

2022

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আগমনী *Agomoni*



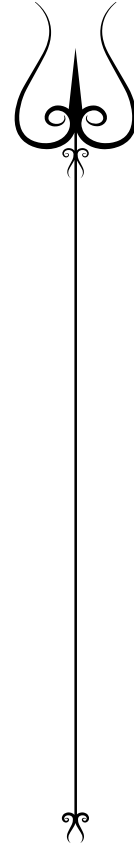
Bichitra

The Bengali Association
of Manitoba Inc.



Bichitra

The Bengali Association
of Manitoba Inc.



৪২ তম বর্ষ
42nd Durga Puja

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Territory Acknowledgment



Bichitra The Bengali Association of Manitoba Inc.

We acknowledge we are gathered on Treaty 1 territory and that Manitoba is located on the treaty territories and ancestral lands of the Anishinaabeg, Anishinewak, Dakota Oyate, Denesuline, (Maskekowuk) and Nehe thowuk nations. Manitoba is located on the homeland of the Red River Metis and northern Manitoba includes lands that were and are the ancestral lands of the Inuit. We respect the spirit and intent of the treaties and treaty making and remain committed to working in partnership with First Nations, Inuit and Metis people in the spirit of truth, reconciliation and collaboration.

Flashback

Bichitra
(Bengali Club of Manitoba)



222-77 UNIVERSITY CRESCENT
WINNIPEG R3T 3N8
Phone: (204) 261-4511
August 30, 1982

August 29, 1982

Bichitra
(Bengali Club of Manitoba Inc.)



221 - 77 University Crescent
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3T 3N8
September 2, 1982

Dear Sirs,

We ~~have~~ ^{celebrate} a week-long religious-cultural function (every year) usually in the month of October. At that time, we print a magazine which enjoys a wide circulation. The magazine gets considerable exposure to Canadians of various ethnic origin.

One of the cheapest ways of attracting attention of this segment of the population is by advertising in our magazine at a low cost.

By advertising in our magazine, you are not only benefitting from low cost, but, at the same time, you are supporting ~~the growth of the growth of groups of other ethnic origins. multiculturalism in Canada.~~ ^{the growth of groups of other ethnic origins. multiculturalism in Canada.}

Our advertisement rates are as follows:

Back cover	\$250.00 175.00
Inside cover	125.00 100.00
Full page	100.00 80.00
Half page	50.00 40.00
Quarter page	30.00 20.00

We hope you will give it a serious consideration. ^{if you need} ~~in touch with you personally in a few days.~~ ^{more information, please do not hesitate to call me at}

Yours truly,

Thank you

পূর্বক প্ৰকাশ দায়িত্ব
আপনাত: সচিব
P. K. Biswas
General Secretary

ABSTAIN

Dear Sirs:

Every year we celebrate a week-long religious-cultural function, usually in the month of October. At that time we print a magazine which enjoys a wide circulation. The magazine gets considerable exposure to Canadians of various ethnic origin.

One of the cheapest ways of attracting attention to this segment of the population is by advertising in our magazine at a low cost. By advertising in our magazine, you are not only benefitting from low cost, but, at the same time you are supporting growth of multiculturalism in Canada.

Our advertisement rates are as follows:

Back cover	\$175.00
Inside cover	150.00
Full page	125.00
Half page	65.00
Quarter page	40.00

We hope you will give it a serious consideration. If you need more information, please do not hesitate to call me at 261-4511.

Thank you.

P. K. Biswas
General Secretary

AC
Go

1982

1983

In Memoriam *1978-2022*

The members of Bichitra – The Bengali Association of Manitoba Inc.,
are the organization's greatest asset.

On this page, Bichitra pays homage to the many members and
talents we lost during the past 43 years.

Anju Sen
Ashim Kumar Roy
Bijoy Roy Chaudhury
Chitta Ranjan Ghosh
Deepak Bose
Lily Mukherjee
Manoranjan Ray
Mujibur Rahman
Prasun Tagore
Pulak Ghosh
Radha Madhab Das
Ranen Sinha
Rina Ganguly
Rory Fonseca
Shanti Majumdar
Shibdas Biswas
Snehesh Kumar Sinha
Samir Bhattacharya
Chandra Samanta
Gaurisankar Roy
Kiron Mallick
Lakshmi “Lucky” Mallick

We made every effort to ensure accuracy of information contained in this list.
Any errors or omissions are purely unintentional.



Message from Executives

Dear Bichitra members,

I can not believe that the pandemic is almost going to get over in 2022 and we can do Durga Puja with the same excitement like the pre-pandemic era. Bengalis in Winnipeg began Durga Puja in 1980. We have been following our rich cultural heritage since then until we had to pause in 2020 due to pandemic. The Bichitra Executives unanimously agreed to resume our Durga Puja in 2021 following the public health safety protocol. It was a grand success to celebrate our 41th Durga Puja. This was also the milestone year where we were able to celebrate our biggest festival in the Fort Gary United Church. We were able to dance to the tunes of our rich Bengali songs. We were able to sing all genres of Bengali Songs and even were able to organize a virtual live concert from India. Songs of Mr. Aritra Dasgupta's made us nostalgic. We danced, we laughed, and we felt lucky to celebrate the event with the true spirit. We set up a photo booth to cherish our memories in the memory lane.

Guess what, we are now in 2022. We have lost many personalities (Sandhya Mukherjee, Lata Mangeshkar, Bapi Lahiri) who are very close to all Bengali's hearts. But, our legacy continues. The Bichitra Executives and members took this challenge to celebrate the 42nd Durga Puja in 2022 to a level that will surpass all of our previous expectations. So, Let us enjoy the puja together. Let us sing, dance, and enjoy cultural performances.

No event can be full proof. There will be mistakes. We will learn from them and will make our future events much better. If you have any improvements ideas, please feel free to share with our team.

I sincerely thank all of our sponsors and volunteers for their tremendous effort to make this year's puja a grand success. I wish you Subha Sharodiya. Stay well and stay blessed.

Asit Dey

President

Bichitra- The Bengali Association of Manitoba Inc.



Message from Executives

On behalf of Bichitra Manitoba, I congratulate the organizers and offer my pronam to all the devotees of Bichitra and all others in Canada and other countries over the world who are celebrating the Hindus' greatest festival Durga Puja in the auspicious days of autumn. From ancient time, we worship Maa Durga who defeated demon, Mahishasur or evil power and established peace in the society and earth. The demon or evil power always exists in different forms in the society and all over the world, and it also exists in our minds. By performing this Durga puja, we collectively promise and gather energy as a community to defeat evil forces and rectify ourselves to establish peace and happiness collectively in the society all over the world.

We should sincerely pray to Maa Durga for Her blessings and courage so that we can rectify ourselves, perform good works, and help the distressed and helpless in the society with utmost respect and dignity.

Again, let the divine blessings of Maa Durga overflow in our lives and take us to the land of eternal peace and happiness.

Sincerely
Surjya Banik
Vice President, Bichitra



Message from Executives

On behalf of the Executive Committee of Bichitra, I extend our Sharodotsab greetings to all members, kids and adults, and our extended friends and families. I would like to take this opportunity to thank our membership for your sincere support and engagement in the work we do which truly fueled our motivation and efforts to successfully organize and execute the plethora of events in the past two years, even during the immensely difficult times posed to us all by the seemingly endless pandemic. The warmth in the fabric of this community helped us embrace the brutal impacts and made us resilient as we decided to go virtual to continue celebrating our culture and tradition when the fury of the epidemic kept us apart. The essence of Durga puja is the celebration of the triumph of good over evil. As we walk past a difficult year, let us all come together to celebrate the victory of life through the adoration of Devi Durga.

We also extend a warm welcome to our new members! I urge you all to participate/volunteer in our events and share your feedback. To whatever extent we dedicate our time here, I honestly believe we are individual strands of a fabric weaving together a better and stronger Bichitra.

At this time in Kolkata, as the kaash sways with the sound of dhaak resonating in the air, as the crowds flock to the puja pandals with high spirit and as friends & family travel miles to engage in togetherness, the Bengali in me cannot help but crave for some festive warmth. My family and I feel truly blessed to be with you all here at Bichitra, our home away from home.

With prayers for everyone's well being,

Avishek Ghosh
General Secretary

Shree Shree Durga Puja Timings-2022

Maha Shashthi	Friday, October 07, 6:30 pm
Maha Saptami and Maha Ashtami	Saturday, October 08, 10:30 am - 10:30 pm
Maha Nabami and Bijoya Dashami	Sunday, October 09 11:30 am - 10:30 pm

Venue:
Fort Garry United Church
800 Point Road
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Contact:
Asit Dey (204)770-8986
PijushMajumdar (204)290-6332

দুর্গোৎসব নিৰ্ঘণ্ট-১৪২৯

মহাষষ্ঠী	শুক্ৰবাৰ, অক্টোবৰ ০৭, সন্ধ্যা ৬.৩০
মহাসপ্তমী ও মহাঅষ্টমী	শনিবাৰ, অক্টোবৰ ০৮ সকাল ১০.৩০ থেকে রাত্রি ১০.৩০
মহানবমী ও বিজয়া দশমী	ৰবিবাৰ, অক্টোবৰ ০৯ সকাল ১১.৩০ থেকে রাত্রি ১০.৩০

স্থান :

ফোর্ট গ্যারি ইউনাইটেড চার্চ
৮০০ পয়েন্ট রোড
উইনিপেগ, কানাডা

যোগাযোগ :

অসিত দে (২০৪)-৭৭০-৮৯৮৬
পীযুষ মজুমদার (২০৪)-২৯০-৬৩৩২

Executive Committee

2021-2023



Asit Dey, President

Asit enjoys volunteering and loves to participate in different cultural activities. He likes to proliferate the passion for volunteering to the people he knows. His vision is to share and leverage the strengths to build a strong cultural and responsive community in Manitoba.



Surjya Banik, Vice President

Surjya Banik is a Mechanical engineer and currently working as a Power Engineer with the Ministry of Finance, Govt. of Manitoba. He is married to Dr. Mitali Banik and blessed with two daughters. He enjoys listening to devotional and classical music and likes nature, people, and leans towards spiritually focused activities. He is a compassionate, straightforward, and honest person.

Executive Committee

2021-2023



Avishek Ghosh, General Secretary

Avishek is an Electrical Engineer by profession and specializes in Electric vehicle technologies. He strongly believes in giving back to the community and serves as an active volunteer in various organizations at different capacities. Exploring the unknown, traveling the globe and experiencing various cultures, cuisines and music are what drive Avishek forward.



Shovan Dutta, Treasurer

Shovan Dutta is a seasoned banker with 23 years of international banking experience. He is currently working as independent contractor with Sunova Credit Union. He holds a CSI designation from Canada and CTP designation from the United States. He lives with his family and enjoys exploring his culinary skills, gardening, and travelling in his spare time.

Executive Committee

2021-2023



Papri Chakraborty, Cultural Secretary

A Singer by passion and Child Care Assistant (CCA) by profession.

Papri is a simple, fun loving soul who loves to work and enjoy, whatever she does. Papri completed her bachelor's in arts and holds formal training and certification in music. She is innovative and doesn't hesitate to try new things. She strives to foster and carry forward Bengali culture and tradition.

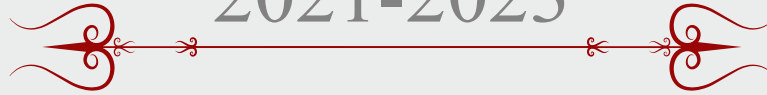


Srijeet Saha, Food Secretary

Srijeet Saha is the Food Secretary for the period 2021-2023. He is an enthusiastic individual recently graduated in Biological Sciences and pursuing a career in Food Manufacturing Industry as a Quality Assurance Manager. He thinks of himself as a person who loves to eat (and drink) delicious things. He finds as much enjoyment in the kitchen preparing a comforting meal or eating a late-night street cart taco as he does sitting in a Michelin-starred/World's 50 Best establishment. And while his favorite daily activity is going to the local grocery store to decide what he wants for dinner, he has also been known to drive a hundred miles out of the way while on vacation to dig into the shops of local food vendors.

Executive Committee

2021-2023



Jigeesha Mukherjee, Publication Secretary

Jigeesha is a second year PhD student at the Department of Microbiology, University of Manitoba, working on fungal genetics. Her interests beyond academics involve slam poetry and music. She is also enthusiastic about participating in community events, charity drives and volunteering. She hopes to forge meaningful associations with the members of the Bengali community in Winnipeg through Bichitra.



Arindam Sarkar, Member-At-Large

Arindam is an active volunteer in the community and sits on the executive and advisory board of multiple not-for-profit organizations. He was an exec. member at Vedanta Society of Winnipeg, active volunteer at Agape Table, technology evangelist at WSD, fundraiser at JDRC and contemplative speaker. He is a technology enthusiast, an avid reader of science fictions and a die-hard fan of San Antonio Spurs. Apart from his volunteering activities, he is a management consultant by profession – a day job that helps for his daily survival.

Executive Committee

2021-2023



Pranab Debnath, Member-At-Large

Pranab Debnath hails from his ancestral home in Kolkata. He is a specialist gynaecologist & Lecturer at the University of Manitoba, Faculty of Medicine. He holds MBBS, MS, DGO (Cal), MRCOG (UK), FRCOG (UK), FRCS (Canada) degrees to his credit. He has a special affinity towards literature & music. In his personal sphere, he is a father of two children & a dedicated husband.



Pijush Majumdar, Ex-President

Warm greetings to all our members. By profession Pijush is a registered pharmacist and by heart he is a pure Bengali who loves to be involved in community activities & help others irrespective of race, religion & ethnicity! His favorite hobby is to travel different parts of this planet while exploring different cultures and people from different ethnicity. Other than the Bengali food, he is crazy about Cantonese style Chinese food. Unlike lot of other Winnipeggers, Pijush is a big fan of Winnipeg winter.



May Goddess Durga Maa show us the path to eternal peace and prosperity. On this auspicious occasion, wish you and your family immense joy and happiness.

HAPPY
Durga Puja
2022

Satpathy Family

Happy Durga Puja!

- **THINKING OF BUYING A HOME?** Beat home buyers to hot new listings & deals on homes! Avoid bidding wars!
- **THINKING OF SELLING YOUR HOME?** List your home for FREE. Ask how!
- **NEED A HOME MORTGAGE?** Programs for those new to Canada. Programs for those with little to NO money down. Help for ALL with over 40 lenders with the BEST rates in Canada!

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Articles
and
poems

THE DAY I CEASED TO BEING

Kamal Malaker

If I ceased to being what I am, then who is talking to you today, just now and at this moment? What made me cease to exist?

Is it the day my Volkswagon was squashed like a Coke Can from front to back on an African highway, barren, without any moving soul around except me in the back seat, upside down, and two of my passengers thrown out of the car fifty meters away?

Or the time when my car was almost completely wrapped around by a twenty feet long and 12 inches thick Python in the thick darkness of the new Moon in a deep African Jungle?

Maybe the time when a 25000-ton passenger ship was in the middle of a severe tropical cyclone on the Atlantic West African Coast, tossing and tumbling like a cardboard box?

