

UTKARSA

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The circle of hope ...

Fall edition 2021



The Odisha Society of the Americas

The cover page of Utkarsa, 'Circle of Hope,' is from one of our editors, Mr. Babru Samal's album. The exuberance on the face of the Odissi dancers, seems to spill beyond their circle, and flow towards the universe. Nothing can be more appropriate to the theme of hope for this issue of our newsletter.

The brightly lit earthen dia at the back page of Utkarsa, welcoming Deepabali, the festival of light is a photograph from another editor, Santwana Dash. It complements the message of hope at the front.

Let Light dissipate darkness of fear, ignorance and hopelessness and lead us to a path of hope and joy!

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OSA President's Message



I'm immensely happy that our Publication Team is working diligently to bring out our quarterly magazine - Utkarsa in October. For a stronger OSA, teamwork is the hallmark. Passion, enthusiasm and collective effort of the team are essential for our success.

Since last July, we have formed multiple teams to manage OSA activities: Next Generation Leaders, IT, Women Empowerment, Health & Wellness, Odia Learning, Publication, Grievance Hearing, Youth Leadership, Membership Drive, Innovation, Higher Education and OPLI are some of the notable ones. Each team is working very sincerely to move our organization forward. We are currently working on forming some more teams for the smooth management of OSA affairs.

OSA Health & Wellness Team (OHW) did unprecedented humanitarian work to alleviate the sufferings of the people from COVID-19 in places like Titlagarh, Sambalpur, Bhubaneswar, Cuttack, Puri and Berhampur, in Odisha.

Women Empowerment Forum (WEF) is involved with projects aimed to serve the underprivileged women in tribal areas of Odisha. In August WEF invited Ms. Vidhya Das who spoke about the pioneering work she has been doing, for the uplift of Adibasi women and children in the tribal districts of Odisha. Many members of our community are engaged with those projects. Many are now inspired to volunteer in such initiatives.

On the organizational front, we held the General Body meeting in July, 2021, via Zoom. We also conducted three Zoom meetings of the Board of Governors and were updated about the plans of the various teams for the future.

As a cultural forum, we are proud of our rich heritage. We celebrated Nuakhai Bhetghat on 1st of October with traditional fervor.

OSA lost some of its valuable members in the recent past. Our sincere condolences to the families of late Dr. Prasanna Pati, Mr. Satya Dash and Mr. Akshaya Sahoo who succumbed to the ultimate reality of life.

I wish Utkarsa to continue as the mirror of our community and act as a cultural site that brings generations together.

Regards,

Gyana Patnaik

On behalf of the Executive Committee

From the Editor's Desk

Why Utkarsa?



In the time of absolute predominance of social media, has Utkarsa, (meaning excellence) the newsletter got some relevance? Whose interest does it cater to? What goals it envisions to achieve? All these are indeed very pertinent questions.

We are living in an unusual era of instant gratification. Our smartphones feed information twenty-four/seven. We virtually hold the world in our palms and devour information as never in the history of human civilization. A search engine like Google, for example, is the de facto knowledge bank of the average person and provides the solution from petcare to journey to outer space. It's redundant to elaborate the roles of social media like Facebook, Twitter or WhatsApp. Their unstoppable march apparently has gained an upper hand in human affairs. But ironically, instead of moving closer, we seem to have become more decentered. Some naysayers call this passive consumption an obsequious surrender of the mind to social media platforms.

But we believe that there is still some space in some corner of our hearts for Utkarsa. It aims to preserve our voice and 'self' or identity in our adopted homeland. It provides the space for generations to connect. The cultural ramifications of that connection have become even more relevant for the thriving second and third generation Odias. Many of our contributors this time are from the new generation.

Utkarsa is the oldest newsletter of the Odia community. From being handwritten and sent out by mail, it's in a digital avatar now. We are our own spokespersons. Utkarsa celebrates our heritage and encourages members to write more about our cultural specificity. Odia, recognized as a classical language, is one of the oldest languages spoken, and in use in writing since long. We encourage writers in North America to contribute writings in Odia. On the cultural front, we want to showcase not just Rath Jatra and Puri Jagannath temple. We must say how Dola Purnima, Kumar Purnima, Raja and Bali Jatra have deeper implications for Odia culture. We don't want these celebrations to lose their glory in the blanket pan-Indian celebrations like Dussehra or Diwali. It's a dangerous trait to homogenize Indian identity, which is fundamentally pluralistic.

Utkarsa aims to highlight the achievement of Odias in different walks of life. In this Issue of Utkarsa we will know, for example, that Dr. Prasanna Pati, a noted psychiatrist who passed away recently, acted as Dr. Sonjee in a famous Hollywood movie, One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975) starring Jack Nicholson. The movie won five Oscars. It's news to many of us. I feel proud that 46 years ago, a minority Odia broke the barriers of race and color in America and entered Hollywood. But it's equally disheartening to find that the movie makers forgot (?) to mention his name or give any credit to Dr. Pati that might be the price he paid for his race and color.

At this time, we're not yet completely out of the shadow of the pandemic. But the human resilience to fight back and reemerge is unprecedented. The cover of Utkarsa titled, 'circle of hope', celebrates that optimistic human spirit.

Thanks to Mr. Gyana Patnaik, our new OSA President for his idea of having a team of eight in charge of publication. It's our collective responsibility, and we hope to meet the community's expectations.

Dr. Kanak Hota

On behalf of OSA Publication Team

The Editorial Team



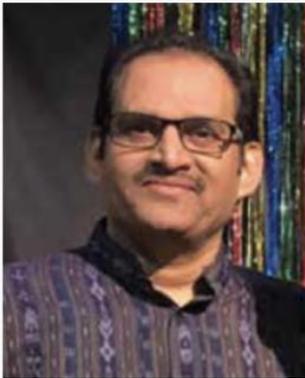
OSA'S EXECUTIVE MEMBERS 2021-2023



President, Mr. Gyan Patnaik



V. President, Mr. Akshaya Ray.



Secretary, Mr. Pramod Mahapatra



Treasurer, Ms. Prachee Behera

OSA EXECUTIVE MEMBER'S VISION

- Encourage members for active involvement
- - Encourage Next Generation Professionals to be proud with their roots and heritage
- - Motivate new immigrants to be part of organization
- - Make a strong effort to increase our membership
- - Create support groups for Senior Members
- - Continue to support OSA Women Empowerment
- - Support humanitarian effort of OHW
- - Promote and Popularize Odia Language
- - Promote and propagate Performing Arts of Odisha
- - Ensure Respectful, Effective and Efficient Organizational communication among BOG and Members of OSA.
- - Build robust Information System
- - Efficient Money management with accountability
- - Continue to support OSA Higher Education effort and initiative
- - Continue to support OPLI initiative
- - Help to bridge Young Entrepreneurs of NA and Odisha

VARIOUS TEAMS AND TEAM MEMBERS FOR THE NEXT 2 YEARS.

OSA Next Generation Leaders (ONGL)

Aradhana (Ripa) Patnaik – GA, Lead

Shibani Patnaik – CA, Lead

Pepi Dehal - Canada

Pragati Mishro - CA

Rajesh Senapati - NE

Rajesh Dash - MN

Lori Mishra - Chicago

OSA Youth Team

Ananya Buxi – GA
Alisa Das – North West
Debanshi Chowdhury – DC
Manaswee Mishra – DC
Nishant Sarangi – Chicago
Rhea Sahoo – Ohio
Sadyasnata Patnaik – Chicago
Sanuja Das – CA
Sharanya Duvvuri – Chicago

OSA Performing Arts Team

Rini Mohanty – CA, Lead
Raj Patnaik - Canada
Lora Mishra - MI
Pallavi Das – DC

OSA Grievance Hearing Committee

Gopal Mohapatra – South West, Lead
Yasaswini (Annie) Mohapatra – NY/NJ/PA
Sanat Pattanaik - DC

OSA IT/Web Team

Anjana Choudhury – DC, Lead
Jyoti Hota - Chicago
Ayaskant Sahu - DC
Nistha Patra - DC
Sangram Basantia - MI

OSA Entrepreneur Team

Arun Mohanty – NE, Lead
Bikash Behera – NE, Co-Lead
Prakash Muduli – South West
Manoj Mishra - DC
Girish Nayak - MI

OSA Finance/ Audit Committee

Salil Mishra – Chicago (work in Progress)

OSA Publications Team

Kanak Hota – Chicago, Lead
Arati Pati – South West
Liza Bhuyan – OH
Santwana Dash – Chicago
Babru Samal – DC
Tapasi Mohapatra – NE
Suryasnata Rath - SD
Deepti Paikray - NY/NJ/PA

OSA Women Empowerment (OWE) team

Aparajita (Jitu) Misra – Lead, NY/NJ/PA
Tapti Panda - NY/NJ/PA
Smriti Panda – MI
Kuku Das-CA
Tapasi Misra – South West
Neeta Mohanty – DC
Anu Biswal - DC
Rajashree (Tunu) Mohanty - Florida
Sujata Patnaik – Chicago
Subhashree (Susi) Joshi – Chicago

OSA Membership Drive Team

Manoj Mahapatra – Chicago
Smaranika (Nikki) Rout – South West
Sushant Satpathy – Chicago
Nila Sundar Jena – NY/NJ/PA

OSA Odia Learning Team

Bigyani Das – DC, Lead
Kuku Das – CA
Suvasri Das – NY/NJ/PA
Surya Misra – Mt. Hood
Ulasini Sahoo - South East
Sujata Patnaik – Chicago

OSA Higher Education Team

Durga Misra – NY/NJ/PA, Lead
Ajaya Mohanty – DC
Manoj Mishra – DC
Prashant Mohapatra – CA
Anil Patnaik – Ohio
Devanarayan Pattanayak - CA
Ashutosh Datta - DC (Advisory)
Chitta Baral - GC (Advisory)

OSA Health & Wellness Group (OHWG)

Debashish Ray - GA, Lead
Sangeeta Pradhan - MI
Nanakram Agarwal - NY/NJ/PA
Basant Mohapatra - OH

OSA Senior Citizen Care (OSCC)

Bijaya Mohanty – NY/NJ/PA, Lead

Sadhu Behera – Rocky Mountain

Satyaban Pradhan - MI

2/3 members from each Chapter

OSA Spiritual Team

Manoj Sahu – CA

Jogesh Panda – MI

Neeta Mohanty – Chicago

OSA Public Library Initiative (OPLI)

Nishikanta Sahoo – NE, Lead

Sandeep Dasverma – CA

Ajaya Mohanty – DC

Prashanta Bhuyan - CANADA

Nalini Patnaik - Southern

Basant Parida - NE

Lalatendu Mohanty - NY/NJ/PA

Anil Patnaik - Ohio

OSA Regional Drama Festival Team

Basant Mohapatra – Ohio, Lead

Dillip Praharaj - CA

Ulhasini Kar - SE

Khitish Pradhan - South West

SriGopal Mohanty – Canada (advisory)

Sandeep Dasverma – CA (advisory)

Birendra Jena – Ohio (advisory)

OSA Odia Literature and Poetry Reading

Gagan Panigrahi – Canada, Lead

Swapna Rath – MI

OSA Counsel

Millie Joshi – CA

Gitanjali Senapati Clark – FL

OSANET Moderators

Debashish Panda – Chicago Lingaraj Mishra – TX

OSA Office Bearers

Public Relations Officer – Bikash Patnaik – WI

Joint Secretary – Nilamadhab (Neil) Bisoi – TN

Joint Treasures – Rajashree Kanungo – Mt. Hood.

Kids' Art & Achievements





Congratulations, Shreyan!

Twelve-year-old Shreyan Sahoo from Daniel Wright Junior High School, Lincolnshire, Illinois, stood 6th in the USA History Bee 2021 finals conducted by International Academic Competition at Arlington, Virginia, on September 4th, 2021. The 7th grader is the son of Somika Mohanty and Sazzit Swaroop Sahoo of Chicago.

The young history enthusiast is a die-hard Eagles fan. He loves to play piano and violin and enjoys playing basketball. He loves reading novels and aspires to be a lawyer. He also wishes to be an accomplished pianist.

During his preparation for the event, Shreyan used to watch History Documentaries in Brain Pop, History World and YouTube. He also went through National Geographic magazines. He is part of Daniel Wright's History Club. He went through two rounds of qualifying exams conducted at district and regional level. It was his first national level competition in USA. He is thrilled with the outcome. He promises to work harder for next year's National History Bee and USA History Bee, which will be held in Orlando, Florida.





Aavahan Nanda,
2nd grade,
North Dakota .



Adhrit samal,
2ndGrade,
Chelmsford,MA



Prisha Panda,
5th Grade,
Chicago



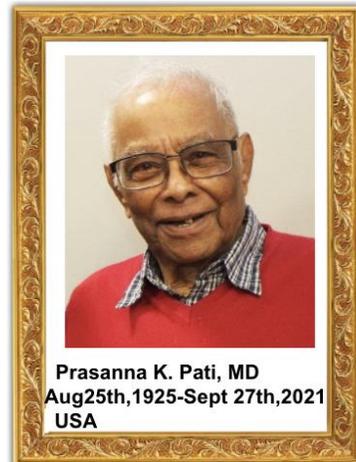
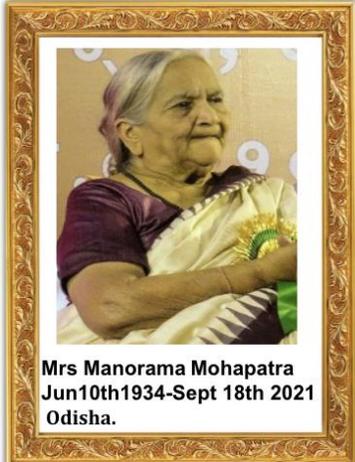
Pranavi Sahoo,
6th Grade,
Dublin, OH.



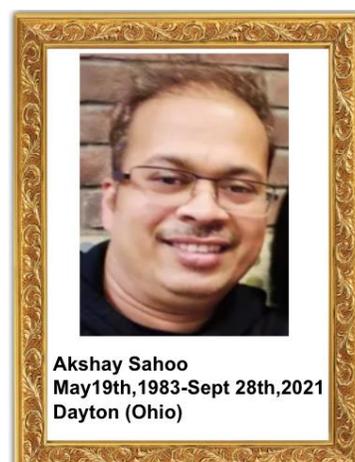
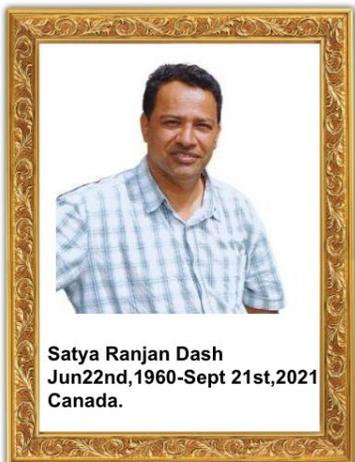
DebasnataDash,
9th Grade,
Chicago

Balance Between Knowledge, judgement and action is true wisdom.

In Memoriam



ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାଞ୍ଜଳି



News Letters



OSA Odia Learning Team Report

Team Members:

Bigyani Das – DC, Lead
Kuku Das – CA
Suvasri Das – NY/NJ/PA
Surya Misra – Mt. Hood
Ulasini Sahoo - South East
Sujata Patnaik – Chicago

The team had its first formal meeting on September 19, 2021. Many different ideas were discussed to engage OSA children in Odia language as well as contribute towards making Odia learning easier for speakers of the English language.

To fulfill the above goals, several activities were discussed. Among the activities, four main yearly events are planned for OSA children and members. They are:

Shishu Dibasa (November 14)

Makara Sankranti (January 14)

Utkala Dibasa (April 1st)

Convention Odia Activities such as Odia Vocabulary and Speech (July 4 Weekend)

More information will follow. Please save the date for the first activity of the team on November 14, 2021.

Currently most of the instructors are using Chhabila Madhu Barnabodha as the main guide for teaching even though several custom instructional materials have been produced by various instructors.

Among the goals for the committee, instructional materials will be developed adopting media technology. Step by step planning for this activity will be made in detail and activity will start from early 2022.

The children that participate in the Odia activities will be awarded certificates at the end of OSA fiscal year during the convention.

OSA Odia Learning Team invites you to
join and celebrate



Children's Day

Sunday, November 14

2 PM - 4 PM EST

Online @OSA Zoom

Program highlights:

- Kahoot (quizzes) - participate, explore and have fun while answering questions
- "I wish I knew Odia" - a special program
- And more..

Stay tuned for program details ..

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Mission and Vision of OWE (OSA Women’s Empowerment) team



Aparajita Mishra OWE Team Lead.

Mission:

The OWE forum was created in the year 2020 by a group of passionate Odia women.

The objectives of OWE team are:

To create a platform for empowering, encouraging, and providing awareness as well as a safe space for women in an inclusive community.

To advocate for the rights and voices of women and families in Odia communities, both in Odisha and the diaspora.

Vision:

Our goal is to identify the needs of the community and leverage our skills and resources to help fulfill their mission.

Execution:

To that end, The OWE team has had several seminars over a year. The seminars cover a wide range of topics regarding Women’s Empowerment.

The seminar speakers are divided between North America and India, and the seminar topics also vary a lot. The focus from speakers for Odisha has been about helping rural communities in Odisha (Sharanya Nayak, Sabarmatee, Mrs. Sulekha Das, Mrs. Ranu Mahanti, and Mrs. Vidhya Das).

On the other hand, the focus of seminars in North America has been on bullying and harassment, mental health, and women's health (Dr. Smita Das, Dr. Chandan Nayak, Dr. Swapnila Das, Dr. Chandan Khandai, Dr. Rajashree Mohanty, and Dr. Tushita Mayanil).

In addition, there have been seminars on a lot of other topics of interest over the years. The team started with a seminar on "bullying and harassment" led by Smriti Panda with panelists from the group.

In October, the upcoming seminar is titled "*Is it Ok to fail?*" which is a seminar on mind management by Nita Ganapathi, a transformation coach and a motivational speaker. November will bring a much-awaited seminar on "domestic violence" by Tapasi Misra.

The success of these seminars was also possible because of many youth volunteers like Manaswee Mishra, Debanshi Choudhury, Shibani Patnaik, Susi Misra, and Sanuja Das.

OWE follows up with the speakers and helps them build a network with the OSA members, facilitating meetings and providing any resources they need, including financial support through individual contributions. We have followed up with Sabarmatee and Sharanya for their work in India, Mrs. Vidhya Das for Agramee, Mrs. Ranu Mahanti for Amara Biswas, all the doctors for mental care resources. In addition, the OWE team was invited by the SEEDS team to collaborate. We have started a collaboration with the SEEDS organization to provide support for such endeavors.

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OSA NY-NJ-PA Virtual Summer Camp – a New Beginning

Where learning meets fun

Every adversity provides the seed for opportunity. In 2020, amidst a raging pandemic, the need to educate, socially engage and entertain the community’s children was acutely felt. OSA NY NJ PA management created the first virtual OSA summer camp to fulfil this need. The camp was envisioned to fulfill the need of parents to educate children, and our young volunteers to get required volunteer hours, which became a challenge in absence of in person volunteering.

In its second year, the camp evolved into a large family run community, where parent volunteers and older students acted as mentors to the younger kids. Children were happy to learn from uncles, aunts, big brothers, and big sisters.

We started with 106 students in 2020, and the number increased to 157 in 2021. Around 60 volunteers supported the camp, and around 6500+ hours of classes were delivered in both years. In 2020 the camp primarily supported the needs of OSA NJ NY PA families. In 2021, the camp was opened to the entire community in North America, and 35 students enrolled from Georgia, Washington, etc. Going forward, we believe these numbers will increase.

State	Count of Students
CA	1
CT	8
GA	2
MA	3
MD	4
NC	1
NJ	124
NY	7
PA	3
TX	2
VA	2
Grand Total	157

Our Classes

A variety of academic and non-academic classes were offered. Some of the classes were math and critical thinking, creative writing, biology, science and technology, Odia, Hindi, Spanish, French, Beginner Chinese, geography, spelling bee, public speaking, coding, storytelling, arts and crafts, piano, karaoke, music and singing, shlokas, photography, sound recording and audio production, Rubik’s cube, dance, etc. OSA Summer Camp offered specialized classes for high schoolers like chemistry, physics, math (geometry, algebra 1 and 2) with a few courses taught by professors. Teachers played interactive games and quizzes using Kahoot.

Our classes on Zoom



In 2020, the camp started as an experiment and, given the enthusiasm, in the second year, the camp developed into a self-sustaining model, with volunteers from 2020 offering ideas for planning and execution. Our heartfelt thanks to the teachers, volunteers, parents, and children for making the camp a success.

Planning the Camp

So how did it all happen? In 2020, we had a short duration of two months to plan the 6-week camp starting in the first week of July. The idea was conceptualized mid-April, a month into virtual living and an altered new normal. Parents realized the need to keep children engaged during summer. We sent out a survey to parents seeking their interest and went through an intense weekly planning to get the camp started. In 2021, we applied the knowledge from year one, began planning from mid-Feb to execute in a sustainable manner. Volunteers participated in planning and shared their learnings from 2020 to create a more rewarding 2021 camp. All contributions and experiences have been compiled in a beautiful Summer Camp yearbook for both years.

Our hard work was appreciated, and our joy knew no bounds to hear parents' feedback that children looked forward to the camp every day. They enjoyed smaller group interactions and made friends and memories. There were end of the session performance presentations for a few classes like creative writing, storytelling, dance, and karaoke. A few children extended their learning from Shlokas and storytelling classes to present in Ganesh Puja 2020.

Some teacher volunteers taught for the first time, and they got a safe platform to share their knowledge. As we know, the best way to remember and learn things is to teach someone else, so the teachers enjoyed the experience. They gained the confidence to take part a second year and mentor new teachers. Our volunteers are proud of the new feather in their cap of teaching virtually. In a parent's words, "Many thanks to all the volunteers during this difficult period. You all did such an amazing job. Well, done!"

OSA NY NJ PA summer camp is a great example of a community meeting its member's needs. We are now one big family. The camp will be an annual event and is open to all

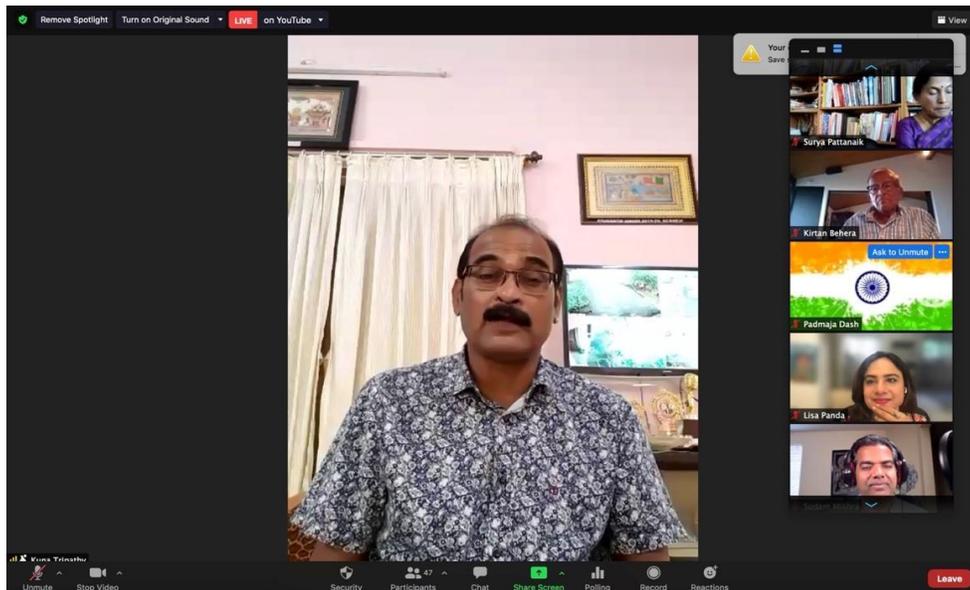
Team OSA NY NJ PA

OSA California Chapter

1-OSA CAL meet and greet

OSACAL celebrated Independence Day along with the 1st meet and greet on Aug14th.

Chief guest Shri Satyabrata (Kuna)Tripathy, Chairman OFDC,Odisha Guest- MP Manjulata Mandal. It was a wonderful event, listening to the history of OSA from all our pioneers.

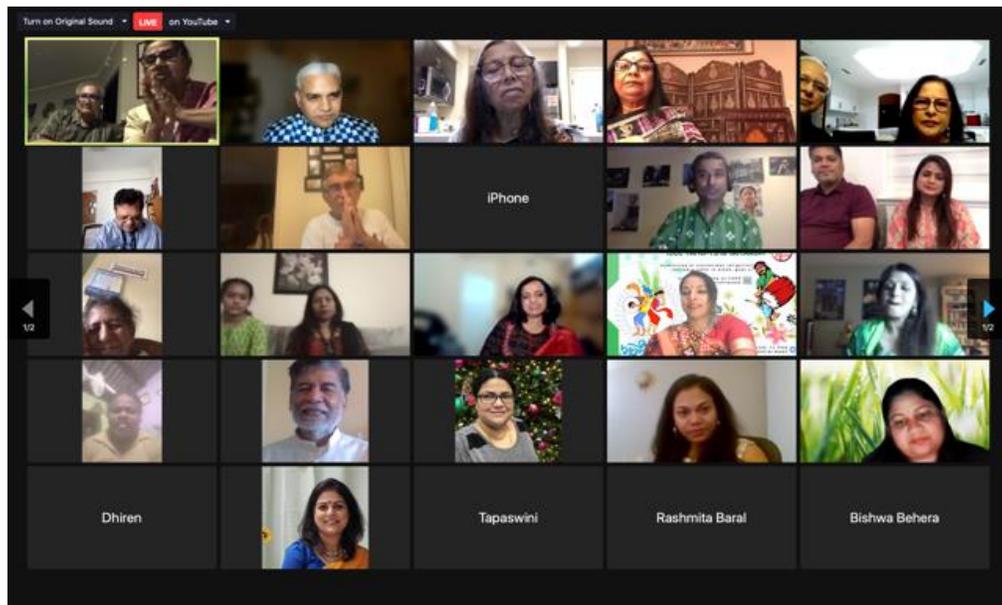


2.Nuakhai Festival-2021

OSACAL celebrated the nuakhai festival on Sept 17th. Chief guest - Shri Sabyasachi Mohapatra (award winning movie director and producer).

Guest- famous folk singer Shri Sarbeswar Bhoi. Our OSACAL artist presented Kosal language drama.

The poster is titled "OSACAL PRESENTS NUAKHAI BHET-GHAT 2021". It features two main guests: **CHIEF GUEST SHRI SABYASACHI MAHAPATRA**, described as an "Award winning movie director & producer", and **GUEST OF HONOR SHRI SARBESWAR BHOI**, described as a "'pakhana" fame & renowned Odia folk singer". The event is scheduled for **FRIDAY - SEPT 17, 2021 | TIME: 7 - 9PM PST** with **ZOOM ID - 876 7858 6120** and **PASSCODE: 124437**. The poster includes logos for "ODISHA ROCKS" and "OSA CALIFORNIA CHAPTER", along with a cartoon illustration of a man playing a mridanga drum. The background is decorated with checkered patterns and floral borders.



Odia Society of Minnesota in India Independence Day Parade

Organized by India Association of Minnesota (IAM), the independence day of India was celebrated as “Indiafest” in the Minnesota State Capitol grounds. There were exhibits and displays from different states of India and local organizations in the Twin Cities. The volunteers representing these states and organizations participate in a parade displaying the beauty and glory from their respective states.

The Odia Society of Minnesota set up an exhibit and walked through the parade. The activities included:

A. Odisha state exhibit:

1. Colorful depiction of artwork from Odisha:
 - a. Traditional Appliqué work, handloom
 - b. Patachitra artwork
2. A display of mini Ratha (chariot) as a float, constructed and decorated according to the design of the famous Rath Jatra at Puri and the deities from the temple of Lord Jagannath. It was a beautiful symbolic depiction of the Ratha yatra festival.
3. Display of sandstone statues of famous Konark chariot wheel and Hindu deities.
4. Seashell wall hangings portraying the coastal state.
5. Decorative traditional handicrafts made of bamboo.
6. Handmade wall mural depicting Ratha Yatra and Jagannath Sanskruti shown as heart of Odisha.
7. Banner showing different aspects of typical day-to-day life in Odisha.
8. Sign of Odisha booth in both English and Odia languages.
9. Display board with information on major tourist attractions of Odisha.
10. A consolidated picture board showing different events organized by the Odia community in the Twin cities.

