



प्रथम संस्करण
दिसम्बर २०२०

प्रवाह



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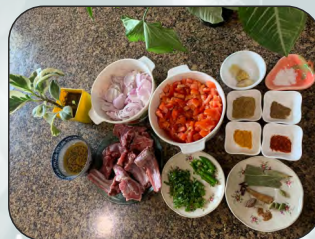
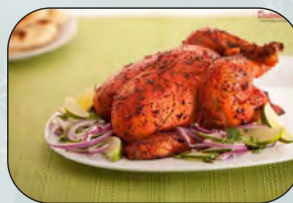
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समानी व आकूतिः समाना हृदयानि वः।
समानमस्तु वो मनो यथा वः सुसहासति॥

United be your purpose, harmonious be your feelings, collected be your mind, in the same way as all aspects of universe exist in togetherness.

एक हमार उद्देश्य, सुखमत हमारी भावना हो।
एकत्रित हमारे विचार हों, जैसे सब कुछ इस विश्व में एकता में हैं॥

Celebrating 12 Years of Existence



अरुणी डोभाल
पत्नी श्री अजीत डोभाल

संदेश

मुझे यह जानकर अत्यंत प्रसन्नता की अनुभूति हो रही है कि भारतीय पुलिस सेवा महिला कल्याण संस्था (आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए) दिनांक ८ दिसम्बर, २०२० को अपनी स्थापना के १२ वर्ष पूरे कर रही है तथा इस शुभ अवसर पर आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए पत्रिका/ई-पत्रिका के प्रथम संस्करण का भी विमोचन किया गया है।

मैं आशा करती हूँ कि आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए पत्रिका/ई-पत्रिका अपने विभिन्न प्रकार के अमूल्य सावगर्भित लेखों के माध्यम से न केवल पुलिस संगठनों में बेहतरीन समन्वय विकसित करेगी बल्कि संस्था द्वारा संचालित भिन्न-भिन्न कार्यक्रमों के बारे में भी हम सभी को अद्यतन करेगी।

मैं आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए की १२वीं वर्षगांठ के शुभ अवसर पर हार्दिक शुभकामनाओं के साथ संस्था की पत्रिका/ई-पत्रिका के प्रथम संस्करण पर आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए के सभी सदस्यों एवं उनके परिवार को हार्दिक बधाई देती हूँ और साथ-साथ इस पत्रिका के उज्ज्वल भविष्य की कामना करती हूँ।

शुभकामनाओं सहित।

Aruni Dohal

(अरुणी डोभाल)



IPSWWA COMMITTEE



RANJU KUMAR
(PRESIDENT)



RITU ARORA
(SECRETARY)



GEETA PATHAK
(TREASURER)



RUBY CHATURVEDI
(JT. SECRETARY)



TANU PATNI MORDIA
(JT. TREASURER)



रंजु कुमार
पत्नी श्री अरविंद कुमार

संदेश

यह अत्यंत गर्व और हर्ष का विषय है कि आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए अपनी वार्षिक पत्रिका 'प्रवाह' का प्रथम ऑनलाइन संस्करण शुरू करने जा रही है।

वर्ष २००८ में अपने गठन बाद से ही, आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए पुलिसकर्मियों और उनके परिवारों के कल्याणार्थ सदैव आगे रही है। यह विभिन्न राज्य एजेंसियों के सहयोग से सेवावत/सेवानिवृत्त/मृतक पुलिस कर्मियों के परिवारों की जरूरतों को पूरा करने के लिए अनेक कल्याणकारी और परोपकारी कार्यक्रमों का आयोजन करती है।

वर्षों से आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए पुलिसकर्मियों के परिवारों में सकारात्मक परिवर्तन लाने और सदस्यों के बीच सामाजिक सक्रियता बढ़ाने का लगातार प्रयास कर रही है। मैं आश्चर्य नहीं करूँगी कि आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए विभिन्न राज्यों तथा केंद्रशासित प्रदेशों में फैली इकाइयों की मदद से पुलिसकर्मियों के परिवारों से संबंधित कार्यक्रमों को आगे बढ़ाने के लिए प्रयासरत रहेगी।

आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए द्वारा की जा रही गतिविधियों को दर्शाने के लिए 'प्रवाह' एक अभिनव प्रयास है। मुझे यकीन है कि इस पत्रिका के द्वारा, आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए अधिक पाठकों तक पहुँच बनाने में समर्थ हो पाएगी और अपने नेक कार्यों और कर्मठता के बारे में जागरूकता फैला सकेगी। यह विभिन्न इकाइयों और सदस्यों को पुलिसकर्मियों और उनके परिवारों के कल्याणार्थ कदम उठाने के लिए प्रोत्साहित करने के अतिरिक्त, उनके मध्य आपसी तालमेल को भी मजबूत करेगी।

इस पत्रिका को शुरू करने के लिए मैं व्यक्तिगत रूप से और सम्पूर्ण आईपीएस परिवार की ओर से 'प्रवाह' की संपादकीय टीम को बधाई देती हूँ। मुझे विश्वास है कि यह पत्रिका आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए के लक्ष्य को पूरा करने में एक मील का पत्थर साबित होगी।

कोविड के दौरान ड्यूटी पर तैनात ३४० से अधिक पुलिसकर्मियों ने अपने प्राण न्यौछावर किए। मैं आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए की ओर से उन सभी परिवारों के प्रति संवेदना व्यक्त करती हूँ।

आपको और आपके परिवारजनों को कोटि-कोटि शुभकामनाएँ।

जय हिन्द।

(रंजु कुमार)
अध्यक्षा



IPSWWA has taken major initiatives to support the school for special children (Prerna at NSG) annually



रितु अरोरा
पत्नी श्री संजय अरोरा

सचिव की कलम से

मुझे भारतीय पुलिस सेवा महिला कल्याण संस्था (आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए) में सचिव के पद पर कार्य करने का अवसर प्राप्त हुआ इसके लिए मैं अपने आप को सौभाग्यशाली मानती हूँ। यह प्रसन्नता का विषय है कि आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए प्रत्येक वर्ष की श्रांति इस वर्ष श्री बड़े उत्साह के साथ अपनी १२वीं वर्षगांठ मना रही है।

श्रीमती रंजु कुमार, अध्यक्ष आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए के कुशल नेतृत्व में गत वर्ष अनेक कल्याणकारी कार्य किए गए हैं। मैं संक्षिप्त में इन कार्यों से सश्री को अवगत कराना चाहती हूँ। आज के इस आधुनिक दौर में कोविड १९ जैसी वैश्विक महामारी के कारण देश के सामने काफी गंभीर समस्याएं उभर कर आ रही हैं तथा सामान्यजन को अनेकों कठिनाईयों का सामना करना पड़ रहा है, ऐसी स्थिति में हमारी जिम्मेदारी और भी अधिक बढ़ जाती है। 'कोविड १९ वैश्विक महामारी' के कारण देश में आई जैविक आपदा के परिदृश्य में आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए के द्वारा देश के जनकृतमंद परिवारों को हजायों की संख्या में हैंड सैनिटाइजर, मास्क, खाद्य सामग्री तथा अन्य अति आवश्यक सामग्री निःशुल्क वितरित की गई ताकि कोविड के प्रसार को बढ़ने से रोका जा सके। आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए के द्वारा 'फिट-इंडिया', कार्यक्रम के अन्तर्गत वॉकथॉन का आयोजन किया गया। इसके अतिरिक्त 'खेल-दिवस', का भी आयोजन बहुत ही उत्साह एवं सौहार्दपूर्ण ढंग से किया गया तथा इस दौरान विभिन्न खेल-कूद प्रतियोगिताएं जैसे बास्केटबॉल, शूटिंग आदि का आयोजन सुनियोजित ढंग से किया गया। सामाजिक सांस्कृतिक उत्सवदायित्वों के अनुपालन में 'तीज', जैसे महत्वपूर्ण त्यौहार को 'ऑनलाईन', के रूप में बड़ी धूमधाम से मनाया गया। आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए अपने ध्येय में सर्वदा विश्वास करती है इसलिए मुझे पूर्ण विश्वास है कि हम मिलकर प्रत्येक क्षेत्र में नए आयाम स्थापित करने के लिए लगातार प्रयास करते रहेंगे।

यह अत्यंत गर्व का विषय है कि आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए अपनी १२वीं वर्षगांठ के सुअवसर पर संस्था की पत्रिका/ई-पत्रिका का प्रथम संस्करण प्रकाशन करने जा रही है जिसमें आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए के द्वारा किए जा रहे विभिन्न कार्यों के बारे में जानकारी देने के साथ-साथ पुलिस संगठनों के अंदर छिपी हुई प्रतिभा को सबके सामने उजागर करने का महत्वपूर्ण प्रयास है।

मैं आईपीएसडब्ल्यूडब्ल्यूए की १२वीं वर्षगांठ के शुभ अवसर पर हार्दिक शुभकामनाओं के साथ संस्था की पत्रिका/ई-पत्रिका के प्रथम संस्करण के सफल प्रकाशन की कामना करती हूँ।

शुभकामनाओं सहित।

(रितु अरोरा)



EDITORIAL COMMITTEE



SEEMA PRASAD



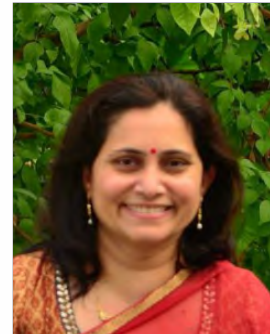
**MEENAKSHI VERMA
(EDITOR)**



RANJANA LAL



SANDHYA GANAPATHY



APARNA SINGH



RUBY CHATURVEDI



NANDINI MANN



From The Editor's Desk

Meenakshi Verma
W/o Sh. K. C. Verma
1971

The IPS Wives Welfare Association (IPSWWA) was formed in 2008. It was established on the initiative of Ms. Padmini Narayanan, Ms. Sima Halder and a few other spouses of senior IPS officers. They floated the idea of creating a platform for the wives of officers of the Indian Police Service to meet periodically and work towards making a fruitful contribution to the society. It was decided that in addition to the wives of serving officers, the spouses of retired officers should also be invited to join the Association. IPSWWA was registered under the Societies Registration Act XXI of 1860 on 8th December, 2008 in New Delhi. Over the years, the Association has admirably lived up to its objectives by organising welfare activities for the families of serving and former police personnel. It has emerged as an effective rallying point for cultural, sports, scientific, literary and charitable activities. IPSWWA has been engendering a sense of belonging and camaraderie among the ladies, reflecting the all-India ethos of the Indian Police Service. This year, the Association decided to publish a magazine to mark IPSWWA Day on December 8. The magazine reflects the varied experiences and the multi-coloured nature of the spouses of the IPS officers—themselves a microcosm of our great and beautiful country. Simultaneously, it showcases the creative writing talent of the members. The editorial board would like to acknowledge the ready help of all the contributors in bringing out this publication. Ideas were formulated through a series of group discussions. Putting this magazine together was great fun, not the least of which were the editorial board meetings when we enjoyed the hospitality of Vandana, President IPSWWA!

TRIBUTE TO COVID MARTYRS



COVID-19: OUR CONTRIBUTION

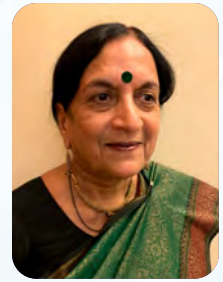




REMINISCENCES

It is with great pleasure that I sit down to pen this article for the IPSWWA magazine. It is a journey down memory lane as I recall the publishing of the first Newsletter in my tenure as President of IPSWWA. The first issue was launched in November 2009 followed by two more in April, 2010 and November, 2010. IPSWWA had just been constituted (formed) in October, 2008 with Mrs. Padmini Narayanan as Patron and Mrs. Sima Halder as the founder President.

From group discussions to guest lectures, wellness counseling, cooking and flower demonstration - it was a chance for members to come together and work, all the while having a good time.



Surekha Mathur
W/o Sh. Rajiv Mathur
1972



Soon, it was time to highlight the talents of our budding poets and writers. So began the history of the Newsletter. The zeal of the members was contagious and within a short span of time, we were flooded with articles, poetry and write ups on lifestyle and wellness, recipes and travelogues. It was a period of frenetic activity followed by the publication of the Newsletter and its subsequent release in November.

One of the major activities which I fondly recall is the hosting of the two IPSWWA Melas. The first one was held in the PSOI Grounds, Chanakyapuri with Mrs. Sheila Dixit, the then Chief Minister as the Chief Guest. This mela was a resounding success, so much so, that the Honourable CM requested IPSWWA to organize a similar one coinciding with the Commonwealth Games 2010.

Accordingly, in October 2010 the second IPSWWA Mela was held at SDG Grounds, Ber Sarai. This was inaugurated by Mrs. Gursharan Kaur, wife of the then Prime Minister and Smt. Sheila Dixit was the Guest of Honour. The melas showcased welfare activities of various Central Police Organisations such as IB, SPG, CISF, CRPF, BSF, SSB, ITBP, NSG etc., as well as networked with NGO's to provide them a platform to showcase their talent.



HIV(Aids) awareness workshops for police personnel and their families were conducted in the SPG, SIB and CISF complexes. A new scheme of Education Incentive was launched for children of CPO's in which cash awards to student toppers of class 12 in the Science, Humanities and Commerce streams from Delhi and NCR region were given. This was held at ITBP, Tigri. Both the above programmes were greatly appreciated.

I would like to conclude by wishing you all the very best in your future endeavours and hope this publication of the magazine becomes a trademark of the IPSWWA fraternity.



IPSWWA FORMATION..FROM AN IDEA TO A REALITY!

Sometime in early 2008, Mrs Ammu Narayanan and Mrs Sima Halder shared with me that they were toying with the idea of starting an association of wives of IPS officers posted in New Delhi.

This idea made a lot of sense. Many IPS officers get posted to Delhi at any given time in their career. There was no one platform where wives of the officers from different cadres could interact. There used to be various awkward moments where present in a common function, IPS wife of one cadre standing next to IPS wife of another cadre would not know of the common thread which ran between them. So the idea of a club was welcomed and much required.

Today, thanks to IPSWWA one sees in the IPS wives' fraternity cross organisational, cross batch and cross cadre associations. The bonding has truly turned into some fantastic friendships and a journey of exploring people within a common platform. It has narrowed the inaccessibility. Irrespective of where the husbands are, the wives have got to know each other well and are available to each other, keeping heavy protocol to a minimum.



Soni Srivastava
W/o Sh. Vikram Shrivastava
1973



When the journey started we were not sure what path to take, there was resistance, there were groups of organisations who preferred to keep to themselves. As the Founder Secretary of IPSWWA, under the able guidance of its Founder President, Mrs Sima Halder and its mentor Mrs Ammu Narayanan, we started approaching each Police organisation separately and persistently. I remember writing to the DGP of each state to let them know of a body which had

taken birth and that their officers posted in Delhi should be made aware of the same. Within a month of the formation of the Association, its logo was designed, its website launched and very serious word-of-mouth campaign was started.

Soon membership started growing. Annual Membership of Rs 1,000 was opened to wives of serving and retired officers based in Delhi and NCR. Its monthly meeting was a much awaited event. Meetings used to happen in rotation at the different officers mess of the Central Police Organisations. We organised the first IPSWWA Queen event at the SSB Mess during one such meeting, it broke the ice to a great extent. It was truly amazing to see members of all age groups walking the ramp. A much retired member was declared the IPSWWA Queen ! The younger lot wasn't complaining....the spirit of IPSWWA had taken wings ! The annual spouse's lunch was another hit and identified couples as an entity.

I had the privilege of being an office bearer member working closely with four IPSWWA Presidents between 2008 until 2014 debuting with Mrs Sima Halder later with batchmate Anita Sandhu upto Zeba Ibrahim's tenure. The Association was shaping fast, necessary compliances pertaining to registration, audit, income tax, bank account etc., were all being met. There was a method behind our fun. Being



IPSWWA's Secretary and Vice President later on (2011), meant a lot of hard work. I was already in a full time corporate job, heading a department which meant endless tours, meetings and lots of public dealings. Vikram, being whose wife I qualified for the IPSWWA membership, went on to head three CPOs which came with its own set of demands on me as President of HWWA & CWWA. We executed various successful activities for IPSWWA.

The Association is today more than a decade old. It is vibrant and active, members need to analyse whether it is fulfilling all the goals that were set up for the organisation. IPSWWA can also consider opening regional offices where state based members can align themselves with the Delhi IPSWWA to co-ordinate some activities together. Eventually, when those ladies get posted to Delhi there would be continuity towards alignments of IPSWWA goals. Anita and I had tried hard to get an allotment of an independent office building for IPSWWA. The plan did not materialize then but considering having its own permanent office with small secretarial support is a requirement that will help the Association in getting a semblance of permanency and continuity.

I wish IPSWWA every success in all its endeavour and will remain its lifetime well wisher.

Founder Secretary's Reminiscence



**“The best way to find yourself
is to lose yourself in
the service of others.”**

- Mahatma Gandhi

IPSWWA : A FAMILY

When I think of IPSWWA, it reminds me of a family full of enthusiasm - a family in which all members are willing to give their best - a family full of respect for each other and a family in which all members are equal. They all belong to the same service and its president being just first among equals within the family.

IPSWWA members are from different organizations. They bring experience and exposure of a different variety to IPSWWA, enriching it with talent and capacity to organize any type of programme, be it social functions or help to be provided for the poor and downtrodden. IPSWWA, with members coming from different parts of the country represent different States and Union Territories. Having personally seen the problems of their respective places of posting represents in the true sense, the unity in diversity of India. Our seniors were visionaries who in 2008, took lead to form IPSWWA, with Mrs Seema Halder becoming its first President. Since then, IPSWWA has grown in terms of membership, programme formulations and implementation, as well as members' participation. But the main achievement of IPSWWA has been that it brought the entire IPS family on one platform.



Manju Sharma
W/o Sh. Dineshwar Sharma
1979



Members of IPSWWA have greater responsibility towards their families. Police officers face the bullets of the terrorists, Maoists, criminals and other violent groups. They fight with them putting their life to risk for protecting the unity and the integrity of the nation and to inculcate a feeling of security among the citizens. But, often the society and the system fail to protect them when allegations of human rights violations (and such other specious accusations are made). During such situations, the IPSWWA members have a huge

responsibility of standing by their husbands as pillars of strength, other members of IPSWWA family must provide moral support.

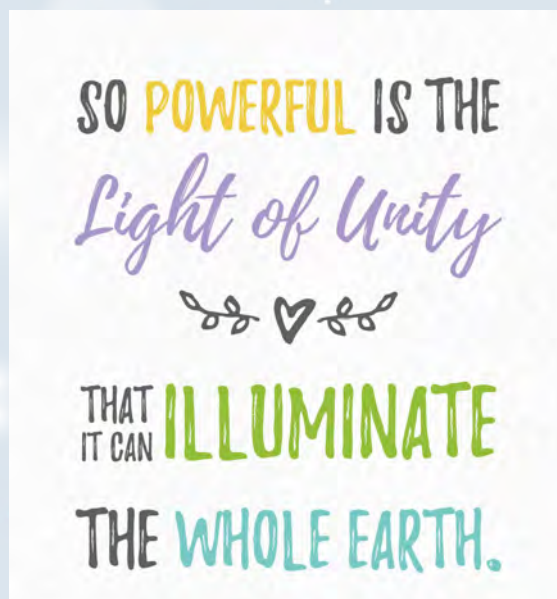
I consider myself blessed to be a part of the IPSWWA family, having also served as its President for two years during 2015 and 2016. I received the co-operation and support

of each member including the senior members of the Association.



I cherish their love, affection and every moment of IPSWWA activities that comes to my mind. All members came up with new ideas, participated in all programmes with enthusiasm. I enjoyed every moment of all IPSWWA programmes. I remain grateful to all members for giving me wholehearted support.

Let us strengthen IPSWWA in making it a real family platform with no member exhibiting any kind of ego.



HAPPINESS FOR ALL

“Sarve Bhavantu Sukhinaha”.

This is a Sanskrit verse from our ancient Indian scriptures, which means “May everyone be happy”. This was the last mantra I used to chant with my grandmother during our evening prayers. Although I have been chanting this mantra since I was five years old, I have understood the true profoundness of its meaning in the past few months, during which the COVID-19 pandemic has caused unfathomable turmoil across the entire world.

During this period of turbulence, as I was contemplating about the relationship between humans and nature, I realized that there exists a common link between them – that of constant change and progress. As time moves forward, nature undergoes changes and so do human beings. Our outlook, behaviour, actions and inventions today are vastly different from what they were in the last century, or decade, or even last year. Just like nature, humans are born to embrace change and move forward towards progress. Yet, we humans seem to be constantly caught in between a disappearing past and an unpredictable future. I believe that this is the root of our unhappiness.

In our childhood, we used to find happiness in anything and everything. A sunny winter morning or a rainy summer afternoon would bring instant delight to our lives. Now that we have grown up and become so-called adults, these things do not excite us anymore. We have become entangled with past events and future plans – building houses, educating children, saving for retirement and so on. We are driven by insecurities, artificial material desires and a hollow sense of progress. Caught in a wave of confusion and delusion, we are starting to lose the imperative to live in the present – to be happy.

