

Golden Sampark

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BASANT PANCHAMI

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Golden Sampark WISHES ALL ITS READERS A VERY HAPPY BASANT PANCHAMI



FAREWELL TO 2020

-LM/1096 Pammi Lamba
Mob: 9878405459

We were so excited
When 2020 arrived.
It seemed to be a wonderful figure
And sounded magical and nice.

Unfortunately the year had
Other plans for us.

It started with a
Pandemic
Which changed our lives
For worse.

The whole world got affected
Be it Europe or USA.
It took everyone by surprise
And got their lives astray.

It was not for a day or two
It really came to stay.
People got panicky
And left their homes in a day.
Some walked for miles
As they had lost their jobs
Their kin had nothing to eat
They feared they would die.

The lockdown came to save the people.
The masks and hand washing and sanitizer.
The children sitting online for schools
And no handshakes and party blues.

This was 2020 for us
And we were keen for it to end.
Everyone is looking forward to 21
And waiting for a miracle to happen.

May God listen to our prayers
And change all for the good.
If mankind has been doing some wrong
Put some sense in their heads.

We wish all a happy and healthy New Year
May all the tears turn into smiles.
May God forgive us for our sins,
And let 2021 bring cheer and joys

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

LM/04 Brig Keshav Chandra

Mob:7888422631



Dear Readers,

Celebrations to welcome the New Year were low-key and rather mute on the last midnight of 2020. This was no different from observation of other events and holidays during the last 11 months. Health was a major concern and the economy suffered due to the prolonged lockdown and other restrictions. The nascent year promises to be better for India with Pandemic coming under control, markets opening and the economy looking up. We begin this issue with a very perceptive poem by Mrs Pammi Lamba. As a die-hard optimist who searches for some good in the worst calamity, I am sure that some good will definitely emerge out of last year's sufferings. For one, I am looking at our customs and rituals which over the years had become opportunities to squander money in a bizarre show of one-up-man-ship. A check was imposed last year: I trust this will become the new norm.

Incidentally, some sceptics have always wondered what is there to celebrate on the first day of the Gregorian calendar. One such was poet Faiz Ahmed Faiz who wrote an oft-recited poem "*Ae Naye Saal Bata Tujhme Nayapan Kya Hai?*". YouTube link: <https://youtu.be/ysSTEnSdkUY>

Brig Harish Malhotra, my NDA batch mate who, like me, completed 85 years this month has written a very cheerful poem about how a century is within reach. AMEN! When people my age look back and ponder what life has given them, they want to thank the Benevolent and Generous Lord. They also, in the evening of their life (afternoon for Harish), look for opportunities to repay Society for whatever they were privileged to receive. So, when Sh Aneesh Bhanot, in a message on one of WhatsApp groups, intimated that Rotary Club Chandigarh Shivalik was organizing "Visually Fit", an event for the visually impaired, I promptly registered for a 1 KM walk. I knew I was capable of more but I had been out of practice for some time. On 4th January, when I started the walk, it was bright and sunny so, instead of one I completed two KM. Happy to report, I was neither tired nor out of breath when I reached home. On the contrary I had the glow of satisfaction at having participated for a good cause! There is an epilogue: Sh Bhanot rang me on the 17th January that he was sending an Amazon gift coupon to me as a Birthday Gift.

I am not sure whether readers have noticed that we have recently allocated specific page numbers for regular features. Thus the first Page(or the front cover) shows the Index; Page 3: Keshavspeak; Page 9: writing by a deceased reader; Page 14: R.I.P. and the last Page: multimedia links. Starting this month we are reserving Page 17 for "Must Read" posts which readers should be aware of. Next month we shall reserve Page 8 for hobbies. We had started with Drift Wood by Col Chandoak, then we had toiletries by Sh PPS Paul, last month we had a write-up on gardening by Sh Pradeep Chopra and a repeat this month by Smt Ira Suri.

Aaya Basant, Hua Pala Udant is a popular saying in North India. It's been bitterly cold this year and any relief will be most welcome especially for younger generations who like to go on roof tops before dawn to plan their strategies for kite warfare when, if successful, they shout "*Bo Kaataa*". For Dr Chawla, the occasion is especially memorable because he got married on Baasant Panchami in 1953. He has sung a pensive poem which he claims he wrote his first wedding anniversary because Harbans Ji was away to her *maika* in connection with a marriage. For his recitation, please click the link on Page 18. Basant in West Punjab also marked the Shahadat of Haqiqat Rai, in whose memory a street was named near our house in Lahore.

I wish all readers a Happy Basant Panchami; Valentine's Day to the young at heart. **KEEP SMILING.**

LOHRI AND THE SAGA OF DULLA BHATTI

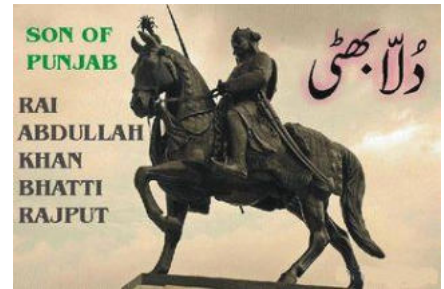


-LM/933 Tejinder Singh Kalra

MOB: 9876173490

The festival of Lohri falls on 13th January every year, the last day of the month of Poh (Paush) when it is the peak of winter. Lohri also symbolizes a prayer to Agni Devta, the god of fire, which is the spark of life. It is celebrated all over the undivided Punjab consisting of the present State of Punjab, Haryana, parts of Himachal Pradesh and the Pakistani Punjab.. The central theme of the festival is the bonfire around which people sing, dance and party remembering Dulla Bhatti,

Dulla (Rai Abdullah Khan from Village Bhattian, now in Pakistan, about 200 KM from Wagah border) was born around 1547. His father and grandfather had been got executed by Mughal Emperor, Humayun, for revolting against imposition of heavy farm taxes which they declined to pay. As Dulla grew up, he turned out to be a fierce opponent of the Mughal throne. Legend has it that during the time of Emperor Akbar, he and his companions would attack the passing convoys of the Royal durbar and of the otherwise rich people, loot their consignments and distribute the booty amongst the poor. He also developed a passion for upholding the honour of women. He became very popular, the equivalent of Robin Hood, among the common populace.



