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**শ্রী শ্রী দুর্গা পূজার সময় নির্ঘন্ট, ১৪২৩**  
**Sree Sree Durga Puja Schedule, 2016**

**Venue:** Hindu Temple, 999 St. Anne's Road, Win-  
 nipeg, Manitoba, R2N 4G5

Date in Bangla	Date	Time & Events
২১শে আশ্বিন, ১৪২৩ (শুক্রবার)	October 7, 2016 (Friday)	Durga Sasthi @7PM (ষষ্ঠী পূজা সন্ধ্যা ৭ ঘটিকায়)
২২শে আশ্বিন, ১৪২৩ (শনিবার)	October 8, 2016 (Saturday)	Maha Saptami @10AM -10PM (মহা সপ্তমী পূজা, সকাল ১০ঘটিকা হইতে রাত ১০ ঘটিকা পর্যন্ত)
২৩শে আশ্বিন, ১৪২৩ (রবিবার)	October 9, 2016 (Sunday)	Maha Astami & Sandhi Puja @10AM -10PM (মহা অষ্টমী পূজা ও সন্ধি পূজা, সকাল ১০ঘটিকা হইতে রাত ১০ ঘটিকা পর্যন্ত)
২৪শে আশ্বিন, ১৪২৩ (সোমবার)	October 10, 2016 (Monday)	Maha Navami @10AM -10PM (Havan from 3 pm ) (মহা নবমী পূজা, সকাল ১০ঘটিকা হইতে রাত ১০ ঘটিকা পর্যন্ত, যজ্ঞ)
২৫শে আশ্বিন, ১৪২৩ (মঙ্গলবার)	October 11, 2016 (Tuesday)	BUOYA Dashami @11AM (বিজয়া দশমী পূজা সকাল ১১ ঘটিকায়)
২৯শে আশ্বিন, ১৪১৩ (শনিবার)	October 15, 2016 (Saturday)	KOJAGORI LAKSHMI Puja @ 7:30PM (কুজাগরী লক্ষ্মীপূজা সন্ধ্যা সাত্রে সাত ঘটিকায়)

## Bichitra Executive Committee 2016-2017



Asit Dey:  
President



Pijush Majumder:  
Vice President



Bhaskar Saha:  
Ex-President



Shapath Bhatta:  
General Secretary



Jayant Debnath:  
Treasurer



Triparna Lahari:  
Cultural Secretary



Biswajit Chaudhuri:  
Publication Secretary



Purna Satpathy:  
Food Secretary



Joykrishna Sarkar:  
Member at Large



Neil Ghosh:  
Member at Large



## **Message from the Executive Committee**

The Bitchitra Executive Committee would like to welcome you all that have come to worship Ma Durga and take part in the celebration of Durga Puja. We extend our sincere greetings and best wishes to all the members and friends of Bichitra and to all the guests participating **in this year's festivities. Of all the puja's we observe**, this is the one most closest to our hearts. This year marks the 37<sup>th</sup> year of Durga Puja festivities in Winnipeg.

Despite our very busy schedules and hectic lives many of us lead, Winnipeg remains one of the very few places in North America where we still manage to strictly follow the customary rituals and proper timings of Durga Puja as they do in India. This is a testament of our dedication. Your generous contributions, continuous support, and active participation have made this all possible for the last 36 years.

On this occasion, we sincerely thank all the members of Bichitra and of the Durga Puja Committee for their hard work and help in making the 2016 Durga Puja celebrations a reality, and thank the most dedicated editor, all the contributors and advertisers for making the publication of Agomoni a success.

\*\*\*

## **Durga Puja Committee 2016**

**Chairperson:** Dr. Mitali Banik

**Priest:** Pandit Venkata Machiraju

**Puja Arrangements:** Manju Roy, Anita Pandey, Mimi Saha, Lipi Deb, Ratna Banik, Sayani Roy, Shatabdi Banik, Karabi Roy Chowdhury, Arpita Majumdar, Prachi Dey, Shilalipi Debnath, Mousumi Bhatta

**Cultural Programs and Entertainment:** Triparna Lahari, Krishna Bal

**Puja Bhog:** Anita Pandey, Shruti Mukherji, Srabani Das, Debjani Sarkar, Lipi Deb, Ratna Banik, Nilima Das, Prachi Dey

**Puja Collections:** Bhaskar Saha, Asit Dey, Pijush Majumdar, Purna Satpathy, Jayanta Debnath, Shapath Bhatta, Shovan Dutta, Biswajit Chaudhuri, Joy Krishna Sarkar, Neil Ghosh

**Pandal Design and Preparation:** Mrityika Deb, Ranjan Saha, Apurba Deb, Ayan Mukerji, Sayani Roy, Suman Sarkar, Ratri Sarkar, Rajib Banik, Moinak Deb, Antar Banik, Lipi Deb, Surjya Banik, Trisha Banik, Upama Banik, Ayan Banik, Dip Das, Arindam Sarkar, Sandeep Sarkar and Gurjit Chhina.

**Pandal Set Up:** Ranjan Saha, Apurba Deb, Ayan Mukerji, Suman Sarkar, Antar Banik, Rajib Banik, Bhaskar Saha, Pijush Majumdar, Purna Satpathy, Hrishikesh Banik, Biswajit Chaudhuri, Surjya Banik, Shapath Bhatta, Joy Krishna Sarkar, Jayanta Debnath, Abhijit Chaudhuri, Subir Roy Chowdhury

**Food Committee:** Executive Committee Members of Bichitra



## Message from Durga Puja Chairperson



Respected Devotees and Members:

Namaskar! It has been a great pleasure for me this year to work closely with you all in organizing the Durga Puja on behalf of BICHITRA at 999 Ste. Annes Hindu Temple, Winnipeg. It is an arduous job indeed. I want to pay my gratitude and tribute to all the volunteers, BICHITRA executive committee, donors, temple authority, priest, writers, cultural program performers, devotees from Winnipeg and other cities, and well-wishers, who concertedly made this happen in a brilliant way.

Lucidly, as per Hindu mythology, Mahisashura, the king of demons, took over the stage of world affairs and righteousness by his brutal might, incredible devastating wrath, and unruly subjugation. All votaries of virtue and righteousness on heaven and earth were disintegrated and exhausted to the extent that hardly any hope of revival was left. A feminine form Goddess Durga emerged from the collective energy of all Gods as an embodiment of Shakti- so radiantly glaring with infinite power that illuminated the heaven. The beautiful Goddess Durga, bejewelled and equipped with the fearsome weaponry of Gods defeated Mohishashura. Mother Durga thus protects her devotees and epitomises the victory **of humanity over the evil. Taking the ethical point, let's seek blessings to Mother Durga so we can annihilate all evil intentions from our thoughts and actions, raise our morals to higher levels of consciousness, and purify ourselves to serve humanity and nation.**

For the Bengalees all over the world, this festival fetches blessed time to rejoice in the glories of Ma Durga with family, friends, acquaintances, and loved ones for everlasting happiness. Please enjoy these few days together and socialise with community to make this **event glowing in memory. Let's pray together- 'Yaa Devi Sarvabhuteshu Matrirupen Sansthitha....Nomostoishoi Namoh'**. Let the festive spirit embrace you and your dear ones with immense divine power, courage, wealth and spirit. My heartfelt prayer '**Sarba Mangala Mangalle**'- prosperity and happiness for you for all the time to come. I cordially wish you a shining success at the end of all your pursuits in the most truthful way for every dream you desire. Once again, sincere thanks to those who worked relentlessly to make this puja a grand success.

Sincerely

**Dr. Mitali Banik**

Chairperson (Durga Puja Committee, 2016)

## Message from Janice Luke - Acting Deputy Mayor of Winnipeg



Acting Deputy Mayor Janice Lukes

City Councillor - South Winnipeg - St. Norbert Ward

Chairperson - Standing Policy Committee on Infrastructure Renewal and Public Works

October 3, 2016

Bichitra, Bengali Association of Manitoba

May this durga puja bring much happiness to you!

Warm wishes!

Sincerely,

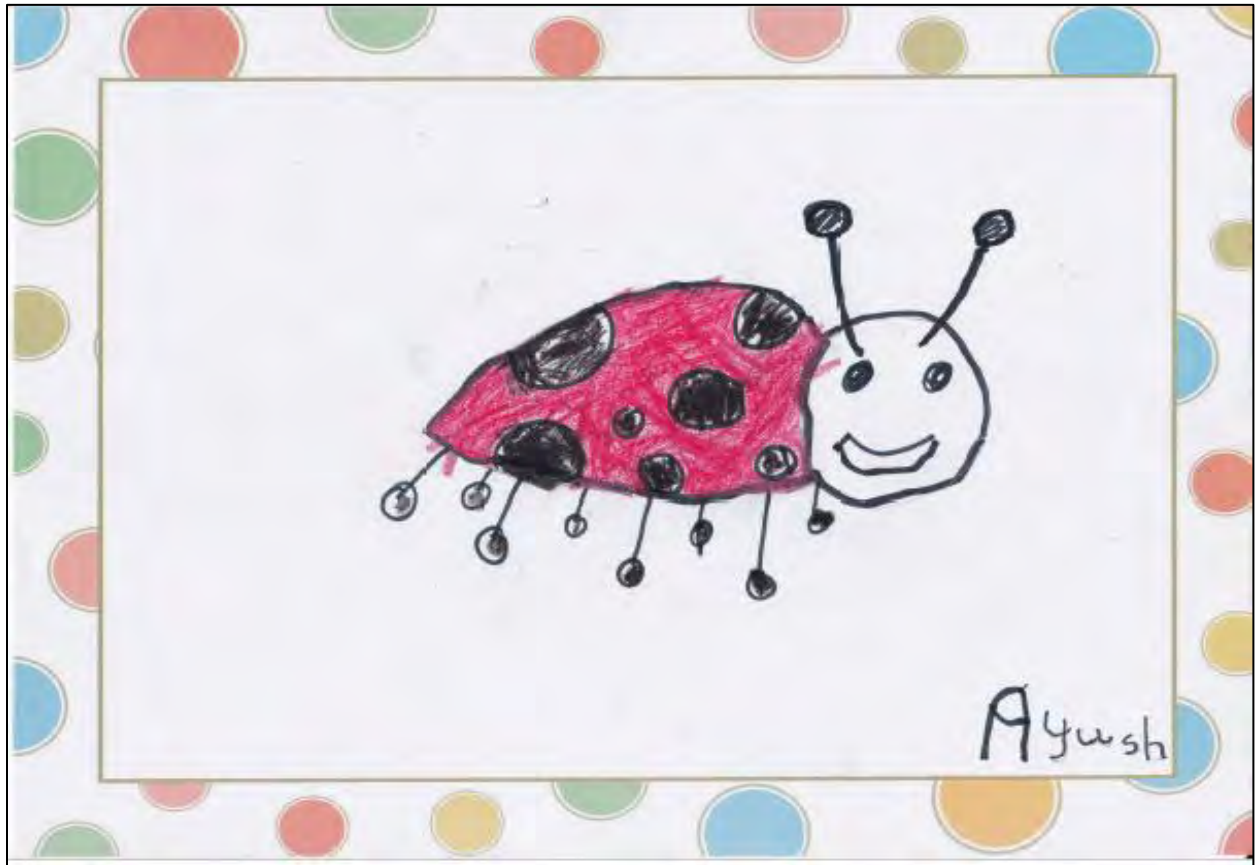
City Councillor Janice Lukes, South Winnipeg-St. Norbert Ward  
Chair, Infrastructure Renewal and Public Works