Several great scholars and scriptures have noted that happiness is rooted in the very core of the being, and that the self is the true source of happiness. I am a humble follower of The Gita, a timeless source of wisdom which cuts across cultural lines. It is a dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna, between two friends, between teacher and disciple, and most importantly, between the ideas of sorrow and bliss. The initial segment of the conversation, which is taking place in the middle of a battlefield, is known as Arjuna Vishada Yoga. Arjuna, who is distraught about the war, is reassured by Krishna that the only way to overcome conflict in life is to move forward despite our circumstances, and continuously strive towards eternal happiness, which is also known as spiritual bliss.

In today's turbulent times which resemble the war-like situation of the above conversation, we must draw on the above wisdom, to reject the illusions around us which are termed as maya. By ceasing to be fixated on illusions, we can overcome fear and fragility, and move towards true happiness.



Anuja Tripathy
W/o Sh. Jalad Tripathy
1985

As members of the police community, this wisdom is particularly applicable for us and our families, as our brave corona warriors enter the battle field every day to win the war. Despite the risks and challenges surrounding our lives, we must continue to strive towards inner happiness, and not let our sorrows or insecurities define our lives. Only then can we move forward towards the ultimate life objective of eternal bliss.

In more practical terms, the Gita emphasizes four divine paths to follow, in order to achieve harmony and happiness. These are gyan yoga, bhakti yoga, karma yoga and raja yoga. While my individual consciousness is too tiny to understand these paths fully, I would like to share whatever little essence I could absorb. Gyana yoga urges us to think positively. Bhakti yoga describes that our heart should be full of love and devotion. Karma yoga teaches us about right actions. Raja yoga teaches us to lead a life of righteousness as a whole. Synthesizing the aspects given in the four paths, we may evolve certain core values such as positivity, kindness, love, honesty and compassion, all of which are vital weapons to be used in the battlefield of life in order to win the war against unhappiness.

As individuals who are truly happy from within, we can ensure harmony in the family, stability in the society and prosperity in the nation! Let us strive towards mindful living in the present so that we overcome these turbulent times together, and achieve a future of happiness and bliss. I wish all warriors a great success!



HUMOUR IN UNIFORM



“How could I have been doing 70 miles an hour when I’ve only been driving for 10 minutes?”

YOGIC LIFESTYLE

In the times of lockdown due to COVID-19 pandemic yogic lifestyle proved to be means to remain sane, healthy and optimistic.

In the past few months, one got an opportunity to immerse in yoga as a sadhak, with less distractions, hardly any social commitments and interactions with the outside world. During these times physical body got an opportunity to heal as the pace of life drastically reduced. The mind naturally got an environment, with lesser sensorial stimulation, to quieten, taking it towards the state of pratyahara (introversion of senses), in which cobwebs of the mind started clearing.

In this situation the tools of yoga became the key to maintain a disciplined lifestyle. In such disruptive times having a routine was extremely important. Beginning the day with **Morning Mantras with Sankalpa** and ending with **Review of the day**, were simple and beautiful practices to begin the day with positivity and end it with cleaning the state of the mind. Weekly **Shatkarma practices** of Kunjal and Neti kriya helped clear the pranic blockages which develop due stress of uncertain times. **Asana and Pranayama** practices proved to be ideal to remove lethargy. They gave the required stimulation to the muscles and organs to function optimally in the days of confinement at home. They also brought about a sense of balance and harmony in the energy systems of the body resulting in equanimity.

Yoga Nidra practice in the afternoon, a wonderful scientific means to disconnect the mind from its continuous flow of thoughts led to the removal of tension from the physical, mental and emotional realms. **Evening mantra sadhana** with resolve for positivity and protection for everyone kept me optimistic. It was an effective way to deal with pain and misery which is widespread due to the pandemic. Locked in our houses, we were not in a position to help directly. The mantras are a constructive way to deal with this distress. They heal not only the self but send positive energy to others. So experientially speaking, integrating these practices in one's daily routine leads to positivity and wellbeing.

One does not have to go far to get guidance and integrate the above. Satyam Yoga Prasad website, which has all publications, yogic practices, satsangs of the masters etc. is a wonderful instrument for inspiration and rejuvenation to any sincere aspirant in these times. The Yogic Lifestyle program given in Satyam yoga Prasad app (SYP app) and simple audio guided practices for everybody in Frontline Heroes app (FFH app) are other immensely helpful resources given to humanity to cope with extraordinary times. The Meditation practices given in Yogic lifestyle program are profound practices yet easy to practice and follow.



Aparna Singh
W/o Sh. S. V. Singh
1986

These practices kept me in a positive mental state, even when my daughter was flying back from abroad with the risk of catching the infection during her long international flights. Our family quarantined after that for a fortnight. It was a time when we, as a family, used to do chores together, maintaining a cheerful environment. We enjoyed the days together.

These difficult, uncertain times proved to be an opportunity to bring balance and harmony within.

A means to face the Lockdown in good cheer.



*“Yoga adds years to your life
and life to your years”*

MY REFRESHING COMPANION

Every afternoon, without fail - my stout little, middle aged Pomeranian arrives- sitting tight within the warmth of the hand-knitted cover (that Mummy once made for me) and the old faithful German cuckoo strikes four! These three treasured bits from my collection are my daily companions.



Ranjeeta Ranjan
W/o Sh. Rajesh Ranjan
1984

Tea time is special in myriad ways to women in particular. It is the perfect time to look out of your window with the rain clapping on the glass panes and your favourite Bollywood nostalgia humming by your side as you pour the 'oak brown' liquor into your Royal Doulton and take a sip of life that belongs to you alone! The house is silent and I am the Queen of all I survey... This is the 'me time' when my little black diary sits in my lap where I scribble, doodle and create.

My introduction to this beverage, when I entered my teens, was by Dadi who offered me the everlasting taste of *adrak wali chai*!



The aroma of tea has never been a static one for me. I remember the 'chai biscuit' at the University tea stall where we sipped it slowly for various good reasons. Proxy was pre-arranged for the next class and time was precious with those who could not enter our citadel-Women's College!

As a Railway Officers daughter, '*kulladh wali chai*' was not strange to our palette. I fondly remember the travels to the origins of tea many times over. Darjeeling was our favourite summer halt. Living in the luxurious Craigmont (railway guest house) and be invited to visit the tea gardens for freshly brewed '*white tea*' was a repeated and much relished exercise! It was a giant leap from the experience of Planters Club on the hills and after the flavour of 'Makaibari' to reach the Assam tea gardens and savour the maltiness and nutty strength of 'black tea'. Once my father brought home a dried tea root for me that served as my first tea table in the early establishment.

I also remember the days when tea changed its hues to 'amber orange' when I reached my marital home. Milk in tea was sacrilege there. I blended in the new colour and stirred some more sugar in my cup to keep it an experience- smacking sweet!



Tea has been intimately associated with me. It has been eavesdropping over the many spaces I dwell in - be it the detox (gossip) sessions with friends or the plotting I did in my mind to catch my naughty teenaged boys red handed with their pranks, the romantic whispers of my personal life and of course the weakest moments of aloneness sometimes!

Tea has been a measure for many things. I remember going to the Finlay shop to buy a pound of chai ka rang! I also recount the challenge of placing cucumber sandwiches within the delicate muslin shadow work napkins for Mummy's impeccably organised tea parties. Enid Blyton was the perfect guide for all the accompaniments of tea and therefore how could I skip tea with scones at Harrods when I first visited the Coloniser's land.

Today my tea is an occasional 'jade green' or 'honey yellow' to accommodate another preference. I must confess that I heartily agree to it. I succumb to my nostalgia that brews back to 1980's - it was a proposal over tea!

It tip toes into my life.



कुन्नूर की वादियों में फिल्टर कॉफी

भीगा-भीगा मौसम, मंद-मंद चलती शीतल हवा, चारों ओर हरे-भरे पहाड़ और घाटियाँ, घाटियों के बीच से गुजरती टॉय-ट्रेन और हाथ में गरमा गरम फिल्टर कॉफी का प्याला, उप्फफफ... बता नहीं सकती इस स्वर्गिक आनंद की अनुभूति।

जब ऊटी जाना तय हुआ तो पहाड़ चढ़ते वक्त हमने कुन्नूर में ही रुकने का फैसला किया, क्योंकि ऊटी में बहुत ही भीड़-भाड़ और शोर-शराबा रहता है, यहाँ अपेक्षाकृत कम है। कुन्नूर ऊटी से पन्द्रह सौ फीट नीचे है और यहाँ से ऊटी गाड़ी से लगभग एक घंटे का रास्ता है। कुन्नूर से ऊटी तक हम टॉय-ट्रेन में गए। यूँ तो रेल का सफर मैंने कई बार किया है पर घाटियों के बीच, पहाड़ों पर चढ़ती हुई धीमी गति से चलती इस रेल का सफर अत्यंत ही अद्भुत, मनोरंजक और अनूठा है। छोटे-छोटे रंगीन डब्बे, हर डब्बे में आमने-सामने दो बड़ी सी सीट और दोनों तरफ शीशे के बड़े दरवाजे और खिड़कियाँ।

गाई ने जैसे ही हरी झंडी दिखाई, रेल ने सीटी दी और चल पड़ी... मेरा दिल तो उछल-उछल कर बाहर आ रहा था। हमारे सामने ही एक और परिवार बैठा था, जिसमें एक छोटी बच्ची भी थी। इसके अलावा किसी स्कूल के बच्चों की टोली भी पीछे के डब्बों में बैठी थी। रेल के शुरू होते ही सबने खुशी से चिल्लाना आरंभ कर दिया... मैं और मेरे सामने बैठी बच्ची भी ताली बजाकर खुशी से झूमने लगे... ट्रेन धीमी गति से चलती हुई पहले तो उल्टी दिशा में थोड़ी दूर गई, फिर सीधी होकर पहाड़ पर चढ़ने लगी। पहले कुछ दूर तक कुन्नूर शहर का नजारा दिखा, फिर चाय के अति व्यवस्थित हरे-हरे खूबसूरत बगीचे और फिर शुरू हुआ घाटियों का सिलसिला... कभी पहाड़, कभी घाटी, कभी चाय के बगीचे, कभी बादलों के साथ आँख-मिचौली... खूबसूरत नजारे तो खत्म होने का नाम ही नहीं ले रहे थे। कभी गरदन बायीं ओर करके घाटियाँ देखते, कभी गरदन दायीं ओर करके पहाड़... ऊँचे, लंबे, कहीं घने, कहीं सूखे दुनिया भर के पेड़-पौधे... बड़ी-बड़ी चट्टानों की अजीब-अजीब सी आकृतियाँ, जगह-जगह पर फूटते झरने और दूर पर्वत श्रृंखला पर उतरे बादलों के घने समूह ऐसा स्वर्गिक नजारा था कि बताते हुए शब्द कम पड़ रहे हैं।



तभी मेरे एक साथी ने थर्मस से निकाल कर गरम फिल्टर कॉफी की प्याली मुझे पकड़ा दी... चलती ट्रेन में घाटियों के बीच से गुजरते हुए, खूबसूरत नजारे देखते हुए दक्षिण भारत की स्पेशल फिल्टर कॉफी पीते हुए सफर करने में जो मजा आ रहा था... शब्दों में बयान ही नहीं किया जा सकता।

तभी अगला स्टेशन, वेलिंगटन आ गया। यहाँ ट्रेन बस एक सेकेंड के लिए रुकी जब तक हम कैमरे सँभालते कि जरा फोटोग्राफी कर लें, तब तक तो ट्रेन खुल गई। एक बार फिर शुरू हुआ खूबसूरत और दिलकश नजारों और घाटियों का सिलसिला। थोड़ी देर के बाद हमें पता चला कि जल्दी ही एक लंबी सी टनल आने वाली है... हम सभी खुशी से उछल पड़े और जैसे ही ट्रेन टनल से गुजरने लगी, एक बार फिर हम सब ताली बजा-बजाकर हो-हो का शोर करने लगे... बच्चों के बीच में बच्चों की तरह उछलकूद करने में बड़ा ही मजा आ रहा था। कुन्नूर से ऊटी तक छोटे-छोटे चार-पाँच स्टेशन आते हैं - कुन्नूर, वेलिंगटन, अरुवनकाडु, केत्ती, लवडेल और अंतिम उद्गमण्डलम् यानि ऊटी... जी हाँ, ऊटी का सरकारी नाम है- उद्गमण्डलम्...। हर स्टेशन पर गाड़ी दो-तीन मिनट

रुकती, सब लोग उतरते, दुनिया भर की तस्वीरें लेते, फिर गाड़ी सीटी देती और सब लोग जल्दी से आकर अपनी सीट पर बैठ जाते... इसी तरह उछलते, हो-हल्ला मचाते, खूबसूरत वादियों का मजा लेते हम उद्गमण्डलम् यानि ऊटी पहुंच गए।

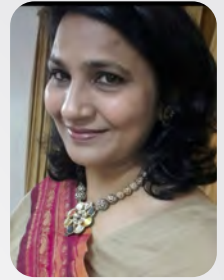


अर्चना अनुप्रिया
पत्नी श्री प्रवीण सिन्हा
1988

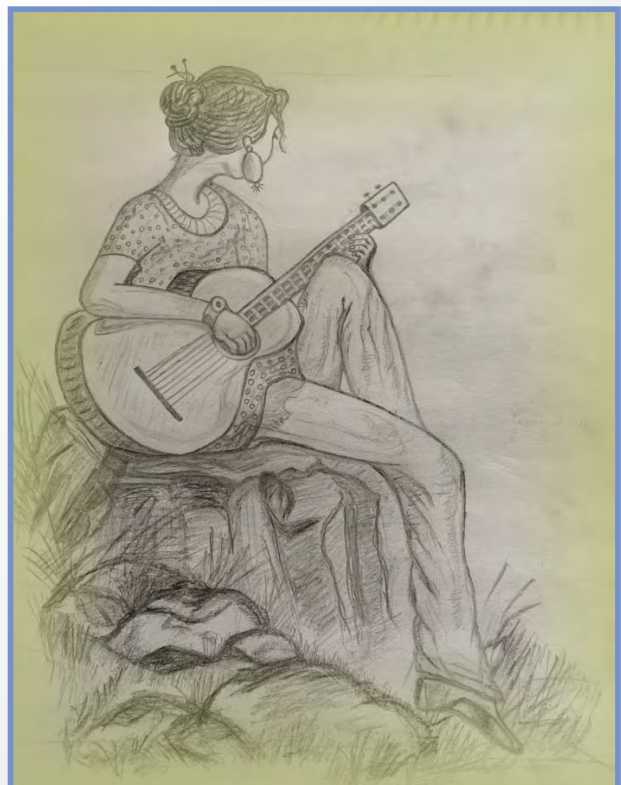
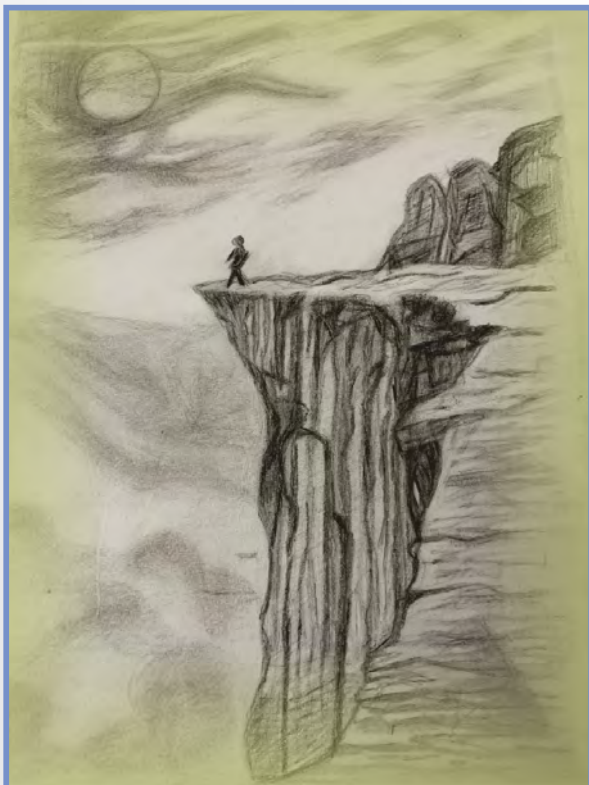


REVIVAL OF TALENT DURING LOCKDOWN

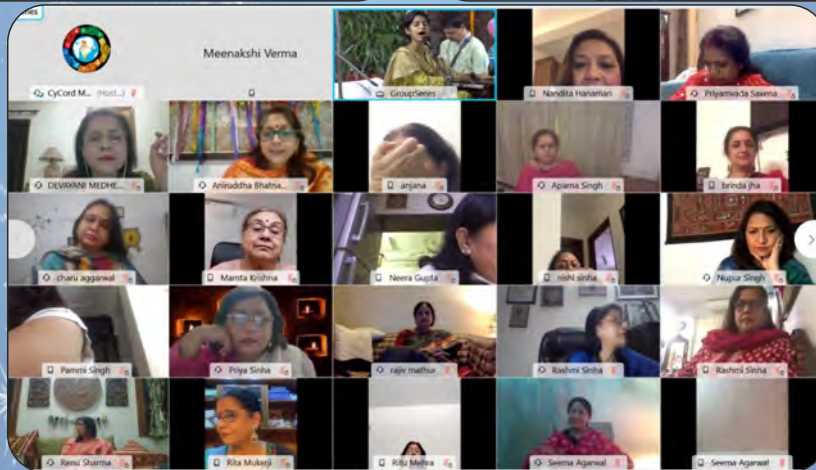
The pandemic and the subsequent lockdown led to the pace of life slowing down from a delightful canter to a slow trot. Faced with this slowdown in the lockdown, I decided to invest my time away from a mad "stream" of binge watching and rediscover lost talents. Missing the great outdoors, I restarted drawing particularly landscapes. I am sharing a few of them with you in the hope that you enjoy looking at them as much as I enjoyed making them.



Saroj Modi
W/o Sh. Y. C. Modi
1984



DIWALI - 2020



DIWALI - 2020



A JOURNEY THROUGH THE NORTH-EAST

For several years, Nagaland was considered the 'wild east' of India. Nestled away near the India-Myanmar border, the State boasts of a rich cultural and tribal heritage. Popular for its local festivals, my family and I had the privilege of attending the annual Hornbill Festival in December 2014, when my husband was heading the North-East Zone of CRPF and was posted in Guwahati, Assam.



Mini Jha
W/o Sh. Kishore Jha
1982

My daughters and I were thrilled. It is not every day that we get to run away from the hustle and bustle of New Delhi, only to witness nature's tranquility and to breathe in the fresh and crisp air of the hills.

We drove down to Nagaland, with a pit stop at the Kaziranga National Park. A UNESCO



World Heritage Site, Kaziranga is known for the one-horned rhinoceros and is a place that you must add to your travel list. Sitting atop an elephant at the crack of dawn, we were guided through the tall elephant grass to find these beautiful creatures running about and getting on with their day. Upon hearing the elephants, the little rhinos would run closer to their mother seeking their protection. By noon we decided to

continue our journey to Nagaland. A change in elevation meant that we were closing in on our final destination – Kohima.

Since we went in December, Kohima's streets were bustling and booming with the smells and sounds of Christmas. Tender meat was skewering away on hot iron rods in the Christmas market, trinkets for Christmas trees were being sold to little children, and the air smelled like cinnamon, baked bread and wine. The next day my husband was invited to be a chief guest at the Hornbill Festival and so we drove down to Kisama heritage village. Around 16 tribes across Nagaland come together annually to showcase their traditional arts, crafts, cuisine and dance. As we sat there we were enthralled by the range of colours, music, clothes, and dance on display, we witnessed a spectacle that has lasted several generations and remains strongly embedded in Naga culture.

The next day we began our return journey to Assam. We decided to visit yet another marvel of nature – the world's largest river island, Majhuli. Located in the Brahmaputra, we took a ferry (enjoying a humble



spread of fish and steamed rice atop its roof) to get to this rapidly eroding island – evidence of the havoc being played by climate change. The island has a rich cultural heritage, and is also known to be the cultural capital of the Assamese civilization. Upon



our arrival we were greeted by a dance performance by dancers wearing locally designed masks made at one of the several Satras or monasteries on the island, each known for advancing a traditional art form.

It was time to head back to Guwahati. It was a trip like no other. We were taking back with us snippets of various cultures, arts, food, and nature, and most importantly the tranquility of the North-East.



HUMOUR IN UNIFORM



MURDER IN MY TEA CUP

"Is it very interesting?"

To that question, I turn my head to see a twenty something pretty girl.

"Yes it is". I respond to my co passenger of the Delhi Dehradun flight.

The sweet thing carries on "you haven't taken your eyes off the book...it must be very interesting!"

"Of course it is...it's an Agatha Christie!"

"Who"? asks the PYT...(Seriously, she can't be serious!)

I sigh and reply, "It's a murder mystery"... emphasising on the word 'Murder'!

She continues ever so sweetly "Oh ...I thought it was a Romance"

By now I'm totally aghast!

How can I tell her that, at my age, if I read a romance so earnestly, it was a crime! But because she is cute and friendly, I close the book and decide to give her a 15 minute lecture on the "Acknowledged Queen of Detective Fiction" till the plane decides to land.

