



41ST
OSA
CONVENTION

SOUVENIR

JULY 2-4, 2010

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.





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Journal Of the
Orissa Society of the Americas
Souvenir



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of the
Orissa Society of the Americas
July 2-4, 2010
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Murlidhar C. Bhandare
GOVERNOR, ORISSA



June 3, 2010.

MESSAGE

I am glad to know that the Orissa Society of the Americas (OSA) is holding its 41st Annual Convention at San Francisco, California on July 2-4, 2010 and is also bringing out its annual souvenir commemorating the occasion.

This occasion drives me down the memory lane to recollect the pleasant memories I had during the 39th Annual Convention. It is indeed very commendable that the Orissa Society of the Americas has been doing excellent work for the propagation and promotion of Oriya culture for four decades in a land far away from its origin. It is heartening to find that the theme of the convention this year is "This Land and that Subtle Sound." This is another thoughtful endeavour on the part of the OSA to deliberate on a very vital subject. There is no dearth of opportunities in Americas and similarly Orissa with its rich cultural heritage and tradition is a land of inspiration. Only thing that matters is proper knowledge and coordination. Let this integration benefit both Orissa and Americas.

I send my greetings and good wishes to all associated with OSA and I am sure it will continue to strive hard to achieve its lofty objectives. I wish the occasion and publication of souvenir all success.

Murlidhar Bhandare
(Murlidhar C. Bhandare)

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41st OSA Annual Convention Organizers

Convener: Kuku Das

Co-Convener
Prasanta Behera, Prasanna Panda

Committees

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Booth & Exhibits	Kuku Das - Chair Arundhati Mishra	Finance	Sunil Sabat – Chair Prasanta Behera Annapurna Pandey Anup Nayak Subhada Mishra
Cultural	Gayatri Joshi – Chair Kuku Das Tarun Tripathy Amrita Pati Geetika Patjoshi Bidisha Mohanty Rashmita Baral Manoj Sahu Chakradhar Kar Achyuta Acharya Archana Panda Atasi Gantayat Raina Geetanjali Panda	Food	Ashok Mishra - Chair Sasi Panda Jayantika Das Sweta Dash Shelly Mohanty
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41st OSA Annual Convention Organizers

Invest Bhubaneswar Advisors

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K Ganapathi
Kumar Pati
Ramesh Singh
Amlan Debnath

Logistics

Ram Das – Chair
Rudra Kar
Sanjib Dash
Manoj Sahu
Reena Patnaik Rao
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Logo

Sanuja Das
Vanani Vasundhara
Prabin Badhia

Media

Reena Patnaik Rao
Atasi Gantayat Raina
Purna Mohanty

Registration

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Sarita Jagatjita
Arati Misro Dash

Seminars

Manoj Joshi - Chair
Kishore Mishra
Sangram Pattanaik
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Souvenir

Bibek Das – Chair
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Kantilata Sahoo
Swapnalata Mishra

Souvenir & Directory Advertisements

Sanjib Dash – Chair
Purna Mohanty
Shelley Mohanty
Kuku Das
Bibek Das

Theme

Manoj Joshi – Chair
Jayantika Das
Alok Pandey

Venue

Manoj Sahu – Chair
Reena Patnaik Rao – Co-ordinator
Mahesh Pakala
Sunil Sabat
Bibek Das

Volunteers

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Sitikantha Panigrahi	Dolly Mishra
Biplabi Mishra	Sabita Dhal
Sunil Tripathy	Sharmila Acharya
Prasanta Behera	Sarita Panda
Niranjana Tripathy	Arati Misro
Pranab Panda	Nibedita Panda
Kamal Panda	Ranjee Nayak
Sukanta Nanda	Bilashi Sahu
Deepak Nayak	Madhumita Mohanty
Sirish Pal	Jayasree Mohapatra
Satya Jena	Niharika Behera
Basant Panda	Namita Panigrahi
Surymani Kar	Sagar Sahoo
Satya Pradhan	Ishani Behera
Bhrungaraj Behera	Shraddha Suman
Sanjay	Sanuja Das
Anjalika Pattanaik	Vanani Vasundhara
Kantilata Sahoo	Ipshita Praharaj
Anasuya Mohanty	Erika Baral
Sujata Pal	Akash Nayak
Manasa Sabat	Satwik Bebbortha
Kuku Das	Neha Nayak
Vandana Nayak	Piyush Behera
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Bandana Samantaray	Maya Acharya
Namita Praharaj	Nimit Tripathy
Seema Nayak	Prianka Mishra
Archana Dash	Akash Kar
Debajyoti Dash	Ritesh Pakala



ପ୍ରେସିଡେଣ୍ଟଙ୍କ ବାଣୀ

ପ୍ରିୟ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଓ ବାନ୍ଧବୀ ଗଣ

ଓସାର ଏକଚାଳିଗତମ ବାର୍ଷିକ ସମାରୋହର ଏ ଶୁଭ ଅବସରରେ ମୁଁ ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କୁ ହାର୍ଦ୍ଦିକ ସ୍ୱାଗତ ଜଣାଉଛି । ମନରେ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଥିଲା, ହୃଦୟରେ ଆଶାଥିଲା, ଓସାରେ ତିର ବସନ୍ତରୁ ବିରାଜିତ ହେଉ, ସଜଫୁଲର ମହକ ଓ ମୃଦୁ୍ୟ ମଳୟର ସୁଲଳିତ ସ୍ୱର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସମସ୍ତ ଓସା ସଭ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ହୃଦୟରେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ସମ୍ପାଦ କରୁ । ଏ କନ୍ଭେନ୍ସନ୍ସର ସମାଗମ, ରଞ୍ଜିତା ଓ ସ୍ନେହ ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନର ଛବି ଦେଖି ମୋ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନଟି ସତ୍ୟ ରୂପେ ପ୍ରତୀତ ହେଉଛି । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଏ କନ୍ଭେନ୍ସନ୍ସ ଆୟୋଜନ କରିଥିବା ସମସ୍ତ ସ୍ୱେଚ୍ଛାସେବୀମାନଙ୍କୁ ମୋର କୃତଜ୍ଞତା ଜ୍ଞାପନ କରୁଛି ।

ଓସାର କର୍ମକର୍ତ୍ତା ରୂପେ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ନେବା ସମୟରେ ଆମେ ତିନିଗୋଟି ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ରଖିଥିଲୁ; ସମାଜର ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ, ସମୃଦ୍ଧି ଓ ସମ୍ମାନ ବୃଦ୍ଧି । ଖୁସିର ଖବର ଯେ ଏ ତିନିଟି ଦିଗରେ ଆମେମାନେ ଆମମାନଙ୍କର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ପୂରଣ କରିବାରେ ସକ୍ଷମ ହୋଇପାରିଛୁ । ଉତ୍ତୁର୍ଷର ରଞ୍ଜରେ, ନାଟ୍ୟୋତ୍ସବର ହାସ୍ୟରେ, ଗୃହପୃଷ୍ଠାର ଲାସ୍ୟରେ, ଓସାର ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ ବୃଦ୍ଧି ହୋଇପାରିଛି । ସତୁରି ପାଖାପାଖି ନୁଆ ଓସା ଆଜୀବନ ସଭ୍ୟ ପରିବାରଙ୍କର ଆଗମନରେ ଓ ନୁଆ ଚାପ୍ଟରର ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠାରେ ଓସାର ସମୃଦ୍ଧି ହୋଇପାରିଛି । ବିଶ୍ୱର ପ୍ରତି କୋଣ, ଅନୁକୋଣରେ ରହୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଓସାର ବାଣୀ ପହଞ୍ଚିପାରିଛି । ସବୁଠାରୁ ଖୁସିର ଖବର ଯେ ୨୦୧୦ ମସିହା ମେ ୨୨ ତାରିଖରେ ମେରାଲ୍ଲାଣ୍ଡ ରାଜ୍ୟର ମଣ୍ଡଗୋମରୀ କାଉଣ୍ଟିର ସରକିଟ୍ କୋର୍ଟ ଜଜ୍ ମିଷ୍ଟର୍ ଡକ୍ ଥିପନ୍ ଡାକ୍ ବିଚକ୍ଷଣ ରୁଦ୍ଧିମତ୍ତା ଓ ନିରପେକ୍ଷ ବିଚାରର ସୁବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ମୁକୁଟ ପିନ୍ଧାଇ ଓସାକୁ ସମ୍ମାନିତ କରିଛନ୍ତି ।

ବନ୍ଧୁଗଣ, ଆମ ସମାଜ ଓସା ଆମପାଇଁ ପୂଜାର ଆଳୟ, ବିଦେଶ ଭୂମିରେ ଆମ ପରିଚୟର ଅକ୍ଷୟ ସ୍ୱାରକା ଓ ଆମ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ପରଭାର ଏକ ସୁତ ସୌଧ । ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ, ଏ ସୁନ୍ଦର ସୌଧଟିକୁ ଶୁଦ୍ଧା, ସମ୍ମାନ ଓ ଯତ୍ନ ଦେଇ ସାଇତି ରଖନ୍ତୁ । ସୌଧଟିଏ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଦେବା ସହଜ; କିନ୍ତୁ ଗଢ଼ିବା କଷ୍ଟ । ଗଢ଼ିବାରେ ହିଁ ଗୌରବ ଥାଏ, ଭାଙ୍ଗିବାରେ ନୁହେଁ ।

ବିଗତ ବର୍ଷଟି ଓସା ଓ ଓସା ସ୍ୱେଚ୍ଛାସେବୀମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ କଠିନ ପରୀକ୍ଷାର କ୍ଷେତ୍ର ହେବା ସଙ୍ଗେସଙ୍ଗେ ଓସାକୁ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ କରି ଗଢ଼ିବାର ଅନେକ ସୁଯୋଗ ଆଣିଦେଇଛି । ଏସବୁ ପରୀକ୍ଷା ସମୟରେ ଆମମାନଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରେରଣା ଓ ଉତ୍ସାହ ଯୋଗାଇଦେବା ସହିତ, ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କର ମୋ ଉପରେ ରହିଥିବା ଅତୁଟ ସ୍ନେହ ଓ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ନିଜକୁ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଗୌରବାନ୍ୱିତ ମନେକରୁଛି ।

ସୁନ୍ଦର ଯେତିକି ଅନ୍ଧାର ସେତିକି ଏହି ଯେ ଗହନ ବନ

ତେଣୁ ତୁ ଆପଣା ସଂକଳେ ଅଟଳ, ଅଟଳ ରହରେ ମନ ।

ଆଗରେ ପଡ଼ିଛି ପଥ ବହୁଦୂର, ଆତୁରି କେତେ ଯେ ବାକି

ଚାଲିବୁ ଚାଲିବୁ ନ ପଡ଼ିବୁ ଥକି ମୁଦିଲା ଆଗରୁ ଆଖି ।

ଆମ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ଓସା ଗଢ଼ିବା ପାଇଁ ଆମକୁ ଆତୁରି ଅନେକ ବାଟ ଯିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ତେବେ ସାଥୀଟିଏ ପାଖରେ ଥିଲେ ବାଟ ଯେତେ ଦୁର୍ଗମ ହେଲେ ହିଁ, ଆମେ ସହଜରେ ଆମ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟସ୍ଥଳୀରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ପାରିବା । ଆସନ୍ତୁ, ଭେଦଭାବ ଭୁଲି ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ ମିଶି ଆଗେଇ ଚାଲିବା ଓ ଆମ ସ୍ନେହର ରଞ୍ଜରେ, କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟବୋଧର ତୁଲିରେ ଓ ସମ୍ମାନର ସୁନାଜରିରେ ଓସାକୁ ସୁନ୍ଦର କରି ସଜାଇବା ।

ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ

ଓସା ପ୍ରେସିଡେଣ୍ଟ





President's Message:

Dear OSA Members



Bigyani Das
President

It is with great pleasure and honor that I welcome you to our annual festive event, the 41st Annual Convention of The Orissa Society of the Americas (OSA). My dream of a colorful, beautiful OSA with the fragrance of fresh flowers in a perpetual spring is finally coming to existence. I commend the organizing team and OSA members of California for their hard work, dedication and success in assembling a rich and wholesome program for your enjoyment.

The theme of this year's convention is "This Land and that Subtle Sound (Ei Mati and Sei Dhwani)". OSA has taken a prominent role in facilitating opportunities for Oriyas through its various activities. We continue to promote and propagate our rich Oriya culture and heritage in the Americas.

Our administrations theme was Grace, Growth and Glory. We have achieved our goals in all these three areas. OSA's performance was very strong in 2009-2010. OSA's strength can be felt through its quarterly newsletters, regional drama festival events, web page reflections and regular communication of OSA updates. OSA's growth has been achieved by addition of a new chapter, Grand Canyon Chapter based in Arizona and recruitment of more than 60 new permanent family members. While we welcomed new members, we also mourned the passing away of spirited OSA members Arun Das, Pradipta Patnaik, Uday Dash, Mohan Rao and Bijay Mohapatra. We miss them very much and pray that their souls rest in peace.

OSA's glory has been achieved through its global leadership as this year's convention is not only attended by Oriyas from the Americas, but from all over the globe. OSA members have participated in the NROFC (Non Resident Oriya Facilitation Center) meeting that was held in Bhubaneswar in December 2009 and made presentations emphasizing on collaboration between OSA and Orissa. The greatest glorious event took place on May 26th when the Montgomery County, Maryland's Circuit Court Judge Mr Durke Thompson dignified OSA with the distinct honor of his judgment.

The goal of the society's Board of Governors is to ensure that our society's business is conducted professionally, while fostering friendship and fellowship with love, affection and personal touch. The areas within OSA that require continuing improvement are member ethics and respect for the organization and to its rules. Our biggest challenge in the last year has been in achieving effective communication among our members.

Our society is respected and admired throughout the world. What is most impressive and encouraging is the degree of confidence and trust that you have communicated to our leaders and volunteers as we have gone through the challenges this year. OSA like the observance ritual for the worship, gets blessing as we continue with our observance ritual of cultural exploration and engagement.

Thank you for your continued confidence and trust, which have made this an outstanding year. It is an honor to be your president.



ଲେଖନୀରୁ ପଦେ ଅଧେ....

ଓଡ଼ିଶାଠାରୁ ବହୁ ଦୂରରେ ସୁଦୂର ଆମେରିକାରେ ଗଠିତ “ଓସା” ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନଟି ଆମେରିକାରେ ଅବସ୍ଥାନ କରୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱାଭିମାନ, ଜାତିପ୍ରୀତିର ପରିଚୟ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିଥାଏ । ଓଡ଼ିଶାରୁ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ନେଇ ଆମେରିକା ଆସିଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆର ପରିଚୟକୁ ହଜାଇ ନାହାଁନ୍ତି । ସେଇଥିପାଇଁ ପ୍ରତିବର୍ଷ ଆମେରିକାର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସ୍ଥାନରୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ଏକ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ସ୍ଥାନରେ ଏକତ୍ରିତ ହୁଅନ୍ତି ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରୁ ଆସିଥିବା ନିମନ୍ତୀତ ଅତିଥିମାନଙ୍କ ଗହଣରେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଭରସା ଭିତରେ ଉତ୍ସବ ପାଳନ କରିଥାନ୍ତି । ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସାଂସ୍କୃତିକ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ, ଖାଇବା ପିଇବା, ମଉଜ ମଜଲିସ୍ ଭିତରେ ସମସ୍ତେ ହଜିଯାଆନ୍ତି । ଏ ସକଳର ଭିତରେ ରହିଥାଏ କିନ୍ତୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ମାଟିର ବାସ୍ନା । ଆମେରିକାକୁ ଆସୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ କେହି କେହି ନିଜର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ପୂରଣ ପରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ ଫେରି ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି, ଅବା କେହି କେହି ଆମେରିକାର ନାଗରିକତ୍ୱ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରି ଏଠାରେ ଅବସ୍ଥାନ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ସେମାନେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ଯେ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣରୂପେ ଭୁଲିନାହାଁନ୍ତି ତାର ପ୍ରମାଣ ହେଉଛି- ଏବେବି ବିବାହିତା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଝିଅ ଏଠି ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ବ୍ରତ ପାଳନ କରେ । ପୁଣି ଗଣେଶ ପୂଜା, ସରସ୍ୱତୀ ପୂଜା, ଦୁର୍ଗାପୂଜା ଏକାଠି ପାଳନ କରାଯାଏ । ପୂଜାର ଚାରିଖ ଓ ମାସ ଜାଣିବା ପାଇଁ ଛୋଟ କ୍ୟାଲେଣ୍ଡର୍ ଅବା ଘରକୁ ଫୋନ୍‌ଟିଏ କରିଦେଲେ ଜାଣିବାର ଅସୁବିଧା ନ ଥାଏ । ଏଠାରେ ଜନ୍ମ ହୋଇଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପିଲାମାନେ ନିଜର ମାତୃଭାଷାକୁ ଜାଣିବା ପାଇଁ, ଆମେ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ପ୍ରୟସ ଜାରି ରଖିଛୁ । ଅବକାଶ ସମୟରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଦାନର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା ଏଠି କରିଛୁ । ଓଡ଼ିଶୀ ନୃତ୍ୟ ତ ବିଶ୍ୱ ଦରବାରରେ ଏକ ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ସ୍ଥାନ ଲାଭ କରିଛି । ତେଣୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପିଲାମାନେ ଓଡ଼ିଶୀ ନାଚ ପ୍ରତି ସ୍ୱତ ଆକୃଷ୍ଟ ହେବା ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂଗୀତ, ନୃତ୍ୟ ଓ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରତି ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କର ଆଗ୍ରହ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ପାଇଁ ଆମେ ଯଥାସାଧ୍ୟ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଛୁ ।

କବି ଗଙ୍ଗାଧର ମେହେରଙ୍କର ଗୋଟିଏ ଭକ୍ତି ବାରମ୍ବାର ଆମକୁ ମନେ ପକାଇଦିଏ —

“ମାତୃଭୂମି ମାତୃଭାଷାରେ ମମତା
ଯା’ ହୃଦେ ଜନମି ନାହିଁ,
ତାକୁ ଜଦି ଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଗଣରେ ଗଣିବା
ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ରହିବେ କାହିଁ ?”
ମାତୃଭୂମି ଓ ମାତୃଭାଷାକୁ ଆମେ ଭୁଲିନାହୁଁ ।

ଶିକ୍ଷା, ଅର୍ଥନୀତି, ସେବା ଆଦି କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ବିକାଶ ପାଇଁ ଆମେରିକାରେ ରହୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କର ଅବଦାନ ସ୍ୱୀକୃତ ।

ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲ୍, ଇଞ୍ଜିନିୟରିଂ ଓ ମେଡିକାଲ୍ କଲେଜ୍ ଖୋଲିବାରେ ଆମେରିକାରେ ଅବସ୍ଥାନ କରୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ବେଶ୍ ଅଗ୍ରଣୀ ।

ଶେଷରେ କବି ରାଧାମୋହନ ଗଡନାୟକଙ୍କ ଏକ ପଂକ୍ତି ଏଠାରେ ଉଦ୍ଧାର କରିବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁଛି —

“ଥାଉ ତା’ର ନାମ ଥାଉ ଭଜ ପଦ
ଥାଉ ତା’ର ପଛେ ଅତୁଳ ସମ୍ପଦ
ସବୁ ଅକାରଣ ସବୁ ବୃଥା ସିନା
ନ ବାଜିଲେ ହୃଦେ ଦେଶ ପ୍ରୀତି ବୀଣା ।”

ଏହି ଦେଶ ପ୍ରୀତି ବୀଣା ଚିରଦିନ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ବାଜୁଥାଉ, ଏହାହିଁ କାମନା କରି ରହୁଛି ।

- କୁକୁ ଦାଶ





Message from Convenor



Kuku Das
Convener,
41st OSA Convention,
San Francisco, California

Dear Friends,

On behalf of the all the Oriya families of the Golden State, It's my immense pleasure to welcome you to the 41st Orissa Society of the Americas Convention. We feel very proud and honored to be part of this historical event. We are happy to get the opportunity to host the convention in the San Francisco Bay Area. Thanks to OSA Executives for their trust, and support to the Californians, which helped us to accomplish this humongous but enjoyable task.

My salute to those veterans and elites who founded this beautiful organization 41 years ago with a great vision of preserving our language, culture, and heritage in a foreign land. Now it's our duty to move forward together to empowered and enlightened this organization with unlimited positive thoughts and energy. Let's take the responsibility of keeping our vibrant oriya culture alive for our future generation and give them the sense of belongingness.

This year our Convention Theme is Ei Mati Sei Dhwani – Coming Together.

The theme is focusing on integration and the best of the opportunities available here in the Americas represented by “Ei Mati” or “This Land” and the best of the inspiration coming from our root Orissa represented by “Sei Dhwani” or “That Subtle Sound”. with keeping this in mind we tried to bring our nostalgic memories back from our homeland to this beautiful land of opportunity. With our Convention extension, Invest Bhubaneswar Symposium, we have tried to build a bridge between our young, vibrant business entrepreneur of Odisha to the Silicon Valley, home of the Technocrats. This will be a platform for us to show our potential in front of the global community. Our opening Ceremony is showcasing our cultural heritage which will make everybody proud to be an Odishan. We created a nice blend of intellectual, spiritual, cultural, mehefil, sports, activities, carnival, a spectacular show by our tiny tots and also save some time for the relaxing socio gatherings. With all these rainbow of programs and indulging food, we will make your presence memorable and meaningful.

My heartfelt thanks to all the OSACAL 2010 volunteers for their enthusiasm, excitement and most of all the hard work which help us to achieve this dream comes true event. The blessing and good wishes from our elders, and love and respect from younger from the community definitely help us to pass this unforgettable journey pleasantly. I'm thankful to all my teammates for giving me this opportunity to work with them. It was a great experience of learning, a lot about human behavior, psychology, and leadership, which I'll treasure diligently in my memory. In spite of our great effort of making your stay enjoyable, still if we caused some discomfort for anybody please excuse us. Wish you a very happy 41st Anniversary and hope you have an unforgettable and memorable experience here at the beautiful city of San Francisco.



Message from OSA Secretary



Annapurna Pandey
Secretary OSA

Dear OSA members and the fellow Oriyas,,

Namaskar and my heartfelt greetings to everyone. I would like to welcome you all in anticipation of your participation in the forthcoming 41st OSA convention to be held in San Francisco, July 2nd – July 4th, 2010. First of all, my sincere gratitude and appreciation to the increasing number of selfless volunteers in Northern California who have been working day and night to make the convention successful. It has given me a wonderful opportunity to see the young people of Northern California come together to organize 2010 OSA convention at Sofitel hotel in SFO. It has been inspiring to watch them in action and it makes me optimistic about the glorious future the organization has in the hands of such talented young people. Wherever I go and whosoever I meet greets me with the buzzword of OSA convention in July, 2010. The registration to attend the convention has already exceeded our expectation, reaching more than 200 families as of today. The convention is still a month away and we are expecting many more registrations. It is going to be a truly spectacular convention in the magical setting of Northern California. If you have not already registered the time to do is right now. I would like to draw your attention to the official website, OSACAL2010.org to see all the exciting activities planned for you. I am amazed to see the democratic spirit of voluntarism represented in various organizing committee to make the convention a smashing success.

On behalf of the OSA executive committee, this gives me an opportunity to thank you all for electing us as your representatives. Since we were installed in our offices in 2009, a lot has happened. Since we took office, some seventy new families have become life members of OSA and I extend my heartfelt congratulations to all of them. Since we took office, a new chapter has been formed and many chapters have been reenergized. The elected leaders are working steadily to revitalize their communities. I congratulate the new office bearers of various chapters.

I have some very good news to report to you that in the month of May, 2010, the court case was resolved in favor of OSA and that lifted the cloud, which had created a dark spot in our history. Let us all remain united and work hard to achieve our vision of bringing all the Oriyas together under the umbrella of OSA and connect with people of our homeland of Orissa.

Since we came into office, we have been regularly conferring with the members of Board of Governing body at least once a month. It has been very helpful to have teleconference with OSA executives regarding every aspect of the organization. I draw your attention to the minutes of our deliberation regularly posted in Utkarsa, the OSA electronic journal.

My wish list as a representative of OSA is to work hard to persuade more people to become life members of OSA and as we have done in northern California to involve more young people in our ongoing OSA activities. It falls upon us the older generation to socialize our younger brothers and sisters to strive for a much stronger organization. My best wishes to all of you and I look forward to welcoming each one of you at Sofitel, San Francisco in July 2010.





ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ

ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ (୨)

ତାରୁ ହାସମୟା ତାରୁ ଭାଷମୟା
ଜନନୀ ,ଜନନୀ , ଜନନୀ

ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ—(୪)

ପୂତ-ପୟୋଧି-ବିଧୌତ-ଶରୀର
ତାଳତମାଳ-ସୁଶୋଭିତ-ଚିର
ଶୁଭ୍ର-ତରୁନୀ କୂଳ-ଶିଖର-ସମୀର
ଜନନୀ ,ଜନନୀ , ଜନନୀ

ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ—(୪)

ସନ ବନଭୂମି ରାଜିତ ଅଙ୍ଗେ
ନୀଳ ଭୂଧରମାଳା ସାଜେ ତରଙ୍ଗେ
କଳକଳ ମୁଖରିତ ତାରୁ ବିହଙ୍ଗେ
ଜନନୀ ,ଜନନୀ , ଜନନୀ

ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ —(୪)

ସୁନ୍ଦରଶାଳୀ-ସୁଶୋଭିତ-କ୍ଷେତ୍ର
ଜ୍ଞାନ-ବିଜ୍ଞାନ-ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶିତ-ନେତ୍ର
ଯୋଗୀ ରକ୍ଷିଗଣ ଉତ୍ସାହ-ପବିତ୍ର
ଜନନୀ ,ଜନନୀ ,ଜନନୀ

ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ—(୪)

ସୁନ୍ଦର ମନ୍ଦିର ମଣ୍ଡିତ-ଦେଶ
ତାରୁ କଳାବୋଲି ଶୋଭିତ-ବେଶ
ପୁଣ୍ୟ ତୀର୍ଥୀଳୟ-ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପ୍ରଦେଶ
ଜନନୀ ,ଜନନୀ ,ଜନନୀ

ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ—(୪)

ଉତ୍କଳ ସୁରବର-ଦର୍ପିତ-ଗେହା
ଅରିକୂଳ- ଶୋଣିତ-ଚାରୁଚିତ୍ତ ଦେହା
ବିଶ୍ୱ ଭୂମଣ୍ଡଳ-କୃତବର-ସ୍ନେହା
ଜନନୀ ,ଜନନୀ ,ଜନନୀ

ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ—(୪)

କବିକୂଳମୌଲି ସୁନନ୍ଦନ-ବନ୍ଦ୍ୟା
ଭୁବନ ବିଦ୍ୟୋଷିତ-କୀର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଅନିନ୍ଦ୍ୟା
ଧନ୍ୟ ,ପୁନ୍ୟ ,ଚିର ଅରଣ୍ୟ
ଜନନୀ ,ଜନନୀ ,ଜନନୀ

ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ—(୪)

(ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଜନପ୍ରିୟ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରୀୟ ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ,କାନ୍ତକବି ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀକାନ୍ତ ମହାପାତ୍ରଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଲିଖିତ ।)





Co-Convener Message



Welcome to the 41st OSA convention in California! This is the fourth OSA convention in California. Although we do not have a formal chapter, the people in California have deep connection to OSA and see OSA to continue to provide the forum to integrate. This convention is no different – many volunteers who have never been to an OSA convention have come forward to volunteer and make the convention a success. This is an essential – bringing younger and newer generation to participate and bring new ideas. Two teenagers have designed this year’s convention logo and it looks great! We need to encourage more -- let them make mistakes - let them challenge the status quo – if we open up, we will appreciate their ideas -- without their participation, in simple terms it is no fun! During last 4+ months, when you see all kids in Bay Area have been doing cultural practice every Sunday, you feel the excitement!

The whole team has been working hard to create exciting programs for you to enjoy your stay and have fun! We have added many activities specifically for young kids such as Tiny Tots, Malibu Grand Prix and Carnival games. The Decoration team has put a lot of effort in creating environment in tune with our convention theme “Mati Sei Dwani – Coming Together”.

We have tried hard to make your stay enjoyable. We hope that you will enjoy the convention in sunny California!

Go OSACAL2010!

Prasanta Behera



OSA Souvenir 2010

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Editorial

Janani Janmabhūmīśā Swargadapī Garīyasi. **Mother and motherland are superior to heaven.**

Many of us have left our Janmabhumi or our motherland and have spread across several corners of the world. Our karmabhumi is now the Land of Freedom and Liberty ... the land of plenty and the land of dreams. We're all in the pursuit of happiness in the tranquility of Individuality. In our social gatherings we talk about material possessions including cars, houses, stocks, the economy and we dream of making it big. After the party is over, we rush to our cars and head back home. What music do we listen to inside the car? Pandit Jasraj, Lata Mangeshkar, Kishore Kumar, Akshay Mohanty, Pandit Hari Prasad Chaurasia...the tunes are back from the Janmabhomi. The kids (daughters) overwhelmingly learn Odissi...and the food we eat is predominantly Odia.

So, what's happening? Even though we moved far away from Utkal Janani, Mother India, the ears still yearn for her music. We're walking, running, playing on this adopted land of ours, but our mind's wavelength is attuned to the music of the birthplace. We derive our inspiration from her. Ei Mati Sei Dhvani is what's going to be with us, as has been aptly said:

*You can remove a man out of the country,
but you cannot remove the country out of the
man.*

This is even truer when you replace the man with a woman in the previous sentence, since women perceive, understand and keep the traditions alive in a better way than men in many cases.

Talking about moving out of the Janmabhumi... this is not something new for us Odias. We've been doing this for centuries. Traveling on ships to the distant Java, Sumatra, Bali, Cambodia many centuries ago, our forefathers had established that we're a brave and adventurous bunch. However, for a short period of time during the Chaitanya period, we had adopted the more laid-back lifestyle. Now, it seemed like we're again on the move. In this year's OSA convention, there will be a lot of delegates from Odisha. The OSA convention is a big venue for a lot of us to meet and greet and chat and exchange ideas. The Souvenir represents the literary meeting spot for all of us. It's a literary kaleidoscope with a myriad of colors, thoughts and emotions in ink. A true reflection of This Land... that Tune. It's been my privilege to be the editor of this journal this year. Through your essays and poems, experiences and the many accounts of the selfless services to the society that you've rendered, I've learned a lot about the extended OSA family. Hope you'll enjoy reading the articles as we've enjoyed putting these together for you.

Jai Jagannath.

Bibek Das



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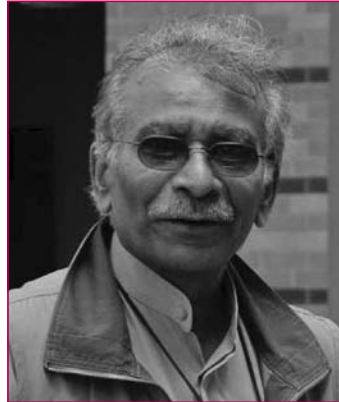
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In Memory of Late Arun Das

LATA MISRA

Rarely in one's life time, does one come across a few good people who made a lasting impression in one's life. Late Arun Das (we affectionately called him Mantu Babu) was definitely one of them in my life. I had the good fortune of knowing this noble man - a quiet, tireless community worker, and a good and supportive friend. I had the opportunity of knowing him as early as 1977 when he was a student at the State University of New York in Albany. He was studying fine arts there and had a distinguishing career in his subject. He made such a big impact there that he was commissioned by the University to create a mural painting which covered one full wall of the university. His work of art is still there, bearing the testimony of his unparalleled skill.



from the community at that time - only a handful of friends and well wishers. It was a gigantic task and I was desperate for help. Finally I sought help from Mantu Babu and he appeared as an angel. He asked me "Lata Apa, what can I do for you?" What a relief! I can't describe. Although he lived in DC, he would come frequently with his wife, Shabnam, to our house in New Jersey. We worked closely on all aspects of the cultural program. His advice was invaluable and he structured the entire format of the cultural program. He was an artist in its truest sense and his dedication to the occasion had no parallel. Mantu Babu had a very bold and rich voice - I used to tease him that he sounded like that of Amitabh

I first met him in the home Sadananda and Bidu Barik who lived at that time in the New York City. I was really impressed with him on that very occasion because of his simplicity and humility. He had a knack of telling stories with passion and suspense, and for that reason he was immensely popular with all of us. Before coming to the United States, he lived in New Delhi for a few years where he was instrumental in organizing various social activities among the Oriyas there, such as Raja and Kumar Purnima festivals. Before coming to the United States, he was successful in finally creating an Oriya association in New Delhi. During his stay in Albany, he came to the New York area and I met him a few times. At that time, he would regale all of us with his funny and suspenseful antics and made us laugh a lot. However, in the summer of 1977, he finished his school and left for New Delhi, again. We went to see him off at the Kennedy airport after he had lunch in our house, along with Pratap Das, a relative and close friend of him. Mantu Babu later took a job with the U.S.I.S. (United States Information Service) in New Delhi where he worked for a few years.

Bachchan and he would laugh, dismissing the notion. Together, we compared the entire two days' cultural events. The legendary singer Akshaya Mohanty died that year. Mantu Babu prepared a documentary about the artist during the former's visit to this country a couple of years back. He presented the documentary in the convention. In the memory of Akshaya Mohanty, we also staged a play of Fakir Mohan's Patent Medicine in which Mantu Babu gave his bold voice for narration. It was a huge success!

2009, last year's 40th OSA Convention in Trenton, NJ. It was by far the biggest convention ever. The merger of NY and NJ chapters created a huge member base with unlimited enthusiasm and zeal. Preparations were made a year before the event and everything was done on a gigantic scale. The young organizers prudently decided to rope in the talent of Mantu Babu for the occasion. He gladly accepted the challenge. Although he lived in DC, he would come to New Jersey, almost every weekend and would help the organizers with his direction and clear vision. He stayed late nights in order to complete the assigned jobs very painstakingly. I asked him to help me for the stage decoration of the Kalijai drama. He would call me almost every weekend and we would spend hours on telephone, discussing the situation with light and background of the stage for the drama, so that the drama was perfect.

Many years passed. I did not have any contact with Mantu Babu. I remember it was the year 1989, the month of October. OSANY was celebrating Kumar Purnima in a church in New Jersey. I saw Mantu Babu there. I asked him, "Do you remember me?" He was little hesitant. Twelve years had passed. Who will remember? Anyway, I introduced myself to him. He was really very happy. I asked him if he was still involved with the Oriya activities in New Delhi. He said no. He left Delhi a long time back and moved to Orissa.

Convention was over with thumping success. We all were tired and were recuperating. One afternoon, I received an e-mail that Mantu Babu was very sick. What happened? He had cancer and was going through his last stage! It was a bolt from the blue!! I could not believe it. Only a few days back, this man was running to New Jersey, every weekend, and was entirely absorbed in the activities of the convention and now he is in his death bed? Mantu Babu knew about his illness long before. What a man! We rushed to the hospital in DC to see him. He looked pale and frail. The same smile on his face. I told him "What's the matter? Who would steer us for the 41st Convention? When I stage my next drama, who will help me?" He did not tell me anything, but smiled. That was Mantu Babu. He was a suspense story teller and he kept his illness shrouded in suspense until the very end. He died the next week.

Thereafter, I met with Mantu Babu during the OSA Conventions and other such activities - working like crazy, arranging functions, decorating the stage, taking care of the various programs. Being an artist of distinction, his major contribution to his OSA community was the OSA Logo. He was a backstage worker - never wanted to be on the fore front. In this world people like to get credits and awards without doing much, whereas he did not like to show himself off.

In the year 2003, we had the OSA Convention in Princeton, NJ. My husband Saradindu Misra was the Convener and I was in charge of the Cultural Committee. We did not have much support

Lata Misra is a life member of OSA and lives in Franklin Park, NJ with husband Saradindu Misra.





In Memoriam Shri Bijoy Mahapatra



We lost a very dear friend from amongst us in 2009 September – Shri Bijoy Mahapatra, at the early age of 68. He suffered from ALS for the previous 20 months. Bijoy Babu's untimely demise saddened all of us who knew him for decades. A wonderful person of total humility and compassion, Bijoy Babu was loved by one and all.

He was born in Berhampur, Odisha . After high school and college in that city, he went to I.I.T. Kharagpur and graduated in 1964 in Civil Engineering. He left for the University of British Columbia, Vancouver for higher studies that same year. After graduate school, he moved to New York and started his career at many marquee companies such as Control Data, Boeing, and Intel. He also lived in Washington DC for many years before moving west to the San Francisco bay area in 1998 as part of his job at Intel's high-performance computing group.

Bijoy Babu is survived by his wife Jayanti (works for IBM, Silicon Valley Lab) and son Srijoy (a doctor in Virginia).

Bijoy babu never spoke a harsh word to anyone. Always

positive and smiling, he was ready to help any one at any time, unconditionally. He was an active member of OSA from its beginning in the east coast and a regular attendee at the annual OSA conventions. One can never forget him after just one meeting. He emitted warmth and positive vibrations to all. He was always there at every Odia community event in the bay area, be it the Rath Yatra or the Saraswati Puja.

Even while suffering the incurable disease of ALS, one never saw him complaining. He cared more for others visiting him than about himself. Never did he talk about how much pain he was having. As someone said – he had pain, but he refused to suffer. His life should remind each of us to cultivate qualities of love, compassion, egolessness and get rid of the “shad-ripus” (six enemies) of the mind – anger, jealousy, greed, etc.

His final journey to the abode of peace was extremely tranquil. While he laughed on his last breath, we all cried for him – a true sign of a great man and his legacy.

Bijoy Babu, we miss you!



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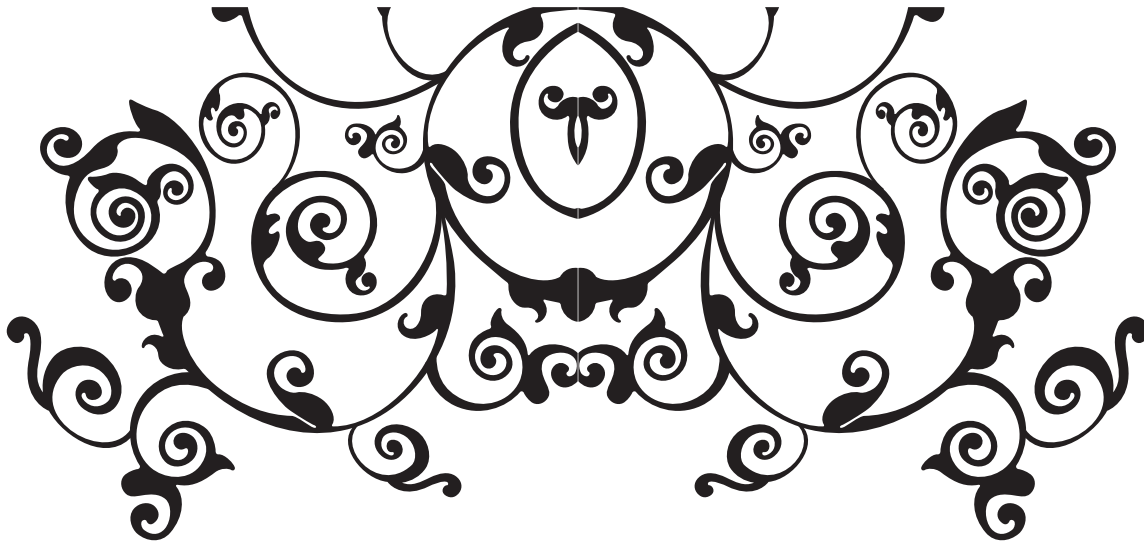
1. Sahaya- Institution for mentally handicapped in Cuttack.
2. Institute of Orissan Culture.
3. SCB Medical College Library- lifetime grant.
4. Basundhara: 7 year support ended 2002.
5. Ravenshaw Collegiate School, Cuttack- computer center (teaching 4th to 10th grades) and library renovation.
6. Orissa Dance Academy (Guru Gangadhar Pradhan) and Konarak Dance Festival- to promote and preserve Orissa dance styles.) (1985-2006)
7. Kala Vikash Kendra, Cuttack.
8. BKMM Eye Hospital, Dhenkanal- Prevention and cure of blindness: Dec. 2006 to present 11500 cataracts operated, giving back the vision.
9. Orissa Development Seminars in OSA conventions (for the last eight years).
10. Prof. Jatindra Mohanty (5 grants for review publications in Oriya literature).
11. JOGA, Washington, DC (for training of secondary school teachers in Dhenkanal and Angul districts).
12. 1st and 2nd Orissi Dance Festivals (Washington, DC)- major grants.
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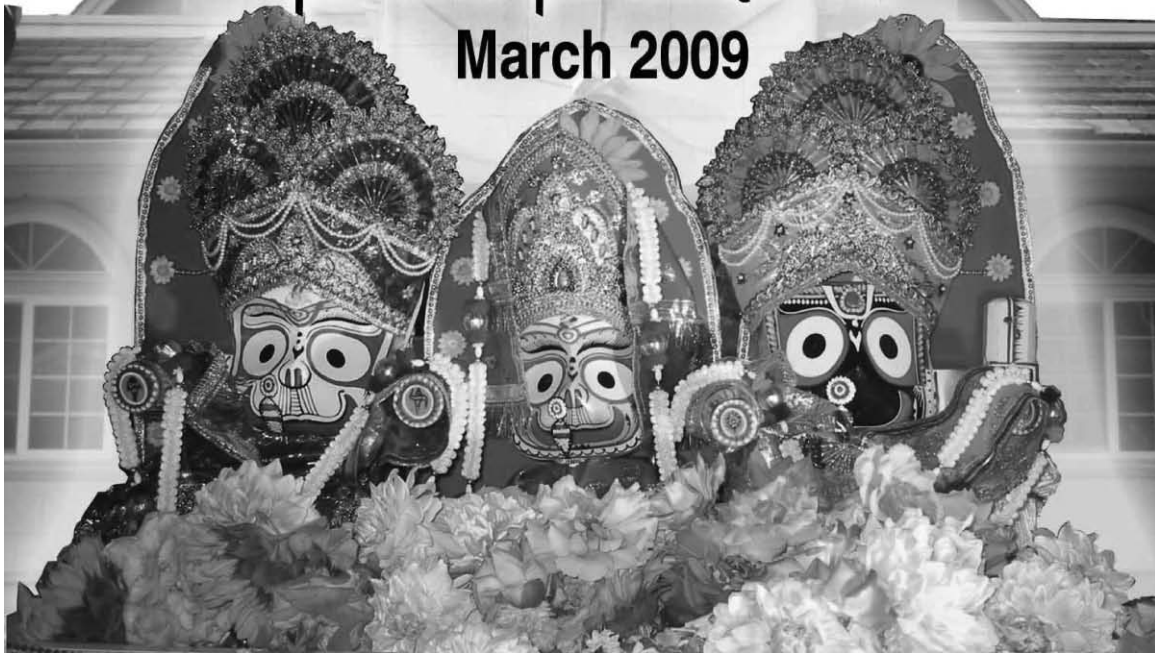




Fremont Hindu Temple & Cultural Center



श्री जगन्नाथ
प्राना प्रतिष्ठा,
March 2009



Balabhadrasubhadrabhyam Jagannathaya Te Namah





Sri JAGANNATH Pratistha in California

BY SURYA PATTANAİK

Skanda-Purana, the most voluminous of the puranas, describes the importance and the sanctity of Purusottama-kshetra (Puri) and the manifestation of Lord Jagannath as Chaturdha-vigraha daru murtis in the Purusottama (Jagannath) Kshetra-mahatmyam, which is the second section of the second part, known as Vaisnava Khanda. The importance of Purusottama-kshetra is stated in the slokas 8-9, Adhyaya 1, as follows: "Although Lord Jagannath is all pervading and is the source of all and there are also other holy places which destroy all sins, yet this holy place is superior as it has become the abode of the Supreme Being. He Himself is present there assuming a form and has indeed made that place by His own name". According to Skanda-Purana, the Lord originally manifested in Purusottama-kshetra as nilamani (sapphire gem-stone) vigraha, Neelamadhava in the beginning of creation. Neelamadhava disappeared in the second half of the creation, and the Lord manifested in His present Chaturdha-vigraha-daru form. The significance of the Lord's manifestation in wooden form is revealed by Lord Brahma to King Indradyumna during the consecration ceremony (slokas 39-41, Adhyaya 28) and is as follows: "Thinking it is a wooden image, O Great King, let there not be the idea in you that this is a mere image: this is verily the form of *Parambrahma (Supreme Brahman)*. As Parambrahma, (the Supreme Lord) He takes away all sorrows and confers eternal bliss. He is known as Daru. According four Vedas, therefore, the Lord is manifest in the form of daru (sacred wood). He is the creator of the entire Universe. He has also created Himself".

Worship of Lord Jagannath, originating in Purusottama-kshetra (Puri), has spread to different parts of Orissa, India and several countries around the world. The first sthapana of Lord Jagannath murti in USA was in 1992 at the Sri Ganesh Temple and Hindu Cultural Center, Nashville, Tennessee. Since then consecration of Lord Jagannath murti has taken place in more than 12 temples across USA.

Fremont Hindu Temple, located in the city of Fremont, was established in 1984 and is the oldest Hindu Temple in San Francisco Bay area. Devotees of Lord Jag-

annath have been celebrating Ratha Jatra at this temple starting in 1994. The deities for the annual Ratha Jatra were brought from a devotee's home-shrine since Lord Jagannath did not reside in this temple. Finally, the dream of the devotees to have Lord Jagannath in the temple was fulfilled. By the blessings of the Lord, Murti Sthapana and Prana Pratistha ceremony of Sri Jagannath, Sri Balabhadra, Subhadra Devi and Sri Sudarshan was held on March 3-6, 2009. Oriya devotees of San Francisco Bay area took the leading role in completing this on schedule.

Murti Sthapana and Prana Pratistha Process: Hindu temples have sacred images of Gods and Goddesses, called murtis. Murti in Sanskrit means shape or form with manifestation, embodiment, and personification; and is a representation of divinity. There are special ceremonies where these sacred images or murtis are formally installed in temples. These ceremonies are known as Murti Sthapana (placing of the sacred image) and Prana Pratistha (infusion of life energy into murti). Through the Murti Sthapana and Prana Pratistha ceremony, the consciousness or power of the deity is brought into the murti. The rites and rituals of Prana Pratistha are followed strictly according to Agama Sastras. The ceremony typically takes 4-5 days. Priests well trained in Vedic rituals perform specific pooja, homa and rituals with chanting of mantras. It is after this complex set of rituals that the murtis become infused with divine power and truly embody the God in whose manifest form they are created.

One set of rites performed during the process is called Adhivasa. The sole purpose is to purify the murtis to make them suitable to receive spiritual powers during Prana Pratistha. These are: a) Jaladhivasa: immersion of murtis in water, b) Shayanadhivasa: resting of the murtis on bed covered with blankets, c) Pushpadhivasa: covering the murtis in flowers, d) Dhanyadhivasa: covering the murtis in dhanya (nine grains).

Another important ritual leading to Prana Pratistha is called Yantra Sthapana. Yantras are intricate geometric

designs with interlocking pattern of triangles, squares, lotuses and dots, etched on small plates of copper. Yantras are conduits of cosmic energy and deity specific. These are usually installed under the murtis along with Navaratna (nine jewels).

Preparations: The location inside the temple where Lord Jagannath is to reside was identified and the Ratna Singhasana (pedestal) was built.

The murtis of the principal deities, Sri Jagannath, Sri Balabhadra, Subhadra Devi and Sri Sudarshan, were made out of special Neem wood (Daru) in Puri following instructions of Gajapati Maharaja. The murtis of Sri Madan Mohan (Chalanti Pratima of Sri Jagannath), Bhudevi and Sridevi (concerts of Sri Jagannath) and Neelachakra were built from Asthadhatu, which is combination of eight metals consisting of gold, silver, etc. A special craftsman from Khandapada made these murtis at the recommendation of Gajapati Maharaja. The murti of Sri Madhava, which is a smaller murti of Sri Jagannath, made from Neem wood and the murti of Sri Garuda, made from black granite were also brought from Orissa.

The auspicious dates and time for Murti Sthapana and Prana Pratistha were established by Pandit Govind Srinivasan, the main priest at the Fremont Hindu Temple, in consultation with different Panjikas (Panchangas), Sri Ramesh Rajguru, the priest of Gajapati maharaja, and other pandits in Orissa.

Pandit Govind Srinivasan officiated as the main priest. Pandit Bhabani Tripathy from Orissa, who is experienced in Sri Jagannath Prana Pratistha and Pooja bidhi, performed all the special rituals needed for Sri Jagannath Pratistha. Three other local priests assisted in the rituals.

Murti Sthapana and Prana Pratistha Ceremony: The four-day long Murti Sthapana and Prana Pratistha ceremony started on Tuesday, March 3. There were two sessions every day; morning session 9 AM-12 noon, and the evening session 6:30 PM-10 PM.

Day 1, Tuesday, March 3: The proceedings started with Maha Ganapati pooja, Punyaha Vachanam (purificatory rites), Ritvik Varanam (assignment of duties to the priests performing the rituals and offering of special garments to them), Ganapati and Navagraha homa, Sankalpam (solemn pledge by the Yajamana to achieve the purpose of the ceremony), Rakshabandhanam (ty-

ing protective thread around the wrists of devotees), and Ankuraropana (sprouting of nine grains). Vastu Shanti Homa and Purnahooti followed it.



Ankuraropana



Homa

Day 2, Wednesday, March 4: The rituals continued with Dwara pooja, Yaga Shala Pravesha, Kalasha sthapana and pooja, Bimba shuddhi and Adhivasa homa. It was followed by Jaladhivasa where only the murtis made out of Asthadhatu and stone were immersed in water. Holy water was sprinkled on the principal murtis.



Jaladhivasa



Jaladhivasa

Yaga shala pooja, homa and Dhanyadhivasa/Pushpadhivasa were performed in the evening session. The murtis were covered with rice, nine grains and flowers.

Homa, Yantra Pratistha and Vishesha Abhiseka (bathing with milk and panchamrut).



Yantra Pratistha



Yagashala pooja and homa



Vishesha Abhiseka

The rituals for the day concluded with Pindi Sthapana (placing and sealing Yantra and Navaratna inside Pindi, the small platform and firmly attaching the Pindi to the Singhasana), Sparsha ahuti, Poornahuti and Shayana-dhivasa (resting ritual)



Dhanyadhivasa/Pushpadhivasa

Day 3, Thursday, March 5: The ceremony continued on day 3 with Sthanasuddhi/Bimba suddhi homa (homa to purify place and murti), Purusha Sukta and Sri Sukta



Poornahuti



Shayanadhivasa

Day 4, Friday, March 6: The last day of the ceremony started with Pratistha Homa and Go Pooja (worshipping cow and the calf). The priests then started the Prana Pratistha rituals behind the curtain. Hundreds of devotees were singing Jagannath Bhajans and were eagerly waiting to have the first glimpse of the Lord. The curtains opened at the auspicious time and the devotees had the Darshan of Chaturdhamurti. Sankhudi bhoga (rice, dal, besara, mahura etc.) cooked in Puri style, was offered to the Lord along with various sweet dishes (poda pitha, chhena poda pitha etc.). About 600 devotees attended the ceremony and had the opportunity to receive prasad.



Go Pooja



Pooja after Prana Pratistha

Grand Celebration: Since, all the rites and rituals of Murti Sthapana and Prana Pratistha were performed on the weekdays, Saturday, March 7, was designated for the grand celebration. The temple premises were decorated with special touches of Orissa.



Info Center



Konark Chakra





Exhibition

Various activities were planned for the day. It started with a Sodashopachar pooja to the Lord and distribution of Prasad. It was followed by a Bhajan program by the local Oriya artists.

Brahmachari Prabodha Chaitanya, Resident Acharya of Chinmaya Mission San Jose, addressed the devotees on “Vision of Lord in our Heart”. Dr. Kabi Misra, visiting from Orissa, enthralled the devotees by his narration of Jagannath culture. The guest speakers, the priests and the temple board executives were presented with a shawl and a brass statue of Sri Jagannath. 1500 attendees enjoyed Prasad, prepared in Puri style.

The culmination of the celebration was the grand 3-hr cultural program. Besides various Indian classical dance programs, the highlight was the 1-hr dance drama on Sri Jagannath.



Felicitation of Guest Speakers



Saturday Pooja



Sri Jagannath Dance Drama



Bhajan Program

Continuing Activities: Pandit Govind Srinivasan, the main priest performs daily rituals. A special monthly Bhajan and pooja is held on the last Sunday of every month. A special pooja is also held every month with Abhisek of Sri Madanmohan on Brusha Rashi / Rohini Nakshyatra (the birth Nakshyatra of Lord Krishna). The temple and the devotees celebrate special festivals of Lord Jagannath like Deva Snana Poornima, Ratha Jatra, and Bahuda Jatra on the actual tithi. Sample photos from some of the celebrations are attached below.



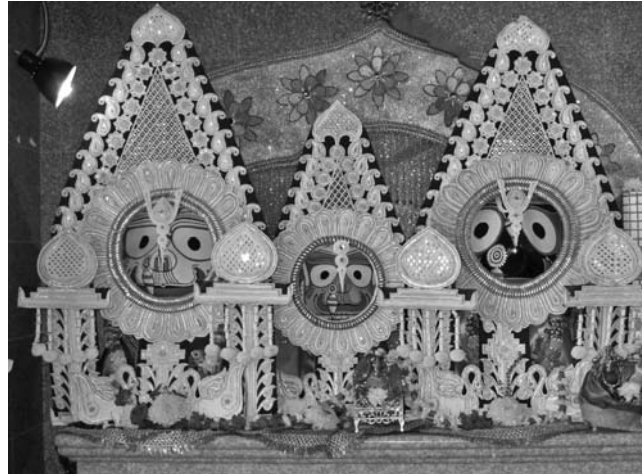
Snana Poornima



Lord Jagannath on Ratha



Hati Besha



Suna Besha



Ratha Jatra



PadmaBesha

The consecration (Murti sthapana and Prana Pratistha) of Lord Jagannath in Fremont Temple in the San Francisco bay area is the first for California. All visitors from other parts of California, USA and India should take this opportunity to have Darshan of the Lord when in Bay area.

Jai Jagannath





Happy Walkings to All

DR. PRASANNA K. PATI

I have been walking four miles daily since July 1985. It is not just exercise; it is a combination of silence, solitude, introspection, meditation and above all, connecting with Mother Nature. Over the years, I have walked the streets of Bangkok, Singapore, Tokyo, Calcutta, New Delhi and many cities in America, just to name a few. However, my favorite walking sites are right here in Salem, especially Bush Park.

How did I arrive at this daily walking program? I was a physician/administrator of the Forensic Program in the Oregon State Hospital. I suffered from a heart attack around 9:00 a.m. on Friday, December 14, 1984. I was at work. I remember the beginning waves of pain in the chest, crushing, spasmodic, radiation to both arms. I was sweating and even then, I didn't recognize that I was having a heart attack. I was a smoker for many years. I got up from the chair and only then, I felt dizzy. I thought I might pass out. Only at this point, I thought I should go to the Salem Hospital ER. I slowly walked to the nearby office of a colleague, Dr. Frances Sessions. She gave me a close look. I told her I needed to go to the ER and we were on our way. Neither she nor I thought about calling an ambulance.

On the way, Dr. Sessions asked me, "Are you going to make it?" I cannot recall what I told her, but I should have replied, "May or may not." My mind was abnormally clear. I was vaguely aware that I might not return from this trip and might cross over. I was neither disoriented nor confused. I knew that I was experiencing a "Near Death Experience." What else do I remember? The nurse, who triaged me, made an instant diagnosis, "I bet this man is having a heart attack." That was the beginning of assessment and treatment, diagnosis confirmed by the ER MD after an EKG reading. Soon after, I was started on IV Streptokinase, which had been in use for only two or three years.

Was this a Near Death Experience? Only at the ER, I became aware that with a delay of one or two hours, I would have been history. I am a Hindu but during this experience, I uttered no prayers, neither had I hallucinations. I had multiple stressors, smoking, lack of exercise, high cholesterol and a very stressful job. I had been in

denial.

Dr. Joe Thaler was my physician. While in the cardiac rehabilitation ward, Dr. Thaler told me to come with him on only a hundred feet walk. He held my hand. I thought Dr. Thaler might be crazy after to take me on a walk shortly after the heart attack. Next day, it was two hundred feet. On discharge from the hospital, he "ordered" me to start walking daily and slowly increase to four miles a day by July 1985. Also, I started working in the Oregon State Hospital on a limited basis. I decided to retire at the end of 1985, at age 60.

That is the story of my walking program. In January 2006, I had a depressive episode following the death of an elder brother in India. I had weeping spells, sleep problems and difficulty in concentration. Dr. Thaler prescribed medication for sleep, and also asked me to continue my "spiritual" walks daily and write a story. He is the one who added "spiritual" to my daily walks. I completed a story within three months. It was about death, dying, mourning and a Hindu ritual in the sacred River Ganges. All my stories in my book, "Adventures and Misadventures of Dr. Sonjee, A Collection of Short Stories" were constructed during my walks. Dr. Sonjee was my name as a psychiatrist in the Oscar-winning film, "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." Sometimes, I chant a hymn to Lord Shiva of the Hindus. Lord Shiva is the Great Yogi, the Great Guru and the Cosmic Dancer, creating the Universe. However, during the Near Death Experience on December 14, 1984, it never occurred to me to pray to Lord Shiva or any other Hindu Gods and Goddesses. I recall the Chaplin of the Oregon State Hospital telling me that "God gave you a slap on your face."

Many years after the episode, I read the following about Death. Lucius Annaeus Seneca (3 BC – 65 AD) wrote: "He who does not want to die should not want to live. For life is tendered to us with the proviso of death; life is the way to this destination. On this account, it is folly to fear death, for only the uncertain is to be feared, the certain being taken for granted. Death signifies a just and unavoidable necessity. Who should complain about a situation in which everyone is unexceptionable? The



first law of nature is equality. Therefore, it would be unseemly to reproach Nature for not having a different law for us than for Herself. What she joins together, she puts asunder, and what she puts asunder, she joins together again.”

Physicians are under extraordinary stress. Hopefully some, who read this story, will start a program of walking daily and encourage their families to do the same. Hopefully, all physicians in their contact with patients discuss life-style issues and expect patients to take responsibility about their health. To the readers, I implore that you start your day with walking, dancing, Yoga or meditation. I worked for almost 28 years in the Oregon State Hospital. I have the view that there is none in America who is not affected directly or indirectly by mental illness and/or substance abuse. Thus, when the State of Oregon decided to reserve a small part of the J Building of the State Hospital, I submitted a Guest Opinion about a Mental Health Museum in that space. This was published in the December 18, 2007 issue of the Statesman Journal. Another guest opinion followed in the November 29, 2008 issue. It is most gratifying to report that there is now a Board of prominent citizens working on this museum. What is close to my heart in this upcoming museum is the educational aspects, the message being, “Take care of your physical and mental health through primary prevention.”

Culture in this country has to change towards people taking responsibility for their own health. I would rather not have people go through a Near Death Experience like I did, but motivate themselves towards a healthy life-style. It is easier said than done. There are all kinds of defense mechanisms operating against life style changes. However, the physician can direct the patient towards such changes, with compassion, discussion, evidence-based interpretations and follow-up monitoring.

Happing Walkings to all.

ସିଦ୍ଧି ପ୍ରେମ

ସ୍ନେହ ମହାନ୍ତି, ହର୍ଷିଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ବିଡ଼, କାଲିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ

ତୁମେ ଏକ ମୋର ସାଧନାର ସିଦ୍ଧି, ମନର ଚିନ୍ତାମଣି,
ତୁମକୁ ହଜାଇ ମୁଁ ଆଜି ପାଇଛି ଅମୃତ ପଥ ପୁଣି ।
ଥିଲ ତୁମେ ମୋର ବରଷାର ପ୍ରିୟ ଉତ୍ତଳା ଝର ସିନ୍ଧୁ,
ଥିଲ ପୁଣି କିବା, କୁଆଁରୀ କପାଳେ ସୁହାଗ ସିନ୍ଦୂର ବିନ୍ଦୁ ।

ଶୁଣିଛି ନିରବେ ତବ କିଙ୍କଣୀ, ଥିରି ଥିରି ପଦ ଶବ୍ଦ,
ଆତର କରିଛି ଦେଖି ଆସିବିକି ପିପାସିତ ମନ ଭାବ ।
ମୁଁ ଯେ ମାନିନାହିଁ ଘନ ବରଷାର ଆହାର କଳା ରାତି
ମୋ ପଥେ ପାଥେୟ ହୋଇଛି ତୁମର ମମତା ଯେ ଚିର ସାଥୀ ।

ତୁମେ ପୁଣି ଶେଷେ ମୋ ପ୍ରେମର ସ୍ରୋତେ ଉପହାସ କରୁ ବାଣୀ,
ପଥହରା ମୋର ପଥେ ବିଛାଇଛ ଅମୃତ ସିଦ୍ଧି ଆଣି ।
ତେତାଇଛ କହି ଜୀବନ ଯୌବନ କ୍ଷଣିକର ମୋହ ମାୟା,
କାହାପାଇଁ ଆଜି ଏତେ ଅନୁରାଗ ବଳାଇଛ ଛାର କାୟା ।

ହେ ଭ୍ରାନ୍ତ ପଥକ, ଭୁଲିଯାଅ ତୁମେ, ଜୀବନ ତ ଏକ ନାଟ,
ସମୟର ସ୍ରୋତେ ଜରା ଗ୍ରାସ କରେ, ସରେ ମାୟାପୁରୀ ହାଟ ।
ଗାଅ ପ୍ରାଣ ଭରି ଅସୀମ ଅନନ୍ତ ସେହି ନିରାକାର କାୟା,
ଭକତି ସାଗରେ ସିଦ୍ଧ ହେଉ ପ୍ରେମ, ବାହି ଚାଲ ତୁମ ନାଆ ।
ସେ ସାଧକ ସିଦ୍ଧି ପାଇଛି ମରମେ, ତୁଳସି ନାମ ବୋଲାଇ
ରାମ ଗୁଣ ଗାଇ ରଚିଲେ କବିତା ସିଦ୍ଧ ଦାତା ନାମ ନେଇ ।





“KNOWLEDGE(syn.) Information; Scholarship; Wisdom; Enlightenment”

SWAMI CHIDANANDA

Knowledge is power! knowledge is an end in itself! knowledge is the greatest fulfillment in human life! Do we understand what knowledge truly is? Is becoming a walking encyclopedia a valuable goal of life? Can knowledge make life complicated? Can scholarship take away from us the simple charm of living? Can development of the brain come in the way of the heart? Let us inquire.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

A number of subhashitas (wise Sanskrit sayings) extol knowledge as the greatest ornament of a human being: “Learning is a man’s true wealth, his key to happiness, his best friend, his deity. A man is an animal without learning! Vidyaa naama narasya roopamadhikam prachanna –guptam dhanam Being a learned man and being a king are not comparable. A king is respected in his own country only. But a man of learning is revered everywhere! vidvatam ca nrpattvam ca

In modern times, intellectuals are honoured the world over. Universities have grown in size and number; prestigious awards like the Nobel and jnaana –Pith have multiplied; and an increasing number of scholarship are being instituted. Overall, the average literacy percentage is higher than ever in the world today. Through the phenomenal technological boom, the latest information (in any field) now reaches every nook and corner of the globe in a fraction of a second.

THE DOUBT

Humanity should have been much happier in this age of ours than in the olden times, thanks to this spread of “knowledge”. Alas, we do not see it so! To link happiness with more education seems to be as much an error as linking it with wealth aggrandizement. Where have we gone wrong? Is knowledge a double-edged sword that can make or mar our life? Is there a question of using it the right way? Can knowledge be a fruitless burden, a cloud without rain?

There is a popular story devaluing mere scholarship, where a scholar makes fun of a boatman for the latter’s ignorance of the various branches of knowledge. As the two are going on a river, there arises a storm and the boat capsizes. The “ignorant” boatman knows swimming and saves himself, but the scholar (who has so much general knowledge) does not know swimming and drowns.

Again, in Chhandogya Upanishad, we have Sage Narada, who is well-versed in an astoundingly vast number of subjects, yet is very unhappy. He approaches Sage Sanatkumara and seeks relief in Brahavidyaa. The subhashitas acknowledge the serious limitation of worldly knowledge

and therefore state, “Saa vidyaa yaa vimuktaye: That alone is knowledge which liberates!” So where is the fine line between knowledge that binds and knowledge that frees?

INTELLECT AND INTELLIGENCE

If knowledge is mere accumulation of information, however well-organized, it cannot free us. Assimilation must take place. Of what use is it if we have a lot of facts and figures on our finger tips but lack common sense? Common sense, Swami Vivekananda observed, is not so common. Quality, not quantity, is obviously more important. A grand intellect, stuffed with material, can be very mechanical in its approach. Intelligence, on the other hand, is insightful by nature.

- o The intellect goes in circles, whereas intelligence penetrates.
- o The intellect operates within walls while intelligence cut through the walls.
- o The intellect gathers and organizes according to known patterns; intelligence sees and ventures into the unknown!
- o The intellect is the myriad patterns of thought; intelligence is the radiant beam from pure Awareness, the Self.

If we do not awaken the intelligence in us, our intellectualism soon loses its vigor. We then make more sound than bring light. We bore others with our knowledge; they bear or perhaps do not bear!

Mere facts, old memories, timeless habits, etc. cannot grasp intelligence, which is ever fresh, open, and therefore full of life. No dead habit, no long-standing conditioning is an obstacle to intelligence.

SELF – KNOWLEDGE

“Adhyaatma-vidyaa vidyaanaam: I am spiritual knowledge among all forms of knowledge,” says Sri Krishna in The Holy Gita (10:32). Narada had a wonderful intellect, but his intelligence was hidden behind the smoke screen of thoughts: “I am Narada, of such description, with such good or bad qualities etc.” In Vedanta, we call such a self-description as identification with the not-self (anaatmaa). The world of names and forms (naamarupa), of body and mind, fascinates us and, by brooding over the gross and subtle pleasures the world offers, we get trapped in our own thoughts, our own intellect! The ego rises, grows, and enslaves!

The ego is, in a sense, our own intellect’s masterpiece creation. Eventually however, the intellect is humbled by life’s lessons and bows down before intelligence, as Indra



bows down before Sri Krishna and Daksha falls at the feet of Shiva! True knowledge exposes our false identifications and inner contradictions, and it clears the way for intelligence to shine forth. This results in an inner transformation that unveils our childlike simplicity and thereafter we utilize the intellect only when necessary. The beauty of our heart is unobstructed by workings of our brain. The clear stream of love is not polluted by the industrial waste of calculating schemes. The right brain and the left brain are then in harmony, doing their respective jobs!

BALANCE IN RESEARCH

Our work should therefore truly enrich human life. Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram: Truth, Auspiciousness, Beauty should be the aim in all our endeavours. The individual and the total society should strive for “a place for everything, but everything in its place.” We must make such knowledge available to our younger generations to help them grow up with well-rounded personalities, respecting and rejoicing in dharma (order in life).

May divine grace empower us to achieve this.

ABOUT SWAMI CHIDANANDA

Swami Chidanandaji has been a speaker, writer and a teacher of Vedanta Texts for nearly twenty years. After receiving an M.Tech. from the IIT Madras in Electrical Engineering in 1982, he served Hindustan Computers Ltd.(HCL) in hardware R&D for two years. He also taught at an Engineering College in Bangalore for three years. His spiritual quest drew him to Swami Chinmayanandaji and the study of the Vedanta. He served Chinmaya Mission for sixteen years during which he taught philosophy at Mumbai, Bangalore, and in California. He spoke at many academic, social and business centers in India and North America. His thought evolved through coming in contact with the works of several great thinkers, the most important among them being Ramana Maharshi and Jiddu Krishnamurti.

His speeches, which are like sharing of thoughts, stir our own thinking. Treating the audience as his co-travelers on the inward journey, he never seems to be interested in influencing their thinking or to prove his own point. “Let each flower blossom in its own way,” says he. His talks do not burden our mind. We rather feel lighter if not totally unburdened. Listening with an open mind yields maximum benefit and ensures that we do not miss his observations. True inner growth is our concern, and not unthinking, outward acquisitions-be they material or so-called spiritual.

He carries on his pursuit of truth while sharing his observations with interested audiences lovingly and enthusiastically through talks and writings. Living in Varanasi since the year 2003, he recently took charge as Director, Rajghat Education Centre, which is the chapter of Krishnamurti Foundation of India (KFI) in Varanasi. (See www.jkrishnamurti.org for details.)

Hailing from Karnataka, he is fluent in English, Kannada and Hindi. He is well versed in Sanskrit too, which he loves to teach also. He gives talks and conducts seminar sessions on a number of spiritual and Management topics.

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221001



ମୁକ୍ତି

ସ୍ଵପ୍ନଲତା ମିଶ୍ର

ପାଦ ମାଟିକୁ ଛୁଁ ଛୁଁ...	ସୀମାରୁ ସିମାନ୍ତର ଡେଇଁ
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ଛୋଟ ହେଇଯାଏ ।	ଦିନେ ପୁଣି...
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ବୁଲିବାକୁ, ଖେଳିବାକୁ,	ଦେହବି ଅବଶ ହୁଏ,
ଗାଁ ଦାଣ୍ଡ ଦେଖିଦେଲା ପରେ ।	ଅନ୍ତ ହୀନ ନୀଳିମା ନୁହେଁ
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ସହରର ରଙ୍ଗ	ସ୍ମୃତି ଯେବେ ଫିକା
ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ	ପଡ଼ି ପଡ଼ି ଯାଏ
ଫିକା ଫିକା ପଡ଼ିଯାଏ	ନୟନବି ସ୍ଵପ୍ନହୀନ ହୁଏ
ଦେଶ ମହାଦେଶ ପରି	ଫେରିବାର ବେଳ ଆସେ
ଦୂରଦୂରାନ୍ତର ଶବ୍ଦସବୁ	ଆତ୍ମାଟିଏ ମୁକ୍ତି..ମୁକ୍ତି ଝୁରେ ।
ଜ୍ଞାନକୁ ଛୁଇଁଲେ ।	ହରେରାମ ହରେକୃଷ୍ଣ
ପାଦ ମାଟିକୁ ଛୁଁ ଛୁଁ	ରାମ ରାମ ହରେ ହରେ
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ଏ ପୃଥିବୀ ତୁପ୍ତାପ୍	ଏକାକାର ହୁଏ ।
ବାଟବଣା ହୁଏ	ପାଦ ମାଟିକୁ ଛୁଁ ଛୁଁ....
ମନଯେବେ ଉଡ଼ିଯାଏ,	ମା କୋଳ
ହଜିଯାଏ ଅଗଣିତ	ଛୋଟ ହେଇଯାଏ ।
ତାରାଙ୍କ ମେଳରେ ।	

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Swapnalata Mishra lives in Michigan with her Husband Nirmal Rath and two daughters. She was a member of 2007 OSA souvenir editorial team.





A World in Itself

ALEX AMAR PANI

As I move my feet from coarse, black pavement onto paper white cement, gloriously reflecting away the Sun's mighty rays, I make a transition—a transition from the fast-paced city life to the completely still Hindu temple. Walking towards the gigantic solid doors separating me from the calm and soothing atmosphere of God's home, I notice the intricate carvings littering the entire perimeter of the building; they are so sharp and so exact, that the longer I stare at them, the more impossible and magnificent they seem to be. I have not even made my way into the temple and yet my eyes are already lost in awe.

Slipping off my shoes and yanking off my socks, I hear the water dripping off of those cleansing their feet of any dirt or lint threatening to taint the purity that encompasses the temple. I am overcome with utter amazement as I take my first steps onto the perfectly polished granite tiles. Three pitch-black statues surround me, staring at me intently, as though they could sense my presence. My mind only begins to explode into a maelstrom of spinning thoughts when a loud ringing of bells sends sound waves rippling off my unexpecting eardrums, bringing my senses into focus. I can hear a Guru chanting in the background, along with others clapping in rhythmic prayer, combined with the clanging of money off coconuts, bleeding out their sweet innards. I am engulfed in so much vibrant activity and yet, I am able to find a faint air of peace within myself—and then there is silence...dead silence. Everyone is on their knees, their hands clasped together. The entire room falls victim to a shower of devoted minds, all asking of Lord Jaganath knowledge, of Lord Lakshmi prosperity and of Lord Shiva protection. A feeling of failure comes over me as I realize that I am the only one still standing up.

I drop my knees straight to the ground, close my eyes and press my hands together as hard as I can, as if each hand were afraid of something and sought the comforting company of another. I appear to be motionless, completely uniform, but my heart is pumping blood in and out like never before, as if it could feel something, and my mind is overflowing with mountains of thoughts, as if it were on the verge of frying to a crisp. What do I do? What should I be thinking? Why am I so nervous? My confusion and lack of state of mind almost get the best me as the room's silence is shattered into smithereens and a large crowd chanting hymns in unison sweeps me away. We march around each individual statue, throwing fragrant flowers at the Gods' feet, kneeling down before

each towering statue, worshipping each God for what he or she so graciously has to offer.

I follow the singing voices as the Guru leads everyone to the last God on our "tour"—Lord Krishna, the Supreme Being. A pair of thick silver doors lay in front of me. The Guru slowly pushes them inward, revealing to the crowd the Almighty Krishna surrounded by gallons and gallons of...orange juice and milk. I only begin to beg the question when, once again, the entire temple falls into deep silence. I am left in nothing but wonder as the Guru picks up a gallon jug of each drink, and begin to recite a sacrificial mantra. My wonder soon turns to anxiety as the mere idea of witnessing an offering to the Supreme Ruler acts a mental antidote, flushing out all the thoughts rushing through my mind and replacing them with one, simple, descriptive adjective: incredible. The liquids flow out of their respective containers in an explosion of citrus orange and creamy white, bathing the black statue of Lord Krishna in vibrant colors. Everyone watches as jug after jug is dumped out as a gift for the Almighty. The clapping and chanting fall back into full swing. I quickly join in, and I find myself chanting along with those around me and my hands clapping as if the fear they once may have had was no more. My heart ceases to pump in such a furious manner, and my mind is finally clear.

As the conclusion of the day's religious services is announced, a look of sorrow comes over me. Ever since I entered the temple, my view on the world has been changed. With thousands of thoughts flying through my head every moment in the outside world, I am taken aback by the inner peace I can achieve in the temple when I am able to clear my mind of all thoughts that cause me strife. It is this characteristic of the Hindu temple that makes every step I take away from the entrance doors a step of resistance, of reluctance, of denial. The closer and closer I move back towards the black pavement linking me to the rapid nature of the rest of the world, the more and more I wish that some mystical hand snatches me up and drops me back in the temple, the one place where, despite the large number of those who come for worship, I am left alone, only with the company of my thoughts and...something else, something beyond my perception.

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ଜ୍ଞାନମାର୍ଗ

କାନ୍ତିଲତା ସାହୁ, କାଲିଫୋର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ

କିଏ ବା ନିଜର କିଏ ଅବା ପର
ସବୁତ ମାୟାର ଖେଳ,
ନିଜ କର୍ମ ସାରି ବାହୁଡ଼ିଣ ଯିବା
ଆମରି ଗନ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଛଳ । (୧)

ଦିବିନ ଅତିଥି କିଏ କାହା ସାଥି
ମିଛରେ ଖାଲି ଯେ ଘାଣ୍ଟି ,
ବେଳୁ ସାବଧାନ ନ ହୋଇଲେ ପୁଣି
ବାଜିଯିବ ତୋର ଘଣ୍ଟି । (୨)

କିଛି ତୁ ନ ନେବୁ କିଛି ନ ପାଇବୁ
ଭାବିଅଛୁ ମନେ ଯାହା,
ଏ ଛାର ଜୀବନ ଖାଲି ହୁତସତ
କେହି ହୋଇବେନି ସାହା । (୩)

ମାଟିର ମଣିଷ ମାଟିରେ ମିଶିବ
ଆତ୍ମା ଆମ ଅମର,
ଗୋଟିଏ ଦେହରୁ ଯାଇ ସେ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷ
ଅପରେ କରିବ ଘର । (୪)

ତୁ ଯେବେ ଚାହୁଁଛୁ ପାଇବାକୁ ମୋଷ
ତେବେ ନିଜକୁ ସଜାଡ଼,
ଯେତେ ସବୁ ତୋର ଅଳିଆ ନର୍ଦ୍ଦମା
ମନ ସଫାକରି ଗଢ଼ । (୫)

କାଳବେଳ ଦେଖି ଭଜ ଚକାଆଖି
ନ ରଖି ମନେ ସଂଶୟ ,
ସତ୍ୟ, ଶାନ୍ତି ଆଉ ଦୟା, ଧର୍ମ, କ୍ଷମା
ଥିଲେ ତ କରିବୁ ଜୟ ? (୬)

ଅବୁଝା ମନକୁ ବୁଝାଇ ଦିଅତୁ
ସମୟ ବହୁତ କମ୍,
ଏବେ ନ ବୁଝିଲେ କେବେ ନ ବୁଝିବୁ
ବାନ୍ଧିନେବ କାଳଯମ । (୭)

ସବୁ ଏ ମହିମା ହରିହରଙ୍କର
ନାହିଁତ ଏଥେ ସନ୍ଦେହ,
ମୋହ ମାୟା ଛାଡ଼ ଜପ ନିରନ୍ତର
ଜାଣି ଏହି ଛାର ଦେହ । (୮)

ଶାଶ୍ୱତ ପ୍ରେମକୁ ଦିଅତୁ ଜଗାଇ
ଆପଣା କର୍ମର ବଳେ,
ମୋକ୍ଷର ଆଶାତ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ମେଣ୍ଟିବ
କାନ୍ତିଲତା କହେ ହେଲେ । (୯)

(କାନ୍ତିଲତା ସାହୁ କୁପରତିନୋରେ ସପରିବାର ବସବାସ କରନ୍ତି ।)





Bridging the divide between Science and Reality: The Buddhist way

BY GOKULANANDA DAS

Is there a divide between Science & Reality!

Oh! yes !!! a great divide, a great mismatch.

To realize the Reality or Ultimate Truth, man has developed manifold branches of knowledge. Man is a part of created universe. Being a part, he is trying to comprehend the whole of it. As a result man is forced to understand nature part by part. Consequently we have divided ourself into different groups of experts and developed diverse disciplines of scientific knowledge. Logic and Mathematics is at the foundation of every scientific investigation. The logical systems were provided by Aristotle (383-322 B.C). He was a great Greek philosopher and logician. He was the disciple of Plato and the teacher of Alexander, the great. Aristotle's famous book of logic is "Orgaon". From that time till date, Aristotelian logic has dominated the Western science and of late the Eastern science. We have to take orders from Aristotle to prove or disprove a statement. According to him:

"Every thing must be or not be, whether in the present or in future".

In essence, this is the logic of bivalence or duality, which is primarily embodied in the following two axioms:

Axiom of Excluded Middle:

Every statement or its negation that is

"A or not A"

is always true.

Axiom of Contradiction:

"A and not-A"

is never true.

The above two axioms have become controversial and in fact it is the main culprit in creating a gap between Science and Reality.

The symptoms of mismatch are evident in the following examples:

Russell's Paradox:

For the first time, at the turn of the twentieth century, the noted British philosopher and Logician Bertand Rus-

sell discovered a paradox which shook the foundation of Mathematics.

Let \mathfrak{R} be the collection of all sets which do not contain itself. Now ask the bivalence

question:

Is \mathfrak{R} a member of \mathfrak{R} ?

It can be easily established that if \mathfrak{R} is a member of \mathfrak{R} then \mathfrak{R} is not a member of \mathfrak{R} and viceverse; in other words,

$$\mathfrak{R} \in \mathfrak{R} \Leftrightarrow \mathfrak{R} \notin \mathfrak{R}$$

This is a paradoxical situation and does not have the sanction of the axiom of contradiction. This paradox shook the blind faith in the certainty of mathematics and logic of bivalence.

According to Russell:

"The method of postulating what we want has many advantages. They are the same as the advantages of theft over the honest toil".

– Introduction to mathematical philosophy

"Everything is vague to a degree you do not realize till you have tried to make it precise".

– The philosophy of logical atomism

Thus he is skeptical about bivalence logic but he did not find time to develop alternative systems as he was preoccupied in many social and political problems.

In fact this paradox echoes the ancient Greek paradox of Zeno:

Consider a heap of sand. Take out a grain of sand from the heap and replace it by a nongrain.

Ask now the bivalence question:

Is it a heap?

Yes! the heap consists of grains and non-grain. Repeat this process till the heap has passed to a

non-heap. It can be noticed that the answer to every bivalence question lands us in a paradox:

heap \Leftrightarrow non-help.



Notice another paradox in the same vein:

The liar from Crete said:

“All Cretans are liars”

If he lied, then he did not and if he did not, then he did.

In the year 1921, the world famous physicist Albert Einstein expressed the shallowness of bivalence logic in the following words:

“So far as laws of mathematics refer to reality, they are not certain. And so far as they are certain, they do not refer to reality”.

Werner Heisenberg’s uncertainty principle:

According to Heisenberg not all scientific statements are true or false. The true statement is a matter of degree, true or false or indeterminate, (uncertain, gray, fuzzy). According to him:

“What we observe is not nature itself, but nature exposed to our method of questions”.

Physics and Philosophy

Many logicians worked on three valued logic, the logic of true, false or indeterminate, to deal with uncertainty principle. Polish logician Jan Lukasiewicz split the middle indeterminate into multiple pieces and came up with multivalued logic. In 1937, the quantum philosopher Max Black published a paper on “Vague sets” based on the logic of multivalence but unfortunately it was ignored by the scientific and mathematical community. Even Heisenberg, like Russell did not pursue the logic of multivalence, although both of them questioned the logic of bivalence. In the year 1965, Professor Lotfi Zadeh, in the Department of Electrical Engineering, University of California, Berkeley published a paper on “Fuzzy sets”. But scientists and mathematicians whose minds have been infected with the virus of bivalence logic could not accept easily the more powerful logic of multivalence. But how long !

A powerful idea ultimately survives. The logic of “OR” gradually has give way to the logic of “AND”. Aristotle has to give way to Buddha; West has to compromise with East.

Lord Gautam Buddha (566-487 B.C). He was a mathematician, logician and a greatreligious leader. Mahabir Jain (599-527 B.C) too was a great logician. Both of them propagatedtwo modified form of Hinduism and ignored excessive Brahminism. Later in the first decade

of Christian era, Brahminism rose to the peak again and almost wiped out both Jain and Buddhist religion from the surface of India; and with that the great philosophies and logical doctrines of both Jain and Buddha met its premature death in India; but luckily these doctrines have narrowly survived in Tibet, China, Japan and Ceylon till today and to some extent.

Buddha carefully avoided artificial bivalence questions that arise from the negation of a term in the natural language. He thus propagated:

“The no-mind, not-thinks no-thought about no-things.”

“I have not explained that the world is eternal or not eternal. I have not explained that the world is finite or infinite”.

– According to D.T.Suzuke

“The fundamental idea of Buddhism is to pass beyond the world of opposites, a world built up byintellectual distinctions and emotional defilement”.

The essence of Buddhism (1964)

Further S.Suzuki voting in favour of naturalism and voting against artificialism, comments:

“In the beginner’s mind, there are many possibilities. In the experts mind there are few”

Zen mind, Beginner’s mind(1970)

In the same vein, professor Zadeh, writes:

“Classical logic is like a person who comes to a party dressed in a black suit, a white, starched shirt, a black tie, shiny shoes, and so forth. And fuzzy logic is a little bit like a person dressed informally, in Jeans, tee shirt, and sneakers. In the past, this informal dress would not have been acceptable. Today, it is the other way around”.

Communications of the association for computing machinery, (1984).

The essence of logic of Buddha is based on:

A and not-A

where opposites stay together without suffering from the law of contradiction.

Does it describe Reality? Will this take care of the divide or mismatch between Science & Reality?

After all what is the real Truth?

The visible or the created universe is the effect of something which is not visible, undescrivable. It is nirakar or





shapeless. It is metaphysical, transcendental. This is amply and appropriately described as NETI in Vedic philosophy. This is the ultimate truth, technically known as **Nirgun Brahman or Atman or Sunyata or Void**. A Rg Vedic hymn that describes the relationship between uncreated (Nirgun Brahman) with that of Created (Saguna Brahman) runs as follows:

ଓଁ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମଦଃ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମିଦଂ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣାତ୍ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମୁଦତ୍ୟତେ
 ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣଂସ୍ୟ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମାଦାୟ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମେବାଦଶିଷ୍ୟତେ ।

ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ନିର୍ଗୁଣ ବ୍ରହ୍ମନ୍ ହେଉଛି ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ; ସଗୁଣ ବ୍ରହ୍ମନ୍ ମଧ୍ୟ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ । ନିର୍ଗୁଣ ବ୍ରହ୍ମନ୍ ରୁ ଜନ୍ମ ସଗୁଣ ବ୍ରହ୍ମନ୍ । ନିର୍ଗୁଣ ବ୍ରହ୍ମନ୍ ରୁ ସଗୁଣ ବ୍ରହ୍ମନ୍ ବାଦ ଦେଲେ ଯାହା ଅବଶିଷ୍ଟ ତାହା ହେଉଛି ନିର୍ଗୁଣ ବ୍ରହ୍ମନ୍ ଓ ତେଣୁ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ।

Since the manifest Universe is born out of the unmanifest, the unmanifest is the Ultimate Truth, ଓଠ ଏକମ୍ . . . The process of manifestation from unmanifest is called birth and the process from manifest to unmanifest is called death. This process of creation and annihilation goes on in a cycle slowly and gradually. If the process is sudden and massive, we may call it Big Bang in case of Creation and pralaya (chaos) in case of annihilation.