There was a Brahmin, Sunder Das, who had two beautiful daughters named Sundri & Mundri, both already engaged to be married. Once the news of their beauty spread, the local 'haakim' (ruler) planned to kidnap them. Sunder Das approached Dulla Bhatti, who, in turn, arranged the girls' early marriage in the forest area. People from the surrounding villages were invited and sacred fire arranged by collecting firewood and dry



leaves in the forest. All villagers offered some presents to the marrying couples but Dulla had only one 'seer' of "shakkar" – powdered jaggery – with him which he presented as 'shagun' while giving away Sundri & Mundri, his newly adopted daughters, in marriage. 'Shakkar' also signifies the harvesting of Rabi (winter) crop – sugarcane. That incident, inspired the famous Lohri folk song "Sundar Mundriye". https://youtu.be/j_ZgvnKzgHk

Dulla Bhatti stands for the common rich folk culture of the erstwhile (undivided, pre-Partition) Punjab. Except for the religious divide, a common socio-cultural fabric persists on both sides of the Radcliffe Line. (Lohri at Lahore <https://youtu.be/ekXjwOxIM2Y>)

Points to Ponder:

- ❖ Notwithstanding the hostility between the two countries, it would be in the interest of furtherance of Punjabiya that Lohri is celebrated jointly in commemoration to the spirit of Dulla Bhatti and gifts exchanged on 13th January at Wagha Border, like we do on Diwali and Eid.
- ❖ Somehow Lohri celebrations started getting a special prominence in the family where a male child was born during the preceding year. This discriminatory practice must be stopped and equal treatment given on the birth of a girl, too.
- ❖ Going a step further, a Dullah Bhatti award may be instituted, at least at the State level, to honour a person who has performed some commendable act to uphold the honour of a woman citizen or who has done some praiseworthy work to promote the status of women in general.

That would really be the true spirit of Lohri.

KIARA, THE BLACK BEAUTY



-LM/2336 PPS Paul

MOB: 8588830890

"Dogs come into our lives to teach us about love, they depart to teach us about loss. A new dog never replaces an old dog, it merely expands the heart. If you have loved many dogs your heart is very big."

– Erica Jong

"Madamji, jaldi aaiye. Kiara kamal wale talab mein gir gayi." My wife, Neelu, and the gardener tried to rescue her and succeeded. She was 13 years old. Later the same year, we realized that she could not hear. We consulted the veterinarian and narrated the incidents. He informed us that due to age her cataract had formed and she had become deaf. "There is no remedy; she has to live the rest of her life like this." We felt extremely bad for her.

I was then posted at Panipat and routinely travelled to Chandigarh/Mohali by car on alternate weekends to visit my aged parents. Kiara used to travel with us. Later, I shifted to Delhi but the routine continued. By then she was very old and had lost control over her bladder and bowels. One day, in the summer of 2014 when we reached Chandigarh, Kiara was quite restless. She had dull eyes, was tired and in great pain. Neelu picked her up to give her comfort. She was looking at us as if beseeching help from us. Around midnight she started bleeding. Realizing her seriousness, we called her veterinarian. He informed us that she was in her last stage. He suggested that we should wait till 6 in the morning and if there was no improvement we may have to put her to sleep. The very thought was revolting and abhorrent. She may have, even in that stupor, sensed our predicament and as a final gesture prevented from committing that sin because she passed away before dawn.

The vacuum in our lives, which was created due to the death of Kiara, deterred us from going for another pet adoption. Even after nearly 7 years we are haunted by the memory of her asking for our support and our inability to do anything but let her slip out of our hands.

Looking back nostalgically, it was 1999 when our children wanted to have a pet but my wife was not willing. My elder son, however, had a knack of getting around his Mom for anything he wanted. On this occasion, too, he finally prevailed and Kiara joined our family. She was a cute little black puppy, a German Spitz Mittel, a small, compact, long-coated dog with a typical spitzzy head and tail curled over the back. It would be wrong to say that we adopted her; it was the other way around: it was **she** who adopted **us**. We grew with her: the boys flying off to California for their higher studies and, later, jobs and I nearing my retirement. For 15 years, she gave us and our home love and protection as a veritable grandmother would, which role she assumed.



Before closing, I wish to cite some well known quotes, with which I entirely agree:

- "Dogs leave paw prints on our hearts" – *Author Unknown*
- "Dogs are not our whole life, but they make our lives whole." – *Roger Caras*
- "Sometimes losing a pet is more painful than losing a human because in the case of the pet, you were not pretending to love it." – *Amy Sedaris*
- "If there are no dogs in Heaven, then when I die I want to go where they went." – *Will Rogers*

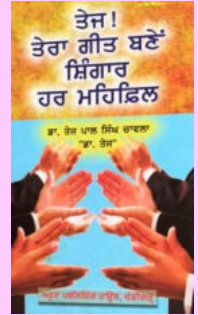
LIFE AFTER RETIREMENT



-LM/105 Dr. Tej Pal Singh Chawla
MOB: 9356666888

It's wisdom to pre-plan your life before retirement since there are instances of going into depression due to loss of authority and absence of subordinates to obey you. If your children are engaged in a flourishing business, and if circumstances allow, you can join them; otherwise you can be on your own. There are several avenues open to you to be independent especially when you belong to the unorganized sector and don't get any pension.