Perhaps! The day I was under Anesthesia for just over 12 hours. The Surgeon had to open me up for a second time less than 8 hours after my open heart surgery to stop internal bleeding in my chest. That was not the issue, but with my open eyes, I could see myself lying on the ICU bed surrounded by beeping and blinking machines. Nurses and doctors are standing around my bed. I could recognize them, including the patients in the neighboring beds. I watched the spectacle as I was floating close to the roof of the high ceiling of the ICU ward. I drifted back and forth, trying to get the attention of the doctors and nurses. But none could be aroused. The feeling lasted as if forever. Suddenly I found myself on the bed, and the

X-ray technician was back with his machine to take a chest X-ray several hours after my 2nd surgery. I kept vacantly looking at the roof, hoping to fly back into the serene space under the top; the chance never came. That was not a dream that “me,” the one “on the bed,” did not exist, or “me.” The one floating under the roof? Or both did exist.

Not a dream, but it happened right in Winnipeg; I drove on Harrow to get to the health Science center. Stopped at the traffic light at the junction with Corydon Avenue. As I stopped, I was so very sleepy thought of stopping by the roadside. Suddenly I saw a couple knocking at my driver’s window while the car was still moving at a snail’s pace. I stopped the Car. They asked me if it was all right. Did I have a “seizure”? I was surprised; I had never had a seizure in my life. What they said was chilling and scary. They were waiting behind me at the traffic light at Corydon. I started to move, jumped a red light on Corydon, and kept driving through several four-way stops. They kept flashing and honking, but I kept going. Then the gentleman got out of his car and came running behind and, to my utter dismay, he narrated the horrors of jumping a red light, without stopping at the four-way stops. I had no idea what he was talking about. All I remembered was I was dammed sleepy while waiting at the traffic light. I “snail-drove” through the crossroad, through the red light, and four-way stops.

How did it happen? I had slipped into

“deep-sleep-driving” and jumped “red lights” and several “4-way-stop” signs, stopped and woken by a highly agitated and concerned driver who was tailgating me. Stopped me, threatened to make a Citizen’s arrest, better call the police, and demanded that I hand over the car Key to him for endangering not only my life but that of many others; maybe I was driving “under the influence “ or Physically incapable of driving. Other curious drivers stopped to get the fun out of the spectacle. His wife, his only passenger, was his “eyewitnesses.” I was “baffled” as much as he was “outraged and agitated.” After I introduced myself and showed him my driver’s License and explained, the only reason I could think of the stress of a long-distance fight and “Jet-Lag” returning a couple of days earlier from Almaty in Kazakhstan, having spent six weeks in the region.

I told my savior I had an important meeting at the Health Science center. He insisted that I leave the car and take a taxi, or He would drive me to my destination. We had some civilized yet curious exchanges as he drove me. His wife was following us in their car. He drove me to the Parking spot at HSC and offered to drive me back home when I was ready. I need not express my feeling of ecstasy and relief. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart for his compassion and generosity. I can write several moments like these when

life was threatened and about to cease or come to a standstill, but that didn’t happen. I can still recollect those events which did not create an absolute emptiness and non-existing being in me, like the event I am about to expose.

Life-threatening to the core, yet these events didn’t make me feel that I did not exist or ceased to be a living object.

So what kept me sleepwalking during the day and ultimately oblivion of myself as a conscious being?

After just over five years of hard slogging in the medical college, the day I qualified with MB.BS, I was flying in the Sky. That was the end of simplicity and the beginning of duplicity, which took years of “tug of war” for me to understand. I was lucky to have had a “Guardian Angel” in real life. My parents were hundreds of miles away. I called



them, and I was more ecstatic than they were relieved. I got out of the Campus without wasting a single Minuit jumped into the Tram bound for Dharmatala Street. I was hoping to pay respect to my Guardian Angel, Dr. Amiya Kumar Sen, a celebrated Medical Academic and Cancer specialist who just happened to be my father’s buddy in Medical College.

As soon as I entered his “Chamber,” the receptionist was almost expecting me, said, Sir was asking a Minuit ago if you had called?

I told her I could not wait to go to a Telephone booth to call, so I took the tram and came; I hoped; I could see Professor just for a minute. Of course, you can. I will let him know as soon as he finishes with his patient. A posh tall, “be-mustached,” gentleman wearing freshly pressed attire and a lady befitting his company exited from the Chamber. Secretary said, this is Brigadier General Biswas, retired Director General of Eastern command from Fort Williams in Kolkata. Then I introduced myself as one of the Professor’s students. He greeted, smiled, and departed. The receptionist contacted Professor Sen on the Intercom and said, “Kamal” is here; before she could finish her sentence, I could hear, yes, good, bring him in. He was at the door before we had the chance to knock on the door. He opened the expensive, heavily ornate, beautifully curved door, likely made of Mahogany wood.

Like our tradition, I lay flat on the floor and touched his feet. He picked me up and congratulated me on getting through the MBBS examination.

Now! He said you must see your parents and see me at ‘RG.Kar’ when you return. I left with his blessing. His “Blessing” was an instruction to return and get back to work as soon as possible. I expect he already had thoughts about what I might like to do. Be a Surgeon, of course.

That is what happened the day I qualified as a Doctor. A new beginning, dreaming of climbing Mount Everest, the peak which I can’t see but am determined to reach one day.

To anyone, this is a memorable day with wishes, visions, ideas, and of course,

“uncertainties,” which leave a huge vacuum for a room for future dreams.

This story does not come close to what I promised. The feeling is the opposite: “rejuvenation” “contrary” to “non-existing-desperation of emptiness” in an absolute sense.

One becomes a doctor to take care of sick people, take away their agony, and is expected to give their life back. At that moment, that was the future.

By a twist of fate, I digressed from “Bedside to Bench-side.” Almost four years of my life I dedicated to research in medical science, specifically on an unanswered question about Cancer, in one of the World’s most celebrated Research and Education Centers: The Imperial College of Science, Engineering and Health at the Royal Postgraduate Medical School (RPGMS) in London. I was unaware of how lucky I was to secure a research scholar’s spot at RPGMS—considering what the Campus was then, compared to modern multistory Neon-drenched Glass houses and those who pretend to be home of “Pure-Thinkers,” in fact serving money-making industries fueling the market economy.

Imperial College & RGPMS, in my time, was home to 12 Nobel laureates, those who continued to work after being Nobel laureate; maybe another ten who either returned to their home country or found another place to grow somewhere else, mainly to the United States.

But Modern institutes like this (exception: ICSE&HS & RPGMS), instead of hosting Nobel laureates, worship company CEOs and

VPs on the top floor in Penthouses, far away from the floors of the labs, where scientists are laboring for them.

Do you have a name for the system?

Then the entire Campus was open to all staff, and No place was “out of bounds.” Even with British discipline, Labs and Libraries were open for very long hours or as long as needed. One reason, many Clinical staff and Professors had to do their research out of hours and on weekends. No one questioned.

The Technical supervisors, lab managers, Animal house-keepers, and janitorial staff went out of their way to help the researchers.

The eerie quietness, the pensive gaze of fellow researchers, technical staff, machinists, lab managers, and the cleaning staff, and closed doors with a hanging sign “Meeting –in-progress.” all in a day’s scene. If I can’t find a quiet room? The manager had no difficulty finding one.

Once I explained my realm of research to my Supervisor, explained how I wanted to solve it, and gave him the plan, from then I am on my own. My supervisor was a reputed Cancer Surgeon with a high profile in Europe and across the “Pond” in the USA and chairing many international bodies.

I had to meet with him once “fort Night” or whatever suited me.

Before I met him, I had no idea who he was. Professor Welbourn, Chairman of the Department of Surgery, invited me into his office, where Mr. Ian Burn was sitting. As I

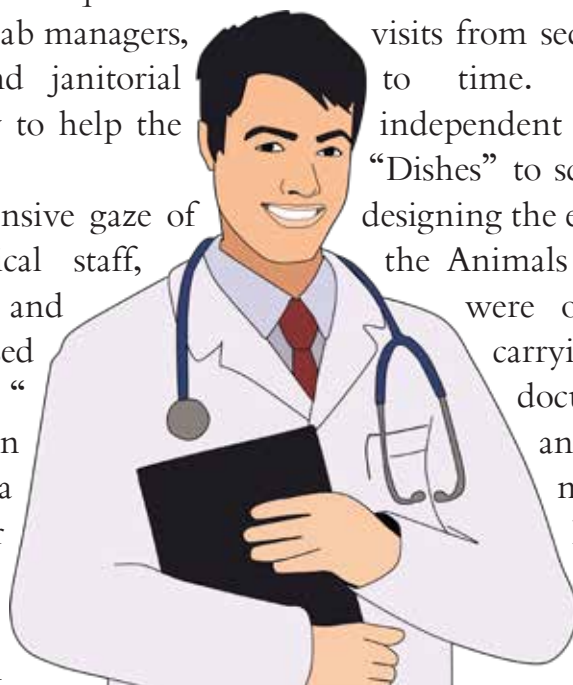
entered, both Stood up and greeted me. Professor Welbourn introduced me to Mr. Burn and Said I would be working on my Ph.D. project under Mr. Burn’s supervision. In the UK, once one qualifies to be a surgeon, they must cast away their ‘Dr’ title and be promoted to the “Mr” again.

For four years, I guess, like all research scholars, I almost lived in the lab. Out of hours or weekends, I had no help from technicians or cleaning ladies. But had visits from security persons from time to time. Gradually I became independent from cleaning the “Dishes” to scrubbing the Lab floors, designing the experiments, transporting the Animals (my animal experiments were on Wister rats only), carrying out the experiments, documenting the findings, and recording data. All manually, with my two hands.

RGPMs was one of few institutes in the UK which had a computer in the 60s.

One of the computer technician one day took me to the computer room. That was on the 7th floor. Only a few people were using it, mostly computer scientists, computer engineers, programmers, and some experimental scientists.

I had no idea what to expect. As we entered the room, it was an Air conditioned and dust-free room. The Computer looked like a huge Carousel that we see in Airports for baggage collection. The entire 7th-floor room-space was dedicated to the computer.



Programs were done on “Punch Card.” I was not impressed. I used my Calculator for all my mathematics for my research works.

Almost four years were spent in the lab. Experiments after experiments were designed and redesigned, or ideas were thrown out in the wastepaper basket. I did not know what to expect. Heaps of meaningless data or uninterpretable at that stage. But I kept going. Days, weeks, months, and years went by.

Mr. Burn, My supervisor, allowed me to attend some of his clinics so that I do not get dissociated from my plan to be a “Cancer Specialist.” I had to attend his operating sessions for the collection of Blood from his patients for my experiments. Yet my thoughts, heart, and mind were focused on the lab and organizing the next experiment.

Not infrequently, I slept the night, showered at the resident’s quarters, and had my meals on the lab floor. At times I hated to be away from my lab and unfinished experiments.

Eventually, a day came when I was ready to hand over my Thesis to Mr. Burn for approval. He indeed went page by page and wanted me to clarify some ambiguity. A Perfect Englishman he may be, but he had no reservation asking me, what he could not follow. From time to time, he said, Dr. Malaker, you are the expert on this topic; we have yet something to learn from you. For an Englishman, that was an example of “humility per excellence.”

The rituals of Submission to the Academic register of the University went without much hassle. The day of defending my thesis had arrived. Aside from Mr. Burn, my Supervisor, two other examiners are

supposed to be present. One from Sorbonne in Paris and Professor from the King’s College.

I was waiting in the waiting room at the Department of Pathology, King’s College in London. While waiting, I was offered Hot Tea and Biscuits. The secretary kept talking to me, asking many interesting but irrelevant questions, just to put my mind at ease.

Suddenly Prof Hurt from King’s college approached me and introduced himself, the chairman of my examination committee. He was appointed by the vice-chancellor. Then he walked me to his office. Mr. Burn stood up and welcomed me. The third Gentleman was Professor Busse from Sorbonne University in Paris. Apparently, he is one of the world’s leaders in the Study of Cancer Metastases. Which I dealt with in my Thesis. After a brief introduction, Prof Hart said that he would request Professor Busse to open the discussion since he would leave soon.

Professor Busse started, again asking questions: what made me investigate this particular issue? Questions after questions in his unhalting Franco-English accent never could derail me from my ability to focus on his barrage of queries for nearly forty-five minutes. He shook my hand and apologized that he had to return to Paris and said Professor Hart and Mr. Burn will continue with the discussion. All three retired to an ante-room. After about fifteen minutes, Prof Hart and Mr. Burn reemerged from the ante-room.

Then together, for almost the next 3 hours went page by page, experiments by experiments, interpretations after interpretations, and asked for rationale and

development of new techniques and concepts. They made me explain every bit of my thesis, apparently to learn, but in reality, to gauge the depth of my understanding, interpretation and scientific contribution, and future direction, if any. I had all their answers cut out for them. Later I was told that Professor Hurt, besides being a Professor of Pathology, was also a Professor of Experimental Medicine at London University.

After nearly four hours of “Discussions,” the episode ended. Funnily I was not prepared for the “end.” By this time, I was fully fired up for more and more “discussions,” as they said. They congratulated me for my excellent work and wished me a bright and productive future. Prof Hart said the Vice Chancellor’s office would get in touch with me.

They both walked me to the door. I sincerely thanked and bid goodbye for their patience with me.

I felt a huge relief. I heard horror stories of Ph.D. Candidates’ Thesis being returned to resubmit after more work or rewriting for accurate interpretation and many other reasons for sending back. Suddenly I felt a shockwave throughout my body. I immediately stopped and reassured myself that this will not happen to me. After All, it was submitted from RPGMS. I had to pass through many tough hurdles and several internal reviews before I was asked to prepare the Thesis to Submit. Once one gets the Green light to submit, there is no brake or looking back, and it is all the way up. The Thesis returning of RPGMS candidates never happened.

I staggered to the Bus stop, not knowing

where I was going. If it was yesterday or last week, or a month ago, I would have known precisely which way I was heading, back to the lab. I stood at the Bus stop. Let several buses pass, still no idea where to go. Go back to my den? Although the room is well furnished, like a five-star Hotel, my only contact was the bed for nearly four years. I am not ready to go to bed as yet. Nothing planned to do in the Lab, No plan for any work, any experiment, or preparation for the next presentation. Nothing at all. I started to miss the “Bench,” the animals, the smell of chemicals and reagents, the smell of Bunsen burners, noise of ultra-speed centrifuges. The shakers and four walls of the Lab, charts hanging here and there. Slips pinned into the Cork Board with scribbles, Blackboard with drawings, figures, and equations. Plans and prophecies. A whole world in itself, like no one else. The air is bursting with life and professing the future.

But I do not have a project or an experiment to start. Maybe I do not belong to my world anymore.

I left the Bus stop and started walking along Denmark Hill Road; I Can’t remember when and where I was going? I felt so empty, so alone, and lonely. Still do not know where I am walking to. Passed Elephant and Castle Underground station. That was the station to go back to my Hostel. That is where I alighted out of the train to go to the King’s College Medical College. But I did not feel any need or urgency or even reason to go to the underground station, catch a train! For where

Kept walking, quite aware of the road, but could not figure out why I was walking and

where I was going. I passed the famous Elephant and Castle Pub, then St Thomas' hospital, and crossed Westminster Bridge by the house of Parliament.

Suddenly it was Westminster underground station. Did not see any reason to catch a train. Walking and walking along the Promenade by river Thames. The Royal Festival Hall is on the opposite Bank. Royal Chamber Orchestra, The Theatre, one after the other, came and gone.