A DIVINE EQUATION.

Thus the above Vedic hymn can be thought of as a divine equation governing the relationship between unmanifest and manifest, which symbolically may be represented as:

Nirgun Brahman ~ Saguna Brahman
 ≡ Nirguna Brahman

Where the two symbols ~, ≡ are to be suitable interpreted in a fuzzy way. The gradual transition from void to non-void, from Nirguna Brahman to Saguna Brahman, from unmanifest to manifest, from hill to non-hill, from heap to non-heap, from youth to non-youth, from A to not-A are real manifestations of nature and this can be comprehended more satisfactorily by following the logic of multivalence embodied in the logic of A and not-A; “ଅଛି ନାହିଁ ତ” Since the logic of bivalence is the real culprit which has kept Science away from

Reality, our first step should have been to adopt the logic of multivalence and adopt the middle path. According to Buddha, the best paths are middle paths and the nature expresses itself mostly in middle paths; in half truths or partial truths. Between black and white there are infinite shades of grayness and they represent the realities. But unfortunately Aristotle has excluded the middle

paths, thus reducing the science to Black or White situations only. But Reality is gray. How can Black and White logic take care of grayness. Though there are abundant mathematical examples of curves and surfaces which are smooth but the so called examples of smoothness in nature, under microscopic examination, shows cracks and corners. They are non-differentiable, devoid of smoothness. Statements are not all true or false. Their truth lies between total truth and total falsehood, between 1 and 0, between A and not-A. Scientists have rounded off arti-

ficially gray things to white and black and then believes that the realities

are black or white. The Reality is not centred only at A nor at not-A, at 1 or 0, but in between.

This is the mismatch which Russell paradox, Heisenbergi uncertainty principle exposed. We are in the created Universe. But our source is uncreated. To understand the uncreated we have so many difficulties: the limitations of our sensory organs, the limitations of our mind, the limitations of knowledge, which we may describe in one word as MAYA?

The world would have been more intelligible to us, had it been really divided into A or not-A. But this is not true. Lord Buddha should have prevailed in the scientific thinking in place of Aristotle who came two hundred years after Buddha.

The following table broadly represents two streams of logic, two cultural thoughts that dominated the scientific world.

Bivalence	multivalence
Western	Eastern
OR	And
Aristotle	Budha
Black or White	gray
A or not-A	A and not-A
All or none	to some degree
{0,1}	[0,1]
Digital computer	neural net work (brain)
Fortan	natural language
Bits(binary digit)	fits(fuzzy units)
Occidental	Oriental

Bivalence logic has damaged our pursuit of science and





mathematics. It has damaged the natural talent of the pupils by asking bivalence question like the following:

“Do you know singing?”

If the pupil is a perfect singer, he can raise his hand; otherwise he shall not raise his hand. If a pupil knows singing but is not a good singer, then what he will do?

There is no scope of middle path of raising his hand half way. Even if he raises his hand half way, he may be punished by the teacher if he is asked to sing and the teacher is not fully convinced. So he usually does not take a risk and does not raise his hand. Then gradually a budding singer in stead of being protected and encouraged to grow as a singer, is killed by the

stroke of bivalence logic. Who knows how many judgments by learned Judges based on bivalence logic have delivered capital punishments?

To expose the shallowness of bivalence logic consider the following example; “Have you left the habit of beating your mother?” If it is yes, then that proves that you are previously beating you mother. If you say no, then you admit that still you are beating your mother.

To escape from the two horns of the bivalence logic, you must have an escape route between two horns and the escape route is the law of unity of opposites, the middle path. According to Mao Tse-Tung:

“The law of contradiction in things, that is, the law of unity of opposites, is the basic law of materialist dialectics”

Heisenberg’s uncertainty principle, logical paradox of Ancient Greece and that of Russell expose the limitations of bivalence logic and opened the door for multivalence. Logic of A or not-A, which was treating the gray world, from the time to Aristotle has to give way to the logic of A and not-A, the gray world.

Einstein expired in the year 1955, unaware of more powerful fuzzy logic. Had he lived longer to see the emergence of multivalence logic, he would have been happy to see that there was a serious attempt to remove or at least bridge the divide, and the mismatch and he would have bowed to Lord Buddha with reverence and would have sung:

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He was professor of Mathematics in Sambalpur University & Utkal University. Visiting Professor in University of California, Santa, Barbara and Vice Chancellor in Utkal University. His son Raja Epsilon and daughter in law Mrs Babita Mohanty & grand son Spandan now live in California (Irvine).





HEALING YOURSELF

An Alternate Medicine

BY SUDAM SAHOO

REIKI MASTER AND PRACTITIONER

There is a deep connection between the physical body, spiritual being, and the mind. Stress affects all three in a negative way. Much of your stress is born in the mind. Mind is a bundle of thoughts and operates within the network of past vasana and memories. Using Reiki techniques for healing your physical pains, mental suffering or stress management is one way a person can lead a more relaxed, peaceful life.

Stress usually takes over when a person is fearful, doubtful, or full of worry about things that are happening around them. The person often lives in a constant tense state without realizing what is happening. The body naturally reacts with fatigue, moodiness and sometimes, disease. To relieve stress, one must learn to relax and overcome the fears and worries of everyday life.

Reiki helps a person to relieve the emotional and physical strain of stress and to restore balance to the body, soul and mind. The person can return to a relaxed, peaceful state of being by clearing energy bodies and unblocking meridians, chakras and nadis.

Reiki for stress relief has become very popular these days. It is a very old practice of massage that has now manifested itself into the heart of the healthy mind conscious world. Everyone is looking for a way to relieve and balance the stress in their daily lives. You have the power and capability for healing pains and relieve stress on a daily basis. It is worthwhile to shed some light about this ancient healing technique.

Introduction to Reiki

Reiki is composed of “Rei – Ray of Divine or Higher Power” and Ki – Life force Energy”. So Reiki is actually “spiritually guided life force energy.” Reiki is a spiritual practice developed in 1922 by Japanese Buddhist Mikao Usui that uses a technique commonly called palm healing as a form of complementary and alternative medicine. It is sometimes classified as oriental medicine by some professional bodies. When a person is introduced to Reiki, an initiation takes place called “Reiki Attunement.” This brings the person into a relationship with

Reiki energy, and is usually activated by a trained Reiki master-teacher. During a Reiki Attunement, the person’s dense energy is cleared and released, and etheric and chakras fields are strengthened so the person will be able to receive and transmit high frequency healing light. The person can become familiar with Reiki healing and Reiki symbols as well.

Reiki: An Energy Medicine

Reiki is a Japanese form of alternative medicine that involves the transferring of energy. Reiki is also sometimes called the laying of hands treatment. Reiki is used to treat emotional, physical, mental and spiritual diseases. Many people use Reiki for stress relief. The purpose of this alternate form of healing is to balance the body’s energy. In some ways it is a form of energy medicine. Reiki’s aid in stress relief is accomplished by increasing the vibrations in the body which promotes relaxation.

There are many people who have mastered the art of Reiki for stress relief. These individuals feel that if you have used massage in the past for stress relief, then the benefits from Reiki for stress relief will be overwhelming. Patients lie down or sit comfortably, fully clothed to receive Reiki treatment.

Everyone’s experience is different in Reiki, but most people feel the energy as heat. They might feel tingling or vibrating waves of energy from the hands of the practitioner. All agree that they do feel a deep state of relaxation. As the Reiki stress relief treatment begins to release blocks caused by their tension or anxiety, some people will drift off to sleep or get a feeling of floating outside of their bodies. Some see colors or visions or report spiritual experiences when receiving Reiki stress relief treatments. But at the end of a treatment you will always feel relaxed and refreshed with a more positive, balanced outlook on life.

Methods of Healing and Stress Elimination

There are several familiar techniques people use to relax. They are listening to music, deep breathing, hatha yoga and pranayam, massage, muscle relaxing, and me-



diation. You can integrate all of these techniques with Reiki to heal yourself. The practice of Reiki and Yoga go hand in hand. The practice of Yoga increases the flow of Reiki energy in a personal life.

There are several methods used in Reiki to reduce and eliminate stress. One method is crystal healing, where crystals or crystal bowls are used to create sounds of healing and relaxation. The crystalline sounds carry Reiki energy deep into the body to enhance the relaxation process. Tension is released and the body begins to relax and respond to the Reiki energy. The crystal sounds promote deep tension release in the very cells of the body to create stress reduction from within.

Another method of Reiki stress management is through healing drumming. Healing drumming introduces Reiki energy to a person's body by the use of a drum beat. The drumming helps to create a deep, relaxing state as stress is relieved.

Yes, Reiki is a wonderful way to take care of yourself and nurture both your body and your spirit. It can take as little or as much time as you care to spend to heal yourself.

START YOUR DAY WITH REIKI:

You can start your day by sending yourself a little soothing, calming Reiki. One thing I like to do is sit or lie down in a comfortable position. You can even do this before you get out of bed.

Place your right hand over your Third Eye Chakra (located in the middle of your forehead). Place your left hand over your Heart Chakra (located in the center of your chest). Inhale deeply and easily. As you exhale, allow the Reiki to flow through your hands into your Chakras.

You can do this for just a minute or so if you don't have much time. Or you can do it elaborately for 10, 15 minutes or more through cleansing the chakra, meditating with its attributes and healing your pains and suffering. You'll feel much calmer and centered throughout your day!

REIKI DURING THE DAY:

If you find yourself feeling overwhelmed during the day (especially standing on long lines at stores), you can also send yourself a bit of Reiki. Simply touch your favorite Chakra (I like to use the Third Eye or the Heart Chakra) with one of your palms or even just the tip of your index finger if your hands are full.

END YOUR DAY WITH REIKI:

If you want to de-stress at bedtime, simply lie in bed with both of your hands over your Solar Plexus Chakra (located between your navel and the bottom of your ribcage). Again, take a nice deep inhalation, and as you exhale, allow the Reiki to flow through your hands.

During this exercise, it may help you to imagine the Reiki having a yellow color, since yellow is the color associated with the Solar Plexus Chakra.

As you notice your chest rising and falling each time you inhale and exhale, allow the stress to drain away from your body. You can fall asleep in this position. It's very reassuring and will help you get a deep, restful sleep.

BENEFITS

A good, natural alternative for stress relief is the Japanese practice of Reiki. A good Reiki practitioner states energy flows through their palms to bring about healing and relaxation. This approach to stress relief has no side-effects and requires no toxic chemical medications. There have been reports of positive effects of Reiki treatment in papers published in some medical journals promoting alternative medicine. The benefits include relaxation and increased immunity, reduced heart rate, improved blood pressure, reduced pain, reduced anxiety and depression.

I have attempted to consolidate the information based on my personal experience and daily practice of Reiki mediation. This can be done in a group setting for the highest benefits to the personal, community or country. You will get more information about Reiki from the internet or local Master and Teacher.





Know Thy Self

TO THY FATHER IN HEAVEN & SAT GURU, THIS WRITEUP IS DEDICATED.

With all humility, let me ask a simple yet strange question: who do you think you are? Do we know who we are? I mean: Do we know who we really are? We have a name; well known to be a human being, known by nationality, young or old, educated or uneducated, rich or poor, and so on. But, do we really know who we are?

From the time we are born, we were given a name, and everyone around addresses us by that name. As we grow, our teachers and friends addressed us by that name. Then we become an engineer, a doctor, a scientist, a politician, an artist or a sports person, father, mother, grand parents or whatever. Bottomline, as we grow, we keep adding more and more qualifications. Have we ever wondered what we really are? Interestingly, we are never asked about our true identity when we are admitted to school; when go for professional education; when we get married or when we apply for a job. We are all intelligent human beings, great scientists inventing so many things. Isn't it strange that we never have questioned this?

If you happen to get a good night sleep like me, you must be sleeping at least 8 hours a day. And, if you sleep like me, you must be sleeping like a log; totally unaware of your surrounding including your identity, your nationality, your gender, race, income, social status; basically, almost everything. This means 1/3 of the day is gone without knowing of your existence. If you happen to live for 100 years, 33 years of your life will be gone completely unaware of your existence. Don't you think it is worthwhile to inquire and find out what is going on?

Let me take the help of a theorem to explain. To observe change, one MUST be out of the change. As long as one is within the change, changes cannot be observed. For example, we are told that the earth rotates and we believe it too. But, only when one who goes into space (i.e. out of the earth), we can observe the earth rotating.

The point to note is: "Only a changeless entity can observe change". Now let us try to bring this closer to us. We definitely were not born the same size and shape that we are today. We were a baby, then a child, then a pre-teen, then a teenager, then an adult, to whatever we are now. The point is that physically, we have been changing, all this time since birth. But, something within KNOWS that I am the same person. Isn't that fascinating? Who is

this changeless entity?

Here is another theorem to help: "Any thing you are aware of, you cannot be that". Let us analyze, check it out, and see if it is true!

I am aware of you, I am NOT you.

I am aware of a car, I am NOT the car.

I am aware of a tree, I am NOT the tree.

I am aware of the house, I am NOT the house.

Look around you. Can you identify anything; I mean any thing as "you"?

This is really interesting. Something inside me is observing everything but that itself cannot be observed. Who is this great Observer inside me but I don't seem to know?

Let me ask all of you a very basic question folks: "What do you want in life?" Every one of us will probably have the same answer: i.e. we wish to be happy. All our education, going abroad, getting a job, making money, getting married, our weekend parties, conventions, and every act of ours is only geared to being happy. However, the best of mankind: the saints, say that if you know your true identity, you will be the happiest being in this universe. All your problems will be solved. All your worries will be gone. And, you will be always happy. Generations have come and gone. One day, we will be gone as well. No thing will go with us. This body that we love so much will be thrown away. Don't you feel it worthwhile to find out your true identity and figure out what we are doing in this ratrace of life (as we often call it)?

Interestingly, we have never observed closely to figure this out. We buy the best of beds, luxury linens, best of pillows, blankets, etc. Isn't all this paraphernalia just to get a good night sleep? These are all preparations for a good night's sleep. But I am sure you will agree that having all these things cannot guarantee that one will indeed get a good sleep. The point to note here is that only when we drop every thought, every worry, every relationship, every possession including our body and mind, we glide into sleep. And then we are happy. And in that state, we are totally unaware of every thing. Honestly, we look forward for a good sleep. But, if there is a single thought in



mind, a pain, or some botheration you just cannot sleep. I am sure you will all agree to that.

Even though this is the simplest of all things, this might sound extremely difficult. Here is a clue to eternal happiness. What is demonstrated above is that when

we are completely relieved of identity and possessions (as in deep sleep) we wake up happy. If you can experience this state while you are awake; when you are conscious, you will be able to experience that same happiness as experienced in deep sleep and your True Identity will be revealed to You.

ସମାଜ - ସାଥୀ ନା ସାରଥୀ ?

ବିଜୟମୋହନ ମିଶ୍ର
ବୋଷ୍ଟନ୍, ମାସାଚୁସେଟ୍ସ୍

ଜନ୍ମ ହେଲି, କେତେ ହସ, କେତେ କୋଳ
ସାମାନ୍ୟ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀରେ କେତେ ମୁଁ ବିକଳ ।
ବହିଆସେ ସ୍ନେହଭରା ଅନୁତର ଧାରା
ହସେ ମୁହିଁ, ନାଚେ ମୁହିଁ, ଆନନ୍ଦ ଅସରା ।
ସବୁ ସାଥୀ, ସବୁ ମୋ' ଭାବେ ନିମିତ୍ତ
ସବୁ ମୋ'ର, ଦୁନିଆର ତିରୁ ଆଉ ବିଭୁ ॥

ବାଳୁତ ମୁହିଁ, ଦେଖୁଥାଏ ପରିଚିତ ମୁହିଁ -
ସ୍ତ୍ରୀରେ ଘରମୁହାଁ ମା' ପାଖେ କୋହ ।
ସମାଜ ମୋ' ଖେଳସାଥୀ, ମା' ମୋ'ର ସାଥୀ,
ଘର ରାସ୍ତା ବିଲବାଡ଼ି, ତିହେ ମୁହିଁ ଦେଖି ।
ସବୁ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଧକାପରି, ଗୋଟିଏ ତ ଖେଳ,
ଏ' ରାସ୍ତାରେ ଜଣା ମୁହିଁ, ସବୁଠାରେ ମେଳ ॥

ଶିଶୁ ହେଲି, ପାଠ ପଢ଼େ, ଦେଖିଲି ବାପର ମହତ -
ନିୟମରେ ଉଠ, ନିୟମରେ ଶୁଅ, ନିୟମ ଗଣିତ ।
ବେଶଭୂଷା, ପରିପାଟୀ, କଥାଭାଷା ସାମାଜିକ ଜ୍ଞାନ,
ଜାଣିଲି ବଂଶ ପରମ୍ପରା, ସମାଜ ବନ୍ଧନ ।
ତଥାପି ବହୁସାଥୀ, ପୁଣି ସାଥୀଙ୍କ ହେଲା ଖେଳା,
କେବେ ହୁଗୁଳା କାମଚଳା, କେବେ ବା ଶୁଖିଲା ।
ଦେଖେ ମୁହିଁ ଦିନରାତି, ପୁଣି ଦେଖେ ରତୁଚକ୍ର,
ଫସଲ, ପାଣି, ପବନ, ନିଆଁ - ନିୟମ ଅଜସ୍ର ॥

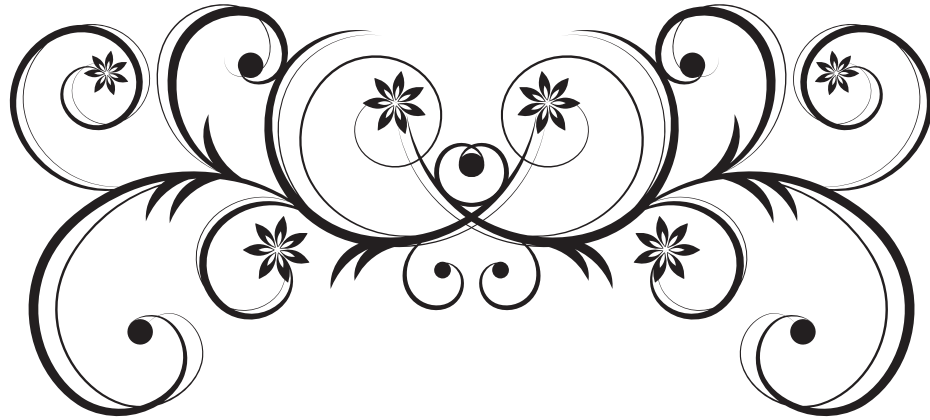
କିଶୋର ଜୀବନ, ହୃଦ୍‌ବୋଧ ଜୀବନ ମରଣ -
ରୋଗ ବ୍ୟାଧି ଅପାହିତ, ଅନ୍ଧ କଣା କୁଜା,
ସମାଜରେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ବାଜେ ନାହିଁ ବାଜା ।
ଏ' ବା କି ନିୟମ, ଏ' ସବୁ ମୋ'ର ସାଥୀ,
ମୋ' ସାଥୀର ବାପ ନାହିଁ, କିଏ ବା ବେଘର,
ଏ' ନିୟମ ଦେଖି ନାହିଁ, ଇଏ କି ବଜାର ?
ମିଛ, ଖତ, ଅର୍ଥଲୋଭୀ, ଠକ ପ୍ରବଞ୍ଚକ -
ଇଚ୍ଛିତ କରନ୍ତି ମୋତେ, ସମାଜ ବଞ୍ଚକ !

ଯୁବକ ମୁହିଁ, ସ୍ଵାଧୀନ ମୋ' ଜୀବନ, ଆସ ମୋ'ର ସାଥୀ !
ଜୀବନ ସଙ୍ଗାମେ ସଂସାରର ସମତୁଲେ ଆମେ ସବୁ ରଥୀ !
ତାଲିବା ଲଜିବା ଦେଖିବା ଦୁନିଆର ରଜନି ସବୁଜିମା, ହଜିଜିବା ଆକାଶରେ
ଉଆଁ ହେବା ସମୁଦ୍ରରେ ଦେଖିବା ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରମା !
ଭାଙ୍ଗିବା ବନ୍ଧନ ଆମେ ଗଢ଼ିବା ଆମର ସମାଜ,
ସାଥୀ ମୋ'ର ଆମେ ଦୁହେଁ - ଏ' ସମାଜର ତାଜ !

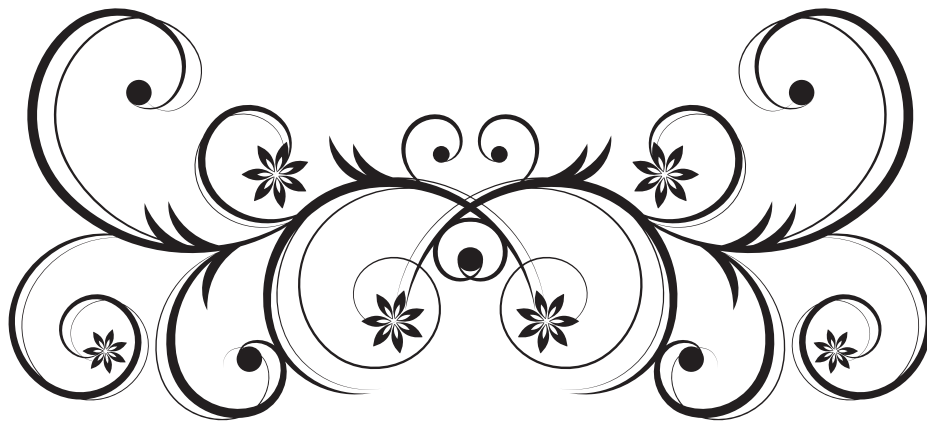
ସମୟ ଚଳଣି ସଂସାର କାହାଣୀ ତାଜ ବିଗଳିତ,
ଆଖି ଖୋଲି ଦେଖେ ମୁହିଁ ଦୁନିଆରେ ତାଜ ଅଗଣିତ ।
ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କର ତାଜ, ବହୁପର ତେଜ, କୃତ୍ତି ବା ସଜ,
ଭ୍ରମ ହୁଏ, ଭ୍ରଷ୍ଟ ମୁହିଁ, ପାରେ ନାହିଁ ହେଜ ।
ହେ ସାଥୀ, ହୁଅ ମୋ' ସାରଥୀ, ଦେଖିବି ସମାଜ !
ବୁଝିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ମୋ'ର - କି ଏ' ସମାଜେ ସମୟ ହିଁ ସଜ ?

Poem read at the 14th Annual Multi-lingual India Poetry Reading on the theme "My Society" at Harvard University on May 9, 2010.





Coming Together





Saving the World one India Trip at a time

BY BAGMI DAS

In a culture full of medical degrees and engineers, we very seldom see ourselves branching from that. We are primed to call ourselves “successful” to uncles and aunts, quickly get through our schooling and make money as soon as possible. This seemed like the best way to acknowledge our parents efforts and sacrifices in moving to America. My friend had another idea.

Vivake wanted to save the world. We, his peers, saw this as too lofty of an ideal, and kept our goals to things that were plausible. We fought to save our grades and he created a student organization to send supplies to the survivors of Hurricane Katrina. We thought his words and ideals were empty, but he proved us wrong when he spent the critical summer before our senior year on a service trip called Inspire. While we worked to earn jobs for the coming years, he traveled all over MP, UP, and parts of Gujarat, working with impoverished schoolchildren, building shelters, and trying to understand his home.

This experience stayed with Vivake. He spoke in seminars at our school and tried to make everybody understand that there was an unattended India behind the world of Bollywood and Russell Peters. And when it came to planning for our futures, Vivake, after gaining admission into several prestigious law schools, chose to defer and apply for an Indicorps fellowship that would allow him to concentrate his efforts on developing a certain part of India. When he attained this fellowship, he did not concern himself with how being in India for a year or two could affect his academic future. Instead, he realized it was now or never. He took the leap and ended up across the world.

Right now, Vivake is in Bagar, Rajasthan, working on employment initiatives. After battling sickness for the first few weeks, he is now acclimated to the climate and food and I have the pleasure of speaking to him occasionally. He was recently granted money to work on his proposal and will spend the next 3 months running his pilot initiative. If successful, he will be granted a few crores to establish his own NGO, working out of Delhi. He plans to return to the USA in 2011, with an incredible experience under his belt and a fresh understanding of what he aspires to do with his law degree.

Below is his mid-year progress report. This was submitted to Indicorps a couple months ago and published on their website. I include it below so that we see what our generation has the power to do and help Vivake achieve his dream of saving the world, one trip to India at a time.

VIVAKE PRASAD

MID-YEAR PUBLIC PROGRESS REPORT NGO/COMMUNITY BACKGROUND

Grassroots Development Laboratory (GDL) was founded in 2006 in Bagar, Rajasthan. Bagar is located in Jhunjhunu District, about 200 km west of Delhi, between the larger rural towns of Jhunjhunu and Chirawa. It is difficult to classify Bagar as a village or a small town, as it serves as a major market for nearby villages but has a population of less than 15,000 people. With a multitude of educational institutions, it also serves as a hub for students from villages throughout Jhunjhunu District. While people of all socio-economic make their homes in the area, the people of Bagar face many common challenges.

GDL, which was founded as a partnership between Indicorps and the Piramal Foundation, began its operations under the leadership of three Indicorps Fellows. GDL's mission is to empower young people to create tangible change in rural India by providing an opportunity to engage with some of the country's most pressing development challenges. GDL seeks to be a center of social innovation, incubating nationally scalable social enterprises focused on solutions to broad development challenges.

Despite the focus on scalability, all GDL projects are tailored to local cultural context, and follow the principle of participatory development. Through its history, GDL has engaged with the local community through projects focused on a diverse array of issues, including drinking water, women's empowerment, leadership development, entrepreneurship, and employment. Currently three social enterprises are being incubated at GDL: Sarvajal, which sells clean drinking water for only 25 paise per liter; Source for Change, an all women's rural BPO; and the Bagar Employment Institute, an employability training center.

Project Vision

The title of my Indicorps project is “Develop Entrepreneurial Solutions to Rural Poverty.” When I arrived in Bagar in September 2009, I was given the option of choosing which GDL enterprise I would like work on in order to advance my project mandate. After spending the better part of a month getting to know community members, getting a taste of the different projects, and doing an assessment of the challenges faced by people in Bagar, I eventually chose to work with the Bagar Employment Institute (BEI).





BEI is an employability training center which provides local youth with training in computers, English, soft skills, and job hunting skills. I was drawn to work at BEI due to the high prevalence of unemployment and underemployment amongst local youth. Many of the local youth I had met early on seemed to have a sense of hopelessness about them. Bagar, with over 30 educational institutions, produces many students who are well educated (it is not uncommon to find post-graduates). Despite being well educated on paper, however, lack of critical skills in areas such as computers and English, as well as lack of information on employment opportunities, keep them from reaching their potential.

Initially, Sahil Chaudry (my Indicorps project partner) and myself set out to make BEI a sustainable and scalable enterprise, filling gaps in its repertoire by adding an English class and making career counseling accessible daily to local youth. Realizing that lack of job hunting skills and inadequate information of job opportunities and was a key barrier to employment for local youth, I took a keen interest on job placement services, and eventually began working on placements full time.

Our attempts in placing BEI students in employment eventually led to the creation of a social enterprise dedicated to helping rural job seekers overcome a recruitment paradigm that emphasizes inaccessible internet portals and expensive HR consultancies. Our vision is to create a job placement system that operates within local constraints and builds on pre-existing behavior patterns to empower rural job-seekers. The project is called "Mobile Naukri", as it utilizes SMS messaging to register job-seekers and keep them informed of job opportunities. I am now engaged full time with Sahil in developing and launching Mobile Naukri as a full-fledged venture in Jhunjhunu District.

Project Implementation Progress and Future Plans

For the first five months of my stay in Bagar, I focused on making BEI more sustainable and increasing its course offerings. In October, Sahil and I began to do nightly marketing events in local villages, mohallas, and dhaanis to inform people about the services offered at BEI and to get recruits for our classes. The marketing missions were extremely successful in facilitating relationships between us and different communities, as well as bringing recruits to BEI. In November we started an English class which I taught for about two months until we found a local teacher. Through the English class we developed strong bonds with a new group of students, from whom I have learned a great deal. During the time of the English class, we also conducted several hours of one-on-one career counseling and interview training every day, with new students dropping in regularly to avail these services.

In the past BEI English classes have been dependent on Indicorps Fellows or temporary trainers recruited from cities, resulting in inconsistent course quality. One of the major successes of the English class was securing a

good locally-based English trainer who will continue to teach at BEI for the long term. I have also partnered with a business professor from my alma mater to develop a course in business communications which I hope to pilot in the coming months.

In December I began to shift my focus to creating a sustainable model for placing BEI students. While continuing our daily career counseling, we selected our brightest and most job-ready students, and began attempts to place them. This eventually resulted in a series of "mini-pilot" initiatives, in which we varied different factors to test our understanding of the job market and job seekers. We met with several companies to gauge their interest in such a system and succeeded in obtaining orders from them. We also attempted to place individuals with companies in the roles of computer operator, accounts assistant, retail salesman, waiter, and carpenter. We also experimented with the use of SMS messages as a means of communicating job openings with job seekers. While not all of our initiatives achieved success, these experiences have been instrumental in exposing us to challenges in the job placement field and helping us develop solutions to these challenges.

In this phase of my project, I became the student and BEI students became my teachers. Getting to know their struggles, dreams, and seeing their perseverance in the face of extremely difficult circumstances was eye-opening and insightful. Through the "mini-pilot" initiatives in job placement Sahil and I have gained invaluable understanding about the entry level job market, needs of employers, and needs of rural job seekers. The result of this learning was Mobile Naukri, a new social enterprise aimed at counseling and placing rural job seekers, using SMS messaging to disseminate information about job opportunities.

In the remaining five months of my fellowship, I hope to work with Sahil to build Mobile Naukri as a fully operational enterprise within Jhunjhunu District. This will include building the necessary technical systems, recruiting regional businesses as clients, and registering a large database of local job seekers. We will also need to find local employees to staff our office, train local employees to conduct career counseling, and continue to work hand in hand with community members to tailor Mobile Naukri to their needs and cultural context. While we do this, we must keep our eye on sustainability, and recruit social entrepreneurs to replace us upon our departure.

Personal Growth

I came to India for many reasons, but chief among them was a desire to create positive change in the lives of others. Only time will tell if and how much I have succeeded in that endeavor, but what is already apparent to me is that I have experienced extensive change within myself.

Examining problems and injustices in society through the lens of the Indicorps fellowship has had a mirroring effect, compelling me to look deeply inward. I am



experiencing a much greater degree of self-awareness than I ever have before. This constant introspection, brought on by the challenges of the fellowship, has been a catalyst in helping me tackle my own weaknesses. Never before in my life have I had as much courage to sincerely and consistently work on improving myself.

I used to be an ideologue, arrogantly believing that there were right ways and wrong ways to approach social challenges. Today I am relieved and happy to say that I have become more open-minded and pragmatic. I now believe that we must welcome different ways to address our most pressing social challenges.

One of my biggest weaknesses has always been listening. Throughout my life, I have often been referred to as ziddi - bullheaded and stubborn. I always prioritized the dizzying array of thoughts crashing around my mind more than what others around me were saying. While I still struggle with this from time to time, the fellowship has forced me to become a better listener. My community has become my guide, and if I have achieved anything this year, it has happened only through listening to it.

Lately my friends and family have begun to ask where I see myself going next in life, and how my future plans have been changed by the fellowship. I've always been a planner, constantly calculating my next move. One of the most liberating changes I have experienced this year is becoming comfortable with uncertainty and learning to cherish the winding paths and detours on my path. Rather than constantly planning my next steps and living in the future, I'm slowly learning to savor the journey and live in the present. These days, when family and friends ask what I'm going to do next, I usually smile and respond that I don't really know. It feels good. I feel free.

Bagmi Das is the daughter of Bigyani and Naresh Das from the Washington, D.C. chapter. She graduated from Carnegie Mellon University in 2009

Nature's Harmony

BY ANAND ANUJ DAS

*Spring is when flowers bloom
When more sunshine enters your room
Nature starts a harmony
The days become more and more sunny*

*Children come out to play
Everyday is a wonderful day
New babies and animals are born
Lots of new foods and crops are grown*

*Shouts of children are more heard
Cheerfulness is spread from an elephant to a bird
The sky looks clear and blue
The scenery around gets green and new*

*Wings of Monarchs brightens the vision
The arch of the rainbow glows the horizon
Snow melts springs trickle
Soft cushioned grass gives you a tickle*

*Spring enlightens my day
I wish this season to never go away
But nature won't be unkind and unfair
She will give every season an equal share*



About The Poet

Anand Anuj is 10 years old. He goes to Challenger School. Besides karate, reading sci-fi books and writing poems are his passion. He lives in Santa Clara, California.





OSA : An Odia-American Community Organization Identity in the Americas

AMIYA NAYAK

The Orissa (Odisha) Society of the Americas, Inc. (OSA) is a bi-national socio-cultural organization (between USA and Canada, and with a heritage from Odisha, India), 40 years old society (started in the year 1969), maturing, adding growth and complexities into the diverse diaspora of odia-american community.

The Odia immigration from Odisha (India) into the North Americas dates back to early 1960s. The OSA is possibly one of the oldest Indian ethnic socio-cultural groups in the Americas, but may be a much smaller organization and less visible in comparison to other Asian-Indian ethnic groups in North America.

The New OSA's new constitution, vision and missions reflect organizational developments and changes, and the symbolic logo represents colors, entities and information based on Odisha, Canada and USA and their cultural linkages. OSA's annual convention and souvenir journal are considered as organizational legacies, and the various chapters have been organizing socio-cultural events, regularly, since the 1970s.

The ethnic definition of "Odia-American" is primarily based on the first generation odia immigrants into the Americas, odia socio-cultural activities in the Americas, and the integration of new immigrants, the second and future generations into the mainstream American cultures, societies and lifestyles. Also, OSA's genesis, history and organizational developments, challenges, issues and related stories have anchored odia emotions of the odia immigrants in the Americas, particularly the members' love, pride, ego and relationships with the OSA.

However, as an OSA member, the important questions that comes to my mind are -

Can OSA help to create an Odia-American Community Identity and a Symbol, while offering socio-cultural values to its members across US and Canada, and to the Americas' various other communities and sustain an emerging Odia Community Organization in the Americas ?

What the OSA organization and its members can do to create, preserve and promote an Odia-American community identity in the Americas ?

The followings are top-10 thoughts, reflections and areas where the New OSA organization and its members can contribute in support of creating an odia-american identity in the americas:

1. Cultural Integration.
2. Cultural Synergy.
3. Cultural Diversity.
4. Inter-Cultural Collaborations and Information Exchanges.
5. Community Services - OSA's impact in the americas and Odisha (India). This is also members' responsibility to create organizational impacts through volunteerisms/services.
6. Closing the Generational Gaps between and among new immigrants, old generation and second/future generation odias in the OSA.
7. Organizational Visibility in the mainstream Americas and OSA community leaderships in various activities.
8. Odia-American, as an ethnic brand name development in societal terms, not in business terms.
9. Odia-American community development, empowerment of members, memberships, activism, volunteerism and social services, and effective use of OSA organization, OSA chapters, OSA website, OSAnet and related organizational and information systems.
10. Development and leveraging odia-american social networks that can offer socio-cultural values to OSA organization, its members, Americas communities and inter-national communities.

Well, OSA organization and its members have an opportunity to create an Odia-American community organizational identity in the Americas, as a part of the subset of the Asian/Indian communities across Americas.

Amiya Nayak and Family are Patron Life Members of OSA. Amiya, as an OSA member-volunteer has been interested in contributing to the OSA Organization Development in some areas at the local-regional chapter and bi-national level.



Retiring in America

BY ARUN MISRA, PH.D.*

Many of us have thought of going back to India to retire. In old age income goes down, pension benefits become smaller, and cost as well as insurance-premiums for health care services rise. It then makes perfect sense to move to a less expensive place. Household help is readily available at cheaper rates in India. The cost of medical care is modest in comparison to USA. Availability of family members and childhood friends, if you pick up a suitable place, is another attraction. Hence we have been contemplating, for years, to move back to India, when it is time to rest and die.

But the story of Hans from Germany made us to think differently. In 1970s, Hans went to visit New Delhi, from Bonn. Hans liked India very much, met an Indian girl, Anita, fell in love with her, and got married. Hans came back to Germany, sold and disposed of his assets, and was back in India with plenty of capital to establish a factory near Delhi, and he couple lived there ever after.

Once Hans and Anita approached retirement, they came to visit USA. They fell in love with this country. Both researched and concluded that USA was a good place to retire. Of course USA is a nice place to live, but the cost of living is so much higher than in India. USA does not have adequate social services for elderly people, like Europe has, but is much better than that of India. Cost of health care is higher than India and Europe, but the quality of services are far superior. The pollution, filth and other inconveniences of India are non-existent in the US.

Thus it dawned upon us that 'Retiring in America' is better than 'Retiring in India'. If you have enough funds, retire in America. If you are poor, retire in India. This is why Tatas are treated in Paris, not Mumbai when they fall sick, and are cremated in Switzerland, not Mumbai, when they die. Hence, Aga Khan makes his abode in Paris and not in Pakistan.

Reflecting on what I achieved in the last 30 years or so my stay in the US, since I arrived here in my late thirties, I came to some interesting conclusions. Being fired from one job to another, and being transferred from one place to the next, in addition to being unhappy with the working conditions, in India, I came to teach and

do research in Biotechnology and Genetic Engineering in the US, exactly during the same years German Hans moved to India. I had already lived for years in Europe (especially Hans's Germany) and Australia, and had visited US couple of times prior to that.

In India, even if you do not perform your duties properly, if your colleagues and supervisors do not like you, you never get fired. Just get transferred, may be to a remote place, in a similar job. This is considered enough punishment in the service career. Me being fired and transferred, again and again, makes me kind of unusual. I was pretty different, had relatively plenty of success in teaching and research at a young age in Biology. I became a college professor at age 19, and was the Dean of the school at age 31. But what I wanted to do and achieve, was not coming forth quick enough for me, hence I took many risks in my jobs, resulting into demotions, firings and transfers.

With this baggage, I arrived in USA where opportunities were plenty, and the freedom to carve your own niche, encouraged. It took me just few months to realize that I came from 'frying pan into fire'. The bosses in US are so very powerful, treat their employees like slaves and getting fired was so easy. Hence I came across a spate of 'firings', early in the US. Anywhere I started, in teaching or in research, every time I got fired a few weeks later. I acted strange for my supervisors, found my colleagues very mean, and my bosses were crazy. Be it New York, Chicago, South Dakota, Miami, St Louis, Mississippi, and Atlanta, I was fired and dismissed from numerous schools again and again. Being on temporary visa, which were generally issued for a specific job and a particular employer, I had to run to Immigration authorities time and again, to stay legal and avoid being out of status, for years. I must be lucky as well as smart, since I always found a job within a few days of being fired, every time. The visas changed into several kinds over the years.

But I never gave up, and survived again and again, moving from one job to the next and from one city to another, many a times within a few weeks, carrying all my belongings into a suitcase in Greyhound Buses.

In India, where I came from, you can not be fired, just get transferred, if you are no good and/or you are not





liked by your superiors. Here in the US the firing was so easy, so quick and so strange to me. 'You can be fired if the Boss does not like the color of your socks', I was told. Scary stuff. Many warnings I received, before being fired, did not affect me much. I considered them scare tactics, like 'speed checked by detection devices' along the roads. In India we called them, 'love letters'. I did not realize that those were kept in my files for making a legal case for eventual firing, which may not be legally contested.

By the time all this occurred, it was too late. I was too old to change my ways. Employers found a pattern in me to get rid of me quickly.

But when my wife and three teenage children arrived from India, couple of years later, I had to change, be docile to the bosses and fit into the mold. I could no longer pick my stuff in a suitcase, scream at the boss and just leave. I had four more adults to carry along, which was impossible, and would have shattered their American Dreams. Hence I transformed myself into an obsequious fellow, pleased my bosses, colleagues and students at colleges and universities, and eventually received a employer sponsored coveted Green card, permanent residency, for the entire family, to stay and work in the USA.

Those 3-4 years were hell for me. I was not my own, but a devout, obedient part of a big 'slaving-machine', with no brain, no personality, no independence, no freedom. But just worked for someone or some organizations, at low wages.

I left academia and joined the business world. My productivity and money generating ability was going to be the measure of success for me, I was told. People would tolerate all my idiosyncrasy, if I generated plenty of business, and was profitable for the establishment. I excelled in business, got numerous awards.

This was similar to my publishing numerous research papers, writing books and teaching interesting courses, when I was in the academia. But the business ventures were also short lived. I did not last for more than 5-7 years, same time period, 4-5 years, like the academia. I was so very wrong. Business had its own norms. Making profit was not enough. One has to be likable, part of a team, be popular, work slow, be teachable, and follow instructions. Brilliance, and disregard for rules and regulations were not tolerated. Both academia and business had similar systems to follow, its own politicking. I was again on a roll, being fired from company to another (in insurance, investments, real estate, mortgage etc), had no

office to go to, no fancy business cards, and nothing to do. I acquired US citizenship by then.

I then started solo, became CEO of my own company, started selling and servicing whatever I could. This has lasted for over two decades now. I never had too much to do, but I always made a decent income, enjoyed my journey of life. I am at a stage where I can retire peacefully and enjoy the fruits of my deeds.

I never really found a proper job, nor had a vocation or profession, have been running from pillar to post, for the last twenty years or so, like a rolling stone that gathers no moss.

But I have thoroughly enjoyed, what I did.

Like Ghalib, I could say, 'hazon hasraten, ... jin pe dam nikle, bahut nikle, ... phir bhi kam nikle'.

In English, I had numerous goals and ambitions, some came to fruition, but many more were never realized/achieved.

Thus, when people ask me now, What have I done, and what I am doing lately? I simply say, 'I came to retire in America.'

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କାନ୍ତିଲତା ସାହୁ
କୁପର୍ତ୍ତିନୋ, କାଲିଫୋର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ

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ଆମେରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ	ବେ ଏରିଆର
କରୁଅଛୁ ସୁଆଗତ,	
ଯେତେସବୁ ଆମ	ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀଏ
ଅଛୁ ଏଠି ଉପସ୍ଥିତ । (୧)	
ଆସିଛିରେ ଆଜି	ଆସିଛି ସେ ବେଳା
ମିଳିମିଶି ହେବା ଖୁସି,	
ବୟସ ହୋଇଲା	ଏକ ବୁଲିଶକୁ
ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ ଯାଏ ବସି । (୨)	
ବହୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟକରି	ମନ ପ୍ରାଣ ଭରି
କରିଅଛୁ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ,	
ଶାନ୍ତ ମନ ନେଇ	ଆନନ୍ଦ ଲଭିବେ
ମନେ ନ ରହିବ ଭ୍ରମ । (୩)	
ଗୁରୁଜନେ ଆମ	କରିଲୁ ପ୍ରଣାମ
ସାନରେ ରଖି ମମତା,	
କଳା ଠାକୁରୁକୁ	ହସ୍ତକୁ ଯୋଡ଼ିଲୁ
ସିଏତ ଆମ ଦେବତା । (୪)	
ପରବାସୀ ହୋଇ	ରହିଅଛୁ ଆମେ
ଆମେରିକା କାନାଡାରେ,	
ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଆମର	ଜନନୀ ଅଟଇ
ଭୁଲିବାନି କେବେ ବାରେ । (୫)	
ଭାବିନୁ ନିଜକୁ	ପରଦେଶେ ଆସି
ସବୁ ହୋଇଗଲା ଶେଷ,	
ମାଆର ମମତା	ସେନେହ ସରାଗ
କେବେକି ହୁଅଇ ଶେଷ ? (୬)	

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ଆମେରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପୁଅ,	ଆମେରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଝିଅ ।
ଆମେରିକା ଓ କାନଡାକୁ	
ଛୁଟିଅଛି ଆମ ପୁଅ । (୧)	
ସଭିଏଁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବାସୀ	ଏଇ ଦେଶସବୁ ଆସି,
ହୋଇଅଛୁ ପରବାସୀ । (୨)	

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ଶୁଣ ହେ ଜନତା ଶୁଣ,	ଆମେଯେ ଓଡ଼ିଆଗଣ ।
ପ୍ରବାସି ହୋଇଆମେରିକା ଓ କାନାଡାରେ ବାସ ପୁଣ,	
ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଆମ	ଜନମ ଭୁଇଁ,
କରିଛୁ ଆମେରେ ପଣ । (୧)	
ଭୁଲିବୁ ନାହିଁ	ଭୁଲୁନୁ କେବେ
ମା' ମମତାର ସ୍ନେହ,	
ଏଇ ମାଟିଟ	କରମ ଭୁଇଁ
ଅଛି ଏଠି ଆମ ଦେହ । (୨)	
ମନ, ପ୍ରାଣକୁ	ରଖି ସଜାଡ଼ି
ଆଗେଇ ଯାଉଛୁ କର୍ମେ,	
ଓଡ଼ିଶା ମାଟି	ଆମ ନମସ୍ୟ
ତିନୁ ଅଛୁ ମର୍ମେ ମର୍ମେ । (୩)	
ଜନନୀ ଅଟେ	ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଆମ
ଆମେରେ ସଜ୍ଜିତ ତାର,	
ମହପୁରୁଷ	କଳା, ସ୍ଥାପତ୍ୟ
ଅଟେ ତାର ଉପହାର । (୪)	





ପ୍ରାକୃତିକର ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଯେତେ
 ନାହିଁତ ଅଭାବ କିଛି,
 ଦେହରେ ଭରି ଖଣି ସଂପଦ
 ସବୁଠି ହେଉଛି ବାଛି । (୫)

ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଯେତେ ଗୁଣ ଗାରିମା
 ସଭିଁକୁ ଚ ବେଶ୍ ଜଣା,
 ବ୍ୟକ୍ତ କରିବାକ ନାହିଁ ଅଭିଳାଷା
 କରିବୁନି ବାଟ ବଣା । (୬)

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ଆମେ ଯେତେକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜାତି,
 କାଲିଙ୍ଗେଣ୍ଡିଆରେ କରୁ ବସତି । (୧)
 ଭୁଲି ନାହୁଁ ଆମ କଳା ସଂସ୍କୃତି,
 ଭୁଲିବୁନି କେବେ ନିୟମ ରୀତି । (୨)
 ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଆମର ଜନମ ଭୂଇଁ,
 ବାର ମାସେ ତେର ପରବ ହୋଇ । (୩)
 ପିତା ମାତା ଆମ ଦେଇଣ ଶିକ୍ଷା,
 ଗୁରୁଜନେ ଦେଲେ ଅନେକ ଦୀକ୍ଷା । (୪)
 ଅତୀତର ଅଛି ଯେତିକି ଗର୍ବ,
 ସାଉଁଟି ଧରିଛୁ ମନରେ ସର୍ବ । (୫)
 ଏ ମାଟିରେ ଆସି କଲୁ ବସତି,
 ଶିଖାଉଛୁ ସବୁ ଆମ ସନ୍ତତି । (୬)
 ଗଢ଼ିଛୁ ଏଠାରେ ଛୋଟ ଓଡ଼ିଶା,
 ମନରେ ରହିଛି ବହୁତ ଆଶା । (୭)
 ଇଚ୍ଛାଥିଲେ ବଳେ ଉପାୟ ଆସେ,
 କାମ କରିତାଲୁ ଅତି ହରଷେ । (୮)
 ଏକତା ତ ଅଟେ ଆମର ବଳ,
 କଉଣସି କାମେ ନ ଥାଏ ଗୋଳ । (୯)
 ପୂଜା, ପାରବଣ ଦୁଏ ସଫଳ,
 ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ବଂଶଜ ପାଏ ସୁଫଳ । (୧୦)
 ଓଡ଼ିଶା ରାଜ୍ୟର ଧ୍ଵନୀକୁ ଆଣି,
 ଏଇ ମାଟି ହସେ ସବୁକୁ ଜାଣି । (୧୧)
 ଅତୀତ ମିଶାଇ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ରେ,
 ଉତ୍କଳ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ । (୧୨)
 ଚିକିତ୍ସ ହେଲେତ ନାହିଁ ସନ୍ଦେହ,
 ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ପାଶେ ମନ ଓ ଦେହ । (୧୩)

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ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାକୁ କେବେବି ଭୁଲିନୁ
 ଜାଣିଛୁ ତାର ମହତ୍ତ୍ଵ,
 ଇଣ୍ଡୋନେଶନାଲ୍ ଗୁରୁକୁଳ କରି
 ଦେଇଛୁ ତାର ଗୁରୁତ୍ଵ । (୧)
 ଦଶ ବରଷର ବୟସ ସାଜିଛି
 ଗୁରୁକୁଳ ଦେଖ ଆଜି,
 ଦେହରେ ଭରିଛ କଳା ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତି
 ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜନତା ସାଜି । (୨)
 ଝିଅ ମାନେ ଆମ ସାନବତ ମିଶି
 ନାଚନ୍ତି ଓଡ଼ିଶୀ ନୃତ୍ୟ,
 ନାଚ, ଗୀତ ଶୁଣି ହୃଦୟ ଆମ୍ଭର
 ଦୁଏ ବହୁ କୃତକୃତ୍ୟ । (୩)
 ଆମ୍ଭ ମଧ୍ୟୁ କିଛି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସେବକ
 କରି ଚାଲିଛନ୍ତି ସେବା,
 ଓଡ଼ିଶାର କେହି ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ଲୋଡ଼ିଲେ
 କାମ ତାଙ୍କ ମନ ଦେବା । (୪)
 ଦୁଃଖ, ଦରିଦ୍ର୍ୟ ମୁହଁରେ ଦେବାକୁ
 ତେନାଏ କେବଳ ହସ,
 ସହଯୋଗ ହୋଇ ଯିଏ ସାହା ଲୋଡ଼େ
 ଦେଇ ଯାଆନ୍ତି ସାହାସ । (୫)
 ସାହା ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତୁ ପରମଇଶ୍ଵର
 ଅଗ୍ରସର ହେବୁ କର୍ମେ,
 ସଦ ବୁଦ୍ଧି, ସଦ ଜ୍ଞାନକୁ ନେଇଣ
 ସଦା ଥିବୁ ଆମେ ଧର୍ମେ । (୬)

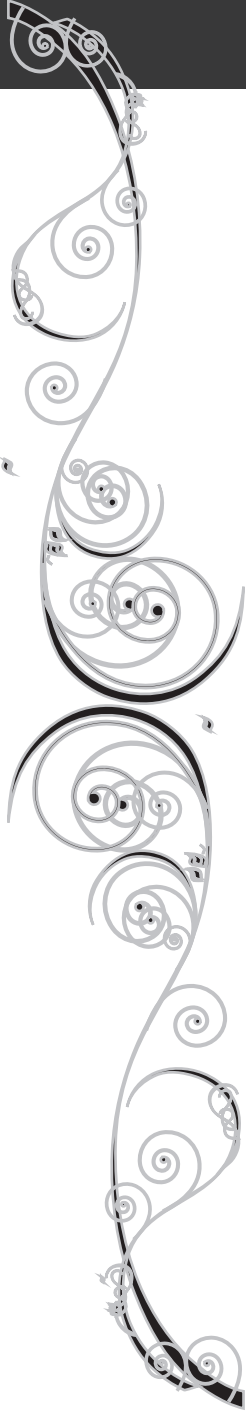


(କାନ୍ତିଲତା ସାହୁ କୁପର୍ତ୍ତିନୋ , କାଲିଙ୍ଗେଣ୍ଡିଆରେ ନିଜ ପରିବାର ସହ ରହନ୍ତି ।)



ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ (କାଲିଯାତ୍ରା)

ଶ୍ରୀ ରସାନନ୍ଦ ବେହେରାଙ୍କ ଲିଖିତ



ଜଗତେ କେବଳ
 ଜନେ ହସିବେ ଏହି ତହୁଁ ଫଳ ..
 ଭାବି ଅଛି ଯିବି
 ମୁଁ କାଲିଯାତ୍ରା ଦେଖିବା ପାଇଁ
 ହେଲେ କଅଣ ଏ
 ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ଭୁଲି ଯିବ ବାଲିଯାତ୍ରାକୁ ?
 ଜଗତେ କେବଳ
 ଜନେ ହସିବେ ଏହି ତହୁଁ ଫଳ ।
 ହଜାର ବରଷ
 ପୂର୍ବେ ବାରବାଟି ଦୁର୍ଗେ ଆମ ଯାତ୍ରା
 ପୂର୍ବ ପୁରୁଷଙ୍କ
 ଏହି ମାଟି ଆମ ଆଶିଷାଏ ବାର୍ତ୍ତା ।
 ଜଗତେ କେବଳ
 ଜନେ ହସିବେ ଏହି ତହୁଁ ଫଳ ।
 ମନେ ହୁଏ ମୋର
 ଚାଲି ଯିବାକୁ ପୁରବ ଦିଗ୍ ବଳୟକୁ ।
 ପାଖାତ୍ୟରେ ରହି
 ମନେ ପକାଏ ମୁଁ ଆମ କଟକକୁ ।
 ଜଗତେ କେବଳ
 ଜନେ ହସିବେ ଏହି ତହୁଁ ଫଳ ।
 ଆହେ ମୋର ପ୍ରିୟ
 ଭ୍ରାତୃ, ଭଗ୍ନୀ, କୁଟୁମ୍ବ ଆବର
 ବାଇ ମୁଣ୍ଡି ହସେ
 ଆଜି ଆମ କୀର୍ତ୍ତି ଦୁର୍ବଳତାକୁ ।
 ଜଗତେ କେବଳ
 ଜନେ ହସିବେ ଏହି ତହୁଁ ଫଳ ।
 ଶ୍ରୀବଣେ କରୁଛ
 “ସ୍ଵାଧୀନ ଦିବସେ” ପ୍ରବାସୀ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ
 ସ୍ଵାଗତ କରୁଛ
 ସ୍ଵର୍ଗେ ଆମ୍ଭେ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ବାଲିଯାତ୍ରାକୁ ।
 ଜଗତେ କେବଳ
 ଜନେ ହସିବେ ଏହି ତହୁଁ ଫଳ ।

ଉଠ ଉଠ ଆମ
 ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆଗଣ ଦୁଅ ସାହସୀ
 ଏକଜୁଟ ହୋଇ
 କରିବା ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ କାଲିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ ଆସି ।
 ଜଗତେ କେବଳ
 ଜନେ ହସିବେ ଏହି ତହୁଁ ଫଳ ।
 ସରବେ ଶରଧା
 ନେଇ କରାଅ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ
 ସର୍ବେ ଏକଜୁଟ
 ଜୁଲାଇର ପହିଲାରେ ଆସ ହେ ଗୁଣୀ ।
 ଜଗତେ କେବଳ
 ଜନେ ହସିବେ ଏହି ତହୁଁ ଫଳ ।
 ଏଗାରଟି ମାସ
 ପରେ ମନେ ପଡେ କାଲିଯାତ୍ରାକୁ ।
 ହେଲେ ଥରେ ମନେ
 ଭାଳନାହିଁ ପୁରୁବ ବାଲିଯାତ୍ରାକୁ ।
 ଜଗତେ କେବଳ
 ଜନେ ହସିବେ ଏହି ତହୁଁ ଫଳ ।
 କିଏ କହେ ନବ
 ପୀଢି ଆମେ ତ କରୁ କାଲିଯାତ୍ରା
 କିଏପୁଣି ଭୁଲେ
 ଭୁଲାଇ ଦିଏ ଆସି ବାଲି-ଯାତ୍ରା ।
 ଜଗତେ କେବଳ
 ଜନେ ହସିବେ ଏହି ତହୁଁ ଫଳ ।
 ଅଣ ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ
 ଯଦି କିଏ ଦିଏ ମୋ” ର ବାରତା
 ଇଞ୍ଜରନେଟ୍ରେ
 ଦେଖି କିଏ କହେ ଖଞ୍ଜହୋଇ ଆମର ଅଜ୍ଞତା ।
 ଜଗତେ କେବଳ
 ଜନେ ହସିବେ ଏହି ତହୁଁ ଫଳ ।

(ଶ୍ରୀ ରସାନନ୍ଦ ବେହେରା ଜଣେ ଦକ୍ଷତାବାଦୀ ଇନ୍ଫରମେସନ ଟେକ୍ନୋଲୋଜୀଜ୍ଞ ତଥା ଶିଳ୍ପଦେ୍ୟାଗୀ ।)
 ପ୍ରେସିଡେଣ୍ଟ ଓ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ନିର୍ବାହୀ ଅଧିକାରୀ, ବିସିଏସ୍ ଇନ୍ଫୋଟେକ୍ ଏଲ୍ ଏଲ୍ ସି. ଜର୍ମାନଟାଉନ୍,
 ମେରିଲାଣ୍ଡ - ୨୦୮୭୬ (ୟୁକ୍ଲରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ଆମେରିକା) URL: www.bcsinfotech.com



A REFLECTIVE ESSAY

Social Media And “X-Y-Z” Generation Odiyas

LALATENDU PAHI

Let me open with this: “I’m from the Old School, has been a/an Odiya for all my adult life here in the US over a quarter century now.” The other day I was talking to a dear family friend and he was mentioning how disconnect we are lately in our own community pockets. Was he whining about the larger community-may be subconsciously? We used a lot of clichés unwittingly in our hour’s long conversations sans socializations. We are so called second generation Odiyas, graying, and rapidly balding entering into mid life crisis-overburdened remnants from Baby Boomer generation.

Then it switched to the happenings with next/up coming generation-call them XYZ-if you don’t care to be politically correct-which is kind of their hall mark. My daughter/son always reminds me to be sensible and sensitive-keeping in sync with generational shifts.

The only thing that bugs me is all the added formalities-in any/all conversations. Utter half a phrase ending with Hello/Hi Thank You/Sorry/Love You/My Mistake/My bad –and in writing include now a bunch of concocted syllables and alphabets like LOL (laugh out loud!) I studied some phonetics/linguistics in JNU School Of Languages-yet hard to comprehend how dynamic the “Y” generation in making practical use of it. Remember “Esperanto” the universal language for mankind supposed to be-languishing in some one’s basement -never may take flight.

Dear Reader, do I sound disjointed, incoherent, incomprehensible, mumboing jumbling? Well you may be very right if you are especially from “Y” generation like my friends’ sons and daughters. When they ask, “Uncle hau ‘r U” I answer “very fine” with reflex action-zero thoughts. Am I engaging in real information exchange-live-far from it. Am I in a perpetual mechanical/vegetative state with robot like responses-emulating state of

living Nirvana?? You guess-----

Well, whatever it may be I have a secret to share. Since I consider myself an ever optimist, I would like to see the Y generation young Odiyas in the western hemisphere some how bridge the generation gap-by having their own interactive Odiya youth forum-a little more cohesive, compact-with lots of pride in our heritage. When I see the others, Tamilians, Telugus, Kanadigas, Punjabis, Bengalis, and Biharis have succeeded in this, we can very well do-a conscious mechanism in place-preferably easy, simple, effortless, effective and enduring.

Since, I liked MJ Akbar, the then Sunday weekly editor, his essay on “Loneliness of Jesus and Others” still sojourns in my mind. Is loneliness and alienation the hidden danger that social media is unleashing as the physical proximity is getting forlorn in young minds- Is this a boon or bane- where is the XYZ generation heading then??. When social media is successfully replacing need of a Chamber of Commerce the venerable pillar of Capitalism-what really is its social end?? Is Vasudheiva kutumbakam-world is my family-just a wired existence where You Tube and Twitter determine the path---???

Let me conclude this with a sincere thank to all my real and imaginary young friends for giving us some food for thought---“We Old School Odiyas have crossed seven seas, overcome crushing burdens, are very resilient, adaptable, capable, small and beautiful-we wish all the success for our xyz generation! Let noble thoughts come to us from all directions.

LOL everybody!

Lalatendu Pahi, currently Travel Hospitality Consulting Executive and former Advisory Board Member Lone star College System lives in Kingwood, Texas with wife, son and daughter.



ଗୁରୁକୁଳ, ଏକ ଅନୁଭୂତି

ଶ୍ରୀମତି କୁକୁ ଦାଶ

ଉଚ୍ଚ ହେବା ପାଇଁ ଯେବେ ଅଛି ଆଶା
ଉଚ୍ଚ କର ତେବେ ନିଜ ମାତୃଭାଷା

ପ୍ରକୃତି କବି ଗଙ୍ଗାଧର ମେହେରଙ୍କର ଏହି ପୁଣ୍ୟୋକ୍ତି ରେ ଯେ କେତେ ସତ୍ୟତା ଭରି ରହିଛି ତାହା ଜଣା ପଡ଼ିଥିଲା ସାତଦରିଆ ପାରି ହେଉ ଆମେରିକା ଆସିଲା ପରେ । ଏମିତିରେ ବିବାହ ପରେ ଝିଅଟିଏ ଶାଶୁଘର ଗଲାବେଳେ ପିଲାଟି ଦିନରୁ ବଢ଼ିଥିବା ଘରଛାଡ଼ି, ନିଜ ବାପା ମା, ଭାଇଭଉଣିଙ୍କୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ନିଜ ସ୍ୱାମୀଙ୍କର ପରିବାର କୁ ଆଦରେଇ ନେବାପାଇଁ କେତେ ଆଶା, ଆଶଙ୍କା, ଭୟ ନେଇ ଯାଇଥାଏ, ସିଏ ନିଜେ ଜାଣିଥାଏ । ହସ୍ତକ୍ଷେପ ଥିବା ପୁଲଗଛଟିକୁ ଗୋଟିଏ କୁଣ୍ଡରୁ କାଢ଼ି ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ଯାଗାରେ ଲଗେଇଲା ପରି ସିଏ ଝାଉଁଳି ପଡ଼ିଥାଏ । ତା ସାଙ୍ଗ କୁ ପରେ ଜାଣିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ ଯେ ତାକୁ ସ୍ୱାମୀଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଯିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ ଆମେରିକା । ମନ ପଡ଼ିଯାଏ ଏକ ଅଜଣା ଫେଶରେ । ଘର ଛାଡ଼ି, ରାଜ୍ୟ ଛାଡ଼ି, ଦେଶ ଛାଡ଼ି, ସାତ ଦରିଆ ପାରି କେଉଁ ଏକ ଅଜଣା ଦେଶକୁ ଯିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ ଭାବି ଚିନ୍ତା ଲାଗିଯାଏ । ନବବିବାହିତ ର ସୁନେଲି ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ନେଇ ସେ ପହଞ୍ଚେ ଆମେରିକାରେ !

ପ୍ରାଚୁର୍ଯ୍ୟ ର ଦେଶ ଆମେରିକା । ପଇସା ଦେଲେ ସବୁ ମିଳିବ ଏଠି । ବହୁତ ଭଦ୍ର ଏବଂ ମାର୍ଜିତ ଲୋକ ଏମାନେ । କେହି କାହା ମାମଲାରେ ଦଖଲ ଦିଅନ୍ତିନି । ରାସ୍ତାରେ ଯାଉଥିବା ଅଜଣା ଲୋକ ମଧ୍ୟ ହୁଏ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ କରନ୍ତି । ସମସ୍ତେ ନିଜ ଘରେ ନିଜେ ଖୁସି । ପଡ଼ିଶାରେ କିଏ ଅଛି ମଧ୍ୟ ଜାଣିବାକୁ କାହାର ଭୟାହ ନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏଇ ରଞ୍ଜନ ଦୁନିଆଁରେ ସବୁ ଖାଲି ଖାଲି ଲାଗେ । କିଛି ଗୋଟେ ହଜି ଯାଇଥିବା ପରି ଲାଗେ । ଏଠାରେ ନିଜ ମାଟିର ସେଇ ପରିଚିତ ଶଙ୍ଖ ହୁଳହୁଳି ର ଶବ୍ଦ ନାହିଁ କି ଦଶହରା, ଦୀପାବଳି ନାହିଁ । ଯାନି ଯାତା କଥା ତ ଛାଡ଼, କାହା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଦୁଇପଦ ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ କଥା ହେବା ପାଇଁ ମଧ୍ୟ କେହି ପାଖରେ ନାହାନ୍ତି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏଥିରେ ସହଜରେ ହାରିଜିବା କଥାଟ ନୁହେଁ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ନହଲେ ନାହିଁ, ଭାରତୀୟ ମାନେ ମଧ୍ୟ ବହୁତ ଆପଣାର ଲାଗିଲେ । କେତେବେଳେ କେମିତି ଗଣେଶ ପୂଜା, ସରସସ୍ୱତୀ ପୂଜା ଜରିଆ ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାଙ୍ଗ ମିଳି ଯାଆନ୍ତି । ସବୁବେଳେ କିନ୍ତୁ ମନରେ ରୁହେ ନିଜ ମାତୃଭୂମି ପାଇଁ କିଛି ଗୋଟେ କରିବାର ଆଶା । ଏହି ପରି ପାଣି ସୁଅ ପରି ବହିଯାଏ କିଛି ବର୍ଷ । ମନରେ ମନ ମିଶିଲା ପରି ମିଳି ଯାଏ ସାଥୀ ଟିଏ । ଦୁଇଟି ମନ, ଗୋଟିଏ ଚିନ୍ତା । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା, ସଂସ୍କୃତି ର ବିକାଶ ଓ ପ୍ରଚାରକୁ ମୂଳ ମନ୍ତ୍ର କରି ଦୁଇ ହଜାର ମସିହାରେ ସାତଟି ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ସେମାନେ ଆରମ୍ଭ କଲେ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ “ଚାଲ ଆମେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଶିଖିବା” । କୁନି କୁନି ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ନିଜର ମାତୃଭାଷା ଶିଖେଇଲା ବେଳେ ତାଙ୍କର ମନର ଭୟାହ ଦେଖି କେତେଯେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଲାଗେ ତାହା ଅବର୍ଣ୍ଣନୀୟ । ଛୋଟ ନାଟ, ଗୀତ, ନାଟକ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରତି ଏଠାରେ ଆଗ୍ରହ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରାଯାଏ । ଗଣେଶ ପୂଜା, ସରସ୍ୱତୀ ପୂଜା, କୁମାର ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣିମାକରି ପିଲାମାନେ ନିଜ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ପରିଚୟ ପାଆନ୍ତି । ଯେଉଁମାନେ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସଙ୍କୋଚ କରୁଥିଲେ ନିଜ ଭାଷା କହିବା ପାଇଁ, ଏବେ ସେମାନେ ନିଜକୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କହିବାରେ ଗର୍ବ ଅନୁଭବ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ବିଦେଶରେ ରହି ପିଲାମାନେ ଆଜି ବେଶୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ସହିତ

ତାଙ୍କର ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ଓଡ଼ିଶୀ ନୃତ୍ୟ,ଗୀତ ଏବଂ କଳା କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ସେମାନେ ଖୁବ୍ ସଚେତନ ।

“ଚାଲ ଆମେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଶିଖିବା” ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ଟି ଆଜି ବହୁ ଶୁଭାକାଂକ୍ଷୀ ବନ୍ଧୁମାନଙ୍କର ସହଯୋଗରେ ନୂଆ କଲେବର ନେଇଛି ଇଣ୍ଟରନାସନାଲ୍ ଗୁରୁକୁଳ ଭାବରେ । “ଏକତାରେ ଶକ୍ତି” ହେଉଛି ଏହାର ମୂଳମନ୍ତ୍ର ।

ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀଙ୍କ ଜରିଆରେ କେତେ ପରିବାରଙ୍କୁ ଆପଣେଇ ନେଇଛି ଆଜି ଗୁରୁକୁଳ । ଏଠାରେ ପରିବାରର ସମସ୍ତ ସଦସ୍ୟଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ କିଛି ନା କିଛି କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ରହିଛି । ଏଠାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ, ବଙ୍ଗଳା, ହିନ୍ଦୀଭାଷା ଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଯୋଗଭାସ, ଓଡ଼ିଶୀ ନୃତ୍ୟ, ସଙ୍ଗୀତ,ଆଧୁନିକନୃତ୍ୟ, ବ୍ୟାୟାମ ଏବଂ ଆଦୁରି ଅନେକ ପ୍ରକାର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା ରହିଛି । ଏହା ଆଜି କେବଳ ଗୋଟିଏ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ନୁହେଁ, ଗୋଟିଏ କୁଟୁମ୍ବରେ ପରିଣତ ହୋଇଛି । ଦରକାର ପଡ଼ିଲେ ପରସ୍ପରକୁ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ, ସହାନୁଭୂତି ଏବଂ ସମସ୍ତ ସହଯୋଗ କରିଛନ୍ତି ଗୁରୁକୁଳର ସଭ୍ୟମାନେ । ସଂପର୍କର ସୁତାଖିଅରେ ବାନ୍ଧି ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ଅନେକ ପରିବାର । ଚାରିଆଡ଼େ ବନ୍ଧୁତର ବାହୁ ପ୍ରସାର କରିଛି ଇଣ୍ଟରନାସନାଲ୍ ଗୁରୁକୁଳ । ଆଜି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜରେ ଇଣ୍ଟରନାସନାଲ୍ ଗୁରୁକୁଳ ଗୋଟିଏ ପରିଚିତ ନାଆଁ । ଅନାନ୍ୟ ସ୍ଥାନିୟ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ତରଫରୁ ଆୟୋଜିତ ହୋଇଥିବା ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରକାର ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗୀତାରେ ଭାଗ ନେଇ ଗୁରୁକୁଳର ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀମାନେ ଆଜି ପ୍ରସଂଶିତ । କିଛିବର୍ଷ ଧରି ଇଣ୍ଟରନାସନାଲ୍ ଗୁରୁକୁଳ ତରଫରୁ ଆୟୋଜିତ ହେଉଛି ବାର୍ଷିକ ଅନ୍ତରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରୀୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତିକ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମର ସମାରୋହ ନିଜ ମାତୃଭୂମିର କଳା ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ବିଶ୍ୱ ଦରବାରରେ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠିତ କରିବାପାଇଁ ଗୁରୁକୁଳ ଚଳାଇଛି ପ୍ରାଣପଣେ ପ୍ରଚେଷ୍ଟ । ସମୟର ଉଠାପକା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଆଜି ଗୁରୁକୁଳ ପହଞ୍ଚିଛି ଦଶମ ବର୍ଷରେ ।

ବହୁ ଆଶାକୁ ପାଥେୟ କରି କର୍ମଭୂମିକୁ ଜନ୍ମଭୂମିର ରଙ୍ଗ ଦେବାପାଇଁ ଆଜି ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖିଛନ୍ତି ଗୁରୁକୁଳର ସଭ୍ୟମାନେ । ଶତଯୋଜନରୁ ଆସୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଇଭଉଣୀ ଏବଂ ଏଇଠାରେ ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦାୟ ପିଢ଼ିର ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ମାତୃଭାଷା ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ସ୍ୱାଦ ଦେବାପାଇଁ ଗୁରୁକୁଳ ଆଜି ସଂକଳ୍ପବଦ୍ଧ । କିଛି ସ୍ୱେଚ୍ଛାସେବୀ ମାନଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ପରିଚାଳିତ ଏହି ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ଟି ଆଣି ଦେଇଛି ବହୁ ସଭ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ଗହଣରେ ଏକ ଆନନ୍ଦ, ଏକ ପରିପୁଷ୍ଟ ଅଭିଳାଷା । ଆଜି ମନରେ ଆଉ ଦୁଃଖ ନାହିଁ ସ୍ୱଜନଙ୍କୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ସାତଦରିଆ ପାରି ଆସିଥିବାକୁ । କାନରେ କେବଳ ଗୁଞ୍ଜରି ଉଠେ ଏଇ ମାଟିରେ ସେଇ ଧୂନି । ଗୁରୁକୁଳର ସୁନ୍ଦର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ପାଇଁ ଜଗତକର୍ତ୍ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଅନେକ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା । ପରିଶେଷରେ ଏତିକି ମନେପଡ଼େ, ଇଶା ବାସ୍ୟମିଦଂ ସର୍ବଂ ଯତ୍ କିଞ୍ଚି ଜଗତ୍ୟାଂ ଜଗତ

Kuku Das lives with her husband Bibek and children, Sanuja and Anand in California, Bay Area. She is the co-founder of International Gurukul and has been teaching in Challenger School for more than a decade. She is passionately involve in Odiya community activities in Bay Area and currently working on accomplishing the honor of being the convener of 41st OSA Convention, 2010 in California.





A Disciplined Generation

SANUJA DAS

The training to ensure proper behavior, the methods of teaching, and enforcing of acceptable patterns of behavior. That is the exact definition of the term discipline. When asked casually to my teacher, that what is it that makes students different in your class? She answered, “Simple, the students who are more disciplined and focus in class do well.” This term also creates a border between the teenagers of the ordiya society today and those outside of it. Because what my teacher has very easily told us as students, we, as ordiya teenagers have learned to be very well at.

Clearly our parents have brought us up on strict rules and regulations in this ordiya community of ours. But if you think about it, our parents didn't really have to do anything, because we as kids grasped these rules as the guidelines of our lives on our own. Discipline is something that has been intertwined with everything we do since day one of making our own decisions. Our dictionary doesn't consist of the words such as irresponsible, immature, or even careless. We have the freedom to do whatever it is we want just like any other typical teenager in America. But our culture, our background, and our choices make it clear that we are indeed probably the most independent and mature of all teenagers in our generation. And that's all simply because of our easy acceptance of discipline.

Yes, it's true we are asked on occasion, “Are you making the right decision,” or “do you think that's right?” It's almost like we're climbing a rope of discipline, which we rarely slip off here and there, but most of time we are all the way at the very top. Most teenagers take these adjectives (responsibility, maturity, discipline, decisions) as enemies, but our background has taught us and evolved us to approach them as friends. We, the ordiya teenagers of this generation, the junior group have learned to be independent of ourselves and good kids regardless of any kind of influence over us. That is the choice we make no matter what our parents told us or any sort of advice we have received.

The fact that we make our decisions on our own and make the correct one is what makes us different from others. We don't need constant reminder to be alert and to think twice before making a choice. We know very well between right or wrong, and what could be successful or disastrous. We could very well consider this as an overall talent of the kids in this society. Teenagers of the ordiya community are most well defined as a disciplined generation, but not because it is what we were exposed to since childhood but because it is one of the many correct choices we have made. Discipline is not a thing that should be forced, but embraced. And that is exactly what we, the generation, have done.



ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ତରାଳେ

ଶୁଚୀସ୍ଥିତା / (ଶ୍ରୀଧା)

ଏଇ ମାଟି ସେଇ ଧୂଳି....
 ମନଭିତରେ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ ଚିତ୍ର !
 ସବୁଜ ସୁନାଳ ନଦୀନାଳରେ ଭରା ସେ ମାଟି
 ମନ ଲୋଭା ଧାନ ଖେତ
 ଆମ୍ବ ବଉଳର ମହକଠୁ ମିଠା କୋଇଲିର କୁହୁତାନ
 ବର୍ଷାଭିଜା ଗାଁମାଟିର ବାସ୍ନା
 ସବୁଠୁ ଅଲଗା ସବୁଠୁ ଭିନ୍ନ

ସ୍ମୃତି ଆଉ ଅନୁଭୂତିର ଫେରାଫେରା ବଳୟ ଭିତରେ
 କିଛି ଜହ୍ନର ଜୋସ୍ନା ପରି କୋମଳ
 ତ କିଛିରେ ସୁର୍ଯ୍ୟର ରୁଦ୍ରତା

କେଉଁଠି ଶିଳ୍ପିତ୍ୟ ନିହାଣ ମୁଗୁରରେ ତୋଲିଦିଏ ଅଜସ୍ର ସମ୍ଭାବନା
 ଆଉ କଳାର କାଉଁରୀ ପରଶ
 ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ ସହସ୍ର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ .

ଲହୁଧନୁ ର ସଫରଙ୍ଗ ଏଇଠି ଭରା
 ଏଇଠୁ ବିସ୍ତୃତ
 ବଇଁଶୀର ସୁର, ଓଁକାର ଧୂଳି
 ସବୁଠୁ ମଧୁର ସବୁଠୁ ପବିତ୍ର
 ପତିତପାବନ ବାନା ବିଶ୍ୱାସର ପ୍ରଥମ ସଙ୍କେତ
 ଭକ୍ତପାଇଁ ଭାବଗ୍ରାହୀ ଏଠି ସବୁବେଳେ
 ସବୁଦିନେ ଯେ ଜାଗୁତ .

ଦୁଃଖ ସୁଖ ଆଉ ଦିନରାତିର ଖେଳ ଭିତରେ
 କେତେବେଳେ ବୀର ପ୍ରସବିନୀ , କେତେବେଳେ ଧୂସର କରାଳ ରାଗିଣୀ
 ସବୁକିଛି ଭିତରେ ତୁହି ସୃଷ୍ଟି
 ତୁହି ଧାତ୍ରୀ
 ତୁହି ଚିର ନମସ୍ୟା .

ସ୍ମୃତି ଆଉ ଅନୁଭୂତିର ପ୍ରତିଟି ଅଧ୍ୟାୟ ରେ
 ତୋରି ନା ପାଇଁ ଆମେସବୁ ଗର୍ବିତ ହେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା .

ମୁଁ ଛାର ମଣିଷ ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ

ଦେବ ନାରାୟଣ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ

କାହିଁକି ହେଉଛି ମନ ମୋର ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ,

ତୋତେ ଚିକେ ବସି ଦେଖନ୍ତି ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ।

ତୋ ଚକା ଆଖି ଦେଖି ହୁଏ ମନ ଆନନ୍ଦ ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ,

ତୋ କଳା ବଦନ କରେ ସବୁ ରଙ୍ଗ ଗ୍ରହଣ ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ।

ବାହୁ ଅଛି ବିନା ହାତେ ଅଛୁ କିଆଁ ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ,

ଗୋଡ ତୋର ନାହିଁ ଚାଲିବାକୁ ମନ ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ।

କାନ ତୋର ନାହିଁ କିପରି ତୁ ଶୁଣୁ ପ୍ରାଣୀ ଗୁହାରୀ ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ,

ପାଟି ଭିତରେ ଜାକିଛୁ କି କିଛି ଖୋଲିବୁ କେବେ ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ।

ତୁ କିଆଁ ରହିଛୁ ରୁଣା ଦେଉଳରେ ସଦା ବାହାରୁ କେବେ ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ,

ଏତେ ଭୋଗ ଖାଉ ଦିନଯାକ ସଦା ଯେତ କି ନ ହୁଏ ବ୍ୟଥା ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ।

ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଯବନ ଶାଖ କି ଶାଇ ସବୁ ତୋର ଭକ୍ତ ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ,

ତୋ ପାଖେ ନାହିଁ ଜାତି ଭେଦ ନିଜ ପର ଭାବ ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ।

ମୁଁ ଛାର ମଣିଷ ତୋତେ ଭାବେ ଖଣ୍ଡେ କାଠ ପିତୂଳା ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ,

ମାଗେ ତୋ ଶରଧା, ଲୋଡା ମୋର ଧନଜନ ଆଉ ଜ୍ଞାନ ହେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ହେ ।





Reminiscence





Snowbound with my fellow countrymen

TAPASI MISRA, SAN ANTONIO, TX

February 10, 2010, Newark, NJ

If this is not a crisis, I don't know what is. I know that I am not caught in a Tsunami nor about to face a mob bent on mass genocide, but I am in the middle of a fierce snowstorm in New Jersey. Stranded, on my journey from India to Texas on Wednesday, February 10, 2010. Snow... something I had fantasized about all my life. Snow is something I had missed so desperately all these years living in the US. Even felt cheated of. I mean, I always complained, if I have to live ten thousand miles away from India, why should it be in hot, barren and flat South Texas? Why not the rolling meadows and snow covered trees and frozen lakes of Enid Blyton books? I am now surrounded by my childhood fantasy and I hate it. It's 5 a.m. Eastern time and I have been travelling for the last 15 hours non-stop over half of the world and an entire ocean. In normal course I would have reached home in San Antonio in another few hours but now they are saying that I may not for another few days. I don't know if at this moment a physician would diagnose me to be clinically depressed, but I don't remember when I last felt this low.

This Christmas postcard perfect picture, this winter wonderland is keeping me from my family in San Antonio. I had no idea that it could snow cats and dogs! Although there's no wild splashing or pitter patter of rain, snow can make its own ruckus. And there's no redeeming soothing sound of water either. The gusts of wind are not like anything I have heard before and trust me, coming from the Indian east coast, I am familiar with cyclones and hurricanes. Even as I lie in a warm bed, the vision of the relentless surge of white sheets outside the window sends chills down my spine... literally. I know that to many this is a way of life, but to me it's ghostly and awe inspiring.

Had I been in a better frame of mind, I would have allowed myself to be mesmerized by it all. The heavenly cascade, the white tombs in the parking lots where once cars had stood, the wildly gesturing prehistoric creatures of white instead of green pine trees, and the huge round

rocks metamorphosed into white hump backed whales washed up ashore, their singing stifled forever. Even as I kick and scream, I cannot help but wonder how exciting it will be to see the snow slowly melt to reveal bright colors, new life. Just like the monsoon washed, fresh, vibrant green villages of Orissa and Bengal in September... Stop, stop...I am snowbound, not vacationing, and should concentrate on getting out. Although the breathtaking scene outdoors does inspire me to wax poetic, this seemingly delicate, inviting, 10' thick blanket has brought the American east coast to a screeching halt. ALL flights canceled, entire airports closed, schools closed, streets empty except for the carefully meandering shuttles carrying stranded travelers to two or three star hotels. No four or five star for us as the airline people claimed that they are not responsible for weather problems and cannot put us up. With vague instructions they sent me down deserted hallways and elevators in search of an information desk. At the desk the irate airport staff pointed me towards four telephones where 60 exhausted passengers were already lined up trying to find shelter for an indefinite period of time. I lucked out when I got a booking in a reasonable Best Western this morning. My room is big and naturally well lit with a stunning view of nature's raging fury outside. But if the airline had warned us in Delhi of the impending weather, most of us would have stayed back. I would rather have been with people I know and love than in a room full of strangers. That's the sub-plot.

While I was booking my hotel this morning, a gentleman walked up to me and asked in Hindi if I was from San Antonio. He was helpful and forthcoming with his innovative ideas to get us out of the situation. Too forthcoming. How about Amtrak? Greyhound? We might get stuck in 30" of snow in Washington DC but at least we'll be closer home. Sure, we'll be moving with the storm but at least we'll be moving. It took a lot of tact not to be rude but I finally had to shut him up with a firm no. By then a young Bengali woman with a tired,





screaming little girl had joined us. Seconds later an elderly couple, the Parikhs, who wanted to go be with “other Indian people” followed us into the hotel shuttle. The hotel was warm and welcoming and we all had our own rooms but somehow we ended up with bizarre sleeping arrangements. The young woman did not want to be alone in a room with a feverish child so she asked to share my room. When I came out of the shower ready for a nap, I found Mrs. Parikh comfortably ensconced in my room as well – in my bed, to be specific. On the way to the hotel my roommate, Mita, and Mrs. Parikh had discovered that although they spoke different languages, they were from the same Indian city. Her husband, she complained, had struck up a friendship with our man with the ideas and now she suspected they’ll spend the day playing cards over scotch. There goes my bed for the day, I thought. Now while the storm rages outside and the snow continues to fall fiercely, the two women exchange notes (in English) on familiar sights and sounds of the old city in my room, the little girl sleeps in my bed, the two men argue over their rummy game, and I tour the hotel, going up and down the elevator a thousand times, sitting at the Business Center indefinitely and staring out of the lobby windows struggling to find a more charitable perspective.



Every few minutes the receptionist intrudes on my attempted reverie to say “Ma’am, you have many messages on your voicemail.” Since I cannot locate my cell, I have left the hotel number for my friends and family to call and console me. I promptly run up to answer the messages and my guests quietly let me fret and fume all I want. Then Mrs. Parikh plies me with scrumptious snacks and Mita tries to distract me by chatting in Bengali. Maybe some of the frustration has left my system already, because now when I tell my story I don’t start with “I have never felt this depressed in my life before.” In fact, I just made a dinner appointment with some ladies I met in the lobby who are travelling from White Plains to the Caribbean, and marooned like me. Plus, I was thrilled to discover that the lady who owns the motel is a friend’s cousin. She keeps showing up at my door or cornering me in the elevators to ask, “Everything ok, no?” In my situation, it is nice to see somebody who knows someone I know, however remotely! I think my new found ca-

maraderie with all these wonderful, interesting strangers and, as per my daughter Sukanya’s prescription, a warm bath, some meditation and writing have kept me from drowning myself completely in self pity today.