En: 204.986-6824 Fax: 204.986-3723 jluke@winnipeg.ca

Council Building 310 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 1B9



## Paintings



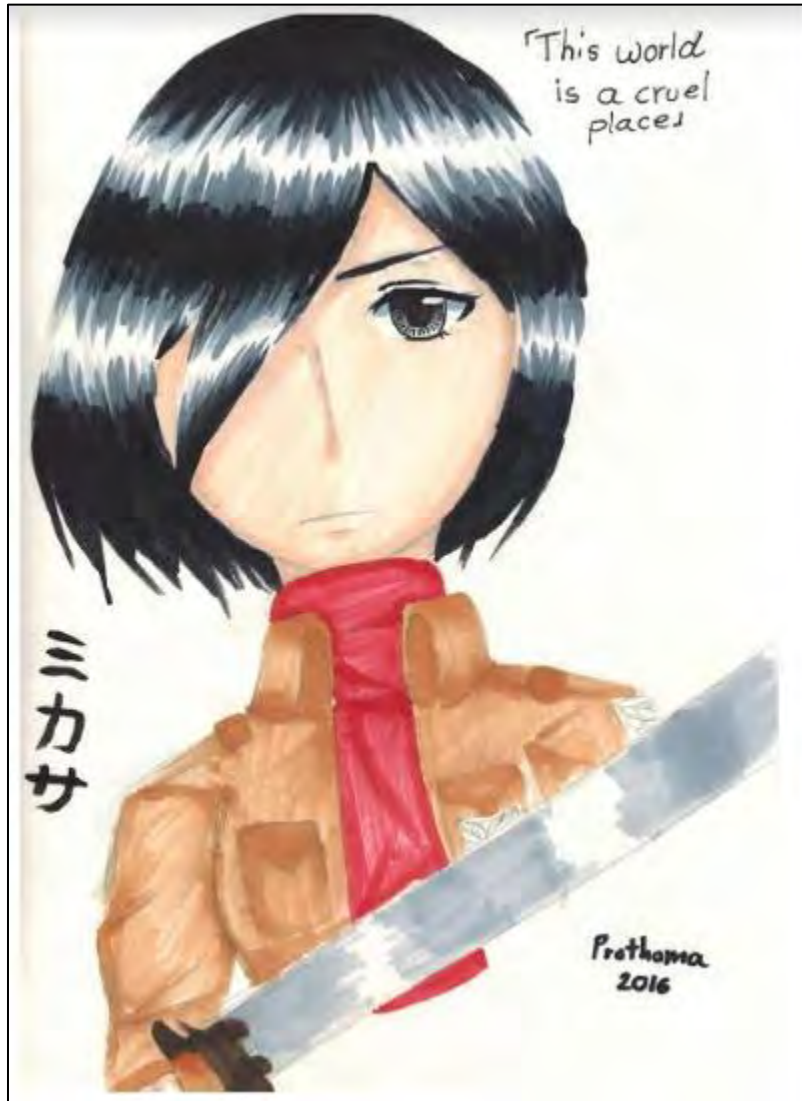
Ayush Majumdar



Ayush Majumdar



Prothoma Bhatta



Prothoma Bhatta





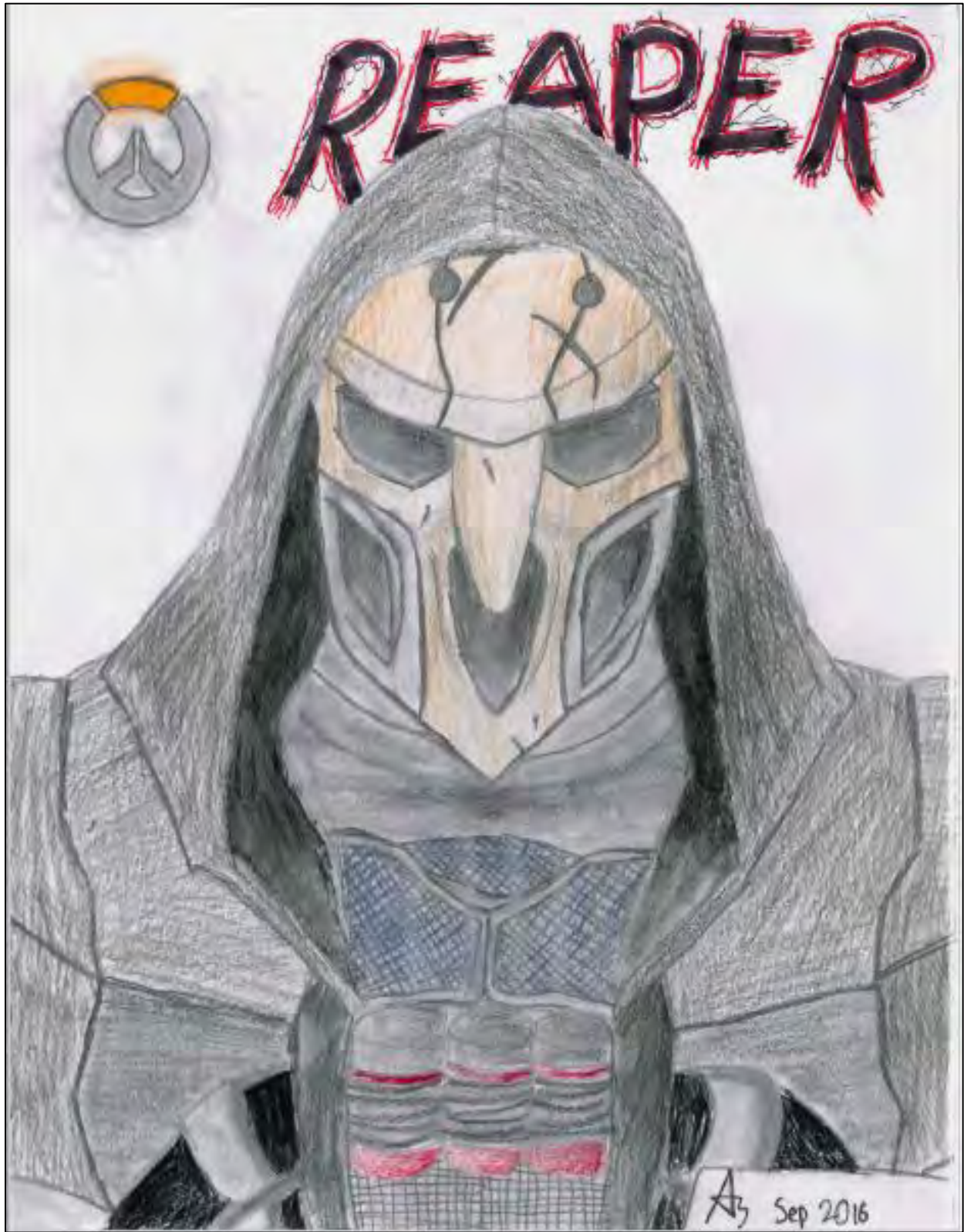
**Chitrangada**

Chitrangada Chaudhuri



Chitrangada Chaudhuri





Aninda Saha



Mimi Saha





Anna Das



Urbi Biswas Sarkar



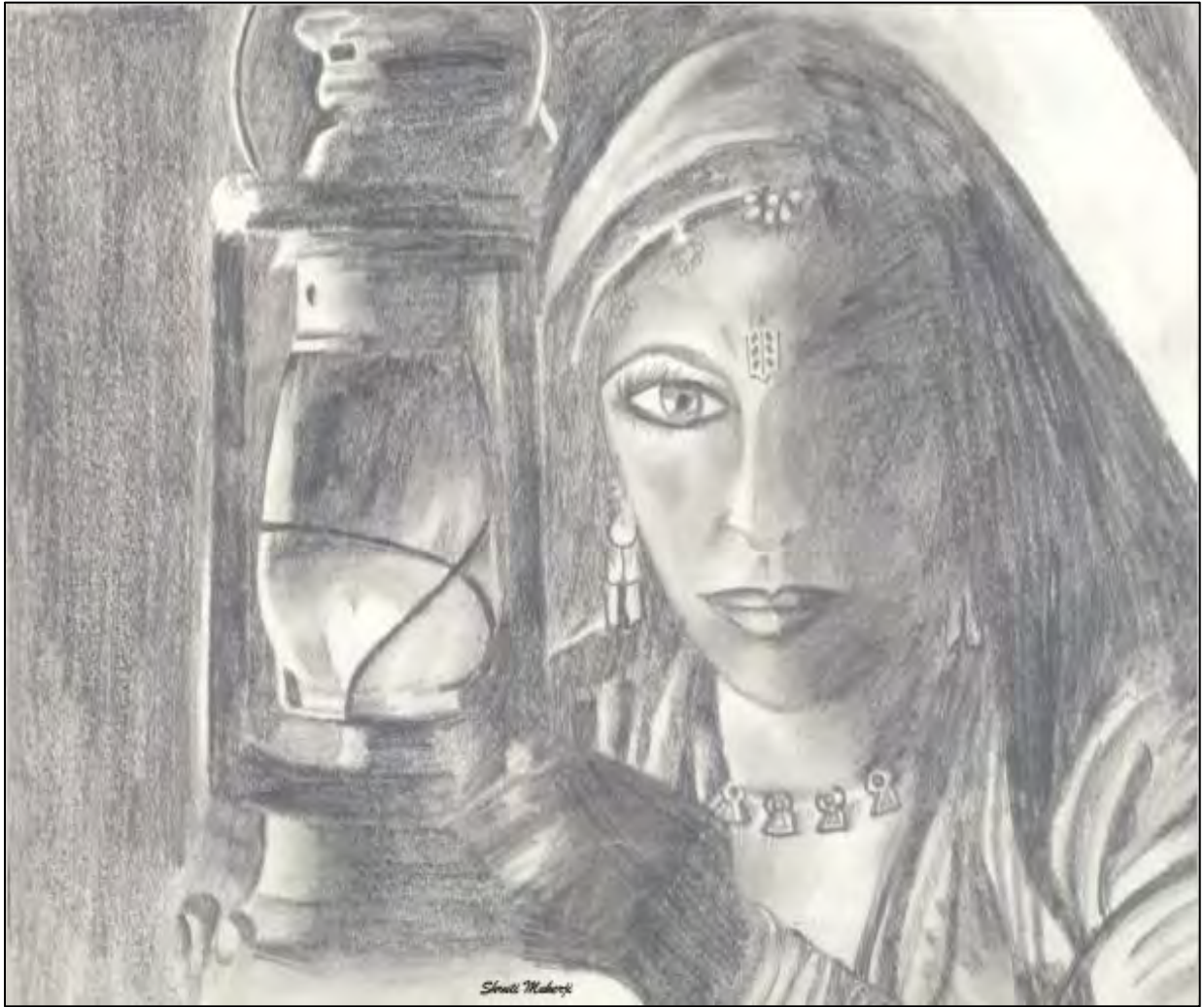
Ayshani Mukerji





Ayshani Mukerji





Shruti Mukerji



Shruti Mukerji





Shruti Mukerji



Joshita Sarkar





Pranjai Ghosh Bhowmick



Pranjai Ghosh Bhowmick



Mrinmoy Debnath

## **Poems**

### **Our Canada**

Prothoma Bhatta

Canada is a full of nature with love and fervor  
Wild animals and a white snowy glacier  
Warm summer with abundant of fun  
Before you know it, our summers will be done  
Colorful leafs and lovely flowers  
Your eyes will be filled with beauty for hours  
Our glorious maple syrup and pancakes  
We are also famous for cheesecakes and cupcakes  
Come to Canada to visit lots of beautiful places  
Meet new people and friendly faces  
Canada is the best country in the world by millennial ranking  
You will be amazed by ours kindness of dancing.



## আমার দেশ

### শপথ ভট্ট

" সুজলা-সুফলা-শস্য-শ্যমলা

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পদ্মা, মেঘনা, যমুনা আর শীতলক্ষ্যার দেশ

যেখানে মাটিতে অকপটে হয় ফসলের উন্মেষ

সবুজ ছায়া, গোধূলী'র মায়া নেই হিংসা ও দ্বেষ

যেখানে মানুষ শত দুঃখেও হাসতে যে পারে বেশ

স্বপ্ন দিয়ে শুরু যে দেশে স্বপ্ন দিয়েই শেষ

স্বপ্ন দিয়েই গড়া সে আমার সোনার বাংলাদেশ! "

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## সাধারণ

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আমি অতি সাধারণ জন  
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আছে মোর ভয় ডর লাজ  
রোগ শোক আছে, আছে ক্ষুধা মোর  
প্রেম প্রীতি বন্ধনডোর।

ওগো পুরজন পরিজন  
ভালবাসা চায় এই মন  
মায়াভরা জগৎ জীবন  
সে যে সত্য, সে মোর সাধন।

দেবতা হবার নাহি সাধ  
ছিঁড়ে বন্ধন ভাঙি বাঁধ  
এ প্রাণে করবো আবাদ  
জীবনের লব আশ্বাদ।

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## কানাডার গ্রীষ্মকাল

অশোক মুখোপাধ্যায় (দিল্লী)

এসো এসো গ্রীষ্মঋতু - তোমায় করি বরণ ,  
তুমি এসে সবার প্রাণে জাগাও আশার কিরণ ॥  
বিষম শীত পার করে তবেই আসো তুমি,  
তোমার আশায় কাটে দিন - এলে তোমায় চুমি ॥

নীল আকাশে সাদা মেঘের হবে আনাগোনা ,  
তাপমাত্রা বাড়বে এবার , সেটাও মোদের জানা ॥  
শুকনো ঘাস সবুজ হয়ে উঠবে তাড়াতাড়ি,  
সবুজ পাতায় গাছের ডাল সজীব হবে ভারি ॥  
রং-বেরং এর ফুটবে ফুল , ফল ধরবে গাছে,  
আনন্দেতে মাতবে সবাই তোমায় পেয়ে কাছে ॥

শীতের কাপড় রইলো তোলা, কয়েক মাসের ছুটি ,  
সবাই মিলে আনন্দেতে করছে হুটোপুটি ॥  
লেখাপড়া বন্ধ এখন , শুধুই মজা করা ,  
এইতো সময় বেড়াবার, খুশীর আমেজ ভরা ॥  
দিনযে এখন অনেক বড় , ভালো লাগে তায় ,  
বাইরে ঘুরতে বাধা নেই , আনন্দ তাই হয় ॥

সেপ্টেম্বর এলে পরে মনটা খারাপ লাগে ,  
গ্রীষ্মঋতুর বিদায় কালে মনে ব্যথা জাগে ॥  
"গরম" তোমায় ভালবাসি , আবার এসো শীঘ্র,  
তোমাকে যে কাছে পেতে, আমরা সবাই ব্যাগ্র ॥

## Articles

### The Zamindar

Kamal De (forwarded by Devjani Chaudhuri)

**This is a story I was told by my didima (mother's mother), the best story-teller I knew as a child.** She believed it was a true story which spoke of things that had happened a long while ago; possibly, I conjecture, towards the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> century.