Still walking, aimless, dejected, hopeless, and the only haze and dark clouds ahead.

Unable to understand the confusion and hopelessness, stopped and sat on a bench on the promenade. Looked around and tried to understand me. There was no answer.

Closed my eyes. Perhaps fell asleep. As I woke up with better senses, I could see the Entrance to the underground Station "Bank." I stood up with a jerk, and I woke up from the spell. I remember standing at the Bus stop in front of King's College, and now I am in front of the entrance to the Underground station Bank. This must be more than 3 miles from King's College.

I felt very strange. Was I Sleepwalking "for nearly an hour in this very busy part of Southeastern London? I did not get hit by any vehicle or walk on anybody and walked safely without creating any emergency, chaos, or scene.

I had a long-term London transport Pass. I am still in a daze but more alert and aware than on my "Dangerous Walk" along Denmark Hill road. I got on the right train, which took me straight to my destination—Paddington station. Our Hostel is just round the corner in Talbot square,

Lillian Pension Hall. This is the Residence for overseas postgraduate students at London University. A "Political-Scandal-drenched five-star hotel; derogatively famed itself for the "Profumo - Helen Keller" affair. The disgraced Hotel was put on sale. The University of London picked it up for pittance and transformed it into the first magnificent dormitory for international postgraduate students. I was lucky to be one of the first batch of guests.

From the Paddington station, even I could have walked Sleeping. Maybe that was what I did. My Thesis defense was finished on Thursday afternoon. Suddenly I found myself in my room, on my bed and as I looked at the Clock, it was Saturday at 4 pm. At that point, I had no recollection of the events of the last two days. I tried hard to



remember. The Only event that came to my mind was that Mr. Burn and Prof Hart walked me to the exit.

Baffled, confused, angry, and upset with myself. Gradually I came back to senses. Realized that I have successfully defended my Ph.D. Soon I will be conferred a "Doctorate" from the University of London. Four years of

hard work, depriving myself of other pleasures and tribulations of life. I am a decorated Scientist.

Well, I had gone through a similar path to be a Doctor with MB.BS from the University of Calcutta. What a difference between “two ends.” MB.BS showed me the road to Mount Everest. But PhD. left me in confusion, emptiness, loneliness, and in humility of deserting the laboratory, leaving experiments and many more unanswered questions and lots more work to do. I kept going through my Thesis again and again. I felt I have no business leaving so many questions unanswered. I am mentally and physically ready to write another Thesis.

Following Tuesday, while I was having Lunch in the Dining room. A Message came on the Tannoy to come to the reception or pick up the nearest public phone.

I ran to the Cashier and asked her if I could borrow her phone. She complied. It was Mr. Burn’s secretary who connected me to Mr. Burn. Without much pretense, he said, Dr. Malaker, you have successfully defended your Ph.D. thesis. I guess you are recovering from four years of hard work; perhaps you can meet with us: that was Professor Welbourn, Director of the Department of Surgery, tomorrow at 4 pm at his office.

I had no word to think. I met with both of them as scheduled. Four PM is time for British “Afternoon tea.” It was more than an honor for a lowly research scholar to have tea with the Department Chairman. He congratulated me on completing the project. He said if you would like to continue in the Lab, we can extend your Scholarship for another year. However, perhaps you would

like to return to Clinical Surgery. If you do, you may work with Mr. Burn as a Senior House officer for a year, which is traditionally renewable with promotion to the Registrar’s level.

I was dumbfounded. He continued, you may continue with your research in the same lab as many other Clinical staff does. I had no second thought. I was grateful for the offer of working in Surgery and, at the same time, continuing to work in the lab. I asked when do I start? Perhaps in a month, he said. You will receive a letter from my office shortly.

I thanked both of them. Mr. Burn walked me to the door. My life was cast, or so I thought. Since then, for the last Fifty-five years, I never parted with my “Stethoscope” nor took my fingers off the “test tubes” or my hands off a “pen and paper.”

Suddenly I realized I had not spoken to my parents since finishing my Ph.D. defense. I recollected the day I passed my MB.BS examination. What a contrast. I ran along the long Corridor and grabbed the first Public Telephone I could get, and let my parents know. But I had never had the chance to touch the feet of Mr. Burn and Professor Welbourn lying flat on the floor.



The Little Bud That Created a Wonder

Anna Das

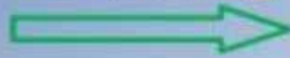
*As a single bud sprouts on the bare rock
life begins to grow
as plants start to follow, it leads to an overflow
later creating a prairie of green grass, soon comes a flock
of adventurous birds who were also in shock
by the act of the plants who followed the bud who grew with a slow
but determined style, who grew when there was snow
and when there were winds, but never gave up and managed to walk.
As the flock provides fertility to the fresh soil, creatures hear this call
and join the new land
which grew because of a single bud who was ever so small
and with the right adjustments of nature, was able to install
a brand-new world filled with creatures and sand
and once again, all because of a single bud that didn't fall.*



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'Jay Ma Durga': Greetings from DBTF

Dream for Better Tomorrow Foundation (DBTF) is a volunteer organization, dedicated to promoting education and basic well-being of the unpreviledged ultra-poor minority students in Bangladesh.

For a moment, please sit back, close your eyes, think about the roots and social landscapes we came from, and feel the pain of the ultra-poor students devoid of proper education due to extreme poverty and many other troubles.

With a little contribution from your end, you feel divine love and God's blessings. Please help us help these poorest of the poor students towards hope and enlightenment.

For details, please visit: <https://dreambetter.org/>
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কিছু হাঁসির খোরাক

অশোক মুখোপাধ্যায়

অনেকের মতো আমিও একটা হোয়াটস আপ গ্রুপে আছি এবং নিয়মিত এর পোস্টিং দেখে থাকি। আজকে গ্রুপের কোনো পোস্টিং দেখে আমার একটা সত্য ঘটনার কথা মনে ভেসে উঠলো আর সেটাই লিখে ফেললাম। গ্রুপে পোস্টিংটা ছিল : " This post is mistakenly sent - sorry " - কেন যে এই পোস্টটা দেওয়া হলো তার মাথামুণ্ডু মনেহয় কোনো মেম্বার বুঝতে পারবে না।

১৯৬৮ সালের কলকাতা শহরের কেন্দ্রস্থল এসপ্ল্যানেড - ভীষণ জমজমাট এক বিকেল। ঠিক মেট্রো সিনেমার কাছে এই ঘটনার সূত্রপাত, যার সাক্ষী হিসাবে আমার থাকার সুযোগ হয়েছিল। সঙ্গী হিসাবে ছিল আমার এক অন্তরঙ্গ বন্ধু সমর দাস। দুঃখের সাথে জানাই যে সমর আজ এ পৃথিবীতে নেই, কিন্তু তার নানা কান্ড কারখানা তার বন্ধুদের মনের কোনে আজও জমা হয়ে আছে এবং এই ঘটনাটা তার মধ্যে একটা!

আমার ঘটনাটা অবশ্য এই রকমের ছিল :-

তখন আমরা ছাত্র - ক্লাস শেষে বাড়ীতে ফিরবো। তাই দুজনে কিছুটা হাঁটার পরে এসপ্ল্যানেড এসে পৌঁছলাম। সমর থাকে উত্তর কলকাতার হাতীবাগানে আর আমি থাকি দক্ষিণ শহরতলী বেহালাতে - একেবারেই উল্টো দিকে দুজনের গন্তব্যস্থল। তবে দুজনকেই এসপ্ল্যানেড মানে ধর্মতলা থেকে বাস বা ট্রাম ধরতে হতো।

সেদিন "মেট্রো সিনেমার" কাছে পৌঁছে দেখি এক জায়গায় বেশ কিছু লোক জমায়েত হয়ে চিৎকার চেষ্টামেচি করছে। হঠাৎ সমর আমার হাত ধরে ওই ভীড়ের দিকে আমাকে

টেনে নিয়ে যেতে থাকলো। আমার ভীড়ভাট্টা মোটেই পছন্দ নয় - আমি ওকে ওদিকে যেতে যথাসাধ্য বাধা দেবার চেষ্টা করলেও, সে ওই ভীড়ে ঢুকে গেলো আর আমি একটু দূরে ওর জন্য অপেক্ষা করতে থাকলাম। বেশ মিনিট কয়েক যাবার পরেও ও যখন বাইরে এলো না তখন আমার একটু ভয় করতে লাগলো আর সন্দেহ হলো যে সমর নিশ্চয় সেই ঝগড়ার মধ্যে খামাখা জড়িয়ে পড়েছে।

কি করবো ভাবছি, ঠিক তখনি দেখি সমর অন্য এক অচেনা লোকের হাত ধরে ভীড় থেকে বেরিয়ে আসছে আর সেই লোকটা প্রানপনে তার হাত ছাড়াবার বৃথা চেষ্টা চালিয়ে



যাচ্ছে! দূর থেকে ওই দৃশ্য দেখলেও ব্যাপারটা আমি তখনও ঠিক বুঝি নি, ভাবলাম লোকটা বুঝি সমরের চেনা, কিন্তু এপিসোডটা যে একেবারেই উল্টো সেটা কিছুক্ষনের মধ্যে টের পেলাম - যখন সমর ভীড়ের বাইরে এসে আমাকে দেখতে পেলো!

যেই না আমাকে দেখা অমনি সমর

লোকটার হাত ছেড়ে দিলো আর ছাড়া পেয়ে নিমেষের মধ্যে লোকটা জনসমুদ্রে হারিয়ে গেলো । এবার সমর আমাকে বললো : "তুই এখানে দাঁড়িয়ে আর আমি তোকে ভেবে অন্য একটা লোকের হাত ধরে টেনে নিয়ে এলাম - খুব বাজে কাজ হয়েছে বুঝলি । আমার এখন ওর কাছে ক্ষমা চাওয়া উচিত" ।

এই কথা শোনার পরে আমি ওকে কিছু বলতে যাবার আগেই সে আর একটা মজা অজান্তে করে বসলো আর সেটা ছিল এই রকমের :-

সমর ওর সামনের এক পথচারীকে হঠাৎই বলে উঠলো - "এই ঘটনার জন্য আমি দুঃখিত - দয়াকরে আমাকে ক্ষমা করে দিন" । সেই লোকটা ছিল অবাঙালী এবং হঠাৎ সমর ওকে



কি বা কেন ওই কথা বললো সেটা স্বভাবতই বুঝতে পারলো না । উত্তরে লোকটা বলে উঠলো : "স্যরি আই কান্ট আন্ডারস্ট্যান্ড ইউ" ! আমি ওর এই কান্ড কারখানা দেখে পেট চেপে একটু দূরে দাঁড়িয়ে হাঁসতে শুরু

করলাম । সমর এবার ইংরাজীতে ওকে বললো : "স্যার এক্সকিউজ মি - আই এম ভেরি সরি" । ওর কথা শুনে লোকটা বললো : "ইউ আর মিস্টেকেন - আই এম নট দি ম্যান ইউ আর লুকিং ফর" এবং এই কথা বলে লোকটা আর কালক্ষয় না করে অন্য দিকে হাঁটা দিলো ।

এই সব ঘটনার পরে সমর আমাকে ভৎসনা করে বললো : "আমি এতবড় একটা গর্হিত কাজ করে ফেললাম আর তুই কিনা হাঁসছিস" । আমি তখন কোনোমতে নিজেকে সামলিয়ে ওকে শান্তনা দিয়ে বললাম : "কি আর করা যাবে - যা হয়ে গেছে সেটা তো আর শুধরানো যাবে না, তাই মন খারাপ না করে এবার বাড়ী যা এবং ভবিষ্যতে যেন এমন ঘটনা না ঘটে তার দিকে নজর রাখিস" ।

একটা প্রবাদ বাক্য " উদোর পিন্ডি বুদোর ঘাড়ে" আমার মনে আসার পরে, আমরা দুজনে দুদিকে নিজেদের বাড়ীর দিকে রওনা হয়ে গেলাম ।

আমার যেমন করোনার জন্য ঘরবন্দী অবস্থাতে এটা লিখে সময় কিছুটা কেটে গেলো, তেমনি হয়তো লেখাটা পড়ে কারো সময় কাটবে ও হয়তো কেউ কেউ মজাও পাবে । মনেহয় পাঠক উপরের পোস্টিং টার সাথে এই ঘটনার কিছু মিল ও খুঁজে পাবে !

পুনশ্চ :

এই রকমের আরো নানা ঘটনা সময়ের জীবদশাতে হয়েছিল । এই সব মজার ঘটনার জন্য সে অবশ্য কখনই প্রস্তুত থাকতো না কিন্তু বাস্তবে সেগুলো আচমকাই ঘটে যেত । আজ সমর নেই , কিন্তু তার বহু ঘটনা ওর বন্ধুদের মনে এখনো গেঁথে আছে ।

বন্ধু সময়ের আত্মার শান্তি কামনা করি ।

গল্প হলেও সত্যি

পল্লব গঙ্গোপাধ্যায়

তারিখ 28th January, 1982; দিল্লি থেকে যাত্রা শুরু করব। Heart and Stroke, Canada থেকে Fellowship পেয়েছি। সবে মাত্র AII India Institute of Medical Sciences থেকে MD পাশ করেছি; তাই মনের আনন্দ আর ধরে না। যাত্রা হবে Delhi - Frankfurt - Toronto - Winnipeg। Airport-এ এসে দেখলাম Plane আসতে দেরী করেছে Fog এর জন্য। অর্থাৎ আমার Winnipeg যাবার দেরী হবে এবং Connecting Flight ঠিক মতন পাব না। তাই এবার আনন্দ থেকে Stress শুরু হল। Plane এর টিকিট মেজদা কেটে দিয়েছে আর ছোড়দা পকেটে \$300 (USD) গুঁজে দিয়েছিল। তাই আমার মনের জোর কম ছিল।

প্রায় 28 ঘন্টা পর Plane-এ করে আমি Winnipeg পৌঁছালাম। একদিন Frankfurt-এ থাকতে হয়েছিল। তাই Canada Time-এ পৌঁছালাম রাত এগারাটো। দিন Friday। তারিখ January 29; বাইরের তাপমাত্রা Minus 29 Degree. Airport-এ আমার Boss Dr. Beamish আর Dr. Dhalla-র আসার কথা ছিল তারা আগের দিন Airport-এ এসে আমাকে দেখে ফিরে গেছেন। তাই আমি একা। তখনকার দিনে WhatsApp ছিলোনা। একমাত্র Communication হচ্ছে Telephone-এর মাধ্যমে। Telephone করলাম। কেউ Respond করল না। কি করব বুঝতে পারছিলাম না। ক্রমশঃ Airport ফাঁকা হয়ে গেল। রাত একটা। হঠাৎ এক Security Guard আমার কাছে এসে পৌঁছালেন। “কোথায় যাবেন আপনি।” আমি বললাম যাব আমার Boss-এর কাছে কিন্তু ওনারা নিশ্চয় গতকাল এসে ফিরে গেছেন। আমি Telephone করেছি, কিন্তু কোন সারাশব্দ নেই। Security Guard বললেন “কোন সারাশব্দ পাবেন না - কারণ আজ হচ্ছে