Retirement is a bonus period where you can hone your hobbies and also learn something new. After 50 years of flourishing practise as a Family Physician and Paediatrician at Amritsar, I shifted to Chandigarh in 1997 with my wife to join our children, both busy doctors. To start with, I joined the Computer Training Course, initiated by the Chandigarh Senior Citizens' Association in order to become well-versed in the era of Internet and digitization. If you, on the other hand, are a writer you can write your biography, short stories or a novel and if you have a flare for poetry you may compose poems. Chandigarh (UT) Language Department gives grant-in-aid of Rs. 15,000/- to the amateurs in the above streams who submit their manuscripts to the Chandigarh Sahitya Akademi. I availed of this grant for the manuscript of my Punjabi poems and got published my Book entitled "*Tej! Tera Geet Baney Shingaar Har Mehfil*".



I am happy that, at the age of nearly 93, I am pursuing my hobbies of writing and singing my poems on my keyboard and prepare videos for my YouTube Portal and Face Book Page. Before the Corona Lockdown in March 2020, I was presenting my poems in social and cultural gatherings. Now, my videos are available on GOLDEN SAMPARK.

Singing, besides imparting solace, improves the vital capacity of lungs. It is a better choice to deep breathing exercises. Moreover, improved vital capacity helps to fight Corona infection since it attacks lungs, too.

Remain both, mentally and physically active.

Among other mottos, following mottos adorned the walls of my Clinic at Amritsar. "**Brain, use it otherwise lose it**" and as regards improving physique "**Mobility is the essence of life; sitting is stagnation, degeneration and death**" Punjabi version is as under:

"ienswn, cldw rh yqW loihAw; Byt igAw qW goihAw[jy pY igAw qW moieAw"

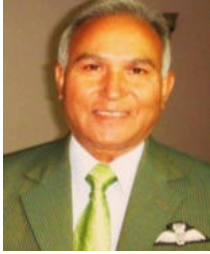
On the Academic front, I completed Post-Graduate Diploma in Family Medicine, which is equivalent to MD, of Royal College of Family Physicians London. I was selected the **Founder Fellow** of IMA College of General Practitioners by the IMA Headquarters "**in recognition of Professional and Academic Excellence**". I also had the rare honour of receiving the "**Living Legend Award**" twice: one, for my academic achievements and two, for my community services after retirement.

In the Cultural stream, I joined a correspondence course in **Gurmat Sangeet** initiated by the Punjabi University Patiala at the age of 72 years in order to learn the nuances of the *sangeet* since the Gurbani hymns are based on **Shastriya Sangeet**.

As regards physique, you should sit smart, stand smart, walk smart and even bathe smart. This mode of lifestyle is an exercise by itself. Walking is the easiest and most inexpensive mode of exercise. If space in the house permits, you can walk briskly with a sturdy walking stick or with a wheeled-walker. If your cardiac status allows, you can do spot running to improve your stamina and tone of leg muscles, by holding onto a slab. You can also go to your neighbourhood park with an escort.

Last but not the least, harmony and concord within the family and also with friends boosts up your mental health and immunity, so keep smiling and be happy to prolong your life span.

GOSSIPITIS



-LM/1955 Wg Cdr Dr TL Bhardwaj
MOB; 9417166318

For many of us, Corona is not as sordid as how to pass time. Living in a limited area with practically no social gatherings, senior citizens get a feeling of loneliness. May I say we all are missing gossiping? Gossiping is a common attribute because we, all of us, are so much interested in talking about one another. How wonderful would it be if, instead of dwelling upon their faults and criticizing them, we said kind things and praised the virtues of people we know! But it seems many people get wicked pleasure in discussing the weaknesses or unfortunate aspects of other people's character.

In medical terminology, this malady may well be named '**GOSSIPITIS**', a contagious disease spreading to infect a whole community sooner than later. At epidemic stage it usually amounts to a community scandal. A startling bit of unexpected news is heard; we run to phone our next door neighbour who helps in relaying thoughtlessly, possibly not getting into just and straight facts. With every relay the story is, unintentionally, modified until it becomes thoroughly distorted and becomes a 'technicolour' movie.

'Gossipitis' is most commonly in the mind of someone who has developed a dislike for another, or who thinks he has been injured by another and means to get even. But, for the poor fellow who has made a serious mistake and needs help, such a story of his failure may blast all hopes of recovering the esteem of his friends. Usually there is a misgiving angle to every tale about another which, if known, would change the whole judgment of the public in regard to the person or people involved. As a senior, I believe that 'he' is not my friend who will either permit my name to be rudely handled in his presence, or so handle it himself; and if he repeats gossip while disbelieving it himself, then he is ten times my enemy

Let us look at an example. A church pastor wanted to screen some educational films to young people and needed to go, with an agent, to the theater office to make a selection. Some persons saw him entering the theater and spread the story that the pastor regularly goes to film shows. Luckily he could make a public explanation to stop the gossip.

To create gossip is slanderous, leading to binocular rivalry. A gossip monger generally has lesser social power, insidious and sparingly liked for his stinging habit. We all know that a gossipier delights in inappropriate topics of conversation and has nothing else to do except rumour-mongering and tattling. On the higher scale, or with similar groups, he can be a blackmailer. At workplaces gossiping is taken as illegal, unethical, immoral leading to divisive behavior and attrition to a person being talked about.

