ ଯେତେ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କଲି ଯମା ଠିକ୍ ଦେଇଲା ପାରିଲି ନାହିଁ ସିଂହ ଅଟକି ଯାଇଥିବା ଜାଗାଟି ଆମ ଘରଠାରୁ କେତେ ଦୂର - ହୁଇପର ଥରମିଆଁ କାଳେ ହେଇଯିବ ତ - ବଢ଼ ଅସୁରିଧା ହେଇଯିବ ମତେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଭଲ ଲାଗୁ ନଥାଏ । ସେଇମିତି ଅସ୍ତର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ଉପରକୁ ଯାଇ, ଗେଣ୍ଟ ରୂମ୍ ଏବଂ ବାଥ ରୂମ୍ କୁ ସଜାତି ଦେଲି - ବ୍ସନ୍, ରାତି ପୋଷାକ, ଲତ୍ୟାଦି ରଖୁଛି, ତୋର ବେଳ୍ ବାଜିଲା ପରି ଶୁଭିଲା । ତଳକୁ ଦରତି ଆସିଲି । ତାଲି ତାଲି ପୁଅଣି ପଲେଇ ଆସିଲା କି ! କବାଟ ଖୋଲିଲି । “ଆରେ ବାପା ତୁ !” ସତ କୁ ସତ ପୁଅଣି ଠିଆ ହେଇଯିଲା ।

‘ବିବାରା ଗାନ୍ଧି ତାଇଭର ଗାତି କାହୁଛି ବରଫ ଗଦାରୁ । ମତେ ଦୁଃଖ ଲାଗିଲା । ଅଧିକା ୪୦ ତଳାର ଦେଲି ।’ ଯୋତା ଖୋଲୁ ଖୋଲୁ କହିଲା ସିଂହ । “ହୁତ, ଭଲ କଲୁ ଆଗ ମା” କୁ ଫେନ୍କୁ କରିଦେ - ତାପରେ ଖାଇବପି, ମୁଁ ତାକୁ କହିଲି । ମତେ ଯଥାବିଧି ପଶାମ୍ କରି ମା’କୁ ଫେନ୍କୁ କଲା, ଖାଦ୍ୟଗରମ୍ କରି ଫେବୁଲରେ ଥୋଇବା ଭିତରେ ମୋ ଅଖିରେ ବହଳିଆ ଲୁହ ଗୁଡ଼ ଜକେଇ ଆସିଲା, ଅନେକ ଦିନ ତଳୁ ଅସମ୍ଯ ରେ ଆମସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଛାତି ଯାଇ ଥିବା ବାପା ବି ଯ୍ୟାର ଏଇମିତି ଥିଲେ- ବହୁତ ଯେହାହି, ଭାରି ଦୟାକୁ ଧିଲେ ।

ହୁପ ହୁପ ଖୁସି ହେଇ ଝତ ବାତିର ଅତିଥି ବି ଖାଇ ପିଇ ଶୋଇବାକୁ ଗଲା । ମୁଁ ବି ଶୋଇ ଗଲି । ଭୋର ଷଶ ମୋର ନିଯମିତ ଉଠିବା ସମୟ - ନିଦ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଗଲା । ଆଖି କିନ୍ତୁ ଖୋଲୁ ନଥାଏ । ଚିଗନ୍ଧୟ ଲେଙ୍ଗେକୟନ୍ ନେଇଥିବା ହାତଟି ଉଠେଇ ହେଉ ନ ଥାଏ । ଲାହ ପାନ୍ଧାନ୍ମାଣିକିନ୍ ରେ ଏକ ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ କନ୍ଦରେନ୍ସନ୍ ରେ ଯୋଗ ଦବା ପାଇଁ ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଆଖି ଭୋର ଫ୍ଲାଇଟ୍ ରେ ଫେରିବା ଜଥା । କିନ୍ତୁ ନବୁଝି ନସୁଖି ହୋଟେଲ୍ ରୂମ୍ କାଳେ ଛାତି ଦେବେ, ହୁଇରାଶ ହେବେ । ଉଠି ପଢ଼ି ତାଙ୍କ ଫେଲ୍ ଫେନ୍କୁରେ ମୋହେଇ ଛାତିଲି । ଗହିଁ ଦେଖିଲି ଅତିଥି କଷଟି ବନ ଅଛି ତେବେବି ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଶୋଇ ଯାଇଛି ମହା ନିଷ୍ଠିତ ରେ । ଯାହା ବି ହୁତ, ଆସିଲା ଭଲ ହେଲା; ହୁଇରାଶ ହେଲା ପଛକେ ଏଯୁରପୋର୍ଟରେ ଭାତିପାରା ହୋଲେଇବା ଅପେକ୍ଷା ଲାହ ।

ଗାଧୁଆ ପାଧୁଆ ପୂଜା ପାଠ ସାବୁଛି, ବାପ ପୁଅ ଉଭୟେ ଫେନ୍କୁ କଲେ । ଲାହ ରାତି ଫ୍ଲାଇଟ୍ ରେ ଫେରିବାର ଯ୍ୟାଇ ହେଲା । ମୋ ପୁଅ ତେଣେ ଗତ ରାତିର କାହାଣୀ ଶୁଣି ମୋ ଉପରେ ବହୁତ ବିରକ୍ତ ହେଲା । ଭାବିଲି ଏଣ୍ଟ ମଧୁ ମାଲଲେ ମୋ ହତ୍ୟା ତେଣୁ ମାଲଲେ ବିହୁହତ୍ୟା ! ଏମିତି ବରଫ ଝାଁତି ରେ ସିଂହ ଯାଇ ଅତିଥି କୁ ଆଣି ଥାଆନ୍ତା । ତା ସହ ସମୟ ଦବା ପାଇଁ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଆସିବ ବୋଲି କହି ଫେନ୍କୁ ଯେତେ ଯୋଇଲା ।

ମୁଁ ବନ୍ଧୁପୁତ୍ରୀ କୁ ଫେନ୍କୁ କରି କିଛିଟା ଗପିବା ସହ ରୋଷେଇ ବାସ କଲି । ଯାହା ପୁଅ ତାଙ୍କର ଭଲ ପାଇ ଖାଇବ - ବୁଝି ନିରଥାଏ କଥା ମହିରେ । ଅତିଥି ବି ତାଆର ନିତ୍ୟକର୍ମ ସାରି ପହଞ୍ଚିଗଲା ମୋ ପାଖରେ । ମୁହଁରେ ତାଆର ଫେଲ ଭୁବନ ମୋହନ ହୁପ ରିକକ ଲାଖି ରହିଛି । ଆଖି କାଳି ପିଲାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ତାହା ବିରଳ । ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦେଇ ବସିଲି ତାଆ ପାଖରେ । ପରଷତରେ ଶୁଣିବା ପାଇଁ ମଧ୍ୟ କିଛି ଥିଲା । ସର୍ତ୍ତ ଆଖୁ ପୁଇଟ । ଗୋଟେ ପ୍ରାଣିର ପୂଲକ ଏବଂ ଗୋଟିଏ ଶାତି ର ଝଲକ ମୋ’ମନରେ ଖେଳିଯାଉ ଥାଏ । ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣାରିତ ସମୟରେ ବନ୍ଧୁପୁତ୍ରଙ୍କୁ ଏଯୁରପୋର୍ଟରେ ଛାତି ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ଏଯୁରପୋର୍ଟ ରୁ ଆଣି ଘରେ ଛାତି ପୁଅ ଫେରିଗଲା ତା’ ଘରକୁ ।

ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ଉଚକିଖଣ୍ଡ ର କଥା ଲାହ, ଏକ ଝତ ରାତିର କାହାଣୀ, ଦ ଲ୍ୟାଙ୍କ ଅପ୍ ଅପରଚ୍ୟୁନିଟି ର ଅନୁଭୂତି ଲାହ ମୋର । ମନେ ପଢୁଛି ଆମ ମାନଙ୍କର ଏଇ ଯୁବ ବୟସର କଥା । ଏଇମିତି ଗୋଟିଏ ନିର୍ମୁମ୍ ରାତିରେ ଲାହ ଝରକା ପାଖରେ ସାରା ରାତି ଠିଆ ହେଲା ।



ଥିଲେ । ଏଇ ପୁଅର ବାପା, ସେତେ ବେଳେ ବିବାହ କରିନଥିଲେ, ଗାଜିରୀ କରିନଥାନ୍ତି, ଆମ ପାଖକୁ ଆସିବାର ଥିଲା । କିନ୍ତି ଅସୁବିଧା କାରଣ ରୁ ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚି ନଥିଲେ ଅବା ଆମକୁ ଉଣେଇ ନ ଥିଲେ । ସେ ସମୟର ଉତ୍କଷ୍ଟ, ଆମେ ଭୁଲିନ୍ତି । ରାତି ଅଧିକ ହେଇଗଲାରୁ ମୁଁ ଶେଯକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଇହ ସାରା ରାତି ଝରକା ପାଖରେ ଠିଆ ହେଇଥିଲେ । ଏଇ ଆଶାରେ ଯେ, କାଳେ ଆମକୁ ହଇରାଣ ହୁବାକୁ ନ ଦେଇ ଗାନ୍ତି ନେଇ ପକେଇ ଆସିବେ । ଅଧିକ ମନେ ପକେଇ ମନକୁ ଭାରାକୁନ୍ତ କରିବାକୁ ଚାହିଁଲନି । କେତେ ମାୟା କେତେ ମମତା ଲଗେଇ ପୁରଣି ସବୁ ତୁଟେଇ ଦେଇ ଅନେକ ଦିନରୁ ବନ୍ଦୁ ଟି ଆମର ଅତି ଅଞ୍ଚ ବୟସରୁ ଆର ପାରିକୁ ଚାଲିଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଏଇ ପୁଅ ତାଙ୍କର । ଇହ ସବୁ ଶୁଣିଲେ, ବନ୍ଦୁ ପନ୍ଦୀଙ୍କ ସବୁ ଏବଂ ପୁଅ ସବୁ କିନ୍ତି ସମୟ ଫୋନ୍ କରି ଗପ ସପ ହେଲେ । ଜୀବନ ପୁଣି ତା ବାଚରେ ଆଗେଇ ଚାଲିଲା ।

ଡା' ପରଦିନ ସକାଳ । ଖରା ବିଛାତି ଦେଇ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ୍ୟ ଉଠି ଅସିଲେ । ରାତି ରାତ୍ରା ପରିଷ୍କାର । କାମକୁ ଯିବା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ହେଲି । ପ୍ରଜା କଳାବେଳେ ପୁରଣି ମନେପଢ଼ିଗଲା ସେଇ ଧର୍ମ ସମ୍ବଲିତ ପୁରୁଣା ପୁରୁଣା କାହାଣୀ ଶୁଣିକ । ଯୋଡା ସିଲେଇ କରୁ କରୁ ଭଗବାନ୍ ମୋତିକୁ ଦେଖାଦେଇ ଗଲେ ଅଧିକ ସିଏ ଚିତ୍ର ପାରିନ ଥିଲା । ଗୀତାପଣ୍ଡା ଭାରିଯା କୁ ଭାର ଥୋର ନେଇ ପ୍ରଭୁ ଦେଖା ଦେଇ ଗଲେ । ଚନ୍ଦନ ଘୋରୁ ଘୋରୁ ମୋ ହାତ ଅଚକି ଗଲା । ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ଚାହେଲି; ହସୁଥିଲେ, ଭୁବନମୋହିନୀ ହସ, ଆବେ!!!! ସ୍ଵତଃ ଗାହାରି ଆସିଲା ପାଚିରୁ, “ତେବେ କଣ ପ୍ରଭୁ, ତୁମେ ଆସିଥିଲ ? ସେ ଝତ ରାତିରେ, ବନ୍ଦୁପୁତ୍ର ରୂପରେ ତୁମେ ମୋର ଅତିଥି ହେଇ ଆସିଥିଲ??????”