It’s evening now and I am feeling much better, even enjoying myself in my sanctuary in the snow. The airlines just emailed me saying that flights will resume according to schedule tomorrow, so I’ll actually be home in less than 24 hours. But I still have a ghastly problem. I have no warm clothing... no shoes, no jeans, no jacket.

I left them all – including a snow jacket, which I have no idea why I had in the first place – in hot and sultry Cuttack, my hometown in India. I left them behind to make room for Indian snacks, baramaja, notun guder sandesh, pedas and of course bulky packets of Darjeeling tea. No, this isn’t one of the smartest things I have done in my life, but it is imperative that these seemingly unimportant things have to accompany me back from the old country, even in lieu of the life saving jacket or shoes. Maybe for the same reason we sneak in spices and seeds through customs although they are available here. Or the numerous shawls and hand printed sheets we’ll never use. Or the bottles of Ayurvedic pills and hair oils that our teenaged daughters will shun in favor of the same products sold at exorbitant health food stores. Most people with each foot in a different country will understand...

I suddenly feel warm with the realization that despite the apparent differences, I have more than the old country in common with my fellow snowbound countrymen upstairs. The contents of our lumpy, torn and tattered suitcases, among other things. I think I’ll go upstairs now and join the ongoing party in my room, maybe the friendly hotel owner has dropped in to check on us, maybe Mr. Singh and Mr. Parikh are also there, taking a break from their game. And maybe somebody will be nice enough to bring us some garama garam chaha.

Tapasi Misra wrote this email to her friends and family while she was stranded in a severe snow storm in New Jersey last February. Although Tapasi has lived in the US for the last 30 years, this was her first encounter with heavy snowfall. Tapasi loves to write, read, watch TV, sing, visit India innumerable times and organize events in and around San Antonio.



ବାହାଘର ଭୋଜି

ଶରଦିନ୍ଦୁ ମିଶ୍ର

ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଛାଡ଼ି ଆମେରିକା ଆସିବା ପ୍ରାୟ ୪୦ ବର୍ଷ ପାଖାପାଖି ହୋଇଗଲାଣି । ଏହା ଭିତରେ ଅନେକଥର ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଯିବାର ସୁବିଧା ମିଳିଛି । ପ୍ରାୟ ବର୍ଷେ, ଦୁଇବର୍ଷରେ ଥରେ । ହେଲେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଛାଡ଼ିବା ପରେ ଗୋଟାଏ ବାହାଘରରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ହୋଇ ନ ଥିଲା । ଗତ ବର୍ଷ ଏକ ବାହାଘରରେ ଯୋଗଦେବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଲା । ମାର୍ଚ୍ଚ ମାସ । ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ ଅସହ୍ୟ ଗରମ । ସେତିକିବେଳେ ବାହାଘର ହେଉଥିଲା । ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ ବାହାଘର । ତେଣୁ ଦିନବେଳା ସବୁ । ଆମେ ସବୁ ବର ପକ୍ଷର । ପ୍ରାୟ ଦିନ ୧୨ଟା, ୧୩ ବେଳକୁ ବାହାଘର ଶୋଭାଯାତ୍ରା ବହାରିଲା । କନ୍ୟାଘର ଖଣ୍ଡେଦୂର ଅଛି । ମାଲକରେ ବରଯାତ୍ରୀଙ୍କର ବାଜା ଖୁବ୍ ଯୋରରେ ବାଜୁଛି । ହିନ୍ଦି ସିନେମା ଗୀତ । ସେଥିରେ ତାଳ ଦେଇ କେତେ ଜଣ ପୁଅ ଝିଅ ନାଚିବା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେଲେ । ଆମବେଳେ ଏସବୁ ନାଚିବା ତଳୁ ନ ଥିଲା । ଖରାରେ ନାଚି ନାଚି ସମସ୍ତେ ଝାଳ ନାଳରେ ଅସ୍ତବ୍ୟସ୍ତ । ଏମିତି ପ୍ରାୟ ଘଣ୍ଟାଏ ନାଚିବା ପରେ ଶୋଭାଯାତ୍ରା କନ୍ୟାଘର ପାଖରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲା । କନ୍ୟାଘର ନୁହେଁ - ଏକ କଲ୍ୟାଣ ମଣ୍ଡପରେ ବାହାଘର ଠିକଣା ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଆଜିକାଲି ଲୋକେ ଘରେ ବାହାଘର କରିବାକୁ ପସନ୍ଦ କରୁନାହାନ୍ତି । ସେଥିରେ ବହୁତ କାମ । କଲ୍ୟାଣ ମଣ୍ଡପ ବାହାଘର ସବୁ ଯୋଗାଯୋଗ କରୁଛି । ବାହାଘର ବେଦୀ, ଖାଇବା ପିଇବା, ପୁରୋହିତ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସବୁ ସେମାନେ ଯୋଗାତ କରି ଦେଉଛନ୍ତି । ଖାଲି ପଇସା ଦେଲେ ହେଲା । ଖରା ବର୍ଷାକୁ ଭୟ ନାହିଁ । ଶୀତତାପ ନିୟନ୍ତ୍ରିତ କଲ୍ୟାଣ ମଣ୍ଡପ । ତେଣୁ କିଛି ଅସୁବିଧା ନାହିଁ । ବାହାଘର ବେଦି ଚାରିପାଖରେ ଚୌକୀ ପଡ଼ିଛି । ବରଯାତ୍ରୀ ଓ କନ୍ୟା ସଂପ୍ରଦାୟର ନିମନ୍ତ୍ରଣ ଅତିଥି ମାନେ ସେଥିରେ ବସି କୋକାକୋଲା ଓ ଫାଷ୍ଟା ପ୍ରଭୃତି ପାନୀୟରେ ଆପ୍ୟାୟିତ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ।

ଏସବୁ ଦେଖି ୪୧ ବର୍ଷ ତଳେ ମୋର ବାହାଘର କଥା ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଲା । ମୋର ଶୁଶୁରଘର ମପସଲରେ । କଟକରୁ ମୋର ପରିବାରର ଲୋକେ ଓ କିଛି ସାଂଗସାଥୀ ୪ - ୫ଟା ଗାଡ଼ିରେ ବାହାଘର ପାଇଁ ବାହାରିଲୁ । ଗାଡ଼ି ସବୁ ଗାଁ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଚାଲିଗଲା । ସେଠାରୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ଚାଲିଚାଲି କନ୍ୟାଘର ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଗଲେ । ମୋର ଶୁଶୁରଘର କିଛି ବାଜାର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରିଥିଲେ । ଯାହାକୁ ଆମେ କହୁଁ ତେଲିଂଗି ବାଜା । ଶୁଶୁରଘର ସାମ୍ନାରେ ବେଦୀ । ଗାଁଯାକ ଲୋକ ବେଦୀ ପାଖରେ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି । ପୁରୋହିତ ପୁରା ୫ଘଣ୍ଟା ଧରି ସବୁ ବିଧିବିଧାନ ମାନି ବାହାଘର ସଂପନ୍ନ କଲେ । ବର ମୈ ମାସ ଖରାରେ ଝାଳରେ ସୁତୁକୁତୁ କନ୍ୟାର ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ସେହି ଅବସ୍ଥା ହୋଇଥିବ । ବାହାଘର ସରୁସରୁ ଅପରାହ୍ଣ ୪ଟା ହେଲା । ତାପରେ ବରଯାତ୍ରୀ ମାନେ ମୁହଁହାତ ଧୁଆଁଧୋଇ କରି ବିଶ୍ରାମ ନେଲେ । ଜଳଖିଆ ଓ ସରବତର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା ହୋଇଥିଲା । ସଂଧ୍ୟାବେଳକୁ ବାହାଘର ଭୋଜି । ବରଯାତ୍ରୀଙ୍କ ସାଂଗରେ ସାରା ଗାଁର ଲୋକମାନେ ଖାଇବ-ସିଲେ । ସତରଞ୍ଜି ପଡ଼ିଥିଲା । ସମସ୍ତେ ତଳେ ବସି ଖାଇଲେ । କଦଳୀ ପତ୍ତରେ ସବୁ ପ୍ରକାର ଖାଇବା ପରଶା ହେଲା । ଟେବୁଲ୍, ଚୌକୀ ନାହାଁ । ତୁହାକୁ ତୁହା ଲୋକମାନେ ଖାଉଥାନ୍ତି । ତୁହାକୁ ତୁହା ପରଶା ଚାଲିଥାଏ । ଅନେକ ରକମର ଖାଇବା । ସବୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଖାଇବା । ବରଯାତ୍ରୀମାନେ ସମସ୍ତେ କହିଲେ ଭୋଜନ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଉନ୍ନତ ଧରଣର ହୋଇଥିଲା ।

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବାହାଘର ଖାଇବା କଥା ପଢ଼ିଲେ ଅନେକ କଥା ମନେପଡ଼େ । ବାହାଘରର ୧୦/୧୫ ଦିନପୂର୍ବରୁ ବହୁ ବାନ୍ଧବମାନେ ଆସି ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚନ୍ତି । ଗହଳୀ, ଖାଇବା - ପିଇବା ଲାଗି ରହିଥାଏ । ଘର ଅଗଣା ବା ବାଡ଼ିଆଡ଼େ ଖଦା ଖୋଳାହୋଇ ବଡ଼ବଡ଼ ତୁଳୀ ପଡ଼ିଥାଏ । ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ ରୋଷେୟ ଆସି ସବୁପ୍ରକାର ଖାଦ୍ୟ ପଦାର୍ଥ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ କରନ୍ତି । ବାହାଘର ଭୋଜି ଏକ ବିରାଟ ବ୍ୟାପାର । ବିଭିନ୍ନ କିସମର ଖାଇବା ସବୁ ତିଆରି ହୁଏ । ଭୋଜିରେ କାନିକା, ବୁଟତାଳି, ମହୁର, ବନ୍ଧାକୋବି ତରକାରୀ, ପୋଟଳ - ଆଳୁ ରସା, ବିଲାତି ବାଇଗଣ ଖଟା, ମାଛ ବେସର, ମାଛ ଛେଞ୍ଚଡ଼ା, ଭାକୁର କିମ୍ବା ରୋହୀ ମାଛ ତରକାରୀ, ମିଠା ଖିରି, କାକରା, ମାଲପୁଆ ଓ ରସଗୋଲା । ଏ ସବୁ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଏବେ କାହୁଁ ମିଳିବ? ଖାଲି ମନେପକାଇବା କଥା ।

ଆମେ ଯେଉଁ ବାହାଘରକୁ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ଯାଇଥିଲୁ, ସେଠାରେ ବଫେ ଷ୍ଟାଇଲରେ ଖାଇବା ହୋଇଥାଏ । ଟେବୁଲ୍ ଉପରେ ସବୁ ପ୍ରକାର ଖାଇବା ଥୁଆହୋଇଥାଏ । ଖାଇବା ଗରମ ରହିବା ପାଇଁ ତଳେ ଛୋଟ ଛୋଟ ଷ୍ଟେଭ୍ ଜଳୁଥାଏ । ଲମ୍ବା ଲାଇନ୍ । ବଫେ ଖାଇବା କିଛି ଅସୁବିଧା ନାହିଁ । ଆମର ଏଠି ଆମେରିକାରେ ସବୁବେଳେ ବଫେ ଷ୍ଟାଇଲ ଖାଇବାରେ ଆମେ ଅଭ୍ୟସ୍ତ । ଅସୁବିଧା କଣ? ଲାଇନ୍ରେ ଜଣକା ଗୋଟିଏ ଲେଖାଏ ପ୍ଲେଟ ଓ ଗିଲାସ ଧରି ଥାନ୍ତି । ମେନୁ ହେଲା ଜିରା ରାଇସ୍, ହାକା ନୁଡଲ୍ସ୍, ନାନ୍ ରୁଟି, ଗୋବି ମଞ୍ଚୁରିଆନ୍, ନବରତ୍ନ କୋରମା, ପାଲକ୍ ପନିର, ଚିଲି ଚିକେନ ଗୋଟିଏ ହାତରେ ଖାଇବା ଆର ହାତରେ ପାଣି ପିଆ ଗିଲାସ । ବସିବାପାଇଁ ଚୌକୀ ପଡ଼ିଛି । ଗୋଟିଏ ହାତରେ ଥାଳୀ ଧରି ଅନ୍ୟ ହାତରେ ଖାଇବାକୁ ହେବ । ପାଣି ଗିଲାସ ତଳେ ଥୁଆ ହୋଇଛି । ଭୟ ଯେ କାହାର ଯେମିତି ଗୋଟ ନ ବାଜେ । ଖାଇସାରିଲା ପରେ ମିଠା ଆଇସକ୍ରିମ୍ ଓ କେକ୍ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବାହାଘରରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଖାଦ୍ୟର ନାମ ଗନ୍ଧ ନାହିଁ । ମନଟା ବଡ଼ ଖରାପ ହେଲା । କେତେ ଜଣଙ୍କୁ ପଚାରିଲି - ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଖାଦ୍ୟ କୁଆଡ଼େ ଗଲା? ଉତ୍ତର ମିଳିଲା - ଆଜିକାଲି ବାହାଘରରେ ଲୋକମାନେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ପସନ୍ଦ କରୁନାହାନ୍ତି । ଚାଇନିଜ୍ କିମ୍ବା ପଞ୍ଚାବୀ ଖାଦ୍ୟ । ହଁ, ୪୦ ବର୍ଷ ଭିତରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ଅନେକ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହୋଇଛି । ତେଣୁ ବାହାଘରମାନଙ୍କରେ ଭୋଜିର ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ମଧ୍ୟ ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ । କିନ୍ତୁ, ଆର୍ତ୍ତସ୍ୟର କଥାଯେ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ ଦୁଇଟି 'ଡାଲ୍‌ମା' ରେଷ୍ଟୁରାଣ୍ଟରେ ଖାଣ୍ଡି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଖାଇବାକୁ ମିଳୁଛି । ସେଠାରେ ଏତେ ଭିତସେ ବସିବା ପାଇଁ ଯାଗା ମିଳୁନାହିଁ । କାହିଁକି ଏପରି ହେଉଛି, ଏହାର ଉତ୍ତର କାହା ପାଖରେ ନାହିଁ ।

ସେ ଯାହାହେଉ, ଅନେକ ବର୍ଷପରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ପାରଂପାରିକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବାହାଘର ଭୋଜି ଖାଇବାର ଅନେକ ଆଶା ଥିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆଶା କେବଳ ଆଶାରେ ରହିଗଲା !

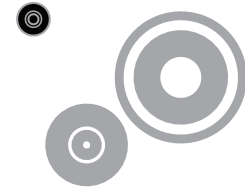
ଶରଦିନ୍ଦୁ ମିଶ୍ର ଓସାର ଆଜୀବନ ସଭ୍ୟ । ସେ ଓ ତାଙ୍କ ସହଧର୍ମିଣୀ ଲତା, ପ୍ରଞ୍ଜଲିନ ପାକ, ନ୍ୟୁ ଜର୍ସୀର ଅଧିବାସୀ ।



ପରଜା-ଏକ ସୃତି ଚାରଣ

ଅମୃତ ନାଥ ମହାନ୍ତି

୨୦୦ ଖାରବେଳ ନଗର, ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର, ଓଡ଼ିଶା



ପରଜା ଉପନ୍ୟାସର ଶରଣୁପଦ ଗାଁର ପରଜା ଆଦିବାସୀ ସୁକୁଜାନି ଓ ତାର ପରିବାର କାହାଣୀର ଅବତାରଣା ଏକ ପ୍ରତୀକଟିଏ ଯେ-
 ଉଠି ସଂସାରର ସବୁ ନିଃସହାୟ ଗରିବ ଖଟିଖିଆ ମେହନତୀ ମଣିଷଙ୍କର ନିତିଦିନିଆ ଜୀବନରେ ନିଭଇଯିବା ଦୁଃଖ କଷ୍ଟର ଅଦଭିତ ଓ ସେ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା, ଶୋଷଣରେ ଆଉଗୁପାଉଗୁ ମଣିଷର ହତାଶା ଓ ଅସହାୟତା ଭିତରେ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଗୋପାଏ ଆନନ୍ଦକୁ ଆଶ୍ରାକରି ବସି ରହିବା ଓ ତାରି ଭିତରେ ତାର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ସଂସାରକୁ ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷା ଏ ଉପନ୍ୟାସର ବିନ୍ୟାସ। ଚତୁର ମଣିଷର ମାପତୁପ କଥା, ଫସେଇବାର ଫସି, ମଣିଷ ଶୀକାର ପାଇଁ ଷଡ଼ଯନ୍ତ୍ରର ଜାଲ। ଏହା ସତ୍ତ୍ୱେ ବି ତୁଚ୍ଛା ତୁଣ୍ଡ ସୁଖ ଆଶ୍ୱାସନାକୁ ଆପଣେଇ ନେଇ ନିଜର ସର୍ବସ୍ୱ ହରେଇଯିବା ମଣିଷର ନିବିଡ଼ ଦୁଃଖ ଜନିତ ଶୋଭର କୁହାଟ ପରିଷ୍କାର ବାରି ହୁଏ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଚରିତ୍ରରେ। ସେ ଚରିତ୍ରମାନେ ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ ଭାବେ ଆସନ୍ତି। ଆଖି ଆଗରେ ବହୁକ୍ତି, ବଦଳକ୍ତି, ସେମାନେ ଆସନ୍ତି ଆକାଶରୁ, ପବନରୁ, ପାଣିରୁ, ମାଟିରୁ ଆଉ ଆଖି ଆଗରେ ଚଳପ୍ରଚଳ ହେଉଥିବା ନାନା ଚିହ୍ନ ଅତିହ୍ନାଙ୍କୁ। ପ୍ରବଂଚନା ଓ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଘାତକତାର ଆଘାତରେ ଲୋଚିପଡ଼ୁଥିବା ମଣିଷଟି ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ସମୟରେ ଅଣ୍ଟା ସଳଖି ଠିଆ ହେବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରେ। ବିପତ୍ତି ଓ ଦୁଃଖର ବୁଜୁଲିକୁ ପିଠିରେ ପକାଇ ପାଦେ ପାଦେ ଆଗେଇବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରେ ଓ ସେଇ ହିଁ ତାର ପରିଚୟ। ଭଲ ବେଳର ଅତି ଆପଣାର ମନେ ହେଉଥିବା ସେ ବନ୍ଧୁ କୁଟୁମ୍ବ ସାଇଭାଇ କଷ୍ଟ ସମୟରେ ଅତିହ୍ନା ବାରନ୍ତି ପାଖ ପଡ଼ିଣା ବାଁରେଇ ହୋଇ ଦେଖ ନ ଦେଖିଲା ପରି ପାଦ ଘୋଷାରି ଘୋଷାରି ଚାଲି ଯାଆନ୍ତି। କୋଳାହଳ ମୟ ସଂସାରରେ ଅନୁଭବ କରେ ସେ ଏକାନ୍ତ ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ।

ଉପନ୍ୟାସର ନାୟକ ସେଇ ଗାଁ ପରଜା ସାହିର ସୁକୁଜାନି। ବୟସ ପଚାଶ ସରିକି। ବାଂଗର ମଣିଷଟିଏ, ଆବୁଆବୁଆ ବଳୁଆ ଦେହରେ ଗୋଡ଼ ପେଣ୍ଡା ପଥର ପରି। ଓଜନ ବୋହି ନଇଁ ପଡ଼ିଥିବା ମଣିଷଟିଏ। ହେଲେ ଅଳ୍ପ ତାକୁ ଘାରି ନାହିଁ, ସଂସାର କହିଲେ ସେମାନେ ପାଞ୍ଚ ପ୍ରାଣୀ। ସେ ନିଜେ ଓ ଚାରୋଟି ମା ଛେଉଣ୍ଡ ଛୁଆ। ଏବେ ସେମାନେ ଯୁବକ ଯୁବତୀ - ଚଳଚଞ୍ଚଳ ଧାଂଗଡ଼ା ଧାଂଗଡ଼ୀ। ପ୍ରାଣ ପ୍ରାରୁଣ୍ୟ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ହାବୁକା ମାରେ। ଘର ବୋଇଲେ ଅନ୍ଧାର ବିଲି ବିଲି ବଖରାଟିଏ। ତାରି ଭିତରେ ତାର ଘର କରଣା “ପୁଲାଏ ଆମୁଟାକୁଆ, ଗଦାଏ ବାଇଗବା ମଞ୍ଜି, ତିନି ଚାରୋଟି ହାଣ୍ଡି, ଅଲରା ହୋଇ ଚାଳରୁ ଓହଲିଛି କୌପୁନି, ଲୁଗା, ତିନି ଚାରି ପୁଲା ଲାଉତୁମ୍ବା, ନାକକାନ ରୁଣ୍ଡା ଧୂଆଁ ପତ୍ରର ଅଳସ ଧୂଆଁ” ତାରି ଭିତରେ ସୁକୁଜାନି ଆଡୁ ବିସ୍ତୃତ ହୁଏ ତାର ଘରକରଣା ଓ ତାର ଚାରୋଟି ଛାଇଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ। ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ନିଜ ପଣିଆ ସାବ୍ୟସ୍ତ କରିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ହୁଏ ତାର। ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତକର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନରେ

ଶୁକୁ ଦେଖେ - ସାମ୍ବାର ପାହାଡ଼ ହୋଇଛି ତାର ଚାଷ ଭୂଇଁ। କେତେ ଘର ତୋଳା ହେଉଛି ତାର ପୁଅଝିଅ, ନାତି, ନାତୁଣୀଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ। ସୁଖ ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନରେ ବିଭୋର ହୋଇପଡ଼େ ସେ। ମନେ ମନେ ଭାବେ ସେ ହେଉ ପଛେ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତକ ପାଇଁ - ସେଇତ ଜୀବନ। କେଉଁଟା ବା ସବୁଦିନର ହୋଇ ରହିଛି ନା ରହିବ। ବଡ଼ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତର କଥା ତା ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ପଶେ ନାହିଁ। ସେ ଭାବେ ତାର ଆପଣାର ସାନ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର କଥା। ନିଜ ପରିବାରକୁ ନେଇ ମେଲା ଖୋଲା ଜଙ୍ଗଲ ଦେଶରେ ଶୁକୁଜାନି ପରଜା ତାର ସରଳ ଜୀବନ ମେଲି ଦେଇଥିଲା, ନାତୁଣିଲା, ଡେଉଁଥିଲା ନିଜର ଟାଙ୍ଗରେ। ଅଭାବ ପାଇଁ ଦୁଃଖ ନାହିଁ। ସାଇ ଭାଇଙ୍କ ବଡ଼ତିରେ ତାର ଈର୍ଷା ନାହିଁ, କେଉଁଥିପାଇଁ ଛଳ ନାହିଁ, ଅଭିଯୋଗ ନାହିଁ। ସେମିତିଆ ମଣିଷଟିଏ ସେ, ଆଜୀବନ ଭାଗ୍ୟକୁ ଆଦରି ନେଇଥିବା ସେ ମଣିଷଟି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରେ ପାହାଡ଼, ଆକାଶ, ଜଙ୍ଗଲ, ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟ, ଆନନ୍ଦ, ଝଡ଼ିତୋଫାନ, ଦୁଃଖ ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶା - ସବୁ ସେଇ ତୁମାର ଗଢ଼ା। ସବୁ ବିପତ୍ତି, ସବୁ ଦେହକଷ୍ଟ ଅନ୍ଧାରି ରାତି ତାର ଦେହ ସୁଆ। ସାହୁକାରର ଅଦଭିତ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର ନିତିଦିନିଆ ଘଟଣା। ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଉଭେଜନା ନାହିଁ, ବିଷୋଭ ନାହିଁ, ପ୍ରତିରୋଧ କରିନାହିଁ ସେ। ସାହୁକାର ଟଙ୍କା ଦେଇ ମୁଣ୍ଡ କିଣେ, ବେଶୀ ଟଙ୍କାରେ ଓଟାରି ଆଣେ ଅଳ୍ପ ଟଙ୍କାକୁ। ଆସୁ ପଛେ ସେଥିରେ ଲାଗି ଗରିବ ନିପାଠୁଆ ମଣିଷର ସିନ୍ଦୂର, ରକ୍ତ, କାହୁଅ ବା ମାଂସ। ଏଇଥିପାଇଁ ତ ତାର ଜନ୍ମ। ତାରି ଭିତରେ କେଉଁଠି ଗୋପାଏ ଆନନ୍ଦର ସନ୍ଧାନ - ବହୁଳିଆ ଅନ୍ଧାର ଭିତରେ ବିଜୁଳିଟିଏ ଝଙ୍କ କଲାପରି, ସେଇ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତକର ଖୁସୀ ପାଇଁ ଆଜୀବନ ଗୋଲାମଗିରି ସ୍ୱୀକାର କରିବାକୁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ। ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଦୁଃଖ ନାହିଁ, ଅନ୍ଧାରି ଅତୀତକୁ ମନେ ପକାଇ ଥିଲି ଯାଏ ନାହିଁ ସେ, ଅନାଗତ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତର ଆଲୁଅକୁ ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷା କରି ଜୀବନଟା ବିତିଯାଏ। ସେଥିରେ ବି ଆନନ୍ଦ ଅଛି ‘ଛେଟି କୁଟି ବରଷା ପାଣି ଯେପରି ପାହାଡ଼ ଉପରେ ଜମି ରହେ ନାହିଁ ଗଡ଼ିଯାଏ ତଳକୁ ତଳକୁ, ପାହାଡ଼ି ମଣିଷର ଦୁଃଖ ବି ମନ ପରେ ଜମା ହୋଇ ରହେ ନାହିଁ। ଦୁଃଖ ଆସେ, ଦୁଃଖ ଯାଏ; କିନ୍ତୁ ଧୋଇ ହୋଇ ହସଟି ଥାଏ ଚିକ୍ଷଣ - ସରସ ଆକାଶର ସେ ବଡ଼ ଗୋଲ ବଟୀ ପରି।’ ହରେଇଯିବା ଦୁଃଖରେ ହତାଶ ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ। ଗୁମ୍ ହୋଇ ବସି ରହେ, ପର ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ପୁଣି ଚହଲି ଯାଉଥିବା ଅଛିର ଛାଇକୁ ଛୁଇଁବାର ପ୍ରୟାସରେ ଆନନ୍ଦରେ ବିଭୋର ହୁଏ ସେ। ସେ ଭାବେ ଦିନେ ତାର ବି ଭଲ ସମୟ ଆସିବ। ମା’ ଛେଉଣ୍ଡ ଚାରୋଟି ଛୁଆ ପାଇଁ ଯୋଗାଡ଼ିବ ଦାନା ପାଣି। କାହାରି ସାହାଯ୍ୟକୁ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରି ବଂଚିବାର ଦିନ ସରିବ। ଅନେକ ଅନୁନୟ ପରେ ଜମାନ୍ ଅନୁମତି ଦେଇଥିଲା କାଠ କାଟି ଘର ତିଆରି କରିବା ପାଇଁ। ବାପ, ପୁଅ, ଝିଅ ସମସ୍ତେ ଲାଗି ପଡ଼ିଥିଲେ ନିଜ ପାଇଁ ଘରଟିଏ ତୋଳିବ ପାଇଁ। ଧୂଆଁପତ୍ରର ପିକାରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଦମ୍ ନେଇ ଶୁକୁ ବୁଡ଼ିଯାଏ ନିଜ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନରେ। ଶୁକୁଜାନି ବୁଝି ନଥିଲା ଯୋବଧାବଳିଆଙ୍କ ପଦିଏ ସହାନୁଭୂତିର



ମୂଲ୍ୟ ହେବ ପରିବାର ପାଇଁ ଅସରକ୍ତି ଦୁଃଖର ଅନ୍ଧାର ରାତି ।

ସେ ଦିନଟି ନିଆରା ଥିଲା, ଯେଉଁଦିନ କାଉ ପରଜା ଆସି ଖବର ଦେଲା ଜମାନ୍ କହିଛି ଜିଲ୍ଲାକୁ ପଠାଇବା ପାଇଁ । ସତେକି ଦେବତାର ଶୁଣି ପାଇଁ ବଳି ଯୋଗାଡ଼ କରିବା ଆବଶ୍ୟକ । ଅରି ଉଠିଥିଲା ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି ଶୋଭ ଓ ଅପମାନରେ । ନିଜର ରାଗ ଶୁଣିଥିଲା ସେ କାଉ ପରଜା ପିଠିରେ । ଜମାନ୍ ଫେରିଗଲା ଏ ଅପମାନକୁ ବୁଝୁଳା ବାନ୍ଧି, କେହି ଜାଣିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ଅଳ୍ପ ଦିନର ବ୍ୟବଧାନରେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଘଟଣା ଜଣା ପଡ଼ିଲା ଯେଉଁଦିନ ସଦଳବଳେ ଜମାନ୍ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲା ଶରଣୁପଦ ଗାଁରେ - ଜଂଗଲ କାଠ କାଟିବା ଅପରାଧରେ ଦେ । ଷୀ ସାବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ହେଲାଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି । ମାତ୍ର କେଇଟି ଦିନ ତଳେ ଦେଇଥିବା କଥା ଭୁଲିଗଲା ସରକାରୀ ଜମାନ୍ । ପାହାଡ଼ୀ ପରଜା ଶୁକ୍ର ତୁନି ହୋଇ ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ରହିଲା ମୁହଁ ତଳକୁ ଯୋଡ଼ି । ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଚଢ଼କ ପଡ଼ିଲା - ଚାରି କୋଡ଼ି ଟଙ୍କାର ଜୋରିମାନା । କବାଟ କିଲି ଦେଇ ଅନ୍ଧାର ଘରେ ବାପ ପୁଅଝିଅ ସମସ୍ତେ ପଶି ବେକ ଧରାଧରି ହୋଇ କଇଁ କଇଁ ହୋଇ କାନ୍ଦିଲେ । ଲାଉତୁମ୍ବାର ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ପେଜ ମୁଦାକ ସେମିତି ଥୁଆ ହୋଇ ରହିଲା, ବାଣ୍ଡରେ ପଡ଼ିଥିବା କୁରାଡ଼ୀ ପିଣ୍ଡାକୁ ଉଠିଲା ନାହିଁ । ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତକରେ ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନିର ଭାବନା ଓଲଟପାଲଟ ହୋଇଗଲା । ଆପଣା ପରିବାରକୁ ନେଇ ଗଢ଼ିଥିବା ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ଛବି ଅସ୍ପଷ୍ଟ ହୋଇଗଲା । ମନରେ ଆସିଲା ‘ସେ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଏ ଜନ୍ମରେ ନୁହେଁ, ଆଉ ଜନ୍ମରେ, ଏ ଜନ୍ମରେ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଛି ଖାଲି ଗୋଟି ପଣିଆ - ଯାର ମାଡ଼ ତାର ଗାଳି ଖାଲି ଏଇଥିପାଇଁ ତାର ଜନ୍ମ । ପରିବାର ପାଇଁ ବିପଦ ଆସିଲେ ଆସେ ଯେପରି ଅନଦୁତି ବର୍ଷା, ଶୀତ, ବାସ ଆଉ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ - କରୁଣର କଳାଛାଇ ।

‘ତବ ତବ ଆଖିରୁ ତାର ବରକୋଳିଆ ଲୁହର ଧାର ବାହାରି ଆସୁଥିଲା - ଆପଣା ପେଟରୁ କାଟି ଶାଗ ପେଜ ପେଇ ଯେଉଁ ଛୁଆଙ୍କୁ ସେ ମଣିଷ କରିଥିଲା, ପରର ଜୁଆଳି ବେକରେ ପକାଇ ସେମାନେ ବୁଲିବେ ଗୋଟି ଖଟି । ପରଦିନ ସକାଳର ଫାଙ୍କା ଆଲୁଅରେ ଦଛରା ପାହାଡ଼ କଙ୍କର ତାର ମନରେ ଆଣିଲା ଗୋଟିଏ ରୁକ୍ଷତା ଆଉ କଠିନତା । ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି ଛୁଇଁ କଲା ଗୋଟି ଯିବା ପାଇଁ, ଆପଣା ମନକୁ ବୁଝେଇଲା । ଦୁଃଖ ପଛେ ସେମାନେ ଗୋଟି । ବିପଦ ଆସିଲା, ବିପଦ କଟିଯିବ । ମନକୁ ବୁଝେଇବାର ସରଳ ଉପାୟଟିଏ ଘରେ ଦୁଇଝିଅ ଜିଲି, ବିଲି ଆଉ ବଡ଼ପୁଅ ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ଜାନିକୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଗୋଟି ଗଲେ ବାପ ଓ ସାନ ପୁଅ ଟିକ୍ତା ।

ନିଜ ଭିତରେ ଦୁଃଖକୁ ଚାପି ରଖି ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ଜାନି ଭାବେ ଦିନ ରାତି ଖଟି ଗୋଟି ପଇସା ପଇଠ କରି ବାପ ଭାଇଙ୍କୁ ମୁକୁଳେଇବ । ନିଜ ଧାଙ୍ଗଡ଼ୀ କାଜୋଡ଼ି ପାଲ ଝୋଲା ଟଙ୍କା ଯୋଗାଡ଼ କରିବ । କନ୍ଧ ପ୍ରଥା ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ତାହା ବାହାଘରର ଏକ ଅଙ୍ଗ । ପୁଷା ପରବ ପାଇଁ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ମନରେ ଆନନ୍ଦ । ସେଇ ସମୟରେ ହିଁ ମଦ ବେପାର ଭଲ ଚାଲେ । ଦି ପଇସା ରୋଜଗାରର ବେଳ । ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ଭାବୁଥାଏ ଅଳ୍ପ ଦିନରେ ତାର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ବାସ୍ତବ ହେବ । ଦୁଃଖ ଆସେ ଅନଦୁତି ରୁପେ । ସମୟ ଅସମୟର ହିସାବ ତାର ନ ଥାଏ । କେଉଁ ଇର୍ଷାପର ଲୋକ ଖବର ଦେଇଦେଲା- ଅପ୍ରତ୍ୟାଶିତ ଭାବେ ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ଘର ତଳାସ ହେଲା - ବେଆଇନ୍ ମଦରକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ମାଣ୍ଡିଆକୁ ମିଳିଲା ପଚାଶ ଟଙ୍କା ଜୋରିମାନା । ଏକା ଫୁଙ୍କାକେ ଉଡ଼ିଗଲା ରୁଟିଆ ମୁଷାର ସବୁ ଧନ ଦଉଲତ । ମୁହଁ ଶୁଖେଇ

ଗାଁକୁ ଫେରିଆସିଲା ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ଜାନି । ଏଇ କେତୋଟି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ସେ ବଳିଷ୍ଠ ଦେହରେ କେଉଁ ସ୍ୱସ୍ଥ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଘଟିଗଲା । ସହିଁରେ ରକ୍ତ ଶୁଖେ ନାହିଁ, ମାଂସ ଶୁଖେ ନାହିଁ, ତଥାପି ଜଣାପଡ଼େ ତାର ସବୁ ସରିଛି - ଆହତ ମନର ସୂଚନା କେବଳ ତାର ବାହାଣୀ । ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ଜାନି ଗୋଟି ଖଟିଲା । ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନିର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଧୂଆଁଳିଆ ଧରିଲା । ମନରେ ସେହି ଗୋଟିଏ ଦୁଃଖ - ଗୋଟିର ମୁକ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । ଏବେ ବାପ ଓ ପୁଅ ତିନିହେଁ ସେଥିରେ ବନ୍ଧା ।

ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି ଘର ଏବେ ବେମୂରବି, ବେଅଜିଆର । ସମସ୍ତେ ଘରେ ଥିବା ବେଳର କୋଳାହଳ ଆଉ ଶୁଭେ ନାହିଁ, ସାଇ ପଡ଼ିଣା କେହି କେବେ ପଚାରନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । ଘରେ ଦୁଇଟି ବଢ଼ିଲା ଝିଅ ଜିଲି ଓ ବିଲି । ତାଙ୍କ ଦୁଃଖରେ ଆହା କହିବାକୁ ବାପ ନାହିଁ, ଭାଇମାନେ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ସାବୁକାର ଗୁହାଳରେ ବନ୍ଧା ଗୋଟି ସେମାନେ । ଘରେ ଖାଇବାକୁ ନାହିଁ, ଭଙ୍ଗା କାଛ, ଓଲଟା ଚାଳଆଡ଼େ ଚାହିଁ ଦୀର୍ଘ ନିଶ୍ୱାସ ନିଅନ୍ତି ଦି ଭଉଣୀ । ସେ ନିଶ୍ୱାସରେ ଅନେକ ଅବ୍ୟକ୍ତ ଦୁଃଖ, କୋହ ଓ ହତାଶା । ବାହାରକୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ ଦିଶେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସମବୟସୀ କେତେ ପ୍ରଜାପତିଙ୍କର କୋଳାହଳ । ଜୀବନକୁ ଉପଭୋଗ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଆଗଭର, ଅନ୍ୟ ଝିଅମାନଙ୍କ ପରି ସେମାନଙ୍କର ବି ମନ ଅଛି । ସେ ମନ ବୁଝେ ନାହିଁ ଅଭାବ, କଷ୍ଟ । ଏ ବୟସରେ ସେମାନେ ବି ଚାହାନ୍ତି ନିଜକୁ ସଜେଇବା ପାଇଁ, ବାହାର ଦୁନିଆ ସହିତ ସାମିଲ ହେବା ପାଇଁ । ପୁଣି ଲାଗେ ତାଙ୍କ ଲଟାରେ ଫୁଲ ଅଛି ସତ କିନ୍ତୁ ତଳର ରଞ୍ଜା କିଏ ଓଟାରି ନେଇଛି । ଗୁରୁତର ଉଦାସୀ ପବନ ଧୁଲି ଉଡ଼େଇ ଶୁଖିଲା ପତ୍ରର ପସରା ମୁଣ୍ଡେଇ ଚକା ଚକା ଭଉଁରୀ ଖେଳି ଯାଏ । ମଲା ଶୁଖିଲା ଭାବନାରୁଡ଼ିକୁ କେଣି କେଣି ଠେଲିପେଲି ବାହାର କରେ, ମରମକୁ କେଣେ । ଗୁ ଜିଲିର ପିଲା ଦିନରୁ ସାଥୀ ବାଗୁଲା ଜାନି, ଯାହାକୁ ନେଇ ଜିଲି ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖିଥିଲା ଘର ବାନ୍ଧିବା ପାଇଁ । ତାର ଆଖି ସାମ୍ନାରେ କାଜୋଡ଼ିକୁ ଛାଡ଼ିବେ ଟେକି ନେଇ ବାଗୁଲା ଜାନି ଧାଇଁଗଲା ହସ ଭଲ୍ଲାସରେ! କାଜୋଡ଼ି ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ଜାନିର ସାଥୀ ଜିଲିର ଭାଉଜ ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତା ପରା! ଜିଲିକୁ ଲାଗିଲା ଯେପରି ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ସାମ୍ନାରେ ସେ ଅ ଲୋଡ଼ା, ଅଖୋଜା, ଅଦରକାରୀ । ଦୁନିଆ ଆଖିରେ ସେ ହୋଇଛି ମୂଲ୍ୟହୀନ, ଯୌବନ ହୋଇଛି ତାର ଦୁଃଖ । ଜିଲିର ପହିଲି ଭଲ ପାଇବାର ରଂଗ ଉଡ଼ି ଯାଇଥିଲା । ଅଳ୍ପ ଦିନ ପରେ କାଜୋଡ଼ି ବାହାହେଲା ବଗୁଲା ଜାନିକୁ, ଗାଁ ସାରା ଲୋକେ ମାଡ଼ିଲେ ବାହାଘର ଭୋଜିରେ, ବାହାଘର କୋଳାହଳର କେଉଁ ଅଜଣା କୋଣରେ ଲୋଚାକୋଚା ହୋଇ ରହିଗଲା ଦୁଇଟି ମଣିଷଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ - ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ଜାନି ଓ ଜିଲି ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀ ଦିଓଟିଙ୍କର । ଅନ୍ଧାର ଘର କୋଣରେ ପଡ଼ି ରହି ନିଜ ଭିତର ଉଠୁଥିବା କୋହ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନ ପାରି କଇଁ କଇଁ ହୋଇ ଜିଲି କାନ୍ଦି ଉଠିଲା । ସେଇ କାନ୍ଦ ଭିତରେ ଚପି ରହିଗଲା ଅନେକ ମରମ କଥା ଯାହା କହି ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ କି ଲୁଚେଇ ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ । ପଛପଟୁ ବୁଢ଼ା ବାପର ହାତ କାନ୍ଧ ହଲେଇ ଦେଇ ପଚାରିଲା - “ତୁ କାହୁଁଛୁ ମା?” ବୁଢ଼ା ବାପର ଛାଡ଼ି ଉପରେ ଜିଲି ଭଳି ପଡ଼ିଲା । ଶୁକ୍ର ଆଶ୍ୱାସନା ଦେଲା ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ “ଖରାପ ଖରାପ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ମିଶିଗଲେ । ଆମର ଏ ଦିନ ରହିବ ନାହିଁ ସବୁଦିନେ । ମହାପୁ ଭଲ ଦିନ ଦେବେ ।” ଗରିବର ସେହି ଗୋଟିଏ ଆଶା ଭାଗ୍ୟକୁ ଭରଷା । ଆଖି ଆଗରେ ବୁରମାର ହୋଇଗଲା ନିଜର ବିଶ୍ୱାସ । ଗୋଟିଏ ପରିବାର ପାଇଁ ସେ ଥିଲା ଏକ ଦୁଃଖଦ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ, କଥା କହିବା ପାଇଁ ଶବ୍ଦ ନ ଥିଲା ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପାଖେ ।





ଅଭାବ ଜନିତ ଦୁଃଖ, ଜୀବନ ସାଥୀର ବିଶ୍ୱାସଯାଚକତା, ବାପ ଭାଇଙ୍କର ଫେରିବାର ଅନିଶ୍ଚିତତା ଦୋହଲେଇଦେଲା ଦୁଇ ଭଉଣୀଙ୍କର ଆତ୍ମବିଶ୍ୱାସ । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ଆତ୍ମମୂର୍ତ୍ତିରେ ବାହାଘର ହେଲା ବାଗ୍‌ଲା ଜାନି ଓ କାଜୋଡ଼ିଙ୍କର, ଜିଲି ପାଇଁ ଗାଁର ଆକର୍ଷଣ ମହଲଣ ପଡ଼ିଗଲା । ରାତିର ଅନ୍ଧାରରେ ଜିଲି ଅଣ୍ଟାଳି ଅଣ୍ଟାଳି ବିଲିକୁ କୁଣ୍ଡେଇ ଧରିଲା । ମୁହଁରେ ମୁହଁ ଲଗେଇ ଦି ଭଉଣୀ କଇଁ କଇଁ କାନ୍ଦିଲେ, ସେ ଲୁହ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଧକାକାର ହେଲା ଅନେକ ଚତଳା ନିଶ୍ୱାସ, ଅବସାଦର ଦୀର୍ଘଶ୍ୱାସ । କେତେଦିନ ପରେ ଶୁଣାଗଲା କଣ୍ଠାବୁର୍ ଟଙ୍କା ଧରି ଆସିଛି ରୋଡ୍ କାମ ହେବ । ଟୋକା ଟୋକା ଲୋଡ଼ା, ଦୁଇ ଭଉଣୀ ମନସ୍ତ କଲେ କୁଲିଗିରି କରିବେ । ହେଉପକ୍ଷେ ସେଥିପାଇଁ ନିଜ ଗାଁ ଛାଡ଼ିବାକୁ ହେବ । ବଞ୍ଚିବା ପାଇଁ ଯେତେକ ଦାନା, ଦେହକୁ କନା ଚ ମିଳିବ । କେତେ ଦିନ ସହିହେବ ଅଭାବ ଅନିଶ୍ଚିତତାର ଏ ଅନ୍ଧାର ରାତି । ବାହାର ଯାଗାରେ ନୁଆ କାମ, ଦିନ ଯାକର ଖଟଣି ପରେ ବସ୍ତିକୁ ବାହୁଡ଼ା, ସେ ବିଦେଶ ଭୂଇଁର ଅପଚରାରେ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ କୁଲି ବସ୍ତିରେ ତୁମ୍ଭୁମା ବାଜେ, ଦୁଇ ଘଣ୍ଟା ପରେ ଘରେ ଘରେ ତାଟି କିଲା ହୁଏ । ବାହାର ଯାଗାରେ ଗାଁର ଆକଟ ବାଛନ୍ଦ ନାହିଁ । ଗାଁ ନାହିଁ, ଗୁରୁଜନ ନାହାନ୍ତି, ସେମାନେ ନିଜେ ରୋଜଗାରୀ, ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ କେତେ ନୁଆ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଜୁଟନ୍ତି । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଜୀବନ ଭିନ୍ନ । ଦିନର ହାତଭଙ୍ଗା ଖଟଣୀ ପରେ ଦେହ ଖୋଜେ ଆନନ୍ଦ । ବିବେକକୁ ବୁଡ଼େଇ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ସେମାନେ ଟୋପାଏ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଭିତରେ । ସଂସ୍କାର ଅନେକ କଥାରେ ନାହିଁ କରିବାକୁ ଶିଖେଇଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ସବୁ ରହିଛି ରକ୍ତରେ । ତାର ଗାର ପଡ଼ିନାହିଁ ଯୌବନର ରୁଚି ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ଭିତରେ, ସମାଜଗଢ଼ା ବୁଢ଼ା କଠୋରତା କେଉଁ କୋଣରେ ମାଡ଼ିମୁଡ଼ି ହୋଇପଡ଼େ । ଜିଲି ସାମିଲ୍ ହୁଏ ସେ ନୁଆ ଜୀବନ ସହିତ ଯାହା ସଙ୍ଗେ ତାର କେବେ ପରିଚୟ ନ ଥିଲା । ପ୍ରଥମେ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଆଶଙ୍କା, ଦମ୍ଭ ଓ ଅନଭ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଅଖାତୁଆ ଭାବ, ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ସେ ଜୀବନ ବି ଆରେଇ ଗଲା, ଆଗପକ୍ଷ ଆଉ ମନେ ପଡ଼େ ନାହିଁ । ରୋଜଗାର ବହୁତ ନାଚ ଫୁଲି । ହରେଇଥିବା ଦୁଃଖ ଆଉ ମନକୁ ଘାରେ ନାହିଁ । ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ସେ ଜୀବନ ମଧ୍ୟ ଆରେଇ ଗଲା । ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେଲା ନୁଆ ଜୀବନର ଅନୁଭୂତି । ପରିଚୟ ସବୁ ବନ୍ଧନ ଗଢ଼େ । ଜୀବନର ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣତା ଭିତରେ ଦୋଷ ଅଦୋଷ ସବୁ ଭୁଲି ହୁଏ ।

ଦୁଇ ଝିଅଙ୍କ ଚିନ୍ତାରେ ଅହରହ ହାଉଳି ଖାଉଥିବା ବୁଢ଼ା ଶୁକୁଜାନି ସାଧୁକାରକୁ ନେହୁରା କଲା ଜମି ଖଣ୍ଡକ ବନ୍ଧା ରଖି ତାକୁ ମୁକ୍ତିଦେବା ପାଇଁ । ଆଉ ମୁକ୍ତି ମିଳିଲା ତାକୁ ଖାଲି ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ସହ ବନ୍ଧା ରହିଲା ନିଜ ଗାଁ ଜମି ଖଣ୍ଡକ । କି ଯୁକ୍ତି ଏ? ଜମି ନାହିଁ ବନ୍ଧୁ ନାହିଁ, ପିଲା ନାହାନ୍ତି ନିଛାଟିଆ ଘରେ ଖାଲି ମଲା ହଜିଲା ସ୍ମୃତିର ଛାଇ । ଝିଅ ଦିହେଁ ଗଲେ କୁଲିଗିରି କରିବାକୁ । ବୁଢ଼ା ବାପ ଦୁର୍ବଳିଆ ଦେହରେ ଧସେଇ ଚାଲିଲା ପାଖ ଗାଁର କୁଲି ବସ୍ତିକୁ । ସକାଳୁ ସଞ୍ଜ ଯାଏ ପ୍ରତି ଘର ଆଗରେ ରଡ଼ି କରୁଥିଲା ଜିଲି ବିଲି । ସେ ତାକ ଶୁଭିଲା ଘର ଭିତରେ ରହିଥିବା ଦୁଇ ଭଉଣୀଙ୍କ କାନରେ । ସେ ଥିଲା ରକ୍ତର ତାକ । ଧାଇଁ ଆସିଲେ ଦି ଭଉଣୀ । ଗୋଟିଏ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ପାଇଁ ଶଂକିଯାଇ ଠିଆ ହେଲେ ଆଉ ବୁଢ଼ା ବାପର ଦୁଇ କାନ୍ଧରେ ଓହ୍ଲି ପଡ଼ି ସାନଛୁଆଟି ପରି ବାପ ଛାଡ଼ିରେ ମୁହଁ ଲୁଚାଇଲେ । ବାପ ଆଖିରୁ ବୋହି ଆସୁଥିବା ଲୁହ ଝିଅ ଦୁହିଁଙ୍କ ଲୁହ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଧକାକାର ହେଲା । ସବୁ ଅଭିମାନ ମିଳେଇ ଗଲା ସେ ଲୁହ ଧାରରେ । ଜିଗର କରି ଶୁକୁ ଫେରାଇ ନେଲା ଦୁଇଟି ଝିଅଙ୍କୁ ନିଜ ସାଥୀରେ । ନିତି

ଦିନିଆ ଦାନାପାଣି ଯୋଗାଡ଼ରେ ବାପ ଝିଅ ଦିନିହେଁ ଲାଗିଗଲେ ପର ବିଲରେ ମଜୁରିଆ ହିସାବରେ । କିଛିଦିନ ପରେ ଆକସ୍ମିକ ଭାବେ ପହଞ୍ଚେ ନନ୍ଦିବାଲି । ବିଲକୁ ବାହା ହେବାର ପ୍ରସ୍ତାବ ବାଡ଼େ ଶୁକୁଜାନି ପାଖେ । ଝୋଲା ଟଙ୍କା ନ ଦେଇ ପାରିବା ପାଇଁ ନନ୍ଦିବାଲି ରାଜି ହୁଏ ଶୁକୁର ଗୋଟି ଖଟିବା ପାଇଁ । ସେଇଟା ହିଁ ପରଜା ପ୍ରଥା । ପଦେ ପଦେ କଥାରେ କଥା ବୁଟେ ସେଠି । ଆଉ ଗୋଟେ ସ-କର ଜନ୍ମ ହୁଏ । ଶୁକୁଜାନି ନନ୍ଦିବାଲିଙ୍କୁ କୁଣ୍ଡେଇ ଧରିଲା । ଦୁହେଁ ଧୂଳିଆ ଦିଆଦିଇ ହେଲେ । କେତେ ଦିନର ପରିଚିତ ବଂଧୁ ପରି ନନ୍ଦିବାଲି ରହିଯାଏ ସେ ଘରେ ପରିବାର ମଣିଷପାଇଁ ।

କେବେ କେବେ ଅନ୍ଧାର ସାଙ୍ଗେ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଉଦାସ ଅବସାଦ ଓହ୍ଲୁଏ ଶୁକୁଜାନି ଉପରକୁ ଖାଲି ଭାବି ହୁଏ । ଘରୁ ପଦାକୁ ଗୋଡ଼ କାଢ଼ିଲେ ବାଟ ପାଖରେ ଶୋଇ ରହିଚି ଜମି, ଦାଦିଆନ କାଳର ଭୂମି, ପୁରୁଣା କ୍ଷେତ - ଏ ଗାଁରେ ତାର ଚେର କେତେ ପୁରୁଣା । ବୁଢ଼ାର ପିତୃପୁରୁଷଙ୍କ କାହାଣୀ ଲେଖିଅଛି ସେଥିରେ । ଆଉ ତା ସହିତ ତାର ଆପଣାର ଜୀବନ ଗୋଟାକର । ନିଜ ଜମିକୁ ନେଇ ଶୁକୁ ଭାବେ, ଟାଣୁଥିବା ଫିଙ୍ଗୁଥିବା ନିଶ୍ୱାସ ପରି ଅତି ସହଜ ସେ ଯୁଗ ଯୁଗବଦ ପାଠି । ଯାଉ ପଛେ ଭାଗେ କାଉ, ଘରଚଟିଆ, ଝିଂଟିକା, ପିଠ-ଡ଼ି ମୁହଁରେ । ସବୁ ଯାଇ ଗଣ୍ଡିଏ ବଳେ, ଧଥା ହସରେ ବା ଲୁହ ପାଣିରେ ଭିଜେଇ, ନିଶ୍ୱାସରେ ତତାଇ ଝାଳରେ ସିଝାଇ ମାଟିପଣରୁ ଭାତ ପଣକୁ ଆଣିଛି ସେ - ଦିନକୁ ହେଉ ଅବା ଛ ମାସ ପାଇଁ ହେଉ । ସେ ଥିଲା ତା ଆପଣା ହାତର କାରସାଦି । ଘରର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀକୁ ପର ହାତକୁ ଟେକି ଦେଇ ବସିଛି ସେ ଅସହାୟ ହୋଇ । ସତେକି ଭାଗ୍ୟ ଦାଉ ସାଧୁଛି, କେଉଁ ଜନ୍ମର ପାପର ଫଳ ଭୋଗୁଛି ସେ । ଶୁକୁ ଭାବେ ଏହିପରି ଦିନେ ମେଘ ରହିଥିବ, ଗଛ ଗଜରୁଥିବ, ସବୁ ଥିବ ଆଉ ସେ ନଥିବ ସେ ଜମି ସବୁ ଫେରେଇ ଆଣିବା ପାଇଁ । ରାତିରେ ନିଦ ବାଉଳାରେ କେତେ ପ୍ରକାର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖେ - ଗୋଟିକ ପରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ହଜିଥିବା ବୁଢ଼ାମାନେ ବାଡ଼ି ଚୁକ୍‌ଚୁକ୍ କରୁ ଆସନ୍ତି, ଗାଲି ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଜମି ହାତଛଡ଼ା କଲା ବୋଲି । ଚାଲି ଯାଆନ୍ତି, ପୁଣି ନିଦ ବାଉଳାରେ ସାଉଳାକରକୁ ସେ ଟଙ୍କା ଯାଚେ । ସାଧୁକାର ଗୋଇଠା ମାରି ଟଙ୍କାବଡ଼େଇ ଦିଏ । ହା ପଶିଯାଏ ତାର । ଦେହସାରା ଝାଳ ବୋହିଯାଏ ।

ଜିଲି ଗୁମ୍ ହୋଇ ବସି ଭାବେ । ଏତେ ଖଟି ଖଟି ଦିନ ଗୋଟାକର ଖୋରାକି ଅତି କଷ୍ଟରେ ମିଳେ । ପେଟ ପୁରେ ନାହିଁ । ପିଠିକୁ ନଅଁଟ ହୁଏ । ଥରେ ରୋଟ ପାଇଟି (କୁଲିଗିରି)ର ସ୍ୱାସ୍ଥ୍ୟ ଦେଖିଲା ପରେ ସାନ ଅଭାବ ଦିଶୁଛି ବଡ଼ ହୋଇ, ବଡ଼ ଅଭାବତ ଖାଲି ହତାଶା, ପୁରୁଣା ଦରଜ ପୁଣି ବାହାରେ । ଫ- । ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ୱଟା ଟଙ୍କା ଉଠେ ହୁଏ ହୁସିଆ ପବନରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡହାଡ଼ ପରି ରୁଚିର ଭେଦାଭେଦ ତୁଟାଇ ଦେଇଛି ସେହିଦିନ । କଳା ବିସ୍ମୃତି ଭିତରେ ହଜିଯାଇଛି ପାପ ପୁଣ୍ୟର ବିଚାରି । ସବୁ ଧକାକାର ହୋଇଛି । ଆଉ ସାଗୁଣୀର ଆଖିପରି ସାଧୁକାର ଆଖି ପୁରିବୁଲେ ଜିଲି ଉପରେ । ଗାଁର ଦଶ ଜଣଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ସେ ଭିନ୍ନ । ତାର ଦମ୍ଭ, ଆକ୍ଷପଣିଆ ଆଉ ମଜଭୁତିଆ ଦେହ ସାଧୁକାର ପାଇଁ ଅନେକ ପ୍ରଲୋଭନ ଦେଖାଏ । ତାର ଜିଲି ଆବଶ୍ୟକ । ଏଥିପାଇଁ ସେ ଲଗାଏ ତାର ବିଶ୍ୱସ୍ତ ଗୋଡ଼ାଣିଆ ମଧୁ ଘାଷିକୁ । ସକାଳେ ସଞ୍ଜରେ ନିରୋଳାରେ ମଧୁ ଆସି ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ବିସ୍ମିତ୍ୟ ଜିଲି ସାମ୍ନାରେ । ଏ ଦୁଃଖ, ଏ ଅଭାବ, ଏ ହାତ ଭଙ୍ଗା ପରିଶ୍ରମ ତାର ସବୁ ନିମିଷକରେ ମିଳେଇଯିବ । ସାଧୁକାର ପ୍ରସ୍ତାବ ଦେଇଛି



ଖାଲି ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ତାର ସମ୍ପତ୍ତି । ଜିଲି ମନ ଭିତରେ ଅସଂଖ୍ୟ ଦୁଃଖ । ସାଧୁକାରର ଘରଣୀ ହୋଇ ପାରିଲେ ଏ

ଦୁଃଖ ମେଣ୍ଟିବ ପରା । ଅନେକ ବାଛ ବିଚାର ପରେ ଦିନେ ବିଲି ବିଲି ଅନ୍ଧାରରେ ଜିଲି ଉଠି ଚାଲିଗଲା । ପରଜା ଝିଅ ସେ ନିଜ ରାଜିରେ ଘର କରିବ, ସେ ଧାଙ୍ଗଡ଼ା ତାର ହସ ଫୁର୍ତ୍ତି ଦରକାର, କାନ୍ଦଣା ନୁହେଁ । ଦିନ କେଇଟାରେ ଜିଲି ସାଧୁକାରର ମନକୁ ବାନ୍ଧି ପାରିଛି ଅଳ୍ପେ ବଦୁତେ । ଏବେ ସବୁ ସହଜ ତାର ମନ ଆଦରି ନେଇଛି ଏ ଦରବୁଢ଼ା ଲୋକଟାକୁ ଆପଣାର ଏକୃଷ୍ଟିଆ ଜୀବନ ଭିତରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଦମ୍ଭ ଖୁମ୍ବୁ ପରି ଧରିନେବାକୁ । ଗାଁ ଗୋଟାକ ଶୋଇ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ଲାଗେ ସେ ଯେପରି ଘରକରଣା କରିବାକୁ ଯାଉଛି । କାଉ ପରଜା ଗୋଟିଏ ଗରିବ ଗୋଡ଼ି ନାଇବର ଗୋଡ଼ି । ସେ ଜିଲି ପାଇଁ ସବୁ ଉତ୍ସର୍ଗ କରିଦେବାକୁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ସେ, ଜିଲି ତାକୁ ହସରେ ଉଡ଼େଇ ଦିଏ । ତା ଆଖିରେ ସେ ମଣିଷ ପଦବାଚ୍ୟ ନୁହେଁ । ଖାଲି ଗୋଟେ ଗୋଡ଼ାଣିଆ ଭକ୍ତ । ଏଥିପାଇଁ କାଉ ଛଳ କରେ ନାହିଁ । ମନରେ ଠିକଣା କରେ ଜିଲିକୁ ସେ ମାଙ୍ଗଣି କରିବ । ଧାର ଉଧାର କରି ଝୋଲା ଟଙ୍କା ଯୋଗାଡ଼ରେ ଥାଏ । ସେ ଜୀବନର ସବୁ ତ୍ୟାଗ ଦେଇ ଜିଲିର ମନ କିଣିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟାକରେ । ସକାଳୁ ରାତି ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ନିଘା ତାର ଜିଲି ଉପରେ । ରାତିଅଧରେ ସେ ଦେଖେ ଘୋରି ପାରି ହୋଇ ତରତର ହୋଇ ଦାଣ୍ଡେ ଦାଣ୍ଡେ ଚାଲିଗଲା ଜିଲି । ବିସ୍ମୃତ ହୁଏ କାଉ, ଜିଲିର ପିଛା ଧରେ । ଆଗରେ ଗୋଟିକିଆ ଟୁଙ୍ଗା, ସାଧୁକାର ଏଠି ରହେ, ଜିଲି ପଶିଲା ଘରେ କବାଟ ବନ୍ଦ ହେଲା । ସେଇଠି ରହିଗଲା କାଉ ପରଜାର ଭଲ ପାଇବା ଅଂସପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ କାହାଣୀ ।

ପରଦିନ ସକାଳେ କାଉ ପରଜା ବଖାଣିଲା ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି ଆଗରେ ବିଲିର ରାତିର ଅଭିସାର ସଂପର୍କରେ । ପିଣ୍ଡା ଉପରେ ଦୁଃଖୀ ପରି ବୁଢ଼ା ବସି ରହିଲା । ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଭିତରେ ସବୁ ଗୋଳମାଳ ହୋଇ ଯାଉଛି । ଏଇ ସାଧୁକାର - ଯାହା ପାଖରେ ପୁଅ ଦୁଇଟି ଗୋଡ଼ି ଖଟୁଛନ୍ତି । ତା ଜମି ଉପରେ କମଳା ତୋଟା ପୋତିଲାଣି । ସେଇ ଚରିତ୍ରହୀନ ଦରବୁଢ଼ା ଶୁଣି ସାଧୁକାର ଆଡ଼କୁ ଭଲ ପଡ଼ିଲା ତାର ଜିଲି । ଘର ଭିତରେ ପେଡ଼ି ତଲାସିଲା । ସେଥିରେ ନୁଆ ଲୁଗା ତିନି ଖଣ୍ଡ, ବାସନା ତେଲ, ସାବୁନ ଦିଖଣ୍ଡ । ସବୁ ନୁଆ ଯାହା ସେ ଆଗରୁ କେବେ ଦେଖିନାହିଁ । ଦୁଇ ହାତରେ ପୁରୁ ପୁରୁ କରି ମୁଣ୍ଡରୁ ନୁଖୁରା ବାଳ ଓଟାରିଲା, ଛାତିରେ ପିଟିହେଲା । ସାମ୍ନାରେ ଜିଲିକୁ ଦେଖି ବୁଢ଼ା ଚିରୁଚିରେଇ ଉଠିଲା

“ଜିଲି, ତୁ ଏ ସାଧୁକାର ସାଙ୍ଗେ...” ଜିଲି ବୁଝି ପାରିଲା - ଧାଇଁ ପଳାଇଗଲା ସେଠୁ - ବୁଢ଼ା ପାଟିକଲା “ଯା ତୁ ଯା ତୋ ମୁହଁ ଆଉ ଦେଖାନା ଏଠିରୁ । ଗୋଟିଏ ମୁହଁରେ ଘଟିଗଲା କେତେ କଣ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ । ଗାଁରେ ଚହଳ ହେଲା । ଗାଁର ନାଇକ ବଡ଼ ରଇତଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି ସାଧୁକାର ଘରକୁ ଗଲେ । ସାମ୍ନାରେ ସାଧୁକାରକୁ ବୁଢ଼ା ଚିକ୍କାର କଲା - ତୋରେଇ କରି ମୋ ଝିଅକୁ ନେଇ ଆସିଲୁ । ସାଧୁକାର ସାମ୍ନାସାମ୍ନି ମୁକାବିଲା କଲା । କବାଟ ସେପଟୁ ବିଲି ଚରିକରି କହିଲା ମୋ ଇଛାରେ ଆସିଲି । ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି ଥକ୍କା ହୋଇ ରହିଲା । ତାର ଆପଣାର ସବୁଜାକ ରାଗ ପଥର ହୋଇ ଛେଟି ହେଲା ଆପଣା ଉପରେ । ଗାଁ ଲୋକେ ଓଲଟି ଗଲେ ସାଧୁକାର କଥାରେ । ବୁଢ଼ା ଥରି ଥରି ପାଦ ଘୋଷାରି ଫେରିଗଲା ଅପମାନ ଓ ଦୁଃଖରେ ଶୋକାବୁର ହୋଇ । ଜିଲି ଅନୁଭବ କଲା ବାପ ଆଉ ତା ମଝିରେ ସତେକି ବସୁଧା ଫାଟି ମେଲା ହୋଇଗଲା । ଯେଉଁ ଫାଟ ଯୋଡ଼ିବା ଆଉ ସମ୍ଭବ ନୁହେଁ । ସଂସାରରେ ନିଜର

ବୋଲି ତାର କେହି ନାହିଁ । ଏକୃଷ୍ଟିଆରେ ସେ ସୁଅ ଭଉଁରୀରେ ଭାସୁଛି ।

ଚିକ୍କାର ଦୁଃସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ନାହିଁ, ସେ ଯାହା ଦେଖେ, ଯାହା ପାଏ, ତହିଁରେ ବଂଚେ । ମନେ ମନେ ଭାବିହୁଏ ଜିଲିର ଚାଲିଯିବା କଥା । କାହାକୁ ପଦେ ପଚାରିନାହିଁ । ଭାଇ ଭାବେ ମନେ ମନେ ଜିଲିକୁ ଶାସନ କରେ । ମନ ହୁଏ ସେ ମୁହଁ ପୋତି କାନ୍ଦନ୍ତା, ଜିଲିର ଗୋଡ଼ ଧରି କ୍ଷମା ମାଗନ୍ତା । ତା ଆଖିରେ ଜିଲି ବେଶି ଜାଣେ, ବୁଝେ ଓ କହେ । ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ଜିଲି ଏତେ ସାନ ହୋଇ ଯାଇ ଲୁଚି ଲୁଚି ପଳେଇଗଲା । ଦୁଃଖ ଓ ସହାନୁଭୂତିରେ ଆଖି ଓଦା ହୁଏ । ଚିକ୍କାର ରାଗ ହୁଏ । କିନ୍ତୁ ବେଶୀ ସମୟ ସେ ମୁହଁ ଘୁଂଗାରି ରହିପାରେ ନାହିଁ । ସବୁ ସକ ଦି ଦିନିଆ ହୋଇ କୁଆଡ଼େ ନିଗିଡ଼ି ଚାଲି ଯାଏ । ପ୍ରଜାପତିଙ୍କ ପଛରେ ଧାଇଁ ଯିବାକୁ ପୁଣି ମନ ହୁଏ ।

ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ - ସ୍ୱପ୍ନରେ ସେ ବଂଚେ । ଫପସା ମନଟା ଚାରି ସବୁ ସେଇଥିରେ ଗଳିଯାଏ । ଗୋଟିଏ ମହୁର୍ତ୍ତରେ କାଜୋଡ଼ିର ସ୍ମୃତି ତାର ଚହଲାଇ ଦିଏ । ମୁହଁ ଫୁଲ୍ୟାଏ, ରାଗେ, ଛି କରି ଦିଏ ତାକୁ । ପୁଣି ବଣର ଛାଇରେ ସେ ଭୁଲେଇ ପଡ଼େ । ଟିକି ଟିକି ଚଢ଼େଇ ଉଠିଆସି ଗଛ ତାଳ ଉପରୁ ଭଙ୍ଗି ମାରି ଗୀତ ବୋଲନ୍ତି । ଶୋଇ ଶୋଇ ସେ କ୍ଷମା କରେ କାଜୋଡ଼ିକୁ, ଆହା ବିଚରା କି ଚାରା ଥିଲା । ତାର କାରଣ ଗଢ଼ି ଘଡ଼ିଘଡ଼ିକା ବିପଦକୁ ସେ ତଉଲି ଦେଖେ ନାହିଁ ଭାବେ ଏ ଅନଦୃତି । ଏଥିରୁ ରକ୍ଷା ମିଳିବାର ନାହିଁ । ତେଣୁ ଆପଣାର ଭୟ ସଂକୋଚ, ଅବସ୍ଥାର ସଂକୀର୍ଣ୍ଣତା ଭିତରେ ଚାପି ହୋଇ ହାତ ପାଆନ୍ତି ଭିତରେ କରିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରେ । ରକ୍ତକୁ ପାଣିକରି ଖଟେ । ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖେ,

ଜମିବନ୍ଧା ଟଙ୍କା ଏକାଠି କରି ସାଧୁକାର ପାଖେ ପହଞ୍ଚିବ । ଜମି ମୁକୁଳିବ ଅନ୍ୟ ମହୁର୍ତ୍ତରେ ଭୟଭୀତ ହୁଏ । ବେଆଇନ ମଦରକ୍ଷା, ପୁଣି କେବେ ଯଦି ଧରାପଡ଼ି ଯାଏ ମନକୁ ମନ କହିତାଲେ । “ମୁଁ ଦୋଷ ମାନିଯିବି ତୁ ନାହିଁ କରିବୁ ଚିକ୍କା । ମୁଁ କହିବି ଚିକ୍କା କିଛି ଜାଣେ ନାହିଁ । ଟଙ୍କା ଗୁଡାକ ତୋ ପାଖେ ରହିଯିବ, ତୁ ଧଂଗଡ଼ା ଆଣିବୁ । ଜମି ମୁକୁଳେଇବୁ । ମୁଁ ଜେଲ ଯିବି । ମୋତେ ଭୁଲିଯିବୁ ତୁ କଷ୍ଟେ ମଷ୍ଟେ” । ମନ ଭିତରେ ଚାପି ରହିଯିବା କଥାଗୁଡ଼ାକ ଉଖାଡ଼ି ପକାଇ ସେ ଶାନ୍ତ ପଡ଼ିଯାଏ ।

ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି ବିକାପ କରୁଥାଏ “ଧର୍ମ ନାହିଁ, ନ୍ୟାୟ ନାହିଁ, ଯାହା ପାଖେ ଟଙ୍କା ଅଛି ସବୁ ତାର, ସମସ୍ତେ ତାର ହୋଇଗଲେ । ମୋର କେହି ନାହିଁ, ମୋର କେହି ନାହିଁ; ତୋରେଇ କରି, ସବୁରେଇ କରି ମୋର ଝିଅକୁ ନେଇଗଲା । ସେ ପିଲା ଲୋକ ପାରନ୍ତା କି ତାକୁ ।” ଆଖିର ଲୁହ ପାଟିର ଲାଳ ଏକାକାର ହେଲା ।

ଭାବୁ ଭାବୁ ବୁଢ଼ାପଣ ବଢ଼ିଯାଏ ଖୁବ୍ । ଆଖି ସରୁ ହୋଇଯାଏ । କପାଳର ଚମ ସିଅ ସିଅ ହୋଇ ହିତ ପାଲଟିଯାଏ । ଚିକ୍କାର ଓଜନରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ନଇଁପଡ଼େ ଭୁଲ୍ ଉପରକୁ । ତେତା ବୁଢ଼ା ଅନ୍ଧାର ଘୋଡ଼ି ଆସେ ଚିଆଁଶୁଆ ହୋଇ ରହିଲା ପରି ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି ପଡ଼ି ରହେ ତାରି ଖୋଳ ପରି ଏ ଭଙ୍ଗା ଘର ଭିତରେ । ନିଛାଟିଆ ଘରେ ଖାଲି ମଲାହଜିଲା ସ୍ମୃତିର ଛାଇ । ତାର ବିନ୍ଦୁ ବିନ୍ଦୁ ଆଖି ଦୁଇ-ଟିରୁ କାକର ଟୋପା ପରି ଲୁହଝରେ, ଦୁଃଖର ଅସ୍ପଷ୍ଟ ଗୁଞ୍ଜନ ଶୁଭେ, ନୋଟା କୋଟା ହୋଇ ବସିରହେ ଘର ଭିତରେ ।



ଜିଲି ଭାବୁଥିଲା, ମୁହଁ ଶୁଖେଇ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ନୁଆଇଁ ବୁଢ଼ାବାପ ଚାଲିଗଲା ପିଲାଦିନୁ ମା' ଯାଇଥିଲା । ଏବେ ଛିଣ୍ଡି ଚାଲିଗଲେ ଗୋଟିଏ ମେଢ଼ାରେ ବାପା ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀ ସମସ୍ତେ । ସଂସାରରେ ନିଜର ବୋଲି କେହି ନାହିଁ । ଅଧରାତିରେ ଲୁଚାଚୋରା ହୋଇ ଯାହା ଭଲ ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ରଞ୍ଜାଳିଆ ଖରାରେ ସେ ଦିଶିଲା ବେଢ଼ିଆ ଖରାପ । ମନେ ପକାଉଥିଲା ବାପର ପାପୁଲିର ପରଶ, ଯହିଁରେ ପ୍ରାଣ ଶୀତଳ ହୁଏ, ମନର ତାତି ଯାଏ ଆଜି ଖାଲି ସୁତି । ସୁତିଗୁଡ଼ାକ କାଟି ଦ ଉଁ ଦଉଁ ଆପଣାକୁ ଖଣ୍ଡିଆ ଖାବୁଡ଼ା କରି ପକାଏ । ଜିଲି ଆଖି କୋଣରେ ଦ ରଖୁଣିଲା ଲୁହ ଟୋପାଏ ପୁଣି ଫୁଲି ଉଠିଲା ଗୋଲ ହୋଇ, ଜମା ହେଲା, ଗଢ଼ି ପଡ଼ିଲା ।

ସାବୁକାର - ସେ ଟଙ୍କାକୁ ଗଉଣୀରେ ମାପେ । ଧାନକୁ ମାପେ ଶଗଡ଼ରେ ଜୀବନରେ ଅନେକ ଭୋଗ କରିଛି ସେ କିନ୍ତୁ ପ୍ରକୃତିରୁ ନିବୃତ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । ଜୀବନଟା ତା ଆଖିରେ ଖାଲି ନୁଆ ପଛରେ ଗୋଡ଼ାଇବା । ପାଇଲେ ଗତେଇ ଦେବା ଭୁଲରେ, ଆହୁରି ଖୋଜିବା । ଆରମ୍ଭରେ ନିଶା ଥିଲା ଜିଲିକି ପାଇବା ତା ପରେ ଏଟା ନିତି ଦିନିଆ ଘରକରଣା । ଭିନ୍ନତାର ସ୍ୱାଦ ନାହିଁ ସେଥିରେ । ନୁଆ ଦ ରକାର । ତାର ବୟସ ଯାଇଛି, ମନର ସରାଗ ଯାଇଛି । ଏ ସବୁ ଖାଲି ତା ପାଇଁ ଭାତ, ଚାଲି ଚରକାରି । ଉଣା ପଡ଼ିଗଲେ ଭୋକ କରେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ମିଳିଗଲେ ଖାଲି ଖାଇବା, ତହିଁରେ ଉଣେଇଶ ବିଶ୍ୱ କଳିବାକୁ ମନ ବଳେଇ ନାହିଁ । ଆଖି ତାର ଶଗଡ଼ତକ ପରି ବୁଲୁଥାଏ । ସେ ହସେ ନାହିଁ ଖାଲି ଗାରତ୍ ପରି ଚାହେଁ, ବାସ ଶିକାର ଖୋଜେ, ବିଲ ଚଢ଼େଇ ଖୋଜିବୁଲେ, ପରଜା ଖୋଜି ବୁଲେ ଜଂଗଲ ଭିତରେ କନ୍ଦମୂଳ, ସାବୁକାର ଖୋଜେ ମଣିଷ ଶୀକାର ।

ବଣ ଭିତରେ ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ଜାନି ଚିକ୍ନା ଜାନି ମଦ ରାନ୍ଧିଛନ୍ତି । ମଦ ବିକିଛନ୍ତି ପଇସା ଠୁଳ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଖାଲି ଗୋଟିଏ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଗୋଟି ମୁକୁଳେଇ ଜମି ମୁକୁଳେଇବେ । ନୁଆ ଜୀବନ ପୁଣି ଆରମ୍ଭ । ସେ ପାଖେ ବାପ, ଜମି ନୁହେଁ ନମସ୍ୟ - ଏ ପାଖେ ଗୋଟି ପଣିଆ, ବଣ, ବାସ, ସବୁ ରହିଛି ଏ ଟଙ୍କା କେଇଟାରେ । ହଠାତ୍ ବାପା ତାଙ୍କରେ ଚମକି ପଡ଼େ ଶୁକୁଜାନି । ପାଖରେ ଦୁଇ ପୁଅ ହାତରେ ଟଙ୍କାର ଥଳା । ସନ୍ତର୍ପଣରେ ମାଟିରେ ବାଉଁଶ ନଳାରେ ଲୁଚେଇ ରଖିଲେ ସେ ଟଙ୍କା । ଏ ଅନ୍ଧାର ରାତି । ସତେକି ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନର ଶେଷ ଅନ୍ଧାର କଟିଯିବ କାଲିକି ନୁଆ ଦିନ - ନୁଆ ସମ୍ଭାବନାର ସୂଚନା ।

ସାବୁକାର ଘୋଡ଼ାରେ ଚଢ଼ି ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚିଲା ଗାଁ ପାଖରେ - ଜିଲିର ବାପଘର ଏଇ ଗାଁ । ଶୁକୁଜାନିର ଜମିରେ କମଳା ଗଛ ଗୁଡ଼ାକ କଳା ମିଶ୍ ମିଶ୍ ହୋଇ ଆସିଲାଣି । ସାବୁକାର ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ ଶୁକୁ ଓ ପୁଅ ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ, ଚିକ୍ନା । ଶୁକୁଜାନି ଅଣ୍ଟି ଭିତରୁ ବୁଢ଼ୁଲାଟି ବାହାର କରି ଫିଟେଇ ପକାଇଲା । ଶହେଟି ଟଙ୍କା ଥାକ ଥାକ ରଖି ଦେଇ କହିଲା “ଆମର କେତେ ଦିନ ଗୋଟି ହେଲା, ହିସାବ କରି ଟଙ୍କା କାଟି ଦେ, ବାକି ଟଙ୍କା ନେଇ ଯା, ଗୋଟି ଫିଟେଇ ଦେ, ଜମି ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେ ମହାପୁା” ଚିରିଗ ବର୍ଷପାଇଁ ଜମିକୁ ବନ୍ଧା ଦେଇ ଏବେ ଆସିଛି ଜମି ମାଗି । ଝିଆଅ ପଲେଇ ଯାଅଗୁଣ୍ଡ - ଖଙ୍ଗାରି ଉଠିଲା ସାବୁକାର, କିଛି ଲୋକ ପାଲି ଧରିଲେ ସାବୁକାର କଥାରେ । କଥା ଛିଣ୍ଡି ପାରିଲା ନାହିଁ, ମୁହଁ ଶୁଖେଇ ଘରକୁ ଲେଉଟିଲେ ଶୁକୁଜାନି ପରଜା ପରିବାର । ସବୁ ରାଗ

ନିଜ ନିଜ ଉପରେ ଅଜାତି ଉଜୁଡ଼ି ଦେଇ ବାପ ପୁଅ କଢ଼ିଆ କଲେ, ବୁଢ଼ା ଉପାସ ଶୋଇଲା । ଘରେ ବିଚାର ଚାଲିଲା ଛିର ଦାବା ପକେଇବା ପାଇଁ । ଶୁକୁଜାନି ଭିତରେ ହା ପଶିଗଲା, ସେ ଆଉ କଚେରୀ ଯେଉଁଠି ଘାଉଁ ଘାଉଁ ଲୋକ, ଚକ୍ଷମା ପିନ୍ଧା ଓକିଲ । ପଛେ ପଛେ ନସର ପସର ହୋଇ ଦଳ ଦ ଲ ଲୋକ । ବାପା ଅଜା ଚଉଦ ପୁରୁଷଙ୍କ ନାଁ ପଚାରି ନେବେ, ବୁଢ଼ରୁ ଥ ରେ ଯାହା ଖସିଗଲା କାଗଜରେ ଛିଡ଼ିଯିବ । ଦେଶୀୟା ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଭାରି ଭୟ । ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ସଙ୍ଗେ ଆଲୋଚନା କରି ଛିର ହେଲା, ଦାବା କରିବାକୁ ହେବ । ତା ଜମିକୁ ସାବୁକାର ନେଇଛି । ସାବୁକାର ଗାଁ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଭୟଭୀତ କରେ, ନିଜ ଶକ୍ତିର ନିଜ ପଇସା ବଳକୁ ନେଇ ସେ ଗାଁ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଦୂରେଇ ଆଣେ ଶୁକୁଜାନି ପାଖରୁ । ଜଙ୍ଗଲୀ ଲୋକଙ୍କର ଆଶଂକା ଆସେ ଆପେ ଆପେ, ତାର ରୂପ ନାହିଁକି ଆକାର ନାହିଁ, ସାବୁକାର କୋପ କଲାଣି ତା ଆଗରେ ସେମାନେ ଖାଲି ଗୋରୁ, ଛେଳି । ରହିଛନ୍ତି ସତ, ନିଜର ଛିଡ଼ି ନାହିଁ । ନାଇକ, ବାରିକ, ତା ପଛେ ପଛେ ଆଉ କେତେ ଗାଁ ଲୋକ ଯିଏ ଶୁକୁଜାନିକୁ କହିଥିଲେ ସାକ୍ଷୀ ଦେବେ । ପଇସା ଆଗରେ ସବୁ ଦମ୍ଭ ସାହସ ପାଣିଟିଆ ଧରିଲା । ପୁଅମାନେ ସାହସ ଦିଅନ୍ତି, ଝୋଲା ଟଙ୍କା ସାବୁକାରକୁ ମଗାଯାଉ । ବୁଢ଼ା ମାନିଲା ନାହିଁ, ଗୋଟିଏ ଭୁଲରେ ଟୋକୀ ଅମଡ଼ା ମାଡ଼ି ଅବାଟରେ ଗଲା, କେତେ କଷ୍ଟ ପାଉଥିବ ସେ । ପିଲା ବୟସରେ କାହାର ଭୁଲ ନ ହୁଏ । ଆଉ ସବୁ ବଦମାସର ମୂଳ ସେ ପରଜା କଷ୍ଟକ ସାବୁକାର । ଯେ ଜପତପ ମନ୍ତ୍ରତନ୍ତ୍ର କରି ପଇସା ଲୋଭ ଦେ ଖାଇ ବୁଝି ନ ହୋଇଥିବା ଝିଅକୁ ଘରୁ ଚାଣିନେଲା । ଏପରି ଠକ ଗଞ୍ଜଡ଼ ଦ ରବୁଢ଼ା ଲୋକର ରଖୁଣୀ ହୋଇ ରହିବାଠୁଁ ଆଉ ଯାହା କିଛି ଭଲ । ତାଠଉ ଝୋଲା ନେବାମାନେ ଚିରଦିନକୁ ଜିଲିକୁ ଚାଠି ବାନ୍ଧିଦେବା । ସେ ବାପ, ସବୁ ସେ କ୍ଷମା କରିଛି ଝିଅକୁ, ତା ମନ କହୁଛି ଝିଲି ଦୁଃଖରେ ଅଛି । ହାତରେ ନିଆଁ ଲାଗେ ତାର । ସେ ଝୋଲା ନେବ ନାହିଁ । ଜିଲି ଲେଉଟି ଆସିବା ବାଟ ସେ ଝୋଲା ରଖିବ । ଉଦାସ ଭାବରେ ବୁଢ଼ା କହିଲା ତୁମେ ସବୁ ଏତେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ କାହିଁକି ହେଉଛ । ମୋର କେତେ ଦିନ ବା ଆଉ, ମୁଁ ମରିଗଲେ ଭଉଣୀକି ବିକି ଝୋଲା ପାତି ଆଣି ଖାଅ । ”

ସାବୁକାରକୁ ନୋଟିସ ଆସିଲା । ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଆଖି ମିଟିକା ମାରେ, ସମୟ ଘା ଶୁଖେଇଦିଏ । ରୋଗ ବି ଦେହ ସୁଆ ହୋଇଯାଏ । ପୁଣି ସବୁ କଥାରେ ଜବାବ୍ ତିଆରି କରିନେଇ ମଣିଷ ମନକୁ ଖଟାଏ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଖୋଜିବା ପାଇଁ, ମକଦ୍ଦମାର ତାରିଖ ଆସିଲା । ହାକିମ ବୁଝାଇ ଦେଲେ ଆସନ୍ତା ମାସ ଛ ତାରିଖ, ତିନି ମଙ୍ଗଳବାର ଛାଡ଼ି ପର ମଙ୍ଗଳବାର । କଚେରୀ ପିଣ୍ଡା ସେପାଖେ ସାବୁକାର ତା ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ପାଟି କରି ତାକି ତାକି କହିଲା ଆଜିକି ମିଶେଇ ପାଅଟା ମଙ୍ଗଳବାର ଗଲେ ଛଅଟା ମଙ୍ଗଳବାର ଦିନ ଆସିବ । କଚେରୀ କିରାଣୀ ଶୁକୁକୁ ବୁଝାଇ ଦେଲେ ଆଜିକୁ ମିଶାଇ ଷଷ୍ଠ ମଙ୍ଗଳବାର ଦିନ ତାରିଖ, ପରଜା ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ସେଇ କଥା ରହିଗଲା ମନେ । ଆପଣା ପକ୍ଷର ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଏକଜୁଟ କରି ଶୁକୁ ପହଞ୍ଚେ କଚେରୀରେ ଷଷ୍ଠ ମଙ୍ଗଳବାର ଦିନ । କଚେରୀ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ପାଖେ ସମୟ ନାହିଁ ଚାହିଁବା ପାଇଁ । ଜଣ ଜଣ କରି ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଖେ ନେଦୁରା ହେଲା ଦାବାର ଫଇସଲା ଜାଣିବା ପାଇଁ । ବାବୁ ଖାତା ଦେଖି କହିଲେ, ଫେରୁଅ ତାରିଖ ଦିନ ତାରିଖ ଥିଲା ଆସିଲୁ ନାହିଁ, ଦାବା ମରିଗଲା । କଥା ପଦିକରେ ଯେମିତି ଗୋତତଳୁ ଶୁକୁର ଭୁଲ୍ ଭୁଣ୍ଡୁଡ଼ି ପଡ଼ିଲା । ଆକାଶରେ ନଇଁ ଆସିଲା ଘୋର ଅ କ୍ଷାରି ରାତିର ହୁଡ଼ାଶା, ପବନରେ ବିପୁଳ ହାହାକାର ଟପ୍ ଟପ୍ ମେଘର ଅ



ସରଳ ଲୁହର ସମୁଦ୍ର। ସବୁ ତାର ସରିଛି। ପାହାଡ଼ର ଦିବିନିଆ ଦି କୁଳଖିଆ
 ଝରଣାର ସୁଅ ନିମିଷକେ ଯେପରି ଚାଲିଯାଇ ରଖିଯାଏ ଖାଲି ପାଣି ଚବ
 ଚବ ଝୋଲାଇ ଗୋହିରି। ସେଇ କାନ୍ଦଣାର ପାଣି ଚୋଫାନରେ ମିଞ୍ଜି ମିଞ୍ଜି
 କାନ୍ଦୁରା ଲୁହତଳେ ସବୁସତେକି ବିଜୁଳି ବେଗରେ ଓଲଟି ପାଲଟି ଯାଉଛି।
 ପାହାଡ଼ ମୂଳର ଗଛ ଚାଡ଼ି ହୋଇ ଗୋଟା ଗୋଟା ଚଢ଼ି ହୋଇ ଯାଉଛି। ଘୋଟି
 ଆସୁଛି କେଉଁ ପ୍ରଳୟର ସୁଅ ଆଉ ଅସ୍ତ୍ରାନ ଦିଗକୁ ଉଦିଆନ ଦିଗକୁ ବିଛଏଇ
 ହୋଇଯାଉଛି କଳା ମିର୍ ମିର୍ ତେତାବୁତା ଅନ୍ଧାର। ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି ଘୁଙ୍ଗା ହୋଇ
 ଠିଆ ହୋଇଥିଲା, ଗୋପା ଗୋପା ଲୁହ ବୋହି ଆସୁଥିଲା ଆଖି ଉଛୁଲେଇ।
 ଭଙ୍ଗା ମଣିଷ, ମୁହଁରେ ତେଲ ହଳଦୀ, ଭିତରେ ମାଟି। ମାଟି ମଣିଷର ନୁହଁ,
 ମଣିଷ ମାଟିର, ମଣିଷର ମୁଠାଭିତରେ ଥାଇ ମାଟି ହସୁଥାଏ। ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଥା
 ଏ ମଣିଷ କେବେ ଝଡ଼ିବ। ମାଟିର ବଳ ବଢ଼ିବ, ଖତ ମଗଳ ଦୋରସା,
 ପୁଣି ସେଥିରେ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଯ୍ୟାପ୍ତ ଘାସ ବଢ଼ିବ। ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ବଢ଼ିବ, ଧାନ ବଢ଼ିବ, ପୁଣି
 ଝଡ଼ି ପଡ଼ିବ ପତି ପତି ମିଶୁଥିବ ମାଟିରେ ଯୁଗ ଯୁଗ ଧରି। ବୁଢ଼ା ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି
 ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଭିତରେ ଚଢ଼ିଥିଲା ଦର୍ଶନ। ଦଦରା ଦେହରେ ଚଢ଼ି ଲାଗିଥିବା ମାଟି,
 କୋହ ଉଠିଲା, ମୁହଁର ରୁଢ଼ ଭିତରେ ଲୁହ ପଶୁଥିଲା। ତୁହାଇ ତୁହାଇ ବିଳାପ
 କରୁଥିଲା - ଦରମ୍ ଦରମ୍ ଦରମ୍। ସଂସାରରେ ସତ୍ ନାହିଁ, ନ୍ୟାୟ ନାହିଁ,
 ଗରିବର କେହି ନାହିଁ।

ମାଣ୍ଡିଆଜାନି ବାପାକୁ ବୁଝାଥିଲା ଫକୀରା ତୁ, ମୁଁ ଆଉ ଚିକ୍କା କାଲି ସକାଳୁ
 ଚିକିଏ ଯିବା ସାଧୁକାର ପାଖକୁ। କହି ତେଖିବା ପଦେ ଗୁହାରି କରିବା,
 ଦୁଃଖ ଜଣେଇବା। ମକଦ୍ଦମା କରିଥିଲୁ ବୋଲି ଯାହା ସେ ଶାନ୍ତି ଭିଆଇବ ବାହା
 ସହିବା, ତାର କୋପ ଶାନ୍ତ ହେଉ। ଆମ ଜମି ଆମକୁ ସେ ଫେରେଇ ଦେଉ।

“ପରଦିନ ସକାଳର ବାପା ପୁଅ ତିନିହେଁ ଚାଲନ୍ତି କଦମ ଝୋଲା ଗାଁ।
 ସାଧୁକାର ସେଠି ରହୁଛି। ସାଧୁକାର ଘର ଓଳି ତଳେ ତିନିହେଁ ଠିଆ ହେଲେ।
 କବାଟ ଫିଟିଲା, ସାଧୁକାର ପଦାକୁ ଆସିଲା। ତିନିକି ତିନିହେଁ ସାଧୁକାର
 ଗୋଡ଼ତଳେ ମୁହଁମାଡ଼ି ପଡ଼ିଗଲେ। ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ କହିଲା ମରିଗଲୁ ସରିଗଲୁ
 ସାଧୁକାର। ଯାହା ହବାର ହୋଇଗଲା, ତୋର ଟଙ୍କା ନେ ଆମର ଜମି ଆମକୁ
 ଛାଡ଼ିଦେ। ଚିକ୍କା ଅଳି କଲାଢୁ ଆମର ଦୁଃଖ ଦେଖ୍ ସାଧୁକାର ଆମର ଭୂମି
 ଆମକୁ ଛାଡ଼ିଦେ। ବୁଢ଼ା ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି କାନ୍ଦି କାନ୍ଦି ଗୁହାର କଲା “ତୁ ସାଧୁକାର,
 କେତେ ଟଙ୍କା ତୋଠି କେତେ ଭୂମି ତୋର, ଆମ ନଥିଲା ନିଦରବା ଲୋକ।
 ସେତିକି ଆମର ଭାତ ଥାଳି, ବାପ ଗୋସେଇଁ ବାପଙ୍କ କମେଇଁ, ତଳେଧରତନୀ
 ଅଛି, ଉପରେ ଧରମ। ଆମ ଜମି ଆକୁ ଛାଡ଼ିଦେ ତୋ ଧରମରେ ଆମେ
 ଜିଉଁ। ଶୁଣୁ ସାଧୁକାର ଦାନବ ଯୌବନ ମଣିଷର ଦୁର୍ବଳତାକୁ ସ୍ୱୀକାର କରେ
 ନାହିଁ, ପର ଦୁଃଖରେ ହାହା ରୁରୁ କରି ରହିଗଲେ ରହିଯିବ ସେ ସବୁଦିନ
 ପାଇଁ ବୁଢ଼ା ହୋଇ, ଅପାରଗ ହୋଇ। ସାଧୁକାର ନିଆଁବାଣ ହୋଇଗଲା।
 ତିନି ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ତିନିଟା ଗୋଇଠା କୋରି ଗର୍ଜି ଉଠିଲା - ଉଠ୍। ଭାକ୍ ଭାକ୍
 ପଲା, ଭୂମି ଛାଡ଼ିଦେବି। ଦାବା ପକାଇଥିଲ ପରା ମୋ ଉପରେ ଯାଇଛ ନା
 ପକ୍ଷେଇ ପିଟା କରିବ।” ପରେ ପରେ ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଇଠା ବୁଢ଼ା ମୁଣ୍ଡ
 ଉପରେ। ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି ଲୋଟିପଡ଼ିଲା ଭୁଇଁ ଉପରେ। ଠିକ୍ ସେତିକିବେଳେ ଚରବର
 ହୋଇ ଘରୁ ବାହାରି ଆସିଲା ଜିଲି, ବାପା ପୁଅଙ୍କ ମୁହଁରୁ ଏକ ସାଙ୍ଗେ
 ବାହାରି ଆସିଲା ଜିଲି - ଯେତେହେଲେ ଆପଣା ରକ୍ତର ଧାରଟିଏ। ସାଧୁକାର

ବିଦୁପ କଣ୍ଠରେ କହିଲା ଫୁହଁ ଜିଲି ତା ପରେ ଆଉ ଗୋଟାଏ ଅଛି, ବିଲି ତାକୁ
 ବି ଆଣିବ, ଜମି ନେଲି, ଗୋଟିଏ ଭଉଣୀକୁ ନେଲି, ଆହୁରି ଗୋଟାକୁ ନେବି।
 ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ନେବି, ଗୋଟି ଖଟେଇ ଖଟେଇ ଜୀବନଯାକ ନାକକୁ ତଳେ ଘୋଷାରୁ
 ଥିବି। ତେବେ ଯାଇଁ ମୋ ନାଁ ରାମଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ସାଧୁକାର। ହୁଏଲ୍ ଲାଜ ମାତୁନାହିଁ
 ଆସିଲେ ମାଇକିନିଆଙ୍କ ପରି କାନ୍ଦିବାକୁ ମୋ ପାଖରେ। ଯା ! ଯା ! ଯା !

