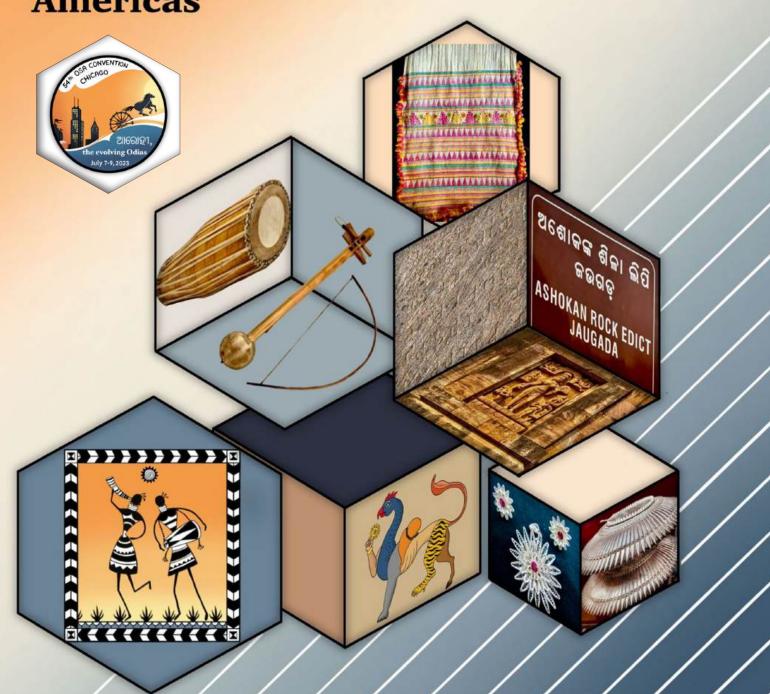
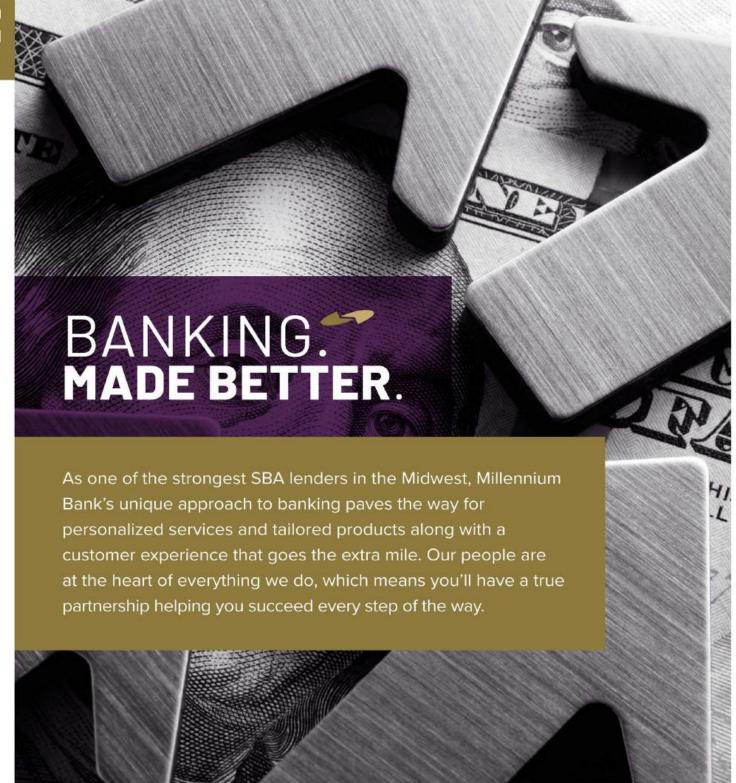


The Journal of the Odisha Society of the Americas









Urmi ผลิ์

Journal of The Odisha Society of The Americas



OSA 2023 Convention
July 7-9
Chicago, Illinois

Copyright@2023 by The Odisha Society of The Americas (OSA)



AS FAR WE SPREAD OUR WINGS SO FAR CAN WE FLY

3 Decades 2 Generations 1 Inspiration



A CHANGE INSPIRED BY NEW ODISHA



We know the nation's dreams rests on our wings and thus we usher in change so that Odisha soars higher and takes the nation to newer heights of growth and prosperity.

For us, sky is the limit. Literally.





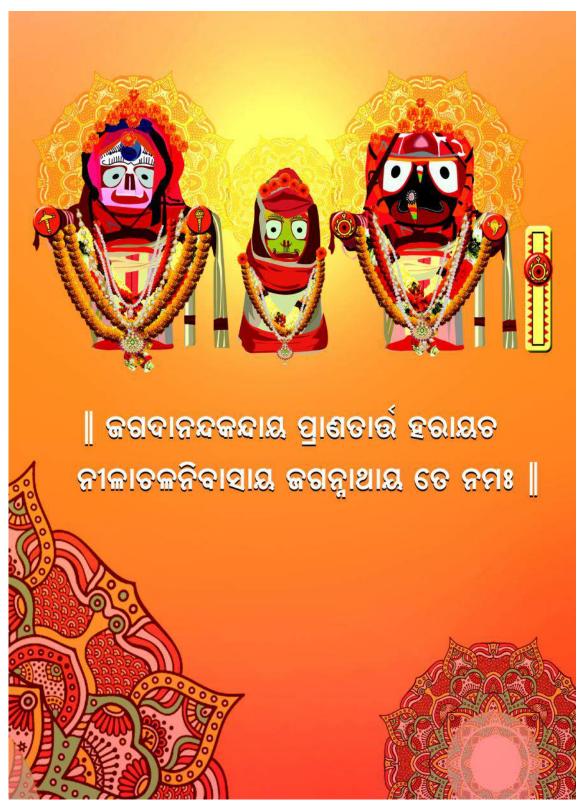






Falcon Marine Exports Ltd.

Head Office: A/22, Falcon House, 1st Floor, Cuttack Road, Bhubaneswar - 751006, Odisha, India Tel: +91 (674) 2575053, 2571948 Fax: +91 (674) 2575618, Email: info@falconmarine.co.in Web: falconmarine.co.in





With Best Compliments from Trilochan Netralaya



Largest free eye care provider of Odisha

With annual free cataract surgery volume of 30000+ through empowered rural girls of our community

taking profession as a passion...
Dr Shiva and Dr Sindhu

www.trilochannetralaya.org Contact : +91 9437594300





ବସେ ଉଟ୍ଲ ଜନନା ଚାରୁ ହାସମୟୀ ଚାରୁ ଭାଷମୟୀ ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ

ପୂତ-ପୟୋଧ୍-ବିଧୋତ-ଶରୀରା, ତାଳତମାଳ-ସୁଶୋଭିତ-ତୀରା, ଶୁଭ୍ରତଟିନୀକୂଳ-ଶୀକର-ସମୀରା ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ ॥

ଘନ ଘନ ବନଭୂମି ରାଜିତ ଅଙ୍ଗେ, ନୀଳ ଭୂଧରମାଳା ସାଜେ ତରଙ୍ଗେ, କଳ କଳ ମୁଖରିତ ଚାରୁ ବିହଙ୍ଗେ, ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ ॥

ସୁନ୍ଦରଶାଳୀ- ସୁଶୋଭିତ-କ୍ଷେତ୍ରା, ଜ୍ଞାନବିଜ୍ଞାନ-ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶିତ-ନେତ୍ରା, ଯୋଗୀରଷିଗଣ-ଉଟକ-ପବିତ୍ରା ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ ॥ ସୁନ୍ଦର ମନ୍ଦିର ମଣ୍ଡିତ-ଦେଶା, ଚାରୁକଳାବଳୀ-ଶୋଭିତ-ବେଶା, ପୁଣ୍ୟ ତୀର୍ଥଚୟ-ପୂର୍ଷ-ପ୍ରଦେଶା ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ ॥

ଭକ୍ଳ ଶୂରବର-ଦର୍ପିତ-ଗେହା, ଅରିକୁଳ-ଶୋଣିତ-ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚିତ-ଦେହା, ବିଶ୍ୱଭୂମଣ୍ଡଳ-କୃତବର- ସ୍ନେହା କନନୀ, ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ ॥

କବିକୁଳମୌଳି ସୁନନ୍ଦନ-ବନ୍ଦ୍ୟା, ଭୁବନବିଘୋଷିତ-କୀର୍ତ୍ତିଅନିନ୍ଦ୍ୟା, ଧନ୍ୟେ,ପୁଣ୍ୟେ,ଚିରଶରଣ୍ୟେ ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ, ଜନନୀ ॥



Complementary Financial Strategy

(309) 532-8338





As an independent financial advisor and a fiduciary, I have access to most well known product providers such as Fidelity, Vanguard, Allianz, SGI, Betterment, Nationwide, AIG, Pacific Life, Transamerica and many more.

Prakash K Muduli, PhD Investor Advisor Rep Transamerica Financial Advisors, Inc 730 E Park Blvd, #104, Plano, TX 75074

M: (309) 532-8338 Visit Website

Visit Website

- Goal based financial planning (Track your progress)
- Tax diversification strategy, Wealth Management
- *Strategy to protect against market downturn.
- Strategy for college savings to maximize financial aid
- Advice on current 401K (Self Directed Brokerage Account)
- 401K/SEP/ SIMPL IRA plans for small business owners.
- Disability, Long Term Care & Life Insurance
- Recruiting & developing financial advisors

Mission ->> Help families have better future through financial education

ସୂଚୀପତ୍ର

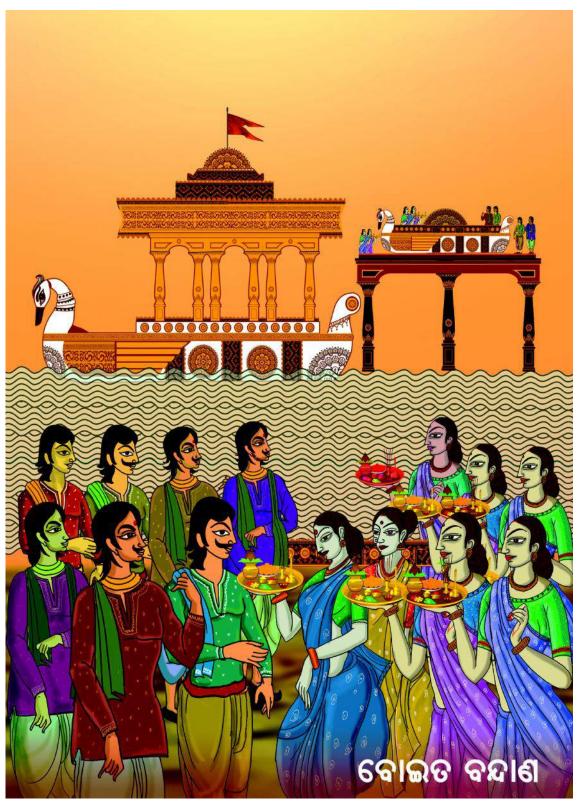
Table of Contents

ସରେ	ମଶ ମଞ୍ଜରୀ – Best Wishes	
1.	Odisha Governor's Message	14
2.	Odisha Chief Minister's Message	15
3.	The Consul General of India's Message, Chicago	16
4.	OSA President's Message	17
5.	OSA Vice President's Message	21
6.	OSA Secretary's Message	23
7.	OSA Treasurer's Statement	25
8.	Convenor's Message	27
9.	Co-convenor's Message	28
10.	Convenor, Next Gen's Message	29
11.	Chicago Chapter President's Message	30
12.	Editorial - English - Dr.Kanak Hota	31
13.	ସଂପାଦକୀୟ – ଓଡ଼ିଆ – ତାପସୀ ମହାପାତ୍ର	34
14.	Meghna Memorial Chair's Message	37
15.	Logo and cover page of Urmi	38
16.	OSAAdministration 2022-2023	40
17.	OSA Treasurer's Report	41
ତଟିସ	ନୀ ମର୍ମର – Meghna Memorial - Junior	
1.	God is Watching Us! - Aavahan Nanda	50
2.	The Faces of Life - Amrita Varshini Mahapatra	53
3.	Being A Good Friend - Shubhanshi Dey	54
4.	The Evolving Odias - Arianna Das	57
5.	Galileo Galilei - Chirag Routray	60
6.	Memorable Trip To Odisha - Diptanshu Rout	62
7.	Missing my life in the USA - Divyansh Pal	64
8.	Nature - Prish Swain	65
9.	Sorrow of Death - Saanvii Mahapatra	66

10.	The Little Dragon - Sakshi Sahani	67
11.	The Land of Life - Sana Agarwal	70
12.	Relationship - Yes, its Still me!! - Sarvansh Mishra	73
13.	Super Target Sleepover - Sharvani Rath	75
14.	Spring's Beauties - Simona Nath	77
15.	Reincarnation of My Uncle - Sreyam Mishra Sen	79
16.	Lost In Konark - Tia Patra	81
ତଟି	ନୀ ମର୍ମର – Meghna Memorial - Senior	
1.	The Story of a Village Girl - Sohum Mishra Sen	85
2.	Isn't It an Irony? - Haripriya Mahapatra	90
3.	Salix Circle - Sharanya Duvvuri	92
4.	Laguna Grande - Abhilash Patel	94
5.	Rejuvenate Our Humanity - Adwik Panda	96
6.	Thoughts from a first-generation daughter - Ankita Mallik	98
7.	The Black Rose - Debanshi Dey	100
8.	Threats against Humanity - Ishaan Padhi	102
9.	The Cons of Social Media - Prisha Patra	107
10.	Liquid Blaze - Rohan Satpathy	109
11.	Am I Ok? - Saanvi Dhala	110
12.	Dear Nani - Sarakshi Duvvuri	111
13.	Rise: Soar Above Your Limits - Saumya Mishra	112
14.	How do war our society? - Sushreeya Devi Mishra	114
15.	Home - Tanisha Senapati	116
16.	Dark Showers - Vedant Aryan	118
ଫଲ୍	ଗୁ ଧାରା – Odia Poems	
٤.	ଆରୋହୀ – କନକ ହୋତା	124
9.	ମୋ ପରିଚୟ – ସଲୋନି ମହାନ୍ତି	126
୩.	ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ : ଭକ୍ତିର ପରିକନ୍ସନା – ଡ଼ାଃ ନୃସିଂହ ଚରଣ ବିଶ୍ୱାଳ	128
४.	ମା'ର ଦୁନିଆରେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ – ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଲତା ରଥ	130
8.	ଆରାଧ ଶୀ ଜଗନାଥ – ସେହ ମହାନ୍ତି	133

୬.	ମନେପଡ଼େ ଆଜି ପ୍ରେମର ରଙ୍ଗ ପାଇନ୍ ବନରେ – ବିଜୟା ପରିଡ଼ା	135
ඉ.	ଅନେକ ଦିନ ପରେ – ସୁବ୍ରତ ମହାନ୍ତି	137
Γ.	ଡିନୋଟି ସନେଟ୍ – ଗଗନ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ	140
С.	ବନ୍ଧୁତ୍ୱ – ଝିନୁ ଛୋଟରାୟ	142
90.	ତୁମେ ଆସିଗଲା ପରେ – ଶାନ୍ତିଲତା ମିଶ୍ର	143
99.	ତୁମ ସ୍ୱତି, ଏକ ଅମ୍ଳାନ ଜ୍ୟୋତି – ଶ୍ୱେତପଦ୍ମା ଦାଶ	144
69.	ପିତା – ପରାଶର ମିଶ୍ର	146
୧୩.	ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟାୟତନ – ଦେବପ୍ରସାଦ ମହାପାତ୍ର	148
ęγ.	ମରୀଚିକା – ଅଧ୍ୟାୟ ୧– ବିକାଶ ବେହେରା	149
68.	ଉପହାର – ଶୁଚିସ୍ମିତା ପଣ୍ଡା	151
€૭.	ଭାଗ୍ୟମ୍ ଫଳତି ସର୍ବିତ୍ର! - ଦେବରାଜ ସାହୁ	153
ନୀଳ	ତରଙ୍ଗ – Odia Prose	
۴.	ଭାଷା, ଭାବ ଓ ବର୍ଷ - ବିଜୟମୋହନ ମିଶ୍ର	158
9.	ମୁଁ ଓ ମୋର ଜାତୀୟତାର ବିବର୍ତ୍ତନ – ତାପସୀ ମହାପାତ୍ର	161
ๆ.	ଆମେରିକାର କବିତାର ମୁଖ୍ୟ ଧାରାରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ବଂଶଜ କବି –	
	ଆଗା ଶହିଦ ଅଲି – ସତ୍ୟ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ	165
٧.	ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଗାନ୍ଧୀ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର – ପଦ୍ମଶ୍ରୀ ପଶ୍ଚିତ ଡକୃର ଅନ୍ତର୍ଯ୍ୟାମୀ ମିଶ୍ର	173
8.	ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସମୂଦ୍ଧ ଇତିହାସ ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ଆମେରିକା ଆଗମନ : ଏକ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିପାତ –	
	ମନୋରମା ଚୌଧୁରୀ	185
୬.	ତାଲିକା – ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ	191
ඉ.	ସମର୍ପଣ – ସୁନନ୍ଦା ମିଶ୍ର ପଣ୍ଡା	197
Γ.	ସାବିତ୍ରୀ – ଦେବୁ ପଣ୍ଡା	200
С.	୍ର ମୋ 'ବାଲ୍ୟଲୀଳାର' ମହାନାୟକ ପଦୁଶ୍ରୀ ରଜତ କରଙ୍କ ସୁରଣେ– କଳ୍ପନାମୟୀ ଦାଶ	205
60.	ଆନ୍ତରିକତା – ରବି ସାହୁ	209
ମେଘ	ମେଦୁର – English Poems	
1.	Me, the Rider in the 21st Century - Babru Samal	218
2.	Jetlag - Sasrika Rajan	219
3.	Introspection - Sumedha Jena	220
4.	Searching for Truth - Rabi Prusti	222
5.	Nascent Touch - Jigyansa Mohanty	223
6.	I, Endless - Suryanshu Mishra	224
7.	The Tribe Ascending - Sailabala Rout	226

ମଧୁ	ଗୁଞ୍ଜନ – English Prose	
1.	First Odia nurse in North America - Chandra Mishra	230
2.	SUBRINA BISWAL, 1970-1989 - Nilambar and Annapurna Biswal	234
3.	Circadian rhythm and intermittent fasting to extend our healthy Lifespan -	
	Prof. Satchidananda (Satchin) Panda	239
4.	Evolution of Odia from a Language of Communication	
	to a Language of Identity - Prof. Sri Gopal Mohanty	244
5.	An Ode to Odissi Music - Dr.Sangita Gosain	249
6.	OSA: History and Hope - Late Dr. Duryodhan Mangaraj	255
7.	How to Navigate through mental illness - Dr. Debendra Kumar Das	257
8.	Cuttack-Coexistence of Religions on Display - Prof. Dr. Annapurna Devi Pandey	263
9.	Jejima's Corner - Neepo Manjaree Mahanti	267
10.	Art of Mis(sed) communication - Surath Rath	271
11.	A Visit - Mamata Misra	273
12.	Smashed Barrier - Jayasmita Mishra	278
13.	The Chip - Sneha Panda	281
14.	Reflections on the North American Odia Community - Ineka Panigrahi	286
15.	Remembering my father, Saroj Kumar Behera - Sandip Behera	289
ବିଦାନ	ୟ ବେଳା – Obituary	
1.	A heartfelt tribute to a great soul - Swami Adyananda Saraswati	296
2.	Remembering Purna Chandra Mahapatra	297
3.	Professor Jitendra Nath Mohanty passes away	299
4.	Saroj Behera - A Divine Life	301
5.	Tribute to Subrat Mahapatra	305
ବିବିଧ	ଧ ବିବରଣୀ – Reports	
1.	Winners of OSA 2023 Nomination - based Awards	310
2.	OSA Publication Team Report	311
3.	OSA Odia Learning Team Report	312
4.	OSA Public Library Initiative (OPLI) Report - 2023	315
5.	OSA Women's Empowerment Group (OWE)'s Report	324
6.	OSA Spiritual Forum Report	327

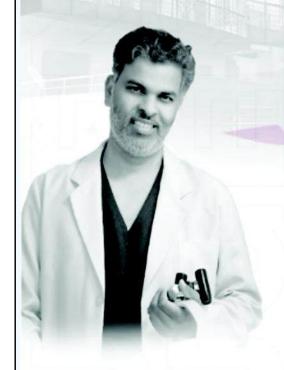




IS CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE BEST HAIR TRANSPLANT

CLINICS ACROSS THE WORLD.

PIONEERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY DIRECT HAIR TRANSPLANT (DHT) TECHNIQUE.



DR. PRADEEP SETHI

MD (AIIMS, NEW DELHI)
FISHRS, USA
PROFESSOR HAIR TRANSPLANTATION
AUTHOR AND TEDX SPEAKER
CHAIRMAN EUGENIX HAIR SCIENCES



DR. ARIKA BANSAL

GOLD MEDALIST
MD (AIIMS, NEW DELHI)
DIPLOMATE OF ABHRS, USA
FISHRS, USA
SENIOR HAIR TRANSPLANT SURGEON
MANAGING DIRECTOR EUGENIX HAIR SCIENCES

Info@eugenix.in | eugenixhairsciences.com



Prof. Ganeshi Lal Governor, Odisha ପ୍ରଫେସର ଗଣେଶୀ ଲାଲ ରାଜ୍ୟପାଳ, ଓଡ଼ିଶା



RAJ BHAVAN BHUBANESWAR - 751 008

ରାଜଭବନ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର-୭୫୧ ୦୦୮



MESSAGE

I am glad to know that the Odisha Society of Americas (OSA) is holding the 54th Convention in Lombard, Illinois on July 7-9, 2023. The annual OSA souvenir "Urmi" is also being brought out on the occasion.

OSA, known to be the largest Odia gathering outside Odisha has glorified its formation while promoting and propagating Odisha in a befitting manner for over last 50 years. The annual convention that takes place amidst a rich cultural experience and extravaganza witnesses enthusiastic participation of Odias from North America and India who renew their connection with the roots.

The Odia diaspora have created own identity in the world today with their excellence and perfection in several fields. It is heartening that they have proudly merged themselves into the life and culture of the countries they inhabit, and yet they still have a passionate connection to their homeland. This year's theme for the annual convention, "Aarohi, The evolving Odias" is all about integrating all generations of Odias and connecting Odisha with the Odia diaspora living in the North America. I believe, not only would the convention make all realize just how blessed and privileged they are, but also make them feel grateful to have the opportunity to connect with and serve Odisha and the people.

On this occasion I send my good wishes and I am sure OSA would continue to be a strong partner in Odisha's growth and prosperity.

I wish the 54th Convention and publication all success.

Gane Show

(Ganeshi Lal)

NAVEEN PATNAIK CHIEF MINISTER, ODISHA



LOKASEVA BHAVAN BHUBANESWAR



MESSAGE

Sometimes distance brings us closer home. The more the physical distance is the closer we become in our hearts and minds. The human mind always looks for the good old days at home, in the neighbourhood. Far away from Odisha, the Odias in USA have always set their hearts on our culture and heritage.

The Odia diaspora in USA is a vibrant community contributing to the economy and strengthening cultural relationships of both our countries, the USA & India. For over 50 years, they are in an endeavor, under the umbrella of the 'Odisha Society of the Americas' to keep in touch with every Odia across North America, celebrate their shared values & culture, and introduce the new generations of Odias to their roots.

The cultural link of diaspora with Odisha is now expanding to new areas of cooperation in trade, commerce and technology. We have recently opened a directorate for Prabasi Odias which will look after the interests of diaspora in foreign countries. I believe our links will be stronger in coming days which will encompass a whole lot of subjects including culture and heritage.

I extend my warm greetings to all the members of 'The Odisha Society of The Americas' for the 54th annual convention in Lombard, Illinois during July 7-9, 2023. The theme 'ଅରୋହা, the Evolving Odias' is certainly very encouraging and appropriate for the changing times. I wish the celebration and the publication 'Urmi' a grand success.

(NAVEEN PATNAIK)

Phone : Office : 0674-2531100, 2531500, 2535100 (Fax)
Residence : 0674-2591099, 2590299, 2590833 (Fax)

e-mail: cmo@nic.in | twitter: twitter.com/COM Odisha | Facebook: facebook.com/CMO.Odisha

RAJA KRISHNAMOORTHI
STI DISTRICT, ILLINOIS

2367 RAYMURN
HOUSE COPPER BRILINIS
WASHINGTON, DC 20515
TEASTHONIC (202) 225-3711
FAX: (202) 225-7830

1701 EAST WOODERLAN HOLD, SUFTE 764
SCHAUMBURG, IL 60173
TELEPHONIC (347) 413-1950
WWW.Jarishnamoorth.house.gov

Congress of the United States House of Representatives Washington, DC 20515

SELECT COMMITTEE ON THE STRATEGIC
COMPETTION RETWEEN THE UNITED STATES
& CHINGS COMMINIST PARTY
ENVELOY MEMBER
COMMITTEE ON OVERSIGHT & ACCOUNTABILITY
STRECOMMITTEE
PROCESSING SOCIETY STATES

SUICOMMITTEE
ROOMMIC GROWTH, ENERGY POLICY,
& REGULATORY AFFARS

PERMANENT SELECT COMMITTEE ON
INTELLIGENCE

SUBCOMMITTEE: THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY



June 22, 2023

The Odisha Society of the Americas 500 E Whitestone Blvd #308 Cedar Park, TX 78613

Dear Friends,

It is a pleasure to extend my greetings to the Odisha Society of the Americas as you approach your annual convention. I admire the organization's 54 years of hard work bringing together community members to celebrate and preserve Odia culture. This event will help educate both the Indian diaspora and the broader American public about Odia traditions. I look forward to a vibrant and impactful celebration!

Thank you for all that you do for our community and best wishes for the convention!

Warmest regards,

Raja Krishnamoorthi Member of Congress

भारत का प्रधान कौंसल शिकागो



CONSUL GENERAL OF INDIA CHICAGO



16th June 2023

I am glad to learn of the Odisha Society of Americas Annual Convention to be held in Chicago between 7-9 $^{\rm th}$ July 2023.

Indian diaspora from Odisha is an important component of our society abroad. The annual convention will provide not only an occasion for gathering of around 2000 attendees from all over United States and Canada, but also will be an opportunity to showcase cultural, academic, entrepreneurial and artistic talents from Odisha. Such conventions are important to build strong bonds among the diaspora who are deeply rooted to their culture and are keen for socio-economic development of the region from where they come. It is all the more important to inculcate the next generation with a sense of pride in the diverse and rich culture of India.

I wish all the success of the forthcoming Annual Convention of the Odisha Society of Americas in Chicago.

(Somnath Ghosh)

The Organisers, Odisha Society of Americas



OSA President's Message



Gyana Patnaik President, OSA

It is a very proud moment for our organization as we are celebrating fifty-four years of the annual convention. Strong passion, commitment, and our proud Odia feeling made it possible. We will keep on growing as an organization. Our next generation is getting mature. The time is ripe to hand over the baton to them to lead the organization and take us to a new height.

I'm very happy to state that the last two years of success are possible due to our energetic, hardworking, efficient, and passionate teams. As we are completing two years of commitment to our organization, below are a few highlights of our accomplishments.

- A modern website was put together with a state-of-the-art design and automated membership enrollment. Now enthusiastic Odias can be members of the organization within a short span of time making a payment using a credit card or Zelle.
- We have a record-breaking at least 1000 new members now which makes membership of our organization a respectful one.
- At regular intervals, The Spiritual Team organized webinars inviting Swami Sarvapriyananda Vedanta Society of New York, Swami Saranananda, and Swami Sadananda of Chinmaya Mission and Sj. Rabi Narayan Ratha Sharma, an authority on Jagannath Culture to enlight listeners on profound topics including Who am I?, Stitaprajna, Sadhana Chatustaya, Simple Explanation of Complex Vedantic Teachings, Burry the Worries, ଦୈନନ୍ଦିନ ଜୀବନରେ ଭକ୍ତି, ଧାନ, ଜ୍ଞାନ, କର୍ମ ଏବଂ ମହାପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ପର୍ବପର୍ବାଣି ।
- In order to promote Odianess among our children and young adults, our OSA Odia Learning (OOL) team not only taught Odia in places like Chicago, NJ, Raileh,

San Francisco, and Maryland but also organized events Utkala Dibasa, Shisu Divasa, and Makara Sankranti with fun-filled activities - Kahoot, Odia Bhajans and Odia drama much to everyone's delight. This team is also working to make Odia Learning Program a Certified Program.

- Our Women Forum organized webinars including Mindfulness-Based Stress Reduction, Healthcare Projects in Odisha by SEEDS, Caring for Caregivers, Mental Health Awareness, and Socioeconomic and educational improvement for the tribal belt of Odisha. This is a forum that gives a platform to women to work in a collaborative environment.
- The publication Team did a commendable job by inviting some of our community esteemed members to inaugurate the publication of Utkarsa in each quarter. These forums helped in spreading the background of our organization and its subsequent growth to the newer generation. Our annual souvenir Urmi is the product of the hard work and commitment of this team.
- Our Innovative Council worked hard to connect young entrepreneurs of incubators of NIT Rourkela and KIIT Bhubaneswar with Odias of North America especially the younger generation.
- OPLI Team works diligently to open more libraries in Odisha with a mottoone library in each district. It has laudable work in Berhampur, Koraput, and certain other parts of Odisha.
- The higher Education Team worked passionately to improve Wi-Fi / Internet Connection in higher educational institutions of Odisha along with improving the quality of education and developing student exchange programs with universities in the USA.
- We celebrated the Nua Khai festival over Zoom for these two years with many festivities. A Bhajan Program over Zoom was fittingly conducted around Durga Puja Festival time.
- Much to the delight of our members, our community celebrated two noteworthy conventions in Sacramento and Chicago highlighting our rich heritage, proud tradition, and current progress.
- The Next Generation Leadership team did a great job in creating a strong awareness among young professionals who are born or brought up in North America. In order to build a strong commendatory, networking sessions, and informal gettogethers were arranged in some major cities of the USA. Due to their strong passion and spirited effort, we have new 300+ next general leaders enrolled as Life Members

of the OSA. Make no mistake, an organization must look toward this team for our future evolution.

- Our Drama Team much to the delight of Odias across North America conducted National Drama Festival for two years where almost all Chapters proudly participated. In addition to it, we had also several Regional Drama Festivals (RDF) in Dallas, Boston, Nashville, and other regions.
- Our Heath & Wellness team worked passionately during COVID time to help out the distressed in certain parts of Odisha. In order to keep our people informed in North America, there were multiple health-related webinars with the attendance of doctors from India, England, and Australia.
- Grievance Hearing Committee delivered their commitment to the community by being impartial and fair to all.
- Our revenue has grown to a noticeable amount due to the due diligence of our office bearers. Due to the very short time, we could not look into various low risk or no-risk investment strategies.
- As a result of strong interest in the Odia language, we had two robust Zoom sessions with two well-liked topics କବିତା ପାଠ and ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ
- In order to stand behind our people in Odisha due to the tragic railway accident in Balasore, Odisha, our organization is sending a sizable amount to the Chief Minister Relief Fund (CMRF). In addition to it, members have contributed individually and some members are working on multiple long-term projects.

Things for the future:

- Our Constitution should be a living document. Now is the time to rewrite it to make it relevant for the present time. A committee needs to be set up to work on it.
- OSA needs to set up a Board of Trustees for long-term growth of the organization while President, EC, and BOG can look after 2 years of Operations. This will keep the organization more stable rather than changing things in every two years.
- For efficient and safe money management, OSA should work on holding two people accountable for all its finances.
- More focus should be on the next generation to get more involved with community affairs by inculcating Odianess in them.

- Organization needs to hold people accountable for their responsibility toward the community. In the name of democracy and a free press, irresponsible, vulgar, off-the-cuff remarks should not be taken lightly. It hinders our growth as people are not only afraid to post constructive messages but the newer generation stays away from the OSA.
- Need to hold yearly OSA Convention in a rotational manner so every Chapter will get their share. If a Chapter cannot hold a convention due to few members or financial constraints then it should make a diligent effort to work with a nearby Chapter to host the combined convention.
- More young people need to volunteer for the OSA organization. If we do not get involved, if we do not do our share who will do?

Let us keep our organization better, stronger and more respectful. Long Live OSA. Let us be proud Odias. ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ କନନୀ

Respectfully, **Gyana Patnaik President, OSA**





OSA Vice President's Message



Akshaya Ray Vice President, OSA

On behalf of OSA, I welcome you all to the 54th OSA Convention!

It has been a great honor and privilege to serve this community for the last two years as vice president of OSA. Time flies so fast, our term will be over this year in July, it does not feel like two years are gone by. We took this responsibility with a vision to bring some changes for the betterment of OSA, we may not have been 100% successful but we tried very hard with utmost sincerity and we believe that we did achieve some of our objectives.

To outline some of our achievements, we completely rebuilt the OSA website with a modern look and feel and an automated membership registration/management system. Our new membership registration system has real-time payment integration in addition to the automatic addition of member email addresses to Google G-suite for all-members groups etc, this has significantly reduced the manual workload of OSA office bearers and volunteers. We have also made a lot of changes to the server infrastructure for OSA/Chapter websites, website/database backup, security, disaster recovery, etc.

During our term, we constituted some new committees, notable one is the spiritual committee which has been doing an outstanding job by organizing monthly discourses for the last two years. Our Health & Wellness, Women's Empowerment, Education, and Entrepreneurship committees have also been very active in conducting different activities here and in Odisha as well.

I would like to sincerely thank our OSA President Gyana Patnaik and his team for believing in me and inviting me to join their team to contest the OSA election, all the chapter presidents, all OSA committee chairs/members, our IT services providers, and more importantly, all of our volunteers for their unconditional support and

cooperation. I am very confident that OSA will continue to evolve and be at the forefront as one of the premier organizations representing the interests of all Odiyas in North America. I wish all the best to our oncoming president Leena Misra and her team!

Lastly, I would like to express my sincere thanks and gratitude to the Chicago convention committee for putting together a wonderful convention. Hope you all have a great time at the convention and continue to support all OSA activities.

Sincerely,
Akshaya Ray
Vice President, OSA





OSA Secretary's Message



Pramod Mahapatra Secretary, OSA

Namaskar and Welcome everyone!

It's a proud moment that we are heading for the 54th Annual OSA Convention to be held in Chicago, 53rd Convention in Sacramento, CA is still fresh in the memory. I would like to thank the California Convention team for hosting such a grand convention. Finally, the convention account is settled, and audited and the best thing is OSA did not incur any loss. Congratulations, California chapter executives, the Convention executive committee, and volunteers.

This was the election year for OSA. Election committee members Sunil Mishra (chair), Nihar Rout, and Uma Misra completed the nomination and election process and submitted the result to OSA Executives on 1st March 2023. All positions were uncontested. Newly elected OSA executives are.

Mrs. Leena Mishra - President

Mr. Sharadakanta Panda - Vice-President

Mrs. Santwana Dash - Secretary

Mr. Subhransu Mishra - Treasurer

On behalf of all OSA Members, EC, and BOG, I Congratulate and welcome all elected OSA Executives to the office for 2023-2025, Best Wishes. My sincere thanks to the 2023 Election Committee for their due diligence to conduct the election process.

This year the 4 chapters have sent their elected representative to BOG.

Rocky Mountain Chapter elected Mr. Deepak Jena in April.

Southern chapter re-elected Ms. Mousumi Swain for the 2nd term in April.

California chapter elected Mr. Satyabrata Mohanty in June.

CANOSA elected Mr Kamalakanta Behera in June.

I encourage all other chapters that are overdue for elections (normally every 2-4 years) to elect their new representatives in a fair and democratic manner.

We started a membership drive last year. During this period, we have added 958 new members since July 2021. Last year alone we have a total of 305 new members: 286 – Life Members, 2 – 5-year Members, and 17 Annual members. On behalf of EC, BOG, and OSA Members, I would welcome all new members.

My request to all members is to stay active in OSA activities. OSA conducts virtual events like Spiritual seminars, Kabita Patha, Women's forums, Health and Wellness seminars, Financial Seminars, and Musical programs like Sharadiya Bhajan Sandhya, Odia Learning, etc. I request all members to join in to encourage the organizing team of such events, and provide valuable feedback to make it better.

I sincerely thank all members for giving me the opportunity to serve the OSA in the official capacity, my colleagues in the executive committee, BOG members, and all the team leads.

Please keep visiting our OSA website http://www.odishasociety.org for updated information, event details, OSA Activities, etc.

Sincerely,
Pramod Mahapatra
Secretary, OSA



OSA Treasurer's Statement

Prachee Behera (OSA Treasurer 2021-2023)

Welcome to the 54th OSA Convention!



This annual gathering of Odias presents yet another

occasion to mingle & delight for regulars and network & assimilate for new venturers. It also marks the end of my term as Treasurer and a beginning for eager and capable leaders to take their vision of OSA forward.

I must thank and appreciate the other members of the Executive Committee (EC) who served with me, Mr. Gyana Patnaik, Mr. Akshay Ray & Mr. Pramod Mahapatra. I must also congratulate the next EC, Mrs. Leena Mishra, Mr. Saradakanta Panda, Mrs. Santwana Dash, and Mr. Subhranshu Mishra. Soon after my responsibilities have been wrapped up, I must also reflect on these 2 years of being the OSA Treasurer.

I came into this role full of ideas, energy and idealism and I leave with still more ideas, perhaps a little burnt out and with more practicalism. The best part of this duration was the exposure to so many Odias across North Americas. Their stories, personalities and perspectives collectively make up such a treasure chest of Odisha's best. While serving I came to discover more of OSA's history in bits and pieces. The not-so-great parts of my term were the sheer magnitude of work in this role and the feeling that there was so much yet to be done.

OSA is built on not just the founders' ideas but is also the labor of love of a series of past Executives who cemented its foundation and raised walls brick by brick. As the organization grows in number of members and chapters, however, it needs more active volunteers and leaders to sustain its expansion and permanence.

Despite challenges or perhaps because of it serving in an organization as old, large, and diverse as OSA is an opportunity for personal growth irrespective of the walk of life you are in. OSA attempts at every turn to stitch together generations, geographies, and

ideologies. To aim to quilt perfection might be an impossible goal but to add a few new panes to better it is achievable and enough.

During this term, 2021-2023 OSA membership grew by ~30%, two great Conventions brought people together after the isolation during the pandemic, OSA finances sustained many events both virtual and in person. The credit for all this and more is shared by many leaders and volunteers. I am honored to be a part of it all.

As I prepare to shift focus to other responsibilities in life while still being connected to OSA and its members; I hope more new leaders come forward to serve in this old organization.

Odias are evolving and with us so is OSA!



Jhara Das

Message From the Convenor

It gives me great pleasure to invite all Odias to the 54th annual convention at Chicago of Odisha Society of the Americas

This year, the International OSA 2023 Convention at Chicago, USA, (July7 to 9th 2023), will have the largest gathering of Odias outside India. The convention theme ଆରୋଦା, the evolving Odias will showcase a glimpse of our language, culture, art and futuristic vision. ଆରୋଦା symbolizes the evolving Odias who are progressive, upbeat, aspirational, and heroic. The convention is an ode to that Odia.

The three-day convention has a balanced combination of multiple Seminars/Business meetings withcultural /entertainment /health programs. Additionally, we have added 2ndgeneration Odias focused activities/programs which will help them appreciate their Odiaroots with American culture and the challenges facing them to be successful in navigating both. There are programs/activities that cater to new generation. Odias, whose viewpoint/needs are different from earlier Odias.

There will be ample time to meet your friends/batch mates/relatives while enjoying the scrumptious food and snacks and having a good time together. We look forward to welcoming you!

The variety of articles, poems, experiences and stories in Urmi, which is near and dear to current and next generation Odias, will satisfy the voracious Reader with pleasant memories, long after the Convention extravaganza is over and the lightshave switched off.

Jhara Das Convenor, 54th OSA Convention, Chicago, IL Odisha Society of the Americas



Sanjay Pattnaik

Message from the Co-Convenor

I'm delighted to welcome each and every one of you to the 54th Annual OSA Convention held in the beautiful city of Chicago. We're excited to be seeing those that have been with us for years now as well as those of you who are new to our community.

On behalf of the Chicago OSA community, I'd like to express my deepest gratitude for the incredible volunteers who have put their time, effort, and resources into organizing this event. We would also like to extend our appreciation to the individuals and corporations whose donations played a vital role in bringing this event to fruition.

We are excited to witness the growing presence of the younger Odia population in the United States and we especially hope to showcase that within this year's convention. Not only have we organized several events to encourage their participation, but you'll also get to meet several young individuals who played a pivotal role in organizing this weekend. To all our young attendees - we hope you enjoy your time and continue to drive this event forward for years to come.

We hope this convention gives you the opportunity to engage in several events whether it be captivating cultural performances, interactive discussions, debates, or sumptuous food.

Once again, welcome and we hope you enjoy everything the weekend has to offer!

Best.

Sanjay Pattnaik Co-Convenor, OSA 2023 Chicago

Message from the Next-Gen.Convenor



Namaskar OSA Convention attendees,

Lory Mishra

We in Chicago are thrilled to host you in the City of Broad Shoulders for the 2023 Annual OSA Convention. As this year's Next Gen. Convenor, I am especially proud and excited to share the perspectives, talents, and passions of the next generation of Odia Americas with our community.

I was born and raised in Odisha and when I was 11 years old, my family immigrated to Chicago from Bhubaneswar in the fall of 2000. I still remember experiencing the colors of the fall and the pristine snow the very first time, with my little sister by my side. Growing up in Chicago, figuring out my identity was not always easy. Like most immigrant children, I was living two lives – one at home, where we spoke Odia and my sister and I fought over the *nali hada* at Sunday lunch, and one at school, where I did everything I could to blend in with my new American friends. As I grew older, got married, and saw Chicago evolve into a kinder place that celebrated heritage, I developed a deeper appreciation for my heritage and my roots. A large part of that journey was the pillar that is the Odia community. I've been fortunate enough to be part of a warm, fun, and welcoming (albeit *sometimes* chaotic) community.

As planning for the Convention kicked into full swing last fall, I was blown away by the dedication to put on as perfect an event as possible. I saw my parents, uncles, aunties, *bhais*, and *nanis* spring into action with ideas, resources, and passion to create an unforgettable experience. Initially, I thought "Wow, how do they have the time?!". Then I realized that when you care about something, you make the time. They challenged me to think about how we wanted the next generation of Odias to show up – what do we stand for? What do we care about? Within the first meeting with my NextGen team, it became clear that we loved our heritage but we wanted to stretch the community. I'm thrilled that we have put together a diverse showcase of artistic talents, fearless discussions on mental health, identity, and gender, and opportunities for the NextGen members to form life-long connections.

I thank you all for joining us in Chicago and I welcome you to engage with the ideas brought forth by the next generation of Odias. We cannot wait to connect and keep learning from you.

My best regards, Lory Mishra Next Gen. Convenor

Message from The Chicago Chapter President



Manoranjan Sahoo

My dear fellow Odias,

Namaskar.

It brings me immense joy to address you during the celebration of our brotherhood and community at the Odia Society of Americas convention 2023, taking place in our vibrant city of Chicago.

Our annual Odia convention is a cherished occasion where we come together to honor our rich Odia culture and heritage. Even though we may be far from our *janmabhumi*, we never forget our roots, and this convention provides us with a platform to celebrate and strengthen our bond with our ancestral land. Additionally, it allows us to express our gratitude to this great country, the United States, for embracing us and our diverse identities.

When I assumed the role of President of the Chicago chapter in April 2023, the convention's organization was already in full swing. The dedicated organizing committee has been working tirelessly for the past six months, diligently overseeing various aspects of the event, from registration and cultural performances to stage management and audiovisual arrangements. Witnessing their dedication firsthand has inspired me, and I am immensely proud of the Chicago Odia community for coming together as a close-knit family and putting in their collective efforts to ensure the success of the convention.

As we reflect on our roots and look towards a hopeful future, this convention holds tremendous significance. It offers us a unique opportunity to strengthen our connections within the community and provides a platform for our younger generation to forge ahead and make their mark. I wholeheartedly encourage each and every one of you to participate enthusiastically in the convention, as your presence and active involvement will contribute to its success.

Warm regards,

Manoranjan Sahoo

Editorial





Dr.Kanak Hota

A little more than half a century is a short time in the life of the Odia diaspora that migrated to North America some ten thousand miles away from their land of origin. Nothing can ever erase the glorious heritage of the motherland Odisha from our collective memory. It shrouds our being as we strive to get rooted in the USA and Canada. Odias arrived here with a rich cultural and intellectual heritage trailing behind them. We come from the state of Samantha Chandra Sekhara, the prodigious mathematician who could measure the distance of the planets and stars with two modest bamboo poles with absolute accuracy. Odisha is the sacred land where Ashok the Great shunned his sword and became an ardent follower of the Buddha and his teachings of tolerance and non-violence. It is the land of Adikabi Sarala Das, who in his version of the Mahabharata singularly imagined Sri Krishna's Viswarupa as *Nabagunjara*, a composite of nine animals. Odisha is the land of tolerance and brotherhood largely elaborated through the worship of its presiding deity Sri Jagannath. In short, Odias come from a soil "where centuries roll together."

The Chicago convention celebrates Arohi, the evolving aspirational modern Odia. He is someone having the discerning eyes to navigate the two worlds and understand the seamless global culture we are living in today. The Arohi's umbilical cord with Odisha never gets severed. He symbolizes as writer Salman Rushdie would say, "a celebration of hybridity, impurity, intermingling, the transformation that comes of new and unexpected combinations of human beings, cultures, ideas, politics, movies, songs." Arohi, the evolving Odia, is the moral man building bridges between generations, countries, and cultures.

Let me revisit our more recent history briefly. Fifty-four years ago, India, then a nascent democracy free from the shackles of colonial rule and the ensuing evils of the Raj -extreme economic backwardness and lack of opportunities for aspiring bright minds -presented a dismal scenario. Nehru's India was striving for an egalitarian society. It championed meritocracy, prioritized fighting starvation, and built dams, bridges, universities, engineering, and medical colleges to catch up with the modern world. America, the land of opportunity, was the beacon of hope for many. Innovations in science and technology have been the hallmarks of this country. The Sputnik Moment was gripping, and America was ready to send the first man to the moon. The transition was a huge leap of faith for the early Odia immigrants. They met the scientifically and technologically advanced Western world with awe. First forward, by the nineties, the revolution in information technology (IT) necessitated the second wave of immigration of Odias in North America. They found their niche in the IT sector. Now we have made homes here; many of us work in state-of-the-art research laboratories, corporate offices, hospitals, financial institutions, and academia. At this crossroads of history, India too has made exceptional strides toward progress and self-sufficiency. Democracy got rooted, and India's young and vibrant workforce succeeded in launching the first Mars orbiter Mangalyaan into space. Bhubaneswar hosted the first World Hockey Tournament in the imposing Kalinga stadium. Innovation and entrepreneurship are the two catchphrases in the national vocabulary now.

As I write this editorial, Artificial Intelligence (AI) is creating tremors that might bring a tectonic shift in the jobs we writers and communicators do. Every change in the status quo is jittery. AI is sending shockwaves similar to the uneasiness we experienced during the arrival of the search engine Google some twenty years back. In simple terms, AI is "the ability of a computer program to think, learn, and work on its own without being encoded with command." The Wall Street Journal says, "A chatbot has uncanny human-like writing abilities." It can create original content, summarize, translate, and generate texts in response to questions posed by users. Thought leaders are nervous. Some call AI a game-changer that would substantially lessen the workload for man and promises him more free time. Others worry over its potential to swallow scores of jobs and displace many from the workforce. The dangerously prescient warning is that apart from being used to spread misinformation, large-scale intellectual property theft, and plagiarism, AI might be used to manipulate elections, distort news, and escalate conflicts resulting in the mindless destruction of human lives and capital.

In the story of civilization, man has been continuously inventing machines to fight the invincible forces of nature and make life less miserable. He strives to tackle hunger, disease, natural calamities, and huddles in conquering time and distance through inventions. Knowledge sharing has been the greatest gift to humanity as the world has become increasingly seamless in the twenty-first century. Let good sense prevail over all. The brilliant minds who strive to understand the bewildering patterns of the infinite realities of the universe must offer the antidotes to the fear that innovations like AI hold. We already have a cautionary tale. Einstein deeply mourned the use of his theories that made possible the making the atomic bombs dropped over Hiroshima and Nagasaki. As humans with a limited time on this beautiful planet we call home, let us strive to make it a better place for the generation that will inherit it from us. Humanism, empathy, and compassion must prevail over cruelty and the ruthless profit-mongering mindset. Let's take a pause and tell the world the works of gun-safety crusader Shannon Watts, the plight of people in the remote islands whose lives are in grave peril by the rising level of seawater, or the irreversible damages to the environment we cause by dumping tons of unused garments in the Atacama desert.

 	 ,

Dr. Kanak Hota Editor-in-Chief

*** ***

ସମ୍ପାଦକୀୟ





ତାପସୀ ମହାପାତ୍

ନମସ୍କାର !

ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ଦୁଇ ବର୍ଷର ସମ୍ପାଦକୀୟ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ସରିବାକୁ ଆସୁଛି । ଦୃଢ଼ ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ ମୂଳଦୁଆ ନ ଥିବା ସତ୍ତ୍ୱେ ଆପଣମାନେ ଏଇ ବିଶେଷ ଗୁରୁଭାର ମୋତେ ଦେବା ପାଇଁ ବିଚାରିଥିବାରୁ ମୁଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଜଣାଉଛି ଏବଂ ନିଜକୁ ଅନେକ ଭାଗ୍ୟବାନ ମନେକରୁଛି । ଉତ୍କଣା ଓ ଉଦ୍ବିଘ୍ନତା ସାଥେ ସାଥେ ଗମ୍ପାରତା ସହିତ ଏଇ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟଭାର ନେଇଥିଲି । ଆଶା କରୁଛି ଯେ, ଆମର ମୁଖ୍ୟ ସମ୍ପାଦକ କନକ (ହୋତା) ନାନୀଙ୍କ ତତ୍ତ୍ୱାବଧାନ ଏବଂ ନିରବଛିନ୍ନ ସହଯୋଗରେ ସଂପାଦକୀୟ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀ ଏହି ଗୁରୁ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱକୁ ସୂଚାରୁ ରୂପେ ସମ୍ପାଦିତ କରିବାରେ ସମର୍ଥ ହୋଇଛି ।

ଏଇ ଭିତରେ ଅନେକ ଅଚିହ୍ନା ମୁହଁ ଚିହ୍ନା ହେଲେ । କେତେ ଚିହ୍ନା ମୁହଁ ଘନିଷ ହେଲେ । କିଛି ଘନିଷ ସମ୍ପର୍କ ପରିବାର ପାଲଟିଗଲେ । ଅନେକ ବିଜ୍ଞ, ଜ୍ଞାନୀଙ୍କ ସହିତ ପରିଚୟ ହେଲା । ଭାବର ଆଦାନ ପ୍ରଦାନ କଲି । କିଛି କିଛି ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଆଲୋଚନାରେ ଭାଗ ନେବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଲା । ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଲେଖିବା ଶିଖିଲି । ନିଜ ବିଷୟରେ ନୂଆଁ କିଛି ଆବିଷ୍କାର କଲି । ଏହି ସମ୍ପାଦକୀୟ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ମୋତେ ମୋର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଜ୍ଞାନ ବିଞ୍ଚାର କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଉତ୍ସାହିତ କରିଥିଲା । ଏ କଥା ଏଇଠି ଲେଖିଲାବେଳକୁ ମୋତେ ଖୁସି ଲାଗୁଛି ଯେ, ଗତ ଦୁଇ ବର୍ଷ ଭିତରେ ମୁଁ ସବୁଠାରୁ ଅଧିକା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବହି କିଣିଛି ଓ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ ବି କରିଛି । ଉର୍ମି ପତ୍ରିକାର ଲେଖକ ଲେଖିକାମାନଙ୍କର ଓସା ସଦସ୍ୟତା ଯାଞ୍ଚ କରିବା ସହିତ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଓସା ସଦସ୍ୟ ହେବା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରବର୍ତ୍ତାଇବାର ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଭିନ୍ନ ଥିଲା । ଉଲ୍ଲେଖଯୋଗ୍ୟ ଯେ, ସେଥିରେ ସନ୍ତୋଷଜନକ ଫଳ ବି ମିଳିଥିଲା; ୬ ଜଣ ଲେଖାଳିଙ୍କୁ ଓସା ସଦସ୍ୟ କରିବାରେ ସଫଳ ହୋଇଥିଲି ।

କିଛି ଅନୁଶୋଚନା ମଧ୍ୟ ଅଛି । ଆମର ଲେଖକମାନଙ୍କଠାରୁ ଲେଖା ସହିତ ଗୋଟିଏ ସଫା ଓ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଫୋଟୋଟିଏ ପାଇବା ବହୁତ ଦୂରୁହ ବ୍ୟାପାର ହେଇଯାଉଛି । ଓସା ସମ୍ପାଦକ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଦର୍ଶିତ ନିୟମାବଳୀ ଅନୁସରଣ କରି ଲେଖା ପଠାଇପାରିଲେ ସମ୍ପାଦକର ବହୁମୂଲ୍ୟ ସମୟ ଏବଂ ଉସାହ ଅଧିକା ସୃଜନଶୀଳ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ବିନିଯୋଗ ହୋଇପାରନ୍ତା ବୋଲି ବୋଧ ହେଉଛି । ସମ୍ପାଦକର ସମୟକୁ ଲେଖାର ସୀମା ନିରୀକ୍ଷଣ (ଦୁଇ ବା ଡିନି ବା ଚାରି ପୃଷ୍ଧା ଇତ୍ୟାଦି) ବା ବନାନ ଜନିତ ତୁଟି ସଂଶୋଧନର ପରିଧିରେ ସୀମିତ ନ ରଖି ପତ୍ରିକାଟିକୁ ଅଧିକରୁ ଅଧିକ ଯୁଗପୋଯୋଗୀ ଏବଂ ଆକର୍ଷଣୀୟ କରି ଗଢି ତୋଳିବାରେ ନିୟୋଜିତ ହେବା ଉଚିତ । ଉର୍ମି ଆମ ସମୟଙ୍କର ବାର୍ଷିକ ପତ୍ରିକା । ଏହି ପତ୍ରିକାର ମାନବୃଦ୍ଧି ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ଆମ ସମୟଙ୍କର । ଜମା ହୋଇଥିବା ପ୍ରତିଟି ଲେଖା ଉର୍ମିରେ ସ୍ଥାନ ପାଇବାର ପ୍ରଚଳିତ ପ୍ରଥା ସହିତ ମୁଁ ସହମତ ଜଣାଇ ପାରୁନାହିଁ । ପ୍ରତିଟି ଲେଖାର ଚୟନ, ନିର୍ଦ୍ଧାରଣ, ସଠିକ୍ ମୂଲ୍ୟାଙ୍କନ, କୌଣସି ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ କରିବାର ଅନ୍ତିମ ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣୟ ସମ୍ପାଦକର ବିଚାରଶୀଳତା ତଥା ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ଉପରେ ଛାଡିବାର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ରହିଛି ।

ୟେ ତ ଗଲା ମୋ ନିକ ଅନୁଭୂତି କଥା । ଦୂଇ ବର୍ଷର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟଭାର ଭିତରେ ଯେଉଁ କିଛି କଥା ମୋତେ ଚମକୃତ କରିଛି, ଆମ ଛୁଆମାନଙ୍କର ଲେଖା ସେଇଥିରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ । ଉର୍ମି, ଉକ୍ଷି ପ୍ରକାଶନ ଅବସରରେ ଛୁଆମାନଙ୍କର ଲେଖା, ଚିତ୍ର, ଫୋଟୋଗ୍ରାଫି ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ନିକଟରୁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ପାଇଛି । ଲେଖା ପଠେଇବା ପାଇଁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କରିବା ପରିପ୍ରେକ୍ଷୀରେ କିଛି ଛୁଆଙ୍କ ସହିତ କଥା ହୋଇଛି, କିଛି ଛୁଆଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଯୋଡି ହେଇଛି । ଆମେରିକାରେ ଜନ୍ନ ହେଇଥିବା, ବଡିଥିବା, ପାଠ ପଡିଥିବା ଛୁଆମାନେ ଆମଠାରୁ ଅନେକ ଅଲଗା ହେଲେବି ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପାଣ୍ଟାତ୍ୟ ଜୀବନଚର୍ଯ୍ୟା ଭିତରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରାଣ ବଞ୍ଚି ରହିଛି ଜାଣି ବହୁତ ଖୁସି ଲାଗୁଛି । ଭାରତ ଗୟ, ଓଡିଶା ଭ୍ରମଣ, ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ, ରଥଯାତ୍ରା, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂସ୍କୃତି ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ବିଷୟକୁ ନେଇ ଛୁଆମାନଙ୍କର କବିତା, ଗଞ୍ଚ, ପ୍ରବନ୍ଧ ଭିତରେ କିଛି ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କୁ ଭେଟିଛି । ଇଚ୍ଛା ବା ଅନିଛା ସତ୍ତ୍ୱେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ପରିଚୟରେ ଓଡିଆତ୍ୱ କାଏମ୍ ରହିଛି, ଏଇ କଥାକୁ ମୁଁ ଦୃଢ଼ ଭାବରେ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଛି । ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଭାରତୀୟଙ୍କ ଛୁଆଭାବେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଦୈନନ୍ଦିନ ଜୀବନର ଦ୍ୱୟ୍, ଭାରତୀୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପରିବାର ଓ ଆମେରିକୀୟ ସାଙ୍ଗସାଥିଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ନିଜର ପରିଚୟ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠା କରିବାର ତେଷ୍ଠାର ନଜିର ଦେଖିବାକୁ ପାଇଛି ଆମ ଛୁଆମାନଙ୍କର ଛଳବିହୀନ, ସଷ୍ଟବାଦୀ ଲେଖା ଭିତରେ । ଝରଣା ପରି ମୁକ୍ତ ପ୍ରବାହିତ ଚଳଚଞ୍ଚଳ ଲେଖା ସବୁ ମୋତେ ଖୁବ ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ, ଅକପଟ ଲାଗିଛି ।

ଏତେ ସକାରାତ୍ପକ ଅନୁଭବ ଭିତରେ ମୋ ପରି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରାଣଟି ପାଇଁ ଛୁଆମାନଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ କିଛି ଆଶା କରିବା, ନିଜ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜାତିକୁ ନେଇ କିଛି ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖିବା ତ କିଛି ଅସାଧାରଣ କଥା ନୁହେଁ! ହୁଏତ ଏଇ ଛୁଆମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରୁ କିଛି ଆଗାମୀ ଦିନରେ ଓସାର ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ନେବେ! ଆଜିର ଦିନରେ ଉର୍ମି, ଉକ୍ଷି ପାଇଁ ଲେଖାଟିଏ ପଠାଉଥିବା କିଛିକଣ ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ସମୟରେ ଉର୍ମି, ଉତ୍କର୍ଷ ଭାର ତୁଲେଇବେ ! ଭାଷା ପାଇଁ ଆଗ୍ରହ ରଖୁଥିବା କିଛି ଛୁଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ, ଭାଷା କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ କିଛି ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ, କ୍ରାନ୍ତି ଆଣିବେ! କିଛି ଜଣ ସମଗ୍ର ବିଶ୍ୱ ଦରବାରରେ ପ୍ରତିଷିତ ଓସା, ଓଡ଼ିଶା, ଭାରତର ଯଶକୁ ଆହୁରି ଜାଜୁଲ୍ୟମାନ କରିବେ। ଆମ ଛୁଆମାନେ ଆମ ଓସା, ଜାତି, ଦେଶ, ପୃଥିବୀର ଉତ୍ତରାଧିକାରୀ। ମୁଁ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିନ ଯେ ଆମ ଛୁଆମାନଙ୍କର ହାତରେ ଆମ ଓସାର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ଉଜ୍ଜଳମୟ।

ଇଂରାଜୀ ଭାଷାରେ ଆମ ଛୁଆଙ୍କର ଦକ୍ଷତା ଖୁବ ପ୍ରଂଶସନୀୟ । ଆଶା କରୁଛି ଯେ, ଆମ ଛୁଆମାନେ ମାତୃଭାଷା ପାଇଁ ସେତିକି ମାତ୍ରାରେ ଅନୁରାଗୀ ରହିବେ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାର ପ୍ରଚାର ଓ ପ୍ରସାର ପାଇଁ ଆମେରିକାରେ ଖୋଲିଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ୟୁଲର ସାଧୁ ଉଦ୍ୟମକୁ ପ୍ରଶାମ କଣାଉଛି । ବିଦେଶ ମାଟିରେ ନିଜ ଛୁଆଙ୍କୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କରି ଗଢ଼ି ତୋଳିବାରେ ପ୍ରତିଟି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବାପା ମାଙ୍କର ଅଦମ୍ୟ ଅବଦାନକୁ ପ୍ରଶଂସା ନ କରି ରହି ପାରୁନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଭାରତୀୟ ଭାଷାଭାଷୀଙ୍କର ନିଜ ନିଜ ରାଜ୍ୟ, ଭାଷା, ଜାତି, ସଂସ୍କୃତି ପାଇଁ ନିଷା ଓ ଏକତା ସହିତ ସମକକ୍ଷ ହେବା କଥା ଚିନ୍ତା କଲେ ଆଖୁ ପାଉ ନାହିଁ।

ଘରେ ବାହାରେ ଛୁଆମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ କଥା ହେବା ଚେଷ୍ଟା ଚାଲୁ ରହୁ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ତଥା ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ଐତିହ୍ୟ, ପରମ୍ପରାର ଚଳଣୀ ତଥା ପ୍ରସାର ଘରେ ଘରେ ଜାରୀ ରହୁ । ପାଣ୍ଟାତ୍ୟ ଗୀତ, ନାଚ ସହିତ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଗୀତ, ଛାନ୍ଦ, ଚମ୍ପୁ, ଡୁବି ତବଲା, ଗିନିର ସୁର, ତାଳ ଓ ଧ୍ୱନି ଆମ ଛୁଆମାନଙ୍କର ଜୀବନକୁ ଚଳଚଞ୍ଚଳ କରୁ । ବାପା ମା'ଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଆମ ଛୁଆମାନେ ଓସା ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ସହିତ ଅଧିକରୁ ଅଧିକା ସାମିଲ ହୁଅନ୍ତୁ । ପାଠାଗାର, ପୁଞ୍ଚକ, କାଗଜ, କଲମ ଆମର ଚିର ସାଥି ହୋଇ ରହୁ । ଅନବରତ ଲେଖା ପଢ଼ା ବଜାୟ ରହୁ । ଭିଭି ଦୃଢ଼ ହେଉ । ଭାବ ଅର୍ଥପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ହେଉ । ପ୍ରକୃତି ଭାବବ୍ୟଞ୍ଜକ ହେଉ । ଭାଷା ସୁଦୂର ପ୍ରସାରୀ ହେଉ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜାତିର ଜୟଯାତ୍ରା କାଳଜୟୀ ହେଉ ।

ଏଇ ଆଶା ଏବଂ ସ୍ୱପୁକୁ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ସନ୍ତ୍ରଖରେ ରଖି ବିଦାୟ ନେଉଛି ।



Editorial





Sarita Mahapatra Meghna Memorial Awards, Chair

I was honored, and secretly very happy, when asked to chair the Meghna Memorial awards for this convention. A lifelong lover of books, my earlier passion growing up was to read anything I can lay my hands on. I was looking forward to reading all the articles submitted as young minds bring vivid imagination, spontaneity, play on words and different perspectives that are unique to that generation. Today's youngsters are tomorrow's stars!

These young writers did not disappoint and I hope you have as much joy reading these articles as I did.

I would like to thank the four judges who took time out of their busy schedules to score each article in the Junior and Senior sections very thoughtfully and sincerely, and turned the articles back in a timely manner.

As the guidelines require, names and any other identifying information were not shared with the judges to make sure judging was as impartial as possible.

Disclaimer: The articles submitted for the Meghna Memorial Award compitition are not edited or corrected. We published them in the original form.

The Making of Urmi-2023



Kanak Hota, Chicago, IL Chief Editor



Tapasi Mohapatra, Hartford, CT Editor



Sarita Mahapatra, Chicago, IL, Chair, Meghna Memorial Awards



Mahasweta Sahoo Chicago, IL The Logo & cover page Artist

Our Logo: The galloping horse energetic and heroic, awash in the rays of the bright sun, and passing the Puri Jagannath temple and Chicago's iconic Willis Tower, is symbolic of the journey of Arohi, the evolving Odias. The wheel in motion is the wheel of time and progress. The name inscribed on the blue waters of Lake Michigan stands for Chicago, the site of the fifty-fourth OSA Convention, 2023. Our logo suggests the evolution of the Odia diaspora as a confident, hopeful, progressive, aware, informed, courageous, and compassionate community.

Arohi does not stand just for the lore of the upward-moving elite who dares every obstacle and achieves his goal. Instead, he is the purveyor of change; he sees not just the possibilities but understands the challenges and pitfalls as well. In this journey, the Arohi has a taste of the pain of seeking assimilation in a new culture, fitting into the system, succeeding and staying put on the ladder, and raising a family that understands its Odia cultural roots and absorbs the new realities.

The Coverpage Art: The Cover page art represents the building blocks of our Odia identity. The Sabara paintings, the string instrument, pakhawaj, Ashoka's Jaugada rock edict, the Buddist stupas in Rantnagiri, the tribal bangles *katria*, filigree tops and pendant, Nabagunjara imagined on Sarala Das's Mahabharata as the all-inclusive image of Krishna's Viswarupa, the handwoven Bonda shawl as the precursor to Odisha's textile tradition, go into making the cultural foundation of Odisha, and are inalienable from the identity of the Arohi.

Artist Mahasweta Sahu who created the logo, and the cover page for Urmi has also designed the entrance gate of the OSA Convention site modeled after the historic

Barabati Fort, Cuttack. She is trained in fine arts from the Santhanu's Chitira Bidyalayam, Madras India.

We are grateful to Prof. Annapurna Pandey for her help in obtaining the pictures of the tribal arts. We thank artist Srinivas Gomango of Paralakhemundi, for the Sabara art, and Sanjana Mishra of Bhubaneswar for the photo of the Bonda shawl we have used on the cover page of Urmi.

About Urmi, 2023: Urmi, the annual publication of OSA, the largest organization of Odias outside Odisha is the most awaited journal published during the annual convention in July each year. While the souvenir celebrates Odia culture and captures the lives of the dynamic Odia diaspora in North America through the writings submitted by its members, it also includes reports from various bodies of OSA that are vital for keeping the organization's engagement with its members vis-a-vis Odisha. Odia language learning initiative, E-Library, Women's forum, Spiritual forum, Publication forum, and Health and wellness forum are keen to build that bridge.

Selecting the title of the logo: The Odia community in Chicago, the host chapter of the 54th Convention, 2023 chose Arohi -the evolving Odias as the theme of this year's convention. Selecting the theme was a hard job. Esteemed community member, Sri Gokul Das suggested the Engish line 'the evolving Odias,' which stands for the people of Odisha who have come a long way. Achieving excellence is an ongoing process and Odias together are keen on reaching that goal. The Odia title 'Arohi' came from Kanak Hota. Arohi completed the concept of an evolving, progressive people. We thank all the writers young and old, for responding to our call.

Organization and Outreach: It was a challenging job for the two editors Kanak Hota and Tapasi Mahapatra to read, edit, correct, select, and arrange the Odia and English writings. The publication team is especially thankful to Tapasi Mahapatra for organizing, executing, and persistently communicating with the contributors to Urmi. What a memorable journey it has been for almost one year! We deeply appreciate the help and support we have received and hope that the readers will enjoy going through Urmi. We are extremely thankful to all the voluteers who have worked tirelessly for the convention and the generous donors without whose support this spectacular show would not have been possible.

Disclaimer: The Urmi team leverages several tools for editing writings in Odia. The team selected the tools carefully to minimize language errors and fixed many Odia-style writings manually. As the tools are evolving for Odia language and fonts, we apologize for any inconsistency and tools-related errors our readers may find.

OSA Administration 2021-2023



Gyana Patnaik President



Akshaya Ray Vice President



Pramod Mahapatra Secretary



Prachee Behera Treasurer

Chapter Representatives in the Board of Governors

CHAPTER NAME	CHAPTER HEAD	EMAIL	PHONE	START DATE
Canada	Kamalkanta Behera	kkbeheramca@gmail.com	(647) 468-2555	June-23
California	Satyabrata Mohanty	osa-ca@odishasociety.org	(408) 506-5920	Jun-23
Chicago	Manoranjan Sahoo	manusahoo@gmail.com	+1(626) 8724662	Apr-23
Georgia	Bhabani Buxi	osa-ga@odishasociety.org	253-332-3770	Oct-20
Grand Canyon	INACTIVE	INACTIVE	INACTIVE	INACTIVE
Maryland - Virginia	INACTIVE	INACTIVE	INACTIVE	INACTIVE
Michigan	Sunil Pattnaik	osa-mi@odishasociety.org	(734) 968-9073	Aug-21
Minnesota/North-west	Anjan Pradhan	pradhankanjan@gmail.com	(651)235-7351	Jan-22
MT. Hood	Seema Choudhury	seemac0@yahoo.com	(503)840-0564	Sep-21
New England	Dr. Bishwa Bhusan Sahoo	bbsahoo1@gmail.com	(978)551-5341	Sep-21
New York-New Jersey	Nagesh Rajanala	president@nynj.odishasociety.org	(248)659-2287	Nov-21
Ohio	Deepak Sahoo	osa-oh@odishasociety.org	(440) 867-6358	Nov-18
Ozark (central)	INACTIVE	INACTIVE	INACTIVE	INACTIVE
Rocky Mountain	Deepak Jena	deepakunmun01@gmail.com	(303) 249-3821	Apr-23
Seattle	Amulya Das	amulyakdas@hotmail.com	(427)754-5030	Feb-16
South East	Sanjeeb Rout	president@southeast.odishasociety.org	(858)361-4905	Jul-22
Southern	Mousumi Swain	osa-southern@odishasociety.org	(615)945-2124	Jun-21
South-West	Smaranika Rout	smaranika@yahoo.com	(972)977-2275	Feb-22
Washington, DC	Manoj Mishra	manoj.mishra05@gmail.com	(248)924-0261	Jul-22

The Odisha Society of the America's (OSA's) Treasurer's Report

OSA Financial Report: July 2022 – June 2023
OSA Treasurer: Prachee Behera

OSA Financial activities

Most of OSA financial activities are supported by the generosities of OSA members, my gratitude to all donors who keeping this organization steady.

Since July 2022, OSA's financial activities have included supporting OSA Conventions and Chapters with Chapter grants and other corporate donations routed through OSA, short term fundraising and donations related to OSA spiritual seminars (net zero accounting), providing receipts, paying bills and management of funds.

Some major activities have been:

1) Closing out 2022 OSA Convention accounts

2022 OSA Convention in Sacramento, CA was a mammoth event in terms of number of attendees, volunteers, invitees, and special events as well as dollar amounts. The finance activities for the 2022 Convention started in Nov 2021 with the opening of a new, dedicated account and ended with the closing of that account in June 2023. My thanks to the Conveners, Mr. Bikash Panda and the multitude of CA volunteers who spent countless hours and limitless energy in fundraising from individual and corporate donors, registrations, and funds management. Many of these activities happen before & after the convention, unseen by attendees but provide the base on which the convention is pulled off. My honor to be part of this and to have worked with many volunteers. Despite a separate finance team that handled the Convention finances, OSA's involvement in the finances were not just limited to overseeing account opening and closure. More than \$700K of the total income was routed through OSA main accounts that included donations from organizations & companies, corporate matched donations, and stock donations towards the 2022 Convention. Supporting this Convention has been both challenging and gratifying, like building a magnificent bridge.

See below for a snapshot of Convention 2022 account from a OSA perspective:

2022 CONVENTION ACCOUNT SUMMARY						
Total Convention Revenue (incl \$40K OSA loan) ¹	\$1,078,642					
Net Proceeds reported from Convention	\$55,727					
Convention Funds to OSA accounts						
Loan recovered	\$40,000					
OSA registration fees	\$11,225					
OSA new members fees	\$7,683					
Proceeds from Convention ²	\$27,619					
Net income to OSA account from 2022 Convention	\$46,527					

Notes:

- An extra \$30K loan was approved by the BOG as OSA constitution only allows for \$10K loan for any Convention.
- 2. Net proceeds(gain) were equally split between OSA and OSA CA chapter.

2) OSA \$99 Membership drive

The \$99 OSA Lifetime membership drive kicked off in late 2021 and extended into early 2023, both with BOG approval was a hugely successful drive in enlisting many new OSA members from all over the US and Canada. A total of ~1500 individual members were added to the membership base, taking total membership to over 4800 individuals, that's a ~30% growth in 2 years. Thanks to the OSA membership drive team led by Mr. Manoj Mahapatra, Chapter presidents and volunteers who publicized this deal and encouraged Odias in their circles to obtain or upgrade to Lifetime membership.

OSA membership still lags the number of Odia immigrants in North Americas (~40 thousands by some estimates). It is evident from the growth over the last 2 years that events such as the 2022 Convention, Chapter socials and limited time membership drives are proven ways to continue to grow OSA's member base as well as member involvement.

3) **Budget Planning**

OSA 2022-2023 Budget was presented to the BOG in April 2023 and approved on May 18th, 2023.

Proposed OSA Annual E		udgeted	ily	Actual					30G Apr 2023
Income		21-2022)		(2021-2022)	Budgeted (2022-2023)		Actual (2022-2023)		Comments
OSA Fees	\$	940	\$	940		\$11,225	\$1	1,225	Convention 2022 fees paid to OSA
OSA Membership	\$	49,000	\$	59,700	\$	37,500	\$ 1	1,600	\$ 3100 of this from 2021 Convention \$ 7683 of this from 2022 Convention
Convention Proceeds - OSA Share					\$	25,000	\$ 2	7,849	
OSA Convention Chief Guest Travel and Visa Sponsorship					\$	2,000			
LTA Award Sponsorship - Visa, Ticket and Award		-			\$	2,000			
Other Sponsors (SB Award for Academic Excellence, Performing Arts, SSKYEC - Samik Singh Kalinga Youth Entrepreneurship Competition, Champu Chand, MM)	\$	6,200	\$	4,800	\$	8,400			Plus 2000 for new OSA Beautiful Minds Youth Mentoring Budding Scientists award
OSA Public Library Initiative Donation			\$	1,952	\$	2,000			
General Donations	\$	5,000	\$	5,000					Doesn't include donations towards OSA Spiritual/OSA HW/OSA Convention 2022 accounts etc. that are received & passed to respective accounts.
Amazon Smiles	\$	100	\$	31		-	\$	33	Program discontinued
Total Income	\$	66,740	\$	72,423	\$	88,125	\$ 50	,707	
xpense		-						_	
RDF (Drama Festival)	\$	2,000	\$	750	\$	2,000	\$	1,500	Grant of \$1500 given (OSNE & OSA SW)
Chapter grants - Odisha Day etc.	\$	2,000	\$	750	\$	2,000	\$	1,000	(OSA CA, OSA Seattle, OSA Southern)
Chapter Level Awards	\$	500	\$	- 2	\$	500			Speech & Debate
OSA Mahotsav			0			**			
Convention Advance Loan	\$	10,000	\$	40,000	\$	10,000	\$ 1	0,000	10K loan granted to 2023 convention
OSA Chief Guest for OSA Convention		-	6		\$	2,000			Travel and Visa expenses for Chief Guest
Awards & Plaques (Convention & others)	\$	2,500	\$	700	\$	2,500			To be updated
LTA Award and Award Travel Cost		-		-					
Server	\$	3,000	\$	3,000	\$	3,000	\$	500	Website etc.
IT services	\$	3,000	\$	3,480.00	\$	15,000	\$ 1	3,405	
OSA Sponsored Awards - OSA 2022 Convention	\$	6,200	\$	6,400	\$	6,400			\$4800 sponsored, rest \$1600 OSA responsibility
The second of the second secon	\$	4,000	\$	3,000	\$	4,000	\$	3,500	Financial services, mailbox etc
Operational Expense					\$	500	<u> </u>		Memorial flowers etc. \$760 expense
Operational Expense URMI Print Expenses - OSA Share Misc Expense	\$	1,000	5	1,600	\$	1,200	\$	760	Name and the state of the state
URMI Print Expenses - OSA Share Misc Expense			\$				\$	760	till date.
URMI Print Expenses - OSA Share Misc Expense Paypal Commission	\$	1,000		1,392	\$	1,000		000000	All the Cold process and the contract of the c
URMI Print Expenses - OSA Share Misc Expense			\$	1,392				,665	till date.

4) OSA Award allocation

OSA Awards Sponsored		ount	Sponsored by in 2022	Sponsored by in 2023	
Subrina Biswal Academic Achievement		1,000	Dr S K Dash		
Meghna Memorial (Creative Writing)	\$	600	Mr Santosh Kar (Meghna Trust)	Mr Santosh Kar (Meghna Trust)	
			& Mr Rabi Rout	& Mr Salil Mishra	
Sameek Singh Youth Enterprenuership		2,000	Dr Sujoy Singh & Dr Dan Misra		
Subrina Biswal Performing Arts		1,200	Mr Nilambar Biswal & Mrs Anu Biswal		
Lata Mishra Champu Chhanda Odissi	\$	600	-	Mr Saradindu Mishra	
Beautiful Minds Budding Scientists		2,000	NA	Mrs Suchismita Panda	

These are the annual OSA awards associated with cash prizes. Thank you to the donors of the above OSA Awards. Awards not sponsored by trusts/individual members are borne by OSA.

5) OSA Tax filing

Taxes for the year 2020 and 2021 had been reported to the IRS prior to July 2022. However, taxes for the year 2022 have not yet been filed. This is due to not receiving the year-end financials from all Chapters in time. An extension has been filed and efforts are underway to file before the extended deadline of Nov 2023.

6) OSA website redesign remittance

In early 2023 the OSA website was redesigned with the employment of a third-party design house overseen by OSA VP Mr. Akshay Ray. In addition to modernizing and cleaning up, important updates were made to the member directory including real time payment verification (PayPal), automatic updates as well as addition of email address to OSA's all member networks. The OSA membership drive was a huge drain on OSA EC's time, especially mine, OSA Treasurer and Mr. Pramod Mahapatra's, OSA Secretary. Manual verification of payment followed by manual directory updates has been mostly eliminated. This was a major expense approved by BOG in advance and paid to the design house in line with work completed, intermittently (details reported in OSA Budget).

7) Odisha Railway Mishap Relief Fundraising

This was a quick fundraising effort in response to the railway mishap in Balasore. A total of \$7,949 was raised to date. An additional \$32,674 (remaining balance of FANI fundraiser) was approved by BOG to be contributed towards this cause. A total of \$40,623 was sent to the Odisha Chief Minister Relief Fund (CMRF) on June 19th, 2023. Another \$1500 is expected towards this and will be dispatched similarly to CMRF before closing out this fundraiser.

8) Supporting the 2023 Convention

This is an ongoing activity in conjunction with the OSA Chicago Convention finance team. After the initial \$10K OSA loan, some corporate matches and donations need to be routed through OSA main account. The expectation is to close out the Convention account during the transition period for the convenience of the new OSA EC team.

OSA Balance sheet

	Starting	Ending
	Balance	Balance
	May 31 st 2022	June 15 th 2023
Investment Account (TD Ameritrade) ¹	\$311,850	\$297,382
OSA Main account	\$451,376	\$241,675
Emergency Fund	\$13,571	\$12,617
Health & Wellness Account ²	\$17,107	\$141,745
OPLI ³		\$3,496
Accounts Payable ⁴	\$ (126,101)	\$ (10,500)
Accounts Receivable ⁵	\$10,000	\$10,000
Net Assets	\$677,804	\$696,415

Notes (Balance sheet):

- 1. The investment amount reflects the market value. No capital was added or deducted from the investment. Due to dividends being reinvested, the total number of shares in account has grown.
- Covid funds from OSA main account were transferred into a dedicated OSA Health & Wellness (H&W) account. No income or expense on the H&W account occurred in this cycle.
- 3. OSA Public library initiatives (OPLI) donations since 2014 were reconciled and funded into a dedicated OPLI account. Additionally, OPLI funds include \$11K invested in 2021 (OSA's investment acc).
- 4. Accounts Payable includes pending budgeted award grants, some 25% membership due to Chapters and donations slated for Chapters.
- 5. Accounts Receivable is the \$10K extended to 2023 Convention account.
- 6. The \$32,674 balance on the Fani fundraised donation earmarked for 'Mo School' by the then BOG was a pending donation. The reason being the lack of a FCRA account for 'Mo School', a prerequisite to send foreign currency to anIndian organization. Discussions had occurred for a suitable alternative recipient. The Balasore Railway mishap in Odisha presented a contingent situation. The present BOG approved this balance to be disbursed along with any recently fundraised amount towards the Chief Minister's Relief Fund, marked for relief efforts towards victims of the Railway mishap.
- Fundraised amount for all OSA Spiritual seminars (July2021-July2023) were disbursed to previously announced spiritual organizations, charities. Net zero accounting.
- 8. This balance sheet does not include funds in the 2023 Convention account. The 2022 Convention account has been closed.
- 9. This balance sheet does not include funds in various OSA Chapter accounts.





Kena Contractor

Managing Director
Investment Adviser Representative
Equity Services, Inc.
(847)708-5868
975 E Nerge Rd Suite S120
Roselle, IL 60172



kcontractor@lsfgchi.com

Life insurance - Wealth Management - Financial Planning - Business Insurance

Kena Contractor is a Registered Representative and Investment Adviser Representative of Equity Services, Inc. Securities and investment advisory services are offered solely by Equity Services, Inc., Member FINRA/SIPC, 123 N. Wacker Drive, Suite 600, Chicago, IL 60606, (312) 236-2500. Lakeshore Financial Group is independent of Equity Services, Inc. TC121908(0721)1





God is Watching Us!

Aavahan Nanda

(First Prize Winner - Meghna Memorial Junior)

Once upon a time, in northern mountains of United States, there lived a miner. His name was Jeff. He worked for a rich man named Luke. But Luke was a very selfish man. He paid Jeff one dollar a day. Jeff was poor, however he was focused on his job. His tiring mining job in the mountains got him blisters, but he could not afford to see the doctor all the time.

One day while mining, Luke called for him. Luke said, "Jeff, it seems like most of the people including you, who have worked for me, have already mined most of the valuable stuff and the only thing we find here now is coal. But I heard a legend, somewhere in this mountain, there is a cluster of diamonds. So, today's work is, mine really deep into the mountain, and find that cluster of diamonds! NOW!"

Jeff took the orders and set off to work. While mining, he accidentally fell into a hole. A really weird hole. Something told him that this was not a natural hole in the ground. Suddenly the top of the hole came crashing in and he got so panicked that he banged one side of the walls around him. Suddenly that wall came crashing down too. However, instead of just crashing down, it revealed a small tunnel. Before all the rocks came tumbling down on him, he got inside the tunnel.

"Whoa, this is like a secret base!" said Jeff. As Jeff preceded through the tunnel, a weird box appeared. Then out of nowhere, four people approached him. They started throwing spears at him. Jeff screamed, "WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING HERE? ALL I DID WAS JUST WALK BY!" The people said in unison, "We are protecting the sacred box." Jeff said, "From who?" "From Luke," told their leader with an angry voice. "For ages, he has been trying to steal it from us, but we are the reason it has not

been stolen yet. This box contains all types of jewels, such as emeralds, diamonds, rubies, gold, and all the other types of wealth you could imagine. We used to live in a palace, until he tried stealing from us. It was easy to defend the treasure when only one person was trying to steal from us, but soon he started hiring people to steal the treasure and it became too much for us to manage. So now we have to hide in a mountain, hoping he will never find us." Jeff felt sorry for them. He told them he could help and promised to never tell anyone about this secret. He also told the whole story of his life. How Luke treated him badly, and how he barely even paid him. The four people believed him as they could see his poor clothing, blistered feet, and underneath all that an honest human being. They let him go so he could help and protect them.

Knowing the truth, Jeff got out of the hole and understood the cunning plan of his master. The next morning as usual, Luke called for him.

"Did you find the diamonds?" Luke said.

"No, I didn't, and I don't think you need it because you are such a rich man already." said Jeff. "WHAT DOES THAT SUPPOSE TO MEAN?" shouted Luke. And getting really mad, he ran after him with a stick. Poor Jeff with his blistered feet ran as fast as he could and kept running and running until he got inside the mountain where he usually mines.

One time while mining, he had found a waterfall and had narrowly escaped from it, and he knew where it led. He ran in the same direction straight to the waterfall. At the last moment, just before the waterfall, he jumped up and hit his pickaxe at a stone above the waterfall. But Luke had not carried a pickaxe with him, and he ran right into the waterfall. He went down and down, into a river the waterfall had created. The river was so big and with the downstream flow, Luke was not able to come back to the mountain. It led him all the way to the southern valleys in Mexico, which was far away from the nourthern mountains. Jeff gave a big sigh of relief and went back to Luke's house with a feeling of joy. He said to himself, "Well, guess he's never coming back here!" He started collecting Luke's acquired wealth over these years with a noble thought to give it to the poor.

On the other hand, for Luke, since he had not carried anything with him except for a stick, he was no longer the same rich man. He had no way to come back to the northern mountains in United States to cause trouble to people. Moreover, he had nowhere to live, and he ended up becoming a miner himself to earn his living!

Later on, the tribe and many other people in the town appreciated Jeff's heroism in getting rid of Luke, the evil person tormenting lots of people. As a reward, he got to keep the palace that the tribe used to live in long ago, and was crowned as their new leader of the northern mountains!

As a moral of the story, we should not be so selfish and greedy, else one day God will punish us. We should be kind to humanity and the poor. Let us remember God is watching our deeds!



About the Author

• School Grade: 3rd, Age: 9 yrs,

• Hobbies: Music, Playing Piano, Soccer,

• Passion: Minecraft Video Games

• Goal: To be an Astronaut

• Address: Fargo, ND 58104, USA





The Faces of Life

Amrita Varshini Mahapatra

(Second prize winner - Meghna Memorial Junior)

Dreams are like a pink shimmer, In reality, things may not glimmer. A lot comes with a sugarcoat, As one struggles to stay afloat.

As the shimmer fades, the gloom enters, The darkness spreads without a center. Nightmares are shallow and dim, An abysmal fall with no glim.

Dreams, nightmares are shadows of life, Which has tests and strife.
Everyone goes into the weeds,
With hope and patience, sows the seeds.