Tucked away in a corner of the then vast province of Bengal, there was this small zamindari, of modest size and income, inherited by a young and energetic zamindar, who ran it efficiently and with foresight. For those not altogether familiar with what a zamindar was in Bengal under British rule, it is just as well to explain that literally the "zamindar" was a "land-holder". He was not the owner of the land, but one who undertook to collect rent, that is, land revenue from the tenant farmers of a designated area from year to year on behalf of the sovereign power, a portion of which he was allowed to retain for his own use. The land over which he had been given the right to collect land revenue was his "zamindari". At the end of the year, specifically by sunset of the last day of the financial year, the zamindar had to deliver the promised revenue to the government coffers. Failure to do so resulted in drastic action by the government. For then, to recover the default the land in question was auctioned off by way of "revenue sale".

However, the zamindar of this story ran his estate with care. He was strict about collecting rent, but fair in his dealings. He kept a close watch on expenses, both personal and of the estate. Consequently, at the end of the year he was always able to meet his dues to the government, on the dot.

The zamindar with his family led a happy life, with little to worry about. Living on their estate in the countryside, away from the bustle of townships suited them. There was, one point of worry for them, though, in those times. The government's control over law and order was weak, especially in the countryside. Bands of armed robbers (dacoits), perhaps members of some erstwhile private armies, roamed here and there with impunity, striking



where they saw fit to plunder both rich and poor. Sometimes they were even bold enough to send word in advance to intended victims of substance, notifying the date when they would visit him and the amount of cash and valuables they would expect to be kept ready for collection. It saved them the exertion of having to search for the loot and overcome any incidental resistance.

So came by an unfortunate day when the zamindar received the chilling message from a gang of raiders, known for their greed and ruthlessness that his turn had arrived. Everyone on the estate was dismayed, but not overly so the zamindar! He was a sensible man and saw it would be futile to resist. His armed retainers, though good enough for coercing tenants who defaulted in rent, would be no match for the lusty brigands who now threatened an onslaught. He opted for a more peaceable approach and planned for a friendly reception for the robbers.

When the gang arrived, led by their fearsome sirdar, they were welcomed with folded hands by the zamindar himself, flanked by his staff and attendants. They were courteously ushered into a decorated marquee and treated to a sumptuous meal. As they partook of the choicest food and drank the best liquors, they were entertained with music and by gyrating dancing girls. It was as if a dignitary of highest rank had come on a formal visit.

At the end of a long and, at least for the dacoits, a very pleasant evening, came the high point of the agenda. As courtesy demanded, the zamindar enquired of the sirdar whether all had gone well so far, and on receiving his firm nod of approval, withdrew to his inner chambers for a while. When he returned, it was along with his youngest son, a toddler, dressed all in silk. The child using both hands was carrying a large silver thali (platter) on which was displayed a heap of gold mohurs! Well-rehearsed, the little boy moved step by step up to the sirdar, and then modestly kneeling before him proffered it to the sirdar, in the process almost toppling over with its weight.