A gossipier approached Socrates to tell what his minister said about him. Socrates gave him three filter tests: Are you sure that you heard about what you intend to say is said by the minister? Are you sure what you are going to say is good, kind and beneficial? Hearing no as answer, Socrates applied a third filter: If what you want to tell me is neither true and heard by you nor good, kind nor useful for me, then why tell me or anyone? If the minister has anything to tell me, he can tell me directly. This way, wise Socrates gave a lesson on dealing with a gossipier without any spill over.

If a gossipier happens to be a responsible person, a good friend and information-sharer who employs gossiping as a social skill, applying three-filter test may help to some extent. The same may, however, not work in electioneering where propaganda of lies leaves no room for testing.

GARDENING - A GREAT HOBBY



-Smt Ira Suri (Mohali)

MOB: 9814704005

The glory of gardening: Hands in the Dirt; Head in the Sun and Heart with Nature. To nurture a garden is to feed not just for the body but the soul as well.

I think gardening is the best of all hobbies which one can follow with a lot of amusement and benefit to health. I grow plants for the joy in seeing them grow.

I have laid a small garden in front of my house. Sweet fragrance of flowers of different hues sweetens my mind. It brings me close to nature and I feel lost, like Wordsworth, in the beauty of blooms and blossoms around me. A thrilling peace of joy comes in my mind along with pride in the creative labour.

Often I long for my long-awaited wish that someday I will be in the Valley of Flowers all alone in the beauty, fragrance and softness of flowers with just my canvas, brushes and paints; I, partly, fulfil my desire by being in my garden. There is always music amongst trees and plants in the garden and to hear them our hearts must be quiet. This little garden is a place where I find peace and happiness. It has also a great teacher: it has taught me patience, careful watchfulness and trust

Because it is a great way to blow off fatigue, stress and depressed thoughts, gardening acts as therapy when I am upset and just need to chill out from a stressful day. No fruit or vegetable ever tastes better than those you've grown with your own hands.

The picture below gives a glimpse of the flowers in my little garden. Can you name them?



SEAMLESS COLLAGE BY COL NITIN CHANDRA (RETD)

PLAYING WITH PEBBLES



LM/58 (Late)Justice Surinder Singh (Retd)

- ❖ Be a little child and you will laugh through life.
- ❖ When you enter the life of love, do not look back.
- ❖ Love is the supreme bliss. Those who do not love are in perpetual misery.
- ❖ Love is a burning fire. Think before you leap into it.
- ❖ Face the sun while walking and you will not see your shadow.
- ❖ The secret of happiness is to become pliant.
- ❖ Where the sword fails, love wins. You will kill your enemy with kindness.
- ❖ Depression is nothing but the non-acceptance of the reality of life.
- ❖ If you keep your balance, you will not fall.
- ❖ Be a drop to swim with the river and you will surely reach the ocean.
- ❖ Do not look for miracles. The greatest miracle is that we are alive this moment.
- ❖ Silence is the language of God. If you want to talk to Him, keep silent.
- ❖ All of us can be angels, if only we could keep the devil away.
- ❖ Money is food for the body; love is food for the soul. Make your choice.
- ❖ Silence is impenetrable weapon of Defence against the outburst of a fool.
- ❖ Peace is nothing but a state of complete desirelessness. When you desire you are restless.
- ❖ Argument is the easiest way to lose a friend.
- ❖ Let you mind die and you will live forever.
- ❖ In the forest of life, if you are faced with a lion, just stand still and it will pass by you.
- ❖ Relinquish your possessions and you will become rich.
- ❖ Do not obey all your senses. You may be disillusioned.
- ❖ You can enjoy being alone, if there is no conflict within you.

(Late Justice Surinder Singh (Retd) was a respected judge and a prolific writer. He was also the first Chairman of Chandigarh Senior Citizens' Association. His thoughts have been extracted from his book "Playing With Pebbles".)

MIRZA GHALIB – Humour and Mirth

-LM/2084 RK Taneja
Mob: 9814128466



We all know Mirza Ghalib for his immortal Diwane-e-Ghalib. Some of his Ghazals (love - poems) are epitome of popular adoration. There are couplets which are quoted by the scholarly as well the common man with equal felicity as they echo their problems, and aspirations in their day-to-day life. Not many people are aware of his great mastery over humour, wit and a kind of savoir faire which add spice to his ever delicious writings. Such content lightens the atmosphere and relieves the burdensome poetic analogies.

There are numerous anecdotes from his life and his letters to friends which are treasures of nuanced and subtle sense of humour. Here are a few examples:

Once two close friends, Hafiz Daud and Kanwar Ibrahim, paid a surprise visit to Mirza in his house. They found him coming out of the lavatory with an empty wine bottle in his hand and asked if his habit of drinking had become so much of an evil that he had to carry whiskey even to the toilet. Mirza replied was totally unruffled and, instead, advised them to swear (*tauba*) to seek God's pardon because how can one ever think of taking such a spiritual drink to a place like a toilet.

Mir Mehdi Majrooh, another friend, on entering Mirza's house found him lying on the bed and groaning with pain. Mir Mehdi started massaging his feet to relieve the pain. Mirza was, however, upset and said that since Mehdi was a 'sayyad' it was a sin to get such labour from him. Mehdi thereupon suggested a way out: that he would charge some wages to be paid for the service rendered. To this Mirza agreed. After the job of foot massage was over Mehdi, out of jestfully asked for the wages. Mirza Ghalib replied with a straight face, "*Bhai, kaun sa daam? Tum ne mere paon dabaye mein-ne tumhare daam dabayae, hisaab braabar.*" (You pressed my feet (held my feet), I held your wages so we are quits.)