B. Interactive booths:

1. Community volunteers (adults and youth) dressed up as eminent personalities from the past and present Odisha: Current CM (Navin Patnaik) Subhash Chandra Bose, Past CM (Nandini Satpathy), Pratibha Roy (eminent writer), Dharama (the kid who put the Dadhi nauti of Konark Temple).
2. Performances by local artists (adults and youths) showing traditional Odissi dance and the folk dance Paika nritya.
3. Interactive quiz about Odisha to test people’s knowledge about Odisha.

C. Participation in Parade:

1. Community members who played eminent characters from Odisha's past and present were dressed up complete with makeup and wigs. They carried name tags with pictures of the characters they played to help identification.
2. Many of the members in the parade wore handwoven Sambalpuri kurtas and Sambalpuri sarees.
3. Members sang Odisha's state anthem *Bande Utkala Janani* in praise of the state of Odisha.



ODISHA SOCIETY OF NEW ENGLAND (OSNE)



SARASWATI PUJA CELEBRATION

OSNE celebrated Saraswati Puja virtually with all its members. Live Puja was performed at Rhode Island Hindu Temple and was led by our member volunteers from RI. Cultural programs were after the puja with opening shrotam by Dr. Madhabika Nayak. OSNE members and guest artists participated in the gapasapa and made it an enjoyable evening.

VIRTUAL DISCUSSION “POTENTIAL OF ODISHA FOR YOUR BUSINESS”

OSNE along with Milan cultural association hosted the event "Explore the attractive incentives potential of Odisha for your business" on April 7th, 2021. The event was to promote Odisha as a potential hub for doing business and setting up industries in a variety of sectors such as biotechnology, IT, aerospace and defense. The online discussion was attended by Mr Randhir Jaiswal, CGNY, Capt. D.S Mishra, Hon'ble minister for Industries , Energy, Enterprise and Home, along with speakers Mr. Siba Satapathy, Dr Arun Mohanty, Mr. Bhaskar Panigrahi and Mr. Sharad Patney among others. The speakers highlighted the bilateral business opportunities and proposals for mutual benefits for both USA and Odisha.



UTKAL DIVAS CELEBRATION

OSNE in association with OSA celebrated Utkal Divas virtually on April 7, 2021. The event was hosted by our youth members. Mr. Satya S. Tripathi (then Assistant Secretary General of UN) was the chief guest for the event. Renowned vocalist Sangeeta Panda, renowned singer Pravat Singh, renowned dancer Anindita

Nanda were among the special guests for the event. Dr. Gopal Ch. Panda, an eminent guru of Odissi classical music was also able to bless the event with his presence. The event was marked by cultural programs by OSNE youth and special performances by our esteemed guests. The event was followed by a gapasapa among the members.

LUNCH EVENT WITH CGNY

OSNE along with Milan and a few other local organizations were invited for a lunch event with CGNY on May 22nd, 2021 at Middletown, CT. OSNE thanked Mr. Randhir Jaiswal, CGNY for his quick help to OSNE members during COVID for emergency consular needs, promoting Odisha and discussed building a stronger relation between OSNE and NY consulate and working together for our community.



OSNE ANNUAL PICNIC

OSNE held its annual picnic on 14th August, 2021. It was a wonderful day as it was the first physical event in a while because of the pandemic. Food and people were at the center of it with Bara Ghuguni, Mutton curry and potala rasa being cooked at the picnic spot by our volunteers.



OSNE RECOGNIZED AT IAGB 75TH INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION

Indian Association Of Greater Boston (IAGB), celebrated India Day on August 15th at the Hatch shell, Charles river esplanade, the iconic landmark of Boston, on the occasion of 75th Independence Day! It was a vibrant event with a variety of cultural performances by talented artists and performers from the New England region, including the brilliant artists from Berkeley college of music. It was an honor for OSNE to be awarded for community service in the New England states and witness this cultural extravaganza.



GANESH PUJA CELEBRATION & NEW EXECUTIVE TEAM

OSNE celebrated Ganesh Puja on September 11, 2021 with our own Budhinath Padhy Bhaina performing the puja rituals. The puja and cultural program and Odia food were refreshing after a long gap. OSNE also held its election and chose a new executive team for 2021-2023.



(OSNE New Executive team 2021-23)

ENTREPRENEURSHIP & PROMOTION OF HANDLOOM CLOTHING/SAREES - A DISCUSSION WITH DR SANJAY PANDA

Sep 22, 2001: Dr Sanjay Panda, former secretary Textile & Handloom for Govt. of India and chief secretary (Ret), Tripura discussed “New Paradigm for Promotion of Handloom”. He also discussed how we can overcome “The challenge ahead which lies in all stakeholders coming forward to support the weavers and startups for doing business in a smarter way using digital technology”. Many OSA/OSNE members participated in the discussion.

KUMAR PURNIMA CELEBRATION

7th Annual OSNE Kumar Purnima celebration is being planned for October 24th afternoon at Newtown, Connecticut. The celebration is going to incorporate the traditional chanda puja and puchi khela. It’s going to be followed by cultural programs by our members and dinner.

YOUTH LEADERSHIP FUN EVENING

OSNE youth is planning to bring a fun filled evening on Nov 13th. This is going to be a virtual program over Zoom. We are hoping for a lot more youth involvement in the coming days and this event will pave the way for that.

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OSA Rocky Mountain Chapter

The Rocky Mountain Oriya families live together with utmost joy. We celebrate all Festivals together with enthusiasm and excitement. This year, during Ganesh Chaturthi, we all did puja and took the initiative to come together to cook for our local Hindu Temple. We cooked for 500 people, preparing all sorts of Odia food, from rice, jalebi, ghanta, and a lot more. More than 450 Odia as well as non-Odia people appreciated our food. We all had fun doing this and building our bond as a community.



OSA DC

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OSA DC CHAPTER EXECUTIVE TEAM

Maushumi Pattanayak, Shobhana Das, Nistha Patra and Prassana Nayak



It has been longer than a year since the OSA DC chapter has been observing all its cultural programs virtually. The pandemic left us with no choice but to celebrate all our programs virtually. The advantages were many. To name a few:

- We had the opportunity to showcase our talent in digital media, thereupon making it accessible to a much wider audience.
- We were in full control of our own sound and visual display of our performances.

We got together virtually and observed all the programs within the confines of our homes and still connected with others. It was no substitute for the fun that we used to have before, but it certainly was a pleasant experience that was worth remembering. When life gave us lemon, we tried to make lemonade out of it.

Kumar Purnima 2020 was observed virtually on Saturday, October 31st, 2020. All pre-recorded performances received were premiered on YouTube on that day. Mr. Utkal Nayak, our OSA national secretary, helped us with premiering the recorded performances on YouTube. The cultural coordinators were: **Deepa Parija, Nirlipta DasChowdhury, Soumya Mohanty, Nistha Patra and Maushumi Pattanayak**. Live stream url is <https://youtu.be/EePmOwf4ZRM>

Similarly in Feb 2021 we had the DC chapter virtual musical event. All our talented DC chapter singers participated and showcased their talent. Members enjoyed the evening with enthusiasm and joy. It was a different experience altogether. Thanks to all our DC talents who made our event so delightful. Special thanks to **Mrs Deepa Parija, Mr Kaushik Mohanty, Mr Ayashkanta Sahu** for their effort in organizing it.

In March we had the virtual Saraswati Puja event at the Jagannath temple in Maryland .



Many kids participated chanting Maa Saraswati slokas and bhajans. Special thanks to **Mr Pratap Dash, Subham Dash and Bijaylaxmi Dash , Urmila Sahu and Sika Sen** for assisting and coordinating the program. Thanks to all our kids who participated in the Saraswati puja event and received prizes too.

In June we had a picnic/Fundraising event for covid afflicted patients in Odisha.



We had an overwhelming response from our DC chapter members in support of the fundraising event for COVID affected people of Odisha. We were able to donate \$17878.11 to OSA National / OSA Health and Wellness group because of our generous DC Chapter donors.

We had a Cricket game to watch and there was delectable Odia food to eat and kids were given away Prizes. It was fun watching the cricket game played by the Kalinga Cricket team.

It was very inspiring to see our DC chapter kids earnestly selling food and donating the money they collected to this cause. All the cooking volunteers proudly displayed their culinary and sales skills by preparing and selling delicious Odia food to raise and donate money.

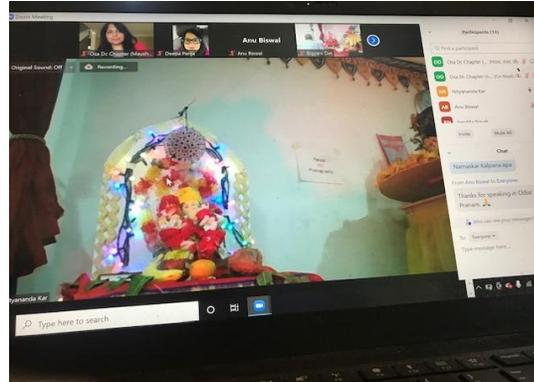
Our special thanks to Nistha Patra, Soumya Mohanty ,Kirtan Sahoo, Hemant Biswal, Girija Sahu ,Manaswee Misra and Debanshi Choudhury for all their assistance in the fund raising event and thanks to all our **cooking volunteers**, who worked hard and prepared delicious Odia food and took part in the food fair.

In August 15 2020 We acknowledged all DC chapter High school and College graduates who have graduated in the year 2020 and 2021 on August 15th



Our graduates along with their parents and other members celebrated their achievements and shared their lovely moments .It was very emotional to see our kids growing up and entering a new phase in life. **Dr Bhakta Rath** from Virginia, who was our keynote speaker, addressed our kids with a wonderful and inspiring speech.Thanks to **Mrs Bigyani Das, Mrs Nistha Patra and Manaswee Mishra** for assisting and coordinating the program.

In September 2021 we observed Ganesh Puja in our Jaganath temple. Our Panditji performed a soulful Ganesh Puja. Thanks to **Mr Naresh Das, Mr Brampriya Sen, Mrs Sikha Sen, Mrs Urmila Sahu, Mrs Bigyani Das** and **Mrs Atasi Das** in coordinating the Ganesh puja.



We appreciate all the efforts done for keeping the community together during these difficult times.

Thank you,

OSADC executives.

Mrs Maushumi Pattanayak-President, Mrs Shobhana Das-Vice President, Mrs Nistha Patra-Secretary and Mr Prassana Nayak-Treasurer.

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Odisha Society of Americas - Georgia

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Georgia Khabara

Chapter Newsletter - 2021 Quarter 1 (Makar Sankranti Edition)

Georgia, USA Date: March 31, 2021

1. Overview

Welcome to the second edition of our newsletter. We have fondly named our newsletter as Georgia Khabara (ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଖବର). We will release it every quarter; our last update was in November last year, so this edition contains all the updates for the Georgia Chapter from December 2020 through March 2021. The first quarter is named “Makar Sankranti Edition” after one of the most celebrated functions falling in the quarter. In these four months, we have come a long way as a chapter. We have participated and conducted many events, formed different initiative teams and made our chapter presence felt locally, nationally and back in our motherland Odisha too. We are proud to say that we have a very energetic chapter team with members taking leadership in different areas and making our young chapter vibrant and visible. In the subsequent sections of this edition, we cover all the events we participated and conducted.

2. Bali Jatra:

In the Hindu month of Kartik (October - November), Odisha celebrates the renowned festival known as Bali Jatra. The name Bali Jatra means 'A Voyage to Bali'. This popular festival of Odisha marks its beginning from the day of auspicious full moon and continues for the next seven days.



Through this festival, the locals also commemorate the day when sailors of Odisha first crusade to distant lands of Java, Bali, Borneo, Sri Lanka, and Sumatra. To pay their homage, regional people make the artificial boat (made up of paper, barks of the banana tree, and cork) light mud lamps and float it in the water, which is called Boita Bandana.

On 5th Dec 2020, Georgia OSA Chapter in association with the Southern OSA chapter, celebrated ‘Bali Jatra 2020’ with grand success and happiness. The event began with a warm welcome session called: Chinha-

Achinha, Gapa-Sapa, BaliJatra-AbhulaSmruti. Following which, the eclectic performances and talent showcases kept audiences spellbound under its charm. While adults were completely mesmerized by the event's program, the younger generation didn't leave behind. They kept spreading their charisma through - 'Kahoot Game', fun-filled question & answer sessions and joyous interactions.



The mesmerizing segment of the event was 'Bali Jatra-Antakshari Dhamaka', which consisted of six mighty teams, who played the game with high spirit and utter happiness. The attraction point of the game was, all Teams named after famous BaliJatra Delicacies- 1/Team Thumka Puri, 2/Team Chena Tarkari, 3/Team Dahibara, 4/Team Aludam, 5/Team Rasabali, 6/Team Handi Mansa. After 5 long hours of Dhamakedar Performances, khattaMeetha-NokJhok, Games and Antakshari, we ended our day/event with lots of happiness and magical memories.

3. Global Odia Mahotsav

In the year 2020, when the whole world was in angst with the raging pandemic, the world and human race were socially distant from friends and family. Loved ones were forced to isolate and the need for interaction seemed like a distant future. Global Odia Mahotsav was the first ever event organized by the Odisha Society of the Americas (OSA) which was specifically targeted to bring together Odias and the Odia diaspora from all across the world. Spanning 3 days from December 26-28th 2020, it was a massive entertainment extravaganza featuring dances of Odisha, kabita patha, live singing with renowned artists of Odisha, celebrity talk shows, women empowerment forum, youth engagement activities and much much more!

The Georgia chapter participated actively in the Global Odia Mahotsav. Members across all age groups prepared enthusiastically and provided very creative and beautiful contents for the virtual convention. Our smart and active chapter kids provided 21 family videos that got aired on Monday December 28th. Our chapter group cultural items (Odissi and Made in



Odisha) were big hits. In addition, our chapter members were also featured in the national opening cultural and

BOG drama.

Several members from our chapter also



led various national activities such as H&W forum, Americas cultural program, BOG drama (scripting and logistics), Event Promo and Social Media, Inaugural Cultural choreography, Family Video consolidation, Youth forum etc. We conducted a Global Mahotsav replay with Georgia family and friends on December 30th, watched the Georgia contents together and appreciated all the volunteer work done by our members. Georgia is the youngest

chapter to date, but is very proud of the way our active, committed and passionate members stepped up to contribute significantly to the Global Odia Mahotsav 2020

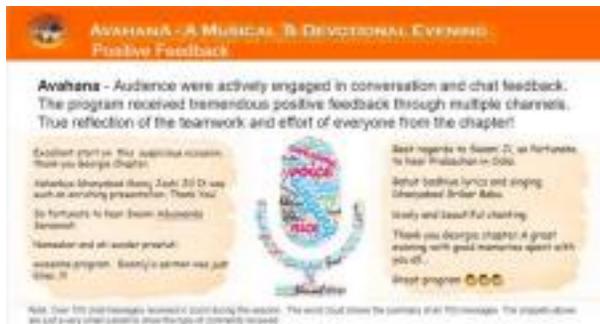
4. Avahana

ମାତୃଭୂମି ମାତୃଭାଷାରେ ମମତା ଯା ହୃଦେ ଜନମି ନାହିଁ, ତାକୁ ଯେବେ ଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଗଣରେ ଗଣିବା ଅଜ୍ଞାନୀ ରହିବେ କାହିଁ.

ଆସନ୍ତୁ ଦେଖିବା ଆମେରିକାର କିଛି ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପରିବାର ଏହି ସନ୍ଦେଶ, ଏହି ବାର୍ତ୍ତାକୁ କିପରି ବଜାୟ ରଖୁଛନ୍ତି ।



ବିଗତ ବର୍ଷ 2020ରେ ମହାମାରୀ କରୋନା, ବିଶ୍ୱ ବ୍ରହ୍ମାଣ୍ଡକୁ ଭୟ ଏବଂ ଶୋକାକୁଳରେ ଆତଙ୍କିତ କରିପାରି ଥାଏ, ମାତ୍ର ମନୁଷ୍ୟର ଆଶା ଅଭିଳାଷା ସ୍ୱୟଂ ମହାପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ଓ ସଫଳତାରୁପି ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର କବଚକୁ ଆକ୍ରମଣ କରିବାରେ ବିଫଳ ହୋଇଛି । ଚାଲନ୍ତୁ ଦେଖିବା ଏହାର ଏକ ଚାଲନ୍ତି ଉଦାହରଣ । ବସୁଧାକୁ କୁରୁମ୍ ବୋଲି ହୃଦୟରେ ରଖୁଥିବା



ଆମେରିକାରେ ଜର୍ଜିଆ ସହରରେ ବାସ କରୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଶା ନିବାସୀଙ୍କ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପରିବାରଙ୍କ ଉଦ୍ୟମ ଓ ସଫଳତାର ଯାତ୍ରା . ସୁଦୂର ଆମେରିକା ମହାଦେଶର ଜର୍ଜିଆ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଓ ଆର୍କାଣ୍ଟା ସହରରେ ବାସ କରୁଥିବା ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପରିବାର ମାନେ ଏକତ୍ରିତ ହୋଇ ଓଡ଼ିଶା

ସୋସାଇଟି ଅଫ ଆମେରିକା ଜର୍ଜିଆ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ କରୋନାରେ ଆକ୍ରାନ୍ତିତ ହୋଇଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ବହୁତ ସ୍ଵାଭିମାନୀ ସ୍ଵାବଲମ୍ବୀ କଳାକାର ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଆର୍ଥିକ ସହାୟତା ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ଭଜନ ସମାରୋହ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ “ଆବାହନ” ଗତ ଜାନୁଆରୀ 16 ତାରିଖରେ ପବିତ୍ର ମକର ସଂକ୍ରାନ୍ତି ଅବସରରେ ପରିବେଷଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ସମଗ୍ର ଆମେରିକା ମହାଦେଶର 50ଟି ରାଜ୍ୟର ଲୋକଙ୍କ ସଂଗେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ବାସୀ ମଧ୍ୟ ଏହି କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କ୍ରମରେ ଯୋଗଦାନ କରି ଆବାହନକୁ ସଫଳତାର ଉଚ୍ଚତମ ସୋପାନରେ ପହଞ୍ଚାଇ ପାରିଥିଲେ । ଏହି ଆବାହନ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମର ଶୁଭାରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଥିଲା ଗଣେଶ ବନ୍ଦନା ଓ ମନ୍ତ୍ରର ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣରେ ।



ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ଯୋଗ ଓ ମେଡ଼ିଟେସନ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ସାନପ୍ରାନସିଝୋ ସହରର ବାସିନ୍ଦା ଯୋଗ ଓ wellness ଗୁରୁ ଶ୍ରୀଯୁକ୍ତ ମନୋଜ ଯୋଶୀ, ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଅବଗତ କରାଇଥିଲେ, ଶାରୀରିକ ଓ ମାନସିକ ସୁଖ ଶାନ୍ତି ପ୍ରାପ୍ତିର ସାଧନା । ତତ୍ପରେ ସ୍ଵାମୀ ଆଦ୍ୟାନନ୍ଦ ସରସ୍ଵତୀ ଯିଏକି ଜର୍ଜିଆ ରାଜ୍ୟରେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ

ମନ୍ଦିରର ସ୍ଥାପନାରେ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ଭୂମିକା ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥିଲେ, ମକର ସଂକ୍ରାନ୍ତିର ତାତ୍ପର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଉପରେ ଶ୍ରୋତା ବନ୍ଧୁମାନଙ୍କୁ ଜ୍ଞାନ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିଥିଲେ । ବାବାଙ୍କ ଭାଷଣ ପରେ ଶ୍ରୋତା ବନ୍ଧୁମାନେ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ପାଇଥିଲେ ସ୍ଵାମୀ ସର୍ବପ୍ରିୟନନ୍ଦ, ଯିଏ କି ବିଶ୍ଵ ନେବୟରଙ୍କ ସହରର ନିବାସୀ ବେଦାନ୍ତ ସମାଜର ମୁଖ୍ୟ କର୍ତ୍ତା । ଏହା ପରେ ଭଜନ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ସମାରୋହର ଶୁଭାରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସୁବିଖ୍ୟାତ କଣ୍ଠଶିଳ୍ପୀ ଶ୍ରୀକର ପାଢ଼ୀଙ୍କଠାରୁ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ମିଳିଥିଲା କିଛି ଭାବସ୍ଵର୍ଣ୍ଣୀ ମର୍ମସ୍ଵର୍ଣ୍ଣୀ ଭଜନ । ଏହି ଭଜନ ସମାରୋହରେ 40ରୁ ଉର୍ଧ୍ଵ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀମାନେ ନିଜ ନିଜର ଭଜନ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ମହାପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ଗୁଣଗାନ କରି ଶୁଭ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାକୁ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ଓ ଶୁଭାଶିଷ ସୁନାମିରେ ରୂପାନ୍ତରିତ କରିଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମଟି zoom ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ଆୟୋଜିତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ଏହି କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କ୍ରମ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ଏକତ୍ରିତ ହୋଇଥିବା ପୁଞ୍ଜିକୁ ଓସା ଜର୍ଜିଆ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର କଳାକାର ମାନଙ୍କ ସହାୟତା କରିବା ନିମନ୍ତେ ବିନିଯୋଗ କରିବାକୁ ନିଷ୍ପତ୍ତି ନେଇଛନ୍ତି ।

5. Republic Day

The Republic Day observance and celebrations were carried out with dignity and pride by OSA GA. All Patriotic songs were sung by our beautiful singers. To keep the spirit of Republic Day, we all wore colors coordinated with the tricolor flag. Some of the OSA GA kids played instruments on patriotic songs. **Everyone shared their**



6. Valentine's day

As Pravasi Odias of OSA GA Chapter, we celebrated festivals of our Matrubhoomi and also celebrated a few festivals of our Karmabhoomi(USA). One of them was the Valentine's day celebration celebrated by OSA GA on February 20th. All of our participants were looking fabulous in Valentine's day colors. The main attraction of the event was when the couples of GA shared their thoughts about each other(2 things which they like about their better half, and one thing which they don't like about their better half).Dance and songs were also presented making it a memorable and fun-filled evening.



7. 'Tribeni Dekha Sakhyat

We held an outdoor picnic 'Tribeni Dekha Sakhyat' on Saturday 20th of March 2021. About 20 families joined the event with a lot of enthusiasm at the Sims Lake park in Suwanee, Georgia. The youth team had a get together at the venue, spent a lighter moment getting to know each other and also took time to discuss their upcoming activities.



The adults enjoyed some fun time together. Everyone enjoyed hot breakfast and chai before going on a walk around the lake. Upon completing the walk, people joined a group Surya Namaskaar session led by one of our members. There was a Zumba session led by one of our youth member and all attendees across all age groups were seen dancing and having fun. It was a day very well spent with members getting to spend quality time together after a long gap.

8. Youth Initiative

Georgia's youth have taken action and created a GroupMe to discuss events/activities they could undertake as the youth team. This past February, they held a meet and greet, which many had shown up to, to get to know each other. The meet and greet consisted of icebreakers and a fun Kahoot, all created by the youth for the youth! It was



enjoyed by all ages from 8-18! They discussed some of their hobbies which varied from coding and drawing all the way to wrestling! Everybody loved the way the meet went, the amount of interaction they had and opportunities they got to know each other. They were excited about having more such events and also to meet in person soon when the conditions allow!

9. Utkala Dibasa

Our new born Georgia chapter of the Odisha Society of the Americas is excited and honored to be celebrating our first Utkala Dibasa this year --and we cordially invite all other chapters to join us on April 10th at 6:30PM EST. Together we will remember our Odisha- Aama mamatamayi matrubhoomi in all her glory and beauty with lots of

tenderness, longing and fond memories !! We will be showcasing the richness of Odisha with her vivid and vibrant cultural panorama. Here are a few snippets from the impressive lineup of amazing programs this evening has to offer.

Odisha being a prominent handicraft and handloom state of India - in Weaves of Odisha we are promoting the intricate Kalashilpa o KaruKarjya of exquisite textiles and design.

There is an array of mouthwatering delicacies from Odia Cuisine that will surely leave a lingering taste in your mouth and yet be hungry for more.

Odisha being a prominent handicraft and handloom state of India - in Weaves of Odisha we are promoting the intricate Kalashilpa o KaruKarjya of exquisite textiles and design.

The most heartwarming tales are one of love and care, and the relationship of grandparents with their grandchildren speaks this language most eloquently. This will be portrayed in an informal chit chat of our young ones with their Aja/Aai/JejeBapa/JejeMaa back in Odisha.

The evening has an interesting conversation in Youth Connection, with a panel of Young and famous Talents from India who make us all proud to be Odias!! They will be having a lively discussion with our youth and sharing their stories of success and achievements.

An evening dedicated to Odisha cannot be complete without an Odissi repertoire- - and just not this lyrical classical dance alone- we will be bringing together the other rare dance forms and rhythmic folk dances from Odisha to make you groove to the beat wherever you are!!

To sparkle this evening even more, we have Zee Sarthak Lil Champ Sa Re Ga Ma Pa Winner 2018 ChiragDeep Panda along with the talented Aadruta kids, will be bringing a special surprise for all of us.

There, of course, there will be rocking fun filled Mehfil with our very own talents and to top it with our Gapa Sapa au Khatti -the heartbeat of OSA get together!!So extending our warm welcoming invitation again- please kindly participate in UTKALA DIBASA and join us from your cozy homes and zoom in with your lively presence, love and lots of laughter on April 10th at 6:30PM-**Jama Bhulibeni!!!!**

10. Bana Bhoji

Out of abundance caution for health and safety amidst the pandemic, the Georgia Chapter have been holding off plans for Bana Bhoji (picnic) since December last year. With the vaccination being rolled out, and more members getting vaccinated, we are planning to hold our very first Bana Bhoji in May this year. There is an active events committee already at work planning the details. We have learnt from reliable sources that there will be Odia food (Bhata - Maunsa Jhola, Chhena Tarkaari, Dahi-bara Aludom, Mudhi Mixture, Chhena Tarkaari and what not), in-person cultural events, gapa-sapa, guli-khatti, taas khela. Everyone is looking forward to it, and by the next edition we will have sweet memories and pictures to share.