It was then, that a miracle happened!

The boy looked so cherubic and the sirdar was so full of good food and drinks, that his heart melted and a wealth of uncharacteristic generosity welled up in him. Smiling benevolently, the sirdar accepted the thali, cast a long look at dazzling heap of gold, and then leaning

over, he handed it back to the child! Among the many of the zamindar's family and neighbours who were watching the proceedings from the sidelines, there was moment of shocked silence, and then a bursting of joyful acclamation as the significance of what had happened sank in. For as most people knew the tradition, that there could no greater sign of favour bestowed by Laxmi, the goddess of wealth and prosperity than if dacoits were moved freely to return the loot to their victim.

In due course, the dacoits took their leave amid hearty cheering and expressions of goodwill. The sirdar promised the zamindar immunity from future visitations by the gang and all over the zamindari there was rejoicing lasting several days to celebrate the good fortune that goddess Laxmi had so kindly showered on the zamindar and his people!

**The gold declined by the robbers was not returned to the zamindar's treasury. As was only** considered only fitting, it was melted down and made into a sizable golden statuette of the goddess Luxmi, which from then on replaced the clay model in the assembly of Durga and **her family at the annual celebration of Durga Puja of the zamindar's family, in which** all his people were invited to join in to enjoy the entertainment offered and share in the feasting.

Of course, at the end of the pujas, which carried on for five days, and just before the concluding ceremony of immersion, the golden Laxmi was retrieved for safe keeping, while the rest of the images were consigned to the swift current of the river that skirted the zamindari.

As for the zamindari itself, inspired the good omen the zamindar, supported by his people, took to running it with added zeal. He started acquiring fresh holdings at every opportunity, and year by year saw his estate grow, until in a few short years, it rivalled the largest and most prosperous one in the region.

**And so it should have continued "happily ever after" for** the zamindar and his family; but, alas, prosperity attracts peril. With the passing of years, vices slowly crept in, and what was even worse, a laxity in administration. The zamindar, and by now the sizable body of hangers-on he had gathered around him, gave themselves to drinks and to gambling and other luxuries (which my grandmother did not elaborate). Worst of all, to labour the point a trifle, collection of rent from the tenant farmers was neglected, and the accounts of the

estate failed to be properly scrutinized. In consequence, the finances of the zamindari started going downhill.

Nevertheless, for a time, life went on in the zamindari according to tradition, and every year, as usual, Durga Puja was celebrated with éclat.

Then came round a fateful year, when, as it happened, the celebrations were more than usually prolonged and boisterous. By the time the procession was to start to carry the images to the riverside for immersion, most of the assembled gentry with the zamindar were in an advanced state of drunkenness. Led by Zamindar, as was customary, they proceeded tottering, and loudly raising slogans to extol the greatness and munificence of the goddess Mother Durga. With the momentum of drunken enthusiasm propelling them, the procession quickly reached the riverside and immersion was accomplished in record time.

It was only thereafter, that it was realized that the golden Laxmi had not been kept back before immersion. It had been cast into the river along with rest of images, and was now lost!

In a trice all jollity vanished. Much more than the loss of the precious metal, the zamindar and his people took it as a clear, unmistakable sign that they had lost what was far more valuable, the favour of Luxmi, and that the goddess of wealth and prosperity had abandoned them! In the pall of the gloomy time that ensued, the zamindar lost confidence in himself, in his ability to run the estate successfully, and started taking bad decisions. Soon, he seemed to have lost his nerve and was almost paralyzed into inaction. The management of the zamindari seemed to be coming to a grinding halt.

Then at the very next year-end, the zamindari failed to meet its revenue demand. It was put on the block and auctioned off!

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## Every Ending Has a New Beginning

Sayani Roy

I woke up from the bed in the mid of the night and was panting. The visions of the nightmare reflected on me and made me worried. I could recall that Kingshuk and I were running and some hooligans were following us from behind and continuously shooting bullets at us. It was late at night and the streets were deserted. A few bullets injured us, but we somehow escaped death. This run and chase continued and suddenly one of the bullets hit us and we both fell on the ground and passed away. At home, our daughter Sriya got the news of our death and started sobbing continuously. The images of the dream were so clear and disturbing that I almost had my heart on my mouth. I had a strong feeling that something was wrong back home.

It was twilight on Mahalaya and there was still time for sunrise. The sky was slightly illuminated. This was the time, which marks the advent of Goddess Durga on earth, the very time for which Bengalis all over the world wait for. I tried to close my eyes and get some rest. However, the disturbing images of the dream kept haunting me.

I tried to divert my mind and think about Mahalaya. It was the season that I mostly enjoyed, when the autumn sky was covered with fragmented white clouds, when Kolkata **rejoiced in a festive mood and when we used to wake up to Birendra Krishna Bhadra's recitation of Chandi Path in All India Radio. We listened to agomoni songs like 'Bajlo tomar aalor Benu' and 'Jaago Maa Durga'. It was the time when Maa Durga was coming to earth to give us strength to eradicate evil and bless us.** I was missing my hometown, Kolkata.

I slowly got up and went to the drawing room. I switched on the laptop and listened to the same Chandi Path with headphone so that I do not wake up my family, who were still fast asleep. Later, I carried on my household chores and went to work. However, the feeling of **uneasiness didn't leave me throughout the day. At night, I called to each and every one** in my family to ask about their well-being and was shocked to hear about Koushik, my brother-in-law and Supti, my sister-in-law's **(brother in law's wife) sudden death in a car accident.** For few moments, my husband and I were speechless.

The past year had taken quite a toll on our family and the same time flashed before our eyes. My husband, Kingshuk had three siblings, one elder brother (Koushik) and two younger sisters (Karabi and Kaaya). We stayed in California, Karabi and Kaaya were well settled in their married life and had no interest in any of the ancestral property including our ancestral home. Dada (Koushik) and Didi (Supti) had tricked us, forged our signatures and sold our ancestral home for money. Later, we rushed to Kolkata and somehow managed to buy our home back in return for more money. This incident had caused a lot of tiff between the family members and everyone refrained from talking with Dada or Didi. Shubham, their son, was mentally disturbed as he missed our ancestral home and it seemed to him that he had lost contact with all his paternal cousins and old neighbourhood friends. So, they had sent him off to a boarding school. In the meantime, one fine day, I received a call on my landline.

On the other side, a meek voice said, 'Kakima, please don't keep the phone. I don't understand what Baba and Maa are up to. They said that everyone is miffed with us and warned me not to call anyone. But, I really miss you all and miss our home.' It was Shubham on the line.

I replied, "Shubho, listen, **please calm down. Don't worry. Everything will be fine. So, where are you staying now?**"

He immediately responded, "I am staying in hostel. Where else would I be? I don't like to stay in the new flat. I don't have any friends there."

I asked him, "Why did you then agree with Dada and Didi's decision to sell the house?" Shubham retorted back, saying, "I don't know if you will believe me, Kakima. I did not have an inclination that Maa or Baba are thinking of selling the house. Once, they casually asked me **if I would want to get admitted to Calcutta Boys. I said that it's a very good school. But,** the teachers in my current school are good, too. Then, suddenly, we all came to stay in Mamabari during Christmas. On New Year, we returned to a new flat instead of our house. I was shell shocked and revolted. But, it was late as our house was already sold. So, finally, I got shifted to a boarding school."

**I didn't know what to say as I could empathize with him. I slowly said, "I will talk with Dada and Didi. Don't worry. I will call you and you can also call us whenever you feel like."**  
**In return, Shubham said, "Thanks, Kakima. But, please don't mention to Baba or Maa that I called you."** I nodded and said that, "No, I **won't** tell them". Shubham kept the phone.

Several months later, Koushik Dada and Supti Didi realized their mistake, took the initiative to organize the upcoming Durga puja at our ancestral home and called all the family members. However, no one agreed to be a part of the celebration as they were deeply hurt by the incident.

I had spent a lot of time with Shubham, when he was a kid, and I was also deeply saddened to see him suffer. I decided to forgive Koushik Dada and Didi to mend our relationship with them and prevent our family from falling apart. Although my husband, Koushik was initially hesitant, yet he later understood my point of view. So, a few weeks back, we called Dada, talked with them, agreed to go home for Durga Puja and also to convince others to come. They were relieved to hear about it. In the meantime, we (me and my husband) talked with Karabi (sister-in-law) and Kaaya (sister-in-law) and tried to convince them to come home for the puja. Although they did not agree to mend their relationship with Dada and Didi, they agreed to come home during the puja.

However, all our hurt, angst, pain and sentiment had no meaning anymore, as Dada and Didi were no more. All our feelings seemed transient to our love for them. Often, we become so engrossed in our personal grievances that we tend to hold back grudges and focus on it rather than our love for the person. It is the same time that our ego takes over us, families fall apart and kids do suffer for their parent's misdeeds. Kingshuk and I were grief-stricken, tears rolled down our eyes and we realized how much we loved them and how great a loss it was for the family despite their mistake and hurt. We were not able to come to terms with the fact that we cannot see them alive. This incident strengthened my faith in the belief that forgiveness is the key to a united family. We purchased flight tickets to Kolkata for our daughter, Sriya and us and asked our family members to keep the dead bodies and wait for us for the funeral.

We flew down to Kolkata. As we walked out of the Airport on Chaturthi night and got into the car with Kaaya, the city looked resplendent in dazzling lights and large advertisement hoardings. I could feel an air of happiness everywhere except **inside myself. 'Our puja or life**

will never be the same without Dada or Didi's presence', I whispered in my mind. The funeral was held the next day.