One tries to do the best According to one's own taste, Knowing that some may fall behind While some others may go a step ahead.

All make their own journey
Hoping for name, fame and money.
Although it may sound a bit funny,
A friend may turn into an enemy during the journey.

About the Author

• Age: 12 years

• Hobbies, Passions and Future Goals: Art, Music, Goal - to be an Architect

• Parents: Lipika and Santosh MahapatraPostal address: Potsdam, NY, USA



Being A Good Friend

Shubhanshi Dey (Third prize winner - Meghna Memorial Junior)

Monday Morning in Miss Hajan's class.

"Class I have an assignment for you," announced Miss Hajan in a strong voice. "You have one week to complete this assignment. You will have to do an act of friendship to one another. Now I want you to get in pairs and then you perform an act of friendship."

"Jake, want to partner up," asked his brother John.

"You Betcha!" replied Jake.

Right behind Jake were Kin and Kan, brothers from Japan. They were already thinking about their act of friendship. Next to them Geo and Gio were talking with their friends Rocky and Rondy. Then the bell rang and the class was dismissed. The whole day went by and even though they didn't notice all the pairs of brothers were becoming closer to each other.

Tuesday afternoon in the playground behind the school

: Jake and John's act of kindness

Hint: A good friend is caring.

"Help!!!"

"John, how did you get up there? Be careful!" Jake said as he saw his brother on top of the six feet high monkey bars. Just then he saw his brother scooch backward and fall head-first into the wood chips below him. Jake tried to slide and catch him but he was too late. He quickly helped his brother up and helped him to the nurse's office. The whole day John was light-headed but Jake helped him and even carried both of their things including their binders to PA. Throughout the whole day even at home, Jake was caring for his injured brother.

Wednesday morning in Mrs. Hajan's class

: Kin & Kan's act of kindness

Hint: A good friend is loyal.

"Kan, what does it mean to be loyal?" asked Kin. His brother replied saying "If you are a loyal person, you are trustworthy and reliable. For example, knights are loyal to the king and you can also have loyal friends and siblings too." Later that day the two were playing and some bullies came and picked on Kin. Then Kan stepped in and defended his brother using words and not fists.

Kan said "Why are you picking on him? I am going to give you three reasons why you might not want to do that. It is shameful to pick on kids like my brother that are kind of wimpy, No offense Kin."

"I'm fine with it, I agree I am a bit wimpy" agreed Kin.

"Also," continued Kan, "it is against the rules to bully and the price if you are reported in no recess for two days including extra recess. And last you have one last strike until you get the gingerbread house building time taken away from you so back off."

The bullies soon left and then Kin joyfully told Kan "You are my loyal knight. friend, and sibling

"Thanks," said Kan smiling at his brother.

Thursday afternoon

Geo & Gio's act of kindness

Hint: A good friend is a good listener.

"Geo? Why do the twins, Rocky and Rondy, always race or challenge?" "Well..." started Geo. "It started before we were friends. One day Mrs. Pitwit got the idea of making the twins race each other to see who would finish first and Rocky won. Their mom thought that making them race against each other would allow them to finish faster but her plan backfired. Soon the twins got crazy competitive and started making crazy challenges at school. And no matter how many times one of them gets hurt they won't stop competing."

"Wow, just, wow," said Gio, dazed. "And I made one of them get hurt."

"Huh I didn't think you would listen. I thought you were already gone," announced Geo.

As a reply, Gio said, "Don't you know a good friend is a good listener. And you're my BEST friend," hugging Geo tightly.

Friday afternoon, the last class

Grading

"Class, good work, I would like to visit each pair and they will tell me what they did. First up Jake and John," announced Miss Hajan.

John said "On Tuesday I fell off the six feet monkey bars head first. That whole day Jake helped me at school and home."

"Good job both of you, Kin & Kan." continued Miss Hajen.

Kin replied "On Wednesday a few kids were bullying and Kan stepped in to help like a loyal friend.

"Loyalty is a good attribute in friends. And next Geo & Gio." continued Miss Hajan.

This time Geo replied and said" Gio asked me a question and for the first time stayed and listened even though it is tiny, listening is a great attribute in a friend" "Yes, I agree with you Geo next"



About the author:

- Age: 11 years
- Hobbies, Passions and Future Goals: I am an eleven years old curious girl. I love to play all kinds of board games and outdoor games. I am a blackbelt in Taekwondo, brown belt in Tangsudo and also leaning weapons in Martial Art. I also like to play Basketball. I really enjoy reading books, painting and building Legos in my free time. I want to be an Architect when I grow up.
- Parents: Sarmistha Dash
- Postal address –Naperville, IL USA





The Evolving Odias Arianna Das, Herndon, VA

Growing up speaking Odia, eating Odia food, and celebrating Odia festivals in America gave me a natural and gradual understanding of the state of Odisha and my identity as an Odia. My first trip to Odisha was in 2013 when I was three years old. In Odisha, I travelled to Cuttack and Bhubaneswar and discovered things were very different from the US. The climate, clothing, food, and even the way they spoke the language. My grandparents helped me learn to speak Odia fluently while I was there. My Pisa (uncle) would take me on rides on his bike and my Apa (aunt) would take me to shops to buy Indian dresses.

In the following years, I have visited the state on a few more occasions. I often hear my parents discussing with their friends and relatives how different Odisha has become from the time they left. The state, they would say, has progressed on many fronts and looks promising with opportunities.

Located in the eastern part of India, Odisha has been a state for 87 years when it was formed in 1936. The state has a rich history going back to the time when it was known as the ancient kingdom of Kalinga. It has been ruled by various dynasties – each leaving a special effect on the culture and society of the region. The early history of Odisha is marked by the ruling of the Mauryas and Guptas. It has also been a centre of Buddhist and Jain culture with several important sites still in existence.

The earliest known civilization of Odisha was the Kalinga kingdom ranging from the 6th century BC to the 4th century BC. This kingdom was known for its advanced culture, art, and architecture with the famous rock edicts of Emperor Ashoka. The Kalinga kingdom was followed by several other kingdoms, including the Shunga, Satavahana, and Gupta dynasties, which also contributed to the region's cultural and economic development. The state's most important and iconic sites – The Puri Jagannath temple and the Konark Sun temple date back to the 10th and 13th century respectively.

The Mughal rule during the 16th century brought significant changes to the region's cultural, architectural and religious identity. Over its course of history, the region has also been a hub for trade and commerce with the port of Cuttack being a major trading centre. Perhaps due to this constant network and cultural exchange with other countries, Cuttack has grown into an inclusive, multi-faith city.

In the 18th century, the British East India Company established its ruling over Odisha, which remained a part of British India until 1947 when India gained independence. During the British period, the state witnessed significant groundwork with the construction of roads, railways, and bridges. The British also introduced modern education and healthcare systems with a lasting impact on the region.

Despite its frequent struggles with floods, famines, poverty and malnourishment, Odisha, since independence, has undergone significant development and modernization. The state has made strides in improving education, healthcare, and infrastructure. According to a World Bank report, Odisha's poverty rate has declined from 57.2% in 2004-05 to 32.6% in 2017-18, which is one of the steepest declines in poverty in India. In order to make healthcare accessible to all, the government has also launched several healthcare schemes, including the Biju Swasthya Kalyan Yojana, which provides free healthcare services to the poor.

It has also made efforts to promote tourism with its rich cultural heritage, natural beauty and scenic beaches attracting visitors from around the world. At the same time, the state has managed to retain its rich cultural heritage and traditions. It is home to several ancient temples and is world known for the celebrated event: the annual Ratha Yatra which attracts millions of pilgrims every year. Odisha's music, dance, and art forms are also famous with the state's tribal communities preserving their unique traditions and customs.

When me and my family lived in Connecticut, there was a huge group of Odias. It was very surprising to see such a big group of people who looked and spoke like us. We would all get together to celebrate festivals like the Jagannath Ratha Yatra. My family taught me about what happens during these festivals, they told me how to do the puja and how to serve food to god on special occasions. I was taught about things about Odisha at an early age, like special temples and significant places like Cuttack, Puri, Bhubaneswar, Rourkela among others. I am still learning about dance and music. I take Odissi lessons, learn hindustani classical music and have managed to sing a few Odia songs.

During our get togethers with other Odia families in the US, I got to know about various towns and cities in Odisha. It's incredible to discover people of various vocations and backgrounds, who have left their hometowns, built successful careers and raised families so far away. Back home, Odisha, too, has emerged as a hub for the IT industry with several major companies setting up operations in the state. The government has also taken steps to promote renewable energy. The state is now one of the leading states in India in terms of solar and wind energy production.

Interestingly, Odisha is also emerging as a leading state in promoting sports in the country with homegrown sports icons like Dutee Chand, Deep Grace Ekka, Dilip Tirkey etc. The state government has set up sports academies and the development of sports infrastructure especially hockey and rugby. The state recently hosted the Hockey World Cup making it a one of its kind achievement.

Once associated with poor health and nutrition indicators, Odisha has done significant work to provide its people a healthy and dignified life. Better access to education, healthcare, and job opportunities are offering the youth of Odisha a chance to make a mark across all fields globally. And as I continue to discover Odisha through Odias around me in the US, it makes me look forward to my trips to the state.



About the Author

School Grade: Grade 7

• Author's Age: 12

• Author's/Artist's Hobbies, Passions and Future Goals : Loves to perform, paint and wants to be a lawyer

• Parents: Soumya Mohanty / Debasish Das

• Postal address – Herndon, VA - 20171



Galileo Galilei Chirag Routray

Introduction

"Passion is the genesis of genius", Galileo once said. Galileo Galilei was one of the most revolutionary people in our world and in science. What would we know about space and science without him? Read on to learn about how he changed the world with his accomplishments, discoveries, and a vast variety of his inventions.

Childhood/Early life

Galileo already started changing the world when he was born on February 15, 1564 in Pisa, Italy. His family incorporated of his two brothers, three other sisters and parents, Vincenzo and Giulia Galilei. Galileo was the oldest of all of his siblings. When he was eight his family moved to Florence Italy and he attended a school there. As a child, young Galileo loved to stargaze and wonder about space. He always asked questions and was very curious. By the time he started college he already started to invent.

Accomplishments/Adult life

The start of his amazing lifetime was when he enrolled in the University of Pisa in 1581. He would always ask questions and would argue about other ideas with his friends and professors. All his classmates called him The Wrangler because of his curious behavior. In 1589 Galileo was offered a job four years after he dropped out without a degree! He accepted the job as a math teacher ,but he was kind of a rebel. He wouldn't follow the dress code and make a mockery of the long sing robes professors wore. Later on, in 1592 the University of Padua hired him. He often visited the city of Venice, Italy where he met his wife, Maria Gamba. After five years of teaching mathematics at the University of Padua Galileo invented the Military Geometric Compass. It was used in a wide variety of geometrical operations. Later on , in 1609 Galileo invented an improved telescope. It had a better lens and could look into space. About a year later, he discovered the Four Moons of Jupiter with his improved telescope. The Four Moons of Jupiter are called Io, Europa, Ganymede and Callisto.

They were literally four more moons for Jupiter. That same year Galileo also wrote a book called the Starry Messenger. The book was about looking at the world from a cosmic perspective. At the time, Galileo had named the moons after the four brothers of the Medici Family. The Medici family were a political dynasty and helped fund the Renaissance, so they were big figures. Flattery worked, and the Medici family appointed Galileo to be the mathematician and philosopher of the Medici court, by Grand Duke Cosimo II. Earlier, in 1543 famous astronomer Nicolas Coppernicus had suggested the Sun was the center of the universe and all other planets rotated around it. Many thought of this theory foolish, but Galileo did not. Together, they suggested the Earth spun daily on some type of an axis. When Earth faced the Sun there was light, when it didn't there was night. As they promoted the theory they were warned to stop by the Inquisition in 1616. (The Inquisition was a court of people who reserved Catholic beliefs). The Inquisition disagreed with the theory, because they thought god would put his greatest creation, in the center of the universe. Galileo didn't stop believing so he went to court many times and finally, he was put on house arrest in 1633.

Quotes

"And yet it moves", is one of the most famous of world renowned scientist, Galileo Galilei. It referred to the Earth, meaning, and yet the Earth moved. The quote also referred to his discovery about how the Earth rotates the Sun. Another famous quote of his is "Curiosity is the key to problem solving." This quote of Galileo points to his curious attitude and how it helped him answer most of the world's questions. Galileo was a wise man and had many wise words.

Conclusion

Galileo Galilei had taught us much about science and astronomy. He was a role model for many ,and after a long happy life he died on January 8, 1642. Galileo still inspires people and will continue to for years and years.

About the Author

- School Grade- 4th Grade
- Author's Age-9yr
- Author's/Artist's Hobbies- Cricket, Singing
- Passions- Writing, reading and sports
- Future Goals- Become a doctor to serve senior citizens
- Parents Pradeep Routra and Dipti Mallik
- Postal address Dublin, CA, USA





Memorable Trip To Odisha Diptanshu Rout

One spring evening, when I was having dinner with my family. My daddy said that we are going to India on May 3rd, 2022. I got upset since I was going to miss all the summer fun with all my community friends for which I was waiting the whole winter to be able to play outside with them. With no excitement in my mind, I was packing my bags.

The day finally came when we boarded the airplane to Odisha. After 17 hours of unimaginable pain, we finally landed in Biju Patnaik International Airport in which my mother said this is the town me and her were born in, which was Bhubaneswar. I was in a mixed feeling when I saw a group of people come together around us. I recognized them as my Aaja, Aai, Mai, Jeje, Maa, Bhai's, and Apa's who came all together to meet us. Some people hugged and kissed me, others gave me gifts and chocolates. They were very excited and had tears to see us.

We went together to my mom's home since it was my cousin's marriage on the 17th of May. It was my first ever experience of a marriage in my 10 years of life. From the airport, my Mamu's home was around 2 miles away. When we reached my Mamu's house, he said to be at home. Then, Usha didi and my Mai made a lot of food and sweets for us. I got so full I could barely walk, but after a tiring journey, me and my sister slept in my Cousin - Brother's bed. The next day, we went for a ride on my Mamu's scooty. Everyday we jogged till the grocery store, followed by a really light or heavy breakfast and went to visit different places. There were many new experiences such as street food and really big malls. After a few days, I liked staying in India, and my family forgot all our problems in America. Then, the day came when we had to go to my Cousin - Sister's marriage. I met a lot of new friends and my cousins named Akshay, Anvi, Rink and Raju with whom I spent a long time playing UNO, Ludo and chess. Then, once the marriage was over it was time for our other trip to begin.

We went to our Jeje's and Maa's house which is in Baripada. In my Grandparent's house, we have a green coconut tree, so we got a lot of coconut water everyday. Every

morning we would go on a walk at the end of the road with a beautiful scenic view. We walked home and had coconut oatmeal for breakfast. Yum! In my Jeje's home, there were also lots of pigeons, so we fed them and then fed the cows and walked them which was weird to me and my sister since that never happens in America. People were also very, very friendly, and they were happy to see me and Aahana. All the days we stayed with them we always had fun. Sometimes our father took us to Baripada Cuisines and the food was super amazing.

Then, suddenly the day came when our 2 months were over and we packed our bags. Me and my sister were really, really sad. We went on the train to Bhubneswar, and when we got off, we rushed to the Airport. Finally, when we were in the airport and were giving air hugs and kisses to my family, everyone was really emotional and sad. Then, I promised to come every summer to India.

That day I realized some better things can be planned for us. What we cannot even imagine. It was my most memorable trip ever.



About the Author

- Grade 5th
- Age 11 years old
- Hobbies Chess, Soccer, Arts, Music
- Parents Sambit Rout, Rupali Das
- Postal Address South Windsor, CT, 06074





Missing my life in the USA Divyansh Pal

I feel sad because I am leaving the USA. The country where I started my life, my schooling and everything.

I feel sad because I cannot go to my school anymore.

I feel sad because I cannot meet my friends, my teacher.

I feel sad because I cannot go on the field trip which was about to happen in a few days.

I feel sad because I cannot play Soccer anymore.

I feel sad because My mom and Dad said that we might not go back to the USA.

I feel sad because We would have to sell our things at my house.

I feel sad because I would have to give away all my toys.

I feel sad because We cannot go to my favorite places Disneyland and Universal Studios anymore.

I feel sad because I am going to miss all the memorable trips we had.

But I hope and pray to God each passing day that soon We can go back to the USA!!!



About the Author

- Age:7 years
- Hobbies: PLaying Soccer, Reading books, learning about planets and astronomy and Swimming,
- Future Goals: Wants to become a Rocket Scientist
- Parents: Rashmi Rekha Tripathy and Upendra Pal
- Postal address: Atlanta, Georgia, USA





Nature Prish Swain

Nature is awesome because it has animals like ring tailed lemurs, rabbits, and spider monkeys. There are not just animals in nature but also plants, trees and flowers, Every animal and plant need to survive. They both need food, water, and nutrients. Nutrients from soil and water are basically food for them. Every animal and plant also need a home. For example, birds make nests. A plant's home is its habitat. It gives every living thing the things it needs to survive. We haven't talked about non-living things yet. Non-living things don't eat, drink, or need nutrients. Therefore, animals and plants make nature awesome. Nature looks beautiful especially when it rains. Nature gives lots of things that we need to live, So nature is awesome, and we should conserve it. Conserve nature by not littering and saving water because nature is awesome.



About the Author

• Age: 8 Years

• Hobbies: Biking, Nature Watching, and Playing Chess

• Parents Name: Prativa Ray and Piyush Swain

• Address: Aurora IL USA



SORROW OF DEATH

Saanvii Mahapatra

Do not stand at my grave and weep I do not lie there and I do not sleep

I am the softly showers falling down
I am the gently snowfalls struggling down
I am the million winds running across
I am the flowers that bloom
I am the field of ripe grains
I am the evergreen trees swaying in the air
I am the stars and moon at night
I am all the beautiful birds circling in flight
I am the graceful dancers twirling around
I am the little children playing their playful game

I am in each lovely thing I am not there at my grave Do not cry.. Do not weep...



About the author

School Grade - 3rd

- Age 8 years
- Hobbies she loves to read books and write poems. She likes to write poems on nature, history and philosophy.
- Parents: Sudeep Mahapatra/ Ramya Pati
- Address: Rocky Hill, CT, USA





The Little Dragon Sakshi Sahani

Once upon a time in the kingdom of FLEA, which stands for Furry Little EVIL Animals. Yes evil the FLEA was a very dark place to live with horror at every turn. Oh, yes back to the story.

Once upon a time, there was a family of dragons. The Biggest Baddest Meanest of them all. Rex who was the dad was the principal of the Best Villains, the school of the Flea, Liv was the mom and was a teacher at the school, Gerald the older brother, and Poppy the younger sister are students.

What here the family doesn't know is that she hates being bad every time. One day she didn't have school. It was the flea's annual function. In the quest to explore, she ran away from the kingdom into another kingdom. She loved how all the people there were nice to each other and were sharing things. Whereas in the kingdom of Fleas, everyone was bad, everyone took things from each other stole things from each other and we're never nice to each other. The king of the kingdom flea was the meanest, worst, and hungriest flea anyone could imagine. He was a size of a butterfly and he was as fat as a bumblebee. His guards were of life-size ants who could breathe fire. He could eat a 5-course meal, not 1 but 3. Every time some villager came to ask the king something he would say "I don't have time right now, Percy take him away and NEVER come back!".

The king of Arendelle was Charming. He always tried to make the villagers feel happy and be himself happy. From rats to dragons, everyone was happy there. There was this one family in Arendelle that was the happiest in Arendelle. They're like the complete opposite of Poppy's family, but they were also the same. In the family, they had a brother, a mom and a dad, and a sister. The sister's name is Lucy, the brother's name is Peter, the mom's name is Rose and the dad's name is Ron. They were a family of dragons just like Poppy's. They didn't fight like she and Gerald. They always talked nicely and they were happy. Arendelle's kingdom was a unicorn; she ate but not 3 or 5-course meals. Her guards were ants but they weren't breathing fire but spreading Joy,

unlike fleas kingdom. Poppy finally confessed and told her parents. "Mom, Dad I don't like being bad."

"OMG Poppy How dare you say that!" replied Mom.

"Poppy you have disobeyed the kingdom and our family," Dad said sternly. "Leave and go think about it," Mom said in her teacher's voice.

"But Mom"

"Zip it and no ifs or buts"!

"Ugh fine, "Poppy said and she stomped upstairs.

Later that night Poppy snuck out to that one family in Arendelle the Dragon family. There's a nice family that was always nice to each other. It was about a 30-minute walk from her house but she made it before it got dark and she knocked on their door." excuse me" she said as the father answered the door." may I sleep with your family tonight?

"Sure, why not said the father as long as it's okay with the kids". He invited her in and told her to wait right here. He ran upstairs and in about like 2 minutes he came back downstairs and said yeah you are going to spend the night with us as long as you want to. Poppy replied," Oh my God yes thank you". the mother gave her a place to stay on the couch and said that you have a few rules to follow but it is not that hard. One, don't wander in the forest you might get lost or hurt. Number two, If you need something ask for it and number three make yourself as comfortable as you need. Poppy fell asleep and that night she was so happy that she got a place to stay. But meanwhile, her parents were worried and were looking for her. And what she didn't know is that her parents loved her and hated being bad. She already started to miss her family and this thought kept her up and she didn't get enough sleep. The next day at breakfast she fell asleep with the spoon in her mouth. Meanwhile, at Poppy's house, Gerald told his mom that she usually goes to Arendelle; So, they left the Flea and knocked on every door, (at least that is their plan) But guess what the house that they knocked on first is the house Poppy was staying in. And Liv talked to Rose and Rose said "Yes OMG she is staying at our house". "Poppy, "Rose said softly.

"Yes," she replied in the most calming voice her Mother had ever heard.

"Your mother is here to see you," Rose said

"Oh great, let me guess you brought the king's guards with you so you could put me in the dungeons" Poppy replied.

"I want to apologize for being so harsh, I want you to know that we love you. And I can finally say it here that we have always loved you and your brother and want peace in FLEA but because of some old tradition, we have been following we are not able to be good with each other.

"You and Arendelle have opened our eyes", said the FLEA's King. The king decided to hand over the reins of FLEA to his brother and settle in Arendelle. And so they found a great home in Arendelle and lived Happily ever after.

The End

Love and Peace Always win.



About the Author

• School Grade: 6th Grade

• Author's Age: 11Yrs

• Hobbies, Passions and Future Goals : Wants to be an explorer

• Parents : Subrat Sahani & Sasmita Basantia

• Postal address – Okemos, MI 48864





The Land of Life Sana Agarwal

Zap! Lightning struck again! Let me take it from the top. I'm Arohi. I'm a teenager, and I have a sister, Asha, who is smart, yet overreactive. I'm pretty smart too, if I do say so myself. I may get a bit forgetful sometimes, but everyone has flaws, right? At the time, Asha and I were working on our school's workshop project, building a model car. We needed some tools, so we both ran upstairs to get them. As I opened the door, I tripped on some boxes, surging forward. Asha was preoccupied with her phone, and fell right after me. Time stood still, what with my sister shrieking behind me, and in front of me, something resembling a black hole had taken the place of one of the boxes. I would've called it magic, but I didn't believe in magic then.

Suddenly, I was thrown into the portal. My long black hair was flying everywhere, and I wanted to shriek like my sister, but I was too paralyzed. Plop! Suddenly, I was on the other side of the portal. Why not? I could tell this was going to be an odd day. Everywhere, everything I saw was either withered, or in ruins. This place gave me the creeps. But wait, there's more! I could make out the shape of a few people and their callused hands. I called, out to Asha and pointed in the native's direction. She nodded, and, wordlessly, we ran like the wind in their direction. They turned towards us, and the look on their faces were definitely not welcoming.

When we got there, a man, who looked like one girl's bodyguard pelted us with questions. Well, that seemed rude. A girl whispered to Mr. Bodyguard. His face was clouded with doubt, but he then called us "The Revivers". My face must've been the picture of confusion, because the girl, who was actually very nice, told us her name, Disha. We learnt that we were in "The Land of Life". I asked her what happened to the forlorn place. Disha told us everything, from start to finish, how "The Balance" was destroyed when Vipatti, the cruel witch, came from the Land of Witches and made herself queen. The Prophecy stated that two young girls, who came from the portal,

would work together to save them from grave danger. If we didn't finish the task, we would never, and I repeat, never get back home.

Disha bent down and opened a neatly engraved box, picking up a tiny golden branch. She then told us the little branch would help us in our greatest time of need, and that we only had one minute to use the branch in whatever form it helped us in. I pocketed the branch. We could use all the help we got, even if the help was a branch. Oh! One more thing: calling the witch's name would pull her to us. We went to the woods, because Disha told us there were no guards in the area. We finally got to the deepest, darkest part of the woods taking at least four hours.

I called out to Vipatti, and a cold tingle crept up my spine. A young witch with a long, black cape appeared in front of me. Vipatti cackled. She ran her long, bloodred nails along her staff. She told us she'd let us leave, because we looked like pathetic little mortal girls. Vipatti disappeared, and lightning flashed. Asha yelled at me, and patted her pocket. Oh! I had forgotten about the golden branch! While Asha distracted Vipatti, who had just reappeared, I said a silent prayer, and concentrated really hardCrack! A warm, musical, and wishful tune filled the air, and, in my hands, I had a huge teal staff. Yes!! Vipatti stared at me; her face clouded with fear, which was weird, because a few minutes ago, she had called us pathetic. I pointed the majestic staff at her. I only had one minute to use the staff, and my timer had begun. Winds, trees, and vines swept Vipatti right off her feet. I directed the staff up at the sky. She was sucked into the portal above. Vipatti was gone. She back in her "Land of Destruction," and she could keep it. My staff dissolved, and the fresh air smelled of morning dew.

I sighed happily. Life was flourishing everywhere in the Land of Life. The gorgeous green grass was lush, and the exquisite flowers danced to the breeze. Suddenly, Asha and I were back on the other side of the portal, upstairs in the attic, with Disha waving happily on the other side. Asha and I waved back and smiled. It felt good to be back home.



About the Author

• School Grade: 5th

• Age: 10

• Hobbies, Passions and Future Goals:

Sana is a caring and responsible person. Sana enjoys arts, reading, writing and STEM subjects. She enjoys performing Odissi dance and playing piano. She is disciplined, and holds the rank of Taekwondo Black Belt. She is very passionate about learning and uses technology to her advantage. Sana works towards being an architect when she grows up.

Sana loves activities like hiking, playing basketball, cricket and biking. She believes in giving back to the community and is an active participant of OSA Washington DC, her school's Green Team and Bus patrol.

Last, but not the least she is an amazing loving sister and a good role model to her little brother.

• Parents: Veena Gupta and Mukesh Agarwalla

• Postal address - Herndon, Virginia, USA





Relationship - Yes, its Still me!! Sarvansh Mishra

"Understand feelings without words,

Does not need any words.

Understand words without feelings,

Does not need any feelings.

Understand both feelings and words,

Does not need any excuses.

Does not understand words and feelings,

Does not need love itself.

Understands words and feelings but confused,

Does not need **RELATIONSHIP**."

Still hold on...

Elated to discover the same old me, Balancing aches of separation from thee Many tangible connections to behold.

Fascinated, Devoted and heaped upon, Preserved all to the precise New stories newer nuances untold Patterns of devotion and dismissal so meek, Sacrifices and rebels spent at ease The longest I had been obsessed with these.

Now I learn, my title I seek.

Let me do it all over again and run into the amazing things.

Respond, be close and still hold onto me - Relationship

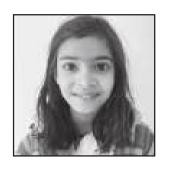
Yes, its Still me!!



About the Author

- School Grade 5th
- Age 11 years
- Hobbies Reading, playing guitar, Basketball, Swimming, Talking
- Parent Smrutirekha and Sushil Mishra
- Postal Address Georgia, Atlanta, USA





Super Target Sleepover Sharvani Rath

One moment I was cuddling cute Squishmallows, the next the store was a ghost town... eerie and empty. A shiver shot up my spine, and I was too scared to speak. As the last employee sat in his car, I found my voice and dashed to the window banging and yelling but his eyes were glued to his phone. I sobbed for what seemed like hours, then attempted to calm myself down. Look on the bright side! You can take anything you need or want, and it won't cost a penny!

I got a mischievous grin on my face then began running around the store, dumping everything on the floor in the stuffed toy aisle. Then finally stopped, panting like a dog. I looked up to see that there was a mountain of things in front of me.

I dug out two blankets, a pillow and then grabbed six Squishmallows. I spread out one blanket on the floor out the pillow at one end and laid the other on top. I realized I was hungry, so I ran and got a box of popsicles. I settled in and began slurping loudly on the popsicle.

Then I heard a loud rumble, so I crept to the aisle from where the noise had come from. There a plump, green and yellow dinosaur snored. He was sleeping on a shelf where an orange tabby cat attempted to pry open a tuna can. I loved cats so much, so I crept over to the cat and petted her fur.

She looked up and instead of meowing she requested, "Can you open this for me?" I almost fainted, and then said "Err...okay?" I grabbed it and popped it open. "Thanks!" She said and dove into the food like she hadn't eaten in a month. The dinosaur stirred then tried to sit up but bonked his head instead. "Owww!"

The orange tabby cat hung upside down and said, "Dino, you're awake!" Dino climbed down from the shelf and said "Hi, I'm Dino, and this crazy cat is Ginger. Who are you?" "I'm Sharvani." I replied. "Hey Dino, do you remember those little cars that run on batteries and only have two seats?" Ginger asked. "I know where those are!" I said. "Follow me!"

I ran to the aisle where they were and grabbed a red one. I hopped in energetically and so did Dino and Ginger, and Ginger sat in the middle. I drove us forward and stopped to grab some roller skates and a cart. I slipped on the skates and strode with Dino riding alongside me in the car with Ginger. Then, I saw the fruit aisle.

"OOOOOHH! Berries!" I exclaimed. I strode down to the end of the aisle and snatched four boxes of strawberries, raspberries, and blueberries. I sprinted to the water fountain and doused them in water. Then we went back to the stuffy aisle.

I made a bed for Dino and Ginger full of Squishmallows and blankets and we settled in. Opening the boxes of berries, Dino and Ginger gaped in awe at the large number of berries. We instantly scarfed down every single berry cheerfully. I clutched my stomach and said, "Ugh, I am definitely going to get a stomachache." Then we went to bed with tummies full of berries. I fell asleep quickly and when I woke up, bright sunlight blinded me. I looked around for Dino and Ginger and realized I was in my room. I chuckled to myself... I had quite a dream!



About the Author

- School Grade 3rd Grade
- Age 8
- Hobbies, Passions and Future Goals Hobbies include Sketching, Sewing, Sculpting & Reading. Passionate about the Environment, Social Justice, Swimming, Odissi Dance, Gymnastics. Future goal is to be a Lawmaker.
- Parents Deepanjali Kar, Debaprasad Rath
- Postal address Minnetonka, MN, USA



Spring's Beauties Simona Nath

I am the cool breeze blowing through the trees The bees humming and buzzing on roses The sound of frisbees hurling through the air

I am the raindrops slowly falling down The smell of fresh mist all around The flowers blooming all round you

I am the bubbles you blow The birds chirping high on a branch The leaves in a tree that flow in air

I am the smell of cool ice-cream
The smell of rain that just faded
The smell of fresh cut grass the one in your dream

I am the waves crashing to shore The sound of cows mooing The popsicle that you always wish for more

I am the ball you kick in soccer The chalk you use to draw in your driveway The tree that you climb all throughout spring I am the beauty that spring has to offer The peacefulness of spring that comes every year The fun surprises that spring unfolds

I am spring's beauties



About the Author

- School Grade 4th
- Age -10 years old
- Hobbies She loves to paint, do crafts, loves to write poems and stories, on her spare time she loves to play Piano too. Love to help mummy with baking.
- Parents Pranati Nath
- Address: Littleton, MA USA





Reincarnation of My Uncle Sreyam Mishra Sen

My mother still thinks that I am her brother. That means I am the reincarnation of my uncle. Well, that might sound strange and funky but I can explain.

It was the year of 2011, the month of September 23rd. My parents were living in Vienna, Virginia. My mother got a phone call from India. It was one of her uncles she believes. She still doesn't know who called her. But the saddest news of her life was revealed to her. Her brother had passed away from a road accident. She somehow gathered herself and went to India with my father and brother to meet her family.

She met her family in India and consoled them. They all mourned together of their loss. My mother and her brother were very close. It was her only brother. When she sees me and my brother fighting with each other, she always gives an example, how she and her brother never fought with each other. She always tells us how her brother used to care for her so much, how they used to go to school together holding hands together, how they used to climb trees together and pick berries and mangoes. She told many, many funny childhood stories about their childhood times.

She was not ready yet to lose her brother. But she did. She started praying to god deeply in her grief to return her brother to the family as her son. When all of the rituals finished they came back to the US.

She said after a couple of days of their arrival, she started craving for pickles. Guess what happened, she was pregnant. In about nine months, June 15, 2012, I was born. When I became six, I learned that I lost my only uncle in an accident.

With time, I learned how funny my uncle was. I started getting curious about my Uncle and started asking more and more questions about him. When I turned ten my mother told me the whole story and she also told me that she thinks god sent me as her brother himself as she prayed so intensely.

Well, I don't remember anything about my past life. But assuming it's true, I'm still in search of some evidence to convince myself that I am the reincarnation of my brother. What do you think? Do you believe in reincarnation? Do you think I am my uncle?



About the Author:

- School Grade 5th
- Age: 10
- Hobbies, Passions and Future Goals: Singing, Tennis and Painting
- Parent's: Surajita Mishra and Gautam Sen
- Postal address Potomac, MD USA





Lost In Konark Tia Patra

The Konark Temple was built in the year 1250 AD. 700 years later, the year 1950, was a life changing year for a brother and a sister who were from Britain. Christopher and Zara's parents were world famous archaeologists, and the whole family had come to the current Konark Temple at that time. The siblings were quite excited to visit the beautiful mandir. Especially Christopher. He was surprisingly very interested in different types of art. Now, India had just recently gotten its freedom, and Christopher was a bit more comfortable than as he was before. When the amazed family set foot to India's ground, they went straight to the Konark, to see its wheels. Zara and Christopher looked all around them. So many different kinds of people were there. Different countries, different continents, and some people that were from right here. They wasted no time. Christopher's parents were the main focus for most of the people, as they were world famous. But that didn't seem to bother them, and they went straight into the temple. The archaeologists were deeply satisfied by what they saw. Christopher and Zara's eyes led them to beautiful pieces of art, all hand carved, and history that wasn't in words but in beautiful pictures. The 11 year old brother was so interested in what was all around him, he couldn't quite catch the mischievous grin on Zara's face. The six year old girl's mind was full of ways to cause trouble. While the archaeologists wanted to walk around without any worries, they decided on giving all the trust they had onto Christopher.

"Please take your sister and roam around. I am trusting you, Christopher, that you will stay in our earshot." Zara's Mom said. Christopher was sure pleased, because once he held Zara's hand, he stated. "I promise!" he called back, leaving his parents with a face that looked like it was going to regret what it did. Christopher dealt with anxiety, and it was not new to Zara, for her to watch out for Christopher as well. As both of them walked into the huge crowd, Zara noticed Christopher starting to sweat, and walking at a faster pace. Soon, she had to run to keep up with him. Then, out of nowhere, Christopher saw a tunnel. A tunnel where there was none there. Surprisingly, he walked toward it. Zara felt like something was wrong, but did not say

anything. As they entered the tunnel, fog emerged out of nowhere. They looked around, but were not able to see anything. Once they reached the other end of the what-so-called-tunnel, they found themselves in the middle of the forest. Christopher looked around, confused and panicked. As for Zara, she was quite amazed. "*Wow*" she murmured. She looked back, and to her surprise, could not see a tunnel in her sight.

The forest was damp, and was quite smushed together. Christopher looked around, desperate to see his parents, or the sun, and believed that this was a bad dream. Sadly, he knew the truth, and always stuck to it. Zara sat down. As she, for some reason, had not talked in awhile. When Christopher started to shed tears, of how disappointed he was in himself, Zara caught a glimpse of a light. A faint light. She saw it coming closer and closer to her. Slowly, she got up, and walked back to her brother. "Umm... Chris, look back," she said, tensed. He looked back and saw the light. It was fire. Fire on a torch that was held by a boy. The siblings back, in surprise. The boy looked like he was around 12. He was pale, had circles underneath his eyes, and his clothes were ripped. He had mud all over his body, but still he looked brave and strong. He stood there, like a rock. "Hello!" Zara whispered. The boy replied "Hello" and his voice was firm. He looked back at Christopher, still in shock. "My name is Dhuri.... I see you are lost. I can help." He had an Indian accent, and he was not very scholared either. Christopher slowly stood up, and he took a step back. He whispered to zara: "I don't think we should listen to him." But Zara ignored him. She looked like she was Dhuri's best friend, and knew him for years. That is not true. "Yes, please, help." She put her hand against her heart. Dhuri turned back, and started walking deeper into the forest. Zara followed without hesitation, unlike Christopher, who could not believe this. He looked back, all he wished was to go back to his parents, and never leave them again, but he knew Zara needed him, and he needed Zara, so after wiping off his tears, the three kids walked into the dangerous but beautiful forest, unarmed for what was going to happen next.

Hours later, Dhuru still had not muttered a word. Not one of them. Zara and Christopher were breathless. Their legs were bulging, and they were too tired to even think about why Dhruri had come to a stop. The torch still in his hand, "Dhuri" he said after a few moments. After that it was back to a silence. Suddenly, they stopped. There, standing right in front of them was a big wheel with 8 big lines dividing it. Christopher looked at it with amazement. "What is that?" He asked. "Konark wheel. Made out of stone". "Wow" Zara thought. "Hundreds of years. Stood up. Builders, handmade. Excellent architecture and good materials" Dhuri replied. They started to walk again. This time Zara had the courage to talk to Dhuri. "Where are you from?"

She asked curiously. "Mhmm" Dhuri murmerred. "Okay" Zara murmured. Then they arrived at front of the Sun Temple. There all three of them could see the crown of the temple. Dhuri looked at it deeply. "That crown is known, it was impossible to get it up there. The famous architect, Bisu Maharana's son Dharmapada placed it, and sacrificed himself by jumping into the water to help the other builders. The king would have killed them if he knew that Dharmapada did it". Dhuri narrated "Oh no" Zara gasped. But then Christopher looked back, "Where is everyone?" he asked. "They were right here when we got lost" Dhuri said. "We find them tomorrow morning. Right now lets rest". Zara looked at Christopher. "He's right" He took a sigh. "Okay, follow" Dhuri replied. And in they went into the dark place once again. After a few minutes, they had arrived by the ocean. "Sleep under bushes and trees," Dhuri said to the siblings. As they walked to the nearby trees, Dhuri stopped and stood in the ocean and looked at the sunset. Christopher noticed Dhuri, while Zara was already sound asleep. He walked over to him and sat down quietly. "Thank you" he said after a few moments of silence. "Mhmm..." Dhuri murmured something, but was not something that Christopher could hear. "The crown.... Dharampada placed the crown. He had a dream one night. Dream where the Sun God himself came to him, and told him the problems that were going on. He then told Dharmapada, and that night, he helped him place the crown." Dhuri said to Christopher. That night, Christopher could not stop thinking about what Dhuri had said, until his eyes drooped shut.

EPOULUGUE

The next morning, the sibling couldn't find Dhuri. As they were searching for him, they stumbled upon their parents. They were relieved, and told their parents about Dhuri. They found out that everyone was searching for them. A villager came and told the kids this: No one knows how Dharmapada placed the crown. The only person who knew was Dharamapada, but that was hundreds of years ago. Then the man left, not knocking that he had left the siblings realizing what had happened. They now knew who Dhuri really was, and never told anyone about anything.

About the Author

• School Grade: 4

• Hobbies: Odissi Dance, Creative Writing, Painting,

• Future Goals: To be an architect or a fashion designer,

• Parents: Santanu Patra & Suchismita Pradhan,

• Address: McKinney, TX, USA





The Story of a Village Girl

Sohum Mishra Sen

INSPIRED BY A TRUE STORY

(First Prize Winner - Meghna Memorial Senior)

"Spring cleaning time!", my mother cheerfully exclaimed during our breakfast. I groaned, and my brother frowned. It was a Sunday morning, and it couldn't have been gloomier. The sky looked lifeless and gray, and it was forecasted to rain for the rest of the day. All of my friends had plans. Now that we were going to clean the house, I could tell that today was going to be a dull and tedious day.

"I don't want to clean the house!", I whined. My brother nodded in agreement. My mother glared at us, her eyes full of disapproval, but then continued. She told me that I had to vacuum the top floor.

How unfair is this!, I was thinking to myself. I just wanted to play video games, and have fun on my weekend. While sitting at the table, I went on my phone under the table, and looked at my friends' stories. One friend was going to the mall, while another had a tennis tournament, and I had my plans, too: cleaning the house.

I brought the vacuum to the top floor, and first decided to clean the prayer room of our home. As I began vacuuming the room, I looked at the photo of Shirdi Sai Baba on the altar.

"See how gloomy and unfair my life is?", I asked the photo aloud. I felt so miserable that I had to have a tedious weekend while my friends were having fun. Baba in the photo just simply stared back at me. I continued vacuuming the room.

After completing most of the room, I had to move back a shelf of books near the altar, and as I moved the shelf, dust flew in the air, and I coughed, and accidentally knocked an old diary on the floor. I looked down on the book, and noticed how old it was, with teared pages, and the cover being completely ripped off. I was tired, so I sat down on the floor, flipped open the diary, and began reading, and found it was my grandma's childhood journal. I was reading her diary entries from the 1900s, and seeing her drawings and her doodles, and I kept turning the pages. Slowly, I drifted off to sleep as I was reading the book.

When I woke, the air was cool and crisp, I felt soft sand between my toes. After a soft breeze hit my face, I opened my eyes. The sun was setting, and I was in a village. Small huts were scattered, and dirt roads connected them. There were many mango

and cashew nut trees, along with many cows and bulls. Much farmland and crops were in the distance. In any direction I looked in, there was sand. I was shocked about this new setting, and wondered how I arrived.

Then suddenly, a girl around my age crept out of the hut near me. She seemed like a college girl, and she had black and curly pigtails with a light brown complexion. She started walking somewhere, and in curiosity, I followed her. She eventually reached a neighbor's hut. I hid behind a mango tree and watched. She approached the window of the neighbor's hut, and waved her hand at the window. Then, someone handed her a book, and after that, she hurried back towards her hut. I followed her back. Suddenly, she turned around.

"Who is there?" she asked in odia. Feeling guilty, I gave myself up.

"Namaskar", I responded in odia, "I am sorry for following you. I am lost."

"Well, this is the state of Utkal. Who are you, and where are you from?", she asked in odia.

"I am Sohum. I am from Potomac, Maryland.", I answered back . She then squinted her eyes and nodded her head, but it seemed certain that she did not understand what I said and just wanted to be polite. We continued conversing in odia.

"Do you have a place to stay? It is getting dark", she asked in concern. I shook my head, still unsure of what was happening. "I will go check with my mother to see if you can stay over with us for a night", she told me and quickly ran back to their home. In a few minutes, both her mom and her came out, and invited me to come inside. I couldn't believe their generosity.

Her mother gave me water out of their well, and asked me to wash my feet, hands, and face, and her mother asked me to come to their kitchen for dinner. She gave me a small wooden stool to sit on. She cut a banana leaf from her garden and served hot rice, dal, vegetable curry, coconut chutney, and aloo bhaja. I noticed her mom was cooking using a clay pot on top of a small bonfire. The meal was so simple, yet it tasted so rich. I had never eaten food like that before, and we all ate dinner together.

After dinner, the girl quickly went to her room with the book she had brought from the neighbor, and I went along with her. She began to carefully note down information from the book with a fire-lit lantern as her light.

"What are you studying, and why so late? Don't you have to go to college in the morning?", I asked inquisitively.

"Wait", she said back, "let me finish my book. I have to return it to my friend tomorrow morning. My graduate exams are coming, so I must prepare for that."

"Really? Why must you borrow your book, and why not study tomorrow?"

"I wish to go to college, but I am a girl", she replied. She explained to me that girls cannot study in her village, but rather should learn household things and get married. Her elder brother, who has been like the father figure of the house since the passing of their dad, does not give permission for her to study or go to college.

"My brother is out of town, so I am trying to finish as much study as possible while he is away", she continues explaining, "I am going to study for the rest of the night because he is coming back tomorrow morning. Also, I have to return the book to my friend, as he has college tomorrow. But I am still thankful for having the opportunity to somewhat receive education."

Girls can't study? What year is this, I wondered. However, the most astonishing thing to me was how hard this girl was trying for education.

"Why?", I asked, "Why are you trying so hard to study?".

She turned to look at me, and then said with a smile, "because I want to. I love mathematics and sciences. Even though people do not like girls getting education, my mother believes that knowledge is important, and we both want for ourselves to get a degree. I am so happy to have a mother that believes in education, otherwise how could I have been studying otherwise?" I was dumbfounded. This girl faced the most adverse conditions, yet she is talking as if she has been blessed.

Then, unexpectedly, we heard a bullock cart outside. The girl gasped.

"My brother has come much earlier than expected!", she says alarmingly, "Quick, hide behind the almirah!" She and I rushed behind the almirah, or standing wardrobe, and we heard her brother storm into the room. I peeked from behind the almirah, and I saw that her brother was much older than her and that seemed to be in his thirties! When he looked down and saw the textbook her sister was studying, the color in his face immediately shifted to an angry red, and his mouth twisted into a frown.

"WHY DOES SHE HAVE THE TEXTBOOK AGAIN?!", he shouted in anger. I shuddered in fear, but the girl kept her composure. She seemed used to this. The brother grabbed the textbook, and threw it out of the room! He then stomped out of the room, and towards the mother.

"I keep on telling you, but you won't listen!", he yells at his mother, "We need to marry her, not educate her! Why are you wasting her time? She needs a husband!" The girl winced at the sight of someone yelling at her mother. I was struck with fear, and didn't dare to move an inch. The brother then continued shouting at his mother. After a minute or two of his shouting, he retired to his room. The girl ran out to comfort her mother, who looked a little shaken. After that, the girl picked the textbook up, and came back to study.

"Are you okay?", she asked me. I nodded my head.

"Are you fine?", I asked.

"Yes, however Maa was a little scared", she replied, "but it is a good thing he did not find us, though. It is night, so I must light some candles before it gets dark. Let me also get you a mat to sleep on." She left the room, and I thought to myself about what a positive person she was. This girl's hospitality was incredible. I reflected on myself, and remembered how much I whined when I was asked to do something by my mother. In fact, this girl helps her mother and comforts her when she needs help, while I complain when my mom needs me. But what amazed me the most was that even though she faced incredibly tough circumstances, she was always positive and happy. She never complained about anything. She always saw a half glass full rather than a half glass empty in almost all of her situations.

I must change myself, I thought. Then the girl entered the room again, and brought a mat with her. The mat was woven out of straw, and had a pattern on it, She laid it out on the floor next to hers.

"You can sleep here," she told me, "I have to do my study now". I laid down onto the mat. It was surprisingly soft, and it was nice and cool; good for the heat of India. The girl continued studying, and I was thinking about how I should become more positive, and not complain about every little thing that happens to me. The place was almost completely silent. There were no cars on the road or any chatter outside. It was complete silence, except for the sound of the girl's pencil scribbling against paper. I listened to that sound until I fell asleep.

I opened my eyes. I was still on the floor, and the diary was lying open next to me. I stood up, and looked at my phone. It was still Sunday, and I had been lying down for about two hours. The dream felt a lot longer than two hours, though.

What a dream that was!, I thought to myself. I looked back at the diary, and picked it up. I flipped another page of the book, and there was a photo of a girl on the page. My heart stopped. The girl in the photo was the same girl in my dream, and this was my grandma's diary. That probably meant that the girl in my dream was my grandma!

I quickly rushed downstairs to my mom to ask her a question to confirm whether the girl in my dream was my grandma.

"Mama, did my grandma have a hard childhood trying to pursue a college degree?", I asked. My mother looked at me, surprised that I knew this.

"Yes", she responded, "how do you know?"

"Umm...", I stammered, "oh yeah, I know because I read some of the diary!"

"Wow, I cannot believe you found it", my mother remarked, "the diary is very old. Your grandmother had a very tough life. As a child, she loved math and science,

and her mother encouraged her to pursue education. However, many people, including her elder brothers, wanted women to get married rather than go to college. After all, back then in the 1950s, the idea of women pursuing education and having the same rights as men was still controversial. Her brother did not give her transportation and money for school. However, she got many scholarships and was the topper of her high school, even though she had to borrow books and couldn't attend most of the classes! In the end, she did get a college degree, and was well known in her own village, and even villages all around her! She was able to go to the city, started a family, and got a job. Nowadays, everyone in her area knows who she is, and she is the most respected woman there." I nodded my head in acknowledgement. The story of my grandmother's life was amazing.

"Mama, thank you for telling me", I said, "I will go finish vacuuming the top floor now. And also, I'm sorry for complaining earlier." I hugged her. Then, I rushed upstairs, recounting the lessons I learned from my dream.

I will change myself into a more positive person, and I will stop complaining, I told myself. Being positive will help me overcome challenges in my life to achieve success, and being positive will make me a benevolent person. So, it is important to always see the glass half full rather than half empty.

THIS STORY WAS INSPIRED BY MY GRANDMOTHER, **BISHNUPRIYA MISHRA**.



About the Author:

• School Grade: Grade 8

• Age: 14 years old

• Author's Hobbies, Passions, and Future Goals: For hobbies, I enjoy playing tennis, reading, running, singing, playing guitar, and sneaker collecting. I am passionate about my academics and about tennis. A future goal of mine is to go to an Ivy League School and to make my parents very proud.

• Parents Name: Surajita Mishra

• Address: Potomac, Maryland, United States



Isn't It an Irony? Haripriya Mahapatra

(Second Prize Winner - Meghna Memorial Senior)

Isn't it an irony
The houses of education
The start of every kid's story
Now a house of fear in this nation.

Isn't it an irony
As they begin to experience the life
As they learn about making a promise
They lose it all at the hands of tyranny.

Isn't it an irony
To hear the way they all cry for help
And, the cries fall on deaf ears
Yet, they expect a miracle holding a hope.

Isn't it an irony

To watch the little ones fade

As the powerful claims justice will be done

And, freedom, the nation's pride turns into shame.

Isn't it an irony

That the guardians are helpless

As the families fall

Tears roll, causing distress to all.

Isn't it an irony

Today, the most evolved species is hopeless

Seeking an answer for all that are gone

And for all that are lost.



About the Author:

• School Grade: 10th grade

• Age: 15 years

• Hobbies, Passions and Future Goals: Art, Music, Goal – Engineering/Technology

• Parents: Lipika and Santosh Mahapatra

• Postal address: Potsdam, NY, USA





Salix Circle Sharanya Duvvuri (Third Prize Winner - Meghna Memorial Senior)

Growing up on Salix Circle, I saw it all, or at least I thought I did. From the barren trees in winter to the annual end-of-summer block party, the circle was my constant. It didn't matter who came or who left, the circle was there, ready to house us all.

When I first moved onto Salix in the summer before third grade, my mom wouldn't let me ride my bike outside of the circle. I spent long days that summer in a loop, going around and around, hoping one of my neighbors would be outside so we could play. If they were, we'd spend hours climbing trees and jumping on my trampoline, only coming inside for ice cream or band-aids as the sun started to set.

It wasn't sudden, but after enough pleading, I was *finally* allowed to leave the circle to venture out on my own. I was in middle school now: eager to bike with friends from other neighborhoods and get ice cream from Dairy Queen instead of our basement freezers. As a consequence or maybe just in parallel, my neighbors and I saw each other less. They still lived down the street, but seemed worlds away. Instead of meeting up to play tag, we only waved at each other in the hallways at school. Although I didn't realize it at the time, Salix Circle was my comfort zone, and here I was ready to step, or in this case, bike, out of it without a glance back.

Years passed, and in these years, our circle saw it all. From the front living room window, I watched my younger neighbors take their first steps, and my high-school neighbors sell their playsets. In the fall, I saw their friends pick them up for football games on Friday nights and saw the faces of those friends change as the seasons did. As May came, I watched them get dressed for prom and dropped off by their dates, waiting for the day when it would be my turn.

And when I said "waited," it wasn't patiently. I pouted on the couch when my mom thought I was "too young" to go out with my friends but then spent those nights creating my "Perfect High School" Pinterest board so I'd be ready when the time came. When those days seemed slow, the years promised to make it up, with the annual summer block party always back for the new school year. Through everything going on in my life, the circle stayed the same, from the leaves changing color right on schedule to the girl scouts who I knew would show up at my

door with cookies. It wasn't long before I saw the infamous Neuqua graduate sign placed in those same high-school neighbors' yards and watched them pack up their cars to leave for college, while I became the high-school student I suddenly felt not-so-ready to be.

But as for the last four years: they've flown as well. My family is looking into selling our well-loved trampoline, and I've already given my American Girl doll to my little cousin. I've gone out to football games on Friday nights and taken Homecoming pictures at every angle, per my mother's request. The rules came back but for driving: only around the circle at first, until eventually my friends and I were out again: getting ice cream, but this time with cars and money from our jobs, instead of bikes and allowances from our parents.

When I was younger, I couldn't wait until I could leave, whether it was by bike or car. But now with less than a month left of high school, I find myself holding onto the suburbs. A graduate sign is going up. My parents and I will have to stuff my car as we make our way to my new home. I'll say goodbye to the neighbors and friends as I sit on my driveway one last time with my basement freezer ice cream bar. On my way out, I'll look for another girl somewhere on the street, watching through her front window, a reminder that although every life becomes a straight line, the definition of a circle is that it never ends.



About the Author:

- School Grade 12th grade.
- Age 17 years old.
- Hobbies reading, biking, and spending time with friends. In the future, I plan on attending St. Louis University as part of the Medical Scholars program.
- \bullet parents Ravi Duvvuri (father) and Satavisha Pati (mother).
- Postal address Naperville, IL, 60564.



Laguna Grande Abhilash Patel

Laguna Grande is a lagoon located in Fajardo, a town in northeast Puerto Rico. Lagoons are bodies of saltwater separated from the ocean by a sandbar. Laguna Grande is known for having bioluminescent activity. It has become a popular tourist spot.

Bioluminescence is when organisms emit light. For example, fireflies and June bugs are bioluminescent. The organism responsible for bioluminescence in Laguna Grande is dinoflagellates. Dinoflagellates are unicellular organisms common to coastal regions. The species in Laguna Grande is *Pyrodinium bahamense*. Pyrodinium was discovered in 1906 by the Bahamas. Pyrodinium produces paralytic shellfish toxins, such as saxitoxin.

Pyrodinium bahamense is located in marine waters warmer than 72 degrees Fahrenheit, containing at least 20 PSU in salinity. PSU (Practical Salinity Unit) is a measurement unit for salinity rates in water. The best salinity for these dinoflagellates is 35 PSU. The best temperature for these dinoflagellates is 82 degrees. This makes Puerto Rico an optimal habitat for pyrodinium. Despite suggestions that the dinoflagellates inhabit mangrove forests, there is no direct correlation that regions with more mangrove climates have more bioluminescent dinoflagellates. The marine climate of Puerto Rico is similar to coastal Florida, yet there is an absence of Pyrodinium bahamense in that region. Large cellular amounts of this are found in shallow areas with varied salinity levels.

Unlike many algae and protists, *Pyrodinium bahamense* requires terrestrial nutrients. Terrestrial nutrients come from soil and rock, in contrast to saltwater and marine ecosystems. Bloom-level densities of the dinoflagellate have been achieved using selenium-enhanced soil. The highest cell density recorded was 6,000 cells per mL. Pyrodinium cannot easily assimilate many types of organic nitrogen. *Pyrodinium bahamense* grows on nitrate and urea, but not many amino acids such as alanine, arginine, or histidine.

Pyrodinium bahamense is a deadly dinoflagellate, a major cause of shellfish and seafood poisoning due to its released PSTs. Pyrodinium has caused more fatalities and illnesses than any other toxic dinoflagellates. Prior to 1972, it was believed that only the Pyrodinium bahamense var. compressum subspecies were toxic until a toxic bloom of Pyrodinium bahamense var. bahamense appeared in Papua New Guinea. Toxic algal blooms are more common after periods of heavy rain.

Bioluminescence occurs when the *P. bahamense* is agitated, showing off a vibrant cobalt blue. The illuminating is also part of mating, as *P. bahamense* produces sexually, in contrast with many unicellular algae which produce asexually. Each cell has an ovular shape and is covered in thick thecal cellular walls. They contain projecting nodes and fin-shaped walls. When dormant, they contain more thin, projections which later double for protection.

Puerto Rico has three bioluminescent bays containing *Pyrodinium bahamense*, which are Laguna Grande in Fajardo; Mosquito Bay in Vieques; and La Paguera in Lajas. Work Cited

- 1. Discover Puerto Rico. "Exploring Puerto Rico's Bioluminescent Bays I discoverpuertorico.com." Puerto Rico, https://www.discoverpuertorico.com/article/guide-to-exploring-puerto-ricos-bioluminescent-bays. Accessed 9 April 2023.
- 2. Latz, Mike. "Dinoflagellate Bioluminescence." *Latz Lab*, University of California San Diego, https://latzlab.ucsd.edu/bioluminescence/dinoflagellates/dinoflagellate-bioluminescence/. Accessed 9 April 2023.
- 3. Morquecho, Lourdes. "Pyrodinium bahamense One the Most Significant Harmful Dinoflagellate in Mexico." *Frontiers*, 7 January 2019, https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fmars.2019.00001/full. Accessed 9 April 2023.
- 4. "Pyrodinium Bahamense." *Wikipedia*, Wikimedia Foundation, 16 Mar. 2023, en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pyrodinium_bahamense. Accessed 9 Apr. 2023.

About the Author:

- School Grade 9th grade
- Age 15 years
- \bullet Hobbies participating in Spelling Bee, playing the violin and does track & field and tennis.
- Parents : Sudashima Naik, Prasanta Patel
- Address: Harriman, NY 10926



Rejuvenate Our Humanity Adwik Panda

Let us restore our humanity, Rebuilding environment, Preserving what we naturally deserve.

Let us rebuild our humanity, Strengthening equality, Cope with Kindness and reality, Thinking about peace with clarity.

Let us rebuild our humanity, As human we must insist to stop fight, Resilience the world peace, Surrounding with light, What is environmentally calm and quiet.

Let us all help restore our humanity, Catching a glimpse of sanctity, Helping the sunflower brighter, Our dreams will have serenity..

Let us all restore our humanity,
Empower humanity to be compassionate,
Everyone come united with love and respect,
Years after years with a smile keep rebuilding prosperity,
Overflowing the earth with purity.

Let us all restore our humanity,
Suffuse the world above and beyond horizon,
Rainbow of welfare and serendipity,
As darkness never stays for infinity,
Hoping for light outside the tunnel,
Just believe in your morality.

Let us all building together rejuvenating our humanity!



About the Author:

- school grade Grade 8
- Hobbies like to play basketball, video gaming. I have build my own gaming PC. I love to travel and see different places and enjoy its food.
- Parent name: Meghkanta Mohapatra and Debashish panda,
- Address Aurora, IL 60502,





Thoughts from a first-generation daughter Ankita Mallik

As a daughter to 1st generation immigrants, I've always felt underrepresented. I've always felt like no one was going through what I was; whether it was begging my mom to pack me a sandwich instead of the daal and rice she insisted I take.

I simply refused to bring food of my heritage to my school, and the days I did, I spent hiding it in my lunchbox. Taking small and quick bites, afraid someone would comment about the smell. Sometimes my friends would ask curiously, peering into my purple dotted lunch box, "What is that?" I'd look up to different reactions, sometimes people scrunching their nose. I'd hastily reply, "Rice and Lentils", and shut my lunchbox immediately. I even remember one time when a peer had commented, "I'm sorry but even if it tastes good, that looks so gross". I refused to ever bring Indian food to school again and begged my mom to let me buy lunch.

I never really talked about these experiences with my parents. I took them and used them as an excuse to lash out, to yell at them for being different, and claimed they just didn't get it. Even now, I've always felt that they'd never understand.

This take, I've realized, has been selfish. After recently completing *The Namesake* by Jhumpa Lahiri, I finally fell into a world that was as similar as mine.

Through all my anger that I've brought on my parents, and the ways I've acted out, I've neglected to understand their own struggles. Even when I recognize them, I've chosen to ignore the times they've felt like outsiders in their own homes. I haven't chosen to ignore them out of anger, or pure ignorance, but the truth is, it makes me sad. It makes me sad that they've had to deal with people who get annoyed at them for not having perfect english. And it makes me even more sad, that they have dealt with the struggles of leaving everything they've known- their families, their child-hood homes, familiar foods, to move to a completely different county, where they've had

to build their world from scratch. And the biggest guilt I carry is that they did this for me, and for my children, and for the generations of our family to come.

It's hard when all your successes, your opportunities, and your simple existence were because your parents uprooted their entire lives for you. And this translates to everything I do. Every decision I make, and every step of my life, represents what they came to America for. My successes are their successes. And no matter how much I can say that I've done something myself, the truth is without them, their hard work, and their perseverance, I would have grown up in the same village in Odisha.

This guilt overwhelms me sometimes. I don't really care about failing myself, but I guess my desire to succeed, get into a good college, have my parents be proud of me, is because I truly don't want to fail them.

I wish I knew a remedy to this guilt. But for now, I'll do what works best for me; Ignore it, and continue about my life as if it doesn't exist. And when I feel like the biggest failure, remind myself that apart from my parents, I will have to create my own opportunities and meaning of success, and to keep looking forward.



About the Author:

• Grade: 12

• Hobbies: Flute, Debate, Reading

• Passions : Public-Speaking, Advocacy

• Future Goals: Pursuing Law and Politics

• Parents: Alok Mallik and Sulagna Mallik

• Postal Address: Scotch Plains, NJ 07076





The Black Rose

Debanshi Dey

To me, you would say a thousand *lies* which then filled my heart with uttermost pain, and you would never care about my *cries*. Now I live a life with nothing to gain.

Why is it that you had to say your goodbye when I still see the *love* in your soft eyes? I hope this *grief* won't cause my heart to die because that decision wouldn't be wise.

I don't know why it was you that I chose, guess that is just the way my heart ensues. You were a red-colored *rose* to me, but I forgot they've *thorns* in themselves too.

I will always remember that one day, when everything for me had turned *grey*.

This is a 14-line sonnet and the meaning behind this showcases heartbreak. Heartbreak- a feeling and emotion influenced by our hormones that lead to physical symptoms of pain. Nowadays, in our generation heartbreak is very frequent and a common issue in this era which has a negative impact on people's mental health. A broken heart can cause emotional pain affecting your mental, social, and physical health. Though we may not know exactly why heartbreak affects our physical bodies the way it does, the effects are many and can cause a loss of energy and strength.

"I've even experienced patients who have had a stroke or heart attack from the stress of a breakup," says a doctor, who cautions these extreme cases, "they illustrate how strongly we experience emotional pain." He indicates that staying lively even while you don't need to, keeping the right consuming habits, and being engaged with the human beings in your social circle can assist in reducing the dangers of sick fitness because of a breakup.

Additionally, this poem showcases the feelings that we feel when going through heartbreak, and it is showcased in a poem to express our deep emotions on a piece of paper. It is important to express our feelings, and not keep them inside ourselves. We all deal with heartbreak in our own ways but it is important to not let it get the better of us. My favorite way of communication is writing. To me, sometimes I get a feeling that my thoughts are trapping me inside myself, and writing is the one thing that lets my layered thoughts free onto paper, and it helps me clarify my thinking. We should all our feelings inside, especially when it comes to a matter like this which can be very a negative influence.



About the Author:

- School Grade 9th Grade
- Hobbies Odissi, Hip Hop, and Bollywood dance and choreography,
- Future goals- either go into the business or medical field
- parents Kalyan Dev and Sarmistha Dash
- address Naperville, IL





Threats against Humanity Opinionated Writing by Ishaan Padhi

Today we'll talk about North Korea and other threats as a result of this that threatens humanity as a whole.

North Korea was created on September 9, 1948, as a result of the end of World War II in 1945, and all of the territory the Empire of Japan took was withdrawn by the Japanese due to their loss. The United States took the Southern part of Korea, while the Soviet Union controlled the Northern part of Korea. The Korean peninsula was one of the showdowns between the Soviet Union and the United States during the cold war with the battle of Communism vs. Capitalism; once Stalin obtained the Atomic Bomb, he gave the go-ahead to the leader of North Korea, Kim Il Sung, to start the Korean War.

The Korean War, 1950-1953

The Korean War began in 1950, with North Korea invading the South, which brought direct conflict between the United States and South Korea against the North Koreans. North Korea pushed South Korea and the United States back to the Pusan Perimeter, which led to the almost defeated South Korea and the United States. A United Nations Counter-Offensive was proposed and deployed to the Korean Peninsula, managing to push the North Koreans to the Chinese-North Korean border. Still, an unexpected result occurred. The People's Volunteer Army, a part of the People's Republic of China, decided to join the war and intervene, to which the United Nations Forces retreated. It was a back-and-forth battle. Still, all led to the same result, to the 38th parallel, where the borders were initially settled before the Korean War had begun, this stabilized, and neither side could push the other back, and led to the creation of the Korean Armistice Agreement, which created the Korean Demilitarized Zone, also known as the DMZ, which still exists to this day. Either side never signed a Peace Treaty, and both North Korea and South Korea are still at war, known as a frozen conflict. This places extreme tension between both sides because, at any time, either side can invade the other.

North Korean Missile Tests

To this day, the Korean Peninsula has the northern part controlled by North Korea and the southern part controlled by South Korea. In the 21st century, North

Korea is the biggest threat to peace and security in the Korean Peninsula. On October 9, 2006, North Korea conducted its first nuclear test, and later conducted many more Nuclear & Missile tests; according to the publication Time, North Korea conducted 68 missile tests in 2022, and in 2023, it has gotten even worse, with 28 projectiles being launched from North Korea this year alone, with recently an ICBM, launched over Japan, to which a temporary evacuate-or-seek-shelter warning in Japan was issued with the possibility that the ICBM could hit Japan, which luckily it did not. North Korea has also tested an unmanned underwater attack drone, is planning to launch its first spy satellite, and has shown propaganda with Kim Jong Un showing a map of the Korean peninsula and planning an invasion of some sort to intimate South Korea and the United States.

Why we are worried about North Korea.

The whole world is worried about North Korea due to its Nuclear test capabilities, as currently, South Korea does not have any nuclear missiles, and I feel like that must change. We must place American Nuclear missiles in South Korea and have enough missiles to destroy any nuclear missile that is attempted to be shot at South Korea, Japan, and other allies. Unfortunately, it is not always that simple; any war on the Korean peninsula will kill millions of people. With 2.5 million people dying in the 1950-1953 Korean War, the span of only three years, with North Korean missile capabilities, the death toll was devastating. But we must do all we can to protect South Korea under any circumstances by placing U.S Nuclear missiles in South Korea and stationing even more U.S soldiers on the DMZ; that should send a message to North Korea that any invasion or attack will mean the end to the North Korean regime controlled by the Kim Dynasty. Recently in Propaganda, Kim Jong Un was seen with his 9-year-old daughter for the first time and more times after that, showing that his daughter might be the successor to Kim Jong Un should he ever die, which means a successor to Kim Dysanty now officially exists. Another scary factor is occurring as we speak in North Korea.

North Korean Concentration Camps

The whole world knows of the atrocities that Nazi Germany inflicted upon the Jews in Europe, with over 6 million Jews dying in Concentration Camps; unfortunately, as we speak, hundreds of thousands, even millions, of North Koreans are in Concentration Camps, being inflicted of starvation, torture, and forced hard labor. It is even said for some offenses, three generations of a family will live in Concentration camps; that means if an individual is placed in a Concentration Camp, his children and the children after that will be born and live to work in Concentration Camps, the same goes if your Grandfather committed a 'crime,' to which his children and his

grandchildren are put to hard labor in the camps. The world has stood by for decades as this has been going on, and Concentration Camps of this scale have started to spread to other countries like the People's Republic of China, otherwise known as Communist China.

The Spread of Concentration Camps Outside of North Korea & The Threat of China

Many people and new reports have been reported regarding Concentration Camps called "Re-Education Camps" by the People's Republic of China, where over 1 million Uyghur Muslims have been placed in Concentration Camps for their beliefs & some even abducted by the People's Republic of China and put into camps with their families not knowing what has happened to them, in February 2020, hackers leaked information of the People's Republic of China's imprisonment of Uyghur Muslims, some even stating how long their family members will be imprisoned for, some for a decade and longer. Currently, as we speak, a genocide is occurring in the People's Republic of China over Uyghur Muslims, something from a playbook that North Korea has done for decades with concentration camps of their people. The world cannot do anything about it, and they choose not to. The People's Republic of China has also gotten stronger and stronger with its grip on power. Examples such as Hong Kong; with the handover in 1997, the People's Republic of China agreed to Hong Kong retaining its legislative system and people's rights and freedom for fifty years as a special administrative region (SAR) of China. As a result of the National Security Law signed in 2020, this promise was broken. Now Hong Kong is under the complete dictatorial control of Hong Kong, with many people being imprisoned for using their freedoms as stated in the agreement. The People's Republic of China has also censored their people for years regarding the Tinamin Square Massecure, creating the Great Firewall of China, and recently shutting down protests over COVID rules in China which are considered extreme rules. Another threat by China is regarding Taiwan, otherwise known as the Republic of China.

Taiwan

Taiwan, aka the Republic of China, was officially founded in 1949, as the original government of Mainland China fled to Taiwan as a result of losing the civil war, over time; the Republic of China is now a thriving Democracy that is now under threat by the People's Republic of China threatening to take it back by force. Recently in 2022 and 2023, the People's Republic of China conducted military drills and exercises against Taiwan for U.S officials like Nancy Pelosi and other delegations meeting in Taiwan in 2022, and current Speaker of the House Kevin McCarthy meeting with the President of Taiwan in 2023 in the U.S, with a delegation meeting in Taiwan as well.

President Biden has vowed to protect Taiwan with U.S. forces, which is the right call because Taiwan has something highly vital to the world to function. Many people dislike this position and ask why we care about Taiwan so much, and to those people, here is the consequence of Taiwan falling to the People's Republic of China,

When the prices for every piece of electronics become high to the point where it's unaffordable, including smartphones, electronic machines, the chips that power our vehicles, laptops, computers, and supercomputers that businesses and NASA use, the technology we need to have to communicate with our satellites, every other piece of tech no matter the size that uses any semiconductor chips, where our military cannot expand further, and the budget placed for our military are unsustainable because more money is being put to purchase chips at an exceedingly higher cost, which then the budget gets increased. Even more, money is required for our military. People do not realize that semiconductor chips power our economy, lives, national defense, and security, the same chips we use to educate children by using technology that requires chips. Our entire world becomes upside down if Taiwan falls to China; TSMC's revenue share is 58.5%, with Samsung being next at 15%; if Taiwan falls, there will be more demand for Samsung, then prices will go up. People need to realize that every single item you touch that is electronic in some form factor uses chips. Imagine all those simple gadgets, a toaster, microwave, electric stoves, electric oven, and every piece of tech.

Our position on Ukraine

The Current battle that everyone is talking about is the War in Ukraine, and while it is different from Taiwan, it is an important battle that we must be funding. People have been complaining about us being involved in a Proxy war, and there is no point; well, there is. We have always been engaged in proxy wars under Republican and Democratic Presidents; if Ukraine falls, grain prices will increase, & Poland will be under threat of invasion, just like the Soviet Union did in 1939. The Russian Federation has already violated the Budapest Memorandum on Security Assurances. The Russian Federation agreed not to attack Ukraine and to recognize its territories as Ukraine, including Crimea, in exchange for Ukraine handing over its Nuclear Weapons, to which Ukraine agreed. Still, the agreement was violated in 2014 and again in 2022, and Russia will continue to break more agreements. We must fund Ukraine until their victory, Ukraine was supposed to have collapsed by now, which is way overdue. However, just like how Finland fought against Stalin, their resolve is still firm, and this time with funded weapons, Ukraine can win ultimately. We must support them until the end to protect the peace of NATO. Russia's position of preventing nations from joining NATO failed, as Finland is the newest member of NATO, with Sweden still awaiting approval.

What the world must do

We must place Nuclear Missles on South Korean Soil and provide weapons to shoot down any missile from North Korea and place more soldiers in the DMZ to deter North Korea from attacking South Korea; we must do our best to eventually unite Korea into one and ultimately liberate the people from their Concentration Camps, just like we did in World War II, we must protect Taiwan at all costs, and recognize Taiwan as an independent country, and recognize the People's Republic of China as illegal occupiers of Taiwanese Territory. We must continue to fund Ukraine until their victory and make plans to eventually liberate Ugiyer Muslims from their Concentration Camps and continue to be peacemakers and fighters for peace and human rights. We got ourselves involved in Global Affairs long ago, and there is no turning back; we must continue to support the liberation efforts and efforts to turn dictatorships into democracies like the Russian Federation, the People's Republic of China, and North Korea.

Sources provided below

(https://time.com/6266737/north-korea-ballistic-missile-tests-2023/#:~:text=More%20and%20More%20Missiles%3A%20North,three%20months%20of%20this%20year.)

(https://www.cnn.com/interactive/2020/02/asia/xinjiang-china-karakax-document-intl-hnk/)

(https://www.cfr.org/backgrounder/china-xinjiang-uyghurs-muslims-repression-genocide-human-rights)

 $(\underline{https://www.nkhiddengulag.org/about-the-camps.html})$



About the Author:

- School -Grade 10
- Age 16
- hobbies e band and writing, and my passion is writing articles on topics I am interested in. My future goal is to go to the University of Texas at Austin to double major in Political Science/Government & International Relations & Global Studies.
- Parents Manoj Padhi & Epsita Padhy
- Wylie, Texas, United States of America



The Cons of Social Media Prisha Patra

Think of this, being on social media and seeing photos of others who look prettier than you. Even worse, the image is of someone you hate. You would probably feel sorrowful, right? These are some effects on social media. Some people feel like social media has a bad impact on them, so they don't use it much. Others feel like social media is good for them because it helps to build their friendships. Making friends online is great, but there could be bullies, or even fake friends.

One reason why people shouldn't use social media is because it can affect their health. This piece of text shows the percentages of teens being addicted to their devices. Source 1 states, "Despite all this, 43% of teens express a desire to disconnect sometimes, 41% say they are "addicted" to their mobile devices, and 36% say they sometimes wish they could go back to a time when there was no Facebook." This piece of text tells the reader what teens think of being on social media, and how many of each of them think of what they are doing. They want to get off of their devices, but they are addicted to it. This piece of text evidence shows the effect of social media making teens feeling depressed. Source 2 explains, "Teens who use social media heavily are more likely to feel depressed. They are also more likely to have trouble sleeping." This piece of text evidence tells the reader how their mental health is affected. These teens are getting depressed, which is affecting their mental health. The next piece of text evidence says the percentages of how boys and girls feel about themselves and other people. According to Source 4, it says, "57% of girls and 28% of boys sometimes feel left out after seeing photos of others together online." This piece of text evidence shows how teens feel about online pictures, which aren't real, but the person seeing them gets affected. This is a really big problem with social media. Therefore, this is why social media affects health, and there are some bad reasons for this.

Another reason why social media has negative affects on teens is because they make teens have thoughts about what's online. This piece of text shows the cruelty that teens get being on social media. The evidence that Source 1 has states, "As many as a third of these teens talk about 'often' encountering racist or homophobic (31%)

content in the digital dialogue." This piece of text tells the reader how teens are being treated online. People are feeling weird about themselves, and they are being affected by what the people say and their dialogue. This piece of text evidence shows that teens get concerned about how they look. Source 2 provides this from the text, "In particular, young women are at risk. They see endless photos of perfect bodies posted on those sites. Many of the photos are digitally edited to mask people's imperfections." This piece of text evidence shows how teens feel about themselves and personal self from the outside. They feel uncomfortable just from seeing others having perfect shape, but it's all fake. This piece of text evidence says the percentages of how boys and girls feel about themselves and other people. The text from Source 4 states, "It's not just about being tired of technology, it turns out that many of us who talk about tuning out have encountered some derogatory digital dialogue." This piece of text evidence shows that teens have experienced rude dialogue, texts, and comments. This is why social media affects a person's online thoughts. They look at others looking pretty and think that they look ugly.

All in all, this is why social media has a negative influence on teens. There are many problems with social media. It can affect their health, and their online thoughts of what they think of themselves and other teens on social media. What do you think of social media and the effect it has on you?



About the Author:

- Age 12 yrs old.
- Address Edison, New Jersey, 08820



Liquid BlazeRohan Satpathy

Now for the poem:

A few words: This poem is an ode to the earth, its beauty, the seasons, its days, and our home.

As the flame extinguished, The one silver became distinguished, While the stars glistened bright in the sky, The waning day let out a sigh.

Down below, the water dried, As the heat took over, And the world fried, Until, by grace, the clouds cried.

The tears liberated the air, It was the answer to everyone's prayer, The animals scurried out, And fall came about.

As the leaves became gold, And the trees turned old, The cold broke through, And the sky once more turned blue.

About the Author:

- •School Grade 8th Grade
- •Age 14 Years Old
- •Hobbies: Basketball, Science, Language Arts
- •Future Goals: Doctor
- •Parents Siba P Satapathy, Tapasi Mohapatra
- •Address CT, 06001, United States of America





Am I Ok? Saanvi Dhala

I wake up at 5:30 thinking "am I ok?"
Am I ok? When I drag myself out of bed
an hour early just to look presentable for people
who won't even look at me

Am I ok? Walking into school and immediately looking for friends because "no one likes a loser with no friends" Am I ok? Not raising my hand in class because I don't want to be "that idiot" and relearn everything by myself at home

Am I ok? Feeling heavy pressure from academics and extracurriculars but continuing to do more because "otherwise, you won't go to a good college"
Am I ok? Spending hours on homework and studying just to get a 70 on that test

Am I ok? Going to bed at midnight and completely burning myself out ONLY to wake up and do the same things all over the next day Yet...

When people see me and ask, "are YOU okay?" I smile and say "perfectly fine"
Because that's what we've been programmed to do And that's all to it.

About the Author:

- School Grade 10th Grade
- Hobbies dancing, sketching and being on my phone, writing poems and painting
- Parent Prasant and Manaswini Dhala

Aurora, Illinois, 60504 - United States of America



Dear Nani Sarakshi Duvvuri

Dear Nani,

My sister, my best friend, my confidant in life, You always tell me what I need to hear and accept me for whoever I am You were the one who first taught me how to sing. You taught me the beauty of music and showed me this whole new world. We lived across the halls all these years and I never even tried to thank you for showing me how I look in your eyes. You look after me, and care for me, and pray for me every day, although at times I don't trust you and I tend to push you away You save me every day from the cruel parts of life Say, "Hey we'll get through this together, don't you cry" And in my life, you are my everything. What do I do, if I can't turn to you? Because you are my person, and now you are so far away. These years, we remember together, always together. These memories, that no new roommate could ever replace. In these halls, we dreamt about so many crazy things. No one else could ever understand the things that we see, You bring so much light to my life every single day. Oh, I know you'll keep sharing that light across new worlds. And even though next year, you'll find a new place like home, we'll always remember living in these halls My sister, my best friend, my confidant in life, Oh, I'll continue to be that loving heart at your side.

About the Author:

School Grade - 9th grade

• **Age-** 15, • Passions: I am passionate about singing and music. I play piano, guitar, and ukulele and I love to sing along to these instruments and perform wherever I can. Another hobby of mine is baking and cooking, which I love to do as a relaxing activity to share with my family and friends. • **Parents-** Satavisha Pati and Ravi Duvvuri, • **Address-** Naperville, IL, USA



Rise: Soar Above Your Limits Saumya Mishra

Embrace your inner strength Draw on your willpower Blaze a path for others to follow You could be the lighthouse That sends beacons of light Through the haze of fog Beckoning all to follow **But only** If you can climb all the way To the lamp at the top Will that be possible. Unfold your wings Soar away And don't look back Until you have crossed the clouds So Surround yourself with **Ambition** Own your life If your determination Is strong Strong enough to break free From the "limits" Others may have set for you. This could be your chance To be different To stand out

Start anew
Everyone has limits
But it's your choice
Whether to stay contented
Or
To rise like the star
You could be.



About the Author:

School Grade-7th Grade

- Age-13 years
- Hobbies, Passions and Future Goals- Singing, Dancing
- Parents Rajat Mishra/Malyarpita Dash
- Postal address Milpitas-95035





How do war our society? Sushreeya Devi Mishra

Wars have profound effects on the world, from the loss of human life to the destruction of infrastructure and the displacement of populations. The direct and indirect effects of war can be heard ringing around the world, even years after it may have ended.

One of the most immediate and horrifying effects of war is the loss of human life. The value of a human life is priceless, and the toll can be staggering, With soldiers and civilians alike falling victim to the violence and atrocities of war. Additionally, wars often leave behind a trail of physical and emotional trauma that can affect the families of individuals and societies for years to come.

Another major effect of wars is the destruction of the infrastructure that the government works hard to build. Buildings, roads, bridges, and other essential structures can be damaged or completely destroyed, making it difficult for people to access basic necessities such as food, water, and healthcare. This can lead to widespread suffering and increased mortality rates.

The displacement of populations is another significant consequence of war. People are often forced to flee their homes and seek refuge in other areas, sometimes in other countries. This can create humanitarian crises and put a strain on the resources and infrastructure of neighboring regions.

At the societal level, wars can lead to a breakdown of social structures, including the economy, healthcare, and education systems. Wars can also fuel social tensions and perpetuate discrimination and inequality. Displacement of populations due to wars can create refugee crises, which can strain the resources and stability of host countries. On a national level, wars can have long-lasting political and economic effects. The cost of war can be exorbitant, both in terms of financial resources and human lives. Governments may be forced to divert resources away from other important areas, such as social welfare and infrastructure, to fund the war effort. Additionally, wars can

lead to political instability and regime change, which can have long-term consequences for the affected nation and the broader international community.

Finally, wars can have long-term economic and political effects. Countries may struggle to rebuild their economies and establish stable governments after a conflict. Additionally, the global political landscape can be altered, with international relationships and alliances shifting as a result of the war.

In summary, wars have far-reaching and long-lasting effects on the world. The loss of life, destruction of infrastructure, displacement of populations, and economic and political ramifications are just a few of the ways in which wars can shape the course of history.



About the Author:

١

 $School\,grade \,\hbox{-}\, 7th\,grade\,student$

- Hobbies chess, pursuing the arts, such as music and dance, and I enjoy writing in my spare time! I am very passionate about helping and giving back to my community, and making sure that everyone is happy! I have also been very passionate about law and politics since I was young, and hope to pursue it once I am older.
- Parents: Subrat Mishra and Chinmayee Devi
- Address Naperville, Illinois, U.S.A





Home Tanisha Senapati

The word only has four letters but is such a complex subject. Google defines home as a place someone lives. However, I feel like home is more than that. Home is where you feel safe, where you feel comfortable...where you feel like you, and with that definition I have two homes. One where I live, in a Cul de sac right outside Minneapolis, and another 8,500 miles away in a lively and colorful house located on the land of Odisha, surrounded and immersed by beauty and culture.

While I only go to Odisha once every 4 to 5 years, I still consider it my home. As I step out of the plane at the Bhubaneswar airport, the warmth and amenity instantly wrap around me like a blanket. I look around to see the world surrounded by color and beauty and it feels as though I am in a completely different world, where I have left my sorrows and grievances and can finally be free. Driving through the city, I see temples that stand tall and proud and beaches with oceans that wave at me as I pass by. The streets entice me with their wide array of food, from the spiciest of curries to the sweetest of desserts. The flavors linger on my tongue as I enjoy the traditional delicacies all day long.

Although I feel as though most of the people in Odisha are strangers, they welcome me with open arms. As they tell stories and tales I sit next to them and stare. They tell stories with so much detail that it is easy to feel as if I am there. Even though I am only able to stay there for the summer, I cherish every moment that I have to the best of my ability, because Odisha is my home where I am surrounded by all my family.

The hardest part of Odisha is leaving, saying goodbye to my family and friends. Holding back my tears knowing that it will be a while before I see them again. As I close my eyes while on my bed I think back to my trip to India. I am reminded of the beauty of Odisha culture, the folk dances and singing that make my body move and

groove to the beat. The architecture and sculptures and the cherished temples Odisha has to offer. As the night sky glitters and shines bright with stars, I think about how grateful I am to have two places to call my home.



About the Author:

School Grade: 11th

• Age: 16

• Hobbies: I am part of the school's Debate and Speech club and also am an active member of National Honors society and Student council. Outside of school I enjoy writing, reading, traveling and I mentor at a local hospital where I get hands-on experience in the medical field. I am very passionate about helping others which is why I want to become a doctor in the future. In college I am planning on majoring in both biology and psychology in the path of Pre-Med

• Parents: Rabindra K Senapati, Bijayalaxmi Senapati

Address: lakeville MN 55044





Dark Showers

Vedant Aryan

My eyes consumed their final scan of my body.

As I turned to red and gold patterns dancing on a curtain

The brittle bones of my fingers prepared the ritual.

Light switch turns off, music selected.

Shower turns on, speaker connected.

The night light faced the drawn curtains

Awaiting the halt of movement so it can rest.

As the droplets of water tasted my skin,

My skin feels frozen and ablaze in this liquid mold,

A cast in eternal oscillations between hot and cold.

Those brittle bones drew a map of my body with

The strands of my black hair, desperate for liquid touch.

I yearned for a cleaning in these thirsty droplets.

This cathartic ocean may intoxicate my solid pain

And dissolve it so it may wash down this drain.

I crumbled down to the invisible puddle.

I sat in wet black holding my heavy head.

I stared into pure black and felt infinity.

My stained sight cannot understand distance.

If I'm still, I cannot perceive existence.

Walls couldn't trap me if all I saw was darkness.

Curtains concealed my naked body, while my eyes

Pretended there's no end to the constant black.

I lean back and forth feeling impacts

Of a thousand swift pebbles poking my back.

As the speaker harmonized with the droplets,

The only direction I perceived was the origin of these sounds

Melodious vocals clashed against percussive droplets.

Purifying sounds bounce around my infinite sight

Until my movement awakens the night light.

The lines along the walls shattered my infinite sight.

Light cut the invisible thread from my heart to the music.

I marked the end of an incomplete catharsis by an open curtain.

The cold air flirts with my strands of hair it curled

As I see hot steam as trapped as I am in this world.