ପରଜାଙ୍କ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଭିତରେ କେଉଁଠି କଣ ରଟ୍ ରଟ୍ ହୋଇ ଛିଣ୍ଡି
 ଯାଉଥିଲା। ଆଖି ଆଗେ ସବୁ ଅନ୍ଧାର କୁହୁଡ଼ିଆ, ଜୀବନର ସବୁ ସହିବା ଶକ୍ତି
 ଲୋପ ପାଇଲା ସେଠି, ନିଜ ଭିତରେ ଶୋଇ ରହିଥିବା ଆତ୍ମସମ୍ମାନବୋଧ ଚି
 ହଟାତ୍ ଚେଇଁ ଉଠିଲା। ଭାଙ୍ଗି ପଡ଼ିଥିବା ପରିବାରଟିର ଶେଷ ଆଶା ଲାଞ୍ଜନା ଓ
 ଅପମାନରେ ତୁରମାର ହୋଇଗଲା। ଦେହର ରକ୍ତ ଉତ୍ତୁରୁ ହୋଇ ଫୁଟିଲା।
 ଭାତ ହାଣ୍ଡିର ଚାଉଳ ଫୁଟିବାପରି। ଦେହର ରାଗ ଚହଟି ଗଲା ପାଦରୁ
 ମୁଣ୍ଡଯାକେ। ତତଲା ନିଶ୍ୱାସ, ଫୁଲିଲା ନାକ ଓ ଜଳିଲା ଚାହାଣୀ। ସତେକି
 ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ଜାଳି ପୋଡ଼ି ଏକାକାର କରିଦେବ ଏ ପୃଥିବୀକୁ। ରାଗିଲେ
 ପରଜା ହୁଏ ବଣର ଯଜୁ। ବଣର ଯଜୁ ପରି ଗର୍ଜନ କଲା ବୁଢ଼ା ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି,
 ସେ ଗର୍ଜନର ପ୍ରତିଧ୍ୱନି ତୁହାକୁ ତୁହା ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ମିଳିଲା ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ ଜାନି ଚିକ୍କା
 ଜାନିଙ୍କ ପାଟିରେ। ସାମ୍ନାର ସାଧୁକାର ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତର ପାଇଁ ଦିଶିଲା ବାଟ ଓଗାଳି
 ରହିଥିବା ଶାଳଗଛଟିଏ ପରି, କାନ୍ଧରେ ଟାଙ୍ଗିଆ ଅଛିର ହେଲା। ବାପ ପୁଅ
 ତିନିହେଁ ମିଶିଗଲେ। ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ ଭାବେ ଟାଙ୍ଗିଆ ଚୋଟ ପରେ ଚୋଟ ପଡ଼ିଲା
 ସେ ଗଛର ଗଣ୍ଡିରେ। ଆଉ ନିମିଷକରେ ଭୁଲୁଣିତ ହେଲା ପ୍ରତିବନ୍ଧକ।
 ହଣାହେଲା ଗଛପରି ଦୁଲ୍ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମି ସାଧୁକାର ତଳେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲା। ଶୁକ୍ରଜାନି ଚିକ୍କାର
 କଲା, ଫେଧର୍ମ କରି ଭୂମି ନେଲୁ ସିନା ସାଧୁକାର, ଭୋଗ କରିପାରିବୁ
 ନାହିଁ, ଭୋଗ କରିପାରିବୁ ନାହିଁ।” ତଟ୍ଟା ନାଲି ରକ୍ତରେ ପିଟକାରୀ
 ଛିଟିକି ପଡ଼ିଲା ଅରାଏ ଜାଗାରେ। ସେ ରକ୍ତ ଛିଟିକା ପଡ଼ିଲା ପରଜାଙ୍କ
 ମୁହଁରେ, ଆଖିରେ। ହୋସ ଆସିଲା ସାମ୍ନାରେ ପଡ଼ିରହିଛି ସଦ୍ୟମୃତ ମଣିଷର
 ଶରୀରଟା। ସାଧୁକାର ରୂପକ ପରଜାର ସବୁଦିନର କଷ୍ଟ ଓହରି ଗଲା। ଅ
 ରମା ହରିଛି, ବିପଦ କଟିଛି ଝିଅ ବୋହୁଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ। କୁହୁଡ଼ି ଭିତରେ ନାଲିଆ
 ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ପାହାଡ଼ ଉପରେ ଦିଶୁଛି। ଚାରିଆଡ଼େ ନାଲି, ସତେକି ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଉପରେ
 ଲଦି ହୋଇଥିବା ବିରାଟ ବୋଝଟାକୁ ପିଙ୍ଗିଦେଇ ଏବେ ଲାଗୁଛି ଉଶ୍ୱାସ। ଏଇ
 ସଫଳତା ପାଇଁ ମନରେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱାସ, ହେଉପକ୍ଷେ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତକ ପାଇଁ। ଚରମ
 ପରିଣତି ପାଇଁ ଚିନ୍ତା ନାହିଁ, ଅବଶୋଷ ନାହିଁ, ସବୁଦିନ ଭାଗ୍ୟବାଦୀ ସିଏ।
 ଅନିଷ୍ଟତ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ, ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଚିନ୍ତା ନାହିଁ। ଆଜି ସେ ମୁକ୍ତ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ। ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ
 ତାର ସାକାର ହୋଇଛି।





Dances and Orissa

By MADHUMITA MISRAKAR

Dance is an art form that generally refers to movement of the body, usually rhythmic and to music, used as a form of expression, social interaction or presented in a spiritual or performance setting.

All form of dances can be categorized to the followings

Folk dances have originated as a creation of different socio-economic set up and tradition.

The dancers perform to express joy or to offer religious reverence. Sometime they are dances of war or peace. Folk dances can be divided into two major categories Folk (traditional or ethnic) and Tribal. Among people the folk dances are more popular than

classical form of dances as they are easier to understand and perform. Folk dances performed with extremely simple and minimum steps or movements, but with full of energy and vitality. On most occasions the dancers sing themselves accompanied by artists with instruments. Each form of folk dances has specific costume and rhythm. Some of famous folk dances are Hip Hop, Ballroom dance, Salsa, Garba, Bhangra , In Orissa there are different folk dances and tribal dances according to different region. Some of them are Dalkhai (Sambalpuri), Chhau , Pala, Daskathia, Chaiti ghoda, Danda , Paraja , Rasarkeli, Kelakaeluni etc

Classical dance forms have definite rules that have been followed traditionally over years. Classical dance is a physical as well as virtual form of art where dancer communicates with the medium of her body. In France, Italy and Russia classical Ballet started as theatrical dance. In India it is mostly spiritual in nature. Natya Sastra which is regarded as Fifth Veda is considered to be Source of all Indian Classical Dances. There are 8 Indian classical dances including Odissi . All Indian classical dances use same Hastamudras to express their emotions and



Dancers are in Paraja folk dance

gyrate around Navarasas or emotions. All classical dances originated from Natyasastra (Only Kathak has some outside influence) and have various names by which the dances were known by, due to the manner they are performed in .

All classical dances have their own style of Body expressions own strong dress pattern and with the accompaniment of own classical music.

Some of classical dances are classical Ballet , Bharat natyam , Kathak

Like other forms of Indian classical dance, the Odissi style , the classical dance from Odissa traces its origins back to antiquity. The Natya Shastra speaks of the dance from this region and refers to it

as Odra-Magadhi. The musical accompaniment of Odissi dance is essentially the same as the music of Odissa itself. Some feel that Odissi Music should be considered as a separate classical system.

Modern Dance is believed to be started in the beginning of nineteenth century.

Some American Classical Ballet dancers started to rebel against the rigid constraints of Classical Ballet. Shedding the authoritarian controls surrounding classical ballet technique, costume, and shoes, these early modern dance pioneers focused on creative self-expression rather than on technical virtuosity. Modern dance is a more relaxed, free style of dance in which choreographers' uses emotions and moods to design their ownsteps, in contrast to ballet's structured code of steps. It has a deliberate use of gravity, whereas ballet strives to be light and airy.

In India Sri Udaysankar has started the similar form of



Modern dances or contemporary dance and established a school to teach modern form of Indian Dances. He is called father of Indian Modern dance Some of Modern dances are Modern Jazz, Rap, Modern Tap , Indian Ballet

Now a days In Orissa more people are adopting Modern Dances. It is getting more popular since it is usually performed in bare feet, often with non-traditional costuming.

What about Bollywood and Ollywood dances ????

Some says Bollywood dance is modern folk dance... since they are now widely performed in social gatherings.

Dances and Odisha



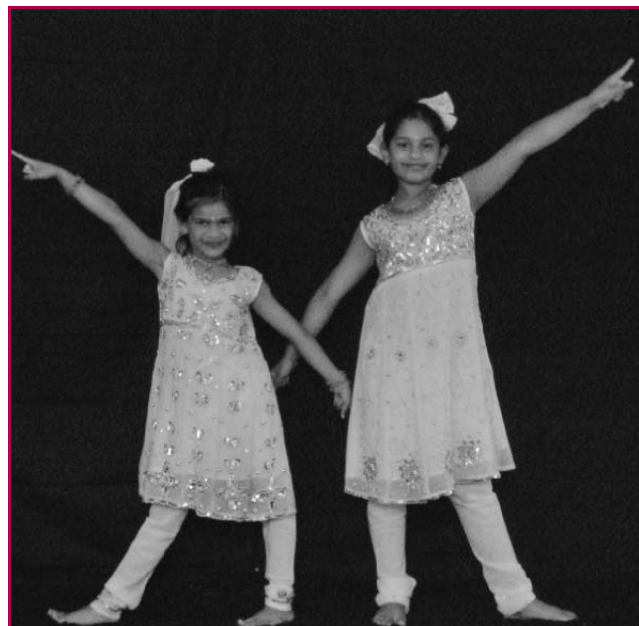
Dancers are in classical Ballet



Dancers are in classical Odissi



Dancers are in Modern jazz



Dancers are in Bollywood dance





Reminiscing The Early History Of The Orissa Society In New England

DR. DEBENDRA KUMAR DAS

OBJECTIVE: My objective in writing this article is to record the history of the Oriya people who were in New England in the early years. I spent eleven years (1972-83) at the beginning of my career in New England. My experience is recorded with the hope that this will provide information to our younger generation of Oriyas about the beginning of the Oriya association in the North America. Every culture in a foreign environment requires knowledge about their past history to survive and thrive by passing on the traditional values to the new generation. This article, while providing amusement to the older generation, will be a source of valuable information about our heritage to the new generations of Oriyas. I hope our children and grandchildren will find material from this that would serve as a sense of our roots and may provide them some pride.

THE GENESIS: The formation of a society of Oriyas in North America first occurred in New England. In December 1969 in Boston, Dr. Jogeswar Rath, a pediatric resident at Boston Children Hospital proposed to Dr. Gauri Charan Das, a post-doctoral research scholar at MIT and Dr. Prasanta Pattanayak, a visiting professor at Harvard University, to form an association of Oriyas in New England. Initially it was given the name "New England Utkal Samaj." Following that initial step to form an association, a decision was made to prepare a directory of all Oriyas in the USA and Canada, after discussion in the residence of Dr. Duryodhan Mangaraj in Amherst, MA, during the Labor Day weekend in 1970. During the same weekend, this pioneer group visited the home of Dr. Bhabagrahi Misra, in Hartford, CT and discussed about forming a broader Oriya society that will encompass, not just the New England, but the whole of USA and Canada. With the help of a handful of Oriyas, Dr. Nagabhusan Senapati and Dr. Manmohan Subudhi, who were graduate students then at MIT, were entrusted to gather the addresses of Oriyas in North America for developing a future directory. Using those addresses, invitations were sent to Oriyas of North America announcing a get-together at the Hartford Seminary Foundation in CT on October 17, 1970. Dr. Bhabagrahi Misra was

a faculty member at this institution and made the arrangement for the venue. About 55 Oriyas from different parts of North America attended that memorable gathering and approved unanimously to form an association of Oriyas called the Orissa Society of Americas (OSA). Simultaneous to this effort by the New England group, other Oriya groups had also evolved around the same period in places where a sizeable Oriya population existed. At that time, there were many Oriyas in New York and New Jersey areas and also in eastern Canada. It was natural that they had formed their own associations in 1970, e.g., Orissa Society of America, New York (OSANY) and Utkal Samaj in Canada. However, with the formation of the OSA, the OSANY and the Utkal Samaj became chapters of the OSA in 1971 and other chapters in Chicago, Atlanta and Mid-west were formed. In November 1971, the US Government approved the OSA as a nonprofit, tax exempt social organization.

MY EXPERIENCE IN THE 1970'S: In early September 1972, I arrived in Providence, Rhode Island to begin my master's degree at Brown University. I came through the New York JFK airport, where I was received by my cousin, Dr. Birendra K. Patnaik and his family, Mrs. Navanita Patnaik and Nick (Shanak Patnaik, the past President of the OSA in 2001-02), who was about four years old then. Birendra Babu had come to Brandeis University in MA during his first visit to the USA in 1962, as I recall. In those days there were very few Oriyas in North America. I believe he must have felt the isolation then, because I intensely experienced it upon my arrival in Providence. As a brotherly advice, to help me through the initial period of adjustment, he and his wife advised me to contact Mr. Chandrasekhar Mohanty in Providence and Dr. Gauri Charan Das in Boston for companionship. Being in Providence, I contacted Mr. Mohanty within a few weeks after settling down to my new life. He was very caring and came promptly to meet me at my apartment near Brown University. I remember it was a great joy to meet Chandrasekhar Babu that day, because for the first time in my life I had not spoken Oriya for several weeks. He had come to RI in the fall of



1969 and had completed his MS in chemical engineering from the University of Rhode Island. When we met, he had been working for a company named Providence Metallizing in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. By dint of his hard work, he rapidly rose to the position of the head of their engineering department. The president of the company was highly impressed with Mr. Mohanty's work ethics. Because of that confidence, he offered jobs to many immigrants, whom Mr. Mohanty recommended to be hired. I distinctly remember examples of numerous Indians, including many Oriyas, getting their first job in the USA as employees of Providence Metallizing. While serving as an instructor at the University of Rhode Island, I heard the same story from part-time engineering students from the Vietnamese and Hmong community people, who had their first break at Providence Metallizing due to the helpful attitude of Mr. Mohanty.

I met Dr. Dhiraj Pradhan when he came to visit me with Mr. Mohanty at Brown on a nice spring weekend in 1973. Dr. Pradhan had completed his MS at Brown University in 1970 and had moved on to the University of IOWA for his Ph. D. in computer science. After the completion of his Ph.D., Dhiraj Babu joined IBM and lived in Hyde Park in upstate New York, famous for the estate of former US President F. D. Roosevelt family. In the summer of 1974, I visited him in Hyde Park when he was preparing to relocate to Canada to accept a faculty position. It was very generous of him, when he gave me one of his nice shirts and jackets while packing his stuff. He told me "Deba: you are a struggling graduate student, and I know how it is, because I was in your shoes not too long ago." I used that jacket for several years. In the 1980's Dhiraj Babu returned to New England and served as a professor in computer science at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst for several years.

In the fall of 1972, Mr. Mohanty and I were the only two Oriyas living in Rhode Island. He had bought a brand new Saab car and on many weekends we used to visit Boston, where he introduced me to all the Oriyas there. There were six Oriyas in Boston then; Dr. Gauri C. Das, Mr. and Mrs. Nagabhusan Senapati, Mr. Manmohan Subudhi, Mr. Prasanna K. Samantaray and Mr. Bidyut K. Rath. Gauri Babu, Nagabhusan Babu and Manmohan Babu were affiliated with MIT, Prasanna Babu was a Ph.D. student at North Eastern University and Bidyut Babu was working in industry after completing his MS from Worcester Polytechnic Institute. Except Nagabhusan Babu, the rest of us were all bachelors then and our

lives were very flexible and carefree. We had many casual gatherings and dinners at the apartments of these Boston friends over the weekends with sleep-overs on the couch in the living room. I remember Bidyut Babu talking about his dream to go to Utah on vacation to ski on famous slopes, while Prasanna Babu would express his dream to get an excellent job in a famous company like Philips. With Nagabhusan Babu our discussions centered on his courses and research at MIT.

The landlords of Prasanna Samantaray were an elderly American couple, whom he addressed as Mom and Dad, and they loved him very much. Prasanna Babu was known as "Sam" (following his last name) then and we spent many weekends in his apartment which was upstairs, the downstairs being occupied by the owners. For a while, it became a routine affair that Mohanty Babu and I would come from Providence Saturday morning and spend the night at Prasanna Babu's apartment indulging in home cooked foods, with his Tamil roommate, Jay Raman, who was a post-doctoral fellow, having graduated from Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia. He prepared good south Indian dishes but extremely hot. The heavy dinner would be followed by very lively discussions, covering any topic under the sun. This used to go on quite late into the night. Then on late Sunday afternoon we would return to Providence. We had truly a very carefree life then.

In February of 1973 Mr. Nityananda Mishra and his wife Mrs. Niharbala Mishra moved to the Boston area from Vermont. Nityananda Babu had come to the University of Vermont in January of 1970 and Mrs. Mishra in August of 1971. Upon completion of his MS from the University of Vermont, Nityananda Babu came to join Abcor Corporation in Cambridge and then settled in Brighton. Therefore, our Oriya population then increased to eight in Boston. Nityananda Babu and Chandrasekhar Babu were old friends from Ravenshaw Collegiate High School in Cuttack and thus our friend circle broadened.

In the summer of 1973, as I recall, Chandrasekhar Babu, Prasanna Babu and his classmate from REC Warangal, Bhagban Bhatia and I took off one weekend on a moment's decision to visit Mr. Rabindra Nath Ray, a friend of Chandrasekhar Babu, who was living in New York at that time. It was a very pleasant journey. Having spent a long weekend there, we returned. I still cherish a photograph of all of us in front of a tenement building in New York.





MY FIRST OSA CONVENTION: In July of 1973, I attended the 4th OSA convention in Riverdale, New Jersey, which was convened by late Dr. Amiya K. Patnaik. This was my first OSA convention, which gave me a very memorable experience. I had expressed my experience about this convention in an article in the OSA journal of 34th Convention in 2003. This convention was held in the basement of a church. As I recall, the convention was attended by about thirty Oriya families - probably there were less than about 100 people present in that gathering. It had a potluck type of dinner with each family bringing in a dish or two. There was a brief dance performance as the entertainment program of the evening by the youngsters, and the convention concluded in about five hours.

In August of 1973, Mrs. Rita Mohanty, the wife of Chandrasekhar Mohanty arrived in Rhode Island, increasing the number of Oriyas to three in our state. Her arrival led to their relocation from their apartment in Pawtucket to the purchase of their first house in North Kingston, which was closer to the University of RI. Now, we had a bigger and better place to celebrate the Oriya gatherings.

In the meantime, Prasanna Samantaray found a good engineering job in Boston and bought himself a beautiful Italian model Fiat car. That prompted me to buy my first car from him, a Dodge Dart, for \$250 in the summer of June 1974. After driving that car for a year I sold it to a German graduate student at Brown University. In October of 1974, Dr. Bijoy Mohan Misra joined the Energy Laboratory at MIT and was joined by his wife Mrs. Subarna Misra, which enhanced the number of Oriyas in New England.

FAMILY LINKAGE WITH NEW ENGLAND: I met my future wife Katherine (nick name, Kate) Anne Cross in 1975 at the International House of Rhode Island while organizing the India Night. This House was a part of Brown University, where various ethnic nights were celebrated by students on different times of the year. Kate had some prior knowledge about the Indian culture from an exchange student from India who had come to study at her high school in Amherst, MA. Kate came to the India Night celebration out of pure curiosity and remained tied to our culture for ever. We began a deep friendship in that summer evening in 1975 that turned into love and united us for ever. Soon she began to come to many Oriya gatherings in RI and MA, and before long

she became friends to and was accepted as one of the Oriyas in our group. Both my mother-in-law and father-in-law have their deep roots in New England, so are my brother-in-law and sister-in-law. All have come to several Oriya gatherings and have enjoyed them immensely.

On July 1, 1978 our traditional Christian wedding took place in a church in Wallingford, CT, where Kate's parents were living, which was attended by a few Oriyas. Closely following that ceremony, on July 8, 1978 our second wedding with Hindu tradition was performed in the Hindu temple in Queens, New York. I remember the fee for a traditional Hindu marriage at the temple then was \$250, with which they provided everything necessary to perform the wedding. In both weddings, my father-in-law, Mr. Bertrand C. Cross was the father of the bride and my cousin, Dr. Birendra Patnaik, served as the father of the bridegroom. Following the Hindu wedding ceremony, a reception was hosted by Mrs. Navanita Patnaik and Dr. Birendra Patnaik at their house, which was attended by many Oriya families. I remember my in-laws were fascinated by the traditional Hindu marriage ceremony and appreciated the unique opportunity to participate in it.

GROWTH OF THE ORIYA COMMUNITY: From the mid 1970's onwards, every year marked the addition of new Oriyas to New England. Mr. Prafulla Padhi came from the University College of Engineering in Burla to MIT as a graduate student in electrical engineering. He was joined by his wife. Mr. Samantaray got married bringing Dr. Meenakshi Samantaray to Boston. During that period Ms. Kabita Lombard of Hingham, MA was also active in the Oriya group. Dr. Sitakanta Mahapatra, a graduate of REC Warrangal was there in MA with specialization in the area of business administration. His wife, who was a physician, also joined us boosting the number of Oriyas.

Towards the latter part of 1970's my cousin, Mr. Surendra (Mantu) Patnaik came to Rhode Island from New Jersey and joined Providence Metallizing. Mrs. Manju Patnaik, his wife, with their daughter Sonaleena joined him later in Pawtucket, RI. Mr. Indu Bhusan Das also came to RI to join Providence Metallizing. He and his family became residents of Pawtucket.

The biggest surge to the number of Oriyas in Rhode Island came from the Mohanty family. Mr. Chandrasekhar Mohanty sponsored his brothers and sister for the US immigration and soon we were joined by: Satya, Subash,

Akshaya, Himansu, Subhransu, Dr. Nibarana and Mrs. Shashikala Mohanty. Furthermore, Mrs. Rita Mohanty's younger sister, Ms. Ranjita Mohanty came to study in Rhode Island. Dr. Gauri C. Das also got married to Mrs. Chinmoyee Das, increasing the numbers of Oriyas in Boston. We began to have much larger gatherings now at some of the friends' apartments and houses. In Rhode Island, due to the efforts of Mrs. Rita Mohanty, many functions, such as the Ganesh and Saraswati Puja, Kumara Purnima etc. were celebrated in their house in North Kingston and later in East Greenwich. Families mostly came from Massachusetts and Rhode Island to the Oriya congregations in those days.

Our son, Sunit, was born in Rhode Island in September 1979. We had invited our Oriya friends from the adjoining states to a nice gathering for his 21st day (Ekoisia) celebration in our small graduate students' apartment on the campus of the University of Rhode Island. The three pioneer families of New England, Mr. and Mrs. Chandrasekhar Mohanty, Mr. and Mrs. Nityananda Mishra and Dr. and Mrs. Bijoy M. Misra were present in that gathering. My wife Kate and I have never forgotten and we always acknowledge the assistance of the Oriya families to us that day. The women all joined in to help Kate in the cooking; they never allowed her to do the dishes, because she was slowly recovering from the delivery. My cousin, Mr. Surendra (Mantu) Patnaik assisted in many things on that day. Thirty one years have passed by, but Kate and I still remember the helpful attitude of the Oriya friends then. In my mind that is the greatest value of our Oriya culture--to help our fellow beings. I firmly believe that Oriyas are very affectionate people and that special quality, which I have observed on many occasions, makes me inordinately proud that I am an Oriya. We must pass on that quality to our progenies.

For the auspicious 21st day, I had prepared an altar for the Ekoisia Puja and I read some verses from an Oriya book following the methodology that I had observed in Satyanarayana Puja by our family priest in Kendrapara in my childhood days. I very fondly remember that Dr. Bijoy Misra, who is much more knowledgeable than me on such Oriya traditions, immediately joined in with me in singing many of the verses making the Puja a grand success. At the end of the ceremony, I felt that although we did not have a priest of Orissa with us, we still had a

very successful Satyanarayana Puja in Kingston, Rhode Island. It goes to show that we can create the events of our culture, wherever we are, if there is a will.

From 1980 onwards, the Oriya population in New England started steadily rising with Massachusetts always leading the list. Dr. Laxmi Charan Padhy from the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research joined Harvard University to conduct research in molecular biology. He and his wife Mrs. Sudeepa Padhy were very warm and did not miss many Oriya gatherings. When they returned to Bombay after their stay in the USA, I was entrusted to sell their old Subaru car. My former acquaintance from REC Rourkela, Dr. Sarat Mohapatra and his family also came to MA. Recollecting all these arrivals, I decided to examine the old OSA journals and directories to determine the trend of how the migration of Oriyas to the New England states has progressed. I obtained the data that are summarized in Table 1 below. Checking most of the OSA directories, I noticed that from among all the New England states, Maine has no record of an Oriya family ever living there. In the early years, due to the help of Mr. Chandrasekhar Mohanty we had influx of Oriyas to RI, but that flow has stagnated in the last two decades.

TABLE 1. The growth of Oriya families in New England

YEAR	CT	MA	NH	RI	VT	TOTAL
1972	1	5	0	2	1	9
1984	5	17	1	7	2	32
1988	6	25	2	7	1	41
1999	13	59	7	7	2	88
2009	24	115	17	7	1	154

Source: OSA Journals and Directories from 1984 through 2009

In the early 1980's, we used to have the summer picnic of Oriyas at Burlingame State Park, in Rhode Island where many Oriya families joined to celebrate Memorial day or Labor Day. Later on, this event moved to a state park in the Hopkinton area of Massachusetts, which was organized by Mr. Nityananda Misra, his younger brother Mr. Satyabrata Misra and other volunteers of Massachusetts.

RECOGNITION BROUGHT BY EARLY ORIYAS: For any ethnic group, taking up the leadership roles in community organizations is very important. Success in this arena is not very common to Oriyas in comparison to their professional successes. However, I observed exception to this phenomenon in New England. When I was a doctoral student at the University of Rhode Island,



Mrs. Rita Mohanty was an undergraduate student in the chemical engineering department. I admired her ambition and drive when she became the President of the URI Indian Student Association during the year 1977-78. In that capacity she conducted the annual function at the URI Student Union attended by a large crowd, which was a matter of great pride for me as an Oriya.

Dr. Bijoy Mohan Misra of Harvard University had always attracted my attention for his continuous efforts in many ways to introduce Oriya language, art, music and dance in North America. I was very proud, when I learned that he was elected as the President of the India Association of Greater Boston. The city of Boston is the seat of education in the United States attracting the best and the brightest from India to come there. An Oriya, to be chosen a leader of a group of bright Indians, was a matter of intense pride for me. Dr. Rita Mohanty and Dr. Bijoy Misra will remain as role models to the Oriya youth in North America.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS OF OSNE: Our family moved from the smallest state in the union, Rhode Island, in early 1983 to Virginia and then finally relocated to Alaska, the largest state in the union. However, New England always remained close to our hearts and we kept our connection alive with RI and New England by visiting our relatives and friends from time to time. For me personally, Rhode Island will always be my home in the USA, because that is where I first started my life in this country. The Orissa Society of New England (OSNE) was born in November 1983, after our departure from RI. An excellent history of the growth of the OSNE has been described by Mr. Satyabrata Mishra in an article in the OSA journal of 2009.

My joy knew no bounds, last spring, when I received a letter signed by the three stalwarts of OSNE; Chandrasekhar Mohanty, Nityananda Misra and Bijoy Mohan Misra announcing the twenty-fifth anniversary of the OSNE to be held in the summer of 2009. Undoubtedly, these three families are the pioneers among Oriya families in New England. For my family, missing such a fabulous opportunity to be united with our old friends was beyond our imagination. Therefore, with great excitement, our whole family: Kate, Sunit, Michelle and my mother-in-law, Mrs. Theresa M. Cross, who had attended many of our Oriya gatherings in the past, all decided to attend the 25th anniversary. It was held in Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church in Worcester, MA

on August 1, 2009. I felt my father-in-law, who passed away in 1991 and who also knew many of our Oriya friends and relatives, attended this gathering through the medium of ether. It was a very pleasant moment to be reunited with our friends and their children, who were toddlers in our early days of the 1970's. But, they have all grown up now and have gone on to be good citizens of their homeland and excellent flag bearers of the Oriya culture. The young generation Oriyas were the masters of the ceremony. It was a very poignant moment for me when my old friends, Nityananda Babu, Mahesh Pati (my REC Rourkela friend) sang the song of our motherland "Bande Utkala Janani" with other couples. I felt very proud and I am sure our children who were present in this gathering, observed the deep roots of a cultured society with whom they can identify very proudly. In their inimitable way, my family: Kate, Sunit and Michelle have embraced the Oriya culture. I remember very fondly many weekend evenings were spent in our house in Fairbanks in the past, for their deep desire to learn written and spoken Oriya. My instructions from Barnabodha, other beginning Oriya books and scripts from the internet were probably not perfect, but the times spent together were memorable. Now, I am looking forward to teach the same thing to our granddaughter Supriya, when she is ready.

CONCLUSION: The first gathering of Oriyas in 1970 at the Hartford Seminary Foundation, where OSA was born had about 55 people attending it. My first OSA convention attendance took place in Riverdale, New Jersey in 1973, which had the presence of less than a 100 people. The 25th anniversary of the OSNE, which is just a chapter of the greater OSA, far exceeded my expectation. There were many more than 100 people in this function, with catered foods and numerous entertainment programs. Everything was conducted at a much grander scale in all respects compared to our older Oriya gatherings. We emphasize proudly that OSA holds the venerable status of being the oldest association in the USA formed by the people of any particular state of India. We will be celebrating the 41st annual convention of OSA in July 2010. It all goes to show that the future of OSA looks ever brighter. JAI HIND!

Dr. Debendra Kumar Das and his wife, Katherine Anne Cross-Das live in Fairbanks, Alaska, where Deben serves as a Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the University of Alaska



My Ratha Jatra Experience

ASHA DASH

I had been looking forward to this for days and it finally came. We walked all the way to Sri Mandira, Puri Jagannath Temple to get our seats to watch Ratha Jatra. Boy was it crowded! I was pushed and pulled in all different directions. I felt like socking the crowd in the stomach! Finally we got there. To get to the balcony where we sat, we had to go through a small slot door. When we got there it was blazing hot. So we just sat down and tried to cool off. The Ratha (floats) were humungous with different designs and colors. I could not believe it was all made out of wood! So I sat there waiting for them to go. Then I figured out that we were going to have to sit there for 14 hours!!!! I know telling you about all of the 14 hours will be boring. So I'll just tell the really cool parts. I added some pictures for you so you can understand what I am talking about. Well first you should have seen

the crowd. It was like a black and brown carpet. It was so crowded that 6 people got killed in Ratha Jatra and 15 were injured.

Secondly there was a Hanuman (the monkey god) strolling around the Ratha (floats).

Third I saw the people put the flags on the tippy top of the Ratha. Those things were about 100 feet high!

Fourth the king of Puri, Orissa was there and he swept on three Ratha. His carriage was made out of silver and velvet and his broom's handle was solid gold!

Fifth, now I'll tell you what Ratha Jatra is all about. There are two gods and one goddess, Balabhadra, Jagannath, and Subhadra. They were very sick. Once they got little better, they need to go to their aunt's house 1 mile away. So they get giant wooden cars pulled to their aunt's

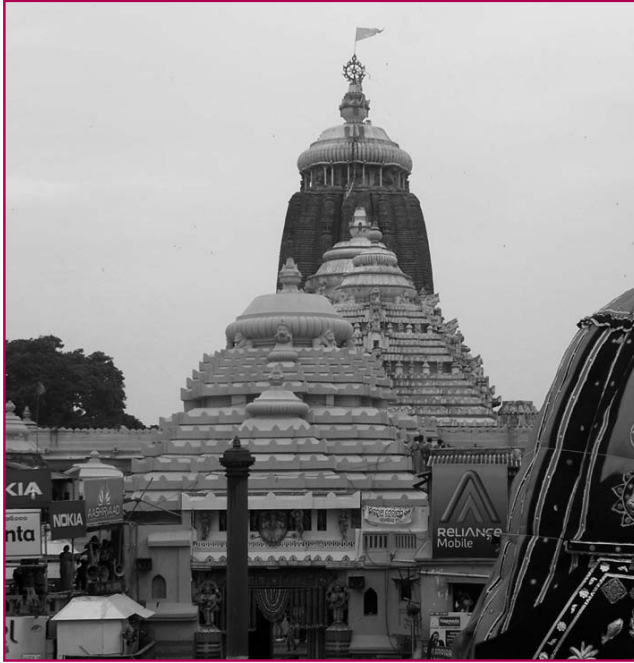




house by humans! The Rathas are about as big as those big red brick houses. The gods and goddess are made of wood. They were so heavy that they were dragged by around 20 people to get to their Rathas.

Then the brahmins (the hermits) do a pooja (a prayer) to get the Rathas ready for pulling. After all the ceremo-

nies are over, finally the Rathas are going to be pulled, first Balabhadra, then Subhadra, and then Jagannath. My dad tried to pull Subhadra's Ratha and he came back with his toes bloody. It was a great experience and Indians did not copy off of Mardi Gras because Ratha Jatra was invented in the 12th century.





A Heinen with Ben Mohanta

GOPAL MOHAPATRA

Prologue: While organizing the messiest study room in the world, I stumbled upon this documented conversation I had with Mr. Ben Mohanta in 1999, the super cyclone year. With minor edits, I reproduce the conversation for the reader's pleasure. As Ben Mohanta is most likely no longer in the U.S. and I have lost touch with him for a long time, I think I can publicize the conversation without him mind if he ever comes across this article.

Coastal Orissa: The cyclone passed with a fury. It took more than twenty thousand lives with it and reduced the houses to piles of mud. It flattened the trees and leveled many other things including richness and ego. My father, who was involved in the rescue and relief effort, said – nature is a great equalizer. Being a geologist, whose job is to look down into the earth, I understood what he meant.

Houston: We were contacted by OSA to raise funds for the cyclone relief and rehabilitation effort. We approached various organizations including Indo American Charity Foundation, India Development relief Fund, appealed to people in various ways and were able to raise 30-40k in a short time. A friend and senior alum, Jay, an Indian Christian, helped a lot in reaching out to his clients. One of his clients was Ben Mohanta, who is the central character of this article.

Kathabaunshuli: The journey started from a small village in Keonjhar district where Ben Mohanta was born. His father named him Benudhar Mohanta. He studied in D N High School (incidentally I went to the same school, though much later), BJB College, REC Durgapur and took a job in EIL (Engineers India Limited). Two years of work related frustration drove him to the U.S. for higher studies. He finished his MS in Chemical engineering from Virginia Polytech and took a job with Dow chemicals. After few years, he started his own consulting company. The consulting job fetched him good amount of money, took him places, broadened his perspective, and made him a human being - as he said. This new human being came to be known as Ben Mohanta.

Houston, 1999: I took the address of Ben Mohanta from Jay and reached his condo near Galleria area after

lunch. Jay had told me that he was from Orissa, which of course I had guessed from his surname. Mohanta is a familiar surname in Keonjhar. But I was a little surprised and disappointed that the gentleman did not make any effort to be a part of the odia community in Houston. Hence I was very curious to meet him, especially when he was from that part of Orissa, where I spent some of the best years of my life.

The Man: He opened the door a little late while I was standing outside with a lot of anticipation – how does this man look like. Ben not Benudhar. He would be a horizontally challenged man in shorts and sleeveless t-shirt. He would greet me in a odiamerican accent – hey, how iz it goin? please come in. Imagination was making models very fast. All came to a sudden stop when I saw a thin, half bald, short mustached man in a lungi and a banyan. As I extended my hand, he took it and said – namaskar, asantu. All models were wrong.

Icebreaking: A cold Heinen thawed the initial hesitation and made me at home with Ben Mohanta. There was a short mutual introduction. I struck a chord with him immediately because of D N high School and Keonjhar. We talked about cyclone and the fund raising effort. He pledged 5k. I was pleasantly surprised. Must be a millionaire, I thought. I had heard from Jay that Ben had established himself as a giver in the church which both of them attended on Sundays.

The conversation: The original draft reproduced with some edits to make it pertinent and less lengthy. GM is me and BM is the gentleman I met. The conversation was partly in English and partly in odia.

GM: So, how come you have already been in Houston for four years and you did not enquire about the odia community?

BM (smiles): Is that a must?

GM: Well, fellow odias in a distant place, trying to live a little bit of the same life we left behind, not to miss home, you know.

BM: I am a content man. I don't miss anything to be honest. What is gone, is gone. In my spare time I try to learn what I don't know, I visit places where I have not





been. That keeps me pretty occupied.

GM: Jay tells me that you give a lot. You must be a rich man, if I can say so (I laugh).

BM: How do you define rich?

GM: Well, someone who has a lot of money and property, I guess (I laugh again).

BM: Then I am not rich. But I think I am rich because I do give a reasonable amount compared to what I make, if you don't mind me saying that.

GM: No, I don't. But how do you do that? Most of us think hundred times before giving even a small amount, no matter what the cause is. Thousand questions are asked. Purposes are questioned, scrutinized and hammered with coffin-nails.

BM: Everyone gives. The miser is the biggest giver. He leaves everything for someone else. As for me, I read a story long time back and I remember the lines which shaped my thoughts on giving – Money goes, money comes. Money stays, death comes. But giving is easy, believe me. It actually makes you feel rich and powerful, if you want to feel that way.

GM: Have you then made giving a part of your life?

BM: Yes, very much so. I set aside a certain percentage of my income towards that purpose. That is my human development mutual fund investment, if you will.

GM: That's more like an American way of life, I believe.

BM: Yes, that is true. You see, philanthropy has played such a big role in the development and image of this country. But we do not see or analyze that aspect of America. We always talk about Americans' hard work, lack of family life, hegemony but not much about their spirit of giving and volunteering. But it is ok. Everything takes time. One day, giving will be a priority in our people's life too.

GM: Priority! What do you mean?

BM: Well, when you ask someone to donate and he says that he cannot, what does that mean? It is not that

he does not have what you are asking. It is because there are other things in his life where he would rather put that money. It could be a good restaurant or a mall, a trip, a bank or a property. When people say they don't have time, it means that they are busy with something else. Hence it is a matter of priority, not a matter of lack of time or money.

GM: I agree with you. But I still feel that there is an element of apprehension or should I say suspicion in some people's mind when it comes to giving.

BM: Vary natural. Try your best to address it. If you cannot convince, just move on. I do feel everyone should give, no matter how small, to the society, community or to the deprived ones. But you have to understand that in our culture, even though giving is valued, we have not been taught or encouraged to give; rather snatch as

much as you can for yourself. That is why we are more materialistic than Americans even though we come from a country of spirituality. We don't admit it. We always go back to Vedas and Puranas to talk about our ancestors' generosity but we have not learnt anything from it.

GM: Does not that make you feel sad or upset?

BM: It used to for a short while. But then when you make giving a part of your life, you cannot and should not be upset if others don't. You encourage them, address their concern if any, but don't bear an ill feeling if they don't give. It spoils the spirit of giving. It actually makes you a loser. And do you want to lose after giving?

GM: That is a profound question. Do I want to lose after giving? Very well said.

BM: Gopala babu, one piece of suggestion. I give but I don't do fund raising. That is a difficult thing. If you have involved yourself in this, please make sure you don't feel bad when someone does not give. If you do, you are probably pushing that person another inch away from giving. Not everyone will give and that is ok. As they say, some other time.

(We had some more discussions on this. I have omit-





ted them for brevity of the article. But I thought I would mention the last couple of conversations)

GM: I am a little curious. How did you become Ben from Benudhar? Was it like Markanda becoming Mark, Dhaneswar becoming Dan or Debiprasad becoming Dave?

BM (smiles): No, actually I became a Christian. Now it is my second religion. I am both Hindu and Christian, like a dual citizenship, you know. I do get my peace from both the Gita and the New Testament. Just like you live an American life with Indian values, I live a Christian life with Hindu values.

GM: Well, you got best of both the worlds in true sense. Thanks for your generosity and time.

BM: Thank you for coming and all the best in your efforts.

Epilogue: As he shook my hand and saw me off, I took a last glance at the diminutive figure of Ben Mohanta behind the doorstep which looked larger than life. His humility, simplicity and generosity cast a lasting impression in my mind. I went to ask for money but came back with money and some wisdom. I came to know from Jay that Ben actually was not a \$ millionaire but he dwarfed a lot of millionaires because of giving with a smile. He had a goal of touching at least a few million lives and apparently he had surpassed that goal very early on.

That was the first and last time I saw Ben. I tried to get in touch with him a few times without success before I gave up. Later I came to know that he went on a charity trip to Gabon and never came back to Houston again. All this time, I kept my meeting with him a secret respecting his desire to stay low. However, I always wished if he had come once to a Kumar Purnima function or a Raja festival celebration. He would have probably gone aghast to see our craze for food, especially goat meat, but surely he would have got a kick out of it and we would have benefited from meeting a person like Benudhar Mohanta a.k.a Ben Mohanta.

Gopal Mohapatra is a Patron of OSA and the President of OSA SW chapter. He is a Geoscientist and works in the field of oil & gas exploration and production. His hobbies include social work, dramas, movies, biking and nature. He lives with his wife Reva and two daughters Meha and Dhara in Houston, Texas.

ଓଡ଼ିଶା

ରଘୁନାଥ ଦାସ

୮୭୧୯ କପରବୁକ୍ ଡାଇଭ୍, ହୁଷ୍ଟନ୍, ଟେକ୍ସାସ୍ - ୭୭୦୯୫

ସୁଦୂରରୁ ଜନ୍ମ ନେଲି ତୋ କୋଳେ, ଜନନୀ!
 ଅଛିଲୋ ଏମନ୍ତ ରୂପର ଲୀଳା, ଇତିହାସ; ତୁ ପରା ବିଶ୍ୱବିଜୟିନୀ ।
 ଚକ୍ଷୁଶୋକ ହେଲେ ଧର୍ମାଶୋକ ତୋହରି କୋଳରେ,
 ପ୍ରଭୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ବିଜେକଲେ କମନୀୟ ତୋ ଶ୍ରୀକ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ।
 କୋଶାଳର ସୁର୍ଯ୍ୟମନ୍ଦିର, ଚିଲିକାର ଶୋଭା,
 ଦେଖିବାକୁ ବିଶ୍ୱବାସୀ ବଡ଼ ମନଲୋଭା ।
 ଖଣ୍ଡଗିରି, ଉଦୟଗିରି, ନନ୍ଦନକାନନ; ଆଉ ହାତୀଗୁମ୍ଫା,
 ପର୍ଯ୍ୟଟକର ତୁ ମା ଦିବ୍ୟଦର୍ଶନର ଆଶା ।
 ଏକବିଂଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀର ଘଡ଼ିସରି ବେଳେ,
 ତୋ ସନ୍ତାନସନ୍ତତି ଭରପୁର ବିଶ୍ୱଦରବାରେ ।

ତୁ କାହିଁକି ଆଜି ମାତା ଏତେ କ୍ଷୁବ୍ଧ; ସାଜି ପ୍ରଳୟିନୀ ?
 ତୋ ଦୀନଜନ ଆଜି ହତଭାଗ୍ୟ, ପଥଭ୍ରଷ୍ଟ, ବିପନ୍ନ,
 ଅସହାୟ; ହେ ମା ଚାରିଣୀ ।
 ବୁଝି ପାରୁନି ତୋ ମାୟା ଓ ମମତା; ଦୁର୍ବିସହ, ସନ୍ତାନ ତୋ ଆଜି ନିଶ୍ଚ,
 କାହିଁଗଲା ତୋ ପୂର୍ବ ଗୌରବ ଗାରିମା, ଆଜି ସବୁ ଇତିହାସ ।
 ଦୁଃଖ, ଦାରିଦ୍ର୍ୟତା, ବନ୍ୟା, ବାତ୍ୟା ଓ ମରୁତରେ ମର୍ମାହତ, ତୋ ସନ୍ତାନ ଆଜି
 ଏ ନୂଆ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀର ଶୁଭବେଳା, ସତେ କ'ଣ ଓଡ଼ିଆର ତୁ ଚାହୁଁ ପୁଣ୍ୟହୁତି ?

ସୁରନରବୀର ପ୍ରସବିନୀ! ବିନମ୍ର ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ଏ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ସନ୍ତାନର,
 ସାବ୍ୟସ୍ତ କର ମୋ ଜିଜ୍ଞାସା,
 ଓଡ଼ିଆ ନୁହେଁ ନିମ୍ଫ, ବାସ୍ତବରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଅନ୍ୟ ନାମ ନୁହେଁ ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶା ।
 ଦିଅ ମା'ଗୋ ସାହାସ ଶକତି, ଶୁଭଜ୍ଞାନ, ଦିବ୍ୟ ଅନୁଭୂତି,
 'ଜାତୀୟ ମମତା ବିଶ୍ୱଜନପ୍ରୀତି, ଓଡ଼ିଶାବାସୀର ହେଉ ମହାନୀତି' ।





Patachitra: the iconic folk art form of Odisha

CONTRIBUTED BY: DR. BIDISHA MOHANTY, CALIFORNIA

'Pata' is a Sanskrit derivation which literally means canvas; so Patachitra or pata-painting means a scroll painting on canvas. Patachitra is a distinct art form that originated in Odisha. The origin of the Patachitra paintings can be traced back to the 8th century AD and it is considered as one of the earliest forms of indigenous paintings. This iconic art form of folk significance is unique in the history of Indian as well as European paintings. The fantastic pictorial conceptions, the idiosyncratic conventions, the extra-ordinary system of line formations and vibrant use of colors make this art form stand by itself. It is assumed that the uniqueness of this school of painting was derived from some primitive forms of aboriginal art from Odisha.

The origin and development of Patachitra paintings are inextricably linked with the Jagannath Cult. Each year, the painted wooden images of Jagannath, Balabhadra, and Shubhadra in the Jagannath temple of Puri are ritually given the holy bath. This cleansing leads to the discoloration of the images. Hence, they are removed from the 'garbha griha' (the Seat in the Temple) for repainting. During this period, the temple images are substituted for three paintings, depicting the holy trio. Originating as a ritual, the Patachitra has evolved as a distinct school of painting and is regarded today as one of the most cherished collectors' items.

The devotional art of Patachitras is exclusive to the community of painters known as the 'Chitrakars'. The chitrakars live and practice their hereditary art in Puri and in two villages on its outskirts - Raghurajpur and Dandasahi. Each of the Chitrakar family owns a family sketchbook handed down from generation to generation. Gods and Goddesses, the Lilas (feats) of Lord Krishna, legends and animals, are all depicted in the sketchbooks. These books are the chitrakars' most valuable possessions and are worshipped along with the family gods.

The process of preparing the canvas (Pata) is onerous, usually taking at least five days. It involves the preparation of a tamarind seed paste, which is mixed with water in an earthen pot and subjected to further treatment. This is known as the 'Niryas Kalpa'. The chitrakar then selects



two pieces of cloth of equal size and sticks them together with this paste. Clay powder is then added to the mixture and two or three coatings of this mixture are applied on to the prepared canvas on both the surfaces. When the canvas is dry, it is polished - a process that takes several hours. Once it is dry, the paintings ('chitrakarita') begin.

Patachitras are typically painted in a regular series of steps. First, a border is drawn around the pata. Then the outlines of the figures are drawn in white pigment. Next the background between the border and the figure or figures is painted in a solid color, and the parts of the figures are painted in solid colors, using different colors for different areas, all done in bold rather than fine brushwork. Then, increasingly fine decorations are added to the picture. The painting is finished with a protective coating. The average painting is completed in a week. But there are intricate ones that take as long as a month.

Organic or natural colors are used in the Patachitras. The leaves of plants, flower petals, fruits (like mango, for yellow),

ground rocks and even the urine of domesticated animals contribute to the production of a variety of shades and hues. The predominant gem like colors that are used are vermilion red derived from cinnabar, brick red from red ochre, yellow from orpiment, blue from indigo, green from green leaves, white from conch shell and black from lamp black. Once, the colors are extracted they are combined with gum resin and then used in painting. The brilliant play of these colors produces stunning effects on the cloth. The brushes used to apply the paint are prepared from plant fibers or animal hair. Along with cloth paintings, the Chitrakars also create delicately etched images on dried palm leaves, usually known as Talapatachitra.

Traditionally, the folk art paintings of Patachitra centers on the worship of Lord Jagannath, but in recent times,

other religious and secular themes are being used as well. The subject matter of Patachitras can be broadly divided into six categories: (1) pictures of Lord Jagannath; (2) episodes from the Hindu epics; (3) themes from folklore; (4) ritual themes related to the worship of various gods and goddesses; (5) animal and bird themes; and (6) erotic themes. However, the religious motifs remain the core of the pictorial content of the Patachitras. Despite the use of liberal themes and modern techniques at times, traditional styles and processes continue to flourish and dominate conventions.

Although several centuries old, Patachitra continues to be a living art form practiced even today. The folk art

tradition of Patachitra is not only living but is distinctly recognizable in terms of style, themes, content and execution. Beside the traditional fanfare that continues, Patachitras have also gained international repute as a treasured art form from an exotic land of life and colors. Patachitras are an essential souvenir item for tourists who come to Odisha. The pata paintings depicting the utsava image and the central sanctuary of the Jagannath temple are considered special mementos. Patachitras are available in exclusive ethnic stores and handicrafts exhibitions across the country. Patachitra painting has traveled across the globe and has become an art form of international repute.





ଗାମ୍ୟ ଭ୍ରମଣ

ଗଗନ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ

ବାଲେଶ୍ଵର ଠାରୁ ପାଞ୍ଚ କୋଶ ଦୂରେ
 ଗ୍ରାମ ମୋର, ଯାଗୁର ନାଁ ବରୁଣସିଂହ,
 ଯାଗୁପାଣି ପବନ ବାଲି ଧୂଳିମାଟି
 ମୋ ଅଙ୍ଗ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ ହୋଇଛି ପ୍ରବାହ ।
 ଛାତିଲିଣି ଗାଆଁ ଅନେକ ଦିନରୁ
 କଟିଥିଲା ଯହିଁ ବାଲ୍ୟକାଳ ମୋର,
 ଅବସର କେବେ ମିଳିଗଲେ କିନ୍ତୁ
 ମନେ ପକାଏ ମୁଁ ଅତୀତ ସ୍ମୃତିର ।
 ଏବେ ଏକଦିନ ମିଳିଲା ସୁଯୋଗ
 ବୁଲିଯିବା ପାଇଁ ଗାଆଁ ମାଟି ମୋର,
 ଦଇବକୁ ପୁଣି ସେହିଦିନ ଥିଲା
 ମାର୍ଗଶୀର ମାସ ଶେଷ ଗୁରୁବାର ।
 ଦେଖି ଦେଖି ଗଲି ଗାଆଁ ଘରମାନ
 ଧନୀ ଗରିବର ରହିଛି ମିଶ୍ରଣ,
 କେତେବର୍ଷ ଧରି ଦେଖି ନଥିବାରୁ
 ଲକ୍ଷ କଲି ତହିଁ ମୁଁ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ।
 ଯହିଁ ରହିଥିଲା ଚାଳଘର ଦିନେ
 ଗଢ଼ି ଉଠିଅଛି ଆଜି ପକାଘର,
 ପକାଘର ଯହିଁ ଥିଲା ପିଲାବେଳେ
 ଭଙ୍ଗ ରୁଜା ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ହୁଏ ଅଗୋଚର ।
 ବର, ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଥ ରାସ୍ତା ଦୁଇପାଖେ
 ଲମ୍ବା ଲମ୍ବା ଶାଖା ନଇଁଅଛି ତଳେ,
 ବାଉଁଶ ବୁଢ଼ାର ଝଙ୍କାଳିଆ ତାଳ
 ପବନ ସହିତେ ଲୁଚକାଳି ଖେଳେ ।
 ଗାଆଁ ଗୋହିରୀରେ ଚାଲେ ନାହିଁ ପାଣି
 ଗେଟି ଗୋଟି ଦ୍ଵାରା ହୋଇଛି ସତକ,
 ସରକାରଙ୍କର ଯୋଜନା ବଳରେ
 ଘରେ ଘରେ ଜଳେ ବିଜୁଳି ଆଲୋକ ।
 ତିବିରି ଲକ୍ଷନ ଯାଇନାହିଁ କିନ୍ତୁ
 ରହିଛି ସାଇତା ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଘରେ,
 ଜାଳିବା ପାଇଁକି ହୁଏ ଦରକାର
 ଯଦି ଚାଲିଯାଏ ଲାଇନ୍ ମଝିରେ ।

ଠାଏ ଠାଏ ଦିଶେ ଲମ୍ବା ଲମ୍ବା ସିଞ୍ଜୁ
 ଅନାବନା ଭାବେ ବଢ଼ିଅଛି ଯହିଁ,
 ତହିଁ ପୁଟିଥିବା ପୁଲ ଲୋଭନୀୟ
 ଦେଖିଲା ମାତ୍ରେକେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଲାଗଇ ।
 କାହାର ବାଡ଼ିର କଦଳୀ ଗଛରୁ
 ନଇଁଥାଏ ଭଣ୍ଡା ରାସ୍ତା ଉପରକୁ,
 ସଜନା ଗଛରେ ଅସୁମାରୀ ପୁଲ
 ପଡ଼ିଥାଏ ଛୁଇଁ ଓହ୍ଲି ତଳକୁ ।
 ପୁଷ୍କରିଣୀ କେତେ ଯାଇଅଛି ପୋତି
 ଭରିଯାଇ ଦଳ ଅନାବନା ଘାସ,
 ପୁଟେ ନାହିଁ କଇଁ ଶୁଖିଲା ପଡ଼ିଛି
 ମାଛ ଯେଉଁଥିରେ କରୁଥିଲେ ବାସ ।
 ତଥାପି କେତେକ ପୋଖରୀ ଭିତରେ
 ଏବେବି ପୁଟଇ ନାଲି ଧଳା କଇଁ,
 ଅତି ରମଣୀୟ ଅତି ଶୋଭନୀୟ
 ହେଲେ ମୂଲ୍ୟ ତାର କେହି ବୁଝେନାହିଁ ।
 କିଆ, କାନକୋଳି ସାଲମା, କଇଥ
 ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଏବେ ହେଲାଣି ବିରଳ,
 ତାଳ ମାଳ ଯାକ ଉଭେଇ ଗଲାଣି
 ଅନାବାଦି ଯାଗା କଲେଣି ବଖାଳ ।
 ଘରେ ଘରେ ଆଜି ଲାଗିଅଛି ଚିତ୍ତି
 ରେଡ଼ିଓ ହେଲାଣି ଦେଖିବା ସପନ,
 ସାଇକେଲ ଗୁଡ଼ା ପଚାରୁଛି କିଏ
 ହିରୋ ହଷ୍ଟା ଏବେ ହୋଇଛି ଫେସନ ।
 ପିଲାଦିନେ ଆମେ ଦେଖୁଥିଲୁ ବସି
 ଆସୁଥିଲା ରେଳ କଳା ଧୂଆଁ ଛାଡ଼ି,
 କୋଇଲା ଇଞ୍ଜିନ ନାହିଁ ଆଜିକାଲି
 ବିଦ୍ୟୁତରେ ଏବେ ଚାଲେ ରେଳଗାଡ଼ି ।
 ତନ୍ତୀ ଭାଇ ଘରେ ଚାଲେନାହିଁ ତନ୍ତ
 ଲିଭିଲାଣି ନିଆଁ କମାର ଶାଳରୁ,
 ଟ୍ରାକଟର କରେ ଜମି ହଳ ଏବେ
 ଲଙ୍ଗଳ ଜୁଆଳି ଗଲାଣି ସଙ୍ଗରୁ ।

ଦେଖିଲି ଗାଆଁରେ କ୍ରିକେଟ ଖେଳରେ
 ମାଡ଼ିଥିଲେ ଗାଆଁ ପିଲେ ତିହ ପରେ,
 କବାଡ଼ି, ବାଗୁଡ଼ି ବୋହୁଚୋରୀ ଖେଳ
 ନାହିଁ କହିଲେ ବି ଚଳିବ ଗାଆଁରେ ।
 ଚିପାର୍ଟ ଅଧୁନା ହୋଇଛି ଫେସନ
 ଗାମୁଛା ଗଞ୍ଜିର ଯୁଗନାହିଁ ଆଉ,
 ସିଲ୍ଭେଟିକ ଶାଢ଼ୀ ପାଉଛି ଆଦର
 ସୂତା ପୋଷାକର କମିଆସେ ଭାଉ ।
 ଦେଖିଲି ଖଳାରେ ଧାନପୁଞ୍ଜିମାନ
 ଧାଡ଼ି ଧାଡ଼ି କରି ହୋଇଅଛି ସଜା,
 ହଳଦୀ ସିନ୍ଦୂର ଝୋଟି ଆଳପନା
 ସାଥେ ହୋଇଅଛି ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀଙ୍କର ପୂଜା ।
 ଅନୁଭବ କଲି ବଦଳୁଛି ଯୁଗ
 ତଥାପି ଦେଖିଲି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଚଳଣି,
 ଘରେ ଘରେ ଅଙ୍ଗ ଝୋଟି ଆଳପନା
 ବିଜେ କରିବାକୁ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ଠାକୁରାଣୀ ।
 ଝୁଣା, ଧୂଆଁ, ଧୂପ ମହକି ବାସଲ
 ଦୁବ, ଗେଣ୍ଡୁପୁଲ ଦୁଆର ମୁହଁରେ,
 ପିଠଉ ଝୋଟିର କାରୁକାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ମାନ
 ଶୋଭା ପାଉଥାଏ ଚଟାଣ କାନ୍ଥରେ ।
 ଭେଟିଲି ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଜଣା ଶୁଣା ମୋର
 କେତେ ଜଣ ପୁଣି ଲାଗୁଥିଲେ ଚିହ୍ନା,
 ବୟସର ଛାପ କାହାର ଉପରେ
 କିଏ ପୁଣି ଥିଲେ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଅଜଣା ।
 ସାଙ୍ଗସାଥୀ ମାନେ ପଚାରି ବସିଲେ
 କେବେ ଆସିଲୁରେ? କେବେ ଯିବୁ ଫେରି,
 ପିଲାଛୁଆମାନେ କେମିତି ଅଛନ୍ତି
 ସଂସାର ଚୋହର ଚାଲିଛି କିପରି?
 କଲେଜ ପଢୁଆ ଝିଅ, ପୁଅମାନେ
 ପଚାରି ବସିଲେ ବିଦେଶ ଖବର,
 ସେଠାକାର ଚାଲି ସେଠାର ଚଳଣି
 ଜାଣିବା ପାଇଁକି ଥିଲେ ଆଗଭର ।



କେତେ ବୁଢ଼ାବୁଢ଼ୀ ବିଦାୟ ନେଲେଣି
 ମଧ୍ୟମ ବୟସ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗ ସାଥୀ ମୋର,
 ଧୂଳିବାଲି ସାଥେ ଖେଳୁଥିଲେ ଯିଏ
 ଯୁବକ, ଯୁବତୀ ବୟସ ତାଙ୍କର ।
 ତଥାପି ଭେଟିଲି କେତେଜଣ ଲୋକ
 ବୟସ ତାଙ୍କର ଅଣୀରୁ ଉପରେ,
 ଶୋଇଥିଲେ ଜଣେ ପୋଖରୀ କୂଳରେ
 କିଏ ଚାଲେ ଧରି ବାଟଟି ହାତରେ ।
 କମିଯାଇଅଛି ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ଶକ୍ତି ତାଙ୍କ
 ସ୍ମରଣ ଶକ୍ତିବି ପାଇଅଛି ହ୍ରାସ,
 କମିନାହିଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ସୌହାର୍ଦ୍ଦ୍ୟତା ତାଙ୍କ
 ଯେତେ ହୋଇଲେ ବି ତାଙ୍କର ବୟସ ।
 ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରିଲେ ପାରନ୍ତନି ଚିହ୍ନି
 ନିଜ ବୟସକୁ କରନ୍ତି ଧିକ୍କାର,
 “ବୟସ ହେଲାଣି ଚିହ୍ନିପାରୁନାହିଁ
 କହିବୁକି ପୁଅ, ବାପ କିଏ ତୋର?”
 ଚିହ୍ନା ଦେଲେ ପୁଣି ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଯାଏ
 ବିଗତ ଦିନର ଘଟଣା ଯେତକ,
 “ତୋ ମାଆ ପରା ପିଲାଦିନ ସାଥୀ
 ବୁଲୁଥିଲୁ ଆମେ ଗାଆଁ ସାହି ଯାକ ।
 ମୁଣ୍ଡେ ଥୋଇ ହାତ କରନ୍ତି ଆଶିଷ
 କୁଣ୍ଡାଇ ଧରନ୍ତି ଭାବି ନିଜ ଲୋକ,
 ଆନନ୍ଦରେ ମନ ଭରିଯାଏ କ୍ଷଣେ
 ଜକେଇ ଆସଇ ଆଖିରେ ଲୋତକ ।
 ଝଙ୍କାପରେ ଯେଉଁଠି ରହିଅଛୁ ଏବେ
 ରହିଥାଆ ସୁଖେ କରେ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ,
 ଦିନେହେଲେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଭୁଲିବନି କେବେ
 ଗାଆଁରେ ଯେମିତି ପହୁଆଉ ପାଦ” ।

ଫେରିଥିଲି ମୁହିଁ ପରିବାର ସାଥେ
 ବୁଲି ବୁଲି ଗାଆଁ ବହୁଦିନ ପରେ,
 ତାଳ ନାରିକେଳ ଭଦ୍ରାତରେ ରବି
 ବୁଡ଼ିଯାଉଥିଲେ ପଶ୍ଚିମ ଦିଗରେ ।
 ବସିଥିଲି ମୁହିଁ ପରିବାର ସାଥେ
 ପୋଖରୀ କୂଳର ବଟବୃକ୍ଷ ତଳେ,
 ଖେଳୁଥିଲି ଯହିଁ ପିଲାଦିନେ ଦୋଳି
 ଝୁଲି ଆସିଥିବା ବୃକ୍ଷର ଓହ୍ଲେ ।
 ଆସୁଥିଲା ଭାସି ପବନ ସହିତେ
 ଘଣ୍ଟା, ଶଙ୍ଖ ଧ୍ବନି ଗ୍ରାମ ମନ୍ଦିରରୁ,
 ବାଜୁଥିଲେ କାନେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀଙ୍କ ପୁରାଣ
 ମାଣ ବସା ବ୍ରତ ସେଦିନ ଥିବାରୁ ।
 ଆସୁଥିଲା ମନେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ବାରମ୍ବାର
 ଗ୍ରାମ୍ୟ ଅବନତି? ଅଥବା ଉନ୍ନତି?
 ବୁଲିଯିବା ପରେ ମନ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଦେବାକୁ
 ଆସିଲାଣି ଶକ୍ତି ସତରେ ଯେମିତି ।
 ସତ୍ୟ ଏହା, ଲୋକ ସଂଖ୍ୟା କମିଆସେ
 ଗ୍ରାମବାସୀ ମାନେ ସହରିଆ ହେଲେ,
 ସହରକୁ ଯାଇ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ିସାରି
 କାମ ଧନା ଶୋଭି ସହରେ ରହିଲେ ।
 ତଥାପି ଗ୍ରାମୀଣ ଜୀବନ ସରଳ
 ମଧ୍ୟବିତ୍ତ ସାଥେ ଅଛନ୍ତି ଗରିବ,
 ସହର ଭଳିଆ ଧନୀ ଗରୀବର
 ନାହିଁ ଯେ ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ କଲି ଅନୁଭବ ।
 ଦେଖିଛି ଲଙ୍ଗଳା ପିଲା ମୁଁ ରାସ୍ତାରେ
 ଖେଳୁଥାନ୍ତି ଖୁସି କହିଲେ ନସରେ,
 ଏ କି ଅଧୋଃଗତି? ଏ କି ଅବନତି?
 କହିବା କେମିତି କେଉଁ ଅଧିକାରେ?

ବୁଡ଼ିଗଲେ ରବି ମାଡ଼ିଆସେ ସଞ୍ଜ
 କିଟିମିଟି କଳା ଘୋର ଅନ୍ଧକାର,
 କୋଟି କୋଟି ତାରା ଦିଶନ୍ତି ଗଗନେ
 ନାହିଁ ପ୍ରଦୋଷଣ ରାସ୍ତା ଆଲୁଅର ।
 ନିର୍ମଳ ଆକାଶ ସବୁଜିମା ଭରା
 ନାହିଁ ପ୍ରଦୋଷଣ ମଟର ଗାଡ଼ିରୁ,
 ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ ଭୟ ନିଶ୍ୱାସ ନେବାକୁ
 ଧୂଳି ଖାଲି ଯାହା ପ୍ରକୃତି କୋଳରୁ ।
 ଶିକ୍ଷାର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା ଇଲାଜ ଔଷଧୀ
 ପାନୀୟ ଜଳର ରହିଲେ ସୁବିଧା,
 ବାସ ପାଇଁ ଗ୍ରାମ ହୋଇବ ଉତ୍ତମ
 କହିବାକୁ ତିଳେ ନ ଆସିବ ଦ୍ୱିଧା ।
 ପିନ୍ଧିବାକୁ ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଖାଇବାକୁ ଗଣ୍ଡେ
 ଯଦି ମିଳିଯାନ୍ତା ସଭିଙ୍କୁ ଗାଆଁରେ,
 ଅତି ସୁଖକର ଅତି ପ୍ରୀତିକର
 ଏ ଗ୍ରାମ୍ୟ ଜୀବନ ହେବ ଦୁନିଆରେ ।

ଗଗନ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ ଚରୋଷ୍ଣେ, କାନାତାରେ
 ତାଙ୍କ ପତ୍ନୀ ସବିତା, ପୁଅ ସୋମନ ଓ କନ୍ୟା
 ଇନିକାଙ୍କ ସହିତ ରହନ୍ତି । ଚିତ୍ର ଆଙ୍କିବା, କବିତା
 ଲେଖିବା ଓ ଅଭିନୟ କରିବାରେ ତାଙ୍କର ଶରଧା ।





Two Historical Anecdotes from Odisha

JNANA RANJAN DASH, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Preamble

Everyone knows that Odisha had a glorious past. It introduced to the world great architectures of Puri & Konark temples (800 years ago) four hundred years after Sri Sankaracharya (788-820AD) had designated Puri as one of four “dhama” (holy centers) in India. The list of unique art, architecture, and music is long - the Mahari & Odishi dance, Odishi sangeet, the pattachitra paintings, the colorful designs of Pipili, the unique temple architectures, the adivasi art, the chhau dance, filigree works, etc. Even today, Sudarshan Patnaik continues that tradition through his sand art in Puri.

Few years ago, I had read a great book by Sri Jagannath Prasad Das called “Desa, Kala, Patra” – an authentic narrative on Odisha’s historical events during the last half of the 19th. Century (1850-1900). Today’s Odisha was more or less shaped by several events during that period. For example, the famous educational institution known as Ravenshaw College was established by Mr. Ravenshaw, the British administrator posted in Cuttack then. The infamous famine called “Na-anka durbhikhya” happened during this time under Ravenshaw’s watch. The establishment of the Oriya printing press and basic books like “Barnabodha” were written then. One must remember that Odisha was not granted a “state” status till 1936. Then it was an administrative entity under the regional supervision of Kolkata. The book has several interesting anecdotes from that era quite unknown to the general public of today.

I am going to describe two incidents, not taken from that book, but heard from authentic sources.

Proposed visit of Lord Mayo to Odisha in 1872

The year was 1872 and the British viceroy for India was Lord Mayo. It was customary for the viceroy to visit feudal states to pamper the local kings for their continued support for the British Raj. Mr. Ravenshaw took the initiative to invite Lord Mayo to visit Odisha for the first time. Cuttack was the main city and there was quite an air of excitement for the visit. Such events were termed the “Durbar” meaning a place for the viceroy to meet and dialog with kings of the region.

The first confusion was to find a suitable accommodation as there were no guest houses or hotels during those days for such a dignitary. A suitable building in Cuttack belonging to a king was picked with a long list of work to be done to get it “viceroy-ready”. Then it was very important to determine the “seating order” next to the viceroy. So a list was dispatched from Odisha with names of the kings in order of importance. The king of Puri being the highest rank had to sit next to the viceroy. Then other kings of importance (Keonjhar, Mayurbhanj, Parlakhemundi,) were supposed to be seated.

A few days later, the list was returned with a changed seating order. To the horror of the kings, it was pointed out that the king from Parikud will sit next to the viceroy, then the king of Dhenkanal, etc. etc. Mr. Ravenshaw wrote back to Delhi about the discontent of the kings on the new seating order - Parikud was a tiny island inside Chilika Lake and how come its king was given the top honor? Dhenkanal king was relatively unknown and he ranked the second highest? There must be some mistake.

The reply from Delhi explained that during the “Na-anka” famine which just happened earlier (several hundred-thousands died), the king of Parikud opened the royal warehouse of food for its citizens. Due to such philanthropic outlook, that king deserves the highest honor. Similarly the king of Dhenkanal had opened more than 20 primary schools during his regime and for such progressive work in the field of education he deserved the second highest honor. It appeared Delhi had done its due diligence. The kings of Odisha suddenly became very quiet. They had to accept the truth grudgingly but made a humble request to allow the king of Puri with the highest honor as he was the servant of Lord Jagannath.

But this event never took place, as Lord Mayo got assassinated while on a visit to the Andaman Islands. The next time Odisha saw a “Durbar” was during 1904. The famous 19th century poet of Odisha Kabibara Radhanath Roy wrote a satirical poem with the same title “Durbar” which was banned by the British for its overly critical tone.



Ustad Allaudin Khan in Cuttack during the 1950s

This episode was narrated to me by the late singer Akhyaya Mohanty during his first visit to the USA and Canada in 1979.

Ustad Allaudin Khan was a legend in Indian classical music. He was the father of Ustad Ali Akbar Khan (resident of the San Francisco bay area for last 40 years who died in 2009. The Ali Akbar college of music in San Rafael is well known), and the teacher of Pandit Ravi Shankar (whose first wife was Allaudin Khan's daughter). The Ustad was a court musician at Maihar in Madhya Pradesh. His creative genius in playing the Sarod was legendary.

So Ustad Allaudin Khan was to perform in Cuttack during the 1950s. This was going to be his first time to Odisha and the concert was almost the first of its kind for the people of Cuttack. The organizers wanted to honor the number one musical genius of India with a gift which has to bear the uniqueness of Odisha. So they had asked for a filigree (famous intricate work on silver wires) replica of the musical instrument Sarod (small scale but sparing no details). After the concert was over, the Ustad was presented with this gift. No sooner he saw it; his eyes got transfixed on the exquisite piece of art. He was so stunned by the details and the beauty of the craft that he immediately asked who made this piece of art. Someone said there was an old man in Cuttack who did this. Such work is known as "Taraakasi Kama".

Now Ustad Allaudin Khan insisted to meet the artist in person. There was hesitation by the organizers, to take such a great man to some little hutment in an undesirable part of the city. They felt such a visit would not befit the great dignitary. But the Ustad insisted. Finally he was taken to a small hut in Balubazaar area. He was escorted inside this hut and was introduced to the old artist in rags sitting quietly.

Ustad Khan praised the craftsmanship and wanted to give some money to the artist as an appreciation. So he asked, "Name an amount I want to give you?" The old artist of Odisha spoke, "I don't want any money from you. I was told that the greatest musician of India was coming and to make a replica of his instrument. I made this from looking at a photograph. If you really want to award me, then show me your art so that I can also appreciate why you are the greatest." What followed was amazing.

The Ustad asked people to go and fetch his Sarod and bring it right there. Then Ustad Allaudin Khan sat on the floor facing the old man and started playing his raagas on the Sarod. This went on all night. It must have been a wonderful sight watching one great artist appreciating with reverence another great artist!

Such storied abound in Odisha's rich cultural tapestry and should provide inspiration for all.

About the author - Jnana Ranjan Dash, a former executive with IBM and Oracle, is currently a consultant and board member at software companies.

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Tribute to a Temple and its Deities

ANKITA RAY

There is something about that old house. The constant flow of people, talent and dogs. It necessitates one to step back and take it all in. Many years ago it dropped the status of a home because with its dealings no one could truly call it one. Its forever open doors and incessantly functional kitchen. Strangers as welcome as relatives. Cars, bicycles and rickshaws lining the fence; someone is always backing out and someone filling in that space. Music and rhythms over shadowing any other sound. Time seems nonexistent here. For there is nothing like getting late or getting on time. You start from where you left as if you had never started before. And it doesn't bother you.

Tall and lush trees cradle the veranda. That way, even in the oppressive heat, the inside stairs always feel a little moist under the naked feet. The house-lizards hover in their assigned positions adding to the ornamental decorations of the wall. The mosquitoes add their own music to the humans. As evening sets in, the small temple in the front comes to live with sounds of "ghanti" and "sankha". It begins to smell unearthly beautiful. From the rickety gates to the sultry hostel room something about it makes you feel sublime. Tucked in the niche of Bhimtangi, Bhubaneswar, lies 'Srjan' the school of Odissi dance. A temple.

Last summer when I went to India for the singular purpose of training at Srjan, what I did not know was how much of an undiscovered part of me it really was. The unturned stone inside of me was no mere stone, but a giant boulder. Though I have been to Srjan before and met most of the people there, I always get butterflies. The nervousness and an inexplicable pain that I know

would ooze through every pore on my body, the fear of a smashed ego that would come with slow success and even the confusing act of exactly mastering when and who to do 'pranam' in Srjan, is a pleasure that rakes through my body.

On a tour of the hallowed portals of Srjan, I go through the "picture room". It is filled to capacity with photographs of Kelu Sir in different poses, dances, events in and around the world, many famous artists and political leaders vying to have photographs taken with him.



There are pictures of many of his performances caught in black and white. One of them catches my eye. The caption below says that it was a "Krishna Sudama" play in Odissi. Sudama had realized his mistake and was asking forgiveness from Krishna by falling at his feet. Krishna's feet were firmly placed on Sudama's begging hands. Sudama was being played by no other than Kelu Sir himself and Krishna was no other than his own daughter in law, Sujata. I am entranced by the photograph. How must it have felt for her to have been in such a position with her the-then famous father in law? To have him touch her feet? It gave me goose bumps to even think.