We were unable to welcome Maa Durga on our ancestral house, as we were depressed and also restricted by religion. We all got together on our house on MahaShashti and reminisced the memories of Dada and Didi. Kaaya and Karabi were cursing themselves as they gave more importance to their feeling of angst and resentment than their love. Sometimes tears gave away **Shubham's feelings or sometimes silence was conveying his pain and helplessness**. I could not imagine what he was going through after lighting the funeral pyre of his dead parents at 13 years of age. I insisted him to stay back with us during the puja although he wanted to return back to hostel. We almost stayed awake throughout the night and only slept towards early morning.

On MahaShaptmi, we woke up with the sound of Dhak. However, when I looked around the house, I found that everyone was crying and depressed. Shubham had transformed from a happy go lucky person to a silent teenager, who was lost in his own world. To divert **everyone's focus, I decided to take everyone out and insisted everyone to get ready to join me for visiting the nearby pujo pandal. I went to Shubham and said, "Why are you standing alone at this corner? Come on, let us all go."**

Shubham slowly replied, "I know that you care for me a lot, Kakima. I am not feeling like to go anywhere. None of the pishis are talking with me beyond a few words. I just came here for the funeral."

I placed my hand above Shubham's head and said, "You come with me, Shubho. We are here with you. Your aunties are in the state of shock for your parent's death. They will be fine with time."

I walked up to Kaaya and Karabi and said, "I know that you are feeling a strong sense of guilt for not talking with Dada and Didi on the last few days. But, please try to talk with Shubham as he had become so silent and depressed. I am really worried for him."

They both kept silent for a few seconds. Then, Kaaya looked at Shubham from a distance and said, "You are right, Didi. We will talk with him. I didn't notice his condition as I myself am not able to console myself." Karabi also nodded her head in support.

I also asked my daughter, Sriya to always be by Shubham's side. MahaShaptami, MahaAshtami and MahaNabami passed and we all prayed to Maa Durga for Dada and Didi and also to give us strength to face the hard time. It was evening on VijayaDashami and we all went to witness the VijayaDashami celebration at our neighborhood club. During the celebration, as the club members were pulling down the idol, Shubham could no longer hold back his tears. We all saw him standing at the corner, murmuring something in his mind and crying. Everyone rushed to him and tried to console him. I was relieved to see Kaaya and Karabi hug Shubham. After returning back home, they talked with Shubham for hours continuously as if there was no gap in their relationship. To me, it seemed as if Maa Durga had bid farewell to us and had united back our family.

I remember Kaaya telling me that night; "Didi, I felt so helpless myself as I saw Shubho in that condition."

I also agreed with her and responded, "I also share the same feeling. And I also think that we should bring Shubham home so that he don't feel lonely and can concentrate better on his studies. What do you think?"

After hearing this, Kaaya slowly said, "Yes that will be very good. I want to take him along with me. But, I am not sure how my family will react to it."

I riposted, "I can understand. We will try to talk with Shubham and take him to California in a few years. In the meantime, we will all support him mentally."

That night my faith in the below saying, grew stronger: "There is no forgiveness without love and there is no love without forgiveness."

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## **MY DAD A GENIUS UNSUNG**

Dr. KAMAL MALAKER

It was in January 1901 he was born in the village of Manora close to Tangail city in British Bengal presidency, which covered present West Bengal, Bangladesh, Orissa, Assam, Bihar, Burma and all eastern frontier states. In those days Mymensing was the biggest district of India, in regards to area, population and productivity, of which his village was a part.

Teachers knew him as a bright and sporty fellow, while not studying, he would be hiding somewhere smoking cigarette or Bidi. A habit he nursed throughout his life until his death in 1977. His family was successful jewelers and traders; scholarly education was not a priority amongst his clan.

Yet he managed to bag the highest marks in Matriculation examination in the entire district of Mymensing and secured a scholarship to study I.Sc and then MB (MBBS) at Carmichael Medical College (R.G.Kar) in Calcutta.

1928 was the year he qualified as a MB Doctor, a rare breed at that time in the district of Mymensing and that of most part of East Bengal. He drew attention of Sir Kedar Nath Das the famous gynecologist and educationist (famous for **KD'S Forceps**), who almost dragged him to Chittaranjan Seva Sadan in Bhawanipore, a well-known haunting place of almost all the **"Swadeshi Netas."**

As a junior doctor, his encounter with Dr Bidhan Chandra Roy, was the most momentous time of his life. One day Dr B.C.Roy told my dad to go home and pack up his bags quickly and be ready to go to Mayurbhanj (1). Maharaja Sri Ramchandra Bhanj Deo, the ruler of Mayurbhanj, requested Dr B.C Roy to send someone to help him set up all specialty sections like diagnostic laboratory, Xray unit and develop gynecological services for Mayurbhanj State General Hospital.

**Dr B.C Roy told him, "Manasa! you go to Baripada for 6 months, if you do not like it there, return to Sevasadan, I will take care of Maharaja. However, if you like Mayurbhanj stay there for 2 years, and then return to Sevasadan, you have work to do."**

**He never returned, with blessings from Dr B.C. Roy. Dr B.C. Roy was Maharaja's personal physician. He use to fly in to Baripada from time to time and take notes of my dad's activities. Maharajas of Mayurbhanj were the only princely state's ruler in the entire eastern India, who had their personal fleet of aircrafts and were competent pilots. They had one Brit Chief Pilot, who flew the fleet. That is where I had my first experience of how a princely plane looked like from the inside, the Maharaja's DC3.**

The rulers of Mayurbhanj were Rajputs of Bhanj Dynasty. The Mayur kings of neighboring Kendujhar merged with Bhanjas and created the Kingdom of Mayurbhanj; the peacock as the kingdom's emblem.

Maharajas of Mayurbhanj were highly educated, prosperous, forward looking, promoted culture, art, science and education, particularly that of women's education. Of the entire Maharaja's, Sri Ramchandra Bhanj Deo (2) and his 2<sup>nd</sup> son Pratap Chandra Bhanj Deo (3), shines outstandingly, for their contribution of development and shaping of modern Orissa, especially educationally, culturally and economically. One of Sri Ramchandra's dreams was to make Mayurbhanj State Hospital as the center point for "state of the art" treatment center for Orissa.

That is where my Dad comes in. He was the "director" of all special services. He established the first pathological diagnostic laboratory in Orissa, first Xray services in the region and even at that time brought in the concept of a special service for "High-Risk Pregnancy" management. Mayurbhanj State Hospital had the first Hospital for women's diseases "The Zenena Hospital," with wide founding reputation in the region in Mayurbhanj State Hospital.

These were all possible, because of foresights of Maharaja Sri Ramchandra and Maharaja Pratap Chandra. They were of enlightened dynasty with intimate relations with Bengal and Calcutta in particular. Sri Ramchandra married Maharani Sucharudevi, the eldest daughter of Maharshi Kesab Sen, the founding father of "Brahmmo Samaj." Sucharudevi's contribution in transforming the status of women in every sphere of life, not only in Mayurbhanj but entire Orissa had been enlightening. Her influence in transforming "high fashion" for women in the region is also a matter of history.

The Mayurbhanj Palace (4), the home of Maharaja's of Mayurbhanj at the center of Baripada (1) the capital, was built as a replica of Buckingham Palace in London, with exquisite interior decoration, sculpture and architecture. This palace was built under direction of Maharani Sumitra Devi Bhanj Deo in 1804, and completed by Sri Ramchandra. Locals know this as "THE RAJBADI." Other official buildings in Baripada like the "Dewaniam" (5) the office of the Dewan or Prime Minister of Mayurbhanj is an architectural gem.

Mayurbhanj's chow dance, the chariot festival (Ratha Jatra), market places, hundreds of beautifully sculpted temples and public houses have become the national pride and international attraction of Mayurbhanj. Mayurbhanj born artists, painters, film actors represents modern India, are essentially products of patronage of Sri RamChandra and Pratapchandra Bhanjdeo, some of whom are international and others of national standing.

Maharajas' affection for Bengali culture and intellect was very pronounced in every sphere of life in the kingdom. Several of Mayurbhanj officials became national and international personalities. Sir K.C. Neogy (6), Dewan of Mayurbhanj, became the 2<sup>nd</sup> finance minister of Pandit Nehru's Government, and held his position for nearly 10 years.

With this prosperous and potentially rich cultural environment, things happened, for which we are only too happy to ponder, that made my dad, what he wanted to achieve professionally, perhaps.

Aside from his professional accomplishment, another side, which we all failed fully to appreciate, was his level of understanding of the world and unorthodox views for the era.

We had a 1928 model Ford tourer car, which frequently spewed enormous amounts of black smoke from its exhaust; a common event for most cars at that time in Barpida. I asked him one day, there are millions of cars running all over, if all the cars produce this much of smoke, what will happen to the air? I cough so much when our car smokes from the exhaust. I was in class 4 at that time. He looked at me and after a while, said, I am more **worried about the sea and all those who live in it. The air has no boundary, sky is its limit, but sea is finite, a day will come, when the sea even can't take any more. I never forgot what he said, but pondered forever.**

He was a good sketch-master. He painted the solar system on a big board, which was frequently our source of discussion, arguments and pondering. Most intriguing was the Saturn with its rings. All our brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts would join in, but nobody could come out with a plausible answer, except going to the holy books.

One day he was playing with a globe on his table, a cigarette was burning on an ashtray nearby as he rotated the globe. Suddenly, he lit another cigarette and placed it on the other side of the globe. He continued to rotate the globe, smokes from the cigarettes actually **formed a ring around the globe as he continued to rotate. "Yes!" he said to my uncle and I who were watching the magic, "the rings around the Saturn were formed from bodies outside the planet, did not come from the planet."** Now we know rings around all the planets are mostly made up of broken down asteroids. What an ingenious thought at that time.