ମନିଆପଳିସ୍, ମିନେସୋଟା

ଭାବକୁ ନିକଟ, ଅଭାବକୁ ଦୂର ।



Sarita Misra

ଧେନୁ ପଛେ ପଛେ ବସ୍ତା ଗମେ କ୍ଷୀର ଲୋଭେ,  
ଉଜ୍ଜତ ପଛରେ ତୁହି ଥାଉ ସେହି ଭାବେ ।  
ଉଜ୍ଜ ସାଲବେଗ



## ପ୍ରକୃତି ଚିତ୍ତ ରଥ

ହେ ପ୍ରକୃତି,  
ଧନ୍ୟ ତୁମ ସହନ ଶକ୍ତି ।  
ମନ ଉଠି ଉଠେ ତୁମ ସହନିଯତା ରେ,  
ଶାବଣ ର ଅବାରିତ ଧାରା ଓ  
ଶାତ ର ଅସରନ୍ତି ନିର୍ଯ୍ୟାତନା ପରେ  
ଆଶ ଦୂମେ ଏ ଧରା କୁ ସୌର୍ଯ୍ୟ ବସନ୍ତର;  
ଉଦ୍‌ଦିଅ ଅସୁମାରୀ ପଲ୍ଲବୀରେ ଏ ଧରା  
କାନେ କାନେ ଶୁଙ୍ଗ ଉଠେ କୋଇଲିର ସ୍ଵର ।  
କଳକଳ ଝରଣା ବୋହିଯାଏ  
ମନ ହୁଏ ପୂଲକିତ ପାଲଗୁନ ଆଶାରେ,  
କର୍ମମୟ ଜୀବନ ହୁଏ ଆନନ୍ଦିତ

ମନ ଉଠେ ଉଠି ରଂଗୀନ ସ୍ଫୁରନେ,  
ଭଣା ଭଣା ବାଦଳ ଭିତରୁ  
ଝରିଯାଏ ଶାତଳ ଜ୍ଞୟାନ୍ତା  
ଡୁବାଇ ଦେଇ ଶରୀର କୁ ଉନ୍ନାଦନା ରେ!  
ହେ ପ୍ରକୃତି,  
କିଂପା ଦିଅ ମଣିଷ କୁ ଏତେ ମୋହ ଦୂମେ?  
ଏକାକୀ ପଥ୍ୟକ ସେ ଭାସୁନ୍ଦି ଜୀବନ ସ୍ନୋଟେ  
ମଣିବାକୁ ପରା ପାରାବାରେ !  
ପେନୋ, ଚେକ୍ସାସ୍



ଅଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଏ ମାୟମୟ ଜନ୍ମରେ  
ସୁନାର ହରିଣ- ଦୁଶ୍ମିଯାଏ, ପୁଣି ହଜେ  
ଛାତି ତଳେ ସବୁକାଳେ ତେଇଁ ତେଇଁ ଲୁଚିଯାଏ  
ଲତାକୁଂଜ, ଛାଯାଛନ୍ଦି, ପ୍ରାଂତର ଓ ଘନଘୋର ବଣଭୁଲୁଁ ଚପି  
ନିଜକୁ ଉଜାଦି ଦେଇ ଧାଇଁବା ର ଆମର ଭାଗ୍ୟ  
ତା' ଗୋପନ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶରେ  
ବର୍ଷା ପରି ଲକ୍ଷ ତୀର ଆପଣାର ଛାଇକୁ ନିଷେପି ॥  
ସୀତାକାନ୍ତ ମହାପାତ୍ର , କବିତା: ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣ



## ମନ ଆଶାଶୀ

(୧)

୪ ମନର କାତ ଆଇନା  
ଜୟଧନୁ ସପ୍ତରଙ୍ଗେ ହୁଏ ଯେବେ ରଙ୍ଗ  
୪ ଜୀବନ ଜହ୍ନେ  
ଆସେ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣିତ ତରଙ୍ଗ ।  
୪ଇ ମନ କେବେ ହୁଏ ପାହାନ୍ତି ଆକାଶ,  
କେତେ ଶାନ୍ତ, କେତେ ଝିଁଘୁ, କେତେ ସୁରଭିତ ।  
୪ଇ ମନ ପୁଣି କେବେ ଅସହିଷ୍ଣୁ ହୁଏ,  
ରାଗ ରୋଷ ଆଉମାନେ ଗରଳ ହେବାଏ ।  
୪ଇ ମନ ଦିଗବଳୟେ କେତେ  
ପୁଣି ଆଶା ଅସୁମାରୀ  
ସତେ ଅବା ଝରୁଅଛି କେଉଁ ଏକ  
ଅନ୍ତରୀନ ସମ୍ମୁଦ୍ର ଲହରା  
୧କ ଆଶା ପୁଣ୍ଡି ମାତେ,  
ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହୁଏ ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ଅଶା  
ନାହିଁ କେବେ ଶେଷ ତାର,  
ନାହିଁ କେବେ କ୍ଷୟ ।  
କାମନା ର ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣତା ରେ ମନ ହୁଏ ବାଦଶାହୀ,  
ଅପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ କାମନା ନେଇ ମନ ହୁଏ ମୃତବତ  
ଜଡ ଓ ପାଷାଣୀ ।  
୪ଇ ମନ ଲଶାରା ରେ  
କିଏ ହୁଏ ତାକୁ, ଖୁନି, ସରତାନ୍ ଆମା,  
କିଏ ଏଠି ହୁଏ ପୁଣି ସାଧୁ, ସନ୍ତ ଓ ମହାମା ।  
୪ଇ ମନ ଶକ୍ତିବଳେ ପଞ୍ଚ ଲଫେ ଚିରି  
୪ଇ ମନ ଶକ୍ତି ବିନା ପାଦ  
ଥମି ଯାଏ ପିରି ।  
୪ହିକଣେ ମନ ମୋର ଲାଖି ରହେ ପୁରୁ ଶୀତରଣେ,  
ଅନ୍ୟ କ୍ଷଣେ ମନ ମୋର ଭୁମି ହୁଏ ସଂସାର ଜଂଜାଳେ ।

(୨)

୪ ଅବୁଝା ମନ ମୋର ବୁଝିଯାଆ ଚିକେ  
ଅମାନିଆ ହୋଇ ବାଗବଣା  
ହୋ'ନି ତୁ ଏତେ ।  
କାହିଁ ପାଇଁ ଧାର୍ହି ତୁହି  
ପାରିହୋଇ କେତେ ବନ ଉପବନ ?  
ଜଣ୍ମର ଯେ ଭରିଛନ୍ତି  
ସ୍ଵର୍ଗୀୟ ଆନନ୍ଦ ର ଝର  
ତୋ'ରି ଭିତରେ ।

ମନ ମୋର, ବିନା ସତେ  
ଦୁନିଆ କୁ ରଖ ତୁ ବାରି  
ମୟେହୁ, ଶକ୍ତା, ମେତୀ ତୋରିରେ ।  
୪ତେ ବଢ଼ ଦୁନିଆରେ  
ନୁହେଁ ତୁହି ଏକା,  
କିଏ ଏଠି ଭାଇ ପୁଣି  
କିଏ ଏଠି ଭରଣୀ  
କିଏ ପୁଣି ସଖା ଏଠି,  
କିଏ ବି ସଜିନୀ ।  
୪ ଜୀବନ ହାତେ କିଏ କେବେ  
ମୋତି କିଂବା ରତି !  
ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଙ୍କ ଅଭ୍ୟନ୍ତର  
ସମାନ୍ତର ଅତି ।  
ଉତ୍ଥାନ, ପତନ, ସୁଖ ଦୁଃଖ  
ସଦା ଆସେ ଧୂପ ଛାଯା ପରି,  
କେବଳ ଓ କେତେବେଳେ  
ଯୌଭାଗ୍ୟ ଓ ଭାଗ୍ୟର  
ବିତରନା ସିନା ।  
ମନ ମୋର ରହିଥାଅ  
ଅଚଳ ମହାମେରୁ ସାଜି  
କରିବାଲ କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ସଦା ଦୂସି  
ମହାମା ଙ୍କ ପରି ।  
କିଏ ଯାଏ ଆଗେ, କିଏ ଯାଏ ପାରେ  
୪ ଜୀବନେ କେବେ କିନ୍ତି  
ଅଛି କି ଭରସା ?  
ସେ ପାରି ରୁ ତାକ ସତେ  
କେବେ ସେ ଆସିବ  
କିଏ କି ପାରିବ ଜହି !  
ମନ ମୋର !  
ଚିରନ୍ତନ ଲାଗି ରହ  
ପରୋପକାର ପରି  
ସ୍ଵର୍ଗୀୟ ସେବାରେ !

(୩)

ପରମ ପିତା ମୋର ଜଗତ ଗୋପାଇଁ,  
ଏତିକି ମିନତୀ,  
କୃପାକର କୃପାବନ୍ତ !  
ମୁଁ ଜାହେଁ ମନ ଚିଏ



ପୃଥିବୀ ପରି ଉଦାର  
 ଆଜାଶ ପରି ବିଶାଳ ଆଉ  
 ସାମର ପରି ପଶାନ୍ତ ଯିଏ,  
 ଦିଆ ତାକୁ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ  
 କଠୋର ବଚନେ ଯେ  
 ଭାଙ୍ଗି ନ ଯାଉ,  
 ଲଜୁଥାଉ ଜୀବନ ର ଯୁଦ୍ଧ,  
 ଲଭୁ ଥାଉ ପାପ ପୂଣ୍ୟ ରଲ ମନ ବିଚାରର ଶକ୍ତି !