Are there many who haven't read an Agatha Christie and not know, who Hercule Poirot is?

To know what people are all about, you have got to read her books.

Sure, it's about the murder..but it's all about

"the people". Just ordinary people, chillingly said, a bit like you and me, who murder or get murdered....

It's human nature, intricately woven by emotions like greed, love, hate, jealousy and resentment, that makes your friendly neighbourhood granny put arsenic into your tea!



The Murders are antiseptic..no blood, no gore...very clean...You never get that yucky feeling..The build up is tremendous, sometimes from the very first page or sometimes towards the very end..Since its an Agatha Christie, you are sure there is going to be a murder..but you don't know when or who is going to fall down-dead. Sometimes the murder has already taken place years ago, like in "Sleeping Murder"..sometimes in a different century, a different world as in "Death comes as the end". In "Ordeal by Innocence", the murderer is innocent..and in "A murder is announced" every one turns up to witness a murder including the murderer!!

Crime does not pay and one feels miserable for the victim(s).But with the likes of detectives like Hercule Poirot, the little Belgian detective with his waxed moustache



Sandhya Ganapathy
W/o Sh. M. A. Ganapathy
1986

and shiny patent leather shoes, Miss Marple (age 80 plus) with her knitting needles and the adorable Tuppence (of the Tommy and Tuppence World War II vintage) you know, that there is no such thing as the perfect crime...and eventually, you just can't get away with murder.

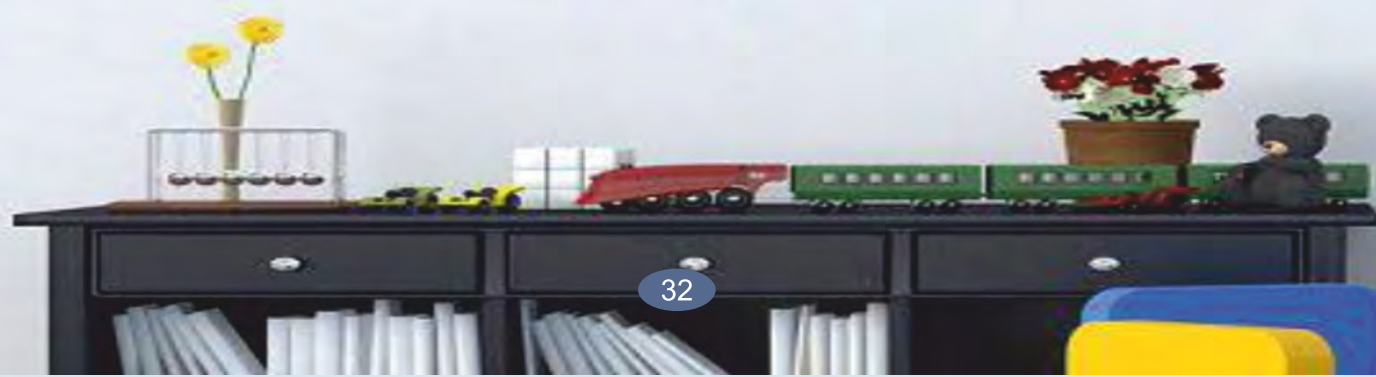
The best part of her books is that Agatha Christie gives you a chance to play detective. She keeps you guessing all along, taking you on a merry go round. She purposely goes off on a tangent and you keep turning back the pages to see if you are on track. But don't ever give in to the temptation of reading the last few pages...let Hercule Poirot do it for you.

My all time favourite is 'Cat Among the Pigeons'. It was my first Agatha Christie, and with that book, I embarked on a journey of 'reading' crime!

What remains at the end of the day is sitting by the window reading "By the pricking of my thumbs" with a nice cup of tea...hopefully without arsenic!



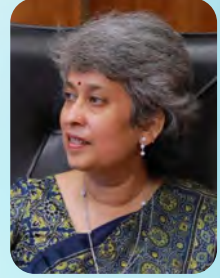
The more that you read,
THE MORE THINGS YOU WILL KNOW.
The more that you learn,
THE MORE PLACES YOU'LL GO.



CORONA WARRIORS



*Travelled through various destinations
to find the triplet working as one soul
Cap surrounds the stethoscope and broom covering both
Doctor oh doctor !
Police oh police !!
Oh sanitation worker !!!
The Warriors you all are !
Beaming, streaming & bowing
The world at your feet; the accolades, the salutes,
the pats & praises!
No effect on you warriors; only smiles
Fight, Fight & fight - Corona the enemy.
You gave everything today for our tomorrow
You die willingly to see smiles in us
Oh great warriors !
Brave, gritty, with courage and smile !!
You won the war without firing a shot !!
You brought smiles in us giving away your comfort;
You brought corona devil to the knees;
You touched all softly the Healing touch.
Salute to you warriors!
Warriors – Salami Shastra*



Madhumita Behera
W/o Sh. Loknath Behera
1985



**We Thank You
for your services**

MEETING AT BSF



MEETING AT CISF



FROM MISTS TO MELLOW FRUITFULNESS

Welfare activities are indeed ennobling. Throughout our formative years we are taught to seize all opportunities that demand acts of care. Carpe Diem for our souls! As we progress, with time and age, a constant association with humane concerns offers a microscopic view of social disparity in diverse forms.

Sandiksha – SSB Wives' Welfare Association-- has established an enduring relationship with an Old Age Institution situated in Faridabad. The Earth Saviours Foundation is a home to many-- the elderly, the destitute and the sick. I was told of how closely Sandiksha members are bonded with them. New Year is welcomed with a visit to the home. Music is played, fruits and food are taken, blankets and woollens are distributed. As the year ended and January approached, hidden in the normal routine of my daily life, I was a woman occupied with the thought of visiting the institution which to me meant a home for the homeless. A place where people who were separated from their families, found comfort. Such visits can be very formal and so it was – excited children from a nearby school which the institute has adopted lined up with flowers, the occupants of the home all dressed for the New Year celebrations, waited for their visitors. As we interacted with the man behind the magnanimous humanitarian effort of providing love and care to people from all over the country, Mr. Ravi Kalra, I looked around with guilt and remorse. I too belonged to a generation that could have done more.

With the initial pleasantries exchanged, the programme began. We changed the position of our chairs, for, after all the purpose of all social visits is a complete, wholesome interaction between hosts and guests. We moved our chairs further back and they moved theirs forward. Some smiled some were shy. Each one encouraged the other to join in. The uniformly placed chairs became small hubs of conversations. Some engaged in the how cold the weather was, how well the SSB band performs, how happy they were to hear songs of their times and how much they look forward to our visits. Our glee knew no bounds. Men and women started consulting each other on the sizes of the sweaters, the colours of the mufflers. Songs flowed, dances followed. It was obvious that Sandiksha had acquired a place in their hearts. In that moment of intense emotion, I was gripped with all humility, yet pride. The social outreach programme had much to offer.

There we were --- all under one roof, each one of us having a story. Although differences did exist, in that space they seemed to have vanished. We were governed by the urge to be happy, to enjoy the moment. I realized that notions and apprehensions continue to be with us till it dawns that there is another side, more beautiful, to the fears of the mind. Yes, I had moved beyond the season of mists to mellow fruitfulness.



Seema Prasad
W/o Sh. K. R. Chandra
1985



LIFE IN RETIREMENT

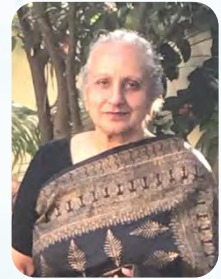
As the husband's retirement from Service approaches, one feels that one is prepared for it. Our move to Chandigarh was smooth as we already had a beautiful home awaiting our arrival.

But there were many surprises awaiting us. Both husband and wife had to readjust to a new routine. From a life where in most cases the husband was away for very long hours returning after nine pm every night, he was now home full time.

To adjust to this change, I first got back to driving and being mobile on my own. I did a refresher course with the Maruti driving school, got my confidence back and started to do my own shopping and making friends with like minded people. The next step was to learn Bridge in preparation for old age which will also come. The Bridge is a game which has helped me in a big way to adjust to this beautiful city. It keeps the mind alive and ticking. My husband Nehchal followed me six months later in learning Bridge and joined our group. Now it is great that we are able to play Bridge together and it is time well spent.

Prayers, exercise, gardening and the house, keep me well and happy. In spite of both our loving children living abroad one has adjusted to life in our lovely home. I thank God every day for a day well spent in this clean and lovely city of Chandigarh.

My regards and good wishes to all.



Anita Sandhu
W/o Sh. Nehchal Sandhu
1973



BREAKING SILOS

I have held many roles and cheerfully broken many prototypes in my life but the role of an IPS officers wife is one which I cherish the most. Honestly, the first time I was introduced to the wives of IPS officers post marriage, my heart had sunk down to my chappals. How could I ever emulate these graceful Divas? As a young doctor used to striding down hospital corridors with no makeup, this presented a challenge worse than a case of rupture uterus. Thank God for my retired IPS in laws. They were my saviours who eased me into the IPS way of life. As the time approached for me to pursue higher studies and my baby was one year old, my family stood by me like a rock in the two years it took for me to complete my MS in Obstetrics and Gynaecology. I will be forever indebted to them. I resolved to be a good wife and mother and gave up a static Lecturer's job in a top Government Medical College to be able to move around with my husband with no regrets whatsoever!



Manu Bhatnagar
W/o Sh. Rajeev Rai Bhatnagar
1983

My resolve was soon put to test when my husband was selected to go to Mauritius on deputation. We discovered that it is next to impossible for a spouse to get a work permit in Mauritius. Realising that this is a great opportunity to catch up on all that I had missed during studies, I decided to relax and just have fun. We were warmly welcomed by Indian expat community. I was told that if you can't cook, can't drive or can't swim, there is no problem, we will soon teach you and I was caught up in a whirlwind of activities with no time to brood. I met the Health Minister of Mauritius at an event. He told my husband that they are having an acute shortage of Gynaecologists and it's a crime that this doctor is sitting at home. I was offered a consultant's job in their best hospital, much to the delight of the Indian Embassy Officers who told me that the glass ceiling for Indian expats has finally been broken. I found on joining that I was the youngest consultant in the Hospital and the only Lady Gynaecologist. I got teased a lot but being a woman was never a problem workwise. I worked with consultants from different countries and I was fondly called the Lady in Green because of my green OT scrubs.



It was wonderful coming back home and I joined the UP Government Medical Services to be able to follow my husband around. Then came the, 'Deputation' throwing my life out of gear. My husband settled us in Delhi and moved to the North East and I was posted to Ghaziabad. Fed up with the long commute, I registered for a PG Diploma in Public Health

Management to widen my scope of employment. On returning to UP, I was posted as Joint Director in-charge of treating HIV + patients of the State. Looking at the data I realised that the treatment dropout rate of women is much higher than that of men. I realised that once their HIV + husbands die, there is no support whatsoever. Something drastic needed to be done right away in order to catch the attention of the authorities, the media and Civil Society. I asked my patients if anyone would volunteer to declare their HIV+ status in public and talk about their hardships. I created an event to which I invited the media, NGOs, friends and colleagues. Twenty of my girls spoke out fearlessly and what followed was an avalanche of support from all quarters. My data began reflecting a paradigm shift as the Government decided to link regular treatment with monetary incentives. This endeavour earned me the prestigious **FICCI FLO Award for Excellence in Medical Category 2015**. It was presented at a glittering award ceremony by the then Chief Minister of UP, Shri Akhilesh Yadav Ji.

I was better prepared for the next deputation. This time as President of CRPF Wives Welfare Association I was able to create a synergy between CWA and FOGSI (Federation of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists of India) and we systematically addressed women health issues ranging from Puberty to Menopause. I was surprised to be nominated alongside big names but ours was hailed as the best Community health initiative of the year by the jury and CWA won the prestigious **“WE for STREE FOGSI” award 2019**, awarded by the Hon’ble Union Health Minister of India, Dr Harshwardhan. I was given **The WONDER FOGSIEN AWARD 2019** by FOGSI office bearers same year for seamlessly executing the initiative and also got a warm letter of appreciation from Director Medical CRPF.

I need to thank my husband Shri Rajeev Rai Bhatnagar for my unique identity as a wife of an IPS officer, now retired. He has always been very encouraging and supportive. This identity has taken me out of my comfort zone to accept challenges, break silos leaving me with never a dull moment. Life otherwise would have been predictable and boring, don't you think?



व्यक्तित्व



सुनीता वशिष्ठ
पत्नी श्री श्रीनिवास वशिष्ठ
1981

अतीत कितना मधुर है
इसमें कितनी मिठास है
इस दिल के बहुत पास है
अनुभव, विश्वास का एहसास है

भविष्य एक मंजिल एक पहेली है
चिंता, लक्ष्य, उद्यम इनकी देहली है
शंकाएँ हैं झेलनी बहुत
आने वाले सफर में सबने
अठखेलियाँ हैं खेलनी बहुत

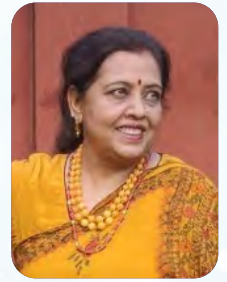
वर्तमान दौड़ाता है
चमक-दमक दिखलाता है
कभी उठाता कभी बैठाता है
कभी हँसाता कभी रुलाता है
आज है (जी हाँ) आज है! पर राज़ है।

इक सार मैंने निकाला है
तुमसे आज कह डाला है
अतीत की लहरों पर
वर्तमान की नाव में
भविष्य के भँवर को पार कर
इन तीन प्रहरों के योग से
अपने व्यक्तित्व को विशाल कर।



WANDERLUST

A strong desire to travel and explore the world, that's how the word 'Wanderlust' is defined. According to the mighty internet, a person suffering from wanderlust starts planning his next expedition right after his present holiday ends, however long it was! I am proud to accept that I perfectly fit into this description of wanderlust. Recently there has been some research around this subject and the researchers in all their humility have discovered 'wanderlust genes' DRD4-7R. This phenomenon fosters strong desire to travel among children, if the parents are also voracious travellers. After travelling to 30 countries and discovering nook and cranny of India, I can say I've imbibed the wanderlust genes from my parents.



Rashmi Sinha
W/o Sh. D. P. Sinha
1979

I remember my father used to have an Ambassador car back in the day, almost 50 years ago. My parents were great travellers and their favourite form of travelling were the road trips. These



innumerable road journeys developed my strong liking for them. One of the journeys etched in my mind is the trip to Srinagar from my home in Dhanbad (then Bihar).

Invited by my father's dear Kashmiri Pandit friend, we were all excited and ready to take

over the long road to Srinagar driven by my father. I was the eldest of the three siblings all of 15 years of age, my brother was the youngest, 11 years old. Now to think of it, it was very brave of my parents to get on this adventure which happened almost forty five years back. There were no modern facilities that the travellers today are exposed to. The roads were basic, limited halting spots and lack of food stalls/dhabas on the go. We would also travel on a limited budget with three young children. But as a family of five we were used to these thrilling rides and always saw it as an adventure. My mother would carry a wooden box, which had a stove, pressure cooker, few utensils and some essential food items. On our way to the destination, we would take small breaks to prepare some delicious khichdi cooked on the stove using local resources. By then my mother had become an expert in organising these things owing to the countless trips taken before. It took us one full week to reach Srinagar through the GT road.

We reached Srinagar after halting at innumerable places, It was an exhilarating journey in itself. A beautiful Kashmiri joint family hosted us, exposing us children to their way of living through great food and hospitality. It was like a one big party with

picnics and excursions to local spots. As the popular saying goes, if there is heaven on Earth, it is Kashmir. I wholeheartedly resonate with this feeling, Kashmir was truly 'jannat' and we didn't want to leave this jannat.

This is how we took innumerable trips, hats off to my father's courage to drive single-handedly through these long journeys. My father is no more but my eighty two years old mother still has the same zest to travel today. She took a trip to Cambodia and Vietnam with me last year. I strongly believe in the power

of travelling to new places, it enables you to see life from a new perspective. It teaches you the most important life lessons that any educational institution can impart. These experiences have immensely contributed towards my holistic development making me a more positive person.



*"We Travel not to escape life,
But for life not to escape us"*



SPORTS MEET



SPORTS MEET



MEETING AT R&AW



MEETING AT NTRO

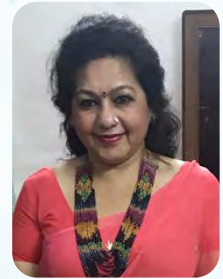


THE JOURNEY OF MY LIFE TO DISCOVER THE REAL ME

This is me, the person who lives the Motto “to live to inspire”. Ever since my childhood I wanted to do something exceptional and worthy.

But what? I didn't know.

As life moved on, childhood transformed into adulthood, circumstantial changes placed me into a new scenario of motherhood and responsibilities. In fact it is from here that my story to discover myself begins.



Neelam Shukla
W/o Sh. Rishi K. Shukla
1983

For any woman, this world of motherhood onwards is the real world of facts, figures, fictions, fantasies, fulfilment, fun, fascination, footholds as also pitfalls. The reality comes in, actuality comes in, and the imaginary fairyland vanishes soon.

Having said that, it's the time when one can grip the situations as they are and attempt to start shaping your own story to find success and that's what I did.

The first trait or a must for any success story is being a responsible person. I began my responsibilities in a multi-folded aspect viz... a wife, a daughter-in-law, a mother, a teacher and a soulmate of a self-made police officer, a man of principle and wisdom.

The family loved, appreciated, honored, helped me unconditionally and the workplace gave me many honour awards and recognition.

My biggest success has been as a teacher to thousands of my pupils. For 25 years, I taught them with interest, care and great determination and they rewarded me with their finest performances, awards, lots of respect and regards for me as a person.

My true self, as a master of my area of knowledge, got its recognition in 2014, when I was applauded as the best teacher in my field.

Many of my facets, including my creative senses and my passion to strike for perfection got an exposure, a wide spread appreciation and a platform to perform. It is so amazing to witness a large section of my girl students attempt to emulate me. My walk, the way I talk, my dressing style and meticulous upkeep seems to have inspired thousands and have given many positive aspects to many budding personalities. Even today, I get messages from a former student who says she is trying to teach History, the way I taught her.

This is what I call in my own humble way, “Live to inspire”.

Today I am full of gratitude to be the role model for many.

But to reach such a place, I had to definitely work very hard with selfless devotion, dedication and determination, sacrificing many comforts. Many a times, the unconditional love and care, I receive as of today makes me realise that this was my

childhood dream that I wanted to achieve. That is: To do something worthy.

To be someone to live to inspire.

Definitely my work will continue and I still hope to inspire many more.

The real truth lies here in the golden words of

His Holiness, Honourable Dalai Lama,

“you can’t help someone just by making a wish to do so you have to take action”

And that’s exactly what I did.

Do you know me?

Yes, I am “**Neelam Shukla**”.



*“A strong, positive self-image is
the best possible preparation for
success”*

MY LIFE EXPERIENCES OF A PANDEMIC: COVID 19

Every hundred years, an epidemic desolates the very existence of humans. Back in 3000 BC, an epidemic wiped out a complete population in China.

In 2019, the biggest pandemic of this century broke out in China. It spread like wildfire across the world. This disease which is popularly known as COVID 19 is caused by a novel Coronavirus and causes respiratory failures and other severe symptoms.

Governments and organizations faced serious challenges. As COVID cases spiked, most countries went under a complete lockdown. People couldn't meet their families and friends or go out of their houses for fresh air. Schools, offices, markets, restaurants were shut down. The lockdown delayed the spread of this disease, but couldn't deter it completely and soon infections increased drastically. Meanwhile, medical research organizations dedicated themselves to finding a cure for the disease. Although they made great progress, the hope for vaccine continues.



Pratima Shrivastava
W/o Sh. S. N. Shrivastava
1985



As economies have been running only essential services, people started losing their jobs. Students' education was tremendously affected due to closure of institutions.

It was again demonstrated to the world as to how resolute mankind is and how man has always risen to challenges. People were determined to face the situation and searched for alternatives to get their work done.

Technology came as a saviour during this time and helped bridge gaps. Businesses shifted their operations to online platforms. Educational Institutions started taking online classes for students. People gradually adapted themselves to the changing needs of the hour, and adopted technologies to lead their lives in such a way that it did not comprise their needs.

As president, PFWS, I am extremely happy to state that our organization provided masks, food, soaps and hand sanitizers to police personnel and people who needed assistance. We helped people gain employment by supporting them hone voluntary skills. We organized contests and online events to keep our community engaged, energized and connected. Over one lakh people viewed our online concert "WE CARE" and it was greatly appreciated by all.

Complete normalcy hasn't been restored till now, but with continued perseverance of mankind, optimum use of technology and with the emergence of a vaccine, the world will heal and start to bloom again. Pandemics such as COVID-19 bring a lot of change to society, and we should learn to accept and adapt ourselves to face such challenges.



A SOJOURN IN KINNAUR

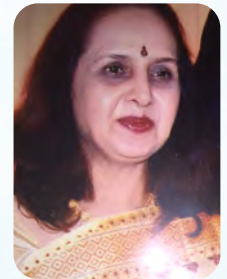
Years back, it was in 1979 that we were posted to Kinnaur. This is a picturesque district in the high Himalayas, bordering Tibet. Its people are largely followers of Tibetan Buddhism mixed with animistic practices and customs, very different from ours.