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ODIA POEMS AND ESSAYS



ଓଡ଼ିଆ କୃତି

ସ୍ମୃତି ଅର୍ପଣ



ବିଜୟା ପରିଡ଼ା, ବୋଷ୍ଟନ

ଆକାଶରେ ଘନ କଞ୍ଜଳ ମେଘ,ଝରେ ବାରିଧିର ଧାରା
ଗୁମୁରି ଗୁମୁରି ବାହୁନୁଛି ଆଜି
ମନର କପୋତି ପରା | ଦେବୀ ମନୋରମା ଆଗୋ ଅନୁପମା
ଦିବ୍ୟ ଆଲୋକେ ସାଜି
ଉତ୍କଳ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଜଗତର ମଣି
କାହିଁ ଗଲ ତୁମେ ହଜି ?
ପୁଷ୍ପକ ବିମାନେ ବଉଦର ମେଲେ,ସୁବାସିତ ପୁଲେ ସାଜି
ବିକ୍ରୁଳି ଝଟକେ ଆଲୋକିତ ପଥ
ନଭ ମଣ୍ଡଳେ ଆଜି | କାନ୍ଦୁଛି ଗଗନ ବତାସି ପବନ
ଝୁରଝି ଉତ୍କଳ ବାସୀ
ତୁମ ଯଶ ଗାନ ବୈଜୟନ୍ତୀ ବାନା
ହିଲୋଳେ ଲହରେ ସାଜି |
ସରଗର ରାଣୀ ସଜାଇ ବସିଛି,ତାରକା ଦୀପାଳି ଜାଳି
ଉତ୍କଳ ମାତାର ସାରସ୍ୱତ କୋଳ
କରିଗଲ କିଆଁ ଖାଲି ? ତବ ଆଗମନେ ଉଜାଗର ରହି
ସରଗର ଦେବଗଣ
ପୁଷ୍ପ ବରଷାଇ ସ୍ୱାଗତ କରନ୍ତି
ବ୍ରହ୍ମରେ ହେବାକୁ ଲୀନ |

ଦେହାନ୍ତର ତୁମେ ଅପାସୋରା ସଦା, ବ୍ୟାକୁଳ ଉତ୍କଳ ବାସୀ

ବରପୁତ୍ରୀ ଆଗୋ ତୁମରି ସ୍ମରଣେ

ଶୋକେ ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି ଭାସି |

ତବ ସାରସ୍ୱତ ଚିରନ୍ତନକୃତି

ବିରଳ ଦାନ ତୁମର

ଉତ୍କଳ ଭାରତୀ ଯଶସ୍ୱୀନି କନ୍ୟା

ତୁମେ ଯେ ଚିର ଅମର |

(କବିତା ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ମନୋରମା ଦେବୀଙ୍କୁ ମୋର ଭକ୍ତିସ୍ମୃତ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାଞ୍ଜଳି | ତାଙ୍କର ଅସୀମ ବହୁମୁଖୀ ପ୍ରତିଭା ସହିତ ସାରା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜାତି ସୁପରିଚିତ | ତାଙ୍କର ମହନୀୟ ସ୍ଥାନ ଆମ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଆକାଶରେ ଚିରଦିନ ଅମ୍ଳାନ ହୋଇ ରହିବ ଏବଂ ବିଶ୍ୱର ପ୍ରତିଟି କୋଣରେ ବାସକରୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆବାସୀଙ୍କ ହୃଦୟରେ ତାଙ୍କର ସ୍ମୃତି ଚିରଦିନ ଜାଲିଲ୍ୟମାନ ହୋଇ ରହିଥିବ)

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ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କର ହୃଦୟ କଥା



କଞ୍ଚନା ଦାଶ , ମିନିଆପଲିସ

ଜଗନ୍ନାଥୁଆ ଜାଣେ କେତେ ହୃଦୟ

ଯୁଆଡେ ଯାଏ ଲଗାଏ ପାଲା ପଦର |

ଶବରୀ କୁଟୀରେ କେବେ ଅଇଁଠା ଚଖା

ଗୋପଦାଣ୍ଡେ ହେଲା ପୁଣି ଗଉଡ଼ ଟୋକା |

ବସନ କଲା ଚୋରୀ -କଲା ଲବଣି ଚୋରୀ
କେବେ ଗୋପାଳୁଣୀଙ୍କ କରିଲା ଚିତ୍ତ ଚୋରୀ |
କେବେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସସ୍ତୁ ପୂଜେ ଗିରି କନ୍ଦର ,
ଜଗନ୍ନାଥୁଆ ଜାଣେ କେଡ଼େ ହୁନ୍ଦର ||

ମିନେସୋଟା ଦେଶ ମେପଲ ଗ୍ରୋଭ ସହର
ଯଥାକାଳେ ଚୋଳା ହେଲା କେଡ଼େ ମନ୍ଦିର |
ମୂରତି ହେଲେ ଭଙ୍ଗା ,ଚାଲିଲା ମହା ଦଙ୍ଗା
ଶେଷେ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ଧରା,ଦଳେ ଚୋକା ଲଫଙ୍ଗା
ଜାଗା ଲୁଚିଥିଲା ଭାଡ଼ି ଘରେ ଆମର
ଜଗନ୍ନାଥୁଆ ଜାଣେ କେଡ଼େ ହୁନ୍ଦର ||

ଦେଉଳେ ପଡ଼ିଲା ସର୍ବ ଶୁଭେ ଆସନ
ଧନ୍ୟ ହେଲେ ଜନେ କରି ମୁଖଦର୍ଶନ
ଧନ୍ୟ ତୁମେ ନାରାୟଣ ଧନ୍ୟ ଚକ୍ର ସୁଦର୍ଶନ
ଧନ୍ୟ ସେ ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀ ଧନ୍ୟ ରତ୍ନ ସିଂହାସନ
ଧନ୍ୟ ଅକିଞ୍ଚନ ବନ୍ଦି ପଦ୍ମ ପୟର ||
ଜଗନ୍ନାଥୁଆ ଜାଣେ କେଡ଼େ ହୁନ୍ଦର ||



ଗୁରୁଦିବସ



ଶୁଭଶ୍ରୀ ଦାସ, ନିୟୁ ଜର୍ସି

ହାତଧରି ଯିଏ ଚାଲି ଶିଖାଇଲେ
ପିତା ମାତା ସିଏ ପରମଗୁରୁ
ଜୀବନର ପ୍ରତିମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତେ ତାଙ୍କରି
ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ଲୋଡ଼ି ଆଗକୁ ବଢ଼ୁ ।

ଖଡ଼ି ଧରି ଯିଏ ଆଜ୍ଞାଦେଲେ ଗାର
ଆଖିରେ ଭରାଇ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ
ଗୁରୁଦେବ ସିଏ ଚିରସ୍ମରଣୀୟ
ନମୁ ଆଜି ଯୋଡ଼ି କର ।

ଆକାଶ ପୃଥିବୀ ପାହାଡ଼ ଝରଣା
ନଦୀ ପରବତ ବିହଙ୍ଗ ଲତା
ପ୍ରକୃତିର ପ୍ରତି-ଛବି ଦେଇଅଛି
ଜୀବନ ଜିଇଁବା ଅପୂର୍ବ ଶିକ୍ଷା ।

ବୃକ୍ଷ କୁହେ ମାଟି ସହ ଯୋଡ଼ି ରୁହ
ତାଳ କୁହେ ଛୁଅଁ ଆକାଶ ସୀମା

ଫୁଲ କୁହେ ଫୁଟ ପ୍ରତିଟି ସକାଳେ
ଫଳରେ ଭରିଛି ଜୀବନ ସଂଜ୍ଞା ।

ଭାଗବତ କୁହେ 'ମନ ନିଜ ଗୁରୁ',
ମନରେ ବନ୍ଧା ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମର
ପ୍ରତିଟି ଜୀବର ଆତ୍ମାରେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମର
ନମେ ଆଜି ବାର ବାର ।

-----o-----

ଛ' ଋତୁର ସନେଟ୍



ଗଗନ ବିହାରୀ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ, କାନାଡ଼ା

ନିଦାଘ

ଦାରୁଣ ବୈଶାଖ ସାଥେ ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମ ଆଗମନେ
ତପତ ତପନ ତାପ ଅନଳ ସମାନ,
ତୃଷାର୍ତ୍ତ ଧରଣୀ ଦିଶେ ସଲିଳ ବିହୁନେ
ଧୂଳି ଧୂସରିତ ଶୁଷ୍କମୟ ବର୍ଷ ହୀନ ।

ରୁକ୍ଷ ସୌରତାପ ବଳେ ଉଦ୍ୟାନ କାନନ
ପଡ଼ିରହେ ବୃକ୍ଷରାଜି ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧ ମୃତ ହୋଇ,

ସର ସରୋବର ନୀର ହୁଏ ଯେବେ କ୍ଷୀଣ
ପ୍ରମାଦ ଗଣନ୍ତି ମୀନ ଭେକ ପଙ୍କେ ଥାଇ ।

ନିର୍ଜଳା ତଟିନୀ ତପ୍ତ ବାଲୁକା ଭୂଇଁରେ
ଝଲ ମଲ କରି ମରୁ ମରୀଚିକା ଖେଳେ,
ହାଲିଆ ପଥକ ଥକା ମାରିବା ଆଶାରେ
ଆଶ୍ରୟ ଖୋଜନ୍ତି ଘଞ୍ଚି ତରୁବର ତଳେ ।

ଗ୍ରୀଷମ ତାପରେ ଯେବେ ସକଳେ ବିକଳ,
ଆଷାଢ଼ ବରଷା ଧାରା କରଇ ଶୀତଳ ।

ବରଷା

କୃଷ୍ଣ କଳା ଘନ ମେଘ ଆଷାଢ଼ ଅମ୍ବରେ
ଘୋଡ଼ି ଆସେ, ଅଙ୍ଗେ ତାର ତରୁଣୀ ଦାମିନୀ
ଝଲସାଇ ଘଡ଼ଘଡ଼ି ତାଳେ ନୃତ୍ୟ କରେ,
ତୁହାକୁ ତୁହାକୁ ବାରି ତୁମଇ ମେଦିନୀ ।

ଚଉପାଶ ଜଳ ମଗ୍ନ କଳ କଳ ସ୍ଵନ,
ନିମ୍ନଗା ଧାବଇ ଖରେ ଦେହେ ଭରି ନୀର,
କଦମ୍ବ କେତକୀ ଫୁଲୁଁ ଉନ୍ମତ୍ତ ପବନ
ଭସାଇ ନିଅଇ ବାସ କାହିଁ କେତେ ଦୂର ।

ସଲିଳ ପରଶେ ବନ ଶଇଳ ସୋପାନ
ଡେଇଁ ଝର ଗାଇ ଯାଏ କୁଳୁ କୁଳୁ ଗୀତି,
କେଦାରେ କେଦାରେ ଶୁଭେ ତାହୁକର ସ୍ଵନ,
ବିରହୀ ଝରାଏ ଲୁହ ଦେଖି ବକ ପଂକ୍ତି ।

ଉଚିତ ମାତ୍ରାରେ ଜଳ ସବୁରି ମଙ୍ଗଳ,

ଧନ୍ୟରେ ପ୍ରକୃତି ଧନ୍ୟ ଏ ବରଷାକାଳ ।

ଶରତ

ନୀଳାମ୍ବରେ ଭାସେ ଏବେ ମେଘ ତୁଳା ପରି
ଲାଗଇ ସତେ ବୋଇତ ଭାସଇ ସାଗରେ,
କେବେ କାହିଁ ଥରେ ଥରେ ତହୁଁ ବାରି ଝରି
ଲାଖୁ ରହେ ମୁକ୍ତା ପରି ସବୁଜ ଦୁର୍ବୀରେ ।

ନୀର ଭରା ନଇ ପଠା ଦୁଇ ଧାରେ ଧାରେ
ବାଆ ସାଥେ ଦୋଳି ଖେଳେ ଧୋବ କାଶ ପୁଲ,
ମୀନ ଧରି ଡେଶା ଝାଡ଼ି ନୀଳ ଗଗନରେ
ଉଡ଼ିଯାନ୍ତି ଗେଣ୍ଡାଳିଆ ହୋଇ ଦଳ ଦଳ ।

ଶରଦର ସ୍ନିଗ୍ଧ ଜ୍ୟୋତ୍ସ୍ନା ସାମିଆନା ତଳେ
କଇଁ ଆଖୁ ମେଲି ଚାହେଁ ସରସୀର ନୀରେ,
ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଧନୁ ମୁଖ ଦେଖେ ଚାହିଁ ଥୁର ଜଳେ
ସପ୍ତ ରଙ୍ଗ ବୁଣି ଦେଇ ଏହି ଶରତରେ ।

ଝରା ଶେଫାଳୀର ଶୋଭା ଉଦ୍ୟାନେ ପ୍ରଭାତେ
ଲାଗଇ ପୁଷ୍ପାଘ୍ୟ ଅବା ଦେବୀଙ୍କ ନିମନ୍ତେ ।

ଶିଶିର

ଚିପି ଚିପି ମାଳି ପରି ସକାଳ ଶିଶିର
ହୀରା ସମ ଚିକି ମିକି ଘାସ ପରେ କରେ
ସୁବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ରଙ୍ଗରେ ଆହା କେତେ ମନୋହର
ଦୋହୋଲେ ପାଚିଲା ଧାନ କେଦାରେ କେଦାରେ ।

ନିଦାଘ ବରଷା ସହି ପରିଶ୍ରମ ପରେ

ଜମିରେ ଫସଲ ଦେଖି ଚାଷୀ ହୁଏ ଖୁସି
ଅମଳ କରଇ ଶସ୍ୟ ମହା ଆନନ୍ଦରେ
ଅମଳ ପରେ ମାରଇ ଥକା ଘରେ ବସି ।

ଗୁରୁବୀରେ ମହାଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ପୂଜା ଘରେ ଘରେ
ପିଣ୍ଡା ଅଗଣାରେ ଶୋଭା ଝୋଟି ଆଳପନା,
ଗନ୍ଧା ହଳଦୀର ବାସେ ଚଉଦିଗ ଭରେ
ମଣ୍ଡା କାକରାରେ ହୁଏ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ଆରାଧନା ।

ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀଙ୍କ ଆଶୀଷ ଆଜି ସଭିଙ୍କ ଉପରେ,
ଶିଶିରାନ୍ତେ ବିରାଜିବ ଶୀତ ଧରା ପରେ ।

ଶୀତ

ବହିଲାଣି ଶିରି ଶିରି ଶୀତଳ ପବନ
ଆସିଗଲା ମାଘ ମାସ ଶୀତ ବାଘ ପରି
କୁହୁଡ଼ି ଚାଦର ତଳୁ ତରୁଣ ଅରୁଣ
ଉଙ୍କି ମାରୁଛନ୍ତି ଏବେ ଶୀତକୁ ନ ଡରି ।

ଦିନୁଦିନ ସୁନ୍ଦ୍ର ହେଲା ରାତି ଠାରୁ ଦିନ
ଶୁଷ୍କ ଧୂଳି ଧୂସରିଆ ଦିଶିଲା ଧରଣୀ
ଦେହ ଗଲା ଥରି, ବାଜି କାଲୁଆ ପବନ
ହେମାଳ ଲାଗିଲା ହାତ ଛୁଇଁବାରୁ ପାଣି ।

ଶୀତେ ହୋଇଲେଣି ଥୁରୁ ଥୁରୁ ବୁଢ଼ା ବୁଢ଼ୀ
ସକାଳ ଖରା ଲାଗଇ ଦେହକୁ ଚନ୍ଦନ
ଧନୀକ ଲୁଚିଲେ ମଜା ଶୀତ ବସ୍ତ୍ର ଘୋଡ଼ି
ଭାଗ୍ୟକୁ ଆଦରି ଶୀତ ସହିଲେ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିନ ।

ମାଘ ମାସ ଶୀତ ଅନ୍ତେ ଆସିବ ଫଗୁଣ,

ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଦିଗୁଁ ବହିବ ମଳୟ ପବନ ।

ବସନ୍ତ

ଏଇ ଯେ ବସନ୍ତାଗମେ ମଳୟ ପରଶେ
ହସଇ ଧରଣୀ, ବନ ବନାନୀ, ବିପିନ,
ଚଉଦିଗ ମୁଖରିତ ନବୀନ ଉଲ୍ଲାସେ
ଶୁଭେ ଆମ୍ର କୁଞ୍ଜେ କୁହୁ କୋକିଳ କୁଜନ ।

ନବ କିଶଳୟେ ଦୋଳେ ହୁମ ଜାତି ଜାତି
ସତେ କି ପ୍ରକୃତିରାଣୀ ହସ୍ତେ ଧରି ତୁଳି,
ମଧୁମୟ ବସନ୍ତର ଆବାହନୀ ଗୀତି
ଗାଉ ଗାଉ ଦେଉଅଛି ନାନା ରଙ୍ଗ ଭାଳି ।

ପୀତ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣେ କୁସୁମିତ ଶ୍ୟାମଳ ପ୍ରାନ୍ତର
ଶୋଭା ଯାର ଅବିକଳ ଚିତ୍ରପଟ ପ୍ରାୟ,
ଉଦ୍ୟାନ, ସରଣୀ ଧାର ପୁଷ୍ପେ ଭରପୁର
ଜହ୍ନଧନୁ ସସ୍ତ୍ରରଙ୍ଗେ ଦିଶେ ରଙ୍ଗମୟ ।

ବସନ୍ତ ଶୋଭାର ଯାର ନାହିଁ ପଟାନ୍ତର,
ତାର ଆଗମନେ ଜନେ ହୁଅନ୍ତି ବିଭୋର ।

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ମୁଁ, ତୁମେ , ଆମେ ଓ ସମୟ



ସ୍ଵପ୍ନଲତା ରଥ, ମାକୋମ୍ସ , ମିଡିଗାନ୍

କେବେ ମୁଁ ଥାଏ

ତୁମେ ନଥାଅ

ସେ ନୀରବ ବେଦନାର କଥା

ଶୁଣାଏ ମୋ କବିତା ,

କେବେ ତୁମେ ଥାଅ

ମୁଁ ନଥାଏ ,

ତୁମେ କୁହ

ତୁମକୁ ଘେରି ଥାଏ

ଅନନ୍ତ ଶୂନ୍ୟତା,

କେବେ ପୁଣି

ଆମେ ଦୁହେଁ ଥାଏ

ଖୁବ୍ ପାଖାପାଖି

ଅଥଚ ସମୟ ସରିଯାଏ
ଦରଫୁଟା ମଉଳା ଫୁଲ ପରି
ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ସବୁ ଅଧା ଅଧା ସତ ହୁଏ
ନ ଚାହିଁ ବି ବିଦାୟ ନେବାକୁ ହୁଏ !

ହୁଏତ ଦିନେ ମୁଁ ନଥିବି
ଅଥଚ ତୁମେ ଥାଇପାରି ,
ଏକାନ୍ତରେ ...
ଅସରତି ସମୟ ସୁଅରେ
ଉତ୍ସୁକତା ସ୍ମୃତିର ନିଉକାରେ
ମୁଁ ନଥାଇବି
ଥାଇପାରେ ତୁମରି ସାଥରେ ,

ଏକଥା ବି ତ ଅକାଶ୍ୟ ସତ୍ୟ
ଦିନେ ପୁଣି
ଆମେ ଦୁହେଁ ନଥିବା
ଅଥଚ ସମୟ ଥିବ
ଏମିତି ଧାଇଁଥିବ ...
ଖସି ଯାଉଥିବ ବାରମ୍ବାର
ଆଉ କା ହାତରୁ...
ଯେମିତି ଖସି ଯାଉଛି
ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ହେଲ
ଆମରି ହାତରୁ

ଖସି ଯିବା ଆଗରୁ ଏ ସମୟ

ଆମରି ହାତରୁ

ଆସ ନା...

କେବେ କେବେ

ହାତ ଧରା ଧରି ହୋଇ

ସମୟକୁ ଜାବୁଡ଼ି ଧରିବା

ନିଜର ନୁହେଁ ବେଲି ଜାଣି ବି

ସମୟକୁ ଆପଣେଇ ନେବା

ମିଳିତ ସ୍ଵରରେ ସମୟ ପାଇଁ

ପ୍ରେମର ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ରଚିବା ,

ଆମେ ନଥିବା ବେଳେ

ସମୟ ଏମିତି ଥିବ ...

ଆମ ରଚିତ

ପ୍ରେମ ସଙ୍ଗୀତର ଝଙ୍କାର ତୋଳି

ହୁଏତ ଦିନେ ପୁଣି

କେଉଁ ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ ପ୍ରାଣରେ

ପ୍ରେମର ଅମୃତ ବାରି

ସିଞ୍ଚନ କରିବ !

ଆସ ନା ...

ସମୟ ପାଇଁ

ପ୍ରେମର ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ରଚିବା !

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ତୁମେ ହସିଦେଲ - ପ୍ରଥମ ଚାହାଣୀ - ବାର ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ



ବିକାଶ ବେହେରା, କନେକ୍ଟିକଟ୍

ଅପରାହ୍ଣ ବର୍ଷା ପରେ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଧନୁ ସାଜିଛି ଆକାଶରେ
ନିରୀହ ମନନେଇ ବୁଲୁଥିଲି ମୁଁ ସୁଶୀତଳ ପବନରେ
ନଥିଲା ଝଡର ଆଶଙ୍କା, ଅବା ଘଡ଼ଘଡ଼ିର ଭୟ ଆଖପାଖେ
ନଥିଲା ସଙ୍କେତ, ନଥିଲା ସନ୍ଦେହ ମୋ ଜୀବନ ବଦଳିବ ଏତେ
ନଥିଲା କିଛି ଚିନ୍ତା, ନଥିଲା କିଛି ବ୍ୟଥା, ନଥିଲା କିଛି କୋହ ବାରବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ
ଦେଖୁଲି ଦୂରରୁ ଖେଳୁଥିଲେ କିଛି ଝିଅ ଘର ବାରଣ୍ଡାରେ
ଡେଇଁ ଡେଇଁ ତୁମେ ଖେଳୁଥିଲ ଖପରା, ପିନ୍ଧି ରଙ୍ଗୀନ୍ ପ୍ରକ୍ ଟିଏ
ତୁମ ମୁହଁ ଲୁଚିଥିଲା ପବନରେ କ୍ଷିପ୍ତ କେଶରାଜି ପଛେ
ନଥିଲା କିଛି ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ସେଠି ରହିବାପାଇଁ ତୁମକୁ ଦେଖିବା ନିମନ୍ତେ
କିନ୍ତୁ ରହିଗଲି ସେଠି, ଆଉ ଚାହିଁଥିଲି ପବନର ଦିଗ ବଦଳିବା ଯାଏ
କିଛି ସମୟପରେ ଦେଖୁଥିଲି ମୁଁ ଯେ ଘନକେଶ ଆଡ଼ି ନୁଆ ଜହ୍ନଟିଏ
ପବନର ଭୁଲ୍, ବିଧାନର ଭୁଲ୍, ଅବା ମୋ କାମନାର ଭୁଲ୍, ଖସିଗଲା ଗୋଡ଼ରୁ ଖପରାଟେ
ରହିଗଲ ତୁମେ, ରୁସିଥିଲ ତୁମେ, ଆଉ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ହଲାଇ ଦେଖୁଥିଲ ମୋତେ
ପ୍ରଥମ ଦେଖାରେ ଚିହ୍ନିଗଲ ମୋତେ, ଆଉ ତୁମେ ହସିଦେଲ ସରୁ ହସଟିଏ
ବିଜୁଳିଟେ ଖେଳିଗଲା ତନୁମନେ, ଦୁତହେଲା ସ୍ଵୟମ ସ୍ଵୟନ୍ଦରେ

ହଜିଗଲା ମୋ ମନ ତୁମହସେ, ତୁମ ମୁହଁ ଛପିଗଲା ମନ ଚିତ୍ରପଟେ
ସମୟ ସ୍ତବ୍ଧ ହେଲା ସେଇ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ, ଆକାଶ ମୁଗ୍ଧ ହେଲା ସେଇ ଅନୁଭୂତେ
ସବୁ ଭାବ, ଲୟ, ବାକ୍ୟ ବନ୍ଦୀହେଲେ, ଆଉଁଟି ସାଉଁଟି ହେଲେ ପ୍ରେମ ବେଦନାରେ
ବଦିଳାଗଲା ରଙ୍ଗରାଜି ଆକାଶରେ, ଭରିଗଲା ପ୍ରେମର ଲହରୀ ପବନରେ
ଶବ୍ଦ ସ୍ଵର ଭାରିହେଲା ଗଳାପାଖେ, ରଖୁଥିଲି ପ୍ରଥମ ପାଦ ଆମ ପ୍ରେମ କାହାଣୀରେ

ତୁମେ ହସିଦେଲ - ପ୍ରଥମ ତୁମ୍ଭନ - ଅଠର ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ

ଅଠର ବର୍ଷଟା କଟୁଛି ଯେମିତି ଅବ୍ୟକ୍ତ ଅସ୍ଥିର ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାରେ
ତୁମକୁ ଦେଖିବାର ଅସୁମାରି ଲକ୍ଷା ଓ ତୁମକୁ ଦେଖିବା ପର ମଧୁର ବ୍ୟଥା ମଧ୍ୟରେ
ମୋ ମନର ସବୁ ଲକ୍ଷା, ସବୁ ଆଶା, ସବୁ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ତୁମ ଅଧୀନରେ
କେତେ ନିର୍ଦୟ ତୁମେ, ଆହାତକୁ ଆଘାତ କର ମନ ଚୋରା ଚାହାଣୀରେ
ତୁମ କଥା ଭାବିଭାବି ସବୁବେଳ କାଟେ ମୋର ଅନ୍ୟମନସ୍କତାରେ
ଅଧା ସମୟ ପାଠ ପଢେ, ଅଧା ସମୟ କଟିଯାଏ ପ୍ରେମ କବିତା ଲେଖିବାରେ
ତୁମ କଥା କହିଦିଅ ତୁମେ, ତୁମ ହସ,ତୁମ ଓଠ, ଓ ତୁମ ଆଖି ଭାବେ
ଆଉ ମୁଁ ସଫର୍ଷ କରେ କଲମ ସହ, ବ୍ୟକ୍ତ କରିବାକୁ ଶବ୍ଦ ସଂଯୋଜନାରେ
ଯେତେ ଲେଖିଲେବି,ଯେତେ କହିଲେବି ସରେନି କଥାର ଲହଡ଼ି ହୃଦୟରେ
ଆକାଶଟି ଭରିଯିବ ମୋ ଭାବନାରେ, ସମୁଦ୍ର ବି କମ୍ ହେବ ମୋ ପିପାସାରେ
ଏମିତି ସମୟରେ, ଏମିତି ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ, ଆସିଥିଲା ଦୁର୍ଗାପୂଜା ଆମ ସହରରେ
ମେଢ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ବାହାରିଥିଲି ସାଙ୍ଗମେଲେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ଆଖି ଖୋଲୁଥିଲା ତୁମ ଲାଗେ
ଚିଠିରେ ଲେଖୁଥିଲ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରିବ ଆଜି ପିନ୍ଧି ନୁଆ ଡ୍ରେସ୍ ଟିଏ
କିନ୍ତୁ ଲେଖିଲନି ତୁମେ ଦେଖା କରିବ ମୋତେ କେଉଁ ମେଢପାଖେ
ରହସ୍ୟମୟୀ ତୁମେ, ବାହାରିଥିଲି ମୁଁ ବି ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ସମ୍ପତ୍ତି ହଜାଇବା ନିମନ୍ତେ
ଦୁଇ ଘଣ୍ଟା ପରେ ପାଇଲି ତୁମକୁ ବଡ଼ ଦାଣ୍ଡେ, ପିନ୍ଧି ଗୋଲାପି ଡ୍ରେସ୍ ଟିଏ
ଗୋଲାପି ବିନ୍ଦି ସଜାଇ ମଥାରେ, ଗୋଲାପି ଲିପ୍ ସ୍କିକ୍ ଲଗାଇ ଓଠରେ
ସଙ୍ଗୀସହ ମିଶି ଗଲ ତୁମେ ବଡ଼ ଦାଣ୍ଡ ପଛେ, ବରଗଛ ଅନ୍ତରାଳେ
ସହରଟି ବ୍ୟସ୍ତଥିଲା ଦୁର୍ଗା ମେଢେ, ଛାଡ଼ି ଆମକୁ ନିରୋଳାଗାରେ

ତୁମ ସଙ୍ଗୀ ଗଲା ପରେ ହାତ ଧରିଲି ତୁମର, ଜହ୍ନ ଆଲୁଅରେ
 ମୁହଁ ଯୋଡ଼ି ଠିଆହେଲ ଲାଜେଇ ଲାଜେଇ ଦୁର୍ବଳ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ
 ଭଲଭାବେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଉଠାଇଲି ତୁମ ମୁହଁ ମୁଁ କମ୍ପିତ ହାତରେ
 କିଛି ଭାବିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ମିଶିଥିଲା ମୋ ଓଠ ତୁମ ଓଠ ସଙ୍ଗେ
 ସବୁ ଅବ୍ୟକ୍ତ ଭାବନାକୁ ଆଙ୍କିଥିଲି ମୁଁ ତୁମ ଓଠ ଉପରେ
 ଆଖି ବନ୍ଦ କରି ଉପଭୋଗ କଲ ଭାସି ମୋ ଭାବ ପ୍ରବଣତାରେ
 ପାଞ୍ଚ ଯୁଗ ପରେ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗ ରାଇଜରୁ ଫେରିଥିଲେ ଆମେ
 ଲାଜେଇ ଲାଜେଇ ହସିଦେଲ ତୁମେ ମଜି ମୋ ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନେ

ତୁମେ ହସିଦେଲ - ପ୍ରଥମ ମିଳନ - ପଚାଶ ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ

ସାତ ଫେରା ନେଇ ସାତ ଜନ୍ମର ସମ୍ପର୍କ ଯୋଡ଼ିଲେ
 ସାତ ଘଣ୍ଟା ଜଳିଲେ ଦୁଇ ପ୍ରେମି ହୋମର ଅଗିରେ
 ସାତ ରଙ୍ଗ ନେଇ ଲିପିଲେ ମୁରୁଜ ଘର ଅଗଣାରେ
 ସାତ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗରେ ପାଦ ରଖିଥିଲେ ମଜି ସାତ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନରେ
 ପ୍ରିତିର ବନ୍ଧନେ ବାନ୍ଧି ହୋଇ ମିଶିତେ ଏଇ ବାସର ରାତିରେ
 ଆମ ଜୀବନର ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟାୟ ରଚିତ ହେବ ଏ ମଧୁଶଯ୍ୟାରେ
 ଏବେ ବି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ହଉନି ଆସିତ ବଧୂହୋଇ ମୋ ଭାଗ୍ୟ ସାଥେ
 ମୋ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନକୁ ସାଉଁଟି ବସିତ ତୁମେ ଓଢାଇ ଲାଲି ଶାଢ଼ିଟିଏ
 ଲଛାହୁଏ ଅଟକି ଯାଅନ୍ତା ସମୟର ଘଡ଼ି, ରହନ୍ତି ମୁଁ ସଦା ଏଇ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ
 ଏଠାରୁ ବଳି କି ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ମୁଁ ଦେଖିବି, ଆଉ ସୁଖ କି ପାଇବି ଏ ଜୀବନରେ
 ଓଢଣା ଉଠାଇ ଦେଖିଲି ତୁମକୁ, ଉର୍ବସୀ, ମେନକା ରୂପ ରଙ୍ଗେ
 ଏମିତି ରୂପସୀ, ଏମିତି ପ୍ରେୟସୀ, ଏମିତି ମୋହିନୀ ମୋ ପାଖେ
 ଅଳଙ୍କାରେ ସଜି, ଆଭୂଷଣେ ଭରି ଜଳୁଥିଲ ତମେ ଦେବୀଙ୍କ ରୂପରେ
 କରାବି ନା ପୂଜା, ରଚିବି ନା ଶଯ୍ୟା, ପଡ଼ିଗଲି ମୁଁ ଆତ୍ମହସରେ
 ଏହି ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମୀର ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣଚାନ୍ଦ ଭଳି ହସିଦେଲ ଲାଜ ହସଟିଏ
 ଲଜ୍ୟାଶଙ୍କା ଭୁଲି ଗଲି ମୁଁ ଯେ, ବାନ୍ଧି ନେଲି ତୁମକୁ ମୁଁ ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନେ

ତୁମେ ହସିଦେଲ - ପ୍ରଥମ ସମ୍ପର୍କ - ପଞ୍ଚଶୋରୀ ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ

ପଚାସ ବର୍ଷର ବିବାହ ବାର୍ଷିକୀ ଉତ୍ସବ ପାଳୁଛେ ଆଜି ଆମେ
ତୁମ୍ଭ ହୋଇ ବସିତ ତୁମେ ଭୁଲିବା ରୋଗର ଆକ୍ରାନ୍ତରେ
ପୁଅ, ଝିଅ, ନାତି, ନାତୁଣୀ ଓ ବନ୍ଧୁବାନ୍ଧବଙ୍କ ଗହଣରେ
ଚିହ୍ନିପାରୁନ କାହକୁ ତୁମେ, ଏକା ବସିତ ଏତେ ଗହଳିରେ
ବୁଝିପାରୁନ ଚାଲିଛି କି ପର୍ବ, ଚାହିଁଛ ଆମକୁ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଆଖିରେ
ଭାବ ଲୟ ବାଟହରା ହେଲେ, ହାରିକି ଫେରନ୍ତି ଶବ୍ଦମାନେ
କେମିତି କହିବି କେତେ ଖୁସି, କେତେ ସ୍ମୃତି ଦେଇତ ତମେ ଜୀବନରେ
ସ୍ମୃତି ସବୁ କଷ୍ଟଦିଅନ୍ତି, ବାଣ୍ଟି ପାରେନି କିଛି ତୁମ ସଙ୍ଗେ
ପୁଅ ଝିଅ ସବୁ ଗ୍ରହଣ କଲେ ତୁମ ବିବସତା, ଆଉ ବଞ୍ଚିବାର ଶିଖିଗଲେ
ହେଲେ ମୋ ଜୀବନ ତ ତୁମେ, କେମିତି ବଞ୍ଚିବି ତୁମ ନିର୍ବିକାରେ
ମୋ ସବୁ କୋଳାହଳ ତୁମେ, କେମିତି ରହିବି ତୁମ ନିରବତାରେ
ମୋ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଧନୁର ସବୁ ରଙ୍ଗ ତୁମେ, କେମିତି ଆଙ୍କିବି ବେରଙ୍ଗରେ
ମୁଁ ଦୁଃଖୀ ମନେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲି ତୁମ ପାଖେ, ଗୋଲାପ ନେଇ ହାତେ
ଦେଖୁଲ କିଛି ସମୟ ଗୋଲାପକୁ, ଆଉ କିଛି ସମୟ ମୋତେ,
ଧିରେ ଧିରେ ଚିହ୍ନି ଚିହ୍ନି ହସିଦେଲ ତୁମେ ସବୁ ହସଟିଏ,
ଯେଉଁ ହସରେ ମୋତେ ମୋହିଥିଲ ତୁମେ ସବୁ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ
ସବୁ ଭୁଲି ଗଲା ପରେବି ତୁମେ ରଖିତ ମୋତେ ସ୍ମୃତି ଘରେ
ଏଇ ହସେ ଆରମ୍ଭ ଆମ କାହାଣୀ, ବଞ୍ଚିବି ବାକି ଦିନ ଏଇ ହସ ସାଥେ ।

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ମା ଦୁର୍ଗା



ଡ. ସୁନନ୍ଦା ମିଶ୍ର ପଣ୍ଡା , ଚରୋଷୋ, କାନାଡା

ସମସ୍ତ ଜଗତର ସୃଷ୍ଟି-ସ୍ଥିତି-ବିଲୟାଦିର ମୂଳକାରଣ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ଆଦି ପ୍ରକୃତି । ତାଙ୍କରି ଠାରୁ ହିଁ ସ୍ଥାବର ଜଙ୍ଗମ ଆଦି ସମସ୍ତ ବସ୍ତୁର ସୃଷ୍ଟି । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ବସ୍ତୁରେ ଚିହ୍ନିତ ସତ୍ତା ବା ଶକ୍ତି ସଂଚାର ବିନା ତାହା ଜଡ , ନିର୍ଜୀବ ଓ ସ୍ଥାଣୁ ହୋଇଥାଏ । ତେଣୁ ଜଗତରେ ଯେଉଁସବୁ କ୍ରିୟାଶୀଳ ବୋଲି ଗଣାଯାଏ ବା ପ୍ରତିଭାତ ହୁଏ , ତା ଭିତରେ ସେହି ଅଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଶକ୍ତିର ସତ୍ତା ବିଦ୍ୟମାନ । ଭାରତୀୟ ସମାଜରେ ଦୁର୍ଗା ଉପାସନାର ଏକ ବଳିଷ୍ଠ ପ୍ରଭାବ ରହିଛି । ଏହି ପବିତ୍ର ଉତ୍ସବରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ପ୍ରାଣରେ ଯେପରି ଅସୀମ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଭରିଦିଏ , ସେହିପରି ହୃଦୟକୁ ଶୁଦ୍ଧପୂତ କରିଦିଏ । ଏହି ପର୍ବ କେବଳ ଆନନ୍ଦ ପ୍ରଦାୟିନୀ ନୁହେଁ , ଏହାର ଏକ ତାତ୍ତ୍ୱିକ ଭିତ୍ତି ମଧ୍ୟ ରହିଛି ।

“ଏକୋ ବ୍ରହ୍ମ ହିତୀୟଃ ନାସ୍ତି ।”

ବେଦାନ୍ତବାଦୀ ଓ ଶଙ୍କାରାଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟଙ୍କ ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ଈଶ୍ଵର ଏକ , ନିର୍ବିକାର , ନିତ୍ୟଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଓ ଅପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନୀୟ । କିନ୍ତୁ ରାମାନୁଜ ଓ ଦ୍ଵୈତବାଦୀ ମାନେ ଏହି ମତକୁ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । ସମୁଦ୍ର ଓ ତରଙ୍ଗ ଅଭିନ୍ନ । ସ୍ଵାମୀ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦ ଯଥାର୍ଥରେ କହିଛନ୍ତି , ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତ ଓ ସ୍ଥିର ସାଗର ମାଳାଧାରୀ, ସାଗର ମାତା ଶକ୍ତିର ପ୍ରତୀକ । ଶକ୍ତିଙ୍କଠାରୁ ଜଗତର ଉତ୍ପତ୍ତି । ବୈଦିକ ଯୁଗର ବହୁ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ମାତୃ ପୂଜାର ପ୍ରଚଳନ ଚାଲି ଆସିଛି ।

ବେଦରେ ଶକ୍ତି ପୂଜାର ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ ଅଛି । ପୃଥ୍ଵୀ , ଭସ୍ମା , ସରସ୍ଵତୀ, ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରାଣୀ, ବରୁଣାମୀ, ଅଗ୍ନାୟୀ ଆଦି ଦେବୀଙ୍କ ନାମ ବହୁ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ବୈଦିକ ଯୁଗରୁ ପ୍ରଚଳିତ ଅଛି । ଉପନିଷଦ ଯୁଗରେ ପ୍ରତ୍ଵେକ ଦେବଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଦେବୀଙ୍କ ସମାବେଶ କରାଯାଉଥିଲା । ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ , ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣୀ , ସରସ୍ଵତୀ, କାର୍ତ୍ତିକେୟୀ, ଯମୀ , ବରାହୀ, ଈଶନୀ ଆଦି ଦେବୀ ଥିଲେ । ତାହାର ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଯୁଗରେ ଦୁର୍ଗା , କାତ୍ୟାୟନୀ, କରାଳୀଙ୍କର ଆରାଧନା ସମାଜରେ ପୂଜା ପାଇଥିଲା । ମହାଭାରତ ଯୁଗରେ ଯୁଧିଷ୍ଠିର ଓ ଅର୍ଜୁନଙ୍କ ଦୁର୍ଗା ସ୍ତୁତିରୁ

ଜଣାଯାଏ ଯେ, ସେ କାଳରେ ଦୁର୍ଗା ଏକ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠିତ ଦେବୀ ଥିଲେ । ଏକ ସ୍ତୁତିରୁ ଜଣାପଡ଼େ ଦେବୀ ଦୁର୍ଗା ବିନ୍ଧ୍ୟ ପର୍ବତରେ ବାସ କରୁଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ସେ କୁମାରୀ ଥିଲେ । ଏଥିରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା ଅଛି , ଦେବୀ ଦୁର୍ଗା ମହିଷା ନାମକ ଅସୁରକୁ ବଧ କରିଥିଲେ ।

ସଂସ୍କୃତ କାବ୍ୟ ଗ୍ରନ୍ଥରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଶକ୍ତି ଉପାସନାର ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା ରହିଛି । ମହାକବି କାଳିଦାସ “ କୁମାର ସମ୍ଭବ “ କାବ୍ୟରେ ଶକ୍ତି ଉପାସନାର ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା କରିଛନ୍ତି । “କାଦମ୍ବରୀ “ ଗଦ୍ୟ କାବ୍ୟରେ ମହାକବି ବାଣଭଟ୍ଟ ,ଦ୍ରାବିଡ଼ ରଷି ଦୁର୍ଗା ମା’ଙ୍କୁ ଜଗି ରହିଥିଲେ । ରାଜଶେଖର ତାଙ୍କର “କର୍ପୂର ମଞ୍ଜରୀ “ ନାଟକରେ ପାର୍ବତୀଙ୍କ ଦୋଳଯାତ୍ରା ବିଷୟରେ ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି । ଏହିପରି ବହୁ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ କାଳରୁ ଦେବୀ (ଶକ୍ତି)ର ଉପାସନା ଭାରତ ବର୍ଷରେ ହୋଇ ଆସୁଛି ।

କଷ୍ଟ ,ଲ୍ଲେଶ ,ନର୍ଜ ,ପାପ ,ଦାରିଦ୍ର୍ୟ ,ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶା ଓ ଦୁରବସ୍ଥା । ଏହି ସାତୋଟି ହେଲା ଦୁର୍ଗତର ନାମ । ଏହି ସମସ୍ତ ଦୁର୍ଗତରୁ ମାନବ ସମାଜକୁ ଉଦ୍ଧାର କରୁଥିବା ଦେବୀଙ୍କ ନାମ ହେଲା ଦୁର୍ଗା । ଏହା ସଂସ୍କୃତ ଭାଷାରୁ ଆସିଛି । ମା’ ଦୁର୍ଗା ଜଗତରେ ଜନ୍ମ ନେଉଥିବା ସମସ୍ତ ରାକ୍ଷସ ପ୍ରକୃତିକୁ ନାଶ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରତି ବର୍ଷ ଆସନ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରନ୍ତି । ମା’ ନାମ ଜୀବନର ମୂଳ ଓ ଶେଷମନ୍ତ୍ର । ମା’ ନାମରେ ମଧୁ ପରିପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ । ମା’ର ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଓ ମହନୀୟତାର ପଟାନ୍ତର ନାହିଁ । ଭାରତୀୟ ଦାର୍ଶନିକମାନଙ୍କ ମତରେ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଭୂମା, ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଓ ଏକ ।ତେଣୁ ମାତା ସତ୍ୟ -ଶିବ -ସୁନ୍ଦର ଓ ଚିନ୍ମୟ ଆନନ୍ଦର ଆଧାର । ଶରତ ଋତୁର ପ୍ରାରମ୍ଭରେ ପ୍ରକୃତି ରାଣୀ ତାର ନିଜର ଅଙ୍ଗରେ ଯୌବନର ଢେଉ ଖେଳାଇ ଦେଇଥାଏ । ସେତିକିବେଳେ ଆଗମନୀ ସଙ୍ଗୀତରେ ଗଗନ ପବନ ମୁଖରିତ ହୁଏ । ଆଦ୍ୟାଶକ୍ତିଙ୍କର ଆଗମନ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ମନରେ ଆଶିଦିଏ ଅପାରଆନନ୍ଦ । ତୁରୀ ପୈକାଳି ବାଦ୍ୟରେ ଧରା ବନ୍ଧ ପ୍ରକମ୍ପିତ ହୁଏ । ଯୁଗ ଯୁଗ ଧରି ଭାରତୀୟ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଏହି ପବିତ୍ର ଉତ୍ସବକୁ ଆନନ୍ଦରେ ଅଭ୍ୟର୍ଥନା କରି ଆସିଛନ୍ତି । ବିଷ୍ଣୁ ପୁରାଣ ଦୁର୍ଗାଙ୍କର ନାମ ମହାଦେବୀ ,ମହାଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ,ଉମା ,ହୈମବତୀ ,ପାର୍ବତୀ , ଶୈଳପୁତ୍ରୀ ,ଗିରିଜା ପ୍ରଭୃତି ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ ଅଛି । ଆଜିର କର୍ମ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଜୀବନରେ ଦୁର୍ଗତି ବା ଦୁଃଖର ବିନାଶ ପାଇଁ ଆମେ ବିବ୍ରତ ସତ , କିନ୍ତୁ ସକଳ ଦୁର୍ଗତର ବିନାଶକାରୀ ମା’ ଦୁର୍ଗାଙ୍କର ଉପାସନା କରିବାକୁ ଆମ ପାଖରେ ବେଳ ନାହିଁ ।

ପୁରା କାଳରେ ମହିଷା ଆଦି ଅସୁରମାନଙ୍କର ଉତ୍ପୀଡ଼ନରୁ ମୁକ୍ତ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଯେପରି ଦେବୀ ଦୁର୍ଗା ଜନ୍ମ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥିଲେ, ଆଜି ମଧ୍ୟ ମା’ ଦୁର୍ଗା ଆବିର୍ଭୂତା ହୋଇ ସାରା ବିଶ୍ୱକୁ ସମଗ୍ର ଦୁର୍ଗତି ,ହାନ ପ୍ରକୃତି ଓ ଅଶୁଭର ବିନାଶ କରନ୍ତୁ ।

"ଯା ଦେବୀ ସର୍ବ ଭୂତେଷୁ ମାତୃ ରୂପେଣ ସଂସ୍ଥିତା,
ନମସ୍ତସ୍ୟୈ ନମସ୍ତସ୍ୟୈ ନମସ୍ତସ୍ୟୈ ନମୋ ନମଃ"।



ଶଙ୍ଖଧ୍ୱନି



ସାଙ୍କୁନା ଦାଶ , ଚିକାଗୋ

शङ्खं चन्द्रार्कं दैवत्यं मध्ये वरुण दैवतम् ।

पृष्ठे प्रजापति विद्यात् अग्रे गङ्गा सरस्वती ॥

(ଶଙ୍ଖ, ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଏବଂ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟଙ୍କ ଆବାସ; ଏହାର ମଧ୍ୟ ଭାଗରେ ବରୁଣ, ପୃଷ୍ଠରେ ପ୍ରଜାପତି ଏବଂ ଅଗ୍ର ଭାଗରେ ଗଙ୍ଗା ଆଉ ସରସ୍ୱତୀ ବାସ କରିଥାନ୍ତି ।)

ପ୍ରକୃତିର କୋଳରୁ ଜାତ ଶଙ୍ଖ ଏକ ବହୁମୂଲ୍ୟ ଉପହାର ଜୀବ ଜଗତ ପାଇଁ । ଭାରତୀୟ ଶଙ୍ଖ ଏକ ସମୁଦ୍ର-ଶାବକ "ଚର୍ବିନୋଲା ପିରମ୍" ରୁ ମିଳିଥାଏ, ଯାହା ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ଭାରତ ମହାସାଗରରେ ମିଳିଥାଏ । ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଆକୃତିର ଏହା ହୋଇଥାଏ । କିନ୍ତୁ ମୁଖ୍ୟତଃ ଶଙ୍ଖର ଦୁଇଟି ଆକୃତି "ବାମାବର୍ତ୍ତ" ଆଉ "ଦକ୍ଷିଣାବର୍ତ୍ତ" ରୂପେ ଥାଏ, ଯାହାକୁ ଆମେ ଭଗବାନ ବିଷ୍ଣୁ ଏବଂ ଶିବଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତୀକ ରୂପେ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରିଥାଏ । ଆକାରକୁ ନେଇ ବାମାବର୍ତ୍ତ ଶଙ୍ଖକୁ ଫୁଙ୍କା ଯାଇଥାଏ କିନ୍ତୁ ଦକ୍ଷିଣାବର୍ତ୍ତ ଶଙ୍ଖକୁ ଫୁଙ୍କା ଯାଇନଥାଏ । ପୁରାଣ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ର ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ସମୁଦ୍ର ମନ୍ଥନରୁ ଯେଉଁ ହଳାହଳ ବିଷ ଉତ୍ପନ୍ନ ହୋଇଥିଲା ତାକୁ ଏହି ଦକ୍ଷିଣାବର୍ତ୍ତ ଶଙ୍ଖ ଦ୍ୱାରା ମହାଦେବ ପାନ କରିଥିଲେ । ଏହାକୁ କେବଳ ମା' ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତୀକ ରୂପେ ପୂଜା କରାଯାଇଥାଏ । ରାମାୟଣ ଏବଂ ମହାଭାରତରେ ଶଙ୍ଖର ପ୍ରତୀକ ବହୁଳ ଭାବରେ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରାଯାଇଛି । ରାମାୟଣ ମହାକାବ୍ୟରେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣ, ଭାରତ ଏବଂ ଶତୃଘ୍ନ ଯଥାକ୍ରମେ ଶେଶନାଗ, ସୁଦର୍ଶନ ଚକ୍ର ଏବଂ ଶଙ୍ଖର ଅଂଶାବତାର ଭାବରେ ବିବେଚନା କରାଯାଇଥିବାବେଳେ ବଡ଼ ଭାଇ ରାମଙ୍କୁ ଶ୍ରୀ ବିଷ୍ଣୁଙ୍କ ଅବତାର ରୂପେ ଆମେ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥାଏ । ଯଦି ଆମେ ମହାଭାରତ ଯୁଗକୁ ଦେଖିବା ଶଙ୍ଖ ନାଦ ବିଷୟରେ ଜାଣିପାରିବା ଏବଂ ସବୁ ଯୋଦ୍ଧାମାନଙ୍କର ଶଙ୍ଖର ନାମ ମଧ୍ୟ ଥିବାର ଜଣାଯାଇଛି । ହେଲେ ପ୍ରଭୁ ଶ୍ରୀ କୃଷ୍ଣଙ୍କର ପାଞ୍ଚଜନ୍ୟ ନାଦର ଛବି ଆମକୁ ସ୍ୱାପନ ଯୁଗର କଥାକୁ ମନେ ପକାଇଦିଏ ।

ଶଙ୍ଖ ସମୁଦ୍ର ମନ୍ଥନରୁ ଉତ୍ପତ୍ତି ଲାଭ କରି ପ୍ରତି ଘରେ ପୂଜା ଜାଗାରେ ଶୋଭା ମଣ୍ଡନ କରିଥାଏ । ଉଭୟ ସମୁଦ୍ରରୁ ଜାତ ହୋଇଥିବାରୁ ଶଙ୍ଖକୁ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀଙ୍କ ଭାଇ ବୋଲି ମଧ୍ୟ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରାଯାଏ । ଉଭୟ ଦେବ ଓ ଦେବୀ, ହାତରେ ଶଙ୍ଖକୁ ଧାରଣ କରିଥିବାର ଆମେ ଦେଖୁଥାଏ । ଏହା ଏକ ପବିତ୍ରତାର ପ୍ରତୀକ । ବେଦରେ ଲେଖା ଅଛି ଯଦି ଗଙ୍ଗା ଜଳ ପାଖରେ ନାହିଁ ତେବେ ଶଙ୍ଖ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଜଳ ଦେଇ ପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ନାନ କରାଇଲେ ତାହା ଗଙ୍ଗା ଜଳରେ ସ୍ନାନ ସଦୃଶ ହୋଇଥାଏ । ପଞ୍ଚମହାଭୂତରେ ଗଠିତ ଏହି ପୃଥିବୀ ଏବଂ ଆମ ଶରୀରର କେନ୍ଦ୍ର ହେଉଛି ଶକ୍ତି । ଆମର ଭାବନା

ଯେପରି ହୋଇଥାଏ ଚିତ୍ତନ ମନନ ସେହିପରି ହୋଇ ପରିପାର୍ଶ୍ୱରେ ଏକ ଶକ୍ତିର ବଳୟ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିଥାଏ । ଶକ୍ତିର ଉତ୍ସ ଗୁଡ଼ିକ କେତେବେଳେ କଲ୍ୟାଣକାରୀ ହୋଇଥାଏ ତ କେତେବେଳେ ବିଧ୍ୱଂସକାରୀ ।

ଶଙ୍ଖ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଯେଉଁ ଧ୍ୱନି ପ୍ରବାହିତ ହୋଇଥାଏ ତାହା ଏତେ ପବିତ୍ର ଆଉ ଶକ୍ତିଶାଳୀ ଯେ ସେ ସେହି ବିନାଶକାରୀ ଶକ୍ତି ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ଦମନ କରିଦେଇଥାଏ । ଶଙ୍ଖକୁ ଯଦି ଆମେ ଭକ୍ତି ଭାବର ସହିତ ଫୁଙ୍କିବା ସେଥିରୁ ଏକ ମଧୁର ,ସୌର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଶକ୍ତି ପ୍ରଦାୟିନୀ ଧ୍ୱନି ନିର୍ଗତ ହୋଇଥାଏ । ଯାହାକି ସମସ୍ତ ସତ୍ତାର କେନ୍ଦ୍ର ବିନ୍ଦୁ "ଓଁ" । ଏହି ଓଁ ହେଉଛି ଆଦିଶକ୍ତି,ଅନନ୍ତ,ପରମାନନ୍ଦ ପ୍ରତି ଜୀବାତ୍ମାର ଉତ୍ସ । ବ୍ରହ୍ମ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ଶଙ୍ଖ ନାଦ ଏକ ନୂତନ ଆତ୍ମା ମଣ୍ଡନ କରି ଚତୁର୍ଦ୍ଦିଗରେ ପ୍ରେରଣାର ସ୍ରୋତ ପ୍ରବାହିତ କରେ । ସେହି ପରି ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ସମୟରେ ଶଙ୍ଖ ଧ୍ୱନି ପ୍ରତି ପ୍ରାଣରେ ଏକ ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ,ସଂଯମତା ,ଶୀତ୍ଲତାରେ ଆଲୁଦିତ କରେ । ଶଙ୍ଖର ଧ୍ୱନିରେ ଜୀବର ମନ ଏକଦମ ଶୁନ୍ୟ ହୋଇଯାଏ ସେହି ସ୍ୱଚ୍ଛ ସମୟର ବ୍ୟବଧାନରେ ମନ ଯାଇ ପରମ ଶକ୍ତି ସହିତ ସଂଯୁକ୍ତ ହୋଇଯାଏ । ତମ ଆଉ ରାଜ ଗୁଣକୁ ବାଦ ଦେଇ ସତରେ ଚିତ୍ତସଂଲଗ୍ନ କରି ଆନନ୍ଦ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଥାଏ । ସୁପ୍ତ ଅବସ୍ଥାରୁ ଜାଗ୍ରତ ଅବସ୍ଥାକୁ ଯାଇଥାଏ । ଯାହା ଫଳରେ ପ୍ରତି ପ୍ରାଣ ଶକ୍ତି କୈନ୍ଦ୍ରିକ ହୋଇ ଏକ ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ଚିନ୍ତା ଧାରାରେ ନିଜକୁ ପରିଚାଳିତ କରି ସତ କର୍ମ କରିବା ଦିଗରେ ଅଗ୍ରସର ହୋଇଉଠେ ।

ବୈଦିକ ଧର୍ମଶାସ୍ତ୍ର ଏବଂ ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ତତ୍ତ୍ୱ ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ଶଙ୍ଖର ଆକାର ଏବଂ ଧ୍ୱନିକୁ ନେଇ ବହୁତ କିଛି ତଥ୍ୟ ରହିଛି । ଆୟୁର୍ବେଦ ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ଶଙ୍ଖର ଉତ୍ସରେ ଔଷଧ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି ହୁଏ । ଶଙ୍ଖର ଗୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଆମର ପାରମ୍ପରିକ କଳା ପଚଚିତ୍ର ମଧ୍ୟ କରାଯାଏ । ଶଙ୍ଖ ଧ୍ୱନିର ପ୍ରବାହରେ ଆମ ପରିପାର୍ଶ୍ୱରେ ଥିବା ଦୂଷିତ ଜୀବାଣୁ କୀଟାଣୁ ସବୁ ନାଶ ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତି; ଫଳରେ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ନିରୋଗ ରହିଥାଏ ବୋଲି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରାଯାଏ । ଶଙ୍ଖକୁ ଫୁଙ୍କିବା ଦ୍ୱାରା ଆମ ଧମନୀରେ ଶ୍ୱାସର ପ୍ରବାହରେ ଉନ୍ନତି ଘଟେ । ବାକ୍ ଶକ୍ତି ଏବଂ ଶିବ ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଏହା ସହାୟକ ହୋଇଥାଏ । ଏହିପରି ଅନେକ କିଛି ।

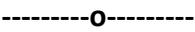
ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନଶୀଳ ରତୁଚକ୍ରରେ ପ୍ରବାହିତ ହୋଇ ବ୍ରହ୍ମାଣ୍ଡର ଶକ୍ତିକୁ ନିଜ ଭିତରେ ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣ କରାଇବାର ଏହା ଏକ ସରଳ ମାଧ୍ୟମ ।

“ଭାସ୍ୟମାନ ବାଦଲରେ ଭାସି ଯାଇ ଜୀବ ଗାଏ ଜୀବନ ରାଗିଣୀ

ମହାଶୂନ୍ୟ ଚିତ୍ତ ହଜେ ଖାଲି ଶୁଣି ଶଙ୍ଖ ଧ୍ୱନି । ”

“पाञ्चजन्याय विद्महे पवमानाय धीमहि ।

तन्नः शङ्खः प्रचोदयात् ॥”



ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ମୃତିରେ-----



ଉଲ୍ଲାସିନୀସାହୁ, ନର୍ଥ କାରୋଲିନା

୧୯୮୬ ସେପ୍ଟେମ୍ବର ମାସ , ବାଣୀ ବିହାର ଗଣିତ ବିଭାଗରେ ନାମ ଲେଖାଇବା ଲାଗି ପ୍ରବଳ ଭିଡ | ମୁଁ ଗୋଟାଏ ଛୋଟ ଫ୍ରଙ୍କ ଟିଏ ପିନ୍ଧି ଆଗରେ ଛିଡା ହୋଇଥାଏ ଆଉ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଥାଏ ମୋ ନାମ କେତେବେଳେ ଆସିବ | ଏହି ସମୟରେ ସେହି ଭିଡ ଭିତରୁ ଜଣେ ଯୁବକ ମୋ ଆଗକୁ ଆସି କହିଲେ " are you sure you are in pg class, you look like high school student" ସ୍ଵରଟି ବଡ ଗମ୍ଭୀର ଥିଲା, ମୁଁ ଟିକେ ଲାଜେଇ ଗଲି, ଟିକେ ଖାଲି ହସି ଦେଲି | ଆପଣମାନେ ଜାଣିଥିବେ, ଝିଅମାନଙ୍କୁ ଟିକେ ବୟସ କମ୍ ଦେଖାଯାଉଛି କହିଲେ ସେମାନେ କେତେ ଖୁସି ହୋଇଯାଆନ୍ତି!