About the Author:

School Grade: 11th Grade

• Author's Age: 17

• Author's/Artist's Hobbies, Passions and Future Goals: My favorite hobby is performing for an audience. I love to dance in styles from contemporary to hip-hop. I also play the trombone for my school's band and sing in a choir. I also act in musicals and plays. My passion is learning advanced math and physics. My goal is to use these interests to spread positivity and help people.

• Parent: Mohasweta Barik and Bikash Behera

• Postal address: Wallingford, CT, USA, 06492

Beautiful Minds Youth Mentoring Foundation

Chicago, USA & Bhubaneswar, India

















INDIA (SECTION 8)

Shaping Global Ready Citizens











BEAUTIFUL MINDS YOUTH MENTORING FOUNDATION PRESENTS



Mr. Subbendo Satting



Budding Scientists"

Sunday, JULY 9, 10,30am

Keynote Speakers & Judges









YOU ARE INVITED TO COME & EXPLORE SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY, ENGINEERING & MATH IN INTERACTIVE & ENGAGING ENVIRONMENT, WHERE "BEAUTIFUL MINDS YOUTH MENTORING BUDDING SCIENTISTS" CONTEST FINALIST AND INDUSTRY EXPERTS WILL PRESENT



Contact us: Chicago, USA Baramunda, India www.beautifulmindsyouth.org contact@beautifulmindsyouth.org



Youth mentors and mentees from USA, India, Japan, Uk and Canada





SuRo Handmade

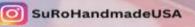
EVERY PURCHASE SPONSORS AN UNDERPRIVILECED YOUNG ARTISAN

Bespoke, handcrafted, indigenous proc supporting communities engrossed in sustaining of the weavers and traditional crafters, while engaging global youth in making of our artisanal label.





SuRoDesignStudio o SuroHandmadeIndia





Etsy SuRoHandmade

CONTACT US +1 (630) 362-0544 USA & India

surohandmade4u@gmail.com handmadesuro@gmail.com www.surohandmade.com



Handlooms Be it Ari or Sozni from Kashmir, or Ikats of Odisha, Telangana, Andhra, Sambalpuri silks of Odisha or Kantha from Bengal and royal Banarasisour association is with the finest craftsmen and weavers to bring out the best of India to our global audience



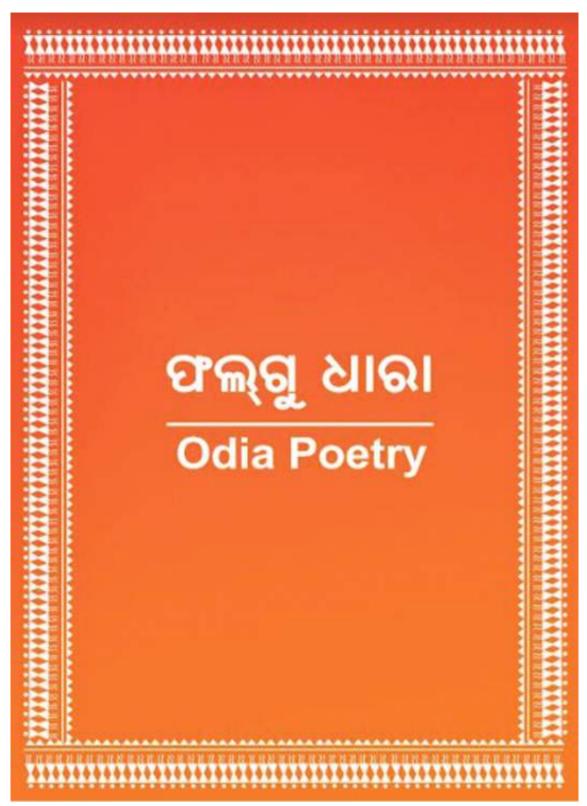
Dhokra Jewellery Made by the indigenous communities, Dhokra are known to be one of the earliest metal alloys of human history. We create contemporary dhokra jewellery designs to go with all your outfits



Pattachitra Women artisans between 18 to 30 are creating an identity for themselves as they craft some of our colourful beauties to adorn your homes

20 % of our sales goes to nonprofit organizations supporting livelihood skills workshops for youth







ଆରୋହୀ କନକ ହୋତା, ଚିକାଗୋ

ପୂର୍ବ ଆକାଶେ ସିନ୍ଦୁରା ଫାଟେ ଶୁଭେ ଓଁକାର ଆଜି ମାଗୁଛି ଆଶିଷ, ଆରୋହୀ ହେ ସାଥି ଜୟଯାତ୍ରାର ନିର୍ଘୋଷ ତାର ଗୁଞ୍ଜରି ଉଠେ ବିଶ୍ୱ ଦଆରେ ଗଗନପବନ ବ୍ୟାପି !

ନୂତନ ଶକ୍ତି, ନୂତନ ଉସାହ, ନୂତନ, ଅଶାର ବାରି ସଞ୍ଚରି ଯାଉ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରାଣରେ ସାରା ଅନ୍ଧାର ଚିରି ।

ବିଗତ ହୋଇଛି ବହୁ କାଳୁ ଆମ ଯାତନାଭରା ପରାଧୀନ କାଳରାତି, ଆଦୃତ ଆଜି ବିଶ୍ୱଦୁଆରେ, ମହନୀୟ ଆମ କୃତି !

ଅଗ୍ରଣୀ ସେ ଯେ ଅପରାଜିତ, ଉନ୍ନମୁଖ ତାର ଶିର , କୋଟିଏ କଷେ ନିନାଦିତ ଆଜି ଜୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ, ଜୟ ଓଡିଶା, ଜୟ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଜୟ !

ଗାଥା ତ ରହିଛି ଆରୋହୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବୀର ଫୁଟାବ ଐର ଖାରବେଳ ସାଥେ, ଗଙ୍ଗା ଠାରୁ ଗୋଦାବରୀ ଯାଏଁ ସାମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟ ତାର ସ୍ୱର୍ଷିଅକ୍ଷରେ ଇତିହାସ ଲେଖି ରଖେ ।

ବନ୍ଦାଣ ଘେନି ସାଧବପୁଅର ବୋଇତ ଚାଲଇ ଜାଭା, ବୋର୍ଷିଓ, ସୁମାତ୍ରା, ବାଲି ଦେଶେ, ବିଦେଶ ବଣିଳୁ ସମ୍ପଦ ଘେନି ବାହୁଡେ ଘରକୁ, ହରଷେ ବରଷ ଶେଷେ । ସନ ସନ ସନ ଝଡ଼ର ପବନ, ଅକାତ ପାଣିରେ ଟଳମଳ ନାଆ ବିପଦକୁ କାଟି ଚାଲେ ଅକଣା ଆତଙ୍କେ ଘରଣୀ ମନାସେ, 'ମା'ଲୋ ତୁ ସାହା, ଚଉରା ମୂଳେ ତା ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାର ଦୀପ ଜାଳେ ।

ମୁକ୍ତି ଯୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସ୍କରଇ ସଂଗ୍ରାମୀର ଅସୁମାରି ବଳିଦାନ, ନତ ମୟକ ପ୍ରଣାମ ନିଅ ହେ ଶହୀଦ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣ, ବୀର ସୁରେନ୍ଦ୍ର, ରକ୍ତରଞ୍ଜିତ ପବିତ୍ର ମାଟି ଇରମ!

ଯୁଗ ପୁରୁଷ ସେ ଫକୀର ମୋହନ, ମଧୁବାବୁ ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ, ମିଳିତ କଣ୍ଠେ କହିଲେ ସଗର୍ବେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାହିଁ ଓଡିଶାର ସୀମା, ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ପରିଚୟ ।

ଆରୋହୀ ହୃଦୟେ ବିଜେ କରିଛନ୍ତି ତା ବଡ଼ଠାକୁର, ସୂରୁକ ଗାଧୁଆ ସବୁଜ କ୍ଷେତର ମନ୍ଦିର ଘେରା ଗାଁ, ଠାକୁରାଣୀ ବେଢ଼ା ବୁଢ଼ା ବରଗଛ ଅଙ୍କାବଙ୍କା ନଈ, ଫେନିଳ ସାଗର କୂଳ ଗାଁଦାଷ ଧୂଳି, ନୂଆଖାଇ ଭେଟ, ରଥଯାତ ରୋଳ ଡାକନ୍ତି ସରାଗରେ ମନ ତା କରି ଉଚ୍ଚାଟ !

ନୀଳ ପରବତ ବୂକୁରେ ରଚଇ ଆଶ୍ୱିନ ଭସାମେଘ ପଟୁଆର, ଅମରାବତୀ କି ଓଡିଶା ଆମର, ଛବିଳତା ତା କାନ୍ତି ଦୋହରାଏ କିଏ ଧୀର ପବନରେ ମୋହନବଂଶୀ ବୋଲି 'ଭାଗବତ', 'ଗୀତଗୋବିନ୍ଦ' ବା 'ଲାବଣ୍ୟବତୀ'ର କୋମଳ ଲଳିତ ପଂକ୍ତି ।

ବଦଳିଛି କାଳ, ବଦଳିଛି ବେଳ ବଦଳିଛି ଅନୁଭବ, ପଛକୁ ଫେରିବା ପଛେଇ ରହିବା, ନୂହେଁ ଆରୋହୀର ଭାଗ୍ୟ !

ଜ୍ଞାନ, ବିଜ୍ଞାନ, ଶିଳ୍ପ, ବାଣିଜ୍ୟ, କଳା, ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ଭାଷା ସମ୍ପଦ ଖୋଜି, ସକଳ ଦିଶାରେ ଆରୋହୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ, ଅଗ୍ରଣୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲେଖୁଛି ନୃତନ କୀର୍ତ୍ତି !



ମୋ ପରିଚୟ ସଲୋନି ମହାନ୍ତି, ସାନ୍ ରୋମାନ୍, କାଲିଫୋର୍ଷିଆ

ରୁଦ୍ଧିମନ୍ତ ଆମ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଐତିହ, କଳା, ଭାୟର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଅର୍କକ୍ଷେତ୍ର, ଶ୍ରୀମନ୍ଦିର, ଲିଙ୍ଗରାଜ କାରୁକାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସନାତନ ଧର୍ମ ୟୟ ଗଡିଲେ ଯେଉଁଠି ଆଦି ଶଙ୍କରାଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହାତୀଗମ୍ପାରେ ଲିପିବଦ୍ଧ ପରାକ୍ମୀ ଖାରବେଳଙ୍କ ଶୌର୍ଯ୍ୟ ।

ଉକୃଷ ନୃତ୍ୟକଳା ଓଡିଶୀ ଦେଇଛି ନାଟ୍ୟଶାସ୍ତକୁ ବିଶ୍ୱ ମାନ୍ୟତା ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରୀୟ ଭାଷା ଆମର ଅତି ପ୍ରାଚୀନ, ଶିଶୁ ବେଦ, ଗୋରଖ ସଂହିତା ଜୟଦେବଙ୍କ ଗୀତ ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ ଦେଲା ବିଶ୍ୱସାହିତ୍ୟକୁ ପ୍ରେମର ବାରତା ଗୁରୁ ନାନକ ଲଭି ଜ୍ଞାନ, ଆଦିଗ୍ରନ୍ଥେ ଜଣାଇଲେ ଉଦାରତା ।

ସମୁଦ୍ର ଜିତି କରିଥିଲେ ଜଳ ଯାତ୍ରା ସାହସୀ ସାଧବ ଆମ ପୂର୍ବଜ ପ୍ରସାରିତ କଲେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ଜାଭା ସୁମାତ୍ରା ସଙ୍ଗେ ବଶିଜ ବାର ମାସେ ତେର ପର୍ବ ଆମର,ପଣା ସଂକ୍ରାନ୍ତି ଆଉ ରଜ ଜଗତର ନାଥ ଯେଉଁଠି ରଥେ କରନ୍ତି ମଉଜ, ସଙ୍ଗେ ଧରି ଅଗ୍ରଜ ।

ଆମ ଶ୍ରୀମନ୍ଦିର ରୋଷେଇଶାଳା ଜଗତେ ଅନନ୍ୟ, ବିରଳ ମା' ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀଙ୍କ ତତ୍ତ୍ୱାବଧାନେ ସବୁ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହୁଏ ସୁଶୃଙ୍ଖଳ ଲିଭେନାହିଁ ସେଠି, ତେଜମାନ ଅହର୍ନିଶ ପ୍ରସାଦ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି ଅନଳ ଛପନ ଭୋଗ ମହାପ୍ରସାଦ ସେବନ, ଆନନ୍ଦ ବଜାରେ ତୃପ୍ତି ଅନାବିଳ । ପାଷାଣେ ନିହାଣ, ହୟଶିଳ୍ପରେ ନିପୁଣ ଆମ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କାରିଗର ବୟନ କରନ୍ତି ପାଟ ଶାଢ଼ୀ, ନେଇ ରେଶମ ଏବଂ ଟସର ରଙ୍ଗୀନ, କମନୀୟ ଚାନ୍ଦୁଆ, ତାଳପତ୍ରରେ ପଟ୍ଟଚିତ୍ରର ସୟାର ଅତି ନିଖୁଣ, ସୁନାରୂପାର ତାରକସି କାମ ଅଳଙ୍କାର ।

ଇତିହାସ ମୂକସାକ୍ଷୀ, କାଳକୟୀ ଆମ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଗାଥା ମୋଗଲ, ବ୍ରିଟିଶ ଯାତନା ନୁଆଁଇ ନାହିଁ ଆମ ମଥା ଆଧୁନିକତାର ବଶରେ କିନ୍ତୁ ମନେ ଆଜି ଭରେ ବ୍ୟଥା ହଜି ନ ଯାଉ ପଗତିବାଦ, ପତିଯୋଗିତାରେ ଆମ ଗୌରବ କଥା ।

ଆତ୍ମ ପରିଚୟ ଅନ୍ୱେଷଣେ ମୋତେ ବିଦୀର୍ଷ କରେ ଅତୀତ ପରାକାଷା, ପ୍ରତିଷା, ଶୌର୍ଯ୍ୟ କେଉଁଠି ମୋ ଅଞିତ୍ୱ ପରାହତ ପ୍ରାଚୁର୍ଯ୍ୟର ନେପଥ୍ୟରେ, ମୁଁ ନାୟକ ବ୍ୟଥିତ ଧଉଳିର ପ୍ରତିବିୟେ ମୁଁ ଶାକ୍ୟମୁନି ନା ଚଣ୍ଡାଶୋକ, ଅନୁଶୋଚନା ଦଂଶିତ ।

ବିଡ଼ିୟତ ହୃଦୟେ, ମୁଁ ହୁଏ ପରିଚିତ, ମୁଁ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମୋ ପୂର୍ବକ ଗୌରବମୟ କଳିଙ୍ଗର ବୀର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମୋ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ, କରିବି ଉତ୍ତରଦାୟାଦଙ୍କୁ "ଆରୋହୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ'' ଯିଏ ଧରି ବିଜୟ ଧ୍ୱଜା, ଗାଇବ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜୟଗାଥା ବହୁତ ବଢିଆ ଗରବେ କହିବ "ମୁଁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ, ମୁଁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ'' । ଓଡ଼ିଶା ମାଟିରୁ ପାରିହୋଇ ସାତ ଦରିଆ କେବେ ଭୁଲିବନି ଯେ "ସେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ, ସେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ।''





ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ : ଭକ୍ତିର ପରିକଳ୍ପନା

ଡ଼ାଃ ନୃସିଂହ ଚରଣ ବିଶ୍ୱାଳ, ମେରିଲାଷ

ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ପ୍ରାରଂଭୁ ଧରାକୁ ଆସିଲ ନୀଳାଚଳେ ବିରଜିଲ, ଦେବତା ମେଳରେ ରହିବ ବୋଲିତ ଅଲୌକିକ ଧାମ କଲ !

ଯୁଗ ପରେ ଯୁଗ ବିଡିଲା ପ୍ରଭୁ ହେ, ଆସିଲା କଳିର କାଳ, ମଉନ ରହିବ ବୋଲି ମହାପ୍ରଭୁ ହାତ ଗୋଡ କାଟିଦେଲ !

ଅଲୌକିକ ଧାମ ଲୌକିକ କରିଲ ଭକତ ପ୍ରେମରେ ବାଇ, ବରଷକୁ ଥରେ ମାଉସୀଙ୍କୁ ଭେଟ, ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ !

ଜଗତେ ବିରଳ ଏପରି ଠାକୁର ଆନ କାହିଁ ଦେଖିନାହିଁ, ଭଉଣୀଙ୍କୁ ସଦା ସାଥିରେ ରଖିଛ ତୁମେ ଦୁଇଗୋଟି ଭାଇ !

ସୁଭଦ୍ରାଙ୍କ ଦେହେ ବ୍ରହ୍ମାଙ୍କୁ ରଖିଲ ମହେଶ ହଳିଆ ଭାଇ, ତିନି ଗୋଟି ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି ତିନି ଦେବ ହୋଇ ବସିଛ ଜଗତ ସାଇଁ !

ସବୁଧର୍ମ ସବୁ ରଙ୍ଗର ଭକତ ଏକତ୍ର ହୁଅନ୍ତି ଯାଇ, ସେଥିପାଇଁ ତିନି ମୂରତି ହେଇଛ ପୃଥିବୀର ରଙ୍ଗ ବହି !

କଳା ଗୋରା ଭେଦ ନରଖିବା ପାଇଁ ତିନି ରଙ୍ଗ ତିନି ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି ନିଜେ କଳା କୃଷ, ଭାଇଙ୍କୁ ଧବଳ, ଭଉଣୀ ବର୍ତ୍ତ ହଳଦୀ ! ଶଇବ ଶାକତ ଆଉ ବଇଷବ କରିଛ ତୁମେ ଏକାଠି ନିଜେ ତୁମେ ବିଷ୍ଣୁ, ବଳଭଦ୍ର ରୁଦ୍ର, ଭଉଣୀକୁ ଦେଲ ଶକ୍ତି !

କଗନ୍ନାଥ ତୁମେ ଦକ୍ଷିଣ କାଳିକା, ବଳଭଦ୍ର, ସରସ୍ୱତୀ ମହାଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ନିଜେ ସୁଭଦ୍ରା ହୋଇଲେ ବାର୍ଣ୍ଣିଲେ ଭାବର ପ୍ରୀତି !

ତିନି ଦେବ, ତିନି ଶକ୍ତି ବସିଅଛ, ତିନୋଟି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଏଠି ନେତ୍ର ଢ଼ାଳିଦେଲେ ପଲକ ମାତ୍ରକେ ସବୁ ହୁଅନ୍ତି ଏକାଠି !

ମୁହିଁ ଅକିଞ୍ଚନ ଜ୍ଞାନ କାହିଁ ମୋର ଗାଇବାକୁ ତୁମ କୀର୍ତ୍ତି କ୍ଷମା କରିଦେବ ଆହେ ଦୀନନାଥ, ନୃସିଂହର ଏ ମିନତି !





ମା'ର ଦୁନିଆରେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ

ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଲତା ରଥ, ମାକୋମ୍ବ, ମିଚିଗାନ୍

ମା'ର ଦୁନିଆରେ ଅହରହ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନଙ୍କର ଭିଡ... ପିଲା ପଚାରେ କେତେବେଳେ ଆଖିରେ କେତେବେଳେ ଶୁଖିଲା ମୁହଁରେ କେତେବେଳେ କାନ୍ଦୁରା କଣରେ ମା ପାଖେ ଥାଏ ସବୁ ପୁଶ୍ଚର ଉଉର ।

ପିଲା ପଚାରିଚାଲେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ପରେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କଥାରୁ ଲଥା ବାହାରକରି ନାଲି ଗୁଲୁଗୁଲୁ ସାଧବ ବୋହୂଠୁ ସପ୍ତରଙ୍ଗୀ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଧନୁ ଯାଏଁ ଲାଜକୁଳୀ ଲତାର ଲାଜଠୁ କଳ୍ପବୃକ୍ଷର ତଥାୟୁ ଯାଏଁ ଜୁଲୁକୁଳିଆ ପୋକର ଆଲୁଅ ପାଖରୁ ରାତି ଆକାଶର ଜୁଲୁକୁଳୁ ତାରାଯାଏଁ ।

ଆଉ ମା ...! ଲୁଗାକାନିକୁ ଅଣ୍ଟାରେ ଭିଡି ଡେଇଁପଡେ କଳ୍ପଲୋକକୁ ଅଗନା ଅଗନୀ ବନୟରୁ ସାତ ତାଳ ପଙ୍କ ଯାଏଁ ଯାଣ୍ଡି ଚକଟି ପକାଏ ପ୍ରତିଟି ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ଉତ୍ତର ଖୋଜି ଖୋଜି । ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ସରେନା, ମା ଥକି ଯାଏନା ସମୟ ଆଗଉ ଥାଏ ମା'ର ନିଘା ନଥାଏ ପିଲା ପାଇଁ ତା ଉତ୍ତରରୁ କୁହୁକ ଆୟେ ଉଭେଇ ଯାଉଥାଏ ମା'ର ଅଜାଣତରେ ତା' ଦୁନିଆ ନିରବି ଯାଉଥାଏ ।

ଏଶିକି
ପିଲା ପଚାରୁ ନ ପଚାରୁ
ତା' ମନ ବୃଝି
ମା ଖୋଳୁଥାଏ ସରଳ ଉତ୍ତର
ଏଠି ସେଠି ସବୁଠି
ପିଲା କିନ୍ତୁ ଖୋଳୁଥାଏ ଆଉ କାହାକୁ
ଯାହାକୁ ପଚାରିହେବ
ମା'କୁ ପଚାରି ହେଉ ନ ଥିବା
ଅସୁମାରୀ ଅବୁଝା ଆଉ କଟିଳ
ଯେତକ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ,
ଦୂରତା ବଢୁଥାଏ
ଶୂନ୍ୟରେ ମିଳେଇ ଯାଏ
ମା'ର ଅସୁମାରୀ ଅଲୋଡା ଉତ୍ତର
ସେ ଜାଣେ ନିରବି ଯାଉଛି ଆୟେ
ତା ନିକର ଦୁନିଆ

ତଥାପି ବି ଶୁଭୁକି ନ ଶୁଭୁ ବୁଡ଼ୀ ମା ବଡିଲା ପିଲାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷାରେ ରହେ ।

ଏଶିକି ...
ମା' ମନରେ ଅସରତି ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ
ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ, ପିଲାଙ୍କ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ
ଯାହାର ଉତ୍ତର ସେ ନିଜେ ଖୋଜି ବୁଲୁଥାଏ
ସାତ ତାଳ ପଙ୍କରୁ ଅଗନା ଅଗନି ବନୟ ଯାଏଁ ସେ ଜାଣେ ...
ଜୀବନ ଜଞ୍ଜାଳରେ ବ୍ୟୟ ବିବ୍ରତ କ୍ଲାନ୍ତ
ତା' ପିଲାର ବା ସମୟ କେଉଁଠି ଥାଏ !





ଆରାଧ୍ୟ ଶ୍ରୀ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ

ସ୍ନେହ ମହାନ୍ତି, କାଲିଫୋର୍ଷିଆ

ପୁଣ୍ୟ ଭୂମି ନାମେ ଗଣ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ଏ ଉତ୍କଳ ଶୋଭା ତାର ବୃଦ୍ଧି ପାଏ ମନ୍ଦିର ଅତୁଳ (୧)

ଶିଳା ଦେହେ ଖୋଦା ଦେବାଙ୍ଗନା ଅପରୂପ ଗଢିଛନ୍ତି ଶିଳ୍ପୀ ଗଣ କଳା ତା ଅମାପ (୨)

ଗଙ୍ଗ ବଂଶୀ ରାଜାଙ୍କର ଅପୂର୍ବ କଳ୍ପନା ଗଢାଇଲେ ମନ୍ଦିର ସେ ନାହିଁ ତା ତୁଳନା (୩)

ନୀଳ ସାଗରର କୂଳେ ନୀଳାଚଳ ଧାମେ ବସିଛନ୍ତି ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଦାରୁବ୍ରହ୍ମ ନାମେ (୪)

ପବିତ୍ର ସେ ରୂପ ଦେଖି ତୃପ୍ତ ହୁଏ ମନ କାହିଁ କେତେ ଦୂରୁ ଯାତ୍ରୀ କରନ୍ତି ଦର୍ଶନ (୫)

ଭାଗ୍ୟ ମୋତେ ଟାଣି ନେଲା ଏ ଦୂର ପ୍ରବାସେ ଛାଡି ମୁଁ ଆସିଲି ମହାପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କୁ ଉଦାସେ (୬)

ସତେ କି ଦେଖିବି ନେତ୍ରେ ସେଇ ଚକାଡୋଳା ଚତୁର୍ଦ୍ଧା ମୂରତି ସେ ଯେ କେ ବୁଝିବ ଖେଳା (୭) ଆସିବେକି ପ୍ରଭୁ ଥରେ ବିଭବ ଏ ଦେଶେ ପ୍ରଚାର କରିବେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଧର୍ମ ଶେଷେ (୮)

ବିତି ଗଲା କେତେ ବର୍ଷ ଚେତନା ପଶିଲା ନଗରେ ନଗରେ ପତିଷା ମନ୍ଦିର ହୋଇଲା (୯)

ଆରୋହଣ କଲେ ପ୍ରଭୁ ସଭିଙ୍କର ମନ ଜାଣି ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ପୂଜା ପର୍ବ ତା ସହିତ ରଥ ଯାତ ପୁଣି (୧୦)

ମହାପ୍ରସାଦ ସହିତ ପିଠା ପଣା ଯେତେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଘରର ରନ୍ଧା ଆସିଗଲା କେତେ (୧୧)

କଗନ୍ନାଥ ଧର୍ମ ଆହୂତ ଏ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରାଣରେ କଡିତ ରହିଲା ସଦା ଆଜି ଏ ଦେଶରେ (୧୨)





ମନେପଡେ ଆଜି ପ୍ରେମର ରଙ୍ଗ ପାଇନ୍ ବନରେ

ବିଜୟା ପରିଡ଼ା, ବୋଷ୍ଟନ୍

ଝୁରାଝୁରା ବଉଦରେ ଚେକା ଚେକା ସ୍କୃତି ମେଘ କୋଳେ ଲୁଚିଯାଏ ଅଦିନର ପ୍ରୀତି ଜୀବନ କାହାଣୀ ରଙ୍ଗଜାଡର ଦିନରେ ଅସରନ୍ତି ଆଳସ୍ୟରେ ନୀରବ ମନରେ ମନେପଡେ ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ପାଇନ୍ ବନରେ (୧)

ନିରିମମ କଣ୍ଟା ଭରା ଦୁନିଆରେ ଚାଲିବାରେ ଆଶା ନିରାଶାର ଅଭୁଲା ସନ୍ଧିକ୍ଷଣରେ ମୁକ୍ତ ଆକାଶର ତଳେ ଖୋଲା ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରମାରେ ଡୁବି ଶ୍ରାବଶର ମଧୁଝଡି ବରଷାରେ ଦେହେ ଭିଜା ବସ୍ତ ମନେ ଗୋଲାପି କ୍ଷଣରେ ମନେପଡେ ଡୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ପାଇନ୍ ବନରେ ମନେପଡେ ଡୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ପାଇନ୍ ବନରେ (୨)

ସାନ୍ଧ୍ର ବନାନୀର ଲୁଚକାଳି ଆଲୋକରେ ଅଜଣା ଦିନରେ ଚୋରିଚୋରି ମନ ଚୁଇଁବାରେ ହାତଧରି ମନ୍ଦ ମଧୁ କଥା ବାହାନାରେ ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ମହକରେ ଭିଜିବା ବେଳରେ ମନେ ପଡେ ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ପାଇନ୍ ବନରେ (୩) ପାଦେ ପାଇନ୍ର କଣ୍ଠା ଓଠରୁ 'ଆହା' କ୍ଷଣରେ ତୁମ ହାତ ଛୁଆଁ କୋମଳ ପରଶରେ 'ଦେହି ପଦ ପଲ୍ଲବ ମୁଦାରମ୍' ଭାବନାରେ ବିଷରୁ ବି ଅମୃତର ମଧୁ ଆସ୍ୱାଦନରେ ମନେ ପଡେ ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ପାଇନ୍ ବନରେ ମନେ ପଡେ ତମ ପେମ ପାଇନ୍ ବନରେ (୪)

ସାଗର ତୀରରେ କ୍ଲାନ୍ତ ମନ ଧାଏଁ ଦିନେ ଦିନେ ବାଲି ହରିଶର ପରି ଘୁରେ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠଣେ ଚୁଲ୍ବୁଲି ମନ ମୋର ଥକା ହୋଇ ଖୋଜେ ଅସରନ୍ତି ମହୁଭିକା ସପନ ନିଶାରେ ଇଚ୍ଛାହୁଏ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣର ତିନିଗାର ଡେଇଁବାରେ ମନେ ପଡେ ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ପାଇନ୍ ବନରେ (୫)

ତନ୍ଦ୍ରାଳସା ଚକ୍ଷୁ ମୋର ଯେବେ ପତା ଖୋଲେ ଭାବ ତରଙ୍ଗରେ ବୁଡି ମଧୁ ମହକରେ ବାରବାର ମନ ମୋର ତୁମକୁ ଖୋଜି ବୁଲେ ଆଶାର କମ୍ପନ, ନିରାଶର ଲହରୀରେ ମନେ ପଡେ ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ପାଇନ୍ ବନରେ (୬)

ଦିନାତ୍ତେ ମଳିନ କହ୍ନରୂପ ଦେଖି ଥରେ ହାତ ଧରି ହସି ତୁମେ କହିଥିଲ ଧୀରେ ଆମେ ଦୁନିଆରେ ଦୁହେଁ ତୁଚ୍ଛ ଦୁଇଟି ମୋହର ଜୀବନ ଅଳିକ ମାତ୍ର, ପ୍ରେମଯେ ଅମର ଆଜି ତୁମ ସ୍କୃତି ମନେ ପଡେ ବାରେ ବାରେ ମନେ ପଡେ ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ପାଇନ୍ ବନରେ (୭)



ଅନେକ ଦିନ ପରେ ...

ସୁବ୍ରତ ମହାନ୍ତି, କାଲିଫର୍ଷିଆ

ଅନେକ ଦିନ ପରେ ... ଇତୟତଃ ହୋଇ ପଡିଥିବା କଲମ ଗୁଡାକୁ ଗୋଟାଇ ନେଇ, ଭାବୁଥିଲି... ଦେବା ପାଇଁ ଏକ ଅବୟବ ମୋ କବିତାର ରୂପରେଖ ନେଇ ।

ହେଲେ ... ଦୂର କାନ୍ତର ଉହାଡରେ ବୁଡିଆଣୀ ଜାଲ ପରି ଛନ୍ଦି ହୋଇ ପଡିଥିବା ଭାବନା ମୋର ଖୋଜୁଥିଲା ବାଟ ...।

ବୁଡିଆଣୀଟା ବି ମୁରୁକି ହସି ଆଖି ଚୋରାଇ ଉପଭୋଗ କରୁଥିଲା ମୋ ଅସହାୟତାର ଲମ୍ପଟତାକୁ । ଭାବୁଥିଲି ... ହଜି ଯାଇଥିବା ସମୟର ସ୍ଟୃତିରେ ଆଖିର ଦୁଇ ଟୋପା ଲୁହ ମିଶାଇ ଗତିଦେବି ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ଭଗ୍ନ କୋଣାର୍କ ଯାହାକୁ ଦେଖି

ଅଚିହ୍ନା ଆଗନ୍ତୁକ ବି କାନ୍ଧରେ ହାତ ରଖି ଆଶ୍ୱାସନା ଦେବ – ଜୀବନଟା ତ ଏମିତି ବୋଲି, ଅବା ... ନୂତନତ୍ୱର ସୟାଷଣରେ ଚେନାଏ ହସକୁ ଫେଣ୍ଟି ଗତି ଦେବି ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ନିଆରା ସୌଧ ଏଇ ଯେମିତି ଏଥରର ବସନ୍ତ ଭରିଥିଲା ଅଗ୍ନିବର୍ଷୀ ପର୍ବତରେ ଶୁଭ୍ର ସ୍ୱଚ୍ଛ ବରଫର କୁହୁକ ।

ଭାରାକ୍ରାନ୍ତ ମୟିଷ୍କ ଟା ବି ବୋଧେ ଆଉଜି ପଡିଥିଲା ଚୌକିର ଶକ୍ତ କାନ୍ଧ ଉପରେ ସତେ ଯେମିତି ପରିଶ୍ରାନ୍ତ ସେ ! ଫେରି ଆସିଛି ଏବେ ପୃଥିବୀ ସେପଟ ପରିଧି ମାପିବା ପରେ ।

ଦଲକାଏ ପବନର ଉଚ୍ଛାସରେ ଝରକା ପାଖ ପରଦାର ଶକ୍ତ ଚାପୁଡ଼ାରେ, ଚିହିଁକି ଉଠିଲା ଜୀବନ । ପବନ ନୁହେଁ, ବୋଧେ ସମୟ ଥିଲା ସେ । ପବନ ଆଉ ପରଦାକୁ ଆୟୁଧ କରି ଚେଡାଇ ଦେଲା ଉଠ ପୁଅ ଉଠ, ଉଠ ପୁରିଲାଣି ବେଳ । ଦୀର୍ଘ ନିଃଶ୍ୱାସର ପ୍ରସ୍ଥାନ ପରେ ଭାବୁଥିଲି ..
ସ୍ୱତିର ରୋମନ୍ଥନ କଣ ଫେରାଇ ଦେବ ବାପାଙ୍କ ସେହି ସ୍ନେହବୋଳା କୋଳ ନା... ମାଉସୀର ସେ ଲୁଗା କାନି ଯାହା, ବୋଉର ଗାଳି ମାଡରୁ ଟାଣିଆଣି ଲୁଚାଇ ଦେଉଥିଲା ମୋର ସବୁ ଦୃଷ୍ଟାମୀକୁ ଆଖିଠାର ମାରି, ନା ଫେରିଆସିବ... ମାମୁଁଙ୍କର ସେହି ଅଭିମାନ ଭରା ମାଂସ ତାଟିଆ ନା ଶୁଭିବ ... ଜ୍ୱାଇଁ ସୁହାଗରେ ଭରପୁର ଶ୍ୱଶୁରଙ୍କ ସେହି ସ୍ନେହବୋଳା ଡାକ

ସେମାନେ ତ ସବୁ ଫେରିଯାଇଛନ୍ତି ରଙ୍ଗମଞ୍ଚରେ ନିଜ ନିଜ ଅଭିନୟ ସାରି ଏବେ ତ ମୋର ସମୟ ମଞ୍ଚସ୍ଥ ନାଟକର ଯବନିକା ଟାଣିବାରେ ।

ସ୍ଥିତପ୍ରଞ୍ଜ ପରି ସଳଖି ବସି ବୀରଦର୍ପରେ ଆଗେଇ ଗଲି ମୁଁ... ଶିଳ୍ପୀର କଳାଚାତୁରୀକୁ ନେଇ ଚିତ୍ରପଟର ଶୁନ୍ୟତାରେ ଜୀବନର ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ପ୍ରଚ୍ଛଦକୁ ଜୀବନ ଦେବା ପାଇଁ ଅନେକ ଦିନପରେ ।





ତିନୋଟି ସନେଟ୍

ଗଗନ ପାଣିଗାହୀ, କାନାଡା

ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ ରଜନୀ

ଦିନକର କାମ ସାରି କିରଣ ବିଛୁରି ଦିଗ୍ବଧୂ ପଣତ ତଳେ ଲୁଚିଲେ ସୂରୁଜ, ପୂରୁବେ ଉଇଁଲା ଚାନ୍ଦ ରୂପା ଥାଳି ପରି, ପ୍ରିୟ ତୂମେ, ନଆସିଲ, ଆସି ହେଲା ସଞ୍ଜ ।

ବାତାୟନ ଦେଇ ଦେଖେ ନିର୍ଚ୍ଚନ ସରଣୀ ଉଦ୍ୟାନରୁ ହେନା ବାସ ଭୁରୁଭୁରୁ ହୋଇ ଭାସିଆସେ, ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଏ ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ ରଜନୀ କେମନ୍ତେ ବିତିବ ପିୟେ ମୋତେ ଜଣା ନାହିଁ ।

ସାରାଦିନ ଚାହିଁ ରହି ମନ ମୋ ଉଦାସ ବିରହିଣୀ ମୁହିଁ ଆଉ ନପାରଇ ସହି, ଲାଗଇ ଯେସନେ କରୁଛନ୍ତି ଉପହାସ ଚାନ୍ଦ ତାରା ଦୁହେଁ ମିଳି ଅନ୍ତରୀକ୍ଷେ ରହି ।

କୁହ ପ୍ରିୟେ କୁହ ମୋତେ ତୁମ ହୃଦ ଖୋଲି, ସବୁଦିନ ପାଇଁ କି ଗୋ ମୋତେ ଗଲ ଭୁଲି ?

କାମିନୀ

କାମିନୀ ଗୋ, ବର୍ଷା ଭିଜା ଶ୍ରାବଣ ରାତ୍ରିରେ କ୍ଷୀଣାଙ୍ଗୀ ଶୁଭ୍ରାଙ୍ଗୀ ତୁମେ ଲୁଚିଅଛ କାହିଁ ? କିଟି କିଟି କାଉ କଳା ଘନ ଅନ୍ଧକାରେ ଶୁଭ୍ର ଚାରୁ ଅଙ୍ଗ ତୁମ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ । ତଥାପି ଗୋ, ଅନୁଭବେ ତୁମ ଉପସ୍ଥିତି, ଗନ୍ଧବହ ଯେବେ ତୁମ ଗନ୍ଧ ଆଣେ ବହି, ଟିପିଟିପି ବରଷାର ଉଦାସିଆ ରାତି ହୋଇଉଠେ ପ୍ରୀତିମୟ ତୁମ ଗନ୍ଧ ପାଇ ।

ତୂମେ ତ ନ ଥିବ ଆଉ କାଲି ପ୍ରଭାତରେ ସୁବାସ ବିତରି ଦେଇ ଯାଇଥିବ ଝରି, ଯେସନେ ପ୍ରେୟସୀ ରାତ୍ରି ପ୍ରିୟ ସହିତରେ ବିତାଇବା ପରେ ଖରେ ଘରେ ଯାଏ ଫେରି ।

ହୋଇଲେ ବି ହେଉ ତୁମ ସ୍ଥିତି କ୍ଷଣସ୍ଥାୟୀ, କାମିନୀ ଗୋ, କ୍ଷଣିକରେ ଦିଅ ତୁମେ ଜନ ମନ ମୋହି ।

ଚାନ୍ଦ ଓ କୁମୁଦ

ଆହା ରେ କୁମୁଦ, ସ୍ୱଚ୍ଛ ସରୋବର ନୀରେ, ଫୁଟୁ ତୁହି କମନୀୟ ଶୁଭ୍ର ଦଳ ମେଲି, ଯହିଁରୁ ସତେ ଯେପରି ମୁକ୍ତା ମାଳି ଝରେ ଫେନିଳ ଜୋଛନା ଯେବେ ତହିଁ ଯାଏ ତାଳି ।

ସାରା ଦିନ ମୁଦି ହୋଇ ପଡିଥାଉ କଳେ, ସଞ୍ଜୁଆ ନଭେ ଯେବେ ଜହ୍ନ ଆସେ ଉଇଁ, ସୋମାଭା ପରଶେ ସାରା ଯାମିନୀ ଉଛୁଳେ, ସେତେବେଳେ ଚକ୍ଷ୍ର ମେଲି ଫୁଟି ଉଠ୍ର ତୃହି ।

କି ଅବା ସମ୍ପର୍କ ତୋର ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରମା କିରଣେ ? କାହିଁ ପାଇଁ ହେଉ ତୁହି ସଦା ଆକର୍ଷିତ ? ପ୍ରେମିକାର ମନ ସୁଧୁ ପ୍ରେମିକ ହିଁ ଜାଣେ ସେଇ କି ଗୋ ଚାନ୍ଦ-କଇଁ ପେମର ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ?

ପ୍ରକୃତି ଜଗତେ ସଦା ପ୍ରେମ ମଧୁମୟ, ନ ହୋଇବ କାଳେ କାଳେ ତାହାର ବିଲୟ ।



ବନ୍ଧୁତ୍ୱ ଝିନୁ ଛୋଟରାୟ, ଭର୍କିନିଆ

ବନ୍ଧୁତ୍ୱ ସେ ବନ୍ଧା ଶାଶ୍ୱତ ପ୍ରେମରେ ନାହିଁ ଆଶା ପ୍ରତି ଆଶା, ନ ଥାଏ ଦାବି ଓ କର୍ତ୍ତୃତ୍ୱର ଜାରି, ଦେଇ ପାଇବା ଲାଳସା । ସମ୍ପର୍କ ସୀମାରେ କେ ନୃହେଁ ଆବଦ୍ଧ ନାହିଁ ଭୟ ଓ ଆଶଙ୍କା, ନାହିଁ କଟକଣା ଚାଲିଚଳନରେ, ମାପି ଚୃପି କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା । ବନ୍ଧ ମିଳନର ସେଇ ଉଦ୍ଦୀପନା ରବିସମ ତାର ଆଭା, ଆନନ୍ଦାକାଶେ ଭାବ ବିହୁଳିତ ମଲ୍ଫ ବିହଙ୍ଗ ଅବା । ଖେଳିଯାଏ ମହେଁ ହସର ଭଉଁରୀ ବନ୍ଧ୍ ସହ ହେଲେ ଦେଖା, ଖୋଲି ହୋଇଯାଏ ବନ୍ଦ ପେଟରାରୁ ଅସରନ୍ତି ମନ କଥା । ଲୟିଯାଏ ଖୁଅ ଦୂର ଅତିଦ୍ର ତାଙ୍କ ଗପ ଗଣିସ୍ତା, କାନ୍ତ ହଏ ନାହିଁ ସ୍ୱର ଓ ଶରୀର ପଗଳୁ ଅଟେ ବନ୍ଧତା । ବନ୍ଧ ପାଶେ ବନ୍ଧ ବାଣ୍ଟି ଦେଇଯାଏ ତା' ଜୀବନର ସବ ଗାଥା, ସତେ କି ଉକ୍ଷ ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦାତା, ଅଟଇ ତା ବନ୍ଧ ଶୋତା। ସମୟ ସମ୍ପର୍କ ସଂସାର ପଥରେ, ପଡିଯାଏ ଧୀରେ ଫିକା, ଅମଳିନ କିନ୍ତୁ ବନ୍ଧୁର ସମ୍ପର୍କ ଚିର ସବୁଜରେ ଅଙ୍କା । ସମୟର ଦାସ ନୁହଁଇ କଦାଚ ସେଇ ଭାବ ଆତ୍ପୀୟତା, ଚିର ଭାୟର, ସବୃଳ, ନିର୍ମଳ ପ୍ରେମ, ପ୍ରୀତିର ବନ୍ଧୁତା ।





ତୁମେ ଆସିଗଲା ପରେ

ଶାନ୍ତିଲତା ମିଶ୍ର, ମିନେସୋଟା

ଚଳ ଚଞ୍ଚଳ ହୋଇ ଉଠିଲା ଆଜି, କାହିଁକି ମନର ଏ ସୁପ୍ତ ହ୍ରଦ ! ଲହରୀ ଉପରେ ଲହରୀ ଉଠଇ, କରିଦେଇ ସଭିଙ୍କୁ ମନ୍ତ ମୁଷ୍ପ ।।

ତୁମେ ଆସିଛ । ପବନ କହୁଛି ଗଗନ କହୁଛି, ତତ୍ପର ଏ ମନ, ପାଇବାକୁ ତୁମ ସାନିଧ । ପୂଜିବାକୁ ମନ ଏବେଠୁ ଉଜାଗରେ ବସେ, ଭାବି ତୁମକୁ ପରମ ଆରାଧ ।।

କେବେ ପଚାରିନି ତୁମକୁ ଜୀବନେ, ତୁମର କଣ ପସନ୍ଦ ବା ନାପସନ୍ଦ । ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥପରତାର ହୋଇ ବଶବର୍ତ୍ତୀ, କରି ଚାଲୁଅଛି ଯାହା ଦେଉଛି ମତେ ଆନନ୍ଦ । । ଯାଇ ପାରିବିନି ପଛେ ପଛେ ତୁମ, ଜାଣେ ସବୁ ଦ୍ୱାର ରହିଛି ମୋ ପାଇଁ ରୁଦ୍ଧ । ଦୂରରୁ ଦେଖି କେବଳ ଆତ୍ମ ବିଭୋର ହୁଏ ବୁଝେନା କାହାର ଏ ମାୟା କପଟ କି ଛନ୍ଦ ।।

ଭାବି ନେଇଛି ଜନ୍ନ ଜନ୍ନାନ୍ତରର ଏ ଡୋରି, ଛିଷ୍ଡି ପାରିବନି ଭାରି ଅଟେ ମଜଭୁତ । ମୋ ଭାବନା ପଛେ କେତେ ସତ୍ୟତା ଅଛି, ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନ ପାଶେ ଧରି, କର ସନ୍ଦେହ ଦୂରୀଭୃତ ।।

ଶରୀର ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ ଏମିତି ରହିଥାଉ ପଚ୍ଛେ, ପ୍ରେମର ଏ ଦ୍ୱାରଦେଶ ରହିଥାଉ ସଦା ଉନ୍କୁକ୍ତ । ଚକ୍ଷୁ ପ୍ରସାରିବି ଯେତେ ଦୂରେ, ଯେଉଁ ଦିଗେ, ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମର ଛିଟାରେ ହେଉଥିବି ଦ୍ରବୀଭୂତ ।।





ତୁମ ସ୍ମୃତି, ଏକ ଅମ୍ଲାନ ଜ୍ୟୋତି

ଶ୍ୱେତପଦ୍ମା ଦାଶ, କାଲିଫର୍ଷିଆ

ତୁମେ ଆସିଗଲେ, ଫଗୁଣ ଆସେ ମଳୟ ପବନ ଧରି, ସ୍ନେହର ସୟାର, ଆପଶାର ଭାବ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଲହରି ଚିତ୍ରି ।

ତୁମେ ହସିଦେଲେ, ଆଲୋକ ଆସେ ସକାଳ କିରଣ ପରି, ଆଶାର ପ୍ରଦୀପ, ଉଦ୍ଦୀପନା ଭାବ ସ୍ତେହ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ଦିଏ ଢ଼ାଳି।

ଦିଗନ୍ତ ବିୟାରୀ, ହୃଦୟ ତୁମର ଅମଳିନ ତାର କ୍ୟୋତି, ପ୍ରତି ମଣିଷର ଅନ୍ତର ଛୁଅଁ ଉଜଳ କରି ସୃଷି।

ହିମାଳୟ ପରି, ଅଟଳ ତୁମେତ ହୁଅ ନାହିଁ ବିଚଳିତ, ଗଭୀର ଜ୍ଞାନର ପ୍ରତୀକ ତୁମେତ ଆତ୍ପଜ୍ଞାନେ ପ୍ରକ୍ଳଳିତ।

ପିଲାଠାରୁ ବୃଦ୍ଧ, ସମୟଙ୍କର ତୁମେ ଥିଲ ଆପଣାର, ଏକତ୍ର ଭାବ ସବୁଠି ଦେଖିଲ କେହି ନଥିଲେ ତ୍ରମ ପର। ପଥ ଦେଖେଇଲ, ସତେ କହିଗଲ ପୂର୍ତ୍ତରୁ ଆମ ସ୍ଥିତି, ପୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ଇତି ଦେହ ଗଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଆତ୍ପାର, ହେବନାହିଁ କେବେ ଇତି।

ତୁମ ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ପବିତ୍ର ହସ, ତୁମ ସ୍ନେହଭରା ଉପଦେଶ ତୁମକଥା, ତୁମ ଜୀବନର ଗୀତି ତୁମର ଉତ୍କଳ ସ୍କୃତି ଆମ ହୃଦୟର ଅମ୍ଲାନ ଜ୍ୟୋତି

ବିଦ୍ର: (ଶ୍ରୀଯୁକ୍ତ ସରୋଜ ବେହେରାଙ୍କ ନିମନ୍ତେ ସ୍ବୃତି ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାଞ୍ଜଳି, ଯେ ନିଜର ଅନ୍ତର୍ନିହିତ ଦିବ୍ୟ ଶକ୍ତିର ସନ୍ଧାନ ପାଇ, ଆତ୍ମଦ୍ଧାନରେ ପ୍ରଜ୍ୱଳିତ ହୋଇ, ଜଗତରେ ସ୍ନେହ, ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ଓ ଏକତ୍ୱ ଭାବର ଆନନ୍ଦ ବାଣ୍ଟି, ଚିରଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଆମର ପଥ ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶକ ହୋଇ ରହିଥିବେ।)





ପିତା ପରାଶର ମିଶ୍ର, ଟରୋୟୋ, କାନାଡା

କେମିତି ଯୁକ୍ତି କରି, ତର୍କ ବିତର୍କ କରି କଥାରେ, କଥାରେ, ଗପ, କବିତା ଲେଖାରେ ଆଜି ସାବ୍ୟୟ କରିବି ଯେ, ସ୍ରଷ୍ଟାଙ୍କ ସୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ପିତା ଏକ ଅନବଦ୍ୟ ସୃଷ୍ଟି, ଆମ ଜୀବନ, ଆମ ଜଗତରେ ପିତା ଏକ ଚଳନ୍ତି ଠାକୁର, ପିତାଙ୍କ ପାଖେ ଥାଏ ମାତା ବସୁନ୍ଧରାର ସହନଶୀଳତା, ସୂର୍ଯର ଦୀପ୍ତଆଭା, ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ତାରାଙ୍କ ଶୀତଳତା !

ସ୍ନେହ, ଶରଧା, ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ, ଆଶିଷ ଅଜାଡି ଦେବାର ଅନ୍ୟ ନାମ ତ ପିତା, କେତେବେଳେ ଖଟା ତ, କେତେବେଳେ ମିଠା, କେତେବେଳେ କଠୋର ତ, କେତେବେଳେ କୋମଳ କେତେବେଳେ ଶାସକ ହୋଇ ଦୃଢ ଶାସନ କରନ୍ତି, ପିତା ଗୁରୁ ହୋଇ ପଥ ଦେଖାନ୍ତି, ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ବନ୍ଧୁ ହୋଇ ଗୁଲିଖଟି କରନ୍ତି, ଜୀବନର ସୁଖ, ଦୁଃଖ ନିଷ୍କାମ କର୍ମର ମହା ମର୍ମ ବୁଝାଇ ବସନ୍ତି ! ପିତା ହାତ ଧରି ଚଲା ଶିଖାନ୍ତି, ପଡିଗଲେ ଆହା ଚୁଚୁ ନକହି ପୁଣି ଥରେ ଉଠାଇ ଦିଅନ୍ତି କାନ୍ଧରେ ବସାଇ ଦୁନିଆ ଦେଖାନ୍ତି ପର୍ବତ ଭଳି ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଟେକି ସବୁ ବାଧା ବିପଦରେ ସବୁ ସୁଖ, ଦୁଃଖରେ, ଘାତ, ପ୍ରତିଘାତରେ ଦୃଢ, ସ୍ଥିର ଏକ ମନରେ ଆଗକୁ ବଢିବାର ମହାମଂତ୍ର ବୁଝାଇ ବସନ୍ତି !

ଆମ କୀବନର ଚଲା ପଥରୁ କଣ୍ଟା ସାଉଁଟି ନେଇ ଫୁଲ ବିଛେଇ ଦେବାର ଆଜୀବନ ତପସ୍ୟାରେ ପିତା ଦୁଃଖ, କଷ୍ଟ, ଲହୁ, ଲୁହର ଗରଳ ପିଇ ଆମକୁ ଅମୃତ ଚଟେଇବାର ପ୍ରୟାସରେ ପିତାଙ୍କ ସାରା ଜୀବନ ସଂଗ୍ରାମ ଓ ସଂଘର୍ଷରେ ହିଁ ବିତିଯାଏ !

ପିତା ଏକ ଅମୃତମୟ ସଭା ଯାହା ଦେଖି ହୁଏନି କି ଦେଖାଇ ହୁଏନି, ବୁଝା ପଡେନି କି ବୁଝାଇ ହୁଏନି ପିତା ଧର୍ମ, ପିତା କର୍ମ, ପିତା ଗୁଣ, ପିତା ଜ୍ଞାନ ପିତା ତ୍ୟାଗୀ, ପିତା ତ୍ୟାଗ, ପିତା ହିଁ ଶିବ ଓ ସୁନ୍ଦର, ପିତା ପରମେଶ୍ୱରଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରତିଟି ମୁହୁର୍ଭରେ ମୋର କୋଟି କୋଟି ପ୍ରଣାମ !





ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟାୟତନ

ଦେବ ପ୍ରସାଦ ମହାପାତ୍ର, କାଲିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ

ଯୀଶୁ ଉବାଚ୍:

କୃଶବିଦ୍ଧ ଯୀଶୁ କହେ ଆକାଶକୁ ଚାହିଁ, ମାଁ ଗୋ, ଏ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା ମୁଁ ସହି ପାରୁନାହିଁ। ଲହୁ-ଲୁହ ବହିଯାଏ ଦେହରୁ ମୋହର, କ୍ଳାନ୍ତ ମୋ ନୟନ ଦୁଇ ଅବଶ ଶରୀର। ପ୍ରଖର ଖର ରଶ୍ମୀରେ ଜଳିଯାଏ ଦେହ, ତୃଷାର୍ତ୍ତ ମୁଁ, କୁଧାର୍ତ୍ତ ମୁଁ, କ୍ଲେଶ ଅହରହ।

ବିଶ୍ୱମାତା ଉବାଚ୍:

ଅନ୍ଧର ଲଉଡ଼ି ବାବୁ ଦରିଦ୍ର ପସରା, ପିତାଙ୍କ ଆଦେଶେ ତୁହି ଜନ୍ମ ନେଲୁ ପରା। ଜଞ୍ଜାଳରେ ନିଷେଷିତ ଭ୍ରାନ୍ତ ଏ ମାନବ, ବୁଝି ନ ପାରଇ ତିଳେ ମୁକ୍ତିର ଗୌରବ। ଜନ୍ମ-ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଆବର୍ତ୍ତନେ ଯୁଗ ଯାଏ ବିତି, ବୁଝି ସେ ନ ପାରେ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗ-ମର୍ତ୍ତ୍ୟର ପ୍ରତୀତି।

ବିଶ୍ୱପିତା ଉବାଚ୍:

କୃଶବିଦ୍ଧ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ତୋର ସ୍ୱପନ ସମାନ, ମୋର ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ନେଇ ହେବ ନବ ଜନ୍ମ । ତୁ ରହିବୁ ଚିରଞ୍ଜୀବୀ ବିଶ୍ୱ ହିତ ପାଇଁ, ଦେଖାଇବୁ ମୁକ୍ତି ପଥ ନିଃସନ୍ଦେହ ହୋଇ । ହେବୁ ତୁ ପ୍ରେମାବତାର ମାନବ କଲ୍ୟାଣେ, ଆଶା ଆଶ୍ୱାସନା ଝରିବ ଦୁଃଖୀ ଧରାଧାମେ । ମାନବ ଖୋଜିବ ତୋତେ ସୁଖଦୁଃଖ ମେଳେ, ହେବୁ ତୁ ଅମର ତାକୁ ନେଇ ନିଜ କୋଳେ ।





ମରୀଚିକା – ଅଧ୍ୟାୟ ୧ ବିକାଶ ବେହେରା, ଓ୍ୱାଲିଙ୍ଗଫୋର୍ଡ଼, କନେକ୍ଟିକଟ୍

ଅନିଦ୍ରା ରାତିପରେ ଅସ୍ଥିର ମନ ନେଇ ଉଠିଲା ଶିଖା, ଅନିଷିତ ହାତରେ କେମିତି ଆଙ୍କିବ ନିଜ ଭାଗ୍ୟରେଖା !

ଆଜି ବୋଧେ ହେଇପାରେ ସମୀର ସହ ଶେଷ ଦେଖା, କେମିତି ବାନ୍ଧିବ, କେମିତି ଛାଡିବ ଯିଏ ଜୀବନର ସଖା ?

କେତେ ବୁଝାଇଲେ କେତେ ଶିଖାଇଲେ ମାନିଲାନି କିଛି କଥା, ପଣ ଧରିଛି ବିଦେଶ ଯିବ ସେ, ଯେତେ ବୁଝାଇବା ସବୁ ବୂଥା ।

ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ଗଢିବାକୁ, ଅନ୍ୱେଷଣ କରିବାକୁ ନିଜ ଉଚ୍ଚ ଆଶା, ଉଡିଯିବ ବହୁଦୂର ଆକାଶରେ, ଛାଡି ନିଜ ସହର, ନିଜ ବସା ।

କେମିତି ଛାଡିବ ଶିଖା, ନିଜ ମନ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ କରିବାକୁ ଦେଶ ସେବା, କଲେକ୍ଟର ଭାବେ ନିଯୁକ୍ତି ପାଇଁ ସେ କରିଛି କେତେଯେ ଚେଷ୍ଟା !

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ରାଜ୍ୟେ ନିଯୁକ୍ତି ପାଇ ସେ କେମିତି ଛାଡିବ ଜୀବନର ଦୀକ୍ଷା, ପ୍ରେମକୁ ଆହୁତି ଦେବ, ସବୁ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ, ଆଶାକୁ କରି ଉପେକ୍ଷା ।

ଦଶ ବର୍ଷର ପ୍ରେମର ସମ୍ପର୍କ ଆଜି ଦୁଇ ମୁହାଣେ ହୋଇଛି ଠିଆ, ପ୍ରେମ ପରିସୀମା ଆଉ ଦୀକ୍ଷାର ପରିଭାଷାର ଦୁଇଟି ଭିନ୍ନ ନାଆ ।

ଶିଖା କହେ ଭାଗ୍ୟ ଖୋଜିବାକୁ କଣ ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ମୋ'ଠୁ ଦୂରେଇବା ? ଏତେ କଷ୍ଟ କଣ ଏଇ ମାଟିରେ ଦୁହେଁ ମିଶି ଆମ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଗଢିବା ? ସମୀର ଦୃତ ମନ କହେ ଚାହୁଁନି ମୁଁ ସୀମିତ କରିବାକୁ ମୋ ସାଧନା ସଫଳତା ଚାହେଁ ମୁଁ, ସହିପାରିବିନି ମୁଁ ବିଫଳତାର ବେଦନା ।

ଶିଖାର ଲୁହ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ପଚାରେ ସମ୍ପର୍କଠୁ ଟପିଗଲା ତମ କର୍ମ ସଫଳତା ? ଭୁଲିଗଲ ପ୍ରଣୟର ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତି, ପ୍ରୀତିର ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନ ଓ ସ୍ନେହଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ?

ଭୁଲିନି କିଛି ମୁଁ , ବୁଝିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟାକର ମୋ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ, ସମୀର ବିବଶେ କହେ, ସବୁ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ, ସବୁ ଖୁସି ତୋଳିନେବା, ଆସ ମୋ ସଂଗେ ମିଶି ଦୁହେଁ।

ଯୁକ୍ତି ବାଢେ ଶିଖା, କେମିତି ଭୁଲିବି ମୁଁ ପରିବାର ଓ ସମାଜ ପ୍ରତି କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଓ ମମତା, ତୁମେ ମୋ ପ୍ରେମର ଶିଖର, କିନ୍ତୁ ଏମାନଙ୍କ ବିନା ଖାଲି ରହିବ ନିର୍ଜନତା।

ତୁମ ଜୀବନରେ ନାହିଁ ମୋ ଅଞିତ୍ୱ, ମୁଁ ଏକ ଅନାମଧେୟ ଭୂମିକା, ତୁମ କାହାଣୀରେ ମୁଁ ଏକ ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧ ରଚିତ କଳ୍ପିତ ଗଳ୍ପ, ସମୀରର ଏଇକଥା ।

ସମୀର ବିହୀନେ ଶିଖାର ନାହିଁ କିଛି ଗାରିମା, ସ୍ଥିରତା କି ଅସ୍ଥିରତା, ସବୁ ସ୍ବୃତି, ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ, ପ୍ରେମକୁ ସଜାଡି, କରିବ ଶିଖା ସମୀରର ଅପେକ୍ଷା ।





ଉପହାର ଶୁଚିସ୍ମିତା ପଣ୍ଡା, ଚିକାଗୋ

ସ୍ତୀ ଉବାଚ:

ପ୍ରାଣ ପ୍ରିୟ ମୋର, ହେ ମୋର ପ୍ରାଣ ନାଥ, ସେ ବାଡ଼ିଖାଇ ମୋବାଇଲ ଟା ଛାଡି, ଟିକେ କର ମୋ ଉପରେ ନଜର ପାତ ।

କି ବେଳାରେ ଯେ ସ୍ମାର୍ଟ ଫୋନଟିଏ ଉପହାରେ ଦେଲି ତୁୟକୁ, ହଜି ଗଲା ସବୁ ଜ୍ଞାନ ତୁମର, ଧସି ଗଲା ମୋ ସଂସାର ଚୁଲିକୁ ।

ଦିବା ରାତି ସବୁ ଏକ କଲ ତା ସଙ୍ଗେ, ରଙ୍ଗୀନ ବେଳା ଗଡ଼ିଲା, ହ୍ୱାଟ୍ଲ ଆପ୍, ଫେସ୍ ବୁକ୍ ଆଉ, ଇଉଟୁବ୍ର ବ୍ୟଂଗେ।

ତୁମ ହାତରେ ଯେ ମୋ ହାତ ଆଉ ଛନ୍ଦି ହେଉନି, ସେ ହାତରେ ଖାଲି ରହୁଛି ମୋ ସଉତୁଣୀ।

ଅର୍ଥ ହାନି ପ୍ରାଣ ପୀଡା ସବୁ ତ ହେଲା, କାହାକୁ ଯେ ଦେଖେଇବି ମୋ ଅଜାଗା ଘାଆ !

ଏତିକି ମୋ ଅଳି ହେ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ରଖ ମୋ ଗୁହାରି, ସେ ଘରଭାଙ୍ଗି ଲାଗି ଭାର୍ଯ୍ୟାକୁ ଯିବନି ପାସୋରି।

ଏମିତି କେତେ ଆସି କେତେ ଯିବେ ହେ ପ୍ରିୟତମ ପ୍ରାଣ ପକ୍ଷୀ ମୋର, କିନ୍ତୁ ବଦଳିବନି କେବେ ମୋ ଟେକନୋଲୋଜି ରହିବି ସର୍ବଦା ହୋଇ ମୁଁ ତୁମର ।

ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଉବାଚ:

ମାନ ଭାଙ୍ଗ ମାନମୟୀ ହୋ ପ୍ରିୟେ ମୋର, ଦେବି ମୁଁ ଆଜି ଏ ସବୁର ଉତ୍ତର, ଆଗୋ, ଟିକେ ଥୟ ଧର ।

ଉପହାରେ ତ ଦେଇଛ ସେ ସ୍ମାର୍ଟ ଫୋନ ଟିକୁ, ଆଉ ନେଇଛ ବି ଉପହାରେ ଆଇପ୍ୟାଡ୍ ଟିକୁ, ଏବେ ଶାନ୍ତ କର, ତୁମ ହୃଦୟର କ୍ୱାଳାକୁ ।

ତୁମ କମଳ ଲୋଚନ ଦୁଇ ପାଉହେ ବିଶ୍ରାମ, ହେ ନୟନ ତାରା ! ସେ ଆଇପ୍ୟାଡ଼୍ଠୁ ଭଲା, ନିଅ ହେ ବିରାମ।

ଘଣ୍ଟା ଘଣ୍ଟା ଫେସ୍-ଟାଇମ୍ ବାର୍ତ୍ତାଳାପ ବାପ ଘର ସଂଗେ, ବାକି ସମୟ ଯାଉଛି ଏଚ୍ ବିଓ ପ୍ରାଇମ୍ ଆଉ ହୁଲୁର ଫାନ୍ଦେ।

ଭଳିଭଳି ସ୍ୱାଦିଷ ବ୍ୟଞ୍ଜନ ଇଉଟୁବ୍ ରେ ଦେଖୁଛ ସବୁ ଦିନ, ହେଲେ ପରଷୁଛ ଅନ୍ନପୂର୍ତ୍ତା ଖାଲି ସିଝା ଆଳୁ ଆଉ ପୋଡା ବାଇଗଣ !

ସର୍ବଦା ସବୁ ପାର୍ଟିକୁ ଡ କଲ ବିଳୟେ ପଦାର୍ପଣ ହେ ଦେବୀ, କଣ ବୟସ ଲୁଚେଇ ହେବ ? ଯେତେ ବୋଳି ହେଲେ ବି !

ଜାଣିଛି ଜାଣିଛି ପ୍ରିୟା ତୁମେ ବହୁତ ସୁନ୍ଦର, ହେଲେ ସେ ଦର୍ପଣଟା ଛାଡି ଆଖି ପଡୁ ଏ ଅଧମ ଉପର ।

ଗୋ ପ୍ରିୟେ, କେତେ ଆସି କେତେ ଗଲେ ତୁମର କି ଯାଏ ? 'ମୁଁ ରହିଛି, ରହିବି ହୋଇ ତୁମର', ଏୟା ଦିନରାତି କହେ।

ପିଲା ଉବାଚ:

ବାପା, ମା ଶୁଣ, ରାତିପାଇଁ ଖାଇବାରେ ଆଜି କଣ ଦେବ ?





ଭାଗ୍ୟମ୍ ଫଳତି ସର୍ବତ୍ର !

ଦେବରାଜ ସାହୁ, ମେରିଲାଷ

ବହିଟିର ନାଁ 'ମେକର୍ସ୍ ଅଫ୍ ଡେଷ୍ଟିନି' ଶିକ୍ଷକ ପଚାରନ୍ତି, 'କିଏ ଜାଣିଚ 'ଜେଷ୍ଟିନି' ଶଢ଼ର ଅର୍ଥ ?'

କଣ କଣ କରି ଠିଆ କରାନ୍ତି ହଁ କିୟା ନାହିଁ ଉତ୍ତର ପାଇଁ କେବଳ ଜଣେ ଛାତ୍ର ସନତ କହେ, 'ହଁ, ସେ ଜାଣିଚି।'

ମୁଁ ନତ ମୟକ ହୋଇ ଠିଆ ହୁଏ, ଜାଣିନି ବୋଲି କହେ ମୋର ଶିକ୍ଷକଙ୍କୁ ସିଏ ମୋର ପିତା।

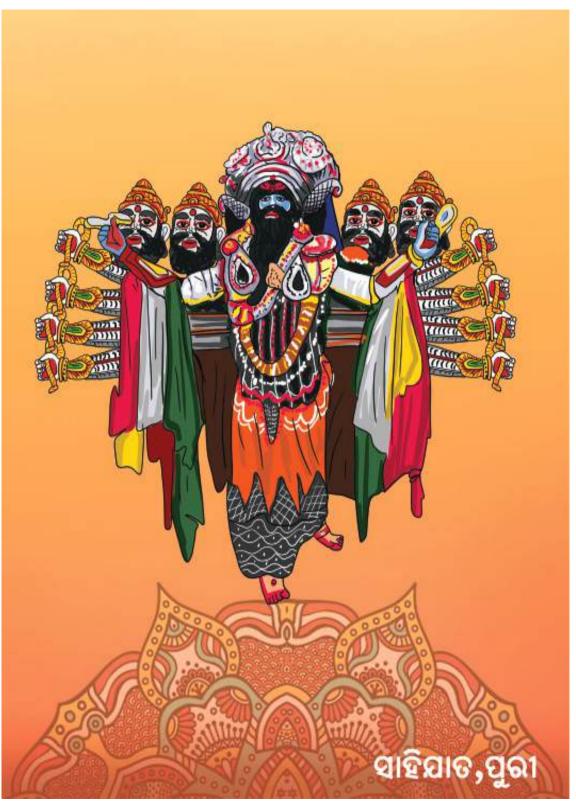
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରତି ପ୍ରେମ ତାଙ୍କର ଅମାପ ଓ ଅବର୍ତ୍ତ୍ତନୀୟ, ଇଂରାଜୀ କବିତାର ପଦ୍ୟାନୁବାଦ କରନ୍ତି ସହଜ ସରଳ ଭାଷାରେ ତୁରନ୍ତ । ଡ଼ାଫୋଡିଲ କବିତାକୁ ଲେଖନ୍ତି, 'ଭ୍ରମି ଭ୍ରମି ଏକାକି ଗଲି ମୁଁ ଦିନେ ପାହାଡ଼େ ମେଘ ଖଣ୍ଡ ଭାଷେ ଯେସନେ' ମାତୃଭାଷାର ମହତ୍ତ୍ୱ ପ୍ରମାଣିତ କରି।

ପୁଣି ରାତ୍ରି ଆକାଶକୁ ଦେଖାଇ ଶୁଣାନ୍ତି ଗୀତ ମୋତେ 'ମିଞ୍ଜି ମିଞ୍ଜି ହେଉ ତୁ ଟିକି ତାରକା କିଏ ତୁ କି ମୁ ଭାବି ହୁଏ ତାଟକା'।

ପୁତ୍ର ପିତାଠୁ ଅଧିକ ଜ୍ଞାନୀ ହେଉ ଏଇ ମନ୍ତ୍ର ପ୍ରସାରିତ କରନ୍ତି, ସେଥିର ଉତ୍ତରାଧିକାରୀ ହୁଏନା ମୁଁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ଅବା ସଂୟୃତ ଜ୍ଞାନରେ ।

ନନାଙ୍କ ଆଦେଶ – 'ଘରେ ରହ ବିଦେଶ ଯାଅ ନାହିଁ', ଭାଗ୍ୟର ବିଡୟନାରେ ହୁଏନା ସୟବ ଭାଗ୍ୟ ନିର୍ମାତାଙ୍କ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ କି ବଦଳାଇ ହେବ ? ଭାଗ୍ୟମ୍ ଫଳତି ସର୍ବତ୍ର !







IMPROVING ORAL HEALTH IS OUR MISSION



14 LOCATIONS

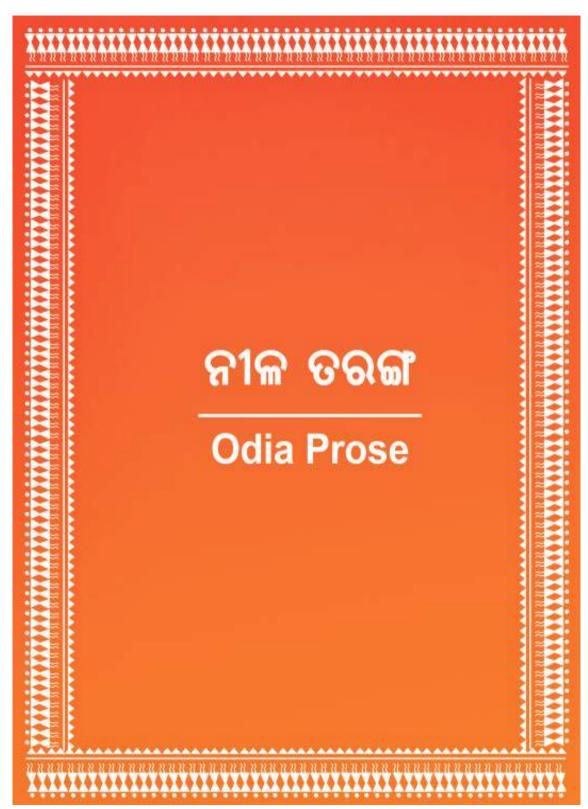
Chicagoland & Milwaukee areas

© 877-786-0360

www.dental360usa.com

Implants | Braces | Crowns | Bridges | Extractions

We accept all PPO & State Plans for Kids and Adults!





ଭାଷା, ଭାବ ଓ ବର୍ତ୍ତ

ବିଜୟମୋହନ ମିଶ୍ର, କେନ୍ଦ୍ରିକ୍, ମାସାଚୁସେଟ୍ସ

ମଣିଷ ଯାହା ଶବ୍ଦ ବା ଭଙ୍ଗୀରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରେ, ତାକୁ ଭାଷା କୁହାଯାଏ । ଭାଷା ମଣିଷର ନିଜସ୍ୱ । ଭାଷା ପଛରେ ଥାଏ ଭାବନା, ଭାବନା ମଣିଷର ନିଜସ୍ୱ । ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ ଭାବନା ଅଙ୍ଗଭଙ୍ଗୀ ବା ଶବ୍ଦରେ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ହୋଇପାରେ ନାହିଁ ଏବଂ ଶରୀରରେ ପ୍ରଭାବ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ । ଭାବନା ମଣିଷର ମନର, ମଣିଷର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକଳାପ ଭାବନା ଦ୍ୱାରା ପରିଚାଳିତ ହୁଏ । ମନୋଭାବ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବା ହେଲା ଭାଷା । ଭାଷା ତିଆରିରେ ମଣିଷର ମୟିଷ୍ଟ ସ୍ପୃକ୍ତ । ଭାଷା ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିପାରିବା ଏକ ପ୍ରକାରର ଶକ୍ତି ବୋଲି ଭାରତୀୟ ଶାସମାନଙ୍କରେ ଆଲୋଚିତ ହୋଇଛି ।

ଭାଷାର ସୃଷ୍ଟି ଭାବରୁ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ପ୍ରାଣୀର ନିଜର ସ୍ୱଭାବ ଅଛି । ଏହା ହେଲା ଜନ୍ମଗତ । କୌଣସି ବସ୍ତୁ ବା ଘଟଣା ସହ ଆମର ସମ୍ପର୍କକୁ ଆମର ସ୍ୱଭାବ ନିୟନ୍ତଣ କରେ । ଆମର ସୁଖଦୁଃଖ, ରୋଗବୈରାଗ, ଶାନ୍ତି ଓ ଅଶାନ୍ତି ଆମର ସ୍ୱଭାବ ଅଧୀନରେ । ସ୍ୱଭାବ ମଣିଷ ଭିତରେ କିପରି ତିଆରି ହୁଏ, ତା'ର ଗବେଷଣା ହୋଇନାହିଁ । ଶାସ୍ତକାରମାନେ ପ୍ରକୃତି ବୋଲି ଗୋଟିଏ ପ୍ରଚ୍ଛନ୍ନ ଶକ୍ତି ସ୍ୱଭାବର ବୀଜ ବୋଲି ମତ ରଖିଛନ୍ତି । ଏ' ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ମଣିଷ ଅନ୍ୟଠାରୁ ସ୍ୱଭାବରେ ଅଲଗା ।

ଏହି ସ୍ୱଭାବଗତ ମଣିଷ ପୁଣି ନୂଆ ଭାବର ସନ୍ଧୁଖୀନ ହୁଏ । କିଛି ଶାରୀରିକ ଭାବ, ଆଉ କିଛି ମାନସିକ ଭାବ । ଶାରୀରିକ ଅଂଶରେ ଭୋକ, ଶୋଷ, ଅସୁସ୍ଥତା, ପ୍ରସନ୍ନତା, ଲୟ ବା ବିଲୟକୁ ଭାବ କୁହାଯାଇଥାଏ। ଏ' ଭାବ ହେଲା ସ୍ଥୁଳ, ଶରୀର ପ୍ରକାଶ କରେ । ମାନସିକ ଭାବ ହେଲା ସୂକ୍ଷ୍ମ, ଏହାର ପ୍ରକାଶ ମନ ଭିତରେ ହୁଏ। ଶାରୀରିକ ଭାବ ଶରୀର ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ, ମାନସିକ ଭାବ ମନ ଭିତରୁ ସ୍ବୃତି କରିଆରେ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହୋଇପାରେ ବା ବାହାର ଜଗତରୁ ମନ ଭିତରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ କରିପାରେ ।

ମଣିଷ ମନରେ ଆଠଟି ସ୍ଥାୟୀ ଭାବ ଅଛି ବୋଲି ଶାସ୍ତକାର ଭରତ ମୁନି ତାଙ୍କ ନାଟ୍ୟଶାସ୍ତ ପୁୟକରେ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ସ୍ଥାୟୀ ଭାବର ଅର୍ଥ ହେଲା ଘଟଣା ପ୍ରଭାବରେ ଆମର ମାନସିକ ଅବସ୍ଥା ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନକୁ ଆମେ ଆଠଟି ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ଭାବରେ ଅନୁଭବ କରିପାରୁ । ମନର ଭାବ ଶରୀରରେ ବିକୀରିତ ହୁଏ, ସମଗ୍ର ଶରୀର ସେହି ଭାବରେ ଲୀନ ହୁଅନ୍ତି । ଏହି ପ୍ରକାରର ଶାରୀରିକ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତିକୁ ମୁଦ୍ରା କୁହାଯାଇଥାଏ । ମୁଦ୍ରା ଜରିଆରେ ଦର୍ଶକ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଭାବ ଜାଗରଣ କରାଯାଇପାରେ ।

ଭାବର ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱ ନେଇ ଆମେ ଧ୍ୱନି ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରୁ । ଏ' ଧ୍ୱନି ହେଲା ଆମର ଶବ୍ଦ ଆକାରରେ ଅନ୍ତରର ଭାବ ପ୍ରକାଶ । ବୈୟାକରଣିକ ପାଣିନି ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟପୂର୍ବ ଚତୁର୍ଥ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ମଣିଷର ଚଉଷଠିଟି ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ଧ୍ୱନି ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିପାରିବାର ଶକ୍ତି ଅଛି ବୋଲି ଶାସ୍ତ କଲେ । ଏ ଚଉଷଠିଟି ଧ୍ୱନିକ୍ର ବର୍ଷ ବୋଲି ନାଁ ଦେଲେ । ସଂସାରର ସମସ୍ତ ମନ୍ତ୍ରଷ୍ୟକୃତ ଧ୍ୱନି ଏହି ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନଙ୍କର ସମାହାର ବୋଲି ସିଦ୍ଧାନ୍ତ ହେଲା । ତେଣୁ ସଂସାରର ସମୟ ବସ୍ତୁ ଓ ଘଟଣାକୁ ଏହି ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନଙ୍କ ଜରିଆରେ ଧ୍ୱନି ହିସାବରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରାଯାଇପାରେ ବୋଲି ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ମତ ହେଲା ।

ଆମେ ପ୍ରଥମେ କହିଲୁ ଯେ' ବାହାର ବା ଭିତରର ସମୟ ସନ୍ଦେଶକୁ ମଞିଷ୍କ ମୁଖ୍ୟତଃ ଆଠଟି ବିଭାଗରେ ତର୍ଜମା କରିଥାଏ । ଏ' ଆଠ ବିଭାଗ ହେଲେ – ଶୃଙ୍ଗାର, ରୌଦ୍ର, କରୁଣ, ହାସ୍ୟ, ବୀଭସ୍ଥ, ବୀର, ଅର୍ଭୁତ ଓ ଭୟ । ଏହାର ଅର୍ଥ ହେଲା ବିଶ୍ୱ ବ୍ରହ୍ମାଣ୍ଡର ସମୟ ବସ୍ତୁ ବା ଘଟଣାକୁ ଏହି ଆଠଟି ଭାଗରେ ମଶିଷ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିପାରେ । ଏହି ଆଠଟି ବିଭାଗ ବାହାରର ପରିବେଶକୁ ଆମକୁ ଆମର ସ୍ୱଭାବରେ ଆଙ୍କେ ଏବଂ ପରିବେଶକୁ ବୁଝିବାରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରେ ।

ବହୁ ପୂରାକାଳରେ ଏହିପରି ବସ୍ତୁକୁ ବୁଝି ବସ୍ତୁକୁ ବର୍ଷ ସହ ଯୋଡା ଯାଇଛି ବୋଲି ଆମେ ଅନୁମାନ କରିବା । ବସ୍ତୁର ଆକୃତି ଅଛି, ଉଚ୍ଚତା ଅଛି, ବସ୍ତୁତ୍ୱ ଅଛି, ଉପାଦେୟତା ଅଛି – ତେଣୁ ବସ୍ତୁକୁ ବର୍ଷ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ କଲେ ବସ୍ତୁ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧୀୟ ଜ୍ଞାନ ଆମେ ହେଜ କରିପାରିବା । ବର୍ଷ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ଆମେ ବସ୍ତୁଭାବ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିପାରିବା । ଏହା ହେଲା ନାମକରଣର ବିଶେଷତ୍ୱ । ବସ୍ତୁର ଏହି ନାମକୁ ସଂଜ୍ଞା ବୋଲି କୁହାଗଲା । ଏହି ସଂଜ୍ଞାମାନଙ୍କର ବହୁଳ ବ୍ୟବହାର ଭାରତବର୍ଷର ବେଦଶାସରେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳୁଛି । ସଂଜ୍ଞାମାନଙ୍କର ନାମକରଣ ବେଦ ସମୟର ପୁରୁଣା ।

ଏହିପରି ବସ୍ତୁଭାବରୁ ପ୍ରଥମ ବର୍ତ୍ତର ଆବିଷ୍କାର ବୋଲି ଆମର ଅନୁମାନ। ଏ' ଆବିଷ୍କାର ଆମର ଓଡିଶାର ପାର୍ବତ୍ୟ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ହୋଇଥାଇପାରେ ବୋଲି କୁହାଯାଇପାରେ। ପ୍ରଥମ ଅକ୍ଷର "ଅ" ହୋଇପାରେ, ଏବଂ ପ୍ରଥମ ବସ୍ତୁ ହେଲା "ଅଗ୍ନି"। କଙ୍ଗଲର ନିଆଁ କିପରି ଅଗ୍ନି ଶବ୍ଦରେ ପରିଶତ ହେବ ତାର ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ତଥ୍ୟ ଏ' ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ବାହାରି ନାହିଁ। କିନ୍ତୁ ନିଆଁ ଯେ ମଣିଷର ପ୍ରଥମ ସଙ୍କଟ ଓ ବାସସ୍ଥାନର ପ୍ରଥମ ବାଧକ ତାହା ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ତଦନ୍ତରୁ ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣିତ ହେଉଅଛି ।

ବସ୍ତୁ ସହ ବର୍ଷ ସଂଯୋଗ ବେଦପାଠ କରି ପରୀକ୍ଷା କରାଯାଇପାରେ । ଏକାକ୍ଷରୀ ଭାଷା ଏବେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମାଳ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ପ୍ରଚଳିତ ଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଗବେଷଣା ହୋଇନାହିଁ । ଏକାକ୍ଷରୀ ଭାଷା ବସ୍ତୁପ୍ରଧାନ ଓ ସ୍ୱରପ୍ରଧାନ । ସ୍ୱର ହେଲା ବସ୍ତୁର ବିକୃତିର ବର୍ଷରେ ପରିଚୟ । ବସ୍ତୁର ସ୍ଥାନ, ସମୟ, ପରିବେଶ, ଚଳଣ – ଏ ସମସ୍ତ ହେଲା ବସ୍ତୁର ବିକୃତି । ବସ୍ତୁର ବର୍ଷ ପରିଚୟ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଏମାନେ ସମସ୍ତେ ବସ୍ତୁର ସାଂପ୍ରତିକ ଲକ୍ଷଣ । ଏ' ଲକ୍ଷଣ ସ୍ୱର ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ବର୍ଷନା କରାଯାଇପାରେ । ସମୟ, ପରିମାଣ, ଗତି ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ସ୍ୱରର ମାପ ଉପରେ ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ଗବେଷଣା ହୋଇନାହିଁ ।

ବାହାର ଜଗତରୁ ବୟୁର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଆମର ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟମାନଙ୍କ ଜରିଆରେ ଆମର ମୟିଷ୍କରେ ପହଞ୍ଚେ । ମୟିଷ୍କ ଏ ସମୟ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ତଥ୍ୟ ବିଶ୍ଳେଷଣ କରି ମୟିଷ୍କଗତ ରାସାୟନିକ ବୟୁ ଓ ବାକ୍ୟ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ । ମୟିଷ୍କ ଭିତରେ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ବାକ୍ୟ । ଦୃଶ୍ୟକୁ ବାକ୍ୟରେ ପରିଶତ କରିବାର ଆମର ନିଜର ମୌଳିକ ସ୍ୱଭାବର ଅବଦାନ ଅଛି । ତେବେ ଏହି ବାକ୍ୟ ହେଲା ମୟିଷ୍କର ଭାଷା । ବାକ୍ୟକୁ ତିଆରି କରିବା ହେଲା ମୟିଷ୍କର ବ୍ୟାକରଣ । ଏ ବ୍ୟାକରଣ ଜୈବିକ ଓ ରାସାୟନିକ ।

ମଞ୍ଚିଷ୍ମଗତ ବର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟାକରଣ ସନ୍ଧାନକାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଏବେ ହିଁ ଆରୟ ହେଉଛି । ଶବ୍ଦ ଜରିଆରେ ବର୍ତ୍ତ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ହେଲେ ଏହି ବ୍ୟାକରଣ ବର୍ତ୍ତକୁ ଶୃଙ୍ଖଳିତ କରେ ବୋଲି ଅନୁମାନ କରାଯାଇପାରେ । ବୈୟାକରଣିକ ପାଣିନି

ବେଦର ବର୍ତ୍ତଶୃତିକୁ ଅନୁଶୀଳନ କରି ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ଶବ୍ଦରୁ ଭାଷାର ପ୍ରଥମ ବ୍ୟାକରଣ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିଥିଲେ । ବର୍ତ୍ତରୁ ଶବ୍ଦ ତିଆରି ତାଙ୍କରିଠାରୁ ହିଁ ଆରୟ । ଏ' ଶବ୍ଦ ସବୁ ପୃଥିବୀଯାକ ବ୍ୟାପୀ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଭାବରେ ରୂପାନ୍ତରିତ ହୋଇଛି । ଭୌଗୋଳିକ ସ୍ଥାନ ନେଇ ନୂଆ ସଂଜ୍ଞା ମଧ୍ୟ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହୋଇଛି ।

ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ପୃଥିବୀର ଭାଷା ବୈଚିତ୍ର୍ୟରେ ସବୁ ଭାଷା ଯେ ବସ୍ତୁ ବର୍ତ୍ତନ୍ତ୍ରନ୍ତ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ପୃଥିବୀର ଭାଷା ବୈଚିତ୍ର୍ୟରେ ସବୁ ଭାଷା ଯେ ବସ୍ତୁ ବର୍ତ୍ତନ୍ତି ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ଶକ୍ତି ବୋଲି କୁହାଯାଏନାହିଁ । କୌଣସି ବସ୍ତୁର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟୟ ଛବି ସବୁ ମସ୍ତିଷ୍କରେ ସମାନ । ସେହି ଛବିକୁ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ତ୍ତ ଭାବରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିପାରିବା ହେଲା ବସ୍ତୁବର୍ତ୍ତନ୍ତ । ମସ୍ତିଷ୍କ ସବଳ ଓ ସୁସ୍ଥ ରହିଲେ ଆମେ ସ୍ୱର ପ୍ରୟୋଗ କରି ବସ୍ତୁକୁ ଭାଷାରେ ରୂପ ଦେଇ ଜୀବନ୍ତ କରିପାରିବା ।





ମୁଁ ଓ ମୋର ଜାତୀୟତାର ବିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ତାପସୀ ମହାପାତ୍, ହାର୍ଡ଼ଫୋର୍ଡ଼, କନେକ୍ଲିକଟ୍

ଦୀର୍ଘ ଏକୋଇଶି ବର୍ଷର ଆମେରିକା ରହଣି ଭିତରେ ଏ ଦେଶ ମୋତେ କେତେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କରି ରଖିଛି, କେତେ ଭାରତୀୟ ଭାବ ବାକି ଛାଡ଼ିଛି ବା କେତେ ପରିମାଣରେ ଆମେରିକୀୟ କରି ସାରିଛି, ସେଇ ହିସାବ କରିବାକୁ କେବେ ବି ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରି ନାହିଁ । ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନଶୀଳ ଦୁନିଆରେ ମୁଁ ଅବା କେମିତି ଅପରିବର୍ତ୍ତିତ ହୋଇ ରହିଥାନ୍ତି ! ଗୋଟିଏ ବର୍ଷର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟଜନିତ ଚୁକ୍ତିପତ୍ର ଧରି ଏକୁଟିଆ ଆସିଥିବା ଖାଣ୍ଟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଝିଅଟି ଭାରତୀୟ ମୂଲ୍ୟବୋଧରେ କୁଡୁବୁଡୁ ହେଇ ଆମେରିକା ମାଟିରେ ପାଦ ଦେଲାବେଳେ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଭାବେ ଅଜ୍ଞ ଥିଲା ଯେ ଏଇ ପରବେଶ ତାର ଜୀବନର ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟାୟରେ କର୍ମଭୂମି ପାଲଟି ଯିବ । ନିଜ ବୟସର ପ୍ରାୟ ଅଧା ସମୟ ବିତିଛି ଆମେରିକାରେ । ବୈବାହିକ ଜୀବନ ଏଇଠି ଆରୟ କରିଛି କହିଲେ କିଛି ଭୁଲ ହେବ ନାହିଁ । ପିଲା ଛୁଆ ଘର ସଂସାର ସବୁ ଏଇ ମାଟିରେ । ମୋର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରାଣ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ମାଟି ସହ ନିଜକୁ ଯେତିକି ଯୋଡ଼େ, ଭାରତ ମା'କୁ ତା ଠାରୁ ଅଧିକ ଝୁରେ, ଆମେରିକା ମାଟିକୁ ବି ସେତିକି ଲୋଡ଼େ । ଏଇ ସମୟଙ୍କ ଟଣା ଓଟରା ଭିତରେ ମୋର ସବୁଳନଟା ଠିକ୍ ରହିପାରେ ବୋଲି ମୋତେ ଅନୁଭୃତ ହୁଏ ।

୨୦୦୨ ମସିହାରେ L&T ଇନ୍ଫୋଟେକ୍ କମ୍ପାନୀ ତରଫରୁ ନୂଆ ନୂଆ ଆମେରିକା ଆସିଥିଲି । ସେଣ୍ଟ୍ଲେଇସ୍ରେ ଅବସ୍ଥିତ ଏଡ଼୍ୱାର୍ଡ଼ ଜୋନ୍ ଅଫିସରେ ମୋଡ୍ୟୁଲ୍ ଲିଡ୍ ଭାବେ କାମ କରୁଥିଲି । ମୋର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟଦକ୍ଷତା ପାଇଁ ଅଫିସରେ ବହୁତ ଆଦର, ମାନ୍ୟତା ମିଳୁଥିଲା । କିଛି ବି ପ୍ରଶଂସା ମିଳିଲେ ବହୁତ ଖୁସି ଲାଗୁଥିଲା, ପରଦେଶରେ ମୋ ଦେଶ, ମୋ ଓଡିଶାକୁ ଗୌରବାନ୍ୱିତ କରିବାର ଏଇଟା ଥିଲା ମୋର ଛୋଟିଆ ଏବଂ ପ୍ରଥମ ପ୍ରୟାସ । ଅଫିସରେ କାମ ଚାପରେ ସାଙ୍ଗ ସାଥି ପାଇଁ ଆଦୌ ସମୟ ନଥିଲା । ସହକର୍ମୀମାନଙ୍କ ନାମ ଏବଂ କାମ ଛଡା ସେମାନଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଅଧିକା କିଛି ଜାଣିବାର ମୌକା ମିଳୁ ନଥିଲା । ଗୋଟିଏ ପ୍ରୋଜେକ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟିରେ ନୁଆଁ କରି ଆସିଥିବା ଜଣେ ଚେନ୍ନାଇ ସହକର୍ମୀ ସହିତ କଥା ହେଉଥିଲି । ମୁଁ ଓଡିଶାରୁ ବୋଲି ନିଜର ପରିଚୟ ଦେଲି ।

'ସତରେ କଣ ତମେ ଓଡିଶାରୁ ? ଆବଭାବ, ବେଶଭୁଷାରୁ ତ ଜମା ଜଣା ପଡୁ ନାହିଁ !' ଆଣ୍ଟର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଚକିତ ହୋଇ ସହକର୍ମୀ ଜଣକ କହିଲେ ।

'ମାନେ ?', ଛେପ ଢୋକୁ ଢୋକୁ ମୁଁ ପଚାରିଲି ।

ମୋ କଥାକୁ ଅଣଶୁଣା କରି ସେ କହି ଚାଲିଲେ, ''ବହୁତ ଗରିବ ରାଜ୍ୟଟେ ଓଡିଶା। ଏଇଟା ସେଇ ରାଜ୍ୟ ନା ଯେଉଁଟା ପ୍ରତି ବର୍ଷ ବନ୍ୟା, ବାତ୍ୟା, ମରୁଡି ବା ଅନ୍ୟ କିଛି ପ୍ରାକୃତିକ ଦୁର୍ବିପାକ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଆକ୍ରାନ୍ତ ହୋଇଥାଏ ?'' କଥାଟା ନିଚ୍ଛକ ସତ ହେଲେ ବି ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ୱରର ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗଭରା ଇଂଗିତକୁ ମୁଁ ଜମା ସହ୍ୟ କରି ପାରିଲି ନାହିଁ। ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାନ, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଅଭିମାନରେ ଉବୁଟୁବୁ ମୁଁ ମୋ ରାଗକୁ ନିୟନ୍ତଣରେ ରଖିବା ପାଇଁ ଯଥାସାଧ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥିଲି।

"ହଁ ଠିକ କହୁଛନ୍ତି, ନିଜକୁ ପ୍ରକୃତିସ୍ଥ କରୁ କରୁ କହିଲି ।" ବାଆ ବତାସ ଆମର ଚୀରଦିନ ସାଥି । ଦରିଆ କୂଳରେ ଘର କରିଛୁ ଯେତେବେଳେ, ଡ଼ିରବୁ କାହିଁକି ? ବିପଦକୁ ଦୟର ସହିତ ସାମନା କରିବା ହେଉଛି ଆମର ଜନ୍ମଗତ କଳା । ତେବେ ଏଡିକି ମନେ ରଖନ୍ତୁ ଯେ, ସେଇ ଗରିବ ରାଜ୍ୟରୁ ଆସି ମୁଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କର ମ୍ୟାନେଜର ଭାବେ କାମ କରୁଛି । ସେଇ ଗରିବ ରାଜ୍ୟର ଲୋକ ପାଖକୁ କାମରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ମାଗିବା ପାଇଁ ଆପଣ ଦିନକୁ ଦଶ ଥର ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି । କିଛି ତ ବିଶେଷତ୍ୱ ଥିବ ସେଇ ଓଡିଶା ରାଜ୍ୟର ! କିଛି ତ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତତା ଥିବ ସେଇ ଓଡ଼ିଆର !!"