The hospital lab my dad ran was a focus of interest of many people from far and near. Using animals like guinea pigs, goats, and horses, he was able to produce what he called anti-serum or vaccine at that time, for typhoid, para-typhoid, and cholera. His lab-made cholera vaccines were of immense importance during Rathjatra in Baripada, when thousands of people from all over the country congregated. Rathjatra took place in the middle of rainy season, a potential risk for spreading cholera due to polluted water. Many lives were saved. Some may have died of anaphylaxis, but the principle worked at least for the first time.

He recognized decades ago that fever is a protective mechanism, which can be used for treatment of illness. He regularly treated tuberculosis patients with cholera vaccine (a well known pyrogen). My aunt was treated that way, before the days of antibiotics. She lived a normal life for another forty years.

He composed music, which was played by our sisters, taught **by Maharaja's court musician, Ustad Sudhir Bose.**

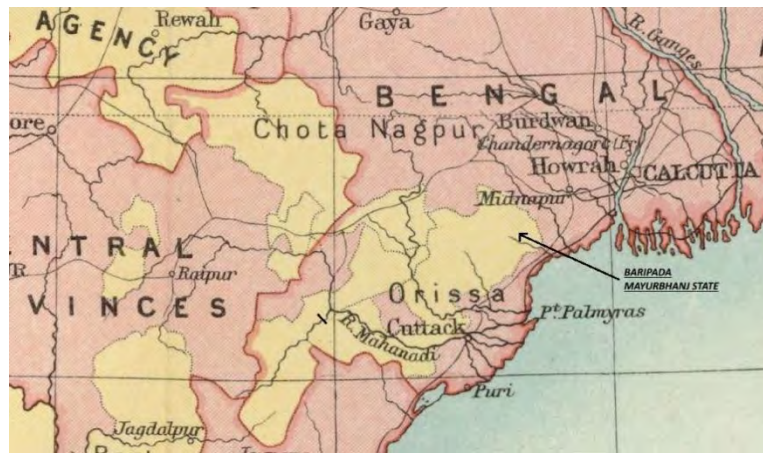
**For children's entertainment, he created a** homemade "Bioscope," painted frame by frame, as he rolled the frames projected from a home-made projector on a screen, told the story as the roll continued to turn. **"The Sikari and Tiger" was one of our favorite bioscope created by my dad.**

Mayurbhanj soil is non-alluvial soft soil made mostly of Iron ore (Ranga- Mati). He had large non-agricultural land outside the city. His dream of building a dam in a gorge in his property never came to fruition. The dam was washed away in every rainy season. After several

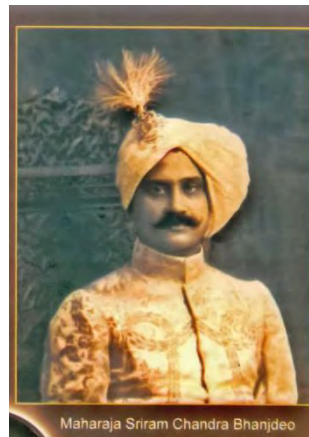
failures, he gave up after spending thousands and thousands of rupees in those days. Idea was to develop hydro-power for the village and make the arid land arable. Where he missed, the soil were non-binding, like powder, easy to be washed away by the force of rain water from the gorge.

Many other events, which can fill up volumes, are a constant reminder of my dad's genius (8), who worked in a small town in Orissa (9), not even in a metropolis, without glass house or a university lab, only an "apple tree to sit-under" and ponder.

This is not only a tribute to my Dad, but hundreds of "Un-Sung Geniuses" all over the world, this is a "cry-out" for all of them



**Figure 1. Princely State of Mayurbhanj with capital city of Baripada**



**Figure 2. Maharaja Sri Ramchandra Bhanj Deo**





**Figure 3. Pratap Chandra Bhanj Deo 2<sup>nd</sup> son of Maharaja Sri Ramchandra Bhanj Deo**



**Figure 4. Mayurbhanj Palace**



**Figure 5. Mayurbhanj Diwaniam**



**Figure 6. Sir K.C. Neogy**



**Figure 7. Maharani Sucharu Devi's gravestone**



**Figure 8. Dr. Manasa C. Malaker**



**Figure 9. The original main entrance to the Mayurbhanj State Hospital**

## একান্তই আমাকে নিয়ে...

জয়ন্ত কুমার দেবনাথ

২০০৭ সালের সেপ্টেম্বর মাসের প্রথম সপ্তাহে আমার সদ্য-জন্মেন্না ছেলে ও আমার বউকে বাংলাদেশে রেখে আমি উইনিপেগ এ পারি দেই। আমার জন্য এটাই ছিল জীবনের প্রথম বিদেশ যাত্রা। আমি আসার ছয় মাস পর ২০০৮ সালের ফেব্রুয়ারী মাসে ছেলে আর আমার বউ এসে আমার সাথে জয়েন করে।। আমার জন্য বিদেশ জীবনের শুরুটা একেবারেই মসৃন ছিল না। সেসব দিনের কথা আজ লিখব না, কারণ আজকে আমি দুর্গাপুজার টুকরো কিছু স্মৃতি নিয়ে লিখতে বসেছি।। আমি বড় হয়েছি গ্রামে, সেজন্যই বলতে গেলে আমার বেড়ে ওঠা অন্য অনেকের থেকেই একটু আলাদা, আমার পরিচিত বেশিরভাগ বন্ধু-বান্ধবদের বেড়ে উঠা শহরে।। জীবন পথে চলতে যেয়ে এই বিদেশে পরিচিত হওয়া অনেক বন্ধুদের থেকে আমি অনেক কিছুই শিখেছি এখনও অনেক কিছুই শিখি, হয়ত আরও শিখতে হবে।। এই যেমন আমাদের দেশে রাস্থার বাম পাশ দিয়ে গাড়ি চলে, আর এখানে চলে রাস্থার ডান পাশ দিয়ে।। আমার দেশী অনেক বন্ধুকেই দেখেছি, উইনিপেগ এ গাড়ি চালাতে গিয়ে সর্বপ্রথমে দেশের মত রাস্থার বাম পাশ দিয়ে চালানো শুরু করতে।। আর একটা জিনিস খুব দেখি বিশেষ করে এখানকার বন্ধুদের ক্ষেত্রে, তারা অনেক কিছু জানলেও সহজে সে তথ্য প্রকাশ করতে চায় না, তারা চায় আমরা সেটা মুকাবেলা করে শিখি।।

যাই হোক, আমার গ্রামের কথায় আসি। গ্রামে আমাদের বর্ধিত পরিবারের অনেকগুলো ঘর নিয়ে আমাদের ছোট পাড়াটা ছিল, তাই আমার বেড়ে ওঠাটা অনেকটা যৌথ পরিবারে বেড়ে ওঠার মতই বলা চলে। যার ফলে সারা বছর জুড়েই একটার পর একটা পূজা লেগেই থাকত, আর সেসব পূজায় অংশ গ্রহণের মধ্য দিয়ে আমার শৈশবকালের বড় একটা অংশ কেটেছে।। এই যেমন, প্রতি শনিবার সন্ধ্যায় প্রত্যেকের বাড়িতে তুলশি তলায় বসত শনির লুট নামক পূজা। শনির পূজার প্রসাদ আবার ঘরে নেয়া যেত না, তাই ওখানেই খেয়ে দেয়ে হাত ধুয়ে ঘরে ফেরা। সেই সময়টায় আমাদের গ্রামে বিদ্যুৎ ছিল না, তাই হ্যারিকেনের নিবু নিবু আলোতে সেই শনিপূজা হত তুলশী তলায়।। প্রতি বৃহস্পতিবারে পাঁচালী পড়ে লক্ষীর পূজা ও নতুন ঘট বসানো, আর সেই ঘটের জন্য পাঁচ-পাতা ওয়ালা আমের কচি-শাখা বের করে আনার দায়িত্ব বেশিরভাগ সময় পড়ত আমার ওপর। এই রকম নানান রকমের পূজা-পার্বণের মধ্য দিয়েই সারাটা বছর কেটে যেত।। কথায় আছে বাঙ্গালী হিন্দুদের নাকি বার মাসে তের পার্বণ।। সেই পার্বনে পার্বনেই একটা বছর ঘুরে প্রতিবার দুর্গা-পূজা আসত।। আমাদের বাড়িতে সর্বজনীন দুর্গা-পূজা হত, আজও হয়। জীবনের এই সময়টাতে আমাকে মনে হয় বাস্তবতা খুবই গ্রাস করেছে আর তাই আমি আমার গ্রামের মায়ের পূজায় অংশ গ্রহণ করতে পারি না বহু বছর হয়ে গেল।। জানি না দুর্গা মা আমার জন্য সেই সুযোগ জীবনে আর কখনও করবেন কি না।। ২০০৭ সাল থেকে উইনিপেগে থাকলেও নানাবিধ জাগতিক বাস্তবতায় ২০১৪ সাল পর্যন্ত বিচিত্রা-আয়োজিত দুর্গা পূজায় অংশগ্রহণ করা হয় নাই, এটাও আরেক বাস্তবতা। বিচিত্রাতে আমার আসা-যাওয়া মূলত শুরু হয় ২০১৪ সালের দুর্গা-পূজা থেকে। ওই বছরেই কোন এক সামাজিক অনুষ্ঠানে রিমি দির সাথে পরিচয়ের সূত্র ধরেই আমন্ত্রন পাচ্ছিলাম বিচিত্রাতে অংশগ্রহণের। এর আগে অনেকবারই বিচিত্রার কথা শুনেছি, কিন্তু কখন কোথায় বিচিত্রার বিভিন্ন অনুষ্ঠান হয়, ইত্যাদি বিষয়ে বিস্তারিত না জানায় অংশগ্রহণ করা হয়ে ওঠে নাই। এরই মধ্যে আমাদের এক আত্মীয়, ডঃ উপল নাথ ও উইনিপেগ এ এসেছিলেন সে সময়, তাই সবাই একবারে প্রথমবারের মত বিচিত্রাতে যাওয়া হল ২০১৪ সনে।। বিচিত্রায় প্রথমবারে অংশগ্রহণের অনুভূতি খুবই ভাল ছিল, বিচিত্রাতে রিমি দি ছাড়াও ভাস্কর দার আমায়িক ব্যবহার খুবই ইতিবাচক ছিল। তারপর থেকে অনিয়মিতভাবে হলেও বিচিত্রায় দুয়েকটা অনুষ্ঠানে অংশগ্রহণ করেছি।। তারপরে ২০১৬ এর এনুয়াল জেনারেল মিটিং এর