Weekend। সবাই Party করতে বাড়ী থেকে বেড়িয়ে যায়। এক কাজ করুন ধারে কাছে অনেক Hotel আছে। আপনি Taxi করে Hotel-এ যান।” এবার আমার বলার পালা বলে ফেললাম “আমার কাছে \$320 আছে (ছোড়দার দেওয়া \$300 আর Govt. #20। এতে হয়ত হয়ে যাবে।” Security Guard একটু মুচকি হেসে বললেন “আপনি যে Dress করেছেন তাতে পয়সা থাকলেও চলবে না। বাইরে Minus 29 Degree আপনি এখানে বসুন। আমি দেখছি।” এবার আমার Stress level আরও উপরে উঠল। শুধু চোখ বুজে বললাম “মা তারা জয় হিন্দ।

কিছুক্ষণ পরে Security Guard ফিরে এলেন। বললেন “খুব ভাল খবর। আমাদের Airport-এ তিনটে ঘর আছে Pilot-দের থাকার জন্য। আজকে সব Empty। একটা ঘরে আপনি থাকবেন। কাল সকালে আমি আবার আপনার Boss-কে Phone করব।” Guard আমাকে Room-টা দেখিয়ে চলে গেলেন। এবার আমার শরীর ছেড়ে দিয়েছে। ভীষণ ক্লান্ত লাগছিল। এক মিনিটের মধ্যে ঘুম। হঠাৎ দরজার আওয়াজে ঘুম ভাঙল। সকাল হয়ে গেছে। একজন Tray তে করে Omlet, Coffee, Toast, Fruits নিয়ে হাজির। ইতস্তত করে হাত বাড়িয়ে Tray-টা কাছে নিলাম। ক্ষিদে পেয়েছিল। তাই Breakfast শেষ করতে 1 Minute লাগল। কিছুক্ষণের মধ্যে রাতের Security Guard আবার আসলেন। Shake hand করে বললেন - “Welcome to Winnipeg। আপনার Boss-কে Telephone করেছি। 30 Minutes এর মধ্যে আসবেন।” অবাক লাগল কে এই “Security Guard” ?? পরে অনেকবার Airport-এ এসেছি। দেখা মেলে নি।



শ্রী একাদশী ব্রত মাহাত্ম্য

শক্তি প্রসাদ বণিক

"কৃষ্ণস্তু ভগবান স্বয়ম "

একাদশী ব্রত : ব্রত অর্থ কোন কিছুকে মহৎ উপলক্ষ্য করিয়া যে শাস্ত্র সম্মত নিয়মাদি পালন এবং কোন কারণেই সেই নিয়ম লঙ্ঘন না করা হয় সেই অর্পিত নিয়মকেই ব্রত বলে ।

শাস্ত্রে যে ৬৪ প্রকার ব্রতের কথা বলা হয়েছে শ্রী চৈতন্য মহাপ্রভু আমাদের ন্যূনতম ৩০ টি ব্রত পালনের উপর জোর করেছেন । যেমন-

১) জন্মাষ্টমী ২)রাধানুষ্টমী ৩)দোল যাত্রা ৪)শিবচতুর্দশী ৫) দূর্গা অষ্টমী ৬)গুরুপূর্ণিমা আর ৭) ২৪ টি শ্রী একাদশী ব্রত ।

সকল ব্রতের মধ্যে একাদশী ব্রত সর্বোত্তম । শ্রবণ, স্মরণ, মনন, কীর্তন ইত্যাদি নবধা ভক্তির পরেই একাদশী ব্রতের অবস্থান । শ্রী গৌরাঙ্গ মহাপ্রভু তার লীলা বিলাসের প্রথম থেকেই একাদশী পালনের নির্দেশ দিয়েছেন ।

একদা মহর্ষি নারদমুনি ভগবান শ্রীকৃষ্ণকে বললেন - প্রভু আপনি থাকেন কোথায়? আপনার দর্শন ও পাইনা, আপনার স্থায়ী অবস্থান ও জানিনা । তখন ভগবান শ্রীকৃষ্ণ বললেন, হে মহর্ষি নারদ ! শোনো ;

"নাহং তিষ্ঠামি বৈকুণ্ঠে, যোগীনাং হৃদয়ে ন: চ" ।

মদ্ভক্ত যত্র গায়ন্তি, তত্র তিষ্ঠামি নারদ । ।

অর্থাৎ : হে নারদ ! আমি বৈকুণ্ঠে বা বিষ্ণুলোকে থাকিনা, আর যোগী ঋষিদের হৃদয়ে ও থাকিনা, আমার ভক্তরা যেখানে অর্থাৎ শ্রী হরিবাসরে আমার গুনগান করে আমি সেখানে থাকি, অবস্থান করি । এই একাদশী ব্রত শ্রী হরিবাসরে শ্রী ভগবান তার ভগবত্ত্ব পরিহার করে ভক্তের সাথে সহবস্থান করেন ।

একাদশীর উপবাস: লুনার সাইকেলের এগারোতম দিনে হয় এই শ্রী একাদশীর উপবাস ।

উপ - মানে হল নিকটে আর বাস -মানে হল

অবস্থান করা । অর্থাৎ শুক্ল ও কৃষ্ণ পক্ষের এগারোতম দিনে শ্রী পরমেশ্বর ভগবানের সাথে শুদ্ধ ভক্তের সহ অবস্থান ।

ভক্তের আরাধনা, ভগবানের করুণা, শ্রী ভগবান নামেন, ভক্ত উপরে উঠেন,

দেখা হয় দুজনের খেয়া পাড়ে

মিলন হয় ভক্ত ভগবানে ॥

শাস্ত্র বলছে,

"একাদশী ব্রতং জয়ন্তু কৃত" ভক্তি সমন্বিতে : "

"তৈশ্চ যজ্ঞা কৃতা সর্বৈ ব্রতানি সফলানি চ " ।

শ্রদ্ধা, শুদ্ধাভক্তি সহকারে একাদশী ব্রত পালন করিলে সকল যজ্ঞ ও ব্রত পালনের পালনের ফললাভ হয় । অতএব এই একাদশীর সঙ্গে অন্য কোনো শুভ কর্ম, ধর্মানুষ্ঠান বা ব্রতের তুলনা হয়না ।

শ্রীহরি নিজেই বলেছেন - হে কলিহত জীবগণ !

তোমরা শ্রবণ করো, পালন করো একাদশী ব্রত ।

শ্রী হরিবাসর তিথিতে কখনো কোন কারণবশত :

অন্ন গ্রহণ করোনা । সৌর, শিব, শাক্ত ও বৈষ্ণব

সকলেরই অন্ন গ্রহণ নিষিদ্ধ । এই পুণ্য তিথিতে

অন্ন গ্রহণকারী পশু হতেও নিকৃষ্ট

শাস্ত্রে আছে :

"যানি কানি চ পাপানি ব্রহ্ম হত্যা কানি চ ,"

"অন্ন মাশ্রিত তিষ্ঠন্তি সম্প্রাপ্তে হরিবাসরে "

ব্রহ্ম হত্যা , গুরু হত্যা প্রভৃতি অক্ষমাযোগ্য

পাপসমূহ এই শ্রী হরিবাসর দিনে অন্নকে আশ্রয়

করে থাকে । তাই প্রতি গ্রাসে পাপপুরুষ তাদের

দেহে ও অন্তরে প্রবিষ্ট হয় এবং পাপকর্মে প্রলুপ্ত

করে । হয়তো একদা কোনো একদিন দৈবকৃত

পুণ্য ফলে ব্রহ্ম হত্যা পাপ হইতে নিষ্কৃতি লাভ

ঘটে কিন্তু একাদশীতে অন্ন ভোজনকারী ব্যক্তি

কিছুতেই নরক যাতনা হতে রক্ষা পায়না ।

একদা মহর্ষি জৈমিনী ঋষি নিজ গুরুদেব শ্রী ব্যাসদেব কে জিজ্ঞাসা করলেন, "হে গুরুদেব ! শ্রী একাদশীর জন্ম কখন হয়েছিল এবং জন্মের উৎসই বা কি ? একাদশী পালনের বিধি কি ? কখন এই ব্রত উদযাপন করতে হবে ? ব্রত পালনে কি লাভ ? না করিলে কি অপরাধ ? একাদশী অধিষ্ঠাত্রী দেবতা কে ?

শ্রীল ব্যাসদেব শিষ্যের প্রশ্ন শুনে খুশি ও আনন্দিত হয়ে বললেন, হে জৈমিনী ঋষি, একাদশী ব্রত পালনের ফল সার্বিকভাবে পরমেশ্বর শ্রী নারায়ণই শুদ্ধভাবে বর্ণনা করতে পারবেন। পরমেশ্বর ভগবান সৃষ্টির প্রথম লগ্নে মানুষ সৃষ্টি করেন। কালান্তরে মানুষ কর্মফলে দুই ভাগে বিভক্ত হয়ে পরে। একশ্রেণী হয় পুণ্যবান মানুষ আরেক শ্রেণী হয় পাপী মানুষ। পুণ্যবানরা তার অনন্ত ধামে যাত্রা

করেন। আর পাপী মানুষের শাস্তি দেওয়ার নিমিত্তে পাপী অঙ্গ প্রতঙ্গ দ্বারা এক অদ্ভুতদর্শী পাপ পুরুষ সৃষ্টি করেন। যার কাজ হলো পাপীদের শাস্তি দেয়া।

আর পাপ পুরুষও আমার সৃষ্টি যার কাজ হলো পাপীদের শাস্তি দেয়া। শ্রী ভগবান যমরাজ ও হিসাবরক্ষক চিত্রগুপ্তকে পাপ পুণ্যের বিচার কার্য করার জন্য দায়িত্ব দিলেন।

তখন ভাবলেন এই পাপ পুরুষের নিয়ন্ত্রক সৃষ্টি করতে হবে। তাহলেই সৃষ্টির ভারসম্য রক্ষা হবে। একদিন পরমেশ্বর ভগবান পাপীদের অবস্থা দেখার জন্য যম রাজ্য নরক গমন করলেন। সেখানে শাস্তি প্রাপ্ত পাপীদের উচ্চ চিৎকার ও কান্না শুনতে পেলেন। তাদের করুণ আর্তনাদ শ্রী ভগবানের মন করুণায় বিগলিত হলো। ভাবলেন



আমার সৃষ্ট জীব আমার কারণে কষ্ট ভোগ করছে। করুণাময় ভগবান পূর্বের বিচারধারা পুনরায় চিন্তা করলেন। পাপীদের উদ্ধার নিমিত্তে তিনি হঠাৎ একাদশীরূপে আবির্ভূত হলেন। এই একাদশী এবং পরমেশ্বর শ্রী বিষ্ণু ও তার বিগ্রহ এক ও অভিন্ন। ভগবানের এহেন মূর্তি প্রকটিত দেখে নগরবাসীগণ একাদশী পালনে প্রতিজ্ঞাবদ্ধ হয়ে পাপমুক্ত হল এবং বৈকুণ্ঠ ধাম গমন করলো। এই একাদশী পালন অতীব শ্রেষ্ঠ ব্রত ও কর্ম।

শ্রী একাদশী আবির্ভাবের সাথে সাথে এই পাপ পুরুষ একাদশীর প্রতিকূল প্রভাব অনুভব করলো। সে শ্রী বিষ্ণুর স্তুতি করতে লাগলো। পাপ পুরুষ বললো - আমি আপনার নির্দেশ মতো পাপীদের শাস্তি দিতেছিলাম। কিন্তু একাদশীর প্রভাবে আমার অস্তিত্ব ধ্বংস হয়ে যাচ্ছে এবং নরক পাপী শূন্য হয়ে যাচ্ছে। আর সবাই স্বর্গ ধামে যাচ্ছে। একাদশী তো আপনার বিগ্রহেরই পরিপূরক। একাদশীর ভয়ে আমি ত্রিভুবন ঘুরতেছি কিন্তু তার প্রভাবমুক্ত স্থান খুঁজে পাইনা। শেষে পাপপুরুষ শ্রী বিষ্ণুর পাদ পদ্মে নিপতিত হয়ে একটি বাসস্থান আবেদন করলো যেখানে থাকলে একাদশীর ভয় হতে মুক্ত হতে পারবে।

অতঃপর, শ্রী বিষ্ণু বললেন হে পাপপুরুষ আর কেদোনা আর চিন্তা করোনা। একাদশীর দিনে সংসারের সকল পাপারাজ্যি খাদ্য শস্যে বিরাজ করে তাই এই দিনে তুমি খাদ্য শস্যে আশ্রয় গ্রহণ করবে। কারণ শ্রী একাদশী সেখানে বাধা সৃষ্টি করবেনা। পাপপুরুষ কে এইরূপ বলে শ্রী বিষ্ণু অন্তর্ধান হলেন।

শ্রী বিষ্ণুর আদেশে জড় জগতের সকল প্রকার পাপকর্ম একাদশীর দিন পঞ্চ রবির শস্যে আশ্রয় গ্রহণ করে। সেই কারণে শাস্ত্রে বলা হয় যে একাদশীতে কখনো অন্ন ভক্ষণ করোনা। স্বয়ং ভগবান জীবের কল্যাণের জন্য ঈশ্বরত্ব ত্যাগ করে মানবীয় আচার আচরণ গ্রহণ পূর্বক জগৎ জীবকে শিক্ষা, উৎসাহিত ও উৎজীবিত করেন।

মহারাজ যুথিষ্ঠির ভগবান শ্রী কৃষ্ণকে প্রশ্ন করলেন - হে প্রভু ! একাদশী করলে কি লাভ হয় ? শ্রী কৃষ্ণ

বললেন - এই ব্রত জীবের সর্ব প্রকার পাপ হরণ করে , পিশাচত্ব নাশ করে, এই ব্রত কথা শ্রবণ , কীর্তন ও মননে সহস্র গো - দানের ফল হয়। ধর্মরাজ যুথিষ্ঠিরের প্রশ্নোত্তরে আরো বললেন - হে ধর্মপুত্র ! ত্রেতা যুগে শ্রী রামচন্দ্র , জনক-নন্দিনী সীতা দেবীর বিরহে বড় দুঃখ পেয়েছিলেন। তখন তিনি মহর্ষি বশিষ্ঠের নিকট জানতে চেয়েছিলেন এমন কোনো শ্রেষ্ঠ ব্রত আছে কি, যা পালন করলে জীবের সমস্ত পাপ ও দুঃখ নিবৃত্ত হয়ে যায় ? তখন বশিষ্ঠজী শ্রী রামচন্দ্র কে বলেছিলেন - হে রাম, আপনার বুদ্ধি শ্রদ্ধাযুক্ত , আপনার নাম গ্রহণে ও স্মরণে জীবের চরম মঙ্গল সাধিত হয়। তথাপি সকল জীবের কল্যাণ কামনায় সর্ব পাপ নাশক ও দুঃখহারক ব্রত কথা জানতে চেয়েছেন।

এই মোহনী একাদশী ব্রত পালনে মনুষ্যের সকল পাপ ও সর্ব দুঃখ এবং মোহজাল নিবৃত্ত ঘটে , আর এই ব্রত অজ্ঞানকৃত মোহো নষ্ট করে।

শ্রী ব্যাসদেব শ্রী ভীমসেনকে বললেন - বর্তমান যুগে ভগবৎ ধর্মজাজনের শক্তি সকলের নাই। সকল পুরানের সারাংশ - যিনি একাদশী পালন করে শ্রী কৃষ্ণকে স্মরণ করে তার আর নরকে যেতে হয়না।

ভগবান শ্রী কৃষ্ণ অর্জুনকে বললেন , হে অর্জুন একাদশী পালনকারীকে আমি পরাগতি প্রদান করি। ব্রজ লীলায় ভগবান শ্রী কৃষ্ণ তার অবতারত্ব পরিহার করে একান্ত শুদ্ধ বালক হিসেবে যশোদা নন্দালয়ে প্রতিপালিত হতে লাগলেন। জগৎ জীবের মঙ্গল ও কল্যাণের জন্য মনুষ্যজনিত আচার ও আচরণ করেন। শ্রী ভগবান "নিজেই আচারি কর্ম , জীবকে শেখায় "।

এক একাদশীর দিনে গোপাল গোষ্ঠ থেকে ফিরলে মা যশোদা তাকে খাবার পরিবেশন করেন। আসনে বসে খাবার দেখে নন্দ দুলাল বললেন মাতা !