ତା ପରେ କ'ଣ ପାଇଁ କେଜାଣି ଆଖିଟା ସେହି ଚେହେରା ଉପରେ ରହିଗଲା | ଦୁଇ ତିନି ମାସ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଆମେ ଦୁଇ ଜଣ ବହୁତ ଭଲ ସାଙ୍ଗ ହୋଇଗଲୁ | କଲେଜ ବାର୍ଷିକ ପତ୍ରିକା ଲାଗି ଲେଖା ଦେବା ଲାଗି ଆମ department ରୁ ନୋଟିସ୍ ଆସିଲା | ମୁଁ ଭାବିଲି କିଛି ଲେଖିବି ବୋଲି | ହେଲେ କେବେ ଜୀବନରେ ଲେଖି ନାହିଁ | କ'ଣ କରିବି, ଗୋଟାଏ ପୁରୁଣା ପତ୍ରିକାରୁ ଗୀତଟିଏ କପି କରି ତାକୁ ଟିକିଏ ବଦଳାଇ ପଠାଇଦେଲି | ଦୁଇ ମାସ ପରେ ଯେଉଁଦିନ ପତ୍ରିକା ବାହାରିଲା, ମୋର ରୁମ୍ ମେଟ୍ ଆସି କହିଲା ତୋ କବିତା ବାହାରିଛି |ଖୁସିରେ ନାଚି ପକାଇଲି | ପରଦିନ ସକାଳୁ ପତ୍ରିକାଟା ପାଇବା ପରେ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଦେଖୋଇଥିଲି ତାକୁ | ସିଏ ଟିକେ ମୁରୁକି ହସି ଲେଖାଟିକୁ ପଢିବାକୁ କହିଲେ | ହେଲେ ଏ କ'ଣ , ମୋ ଲେଖାଟା ପୁରା ବଦଳି ଯାଇଛି | ତା ପରେ ମୋତେ ଗୋଟେ କଣକୁ ଡାକି କହିଲେ, ତୁମେ ଯେଉଁ ଲେଖାଟି ଦେଇଥିଲୁ ସେଇଟା ମୁଁ ଆଗରୁ କେଉଁଠି ପଢିଲା ଭଳି ଲାଗିଲା , ମୁଁ ଏଡିଟିଂ କରୁଥିଲି , ସେଥିଲାଗି କବିତାଟା ଟିକିଏ ବଦଳାଇ ଦେଇଛି | ସେଥିଲାଗି କ୍ଷମା ଚାହୁଁଟି | କ'ଣ ଆଉ କହିବି ମୁଣ୍ଡ ତଳ କରି ବୌଦ୍ଧିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲି|ସାରା ରାତି ଆଉ ନିଦ ନାହିଁ|ପତ୍ରିକା ଖୋଲି ରାତି ସାରା ପଢିଲି, ସେଥିରେ ତାଙ୍କର ଦୁଇଟା ଲେଖା ବାହାରିଥିଲା | ସେ ଲେଖା ଏତେ ଉଚ୍ଚ ସ୍ତରର ଥିଲା ଯେ, ମୁଁ କିଛି ବୁଝି ପାରିଲିନି | ତା' ପର ଦିନ କଲେଜ ଯିବା ଲାଗି ଲାଜ ଲାଗିଲା| ହେଲେ ସକାଳୁ ସକାଳୁ ଆମ ହଷ୍ଟେଲ ଗେଟ ପିଲାଟି ଆସି ମୋତେ ଗୋଟେ ଚିଠି ଦେଲା| ଚିଠି ଟା ଆସିଥିଲା ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖରୁ |

ସେ ଦିନ ଠାରୁ ଆରଂଭ ହେଲା ଆମ ଦୁଇ ଜଣକ ଭିତରେ ଏକ ନୂତନ ସମ୍ପର୍କ| ସବୁ ବର୍ଷ ମୋ ଜନ୍ମ ଦିନରେ ସେ ତାଙ୍କ ହାତ ଲେଖା diary ମୋତେ gift ଦିଅନ୍ତି | ଏହା ଭିତରେ ବାହାଘର ହୋଇଗଲା|ଉଗବାନ ଆମ ଦୁହିଁଙ୍କର ସମସ୍ତ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ପୂରଣ କରିଦେଲେ| ତିରିଶ ବର୍ଷର ବିବାହ, ଆନନ୍ଦ, ସୁଖ- ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ,ଘର- ସଂସାର ଗଢି ତୋଳିବାର ଆଶା-ନିରାଶା, କଷ୍ଟନା -ପରିକଳ୍ପନା ସବୁ ଏଇ କେତୋଟି ଦିନ ଭିତରେ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଚୁନା ହୋଇଗଲା| ସେ ସିନା ଆମକୁ ଛାଡି ଚାଲିଗଲେ |ହେଲେ ତାଙ୍କର ଏହି ଲିଖିତ diary ଗୁଡାକ ଆମ ଲାଗି ବଂଚିବାର ସାହାରା| ସେହି diaryରୁ ଏକ କବିତା ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କ ଲାଗି.....

କହିବାକୁ ଭୁଲିଗଲି ସେ ତାଙ୍କ ଜଣକ ଆଉ କେହି ନୁହେଁ ମୋର ସାଙ୍ଗ , ଜୀବନସାଥୀ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗତ ମହେନ୍ଦ୍ର କର .

“ଯଦି ମନେ ପଡ଼େ କେବେ “

ମୁଁ ମଉଳି ଯିବି ତୁମ ସ୍ନେହର ଫୁଲ ଦାନୀରୁ
ଠିକ୍ ଏକ ଡୋଳା ଯାଇଥିବା ଫୁଲ ଗୁଚ୍ଛ ପରି
କିନ୍ତୁ ମୋ କଥା ଯଦି କେବେ ମନେ ପଡ଼େ

ଯଦି ମନେପଡ଼େ କେବେ

ପ୍ରଭାତର ମନୋରମ ସବୁଜିମାରେ

ମୁଁ ଠିକ୍ ମିଶି ଯାଇଥିବି

ଦିଗ୍-ବଳୟର ତଳେ

ପ୍ରଭାତୀ ତାରା ପରି ଦିକ୍ ଦିକ୍ ହୋଇ

ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଆଡୁଆଳରେ

ଯଦି କେବେ ମନେପଡ଼େ ମଧ୍ୟାହ୍ନର ବାସନ୍ତୀ ଲାଗିରେ

ଯଦି ଆଜି ହୋଇଯାଏ ତୁମ ମାନସ ପଟରେ

କେତୋଟି ସ୍ମୃତିର ସମୟ ତୁମ ସହ କଟାଯାଇଥିବା,

ଠିକ୍ ସେତିକିବେଳେ ଝାଉଁଳି ପଡୁଥିବି ମୁଁ

ପୁଷ୍କରିଣୀର କୁମୁଦିନୀ ପରି

ଅବାଞ୍ଛିତ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟର ପ୍ରକୋପରେ

ସାଲିସ୍ ନ କରି

ଆଉ ଯଦି କେବେ ଚିତ୍ର ଆଙ୍କୁଥିବ

ଜ୍ୟୋତ୍ସ୍ନା ବିଧୌତ ରାଜନୀରେ

ମୋ ସହ କଟାଇଥିବା କେତେକ ଏକାନ୍ତ

ନିରୋଳା ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତର ଅନ୍ତରଙ୍ଗ ଭାବେ

ତା ହେଲେ ଠିକ୍ ସେତେବେଳେ

ମୁଁ ବିରହୀ ଚକୋର ପରି

ତୁମକୁ ଖୋଜି ବୁଲୁଥିବି

ମୋ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଜୀବନ୍ତ ପୃଥିବୀରେ

ତୁମକୁ ନପାଇ ଶ୍ରୀବଣର ଧାରା ହୋଇ...|

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ସ୍ଵାଭିମାନ



ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟସ୍ନାତା ରଥ ନର୍ଥ ଡାକୋଟା

ସକାଳଠୁ ସରିତାଙ୍କର ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଖରାପ ହେଇଗଲାଣି ସେଇଟା ଖୋଜି ଖୋଜି । କେମିତି କୁଆଡେ ଗଲା କିଛି ଜଣା ପଡୁନି । ସେଇଟା ପୁଣି ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ଵାମୀ ଏଇ ବିବାହ ବାର୍ଷିକୀରେ ଉପହାର ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସୁନା ମୁଦିଟା । ପଥର ଦିନ ରାତିରେ ହିଁ ଗୋଟେ ପାର୍ଟିକୁ ସେଇଟା ପିନ୍ଧିକି ଯାଇଥିଲେ । ଜୟା,ଲିଲି, ଅପର୍ଣ୍ଣା ସବୁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରଶଂସାରେ ପୋତି ପକେଇଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଲମ୍ବା ଲମ୍ବା ଗୋରା ଆଙ୍ଗୁଳିକୁ ସେଇଟା କୁଆଡେ ଖୁବ ମାନ୍ୟୁଥିଲା । କାଲି କାମରେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଥାଇ ତାଙ୍କର ମନେ ନଥିଲା । ଆଜି ତାକୁ ନେଇ ଡବାରେ ସାଇତି ଦେବେ ବୋଲି ଭାବିଲା ବେଳକୁ ମିଳୁନି ।

ସେଇଠି କଉଠି ତଳେ ପଡିଗଲା କି? ନାଁ.. ସମ୍ଭବ ନୁହେଁ । ତାଙ୍କର ଭଲକି ମନେ ଅଛି । ଶାଢ଼ୀ ବଦଳେଇବା ଆଗରୁ ଏଇ ବହି ଥାକରେ ରଖିଥିଲେ ମୁଦିଟାକୁ । ଏଇଟା ତାଙ୍କର ଗୋଟେ ଅଭ୍ୟାସ । କୁଆଡୁ ବାହାରୁ ଫେରିଲେ ମୋବାଇଲ, ଘଣ୍ଟା ସବୁ ଏଇ ଥାକରେ ହିଁ ସେ ରଖି ଦିଅନ୍ତି । ସେଠି ନାହିଁ ତ । ବାରମ୍ବାର ଖୋଜି ସାରିଲେଣି ସେ । ରୋଷେଇ ଘରେ ସ୍ନାବ ଉପରେ, ସବୁ ମସଲା ଥାକରେ, ଏମିତି କି ଫ୍ରିଜ, ମାଇକ୍ରୋୱେଭ ଓଭନ ବି ଦେଖି ସାରିଲେଣି ସେ । କଣ ପବନରେ ମିଳେଇ ଗଲା ନାଁ କଣ? ସୁଧାର ତାଙ୍କୁ କେତେ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାରେ ସେଇଟା ଦେଇଥିଲେ! ଆଜି କାଲି ସୁନା ଦାମ ଯାହା ହେଲାଣି..ସେଥିରେ ପୁଣି ଆଜି ମାଣବସା ଗୁରୁବାରଟାରେ ହିଁ ଦାମୀ ଜିନିଷଟା ଏମିତି ହଜି ଯିବାର ଥିଲା!

ଖୋଜି ଖୋଜି ଥିକି ଯାଇ ଶେଷରେ ସୋଫା ଉପରେ ବସିଲେ ସରିତା । ମନ କିଛି ଭଲ ଲାଗୁନି । ଆଜି ଏଇ ସଂଜୁ ବି ଆସିବାକୁ ଡେରି କଲାଣି । ଏତିକି ବେଳକୁ ଆସି ବାସନ ମାଜି ଝାଡୁ ଲଗେଇବା ବି ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଦେଇଥାଏ । କୁଆଡେ ରହିଗଲା କେଜାଣି । ଛୁଟି ନେବା କଥା ତ କିଛି କହି ନଥିଲା । ଦେହ ଖରାପ ହେଲେ ବି କାହା ହାତରେ ଖବର ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ପଠାଏ । ଏମିତି ଭାବୁ ଭାବୁ କଲିଂ ବେଲ ଶୁଭିଲା । କବାଟ ଖୋଲୁ ଖୋଲୁ ସଂଜୁ ତରତର ହେଇ ପଶି ଆସିଲା କହି କହି " ମା, ଆଜି ଡେରି ହେଇଗଲା ଚିକେ ଘରେ କାମ ସାରୁ ସାରୁ ।"

ଏଇ ସଂଜୁ.. ପାଖା ପାଖି 5 ବର୍ଷ ହେଲାଣି କାମ କରୁଛି ସରିତା କ୍ ଘରେ । ଦିନକୁ ଦି ଓଳି ଆସେ । ତୁପତାପ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକଟା । ଭାରି ପରିଷ୍କାର କାମ । ଠିକ ସମୟରେ ଆସେ ଆଉ ଠିକ ସମୟରେ ଯାଏ । କେବେ କିଛି ଅଧିକା କାମ ପଡିଗଲେ ବି କିଛି ପ୍ରତିବାଦ କରେନା । ଘରେ ତାର ଦି ପିଲା । ସ୍ଵାମୀ କଉଠି ଡ୍ରାଇଭର କାମ କରେ । ବେଶୀ କିଛି ରୋଜଗାର କରେନା । ଏଇ ସଂଜୁ ହିଁ ତାରି ଘରେ କାମ କରିକି ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ପଢ଼ାଉଛି । ତାର ଘର ଛପର ବି ଭାଜି ଯାଇଥିଲା ବୋଲି କହୁଥିଲା ।

ସରିତାଙ୍କ ମନକୁ ପାପ ଛୁଇଁଲା! ଆଉ ଏଇ ସଂଜ୍ଞୁ ତ ମୁଦି ଚା..... ଅଭାବି ଲୋକ କିଛି ବି କରିପାରେ । ନୁହେଁ କି? ଆଉ ତ ଘରକୁ ବାହାର ଲୋକ କେହି ଆସି ହିଁ ନାହାନ୍ତି । କିଏ ଆଉ ନେଇଥିବ ଯା ଛଡ଼ା! ତୁପତାପ ଯାଇ ଠିଆ ହେଲେ ସରିତା ସଂଜ୍ଞୁ ପଛ ଆଡ଼େ । ବାସନ ମାଜୁଥିଲା ସେ । ବୁଲି ପଡ଼ି ସରିତାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି ଚିକେ ଅପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ହେଇଗଲା ସେ । "ମା, କଣ କହୁଥିଲ କି? "

ମନର ରାଗ ଆଉ ସନ୍ଦେହକୁ ଚାପିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରି ଆରମ୍ଭ କଲେ ସରିତା " ତତେ ମୁଁ କିଛି ଅଭାବ କରିଛି? ଦରମାକୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ସବୁ ପୂଜା, ପର୍ବରେ ବି ତୋ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ କିଛି ନାଁ କିଛି ଦେଇଛି । ଚିକେ ଖରାପ ଲାଗିଲାନି ତତେ? ଗରିବ ଲୋକଟା ବୋଲି ସବୁବେଳେ ତତେ ଦୟା କରିଛି । ଯଦି କିଛି ଦରକାର ଥିଲା ମାଗିଲୁନି? "

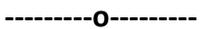
ଏତେ ଗୁଡ଼େ ଆକ୍ଷେପ ଭରା କଥା ଶୁଣିକି ହତବତେଇ ଗଲା ସଂଜ୍ଞୁ । କଣ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେବା କିଛି ବୁଝି ନପାରି ପଚାରିଲା "ମା, ମୁଁ ଜାଣି ପାରୁନି । କଣ କିଛି ଅସୁବିଧା ହେଇଛି । ମୁଁ କିଛି ଭୁଲ କରି ଦେଇଛି? "ସରିତାଙ୍କର ରାଗ ଏଥର ପଞ୍ଚମକୁ ଉଠିଗଲା । ଚିଲେଇ ଚିଲେଇ କହିଲେ " ଜାଣି ପାରୁନୁ? ମୋର ଏତେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଦାମିକିଆ ମୁଦିଟା ଗଲା କୁଆଡ଼େ? ମୋ ଘରୁ କୁଆଡ଼େ ଉତ୍ତାନ ହେଇଗଲା? ଏଇ ଭଳିଆ ଲୋକ ଗୁଡ଼ାଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ଜମା ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ନାହିଁ । କେତେ ବେଳେ ଲୁଚି ନେବେ କିଛି ଜଣା ପଡ଼ିବନି । ଦେଖ ସଂଜ୍ଞୁ... ଏବେ ବି ସମୟ ଅଛି । ମୁଦି ମତେ ଫେରେଇ ଦେ । ତତେ ମୁଁ କ୍ଷମା କରିଦେବି । ଯଦି ବେଶୀ ଚାଲାଇ ଦେଖେଇବୁ ପୋଲିସ ଡାକିବି । ସେଥିପାଇଁ କହୁଛି ଭଲରେ ଭଲରେ ମାନି ଯା । ନହେଲେ ତୁ ଜାଣିନୁ ମୁଁ କିଏ । "

କାନ୍ଦ କାନ୍ଦ ହେଇ ଯାଉଥିଲା ସଂଜ୍ଞୁ । ମା ତ କେତେ କଣ ପିନ୍ଧିକି ବାହାରନ୍ତି । କେଉଁ ମୁଦି, କେବେ ହଜିଲା! କିଛି ଜାଣି ପାରୁ ନଥିଲା ସେ । ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଘୁରେଇ ଦଉଥିଲା ତାର । ସରିତା ସିଆଡ଼େ ତାକୁ ଗାଳି ଦେଇ ଚାଲିଥିଲେ । ପାଟିରେ ବାଡ଼-ବତା ରହୁ ନଥିଲା ତାଙ୍କର । କୋହ ଉଠୁଥିଲା ସଂଜ୍ଞୁର । ଏତେ ପାଟି ତୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଏବେ ଯାଏଁ ଶୋଇଥିବା ସରିତାଙ୍କ ଝିଅ ରିମା ଆଖି ମଳି ମଳି ବାହାରି ଆସିଲା ବେତୁରୁମରୁ । "କଣ ହେଇଛି ମମି? ଏତେ ପାଟି କଣ? "

ରାଗରେ ଲାଲ ପଡ଼ି ଯାଇଥିଲେ ସରିତା । ବାଥରୁମକୁ ଯାଉ ଯାଉ ରିମା କହିଲା " ମମି, କାଲି ମୋ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଦୀପାର ବର୍ଥଡ଼େରେ ସମସ୍ତେ ତମ ମୁଦିର ପ୍ରଶଂସା କରୁଥିଲେ । ମୁଁ ଘରୁ ବାହାରୁ ବାହାରୁ ଦେଖିଲି ଚେବୁଲ ଉପରେ ଥିଆ ହେଇଥିଲା । ଗଲେଇ ଦେଇ ପଲେଇଲି । ତମକୁ କହିବାକୁ ମନେ ନଥିଲା । ଏଇ ନିଅ । ରଖୁ ଦିଅ ତମ ଆଲମାରୀରେ । ମୋର କଲେଜ ଲେଟ ହେଲାଣି । ଯାଉଛି ରେଡ଼ି ହେବି " ସରିତାଙ୍କ ମୁହଁ ଏବେ ଆହୁରି ଲାଲ ହେଇଯାଇଥିଲା... ଲାଜରେ । କଣ କହିବେ ବୁଝି ପାରୁ ନଥିଲେ । କହିଲେ " ସଂଜ୍ଞୁ, ଝିଅ ପିନ୍ଧି ଥିଲା ବୋଲି ମୁଁ ଜାଣି ନଥିଲି । କହୁ କହୁ କେତେ କଣ କହିଦେଲି । ହଉ ତୁ ଯା.. କାମ ସାରେ । ଚା ବନା । ମୋ ପାଇଁ ବି ଆଉ ତୋ ପାଇଁ ବି । ମୁଣ୍ଡଟା ମୋର ଜୋରରେ ବିସିଲାଇଣି । "

ସଂଜ୍ଞୁ ସ୍ତାଣୁ ପରି ଠିଆ ହେଇଥିଲା । ଚିକେ ପ୍ରକୃତସ୍ଥ ହେଇ କହିଲା " ମା' କ୍ଷମା କରିବେ । ଏତେ ବର୍ଷର କାମ ଭିତରେ ମୁଁ ଗୋଟେ ଟଙ୍କା ବି ଏଠୁ ଚୋରି କରିନି । କାମରେ କେବେ ଠକିନି । ଗୋଟେ ପଇସା ଧାର ବି ମାଗିନି । ତେବେ ବି ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ଗୋଟେ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ଲାଗିଲାନି ସନ୍ଦେହ କରିବା ପାଇଁ । ନାଁ ମୁଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଭଳିଆ ଏତେ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ିଛି ନାଁ ମୋ ପାଖେ ଟଙ୍କା ପଇସା ଅଛି । ମୁଁ ଛୋଟଲୋକ ମା । କିନ୍ତୁ ମୋର ମାନ ମହତ ଚିକକ ଖୁବ ବଡ଼ ମୋ ପାଇଁ । ଆପଣ ଭଲରେ ରୁହନ୍ତୁ । "

ଗେଟ ଖୋଲି ଚାଲି ଯାଉଥିବା ସଂଜ୍ଞୁକୁ ଦେଖି ଆତ୍ମ ବିଶ୍ୱେକ୍ଷଣ କରୁଥିଲେ ସରିତା...କଲେଜରେ ଏତେ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ସେ ପାଠ ପଢ଼େଇଛନ୍ତି.. ଏତେ ସଭା ସମିତିରେ ଭାଷଣ ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି ।ଗରିବ ଲୋକଟିଏର ବି ସ୍ୱାଭିମାନ ଥାଏ ବୋଲି କେମିତି ସେ ଭୁଲି ଯାଇଥିଲେ!!!



ଲୋକେ କଣ କହିବେ



ଡକ୍ଟର ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ, ମେଡିକାଲ

ଅରକ୍ଷିତା ଆଉ କିଛି ଭାବିପାରୁନଥିଲା ।

ଦିନ ଯାଇ ରାତି ହେଲା । ସିଏ ସେଇ ସୋଫା ଉପରେ ବସିଛି ତ ବସିଛି । ଯଦିଓ ଏ ଭିତରେ ସିଏ ଦୁଇ କପ୍ କଫି ପିଇ ସାରିଥିଲା ଓ ସାଙ୍ଗ, ସାଥୀ, ପରିବାରର ଲୋକମାନେ ଯିଏ ଫୋନ୍ କରୁଥିଲେ, ଧରୁଥିଲା ଓ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଉଥିଲା, ତେବେ ସିଏ କଣ କରିବ, କିଛି ବୁଝିପାରୁନଥିଲା । ପରେଶଙ୍କ ସହିତ ତ ତାର ଛାତ୍ରପତ୍ର ପାଞ୍ଚ ବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା । ଏବେ ଆଇନ୍ ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ସିଏ ତାଙ୍କର ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ନୁହେଁ କି ତାକୁ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଧର୍ମ ପାଳନର ସମସ୍ତ ବିଧି ପାଳନ କରିବାକୁ ପଡିବ । ସିଏ କୋଉ ଚୁଡ଼ି ପିନ୍ଧୁଥିଲା ଯେ, ଏବେ ଚୁଡ଼ି ପିନ୍ଧିବନି କି ସିନ୍ଦୂର ପିନ୍ଧୁଥିଲା ଯେ ଏବେ ସିନ୍ଦୂର ପିନ୍ଧିବନି । ସେମିତି ଦେଖିଲେ ତା' ଜୀବନରେ କିଛି ବି ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହେବାର ନଥିଲା । ଏ ଦେଶରେ ବିବାହିତା, ଅବିବାହିତା, ସଧବା, ବିଧବା, ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ବେଶଭୁଷାରେ ସେମିତି କିଛି ଫରକ ନଥାଏ । ତେଣୁ ସିଏ କିଛି ଭାବି ନ ପାରି ସେମିତି ବସିରହିଲା । ନିଜ କଂପାନୀର ମ୍ୟାନେଜରକୁ ଲେଖି ଜଣେଇଦେଲା ଯେ ସିଏ ଡିନିଂଗ୍ ଛୁଟି ନେବ ।

ପୁଅ ସରୋଜର କଲେଜ୍ ଏଇତ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଛି । ସିଏ ପୁଣି ଯାଇ କାଲିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆରେ । ପରେଶଙ୍କ ଦେହାନ୍ତ ଖବର ପାଇ, ସିଏ ଫୋନ୍ କରି ପଚାରିଥିଲା, ମା, ତମେ କେମିତି ଅନୁଭବ କରୁଛ ? ମୁଁ ଘରକୁ ଯିବା ଚାହୁଁଚି କି ?