ମନ ମୋର ସଦା ଭବୁ ଶ୍ରୀହରି ନାମ  
 ମନେ ମୋର ହୁରୁ ଥାଉ  
 ଭଗବତ ପେମ ।  
 ତୁମ ଅବିନାଶୀ ଶତକ୍ରେୟାତି  
 ବଳେମୋ ମନ ଦର୍ଶନ ହେଉ ଦୀପିମନ୍ତ କୋଟି ସୁଯୁଷମ  
 ଶତ ପ୍ରେରଣା ର ଉତ୍ସ  
 ଜନ୍ମ ହେବ ତେବେ ମୋର ସାର୍ଥକ  
 ଆଉ ମୁକ୍ତି ମାର୍ଗ ହେବ ମୋର ସହଜ, ସୁଗମ୍ୟ ।  
**ମିତିଗାନ୍**



Flower arrangement- Ranju Samantray

ଯାହା ମୁଁ କରଇ ଯାହା ମୁଁ କହଇ ଯାହା ମୁଁ ଚିନ୍ତଇ ମନେ,  
 ଜଗତର କର୍ତ୍ତା ଜଗତ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ଜାଶ୍ନଛନ୍ତି ପ୍ରତିକଷଣେ ।



## ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଭୂମଣ ଶଶଧର ମହାପାତ୍ର

ବାହୁଂଚାହୁଁ ତିନି ସଘରୁ ବିତିଗଲା  
ସମୟ ଦେହରେ ସତେ ତେଣା ଲାଗିଗଲା ।  
ଫେରିଆସୁଥିଲି ସେଦିନ  
ଚଞ୍ଚଳ ହେଉଥିଲା ମନ  
ଅନବରତ ଧାଉଁଥିଲା ଜୀବନ  
ବିଧାତା ଲେପୁଥିଲା କଟାଯାରେ ରୁନ  
ଦଦରା ଛାତି ଭିତରେ ଉଠୁଥିଲା କୋହୁ,  
ଆଖି କୋଣରେ ଜକେଇ ଆସୁଥିଲା ଲୁହୁ ।

ସେ ଦିନ ପାହିଗଲା ଶୀଘ୍ର ରାତି  
ଧକ୍ ଧକ୍ ହେଉଥିଲା ଛାତି  
ଆସିବାର ଲଜ୍ଜାଥିଲା କେଉଁ ?  
ଦେହରି ଆସୁଥିଲା ସତେ  
ଆମାତି ରହିଗଲା ସେଇଠି ।  
ମଣିଷ ଜୀବନଟା ସତେ ଏକ ଲମ୍ବା ରାତ୍ରା,  
ଯିବା ଆସିବା ସବୁ ଲେଖିଛି ବିଧାତା ।

ଷେଷନକୁ ପିନ୍ଧାକରି ଛାତିଲା ଚେନ୍.  
ତୁ ଆଖିବୁଝି ହାତ ହଲାଉଥିଲୁ,  
ମୁଁ କାଳେ ଦେଖିବି ବୋଲି  
ମୋ ଆଡକୁ ପଛକରି ଲୁହ ନିଗାଡ଼ୁଥିଲୁ,  
ଚେନ୍ କିଛିବାଟ ଯାଇ ଅଟକି ଗଲା,  
ତୁ ଧାଇଁ ଆସିଲୁ,  
ତହଳ ବିକଳ ହୋଇ ଚାହିଁଥିଲୁ,  
ଚେନ୍ ପୁଣିଛାତିଲା,  
ଚିକିଏ ଯାଇ ଅଟକି ଗଲା,  
ତୁ ଅଜାଣତରେ ପୁଣି ଧାଇଁ ଆସିଲୁ ମୋପାଖକୁ,  
କିଛି କହି ଆସୁଥିଲୁ, ଥରି ଉଠୁଥିଲା ତୋ ଓ୦,  
ତୋ'ମନ କଥା ସବୁ ବୁଝୁଥିଲି, ସବୁ ଜାଣୁଥିଲି,  
କିଛି କହିପାରୁ ନଥିଲୁ ତୁ,  
ଭାଷା ନଥିଲା ତୋପାତିରେ,  
ମିଶେଇ ଦେଉଥିଲୁ ଆଖିକୁ ଆଖିରେ,  
ଲୁହ ବହି ଯାଉଁଥିଲା ତୋ ଗାଲରେ  
ଲୁଚାଇବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥିଲୁ,  
ପୋଛି ଦେଉଥିଲୁ ତୋ ପଣତ କାନିରେ,  
ସେ ତୋର ମାମୁଳି ଲୁହ ନୁହେଁତ ?  
ତୋ' ହୃଦୟରୁ ସ୍ଵରକ୍ଷାରେ ଝରୁଥିବା

ସତେ ଏକ ଉଦ୍ଧେୟ, ପାହାତୀ ଝରଣା;  
ଅମାନିଆ, ଅବାଧ୍ୟ ଏକ ଆଶାରୀ ବନ୍ୟା;  
ବହିଯାଉଥିଲା ହୋଇ କଳକଳ,  
ମେଥିଲା ଶୀଠଳ, ମୀଗ୍ଧ, ପବିତ୍ର ଗଣ୍ଜଳ;  
ସେ ଥିଲା ତୋ' ଭଲପାଇବାର ଚିହ୍ନ,  
ଦୁନିଆରେ ଆଉ ସବୁ ତାପାଖେ ହୀନ,  
ଭାରାକୁ କରିଥିଲା ମୋ ମନ ।

ନା କିଛି କହିବାର ଥିଲା ?  
ନା କିଛି ଶୁଣିବାର ଥିଲା ?  
କଣ ବାକିଥିଲା ଯେ ?  
ବୋଧହୁଏ କହିଆନ୍ତି,  
ରାଶ ମୋର, ଫେନ୍, କରୁଥିବ;  
ଚିକିଏ ଆବାଜ ଦେଉଥିବ,  
ବର୍ଷିଥିଲେ ପୁଣି କେବେ ଦେଖା,  
ଚର୍ଷ ଚର୍ଷର ପଚୀଶ,  
ଜଣା ବଳିଆ ହେଉ ପାହା,  
ଘଣ୍ଟ ଘୋଡାଇ ରଖୁ ଚଉବାହା ।

ଚେନ୍ ପୁଣିଛାତିଲା,  
ତୁ ଅଦୃଶ୍ୟ ହେଇଗଲୁ;  
ଅଗଣିତ ମଣିଷ ଭିତରେ ଲୁଚିଗଲୁ,  
ଚେନ୍ ଅଟକିଗଲା ପର ଷେଷନରେ,  
ମୁଁ ହୀତାତ, ଅନୁଭବ କରୁଥିଲି  
ତୋ ଛାଇ ଯେମିତି ମୋ'ପାଖକୁ ଦଉଡ଼ି ଆସୁଛି,  
ମୋ ପାମ୍ବାରେ ଛିତା ହୋଇ କାନ୍ଦୁଛି ।

ଲଜ୍ଜାହେଉଥିଲା ସମୟକୁ ଘୁମାଇଦେବାକୁ  
ପଛକୁ କିଛି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତକୁ,  
ଅଗକାଳ ଦେବାକୁ ସକାଳର ସୁଯୋର୍ଦୟକୁ,  
କିବା ଅନ୍ତରେ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଦେବାକୁ;  
ଆଉ ବହଳ ନିଦରେ,  
କେଉଁ ଏକ ଅଜଣା, ଅପଞ୍ଚରା ରାଜନାରେ  
କିଛି ସମୟ ଶୋଇ ପକାଇବାକୁ ଚନ୍ଦେଲମାନଙ୍କୁ;  
ଶବସବୁକୁ ନିଃଶବ୍ଦ କରି ଦେବାକୁ ।

କ'ଣ କରିନଥିଲୁଯେ ?



କ'ଣ ଖୋଲନଥିଲୁ ? ପେଇନଥିଲୁ ?  
 ଦେଖେଇନଥିଲୁ ? ଶୁଣେଇନଥିଲୁ ?  
 କ'ଣ ବାକିରୀଲାଗେ ?  
 ମୋ'ସବୁ ପାପର ପାୟକ୍ଷିତ ପାଇଁ  
 ଦେଖେଇନେଲୁ ଯାଇପୁରରେ ବିରଜା,  
 କେହାପଡ଼ାରେ ବଳଦେବଜୀଏ,  
 ପାରାଦୀପରେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ମନ୍ଦିର,  
 ଆହା କେତେ ସୁନ୍ଦର, ଚମକ୍ରାର,  
 ଛିପିଥିଲୁ ସମୁଦ୍ରର ଲୁଣାପାଣି ଆଶି,  
 ପାଇଥିଲୁ ନିଜେ ପାଦୁଜମଣି ।  
 ଦେଖେଇଥିଲୁ ଝଙ୍ଗତରେ ଶାରଳା,  
 ବାଗରେ ଗୋରଖନାଥ,  
 ଭୁଲିନଥିଲୁ ବି ଦେଖେଇବାକୁ ଧରଳି,  
 କୋଣାର୍କ, ପୂରୀ, ଦୂରଦ୍ଵାର, ରଷିକେଶ,  
 ଆଉ ତୋ ଶାଶୁଷରେ ଅଞ୍ଚଳ ପଢ଼ିଥିବା,  
 ନିଜକୁ ଘୋଷାରି, ଘୋଷାରି ଚାଲୁଥିବା  
 ତୋ'ର ସତ୍ତର ବର୍ଷର ଶାଶୁବୁଦ୍ଧୀ ,  
 ଓ ତାଙ୍କର ଦେଇଥିବା ଆଶିର୍ବାଦ ସହ  
 କିମ୍ବିତ ଆୟୁଷ ।

ଦେଖେଇଥିଲୁ ହାତଧରି ଠାକୁରଦ୍ଵାର କାହିରେ  
 କେଉଁ ମାନାତା ଅମଳରୁ ଝୁଲୁଥିବା  
 ନିରିମାଖୀ ଆମ ବୋଉର ଫଳେ,  
 ଶୁଣିଶୁଣି ଆସୁଥିବା ତା ଲମ୍ବା ମୁହଁ,  
 ଶାରୀ ତଳେ ଲୁଚିଥିବା  
 ତା'ର ଦିଖଣ୍ଡ ପଞ୍ଚରା ହାତ,  
 କଷା ପଢ଼ିଯାଇଥିବା ତା'ପାରୁ ଦେହୁ,  
 ସରି ସରି ଯାଇଥିବା ତା ଆୟୁଷ,  
 ଲିଭିଲିଭି ଆସୁଥିବା, ପିକା ପଢ଼ିଯାଇଥିବା  
 ମିଲିଯନ ତଳାର ତା'ହୃଷ,  
 ରୁପ୍ ଚାପ୍ ବସିଥିବା କାଠର ଏକ ମୁଣ୍ଡ,  
 ଓ ତା'ର କକାଚକା ଦୁଇପି ଆଖି,  
 ଅନ୍ଧାରରେ ଝରନୁଥିବା, ଆଲୋକିତ କରୁଥିବା,  
 ପରମଦତ୍ତ ସେ, ଏକ ଦିବ୍ୟ ଜ୍ୟୋତି,  
 ମିଞ୍ଜମିଞ୍ଜ ହୋଇ ଜଳୁଥିବା ଦୀପ,  
 ଅଧା ଜଳା ଧୂପ,  
 ଗାଁ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଥିବା ଉଣ୍ଣ ମଠର  
 ଗୋତମ ବାବାଙ୍କର ସଂପାର,  
 ବାତିରେ ଶାଶ ପଚାଳ,  
 ଭଣଜା ଭାଣିକ୍ଷିଙ୍କର ଅଞ୍ଚଳୀ,  
 ଖେଳା ପାଙ୍କେ ନାବୁଥିବା ଖରା,  
 ଆକାଶର ଅଗଣାରେ  
 ଲୁଚେକାଳି ଖେଳୁଥିବା କୁଆଁତାଳା,