"এ তুমি কি করেছে আয়োজন ?

একাদশীর দিনে আমি না করিব অন্ন ভোজন " !
এমত অবস্থায় মা যশোদা অন্ন নিয়ে ভীষণ বিপদে পড়লেন। শেষে গঙ্গায় অন্ন ফেলার সিদ্ধান্ত নিলেন। কিন্তু মা গঙ্গা একাদশীর দিনে অন্ন গ্রহণে

অস্বীকৃতি জানানো। অন্য প্রাণিকুলও অন্ন গ্রহণে
অনীহা জানানো। শেষে মকর নান্নী নামক এক
জলজ প্রাণী অন্ন গ্রহণে রাজি হলো, তবে সে আজ
গলার মধ্যে অন্ন রাখবে এবং পরের দিন ভোজন
করবে। তখন নন্দরানী একাদশীর দিনে রান্না কৃত
অন্ন থেকে মুক্তি পেলেন।

পুরুষ্কার স্বরূপ নন্দরানী মকরকে বর দিলেন যে
তার মুখায়ব এর প্রতিচ্ছবি গোপালের বাঁশির অগ্রে
থাকবে আর বিবাহিত রমণীর স্বস্তিকার চিহ্ন
হিসেবে হাতের আয়স্তির মাথায় থাকবে।

শ্রী চৈতন্য মহাপ্রভু তার লীলা বিলাসের প্রথম
থেকেই একাদশী ব্রতের প্রথা প্রবর্তন করেছিলেন।
একদিন গৌরহরি তার স্বীয় জননী শচীদেবীকে এই
ব্রত পালনের অনুরোধ করেছিলেন। এটাই ছিল
মাতার কাছে শ্রী গৌরহরির ভিক্ষা।

" একদিন মাতৃপদে করিয়া প্রণাম , "

" প্রভু কহে মাতো : মোরে দাও একদান " ।

" মাতা বলে তাই দিবো , তুমি যা মাগিবে " ।

" প্রভু বলে একাদশীতে অন্ন না খাইবে " ।

একাদশী ব্রতে শ্রী হরির করুণা প্রাপ্তি :

আমাকে এক ব্যক্তি ১০০ দিনের মধ্যে ৯৯ দিন
উপকার, সাহায্য দান করলো, সহযোগিতা করলো
, কিন্তু কোনো কারণবশত : একদিন করতে
পারেনাই। আমি একদিনের কথাই মনে রাখবো
সারাজীবন। কিন্তু তার ৯৯ দিনের উপকারের কথা
ভুলে যাবো।

আমার শ্রী হরি কি করেন। ৯৯ দিন তার কথা
স্মরণ, মনন, চিন্তা করিনাই। শেষে একদিন তাকে
শুদ্ধ ভক্তি দিয়ে স্মরণ ও পূজা করলাম। শ্রী হরি
৯৯ দিনের অবজ্ঞার কথা ভুলে যান। জন্ম জন্মান্তরে
ওই একদিনের পূজার কথা মনে রাখেন।

কি বলছেন আমার শ্রী হরি,

" অন্তকালে চ মামেব স্মরণ মুক্তা কলেবরম ,

য: প্রয়াতি স সদ্ভাবং , জাতি নাস্তি অত্র সংশয়।।

ব্যাখ্যা : মৃত্যুর সময় যিনি আমাকে স্মরণ করে দেহ
ত্যাগ করেন, তিনি আমাকেই লাভ করেন। এ

বিষয়ে কোনো সন্দেহ নাই। টিকা : আমাকে স্মরণ
করো - ভগবানের এই কথা - তার সাথে নিত্য
সম্বন্দ না থাকলে, জাগতিক জীবনে সেতু বন্ধন না
থাকলে তবে অন্তিম কালে স্মরণ সম্ভব হবেনা।
তার নিত্য দাস হতে হবে, তবেই শেষান্তে ভক্তি
দেবীর আশীর্বাদে ভগবত ভক্তি লাভ উদয় হবে।
একাদশী ব্রতে করণীয় :

কেশবপ্রিয়া তুলসীপত্রে যিনি শ্রী হরিবাসর শ্রী
হরির পূজা করেন পদ্ম পাতার জলের মতো তিনি
পাপে নির্লিপ্ত থাকেন এবং তার জন্মার্জিত সমস্ত
পাপ ক্ষয়ে যায়। তুলসী পূজা করলে বৈষ্ণবপদ
লাভ হয়। তুলসী গাছ বাড়িতে থাকলে গৃহে শ্রী
কৃষ্ণ বাস করেন এবং তুলসী গাছে জল দিলে
পজিটিভ শক্তি লাভ হয় এবং মাথা ঠান্ডা হয় ও
বৈকুণ্ঠ লাভ হয়।

অতএব যিনি ব্রহ্মহত্যা, দ্রুণ হত্যা পাপ বিনাশিনী
, মহাপুণ্য ফলদায়িনী এই ব্রত পালন করবেন এবং
এই মাহাত্ম্য শ্রদ্ধা সহকারে শ্রবণ করবেন তিনি সর্ব
পাপ থেকে মুক্ত হয়ে বিষ্ণু লোকে গমন করবেন।
এই নিশ্চয়তা শ্রী বিষ্ণু দিয়েছেন।

"সর্বৈ ভবন্ত সুখীন ; সর্বৈ সন্ত নিরাময় ।

সর্বৈ ভদ্রানী পশ্যন্ত ; মা কশ্চিৎ দুঃখভাক ভবেৎ "



Live one hundred years-be like Kartik

Pallab K. Ganguly, MBBS, MD, FACA

Our body is often encountered by events such as: 1. Mental (stress) 2. Physical (infection, unhealthy food, and lack of exercise). I just completed my MD at the age of 27 and was speaking to the audience in a public meeting to emphasize the fact that “Health is wealth”. In that perspective, my aim was to send a message that a person gets sick if he/she does not pay attention to both mental and physical events; wealth may not have great value at that time.

Kartik, a good-looking young fellow, asked me from the audience “what are the side effects of getting ill?”. “Tell me the recipe that I can share with the others so that an ordinary person can live 100 years”. I thought that the questions were relevant and Kartik was smart.

Everyone knows the problems that can arise in the family if one gets sick. These include but not necessarily limited to 1. Compromising the quality of life 2. Facing economic burden and 3. Giving problems to loved ones. I then elaborated the second part of the question by saying that if one follows Dr. Ganguly’s seven-point recipe, it may be possible to live longer, beyond 100 years.

1. Morning exercise-even you are 90 years old. Be active. Do not say that you are retired.
2. Avoid stress-let the children be independent, stay minimum with the materialistic world, avoid debt and unnecessary dream. Smile and appreciate others.
3. One big meal-last meal may end by 6:30-7

PM. Stomach should not be full.

4. Eat the right food (rice one time)

5. Get some knowledge about your body and health

6. Visit your family physician at least once in a year for a complete health check up

7. Do not take any medicine unless you have consulted your family physician

Today, I am 101 years old. Certainly, I do not



have much muscle strength; yet I was trying to deliver the same seminar on a chair at the Mandir complex reiterating the philosophy of “Health is Wealth”. Suddenly in the audience I saw Kartik, the same good-looking young fellow, again. This time I really wanted to come close to him as I was interested to know the secret behind a better life. “How could he maintain his great physical appearance?”. Unfortunately, in

a hurry, I fell from the chair. When I got up, Kartik was gone. He left a hand-written note for me. “Gods are meant for showing the right path only”. I understand why Kartik is young, energetic, and maintaining a great life.

Jai Baba Kartik, NomoNomo!!!

A small note: Japanese are blessed with the word IKIGAI, a reason for living. I am convinced that our Kartik brings that word to us. It is perhaps our responsibility to practice IKIGAI to live longer.

রামকৃষ্ণ মিশনের মা দুর্গার ভোগদানের বিধি

অশোক মুখোপাধ্যায় (দিল্লী)

বেলুড় মঠের দুর্গা পূজোতে মোট দশটি থালায় মাকে ভোগ দেওয়া হয় তার মধ্যে আটটি থাকে আমিষের থালা, বাকি দুটি অর্থাৎ নারায়ণ শিবের জন্য হয় নিরামিষ ভোগ।

■ আমিষ ভোগের প্রধান বড় থালাটি থাকে মায়ের জন্য আর বাকি গুলি থাকে লক্ষ্মী, সরস্বতী, কার্তিক, গনেশ, নবপত্রিকা, মহাসিংহ ও মহিষাসুরের জন্য। বেলুড় মঠের স্বতন্ত্র লক্ষ্মী ও সরস্বতী পূজোর ভোগে কিন্তু আমিষ দেওয়া হয় না তবে এই সময় যেহেতু তাঁরা মায়ের সহচরীরূপে উপস্থিত থাকেন তাই আমিষ ভোগ মাস্ট।

■ সপ্তমী, অষ্টমী ও নবমীর সকালে মায়ের প্রধান পূজো অর্থাৎ ষোড়শপচারে পূজোর পর দেওয়া হয় বাল্য ভোগ। এই বাল্য ভোগে থাকে পিতলের এক বড় হাঁড়ি খিচুড়ি ও গোটা ইলিশ মাছ ভাজা মশলা দিয়ে। এই ভোগ কিন্তু কেবল মায়ের জন্যই নিবেদিত হয় অন্য কোনো দেবী দেবতার জন্য এই বাল্য ভোগ নয়।

■ এবার আসা যাক মায়ের দ্বিপ্রহরিক ভোগ এর পদের কথায়। মায়ের জন্য সাদা ভাত দেওয়া হয় গোবিন্দভোগ চালের ও মায়ের জন্য নিবেদিত পোলাও তৈরী করা হয় বাসমতি চালে। এই চালগুলি বাছাই ও ঝাড়াই মহালয়ার দিন থেকে মঠের নবীন ব্রহ্মাচারীদের দায়িত্বে থাকে যাতে মায়ের ভোগে কোনো কাঁকর না পাওয়া যায়। অন্ন ভোগের থালায় স্তূপাকারে দেওয়া হয় সাদা ভাত তার পাশে বাটিতে দেওয়া হয় খিচুড়ি ও পোলাও সঙ্গে থাকে পরমান্ন অর্থাৎ পায়েস। মায়ের পাতে থাকে পাঁচ রকমের সিদ্ধ যেমন কাঁচকলা সিদ্ধ, আলু সিদ্ধ, পটল, কুমড়ো ও উচ্ছে সিদ্ধ। ভাজার মধ্যে মায়ের ভোগে দেওয়া হয় আলু, পটল, বেগুন, উচ্ছে ও বড়ি। মায়ের জন্য মেদিনীপুর থেকে আনানো হয় গয়না বড়ি। বাজারে যত

রকমের সময় অসময়ের সবজি পাওয়া যায় তার সব দিয়েই মায়ের জন্য তরকারি ও ডালনা প্রস্তুত করা হয়। বাঁধাকপি, ফুলকপি থেকে এঁচোড়, মোচা সবই থাকে মায়ের সবজি তরকারিতে। সবরকম তরকারি সুন্দর ভাবে আলাদা আলাদা বাটিতে মায়ের জন্য সাজিয়ে দেওয়া হয়। সঙ্গে ভাজা ও সিদ্ধ সুন্দর করে থালার পাশে সাজিয়ে দেওয়া হয়। আগে মাটির বাসনেই মায়ের ভোগ নিবেদন করা হতো দুর্গাপূজোতে কিন্তু প্রবীণ সন্ন্যাসীদের কথায় এই মাটির পাত্রগুলি স্তূপাকৃতি হয়ে যেত ভোগ নিবেদনের পর তাই মায়ের জন্য বড় কাঁসার থালা বাটির ব্যবস্থা করা হয়। এই বাসন মাজার জন্যই কয়েকজন সবসময় প্রস্তুত থাকেন। মায়ের ভোগের থালায় সব কিছুর সঙ্গেই দেওয়া হয় নুন, লেবু ও আলাদা আলাদা জলের গ্লাস।

■ যেহেতু মায়ের ভোগ আমিষ দিয়েই নিবেদিত হয় তাই মাছের পদে থাকে বিশেষ আয়োজন। অন্তত পাঁচ রকমের মাছ প্রতিদিন দেওয়া হয় যদি তার থেকেও বেশি মাছ পাওয়া সম্ভব হয় তাহলে তাও দেওয়া হয়। পাঁচ রকমের বিশেষ মাছের মধ্যে রোজ থাকে ইলিশ, চিংড়ি, রুই, ভেটকি ও সরপুঁটি।

■ সন্ধিপূজোতে মাকে দেওয়া হয় বড় ভোগ এর মধ্যে সব রকমের অন্ন ভোগ তরকারি ফল মিষ্টি ও মাছের নানা পদ থাকে সঙ্গে থাকে কালীঘাটের বলির মাংস। শ্রী শ্রী মায়ের নির্দেশে বেলুড় মঠে পশুবলি দেওয়া হয় না, বলির পাঁঠা দুর্গাপূজোর সন্ধিপূজো, শ্যামাপূজো ও ফলহারিণী পূজোর দিন কালীঘাটে মাকে উৎসর্গ করে মঠে সেই প্রসাদী মাংস নিয়ে এসে রান্না করে ভোগ দেওয়া হয়। এক দেবীর কাছে উৎসর্গ করা প্রসাদ যখন আবার অন্য দেবীর পূজোতে ভোগ হিসাবে দেওয়া হয় তখন তা হয়ে যায় মহাপ্রসাদ। যেমন পুরীতে

জগন্নাথ দেবের প্রসাদ মা বিমলাকে নিবেদন করার পর তা মহাপ্রসাদ হয়ে যায়।

■ মায়ের জন্য রচনা-ভোগ মঠেই প্রস্তুত করা হয়, মহালয়ার দিন থেকেই এর তোড়জোড় হয়ে থাকে। প্রায় দুই হাজার নারকেল নাড়ু মায়ের জন্য তৈরী করা হয় সাথে মুড়কি ও অন্যান্য আয়োজন থাকেই। মায়ের নৈবেদ্যের জন্য সব রকমের ঋতু ফল মাকে দেওয়া হয়, সঙ্গে থাকে কাজু কিশমিশ খেজুর আমসত্ত্ব। মায়ের সামনে আখ, চালকুমড়ো ও কলা বলি দেওয়ার রেওয়াজ রয়েছে। এখানে উল্লেখ করা প্রয়োজন যে সকল দেবী দেবতা বাহন ও অঙ্গ দেবতার পূজোতে নৈবেদ্যের আলাদা আলাদা আয়োজন থাকে, প্রত্যেকের নৈবেদ্য নিবেদনের পর জায়গাটি মুছে অন্য নৈবেদ্য আনা হয়।