Arable land is at a premium in Kinnaur and cultivation is confined mainly to the banks of the Sutlej which flows through the entire length of the district. As division of land among brothers was not an option, all brothers took a common wife in a polyandrous arrangement. This left some girls without a husband and they had no recourse but to join a monastery as nuns.

For the SP's wife, there was nothing much to do but I did have my first-born, just two years old then, for company. The only social attractions were parties at the army messes and the local fairs which were very colourful. While visiting one of these, I saw, in the general merriment around, a bunch of boys approach a girl and one of them physically lifted her and started carrying her away. No one seemed to mind very much and a couple of constables on duty made no effort to check this daylight, very public abduction.

I turned to my husband and was about to react when the kindly, old gram Pradhan, sensing the outrage welling inside me, explained that this was only a pre-marriage ritual. The boy and girl were known to each other and had agreed to tie the knot. What was left for the boy's family was to go to the girl's house and offer compensation -- both in cash and kind. If the girl's family was happy with the gifts, the marriage well solemnised. But if not, the whole process would be a nullity. The girl was also free to come back if she did not like her in-law's house. But these technicalities did not seem to bother the gram Pradhan much. In real life, they rarely happened.

It is now nearly forty years since we left Kinnaur. There is little doubt that the customs, prevalent then, would have undergone seismic changes. But whether it is all for the good is quite another question.



Rita Lal
W/o Sh. Ajit Lal
1974



A FAMILY LIFE IN THE “SHADOWS”

The life of an intelligence professional encompasses a varied range of experiences. This holds true, in equal measure, in the life of the spouse of an intelligence professional as well. One is constantly forced to balance out demands of a covert existence with that of the demands of everyday overt routines.



Nishi Goel
W/o Sh. Samant Goel
1984

Family life, when the spouse is working for the Secret Service alternates between a life in India and abroad, for the better part of one's life span. While there is an element of normalcy while living in India, one still has to maintain a low profile, because while interacting with peers or replying to a query from a neighbour or for that matter, attending a parent-teacher meeting at school, one has to constantly deflect questions about the husband's work. This dilemma, about constantly having to cover up or outrightly lie about the husband's profession, continues when the husband is posted abroad, as a diplomat. From fending off knowing smiles (and occasional jibes) from families within the diplomatic mission, to denying the real nature of the spouse's work at diplomatic events, one is constantly wary of “exposing” the husband's “cover”.

While a posting abroad has undeniable benefits in terms of a higher quality of living, financial compensation, travel, exposure for the children by way of International Schools, et.al. somehow one is never really free to enjoy these riches in a carefree manner. During the husband's stint abroad, it is as much the wife's responsibility to maintain the cover of her husband's job and one slip at an unguarded moment, could result in premature recall and the attendant shame of having let down the country.

At a more basic level though, it is on the home front that the demands of the husband's profession prove the hardest to bear. It takes a toll on those spouses who have alternate and enriching careers themselves. On far too many occasions, the spouse has to make the sacrifice or “adjustments” while accompanying the husband abroad, since the demands of an intelligence professional make it imperative that one has to move as a family unit to a foreign country. Having to “coach” your children about not lying about something as basic as their father's career, even while inculcating in them parallel human traits of honesty and integrity, is often a painful experience. Settling and resettling from India to a foreign land and then returning, and in the

process dealing with the process of packing and setting up house every three years or so, is another tiresome experience. While, the fact of moving on posting every three years, in itself, is not alien to a government servant's family, it is the mental, physical and emotional adjustment of moving abroad and back, that takes its toll.

And yet, one must emphasise the sense of quiet pride that comes with co-participation in a profession as unique as the secret service. Only an insider can comprehend the sense of responsibility that this profession instils in the family, while in the service of the country. The need to maintain highest standards of personal and financial integrity in the Secret Service also holds a compass to our private lives and these are values that serve the intelligence community and their families, all through their lives. Above all, our lives are filled with a unique range of experiences comprising of “*thrills and dares*”, which, though we may not always be able to share, nevertheless, enriches our own existence. A chance to see the world, make friends, are only a small facet of the myriad experiences of the families in the intelligence community. The country comes first, always and every time and it is in this spirit that we happily adjust to a “*life in the shadows*”.



ONA VILLU

The offering of “Ona Villu” is a ritual that is observed with great sanctity at the Sree Padmanabha Swamy Temple in the capital city of Thiruvananthapuram in Kerala.

The tradition of offering “Ona Villu” to the temple deity Sree Padmanabha Perumal on Thiruvonam day during the Chingam month continues to this day.

The origin of this temple ritual as per temple records dates back to 1502 AD during the reign of the then ruler of Travancore, Veera Iravi Iravi Varma.

The age-old custom of making and offering the Ona Villu is adhered to even today by the descendants of the carpenter Putanangadi Kannalen Mathevan Kumaran Asari from Karamana.

The 'Ona Villu' or the Bow is not the normal bow but is flatter and broader and is made out of the “Kadamba” wood.

The Villu is made in four different sizes ranging from three and a half to four and a half feet in length and about three fourth inch in thickness.

Five different colors made out of vegetable dyes are used for painting the images of the avatars of Lord Vishnu on the bow.

The eight oval-shaped 'Ona Villus' are made following Vastu traditions. They are painted red on one side with illustrations of Lord Vishnu and his incarnations on the other.

The largest of the 'Ona Villu' - “Anantashaynam” i.e. the reclining Vishnu, is four and a half feet in length. With the “Anantashaynam” as the main theme, other deities too like Lord Shiva, Bhoomi Devi, Goddess Lakshmi, Markandeya, Bhrigu Maharishi, and the various saints in the

main sanctum of the Padmanabha Swamy temple are also represented on the bows. The two bows are kept inside the sanctum of the main deity.

The next Ona Villu - “The Dasavataram Villu” is four feet in length and symbolizes all the avatars of Lord Vishnu - “Matsya”, “Kurma”, “Varaha”, “Narasimhan”, “Vamana”, “Parashurama”, “Shri Rama”, “Balarama”, “Sri Krishna” and “Kalki”. The two bows are kept inside the sanctum of the Narasimha Murthy.

The smallest of the “Villu”, three and a half feet in length is the “Shree Krishna Leela,” which is kept inside the sanctum of the Thiruvambadi Krishna



Devayani Medhekar
W/o Sh. Rajan K. Medhekar
1975





temple.

The latest addition was a pair of bows (from 1994) with the Shri Rama Pattabhishekham i.e. the Coronation ceremony of Shri Rama as its main theme. These two bows are kept inside the sanctum of the Shri Ramaswamy temple.

The submission of the Ona Villu is an elaborate yearly ceremony. On “Thiruvonam” day, two members of the

achari family bring these eight bows and place them on a cloth in the Natakasala Mukhappu at the eastern entrance of the temple around 5.30 am. The Kurup carries the bows inside and performs the rituals along with the executive officer and the temple staff.

Then accompanied by the “Panchavadya” and the sacred lamps, the bows are taken in procession around the temple. After the “pradakshina” (circumambulation), the bows are then placed on the “Abhisravana Mandapam”. The “Periya Nambi” (senior priest) performs the puja and decorates the bow with red silk threads with tassels tied as bowstrings along with strands of cadjan followed with “Deeparadhana”.



The ritual complete, the respective Nambies take the bows to the respective sanctums and position them near the Moorthy. The bows are kept there from “Thiruvonam” till the “Ucha Puja” of Chatayam (fourth Onam) which comes two days hence, after which it is removed and sent to the Maharaja.

The privilege of the first 'darshan' after the puja and the placement of the bows is the prerogative of the Achari.

Binkumar Achari says that his family, Karamana Melarannoor Vilayil Veedu has been making the Ona Villu for five generations during Onam, and before starting work on the Villu, the family members observe a forty one day fast.

“It is a matter of great pride and significance that the descendants of our family continue to perform the sacred work”, concludes Binkumar.



जिन्दगी के रंग

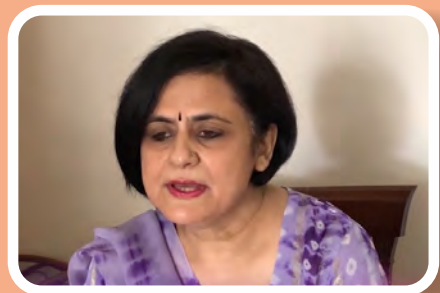


गीता पाठक
पत्नी श्री दीपेन्द्र पाठक
1990

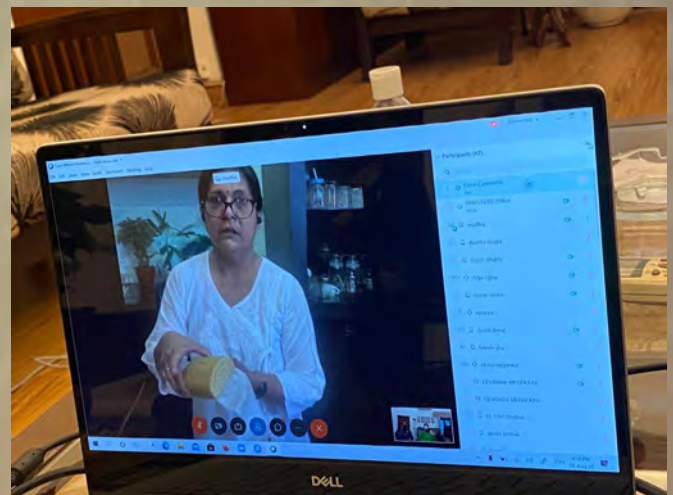
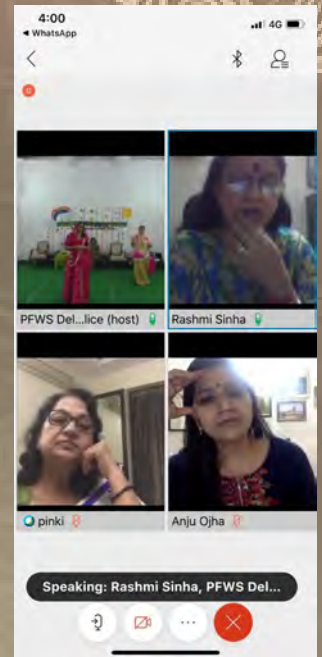
लाखों रंग हैं तुझमें जिन्दगी,
खेलता बचपन, मदमस्त जवानी
तजुर्बेदार मध्य वय,
खुशनुमा सुबह, तो कभी दुख भरी शाम,
कितने रंग दिखाये तूने ऐ जिन्दगी,
कभी अंधेरे में उजाले की रौशनी ढूँढना,
तो कभी गिरकर उठने का सबब सिखाया
सिखा दिया जिन्दगी जीने का अंदाज हमें।
छोटी सी है पर लाखों कहानियाँ हैं समाई,
हर मोड़ पर नये रूप में सामने है आई।
कभी खुशबू, कभी दुर्गंध, कभी खट्टा
कभी मीठा, ये अनुभव है लाई।
कभी सफेद, कभी काला,
कभी केसरिया बन लहराई।
ऐ जिन्दगी तुझमें लाखों रंग है समाई,
कभी इन्द्रधनुषी, कभी बदरंग है,
फिर भी जिन्दगी तेरे अनेक रूप रंग हैं।



TEEJ - 2020



VIRTUAL MEET



JOY AND PRIDE IN CALGARY!

The challenges faced by the wife of an IPS officer are often spoken about. Happily, there are also good times we experience. The memories of my visit to Calgary, Canada in 1997 where I accompanied my husband, KP Jain are quite exhilarating.

As Secretary, All India Police Sports Control Board, he took the Indian team to participate in the World Police and Fire Games in Calgary. Till then, I had never witnessed many sports events – events like wrestling, weight lifting.

Calgary sojourn for me was nothing short of a heady cocktail with the right mix of moments of happiness, fun, friendship and above all a deep sense of patriotic ecstasy. Team India won over 50 medals including 23 gold. Truly, I don't have the right words to express the adrenaline rush we all felt each time our 'Tiranga' was raised and 'Jana Gana Mana' played! Despite my terrible vocal chords, I sang along to the highest pitch. The Indian community in Calgary came in full force to the stadium to cheer our athletes. They invited us home and

to their restaurants, sent food to our hotel, displayed 'Welcome team India' banners outside their shops, gifted sports kits to the participants, Indian taxi drivers refused to accept money....the list is endless. This new experience of national pride was absolutely overwhelming. For the Indian community, it was euphoria unsurpassed when they witnessed the success of their athletes in a foreign land.

The Grand Finale was a function hosted by the Indian community in one of the largest convention halls in the city. No acoustics could've matched the sound that resonated when 'Saare Jahan Se Acchha'... was sung by all present. What a moment it was!

But my Calgary story would be incomplete if I did not write about the beautiful Calgary and Calgarians. In summer, the city was like a bouquet of flowers. Beauty, serenity and cleanliness were conspicuous everywhere. The citizens of Calgary are exceptionally friendly and always eager to help the visitors/tourists. I could easily relate their warmth and friendliness to our concept of 'Athithi Devo Bhava'.

I consider myself truly blessed to have such wonderful memories to cherish as a member of our IPS Parivar!



Varsha Jain
W/o Sh. K. P. Jain
1971



तुम यहाँ तो हो, पर यहाँ नहीं

मां-बाप के प्यार और आशीर्वाद से लदी हुई जब ससुराल की देहरी पर आई, तो मेरी आंखों में मेरी हम उम्र सखियों की तरह रंगीन सपने बसे थे। भारत सरकार की सबसे प्रतिष्ठित सेवाओं के अधिकारी से विवाह होना उस समय तो क्या आज भी बहुत प्रसन्नता का विषय माना जाता है। यकायक अपने भाग्य को स्वयं ही सराहने लगी थी।

याद है जब उन्होंने शादी से पहले अपनी पहली ही मुलाकात में मुझसे कहा था कि पुलिस वालों की ड्यूटी काफी कठिन, मेहनत वाली और साथ ही निश्चित समय सीमा से भी बँधी नहीं होती। यह सुनकर कुछ अच्छा तो नहीं लगा था। लेकिन सोचा की आगे चलकर देखा जायेगा। कुछ ही प्रारंभिक वर्षों में जान गई थी कि “तुम यहाँ तो हो, पर यहाँ नहीं”।

यही मेरे आज के लेखन का शीर्षक है। कुछ अटपटा तो नहीं लगा ना पढ़कर। तो जनाब, यही हम सब पुलिस महकमे की पत्नियों के जीवन का निचोड़ है। अतिशीघ्र मुझे एहसास हो गया था कि इनके साथ-साथ ही मुझे भी देश-सेवा व जन-सेवा पर चलने के लिए यथा संभव उनका साथ देना होगा, अन्यथा दोनों का जीवन ही कष्टप्रद होगा। अतः तुम्हारी जीवन संगिनी होने के नाते तुम्हारे लक्ष्य को मैंने भी अपना लक्ष्य मान लिया था। तुम्हारी २४ घंटे काम करने की हिम्मत, कठिन से कठिन ड्यूटीज के लिए तत्परता, पुलिसिंग के प्रति निष्ठा, ईमानदारी और अपने उसूलों पर विश्वास होने से अब मैं तुमसे काफी प्रभावित और उत्साहित थी। यही प्रयत्न रहता था कि मैं तुम्हें पूर्ण सहयोग दे पाऊँ।

लेकिन दिल तो है दिल...

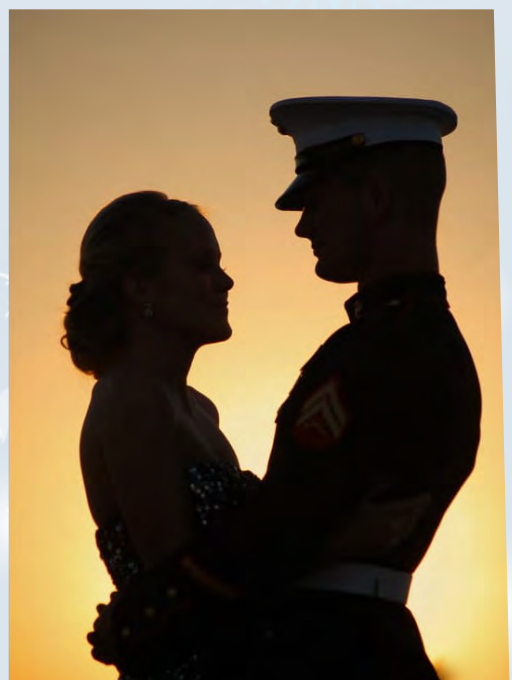
उम्र कम थी इसीलिए शायद कभी कभी बहक जाती थी। कभी-कभी बहुत बहस होती थी। यह जानते हुए भी कि एक सिविलियन की तरह तुम्हारे बस में नहीं था कि काम के बाद समय पर घर आकर परिवार के साथ समय बिताओ।

कैसे भूल जाऊँ उस दिवाली को - जब सारी दिल्ली हंसी खुशी अपने परिवार व दोस्तों के साथ दिवाली मनाने में व्यस्त थी। पूजा, उपहारों का आदान प्रदान, पटाखे, सजावट आदि सबसे अनजान तुम दिल्ली के फिरोजशाह कोटला स्थल पर चल रहे क्रिकेट मैच के बंदोबस्त के लिए तड़के ही घर से निकले हुए देर रात तक वापिस आ पाए थे। तब तक अपने बच्चों के मासूम सवाल के जवाब देते देते हम सब सो चुके थे। आज याद आ रहा है, एक बार केंद्रीय औद्योगिक सुरक्षा बल में होली के त्यौहार पर तुम अपने डी.जी. के साथ कश्मीर चले गये थे और हम दोनों ने फोन पर ही एक दूजे को प्यार का रंग लगाकर होली मनाई थी।

आज ऐसे ही विचारों के महासागर में गोते खाते हुए क्यूँ याद आ रहा है मुझे अपनी बिटिया का जन्म। परिवार पूर्ण होने पर मैं बहुत प्रसन्न थी। हॉस्पिटल में अपनी सासू मां के साथ प्रसूति के लिए भर्ती थी। उस रोज़ तुम नई दिल्ली में कुछ अति आवश्यक कार्य में व्यस्त थे। हॉस्पिटल स्टाफ से संदेश भेजने पर तुम्हारा उत्तर था कि क्या मेरा अभी आना अति आवश्यक है? कुछ व्यस्त हूँ अतः मैं शायद तुम्हें कल सुबह ही मिल पाऊँगा। बस यह सुनकर मैंने पुनः संदेश



चारु लता अग्रवाल
पत्नी श्री पी.एन. अग्रवाल
1981



भिजवाया कि मुझे अच्छा लगेगा यदि तुम तुरंत आकर मुझसे और नवजात से मिलो। खैर देर रात तक तुम आए। तुम्हारा बेहद थका चेहरा देखकर ग्लानि हुई कि बेवजह ज़िद की। दूर रहकर भी तुम मेरे पास ही तो थे।

आज के ज़माने में जब मिनटों में खबर इधर से उधर पहुँच जाती है, यह कल्पना करना असंभव है कि एक बार बाबरी मस्जिद गिराए जाने पर पुरानी दिल्ली में दंगे हो गये थे। तब दिल्ली में रहते हुए एक नहीं पूरे आठ दिनों तक तुम्हारी कुशल क्षेम नहीं मिली थी। मैं और बच्चे पूरे समय भगवान से तुम्हारी कुशलता की प्रार्थना ही कर सकते थे। कभी-कभी गुस्सा भी आया कि ठीक है तुमने कफ़रू लगाया था, इमरजेंसी थी, लेकिन क्या तुम भूल गये हो कि घर में तुम्हारी पत्नी और छोटे-छोटे बच्चे भी हैं। आज कि तरह 24X7 टेलीविज़न नहीं था तब। ऐसे ना जाने कितने पल आज भी हम सब पुलिस बल से सम्बंधित लोगों के जीवन में आते हैं। असीमित धैर्य और संयम से ही इनका सामना किया जाना चाहिये। परिवार से मानसिक सहयोग मिलने पर ही ये कर्तव्यनिष्ठ पति सही निर्णय लेने में सफल हो पायेंगे।

अब दिल को कुरेदने चली ही हूँ तो, याद आया कि एक दफा नई दिल्ली में दंगे हुए और अनियंत्रित भीड़ ने पुलिस फोर्स पर पत्थर मारे। दुर्भाग्यवश एक बड़ा पत्थर तुम्हारी आँख पर भी लगा और तुरंत आपातकाल में हॉस्पिटल में भर्ती कराया गया। काफी खून बह गया था। इस सबसे बेखबर, घर में बैठे हुए मेरा पारा चढ़ा हुआ था और सोच रही थी कि रात होने को आई है और तुमने फोन तक नहीं किया है, वास्तव में तुम बहुत लापरवाह हो। तुम्हें मेरी तनिक भी फिक्र नहीं है। आह, कितना गलत सोच रही थी मैं उस वक्त। आज ठंडे दिमाग से सोचती हूँ कि 92 से 96 घंटे या फिर कभी कभी और भी ज़्यादा लगातार काम पर होने से ना केवल पुलिस कर्मियों के शरीर में तनाव पैदा करता है, उनके घर वाले भी इस तनाव से अछूते नहीं रहते। हफ्तों, महीनों तक अक्सर अवकाश न मिल पाना उन्हें चिड़चिड़ा बना देता है। रोज़ रोज़ देर से घर लौटना, समय बे समय कॉल पर जाना, सर्दी गर्मी बरसात से बेखबर, समय पर खाना न खाना कितने ही लाइलाज रोगों को जन्म देता है, जिनका जब पता चलता है तब तक काफी देर हो चुकती है। हालाँकि, आज के समय में और भी चुनौतियाँ हैं। घर वालों का प्यार उनके लिए एक संबल है जिस से वह निश्चिन्त होकर और भी बेहतर प्रदर्शन कर पाते हैं।

खैर, कितना भी क्रोधित हुई, अंत में यही निष्कर्ष निकला कि तुम गलत हो ही नहीं सकते। धीरे धीरे तुम्हारे प्रति सम्मान और भी गहराता गया। मैं नतमस्तक हूँ तुम्हारे कच्चे नारियल से व्यक्तित्व के समक्ष – बाहर से कठोर और अंदर से एकदम मीठा पानी।

मेरा यह आलेख, सभी कर्मठ, कर्तव्यपरायण और देश की सुरक्षा के प्रति जुझारू पुलिस कर्मियों को समर्पित है। एक तरीके से यह एक साक्षात् दर्पण है, उन्हें अपनी झलक दिखाने का। एक अवसर है उन्हें संबल प्रदान करने का, जो विकट से विकट परिस्थितियों में भी तन, मन, धन और कर्तव्यनिष्ठा से सदैव कार्यरत रहते हैं। इन संस्मरणों के माध्यम से उनको मेरा शत-शत नमन व अभिवादन।



**बेहिसाब ख्वाहिशों और हसरतों की भीड़ में
ढूँढने लगी है जिंदगी एक टुकड़ा सुकून का...**

-अर्चना अनुप्रिया

GRATITUDE

This small act of kindness is still so much fresh in my mind! Even after fifty years, it brings a smile to my face. Travel really excites all, especially, air travel. In 1969, I was also excited to board Indian Airlines flight at Amritsar Airport going to Srinagar (Kashmir) with my mother and my one and a half years old brother. We were rushing home, as I had lost my dear uncle and my father was away in the USA, for his doctoral studies.