ରାଗରେ ଚେନ୍ନାଇ ବା ତାମିଲନାଡୁ ବିଷୟରେ କିଛି ଏପଟ ସେପଟ କଥା କହି ନଥିବାରୁ ମୁଁ ନିଜକୁ ମନେ ମନେ ସାବାସୀ ଦେଉଥିଲି । ସେ ଦିନ ମୋ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂସ୍କାର ମୋ ଦେଶ ବାହାରେ ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ଭାରତୀୟକୁ ବା ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ଭାରତୀୟ ରାଜ୍ୟକୁ ଅପମାନ କରିବାରୁ ନିବୃତ କରିଥିଲା ।

ଆଉଥରେ ସେମିତି ଅନୁରୂପ ଏକ ଅନୁଭୂତି ହେଇଥିଲା ୨୦୦୫ ମସିହାରେ, ହାର୍ଟଫୋର୍ଡ଼ରେ । ଗୋଟିଏ ସମାରୋହରେ ଦିଲ୍ଲାର କନୈକ ବନ୍ଧୁ ମୋତେ ସାଉଥି ଇଣ୍ଡିଆ (ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଭାରତ)ରୁ ବୋଲି ପରିଚୟ କରାଇଲେ । ମୁଁ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ସଂଶୋଧନ କରି, 'ମୁଁ ଓଡିଶାରୁ ବୋଲି' କହିଲି । "ଦିଲ୍ଲା ତଳକୁ ସବୁ କାଗା ଆମ ପାଇଁ ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଭାରତ", ବନ୍ଧୁ କଣକ ହସି ହସି କହିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଏଇ ଉଡା ଟିସଣୀର ସେଠାରେ ଉପସ୍ଥିତ ଅନ୍ୟମାନେ ବି ଖୁବ୍ ମକା ନେଉଥିଲେ । ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଏବଂ ଅନ୍ୟ ସବୁ ରାଜ୍ୟ କଣ ଉପହାସର ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗ ଥିଲା ? ଏତେ ଭଦ୍ର, ଶିକ୍ଷିତ ଲୋକ ହୋଇ ବି ଓଡ଼ିଶା ତଥା ଅନ୍ୟ ରାଜ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଭାରତର ଅନ୍ତର୍ଗତ କରିବା ବା ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଭାରତକ୍ ଅବମାନନା କରିବା କଥାର ତାତ୍ପର୍ଯ୍ୟ ମୁଁ ଆଜି ପର୍ଯତ୍ତ ବୁଝିପାରି ନାହିଁ । ଆକ୍ଷେପ କରି ଦିଲ୍ଲା ବିଷୟରେ ଅନେକ କଥା କହିବାର ଅବକାଶକୁ ଉପେକ୍ଷା କରି ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଭୌଗଳିକ ଜ୍ଞାନକୁ ମୁଁ ସେଦିନ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କରିଥିଲି । ଭାରତ ଆମର ଦେଶ, ଭାରତୀୟତା ଆମର ପରିଚୟ; ଭାରତ ବାହାରେ ରହି ପରୟର ସହିତ ସୌହାର୍ଦ୍ୟପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବ୍ୟବହାର ବଦଳରେ ପରୟରର ଗୋଡ ଟଣାଟଣି, ଟାହିଟାପରା (ପ୍ରୟାସ) ସହିତ ମୁଁ ଜମାରୁ ସହମତ ହେଇପାରିଲି ନାହିଁ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମନସାଥେସାଥେ ଭାରତୀୟ ପ୍ରାଣଟାକୁ ବହୁତ ବାଧିଥିଲା ସେଦିନ । ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପକ୍ଷ ନେଇ ଅନେକ ସମୟ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଯୁକ୍ତିତର୍କ (ନିଜର ମତାମତ ପ୍ରକାଶ) କରିଥିଲେ ବି ଦିଲ୍ଲା କିୟା ଅନ୍ୟ କୌଣସି ରାଜ୍ୟ ବିଷୟରେ ମୁଁ କିଛି କଟୁ ମନ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଦେବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ମୋର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂୟାର ଓ ଭାରତୀୟ ମୂଲ୍ୟବୋଧ ମୋ ବାଟ ଓଗାଳି ଠିଆ ହେଇଥିଲା; ଏବଂ ସେଥିପାଇଁ ମୋ ମାଟି ଓ ମୋ ଜାତିକୁ ପୁନଃ କୃତଜ୍ଞତା ଜଣେଇଥିଲି ।

ଏଇ ଭିତରେ ଅନେକ ବର୍ଷ ବିତିଯାଇଛି । ଏମିତି ଅନେକ କିଛି ଘଟଣା ବି ଘଟିଯାଇଛି । ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ଆମେରିକାରେ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ, ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଭାରତୀୟଙ୍କ ସଂଖ୍ୟା ବି ବଢି ଚାଲିଛି । ଅଫିସ୍, ମଲ୍, ଗ୍ରୋସେରୀ ଦୋକାନ, ପାର୍କରେ ପ୍ରତିଦିନ କେତେ ନୂଆ ଭାରତୀୟ ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମୁହଁ ସହିତ ଭେଟ ହେଉଛି । ୟୁଲ ଖେଳ ଟିମ୍ରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ବଂଶଜ, ବିଶେଷ କରି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଛୁଆଙ୍କୁ ଫୁଟବଲ୍, ବେସବଲ୍, ସକର୍ ଆଦି ଖେଳିବାର ଦେଖିଲେ ଛାତି

କୁଣ୍ଟେମୋଟ ହେଇଯାଉଛି । ମୋର ଅଣ-ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଏବଂ ଆମେରିକୀୟ ବାନ୍ଧବୀମାନେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଶାଡ଼ୀ, ଓଡ଼ିଆ କୁର୍ତୀ, ଓଡ଼ିଆ କପଡ଼ା, ପିପିଲି ଚାନ୍ଦୁଆ, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ତାରକସି କାମର ଜିନିଷ ଆଦି ଆଣିବାକୁ ବରାଦ ଦେଉଛନ୍ତି, ଅନେକ ଆତ୍ମସନ୍ତୋଷ ମିଳୁଛି । ଆମେରିକାରେ ଭାରତୀୟ, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଉଚ୍ଚୟରୀୟ ପଦପଦବୀରେ ଦେଖି ମନଟା ସଗର୍ବେ କୁରୁଳି ଉଠୁଛି । ଅଫିସରେ ସହକର୍ମୀମାନଙ୍କୁ ଅବସର ବିନୋଦନ ପାଇଁ ଭାରତକୁ ଯିବା ଦେଖିଲେ ମୋ ଖୁସିର ସୀମା ପାଉନାହିଁ । କର୍ମକ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ କୌଣସି ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କୁ ଉନ୍ନତି କରିବାର ଦେଖିଲେ, ତାଙ୍କୁ ବଧାଇ ଦେବା ଅବସରକ ମଁ ଆଦୌ କରଛଡ଼ା କରେ ନାହିଁ ।

ତେବେ ଏବେ ବି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାରୋହରେ ଗଂଜାମୀ, କଟକୀ, ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରିଆ, ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରିଆ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ମିଳୁଛି । ଥଟ୍ଟା ମଜାରେ ବ୍ୟବହାର ହେଉଥିବା ଶବ୍ଦ ସବୁ ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ ଅପ୍ରୀତିକର ବିବାଦ ଆଡକୁ ଟାଣିନେବାର, ଅନ୍ୟକୁ ଆଘାତ ଦେବାର ଘଟଣା ମୋ ପାଇଁ କିଛି ନୂଆ ନୁହେଁ । ଆମେରିକାରେ ମୁଁ ଏମିତି ଅନେକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାଭାଷୀ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ବାଦ ବିବାଦକୁ ସାମନା କରିଛି, ସବୁ ଜିଲ୍ଲା ଓ ଭାଷାର ସମାନତାକୁ ନେଇ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ଅନେକ ଯୁକ୍ତି ବି ବାଡ଼ିଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ କୌଣସି ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାଭାଷୀ ଅଞ୍ଚଳ କିୟା ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଙ୍କୁ ନୀଚା ଦେଖେଇବା ଚିନ୍ତା ମନକୁ କେବେ ବି ଆସିନାହିଁ ଏବଂ ସେଥିପାଇଁ ପୁଣିଥରେ ମୋ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସ୍ୱାଭିମାନକୁ ସାଷ୍ଟାଙ୍ଗ ପୁଣିପାତ ଜଣାଉଛି ।

ପୁରୁଣା ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ଜଡକୁ ଧରି, ବ୍ରହ୍ମପୁରରେ ଜନମି, ଭଞ୍ଜମାଟିରେ ୟୁଲ ଓ କେନ୍ଦୁଝରଗଡରେ କଲେଜ ସାରିଥବା ଏଇ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରାଣ ମୁକ୍ତ କଣରେ ନିଜକୁ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରିଆ, ଗଂଜାମିଆ, କେନ୍ଦୁଝରିଆ ଏବଂ ସର୍ବୋପରି ଏକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବୋଲି ଘୋଷଣା କରେ । ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରର ଲିଙ୍ଗରାଜ, ବ୍ରହ୍ମପୁରର ବୂଡ଼ୀ ଠାକୁରାଣୀ, ଭଞ୍ଜନଗରର ମାଁ ବାଗ୍ଦେବୀ, କେନ୍ଦୁଝର ଘଟଗାଁ ତାରିଣୀ, ପୁରୀ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ନିଜ ଇଷ୍ଟ ଦେବ ଦେବୀଙ୍କୁ ଖୋଜି ପାଇଛି । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପ୍ରତିଟି ଅଂଚଳରେ ଭାଷାଭିତ୍ତିକ ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣର ବିଶିଷ୍ଟତା ମୋତେ ଚଳଚଞ୍ଚଳ କରିଦିଏ, ପାଗଳଟିଏ ପରି ପ୍ରତିଟି ଜାଗାର ଲୌକିକ ଭାଷା ଶିଖିବାକୁ ମୁଁ ଅନବରତ ଚେଷା କରୁଥାଏ ।

ବିଦେଶରେ ରହି ନିଜ ମାଟି, ନିଜ ଜାତି ପାଇଁ ଜାଗା କରୁ କରୁ, ନିଜ ମାଟି, ନିଜ ଜାତି ପାଇଁ ଠିଆ ହେଉ ହେଉ, ନିଜ ମାଟି, ନିଜ ଜାତିର ପ୍ରଗତିରେ ରୋମାଞ୍ଚିତ ହେଉ ହେଉ, ନିଜ ମାଟି, ନିଜ ଜାତିର ପ୍ରଚାର ଓ ପ୍ରସାରରେ ସାମିଲ ହେଉ ହେଉ ପର ଦେଶ ମାଟି, ପର ଦେଶ ଜାତିଟା ନିଜର ନିଜର ଲାଗିବାକୁ ଆରୟ କରି ସାରିଥିଲା । ଆମେରିକାର ଡୋନଟ୍ ଭିତରେ ଗଜା, ପ୍ୟାନ୍ କେକ୍ର ସ୍ୱାଦରେ ମିଠା ଚକୁଳି ଆବିଷ୍କାର କଲାବେଳକୁ, ମାସ୍ଡ ପଟେଟୋକୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଆଳୁ ଚକଟା ସହିତ ତୁଳନା କରୁଥିଲି । ଦୀପାବଳି ପାଇଁ ସଜେଇଥିବା ଆଲୋକବତୀ ସବୁକୁ ହାଲୋଇନ୍ ପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରୁକରୁ ଅଚିହ୍ନା ମୁହଁର ହସ ସବୁ ଚିହ୍ନାଚିହ୍ନା ଲାଗିଲା, ଅଜଣା ମୁଁହର ଲୁହ ଦେଖି ମୋକୋହ ଉକୁଟି ଉଠିଲା । ଭିନ୍ନତା ଭିତରେ ବି ଅଭିନ୍ନତାର ସଉା ହୁଦୟଙ୍ଗମ କରୁଥିଲି ।

"ତୁ ପୁରା ଆମେରିକୀୟ ହେଇଗଲୁଣି, ତୁ ଆମର ବିଦେଶୀ ମେମ୍, ତୁ କଣ ଆଉ ଆମେରିକାରୁ ଫେରିବୁନି ?" ସାଙ୍ଗ, ବନ୍ଧୁବାନ୍ଧବଙ୍କ ମନ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଓ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ସବୁ ମୋତେ ଆଉ ବ୍ୟତିବ୍ୟୟ କରୁନାହିଁ ବରଂ ଆମେରିକାର ଜୀବନ ଶୈଳୀ ବିଷୟରେ କିଛି ଏଣୁ ତେଣୁ ଶୁଣିଲେ ମୋତେ ବିରକ୍ତ ଲାଗୁଛି; ଅବିକଳ ପ୍ରତିକ୍ରିୟା ଯାହା ମୁଁ ଓଡିଶା,

ଭାରତ ପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତ କରେ । ଏଇ ଦେଶର ସଞ୍ଜବାଦିତା, ବାୟବିକତା, ଉଦାରଶୀଳତା ମୋତେ ପ୍ରତି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ଆଚନ୍ଦିତ କରୁଛି । ଲକ୍ଷ ଲକ୍ଷ ପ୍ରବାସୀଙ୍କୁ ଏଇ ଦେଶ ତାର ବିଶାଳ ହୃଦୟରେ ସ୍ଥାନ ଦେଇଛି । ଏଇ ଦେଶର ଶିକ୍ଷା ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା, ଆଇନକାନୁନ୍ ଶୃଙ୍ଖଳାକୁ ଶତ ପ୍ରଣାମ । କାତିଆଣ ପ୍ରଥାର କୁହିତ କଦାକାର ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରାଠାରୁ ଏ ଦେଶ ବହୁତ ଦୂରରେ । ଏତେ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ପାଉଥିବା ସମୟ ସୂଲଭ ସୁଖ ସ୍ୱାଚ୍ଛନ୍ଦ୍ୟ ସତ୍ତ୍ୱେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ମୋର ଭାରତୀୟ ଏବଂ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାଙ୍ଗ ସାଥିମାନେ ଏ ଦେଶକୁ ନିନ୍ଦା, ତିରୟ୍କାର କରନ୍ତି, ଆମେରିକାର ପକ୍ଷ ନେଇ ଯୁକ୍ତି ବାତିବାକୁ ମୁଁ କେବେ ପଛଘୁଞ୍ଚା ଦେଇନାହିଁ ।

ତେବେ, ମୁଁ ଆମେରିକାର ବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବୈଷମ୍ୟବାଦ ଓ ଆଫ୍ରିକା ମହାଦେଶରୁ ଲକ୍ଷ ଲକ୍ଷ ମଣିଷଙ୍କୁ ଦାସ ଭାବରେ ଆଣି ଅମାନୁଷିକ ଭାବେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ନିୟୋଜିତ କରିବାର କୁହିତ ଇତିହାସ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧରେ ଅବଗତ ମଧ୍ୟ । ବିଶ୍ୱର ଅନ୍ୟତମ ମହାଶକ୍ତି ଆମେରିକା ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଓ କୂଟନୀତିର ପଶାଖେଳରେ ଯେ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନିରପେକ୍ଷ ବା ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦୋଷ, ସେ ବିଚାର ମଧ୍ୟ ମୋର ନାହିଁ । ବନ୍ଧୁକ ଭଳି ମାରଣାୟର ଅବାଧ ବ୍ୟବହାରରେ ଏଠି ପ୍ରାଣହାନୀ ଘଟିବାର ଖବର ଗଣମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ଦେଖିଲେ ବା ପତିଲେ ମୋର ଅନ୍ତରାତ୍ମା କାନ୍ଦି ଉଠେ ।

କୌଣସି ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି, ଜାଗା, ରାଜ୍ୟ ବା ଦେଶ ସର୍ବଗୁଣ ସମ୍ପର୍ଷ ହେବା ଅସୟବ । 'ସେଇ ଅପୂର୍ଷତା ଭିତରେ ପୂର୍ଷତାର ଅନୁଭବ ହିଁ ଜୀବନ' ର ଶିକ୍ଷା ଦେଇଥିବା ମୋ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂସ୍କାରକୁ ମୋର ଦଣ୍ତବତ ଜଣାଉଛି । ମନ ଖୋଲା କୃତଜ୍ୱତା ଓ ହୂଦ ମେଲା ସ୍ୱୀକୃତିରେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ରଖୁଥିବା ମୋ ଭାରତୀୟ ପରମ୍ପରା ନିକଟରେ ମୁଁ ଚିର ରଣୀ ।

ଏପ୍ରିଲ ପହିଲା ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସରେ ଯେତିକି ଉସ୍ଚାହରେ ମୋ ଛୁଆଙ୍କୁ ମୋ ଓଡିଶା ମାଟି ବିଷୟରେ ବଖାଣେ, ଅଗଷ୍ଟ ୧ ୫ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ଦିବସରେ ସେତିକି ଆଗ୍ରହରେ ଏକ ଗର୍ବିତ ଭାରତୀୟ ଭାବେ ତ୍ରିରଙ୍ଗାକୁ ପ୍ରଣାମ କଣାଇ ଭାରତ ମାତାର ଜୟଗାନ କରେ ଏବଂ କୁଲାଇ ୪ ଆମେରିକାର ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ଦିବସରେ ନାଲି ନେଳି ରଙ୍ଗର ଡ୍ରେସ ପିନ୍ଧି ସେତିକି ନିଷ୍ପାରେ ଆମେରିକାର ସୁରକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କରେ । ଏମାନେ ସମସ୍ତେ ମୋ ଜୀବନର ଏକ ଏକ ଅବିଛିନ୍ନ ଅଙ୍ଗ । କୌଣସି ଗୋଟିକର ଅନୁପସ୍ଥିତି ମୋତେ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଚୁରମାର କରିଦେବ; ମୋର ଅଞିତ୍ୱର ମୂଳଦୁଆକୁ ଦୋହଲେଇ ଦେବ ।

ପଣା ସଂକ୍ରାନ୍ତିରେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ପଣା ଟେକି ତୁଳସୀ ଚଉରାରେ ପାଣି ଢାଳୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରାଣଟିଏ ମୁଁ । ଜାତି, ଧର୍ମ, ବର୍ଷ ନିର୍ବିଶେଷରେ ଭାରତର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରାନ୍ତରର ଐତିହ୍ୟ, ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ବ୍ୟଞ୍ଜନକୁ ଆଦରି ନେଇଥିବା ଅଗ୍ରଣୀ ଭାରତୀୟଟିଏ ମୁଁ । କର୍ମଭୂମି ଆମେରିକାକୁ ହୃଦୟର ଗଭୀରତମ ପ୍ରଦେଶରୁ ସାଦର ପ୍ରଣାମ କରିବାର ସତ୍ସାହସ ରଖୁଥିବା ଉଦାରଶୀଳ ଆମେରିକୀୟ ନାଗରିକଟିଏ ମୁଁ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାଟିକୁ ଛାତିରେ ଜାକି ଜନ୍ନଭୂମି ଭାରତ ମାତାକୁ ନମନ କରି କର୍ମଭୂମି ଆମେରିକାକୁ ମା'ର ଦର୍ଜା ଦେଉଥିବା ସ୍ୱାଭିମାନୀ ଆରୋହୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆଟିଏ ମୁଁ ।

କୟ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ । ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ । ବନ୍ଦେ ମାତରଂ । God bless America ।





ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତାର ମୁଖ୍ୟ ଧାରାରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ବଂଶଜ କବି– ଆଗା ଶହିଦ ଅଲି

ସତ୍ୟ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ, ଡବ୍ଲିନ୍, ଓ୍ୱାହିଓ

ଯୁକ୍ତରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ଆମେରିକାର ଇତିହାସ ଖୁବ୍ ବେଶି ଦିନର ନ ହେଲେ ବି ତା'ର ପ୍ରଗତି ପୃଥିବୀର ସମୟ ଦେଶର ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଆକର୍ଷିତ ଓ ଚମକୃତ କରିଛି । ପ୍ରାୟ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଦେଶର ଲୋକ ସମୟକ୍ରମେ ଆମେରିକାର ନାଗରିକତାକୁ ସ୍ୱୀକାର କରିଛନ୍ତି । ନ୍ୟୁୟର୍କ ସହରର ମାନହାଟାନ୍ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଚାଲି ଆସିଲେ ପ୍ରାୟ ସମୟ ଦେଶର ଲୋକଙ୍କ ସହ ଦେଖା ହୋଇଥାଏ । ଏହା ଆମେରିକୀୟ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ତଥା କବିତାକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଭାବିତ କରିଛି । ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତା କହିଲେ କେବଳ ଗୋରା ଲୋକ ଲେଖିଥିବା କବିତା ନୃହଁ, ସେଥିରେ ଅଛି ଆଫ୍ରିକୀୟ ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତା, ଲୋହିତ ଭାରତୀୟ କବିତା, ସାନିଶ୍ ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତା, ଇହୁଦି ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତା, ପୂର୍ବ ଏସିୟ ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତା, ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଏସିୟ ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତା ଇତ୍ୟାଦି । ଏମିତି ବହୁ-ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ବହୁ-କନଳାତୀୟ ସ୍ୱରର ମିଳନ ରୁଦ୍ଧିମନ୍ତ କରିଛି ଆମରିକୀୟ କବିତାକୁ । ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଏସିୟ ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିମାନେ ହେଲେ ଭାରତ, ପାକିୟାନ, ବାଂଲାଦେଶ, ଶ୍ରୀଲଙ୍କା, ନେପାଳ, ବର୍ମା ଓ ମାଳଦ୍ୱୀପ ଆଦି ଦେଶର ବଂଶକ । ଏହି ଗୋଷୀରେ ଲେଖୁଥିବା ପ୍ରାୟ ପଚାଶ ପାଖାପାଖି କବି ଆମେରିକୀୟ ମୂଳସ୍ରୋତ କବିଭାବରେ ଜଣା, ଏମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧାଧିକ ଭାରତୀୟ ବଂଶକ ।

ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତାରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଚିତ୍ର ଖୁବ୍ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ । ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବି, ପ୍ରାବନ୍ଧିକ ତଥା ସୁବକ୍ତା ରାଲ୍ଫ ୱାଲ୍ଡୋ ଏମର୍ସନ୍ (୧୮୦୩-୧୮୮୨) ଙ୍କୁ କେଉଁଠୁ ଭଗବଦ୍ ଗୀତାର କପିଟିଏ ମିଳିଲା । ସେ ତାକୁ ପଢି ଭାବବିହ୍କ ହୋଇପଡିଲେ । ତାପରେ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଧର୍ମ, ଭଗବଦ୍ ଗୀତା ଓ ଉପନିଷଦର ତତ୍ତ୍ୱକୁ ନେଇ ଲେଖିଲେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ସୁନ୍ଦର ବବିତା । ତାଙ୍କ ଭାଷଣମାନଙ୍କରେ ଆମ୍ବାର କଥା, ପୁନର୍ଜନ୍ନର କଥା କହିଲେ । ଭଗବଦ୍ ଗୀତାକୁ ନେଇ ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ କବିତା ହେଲା "ସେଲେଷ୍ଟିଆଲ୍ ଲଭ୍", "ଉଡ୍ନୋଟ୍ସ", "ବ୍ରହ୍ମା" । "ବ୍ରହ୍ମା" କବିତାକୁ ସେ ଲେଖିଥିଲେ ୧୮୫୬ରେ ଯାହା ୧୮୫୭ରେ "ଆଟ୍ଲାଣ୍ଟିକ୍ ମନ୍ଲୁଲି" ପଡ୍ରିକାରେ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଟି. ଏସ୍. ଏଲିଅଟ୍ଙ୍କ ବହୁଚର୍ଚ୍ଚିତ ଦୀର୍ଘ କବିତା "ଦି ଓ୍ୱେଷ୍ଟ୍ୟାଣ୍ଟ"ର ଶେଷ ଧାଡି ହେଲା "ଶାନ୍ତି ଶାନ୍ତି" । ସମକାଳର ଜଣେ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠିତ କବି ହେଲେ ଏଲିକାବେଥ୍ ଆଲେକ୍ଜାଣ୍ଡର୍ (୧୯୬୨-), ଯେ ଆମେରିକୀୟ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରପତି ବାରାକ୍ ଓବାମାଙ୍କ ଶପଥ ଗ୍ରହଣ ଉତ୍ସବରେ କବିତା ପାଠ କରିବାର ସମ୍ମାନ ହାସଲ କରିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଏକ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚିତ କବିତା ହେଲା "ମାଟି ଖାଇନି କୃଷ" । ମଲିନ୍ ପେରେଇରାଙ୍କ ସହ ଏକ ସାକ୍ଷାତକାରରେ ଏଲିକାବେଥ୍ କହିଥିଲେ ଯେ "ଆଟ୍ ଦି ଏକ୍ ଅଫ୍ ଦି ସୋସାଇଟି" ନାମକ ଏକ ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶନୀରେ ସେ ଦେଖିଥିଲେ କେମିତି ଛୋଟ ପିଲାଟିଏ, କୃଷ୍ଣ, ମାଙ୍କୁ ପାଟି ଆଁ କରି ଦେଖାଇଦେଲା ମାଟି ନାହିଁ ବୋଲି, ମା' ବିଶୁବୃହାଣ୍ଡ ଦେଖିଲେ ।

ଏହା ତାଙ୍କର ହୃଦୟକୁ ଛୁଇଁଲା ଓ ସେ ଏ କବିତାଟି ଲେଖିଲେ । ଏହା ବ୍ୟତୀତ ଭାରତୀୟ ଆୟକୁ ନେଇ ସେ ସୁନ୍ଦର କବିତାଟିଏ ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି । ଅଣତିରିଶ ବର୍ଷ ବୟୟା କବି ଓ ନାଟ୍ୟକାର, ଟେଡ୍ ହ୍ୟୁଜ୍ ପୁରସ୍କାର ପାଇଥିବା, କେଟ୍ ଟେମ୍ପେଷ୍ଟ୍ (ଇଂଲଣ୍ଡ)ଙ୍କ କବିତାରେ ଗୋଆର ସମୁଦ୍ରକୂଳର ବର୍ତ୍ତନା ମିଳେ ।

ନ୍ୟୁୟର୍କର ଏକ କମୁନିଟି କଲେଜରେ ଇଂରାଜୀ ପ୍ରଫେସର ତଥା କବି ଓ ପ୍ରକାଶକ ରାଲ୍ଫ ନାଜାରେଥ, ଯେ ୧୯୬୮ରେ ଭାରତ ଛାଡି ଆମେରିକା ଆସିଥିଲେ, କୁହନ୍ତି, "ମୁଁ ମାଙ୍ଗାଲୋରୀୟ କାଥେଲିକ୍, ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କରେ କୋଙ୍କଣିରେ, ଗଣିତ କରେ କନ୍ନଡରେ, ପ୍ରତିଜ୍ଞା କରେ ଟୁଲୁଭାଷାରେ, ଗୀତ ଗାଏ ହିନ୍ଦିରେ, ଲେଖେ ଇଂରାଜୀରେ ଏବଂ ଆମେରିକୀୟ ସ୍ୱପ୍ତ ଦେଖେ"।

ସମକାଳ ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତାର ଅନୁଶୀଳନ କରିବାକୁ ଯାଇ ବିଶିଷ ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବି ଓ ଆଲୋଚକ ରିଚାର୍ଡ ସିଲବର୍ଗ କୁହନ୍ତି ଯେ ସମକାଳର ଉଚ୍ଚଶ୍ରେଣୀର କବି ସେମାନେ, ଯେଉଁମାନେ "ସ୍ପଷ୍ଟ, ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ସମାନ, ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସୀମା ପାର ହୋଇ ଅନେକ ସମାନ୍ତରାଳ କବିତା ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରୁଛନ୍ତି"। ଏହି ପରିପ୍ରେକ୍ଷୀରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ବର୍ଗର କବିମାନେ ଯେ ଆମେରିକୀୟ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ଧାରାର ଶ୍ରେଷରେ, ଏଥିରେ ସନ୍ଦେହ ନାହିଁ। ଏହାର ପ୍ରମାଣ ହେଲା ବିଜୟ ଶେଷାଦ୍ରୀଙ୍କ ୨୦୧୪ର ପୁଲିଜର ପୁରସ୍କାର ପ୍ରାପ୍ତି। ପଞ୍ଚାନବେ ବର୍ଷର ପୁଲିଜର ଇତିହାସରେ ପ୍ରଥମ ଭାରତୀୟ ବଂଶଜ କବିଙ୍କୁ ପୁଲିଜର ପୁରସ୍କାର ମିଳିବା, ଆମେରିକାରେ ରହୁଥିବା ଭାରତୀୟଙ୍କୁ ଏକ ଅନନ୍ୟ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ଆଣିଥିଲା।

ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତାର ମୁଖ୍ୟ ଧାରାରେ ଯେଉଁ ଭାରତୀୟ ବଂଶଜ କବିମାନେ ଲୋକଲୋଚନକୁ ଆସିଛନ୍ତି ସେମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଆଗା ଶହୀଦ ଅଲି, ରୀତିକା ଓ୍ୱାଜିରାନି, ମୀନା ଆଲେକଜାଣ୍ଡାର, କାଜିମ ଅଲି, ନୀଳାଞ୍ଜନା ବାନାର୍ଚ୍ଚି, ରବି ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରା, ଚିତ୍ରା ବାନାର୍ଚ୍ଚି, ଦେବକାରୁଣି, ବିବେକ ଜୈନ, ଭାନୁ କପିଳ, ବନ୍ଦନା ଖାନ୍ନା, ବିକାଶ ମେନନ, ତନୁଜା ମେହରୋତ୍ରା, ଆର୍ଯ୍ୟନୀଳ ମୁଖାର୍ଚ୍ଚି, ଏମି ନେଚୁକୁମାଟାଥିଲ୍, ରାଲ୍ଫ ନାଜାରେଥ୍, ସଚିନ ପଟେଲ, ରବି ଶଙ୍କର, ପୁଗୀତା ଶର୍ମା, ଶ୍ରୀକାନ୍ତ ରେଡି, ରାଜୀବ ମହାବୀର, ରୂପି କାଉର ପୁମୁଖ ଅନ୍ୟତମ।

ଏହି କବିମାନଙ୍କୁ ପଢିଲେ ଦେଖାଯାଏ ଯେ ସେମାନେ କେବଳ ସ୍ୱୃତି, ପରିଚୟ, ଧର୍ମ, ନଦୀ କି ଜହ୍ନରାତିକୁ ନେଇ କବିତା ଲେଖୁନାହାନ୍ତି, ସେମାନଙ୍କ କାନ୍ତାସ୍ ସମଗ୍ର ସୃଷ୍ଟିକୁ ଆଚ୍ଛାଦିତ କରିଛି । ସେମାନଙ୍କ କବିତା ପାଠକକୁ କେତେବେଳେ ସିମ୍ଫୋନି ହଲ୍ ଓ ଜାଜ୍ କ୍ଲବ୍ ନେଉଛି ତ ଆଉ କେତେବେଳେ ସୁପର୍ମାର୍କେଟ୍ ଗଳି ଭିତରେ ବୁଲାଉଛି । କେତେବେଳେ ଫୁଟ୍ବଲ୍ ପଡିଆରେ ତ ଆଉ କେତେବେଳେ ବାୟେଟବଲ୍ କୋର୍ଟରେ ନେଇ ପାଠକକୁ ଛିଡା କରାଉଛି । ଏମାନଙ୍କ କବିତା କେତେବେଳେ ଘୂର୍ଷିବାତ୍ୟା ପୀଡିତ କିୟା କ୍ୟୁବାର ରିଫ୍ୟୁଜିର ସ୍ୱରକୁ ଦୃଢ କରାଉଛି ତ ଆଉ କେତେବେଳେ ସେପ୍ଟେୟର ଏଗାରର ଶହୀଦ ମାନଙ୍କ ସ୍ବୃତିଚାରଣ କରୁଛି । ଏମାନଙ୍କ କବିତା ସତେଜ, ସୁଦୃଢ, ଜୀବନ୍ତ ଓ ମାନବିକତାର ପରିଚୟ ।

ଏଥର ଆସନ୍ତୁ ବିଶେଷ ଭାବରେ ଆଲୋଚନା କରିବା ଆଗା ଶହିଦ ଅଲିଙ୍କୁ ।

ବିଗତ ତିରିଶ ବର୍ଷରେ, ଆମେରିକୀୟ କାବ୍ୟ ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ଯେଉଁ ଭାରତୀୟ ବଂଶଜ କବିଗଣ ନିଜର ଉପସ୍ଥିତିକୁ ସୁଦୃତ କରିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟାକରି ସଫଳ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି, ସେମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଆଗା ଶହିଦ ଅଲି ସର୍ବପ୍ରଥମ । ଝୁମ୍ମା ଲାହିରିଙ୍କ ପୁଲିଜର ପୁରସ୍କାର, କିରଣ ଦେଶାଇଙ୍କ ମ୍ୟାନ ବୁକର ପୁରସ୍କାର, ଏପରିକି ଭାରତୀୟ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତାର

ପଚାଶ ବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ତ୍ତି ଉପଲକ୍ଷେ ସଲ୍ମାନ୍ ରସ୍ଦିଙ୍କ ନ୍ୟୁୟର୍କ ଟାଇମ୍ସରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ବିଶେଷାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଆମେରିକୀୟ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଜଗତରେ ଶହିଦଙ୍କ ନାଆଁ ଆସି ସାରିଥିଲା। ତାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଥମ ତିନୋଟି କବିତା ସଙ୍କଳନ "ଦି ହାଫ୍ ଇଞ୍ଚ୍ ହିମାଳୟାଜ୍" (୧୯୮୭), "ଏ ନୋଷ୍ଟାଲଜିକ୍ ମ୍ୟାପ୍ ଅଫ୍ ଆମେରିକା" (୧୯୯୧), "ଦି କଣ୍ଡି ଓ୍ୱିଦାଉଟ୍ ଏ ପୋଷ୍ଟ୍ ଅଫିସ୍" (୧୯୯୭)ରେ ବିସ୍ଥାପନ ଓ ପୀଡାର କଥା, ପ୍ରିୟଜନ, ଘର, ଦେଶ ଓ ମାଟିକ୍ ହରେଇବାର ଶୋକ, ନିଜର ତଥା ନିଜ ପରିବାରର ବିସ୍ବୃତ ଅତୀତ, ଇତ୍ୟାଦିର ବହୁଳ ବ୍ୟବହାର ତାଙ୍କୁ ଜଣେ "ନିର୍ବାସିତ" କବିର ଛବି ଦେଇଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସେ ସେଇ ଭାବନାକୁ ନେଇ ଖୁସିରେ ରୁହନ୍ତି। "ମୁଁ ଇମିଗ୍ରାଣ୍ଟମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ନିୟମିତ ଭାବେ କଥା ହୋଇଥାଏ। ସେମାନେ ନିଜର ସଂସ୍କୃତି ତଥା ଜଡକୁ ହରେଇବାର ବ୍ୟାକୁଳତା ପ୍ରକାଶ କରନ୍ତି।" ମୁଁ କହେ, "ଯେ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଉଡାଜାହାଜ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା ଅଛି, ତୁମେ ବୟେରେ ରୁହ, କାଶ୍ମୀର କି ନ୍ୟୁୟର୍କରେ ରହ, କିଛି ଯା ଆସେ ନାହିଁ।"

ଫେବୃଆରୀ ୪, ୧୯୪୯ରେ ନୂଆଦିଲ୍ଲୀରେ, ଏକ ବୌଦ୍ଧିକ ମୁସଲ୍ମାନ ପରିବାରରେ ଜନ୍ମ ହୋଇଥିଲେ ଶହିଦ୍ ଏବଂ ତାଙ୍କର ପିଲାଦିନ କଟିଥିଲା ଶ୍ରୀନଗରରେ । "ଆମ ଘରେ ଏକ ସମୟରେ ଉର୍ଦ୍ଦୁ, କାଶ୍ମୀରୀ ଓ ଇଂରାଜୀ ଭାଷାର ବ୍ୟବହାର ହେଉଥିଲା, ଏହି ତିନି ଭାଷାରେ କବିତା ପାଠ କରାଯାଉଥିଲା, ଆମ ଘରକୁ କବି, ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ ଓ ସଂଗୀତକାରମାନେ ନିୟମିତ ଭାବରେ ଆସୁଥିଲେ । ଘର ଭିତରେ ସବୁବେଳେ ଏକ ଗଭୀର ସାଂସ୍କୃତିକ ପରିବେଶ ରହୁଥିଲା । ମୁଁ ଆମ ଘରେ କେବେ କୌଣସି ପ୍ରକାରର ସଂକୀର୍ତ୍ତତା ବା ପ୍ରାନ୍ତୀୟତାର ଅନୁଭବ କରିନାହିଁ ।"

ଶହିଦଙ୍କ ପରିବାରର ଉଦାରତା ଧର୍ମକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ଛୁଇଁଥିଲା । ଶ୍ରୀନଗରର ଆଇରିଶ୍ କ୍ୟାଥୋଲିକ୍ ୟୁଲରେ ତାଙ୍କର ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ ଆରୟ ହେଲା । "ମୁଁ ଛୋଟ ଥିଲାବେଳ ମୋ ରୁମ୍ ଭିତରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଛୋଟ ମନ୍ଦିର କରିବାକୁ ଚାହିଁଲି । ବାପା ମା ମୋ କଥାରେ ରାଜି ହେଲେ । ତା ପରେ ଦିନେ କାଥେଲିକ୍ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚ କରିବାକୁ ଚାହିଁଲି । ସେଥିରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ବାପା ମା ରାଜି ହୋଇଗଲେ । ସେମାନେ ମୋ ପାଇଁ କୃଷ ଓ ଯୀଶୁଙ୍କ ଫଟୋ ଆଣିଲେ ଏବଂ ମନ୍ଦିର ତିଆରି କରିବାକୁ କହିଲେ । ଆତ୍ମାଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ପାଇଁ ଆମ ଘରେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ପରିବେଶ ତିଆରି କରାଯାଇଥିଲା ।"

ବାର ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ ଶହିଦ ତାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଥମ କବିତା ଲେଖିଥିଲେ, ଇଂରାଜୀରେ । "ଇଂରାଜୀକୁ ମୁଁ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଏସିଆର ଭାଷା ବୋଲି ଭାବେ । ବିଶ୍ୱରେ ଇଂରାଜୀ କହୁଥିବା ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ତୃତୀୟ ବୃହତ୍ତର ଦେଶ ହେଲା ଭାରତ । ମୋ ବିଚାରରେ ଏହା ସମ୍ଭାବନାର ଦ୍ୱାର ଖୋଲିଥାଏ । ମୁଁ ଜାଣିଥିଲି ଯେ ମୁଁ ଆମେରିକା ଆସିବି । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ମୋ କବିତା ସବୁକୁ ମୋ ଆସିବାର ବହୁ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଆମେରିକାର ପତ୍ରିକାମାନଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରକାଶ ନିମନ୍ତେ ପଠାଉଥିଲି । ଯଦିଓ ମୋର ସମୟ କବିତା ସମ୍ପାଦକମାନେ ଅନେକ ଦିନ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ନାମଞ୍ଜୁର କରିଛନ୍ତି, ମୁଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ଏହାକୁ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ରୂପେ ନ ନେଇ ପଠାଇ ଚାଲିଥିଲି, ହୁଏତ ମୁଁ ଏକ ପ୍ରକାରର ଅଲାଜୁକ ଥିଲି ।"

ଦିଲ୍ଲୀ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରୁ ଇଂରାଜୀ ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ଏମ୍.ଏ ଡିଗ୍ରୀ ଧରି ୧୯୭୬ରେ ଶହିଦ ଆସି ଆମେରିକାରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ ଓ ପେନ୍ ଷ୍ଟେ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରୁ ପି.ଏଚ୍.ଡି ଡିଗ୍ରୀ ହାସଲକଲେ । ପରେ ପରେ ସେ ଆରିଜୋନା ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରୁ ମଧ୍ୟ କ୍ରିଏଟିଭ୍ ରାଇଟିଙ୍ଗ୍ରେ ଏମ୍.ଏଫ୍.ଏ ଡିଗ୍ରୀ ହାସଲକଲେ । ସେ ତାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଥମ ଅଧାପନା ଚାକିରୀ ୧୯୮୭ରେ ନ୍ୟୁୟର୍କ ରାଜ୍ୟର ହାମିଲଟନ କଲେଜରୁ ଆରୟକଲେ ଏବଂ ୧୯୯୩ରେ ମାସାଚ୍ୟୁସେଟ୍ସ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରର ଇଂରାଜୀ ବିଭାଗରେ ପ୍ରଫେସର ଭାବେ ଯୋଗଦେଲେ ।

"ଯେତେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟବ୍ୟୟ ଥିଲେ ବି ମୁଁ କବିତାପାଇଁ ସମୟ ବାହାର କରିଥାଏ । ସ୍ନାତକ ଶ୍ରେଶୀରେ ପଢାଇବା ସମୟରେ ଚାପ ଅଧିକ ଥାଏ, କବିତା ପାଇଁ ଧ୍ୟାନ କେନ୍ଦ୍ରିତ କରିବା କଷ୍ଟକର ହୋଇପଡ଼େ । ତେଣୁ ପ୍ରତି ମଙ୍ଗଳବାର କଲେଜ କାମ ପୁରା ବନ୍ଦ କରି ମୁଁ ଘରେ ରହେ ଏବଂ କବିତାକୁ ଦିଏ । କିଛି ନ ଲେଖିପାରିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମୁଁ କଲେଜକୁ ମନେ ପକାଏନାହିଁ, ଏପଟ ସେପଟ ହୋଇ ଭାବନାରେ ସମୟ ବିତାଏ । "ଏ ନୋଷ୍ଟାଲଜିକ୍ ମ୍ୟାପ୍ ଅଫ୍ ଆମେରିକା"ର ଅନେକ କବିତା ମୁଁ ଏପରି ଭାବେ ଲେଖିଥିଲି । ମାସାଚ୍ୟୁସେଟ୍ରେ ଯେହେତୁ ସ୍ନାତକୋଉର ଛାତ୍ରଙ୍କୁ ପଢାଉଥିଲି, ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ଖାଲି ସମୟ ରହୁଥିଲା ।"

ଶହିଦ କାର୍ପେଟ ଉପରେ ବସି କି ଶୋଇକରି ପ୍ରଥମ ଦୁଇ କି ତିନୋଟି ଡ୍ରାଫ୍ଟ କଲାପରେ, କମ୍ପୁଟରରେ ଷାଠିଏ କି ସତୁରୀ ଡ୍ରାଫ୍ଟ ଟାଇପ୍ କରନ୍ତି । ଗୋଟିଏ କବିତା ଲେଖିବା ପାଇଁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ସପ୍ତାହରୁ ତିନିମାସ ଲାଗିଥାଏ । "ବେଳେବେଳେ ହଠାତ୍ ମନକୁ ଏମିତି ଭାବନା ଆସିଥାଏ, ମୁଁ ଯାଇ ତାକୁ କାଗଜ ଉପରେ ଉତାରିଦିଏ । କେତେବେଳେ କାହା ମୁହଁରୁ କିଛି ଶୁଣେ ଅଥବା କୌଣସି ଘଟଣାକୁ ନେଇ ବାକ୍ୟଟିଏ ମନ ଭିତରେ ଲେଖି ହୋଇଯାଏ, ମୁଁ ନିଜକୁ ନିଜେ କୁହେ, ଆଃ ଏଇଥିରୁ କବିତାଟିଏ ହୁଏତ ଜନ୍ମ ନେଇପାରେ । ଏବଂ ମୁଁ ସମୟ ବାହାର କରି ଯେତେବେଳେ ଏକା ବସେ, ସେଇ ଧାଡିକ୍ ନେଇ କବିତା ଉପରେ କାମ କରେ ।"

କବିତାଟିଏ ଲେଖିଲା ପରେ ଶହିଦ ତାଙ୍କର ଅନ୍ୟ କବି ବନ୍ଧୁମାନଙ୍କୁ ପଢାନ୍ତି ଓ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ମତ ଲୋଡନ୍ତି । ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ କବି ଜେମ୍ସ ମେରିଲ୍ ଥିଲେ ତାଙ୍କର ଅନ୍ତରଙ୍ଗ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଓ ତାଙ୍କ କବିତାର ମହତ୍ତ୍ୱପୂର୍ଷ୍ଣ ଆଲୋଚକ । ୧୯୯୫ରେ ଜେମ୍ସଙ୍କ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସେ ଶହିଦଙ୍କୁ କବିତା ଲେଖିବାର ଦିଗଦର୍ଶନ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । "ମୁଁ ମୋ କାମରେ ଜେମ୍ସଙ୍କ ଉପସ୍ଥିତିକୁ ପ୍ରଚୁର ପରିମାଣରେ ମହତ୍ତ୍ୱ ଦେଇଥାଏ । ଏପରିକି ମୁଁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଛି ଯେ "ଦି କଣ୍ଡ୍ରି ଓ୍ୱିଦାଉଟ୍ ଏ ପୋଷ୍ଟ୍ ଅଫିସ୍" ସଙ୍କଳନ ତିଆରି ସମୟରେ ଯେମିତି ତାଙ୍କର ଆତ୍ମା ଆସି ମୋତେ ରାୟା ଦେଖାଉଛି ।" କହିବା ବାହୁଲ୍ୟ ଯେ ଏଇ ସଙ୍କଳନକୁ ସେ ଜେମ୍ସଙ୍କୁ ଉସର୍ଗ କରିଛନ୍ତି ।

ସମୟ ସମୟରେ ପାଣ୍ଟାତ୍ୟ କାବ୍ୟିକ ଶୈଳୀକୁ ନେଇ ଶହିଦଙ୍କ ପରୀକ୍ଷା ନିରୀକ୍ଷା ଉଲ୍ଲେଖଯୋଗ୍ୟ । ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତାକୁ ତାଙ୍କର ବିଶେଷ ଅବଦାନ ହେଲା "ଗଜଲ୍" । "ମୁଁ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତାକୁ ପାଖରୁ ଦେଖିଲି, ଦେଖିଲି ଯେ "ଗଜଲ" ଶୈଳୀକୁ ନେଇ ଏମାନଙ୍କର ଭୁଲଧାରଣା ରହିଛି । ଏମାନେ "ଗଜଲ" ଭାବି ଆଉ କଣ ଲେଖୁଛନ୍ତି । ଜେମ୍ସ ହାରିସନ ଓ ଆଡ୍ରିଆନ୍ ରିଚ୍ଙ୍କ ପରି ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ କବିମାନେ ଏଇ ଭୁଲ ଧାରଣାର ଶିକାର ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ।" ଫୈଜ ଅହମଦ ଫୈଜଙ୍କ ଗଜଲ ସଙ୍କଳନକୁ ଅନୁବାଦ କରି ସେ ୧ ୯ ୯ ୫ରେ ଆମେରିକୀୟ ପାଠକଙ୍କୁ ଭେଟିଦେଲେ ଏବଂ ତାଙ୍କ ନିଜର ଇଂରାଜୀ ଗଜଲ ସଙ୍କଳନ "କଲ୍ ମି ଇସମାଇଲ୍ ଟୁନାଇଟ୍" ୨ ୦ ୦ ୩ରେ ନର୍ଟନ ପ୍ରକାଶନ ଦ୍ୱାରା ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ହେଲା ।

ଆମେରିକୀୟ କବିତା ଯେତେବେଳେ ଔପଚାରିକରୁ ମୁକ୍ତଛନ୍ଦ ଆଡକୁ ତଳିଲା, କବି ଓ ସମାଲୋଚକମାନେ ପ୍ରାୟ ଦୁଇ ଭାଗରେ ବିଭକ୍ତ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ଅନେକ ତର୍କ ଓ ବିତର୍କ ତଥା ବିଦ୍ୱେଷପୂର୍ଷ ବାତାବରଣ ଦେଇ କବିତା ଗତିକଲା । "ମୋ ମତରେ ଏଭଳି ତର୍କର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ନାହିଁ । ଆମେରିକା ପରି ଧନାତ୍ୟ ଦେଶ ଏଭଳି ତର୍କକୁ ଉଦାରତାର ସହିତ ଆପଣେଇନେବାର କ୍ଷମତା ରଖେ । ଅନେକ ଭାବନ୍ତି ଯେ ଆମେରିକୀୟ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟମାନଙ୍କରେ ବହୁଳଭାବରେ ଚାଲିଥିବା ଏମ୍.ଏଫ୍.ଏ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ ମୁକ୍ତଛନ୍ଦକୁ ପ୍ରସାରିତ କରିବାରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରୁଛି, ମୋ ମତରେ

ସେଇଆ ନୁହଁ । ଗଲା ତିରିଶ ବର୍ଷରେ ଲୋକମାନେ ଭାବି ଆସିଛନ୍ତି ଯେ ମୁକ୍ତଛନ୍ଦ ପ୍ରକ୍ରିୟାରେ ସେମାନେ ନିଜକୁ ଭଲଭାବରେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତ କରିପାରିବେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ମୁକ୍ତଛନ୍ଦ ଯାହାକୁ ସରଳ ଲାଗୁଛି ସେମାନେ ସନେଟ୍ କିୟା ସେଷ୍ଟିନା ଲେଖିପାରନ୍ତି । ଯଦି ତମେ ଏହି ଶୈଳୀରେ ନିଜକୁ ବିଚକ୍ଷଣ ବୋଲି ଭାବୁଛ, ତେବେ ତାକୁ ନୂତନ ଭାବରେ ଜୀବନ୍ୟାସ ଦିଅ ଅଥବା ମୁକ୍ତଛନ୍ଦରେ ଲେଖିବାକୁ ଚେଷା କର । କିନ୍ତୁ ନିୟମିତ ଭାବେ ଶୈଳୀକୁ ବଦଳାଅ, ବିବିଧତାକୁ ଆପଣାଅ, ନୂଆ କିଛି ଉପହାର ଦେବାକୁ ଚେଷା କରିଚାଲ ।"

କାଶ୍ମୀରକୁ ନେଇ ଭାରତର ରାଜନୈତିକ ଦୃଷିକୋଣ ଶହିଦଙ୍କୁ ଗଭୀର ଆଘାତ ଦେଇଛି । "ଦି କଞ୍ଜି ଓ୍ୱିଦାଉଟ୍ ଏ ପୋଷ୍ ଅଫିସ୍" ସଙ୍କଳନ ତାଙ୍କ ଏହି ପୀଡାର ନିଦର୍ଶନ । ଏହି ସଙ୍କଳନରେ ଥିବା କବିତାରେ ଉପତ୍ୟକାରେ ରହୁଥିବା ଲୋକଙ୍କର ସଂଘର୍ଷ, ସୈନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କର ସୟନ୍ଧ, କର୍ଫୁ, ସର୍ଚଲାଇଟ୍, ବନ୍ଧୁକର ଶଜ, ଧ୍ୱଂସ ହୋଇଯାଉଥିବା ସହରର ଚିତ୍ର ପାଠକର ଭାବନାକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ କ୍ଷତାକ୍ତ କରିଥାଏ । ଏହି ବିଷୟବହୁକୁ ନେଇ ତାଙ୍କର ଅନ୍ୟତମ ସଙ୍କଳନ "ରୁମ୍ସ ଆର୍ ନେଭର୍ ଫିନିସ୍ଡ" ୨୦୦୧ରେ ଆମେରିକାର ନ୍ୟାସ୍ନାଲ୍ ବୁକ୍ ଆଧ୍ୱାର୍ଡ୍ ପାଇଁ ଫାଇନାଲିଷ୍ଟ ହୋଇଥିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ କେବଳ ନିଜ ଦେଶର ସାମାଜିକ ବ୍ୟାକୁଳତା ତାଙ୍କୁ ବ୍ୟଥ୍ଡ କରିନି, ୧୯୧୭ରେ ଖଣି କମ୍ପାନୀ ଫେଲେପ୍ସ ଡଙ୍କ୍ ଦ୍ୱାରା ତେର ଶହ ଖଣି ଶ୍ରମିକଙ୍କୁ ବେଆଇନ ଭାବେ ଆରିକୋନା ରାଜ୍ୟର ବିସ୍ବବି ସହରରୁ ବିସ୍ଥାପିତ କରାଯିବା ଘଟଣା, ଆମେରିକୀୟ ମୂଳ ସମ୍ପ୍ରଦାୟଙ୍କ ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ଧ୍ୱଂସ କରିବା ବିଷୟକୁ ନେଇ ମଧ୍ୟ ତାଙ୍କର କବିତା ସଙ୍କଳନ "ଏ ନୋଷାଳଜିକ୍ ମ୍ୟାପ୍ ଅଫ୍ ଆମେରିକୀ"ରେ ଅନେକ କବିତା ରହିଛି । "ମୁଁ ସେଇ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଭାବେ ଯେଉଁମାନେ ଐତିହାସିକ ଶକ୍ତି ଦ୍ୱାରା ଅନେକ କିଛି ହରେଇଛନ୍ତି । ଅନ୍ୟ ବାଗରେ କହିଲେ ପୃଥିବୀକୁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିବାର ତାହା ମୋର ଦୃଷ୍ଟିକୋଣ, ମୁଁ ସେଇ ଆସକ୍ତି ଭିତରେ ବଞ୍ଚିରହେ ।" ତାଙ୍କର ଏଇ ଆସକ୍ତି କିନ୍ତୁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଶୋକର ଅଧୀନ କରିପାରିନାହିଁ । "ଯେତେବେଳେ ତୁମେ ପାଡାଯୁକ୍ତ ବିଷୟବହୁକୁ ନେଇ ଲଖୁଛ, ତୁମ ପାଖରେ ନିଷ୍ଟିତଭାବରେ ତା ନିକଟରୁ ଦୂରେଇ ରହିବାର ସାଧନ ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ବରଂ ଏହି ଦୂରେଇ ରହିବାକୁ ବିଷୟବହୁ ଅଥବା କଳା ଭାବରେ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରାଯାଇପାରେ । ତା ନହେଲେ ତୂମ କବିତାର ସ୍ୱର ଉନ୍ନାଦର ସ୍ୱର ପରି ଶୁଣାଯିବାର ସୟାବନା ଥାଏ ।"

ହିନ୍ଦୁ, ମୁସଲମାନ ଓ ପାଣ୍ଟାତ୍ୟ - ଏପରି ତିନୋଟି ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଧାରରେ ଛିଡା ହୋଇଥିବା କବି ସେ । "ପ୍ରଥମତଃ ମୁଁ ନିକକୁ ଇଂରାଜୀରେ ଲେଖୁଥିବା କବି ବୋଲି ଭାବେ । ଆପଣ ଯଦି ମୋ ନାଆଁ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଉପାଧି ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଯେମିତି କାଶ୍ମୀରୀ-ଆମେରିକୀୟ, ଭାରତୀୟ-ଆମେରିକୀୟ, ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଏସୀୟ-ଆମେରିକୀୟ, ମୁସଲମାନ-ଆମେରିକୀୟ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି, ଏଇ ଉପାଧି ସବୁ ଠିକ୍ ହୋଇପାରେ ଏବଂ ମୋର ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିବାକୁ ଆପଉି ନାହିଁ ଯେ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଏହା ବୃହତ୍ତର ଭାବେ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରାଯିବ । ଆପଣ ଯଦି ମୋତେ ଏମିତି ଉପାଧି ଦେଇ ସଂକୀର୍ଷ କରିବେ, ତେବେ ତାହା ମୋର ଲୋଡା ନାହିଁ।"

ଭାରତୀୟ ଯୁବ ଲେଖକଙ୍କ କଲମ ଉପରେ ଶହୀଦଙ୍କ ଗଭୀର ବିଶ୍ୱାସ । ସେ ଭାବନ୍ତି ଯେ, ସମୟ ଆସିବ, ଭାରତୀୟ ଲେଖକମାନେ ବିଶ୍ୱସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ନୂତନତା ଆଶିବାରେ ସକ୍ଷମ ହେବେ । "ବିଶ୍ୱସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ଆମର ରୁଚି ଆମମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଅନେକଙ୍କୁ ଇଂରାଜୀ ଭାଷାରେ ପ୍ରଥମଥର ପାଇଁ କିଛି କରିବାକୁ ଦେଇପାରେ । ଉପନିବେଶବାଦର ଇତିହାସ ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣିତଭାବେ ତା ସହ ଯୋଡି ହୋଇ ରହିଛି । ଗଳ୍ପ ଷେତ୍ରରେ ସଲ୍ମାନ ରସ୍ଦି ସ୍ଥାନ ନେଇ ସାରିଲେଶି ।

ଏବେ ଯେଉଁମାନେ କୋଡିଏ ବର୍ଷର ଆଉ ଦଶ ପନ୍ଦର ବର୍ଷ ପରେ ସେମାନେ ହୁଏଡ କିଛି ଅସାମାନ୍ୟ କାମ କରି ଦେଖାଇବେ । ଭାରତୀୟ ଇଂରାଜୀ କବିତା ଗୋଟିଏ ନୂଆ ଦିଗ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିବାର ଅପେକ୍ଷାରେ । ଇଂଲଣ୍ଡ ବି ଦିନେ ସେକ୍ସପିଅରଙ୍କ ନାଆଁରେ ବିଶ୍ୱସାହିତ୍ୟକୁ ନୂଆ କିଛି ଦେଇଥିଲା ।"

ଆଠ ଡିସେୟର ୨୦୦୧ରେ ମାତ୍ର ବାଉନ ବର୍ଷରେ କ୍ୟାନସରରେ ପୀଡିତ ହୋଇ ଆଗା ଶହିଦ ଅଲି ତାଙ୍କ ଭାଇଙ୍କ ଆମରେଷ (ମାସବ୍ୟୁସେଟ୍ସ) ବାସଭବନରେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ବରଣ କଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ମୃତ୍ୟୁରେ କେବଳ ଆମେରିକା ନୁହେଁ, ବିଶ୍ୱର ଅନେକ ଦେଶର କବିକୂଳ ଶୋକାପ୍ଲୁତ ହେଲେ। ଯେହେତୁ ସେ ପୃଥିବୀକୁ, ତାଙ୍କ ଆଖ ପାଖର ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରବୃର ଭଲ ପାଉଥିଲେ, ତାଙ୍କ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ପରେ ତାଙ୍କର ଅଭାବ ପରିଲକ୍ଷିତ ହେଲା । ତାଙ୍କର ସମୟ ଗଜଲକୁ ନେଇ, ତାଙ୍କୁ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାଞ୍ଜଳି ରୂପେ, ୨୦୦୩ରେ "କଲ୍ ମି ଇସମାଇଲ୍ ଟୁନାଇଟ୍" ପ୍ରକାଶ କରାଗଲା ।

ଆଗା ଶହିଦ ଅଲି ହାମିଲ୍ଟନ ମହାବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ମାତ୍ର ପାଞ୍ଚ ବର୍ଷ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଦାନ କରିଥିଲେ ହେଁ, ଖୁବ୍ କମ ସମୟରେ ମହାବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ପରିସରରେ ଏକ ମଜବୃତ ସମ୍ପନ୍ଧ ଏବଂ ବନ୍ଧୂତ୍ୱ ସ୍ଥାପନ କରିପାରିଥିଲେ । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ତାଙ୍କ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ପରେ "ଆଗା ଶହିଦ ଅଲି ସାହିତ୍ୟ ନ୍ୟାସ" ତାଙ୍କର ସମୟ ପାଣ୍ଡୁଲିପି, ଚିଠି ଏବଂ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଲେଖାକୁ ହାମିଲ୍ଟନ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟକୁ ଦାନ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଏଥିରେ ଥିବା ଚିଠି ମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସଲ୍ମାନ ରସ୍ଦି, ବିଲ୍ କ୍ଲିୟନ, ପ୍ରମୁଖ କବି ମାର୍କ ଷ୍ଟାଣ୍ଡ୍, ଓ୍ୱିଲିୟମ ମର୍ଡ୍ୱନ, ଜେମ୍ସ ମେରିଲ୍. ଖ୍ରିଷ୍ଟୋଫର ମେରିଲ୍ ପ୍ରଭୃତିଙ୍କ ଚିଠି ଉଲ୍ଲେଖଯୋଗ୍ୟ । ବର୍କ୍ ଲାଇବ୍ରେରୀରେ ଏହାକୁ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ୍ର ରୂପେ ଆୟୋଜିତ କରାଯାଇଛି ଯାହା ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ତାଙ୍କର ସମୟ କାମ ରିସର୍ଚ୍ଚ ସ୍କଲାରମାନଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ରବିଧାରେ ଉପଲନ୍ଧ ହୋଇପାରିବ ଓ ଶହିଦଙ୍କ କାବ୍ୟ ପରମ୍ପରାକୁ ବଞ୍ଚାଇ ରଖିହେବ ।

ଏହି ମହାନ କବି ତଥା ଅଧ୍ୟାପକଙ୍କ ସ୍ବୃତିରେ ୟୁଟା ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ପ୍ରେସ୍ ୨୦୦୩ରୁ "ଆଗା ଶହିଦ ଅଲି କବିତା ପୁରସ୍କାର" ଦେଇ ଆସୁଛି । ଏହି ପୁରସ୍କାର ପାଇଥିବା ଯୁବ କବିଙ୍କୁ ଏକ ହଜାର ଡଲାରର ଧନରାଶି ମିଳିବା ସହ ତାଙ୍କର ଅପ୍ରକାଶିତ ପାଣ୍ଡୁଲିପିର ପ୍ରକାଶନ ହୋଇଥାଏ । ଜଣେ ଭାରତୀୟ ଇମିଗ୍ରାଣ୍ଡ ଭାବରେ ବିଶ୍ୱସାହିତ୍ୟକୁ ଆଗା ଶାହିଦ ଅଲିଙ୍କ ଅବଦାନ ଚିରସ୍ମରଣୀୟ ।

ଆଗା ଶହୀଦ ଅଲିଙ୍କ ଦୁଇଟି କବିତା

ଘର ଯେଉଁ ଲୋକ ବାଲି ଭିତରେ ପୋତୁଛି ତାର ଘର ଏବଂ ଖୋଳି ବାହାର କରୁଛି ପୁଣି ଥରେ, ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ, ଶିଖୁଛି କେମିତି ଗଢିବାକୁ ହେବ କଲ୍ଦି ଯେତେ କଲ୍ଦି ଭାଙ୍ଗିପାରେ ସେ । ମୋ ବାପା ମା ଶୁଅନ୍ତି ଅନ୍ଧାରରେ, ଶିଶୁଙ୍କ ପରି । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ନିଃଶ୍ୱାସର ଶବ୍ଦଠ ମୁଁ ଅନେକ ଦୂରରେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ମୁଁ ଭାବୁଛି ଯେ ଘର ତାଙ୍କର ଠିକ୍ ଅଛି ଏବଂ ମୁଁ ଏଠି ଶୋଇପାରିବି ରାତିର କଳା ଓ ଗହଳ କେଶ ମୋ ହାତମଠାରେ ଧରି । ମୋ ବାପା ମା ଶୁଅନ୍ତି ଅନ୍ଧାରରେ । ଯେତେବେଳେ ଜହୁ ଉଏଁ ରାତ୍ରିର କେଶ ମୋ ହାତରେ ସଫେଦ ହୁଏ । ମୁଁ ତେରହଜାର ମାଇଲ ଦ୍ରରେ ସେ ଘରଠୁ । ମଁ ଜହକ ରାତିର ଉଠେଇ ନିଏ ଏବଂ ମୋର ବାପା ମା ଶୋଇଛନ୍ତି ଶିଶୁଙ୍କ ପରି । "ମୋ ବାପା ଆଉ ନାହାନ୍ତି," ବିଦ୍ୱର ଲେଖିଛି, ଏବଂ ଜଳେଇ ଦିଆଯାଇଛି ଆମ ଗାଁରେ ମୋ ବାପା ମାଙ୍କ ପାଖଘରକୁ । ମୁଁ ବାରୟାର ପଢ଼ୁଛି ସେ ଚିଠିକୁ । ଯେବେ ମୁଁ ଉଠିବି, ମୋ ଦେହ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିବ ହ୍ରଦ, ତା ଦେହରେ ଦେଖାଯାଉଥିବ ପତିଫଳନ ନିଆଁର ।

ପ୍ରିୟ ଶହିଦ ତୁମ ସୁଦୂର ଦେଶରୁ ଲେଖୁଛି ମୁଁ । ଏପରିକି ଆମେ ଯେଉଁମାନେ ରହୁଛୁ ଏଠି, ଆମଠୁ ବି ଦୂର ଏ ଦେଶ । ଯେଉଁଠି ଆଉ ନାହଁ ତୁମେ । ଏଠି ସମୟେ ନିଜ ଘରର ଠିକଣାକୁ ରଖିଥାନ୍ତି ପକେଟରେ, ଅତି କମ୍ବରେ ମୂତ ଶରୀର ତ ପହଁଚିପାରିବ ଘରେ ।

ଅନେକ ଉଡା ଖବର ଆସୁଛି ଆମ ସହରକୁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସୀମାବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ସହରମାନଙ୍କରୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ଖବର ଆସୁଛି: ପୁରୁଷମାନଙ୍କୁ ସାରା ରାଡି ଖାଲି ପାଦରେ ଛିଡା କରାଗଲା ବରଫ ପାଣିରେ । ସ୍ତ୍ରୀମାନେ ଘରଭିତରେ ଏକାକୀ । ସୈନ୍ୟମାନେ ନଷ୍ଟ କରିଦେଲେ ରେଡିଓ ଓ ଟେଲିଭିଜନ ସବୁ । ସେମାନେ ଆମର ଘରକ୍ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଖଣ୍ଡ ଖଣ୍ଡ କରିଦେଲେ ନିଜ ହାତରେ ।

ରିଜ୍ୱାନକୁ ହତ୍ୟା କରାଗଲା, ଡୁମେ ଶୁଣିଥିବ । ରିଜ୍ୱାନ: ସ୍ୱର୍ଗର ଦ୍ୱାରପାଳ । ମାତ୍ର ଅଠର ବର୍ଷ ତାକୁ । ଗଲା କାଲି ହାଇଡ୍ଆଉଟ୍ କାଫେରେ (ସମଞ୍ଚେ ତୁମ କଥା ପଚାରନ୍ତି ସେଠି) ପ୍ରଶ୍ନକ୍ୟେରୁ ବାହାରକୁ ଆସିଥିବା ଷୋହଳ ବର୍ଷୀୟ ଯୁବକକୁ ସଦ୍ୟ ଚିକିହ୍ସା କରିଥିବା ଡାକ୍ତର କହିଲେ – ମୁଁ ଭବିଷ୍ୟବକ୍ତାଙ୍କୁ ପଚାରିବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁଛି: ତା ଭାଗ୍ୟରେଖାରେ ଏମିତି କିଛି ଅଛି ଯେଉଁଥିରେ କାଣି ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତା ଯେ ଦିନେ ତା ହାତର ଝିଲୀକ କଟାଯିବ ଶାଣିତ ଛରୀରେ ?