Her sari tucked into her waistline, an eternal smile playing on her lips and the 'tribhangi' way of standing with the head cocked to the side, even for an ordinary moment, Sujata apa greets me every day. There are no words to explain how much a dancer loves his/her guru. There is an eternal yearning to be good in their eyes. For, to be good in the eyes of the world is always and forever second to being good in the eyes of your teacher; the highest honor of all; the Nobel prize of dance or any



art form for that matter. To work till the soles of your feet begin to throb visibly and the pangs of pain stream through your calves, just for that approving nod from your teacher. During the first few weeks of training, my pains were at such a point that I had to tape my sore feet every day before class just to be able to walk up a flight of stairs. I carried tape in my bag, along side 'Pijulis' (Guavas) and Pitha from Aii (my Mom's mom) and electrolyte water from Thakuma (my dad's mom) for the over 6 hours that I would spend in Srjan every day. About every 40 minutes I had to take a moment to re-tape my foot; the combination of the concrete floor with the unrelenting stamping, took a hard toll on the tape. That day, Sujata Apa, seeing my obviously inefficient way of taping, asked me for the tape. And then completely unexpectedly she lifted up my foot to her lap. Living in the west, one sometimes doesn't have the second nature to say 'Vishnu' when touching something with your foot but when in India the urge to do it is almost uncontrollable. When Sujata Apa lifted my leg onto her lap the goose bumps travelled straight down my spine. The small gesture had so much love in it that even with my numbingly painful feet, I was just beaming. In a lightening moment I felt what she must have felt while acting out Krishna-Sudama with her guru. My day was made.

Odissi, like anything in the world can be performed by many but taught only by some. Anecdotes, subtle tricks, and useful scolding are the only way it sticks. One day Sujata Apa was teaching us an 'Abhinaya'. She was struggling to explain to us how to express in our faces the fact that the 'Gopis' were everywhere around Krishna. She tried a lot to clarify the situation to us but we couldn't get the hang of it. Then she told us the story of how Kelu Sir

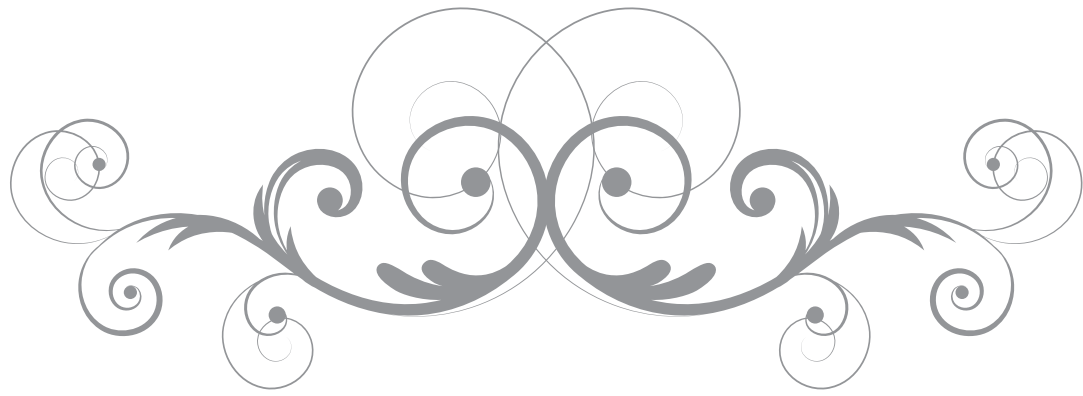
had taught her class many years ago this exact same dance performance and the facial expression for these lines. She said, 'Instead of showing each of the 'Gopis' by pointing our fingers over and over again, Sir asked us to fleetingly point to the each side as we swayed down the imaginary 'Gopadaanda', while saying "eh cycle wala oh cycle wala"' and that seemed the elegant way to do it and we got the expression right in a second'. Like a wand waved above our heads, the expression stuck to our heads too and to date every time I dance that step I repeat the same words in my mind: "eh cycle wala oh cycle wala"!

To watch an Odissi rehearsal, with the musicians, dancers, tea, 'paan' and all sundry is an experience every artist should experience. I am not what one would call by definition an extremely realized person but to just watch one of the rehearsals at Srjan can almost be compared to the ecstasy of realization. Watching Sujata Apa portray the Radha Krishna Leela accompanied by the lilting flute, the hypnotizing violin and the contagiously rhythmic 'pakhwaj' is ephemeral. Equally satisfying is to watch the playful arguments between the dancers and the flautist over an empty cup of tea or a missing 'bida' of 'paan'.

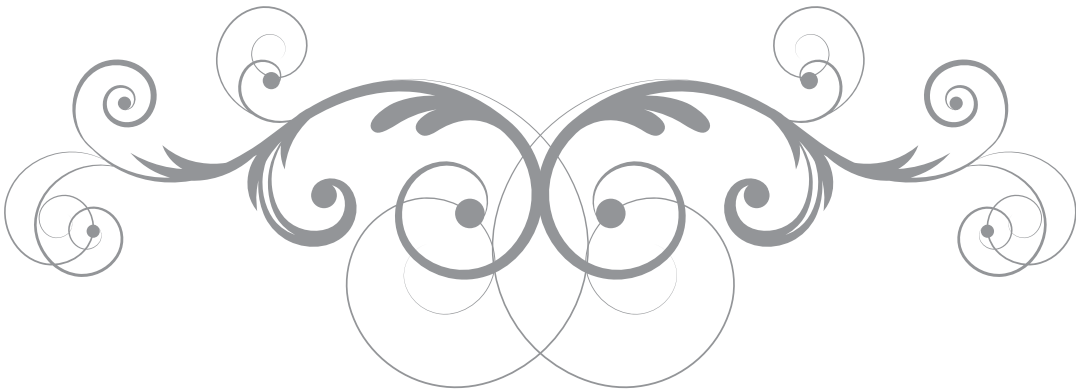
I hope I can make a trip every year to Srjan to pay my respects and devotion at the Temple of Learning to the living and non living deities therein.

Ankita Ray is 15 and an ardent lover of Odissi. The past couple of years she has traveled to India by herself to learn Orissi at Srjan. Srjan carries the stamp of grace, elegance and tradition of Orissi that has continued after the demise of Padma Vibhushan Guru Kelu Charan Mohapatra with the baton of ingenuity passed on to her capable and talented daughter in law, Sujata Mohapatra.





Keeping in Touch





There Is Siddhi In Sadhana

SANGITA GOSAIN

Life itself is Sadhana - Practice which leads to perfection. May it be in normal routined life, or May be a life of an artist of any form. Practice means a lot and builds a real self. The lord has sent his creation with inherit talent, one has to understand and carry forward so that life becomes fruitful and meaningful.

One should always aim to be a perfect human being which will ultimately make him achieve the goal, fulfill the long cherished desire and make a perfect artist, a blessed one.

In the name of modernity, the people forget their origin and believe in borrowed feathers. Some, even love to be away from tradition and take pride in following the western culture. Sometimes one has to realize that the western countries try and follow Indian culture and Indian form of society. So leaving the real depth in every sphere of life, why should one look forward and run after the superfluous?

May it be music or dance, it is the real form of God that is within one's self. Music and dance are the best forms of art that leads to the path of heaven. So to reach this heaven on Earth, the first thing, one has to learn is, "Forget and Forgive". Be miles away from lies which is only misguide. Develop the tolerance power, which is boon to the humanity.

It is the work we do, never the name counts. These days a large percentage of the artists

Are running after the name and the fame without even analyzing their own self, their capability, their present form and their confidence. Dance and music are given more commercial value than the real spiritual value originally attached to them. These arts with all purity make one forget the pangs of life. But how is this purity to be retained?

The other day one lady came to my office and asked to arrange a dance teacher for her child who is only six years old. I arranged a very good teacher immediately. Exactly after one and a half months that lady walked into my room and charged why there is no program for the child, though God save the world of arts.

Respect and honor are something which automatically come from within. It can never be begged. But it is mostly begged and begged these days. But I am sure the begged bag is never strong or deeply rooted. I feel very sad, when I think of the connotation of Guru, it has lost its meaning already. Learning for only 10 days and starting teaching from the 11th day does not make a Guru at all. But in the present scenario of dance and music in Orissa the number of Gurus are more than the disciples. So who will learn? If there is news and the word Guru is not prefixed, then one has to face the music. Hard labor, efforts, humbleness can only make a great Guru, great artist, and great man. The secret is Sadhana and understanding one's self.

It is very easy to find fault with others. Do we ever analyze our own self? One should always look from angle of positives to see the best in anything and that outlook can only help both the ways, the artist and the critic. Mind should always be kept open in the best of the world. With an open mind, one can learn more and be broad in the outlook and strengthen the inner self and the will power.

An artist should always be obliged and remember that he is the blessed one because God has given him such a precious gift which he has to polish and maintain till he breathes his last. An artist is a blessed one, why? Because in hundred numbers we can find 6 doctors, 3 engineers, 2 advocates....and the list continues. But it is very difficult to find only one artist of good quality in hundreds of people.

This has become a trend these days, that everyone thinks he is the best. But my humble suggestion is to keep your eyes open, you may be the best, but the others are not the worst. There is a lot more to learn in the short span of life. If an artist can collect a drop of water from this great ocean of art, his life becomes fruitful. Learning is a never ending process. Try and pickup the best and be proud of it.

So, the life starts with sadhana and ends with sadhana. Sadhana makes Siddhi an easy touch.





“Developed” Odisha A Vision in Our Lifetime

PURNA MOHANTY AND DHANADA MISHRA

We say – USA is a developed nation, and India is a developing nation. What do we say about Odisha? I don't know. But we know one thing for sure - Odiyas, living in America and elsewhere are going through seriously interesting times, wherein the mother state Odisha has been beckoning to participate in her growth, and build successful enterprises. Who knew that Internet will emerge and change the way we communicate? Who knew that Internet will give birth to companies like Google, Yahoo and Facebook? Who knew that most villages in Odisha will have access to Satellite TV, Internet and Mobile phones at affordable prices? Who knew that wireless technology will emerge as a boon to India, which would save the country from mammoth wiring effort and give a jumpstart in communication infrastructure?

With all these technological advances around us during the past decade, Odisha is fortunate to have Naveen Patnaik as her leader, captain and the CEO. You need one visionary to change the landscape. Steve Jobs is the captain of Apple. Bill Gates was the captain of Microsoft. John Chambers is the captain of CISCO. Chandrababu Naidu – the CEO of Hyderabad became the catalyst of growth during his term – had the guts to meet Bill Gates and Bill Clinton, and take them to Hyderabad. He just did that forcefully and fiercely, and now Chandrababu must be watching Hyderabad and Andhra grow because of his gutsy and daring actions.

Now let us come straight to the point and talk on what it takes Odisha to change its perception from one of the poorest state in India to one of the richest state in India. Let us talk on how we can bring in Bhubaneswar to the hi-tech map of India. When international companies look for spots in India, why does not Bhubaneswar as a possible destination not ring a bell like Bangalore and Hyderabad. Even when Indian companies look for spots in India, why does not Bhubaneswar come in their radar screen like Pune and Chandigarh? Then there is a fundamental problem that we all need to address.

Let us outline Odisha's strengths, and weaknesses as well, which is very important to understand. Let us start with the basic facts and figures on Odisha:

- **Capital** – Bhubaneswar
- **Chief Minister** – Shri Naveen Patanaik
- **Area** – 1,55,707 square kilometers
Same as New York + Connecticut
- **Population 2001** – 36,804,660
Same as the population of California, USA in 2006
- **Major Industries** – Steel, Aluminum, Power, Cement, Mineral-based, Paper, Higher Education
- Connectivity -
- Air: Bhubaneswar
- Roads: A leg of the Golden Quadrilateral passes through it
- Rail: Howrah –Chennai and Howrah – Mumbai
- Major Port: Paradeep
- Exotic Flora and Fauna: Approximately, one-third of Odisha is covered by forests which make up about 37.34% of the total land area of the state. These forests cover most of southern and western Orissa. The eastern plains adjacent to the coast are covered by farmlands. Chilka Lake, a brackish water coastal lake on the Bay of Bengal, south of the mouth of the Mahanadi River, is the largest coastal lake in India and the econd largest in the world.
- Coastline is more than 300 miles with pristine beaches and ports.
- Tribal people constitute 22.21% of the state's population.
- Culture: Odissi, Tribal Heritage
- Mineral: Rich in chromite, bauxite, coal, iron.

Geographical Strengths of Odisha:

- Mineral Deposits
- Flora and Fauna
- Coastline
- Chilika Lake



Odisha is a strategically located God-gifted state.

People Strengths of Odisha:

- Adivasi/Tribal Culture
- Sambalpuri – “Bhangra” style Odiya folk dance
- Ancient Temples
- Buddhist Sites
- Food – A culmination of North and South Indian food styles. Thanks to Dalma in Bhubaneswar for popularizing the Odiya in Odisha. Dalma – now it is high time to venture into outside Odisha, and even outside India!!
- With recent advances of technology combined with pro-active government under Naveen’s leadership, and increasingly entrepreneurial spirit of people, Odisha is getting blessed with top educational institutions of the country.
 - o Engineering
 - o Medical
 - o Management
 - o Arts and Science



Run Government like a Business:

You cannot punish taxpayers of the state by hasty, whimsical and short term decisions. You need people from academia and industry to shape some of key policy decisions.

So what is the end goal of any development – to create jobs for people to make money, and equally important, to create avenues for people to spend money. What it means we have to focus on our strengths. People are normal as long as they are able a make decent living, and things change when bread and butter is impacted. So it all comes down to capitalizing on our strengths to create jobs in the state.

First things first, and with our limited human resources for the execution of the plea, we have to see how do we prioritize activities. Let us do a high level cross check of our current focus:

Tourism:

o Flora and Fauna, Coastline, Adivasi/Tribal Culture, Odissi culture are the basics of tourism requirement. Take the example of OAHU island in the state of Hawaii, USA. They are simply capitalizing all the above strengths to attract tourists from all over the world in terms Luau dance similar to our tribal and Sambalpuri dances, and Polynesian culture to showcase their ancient tribal culture. Odisha can provide ayurvedic based medical tourism. Why cannot we understand this simple concept and make money?

Minerals:

If we touch minerals, it certainly disturbs our flora and fauna, Adivasi/Tribal cultures, and in return, impacts heavily on the environment. We should really weigh be-

OUR WEAK-SPOTS:

Lack of Entrepreneurship:

Traditionally, Odiyas are very hospitable, but not entrepreneurial in nature like Punjabis and Gujarati. Odiyas, in general, need employment to make a living, whereas Punjabi and Gujaratis in general create employment to make a living. That’s the difference. Many motel owners in USA are Gujaratis, and many taxi drivers in Silicon Valley are Punjabis.

But the good news is that the scenario is fast changing in the state, and many young people fresh out of school prefer to own business than working for somebody else. Just see when government set-up IIT, IIIT and NISER at Bhubaneswar, how many other colleges mushroomed in the state with private efforts?

Visionary Government Policies:

Just good working policies will not work. The government needs to dream, and come up visionary policies to find ways to jumpstart and leapfrog the development of the state, and think way ahead of other advanced states like Karnataka.



tween Tourism and Mineral-based industries, and focus on one – NOT both, probably save the minerals for the next generations in 50 yrs to come.

Infrastructure:

For the faster development of the state in tourism and other areas, the best quality infrastructure is a requirement – roads, airports, mass transit, schools, sports etc. The good news is that Odisha is planning to create a greater Bhubaneswar based on the recommendation of IIT, Kharagpur. One required infrastructure that will be catalytic to the state is international airport with direct flight to APAC and Europe - for both tourism and hi-technology enterprises.

Higher Education:

Quality education at the highest level is critical to produce high performing entrepreneurs and professionals who will help in turn create a job.

IT:

Of course, with higher education making an impact, knowledge-based industries will be the by-product of this. Local IT firms will play a role in providing quality education too. Karnataka government has an attractive semiconductor policy in place to fund start-ups in semiconductor area to stay in the states – Bangalore, Hubli

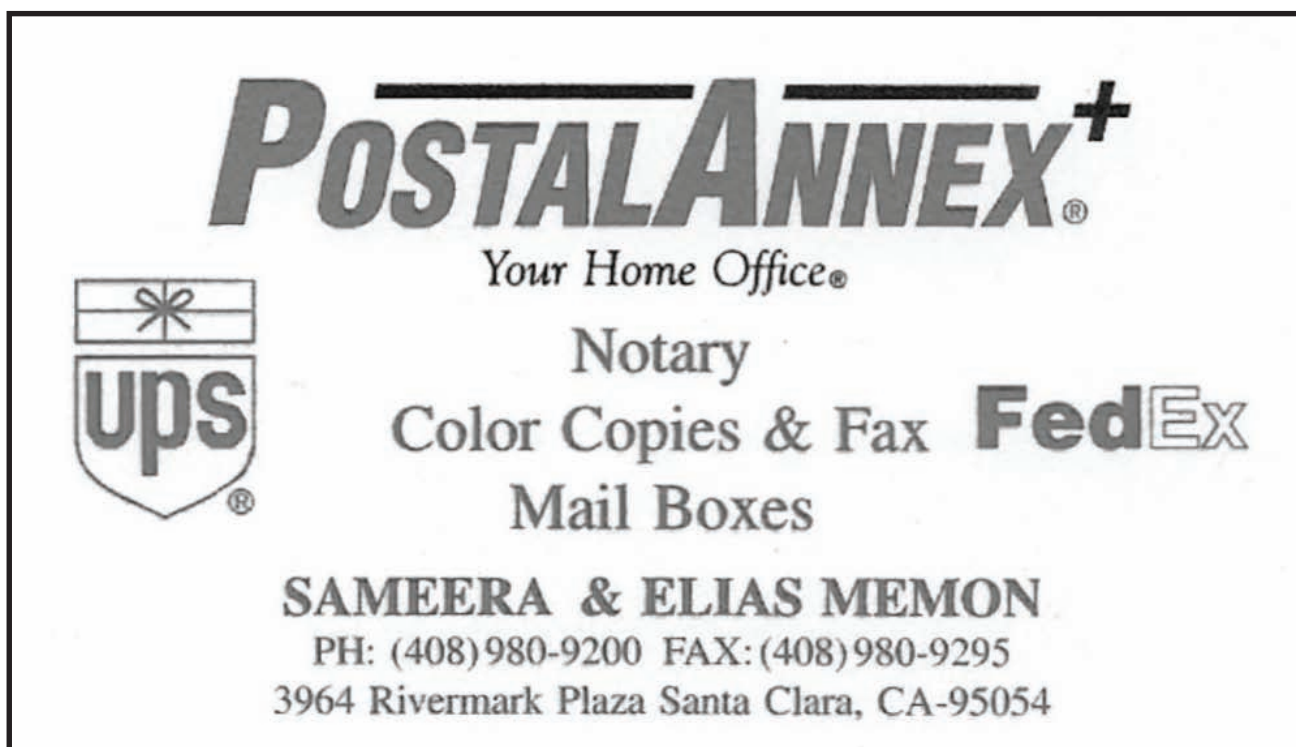
and Mangalore. Why cannot Odisha government think in this direction? It needs a visionary committee to think ahead and make recommendation on this to the government.

In summary, in terms of priorities, in my opinion, the emphasis should be on Infrastructure, Tourism, Higher Education, Knowledge-based industries, and not on heavy industries that talks about consuming of natural resources. Of course, there are other emerging areas like green tech and bio tech and those must be explored to be capitalized upon. Bhubaneswar brand should be marketed internationally resulting in top-down development, much of which can be through private initiative with government facilitation. Direct international flight service is required now, from APAC and European countries to facilitate the growth of knowledge-based companies and tourism. This would leave the government to focus on taking an active role in bottom-up development by investing heavily in agriculture, handicraft, rural infrastructure and basic services like primary health and primary education.

About the authors:

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Development Without Government

SUBHAS C. MOHAPATRA PRESIDENT,

IAFF 1413 Boxwood Lane, Apex, NC 27502

IAFF stands for Indo-American Friendship Foundation. Its mission is to promote friendship between the people of India and USA through cultural and technological exchanges. Indian culture is presented to the American audience at the Annual July 4th OSA convention through the Subrina Biswal Award in Performing Arts. USA technology is transferred to India/Odisha under the “Development Without Government” banner. This banner was raised at the IAFF through a strong belief in human beings’ inherent ability for self protection and promotion. This belief itself is founded on the premise that adults’ basic responsibilities must precede their basic rights to minimize the legacy of “entitlement”. These stated beliefs, combined with the ground reality that there is no government any where in the world that can cater to every need of every individual every where every moment of his/her life, constitutes the core of IAFF’s modus operandi. Thus, assisting individuals in the area of agriculture, health and education and facilitating their self-accomplishments to the extent possible are major action plans of IAFF. Although IAFF activities started out in the Odisha State of India, they have crossed Odisha’s borders into the states of 36-Garh, Jharkhand and beyond India to Haiti. While the details about IAFF and its activities can be found at www.iaff1.org, the following are some current activities that not address pressing human needs and merit consideration by the readers for their generous financial support.

GIFT OF SIGHT: Although most agree that children are the most important wealth of any society, many poor children with impaired sights go unattended because of the cost factor. While cataract surgery for an adult costs only Rs.500, the same surgery for a child costs more than Rs.5000 because the surgery must be done i) under total anesthesia, ii) in controlled environment of an operation room, ii) with small instruments to match the small eyes of the children and iii) longer hospital stay.

Fortunately, KEHRC (Kalinga Eye Hospital & Research Center), owned and operated by NYSASDRI, a NGO in the Dhenkanal District, has started pediatric eye surgery in partnership with IAFF. IAFF would like to be able to sponsor at least 100 pediatric surgeries per

year. However, because of limited funds, it sponsors only limited number of children on first-come first-served basis. The following children were sponsored during 2009. The photos represent post-operation condition.

At present more than 30 children are waiting in line for surgery. Each surgery will cost about \$150.

them to hang on the wall or to print them for album. The photos will be a life-time reminder that you have enriched at least one life through the “gift of vision”. When the child grows up and if he/she gains the ability to read and write, each child will write a personal letter to the respective sponsor without whose sponsorship he/she would have lived the entire life with impaired sight. Photos of some of the children waiting for a sponsor given below as examples only.

FIGHTING HUNGER: Many of us are constantly troubled by the pervasive hunger and poverty in different parts of the world. When we ask people in the government (from international to local agencies), we hear how people lack motivation and how they want every thing done for them and then we hear a long list of programs in place to eradicate hunger, only if potential victims take advantage of these provisions. On the other hand, we talk to those who are victims or potential victims of hunger/poverty, we hear a long list of complains about corruption, inept government officers and a failed system of politics, government etc. Then in the middle, there are people who are making huge profits by “selling” poverty and hunger to various funding agencies. After all, hunger and poverty continue unabated. While running around in the hunger circuit for more than a decade I have never heard from any one saying “people are hungry because they have no land or whatever land they have is non-productive”. Further, when I try to drill this theme into people’s mind all I get is blank look and shaking of head, with only occasional nods. Nevertheless, this is what I have found through travelling hundreds of miles in deep rural Odisha. While some are spending days without even a single meal others are toiling from morning to evening to grow millet and Niger in non-productive land because they need less water and nutrients to give some crops that do not last beyond a few months. While



dealing with the ugly truth under lying rural (especially Tribal) Odisha, I am more than convinced that the sad situation we have is not only needless but can be mitigated easily with a few creative steps.

It is worth noting that agriculture is a simple operation where the plants need only three things from humans: i) nutrients in the form of fertilizer, ii) water in the form of irrigation and iii) a place/medium where the root can anchor and collect the nutrients and the water. The requirements are reduced to only two if we combine fertilizer and irrigation to one operation called fertigation. Despite the ease of agriculture and pleasure of growing your own food, we are failing in the hunger front because of our dependence on fertile soil. If we can teach people how to grow food without soil, hunger will become history in one generation. The premise IAFF is working with in rural Odisha and Haiti is to demonstrate how effortless SLA (Soil Less Agriculture) is and how this simple technology can help alleviate hunger and attain prosperity through innovative agriculture. While it may seem impossible at the outset the following simple examples will show how simple it is.

While the above might seem impossible at the outset, a close evaluation of agriculture will show how doable SLA is. Traditionally, agriculture has relied on one or more of the following tools: animal-drawn ploughs, mechanized hand tillers, tractor-driven ploughs and tillers and shovels. None of these tools is designed to dig the soil deeper than 1'. Further, for those who grow vegetables in pots, the depth and width of these pots are also limited to within 1'. All these point to one fact: there is no crop plant, with a few exceptions of underground vegetables such as carrots, yams, and Japanese Dicons (Long white radish), which needs more than 1' of growing medium for the root system. Although this is doable, people need training and supervision to use soil less agriculture technologies successfully. The photo below shows an American Farmer under training at my 3-acre research and training farm. He is learning how to grow collards using soil less agriculture.

The need to travel to far off places to teach farmers under their settings remains a bottle neck because of finance needed to buy materials and cover transportation, lodging and food. The good news is only \$100 are needed to set up a production system for a family of four so they can avert hunger. If every person who reads this article pays 10 dollars a year, this will allow IAFF to take Soil

Less Agriculture to many distant locations in Odisha and Haiti. For US citizens, the donation is fully tax deductible and payable to IAFF. The check should be mailed to 1413 Boxwood Ln, Apex, NC 27502

EARLY EDUCATION: Although education up to High School for the poor has been free in India for a long time, this has not made a dent in rural illiteracy for various economic and logistical reasons. At this writing, India just passed a law making elementary education mandatory. This is also not going to remove rural illiteracy because there will be no mechanism to enforce the law.

IAFF has long recognized that agriculture, education and health care are the strongest vehicles or roads to prosperity. That is why it is concentrating on these three factors under its "Development without Government" programs. I know too well that left to Odisha Government, the rural schools meant for elementary education will go the way Raveshaw College, SCB Medical College and Utkal University, three of Odisha's premier institutions, have gone. Having recognized that Odisha's elementary education is administered through hypocrisy and duality, where the children of the middle and higher class are attending English-medium schools whereas substandard Odia-medium schools are left for poor and rural children, IAFF is now actively collaborating with Odisha's NGOs to set up and promote English Medium Schools and education in Rural Odisha. One such School has been started at Kashipur (Dhenkanal District) in collaboration with NYSASDRI and the other at Chunabelary, Paradipgarh, Jagatsinghpur district in collaboration ASSET (Arya Santh Social & Educational Trust).

My son, who is certified in K-6 education and has a Master's degree in Educational Technology and Curriculum Development, is leading the efforts to develop curriculum, instruction materials and technologies etc. IAFF's objective is to undertake mass production of these materials and distribute them free of cost to the poor and needy. But this needs financial support. Because this will be an ongoing and continuous process for an indefinite period, it is difficult to establish a specific budget. Therefore, any person who reads this portion of the article is encouraged to donate funds to support early education in rural Odisha. Each donation is fully tax deductible for US citizens. Checks can be written to IAFF and sent to 1413 Boxwood Lane, Apex, NC 27502.



My Two Journeys

BY SUPRIYA MISRA, SAN ANTONIO, TX

The humidity enveloped me as I stepped off the plane. The clouds thundered ominously, threatening us with a downpour. I eagerly looked around, hoping to see my grandfather's tall and regal stature, his warm and welcoming smile. Instead, my eyes were accosted with the sight of the airport, once pristine, now crumbling in disrepair. I sped toward my grandfather's unmistakable car and was handed a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a large box of chocolates. I was thrilled to finally be home, where I was constantly waited upon and spoiled by family.

The journey from the airport to our house ran as usual: the car got stuck in three feet of runoff water from the rains, cows reposed in the middle of the street and refused to move, four cars attempted to drive side-by-side in gullies (narrow, one-lane unpaved roads) and, over it all, ancient temples loomed large from behind even more ancient banyan trees. As the countryside gave way to the suburbs of Bhubaneswar, the lanes became even narrower and more crowded with bicycles, cars, makeshift shops, large bazaars, and school children holding lumpy canvas bags filled with books.. More cows and dogs slumbered in the middle of the lanes, more car horns bleated furiously. Finally, surprisingly still in one piece, we reached my grandfather's house. After catching up with my cousins and allowing the rains to subside, I was whisked away to the newest shopping center, a miniscule and Indianized version of an American mall, the hottest spot for young people and the pride of the city. We ate the Maharaja Chicken Tikka Pizza at Pizza Hut and "Rocky Road" ice cream (actually chocolate kulfi with pistachios) at Baskin Robbins. We stared longingly through the windows at ornate and unobtainable jewelry, bought colorful glass bangles which jingled with every arm movement, and drank chai while trying on vibrant and flashy outfits for all the monsoon weddings we would have to attend in the following weeks. As merchants started packing their wares and shops began closing, a coolie took our bags and deposited them in our waiting car. We stepped outside, still riding on the wave of euphoria which came from spending hours in frivolous pursuits. My mind was already drifting toward the next day's trips to the various temples and ruins India is so famous for.

Suddenly, I felt hands grabbing at my clothes, heard

pitiful voices bleating. "Mother!" they begged, "Give us a little money!" People, some with only one arm, some with no legs, some with leprosy eaten faces, many half clad girls, not even in their teens but still bearing children on their hips, materialized from no where and reached out, beseeching every passerby for assistance. I was rudely jerked from my day dreams and thrown into another world, a distant cry from the glossy, air conditioned one from which I had just emerged. My cousins pulled at me, trying to get me to walk faster and turn my back on these people just as they did, just as society already had. I stood rooted to the ground and ineptly fumbled for my wallet. As if by cue, the beggars began crowding closer. I could count every rotting tooth, smell every unwashed body. I felt faint with nausea; I wanted nothing more than to give them my money and escape.

In the car, no one spoke. My cousins were as shocked that I had given money to beggars as I was that they had turned and ran from the impoverished. Back in the comfort of my grandfather's home, I broke down and sat in the tub for an hour, crying and wishing I could wash away that sight, that smell, but mostly, that feeling of uselessness. I had always known that poverty was a huge issue in India, but I had never before witnessed it first hand.

For the first time, I realized that my grandfather's cheerful 20-year-old, illiterate maid, Poonam, was a mother of three and had to work three jobs to make ends meet. The 24-year-old valet, Trinath, who helped me feed the baboons in the courtyard and pick mangoes, guavas, and coconuts from the towering trees in our backyard, was the only bread winner for a family of ten. The amusing driver, Gora, who was a pro at raising slumbering cows from the middle of traffic, had no doors or windows in his hut. That afternoon, I asked my grandfather to divert from one tradition that I looked forward to most during my annual trips to India. I did not want stories of India's glorious past and his much celebrated part in it, nor of the current economic boom, nor of the high education standards of the middle class. I wanted the real picture of the masses – the poor, the disenfranchised, the illiterate. I was not interested to know how many suc-





cessful Indian doctors were in the U.S., but how many good doctors worked in the villages and how many engineers would be available to rebuild what the many cyclones and floods had destroyed. Many villagers displaced by the tsunami the year before were still roaming the streets of the cities and towns trying to find work and aid. Some of the people who had begged me for a pittance had once been farmers and craftsmen. They had lost families, homes, livelihoods, and so much more than I could fathom.

I still shopped, enjoyed weddings, and went sightseeing. I still gaped at India's beauty and magnificence but I was no longer oblivious to the parallel ugliness around me, nor to my parallel journey within, in the core of my being. That trip to India was the most eye opening experience I have ever had. I promised myself that I'll never be shy of confronting reality and that I'll do my small part to help those in need. I know I can't change the world, and I know that I can't help every person who will ever need it, but I can do my best.

Supriya Misra is a freshman in the Plan II program of UT Austin. She loves socializing, reading, writing, singing, playing the violin, watching movies and plays, organizing events, study groups and parties, swimming, debating and travelling.

Peace

MALINA MAHARANA, HOUSTON, TX

*I sooth the tension between people,
And help them make up again.
I calm the minds of the troubled,
And wash away their memories of hate.
I straighten the fault line between two countries,
And make their leaders beam with happiness.
I adorn everyone's clothing and accessories,
But I mainly reside in their minds.
I am among humanity's greatest beliefs,
And without me, there would be chaos.
I am friends with hope, love, and friendship,
And without them I would be nothing.
I live in harmony with Mother Earth,
Where the complete silence completes me.
I am defined in many different ways,
And yet people just know me as one word.
I am a symbol of friendship and affection,
Yet I could also be a symbol of neutral calm.
Where the little tears of friendship are broken,
I mend them to stay there forever.
People agree on me
And then sign treaties to restore me to their countries.
I am everything,
But I am nothing.
Peace*



Why Non-Resident Indians Should Retain Indian Culture

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What is culture? The values, faith, thought and understanding collectively held by a particular nation, people or community and their outward manifestation in the form of customs, manners, ways of life, taste, sensitivity and sensibility can perhaps qualify to be a concise definition. At its core, there is an underlying passion guiding the thought and action of every individual of the community towards a mission or goal without his apparent consciousness. Thus it is an invisible force, directly and imperceptibly operating on the minds of the individuals in the collective body and influencing the achievement, success and fulfillment in life.

What is Indian culture? It is a vast subject in itself, but a crisp and brief definition may perhaps serve our purpose here. Before we embark on it, it will be useful to state that a culture has two components: the core and the peripheral. The core part consists of its faith, beliefs and values derived from philosophy of life and its objectives envisaged in the culture. These form the soul of the culture which is supposed to be eternal and perennial in nature. The peripheral part deals with manners, customs and ways of life. It changes with time in response to the demands of the age and challenges of life posed by the social, political and global evolutionary processes.

Through this aspect it can absorb and assimilate the good features of other cultures and strengthen itself. For example entrepreneurial excellence, cooperative action, workings of democratic institutions, intensive pursuit of science of Western culture should be assimilated by other cultures, in particular Indian culture. The culture whose core component is not founded on solid eternal principles cannot withstand the vicissitudes of time and will perish. We will be concerned here with the core part of the Indian culture which is truly its essence. This culture was born in the womb of Vedic religion otherwise called Hindu religion, with the distinction of not having a Prophet like all other religions. It is primarily based on the timeless eternal principles enshrined in the four Vedas discovered by Rishis several thousand years ago. Its main contentions are the following:

The whole creation is projected out of an all pervading entity called Brahma unborn and eternally existing. The central message is:

*“Brahma satya Jagat Mithya
Jiva Brahmevya na apara”*

The Brahma is the real truth and the world is false. The jiv, i.e. being is part of Brahma and not separate from it. Truth, consciousness and bliss are the attributes of Brahma and it is called Satchidananda i.e., sat + chit + ananda. Since the jiv has originated from Brahma, it has irresistible urge to return to it just like water evaporated from sea, forms clouds and moves in the sky, forms rain, the rainwater forms small streams which then join the river and ultimately flows back to the sea. The perpetual dissatisfaction and incompleteness that everyone experiences in life, irrespective of the degree of worldly achievements, is an indication of this eternal urge. The soul of the jiv is immortal and undergoes many births and deaths, propelled by the desire to finally merge with Brahma where it can find absolute rest. Two sublime principles are evident here - the immortality of the soul, and the kinship between one another being born of the same source i.e., Brahma, If properly realized, these can relieve the jiv from fear of death and endow him with the love for others so essential for world peace. For the attainment of truth leading to liberation i.e., Mokshya, the four objectives called Purusartha to be pursued are: Kaam, Artha, Dharma and Mokshya. While pursuing worldly life all desires (Kaam) have to be satisfied by earning money (Artha) through rightful means following the precepts of Dharma with the sole aim of realization of truth i.e., God. Following this scheme in life, one is assured to get liberation i.e., the state of supreme peace and bliss. This philosophy asserts in unequivocal terms and is demonstrated in the life of many saints, that the so-called worldly pleasures, which are based on sense gratification, are transitory and ephemeral in nature. It has only some semblance of happiness a reflection of only true happiness. The true joy which is everlasting and in-





finitely more intense than the sensual pleasure is achievable by those who follow the path of truth to the final aim of realizing it. For an average man, struggling in the mundane world, this philosophy provides hope for the realization of truth and the attainment of supreme happiness through the teachings of Bhagavad Gita, which was given by Lord Krishna to Arjuna in the battlefield of Kurukshetra. Here Arjuna represents an average man struggling in the battlefield of life who gets dejected and downhearted at the enormity of the problems facing him. How Krishna cures him, resurrects his faith and strength so that he comes out successful and dons the mantle of glory, is the teaching contained in the 700 slokas of Gita. These should be emulated by all those who would like to have success, fulfillment and finally the greatest reward of liberation (Mokshya).

The Indian culture is rooted in the firm foundation of the Vedic knowledge and wisdom, discovered several thousand years ago by the ancient Rishis through penance and meditation, carried out for years in deep forest and caves, discarding altogether the lure of the sensual pleasures and the comfort of worldly life. Every truth they have discovered, has been rigorously tested in experiment in the lives of many people, and then only has been accepted. As an example, we will illustrate one grand truth discovered by them. It is “Ekam sat biprah bahudha badanti” “That which exists is one; sages call it by different names”. In concrete terms, it means, it is not Shiva who is superior to Vishnu, nor Vishnu is superior to Shiva, nor Vishnu is everything and Shiva is nothing. It is the same one we call either Shiva or Vishnu or by hundred other names. There are 330 millions of gods in Hindu religion, but there is no conflict because of the realization of the above truth. So many Gods have been invented to suit the taste and temperament of different people as variety is the need of the human mind. People in the different stages of evolution need different gods, the highest being nirakar a formless reality. Thus in the same family, two brothers coexist peacefully when one is a Shaivite and the other may be a Vaishnavite. This has led to the conviction that all religions, in essence, preach the same truth. They are only different paths leading to one goal only. The Mahimnah-stotra, in the words of Swami Vivekananda, says: “As the different rivers, taking their start from different mountains, running straight or crooked, at last come unto the ocean, so O Shiva. The different paths which men take through different tendencies, various though they appear, crooked or straight, all

lead unto thee”. Many of the strife’s, conflicts, wars and bloodshed the humanity has undergone in the past, and still undergoing today, can be traced to the intolerance to each other’s religion. Needless to say, the above sublime truth of religious harmony realized by the Rishis of India in Vedic period, has enormous potential for world peace which the world needs more than anything else.

It must be recognized that many civilizations in the History have appeared in the world stage and have vanished in time, but the Indian civilization has continued unbroken till today and likely to continue till eternity due to its inherent strength, being firmly rooted in the eternal truth of spirituality. One recent example will suffice to show how it continues to serve the need of humanity with its life giving force. When world was seething in the octopus grip of colonialism, Mahatma Gandhi showed the novel way of non-violence and satyagraha in the last century, to liberate India from foreign rule without war and blood shed, which was successfully emulated by other nations to gain their independence. The same principle was followed by Martin Luther King in USA and Nelson Mandela in South Africa in their struggle against apartheid with crowing success, Lech Walesa in Poland, using the same spiritual weapon against the Communist regime, succeeded in overthrowing it, impinging death blow at large to this oppressive system elsewhere in Europe and the then Soviet Union.

Many Non-Resident Indians are convinced that their welfare lies in forgetting their culture and adopting the culture of the country they have settled in. The sooner it is accomplished the better it is. The principal argument they advance is that, their own culture stands on the way of their assimilation into the main stream of the social and political life of their adopted country which will impede adversely their prosperity. They cannot occupy pivotal positions in the society and place effective role in guiding the future course of events. Further, they will not be accepted as equal members and enjoy the same status and dignity as the natives. Such arguments no doubt look quite formidable and convincing on the face. However, an intensive and deep look at History reveals a different picture. Take the case of the Jews. Jewish History is a saga of the triumph of culture over the adverse forces emanating from social, political, economic and psychological sources, often threatening them with the prospect of complete extermination, Jews were thrown out of their native land Israel, by the Romans around the beginning of the Christian era. They were

scattered into various countries of the world with major part settling in Europe and Czarist Russia. They went on struggling for about two thousand years on the face of persecution, harassment and humiliation. The most important fact which they never forgot for a moment was their culture, religion and language. They clung to it with tenacity and determination on a scale, rarely seen in the world history. It is this clinging to culture helped them in maintaining their identity finally resulting in the resurrection of the country Israel in 1948. It provided them the sustenance for survival, and endowed them with the strength and power of creativity enabling to contribute enormously to different fields of knowledge. A small community of about 20 million exert tremendous influence in the various spheres of activity, at the national and international level. It has produced world class leaders in many branches with Albert Einstein topping them all in eminence. The secret of creativity of this community is largely due to their unflinching devotion to the practice of their culture.

The astounding success of the NRI Jhumpa Lahiri emanating from the practice of the above principle is worth recounting here. At the tender age of thirty, she bagged

the most prestigious literary award in the US, namely the Pulitzer Prize, for writing a storybook based on Indian life in and around Calcutta a couple of years ago. Another example is the success story of the small Parsee community in India.

In this context, Swami Vivekananda has said “In the first place, we cannot become western; therefore imitating the westerners is useless. Suppose you can imitate the westerners, that moment you will die, you will have no more life in you. In the second place, it is impossible. A stream is taking its rise, away beyond where time began, flowing through millions of ages of human history; do you mean to get hold of that stream and push it back to its source, to a Himalayan glacier?” Lord Krishna in Bhagabat Gita has said: “Swadharme nidhanany shreyah paradharmo bhayahah“. It is better to die observing one’s own dharma than adopting other’s which is fraught with grave danger. The modern science echoes the same sentiment. The gene fully determines the character and tendency of the person. It is built in the course of evolution of million years and is transferred from the parents to their offspring’s. Therefore it is safer and wiser to listen to its promptings.

Chausathi Yogoni
at Ranipur Jharial
Bolangir





Self-Discovery

BY ANANYA MISHRA

Yesterday, I was a turtle, constantly retreating into my shell;
 Sheltered, timid, terrified of emerging and discovering who I
 could be.
 Blending into the background, I hardly spoke.
 My shell was my armor, shielding me from harsh words and
 rumors.
 Though I grew older, I shrank into myself.

Today, I am a blackbird;
 Still awkward and unwanted at times, but I no longer hide.
 I am more confident and grounded in my beliefs,
 For their sharp words no longer pierce.
 Wearing my black feathers with pride in my heritage,
 Slowly, toward my hopes and dreams,
 I am learning to fly.

Yesterday, I was an old shirt, forgotten;
 Worn and soft, comforting and familiar,
 But pushed aside for passing fancies.
 Useful and full of advice that fell only upon deaf ears,
 Unwanted and forlorn, passive and defenseless.
 Alone in the corner, I wept.

Today, I am a fleece blanket;
 Tender caresses and warm embraces,
 I am support for the confused and unguided;
 I surround with love.
 A sanctuary for frightened little ones,
 I have no need to speak, for my actions are enough;
 I give more than I take.

Yesterday, I masqueraded as a teen magazine;
 Techni-colored like all the others, I tried to blend in.
 Read, but easily forgotten, I was never satisfied.
 Sometimes, I snuck in a story meant to educate,
 But eternally, it met with disgust or bewilderment,
 Never with an understanding pat to my cover
 And encouragement to be myself.
 Unfulfilled, starving for acceptance,
 I longed for solidarity, not the vapid gossip I was replete with.
 I was ashamed.

Today, I am a prized copy of *Pride and Prejudice*;
 Alas, not loved or enjoyed by all,
 But with loyal friends who will never abandon me.
 A hint of days gone by,
 Wistful longing for romance.
 No quiet desperation or pleas for help.
 Riveting is my story; the words I offer help many,
 Bringing a smile to many a face or tears to many eyes;
 I am cherished now.

Yesterday, I was a fern;
 Shrinking from touch and curling up under pressure,
 It was hard for me to trust.
 Vulnerable, my emotions made easy targets.
 Cruel, vociferous children and tyrannical adolescents
 Poked and prodded me until I screamed in anguish.
 I yearned for quiet anonymity if no popularity was to be had;
 Forever afraid, I missed all the beauty around me.
 My eyes were always shut tight.

Today, I am a jasmine plant;
 Ordinary upon first encounter,
 Often overlooked until I flower for the select few,
 Now blossoming into unique beauty.
 I bask in the sunlight in small doses;
 Bashful, not yet completely self-aware.
 Wide-eyed with wonder at the world,
 Eager to travel, for I am exotic
 And can adapt to any place.
 I can see the world before my eyes.

Yesterday, I was a clichéd pop song off the radio;
 Slightly off-key, I strove for perfect pitch.
 Trying so hard to be flawless,
 I lost sight of the music.
 In attempting to please everyone, no one saw me;
 I was only ever a girl.
 Who knew that I had a name?

Today, I am a spiritual;
 Many layered, fulfilling,
 Bursting with memories, stamped with my signature.
 Every crescendo swells with confidence,
 Every phrase a wave of emotion.
 I feel deeply and others clearly hear my voice.
 I am nobody but myself,
 And that is all I need to be.

Tomorrow, I will become a butterfly;
 With wings spread wide, I give back
 What I had once received.
 With loving advice, I will draw others into my warm em-
 brace.
 Exotic and bright, I will travel the world,
 Easily fitting in anywhere I land.
 For I am myself, nothing more or less,
 Comfortable in my own skin.

Ananya Mishra, daughter of Srikanta and Snigdha Mishra, will graduate from McNeil High School in Austin, TX, and enter Emory University in Atlanta in the Fall of 2010. 2009-2010 National Merit Scholar and a National Semifinalist in the 2009 Siemens Competition in Math Science & Technology. She enjoys singing in her school's varsity choir, dancing Bharatanatyam and Odissi, and writing.



Universities Of Odisha : A Brief Survey

PROF. DR. P. L. NAYAK

Brief History of the University of Odisha: Beginning

After the separation of Orissa from Bihar and the creation of the new province of Orissa in April 1936, there was a strong desire among the leaders of the province for the establishment of a separate university in Orissa. Until 1936 all the colleges were under the jurisdiction of either Patna University or Andhra University. Subsequently the Government of Orissa, with Shri Biswanath Das as the Premier, appointed a committee on 2 March 1938 with Pandit Nilakantha Das as its chairman to examine the possibility of establishing a separate University in Orissa. Then during the premiership of Maharaja Krushna Chandra Gajapati, who played a pioneering role in the establishment of the University; the recommendation of this committee was made available. Pandit Godavarish Mishra, the then Minister of Education in the Government of Orissa introduced the Utkal University Bill which was passed by the Orissa Legislative Assembly on 30 June 1943. On receiving the Governor's assent subsequently on 2 August 1943, the Utkal University Act - 1943 came into force, clearing the way for the foundation of Utkal University on 27 November 1943.

Utkal University is also the seventeenth oldest in India. It has the largest space amongst all universities in Bhubaneswar and is also the most centrally located one. It has one of the highest number of educational departments in India and is also the state largest in this respect. The Integrated MBA, MCA, Law, Pharma and MFC departments are particularly of very high repute. The university has jurisdiction over nine districts in Orissa, namely Angul, Cuttack, Dhenkanal, Jajpur, Jagatsinghpur, Kendrapara, Khurda, Nayagarh and Puri, catering to the needs of higher education of a population of over 11 million people. It churns out some of the best minds in eastern India and a lot of people from this place play vital role in the state and national development in the later stages of their lives.

Utkal University came into being under the Utkal University Act, 1943. In 1966 that act was repealed and a new Utkal University Act came into effect from 1 January 1967. Initially Utkal University was operating from the Ravenshaw College, before it came to its own campus at Bhubaneswar, called Vani Vihar. Ravenshaw College remained affiliated to Patna University even after the separation of Orissa from Bihar in 1936 and the affiliation was finally transferred to the newly created Utkal University in 1943. In fact, it was Ravenshaw College that gave birth to the new University, nursed and sustained it. It operated from Ravenshaw College's present Zoology Department building premises. The University has many departments from Anthropology to Zoology, for post-graduate teaching.

1. UTKAL UNIVERSITY

Utkal University, Bhubaneswar is the oldest university in Orissa and the seventeenth oldest university in India. It is a teaching-cum-affiliating University, that has produced some of the most famous people in Odisha. There are at present twenty-six Post-Graduate Departments located in the University Campus for studies and research in various disciplines of Science, Humanities, Business Administration, Social Science, Law and Commerce. The total number of students in the PG Departments of the campus at Vani Vihar is nearly 3,000. This is, in fact, the largest affiliating University in the country with 267 affiliated general colleges, 15 Law colleges, 6 Medical & Pharmacy colleges.

Evolution of the Post Graduate Departments

The initial "Utkal University Act - 1943" did not specify clearly the territorial jurisdiction of the University. However its jurisdiction was extended to include the princely states in Orissa by an agreement between






the rulers of these princely states and the Government of Orissa. According to the agreement adequate representation of the princely states in the administrative and academic bodies of the university (15 members in the Senate, one member each in the syndicate and the Academic Council) was granted. The Utkal University Act 1943 was accordingly amended in the year 1947 defining the territorial jurisdiction of the University which was subsequently extended further to the whole State of Orissa in 1950.

Dr. Pranakrushna Parija, the then Principal of Ravenshaw College, Cuttack was the first Vice-Chancellor of the University, Mr. V. V. John, the then Assistant Professor of English in Ravenshaw College was the first Registrar of the University. The University, to start with, functioned mainly as an affiliating body. But very soon in 1949, it took over the management of the undergraduate Department of Law from Ravenshaw College, Cuttack and established its first constituent college now known as Madhusudan Law College, Cuttack. In 1956, the second phase of its expansion began with the opening of the Post-graduate Department of Geology in Ravenshaw College Campus and the University College of Engineering, Burla, Sambalpur. A research Department of Rural Economics and Sociology was also started in the same year with a generous grant from the Ford Foundation. In the year 1957, two new Post-graduate Departments in Philosophy and Sanskrit were established on the premises of the Burdwan House at Cuttack. That year the University Office was shifted to the Circuit House at Cuttack. The University in the initial phases provided new facilities for post-graduate studies only in those subjects which did not exist in Ravenshaw College at that

time. Then in 1958, the Post-Graduate Departments of Psychology, Statistics, Political Science and Anthropology were established. While the first three Departments were housed on the premises of Ravenshaw College, the Department of Anthropology was accommodated in a rented house at Bhubaneswar. The University took over the Post-graduate Department of History from Ravenshaw College in the year 1959. Post-Graduate studies in Zoology and Commerce were introduced in 1960 and 1962 respectively. The Research Department of Rural Economics and Sociology was established in 1956 and started Post-Graduate courses in Applied Economics in the year 1963. It was subsequently renamed as the Department of Analytical and Applied Economics. Around that time, a movement for the creation of regional universities started in different parts of Orissa. Accordingly, the Government of Orissa appointed the State University Committee in 1962 with Dr. P. Parija, the then Vice-Chancellor of Utkal University as the Chairman. On the recommendation of the Committee, two more universities were created; one at Sambalpur and the other at Berhampur. The Utkal University Act - 1943 was, in consequence, suitably amended to meet the new situation. The two new Universities at Sambalpur and Berhampur came into existence with effect from 1 January 1967; the date from which the new Utkal University Act came into force. The jurisdiction of Utkal University, which earlier covered the whole State of Orissa, was redefined in the new legislation. After the establishment of the two new Universities, the management of the Evening Colleges at Cuttack, Bhubaneswar, Sambalpur and Berhampur were taken over by the State Government. The Engineering College at Burla was handed over to Sambalpur



University. Utkal University, in its new campus at Vani Vihar, opened few other Post-Graduate Departments such as Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Oriya and English during the years 1966-69. The Department of Sociology and Labour Welfare was started in 1970, which in the year 1974 was split into the Department of Sociology and the Department of Labour Welfare (now re-named as the Department of Personnel Management and Industrial Relations). The Department of Geography was opened in 1970. The Post-Graduate Department of Law (L.L.M.) was started in the year 1973. The Department of Geology, which was accommodated earlier in Ravenshaw College was shifted to Vani Vihar in 1977. Then the Department of Library and Information Science and that of and Political Science Departments respectively, besides the 27 regular Post Graduate Programmes, along with Business Administration were opened in the year 1981 and in 1984. A Computer Centre was established initially with different departments of the University. IBM- 1130 computers were donated by the University Grants Commission in the year 1970 which has subsequently been placed by the WIPRO LANDMARK system at a cost of Rs.16 lakh provided later by the UGC. The Computer Centre, while facilitating research work undertaken by various departments of the University earlier offered a Post-Graduate Diploma Course (DCA) on Computer Application from 1980 to 1997. In 1990 the University opened the Department of Computer Science and Applications.

In the year 1999, the University came up with Integrated MCA course, which is a 5yr post-graduation course after 12th. This course went to become a huge hit after the students got placed in all the multi-nationals.

In the year 2001, the M.Sc. Computer Science course started up which was based on entrance selection based and enroll student must having prior computer bachelor degree such as B.Sc. Computer Science. This course become hugely successful with good student back ground, contemporary course structure and excellent placement record.

The Post Graduate Department of Biotechnology was started in the year 2002, and offers M.Sc. Biotechnology which is sponsored by The Department of Biotechnology (DBT), Government of India. The students are selected through the Combined Entrance Test for M.Sc. Biotechnology About Utkal University

The Utkal University, established in the year 1943, is

the seventeenth oldest University in India. Its present campus at Vani Vihar, BHUBANESWAR is located on a sprawling

The University has now the jurisdiction over 9 districts, viz, Angul, Cuttack, Dhenkanal, Jajpur, Jagatsinghpur, Kendrapara, Khurda, Nayagarh and Puri and is spread over an area of 24,973 sq. kilometers catering to the needs of higher education of a population of more than 110 lakhs.

At present the University has twenty-seven Post-Graduate teaching and research departments located within the campus and three constituent Institutions, viz. Directorate of Distance and Continuing Education, University Law College at Vani Vihar and M.S. Law College at Cuttack. Besides the regular courses, twenty-six sponsored courses are offered under the direct academic control of the P.G. Council of the University.

Location

The University campus is located at the heart of Bhubaneswar city and right on NH-5. It is nearly 5 km from both the Main Railway Station at MasterCanteen and Bus Stand at Baramunda. All the postgraduate departments and the University Law College are located inside the campus. Its present campus at Vani Vihar is located on a sprawling 399.9-acre (1.618 km²) area in the heart of Bhubaneswar beside the National High way No.5 connecting Calcutta and Chennai. The foundation stone of the present campus was laid by Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the first President of India on 1 January 1958 and the campus was inaugurated by Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, the second President of India on 2 January 1963. Now a number of students not only from within India but also foreign students are studying here.

2. SAMBALPUR UNIVERSITY

The Sambalpur University Act was passed by the Orissa Legislature on 10th December, 1966 to fulfill long cherished dream of the people of Western Orissa for establishment of a University. The University started functioning from 1st January, 1967 with Prof.Parsuram Mishra as the first Vice-Chancellor. The University was inaugurated on 4th January, 1967 by Hon'ble Chancellor A.N.Khosla. The University started functioning in 1967 in a rented private building at Dhanupali, Sambalpur and in Government building at Ainthapali, Sambalpur from 1968 - 72. In the year 1973 the University



was shifted to the present campus named Jyoti Vihar at Burla.

The territorial jurisdiction of the University covers 10 districts of the state of Orissa namely Sambalpur, Sundargarh, Jharsuguda, Deogarh, Bargarh, Bolangir, Subarnapur, Nawapara, Kalahandi, Boudh and Athamallik Sub-Division of Angul District.

The University at Jyoti Vihar provides Post-Graduate education in Twenty-seven subjects through Twenty Post-Graduate Departments.

The University Post-Graduate Departments offer one-year study Programme for M.Phil Degree, two years study programme for the Degrees of M.A./M.Sc./LL.M./ Business Administration/ M.Lib & Inf.Science, One-Year P.G. Diploma Course in Computer Science & Application and Diploma Course in Sambalpuri Studies and Three-Year course in M.C.A. and Executive M.B.A.

The P.G.Departments of Chemistry, Life Sciences, History, Economics, Library & Information Sciences and Mathematics have been conferred Autonomous Status by the University. They adopt Semester system based on continuous evaluation. They adopt their own courses of studies.

There are Ten Post-Graduate Hostels in the University Campus out of which four are Ladies Hostels and six are Gents' Hostels. The University provide several facilities to the boarders in the Hostels like Common Room with T.V., Reading Room with Newspaper and Magazine, Guest Room, First Aid, STD Telephone booth, etc. The Central Canteen has been opened near the Hostel Campus for the benefit of students. Besides there are two

Nationalized Banks, one Post-Office, one Health Centre, one Auditorium, one Police-Out Post, one Faculty House and one Community Centre have been established in the University Campus for providing services to students/teachers and employees in the Campus.

The establishment of Directorate of Distance Education (DEC), Private Education Cell (PEC), One Nodal Computer Centre, Academic Staff College, University Yoga Centre, Professor Bhubaneswar Behera Central Library are acting like the wheels for the University system and would carry the University speedily towards achieving the noble boon for which these are set up.

3. BERHAMPUR UNIVERSITY

The Berhampur University came into existence on 2nd January 1967 being inaugurated by Dr. A.N. Khosla, the



then Governor of Orissa and the first Chancellor of the University. The University was later shifted to the present site known as Bhanja Bihar, named after the celebrated



poet of Orissa Kabisamrat Upendra Bhanja. Spreading over an area of about two hundred fifty acres the university is twelve kilometres and 5 kilometers away from the Berhampur City and the Sea-beach of Gopalpur respectively.

The university has a wide area under its jurisdiction comprising the districts of Ganjam, Gajapati, Koraput, Rayagada, Nowrangapur, Malkangiri, Kandhamala and Boudh. Eleven Govt. colleges, sixty two non Govt. colleges and twenty six professional technical colleges are affiliated to the university. To the credit of the university these institutes cater to the need of students in various subjects and disciplines such as Arts, Science, Commerce, Law, Education, Medicine, Engineering, Pharmacology, Homoeopathy, Ayurveda, Nursing, Military Science, Library Science and Fine Arts.

There are twenty post-graduate departments in the university offering specialized subjects and M. Phil programmes. Some of the faculties like Mass Communication, Tourism and Indian Monuments, Electronic Science, Computer Science, Marine Science, Military Science make the University stand apart from some other universities of the country.

The university has achieved great distinction in the academic world due to the qualitative and quantitative production of M. Phil., Ph.D., D. Litt and D. Sc degrees. So far many projects, major and minor funded by the U.G.C., I.C.S.S.R., C.S.I.R. and D.S.T. etc. have been completed. About two hundred fifty research oriented and text books have been published by the teachers. The university has the record of holding seminars and conferences every year apart from organising weekly seminars in the departments. Several U.G.C. sponsored Refresher Courses/Orientation Programmes/Summer Institutes are conducted in the university for the benefit of the university and college teachers.

With all such multifarious academic activities the university has so far received reciprocal recognition from many Indian universities. It is a permanent member of the Inter University Board of India and Sri Lanka as well as that of the Association of Common Wealth University of London. The University has got NAAC accreditation with a rating of B+.

At present the Campus has eight teaching blocks, eight hostels, a health centre, an Engineering Office, a guest house, an M.E. School, a High School/Junior College, a Library, a Museum-cum-Archival Cell, a landing ground,

a Play ground, a Sports Council centre, a shopping complex, a Canteen, an S.B.I. Branch, a Post Office, three temples and an Administrative Building with a Distant Education Cell and a College Development Council.

On the whole for past many decades the university has remained as the symbol of glory and prosperity for the people of South Orissa. Though the university has completed 40 years and has carved for itself a place of pride in the academic map of the country, yet it has miles and miles ahead to go in the service of the students, scholars and society and the country at large.

4. FAKIR MOHAN UNIVERSITY

The Fakir Mohan University, Vyasa Vihar, Balasore was established by the Government of Orissa, under Section



32 of the Orissa Universities Act, 1989 (Act 5 of 1989) and it was notified vide the Government's Notification No. 973 dated 3rd July, 1999. The University has also been duly recognized by the UGC under section 2(f) of the UGC Act by the Notification No. F-9-1 / 2000 (CPP-I), dated 11th February 2000 as well as under section 12(B), vide UGC letter No. F.9-1 /2000 (CPP-I) dated 23rd December, 2005. It has also been accredited by the Association of Indian Universities, vide their letter No. Meet: SC: 261:2K/108693, dated 22nd August, 2000. The University is functioning from its present campus at Vyasa Vihar. New campus at Nuapadhi has already started functioning. All the P.G. Departments of the University are computer based. Automation of the office and the library is going to be completed soon.

Special Distinctions of the University

1. Non-negotiable academic calendar and timely publication of results.





2. Up to date in distribution of Degrees and Certificates.
3. All PG Departments are computer based.
4. All students are covered under Health insurance.
5. Basic Mathematics and Reasoning are imparted to all PG students to Equip them in employment market.
6. Personality Development Programs including Campus interviews are undertaken for the students.

5. NORTH ORISSA UNIVERSITY, BARIPADA

The Government of Orissa under the Section 32 of the Orissa University Act, 1989 (Act 5 of 1989), established the North Orissa University and notified vide notification No. 880 dated 13th July 1998. The University



is included in the list of Universities maintained under section 2 (f) of the University Grants Commission Act 1956, to impart higher education in the Tribal base area of Northern Orissa. The jurisdiction of the University extends over two districts, Mayurbhanj and Keonjhar. There are 80 affiliated colleges, both general and professional, catering to the demand of higher education. The Honorable Governor of Orissa is the Chancellor of the University. Prof. S. P. Rath as the Vice Chancellor heads the University presently and the Syndicate acts as the highest executive body.

6. ORISSA UNIVERSITY OF AGRICULTURE AND TECHNOLOGY

The Radhakrishnan University Education Commission of 1949 emphasised the need for establishing Agricultural Universities in India. Subsequently, the Indo-American team constituted under the Chairmanship of Dr. K.R. Damle (1955), the then Vice-president of Indian Council of Agricultural Research, suggested a system of education for Indian as followed in the Land Grant Colleges of USA. The Planning Commission Committee felt the inadequacy of trained personnel for

substantial output in agricultural operations with the then set up of research, education and extension in Agriculture, Animal Husbandry and allied fields. In course of time, these recommendations led to the creation of the agricultural universities to accomplish the integration of teaching, research and extension. In 1956, Dr. J.H. Longwell from the University of Missouri visited Orissa and had discussion with the State Government which resulted in a contract between the Government of India and the University of Missouri to provide assistance to the Agriculture and Veterinary Colleges of the State. In 1960, a decision was taken to establish an Agricultural University in Orissa in the pattern of the Land Grant Colleges of USA and Dr. Ide P. Trotter joined the Utkal Krishi Mahavidyalaya on 1st April, 1960, as a consultant in Educational Administration. President Elmer Ellies of the University of Missouri, visited the Agriculture and Veterinary Colleges of Orissa in 1961 and had discussion with the State Government for establishment of the Orissa University of Agriculture and Technology.

In 1961, the Legislature of the State of Orissa enacted the Orissa University of Agriculture and Technology Act, 1961 (Orissa Act 20 of 1961) with the object of establishing and incorporating a University of Agriculture and Technology for the agricultural education of the people of the State. The University took its birth on 24th August, 1962 when it was inaugurated by Prof. John K. Galbraith, the then U.S. Ambassador in India. The University came into operation from 1st February, 1963, when the two Govt. managed Colleges, the Utkal Krushi Mahavidyalaya and the Orissa College of Veterinary Science and Animal Husbandry with their staff were transferred to the University. This Act passed in 1961, was later repealed in 1965 by the Orissa University of Agriculture and Technology Act, 1965 (Orissa Act, 17 of 1965) which came into force from the 3rd November,



1965.

The University started a College of Basic Science and Humanities with the Pre-University Science class in 1964 and in the following year the Pre-professional science class was added. The College of Agriculture Engineering and Technology came up in the year 1966.

In 1981, another College of Agriculture was started at Chiplima. In the same year, the College of Engg. & Tech., College of Home Science, College of Fisheries, Rangeilunda and PG Deptt. of Aquaculture, Bhubaneswar were established. In 1986, the Department of Forestry was started to offer the Bachelor's degree in Forestry under the College of Agriculture, Bhubaneswar.

In February, 1963, the State owned Agricultural Research Station at Bhubaneswar was transferred to OUAT. Subsequently, Berhampur, Jaypore, Chiplima, Kendrapara, Pottangi and Jashipur Research Stations were brought under the University. As the research areas were extended to more disciplines through aegis of several All India Coordinated Research Projects and ad-hoc schemes funded by ICAR, Govt. of India and other agencies, more research stations were established.

In 1978, four Regional Research Stations were established under the "Orissa Agriculture Development Project (OADP) with World Bank funding at Bhubaneswar, Chiplima, Keonjhar and Semiliguda to undertake location specific research. Another 13 Adaptive Research Stations, one in each of the old revenue districts of the State were established to verify the research results generated in the Regional Research Stations.

From 1983 to 1995, the University research capability was further strengthened through implementation of the National Agriculture Research Project (NARP). Four Zonal Research Stations at Ranital, G.Udayagiri, Bhawanipatna and Mahisapt, four Zonal Substations at Kirei, Kalimela, Umerkote, and Motto and one commodity Research Station on Sugarcane at Nayagarh were established. Besides, the Maize research station at Jashipur, Species research station at Pottangi and the Jute and allied fibre research station at Kendrapara are functioning under the University.

The extension education programme of the University was operating in several villages of the State to help the farmers to help themselves. From 1982 to 1995, the extension programme was further strengthened through establishment of eight Krishi Vigyan Kendras (Koraput, Keonjhar, Balasore, Ganjam, Bargarh, Phulbani, Kalah-

andi and Kendrapara).

The University has made steady progress under the able guidance of the first President and later the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. M.C. Pradhan (29.9.62 to 28.9.65), and subsequently of Dr. K. Ramiah (1.11.65 to 15.3.68), Dr. B.Samantarai (16.3.68 to 5.6.71), Dr. Ch. N. Nanda (6.6.71 to 16.7.73), Sri J.Das (17.7.73 to 14.10.76), Dr. K., Kanungo (15.10.76 to 31.7.81), Dr. B. Misra (1.8.81 to 28.3.85), Sri K. Rammurthy (5.4.85 to 22.4.88), Dr. N. Pattnaik (24.4.88 to 4.2.92), Dr. I.C. Mahapatra (5.2.92 to 17.8.94), Dr. K. Pradhan (5.9.94 to 5.9.97), Mr. R.K. Bhujabala (8.10.97 to 31.10.2000), Mr. Sahadev Sahoo (1.11.2000 to 31.10.2003), Dr. B.Senapati (12.12.2003 to 18.12.2006) and Prof. D.P Ray (18.12.2006.....).

7. BIJU PATTNAIK UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY

The Biju Patnaik University of Technology (BPUT), Orissa, with its head-quarters in Rourkela came into being in November 2002 through an act of the Government. The main objective of instituting the University was to ensure a high quality of students coming out of the technical colleges through a common curriculum and uniform evaluation. Today, the University has 110 colleges, both constituent and affiliated, with around 58,000 students. The disciplines include engineering and architecture, business management and hotel management, computer studies and pharmacy. Several of these offer both undergraduate and post graduate studies.

8. RAVENSHAW UNIVERSITY, CUTTACK

Ravenshaw University came into existence on the 15th day of November, 2006. It was an upgradation of Ravenshaw College established in 1868, one of the oldest and largest colleges in India which subsequently became an autonomous college with CPE status by UGC and 'A' grade by NAAC. The College with all its glorious academic achievement and ceaseless scholastic pursuits had already created a distinct niche for itself in India and beyond. The history of this great institution is, in a manner of speaking, the history of modern Orissa. It was the cradle of ideas fostering national unity and nationalism, promoting social mobilization and gearing up the freedom struggle.



The grand hall of this institution was a theatre of history : on the 1st of April 1936 it was the venue for the declaration of Orissa as a separate province; thereafter it housed the state's first legislative assembly upto and even after Independence till it was shifted to Bhubaneswar, the new capital of the state. During Quit India Movement of 1942 the students of this institution brought down the Union Jack as a mark of nationalistic fervour.

The College originally was affiliated to Calcutta University and thereafter to Patna University in 1917 and was finally affiliated to Utkal University in 1943. The Utkal University began functioning from this campus till it was shifted to its present site at Vani Vihar, Bhubaneswar. This institution is the alma mater of the most distinguished personalities of the state. Not only the Utkal University but also the Orissa State Museum and Madhusudan Law College are the offshoots of this Institution obtaining their independent status at a later stage.

Post-graduate teaching started in 1922 with the opening of M.A. English class. Considering its great heritage, the Institution has been awarded National Honour by the Government of India through the issue of a commemorative stamp in 1978. The library which was named after the Raja Sahib of Kanika is the largest in Orissa. Not only is this Institution an epitome of learning but also a piece of unique Victorian architecture in the country.

The University has 27 departments of which 20 are post-graduate departments. M.Phil. programme is available in 14 departments and all the departments have provision for Ph.D. & D.Litt. programmes. Presently the University runs 23 Post-Graduate courses with research facilities and 27 Undergraduate honours courses.

The mission of the institution is "To provide value-based quality education to students of all sections of society with a view to promoting exemplary work ethics,

professional expertise and leadership in all walks of life to serve their fellowmen with justice, truth and love" with a pledge to redeem the motto of the University "Gyanameba Shakti" which means "Knowledge is Power"

There are also some smaller universities in Orissa like i) Sanskrit University, Puri and ii) Culture University, Bhubaneswar.

Very recently the Government of India have opened up new avenues to strengthen the higher education in Orissa such as:

1. IIT, Bhubaneswar
2. NISER , Bhubaneswar
3. Central University, Koraput

IIT , Bhubaneswar has been allotted more than 300 acres of land near Jatni at Aurugul. NISER has also been allotted around 300 acres of land next to IIT.

There are also two deemed university such as KIIT, University Bhubaneswar and SOAS , University, Bhubaneswar.

There are proposals to open a private universities like Shree University and some other universities in Orissa in the near future.

Hence Orissa with one University till 1966 is now marching ahead with a number of very good new universities to cater to the need of the students of Orissa for higher studies.

BANDE UTKAL JANANI

Prof. Dr. P. L. Nayak, Ph.D., D.Sc.Ex- Professor and Head, Chemistry, Ravenshaw College, Cuttack. At Present: Chairman, P.L.Nayak Research Foundation, Cuttack And Institute of Nanobiotechnology, Cuttack



Keeping in Touch

BY INEKA PANIGRAHI

Life is filled with values so intricate,
Wonders, feelings and memories elaborate
These happenings that don't have prices,
Are being destroyed by electronic devices

We used to meet new people every day,
And visited friends living far away
We relived the good times,
And families sat together at mealtimes

These days texting does the trick,
And the iPhone is everyone's pick
On Facebook and MySpace stay the teens,
Younger children entrapped in TV screens

We say these devices help us communicate,
When they really just keep us separate
When sitting right beside someone,
Talking is not an option
To talk to them, we need that iPod,
Which is a habit rather odd

It's not only kids that have this bad habit,
Adults are also a major target
Checking their email or Facebook regularly,
They don't have time for their family.

To control it, what can we do?
Our recent actions we need to review
We haven't been thinking about the beauties of life,
Instead we've been overwhelming ourselves
with electronic strife

So reduce the amount of unnecessary
devices in your household,
And you will truly have something to behold.

Ineka enjoys dancing, singing, writing poems, stories and articles and reading. She also enjoys playing badminton and riding her bike. She is 11 years old and lives in Toronto with her brother Soman and parents Sabita and Gagan Panigrahi.

ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଆମ ଘର

ଡକ୍ଟର ସୁନାମଣି ରାଉତ୍
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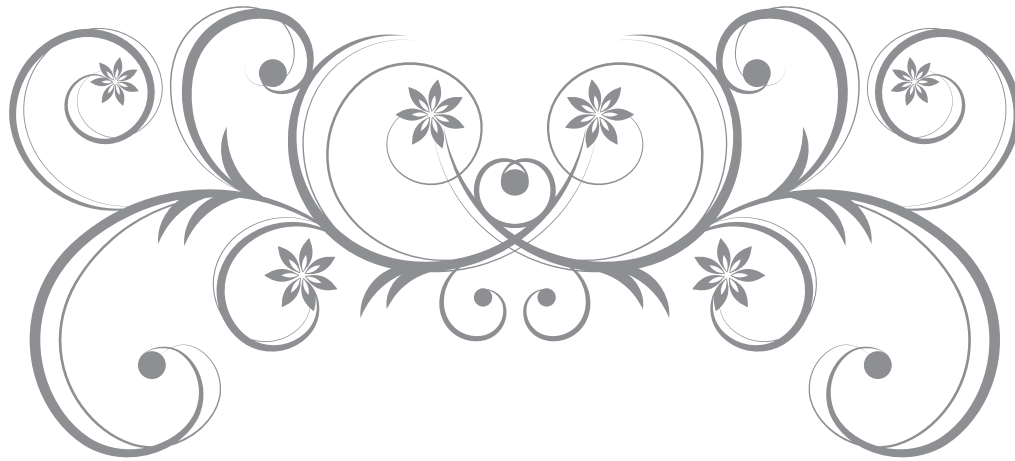
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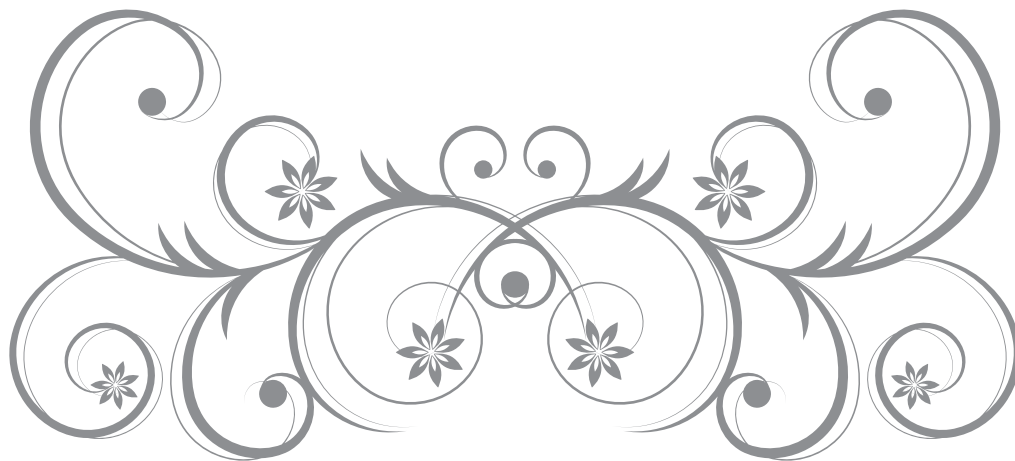
ସେଇ ମାଟିର ବାଜିଆ,ବକ୍ସି,ସୁଭାଷ,ମଧୁ,ଗୋପ
ଡରି ନ ଥିଲେ ଫାଶୀ,କମାଣ,ବନ୍ଧୁକ,ଗୁଳି,ତୋପ ।
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*Literary
Kaleidoscope*





CONGRATULATIONS

TO LEGENDARY FILM MAKER

Prashanta Nanda

FOR HIS LIFE TIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD
FROM OSA AND HIS 50 YEARS OF FILM MAKING.



*Prashanta Nanda is receiving
the Rajat Kamal National Film Award
for his latest film "The Living Ghost" from
Indian President, Shrimati Pratibha Patil.
(March 19, 2010)*



www.**WASITRAC**.org





60 cents

ANKITA KHANDAI

Love costs 60 cents a week. Some weeks it's double that, depending on how dirty I am. I have come to realize that 60 cents is one of the most awkward quantities ever. Two quarters and a dime. One quarter, three dimes and a nickel. Six dimes. Exactly. The stupid machines never took any more or any less, but that's how she was too.

I never would have met her if my cat hadn't decided to play in my washing machine and leave her plastic mouse inside. The technician said it would take about two days to fix. In real people time, that meant it would take about two and a half weeks. That's the equation I have come up with any household technician- take their estimated time, convert the days to weeks or weeks to months and add a half. It's never failed me so far. So for the next two and a half weeks, I was forced to do all of my laundry at the Laundromat down the street from my Evanston apartment.

I had just finished my last shift of the week at the hospital when I realized I had absolutely no clean clothes left. Grabbing my laundry basket and detergent from my apartment, I headed down the street.

If you've ever wondered what an insane asylum looks like, just go to a Laundromat. Everything there is this blinding, stark white, the kind of white that sucks all the warmth out of everything. The incessant whirring of the washers and dryers had taken over my mind until I felt like I was thinking and breathing to the rhythm of the machines.

Trying desperately to ignore the lack of loud colors and abundance of white noise, I shoved all of my laundry into the machine and poured in my detergent. I rummaged through my pockets, trying to find 60 cents to get the cycle going.

"Dammit, I need another dime..."

"Here, I've got one."

I whipped around, and saw a pair of bright purple Converse staring me in the face.

"What?" I asked the Converse.

"Here, one second, I've got a dime."

I watched perplexed as the Converse pushed itself

out of the dryer and saw there was a girl attached. She handed me a dime, introduced herself as Madeline, but I could call her Maddy, and insisted that the machine I had chosen was cursed because it would always eat her socks... all within fifteen seconds. In such a bleak place, her liveliness caught me completely off guard.

"Uhh thanks, I appreciate it... Maddy. My name is Jake," I replied slowly, taking the dime from her hand and putting it in the machine.

"Don't mention it!" she said brightly and climbed back into her dryer.

Tilting my head, I tried to peer into the depths of her abode.

"Comfortable?" I asked her.

"Oh very. You should try it sometime."

We talked while I waited for my clothes and I learned all about her. Maddy never stopped talking- I don't think she even paused to breathe. I couldn't get a word in edgewise, but it didn't bother me much because she was the most interesting person I had ever met. She told me that every day, without fail, she would just sit inside one of the dryers, with her legs and feet hanging out. Sometimes she'd read, sometimes she'd listen to music, sometimes she'd meditate because she liked the way the sound of "om" reverberated inside a Maytag. Cleanliness is Godliness, I suppose.

After my load was done, I said bye and left for home. The entire walk back I couldn't stop thinking over everything she had told me. That night, I dreamed about purple Converse.

Every week for the next three months, I came back to talk to her. My machine at home was fixed in three weeks (two days, my ass), but at least once every week I'd make up some excuse to myself to do my laundry at the Laundromat. The machines there work better anyway... they're bigger, I can do more loads at once... what am I going to do with all this extra change anyway? I knew they were excuses even as I told them to myself, but it didn't matter. I just wanted to get to know her better.

I found out she was an art and econ grad student at Northwestern. I found out she loved jazz, but not Sina-



tra, rap, but not Lil Wayne, and the Beatles, but not Paul McCartney. She owned eight different pairs of Converse, including a pair with speech bubbles all over that she wrote profanities inside.

“They make me feel really badass,” she told me when I asked her why she did it. “It’s like getting a tattoo on your hip... no one can see it, but you know it’s there, and that’s all that matters. Unless, of course, you choose to show someone.”

I told her all about my cat and my residency at the Northwestern hospital. I told her about my crazy Southern family with their Confederate flags and homemade jam. I told her about how I’d always wanted to get a tattoo, but could never think of anything I’d want permanently branded on my body.

“Maybe I’ll get the Maytag logo on my butt,” I joked.

“That. Would be. Epic,” she replied, with a dead serious look on her face.

A couple of months later, I walked into the Laundromat to the sight of her putting in a load of clothes into the washing machine. The white didn’t seem so endless anymore, and the whirring had started to sound more like a background soundtrack to my life. I watched Maddy rummage through her pockets as I walked over to her.

“Dammit, I need another dime...”

“Here, I’ve got one.”

And I handed her a ring.

My Brother

BY INEKA PANIGRAHI

*I used to play with him when he got home,
Around our backyard and front yard we used to roam
He taught me how to play on the swing when I was
three,*

Now with any homework he helps me

*I ask him when I need advice,
His answers are without a price
His work got harder, but he still had time for me,
The brother that he is, no one can be*

*We have our ups and downs like everyone,
But overall, to cherish, he’s the one
The problems he faced as a kid,
He teaches me to stay away from
“I hope you learn sooner than I did.”
He says to me so a better person I become*

*It’s his second year in university,
He’s living in another city
I miss him more than anything,
Those times we had were certainly something*

*When he comes to visit,
Delighted is my spirit,
My heart sings with joy
“We’re all going to enjoy!”*

*My heart’s beating faster,
“My brother’s coming home today!”
But as I realize we’ve both gotten older,
I say, “Too bad he won’t have time to play.”*

Ineka enjoys dancing, singing, writing poems, stories, articles and readings. She also enjoys playing badminton and riding her bike. She is 11 years old and lives in Toronto, Canada with her brother Soman and parents Gagan and Sabita Panigrahi.





Aamara Biswas

Women Helping Women through Nano Finance

A. INTRODUCTION

After working for almost nine years at the grass root level, I realize that, the condition of poorest of poor has not changed, as it has been over centuries. They still can't go to the Government or any commercial banks or to the Micro Finance Institutions for their emergency needs. The only option for them is to go to the moneylenders at the minimum interest rate of 120 % or more per year. The poor don't have the choice when there is a dead body in the house and there is no money to buy wood for the cremation, when there is no money for the medical treatment for the family, when there is no money to buy food for a day, and there is no money to send children to school. They are not always the part of the micro finance system. If they are; it is hard for them to pay back their weekly or monthly due in time. Sometimes, the situation forces them to take another loan to pay back their previous loan. I find Nano Finance concept is the best way to help the poorest of poor.

B. PURPOSE OF NANO FINANCE

- **Not to be the victims of the moneylenders at the time of emergency.**

Example: A woman takes a loan of Rs 500 (about \$12) from a moneylender for her son's medical need. She pays 50 rupees every month towards the interest until she pays back the 500 rupees (one time). The total household income (both husband and wife) is about Rs 1500. She will never pay back the amount unless she has some extra income. If there is another such emergency need, she has to take another similar loan. It is a vicious circle and most of the time; the poorest of the poor are the victims of such trap and never come out of it. In extreme emergency situation, the interest rate can go up to 320% per year.

- **Interest free loan for one year provides women enough time to pay back the loan comfortably.**

Example: Unlike under rules of Micro Finance Institutions or banks, they have the freedom of paying back the loan within a year, in installment, any amount, at any time and at their convenience. A woman took her first loan of 500 rupees to start her small business. She had comfortable time and bigger window to pay back

the loan in a year without any interest. She had already taken second time loan to expand her business.

- **Provides women secure feeling for desperate situation in case of emergency.**

Example: A woman was suffering from Malaria and was hospitalized with a serious condition. The family needed money for her treatment and did not have any savings. Only option was to go to the moneylender at any cost. The mother-in-law came to our center and took a loan for the treatment. It is a tremendous comfort to know there is money available for emergency need instead of going to the moneylender who can reject their request or give loan with a high interest rate.

- **The purpose is not to make the women rich but to help them when they are in desperate need for health care, children's education, and other unavoidable circumstances.**

Example: We give maximum loan amount of 1000 rupees with a few exceptions. The amount is not going to make them rich. But, it will help them not to be poorer, help them to educate their children at a minimum level, help them to provide minimum health care, and bring food to the family when there is no other choice, and stop them from going to the moneylenders.

- **Using their money to help other women in need**

Example: The returned money is used to give loan to other women who are in similar situation like them. The initial invested loan amount of Rs 4, 00,300 has reached to RS 10, 00,000.

- **Provide loan with dignity and return the amount in time without any forceful action.**

Example: The women come to the center and express their need by themselves and take the loan by giving minimum information without going through any paper work. Unless they don't return the loan in one year, we don't force them to pay, but always encourage them to pay some amount every month. So, in the end, it is not a big burden on them. After one year, we do remind them frequently.

- **The trust (Biswas) is the key factor of the success of the Nano Finance concept**

It is all about trust. Unless, they return the first loan, they can't get another loan even in emergency. They are responsible for their loan. In fact, the women themselves are responsible for the success of the Nano Finance project and the establishment of Aamara Biswas.

C. TOTAL AMOUNT COLLECTED

I am extremely humbled and thankful to my donors for their kindness and trust in me to work for the people. They never doubt or question my integrity and are always interested in my work and encourage me to pursue my dream. I wouldn't have come this far without their concern, good will and support.

Many donors decided to transfer their invested amount with BISWA mFI in 2005 to Aamara Biswas for the Nano Finance project (about 70% of the total amount of Rs 21, 50,269). The other 30% is collected from the kind donors who had supported my work year after year without any hesitation.

Aamara Biswas does not have the Reserve Bank clearance (FCRA) for accepting foreign currency as donation as yet. The entire donation has come through BISWA.

November 2, 2007	Rs 5, 05,769
February 20, 2008	Rs 5, 00,000*
September 11, 2008	Rs 5, 49,850**
October 22, 2008	Rs 5, 20,000
December 12, 2008	Rs 74,650

Total (Nov. 2007-Dec. 2008) Rs 21, 50,269 (about \$49,000)

*The amount is kept as a fixed deposit with BISWA mFI at the interest rate of 11% per year for five years.

** Personal collection for the year 2007-2008

Total Amount Invested in Nano Finance Project: Rs 9, 80,269 (2007-2008)

Total Amount Invested in Solar Lantern Project: Rs 6,70,000 (2008)

The above quoted amount includes the administrative expenses and the bank deposit.

I don't take any amount from the collection for my travel or expenses.

D. FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE NANO FINANCE PROJECT AT SAMBALPUR DISTRICT

Month	Amount Disbursed In Rupees (Indian Currency)	Amount Collected In Rupees	Number of Beneficiaries			Amount kept for giving Loan
			New	2nd Time	3rd Time	
November	2,36,000	3,620	397			3,75,600
December	1,18,600	55,005	215			
January	39,000	49,925	80			
February	1,48,700	65,630	106	95		9,000 (donation through me)
March	47,000	62,535	54	95		
April	34,000	1,110	50	18	25	
May	49,500	56,500	62	11	16	
June	27,000	40,280	35	13	12	
July	49,000	48,555	62	25	4	
August	54,200	36,220	61	44		
September	73,000	43,900	90	47		18,400 (donation through me)
October	43,700	34,450	60	27	5	
November	43,000	40,260	62	24	8	
December	37,300	37,800	35	18		
Total	10,000,00	6,15,790	1,364	417	70	4,03,000

80% of the women who took loan in November 2007 have paid back the loan in a year (November 2008). I am still hoping, most of them will return the loan though it will take them more than one year. There are genuine cases where they don't have enough money to pay back the loan in time after barely taking care of their family. Sickness is the common culprit for this situation. A few women will not return. It is just their nature. I still strongly believe that most of the women who are in need do not cheat, are not greedy, don't have the dream of acquiring properties or materials, and their needs are minimum. Their only hope is to have a simple thatched roof as their home, to provide food to the family, basic education to their children, and minimum health care to the family members.