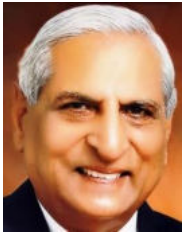
Once after the month of Ramzan was over Bahadur Shah Zafar asked Mirza Ghjlib: Mirza, how many rozas (fasts) have you observed, Mirza replied, "Your Majesty, *Eik nahin rakha*" (not kept one).

One day Mirza did not get his serving of alcohol. He, therefore, went to a nearby Masjid to offer namaaz. In the meantime one of his disciples came to his house and knew that Mirza had failed to get the much needed cup of wine. He, thereupon, took a bottle of wine to the Masjid and showed it to Mirza. Mirza prepared to come out after doing the ablutions only. Someone asked him if he would not offer prayers, to which he replied that he had already been provided that for which he had come to offer prayers.

After the mutiny of 1857, Mirza Ghalib was also asked to appear before Col Brown by way explaining his conduct. At this time Mirza was wearing uncommon cap (Kullah) and he cut a strange personality in this headgear. On seeing him Col Brown asked if Mirza was a Musalman, Mirza gave a very cool answer, "Sir, I am a half Musalman." Col Brown got surprised and questioned, "How come you are an *adha* Musalman?" To this Mirza replied, "I partake of alcohol but I do not charge interest from anybody". Both drinking and lending for interest are sins in Islam. So he was half observing the tenets of his religion.

"varaq tamam hua aur madh baaqi hai - safina chahiye is bahar-e- be karan ke liye"

MY ADVENTURE IN LADAKH



-LM/343 Brig HC Malhotra

MOB: 9417222009

Pangong Tso (Pangong Lake, 14300 above MSL) has lately been in the news because of Chinese incursions into Indian territory. The incident I am going to relate, however, goes back almost 55 years and the adversary, instead of the Chinese, was 'General Winter'.

In 1966, while posted at Brigade HQ at Darbuk, I had to undertake a day's journey to Pangong Tso. My team consisted of another officer and the driver of the Army jeep. Unlike the present there was no motorable road; the make shift path in the valley dominated by high mountains on which our vehicle moved towards Pangong was full of pits and holes as well as strewn with small and big rocks and boulders. Moreover it had to cross 17,600 ft high Chang La Pass. Accordingly, it took us over 5 hours to cover a distance of approximately 100 KM (now travelled in about 2 hours, thanks to Border Roads Organization.



Road Darbuk – Pangong Tso (in 1966)

After completing official work we just couldn't resist spending an hour at the magnificent 700 Square KM Pangong Lake, which had Chinese Armed forces on the other side. By the time we started our return journey towards Darbuk, it was already dark and cold. In view of the treacherous road path and inclement weather, the Indian Army commander in that area advised us to spend the night in their location and move back next morning. However, in view of engagements at Darbuk, I decided to go ahead with the return journey.

We had moved about half the way when we faced very high velocity and extremely chilly winds lashing at our semi-covered jeep. To top it, after sometime the axle of our vehicle also broke and we were now stuck in the valley, unable to move either way.

It was terribly cold and the three of us, two officers and a jawan, were all hugging each other for warmth since the winter clothing we were wearing was not enough for the kind of cold storm we were facing. The (Army) Signals telephone line running along the route came to our rescue in this emergency but after immense struggle to climb up the pole to connect our telephone to the running telephone line because even the telephone line pole was freezing cold and difficult to touch. After considerable effort, we were able to pass a message for help to our HQ in Darbuk.



Chang La, Today

The assistance arrived after 3 hours in the shape of a relief vehicle, blankets and food and water (No, not rum!). We reached back early next morning, shaken but in high Indian Army spirits, ready for another assignment.

सुनहरी यादें, वाह सुनहरी यादें!

50 साल में कितने बदल गए हम

-LM/1968 Col Jaspal S Chandoak (Retd)

MOB: 9872851651



तब चटक और फुर्तीले थे, अब तो है उम्र का तकाज़ा |
चेहरे के नाक नक्श वही, पर उम्र छुपाने से नहीं छुपती ||

लक्षण और आदतें तो नहीं बदलीं, पर शरीर तो सच बदल गया |
तब तो सच में जवान थे, अब जवान लगने के लिए मदद ली तो क्या हुआ ||

तब लंबी दौड़ में क्या जोश था, अब Jogging कर लें तो गनीमत है |
क्या आंखें थी, पढ़ते बहुत थे उपाधि के लिए, अब Cataract का गम और चश्मा तेरी ही मेहरबानी ||

तब ऊंची उपाधि योग्यता की फिक्र थी, अब बच्चों के बच्चों को पढ़ाने का और ही मज़ा |
तब कॉफी पीते थे, ताकि और पढ़ ले, हाय राम ! अब काफी पी तो थोड़ी नींद है उससे भी गए ||

तब शायद कभी डॉक्टर के पास जाते थे, अब हर महीने केमिस्ट से 250 ग्राम का तोहफ़ा |
खाने-पीने की किसे परवाह थी, अब चीनी खाओ तो Diabetes का डर,
नमक खाओ तो B.P. का चक्कर ||

क्या मजा था तब यूं ही slim थे, अब योगा करके slim होने के सपने |
सुनहरी यादें, वाह सुनहरी यादें, पुरानी यादें, प्यारी यादें ||

यादें सदा अमर रह जाती हैं, बस छोटी छोटी बातें रह जाती हैं |
नयी यादें बनाओ: नगद धन खो सकता है, मूल्यवान वस्तु चोरी हो सकती है,
जयदाद का झगड़ा पड़ सकता है, परंतु यादें दिल के लॉकर में सुरक्षित हैं ||

इसलिए सदा प्यारी यादें बनाओ, इन्हें कोई भी नहीं ले सकता |
अरे छोड़ो कल की बातें: खाओ-पियो, खुश रहो, मगन रहो,
“चंडोक” कहे “सीनियर सिटिज़न जीवन” के मस्त मज़े लो ||
सुनहरी यादें, वाह सुनहरी यादें!