ଏହି ଚିଠି, ଇନ୍ସଆଲ୍ଲା, ତୁମ ପାଖେ ପହଁଚିବ, ମୋ ଭାଇ ଯାଉଛି କାଲି ଦକ୍ଷିଣକୁ, ସେଠୁ ସେ ପଠେଇବ । ଏଠି ମିଳୁନି ଡାକଟିକେଟ । ଆଜି ମୁଁ ଯାଇଥିଲି ଡାକଘର । ନଦୀ ସେପାରିକୁ । ସେମିତି ଗଦା ହୋଇଛି ବଞା ବଞା ଅପହଁଚ ଚିଠି । ଅକସ୍କାତ ମୁଁ ଚାହିଁଲି ତଳକୁ ଏବଂ ଦେଖିଲି ତୁମ ନାଁରେ ଚିଠି ଖଣ୍ଡେ । ପଠାଉଛି ମୋ ଚିଠି ସହ ତୁମକୁ । ବୋଧହୁଏ, ଏ ଚିଠି ତା'ଠୁ, ଯାହା ବିଷୟରେ ତୁମେ ଚାହୁଁଛ ଜାଣିବାକୁ ।

ଏଠି ବାକି ସବୁ ସେମିତି ଯଦିଓ ଆମେ ତୁମକୁ ମନେପକାଉଥାଉ ନିୟମିତ । ତୁମେ କଣ ଫେରିବ ୟା ଭିତରେ ? ତୁମକୁ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିବା ଠିକ୍ ବସନ୍ତରତୁକୁ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କଲା ପରି । ଆମେ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଛୁ ବାଦାମ ଫୁଲକୁ । ଏବଂ, ଯଦି ଈଶ୍ୱର ଚାହାନ୍ତି, ଆଃ ! ସୁଖର ସେଇ ଦିନ ସବୁ ଫେରିବ ଯେବେ ଆମେ ରହୁଥିଲେ ପ୍ରେମରେ ଏବଂ ଯେଉଁଠାକୁ ଗଲେବି ମେଘର ବୁନ୍ଦା ପଡୁଥିଲା ଆମ ପାପୁଲିରେ ।



ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଗାନ୍ଧୀ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର

ପଦ୍ମଶ୍ରୀ ପଞ୍ଚିତ ଡକ୍ଟର ଅନ୍ତର୍ଯାମୀ ମିଶ୍ର, ଆନନ୍ଦ ନଗର, ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ, ଓଡ଼ିଶା

ଭାରତର ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ସଂଗ୍ରାମରେ ପ୍ରମୁଖ ଭୂମିକା ନିର୍ବାହ କରିଥିବା ତିନିଜଣ ମହାମାନବଙ୍କୁ ''ଗାନ୍ଧୀ' ନାମରେ ନାମିତ କରାଯାଇଛି । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ପ୍ରଥମ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ମୋହନଦାସ କରମ ଚାନ୍ଦ ମହାତ୍ଯା ଗାନ୍ଧୀ, ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ଖାଁ ଅବଦୁଲ ଗଫର ଖାଁ ସୀମାନ୍ତ ଗାନ୍ଧୀ ଏବଂ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଗାନ୍ଧୀ, ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ଜଣେ କୃଷିବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ହେଲେ ହେଁ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନର ଗାନ୍ଧୀ ଓ ସମାଜବାଦ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନର କର୍ଣ୍ଣଧାର ଭାବରେ ଖ୍ୟାତି ଅର୍ଜନ କରିଥଲେ ।

ଓଡିଶାର ମଧାଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଅବସ୍ଥିତ ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ ଗୋଟିଏ ସମ୍ବଦ୍ଧ ଗଡଜାତ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଥିଲା। ଏହି ରାଜ୍ୟର ହରେକୃଷ୍ଣପୁର ଗ୍ରାମରେ ୧୮୮୬ ମସିହା ଅକ୍ଟୋବର ୧୭ ତାରିଖ କୁମାର ପୂର୍ତ୍ତିମା ତିଥିରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଜନ୍ମଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ହରେକୃଷପୁର ଗ୍ରାମଟି ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳର ପୂର୍ବ ଉତ୍ତର କୋଣରେ ମାତ୍ର ଦଶ କିଲୋମିଟର ଦୂରରେ ଅବସ୍ଥିତ । ଏହି ଗ୍ରାମଟି ସାରଙ୍ଗଧରଙ୍କ ପିତା ହରେକୃଷ ଦାସ ସ୍ଥାପନ କରିଥିଲେ । ପିତା ହରେକୃଷ ଦାସ ଓ ମାତା ମାଣିକ ଦେବୀଙ୍କ ତୃତୀୟ କନିଷ ସନ୍ତାନ ଥିଲେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର । ଏଗାର ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ ସେ ପିତାଙ୍କୁ ହରାଇଥିଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ମାଣିକ ଦେବୀଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଜନ୍ମଲାଭ କରିଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ଧାଈମାଆ ତୁଳସୀଙ୍କ କୋଳରେ ବଡ଼ିଥିଲେ । ଧାଈମାଆଙ୍କୁ ସେ ''ତ୍କଳସୀ ମାଆ'' ଡାକୁଥିଲେ । ତ୍କଳସୀ ମାଆ ଗରିବ ଓ ଛୋଟ ଜାତିର ହୋଇଥିବା ଯୋଗୁଁ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧରଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ ସାଥୀରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଥାଳିରେ ଖାଇବାକୁ ମନା କରାଯାଇଥିଲା । ଏହି କଥା ସାରଙ୍ଗଙ୍କ ମନକ୍ ଖୁବ୍ ବାଧିଥିଲା । ଏହାକୁ କେନ୍ଦ୍ର କରି ତୁଳସୀକୁ ଚାକିରୀ ଛାଡି ଯିବାକୁ କୁହାଗଲା । ତୁଳସୀକୁ ଯେଉଁଦିନ ଘରୁ ବାହାର କରି ଦିଆଗଲା, ସେଦିନ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଉପାସ ରହିଲେ ଏବଂ ରାତିସାରା କାନ୍ଦି କାନ୍ଦି ତକିଆ ଭିଜାଇ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଏହି ଘଟଣା ହିଁ ସାରଙ୍ଗଙ୍କ ଅନ୍ତରରେ ବିଦ୍ରୋହର ବୀଜବପନ କରିଥିଲା । ତାଙ୍କ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ସବୁ ମଣିଷ ସମାନ ଥିଲେ । ନୀଚ୍ ଜାତିର ଲୋକ ନୃହେଁ, ନୀଚ ସ୍ୱଭାବର ଲୋକଙ୍କ ସାନ୍ୱିଧ୍ୟରେ ଆସିଲେ ହିଁ ଭଲ ମଣିଷ ଅବାଟରେ ଯାଆନ୍ତି । ଏହି ଚେତନା ତାଙ୍କର ଦୂଡ଼ୀଭୃତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଗ୍ରାମରେ ବାଲ୍ୟଶିକ୍ଷା ପରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ ସହରସ୍ଥ ଉଚ୍ଚ ଇଂରାଜୀ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ (ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ବ୍ରଜନାଥ ବଡ଼ଜେନା ଉଚ୍ଚବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ)ରେ ପାଠ ପଢିଲେ । ୧୯୦୫ ମସିହାରେ ଏହି ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରୁ ପରୀକ୍ଷା ଦେଇ ସେ କଲିକତା ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରୁ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ଏଣ୍ଟାନ୍ ପାଶ୍ କରିଥିଲେ । ଏହାପରେ ସେ ରେଭେନ୍ନା କଲେଜରେ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ କଲେ । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ରାଧାନାଥ ଟ୍ରେନିଂ କଲେଜରେ ସେତେବେଳେ ରେଭେନ୍। କଲେଜ ଚାଲୁଥିଲା । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସଙ୍କ ସହପାଠୀ ଥିଲେ ପର୍ଷିତ ନୀଳକଣ ଦାଶ । ନୀଳକଣଙ୍କ ଜରିଆରେ ସେ ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ କାଳରେ ଉତ୍କଳମଣି ଗୋପବନ୍ଧ୍ ଓ ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହରିହରଙ୍କ ସହିତ ପରିଚିତ ହେଲେ । ରେଭେନ୍ୱାରେ ପଢ଼ୁଥିବା ସମୟରେ ''ଭାରତସେବକ ସମାଜ ସଂସ୍ଥା'' ର ସଭ୍ୟ

ସି.ଭି. ବୈଦ୍ୟ କଟକ ଆସିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ବକ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଓ ସାନ୍ନିଧ୍ୟ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧରଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରଭାବିତ କରିଥିଲା ତଥା ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନଧାରାରେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଆଣିଥିଲା ।

ରେଭେନ୍ୱା କଲେଜରୁ ବିଜ୍ଞାନରେ ଡିଗ୍ରୀ ଲାଭ କରି ସେ କିଛି ଦିନ ନୀଳଗିରିରେ ଶିକ୍ଷକତା କରିଥିଲେ । ତା 'ପରେ ଶିଳ୍ପବିଦ୍ୟା ଶିକ୍ଷା ନିମିତ୍ତ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଜାପାନ ଯାତାକଲେ । ଜାପାନୀ ଭାଷାରେ ରସାୟନ ଶାସ୍ତ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ ତାଙ୍କ ପକ୍ଷରେ ସହଜ ହୋଇ ନ ଥିଲା । ତେଣୁ ସେ ଆମେରିକା ଯାଇ କାଲିଫର୍ଷିଆସ୍ଥିତ ବର୍କଲି ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ଶେଣୀରେ ନାମ ଲେଖାଇଲେ । ସେଠାରେ ପାଠ ପଢିବାବେଳେ ସ୍ଇଡେନ୍ ଜଣେ ଝିଅ ଫିଡା ହାଉସିଥଙ୍କ ସହିତ ତାଙ୍କର ବନ୍ଧୁତ୍ୱ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଷାନଫୋର୍ଡ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ଛାତ୍ରୀ ଫୁଡ଼ା ଥିଲେ ଜଣେ ଲେଖିକା ଓ ଚିତ୍ରଶିଳ୍ପୀ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଫ୍ରିଡାଙ୍କୁ ବିବାହ କଲେ । ସେହି ବାହାଘର ହାଓ୍ଠାଇ ଦ୍ୱୀପରେ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ସେତେବେଳେ ସାରଙ୍ଗ ହାଓ୍ୱାଇରେ ଏକ ଚିନି କାରଖାନାରେ ଚାକିରୀ କରୁଥିଲେ। ବେଶୀଦିନ ବିଦେଶରେ ଚାକିରୀ ନକରି ଭାରତକୁ ଫେରିଆସିବାକୁ ସାରଙ୍ଗ ଓ ଫ୍ରିଡା ଉଭୟ ମନସ୍ଥ କଲେ ତଥା ୧୯୨୦ରେ ବୟେରେ ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ । ଭାରତରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ସେମାନେ କଲିକତା, ବାରାଣାସୀ ଓ କୋଚିନ୍ ପ୍ରଭୃତି ସ୍ଥାନ ବୁଲିଲେ । ଫ୍ରିଡା ମଧ୍ୟ କିଛି ଦିନ ପାଇଁ ନିଜ ଗୃହକୁ ଯାଇଥିଲେ । ୧୯୭୭ରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗ ଓ ଫ୍ରିଡା କଟକରେ ରହିଲେ । ସେହି ବର୍ଷ ଡିସେୟର ୧୬ ତାରିଖରେ ଗାନ୍ଧିଜୀ କଟକ ଆସିଲେ । ଫୁଡ଼ା ପ୍ରଥମଥର ଗାନ୍ଧିଜୀଙ୍କୁ ସାକ୍ଷାତକଲେ ଏବଂ ତାଙ୍କର ଗୋଟିଏ ଚିତ୍ର ଆଙ୍କିଥିଲେ । ଏହାପରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗ ଓ ଫିଡା ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ଆସିଲେ । ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ସହରରେ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ଅତିଥିଶାଳାରେ ସେମାନେ ପଥମେ ରହିଲେ ଓ ପରେ ହରେକୃଷପୁର ଗ୍ରାମକୁ ଗଲେ । ହରେକୃଷପୁରରେ କିଛି ସମୟ ରହି ସେମାନେ ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନ କରିଥିଲେ । ଇତ୍ୟବସରରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଭୁବନ ଥାନା ଅଧୀନସ୍ଥ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଗ୍ରାମ ନିକଟ ବ୍ରହ୍ମକୃଷଠାରେ ଜମି ଲିଜ୍ ନେଇ ଆଖୁଚାଷ କରିବା ଯୋଜନା କରିଥିଲେ । ତେଣୁ ସେ ଫ୍ରିଡ଼ାଙ୍କୁ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ନେଇ ବ୍ରହ୍ମକ୍ଷ ଯାତ୍ରା କଲେ ।

ଆଖୁଚାଷ କରିବା ନିମିତ୍ତ ବ୍ରହ୍ମକୁଷଠାରେ ଏକ ସୁବିସ୍ତୃତ ଅଞ୍ଚଳକୁ ସାରଙ୍ଗ ଲିକରେ ନେଇଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ଜଙ୍ଗଲ ସଫାକରି ବହୁ ବ୍ୟୟରେ ଆଖୁ କିଆରି ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ କରିଥିଲେ । ଫ୍ରିଡ଼ା ଓ ସେ ରହିବା ପାଇଁ ସୁଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଚାଳଘର ତିଆରି ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଡମଶାଳ ନଦୀକୂଳରେ ସେହି ସ୍ଥାନଟି ପ୍ରାକୃତିକ ଶୋଭାମୟୀ ଥିଲା । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଦିନ ଖୁସିରେ କଟୁଥିଲା । କନ୍ଲଭୂମିରେ ଏକ କୃଷିଭିତ୍ତିକ ଚିନିଶିଞ୍ଚ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠା ସାରଙ୍ଗଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଥିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ଫ୍ରିଡ଼ା ସେଠାରେ ଅଶ୍ୱୱି ଅନୁଭବ କଲେ । ତାଙ୍କୁ ସଭିଁଏ ମେମ୍ସାହେବ କହୁଥିଲେ ହେଁ ତାଙ୍କ ବାସନ ଧୋଇବା ବା ଲୁଗା ସଫା କରିବାକୁ କୁଣାବୋଧ କରୁଥିଲେ । କାରଣ ସେ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟୀଆନ ଥିଲେ । ଏହା ଫ୍ରିଡ଼ାଙ୍କୁ ବାଧିଥିଲା । ଫ୍ରିଡ଼ା ଅନୁଭବ କରିଥିଲେ ଯେ ଜାତିଭେଦ ଓ ଅନ୍ଧବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଭାରତରେ ଦାରିଦ୍ର୍ୟ ଓ ଅନଗ୍ରସରତାର ପ୍ରଧାନ କାରଣ । ବ୍ରହ୍ଲକୁଣ୍ଡର କୃଷିଫାର୍ମରେ କାମକରୁଥିବା ହଳିଆ, ମୂଲିଆ, ମିସ୍ତୀ, ବଡ଼େଇ ଏକଥା ବୃଝିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ରାଜା ନାବାଳକ ଥିବା ବେଳେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଓଡ଼ିଶା ବ୍ରହ୍ଲକୁଣ୍ଡ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଦଶହଜାର ଏକର ଜଙ୍ଗଲ ବ୍ରିଟିଶ ପଲିଟକାଲ ଏକେଣ୍ଟଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଲିକ୍ ନେଇଥିଲେ । ରାଜା ସାବାଳକ ହୋଇ ଗଦିନଶିନ ହେବା ପରେ ଏହାକୁ ସହ୍ୟ କରିପାରିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ରାଜାଙ୍କ ଇଙ୍ଗିତରେ ସ୍ଥାନୀୟ ହଳିଆ ମୂଲିଆମାନେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସାରଙ୍ଗଙ୍କୁ କୃଷିକାର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ସହଯୋଗ କଲେନାହିଁ । ରାଜକର୍ମଚାରୀମାନେ

ସେହି ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଗରିବ ଆଦିବାସୀ ପ୍ରଳାଙ୍କୁ ଧମକାଇଲେ ଓ ବେଠି ଖଟିବା ପାଇଁ ବାଧ୍ୟ କଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ସକଳ ବିଷୟ ବର୍ଷନମାକରି ଗାନ୍ଧୀଙ୍କୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ପତ୍ର ଲେଖିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ ଥିଲା ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶା ସଂପର୍କରେ ଗାନ୍ଧୀଙ୍କୁ ଜଣାଇବା । ଫ୍ରିଡ଼ା ଏସବୁ ଘଟଣାରେ ବିଚଳିତ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଥିଲେ ଜଣେ ଆଦର୍ଶ ପୁରୁଷ, ଉଚ୍ଚ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ୱ ସଂପନ୍ନ, କଷ୍ଟ ସହିଷ୍ଟୁ, କର୍ମଠ ଓ ପ୍ରତିଭାଦୀପ୍ତ । ଅନେକ ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଫ୍ରିଡ଼ାଙ୍କର ମତାନ୍ତର ହେଲା ଓ ପରେ ଏହି ମତାନ୍ତର ମନାନ୍ତରରେ ପରିଣତ ହୋଇଗଲା । ଶେଷରେ ଚାକର ବାଜିଆକୁ କେନ୍ଦ୍ର କରି ସ୍ୱାମୀ,ସୀଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ କଥା କଟାକଟି ହେଲା । ଫ୍ରିଡ଼ା ସାରଙ୍ଗଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ବିଦାୟନେଇ ସ୍ୱଦେଶ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନ କଲେ । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନ ପରେ ଫ୍ରିଡ଼ା ସାରଙ୍ଗଙ୍କ ସହିତ ତାଙ୍କର ପରିଚୟ, ବନ୍ଧୂତା, ପ୍ରେମ, ପ୍ରଣୟ, ବିବାହ, ବିଚ୍ଛେଦ ଓ ଅଧୁରା ସ୍ୱପ୍ନକୁ ନେଇ ରଚନା କରିଥିଲେ "My Marriage to India''। ଏହି ପୁୟକଟି ନ୍ୟୟର୍କର ''ଦି ଭାନଗାଡ ପେସ'' ୧୯୩୦ରେ ପକାଶ କରିଥିଲେ ।

ଫ୍ରିଡ଼ା ସ୍ୱଦେଶ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନ କଲା ପରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗ ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ରାଜା ସନ୍ଦେହ କର୍ଥଲେ ଯେ ସାରଙ୍ଗ ହିଁ ଗାନ୍ଧୀଳୀଙ୍କୁ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳର ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ହେଉଥିବା ଅତ୍ୟାଚାରର ଖବର ଗ୍ରପ୍ତରେ ଦେଉଛନ୍ତି । ତେଣ୍ଡ କର୍ମଚାରୀ ଓ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଲଗାଇ ସେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଙ୍କ କୃଷିଫାର୍ମଟିକ୍ ନଷ୍ଟ କରିବାକ୍ ଉଦ୍ୟମ କଲେ । ମାଲେରିଆରେ ଅସୁସ୍ଥ ହୋଇ ସାରଙ୍ଗ ଚିକିହା ନିମିତ୍ତ କଲିକତା ଯାଇଥିବାବେଳେ ରାଜା ଲୋକ ଲଗାଇ ବୁହୁକୁଣ୍ଡର ସବୁ ଚାଷଘର ନିଆଁ ଲଗାଇଦେଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଙ୍କ ବିଶ୍ୱୟ ଭୂତ୍ୟ ବାଜିଆକୁ ଧରି ନେଇ ତାଙ୍କ ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ ମିଥ୍ୟା ସାକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ଦେବା ପାଇଁ ବାଧ୍ୟ କଲେ । ସେ ମନା କରିବାରୁ ତାକୁ ଚାରିଦିନ କାଳ ଢୋଲଘରେ ପୁରାଇ ଶାରୀରିକ ନିର୍ଯ୍ୟାତନା ଦେଇଥିଲେ । କଲିକତାରୁ ଫେରି ସାରଙ୍ଗ ଦେଖିଲେ ତାଙ୍କ ଚାଷଘର ପୋଡି ପାଉଁଶ ହୋଇଯାଇଛି ଓ କାରଖାନା ପାଇଁ ଯେଉଁ ଯନ୍ତପାତି କିଣିଥିଲେ ସେ ସବୁ ଲୁଟ ହୋଇଯାଇଛି । ରାଜାଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ସେ ଯେଉଁ ରଣ ଆଣିଥିଲେ ସେହି ରଣ ଶୁଝିବା ପାଇଁ ତାଙ୍କ ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରର ମକଦ୍ଦମା ହୋଇଛି । ସେ ହୃଦୟଙ୍ଗମ କଲେ, ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳରୁ ରାଜତନ୍ତ ଲୋପ ନ ପାଇଲେ ଶିଳ୍ପାୟନ ଅସୟବ । ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନର ମୋଡ ବଦଳିଗଲା । ସେ ସାହେବୀ ପୋଷାକ ଛାଡି ଖଦଡ ପିନ୍ଧିଲେ ଏବଂ ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଡଳ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ନିମିତ୍ତ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ହେଲେ । ଏହା ୧୯୩୨ ମସିହାର ଘଟଣା । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଗାନ୍ଧୀଜୀଙ୍କ କଥା ମନେରଖି ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନରେ ଝାସ ଦେଲେ । ସେତେବେଳକୁ ସେ ନିଃସ୍ୱ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲେ । କୃଷିଫାର୍ମ ପ୍ରୟୃତି ଓ ଯନ୍ତପାତି କ୍ୟ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଲକ୍ଷ ଲକ୍ଷ ଟଙ୍କା ଋଣ କରିଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ଆଶା କରିଥିଲେ ଚିନିଶିଚ୍ଚ ହେଲେ ବର୍ଷକ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସବୁ ରଣ ଶୁଝିଦେବେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଆଶା ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ ରାଜା ଧୂଳିସାତ୍ କରିଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସେତେବେଳକୁ ମୋଗଲବନ୍ଦୀ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଗାନ୍ଧୀଜୀଙ୍କ ଆହ୍ୱାନରେ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ତେଜି ଉଠିଥାଏ, କିନ୍ତୁ ଗଡଜାତରେ ପଜାମାନେ ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଭୟରେ କଂଗେସ ଶାଖା ଖୋଲିବା ପାଇଁ ଚାହଁନଥାନ୍ତି । ଇଂରେଜ ସରକାର ମଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଦମନ କରିବାପାଇଁ ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କୁ ମିଲିଟାରୀ ଫୋର୍ସ ଯୋଗାଇ ଦେଇଥାନ୍ତି । ବୃହୁକୃଷ ଚାଷଘର ଓ ଚିନି କାରଖାନା ଧ୍ରଂସ ହେବାପରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗ କଟକରେ ରହୁଥାନ୍ତି। ପଣ୍ଡିତ ନୀଳକଣ ଦାଶ, ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହରିହର, ଉକ୍ଳମଣି ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ ଓ ନବକୃଷ ଚୌଧୁରୀ ପ୍ରଭୃତି ତାଙ୍କୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶା କଂଗ୍ରେସର ନେତୃତ୍ୱ ନେବାପାଇଁ ପ୍ରବର୍ତ୍ତାଇଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର କହିଲେ, ''ମୁଁ ଋଣଗୁଞ୍ଚ, ଋଣରୁ ମୁକ୍ତ ହେବା ପରେ ମୁଁ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ମଣିଷ ହେବି''। ତେଣୁ ସେ ଗାନ୍ଧୀଙ୍ଗାଙ୍କ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ରାଜା ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଉପରେ କର୍ଥିବା ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର ସଂପର୍କରେ ଜଣାଇଲେ ତଥା ରଣମୁକ୍ତ ହେବା ନିମିତ୍ତ

ରେଙ୍ଗୁନରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଚିନିକଳରେ ଚାକିରି କଲେ । ୧୯୩୨ ଠାରୁ ୧୯୩୫ ତାଙ୍କ ନିମିଭ ଅସ୍ଥିରତା ଓ ଅନିଷିତତାର ବର୍ଷ ଥିଲା । ପଥମେ ରେଙ୍ଗୁନ୍, ପରେ କଲିକତା ଓ ବିହାରର ଚମ୍ପାରନରେ ଚିନି କାରଖାନାରେ ସଂପର୍କରେ ଆସିଲେ । ୧ ୯ ୬ ୮ରେ କଲିକତାରେ ଅନୃଷିତ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ଅଧିବେଶନରେ ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଡଳ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନକୁ ସମର୍ଥନ ଜଣାଇ ଏକ ପ୍ରୟାବ ଗୃହୀତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ୧୯୩୧ରେ ବୟେଠାରେ ଅଖିଳ ଭାରତ ପ୍ରଜାସନ୍ନିଳନୀରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରୁ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀନାରୟଣ ସାହୁ, ବିପିନ ବିହାରୀ ଚୌଧୁରୀ ଓ ଶରତ ଚ଼ନ୍ଦ୍ର ଦାସ ଯୋଗ ଦେଇଥିଲେ; ବୟେ ପ୍ରକାସନ୍ନିଳନୀ ଦ୍ୱାରା ପ୍ରଭାବିତ ହୋଇ ଓଡିଶାରେ ଏକ ପ୍ରକା ସନ୍ନିଳନୀ ଆୟୋଜିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଏଥିରେ ଆଠଗଡର୍ ରାଧାନାଥ ରଥ, ଦଶପଲ୍ଲୀରୁ ଗୋବିନ୍ଦଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ମିଶ୍ର, ହିନ୍ଦୋଳରୁ କବିରାଜ ବାଲୁଙ୍କେଶ୍ୱର ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ, ତିଗିରିଆରୁ ମଧୁସ୍ଦନ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ, ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳରୁ ନରୋଉମ ଦାସ ଓ ସତ୍ୟବାଦୀ ମିଶ୍ର ନେତୃତ୍ୱ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ଏଥିରେ ସଭାପତିତ୍ୱ କରିଥିଲେ ଇଂ ଭୁବନାନନ୍ଦ ଦାସ । ସାରଙ୍ଗ ଏହି ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ଯୋଗଦେଇ ନଥିଲେ ସୁଦ୍ଧା ଭୁବନାନନ୍ଦ ଦାସଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଯୋଗ ଦେଇଥିଲେ, ତଥା ତାଙ୍କ ଭଣଜା ନରୋତ୍ତମ ଦାସ ଓ ସତ୍ୟବାଦୀ ମିଶ୍ରଙ୍କୁ ଯୋଗଦେବାକୁ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଭ୍ରବନାନନ୍ଦ ଦାସ ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର ଓ ବ୍ୟଦ୍ଧିଚାର ସଂପର୍କରେ ତଥ୍ୟ ଭାରତ ଶାସନ ବିଧାୟକ ସଭାରେ ଉପସ୍ଥାପିତ କଲାପରେ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ରାଜା ଭୟଭୀତ ହୋଇଗଲେ। ଏହି ସବ ତଥ୍ୟ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ଯୋଗାଇ ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି ବୋଲି ସନ୍ଦେହ କରି, ରାଜା ବ୍ରହ୍ମକୃଷରେ ଥିବା ତାଙ୍କ ଚାଷଘର ଓ କାରଖାନା ସଂପୂର୍ଷ ଧ୍ରଞ ବିଧ୍ୱୟ କରିଦେଲେ । ଚମ୍ପାରନରେ ଗାନ୍ଧୀଜୀ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧରଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଜନୁମାଟି ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳରେ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାରିତ ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ସଂଗଠନ କରିବାକ ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦେଇଥିଲେ ।

୧ ୯୩୨ ମସିହାରେ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ସହର ନିକଟବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଠକ୍କରନଳୀ ପାହାଡ଼ ଉପରେ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ଭାଇ ପଟ୍ଟାୟତ ନୃସିଂହ ପ୍ରତାପ ଯତନ୍ନଗର ନିର୍ମାଣ ଆରୟ କଲେ । ଏଥିରେ ହଜାର ହଜାର ପ୍ରଜାଙ୍କୁ ବେଠିରେ ଖଟାଇଲେ । ସେମାନେ ଚୂଡ଼ାଚାଉଳ ଧରି ଗାଁ ମାନଙ୍କରୁ ଆସି ବେଠି ଖଟୁଥିଲେ । କାମରେ ଅବହେଳା କଲେ ନିର୍ମମ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର କରାଯାଉଥିଲା । ଯତନ୍ନଗର ଥିଲା ପ୍ରଜାଙ୍କ ଯାତନା ନଗରୀ । ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ରାଜା ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର ସହ୍ୟ ସୀମା ଅତିକ୍ରମ କରିବାରୁ ହଜାର ହଜାର ପ୍ରଜା ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ରାଜ୍ୟଛାଡ଼ି ତାଳଚେର, ଅନୁଗୁଳ, କେନ୍ଦୁଝର, ସୁକିନ୍ଦା, ଧର୍ମଶାଳା, ଆଠଗଡ଼, ବାଙ୍କୀ ଓ କଟକ ପଳାଇଲେ । ଏହାକୁ ''ହିଜରାତ୍'' କୁହାଯାଉଥିଲା । ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଏହି ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶା କଂଗ୍ରେସ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଥିବା ସୋସିଆଲିଷ ଓ କମ୍ୟୁନିଷ ମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ତୀବ୍ର ପ୍ରତିକ୍ରିୟା ସୃଷ୍ଟିକଲା । ନବକୃଷ ଚୌଧୁରୀ, ମାଳତୀ ଚୌଧୁରୀ, ରବି ବୋଷ, ଭଗବତୀ ଚରଣ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ, ସୁରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ ଦ୍ୱିବେଦୀ, ଅନନ୍ତ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ, ସଡ଼ିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରାଉତରାୟ ପ୍ରମୁଖ ବିପୁଦୀ ନେଡ଼ୃବୃନ୍ଦ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ନିଷେଧାଞ୍ଜା ଅମାନ୍ୟକରି ତେଙ୍କାନାଳରେ ପ୍ରଜାମୁକ୍ତି ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନକୁ ବ୍ୟାପକ କରିବାରେ ଲାଗିଗଲେ । ଚିନିକାରଖାନା ଚାକିରୀ ଛାଡି ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଯୋଗଦେଲ । ୧ ୯୩୭ରେ କଟକଠାରେ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ନେତା ପଟ୍ଟାଭି ସୀତାରାମାୟାଙ୍କ ସଭାପତିତ୍ୱରେ ଐତିହାସିକ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ପ୍ରଜା ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠିତ ହେଲା । ପ୍ରଜାମାନେ ଏଥିରେ ଯୋଗ ନ ଦେବା ପାଇଁ ଚକ୍ରାନ୍ତ କରି ରାଜାମାନେ ଗୋଇନ୍ଦା ପୋଲିସ୍ ଓ ଜଗୁଆଳ ନିଯୁକ୍ତ କଲେ । କଟକଣା ସତ୍ତ୍ୱ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ଛବିଶଗୋଟି ଗଡ଼ଜାତରୁ ଶତାଧିକ କର୍ମୀ ଯୋଗ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଏହି ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ରାଜତନ୍ତର ଉଚ୍ଚେଦ ଓ ମୋଗଲବନ୍ଦୀ ସହିତ

ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଗୁଡ଼ିକରେ ମିଶ୍ରଣ ଦାବି କରାଯାଇଥିଲା । ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଡଳ ବିଧବଦ୍ଧ ଭାବେ ଗଠିତ ହେଲା ଏବଂ ଡକ୍କର ପଟ୍ଟାଭି ସୀତାରାମାୟା ସଭାପତି, ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ସାଧାରଣ ସଂପାଦକ ଓ ଡକ୍କର ବିଶ୍ୱୟର ରଥ କୋଷାଧ୍ୟକ୍ଷ ନିର୍ବାଚିତ ହେଲେ । କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକାରୀ କମିଟିକୁ ନିର୍ବାଚିତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ ରାଧାନାଥ ରଥ (ଆଠଗଡ଼), ହରମୋହନ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ (ଢେଙ୍କନାଳ), ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ମିଶ୍ର (ଦଶପଲୁ।), ବାଲୁଙ୍କେଶ୍ୱର ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ (ହିନ୍ଦୋଳ), ଗଙ୍ଗାଧର ମିଶ୍ର (ରଣପୁର), ଲାଲମୋହନ ପତି (ମୟରଭଞ୍ଜ) ଏକ ମଧୁସୂଦନ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ (ତିଗିରିଆ)। ଏହି ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସଙ୍କ କ୍ୱାଳାମୟୀ ଭାଷଣ ଏବଂ ସାମନ୍ତବାଦ ଓ ରାଜତନ୍ତ୍ରର ବିଲୋପ ଘଟାଇ ଗଡ଼ଜାତର ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଗଣତାନ୍ତ୍ରିକ ଅଧିକାର ହାସଲ ପାଇଁ ଜୀବନପଣ କରିଥିବାର ଦୃଢ଼ସଙ୍କନ୍ଧ ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ନ୍ତନ ଉଦ୍ଦୀପନା ସୃଷ୍ଟି କଲା । ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଡଳ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ଯେଡିକି ତେଜିବାକ୍ ଲାଗିଲା, ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳରେ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର ସେତିକି ବୃଦ୍ଧି ପାଇଲା । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ପରିବାର ହରେକୃଷପୁର ଛାଡି କଟକରେ ଡଗରପଡ଼ା ସ୍ଥିତ ନନ୍ଦକିଶୋର ବଳଙ୍କ ଘରେ ଭଡ଼ାରେ ରହିଲେ । ସେହି ଘର ମଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଡଳ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନରେ ମୁଖ୍ୟ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟାଳୟ ହେଲା । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର କେବଳ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଡଳର ସାଧାରଣ ସଂପାଦକ ନଥିଲେ, ସେ ଥିଲେ ନିଖିଳ ଭାରତ ପଳାମଣ୍ଡଳରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକାରୀ କମିଟିର ସଦସ୍ୟ । ଏହି ସଂଗଠର ସଭାପତି ଥିଲେ ପଣ୍ଡିତ ଜବାହର୍ଲାଲ୍ ନେହେର୍ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଗୁଡ଼ିକରେ ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଡଳ ସଂଗଠନ ପ୍ରତିଷା କରିବା ସହିତ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାରର ବିବରଣୀ ସର୍ବଭାରତୀୟ ନେତୃତ୍ୱବୃନ୍ଦଙ୍କ ନିକଟରେ ପହଞ୍ଚାଇ ଥିଲେ । ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳରେ ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରବେଶ ଉପରେ କଟକଣା ଜାରି ହୋଇଥିଲା । ତାଙ୍କ ଭଣଜା ନରୋଉମ ଦାସ ଓ ସତ୍ୟବାଦୀ ମିଶ ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳର ଟିକିନିଖ ଖବର ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଗୁପ୍ତରେ ପହଞ୍ଚାଉ ଥିଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧରଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ରିପୋର୍ଟ ପାଇ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ମାନଙ୍କରେ ପ୍ରକାମାନଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ହୋଇଥିବା ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର ସଂପର୍କରେ ଅନୁସନ୍ଧାନ କରିବାଲାଗି ନେହେରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ କମିଟି ଗଢିଲେ। ଏହି କମିଟିରେ ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ନେତା ବଳବନ୍ତ ରାୟ ମେହେଟ୍ରା, ସତୀଶ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ବୋଷ, ଡକ୍କର ବ୍ରକସ୍ୱନ୍ଦର ଦାସ ସଭ୍ୟ ଥିଲେ ଓ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ଆବାହକ ଥିଲେ । ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ସମୟରେ ତଦନ୍ତ କମିଟିରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ପରିସର ବୃଦ୍ଧି ପାଇଲା ତଥା ଡକ୍ଟର ହରେକୃଷ ମହତାବ ସଭାପତି, ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ସାଧାରଣ ସଂପାଦକ ଏବଂ ବଲବନ୍ତ ରାୟ ମେହେଟା ଓ ଲାଲମୋହନ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ ସଭ୍ୟ ରହିଲେ ।

କଂଗ୍ରେସ ସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟିର ମୁଖପତ୍ର ''କୃଷକ'' ରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ''ଲଣ୍ଡାଦେହୁରୀ'' ଛଦ୍ମ ନାମରେ ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ଅମାନୁଷିକ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାରର କାହାଣୀ କଥିତ ଭାଷାରେ ଲେଖୁଥିଲେ । ପ୍ରକୃତରେ ଲଣ୍ଡାଦେହୁରୀ ଥିଲେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧରଙ୍କ ବ୍ରହ୍ମକୁଣ୍ଡ ଚାଷଘରର ପରିଚାଳକ । ତାଙ୍କୁ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ନେଇ ସେ ଢେଙ୍କନାଳର ଆଦିବାସୀ ଓ ହରିଜନଙ୍କ ବାସକୁ ଯାଇ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଦୁଃଖସୁଖ ବୁଝୁଥିଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ସେହିସବୁ ନିଚ୍ଛକ ସତ୍ୟ ''କୃଷକ'' ପତ୍ରିକାରେ ଲେଖୁଥିଲେ । ଯାହା ସେତେବେଳେ ବିଶେଷ ପାଠକ ପ୍ରିୟତା ଲାଭ କରିଥିଲା । ଲଣ୍ଡାଦେହୁରୀ ଲେଖା ପାଠକଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ଚହଳ ପକାଇବାରୁ ''କୃଷକ''ର ପାଠକ ସଂଖ୍ୟା ବଢିଯାଇଥିଲା । ୧୯୩୮ ମସିହା ସେପ୍ଟେୟର ୧ ତାରିଖ କଟକ ଜିଲା ଜେନାପୁରଠାରେ ଯେଉଁ ବିରାଟ ଚାଷୀମେଳା ଅନୁଷ୍ଠିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା ସେଥିରେ ପଚାଶ ହଜାର କୃଷକ ଯୋଗଦେଇ ଥିଲେ । ତନ୍ନଧ୍ୟରୁ କୋଡ଼ିଏ ହଜାର ଚାଷୀ କେବଳ ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳରୁ ଆସିଥିଲେ । ଜେନାପୁର ଠାରେ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠିତ ବିଶାଳ ଚାଷୀ ସମାବେଶ ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ ପ୍ରଜାଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ନୂଆ ଜାଗରଣ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିଥିଲା । ଫନୀ

ପାଲ ଓ ବଳଦେବ ଲାଲଙ୍କ ନେତୃତ୍ୱରେ ସ୍ୱେଚ୍ଛାସେବକ ବାହିନୀର ଶୃଙ୍ଖଳା ସମୟଙ୍କୁ ମୁଷ୍ପ କରିଥିଲା । ସଭାରେ ନେତ୍ବ୍ୟ କମିଦାରୀ ପ୍ରଥା ଓ ରାଜତନ୍ତ୍ରର ବିଲୋପ ନିର୍ମିତ୍ତ ଭାଷଣ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିଥିଲେ । ଏହି ସଭାରେ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଚରମବାଣୀ ଶଣାଇ ଦିଆଗଲା । ଏହି ବିଶାଳ ସମାବେଶ ଉପଲକ୍ଷେ ''କଷକ'' ପତିକାର ଏକ ବିଶେଷାଙ୍କ ହଜାର ହଜାର ସଂଖ୍ୟାରେ ଛପା ଯାଇଥିଲା । ଏହି ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ବିଧିବଦ୍ଧ ଭାବରେ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳର ପ୍ରକାମଣ୍ଡଳ ଗଠିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଏଥିରେ ସଭାପତି ଭାବରେ ହରମୋହନ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ, ଉପସଭାପତି ଭାବରେ ମହେଶରୁଦ୍ର ସୁବାହୁସିଂହ, ସଂପାଦକ ଭାବରେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମାଧର ସାହୁ, ସଂଗଠନ ସଂପାଦକ ଭାବରେ ବୈଷବ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ ଓ କୋଷାଧ୍ୟଷ ଭାବରେ ଭଜମନ ସାହୁ ନିର୍ବାଚିତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ, ତଥା ଚାରିଜଣ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକାରୀ କମିଟି ସଭ୍ୟ ଭାବରେ ମନୋନୀତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ସେମାନେ ହେଲେ ନରୋଉମ ଦାସ, ସତ୍ୟବାଦୀ ମିଶ୍ର, ଶ୍ରୀକାନ୍ତ ରାଉତ ଓ ମହନ୍ତ ପଧାନ । ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ ପ୍ରଜାଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ସଂପର୍କରେ ପରାର୍ମଶ ଦେବାଲାଗି ଗଠିତ ଉପଦେଷ୍ଟା ମଣ୍ଡଳୀରେ ନବକୃଷ ଚୌଧୁରୀ, ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ, ମାଳତୀ ଚୌଧୁରୀ ଓ ଭଗବତୀ ଚରଣ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ ନିର୍ବାଚିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର କଟକରେ ରହୁଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ପ୍ରଜା ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନକ୍ର ସଂଗଠିତ କରିବାପାଇଁ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ରେଲଷ୍ଟେସନ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ତମ୍ଭ ପକାଇ ରହ୍ରଥିଲେ। କାରଣ ରେଲଷ୍ଟେସନ ପାଖ ଅଞ୍ଚଳ ଉପରେ ରାଜାଙ୍କର କର୍ତ୍ତିତ୍ୱ ନଥିଲା, ଜେନାପୁର କୃଷକ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀର ଅଚ୍ଚ ଦିନ ପରେ ସୁନିଆ ପଡ଼ିଲା । ପ୍ରଜାମାନେ ରାଜାଙ୍କୁ ସୁନିଆ ଭେଟି ଦେଲେନାହିଁ । ପ୍ରକାମଣ୍ଡଳ ସଭାକ୍ ଆସିବାକ୍ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାରିତ ପ୍ରକାଙ୍କ୍ ରାଜକର୍ମଚାରୀ ମାନେ ବାରଣ କର୍ଥଲେ । ତେଣ୍ଡ ସ୍ଥଳବିଶେଷରେ ପ୍ରକାମଣ୍ଡଳ ତରଫରୁ ଯଜ୍ଞ କରାଯାଉଥିଲା । ଲୋକମାନେ ଘିଅ, ନଡ଼ିଆ, ଉଖୁଡ଼ା ପୁଭୃତି ଧରି ଯଜ୍ଞରେ ସମାବେଶ ହେଉଥିଲେ । ସେଠାରେ ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଡଳ କର୍ମୀମାନେ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ରାଜାଦେଶ ଉଲଘଂନ କରିବାକୁ କହିବା ସହିତ, "କୃଷକ" ପତ୍ରିକା ବାଣ୍ଟୁଥିଲେ । ରାଜା ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଉପରେ କରୁଥିବା ଅତ୍ୟାଚାରରେ ଅତିଷ ହୋଇ ଦୁଇଜଣ ପୋଲିସ୍ କର୍ମଚାରୀ ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଟଳରେ ଯୋଗଦେଲେ । ସେମାନେ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ବ୍ରଜକିଶୋର ଧଳ ଓ ମୂଷା ମଳିକ ।

୧୯୩୮ ମସିହା ସେପ୍ଟେୟର ୧୧ ତାରିଖ ଦିନ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ଦମନଲୀଳାର ପ୍ରତିବାଦ କରି ଅଳସୁଆ ହାଟପଡିଆରେ ପ୍ରାୟ ପଚାଶ ହଜାର ପ୍ରଜା ଯୋଗ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଛତ୍ରଭଙ୍ଗ କରାଇବା ପାଇଁ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ପୋଲିସ୍ ଗୁଳି ଚଳାଇଲେ । ଫଳରେ ବହୁ ପ୍ରଜା ଗୁରୁତର ଆହତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ, ନରୋଉମ ଦାସ, ମାଳତୀ ଚୌଧୁରୀ ଗୁରୁତର ଭାବେ ଆହତ ପ୍ରଜାଙ୍କୁ ଚିକିହ୍ୟା ନିମିଉ କଟକ ବଡ଼ଡାକ୍ତରଖାନାକୁ ନେଇଥିଲେ । ଅଳସୁଆ ହାଟ ଗୁଳିକାଣ୍ଡ ସାରାଦେଶରେ ଚହଳ ପକାଇ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ରାଜା ଭୟରେ ଇଂରେଜ ସରକାରର ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ଲୋଡ଼ିଲେ । ଇଂରେଜ ସରକାର ନେପାଳୀ, ଶିଖ୍ ରେଜିମେଣ୍ଟର ସୈନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ନିମିଉ ପଠାଇଲେ । ପଲିଟିକାଲ ଏକେଣ୍ଟଙ୍କ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶରେ ଏହି ସୈନ୍ୟମାନେ ଗାଁ ଗହଳିରେ ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଭୟଭୀତ କହିବାପାଇଁ ଅମାନୁଷ୍ଠିକ ଦମନଲୀଳା ଆରୟ କରିଦେଲେ । ପ୍ରଜାମାନେ ପ୍ରାଣବିକଳରେ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଛାଡି ନିକଟବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଅଞ୍ଚଳକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ବ୍ରଜକିଶୋର ଧଳଙ୍କ ଉଦ୍ୟମରେ ବାଙ୍କୀ ଘୋଳପୁଠାରେ ଶରଣାର୍ଥୀ ଶିବିର ଖୋଲା ଯାଇଥିଲା । ଏହି ଶିବିରରେ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳର ବହୁ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାରିତ ପ୍ରଜା ରହୁଥିଲେ । ଖବର ପାଇ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ, ନବକୃଷ ଚୌଧୁରୀ ଓ କଟକର ଅନ୍ୟ ନେତା ସେଠାରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ । ଘୋଳପୁର ନିକଟ କୃଷପୁର ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ସଭା କରାଯାଇଥିଲା । ଏହି ସଭାରେ ପ୍ରାୟ ପନ୍ଦର ହଜାର ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ଅଗ୍ନିଗର୍ଭା ଭାଷଣ ଦେଇ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ

ନିମିତ୍ତ ପ୍ରେରଣା ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସେହି ସଭାରେ ପ୍ରଜାମାନେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ''ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଗାନ୍ଧୀ'' ଆଖ୍ୟା ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଡକ୍ଟର ହରେକୃଷ ମହତାବ ସଭାପତି ଓ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ସଂପାଦକ ଥାଇ ଯେଉଁ ଅନୁସନ୍ଧାନ କମିଟି ଗଠନ କରାଯାଇଥିଲା ସେହି କମିଟି ୧୯୩୯ରେ ରିପୋର୍ଟ ପ୍ରକାଶ କଲେ । ଏହି ରିପୋର୍ଟରେ ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାରର ବିଶଦ ବିବରଣୀ ରହିଥିଲା ଏବଂ ଦାବି କରାଯାଇଥିଲା ଯେ ରାଜତନ୍ତ୍ରର ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବିଲୋପ ହେଉ । ୧୯୩୯ରେ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ବିଶ୍ୱଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଆରୟ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ରାଜାମାନେ ଇଂରେଜ ସରକାରଙ୍କୁ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ନିମିତ୍ତ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିବାକୁ ପ୍ରଜାଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ''ଯୁଦ୍ଧଚାନ୍ଦା'' ଲଦି ଦେଲେ । ଭାରତର ଜନସାଧାରଣଙ୍କ ଇଚ୍ଛା ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଇଂରେଜ ସରକାର ଭାରତକୁ ଏହି ବିଶ୍ୱଯୁଦ୍ଧ ସହିତ ଯୋଡିଦେଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ଏ ସଂପର୍କରେ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଭାଇମାନଙ୍କୁ ଗୋପନ ପତ୍ର ଲେଖିଥିଲେ । ତା ୮/୯/୧୯୩୯ ରିଖ ରେ ସେହି ଗୋପନ ପତ୍ର ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ଲେଖାଯାଇ ବଣ୍ଟାଯାଇଥିଲା । ଏହି ଗୋପନ ପତ୍ର ସାରା ରାଜ୍ୟରେ ଚହଳ ପକାଇ ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ମନୋବଳକୁ ଦୃତ୍କ କରିଥିଲା ।

୧୯୪୨ରେ ମହାତ୍ମାଗାନ୍ଧୀ ଇଂରେଜ ସରକାରଙ୍କୁ ଭାରତ ଛାଡିବା ନିମିଉ ଆହ୍ନାନ ଦେବା ସହିତ ଅଗଷ୍ଟ ନଅ ତାରିଖରେ ''କର ବା ମର'' ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ ଦେଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ସେହି ଅଗଷ୍ଟ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନରେ ଗିରଫ ହୋଇ ତିନିବର୍ଷ କାଳ ବୃହୁପୁର ଜେଲରେ ରହିଲେ । ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ମହାଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଶେଷରେ ୧୯୪୫ରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ମୁକ୍ତି ମିଳିଲା । ସେତେବେଳକ୍ ଜଣାପଡିଲାଣି ଯେ ଇଂରେଜମାନେ ଭାରତକ୍ ସ୍ନାଧୀନ କରିବେ। ଭାରତରେ ସେତେବେଳେ ଛଅଶହ-ଏକ ଗୋଟି ଛୋଟବଡ଼ ଦେଶୀୟ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଥିଲା । ଏହି ଦେଶୀୟ ରାଜ୍ୟର ରାଜାମାନେ ଭୋପାଳ ନବାବଙ୍କ ନେତୃତ୍ୱରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ସଂଘ ଗଡ଼ି ଇଂରେଜ ସରକାର ଭାରତ ଛାଡ଼ିଲାବେଳେ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ରାଜ୍ୟର ରାଜା ବା ନବାବ ଭାବରେ ସର୍ବଭୌମ କ୍ଷମତା ଦେଇଯାଆନ୍ତ ବୋଲି ଦାବି କରିଥିଲେ । ଓଡିଶାର ଗଡଜାତ ରାଜାମାନେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଇଷ୍ଟର୍ଷ ୟୁନିୟନ ଏଜେଣ୍ଟ ନାମରେ ଏକ ସଂଘ ଗଢ଼ି ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ଭାରତଠାରୁ ଅଲଗାହୋଇ ଏକ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଗଠନ ପାଇଁ ମସୁଧା ଚଳାଇଥାନ୍ତି । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଏହି ଚକ୍ରାନ୍ତକୁ ପଶ୍ଚ କରିବା ନିମିତ୍ତ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପଶ୍ଚିମାଞ୍ଚଳରେ ପ୍ରଳା ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନକୁ ବ୍ୟାପକ କରିଥିଲେ । ୧୯୪୬ରେ ସୋନପୁରରେ କଳାପଥର ନିକଟସ୍ଥ ବଗଛେରା ଗାମରେ ପଳାମଣ୍ଡଳ ସୃତନ୍ତ ଅଧିବେଶନ ଆୟୋଜିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଏହି ବିଶାଳ ଗଣ ସମାବେଶରେ ସଭାପତିତ୍ୱ କରିଥିଲେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ । ଏହି ସଭାର ଉହ୍ମାଟକ ଥିଲେ ସ୍ରେନ୍ଦ୍ ନାଥ ଦ୍ୱିବେଦୀ । ଏହି ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଗଡଜାତର ହଜାର ହଜାର ପ୍ରଜା ଏକତ୍ରିତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ଏହି ସମ୍ମିଳନୀର ପ୍ରଧାନ ଉଦ୍ୟୋକ୍ତା ଥିଲେ ସୋନପୁର ନେତା ଲକ୍ଷଣ ଶତପଥୀ । କଟକର ସୋସିଆଲିଷ ନେତା ବିଶ୍ୱନାଥ ପଣ୍ଡିତ, ରବି ରାୟ, ଧୂଳେଶ୍ୱର ବସ୍ତିଆ ଓ ପ୍ରଦିପ୍ତ କିଶୋର ଦାସ ଏହି ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ଭାଷଣ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଏହି ବିଶାଳ ଗଣ ସମାବେଶ ରାଜା, ମହାରାଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଗାତ୍ରଦାହର କାରଣ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ସେମାନେ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀକୁ ଭଣ୍ଡର କରିବାକୁ ଗୁଣା ପଠାଇଥିଲେ ଓ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧରଙ୍କ ବିର୍ଦ୍ଧରେ କୃହାରଟନା କରି ସ୍ଲୋଗାନ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଗାନ୍ଧୀଙ୍କ ସଦୃଶ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଥିଲେ ଅଟଳ, ନିର୍ବିକାର ଓ ଦୃତ୍ପ୍ରତିଜ୍ଞ । ସମବେତ ଜନତା ଟ୍ରକରେ ଆସିଥିବା ଗୁଣ୍ଡାମାନଙ୍କୁ ତଡ଼ି ଦେଇଥିଲେ ।

ଇଂରେଜମାନେ ଭାରତକୁ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ଦେଲାପରେ ଛଅଶହ ଦେଶୀୟ ରାଜ୍ୟର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ କ'ଣ ହେବ, ତାହା ଏକ ସମସ୍ୟା ହୋଇ ଦେଖାଦେଇଥିଲା । 'ଏହି ରାଜ୍ୟମାନେ ଭାରତ ବା ପାକିସ୍ଥାନ ସହିତ ଇଚ୍ଛାକରି ମିଶିପାରିବେ' ବୋଲି ତତ୍କାଳୀନ ଗଭର୍ଷର ଜେନେରାଲ ଲର୍ଡ ମାଉଣ୍ଟବାଟେନ ଚାହୁଁଥିଲା ବେଳେ, 'ସେମାନେ ଚାହିଁଲେ ଭାରତ ବା ପାକିସ୍ଥାନ ବାହାରେ ଅଲଗା ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ରାଜ୍ୟହୋଇ ରହିପରିବେ,' ବୋଲି ବିଟିଶ ପଲଟିକାଲ୍ ଆଡ୍ଭାଇଜର୍ ସାର୍ କୋନାର୍ଡ କୋରଫିଲଡ୍ ଚାହୁଁଥିଲେ । ଭାରତ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ବିଲ୍ ବ୍ରିଟିଶ୍ ପାର୍ଲାମେୟରେ ପାଶ୍ର ହେବା ଆଗର୍ତ୍ର ସାର୍ କୋନାର୍ଡ କୋରଫିଲଡ୍ ସଭିଙ୍କ ଅଗୋଚରରେ ଲଣ୍ଡନ ଯାଇ ଭାରତ ଦାୟିତ୍ରରେ ଥିବା ସ୍ତରାଷ୍ଟ ସଚିବ ଲର୍ଡ ଲିଷ୍ଟ୍ରେଲଙ୍କ ଭେଟିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ସେ ବ୍ଝାଇଲେଯେ, ଭାରତ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ବିଲରେ ବିଟିଶ ଶାସିତ ଭାରତବର୍ଷକ୍ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ଦେବାକଥା ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ କରାଯାଇଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଛଅ ଶହ ଦେଶୀୟ ରାଜ୍ୟରେ ବ୍ରିଟିଶ ଶାସନ ନୂହେଁ, ରାଜା ମହାରାଜାଙ୍କ ଶାସନ ଚାଲିଛି । କେବଳ ଚୁକ୍ତି ଅନୁସାରେ ରେଲ, ଡାକଘର ଓ ବୈଦେଶିକ ବିଭାଗ ବ୍ରିଟିଶ ସରକାରଙ୍କ କର୍ତ୍ତ୍ୱରେ ରହିଛି । ବିଟିଶ୍ୱ ସରକାର ଭାରତ ଛାଡି ଆସିଲେ ତାଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଚ୍ରକ୍ତି ସ୍ୱତଃ ବାତିଲ ହୋଇ ଯିବ । ସେହିସବ୍ର ରାଜ୍ୟ ଭାରତବର୍ଷର ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ସରକାରଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଯଦି ସାନି ଚୁକ୍ତି ନକରନ୍ତି, ତାହାହେଲେ ସେମାନେ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଭାବରେ ନିଜ ନିଜ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଶାସନ କରିପାରିବେ । ସାର୍ କୋର୍ଫିଲ୍ଙଙ୍କ ଏହି ଯୁକ୍ତିକ୍ ଇଂଲଣ୍ଡର ସ୍ନରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ସଚିବ ସମର୍ଥନ ଜଣାଇଥିଲେ । ସେ ମଧ୍ୟ ହାଇଦ୍ରାବାଦର ନିଜାମ, ଭୋପାଳର ନବାବ୍, ତ୍ରିଭାଂକୋର, କୋଚିନ ଓ ବିକାନୀରର ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଏକ ସଂଘ ଗଠନକରି ଦାବି ଜଣାଇବାକ ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଲର୍ଡ ମାଉଣ୍ଟବାଟେନ୍ ନେହେର୍ଙ୍କ୍ ଚେତାଇ ଦେଲେ ଯେ ଯଦି ସେ ଅଗଷ୍ଟ ୧୫ ପୂର୍ବର୍ ଗଡଜାତ ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ମିଶ୍ରଣ ଚୁକ୍ତି ସ୍ୱାକ୍ଷର କରାଇ ନପାରନ୍ତି, ଏହି ସବୁ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ରାଜ୍ୟରେ ପରିଣତ ହେବ । ନେହେରୁ ଏହି ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗରେ ଚିନ୍ତିତ ହେଲେ, କାରଣ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ରାଜ୍ୟଗୁଡିକ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ହେଲେ ଦେଶ ଖଣ୍ଡ ଖଣ୍ଡ ହୋଇଯିବ ଓ ଜାତୀୟ ଏକତା ବିପନ୍ନ ହେବ । ଏଥିପାଇଁ ୧୯୪୭ ଜୁନ୍ ମାସରେ ଦିଲ୍ଲୀଠାରେ ନିଖିଳ ଭାରତ କଂଗ୍ରେସ କମିଟି ବୈଠକ ବସି ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ଦିଆଯିବା ପ୍ରୟାବରେ ତୀବ୍ର ବିରୋଧ କରାଗଲା । କେନ୍ଦ୍ର ସ୍ପରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରମନ୍ତ୍ରୀ ସର୍ଦ୍ଦାର ବଲ୍ଲଭଭାଇ ପଟେଲଙ୍କୁ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କୁ ବୁଝାଇ ସୁଝାଇ ଭାରତ ବର୍ଷ ସହିତ ମିଶୁଣ ଚୁକ୍ତିରେ ସ୍ୱାକ୍ଷର କରାଇ ଆଣିବା ଲାଗି ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ଦିଆଗଲା । ସର୍ଦ୍ଦାର ପଟେଲଙ୍କ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ ଅନୁସାରେ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନରେ ଆନୁଷାନିକ ଭାବରେ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ନେବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ଭିତରେ ଥିବା ସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟମାନଙ୍କ ଯୋଗୁଁ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ, ନୀଳଗିରି, ତାଳଚେର, ରଣପୁର ପ୍ରଭୃତି ଗଡ଼ଜାତରେ ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଡଳ ଜରିଆରେ ଗଣ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ଗଢି ଉଠିଥିଲା । ନବକୃଷ ଚୌଧୁରୀ, ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ, ଭଗବତୀ ଚ୍ରଣ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ ପ୍ରମୁଖ ଥିଲେ ଏହି ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନର କର୍ତ୍ତଧାର । ବ୍ରହ୍ମପୁର ଜେଲରୁ ମୁକ୍ତ ହେବାପରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ରାଜତନ୍ତ ବିରୋଧୀ ପ୍ରଳା ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନକୁ ତେଜେଇ ଦେଲେ । ସେତେବେଳକୁ ହୀରାକୁଦ ବନ୍ଧ ନିର୍ମାଣ ନିଷ୍ପତ୍ତି ହୋଇ ସାରିଥାଏ । କିନ୍ତୁ ପର୍ଣ୍ଣମାଞ୍ଚଳର ରାଜା ମହାରାଜାଗଣ ପ୍ରଚାର କଲେ ଯେ ହୀରାକୁଦ ବନ୍ଧ ହେଲେ ହଜାର ହଜାର ଆଦିବାସୀ ବାସହର। ଓ ଜମିହର। ହୋଇପଡ଼ିବେ । ବାସଚ୍ୟୁତ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ କ୍ଷତିପୂରଣ ଦିଆଯାଇ ଥଇଥାନ କରାଯିବ ବୋଲି ସରକାରଙ୍କ ତରଫରୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଚାର କରାଗଲା । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ସୟଲପୁରଠାରେ ଏକ ବିଶାଳ ଜନସଭାରେ ହୀରାକୁଦ ବନ୍ଧ ନିର୍ମାଣ ହେଲେ କିପରି ଲକ୍ଷ ଲକ୍ଷ ଏକର ଜମି ଜଳସେଚିତ ହୋଇପାରିବ ଓ ସୁଲଭ ମୂଲ୍ୟରେ ବିଦ୍ୟୁତ୍ ଶକ୍ତି ଉତ୍ପାଦନ ହୋଇ ଶିଳ୍ପର ବିକାଶ ସୟବ ହେବ, ସେ ନେଇ ବଳୁତା ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିଥିଲେ । ବଲାଙ୍ଗୀର ଓ ପାଟନା ମହାରାଜା କିଛି ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଲଗାଇ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଅସହ୍ୟ ଭାଷାରେ ଗାଳିଗୁଲଜ କରାଇଥିଲେ । ନିଜ ପ୍ରିୟ ନେତାଙ୍କ ବିର୍ଦ୍ଧରେ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ତୋଷାମଦକାରୀଙ୍କ ସ୍ଲୋଗାନ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ବିର୍ପ ପ୍ରତିକ୍ରିୟା ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିଥିଲା ।

ସେମାନେ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ତୋଷାମଦକାରୀମାନଙ୍କୁ ସଭାସ୍ଥଳରୁ ଘଉଡାଇ ଦେବା ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ ଗୁଣ୍ଡାମାନଙ୍କ ଆକ୍ରମଶରୁ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଗାନ୍ଧୀ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧରଙ୍କୁ ରକ୍ଷାକରିବା ପାଇଁ ତାଙ୍କର ଚାରିପଟେ ବ୍ୟୁହ ରଚ଼ନା କରି ଠିଆ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ଲୋକଶଲ୍କି ପାଖରେ ରାଜଶଲ୍କିର ପରାଜୟ ଘଟିଥଲା ।

ଭୋପାଳ ନବାବଙ୍କ ନେତୃତ୍ୱରେ ଦେଶୀୟ ରାଜ୍ୟ ମାନଙ୍କରେ ଶାସକମାନେ ଚାୟର ଅଫ୍ ପିନ୍ସ ଗଠନ କରି ଦେଶୀୟ ରାଜ୍ୟଗୁଡିକ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ଭାରତରେ ମିଶିବେ ନାହିଁ ବୋଲି ଦାବି କଲେ । ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଓ ଛତିଶଗଡ଼ର ରାଜାମାନେ ଏକାଠି ମିଶି ଇଷ୍ପର୍ଷ ଷ୍ଟେସ୍ ଏଜେନ୍ସି ନାମରେ ଏକ ମିଳିତ ସଂଗଠନ ଗଢି ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ଭାରତରେ ଦେଶୀୟ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଗୁଡିକର ମିଶ୍ୱଣର ବିରୋଧ କଲେ । ଏହା ପଛରେ ବିଟିଶ୍ୱ ପଲିଟିକାଲ ଡିପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ସାର୍ କୋନାର୍ଡ କୋରଫିଲ୍ଲଙ୍କ ପରୋକ୍ଷ ପରୋଚନା ଥଲା । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ଏ ପସଙ୍ଗରେ ଏକ ଚରମପତ୍ର ଲେଖଲେ । ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଗଡଜାତର ଜନସାଧାରଣଙ୍କ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ଏହି ଐତିହାସିକ ପତ୍ ୧୯୪୬ ମସିହା ଅଗଷ୍ଟ ୩ ତାରିଖ ଦିନ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଲେଖିଥିଲେ । ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ପ୍ରାପ୍ତିର ଏକ ବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଏହି ଚରମ ପତ୍ର ସେ ଲେଖିଥିଲେ । ସେହି ଗୋଟିଏ ବର୍ଷ ଥିଲା ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନର ଇତିହାସରେ ବାୟବରେ ଘଡ଼ିସନ୍ଧି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ । ମୟରଭଞ୍ଜ ମହାରାଜାଙ୍କ ଭଳି ଲୋକପିୟ ରାଜା ମନ୍ତ୍ରୀମଣ୍ଡଳ ଗଠନ କରି ଏବଂ ପର୍ଣ୍ଣମ ଓଡିଶାର ଗଡଜାତ ରାଜାମାନେ ବଲାଙ୍ଗୀର ମହାରାଜାଙ୍କ ନେତ୍ତ୍ୱରେ ସ୍ନତନ୍ତ୍ର କୋଶଳ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଗଠନ ଦାବି ଜଣାଇ ଲୋକମତକୁ ବିଭାନ୍ତ କରିବାକୁ ଉଦ୍ୟମ ଆରୟ କରିଥିଲେ । ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ରାଜା ମହାତ୍ପାଗାନ୍ଧୀଙ୍କ ଭେଟି ସେ 'ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଶାସନ କ୍ଷମତା ହୟାନ୍ତରିତ କରିଦେବାକ୍ ଚାହାନ୍ତି କିନ୍ତୁ ମୋଗଲବନ୍ଦୀ ସହିତ ମିଶିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା କରନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ' ବୋଲି ଜଣାଇ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ମହାତ୍ମାଗାନ୍ଧୀ ଏ ସଂପର୍କରେ ସର୍ଦ୍ଦାର ପଟେଲଙ୍କୁ ଭେଟିବାକୁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସର୍ଦ୍ଦାର ପଟେଲ ଦେଶ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ଲାଭ ପରେ ଏ ଦିଗରେ ପଦକ୍ଷେପ ନେବେ ବୋଲି କହି ରାଜାଙ୍କୁ ବିଦା କରିଦେଇଥିଲେ । ନୀଳଗିରି ରାଜା ମଧ୍ୟ କୌଣସି ମତେ କ୍ଷମତାରେ ରହିବା ପାଇଁ ନୀଳଗିରିର ଆଦିବାସୀମାନଙ୍କ ମତାଇବାରେ ଲାଗିଥଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ଅଗଷ୍ଟ ୩ ତାରିଖ ଚରମ ପତ୍ରେ ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କ ଷଡଯନ୍ତ୍ରକୁ ବିଫଳ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଗଡଜାତର ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଆହ୍ମାନ କରିଥିଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଭିଏନା କଂଗେସ ପସଙ୍ଗ ନିଜ ପତ୍ରେ ଉହାପନ କରି ବିଟିଶ୍ ସରକାରଙ୍କ ସୁରଣ କରାଇ ଦେଇଥିଲେ ଗଡଜାତର ସାଧାରଣ ଲୋକେ ଚାହାନ୍ତି ରାଜତନ୍ତ୍ରର ଉଚ୍ଛେଦ ଏବଂ ନିଜର ଗଣତାନ୍ତ୍ରିକ ଅଧକାର ।

୧୯୪୬ରେ ପଣିମ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଗଡ଼ଜାତମାନଙ୍କରେ ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଡଳ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ସଂଗଠନରେ ବ୍ୟୟ ଥିବା ବେଳେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଜବାହାରଲାଲ ନେହେରୁଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଚିଠି ପାଇଲେ ଯେ ସେ ଭାରତର ସୟିଧାନ ପ୍ରଣୟନ ସଭାରେ ଜଣେ ସଦସ୍ୟ ଭାବରେ ମନୋନୀତ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି । କଂଗ୍ରେସ ତରଫରୁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ସଦସ୍ୟ ମନୋନୀତ କରାଯାଇଥିବାରୁ ସେ ସଭ୍ୟପଦ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ପତ୍ର ଦାଖଲ କରିବାକୁ ଏହି ପତ୍ରରେ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ ଥିଲା । ନେହେରୁଙ୍କ ଆଦେଶ ମାନି ସେ ବ୍ରଜକିଶୋର ଧଳଙ୍କୁ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ଅର୍ପଣ କରି ସଭ୍ୟପଦ ନିମିତ୍ତ ନିର୍ବାଚନ ପ୍ରଚାର କରିବାକୁ କହିଥିଲେ। ବ୍ରଜକିଶୋର ଧଳ ମଧ୍ୟ ସ୍ୱେଚ୍ଛାସେବୀ ଓ ଲାଲବାହିନୀଙ୍କୁ ଧରି ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧରଙ୍କ ସପକ୍ଷରେ ପ୍ରଚାର କଲେ। କଂଗ୍ରେସ ପକ୍ଷରୁ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ, ରାଜାଙ୍କ ପକ୍ଷରୁ କବିରାଜ ବାଳକୃଷ ନନ୍ଦ, ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ପ୍ରାଥୀ ଭାବରେ ଓକିଲ ଅନନ୍ତ ଚରଣ ମିଶ୍ର ଓ ଓକିଲ ଶ୍ୟାମସୁନ୍ଦର ଦାସ ନିର୍ବାଚନ ରଣାଙ୍ଗନରେ ଅବତୀର୍ଷ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ସଂଖ୍ୟାଧିକ ଭୋଟ ପାଇ ବିଜୟୀ ହୋଇଥିଲେ। କେବଳ ସୟିଧାନ ପ୍ରଣୟନ ସଭାକୁ ନୁହେଁ,

ସେହି ବର୍ଷ ସେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ବିଧାନସଭାକୁ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ଟିକେଟ୍ର ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ଭାବେ ଡିର୍ଭୋଲ-ଏରସମା ନିର୍ବାଚନ ମଞ୍ଚଳୀରୁ ନିର୍ବାଚିତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ସେତେବେଳେ ବିଧାନସଭାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ଭାଷଣ ଦେବାର ବିଧି ନଥିଲା । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ବାଚସ୍ୱତିଙ୍କ ବାରଣ ସତ୍ତ୍ୱେ ନିକ ମାତୃଭାଷା ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ ଭାଷଣ ଦେଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଯୁକ୍ତି ଥିଲା, ଇଂଲଣ୍ଡରେ ହାଉସ୍ ଅଫ୍ କମନ୍ସରେ ସାଂସଦମାନେ ନିକ ମାତୃଭାଷାରେ ଭାଷଣ ଦେଉଥିବା ବେଳେ ଆମେ ନିକ ମାତୃଭାଷାରେ ଭାଷଣ ଦେବୁ ନାହିଁ କାହିଁକି ? ଏହାପରେ ଅନେକ ଇଂରାଜୀ ଜାଣିନଥିବା ବିଧାୟକ ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ ଭାଷଣ ଦେବେ । ବିଧାୟକ ଭାବରେ ସେ ଥିଲେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ରୟତବିଲ୍ ଯାଞ୍ଚ କମିଟି ସଦସ୍ୟ । ତାଙ୍କରି ପରାମର୍ଶ ଯୋଗୁଁ ପ୍ରଗତିଶୀଳ ରୟତ ଆଇନ ବିଧାନସଭାରେ ଗୃହୀତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ବିଧାନସଭାରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଥିଲେ ଗରିବ କୃଷକ ଶ୍ରମିକମାନଙ୍କ ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥର ଜାଗ୍ରତ ପ୍ରହରୀ । ୧୯୪୮ରେ ଆଦିବାସୀମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ନୂତନ ଚେତନା ଜାଗ୍ରତକରି ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ହେଉଥିବା କୁଲୁମର ପ୍ରତିବାଦ ଲାଗି ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ ଚୌଧୂରୀ, ରମାଦେବୀ, ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହରିହରଙ୍କ ସହିତ ମିଶି ସେ ଉତ୍କଳ ନବଜୀବନ ମଣ୍ଡଳ ପ୍ରତିଷା କରିଥିଲେ ଓ ଏହି ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନର ସଭାପତି ଥିଲେ । ବେସରକାରୀ ୟରରେ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଅଞ୍ଚଳର ଦୃଃସ୍ଥ ରାଜନୈତିକ କର୍ମୀଙ୍କ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ଶିକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ମାଳତୀ ଚୌଧୁରୀଙ୍କ ସହ ୧୯୪୬ରେ ସେ ଅନୁଗୁଳରେ ସ୍ଥାପନା କରିଥିଲେ ''ବାଜିରାଉତ'' ଛାତ୍ରାବାସ । ୧୯୪୯ରୁ ଏଠାରେ ଦୃଷ୍ଟ ଆଦିବାସୀ ଓ ହରିଜନ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ରଖି ଶିକ୍ଷା ଦାନ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରାଯାଇଥିଲା ।

ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ପାପ୍ତିପରେ କଂଗେସ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଥିବା ଦକ୍ଷିଣପନ୍ଦୀମାନେ ସର୍ଦ୍ଦାର ପଟେଲଙ୍କ ନେତୃତ୍ୱରେ କଂଗେସ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟମାନେ ଆଉ ଅଲଗା ଗୋଷୀ ଭାବରେ ରହିପାରିବେ ନାହିଁ ବୋଲି ଏକ ପ୍ରୟାବ ବହୁମତରେ ପାସ୍ କରାଇନେଲେ । ଫଳରେ ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରଦେବ, ଜୟପ୍ରକାଶ ନାରାୟଣ, ଡକ୍କର ରାମ ମନୋହର ଲୋହିଆ, ୟୁସୁଫ ମେହେର ଅଲ୍ଲୀ, ଅଶୋକ ମେହେଟ୍ଟା ପ୍ରମୁଖ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ଛାଡି ସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟି ଗଠନ କଲେ । ୧୯୪୮ରେ ମାଳତୀ ଚୌଧୁରୀ ଓ ସୁରେନ୍ଦ୍ର ନାଥ ଦ୍ୱିବେଦୀ ଯଥାକୁମେ ଉତ୍କଳ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ସଭାପତି ଓ ସାଧାରଣ ସଂପାଦକ ପଦରୁ ଇୟଫା ଦେଇ ଆସିଲେ, କିନ୍ତୁ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ଟିକେଟ୍ ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ବିଧାନସଭାକୁ ନିର୍ବାଚିତ ହୋଇଥିବା ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ କଂଗ୍ରେସରେ ରହିଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ୧୯୩୮ରେ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ଯୋଗଦେଇଥିଲେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ବ୍ରହୁପୁର ଜେଲରେ ଥିବା ବେଳେ ମାର୍କସବାଦ ପ୍ରତି ଆକୃଷ୍ଟହୋଇ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟି ସହିତ ଘନିଷ୍ଠ ଭାବରେ ଜଡିତ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ସେତେବେଳ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଓଡିଶାର ଗଡଜାତ ମିଶ୍ୱଣ ହୋଇନଥିଲା । ସର୍ଦ୍ଦାର ପଟେଲଙ୍କ ଉଦ୍ୟମରେ ମୟରଭଞ୍ଜ ବ୍ୟତୀତ ୨ ୫ ଗୋଟି ଗଡ଼ଜାତର ମିଶ୍ରଣ ଘଟିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କୁ ବିପୁଳ ଭୂସଂପତ୍ତି ରଖିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ଦିଆଗଲା । ତଥା ଲକ୍ଷ ଲକ୍ଷ ଟଙ୍କା ଭତ୍ତା ଦିଆଗଲା । ପ୍ରଜାମଣ୍ଡଳ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ସମୟରେ ଗଡ଼ଜାତର ଭୂମିହୀନ କୃଷକ ଓ ଆଦିବାସୀ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଚାଷଜମି ଓ ବାସଭୂମି ଯୋଗାଇ ଦିଆଯିବ ବୋଲି ପ୍ରତିଶୃତି ଦିଆଯାଇଥିଲେ ହେଁ ତାହା ପୂରଣ କରାଗଲା ନାହିଁ । ଗଡ଼ଜାତଗାନ୍ଧୀ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଅନୁଭବ କଲେ ଯେ, ବିଧାନସଭାରେ ବିଧାୟକ ଥାଇ ମଧ୍ୟ ଶୋଷିତ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାରିତ ପ୍ରଜାମାନଙ୍କ ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥରକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ କୌଣସି ଆଇନ କରିପାରୁନାହନ୍ତି । ସେ ନିଜର ମନୋଭାବ ସୁରେନ୍ଦ୍ର ନାଥ ଦ୍ୱିବେଦୀଙ୍କୁ କହିଲେ ଏବଂ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ଦଳରୁ ଇଞ୍ଚଫା ଦେବା କଥା ପ୍ରକାଶ କଲେ । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର କଂଗ୍ରେସରୁ ଇଞ୍ଚଫା ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ କଂଗ୍ରେସ ଟିକେଟରେ ବିଧାନସଭାକୁ ନିର୍ବାଚିତ ହୋଇଥିବାରୁ ନୈତିକତା ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ବିଧାନସଭା ସଭ୍ୟ ପଦରୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ଇଞ୍ଚଫା ଦେଇ ନୂଆ ଇତିହାସ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କଲେ । ୧୯୪୯ରେ ସେ

ଆନୁଷ୍ଠାନିକ ଭାବରେ ସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟିରେ ଯୋଗଦେଲେ । ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କୃପାଳିନୀଙ୍କ ନେତୃତ୍ୱରେ ଗଠିତ କୃଷକ ମଜଦୁର ପ୍ରଜାପାର୍ଟି ସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟି ସହ ମିଶିବାପରେ ଏହାର ନାମ ବଦଳି ପ୍ରଜାସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟି ହୋଇଥିଲା ।

ସମ୍ବିଧାନ ପଣୟନ ସଭାର ସଭ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ନିଖଳ ଭାରତ ଦେଶୀୟ ରାଜ୍ୟ ପଜା ସମ୍ମିଳନୀର ସାଧାରଣ ସଂପାଦକ ଭାବରେ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ସର୍ବଭାରତୀୟ ଖ୍ୟାତି ଅର୍ଜନ କରିଥିଲେ । ସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟି ପ୍ରଥମେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଦଳର ଉପନେତ। ଭାବେ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥିଲା ଏବଂ ପ୍ରଜା ସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟି ଗଠିତ ହେବାପରେ ସେ ଦଳର ନେତ। ଭାବରେ ନିର୍ବାଚିତ ହେଲେ । ୧ ୯ ୫ ୧ରେ ସାବାଳକ ଭୋଟପ୍ରଥା ଆରୟ ହେଲା, ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ନିର୍ବାଚନରେ ସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟି ପାର୍ଥୀ ଭାବରେ ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ (ଓ ପଣ୍ଟିମ କଟକ) ଦ୍ୱୈତ ନିର୍ବାଚନ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀର ଲୋକସଭାକ୍ ନିର୍ବାଚିତ ହେଲେ । ଲୋକସଭାରେ ସେ ଥଲେ ଜନସ୍ୱାର୍ଥର ଜାଗତ ପହରୀ । ତାଙ୍କ ତଥ୍ୟ ସୟଳିତ ବଲ୍କବ୍ୟ ସରକାରୀ ଦଳକ ପଭାବିତ କରୁଥିଲା; ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ ସେ ସରକାରଙ୍କୁ କାଠଗଡ଼ାରେ ଠିଆକରି ଦେଉଥିଲେ । ଷଢେଇକଳା – ଖରସୁଆଁ ମିଶ୍ରଣ ଦାବି ସଂପର୍କରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଆବେଗମୟ ଭାଷଣ ଲୋକସଭାରେ ସମୟଙ୍କୁ ମୁଷ୍ପ କରିଥିଲା । ଐତିହାସିକ ଓ ଭୌଗଳିକ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିକୋଶରୁ ଷଢେଇକଳା – ଖରସୁଆଁ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ସହିତ ମିଶିବା ସପକ୍ଷରେ ସେ ତଥ୍ୟପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଭାଷଣ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସୀମା କମିଶନ ଏହି ଦୂଇରାଜ୍ୟକ୍ ବିହାରରେ ମିଶାଇ ଦେବାରୁ ଓଡିଶାରେ ସତ୍ୟାଗ୍ରହ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ତେଜି ଉଠିଥିଲା । ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ପ୍ରଥମ ସତ୍ୟାଗ୍ରହୀ ଭାବରେ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନରେ ନେତୃତ୍ୱନେଇ କାରାବରଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ଆଦର୍ଶରେ ଅନୁପ୍ରାଣିତ ହୋଇ ବହୁ ଛାତ୍ର ଓ ଯୁବକ ସୋସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟିରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ୧୯୫୭ରେ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ସାଧାରଣ ନିର୍ବାଚନରେ ସେ ସ୍ମନ୍ଥ ଭୋଟରେ ହାରିଯାଇଥିଲେ । ଏହାପରେ ସେ ଅସୁସ୍ଥହୋଇ କଟକ ମେଡିକାଲ କଲେଜ ନର୍ସିଂହୋମରେ ରହି ଚିକିତ୍ସିତ ହେଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ସେବକ ହରମୋହନ ସାମଲ ତାଙ୍କର ଦେଖାଶୁଣା କର୍ଥିଲେ । ବିଶ୍ୱନାଥ ପଞ୍ଚିତ ଓ ପାର୍ଟିର ଅନ୍ୟସାଥୀ ମାନେ ପାଳିକରି ଦିନରାତି ତାଙ୍କର ଦେଖାଶଣା କରଥଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନ ଶଲ୍ଠି ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ନିଃଶେଷ ହୋଇଆସଛି ବୋଲି ଜାଣି ସେ ୧୯୫୭ ଅଗଷ୍ଟ ମାସରେ କଟକ ମେଡିକାଲ କଲେଜ ନିର୍ସିଂହୋମରେ ଏକ ସାୟାଦିକ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ ଡାକିଥିଲେ । ଏହା ଥିଲା ତାଙ୍କ ରାଜନୈତିକ ଜୀବନର ଶେଷ ସାୟାଦିକ ସନ୍ନିଳନୀ । ଏହି ସନ୍ନିଳନୀରେ ସେ ଆଇନଜ୍ଞ ଧ୍ରବଚରଣ ସାହୁଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ନିଜ ଇଚ୍ଛାପତ୍ର ସର୍ବସାଧାରଣରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିଥିଲେ । ଉତ୍ତରାଧିକାରୀ ସୂତ୍ରେ ସେ ପାଇଥିବା ଏକଶହ ସତ୍ରି ଏକର ଚାଷ ଜମି ବ୍ୟତୀତ ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ ସହରରେ ନିଜେ ନିର୍ମାଣ କରିଥିବା ପକ୍ତା ବାସଗୃହ, ଗୋଳେଇ ବଗିଚା, ଏବଂ ବ୍ୟାଙ୍କରେ ଥିବା ଜମାରାଶି ଗଣଡାନ୍ତ୍ରିକ ସମାଜବାଦର ପ୍ରଚାର ଓ ସଂଗଠନ ପାଇଁ, ଏବଂ ପବ୍ଲିକଟ୍ରଷ୍ଟ ଜରିଆରେ ଜାତିଧର୍ମ ନିର୍ବିଶେଷରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ତଥା ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳର ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀଙ୍କର ଶିକ୍ଷା, ଗ୍ରାମାଞ୍ଚଳରେ ବାସ କରୁଥିବା ଦରିଦ୍ ନାରୀ ଓ ଶିଶ୍ର ମାନଙ୍କ ସ୍ୱାସ୍ଥ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ସାମାଜିକ ଉନ୍ୟନ ନିମିତ୍ତ ବ୍ୟୟ ହେବ ବୋଲି ସେ ନିଜ ଉଇଲରେ ଲିପିବଦ୍ଧ କରିଥିଲେ । ଇଚ୍ଛାପତ୍ରର ଆରୟରେ ସେ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ କରିଥିଲେ, ''ମୋ ଜୀବନରେ ଗତ କୋଡିଏ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ମୁଁ ଯେଉଁ ରାଜନୈତିକ ଓ ସାମାଜିକ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରିଆସିଛି, ସେଥିରେ ମୋର ହୃଦ୍ବୋଧ ହୋଇଛି ଯେ, ଯେଉଁ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ମୁଁ ଜନ୍ନ ହୋଇଛି ଏବଂ ମୋର ଶିକ୍ଷା ତଥା ଜୀବନର ଅଗ୍ରଗତି ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ରଣୀ, ସେହି ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଜନସାଧାରଣଙ୍କ ସେବାଲାଗି ମୁଁ ମୋର ସମୟ ସ୍ଥାବର ଅସ୍ଥାବର ସଂପତ୍ତିକୁ ସମର୍ପଣ କରିଯିବା ମୋ ପକ୍ଷରେ ସବୁ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ବାଞ୍ଚନୀୟ । ସେହି ଦୃଢ଼ ବିଶ୍ୱାସରେ ମୁଁ ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳ ଟାଉନ, ଗ୍ରାମ ହରେକୃଷପୁର ପୂର୍ବଖଣ୍ଡ ଆଦେଶୀ ଜିଲ

ତେଙ୍କାନାଳରେ ଥିବା ମୋର ସମୟ ସଂପତ୍ତି, ମୋର ନାମରେ କରେଷ ଏବଂ ସେଭିଙ୍ଗ୍ ବ୍ୟାଙ୍କ ଆକାଉଷ୍ଟରେ ନୂଆଦିଲ୍ଲୀ, କଟକ, ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ଷ୍ଟେବ୍ୟାଙ୍କ, ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ଡାକଘରେ ଜମାଥିବା ସମୟ ନଗଦ ଟଙ୍କାକୁ ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ର ଦେବ ଟ୍ରଷ୍ଟ, ଜାନକୀ ମେମୋରିଆଲ ଉଇମେନ୍ ଏଷ ଚିଲଡ୍ରେନ ଓ୍ୱେଲଫେୟାର ଟ୍ରଷ୍ଟ ଏବଂ ଜାନକୀ ମେମୋରିଆଲ ଏକ୍ରକେଶନ ଟ୍ରଷ୍ଟ ହାତରେ ଅର୍ପଣ କରିଦେଇଛି।"

୧୯୫୭ ମସିହା ସେପ୍ଟେୟର ୧୮ ତାରିଖରେ କଟକ ବଡ଼ ଡାକ୍ତରଖାନା ନସିଂହୋମରେ ଗଡ଼କାତଗାନ୍ଧୀ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ଖେଷ ନିଃଶ୍ୱାସ ତ୍ୟାଗକଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ସୟାଦ ତତ୍ୟଖାତ୍ ପ୍ରଚାର ହୋଇଗଲା ଓ ଶହଶହ ନେତୃସ୍ଥାନୀୟ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ବଡ଼ ଡାକ୍ତରଖାନା ଆସି ତାଙ୍କର ଖେଷ ଦର୍ଶନ କରିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ବିୟୋଗରେ ତତ୍କାଳୀନ ପ୍ରଧାନମନ୍ତ୍ରୀ ପଣ୍ଡିତ ଜବାହାରଲାଲ ନେହେରୁ ଏକ ଶୋକବାର୍ତ୍ତାରେ କହିଥିଲେ, ''ନିଖିଳ ଭାରତ ଦେଶୀୟ ରାଜ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଜା ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ସେ ମୋର ପୁରାତନ ସହକର୍ମୀ ଥିଲେ । ତା'ପରେ ଆମେ ସୟିଧାନ ସଭା ଏବଂ ପାର୍ଲାମେଣ୍ଟରେ ସାଙ୍ଗ ହୋଇ କାମ କରିଥିଲୁ । ତାଙ୍କର ବିୟୋଗ ଆମପାଇଁ ବିଶେଷତଃ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପାଇଁ ଏକ ବିରାଟ କ୍ଷତି'' । ଶୋକ ବିହ୍କଳିତ ହୋଇ ଜୟ ପ୍ରକାଶ ନାରାୟଣ ଲେଖିଥିଲେ, ''ସାରଙ୍ଗ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ମୃତ୍ୟୁରେ କେବଳ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ନୁହେଁ, ସମଗ୍ର ଭାରତ ବର୍ଷ ଜଣେ ଉଦାର ଦେଶପ୍ରେମୀ, ସାଧୁ, ନିର୍ଭୀକ ଦେଶସେବକଙ୍କୁ ହରାଇଲା । ତାଙ୍କର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଫଳରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ସମାଜବାଦୀ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନର ଜଣେ କର୍ଷଧାର ଚାଲିଗଲେ ।'' ଚିନ୍ତା ଓ ଚେତନାର ପ୍ରକୃତ ଗଣତନ୍ତବାଦୀ ଗଡ଼ଜାତଗାନ୍ଧୀ ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସଙ୍କ ମୃତ୍ୟୁରେ ଜାତୀୟ କବି ବୀରକିଶୋର ଦାସ ଲୁହର କାଳିରେ ଲେଖିଥିଲେ :-

ଦେବଦୂତ ତୁମେ ସରଗବାସୀ କି ଶୁଭ ଲଗନେ ଥିଲ ହେ ଆସି ପଲ୍ଲୀକୁଟୀରକୁ କରି ପୁଲକିତ ଅନ୍ଧାରି ମୂଲକ କରି ଆଲୋକିତ ନିୟକାଠେ ଭରି ଚ଼ନ୍ଦନ ସୁବାସ ନନ୍ଦନକାନନେ ଯାଇଛ ଭାସି ।





ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସମୃଦ୍ଧ ଇତିହାସ ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ଆମେରିକା ଆଗମନ: ଏକ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିପାତ

ମନୋରମା ଚୌଧୁରୀ, ମାସାଚୁସେଟ୍ସ

ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଏସିୟ ସମ୍ପ୍ରଦାୟମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କହିଲେ ପୂର୍ବ ଭାରତର ଓଡ଼ିଶା ରାଜ୍ୟର ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ବୁଝାଏ । ପ୍ରାକୃତିକ ପ୍ରାଚୁର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସମ୍ପର୍ଷଣ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଗୌରବ ବହୁ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ କାଳରୁ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଶିଳାଲେଖ, ତାମ୍ରପତ୍ର ପରିବ୍ରାଳକଙ୍କ ବିବରଣୀ ଆଦିରେ ପଢିବାକୁ ମିଳେ । ପୂର୍ବରେ ମହୋଦଧି ଠାରୁ ପଣିମରେ ଅମରକଣ୍ୟକ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଏବଂ ଉତ୍ତରରେ ଗଙ୍ଗା ଠାରୁ ଦକ୍ଷିଣରେ ଗୋଦାବରୀ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଏହାର କାୟା ସୁବିଷ୍ଠୃତ ଥିଲା । ନୀଳଗିରି, ମହେନ୍ଦ୍ରାଚଳ, ସ୍ୱର୍ଣ୍ଣାଚଳ, କପିଳାସ, ଗନ୍ଧମାର୍ଦନ, ଉଦ୍ୟଗିରି, ଖଣ୍ଡଗିରି, ଧବଳଗିରି, ମାଲ୍ୟଗିରି ଆଦି ପବିତ୍ର ପର୍ବତମାନ ଏବଂ ମହାନଦୀ, ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣୀ, ବୈତରଣୀ, ଚିତ୍ରୋତ୍ପଳା, ଦୟା, ବିରୂପା, ପ୍ରାଚୀ, ଭାର୍ଗବୀ, ରଷିକୂଲ୍ୟା, ମହେନ୍ଦ୍ରତନୟା, ବଂଶଧାରା, ସୁବର୍ଣ୍ଣରେଖା, ବୁଡ଼ାବଳଙ୍ଗ ଆଦି ପୁଣ୍ୟତୋୟା ନଦୀ ମାନେ ଏହି ଭୂଖଣ୍ଡର ମାଟିକୁ ଧୌତ କରି ପବିତ୍ର କରିଛନ୍ତି । ପୁରାଣରେ କଥିତ ଅଛି ରଷି ଦୀର୍ଘତମାଙ୍କ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦରେ ରାଜା ବଳି ଏବଂ ରାଣୀ ସୁଦେସ୍ନାଙ୍କର ପାଞ୍ଚୋଟି ପୁତ୍ର, ଅଙ୍ଗ, ବଙ୍ଗ, କଳିଙ୍ଗ, ସୁମହ ଏବଂ ପୁଂଡ୍ର ଜନ୍ମ ନେଇଥିଲେ । ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ସମୟରେ ସେମାନେ ନିଜ ନିଜ ନାମରେ ରାଜ୍ୟ ସ୍ଥାପିତ କରିଥିଲେ । ଇତିହାସରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା କଳିଙ୍ଗ, ଉତ୍କଳିଙ୍ଗ, ଉତ୍କଳ, ଓଡ୍ର, ତୋଷଳ ଆଦି ଅନେକ ନାମରେ ପରିଚିତ ଥିଲା । ଏହାର କଳାକୌଶଳର ଉତ୍କୃଷ୍ଟ ଗାଥାର ପ୍ରମାଣ "ରାମାୟଣ," "ମହାଭାରତ," "ବୋଧାୟମ ଧର୍ମପୁତ୍ର", "କପିଳ ସଂହିତା," "ଦିଗବିଜୟ ପ୍ରକାଶ", "ବୃହତ ସଂହିତା," "ୟନ୍ଦ ପୁରାଣ," "ମହ୍ୟପୁରାଣ", "ସାରଳା ମହାଭାରତ," ଆଦି ଅନେକ ଗ୍ରନ୍ଥରେ ମିଳେ । ପୁରାଣ ଯୁଗରେ ଏହି ବିଶାଳ ଭୂଖଣ୍ଡ ଏକ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରଥିଲା ।

ହାତୀଗୁମ୍ଫା ଶିଳାଲେଖରୁ ଜଣାଯାଏ ଖ୍ରୀ.ପୂ. ୩୫୦ ରେ ମଗଧର ନନ୍ଦବଂଶ ରାଜା ଏହି ରାଜ୍ୟକୁ ଅଧିକାର କରିଥିଲେ । ତେବେ ଏହାପରେ ସମ୍ଭବତଃ କଳିଙ୍ଗ ନିଜକୁ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ଘୋଷଣା କରିଥିଲା ଏବଂ ଖ୍ରୀ.ପୂ. ୨୬୧ ରେ ମୌର୍ଯ୍ୟବଂଶୀ ରାଜା ଅଶୋକ ପୁନର୍ବାର କଳିଙ୍ଗ ଆକ୍ରମଣ କରି ଅଧିକାର କରିଥିଲେ । କଳିଙ୍ଗ ଯୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଭୀଷଣ ରକ୍ତପାତରର ବିଭୀଷିକା ଅଶୋକଙ୍କ ପ୍ରାଣରେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଆଣିଥିଲା ଏବଂ ସେ ବୌଦ୍ଧ ଧର୍ମ ଅବଲୟନ କରି ଚଣ୍ଡାଶୋକରୁ ଧର୍ମାଶୋକରେ ପରିଣତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ ।

ଦଶମ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ସୋମବଂଶୀୟ ରାଜାମାନେ ଏହି ଭୂଖଣ୍ଡକୁ ଉତ୍କଳ ନାମ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସୋମବଂଶର ଶେଷ ରାଜା କର୍ଷଦେବଙ୍କୁ ପରାଜିତ କରି ଗଙ୍ଗବଂଶୀୟ ରାଜା ଚୋଡ଼ଗଙ୍ଗ ଦେବ ଏକାଦଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ନିଜ ରାଜ୍ୟ କଳିଙ୍ଗକୁ ଉତ୍କଳରେ ମିଶାଇ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ନାମ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ଶ୍ରୀମନ୍ଦିର ତାଙ୍କ ସମୟରେ ନିର୍ମିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ତାଙ୍କର ପୌତ୍ର ତୃତୀୟ ଅନଙ୍ଗଭୀମ ଦେବ ଏହି ରାଜ୍ୟକୁ ଶ୍ରୀଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ସମ୍ପର୍ପିତ କରି ନିଜକୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ଅକିଞ୍ଚନ

ରାଉତ ଭାବେ ଘୋଷଣା କରିଥିଲେ । ଗଙ୍ଗ ରାଜତ୍ୱ ସମୟରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଐଶ୍ୱର୍ଯ୍ୟ, ବିଭବ ଓ ସମୃଦ୍ଧି ଉନ୍ନତିର ଚରମସୀମା ସ୍ପର୍ଶ କରିଥିଲା । ଅନେକ ମନ୍ଦିର ମାନଙ୍କରେ ସ୍ଥାପତ୍ୟକଳାର ବିକାଶ ଘଟିଥିଲା । କୋଣାର୍କ ଏବଂ ଶ୍ରୀମନ୍ଦିର ସେମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଅନ୍ୟତମ ।

ସମୟ କ୍ରମେ ସଭ୍ୟତା ସହ ଭାଷାର ମଧ୍ୟ ବିକାଶ ହୋଇଛି । ପନ୍ଦର ଶହ ବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ବେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ଓଡ୍ରପ୍ରାକୃତ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରଚଳିତ ଥିଲା ଏବଂ ଏହା ଜୈନ ଏବଂ ବୌଦ୍ଧ ଧର୍ମର ପ୍ରଚାରର ମାଧ୍ୟମ ଭାବେ ସୁପରିଚିତ ଥିଲା । ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟପୂର୍ବ ପଞ୍ଚମ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ରଚିତ ଭରତଙ୍କ ନାଟ୍ୟଶାୟରେ ଓଡ୍ର ମାଗଧୀ ବିଭାଷାର ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ ରହିଛି । ଅଷ୍ଟମ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟା ସାହିତ୍ୟ ବୌଦ୍ଧ କବିମାନଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ରଚିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ପଞ୍ଚଦଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ମାଟିର ମହାକବି ସାରଳା ଦାସ ମହାଭାରତ ସାବଲୀଳ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ଲେଖିଥିଲେ । ଷୋଡ଼ଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ଅତିବଡ଼ି ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଦାସଙ୍କ ନବାକ୍ଷରୀ ଭାଗବତ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ଜନ୍ମ ନେଇଥିଲା । ସେ ଥିଲେ ଭକ୍ତି ଯୁଗର ପଞ୍ଚସଖା ମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଅନ୍ୟତମ ।