ଅରକ୍ଷିତା କହିଲା, ନାଁ, ମୁଁ ଠିକ୍ ଅଛି । ତୁ ପାଠରେ ମନ ଦେ । ତୋର ଆସିବା ଦରକାର ନାହିଁ । ମାଉସୀ କାଲି ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚିବ । ତେଣୁ ତୁ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ହନି । ଝିଅ ଏବେ ରହେ ଚିକାଗୋରେ । ସେଇଠି ରେସିଡେନ୍ସି କରୁଛି । ସିଏ ବି ତାକି ପଚାରିଥିଲା । ତାକୁ ବି ମନା କରିଦେଲା ଅରକ୍ଷିତା । ଏ କୋଭିଡ୍ ସମୟରେ କାହିଁକି ଆଉ ଆସିବୁ । ତୋର ତ ନିଜେ ଗଣ୍ଡେ ଭଲରେ ଖାଇବାକୁ ସମୟ ନାହିଁ । ନିଜ କାମରେ ମନ ଦେ ଓ ନିଜର ଯତ୍ନ ନେ । ମୁଁ ଠିକ୍ ଅଛି ।

କଣ ଆଉ ଭାବିବାର ଅଛି ? ସାତ ବର୍ଷ ତଳେ ତ ଏମିତି ତାଙ୍କର ଅବସ୍ଥା ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା ଯେ ସିଏ ବଞ୍ଚିବେ ବୋଲି ଆଶା ନଥିଲା । ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ଦୟାରୁ କେମିତି କଣ ବଞ୍ଚିଗଲେ । ସେଇଠୁ ତାଙ୍କର ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦେଇଥିଲେ, ଅନୁଶାସନରେ ରହିବା ପାଇଁ । ମଦ କମା ନ ଛୁଇଁବା ପାଇଁ ଓ ଉତ୍ତମ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଏବଂ

ଖାଦ୍ୟ ନିୟନ୍ତ୍ରଣରେ ରହିବା ପାଇଁ । ହେଲେ ସେଇଟା ସିଏ ମାନି ରହି ପାରିଲେନି । ଘରେ ସବୁବେଳେ ଅଶାନ୍ତି ଲାଗିରହିଲା । ଅରୁଣତୀ ଉପରେ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର ଲାଗିରହିଲା । ଶେଷକୁ ଛାଡ଼ପତ୍ର ଦେଇଦେଲା ଅରୁଣତୀ ।

କୋର୍ଟରୁ ଅର୍ଡର ଆଣିଲା, ତା' ପାଖଆଖରେ ଯେମିତି ପରେଣ ନ ଦେଖାଯାନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ ବଡ଼ ଭଉଣୀ କାମା ଅପା, ଯିଏ ତାଙ୍କର ଓ ଯିଏ ଦିଲ୍ଲୀରେ ରୁହନ୍ତି, ତାଙ୍କୁ ପାଖକୁ ନେଇ ସେଇଠି ଚିକିତ୍ସା କରେଇବାର ସିଦ୍ଧାନ୍ତ ନେଲେ । ପରେଣ ସେଇଠି ରହି ଚିକିତ୍ସିତ ହେଉଥିଲେ ।

ମନେମନେ ହସିଲା ଅରୁଣତୀ । ସଂପର୍କର ଏମିତି ଏକ ଦିଗ ତାକୁ ନିଜର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷ ଅନୁଭୂତିରେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ ବୋଲି, କେବେ ବି ଭାବିନଥିଲା ସିଏ । ପରେଣ ବାପ, ସରୋଜ ପୁଅ । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ଯେମିତି ଯୋଜନ ଯୋଜନ ଦୂରତା । ମଝିରେ ପରେଣଙ୍କ ଆଚରଣ ଏମିତି ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା ଯେ, ସରୋଜ, ବାପାର ଛାଇକୁ ବି ତରେ । ତାର ଚପଳ ମନ ଯେଉଁ ସମୟରେ ବାପାର ସ୍ନେହ, ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ଆଶାକରି ଆଶାୟୀ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ଚାହିଁ ରହିଥାଏ, ସେତେବେଳେ ଘରେ ପଶେ ଜଣେ ମଦ୍ୟପ । ତା' ମୁହଁରେ ଥାଏ ପୈଶାଚିକ ହସ । ସେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି କଣ କରୁଥାଏ, କଣ କହୁଥାଏ, ନିଜେ ବି ବୁଝୁନଥାଏ । କେତେବେଳେ ବାସନ ଫୋପାଡ଼େ, କେତେବେଳେ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ମା'କୁ ଯାଇ ମାରେ, କେତେବେଳେ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ବି ମାତ ଦେବାକୁ ଉତ୍ସୁକି ଥାଏ । ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ମାରୁଥିବା ବେଳେ ଯଦି ଅରୁଣତୀ ଅଟକେଇଦିଏ, ସେ ମାତ ପଡ଼େ ଅରୁଣତୀ ଉପରେ ।

ଝିଅଟି ବଡ଼ । ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ଭାରି ଭଲ ପାଉଥିଲା । ହେଲେ ବାପାଙ୍କର ଏସବୁ କାଣ୍ଡ କାରଖାନା ଦେଖି, ସିଏ ବି ଅଥୟ ହୋଇଗଲା । ଦିନେ ଅରୁଣତୀକୁ ନିଜନ ହୋଇ କହିଲା, ମା' ତମେ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ଛାଡ଼ିଦିଅ । ତାଙ୍କୁ ରିହାବ୍ ସେକ୍ଟରକୁ ପଠାଅ । ଏମିତି ପରିବେଶରେ, ମୁଁ କେମିତି ପାଠରେ ଧ୍ୟାନ ଦେଇପାରିବି ? ମୋ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ତ ଅନ୍ଧାର ହୋଇଯିବ । ଆଉ ସରୋଜ ବି ସେଇଭଳି ବ୍ୟବହାର ଶିଖିବ । ସିଏ ବି ବାପାଙ୍କ ଭଳି ହେବ । ମଦ ପିଇବ, ମାତାଲ ହେବ । ତମେ କଣ ସେଇଆ ଚାହିଁ ?

ସରଳ ଜୀବନ ଥିଲା ଅରୁଣତୀର । ଛୋଟ ସଂସାର । ପରେଣଙ୍କର ଭଲ ଚାକିରି ଥିଲା । ଅରୁଣତୀ ଘରେ ରହୁଥିଲା, ଦୁଇ ପିଲାଙ୍କର ଯତ୍ନ ନେବା, ଘର ସଜେଇବା, ରୋଷେଇ କରି ସତେଜ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ପରଶିବା ହିଁ ଥିଲା ତାର କାମ । ପରେଣ ବଡ଼ ବନ୍ଧୁ ପ୍ରିୟ । ଭାରତରୁ ଯିଏ ମେରୀଲାଣ୍ଡ ନୂଆ କରି ଆସନ୍ତି, ପରେଣ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଘରକୁ ନିମନ୍ତ୍ରିତ କରନ୍ତି । ସେମାନେ ବେଳ ଅବେଳରେ ଆପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ ଖୋଜିବା ସମୟରେ, ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଘରେ ରହିଯାନ୍ତି । ଅରୁଣତୀକୁ ଅଧିକ କାମ ପଡ଼େ; କିନ୍ତୁ ଭଲ ଲାଗେ । ଏମିତି ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଜୀବନ ଅତି ଭଲରେ ଚାଲିଥିଲା । ହେଲେ ଯେବେଠାରୁ ପରେଣଙ୍କର ସେ କଲେଜ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଆଦିତ୍ୟ ସେ ସହରକୁ ଆସିଲା, ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଜୀବନରେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଆସିଲା । ଆଦିତ୍ୟ ବଡ଼ ଘରର ପୁଅ । ତାଙ୍କ ବାପା ଜିଲ୍ଲାପାଳ ଥିଲେ । ସେମିତି ବଡ଼ଲୋକି ସଭକ ବି । ତାଙ୍କରି ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ପତି କୁର୍ ଯିବା, ବାର୍-ରେ ବସି ମଦ ପିଇବା ଆରମ୍ଭକଲେ ପରେଣ । ପ୍ରଥମେ ତ ସେଇଟା ଏମିତି ସାଧାରଣ ଥିଲା, କେବେ କେତେବେଳେ ଥରେ ଅଧେ, କୌଣସି ପାର୍ଟିରେ ଟିକେ ପିଇଦେଉଥିଲେ । ହେଲେ ଧୀରେଧୀରେ ତାହା ନିଶାରେ ପରିଣତ ହୋଇଗଲା । ଏବେ ସିଏ ଘରେ ଆଣି ଡ୍ରିଙ୍କିଂ ରଖିଲେ । ଅରୁଣତୀ ମନା କରିବାରୁ କହିଲେ, ଆରେ ତମେ ତ ସବୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ଘରେ ବାର୍ ଦେଖୁଛ । ଏଇଟା ସାଧାରଣ କଥା । ଏଇଟାକୁ ଏତେ ବଡ଼ କରିଦେଉଛ କାହିଁକି ? ଆମେ ତାଙ୍କ ଘରକୁ ଗଲେ, ସେମାନେ ଡିଙ୍କିଂ ଯାଚୁଛନ୍ତି, ଆଉ ସେମାନେ ଆମ ଘରକୁ ଆସିଲେ, ଆମେ ନ ଯାଚିଲେ କଥାଟା ଅସୁନ୍ଦର ହେବନି ?

ଅରୁଣତୀର ପାଟିରେ ତାଲା ପଡ଼ିଗଲା । ସତ କଥା ତ ! ଏଠି ଅଧିକାଂଶ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲୋକଙ୍କର ଘରେ ବାର୍ ରଖିବା ଓ ଡ୍ରିଙ୍କିଂ ଅଫର୍ କରିବା ଯେମିତି ସାଧାରଣ କଥା । ହେଲେ କଥାଟା ଖରାପ ଦିଗକୁ ଗଲା । ଆଦିତ୍ୟ ତ କେବଳ ପାର୍ଟିରେ ହିଁ ପିଇଥିଲେ । ଏବେ ପରେଣ କିନ୍ତୁ ପ୍ରତିଦିନ ଡିନର୍ ପରେ ପିଇବା ଅଭ୍ୟାସ କରିଦେଲେ । ତାପରେ ତ ପାଣି ଭଳି ମଦ ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନରେ ପଶିଗଲା । ତା' ସହତି ଆହୁରି ଅନେକ ଖରାପ ଗୁଣ । ସନ୍ଦେହ, ଅଧିକାର ସାବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଓ କ୍ରୋଧ ।

ଜଣେ ଭାରତୀୟ ପରିବାର ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପଡୋଶୀରେ ଆସି ଘର କିଣିଲେ । ସେମାନେ ଜିନିଷପତ୍ର ବୁହାବୁହି କରୁଥିବା ସମୟରେ ଅକସ୍ମାତ୍ ଅରୁଣତୀ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଭେଟ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା । ଭାରତରେ କାନ୍ଦୁପୁରର ବାସିନ୍ଦା ସେମାନେ । ତେଣୁ ଅନେକ ଖୁସିରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଗୋଟିଏ କେକ୍ ଡିଆରି କରି ଅରୁଣତୀ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ଵାଗତ କରିବାକୁ ଗଲା । ସେତିକିବେଳକୁ ପରେଣ ତାଙ୍କ କାମରୁ ଘରକୁ ଫେରୁଥିଲେ । ଅରୁଣତୀ ଘରେ ପଶୁଥିବା ସମୟରେ ପଚାରିଲେ, ତାଙ୍କ ଘରକୁ କାହିଁକି ଯାଇଥିଲ ?

ଗୋଟିଏ ନୂଆ ଭାରତୀୟ ପରିବାର ଏବେ ସେ ଘରକୁ ଆସିଛନ୍ତି । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ଵାଗତ କରିବାକୁ କେକ୍ ଡିଏ ନେଇ ଦେଇଆସିଲା ।

ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ଵାଗତ କରିବାକୁ ନା ଦେଖେଇହେବାକୁ ? ସେମାନେ କଣ କହିଥିଲେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ କେକ୍ ଦେବାକୁ ? ତମର କାହିଁକି ଏତେ ଉପରେ ପଡ଼ି ବନ୍ଧୁତା କରିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ?

ଏମିତି କଣ କହୁଛ ? ସେମାନେ ନୂଆ ଆସିଛନ୍ତି । ଆମେ ତ ଆଗରୁ ଏମିତି ଦୁଇ ତିନିଥର କରିଛନ୍ତି ଆମ ପୁରୁଣା ସାହିରେ । ସେ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଆମ ବନ୍ଧୁତା କେତେ ଭଲ ରହିଛି ।

ଏବେ ବୁଝୁଛି ତମେ କାହିଁକି ସେମିତି କର ।

ଏମିତି କହିବାର ଅର୍ଥ କଣ ?

ଆଦିତ୍ୟ ଠିକ୍ କହୁଥିଲା । ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକଗୁଡ଼ାଙ୍କୁ ବିଶ୍ଵାସ କରିବା ଉଚିତ୍ ନୁହେଁ ।

ଅରକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀର ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଉଥିଲା କଣ ଗୋଟିଏ ରାଗିକରି ଉତ୍ତର ଦିଅନ୍ତା ଓ କୁହନ୍ତା,ତମେ ସେ ଆଦିତ୍ୟଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଦୂରରେ ରୁହ । ଆଦିତ୍ୟଙ୍କର ଅନେକ ଖରାପ ଗୁଣର ପ୍ରଭାବ ଏବେ ପରେଶଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ପଡ଼ୁଥିଲା । କେବଳ ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ ଥିଲା, ଆଦିତ୍ୟ ସବୁ କିଛି ନିୟନ୍ତ୍ରଣରେ ରଖି କରୁଥିଲେ, ହେଲେ ପରେଶ ସବୁରେ ଆସକ୍ତ ହୋଇଯାଉଥିଲେ । ସଙ୍ଗେ ଦୋଷର କୁପ୍ରଭାବ ଯେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସଂସାରକୁ ଏମିତି ଖୁନ୍ଦିତ କରିଦେବ, ସେଇଟା ଅଙ୍ଗେ ଅନୁଭବ କରି ଜାଣିଲା ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀ ।

ଯେମିତି ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସୁନା ସଂସାରରେ କାହାର ନଜର ଲାଗିଗଲା । ପରେଶ ଏବେ ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀକୁ ଅବିଶ୍ଵାସ କରିବାରେ ଲାଗିଲେ । ତାକୁ ଯଦି କେତେବେଳେ ଅନ୍ୟ କେଉଁ ପୁରୁଷଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଦେଖିଲେ, କାରଣ ନଜାଣି ନିଜ ମନରୁ କାହାଣୀ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରି ଗୋଟିଏ ତାମସା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେଉଥିଲେ । ଏମିତି କି ଯଦି ସେମାନେ କାହା ଘରକୁ କେଉଁ ଫଙ୍କସନ୍-ରେ ଯାଉଥିଲେ, ସେଠି ଯଦି କୌଣସି ପୁରୁଷ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ସହତି ସିଏ ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀକୁ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କରୁଥିବାର କି ମିଶି ହସୁଥିବାର ଦେଖୁଥିଲେ, ତାଙ୍କ ମୁହଁରେ କ୍ରୋଧ ଆସିଯାଉଥିଲା । ଦିନେ କଥା ଏମିତି ଅପ୍ରୀତିକର ହେଲା ଯେ, ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀକୁ ସେବେଠାରୁ କାହାକୁ ମୁହଁ ଦେଖେଇବାକୁ ଲାଜ ଲାଗିଲା । ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀର ଜଣେ କଲେଜ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଓ ତାର ସ୍ଵାମୀଙ୍କ ସହିତ ସେଦିନ ପାର୍ଟିରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଦେଖାହେଲା । ସାଙ୍ଗର ସ୍ଵାମୀ ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀକୁ କହି ଦଲେ, ଆପଣ ଆଜି ବିଶେଷ ଭାବେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଦିଶୁଛନ୍ତି । ପୂରା ଦେବୀ ଦେବୀ ଲାଗୁଛନ୍ତି । ସେଦିନ ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀ ଗୋଟିଏ ନାଲି ଧଡ଼ି ଥିବା ଧଳା ଶାଢ଼ୀଟିଏ ପିନ୍ଧିଥିଲା । ହୁଏତ ସେଥିପାଇଁ ସିଏ ଅଲଗା ଦିଶୁଥିଲା କି କଣ ? ହେଲେ ପରେଶ ତାଙ୍କୁ ସେଇଠି ଚାଲେଞ୍ଜି କଲେ, ହେ, ଏମିତି କଣ କହୁଛ ? ଅନ୍ୟ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କୁ କାହିଁକି ଏମିତି ନଜରରେ ଦେଖୁଛ ? ତମ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖ । ଯଦିଓ ଏମିତି କଥା ଥଜା ଆକାରରେ ନେଇ ହେବ, ତେବେ ଯେମିତି ଭାବେ ପରେଶ କହିଲେ , ସେଥିରୁ ଜଣାପଡ଼ୁଥିଲା ସିଏ ରାଗିକରି କହୁଛନ୍ତି ।

ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀ ଯେବେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଏମିତି କାହିଁକି ସିଏ କହିଲେ ବୋଲି ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କଲା, ପରେଶ ସତରେ ରାଗିଗଲେ । କହିଲେ, ପୁରୁଷ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଯାଇ ଏତେ ଦେଖେଇହେବାର ମାନେ କଣ ? ସେ ଲୋକଟା ତମକୁ ଏମିତି ନଜରରେ ଦେଖୁଥିଲା ଆଉ ତମେ ତାକୁ ପିଇଯାଉଥିଲ । ନିର୍ଲଜ୍ଜି କୋଉଠିକାର । ସେ ସମୟରେ ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀର ଏମିତି ଇଚ୍ଛାହେଲା କି ମୁଣ୍ଡଟା ସେଇଠି ପିଟି ଦିଅନ୍ତା । କୋଉଆଡୁ କଥା ଆଣି କୋଉଠି ଥୋଉଛନ୍ତି ।

ସେଇ ମଣିଷ ଥିଲେ ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀର ସ୍ଵାମୀ । ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀ ତାଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରେମ କରି ବାହା ହୋଇଥିଲା । ତାଙ୍କୁ ଘଡ଼ିଏ ନ ଦେଖିଲେ ପାଗଳୀ ହୋଇଯାଉଥିଲା । ଆଜି ତାର ସେଇ ପ୍ରେମିକ, ତାର ପୂର୍ବତନ ପତି, ଏକ୍ସ୍ ହଜ୍‌ବ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡ୍ ଏ ପୃଥିବୀରୁ ବିଦାୟ ନେଲେ । ଅରୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତୀ ଚିତ୍କାର କରି କାନ୍ଦିବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁଥିଲା, ହେଲେ ତା' ପାଟିରୁ ଶବ୍ଦ ବାହାରୁନଥିଲା । ଭଲ ହୋଇଛି, ସିଏ ଭାରତରେ ନାହିଁ । ହଜାର ଲୋକ ଏବେ ହଜାର କଥା କହିଥାଆନ୍ତେ । ଏମିତି କି ପରେଶ ତାର ପୂର୍ବତନ ପତି, ଏକ୍ସ୍ ହଜ୍‌ବ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡ୍ ହେଲେ ବି ତାକୁ ନେଇ ନାଟକ କରେଇଥାଆନ୍ତେ କି କଥା ।

ରାତିରେ ବୋଉ ଫୋନ୍ କଲା । ତା' କାନକୁ ଆଜିକାଲି ଶୁଭୁନି । ବାପା ତାକୁ ବଡ଼ ପାଟିରେ କହି ବୁଝାଉଥାଆନ୍ତି । ସିଏ କହି ଚାଲିଥାଏ, ଯାହା ହେଲେବି ତୁ ତାକୁ ବେଦୀରେ ବସି ବାହା ହେଇଛୁ, ଦଶ ଦିନ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଚିକେ ପାଲିବୁ । ତମ ଯୁଗରେ ସବୁ ଏ ଛତାଛଡ଼ି କଥା ବାହାରୁଛି । ହେଲେ ସିଏ ପରା ତୋର ସ୍ଵାମୀ । ଇହକାଳର, ପରକାଳର ଦେବତା । କେତେ ବଢ଼ିଆ ପୁଅଟା ଥିଲା । କଣ ହେଲା, ଏତେ ବଦଳିଗଲା । ଆଉ ଆମେ ଥାଉଥାଉ, ତା' ବୁଢ଼ା ବାପା, ବୁଢ଼ୀ ମା' ଥାଉଥାଉ ଚାଲିଗଲା । ବାପା ବି ସେଇଆ କହି ବୁଝେଇଲେ । ହଁରେ ମା', ତା ଭଳି ପିଲା ଖଣ୍ଡମଣ୍ଡଳରେ ମିଳିବନେଇ । ହେଲେ କାହିଁକି, କୋଉ କାରଣରୁ, କାହାର ନଜର ଲାଗିଗଲା । ସିଏ ତ ଆଉ ନାହିଁ । ତା' ଉପରେ ଆଉ ମାନ ଅଭିମାନ କଣ ? ଦଶଦିନ ଯାଏ ଚିକେ ପାଲିବୁ । ନହେଲେ ଲୋକ କଣ କହିବେ ?

ଅରକ୍ଷ୍ମତା ମନେମନେ ହସିଲା । ଲୋକ କଣ କହିବେ? କୋଉ ଲୋକ? କିଏ ତାକୁ କଣ କହିବ ? ହେଲହେଲ ସେ ଚିହ୍ନା ଜଣା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲୋକ କଣ ସବୁ ତୁପୁରୁଟାପୁରୁ ହେବେ। ହୁଅନ୍ତୁ । ଅରକ୍ଷ୍ମତା କ'ଣ ଖାତର କରିଛି ନା କ'ଣ ? ପରଘରେ ରୋଷେଇ କରି, ବାସନ ମାଜି ସିଏ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଚାକିରି ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଥିଲା, ସେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲୋକ କୁଆଡେ ଥିଲେ ? ଏମିତି ହଟହଟା କରିଦେଇ ଗଲା ସେ ମଣିଷ । ମଝି ଦରିଆରେ ଛାଡ଼ିଦେବା ଭଳି ଦୁଇଟା ପିଲାଙ୍କର ଦାୟିତ୍ଵ ଦେଇ ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ହୋଇ ବୋତଲକୁ ଆଦରିନେଲା ସେ ମଣିଷ । ଆଉ ସେଇ ମଣିଷ ପାଇଁ ଦଶଦିନ ପାଳିବ ଅରକ୍ଷ୍ମତା । ହାଏରେ ଦଇବ !

କିଏ ଯେମିତି ମନ ଭିତରୁ କହୁଥିଲା, ହେଲା ଯେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ତୁ ଯେ ଏମିତି ସକ୍ଷମ ହୋଇଛୁ, ତୋର ଯେ ଏତେ ଆତ୍ମବିଶ୍ଵାସ ଆସିଛି, ତୋର ଯେ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ପାଳିପୋଷି ମଣିଷ କରିଛୁ ବୋଲି ପରିତୃପ୍ତି ଆସୁଛି, ସେଥିପାଇଁ କଣ ତୁ ପରେଶଙ୍କୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦେବୁନି । ତାଙ୍କ ଛତ୍ରଛାୟା ତଳେ ରହି ତୁ ତ ଦୁନିଆକୁ ଚିହ୍ନି ପାରିନଥାନ୍ତୁ । ଆଜି ଯଦି ଚିହ୍ନିଛୁ, କେବଳ ପରେଶଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ । ଚିକେ ଭାବେ । ଅନ୍ତତଃ ସେଇ ଭଲ କଥାଟା ପାଇଁ, ସକାରାତ୍ମକ ଫଳାଫଳ ପାଇଁ ତୋ ସ୍ଵାମୀ, ମାନେ ପୂର୍ବତନ ସ୍ଵାମୀ ପାଇଁ ପାଳି ଦେ ।

ହଁ, ସେକଥା ଠିକ୍ । ଏଇ ସାତ, ଆଠ ବର୍ଷରେ ସିଏ ଯାହା ସବୁ ଶିଖିଛି, ଯାହା ସବୁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଛି, ଯେତେ ସବୁ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ଅର୍ଜନ କରିଛି, ତାହାର ତୁଳନା ନାହିଁ । ତା' ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସିଏ ପ୍ରତି କଥାରେ ପରେଶଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ନିର୍ଭର କରୁଥିଲା । କାହା ଘରକୁ ଯିବାକୁ ହେଲେ, ପରେଶ ହିଁ ଡ୍ରାଇଭ୍ କରି ନେଉଥିଲେ । ସେତେବେଳେ ହାଲେଓରେ, ପ୍ରିଝେର ଡ୍ରାଇଭ୍ କରିବାକୁ ସାହସ କୁଟୁନଥିଲା ତାର । କେବଳ ସେଇ ପାଖଆଖକୁ, ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ସ୍କୁଲ, ଗ୍ରୋସୋରୀ ଦୋକାନ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ଡ୍ରାଇଭ୍ କରି ସିଏ ଯାଏ । ହେଲେ ପରେଶ ଥରେ ମଦ୍ୟପାନ କରି ନିଶ୍ଵାସକ୍ତ ହୋଇ ଡ୍ରାଇଭ୍ କରୁଥିବା ସମୟରେ ଏକ ବଡ଼ ଦୁର୍ଘଟଣା ଘଟେଇଥିଲେ । ଜଣେ କଲେଜ୍ ଛାତ୍ର ସହିତ ଗାଡ଼ି ମାଡ଼ କରିଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସେ ପିଲା ବଞ୍ଚିଗଲା ସତ, ହେଲେ ବହୁତ ଦିନ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲ୍ରେ ରହିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିଥିଲା ତାକୁ । ସେଇ କେସରୁ ତାଙ୍କ ଡ୍ରାଇଭିଂ ଲାଇସେନ୍ସ୍ ଚାଲିଗଲା । ଏବେ ଅରକ୍ଷ୍ମତାକୁ ହିଁ ସବୁ କଥା ବୁଝିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିଲା । ଦରକାର ପଡ଼ିଲେ ହାଲେଓରେ, ପ୍ରିଝେରେ ଡ୍ରାଇଭ୍ କରିକରି ଧୀରେଧୀରେ ସବୁ ପୁଣି ଅଭ୍ୟାସରେ ପରିଣତ ହୋଇଗଲା । ଅବଶ୍ୟ, ପିଲାମାନେ ଡ୍ରାଇଭିଂ ଶିଖିଯିବା ପରେ, ସେମାନେ ନିଜନିଜର କାମ ତୁଲେଇଦେଲେ । ତେବେ ଅରକ୍ଷ୍ମତା ତା' ଡ୍ରାଇଭିଂ ଦକ୍ଷତା ବଜାୟ ରଖୁଥିଲା ।

କେବଳ ଡ୍ରାଇଭିଂ ନୁହେଁ, ଏବେ ଅନ୍ୟ ସବୁ ଦାୟିତ୍ଵ ବି ତା' ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ପଡ଼ିଲା । ସେ କେସ୍ ପରେପରେ ପରେଶଙ୍କର ଚାକିରି ଚାଲିଗଲା । ଅନ୍ୟ ଯେତେ ଜାଗାରେ ଇଣ୍ଟରଭିଉ ଦେଲେ ବି କିଏ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଭଲ ରୂପେ ଗ୍ରହଣ କଲେନି । ସଂଚୟ ଧୀରେଧୀରେ କମ୍ ହୋଇ ଆସିଲା । ଏବେ ଅରକ୍ଷ୍ମତାକୁ ପୁଣି ସାହସ କରି ଘରୁ ବାହାରକୁ ଗୋଟ କାଢ଼ିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିଲା । ଯଦିଓ ସିଏ ଇକୋନୋମିକ୍ସ୍ରେ ସ୍ନାତକୋତ୍ତର ସାରିଥିଲା, ହେଲେ ବହୁ ଦିନ ଧରି ସିଏ କାମ କରିନି । ପୁଣି ସେ ପାଠ ବି ସିଏ ଭୁଲିଗଲାଣି କି କଣ ? ଓଡ଼ିଶାରୁ ପାଇଥିବା ସେ ଡିଗ୍ରୀକୁ ଏ ଦେଶରେ କିଏ କଣ ବିଚାର କରିବ । ଯାହା ବି ହେଉ, ସିଏ ଯେଉଁ ଭାରତୀୟ ଗ୍ରୋସୋରୀ ଷ୍ଟୋରରେ ଆଗରୁ ସବୁବେଳେ କିଣାକିଣି କରେ, ସେଇଠି ଗୋଟିଏ ଷ୍ଟୋର୍ ରୁମ୍ରେ ଉଠାଉଠି କାମ ପାଇଁ ଚାକିରିଟିଏ ବାହାରିଥିଲା । ସେ ଚାକିରିକୁ ସିଏ ଅନୁରୋଧ କରି ନେଇଗଲା । ତା' ପରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୁଜୁରାଟୀ ବୟସ୍କ ପରିବାରରେ ଘର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଆଡଭାର୍ଟାଇଜ୍-ମେଣ୍ଟ୍ ଟିଏ ଦେଖି ଆପ୍ଲାଇ କରିଦେଇଥିଲା । ସେଇଟା କୋଉ କମ୍ ଦରମା ନୁହେଁ । ମାସକୁ ଚାଲିଶି ହଜାର । ବାସ୍ ଏଇମିତି ଭାବେ ସିଏ ଦୁନିଆ ଦେଖିଲା, ରୋଜଗାର କ୍ଷମ ହେଲା । ଏବେ ଅନ୍ତଲାଇନ୍ କୋର୍ସ୍ ସାରି ସିଏ ଜଣେ ଆଇ.ଟି. ପ୍ରଫେସନାଲ୍ ।