ବାତିତାଳଗଛରେ ବାଇଚରେଇର ବସା,  
 ଗଗର ଫୁଲର ବାସା,  
 ଅଗଣ୍ଠ ମାସରେ ଆକାଶ ଛାତିରେ  
 ରୁଷିହେଇଥିବା ଜଳା ହାଣିଆ ମେଘ,  
 ଓ ତୁହାକୁ ତୁହା ବର୍ଷା,  
 ଗାମ ଦେବତୀ, ଷେତବାତି, ଚକବନ୍ଧ,  
 ବାପଙ୍କର ସମାପି, ଗୋସବାପାଙ୍କର  
 ଜମିଦାରୀ ଓ ବୁନିଆଦିର ଇତିହାସ  
 କେତେ ହର ଖୁବି  
 ପାଞ୍ଚମ୍ବାଥିମେଳରେ ଥଜା, ତାମସା, ପରିହାସ ।

ଦେଖେଇଥିଲୁ ଖରଯୋଡ଼ା ନିଜକୁଳେ  
 ଧୂଆଳିଆ ଆକାଶ, ଦୂରରେଥିବା ବେତ ବଣ,  
 ଦୂରିଯାଉଥିବା ସୁଯର୍ପ ଓ ତା'ର ନାଲି କିରଣ,  
 କି ମନୋହର !  
 ସତେ କି ଦିବ୍ୟ ଦର୍ଶନ !  
 ଦଳଦଳ ହୋଇ ସଥଳ ସଥଳ  
 ବସାକୁ ଫେରୁଥିବା ପକ୍ଷୀ,  
 ଓ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ମୁଣ୍ଡର ଆନନ୍ଦ  
 ନା'ଧିଲା ତାଙ୍କର ଦୁଃଖ ନା ଶୋକ,  
 ସତରେ କେତେ ସ୍ଥାଧୀନ ।  
 ଦେଖେଇଥିଲୁ ନିଜରେ ଭାସିଯାଉଥିବା ହୁଲି ତଙ୍କେ,  
 ନିଜରେ ଗୀତଗାଇ ଯାଉଥିବା ଶଗତିଆ,  
 ଆକାଶରେ ଭାସିଯାଉଥିବା ବାଦଳ,  
 ନଈ କଟେ କଟେ ପୁଣିଥିବା ଘାସପୁଲୁ,  
 ବାଗ ଚାଲୁଗାଲୁ ଝୁଣ୍ଡିପଡ଼ୁଥିବା ଚାରି,  
 ଉଠିପଢ଼ି ଚାଲିବାକୁ ଥିଲା ପେ ପ୍ରତିଶୃଦ୍ଧିବନ୍ଧ,  
 ମା' ପଛେପଛେ କାନ୍ଦିବାକି ଦୌଡ଼ୁଥିବା ଶିଶୁ ଓ ଅନବରତ  
 ଝରୁଥିବା ତା ଅଶ୍ରୁ,  
 ପାଣି ହୋକେ ପାଇଁ ଛାତୁଛି ବିଜ୍ଞାର  
 ବୋଧହୁଏ ତୃଷ୍ଣାତୁର, କି ଶୁଧାତୁର ?  
 ପାଖ ହରିଜନ ସାହିରୁ ଆସିଥିବା,  
 କେତେ ନେହୁରା ହୋଇ ଭିକମାରୁଥିବା  
 ଅଧା ଲଙ୍କା, ବାଲ ନୁଖୁରା ଝିଅଟିଏ,  
 ନିରନ୍ତ୍ର କାଞ୍ଚଳ, ମାଛେଇଷ ପିଲାଟିଏ,  
 ଭାଙ୍ଗିରୁଛି ରୂପମାର ହେଇଯାଇଥିବା ତା ସପନ,  
 ଦେହରେ ଆଲ କି ନଥିଲାଭଳି ତା' ଜୀବନ,  
 ତା'ର ବଞ୍ଚିବାର ଆଶା,  
 ଓଳିଏ ମାଗି ଓଳିଏ ଉପାସ ଶୋଇ  
 ଭାଗ୍ୟସହ ଖେଳିବାର ନିଶା ।

ଶୁଣେଇଥିଲୁ  
 ପିଲାଦିନେ କାନ୍ଦୁଥିଲା ଦେଲେ



ବୋର କହୁଥିବା କାହାଣୀ,  
 ସପନା ପାଗରେ ତାହାଣୀ,  
 ରାତିରେ ତା' ପାଚିରେ ଜଳୁଥିବା ଆଲୁଅ,  
 ଆଉ ଧୂ ଧୂ ଖରା ବେଳେ  
 ଭଣୀ କୁଅ ଓ ଓସଗଛ ମୂଳେ  
 ବାହାରୁଥିବା ଗେରୁଆ ବସ୍ତାରୀ  
 ଏକ ଛୁଆଧରା ବାବାର୍ତ୍ତ,  
 ହାତୋରି କାଳେ ତାକିନିଏ,  
 ସିଏ ଧିଲା ଏକ ବଡ ପାଞ୍ଜ,  
 ସେ ଜାହାଣୀ ନୁହେଁତ ?  
 ସତ ଭଳି ଲାଗୁଥିଲା,  
 ଦେଶ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଜନ୍ମାଇଥିଲା,  
 ଦୁନିଆର ସବୁ ମା' ଭଳି ଧିଲା ଧୂରନ୍ତର,  
 ସେ ଧିଲା ତା'ର ଚଢୁରତା,  
 ବୋଧ କରିବାର ମହାମନ୍ତ,  
 ସେ ଧିଲା ଏକ ଯାଦୁକରୀ,  
 ଭୁଲାଇବା ଧିଲା ଏକମାତ୍ର ଷତଯନ୍ତ

ବୋଧହୃଦ ଭୁଲିଗଲୁ କହିବାକୁ  
 ଆୟୁଷ ହେଲେ ଅଛେଇଦିନ,

..

(୧୦୦୪ ଅଗଷ୍ଟ ମାସରେ ମୁଁ ମୋ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଓ ମୋ ପିଲାମାନେ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରୁ ଦ୍ୱାଳିଅର ଚେନ୍ଦରେ ଆସିବାବେଳେ ମୋର ସାନ ଭାଇ ଓ  
 ଭଉଣୀ ମାନେ ଚେନ୍ ଷେଷନକୁ ଆସିଥିଲେ ବିଦାୟ ଦେବାକୁ । ମୁଁ କାଳେ ଦେଖିବ ବୋଲି ମୋ ସାନ ଭଉଣୀ 'ଡଲି' ମୋଆଡକୁ ପଛ କରି  
 କାନୁଥିଲା, ତା'ଲୁହଙ୍କୁ ଛପାଇବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥିଲା । ଯିଏ ମୋତେ ଭଲପାଇବା କ'ଣ ଶିଖେଇଛି ତା'ପାଇଁ ଏ ଲେଖା । )

ଆସନ୍ତ ସିନା ମାସେ କି ଦିମାସ,  
 ନିରୋକାରେ ବସି ଖୁବ୍ ଗପୁଥାନ୍ତେ,  
 ବରା, ପିଆଜି, ମଧ୍ୟାମା ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଖାଇଥାନ୍ତେ;  
 ସୁଖ, ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ହୋଇ ଦେଖୁଥାନ୍ତେ  
 ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ସବୁ କେତେ ଜନମର,  
 ସାଙ୍ଗ ହୋଇ ତାକିଥାନ୍ତେ,  
 ସାଙ୍ଗ ହୋଇ ପୁରିଥାନ୍ତେ,  
 ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ, ସେ ଯେ ଜଗତୋକୁର ।  
 କହିଥାନ୍ତେ,  
 ଦିନେ ଉଠୁଥିବା ପଡୁଥିବା ଘରେ  
 କାହିଁକି ବିରାଜମାନ ଏ ନୀରବତା ?  
 କାହିଁକି ଏଠି ଲିଭିଲିଭିଯାଏ ସଞ୍ଜ ସଳିତା ?  
 କାହିଁକି ଏଠି ରାରିଆତେ ଖାଁ ଖାଁ ଭାବ ?  
 କାହିଁକି ଏଠି ସବୁଥାଇ ସବୁର ଅଭାବ ?  
 କାହିଁକି ଏଠି ହଜି ଯାଇଛି ମଣିଷର ସ୍ଵର ?  
 କାହିଁକି ଏଠି ଦୀପ ତଳେ ଅନ୍ଧାର?

## ମେରୀଲ୍ୟାଣ୍ଟ



ସକଳ ପରାଣ ଝୁରଇ ତୁମକୁ ତୁମେ ଯେ ବିଶ୍ୱପ୍ରାଣ,  
 ସବୁରି ଅନ୍ତରେ ଭରିଦିଅ ପୁରୁ,  
 ତୁମେ ଯେ ବିଶ୍ୱ ପ୍ରେମ ।  
 କାଳନୀ ଚରଣ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ



## ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଓ ଜୀବନ ଯାତ୍ରା ଆଭା ମହାପାତ୍ର

ସେ ଦିନ,  
ଜୀବନର ପଥମ ପାହାର,  
ନୀଳ ଛେତ୍ର ଉପରେ  
ସକାଳ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟର କୌତୁକିଆ ହସ,  
ମୋର କୁନ୍ତିପାଦ  
ବାଲଶି ପାହାଚର ପଥମ ପାହାଚରେ,  
ପଚାରିଲି ଜେତେ ମା....  
ଉଦ୍‌ଧର ମିଳିଲା,  
“ବାହୁମୋର, ହୃଦୟ ଛୋଟ  
ଯୋଗ ନୟନକାରୀ  
ଜୟ ଜୟ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଶଙ୍ଖ ଚକ୍ରଧାରୀ !”  
ତାପରେ,  
ରଞ୍ଜନ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଗୁଡ଼ାକ ମଝିରେ  
ମଧ୍ୟାହ୍ନର ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟଟି ଗା ନାହୁଥିଲା  
ସହର ମଝିରେ,  
ତୃଷାର୍ତ୍ତ ଆମ୍ବା ଗା ଖୋର୍ଦ୍ଦି ପଡ଼ୁଥିଲା  
ଜୀବନର ଜଟିଲତା,  
ଯାତନା ଓ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା ଭାରରେ,  
ଭାବିଲି,  
“କାଳସର୍ପ ଆପଣ କବଳ କର ପଦନମାନଙ୍କ ସବୁରି ।”  
ଆଜି  
ବାଲଶି ପାହାଚ ଶେଷରେ  
ଜେମେମା’ ଓ ଅନେକ କେତେ ହୁଅ ଗଲେଶି  
ମନ ର ମାଦଳା ପାଞ୍ଚିରେ,  
ହାଲିଆ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟଟା ହାଇ ମାରୁଛି ସହର ଶେଷରେ,  
ସମୁଦ୍ର ଜୁଆର ମୁଣ୍ଡ ପିରୁଛି ସ୍ଵର୍ଗଦାରେ  
ଏବଂ  
ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ,  
“ମୁଁ ମାରୁଛି ଶରଧାବାଲି ରୁ ହାତେ ।”

Dr. Ava Mohapatra lives in  
Palm Spring , California with her  
husband Dr. Sitikantha Mohapatra  
and children.