୧ ୫ ୬୮ ମସିହାରେ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟବଂଶ ରାଜା ମୁକୁନ୍ଦଦେବ ଗୋହିରାଟିକିରି ଯୁଦ୍ଧରେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସଘାତକତାର ଶିକାର ହୋଇ ନିହତ ହେବା ପରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଗୌରବ ରବି ଅଞ୍ଚମିତ ହେଲେ । ୧ ୫ ୬୮ରେ ଆଫଗାନ, ପରେ ମୋଗଲ ଏବଂ ୧ ୮ ୦ ୩ ରେ ଇଂଗ୍ରେଜମାନେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ ନିଜ କବଳକୁ ନେଇଥିଲେ । ଖୋର୍ଦ୍ଧାର ରାଜା ରାମଚନ୍ଦ୍ରଦେବ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟଙ୍କ ସମୟରେ ମୋଗଲମାନଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ବଞ୍ଚାଇବା ପାଇଁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଅଧୀଶ୍ୱର ଶ୍ରୀଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ପାତାଳି କରାଯାଇଥିବାର ସୂଚନା ମିଳେ । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପରାଧୀନତା ଓ ଅଧୋଗତି ହେତୁ ଏ ଜାତିର ଅପରାଜେୟ ଆତ୍ମା ଶ୍ରୀ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ବାରୟାର ପାତାଳି କରାଯାଇ ଥିବାର ପ୍ରମାଣ ମାଦଳାପାଞ୍ଜିରୁ ମିଳେ ।

୧୮୦୫ ମସିହାରେ କୟୀ ରାଜଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ବିଦ୍ରୋହରୁ ଆରୟ କରି ୧୮୧୭ ମସିହାରେ ବହି କଗବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ବିଦ୍ରୋହ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାନେ ଇଂରେଜ ରାଜଦ୍ୱ ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ ବାରୟାର ଯୁଦ୍ଧ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହୋଇଥିବା ୧୮୧୭ ମସିହାର ପାଇକ ବିଦ୍ରୋହକୁ ଭାରତର ପ୍ରଥମ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ସଂଗ୍ରାମ ହିସାବରେ ଗଣାଯାଏ । ତେଣୁ ଇଂରେଜମାନେ ଏହି ବୀରକାତିକୁ ଦୁର୍ବଳ କରିବାପାଇଁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ ତିନିଭାଗ କରି ଏହାକୁ ବଙ୍ଗ, ମାନ୍ଦ୍ରାଜ ଓ ମଧ୍ୟପ୍ରଦେଶ ଅଧୀନରେ ରଖିଥିଲେ ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କୁ ସୈନ୍ୟ ବାହିନୀରେ ଗ୍ରହଣ ନକରାଯିବା ପାଇଁ ନିୟମ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ସରକାରଙ୍କ ନକାରାମ୍ଭକ ବୃଷ୍ଟିଭଙ୍ଗୀ ପାଇଁ ୧୮୬୫-୬୬ର ନଅଙ୍କ ଦୁର୍ଭିକ୍ଷରେ ଏକ ଲକ୍ଷରୁ ଉର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୱ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଅପମୃତ୍ୟୁର କରାଳ ବିଭୀଷିକାରେ ଆହୁଡି ପଡିଥିଲେ । ବଙ୍ଗଳା ଅଧୀନରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ରହିବା ଫଳରେ ବଙ୍ଗାଳୀ ବାବୁମାନେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ପ୍ରଭାବ ବିୟାର କରିବାରେ ଲାଗିଲେ । ସେହି ସମୟରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଅଂଟା ଭାଙ୍ଗିବା ପାଇଁ କେତେକ ବଙ୍ଗାଳୀ 'ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଏକ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ ଭାଷା ନୟ' ବୋଲି ପ୍ରଚାର କରିବାରେ ଲାଗିଲେ । ଏହାର ପ୍ରତିବାଦରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ଜନ ଜାଗରଣ ଘଟିଲା ଏବଂ ଲୋକଙ୍କର ମାତୃଭାଷା ପ୍ରତି ପ୍ରେମ ଆହୁରି ପ୍ରଗାଡ଼ ହେବାରେ ଲାଗିଲା । ୧୮୮୨ରେ ଗଞ୍ଜାମବାସୀ ସମୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାଭାଷୀ ଅଞ୍ଚଳକୁ ନେଇ ଏକ ପ୍ରଦେଶ ଗଠନ କରିବାର ଦାବି କଲେ । ଉତ୍କଳ ଗୌରବ ମଧୁସୂଦନଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତେଷ୍ଠାରେ ୧୯୦୩ ମସିହାରେ ଉତ୍କଳ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ ଗଠିତ ହୋଇ ଏକ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପ୍ରଦେଶ ପାଇଁ ସଂଗ୍ରାମ ଚଳାଇଲା । ଏହାର ପରିଶତିରେ ୧୯୩୬ ଏପ୍ରିଲ ୧ ତାରିଖରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପ୍ରଥମ ଭାଷାଭିଭିକ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଭାବରେ ଗଠିତ ହେଲା ।

ଫକୀର ମୋହନ ସେନାପତି, ଉନବିଂଶ ତଥା ବିଂଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀର ପ୍ରାରୟରେ ଆଧୁନିକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟର ପିତ। ଏବଂ ସମାକ ସଂସ୍କାରକ ଭାବରେ ଉଭା ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ଅବହେଳିତ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଅୟ୍ତଗାମୀ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟଙ୍କୁ ପୁଣିଥରେ ଉଦୟଗାମୀ କରାଇବାରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଉଦ୍ୟମର ପଟାନ୍ତର ନାହିଁ । ସେ ସରଳ ଭାଷା ବ୍ୟବହାରର ପକ୍ଷପୋଷଣ କରୁଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ଓଡ଼ିଆକୁ ଏକ ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ ଭାଷା ଭାବରେ ଲୋକପ୍ରିୟ କରିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଏହି ପ୍ରୟାସ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଉପରେ ଗଭୀର ପ୍ରଭାବ ପକାଇଥିଲା ଏବଂ ଭାଷା ସଂସ୍କାର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସତ୍ୟବାଦୀ ଯୁଗ ଓ ସବୁକ ଯୁଗରେ କାରି ରହି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାର ପ୍ରଚାର ଏବଂ ମାନକରଣ ଦିଗରେ ପ୍ରମୁଖ ଭୂମିକା ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥିଲା ।

ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ବାର ମାସରେ ତେର ପର୍ବ ପାଳିତ ହେବାର ପ୍ରଥା ରହିଛି । ତେବେ ସେହି ପର୍ବ ମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ କାର୍ତ୍ତିକ ପୂର୍ଣିମା ଏବଂ ବାଲିଯାତ୍ରା ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଇତିହାସ ସହ ଅଙ୍ଗାଙ୍ଗୀ ଭାବେ କଡିଡ । ଏହି ପର୍ବ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ନୌବାଣିଙ୍ଗ ବିଭବର ସଫଳ ଉଦାହରଣ । ବାଲି, କାଭା, ସୁମାତ୍ରା, ନବଦ୍ୱୀପ, ବୋର୍ଷିଓ, ମିଆନମାର, ଚୀନ, କାପାନ, ଆଫ୍ରିକା, କାୟୋଡ଼ିଆ, ଥାଇଲାଣ୍ଡ ଆଦି ଅନେକ କାଗାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ବଶିଳମାନେ ନୌକାରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ପାରିଥିଲେ । ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରାଯାଇ ପାରେ ବୌଦ୍ଧ ଧର୍ମ ଏତଦ୍ୱାରା ଅନ୍ୟ ଦେଶମାନଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରସାରିଡ ହୋଇପାରିଥିଲା । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲିପି ଥାଇଲ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡ ଏବଂ କାୟୋଡିଆରେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳେ ଏବଂ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସ୍ଥାପତ୍ୟକଳାର ଚିହ୍ନ ସେଠାକାର ମନ୍ଦିର ଢାଞ୍ଚାରେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳେ । ବାଲିଯାତ୍ରା ଶତାବ୍ଦୀ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀ ଧରି ଚାଲି ଆସି ଥିବାର ଏବଂ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାନେ ସେହି ଦ୍ୱୀପ ପୂଞ୍ଜରେ ବସଡି ସ୍ଥାପନ କରିଥିବାର ପ୍ରମାଣ ଇତିହାସରୁ ମିଳିଥାଏ । ଭାରତ ମହାସାଗର ଏବଂ ଇଣ୍ଡୋନେସିଆ ଦ୍ୱୀପପୁଞ୍ଜର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସ୍ଥାନରୁ ଦାସ ଶ୍ରମିକ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ବୃକ୍ଷରୋପଣ ଅର୍ଥନୀତିର ସମ୍ବର୍ଦ୍ଧି ପାଇଁ ବାଣିଳ୍ୟ ବୃକ୍ତିରେ ପୂର୍ବ ଆଫ୍ରିକୀୟ ଦେଶମାନଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ଥାନାନ୍ତର କରା ଯାଇଥିଲା । ଅଷ୍ଟାଦଶ ଓ ଉନବିଂଶ ଶତବ୍ଦୀରେ ଆମେରିକୀୟ ଦାସପ୍ରଥା ଏବଂ ୟୁରୋପୀୟ ଉପନିବେଶବାଦର ଶିକାର ଆଫ୍ରିକୀୟ ଏବଂ ଭାରତୀୟମାନେ ହୋଇଥିବା ଏକ ଐତିହାସିକ ତଥ୍ୟ । କିନ୍ତୁ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ ଦାସ ଶ୍ରମିକଙ୍କର ଯଥେଷ୍ଟ ସୂଚନା ଉପଲହ୍ଧ ନାହିଁ ଏବଂ ସମୟ କ୍ରମେ ଏହି ଶ୍ରମିକମାନେ ନୂଆ ପରିଚୟକୁ ଆପଣେଇ ନେଇଛନ୍ତି । ଉନବିଂଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀର ଶେଷ ଭାଗରେ ଏଭଳି କିଛି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମୂଳ ଶ୍ରମିକ ଆମେରିକାର କାଲିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆର ଫାର୍ମ ଏବଂ ଖଣିରେ କାମ କରିବାକୁ ଆସିଥିବାର ଜଣାଯାଏ, କିନ୍ତୁ ତାହାର ମଧ୍ୟ କୌଣସି ପ୍ରମାଣିତ ଟୀକା ନାହିଁ ।

ସମୟର ସହ ତାଳ ଦେଇ ସମାଜ, ସାହିତ୍ୟ, ସଭ୍ୟତା, ଶିକ୍ଷା ଓ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ସବୁ ଦିଗରେ କ୍ରମାଗତ ଭାବେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜାତି ଉନ୍ନତି ମାର୍ଗରେ ଆଗେଇ ଚାଲିଛି । ଗାଁ ରୁ ସହରକୁ, ସହରରୁ ଅନ୍ୟ ରାଜ୍ୟକୁ, ଦେଶରୁ ବିଦେଶକୁ କ୍ରମାଗତ ଭାବରେ ନୂତନ ସୟାବନା ଆବିଷ୍କାର କରି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାନେ ନିଜକୁ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ପ୍ରତିଷା କରିପାରିଛନ୍ତି । ଆଧୁନିକ ଯୁଗରେ କେବେଠୁଁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାନେ ଆସି ଆମେରିକାରେ ବସବାସ କଲେ, ଏହି ତଥ୍ୟର ସଠିକ୍ ଉତ୍ତର ଭାରତ ସରକାର କିୟା ଆମେରିକାର ସାମାଜିକ ସୁରକ୍ଷା ବିଭାଗ ବ୍ୟତୀତ ଅନ୍ୟ ସୂତ୍ରରୁ ପାଇବା ସୟବ ନୁହେଁ । ତେବେ ପ୍ରଥମ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ହିସାବରେ ୧୯୦୯ ମସିହାରେ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳର ସାରଙ୍ଗଧର ଦାସ ଆସିଥିଲେ ବୋଲି ଧରି ନିଆଯାଇ ପାରେ । ୧୯୫୦ ସୁଦ୍ଧା ଆମେରିକାକୁ ୨୦ ଜଣ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଉଚ୍ଚଶିକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ଆସିଥିଲେ କିନ୍ତୁ ସେମାନେ ସମୟେ ଫେରି ଯାଇଥିଲେ ବୋଲି ସୂଚନା ରହିଛି । ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ସମୟରେ ବିଂଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀର ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ଭାଗରେ

ଧୀରେଧୀରେ ଆମେରିକୀୟ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଅନୁଷାନ ଗୁଡିକରେ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ଗବେଷଣାର ଉଚ୍ଚାକାଂକ୍ଷା ନେଇ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ଆମେରିକାକୁ ଆସିଥିବାର ଜଣାଯାଏ । କଟକ ମେଡିକାଲ କଲେଜରୁ ସର୍ବ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଉତ୍ତୀର୍ଷ ଛାତ୍ରମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ପାଞ୍ଚ ଜଣ ଉଚ୍ଚ ଶିକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ଆମେରିକା ଆସିଥିବାର ଜଣାଯାଏ । ତେବେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଚାରି ଜଣ ଏଠାରେ ସ୍ଥାୟୀ ଭାବରେ ବସତି ସ୍ଥାପନ କରିଥିଲେ । ୨୦୨୨ ମସିହା ଉର୍ମିରେ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ଶ୍ରୀ ଜ୍ଞାନ ରଞ୍ଜନ ଦାଶଙ୍କ ଏକ ପ୍ରବନ୍ଧରେ କେଉଁମାନେ ସବୁ ୧୯୬୦ ସୁଦ୍ଧା ଆମେରିକାକୁ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଉଚ୍ଚ ଶିକ୍ଷା ହାସଲ ପାଇଁ ଆସିଥିଲେ ତାହାର ଏକ ବିସ୍ତୃତ ବିବରଣୀ ରହିଛି । ପ୍ରାବନ୍ଧିକ ଡ଼. ବିଜୟ ମିଶ୍ର ଏବଂ ଲାଲୁ ମାନସିଂହଙ୍କ ୨୦୧୯ ମସିହା ଉର୍ମିରେ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ଦୁଇଟି ପ୍ରବନ୍ଧରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଉପରୋକ୍ତ ପ୍ରବାସୀଙ୍କ ବ୍ୟତୀତ ୧୯୭୦ର ପ୍ରଥମ ଭାଗରେ ଆସିଥିବା ଅନ୍ୟ କେତେକଣଙ୍କ ନାମ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ ରହିଛି (ନିମ୍ନଦଉ ସହାୟକ ସୂଚୀ ଦର୍ଶନୀୟ) । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ସମୟରେ ପାଖପାଖି ପନ୍ଦରରୁ କୋଡ଼ିଏ ହଜାର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଆମେରିକାରେ ରହି ଥିବାର ସ୍ତନା ମିଳେ ।

ବିଂଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀର ଶେଷ ଭାଗରେ ଆମେରିକାରେ କମ୍ପ୍ୟୁଟର କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଚାହିଦା ବୃଦ୍ଧି ପାଇବା ହେତୁ ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ସମୟରେ ଭିସା ନିୟମକୁ ଲାଘବ କରାଯାଇ ଥିଲା । ଯେଉଁଠି ୧୯୪୬ ମସିହାରେ କେବଳ ୧୦୦ ଜଣକୁ ଆମେରିକା ଆସିବାକୁ ଅନୁମତି ମିଳୁଥିଲା ସେଇଠି ୨୦୦୦ ମସିହାବେଳକୁ ଆମେରିକା ପାଇଁ ବର୍ଷକୁ ୮୦,୦୦୦ ଏବଂ କାନାଡା ପାଇଁ ୩୦,୦୦୦ ପ୍ରବାସୀଙ୍କୁ ଅନ୍ମତି ମିଳିଲା । ଯାହା ଫଳରେ କେବଳ ଉଚ୍ଚ ଶିକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ନୁହେଁ, ବିଭିନ୍ନ ୟରର ଚାକିରି ଓ ବ୍ୟବସାୟ, ଏବଂ ସ୍କୁଲ ଓ କଲେଜ ଶିକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ମଧ୍ୟ ବହୁ ସଂଖ୍ୟାରେ ଛାତ୍ରମାନେ ଅନ୍ୟ ଦେଶରୁ ଆମେରିକାକୁ ଆସିଥିଲେ । ଏହି ପ୍ରବାସୀ ମାନଙ୍କ ସହ ବହୁ ସଂଖ୍ୟାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାନେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଆସିଥିଲେ । ସେମାନେ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ଏ ଦେଶରେ ନିଜ ବସତି ସ୍ଥାପନ କରିବା ସହ ଓଡିଆ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ପ୍ରସାର କରି ଚାଲିଛନ୍ତି । ସେହି ଦିନଠାରୁ, ଆମେରିକାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମ୍ପ୍ରଦାୟ କୁମାଗତ ଭାବରେ ବୃଦ୍ଧି ପାଇଲା, ଅଧୁକାଂଶ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଉତ୍ତର-ପୂର୍ବରେ, ବିଶେଷ କରି ନ୍ୟୁୟର୍କ, ନ୍ୟୁକର୍ସି ଏବଂ ମେରିଲ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡରେ ଅବସ୍ଥାନ କରିଥିଲେ । ଆମେରିକାର ପ୍ରଥମ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂଗଠନ, ଓଡ଼ିଶା ସୋସାଇଟି ଅଫ୍ ଆମେରିକା, ୧୯୬୯ ମସିହାରେ ନ୍ୟୁୟର୍କ ସହରରେ ପ୍ରତିଷିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଆମେରିକାର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମ୍ପ୍ରଦାୟ ନିଜର ସାଂସ୍କୃତିକ ଐତିହ୍ୟ ବଜାୟ ରଖିବା ପାଇଁ ଏବଂ ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପିଢ଼ିକୁ ପ୍ରୋହାହିତ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଅନେକ ସଂଗଠନ ପ୍ରତିଷା କରି ଚାଲିଛନ୍ତି । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସୋସାଇଟି ଅଫ୍ ଆମେରିକାର ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ୧୯ଟି ଅଧ୍ୟାୟ ଆମେରିକା ଓ କାନାଡ଼ାରେ ସକ୍ରିୟ ଅଛି । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକେ ନିଜ ନିଜ ସ୍ଥାନରେ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପର୍ବପର୍ବାଣ ଯଥା -ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସ, ବଣଭୋଜି, କୁମାର ପୂର୍ତ୍ତିମା, ଏବଂ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ନୃତ୍ୟ, ଗୀତ, ନାଟକ ଆଦି ସାଂସ୍କୃତିକ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକୁମରେ ଲିପ୍ଟ ରହି ସେହି ଅଂଚଳରେ ରହୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କୁ ସଂଗଠିତ ରଖିବାରେ ସମର୍ଥ ହେଇଛନ୍ତି । କିଛି ଜାଗାରେ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ମଧ୍ୟ ଶିଖାଇବାର ପ୍ରୟାସ ଜାରି ରହିଛି ।

ମିଶ୍ର, କ୍ୱେଷ ଡାଇଗ୍ନୋସ୍ଟିକର ପୂର୍ବତନ ଅଧିକ୍ଷ ଓ ସଭାପତି ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ମହାପାତ୍ର, Berkshire Hathaway ବୀମା ବିଭାଗର ଉପାଧିକ୍ଷ ଅଜିତ କୈନ, UAS Laboratoryର ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠାତ ଓ ଅଧିକ୍ଷ ଡ. ଶିତକଣ ଦାଶ, ଓ ହାଇସିଡ୍ ବ୍ରଡ଼ବ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡ ଯୋଗାଯୋଗ ପ୍ରଣାଳୀ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଶ୍ରୀ କେଶବ ପରହି ଅନ୍ୟତମ । ଶ୍ରୀ ଯୋଗେଶ ପତି ଯିଏ କି ଜଣେ ମେରିଲାଣ୍ଡ ୟୂନିଭରସିଟିରେ ପଦାର୍ଥ ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ, ସେ ଭାରତ ସରକାରଙ୍କଠାରୁ ପଦ୍କଭୂଷଣ ଉପାଧିରେ ସନ୍ନାନିତ ତାଙ୍କର ଗବେଷଣତ୍ପକ କୃତି (awarded Dirac Medal for "Quest for Unification", 2000) ପାଇଁ । ଏମାନଙ୍କ ବ୍ୟତୀତ ବିଭୁ ମହାପାତ୍ର ଫେସନ କଗତରେ ଏକ ଜଣାଶୁଣା ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠିତ ନାମ ଯିଏ କି ମିଶେଲ ଓବାମାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ମଧ୍ୟ ବସ୍ତ ତିଆରି କରିଛନ୍ତି । ସ୍ୱର୍ଗତ ଡ଼. ପ୍ରସନ୍ନ ପତି ପ୍ରଥମ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଯିଏ କି ହଲିଉଡ଼ ମୁଭି 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest' ରେ ଅଭିନୟ କରିଥିଲେ । ଏବଂ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ସମୟରେ ହଲିଉଡ଼ ଚଳଚିତ୍ର 'ମିଲିଅନ ଡଲାର ଆର୍ମ'ରେ ପୀତବାସ ତ୍ରିପାଠୀ ନିଜପାଇଁ ଏକ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ ପରିଚୟ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରି ପାରିଛନ୍ତି । ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କ କେବଳ କର୍ମଭୂମି ଆମେରିକା ପାଇଁ ନୁହେଁ, ସେମାନଙ୍କ ନିଜ ମାତୃଭୂମି ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପ୍ରତି ମଧ୍ୟ ଅବଦାନ ରହିଛି । ସେଥି ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଏଠାରେ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ ଯୋଗ୍ୟ ୫ ୪ ଜଣ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମିଶି ଓଡ଼ିଶାର କଳିଙ୍ଗ ହସ୍ଦିଟାଲର ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠା କରିଥିଲେ ଯାହା ଅଗଣିତ ଓଡ଼ିଶାବାସୀଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଏକ ଅମୁଲ୍ୟ ଦାନ ।

ଏହା ବ୍ୟତୀତ ଅନେକ କବି, ଲେଖକ, ପ୍ରାବନ୍ଧିକ, ଔପନ୍ୟାସିକ, ପ୍ରକାଶକ ଏବଂ ପ୍ରକାଶନ ସଂସ୍ଥା ମାନେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସମୟ କ୍ରମେ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାନଙ୍କର କାହାଣୀକୁ ଲିପିବଦ୍ଧ କରିବାରେ ନିଜର ସଫଳ ଉଦ୍ୟମ ଜାରି ରଖିଛନ୍ତି । ଓଡ଼ିଶୀ ଶାସ୍ତୀୟ ଏବଂ ଲୋକନୃତ୍ୟଶିଳ୍ପ ମାନେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର କଳାକୁ ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ପିଡ଼ିମାନଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ସୁରକ୍ଷିତ କରିବାରେ ସକ୍ଷମ ହେଇ ପାରିଛନ୍ତି । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ୟରରେ, ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ଅବା ଗୋଷୀଗତ ଭାବେ ହେଉ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ବଞ୍ଚାଇ ରଖି ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ଆଗାମୀ ପିଡ଼ି ପାଇଁ ଭିତ୍ତିପ୍ରୟର ତିଆରି କରିଛନ୍ତି; ତଦ୍ୱାରା ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ଅସ୍ମିତା ଓ ଅସ୍ଥିତ୍ୱର ପ୍ରସାର ଘଟି ପାର୍ରଛି ।

ଯେଉଁଠି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସେଇଠି ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରାଣ, ଆଉ ସେ ହେଲେ ସେ ଜାତିର ପ୍ରତୀକ ଶ୍ରୀ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ । ଆମେରିକାରେ ନ୍ୟାସଭିଲ, ଟେନେସି; କନେକଟିକଟ; ମିନିଆପଲିସ; ବୋଷ୍ଟନ, ମାସାଚୁସେଟସ; ହଂଚଭିଲ, ଆଲାବାମା; କ୍ଲିଭଲାଣ୍ଡ, ଓହାଇଓ; ଡେଟରୋଇଟ, ମିଚିଗାନ; ଫ୍ରିମଣ୍ଡ, କାଲିଫୋର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ; ଡାଲାସ ଏବଂ ଅଷ୍ଟିନ, ଟେକ୍ସ; ଇଲିନୋଇସ, ଚିକାଗୋ; ନ୍ୟୁୟର୍କ; ଓ୍ୱାଶିଂଗଟନ, ଡିସି; ମିନେସୋଟା; ସ୍ଟସଡେଲ, ଆରିଜୋନା, ଟାମ୍ପା, ଫ୍ଲୋରିଡ଼ା; ଏବଂ ଓ୍ୱାଶିଂଗଟନ ରାଜ୍ୟର ମନ୍ଦିର ମାନଙ୍କରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜାତିର ପ୍ରତୀକ, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜାତିର ଅପରାଜେୟ ଆତ୍ପା, ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ପାଣ ପତିଷା ମଧ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ପାରିଛି ।

ଏହି ପ୍ରବନ୍ଧରେ ମୋର ଚେଷ୍ଟା ଥିଲା ଆମେରିକାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କ ଆବର୍ତ୍ତନ ବିବର୍ତ୍ତନକୁ ନେଇ ଦୁଇ ପଦ ଲେଖିବା । ତଥାପି ଇତିହାସ ପୃଷ୍ପାରୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଇତିହାସକୁ ଅଞ୍ଚ ଶବ୍ଦରେ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ କରିବା ଉଚିତ ହେବ ବୋଲି ମନେ କଲି । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଦୂରଦିଗନ୍ତ ବିୟାରୀ ଇତିହାସକୁ ଅଞ୍ଚ ଶବ୍ଦରେ ବର୍ତ୍ତନା କରିବା ଯେ କୌଣସି ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଙ୍କ ପକ୍ଷରେ ସହକ ସାପେକ୍ଷ ନୁହେଁ । ବାଣିଙ୍ଗ୍ୟ ଲାଗି ବାଲିଯାତ୍ରାରୁ ଆରୟ କରି ଉଚ୍ଚ ଶିକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ଆମେରିକା ଯାତ୍ର। ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀ ବିତି ଗଲାଣି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜାତି ନିଜର ଭାଷା ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ସବୁବେଳେ ବଜାୟ ରଖିବା ପାଇଁ ସର୍ବଦା

ଚେଷ୍ଟାରତ ଅଛି ଏବଂ ଥିବ ବୋଲି ମୋର ବିଶ୍ୱାସ । ଆମ ଅଗୁଦୃତ ମାନେ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଆମେରିକାରେ ଆସି ଅନ୍ୟ ମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ପଥପଦର୍ଶକ ଭାବେ ଅନ୍ସରଣର ସେତ୍ର ଗଢି ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଆଜି ସେହି ପଥରେ ଅଗଣିତ ଓଡିଆ ପବାସୀ ନିଜର ସପ ନେଇ ବିନା ଦ୍ୱିଧାରେ ଆସଛନ୍ତି । ଆମେରିକା ଏବଂ କାନାଡାର ଅର୍ଥନୀତିକ ସହଯୋଗ କରିବାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରବାସୀମାନେ ନିଜର ଭୂମିକା ନିର୍ବାହ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ସେମାନେ ନିଜର ଉନ୍ନତି ସହ ନିଜ ମାତୃଭୂମିକ୍ ମଧ୍ୟ ସଶକ୍ତ କରିବାପାଇଁ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସମାଜସେବା ଅନୁଷାନ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ପାଷି ଅବା ଶ୍ରମ ଦାନ ମଧ୍ୟ କରି ପାରିଛନ୍ତି । ଏଠାରେ ଶିତକଣ ଦାଶ ଏବଂ ଶୀ ଶନ୍ଧାନନ୍ଦ ମିଶଙ୍କ ଯେଭଳି ଭାବେ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଅନଷାନ ସହିତ ଜଡିତ ରହି ସାମାଜିକ ଉହାନ ପାଇଁ ପଭ୍ରତ ଆର୍ଥିକ ସହାୟତା ପଦାନ କର୍ଛନ୍ତି, ତାହା ଉଲ୍ଲେଖନୀୟ । ମୋର ନିଜର ଅନ୍ଭ୍ରତି କହେ, ଆମେରିକାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ନିଜ ମୂଳ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଅନ୍ୱେଷଣରେ ବ୍ୟୟ ଥିବା ବେଳେ, ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ନୂଆ ପିଡ଼ିର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାନେ ପାଣ୍ଟାତ୍ୟମୁଖୀ ସଭ୍ୟତାର ଅନୁକରଣ କରିବାରେ ଲାଗିଛନ୍ତି । ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଦୂରରୁ ପାହାଡ଼ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଦିଶୁଥିବ ନିଷୟ । ସେହି ପିଡ଼ିର ପ୍ରବାସୀ ମାନେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଏଠାକୁ ଆସନ୍ତି ସେମାନେ ବିଦେଶର ରହଣି ସହଣି, ଭାଷା, ଢାଞ୍ଚାରେ ନିଜକୁ ଅତି ଶୀଘୁ ଖାପ ଖୁଆଇ ନେବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରନ୍ତି । ତେଶୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ନିଜର ଐତିହ୍ୟ, ଗୌରବକ୍ ବିଦେଶରେ କେତେ ପିଢି ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ପତିଷା କରି ରଖପାରିବେ ତାହା ହୁଏତ ଆଗକ୍ ସମୟ କହି ପାରିବ । ବଂଶାନୁକ୍ରମିକ ଇତିହାସକୁ ସମୀକ୍ଷା କଲେ ୟଷ୍ଟ ଅନୁମାନ କରାଯାଇପାରେ ଯେ ତୃତୀୟ ପିଢ଼ିର ସନ୍ତାନ ମାନେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ମୌଳିକ ସଭା ଖୋଜିବା ପାଇଁ ସବ୍ବେଳେ କୌତ୍ହଳୀ ହଅନ୍ତି । ତେଣ୍ ମୋର ବିଶ୍ୱାସ, ଯେ ଯାଏଁ ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କର ପ୍ରାଣର ଦେବତା ଶ୍ରୀ ଜଗନ୍ୱାଥ ତାଙ୍କ ସହ ଥିବେ, ସେ ଯାଏଁ ଯେଉଁଠି ରହିଲେ ବି ଓଡିଆମାନେ ତାଙ୍କର ମାଟି ସହ ଜଡି ରହିବାକ ଚେଷା ନିଷୟ କରଥିବେ ।

Ref:

- ୧. Mishra, Pt. Antaryami; -କଳିଙ୍ଗ-ଉତ୍କଳ-ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପ୍ରବନ୍ଧ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଐତିହ୍ୟ ଗାଥା -ବାଲିଯାତ୍ରା -ପବନ୍ଧ
- 9. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History_of_Odisha#:~: text= The % 20early% 20 his tory% 20of% 20O disha, point % 20in% 20the% 20region's% 20 history
- 3. Dash, Jnana Ranjan; -Twenty Pioneer Odias in North America from the 1950's Urmi, 2022
- 4. Mishra, Dr. Bijoy: -OSA in fifty years- 2069- Article, Urmi, 2019
- 5. Mansinha, Lau; Golden Anniversary of The Odisha Society of Americas-Article, Urmi, 2019
- 6. https://academic.oup.com/jsh/article/54/1/1/5901211
- 7. https://iisg.amsterdam/files/2022-10/slaveries-2946.pdf



ତାଲିକା ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ, ଡେଟନ୍ , ମେରିଲାଣ୍ଡ

ଏପ୍ରିଲ୍ ମାସର ପ୍ରଥମ ତାରିଖ । ଓଡିଶା ପାଇଁ କେତେ ବଡ ଦିନ । ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପ୍ରଦେଶ ଏହିଦିନ ଗଠିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଏ ଦିନକୁ ନେଇ ଓଡ଼ିଶାବାସୀ ଗର୍ବ ଓ ଗୌରବ ଅନୁଭବ କରନ୍ତି । ଏହିଦିନକୁ ପ୍ରତିଷା କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଯେଉଁ କେତେକଣ ଓଡିଆ ସଂଘର୍ଷ କରିଥିଲେ, କଷ୍ଟ ସହିଥିଲେ, ମନପ୍ରାଣ ଢାଳିଦେଇଥିଲେ, ସେମାନଙ୍କ କାହାଣୀ ବହିରେ ମୁଦ୍ରିତ ହୋଇ ରହିଛି ସତ, ହେଲେ ଆଜିକାଲିର ଯୁବପିଢି ସେସବୁ ପଡ଼ିବାକୁ, ମନେ ରଖିବାକୁ ଚାହେଁ ନାହିଁ । ଆଜିର ଯୁଗରେ ସବୁକିଛି ଉତ୍ସବ, ମହୋତ୍ସବ, ଖାଦ୍ୟ, ପାନୀୟ, ନାଚ, ଗୀତର ଆସର । ସେଠି ଇତିହାସକୁ ଆଲୋଚନା, ପର୍ଯ୍ୟାଲୋଚନା କରି ସମୟ ବରବାଦ କରିବାରେ କଣଟା ଲାଭ ? ଏଇଆ ହେଲା ଆଜିର ଯୁବପିଢିଙ୍କର ବିଚାର ।

ମାର୍ଚ୍ଚ ମାସ ପହିଲାରେ ହଠାତ୍ ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁଙ୍କର ଖିଆଲ ଆସିଲା । କରୋନା ତ ଏବେ ଗଲାଣି ପ୍ରାୟ କହିଲେ ଚଳେ । ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସଟାକୁ ଏଥର ପାଳିଲେ କେମିତି ହୁଅନ୍ତା ? ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କ ସାଥୀରେ ଭେଟାଭେଟି ହେବା ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ନାଚ, ଗୀତ, ଖିଆ, ପିଆ, କିଛି ସାଂସ୍କୃତିକ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ଏମିତି ସବୁ କରି ଗୋଟିଏ ଉପଭୋଗ କରିହୁଅନ୍ତା । ଏ ଖିଆଲଟିକୁ ପତ୍ନୀ ଅନୁପମାଙ୍କୁ କହିବା ମାତ୍ରେ, ସିଏ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ହାତ ଦେଇ ବସିଲେ । "ତମର ସତରେ କଣ କିଛି କଥା ମନେରହୁନି ନା କଣ ? ମତେ ତ ଡରଲାଗୁଛି । ଇଏ ସେ ଡିମେନ୍ସିଆ ଲକ୍ଷଣ ଆଉ ନୁହେଁ ତ ? ଏଇ ଗତ ସପ୍ତାହରେ ପରା ଇରା ତମକୁ ନିମନ୍ତଣ କରିଥିଲା ସିଏ ସେଦିନ ଗୋଟିଏ ସଂଗୀତ ଆସର କରୁଛି ବୋଲି । ଆଉ ତମେ ବି ତ ତାକୁ କଥା ଦେଇଦେଲ, ସେଥିରେ ଗାୟକ ସାଜିବ । ପୁଣି ଆଜି କହୁଛ, ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସଟାକୁ ଏଥର ପାଳିଲେ କେମିତି ହୁଅନ୍ତା ?''

ସଦାନନ୍ଦବାବୂ ମନେ ପକେଇଲେ । ହଁ ଇରା ଏମିତି କିଛି କହୁଥିଲା । ହେଲେ ସେ କଥାଟିକୁ ଏତେ ଭଲ ଭାବରେ ମନେ ପକେଇପାରୁନାହାନ୍ତି ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ । ସେତେବେଳେ ହୁଏତ ସିଏ ଭଲରେ ଶୁଣିନାହାନ୍ତି କି କଣ ? ସେଇଥିପାଇଁ "ହଁ' କହିଦେଇଥିବେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଇରା ଏପ୍ରିଲ୍ ଏକ ତାରିଖ ଦିନ ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସ ପାଳନ କରିବାପାଇଁ ଯୋଗାଡ ନକରି ସଂଗୀତ ଆସର କଣ ପାଇଁ କରୁଛି ?

ଅନୁପମା କହିଲେ, "ମଲା, ତାର ଇଛା ହେଲା ସିଏ ଯାହା କରିବାର କରିବ। ସେଥିରେ ତୁମେ କିଏ କହିବାକୁ ? ତୁମ ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଲେ ଯିବ, ଇଚ୍ଛା ନହେଲେ ନଯିବ। ବାସ୍, କଥା ଶେଷ । ସିଏ କାହିଁକି କଲା, କଣ କରିଥିଲେ ଭଲ ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତା, ସେସବୁ ଭାବିବାକୁ ଆମେ କିଏ ?'

- "ଠିକ୍, ତମେ ଠିକ୍ କହିଛ । ତାହେଲେ ଆଉ ଏବର୍ଷ ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସ ପାଳନ କୋଉଠି ହୋଉଚି ନା ନାହିଁ।"
- "ହୋଉଚି । ଏବେତ ଏ ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସ ଗୋଟିଏ ଫେସନ ପାଲଟିଯାଇଛି । ଖାଲି ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସ କଣ, ଯେ କୌଣସି ପର୍ବପର୍ବାଣି ପାଳନ ପାଇଁ ଗୋଟିଏ ନିଶା ଚଢିଛି । ଯେ କୌଣସି ଓଡିଆ ଖବରକାଗଜ ପଢିଦେବ ତ ତମ ହାଲୁକ ଶୁଖିଯିବ । ଓଡିଆମାନେ ଏ ପର୍ବପର୍ବାଣି ପାଳିବାରେ ଏବେ ଖୁବ୍ ଅଗ୍ରଣୀ । ତା' ସହିତ ୟୁ ଟୁବ୍ ଭିଡିଓ କରିବାରେ ବି । କିଏ ମଣ୍ଡାପିଠା କରିବାର ପ୍ରଣାଳୀ କରି ଫଟୋ ରଖିଲାଣି ତ, କିଏ ପଖାଳ ଖାଇ ଫଟୋ, ଭିଡିଓ ରଖିଲାଣି । ସବୁ ଖାଲି ଭାଇରାଲ୍ । ଆଉ ତମେ ପଚାରୁଛ, ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସ କୁଆଡେ ହୋଉଛି ନା' ନାହିଁ ।"
- 'ତମ ସ୍ତୀ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କର ଏମିତି କଥାରୁ ନଥା ବାହାର କରିବାର ଅଭ୍ୟାସ । ମୋ ପଚାରିବାର ମତଲବ ହେଲା, ଏ ଆମେରିକାରେ, ଆଉ ତମେ ସେ ଓଡିଶା ଭିତରକୁ କାହିଁକି ପଶିଗଲ ?''
- "ତମର ଯୋଉ କଥା ! ତମେ କଣ ଆମେରିକା ଓଡିଆ ମାନଙ୍କର ଖବର ରଖୁନ ନା କଣ ? ଏବେ ଅନେକ ରାଜ୍ୟରେ ଓଡିଆମାନେ ଓଡିଶା ଦିବସ ପାଳନ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ସବୁ ପରା ସେମାନେ ଫେସ୍ବୁକ୍ ଆଉ ହ୍ୱାଟ୍ସ ଆପ୍ରେ ଛାଡୁଛନ୍ତି । ଅନେକଙ୍କ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ସବୁ ଫେସ୍ବୁକ୍ରେ ଲାଇଭ୍ ପ୍ରସାରିତ ହବ । ଯେତେ ଦେଖିବ, ଯାହାକୁ ଦେଖିବ, ଦେଖୁଥା। ସେସବୁ ପୁଣି ମାଗଣା, ନିଜ ଘରେ ରହି, ନିଜ ସୋଫାରେ ବସି, ଚାହା, ଜଳଖିଆ ଖାଉଖାଉ ଦେଖୁଥା।"
- "ଯାହାହେଉ, ଓଡିଆମାନଙ୍କର ଏଇଟା ଗୋଟିଏ ଆଗୁଆ ହେବାର ନିଦର୍ଶନ । ଏବେ ବହୁତ ଓଡିଆ ପ୍ରୀତି ବାହାରୁଛି । ବଡିଆ କଥା । ଦେଖିବା, ସମୟ ମିଳିଲେ ଟିକେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଫେସୁକ୍ ଲାଇଭ୍ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ୍ ଦେଖିବା ।"
- "ସମୟ ମିଳିବ କୋଉଠୁ ? ଯଦି ଇରାର ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ୍କୁ ଯିବ ତ, ସେଠିକୁ କଲେ ବାଟରେ ଦୁଇଘଣ୍ଟା ଯିବ, ସେଠି ତିନି, ଚାରି ଘଣ୍ଟା, ଏମିତି ହୋଇ ପଞ୍ଚଘଣ୍ଟା ଯିବ । ମୁଁ ଟିକେ ସେଦିନ ସକାଳେ ମିନି ପାଖକୁ ଯିବି ବୋଲି ଭାବୁଥିଲି । କାରଣ ରବିବାର ଦିନ ଯାଇହେବନି । ମୋର ଯୋଗ କ୍ଲାସ୍ ଅଛି । ତମେ ଯାହା ଭାବିବ, ସେମିତି କରିବା ।''
- "ମିନି ପାଖକୁ ତା' ପୂର୍ବ କି ପର ସପ୍ତାହରେ ଗଲେ ହେବନି ?''ଏମିଡି ପ୍ରଶ୍ମଟିଏ ତ ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ ପଚାରିଦେଲେ । ହେଲେ ଉତ୍ତରରେ ଅନୁପମା ଯେଉଁ ତାଲିକା ଦେଲେ ଓ ସେ ତାଲିକାକୁ ବର୍ତ୍ତନା କରିବାକୁ ନେଇ ଯେଉଁ ଅନର୍ଗଳ ବକ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଦେଲେ, ସେସବୁ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଆଉ ନଥିଲା ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁଙ୍କର ।

ସବୁ ଶନିବାର, ରବିବାର କିଛି ନା କିଛି ଚାଲିଛି। ସେଥିରେ ବିବାହ ବାର୍ଷିକୀର ରୋିପ୍ୟ ଜୟନ୍ତୀ, ଜନ୍ନଦିନ, ଅବସର ଗ୍ରହଣ ବା ରିଟାୟାର୍ମେଣ୍ଟ ପାର୍ଟି, ହୋଲି, ଶାସ୍ତୀୟ ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ସମାରୋହ, ଶାସ୍ତୀୟ ନୃତ୍ୟ ମହୋସବ ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ସୁଇଟ୍ ସିକ୍ସଟିନ୍ ପାର୍ଟି, ସହରର ବସନ୍ତ ଉସ୍ତବ, ଲେକ୍ ସାଇଡ୍ ମ୍ୟୁଜିକ୍ ଫେଷ୍ଟିଭାଲ୍ ଓ ମନ୍ଦିରର ଯାବତୀୟ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ମଧ୍ୟ ସାମିଲ୍ ଥିଲା। ତାଲିକା କଥା ଶୁଣି ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁଙ୍କର ହାଲୁକ ଶୁଖିଗଲା। ଏ ସବୁରୁ ଅନେକ ଉସ୍ତବ, ମହୋସ୍ତବ ସିଏ ନିଜେ ଆରୟ କରେଇଛନ୍ତି। ଆଉ ଅନେକ ଉସ୍ତବ, ମହୋସ୍ତବ ତ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ଜୀବନରେ

ବହୁତ ମୂଲ୍ୟବାନ । କୋଉଠିକୁ ଯିବେ, କୋଉଠିକୁ ନଗଲେ ଚଳିବ, ଏସବୁ ନିହାତି ଭାବିବାକୁ ପଡିବ । ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ସମସ୍ୟା ହେଲା ଏ ଭାରତୀୟ ଉସ୍ତବ, ମହୋସ୍ତବମାନଙ୍କର ପାଳନ କରିବା ଢଙ୍ଗକୁ ନେଇ । କୌଣସି କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଠିକ୍ ସମୟରେ ଆରୟ ହେବ ହିଁ ନାହିଁ । ଲେଖିଥିବେ ୪ଟାରେ ଆରୟ ହେବ, ଆରୟ ହେଉହେଉ ୬ଟା ବାଜିବ । କୋଉଠି କଳାକାର ମାନେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ନଥିବେ; କୋଉଠି ମାଇକ୍ରୋଫୋନ୍ କାମ କରିବନି, କୋଉଠି ଦର୍ଶକମାନେ ପହଞ୍ଚିନଥିବେ; କୋଉଠି ଲୋକ ଖାଉଖାଉ, ଗପ କରୁକରୁ ଡେରି ହୋଇଯିବ; ଏମିତି ଅନେକ କଥା ଅନୁଭବ କରିକରି ଏବେ ପୋଖତ ହୋଇଗଲେଣି ସେମାନେ ।

ହେଲେ ଏବର୍ଷର ସବୁ ସମାରୋହର ଗୋଟିଏ ତାପୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ରହିଛି । ସେସବୁ ହେଲା ଏ ଜୀବନର ଆକସ୍ମିକତା ଓ ସ୍ଥିତିକୁ ନେଇ ସମଞ୍ଚେ ତିନି ବର୍ଷ ଧରି କରୋନାର ଭୟାବହତା ସହିତ ଯେଉଁ ଅନୁଭୂତି ଅର୍ଜନ କଲେ, ଯେଉଁ ଦୁଃଖ, କଷ୍ଟ ସହିଲେ, ସେସବୁ ଆବେଗକୁ, ଇଚ୍ଛାକୁ ପୂରଣ କରିବାର ନିଶା । ଏବେ ଚାରିଆଡେ ସେମିତି ହୋହଲ୍ଲା ଚାଲିଛି । ଉତ୍ସବ, ମହୋହବ ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ବୂଲାବୁଲି, ବିଦେଶ ଯାତ୍ରା, ସିନେମା, ଥିଏଟର୍ସ, କୁଳ, ରେଷ୍ଟୁରାଷ୍ଟ, ସବୁ ଚଳଚଞ୍ଚଳ । ସେସବୁ ଦେଖି ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ କୃତକୃତ୍ୟ ହୋଇଯାଆନ୍ତି । ଭଗବାନ ସମୟଙ୍କ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ଶୁଣିଛନ୍ତି । କରୋନା ମହମାରୀ ଆୟତରେ ଅଛି । ସେଇଥିପାଇଁ ଉଭୟ ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ ଓ ଅନୁପମା ମଧ୍ୟ ଚାହୁଁଥିଲେ କି ଯେତେ ସବୁ ସୟବ, ସେ ଉହବ, ମହୋହବରେ ସାମିଲ୍ ହେବାକୁ । କିଏ ଜାଣେ, ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ ଆଉ କେଉଁ ଆୟର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରି ରହିଛି ? ଆଉ ସେ ସୁଯୋଗ ସବୁ ଆସିବ କି ନାହିଁ ?

ହେଲେ ଉଭୟ ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ ଓ ଅନୁପମ। ଏବେ ବି କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରତ । ସୋମବାରରୁ ଶୁକ୍ରବାର ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ନିଜନିଜର ବ୍ୟବସାୟିକ ପେଶାରେ ବ୍ୟୟ ରହିଯାନ୍ତି । ସେତେବେଳେ ଫୁରୁସତ୍ ମିଳେନି । ଆଉ ଦୁଇଟି ଦିନ ବଳିଲା, ଶନିବାର ଓ ରବିବାର; ବିଶ୍ରାମ ନେବାକୁ, ଘରକାମ କରିବାକୁ, ଦୋକାନ ବଜାର ଯିବାକୁ । ତା' ଭିତରୁ ସମୟ ବାହାର କରି ଏତେଆଡେ ଯାଇଆସି ହୁଏନି । ବିଶେଷତଃ ରବିବାର ଅପରାହ୍ନ କି ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାବେଳେ ଯଦି କିଛି ଉହବ, ମହୋହ୍ୟବ ଥାଏ, ସେସବୁକୁ ସିଧା ମନା କରିଦେବାକୁ ସେମାନେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଫର୍ମୁଲା କରିଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । ସେ ଫର୍ମୁଲାରେ ଆହୁରି ଅନେକ ସର୍ଭ ମଧ୍ୟ ସାମିଲ୍ ଅଛି । ସ୍ଥାନର ଦୂରତା, ସେଦିନର ପାଣିପାଗ, ଆରୟ ସମୟ, କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମର ଲୋକ ଗହଳି ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ଦେଖି ସେମାନେ, 'ଯଦି ଅମକ', 'ଡେବେ ଯଦି ସମକ' ଓ 'ଡାହେଲେ' ସ୍ତୁରେ ସବୁ ସ୍ଥିରକରନ୍ତି । ତା' ଭିତରେ ବି ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ ତୁଟି ରହିଯାଏ ଓ ହଟହଟା ହେବାକୁ ହୁଏ ।

ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ ଏସବୁ ଉତ୍ସବ, ମହୋତ୍ସବ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଆରୟ କରିଥିଲେ ସେ ସମୟ ଅଲଗା ଥିଲା । ସେତେବେଳେ ଭାରତୀୟଙ୍କ ଲୋକସଂଖ୍ୟା ଏତେ ଅଧିକ ନଥିଲା । ଭାରତୀୟ ଉତ୍ସବ, ମହୋତ୍ସବ ବି ଏତେ ଅଧିକ ନଥିଲା । ଓଡିଆଙ୍କ କଥା ଛାଡ । ହେଇ ହେଇ, ୨୦-୩୦ ଓଡିଆ ପରିବାର ଉଭୟ ମେରୀଲାଣ୍ଡ ଓ ଭର୍ଜିନିଆ ରାଜ୍ୟକୁ ନେଇ । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ସେଇ ଘର ଫୋନ୍ରେ । ଯାହା ଉତ୍ସବ, ମହୋତ୍ସବ ହେଲା, ସେସବୁର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟୂଚୀ ଓ ନିମନ୍ତ୍ରଣ ପତ୍ର ଘର ଠିକଣାରେ ପଠା ହେଉଥିଲା । ତେଣୁ, କେହି କାହା ଜୀବନର ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ଦିନମାନଙ୍କୁ ଭୁଲୁନଥିଲେ । ଯିଏ ବି ଯୁଆଡେ ଯାଉଥିଲେ, ସେଠି ଦିନେ, ଦୁଇଦିନ ରହିଯାଉଥିଲେ । ଏବେ ଏ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଓଡିଆଙ୍କ ସଂଖ୍ୟା ଅନେକ ବଡିଛି । ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ପିଡିର ଓଡିଆଙ୍କ ସହିତ, ଅନ୍ୟ ସବୁ ଓଡିଆମାନେ ବି ଏ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରତ । ବିଶେଷ କରି ଆଇ.ଟି.ରେ ନିଯୁକ୍ତ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ

ଗତ ଦଶକରେ ସେ ସଂଖ୍ୟା ହୁହୁ ବଢିଗଲା । ଏବେ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ୪୦୦ରୁ ଅଧିକ ଓଡିଆ ପରିବାର ଏ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ବସବାସ କରନ୍ତି ।

ମନେପଡେ ୧୯୯୮-୨୦୦୫ ମସିହାର କଥା । ସେତେବେଳେ ସେମାନେ ପ୍ରତି ମାସରେ ଥରେ ବାଲ୍ବିମୋର୍ ଇୟନ୍ ମନ୍ଦିରରେ ଓଡିଆ ସଂପ୍ରଦାୟର ଭଜନ କରିବା ଆରୟ କରିଥିଲେ । ସେତେବେଳେ କାଁ ଭାଁ କରି ଓଡିଆ ପରିବାର ଯୋଗ ଦେଉଥିଲେ । ମନ୍ଦିର ତରଫରୁ ସେମାନେ ରୋଷେଇବାସର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରୁଥିଲେ । ମନ୍ଦିର ମାନେ ଛୋଟ ଘରଟିଏ । ତାର ତଳ ମହଲାରେ ଗୋଟିଏ କୋଠରିରେ ଠାକୁର ଥିଲେ, ଆଉ ପାଖ ଗୋଟିଏ କୋଠରିରେ ରୋଷେଇ ହେଉଥିଲା । ଉପର ମହଲାରେ ସେମିତି ଚାରି ପାଞ୍ଚଟି କୋଠରି ଥିଲା । ସେଥିରେ ସାଧୁମାନେ ରହୁଥିଲେ । ଓଡିଆମାନେ ଅର୍ଥ ଦାନ କରି ଗୋଟିଏ କୋଠରିକୁ ସେଠି ସଂପ୍ରସାରଣ କଲେ ଓ ସେଠିକାର ଗାଧୁଆଘର, ପାଇଖାନାକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ସକାଡିଥିଲେ । ପରେ ସେଇ ସଜାଡିଥିବା କୋଠରିରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଓଡିଆ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଚାଲୁଥିଲା ଓ ପ୍ରସାଦ ସେବନ ମଧ୍ୟ ହେଉଥିଲା । ସେତେବେଳେ ବାଲ୍ଡିମୋର୍ ଇୟନ୍ ମନ୍ଦିରରେ ଅନେକ ଓଡିଆ ପୂଜକ ଥିଲେ । ସେଇମାନଙ୍କ ସହାୟତାରେ ସବୁକିଛି ଚାଲୁଥିଲା । ମନ୍ଦିରର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମରେ ଓଡିଆ ସଂପ୍ରଦାୟ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ଭୂମିକା ନେଉଥିଲେ । ବାଲ୍ଡିମୋର ଇୟନ୍ ପ୍ରଥମ ଥର ପାଇଁ ଯେତେବେଳେ ରଥଯାତ୍ରା ଆରୟ କରିଥିଲା , ସେତେବେଳେ ଓଡିଆ ସଂପ୍ରଦାୟ ତନ, ମନ, ଧନ ଦାନ କରି ରଥଯାତ୍ରା ଉହ୍ସବକୁ ସାଫଲ୍ୟମଣିଡିତ କରିଥିଲା ।

ଏବେ ସେସବୁ ବଦଳିଗଲାଣି । ଏବେ ସେ ପୂରୁଣା ଘର ବଦଳରେ ବାଲ୍ବିମୋର୍ ଇୟନ୍ ଏକ ବଡ ମନ୍ଦିର ତିଆରି କରିଛି । ଭକ୍ତଙ୍କ ସଂଖ୍ୟା ମଧ୍ୟ ସେଇ ଅନୁପାତରେ ଅଧିକ । କେବେକେବେ ଗଲେ, ସେ ଗହଳି ଭିତରେ ସତ୍ତା ହଜିଯିବା ଭଳି ଲାଗେ । ସେ ସମୟରେ କେବଳ ଇୟନ୍ ତରଫରୁ ଦୁଇଥର ରଥଯାତ୍ରା ହେଉଥିଲା । ପୋଟୋମାକ୍ ଇୟନ୍ ତରଫରୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ରଥରେ ବସି ଜୁଲାଇ ୪ ତାରିଖ ଦିନ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ଦିବସର ପ୍ୟାରେଡ୍ରେ ଯାଆନ୍ତି । କେତେକ ବର୍ଷ ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ଓ ଅନୁପମା ମଧ୍ୟ ସେ ପ୍ୟାରେଡ୍ରେ ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ସେତେବେଳେ ସେମାନେ ଯେଉଁଠିକୁ ଯାଉଥିଲେ, ମନ ପ୍ରାଣ ଦେଇ ଉପଭୋଗ କରୁଥିଲେ । ବାଲ୍ବିମୋର୍ ଇୟନ୍ ତରଫରୁ ମେ ମାସରେ ରଥଯାତ୍ରା ହୁଏ । ସେତେବେଳେ ରଥଯାତ୍ରା ପାଇଁ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ସବୁ ନିଉଜର୍ସୀ, ଭର୍ଜିନିଆରୁ ଆସୁଥିଲେ । ରଥଯାତ୍ରା ପରେ ଘରେ ରହିଯାଉଥିଲେ । ହେଲେ ଏବେ ସବୁ ସ୍ଥାନରେ ଏକରୁ ଅଧିକ ରଥଯାତ୍ରା ଚାଲିଛି । କେହି କୁଆଡେ ଯାଉନାହାନ୍ତି । ସମୟେ ନିଜ ସହର, ନିଜ ମନ୍ଦିର, ନିଜ ଗୋଷ୍ଠୀ ନେଇ ବ୍ୟୟ ।

ବେଳେବେଳେ ପଛକୁ ଫେରିଯିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ହୁଏ । ଯେଉଁଠି ସାଙ୍ଗସାଥୀଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଘଣ୍ଟାଘଣ୍ଟା ବିତେଇ ହେଉଥିଲା । ଏବେ ସେସବୁ ସାଙ୍ଗସାଥୀଙ୍କର ଏତେ ସାଙ୍ଗସାଥୀ ଯେ, ଦେଖାହେଲେ ଦଶମିନିଟ୍ ବି ଭଲରେ କଥା କହିହୁଏନି; ଆଉ ଜଣେ କିଏ ଆସି ମଝିରେ ପଶିଯାଏ । ଏବେ ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ ଓ ଅନୁପମା ବସି ତାଲିକା ଦେଖିଲେ । ଏପ୍ରିଲ୍ ୧ ତାରିଖ ଶନିବାର ଦିନ, ଇରାର ସଂଗୀତ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ୍ ଆରୟ ହେବାର ସମୟ ଥିଲା ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ୬ଟା । ବନ୍ଧୁ ଅଖିଳ ବାବୁ ହାରିସ୍ୱର୍ଗରୁ ଡାକିଥିଲେ; "ଆମେ ଏ ହାରିସ୍ୱର୍ଗର ବୟୟ ଓଡିଆମାନେ ମିଶି ପାଖ ପାର୍କରେ ବଣଭୋଜି ପରିବେଶରେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସ ପାଳନ କରୁଛୁ । ତମେ ଆସୁନ । ତମକୁ ତ ଦେଢ ଘଣ୍ଟା ଲାଗିବ । ଆସିଲେ ଭଲଲାଗନ୍ତା । ସମୟେ ତମକୁ ଦେଖ ଖୁସି ହୁଅନ୍ତେ ।''

ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୂ ସ୍ଥିର କଲେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସରେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସର ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ୍ଟିଏ ଯଦି ହେଉଛି, ତେବେ ନଯିବେ କିଆଁ । ପୁରୁଣା ବନ୍ଧୁମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ମଧ୍ୟ ଦେଖା ହୋଇଯିବ । ସେଇଠୁ ସେମାନେ ଯଦି ୨ଟାରେ ଫେରି ଆସିବେ, ଏଣେ ଇରାର ସଂଗୀତ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମରେ ବି ସାମିଲ୍ ହୋଇପାରିବେ ।

ଅନୁପମା ମଧ୍ୟ ରାଜି ହେଲେ । ତଥାପି ସାବଧାନ କରେଇଦେଲେ, "ଯଦି ସେ ଲିଟୁ ପୁଅର ଗ୍ରାଜୁଏସନ୍ ଭଳି ହେଲା ତ, ତମେ ବୃଝିବ ।"

ଗତବର୍ଷ ତାଙ୍କର ଜଣେ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଲିଟୁର ପୁଅର ହାଇୟୁଲ୍ ଗ୍ରାଳୁଏସନ୍ ପାଳିତ ହେଉଥିଲା। ସମୟ ଦିଆଯାଇଥିଲା ୧ ୨ ଟାରୁ ୪ ଟା । ଲଞ୍ଚ୍ ଦେବାର ସମୟ ଥିଲା ୧ ୨ ଟାରୁ ୨ ଟା । ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ ଓ ଅନୁପମାଙ୍କର ରଥଯାତ୍ରାରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିବାର ଥିଲା । ସେମାନେ ଭାବିଲେ ୧ ୨ ଟାରୁ ୩ଟା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଗ୍ରାଳୁଏସନ୍ରେ ଭାଗ ନେବେ; ତାପରେ ଆସି ରଥଯାତ୍ରାରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିବେ । ହେଲେ ସେଦିନ ଗୋଟାଏ ବେଳେ ଜଳଖିଆ ଦିଆଗଲା । ତାପରେ ବିଭିନ୍ନ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ଚାଲିଲା । ଲୋକ ସେପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଆସିନଥାନ୍ତି; ଜଣଜଣ କରି ପହଞ୍ଚୁଥାଆନ୍ତି । ତିନିଟା ବାଜିଲାଣି; କିନ୍ତୁ ମଧ୍ୟାହ୍ନ ଭୋଜନ ଖୋଲିନି । ସେମାନେ ସେଦିନ ନ ଖାଇ ଫେରିଆସିଲେ । କଣ କରିବେ, ଏଣେ ରଥଯାତ୍ରା ପାଇଁ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିବେ ବୋଲି କଥା ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସେମିତି ଅନେକ ବାର ହୋଇଛି । ଗୃହସ୍ୱାମୀ ଡାକିଥିବେ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ୭ ଟାରେ ରାତ୍ରଭୋଜନ ଦେବାକୁ; କିନ୍ତୁ ଦେବେ ରାତି ଦଶଟା ବେଳେ । ଏଇ ବିଷୟରେ ଏପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଓଡିଆମାନେ ତଥାପି ପଛୁଆ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ଯଦି ଠିକ୍ ସମୟରେ ଠିକ୍ କଥା କରିବନି; ତେବେ ଆଉ ଅଗ୍ରଣୀ ହେଲ କୋଉଥିରେ ?

"ମୁଁ କଣ ବୁଝିବି ? ତମେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଟିଫିନ୍ ବହ୍କରେ ଲଞ୍ଚ୍ ପାଇଁ କିଛି ପ୍ୟାକ୍ କରିଦେବ । ଯଦି ଖାଇବା ଡେରି ହେଲା, ଆମେ ଆମ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଗୋଟାଏ ବେଳେ ଖୋଲି ଖାଇଦେବା । ଯିଏ ଯାହା ଭାବିଲେ ଭାବିବ ।" ଏମିଡି ସବୁ ଯୋଜନାରେ ରହିଲା । ପ୍ରତି ସପ୍ତାହରେ କିଛି ନା କିଛି ଚାଲୁଥିଲା । ସେମାନେ କ୍ଲାନ୍ତ ହୋଇଯାଉଥିଲେ, ତଥାପି ଖୁସି ହେଉଥିଲେ ।

ବଣଭୋଜି ଦିନ ୧୧ଟାରେ ଆରୟ ହେବାର ଥିଲା । ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ ଓ ଅନୁପମା ଠିକ୍ ୧୧ଟାରେ ଯାଇ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଧାରିତ ପାର୍କରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ । ହେଲେ ସେତେବେଳକୁ କେହି ଆସିନଥାନ୍ତି । କେବଳ ଅଖିଳ ବାବୁ ବସିଛନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ ପତ୍ନୀ ପକୁଡି ଛାଣିବା ଦାୟିତ୍ୱରେ ଥିଲେ । ଛାଣିବା କାମ ସରିନଥିଲା । ତେଣୁ ଆଉ ଜଣଙ୍କ ସହିତ ସିଏ ଆସିବା ଯୋଗାଡ କରିନେଲେ ଓ ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ ଆଗେ ଚାଲିଆସିଲେ । କାଳେ କିଏ ଯଦି ଆସିଯାଆନ୍ତି । ଏମିଡି ଦେଖୁଦେଖୁ ସମୟେ ପ୍ରାୟ ଗୋଟିଏ ବେଳେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ । ଖାଇବା କିନ୍ତୁ ବହୁତ ରକମର ଥିଲା । ହେଲେ ପ୍ରଥମେ କଳଖିଆ ଖୋଲାହେଲା । ତାପରେ ସାତେ ଗୋଟିଏ ବେଳକୁ କାର୍ଯକ୍ରମ ଆରୟ ହେଲା । କିଛି ପିଲା ଦେଶାପ୍ରବୋଧକ ସଂଗୀତଟିଏ ଗାଇଲେ । ତାପରେ ଅଖିଳ ବାବୁ ବକ୍ତବ୍ୟଟିଏ ରଖିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ବକ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଶେଷରେ ସିଏ ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁଙ୍କୁ ଦେଶାପ୍ରବୋଧକ ଗୀତଟିଏ ଗାଇବାକୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କଲେ । ଅନୁପମା ଆଖି ମାରିଲେ, "ଦୁଇଟା ବାଜିଗଲାଣି''। ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ସେସବୁ ଇଶାରା ବୁଝିପାରିଲେନି । ହଠାତ୍ 'ନିଳାଦ୍ରୋ ଶଙ୍ଖମଧ୍ୟେ' ଆରୟ କରି 'ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ'ରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଗଲେ । ଘନଘନ କରତାଳିରେ ସମୟେ ଉହାହିତ କରୁଥାନ୍ତି । ସିଏ ସେଇଠୁ "ତୁଙ୍ଗ ଶିଖରୀ ବୂଳ'' ଆରୟ କରି, ଶେଷ କରି, "ସର୍ବେସାମ୍ ମମ ଧରଣୀ ଜନନୀ'' ଆରୟ କରଡେ ଅନୁପମା ଠିଆ ହୋଇପଡିଲେ । ଇଏ ହେଲା ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁଙ୍କର ନିଶା । ବିଶେଷତଃ ଦୀର୍ଘ ତିନି ବର୍ଷ ପରେ ସିଏ ଏମିତି ଏକ ସ୍ଯୋଗ ଲାଭ

କରିଛନ୍ତି ଓ ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଉତ୍ସାହିତ ହୋଇ ପଡ଼ୁଛନ୍ତି । ହେଲେ ତାଙ୍କର ଅନ୍ୟ କିଛି ଯୋଜନା ଥିବ । ଇଏ ଜଣେ ଲୋକ ଯଦି ଏତେ ସମୟ ନେବେ, ଅନ୍ୟ ସମୟେ ବିଗିଡିଯିବେନି ?

ଅନୁପମାଙ୍କର ଠିଆ ହେବାଟା କିନ୍ତୁ ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ ଦେଖିନେଲେ ଓ ବୁଝିଗଲେ । ତେଣୁ 'ସର୍ବେସାମ୍ ମମ'ର ଗୋଟିଏ ପଦ ଗାଇ ସିଏ ସମୟଙ୍କୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦେଇ ନିଜ ଭୂମିକା ଶେଷକଲେ ଓ ଅଖିଳ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ହାତକୁ ମାଇକ୍ରୋଫୋନ୍ ବଢେଇଦେଲେ । ତାପରେ ଦଶ–ବାର ବର୍ଷର ଝିଅଟିଏ ଓଡିଶୀ ନାଚିଲା । ସେମିତି ସାଲୁଆର୍ ପିନ୍ଧି ନାଚିଲା; କିଛି ବେଶପଟା ହୋଇନଥିଲା । ଏମିତିରେ ତିନିଟା ବାଜିଲାଣି; ତଥାପି କେହି ଖାଇବା କଥା ଭାବୁନାହାନ୍ତି । ଅନୁପମା ସଦାନନ୍ଦଙ୍କ କାନରେ ଫୁସ୍ଫୁସ୍ କରି କହିଲେ, "ଚାଲ, ଆମେ ଚାଲିଯିବା । ନହେଲେ ପାଞ୍ଚଟା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଇରାର ସଂଗୀତ ସମାରୋହରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଇପାରିବାନି ।''

ସେମାନେ ଅଖିଳ ବାବୁଙ୍କୁ କହି ଫେରିବାକୁ ଉଦ୍ୟତ ହେଲେ । ଅଖିଳ ବାବୁ ଯେତେ ଅଟକାଇବାକୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ ଓ କିଛି ଖାଇଦେଇ ଯିବାକୁ କହିଲେ, ଅଟକିଲେନି । ଗାଡିରେ ବସି ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ ଡ୍ରାଇଭ୍ କରିବା ଆରୟକଲେ । ଅନୁପମା ଟିଫିନ୍ ଖୋଲି ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁଙ୍କୁ ଖୁଆଇବାରେ ଲାଗିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ପେଟ ଶୀନ୍ତ ହେବା ପରେ ନିଜେ କିଛି ଖାଇଲେ । ହେଲେ ରୁଟ୍ ୮୩ରେ ଯେମିତି ଆଣ୍ଟର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରି ରହିଥିଲା । ବାଟରେ ଦୁର୍ଘଟଣା ହୋଇ ରାୟା ବନ୍ଦ କହିଲେ ଚଳେ । ପାଦରେ ଚାଲିଲା ଭଳି ସମୟଙ୍କ ଗାଡି ଚାଲୁଛି । ଅନୁପମା ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ମରଣ କରିବାରେ ଲାଗିଲେ। ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ କହିଲେ, "ବ୍ୟୟ କାହିଁକି ହେଉଛ । ଯଦି ଅସୁବିଧା ହେଲା, ତେବେ ଆଉ ଇରା କାର୍ଯକ୍ରମକୁ ଯିବାନି। କଣ ବେଦ ଅଶୁଦ୍ଧ ହୋଇଯିବ ତେବେ ?''

"ହେଲେ ତମେ ପରା ତାକୁ କଥା ଦେଇଛ । ସିଏ ତମକୁ ତା' କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମରେ ସାମିଲ୍ କରିଛି । ଏବେ ତମେ ଯିବନି । ଏଇଟା କଣ ଭଲ କଥା ?''

"ଭଲ କଥା ତ ନୁହେଁ । ତେବେ ଆମେ କଶ ଜାଣିଶୁଣି ଏମିତି କଲେ ? ଆମେ ତ ତିନିଟା ବେଳେ ବାହାରି ଆସିଲେ ନା ।'' "ଦି ନାବରେ ଗୋଡ ଦେଇଥିବା ଲୋକ ମଝି ନଈରେ ମରିବା ହିଁ ସାର । ନା' ଏ ନାବରେ ଗୋଡ ରହିଲା, ନା ସେ ନାବରେ । କିଛି ଅଧିକ ସମୟ ହେଲେ ବଶଭୋଜିରେ ରହିଥାନ୍ତେ; ସେଇଟା ହେଲାନି । ଏବେ ଇରାର ସଂଗୀତ କାର୍ଯକମ ବି ଆମେ ଯାଇପାରିବା କି ନା' ସନ୍ଦେହ ।''

ସେମିତି ହିଁ ହେଲା । ରୁଟ୍ ୮୩ରେ ୩ ଘଣ୍ଟା ଡେରି ହୋଇଗଲା । ସେମାନେ ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚୁ ପହଞ୍ଚୁ ସାତେ ସାତଟା । ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୂ ଏତେ କ୍ଳାନ୍ତ ଥିଲେ ଯେ ପାଇଖାନା ଯାଇ ସାରି ଆସି ସୋଫାରେ ସିଧା ଶୋଇଲେ । ଅନୁପମା ଇରାକୁ ଟେକ୍ଟ୍ ମେସେକ୍ ଟିଏ ପଠେଇଦେଇ ରୁଟି ଦୁଇଖଣ୍ଡ ତିଆରିକଲେ । ଯାହା ସକାଳ ଭଜା ଥିଲା ଓ ପୁରୁଣା ତରକାରୀ ଫ୍ରିକ୍ ଭିତରେ ଥିଲା ଗରମ କରିଦେଇ ସ୍ୱାମୀଙ୍କୁ ଉଠେଇଲେ। ଉଭୟ ଖାଇପିଇ ସାରି ସେଦିନ ଗୋଟିଏ ଶପଥ ନେବାଭଳି ନେଲେ; ଏବେ କି।ଣସି ଦିନ ବି ଦୁଇଟି କାର୍ଯକ୍ରମକୁ ଯିବାକୁ "ହଁ" କହିବେନି । ଯେଉଁ କାର୍ଯକ୍ରମକୁ ପ୍ରଥମେ "ହଁ" କହିଥିବେ, ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତି ଦେଇଥିବେ, ସେ କାର୍ଯକ୍ରମ କୁ ହିଁ ଯିବେ ଓ ଶତକତା ଶହେ ଭାଗ ସାମିଲ ରହିବେ।

ସଦାନନ୍ଦ ବାବୁ ଉପରୋକ୍ତ ସୂତ୍ର ଦୋହରାଉଥିବା ବେଳେ, ଅନୁପମା ପଚାରିଦେଲେ, "ତେବେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମର ଗଭୀରତା କଥା କଣ ହେବ ? ଯଥା କାହାର ବାହାଘର ସହିତ ଯଦି ଏକାଦିନେ ଗ୍ରାଳୁଏସନ୍ ପାର୍ଟି ଥିବ ?'' ସେ ଦୁହେଁ ଏମିତି ସବୁ ଯୁକ୍ତିତର୍କ କରୁକରୁ ସେଇ ସୋଫା ଉପରେ ହିଁ ଶୋଇ ପଡିଥିଲେ ।



ସମର୍ପଣ

ସୁନନ୍ଦା ମିଶ୍ର ପଞା, ଟରୋଞ୍ଜୋ,କାନାଡ଼ା

ପୃଥିବୀ ପୃଷରେ ଯିଏ ଜନ୍କ ନିଏ, ତା'ର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ସୁନିଷିତ । ମଣିଷ ଏକମାତ୍ର ପ୍ରାଣୀ, ଏହି ଜଗତରେ କେଉଁଟା ଉଲ, କେଉଁଟା ମନ୍ଦ, ବୁଝିପାରେ । ତଥାପି ରାଗ, ଦ୍ୱେଷ, ଈର୍ଷୀ, ଲୋଭ ଆଦି ସାଂସାରିକ ମାୟା ମୋହରେ ମଜି ହୋଇ ରହିଥାଏ । ସେଦିନ ରାତିରେ ମୁଁ ମୃତ୍ୟୁକୁ ଭେଟିଥିଲି । କାନାଡ଼ାର ନିଶବ୍ଦ ହାଡ଼ଭଙ୍ଗା ଶୀତ ରାତି । ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ମୋ ପାଖକୁ ଆସିଲା, ପାଖରେ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଶୋଇଥିଲେ ବି ତାଙ୍କୁ ଆତୁଆଳ କରି ତା'ର ଶକ୍ତ ପାପୁଲିରେ ମୋ ହାତଟିକୁ ଜୋରରେ ଜାବୁଡ଼ି ଧରିଲା; କିନ୍ତୁ ମୋ ସାଥିରେ " ମୋ ପ୍ରାଣର ନାଥ – ଶ୍ରୀ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ" ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଅଛନ୍ତି ଓ ମୋ ପାଟିରୁ ଜୋରରେ ବାହାରି ପଡ଼ିଲା – "ନିରାଶ୍ରୟ ମାଂ ଜଗଦୀଶ ରକ୍ଷ ।" ମୁଁ ଭାରତ ଯାଇ ପୁରୀରେ ମହାପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କୁ ଶ୍ରୀମନ୍ଦିରରେ ଦର୍ଶନ କରିବି ବୋଲି କେବେଠୁ ମନ କରିଥାଏ । ଭାରତ ଯିବାର ଟିକେଟ୍ ମଧ୍ୟ କରି ସାରିଥାଏ । ତା' ପୂର୍ବରୁ କେମିତି ଏହି କ୍ଷଣ ଭଙ୍ଗୁର ଦେହଟା ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେବି ? ବୋଧେ ମହାବାହୁଙ୍କର ଇଛା ଅଲଗା ଥିଲା । ସିଏ ମୋତେ ଛାଡ଼ିଲେନି । ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଫେରିଗଲା । କେହି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରିବେନି ବୋଲି ମୋ ହାତରେ ତା'ର ପାପୁଲିର ଚିହ୍ନ ଛାଡ଼ିଦେଇ ଗଲା, "ଆସିଥିଲି ପୁଣି ଆସିବି ।"

ତା' ପରଦିନ ସକାଳୁ ଶୀଘ୍ର ଉଠି ପଡ଼ିଲି । ସମଞ୍ଚଙ୍କୁ ଡାକି କହିଲି, ମୁଁ ମୃତ୍ୟୁକୁ କାଲି ରାତିରେ ଦେଖିଛି, ଅନୁଭବ କରିଛି । ମୋ ଝିଅ ଓ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଅବାକ୍ ହୋଇ ମୋ ମୁହଁକୁ ଚାହଁଲେ ଓ ବ୍ୟଞ୍ଚରେ ପଚାରିଲେ – "କେମିଡି ? କେତେବେଳେ ?" ମୁଁ କହିବାକୁ ଆରୟ କଲି, "ପ୍ରାୟ ସବୁଦିନ ମୁଁ ଶୋଇଲାପରେ, କେବେ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖେନି କି ଅଧାରାତିରେ ଉଠେ ନାହିଁ । ଥରେ ଶୋଇଲେ, ସକାଳୁ ଉଠେ । କାଳି କିନ୍ତୁ ଅଧରାତିରେ ଉଠିପଡ଼ିଲି । ଅଧା ନିଦରେ ଆଖି ମଳିମଳି ବାଥରୁମ ଭିତରକୁ ପଶିଗଲି । ଦେହରେ ଜ୍ୱର କି କାଶ କିଛି ନ ଥିଲା । ହଠାତ୍ ଦେହଟା ଖଇଫୁଟିଲା ଭଳି ଗରମ ହୋଇଗଲା ଓ କାଶ ଏତେ କୋରରେ ହେଲା ଯେ, ନିଃଶ୍ୱାସ ପ୍ରଶ୍ୱାସ ଠିକ୍ ଭାବେ ନେଇ ପାରିଲିନି । ପ୍ରଶ୍ୱାସ ବାୟୁ ତଳକୁ ଆଉ ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ ଢଙ୍ଗରେ ଯାଉ ନଥାଏ । ବିକଳରେ ଛଟପଟ ହୋଇ ବାଥରୁମରୁ ବାହାରି ଆସିଲି । ମାତ୍ର ଏତେ କୋରରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ବୁଲାଇଦେଲା, ଆଖିକୁ କିଛି ଦେଖା ଗଲାନି । ପାଖରେ ଥିବା ବେସିନଟାକୁ ଧରି ଠିଆହୋଇ ପଡ଼ିଲି । ତଥାପି ନିଶ୍ୱାସଟା ତଳକୁ ଯାଉନଥାଏ । ତ୍ତିରୁ କଥା ବି ବାହାରୁ ନଥାଏ । ଅଚ୍ଚ ଦୂରରେ ଖଟରେ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଶୋଇଛନ୍ତି, ମାତ୍ର ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଡାକି ପାରୁ ନଥାଏ । ମୃତ୍ୟୁକୁ ମୋ ଭିତରେ ଅନୁଭବ କରିପାରୁଥିଲି ମାତ୍ର ପକାଶ କରିପାରୁ ନଥାଏ, ଲାଗୁଥାଏ ଯେମିତି ଅନ୍ଧଦୂରରେ କିଏ ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ମୋତେ ତା' ଆଡ଼କୁ ଡାକୁଚି । କି ବିଚିତ୍ର ସେହି ସମୟ… ଅବର୍ଣ୍ଣନୀୟ… ।

ହଠାତ୍ ଝରକା ବାଟଦେଇ ଦଲକାଏ ପବନ ଘର ଭିତରକୁ ପଳାଇ ଆସିଲା । ମୋ ନିଃଶ୍ୱାସ ପ୍ରଶ୍ୱାସ ଟିକେ ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ ହେଲା । ଦେହରୁ ଜ୍ୱରଟା ବି ଚାଲିଗଲା । ମୁଣ୍ଡ ବୁଲାଟା ବି ଠିକ୍ ଲାଗିଲା, ନିଜେ ଠିକ୍ ରେ ଠିଆ ହେଲି ଓ ଧୀରେଧୀରେ ଖଟ ପାଖକୁ ଗଲି । ମୋତେ ଟିକେ ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ ହେବା ପାଇଁ ଏକ ମିନିଟରୁ ବି କମ୍ ସମୟ ଲାଗିଥିଲା । ଯଦି ପୂର୍ବ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ଆଉ ଟିକେ ସମୟ ରହିଥାନ୍ତି, ତା'ହେଲେ ମୁଁ ଆଜି ଏସବୁ ଲେଖିପାରି ନଥାନ୍ତି ।"

ମୋତେ ଆଜି କେହି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରୁ ବା ନ କରୁ, ମୁଁ ମୃତ୍ୟୁକୁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଛି । ତା'ପରଦିନ ଠାରୁ ମୋ ଦେହ ପୁରା ଠିକ୍ ଥିଲା । ମାତ୍ର କଣ ନଳୀରେ କିଛି ଅଟକି ଗଲାପରି ଲାଗୁଥିଲା । ମଝିରେ ମଝିରେ କାଶଟା ହେଉଥିଲା । ସବୁ କାମ ପୁଣି ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ ଭାବରେ କରିବା ଆରୟ କଲି । ମୋର କଲେଜକୁ ଗଲି, ଘର କାମ, ଠାକୁର ପୂଜା, ଭାଗବତ ପଢ଼ା ଆଦି କରିବାରେ କିଛି ଅସୁବିଧା ହେଉନଥାଏ, ମାତ୍ର ମୋତେ ଲାଗୁଥାଏ ମୋ ଦେହ ଭିତରେ କିଛି ବଡ଼ ଧରଣର ଭଙ୍ଗାଗଢ଼ା ଚାଲିଛି । ଦେହଟା ବଡ଼ ଦୁର୍ବଳ ଲାଗୁଥାଏ । ଖାଇବାର ଇଛା ପୁରାପୁରି ମରିଯାଇଥାଏ ।

ମୁଁ ମୋର ଡାକ୍ତରଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ଗଲି । ମୋର ବ୍ଲଡ଼ ପ୍ରେସର ପୁରା ନର୍ମାଲ୍ ଥିଲା । ଦେହଟା ଏମିତି ଅସୁସ୍ଥ କାହିଁକି ହେଲା ଚିହ୍ନଟ ହୋଇପାରୁ ନଥାଏ । ମୋତେ ଲାଗୁଥାଏ, ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଯେମିତି ଲୁଚିଛପି ମୋତେ ନେବା ପାଇଁ, ମୋ ଦେହ ଭିତରେ ପଶିଯାଇଛି । ମୁଁ ଦୁଇହାତ ଯୋଡ଼ି ମନେ ମନେ ଶ୍ରୀ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କରୁଥାଏ । "ହେ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଯ୍ୟାମୀ, ତୁମେ ମୋର ଅନ୍ତରର ସବୁକଥା ଜାଣ । ମୁଁ ନିକଟରେ କାନାଡ଼ାରୁ ଭାରତକୁ ଯିବି । ପୁରୀରେ ଗରୁଡ଼ ୱୟ ପଛପଟୁ ତୁମକୁ ରତ୍ନବେଦୀରେ ଦର୍ଶନ କରିବାର ଇଚ୍ଛା ଅଛି, ସେ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ତୁମ ପାଦତଳେ ମୋତେ ଶରଣ ଦିଅ ।"

ସତରେ ଶ୍ରୀଜଗନ୍ୱାଥଙ୍କ ଲୀଳା ଅଲୌକିକ । ମହାପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କର ଅପାର କରୁଣା । କାର୍ତ୍ତିକ ମାସ ଚାଲିଥାଏ । ସେଦିନ ପ୍ରବଳ ଭିଡ଼ । ମୁଁ ଆଶା କରିପାରୁ ନଥିଲି କେମିତି 'ମହାବାହୁ'ଙ୍କ ଦର୍ଶନ ପାଇବି । ଆଗକୁ ଯାଇ ତାଙ୍କର ଛଡ଼ା ତୁଳସୀ ଟିକେ ପାଇପାରିବି। ସତରେ ମନ ଦୁଃଖରେ ଏତେ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଧୟାଧୟିରେ ଆଗକୁ ଯିବା ସୟବ ହୋଇପାରୁ ନଥାଏ । ବହୁ ସମୟ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କଲି, ଆଖିରେ ଲୁହ ଭରିଯାଇଥାଏ । ମନେ ମନେ ଭାବିଲି, ଯିଏ ମୋତେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ମୁହଁରୁ ଏଠାକୁ ଆଣିଛନ୍ତି, ସିଏ ମୋ ଆଡ଼କୁ ଚାହିଁ ହସୁଛନ୍ତି । ସତ୍ୟ ମାତ୍ର ଅନ୍ୟ ଆଡ଼କୁ ଚାହିଁଛନ୍ତି । ତା'ହେଲେ ମୋ' କଳାଠାକୁର ମୋତେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରୁନାହାନ୍ତି । ଯାହାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଏତେ ଦୂରରୁ ପାଗଳ ଭଳି ଦଉଡ଼ି ଆସିଲି - ସିଏ ମୋତେ କେମିତି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରିବେ ? ମୁଁ କ'ଣ କରିପାରିବି ? ଏହି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ଠାରୁ ମୋର ପ୍ରିୟତମଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ମୋର ଏହି ଅସୁସ୍ଥ ଶରୀର, ମନ ଓ ସବୁକିଛି ସମର୍ପଣ କଲି । ଏହି ଅସୁସ୍ଥ ଶରୀରରେ କି ସେବା କରିପାରିବି ମୁଁ ନିଳେ ବି ଜାଣିନି । ଏହିଭଳି ଭାବୁଭାବୁ ଆଖିରୁ ଅଜାଣତରେ ଧାରଧାର ଲୁହ ବୋହିଗଲା ।

ହଠାତ୍ ଲାଗିଲା କେହି କଣେ ମୋ ହାତ ଭିତରେ ଟିକେ ତୁଳସୀ ଓ ଠାକୁରଙ୍କର ଆଳତୀ ଧୂପର ବାସ୍ନା ଦେଇ ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ମୁଁ ଆଗକୁ ଚାହିଁଲି । ଆଗରେ ପ୍ରବଳ ଭିଡ଼ । ମହାପ୍ରଭୁ ଆଦୌ ଦିଶୁ ନଥିଲେ, ଭାବିଲି, ଯିଏ ମୋର ସବୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ପୂର୍ଷ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ବିପଦ ଆପଦରେ ମୋ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ସିଏ ଯେତେବେଳେ ମୋ ଆଡ଼କୁ ହାତ ବଢ଼ାଉଛନ୍ତି, "ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ନଧରି ସାରା ସଂସାରକୁ ସାଉଁଟି ଚାଲିଛି । ନିଜକୁ ଚିହୁନି, ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ ଭଲ ପାଉଛି । ମୋ ମହାପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ମନେ ମନେ ନିଜକୁ ବହୁତ ଗାଳିଦେଲି । କେତେବଡ଼ ପାପୀଟା ମୁହିଁ, ମୋ' ଭଳି ଅଧମ ଆଉ କେହି ନାହିଁ, ସାଷ୍ଟାଙ୍ଗ ପ୍ରଣିପାତ କରିସାରି ମହାପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କୁ ଚାହିଁଲି ଓ କହିଲି – "ଆଜିଠାରୁ ମୁଁ କେବଳ ତୁମର । ମୋର ବାକି ଜୀବନ ତୁମକୁ ସମର୍ପଣ କଲି, ଯେମିତି ଚାହିଁବ ସେମିତି କରିବି ।" ମୋତେ ଲାଗିଲା ଗହଳି ଭିତରୁ ବି ସିଏ ମୋତେ ଚାହିଁ ହସୁଥିଲେ ।

ସେଇଦିନ ପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ପାଦତଳେ ମୁଞିଆ ମାରି ମୋର ବାକଶକ୍ତିକୁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଇଦେଲି । ନିଜକୁ ତାଙ୍କର ପାଦପଦ୍ୱରେ ସମର୍ପଣ କରି କହିଲି – "ହେ ପ୍ରଭୁ! ତୁମେ ଚାହିଁଲେ କଥା କହିବି ନହେଲେ ନାହିଁ । ତା' ପରଠାରୁ ନୀରବ ହୋଇ କେବଳ ମନେ ମନେ ପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ନାମ ଗାନ କରୁଥିଲି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆଖି ଆଗରେ ତାଙ୍କର ଚକା ଡୋଳା ଦିଶିଯାଉଥିଲା । ଅନ୍ଧଦିନ ଭିତରେ ପୁଣି କାନାଡ଼ାକୁ ଫେରିଗଲି । ସେଠାରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଟିକେ ଅସୁସ୍ଥତା ଅନୁଭବ କଲି । ସେଦିନ ଡାକ୍ତରଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ଗଲି । ବ୍ଲଡ୍ ପ୍ରେସର, ରକ୍ତ ଆଦି ପରୀକ୍ଷା ହେଲା । ସବୁ ନର୍ମାଲ୍ ଥିଲା । ଇ.ସି.ଜି. ହେଲା, ହାର୍ଟରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ହୋଲ୍ (କଣା) ଅଛି ବୋଲି ରିପୋର୍ଟରୁ ବାହାରିଲା । ମୋର ଅପରେସନ୍ ପାଇଁ ଡାକ୍ତର ତାରିଖ ସ୍ଥିର କରିସାରିଥାନ୍ତି । ହଠାତ୍ ରାତିରେ ଶୋଇଥିବା ସମୟରେ ସତରେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ହେଲା ।

ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ପୂର୍ବ ରାତିରେ ମୁଁ ଶୋଇବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ କାନ୍ଦି କାନ୍ଦି କହିଥିଲି – "ହେ ମହାପ୍ରଭୁ! ସବୁଆଡୁ ହୃଦୟ ଫେରାଇ ଆଣି ତୁମ ପାଖରେ ସମର୍ପଣ କରିବା ବେଳେ ସେଇଟାରେ ହିଁ କଣା ଥିଲା । ତଥାପି ତୁମେ ମୋର ସେହି କଣା, କ୍ଷତ ହୃଦୟକୁ ତୁମ ପାଦ ତଳକୁ ସାଉଁଟି ନେଲ । ଆଜି ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଏତେ ଡାକ୍ତର ସାଧାରଣ ବ୍ଲଡ୍ ପ୍ରେସର କହି ଧରିପାରୁ ନଥିଲେ । ଯେଉଁଦିନ ମୋ ନିଜକୁ ତୁମ ପାଖରେ ସମର୍ପଣ କରିଦେଲି, ତା' ପରଠାରୁ ରୋଗ ଧରା ପଡ଼ିଗଲା ଓ ସବୁ ବାଟ ଫିଟିଗଲା ।

"ଯସ୍ୟ ସ୍ମରଣ ମାତ୍ରେଶ , ଜନ୍ମ ସଂସାର ବନ୍ଧନାତ୍ । ବିମୁଚ୍ୟତେ ନମୟସ୍ମୈ, ବିଷ୍ଠବେ ପ୍ରଭ ବିଷ୍ଠବେ । ନମୟସ୍ମୈ ନମୟସ୍ମୈ ନମୟସ୍ମୈ ନମୋନମଃ । – ମହାଭାରତ





ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ଦେବୁ ପଣ୍ଡା, ଫେର୍ମଣ୍ଡ, କାଲିଫର୍ଣିଆ

ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ନିଜ ବାଳକୁ ସଜାଡୁ ସଜାଡୁ ଆପାର୍ଟମେଷ୍ଟରୁ ବାହାରି ତା କାରରେ ବସିଲା । ସେ ମାଇକ୍ରୋସଫ୍ଟ କମ୍ପାନୀର ରେଡମଣ୍ଡ କ୍ୟାମ୍ପସ ପାଖରେ ଭଡା ରହେ । ପାଖରେ ଏକ ବିଲଡିଂରେ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ ମ୍ୟାନେଜେର ଭାବେ କାମ କରେ । ଗାଡି ଷ୍ଟାର୍ଟ କରୁ କରୁ ତା ରୁମମେଟ ନିକିତା ଆସି ପହଂଚି ପଚାରିଲା,

"ସାବସ୍ ! କହାଁ ନିକଲେ..ସୁବହେ ସୁବହେ .. ପୁରା ସକ୍ ଧକ୍ କେ ?"

ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ଅମାବାସ୍ୟା ଦିନ ଜନ୍ମହୋଇଥିବାରୁ ବାପା, ମା କେଡେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ନାଁ ଟିଏ ଦେଇଥିଲେ ...ପୁରୁଣାକାଳିଆ ନାଁ ବୋଲି ତା ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ତାକୁ ସାବସ୍ ଡାକନ୍ତି ।

"ଅମରକେ ଆପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଡ୍" ।

"ଲଗେ ରହୋ ସାବସ୍ ..", ଟିକେ ଥଟାକରି କହିଲା ନିକିତା।

ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ଲାଜେଇ କହିଲା, "ତୁ ଭି ନା ନିକିତା - ଚଲ ଫିର"।

ଏଠୁ ଦୁଇ ମାଇଲ ଦୂରରେ ଥିବା ଏକ ଆପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ କଂପ୍ଲେକରେ ତା ସାଙ୍ଗ ଅମର ରୁହେ । ଅମର ଗୋଟାଏ ଷ୍ଟାର୍ଟଅପ୍ରେ ଡେଟା ସାଇଣ୍ଟିଷ୍ଟ ଭାବରେ କାମ କରେ । ତିନି ବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଅମର ସାବିତ୍ରର ଗୃପରେ କନ୍ୱଲଟାଣ୍ଟ ଭାବରେ କାମ କରୁଥିଲା । ସେତେବେଳଠୁ ଦୁଇ ଜଣଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ନିବିଡ଼ ବନ୍ଧୁତା ହୋଇଯାଇଛି । ବହୁତ ସ୍ମାର୍ଟ ପିଲା । ଏଠି କ୍ରିକେଟ ଖେଳେ – ଏକ ଅର୍କେଷ୍ଟାରେ ଗୀଟାର ବଜାଏ । ଅମର ସାବିତ୍ରୀଠୁ ଦେଡ଼ ବର୍ଷ ସାନ । ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ଅମରକୁ ମନେ ମନେ ଭଲ ପାଇ ବସିଛି । ଜାତି, ଧର୍ମ, ବୟସର ବନ୍ଧନ ପ୍ରେମର ସ୍ରୋତକୁ କଣ ଅଟକାଇ ପରେ ?

ସାବିତ୍ରୀକୁ ବି ଲାଗେ ଅମର ବି ତାକୁ ଭଲ ପାଏ - କିନ୍ତୁ କହେନି।

ଗତ ତିନି ମାସ ହେଲା ଅମରର ଦେହ ଭଲ ନାହିଁ । ତାର ଅସୟାଳ ପେଟ ବଥା ହେଉଛି । କିଛି ଖାଇ ପାରୁନି । କରୋନାର ଲକଡାଉନ ହେଲେବି ପ୍ରାୟ ତା କାମ ସରିଲା ପରେ, ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ଅମର ପାଖକୁ ଆସେ । ତା ପାଇଁ ରୋଷେଇ କରିଦିଏ – ତାର ଲଣ୍ଡି କରିଦିଏ । ଗଲା ମାସେ ହେଲା ବହୁତଥର ହସ୍ଦିଟାଲକୁ ନେଇଯାଇଛି । ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଭାବୁଥିଲା – କରୋନା ପାଇଁ ଘରେ ରହି ରହି କିଛି ଗୋଟାଏ ମାନସିକ ରୋଗ ହେଇଛି ଅମରକୁ । ଏଠି ସିଆଟଲର ମେଘୁଆ ପାଗ ବହୁତ ଡିପ୍ରେସନ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ – ସିଆଟଲରେ ଆମେରିକାର ସବୁଠୁ ବେଶୀ ଔଷଧ ବ୍ୟବହାର ହୁଏ, ଏଇ ଡିପ୍ରେସନରୁ ମୁକୁଳିବା ପାଇଁ; ପୁଣି କରୋନା ତାହା ଆହୁରି ବଢ଼େଇ ଦେଇଛି !

ଅମର ତ ସବୁବେଳେ ବାହାରେ ବୁଲିବା ପିଲା - ଏବେ କ୍ରିକେଟ, ଅର୍କେଷ୍ଟା ସବୁ ବନ୍ଦ । କାଲି ରାତିରେ କାହିଁକି କେଜାଣି ଅମର ଖବ ଦଃଖୀ ଥିଲା । ରାତି ଅଧରେ ଫୋନ କରି କହିଲା, 'ସାବସ୍, ମୁଁ ଆଉ ବଂଚିବିନିରେ.. ।'

ତା ପରେ ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ଯେତେ ଫୋନ କଲେବି ଫୋନ ଉଠେଇଲା ନାହିଁ । ପରେ ମେସେଜ ପଠାଇଥିଲା – "ଚିନ୍ତା କରନି, ଅସୟାଳ ପେଟ ବଥା ହେଉଥିଲା ତ !"

ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ତାକୁ ମେସେଜ ପଠାଇ କହିଥିଲା, "କାଲି ପାଗ ଭଲ ଅଛି - ସ୍କେସ ନୀଡଲ୍ ଆଡୁ ବୁଲି ଆସିବା।" ରାତିରେ ଆଉ ଶୋଇ ପାରିଲାନି ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ।

'ମତେ ଗାଡି ଚପେଇ ମାରିବ ନା କଣ୍ ? 'ଜଣେ ପଦଯାତ୍ରୀଙ୍କ ଚିତ୍କାରରେ ଭାବନା ଭାଙ୍ଗିଲା ସାବିତ୍ରୀର । ଇତଞ୍ଚତଃ ହୋଇ ଗାଡିକୁ ଅଟକାଇଲା । ଅନ୍ୟମନସ୍କ ହେଇ ନାଲି ସିଗନାଲକୁ ପାର କରୁଥିଲା ସେ । ଭାଗ୍ୟ ଭଲ କୌଣସି ଗାଡି ଆସୁ ନ ଥିଲେ । ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ହରବର ହେଇ ଅମର ଆପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ୍ରରେ ପହଁଚିଲା । ଦେଖିଲା – ଅମର ଜୋତା ପିନ୍ଧୁ ଥାଏ ।

- ରେଡି, ଅମର ?"
- ହୁଁ
- ଏମିତି ଦେବଦାସ ଭଳିଆ କାହିଁକି ଦାଢ଼ି ବଢଉଛୁ ?

ଅମର କିଛି ଉତ୍ତର ନ ଦେଇ ପଚାରିଲା, " ତୁ ଡ୍ରାଇଭ କରିବୁ ? ନା ମୋର କାର ନେବା ? ତୋ କାର ବହୁତ ମଇଳା।"

ଦୁଇକଣ ସାବିତ୍ରୀର କାରରେ ବସିଲେ, ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ଗାଡିନେଇ ପହଁଚିଲା ଷ୍ଟାରବକସ୍ର ଡ୍ରାଇଭ ଥରେ । ସେ ଦୁଇ ଜଣଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ କଫି ବରାଦ୍ କଲା । କଫି କପଟାକୁ ଅମରକୁ ବଢ଼େଇ ଦେଇ କାର ଚଲେଇବା ଆରୟ କରିଦେଲା ।

- କାହିଁକି ମୁହଁ ଶୁଖେଇ ବସିଛୁ ?
 କଫି ଟିକେ ପିଉ ପିଉ ଅମର ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଲା, 'ନା ରେ କିଛି ନାହିଁ'
- କିଛି ଲୁଚାଉଛୁ କି ?

ଅମର ମୁଣ ହଲେଇ ମନା କଲା।

- ଏବେବି ତୋର ପେଟ ବଥା ହେଉଛି ?
- ଏବେ ଟିକେ କମ ଅଛି ରାଡିରେ ଅସୟାଳ ଥିଲା । ଥାଙ୍କସ୍ ୟାର ଘରେ ରହି ରହି ମୋ ମୁଣ୍ଡଟା ପୁରା ଜାମ ହୋଇ ଯାଇଛି ।
 - ବଡ ଫରମାଲ ହେଇ ଗଲ୍ଣି ।

ତାଙ୍କ କାର ଦୃତଗତିରେ ଚାଲିଥାଏ ଥ୍ୱାଶିଂଟନ୍ ହ୍ରଦ ଉପରେ । ସତେ ଯେମିତି କରୋନାର ଶୁନ୍ୟତାର ଛାତି ଚିରି ଗଡି ଚାଲିଛି । ସିଆଟଲ ଖରା ପାଗହେଲେ କେତେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଦେଖାଯାଏ ! - ଦେଖ ମାଉଷ୍ଟ ରେନିୟର କେତେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଦେଖାଯାଉଛି ।

ଅମର ଓ୍ୱାଶିଂଟନ୍ ହ୍ରଦ ପରି ସତେ ଯେମିତି ନିର୍ବାକ ହୋଇ ଯାଇଛି । ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ଆଗରୁ ବେଶୀ କଥା ହେଉ ନ ଥିଲା । ଏ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ ମ୍ୟାନେଜର କାମରେ ବହୁତ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ସାଥିରେ କଥା ହେବାକୁ ପଡେ । ଆଜି ସାବିତ୍ରୀ, ଅମର ପରି ଲୟା ଲୟା କଥା ହେଉଛି – ସତେ ଯେମିତି ଅମର ସହ ରହି ରହି ଗପିବାର ରୋଗ ଡେଇଁ ଯାଇଛି ତାକୁ ।

ଅମର କୁ ଦୁଃଖୀ ଦେଖି ଅମର ପରି ହେବାର ଅଭିନୟ କରିବା ଏତେ ସହଜ ନୁହେଁ ।

ନାଟକୀୟ ଭଙ୍ଗୀରେ କହିଲା, "ଅମର ଦେଖ .. ନଭଶୁୟୀ ବିଲଡିଂଗୁଡା ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଟୁଙ୍ଗାରି ଆମକୁ ସ୍ୱାଗତ କରୁଛନ୍ତି ।''

ସ୍ୱେସ ନୀଡଲ୍ ପୁରାପୁରି ଖାଲି । କା ଭାଁ ଜଣେ ଦି ଜଣ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ପାଖରେ ଘାସ ଗାଲିଚା ଉପରେ ବସୁ ବସୁ ଅମର କହିଲା, "ଏଠିତ ସବ୍ ବନ୍ଦ – ଆମେ କଣ କରିବା ?"

'ପିକନିକ" – ନାଟକୀୟ ଭଙ୍ଗୀରେ କହିଲା ସାବିତ୍ରୀ। "କେବେ ଭାବିଛୁ ଜୀବନରେ କେବେ ସ୍ତେସ ନୀଡଲ୍ କେବଳ ତୋ ନିଜ ସମ୍ପର୍ତ୍ତି ଭଳିଆ ଏମିତି ଖାଲି ପାଇବ୍ର ?"

ତା ପରେ ବଡ଼ ପାଟିରେ ପାଟି କଲା – "ଏ ଷେସ ନୀଡଲ୍ ର ମାଲିକ ହେଉଚି ..ଅମର .. ଅମର" ଚାରିପଟେ ପ୍ରତିଧ୍ୱନି ଶୁଭୁଥାଏ ..ଅମର ଅମର । ସାବିତ୍ରୀକୁ ଏମିଡି କେବେ ଦେଖିନି .. ତାର ଚପଳତାରେ ସେ ହସ୍ ହସ୍ ଗୟୀର ହୋଇ ଗଲା ।

"ସାବସ୍ , ମୁଁ ଆଉ ବେଶୀ ଦିନ ବଂଚିବିନିରେ – କହିଁକି ଯେ ମୋ ନାଁ ଅମର ଦେଇଥିଲେ ବାପା ମା ।" "କଣ ଫାଲଡ୍ କଥା ହେଉଛ୍ – କାଲିଠ୍ର''

"କାଲି ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ ମୋ ଟେଷ୍ଟ ରିପୋଟ୍ ଆସିଲା – ମୋ ପେଟରେ ଟିଉମର୍ ଅଛି .. ମାସେ ଭିତରେ ସର୍କରୀ କରିବାକୁ ପଡିବ .. କେମିତି କହିବି ମା, ବାପାଙ୍କୁ .. ବଡ଼ ପୁଅ ମୁଁ ..ସମୟଙ୍କ ବଡ଼ ଆଶା ମୋ ଉପରେ''

ଅମର ଆଉ କିଛି କହିପାରିଲାନି .. ତା ଆଖିରୁ ଲୁହର ଧାର ଗଡି ଯାଉଥାଏ ।

ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ବି ବାକ୍ ରୁଦ୍ଧ ହେଇଗଲା ଯେପରି । ସେ ଦୟ କରି କହିଲା, "ତୁ ଚିନ୍ତା କରନି ଅମର - ସବୁ ଠିକ ହୋଇଯିବ - ଆଜି କାଲି ମେଡିକାଲ ଟେକ୍ନୋଲୋଜି ବହୁତ ଆଗେଇ ଗଲାଣି ।''

"ତୁ କାଣୁ ସାବସ୍, ଆମ କମ୍ପାନୀର ଇନୁରାନ୍ସ ଏତେ ଭଲ ନୁହେଁ – ସ୍ୱିଡିସ ହସ୍କିଟାଲ୍, ଅପରେସନ୍ ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ କଭର୍ କରିବନି – ସେଠି ଭଲ ଡାକ୍ତର ଅଛନ୍ତି – ସେଠି ସର୍କରୀ ହୋଇଥିଲେ ଟିକେ ଚାନ୍ସ ଥିଲା ..ଆଉ ମୁଁ କାମ କରି ପାରିଲେ ସିନା ଏଠି ରହି ପାରିବି ..''

ଏତିକି କହୁ କହୁ ଭୋ ଭୋ ହୋଇ କାନ୍ଦିବା ଆରୟ କରିଦେଲା ସାବିତ୍ରୀର କାନ୍ଧରେ ..ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ଅମରର ପିଠିକୁ ଆଉଁସି ଦେଇ ବୁଝାଉଥାଏ – ତା ମନ ଭିତରେ ଏକ ଦୁଃଖର କୋହ ଗଢି ଉଠୁଥାଏ ।

ପ୍ରାୟ ଦଶମିନଟର ନୀରବତା ପରେ ସାବିତ୍ରୀ କହିଲା, "ଅମର, ଚାଲ ବାହା ହୋଇଯିବା । ..ମୁଁ କାଶେ ତୂ ମତେ ଭଲ ପାଉ.." ଚମକି ପଡିଲା ଅମର । "କଣ ପାଗଳ ପରି କଥା ହେଉଛୁ, ମୋ ଗୋଟେ ପାଦ ଏବେ ଶ୍ମଶାନରେ ଅଛି ? ଭଲ ପାଇବାର ଅର୍ଥ ନହେଁ ...ମଁ ସ୍ନାର୍ଥପର ହୋଇଯିବି''

"ମୁଁ ଯାହା କହୁଛି ଚିନ୍ତା କରି କହୁଛି ..ଯଦି ବାହା ହେଇଯିବା ତାହେଲେ ମୋ ଇନ୍ସୂରାନ୍ସରେ ତୋତେ ସାମିଲ୍ କରିଦେବି । ଆଉ ତୁ ତ ଜାଣିଛୁ ଆମ କମ୍ପାନୀର ଇନ୍ସୁରାନ୍ସ ବହୁତ ଭଲ ..ତୁ ଯେଉଁଠି ଚାହିଁବୁ ସେ ହସ୍ସିଟାଲରେ ତୋର ସର୍ଜରୀ ହେବ ...ତୁ ଠିକ ହେଇ ଯିବୁ "

ଅମରର ମନ ଭିତରେ ଏକ ଆଶାର ଝଲକ ଦେଖା ଗଲେ ବି – ତାର ବିବେକ କହୁଥାଏ ତା ମନରେ ବଂଚିବାର ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥପର ଭାବନାଟାଏ ଆସ୍ୱଛି ।

"ହେଲେ ସାବସ୍ ତ୍ର କାହିଁକି ତୋ ଜୀବନକୁ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ବରବାଦ କରିଦେବୁ'', ସାବିତ୍ରୀ କହିଲା ।

"ମୁଁ ଜାଣିଛି ଅମର.. . ଆଗକୁ ରାୟା ଖୁବ୍ ଅନିଷିତ ଓ ଖୁବ୍ କଠିନ । ତୋର ସର୍ଜରୀ ପରେ କେମୋ ଆରୟ ହେବ ..ମୁଁ ମୋ ଖୁଡିଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖିଛି ..ମୋର ପୁରା ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ତୁ ପୁରା ଠିକ ହୋଇଯିବୁ – ନହେଲେ ମୋ ଦୂର୍ଭାଗ୍ୟ ... ତ୍ର ଯେତେଦିନ ବଂଚିବ୍ର ଏକା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ରହିବା''

ଅମର ନିର୍ବିକାର ହୋଇ ବସିଥାଏ ...ତା ଆଖିରୁ ଖାଲି ଲୁହ ଗଡିଯାଉଥାଏ - ସେଟା ଦୁଃଖର, ପ୍ରେମର ନା କୃତଜ୍ୱତାର ?

ସାବିତ୍ରୀ କହିଲା, 'ଏବେବି ତୋ ଥ୍ୱାଇଫ୍ ପରି ତୋର ଲୁଗା ସଫା କରି ଦେଉଛି, ରୋଷେଇ କରି ଦେଉଛି, ତୋତେ ହସ୍ମିଟାଲ ନେଉଛି । ବାହା ହେଇଗଲେ ତୋ ସାଥିରେ ରହିବି – ମୋ ପାଇଁ ସୁବିଧା ହେବ – ମତେ ସେ ଏପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟର୍ ଏ ଏପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ ଦୌଡିବାକ୍ ପଡିବନାହିଁ ।'

ଅମର ଭାବୁଥାଏ – ଠିକ୍ କହୁଛି ସାବସ୍। ତା ଅସୁସ୍ଥତା ଆରୟ ହେଲା ପରେ ତା ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ, ତା ମାଉସୀଝିଅ ଭଉଶୀ, ଭିଶେଇ କେହି ଆସି ନାହାନ୍ତି ତା ସହ ସାକ୍ଷାତ କରିବାକୁ ..କରୋନାର ବାହାନା ମାରିଛନ୍ତି ..ସତରେ ସାବସ୍ ବହୁତ ଭଲପାଏ ତାକୁ।

ଅମର ତାର ନୀରବତା ଭଗ୍ନକରି ପଚାରିଲା, 'ଆଉ ତୋ ବାପା,ମା ?'

'ତାଙ୍କୁ କହିବା ମୋ କାମ - ତୋ କଥା କହ, ତୁ ମତେ ବାହା ହେବୁ ତ ?'

ଅମର ଭାବୁଥାଏ କେଉଁଥିରେ ଗଢ଼ା ଏ ସାବିତ୍ରୀ – ଏ ପରି ସମୟରେ ଲୋକେ ସୟନ୍ଧ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଦିଅନ୍ତି – ସେ ନୂଆ ସମ୍ପର୍କର ସେତୁ ବାନ୍ଧୁଛି – ନିଜ ଖୁସିର ଆହୁତି ଦେଇ ।

'ମୁଁ ତୋତେ ଭଲ ପାଏ ଯେ .." ଅମର କଶରୁଦ୍ଧ ହୋଇଗଲା ।

ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ପାଖରେ ଥିବା ଫୁଲଗଛମାନଙ୍କଠୁ ଫୁଲ ତୋଳି ଆଣିଲା; ତା ପର୍ସ ଖୋଲି ଦାନ୍ତ ସଫା କରିବା ଫୁସ୍ର ସୂତାରେ ଦୁଇଟା ଫୁଲ ହାର ଗୁନ୍ଥିଲା ତା ପରେ ଅମର ପାଖକୁ ଆସି କହିଲା, 'ଏ ସେସ ନୀଡଲ୍କୁ ସାକ୍ଷୀ କରି ମୁଁ ତୋତେ ପତିରୂପେ ମାନି ନେଉଛି ।' ତା ପରେ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ପରି ପାଟି କରି କହିଲା, 'ସେସ ନୀଡଲ୍, ଆଜି ତୁ ହିଁ ମୋର ଏ ଘୋଷଣାର ଏକମାତ୍ର ସାକ୍ଷୀ ! ! !'

ଏଡିକି କହି ସେ ଫୁଲହାରଟା ଅମରର ଗଳାରେ ପିନ୍ଧେଇଦେଲା ।

'ଏ ବ୍ରହ୍ମାଣ୍ଡ ଜାଣିରଖ ..ଆଜିଠୁ ଅମର ମୋର ପତି', ଚାରି ପଟେ ସାବିତ୍ରୀର କଥାର ପ୍ରତିଧ୍ୱନି ଶୁଭୁଥିଲା । 'କାଲି ବେଲଭିଉ କୋର୍ଟରେ ବାହା ହେଇ ଯିବା, ତା ପରେ ମୁଁ ତୋ ନାଁ ମୋ ଇନ୍ସୁରାନ୍ସରେ ଯୋଡିଦେବି – ତୋ ସର୍ଜରୀ ହେବ ସବୁଠାରୁ ଭଲ ହସ୍କିଟାଲରେ । ମୁଁ ଦେଖିବି କିଏ ମୋ ପତିକୁ ମୋଠାରୁ ଛଡେଇ ନେବ ।'

ଏତିକି କହି ଅମରର ଗାଲରେ ଚୃୟନଟାଏ ଆଙ୍କି ଦେଲା ।

ଅମର ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନ କରିଲା ସାବିତ୍ରୀକୁ – ଆଉ ଚୁୟନ ଦେଇ ଚାଲିଲା ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ଗାଲରେ । ସାବିତ୍ରୀର ଦୃତ୍ମନ ତାର ଆଶଙ୍କୀ, ଛାତିର କୋହକୁ ମୁହଁର ହସରେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ କରି ଦେଉଥାଏ । ଅମର ଭାବୁଥାଏ ସେ ସତ୍ୟବାନ ନହେଲେ କଣ ହେଲା – ସାବିତ୍ରୀକୁ ପାଇ ସେ କେତେ ଭାଗ୍ୟବାନ । ତା ଆଖିରୁ ଲୁହର ଧାର ବୋହି ଯାଉଥାଏ; ଦୁଇପ୍ରେମୀ ଏକାକାର ହେଇ ଯାଉଥିଲେ । ସ୍ପେସ ନୀଡଲ୍ ନବ ବିବାହିତ ବର-କନ୍ୟାକୁ ହସି ହସି ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ଦେଉଥିଲା । ଆକାଶର ଆଖିରୁ ଖୁସିର ଲୁହର ବର୍ଷା ଆରୟ ହେଇ ଯାଇଥାଏ ..ପ୍ରେମର ରଙ୍ଗରେ ରଙ୍ଗିହୋଇ ଆକାଶରେ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଧନୁଟାଏ ନାଚୁଥିଲା ।





ମୋ "ବାଲ୍ୟଲୀଳାର" ମହାନାୟକ ପଦ୍ମଶ୍ରୀ ରଜତ କରଙ୍କ ସ୍ମରଣେ

କଳ୍ପନାମୟୀ ଦାଶ, ମିନିଆପଲିସ୍

୨୦୦୨ ମସିହା ଓସା ବାର୍ଷିକ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ ଏବଂ ରଥଯାତ୍ରା ନାସଭିଲ ସହରରେ ପାଳିତ ହେଉଥାଏ । ନିମନ୍ତଣ ପାଇ ରଚ୍ଚତ ଭାଇନା ଆସିଥାନ୍ତି ଆମେରିକା । ତାଙ୍କ ମୁହଁରୁ ରଥଯାତ୍ରା ଏବଂ ସ୍ନାନପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣିମାର ଧାରା ବିବରଣୀ ଶୁଣିବା ମୋର ସଉକ୍ ଥିଲା ପିଲାଦିନରୁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସବୁ ପଛ କରିଦେଇ ୧୯୭୪ ମସିହାରୁ ମୁଁ ଆସି ରହିଲି ଏଠି ବିଦେଶରେ । ବହୁଦିନ ପରେ ନାସଭିଲରେ ପୁଣି ତାଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ଅନେକ ଭାଷଣ ଶୁଣିଲି ଏବଂ ତାଙ୍କ ସହ ଏକତ୍ର ବସି ଖାଇବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ମଧ୍ୟ ପାଇଲି ।

ଏହାର ଅବ୍ୟବହିତ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସୁନାମଧନ୍ୟ। ନୃତ୍ୟଶିଳ୍ପୀ ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ସଂଯୁକ୍ତ। ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ ସଂସାରରୁ ବିଦାୟ ନେଇଥା'ନ୍ତି । ଆମ ଘରେ ସିଏ ଏବଂ ପଣ୍ଡିତ ରଘୁନାଥ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀଙ୍କ ସମେତ ତାଙ୍କ ସଂସ୍ଥାର କଳାକାର ମାନେ ଅନେକ ବାର ଅତିଥି ହେଇଥିଲେ; ଗୋଟିଏ ମମତା ଆସି ଯାଇଥିଲା । ତାଙ୍କ ତିରୋଧାନ ଖବର ଟିଭିରେ ଦେଖିଲୁ । ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଆମ ପାଖରେ କଣ୍ଠଶିଳ୍ପ ଏସୁଚିତ୍ର। ମହାପାତ୍ର, ତାଙ୍କର ଭଉଣୀ ସଂଗୀତା ଗୋସାଇଁ ତଥା ତବଲା ବାଦକ ପ୍ରଶନ୍ନ ମିଶ୍ର ମଧ୍ୟ ଉପସ୍ଥିତ ଥିଲେ । ସେ ତିନିଜଣ ଆମ ଜାଗାରେ ପ୍ରୋଗାମ ସାରି ନାସଭିଲ ଚାଲି ଆସିଥିଲେ । ତେଣୁ ମତେ ଘରଟା କିଛିଟା ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଭଳି ଲାଗୁଥିଲା । ସେତିକିବେଳେ ରଜତ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କୁ ନାସଭିଲରୁ ମିନିଆପଲିସ୍ର ଆମ ଘରକୁ ପାଛୋଟି ଆଣିବା ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଏକ ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟର କଥା ଥିଲା ।

ଭାଇନା ଆମ ଘରକୁ ଆସିଲେ । କେତେ ଜାଗାରେ ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ୍ ହେଲା । ଭଞ୍ଜ ସାହିତ୍ୟର ଉପାସକ ସିଏ, ପୁଣି କଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କର ପରମ ଭକ୍ତ । ଭାଷଣ ଶୁଣି ସମତ୍ତେ ସବୁ ଜାଗାରେ କୃତାର୍ଥ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ମୁଁ ବି, ମୋ ପରିବାର ବି । ଭାଇନା ଏବଂ ମୋର ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଶିତକଣ୍ଡଙ୍କର କଥୋପକଥନରେ ମୁଁ ବେଶୀ ଆମୋଦିତ ହେଉଥାଏ । ହସ ଖୁସିରେ ସମୟତ କଟୁଥାଏ ସତ, କିନ୍ତୁ କଅଣ କଥା ହୁଅନ୍ତି କେ'ଜାଣି ବଡ ମଣିଷ ଦି'ଟା ଛୋଟ ପିଲା ମାଡଗୋଳ ହବା ପରି ଶୁଭୁଥାଏ ମତେ । ପୁଣି ହସ, ପୁଣି ରୋଷ ।

ଦିନେ ନୈଖ୍ୟ ଭୋକନ ପାଇଁ ମିନିଆପଲିସ୍ ପାଖ ଉଡବେରି କୁ ଆମେ ଯାଉଥାଉ । ରକତ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କର କନୈକ ଆତ୍ମୀୟା, ତଥା ଆମର ବନ୍ଧୁ ରୀତା ଏବଂ ଶରତ ମହାପାତ୍ରଙ୍କ ନିମନ୍ତ୍ରଣ ଥିଲା । ଆମ ଅଫିସ୍ରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରତ ଶ୍ରୀମାନ୍ ଅଶୋକ ମିଶ୍ର, ଏବଂ ମୁଁ ଗାଡି ପଛ ସିଟରେ ବସି ଆଗ ସିଟ୍ ର ଗୁଞ୍ଜରଣ ଶୁଣୁଥାଉ । ଏ ଭିତରେ, ଗାଡି ଯେଉଁ ମୋଡ଼ରେ ଉଡବେରି ଆଡ଼େ ବୁଲି ବା କଥା, ତାକୁ ଛାଡ଼ି, ଉଇୟନସିନ୍ ସୀମା ଅତିକ୍ରମ କରି ସାରିଲାଣି । ଶରତ ବାବୁ ଫୋନ୍ କଲାରୁ ବାହୁଡ଼ିଲୁ ତାଙ୍କ ଘରକୁ । ଖିଆପିଆ ଗପସପ ପରେ ଆମେ ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଲୁ । ରାତିରେ ଶାନ୍ତି ନାନୀଙ୍କୁ ଫୋନ୍ କରାଗଲା । ଶାନ୍ତି ନାନୀ – ରକତ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ । ମୁଁ ପ୍ରଥମ କରି ତାଙ୍କସହ ଫୋନରେ

କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କଲି । ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଭାଇନା ମୋ ପ୍ରଶଂସା କରି ନାନୀଙ୍କ ମନକୁ ମୋହି ସାରିଥିଲେ । ନାନୀ ମତେ କହିଲେ, ''ସିଏତ ସବୁବେଳେ ବକ୍ ବକ୍ ହୁଅନ୍ତି । ସେଠି ତୁମକୁ ବୋର କରୁଥିବେ।''

ମୁଁ କହିଲି, ''ନାଇଁ ନାନୀ । ମୁଁ ତ ସେ ଦୁହିଁଙ୍କର ବାଲ୍ୟଲୀଳା ଦେଖୁଛି, ପୂର୍ଷପ୍ରାଣରେ ଉପଭୋଗ କରୁଛି ।'' ନାନୀ–ଭାଇନା ଏ ବାଲ୍ୟଲୀଳା ଶବ୍ଦଟି ଶୁଣି ବଡ ଆମୋଦିତ ହେଲେ । ଏ କଥା ସେମାନେ ଆମରଣ ଆଲୋଚନା କରି ଖୁସି ହେଉଥିଲେ । ଏହି ସ୍ବୃତିଚାରଣ ମୋତେ ଏବେବି ଆନନ୍ଦ ଦିଏ । ଯଦିଓ ତାଙ୍କର ଅବର୍ତ୍ତମାନରେ, ମନ ଯୋଗକ୍ ତାଙ୍କ ଦହିଁଙ୍କ ବହତ ଝରି ହଏ ।

ଏହା ପରେ ମୋର ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଗଞ୍ଚ ବେଳେ, ମୁଁ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ଘରକୁ ଯାଇ ପାରିଲିନି । ମୁଁ ଫେରିବା ଦିନ ଭାଇନା ଆସିଥିଲେ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ଏଆରପୋର୍ଚ୍ ରେ ମତେ ବିଦାୟ ଦେବା ପାଇଁ । ମୋର ଦୁଇକୁଳର ପ୍ରିୟକନ ଗଦା ହେଇ ଥାଆନ୍ତି । ଯୋଗକୁ ବିମାନ ଛାଡ଼ିବାରେ ବହୁତ ତେରି ହେଇଗଲା । ଭାଇନା ମୋ ପ୍ରଶଂସାରେ ଶତମୁଖ । ଆମେ ସମଞ୍ଚେ କାନ୍ଦିବାକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅବସର ପାଇଲୁନି । ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କର କେତେ ସେବା କରିଥିଲି, ପ୍ରତିଦିନର ଦିନଲିପି ହିଁ ଦେଉଥିଲେ ସିଏ, ମାନେ ମୋ ସେବା, ମୋ ଅତିଥିସତ୍କାରର ଧାରା ବିବରଣୀ । ମୋ ପରିବାର ପ୍ରିୟକନ ମାନେ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଗର୍ବରେ ଫାଟି ପଡ଼ୁଥିଲେ ଅବା । ଏବେ ବି ମୋର ଭଉଣୀ କୋଇଁ ମାନେ ଏବଂ ଦିଅର ସେଇକଥା ଗପୁଛନ୍ତି ।

ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଯାତ୍ରା ବେଳେ ମୋର ଲଜାବୋଧ ହେଲା । ଚିନ୍ତାକଲି, ଏଡ଼େ ବଡ ମଣିଷଟିଏ କ'ଣ ପାଇଁ ମତେ ଦେଖା କରିବାକୁ ଆସିବେ, ବରଂ ମୁଁ ଯାଇ ଚରଣ ସ୍ଧର୍ଶ କରିବି ତାଙ୍କର । ମୁଁ ଆସୁଛି ଖବର ପାଇ ଶାନ୍ତିନାନୀ ତାଙ୍କ ଓ୍ୱାକର୍ ଧରି ଦୁଆର ମୁହଁରେ ଠିଆ ହେଇଥିଲେ । ଭାଇନା ତ ତଳକୁ ଚାଲିଆସିଥିଲେ । ମନେ ପଡ଼େ ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ନେହ କରକର କଥା । କେତେ ମଧୁର ନାନୀଙ୍କର ପିଠି ଥାପୁତେଇ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କରିବା । ତା' ପରଠାରୁ ମୋର ଆସିବା ସମୟକୁ ନାନୀ ପଚାରନ୍ତି ''ବୁଡ଼ୀ ଆସିନି କି ?'' ଭାଇନା ଆମେରିକାକୁ ଫୋନ୍ କରି ୟାଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ବୁଝନ୍ତି ବୁଡ଼ୀ କେବେ ଆସୁଛି । ଭାଇନା ଆମର ନିୟମିତ ଟାହ୍ନି ଡ୍ରାଇଭର ଲୋକନାଥକୁ ଫୋନ୍ କରି ବୁଝିନିଅନ୍ତି ମୁଁ କେଉଁଠି ଅଛି ବୋଲି । ଏପରି ଆନ୍ତରିକତା କେବଳ ଅନୁଭବ କରିହୁଏ । ବର୍ତ୍ତନା କରି ହୁଏନି । ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଶୁଭ ଚିନ୍ତକ ଭାବରେ ପାଇ ମୁଁ ଧନ୍ୟ ।

ବିଶ୍ୱ ନିୟନ୍ତାଙ୍କର ଲୀଳା ସଦା ଅବୋଧ । ଶାନ୍ତି ନାନୀଙ୍କର ଭାଇ ଓ ଭାଉଜ – ଡ଼ଃ କବି ପ୍ରସାଦ ମିଶ୍ର ଏବଂ ଡ଼ଃ ଆରତୀ ମିଶ୍ର, ସଂଯୋଗ ବଶତଃ ଆମର ଅତିଥି ହୋଇଥିଲେ, ଏବଂ ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ କାଳରେ କବି ଭାଇନା ଆମର ରଥଯାତ୍ରା ବେଳେ ମିନିଆପଲିସ ରଥଯାତ୍ରାରେ ଛେରାପହଁରା କରିଥିଲେ । ମୋର ସମୟ ଅଭାବ କଥା ଅନୁଭବ କରି କେତେ ଥର ସିଏ ମତେ ଦେଖା କରିବାକୁ ଆସନ୍ତି ରଚ୍ଚତଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ଘରକୁ । ରଚ୍ଚତ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ନାତି ଅଂଶୁମାନ ମଧ୍ୟ ଛୁଆ ଦିନରୁ ମାୟା ଲଗେଇ ଦେଲା । ପ୍ରଥମ ଥର ଦେଖାରେ ହିଁ ମତେ ସେ ଡାକିନେଲା ଓ ଘର ତମାମ ବୁଲି ବୁଲି ସବୁ ରୁମ୍ ଗୁଡ଼ା ଦେଖଉଥାଏ । ଜେଜେ ତା'ର ପ୍ରାଣ । ଜେଜେଙ୍କ ଲାଇବ୍ରେରୀ, ଜେଜେଙ୍କ ଖୋଇବା ଘର, ଠାକୁର ଘର ସବୁ ଦେଖାସରିଲା ବେଳକୁ ଜେଜେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ । କହିଲେ, ''ବୁଝିଲୁ ବୁଡ଼ୀ ମୋ ନାତିଟି ଭାରି କୁହାଳିଆ ଠିକ୍ ମୋ'ପରି ।"

ଅପ୍ରତ୍ୟାଶିତ ଭାବରେ ଶାନ୍ତିନାନୀ ବିଦାୟ ନେଇଗଲେ । ଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ସହ ଫୋନ୍ ରେ ଯୋଗାଯୋଗ ଥାଏ । ୨୦୧୩ରେ ମୁଁ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଆସିଥାଏ । ଝିଅ ତୂଲ୍ୟ ଆଦ୍ୟାଶା, (ପ୍ରଖ୍ୟାତ ଲେଖିକା ଡ଼ଃ ପ୍ରତିଭା ରାୟଙ୍କ ଝିଅ) ବହୁତ ଇଚ୍ଛାକରି ମୁଁ ଲେଖିଥିବା ଭଜନ ସିଡି ଦୁଇଟି ବାହାର କରିଥିଲା । ବିନୋଦ ବିହାରୀ ପଣ୍ଡା ଦୁଇଟି ସି . ଡିରେ, ୧୬ଟି ଭଜନ ଗାଇଥିଲେ । ୮ଟି ଭଜନ ମହାପ୍ରସାଦ କର ଗୋଟିଏ ସି.ଡି ରେ ଗାଇଥିଲେ । ୮ଟି ଆଧୁନିକ ଗୀତ ସୁବାସ ଦାସ , ଶୁଭଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ, ଶିବରଞ୍ଜନୀ ଏବଂ ଶୈଳଭାମା ମହାପାତ୍ର ବୋଲିଥିଲେ । ଏସବୁ ଗୁଡ଼ିକର ମୁଷ ଶ୍ରୋତା ହେଉଛି ଆଦ୍ୟାଶା । ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ମଞ୍ଚାସୀନ ଅତିଥିମାନଙ୍କ (ସର୍ବଶ୍ରୀ ପ୍ରଫୁଲ୍ଲ କର, ଶାନ୍ତନୁ ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ, ଶ୍ରୀମତି ପ୍ରତିଭା ରାୟ, ଆଦ୍ୟାଶା ଇତ୍ୟାଦି) ସହ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କର ନାଁ ଥିଲା । ସଭା ଆରୟ ହେବା ଉପରେ, ଭାଇନାଙ୍କର ଦେଖା ନାହିଁ । ମୁଁ ଫୋନ୍ କଲି । ଭାଇନା ହାଁ କରି ଫୋନ୍ ରଖିଦେଲେ । ଭୁଲିଯାଇ ଥିଲେ । ଘର ସାମ୍ନା ଦେଇ ଯାଉଥିବା ଗୋଟିଏ ମଟର ସାଇକେଲ୍ ପଛରେ ବସି ଚାଲିଆସିଲେ । ସଭାରେ ସିଏ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ଅତିଥି । ତାଙ୍କର ସ୍ନେହ କେତେ ଗଭୀର, ମୁଁ ଭାଷାରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରି ପାରୁନି । କଥା ଦେଇ କଥା ରକ୍ଷା କରିବାର ମହାନ୍ ଗୁଣଟି ତାଙ୍କଠାରୁ ଶିଖିବାର ଅଛି ।

୨୦୧୭ ମସିହା କାନୁୟାରୀ ରୁ ଏପ୍ରିଲ (ସଂକ୍ରାନ୍ତି) ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମୋର ମା' କଳିଙ୍ଗ ହସପିଟାଲରେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ସହ ଲଡ଼େଇ କରୁଥିଲେ । ମୋର ଅନୁପସ୍ଥିତିରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଭାଇନା ଆସି ମାଆଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖାକରି ଯାଇଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଚରଣ ୱର୍ଶ କରି କୃତଜ୍ୱତା ଜଣାଇବା ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ସେଠାରେ ନଥିଲି ।

କୋଭିଡ଼ ମହାମାରୀ ଆସିବା ପୂର୍ବର କଥା। ରଜତ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କୁ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ନେଇ ଡଲିନାନୀଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖା କରିବାର କଥା ଥାଏ। ଜାନୁୟାରୀ ୧ ନୂଆବର୍ଷ। ଜଳଖିଆ ତିଆରି କରି ବୋହୂପୁଅ ବାଟ ଚାହିଁ ବସିଥିଲେ । ଡଲିନନୀ, √ଡ଼ଃ କବି ପ୍ରସାଦ ମିଶ୍ରଙ୍କର ପତ୍ନୀ; ତାଙ୍କୁ ମୁଁ କବି ଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ତିରୋଧାନ ପରେ ଦେଖା କରିନଥାଏ । ଡେରି ହେଇଯିବ ବୋଲି ଭାଇନା ମୋ ସହ ଗାଡିରେ ବସି ନାନୀଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ଗଲେ । ମୁଁ ଯେଉଁ ଅନ୍ଥ ସମୟ ନାନୀଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ରହିଲି, ନାନୀ ମୋର ହାତଟିକୁ ଧରିଥାନ୍ତି । ବାରୟାର କହୁଥାଆନ୍ତି, ''ରଜତ ବାବୁ ଆଜି ନୂଆବର୍ଷରେ ଆପଣ ବୁଡ଼ୀକୁ ଆଣି ମୋ' ପାଖରେ ପହଞ୍ଚେଇଲେ, ଆଉ ଅଧିକା ଉପହାର ମୋର କଅଣ ଦରକାର । ବହୁତ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ।"

ମମତା ଭିଜା ସେ ହାତର ସ୍ପର୍ଶ ମତେ ବିଭୋର କରିଦେଲା ।

ଏ ବିରାଟ ସଂସାର ସାଗରରେ ମୁଁ କ୍ଷୁଦ୍ର ବିନ୍ଦୁଟିଏ ମାତ୍ର । କେତେ ପ୍ରକାର କୃତିତ୍ୱ, କେତେ ପ୍ରକାର ସଫଳତା ପାଇଁ ଫଳକ, ମାନପତ୍ର, ଫୁଲମାଳ ଏବଂ ଫୁଲ ତୋଡାରେ ଆଜିର ମଞ୍ଚ ସବୁ ମୁଖରିତ । କିନ୍ତୁ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ସେଦିନ ଡଲି ନାନୀଙ୍କର ଡ୍ରଇଁରୁମଟି ଏକ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠିତ ପ୍ରେକ୍ଷାଳୟ ପାଲଟି ଯାଇଥିଲା । ଏବେବି ନାନୀ, ରଜତ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ମୋ ସହିତ ଉଠାଇଥିବା ଫଟୋ ମୋ ପାଖରେ ଅଛି । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ପଦିଏ କଥା ମୋ ଜୀବନକୁ ସମ୍ବଦ୍ଧ କରିଛି । କେତେ ବିୟୁତ ପରିବାର ଆମେ ପାଇଛୁ ରଜତ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ସକାଶେ ।

"ଗୋଟିଏ ଥର ଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ସହ ଦେଖା ହେଇ ପାରନି, ପୁରୀ ଦର୍ଶନ ହେଇ ପାରିନି । ଫେରିଯିବା ସମୟ ହୋଇଗଲାଣି," ବୋଲି ଶିତକଣ ବିଥେଇ ହଉଥିଲେ । ମୁଁ ପ୍ରୟାବ ରଖିଲି ଯେ ଚାଲ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କୁ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ନେଇ ପୁରୀ ଯିବା । ଦର୍ଶନ ସମୟକୁ ବାଦ୍ ଦେଲେ ବାକି ସମୟ ତମେ ମାନେ ଗପସପ କରିବ । ଇଏତ ରାଜି ହେଇଗଲେ । ସଂଧାରେ ହିଁ କେବଳ ଯିବେ । ଭାଇନା ବି, ମୁଁ ତାବୁକ୍ ହୋଇଗଲି । ତାଙ୍କ ପରି ବ୍ୟୟ ମଣିଷ, ବୟସ କେତେ ହେଲାଣି, ରାତିରେ ଯିବେ । ଗଲୁ । ମୋର ତ ଲୋଭ ସେ ବାଲ୍ୟଲୀଳା ଶ୍ରବଣ କରିକରି ଯିବି । ବସିଗଲେ ଦୁଇ



(ଭାଇନା, ସୁବଲ୍ତା ରଜତ କୁମାର କରଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଲେଖିକା କଳ୍ପନାମୟୀ ଦାଶ)

ମହାରଥୀ । ମୁଁ ଆଗ ସିଟ୍ ରେ ବସି ତାଙ୍କ ଆଲୋଚନା (ଭଞ୍ଜଙ୍କ ଉପରେ) ଶୁଣୁଥାଏ । ସେ ଗୋଟିଏ ସ୍ମରଣୀୟ ମଧୁର ଘଟଣା । ଭାଇନାଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚାଇବା ବେଳକ୍ ଠିକ୍ ରାତି ବାରଟା ।

ବାଦୀ ପାଲାଟି ଅଧିକ ରାଡିରେ ଦେଖେ। ମଞ୍ଚରେ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖିବାର ଲାଳସା। ପାଲା ବାବଦରେ ଟିୱଣୀ ପଠେଇ ଦିଏ। ଭଲ କି ମନ୍ଦ। ଭାଇନା ଖୁସି ହେଇଥାଆନ୍ତି, ମୁଁ ପାଲା ଦେଖୁଛି ବୋଲି।

ବର୍ଷ ପୁରିଲା । ମୁଁ ଆଉ ପାଲା ଦେଖୁନି ।

ପିଲାଙ୍କର ଆଦର, ଆଗ୍ରହ, ଏବଂ ନିମନ୍ତଣ ଏଡାଇ ନ ପାରି, କାନୁୟାରୀ ୨୩ ଗୋଟିଏ ରବିବାରରେ ରକତ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ଘରକୁ ଯାଇ ବେଶ୍ କିଛି ସମୟ ବିତାଇ ଆସିଲି । ପିଲାଏ ଡ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କର । ବିଶେଷ କରି ଅଂଶୁମାନ — କେଳେ ଯାହାର ଜୀବନ, ପୁରାପୁରି ଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ଡ଼ଙ୍ଗ, ତାଙ୍କରି ପ୍ରତିଭା, ଏବଂ ତାଙ୍କରି ମନୋବୃତ୍ତି ଆଣିଛି । ଖାଇ ବସିବା ବେଳେ ମୋର ମନେ ହେଲା ନାହିଁ ଯେ ଶାନ୍ତିନାନୀ ଏବଂ ରକତ ଭାଇନା ଏ ଘରେ ଆଉ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ସମୟଙ୍କୁ ଭଗବାନ ସୁଖଦୁଃଖ ଉଭୟ ଦେଇଥା'ନ୍ତି । ମୋ ଜୀବନରେ ସୁଖ ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟ ବୋଲି ଯାହା ପାଇଛି ତା' ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ରକତ ଭାଇନା, କବି ଭାଇନା ଇତ୍ୟାଦିଙ୍କର ସାନ୍ନିଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଧାନ । ଯେଉଁ ମାନଙ୍କର ଫଟୋଟିଏ, ଦୟଖତଟିଏ ପାଇଁ ଲୋକେ ବ୍ୟାକୁଳ ହୁଅନ୍ତି, ମୁଁ ସେଇମାନଙ୍କର ନିକଟବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ହେଇ ପାରିଛି, ସେ ମୋର ପରମ ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟ । କଗନ୍ନାଥ ସଂସ୍କୃତି ସହ ଓଡଃପ୍ରୋତ ଭାବେ କଡିତ ରକତ ଭାଇନା ତ ନିଳେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଭଗବାନ । ତାଙ୍କର ଆତ୍ମାର ସଦ୍ଗତି ପାଇଁ ଆମେ ଆଉ କି ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କରିବା ?





ଆନ୍ତରିକତା

ରବି ସାହୁ, ବେକେର୍ସଫିଲ୍ଲ, କାଲିଫର୍ଷିଆ

ଧଡ ଧଡ କରି ସାଇକେଲଟାକ ଠିଆ କରିଦେଇ ଭିତରେ ପଶିଗଲା ରାମ । ଆରେ ଭିତରେ କଣ କେହି ନାହାନ୍ତି ନା କଣ ? ଏପଟେ ଭୋକରେ ପେଟ ଜଳିଲାଣି । ସକାଳସାରା ବୃଲା ଚାଲିଛି, ଏବେ ପୁଣି ଦଶ କି. ମି. ଦରକ୍ ଯାଇ ଫେର୍ଛି । ଭୋକ ହେବାଟା ସ୍ନାଭାବିକ । ତାପରେ ମନ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡିକ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିକୋଶର୍ ବିଚାର କଲେ ଦେଖାଯିବ ଯେ ତାର ଏଇ ପେଟ ଜଳିବାଟା ବଢିଗଲା. ଯେତେବେଳେ ସେ ସେହି କାଠପଟାର ଧଳାଲେପ ଉପରେ ନାଲି ଅକ୍ଷରରେ 'ମା ମଙ୍ଗଳା ହୋଟେଲ୍' ଲେଖାଥିବା ସାତଟି ଅକ୍ଷର ପଢିଲା । ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଭୋକ ହେଉଥିଲେ ବି ତାର ପ୍ରଭାବ ଏତେ ଅନ୍ଭବ କରି ହେଉ ନଥିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ହୋଟେଲଟିକ୍ ଦେଖଦେଲା ପରେ ଅନ୍ଭବ କଣ, ଭୋକ ତାର ଚରମ ପ୍ରତିକ୍ରିୟା ଦେଖାଇବାକୁ ଆରୟ କଲାଣି । ଏ ଫାଙ୍କା ଘର ଭିତରଟା, ଆଉ ଫାଙ୍କା ଟେବୃଲ୍ ଚେୟାର ଦେଖି ଗୋଟିଏ ହତାଶିଆ ଭାବ ଘାରିଗଲା । ତା ଭିତରେ ମାଲିକ କିନ୍ତୁ ତା ଚେୟାର ଉପରେ ବସିଛି । 'ବସିଛି' କହିବା ଅପେକ୍ଷା 'ଢୋଳୋଉଛି' କହିବା ବେଶି ପ୍ରଯୁଜ୍ୟ ହେବ । କାରଣ ସାଇକେଲ୍ ରଖି ସେଠାରୁ ଭିତରକୁ ପଶିବା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ରାମ୍ର ତାର ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ଆକର୍ଷଣ କରିପାରି ନଥିଲା । ଆଗରେ ତାର କଳା କିଟି କିଟି ବାହ୍କଟିଏ, ଯାହା ଉପରେ କେବେ ରଙ୍ଗ ଦିଆଯାଇ ନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସମୟାନୁକ୍ରମେ ସେଥିରେ ସମୟର କଳା ରଙ୍ଗ ଲାଗିଯାଇଛି । ଭିତରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଟେବୁଲ୍ ଉପରେ ସଦ୍ୟ ବ୍ୟବହୃତ ଥାଳି, ଗିନା ପଡିଛି । ତା ମାନେ କେହି ବୋଧହୁଏ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ଖାଇସାରି ଉଠିଛି । ତେଣୁ ଖାଇବାକୁ ମିଳିପାରେ । ବାହାରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଟିଣ ଭିତରେ ପାଣି ଥୁଆ ହୋଇଛି । ଆଉ ତା ଭିତରେ ମଗଟିଏ ଭାସୁଛି । ହାତ ଧୋଇବାକ୍ ତାର ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଲା ନାହିଁ । ହାତ ଧୋଇସାରି ନାୱିବାଶୀ ଶ୍ୱଣିଲେ ଅବସ୍ଥା ଗୁର୍ତ୍ତର ହୋଇ ଉଠିବ । ତେଣୁ ସେ ଜୋର୍ରେ ଚପଲ ଶବ୍ଦ କରି ମାଲିକ ଆଡକୁ ପାଖେଇଲା । ମାଲିକ କିନ୍ତୁ ଉଠିବାକୁ ନାହିଁ । ଜୋର୍ରେ ତୋଳେଇ ଏପଟ ସେପଟ ତଳି ପଡ଼ିଛି ଯାହା ।

- 'ଆଜ୍ଞା ମିଲ୍ ଅଛି ?' ଉଚ୍ଚା ସ୍ସରରେ ପଚାରିଲା ରାମୁ ।

ହଡ଼ ବଡେଇ କରି ଉଠିପଡିଲା ମାଲିକ ବୋଲି ମନେ ହେଉଥିବା ମଣିଷଟି । ଆଉ କିଛି ଉତ୍ତର ଦେବା ପୁର୍ବରୁ ହିଁ ସେ ଚାରିଥର ଖଣ୍ଡେ 'ହରିଆ', 'ହରିଆ' ବୋଲି ଡ଼ାକ ପକାଇଲା । ତା' ପରେ ରାମୁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ଉତ୍ତର ଦେବାକୁ ଯାଇ କହିଲା – 'ହଁ ଆଜ୍ଞା ଭିତରେ ବସନ୍ତୁ, ଭିତରେ ବସନ୍ତୁ' ।

ପୁଣି ସେ ଡ଼ାକ ଛାଡିଲା, ଅପେକ୍ଷାକୃତ ଚଢ଼ା ଗଳାରେ - 'ହରିଆ'।

ଭିତରୁ ଆଖି ମଳି ମଳି ଚ଼ଉଦ ପନ୍ଦର ବର୍ଷର ପିଲାଟିଏ ବାହାରି ଆସିଲା । ତା ନାଁ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ହରିଆ । ସେ ବି ବୋଧେ ଭିତରେ ଢୋଳୋଉଥିଲା । ଯେମିତି ମାଲିକ, ସେମିତି ପିଲା । ହାତ ଧୋଇ ଭିତରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଟେବୁଲ୍ ପାଖରେ ବସି ପଡିଲା ରାମୁ । ହରିଆ ଆସିଲା - 'ଆଜ୍ଞା କଣ ଖାଇବେ' ?

- 'ଆମିଷ କଣ ଅଛି' ?
- 'ଖାଲି ମାଛ' ।
- 'ଆଉ ସାଧା' ?
- 'ଡାଲି, ଆଳ୍ କୋବି ତରକାରୀ, ବିନ୍ ଆଳ୍ ଭଜା, ଆଳ୍ ଭର୍ତ୍ତା, ଚିପ୍ସ, ଶାଗ ଭଜା' ।

ଘୋଷିଥିଲା ଭଳି ଡ଼ଗ ଡ଼ଗ କରି କହିଗଲା । ଏଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ଘୋଷିବା ବା କଣ ଦରକାର ? ଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ସେଇ ଏକା କଥା କହି କହି ମନେ ରହି ଯାଇଥିବ । ସେ ଯାହା ହେଉ ହରିଆଟା ଚାଲାଖି ଜଣା ପଡ଼ୁଛି ତା ଢ଼ଙ୍ଗ ଢ଼ାଙ୍ଗରୁ । ରାମୁ ଠାରୁ ନିରାମିଷ ମିଲ୍ର ବରାଦ ନେଇ ସେ ଚାଲିଗଲା ଭିତରକୁ ।

ବାଉଁଶ ତାଟି ଘେରା ହୋଟେଲଟିଏ । ତିନୋଟି ଲୟା ଟେବୁଲ୍ ଆଉ ତିନୋଟି ଲୟା ବେଞ୍ଚ । ଏକା ଥରକେ ବାର ଚ଼ଉଦ କଣ ବସି ପାରିବା ଭଳି ସୁବିଧା ଅଛି । ଏ ଦୁଇ ଜଣଙ୍କ ଛଡା ହୋଟେଲରେ ଆଉ କେହି ବୋଧେ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ତେଣୁ କୌତୁହଳ ଲାଗୁଥିଲା, ଏ ଦୁଇ ଜଣିଆ ହୋଟେଲରେ ପାଞ୍ଚ ଛଅ ପ୍ରକାରର ଖାଦ୍ୟ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ କରୁଛି କିଏ ? ମାଲିକର ହାବଭାବରୁ ତାକୁ ରୋଷେଇ ଆସୁଥିବ ବୋଲି ମନେ ହେଉନି । ହରିଆ ପିଲାଟା, ଏତେ କାମକୁ ପାରୁ ନଥିବ । ଅନ୍ୟ କେହି ବୋଧହୁଏ ରୋଷେଇ କରୁଥିବ । ରାମୁ ଖାଇବା ଆରୟ କରି ଦେଇଥିଲା । ଖାଦ୍ୟ ସବୁ ସୁସ୍ୱାଦୁ ଥିଲା । ଭୋକର ପ୍ରଭାବରେ ସବୁ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ସୁସ୍ୱାଦୁ ହିଁ ଲାଗିବ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସବୁ କିଛି ପରିଷ୍କାର ପରିଚ୍ଛନ୍ନ ଥିଲା ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ।

ମାଲିକର ନିଦ ପୁରା ଭାଙ୍ଗିଯାଇଛି । ବେଶ୍ ମାଲିକ ଠାଣିରେ ଟେୟାର ଉପରେ ଡେରି ହୋଇ ବସିଛି । ହାତଟା ପଇସା ବାହ ଉପରେ, ରାମୁକୁ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ କରି ଆରୟ କଲା – "ବୁଝିଲେ ନା, ଏ ହରିଆଟା ମହା ଅଳସୁଆ । ଯେତେବେଳେ ବି ଟିକିଏ ସୁବିଧା ପାଇଲେ ଯେଉଁଠି ହେଲେ ମୁଖ ଗୁଞ୍ଜିଦେବ, ନହେଲେ ସେଇ ଟେବୁଲ୍ ଉପରେ ମୁଖ ରଖ୍ ଢୋଳେଇ ପଡିବ । ହୋଟେଲ କଣ ଗାଁ କଥା ହେଇଛି । ଗାଁ, ସହର – ଆକାଶ, ପାତାଳ । ଏଠି ରହିଲେ ସଦା ସର୍ବଦା ସତର୍କ ରହିବାକୁ ପଡିବ । ଅନ୍ୟ କାଗାରେ ପିଲା ରାଞ୍ଚାରୁ ଗରାଖ ଡ଼ାକି ଆଣୁଛନ୍ତି । ଆଜ୍ଞା, ସେ ବସଷ୍ଟାଷ୍ଟ ପାଖର ପିଲା ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖନ୍ତୁ, ବସରୁ ଓହ୍ଲାଉ, ଓହ୍ଲାଉ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ହୋଟେଲ୍ ଭିତରକୁ ଟାଣି ଆଣିବେ । ଆଉ ଏଠି ଏ ଟୋକାର ଢୋଳେଇବା ଦେଖିଲେ କିଏ ବା କାହିଁକି ଆସିବ ? ଆସୁଥିବା ଲୋକ ବି ଫେରିଯିବେ । ମନା କରୁଛି, ଏ ଟୋକାଟା ମୋଟେ ପାରିବ ନାହିଁ । ତା'ର ଏକା ଜିଦ୍ – ହଁ ବିଶ୍ୱାସୀ ପିଲାଟା, ଗାଁ ପିଲାଟା – ଆରେ କି ବିଶ୍ୱାସୀ, ବିଶ୍ୱାସକୁ ନେଇ ମୁଁ କଣ ଚ଼ାଟିବି ? ପ୍ରଥମେ ବେପାର ବଞ୍ଚିଲେ ସିନା । ଏ ଟୋକାଟାକୁ ଧରି ମୁଁ କି ବେପାର ଚ୍ଳେଇବି । ସତ କଥା ଆଜ୍ଞା, ସା ବୁଦ୍ଧିରେ ପଡ଼ି, ଏ ଶ୍ୱଶୁର ଘର ଗାଁର ଟୋକାଟାକୁ ଆଣି ଖାଲି ଯାହା ଘେରା ବୂଲୁଛି, ଦିନ ସାରା ହରିଆ, ହରିଆ ଡାକି ଡାକି ମୋ ତଣ୍ଠି ଶୁଖି ଯାଉଛି" । ସା ବୁଦ୍ଧିରେ ପଡ଼ି ହରିଆକୁ ଏଠାକୁ ଆଣିଥିବାରୁ ମାଲିକ ଜଣକ ପଣ୍ଠାପ କରୁଥିଲା ।

ଏ ଭିତରେ ହରିଆ ଆଉ କେତେଟା ଜିନିଷ ବି ଦେଇଯାଇଛି । ମାଲିକର ହରିଆ ବିରୋଧୀ ଭାଷଣ ବେଳେ, ରାମୁ ହରିଆକୁ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ କରୁଥିଲା । ତା ମୁହଁର ଭାବଭଙ୍ଗୀ ଘନ ଘନ ବଦଳୁଥିଲା । ସେ ବି ହୁଏତ ସନ୍ତୁଷ୍ଟ ନଥିଲା ମାଲିକ ଉପରେ । ଏ ସବୁ ସୁକ୍ଷଷ୍ଟ ଥିଲା ତା ମୁଖଭଙ୍ଗୀରେ । ସେ ବସିଥିଲା ରାମୁ ପାଖ ବେଞ୍ଚରେ, କାଳେ କିଛି ଦରକାର ପଡ଼ିପାରେ ବୋଲି । ଚୁପଚାପ୍ ବସିଥିଲା । ମାଲିକ ଚୁପ୍ ହୋଇଯିବା ଦେଖି ଆରୟ କଲା ତା କଥା, କିନ୍ତୁ ମାଲିକ ନଶୁଣି ପାରିବା ଭଳି ଅପେକ୍ଷାକୃତ ଧୀର ସ୍ୱରରେ ।

- "ବାଟ ମୁହଁରେ ବସି ଢୋଳେଇବ, ଗରାଖ ଫେରିବେ ନାହିଁ ତ ଆଉ କଣ ଆସି ତାକୁ ନିଦରୁ ଉଠେଇବେ ? ଆପଣ ତ ଆସିଲାବେଳେ ନିଷ୍ଟୟ ତାକୁ ଡାକିଥିବେ । ଏ ଜାଗାରେ ଆଜ୍ଞା ଆଉ ହୋଟେଲ ନାହିଁ, ଏଇ ଗୋଟିଏ ହୋଟେଲ । ରାଞ୍ଜାରୁ ଗରାଖ ଧରିଆଣିବା କିଛି ଦରକାର ନାହିଁ । ସେ ଯଦି ନ ଢୋଳେଇ ତିନି ଘଷ୍ଟା ସିଧା ହୋଇ ବସନ୍ତା, ତେବେ ଯେତିକି ରନ୍ଧା ହେଉଛି, ସେଇ ତିନି ଘଷ୍ଟାକୁ ନିଅଷ୍ଟ ହୁଅନ୍ତା । ଦେଖନ୍ତୁ ଆଜ୍ଞା, ଏଇନା ଭାଷଣ ମାରୁଥିଲା, ସାଙ୍ଗେ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଏପଟ ସେପଟ ହେଲାଣି, ପଇସା ଦେବାପାଇଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ପୁଣି ଡାକିବାକୁ ପଡିବ । କହିଲେ ଦେଖି ଆପଣ କଣ ଆରଥରକୁ ଏଠାକୁ ଆସିବାକୁ ମନ କରିବେ ? ମୋ ଆଗରୁ କେତେ ଗଲେଣି, କିଏ ବା କାହିଁକି ତା ଭାଷଣ ଶୁଣି ଏଠି ରହିବ ! ଏମିଡି ଢୋଳେଇବା ବେଳେ କିଏ କେତେ କଣ ନେଇ ଚମ୍ପଟ । ଖାଲି ମିନି ନାନୀ କେତେ କରି କହିବାରୁ ଆସିଛି, ନ ହେଲେ ପିଲା ଖୋଜି ଖୋଜି ନାକରୁ ପାଣି ବାହାରନ୍ତାଣି । ଆଗରୁ ମାସରେ ଚାରି, ପାଞ୍ଚ ପିଲା ଯାଉଥିଲେ, ମୁଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ଆସି ଚାରି ମାସ ହେଲା ରହିଲିଣି" ।

ମନେ ମନେ ହସିଲା ରାମୁ, ଯେମିତି ମାଲିକ ସେମିତି ପିଲା । ପରୟରକୁ ଦୋଷାରୋପ କରିବାରେ ପାରଙ୍ଗମ । ପଚାରିଲା ରାମୁ – "ଆଛା ତୋତେ ଯଦି ଏଠି ଭଲ ଲାଗୁନାହିଁ, ତାହେଲେ ତୁ ଅନ୍ୟ ଜାଗାକୁ ପଳେଇ ଯାଉନୁ । ଏଠି ଗାଳି ଶୁଣି ରହିବାରେ ଲାଭ ବା କଣ" ?

ହାତ ମଳି ମଳି ହରିଆ କହିଲା – "ଆଜ୍ଞା ମିନି ନାନୀ କଥାକୁ କଣ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ହେଉଛି ? କେତେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ତା'ର ମୋ ଉପରେ । ମିନି ନାନୀର ଘର ଆମ ଘରକୁ ଲାଗିଛି । ସେ ଖାଲି କହିବାରୁ ସିନା ଛକ ପାଖ ସେ ବଡ ହୋଟେଲଟା ଛାଡି ଏଠାକୁ ଆସିଛି । ନ ହେଲେ ଏ ଭାଇନା କିଏ ନା ହରିଆ କିଏ"?

- "ଆରେ ଖାଲି କଶକ କଥା ଭାଙ୍ଗି ନ ପାରି ଏମିଡି ପଡି ରହିବା କଶ ଭଲ ? ଏ ହୋଟେଲର ଅବସ୍ଥା ଯାହା, କେତେବେଳେ ଯେ ବନ୍ଦ ହୋଇଯିବ, କିଛି ଠିକଣା ନାହିଁ । ମିନି ନାନୀର ସିନା ତୋ ଉପରେ ଏତେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ, କିନ୍ତୁ ତୋର ଏ ଭାଇନାର ତ, ତୋ ଉପରେ ଟିକିଏ ବି ଭରସା ନାହିଁ । ନିଜେ ଅସନ୍ତୁଷ୍ଟ ହୋଇ କାହିଁକି ରହିବୁ । ମିନି ନାନୀକ୍ କହିଦେଇ ଅନ୍ୟ କେଉଁ ବଡ ହୋଟେଲରେ ଯାଇ ରହ" ।

ଏବେ ହସିଦେଲା ଟିକିଏ ହରିଆ ।

- "ଆଜ୍ଞା ଆପଣ ସେ ବଡ ହୋଟେଲଗୁଡାକୁ ଦେଖିଥିବେ । କେତେ ଭିଡ, ନିଶ୍ୱାସ ନେବାକୁ ସମୟ ନଥାଏ । ଟିକିଏ ଡେରି କଲେ, ମାଲିକଠାରୁ ଗାଳି ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ଚାପୁଡାବି ମିଳିଯାଏ । ଖାଇବାକୁ ବି ଠିକ୍ ସମୟରେ କିଛି ମିଳେନା । ତା ଅପେକ୍ଷା ଏ ଛୋଟ ହୋଟେଲଟା ବହୁତ ଭଲ । ଏ ପାଖରେ ଆଉ ହୋଟେଲ ନାହିଁ, ତେଣୁ ହୋଟେଲ ଭଲ ଚାଲିଛି । ଏଇଟା ଆଜ୍ଞା ନିଜ ଘର ଭଳି । ମିନି ନାନୀ ତ ମୋ ନାନୀଠୁ ବଳି । ଏଠି ମୁଁ ନିଜେ ବଜାର ସଉଦା କରେ, ନିଜେ ରୋଷେଇ କରେ । ତେଣୁ ସେ ବଡ ହୋଟେଲ ଅପେକ୍ଷା, ଏ ଛୋଟ ହୋଟେଲରେ ମୁଁ ବହୁତ ଶାନ୍ତିରେ ଅଛି । ଭାଇନାଟା ବି ବହୁତ ଭଲ, ଖାଲି ବେଳେ ବେଳେ ଯାହା ଭାଷଣ ମାରୁଛି ସିନା" ।

ଅଜବ୍ ଏ ହରିଆ, ଏବେ ମାଲିକକୁ ଶୋଧୁଥିଲା, ବାଧ୍ୟରେ ରହୁଛି ବୋଲି କହୁଥିଲା । ଅଥଚ ଏ ହୋଟେଲ ଛାଡିଦେବାକୁ କହିଲାରୁ, ଏଠି ସେ ବେଶ୍ ଭଲରେ ଅଛି ବୋଲି କହୁଛି । ଏଇଟା ବି ସତ କଥା ଯେ, ସେ ବଡ ହୋଟେଲଗୁଡାକ ଅପେକ୍ଷା "ମା ମଙ୍ଗଳା ହୋଟେଲ" ଭଳି ଛୋଟ ହୋଟେଲଗୁଡିକ "ହରିଆ" ମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ବହୁତ ଭଲ । ଏଠି ସେମାନେ ରାଦ୍ଧିବାଠାରୁ, ପ୍ଲେଟ୍ ଧୋଇବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସବୁ କାମ କଲେବି, ଏଠାରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଏକ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ ସତ୍ତା ଅଛି । ଏଠିକାର ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତତା ଭିତରେ ଯେଉଁ ଆତ୍ମତୃପ୍ତି ମିଳେ, ତା ଆଗରେ ବଡ ହୋଟେଲର ସମୟ ବଡପଣ ତୃଚ୍ଚ ହୋଇଯିବ । ବଡ ହୋଟେଲ ସବୁର ହୀନମନ୍ୟତାଭାବ ଆଗରେ ଏ ସତ୍ତା କେତେ ଉପରେ ।

ଖାଇ ସାରିଲା ରାମୁ । ବେଶ୍ ଗୋଟାଏ ପ୍ରସନ୍ନ ଭୋଜନ ହେଲା । ହାତ ଧୋଇ ସାରି, ମାଲିକ ପାଖରେ ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ପୁଣି ତାର ତନ୍ଦ୍ରା ଭାଙ୍ଗିବାକୁ ପଡିଲା । ହରିଆ ଠିକ୍ କଥା ହିଁ କହୁଥିଲା ।

- "କେତେ ହେଲା ଆଜ୍ଞା" ?

ନିଦରୁ ଉଠିପଡ଼ି ପୂର୍ବଭଳି ସେ ହରିଆ ହରିଆ ଡାକ ପକେଇଲା । ପ୍ଲେଟ୍ ଉଠାଉ ଉଠାଉ ହରିଆ ଆଠ ଟଙ୍କା ପଚାଶ ପଇସା ବୋଲି କହିଲା । ଦଶ ଟଙ୍କାର ନୋଟଟିଏ ବଢେଇ ଦେଲା ରାମୁ । ନୋଟ୍ ଟିକୁ ନେଇ ବାହ୍ବରେ ରଖି ପଇସା ଫେରୟ କରୁ କରୁ ମାଲିକ ଜଣକ ପଚାରିଲା – "ଆଜ୍ଞା ହରିଆଟା ପଛରେ ଠିକ୍ ଠିକ୍ ଦେଲା ତ ? ନହେଲେ ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦେଇ ଭିତରେ ଯାଇ ଢୋଳେଇଥିବ"।

ତାପରେ ପୁଣି ଆରୟ ହୋଇଗଲା ତାର ହରିଆ ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ ବିଷୋଦ୍ଗିରଣ, ଯାହାକୁ ସେ ଆରୟ କରିଥିଲା ରାମୁ ଖାଇବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ । କେମିତି ତା ସ୍ତୀ ମିନି ଯୋଗୁ ସେ ଶ୍ୱଶୁରଘର ଗାଁର ଏ ପିଲାଟାକୁ ବାଧ୍ୟରେ ରଖିଛି । ଅଳସୁଆଟା, ସବୁବେଳେ ଢୋଳୋଉଛି, ଇତ୍ୟାଦି, ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ।

- "ତାହେଲେ ତାକୁ ବାହାର କରି ଦେଉନା କାହିଁକି ? ସ୍ତୀ କଥାରେ ବ୍ୟବସାୟର କ୍ଷତି ଘଟାଇବାଟା କଣ ଠିକ ? ସମ୍ପର୍କ ତା ବାଟରେ, ବ୍ୟବସାୟ ତା ବାଟରେ । ବ୍ୟବସାୟ ତୁମେ ଦେଖୁଛ, ତେଣୁ ବ୍ୟବସାୟର ଭଲ ମନ୍ଦ କଥା ତୁମେ ହିଁ ବୁଝି ପାରିବ । ଅନ୍ୟ ଗୋଟିଏ ପିଲା ଆଣ' ।

ଟିକିଏ ନରମି ଯାଇ ମାଲିକ ଜଣକ କହିଲା – 'ଟିକେ ଅଳସୁଆ ହେଲେ ବି ପିଲାଟା ବିଶ୍ୱାସୀ । ସେଇଥିପାଇଁ ଟିକେ ମାଡିଛାଙ୍କି ହେଉଛି । ନହେଲେ ଏ ଅଳସୁଆଟାକୁ କିଏ ରଖନ୍ତା' ।

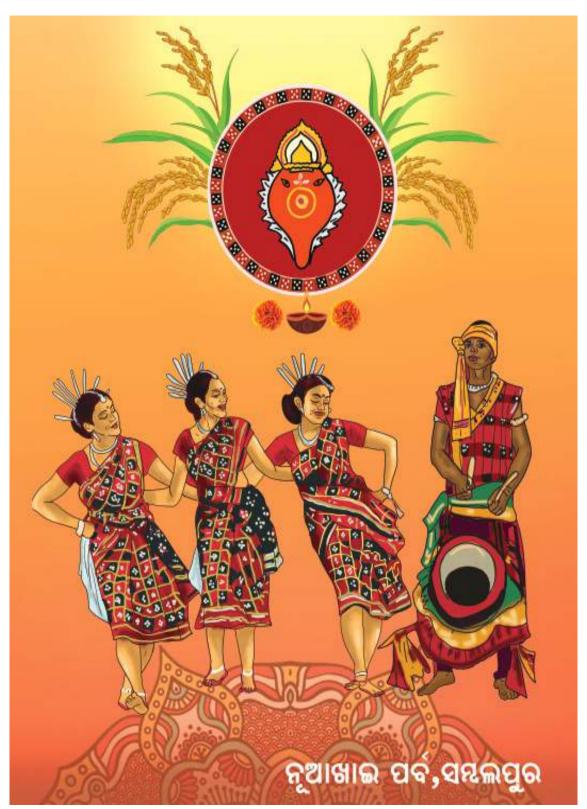
- "ନିଜେ ଜଗିଲେ ସବୁ ପିଲା ବିଶ୍ୱାସୀ ହେବେ । ତେଣୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ପରିଶ୍ରମୀ ପିଲା ଖୋଜ । ଟିକିଏ ବେଶି ପଇସା ଦେଲେ ପିଲା ତ ଆରାମରେ ପାଇଯିବ" ।
- 'ନାଇଁ ଆଜ୍ଞା, ପଇସା ଦେଇଦେଲେ ଭଲପିଲା ମିଳିଯିବେ ଯାହା କହୁଛନ୍ତି, ସେଇଟା ଠିକ୍ ନୁହେଁ । ସବୁ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ଆଜ୍ଞା ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରିହେବ ନାହିଁ । ଦିନ ଦ୍ୱିପହରରେ ଆଖିରେ ଧୂଳି ଦେଇ ମାରିବେ ଚମ୍ପଟ । ହରିଆଟା ବି କାମ ଠିକ୍ ଠାକ୍ କରେ ଯେ । ସବୁ କାମ ନିଜେ କରୁଛି, ବଜାର ସଉଦା, ରନ୍ଧା ରନ୍ଧି ଠାରୁ ଧୁଆ ଧୋଇ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ । ଛକର ସେ ବଡ ହୋଟେଲରେ ଥିଲା । ତେଣୁ କାମ ଭଲ ଜାଣିଛି । ସେ ଆସିଲା ଦିନରୁ ମୁଁ ଟିକେ ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣିତ୍ତରେ ନିଶ୍ୱାସ ମାରୁଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ମୁଁ ଜାଣି ପାରୁନି, ଟିକିଏ ଖାଲି ବସିଲେ, ତାର ଏ ତୋଳେଇବାଟା ଏବେ ଆରୟ ହୋଇଛି । ଆଗରୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ନଥିଲା ।

ମନେ ମନେ ହସିଲା ରାମୁ – ବିଚରା ମାଲିକ ଜାଣିନାହିଁ ଯେ ଏ 'ଢୋଳେଇବା', 'ନିଦ', ଆଉ 'ହାଇ' ଗୁଡିକର ସଙ୍କ୍ରମଣ କ୍ଷମତା କେତେ । ହରିଆ ଆସିବା ଦିନଠାରୁ ସେ ଯେଉଁ ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣିତ୍ତ ଢୋଳେଇବା ଢୋଳୋଉଛି, ସେଇଟା ଯେ ଧୀରେଧୀରେ ହରିଆ ଆଡ଼କୁ ସଙ୍କୁମିତ ହୋଇଯାଉଛି, ସେଇଟା ସେ ଜାଣି ପାରୁ ନାହିଁ ।

- 'ଆଉ ଆଜ୍ଞା ବିଶ୍ୱାସୀ କଥା କଣ କହୁଛନ୍ତି । ହରିଆ ଆଗରୁ କେତେ ପିଲା ମୋ ହୋଟେଲରୁ ଗଲେଣି । ଯେତେ ଜଗିଲେ ବି କିଏ ପନ୍ଦର ଦିନ ରହି ୧୦୦ ଟଙ୍କା ଧରି ଲୁଚି ପଳେଇଛି, ଡ କିଏ ମାସେ ରହି ଚାରିପଟ ଥାଳି ଧରି ପଳେଇଛି । ହରିଆ ଆଗରୁ ଯିଏ ଥିଲା, ସେ ୫୦୦ ଟଙ୍କା ଆଉ ୬ ଟା ଥାଳିଆ ଧରି ଫେରାର । ହରିଆ ରହିବା ଦିନରୁ, ଚାରିମାସ ହେଲା ପିଲା ଖୋଜିବା, ଆଉ ତାଙ୍କୁ ପାଦେ ପାଦେ ଜଗିବା ଚିନ୍ତାରୁ ନିଷ୍ଠାର ମିଳିଛି । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ତୁଳନାରେ ଏଟା କେତେ ଭଲ । ସେ ଆସିବା ଦିନଠାରୁ ମୁଁ ଟିକେ ନିଷିନ୍ତରେ ଏ ବାକ୍ସ ଉପରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଲଦି ପାରୁଛି । କେହି କିଛି ନେଇ ପଳେଇବାର ଭୟ ନାହିଁ । ଯେତେ ହେଲେ ଶ୍ୱଶୁରଘର ପାଖ ପିଲା'।

ହସି ହସି ବାହାରି ଆସିଲା ରାମୁ ।



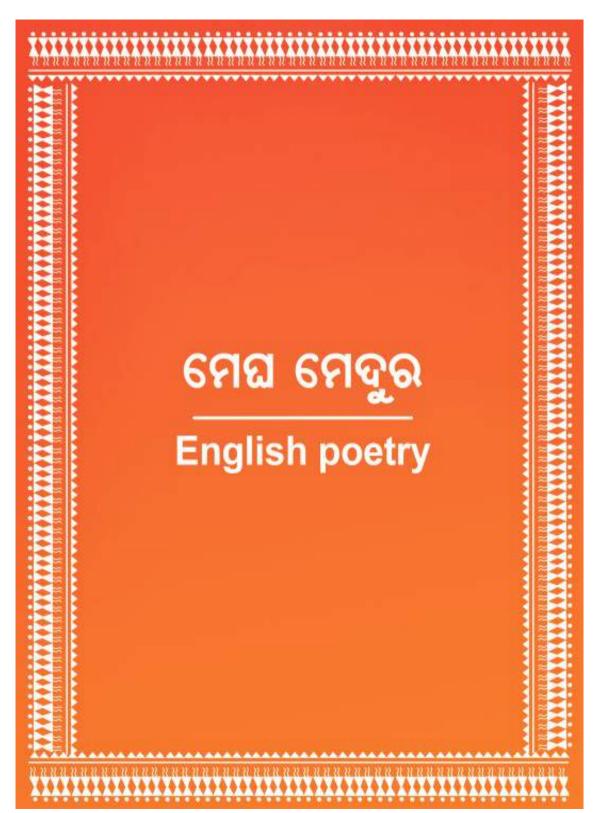




Best Wishes from the VIDHI GROUP OF HOTELS for the 54th OSA Convention, Chicago



Raj Patel
Bharat Patel
Hira Sonani
AVID HOTELS
HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS
WYNDHAM GARDEN RESORTS





Me, the Rider in the 21st Century Babru Samal, Maryland

I grew up, poor, dirt poor, Had no chance to ride a horse, or even a donkey Forget about an elephant Only I could ride an old bicycle on a dirt road.

Now for a half century
First in the libraries
Then online thanks to Wi-Fi and Google et al
I am on the shoulder of giants
Learning, savoring, using and exploiting
Their thoughts in philosophies, science, arts, and music
Recently, more and more,
I use or adapt the scripts created by strangers and friends.
in Python, SQL, PHP, R, Excel, and Unix
Not to forget the tools they create for my genome research.

How can I survive a moment?
Without my smartphone, Google map, waze,
And instant messengers?
Actually, I am a rider
Following the directions set by other riders and the rides
In my virtual and independent world.



Jetlag Sasrika Rajan, New York

Time moves differently in my grandparent's house, it saunters around lazily in the Odisha sun. it shimmies down a clothesline, settles on a blouse, stretches on the veranda, and goes for a morning run.

It patters around newspapers, folded & crinkled, and bowls of almonds, peeled. it breezes on faces, barely wrinkled, & jars of spices, sealed.

on a windowsill it may condense, or perhaps in cold showers. it curls around bright incense, & lies with fresh flowers.

Time loves this beautiful house, loves to laugh & play. time's always on the move, always in a hurry-but this time, it might stay.



Introspection Sumedha Jena, NewJersey

Resting my wearied eyes waking up to find myself more alive than I had ever been before an exhilarating warmth veils me.

My imagination creepily infiltrates every crevice of my tangled mind as I get the courage to leave and to discover the meaning of the true self.

A tiresome journey like the yellow brick road an endless path to find inner peace a plane that exists in the figment of my mind unbound freedom that can't constrict me.

Clearing the clutter from way up there leaving myself in peaceful solitude the mirror shines back onto me as I reflect on the hazy memories.

Wishful thinking that I could find my way out of this intricate labyrinth feeling myself slowly crawl out and onto the road toward pure ecstasy.

Independence: a virtuous quality giving me a sense of true stability captivating me with its mysterious allure self-direction during its finest hour.

Who is overlooking my journey, I ponder what's to prepare me for this turbulent travel a feeling of unpreparedness capitulates me should I begin to break free from who I am.

Questions that perpetually plague me but true responsibility calls my name must heed the signs given to me the chaos of the mind no longer disguises it.

Breaking free from being consumed the twilight haze clears out at once surveying the line where the sun meets me seeing our horizon from a wider perspective

Settling into the beauty I am surrounded by the solitude is what silently shrouds me reaching the end of this prolonged path I travel from one point to another in pursuit of self-contemplation.