■ রাতে মায়ের ভোগে দেওয়া হয় লুচি, ছোলার ডাল ও মুগের ডাল, তিন রকমের তরকারি ও পাঁচ রকমের ভাজা এবং মিষ্টি, ক্ষীর, রাবড়ি। রাতে মায়ের ভোগে আমিষ পদ থাকে না সকলের ভোগই হয় নিরামিষ। দুপুর ও রাতে ভোগ নিবেদনের সময় থালার সামনে আসন পেতে দেওয়া হয় এবং নারায়ণের ভোগের উপর তুলসী ও মা দুর্গা সহ সকলের ভোগে দেওয়া হয় বেলপাতা। দুপুরে ঠিক ১২ টার সময় ভোগ দিয়ে ভোগারতি হয় এবং রাতে ভোগ দেওয়া হয় আটটার পর। সকালের বাল্য ভোগ দেওয়া হয় পূর্বাহ্নের পূজোর সময়ের মধ্যেই। অষ্টমীর দিন তিথি বারোটোর আগেই ছেড়ে গেলে অষ্টমীর মধ্যেই একবার ভোগ দেওয়া হয় তারপর আবার যথারীতি দুপুরের ভোগ দেওয়া হয় সঙ্গে আরতি।

■ দশমীর দিন মায়ের সামনে বিসর্জন কৃত্য ভোগ হিসাবে দেওয়া হয় দধিকর্মা ভোগ যার মধ্যে মূলত থাকে চিড়ে ও দই, কিশমিশ, কাজু, নানা ফল, কলা, নাড়ু, সন্দেশ এগুলি।

মায়ের নামে প্রতিদিন মঠে খিচুড়ি ভোগ বিতরণ করা হয়। ভোগ রান্নার ঘরেই মায়ের ছবির সামনে এই ভোগ নিবেদন করে আরতি করা হয় তার পর

দর্শনার্থী ভক্তদের পাতে তুলে দেওয়া হয় মায়ের মহাপ্রসাদ রূপে। চাল, ডাল ও সমস্ত রকম তরকারি দিয়েই এই খিচুড়ি প্রস্তুত হয়, আলাদা করে কোনো লাবড়া বা এই জাতীয় কিছু থাকে না সঙ্গে থাকে চাটনি ও মা অন্নপূর্ণার অপার আশীর্বাদ। মঠের খিচুড়ি ভোগ বিষয়ে বেলুড় মঠের এক সময়ের অধ্যক্ষ স্বামী বিরাজানন্দের একটি চিঠিতে পাই "শুধু খিচুড়ি পর্যাপ্ত পরিমাণে ব্যবস্থা হবে। তাতেই শাক-সবজি যা কিছু দেবে। অন্য তরকারি মিষ্টান্ন কিছু দরকার নেই। এ খিচুড়ি মায়ের সামনে হান্ডা হান্ডা করে বিরাট ভোগ দিয়ে তারপর সর্বহারা নারায়ণদের পরিবেশন করতে হবে। এইবার মা এইভাবে পূজাভোগ গ্রহণ করবেন ও আমাদের



পূজা সার্থক হবে। আলাদা ব্যবস্থা কারো জন্য নয়।"

ঠাকুর শ্রীরামকৃষ্ণের কথায় যেমন "মা শতমুখে খান"। এই ভাবনাকে কাজে করে দেখানোর জন্যই রামকৃষ্ণ মঠের ভারত জুড়ে প্রতিটি শাখাই যেমন মায়ের ভোগের স্বতন্ত্র আয়োজন করেন তেমন তাঁর ছেলেমেয়েরাও যাতে পূজোর দিনে মায়ের করুণা ভরা প্রসাদ পান সে বিষয়টিকে বিশেষ গুরুত্ব সহকারে বাস্তবায়িত করেন। আর মায়ের কৃপায় কেউ অভুক্ত ফেরে না মঠ মিশনের কোনো শাখা থেকেই। সকলকে ভালো রেখো সুস্থ রেখো মাগো। (সংগৃহ)

The Dragon Stone

Ayush Majumdar

Chapter 1

Blaze was a normal fire wing child. He was first in his class; he knew how to hunt, and he had normal friends. He lived with his mom on their own. His father went missing when he was one. Now he is seven. He also has two friends, Peril and Willow. Peril was a sea wing and Willow was an earth wing.

One day after school, Blaze and his friends went to his house because they had an assignment. When they reached home, there was a note from his mom saying she would be gone for four hours. So, they settled in and started working. After a while, they finished their work and they got bored. Peril noticed a vase and went to pick it up. When she tried to pick it up, it slipped from her claws. It shattered and, on the floor, there were a piece of a map and a book.

Peril said sorry to Blaze, but he was not paying attention. That vase belonged to his father. He carefully looked at the map. It showed a way to something marked with an X. On the other side of the map was a small piece of a bigger map that needed to be completed. Then the door opened, and Blaze's mom came in.

Blaze's mom asked Blaze's friends if they wanted to stay over for dinner. However, they said they had to go home. They started to pack their stuff and then Peril started to pick up the map and the diary. Blaze started to get them, but she whispered to his ear that she would give them to him on next day at school more privately. They did not want

Blaze's mom to find out about what they discovered. Then she finished packing her stuff, the map, and the diary.

Chapter 2

The next day at school Peril brought back the map and the diary. At lunch, they sat down on a bench at school by themselves, and she gave Blaze the map and the diary back. She said she did not read anything else in the diary at home. They just started to read the diary again, but a dragon appeared in the sky.

Blaze asked the mysterious dragon who he was. He said his name was Deathseeker. He demanded the map and one of the legendary swords. Blaze had the map, but he did not have one of the legendary swords. He also wondered how Deathseeker knew about the map and the sword and what else he knew! Blaze said he knew nothing about what Deathseeker was saying. Deathseeker said that he knew that Blaze had them somewhere. So, he said if Blaze brought them to him, he would give Blaze's father back. Then he flew in the air out of sight!

At school they did not have time to talk about what they heard. So, they went to Blaze's house. Again, Blaze's mom was not home and so it made it a lot easier for them to talk. Willow asked Blaze about his father. Blaze said all he knew was that his father went missing when he was one year old. They also talked about why Deathseeker thought Blaze had one of the legendary swords. They all

started thinking. Then Peril had the idea to check in the diary.

Blaze got the diary and they started to read. They found a small text about where Blaze's father might have hidden the sword. It said in the diary that the sword was hidden in a secret chamber in Blaze's room behind a bookshelf. So, they went into Blaze's room and pushed the bookshelf aside. Behind it,

to see the sword. They all thought it looked amazing, but they could not help but wonder what was supposed to be in the sword. They decided to look in the diary again and they found out that the Dragon stone was supposed to be in the sword. They also found out that the stone was hidden a long time ago and still no one knows what mysterious power it holds.



there was a small room and one of the legendary swords was sitting on a pedestal in that room.

Chapter 3

The sword looked amazing. It was sharp and shiny. Its handle was made of gold with dragon carvings on it. However, there was a hole in the sword, and it looked like something should have been inserted there.

Blaze and his friends were extremely excited

Blaze took the sword and said, “now we can give Deathseeker the map and the sword” Willow and Peril disagreed. They thought it was best to keep the sword. “If Deathseeker wants it so badly that means we cannot give the sword or the map to him” Willow said. Blaze was mad! He wanted to get his father back but even he knew that they were right. So, he agreed that they would keep the sword.

Peril said that was not enough. She said they

would have to find a way to defeat Deathseeker. Willow asked how? “The Dragon Stone!” Blaze said. If the Dragon stone were in one of the Legendary swords, they would be the most powerful thing in the world. “Then we will get it,” said Willow. “There is one problem with that plan”, said Peril. Where would we find it? “The map we got,” said Blaze. Maybe the unfinished side of the map would help to find the Dragon Stone.

Chapter 4

The next day Blaze left his house in the morning to go look for the Dragon stone. He left his mom a note about what had happened in his room. His friends did the same; but, in their note, they said they were going camping with Blaze. They soon met up and they looked at the map to find out where to go. It showed that they had to go to the forest and find a temple.

They started following the map and finally reached a small temple that was hidden in the forest. When they went inside, they found a type of keyhole on a big door. Blaze tried to put the legendary sword in the keyhole. It fit in and he turned it and it moved. It also opened a wall, and the next map piece was on a pedestal. Blaze took the map piece, and they left the temple.

They all looked at the new map piece. It looked just like the other map piece. It was the same size as the other one&it was also double sided. One side was complete, but the other side was not. When they put the two unfinished sides together, they looked like they were half of a full map.

After that they looked at the new map again

to find out where to go next. It showed that they would have to go to the desert. There would be a temple the size of the last one and Blaze guessed that they would need the sword to open the locks for all the map pieces. However, just when they were about to leave, Deathseeker appeared in front of them.

Chapter 5

Blaze took out the legendary sword right away when he saw Deathseeker. Willow asked what he was doing here. Deathseeker said that he was there for the two map pieces and the sword Blaze had in his hand. Blaze said the deal was off about him giving the sword and the map pieces to Deathseeker in exchange for his father. Then Deathseeker said he would take them by force as he brought out a sword that was the same as Blaze’s. The three friends soon realized the sword Deathseeker had was the other legendary sword. Blaze asked Deathseeker how he had gotten the sword, but Deathseeker just attacked him. Willow used his power to make a wall to defend Blaze. Then Blaze tried to hit Deathseeker with the sword, but Deathseeker defended with his sword. Peril shot a gust of water at Deathseeker and while he was trying to defend himself from the water, Blaze tried to hit Deathseeker again. This time it landed and Deathseeker was very hurt. He declared once Blaze and his friends found all the map pieces, he would still them and then he flew away!

After Deathseeker left everyone was in shock. They just found out that Deathseeker had the other legendary sword. Blaze said they would have to stick to their old plan and find the

Dragon stone. They already knew where to find the next map piece, so they went to go find the next temple

They had finally found the next temple. Before they went into the desert, they stopped to get some food and water for the trip. Now they had found the temple. Again, they had found the same type of keyhole and Blaze used the sword to open the lock and a wall opened, and the third map piece was there on a pedestal.

This time Willow took the map and they left. They put the unfinished map sides together. It looked like there was only one more map piece to find. The three friends were all happy. They looked at the new map piece to find out where to go next. There was a small temple they had to go to so they could find the last map piece.

So, they set off to find the last temple. They found the temple near a beach and that was amazing. They went into the temple and sure enough there was the same type of keyhole. Blaze took his sword and opened the lock. A wall opened and then the last map piece was found.

Chapter 6

Finally, the three friends had found the last piece of the map. They went outside so they could see better when they saw the map pieces. They also found a rock to put the map pieces together. Of course, the map was much bigger than the separate pieces. The map showed they had to go to a snowy mountain. This mountain, however, was not on any other map that they had ever seen before.

“It will be very cold there so we should get some mountain gear,” said Blaze. “Do we

have enough money for the gear?” asked Willow. “Yes!” said Blaze. So, they all went to the nearest village to get their gears. It took a long time to find the right shop but eventually they found it. They found the right gear and the right size of jackets for the group. The friends even had extra money to get some food for all of them.

The three friends had finally had the map, so they went straight to the mountain. They made sure they had everything, and they started their climb. The mountain was very big so they knew it would be a very big climb. They couldn't fly because it was snowing. It was very hard, but eventually they got the hang of it. After a long day of going up the mountain, they finally got to the temple.

It was night by then, so they decided to camp right outside the temple for the night. They ate their food, and they went to sleep. The next morning, they packed their stuff, and they got ready to go inside the temple. But then suddenly Deathseeker flew down from nowhere and took the Blazes sword and flew into the temple.

The three friends were so surprised they had never expected to see Deathseeker. They all left their stuff and ran after Deathseeker into the temple. The temple was amazing from the inside. It had a lot of markings on the walls. They had no time to look at everything because Deathseeker was not there. He went through another door at the end of the room. They went through the second door, and they finally found it Deathseeker.

There was a big door, and it was open, and one of the swords was in the lock. It looked like there were two locks and each sword had

to go in one of the locks and Deathseeker opened the door. The Dragon Stone was on a pedestal and Deathseeker was about to grab it. Blaze Pearl and Willow tried to stop Deathseeker from getting the Dragon Stone, but they were too far away to get to him. Deathseeker grabbed the stone and put it in his sword. The three friends wondered what they would do now that Deathseeker had the Dragon stone and one of the legendary swords. He was unstoppable!!

Chapter 7

Deathseeker slashed at the three friends but for some reason there was no extra power in the sword. It just slashed like a normal sword. Everyone was surprised to see the sword wasn't working. Deathseeker threw a temper tantrum and asked why it wasn't working. Willow was holding the map and Pearl noticed something on the other side of it. The three friends thought that the last map piece was one sided, but it was double sided. There was a note on the other side of it. The map said,

“The dragon stone can only be used for good.”.

Deathseeker was mad, but still he used the sword like a normal sword. Blaze got the other legendary sword from the keyhole and then they started to fight. When the swords landed on each other, they flew out of each of the dragon's hands. They each picked up their swords and went again to strick. Again, their blades hit each other, and the blades flew into the air. Blaze caught Deathseeker's sword and Deathseeker caught Blaze's sword. Blaze slashed at Deathseeker and an arc of lightning came from the sword to get

Deathseeker. Pearl and Willow cheered when they saw the blade's power with the dragon stone. Deathseeker was so mad that he threw the other legendary sword at Blaze. Blaze defended with his sword, but it hit the Dragon stone and it shattered into five pieces. Deathseeker said, “If I can't use the power then no one can! “Deathseeker also said that he would take over the world with his own power. Blaze got very mad hearing that. Even though he did not have the Dragon stone he charged Deathseeker with his sword. Deathseeker asked Blaze why he was still fighting when there would be no reward. Blaze said, stopping him was the best reward that he would like. And all dragons in the world should be free again.

The Shattered Dragon stone pieces started to glow as Blaze kept on slashing at Deathseeker. It started to grow, brighter and brighter. As Blaze kept on talking about how evil didn't deserve to take over the world,the shattered pieces got brighter and brighter until a there was a great glowing light.

Chapter 8

Everyone was blinded for a moment. When everyone could see it again, they found out the blinding light came from shattered Dragon stone. However, the stone was not shattered any more. It looked like each shattered dragon stone piece took shape of a full stone. Each stone went on a part of Blaze and then an armer grew from each stone. He even got a shield. Then the last Dragon stone went to Blazes sword. Blaze just got a big upgrade!

Deathseeker tried to hit Blaze when he was

still off guard. When he hit Blaze, his blade just flew off and Blaze's armor was not ever scratched. This time Blaze slashed at Deathseeker. Deathseeker dogged the attack but a big gust of wind from the sword hit Deathseeker and he went flying to the side. Deathseeker went again to attack, but Blaze defended. Blaze also noticed something. He was now faster, and he could doge more of Deathseeker's attacks. Deathseeker tried to hit back but Blaze just hit the Deathseeker's sword out of his hands. Then Blaze went to do the final strike but then the ground billow Deathseeker cracked, and he fell in. It must have been when Blaze had used the sword. The lightning hit the floor and opened a big crack. It looked like a long way down and Deathseeker was gone.