Sunita Vashisht
W/o Sh. Shrinivas Vashisht
1981

My eight years old self, not much realizing the gravity of the situation, was enjoying my journey in the clouds, when suddenly the plane landed in Jammu because of bad weather and no hope of early improvement. We decided to hire a taxi after having spent the night in a hotel in Jammu. Once again, I started enjoying the zig-zag turns along river Chenab. However, darkness along with rain, sleet and snow started to lash our vehicle, making further progress difficult. At one of the barricades, all taxis were stopped and passengers were asked to move into waiting buses, which could negotiate the treacherous road better. The bus also moved with halts and breaks, as snow wanted to show the best of it's snow shower and rain wanted to dance with taking full circles around.

Finally, the bus also had to stop at Banihal, where we found ourselves at the mercy of the locals for basic needs. While observing all green getting converted into white, a sight so mesmerizing, I was also observing the lines of worry on my mother's face as the weather remained unforgiving for two days. The last jolt came when rations also started becoming scarce and expensive. Spending day and night in the bus was another problem. Among all this, one person who was taking constant care was our bus Conductor- an enthusiastic care-giver and protector. I found him giving us preferential treatment realizing 'We' as vulnerable passengers. The best was he could convince others that our family needed utmost care. Because of the empathy of this young man, our stay on road became a little less painful.

The snowfall finally stopped. Our Conductor swiftly arranged a taxi for us as now only a small vehicle and not bus could move on the narrow cleared road. While thanking this gentleman, my humble request to him was to visit our home in Srinagar. One, I wanted to see that he had reached home safely and, two, I wanted to give him a good cup of tea.

His sensitivity to the request of this young girl made him ring the bell of our house after four days. This was, of course, one of my happiest moments where I could usher him in our living room and offer him a good cup of tea of 'gratitude'. My thanks to my grand parents who did all this in middle of their grief.

Surely, these are the little things in life that count!



स्मार्टफोन



याद आती है उस ज़माने की,
कि जब खत-ओ-किताबत हुआ करती थी,
जो बात लब नहीं कह पाते थे,
जुबान-ए-कलम से बयान हुआ करती थी।

जब जज़्बात पिघल जाते थे कई रंगों में,
स्याही बन के पत्रों पे बिखर जाते थे,
दिल की हर एक बदगुमानी को,
एक न एक शकल तो दे जाते थे।

अब न वो दौर ही रहा, न सलाइयत वैसी,
निगाहें बेजान एक शय पे, उँगलियाँ थिरकती,
उसी को देख के रो देते हैं, मुसकाते हैं,
कभी हैं रूठते और कभी मान जाते हैं।

है नाम स्मार्ट फोन जिसका, चालाक और सयाना है,
बनाया लोगों को बेवकूफ और दीवाना है,
उसके आगे लोग अक्ल बेच खाते हैं,
अनजान लोगों से लड़ते हैं, दिल लगाते हैं।

ख़ामोशी घरों में मकाम बना लेती है,
दुनिया से राबता बढ़ाया जाता है,
उसके ज़रिये बनाए जाते हैं दोस्त कई,
उन्हीं की तारीफ़ों का नशा चढ़ाया जाता है।

हो चला हाल ये कि बातें भी अब नहीं होती,
आमने सामने मुलाकातें भी अब नहीं होती,
छुपे फिरते हैं इस खिलौने के पीछे सारे,
बिखेर जुमले नए नित, कहीं छुप जाते हैं,
ज़िम्मेवारी नहीं, न ही जवाबदारी है,
अपना दामन बचाने की पूरी तैयारी है।

अब तो बस याद एक ही कलाम आता है,
ज़ह्न में पल पल जैसे कोई गुनगुनाता है,
“बात करनी, मुझे मुश्किल कभी ऐसी तो न थी,
जैसी अब है मेरी हालत कभी ऐसी तो न थी”।



रश्मि अग्रवाल
पत्नी श्री राकेश अग्रवाल
1994



MYSTICAL IMPRINTS OF PARADISE

O wow! was the excited reaction of my friends when the news of my engagement to an I.P.S. officer of Jammu & Kashmir cadre was announced. Everyone wanted to have a vacation in Kashmir. After making promises that I would invite them, my family and I became busy in preparations for the 'big day'.

When the rituals, traditions, formalities of the wedding got over, starry eyed me eagerly boarded the flight for my first rendezvous with paradise on earth Kashmir.

After the flight landed at Jammu airport, we decided to take road journey to admire, appreciate and drench in the mystique of this paradise. The blooming mustard fields welcomed us! Endless paddy fields provided divine serenity no less than heaven; picturesque saffron flowers sown and harvested by simple farming folks beaming their smiles and delighting in the joys of their everyday existence, were real feast for the eyes!



Seema Agarwal
W/o Sh. Navin Agarwal
1986



Lost in the breathtaking, picturesque ethereal serene journey, when did we reach Pulwama (hubby's first posting as ASP) didn't realize... Fell in love with home at the first sight! Lush green lawns and huge red, pink roses were very captivating and inviting!

Next day a Kashmiri lady living in the neighbourhood came visiting. I offered her 'namkeen pare'. After eating just a few, she refused to eat more saying 'maida kharab hai...'. I tried my best to convince her that maida was freshly got from market but she insisted. Later, I came to know that maida means stomach in common parlance there!

To my surprise, I found every lady passing by my window pregnant! Young and old alike... one day sheepishly shared this with hubby. He after a hearty laugh said that's 'Kangri' (a small pot carrying hot embers) that these women carry under t h e i r pheran (a long loose cloak) to keep themselves warm!

One morning as I opened my eyes the whole landscape was pristine white covered with snow, breathtakingly beautiful! Nature has abundantly showered its blessing upon this place for the world to marvel at, I thought... couldn't resist myself from touching and feeling snow! At night there was severe itching both on fingers and toes due to 'frost-bite'.



While accompanying husband to Pahalgam loved eating freshly baked shirmal (tandoori rotis) with Kahwa (saffron tea). Tasted Harisa, a Kashmiri delicacy relished a lot by people in winters. Found haakh saag (a green leafy vegetable) omnipresent in every meal.

'Wazwan' my most amazing culinary experience comprised of thirty six courses served on a trami (large copper plate). Had tabakh maaz, kabab, methi maaz and kokur. The waza then served one masterpiece after other, the last one was Gushtaba, meat balls in yogurt gravy, a fitting end to a most delicious, lavish and sumptuous culinary journey!



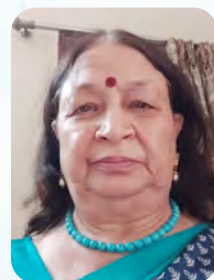
Out of this world Shikara boat ride in Dal Lake, vast unending meadows, countless breathtaking mountains, mesmerizing streams, long winding Poplar lined roads with flowers borne meatkins, fiery autumn Chinar leaves, exotic spices, walnuts, almonds, delicate aroma of saffron, a prized condiment, handicrafts like Papier mache, somavars, other decorative items with exquisite naquashi, carved walnut wood, the intricate unique Tila embroidery done with copper or silver threads, not to forget the magnificent craftsmanship of the Jamavars and dourukha type of embroidery, the more I discovered this paradise the more I realized that a lifetime is not enough to experience this paradise on earth 'Kashmir'. This is the place where heaven meets the earth to 'learn to live'!



CHERISHED MEMORIES

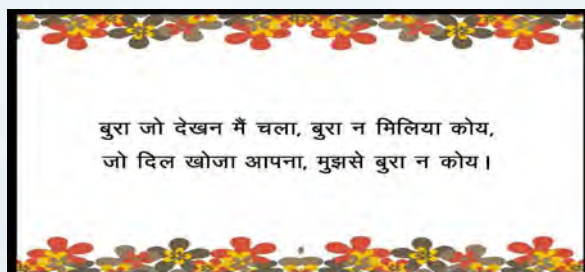
I was born in a middle class family. My mother was a home maker and my father was an officer with the Government of India. I always cherish some of their strong beliefs and actions. I bow down to them when I remember the way they faced the challenges of life.

My mother was a very pious and religious lady. She was a very loving, caring and contented person, with malice towards none. She was undeterred by any problem that came her way. She always said “these are Gods ways of testing our patience and tolerance. He will set everything right.”



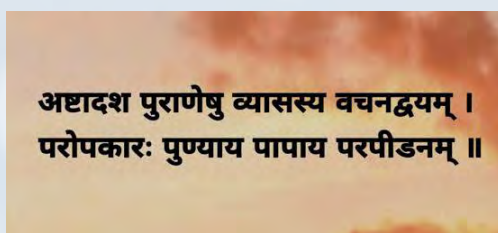
Shashi Agrawal
W/o Sh. Ajay Agrawal
1966

If I ever found faults with others, she would say –



Her life was an inspiration to me. She was my best friend. I could confide in her for everything. For me, she was an epitome of strength. Her departure left a void in my life.

My father was a self-made man. He believed that we have many debts in this life, debt towards our parents, our gurus and the Almighty. We must try our best to repay as much as we can. He thought that the best way to do that was to serve humanity by imparting knowledge and experience through education. He used to give free education to underprivileged children. He taught children at home as also at an orphanage called Chandra Arya Vidya Mandir near his house. His doctrine in life was –



(You are sinful if you trouble others. You are virtuous if you serve others)

He kept it upto till his last breath. He always inspired us to do whatever little we can for the society. I got married in an equally religious family. My mother-in-law was an educationist and my father-in-law was a banker.

My mother-in-law was a strong follower of the Gita. She used to read the Gita, translated in Hindi verses by Pandit Dinanath Dineshji. Her faith in Gita was so strong that whenever there was a problem, she would sit calmly, read all eighteen chapters of the Gita everyday. She was certain that Lord Krishna would solve all her problems and he did. This is what I call strong belief (Aastha).

As Lord Krishna propounds in the Gita –

“ताज धर्म सारे एक मेरी ही शरण कोई प्राप्त हो
मैं मुक्त पापों से करुंगा तू ना चिंता व्याप्त हो”

She inculcated this in all her children and her daughter-in-laws. All of us have immense faith in the Gita and we believe that Lord Krishna will solve all our problems if we surrender to him unconditionally.

My father-in-law was also a philanthropist. Anyone coming to him for help was never disappointed. I remember once a man had applied for a constable job. He wanted my husband to help him in this regard. Finding him reluctant, my father-in-law told him-

“आदमी के चमड़े से जूते नहीं बनते”

So, as long as you are alive and in a positive frame of mind to help someone, you must do that.

Thereafter, my husband has never looked back and helped everyone who approached him for help.

There are umpteen sweet memories that I cherish. The more I think of my parents and my parents-in-laws, the greater veneration, I have for them. I will always remain indebted to them for the values that they have inculcated in us and made it a point to pass it on to our children. What we are today is all due to their blessings and guidance.



SOOTHING BALM



Rimi Bhatia
W/o Sh. M. S. Bhatia
1993



*Depression is a black hole
Which destroys both heart and soul
It is a monster on the prowl
That has intentions foul
But you are not alone, be calm
I'm always there-your soothing balm
My doors are always open
With a cup of coffee as a token
And my balcony is all yours to share
Anyone who wants to chat is welcome there
No need to be quiet, feel low
Take small steps, go slow
I sure have listening ears,
Which will melt all your fears
These are our values to treasure
With a lot of joy and pleasure
Call me, send me a WhatsApp or text
We'll find a solution to this one and the next
I will be there for you anytime, anywhere
You are not alone in this journey of despair*



THE STRANGER

I knew my dear husband from many years before we got married. One can say that we have almost grown up together, because it is now more than half a century since we first met. And yet.

When we got married, I thought I knew him well and life would continue in the same way that it had – attend some classes, do a little bit of lab work, eat golgappas in Kamla Nagar, have coffee in the Coffee House and take a stroll in the University gardens.

But I was in for a shock. Or, more accurately, a series of shocks.

The first shock came when I saw his clothes and the number of shoes that he had. There seemed to be no end to his ammunition boots, riding boots, jungle boots, office shoes, black formal shoes, bathroom slippers, leather chappals, leather sandals black, leather sandals brown and whatnot. Khaki shirts, khaki shorts, khaki trousers, khaki socks, khaki belts, khaki shirts, a khaki sweater and even one khaki handkerchief. He had a few kurta pyjamas -- the only clothes that were not khaki. I remembered that he used to wear colourful clothes in our college days, but now he seemed to have no clothes to wear except his uniforms.

When we went for a drive a week after our wedding, I was tempted when I saw a mithai shop, selling chaat. I asked my dear husband to stop but he refused. His logic sounded so strange. He said that he being a senior police officer could not be seen eating golgappas by the roadside. I thought that was funny because he never missed an opportunity to have golgappas in Kamla Nagar. And that too from some thela wallah!

His behavior had also changed and I was convinced I had married a stranger. One day when a constable came to our house in the afternoon asking for leave, my husband went to the verandah of the bungalow and shouted at him. He shouted so loudly that I started crying, wondering why he was so angry. I thought I had married a cruel man; a person who I never knew was so ill-tempered. A minute later he came inside and chatted with me as if nothing had happened. I asked him why he was angry. He explained that he was shouting, but that did not mean he was angry. He said he had already refused the constable leave in office that day and yet the constable had come to our house, leaving the lines without permission.

Over the years, there have been many occasions when I have wondered whether I married a complete stranger, who remains a stranger. He is capable of being stupid and wise at the same time. He is both, considerate and insensitive. He can be crass and also tactful. He surprises me by sometimes reacting to people and circumstances in totally unexpected ways. Once in a while, when I expect him to be decisive he dithers, when I expect him to frown, he laughs.

Sometimes I look at my husband, a husband of more years than I care to remember, and I wonder whether I truly know him. I am sure I am not alone and this happens with many of us. Long-suffering wives that we are.! But the greatest satisfaction, we derive is that more often it is the husbands who wonder whether they know us at all!



Meenakshi Verma
W/o Sh. K. C. Verma
1971



एक रोमांचक यात्रा अरुणाचल प्रदेश की

“ये हसीं वादियाँ, ये खुला आसमाँ” अगर हम कहें तो अरुणाचल के लिए अक्षरशः सत्य है।

मेरी यात्रा अरुणाचल की एक बार फिर हुई 26 साल के बाद मार्च 2020 में (16-23 मार्च) दिल्ली से डिब्रूगढ़ (असम) हवाई जहाज से करीब तीन घंटे लगे। कैलाश मानसरोवर, चाँदी सी चमकती चोटियाँ, विशाल हिम श्रृंखला दिखते चले गए।



संध्या गुप्ता
पत्नी श्री आर पी उपाध्याय
1991

जहाँ सूर्य की किरणें पड़तीं, सोने सी सुनहरी होकर चोटियाँ चमक उठतीं। क्या नज़ारा था! बादलों के ऊपर से निकले हुए हिम शिखर मानो आँखों में बस ही गए। ऊपर पेड़ पौधों का नामोनिशान नहीं। नीचे की ओर देखो तो, या तो बादल, या घाटी में बहती नदियाँ व हरियाली, पेड़ पौधे और हरे भरे जंगल। डिब्रूगढ़ से आगे का सफर मोटरगाड़ी से शुरू हुआ। सड़क के दोनों ओर तरतीब से चाय के बागान लगाए हुए थे, तारों की बाउंड्री बनाकर। बीच-बीच में बड़े बड़े पोपुलर के पेड़ लगाए थे। चाय की पत्तियाँ चुनती हुई असम की महिलाएँ क्या मनोरम लग रही थीं। धान की कटाई होने के बाद खाली ज़मीन पर उग आई घास को गायों और बकरियों द्वारा चरते हुए देखना मन को अच्छा लग रहा था। नामसाई होते हुए अंजो (Anjaw) पहुँचे। ठंड बढ़ गई थी। हाँ, रास्ते में लोहित नदी की घाटी मिली। काफी ऊँचाई से देखने पर ऐसा लग रहा था कि विशालतम नदी की धाराएँ एक साथ मिलकर पूरी



घाटी पर अधिकार जमाकर नदी की शौर्यगाथा का प्रमाण दे रही हों। पहाड़ों को काटकर बनाए गए टेढ़े मेढ़े रास्ते कई जगह इतने संकरे लगे कि पता नहीं गाड़ी निकल पाएगी या नहीं। यँ ही आसमान और धरती के मनोरम नज़ारे देखते देखते सफर कटा। गाँवों के पुरुष, नारी और खासकर बच्चे कौतूहल से देखते हुए रुक जाते। अंजो से अगले दिन हवाई जहाज़ के लिए चले।

रास्ता बीच बीच में काफी ख़राब था। सड़क बनाने का और पहाड़ों को बांधने का काम भी चल रहा था पर वातावरण कितना शांत, हवा कितनी साफ सुथरी! लोग सीधे-सादे खुशहाल लगे। रास्ते में आर्मी का कैंप देखा वो स्थान देखा जहाँ भारतीय फौज ने चीनी फौज का 1962 में डटकर मुकाबला किया था। बलॉंग में वीरगति को प्राप्त हुए जवानों को श्रद्धांजलि भी दी।

जिस पहाड़ी को पार करके चीनी फौज भारत में घुसी थी वो भी देखी। कप्तान साहब से पूरी शौर्यगाथा सुनकर आँख में पानी भर आया कि उस समय हथियारों का अभाव होते हुए भी किस बहादुरी से हमारे जाँबाज़ सिपाही अपने वतन की रक्षा में लड़े और शहीद हो गए। किबतू, दूसरी तरफ का आखिरी गाँव दिखा। चीन की सीमा दिखाई दी। उनका फौजी ठिकाना व अतिथि गृह एक सुदृढ़ पक्की इमारत की तरह खड़ा है। हमारी सेना की दूरबीन से चीनी किसान खेतों में काम करते हुए दिखे। हमारी सेना की जितनी भी तारीफ करें कम है। ऐसे दुर्गम स्थान पर चीन की सीमा पर निगाहें जमाए अपने देश की सीमा की सुरक्षा करते हुए जाँबाज़ मिले। देखकर गर्व से सिर ऊँचा हो

गया। एल.ए.सी. भी देखा। ढीचू आउट पोस्ट से मदनरिज पहाड़ी भी देखी जहाँ भारतीय और चीनी जवान मंत्रणा करते हैं व एक दूसरे की सभ्यता का आदान-प्रदान करते हैं।

आई.टी.बी.पी. की पच्चीसवीं वाहिनी में जाकर शहीदों को श्रद्धांजलि दी। बीच में लोहित नदी के किनारे पर बैठे। कितनी शांत, साफ लहरें, साफ पानी! गरम पानी के स्त्रोत देखे। जगह-जगह बनाए गए रस्सी वाले हैंगिंग ब्रिज भी थे। एक पुल पार करके डोंग गाँव पहुँचे वो भी आखिरी गाँव था। जंगली फूल-पौधे सब ओर उगे थे। कार्यालय के काम से अंजो आए। सबने मिलकर वहाँ किसानों के लिए बायोडाइवर्सिटी फेयर का आयोजन किया। सौ किसानों ने कार्यक्रम में हिस्सा लिया। अस्सी प्रतिशत महिला किसान थीं। उन्हें पेड़-पौधों के संरक्षण के बारे में बताया गया और खेती सम्बन्धी परेशानियों के बारे में जानकारी ली। वहाँ जैव विविधता से भरपूर जंगली फल और मेडिसिनल प्लांट्स बहुतायत में पाए जाते हैं। यह जिओग्राफिकल रीज़न संतरे व केले का सेंटर ऑफ ऑरिजिन है।



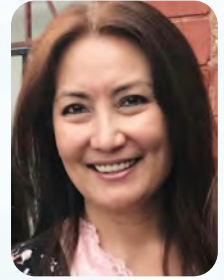
- बड़ी अनोखी फितरत है दोस्ती की
वजनी होती है पर बोझ नहीं होती...
- रिश्तों का फलसफा भी अजीब है...
जब खत्म होते हैं,
तभी समझ में आते हैं...
- ख्वाब कभी साथ नहीं छोड़ते हमारा
हकीकत ही बदलती रहती है हमेशा...