YOUR BOUNTIES/ बंधन



-LM/564 Harbir K Singh
MOB: 9814177542

YOUR BOUNTIES

God! I have been
Thinking of my life,
I felt there was
Not much to count for.

You had taken more
Than what you gave me.
You had taken him
Away from me.
With three little kids
Left me to struggle.
No one to share
Loneliness of my heart,
No one to feel my joys and sorrows,
No want to think
About my need and desires,
The harsh realities
Of the world were too much.

Am I being ungrateful,
For taking out my heart?
I asked myself.
Then I started counting
My blessings.
I counted and wrote
Pages filled.
Your bounties were unlimited.
My head bowed,
My heart calm,
My eyes moist with tears,
I kneeled and thanked.



बंधन

उन बंधनों से दूर भाग रही थी,
जो अपने ना थे।
जो बंधन बाद में दुःख दें
मन की पीड़ा बढ़ा दें,
उनसे दूर जाना चाहती थी।
बन्धन चाहे मन के हों
भावों के हों, या शरीर के
दुःख तो देंगे ही।
वो तो पल भर के हैं,
ज़िंदगी नहीं बन सकते।

कोशिश कर रही थी कि
उस राह पर ना चलूँ
जहां पर कोई अपना हो,
उस बंधन से दूर जाऊँ
जो बाँध दे.

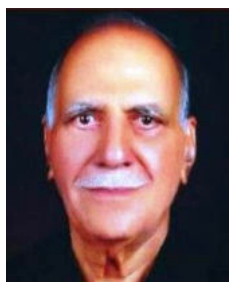
पल भर की राहत के लिए
क्यों मोल लूँ
दिल की पीड़ा को।
एक छोटी सी इच्छा के लिए
मन की अशांति, झोली में क्यों डालूँ
यह सब जानते हुए भी
हाथ बढ़ रहे हैं, पाँव मुद रहे हैं,
उस तरफ, दिल
सपने बन रहा है,
केवल सपने.

बढ़ते हुए हाथ रोकना चाहती हूँ,
मुड़ते पाँव पलटना चाहती हूँ,
सपनों को टूटने से बचाना चाहती हूँ,
पता नहीं कोई समझ पायेगा
इस दुविधा को, इस बेचैनी को?

R.I.P.



LM/1070 FLT LT MS GILL
#1310, SECT 34 C, CHD
28 JAN 1926-09 SEP 2020



SH. RAM SARUP TIWARI
#2797, SEC 37 C, CHD
10 MAR 1934-28 DEC 2020



SH. DEV RAJ SHARMA
#306, SEC 35 A, CHD
22 APR 1944-01 JAN 2021



LM/370 SH. AMAR RAJINDER SINGH
#1186, SEC 15 B, CHD
22 NOV 1933-17 JAN 2021



LM/1861 SH. OPINDER SINGH BEDI
#767, SEC 8 B, CHD
23 FEB 1943- 18 JAN 2021



SMT. RADHA CHOPRA
#129, SEC 17, PKL
28 DEC 1932-27 JAN 2021



MAY THEIR SOULS REST IN PEACE

जगत जननी



-LM/1047 Kamla Mirchandani
Mob:9888423934

क्या हुआ तुम औरत हो?
हो तो जगत जननी।

जन्म देती हो देश के जवानों को,
भारत मां के रखवालों को,
देश के दुलारों को,
जनता के प्यारों को,
बड़े-बड़े नेताओं को,
शूरवीर योद्धाओं को,
कुर्सी के मतवालों को,
कुर्सी के रखवालों को,
भारत मां की आंखों के तारों को।

क्या हुआ तुम औरत हो?
हो तो जगत जननी।

तुम ईश्वर की श्रेष्ठ कृति हो,
सूर्य की स्वर्णिम किरण हो,
धरती मां की तरह सहनशील हो,
हिमालय की तरह ऊंचाइयों को
छूने वाली सशक्त नारी हो,
सागर की तरह अथाह गहरी व
गुणों का भंडार हो,
अनंत में मिलने वाली नदी की
निर्मल धारा हो,
अंग्रेजों के छक्के छुड़ा देने वाली
वीरांगना लक्ष्मीबाई हो,
त्याग व सयंम की मूर्ति।

सीता सावित्री हो
समाज से लड़ने वाली व
संविधान में संशोधन कराने वाली
निर्भय व लक्ष्मी अग्रवाल हो,
दुर्गा मां का स्वरूप हो
सशक्त शक्ति का स्रोत हो,

क्या हुआ तुम औरत हो?
हो तो जगत जननी।
हो तो जगत जननी।

वेदों ने तेरा व्याख्यान किया,
शास्त्रों ने तेरा सम्मान किया,
यज्ञशाला में नर से पहले नारी को स्थान
दिया,
लक्ष्मीनारायण, सीताराम राधेश्याम
कहकर तेरा गुणगान किया,
नारी से ही संसार बना,
नारी से घर परिवार बना,
नारी से बने सारे रिश्ते,
वरना दादी नानी, बुआ, चाची ताई
कहां से आते?