E. NEW NANO FINANCE PROJECTS IN DIFFERENT AREAS

I. Childright (NGO), Bhadrak Dist.	Rs 2,15,000	Tapan Mohapatra, Secretary, Indu Malick, coordinator
II. Srusti (NGO) in Nuapada Dist.	Rs 1,00,000	Biswajit Padhi, Secretary
III. Itishree Behera, Jagatsingpur Dist.	Rs 65,000	Jeevan Lal Behera
IV. Surabhi Seth, Baragarh Dist.	Rs 23,000	
V. Kamalini Badi, Anugal Dist.,	Rs 18,000	
Total amount invested:	Rs 4, 21,000	

I knew most of the coordinators during my last visit (except Jeevan Lal Behera). I work with trust. I am hoping, the project will be successful through them and will be expanded to other areas.

F. SOLAR LANTERN PROJECT THROUGH NANO FINANCE

For the last six years, I was looking to promote the solar lantern project. I became aware of a basic problem when I visited several villages of Sambalpur district with BISWA in 2002. It was heart breaking to see that some villages did not have electricity even in this century. After doing some research, I decided to purchase the Aiswaria solar lantern from NEST, a Hyderabad based company. The only reason I chose this product was that the product had been in the market for eight years and the customers were very happy with it. In this project, the villagers purchase the lantern from us by paying an initial amount and take an interest free loan for the rest, which they have to pay back in a year or less. We have already started to deliver the lanterns and started collecting the initial amount. We are hoping to use the collected money to purchase more lanterns. The total amount invested towards the project: Rs 6, 70, 000

G. UP SCALING THE PROJECT THROUGH EXISTING NGOS / THROUGH INDIVIDUALS

Though, Aamara Biswa has given some funds to two NGOs (Childright and Srusti) for

promoting the Nano Finance concept, I feel it will be more viable to promote this concept through individual women with small amount of money at the beginning. The women know their own areas and difficulties they go through in daily life. Most of the time, they also know the women whom they are giving loan. It is interesting and heartwarming to know that, all the women who are currently working for this project never complain about their salary. They are genuinely interested in working for the project and the benefit of the women.

H. EVALUATION OF THE PROJECT AFTER ONE YEAR

Lessons Learnt:

- At the beginning, the women were not accustomed to the concept of interest free loan. It was beyond their expectation.
- Many women thought it was a handout to them because they were poor.
- Some women (outsiders) just took loan with false identification.
- It was not useful to keep their voter IDs, because they did not match with their current profiles.
- It took a few months for the women to understand the benefit and importance of this project.
- Book keeping must be done properly at the very beginning
- It is a learning process and it requires constant correction and improvement with experience.

Corrective Actions:

- It is very important to disburse a small amount of loan to a few numbers of women at the beginning and give them some time to understand the concept.
- We don't keep ID but ask the new clients to come with another woman who has already established good credit report with us.
- The books for keeping information must be ready before disbursing any amount of loan.
- It is a constant effort to put emphasis on trust. The concept of Nano Finance will not be successful without women's help and their trust. Aamara Biswas is their organization and the future is in their hands.



I. FUTURE PLANS

- Expand the Nano Finance concept in different parts of Orissa through women
- Encouraging women to take short-term education loan for buying books, paying tuition fees, or any other education related expenses. We have already started giving loans for education purpose and asked them to return the loan as soon as possible at their convenience. So, they can again take loan when they need.
- I am still trying to find out how to provide minimum health care to these women and the children but have not been successful. I had a discussion with the women. They are ready to deposit 1% or more of their loan amount towards the health care. Please suggest if you have any idea.



ଚିହ୍ନା ଲୋକ

ଝିଅଟିଏ
 ପ୍ରେମିକାଟିଏ
 ମହକୁଧିବା ଫୁଲଟିଏ
 ଭୋର୍ ଭୋରୁଆ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନଟିଏ
 ଚିହ୍ନିକି ପତିଲାଭଳି ଶିହରଣଟିଏ
 ମୋ' ଚହଲା ଚହଲା ମନର,
 ହଜି, ହଜି ଯାଉଥିବା ସ୍ମୃତିର
 ରାଣୀ ସିଏ
 କାହାଣୀ ସିଏ ।

ସ୍ତ୍ରୀଟିଏ
 ଜନ୍ମ ଜନ୍ମର ସାଥୀଟିଏ
 ତା' ନାଲି ନାଲି ଓଠ ତଳେ ଝୁମେଇଯାଏ ମୋ' ଚୁମ୍ବନ
 ତା' କଜଳ ପିନ୍ଧା ଆଖିତଳେ ଛପି ଛପିଯାଏ ମୋ' ସପନ
 ତା' ଫୁଲୁଳା ଦେହରେ ହଜି ଯାଇଯାଏ ମୋ' ମନ
 ତା' ଭଉଁସିବା ପତୁଧିବା ଛାତିତଳେ ବଢି ବଢିଯାଏ ମୋ' ସ୍ତନ୍ନ
 ତା' ଶାଢୀ ଓ ବୁଲୁଜ ତଳେ ପଇଁତରା ମାରେ ମୋ' ଯୌବନ
 ତା' ଶଙ୍ଖା, ସିନ୍ଦୂର ଓ ଚୁଡ଼ିତଳେ ବନ୍ଧା ପତିଛି ମୋ' ଜୀବନ ।

ମା'ଟିଏ
 ହୀରାଟିଏ
 ତା' ହାତ ଆଉଁସାରେ କି ଯାଦୁଥାଏ କେଜାଣି ?
 ଭୁଲି ହୋଇଯାଏ ସବୁ ଦୁଃଖ, ଶୋକ
 ତା' ହାତ ପରସାରେ କ'ଣ ଝରୁଥାଏ କେଜାଣି ?
 ମରିଯାଏ ସବୁ ଭୋକ, ଶୋଷ
 ସବୁ ଲାଗେ ଅମୃତ, ଅମୃତ ।

ଶଶଧର ମହାପାତ୍ର, ମେରୀଲ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡ

Manav Adhyayan Kendra - Enriching Life

Manav Adhyayan Kendra(MAK), the Institute for Human Resource Development is dedicated for enriching human life through Training , Education & Research.

MAK, established in 2001 at Bhubaneswar, Odisha in India, operates across the country conducting training programmes in various organizations for different target groups. Registered under society act, MAK is an independent body undertaking activities in the field of training and development. Value addition to human life is the mission of MAK, as has been proved in the last eight years.



MAK is a movement based on the innovative ideas of Dr Hara Prasanna Das, the Principal Advisor. MAK has created its unique identity through innovative and value added training programmes under the guidance of Dr Das. The dedicated team of MAK have proved its credibility across the country. Dr Das, the management Practitioner, having around 35 years of professional experience in the HR training & development, is innovative, pragmatic, positive & proactive in designing, conducting, and evaluating need based training programmes for diversified target groups. He has provided professional services to more than 100 organisations in both public & private sectors.

MAK has a panel of around 20 resource persons with adequate experience in their areas of specializations. Sri B.N Rath has around 40 years of practical experiences in the field of training & development besides his expertise as a Governance and Institutional Development Consultant. Mrs Sanjukta Patnaik an industrialist has immense contribution as a Soft Skill Trainer for the last 20 years. She is a practicing teacher in Art of Living Course promoted by Guru Sri Sri Ravi Shankar. Similarly all resource persons in MAK have their own credibility in adding value in the learning workshop.

MAK has served more than 2 lakh persons of diversified target groups in its training & development programmes covering around 85 organizations in different

States of India. The positive & heart touching feedbacks from the participants are the real achievements of MAK. Innovative training packages with experimental training tools for effectiveness and positive impact on participants are the landmark of MAK. Constant research works are undertaken at MAK to design and develop need based and value added training programmes for different target groups.

MAK has redefined the concept of training programmes for enriching life. Training programmes are no longer a medium of teaching, preaching, prescribing nor any advising. MAK considers the programme as a learning workshop. This is a Sat-Sang with Sat-Bhavana leading to Sat-Karma.. The goal of the workshop is to empower the participants regardless of their age, designation or position in life, enabling them to understand themselves better. As a results they start thinking in a different way.

MAK undertakes various type of activities with a holistic approach for human resource development . The range of activities are - In-house Training Programme, External Training Programmes, One Day Learning Workshops, Self Development Programmes for Students, Vocational Training/EDP, Motivational Seminars, Providing Resource Persons, Documentation Works, HR related Publications, Research Studies, Collaboration Programmes, Psycho-based Counseling, Training

for Exclusive Groups, Social Development Works, Yoga Training.

MAK has conducted training programmes in wide range of organizations including Public Sectors, Private Sectors, Academic Institutes, Non Govt organizations(NGOs), MNCs, Industries, Business Houses, State & Central Govts etc. Major organizations covered by MAK across the country are- NTPC-STPP(Kaniha)/TTPS(Talcher),Odisha, Farakka(WB), Unchahar(U.P), Vindhyanchal (MP), Korba (CG), Jhonor (Gujrat), Kahalgaon/Barh/ Patna(Bihar), Ramagundam (AP), NALCO, (Angul/ Bhubaneswar /Damanjodi) Hindustan Copper Ltd. (Kolkata), Bongaigaon Refinery Petrochemical Ltd (Assam), Tata Sponge Iron Ltd. (Joda), MMTC Ltd., (Kolkata/Bhubaneswar/Barbil), Paradeep Port Turst,(Paradeep) , Visakha Refinery-HPCL (Vizag) IFFCO, (Paradip/Gurgaon), Life Insurance Corporation of India, Orissa Mining Corporation (BBSR), GRIDCO (Bhubaneswar) IPICOL (Bhubaneswar) ,OPGC (Banaharpali/ Bhubaneswar), Chief Conservator of Forest (BBSR) , Nava Bharat Ventures Ltd. (Angul), TATA Refractories (Belpahar), HINDALCO (Hirakud) , JK PAPER Ltd. (Rayagada), Tata Chromite Mines (Sukinda), The Samaj (Cuttack), IMFA,(Bhubaneswar/ Therubali) , ETV Odiya (Bhubaneswar),TATA Teleservices (P) Ltd, (BBSR), Orissa Polyfibres(Dhenkanal) ,LG Electronics India Pvt. Ltd,(Kolkata/Patna/Ranchi/ Guwahati/Bhubaneswaer/Asansol), Urban Co-operative Bank, (Cuttack), Vedanta Aluminium Ltd, Maytas Infra Ltd, (Hyderabad), J M Baxi & Co (Paradeep) ,Nagarjun Fertilisers & Chemicals Ltd (Kakinada/Hyderabad) , Paradeep Phospates Ltd(Paradeep), Larson & Turbo (Kanshpal) etc.

Programmes have been conducted on various topics. The most popular topics are - Rediscovering Self, Enhancing Performance with Personal Effectiveness, Leadership & Self – Motivation, Self-Awareness & Self-Management, Art of Good Living, Self-audit & Self-development, Assertiveness & Interpersonal Skills, Creativity & Innovation, Embracing Challenges & Decision Making, Etiquettes & Good Manners, Universal Leadership & Motivation, Leadership & Team Building, Changing Mindset to Face the Global Changes, Values, Creative Thinking & Problem Solving, Life after Retirement, Work-Life Balance for Women Employees, Work-Life Balance, Human Values & Value Actualization, Effective Communication Skills , Family Harmony, Stress Management, Communication Skills (Verbal & Written) , Sensitization & Awareness for SC, ST & OBC Persons, Smart Life for Physically Challenged Employees, Total Productive Maintenance(TPM) etc..

.Manav Adhyayan Kendra has created its own identity in the field of Human Resource Development both in state & national level. The programmes conducted by MAK have always created a climate of trust & acceptance among the participants about its positive impact. The credibility of MAK lies in its process which aims at Touching the Heart , Igniting the Mind , Processing the Thinking , Enriching the Feeling , Empowering the Action , Changing the Attitude ,Creating the Smile and at the end Making a Difference in Life of the participants.

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Bollywood vs Hollywood

PRIANKA MISHRA



Hollywood movies were horrifying to me as an Indian-American child. The violence, booming noise, kissing, and intricate dialogue overwhelmed my juvenile mind, providing me with an unpleasant or disappointing experience. At this young age, Bollywood movies portraying glamorous, jubilant, women singing in vibrant costumes were my preferred genre. Many people, including myself, know of a world of film separate from the Los Angeles-based Hollywood. Bollywood, India's blossoming film industry, has its roots in the 1930's. The name "Bollywood" is a portmanteau of "Hollywood" and "Bombay" (the latter being the home base of the industry, present day Mumbai, India). As I grew older, my opinions began to shift, leaving my movie-related opinions muddled.

I constantly bounced back and forth between Indian and American film, unsure which genre to be more partial to—deciding on one or the other was an arduous task. For though both networks share the common intent to entertain viewers, Hollywood and Bollywood, the two largest spheres of film-making, severely contrast in technique, public interactions, and messages.

The traditional techniques and characteristics of Bollywood and Hollywood movies are at variance with one another. To start, Bollywood movies tend to be dramatic and glitzy. For example, in a Bollywood blockbuster titled *Devdas* (2002), a character named Chandramukhi

wears a costume that weighs around 66 pounds, due to its extravagant beadwork ("The Making: Costumes that Speak"). The film, rife with intensified lines, dramatic cinematographic pauses, climactic sound effects and camera angles, uses techniques that Hollywood insiders may consider "soap-opera standard." At one point, *Devdas*

Mukherjee, the main character, says to his beloved Parvati, "Such vanity? Not even the moon is as vain." Parvati responds, "How could it be? The moon is scarred. I'm not" ("Memorable Quotes for *Devdas*). Musical numbers and songs also play a crucial role in Indian cinema. Indian movies are essentially equivalent to American musicals in terms of song and dance, which emphasize choreographed vocal performances in the midst of the plot. An absence of song and dance numbers in a Bollywood

movie is an anomaly. At least four or five songs are in each movie, during which an actor or actress will lip-sync the words to a song, creating the illusion of singing. In many instances, back-up dancers fill the setting as well. Another difference in the techniques of Hollywood and Bollywood is the length of movies. Bollywood movies are typically around three hours long. The length of Bollywood movies, however, is not their only predictable factor.

There are frequent trends in the casting of Hindi movies. Such patterns are based on previous combinations of and real-life relationships between actors and actresses.

BOLLYWOOD VS. HOLLYWOOD

1,013	FILMS PRODUCED*	739
3.6 bil.	TICKETS SOLD	2.6 bil.
\$1.3 bil.	WORLDWIDE REVENUES**	\$51 bil.
12.6%	ANNUAL GROWTH RATE	5.6%
\$1.5 mil.	AVG. PRODUCTION COST PER FILM	\$47.7 mil.
\$500,000	AVG. MARKETING COST PER FILM	\$27.3 mil.

*National film production, 2001 ** Estimates, 2002
Data: Motion Picture Association of America, PWC, FICCI, BW estimates



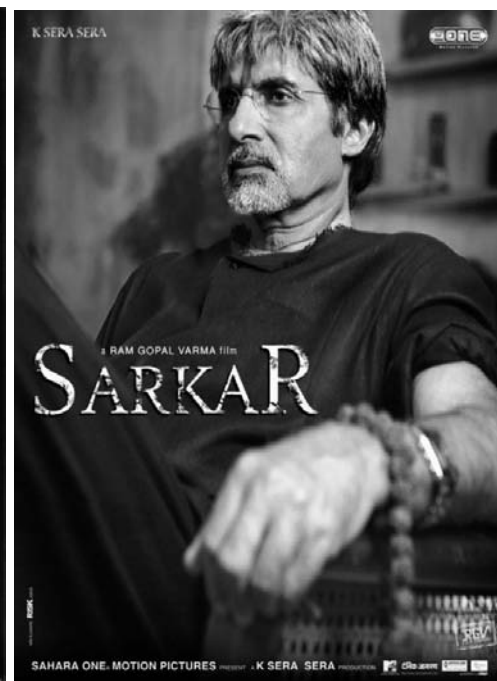
Many actors and actresses are repeatedly cast alongside each other in romantic roles, on the foundation of a previous hit or a current fling, rather than on-screen chemistry. For instance, Amitabh Bachchan, the mega superstar of Bollywood, had an affair with actress Rekha Ganesan outside of his marriage with actress Jaya Bhaduri. The three were cast in a Bollywood love triangle in Yash Chopra's film *Silsila* (1981) that eerily resembled reality. Some actresses are even labeled "item girls," based on their frequent (and now days slightly racy) guest appearances in catchy dance numbers. These sequences do not relate to the storyline, but are wedged into the movie's plot to create the omnipresent female seductress. Whether the film is centered on romance, action and thrill, or social dramas, these "sexy" musical numbers are integrated for box-office attraction.

Oddly enough, the act of kissing has been risqué in Bollywood until only recently. As of late, actress Kareena Kapoor has broken the mold and puckered up to many Bollywood heroes-- this is perhaps a result of the rampant typecasting in the industry. But besides Kapoor, to audiences and film-makers alike, kissing is still a shocking concept-- a hypocritical view with regards to the "item girl" trend. Bollywood's extreme caution regarding its idea of "taboo" gestures is the result of the conservative Indian cultural norm as well as the lack of a rating system in the industry. Almost all movies must be deemed more or less "kid-friendly," as no advisory ratings are available for viewers.

Most Hollywood movies exhibit opposite traits in dialogue and delivery, length, music, casting, and sex. American movies focus on authenticity. Emphasis is placed on avoiding "cheesy" lines and scenes, while natural camera positioning is encouraged. Contrasting the length of an Indian movie, the average Hollywood movie is 1.5 - 2 hours long. This means that the length of an American film can be half the length of an Indian movie. Lip-syncing, unlike in Bolly-

wood, is entirely absent in American movies--- which do, however, play a soundtrack of music in the background, supporting the entirely separate American music world. As for casting, an array of actors and actresses star in Hollywood movies; for roles are independent of the trends or relationships between stars. For example, although Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie are real-life partners, their presence together in a movie has been unseen since their passionate performance in *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* (2005). This alludes to another topic: kissing, nudity, and sex are more accepted (or even encouraged) in American film than in Indian film. Brief nudity can even be found in PG-rated movies such as *Johnny English* (2003), while this display is never used in Hindi movies ("What Do the Ratings Mean?"). Perhaps the openness towards adult material in Hollywood is a result of the liberal nature of audiences, causing us to wonder, are sex and racy themes what audiences actually prefer? Are sexually provocative movies destined to be blockbusters?

Public interactions are also a point of dissimilarity between Bollywood and Hollywood. As indicated by



casting trends, relationships between Bollywood stars are sensationalized. Real-life couples are not only paired together on-screen, but are also reported about on the news and are also put in advertisements together. The media plays a significant role in trying to conjure drama between lovers and enemies. Even non celebrity-aimed newscasts set aside time to report celebrity gossip, thus blurring the lines between serious and trivial matters. By



engrossing themselves in the woes and triumphs of Bollywood stars, average Indians lose sight of their country's dire problems, flocking instead to gossip that can help them relate and connect to those far more wealthy and famous.

The general Indian public, living without limitations of obsession, is enveloped in the lives of Bollywood stars. Some extremely devoted followers even pray to the actors and actresses. Although this is not common practice, the act of treating a star like a God or Goddess demonstrates the fascination some have with Bollywood's "screen gems." On the other hand, while Hollywood squabbles and hookups are blown out of proportion by tabloids, celebrity magazines, and entertainment newscasts, the obsession with actors is limited to a certain level. Traditional newscasts, such as CNN, report only about Hollywood stars' extreme acts (such as breaking laws or perhaps marrying each other), not in regards to their temporary relationships. Practical news is therefore set apart from lighter, more trivial news. Advertisements for American products, while they may feature movie stars, do not incorporate real-life relationships to add "spice" to their propaganda. Tabloids, while available, are not widely believed or purchased by the American public. Even celebrity magazines are ridiculed for being vacuous and immaterial. The limits of obsession with Hollywood's red carpet are thus enforced by both the general public and the larger corporations that have the opportunity to (but choose not to) mix stardom and everyday life. Although many Americans are also consumed by Hollywood actors, the extent to which this is true is much less than that of average Indians. This may be due to the greater overall wealth of Americans. 25% of Indians, compared to only 12% of all Americans, live below the poverty line ("United States" and "India"). Americans, living in more affluent conditions than Indians, feel less desire to look up to the wealth of famous people. Indians, however, use their enthrallment with Bollywood to escape from and add excitement to their less luxurious lives.

Furthermore, the messages from Bollywood and Hollywood movies bear striking differences in tone. The messages of Bollywood can often be religious, including an invocation to a Hindu god/goddess preceding the film. A current trend in Bollywood is that of animated films with a storyline based on Hindu mythology. The main character (the god or goddess), will undergo an animated, action-packed journey to victory. The religious emphasis in Bollywood movies is linked to the prevalence

of Hinduism in Indian society, a belief which dominates 80.5% of the population ("India"). Another common trend with Bollywood messages is that of "happy" endings. In particular, the theme of "love conquers all" is extremely common. In addition to love, families play a large role in the underlying themes of Bollywood. For example, if a parent or sibling does not agree with a marriage or relationship, major conflict ensues. Lastly, Bollywood's messages are obvious. At the end of a movie, one can clearly derive what the movie is attempting to impart to the audience. Messages—whether they revolve around love, religion, family values, or the basic "good over evil"—are crystal clear as a viewer leaves the theater.

American audiences receive opposing takeaways, with regards to religion, family, and complexities, from Hollywood movies. In Hollywood, protagonists' religions are often left enigmatic, so that people from all backgrounds can relate to them. It is important to note that in America, religion is diverse, creating the need to be considerate of varying beliefs. Only around 50% of all Americans are Protestant, while all others practice their own religions ("United States"). In order for Hollywood movies to be accepted and watched, characters must be relatable to all. Not specifying a religion maximizes viewers and in turn, revenue. Hollywood's messages also avoid clichés, as reflected by their techniques. Although "happy" endings are present, they will often employ unexpected twists or quirky additions to entertain the audience. Families have less influence on Hollywood movies than in Bollywood movies. Protagonists often have little to no interaction with their parents, siblings, or relatives, unless the movie is specifically aimed at a family-oriented time (such as Christmas or Thanksgiving). In American film, the focus is more on the individual. The varied emphasis on family reflects the differences between Indian and American societal norms. Most adults in the U.S., for instance, live independently they are 18. Those in India, however, live with their parents until marriage. And finally, the messages of American cinema are generally more complex than those of Bollywood. The themes of Hollywood movies are often murky and dependant on personal interpretation; they can leave the viewer confused at the end of a movie.

Bollywood and Hollywood's contrasting approaches towards a mutual goal of entertainment create a unique dynamic between the worlds of Indian and American cinema. Bollywood aspires to reach the level of Hollywood. Movies like *Fashion* (2008) and *A Wednesday!* (2008)



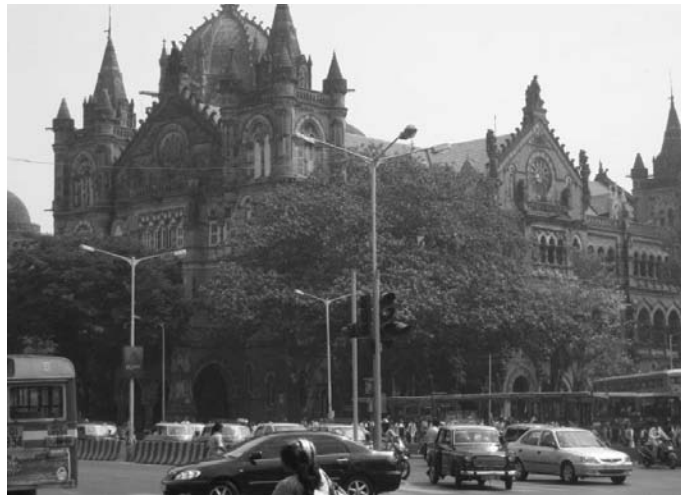
address issues, such as the dark side of the fashion industry and the public's perspective of terrorism, that have never been explored by the Indian film industry. Such movies discuss modern topics with a natural flair. One might even argue that Bollywood is slowly morphing into Hollywood. However, there are still many "copycat" Bollywood movies that tie down the growth of the industry. These movies have storylines that mirror their American counterparts'. For example, the Indian film *Ghajini* (2008) mimics the plotline of the American *Memento* (2001). Similarly, *Sarkar* (2005) appears to be a direct copy of *The Godfather* Trilogy. Conversely, Hollywood acts a supreme entity and does not feel the need to keep up with Bollywood. Although Hollywood produces only 739 films per years compared to Bollywood's mind-blowing 1,013 films per year, many believe that the quality of Hollywood films is superior ("You Know You're Watching a Bollywood Movie")

As Bollywood aspires to achieve the standard of Hollywood, Indian cinema is adopting Western techniques and modern perspectives; while some Americans scoff at the cultural contrast, a new Hollywood slowly flourishes. As I advanced into adolescence, Hollywood appeared more realistic, while Bollywood was cheesy and traditional. However, as even more years passed, I came upon the realization that trying to

compare such contrasting styles of filmmaking was a wasted attempt; acknowledging the beauty of both was a more productive goal. After all, the Indian and American strata of cinema are polar opposites due to the difference in their respective cultures. While Bollywood will never lose its already ingrained culture, some Indian movies will progress towards better special effects, more English spoken, trendier settings, modernized characters and in-

teractions, and less dramatic techniques. This is already happening today. The movie *My Name is Khan* (2010), a hybrid of traditional and modern Bollywood trends, was recently released, exhibiting dramatic nuances in the unique setting of San Francisco. The *New York Times* said in its review of the movie, "There's something fascinating about looking at [America] through a Bollywood lens, even when the story is a kind of fairy tale" ("\$1.9 Million Opening for 'My Name is Khan'"). When more of this amalgamation happens, Bollywood will become more approachable to all. Although differences from Hollywood will be ever-present, Bollywood will emerge as a different genre, accompanying Hollywood rather than chasing after its golden standard and established reputation.

Audiences, whether Indian, American, or any other, will slowly learn to appreciate the culture of Indian film, connecting two nations and their heritages; the bond between East and West is further strengthened during times of burgeoning globalization.



Above: Mumbai, India and the famous Victoria Terminus building



Above: The city of Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

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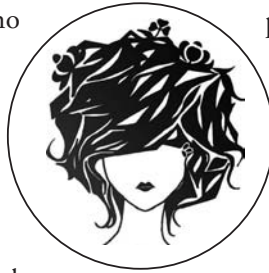




Dream Came True

SHULINI

Lini is a cute little 7 years old Oriya girl who loves to make friends. She is strongly influenced by the Oriya culture as she always spends her vacation with her grandparents in Orissa. She just loves the Oriya food specially “PAKAHALA” with “SAGA BHAJA” and sweets (Pithas) like “KAKARA and AARISA PITHA”. She is crazy about the Oriya festivals including Kumar Purnima, wearing new clothes in the festival season and watching Indian channels during weekends. She loves her school and tries to follow her parents as far as worshipping God is concerned.



her and gave her a big hug. The touch was very special. She felt as if all her sorrows are gone now and she is not alone. On the very next day, she ran to school with all her excitement and saw a new girl named “Shree”. Shree is also an Oriya girl. So they started to speak the same language and became friends. Now Shree is her best friend. Lini thanked Lord Krishna with closing her eyes and smiling gracefully.

But one day she finds out to be quite strange that most of her friends behaving differently. Her friend Megan who was very close to her one day said “Lini I don't like your hair, why do you put oil on your hair every day, it looks so weird”. Lini was sad to hear this type of comment from one of her close friend. She came home with a long face and complaining about Megan to her Mom. Her mom said to ignore those comments and focus on her studies. Several days passed. Gradually nobody wanted to be friend with Lini for several reasons, either her hair was not nice or dress was not pretty or the food she is eating was disgusting or the locket she is wearing is weird, etc. Lini was very sad and did not want to go to school because of several reasons.

Shree was a very good soccer player. She has won so many awards in the past. Everybody wanted to be her friend. But Shree wanted to spend more time with Lini as they used to talk about their culture, their language and above all they had similar thoughts, similar ideas and similar attitude to others, etc. Lini was very glad to get a friend like her. Things started to turn in a different way. Everybody wanted to make friend with Shree and they were very jealous with Lini. Her friends were little curious what is so special about Lini and they wanted to change their attitude towards Lini and started to be friend as before. So Shree brought them back together and now there is no jealousy, no leg pulling, and no criticism about Lini's culture. They are friends again.

One day, she wanted to ask one of her friend, “Don't you understand that you are hurting my feelings?” Lini's friend laughed at her and said “You are a crazy fellow! I don't care, I can do whatever I want to!” Then Lini's feelings got hurt. She couldn't even believe that one of her BEST friend would act like this. She really wanted her friend back. Then she thought of many ideas to mend her friend's ways but she could not get her friends back. The next day was Saturday so there was no school. But Lini still seemed very disappointed what happened yesterday. She talked to her mom about it, but Lini didn't understand much of what was her advice.

Several months were gone and they were about to leave for summer vacation, on the last day of the school, Lini was shocked to hear this news that Shree is leaving school. Her father is moving to USA and she will go to a different school. Lini was very sad again and came home and did not want to eat as her best friend is leaving her. She went to Lord Krishna once again and cried loudly. That night she could not sleep peacefully either. She was just about to sleep, Krishna came in her dream smiling and kissed her saying that “I returned all of your friends back and now you are not alone, you have got all your friends back and why are you crying?” Lini stood up in her dream saying “But Shree was my best friend and I cannot survive without her”. Lord Krishna smiled and said “My dear little Lini, you are the cutest thing in the world. I came as Shree as your best friend so that your friends can learn the true meaning of friendship and peace. Whenever there is trouble, think about me. I will be there to help you.”

Suddenly she remembered some of her Grandma's stories and ran to tell her secret to Lord Krishna. Tears were rolling out of her eyes. She closed her eyes for one hour and sat in front of Lord Krishna to get her friends back and to solve her loneliness. After a long prayer, she felt like somebody came to her, wiped her tears, kissed

The next day, Lini woke up with a graceful smile on her face and lived happily.



Dreams

RABI PRUSTI

“I have a Dream, I have a Hope”, she said
As she walked into the white castle
“I know I can make a difference
Even as a poor little girl in this defiant battle!
Give me some Peace, scope to Discover,
And the feel for equal Justice,
Give me some Respect, Freedom for the mind,
And a safe green place to Practice.
I am no different, we are no different,
Only I think and work harder!
But I love my work and help my friends,
And keep my mind open like a morning flower.
Why do you hate me? And treat me differently
As though I don't exist?
I know you good at heart, and you are the same
And for the Truth, don't you dare to resist!
So I beg you on this day, let's all walk together,
And work together; it's a beautiful spring morning,
For it's the Joy and Justice for all,
Have no time to cry but hear the bell ring.”
So I paused and then asked the little girl,
“Hello my little dear, do you know your way?”
“Yes, I do and that I know”, she said with her little smile
And I could see a Knight on the horse leading her way.
“I love challenge, I love friendship, and I love the battle of mind”
Her voice said so as she was leaving.....
Just then the sun came out smiling behind the white cloud,
And displayed a bright sunny day.....
Full of Hopes and many more Dreams!
Everybody cheered for the poor little girl on her way.

Rabi Prusti lives in Auburn, Alabama.





HAIKU POEMS

BY ANIKET MISHRA, SANTA CLARA, GRADE-3

The Bunny

Here Is The Bunny
 While Eating The Honey!
 With A Big Tummy
 And No Money!
 Who Thinks The Weather Is Always Sunny
 And You Are So Funny!

The Cat

Here Is The Cat
 Ready To Eat Some Rat!
 Who Is Really Fat
 And Holds A Big Bat!
 That He's Gonna Pat
 And Then Throw Some Dart!

The Jet

Here Is The Jet
 Ready For The Bet!
 His Brother Is Net
 Who Won't Get A Pet!
 B'cos He Has Too Much Debt
 As He Lost The Bet!

The Jeep

Here Is The Jeep
 Going Beep Beep!
 Calling The Sheep
 Getting Ready To Go Into The Deep!
 But The Sheep Are Going To Sweep
 And The Jeep Is Gonna Leap!

The Boy

Here Is The Boy
 Playing With A Toy!
 He Is Playing With Roy
 And Having A Lot Of Joy!
 Who Eats Choy
 Everyday With Troy!

The Sky

Her Is The Sky
 Ready To Lie!
 In Front Of Your Eye
 So Get Ready To Sigh!
 B'cos A Bear Will Die
 So You Will Cry!

The Dive

Here Is The Dive
 Holding A Knife!
 So Hide For Your Life
 Because I Will Thrive!
 To Make You Drive
 So You Better Strive!

The Duck

Here Is The Duck
 With Bad Luck!
 He Got Stuck In A Rock
 Left With Just One Buck!
 Can Say Only Cluck-Cluck
 And Becomes Really Yuck!



Lakshmi Purana and Mahila Shanti Sena (MSS)

SRI GOPAL MOHANTY

LAKSHMI PURANA

Lakshmi Purana is read in the month of Margasihira in every Odia home. The basic tale in the narrative of “katha” is simple.

Goddess Lakshmi gets ready for her regular visit to the world outside the temple complex of Puri. She observes that many are unmindful of their duties and even unmindful of the implication of the holy day devoted to her worship. Disguised as an old Brahmin woman, Lakshmi advises a rich trader’s wife how to perform the ritual work meant for that day.

Later, crossing beyond the bounds of the city, she arrives at the house of Sriya, a poor outcaste woman. Sriya has done everything for her worship with cleanliness, devotion and reverence. Pleased by her sincere devotion to work and worship, Lakshmi manifests herself in her house and blesses her.

When she returns to the temple, the two Lords prevent her from reentering because she has been in an outcaste’s house. Lakshmi reminds Jagannath of the promise he has made to allow her to go on a regular sojourns out into the world, to grace every home and feed everyone “from the lowliest insects to the Supreme Brahman”. She refuses the rituals of purification that her husband offers, pulls off and tosses her jewels and ornaments on the floor and leaves with the curse that the two brothers would suffer the fate that befalls anyone whom Lakshmi, the goddess of fortune and well-being, has abandoned. She makes sure that the brothers learn what it means to be poor, hungry and socially despised.

The brothers take the shape of Brahman mendicants and go in search of food. For many inexplicable reasons, they cannot get any food. At long last, they arrive at the newly built house for Lakshmi and decide to beg for food. The goddess instructs her maids to tell them that hers is the house of an outcaste woman. Hungry and desperate, they shed their caste inhibitions, accept their final humiliation and agree to eat food cooked by a chandaluni.

Lakshmi prepares an elaborate feast for them and slowly reveals her identity to her husband when she sends to them his favourite “podapitha”. He seeks rec-

onciliation with her, acknowledges her glory and agrees to formally recognize the holy Thursday that is dedicated to her worship. The goddess relents and demands more: that the egalitarian values she has defended in the world outside be recognized inside the temple; that within its precincts, Brahmin and chandala, people of all castes and classes, be allowed to eat together and feed each other every single day and that the Lord endorse this practice. Jagannath agrees: “Yes, it shall be thus, dear Lakshmi, may your glory shine through the ages”. Lakshmi agrees to return to the temple and as they enter together, harmony is restored to the cosmos.

Lakshmi Purana in Odia is available at. <http://www.aahwaan.com/guru>

In a recent article, “Alternative Modernity and Medieval Indian Literature: The Oriya Lakshmi Purana as radical Pedagogy”, by Satya Prakash Mohanty, Professor of English at Cornell University, USA published in *Diacritics*, vol. 38, 2008, he has pointed out that the Purana provides powerful revolutionary messages.

Lakshmi Purana is a feminist text primarily because it shows a female goddess using her personal power to challenge the male Brahminical authority and the way society understands the caste identity. Lakshmi is no ordinary goddess and what she demands is socially unsettling. She criticizes local and regional customs and practices but her ideas are universal and transcend the boundaries of locality and region.

The goddess also challenges the demeaning attitude towards the values of what most women do: sustain the domestic world by cooking, cleaning, feeding and caring for others. Balaram says derisively to Jagannath: ...A wife serves a husband. She is like a shoe that adorns the foot of her husband At one point, Lakshmi explains to her assistants: If Lord Jagannath can abandon me, his wife, imagine what ordinary men will do. The Purana teaches service, not servility.

The goddess abandons her possessions and removes her jewels and ornaments. But she stops removing her shankha and sindura, the symbols of her being the wife. She teaches both brothers a lesson of universal importance only by remaining as a loving wife.





The goddess, not the authoritarian gods decides to bring social changes.

MAHILA SHANTI SENA (MSS)

For millennium, women as daughter, wife, mother and grandmother have built and taken care of their families. And yet they have suffered more than men the consequences of poverty, violence and social neglect. . It is time to use the creative power of women - symbolically representing the goddess Lakshmi - as members of the family, not by abandoning it but walking in the foot steps of Lakshmi, to restore dignity and build peaceful and prosperous families, neighborhoods and nations. The empowerment of women as agents of change, similar to the goddess not the gods, should be seen to improve efficiency in the contemporary society, if efficiency is interpreted in a wider sense of building a wholesome community for its wellbeing.

Mahila Shanti Sena (MSS) – Women Peace Brigade - as conceptualized by Acharya Rammurty, a veteran Gandhain from Shrambharati, Bihar, India, is to prepare women as agents of social change through peaceful and nonviolent methods in their community building efforts. According to him:

...It (each village community) should be able to plan its total life in terms of economy, education, health and other things pertaining to local life. The village community needs an army of peace-workers, who will not fight among themselves but are willing to solve problems and resolve conflicts and disputes peacefully. In this task of neighbourhood-building, women are likely to be better than men. That is the rationale of Mahila Shanti Sena...

..Can we not use her (woman's) creative talents to make society more human and enlightened?

The main activity of MSS is to provide women training in the area of peace, non-violence and participatory democracy and prepare them for community building by taking advantage of the Panchayati Raj system with reservation for women. The training is also a capacity building programme which improves the self-esteem and helps to bring out leadership quality so as to get women involved in various development projects including micro-financing and thus possibly working in tandem and/or in collaboration with Self Help Groups (SHG).

ODISHA EXPERIENCE

During 1999, when Odisha (previously known as Orissa) State of India was hit by super cyclone, SEEDS



(Gayatri (4th from left) sharing with Secretary of Unnayan about her group's activities)

(Sustainable Economic and Educational Development Society)an NGO in the USA (www.seedsnet.org), and Unnayan, a Bhubaneswar based NGO, started several women SHGs. The main activity of a SHG was to create income generation opportunities for its members mostly by providing micro-credit and making indigenous products for sale. Once the MSS was introduced in 2002 by Acharya Ramamurty, the incentive to augment MSS training in conjunction with SHGs formed by Unnayan in its operating area of Mayurbhanj District was very appealing. Just after three years of the first MSS training at Vaishali, Bihar, it initiated a training camp in Mayurbhanj District. Till today it has conducted two training camps, one training camp for trainers and several workshops and regular consultative meets in Mayurbhanj and Balasore Districts in North Eastern part of Odisha, two camps in Jagatsingpur District in the Central Eastern part, two in Anugul District in the Central part and two in Sambalpur District in Western part of the State with the help from another NGO, BISWA. Soon there will be camps in Nuapada and Boudh Districts. The MSS movement in Odisha has been financially supported by SEEDS, AID (Aid India's Development) and Centre for Peace Studies, McMaster University.

Evidently, there is a positive impact of the training among the MSS members in bringing changed attitude on gender domination in the community, making members aware of social and political issues, gaining self-confidence, developing self reliance and believing in peaceful social order. It seems MSS has open up the hidden energy of the members. There is also a collective synergy of members to take co-operative actions in local social issues in families and in the community such as building roads, educating children, stopping the misuse of alcohol and breaking the caste system barrier. They volunteered in



helping the recent flood affected victims in Mayurbhanj-Balasore region. As expected, some members are coming forward to be part of Panchayats. Even though the women

are extremely marginalized and barely literate, they have been highly inspired. Nothing of this sort was ever noticed prior to MSS training.

Dancer's Paradise

PRIANKA MISHRA

never to be lonely like that-
swallowed into the belly of rhythm
steps from a magician's dark hat
undulating through my system

*the bounce of bells
a crescendo, a swell
a story to tell
my heart-- to sell*

I keep a secret friend
who lifts me night and day
she is clenched in every bend
ingrained in every sway

*so with strife and gloom
I do not engage in flings
but more-- I bloom
with ancient drums and strings*

and when I stomp my bare feet
she hollers,
"go on.
dance through the tales of your mind
and eliminate the squalor."



Whereas bringing MSS concepts to SHG women who are already organized seems to be relatively natural, it appears the reverse process has some appeal as experienced by Unnayan in Majhi Sahi consisting of predominantly Scheduled Caste (Untouchables, in Gandhi's language Harijans – God's people) population. The residents of Majhi Sahi which is part of Jhatiada village in Mayurbhanj District are living a marginalized existence socially and economically. The men folk are addicted to country liquor and shirk household responsibilities. In this scenario, the women were reluctant to form a SHG. However, Gayatri Behera who was exposed to MSS along with some women took the leadership and motivated others in forming a SHG. The success as reported by Unnayan has been phenomenal in bringing both social and economic transformation in the community.

According to Gayatri, they saved enough money so that they are no longer dependent on the local money lenders for basic needs such as emergency medical expenses, education for children and share cropping in summer. Getting some training from Unnayan on management and gender issues, they have been able to earn from group income generation activities and able to participate in domestic decision making process. A significant change is occurring in the attitude of the male members towards them. The members are becoming aware of value of education, good hygiene practices and basic healthcare. Due to the boost in their self-reliance and self esteem, it has become easier for them to interact with the village Panchayat. By individual contribution, they are proud to build a thatched hall for community activities. Above all, that her untouchable community is now accepted by the neighbours and at times their members are invited to solve problems in other villages is most fulfilling for her.

Note: A Hindi translation of Lakshmi Purana will be coming out soon. Satya Mohanty's article is being translated in Hindi and Odia and should appear some time this year. Lakshmi Purana was recently presented in puppetry shadow play at Benaras and in the process of being done through Pala. For more information contact Satya Mohanty spm5@cornell.edu .

Sri Gopal Mohanty is a Professor Emeritus at McMaster University. He is a Life Member of OSA. He is a Founding Member of India Canada Society of Hamilton and Region and is associated with Gandhi Peace Festival in Hamilton and Mahila Shanti Sena(MSS) from the beginning. He is a Founding member of SEEDS and is actively associated with it since its inception. He is currently involved in Odisha's development projects.



Tragedy In Haiti

SRUJANI DAS (GRADE – 4)

No human power can stop natural disaster. Perhaps the earthquake is the most fearful natural phenomenon in the human life. It is more so because it is unpredictable and arrives without notice or announcing its vigour and strength. They maybe caused by the earths surface. Scientists say it happens naturally and that is what I will be talking about: tragedy of earthquakes.

I am small to understand about tragedy. I might have read about tragedy in books but never felt it.

Recently we have watched a movie 2012 and seen the tragedy in this movie.

In the movie people were crying, running to escape from falling buildings, houses, trees, parents were trying to save their children's life and them selves, most importantly panic & fear. I never felt the tragedy in movie 2012 because it wasn't real; it

was an imagination. On January 12th I heard an earthquake hit in Haiti. Buildings had collapsed and people were stuck in building rubble, roads shaken, trees collapsed, and houses had fallen, etc. When I watched the news on TV, I was terrified because of their pathetic situation similar to the way; which has been shown in the movie 2012. Many people died within seconds and many got injured. Scared family lost their members, small kids couldn't find parents and siblings, parents lost their children. No one can replace the lost of their family members, nears and dears. I know the feeling of losing a family member. When my grandmother passed away, my mother was crying. When I asked, she explained me that her mother has passed away, means we can never see again physically. In Haiti, 230,000 were announced dead and 300.000 were injured.

The people are living with scarcity of food, clothes, water, medicine and shelter. Maybe people have forgotten this tragedy over these past few months, but Haitians

can never forget the tragic incidence. Haitian can never see again their original country; it can be better or worse but can never come back as original. What a tragic natural disaster the earthquake is, it hits indiscriminately. At this time people of Haiti need monetary help to rebuild the country. It has been always been that for any tragedy

of any magnitude, many countries extend helping hands.

Canadian Government has declared dollar-to-dollar matching up to \$50 million dollar and in total

Canada collected \$27 million dollar for Haiti.

Canada has special interest in Haiti because

Canada's current governor general Michaele

Jean was born and raised in Haiti. Her family members were in

Haiti and were hard hit by the earthquake! I have seen her feelings

expressed in public news with word of sorrows and eye full of tears for her nears and dears. That news reminded me, my mother's cry when she lost her mother (my grand mother). I felt very sad for the people living in Haiti and going through such a hard time in their life. I pray for all Haitian & especially for the children to get out of the tragic situation and live a life as I live my life.

What I could understand is that no power in the world could stop happening any natural disaster. With the help of science we may reduce the loss of human life but can never stop happening. I hope the scientific community can find out the way to stop the natural disaster and stop the loss of human life.

Chetna enjoys reading, playing Piano, and singing, writing poems. She also enjoys playing Chess, skating and riding bike. She lives with her little brother Sarthak and parents Mitali and Smaran Das in Brampton, Canada





March of Aliens

BABRU SAMAL

One of the days
 in the long gone past
 We came with tiny suitcases
 With nothing valuable inside
 But a zeal to succeed
 Stayed in a tiny sometimes
 crammed apartment
 Studied and studied
 No dates or entertainment
 Cooked without training
 Learnt how to understand
 English
 How to be understood in English
 Found friends or predecessors
 Of birds of the same feather
 Who patronized and helped

Time passed
 The degree was granted
 A job with a green card
 A better apartment
 A better or a new car
 Time to realize that
 We are not American
 after all
 Strive and strive
 To become more and more
 What we were to start with
 Joining a microcosm
 Wherever we went.

We rushed back home
 To find a partners in a hurry
 Got married to strangers
 And back to the States
 To move to a little
 bigger apartment
 New life, new touch,
 new interaction
 Reaction, counteraction,
 shock and woe
 Welcome to the land of
 Lived happily after.

Now the babies come
 One or two
 To be cuddled,
 To be loved
 To be disciplined
 To be lectured
 to be Indian in spirit
 We have the great past,
 you know.

A rise in status
 Citizenship
 Green sprawling lawn
 Hugging a million dollar house
 Filled with arts from India
 And may be from other places
 Two or three car garage
 With a Mercedes
 And one SUV
 And may be more
 And a stock portfolio
 To support it all
 Hopefully
 During crash and crunch time
 Thanks to credit default swap.

Time sped up
 With parties, classical dances
 Samosas, beer and wine
 And playing cards
 Invitation
 To baby showers
 To birthday parties
 To sweet sixteen parties
 To graduations
 To weddings
 To twenty fifth
 marriage anniversaries
 To the funerals
 of the friends
 Who go away
 Without saying goodbye.

With less and less
 hair on the head
 And with aching joints
 And morning stiffness
 We go on doing daily chores
 With the help of
 medical miracles

With time
 We become more
 what we were born as
 Dive into
 Meditation, pranayama, yoga
 To rediscover
 Ourselves
 To uncover
 Our astral existence.

In the timescape
 We see it all
 repeat again and again
 Others come
 And join the line
 And we march forward
 To the terrain of ageing
 To cuddle grand kids
 And wait at the end of the line
 For the inevitable.

(published online with other poems on
 the similar theme @ <http://www.babru.com/alien/>)





My little brother....

*There was a twinkle in my mom's eyes
 When she told me, she had a surprise !
 I didn't even think ,pat i replied
 A book, a toy, a treat...nah
 Tried my best, to find out...
 Then she smiled,,i knew right away
 It was time for me to be a big brother..
 It was fun to watch mom's tummy grow
 Everytime i ask how long to go...*

*"Patience young man "they used to say
 Not knowing my excitement at all
 Life was sweet ..God was great..
 Then came the big day..
 Heard dad say over the phone
 It's a boy....
 I am a big brother now...
 Happy i was nobody would know
 With a beating heart
 whose speed was unknown
 When i saw him ,he smiled
 Told my mom dad
 what made you wait so long
 I was happy being a big brother
 Promising myself to take care of him
 It was a great feeling
 Welcome home ,welcome to the family
 (ritik gourab)
 My little brother...*

Amrik vedant mohanty , 7yrs old. Loves writing,reading,playing baseball,taekwondo,watching cooking shows..Chasing after butterflies and plays piano. I stay in Norristown, PA.

My Dear Class Teacher

When God created me
 With his knowledge and power,
 He thought for a while how dear
 Ritwik, the number one in the earth
 Will have bright days in his world,

The day I become a student
 I pray god to have a great teacher
 Like Drona to Arjun in epic Mahabharat.
 We know God created the teachers,
 He gave us special friends
 To help us understand his world
 The beauty and the wonder
 Of everything we see,
 And become a better person
 With each and every discovery.

Why God created teachers
 In His wisdom and His grace,
 Was to help us learn
 To make our world
 A better, wiser place.
 CANDY KISS-reminds us
 Everyone needs a hug,
 Kiss and warm fuzzy everyday.

O' My dear class teacher,
 Hearty regards
 O my dear Mrs. Walker,
 Hug You once,
 Hug you Twice,
 Hug you Countless...

By Ritwik R Behera, Kindergartener, Student of
 Mrs. Walker, Williams B. Gibbs Jr. Elem. School,
 Germantown, MD 20876



Poetical Feelings

Poems

*Ideal to us
Show feelings, ideas
Common, fun and interesting
Need them.*

Trees

*Awesome and helpful
What could we do without them?
Nothing, so save trees!*

Goldfish

*Come in many colors
Usually orange
Always brighten up your day
Keep one as a pet
Goldfish*

Ring a Bell

*Ring a bell
You'll feel well
Isn't that swell?
Ring a bell
Wear some gel
Travel to a dell
Ring a bell
What's that smell?
I think that was Rafael
Ring a bell
That hotel
Will excel
Ring a bell
You will sell
Something that propels
Ring a bell
You'll feel well
Isn't that swell?*

About the Author: Priyam Mohanty is a 6th grade student at Peterson Middle School, Sunnyvale, CA. An avid reader, Priyam loves swimming, karate and solving Rubik's cube. Priyam lives with his parents – Purna and Indrani Mohanty, and a younger sister – Sulagna.

Money

*It comes in many varieties,
It can calm your anxieties.*

*Money is fun to play with,
It's definitely not a myth.*

*Money makes you happy,
Without it, you'll be unhappy.*

*It cures any illness,
And relieves any stress.*

*It's everyone's dream,
It's better than ice cream.*

*Money is the center of our universe,
Loving money is like a curse.*

*Money is the reason our economy is bad,
Money can make you mad, sad, or even
glad.*

*Money can be an addiction,
Or even an benediction.*

*Call it what you want,
But you are going to need it in a restau-
rant.*

*So as you can see,
Money brings everyone glee.*

By Rahul Mishra(8th Grade), 34376 Epling Terrace, Fremont, Ca,94555, Home Phone-(510)791-2643,



Mon Grand-père

A Glimpse in the Life of My Grandfather

BY ABHISHEK ROUTRAY

I had just shuffled through some antique things in an attic at my grandfather's house when I stumbled across an old, dusty, box that had a cobweb on a corner. Slowly, I opened it and found a bunch of old knickknacks, journals, books, some old picture frames, and even a cell phone. The cell phone, however, was completely outdated. When I tried to switch it on, it flickered on, but to no avail. I gently put it aside of the box and started looking through the pictures. In one of them, I saw myself in a picture with my mom and her dad, my grandfather. I kept it aside wondering why these got left all alone in here and not out on display. Hoping to get an answer, I flipped open one of the journals.

"March 5th, 1984: I got up early today so I could quiz Kunia before she went to take her exams at school. By the time I brushed my teeth, took my shower, and packed my bags, she had awoken and gotten ready to eat breakfast. Quickly, we went over her times tables, algebra problems, vocabulary, sciences, and some history of Indian independence. Afterwards, we ate breakfast, and—" when I was suddenly interrupted by my mom calling me from downstairs. She hollered "It's time for breakfast! Come down quickly..." Right away, I closed up the notebook, put everything back in the box, and headed downstairs.

We had some spicy Indian food, which I really liked. If we had gone back home to Houston, my brother and I would have eaten waffles or muffins. Quickly, I gobbled up my food so I could finish reading that journal in the attic. My Mom told me to slow down, so I did. Normally, after I finished eating, my mom would've made me do some spelling or math practice before I went off to play video games, LEGO, basketball, etc

But I was at my grandpa's house, so I had a bunch of free time. I limped up the stairs because I had recently hurt my leg. As soon as I reached the top, I pulled out the box and pulled the journal out of that.

"In the afternoon, I had come home from work and luckily for Kunia, she was home early because it was exam day for her. I asked her if she did well, and she said she answered all the questions on every subject exam. She asked me if we could go for a drive and get some food. I said yes, because every time her exams were over, it was like a tradition we had started. We went for a drive and stopped at several vendors' little stores along the side of the road. They were selling all kinds of great food, from sweets to spicy tandoori chicken rolls to ice cream to sweet bread. When we were coming home, we stopped by the ocean and watched the waves crash onto the beach. Behind us, we climbed a little of the mountains, but quickly grew tired. When we returned home, we had become so tired we just brushed our teeth and went to sleep. But before I went to sleep, I read another chapter of Alfred Hitchcock's new novel and wrote down my journal entry."

After reading the journal entry, I thought about everything I had learned just from that journal in a dusty, old box. If I wrote in a journal, people could learn about me just as I learned about my grandfather and mom. My grandfather had a big library now, but he started reading from his childhood years. And they had tests back then? When I went downstairs, I asked mom if we could go to McDonald now that my finals had ended. I received a firm reply saying no.

About Author: Abhishek Routray, is 12 years old and is the older son of Chetana & Rashmiranjan Routray. He is a 7th Grader at Village School, Houston.

In this article, he has tried to explore the generation gap between his and parents and in the process he has learnt about his Grandfather a little more.

In his free time, he loves building Lego and playing basket ball with his younger brother Anuraag.





One of a Kind

Who is this girl?
 Look at her eyes;
 Darker than monsoon clouds
 Look at her skin;
 Brown like sun-baked cinnamon

She doesn't fit in.
 Not with the milky skin
 Or the azure eyes
 Nor does she fit in
 With her parents' traditions
 They call her rebellious

Where will she go?
 She doesn't know anything
 Except to keep her dreams
 Close to her heart

How will she know
 That this is what makes her special?

How will she learn to appreciate
 The dhub dhub dha sounds of the tabla
 Alongside the thunder of rock 'n' roll?

Who will clear her doubts?

How will she realize
 That everything is not
 Black and white
 Or right or wrong

And that a clear definition
 Does not always exist

Only she can
 tell herself
 the truths
 Only when she looks
 Deep inside herself
 Past her skin
 Past their eyes

Will she find answers of true magnificence;

The beauty of two cultures
 Fused perfectly
 Into one glorious entity:
 Me

This poem is meant to encompass the feelings of all second-generation children.

Bio: Anya Rath is 16 years old and will be a senior at L'Anse Creuse High School- North coming fall. She lives in Macomb, MI, with her parents, Swapna and Nirmal Rath, and her younger sister. She enjoys reading and writing, and is on the editorial staff for her school newspaper.

Night Eyes: A Haiku

BY NAYNA RATH

Deep in the darkness
 The glistening eyes surface
 They stare silently

Decisions: A Haiku
 Affect you in ways
 Can't really ever describe
 Will make you decide

A New World: a Cinquain
 Eyes
 World's sight
 Blinking, watching, glaring
 It keeps you guessing
 Mystery

Nayna Rath is a 7th grader at MSN in Macomb, Michigan; she lives with her parents Nirmal and Swapna Rath and her sister Anya Rath.





ରତ୍ନସ୍ୟା

ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ, ଡେପ୍ୟୁଟି, ମେରୀଲାଣ୍ଡ

ବସନ୍ତର ରଙ୍ଗ ଚାରିଆଡ଼େ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ରଙ୍ଗ ଭରିଦେଇଥିଲା ସତେ! ଘର ସାମନା
।ରେ ଥିବା ପୁଲଗଛମାନଙ୍କରେ ରଙ୍ଗ ଖେଳି ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା । ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ବି
ହେଉନଥିଲା ଯେ ଠିକ୍ ତିନିମାସ ତଳେ ଏଇ ଏକା ଭୂମିରେ ଏମିତି ବରଫ
ପଡ଼ିଥିଲା ଓ ଘର ଭିତରୁ ବାହାରିବା ବି ସମ୍ଭବ ହେଉନଥିଲା । ପ୍ରକୃତିର ଏ
ବିଚିତ୍ରତା ଯେତେ ଯେତେ ଭାବୁଥିଲା ଜିତା, ମଣିଷର ପ୍ରକୃତି ବିଷୟରେ ସ୍ୱତଃ
ତା ମନରେ ଭାବନା ଖେଳିଯାଉଥିଲା । ମଣିଷ ଆଉ କିଏ କି? ସିଏ ହେଲେ
ତାରୁର ଅତି ନିଜର, ସ୍ୱାମୀ ରାମହରି; ଯାହାଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଅଗ୍ନିକୁ ସାକ୍ଷୀରଖି ସେ
ସାତଧର ବେଦୀ ଚାରିପଟେ ବୁଲି ଜନ୍ମଜନ୍ମର ସାଥୀ ହୋଇ ରହିବ ବୋଲି
ଶପଥ ନେଇଛି । ଯଦିଓ ସେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ମନଭିରେ ଭଲପାଏ କି ନା ସେ କଥା
ସେ କହିପାରିବନି, ତେବେ ଏକ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଅଭିନେତ୍ରୀ ଭାବେ ସେ ତାର ପତ୍ନୀ
ଭୂମିକାରେ ଅଭିନୟ କରିଚାଲିଛି ।

ରାମହରିଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଯେତେ ଭାବୁଥିଲା ଜିତା, ସେତେଟା ବିସ୍ମିତ
ହେଉଥିଲା ଓ ଏକ ଅଜଣା କୌତୁହଳ ତାର ମନକୁ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳିତ କରୁଥିଲା ।
ରାମହରି ତାର ସ୍ୱାମୀ, ଗତ ଦଶବର୍ଷର ବୈବାହିକ ଜୀବନ ସେ ତାଙ୍କ ସହିତ
ବିତାଇଛି; ଦୁଇଟି ସନ୍ତାନର ଜନନୀ ହୋଇଛି; ତେବେ ଏପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ରାମହରିର
ଜନ୍ମରତ୍ନସ୍ୟାକୁ ନେଇ ତାର ମନରେ ଏକ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ରହିଯାଇଛି ।

ରାମହରି ତା ଶୁଶୁରଙ୍କର ସନ୍ତାନ ନା ମିଷ୍ଟର ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ, ଯାହାଙ୍କୁ ରାମହରି
ମଉସା ତାଙ୍କୁ ଓ ରାମହରିଙ୍କର ଚେହେରାଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ସବୁ ଗୁଣ ମଧ୍ୟ
ଯାହାଙ୍କ ସହିତ ମିଳିଯାଏ, ତାଙ୍କ ସନ୍ତାନ? ଯେପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସିଏ ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ ମଉସାଙ୍କୁ
ଚିହ୍ନିନଥିଲା, ସେପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସିଏ ଭାବୁଥିଲା ରାମହରିଙ୍କର ଏମିତି ଅଲଗାଗୁଣ
ଦୁଃସ୍ୱତ ତାଙ୍କର କେଉଁ ପୂର୍ବପୁରୁଷଙ୍କ ଜିନ୍ର ପ୍ରଭାବରୁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ
ମଉସାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖିବା ପରେ, ଜାଣିବା ପରେ ଓ ବୁଝିବା ପରେ ଜିତାର ଏ ଧାରଣା
ହୋଇଛି ଯେ ରାମହରି ଜନ୍ମେଜୟଙ୍କର ଅବୈଧ ସନ୍ତାନ । ତାର ଏ ଧାରଣାଟା
ସତ କି ନୁହେଁ ସେ ପରୀକ୍ଷା କରି ଜାଣିବାକୁ ଚାହେଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ କେମିତି ?

ରାମହରି ବହୁତ ବକ୍ତବ୍ୟ କରନ୍ତି; ମିଛକଥା ବି କହନ୍ତି । ନିଜର ବଡ଼ିମା
ଦେଖାଇବାକୁ କରଜ କରି ବି ହୋଟେଲ୍‌ରେ ପାର୍ଟି କରାଇ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କୁ
ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦିଅନ୍ତି । ଆମେରିକାରେ ପ୍ରଥମେ ସେ ତାଙ୍କ କାନୀ ଟି.ସି.ଏସ୍
ତରଫରୁ ଆସିଥିଲେ; ଏବେ ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରୋଜେକ୍ଟଟା ଦଶବର୍ଷ ପାଇଁ ପରମ୍ପରା
ପାଇଯାଇଛି । ସେଦିନ ଜିତା ତିନିରୁ ଚିଆରି କରୁଛି, ହଠାତ୍ ଫୋନ୍ ଆସିଥିଲା
ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ ମଉସାଙ୍କ ପାଖରୁ । ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ ମଉସା ଟେକ୍ସାସ୍‌ରେ ରହନ୍ତି । ଜିତା
ଫୋନ୍ ଧରିଥିଲା;

“ହାଲୋ, ରାମହରି ଅଛି କି? ମୁଁ ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ ମଉସା କହୁଛି ।”

“ଆଜ୍ଞା, ନମସ୍କାର, ସିଏ ନାହାନ୍ତି, ମୁଁ ଜିତା କହୁଛି ।”

“ତମେ ତ ଜାଣି ନଥିବ ମତେ, ରାମହରି ବି ଜାଣି ନଥିବ । ତମ ଶୁଶୁର
ଶାନ୍ତନୁ ଓ ମୁଁ ଏକା କଲେଜରେ ପଢୁଥିଲୁ; ଏକା ଜାଗାରେ ବି ଚାକିରି
କରୁଥିଲୁ । ତାପରେ ତ ମୁଁ ଆମେରିକା ପଳେଇଆସିଲି । କାଲି ଜଣେ ସାଙ୍ଗ
ସହିତ କଥା ହେଉହେଉ ଜାଣିଲି ରାମହରି ମେରୀଲାଣ୍ଡରେ ଅଛି । ମନଟା
ବହୁତ ଖୁସି ହେଇଗଲା । ଏ ସମ୍ବାଦ ଶେଷ ଆଡକୁ ମୁଁ ଡ୍ରାଗିଂଟନ୍ ଡିସି ଯାଉଛି,
ଭାବିଲି ଦେଖାକରନ୍ତି ରାମହରିଙ୍କୁ ।”

ସିଏ ଆଉ ବି ଗପିଥାନ୍ତେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ତୁଲିରେ ଭଜା ବସେଇଛି କହି ଓ ରାମହରି
ଅଧିକ୍ଷରୁ ଫେରିଲେ ଏ କଥା କହିଦେବ କହି ସେ ଫୋନ୍ ରଖିଥିଲା ।

ସେ ସମ୍ବାଦ ଶେଷବେଳକୁ ସତକୁ ସତ ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ ମଉସା ଘରେ ହାଜର
। ତାଙ୍କର କଣ କୌଣସି ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍କାର ମିଟିଙ୍ଗ୍ ଥିଲା ଓ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା
ଦିବସ ଉପଲକ୍ଷେ ଆୟୋଜିତ ହେଉଥିବା ଉତ୍ସବରେ ଯୋଗଦାନ କରିବାର
ଥିଲା । ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ ମଉସାଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଦେଖି ଜିତା ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା ।
ଠିକ୍ ରାମହରିଙ୍କ ଚେହେରା, କେବଳ ରାମହରିଙ୍କର ଆଖି ଦୁଇଟିକୁ ଛାଡି, ଯେ-
ଉଁଟାକି ତାର ଶାଶୁଙ୍କ ଆଖିର ଭାସାରେ ଗଢା । ଆଦୁରି ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହେଲା ଜିତା
ସେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ କଥାବାଣୀ, ଚାଲି, ଚଳଣିର ଅନେକଟା ସାମଞ୍ଜସ୍ୟ ଦେଖି ।

ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ ମଉସା ରାମହରିଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍କାର ମିଟିଙ୍ଗ୍‌କୁ ନେଇଗଲେ
। ବାସ୍, ସେଇଦିନରୁ ରାମହରିଙ୍କର ପାଗଳାମି ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେଲା; ପାଗଳାମି ନୁହେଁ
ତ ଆଉ କଣ? ଚାକିରିବାକିରି, ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ, ପିଲା ସବୁ ଯେମିତି ନିତିଦିନିଆ ରୁଟିନ୍,
ଯାବତୀୟ ଭାରତୀୟ, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂସ୍କାର ସବୁ ହେଲା ତାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରକୃତ ପରିବାର ।

ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ ମଉସା ଓ ରାମହରିଙ୍କର ଏ ଯେଉଁ ସାମଞ୍ଜସ୍ୟ ଜିତା ଦେଖିଲା ତା
ମନରେ ସନ୍ଦେହ ଓ ଜିଜ୍ଞାସା ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହେଲା । ନିଜ ଶୁଶୁର ଶାନ୍ତନୁ କରୁଛୁ ଚିତା
ତ ଭଲଭାବେ ଜାଣିଛି; ଭଦ୍ର, ଅମାୟିକ ଓ ଅନେକ ସରଳ ପ୍ରକୃତିର; ଚେହେରା
ଯେମିତି, ପ୍ରକୃତି ବି ସେମିତି । ରାମହରିଙ୍କୁ ଓ ତାର ଶୁଶୁରଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖିଲେ
କେହି ବାପ, ପୁଅ ବୋଲି କହିବେନି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ ମଉସା ଓ ରାମହରିଙ୍କୁ
ଏକାସଙ୍ଗରେ ଦେଖିଲେ, ଜଣେ କେହି ବାପପୁଅ କହିବ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ । ଜିତା ମନରେ
ଏ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ବାରମ୍ବାର ଆସୁଥିଲା; କଣ ଶାଶୁଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ ମଉସାଙ୍କର କିଛି
ସର୍କ ଥିଲା କି ? ରାମହରି କଣ ସେ ସର୍କରୁ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ?

ଏ ଅଜବ କଥା ଜିତା ଯେତେ ଭାବୁଥିଲା, ତା ମୁଣ୍ଡ ସେତେ ପାଗଳ ହୋଇ-
ଯିବା ଭଳି ଲାଗୁଥିଲା । ଶେଷରେ ସେ ସିଦ୍ଧାନ୍ତ ନେଲା ଯେ ଏ ରତ୍ନସ୍ୟାକୁ
ସେ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଜାଣିବ । ଆଜିକାଲି ତ ଡି.ଏନ୍.ଏ ଟେଷ୍ଟ ବାହାରିଲାଣି; ଜନ୍ମେଜୟ
ମଉସା ଓ ରାମହରିଙ୍କ ଡି.ଏନ୍.ଏ ଟେଷ୍ଟ ସେ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ କରାଇବ । କିନ୍ତୁ କେମିତି?
ଯଦି ରାମହରି ଜିତା ମନଭିତରର କଥା ଜାଣିପାରନ୍ତି ? ସମୟେ ସମୟେ



ଜିତାର ମନେ ହେଉଥିଲା ଯେ ସିଏ ଏକ ମାନସିକ ରୋଗୀରେ ପରିଣତ ହୋଇଯିବ ।

ଏ ଭିତରେ ଆଉ ଦୁଇବରଷ ବିତିଗଲାଣି । ଶାଶୁ, ଶୁଶୁର ମଝିରେ ବୁଲି ଆସିଥିଲେ । ରାମହରି ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କ ଉପାଖ୍ୟାନ ଶୁଣାଇଲେ । ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା କେମିତି ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍ଥାମାନଙ୍କରେ ବହୁତ ସକ୍ରିୟ କର୍ମୀ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି କହୁଥିବା ବେଳେ ଶୁଶୁରଙ୍କ ନିର୍ବିକାର ଭାବ ଆଉ ଶାଶୁଙ୍କର ଗପ ଶୁଣିବା ଭଳି ଆଗ୍ରହକୁ ଦେଖି ଜିତା ନିରାଶ ହେଲା । ବେଳେବେଳେ ଇଚ୍ଛାର ପ୍ରଭାବ ଏତେ ହେଉଥିଲା ଯେ ସେ ଚାହୁଁଥିଲା ହୁଏତ ଶାଶୁଙ୍କୁ ଏମିତି ଏକ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ସେ କେତେବେଳେ କରିବସିବ । ସେଦିନ ଶାଶୁ ହିଁ ସେ ବିଷୟ ଉଠାଇଲେ:

ଫେରୁ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମକୁ ଦେଖିଛୁ ଜିତା? ଗୁରୁ “ହଁ ମା, ସେ ତ ପ୍ରତିଧର ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍ଥାର ମିଟିଙ୍ଗକୁ ଆସିଲେ ଆମଘରେ ରହନ୍ତି ।”

“ଆଜ୍ଞା, ତାକୁ ପରିବାର, ଛୁଆପିଲାଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ କିଛି ଜାଣିଛୁ ? ଗୁରୁ ଫେରୁଙ୍କର ଦୁଇଟା ପୁଅ ବୋଲି ଶୁଣିଛୁ; ହେଲେ ଦେଖିନି କେବେ ?”

“ତୋ ଶୁଶୁର ଓ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମଙ୍କର ବହୁତ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଥିଲେ । କଲିକତାରେ ଥିବାବେଳେ ସବୁବେଳେ ପ୍ରାୟ ଆମଘରକୁ ଆସୁଥିଲେ । ସେତେବେଳେ ବାହା ହୋଇନଥିଲେ । ତୋ ଶୁଶୁର ତ ଯେମିତି ବହୁବସ୍ତ୍ର ଲୋକ, ଏ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମଙ୍କୁ ଆମଘରେ ସବୁଦିନ ନିମନ୍ତଣ । ହେଲେ ଲୋକଟା ମସ୍ତ ଦଳାରି; ମିଛ କହିବାରେ ଓ ଦେଖେଇହେବାରେ ବଡ଼ ଧୁରନ୍ଧର । ତା ଠାରୁ ତମେମାନେ ଦୂରେଇ ରହିବ ।”

“ଦୂରେଇ କଣ ରହିବୁ ମା, ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପୁଅ ପରା ତାଙ୍କର ଭକ୍ତ ହୋଇଗଲେଣି । ହଜାର ଭାରତୀୟ ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂସ୍ଥାର ସବୁ ମେମ୍ବର ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ଯେ ଆଜି ଏ ମିଟିଙ୍ଗ୍ ତ କାଲି ସେ ମିଟିଙ୍ଗ୍ କେଉଁ ସଂସ୍ଥାର ପୁଣି କେସ୍ ଲାଗିଛି, ମିଛ ସାକ୍ଷୀ ପ୍ରମାଣ ଯୋଗାତ ଚାଲୁଛି, ହଜାର କାଗଜପତ୍ର, କୋର୍ଟ, କଚେରି, ଓକିଲ; ସେ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଆମ ଜୀବନ ପୂରପୂରି ବଦଳିଗଲାଣି ।”

“ବହୁତ ଖରାପ ହେଲା ତାହେଲେ । ଏ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ଭଳି ଚରିତ୍ରଠାରୁ ରାମହରିର ଦୂରେଇ ରହିବା ଉଚିତ ।”

ଫେରୁ ତ କହିଲେ ସିଏ ଶୁଣିବେନି ମା । ଆପଣ କୁହନ୍ତୁ ହେଲେ । ଗୁରୁ

ସନ୍ଦେହ ଓ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଭିତରେ ଛଟପଟ ହେଉଥିବା ଜିଜ୍ଞାସୁ ମନକୁ ସଂଯତ କରି ଜିତା ଆରଘରକୁ ପଳାଇ ଆସିଥିଲା ।

ଶାଶୁ, ଶୁଶୁର ମାସେ ରହି ଫେରିଗଲେ । ରାମହରିଙ୍କର ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କ ନିଶା ଆହୁରି ବଢ଼ିଲା । ବେଳେବେଳେ ଜିତାର ସନ୍ଦେହ ହେଉଥିଲା ହୁଏତ ଏତା ପୁରୁଷ-ପୁରୁଷ ଭିତର ପ୍ରେମ ଭଳି କିଛି ବିଚିତ୍ର ପ୍ରକୃତି । ପୁଣି ବେଳେବେଳେ ସିଏ ନିଜ ସ୍ୱତ୍ୱ ବିଷୟରେ ଭାବୁଥିଲା ଓ ଡି.ଏନ୍.ଏ. ଟେଷ୍ଟ କେମିତି କରାଯିବ ସେ ବିଷୟରେ ଇଣ୍ଟରନେଟ୍‌ରୁ ପଢ଼ିଲା । ଗୋଟିଏ ଟେଷ୍ଟ କିଟ୍ ବି କିଣି ତାର ବିବିଧ ପ୍ରଣାଳୀ ବିଷୟରେ ପଢ଼ିଲା । ଇନ୍‌ଷ୍ଟ୍ରକ୍ସନ୍ ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ଗାଲର ଭିତର ପାଖରୁ କିଛି ଜୀବକୋଷ (ସେଲ୍) ଆଣି ପରୀକ୍ଷା କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ହେଲେ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କ ଗାଲରୁ ସେଲ୍ କେମିତି ଆଣିବ ଜିତା ? ପୁଣି ଶାଶୁଙ୍କ

ଗାଲରୁ ଓ ରାମହରିଙ୍କ ଗାଲରୁ ଆଣି ଏକାକାକୀରେ ପରୀକ୍ଷା କରାଇବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ମନକଥା ମନରେ ରହିଲା । ସବୁବେଳେ ମନରେ ସେଇ କଥା ରହିବାରୁ, ଜିତା ଭାବୁଥିଲା ରାମହରିଙ୍କୁ କହିବ କି? ସିଏ ଯଦି କିଛି ଖରାପ ଭାବନ୍ତି । ତାପରେ ଜିତାକୁ ସିଏ ସିନା ବାହାହେଇଛନ୍ତି, କିନ୍ତୁ ଭଲପାଆନ୍ତି କି ନା ସେକଥା ତ ଜିତା ଜାଣିନି । ଯଦି ତାକୁ ସେ ଛାଡ଼ପତ୍ର ଦେଇଦେବେ ? ଜିତା କଣ କରିବ? ନା ତାକିରି ବାକିରି କିଛି ଅଛି ?

ଏ ଭିତରେ ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ମଙ୍ଗ ଘଟଣା ଘଟିଲା । ସେ ବର୍ଷ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ବାର୍ଷିକ ଉତ୍ସବ ମେରାଲାଣ୍ଡରେ ପାଳନ କରାଯାଉଥିଲା । ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ସପରିବାର ଆସିଥାନ୍ତି ସେ ଉତ୍ସବରେ ଯୋଗଦେବା ପାଇଁ । ସେଇଠି ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କର ସପତ୍ନୀ ଶାନ୍ତିଲତାଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଦେଖାହେଲା । ଜିତା ସିନା ସବୁ ମନ ଭିତରେ ରଖୁଥିଲା, ଶାନ୍ତି ମାଉସୀ କିନ୍ତୁ ଖୋଲାଖୋଲି କହିଦେଲେ “ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ଓ ରାମହରିଙ୍କ ଚେହେରା ଓ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତାରେ ଏତେ ମେଳଭୁଲ, ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଯିଏ ବି ଦେଖିବ ବାପ, ପୁଅ କହିବ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ । ମୋର ତ ବେଳେବେଳେ ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଉଛି, ଜେନେଟିକ୍ ଟେଷ୍ଟ କରି ଏ ରହସ୍ୟ ଜାଣିବାକୁ ।”

ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ତୁପ୍‌ତାପ୍ ହୁଅୁଥିଲେ । ରାମହରି ସେଠି ନଥିଲେ । ଶାନ୍ତି ମାଉସୀ ପଚାରିଲେ, “ସତ କହୁନ, ତମେ ତ ରାମହରିର ବାପାଙ୍କର ଏତେ ଭଲ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଥିଲ, ତା ମାଆଙ୍କର ଅତି ସାଙ୍ଗ ହୋଇ ଯାଇନଥିଲ ତ?”

ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ସେ କଥା ଥିତାରେ ନେଇ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଲେ, ଫେରୁକଣ ତମ ମନରେ ସନ୍ଦେହ ରହିଛି ନା କଣ ? “ତାପରେ ଜିତାକୁ ସାକ୍ଷୀ ରଖି କହିଲେ, ଫେରୁଦେଖୁଛ ତ ଜିତା, ତମ ମାଉସୀଙ୍କର ବୁଝିକୁ । ଯେତେ ବୟସ ବଢ଼ୁଛି, ସେତେ କିଶୋରୀ ପଣିଆ ବଢ଼ୁଛି ।”

ଶାନ୍ତି ମାଉସୀ ଆହୁରି ରାଗିଗଲେ; ଇର୍ଷା ଓ ଜ୍ୱଳନ ତାଙ୍କ ଦୁଇ ଆଖିରେ ପରିଷ୍କୃତ ହେଉଥିଲା ଓ ସେ ଦୃଢ଼ତାର ସହିତ କହିଲେ, ଫେରୁତମେ କେତେ ସତିଆ ପୁରୁଷ ମୁଁ ଜାଣିଛି । ଗୁରୁ ଯଦି ଜିଏ ରଖିବ, ତେବେ ଜେନେଟିକ୍ ଟେଷ୍ଟ କରାଇ ମୁଁ ପ୍ରମାଣ କରେଇଦେବି ଯେ ରାମହରି ତମ ପୁଅ । ଗୁରୁ

ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ହଠାତ୍ ସେଠୁ କିଛି ନ କହି ପଳେଇଗଲେ । ଶାନ୍ତି ମାଉସୀ ଦାନ୍ତ କାମୁଡ଼ି ତାଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗଙ୍କ ସହିତ କଥାହେବାକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ଜିତା କଣ କହିବ, କଣ କରିବ ବୁଝି ନପାରି ସେଇଠି ବସିରହିଲା । ସେଇଠୁ ବୁଝିଲା ଯେ ହୁଏତ ରାମହରିଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କ ଘରେ କିଛି ଅଘଟଣ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହେଉଛି । କିଛି ଯଦି ଆହୁରି କଥା ବଢେ, ଅପଥାରେ ତା ଶାଶୁଙ୍କ ନାଁ ପଡ଼ିବ; ସାାରା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜ ଜାଣିବ; କଥା ଭିଜ୍ଜିଗାଲରୁ ଯାଇ ଭେଙ୍ଗନାକରେ ପଡ଼ିବ । ତା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ରାମହରିଙ୍କୁ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଦୂରେଇ ରଖିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । କିନ୍ତୁ କେମିତି ?

ସେମାନେ ଭାରତ ଫେରିଯିବେ କି ?

ଦିନେ ଜିତା ରାମହରିଙ୍କୁ ଏ ପ୍ରସ୍ତାବ ଦେଲା । ଫେରୁଦେଖ, ବାପା, ମାଗୁଙ୍କ ବୟସ ହେଲାଣି । ମୁଁ ଭାବୁଥିଲି ଆମେ ଯଦି ଭାରତ ଫେରିଯାନ୍ତେ । ଗୁରୁ





ରାମହରି ତମକି ପଡିଲେ, ଝଙ୍କୁଜିତା, ତମେ ଏ କଥା କହୁଛ ? ମୁଁ ଭାରତ ଫେରିଗଲେ ଏଠି ଏ ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍ଥା କଥା କିଏ ବୁଝିବ ? ତାପରେ ସେଠି ମଣା, ମାଛି, ତାଆଁଶ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପାରିବ ତ? ଆଉ ଏ ଆମେରିକାନ୍ ଛୁଆମାନଙ୍କୁ ସେଠି ନେଇ କେମିତି ଚଳେଇବ ? ଜାଣିଛ, ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ମତେ ଏଥର ଝଙ୍କୁପୁବଗୌରବଞ୍ଚ ପୁରସ୍କାର ପାଇଁ ନୋମିନେଟ୍ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଗୁରୁ

“ସେଇଁ ଫୁଲ ପାଇଁ ମୋ ଘରେ କଳି, ସେଇ ଫୁଲ ଆଣି ଖଞ୍ଜିଛି ମାଳି ।”

ରାମହରିଙ୍କର ରକ୍ତ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଟାଣୁଛି । ଦୁଃଖ ଜିତା କିଛି କରିପାରିବନି । ତାହାହିଁ ହେଲା । ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ଏଥର ପ୍ରତିମାସରେ ଟେକ୍ସାସରୁ ମେରାଲାଣ୍ଡ ଆସିଲେ । ଜିତା ଘରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ରୁମ୍ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ରିଜର୍ଭ୍ ହୋଇ ରହିଲା । କଥା ଏତେଦୂର ବଢିଲା ଯେ ଜିତା ମନେମନେ ତାହିଁଲା ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ହୋଇଯାଆନ୍ତା କି ? ଏ ଲୋକ କଣ ଚାକିରିବାକିରି କିଛି କରନ୍ତିନି? ଇଏ କି ନିଶା? ଏମିତି କି ଜିତାର ପିଲାମାନେ ବି ବେଳେବେଳେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କରୁଥିଲେ, “ଜେଜେ, ଆପଣ ଏଠି ସବୁଦିନ କାହିଁକି ରହିଯାଉନାହାନ୍ତି ?”

ସାତମାସ ପରେ ଶୁଣିଥିଲା ଜିତା, ଶାନ୍ତି ମାଉସୀ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କୁ ଛାଡ଼ିପତ୍ର ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । ଏକଥା କୁଆଡେ ରାମହରିଙ୍କୁ ତାକି ଶାନ୍ତି ମାଉସୀ ନିଜେ କହିଥିଲେ ଓ ଘର ଅଶାନ୍ତିରୁ ଦୂରେଇ ରହିବାକୁ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ବାରମ୍ବାର ମେର-ଲାଣ୍ଡ ଆସୁଥିଲେ ।

ଛାତ୍ରପତ୍ର ପରେପରେ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଆଉ ଫେନ୍ ଆସୁନଥିଲା କି ତାଙ୍କର ଦେଖା ମିଳୁନଥିଲା । ରାମହରିଙ୍କଠାରୁ ଶୁଣିଲା ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ଟେକ୍ସାସ୍ ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍ଥାର ନିର୍ବାଚନ ଅଛି । ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ସେଥିରେ ଲଢୁଛନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ ଛାତ୍ରପତ୍ର କଥାଟା ତାଙ୍କ ବିରୋଧିତ୍ୱ ନ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରି ତାଙ୍କୁ ହରାଇଦେବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁଛନ୍ତି; କିନ୍ତୁ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଜିତିବେ ବୋଲି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ରଖିଛନ୍ତି । ଜିତା ଖୁସି ହେଲା । ଆଉ ଏ କୁଟିଳ, ଜଟିଳ, ଅଭୂତ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଘରେ ତାହେଲେ ଦେଖିବନି । ରାମହରି କିନ୍ତୁ ଡ୍ରାଗିଂଟନ୍ ଡିସି ଅଞ୍ଚଳର ସଂସ୍ଥାମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ସେମିତି ଜଡ଼ିତ ଥାଆନ୍ତି । ହଠାତ୍ ଦିନେ ଶାନ୍ତି ମାଉସୀଙ୍କ ଫେନ୍ ଆସିଲା । ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ବିବାହ କରୁଛନ୍ତି; ଟେକ୍ସାସ୍ ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍ଥାର ଜଣେ ପୂର୍ବତନ କର୍ମୀ ପୁଣିମା ମିଶ୍ରଙ୍କୁ ଶାନ୍ତି ମାଉସୀ ରାମହରିଙ୍କୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କରୁଥିଲେ ଟେକ୍ସାସ୍ ଯାଇ ଏ ବିବାହ ବନ୍ଦ କରାଇବାକୁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ରାମହରି କହିଲେ ଓଲଟା କଥା, ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କୁ ସପକ୍ଷ କରି, “ଆପଣ ତ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଛାଡ଼ିଦେଲେ; ସିଏ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ କି ତୃତୀୟ ବିବାହ କରନ୍ତୁ; ଆପଣ କାହିଁକି ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଖୋଳାଉଛନ୍ତି ?”