ଏସବୁ ଅନ୍ୟ ଭାବେ ବି ହୋଇପାରିଥାନ୍ତା । ତେବେ ଛାତ୍ର । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ଅରକ୍ଷ୍ମତା ସ୍ଵୟଂସିଦ୍ଧା, ସ୍ଵୟଂସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣା । ସବୁ ଦୁଃଖ, କଷ୍ଟ ପରେପରେ କିଛି ପ୍ରାପ୍ତିର ସନ୍ଦେଶ, ସୁଖର ଦିନ, ସଫଳତାର ସମୟ ଆସେ । ସିଏ ସେ ଦୁଃଖ ସମୟରେ ମିୟମାଣ ହୋଇଛି ସତ, କିନ୍ତୁ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଯାଇନି । ସେ ଅଭିଶପ୍ତ ସମୟ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ସାମନା କରିଛି, ସଫଳତାର ସହିତ ଉଦ୍ଘାଟଣା ହୋଇଛି । ଏବେ କଫି ପିଇବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଲାଣି । ଭୁଲିଯାଇଥିଲା ବୋଉକୁ ପଚାରିବାକୁ ଯେ ପାଳିବାର ବିଧିଟା କ'ଣ ? ମାନେ, କ'ଣଟା କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । କଫି ପିଉଥିବା ସମୟରେ ବୋଉକୁ ଆଉ ଥରେ ଡାକି ପଚାରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ ।

ଏମିତି ଭାବି କଫି ଡିଆରି କରିବାକୁ ଅରକ୍ଷ୍ମତା ସୋଫା ଉପରୁ ଉଠିଲା ।



English Poems & Articles



Siphon



Debabandya Dash, 7th Grade, Chicago

The Earth, Synonymous with Peace
Has been for so many years not at ease
It begs you to direct even a single one of your eyes
But people still just look at the \$20,000 fleece

It only takes the slightest bit of effort to sight your gaze
But as the old say, everybody's on their phone these days
They're on them for so long when they look up its haze
Trying to navigate through their own room like its a maze

Take a look outside; there's so much beauty
All they want to see is that new costly Maruti
It pollutes so much they forget about the dharti
You have to look around all of this is your duty

Some people complain, some people explain
That nothing is wrong that I say this in vain
But let me tell you all I cannot contain
That there is a problem you can't see and it causes pain

There are so many people that have a daily ritual of pollution
But they fail to realize that it's a harmful addiction
The earth is at harm its losing its motion
Because you look with your eyes closed,
all you see is your promotion

Polluting is the process of throwing things away
That harm the earth in a very dangerous way
You don't see it there's experts of hiding at play
But once all your children grow up that's all they'll see all day

There are greenhouse gases, that fill up the air
They do so many things you have to be aware
Please read about it on google, I don't have enough lines here
You've got to do it please or your joy will be our despair

There is black carbon, it stays in the sky
That's where you dream, but the stars will soon cry
To see this planet so gone and so dry
We've got no mercy we're already saying bye bye

Now some of you won't agree with me
The future you can see
We'll be on the Mars fine and completely free
Let me tell you about the difference,
That there won't be any trees,
They'll be planted on the red dirt
The green that it used to be

There's a difference between advancing and surviving
It is said to never stay in your comfort zone always push more
Yet there's so much tension between humans they're all fighting

There's so many people not trying to find their core
We have this beauty that not even most have explored
And we keep on destroying it and still calling ourselves bored

We need to see the bigger picture, this world we call our own
How we started this so long ago, from bone to bone
We have been gifted with sense that we have to hone
We have to work together not just for greed not just alone

Every piece of dirt has history, going thousand of years back
We just look at it like debris we're damaging it more than world war 2 attacks
Humans are like puzzles not even a single piece can lack
We need to start working for so long we have been cutting ourselves some slack

The earth is our life it is our memory, culture, and history
It is why the stories from thousands of years ago are not a mystery
You need to understand, indulge yourself in this study
If not for ourselves we have to crown the world with victory

The importance of this we are taught in school,
No it's not like you think just kids trying to be cool
All of them learn that we cannot be fools
That we have to protect it's our duty it's the rule

So go learn about it; anywhere you see you will find it
Whatever you learn there's people behind it
They're working for a cause, the bigger picture
If you help, you will be remembered, written down in scripture.

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Chest of Memory



Naihara Rout, 6th Grade, Chicago.

A small chest
Holds many memories
I remember the day
This precious box
Was placed in my care

My mother was searching for something
To keep me busy
She dug through drawers
But nothing satisfied me
Then I spotted it
It was small,
graced by two colorful birds,
surrounded by beautiful yet delicate flowers
I only got a glimpse of it
But that was enough
I was intrigued

I pulled the small chest out of the drawer
and asked my mother what it was and
Why had I never seen it?

After interrogating my mother,
I learned the story of this small box

When my mother was younger,
Her mother gave her this box.
Now, it is mine

The box has held many items,
great and small.
Now, it holds nothing
Nothing, but
Memories

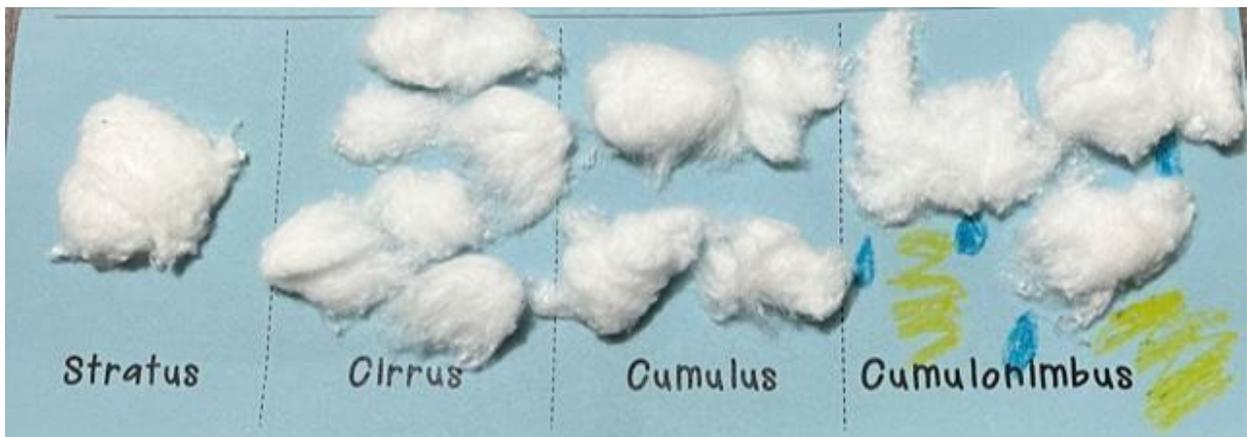
Memories connect me
To my mother,
To my grandmother,
To my family,
To my past,
To my future,
And to my 'now'.

-----○-----

Clouds



Raima Sahoo (2nd grade, OH)



Clouds

These are the four types of clouds

Stratus Cloud:

The color of this cloud is gray. It looks flat.
It covers the sky.
It looks like a blanket.

Cirrus Cloud:

The color of this cloud is white. It is flat.
It is wispy.
It is thin.

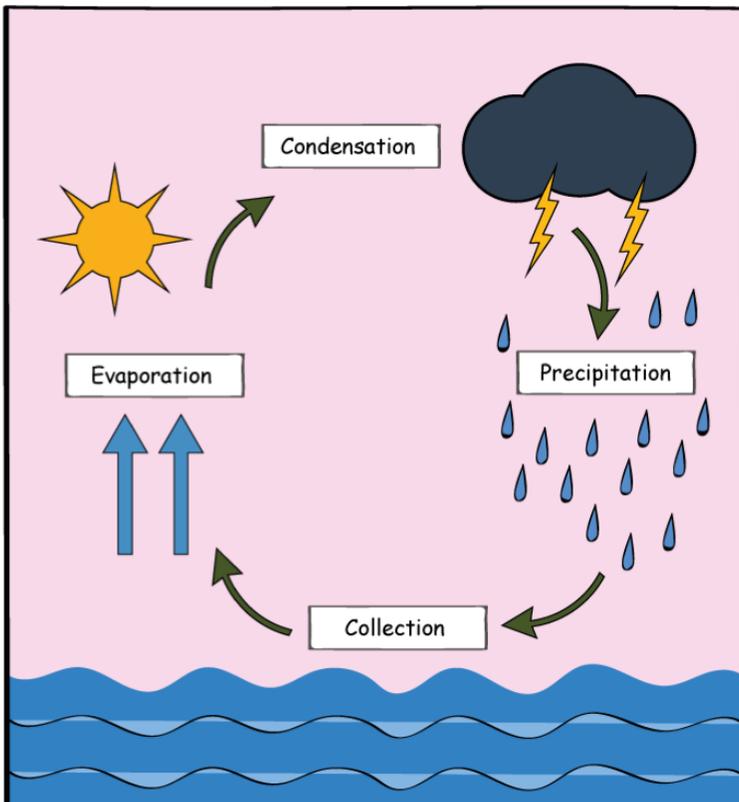
Cumulus Cloud:

These clouds come out when it is hot outside.
It is fluffy.
It is tall.

It looks like cotton.

Cumulonimbus Cloud:

The color of this cloud is gray. It is tall.
It looks dark.
They are storm clouds.



The water cycle is how clouds form.

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Saying Goodbye to Nanu



Arianna Das, 6th Grade, Herndon, VA

In 2021, My Nanu (grandpa) passed away. After he left, I was feeling sad, mad, and tired. In this blog post I will be telling you what you might feel after you lose a loved one. When I lost my grandpa, my guidance counselor said I will be going through five stages of grief. So here's what I have learnt.

1. The 1st stage of grief is denial. You will not accept that your loved one is gone immediately. You will not remember anything but the day they passed away. You may not be able to sleep either. You will feel like what you heard is untrue. I felt very lonely. When you are in the denial stage, you will have many mixed feelings. I cried a lot, and it is okay to cry when you lose someone close to you. I also could not sleep for a couple of days and you will not want to sleep, you will want to talk to your loved one. I wanted to talk to my Nanu so badly. I didn't want to eat either. I would only eat little pieces, but slowly I began eating.

2. The second stage is anger. In this stage, you might feel like someone else is putting you in a lot of pressure, but nobody is. You will be in this stage for a long time but slowly you will move to the third stage. One thing that helped me with anger is smelling some lavender oil. Lavender soothes the body and mind. I also like to write my feelings in a diary or a journal. You could draw, do yoga, or whatever calms you down.

3. The third stage of grief is bargaining. You will be expecting a lot of "WHAT IFS". A way I solved my "what ifs" is I would go to my room and just talk to myself. When you are in this stage, you are going to start understanding that your loved one is gone. You will want to argue with people, but the best thing you can do is stay calm and hydrated. Water can keep you cool and calm.

4. The fourth stage is depression. At this stage, you will feel lonely and sad. You don't have to worry because this is not depression or mental illness. You should not go through this stage alone. Make sure you have a supporting friend or family member by you through this stage. I had my Mom with me the whole way. You will be very antisocial at this stage. 5. The last stage is acceptance. You will be emotionally stable. You will start to move on. Of course you won't be happy and jumpy. You will start to let go. In this stage you will still be upset and may even cry even though you are now starting to accept. I don't exactly know what you will experience because I have not reached that stage yet.

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For Rico



Rohan Satpathy, 7th Grade. Avon, CT.

Dogs are beautiful and lovable animals. Clearly, I'm not the only one to think this. Dogs are preferred as pets by 51% of America. They conquer families like storms. My brother had been asking for one for as long as I can remember. I was extremely scared of dogs, so I was a bit skeptical of having a dog as a pet. But after asking for one in 2020, thinking we knew the answer to the question, my dad said yes. This wasn't that surprising as he loves dogs, and had three dogs as pets when growing up. What confused me most was that my mom said yes. She is even more scared of dogs than me. I was thrilled at that moment. Were they joking?

We had been debating the name for a few weeks, but eventually my choice was voted for Rico. Then, out of nowhere, my mom dropped out. We were devastated. However, she then said yes. She was like this, on and off, for a month. We began getting tired of it. So we told her to choose yes or no once and for all. Unfortunately, she said no. But I refused to believe that she said that. So I checked my dad's messages and it said that he agreed to the dog. Turns out, the dog was supposed to be a surprise.

Since the surprise was out of the bag, our parents decided to tell us everything. First of all, we could choose which dog we wanted from the litter. Secondly, really close family friends of ours were also buying a dog. We knew exactly which pup we wanted as soon as we saw his picture. Golden fur, and silk white belly, he was a stud. As soon as the puppy arrived at our house, my mom and I ran inside out of fear. I walked out, then ran and ran and, you guessed it, ran for my life. But then I heard everyone tell me to stop running, and I did. When I stopped, he stopped as well, he walked when I walked, ran when I ran. Then, a rush of euphoria ran through my veins. My fear of dogs was gone. I ran with him, holding him firmly like the cute baby he was.

After having the dog for a few days, I realized how hard it really is to have a dog. Cleaning poop and pee inside the house, letting him out to do his business, and feeding him. It made me think about how much effort my parents had gone through to raise my brother and me. Even though it was a lot of work, it became a routine. It became the new normal for us. Eventually, we led Rico upstairs, and he peed at least twice in every room. It was so much work watching him, knowing he could be on two different floors. However, it became enjoyable, he sat at our feet while we worked on our homework, and he gave us loving company.

Having Rico as a pet changed my life completely. At least two hours of my day, every day, had been compromised. But it was definitely worth it, because having Rico has been the best thing to happen to this family. He brought much more discipline and cut the slack. He prepared my brother and myself; for when we have our own children, and he gave my family and me a new experience that we cherished. Rico is as much a family member as the four of us.

So all I can really say to Rico today, if he can even understand me, is: “Thank you, for being the best dog ever. And Happy 1st Birthday!”



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My Sister And Me: In The Pandemic



Shreyansh Pattanaik, 5th Grade. OH

My name is Shreyansh and I am ten years old. My sister, Lyra, is four years old. Last year was very tough for everyone due to COVID virus pandemic. All of us were locked up at home with no outdoor activities, no play with friends, and even no school to go to because all schools went virtual. My sister and I were struggling with this pandemic. However, this gave us more opportunities to spend time together. We have had many enjoyable moments, including playing tennis, singing, and trying our hands on musical instruments.

The most enjoyable thing for both of us during the pandemic was music. I was learning piano from our school music teacher. I started with “Every Good Boy Does Fine And Face” (EGBDF and FACE) notes on the piano and taught her how to play those. This was a little complicated but worth explaining to her. She was excited to try her fingers and wanted me to teach her more. I hope she keeps on trying her fingers on the piano and will be ready for 3rd grade. This year, our school is offering string lessons to 5th grade students. I picked the violin and am eagerly waiting for lessons to begin in October. At the end of the year, we play a concert in front of the whole school with parents in the audience.

The other thing both my sister and I enjoy is sports. I play soccer and recently began playing tennis. My sister recently got a new racquet, and she is enjoying practicing tennis with me. The more training sessions I am attending, the more I am feeling confident that I can play it well. I am becoming strong in both backhand and forehand. Lyra always comes with me to the tennis classes and watches me play. Umm maybe not. She goes there to get candies from the vending machine. We try to play together when we are at home, in our driveway with her sponge balls. I hope she joins the tennis club at an earlier age so that she can do well when she grows up. Together we play lots of board games like Sorry, Sequence, Carrom, etc. Though she does not understand how to play, she engages herself actively in learning.

The final thing we enjoyed doing the past year was singing. I sometimes sing bhajans in our monthly Shri Jagannath Satsangs. She watches me sing and tries to pick some words. It is funny to watch her trying to pick Odia words from the bhajans I sing. This year I am in 5th grade and learning the state song called Fifty Nifty. This is a song about naming all the states of the USA in a musical way. I found it interesting and taught it to Lyra so she can get a head start in social studies. She is trying her best to memorize the words and states. I won't give up teaching her until she remembers the song.

Finally, after one year, schools reopened, and we are no more into virtual learning. Fun times have started, and I am liking it a lot. Lyra too has started going to preschool. She loves to talk about her school, activities, and new friends she is making every day. Due to the continuation of the pandemic, now masks are also required in the school. It was uncomfortable to wear them all the time in the beginning but now it does not bother us. Even Lyra knows she must wear them to stay safe from the virus. I tell her to sanitize her hands often, so she doesn't spread germs to other people. Together, we are spending time coloring. I am helping her learn alphabets, numbers and three-letter words. She is good at listening but gets upset easily when I force her to do stuff in my way. I feel Lyra will be successful in life. I will continue to teach her until her dreams come true. I tell her every day, "Don't give up on something you don't understand." I hope we stay safe, do not get infected and have an awesome year.

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Hari Lambodar and the sword of power



Ayaan Mahapatra, NC

Hari was born to a wizarding family in India. He was part of a prophecy that said that he or another person will defeat the Lord of Evil, Satyanka, which is the most powerful evil wizard that existed. Upon hearing the prophecy, he went to their home on April 30th, 2010 to attempt to kill them, his parents and him. Unfortunately for Hari, his parents were killed. Satyanka also tried killing Hari but the curse rebounded, causing Satyanka to die. Hari on the other hand, got a scar on his head which looked like a Kirtimukha fang. He was adopted by his Flagg parents (Flaggs are people with no magic blood) who hated magic, so they pretended like he wasn't magical. Unfortunately, they failed when Flango, who is a half-giant, told Hari he was a wizard. He bought Hari his uniform, cauldron, course books, wand, and a Parrot called Arnab. He then hopped on the station for the school train.

When he reached Mahenguru, Everything felt out of place for him. Not because of the moving stairs and because of the odd classes like divination and charms. It is because everyone seemed to be nice to him. Well.... except for the school bully Baru, who always has bodyguards around and always picks on him.

One day, however, he finished his seventh period class. He was going to his dorm, but he accidentally found a huge fire-breathing dragon guarding a trapdoor and was attacked by a huge barrage of flames coming this way. Soon, he was reading a library book where he figured out that the dragon is Black-Indian fang which can sleep to music. Soon he brought out his flute and went to the chamber where he played the music, and the dragon fell asleep. Then he fought a sea serpent and finally, he was fighting one of his teachers who was a follower of Satyanak.

His teacher was hunting for a sword. Hari fought but he couldn't defeat him. Finally, when he was about to be defeated, he found a sword in his hand and thrust it into the chest of his teacher. Then the teacher disintegrated to ash. Then, he fainted. Soon, he found himself in the hospital wing with the headmaster, Mr. Aryan.

Mr. Aryan congratulated him and told him why he was able to survive Satyanak's follower's attack as his followers got their power from Satyanka. Arnab explains that it was because of the power of love, since his father sacrificed himself and that sacrifice gave him protection against Satyank and his followers. He also explained that the sword was crafted from celestial iron and was cooled in the ganga, which made it so powerful that it can destroy stone and it was made for the person who uses it for noble qualities. Hari won special services for the school, and 500 pts for fangs to get the house cup. Soon, he hopped on the train back home. For the first time, he would soften up for summer vacations because he can't wait to bully Daana when he gets home.

Reference: This story is inspired by Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's stone.

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Preparing To Win: The life story of Alphonso Davies



Aarav Samal,9th Grade.

When the FIFA Men’s Team of the Year was announced, the world of football celebrated. For the first time in history, a player from North America was selected to a team dominated by South American and European legends. The North American player? Canada’s own Alphonso “Phonzie” Davies. But how did Phonzie get here? His life wasn’t easy. It was tough, but he stayed hopeful.

For 14 years, Liberia went through two civil wars that left nearly half a million people dead and millions displaced. Many Liberians escaped to Ghana, Guinea, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, and other African countries seeking a better life. The Davies family, a family of five, escaped their small village to a refugee camp in Buduburam, Ghana. There, parents Debeah and Victoria Davies had their fourth child, Alphonso Boyle Davies.

The Davies family lived in Buduburam, a refugee camp in Ghana around 30 miles away from the capital Accra. Conditions in the camp were horrific even though funded by the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR). During the five years that Phonzie lived in the refugee camp, he played for the camp’s football team. This was where his love for football began. Even though he had a lot of fun, life wasn’t easy in the camps. There existed a relentless search for clean water, food, simply staying alive; every hour that passed was a triumph of survival.

“It was hard to live because the only way you survive sometimes is you have to carry guns,” remembers Alphonso’s father, Debeah. “We didn’t have any interest in shooting guns. So, we decided to just escape from there. “

And in 2005, when Phonzie was five years old, his family immigrated to Canada, eventually settling down in Edmonton.

Debeah and Victoria worked long hours to make ends meet. Even Alphonso chipped in around the house, helping raise his two younger siblings while attending the Mother Theresa Catholic school, where his talents first caught the eye. His 6th-grade teacher and sports coach Melissa Guzzo was one of those who noticed. She got Phonzie to join a free football academy for kids from low-income families. After only one training the coach, Tim Adams realized Phonzie was no ordinary kid. “This kid has a gift for the game,” he said after watching just a few minutes of Davies’ magic at a Free Footie end-of-year tournament. Instinctively, Adams had also called local soccer coach Marco Bossio to check out the tournament. The St. Nicholas Soccer Academy boss wasn’t disappointed. “There was something special about this boy,” Bossio said. It was during his time at St. Nicholas that Davies first began to entertain the idea of pursuing soccer for a living. “Once I started playing organized soccer, parents, coaches and

other teammates were telling me to keep going and that I could become something, so I started believing it,” said Davies.

Davies’ readiness to go that extra mile saw him outgrow St. Nicholas and later the Edmonton Strikers. By the age of 14, he was enrolled in the Vancouver Whitecaps residency program. His progress was rapid and, after becoming the youngest player to appear in the United Soccer League, he made history as the first player born in the 2000s to play in the MLS. He was just 15 years. A once-in-a-generation talent, Davies was soon on the national team’s radar. He had already represented the country at U17 and U20 levels when he was called up for the senior side, debuting against Curaçao on 14 June 2017. He had only obtained his Canadian citizenship a week earlier. “Having that [Canadian] crest on my chest playing for them is going to mean a lot for me,” Davies said after being granted citizenship. A star was born – but Davies represented more than just a future great. “Alphonso Davies is somebody that all our players can aspire to become,” Canada national team coach John Herdman told the Edmonton Sun. “He underlines what Canada is. It is a country that accepts all.”

On July 25, 2018, Vancouver announced that they had agreed to a multi-million-dollar transfer of Davies to Bundesliga giants Bayern Munich, with Davies seeing out the 2018 MLS season with Vancouver, before joining Bayern in January 2019. The base fee for the transfer was US\$13.5 million, with bonuses that total \$22 million, the highest transfer fee ever paid for an MLS player. Davies made his debut on January 12, 2019, against Borussia Mönchengladbach and his Bundesliga debut on January 27 against VfB Stuttgart. He scored his first goal for Bayern on March 17, becoming the youngest player to score for the club. He also became the first Canadian to score for Bayern. On May 18, 2019, Davies won his first Bundesliga title and a week later, Davies won his first DFB-Pokal as Bayern defeated RB Leipzig 3-0 in the 2019 DFB-Pokal Final.

Phonzie’s first season was wonderful, but his second season only got better. Throughout the 2019–20 season, coach Niko Kovač moved Davies to the left-back position. Davies earned high praise during his time in that role, gaining an early reputation as one of the best left backs in the world. On February 25, 2020, Davies assisted a goal in a 3-0 away win over Chelsea in the first leg of the round of 16 of the UEFA Champions League; his performance during the match was widely praised in the media, with former player Gary Lineker commenting that Davies played “beautifully,” while former U.S. international Stuart Holden described him as a “world class left-back.” But it didn’t just stop there. After the restart of football after covid, Davies started the opening two matches, scoring a goal and assisting one while also beating the record for the fastest sprint recorded in the Bundesliga, running 22.69 mph. To end the season, Davies and Bayern won 7 trophies, including their 8th Bundesliga in a row, the UEFA Champions League and the Fifa Club World Cup.

At just 20 years old, Davies has already won eleven trophies, made an astonishing 191 appearances for clubs scoring 19 goals and assisting 30 more. He has also made 25 appearances for the Canadian National team. “Coming here, being part of Bayern [Munich] is incredible. It’s a dream come true,” said Alphonso when asked about his transfer to Bayern. From refugee to the next Roberto Carlos, Alphonso’s story is truly a unique one. He shows how when you take the opportunities given to you, work hard and stay hopeful, you can do amazing things.

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Patriotism



Debanshi Dey, 8th Grade ,Chicago.

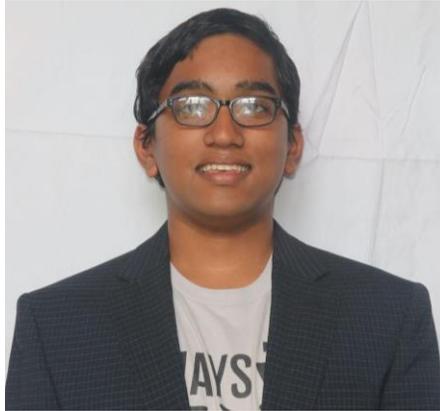
To me specifically, the definition of patriotism is to express adherence to our nation and more importantly, to show respect to the veterans of the army who risk their lives every moment so that our country stays safe. As a patriot, I love and take great pride in the land I live in.

I recently watched the Hindi movie, Kesari, (2019) meaning, lion. Set in the past, during the British rule in India in 1897, the movie is about the patriotism of a group of soldiers who fought heroically in the face of death to save their motherland from the enemies. I want to tell you a little more about that story

Based on history, Kesari is a real story. The movie shows how 21 Sikh soldiers from the British Indian Army fought relentlessly against the 10,000 strong Afridi and Orakzai Pashtun tribesmen and tried to save the fort of Saragrahi. They knew from the beginning that it was hard for them to win the battle, because they were very few and not well equipped to counter the enemy. But they never gave up and prolonged the fight to give the rest of the British Indian army time to prepare for the battle. Not only did they hold back the tribesmen for over 6 hours, but they also killed many of them, too. Looking at their bravery, the tribesmen got scared to move forward. At the end, the fort fell, the 21 soldiers breathed their last, but we still admire their heroic action and the tremendous sacrifice they made for their motherland. These heroes stand for patriotism. They did not think twice to sacrifice their lives for their country and fought till they breathed their last. In my view, this story is a great example of patriotism.

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Contrasting Odisha and USA



Aditya Patnaik, 10th Grade, OH.

Over the years, I have been to Odisha multiple times, and each time, have had experiences that are unforgettable. As I grew older, I started observing many differences in culture, infrastructure and other aspects of life between Odisha and America. In this article, I would like to discuss and analyze some of these observations.

It was fascinating to see the extraordinary differences in architectural designs and monuments of Odisha and America. Most clear was the difference in originality/uniqueness. At the Puri temple, I saw beautiful artwork, including carvings and statues. Also, at the Konark temple, the images carved on the temple walls were exceptionally beautiful, and the sundials on the wheels were just amazing because they could show time precisely to the minute! When comparing the Konark temple carvings with those on the Puri temple, the designs and styles were so different from each other, though both are beautiful in their own way. In America, however, architectural designs have been mostly derived from European styles of architecture. There isn't as much originality in the designs compared to those in Odisha.

There is also a large difference in socialization in Odisha compared to America. The population density is high in Odisha, so almost everyone is friends with each other, and making friends is an effortless task. In my grandparents' Bhubaneswar neighborhood, I quickly became friends with many families, especially their children. Every day from 4 P.M. to 6 P.M., kids in the neighborhood played outside, and I would spend time just talking about many different things. In America, on the other hand, the population density is lower (36 people per km squared in America versus 300 people per km squared in Odisha), and houses are so spread apart in a neighborhood that it can be difficult to make new friends. You really have to go and put some effort to socialize with others.