୪ ମନ ଭାବୁଥାଏ ଯାହା କାଳେ ପ୍ରାପତ ହୁଏ ତାହା ।

## ଓଙ୍କାର ଭଜନ ଯୋଗେଶ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ପଣ୍ଡା

ଓ ଭଜ ମନ ଓଙ୍କାର ଭଜ  
ପାଗଳାମି ତେବି ନିଜକୁ ଖୋଜ ।

ବିହୁରୁ ବିହୁ ହୋଇଲା ଉପନ୍ମ  
ବିହୁରୁ ଓଙ୍କାର ହେଲା ଜନମ ।

ଓଙ୍କାର ମାତା ଯେ ଓଙ୍କାର ପିତା  
ଓଙ୍କାର ବିଶ୍ୱର ଜନମ ଦାତା ।

ଓଙ୍କାର ହେଉଛି ବିଶ୍ୱ କଂପନ  
ସର୍ବ କଂପନର ସମଞ୍ଜି ଜାଣ ।

ଘର୍ମ ଭାବେ ବିହୁ ବ୍ୟାପୀ ଜଗତ  
ଏକବୁ ଅନେକ ଜୀବାରେ ରତ ।

ରହୁ ପରେ ସର୍ବ ଭାବ ଯେଷନ  
ବିହୁରେ ଜଗତ ପ୍ରତିପଳନ ।

ଏମନ୍ତେ ବିଦ୍ୟାରି ଅଛି ସେ ମାୟା  
ପ୍ରାଣୀମାନେ ହେଲେ ମାୟରେ ବାୟା ।

ତୁ ମଧ୍ୟେ ଲୟ ରଖି ତୁ ମନ  
ଓଙ୍କାର ଧୂନିରେ ହୁଅ ନିମୟ ।

ମହାମାୟ ଯେବେ ଛାତିବେ ବାଗ  
ଖୋଲିଯିବ ତୋର ଜ୍ଞାନ କବାଟ ।

ଚିର ବୃଦ୍ଧି ଚିଦାନନ୍ଦରେ ଲୀନ  
ଜଗଦପସରି ବିହୁ ଦର୍ଶନ ।

ଜପି ମନ ଓ ତୁ ନିରନ୍ତର  
ନର ଜନମକୁ ସଫଳ କର ।

Jogesh Panda has been on an active spiritual quest for the past sixteen years. He lives with his wife Smriti and daughters Suman and Poonam in Canton, Michigan.



ତୁଣ୍ଡ ବାଇଦ ସହସ୍ର କୋଶ । ତୁଣ୍ଡରୁ ତୁଣ୍ଡ ହେଇ କାହିଁ କେଉଁ କାଳରୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଗାଁଗାହଳୀର ବ୍ୟବହାର ହୋଇ ଆସୁଛି । ସେଗୁଡ଼ିକିର ଆରମ୍ଭ କେମିତି ହେଇଥିଲା, କାହିଁକି ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଥିଲା, କେତେବେଳେ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଥିଲା ଲିଖିତ ଭାବରେ ତା’ର ଜ୍ଞାନସି ପ୍ରମାଣ ନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ବଢ଼ିଥିବା ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାମାଜିକ ଜୀବନସହ ପରିଚିତ ଥିବା ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ସେଇ ଭଗଭାଳୀ ସହିତ ପରିଚିତ ଏବଂ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରିବାରେ ଅଭ୍ୟନ୍ତ । ସେଇ ଭଗ ଗୁଡ଼ିକର ବ୍ୟବହାର ଓ ସାମାଜିକ ଜୀବନରେ ସେଗୁଡ଼ିକର ପ୍ରୟୋଗକୁ ନେଇ ଦେଇ ଭାଷାରେ ରଚିତ ଏଇ କଥାକୁ । (ସଂପାଦିକା)

## ୪୩ କଥାକୁ ବର୍ତ୍ତ ବାହନ ସାମଳ

Sayings or ଭଗମାଳି are like the signature of a society. Using similes from day to day chores and familiar themes, people transmit the collected wisdom of a society in this form horizontally (from person to person) as well as vertically (generation to generation). Every primitive society has observations and recommendations which betray modern psychoanalysis and socioeconomic studies. Here, I am making a short incursion into the Oriya ଭଗମାଳି. I hope this will create an interest in us, the Diasporas, to look into the jewels we have at home. I am sure there is much more elaborate research on the subject by anthropologists and social scientists, which could be followed up the aficionados. Almost all the ଭଗମାଳି are related to the complexities of social labyrinth, family life, human nature and even, believe or not, love life. It also sheds light onto the frailty of human existence and the fragile human nature.

### **Social labyrinth:**

Oriya society has a very rigid hierarchical organization. It is impossible to confront people at higher places. ସରଗକୁ ନିଶ୍ଚାଣୀ ନାହିଁ କି ବଡ ଲୋକକୁ ଉଭର ନାହିଁ. The family members of the higher classes can get by with murder. ପଣ୍ଡିତ ପୁଅ ମାଙ୍ଗତ ମାରିଲେ ଦୋଷ ନାହିଁ. People at the lower spectrum of the society are most exploited ଗରିବ ମାଲପ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଶାଳୀ. They can neither avail opportunities ବେଳେ ପାଇଲେ କାରର କି ଯାଏ nor get equity for their efforts ହୋଇ ଖାଏ ମାତ, ହାତି ନିଏ କରନ୍ତି. Those who have, usually get more while the have-nots get no where ତେଲିଆ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ତେଲେ. They are reduced to being onlookers. ମାରି ନେଲେ ମହାପାତ୍ରେ ବାହିଁ ରହିଥିଲେ ଜଳକା. Exploitation is systemic କାଣୀ ବିରାତିର କୁଜୀ ଅସରପା ଉପରେ ତୋତ. The situation of female is worse. There is not much they can do but to oblige ପୁରୁଷର ଭାଗ୍ୟ ପତର ତଳେ, ସ୍ତ୍ରୀର ଭାଗ୍ୟ ପଥର ତଳେ.

In this impossible situation, the oppressed have no choice but to believe in fate. ଦଇବ ଦଇତି ମଣିଷ ଗାଇ, ଯେଣିକି ଶାଶିଲେ ତେଣିକି ଯାଇ. They even give up trying ଅଭାଗ୍ୟ କପାଳକୁ ସମୁଦ୍ର ଶୁଷେ or day dreaming ମନ କହୁଛି ଯୋତା ଚଢ଼ିବାକୁ ଭାଗ୍ୟ କହୁଛି ଘାସ କାର. So ଭୋକେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ନିଦ ଯାଏ .

### **Family Life:**

It is the fate that also decides who marries whom, ଯାହା ହାନ୍ତିରେ ଯେ ବାରଳ ପକେଇଛି; ଯାହାକୁ ଯିଏ, ବିରିକି ବାରଳ ତିନ୍ତେଇ ଦିଏ. In marriage, family status could override beauty of the daughter-in-law କୁଳ ବୋହୁ କାଳୀ ହେଉ, ତୀର୍ଥ ଜଳ ଗୋଳ ହେଉ.

The girl gets married and leaves parents’ home ଝିଅ ଜନମ ପର ଘରକୁ for the home of in-laws. In spite of the uncertainties and the overwhelming mother-in-law, the newly married girl



(ନୁଆ ବୋହୁ) has an enormous impact on the decision making process of the husband ପାଖରେ ଶୁଣ କାନରେ କୁହେ, ତା ଜଥାକି ଅନ୍ୟଥା ହୁଏ?; ଭାରିଜା ତରରେ ସାନ ଶଳକୁ ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ even though that influence degrades with time ନୁଆ ନୁଆ ଭାରି ଆଦର, ପୁରୁଣା ହେଲେ ଘସା ପଥର.

She tries to make the best of the situation ଯେଷା ଘର ଯାକୁ ମଧୁରା ପରି, ଯେଷା ବର ଯାକୁ ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଣ ପରି. She becomes strong to endure and flourish in her new life ପଥର ପରି ହେଲେ କରିବୁ ଘର, ପଚର ପରି ହେଲେ ହସିବେ ପର and gets prepared for rainy days ଲମ୍ବ ପଶତ ସବୁ ଆତକୁ ପାଖ even though her happiness and sorrow are tied to the capability of her husband ସ୍ଵାମୀର ଅଯୋଗ୍ୟ ପଶେ, ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଶୋଇ ଥାଏ ଚାକୁଣ୍ଡା ବଶେ. However in a very competing interest situation, he can be sacrificed ଘରତା ପରେ ମରୁ, ସରଦୂଣୀ ଲାଖ ହେଉ. When she becomes a mom she becomes be all and end all of her children ମା ନାହିଁ ଯାହାର, ଯାହା ନାହିଁ ତାହାର. Kids dare not to approach the authoritative father figure ମା ଗାଲି ଦାଖ ଧୂଳି, ବାପା ଗାଲି ଘର ଛାତି. She becomes the emblem of understanding in all spheres of life କାଳ ଠାର କାଳ ମାଆକୁ ଜଣା.

### Work Ethics:

Perseverance, hard work, diligence and attention to details are essential for making a living. One can not depend on handouts ମାତି ଆଶିଲା ତିଅଣ ପୋଡ଼କେ and what you get that way is not always the best of the best. ଗଛ ଚଢି ନ ଜାଣେ ଯିଏ, କାହିଁ ଅରଣ୍ୟ ଖାଏ ସିଏ. One can not depend for ever on the family wealth to enjoy forever ବସି ଖାଇଲେ ନଇବାଲି ସରେ and has to depend on his two hands. ଆପଣା ହାତ ଉଗନ୍ମାଧ. In this world you snooze, you loose ଶୋଇଲା ପୁଅର ଭାଗ ନାହିଁ. One has to be on the top of his stuff ନିଜେ ନ ମଲେ ଯମର ଦର୍ଶନ ନାହିଁ. Perseverance and patience finally pay off ପଢ଼କଲେ ରତ୍ନ ମିଳେ ; ଧାର ପାଣି ପଥର କାଣେ. Usually most people grow up to fill the shoes they get ବେଳରେ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ବନ୍ଦେଇ ଶିଖନ୍ତି.