ଶାନ୍ତି ମାଉସୀ କହିଲେ, ଝଙ୍କୁଜିତାଠାରୁ ଆଉ କଣ ଆଶା କରାଯିବ ରାମହରି? ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ଯେ ତମ ଗୁରୁ । ଗୁରୁ

ଜୀବନ ତାପରେ ଠିକ୍ ଠାକ୍ ଚାଲିଥିଲା । ଏ ଭିତରେ ବର୍ଷଟିଏ ବିତିଯାଇଥିଲା । ପିଲାମାନେ ବେଳେବେଳେ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କ କଥା ପଚାରୁଥିଲେ ଓ ରାମହରି ନୀରବ ରହୁଥିଲେ । ଜିତା ନର୍ସିଙ୍ଗ କୋର୍ସ ନେଉଥିଲା ଓ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଭାବିବାକୁ ତାର ସମୟ ନଥିଲା ।

ସେଦିନଟା ଥାଏ ୨୦୦୯ ମସିହା ଜୁନମାସ ଅଠର ତାରଖ । ପିକନିକ୍ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ୍ ଥାଏ ଡ୍ରାସିଂଟନ୍ ଡିସି ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜର । ଜିତା ଦହିବରା ତିଆରି କରୁଥାଏ । ରାମହରି ମିନେସୋଟା ଯାଇଥାନ୍ତି ତାଙ୍କ କାମରେ । ଶାନ୍ତିମାଉସୀଙ୍କର ଫେନ୍ ଆସିଲା ।

ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସା ନିଦବଟିକା ଖାଇ ଆମ୍ବୁତ୍ୟା କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଟେକ୍ସାସ୍ ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍ଥାର ନିର୍ବାଚନରେ ହାରିବା ଦିନରୁ ସିଏ ଡିପ୍ରେସ୍ଡ୍ ରହୁଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ମାନସିକ ବିକୃତି ବଢିଯାଇଥିଲା ଓ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ପତ୍ନୀ ପୁଣିମା ସହିତ ବି ତାଙ୍କ ବ୍ୟବହାର ଦିନକୁ ଦିନ ରୁଷ ଓ କଟୁ ହୋଇଆସୁଥିଲା । ପାଞ୍ଚଦିନପୂର୍ବେ ପୁଣିମା ତାଙ୍କୁ ଚେତାବନୀ ଦେଇ ଘରଛାଡ଼ି ଚାଲିଯାଇ ନିଜ ସାଙ୍ଗ ସହିତ ରହୁଥିଲା ।

ଏ ଖବର ଶାନ୍ତିମାଉସୀଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଶୁଭ ଥିଲା କି ଅଶୁଭ ଥିଲା, ଜିତା ତାହା ଜାଣିନି; ତେବେ ତା ପରିବାର ଓ ସର୍ବୋପରି ତାର ସ୍ୱାମୀ ରାମହରି ଯେ ଏକ ଅଶାନ୍ତ ଗ୍ରହର ପ୍ରଭାବରୁ ରକ୍ଷା ପାଇଗଲେ, ସେଦିନ ସେ ସେମିତି ଅନୁଭବ କରିଥିଲା । ରାମହରିଙ୍କ ଜନ୍ମରହସ୍ୟ ସେ ଆଉ ଜିନ୍ ଟେଷ୍ଟ କରି ପରୀକ୍ଷା କରିପାରିବନି କି ଶତକଡା ଶହେ ଭାଗ ଜାଣିପାରିବନି । ସେ ନେଇ ତାକୁ ମନ ରେ ଯେତିକିଟା ନିରାଶାଭାବ ରହିଗଲା, କିନ୍ତୁ ଜନ୍ମେଜନ୍ମ ମଉସାଙ୍କ ଭଳି ଜଣେ ମାନସିକ ରୋଗଗ୍ରସ୍ତ ମଣିଷ ଯେ ତା’ ପରିବାରକୁ ଆଉ ଗ୍ରାସ କରିପାରିବନି, ସେ କଥା ଭାବି ଜିତା ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଖୁସିଥିଲା । ପ୍ରଥମ ଥର ପାଇଁ ଜିତା ଜଣେ ଜଣାଶୁଣା ମଣିଷର ତିରୋଧାନରେ ଦୁଃଖ କରିବା ବଦଳରେ ଖୁସି ହୋଇଥିଲା । ତାକୁ ଆଖିରୁ ଲୁହ ଝରିଥିଲା ସତ, କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ଲୁହ ଥିଲା ତୃପ୍ତି ଓ ଆନନ୍ଦର, ଶାନ୍ତିର ଓ ଇଶ୍ୱରଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତି ଅନେକ କୃତଜ୍ଞତାର ।

ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜର ବଣଭୋଜିରୁ ଫେରି ସେଦିନ ସେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ମନ୍ଦିର ଗଲା ଓ ନିଜ ପରିବାରର ମଙ୍ଗଳ ମନାସି ଦୀପଟିଏ ଜଳାଇ ଆସିଲା ।

ନୋଟ୍ - ଏ କାହାଣୀଟି ଏକ କଳ୍ପିତ ମନଗଢା କାହାଣୀ । ଯଦି କାହା ଜୀବନର ପ୍ରକୃତ ଘଟଣା ସହିତ ଏ ଘଟଣାର କିଛି ମେଳଜୋଳ ଥାଏ, ତେବେ ଲେଖିକା ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଦାୟୀ ନୁହଁନ୍ତି । ତକ୍ତର ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ନରେଶ ଦାସ ଓ ତିନି କନ୍ୟା ବାଗ୍ମୀ, ମୃଣାଳୀ ଓ ଶାଶୁତୀଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଡେଟିଙ୍ଗ୍, ମେରାଲାଣ୍ଡରେ ରହନ୍ତି । ସେ ଓସା ପତ୍ରିକାରେ ନିୟମିତ ଭାବେ ଲେଖିଆସୁଛନ୍ତି । ଯଦି ତ ସେ ଏକ ଗବେଷିକା ଭାବେ କାମ କରନ୍ତି, ତେବେ ମନଭିତରର ଭାବନାକୁ ରଙ୍ଗ ଦେଇ କାହାଣୀ ଲେଖିବା ତାଙ୍କର ସଭକ । ଓସାରେ ସେ ପ୍ରାୟ ଦଶ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ବିଭିନ୍ନ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମରେ ଜଡ଼ିତ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ତକ୍ତର ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ ଓସାର ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ପ୍ରେସିଡେଣ୍ଟ ।



Meghna Memorial Competition Junior category winner

Beauty

RUTWIK DAS, 2919 QUEENS ESTATE CT, SAN JOSE, CA-95135

Beauty oh' Beauty...
Looking for you,
Here and there
In the vastness of oceans,
In the mighty mountain ranges,
In the deserts,
In the grassland, where grass bed lie.
I see you smiling,
In the color of fall
Green, yellow and brown,
In the twinkling of star
I get a glimpse of you,
Now and then
Here and there
Oh' Beauty...
You are omnipresent
You are everywhere!
All life awaken
Under your glare!

Beauty oh' Beauty...
You are so fair
The Rainbow - a blaze of colors
Dancing in air.
You dazzle in the dewdrops,
Pure and clear;
Oh' Beauty...
I even see you,
In the dancing fire!

Beauty oh' Beauty...
I see you,
In my granny's smile,
In my sister's tiny toes,
In my little brother's mischief,
In my mommy's tight hugs!
Oh' Beauty...
I see you in the darkest night,
When I hold my daddy's hand,
I feel your presence in his strength,
In his strong grip, and confidence!

Beauty oh' Beauty...
I touch you in flower buds,
I smell you in Jasmine
I worship you in God.
Oh' Beauty...
Please stay in my eyes and heart,
I wish to see you
Everywhere
Even in the most ugly thing on Earth.

Beauty oh' Beauty...
You are "The knowledge",
You are "The Peace",
You are the "Love",
Oh' Beauty...
You are more valuable
Than a treasure trove.

ବୀର୍ଯ୍ୟ

ଡଃ ଗାୟତ୍ରୀ ପଣ୍ଡା

ତପ କରୁଛି ମୁଁ ତପସ୍ବିନୀ ସାଜି
ତାହା ନଦୀର ତୀରେ,
ତରିଯିବି ଅବା ମରିଯିବି ମୁହିଁ
ଭାବିନାହିଁ କେବେ ଥରେ ।
ସୁଲୁ ସୁଲୁ ବାଆ ବହି ବହି ଆସି
ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ କହେ କାନେ,
କାହିଁକି ବସିଛି କି ଅବା ପାଉଛୁ
ନଦୀ ତଟେ ନିକାଞ୍ଚନେ ।
ମନେ କି ପତୁନି ପତି ପୁତ୍ର କନ୍ୟା
ବନ୍ଧୁଅବା ସହୋଦର,
ମନ ଆଖି ଖୋଲି ହୃଦ ଦେବତାଙ୍କୁ
ନିଶଦେ ଥରେ ପଚାର ।
ପଚାରିଲି ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ନିଜେ ମୁଁ ନିଜକୁ
ଇଏ କି ପରୀକ୍ଷା ପୁତୁ,
ହୃଦ କନ୍ଦରୁ ଉତ୍ତର ଆସିଲା
ଭିତରେ ତୋହର ସବୁ ଖଞ୍ଜା ଅଛି
ବାହାରେ କାହାକୁ ଖୋଜୁ ।
ଅନ୍ଧାର ରାତେ ଝଲସି ଉଠିଲା
ଆଲୋକର ଏକ ଧାର,
ଜପ, ତପ ଛାଡ଼ି ଆଗକୁ ଚାଲିଲି
ମାନିଲିନି ଭିପ ଖାଲ ।
ସିନ୍ଦୂରା ଫାଟିଲା ସୁରୁଜ ଉଇଁଲା
ପାଦ ମୋ ହୋଇଲା ଝିର,
ଆଖି ମୁଁ ଖୋଲିଲି, ନିରେଖି ଦେଖିଲି
ସେ'ତ ମୋ ହାତ ତିଆରି ଘର ।

ଡଃ ଗାୟତ୍ରୀ ପଣ୍ଡା, ବରିଷ୍ଠ ଅଧ୍ୟାପିକା, ଅର୍ଥନୀତି ବିଭାଗ
ରସାଳପୁର କଲେଜ, ବାଲେଶ୍ଵର, ଓଡ଼ିଶା



Squirrel X-ing

BY SASWAT PATI

One day Xavier Jackson, the V was driving his sports car. He almost ran over a squirrel. He was too careless and later when he came home he forgot it completely.

Meanwhile, in their hideouts the squirrel that got hurt, his nostrils were flaring. He immediately called an emergency meeting with the elder squirrels named Big Tooth, Quick Jaw, Acorn Finder, Bird Defender, and of course Sharp Eye, who witnessed the quite eye catching accident. While discussing the incident, they remembered their ancestors who got killed in the road accidents caused by the hit and run drivers, especially, the first squirrel, Smart Heart who was killed quite unexpectedly by the first human transportation device. During their deliberations, one of the very low ranking officer or should I say not a ranking officer at all, came up with a clever idea that they should set up a Squirrel X-ing to control the crazy and careless drivers who often speaks and texts with their cell phone while driving. Earlier the land was free for all. One of the oldest squirrel pondered how it was in the good old days, before man made their machines. Land belonged to all animals to roam with pride. There was neither any border nor any boundary. Even the horse carriages used to stop for us. But, when these moving machines came we got trampled to death. Humans respect their traffic lights, but they don't have any respect for our lives.

After a long discussion on how to set up a Squirrel X-ing, Big Tooth suggested to create a beam of light of orange color that will glare the sight and slow the drivers down. Everybody has to wear a nice soothing belt to put that light while crossing the roads. When a crazy driver steps on their fur they have to just click it on for the safety of their lives. In dark the luminescent light will work as a flash light. To build the device, the squirrels will ask the fire flies to give them their lights so they can put it in their light box. Then they will go to the spider to get the sticky substance that would hold the light on place. The spider will give them their spider thread to tie it around their fur. Then the squirrel will be safe. Any human who is not affected by it will pay the price: we will send the skunk squad to stink their house, and locust lieutenants to destroy their front lawns.

Yo ho, the squirrel goes, You never make a cross road
a no no.....

The Greedy King Bear A lesson or a moral

BY ANWESHA RANABIJULI

Once upon a time, in a distant land, where no humans roamed, there was an animal kingdom. The king of that kingdom was a bear.

One day the Greek goddess Nemesis came to the king's castle for lunch. After the goddess finished her lunch she said to the bear, "You have given me good hospitality. So I will give you one wish." The bear thought for a long time then finally said, "I wish that every flower that I touch will turn into gold." So he got his wish.

He touched a flower and it turned into gold! Soon, he started going around the world touching more flowers, picking them, and putting them in his bag. One day he saw a big flower. But he did not notice that a bee was sitting on it. And that flower was the bee's favorite one. But the bear still turned it to gold and picked it.

The bee was not happy at all, he wanted to teach the bear a lesson. The bee found a big flower and put it in the middle of the ocean. And since the bear was greedy he ran to the middle of the ocean and turned the flower into gold.

At first he made a face of triumph, but because the gold weighed so much, bear started to sink, and sink, and sink until at last the bear drowned.

And that was the story of the bear who once roamed the land.

The lesson is too much of anything is not good.





MEGHNA MEMORIAL COMPETITION WINNER: SENIOR CATEGORY

Where Do I Belong?

BY AYESHA MISRA

The chattering of the blonde cheerleaders sitting next to me slowly filters out of my mind as I stare into the distance. Their skin, their hair, so different from mine.

The couple in front of me is oblivious to the world as they smooch publicly in broad daylight. Their manners, their behavior, so unlike mine.

The tattooed high schoolers behind me smoke and laugh without a worry. Their personalities, their upbringing, so contrasting with mine.

I do not want to be blonde. I do not want to make a public display of my affection towards anyone. I do not want to smoke. So then why do I feel out of place?

I am not an ABCD (American Born Confused Desi), but rather an IBUCI (Indian Born Ultra Confused Immigrant). I have created this term for myself so that I can belong to at least one group in society. Born in India, I came to America when I was only five years old. At the time, I thought I was the luckiest girl in the world. Now? I wish I'd stayed in my motherland.

Everyday, I reminisce about the few memories I have of my childhood in Orissa. I cannot recall much, but I am able to remember waking up to the smell of my land, a mixture of dirt, community, and love. I fondly remember skipping around my neighborhood, hearing the clash of pots and pans as all the women start their daily routine of preparing chai for their families. Still, they do not mind popping out to cheerfully acknowledge my presence with, "Kemithi achu jhia?" (How are you, little one?). I run past my cousin's house where I see my "khudi" hanging wet clothes out to dry on the clothesline. As I skip by, she makes time to play a quick game of tag with me and gives me a peck on the cheek, and then lets me go my way again, reminding me to tell my mother that we are to come over to her house for lunch later. I keep walking, but stop by the snack stand and stare longingly at the packet of "Uncle Chips" hanging from the top. The owner of the stand, chewing paan, watches my eyes until he finally laughs and graciously reaches to get the packet of chips and hands it to me for free. "Today only!" he says, patting my head. I thank him and run back home so that my mother doesn't scold me for being out for so

long. When I reach home, my mother is waiting for me at the door with my books. "Aren't you going to study today?" she asks lovingly. I whine but follow her inside where she sits with me and helps me practice my reading. As I study, I listen to the clink of my parents' teacups, the chirping of the birds outside, and the rowdy laughter of the neighborhood boys joyfully playing cricket outside.

My life was like this everyday. My days were routine, but with enough surprises and joys to keep me from getting bored. I belonged in Orissa in respect to everything from my looks to my upbringing. I had the same dark hair and tan skin as everyone else, and touched the feet of my elders as I was expected too. No one gawked at me for the gods I prayed to, and not a single person laughed at me for eating with my hands. There I was surrounded by the love of family, my friends, and my culture. And then my father got a job in America.

Fast forward eleven years. I am now a 16 year-old living in the suburbs of sunny California. The only family I have here is my mother, father, and brother. I go to a high school where 70% of the students there are white. I live in a society where girls have boyfriends at the age of 13 and offspring have to make appointments to have dinner with their parents. Study too much and you're classified as a nerd, live with your parents a day longer than until you turn 18 and you're a freak. Exactly where do my Indian ideals fit in here? I am not the one misfit in this country; many of the other ABCDs and IBUCIs here in the same dilemma.

My parents brought me here so that I could have a richer education and become successful in life as a doctor. I surely do have a good education, but what about the other aspects of my life, the social one? All humans, by instinct, wish to belong in the society they live in. My parents toil all day at work so that they can send me to dance lessons, tennis lessons, balavihar, and afterschool activities. This would not have been as easy to do in the environment in India, but at least I would have fit in.

My life is split in two. It is as though I have a double identity. There is one side of me that enjoys chatting with my American friends about the latest trends in clothes,





eating pizza and burgers, and experiencing a carefree lifestyle. The other side of me, the more powerful one, loves Bollywood movies, classical dance, pakhala, and the respect and love shared between family members and friends. At times I wish that I was either completely American: born and brought up here in an all-American family, or completely Indian: living with my family and reveling in beautiful culture and customs as an Indian resident. I dislike being a mixture of two; I feel as though I am from a different race, neither Indian nor American. I often feel jealous of my cousins in India; they are surrounded by people just like them and they do not have to worry about being different.

Even my voice changes depending on who I'm with. Around my friends, I speak with the normal American accent I've had for the majority of my life. But around my parents, I speak English with an Indian accent, because I feel distant from them otherwise. This is just one of the problems I face everyday, only because I cannot find one group to belong to. If given a choice, I would much rather live in India and be the Indian I was meant to be. But my family has adapted too much to America for this to be possible, and my education is rooted here.

Every time I visit Orissa, I am giddy with excitement to visit my family and be reunited with my motherland once again. From my seat on the plane, I can see acres of farms, buildings, and train tracks stretching for miles and miles. The month I always spend in my country flies by in a blur, and my fun times of eating gupchup on the streets, playing cricket with my cousins, and running across the beach in Puri become only memories once again. Visiting different temples, chewing on sugar canes, and running to catch the rickshaw all become experiences that I must store in my mind once again until my next visit. Before I know it, I am once again landing in Los Angeles, to the same lights and buildings and people I have been forced to grow used to over the years.

Though my parents try to understand my sentiments, they will never truly be able to relate to my feelings because their lives and their childhood has been and always will be rooted in Orissa. They are in America not for themselves, but only so that their children can flourish everything they do. Because of their solid Indian upbringing, they knew to teach their kids all of the customs and culture of their country only. But what will I teach my kids if I myself am confused about where I belong? Even in my weekly phone calls to my family in Orissa,

I feel left out. They all are interested in what I do and listen attentively to everything I say. But I am always jealous when I hear of their daily happenings at home and the sense of unity they have by staying together as a family. How can I truly experience the same joy they do of the birth of my new baby cousin when I am not there to witness his first words, his first steps, his first day of school?

My only solace is in the organized Indian gatherings I have in my society. Every Sunday, I go to Balavihar to discuss my religion with other confused Indian teenagers. But the most important source of culture I rely on is my Oriya community. Every year, I go to the same Pakhala party, Diwali celebration, Saraswati Pooja, Ganesh Pooja, and New Year's Celebration I have been going to for several years, and I never once get bored. At these gatherings, I am surrounded by other Oriya families, all speaking one language and sharing the feeling of unity that I so long for. There I socialize with my Oriya friends, all in the same dilemma I am in, and we often share our feelings, easing the confusion of living in a country that is not our own. The OSA Convention is something I look forward to as well; it is a place where I can be enveloped in the love of so many other Oriyas, feeling unified once again.

I will never completely belong in this country, no matter how long I stay here. My parents will always be rooted to their Orissa, and my children will most likely be rooted to America. I will have to accept that I have roots in both countries, though my true calling is in my motherland. However, this is only one of many problems I will face in my life, and it is one that is shared by many. For this reason, I must learn to embrace both cultures with open arms and take in the good from both sides of the fence so that future generations will be able to find the balanced middle ground that I strive to achieve.



Written by Ayesha Misra (better known as Richa Misra), the 16 year-old daughter of Manoj and Gouri Misra. She lives in Aliso Viejo, California, and has a passion both Bollywood and classical dance, as well as writing.



The Fourteenth Room

BY: ASHWINEE PANDA

In the 1590s, there existed a hotel, in India. First it had been a palace, occupied by Prataparudra Deb in the summer months before he was overthrown. It had almost burned down, before it had become a house. After that, the owner, a merchant by the name of Ravi Dutta, sold the house –he wouldn't say why –and it became a hotel. It was big, with three floors. There were fourteen rooms on the first floor. Fourteen rooms on the second floor. However...there were only thirteen rooms on the third floor. The rooms on the third floor all matched up with the rooms on the second floor. They were aligned perfectly. But there were only thirteen rooms. But since, at that time, it had 51 rooms, an auspicious number, no one looked into it.

The owner of the hotel was not known much. He had no known relatives, or friends. He kept to himself, most of the time. The hotel was in the middle of a very busy city, Puri, a port city, and it did a good, if not exemplary, trade. However, for 2548 days, only the first and second floors were filled. The manager could have advertised the hotel more, but he didn't. For almost seven years, none of the rooms on the third floor were occupied. But, on the 2549th day, that all changed.

The first time that the second and first floors were completely full, the hotel manager showed his next guests to the third floor. He had never before done so, and the door at the top of the stairs was locked. The doorknob was rusty from not having being used for a very long time, and the manager had a hard time getting it open. He kicked the door several times, but it did not open. He had to get a few employees to help him, and even then they had to break down the door before it would open. Surely even a neglected floor would be opened from time to time, his guests said.

His guests were a couple, newly on their honeymoon. They were the first to see the third floor. It was magnificent, with mahogany doors, and gilded doorknobs. There was expensive art hanging on the walls of the corridors. Whereas the rest of the hotel was simply moderately furnished, the third floor was extravagant, furnished richly and tastefully. Long-lost paintings, painted by Khwaja Abdus Samad, could be found on the wall. There was, of

course, no elevator. Everything was furnished in the style of a palace. Truly, it was a floor fit for a king.

The couple exclaimed, asking why the manager had not opened it before. The man took pictures of the paintings and hallways. The woman, obviously an artist, immediately peered at the paintings. The manager simply looked at his feet, and asked them which room they would like to be their room. The couple took their time choosing. They entered a couple of assorted rooms, oohing and aahing over the furniture. However, they finally entered a room that was grander than all the rest. They proclaimed that this would be their room. The manager tried to dissuade them, but they persisted.

The table was magnificent, made of out of zitan, or red sandalwood, with a golden vase sitting on top of it. The bed had silk curtains hanging from the top of it, which covered the entire bed. There was a huge tub, made out of marble, as well as a modernized shower, in the bathroom. There were huge windows, with velvet curtains hanging from them. Also, there was a giant sofa on one side of the room. There was also an armchair alongside it. Both were made of leather, and were very impressive, if a bit dusty. In fact, all of the furniture was as equally dusty.

The couple asked the manager why this room had been neglected so much. Recalling the other, equally dusty rooms, they demanded to know why the entire third floor had been neglected. It was so magnificent, the raja of Puri could live in it! He would have made thousands of rupees if he had advertised the third floor to the public. People would have come flooding in! They knew no one had occupied the third floor or any of its rooms since the hotel had been opened, but the manager could have maintained it better! He could have at least dusted it a little, so it was more appealing!

The manager simply looked at his feet, and asked if they would require anything else. The couple politely refused, and said that the manager could go now, provided he bring up a feather duster in the morning. The manager departed, but muttered something under his breath that sounded suspiciously like "if you can make it through the night, I will be glad to be of service you. However, you most likely will not make it through the night. That,





or you will leave as soon as dawn comes...” The couple entered, and retired almost immediately to their bed.

However, they could not shake the feeling that the room next to theirs –was occupied. So the next morning, they went to the manager and complained. The couple only thought that the manager had given someone else a room before them. They had no idea that they had been staying in the last room...the room before the end of the building...the thirteenth room. The manager paled. All he said was “no. I have not shown anyone to the third floor before you. Also...there is no room next to yours... yours...is the last one.”

The couple, sensing what he meant, packed up their bags and left. It was the same with the next group that came. And the next. And the next. This continued, until a family was occupying the thirteenth room. This time, they did not only feel it... they heard it as well. SCRITCH! SCRATCH! On and on, it went. In the

morning, the family told the manager, and he called a contractor. The manager explained that the owner of the house had made him promise that he would never open the third floor to any of his guests. Then, he said that the owner had walled off the passageway, stopping it at the thirteenth room.

So, the contractor’s men drilled through it, and revealed that it was no more than a foot-thick. At the end of the passageway, was a door. However...it had no knob. There was cement around the door, and then it had been boarded shut. There was no way anything could get in... or out. The men tore the boards off, and demolished the cement. With a sinking feeling in their stomachs, the men, as well as the family, looked inside the room. There was nothing in it...only a black chalkboard, set in the wall. And written on it, over and over, were the words: RAVI, LET ME OUT!!!

Excellently Bad

Have you ever had to buy a house? Well there are many problems you have to face. Just read along and you will get what I mean by “problems”, though this may be a little odd.

One day as I was looking through the real estate papers, for a nice house by some recreation of any sort, I found a particularly interesting house to buy. The description was just fantastic and I could not imagine a better house. This house just had it all: it had 5 bedrooms, it was near a golf course, the size was 1 acre, close to a school, near a big mall, near workplaces and most importantly it was cheap. In fact, it was so cheap I at first I thought there was a typing error. I called a taxi immediately and went to the location shown on the advertisement.

From then on, realized is what people write may be true, but people don’t write everything they should.

It was a total mess! The lawn was full with weeds, the house itself was falling apart, and the whole scene was a mess! I was just surprised at how bad it was compared to how I thought it would be. The smell of rotten food lingered in the air, so I left the horribly ugly scene.

Make sure you actually see the house before you jump to any conclusions is what I got from this experience. I’ll be more careful next time, and you should too.



In December

SHWETA GOLDIE MOHAPATRA

In December, it snows.
The kids go outside when the wind blows.

In December, the birds migrate
Bears, snakes, rabbits and other animals hibernate

In December, it gets cold,
Hats, Scarves, and Mittens are parent's gold.

In December, the snowmen are built,
By the kids love they never melt!

In December, Santa comes,
He needs to find out who's naughty or nice so he sums.

In December, family and friends visit,
By Christmas, sisters make cookies for it.

In December, the parties go on,
With the red and green cake, the kids say "hold on!"

In December, it's holiday season,
The kids get presents for no good reason.

In December, the Reindeers fly south,
In every inch, the air goes in their mouth

In December, it snows,
The kids go outside when the wind blows.

Shweta Goldie Mohapatra (9 Years). Shweta lives with her parents and little sister at Columbus, Ohio. Her hobbies are playing soccer, Art, Math, and doing logic problems.



My Best Friend

APARNA RAY

Reading is so much fun
I always like to read a ton
Poems are very fun to read
The authors are doing us a good deed
Books are really really cool
Not reading makes you a big fool
Reading takes you on a ride
You'll go places with a book by your side

I was reading Harry Potter
In the huge Quidditch center
Laying on my bed
Harry swoops down
His face has a frown
The snitch just got away
I could see Malfoy
Step right in his way
When Phhhhhh..the lights went out

I really want to have a fight
But it's just mom saying 'Good night'

Quickly I sneak out of bed
Turning on the lights I read
Harry's victory comes so fast
With Malfoy's doom out to last.
Here the footsteps come right back
But surprise! My room is pitch black
For I switched the lights out right away!
This has happened once before
I have tricked my Mom again!

As I fall asleep now
I am sure a book is my best friend.

Aparna Ray is 9 years old. She is the daughter of Abhijit and Julie A Ray. She is a 3rd grader at Morningside Elementary in Salt Lake City, UT.



ଅନ୍ୟ ପୃଥ୍ବୀ

ଝିନୁ ଛୋଟରାୟ

ଏ ଯେ ଏକ ଅନ୍ୟ ପୃଥ୍ବୀ!!!

ଅଛି ଯହିଁ ସେଇ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟାଲୋକ, ନାହିଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ଉଷ୍ମତା ତେଜରେ
 ବୋଧୁଅଛି ବାଆ ସୁଲୁ ସୁଲୁ , ଆଶୁ ନାହିଁ ରୋମାଞ୍ଚ ଶରୀରେ ।
 ବସୁନ୍ଦରା ଲାଗେ ଏଠି ରୁକ୍ଷ ମସୃଣତା ନାହିଁ ସେ ପୃଷ୍ଠରେ
 ଅଗ୍ରସର ହେବାକୁ ଆଗକୁ ଆସୁ ନାହିଁ ଉତ୍ସାହ ପାଦରେ । ୨।
 ଆକାଶ ଯେ ଲାଗଇ ଉଦାସ ବ୍ୟତିକ୍ରମ ସବୁରି କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ
 ଚାରିଆଡେ କାରୁଣ୍ୟତା ଛାଇ ହୃତକଣ୍ଠନ ଆସେ ଶରୀରରେ । ୩।
 ଆଜି ଅଛି ସେଇ ସମାରୋହ ଥାଏ ଯାହା ପୁନେଇ ପର୍ବରେ
 ସେହି ମୁହଁ ଦିଶେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଭିନ୍ନ ଏଠି ଏଇ ଅନ୍ୟ ପୃଥ୍ବୀରେ । ୪।
 ପିଲାଙ୍କର ନାହିଁ କୋଳାହଳ ଗାମ୍ଭୀର୍ଯ୍ୟତା ପ୍ରତିଟି କୋଣରେ
 ଅଳଙ୍କାର, ଶାଢ଼ୀ, ଦୁଃଖ, ସୁଖ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା ନାହିଁ ନାରୀମହଲରେ । ୫।
 ବିଜ୍ଞର ଆକର୍ଷଣ ନାହିଁ ଅବା ସ୍ଵେଚ୍ଛା, ପଲିଟିକ୍ସରେ
 କ୍ରିକେଟ୍ ଜିତା ହାର ବାଜି ନାହିଁ ଆଜି ଯୁବକଦଳରେ । ୬।
 ଭାଙ୍ଗିଯାଏ ସେଇ ନୀରବତା ଅସମ୍ଭାଳ କଇଁକଇଁ ସ୍ଵରେ
 ଅସଃହାୟ, କରୁଣ ଚାହାଣୀ, ନୈରାଶ୍ୟତା ସବୁରିଦିଗରେ । ୭।

ଏ କି ଭିନ୍ନ ନାଟକ!!!

ଅଭିନେତା ନୀରବ, ନିଷ୍ଠୁର ଚଳମାନ ଅନ୍ୟ ସାହାଯ୍ୟରେ
 ଦେଖିଯାନ୍ତି ଭାବ ପ୍ରତିକ୍ରିୟା ଆଜି ସେଇ ମୁଦିଲା ଆଖିରେ । ୮।
 ଅଭିନୟେ କ୍ଳାନ୍ତ ଶରୀର ମନ ନାହିଁ ବୋଧେ ନାଟକରେ
 ବାଛିଛନ୍ତି ସହଜ ଭୂମିକା ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ନାହିଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତିରେ । ୯।
 ଦର୍ଶକଙ୍କ ମନଖୁସି ସଦା କରିଛନ୍ତି ଜୀବନ ମଞ୍ଚରେ
 ଅବସର ଘୋଷଣା କରନ୍ତି କ୍ଷମା ସହ ଫୁଲ ଶଯ୍ୟାପରେ । ୧୦।
 ଜାଣିବାରେ କରିନାନ୍ତି ତୁଟି ନେଇଥିବା ପୂର୍ବ ଭୂମିକାରେ
 ସଫଳତା ପାଇଁ ପରିଶ୍ରମ କରିଛନ୍ତି ଅକ୍ଳାନ୍ତ ଭାବରେ । ୧୧।
 ସହଜରେ ମାପି ହୁଏ ବୋଲି ଲୋଚିଛନ୍ତି ଲମ୍ଫଭାବେ ତଳେ
 ସଠିକ୍ ମାପ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଆଜି ଲୋଡ଼ା ତେରିଛନ୍ତି କର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଉଦ୍‌ବିଗ୍ନରେ । ୧୨।
 ଉତ୍ପୁଲିତ ସତେ ତାଙ୍କ ଆତ୍ମା ଆଜିର ସେ ନ୍ୟାୟ ନୀରୁପଣେ
 ପରିଶ୍ରମ ସେ ବୃଥା ଯାଇନି କୃତଜ୍ଞତା ଜଣାନ୍ତି ନୀରବେ । ୧୩।

ଏ କି ଭୟଙ୍କର ସମାପ୍ତି!!!

କଳାକାର ନାମର ଘୋଷଣା ନାହିଁ ଶେଷ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମରେ
 ମୁଖରୀତ ଗଗନ ପବନ ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ ସେ କରତାଳିରେ । ୧୪।
 କାଲିର ଦର୍ଶକ ଆଜି ଅଭିନେତା, ଅଭିନୟ ଇଚ୍ଛା ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ
 (ସେ) ଅଭିନେତା ଆଜିର ଦର୍ଶକ ନାଚାର ସେ କାନ୍ଦ ବୋବାଳିରେ । ୧୫।
 ଧ୍ରୁବସତ୍ୟ ଅକ୍ତିମ ଭୂମିକା ମିଥ୍ୟା ନାହିଁ ଏ ଅଭିନୟରେ
 ସାରଗର୍ଭ ଜୀବନ ଦର୍ଶନ ଭରା ଏଇ କ୍ଷୁଦ୍ର ନାଟିକାରେ । ୧୬।
 ଆତ୍ମା ସେ ଯେ ଅଜୟ, ଅମର କହିଛନ୍ତି ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଣ ଗୀତାରେ
 ପୁରୁଣା ଶରୀର ତ୍ୟାଗ, ଜନ୍ମ ପୁଣି ନୂଆ କଳେବରେ । ୧୭।
 ଜନ୍ମ ହେଲେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଅନିର୍ବାଚ୍ୟ ଶୁଭିଯାଏ ପ୍ରତିଟି କର୍ଣ୍ଣରେ
 “ରାମନାମ” ସତ୍ୟ ହିଁ କେବଳ ଆଉ ସବୁ ମିଥ୍ୟା ଦୁନିଆରେ । ୧୮।
 ଜାଣି, ଶୁଣି, ଦେଖୁ ଆସୁଅଛୁ ଏ ସତ୍ୟତା ପ୍ରତି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ
 ଅସମ୍ଭବ କିନ୍ତୁ ନେବା ପାଇଁ ସାଧାରଣ ମଣିଷ ପକ୍ଷରେ । ୧୯।



ଆସିବାକୁ ଏ ଅନ୍ୟ ପୃଥ୍ବୀ ହେଲା ଅଳ୍ପ ବ୍ୟବଧାନରେ
 ଏ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ତବ ଥିଲା ଯାହା ଆମ ଏ ନେତ୍ରରେ । ୨୦।
 ଚାଲିଗଲ ଦୁଇ ବରପୁତ୍ର ଯାହା ଆମ କଳ୍ପନା ବାହାରେ । ୨୦।
 ଶରୀରକୁ ସିନା ଛିପାଇଲ ଅକ୍ଳେଶରେ ଓ ବିନା ଦ୍ଵିଧାରେ
 ତବ ଶୁଣ, କଳା, ମାନବିକତା ଚିର ଛାପା ଆମ ହୃଦୟରେ । ୨୧।
 କଳାପ୍ରେମୀ ଅବଶ୍ୟ ଝୁରିବ ପ୍ରତିବର୍ଷ ସେ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ
 “ଆଆନ୍ତେ କି ଆଜି ଅରୁଣବାବୁ” ଭାସିଯିବ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କଣ୍ଠରେ । ୨୨।
 ଚିରଞ୍ଜୀବୀ ତୁମେ “ପ୍ରଦୀପବାବୁ” ସ୍ଵରଣୀୟ ପ୍ରତି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ
 ତବ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା, ସେବା ଓ ଶୁଶ୍ରୁଷା ନିତି ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା ବନ୍ଧୁମହଲରେ । ୨୩।
 “ଅରୁଣ” ଯେ ଚିର ତେଜିୟାନ ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ହୃଦ ଆକାଶରେ
 ପ୍ରଦୀପ’ଙ୍କ ଶିଖା ଅମଳିନି ହୃଦୟର ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର କୋଣରେ । ୨୪।
 ପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କର ଇଚ୍ଛାରେ ମଙ୍ଗଳ ଚାଲିଅଛୁ ସେଇ ଭରସାରେ
 ଆତ୍ମାର ସଦ୍‌ଗତି ହେଉ ଯେଉଁ ଘଟେ ଥାଅ ଯେଉଁ ପୁରେ । ୨୫।



Death of a Society

By JULIE ACHARYA RAY

The boy had climbed the short cherry tree when we reached the bus stop. He was a naughty one and Anu chuckled, "Mama, what if the bus came now and he can't get down? That would be so much fun". I thought about it and was a little worried because he did not seem a good climber. But the kids at the stop were having fun while Jackie spoke loudly to everyone from the top of the bare cherry tree.

Jackie, as I saw him when winter had begun, was always sparsely dressed. When I asked him if he weren't cold, he would reply in an unusually loud voice, "My hoodie keeps me warm. I don't need a jacket". He was a stick thin half Brazilian half American kid in 4th grade and I wondered how his mother could let him walk out at 20 degrees not wearing a proper jacket.

As winter began and the snow altogether stopped melting, the kids were caught at times hurling snowballs at each other and Jackie would be at it too. He always spoke a little louder than usual and would start a conversation with anyone out of the blue. I thought he was a little odd. He never seemed exactly happy or sad. He just did not seem to be there although he was playing with the other kids. I could never place a finger on his emotional state.

Once during Halloween I had seen Jackie's mother accompany him to the bus stop. She was enormously overweight at the center of the body, which seemed a little eye catching, but apart from that she looked to me as any loving mother, talking with other kids, just like me.

Jackie had climbed higher on the cherry tree and the kids urged him more and more. He continued talking in a loud voice and very soon, just as Anu had predicted, the bus came along. The kids started to line up to get on the bus. Jackie wanted to get down fast but his stringless canvas shoes kept getting caught in the empty branches. He kept urging himself loudly while making an effort

to move down. The kids were now seated in the bus and watching Jackie with amusement in their eyes. The driver was just about going to holler, when Jackie lost his left shoe and finally touched ground. He made a dash for the bus. As he climbed the first step, he realized his backpack was missing. Jackie stuck his head into the bus and asked loudly, "Hey, Brandon have you seen my backpack?" Brandon must have answered his question for Jackie ran down again and rushed past the cherry tree to the corner near the town homes and retrieved his backpack from behind a bush. Jackie climbed the bus speaking loudly, "I found it. You hid it behind the bush, Brandon". The driver pushed the stick to drive and the bus started to move. I waved at Anu and headed home.

One late evening there was a knock on the door. Expecting no one in particular at that hour, I opened the door to see Jackie's mom standing outside. I knew she was at the wrong house and before I could say anything, she said to herself, "...but I thought it was #31" and then to me, "Sorry I must be in the wrong house". I closed the door and told my husband, "That's the naughty kid's mother".

Today we trudged along the crunchy snow covered path to the bus stop. We were a little late as I had to drop off mail and Anu had walked by herself. I ran to catch up with her. As on a typical school day, I kept reminding Anu to not chew her nails in class, to finish lunch, to remember to bring her planner home and to drink lots of water. The kids were already at the bus stop talking and playing in the snow. Jackie was there too. As we turned the corner, he walked briskly up to me, as if with some news and said in his loud voice, "My mom died". I was caught off guard. "What?" I asked as loud as Jackie. He repeated the same news in a matter of fact way again. I was aghast. At several things. The other kids were listening to Jackie with a mixture of wonder and fun. Everyone looked amused. I asked, "What happened?" Jackie said, "She had a heart attack". I asked again, "Is there an adult in your house?" Jackie said, "My grandmother is here





and my brothers are visiting me”. I made another query which I should not have, because it made me sadder still. “Is your dad with you?” I asked. Jackie spoke loudly as always, “I have two dads. One is dead and the other is in Brazil”. I stopped asking more questions.

Jackie ran to a new kid that was walking to the bus stop now. He proclaimed again, “My mom died”, to the new kid. The kid just crunched some snow under his booted feet. Anu pressed my hand. She asked me to bend down and whispered fearfully into my ear, “Mama, do you think Jackie is happy that his mom died? I would be crying if anyone in my family was gone”. I whispered back at Anu, “No baby, I don’t think he can understand what has happened”, and added, “Anu, I will pray that your mom never dies”. Jackie ran back to give some more of the same news to the other kids. Everyone looked casual. No one said anything to him. Just then the bus came along. Kids filed in. Jackie climbed up the steps and announced loudly to the bus driver, “My mom died”. I heard the driver say, “I am sorry” to no one in particular and push the stick to drive.

I cursed the cherry tree for not crying for Jackie.

Julie Acharya Ray, lives in Salt Lake City, UT. She works as an R&D scientist for ARUP laboratories in the Endocrinology department. She loves to sing, paint, read and write. She is married to Abhijit Ray and has two daughters Ankita and Aparna.

Silence

No one has
nor will,
Ever understand my silence
but you

No one was
Ever closed to my silence
but you

Through the turbulence,
I slipped into silence
And silence made me more silent.

But as always, I was
Connected with you
through a ‘pin-drop silence’
and Silence all around.

From the stroke of your scattered ‘paint brush’
I wrote several poems through my ‘nagging nib’
For the same ‘Image’ we both claimed, as our own

But in-between ‘Painting and Poetry’
All we have kept was ‘Our Silence’
For the same “Melted image”
That belonged to “None”

With Peace and Smile.
We will break ‘Our Silence’
But in Heaven.....

Surya Nayak writes both in English and Oriya. He lives in Maryland with his wife Sujata



କିଏ ଜାଣେ କେତେବେଳେ ଯେ କ'ଣ ଘଟେ

ଶାନ୍ତି ଲତା ମିଶ୍ର

ସେ ନୋବେଲ ପ୍ରାଇଜ୍ ପାଇଛନ୍ତି, ସେ ଜାଣି ନାହାନ୍ତି ତୁମେ ବେଶି ଜାଣିଛ
। ତୁମେ ତାଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ବେଶି ପଢ଼ିଛ । ବେଶୀ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ିଛ ତାଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ।
ଯେତେବେଳେ “ନିତା” ଯୁକ୍ତି ରେ ହାରି ଯାଆନ୍ତି ବା ହାରି ଯିବେ ବୋଲି
ଜାଣନ୍ତି, ଏଇ ହାତ ଜଳା କଥା ର ତୀର ଠି ପ୍ରୟୋଗ କରି ଜିତି ବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା
କରନ୍ତି । ଏଇ ପଦ ଠି ତାଙ୍କ ଶେଷ ଅମୋଦ ଅସ୍ତ୍ର । ତା ପରେ ତାଲେ ଏକ
ସୁବିସ୍ତୃତ ଭାଷଣ ଏ ବହିରେ ଏଇଆ ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି, ସେ ବହିରେ ସେଇଆ
ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି । ଅନେକ ଚରିତ୍ର ଙ୍କ ର ସଂଳାପ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଯୁକ୍ତି ଖଣ୍ଡନ ତାଲେ ।
ମାନିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ ନୀତା ଙ୍କ ର ସ୍ୱରଣ ଶକ୍ତି କୁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ସବୁ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ
ଯୈସ୍ୟ ନଥାଏ “ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ” ଙ୍କ ର । ସବୁ ଯୁକ୍ତି ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚ କୁ ସେଇଠି ଶେଷ କରି
ବିରକ୍ତି ରେ ଉଠି ଯାଆନ୍ତି ସିଏ ।

ସିଏ ନୋବେଲ ପ୍ରାଇଜ୍ ପାଆନ୍ତୁ ବା ଯାହା ପାଆନ୍ତୁ ସିଏ କ'ଣ ପୃଥିବୀ ର ସର୍ବ
ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ପଣ୍ଡିତ । ମହା ଜ୍ଞାନୀ । ତାଙ୍କ କଥା ସବୁ ବହୁ ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ବେଦ ର ଗାର
। ସିଏ ଯହା ଲେଖିଦେବେ କଳ୍ପନା ଜଳ୍ପନା କରି ସବୁ ସତ ସେଇ ଅନୁସାରେ
ଚଳିବେ ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ । ସେଇ ମହାନ ଲେଖକ ଜଣକ କେମିତି ଜାଣିଲେ ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ
ଙ୍କ ର ଏଇ ଛୋଟ ଚେଲ ଲୁଣ ସଂସାର ର କାହାଣୀ, କଣ ଘଟୁଛି ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ ଓ
ନିତା ଙ୍କ ନିତି ଦିନିଆ ଘରୋଇ ଜୀବନରେ ଯେ ସିଏ ଯାହା ଲେଖିଦେବେ ତାକୁ
ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ ମାନିସିବେ ।

ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ ଙ୍କ ର ଭାଗ ଦୌତ କର୍ମମୟ ଜୀବନରେ ଗପ ବହି ପଢ଼ିବାକୁ ସମୟ
ବା କାହିଁ । କିଏ କଣ ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି ବା କହିଛନ୍ତି ତାଙ୍କ ର ଜାଣିବାର କୌଣସି
ଉପାୟ ନାହିଁ । ତେଣୁ ଅଗତ୍ୟା ନୀତା ଙ୍କ କଥା କୁ ଆକ୍ରନ୍ତିକାତା ର ସହିତ
ଗ୍ରହଣ ନକରି ପାରିଲେ ବି ତୁପ ରହିବାକୁ ବାଧ୍ୟ ହୁଅନ୍ତି । ନଚେତ୍ ସେ ତାଙ୍କ
ଅସରକ୍ତି ଗଳ୍ପ ର ନାୟକ ନାୟିକା ମାନଙ୍କ ଭକ୍ତି କୁ ଜିତିବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଏହି ପରି
ପ୍ରୟୋଗ କରି ଚାଲିଯିବେ । ନୀତା ର ଏଇ ବୁଦ୍ଧି ର ପ୍ରଖରତା ଓ ମୁଖରତା
ଶୁଣ ଦୁଇଟିକୁ ମୋଟେ ସହ୍ୟ କରିପାରନ୍ତିନି ଯଦିଓ ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ, ମନେ ମନେ କିନ୍ତୁ
ବେଶ୍ ପ୍ରଶଂସା କରନ୍ତି । ନୀତା ମୋଟରୁ ହାଇସ୍କୁଲ ପାଶ୍ କରିଛନ୍ତି ଅଧିକ ପାଠ
ପଢ଼ିଥିଲେ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ପ୍ରଫେସର ଚାକିରି ପାଇଁ ଯୋଗ୍ୟା ବିବେଚିତା ହୋଇ ଥାନ୍ତେ ।

ଗୋଟେ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ବି ଭଲ ହୋଇଛି । ନଚେତ୍ ସେ କୋଉ କାଳୁ ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ ଙ୍କୁ ବିକି
ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଖାଇ ସାରନ୍ତେଣି । ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଙ୍କ ବିନା ତାଙ୍କର ଅନ୍ୟ ଗତି ଯେ ନାହିଁ ତାହା
ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ ଙ୍କୁ ବେଶ୍ ଜଣା । ଯେତେ ଫଟ ଫଟ ହେଲେବି ପର କଟା ପକ୍ଷୀ ପରି
ପାଟି ଅକିଗଲେ ସେଇ ପିଞ୍ଜରା ଭିତରେ ରୁପ୍ ତାପ୍ ହୋଇ ପତି ରହିବେ ।
ତେଣୁ ସେ ପିଞ୍ଜରା ଭିତରେ ରହି ଯେତେ ରାଉ ରାଉ ହେବେ ହୁଅନ୍ତୁ । କାନ
ବନ୍ଦ କରି ବଞ୍ଚିବା ଶିଖି ଗଲେଣି ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ ।

କିନ୍ତୁ ନୀତା ଙ୍କ ର ଏ ଗପ ବହି ପଢ଼ିବା ଝୁଙ୍କ ଜମା ରୁ ସରୁନି । ଘର ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ
ପାଇଁ ଟଙ୍କା ନେଇ ସେଥିରୁ ବଳେଇ ଲୁଚେଇ ଲୁଚେଇ ଗପ ବହି ଆଣି ପଢ଼ୁଚି
। ସାଇ ର ଫରମେଶ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଲେଖା ଯୋଖାରେ ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ ଙ୍କ ର ଭାଇ । ନୀତା

ର ଦିଅର ହିସାବ । ତାର ଏକ ଛୋଟ ବହି ଦୋକାନ ଅଛି । ତାରି ହାତରେ
ବହି ମଗେଇ ପଢ଼ନ୍ତି ନୀତା । ଏଇ ପଢ଼ିବା ଗୁଣ ଯୋଗୁ ଘର କାମରେ ଭିଲା
। ରୋଷେଇ କେବେ ଅଲଣା ତ କେବେ ଲୁଣିଆ । କେବେ କଂତା ତ କେବେ
ପୋତା । ଏଇ କାରଣ ଯୋଗୁ ଘରେ ଅଶାନ୍ତି ଝଗଡ଼ା ମାସକୁ ଶହେଥର । ତଥ
। ପି ନୀତା ଙ୍କ ର ବଦଳିବାର ନାଁ ଗନ୍ଧ ନାହିଁ ।

ଅପିସ୍ କାମ ସାରି ଟ୍ରେନ୍ ଧରି ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଲା ବେଳକୁ ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ ଙ୍କ ର ରାତି
ଆଠ । ଆଉ ବଜାର ସୌଦା କରିବାକୁ ତାଙ୍କର ବଳ ନଥାଏ କି ଯୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ନଥ
। ଏଇ ରୁଟିନ୍ ବନ୍ଧା ଜୀବନ । ଘର କୁ ଆସି ଖାଇପିଇ ଦେଇ ଶୁଅ ସକାଳୁ
ଉଠି ଟ୍ରେନ୍ ଧରି ପୁଣି ଦୌଡ଼ କାମକୁ । ତେଣୁ ଘର ର ସଉଦା କିଣା କାମ
ନୀତା କୁ ଦେଇଥାନ୍ତି । ଘର ର ହାନି ଲାଭ ପିଲା ଛୁଆ ଙ୍କ କଥା ସେଇ ତ
ବୁଝେ । ହୁଁ ବୁଝନ୍ତି ଭଲ କଥା । ଟିକେ ଭଲ କରି ବୁଝ ଭଲା । ନା.....

ଆଉ ଯଦି ଭଲ ରେ ମନ୍ଦ ରେ କୌଣସି କଥା ରେ ପାଟି ଖୋଲ ତ ଏହି
ପରି ଭାଷଣ ଶୁଣ । ଆଖ୍ୟର୍ଯ୍ୟ ର କଥା ଏହି ଯେ ନୀତା କେବେ ହାରେନା ।
ଭୁଲ୍ ଯାହାର ବା ହେଉ ଯେମିତି ବି ହେଉ ନୀତା ର ଜିତ୍ କିନ୍ତୁ ସବୁବେଳେ ।
ତୁମେ ଓକିଲାତି କରିଥିଲେ ଭଲ ପଇସା ରୋଜଗାର କରିପାରିଥାନ୍ତ । ମତେ
ଏତେ ବଳଦ ପରି ଖଟିବାକୁ ପଡୁ ନଥାନ୍ତା । ସେଦିନ ଏକ ଯୁକ୍ତି ର ମଝିରେ
ଏକଥା ଠି ଯେତେବେଳେ ସଂଦୀପ୍ତ ଙ୍କ ପାଟି ରୁ ବାହାରି ପଡ଼ିଲା ଉତ୍ତର ଟା ବି
ସେହିପରି ଠୋ କରି ଆସି ଗାଲରେ ବାଜିଲା - “ଓକିଲ ହୋଇଥିଲେ ତୁମ
ପରି ଗୋଟେ ଅକାଳ କୁଷ୍ମାଣ୍ଡ ଙ୍କୁ କାହିଁ ବାହି ହେଇଥାନ୍ତି ।”

ଯଦି ସେ ପୂର୍ବ ଜନ୍ମ ହେଉ ବା ଏଇ ଜନ୍ମ ରେ ହେଉ ଯଦି କିଛି ବିରାଟ
ଅପରାଧ ବା ଦୋଷ କରିଛନ୍ତି, ଭଗବାନ ଙ୍କୁ ଆଉ କିଛି ଶାସ୍ତି ମିଳିଲାନି ଦ
ବାକୁ, ନୀତା ପରି ଗୋଟେ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଟାଏ ଧରେଇ ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି ସାରା ଜୀବନ ଜଳି
ମରିବାକୁ । ଅନ୍ୟ ଯେ କୌଣସି ଶାସ୍ତି ଦେଇଥିଲେ ବି ସେ ଖୁସି ହୋଇ ଥାନ୍ତେ
। ଯେତେ ଜଳିବୁ ଜଳୁଥା, ଯେତେ ସଜି ମରିବୁ ମରୁଥା । କାହାର କିବା ଯାଏ
ଆସେ, ନୀତା ର ତ ବିଲକୁଲ୍ ଯାଏ ଆସେ ନାହିଁ ।

ରଜ୍ ତିନି ଦିନ ଅପିସ୍ ଛୁଟି । ପିଲାମାନେ ଅଜା ଘର କୁ ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି ନୀତା କୁ
ସିନେମା ଦେଖେଇନେଲେ କେମିତି ଦୁଅନ୍ତା । ବାହାଘର ପନ୍ଦର ବର୍ଷ ହୋଇ
ଗଲାଣି । ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନରେ କେବେ ବି ମନେ ରହିଲା ପରି କିଛି ରୋମାଞ୍ଚକର
ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ଆସିଛି ତାଙ୍କ ର ମନେ ନାହିଁ । ବୟସ ଦିନ କୁ ଦିନ ବଢ଼ୁଛି । ମୁଣ୍ଡ
ବାଳ ପାଟି ଝଡ଼ିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲେଣି । ସାରା ଜୀବନ କର୍ତ୍ତା କେବଳ ଝଗଡ଼ା
ରେ ସରିଯିବ । ତା ବ୍ୟତୀତ ଯେତେ ସେ କାମ କରନ୍ତୁ ନା କାହିଁକି କୋଟିପତି
ହେବା ର ସଂଭାବନା ଏ ଜନ୍ମ ରେ ନାହିଁ । ଯାହା ଯେମିତି ମିଳୁଛି ଖାଇ ପିଇ
ଭଲରେ ଦିନ କଟି ଯାଉଛି । ଟଙ୍କା ସେମିତି କିଛି ବଳେନା କି ନିଅନ୍ତୁ ବି ହୁଏନା
। ନୀତା ର ଯଦି ଘର ଚଳେଇବାର ଭଲ ଦକ୍ଷତା ଥାଆନ୍ତା ତେବେ ଅଧିକ କିଛି



ସେ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ସଂଚୟ କରିବାରେ ସକ୍ଷମ ହୋଇ ପାରି ଥାନ୍ତେ । ସେପରି ର ସଂଭାବନା ନାହିଁ କି ନୀତା ର କୌଣସି ଯୋଗ୍ୟତା ବି ନାହିଁ ଯେ ସେ କିଛି ବୁଦ୍ଧି ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ କରି ଟଙ୍କା ଆଣି ପାରିବ । ତେଣୁ ତାଙ୍କ ର ଅତୀତ ଯାହା ଥିଲା ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ବି ସେଇଆ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ରେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର କୌଣସି ଆଶା ମଧ୍ୟ ନାହିଁ ।

ଏଇ ଘୋଷରା ଓଟରା ଜୀବନ ରେ କିଛି ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଦରକାର । ନଚେତ୍ ସେଇ କାମ, ସେଇ କଳି କମ୍ପା, ସେଇ ଯୁକ୍ତିତର୍କ । ଏ ଗୋଟାଏ କି ଜୀବନ । ସିନେମା ଏକା ଗଲେ ମଜା ଆସେନା । ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ ଓ ବିଷୁ ବାବୁ କି ସଂଗରେ ସେ ଚାଲି ଯାଆନ୍ତି ସିନେମା ଦେଖି ବେଳେ ବେଳେ ମନ ଉଦାସ ହେଲେ କିନ୍ତୁ ସେମାନେ ସବୁ ଛୁଟି ଯୋଗୁ ନିଜ ନିଜ ପରିବାର କି ସହ ଗାଁଆ କୁ ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଅଗତ୍ୟା ନୀତା କୁ ନେଇ ସେ ସିନେମା ଗଲେ । ଅଇଲା ବେଳେ ବାଟରେ ହୋଟେଲ ରେ ଖାଇ ଦେବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା କଲେ । ଘରେ ଯାଇ ରୋସେଇ କରି ଖାଇଲା ବେଳକୁ ଅନେକ ରାତି ହୋଇ ଯିବ । ଭୋକ ବି ଲାଗିଲାଣି । ନୀତା ର ଗର ଗର ସରସର ବି ଅଛି । ଟଙ୍କା ଗଲେ ପଛେ ଯାଉ । ଦିନେ ଜୀବନରେ ମଜା ଟିକେ ଚାଖି ଦିଅନ୍ତୁ ।

ହଠାତ୍ ଖାଇବା ମଝିରେ ସିନେମା ର ନାୟକା କି ର କିଛି ଦୃଶ୍ୟ କୁ ନେଇ ହାସ୍ୟ ରସ କରିବାକୁ ଟୀକେ ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଲା ସଂଦୀପ୍ କୁ ର । ତିଆଁ ଲାଗିଲା ପରି ପାଟି ମେଲା କରି ଉତ୍ତର ଦେବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲେ ନୀତା । ତୁମେ ପୁରୁଷ ଗୁଡାକ ଏତେ ଭଲ । ଚାଲିଲା ଭାଷଣ । ଅମୃତ କି ଲେଖା ବହିରେ ସେ ପୁରୁଷ ଟା ଏମିତି କରିଥିଲା । ସମୁକ କି ଲେଖା ବହି ରେ ଏମିତି ହେଇଥିଲା ଚାଲିଲା ଭାଷଣ ପରେ ଭାଷଣ । ବନ୍ଦ ହେବାର ନାଁ ନାହିଁ ।

- ଏଇଟା ପବ୍ଲିକ ଯାଗା ଏଠିକି । ତୁପ କର ଭଲ । କାହିଁକି ଯେ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଟି ଏମିତି ଖଲ ଖଲ ହେଲା ରସିକତା ପାଇଁ କେଜାଣି । ଏବେ ସଂଭାଳ କେମିତି ସଂଭାଳିବ । ହେଲା ଚାଲି ଏବେ ଘର କୁ, ତୁମେ ନାରୀ ମାନେ ସବୁ ହୁତ ଭଲ, ପୁରୁଷ ଗୁଡାକ ସବୁ ଖରାପ । ମନ ଖୁସି ତ ।

- କାହିଁକି ଯିବି ଘର କୁ ଏଇଲେ ମୋର ଖାଇବା ସରିନି ।
- କେମିତି ସରିବ । ବଜ୍ରତା ଉପରେ ବଜ୍ରତା ଯେ ଦେଇ ଚାଲିଛ

-କଣ କହିଲ ମୁଁ ବଜ୍ରତା ଆରମ୍ଭ କଲି । ତମେ ଇଁ ସବୁ ନାଟ ର ଗୋବର୍ଦ୍ଧନ । ଆଗେ ନିଆଁ ଲଗେଇ ପରେ ପାଣି ଛାଡି ଭଲେଇ ହୁଅଇ । ପୁଣି ଚାଲିଲା ଆଉ ବାକି ଥିବା କିଛି ଭାଷଣ । ଏଥର କାନରେ ହାତ ଦେଇ ବସିଲେ ସଂଦୀପ୍ । ଆଖ ପାଖ ର ଲୋକ ମାନେ କଣେଇ କଣେଇ, କେହି କେହି ସିଧା ସଳଖ ବି ଚାହିଁବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲେଣି । ଅନ୍ୟ କେହି ପୁସ୍ତକ ଫାସ୍ତର ହେଉଛନ୍ତି, ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଇଁ ମାଧ୍ୟମ କରି । ଏ ନୀତା କୁ ପାରି ହେବନି । ତା ଚେହେରା ଯେମିତି ଜବର ତା କଥା ବି ସେମିତି ଜବର ।

ହଠାତ୍ ପଛ ସିଟ୍ ରେ ବସିଥିବା ଜଣେ ଭଦ୍ର ଲୋକ ତାଙ୍କ ଆଡକୁ ଆସୁ ଥିବାର ଦେଖି ସିଧା ସଳଖ ହେଇ କାନ ରୁ ହାତ ଛାଡି ବସିଗଲେ ସଂଦୀପ୍ ।
। - “ଆଜ୍ଞା ନମସ୍କାର । ଆପଣ କି ପାଖରେ ବସି ପାରେ କି ? ପ୍ରତି ନମସ୍କାର

ଜଣେଇ -ହୁଁ ହୁଁ ବସନ୍ତୁ ନା । ମନେ ମନେ ଖୁସି ହେଲେ ସଂଦୀପ୍ । ଅତିକମ୍ ରେ ଏଇ ଭଦ୍ର ଲୋକ କି ସଂଗେ ଗଳ୍ପ କଲେ କିଛି ସମୟ ବିତି ଯିବ । ନୀତା ର ଏ ଚବର ଚବର ରୁ ମିଳି ମିଳିବ । ନୀତା ର ପାଟି ଟା ବି ଏହା ଭିତରେ ବନ୍ଦ ହୋଇଗଲାଣି ଭଦ୍ର ଲୋକ କୁ ଦେଖି । ଯାହାହେଉ ।

ଭଦ୍ର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଆସି ସଂଦୀପ୍ କି ପାଖେ ବସିଗଲେ ନୀତା କି ଆଡେ ମୁହଁ କରି । ନୀତା କୁ ନମସ୍କାର କରି ନିଜର ପରିଚୟ ଦେଲେ । ସେ ଜଣେ ସାମ୍ବାଦିକ ଯଦି ସେମାନେ ମନେ ନ କରନ୍ତି ତେବେ ନୀତା କି ର ସେ ଇଚ୍ଛାର ଭୁ ନେବାକୁ ଚାହାଁନ୍ତି । ଉଭୟେ ଆଖ୍ୟାୟ ହେବା ସଂଗେ ସଂଗେ ସଂକୁଚିତ ହୋଇଗଲେ ନୀତା । ଇଚ୍ଛାରଭୁ ପୁଣି ତାଙ୍କର । କଣପାଇଁ ?? କଣ କଲେ ସିଏ । ଭଲ ନା ଖରାପ ।

ସଂଦୀପ୍ କି ର କିଛି ମୁଣ୍ଡ ରେ ପସୁ ନଥିଲା । ସାମ୍ବାଦିକ ବାବୁ କହିଗଲେ ସେ ନୀତା କି ଜ୍ଞାନ ରେ ମୁଗଧ୍ । ଘର ର ଚାରି କାନ୍ଧ ଭିତରେ ରହି ଜଣେ ଏତେ କଥା ସେ ଜାଣି ପାରେ, ମନେ ରଖି ପାରେ, ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ କଥା ତାକୁ ଠିକ୍ ସମୟ ରେ ପ୍ରୟୋଗ ବି କରି ପାରେ ଏପରି ଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଲୋକ ସେ ଖୁବ୍ କମ୍ ଦେ ଖିଛନ୍ତି । ଏକୁ କି ଶ ଜ୍ଞାନ କୁହନ୍ତି । କଳିହୁଡି ସ୍ତ୍ରୀର ବାରତାଉଳିଆ କଥା କୁ ମହାଜ୍ଞାନ ଭାବିନେବେ କେହି ଜଣେ ବୋଲି କେମିତି ସେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରିବେ ନିଜକୁ । ତା ପର ଦିନ ଖବର କାଗଜ ରେ ନୀତା କି ଭୂସିସିସି ପ୍ରଶଂସା । ସାରା ସାଇ ପଡିଶାରେ ଚହକ । ତାଙ୍କ ବିଷୟ ରେ ପୁରା ଅଧ ପୃଷ୍ଠା ର ଲେଖା । ରଜ ଛୁଟି ସରି ଗଲା ପରେ ଅପିସ୍ ଯାଇ ମଧ୍ୟ ସେଇ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ମୁହଁରେ ।

ସବୁ ଭାବନା ଏବେ ଅତୁଆ ଚତୁଆ । ସଂଦୀପ୍ ପାଗଳ ନା ସାରା ସଂସାର ପାଗଳ !! କିଏ ଏହାର ଉତ୍ତର ଦେବ । ନୀତା କୁ ସେ ଏ ବିଷୟ ରେ ପଚାରି ପାରବେନି । ଏବେ ତ ତାଙ୍କ ମିତ୍ରାସ ଆକାଶ ଛୁଆଁ । - କରୁଣ ମତେ କହୁଥିଲ । ମୁଁ କଳିହୁଡା ମା..ଇ...କି..ନା, ନାଇଁ , ବାପ ଘରୁ ଆଉ ସିନା କିଛି ଆଣିନାହିଁ ଗୋବର ମେଞ୍ଚେ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ରେ ଭରି କରି ଆଣିଛି ।

-ଦେଖିଲ କେହି ତ ଜଣେ ବୁଝିଲେ ସେ ଗୋବର ର ମୂଲ୍ୟ । ଗୋବର ଏତେ ମୂଲ୍ୟ ହୀନ ଜିନିଷ ନୁହେଁ । ସେ ଗୋବର ରୁ ଅନେକ ଜିନିଷ ଉତ୍ପାଦନ ହେଇ ପାରେ, ତାର ଉପଯୁକ୍ତ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରି ଜାଣିଲେ ।

ଆଜି ନୀତା କି ସବୁ ଯୁକ୍ତି ଅକାଶ୍ୟ । ସେ ଯାହା କହିବେ ସବୁ ଠିକ୍ ବୋଲି ଧରାଯିବ । ଏଥିରେ ଦୂରିକ୍ତି ର ସ୍ଥାନ ନହିଁ । ସେଇଁ ଲୋକ ମାନେ ଦିନେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଆଡ ଆଖିରେ ଚାହୁଁ ନଥିଲେ ସେମାନେ ଆଜି ନମସ୍କାର କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ଏ ଚମତ୍କାରିତା ସଂଭବ କେବଳ ନୀତା କି ଅଗାଧ ଜ୍ଞାନ କୋଷ ଯୋଗୁ । ଏହା ମାନିବାକୁ ମନ ଚାହୁଁ ନଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମାନିବାକୁ ସଂଦୀପ୍ ବାଧ୍ୟ । ଆଉ ତ ଆଉ ଯୋଉଦିନ ତା କୁ ରେଡିଓ ଷ୍ଟେସନ୍ ର ଏକ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ ରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେ ବାକୁ ନିବେଦନ ଆସିଲା ସେ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ପାଲଟି ଗଲେ ।

ନୀତା କିନ୍ତୁ ମନା କରୁଥିଲେ ଯିବାକୁ କାରଣ ଘରେ ବସି ସ୍ୱାମୀ କି ଆଗରେ ଯାହା ମନକୁ ଆସିଲା ବକିବା ଆଉ ରେଡିଓ ରେ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ ଦେବା ଭିତରେ ଅନେକ ତମତ୍ ।



ନା ! ଏଥର କିନ୍ତୁ ସଂଘୀପ ରୂପ ନରହି ଗାଳିଗୁଲାଇ ନକରି ଥଣ୍ଡା ମନରେ ବିଚାର କରି ନୀତା ଜ୍ଞା ଯିବା ପାଇଁ ଉତ୍ସାହିତ କଲେ । ନିତା ଜ୍ଞ ର ବାହାର ଦୁନିଆଁ ସହିତ ପରିଚୟ ହୋଇନାହିଁ ତେଣୁ ତାଙ୍କର ଚରିବାର ଯଥେଷ୍ଟ କାରଣ ଅଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏପରି ସୁଯୋଗ ସବୁବେଳେ ଆସିବନି । କିଏ ଜାଣେ ଦୁଃଖ ସେ କିଛି ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ ଆଲୋକ ର ସଂଜ୍ଞାନ ଦେଇ ପାରନ୍ତି ଏ ଯୁଗ ବାସିନ୍ଦୁ । ଘର ର ଚାରି କାନ୍ଥ ଭିତରେ ବସି ଯେତେ ବହି ପଢ଼ି ଜ୍ଞାନ ଆହରଣ କଲେ ବି ତାହା ଯଥେଷ୍ଟ ନୁହେଁ । ବାହାର ଦୁନିଆଁ ରେ ତାର ପ୍ରୟତ୍ନ ଦ୍ଵାରା ହିଁ ତାହା ଦ ଶ ଗୁଣିତ ହୋଇ ପାରେ । ତା ବ୍ୟତୀତ ଯଦି କିଛି ଅର୍ଥାଗମ ର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା ହୋଇ ଯାଇ ପାରେ ଏହା ଦ୍ଵାରା କ୍ଷତି ବା କ'ଣ ।

ଏଥର ସେ ନୀତା ଜ୍ଞ ଯୁକ୍ତି ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା କୁ ହେୟ ଜ୍ଞାନ ନକରି ତାଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରଶଂସା କରିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କଲେ । ପ୍ରଥମେ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଟିକେ ଅତୁଆ ଲାଗିଲା । ଦି ଚାରି ଥର ପରେ ଅଭ୍ୟାସ ରେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲା । ସେତେ ଭିତ ପାଠ ନୁହେଁ । ତାଙ୍କର ଉତ୍ସାହ ସହଯୋଗ ଦ୍ଵାରା ନୀତା ସେଇ ଛୋଟ ପୋଗ୍ରାମ ରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଲେ । ପରେ ପରେ ଅଭ୍ୟାସ, ସାହାସ, ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ଦ୍ଵାରା ସେ ବହୁତ ଉପରକୁ ଉଠି ପାରିଲେ । ଟଙ୍କା ର ଘରେ ଅଭାବ ନାହିଁ । ଅଯଥା କଳି ଯୁକ୍ତି ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା କରିବାକୁ ସମୟ ବି ନାହିଁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ବା କାହାର । ଏପରି ମିଳିମିଶି ଚଳିବାରେ ଯେଉଁ ସୁଖ, ଯେଉଁ ଶାନ୍ତି । ତାହା ଅନୁଭବି ହିଁ କହି ପାରିବ ।

ନିତା ଜ୍ଞ ର ବେଶଭୂଷା ଚାଲି ଚଳନ ରେ ଅନେକ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଆଜି । ନୀତା ଜ୍ଞର ପୂର୍ବ ର ଫଟ ଦେଖିଲେ ହସ ମାଡେ । ଲାଜ ଲାଜ ଅନାତମ୍ବର ସାଧାସିଧା ବେଶ ପୋଷାକ ଓ ସାଧା ସିଧା ପୋଜ୍ ଓ ଆଜି ର ଛାଣ୍ଟ ଖାଣ୍ଟ ନୀତା ଜ୍ଞ ଭିତରେ ନାହିଁ ନଥିବା ତମ୍ପତ୍ । ଜିଭ ଖଲ ଖଲ ହେଲେ ବି କୌଣସି ପ୍ରକାର ମନ୍ତ୍ରବ୍ୟ ଦିଅନ୍ତିନି ସଂଘୀପ୍ । ନୀତା ଜ୍ଞ ର ଯୁକ୍ତି କୁ ଚରି କରି ନୁହେଁ । କାରଣ ନୀତା ଆଉ ସେ ପୁରୁଣା ଦିନ ର ନୀତା ନୁହନ୍ତି । କିଛି ଅସଫଳ ଘଟିଗଲେ ନୀତା ହାତ ଛତା ହୋଇଯାଇପାରେ । ତାର ଏବେ ବହୁତ ଚାହିଦା । ଏ ବୟସ ରେ ଆଉ ଏ ସମୟ ରେ ସେ କୌଣସି ପ୍ରକାର ଦୁଃସୌଗ କୁ ନିମନ୍ତ୍ରଣ କରିବାକୁ ଚାହାଁନ୍ତିନି ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନ ରେ ।

ତା ବ୍ୟତୀତ ନୀତା ଯେତେ ଝଗଡ଼ା କଲେ ବି ଯୁକ୍ତିଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା କଲେବି ତାଙ୍କୁ ଏ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସ୍ଵାମୀ ର ସମ୍ମାନ କିନ୍ତୁ ଦେଇ ଆସିଛନ୍ତି । ସେ ମର୍ଯ୍ୟଦା ଟା କୁ ସେ ହାତ ଛତା କରିଦେବେ ସେ ଏତେ ମୁର୍ଖା ନୁହଁନ୍ତି । ବିବାହ ପରେ ଭାଗ୍ୟ କୁ ଓ ଭଗବାନ କୁ ସେ ଯେତେ ନିଦୁଥିଲେ ଓ ଗାଳି ଦେଉଥିଲେ ଆଜି ପ୍ରଶଂସା ରେ ଶତ ଜିହ୍ଵା । ନୀତା ଜ୍ଞ ପରି ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ପାଇ ଥିବାରୁ ନିଜ କୁ ଧନ୍ୟ ମନେ କରୁଛନ୍ତି ସେ । କିଏ ଜାଣେ ଏଇ ଜୀବନ ରେ ଯେ କେତେବେଳେ କଣ ଘଟେ । ସାଧାରଣ ମଣିଷ ର ପରିକଳ୍ପନା ର ବାହାରେ ।

ଶାନ୍ତି ଲତା ମିଶ୍ର
ରଚେଷ୍ଟର, ମିନେଗୋଟା

Hurricane IKE

Hurricane IKE

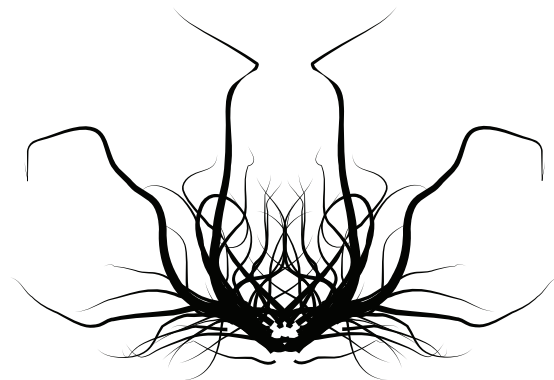
I did not like
The way you hit,
With all your might

Houses were boarded
The roads were flooded
Roofs blown, Trees down
In some of the Texas Towns

Most people had no power
Some people could not shower
There was no fan or light
It was hot even in the night

After your strike
Gas prices spike
People queue up for miles
To get basic supplies

This hurricane's fury
Will be a household story
For years to come, it will remind of bad
With not happy memories, but sad



By: Treeank Patnaik, 8 years old
September 15, 2008





ନାରୀ କିଏ

ଲେଖିକା - ସୁମିତ୍ରା ପାଢୀ

କିଏ କହେ ନାରୀ ଅଟେ ଏକ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ କବିତା
 କବିତା ପରି ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଅଳଙ୍କାର ରେ ସିଏ ଭୂଷିତା
 କବିତା ରେ ଭାବ ପ୍ରକଟ ହୋଇଥାଏ ବକ୍ତୃତା ସମ
 ନାରୀ ର ହୃଦୟ ଓ ମନ ବୁଝିବା ବଡ଼ ବିଷମ
 କବିତା ଯେପରି ସାହିତ୍ୟର ବଜାଏ ମାଧୁର୍ଯ୍ୟ
 ନାରୀ ସେପରି ମାନବ ର ବଜାଏ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ

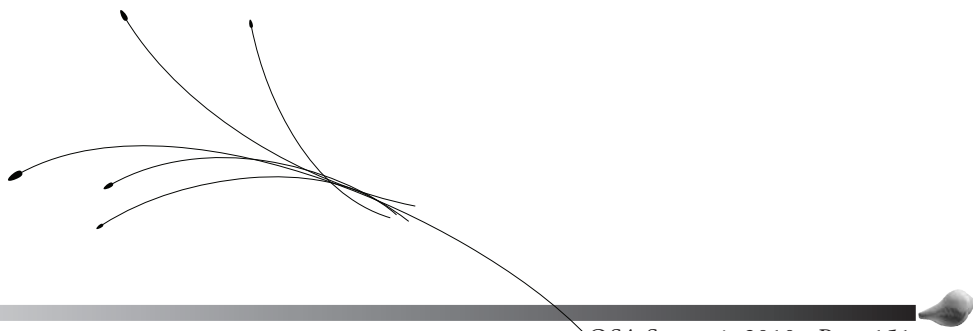
କିଏ କହେ ନାରୀ ଅଟେ ସମ୍ୟକ୍ ଅବଳା
 ପୁରୁଷ ବିନା ସମାଜରେ ହୋଇଥାଏ ସେ ଦୁର୍ବଳା
 ବିନାଶ୍ଚୟେ ନ ବର୍ଦ୍ଧି କବିତା ବନିତା ଲତା
 ଶୈଶବ ଠାରୁ ଜରାବସ୍ଥା ଯାଏ ସେ ହୁଏ ଆଶ୍ରୀତା
 ରାମ ଓ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣ ଯେବେ ଗଲେ ମୃଗ ମାରି
 ଏକାକିନୀ ସୀତାଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରତାପୀ ରାବଣ ନେଲା ହରି

କିଏ କହେ ନାରୀ ଅଟେ ଆଗ୍ନେୟଗିରି
 ରାଗିଗଲେ କ୍ଷଣକେ ଦିଏ ସବୁ ଛାରଖାର କରି
 ଦୁର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଧନ କରିବାରୁ ଦୈତ୍ୟଦାଙ୍କର ଅପମାନ
 କଲ୍ୟାଣୀ କଲେ ମହାଭାରତ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ର ଆହ୍ୱାନ
 ଫିରିଙ୍ଗି ଯେବେ ଝାନସୀ ରେ କଲେ ପ୍ରବେଶ
 ମହାରାଣୀ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀବାଇ ଯୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଦେଲେ ଝାସ

କିଏ କହେ ନାରୀ ସବୁ ବିଭ୍ରାଟ ର କାରଣ
 ପଦ୍ମାବତୀ ଯୋଗେ ଗଜପତି କଲେ କାଞ୍ଚି ଅଭିଯାନ
 ଭରତଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଶାନ୍ତନୁଙ୍କ ସତ୍ୟବତୀ ସଂଗେ ବିବାହ ପାଇଁ
 ପୁତ୍ର ଦେବବ୍ରତ କଟାଇଲେ ଆଜୀବନ ବ୍ରହ୍ମଚାରୀ ହୋଇ
 କାଶୀ ଜେମା ଅଂବା ଭୀଷ୍ମଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ପାଇ ଅପମାନ
 ଶ୍ରୀଗଣ୍ଡି ରୂପେ ଜନ୍ମନେଇ ଭୀଷ୍ମଙ୍କ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ର ହେଲେ କାରଣ

ମୁଁ କହେ ନାରୀ ଅଟେ ସର୍ବସହା
 ଧରିତ୍ରୀ ପରି ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର ସହି ହୁଏ ସବୁରି ମା
 ବିଦ୍ୟା ବୁଦ୍ଧି ଦ୍ୱାରା ସଦି ତାର ପ୍ରତିଭା ହୁଏ ପ୍ରକାଶ
 ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକ ବୁଦ୍ଧି ବୋଲି ସମାଜ କରେ ଅଜ୍ଞତା
 ସଂସାର ର ଅନ୍ୟାୟ ରଣେ ନାରୀ ହୁଏ ଛିର
 ଗାନ୍ଧାରୀ ପରି ପୁତ୍ର କୁ ବଳି ଦିଏ ହୋଇ କଠୋର

କବିତା ପରି ନାରୀ ହୋଇଥାଏ ସୁଭଗ ଓ ସୁନ୍ଦର
 ସବୁରି ମନ ଜାଣି ଚଳେ ନିଜ ହୃଦୟ କୁ କରି ଜଗିଳ
 ବିପଦ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ନାରୀ ହୋଇଥାଏ ଆଗ୍ନେୟଗିରି
 ଆଗ୍ନି ପରି ନିଜ ପର ନଭାବି ସଂସାର କୁ ଥାଏ ସଜାତି
 ଅବଳା ହେଉ ଦୁର୍ବଳା ହେଉ ନାରୀ ଅଟେ ଅନନ୍ୟା
 ସୃଷ୍ଟି ଆରମ୍ଭରୁ ନାରୀର ଆସନ ସବୁବେଳେ ଅଗ୍ରଗନ୍ୟା





ପଦ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନ

SUVENDU MISHRA

ହରେ କୃଷ୍ଣ ହରେ ରାମ
ପ୍ରଭୁ ତୁମେ ପୁଣି କାମ ॥

ପ୍ରଭୁ ତୁମେ ଅଟ ଧନ୍ୟ
ମୋର ଇଚ୍ଛା କଲ ପୁଣି ॥

ପାରିଲା ନାହିଁ କାମ ସେଠି ଅନ୍ୟ କିଛି କହି
ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଟାପରା ମୁଁ ତୁମ୍ଭ ଚାପ୍ ସହି ॥

ତୁମେ ପଠାଇ ଦେଲ ବିଦେଶ
ସାଙ୍ଗ ହେଲେ ଗୋରା ଶ୍ରୀ ପୁରୁଷ ॥

ଯାଇ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲି ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର
ନେତ୍ର ଦ୍ୱୟ ହେଲେ ଛଳଛଳ ॥

ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ଗତିବିଧି ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ଲକ୍ଷ କଲି
ଏତେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଦେଖି ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହୋଇଲି ॥

ବିଦେଶ ଲୋଭ କିଆଁ ଦେଖାଇଲ
ଓଡ଼ିଶାରୁ ଆମକୁ ପଠାଇଦେଲ ॥

ମାରିଲି ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ମାଟି ଛୁଇଁ
ବିମାନ ବନ୍ଦରରୁ ବାହାରିଲି ମୁହିଁ ॥

ଛାତ୍ର ଛାତ୍ରୀ ପଢ଼ୁଛନ୍ତି ଇଂରାଜୀ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ
ଓଡ଼ିଶାରୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲୋପ ପାଉଛନ୍ତି ॥

ଗଣେଶ ପୂଜା ସରସ୍ୱତୀ ପୂଜା
ବାଃ ବାଃ ସେ କେମିତି ମଜା ॥

ଚାରିଆଡ଼େ ଖାଲି ପଁ ପାଁ ଶବଦ
ତାହା ଶୁଣି ମୁଁ ହୋଇଗଲି ସ୍ତବ୍ଧ ॥

ବିଦେଶ ଯିବା ଘର ଘରର ଲକ୍ଷ
ବିଦେଶ ଛାଡ଼ି ଆସେ ଯେ ସେ ପରମ ମୂର୍ଖ ॥

ଦୀପାବଳି ଆଉ ଦଶହରା
ବିଦେଶ ଆସି ସବୁ ଗଲା ॥

ନିରେଖି ଚାହିଁଲି ମଟର ଭିତରୁ
ଭେଳିକି ଭେଳିକି ଗାଡ଼ି ହୁଅନ୍ତି ସାଲୁବାଲୁ ॥

ଏମନ୍ତ ଅବସ୍ଥା ଦେଖି ମନ ଦୁଃଖ କଲି
ରାମଙ୍କ ଚରଣେ ପୁଣି ଶରଣ ପଶିଲି ॥

ଡଲାର କିଛି ମିଳି ଯାଉଛି
ସଂସାର ଚକ ଗତି ଚାଲିଛି ॥

ପହଞ୍ଚିଲି ମୁଁ ଘରେ କିଛି ସମୟରେ
ଲାଗିଲା ଏ ଶରୀର ପୋଡ଼ି ଯାଉଛିରେ ॥

ବିଦେଶ ଫେରାଇ ନିଅ ବୋଲି ଗୁହାରି କଲି
ତଥାସ୍ତୁ ବୋଲି ମୁଁ ରାମ ବାଣୀ ଶୁଣିଲି ॥

ବିଦେଶ ମାୟା ମାତି ବସିଛି
ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ ମୁଁ ଝୁରି ହେଉଛି ॥

ହେତୁ ହେଲା ହେଉଛି ବହୁତ ଗରମ
ଖୋଜିଲି ଅତିତର ମୃଦୁମନ୍ଦ ପବନ ॥

ତାହା ଶୁଣି ଖୁସି ରେ ମୁଁ ତେଇଁ ପଡ଼ିଲି
ଖଟିଆରୁ ସିଧା ଆସି ତଳେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲି ॥

ମୋତେ ପ୍ରଭୁ ଫେରାଇ ନିଅ
ବିଦେଶ ଦଣ୍ଡ ଆଉ ନ ଦିଅ ॥

ବନ୍ଧୁ ବାନ୍ଧବ ସବୁ ଆସି ମିଶିଲେ
ସମସ୍ତେ ମୋତେ ସହେଦରେ ଦେଖିଲେ ॥

କଣ ହେଲା ବୋଲି ଶ୍ରୀ ପଚାରିଲେ
ଅବାଗିଆ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ବୋଲି ଜାଣି ପାରିଲେ ॥

ତୁମ ଚରଣରେ ମୋର ଏ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା
ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ କରୁଛି ମୁଁ ମଙ୍ଗଳ କାମନା ॥

ବିଦେଶ କିଆଁ ଛାଡ଼ିଦେଲ କିଛି ପଚାରିଲେ
ସରକାର ତଡ଼ିଦେଲା ବୋଲି କିଛି ଭାବିନେଲେ ॥

ଭଲରେ ସବୁଠି ରହନ୍ତୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ
ଏହା ମୋ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ଶ୍ରୀ ରାମ ଚରଣେ ॥





An Essay

Essay: Topic of Choice from Common Application (Identify the significance of a 20th or 21st century work of literature and discuss the impact it has had on you)

Why I chose this essay: Being Indian is such an important part of my identity, not only as a student but as a person, and this book was imperative in the formation of that identity.