One last difference that I noticed was the maintenance of roads, sidewalks and buildings. Cleanliness is not maintained in Odisha, with litter on the sidewalk, the roads seem like they aren't paved very well. But, clearly paved roads in the US help traffic move safely and efficiently and very rarely is litter seen thrown around on sidewalks or roads. Lastly, I noticed in India that traffic laws weren't very well implemented and followed. For example, some people would just walk on roads with their animals, not caring for cars driving on the same road. Others would just go on the wrong side of the road, take random turns and park wherever they wanted not caring for how it could affect others. I feel that if there was more policing and stricter laws, indiscipline could be resolved, and roads could become cleaner and safer.

Every time I go to Odisha, I feel that I am living in a different world from America - there are just so many differences between America and Odisha. I would like to add that after seeing the difficult living conditions for some sections of the population in Odisha, I really want to do a project to help the poor and the needy kids. I am hoping that next time I go, I will organize a fundraiser or assist organizations to raise funds to help the needy people.

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Yoga: The Exercise of the Mind

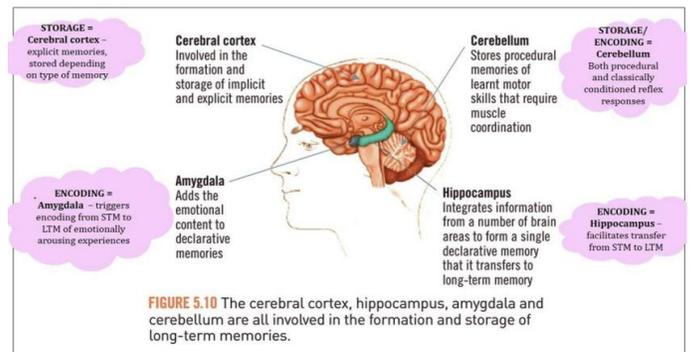


Rhea Sahoo (11th Grade),OH

Yoga, a type of anaerobic exercise, is often known as the exercise of the mind. It can help reduce anxiety, stress, and chronic body problems when performed regularly. However, did you know it could help improve your memory? That's right, doing some yoga can help you study for your next big test. As a type of anaerobic exercise, yoga breaks down glucose without using oxygen which tends to be an easier workout. Studies have shown that intense yoga has helped to increase visual memory in adults. Now, what if yoga could help with verbal memory (memory of words and linguistics), which is the main type of memory used on high school tests? Perhaps an experimental study on the effect of yoga on short-term verbal memory can help answer this question. I will work to find out to what extent yoga affects short-term verbal memory in high school students.

Method

My proposed method is to have a control group that just simply learns the words while the experimental group will perform an anaerobic exercise for a duration of time before learning the words. Verbal memory changes would be measured through the scores of a memory test of the participants.



Assumptions

Based on the research that I have conducted, I believe that there will be an effect on verbal memory when doing anaerobic exercise, because exercise allows for the body to release hormones.

Purpose

I hope to try and help students to find ways to increase their memory capacity for tests and help those who can't perform the regular exercise and still get the same benefits

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Shri Jagannath: A Symbol of Universalism or of Exceptionalism?



Prasanjit Sahoo, OH

Shri Jagannath is a deity who goes beyond any geo-political and religious boundary. In fact, his presence has brought together a unifying force of diversity within the world. Commonly seen as the abstract form of Vishnu [or his avatar — Krishna], his humble beginnings started in Odisha with the Savara tribes. Over time with his widespread acclaim, the people of Odisha revered him as their God of the Universe. I, like many, believe that Shri Jagannath's culture

depicts universalism; however, Shri Jagannath himself is a symbolic representation of exceptionalism. Shri Jagannath is not only exceptional in his own history, but also in his cultural impact on the world. In fact, his divine wisdom is the true nature of Shri Jagannath's exceptionalism.

The Origin.

Shri Jagannath's origin starts with King Indradyumna's expedition to find *Neelamadhava* (a murti) [Neela meaning Blue; Madhava being one of Krishna's Names], which he eventually obtained from the savara, Bishwabasu. The god did not want this, so he told the king to build a murti [sculpture] from neem wood on top of *Neelagiri*. This led to the architect of the demigods, Vishwakarma, to build Shri Jagannath. Vishwakarma had one condition: do not open the door until I am done in 21 days. For many days, outsiders heard the echoing of the hammer hitting the wood, "tuk tuk tuk...". One day, suddenly, the sound stopped. Everyone was anxious, yet it had not been 21 days. With the king's level of impatience and curiosity rising, he opened the doors. To his surprise, he could not find Vishwakarma. All that was left were the unfinished murthies. At first glance, the idols looked unsightly, so King Indradyumna asked for forgiveness. Lord Jagannath, however, took the liberty to tell the grieving king that he wished to take this form. The lord stated, "without conveniences like hands and legs, I can still accept the devotion and offerings of my devotees." He stated that his hands and legs are "the ornaments of all ornaments".

Exceptionalism + Universalism

The origin of Shri Jagannath and another Hindu story [Vinata breaking one of her 2 eggs prematurely] utilizes the motif of incompleteness as a call to the unprivileged and disabled. It refers to how even the unprivileged/disabled individuals in society have a big role. For example, a man named Nick Vujicic was born without limbs. Despite these challenges, he is a motivational speaker, painter, and swimmer. His job as a motivational speaker is necessary to give hope to all those around him, and it is accentuated by his loss. This is exceptional because many other godly figures reflect the perfection of their bodies, but here we can see the perfection of Shri Jagannath's mind and will.

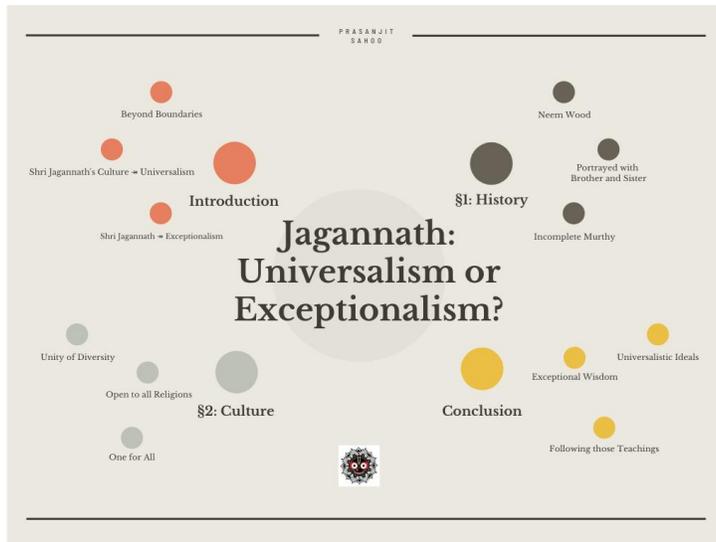
Unlike any other god depicted in Hindu culture, Shri Jagannath is depicted alongside his siblings: Balabhadra [his brother] and Subhadra [his sister]. Oftentimes gods are depicted with their partner: Shiva-Parvati, Vishnu-Laxmi, and Radha-Krishna. While this is exceptional, the ideals are universal: human unity [brotherhood and sisterhood] and human integrity. Another exceptional aspect of Shri Jagannath is the material used for the idol. Instead of marble or stone, Jagannath was created with neem wood; this represented him as the start and end of moksha [cycle of rebirth and death].

Finally, Shri Jagannath is a symbol of exceptionalism because of his universal ideals. This ideal includes equality to all, regardless of gender, race, color, caste, creed or religion. In the perfect world, nobody would think someone else is superior/inferior simply due to his/her predetermined traits. Unfortunately, in many countries [including those considered "developed"], this equality is not met. Shri Jagannath is exceptional because he symbolizes this singular idea. Many religions —Jainism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam— also include Lord Jagannath within their own history. With a culture based around democratic, truthful, and humanitarian ideals, it is effortless to conclude that Shri Jagannath truly personifies the saying "Unity in Diversity".

Implementing Shri Jagannath's Culture into your Life

As July comes to an end, the festivities from Jagannath's Ratha Yatra become another distant memory. It is, however, important to implement the universal ideals from Shri Jagannath everyday: treating everyone equally with

basic human civility. Shri Jagannath is on the pedestal of exceptionalism, but his cultural ideals are those to be absorbed by each and everyone of us. In this way, we see that exceptionalism and universalism are truly interconnected with Shri Jagannath.



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Fall 2021: “Ripeness is All”



Kanak Hota, Chicago.

Summer peters away gently; It’s almost the end of September.
Soft wind loaded with drops of dew, gushes every night through the boughs.

It touches grass asleep in the darkness like the beloved
coming home months after and lovingly patting your back.

Roses at the porch coated with stardust, look plush and robust to my eyes.
I know, slowly their petals will fall; for, beauty however brilliant isn't forever.

The spider beneath the bush weaves an intricate web to impress his mate
and waits patiently at the corner.

Each moment melts away to eternity.

He might not even find her and drop dead alongside the thorn
in the coming weeks, when winter comes howling hard at the world.

And this year, the maple in the yard bloomed for the first time.
The jasmine I grew in a pot, mixed her fragrance with the gentle scent
of pine and lavender guarding the fence a little far from here.

The starry night reminds the glow on the faces of friends
around a campfire we haven't in years.

Pinecones I love to collect.

Such perfect symmetry you hardly find in things fallen.
Heedless, the wind sweeps those crowns away to the corner.

I walk past the empty football field at the dawn.

The bench on the side feels wet and cold to my hands.

This day -this autumn, such commonplace experiences of watching
and breathing in the open, seem so priceless!

The sky is pink and the sun emerges to ensconce all in light.

I believe, it won't let me down to rot in fear and trembling
till I say goodbye to my friends and walk away to the darkness beyond.

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Washington and the Cherry Tree

Babru Samal, MD



In my childhood

The message was clear.

I will tell the truth, no matter what.

ସତ କହିବାକୁ କିଆଁ ଡରିବି

ସତ କହି ମଲେ ପଛେ ମରିବି

Sun was rising in the east

And setting in the west.

It was true for me, like birth and death.

Then with more education

I got a little bit confused

ସତ୍ୟମ ବୁଝାତ

ପ୍ରୀତ୍ୟମ ବୁଝାତ

ମା ବୁଝାତ

ସତ୍ୟମ ଅପ୍ରୀତ୍ୟମ

Tell the truth but not that will hurt

one you love or respect

I had to decide what I say and to whom

My high school science corrected me

Sun does not rise in the east
But the earth goes around the sun.
What else I know as the truth
But it is not?
I wondered.

Then I moved to the modern world
Where,
As a witness in a court of law
I must swear by God or on Bible
To tell the truth and the whole truth
Nothing but the truth
Contradicting, what the other party's
Witness does, tell nothing but the truth.

I searched for truth in nature
at the molecular level
Researching in person
And
Reading
The abstracts and reviews of famous scientists
It is always
An interpretation and projection of
What we think we see
Using the cutting-edge technique
Which becomes obsolete in a few years.
My Princeton Professor's motto:
Trust but verify.

In 21st century, internet presented me
Google and Yahoo, Facebook, and Twitter

Lots of avatars of the same fact
Also, alternate facts
Experts driven by money, fame or likes
Battle to tell the truth
The virus is a hoax
The vaccine kills
And people stick to their truth
Alias conviction
Swearing by it
Dying by it

What is truth
A temporary personal conviction
Within the boundary of
ସ୍ଥାନ , କାଳ ଓ ପାତ୍ର
(Space, time, and entity)
Just what I learnt as a child
But rarely use it.

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What if!



Liza Bhuyan, New Albany, OH

What if there was a box that held everything that you had lost?

Your fat black fountain-pen that had the finest nib and wrote the prettiest cursive writing.

Your soft pink handkerchief bordered with ink-blue lace you crocheted one winter.

Your hard-bound copy of “Heidi” that you were gifted to keep you company when you got the chicken-pox.

Or those 21 days when you had the chicken-pox and stayed home from school, with not a worry about homework and tests. And all you did was read story-books until your eyes got too tired.

Your poetry classes under a tree. Badly taught by the professor, but that transported you to the world of Lord Byron’s “She walks in beauty” or Faiz Ahmed Faiz’s “Before you came”.

Those mornings with your grandfather, when he exasperated you by making you listen to Shyamamani Pattnaik’s “To lagi gopa danda”, which was so boring then, but is my idea of a great romantic song now.

That moment when you first saw your son - his perfect little fingers and toes, his beautiful nose, and his angelic smile.

The moments snatched with your baby daughter after you picked her up from daycare. And just sat in the car in the parking lot and listened to her babble.

The last time you hugged your grandma as she gazed into your face and said so many unspoken things.

The moment that never happened, because you never had a chance to say goodbye to your other grandmother.

That courage you threw away when you didn’t stand up to what was just plain wrong.

That photograph of your mother in her white and red polka-dotted saree that you stole from your parents' album but misplaced.

Those clay cooking play-sets that you bought from the Dhanujatra fairs in Bargarh with the coins, which your grandma gave to you, tied in a handkerchief.

The drama recitals during summer holidays where you performed so badly - even after days of endless practice.

The music lessons that your sisters had to suffer through, while you peeked through the curtain and distracted them and they got smacked by the teacher for not focusing on the lessons.

Those no-holds-barred conversations with someone you thought was a best friend forever, but who got moody and sullen, and the conversations just faded away.

Those pieces of paper on which you started writing stories and then you bunched up and threw away - because you realized that the stories were becoming a bit too much like the stories from your own life.

What if you opened up that box? Which of its contents would you grab as a keepsake? And which would you again put away - as a pristine memory, unaltered, and perhaps sweeter than the real thing?

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A Blissful Dream!



Manorama Choudhury ,MA

That day, I was tired and laid down for an afternoon siesta. I pulled the curtains to make the room darker and turned on the YouTube link for a Yoga Nidra guided meditation. It is one of the yoga practices my husband and I do regularly. Though a person is not supposed to sleep during this practice, we often fall asleep.

I settled down on my bed. Turned on my iPhone to softly play the instructions by Guru Niranjananandaji. He kept on reminding every now and then not to fall asleep. But despite trying so hard, ten minutes through the guided meditation I could feel myself drifting away, and before I knew it I was in deep sleep.

I had a dream. Most of the time, my dreams revolve around my childhood home. I often had dreams about waking up in the middle of the night to find the exit door not properly locked, about someone trying to break into the house in the night, about the almirah locker door being left open, etc. I had these nightmares during my sleep many times in past years. It's been 25 years since I moved out of that home, but I do not know what the connection is. Perhaps the insecurities of prevalent time at that point of life and my mother's advice "to be careful" created the anxiety that remained embedded in my psyche. But that day, for the first time, I had this dream where I saw a different home.

It was a small apartment. I couldn't see the detailed layout, but there was a small kitchen with an L-shaped counter. A tall skinny monk was visiting this home. He had no hair on his head. Normally in my dreams, the faces I see are blurry and vague, even if I always seem to know who they are. But this time his face and build were clear to me. He was wearing a dhoti, a vest-like thin quilted jacket, and he had wrapped a thin cotton cloth around him. It must have been a cold place. Another elderly man was also there, and he was trying to touch and feel him to see if this monk was really flesh and blood and was looking extremely happy.

I can't tell what might have been my age in that dream. But I felt much younger than my current age. He was sitting cross-legged on an elevated daybed kind of seat. I touched his feet and sat on the floor, resting my head on his lap. He gently stroked my hair as if I was his grandchild. He asked a few questions to whoever was present in that room. Not finding our answers satisfying, he got up to write on the blackboard. The floor must have been cold too. I guess it was my mother (she looked young too and was busy cooking) who moved to the side, making room for him to write on the cabinet door that looked like a blackboard. She even asked me to offer a pair of slippers to him as she was certain that the floor must be cold to his bare feet. I could clearly see his skinny feet flip-flopping in them while he was writing on the board.

It felt so real. Dreams are dreams. They do not last. I woke up trying to feel where I was. I felt peace within myself with that vision. I closed my eyes to recollect my dream, especially his questions and answers. Unfortunately, I could not remember any of it. It definitely was not an ordinary dream. So I kept pondering about it. I shared it with my husband too. He worried and said it is too early in life for me to see this kind of dream ---- as if I have control over my dreams.

Based on what I have read or heard, I know for sure that dreams, though not real, still try to establish cosmic connections between souls from past lives or some kind of message for the future. As the dream kept growing on me, I had a strong desire to know what could be the reason behind such a vision. And most importantly, who was that monk? Later that night, I shared my dream with my dear friend and mentor. As a spiritual man, before even listening to my details, he asked me to look up the picture of Swami Chidananda Saraswati. I immediately searched for him on the internet. I couldn't believe how similar he looked to the monk I saw in my dream. During his later years, Swamiji looked very skinny, as if a thin skin covered his skeleton, which matched the look of the monk in my dream. Then my dear friend said Swami ji is his spiritual Guru. He must have paid a visit to me and I am blessed.

The next morning I tried to find more about Swami ji. In my head, I was thinking if he was alive, I would pay a visit for sure. But his soul had already left his mortal body a few years back. One thing that made me wonder that on 10th July 1949, Swami ji was initiated into the holy order of sannyasa by his Guru Swami Sivananda Saraswati. I got connected with my poetry mentor on the 10th of July, 2020, who believes Swami Chidanand Saraswati is his spiritual guru. Who knows, there might be some hidden connection that my tainted brain is not able to filter. But I felt immensely happy thinking it was him and that for some reason, he found me worthy to pay a visit. Even though it was a dream, I felt blessed with his touch caressing my hair, hearing his whispering voice, and remembering seeing his feet. My quest must go on to find out what he was trying to say or whether he was showing me a path to follow.

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Remembering Dr. Prasanna Kumar Pati, a jewel of a person



Dr. Surya Mishra, Happy Valley, Oregon.

Much has been said about a great Odia pioneer and noted psychiatrist Dr. Prasanna Pati who passed away at the ripe age of 96 on September 27, 2021. During his long life and active professional career as a psychiatrist, Dr. Pati has touched many lives, and I consider myself to be one of those lucky persons who came in his close contact. We knew each other for the past fifty years and I loved and respected him like an elder brother. So, he's bhaina to me. He was a regular at the OSA annual conventions and we used to spend a lot of time talking to each other at those meetings.

I am going to say a few words here about the special relationship I shared with him. Our daughter, also a psychiatrist, works for VA in Portland. She moved there some twenty-two years back. We visited her frequently until we moved to Portland in 2015. Bhaina lived in Salem, the capital of Portland, and I made it a point to visit bhaina and his wife Norma on a regular basis after we moved to Portland. He has always impressed me as a loving, compassionate and jovial person, and more so, as a person with deep commitment to his professional career. As a psychiatrist, he worked in a huge state mental facility in Salem and was immensely respected by everybody. He became quite well known after his role as Dr. Sonjee in the classic movie *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975) starring Jack Nicolson.

Dr. Pati came to America with four other doctor friends -Uday Dash, Biresh Mohanty, Gandhi Burman, and Raj Kishore Parida in 1952. They were the first batch of medical graduates from the Orissa medical college in Cuttack, now known as SCB medical college. One of those five friends went back after a year in America; another one, Dr. Uday Dash passed away a few years ago. The other two, Dr. Biresh Mohanty and Dr. Gandhi Barman, now live in Florida and New York, respectively. Bhaina used to remember his friends whenever we talked. He had a fantastic memory and he could describe events from the remote past vividly. He recounted how he had to leave his seriously ill father on his deathbed to catch the ship from Bombay on June 20th, 1952, to come to America.

Everybody here, I am sure, has noticed his fun-loving nature -especially during the OSA conventions when he rose on stage and danced to the popular Sambalpuri number *Rangabati re Rangabati*. Until a few years back, he attended OSA conventions with his wife Norma.

Bhaina was a great storyteller. He carried the listener with him to the world he described so convincingly. I felt, sometimes, he narrated his own early life experiences and the challenges he faced in this country as stories. One

such story is, “The Odia Doctor” in which the sister of a mental patient tells the medical director that she doesn’t want her brother to be treated by a black man. Also, the patient in the story opposes to accept a nigger as his doctor. Things were very different in the fifties and the early sixties. As a young immigrant of color, Dr. Pati faced many such discriminations during his early professional career as a psychiatrist. In the book *Adventures and Misadventures of Dr. Sonjee*, his stories are definitely very intriguing and touching. One of the stories from that book “The Woman From Georgia ‘ ’ has been produced as a movie by Mrs. Solila Parida of New York. She has somewhat modified the story to present the action in a movie format. The title of the Movie is “Desires of the Heart ‘’. I think that she did a pretty good job.

When we moved to Oregon, we used to visit bhaina and Norma quite often; sometimes other friends joined us too. He loved my wife Tiki’s cooking and we would cook a few dishes and drive to Salem to have lunch with the couple. They also took us out to their favorite local Chinese restaurant a few times. Norma died about a couple of years back and Bahina after she was gone, needless to say, became very lonely. However, he never lost his sense of humor and warm spirit.

After a year of living alone in his house, he moved to Boon Ridge Senior Care, an assisted living facility in Salem. He stayed there because he had many local friends who could visit him. It is a very nice and well-managed facility, and he immediately became very popular with all the residents and the staff. We visited him there frequently and brought him some Odia food he wished to have. He sat with us for lunch in the dining hall. Sometimes he would leave his table to offer the curries Tiki cooked to his friends in the dining room.

Unfortunately, things changed during the pandemic; everyone’s movements were restricted. The facility did not allow visitors to go inside. However, we continued to stay in touch with him. We called him regularly and delivered some Odia dishes Tiki made for him at least once a month. He would come outside the front door, sit with us on the bench and chat for some half an hour. He enjoyed the visits and even asked me to sing Sambalpuri songs, which he sang along with me.

We visited him for the last time about three weeks before he passed away. He had requested some fish curry, *khichdi*, *baigana bharta*, *bilati khata* and *kheeri*. Tiki cooked the dishes happily for him and took them to the facility. Two days later when I called him, he was in a great mood and praised gleefully, “the food was so good, I made four meals out of it”.

When I was with him the last time, I found him very weak physically, but he was very strong mentally. His eyesight had gone pretty bad, and he had fallen down several times because of poor balance. He sat down with us for at least half an hour and talked a lot about his earlier days in India and in this country. I got a chance to record some of those conversations. But those are very short. I wish I had recorded longer. I am sure many people will miss him. However, I will miss him a lot. As a psychiatrist, Dr. Pati truly believed and openly said, “no one is 100% mentally ill, and no one is 100% mentally well either”. That’s how he viewed the world.

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A Tribute to Dr. Manorama Mahapatra



Chandra Mishra, North Wales, PA

No words to describe my feeling when I heard that our beloved Manorama Mohapatra (nani, mausi, Mai) is not with us anymore. I could not believe the news and had to check a few sources to make sure that I really heard it correctly.

I met her many years back at her in-law's home at 'Datta Tota,' Puri, through my classmate Minakshi, who was the youngest sister-in-law of Manorama Mohapatra. I remember her as a very loving, pretty, personable and down to earth gentle person. Though she was my friend's sister-in-law, I started addressing her Nani because of the way she called me "Chandu " from our first meeting. One afternoon when I was visiting Minakshi's home, we were climbing the guava tree to get some guava . One of the guava tree's branches was just next to Manorama nani's bedroom from where she could see us. Seeing both the girls on the thin branch of the guava tree, she came out of her bedroom and told us not to make any noise. She also warned us to be careful. Her warning was, if we fall and break our legs then we will not be able to go to school or play for many days . Generally in Puri when an adult catches a girl climbing a tree the elders make noise. Then they say that "if you fall then you will break a leg and nobody will marry you". I have heard that many times when I climbed a tree in the backyard at my home. Her warning was totally different. I thought to myself this is very unique. Yes, she was a unique daughter of our Odisha State.

We will always remember her as a great personality in literature, language, journalism, and in many other important things. She was an academic, editor, writer, eminent author, columnist, public speaker, social worker and philanthropist. As an outstanding public speaker, she dominated the space of public speaking for more than 60 years. Even at the age of 85, she continued to be the first person on the go. Her immense knowledge, wide range and tremendously unbelievable memory power made her a magnet that drew people to her. She inspired love among people and awe among peers. It is extremely hard to sum up Dr. Mohapatra's literary genius and categorize her contribution to Odisha. She tried to uplift many areas of Odisha and Odia people, especially women.

I met her for the second time during my friend Minakshi's wedding. Like me, Minakshi also got married young as per the tradition of our brahmin families at that time. I remember well how Manorama nani was telling us to find a way to finish our college degree in spite of being married, and having a family. Her advice was to find a way to fulfill our wishes, which is within each individual. She advised never to give up or feel guilty to pursue our dream. I came to know that she too finished college and higher studies after she was married.

Among the Odia intellectuals of all time, Mrs. Mohapatra had few equals. She was unique and we may not see anyone like her ever again. She not only appreciated Odia literature but could recite from memory entire contents of books of the prominent authors like Radhamohan Gadnayak, Sachi Routray, Godabarish Mohapatra and Mayadhar Mansingh. Many of us are fortunate to hear her speech and her recital of poems in a few of our OSA (Odisha Society of America) conventions. She received the Nehru Award in 1988, Critic Circle of India Award in 1990, Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar Samman in 1991.

An outstanding public speaker, she dominated the space of public speaking for more than 60 years. Even at the age of 85, she was on the go. She inspired love among people and awe among peers. Her formal education was in Economics, but she loved literature. In 1957 she won her first award for short stories on women empowerment and social change. Her first prominent literary award was in 1967, the Jhankar Award. That was followed by the Sahitya Academy Award in 1984, and the Critic Circle of India Award in 1990. She was also awarded the Ravenshaw Gaurav Awards both by the school and its more famous (name-sake) University. She was a renowned Commentator on Jagannath Culture and was honored several times for her lucid commentary on the famous Car Festival at Puri, Odisha.

In recognition of her immense contribution to the field of literature she was appointed as Secretary of Utkal Sahitya Samaj from 1982 to 1990 and as President of Odisha Sahitya Academy in 1991: the first woman to hold this post until 1994. Her tremendous contributions to the field of literature was honored by the Rama Devi University which conferred the Honorary D.Litt on her in 2019.

Though she inherited the mantle of editorship of *The Samaja*, the Odia daily from Dr. Radhanath Rath in 1998, she had started contributing as a columnist much before that. As the author of Jhitipiti Kahe Satakshi, she provided analytical and critical analysis of contemporary issues to the general public. Sumati Bhamati was based on Puranic stories and Aieenka Katha was addressed to the children section. They undoubtedly were some of the most popular columns to be published during this time. Despite her prolific writing and demanding work as an Editor, she kept herself busy with strings of social work, her first passion. She was the founder of Lok Sevak Yuva Mandal which worked in the fields of education and relief distribution. She was a founder member of Ramadevi Trust, Kasturba Trust, Daya Ashram, Sahaya, and Orissa Nari Seva Sangha. She worked as the Vice President/Member of the Red Cross Society, Scouts and Guides Society, Social Service Guild of Odisha, Lok Sevak Mandal and several other organizations.

Despite advanced age and failing health, she was always in the forefront for social work. No wonder her work has been recognized not only in Odisha but also by organizations based in Chandigarh, Bhopal, Calcutta and abroad. She was involved in Our Village Trust (OVT) after the super cyclone, which built many houses with septic latrines and a multipurpose community center near Chandanapur.

Last time I saw her was in a zoom meeting where she spoke eloquently. I am eternally grateful to her for guiding me to find a way to fulfill my wish to get higher education, and work in the field I am passionate about. I feel immensely lucky to know her and inspired by her which changed my outlook.

She lived a very meaningful life and had a great sense of humor. The poem she recited in our OSA convention about “Prem” is an example of her having a sense of humor.

The passing of Smt. Manorama Mohapatra is a loss to all of us, to Odisha and India. With her, an era ends, but history will remember her alongside great women from Odisha like Rama Devi and Malati Choudhury.

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Photographs



Photographs

Photographs By Sujit Mahapatra

Cary, North Carolina.