সময়কার ঘটনাবলীর কথা না হয় নাই বললাম।। আমার যেসব বন্ধুরা আমাকে বিচিত্রার নির্বাহী কমিটির অংশ করার জন্য স্বতঃস্ফূর্ত সাপোর্ট দিয়েছেন তাদের প্রতি আমি আন্তরিকভাবে কৃতজ্ঞ, কখনও বিচিত্রা-নির্বাহী কমিটির অংশ হব সেরকম কখনও চিন্তাও করি নাই।। যাই হোক, বিচিত্রা নির্বাহী কমিটিতে কাজ করতে গিয়ে অনেক কিছু শিখছি, অনেক নিবদিত প্রাণ স্বেচ্ছাসেবকদের সাথে কাজ করে অনেক উপভোগও করছি।। বিচিত্রা-নির্বাহী কমিটির সবাই তাদের নিজেদের অনেক অনেক ব্যস্ত জীবনের ফাকে বিচিত্রাকে আরও সুন্দর করার জন্য, আরও ভাল অনুষ্ঠান উপহার দেয়ার জন্য অক্লান্ত পরিশ্রম করে যাচ্ছেন।। নিজেকে এর অংশ হিসাবে পাওয়ার কথা কখনও চিন্তাও করি নাই, হয়ত এখানে অদৃশ্য ভগবানের হাত আছে।।

দেশে আমাদের গ্রামের বাড়িতে দুর্গা পূজার আয়োজন শুরু হত কম করে হলেও দুই মাস আগে থেকেই। আর সবকিছুতেই আমার অংশগ্রহণ ছিল স্বতঃস্ফূর্ত।। এই বিদেশে এসেও সেই জীবনটাকে অনেক অনেক মিস করা থেকেই বিচিত্রার মত সামাজিক সংঘটনগুলোর সাথে আমার যোগাযোগ।। বিচিত্রাতেও দেখলাম, পূজার প্রায় দুই-মাস আগে থেকেই বিভিন্ন বিষয় নিয়ে বিচিত্রা প্রেসিডেন্টের নিরন্তর চেষ্টা, বিভিন্ন দায়িত্ব বন্টন, ফান্ডের ব্যবস্থা করা, ইত্যাদি নানা জটিল বিষয় নিয়ে নির্বাহী কমিটিকে অনেকবারই মিটিং করতে হয়েছে।। আশা করি এবারের পূজাটা সবার কাছে উপভোগ্য ও স্মরণীয় একটা অনুষ্ঠান হয়ে মনে দাগ কাটবে।। এবারের পূজা সবার ভালকাটুক, পৃথিবী থেকে সব দুর্গা-মায়ের ছোঁয়ায় ধুয়ে মুছে যাক, সবার জীবন আরও বেশি আনন্দে ভরে উঠুক এই কামনা করি।। শেষ করব কবি আবদার রশীদ সাহেবের লেখা 'চডুইভাতি' নামক কবিতাটি উল্লেখ করার মধ্যদিয়ে।। আশা করি কবিতাটি আপনাদেরকে গ্রামের জীবনের ধারণা দেয়ার মাধ্যমে স্মৃতিকাতর করে ফেলবে নাঃ

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চডুইভাতির পাশেই নদীর কূল ছিল, আনন্দে তাই সবার গলাই খুলছিল।  
ফুর্তিতে, খোশ গল্পেতে মশগুল ছিল, মাথায় তাদের হাল ফ্যাশানের চুল ছিল।  
জনাচারেক আলুর খোসা ছুলছিল, গলায় তাদের রুমাল কি টাই বুলছিল।  
দলের সাথে তিনঠেঙে এক টুল ছিল, সেটায় বসে দলের নেতা ঢুলছিল।  
আরো ক'জন বালতিতে জল তুলছিল, জল তোলাতেও অনেক হুলস্থুল ছিল,  
কেউবা গাছে দোলনা ছাড়াই দুলছিল, খানিক দূরে খালের ওপর পুল ছিল,  
সেই খানে এক ডালিম গাছে ফুল ছিল, ডালিম গাছের মগডালে বুলবুল ছিল।  
সবাই তখন বাড়ির কথা ভুলছিল, চডুইভাতির আনন্দটাই মূল ছিল।  
জানতো না কেউ কোথায় যে ভীমরুল ছিল, কামড় খেয়ে বুঝলো, তাদের হুল ছিল।