-अर्चना अनुप्रिया



INTROSPECTION

Like so many, we started the year 2020 with resolutions and goals in earnest. Some of us set realistic targets, a daring few planned outrageously fun calendars, and still others merrily crossed the bar with an optimism that the future would be good. For all, there was an undeniable excitement and hope about the year that was about to unravel. IPSOWA-AP started the year with a family evening named “True Blue”, a colour associated with depth and stability, symbolic of Trust, Loyalty and Faith — all attributes of a healthy family — which is the Police family.



Shilloi Sawang
W/o Sh. Gautam Sawang
1986

While the world collectively experienced the trauma wreaked by a virus, plans were postponed, and life as it were was put on hold. No longer could we physically meet to “connect” and “nurture” like our IPSOWA-AP motto inspired. We shelved our chalked-out plans and went the online way like the rest of the world. A grey foreboding crept in that seemed to cloud every thought and purpose.

During this lull, each one (whether aware or not) looked inward, in retrospect and introspection. This was a God ordained break for reset of spirit, soul and body, an interval for humanity to stop and catch its breath, a season for Earth to rejuvenate and heal, a time for re-alignment of values and priorities, a kairos moment for delving into the inner self and

drawing out treasures that we never knew resided within us.



Lockdown after lockdown, the months rolled on, and there were a thousand little lessons to be learned from this larger experience as the senses perked up to environs hitherto taken for granted, such as the sound of chirping birds, or the slant of the sun through the window, or the smell of freshly fallen rain. For many, complaining gave way to gratitude, hope replaced despair, and love overcame obstacles as we allowed ourselves to slow down and heal.

(The painting above is a representation of this experience - glimpses of color and moments of epiphanies through the darkness)

At the other end of this colour spectrum were those who were not afforded the luxury to pause and ponder. Their mission never stopped. These were the police force and the healthcare workers who stepped forward as frontline heroes braving all odds for the sake and safety of everyone else. And as wives of police officers, we sought to shoulder even a small weight of what our spouses bore, and committed to colour the days in ways that each knew how.

Footnote: During the rise of the pandemic, IPSOWA-AP members generously contributed towards our “We Care” project of distributing food, medicines and refreshing drinks to our forces and volunteers working in the COVID red-zones. While our modest efforts seemed like tiny drops in the vast ocean of need, it was our way of showing appreciation for our policemen and women on the ground who are always putting there best foot forward! Ever Onward.



Never measure life by
your possessions. Measure
it by the hearts you
touched, the smiles you
created, and the love
you shared.



WALKATHON 2019



WALKATHON 2019



खाकी



आन है, मान है, शान है,
खाकी तू मेरा अभिमान है,
कर्म भूमि के पथ पर अडिग,
अविचल, अपरिमित है
चहुँ और गुंजायमान तेरा गौरव गान है
खाकी तू मेरा अभिमान है
चहुँ और गुंजायमान तेरा गौरव गान है
खाकी तू मेरा अभिमान है।

अंधकार का प्रकाश, निराश की आस,
अधरों पर खिली मुस्कान है,
कर्त्तव्य की वेदी पर सतत देदीप्यमान हैं,
खाकी तू मेरा अभिमान है।
तू मंदिर की घंटी, गुरुवाणी का ज्ञान,
मस्जिद की अजान है,
तू ही गीता तू ही कुरान है,
खाकी तू मेरा अभिमान है।

निर्बल का संबल, बुराई का अवसान है,
फर्ज़ पर अपने कुर्बान है,
खाकी तू मेरी शान है, मेरा अभिमान है।



निशि सिंह
पत्नी श्री आलोक कुमार
1996



OH ! TO BE A POLICE WIFE, SINCE GENERATIONS.... !

Recently, during chit-chatting with friends regarding what we would like to be reborn as, in next “Janam”, I happily desired to **again** be an “IPS Officers’ wife” ! Expectedly, all my other friends totally agreed !

No wonder, that in my family, now we are four generation IPS/Police Officers’ wives !

My grandfather was in the British Police, posted at Peshawar and shifted to India post-partition. As tiny-tots my brother and I, were told exciting stories of his life and the royal life style my grandmother had.

Thereafter, my father Ashok Banerjee even after double MA in Economics and English from Allahabad University, chose to join the IPS of 1955 batch, UP Cadre.

I chose an IPS officer, over a successful technocrat settled abroad ! Though my husband Rupak is from Karnataka cadre 1981 batch, the frills and trappings of IPS family life luckily remained similar .



Sumita Dutta
W/o Sh. Rupak K. Dutta
1981



Though IPS officers' life is not exactly a bed of roses, - having to deal with frequent transfers, hard and tough work, risky life, disrupted schooling for children, and difficulty in changing locations for working wives, practically negligible leaves/holidays.

Now, you would appreciate, that when my daughter had to choose a life partner for herself, obviously, she also preferred to be an IPS officers’ wife! Wife of

Kamnashish Sen, a 2014 batch WB Cadre Police Officer.

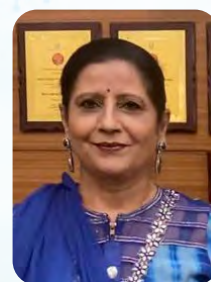
So this is the story of four generations of police officers’ wives in our family!

In fact, there is a ritual in Bengalis where the little baby, at the time of 'Annaprashan' is made to pick up any item from a tray in which money, pen, leaves, medicines are kept just to see in what profession he will be, when he grows up. Our little grandson Krishank, now three years, had surprisingly picked up the IPS lapel pin and stars! So, hopefully, another IPS officers’ wife may join the family and keep up the tradition !



SURVIVING COVID-19 RESTRICTIONS

The imposition of a total lockdown due to COVID-19 presented a huge set of challenges to my business which consists of supplying Hindustan Unilever Products to major outlets spread over the Union Territory of Delhi as well as areas in UP and Haryana. On the one hand, we were mandated to ensure uninterrupted supplies of essential goods like sanitizers, hand washes, soaps, detergents and disinfectants, while on the other hand the first few weeks post lockdown witnessed enormous administrative confusion, turmoil and abrupt changes in decisions.



Rita Mukherji
W/o Sh. Udyan Mukherji
1980

My field staff (a workforce of about 130 odd), displaying immense courage and commitment to duty, braved the risks posed by COVID-19 and responded to the emergency by reporting for duty at my depots in Delhi, Gurugram and NOIDA. In the process we all faced huge odds by way of uncertainties surrounding the issue of curfew passes, capricious behaviour of police personnel and permits for transporting goods within and across districts and states. Curfew issuing authorities and conditions would actually change on a daily basis and my staff had to negotiate a gauntlet of checks, arbitrary impositions and the vagaries of decision making at every turn.

While I and my management team virtually had to work from early morning until well into the night every day to address problems that arose frequently, it is to the undying credit of my field staff that they braved the harsh environment, including lathi blows from over enthusiastic policemen who refused to acknowledge either curfew passes or the importance of essential supplies. The field staff (godown keepers, delivery men, billing staff, transport staff) braved adversities, travelled miles to their places of work (with no metro, buses or even autos available) and many indignities but they manfully persisted and stood by my side throughout. It is only now that the situation has eased considerably and depredations – by those garbed in authority – have also returned to normal levels.

All this while, we managed to reach many thousands of units of sanitizers, cleaners and personal hygiene products to the outlets ensuring throughout that supplies strong enough to meet demand without giving any opportunity to hoarders and profiteers. It has been a great learning experience.



एक विचार

जिन्दगी में तो लगभग सभी ने बहुत कुछ सिखाया, चाहें वो रास्ते में मिला आँटोवाला हो या घर के काम में सहायता करने वाले हों, यहाँ तक कि भीड़ में क्षणभर को मिलने वाला व्यक्ति भी कुछ न कुछ सिखाकर ही गया। माँ, पिता, पति, ससुर सारे मायके और ससुराल के लोगों के सकारात्मक और नकारात्मक दोनों तरह की बातों ने बहुत कुछ सिखाया। अगर किसी के साथ कोई अप्रिय अनुभव रहा, तो मैंने यह सीखा कि इस तरह का कोई काम न करने की कोशिश करें कि जिससे किसी को कोई तकलीफ पहुँचे क्योंकि अगर हमारी वजह से किसी को दुख पहुँचे या कोई मुसीबत में पड़े, तो ये बातें भले ही हम स्वीकार न करें पर हमारे अन्तर्मन को सालती जरूर है। पत्नी श्री श्याम सुन्दर चतुर्वेदी 1990



रुबी चतुर्वेदी
पत्नी श्री श्याम सुन्दर चतुर्वेदी
1990

दोस्तों ने जो सिखाया वो भी हमारे जीवन में बहुत महत्व रखता है। आपस में हम जो भी सीखते हैं, वो हर कदम पर हमारी सहायता करता है। दोस्तों से मिली एक बहुत ही महत्वपूर्ण सीख है, एक-दूसरे की सहायता करना, जो जीवन का मूल मंत्र है। बिना समाज की सहायता और अवलम्ब के हम चल की नहीं सकते। अवसाद के क्षणों में यही दोस्त काम आते हैं।

इन सबसे अलग हम अपने बच्चों से सीखते हैं। वे हमारे सबसे बड़े गुरु हैं। मैंने अपने बच्चों से जो सीखा कुछ विलक्षण सीखा और इस सीख ने कुछ वैराग्य सा उत्पन्न कर दिया। एक बार मेरी बेटी ने कहा था, जब वह नौवीं कक्षा में थी, कि आज तो तुम हम लोगों में लगी हुई हो, पर जब हम बड़े होकर बाहर निकल जाएँगे, तब तुम क्या करोगी? कुछ अपने लिए सोचा है? आज हम लोगों में व्यस्त हों, पर कल जब खाली हो जाओगी तब क्या करोगी? उसकी इस बात ने मुझे अपनी हॉबी विकसित करने की प्रेरणा दी। आज जब मैं अपने साहित्य पढ़ने, प्रहसन करने, कहानी, कविता के शौक की ओर अग्रसर हो रही हूँ तो कहीं न कहीं इसकी पुनः शुरुआत की प्रेरणा मुझे अपनी बेटी से ही मिली।

दूसरी सबसे बड़ी बात बच्चों ने यह सिखाई कि हम आए जरूर हैं तुम लोगों के माध्यम से पर हमारी जिन्दगी हमारी है। उस पर अपना निर्णय मत थोपो। तुम्हारे सपने तुम्हारे सपने हैं, पर हम अपने सपने लेकर आए हैं, उन पर अपने सपने मत आरोपित करो। हमें अपने सपने जीने दो। हमें मत बताओ कि हमें क्या बनना है, हमने जो बनने के लिए जन्म लिया है हमें वो बनने दो।

हमें मत कहो कि भगवान को मानो, हमें मत सिखाओ रीति-रिवाज। हमें अपना भगवान खुद ढूँढने दो। अगर हम नास्तिक हैं तो हमें आस्तिक बनने को मत कहो। हम सब कुछ अपने अनुभव से सीखेंगे। तुमने हमें सिखा दिया, अब हमें अपना रास्ता खुद तय करने दो। मत कहो कि आज की युवा पीढ़ी बदल गई है। बदल तो तुम भी गये थे, तुम्हारे पूर्वज भी बदल गये थे, नहीं तो आज भी हम गुफावासी ही होते, आज भी पत्ते पहनते, आज भी शिकार करके कच्चा मांस खाते। गुफा से निकलकर जब लोगों ने घरों में रहना शुरू किया होगा, तब उनके पूर्वजों ने कहा होगा, क्या ज़माना आ गया, आजकल लोग घरों में रहने लगे हैं। जब लोगों ने वस्त्र पहनने शुरू किए होंगे तब उन पर भी व्यंग्य किए गए होंगे। लेकिन इन राहों से गुजर कर ही तो हम आज यहाँ पहुँचे हैं। हमें बांध कर मत रखो, आज़ाद करो, हमें हमारी जिन्दगी सौंप दो। हम चलेंगे, दौड़ेंगे, उड़ेंगे, गिरेंगे, सम्भलेंगे, फिर चलेंगे। खुश होंगे, दुखी होंगे, अवसाद में घिरेंगे, फिर निराशा से निकलेंगे, फिर चलेंगे। दुनिया को अपनी नज़रों से देखेंगे, अपने अनुभव से सीखेंगे। हमें राह दिखाओ, पर खुद चलने दो, ठोकर खाने दो। ये सब हमारा अपना अनुभव होगा। अपनी जिन्दगी खुद जीने का अनुभव, अपनी जमीन खुद तलाशने का अनुभव, दुनिया को अपने नजरिए से देखने का अनुभव।

मुझे लगा, यह सही है किसी की जिन्दगी हमें अपने हाथ में लेने का क्या अधिकार है, चाहें वो अपने ही बच्चे क्यों न हों?

हमें अमरीश पुरी का वह संवाद बोलना ही पड़ेगा – “जा सिमरन, जी ले अपनी जिन्दगी”।

इलेक्ट्रानिक और सोशल मीडिया-लगाम की जरूरत है

जनतन्त्र में कोई व्यक्ति, संस्था या सरकार निरंकुश न हो जाए इसलिए नियन्त्रण एवं संतुलन के प्रावधान रखे जाते हैं। लेकिन ऐसी एक संस्था जिसके निरंकुश होने के बारे में शायद हमारे संविधान निर्माताओं ने सोचा नहीं था वो है मीडिया, खासकर इलेक्ट्रानिक और सोशल मीडिया। कोई भी संस्था जब बिना नियन्त्रण के शक्तिवान बन जाती है तो उसका परिणाम भयावह हो सकता है, राष्ट्रविरोधी हो सकता है, विकास की गति को धीमा कर सकता है।



तनु पाटनी मोर्डिया
पत्नी श्री पीयूष मोर्डिया
1998

किसी भी घटना के घटित होने पर पुलिस के अलावा मीडिया भी तफ्तीश करने में जुट जाती है। पूरे क्राइम सीन को दिखाते तथा लोगों के सम्मान से खेलते हुए अटकलें लगने लगती हैं। इलेक्ट्रानिक और सोशल मीडिया के द्वारा “टारगेटेड जर्नलिज़्म” किया जाता है। एक व्यक्ति के चरित्र का हनन इन पत्रकारों द्वारा एक मिनट में किया जा सकता है। यहां तक की उसकी जिन्दगी का हर पहलू (सच या झूठ), उसके टेलीफोन कॉल की सारी डिटेल; कब, किससे कितने मिनट बात हुई सब ब्रेकिंग न्यूज़ की होड़ में दिखा दिया जाता है। भारतीय संविधान के अनुसार – “भले ही कोई दोषी छूट जाए लेकिन एक निर्दोष को सजा नहीं होनी चाहिए”। परन्तु मीडिया ट्रायल्स के जरिए न जाने कितने निर्दोषों को दोषी करार दे दिया जाता है। मीडिया के दबाव में सरकार भी तुरन्त एक्शन ले लेती है जिससे कई बार निर्दोष व्यक्ति के ऊपर कार्यवाही हो जाती है।

संविधान निर्माताओं ने जब प्रेस की स्वतंत्रता की बात की थी तो मीडिया की इस तरह की निरंकुश शक्तियों की उन्होंने कल्पना भी नहीं की होगी। स्वतन्त्र और जनतांत्रिक देश में किसी भी संस्था को नागरिक अधिकारों से खिलवाड़ करने का अधिकार नहीं दिया जा सकता है। आज प्रत्येक नागरिक की स्वतन्त्रता दाव पर लगी है। जो पत्रकार गलत, भ्रामक व आपसी सौहार्द खराब करने वाली खबर दिखाते हैं उन्हें न केवल दण्डित करना चाहिए बल्कि उन्हें पत्रकारिता के पेशे से ही बेदखल कर देना चाहिए।

सोशल मीडिया का भारत में भी विश्व के अन्य विकसित देशों की तरह लोगों के आचरण, सोच, कृत्य तथा कार्यों पर अपेक्षा से कहीं अधिक प्रभाव पड़ा है। इसी वजह से प्रसारण के अन्य माध्यम धीरे-धीरे अपना एकछत्र साम्राज्य खोने लगे हैं। इन्टरनेट के बढ़ते इस्तेमाल का कारण उसकी सर्व सुलभता व सस्ते स्मार्टफोन का बढ़ता प्रयोग है। आज लगभग ५६ करोड़ देशवासी इन्टरनेट से हर समय जुड़े हुए हैं। यह संख्या दिन प्रतिदिन बढ़ती ही जा रही है। कैमरा युक्त स्मार्टफोन के जरिये प्रत्येक व्यक्ति हर समय पत्रकार की भूमिका अदा कर सकता है। वह बिना किसी काट-छाँट के अर्थात् एडिट किये बगैर अपने विचार ट्वीटर, व्हाट्सएप तथा फेसबुक के सहारे सम्पूर्ण विश्व में प्रेषित करने की शक्ति रखता है। उसका इस कार्य के लिये परिपक्व होना अथवा संवेदनशीलता के पैमाने पर खरा होना जरूरी नहीं है। असामाजिक व राष्ट्रविरोधी तत्व आसानी से अफवाहें फैला सकते हैं, साम्प्रदायिक व जातीय हिंसा भड़का सकते हैं, वैमनस्यता फैलाने के लिये गलत व भ्रामक तथ्य सोशल मीडिया के माध्यम से प्रसारित कर सकते हैं।

ऐसे में प्रत्येक सकारात्मक सोच वाले व्यक्ति का सोशल मीडिया की विभिन्न पोस्टों से खबर होते समय अलग-अलग संभावनाओं से संज्ञानित होना अत्यन्त आवश्यक है। सोशल मीडिया हमें पूर्वाग्रह से ग्रस्त कर सकता है तथा एकपक्षीय व गलत दिशा में सोचने हेतु मजबूर भी कर सकता है। हाल ही में उत्तर प्रदेश के हाथरस जिले में घटित घटना तथा मुम्बई में घटित अभिनेता सुशान्त सिंह राजपूत की असामयिक मृत्यु सम्बन्धी तथ्यों को इलेक्ट्रानिक व सोशल मीडिया पर बिना अन्वेषण किये तोड़-मरोड़कर फैलाना इसका जीता जागता उदाहरण है।

सोशल मीडिया पर जागरूक लोगों की सक्रियता “अरब स्प्रिंग” की तरह सरकारें बदल सकती हैं, तख्ते पलट सकती हैं, राष्ट्रों में रचनात्मक परिवर्तन ला सकती हैं परन्तु इसके साथ ही विघटनकारी शक्तियों को दंगे कराने तथा उन्माद फैलाने के अवसर भी प्रदान कर सकती है। अतः सोशल मीडिया व अन्य प्रसारण माध्यमों पर गलत खबरों के प्रसारण को रोकने के लिए किसी न किसी तरह का नियन्त्रण अत्यन्त आवश्यक है। मीडिया की स्वतंत्रता जरूरी है पर उसकी निरंकुशता पर लगाम लगाना बेहद जरूरी है, तभी भारत में जनतन्त्र की जड़ें और गहरी हो पाएंगी।





DIWALI-2019



DIWALI-2019



KERALA MEMORIES

Oh Dear! I am not a Malayali, I answered laughing. A lady from Kerala thought I was a Mallu, may be by looking at my swaying head movement or the way my hair was tied at the back or probably the amount of gold she could place on my body. Yes, it was just a week since I had moved from Thiruvananthapuram to New Delhi after eight long years. I never realized how I got “malluized” over these years so people would take me for a Malayali..

But, believe it or not, I was badly homesick. I was missing the State so much.....every bit of it..even the 'mundu' clad politicians on Tv News channels. As monsoon brought whatever little shower in Delhi, I was left reminiscing not only about the incessant heavy downpour we would be blessed with back there, but over every other thing. It would be as if the Gods wanted to wash away all the dust from trees and roads making the surroundings strikingly green, fresh and soothing. It instantly reminded me of people walking on the roads with huge black umbrellas wearing rubber sandals. The swaying coconut trees and the smell of wet soil do make me nostalgic!

Sitting inside our flat, though in Lutyen's Delhi, I remember our abode back in Kerala overlooking Agasthyamalai hills and its exotic view of Sunrise every morning. It offered unhindered view of a variety of flora, chirping birds and humming bees. I know it sounds like luxury in Delhi.