Blaze, Willow, and Peril were very surprised. They did not expect Deathseeker to end this way. Blaze was very sad. He really wanted to make Deathseeker let go off his father. Now that Deathseeker was gone, Blaze thought that he would never find his father again. However, the Dragon stone put a holographic image of where his father was and then somehow the three friends got teleported to this unknown place. The first thing they saw when they got there was Blaze's father!!

Blaze's father was surprised to see three dragon children pop up right outside his cage. Blaze's father could not recognize Blaze because it had been six years since he saw him. Then Blaze asked if he was his dad, and he recognized his son right away. Blaze said, "I am going to cut thought the bars of your cage". With one slash of his blade, his father was free from his cage. Then Blaze said, "I

know you want to talk more but let's do all this talking in front of mom". Blaze's father was very happy to hear that and once more they were teleported too somewhere else.

Everyone appeared Infront of Blaze's house. The house looked empty but then someone opened the front door. It was Blaze's mom. When she saw Blaze in armor, his friends, and Blaze's father, she dropped her bags and ran straight to them. Blaze's father gave his mom a long hug. She said she was very scared. She thought she would never see them again. She also had a lot of questions! It took a long time to explain everything, but they were able to answer all her questions.

Then their next topic was to find out what to do with the sword and the armer. Blaze recommended the place where it was hidden before, and everyone seemed to agree. For seven years it was hidden, and no one noticed anything. They all went to Blaze's room. They went to the secret chamber and Blaze placed the sword and the armor on the pedestal and then they pushed the bookshelf in front of the entrance. Then Willow and Peril went home to see their parents. The next day Blaze, Peril, and Willow went to school as usual.

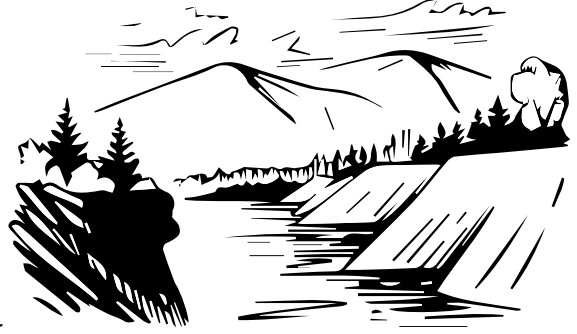


Yes I can

Samrat Dutta

Yes I can...

A new day, a new song
Don't let yourself bog down
You have so much to gain
And nothing to lose
So don't let others to tell what you can't



A mile is just a number
Beyond that it's only you
You will fail and fall
But there is never so much dirt
That you can't wipe off

A smile defines you
Don't let someone take that
Be happy, smile and never fear
After all each of us
Is a WINNER



বিভুর গান বিভূতি মন্ডল

বেড়াই ঘুরে নিকট বহুদূর
খুজছি কথা আমার গানের সুর।
যাই আর আসি অনেক লোকের ভীড়ে
জ্যোৎস্নাস্নাত রঙীন নদীর তীরে
স্বপ্নে দেখা কত অচিন পুর।
যাইগো খুজে সকাল সন্ধ্যাবেলা
ঘাটে ঘাটে ভিড়াই আমার ভেলা।
কোথায় পাব আবার আপন জন
যে জন কেড়ে নেবে আমার মন
সাজিয়ে দেবে আমার পরান পুর।



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REMEMBERING THE QUEEN

Her Highness Queen Elizabeth II (1926-2022) inaugurated the opening of Wolfson Institute and the Commonwealth building.

Kamal Malaker

In August 1964, Her Highness Queen Elizabeth II officially opened the Wolfson Institute and the Commonwealth Building at Hammersmith Hospital for the University of London, Royal Postgraduate Medical School of London (RPGMS), and the Imperial College of Science Engineering & Technology. Postgraduate Medical School and the Wolfson institute were the bastions of Medical Research and Clinical training for specialists of the highest caliber, especially for the people of the British Commonwealth.

I had joined as a first-year Ph.D. student at RPGMS, having just returned after two years of stints as a medical doctor in the denser remotest equatorial forest of Sierra Leone in British West Africa.

Sierra Leone did teach me much about the life of Colonial Masters and that of those who are "Colonized." But never gave the slightest hint about how to meet their Queen.

One morning as I was about to get my hands wet, helping the Chief Lab technician, a call came from Prof Selwyn Taylor, the Dean of RPGMS, asking me if I could come to his office for a short "Chat." Does a British Dean want to have a quick "chat"? I had never heard of it, nor can I imagine it. Secretary also told me they have already spoken to Mr. Burn, my supervisor, and Prof Welbourn, Chairman of the Dept. of Surgery.

I was getting more and more confused and bewildered. In Africa, when I am faced with a "Head hunter" or a "Cannibal." I know what

to expect. But facing "A Chat" with a British Aristocrat Dean and internationally revered "Endocrinologist,"! Will anyone in my shoes, can tell me what to expect? I was not afraid but flabbergasted. As I entered his reception room, Prof Selwyn opened the office door and invited me in. After exchanging greetings and a few words about my work, progress, and assistance I was getting, he came straight to the "Bomb-Sell." The Queen will be inaugurating the opening ceremony of the "Wolfson Institute and the commonwealth building in the following Two weeks. The Organizing Committee has proposed that you be the Indian representative to meet her.

I was convinced; I was not hearing what he said. But indeed, he said, what I heard. It is correct that I will be the Indian representative at the inaugural ceremony to meet the Queen.

The Hospital Almoner (Modern-day Director of Nursing Services) took over and invited us to attend a practice drill, "How to meet the Queen." For the next week, a couple of hours for every session. We had to learn how to walk, how to keep a happy face, how not to speak unless spoken to, not to cough or sneeze, not to stare, and how to dress. The National costume is preferred. The Ultimate gesture is "how to Bow at the queen."

Meeting students from the commonwealth was Queen's request. So we had a preferred location to meet her.

Eventually, the day came. The area teemed with Reporters, Camera-stages, Broadcasters, security



Dr. Kamal Malaker is waiting to extend the curtsy bow to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II at the Wolfson Institute and Commonwealth building opening ceremony in the Premises of The Hammersmith Hospital in West London, in August 1964

personnel, Policemen, and so on. We saw her arrival only on the TV in the evening in our Residence. We behaved and did not speak unless spoken to. It was not difficult to keep a happy face for the excitement. Everyone wore their national attire. I was planning to wear “Dhoti-Punjabi with a Khadi Urna. “ One of my Best friends, Subhash Basu, had a French wife. When she heard, she said she had a better idea. Let us take a drive. She drove us to Covent Garden. Covent Garden is the center of London’s Theatre world. Through a back alley, we entered a warehouse. It seems this is a familiar world for her. We met a “Boss-Like-lady.” They spoke in French. Within 10 minutes, she appeared with a perfect Maharaja Dress. She measured me and said the dress would be fitted-ready for trial in six hours. But we went the next morning. The trial was a “Bingo.”

That was my “Maharaja” attire to meet the British “Maharani.”

After introducing all the “Powers” in the establishment, Professor Selwyn and Sister Allister (the Almoner) guided the Queen to our row with a small crowd of the entourage and Press representatives. I guessed we were lined up alphabetically by the name of our country. Her Majesty was in a very happy, cheerful, and jovial mood. But serious enough to retain the intellectual weight of the place and the event. She was introduced one after the other; she returned a greeting smile after each bow.

As my turn came, after Dr. Sui Lee of Hong Kong, Prof Taylor introduced me to her Majesty! I thought I detected a familiar expression.

Familiar indeed! “Looks familiar.” I did a perfect Bow for the Queen, at least I thought I did. Before they proceeded to the next Country, both the Queen and Prof Selwyn gave me another smile and

moved to the next representative.

There were altogether Twenty seven (27) commonwealth countries represented. They had lots of bows to receive and smiles to exchange. They floated away like floating leaves in a gentle breeze.

The Wolfson Center for Medical Research and training was officially declared open by her majesty Queen Elizabeth II in August 1964. Work continued till today with remarkable progress and leadership in Medical research and training for the rest of the world.

I could not stop thinking afterward, why me? I was an unknown quantity in the whole system. There were at least thirty to Forty highly skilled and accomplished Indian Researchers and trainees in the Institute. They had Dr. Shyamal Nandi, an internationally acclaimed Gastro-Enterologist, Mr. Karter Singh, the Vascular Surgeon, and Mrs. Bennie Bansal, Neuroscientist, still; why me?

I stopped asking—a miracle, perhaps for the blessing from the Queen.

The Queen is no more. But it is impossible not to think that she lived for her people. Two days before she passed away, she welcomed the New British Prime minister Elizabeth Truss. She projected to be no different physically and mentally as she had been for the last five years.

In these days of Global turmoil and Chaos, she knew perfectly that the Monarchy would wither all weather and stay steady as a pillar of strength for the British people, but a political Tsunami could wash away the last vestige of British life.

Two days after she welcomed Liz Truss as Britain’s Prime minister, she left this mortal world happily and peacefully for eternity. Her Bliss for the people will keep growing and will get bigger and bigger. Her bliss remains for all of us forever. May her soul be at peace in heaven for eternity.



Artwork

- Ryma Dey



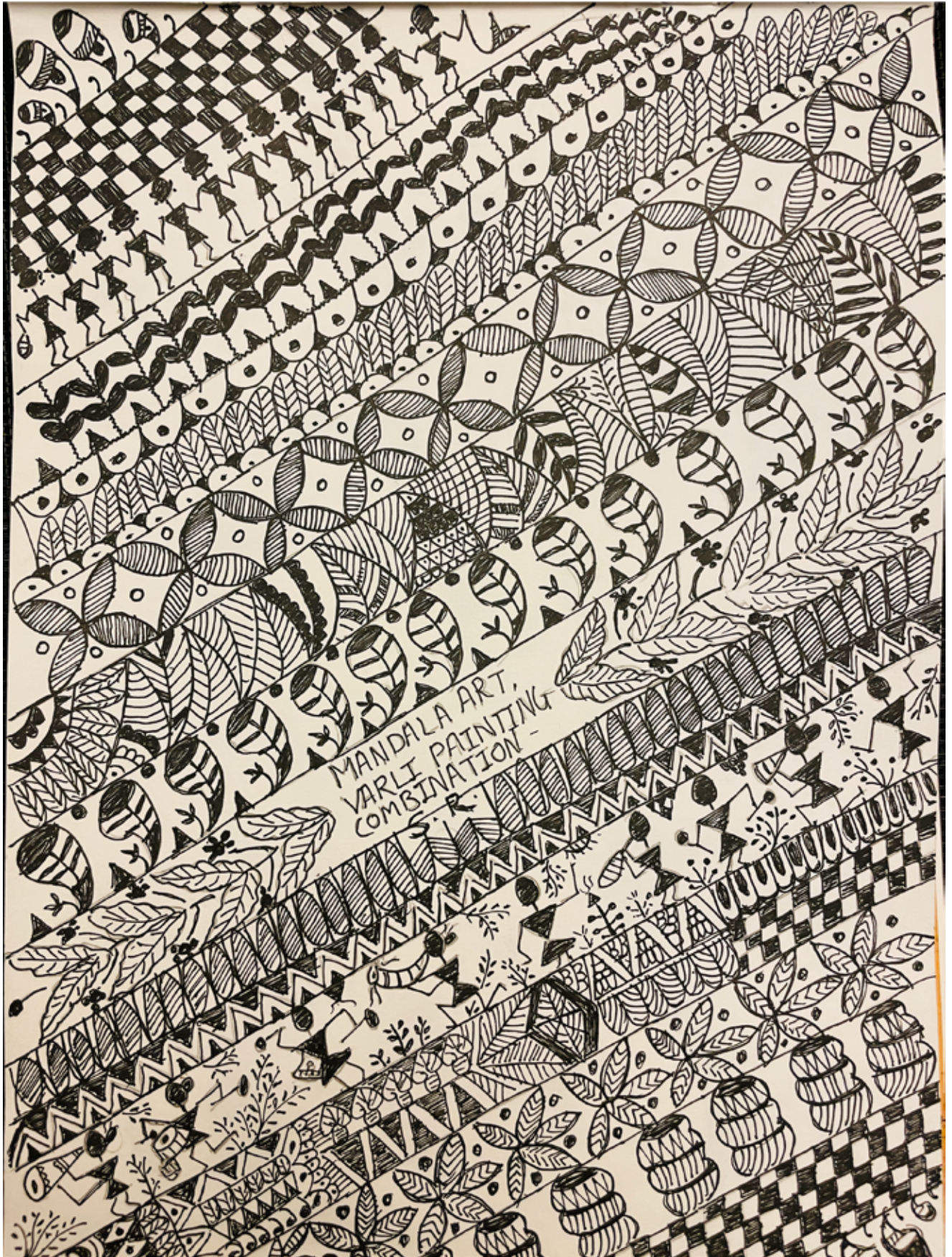
Drawing: Ryma Dey



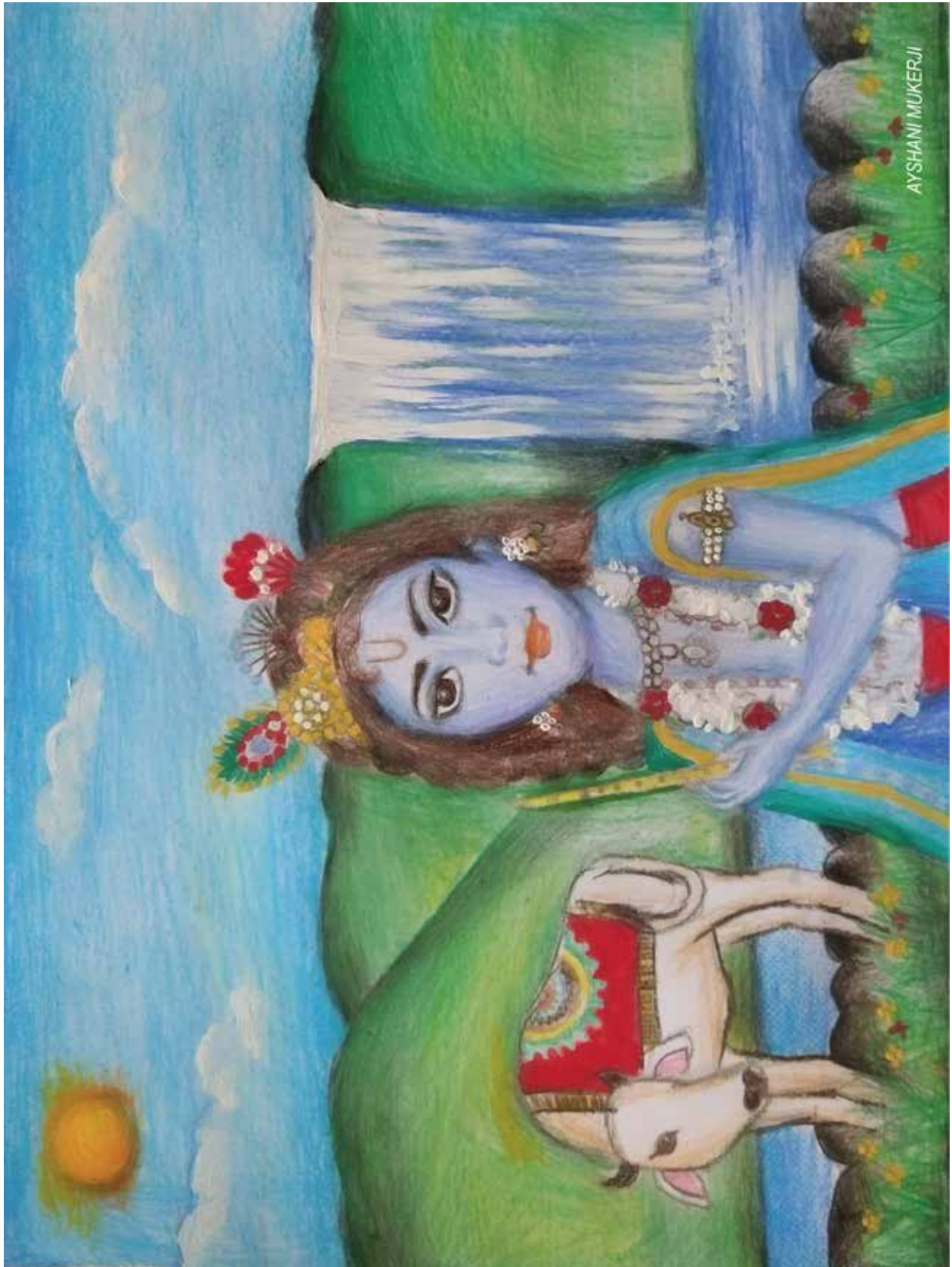
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Drawing: Shreyoshi Gomes