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## DURGA PUJA 2015

















## CANADA DAY 2016

















## FOLKLORAMA 2016









## FUND RAISING FOR HINDU SOCIETY 2016



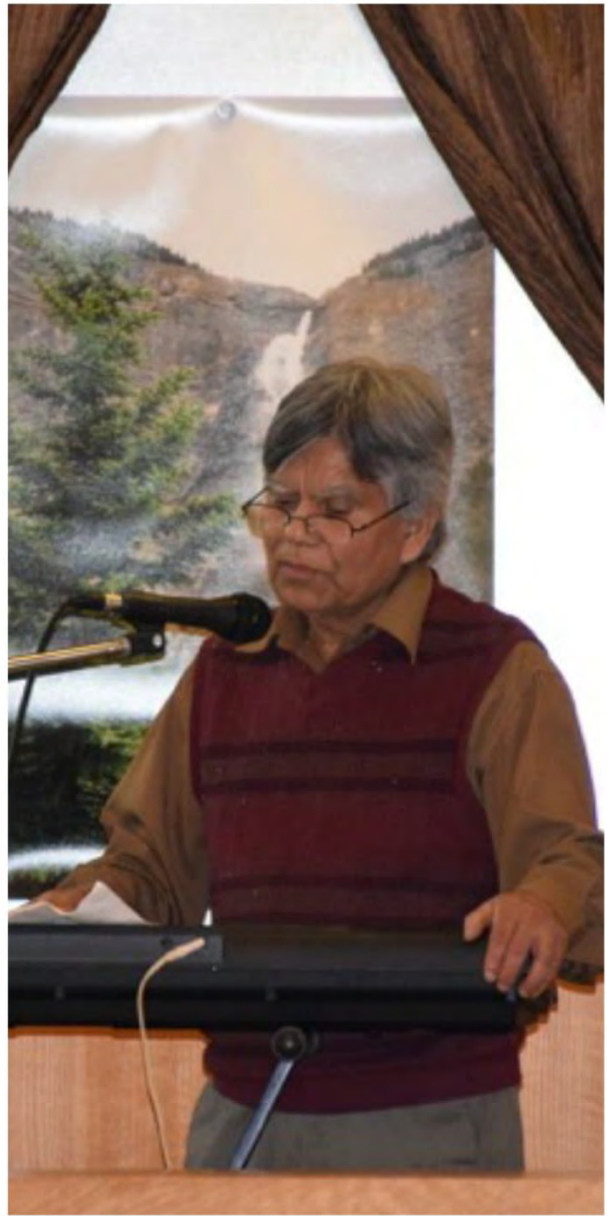




## RABINDRA NAZRUL JAYANTI 2016

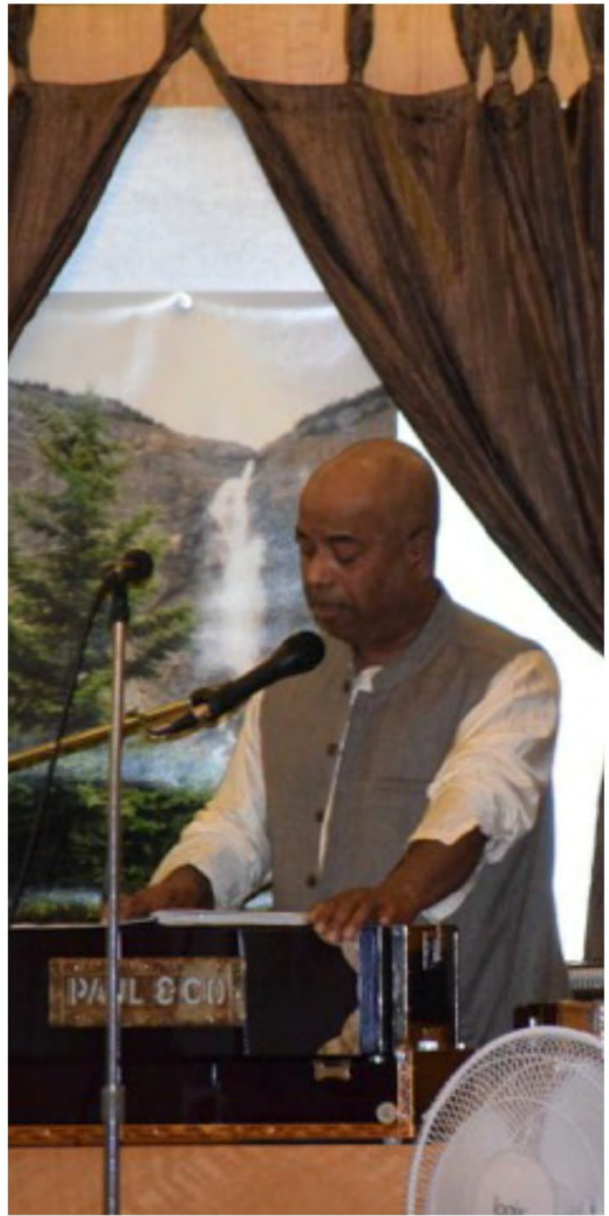




















## SUMMER CAMP 2016











## POILA BAISAKH 2016



















## BICHITRA MEMBER DIRECTORY

Sr. No	Last Name	First Name	Spouse	Children	Address	Postal Code	Phone
1	Adhikari	Prasant			63 Baldry Bay	R3T 3C5	269-1468
2	Alam	Ashraful	Jesmen	Tanvwer	7 Rooke Ave,	R3Y 0B6	269-5544
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4	Bal	Shibeni	Siddharaj		23 Dawnville Dr.	R3W 1C6,	222-1426
5	Banerjee	Rajib	Sonchita		1520 Pembina Hwy	R3T 2E3	990-6627
6	Banerji	Ashish	Debjani	Kunal, Otto	6 Elk Place	R7B 3B7	571-0859
7	Banerji	Santanu	Versha	Naina, Akash, Rani	203 Grenbell Blvd	R3P 0B8	
8	Bankar	Gaurav	Rukmini		77 University Cres.	R3T 3N8	504-0233
9	Basu	Saibal	Sujata	Sachin, Snehel	56 Raphael St	R3T 2R4	275-5606
10	Bhatta	Shapath	Mousumi	Prothoma	1067 Parker Ave	R3T 0T3	772-6812
11	Bhattacharya	Samir K.			27 Bigstone Pl.	R3Y 0G1	417-1920
12	Bhowmick	Alik	Suchita	Pranjai, Pristine	45, Kingscrest Dr.	R0G 0A1	229-5438
13	Biswas	Sumita		Papiya Mauha	605 - 1710 Portage Avenue	R3J 0E2	257-7952
14	Banik	Sakti Prashad	atna	Anindita, Hrishikesh, Shatabdi	11 - 1523 Chancellor Dr	R3T 4G1	809-6274
15	Banik	Rajib	Trisha		118-2331 Pembina Hwy	R3T 2H4	963-5035
16	Banik	Surjya	Mitali	Anannya, Upama	1344 Lee Blvd	R3T 6E2	221-9692
17	Chhina	Kawaljit	Gurjit				583-5280
18	Chakraborty	Pradyut	Papri	Priyanshu	1106-72 Donald St.	R3C 1L7	698-0585
19	Chaudhuri	Abhijit	Sadhana		103 - 2080 Pembina Hwy	R3T 2G9	480-8637
20	Chaudhuri	Biswajit	Cauvery	Chitrangada	1392 Chancellor Dr.	R3T 4H6	416-4566
21	Chaudhuri	Atunu	Debjani	Soumya, Trisha	403-400 Tache Ave.	R2H 3C3	891-6245
22	Chowdhury	Biswajit			318 - 765 Notredam Ave.	R3E 0M2	960-1982
23	Das	Radha M.	Subha	Ratna	67 McGill Place	R3T 2Y6	269-7249
24	Das	Swadesh Chandra	Nilima Rani	Pinki, Susmith	5 -145 Mayfair Ave.	R3L 0A1	417-9962
25	Das	Dip Kumar	Srabani	Subarna	49 Nutley Circle	R2N 1S2	298-4005
26	Das	Bibhu	Sati	Borno	1641-360 Cumberland	R2J 2X6	944-1001
27	Dash	Sanjay	Puja		27 Ransford Pl.	R3T 5W9	510-2275
28	Deb	Apurba	Lipi	Mrittika, Moinak	31 Colwick Cove	R3T 5L4	417-1798

Sr. No	Last Name	First Name	Spouse	Children	Address	Postal Code	Phone
29	Debnath	Jayanta	Shilalipi	Mugdho	19 Riverside Dr.	R3T 0E9	218-1116
30	Debanth	Pranab	Sikta	Monisha, Debajyoti	140 Wayfield Dr.	R3T 6C9	275-6882
31	Dey	Asit	Prachi	Ryma, Raul	2 Brookstone Pl.	R3Y 0C4	219-8969
32	Dey	Bishnu Ranjan	Bipasha	Ipshita, Ishani	161 Blue Water	R2J2X6	951-7675
33	Dhar	Debasish	Shanta	Anubav, Anushka	118 Amersham Cres	R2N3H2	421-4455
34	Dutta	Shovan	Elora	Spreeha	173 Bretlawn Blvd.	R3T 5C8	415-1696
35	Fonseca	Rory			78 Thatcher Dr.	R3T 2L5	269-4937
36	Ghosh	Archana		Neil, Rita, Sudeshna	631 Grierson Ave.	R3T 2S3	261-3557
37	Ghosh	Prabal	Swati	Celina	1151 Fairfield Ave.	R3T 2R3	269-3075
38	Ghosh	Saday	Savitri	Anushka, Aurobindo	154 Southwalk Bay	R2N 1M7	943-4462
39	Ghosh	Subhankar	Triparna	Ronav	194 St. Micheal Rd	R3M 2K9	296-0396
40	Guha	Tuhin	Munmun		35-59 University Cres.	R3T 2N5	509-1171
41	Ganguli	Pallab		Riya, Risi	103 Marine Dr.	R2N 0E1	504-4021
42	Malakar	Kamal	Baljit K.	Sarmila	1614 Chancellor Dr.	R3T 4B9	261-7010
43	Mallick	Kiron	Laksmi	Tulip	16-1 Waterfront Rd	R3X 1V1	221-6631
44	Mandal	Bibhuti			A8 - 281 River Ave	R3LOB 7	783-2292
45	Mandal	Saumen	Shampa	Arnab, Sourab	404 Kirkbridge Dr.	R3T 5R4	261-8645
46	Majumdar	Pijush	Arpita	Ayush	23 Lake Bend Road	R3Y 0M6	261-8917
47	Mitra	Prabir	Kalpna	Bobby,Debbie	62 Bethune Way	R2M 5J3	256-0081
48	Mukerji	Ayan	Shruti	Ayshani	180 Everden road	R2N 4J2	999-3382
49	Mukherjee	Kajal	Krishna	Gopal	1201-253 Edgeland Blvd	R3T 5T1	487-1820
50	Mukherjee	Debasish	Tanushree	Gaurabh	654 Park Ave,	R0E 0C0	268-1593
51	Das Munna	Subroto	Manjusree		25 Paddington Road	R2N 1K2	963-7164
52	Nath	Upul	Lipika		31 Twickenhan Circle		504-2455
53	Paul	Niranjan	Archana	Orgo	43 Lowen place	R3Y 0L5	872-4477
54	Pal Chowdhury	Kiriti	Srabani	Teena	3 Celtic Bay	R3T 2W8	261-9527
55	Pandey	Anita	Ajay	Ayusha, Anish	7 Marvan Cove	R2N 0C7	453-2282
56	Paul	Niranjan	Archana	Argha	43 loewen pl	R3YOL5	872-4477
57	Podder	Nobarub	Bappy		1910-360 Cumberland	R3B 1T4	881-8485
58	Roy	Banibrata	Rini	Rayan	204-72 Donald St.	R3C 1L7	228-2792

Sr. No	Last Name	First Name	Spouse	Children	Address	Postal Code	Phone
59	Roy	Gaurisankar	Ratna	Neillooy, Raj	35 East Lake Dr	R3T 4T5	261-0672
60	Roy	Jaya			710-965 Inverhouse Dr. ON	L5J 4B4	855-5063
61	Roy	Pranab	Manju	Rupa, Ronjan	59 St. Michael Road	R2M 2K7	257-6601
62	Roy	Pradip	Labone	Ayush	35 Draho Crescent	R2N 4H1	951-5617
63	Roy	Priyo Debnath					
64	Roy	Dimple	Nigel		61 Inkster Blvd	R2W 0J3	282-1750
65	Roy	Kajal	Rupa		1108-316 Cumberland	R2B 2K5	881-4572
66	Roy Chowdhury	Subir	Karabi (Rimi)	Austin, Aarya	752 Ashworth St. South	R2N 4C3	221-6951
67	Saha	Bhaskar	Mimi	Aninda	14 Kennington Bay	R2N 2L4	284-0834
68	Saha	Ranjan	Sayani		3 Brixton Bay	R2N 2R1	480-9891
69	Saha	Subhonil			University Campus		962-3025
70	Sarkar	Suman	Ratri		631 Grierson Ave	R3T 2S3	772-3342
71	Sarkar	Ashok	Tuntun	Rahul, Rinku	6-460 Lindenwoods Dr. W.	R3P 0Y1	488-6643
72	Sarkar	Ashish			98 Prairie Sky Dr	R3Y 0G7	510-3323
73	Sarkar	Joykrishna	Debjani	Joshita, Jasmitha	233 Southglen Blvd	R2N 3K3	505-3661
74	Sarkar	Arindam	Urbi		601-61 Edmonton St	R3C 1P9	952-1604
75	Sarkar	Sandeep	Deepa	Jai, Rohan	40 Laurent Drive	R3V 1T1	898-0588
76	Satpathy	Purna Chandra	Alpana Verma	Swayam	63 Wiltshire Bay	R2J 2I6	509-0235
77	Selvanathan	Nandita	Murugan	Ashish, Anurag	289 Bowman Ave.	R2K 1P1	942-3261
78	Shome	Subhrakam	Jaba	Devarshi, Tanajee	10 Celtic Bay	R3T 2W9	261-6348
79	Sinha	Luella		Mala, Jay	582 Queenston Street	R3N 0X3	489-8635
80	Sinha	Sachidanand	Meera	Sunil, Samir	116 Victoria Cres.	R2M 1X4	253-9921
81	Quadir	Reza	Kaniz		34 Royal Oak Dr.	R3Y 1R2	960-9222



2016 DURGA PUJA PREETI o SUBHECCHA

from

Mr. SUKHJIT BHANDAL



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LAW OFFICE**

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Presented by Bichitra