Being self employed is better than working for some one else ବାକିରୀ ତାଳଶକ୍ତ ଛାଇ. Different professions have different needs ବାଷ ତର ତର, ବଶିଜ ମଠ. In work, attention to details matters. ବାପ ପୁଅ ରାତି ଅନିଦ୍ରା, ମୁଶୁରା ପଛ ମେଲା. One also can not kill the chicken to get all the golden eggs right away, ଲେଉଟିଆ କିଆରି କାତି ଖାଇବ, ମୁଲରୁ ଉପାଦିଲେ ଗଲା. For attacking any problem knee jerk reaction is not the best approach. One has to think a lot before taking action, ହାତେ ମାପି ଚାଖଣେ ଚାଲ. It is a fact that there is no free lunch and what we get depends on what we did earlier, both good and bad ଦେଇଥିଲେ ପାଇ, ବୁଣିଥିଲେ ଦାଇ, କ୍ଷୀର ଉତ୍ସରିଲେ ଚୁଲିକି ଯାଏ, ମଣିଷ ଉତ୍ସରିଲେ ଗାତକୁ ଯାଏ. In a society, presentation skill is a must କଥା କହିଲେ ପାଶିରେ ସର ପଡ଼େ; କହି ଜାଣିଲେ କଥା ଯୁଦ୍ଧର ବାରି ଜାଣିଲେ ମଥା ଯୁଦ୍ଧର; ଖାଇବା ଖାଇବ ଗରମ, କଥା କହିବ ନରମ. Getting the best of the situation ନାହିଁ ମାମୁଁ ଠାରୁ କଣା ମାମୁଁ ଭଲ, avoiding unnecessary arguments କଥା ମାଜିଲେ ମୋଗା, ସୁତା ମାଜିଲେ ସରୁ and developing a win win strategy ସାପ ମରିବନି କି ବାତି ଭାଙ୍ଗିବନି to serves well in long run.

**Human Nature:** Human nature is beyond comprehension, ନର ମାନ୍ୟ ନାରାୟଣଙ୍କୁ ଅଗୋଦର; ପବନର ଗତି, ପୁରୁଷର ମତି, କୁବେରର ଧନ, ନାରୀର ମନ, ଏ ଅଳକଣ. The personality is set pretty early in life ତୁଳସୀ ଦୂଳ ପତ୍ରରୁ ବାସେ, ବିଛୁଆତି ଦୂଳ ପତ୍ରରୁ କୁଣ୍ଡେଇ ହୁଏ and rarely changes ଯୁଷ୍ମର ପ୍ରକଟି ପଙ୍କେ ଲୋଗେ, ମଣିଷ



ପ୍ରକୃତି ମଳେ ଦୂରେ; କୀରତରେ ଧୋଇଲେ ଖଣ୍ଡରେ ମୋହିଲେ ନିମ୍ନ କି ମଧୁର ହୋଇବ. People are creature of habit କିମ୍ବା ସ୍ଵର୍ଗକୁ ଗଲେ ବି ଧାନ କୁଣ୍ଡ. They come in with all different flavors. Some people have no guts to take any risk ବିରି ମାତ ଦେଖି କୋଳିଥ ଚୋପା, ask for help ଶିଳ ଶିଳପତା ଗଗନେ ଉତ୍ତରିଷ୍ଟ, ଶିମୁଳି ଦୂଳା କହୁଛି ମୋତେ ରଖେ or run for cover at the slightest provocation ଖୁଅ ଦରତି କିଆବୁଦାକୁ while others don't know their limits ଓହ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ କଳା ବିରାତି ବାଇ; କୁଆ ଧାନ ଜିଆ ଦେଖି ବଗ ଧାନ ଖାଉଛି. Some don't want to get into any trouble with a କାଦୁଅକୁ ଯିବିନି ଗୋତ ଧୋଇବିନି principle after some traumatic experience ଯା ପୁଅକୁ ସାପ କାମୁତିଥାଏ ତା ମା ପାଳ ଦରତି ଦେଖିଲେ ତରେ, while others love trouble କଙ୍କତାକୁ ଗୋଲିପାଣି ସୁଆଦ and ask for it ଆରେ ମହିଷି ମୋତେ ଭୂଷି; ମାଉସୀଲୋ ମାଉସୀ, ମୋତେ ପବେ ଗାଳି ଦେ. Some mess up every thing they do ଗୋଦତା କୋତେ ଯେତେ ମାତେ ଯେତେ or just ferment trouble wherever they go ସର ଗୋବରରେ ପୋକ ପକାନ୍ତି while others go nuts when praised ଛୋଟିକି ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ କହିଲେ ଗୋତ ବୁଲେଇ ବୁଲେଇ ପକାଏ. Some are good at giving advice to others but mess up their own life. କହି ଦେଉ ଥାଏ ପରକୁ, ବୁନ୍ଦି ନ ଆସଇ ଘରକୁ while others are too sensitive ଗୋର ଉପରେ ମାନ କରି ଖପରାରେ ଖାଇବା.

Some need no introduction ଚିତ୍ତା ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଶର ପଇତା ଦରକାର ନାହିଁ but may not get respect they deserve due to familiarity ଗାଁ କନିଆ ସିଙ୍ଗରି ନାକୀ while others are born politician ଏ ଘର ମାଉସୀ, ସେ ଘର ପିଉସୀ and are good at କୁମ୍ବର କାରଣା. They are really creeps and should not be trusted. ଉପରେ ହସ ଭିତରେ ବିଷ; ମଧୁର ବଚନ ତୀଳକ ସବୁ, ତେବେ ସେ ଜାଣିବ ୦କଙ୍କ ଗୁରୁ; ଶାରୁଣା ସବୁରି ମାୟ ଖାଏ ଶାରୁଣା ମାୟ କେହି ଖାଆନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ. They are good at wheeling and dealing ମାନ୍ଦ ତେଲରେ ମାନ୍ଦ ଭାଇବା and use people for their own selfish interests only ବାହା ଘର ପରେ ବେଦୀମୁହଁ ପୋତା. Some just make lots of noise but are harmless ତାତିଲା ପାଣିରେ ଘର ପୋତେନା; ଗରଜିଲା ମେଘ ବରଷେ ନାହିଁ while others are creepy and very dangerous ସାନ ସାପର ବିଷ ବହୁତ. Trouble does not bother a few ବାୟାର କି ଯାଏ, ବାଆ କଲେ ବସା ଦୋହରା ଥାଏ while others die of worries all the time ଲୁଣ ଖାଏ ହାଣି, ଚିତ୍ତା ଖାଏ ଗଣି. Irrespective of the status in the society every one has some thing to worry about ଯେତେ ବାଉଁଶ ତେତେ ପୋଲ and people of similar personality stick together ଆଲୋ ମୁତୁରି ଶୋଇବା ତୁ ତ ମୁତୁରା ମୁଁ ତ ମୁତୁରା ହେଁସ କାହିଁ ପାଇଁ ଘୋଇବା?

### Love Life:

Love is spice of life and every one gets bitten by the love bug at least once in his/her life time ପୁରୁଷ ହୋଇ ଜାତି ନାହିଁ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ହୋଇ ସତୀ ନାହିଁ. People fall in love because ପାରତି ପଥ ଖେତା. Love breaks all barriers. ବରିଲା ନଇ ବନ୍ଦ ମାନେ ନା and obeys no rules. ପ୍ରୁତି ନ ଜାଣେ ରାତି. To one in love, lover has no faults. ଯାହା ମନ ଯେଉଁଠି ରସେ ତାକୁ ସେ କିଆ ଫୁଲ ପରି ମହ ମହ ବାସେ .

Some are too shy to make any move ଦେଖିଲେ କଥା ନ କୁହେ, ନ ଦେଖିଲେ ଖୁବି ହୁଏ making life more challenging for the other party. People suffer in silence ମୁଁ ମରୁଧାଏ ଯାହା ପାଇଁ ତାର ଚିକେ ଦୟା ନାହିଁ waiting for the time to get lucky ବିରାତି କପାଳକୁ ଶିକା ଛିଣ୍ଡିଲା. Some times, nothing works leading one to yearn forever for the lost lover ହୁକି ଗଲେ ଛିଣ୍ଡା କନା ଖୋଜି ଗଲେ ମଠୀ. In romance, wealth is not a substitute for youth ବୁଝା ବର କୋଠା ଘର ଲୁହ ବହେ ଭର ଭର, ପଢର ଘର ଗୋକା ବର ଝିଅ ହସେ କର କର and old age is not attractive any more. ବାସୀପୁଲର ମହକ ନାହିଁ, ବାସୀ ଯୌବନର ଚହୁଟ ନାହିଁ So better not to waste time and youth by indecision ସେଇ ଘରତା କଲୁ ବୟସ ଗଢେଇ ଦେଲୁ: The secret love affair has its own problems. ପର ପ୍ରୁତି ଦଗା ଦିଆ especially when it bears fruit ମନ ଜାଣେ ପାପ ମା ଜାଣେ ବାପ



Then every one talks about it. ମନ ବାଇଦ କୋସେ, ତୁଣ ବାଇଦ ସହସ୍ର କୋସେ· People talk and they talk mean, really mean ଅତି ରୟିକ, କଖାରୁ ଫୁଲକୁ ପାରତା ପୋକ. That hurts ହିପି ହିପି ବରଷା ଶରୀର ଭିଜେ, ଶୁଷ୍ଠ ଶୁଷ୍ଠ କଥା ମରମ ବିଶେ.

### Social Scrutiny:

It is difficult to escape the scrutiny of the people. One can be ridiculed for spending too much time in make up ବାଞ୍ଚ ମାରପର କି ପାରଟି, ସିରୁ ର ଫୁରୁଆ କଜଳପାତି or being religious in old age ବୟସ ଦେଲେ ନଥ ଶହ ଘରତା, ବୁଢ଼ୀ ଦେଲେ ଚିତା ପଲତା· A beautiful person invites envy ରଙ୍ଗ ତହ ତହ ଶିମୁଳି ଫୁଲ, ସବୁ ଦିନେ ସେ କି ରହିବ while an ugly person gets no sympathy ଦାନ୍ତୁରୀର ହସିବା କାନ୍ଦିବା ସମାନ· The worse situation is where one is homely ଜହିଁ ମଞ୍ଜି ପରି ଗୋରା and gets married to a wealthy family ପେତା ଚରେଇକି ସୁରଷ୍ଟ ପିଞ୍ଜା· One can also get ridiculed for not acting according to his/her position ବଡ ବଡ ଗଲେ ପସର ମେତି, ସାନ ଆଇଲେ ଦେବସର ବାଟି or disregarding the status in the society ମା ଧାନ କୁଟି, ପୁଅ ନାଗର; ଏତିକି ଛଇ ବାପ ବିକୁ ଥିଲା ଚିଙ୍ଗି ଶୁଖୁଆ ମା ବିକୁଥିଲା ପୋର.