रथ के दो पहिए हो तुम,
एक दूसरे के बिना अधूरे हो तुम,
औरत है जननी तेरी,
इसका कर सम्मान,
सारा संसार कहता है, इसे महान्।

औरत को कलंकित करने वाले,
औरत से बलात्कार करने वाले,
औरत को पैर की जूती समझने वाले,
औरत का बाजार करने वाले,
अपने वजूद को पहचान,
औरत के बिना तू है शून्य समान,
आज की औरत नहीं है कल के समान,
हर क्षेत्र में है उसकी पहचान,
सारी दुनिया में है उसका नाम,
क्योंकि औरत है ही महान,
तू भी कर उसका सम्मान।

ए औरत! ए औरत!
तू जगत जननी ही नहीं,
तू है, तू है, शक्ति का भंडार,
सारा संसार करता है
तुझे प्रणाम,
क्योंकि तुम हो
भारत माता की
आन, बान, शान।
जानती हो क्यों?
जानती हो क्यों?

क्योंकि, तुम हो
जगत जननी।
क्योंकि, तुम हो
जगत जननी।

WITCH OR BEWITCHING



LM/2014 NKShrivastav

MOB: 9041013963

Numerous stories exist of witchcraft practised in Europe a few centuries ago. Terms like 'confession', 'crucible' (a pot to melt metals and humans) and deaths due to 'crushing' by stone, were in common use, for those found indulging in witchcraft. The term 'Bewitching' meant to cast a spell on someone. Halloween stories tell that a witch casts a spell over someone to control them through bewitching. The word 'vampires' also got associated for the same. In India, too, 'Chudail' (चुड़ैल) referred to a person who lured young men and 'Dayan' (डायन) was alleged to practise black magic (काला जादू). They would be shunned by normal Society as paranormal beings, ready to cast a spell and turn into a cannibal later.

Modern parlance has changed the negative perspective of the witch: a bewitching woman is considered seductively attractive, having enormous male affinity and alluringly charming. A bewitching smile or bewitching eyes are taken as a compliment by females. Men are moonstruck, enchanted, bedazzled, captivated, fascinated or delighted to meet a bewitching woman. This must have been the case earlier, too, but many innocent young girls were crucified, burnt or crushed for practising witchcraft for no fault of theirs.

Powerful persons or groups of jealous women, bent upon creating obstacles in a young woman's aspirations would indulge in mudslinging and, later, label her as a "Witch" who was into witch craft. And many innocent young women had their fates sealed. The story continues, albeit differently, in contemporary society. It is not beauty alone but talent, skills, knowledge and wisdom of young aspiring women which are suppressed, first by the family, then by the partner and, in career, by the associates and seniors.

Let's not label young women as witches for their charm, beauty, talent or wisdom. They need their space in society. ***Let's not be the killers of their bewitching innocence, talent and aspirations.***

Amen !

Must Read

TELECONSULTATION

To simplify consultation by a doctor, Union Ministry of Health and Family Welfare, has launched the National Tele-consultation Service, especially for senior citizens and patients suffering from disabilities or chronic diseases like high blood pressure and diabetes who do not have time or resources to rush to the hospital OPD for minor ailments like headaches, physical pain, toothache etc. (For details of the scheme, please visit: <https://www.eSanjeevaniopd.in> OR <https://play.google.com/store/apps/details?id=in.hied.esanjeevaniopd>)

Processes involved in the scheme are: Patient Registration, Token Generation, Queue Management, Audio-Video Consultation with a Doctor, ePrescription, SMS/Email Notifications. The scheme is serviced by State's Doctors and is a **FREE** service.

eSanjeevaniOPD is a web-application, however, its development has been based on responsive web design approach. It is possible to use eSanjeevaniopd on large screen tablets and smartphones but for a smooth full-motion video consultation experience, internet speed of at least 1Mbps is recommended.

The service is available every day from 10.00 AM to 3.00 PM, including Sunday but please check for your location.

PLEASE TAKE ADVANTAGE AND FORWARD IT TO ALL SENIOR CITIZENS AND CARE-GIVERS

एक और नया मसीहा



-LM/1046 RK Malhotra

Mob: 8360838170

दिलाऊंगा
दलितों पीड़ितों को इन्साफ
और करूंगा सबका उत्थान !

सुनकर ये आह्वावन
झूम उठा संसार और
चल दिया उन्माद में
पीछे पीछे उसके !

देख कर ये अथाह भीड़,
दहल उठे सत्तासीन
और करके सिंहासन खाली
हो लिये इक ओर !

अब उत्साह और उमंग में
सौंप दी सत्ता की बागडोर जनता ने
इन्ही के हाथों में
इक नये विश्वास के
साथ !