Every morning, the smell of sambar cooked with fresh curry leaves, vegetables stewed with fresh coconut milk and fish fried in coconut oil, would be a making its way into our house from the neighbours'. The exotic cuisine of Kerala with variety of appams, unni appams, chicken roast, fish and 'Kappa' and elaborate 'Sadya' is being badly missed. Though, at times Kerala House does come to our rescue with its canteen offering many of these delicacies.

The small roadside eateries, 'tattakadas' selling meduvada, parippuvada, egg bonda, puffs, keema samosa, beetroot cutlets with 'kattan chai' would be making quick bucks in the mornings as locals would wait at nearby bus stands for the quintessential government-run buses. Even these buses are peculiar with their shutters to keep rain water from coming in. And, they are an inseparable part of every Malayalam movie.

Indeed, I found Malayalam films to be far better than any of the Bollywood flicks in terms of depth, essence, screen play, story and portrayal of emotions. Ennu Ninte Moideen, Pathemari, Premam, Uyare and Sudani from Nigeria occupy special place in my heart. They do give me company here whenever I am missing Kerala.

Weekends and holidays there would invariably mean evenings well spent at beautiful beaches with friends and kids, generally followed by dinner comprising of either 'meals' (rice-sambar-papad) or dosa-sambar. Out of all Muzhapillangad's drive in beach was my favourite where you could drive through the beach. And of course to this never ending list, I cannot miss adding the smell of jasmine flowers (Malli poov) and bright yellow Amaltas flowers. Oh! I miss them so dearly.



Pooja Kashyap
W/o Sh. Dinendra Kashyap
1998



पहली सी मोहब्बत



कुसुम लता
पत्नी श्री राजीव अहीर
1996

वो पहली सी मोहब्बत का अहसास मेरे महबूब न माँग
वो पहली मासूमियत सी मोहब्बत न माँग,

जवाँ दिल के धड़कने के सवालों का जवाब न माँग,
मुझ से पहली सी मोहब्बत मेरे हमनवाज़ न माँग,

तेरी आँखों में डूब कर दूर बहुत दूर,
हम कब ज़माने से दूर हुए,
ये जवाब मुझसे न माँग,

मुझ से पहली सी मोहब्बत मेरे हमराज़ न माँग,
अब कहाँ जाऊँ तेरी आगोश के सिवा,
ये माँगूँ तुझसे मैं जवाब...

वो मुझसे पहली सी मोहब्बत का अहसास न माँग।



OUR HEART REALLY MATTERS

Being the fairer sex has its own disadvantages when it comes to the matters of the heart- heart disease being the most notorious. To our chagrin it tiptoes into our lives when we have just proudly proclaimed ourselves as sexagenarians.

Women are from Venus hence heart disease affects women differently as compared to men; both in physiology, presentation and outcome. Heart diseases are caused due to deposition of cholesterol in our heart arteries which can eventually lead to blockage and heart attack. In women smaller arteries of the heart are involved more than the big ones hence the presentation of symptoms are less pronounced. However, this can behave like “silent killers” and are known to cause more mortality than in men. Women also tend to have symptoms when at rest or even when asleep unlike men who get symptoms during exertion.



Madhu Mary
W/o Sh. Solomon Yash Kr. Minz
1997

Common risk factors are-

- **Diabetes**-diabetic women are more prone. Diabetes alters one's pain perception and therefore can lead to silent heart attacks.
- **Hypertension** -uncontrolled BP ($> 130/85$ mmHg) weakens the heart.
- **High cholesterol** -(Triglycerides > 150 mg/dl, HDL < 50 mg/dl) can clog the arteries.
- **Obesity** -Women tend to have a pear shaped body (fat deposition around hips), unlike men who are apple shaped (fat deposition around waist).

Family history of early heart disease in first degree relatives.

Sedentary life style, Bad dietary habits, Smoking and alcohol.

- **Menopause** -. Our BFFs - Oestrogen and Oxytocin which protect us from heart diseases and also enable us to cope with stress hormones, dwindle post menopause.
- **Mental stress and depression** affect the female heart more.

Classical symptoms being severe chest pain, pressure or discomfort with “ghabrahat”. However, women also tend to have more atypical symptoms like:

Neck, jaw, upper back, abdominal discomfort, Pain in shoulders, upper arms, breathlessness on walking, indigestion, nausea, vomiting, unusual fatigue, sweating.

So what should we do to protect our heart?

- 1) Regular exercise – 150 min of moderate or 75min of vigorous exercise per week is advised. Easiest is 30-40 min of brisk walk daily. There is a concept of NEAT (non- exercise activity thermogenesis- calorie by movements we make when we go about our daily activities).

Certain tips for a NEAT way of life

- Opt to stand and do house hold/office activities rather than sitting
 - Take stairs instead of elevators
 - Walk or cycle to the grocery shop or work place
 - March in place while watching TV
 - Park our car in the farthest parking lot from the house/mall/office.
 - Brisk 'mall walk' while window shopping (sounds like fun to me)
 - Increasing lifestyle activity like gardening, household work, walking breaks while at work-like walking to the farthest washroom from your chamber
 - Walking the dog
- 2) Maintain a healthy weight - aim for a waist < 35, BMI (weight/m²) < 25kg
 - 3) Quit smoking- avoid passive smoking as well
 - 4) Stick to a healthy diet-
Prefer to have more fruits, vegetables, whole grain, low fat dairy products, lean meats, high fibre diet. Avoid trans fat & added sugars.
 - Limit alcohol to not more than 1 drink per day (approx. 360 ml of beer, 150 ml of wine, 45 ml of vodka or whiskey)
 - Remember all we need is just a 'pinch' –of salt
WHO recommends 5gm/day-one teaspoon of salt (2gm of sodium).
 - 5) Stress management - yoga, meditation, recreation, participating in hobbies.
I personally feel spending time with our girl friends is the best stress buster.
 - 6) Manage other health problems like diabetes, high BP, high cholesterol, thyroid properly.
 - 7) Regular follow up with your doctor – “An apple a day keeps the doctor away but if the doctor is good looking throw the apple away”.

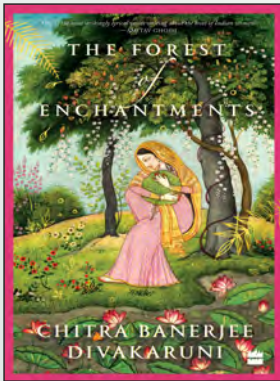
So on this happy note- wish you *joie de vivre* with a healthy heart . *Adieu*.



THE FOREST OF ENCHANTMENTS

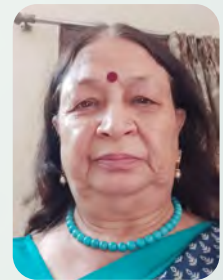
CHITRA BANERJEE DIVAKARUNI

BOOK REVIEW



Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni is an Indian-American author and poet.

'One of the most strikingly lyrical voices writing about the lives of Indian women'



Shashi Agarwal
W/o Sh. Ajay Agarwal
1966

The book is very well written. It is gripping and beautifully projects the emotions of women. The book retells the story of the great epic RAMAYANA in the words of Sita. Here the writer emphasises the role of the prominent female characters in the epic, who had to suffer due to the love for either their son or their husband. A woman is prepared to sacrifice everything for the sake of her love but men have their own priorities in life. Kaikeyi, Kaushalya, Urmila, Ahalya, Surpanakha, Mandodari, Sarama and of course, Sita, despite doing their duties towards their loved ones, had to suffer on their account.

All these women were trivialized, misunderstood, blamed, forgotten or maligned for no fault of theirs. The writer has highlighted the character of Urmila who was left alone by her husband for the love of his elder brother. Urmila was heart broken. She wanted to end her life. She meditated for days without eating or drinking. God Yama appeared and blessed her to sleep in shav-aasan for 14 years to get over her misery. She got up from her deep slumber only after the threesome came back from the forest.

The writer has also written emphatically about the character of Sarama, wife of Vibheeshan. She did not support her husband's going to join Ram and giving him the secrets of Ravana's empire. She was distressed when her son was killed in the war. She blamed her husband for the same but to no avail.

Above all Sita followed her husband to the forest because she loved him. She had to suffer two agniparikshas for no fault of hers. The forest which always enchanted her, proved to be a curse for her.

Once mistrust sweeps in, love cannot be healed fully. Thus, after coming back to life Ahalya went with her husband but she was so heart broken that she took a vow of being silent all her life. After the second agnipariksha, Sita was so distressed that she went back to mother earth. "Come, it is time. You have suffered enough. You have done your duty. It is time to return."

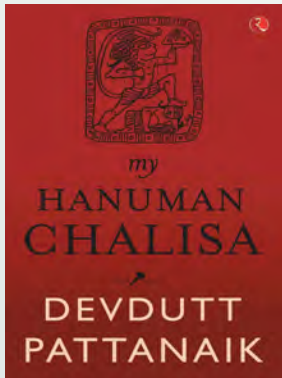


"There is no friend as loyal as a book."

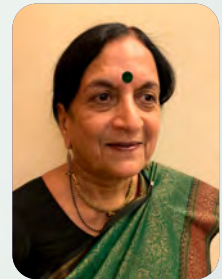
MY HANUMAN CHALISA

DEVDU TT PATTANA I K

BOOK REVIEW



Reflecting on one of Hinduism's most popular prayer for positive energy. Acclaimed mythologist Devdutt Pattanaik demystifies the Hanuman Chalisa for the contemporary reader.



Surekha Mathur
W/o Sh. Rajiv Mathur
1972

Books are the quietest and most constant of friends, they are the most accessible and wisest of counsellors and the most patient of teachers as elucidated by Charles William Eliot, famous American Academician. During the ongoing pandemic times, I too resorted to some brain storming by browsing to some motivational and enlightening books from the -e-library.

I came across to “My Hanuman Chalisa” by Devdutt Pattanaik, who authoritatively writes and speaks on religion, mythology and history, their scientific, indicative and exhaustive association with the mankind. In this book the author has elaborated on various ancient texts such as the Upanishads, Vedas and Puranas linked to a particular chaupai/doha's et.al. and their connectivity with the Hanuman Chalisa. The author has gone deep in elucidating the origin of Lord Hanuman, their relation with Lord Shiva, Maa Parvati and Lord Vayu. How Anjana a vanara women gave birth to Lord Hanuman. The author also deliberates on Hanuman Ji's father i.e. Kesari (Kesari Nandan) the Vedic father (Pavansutnama) and the Puranic father Lord Shiva (Shankarsuvanakesarinandan).

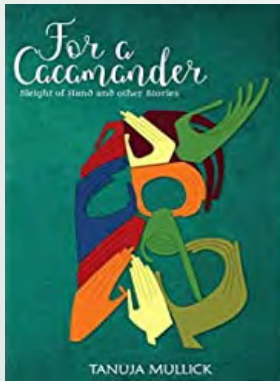
Further, the author also discusses the Bhim's encounter with Lord Hanuman wherein the Pandavas' during their period of disguise / anonymity for a decade in various jungles and hills. Lord Hanuman wanted Bhima to disuade arrogance and use his strength for the betterment of mankind. Similarly, the authors also elaborates on the importance of “Suryanamaskar” designed by Lord Hanuman to venerate his guru Sun God. In today's context the *Malakhamb* a traditional gymnastics posture on a pole is done synchronically. This is popular in Maharashtra and Gujarat. For everyone's enlightenment and understanding the book is a worth reading.



FOR A CACAMANDER

TANUJA MULLICK

BOOK REVIEW



The author, Tanuja Mullick, a post graduate in Sociology has written two books before this one. She has worked at an International School in South Mumbai. Tanuja is the wife of a retired Chief Secretary, Maharashtra. The design of the book done by Teyesha, the author's daughter, is very attractive and the illustrations are artistic.



Aditee Padsalgikar
W/o Sh. Dutta Padsalgikar
1982

“For A Cacamander” is a compilation of a dozen short stories, which are 'Dedicated To, *A few good men* (The best of whom are dead)'

The author provokes the reader right in the beginning as the Dedication sets the tone of the book – it is a very engaging reading, keeps you riveted to the book, the writing is with passion and it makes you ponder. There are comments about human relationships, interpersonal behavior, many of the stories have a twist in the end that leaves the reader rattled.

A curious normal reader would start off in a predictable manner by trying to ascertain the meaning of “Cacamander” in the book's title. The internet based searches do not throw up any leads but the answer is in the short stories. The reader will find Cacamander there and much more in the book.

What strikes you while reading the book?

Style – The stories keep you engrossed and some of the twists unnerve the reader. The author also builds up the reader's curiosity as the places and characters unfold gradually.

Verse and versatility – There is poetry interspersed in one of the stories (Sleight of Hand) – a rhythmic rendition and movement as the characters take turns to read the poems, there are also metaphors, allegories, references to the Bible, Bureaucracy etc.

Imagery - is a visual delight as landscapes emerge in detail, akin to one of the photos of a photographer character (Zehra in 'Wish Fulfillment') and “a green tree with leafy arms is 'more right-handed'” (Sliding Windows).

Attractive play of words – The author displays her craft as a girl chewing her toe nails has a – “foot and mouth disease” (The Agony Aunt), and a 'welcome drink for the new born babies is – colostrum' (Sleight of Hand)!

There is **Music** of “Running waters, bubbling brooks, whistling winds, the song of trees and rustling leaves.... Music that soothes, stimulates, even irritates....it is an undercurrent to our collective subconscious” (The Flaws of Attraction). Most importantly, there is a **Prayer** in the book, a prayer of a believer, it is in the form of a Novena, a multi faith one and even a Thanks giving Prayer, published in a newspaper. (Karma Sutra).

Cutting across the mosaic of all qualities mentioned above, there is an important literary reference to a “Grecian Urn” in the short story – 'Carry the Can'. We are reminded of 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' by John Keats. The ode of Keats ends with the following lines: -

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all

“Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know”

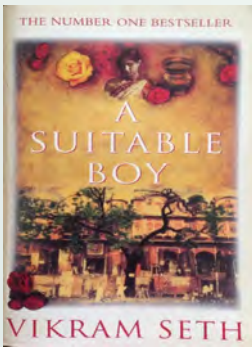
Tanuja's work has Beauty and Truth and that's all ye need to know!



WEAVING INDIA'S COLONIAL TAPESTRY THROUGH THE WORDS OF TWO ACCLAIMED AUTHORS

BOOK REVIEW

A SUITABLE BOY BY VIKRAM SETH



Written in 1993, *A Suitable Boy* by Vikram Seth, is perhaps still the longest novels written. The book generated widespread interest and continues to be in our imagination, with Netflix releasing a new series on OTT. The book was so widely acclaimed that there was world-wide criticism when it was not given the Man Booker Prize, the following year.



Mini Jha

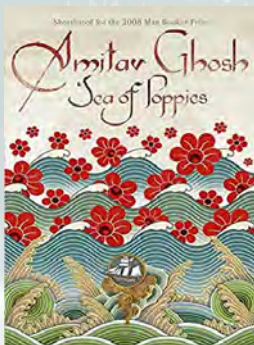
W/o Sh. Kishore Jha
1982

The story of one and a half years revolves around the lives of Rupa Mehra and her endeavours to find a suitable match for her younger daughter Lata, who is a free spirit. Lata's own life is dominated by her refusal to be dominated by her mother and brother, Arun. Many readers of my generation had quickly identified themselves with firstly the daughter and then later as a mother eagerly seeking a suitable boy for their daughter. Most of Lata's life is busy trying to choose a groom amongst three characters Amit, Haresh and Kabir. The plot is set in post independent India during the early fifties and peoples novelty in an arround Brahmpur, Patna and Varanasi. As for me, I found a queer resemblance in the name Brahmpur to Brahampura, my sasuraal, a chaotic mohalla of Bihar's Muzaffarpur.

Reviewers have compared *A Suitable Boy* to the dozens of novels written by English authors who wove the events unfolding in their novel around the changes that English society was witnessing following the Industrial Revolution. This is a truly Indian novel, It resonates among many of us who lived in Gangetic cities and have gone through the process of finding a suitable boy, either for us or for our daughters.

SEA OF POPPIES

AMITAV GHOSH



Sea of Poppies is a novel by Indian novelist Amitav Ghosh which was short-listed for the Man Booker Prize in 2008.

I chanced upon this novel on one rainy afternoon while sitting by the fireplace at a quaint SSB cottage in the midst of Ranikhet's tall deodars. A first of the trilogy by the author, and is considered to be reflection of British colonialism and imperialism. Although this book too is historical, the story is woven around events a century earlier than the *Suitable Boy*. The story tells the saga of complete mismanagement of slaves inducted for journeys to Mauritius to help in the flourishing sugar cane fields. Amitav Ghosh assembles from different corners of the world sailors, marines and passengers for *Ibis*, a salvaging ship, converted into a carrier of opium and slaves. The colonial upheaval has set of its tantamount as many Indians who are on the ill fated ship develops closeness as Jahaj-bhais or Ship brothers. The *Sea of Poppies* is a historical novel which makes a story of two great economic themes of the 19th century, the cultivation of opium for transport to China and the transportation of slaves as indentured labourers to harvest sugar cane in the thriving fields of Mauritius. Ghosh is a master storyteller and successfully paints a tapestry of Indian vividity.

Amitav Ghosh has written more than a dozen novels, with the *Sea of Poppies*, finding a special place in my heart during that monsoon weekend I spent at Ranikhet.

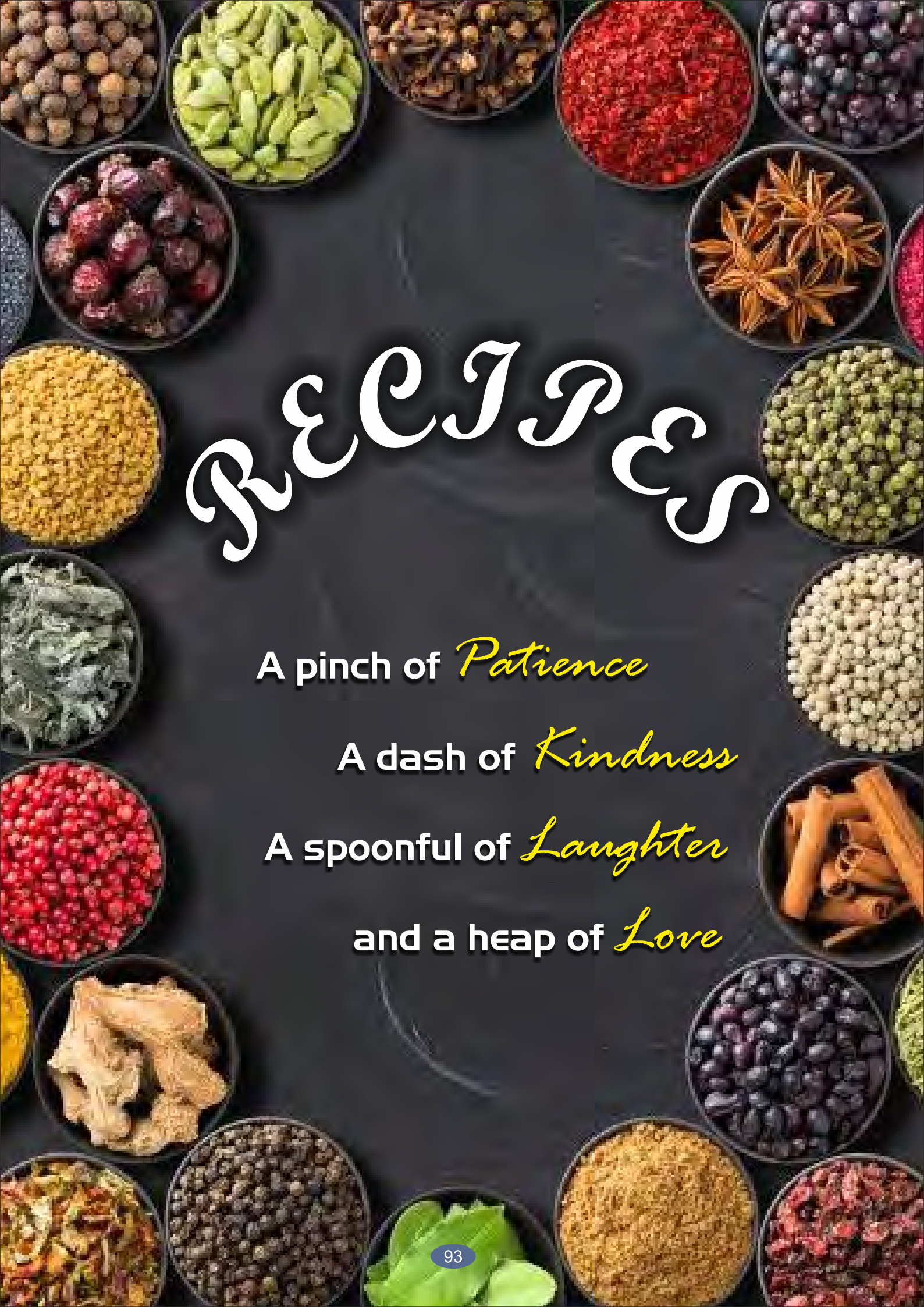


YOGA DAY



TEEJ





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A pinch of *Patience*

A dash of *Kindness*

A spoonful of *Laughter*

and a heap of *Love*



CHHATH PUJA AND THE THEKUA

Chhath, though a puja, for those who perform this puja, it is like a festival- a time for fun and fervour with family and friends.