A showy person is a target for riducles ଅଫୁଳି ଫୁଲେଇ ହେଉଛି, ଘରତା ଆଶିଛି ସାବୁନ ଖଣ୍ଡ, ଗାଁକ ବୁଲି କହୁଛି; ମୂଳରୁ ମାରପ ନାହିଁ ପୁଅ ନାଁ ଗୋପାଳିଆ; ଭୁବାକୁ ଖତେ, ମୁଦି ନାହିଁ ଗୋଡ କଚାତୁ କେତେ? One may be criticized for being stupid (ଗଧ) କାଲ ଆଗରେ ମୂଳା ଗୋବାରବା or being an intransient person ଅବୁଝା ରଜାକୁ ପାଳବିଷ୍ଣୁ ମନ୍ତ୍ରୀ· One can be negatively complemented too ସକାଳେ ଫୁଟି ସଞ୍ଜେ ଯା, ଜହିଁଫୁଲ ପରି ଆୟୁଷ ପା,· On the other hand, not every one who criticizes is beyond criticism ଚାଲୁଣା କହୁଛି ଛୁଅନ୍ତିକ, ତୋ ପଛରେ ଗୋଟେ କଣା; ଗୋଦରୀ ଲୋ, ତୋ ଗୋଟକୁ ଚାହାଁ· It is all in the mind.

Finally the description of the Oriya society and culture can not be completed without a reference to mind and spirituality. An individual's universe is a creation of his or her mind. ମନ ତୋହର ନିଜ ଶୁଭ, ଉଦ୍ଦବ କେତେ ତୁ ପଗରୁ?; ଯାହାର ମନ ସେତେ ତାର ପ୍ରଭୁ ଦେତେ; ମନ ନେଇ ପଳ ନଦୀ ଶୁଣେ ଜଳ. Life is short ଜୀବନ ପାଣି ମେଟକା; ମା କହେ ପୁଅ ବଜୁଛି, ଯମ କହେ ପୁଅ ଛିତୁଛି and the old age reminds us that our sojourn in this world is coming to an end soon ତଳ ବରତା ଖୟୁଛି, ଉପର ବରତା ହୃଦୟୁଛି, ମନ୍ତ୍ର ବରତା କହୁଛି, ମୋ ଦିନ କାଳ ଆୟୁଷି ।

---

(Almost all the ଭଗମାଳ cited here were obtained from the mother of Rajalakshmi Padhi, California.  
Unfortunately she is not alive any more.)

“କହି କମଳା କହି କହି ଯାଏ ଅଠର ନଳା ।”

କଥାରେ ଚିନ୍ହା ହୁଅଇ ଲୋକ

ମୁହଁର ନାହିଁ ଲୋତା

କଥା କହିବା ନ ଜାଣିଲେ

ସିଦ୍ଧିବ ନାହିଁ ଖତା ।

ଶୁରୀସ୍ତିତା ସାହୁ (କହି ଜାଣିଲେ....ଯୋଭେନିଯ୍ୟର୍୯)



## **In Memoriam: Meghna Mahapatra, A Little Darling (1999-2005)**

**I**t was an exciting evening in November 2005 in Michigan. The usual celebration of Kumara Purnima was in full swing. Everybody especially the kids were very happy to be part of the joyous celebration. But none was expecting the most unexpected. Perhaps it was one of the saddest days for all of us. Michigan Oriyas were stunned as a little girl wouldn't see the next morning. A little life would be snatched away by the cold hands of Death! It was heart rending. In the face of such incidents, we feel how helpless we are - a puppet in the hands of Providence.

This cherubic 6 year old girl, Meghna Mahapatra, was the only daughter of Lipi and Santosh Mahapatra. She came to Michigan in August 2001. She was a beautiful child and won the love of all.

Turn of events leading to end of one's life sometimes happen in the most unsuspected ways. That is the mystery which is beyond the common people to unravel. Her father didn't want to come that day as he had some other important work. But Meghna insisted that she must go and be with others to be part of this great celebration. As it is difficult for any loving father to see tears in the eyes of the kids, her father gave in. Meghna gave a wonderful performance on the stage on that day. It was late in the night when they drove back. But the dark night never dawned for her. She was lost for ever by a tragic road accident on the way back home.

In Bhagavad Gita it is said that one who is born has to die. But when an innocent life is taken away so suddenly and untimely, it becomes extremely difficult to accept. May the soul of Meghna rest in peace!

OSA Michigan community decided to keep her memory alive at this great loss. In 2006 the Oriya community of Michigan established the Meghna Memorial Trust to commemorate this wonderful life. Through this trust an essay competition has been started for kids under the auspices of OSA for the first time this year. Hopefully this noble effort will kindle the memory of that smiling face for years to come. ☐



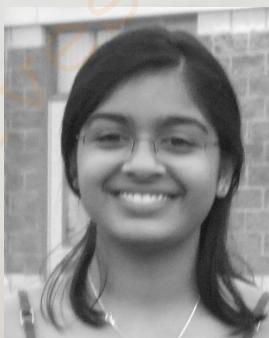
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ଓঁ শান্তিৱ শান্তিৱ শান্তিৱ

1st Place Winners of Meghna Mahapatra Memorial Creative Writing Contest 2007

# Topic: My U.S.A/ Canada, My Orissa



**Upasana Senapati**  
Age Group: 14-18

**Anya Rath**  
Age Group: 9-13

**Selina Mohanty**  
Age Group: 4-8

The 2007 Souvenir team invited essays for an essay competition from the children of Oriya origin, from U.S.A and Canada, by three age groups. We consider all of our participants as winners because they all followed the guidelines for submission. OSA-MI Chapter and the Meghna Mahapatra Memorial Trust decided to announce the first place winner for each age group as the Meghna Mahapatra Memorial award winners. **Congratulations to our winners!**

Sincerely,  
OSA Souvenir Team 2007

**May God Bless All Our Children**

## Presidents of OSA

1970 Gauri Das	1989 Amiya Mohanty
1971 Bhabagrahi Misra	1990
1972	1991 Digambar Misra
1973 Gauri Das	1992
1974	1993 Sita Kantha Das
1975 Amiya Patnaik	1994
1976	1995 Hemant Senapati
1977	1996
1978 Pramode Patnaik	1997 Gopa Patnaik
1979	1998
1980	1999 Anadi Naik
1981 Ladukesh Patnaik	2000
1982	2001 Shanak Patnaik
1983 Rabi Patnaik	2002
1884	2003 Laxminarayan Bhuyan
1985	2004
1986 Saroj Behera	2005 Niranjan Tripathy
1987 Asoka Das	2006
1988	

○○○

## Convention Locations

1970 Hartford, CT	1989 Nashville, TN
1971 Hartford, CT	1990 Washington D.C
1972 Riverdale, NJ	1991 Chicago, IL
1973 Riverdale, NJ	1992 Atlanta, GA
1974 College Park, MD	1993 Troy, MI
1975 Riverdale, NJ	1994 Pomona, NJ
1976 Toronto, Canada	1995 Minneapolis, MN
1977 Riverdale, NJ	1996 Washington D.C
1978 Wheaton, MD	1997 Houston, TX
1979 New Brunswick, NJ	1998 Monterey, CA
1980 Detroit, MI	1999 Toronto, Canada
1981 Chicago, IL	2000 Nashville, TN
1982 Minneapolis, MN	2001 Chicago, IL
1983 Bowie, MD	2002 Greenbelt, MD
1984 Glassboro, NJ	2003 Princeton, NJ
1985 Kent, OH	2004 Dallas, TX
1986 Toronto, Canada	2005 Newport Beach, CA
1987 Stanford, CA	2006 Columbia, MD
1988 Saginaw, MI	2007 Detroit, MI