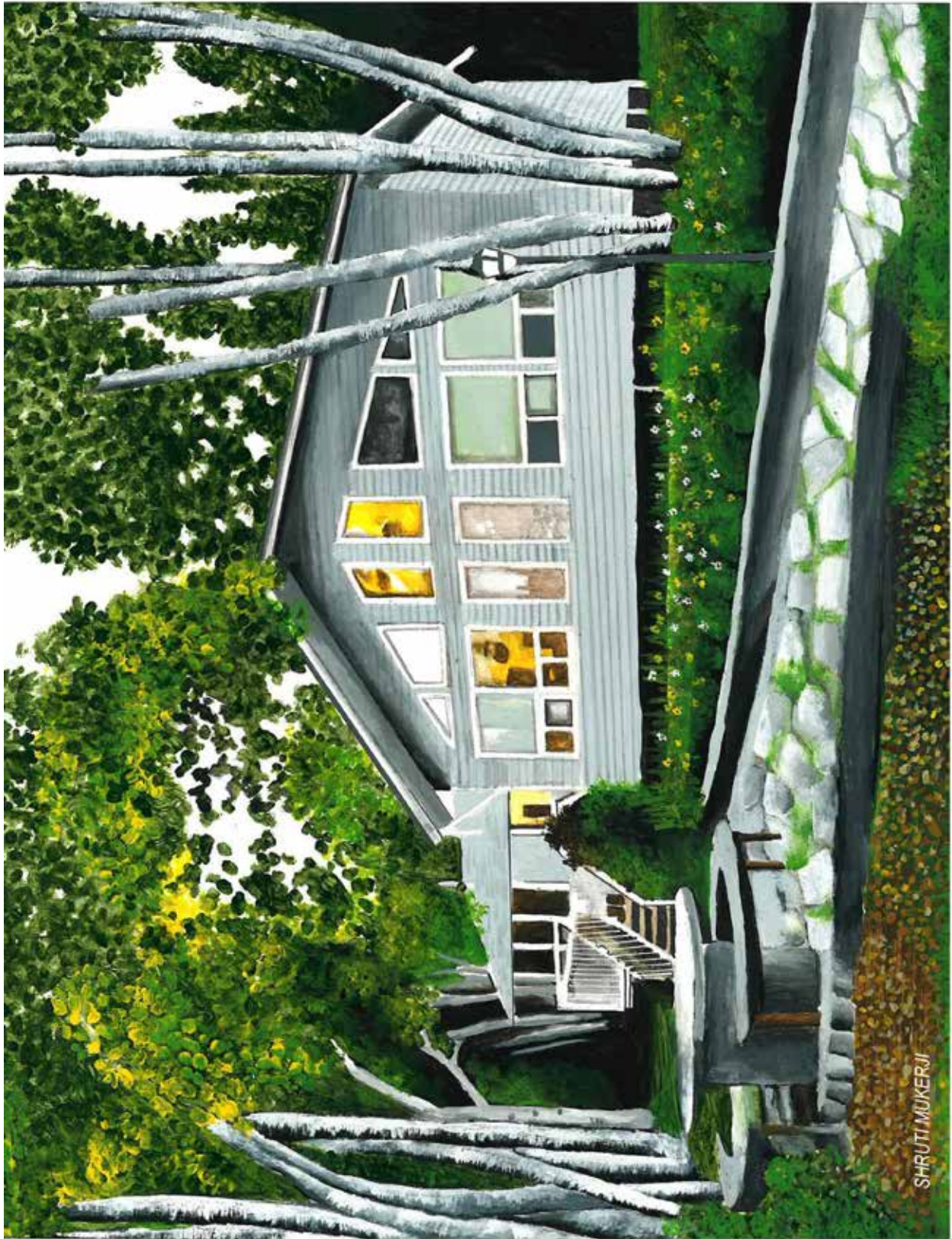
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Drawing: Shruti Mukerji



SHRUTI MUKERJI

Drawing: Shruti Mukerji



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2	Bal, Makhan Lal	Krishna	Shivani, Shibashis, Shomit	145 Edward Ave. East	R2C 0V9	204-222-3993
3	Banerji, Shantanu	Versha	Naina, Akash, Robin	203 Grenfell Blvd	R3P 0B8	204-807-5092
4	Banik, Anjan	Anju	Ayan, Antar	214 - 26 Gaylene Place	R3T 4G7	204-963-6344
5	Banik, Rajib	Trisha	Ritisha	118 Shore Street	R3T 6E2	204-963-5035
6	Banik, Sakti Prosad	Ratna	Anindita, Hrishikesh, Shatabdi	11 – 1523 Chancellor Dr.	R3T 4G1	204-809-6274
7	Banik, Surjya	Mitali	Anannya, Upoma	1344 Lee Blvd	R3T 6E2	204-963-7042
8	Bankar, Gaurav	Rukmini	-	59 Hawkwood Gate	R3Y 1R5	204-894-2906
9	Barik, Premarun	-	-	1686 Chancellor Dr.	R3T 4B9	431-278-4886
10	Basu, Sujata	Saibal	Sunny, Sachin	56 Raphael Street	R3T 2R4	204 293-6704
11	Bhatia, Vikram	Arshita	Amogh, Sanghavi	166 Sablewood Rd	R3Y 1N3	204-899-9597
12	Bhattacharjee, Swarna	Sudeep	-	1304, 225 Carlton St	R3C 0V3	437-262-8181
13	Chakraborty, Pradyut	Papri	Priyanshu	1929 Jefferson Ave.	R2R 1R9	204-698-0585
14	Chatterjee, Rashmita	-	-	2 Rochester Ave.	R3T 3V9	204-698-8296
15	Chatterjee, Tirthik	Gitalipi	Mihika, Malisha	38 Edge Park Cres	R3Y 0X8	204-930-6261
16	Chaudhuri, Abhijit	Sadhana	-	801- 1355 Lee Boulevard	R3T 4X3	204-480-8637
17	Chaudhuri, Asim	Kakali	Kiran	-	-	-
18	Chaudhuri, Atanu	Devjani	Trisha, Soumya	403-400 Tache Ave	R2H 3C3	204-284-2229
19	Das, Dip Kumar	Srabani	Anna	49 Nutley Circle	R2N 1S2	204-298-4005
20	Das, Malay Kumar	-	-	-	-	-
21	Das, Pranay Kumar	Sathi Rani	Soptom, Saura, Neel	2 Healy Cres	R2N 2S9	204-416-6598
22	Das, Shubha	Late Radha M.	Ratna	67 McGill Pl	R3T 2Y6	204-269-7249
23	Das, Swadesh	Nilima Rani	Pinaki, Susmith	1951 William Ave West	R2R 0C1	204-417-9962
24	Datta, Pratyay	Amrita	-	600 Townsend Avenue	R3T 2V2	431-278-1216
25	Deb, Apurba	Lipi	Mrittika, Moinak	31 Colwick Cove	R3T 5L4	204-417-1798
26	Deb, Arjun	-	-	146 Bluemeadow Rd.	R3Y 0J9	204-688-7408
27	Deb, Bakul	Lily	Arjun	146 Bluemeadow Rd.	R3Y 0J9	204-999-8622
28	Deb, Mridul	Jolly	Anamika, Shaon	106 Laval Dr.	R3T 2X7	431-338-0052
29	Debnath, Pranab	Sikta	Monisha, Debajyoti	140 Wayfield Dr.	R3T 6C9	204-275-6882
30	Dey, Asit	Prachi	Ryma, Raul	2 Brookstone Pl.	R3Y 0C4	204-219-8969
31	Dutta, Dipita	-	Samrat, Saurav	147 Kingsclear Dr.	R2N 0K4	204-869-6178
32	Dutta, Samrat	Amrita	Alisha	147 Kingsclear Dr.	R2N 0K4	204-869-6178
33	Dutta, Shovan	Elora	Spreeha	7 Drew Street	R3Y 0L1	204-430-2012
34	Ganguly, Pallab	Late Rina	Riya, Risi	103 Marine Drive	R2N 0E1	204-504-4021
35	Ghosh, Archana	Late Chitta	Neil, Rita, Sudeshna	13 Harcourt Ave., Toronto	M4K 1M3	204-558-0288
36	Ghosh, Avishek	Shreyoshi	Alaina	23 Peacock Pl	R3T 5A4	431-336-2114
37	Ghosh, Prabal	Swati	Celina	1151 Fairfield Ave.	R3T 2R3	204-269-3075
38	Ghosh, Sandeep	Joyita	Aahana	118 John Duncan Drive	R2C 5E4	639-471-1232
39	Ghosh, Subhankar	Triparna	Ronav, Rahini	31 Eddington Point	R3Y 0A2	204-963-2946
40	Majumdar, Pijush	Arpita	Ayush	23 Lake Bend Road	R3Y 0M6	204-261-8917
41	Majumdar, Prakash	Sova Rani	Pijush, Partha	129-99 Dalhousie Dr.	R3T 3M2	431-554-8442
42	Malaker, Kamal	Baljit K.	Sharmeela	1614 Chancellor Dr.	R3T 4B9	204-261-7010
43	Mandal, Bibhuti Bhusan	-	-	7 – 66 Carlton St.	R3C 1N9	204-783-2292
44	Mandal, Biswajit	Purnima	Prachurya	-	-	-
45	Mandal, Reshmi	Gautam	Rajsree, Rimona	3-599 St Anne's Rd	R2M 5K3	431-778-2274
46	Mandal, Saumen	Shampa	Arnab, Sourav	404 Kirkbridge Dr.	R3T 5R4	204-261-8645
47	Mesbahul, Tariq	Nahid	Sayed	27 Greensboro Bay	R3T 4K9	204-269-6624
48	Mishra, Vikash	-	-	-	-	-
49	Mitra, Diganta	Moumita	Siona	419-2945 Pembina Hwy.	R3T 3R1	431-278-2025
50	Mojumder, Antor	-	-	15 Lake Village Road	R3T 4M7	204-292-6249
51	Mondal, Sujay	Chandrani	Ryan	601-61 Edmonton St.	R3C 1P9	204-869-5150
52	Mukherji, Ayan	Shruti	Ayshani, Ishan	180 Everden Road	R2N 4J2	204-999-3382
53	Mukherjee, Ashmatiku	Aparajito	Aadvika	-	-	-
54	Mukherjee, Revanti	-	-	3000 Pembina Hwy.	R3T 3Z2	204-952-3856
55	Mukhopadhyay, Jigeesha	-	-	-	-	-
56	Pandey, Ajay	Anita	Ayusha, Anish	7 Marvan Cove	R2N 0C7	204-453-2282

57	Paul, Bijoy	Satu	-	-	-	-
58	Paul, Niranjan	Archana	Orgho, Adrita	78 Waterstone Dr.	R3Y 0L2	204-872-4477
59	Pranta Karmakar, Rudra	-	-	1344 Lee Blvd	R3T 6E2	204-963-7042
60	Quadir, Reza	Kaniz	Arpita, Aazan	34 Royal Oak Dr.	R3Y 1R2	204-960-9222
61	Rajguru, Shipa	-	Prachi	2 Brookstone Pl.	R3Y 0C4	204-219-8969
62	Ray, Shoma	-	-	77 Niagara St.	R3N 0T8	204-414-4661
63	Roy Chowdhury, Sutirtha	-	-	-	-	-
64	Roy, Dhruvajyoti	Moumita	Shreyan	1811 - 170 Hargrave Street	R3C 3H4	204-930-8721
65	Roy, Ratna	Late Gaurisankar	Neillooy, Rajarshi	35 East Lake Dr	R3T 4T5	204-261-0672
66	Saha, Srijeet	-	-	501-2815 Pembina Hwy	R3T 4Y8	431-997-2456
67	Saha, Suvra	-	Amrita, Arindam	147 Kingsclear Dr.	R2N 0K4	204-869-6178
68	Samanta, James (Ronju)	Michelle	Rachel, Emily	70 Hindley Avenue	R2M 1P4	204-995-1572
69	Samanta, Urmila	-	-	-	-	-
70	Sarkar, Arindam	Urbi	Aaheli, Aahan	60 Edward Turner Dr.	R3X 0J8	204-952-1604
71	Sarkar, Ashish	Anupama	Nabonita, Aditya	308-70 Bison Drive	R3T 2S5	204-615-8485
72	Sarkar, Joykrishna	Debjani	Joshita, Joshmita	233 Southglen Blvd	R2N 3K3	204-505-3661
73	Sarkar, Tuntun	Ashok	Rahul, Rinku	6-460 Lindenwoods Dr. W.	R3P 0Y1	204-488-6643
74	Satpathy, Purna Chandra	Alpana	Swayam	6161 Roblin Blvd	R3R 0H5	204-509-0235
75	Selvanathan, Nandita	M Selvanathan	Ashish, Anurag	289 Bowman Avenue	R2K 1P1	204-942-3261
76	Shahriar, Utsha	Lubna	-	3 Tranquil Bay	R3T 5E2	204-962-8717
77	Shome, Shashwati (Joba)	Shubhrakam	Devarshi, Tanajee	10 Celtic Bay	R3T 2W9	204-915-6348
78	Sinha, Luella	Late Ranen	Mala, Jay	582 Queenston Street	R3N 0X3	204-489-8635
79	Syeda, Jesmen	Ashrafal Alam	-	7 Rooke Ave	R3Y 0B6	204-269-5544

সকলকে
 বিচিত্র-র
 দক্ষ থেকে
 শুভ শারদীয়ার
 প্রীতি শুভেচ্ছা
 ও
 আন্তরিক
 ভালোবাসা।
 পূজোর দিনগুলো
 অবার ভালো কাটুক।



Bichitra

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