One of my fondest memories of all times with my family is chhath puja and the THEKUA. It was my Nani and Mami who observed the strict regimen of fasting as the puja demanded it. The entire family looked forward to the chhath puja because this was one time in the year when everyone used to get together for Diwali and continue the celebrations until chhath.

It's called chhath because it falls on the shashthi tithi/ 6th day after Diwali. A strong mind and a strong belief to get through the four days of rituals is what you need the most to perform this demanding puja. You fast for almost three consecutive days, sleep on the floor, walk bare foot and make the main prasad of Thekua all by yourself. Sounds easier, but it is the most difficult of all pujas. People have strong belief in this puja. Performing this puja, as the faith goes, fulfills one's long cherished dreams and desires.

The chhath puja is mostly celebrated in Bihar and by Biharis across the world. It is mentioned in the Rig Veda and has been observed for thousands of years. Now even outside Bihar, elaborate arrangements for chhath are made, especially in Delhi and Mumbai. One of the most religious pujas of all, the "Arghya" is offered first to the setting Sun and to the rising Sun the next morning, wishing for health and well-being of the family and for the human kind. Thekua is the main prasad of the chhath puja and a prasad that cannot be refused to anyone. The more you offer this Prasad to others, the more blessings you receive from God. Along with my fond memories of the chhath and the famous Thekua, sharing the recipe as well with you.



Smita Kaumudi
W/o Sh. Varun K. Kaumudi
1986

THEKUA

500 gms	Whole wheat flour
250 gms	Jaggery dissolved in a cup of water
4 tbsp	Ghee
2 tbsp	Grated dry coconut
1 tbsp	Fennel seeds
	Ghee/oil for deep frying

In a mixing bowl, take the whole wheat flour, add ghee, grated coconut and fennel seeds. Mix it coarsely. Add the jaggery syrup and knead into a hard dough. Make around 25 balls and flatten it with your hand or use a wooden thekua mould. Deep fry on medium to low flame. Store in an air-tight container.



SABUDANA KHICHADI

INGREDIENTS

1 measure Sabudana
½ measure peanut powder
1 medium sized potatoes (if boiled then diced or if raw quartered and sliced)
1-2 tbsps Fresh grated coconut
Coriander leaves for garnishing



Aditee Padsalgikar
W/o Sh. Dutta Padsalgikar
1982

METHOD

Wash the sabudana and soak it in water - keep enough water to cover the sabudana completely. Cover and keep it overnight / eight hours. Next morning / or after the sabudana is well soaked (water will be completely absorbed, sabudana will be almost double in size, it should feel moist but not watery) mix in peanut powder and salt to taste. In a pan take approximately 2 tbsps ghee for tempering. Add jeera/ cumin, green chillies and potatoes (diced if boiled, if raw then cut thin) and sauté them till cooked. Add sabudana mixture, mix well and cover. Allow to cook, stirring from time to time. When sabudana becomes soft/translucent, add a tbsp of fresh grated coconut, coriander leaves. Add a dash of lemon juice before serving hot. Some add a pinch of sugar too. If you find green chillies difficult to digest, you can add some red chilly powder. The colour of the khichadi depends on the colour of peanut powder and whether you add red chilly powder or not.



SHRIKHAND

INGREDIENTS: Yogurt, Sugar, Strands of saffron, Cardamom or nutmeg

METHOD

Tie the curd in a muslin cloth and hang overnight or for 7-8 hours and allow all the whey to drain. Put the hung curd in a bowl and add sugar (according to taste) a small pinch of salt to balance the taste, mix well, and keep covered until the sugar dissolves. Strain this mixture either through a soup strainer or over the muslin cloth or a foodmill to get a smooth mixture, add nutmeg/cardamom powder, saffron (warm the strands in a katori, allow to cool, crush with fingers and add a tsp of cold milk and leave for the flavours to infuse). Garnish with chopped pistas or chironji and serve cold. The thicker the curd, the creamier the shrikhand. If it is made from scratch, whole cow's milk or buffalo milk should be boiled and curd made without removing the cream. Cow's milk is easier to digest and has a natural sweetness.



SABUDANA WADAS



Soak the sabudana in the same way as above for khichadi. After 7-8 hrs /next morning, add the moongfali powder, chopped green chillies, salt and boiled mashed potatoes and mix well. You may have to use a little water for the mixture to come together.

You can also add a little bit of boiled/cooked vrat ke chawal - for one cup sabudana add 2 tbsps of cooked vrat ke chawal/ samaa chawal.

For extra crispness, add 1 tsp lime juice or little bit of uncooked vrat ke chawal.

The wadas can be fried in any medium –oil or ghee. Serve hot with coriander chutney.

SABUDANA THALIPEETH

Another variation and especially if one wants to avoid deep fried things is thalipeeth. Thalipeeth is a multigrain flatbread, and can be eaten as a snack or a meal. Traditionally, there are two types of thalipeeth : vrat ka thalipeeth will have amaranth, chestnut and sabudana flours and the other one will have flours of rice and mixed dals and pulses. The flour is called 'Bhajani' as the grains are dry roasted and then ground. Today, this flour is readily available in the market making it easy for working women.

For the vrat ka thalipeeth, a little amaranth or chestnut flour can be added to the above mentioned sabudana wada mix. Moisten a plate or a plastic sheet with water, take some dough and flatten it with your fingers. Put this on a warm griddle, put some ghee around the sides, cover it. Remove the cover after two minutes and flip the thalipeeth allowing it to brown on the other side. Serve with a dollop of white butter or either curds or chutney.



AJWAIN RAITA (doddipatre tambuli)



Brinda Jha
W/o Sh. Mithlesh Jha
1986

METHOD

Take few leaves, nicely washed and cleaned. Cut those leaves. Gentle Fry leaves with 2-3 green chillies and 5-6 peppers. Add fresh coconut or dry coconut. Grind it with all other fried items. Add curd and mix it well. Garnish it with mustard seeds, jeera, curry leaves & hing (if you want) 2 red chillies. And have it with hot rice



RASGULLA

Make paneer from 2 kgs full cream cow's milk with lemon juice . Strain in a muslin cloth. Wash with fresh water and hang it for half an hour.

Remove and mash to smoothen with half a teaspoon of maida. Make balls and keep aside.

Syrup is made with one cup sugar and five cups water. After boiling for a few minutes drop the paneer balls into it. Boil covered for five minutes and uncovered further for five minutes. Cover and keep to cool.

This is a diehard recipe. Do try and enjoy.



Anita Sandhu
W/o Sh. Nehchal Sandhu
1973



SURLICHI VADI / BESAN ROLLS

INGREDIENTS :

1 Katori / Cup Besan
2 Katoris / cup Buttermilk
1 Katori / cup Water
To add in Buttermilk
1/2 tbsp Haldi i.e. Turmeric
1/4 tbsp Hing i.e. Asafoetida
Salt to taste
1/2 tbsp Chilli powder

GARNISHING :

3 Katoris scraped fresh coconut
1 Katori Coriander leaves
a few sliced Green chillies
2 tbsp Mustard seeds
Little oil
Prepare a mixture of Coconut and coriander leaves and add it on the besan spread after the mustard seed seasoning is done. Then add green chillies on top.



Devayani Pradhan Medhekar
W/o Sh. Rajan K. Medhekar
1975



This light snack for teatime or cocktails too is a melt in the mouth treat with its soft and light texture! The Maharashtrians call it 'Surli Chi Vadi' and the Gujaratis, 'Khandwi' – but as they say – what's in a name- it is the same product made from the versatile Besan and Buttermilk. Let's just call them Besan rolls.

VESSELS FOR SPREADING THE MIXTURE

Thalis – Keep 4 Thalis ready, so as to spread the mixture on its backside when it is cooked. Remember that no water should be on the backside of the thali and it must be absolutely dry.

METHOD

- 1) Sieve Besan so that no lumps are there, then add little water and smoothen it and put in a vessel.
- 2) Add Buttermilk, Water, Salt, Haldi, Chilli powder and Hing.
- 3) Mix the above mixture thoroughly so that no lumps remain.
- 4) On slow fire keep stirring the mixture till it thickens just enough to cover i.e. leave a layer on the back of a spoon when you dip the spoon in the mixture.
- 5) When thickened slightly, drop a little mixture on a thali or plate. If uncooked the mixture appears like a paste. If dry it does not stick and then remove the vessel when the mixture leaves the sides of the plate.
- 6) Quickly spread a thin layer of the besan mixture on the back of the thali. (1Katori besan gives 4 thalis)
- 7) Heat 1/2 Katori oil, and add mustard seed. Once they stop spluttering add Hing and then spread it with a spoon on each thali.
- 8) Then cut straight strips.
- 9) Sprinkle freshly grated coconut and coriander mixture and roll the thin layer of Besan mixture.
- 10) Once the rolls are done add more coconut and coriander mixture on top and green chillies, if preferred.



लखनवी नरगिरी शाही कोफ़्ते



ममता कृष्ण
पत्नी श्री सुनिल कृष्ण
1973



कोफ़्ते के लिए सामग्री

कीमा	250 ग्रा०
चना दाल	100 ग्रा०
साबुत लाल मिर्च	3
बड़ी इलायची	4
छोटी इलायची	4
लौंग	8-10
काली मिर्च	10-12 दाने
लहसुन	6 कली
प्याज़ . मीडियम	2
अदरक	1 टुकड़ा
पोस्ता	1 Tbsp
सूखा नारियल	1 टुकड़ा
अंडे	8
घी	3 Tbsp
नमक	स्वादानुसार

विधि-कोफ़्ते

1 प्याज़ को लंबा-लंबा काट कर घी में सुनहरी भूरा भून कर अलग रख लें। 6 अंडे उबाल कर छील लें। 2 अंडों को फेंट कर अलग रख लें। क्रीमे को साफ पानी से धो लें। इसी प्रकार कटे प्याज़, अदरक, लहसुन, चना दाल भी धो लें। प्रेशर-कुकर में कीमा, चना दाल, साबुत लाल मिर्च, खड़ा गरम मसाला, लहसुन, 1 प्याज़ कटा, अदरक, पोस्ता, नारियल, स्वादानुसार नमक एवं एक ग्लास पानी डाल कर कुकर बंद करके गैस पर रखें। सीटी आने पर 15-20 मिनट धीमी आंच पर पकाएं। खोलने पर अगर पानी हो तो सूखा लें। ठंडा होने पर मिक्सी में पीस लें। साथ में अलग रखा भुना प्याज़ भी इसी क्रीमे के साथ



पीस लें। अब हथेली पर थोड़ा कीमा लेकर फैलायें और बीच में एक उबला अंडा रख कर चारों तरफ से कीमा लपेट कर कोफ़्ता बना लें। इसी प्रकार बाकी अंडों का भी कोफ़्ता बना लें। कढ़ाई में घी डाल कर गरम होने पर इन कोफ़्तों को फिटे अंडों में डिप करके डीप-फ्राई कर लें।

विधि-शोरबा

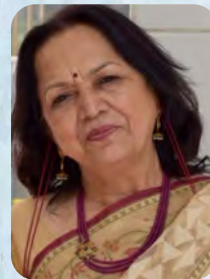
प्याज़ काट कर धो लें। लहसुन, अदरक का पेस्ट बना लें। पोस्ते को 5 मिनट पानी में भिगो कर फिर पीस लें। काजू को भी 5 मिनट पानी में भिगो कर, पीस कर पेस्ट बना लें। पैन को गैस पर रखें। घी कम लगे तो और डाल लें और कटा प्याज़ डाल कर सुनहरी भूरा हो जाने तक भूनें, फिर लहसुन पेस्ट डाल कर भूनें। अदरक पेस्ट डाल कर भूनें। अब इसमें धनिया पाउडर और लाल मिर्च पाउडर डाल कर भून लें। पोस्ता डाल कर भूनें। दही डाल कर भूनें, जब तक मसाला अच्छी तरह न भुन जाये। एक गिलास पानी ग्रेवी के लिए डालें। नमक स्वादानुसार डालें। अच्छी तरह पक जाने पर काजू-पेस्ट डालें। परोसते समय कोफ़्तों को डोंगे में डाल कर ऊपर से शोरबा डालें। हरी धनिया से सजाएँ। दो बूंद केवड़ा-जल डाल कर सर्व करें।

शोरबा के लिए सामग्री

प्याज़ - बड़े	...	3
लहसुन	...	7-8 कली
अदरक	...	1 टुकड़ा
तेज पत्ता	...	2
दाल-चीनी	...	1 टुकड़ा
छोटी इलायची	...	4
लौंग	...	4
घी	...	1 Tbsp
दही	...	2 Tbsp
काजू	...	10-12
लाल मिर्च	...	1 Tbsp
धनिया पाउडर	...	2 Tbsp
पानी	...	1 गिलास
पोस्ता (पीसा हुआ)	...	1 Tbsp
नमक	...	स्वादानुसार
केवड़ा जल	...	2 बूंद
हरी धनिया (कटी हुई) -	...	थोड़ी सी
गरम मसाला	...	2 Tbsp

SINDHI MUTTON CHOPS

Sindhi mutton chops, a delicious mutton curry, is one of the simplest dishes to make. It is so easy and tasty that even my brothers love to try their hand at it. All you need to do is to mix all the ingredients in a pan/cooker put it on a low flame and literally forget about it. The pan/cooker has to sit on the flame for 2 to 2 ½ hours and all you need to do is to occasionally stir it till the meat is tender.



Nalini Wanchoo
W/o Sh. Bharat Veer Wanchoo
1976

INGREDIENTS

Mutton Chops	500 gms
Onion	300 gms
Tomatoes	400 gms
Oil	3 Table Spoons
Ginger Paste	1 Tea spoon
Garlic Paste	1 ½ Tea spoon
Green Chilies	3 to 4 (as per taste)
Red chilies	2 Tea spoons
Dhania	3 Tea spoons
Haldi	2 Tea spoon
Salt	2 Tea spoons
Garam Masala	½ Tea spoon
Hara Dhania	For garnishing
Whole Garam Masala (Bay Leaf 1, Cloves 6 to 8, Elaichi Big 1, Elaichi Small 4 to 5, Nutmeg ¼ Tea Spoon)	



METHOD

Heat the oil in a heavy bottom pan/cooker. Add the whole Garam Masala and fry for a minute. Add all the other ingredients, except for the Garam Masala powder and Hara Dhania, and mix everything well. Cover the pan and keep the flame on low. No need to add any water. Let it cook in its own juices. You can leave it for 2 to 2 ½ hours while you keep doing other chores. You should stir the mutton occasionally till it becomes tender and the oil is released. Let it remain on low flame for another 7 to 8 minutes till it starts sticking to the bottom. Then add ½ cup water to make the curry thick/semi dry. Before serving, sprinkle the Garam Masala powder and garnish with hara dhania.



KASHMIRI ALU DUM

Kashmiri Alu Dum is a rather tedious and complicated dish to prepare but is definitely worth the effort.

METHOD

Boil the Potatoes. Do not over boil them lest they split. Peel the Potatoes and prick them on all sides with a toothpick. Pour the Mustard oil in a Karahi on a high flame. Once the oil is hot put the Potatoes in the oil for frying. Dissolve 1 Tea Spoon of Salt in half cup of water and keep it handy. After the Potatoes are fried for 15 to 20 minutes sprinkle some of the salt water on the Potatoes. This has to be done 3 to 4 times for the salt to be absorbed in the Potatoes. Once the Potatoes start getting a little brown bring the flame to low and keep frying them till they turn Golden Brown. Then increase the flame to high and fry for another 5 to 7 minutes so that the Potatoes become hard from outside. Take out the Potatoes from the Oil.

INGREDIENTS

Potatoes Small (round)	1 Kg
Mustard Oil (For deep frying)	1 Litre
Oil	3 Table spoons
Curd	3 Table spoons
Jeera	1 Tea spoon
Sonth (Dry Ginger)	1 Tea spoon
Dhania	4 Tea spoons
Hing	A Pinch
Red Chilly	2 Tea spoons
Salt	As per taste
Garam Masala	½ Tea spoon
Hara Dhania	For garnishing

Take a pressure cooker and pour 3 Table Spoons oil and put on high flame. Jeera and allow it to splutter a little and then add the Sonth, Dhania, Hing, Red Chilly, Salt and Garam Masala. Thereafter add the Curd and mix/fry for a minute or two so that the Curd and spices are mixed well. Add the fried Potatoes and mix well. Add half a glass of water and pressure cook for one whistle. Open the Pressure Cooker and check if the gravy is watery in which case put on high flame till it comes on oil. Garnish with Hara Dhania and serve.



MAACH BHAAPA PIYAZ DIYE STEAMED RIVER FISH IN MINCED ONION & VINEGAR

This recipe is a big hit in my household right from the oldest member to the youngest (my grand-daughter), who absolutely loves this dish. This dish works very well even for those really busy days when you are completely strapped for time & yet want to light up everybody's hungry faces. This is a simple fish recipe, packed with flavours of the river with the subtly steamed fish coated in the zest of minced onions, green chilies and vinegar. This dish is a best served with steaming hot rice and guarantees many repeats.



Sima Haldar
W/o Sh. P. C. Haldar
1970

Yield: approximately 4 servings

INGREDIENTS:

- Cut pieces of fish – 8 pcs.
(Fresh water fish like Rohu, Katla, etc., can be used)
- 2 tbsp of heaped Maida / refined flour
- 2 large onions
- Vinegar
- Green Chilies – 4/5
- Salt as per taste

UTENSIL: A steel container with a closed lid is ideal for this preparation.



METHOD

- Clean the fish and pat it dry. Marinate the fish in salt and vinegar. Keep aside for a minimum of 30 minutes to an hour.
- Take Maida in a bowl and mix it along with a pinch of salt. Keep it aside.
- Mince cut onions and green chilies. Drizzle a tsp of vinegar along with salt. Mix nicely and keep aside.
- Coat the fish pieces with 'Maida and salt mixture' nicely so that the fish is evenly coated.
- In the chosen vessel, begin by putting a layer of onion / chili mixture. Then add one layer of fish. Continue this way by alternating between the 'fish pieces' layer and the onion/chilli mixture till all are used. Drizzle one final round of vinegar. Close the lid of the utensil. Steam the fish in a steamer for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve with hot rice.

PALAK-KI-KADHI

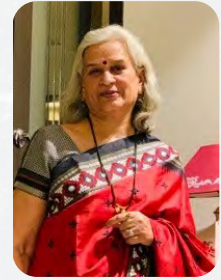
SERVINGS:4

PREPARATION TIME: One Hour

INGREDIENTS

Palak Puree: 1&1/2Cup (Blanch leaves and make puree)

Besan	2 Tbsp
Curd	400 grams
Oil	2 Tbsp
Ginger garlic paste:	2Tsp
Mustard and methi seeds:	1Tsp
Garam masala:	2Tsp
Coriander powder:	2Tsp
Ghee:	2Tbsp
Whole red chillies:	3/4
Hing/Salt/curry leaves	



Vineet Joshi
W/o Sh. Alok Joshi
1976



DIRECTIONS

- 1) Mix besan and curd together and beat well. Add about one litre of water and mix well.
- 2) Heat pan, put oil, add mustard and methi seeds, hing, ginger garlic paste and mix well. Add coriander powder, garam masala, curry leaves and mix well. Add besan and curd mixture. Stir well. Add palak puree and salt. Keep stirring till comes to boil.
- 3) Lower the heat and let it boil for 25/30 minutes stirring at regular intervals. Do check for consistency.
- 4) Heat ghee, add mustard seeds, hing, curry leaves and whole red chillies and add to the kadhi.

SERVE PIPING HOT !!



MURGH MUSALLAM

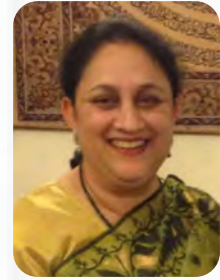
This is a family recipe and a must for parties.

INGREDIENTS

1. Chicken whole Wt. Approx 750 gms. (Without skin)
Make cuts on the breast and thighs.

Marination Masala (1)

Khuskhush (Poppy Seeds)	1 tbsp
Nariyal Burada (Powder)	1 tbsp
Chirongi	1 tbsp
Badam	2
Kaju	2
Ginger Paste	1 tbsp
Garlic Paste	1 tbsp
Onion	1 medium size
Dahi	2 tbsp heaped
Salt To taste	
Red Chilli Powder to taste (very small pinch of red food colour).	



Zeba Ibrahim
W/o Sh. Syed Asif Abraham
1977



METHOD-1

Grind the masala and apply on the chicken. (Rub it well) Leave overnight. Next morning tie the chicken with a string (see online how to do it).

Masala (2)

1. Onion nicely sliced & fried (medium size)
to a golden brown colour

Jaiphal	¼th inch piece
Javitri	1 inch piece
Safed Jeera	1 tbsp
Syah Jeera	½ tbsp
Chhoti Elaichi	4
Laung	2
Kaali Mirchi	7
Badi Elaichi	1

Grind all this to geter, along with the brown onion and keep aside.

METHOD-2

Heat oil, fry the marinated chicken (which you have now tied with a string) on all sides for 4-5 min. (not more than that). Add the 2nd Masala and let it cook till it becomes nice and tender. Cover it while cooking.

P.S.: Some people stuff boiled eggs or dry fruits in the chicken before tying it. I don't.

LOOKING BACK







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