○○○

With  
Best  
Wishes  
to  
OSA  
from

**Dr.Nanakram and  
Manju Agarwal  
Dr Avinash and Allison  
Agarawal  
Dr. Ritu Agarwal**

## **Souvenir Editors**

- |                               |  |
|-------------------------------|--|
| <b>1971 Gauri Das</b>         | <b>1992 Kula Misra &amp; Minati Biswal</b> |
| <b>1972 Gauri Das</b>         | <b>1993 Kula Misra</b>                     |
| <b>1973 Gauri Das</b>         | <b>1994 Alekh K Dash</b>                   |
| <b>1974 Pramode Patnaik</b>   | <b>1995 Purna Patnaik</b>                  |
| <b>1975 Pramode Patnaik</b>   | <b>1996 Binod Nayak</b>                    |
| <b>1976 Jnana Ranjan Dash</b> | <b>Susmita Patnaik</b>                     |
| <b>1977 Jnana Ranjan Dash</b> | <b>1997 Srikanta Mishra</b>                |
| <b>1978 Amiya Patnaik</b>     | <b>1998 Jnana Ranjan Dash</b>              |
| <b>1981 Jnana Ranjan Dash</b> | <b>1999 Ashok Archarya</b>                 |
| <b>1982 Jnana Ranjan Dash</b> | <b>2000 Lalu Mansinha</b>                  |
| <b>1983 Jnana Ranjan Dash</b> | <b>Kula Misra</b>                          |
| <b>1984 Jnana Ranjan Dash</b> | <b>2001 Jhinu Chhotray</b>                 |
| <b>1985 Deba P Mohapatra</b>  | <b>Raj Kishore Pati</b>                    |
| <b>1986 Lalu Mansinha</b>     | <b>2002 Anadi Nayak</b>                    |
| <b>Saradindu Misra</b>        | <b>Subhakanta Behera</b>                   |
| <b>1987 Lalu Mansinha</b>     | <b>2003 Pradyot Patnaik</b>                |
| <b>Saradindu Misra</b>        | <b>2004 Sikhanda Satapathy</b>             |
| <b>Sabita Panigrahi</b>       | <b>Tapas Ranjan Sahoo</b>                  |
| <b>1988 Lalu Mansinha</b>     | <b>2005 Nirode Mohanty</b>                 |
| <b>Saradindu Misra</b>        | <b>2006 Babru Samal</b>                    |
| <b>1989 Digambar Misra</b>    | <b>Jayashree Samal</b>                     |
| <b>1990 Digambar Misra</b>    | <b>Abhijit Ray</b>                         |
| <b>Sura P Rath</b>            | <b>2007 Manoj Panda</b>                    |
| <b>1991 Digambar Misra</b>    | <b>Swapnalata Mishra (Rath)</b>            |
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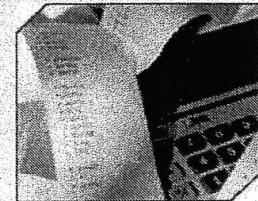
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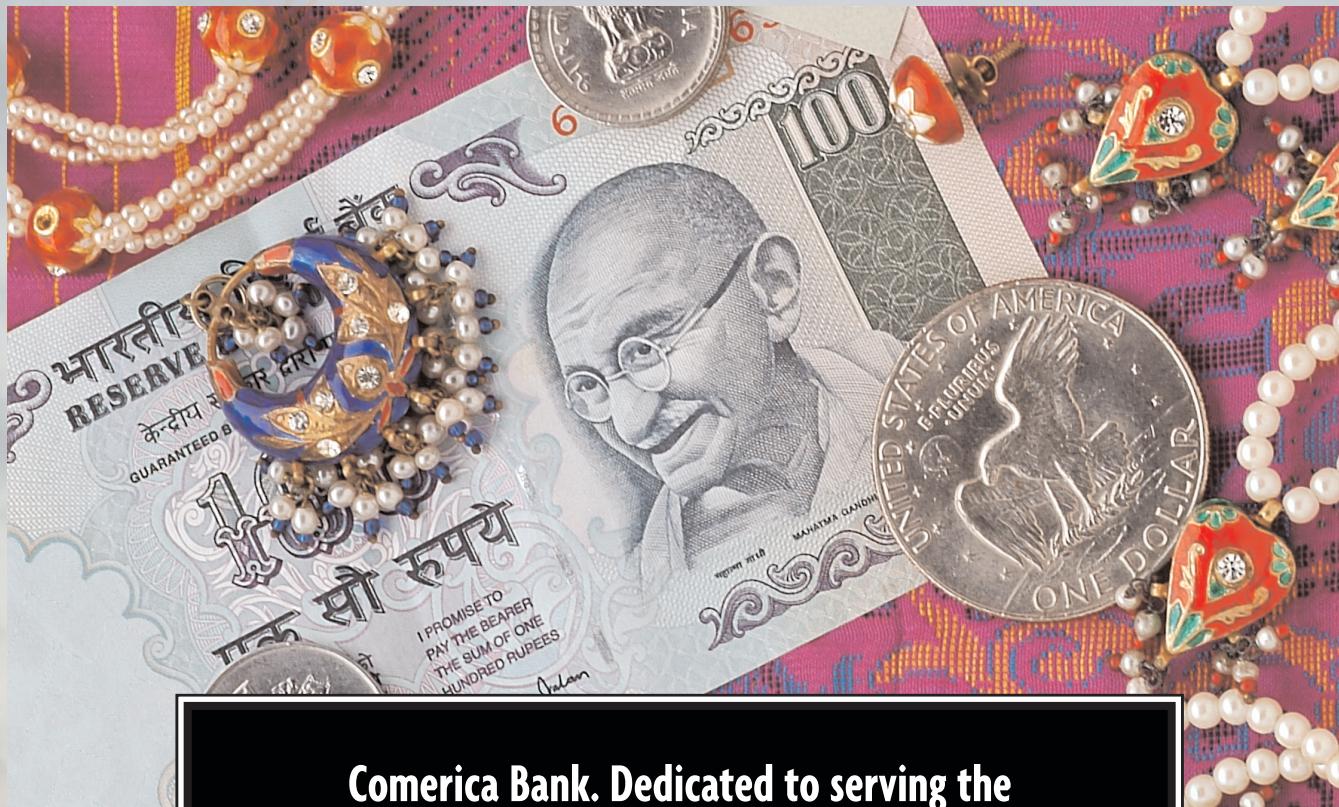
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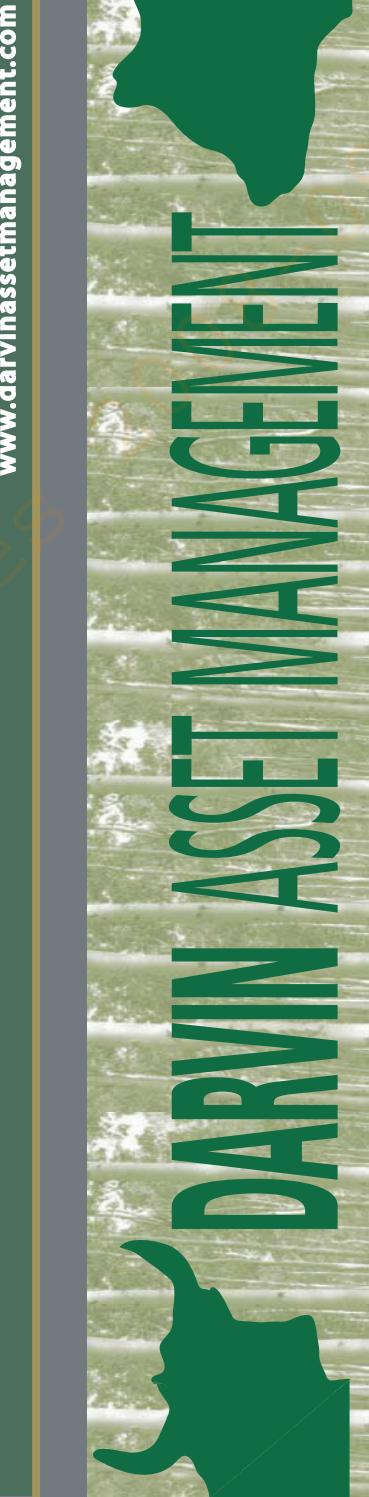
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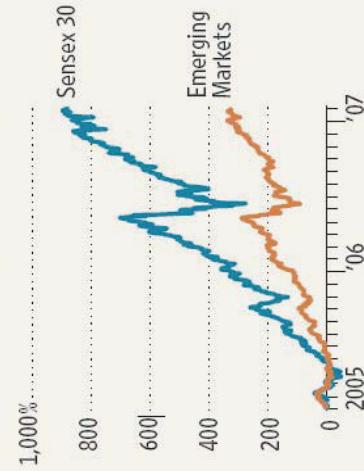
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# INDIA

## Fast Indian Passage

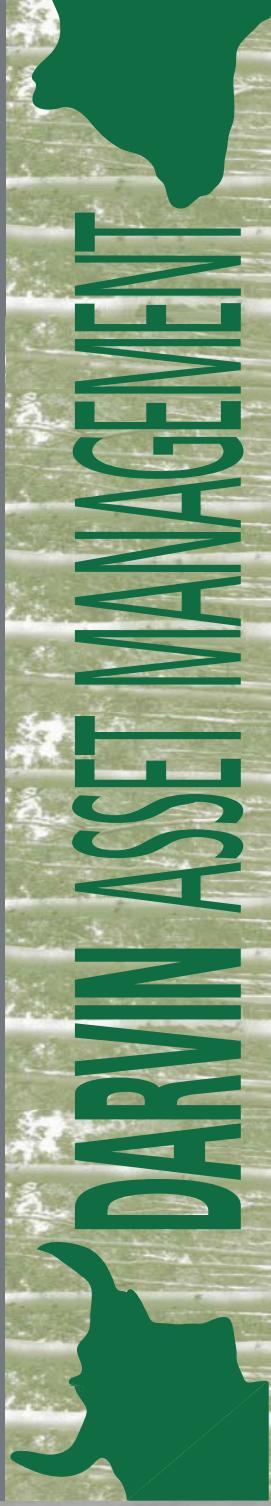
Two-year performance of India's benchmark stock-market index and the DJ Wilshire Emerging Markets Index



Sources: WSJ Market Data Group;  
Reuters via WSJ Market Data Group

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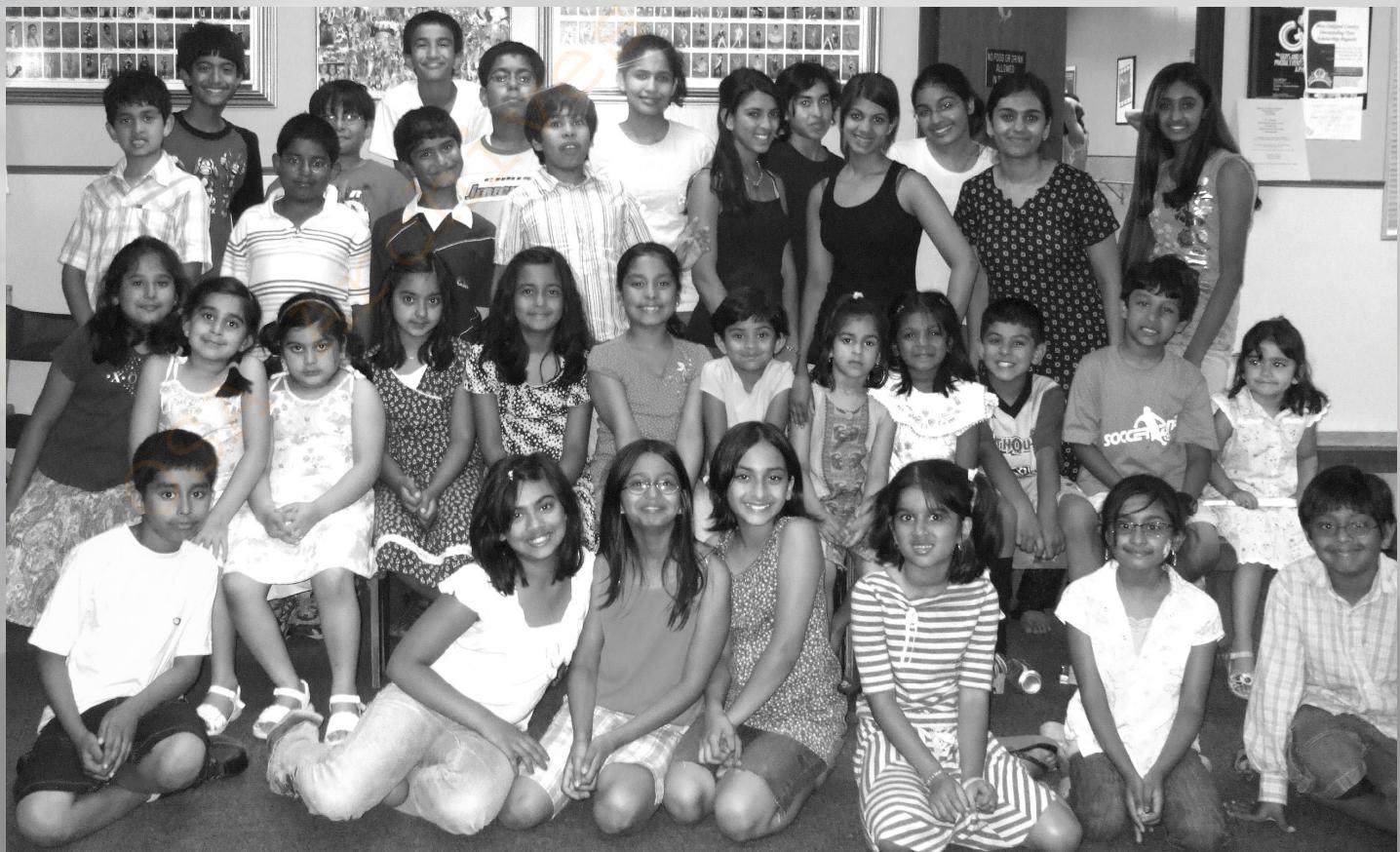
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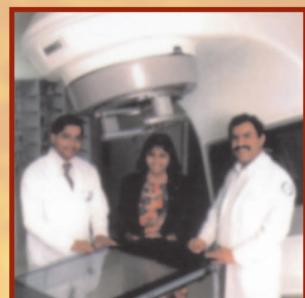
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