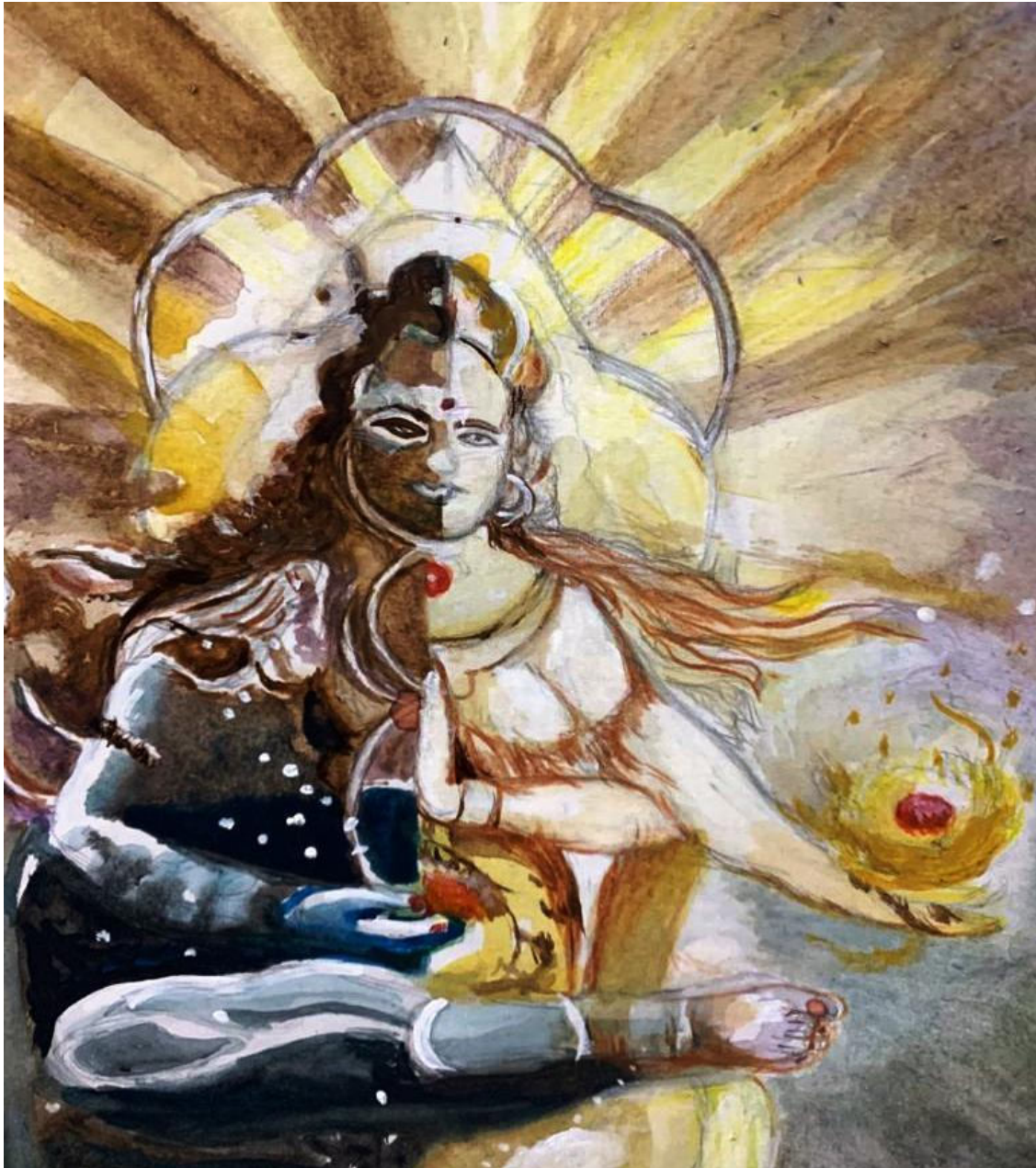
परन्तु समय की तो
अपनी ही गति होती है
और होते हैं
नियम सत्ता के बड़े ही
कठोर और क्रूर !

जितनी आशाएं बंधाई थी इन्होंने,
उससे भी कहीं ज्यादा
बांध ली आम जन ने अपने ही आप !

परिणाम ?
कहीं न कहीं तो दरार पड़नी थी,
कभी न कभी तो विश्वास दरकना था,
क्योंकी हर एक दुःखी था
अपनी ही समस्याओं का
निदान पाने को !

जल्दी ही बदल गया
जन आक्रोश
विद्रोह के प्रचण्ड प्रवाह में
और छिटक गई
सारी रक्षा पंक्ति
और छिन्न भिन्न हो कर ढह गया
सारा साम्राज्य जैसे
महल हो ताश के पत्तों का !

अब फिर से सुनाई देने लगी
आहट
एक और नये मसीहा
के आगमन की !



ARDHNARISHWAR

OIL ON CANVAS BY LM/1490 SMT VINOD KAPOOR

MULTIMEDIA LINKS

Sh.Tarun Kumar (Bengaluru). *Teri Duniya Men Jeene Se...* <https://youtu.be/b7zTELu3cJw>
 LM/1932 Sh. Jai Kiran Walia (Harmonica). *Lakhon Hai Nigahon Men...* <https://youtu.be/w5I7A65cL-8>
 Smt. Pammi Dhillon (Mohali). *Song Medley.* https://youtu.be/X5RloXcL_o0
 LM/2282 Smt. Nimmi Vashisht. *Mannatan.* https://youtu.be/UzPBHbXwQ_A
 Sh. Sirish Sagar (NOIDA). *Tu Kahe Agar...* <https://youtu.be/12UA85QFKak>
 LM/2282 Smt. Niimi Vashisht. *Chann Di Sair.* https://youtu.be/QuBI_OU5bNc
 LM/105 Dr. TPS Chawla. *Aayi Basant Panchami.* <https://youtu.be/4WNEkJOnpxw>
 LM/1273 Sh. SP Malhotra. *Na Tum Hamen Jaano.* <https://youtu.be/m5m3ohXsKP4>
 LM/2073-74 Sh. Vinay & Smt. Geeta Goyal (Video). *Aa Ab Laut Chalen...* <https://youtu.be/tpUOAUJjKdg>