“Clouds come floating into my life, no longer to carry rain or usher storm, but to add color to my sunset sky.” Thus began Geetanjali, a whirl of vivid color and translucent tears in a setting as foreign as it was familiar. I began Rabindranath Tagore’s Geetanjali (Song Offerings) days before leaving for India, my first visit in half a decade. Tagore (1861-1941) is an acclaimed writer, poet, and philosopher who in 1913 became the first Indian Nobel laureate, winning the Nobel Prize in Literature. In Geetanjali, he focused on the life of the middle-class family man as well as the position of the not yet emancipated Bengali woman in a patriarchal society, and his ethereal quality and poignancy in capturing the minutiae of village life was lauded by the international literary community.

I had forever rejected poetry as the whimsical wanderings of a frivolous mind; Keats, Whitman, Wordsworth-I was not discriminatory in my dismissals. My world was one of khaki and beige, greens, reds, and blues. I was blissfully ignorant of the importance that nuances in shades had on perception. Yet after finishing Geetanjali in a 747 Boeing somewhere over the Pacific Ocean, I felt as if I was lacking somehow.

My different emotions blurred together-the clear garnet of anger, the emerald of apprehension, the jade of resentment, until there were no distinctions between them, just a pool of murky brown. In accepting my confusion, I had come

to terms with how I felt about India. Even from thousands of miles away, India swept around me with its tepid air, choked with the stench of human waste and rotting meat. It whispered in my ears, the harsh cries of fruit sellers and the constant drone of priests as they prayed in Sanskrit, rising and falling in a discordant cacophony.

Over the Arabian Sea, the murky brown transformed into a myriad of colors: first sable with chestnut hues, then a lustrous copper with an auburn tint. Geetanjali’s free verses taught me that our world is as stunning or as appalling as we choose to view it. I thus became prepared to accept India’s chaotic, teeming streets and the constant haze that left grime on every inch of exposed skin. What I was not anticipating was the one overwhelmingly original factor that redeemed India in my cynical eyes, something that is found nowhere else.

India’s beauty is in its colors. Amid faded scarlet crinkled saris and vibrant periwinkle embroidery, I sat down on a stone bench. The folds of my cerulean ghagra choli settled around sandaled feet. The light glinted off the deep vermilion of my top and dyed the shadows crimson. Even they hid behind a façade of cerise to veil their own black-the absence of color, a travesty in this brilliant, effervescent land. My bangles shimmered turquoise, then azure. I paused, tilting my face towards a flawless, delicate sun.

Geetanjali taught me to find the iridescence in previously mundane trivialities, the embellishments of gaudy gold and scintillating ruby that serve as rouge on our porcelain features. Now the sky is never blue, but an intoxicating sapphire; the grass is never green, but full hues of sage and chartreuse. The world is my canvas, and words my paintbrush, as I paint the sunset sky of my future.



Inner Wheels

*Thoughts run on ideas
And mind thrives on thoughts,
Make subjects, objects to bind,
swinging the perennial ruts.*

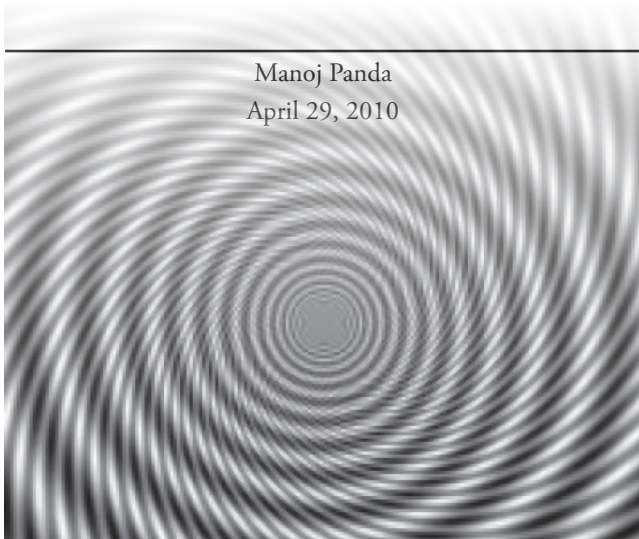
*Ears, tongue, with nose and eyes
Give the knowledge of perception
legs, hands, feet and two other kin,
continue the art of deception.*

*Myriad desires when hit the mind,
in the tentacles of survival,
humans find no alternatives
but give in moral or immoral.*

*Courage comes from within
to conquer the onslaught of vicious,
with belief in soul and its source
to uncover the obvious.*

*Life is a playing field
with its failure and win,
Bliss favors the braves
who triumph over chagrin.*

Manoj Panda
April 29, 2010



ନୀରବ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା

ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ମନୋରମା ମହାପାତ୍ର

ନୀରବତା ଶବ୍ଦଠାରୁ ଅଧିକ ପ୍ରଗଳ୍ଭ
ଅଥଚ ଏ ନୀରବତା ଏକାନ୍ତ ଦୁର୍ଲଭ
ବହୁ ଶବ୍ଦାବଳୀ ଶୁଦ୍ଧାଭରେ ଆଜୀବନ ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣ କଲି ।
ଅଥଚ ଅନ୍ତରତମ ଇଚ୍ଛାଟିକୁ ଆହା
ବ୍ୟକ୍ତ କରି ନ ପାରିଲି ।
କେବଳ ଶବ୍ଦର ସୁପ୍ତ ଏକତ୍ର କରିବାରେ
ଦୀର୍ଘକାଳ ମୁଁ ଯେ ବିଚାରିଲି ।
ଯେ ଜୀବନ ତୁମେ ମୋତେ ଦେଇଛ ଗୋସାଇଁ
ତୁମରି ସେ ଅନନ୍ତ ସାଗର
ଗଭୀରତା ସ୍ପର୍ଶ କରିପାରିବାର
କାହିଁପାଇଁ ଶକ୍ତି ଦେଲ ନାହିଁ ?
କ୍ଷମା କର ,ପାରିଲିନି ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପ୍ରାଣେ ସମର୍ପଣ ହୋଇ ।
ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣତାର ପ୍ରାପ୍ତି ପାଇଁ
ନୀରବ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ଏକାନ୍ତ ସହାୟ
ଶବ୍ଦର ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନେଇ କେହି କେବେ
କରିପାରି ନାହିଁ ବାସନାକୁ ଜୟ
ସମର୍ପଣ ନ ଥିବାରୁ ଚଉଦିଗୁ ଗ୍ରାସ କରେ ଭୟ ।
ନୀରବତା ଦିଅ ପ୍ରଭୁ
ଶବ୍ଦଠାରୁ ପ୍ରକାଶର ଶକ୍ତି ତାରୁ ଅଧିକ ।
ନୀରବ ସେ ଆରାଧନା ବଳେ
ମୁଁ ଯେମିତି ଛୁଇଁପାରେ
ପରିପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପରିତୃପ୍ତି ସୁପ ।
ଚିହ୍ନିପାରେ ପ୍ରପଞ୍ଚର ମୁଖ ।
ଧୂପ ପରି ଜଳିଯାଇ ବିତରେ ମୁଁ ସୁରଭି ଅନେକ
ପୋଛି ଦେଇପାରେ ଯେହ୍ନେ
ଅଗଣିତ ଅସହାୟ ମଣିଷର ଶୋକ ।
ହୋଇଯାଏ ନିର୍ବାକ୍ ନିର୍ମୌକ ।



ବୋଉଲୋ !

ନିରଞ୍ଜନ ମିଶ୍ର

ଏକ

ପିଲାଦିନେ “ବୋଉ” ଡାକି, ତୋ କୋଳରେ କେତେ ଅଭିମାନ,
 ରାଗ ରୁଷା, ଫେପତା ଫେପତି;
 ସବୁକୁ ତୁ ସାଇତି ରଖୁଲୁ
 ସ୍ନେହର ପୁରୁଲି ଭିତରେ ।
 ଦିନେ ହେଲେ ରାଗିଲୁନି, କେବେ ଦେଉ ସମ୍ବେଦ ଗୁପ୍ତତା
 ବୋଲି ଦେଉ ନାନାବାୟା ଗୀତ ଆଉ କେଶବ କୋଇଲି
 ସତେ କଣ ଭାବିଥିଲୁ, କାହ୍ନା ତୋର ବଡ଼ ହେବ
 ମଥୁରାକୁ ଯିବ-
 ଆଉ ଫେରିବନି,
 କାହିଁକି ତୁ କହିଲୁନ ?
 ‘କାହ୍ନା ମୋର “ଯାଆ ନା ବିଦେଶ
 ଶାଗ ଓ ପଖାଳ ଖାଇ ରହିଯା ଏଇଠି
 ଏହି ତୋର ଗାଁ ଘର ଏହି ତୋର ଦେଶ”

ଦୁଇ

ଖୋଉଥିଲୁ ଗଛଠା ର ପିଠା, ବୋରଷା ଉଷୁନା ଚାଉଳର ଭାତ,
 ଶାମ୍ବୁ ଦଶମୀ ର ପୋଡ଼ ପିଠା, ପ୍ରଥମ ଅଷ୍ଟମୀର ଏଣୁରାର ପିଠା,
 ନାଗଲ ଚତୁର୍ଥୀର ଆଖୁକଟା’ ପଣା ପାଣି,
 ରଜ ପରବ ର ପାନ ଖୁଆ, ଚକ୍ୱଳିର ପିଠା
 କରୁଥିଲୁ ଓଷା, ଉପବାସ, ମାନସିକ ପୂଜା,
 ବାର ମାସେ ତେର ଓଷା ।
 ବୋଲୁ ଥିଲୁ ଜଗ ଓ ଜମାଳି, କହୁଥିଲୁ କେତେ ନୀତିକଥା ।
 ପାଠ ନ ପଢ଼ି ତୁ, ପଢ଼ାଇଲୁ ପାଠ
 ଧରାଇ ଦେଲୁ ତୁ ବଡ଼ ବନିବାର ଲଗାମଟି,
 ଆଉ କହିଥିଲୁ,
 “ଘୋଡ଼ା ଟିଏ ନେଇ, ଯା’ରେ ପୁଅ ଘୋଡ଼ା ଦଉଡ଼ାରେ”

ତିନି

ଦଉଡ଼ିଲି ଖାଲି,
 ପଛକୁ ଚାହିଁନି ଜମା, ଆଗକୁ ମୋ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ,
 ରାସ୍ତା ଯାକ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଗହଳି,
 ସାଧନାର, ଉନ୍ନତର, ପ୍ରତିଭାର ନିଶାଗନ୍ଧ ହୋଇ
 ଧାଇଁଲି ମୁଁ ଉଷା ପରିଣୟ “କେନ୍ଦୁକ” ପଛରେ,
 ନୟାନ୍ତ ମୁଁ ହେଲି,
 ଅତୁଟିର ସଂସାରରେ ତୃପ୍ତି କୁ ଅଣ୍ଟାଳି,
 ଓଦା ବାଲିଗାରେ ଘୋଡ଼ା ଧାଉଁ ଧାଉଁ
 ସମୁଦ୍ର ର ଢେଉ ଗଣ୍ଡ ଗଣ୍ଡ,
 ଢେଉ ପରିଲାଗି,
 ସରିଗଲା କିନ୍ତୁ ଦଉଡ଼ିବା ବଳ
 ଘୋଡ଼ା ମୋର ହେଲାଣି ଛୁବିର ।

ଚାରି

ବୋଉଲୋଡ଼ୁ
 ନିଶାନ୍ତରେ, ଶେଷ ପହରରେ
 ଗହରିଆ ନିଦରେ ମୁଁ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନରେ ଅଣ୍ଟାଳେ,
 ତୋ’ କଥା, ତୋ ସ୍ନେହ, ତୋ ସ୍ୱର, ତୋ ରି ମମତା,
 କଲ୍ଲନାର କୁହୁଡ଼ି ଭିତରେ, ମୁଁ ଖୋଜିବୁଲେ,
 ଆଉ ଆବିଷ୍କାର କରେମୋ
 ଗାଁ, ମୋ ମାଟି ଘର,
 ଗଡ଼ିଆ ତୁଠରେ, ଆମ୍ବ ବଗିଚାରେ
 ତତେ ଖୋଜେ ‘ବୋଉ’ ‘ବୋଉ’ ଡାକି !
 ଧାନ ଗଦା ଗଣ୍ଡୁଥିବୁ, ଖଳା ଗୁରିଆତେ ବୁଲି,
 ଗାଈ ଗୋରୁ କଥା ବୁଝୁଥିବୁ,
 ଗୋବରରେ ଘଷିପାରି, ଶୁଖାଇବୁ’
 ନଡ଼ିଆ ପତର ଉଠି ପହୁଁବା ବାନ୍ଧିବୁ,
 ଓଷା ଆସିଲାଣି,
 ଗୋବରରେ ଘର ଲିପୁଥିବୁ’
 ଗୁଳ ପରେ ବସି ବସି କୁଆ ରାବିଲାଣି
 ଧାନ ଅବା ଖୁଦ କିଛି ଦେଇ
 ତୁ କହୁଥିବୁ
 “କାହ୍ନା ମୋର ବିଦେଶ ଯାଇଛି,
 ଫେରୁଥିବ
 ନିଜ ଦେଶ, ନିଜ ଗାଁ, ନିଜର ଘରକ”

ପାଞ୍ଚ

ବୋଉଲୋ,
 ତୁ କାହୁଁ ଜାଣିବୁ,
 ତ୍ରିଶଂକୁ ମୁଁ, ଧରା ର ଅନେକ ଉର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୱରେ
 ଆକାଶ ର ବହୁତ ନିମ୍ନରେ
 କଲ୍ଲନାର ବାଦଲର ତଂଗା ଟିଏ ଧରି
 ମିଛ ସାଗରରେ ଖାଲି ମୁଁ ଭାସୁଛି,
 ସଂସାର ର ଜଂଜାଳର, ଅଠାକାଠି ଏମିତି ଲାଗିଛି?

ବୋଉଲୋ!

ତତେ ମୁଁ ମୋଟେ ଭୁଲିନାହିଁ
 ସପନରେ, କଲ୍ଲନାରେ ନିତିଦେଖୁଥାଇ ।

ନିରଞ୍ଜନ ମିଶ୍ର, ସତବରୀ, କାନାଡାରେ ବାସ କରନ୍ତି । ତିନି ବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ବେ ସେ ତାଙ୍କର ବୋଉଙ୍କ
 ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ଉପରୋକ୍ତ କବିତାଟି ଲେଖିଥିଲେ । ଗତ ଜାନୁୟାରୀ ଷୋହଳ ତାରିଖରେ
 ତାଙ୍କର ବୋଉଙ୍କର ଦେହାନ୍ତ ଘଟିଲା । ତାଙ୍କରି ସ୍ମରଣରେ ଏ କବିତାଟି ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଇଲା ।



Puri -I

DR. MANORAMA BISWAL MOHAPATRA

You too went to Puri
to forget your holidays;
fished out shells from the sea
and presented to your friend
Mita, alias Namita Das
on her birthday.
The sea is the pilgrimage of memories.
One who goes there for a holy bath
never comes back;
No use singing the age-old song
“The deer won’t get caught
don’t chase it in the hot sun.”
If ever I go to Puri,
it will be to roll like a mridang
on your lion’s Gate,
the twenty-two steps leading to your seat
will be drenched
with the tears of my anguish.

Brief Bio-Data of Prof. Dr. Manorama Biswal Mohapatra, Poet and Folklorist of Orissa. Among the front ranking writers of Orissa today Dr. Manorama Biswal Mohapatra certainly occupies a dignified position. A Santiniketan Product, the prolific writer has penned and published 20 collections of Poems, 5 Books of essays and 25 literary works for children during her creative career spanning over four decades. She was Formerly Professor and Head, the Department of Oriya Language and Literature of Orissa. Manorama a member of number of coveted literary fora including the Central and State Sahitya Akademies. She has won numerous awards like State Sahitya Academy for her poetry “Phalguni Tithira Jhia” (Maiden of Spring). She had the honour of participating in the World Congress of Poets in Greece, and international Literary Seminars in London, Sweden, Newyork, Mauritius, Bangladesh, Nepal, etc.

As a Poet Manorama Biswal Mohapatra does not conform to any of the established forms. She writes in a unique style. A typical urbanite though, her poems bear testimony to her intense love for the rural landscape and folk-culture. She is often identified as a romantic poet. Her poems bear classic features too.

Her Poetry Books have been translated to all Indian languages such as English, Hindi, Bengali, Assamiya, Urdu, Kannad, Tamil etc. Click here www.manobm.com.

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Puri-II

DR. MANORAMA BISWAL MOHAPATRA

What is this fragrance inside my self
In my soul
in my consciousness!
How I come into bud
bloom like a flower
on my own;
how I become fragrant on my own
like the sandal paste
like the burning earthen lamp.
Kalpabata, Shri Mandir, Swargadwar,
Snanabedi, Baisi Pahacha, every where
my consciousness spreads out like lotus petals
everywhere
pulsating and vibrant
like the bees at the dawn.
The three dimensional Time
seems suspended from this tree
like the nests of tailor-birds
my fate, my future,
dreams and memories
everything is hidden here.
After long days
Srikshetra pulls me in this manner,
the sea and the casuarina groves
a patch of the tattooed sky.
I will perhaps come upon you
this evening.
How I come into bud,
bloom like a flower
in my inner self,
how I become sweet-scented on my own
like the sandal paste
like the burning earthen lamp
all alone
in the premises of the temple.





କୌତୁହଳ

ପରାଶର ମିଶ୍ର

ମହାଭାରତରେ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ-ବିଭୀଷିକାର ଗାଥା ପଢି
 ସୁନ୍ଦର କାରଣ ଓ ପରିଣାମକୁ ବୁଝିବାର ପ୍ରୟାସରେ
 ଶାନ୍ତି ପର୍ବର ଅଧ୍ୟାୟକୁ ମନେରଖିବାର ପ୍ରଚେଷ୍ଟରେ
 ମୁଁ ଭୁଲିପାରେନା ?
 ସାରା ଜୀବନ ସୁତପୁତ୍ର ଭାବରେ ଲାଞ୍ଛିତ, ଅପମାନିତ
 ମହାଭାରତର ଅନ୍ୟତମ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ବୀର କର୍ଣ୍ଣଙ୍କ କାହାଣୀକୁ ।

ରାଜବଂଶର କୁମାରୀ କନ୍ୟା କୁନ୍ତୀ
 ସ୍ୱଇଚ୍ଛାରେ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟଦେବଙ୍କୁ ଆରାଧନା କରି
 ସନ୍ତାନଟିଏ ଗର୍ଭରେ ଧାରଣ କରି, ପୁତ୍ର ଜନ୍ମ ପରେ
 ନବଜାତ ପୁତ୍ରକୁ ମଞ୍ଜୁସାରେ ନଦୀରେ ଭସାଇଦେବାର
 କାହାଣୀରେ ମୁଁ ଭେଟିଥାଏ
 କୁନ୍ତୀଙ୍କ ଜୈଷ୍ଠ ପୁତ୍ର କୌତୁହଳଙ୍କୁ
 ବନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ ଅଭେଦ୍ୟ ଦିବ୍ୟ କବଚ ଓ କାନରେ ଅମର କୁଣ୍ଡଳ ପିନ୍ଧି
 ଜନ୍ମ ହୋଇଥିବା ସୁଯ୍ୟ ପୁତ୍ର ବସୁଷେଣଙ୍କୁ
 ଦୁର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଧନର ସଖା, ଅଙ୍ଗ ଅଧିପତି
 ମହାଭାରତର ଅନ୍ୟତମ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଯୋଦ୍ଧା, ମହାଦାନୀ କର୍ଣ୍ଣଙ୍କୁ ।

ସୁଯ୍ୟର ସଭାରେ ଦୈତ୍ୟଦା ଓ ପାଣ୍ଡବଭ୍ରାତାଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା
 ଅପମାନିତ, ଲାଞ୍ଛିତ, ତିରସ୍କୃତ କର୍ଣ୍ଣଙ୍କ ହୃଦୟର
 ପ୍ରତିଶୋଧ ଓ ପ୍ରତିହଂସାର ବହି ମୁଁ ଦେଖିଥାଏ
 କର୍ଣ୍ଣଙ୍କ ରଣ କୌଶଳରେ, ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ନିପୁଣତାରେ
 କୁରୁକ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଲୋମହର୍ଷିଶକାରୀ, ରକ୍ତକ୍ଷୟୀ ମହାଯୁଦ୍ଧରେ ।

କୁନ୍ତୀ ପୁତ୍ର କୌତୁହଳଙ୍କ ଅମର କାହାଣୀକୁ ମୁଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ମନେରଖେ
 ମାତା କୁନ୍ତୀଙ୍କୁ ପୁତ୍ର କର୍ଣ୍ଣଙ୍କ ଦେଇଥିବା ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତିରେ
 କୁରୁକ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ, ମହାଯୁଦ୍ଧରେ ପାଣ୍ଡବଭ୍ରାତାଙ୍କ ସଂଖ୍ୟା
 କେବେହେଲେ ପାଞ୍ଚରୁ କମିବ ନାହିଁ ଓ ପଞ୍ଚପୁତ୍ରର ଜନନୀ କୁନ୍ତୀ
 ପଞ୍ଚପୁତ୍ରର ଜନନୀ ରହିବେର ? କୌତୁହଳଙ୍କ ଅଭୟବାଣୀରେ ।

ସୁଯ୍ୟ ପୁତ୍ର ବସୁଷେଣ, ଦାନବୀର କର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପୂଜାର୍ଚ୍ଚନା ସାରି
 ଭିକ୍ଷାର୍ଥୀଙ୍କୁ ଶସ୍ୟ, ଗୋଧନ, ସୃଷ୍ଟିମୂର୍ତ୍ତା, ମଣିମାଣିକ୍ୟ
 ଦାନ କରିବାର ଦୈନନ୍ଦିନ ରୀତିରେ
 ବଚନରକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ, ସତ୍ୟରକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ, ଦାନଦେବା ପାଇଁ କୁଣ୍ଡିତ ନହୋଇ
 ହୃଦ୍‌ବେଶୀ ଭିକ୍ଷାର୍ଥୀ ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଙ୍କୁ ଦାନ କରିଥିବା
 ନିଜ ବନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ ଥିବା ଅଭେଦ୍ୟ ଦିବ୍ୟ କବଚ ଓ କାନର ଅମର କୁଣ୍ଡଳରଣ୍ଡ କାହାଣୀ
 ଦୀପ୍ତିମନ୍ତ କରିଥାଏ, ଅମର କରିଥାଏ କର୍ଣ୍ଣଙ୍କ ଚରିତ୍ରକୁ ।

ପୃଥିବୀରେ ପ୍ରଲୋଭନଠାରୁ ବଳି ବଡ଼ ଶତ୍ରୁ ନାହିଁ
 ଦାନକରିବାର ମହାନତାର କଳନା ନାହିଁ
 ସତ୍ୟନିଷ୍ଠା, କଥା ଦେଇ କଥା କଥା ରଖିବା ହିଁ ଆମ ଜୀବନର
 ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଭୂଷଣ - ମୁଁ ଶିଖିଥିଲି
 କୁନ୍ତୀ ପୁତ୍ର କୌତୁହଳ, ସୁଯ୍ୟ ପୁତ୍ର ବସୁଷେଣ,
 ମହାଭାରତର ଅନ୍ୟତମ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଯୋଦ୍ଧା
 ମହାବୀର, ମହାଦାନୀ କର୍ଣ୍ଣଙ୍କ ଜୀବନ କାହାଣୀରୁ ।



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Ethical Values in Indian Literature with Special Reference to Oriya Folktradition of “Ramayana Mahakabya”

- DR. MANORAMA BISWAL MOHAPATRA

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Indian culture is not only popular in learned sphere but also it is equally popular among the public. The role of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana is noteworthy in terms of being the exemplar of Indian cultural unity. The folk-tradition and culture of all the places of India have been given importance in these epics. Many small and large places of pilgrimage of India have been linked with the imagination of people through the characters and incidents of these epics. It will not be unfair to say that the universal and everlasting characters and incidents of the Ramayana, which have been widespread in the local tales are the undying exemplar of earthly, rural, and agro-oriented civilization.

Sri Aurobindo Wrote about the Ramayana thus :

“The Ramayana embodied for the Indian imagination its highest and tenderest human ideals of character, made strength and courage and gentleness and purity and fidelity and self-sacrifice familiar to it in the suavest and most harmonious forms coloured so as to attract the emotion and the aesthetic sense, stripped morals of all repellent austerity on the one side or on the other of mere commonness and lent a certain high divineness to the ordinary things of life, conjugal and filial and maternal and fraternal feeling, the duty of the prince and leader and the loyalty of follower and subject, the greatness of the great and the loyalty of follower and subject, the greatness of the great and the truth and worth of the simple, toning things ethical to the beauty of a more psychical meaning, by the glow of its ideal hues”. (*The Foundation of Indian Culture. Centenary Edition (Page-290)*)

The concept of character of the Ramayana has been revealed in such a surprising way that it is controlling the person, family, society, civilization, and above all the culture of India for long thousand years. The subjective vision of this great tradition has tied the regional cultures of India in one thread in order to keep this ideal alive due to which the thought of Ramarajya has not yet been forgotten.

Rama-cult gained wide popularity by the 12th century A.D. in the Kosala region of the state. In Orissa proper, Rama was identified with Jagannatha. Poets like Balarama Das, Arjuna Das and others have invariably mentioned that both the gods are one and the same. In Cuttack there is a Jagannatha temple which goes by the name of Raghunath temple. In Puri a ceremony called the Raghunatha-vesha of Lord Jagannatha is observed. It was introduced in the 18th century by a Bengali Zamin-dar Bahadur Singh of Murshidabad.²² It was abandoned later due to heavy rush of pilgrims.²³

It has been stressed by M.M. Chakravarti that the existence of the Jagannath-cult and the popularity gained by the Krishna-cult in the 16th century A.D. did not prove favourable to the spread of the Rama-cult in Orissa.²⁴ Nevertheless, it gave impetus to a vast amount of Rama-literature in Oriya which in volume and artistic merit is in no way second to the existing Krishna-literature in the language. We may trace the development of this Rama-story in Orissa and assess its importance in various ways.

Sarala Das, the first poet of the Oriya Ramayana, makes himself prominent by introducing new episodes of the Ramakatha unknown in Valmiki, into his great epic-Mahabharata. As the writer of Mahabharata, it was expected of him to have the Sanskrit Mahabharata as his main source. But the analysis of the Ramaepisodes in his Mahabharata, make it clear that he has not followed the Sanskrit original. The Rama-episodes in his Mahabharata, have a striking similarity to the Bhattikavya, the Paumachariu of Swayambhu, the Nrisimha Purana, and the Mahanataka. It is not known whether Sarala Das read all these works or listened to the stories from the people around him. As the treatment of the episodes presented

²² Jagabandhu Singh, Prachina Utkal. P-484.

²³ Pandit Narasingh Mohapatra, Puri Bada Deula. P-27.

²⁴ “Notes, on the Language and literature of Orissa”, J.O.A. S.B., Vol. LXVII (1898), P351.





by him do not bear any close resemblance with the works mentioned above, it can safely be said that he took them from others and reproduced them with the touch of his own imaginative and creative genius inspired by the goddess Durga.

Ramachandra was the son of Dasaratha. He was born in the legendary race of Raghu. He belonged to Solar Dynasty. He took the incarnation of Rama in Tretaya age in order to slay the valorous decuple-headed demon Ravana and establish peace on earth. The Ramayana of sage Valmiki is the epic on the life of Ramachandra. In course of time the Ramayana got popularized in seven episodes. Rama, Sita, and Lakshman became the heart-throbs of people. Described characters of the Ramayana such as, Rama, Sita, Lakshman, Hanuman, etc. were the replica of several Hindu social ideals. In order to keep the promises of his father- Ramachandra's sacrifice of kingship and exile, Lakshman's brotherly love, Sita's piety towards her husband, Hanuman's devotion for his lord, and Ramachandra's protection of his subjects are till now regarded as the greatest ideals of Hindu society. It is primarily helpful in making thousands of Hindu families disciplined and delighted. Today also Hindus desire for a son like Rama, brother like Lakshman, wife like Sita, and the entire society dreams of Ramarajya in the context of politics.

The popularity of Ramacharita in ancient India:

The Ramayana of Valmiki remained un-understood for the layman, due to which the necessity of re-writing of the Ramayana in regional languages was felt. Due to this the Ramayana was written in Oriya, Assamese, and Bengali. According to Bulke Saheb - the popular critic

of Ramacharita, "The Ramayana written in the above three languages are the oldest among Indian regional Arya languages. The Ramayana written in the last part of fourteenth century by Madhav Kandali in Assamese, is the oldest among these. The Bengali Krutivas Ramayana, and Balram Das's Oriya Dandi Ramayana or Jagamohan Ramayana are the later creations after Assamese Ramayana. The popularity of Rama-tales, and Rama-centric tradition's capacity to attract people can be inferred from these works. Certain new myths were incorporated in these Ramayanas. There is no doubt that all these new myths are the popular faces of Ramachandra in local traditions.

Defying of Ravana by Suparsh during Sita haran, and Hanuman's meeting with Ravana in the disguise of an old Brahmin before the destruction of Lanka are the fresh inclusions in Madhav Kandali's Assamese Ramayana. Ramayana or Sri Ram Panchali written by Krutivas OJha in Bengali is a work of the last part of fifteenth century. The following contexts of this Ramayana are different from Valmiki's *Ramayana*:

- (1) Dasaratha tried first to send Bharata and Satrugna in place of Lakshman, with Viswamitra.
- (2) Ramachandra had befriended Guhak before the exile.
- (3) Sita offered ritual rice-balls for Dasaratha.
- (4) Moon danced during the marriage of Rama and Sita.
- (5) Hanuman brought Bramhastra from Lanka.
- (6) Ramachandra granted Mandodadri the boon that, Ravana's funeral pyre will always remain ablaze.

The last described fact is believed in the regional areas



of Orissa till today. It is said that the smoke of Ravana's funeral pyre hovers over the sky till date.

In the Adi, Vana, and Udyog chapters of Sarala Das's Oriya *Mahabharata*, we get a brief description of Ramacharita. Most of the incidents described in this are the representations of *Krutivas Ramayana*. Dasaratha having six hundred and fifty queens has been described in both the Ramayanas. But:

- (1) The slaying of Suparnakha's son by Laxman.
- (2) Rudra's Hanuman incarnation.
- (3) Hanuman's wearing of adamantine loincloth.
- (4) The birth of Valmiki from Brahma's semen.
- (5) Returning of Rama to Ayodhya via Kiskindhya afoot with the army of demons after the death of Ravana, etc. are Sarala Das's novel interpolations.

Father Bulke has described likewise. Many incidents of Balram Das's Dandi Ramayana are similar to Bengali Ramayana. Lord Saturn's boon to Dasaratha, and Bivisan- Mandodari's marriage are described in both the Ramayanas. But:

- (1) Maya-Sita story.
- (2) Vedavati tale.
- (3) Ravana's presence in Sita's Swayamvara
- (4) Laxman's curse to Sita, etc. are Balram Das's novel additions.

All these Ramayanas can be un-argumentatively considered as the local versions of the original Sanskrit Ramayana. The Ramacharitacentric local myths of different regions have been added to these Ramayanas. That's why the new additions can be considered as the present lively local myths. But presently most of these portions of the Ramayana are no more popular (For example: the myth that, Dasaratha had six hundred and fifty queens), due to which it would be appropriate to consider these as dead local myths.

People have a lot of faith in Rama. That's why the Rama devotees of Ramanandi cult always wear a shawl on which Rama's name is written; by this the word 'Rama' comes to common sight. This is popular as Namavali. Covering shoulders with Namavali is a sanctifying tradition among the Hindu widows. There are many folktales and stories related to the chanting of Rama's name. These are known as the Ram-Nam-chanting myths. The sinful robber Ratnakara converted himself to saint Valmiki by reciting the reverse chant i.e, 'Mara-Mara'- this story is

popular in every region of Orissa.

According to public opinion Lord Siva also keeps reciting Rama's name. There is a topic in Adikanda of Balram Das's Oriya Dandi Ramayana in which Siva had made himself obstacle-free by reciting Rama's name. Likewise in Bengali Krutivas Ramayana also there are descriptions regarding Siva chanting Rama's name.

From all these it is proved that Rama is a greater Lord than Siva. What ever it may be; in local traditions it is believed that one gets purified and sanctity increases by chanting, and listening to the chants of Rama's name, this myth is responsible for the popularity of this idea. Many Hindu families pet parrots and mynas and make them learn 'Rama', in order to listen to Rama's name everyday. For this reason many Hindus name their eldest son as 'Rama' due to which the chanting of Rama's name becomes simultaneous while calling his name. While taking the dead-body of a Hindu, his companions and friends recite 'Ram-Nam Satya Hai'(Lord Rama's name is the only truth).

Oadgan's Raghunath:

Ramachandra is worshipped as Raghunath in a particular temple at Oadgan in Puri District of Orissa. The stone idols of Rama, Lakshman, and Sita are very beautiful. It is observed that beard has been engraved with lot of care in the face of the idols of Rama and Lakshman. This is its specialty. Bearded idols of Rama and Lakshman are not known to be worshipped anywhere else in India. As per the legendary faith, there was the hermitage of sage Atri in Oadgan during the age of Tretaya. (Some people claim the presence of hermitage of Sage Bharadwaja here). During exile; Ramachandra along with Sita and Lakshman after spending some days as guest of Sage Atri in this hermitage, departed to Dandakaranya.

In Raghunath temple Rameshwar Mahadeva is worshipped near the front gate. This Mahadeva is penta faced. As per faith all dangers are averted by the penta-faced lord Siva. Ramachandra installed this Mahadeva for the aversion of dangers. That is why his name is Rameshwar.

Rama and Lakshman were young during their exile and were bearded due to lack of provisions. Only for this reason the idols of bearded Rama and Lakshman are worshipped in Oadgan.

At Buguda of Ganjam district; in the outer wall of Biranchi-Narayan temple some portions of Ramacharita





are seen painted in colours undoubtedly, these paintings are older than two hundred years. The faces of Rama and Lakshman are bearded in this painting galore. From this it is observed that the worship of the picture of bearded Ramachandra is prevalent in Orissa. In the Ramayana of Balram Das, there is description of the young bumble bee like beard of the banished Rama and Lakshman. There is no indication of such feature of Rama and Lakshman throughout India. Therefore undoubtedly it can be said that the imagination of this forest dwelling feature of Ramachandra is entirely the bearer of Oriya folk tradition.

Every year, Ramanavami festival is celebrated with much pomp and joy in Oadgan. It is believed by the people of Oadgan that, by worshipping Lord Raghunath, Kavi-Samrat Upendra Bhanja- the distinguished poet of Orissa became a great poet.

Ramotsav:

Ramanavami is the cardinal festival among the ensuing Ramacentric religious festivals of India. It is considered a scriptural traditional institution. It is believed that on this day Sri Rama freed Sita by killing the deca-faced Ravana. For this reason the image of Ravana is made of straw. People act wearing the mask of Rama, Lakshman, Hanuman, Angad, etc. The context of killing of Ravana is primarily presented in these acts. The ceremony comes to close after the colossal straw image of Ravana is set on fire. This festival is celebrated especially in Oadgan, Jagatsinghpur, and Dasapalla of Orissa.

Some people keep the vow of Ramanavami on this day. The "Ramanavami vow" gets celebrated by some women of higher castes. This vow is more prevalent in Orissa and Bengal. Listening to Ramacharita is described as the principle, for those who keep vows. In some places of Cuttack and Balasore districts of Orissa, Rajo Shankranti (first solar day of the month Asadha) is considered the institutional worship of Rama - the king. This worship is not widespread. In the Jhumpuri village of Jajpur subdivision, the clay idols of Rama, Lakshman, Sita, Bharat, Satrugna, and Hanuman etc. are seen to be worshipped after being installed. Here is a popular belief that Rama was coronated on this day after he came back from banishment.

It is learned from the description of G.E. Labarn that, every year Rama-keli festival is arranged at Gouda in the Malda district of West Bengal. The Vaishnava sages come here from several places. These recluses see Lord

Krishna after taking bath in a special keeve present there, named Sanatan. The principle of lifelong anchorites getting married is popular on this occasion. It is estimated from the nomenclature of the festival that probably at first this was celebrated with regard to Ramachandra. As a result of propagation of Krishnacult, the importance of Goudiya tradition of the devotional worship of Krishna became widespread in this ceremony. The stories of the sports of Lord Krishna are the propeller of Krishna Devotion. Nadakeli and Bhuta-keli are Krishna centric fantasies. These are not related to Rama in a traditional way. Therefore as far as practicable, this is a non-traditional form of Ramotsav. The word keli has been mingled with the major festivals of Rama.

Scriptural Ramacharita and the Legends of Utkal:

Rama with Sita and Lakshman went to forest for fourteen years in order to keep the promise of his father, abduction of Sita by Ravana, search for Sita by Rama and Lakshman, messaging Sita through Hanuman, and many stories and short stories about Rama-Ravanawarare seen described in Valmiki Ramayana. With the imitation of the character of Ramachandra, several legends have been created in various places of India. The following legends are popular in the folk tradition of Utkal:

- (1) During his exile Rama starting from Ayodhya went to the southern part through Oadgan. He had night halts at different places. At several places people identify the travel route of Ramachandra. At Goladamodarpur near the bank of river Rushikulya in Aska town of Ganjam district, Nilakantheswar Mahadeva temple is situated on the peak of a small hill. According to popular belief Ramachandra went to Dandaka forest by this path and stayed at the top of this Nilakantheswar hill. Sita and Lakshman were with him. A pair of parallel lines situated on the top of the hill is said to be the mark of the wheel of the chariot of Ramachandra. Every day Rama worshipped Siva. But there was no Siva Linga at that time. Without finding any other way Ramachandra prepared a Siva Linga by cutting a stone from the hill with his own hands and worshipped it by installing it on the peak of the hill and named it Nilakantheswar. Since then Nilakantheswar is worshipped there. There was no water-keev for Sita's ablution. Ramachandra without finding any other way put the arrow on the bow in order to create a fountain by tearing the earth. This bow shaped water-keev is named Sita Devi kunda. It



is present at the backside of Nilakantheswar temple. Further it is said that, when Sita Devi was going after bath, the drenched skirt of her saree was trailing on earth. A scratched area is said to be Sita's skirt-mark by people. A place situated below the downhill is said to be Sita's abode of embellishment by people. As per the living legend, Sita Devi wanted to move ahead into forest without ornamentation. After putting off all her ornaments she kept them here and closed the door of rock with a lock of ring and went away with the key. At the end of the exile she would have taken her ornaments from here. But they went back to Ayodhya by the Puspak plane from Lanka; that's why her ornaments are still in that place.

Besides Nilakantheswar, many Rama worshipped Siva Lingas are seen in Ganjam. In Pudugeswar village, Pudugeswar and Tumbeswar; in Prayagi village, Awnleswar; in Kantiya bad, Bateswar; and in Gopalpur, Dhavaleswar Mahadeva are believed to have been installed by Ramachandra. After traveling some distance on the bank of river Rushikulya, he went towards the south walking through the sea shore - this description is legendary. Ramachandra, Sita, and Lakshman's idols have been engraved on arrow point in a mountain cavern at Athagarh of Ganjam. It is believed that Rama himself engraved them. As per regional faith Athagarh was connected with Dandaka forest at that time.

- (2) The lines seen on the back of squirrel are believed by the inhabitants of Orissa to be the fingerprints of Ramachandra. During the construction of dam a small squirrel was also carrying soil as per its strength and putting it into the sea. Ramachandra impressed by its service to others, patted its back; whose mark is present even today.

As per a popular tale in Assam- the squirrel threw only two bamboo leaves into the sea.

- (3) It has been said in the song of an Oriya street show - for the auspicious beginning of the exile of Rama and Lakshman, an arrow was released which killed a cow named Kapila; its blood flowed as a stream. Mahadeva came out of that stream and Lord Jagannath got manifested in the same place of the stream where the lump of clay dropped.
- (4) People believe that the penance groove of sage Valmiki was present at Gokulpalli near a village named Hathi oat of Ganjam. Lab-Kush got birth from the

womb of Sita in that place. Even today the labor-room of Sita is present there. The colour of earth is sanguine there due to the flow of blood during delivery. That is why this soil is considered sacred by the people. Women of this region are seen scrubbing their houses with this red soil in auspicious festive occasions. There, this legend is believed to be a sacred myth.

These types of legends are also found to have been created by centering some places of Bengal. In Gangipur city of Mursidabad district there is a sacred place called Balighat which is situated at the bank of Ganges. According to the faith of the regional people, the hermitage of sage Valmiki was present there. Every day at dawn, the sage used to take bath in the Ganges at Balighat. Seeing an old banyan tree there, people say it to be the tree of the Ramayana age.

- (5) Rama, Lakshman, and Sita halted a night at Nrushinganath of Sambalpur district. Rama worshipped Siva in the next morning. Nothing was available for offering. Sita sowed a sweetsop seed, immediately a tree grew there, fruits came out and ripened. Sita plucked the ripened sweetsops and prepared the offering. From that day sweetsop came to be known as 'sitaphal'. People believe that previously there were no sitaphal trees here. In the eastern part of Orissa it is known by the name 'Neua'.
- (6) The leaves of sita arum or garden arum are filled with red and white spots and look beautiful as if they have been painted with sandalwood paste and vermilion. It is said that when Ravana took away Sita perforce in his Puspak plane, at that time sandalwood paste and vermilion got washed away with sweat from Sita's forehead and fell down on the leaf of a wild arum. Sita said, "Let my sandalwood paste and vermilion be on your leaf forever and may my husband get my message by seeing you". Since then Sita arum's name and feature became so.
- (7) It is a popular tale among people that at the first meet Rama destroyed Ravana's parasol. People say that this broken parasol got birth as mushroom. For this reason mushroom curry has become a forbidden food for Hindu widows.

Dr. Manorama Biswal Mohapatra. Mobile No. 09437011003





Spices & Sweets







TULSI

Holy Basil

WRITTEN BY DR. ABHAY KUMAR PATI, CEO,

Best Nutrition Products Inc, Hayward, California, Biotechayur Pvt Ltd in Balasore, Orissa



What is Tulsi (Holy Basil)?

Tulsi, often referred to as “The Queen of Herbs” – is the most sacred herb of India. Tulsi (*Ocimum Sanctum*), also known as Holy Basil, is a different species of Basil (*Ocimum basilicum*).

Tulsi has been revered in India for over five thousand years, as a healing balm for body, mind and spirit, and is known to bestow an amazing number of health benefits. Tulsi is a medicinal herb for stress-relieving, energizing and is also delicious as a herbal tea. It can be combined of 3 varieties of Tulsi: Rama Tulsi (*Ocimum sanctum*), Krishna Tulsi (*Ocimum sanctum*) and Vana Tulsi (wild tulsi) (botanical name: *Ocimum gratissimum*). Each variety lends its own distinct characteristic which contributes to the delicious flavor and aroma of a Tulsi Tea.

What are the health benefits of Tulsi?

Tulsi is rich in anti-oxidants and renowned for its restorative powers, Tulsi has several benefits:

- Relieves stress/adaptogen
- Bolsters Immunity
- Enhances stamina

- Provides support during cold season
- Promotes healthy metabolism
- A natural immuno-modulator

“Modern scientific research offers impressive evidence that Tulsi reduces stress, enhances stamina, relieves inflammation, lowers cholesterol, eliminates toxins, protects against digestion and provides a rich supply of antioxidants and other nutrients. Tulsi is especially effective in supporting the heart, blood vessels, liver and lungs and also regulates blood pressure and blood sugar.” Dr. Ralph Miller, former Director of Research for the Canadian Dept. of Health and Welfare.

How can Tulsi offer so many health benefits?

The unique chemistry of Tulsi is highly complex. Tulsi contains hundreds of beneficial compounds known as phyto-chemicals. Working together, these compounds possess strong antioxidant, antibacterial, antiviral, adaptogenic, and immune enhancing properties that promote general health and support the body’s natural defense against stress and diseases. The essential oils in the leaves of Tulsi that contribute to the fragrance and refreshing



flavor of Tulsi. Tulsi is a particularly rich source of valuable phyto-chemicals.

What is an adaptogen?

An adaptogen is an agent that helps the body adapt more efficiently to stress. Adaptogens reduce that intensity and negative impact of the stress caused by mental tension, infection pollution and other factors. Tulsi is one of the most effective adaptogens known.

What are antioxidants?

Antioxidants slow down the process of excess oxidation and protect cells from the damage caused by free radicals. When cells are attacked by free radicals, excess oxidation occurs which can damage and destroy cells. Antioxidants stop this process. The cellular damage caused by free radicals can be responsible for causing and/or accelerating many diseases. Tulsi is rich in antioxidants and is recommended to guard against free radicals and protect from damaging excess oxidation.

What is an immuno-modulator?

An immuno-modulator is an agent that balances and improves the immune response of the body in fighting antigens (disease causing agents such as bacteria, viruses, microbes, allergens etc.) and maintaining health.

How soon can I expect to see results from drinking Organic India Tulsi Teas?

Some of Tulsi effects are quite immediate, while others develop gradually after weeks of regular use. For example, you may feel more relaxed and energized after the first cup. Although Tulsi has many specific effects on different body systems, its main benefits arise from its impressive general capacity to assist the body's natural process of healing and maintaining health. You may simply notice that you are bothered by stress or common illnesses, such as colds or flu, nearly as easily. As with many other herbal supplements, it usually takes at least a week or so of consistent use for the body to experience major benefits.

Are there any contraindications?

According to traditional use and the modern research of Tulsi, it is generally considered that there are no contraindications for most people/constitutions and/or life circumstances and that it may be used daily for its health benefits. Not every herb is right for every body – listen to yours, and see if Tulsi works for you. Always consult a primary health care provider whenever you have concerns.



How do I prepare Tulsi Tea?

Place one teaspoon or one Tulsi tea bag in a pot or cup and pour freshly boiled water over the leaves or tea bag. Infuse for two to five minutes to suit your taste. A longer steeping time, such as five minutes, yields a sweetener and/or milk if desired. Summer Tulsi Tea tip: tulsi makes a delicious and refreshing cold/iced tea. Add a touch of fresh mint to beat the summer heat! Double the strength when serving iced.

Can Tulsi Tea be taken with milk?

Yes, Tulsi tea can be taken with milk. Most people enjoy tulsi tea that includes some black tea, like Tulsi Chai Masala with milk and sweetener. Tulsi is naturally delicious, slightly sweet, and a little spicy.

How long can I store Tulsi Tea?

It is recommended that you consume this product within two to three years of collection of dry Tulsi leaves. Store in a cool, dry place away from direct sunlight.

Can I prepare Tulsi Tea at home from my own Tulsi plant?

Yes, of course. However, most households have only one type of Tulsi usually Rama Tulsi. Krishna is less common, and cultivated Vana Tulsi is fairly rare. Tulsi plants grown in polluted urban areas may be chemically contaminated.

Why should I use Organically grown Tulsi Products?

There is more and more evidence that chemical based fertilizers, herbicides and pesticides are harmful to our health. Conventional agriculture relies heavily on chemical fertilizers and toxic pesticides, which are harmful to human health, and which enter the food supply, penetrate water sources, harm the livestock, deplete the soil, devastate natural eco-systems, and contaminate the foods grown for the general public. In addition to which there are over 7000 artificial and/or chemical preservatives and additives permitted in non-organic food including colorings, stabilizers, fillers, residual antibiotics, hydrogenated fats, etc. none of which are permitted in organic foods.

Eating organic is also the only way to ensure that you are not ingesting GM/GE (genetically modified/genetically engineered) foods, which are not permitted in organic foods.

Organic products are tested to guarantee that they are free from all toxic agro-chemicals. Certified Organic herbal product means a sure way to trust that the foods





you purchase are pure, safe and uncontaminated.

Why haven't I heard of the demand of tulsi before?

Tulsi has been known and honored in India for over five millennia for its remarkable healing properties. It is at the forefront of today's herbal medicine. Tulsi sales grew by over 200% last year industry-wide. Tulsi is the next "big" herb according to many herbalists.

Why are there two names, Tulsi and Holy basil?

Tulsi is the most common and well-known name for this plant in India (and in many Asian countries) where it originates. The Latin name is *Ocimum Sanctum*. Tulsi is of the same botanical family as Basil, whose Latin name is *Ocimum Basilicum*. (Similarly, tomatoes, green peppers and eggplants are all of the same botanical family, as are cauliflower, cabbage, broccoli and brussels sprouts, even though each is a very different and distinct plant). What is common is the genus *Ocimum*, but somehow the sanctum (sacred or holy) of *Ocimum Sanctum* was put together with the *Basilicum* (Basil) of *Ocimum Basilicum* and the name Holy Basil was created. This name, Holy Basil is commonly used for the Tulsi plant in the west.

What will Tulsi-Holy Basil do for me?

Tulsi is known as an adaptogen, helping our bodies "adapt" to different forms of stress factors (environmental, physical, mental, emotional). Tulsi works for each person differently depending on what his or her body needs. Drinking Tulsi Tea promotes a sense of well-being, relieves stress, supports immunity, strength and stamina, provides relief from cold, fever and flu symptoms, and strengthens digestion and a healthy metabolism that may promote weight loss. This herbal panacea is The Herb for Our Times!

How many cups of tulsi Tea do you recommend per day?

Tulsi Tea can be enjoyed throughout the day, from morning to night. However, even one cup of Tulsi Tea a day is beneficial. During times of illness, the quantity and the strength of Organic India Tulsi Tea can be increased to quicken recovery.

If I have cold or flu symptoms should I consume more Tulsi?

Tulsi has been used for thousands of years to prevent and minimize the symptoms of cold and flu, to support upper respiratory health, reduce fevers and promote overall health. When utilizing Tulsi Tea to lessen the duration of colds or flu it is suggested that you increase the

amount and strength of the tea you consume. Suggested use: 2-3 tea bags per cup of tea, 3-6 times per day.

Is Tulsi safe to use during pregnancy and lactation and with children?

During pregnancy and lactation, one should always consult a primary health care provider before using any herb or herbal formula. In India, eating fresh Tulsi leaves and making tea with Tulsi leaves is common with women during pregnancy and lactation. Tulsi is considered safe for use with children over the age of 2. You should consult your primary health care provider for use with younger children. Most children love Tulsi Tea!

Does Tulsi Tea contain caffeine?

Tulsi is naturally caffeine-free

Does Tulsi Tea have any side effects?

You might notice that you feel much better! If you need more energy and don't want caffeine or sugar, Tulsi will gently support and strengthen your energy. When feeling stressed or anxious, many report a gentle, soothing effect to their nervous system and notice a greater clarity of mind! Tulsi Teas are considered very safe by modern scientific standards. In fact, Tulsi helps reduce the ill effects of many western pharmaceutical medicines and has proved to be beneficial for people of all ages.

Please visit

www.biotechayur.com, www.nutritionbest.com

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He is the founder and CEO of Best Nutrition Products Inc. in California and Chairman of the Board for the upcoming manufacturing unit of standardized phytochemicals, Biotechayur Pvt Ltd in Khantapara Balasore, Orissa, India



HALDI

By **DR. ABHAY KUMAR PATI,**

President/CEO, Best Nutrition Inc. USA
Chairman, Biotechayur.com Orissa, India

English: TURMERIC
Chemical or modern name in nutritional & pharmaceutical industry: CURCUMIN
Botanical Name” Curcuma Longa

Turmeric (*Curcuma longa*) is a rhizomatous herbaceous perennial plant of the ginger family, Zingiberaceae. It is native to tropical south Asia and needs temperatures between 20C and 30C, and a considerable amount of annual rainfall to thrive. Plants are gathered annually for their rhizomes, and re-seeded from some of those rhizomes in the following season.

The rhizomes are boiled for several hours and then dried in hot ovens, after which they are ground into a deep orange-yellow powder commonly used as a spice in curries and in other South Asian and Middle Eastern cuisine. It is also used for dyeing, and to impart color to mustard condiments. Its active ingredient is curcumin and it has an earthy, bitter, peppery flavor and a mustard like smell.

In medieval Europe, turmeric became known as Indian Saffron, since it is widely used as an alternative to the far more expensive saffron spice.

Sangli, a town in the southern part of the Indian state of Maharashtra, is the largest and most important trading centre for turmeric in Asia or perhaps in the entire world.

In non-South Asian recipes, turmeric is sometimes used as an agent to impart a rich, custard-like yellow color. It has found application in canned beverages, baked products, dairy products, ice cream, yogurt, yellow cakes, orange juice, biscuits, popcorn color, sweets, cake icings, cereals, sauces, gelatins, etc. It is a significant ingredient in most commercial curry powders. Turmeric is used in savory dishes, not sweet ones.

Although usually used in its dried, powdered form, turmeric is also used fresh – much like ginger. It has



numerous uses in far east recipes, such as fresh turmeric pickle (which contains large chunks of soft turmeric).

Turmeric is used to protect food products from sunlight. The oleoresin is used for oil-containing products. The curcumin/polysorbate solution or curcumin powder dissolved in alcohol is used for water containing products. Over-coloring, such as in pickles, relishes and mustard, is sometimes used to compensate for fading.

Turmeric powder is being used to color cheeses, yogurt, dry mixes, salad dressings, winter butter and margarine. Turmeric is also used to give a yellow color to some prepared mustards, and canned chicken broths and other foods (often as a much cheaper replacement for saffron).

Turmeric is widely used as a spice in South Asian and Middle Eastern cooking as well as in Nepalese dishes like meat dumplings, a traditional dish in South Asia, are spiced with turmeric. In South Africa turmeric is traditionally used to give boiled white rice a golden color.

Medicinal uses

In Ayurvedic practices (indigenous system of Indian medicine), turmeric is thought to have many medicinal properties and many in south Asia use it as a readily available antiseptic for cuts, burns and bruises. It is also used as an antibacterial agent.

It is taken in some Asian countries as a dietary supplement, which allegedly helps with stomach problems and other ailments. It is popular as a tea in Okinawa, Japan. People in Pakistan also use it as an anti-inflammatory agent, and remedy for gastrointestinal discomfort associated with irritable bowel syndrome, and other digestive disorders. In Afghanistan and North west Pakistan, turmeric is applied to a piece of burnt cloth, and placed over a wound to cleanse and stimulate recovery. Indians, in addition to its Ayurvedic properties, use turmeric in





a wide variety of skin creams that are also exported to neighboring countries. It is currently being investigated for possible benefits in Alzheimer's disease, cancer and liver disorders.

Hidradenitis Suppurativa or Acne Inversa, an incurable and debilitating disease, is also treated with tumeric standardized extract. It is unknown why it works, but people that have suffered from HS for 30-40 years have reported an almost immediate improvement after consuming 1 teaspoon in $\frac{1}{4}$ of warm water 3x a day. Within 1 week of using turmeric, these same people have reported almost a complete reduction of boils and purple scarring.

In the latter half of the 20th century, curcumin was identified as responsible for most of the biological effects of turmeric. According to a 2005 article in the Wall Street Journal, research activity into curcumin is exploding. In that year supplement sales increased 35% from 2004, and the U.S. National Institutes of Health had four clinical trials underway to study curcumin treatment for pancreatic cancer, multiple myeloma, Alzheimer's, and colorectal cancer. Curcumin also enhances the production of brain-derived neurotrophic factor, or BDNF, which supports nerve growth.

There is evidence that piperine, found in black pepper, improves the absorption of turmeric. In 1998 researchers at St. John's Medical College, Bangalore, India found that curcumin taken with 20mg of piperine increased the absorption of curcumin by 2000% with no adverse effects. This means that a low dose of curcumin (or turmeric for that matter) could have a greater effect in terms of health benefits when combined with piperine than a large dose of curcumin or turmeric would.

Dosages between half a teaspoon three times a day of a mixture of 16 parts of turmeric powder to 1 part of ground black pepper, and two teaspoons of turmeric powder and half a teaspoon of ground black pepper per day have been recommended.

Turmeric has also been demonstrated to contain curcumin, a selective monoamine oxidase inhibitor (MAOI) of type MAO-A.

Cosmetics

Turmeric is currently used in the formulation of some sunscreens. Turmeric paste is used by some Indian women to keep them free of superfluous hair. Turmeric paste is applied to bride and groom before marriage in some

parts of India, Bangladesh, and Pakistan, where it is believed turmeric gives glow to skin and keeps some harmful bacteria away from the body.

The government of Thailand is funding a project to extract and isolate tetrahydrocurcuminoids (THC) from turmeric. THCs (not to be confused with tetrahydrocannabinol, which is also known as THC) are colorless compounds that might have antioxidant and skin-lightening properties and might be used to treat skin inflammations, making these compounds useful in cosmetics formulations.

Dye

Turmeric makes a poor fabric dye as it is not very lightfast (the degree to which a dye resists fading due to light exposure). However, turmeric is commonly used to color Indian clothing, such as saris.

Gardening

Turmeric can also be used to deter ants. The exact reasons why turmeric repels ants is unknown, but anecdotal evidence suggests it works.

Ceremonial uses

Turmeric is widely used in all parts of India during wedding ceremonies.

Also, it is used in Pujas as a form of the elephant God Ganesha. It is made by mixing turmeric with water and forming it into a cone like shape.

Automotive

Turmeric is one of the main ingredients in leading radiator stop-leak sealant mixtures.

Chemistry

Turmeric contains up to 5% essential oils and up to 3% curcumin, a polyphenol.

Dr. Abhay Kumar Pati has a degree in integrated medicine. He studied both Ayurvedic and western allopathic medicine in J.B Ray State College of Ayurvedic Medicine and Hospital in Kolkata, known as Asthanaga Ayurvedic College, one of the India's oldest Ayurvedic Institutions.

He is a member of State Faculty of Ayurvedic Medicine to Govt. of West Bengal.

Dr. Pati has been living in the USA for the past 30 years, and he is the president/CEO of Best Nutrition Products Inc, California, USA. He is the author of several books, including, "vitamins & Herbal Digest", "Alternative Health Guide", "Fruits of the World", "Medicinal Plants of India". He is the Chairman of the Board for the Biotechayur Pvt Ltd, Orissa, India.



Kitchen Corner

Mango Pudding

By RANJEE NAYAK, NEWARK, CA, USA

Ingredients:

- One Evaporated milk
- One Small size Philadelphia Cheese Spread
- One Mango pulp Cane/tin
- One Whipping Cream (Small size)
- Three Knox brand unfalvored Jellotin (You can use 3 pouch out of 4 from the packet of 4)

Preparation:

- Boil 3 cup of water (in Corel cup) and bring it down from the heater.
- Mix 3 Jellotin and cool it upto room temperature (normal temp).
- In another vessle/container take all the ingredients such as Mango pulp, 1 cup sugar, Cheese, Whipping cream and mix all of them very well (you can mix it by using the grinder too).

NOTE :

Mixing these ingredients is VERY IMPORTANT.

- Keep this container in the refrigerator for about 6-8 hours.
- You are done with MANGO PUDDING. ENJOY..it.....





Kitchen Corner

Rasgolla

BY RANJEE NAYAK, NEWARK, CA, USA

Ingredients:

- 250 gram of Paneer (preferably made at home from Milk)
- 1 pinch Suji
- 2 cup sugar separately (See Method below)
- 1 pinch Elachi powder

Method of Preparation:

- If you are preparing the paneer at home then please make sure to dry it properly using a cloth. You have to put the paneer and hang on a cloth for about 1.5-2 hours to get it dry.
- Now grind the paneer in a food processor by adding 1 spoon of sugar, 1 spoon of suji, little elachi powder for about 2-3 minutes Note: If you do not have food processor you can also grind it by hand for about 10-15 minutes.
- Now prepare the golla/ball.
- In a pressure cooker take 2 cup of sugar, 4.5 cup of water and boil it. Once the water starts boiling, now put the ball/golla in the pressure cooker at a time and close the cooker lid.
- In next 15-20 minutes the pressure will come out. Now open the cooker lid and transfer the Rasgolla to another vessel without delay. Please note that the rasgolla should have enlarged in size. After a while, take one rasgolla and try to make 2 pieces and see that inside is not complete white. Because that indicates whether it has been boiled properly or not.
- ENJOY your Rasgolla.....





Kitchen Corner

Kaju Burfi (Sweet)

By KANTILATA SAHOO, CUPERTINO, CALIFORNIA

Ingredients:

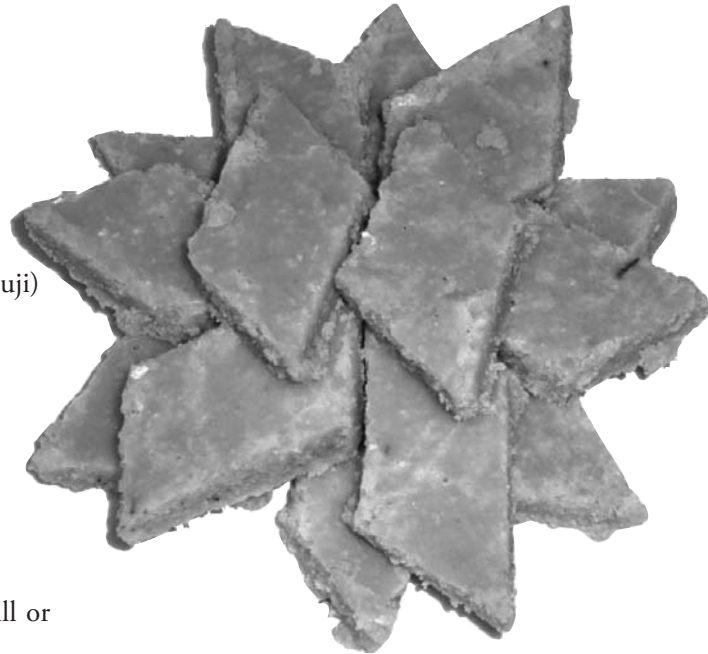
- 2 ½ cups of Cashew Powder (blend coarsely like suji)
- ¾ cup of Sugar or little bit less for your taste
- ½ cup of Water
- Silver foil for decoration on the top (optional)
- 2 tsp. Melted Butter to grease

Method:

1. Make cashew halves into powder in a coffee mill or food processor. It should not be very smooth.
2. For the sugar syrup, add sugar and water in a stainless steel frying pan. Put it on high flame on the stove and stir it continuously until it comes like a thick thread while holding on a spoon.
3. Then, add cashew powder slowly and stir it. Mix all the powder to syrup nicely and make it a ball-shaped dough. Mix it in a low flame.
4. Grease your hands with butter and also grease the plate, rolling pin and the counter saver board and the pizza cutter.
5. Roll the dough about ¼" of thickness. Place the single layer of silver foil over the rolled dough very carefully while it is still warm.
6. After 5-7 minutes, cut the Burfi into diamond shapes. Use the Pizza cutter to cut it which will give nice shapes without a mess.
7. Lift the Burfi with a cake lifter after it gets cold and then decorate it in a plate or platter.

Making Time: 30 minutes

Makes: 30-50 depending on size



Tips:

- Use air tight container to keep the sweets and which can stay fresh for about two weeks.
- Use wax paper in between layers not to stick each other
- Silver foils are available in the Indian grocery store or in back home India
- Do not put cardamom or any other essence or else the natural cashew flavor will be gone.





Best Compliments from
Sushma & Buno Pati
for
OSA Convention 2010



Best Compliments from
UMA & SHANTI MISHRA
for
OSA Convention 2010



Committees and Associated Members 2009 – 2011

Various OSA Committees constitute the real force in OSA. Committee activities are planned for effective contribution of the organization to its members and its roots. OSA cannot sustain without their volunteering support. The committee members are appointed by OSA President and elected officials to look after specific OSA programs and activities of their interest and expertise. For more on committees please refer to <http://www.orissasociety.org/osaftp01/committee.htm>.

We encourage our members to come forward, volunteer, support and help us in building this organization stronger and bigger. Please volunteer to be a member of any of the following committees if you have knowledge, skills, interest, ideas and expertise to make a lasting positive contribution. Yes, together we can make a strong and stable OSA! Currently we are looking for volunteers to serve in the credential committee and oversight committee.

Committees	Members
Advisory/OSA Management	Dr Laxmi Narayan Bhuyan Gopa Patnaik Kanan Mishra Pratap Das Nick Patnaik
Award	Manoj Mahapatra
Chapter Relations	Jogesh Panda Leena Mishra
Communication/OSAnet	Dr Gagan Panigrahi Raja Epsilon Suranjoy Das Jit Goel Anjana Chowdhury
Community Relations	Namita Das Anjana Chowdhury
Constitution	Purna Mishra Surya Misra (2008-2009)
Convention Management	Dr Purna Patnaik Dr Joy Gopal Mohanty
Documents	Sandip Dasverma Dr Priyadarsan Patra
Education/Orissa Relations	Dr Chitta Baral Dr Abani Patra Nishikant Sahoo
Events/Cultural	Lata Misra Ritu Mohapatra Ulasini Kar
Events/Cultural (Drama Festival)	Dr Brajendra Panda Dr Srigopal Mohanty Sandip Dasverma
Finance/Audit	Pitambar Sarangi Padmanava Pradhan Dhyananarjan Patnaik Sipra Raichoudhury Raj Marurveda(Accounting Srvs)
Fundraising	Mahendra Kar Tapan Padhi

Committees	Members
Historian	Dr Amiya Mohanty Dr Digambar Mishra
International Relations	Jit Goel
Legal	Sujit Mohanty
Legal (OSA Ombudsman)	Dr Harlal Choudhury Dr Jay Narayan Bhuyan
OSA Archive	Dr Kula Misra Manaranjan Patnaik Dr Lalu Mansinha
Orissa Development/NROFC	Jit Goel Sushant Routray Dhirendra Kar
OSA Outreach/Public Relations	Dr Gagan Panigrahi Rabi Tripathy Dr Sikhanda Satpathy Sabita Panigrahi Suvasri Das
OSA Standards	Dr Babru Samal Binod Nayak
Parliamentarian	Jyotsna Mishra
Planning and Coordination	Dr Sukant Mohapatra Dr Chitta R. Das Dr Ajay Mohanty
Publication	Sridhar Rana Dr Julie Acharya Ray
Security and Defense	Sradhananda Misra Saradindu Misra Devjani Misra Nick Patnaik
Web	Sarang Mahatwo
Women's Issues	Dr Jyotsna Mishra Leena Mishra
Youth	Pupun Das Soman Panigrahi Gyan Patnaik

The Treasurer Report:

After the 40th Convention in Trenton, NJ, the new Office Bearer for OSA took the responsibilities. It was passed on at the General Body Meeting at the Convention by the out going President of OSA, Mr. Pratap Das.

I received a check of \$2400.00 from Mr. Sandeep Kumar Dasverma, X-Treasurer of OSA, to open new Bank Account and a checking account was opened on 8/13/2009 at the Bank of America. Mr. Dasverma then electronically deposited another \$30,000.00 to this account that is named as The Orissa Society of the Americas. The total amount in the account then was \$32,400.00. Interestingly enough, the present account balance now in the account as per 30/05/2010 is \$32,240.24, though OSA had to pass through a phase when Lawyer's fees were paid.

The details of the account are as following:

Heading	Income	Payment
Membership Fees	\$12,922.72	
Donation for S Biswal Award	\$500.00	
Remaining Funds from Mr. Dasverma	\$40,756.04	
2009 Convention Income	\$12,878.83	
Interest earned	\$0.01	
Drama Festival Advance		\$ 1,500.00
2010 Convention Advance		\$ 6,000.00
Lawyer's Fees		\$ 26,918.12
Postal Cost for Souvenir		\$ 284.14
Initial Deposit for another Checking Account		\$ 100.00
Conversion Fees from Canadian \$ to US \$		\$ 15.10
Total	\$67,057.60	\$34,817.36
Balance		\$32,240.24

The OSA has three other accounts and the balances in the accounts as of 4/30/2010 are as following:

CD-1	\$60,522.99
CD-2	\$25,166.92
Ch. Acct.	\$127.28
Total	\$85,817.19

Here also please find the Summary of 2009 OSA Convention Income and Expense Statement;

2009 Osa Convention - Income & Expense Statement

Income	Amount	Comments	Expenses by Category	Amount	Comments
Advertisement	\$10,300		Admin	\$1,400	
Corporate Donation	\$3,130		Advertisement	\$1,603	
Individual Donation	\$38,104		Awards & Trophy	\$3,737	
Sales	\$1,335		Cultural	\$12,962	
OSA Advance	\$5,000		Entertainment	\$2,235	
Registration Fee	\$34,160		Food	\$46,523	
Membership Fee	\$3,570		Fund Raising	\$204	
Convention Fee	\$4,740		Hospitality	\$5,689	
Hotel & Conferences			\$5,107		
Insurance			\$508		
Food Charges	\$38,466		Interior Deco	\$1,359	
Currency Adjustment	(\$139)		Logistics	\$1,571	
Miscellaneous income	\$1,514		Mailing	\$293	
Printing				\$124	
Refund				\$1,081	
Registration				\$676	
Security				\$3,915	
Seminar				\$171	
Souvenir				\$10,558	
Theatre				\$23,612	
Transportation				\$125	
Video & Photography				\$2,871	
Web				\$300	
Youth				\$55	
Return Membership Fee to OSA				\$3,570	
Return of Advance by OSA (after adj of 54)				\$4,946	
Return of Convention Fee				\$4,740	
Loss/Gain		\$245			
Total Income	\$140,181		Total Expenses	\$140,181	

Amount is reduced by \$54 to be directly paid to OSA from a separate A/c

The surplus will be divided between OSA NY-NJ & OSA @122.50

OSA Will receive \$13379/- [Memb: \$3570 + Advance paid \$4946 + Conv Fee \$4740 + Gain (245/2)]

OSA NY-NJ will receive \$122.50 [Gain \$245/2]

Akhileswar Patel,
Treasurer, OSA.

OSA Administration (2009-2011)

Elected OSA Executives

President: **Dr Bigyani Das** Vice-President: **Pradeep Mohapatra**
 Secretary: **Dr Annapurna Pandey** Treasurer : **Dr Akhileswar Patel**

OSA NATIONAL STAFF MEMBERS

Position	Name	Email	Phone
President	Dr Bigyani Das	president@orissasociety.org	410-531-7445
Vice President	Pradeep Mohapatra	vicepresident@orissasociety.org	908-684-9506
Secretary	Dr Annapurna Pandey	Adpandey101@gmail.com	831-427-1232
Treasurer	Dr Akhileswar Patel	Akhileswar.Patel@gmail.com	973-517-5406
Editor-in-Chief	Sridhar Rana	sridhar_rana@yahoo.com	908-269-5264
Co-Editor	Dr Julie Acharya Ray	ankapa67@yahoo.com	807-415-9490
Web Administration	Sarang Mahatwo	m_sarang@yahoo.com	908-269-5235

MEMBERS OF EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

President	Dr Bigyani Das	president@orissasociety.org	410-531-7445
Vice President	Pradeep Mohapatra	vicepresident@orissasociety.org	908-684-9506
Secretary	Dr Annapurna Pandey	Adpandey101@gmail.com	831-427-1232
Treasurer	Dr Akhileswar Patel	Akhileswar.Patel@gmail.com	973-517-5406
Editor-in-Chief	Sridhar Rana	sridhar_rana@yahoo.com	908-269-5264
Co-Editor	Dr Julie Acharya Ray	ankapa67@yahoo.com	807-415-9490

OSA BOARD OF GOVERNORS

President	Dr Bigyani Das	president@orissasociety.org	410-531-7445
Vice President	Pradeep Mohapatra	vicepresident@orissasociety.org	908-684-9506
Secretary	Dr Annapurna Pandey	Adpandey101@gmail.com	831-427-1232
Treasurer	Dr Akhileswar Patel	Akhileswar.Patel@gmail.com	973-517-5406
Past President	Pratap Das	pratapas1@gmail.com	301-972-8059

CHAPTER PRESIDENTS/REPRESENTATIVES

Chapter Name	Chapter Head	Email	Phone
Chicago	Ashok Parida	bobparida@hotmail.com	630-851-2235
Grand Canyon Chapter (New)	Debasis Panda	dpanda@cox.net	480-963-5914
Maryland - Virginia	Anadi Naik	acnaik@aol.com	410-489-5887
Michigan	Pushpita Bhuyan (Rep)	pushpitabhuyan@gmail.com	248-528-1953
Minnesota/Northwest	Sarat Mohapatra (Rep)	saja0702@yahoo.com	651-739-0426
	Sudhir Mishra (President)	msudhir77@hotmail.com	
New England	Nishikant Sahoo	nsahoo@yahoo.com	603 888 2095
NewYork-NewJersey	Lalatendu Mohanty	lmohanty@yahoo.com	908 672 1292
Ohio	Arata Tran Rout	Arata.Rout@gmail.com	614 855 3720
Ozark (central)	Surya Misra	bablootiki@aol.com	636-273-3789
South East	Bidhu Das (Vice President)	bidhudas2003@yahoo.com	919-367-2844
Southern	Amar k. Pani	amarkpani@gmail.com	901 372-0555
South-West	Gopal Mohapatra	gkmohapatra@gmail.com	281 807 6787
Washington, DC	Sikha Sen	aryasys@yahoo.com	410-531-1943
Canada	Sabita Panigrahi	sabitapanigrahi@rogers.com	416 223-2756



OSA Election 2011

Note: OSA newsletters are published and archived in OSA webpage. Members who do not have access to OSA webpage may request a paper copy to be mailed. Requests can be made by phone call or email to any OSA administrative officials. Please refer to OSA web page at <http://www.orissasociety.org> for OSA newsletters, election announcements and all updated OSA information. OSA Election 2011 related information will be available from OSA webpage.

Election Calendar for 2011 Election

This calendar may be revised by the election committee in consultation with BOG in unforeseen circumstances. Nomination receiving deadline will be announced in OSA newsletters that will be available from OSA web. Members may contact OSA executives if they do not see election related announcements on time.

Date	As written in the constitution Activity	
7/4/2010	General Body Meeting	Election Commissioners are elected in the GBM
12/31/2010	OSA newsletter of	OSA Election announcement and call Sept.-Dec. quarter for nomination is published by this date in newsletters
12/31/2010	Dec. 31 of the year preceding the election year	Membership cut-off date for voter eligibility
1/15/2011	Jan. 15 of the election year	Secretary sends voter list to the Election Committee
3/26/2011	Fourth weekend of March	Ballots are sent to OSA members by this date
4/25/2011	4th Monday of April	Votes must be postmarked by this date to be valid
5/14/2011	Second Saturday of May	Ballot Counting and Announcement of Results
5/30/2011	May 30th of the election year	Special newsletter publication about election result

OSA Election Procedure

ARTICLE VI: ELECTION

Section 1: All life members and annual members of OSA have the right to vote and participate in the election.

Section 2: All elections are to be conducted by a secret ballot. The election procedures shall be described in the By-Laws.

Section 3: No two members of the Board of Governors at any time shall be from the same immediate family (e.g. Husband & wife, parents & children, siblings) of any Board of Governors member.

Section 4: In case, a current office bearer such as, President, Vice President, or Secretary-Treasurer, decides to run for re-election or for another position, he/she shall give up all his/her election related responsibilities as defined in the By-Laws.

BY - LAW III: ELECTION PROCEDURE

Section 1: A three member election committee with one as chairman shall be appointed by the Board of Governors and will be announced to the general body for approval by majority at the annual convention preceding the election year.

Section 2: No member of the Board of Governors is eligible to be a member of the election committee.

Section 3: The Secretary of the OSA shall prepare a list of members who have paid their dues by Dec. 31 of the year preceding the election year. This list along with the list of life members and patrons shall be submitted to the chairman of the election committee by Jan. 15 of the election year.

Section 4: Nominations for the various offices shall be invited by the election committee chairman through the OSA newsletter of September-December quarter, preceding the election year. In case of contests, the names of the candidates shall be announced in a special letter to be sent by the election committee along with the position statement of each contesting candidate.

Section 5: The Secretary of the OSA shall print and supply the ballots to the election committee. All ballots must be sequentially numbered or coded.

Section 6: The ballots shall be mailed in the fourth weekend of March of the election year. The ballot number or code must be noted against the master membership list held by the election committee. For a returned ballot to be valid, it must be postmarked by the date on or before the 4th Monday of April of the election year.

Section 7: The election committee shall open a post office box address to which the ballots shall be mailed to by the voters. The ballots shall be counted in the presence of the election committee members and the candidates or their representatives on the second Saturday of May of the election year. The results of the election shall be announced then and there with a written statement of the results sent to the President of the OSA. All the election materials must be sealed and signed by the election committee members and the candidates or their representatives, and will be preserved by the election committee chairman for a period of six months after the election.

Section 8: The President of OSA shall submit the results to the Board of Governors for approval and for a publication in a special Newsletter by May 30th of the election year.

Section 9: The election committee shall adopt prudent ways to insure the secrecy of the voting system.

Section 10: All expenses for the election shall be reimbursed by the Secretary-Treasurer of OSA upon the submission of the expense report. The committee shall caution to keep expense within the budget.

Section 11: Any charge of election irregularity or fraud shall be reported to the President and the members of the Board of Governors for resolution.



OSA Organizational Information: A Short Summary

1. OSA Registration:

OSA is registered in TN as a non-profit organization. The first filing was in 1981. After several years of inactive state, it was made active on June 22, 2009. OSA is an active TN organization.

2. Constitutional Rules:

OSA Board of Governors (BOG) has the final say on constitutional rules, by-laws and rules of business. This was according to the amendment made in July 1992 (5. Article IX: B. Replace section 4 as follows: On any question involving the constitution the By-Laws, or the Rules of Business, the decision of the Board of Governors will be final.)

3. What is OSA BOG:

OSA BOG constitutes of 4 elected OSA executives, President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and chapter presidents of 14 chapters and the past president, 19 members in total (Amendment Effective July 1, 1992 – 2. Article V)

4. OSA Communication:

OSA communications with its members are made through various ways.

- OSA web page – <http://www.orissasociety.org>
- OSA newsletter – OSA newsletters are kept in OSA web page from 2003. Members were informed about the electronic publication of its newsletters through different mediums. (check <http://www.orissasociety.org/osaftp01/publication.htm>).
- OSAnet – OSA electronic communication medium (yahoo group) established from 2007 and was approved in OSA General Body Meeting 2007. (OSA-net@yahoo.com)
- Through chapter presidents and local Oriya organizations: OSA chapters have their own electronic list and some chapters have their own web pages. In some states which do not have chapters, they have their own local Oriya group emailing.
- Through individual emailing: On many occasions OSA officials send emails to individual members by using individual email addresses.
- Through US Mail: Whenever required, OSA officials also send information through US mail
- Telephone: Sometimes, OSA officials also make one-to-one communication with members

5. OSA newsletter (more):

Before 2003, there were two issues of newsletters made (fall and spring) and sent to OSA members by US mail. These newsletters usually carried minimum information and

were usually less than 8 printed pages. From fall of 2003, the newsletters were made available from OSA web page. Members interested in OSA affairs have many avenues to get answers to their questions. OSAnet, phone, email, OSA website, mails to BOG or executives. These are regularly used by interested members.

6. OSA General Body Meeting:

OSA General Body Meeting (GBM) is held once in every year during its annual convention that is held during the first weekend of July (around July 4th).

7. OSA BOG Meetings:

In the constitution it is mandated to have two BOG meetings per year (Article V – B – ©). Because of the free conference availability, in recent years monthly, bi-monthly and emergency BOG meetings are conducted to address issues, discuss and take major decisions. These meetings are called by the President and in the absence of the President, Vice President or any official authorized by the President. Fifty percent is needed for the quorum.

8. OSA Election:

OSA elections are held once in every 2 years in an odd year. The new officers are installed in the General Body meeting of the odd year. The election process starts from the GBM of the preceding year. For example: OSA 2009 election process started from July 4th, 2008 and ended in May 2009. OSA 2011 election process will start from July 4th, 2010 and end in May 2011.

9. OSA Election Committee:

A three member election committee with one as chairman is appointed by the BOG (current BOG=Executive Committee before 1992) and is announced to the general body for approval by majority at the annual convention preceding the election year. (By-Law III: Election Procedure, Section 1)

10. OSA Official Positions:

Before 2004, there were 3 positions in OSA, President, Vice President and Secretary/Treasurer. The Secretary and Treasurer Positions were separated in 2004 according to a constitutional amendment and for the first time in 2005, elections were held for 4 positions, President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. Usually members are requested to volunteer for these positions since these are unpaid voluntary commitment for 2 years. In OSA history many times there were uncontested candidates that win by default. In OSA's 40 years of history there were maximum 2 slates of candidates with one exception in 2001 where there were 3 slates of candidates.





11. OSA Membership:

There are mainly 2 types of membership, permanent and annual. Most of the membership is family membership. In permanent category there are 3 types, life (\$300), patron (\$600) and benefactors (\$1000) and in annual category, there were 4 types, single (\$10), family (\$25), student single (\$5), and student family (\$10). One special type of membership for 5 years was introduced in 2008 (\$100). To become a member one needs to fill up a membership form and send the form with signature and the check to OSA treasurer (Amendment effective July 1, 1992: 6. By Law I: A. Section 1. Add the following at the end of paragraph: "Membership in OSA involves submission of an application for formal approval by the Executive Council.")

Annual membership dues shall be payable by July 30th of each year. (Article IV: Membership).

12. OSA Member Address and Contact Information:

Every year OSA directory is produced in the form of a book by the annual convention organizing committee. It has member contact information and in recent years member emails are also included. This is available in OSA directory unless some members intentionally want to block their phone numbers and emails for possible spam.

OSA 2007-2009 Secretary Dr Priyadarsan Patra had exceeded the expectations by creating and maintaining an online member database called DOLA (Directory of Odias Living Abroad). The DOLA system has been very effective as regards address updates by members themselves and quick reference from anywhere in the world with internet access.

There is no mandate in the constitution that OSA Election committee or OSA executives will provide the voters list, but it is traditionally done to facilitate the contests, in addition to the address book which is available to all life members. For members who register in the latest convention or thereafter, whose names and details are not in the address book, names are available in the member list and details are available in DOLA. Together, last Address Book, Member list & DOLA give all required information, to the contestants.

13. Financial Report:

OSA financial report is mandated to be presented in GBM, once in a year and needs approval by the membership. It is then published in the next issue of OSA newsletter (fall issue). (Powers and Functions of Treasurer: Amendment Effective July 1, 2004: Section 7: Item 5. The Treasurer will present the complete financial report of the past year in the Annual General Body meeting of the OSA during the convention.)

14. Unforeseen Circumstances:

For unforeseen circumstances, OSA takes advice of its BOG (Amendments Effective July 1, 1992: 5. Article IX: B. Replace section 4 as follows: On any question involving the constitution the By-Laws, or the Rules of Business, the decision of the Board of Governors will be final.)

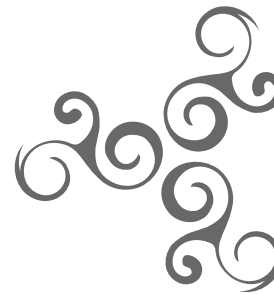
15. Quorum Consideration:

Unless a member raises "Point of Order" the quorum is accepted to conduct any meeting. Major decisions are taken by consulting BOG (Amendments Effective July 1, 1992: 5. Article IX: B. Replace section 4 as follows: On any question involving the constitution the By-Laws, or the Rules of Business, the decision of the Board of Governors will be final.)

16. Election Irregularity

Charges: Any charge of election irregularity or fraud shall be reported to the President and the members of the Executive Committee for resolution. (By-Law III: Election Procedure, Section 11 - Executive Committee = BOG according to Amendment Effective July 1, 1992, 2. Article V)

Note: Although not mentioned in the constitution, from spring 2008 OSA has hired a General Counsel Mr Sujit Mohanty, Esq. who is providing pro-bono service to OSA. OSA officials consult him in critical decision making process. OSA has also appointed an accountant Raj Maruveda in spring 2008 for its audit and tax related work.



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Dr. Abhay Kumar Pati is an ayurvedic graduate from one of India's oldest ayurvedic colleges, the J.B.Ray State College of Ayurvedic Medicine, Kolkata, also known as asthagana ayurvedic college & hospital. He has been living in the U.S. For the past 30 years. He is the President & CEO of Best Nutrition Products Inc., which has more than 50 websites. Dr. Pati has formulated more than 200 vitamins, herbal, ayurvedic protein to amino acids products for modern age lifestyle which are being sold in many parts of the world to health food outlets and supermarkets. He is also the author of books concerning nutrition, herbs and alternative health. Prevention is more practical than dealing with sickness and spending money on emergency health care. Dr. Pati states that 75% of our health problems can be prevented & treated well with nutrition, active lifestyle (yoga or physical exercise, stress management) and avoiding consuming salt, sugar, oil, fatty and greasy foods.

Dr. Pati is searching for medicinal plants from land, to sea, to deep forests and mountains across the globe.

Biotechayur is diligently searching for agricultural land for the growing of organic medicinal plants in Orissa. Contact Dr. Kumar Pati at dr.kumarpati@biotechayur.com



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