Searching for Truth Rabi Prusti, Edmond, OK Oklahoma

That was the year I do not remember, I gave you my trust while searching for the Truth. Made no promises but I believed in your youth. You grew up to be a scientist, in quest of the Truth and Trust Never lose your own culture in favor of any cult. Though sometimes you lost your way, And sought guidance from there Somewhere! You know that Trust can never be lost. And Truth can never dissolve. Now why are we lost in this culture war? And how do you propose to solve it all? Can we find our way to rise above this black cloud, While the forces of evil are barking too loud? We shall, as Truth and Trust can never be lost. We need to win sooner than later at any cost. I like to think and want to be a critical thinker Since a critical thinker is a leader, not a follower, So says singer-actor and wise man Billy Porter We will smile when meeting the ten-headed monster, As he welcomes us to his world of shadow and desire He will burn, I know soon in his own evil fire. Soon the sun will rise above dark clouds to mark the victory. The truth and trust will never be lost. That is what tells us our human history.



Nascent Touch

Jigyansa Mohanty, Indianapolis

Like a mural, she stood. Her arms battered and sore Eyes red with pain Bruised lips silent, post a loud roar Glaring lights and thumping sound Stalked her inner soul The demure smile had made way For a loud pseudobulbar laughter Shimmery puffy blouse That accentuated her perfect curves Left unattended on the dusty bench Dejected, she ran without any reserve Hands that promised a sweet embrace had indeed shown their true color To dream..... was her biggest mistake As she envisaged a life, infallible and better Nestled in her own misery She lacked the audacity to complain All hopes gone, she stood still As his unimpeachable face dazzled with vileness Ohh! She murmured A soft kick gave her a sudden thrust, Like a valiant warrior She rose with spirit and vigor Her eyes twinkled with kindness Now that she was a single, unwed Mother.





I, Endless Suryanshu Mishra, Livingston, NJ

In the middle of everywhere
Walking, pausing, looking into the void
I held my head up with both hands
Finding mazes to avoid
The mazes, the gazes, the embraces
Like kites fleeing on terraces

In my eyes, and in their eyes
Eons behind me stood like a monolith
Nobody knows when my boats went afloat
Before the century twentieth
A place so far, with a door ajar
Where memory hits a tectonic scar

Am I the temple, or am I the steps
Where my kin loved and prayed
Or am I the homage to an ageless rite
Where ululations are softly laid
Or am I the chosen one, or the token one
To melt into the setting sun

The mysteries of the Inscrutable
Were like stubborn blisters
Yet we laughed and worked the puzzle
Like two inseparable, giggling sisters
Gesturing, stepping, and turning
Like raging cyclones and twisters

When goals and souls
Stare at each other from the windows of trains
And the forces of change
Distance both sides of the brains
A fond look at the promises ahead
Eclipse the gaps of words unsaid

Am I the flame, when in my teens
And in my brilliant genes
I burn, I flicker, but I never go out
Reminding those with the distant frown
Like a scooter in a roundabout
You must enter it, to get to the other side of town

I am here, there, in every air
My vision, my hopes, on fate's jet-stream
Always there, an unspoken layer
Atop the ego of my younger esteem
I rise and fly like a Mars-bound ship
Calming my fears, biting my lip

You came before me, you knew
How the river of time would shape its course
Your glorious history, the images you drew
Are my constant open doors
To let the music of the monsoon in
In a rhapsody unfelt, that swells within

Am I an echo of the millennium Or an endless cosmic gong Which is heard from shore to shore And makes me wait and long To see where I end Before I start again, strong.



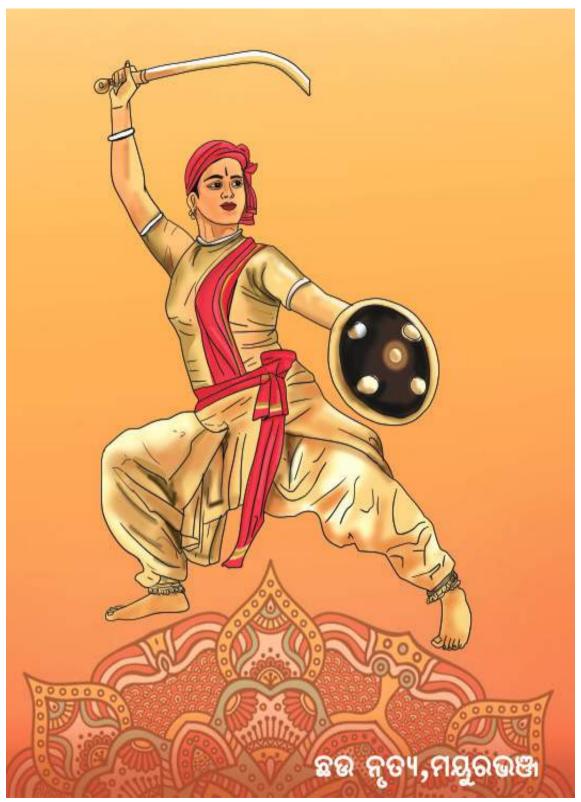


The Tribe Ascending Sailabala Rout, Avon, CT

I believe it is courageous not to give up although I was tired at the end of the road, my inner voice sent a message saying life is a privilege to become our best selves, It's an odyssey we are responsible to take and look for success and accomplishment.

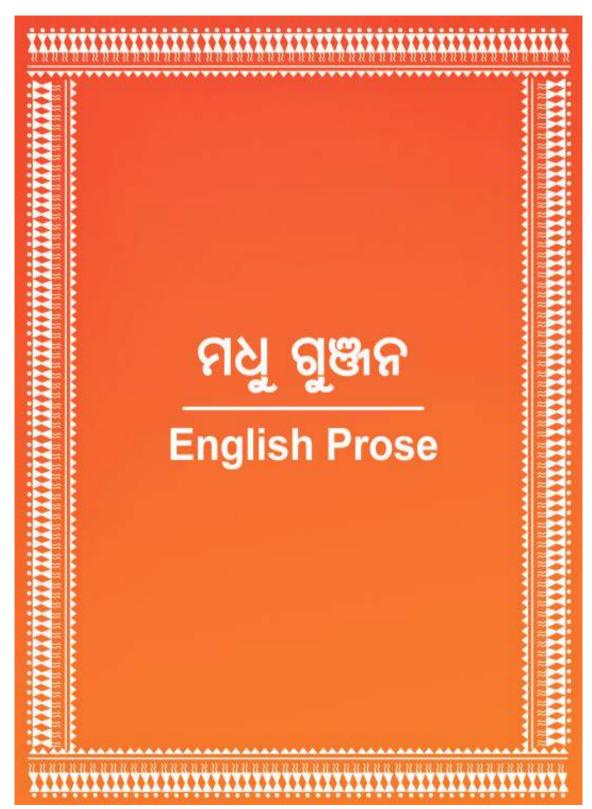
Our everyday struggles and triumphs cross our path for a reason, It's sad that we humans strive for excellence and become 'Wonder Woman' and 'Superman.' Let's have the right attitude to reach that height Let's water our garden along with others, A selfless act that truly awakens, The sleeping humanity in our hearts. From a wide-angle panorama of eternity, Our stay here is ever so brief, Let us not waste it in idle discourse, Nor in the stereotypes threatening us, Every thought, every action of ours, The ripples that we make, the ripples that we send, Resonates from generation to generation, Leaving a legacy indelibly etched in the minds of millions.













First Odia Nurse in North America Chandra Mishra, Pennsylvania

While taking my walk I thought about the evolving Odia. My memory took me back to the time I chose the nursing profession and fulfilled my passion to help people. When I was growing up in Odisha, I knew that nursing was not a preferred profession for Hindu women. While looking for a college education In the USA, I had the opportunity to pursue a different profession, but after much consideration, I chose to study nursing, and eventually, I became the first Odia nurse in North America.

In 1977, my husband Sudhanshu got a job in America, and I accompanied him with my two children to Chicago. Living in Chicago was quite different from living in Bombay. We lived in Bombay for seven years. I had many friends there. Most of the ladies used to get together after the children left for school. We used to drink tea and talk about our lives, fashion, authors, and festivals and passed two to three hours easily. Sometimes, we came together at a friend's place and ate lunch that included various specialty foods as we came from different states in India. In the USA I found that women did not get together that way, and they rather were busy doing work that interested them. I had to get used to a new way of life. I was lonely and missed the social life of Bombay. Upon enquiring from the other mothers about how they kept themselves occupied, I learned that they worked, volunteered, or took college classes. In Mumbai, I had earned a college degree and was hoping to get a job in a bank, but instead, we emigrated to the USA.

Hoping to do something that would bring more satisfaction, I opted to attend college. I picked the one that was near our home in the suburbs of Chicago. I made an appointment with the college counselor to learn about the admission process. To my surprise, it was a different process to get into a college in the USA. I waited patiently in the admission office. Finally, the secretary, Ms. Nancy, called me inside to meet the counselor, Ms. Loretta Smith. After greeting me, she asked me if I brought my transcript with me, and I handed it to her. She looked at my transcript from Bombay University and said, "You have a degree in Economics and Mathematics from India, so

you wish to get into the business program." Then she gave me papers requiring me to answer some questions and take an aptitude test. She also wanted me to write an essay describing my passion and what I wished to study in college.

After one hour I returned the papers. Some sections of the document asked me about my passions. Health science questions were my favorite. I was enthusiastic about studying human physical and mental health, yet I circled accounting/finance as my major. In my essay, I wrote that I always wished to do a job in which I can help people in their sickness. After reading my essay and the completed forms, Ms. Loretta looked at me saying, "It is obvious from your test score and the essay that you are enthusiastic about helping people and learning science." I agreed that it was true, but explained that because I married early and studied liberal arts in college, I planned on studying business. She advised me that I must think about studying the subjects I was passionate about.

I could not sleep that night and thought over Ms. Loretta's suggestion that I should pursue a degree for which I was passionate. In high school, I was keen on becoming a doctor. Five of us studying at a Puri girls' school had that dream. Four of them became doctors, but not me. I was as successful at my studies as they were, but I married early. The guidance counselor had asked, "Why don't you try our nursing program? This college has an excellent nursing program for which competition is tough." I was not afraid to study science subjects that required more time in laboratory work and practical classes. I was more concerned about what our Odia people would think when they knew that I enrolled in a nursing program. While listening to Ms. Loretta, I remembered the days in Odisha when I loved giving medicine and applying bandages to the wounds of poor old people living alone. As a young girl, I was happy to help and ease the pain of the less fortunate, though my actions often upset my father and siblings. I suddenly remembered my favorite actress Meena Kumari in the film *Dil Apna Preet Parai*. Her character became a nurse after her father died, though she was the daughter of a doctor and wanted to follow in his footsteps.

I was reminded that circumstances make us do things in different ways, America is a land of opportunity, and people here do what they wish to do, not what family or society wants them to do. Freedom is the ideal way of American living. Moreover, because the college was nearby, I thought of taking classes when the children were at school. So, the next day I went to the college and completed the application process. It was not easy to get through nursing school while raising a family. The training demanded mental and physical strength. Finally, in 1984, I graduated and became a

registered nurse. I got a job in the intensive care unit of Albert Einstein Hospital and then worked at different hospitals, mostly as a staff nurse. My work was extremely rewarding professionally, and to my soul too. I received accolades as the best nurse, from the hospital administration, and the patients. Nursing made me learn about myself and people. It made me realize that the subjects I took in India were not the best ones for my personality. I could have pursued a degree in finance and made a good salary, but I would not have gotten the satisfaction I obtained in being a nurse. Helping sick people and applying my knowledge were valuable and dear to me. I was glad that the college counselor made me think about the subject I truly loved. I listened to my heart and became a nurse.

During my career, I met many people from diverse economic and social backgrounds. Being attentive is an extremely important quality for nurses, especially, when dealing with patients who are gravely ill, or in a critical condition. When one is in the hospital, one needs to be taken care of by someone who has a passion for helping others. No job was too big or small for me as a nurse. Every day I touched a life, or a life touched my life, making it richer. I saved lives by giving timely care. I also helped by talking with lonely patients, and those who were scared of surgery. Some days I helped by doing small chores like filling patients' lunch and dinner orders when they could not do it themselves. I dispensed comfort, compassion, and care without writing a prescription.

Nursing is not for everyone. It takes a strong, intelligent, and compassionate person to take on the ills of the world and work to maintain the health and well-being of the patient. After working twelve hours in the night shift, most of the time I was eager to leave the hospital like my co-workers. My commute time was one hour. Every day I stayed a few minutes to say goodbye to the patients. I made sure I did everything I could for them, thinking that they might not be there the next day when I come to work. Working in the intensive care unit in a busy hospital meant I was always among doctors, family members, pharmacy, physical therapy, and X-ray professionals coordinating therapeutic care for the patient. Daily cheerful camaraderie, the various issues with patients, and grinding workloads have all brought richness to my life. Working with patients changed me and taught me to value small and big things in life. I learned how not to ignore little things like attending to the call of a patient. I learned how to be grateful for the things I have.

I recall the day, I was tired and had intense pain in my feet caused by new sneakers. I wanted to leave work as soon as my shift was over. When I was preparing to treat the

last patients, the nursing call bell kept on ringing without pause. The nurse caring for that patient was busy taking care of another patient. Though he was not my patient, I went in and told Mr. Farris that his nurse would be with him in a few minutes. He nodded, but I could see from his face that something was not right. I was about to tell him he must stop pushing the bell, but something compelled me to ask him what was bothering him. Dragging my foot with pain, I went and asked him. He pointed at his leg and his eyes rolled up. When I removed his blanket, I saw a pool of blood. His fresh surgical site was bleeding. He lost consciousness while I was talking to him. I immediately put pressure and did what was needed. I called Code Blue, to make all the necessary staff aware of the situation. The room was filled with medical people within a few minutes. Anesthesia, respiratory, cardiology, and emergency doctors came and performed emergency medical procedures. I dispensed all kinds of medicine per the doctors' instructions. Finally, after a few hours, Mr. Farris's vital signs (pulse, blood pressure, and respiration) returned to normal. The head nurse came and thanked me for making a good decision. She said that if I had not attended his call bell, things might have been different for Mr. Farris. His family sent me a handwritten note, "Lifesaver you are, Nurse Sandy." I was happy that I was there when he needed me, despite my intense foot pain. These kinds of rewards cannot be compared with money and praise. I was grateful to Ms. Loretta who guided me to pursue nursing.

There were other moments in my professional life when my quickness and desire to help sick people made a difference in the patient's life. Far from my hometown of Puri, Odisha, I have found a new way to fulfill my dream to help people by becoming a registered nurse, though I could not become a doctor. Our people now know about nursing and compliment me. Nowadays I see many women from our second generation becoming nurses. If I did not pursue higher studies in the USA, I would not have become a nurse. As I evolved, becoming a nurse brought my passion for serving people into focus, and that made a difference in my life. Thus, I consider myself as an "ଅରେହୀ".





SUBRINA BISWAL, 1970-1989 Nilambar and Annapurna Biswal, Maryland

Many new members of the Odisha Society of Americas (OSA) have requested to know more about our daughter Subrina Biswal, who passed away shortly after the OSA Convention in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1989. Many of those who knew her during her short life span considered her the embodiment of the best of the two, Eastern and Western cultures. Although her sudden passing has been devastating to us, we also feel very blessed to be her parents for the brief time she spent with us. The following is a short story of her remarkably brilliant life.

Subrina Biswal was born on October 21, 1970, in Houston, Texas. She was the youngest of our three children. She was a very inquisitive, fun-loving, and compassionate child from an early age. She showed her love for dance when she was only two-year-old. We wanted her to learn Odissi, along with Western dances of her liking. However, there was no teacher in Indian Classical dance available in Houston. Eventually, we met Guru Rathna Kumar who had just moved to Houston and was looking for students to teach Indian Classical dances such as Kuchupudi, Bharatanatyam, and Mohiniyattam. Although we would have preferred to have Subrina learn Odissi, we were delighted that she was one of the first groups of students of Guru Rathna Kumar. Subrina was 4 years old when she started taking formal lessons. She was an astounding student and gave her first stage performance at the Houston Ethnic Festival in 1974 at the age of 4.

Because of her love for dance, she practiced diligently to earn her Ranga Pravesh or Arangetram at the age of 8. Subrina was one of the youngest Indian Classical dancers in the USA to graduate from a dance school, Anjali Center for Performing Arts in 1978 in Houston, Texas.

We moved to Maryland in 1978, and coincidentally, the OSA Annual Convention was organized by the local Washington Chapter that year. Subrina was delighted to perform at the convention to fulfill one of her biggest dreams to perform at the OSA convention. Afterward, she performed in the greater Washington, Baltimore, and Virginia metropolitan areas and became an extremely popular and sought-after artist in Indian communities. Through her performance, she helped raise money for many charitable organizations, schools and colleges, temples, nursing homes, and ethnic festivals. Other notable performances of Subrina as an invited artist included performances at Cloistered Museum and other museums and universities in the region. She also performed for Asian Indians in the North America Federation of Indian Associations and the United Nations in New York City. She was a regular performer at the India Day celebrations in Baltimore City and at the Indo-American Friendship Dinner where the state governor, senators, local city mayors, and officials including the Indian Ambassadors from the Indian Embassy, attended the events over the years. In addition, she continued to enjoy performing at most of the OSA Annual Conventions between 1978 - 1989.

Although she was passionate about performing at the OSA Conventions, she deeply cared about other dancers like her getting the opportunity to perform and enjoy the dance she loved. She was willing to give up her slot to any other artist who was very keen to perform at the OSA Convention. She encouraged her little fans to dance while enjoying life with a quite simple statement, "If I can dance, you can dance too." She inspired many young girls in our Odia community to dance. She was an incredibly happy, high-spirited, and kind person with a great smile. She brightened up the place with her presence. She received immense love from the OSA community and in return the OSA was close to her heart. She loved everything about OSA.

Subrina's then transitioned her journey into Odissi dance started in 1980 at the age of 10 when Ms. Lora Rosen, an accomplished ballet dancer, as well as an Odissi dancer from Baltimore, met Subrina for the first time, after her Bharatanatyam

performance in Washington, DC. Ms. Rosen herself learned her classical Odissi dance in Odisha from the late Legendary Guru Sri Deba Prasad Das. Subrina started learning Odissi from Ms. Rosen. Ms. Rosen drew stick figures to teach the dance techniques, which was helpful. Subrina also learned Odissi briefly from Guru Tikilimina Patnaik and in 1981, learned Odissi from Guru Durga Charan Ranbir of Bhubaneswar, Odisha.

In 1982, we were fortunate enough to host the legendary Odissi dancer Smt. Sanjukta Panigrahi and her husband the legendary singer Pandit Raghunath Panigrahi in our home, when they were scheduled to perform in Washington, DC. Subrina was immensely inspired watching Mrs. Panigrahi 's performance. To summarize, Subrina did not have long formal training in Odissi dance due to the lack of teachers in our region. It was extremely challenging and at times was very frustrating for her. But with her intense love to learn the intricacies of the Odissi dance while maintaining good grades at the school, she watched video performances of Mrs. Sanjukta Panigrahi's dances and practiced religiously. In addition to Indian Classical dances, Subrina loved Western dance and participated in school plays like West Side Story and Bye Bye Birdie.

As the youngest member of the family, she would just do what her two elder brothers loved doing, whom she adored and loved deeply. This competitiveness was in addition to her unique ability to practice and perform the intricacies of Indian Classical dances. While in high school, she wanted to do research at the Cancer Center of the University of MD like her two brothers. She wanted to pursue a career in medicine. To achieve her goals, she was preparing herself by working hard at the University of Maryland Baltimore County, doing research at the Cancer Center, and keeping up with her routine practice of Indian Classical dances including Odissi.

In July 1989, the OSA Convention was held in Nashville, TN. As usual, Subrina gave one of her best Odissi dance performances at the Convention. This was her last performance. After we returned from Nashville, Subrina unexpectedly passed away on July 6, 1989. The Odia community in North America felt like one of their own family members had passed away at an early age. She was loved by all she had the opportunity to meet and left a legacy of love, caring, and compassion.

In memory of her legacy and contributions to the OSA, members of the OSA agreed to the initial proposal by Dr. Bijoy Das of Charleston, SC, for the establishment of the Subrina Biswal Award for Academic Excellence to be offered annually at the OSA Conventions to a deserving high school graduate with excellent academic achievements as well as astounding extracurricular activities. This award (\$1000) was partially funded by the OSA for the initial few years. Subsequently, Dr. Dash Foundation has been generous enough to sponsor the award in its entirety. Our sincere thanks to Dr. Sitikantha and Mrs. Kalpana Dash for promoting young talented youth from our Odia community.

A second prize, Subrina Biswal Prize for Performing Arts was initiated by late Dr. Subhas Chandra Mohapatra of North Carolina, founder of Indo American Friendship Foundation (IAFF) to promote Indian dance and music among our younger generations in North America. This program became one of the most popular programs in every OSA Convention because younger children get the opportunity to demonstrate their talent and compete. Initially, we provided the matching funds for the program with IFAF. Lately, since OSA started to sponsor the program, we have been providing the funds in its entirety. We are grateful to the OSA for promoting Indian Performing Arts among our children through this program.

Subrina visited Odisha only twice when she was 2 and 11 years old. During her second visit in 1981, in the village of Khamar, in Angul district, she performed a solo Odissi dance and mesmerized the audience. Many of the villagers could not believe that a young girl born and raised in the USA could perform Indian Classical dance so well. She was overwhelmed with the love and affection of the villagers while enjoying the beauty of rural Odisha. She was extremely moved, however, to see the poverty and suffering of some of the rural people. She wrote in her diary that when she grew up, she would help the poor in Odisha and bring smiles to their faces.

After the devastatingly sad news of her passing, the villagers in Khamar wanted to build a school in her memory that educates young girls in the area. With the villagers' wish and top priority, we built a Girl's High School with a hostel in Khamar in 1994 to

provide an education to the girls who would not otherwise go to school. The villagers wanted the high school to be named after Subrina, as Subrina Biswal Girls High School. The school became immensely popular, especially with girls of tribal origin, since they were provided with clothes, books, food, and lodging, free during their school years. The school has attracted many students in the Angul District as well as from distant places to become a premier Girls' High School. Many of its graduates went on to college and several of them have become teachers, nurses, doctors, social workers, and educated stay-at-home spouses. There is now a proposal and a plan to build a Subrina Biswal Women's Science College adjacent to the high school. We feel blessed and proud of the legacy and inspiration that Subrina has given us and the communities in the Americas and Odisha.





Circadian Rhythm and Intermittent Fasting to Extend our Healthy Lifespan

Prof. Satchidananda (Satchin) Panda, PhD

In the last century, germ theory and its related breakthroughs of sanitation, vaccination, and antibiotics was the groundbreaking health development that now prevents infectious disease and led to the fastest rise in longevity in any century in human history. Yet living longer does not always mean living healthier. In fact, we are now witnessing a rapid increase in chronic diseases of both the mind and body beginning in early childhood and stretching through old age. Luckily, we are beginning to understand the cause: our modern lifestyle is disrupting a deeply ingrained, primordial, and universal code to being healthy.

Lifestyle can trigger a lot of words in your mind, but we can simplify to say "Lifestyle is what, when and how much we eat, sleep and move every day". Most of us know how much and what we eat affect our health, but the timing aspects of our habits is a new line of research that relates to our circadian rhythm. You may have heard about circadian rhythms because the 2017 Nobel Prize recognized this field of research for its impact on human health. But if you haven't, don't worry; the concept is very simple. The term circadian, comes from the Latin *circa*, meaning "around" (or "approximately"), and diçm, meaning "day." Circadian rhythms are real biological processes that every plant, animal, and human exhibits over the course of a day. These rhythms are actually interconnected and are governed by internal circadian clocks. Almost each and every one of our cells contains one of these clocks, and each is programmed to turn on or off thousands of genes at different times of the day or night.

These genes influence every aspect of our health. For instance, when we are healthy, we can have a good night's sleep. In the morning we wake up feeling fresh and energetic and ready to get to work. Our gut function is perfectly normal. We have a healthy hunger and a clear mind. In the afternoon, we have the energy to exercise. At night, we are tired enough to go back to sleep without much effort. Yet when these daily rhythms are disturbed for as little as a day or two, our clocks cannot send out the right messages to these genes, and our body and mind will not function as well as we need. If this disruption continues for a few days, weeks, months, or years we may succumb to all types of infections and diseases, ranging from insomnia, ADHD, depression, anxiety, migraine pain, diabetes, obesity, cardiovascular diseases, dementia, and even cancer. Now you can take a pause and see if you have a lifestyle that disrupts your circadian rhythms. If you work in shifts – say evening, night, or early morning shift – in which you have to stay awake for 3 h or more between 10 pm and 5 am and do physical or mental work for at least one day in a week then you are disrupting your circadian rhythm. Nearly one in five working adults these days are card-carrying shift workers. But there are many of us who live the life of a shift worker. For example, most high school and college students, every new mother, and many caregivers for family members live the lifestyle of shift workers. Besides, many of us stay awake past midnight on weekends to socialize, and many, travel across time zones at least twice a month. These events also disrupt our circadian rhythms. In fact, almost all of us in one way or the other, experience disruption to our circadian rhythms for at least a few months or years in our lifetime. Although we may think these occasional disruptions may not harm our health, experiments say otherwise. For example, if healthy adults experience cutting their sleep by 2-3 hours or eating late at night, their blood sugar levels can rise to the level typically seen among people with prediabetes.

But don't worry, the same circadian rhythm science is also teaching us how to nurture our circadian rhythm to stay healthy. By understanding how the clocks regulate hormones, digestion, brain function, and even every gene in our body, we now have a better handle on how to stay healthy by nurturing our circadian rhythm. I will summarize them into six simple habits.

Number 1 Stay in bed for 8 h. Our day begins on the night before. That means one should have a consistent time to turn off lights and go to bed and stay in bed for at least 8 h so that one can get 7-7½ h of restorative sleep. When we sleep at a consistent time, our brain produces the right hormone at the right time to repair our body. Sufficient sleep also gives our brain enough time to drain toxic substances that accumulate throughout the day and strengthen communications between brain cells and also between the brain and body. Sleep improves memory and also improves the decision-making process the following day.

Number 2. Wait an hour before your breakfast. After waking up, try to avoid food for at least an hour. This is the time when your organs are slowly waking up, the night hormones are falling and day hormones are rising and your body is not fully ready to properly digest food. Avoiding food for at least an hour after waking up can help to better maintain your blood glucose.

Number 3. Intermittent fasting or Time restricted eating. This is the core of the circadian optimization plan and I am proud that almost 10 years ago my research team at Salk Institute discovered this revolutionary concept. *Eat your first bite of food or breakfast at a consistent time*. Breakfast synchronizes circadian rhythms in all organs of the body. Starting from breakfast eat or drink all your meals for the day in the next 8, 9, 10, or a maximum of 12 hours. This pattern of eating within a consistent time and having long fasting is called time-restricted eating and is now popular as intermittent fasting. This is the most powerful habit to boost your circadian rhythm in every organ. It has numerous health benefits including a better handle on your weight, blood pressure, blood sugar, liver function, kidney function, immune function, and many more.

Number 4. 30 minutes of daylight. Another landmark discovery from my lab is about daylight. Step outdoors to get some daylight. Even on a cloudy day, spending 30min to an hour outdoors is a brain booster. Daylight synchronizes our brain's circadian rhythm, improves mood, reduces depression, and is the best source of Vitamin D, which keeps your bones healthy.

Number 5. Afternoon exercise. Get a daily dose of exercise. If you are pressed for time, try 30 minutes of brisk walking in the late afternoon or evening, when your muscles are most efficient

and you have a lower risk for injury. For those with diabetes or high blood pressure, exercise in the afternoon or evening is more potent in controlling blood glucose and blood pressure than exercise in the morning.

Number 6. Winding down. Avoid food and dim down your lights for 2-3 hours before bedtime. No food before bedtime improves digestion and reduces heartburn. Dim light boosts the rise of nightly hormones and prepares your body for the good night's sleep that you deserve. Is that all? Does it really work? Yes, it does.

When we optimize our rhythms, everything in our body and brain falls into its place and we solve multiple health issues. For example, hundreds of scientific papers have shown that Time-restricted eating or intermittent fasting which is the most vital driver of the circadian rhythm can fix multiple issues and improve performance irrespective of age, gender, ethnicity, or health conditions. Laboratory animals studied on optimum circadian rhythm, are seen to achieve the long healthy lifespan, we all aspire to. They sustain youthful activity and fitness into older age, with better brain function, muscle mass, and a healthy heart with a lower burden of age-related diseases such as cancer and dementia, and are resilient against infections. They also live longer.

Even if we fall sick, and need medical treatment, an optimum circadian rhythm can be your secret power. Take diabetes for example, nearly half of all adults are living with prediabetes or diabetes. For those with prediabetes, following a healthy circadian rhythm or intermittent fasting helps improve blood glucose so that millions can reverse prediabetes and be healthy. For living with diabetes, diabetes slowly invites its sinister friends – high blood pressure, cholesterol, liver disease, and kidney disease. Under a doctor's supervision, you can combine your treatment for diabetes and its complications with optimum circadian rhythm for better results, and improve overall performance. New research is showing taking medications at the right time can also accelerate cure. For example, taking blood pressure medication in the evening or joint pain medications at night works much better than when the same medications are taken in the morning.

Similarly, for every disease or health condition, scientists are finding the right time of the day or night to take our medications and schedule our vaccination, chemo, or surgery to recover faster and healthier with fewer adverse side effects.

Although you may be ready to try circadian life, there may be barriers to circadian living. In the last 150 years, we have designed our world, and we are living our lives paying little attention to our circadian rhythm. Now that we know how to harness the power of circadian rhythms to lead a healthy life, we have the opportunity to redesign our world. But we can't take 150 years to do so. Myself, and my circadian science colleagues are already working to redesign a better world.

Note:

Professor, Satchidananda (Satchin) Panda is a leading scientist and researcher at Salk Institute, La Jolla, California. Author of the books *The Circadian Code* and *The Circadian Diabetes Code*, Panda lives in San Diego. To know more about his work readers may visit the website https://panda.salk.edu/giving/





Evolution of Odia from a Language of Communication to a Language of Identity

Prof. Sri Gopal Mohanty, Ontario, Canada

Is the language Odia anything special? Like other languages, it was a language of communication but went beyond to become the language of identity of a people. It further became a part to define modern India and its citizens.

First, let us look at the language and its roots.

The origin of Odia is not totally clear. From whatever evidence is available, the language is derived as a confluence of three streams: Austric, Dravidian, and Prakrit languages. Aryan migrants to Odisha came into contact with Austroasiatic tribes and Dravidians of the land. They brought Prakrits, the spoken languages of common people which transformed with time, and became known variously as *Ardha-Magadhi* and *Odra-Prakruta*. Their languages intermingled with other groups of languages and created the Odia language. Prakrit languages are related to Sanskrit but differ from and are contrasted with it in several ways. The evolving language was ancient and primarily and essentially a language of communication among people long back who lived there.

Later, the newly arriving Arya sects introduced Sanskrit and influenced the Odia language, but those changes stayed with Brahmins and the upper class. While the changed language was enriched, it also retained its earlier fluidity and in some sense, its beauty like water after joining the ocean comes back to its fluid form through evaporation (ref: Prusti).

Language integration is an example, demonstrating the characteristic of people to compromise and harmonize their differences rather than attempting to dominate one over the other. Possibly, the circumstances, in this case, might have forced them to do so.

As time moved, the interior parts of Odisha practically were in isolation from the outside world and the Odia language and culture remained frozen without being much affected by the changes of modernity of the time. Thus, rural Odisha maintained the primitive and pristine nature of the language and culture. In John Beames's opinion, the Odia language among modern Aryan languages is more original, independently rich, and conservative but complete (ref: Odia Bhasha Pratisthana).

Besides its origin and spoken form, the language flourished through its created literature.

By the 15th century A.D. when the Suryavamsi Gajapati dynasty was established, Orissa (Odisha at present) as a geographical unit had been well established. Although Oriya (Odia at present) language was established as a separate language by the 7th century A.D., it took a firm shape during the 15th century by the literary tradition created by Sarala Dasa and followed by *Panchasakha*, five devotional poets - Balarama Dasa, Jagannath Dasa, Achyutananda Dasa, Yasobanta Dasa, and Ananta Dasa. Following the main outline of the story of the Sanskrit Mahabharata, Sarala Dasa wrote his Mahabharata in the Oriya language. Additionally, he made it a thoroughly Oriya composition by making numerous deviations and adding to it many stories with indigenous characters and places. In Boulton's view, he did this for a reason. During his time, there existed two cultures: one elite which was Sanskrit-based, and the other indigenous which was of the Oriya general public. There was a great cultural gap between the two. His Mahabharata was mainly directed towards the masses and became extremely popular.

Sarala Mahabharata and similar writings by *Panchasakha* gave the people of Orissa a sense of identity. The cultural and religious identity as manifested in the then Oriya literature and the Jagannath cult probably created the natural inspiration to aspire later for political identity. Lord Jagannath has an overwhelming impact on Oriyas, both on the religious and socio-cultural aspects of their life. Identity defined by religion tends to iron out diversity and insists on uniformity. It also implies the homogenization of differences. The core of religious identity is the collective consciousness that shapes it. On the other hand, one may think of the possibility that the characteristics of the people to homogenize the differences was an acquired trait developed during the language integration period following the arrival of Aryan migrants.

The coming of colonialism brought Indian society into contact with modernity. It in many ways, may be seen as an agency for the anti-colonial consciousness in 19th and 20th century India. Extremely influenced by collective anti-colonial feelings, Oriya authors predominantly Satyabadi authors like Gopabandhu Das, and Nilakantha Das, relied on history and tradition in their search for a distinct Oriya identity, but their treatment of history and tradition was mainly uncritical glorification. In doing so, they often used popular legends like Indradyumna – Biswabasu, Konarka - Dharama, Kanchi-Kaveri, and Manika (*gauduni*), Goddess Lakshmi - Shriya (*chandaluni*), sea trade - Taapoi (*sadhaba jhiia*).

The construction of Oriya identity through literature took a new turn with the emergence of the so-called 'Sabujite' group on the literary scene in the 1920s.

Rejecting history, tradition, legend, and nature as elements of identity, the Sabujites articulated its meaning in a totally different perspective. They imagined Oriya in the most liberal, humanist, and enlightened terms. Their Oriya is essentially universal, not confined to any parochial consideration. Their literature was based on humanism and the new values of the age. This approach was part of the thought process of establishing Oriya identity without being trapped with narrow regional nationalism.

In the meantime, the Oriya language was enriched by being a product of contact and growth by external influences.

During the colonial period, the Oriya (Odia) speaking regions were divided and attached to different provinces and administrative divisions at different times. As a result, Oriyas were marginalized and denied educational and cultural opportunities. The situation inspired people to quest for political identity.

An interesting development influenced the consolidation of the Oriya-speaking area. In order to become effective in governing India, the British rulers changed the language of revenue and business administration, for example in Bengal Presidency, from Persian to the vernaculars – Bengali, Hindustani, and Oriya. (The colonial treatment of Indian languages was to call them vernaculars - a *Verna* was a slave in ancient Rome - inferior to English.) It had an indirect impact in creating linguistic self-awareness and awareness of regions separated by different languages. Oriya language from being a derogatory vernacular started gaining the dignity and respect of a 'mother tongue' and the thought of bringing Oriya-speaking areas together gained urgency for forming regional Odia identity. Feeling humiliated due to the mistreatment of Oriya and the people, Fakir Mohan Senapati produced a literature of eminence in the very inferior vernacular Oriya language and was a leader in the amalgamation of Oriya-speaking regions into one.

On the political front, the primary objective of the Indian National Congress was national unity and its own status as the most representative Indian organization. On the other hand, Utkal Sammillani, a regional political organization that represented all the Oriya-speaking areas established in 1903 had the aspiration for regional linguistic identity. Such linguistic identity politics arising in different parts of India including Orissa threatened the efforts by the Congress to produce a common national identity, but could not be ignored. Leading the complex negotiations of regionalizing national politics while avoiding narrow parochialism in order to diffuse the arising anxieties, was the hallmark of the then-political leadership of Orissa. The concern of incorporation of tribals into the Oriya community was resolved by showing similarities between some of their languages and Oriya and more so via a shared living experience, particularly the Khonds and the Savaras.

Under colonial rule, an utmost concern for Odias and Odisha was the domination by Bengal and Bihar over them through a colonial hierarchical administrative system. In Utkal Sammillani, for Madhusudan Das, this was the burning question to raise the thought of Odia/Odisha nationalism.

The debate on how exclusive Odia nationalism was to be, led to a new definition proposed by Gopabandhu Das. He suggested shifting focus from a linguistic community to a regional community, formed on the basis of commonality of interest and shared everyday life rather than exclusively on language. This definition is broader and includes linguistic regions of interest. His idea based on 'expansive humanism' – humans first before any subgroups and equality among all human beings - implied no community could dominate another. It was also based on the belief that a citizen could simultaneously be loyal to both India and Odisha. Note that Sabujites were contemporary of Gopabandhu Das and were influenced by this inclusive thought. Through this notion, the focus would shift from narrow nationalism to anticolonialism. This approach of recognizing linguistic diversities to define regions within India was accepted by the National Congress.

According to Mishra (Pritipuspa), the relationship between the Oriya linguistic region and the Indian nation is the story of defining an Indian citizen who is not only an Indian but also a member of a particular region and a speaker of a particular language. The possibility of coexistence of linguistic differences and unitary nationalism became the root to think of a new citizen of emergent India.

The emergence of multilingual regions to be subordinated by India as a nation is totally different from European nations where the relationship between language and nationalism is very close where a nation is determined by the significant majority of the people with a common language and or culture.

India is not one uniform nation in the sense in which France and Germany are nations. Occasional attempts to bring linguistic and cultural uniformity to people have led to failure. We must recognize both unity and diversity.

(I thank Sumitra Padhi for her valuable input.)

Subhakanta Behera: 'Oriya Literature and The Jagannath Cult, 1866-1936: Quest for Identity, Ph. D.Thesis, Oxford University, 1999

John Beames: 'Essays on Orissan History and Literature', Prafulla, 2004

John Boulton: 'Essays on Oriya Literature', Prafulla, 2003

Bijay Prasad Mahapatra: 'ପଣ୍ଡିତ ନୀଳକଣ୍ଠଙ୍କ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାତତ୍ତ୍ୱ', Friend's Publishers, Cuttack, Odisha, 1999

Pritipuspa Mishra: 'Divided Loyalties: Citizenship, Regional Identity and Nationalism in Eastern India (1866-1931)', Ph. D. Thesis, University of Minnesota, 2008

Pritipuspa Mishra: 'Language and the Making of Modern India, Nationalism and Vernacular in Colonial Odisha, 1803 – 1956', Cambridge University Press, 2020

Bijoymohan Misra: 'ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତି - ଏକ ନୂତନ ବୃଷ୍ଟିପାତ' Urmi (OSA Souvenir Journal) 2014

Odia Bhasha Pratisthana, Governmennt of Odisha: ' ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାର ଇତିବୃତ୍ତ', 2017 https://archive.org/details/dli.language.0685/mode/2up?view=theater

Sumitra Padhi: 'ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଓ ସାହିତ୍ୟର ଇତିହାସ', Urmi (OSA Souvenir Journal) 2014 Subrat Kumar Prusti: 'ପାଚୀନ ଭାରତୀୟ ଭାଷା ପରିପେକ୍ଷୀରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା', ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ ଓ ଗବେଷଣା'

(Sri Gopal Mohanty lives at Ancaster, Ontario, Canada)





An Ode to Odissi Music

Dr. Sangita Gosain

Bhubaneswar

Utkal, also called Odisha, the holy land of Lord Jagannath is known for its excellence in the sphere of the arts. The pursuit of excellence in art, sculpture, music, and literature is one of the defining features of the Odishan culture. Rich in musical tradition, the fertile land of Odisha has produced a rich harvest of Dance and Music.

The exuberance of human feelings has always sought expression either in rhythmic movements of the body or in melodious modulations of the voice. Historical evidence suggests that in Odisha, music, and dance were being seriously pursued under royal patronage right from the 2nd century BC and that by around the 10th century A.D. Odissi music had crystallized into a distinctive classical form. The treatises unmistakably point to the fact that Odissi is one of the few schools of Indian classical music and it has a distinctive system of Raga and Taala and a characteristic style of rendition that is lyrical in its movement with wave-like ornamentations.

Tradition always has two components, the written and the oral. Of the many treatises written on this distinctive tradition of music, the bulk was written between the 16th and 18th centuries. Five of these treatises, such as *Geeta Prakash*, *Sangeeta Narayan*, *Sangeeta Kalpalata*, etc. are now available in parts and two are interferon palm leaf manuscripts.

The history of Odisha's musical tradition goes back to the 2nd century B.C. as is evident from the documentary records of historic arts explicitly stated on the rock edicts of Hathigumpha (elephant cave) of King Mahameghavahana Kharavela in Udayagiri (hill) at Bhubaneswar. Drawing a conclusion from the available archaeological evidence, historical facts, literary and documentary proofs as well as oral tradition handed down from generation to generation along with the style of presentation and grammatical and technical aspects, it is not difficult to see why "Odissi" is significantly one of the important streams of Indian Classical music with a rich treasure of musical renderings like Chhanda, Champu, Choupadi, Chautisha and the lyrics of *Geet Govinda* of Jayadev among many others.

Odissi Music is the finest reconciliation of harmony with melody, which loses nothing of the essential quality of classical music. The individualist character of Odissi Music makes every recital an enjoyable exercise in interpretation and self-expression.

Odissi music is very subtle. It characterizes and distinguishes itself by the elements of spontaneous creativity and embellishment of the melody and rhythm with a vibrated movement. Text is the body of an Odissi song and Bhava or mood is the soul. In Odissi music, the insistence is more on emotions and lyrical impulses. An elegant blend of text and mood (Bhava) and proportionate musical elements is abundant in Odissi music. The use of "Gamakas" (basic technical rendering style) gives a special flavor and a special color, as well as a special entity and distinctiveness to Odissi music.

Geographically, Odisha is so situated that for centuries it has been the meeting point of the cultures of the North and the South. It is therefore natural that the Odissi tradition has not only been influenced by the two major schools of Indian Classical music, it has also influenced them to a large extent.

The rock edict of the caves of Udayagiri and Khandagiri hints at the existence of music that had a class of its own. It clearly indicates through the sculptural art that Kharavela was a great patron of cultural activities. Bharatamuni, in his *Natyashastra*, has also spoken about Odissi music. It is the Udramagadhi and Prabrutti, which people name the "Odissi Music". Around the 9th and 10th Century, the Buddhist saints wrote the first ever poems or songs based on different Raga and Raginis known as "CharyaGeeti" or "CharyaPada." The songs written in this style with mention of the name of the Ragas are considered to be the first such exercise in the history of literature and music in India. A few Ragas are Pattamanjari, Debakri, Deshakhya, Bhairabi, Dhanashree and Baradi. Most interestingly, Sri Jayadeva has mentioned some of the Ragas of Charyapadas in his Ashtapadis written in the 12th century. This demonstrates the class of singing of Odishan music right from such ancient times. Sangeeta Ratnakara, a great treatise of Music-Dance and Rhythm, written around the 13th century by Sharangadeva has also mentioned Raga Paramardee, which indirectly shows the richness of Odissi music as history has it that Raja Paramardee was a flutist and was related to Odisha through his wedding. Then comes Sarala Mahabharata followed by the great literature of Panchasakha and the epic poets like Kabisurya Baladev Rath, Abhimanyu Samantasinghara, KabiChandra Kalicharan Patnaik, and many more, who have enriched the music of Odisha through their timeless literary contribution.

It is significant to observe that the rich tradition of Odissi Music, Odissi Dance, and Odissi Percussion is interwoven, from time immemorial, with the temple rituals. It has been a wonderful symbiosis between the devotion and the artistic expression of the people of this blessed land. Out of this relationship has emerged an aesthetic that has ensured the continuation of musical tradition, almost intact, through the centuries.

Lord Jagannath stands at the apex of Odishan culture. Everything centers around him. Out of 36 servitors of the temple, the servitors for dance, music, and percussion have always held a very important place. The morning services start with music seva and also end with music when the deity goes to sleep. Odisha is famous for its rituals and festivals. So, it is said, in twelve months there will be thirteen festivals in Odisha. In all these festivals and rituals music takes a prime role in upholding the age-old tradition and class of Odissi music.

The art and architecture of Odishan temples and caves are not only wonderful but also unique in respect of their aesthetic appeal. The images of dancers, instrumentalists, and the royal couple enjoying music, dances, play or procession stand as the testimony of the rich musical tradition of ancient Odisha and profoundly signify a long religious legacy.

The literature and music of Odisha go hand in hand. Perhaps this is the stream of music where the language, content, and Rasa are given more importance. The language is generally very rich in ornamentation. But the content is devotional, religious, and also romantic. Mostly it describes the divine love play of Sri Radha and Sri Krishna through the lyrics, songs, and Prabandhas. Sri Jayadeva's *Geeta Govinda* in Sanskrit, Kabisurya Baladeva Rath's *Kishore Chandranana Champu*, and the epics of many famous poets depict the same theme.

The rendering style of Odissi music is unique. It is structured in several diverse ways depending on the context and according to several genres and divisions of its vast repertory.

The salient features of Odissi music are:

- 1. It has an age-old tradition
- 2. It has a system of Ragas along with its core Ragas.
- 3. A system of Taal, which is unique
- 4. It has a distinctive rendering style.

But keeping in view the language, literature, and rendering style, further division has been made for guiding the performances. The special features of its rendering style are its medium pace in singing.

- 1. Raganga-The Odissi Prabandha is based on a Raga or a melody that follows proper grammar. Within the parameter of that grammar, the rendering is done through Alaap (Introduction of the Raga through notes without any rhythm accompaniment) without distorting the language and the content followed by the musical expansion of different words or a phrase called 'Pada Binyasa'. It depends on the artist's own innovations with ornamentation to elevate his/her presentation. Variations of Swaras in the format of Sargams and Taans are done to add to their beauty.
- **2. Bhabanga-**As the name suggests Bhava or the mood of the song is well expressed and emphasized. It is based on a Raag, but the vocalist has the liberty to mix other Ragas to evoke the appropriate ethos of the song.
- **3. Dhruba Padanga or Dhrupadanga** The lyrics or the prabandhas are written for this style of presentation where taal takes the upper hand over the theme or the content. For example, 'Malashree' comes under this style of rendering. Mostly Malashree is written in praise of different Gods and Goddesses.
- **4. Natyanga** As the name suggests, it has elements of theater or drama. The subject of the Prabandha is well expressed in a lighter vein, very lilting and entertaining.

Then come the other genres which come under the repertoire of Odissi.

Champu - Kabisurya Baladeva Rath's, *Kishore Chandranana Champu* is the most popular epic which describes the love play of Radha and Krishna with literature of high order, where the particular Ragas for each lyric has been prescribed. This epic contains 34 songs or Champu corresponding to 34 Odia alphabets from "Ka" to "Khya" and each lyric is unique in its own way. And the best part is that the techniques have been transmitted orally over the ages and the same tune is sung in all parts of the state.

Chhanda - It's a special type of writing which establishes a particular metrical pattern, and the tuning is ascertained from the particular metrical pattern. The meter is confirmed by counting the letters used in a particular "Chhanda". The theme is again devotional and also sometimes it describes the romance of imaginary characters etc. Chhandas are basically very long poems.

Choutisha' or Choutirisha-This song is written in 34 stanzas corresponding to 34 Odia alphabets and sung in some particular tuning, which expresses devotional feelings or the philosophy of human life.

Geeta Govinda - Sri Jayadev's Geeta Govinda speaks about the Keli Katha or the divine love play of Radha-Krishna, which is a very popular theme. Every day Sri Jagannath listens to Geeta Govinda through "s appointed seva. Odissi dance or Odissi

music performance is incomplete without the rendition of Ashtapadi from Geeta Govinda, where again the Ragas and Talas to be used have been specifically directed by the poet.

Bhajan and Janan - The literary tradition of Odisha contributes to music and vice versa. The artist sings about the glory of the Lord and prays or appeals for redressal of his/her miseries.

But Odissi music is marked for its melody, lucidity, expression, and special taal system, and the accompanying instruments make it unique.

Mardala is the accompanying percussion of Odissi music. Its playing style, sound, and rhythm patterns make its accompaniment incredibly special. From among many Taals "Ada-Taali" makes its taal system stand apart.

The technique of rendering lines in the use of special Gamakas (the treatment of notes in various ways) and the expressions of 'Padis' (a special way of writing which is in a different meter in a Prabandha) through a complex system of Taal.

The great Gurus and musicologists who have toiled hard to bring this rich tradition to this stage, need a special mention. It is only their effort that has strengthened the roots of Odissi Music in many ways i.e., - training of the students, writing of books, performances through solo and duets, lecture demonstrations, or accompanying Odissi dance performances.

The great pioneers of Odissi music are Kabichandra Kalicharan Patnaik, Singhari Shyamsundar Kar, Sri Nrusinghanath Khuntia, Pt Apanna Panigrahi, Pt Tarini Charan Patra, Pt. Upendra Tripathy, Pt. Nilamadhav Panigrahi, Guru Kelucharan Mohapatra, Sri Narayan Tripathy, Sri Narayan Behera, Sri Markandeya Mohapatra, Sri Kashinath pujapanda, Smt Binapani Mishra, Sri Jiban Pani, Sri Shyam Sundar Dhir, Sangeet Sudhakara Balakrushna Das, Pt. Bhubaneswar Mishra, Pt. Raghunath Panigrahi, Dr. Damodar Hota, Guru Gopal Chandra Panda, Sri Kirtan Padhi, Sri Biswanath Pujapanda, Sri Sukadev Patri, Guru Banamali Moharana, Sri Harmohan Khuntia, Smt Shyamamani Devi, Sri Rakhal Ch. Mohanty, Sri Padma Charan Panda, Guru Mahadev Rout, Sri Banamali Maharana, Prof. Ramhari Das, Smt. Binapani Nayak, and many more.

With the individual efforts of the Gurus, writers, and performers, Odissi music has taken a shape that has attracted music lovers even beyond the boundaries of Odisha.

The support of the Govt. Institutions like Utkal Sangeet Mahavidyalaya and Odissi Research Centre have undoubtedly created a number of Odissi musicians and carried forward this legacy to the outer world by organizing programs and providing

scholarships. The contributions made to this field by Kala Bikash Kendra, Cuttack, National Music Association, Cuttack, Utkal Sangeet Samaj, Jaga Akahadas of Puri and Kalinga Bharati, Cuttack definitely need a special mention.

A number of books have been written in Odia, Hindi, and English for the reference of art lovers. It is really very interesting to observe that people from abroad and musicians other than Odias are coming forward and showing their interest in learning Odissi music. Many foreign students are also doing research on the subject.

Vocal as well as instrumental Odissi Music are getting prominence through a number of festivals organized throughout the country. Odissi recital has already got a place in the classical music festivals namely, Haridas Sammelan, Mumbai, Kalke Kalakar, Mumbai, in the music festival organized by Sangeet Natak Akademies in (both center and the state) and in several other festivals organized in the country and abroad.

A number of CDs of Odissi music repertoire are available in the market and are in great demand.

The youngsters are showing a lot of interest in pursuing Odissi music as a career and the parents are quite interested that their children may learn it.

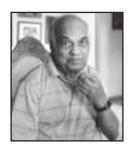
A few leading artists of this generation are Dr. Suchitra Mahapatra, Dr. Bijoy Jena, Dr. Dheeraj Kumar Mohapatra, Sri Keshab Chandra Rout, Sri Binod Bihari Panda, Smt. Sangeeta Panda, Sri Chandramani Lenka, Mohapatra Minati Bhanja, Dr. Mitali Chinara Smt. Bandita Ray, Smt Bharati Jena, Sri Rupak Kumar Parida, Sukanta Kumar Kundu, Sri Nimakanta Routray, Sri Himanshu Sekhar Swain, and many more, including this author.

So, the effort of the Gurus and artists is continuous. Odissi music has a universal appeal in its rendering style, may it be vocal or instrumental. From among the instruments, 'Mardala' the only percussion instrument used in Odissi music enjoys a pride of place as an accompaniment in a solo or duet or a group presentation. A few scholars and Gurus who have been responsible for taking the torch further are Guru Kalu Charan Mohapatra, Guru Banamali Moharana, Guru Dhaneswar Swain, Guru Satchidananda Das, Guru Niranjan Patra, and Guru Janardan Das, etc.

Odissi music is deep-rooted in its soil, flourishing and getting greater appreciation day by day by music lovers and critics all around.

Long live Odissi music!





OSA: History and Hope

Late Dr. Duryodhan Mangaraj

I was asked to tell you how OSA was initially formed. The idea of OSA was formed in 1970. At that time, I was working at the University of Massachusetts and a few of my students from Kharagpur IIT were pursuing their education at MIT. My students were Gauri Das, Manmohan Subudhi, and Nagabhusan Senapati. They would often visit me and my wife for some home-cooked meals on weekends traveling from Boston to Amherst. In Amherst, we got to know Dr. Rabi Patnaik through social interaction, and through him, we were introduced to Bhabagrahi Misra. We had a deep desire to know other Odias, share the things happening in their lives, and know the studies they were pursuing. We formed OSA so that we could speak in our mother tongue, Odia; our desire was to make social and professional connections.

As OSA grew, we often traveled by car long distances to visit friends and their families. Often our vacations would combine touring different parts of America and staying with friends. Our children and wives could share their experiences and learn from each other. As the movement grew, we started to form local or state organizations where Odias could meet more often.

Several of our friends had unique talents in drama, music, and dance. We enjoyed celebrating our culture and also wanted our children to participate. Through potluck dinners in church basements or school auditoriums, we held our first get-togethers where our children and many of us participated. In a few years, we had enough chapters to consider going for nonprofit status and bringing all the state chapters under the umbrella of OSA.

It is nice to see that the small organization that started in a rental apartment in Amherst now is a large organization joining Oriyas from USA and Canada. It is a pride for me to see how we have contributed to our state of Orissa and the graduate students that we have helped educate.

As a founding member of OSA, I can tell you that the success of OSA reflects all of our hard work and love for each other. It has been one of my life's dreams and as I see it grow, I am filled with pride. May God bless all of you and God bless OSA.

Note: The article was written by Dr.Duryodhan Mangaraj when he was asked to speak about the history and genesis of The Odia Society of America.

Dr. Duryodhan Mangaraj was born in 1929 in the village of Karilopatna in Kendrapara District. He completed his undergraduate and postgraduate degrees at Ravenshaw College in Cuttack, where he received a Gold Medal in 1956 for standing first class first in his M.Sc. He received a scholarship from the Government of India to pursue a Ph.D. in Polymer Science at the University of Manchester, UK. Later he joined IIT Kharagpur as an Assistant Professor of Rubber & Polymer Technology. Later he joined Harcourt Butler Technological Institute in Kanpur as a Professor of Plastics Technology and also served as the Director. He worked as a senior scientist at various institutes in the United States, including the University of Massachusetts (Amherst), City University of New York, Polymer Research Corporation of America, Phelps Dodge Cable Company, and Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus, Ohio. After retiring, Dr. Mangaraj worked as a consultant to many companies. Dr. Mangaraj is a founding member of OSA since 1969 and has worked for the organization in different capacities. He resided in Columbus, Ohio, with his wife Sakuntala and has four children, eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.





How to navigate through mental illness

Dr. Debendra Kumar Das, Alaska

Introduction: This article is written from my personal experience in dealing with mental illness as a family member and caregiver of my wife Katherine Cross Das from October 1979 to May 2021 for 42 years. My objective is to share my first-person experience as a caregiver to help other families who are experiencing mental health problems. I present some valuable information, which will help persons hurting from mental illness, such as caregivers of people who are suffering, or family members and friends, who are concerned for their loved ones.

Statistics: Mental health issues are becoming very important these days. Research by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, USA shows that 1 in 5 Americans will experience a mental illness in a given year. Extensive studies conducted at John Hopkins University reveal that 26% of Americans suffer from mental illness. Suicide is a very distressing issue, and it is often associated with mental health conditions. It can be a consequence of untreated or undertreated mental illness. A PubMed article cites 90% of the people who have died by suicide have suffered from mental illness at some time in their lives.

Our Family and Early History: My wife Katherine (Kate) Cross Das and I met in June 1975 at the International House of Rhode Island located on the campus of Brown University. After living together for 3 years we got married in July 1978 at her parents' town, Wallingford, Connecticut in July 1978. We were blessed with our son Sunit Michael Das in September 1979. At that time we both were graduate students at the University of Rhode Island in Kingston and lived on campus in the graduate student's apartment. The four years from the time we met in 1975 until our son Sunit was born in 1979 were the most enjoyable period of our lives. Kate was a gentle, kind, loving, polished, and fun-loving woman. Sadly, it changed because Kate experienced postpartum blues (a type of depression) after giving birth. Her doctor could not offer any explanation to us, simply saying, this type of depression happened to some mothers and prescribed a mild anti-depression medication and said it would go away gradually in several months. The depression did not go away, so we took the first step, the assessment with a psychiatrist near Kate's parents' hometown in Connecticut. This is

the first step one must take without any delay. The psychiatrist's assessment was, Kate was suffering from major clinical depression and prescribed a drug Haldol that gave terrible side effects, which Kate could not tolerate. <u>Unfortunately, with all the latest research, the drugs for mental illness have undesirable side effects. So, do not pressurize the patient to take such medication unless other drugs are not available.</u>

During that period Kate would stay with her parents for brief periods in Connecticut to visit the doctor periodically and Sunit stayed with me. For the first time, I began to feel the intense pressure of taking care of a wife with mental illness and bringing up our little boy, who by God's blessing was born with a very calm and caring nature.

As Kate could not endure the harsh side effects of Haldol, her ailment went rather undertreated, so it intensified and ultimately led to her hospitalization at the mental hospital in Newport, RI in 1980. It was completely unknown to us at that time that, it was the beginning of our life-long battle with mental illness.

At Newport Hospital, she underwent a series of tests and was given a <u>diagnosis</u>. This should be the <u>second step of the process</u> to effectively navigate through mental illness. Kate was given the diagnosis of "Bipolar disorder" a common name now, but was relatively unresearched by 1980. <u>The first two steps: Assessment and Diagnosis sets in, in an organized manner what steps are to be taken for treatment leading to the recovery pathway.</u>

Kate's doctors in Connecticut and Newport advised us to attend couples' "Talk Therapy" sessions, so we began that at the Counselling Center of the Department of Psychology at the University of Rhode Island. Without any prior knowledge about talk therapy from India, initially, I was reluctant and skeptical about the value of this treatment. But, Kate was aware of the value of talk therapy in the Western world. We were counseled by two Ph. Ds in psychology. They gave us a better understanding of mental illness and provided us with marriage counseling to keep our marriage strong. People tend to blame each other when mental illness strikes a family and it breaks them apart. A counselor of Kate in Fairbanks, at a much later stage, had explained to me that research had shown 90% of the couple with one bipolar partner end up in divorce in the USA. *Counseling and Talk Therapy help*. Kate swore by counseling and toward the last 25 years of her life she was more dependent on counselors (master's in psychology with certification) than her psychiatrists (MDs). She trusted the counselors and would open up to them with her personal problems. She visited her psychiatrist every 2 to 3 months for the psychotropic medicines renewal, but perhaps

more frequently, when she used to go through psychotic episodes. These episodes come and go for bipolar individuals. From 1985 onward until Kate passed on in 2021, she sought the help of many counselors and often visited them once a week, when she was passing through episodic events. Typical sessions with the clinicians were 30 minutes to an hour.

I particularly learned some valuable knowledge from our first counselor at the University of Rhode Island campus. He was an African American faculty with a master's degree in psychology from Harvard University and a Ph.D. from the Univ. of RI. The most important thing I learned from him was: counselors do not have answers; they help their clients find answers to their problems through thoughtful efforts by themselves. After several sessions we became close and he jokingly told me, engineers are hard to counsel because they are always looking for precise answers to life's problems. However, life's problems do not have black-and-white answers, there are lots of grey areas. This gave me a better understanding. He also counseled me to open up completely, before which, I used to keep my problems to myself and was ashamed to discuss them with others. I highly recommend talk therapy for persons suffering from mental illness and their caregivers and family members.

Symptoms: Watch out for the following symptoms of mental illness outlined in detail in the book "You are not Alone" by Ken Duckworth, MD.

(i) Feeling very sad or withdrawn for more than a few days, (ii) Change in social drive and interest, (iii) Seeing, hearing, or believing things that aren't real, (iv) Trying to harm oneself or end one's life, or a preoccupation with this idea, (v) Excessive use of alcohol, drugs or tobacco, (vi) Drastic changes in mood, (vii) Severe, out-of-control risk-taking behavior that can cause harm to self or others, (viii) Difficulty sleeping and changes to sleeping patterns, (ix) Extreme difficulty concentrating and/or inability to get some thoughts out of mind or change thinking, (x) Sudden overwhelming fear for no reason, (xi) Persistent physical discomfort without a medical cause and (xii) Intense worries or fears.

My wife Kate did not experience all of these symptoms; nobody does, but she experienced several of these concurrently when she went through psychotic episodes. These symptoms were successfully brought under control after medical interventions and hospitalizations for a few weeks. Subsequently, it required several months to gradually go away. Please do not try to deal with these symptoms by treating the patient at home; you will be frustrated and may not succeed. It requires professional interventions.

Some valuable experience learned: Kate was able to understand and become wiser to accept her illness, after each recovery from periodic episodes. She began to believe these symptoms were hallucinations and not real. Acceptance is the critical turning point for all patients. That prepared Kate as she grew older to deal with the onset of these breakdowns resulting from periodic hormonal imbalances. After suffering intensely for the first 20 years from 1980 to 2000, I noticed my wife could sense the onset of breakdowns and become proactive by contacting her psychiatrists and counselors to adjust her medicine doses and increasing the frequency of talk therapy sessions. The takeaway here is that your loved one will understand his/her illness as time progresses, cope with it effectively, and lessen the pain and suffering for him/her, subsequently relieving the family.

.Join NAMI: The National Alliance on Mental Illness (NAMI) started in 1979, just one year before Kate had her first psychotic breakdown. It was started primarily by parents in Madison, Wisconsin of adult children with severe and persistent mental illness. It has become the largest grassroots organization in the United States helping people with mental illness and their families navigate recovery. It has over 650 state and local affiliate organizations serving the community. Fairbanks, Alaska started its affiliate in 1984. After one serious episode of Kate when she was admitted to the Fairbanks Memorial Hospital in 1990, her psychiatrist and counselor observed, I was at the end of my rope, handling Kate's mental health treatment and taking care of our young 11-year old son Sunit, with no family help available. Simultaneously, I was holding a research and publication-intensive academic job, where my future tenure and promotion were fully linked to those accomplishments at the university. These expectations coupled with family illness were creating a high level of stress and were weighing heavily on me. So, at a relatively young age, I was diagnosed with heart disease, ulcerative colitis, and diabetes. Kate's doctor and counselor noticed that right away and strongly advised me to seek help at NAMI. One winter afternoon in 1990 after work, I walked into the NAMI Fairbanks office and met the President. She heard our family story and exhibited knowledge about mental health very well because she was a caregiver; her son suffered from Schizophrenia. Somehow, I captured her attention; she gave me a big hug and welcomed me to NAMI Fairbanks as a Board member. I have remained on the NAMI Fairbanks Board continuously since that date until now (33 years!), having served as Secretary, Vice President, and President. I needed NAMI then and soon I found out that NAMI needed me. NAMI's national HelpLine is 1-800-950-NAMI for anyone to call.

My wife Katherine joined NAMI Fairbanks in 1995 and steadily progressed through added responsibilities from the initial position of volunteer, newsletter editor, office manager, Vice President and ultimately serving as the President. Helping people with mental illness and their family members, Kate and I healed a lot. She helped numerous wives, mothers, and daughters by telling them her own story at NAMI meetings and gatherings giving them hope that the *Recovery is Possible*. I lent my listening ears over the years to many husbands, fathers, brothers, and adult sons through my NAMI affiliation. I tell them my first-person experience from the time I was a young man on the University of Rhode Island campus when mental illness touched our family and how we have navigated through this maze. We have survived with the help of the mental health community and mostly from like-minded family friends and have come out much better than the bleak fear I had envisioned in the 1980s.

What Can You Do at NAMI: Persons suffering from mental illness can join the <u>Peer Support Group</u>. These group meetings (usually biweekly or monthly depending on the demand) are run exclusively by consumers (an old term for people with brain disorders) and they support each other by telling their experiences and what worked and what did not work. They feel free to open up as there are no families, clinicians and administrators present in these meetings.

Family members, relatives, and friends can join the <u>Family Support Group</u>. I remember many evening meetings Kate and I attended with other board members from 1995 to 2015, and led discussion groups with other families, who were new to NAMI. It was uplifting to hear success stories and best practices from fellow families who were in the same boat and shared our own success stories with them. I always looked forward to those meetings as they gave me peace of mind.

One should take the <u>Family to Family</u> course, a one-week course for family members, relatives, friends, and caregivers which equips them with a wealth of knowledge that can be shared from families to families on how to navigate through the mental illness. It presents how families can help in setting the steps, treatments, and pathways to recovery for their loved ones. I completed this course many years ago and eventually served as a teacher of this course for several years.

Assist NAMI affiliate to offer <u>Crisis Intervention Training</u> (CIT) program for local law enforcement officers. When our loved one is experiencing intense, unexpected symptoms in a mental health crisis, CIT-trained police officers have been trained on how to de-escalate the confrontation with the patient. This training has been proven to reduce injury to patients and police officers. Always ask for a CIT-

trained officer to deal with your loved one when he/she is having a severe mental illness episode. I've completed this CIT training as a Board member and participated in running this training through NAMI Fairbanks for several years.

Dos & Don'ts: Misdiagnosis occurs often in the beginning, so insists the doctors and counselors to change the treatments, if those are not helping. Promptly seek early discovery and treatment of mental illness, because that is the best path. Be aware that it is a very difficult illness and robs happiness from patients and families. Do not blame one another for the disease. Keep going, never give up hope and stand by your loved one because recovery is possible.

Note: Dr. Debendra Kumar Das is a Professor of Mechanical Engineering Emeritus at the University of Alaska and is a Patron member of OSA.





Cuttack_Coexistence of Religions on Display

Prof. Dr. Annapurna Devi Pandey

Cuttack may be called a city of *maximum diversity in minimum space*, borrowing the phrase from the writer Milan Kundera. It is present in the city's religious diversity. Even though I grew up here and knew of the coexistence of Hindu and Muslim places of worship, I realized in 2022 the mutual sharing of their ways of life.

I had spent my childhood and post-teen years in Cuttack until I moved away in 1988. After spending a year in Cambridge, UK, for the last 34 years, I have been living in Santa Cruz, California. My 88-year-old mother lives in the house where I grew up, and I visit her regularly.

The city is known for everything old. It has seen the glory of being the state's capital since the 10th century. The word Cuttack, known as Kataka, has multiple meanings. It means the fort, referring to the 13th century Barabati Fort, built by King Ananga Bhima Deva the 3rd, and known as a military camp and the seat of government. The reigns of took morning walks to Barabati fort, and discovered many monuments I had never seen before. Hindus, Pathans, Moghuls, and Marathas left the city vibrant, with many beautiful spiritual monuments. Muslims ruled Odisha from 1568 to 1751, the Marathas took over from the Mughals, and in 1803 the British drove the Marathas out and established ornate churches, impressive educational institutions, and the famous high court of Odisha. Muslims are a sizable population, almost nine percent of the 840,000, living with Hindus in many neighborhoods.

Bhubaneswar, the new promise, replaced Cuttack as the state capital in 1949. I went to Cuttack last summer and winter to spend time with my mother,

Barabati Fort

I woke up to the azaan from the mosque, passed by Pathan Sahi, where Muslims and Hindus live, and small store owners play bhajans (devotional music) on the radio and offer incense sticks to start the day. As soon as the sun rose, the Hindu women, wearing neatly pressed saris and colorful bangles, offered flowers to the Tulasi plant outside their doors.



Barabati Fort

Every day, I walked by the street side Hanuman (monkey god) temple, where the priest opened the temple door and started his morning *arati* (offering); many goddess temples protecting each neighborhood; and several small shrines until I reached Gopabandhu Square revered as the Jewel of Odisha, with an impressive statue of Gopabandhu. Cantonment Road was the zone for exclusive government housing, reminiscent of the British era. Before entering the Barabati fort, I stumbled upon the Church of Epiphany, one of the oldest churches in Odisha, built in 1826. The city developed around this historic fort. Even though the fort had lost its stone walls, the mud- and algae-covered deep water around it reminded me of the well-developed canals that protected the king in the old days.

The 13th-century arched gateway, with two monumental pillars in ruins, stands out as the eastern entrance to the fort. Hundreds of people congregate here to walk, run, or play badminton, football, and basketball. It is a social meeting place where older people, families, and friends come to stroll and sit in the shade of mango, Chiku, and jackfruit trees, chatting away. I saw many women walking alone or with friends, a welcoming change that did not exist while I was growing up. Every day, Rajesh Bazaz brought a stack of rotis to feed the dogs wandering in the park.



Gadachandi Temple



Bakshi Saheb Dargha

The fort presents a composite culture: *Gadachandi* Temple (the mother goddess), a *dargah* (tomb) named after the great Saint Bakshi Saheb, and the majestic Fateh Khan Rehman mosque cascading against the morning sky in stunning blue, white, and gold. The dargah gate was wide open, and some swans walked around, reminding me of the body of water behind the building. I went in and got the *Pir-baba's* blessings. The Sufi saints, called pir-babas, still play the leading role in an evolving syncretic

tradition. They command admiration and respect from Hindus and Muslims through their devotion and piousness.

The General Post Office campus in Buxi Bazaar houses the tombs of Malang Shah and Mastan Shah, two famous saints. Cuttack also houses several important Muslim religious institutions of the province, i.e., Diwan Bazar Mosque (1666), Ujale Khan Mosque (1716) at Muhammadia Bazar, and Jama Masjid at Balubazaar (1689). The leading burial site of Muslims, known as Qadam e Rasool, built during the Mughal period in the 18th century, is dear to both Hindus and Muslims.

Around this time, many Hindu sects emerged, and both Hinduism and Islam flourished unscathed.

The city is not just a home to diverse religions; it also brings people of different faiths together to celebrate and participate in each other's religions in multiple ways. So many men, women, and children flock to the *Pir-babas* to get blessings and fulfill their wishes.

In October, Cuttack celebrates Dussehra, the annual welcoming of Mother Durga, and the whole city is transformed into a string of pandals with a fairground feel. About 160–200 Durga idols are made — one for each neighborhood — and the entire town gets ready for the festival. What happens when a Muslim religious festival and Durga Puja fall on the same day? In 2017, Muharram, the most important holiday for Muslims, and Durga Puja *bisarjan* (submersion of the goddess in water, the day after the 10th day of Puja) fell on the same day. The leaders made an amicable plan and decided to take turns sharing the streets for the procession, showcasing their cooperation.

Cuttack is well-known for the neighborhood feel: *bhai chara* (brotherly love) transcending religious identity. The Muslim shopkeepers close their shops during lunch on Fridays for the *namaz* (prayer). Unlike exclusive ethnic complexes like Little India or Chinatown in the USA, in Cuttack, Hindus, Muslims, and Christians share the same space, living in neighborhoods and participating in each other's daily activities and festivals.

Cuttack's past glory and splendor are reflected in its popularity as a city for everyone. People told me the rich and poor have a sense of belonging. What amazed me, even thirty years after my father, a well-known school teacher, passed away, was that people in the neighborhood greeted me as his daughter.

In Cuttack, there is no numbering system for houses. If a visitor asks for my father's name in my area, they will direct the person to our home. This is the beauty of Cuttack.

One day after the walk, my friends took me to have a glass of tea at the fort. The big pot of tea was boiling with an irresistible aroma. I sat on the cement bench wrapped around the majestic peepal tree. My tea was not the fancy *masala chai* sold in fashionable coffee places like 11th Hour Coffee, Verve Coffee, or Starbucks, but meticulously prepared red tea (without any milk), with fresh spices including cloves, ginger, mint, black pepper, cardamom, and bay leaf, among others. I relished this exquisite tea with a taste of salt and sugar and chatted with the maker. He has been running this store for several decades. He takes pride that Hindus, Muslims, and Christians, both rich and poor, visit the neighboring shrines and hang out to relish a glass of tea.

Given the city's rich heritage, it is not surprising that the growing divisiveness between Hindus and Muslims, so marked in many parts of India, has not made a dent in the communal life of Cuttack. In my experience, building trust and understanding among community partners is essential to leading a harmonious life and upholding a sense of community and a shared future.





Jejima's Corner

Neepo Manjaree Mahanti, Massachusetts

A long trail of black ants marched in unison toward a single destination. One after another, they climbed the tiny round decorative brass plate and scraped a minuscule white crystal from the bulk of *mishri*, sugar candy kept on it, with their tentacles. They placed the crystal on their head and descended the plate, all the while maintaining a perfect balance. The only time they altered their direction was when the white and yellow flower petals strewn on the pedestal came on their way. Flowers didn't interest them. Their only goal was to dig a bit from the chunk of sugar offered to God. Once done with the task, the insects headed towards the thin crack in the marbled wall, their secret hideout.

I sat outside the small room in silence and watched with despair how my favorite 'mishri' was being carried away by the most hardworking beings on earth. I wondered why Jejima never shooed away those ants.

My Jejima, a devout believer of Lord Jagannath, spent most of her time in this room. She sat cross-legged on the floor facing the idols of Jagannath, Subhadra, and Balram surrounded by innumerable other Gods, and counted her '*rudraksha*' beads. She looked ethereal in her pristine white sarees with a thin black border. Her head was always covered with the edge of her saree, the '*anchal*' and wisps of silvery grey hair peeped from the sides of her temples.

One fine day, I couldn't help but ask her this question while she counted the beads of the *rudraksha* hanging from her fingertips. She half-opened her aged watery eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles and moved her head from side to side in denial. She bent and whispered in my ears.

"We don't know who they are. They might be the Gods and Goddesses themselves in disguise as ants and eating the 'prasad' offered to them! We should not shoo them away! After all, God is everywhere and in every being. Do you understand my little one?"

She would then gesture both her hands high up in the air and mutter some mantras indecipherable to me. A million questions popped into my mind after hearing

her answer but I decided to keep them to myself. As a kid, my only hope was for this 'avatar' of God to leave at least one piece of 'mishri' intact for me. That's it!

That small room with its cold off-white marble floor and numerous idols and photos of Gods and Goddesses sitting on a big marble pedestal was known to us kids as 'Jejima's corner'. It was the little temple of our house. My Jejima used to spend a lot of her time in that room, hence the name. The time spent in that nook of hers kept on increasing proportionately with the number of black hairs turning silver on her head. Her day started with the first light of dawn hitting the earth. After taking a bath in cold water, she would bathe all her beloved idols in a big container of water, wipe them dry with a soft muslin cloth and make them wear colorful tiny satin clothes with intricate gold zari borders. She possessed a box full of them. She decorated her idols and the pooja 'asan' with fresh jasmine and marigold flowers which she herself plucked from her garden and then offered them a scrumptious breakfast of our favorite 'mishri' in brass plates. Her pooja ritual was a cacophony of mantras, the soaring sound of conch shells, and the occasional ringing of brass bells. Her hands holding the incense sticks would move round and round making circles of scented fumes in the air. In the end, she would sit and sway from side to side with closed eyes, all the while humming a tune of some devotional song. All these rituals created a magical atmosphere that soothed the heart and cleared the mind.

I often compared my Jejima's pooja rituals with her idols to my little sister's playtime with her dolls. They feed them, care for them, talk to them, and even sing songs to them! I had heard someone say that at a certain point in time in a person's life, the age reverses. People start going back to their childhood. That's why the behavior and activities of small children and old people are quite similar. I don't know if this hypothesis holds any truth, but I was able to see a glimpse of it in Jejima's childlike innocence.

As a kid, our visit to her corner was a desire to get 'mishri'. But as we grew up, the frequency of the visits increased with our wants in life. It started with regular visits before exams, cricket matches, and school competitions. Further down the line, the visits became mandatory before the job interviews, new business ventures, the quest for a suitable bride/bridegroom, having babies, buying houses, and buying cars. And the list went on and on. The 'mishri' was transformed. The corner also provided immense support during crisis situations in life. It was the only place that gave solace upon encountering failures, rejections, losses, and sufferings. This list was also endless. Each person had a reason of their own to pay a visit to Jejima's corner, an

open or a secret desire. One thing I always wondered was why Jejima spent so much of her time there. As far as I knew, she had no worldly desires left for anything nor was she in any kind of physical or emotional pain. She had seen and endured everything in her long life. I got my answer later.

The point worth noticing is that even when my Jejima was no more to create that perfect atmosphere with her tunes and scents, the place still provided relief. There was something magical about that room in the corner with its Gods and Goddesses on a pedestal, which made life look simpler and all the problems easier. If I asked my Jejima then I knew the answer she would give me.

"It's the aura of Lord Jagannath...what else?"

Almost every home has such a corner. That's why when people leave their homes, they carry a piece of it with them and plant it wherever they go. It's very common to see a small photo or idol of the God (whoever one follows) in office cubicles, hostel study tables, a Ganapati, a flying Hanuman or a Cross hanging above car dashboards, a counter complete with an idol, incense sticks and *diyas* in shops or some verse of Quran on the walls. There is a feel-good factor associated with these things people do. They feel protected. When I moved to the United States, the first thing I searched for in my new house was a good place to put the photo of my Lord Jagannath!

I remember once when I was traveling in a plane, there was serious turbulence due to bad weather. The strong winds were throwing the plane up and down. It was scary as hell. Almost all the passengers around me went into a state of panic. They were praying hard for God to save them, few were even on the verge of crying. The situation was worrisome. In this chaotic moment, I realized that my purse with my God's photo in it was kept high up on the shelf and I had no holy pendant or ring or anything to hold on to on my body. I felt too vulnerable. I clenched my fists and closed my eyes tight shut to escape from the surrounding mayhem. I took deep breaths and tried to calm my mind. It worked and I was transported back to my Jejima's corner in my old house. The off-white marble-floored room with its Gods and Goddesses floated before my eyes. The sweet aroma of jasmine and incense sticks wafted around me. I saw Jejima's fingertips counting the beads, her lips muttering something inaudible. The plane kept on juggling mid-air, but that serene visualization calmed my mind as the seconds passed by. The situation was better in some time and all breathed a sigh of relief. But then a strong realization hit me.

What kept me sane and in control all the while on this roller coaster plane ride when everything around me was going berserk?

Was it the photo of Lord Jagannath in my bag?

Was it the pendant I missed wearing?

Was it my Jejima's corner?

I think none of the above. It was me. It was me who took control of my mind, fetched the memory from my brain which gave me strength (my Jejima's temple), and made me believe that it was going to be okay. I understood that it was not in my capacity to control the plane or the weather. But the least I could do was to control my mind to make things easier in this hour of crisis. And I did just that. Everything turned out alright. Most of the time it does. Humans are imaginative creatures by nature. We like to keep our signs or imprints wherever we go. It's not just a photo, idol, or a few lines of prayer but a piece of our inner self kept in the office cubicle, written on the wall, sitting on a table, or hanging above the car dashboard, a small part of us. We like to feel connected to it, to ourselves. When it's absent we feel uneasy.

So, I concluded that this is what my Jejima was doing in her last years of life sitting in her corner. She was trying to connect to her inner self after all her responsibilities in life were over. In adverse situations, we can try to connect with ourselves and derive strength from deep within us. Although it is not as easy as it sounds, it is not unattainable. If we calm our minds, close our eyes, and peep within us with positive intent, we will find that the powerhouse is right there. Our own corner, the Lord Jagannath within each of us.





Art of Mis(sed)communication

Surath Rath, Houston,

Communication plays a very important role in many aspects of our relationships. In this essay, I emphasize digital communication with text messages and its impact on our communication. Ever since we learned to talk, we have started our communication with others. Aside from traditional communication through speech, we rely upon conversation over the telephone and emails. During the last few decades, text messaging has taken the world of communication by storm. With the conveniences that this has provided, more and more features are added to facilitate quick communication. Enters the ancient system of symbols for gestures and reactions into the foray of features supporting this textual communication. Symbolic gestures with a button click are commonplace and like a mindless herd of wildebeest trying to jump into a croc-infested river to cross quickly to the other side, no one wants to be left behind in using fancy symbols for sending responses to a text message.

At its basic level, communication is to "Say something or write something" so as to clearly convey the intent to the other party. Using symbols, we feel that we have accomplished the goal of communication in an instant. Have we really?

Let's say, you respond to some text message with a symbol for "I like it ()." If you observe the symbol tip on your phone with a mouse hover, it says something like "You reacted to the message with a thumbs-up". So, you reacted to something instead of saying something. Communication is complete, or so you thought. Is there anything missing in this? Also, is that all you wanted to say when you liked something? Or in the worst case, have you conveyed the wrong message? Let's take another example. We often send different facial symbols in response to text messages. Smiley faces () are way too common. What kind of smile is this? What does the recipient understand from this smile? If you were to say something you liked or something that made you laugh, what would you have said? Just throw a smile? There are also smiley faces that say something like "A grinning face with a smile." Do we always understand

what exactly the symbol means and do we know whether the recipient of our message is clear on the intent of such symbols? Could a symbol be interpreted as a sarcastic reaction by the recipient? If this possibility remains, probably there is something missing in this communication. Probably a better means of communication would be to write what you wanted to say such as "Hey, man, I really liked the idea. This can benefit everyone." Seems like these symbolic responses during communication may not be as good a choice as the literal text responses, at least in specific circumstances. Or is this argument too overblown?

Let's turn the sides. You (Mr. Madan) have made a proposal to raise some funds to support an environmental cause. You conveyed this message to several friends over a text messaging medium. Mr. X responded with a thumbs-up symbol, Mr. Y responded with a smiley face and Mr. Z responded by saying "Hey Madan, this is a very good idea in this time of environmental catastrophe." Which response would you like? Who would you turn to for advice or suggestions for making your proposal successful? I am sure you get the point. Replace symbols with a few words to indicate what you liked, what you loved, or even what you did not understand. Your relationship with others will go to a different level. Your community will become stronger with love and bonding among all. Please try. Symbols are only good for very specific circumstances in digital text messaging media. Otherwise, those symbols leave the possibility of either a missed communication or a miscommunication.





A Visit Mamata Misra, California

Fall 2022: My sister who lives in India informs me that she has booked a 3-month trip to the US for spring 2023. She and her husband would be visiting their son and daughter-in-law in California but would like to visit us in Texas. I feel happy. My husband and I haven't been to India in five years, and with our parents gone, and our bodies aging, our chances of visiting India in the future are nil.

January 2023: Through an email thread involving many family members living in Texas my sister efficiently seeks input from everyone about their availability and carefully sets dates for her family's visit to Houston and Austin in March. Their tickets are booked.

February 2023: They arrive in San Jose where unusual atmospheric rivers from heaven descend along with cold fronts. Their bodies, conditioned by Bhubaneswar weather, shiver through their bones. I assure them that they can thaw in the beautiful Austin spring weather in March and the Texas bluebonnets and Indian paintbrushes will be in bloom to welcome them. I start making lists of places in Austin they may like to visit. I call our local Indian caterer and make sure that she would be available to supply us with her *dahibaras* and *rasagolas* that melt in the mouth.

March 2023:

Friday night: My sister, brother-in-law, nephew, and niece-in-law land in Houston.

Sunday afternoon: They drive from Houston to Austin. Wildflowers don't let me down and arrange a display on the medians and roadsides on their way. My husband picks up catered food. Our son joins us to welcome them when they arrive around 6 pm. We sit together to enjoy dinner together and chat away. There is so much to catch up with.

Monday: After lunch, Nephew and his wife drive back to Houston to catch a flight back to California. I notice my sister coughing. She isn't worried, it's just a dry cough, she says, maybe an allergy. The weather has taken a wrong turn. It is cloudy and rainy and getting colder. We stayed in the house.

Tuesday: I propose we visit the temple first. I haven't gone out much since the pandemic started three years ago. Now that Covid is officially over, wouldn't it be nice to go out more, starting with a Jagannath Darshan? My sister agrees and wants to see our temple. But her cough is worse. So is the wind. She looks tired; she hasn't slept well. Wednesday is supposed to be warmer, perhaps better for a temple visit where you have to walk outside without shoes. We go to Costco instead to stay indoors. They find a few things they need and are happy. That night, my sister's cough is bad and she stops talking. My brother-in-law starts making *kaadhaa* for her, the Indian concoction with ginger, peppercorns, and garam masala. My husband offers Nyquil. I suggest a warm saline gargle. My sister honors all our suggestions and drinks only warm water. She clearly looks sick.

Wednesday: My sister declares that she slept well thanks to Nyquil and feels much better. Her voice is still down. The weather is nice as per the forecast. After breakfast, as we prepare to go to the temple as planned, a text message arrives from the house where my sister and brother-in-law stayed in Houston. Someone there has tested positive for Covid! We give one another the 'But it is supposed to be over!' look. I quickly take a home test kit package from our high stack, courtesy of USPS, and hand it over to my brother-in-law. They both have had Covid before, one of them twice! They have never self-tested before as that isn't the norm in India. But they oblige, reading and following the instructions carefully. Twenty minutes later, they declare the results – my sister is positive and my brother-in-law is negative. 'But today I am feeling much better,' my sister protests, puzzled. My husband and I test ourselves and we both are negative.

What we should do is crystal clear to me: (1) we should all be masked; (2) my sister should be quarantined in the guest room for 'n' days and my husband (who has no house chores to do anyway) should check the Internet to find out the current value of 'n' according to CDC; (3) all family members in Texas whom my sister has seen in the last five days should be notified; (4) my brother-in-law should be given a separate room and bathroom since he is negative. Unfortunately, my husband has other ideas. He questions the need for our masking and considers looking for CDC guidelines on the Internet a waste of his time. I have no time to argue. Leaving him with his doubts, I get busy setting up a second bedroom for my brother-in-law and attending to what he may need. I send messages to my sons and ask them to test themselves and ask my brother-in-law to send a message to his son. I check the Internet and find that 'n' equals 5 nowadays. My sister affirms my position, adding that 'n' could be counted from the day the symptoms begin. I start preparing lunch for everyone. I feel sorry

that my sister has to be quarantined. She feels sorry that she isn't able to help me with house chores.

In the meantime, my husband calls Ajay, the husband of the Covid patient in Houston to ask if they all are wearing masks. Ajay reports that he is the only one wearing a mask because he is the only one going into the patient's room. My husband opines that we need not wear masks and designates my brother-in-law to be the mask-wearing caretaker of his wife. Nonetheless, he invites my brother-in-law to come to Starbucks with him. They disappear for some time returning with some lobster-stuffed pasta and a jar of special sauce to go with it.

My clarity remains intact. I know why others in Ajay's house aren't wearing masks – they are elderly with health issues and it is difficult for them to be masked. I also know that in their two-story house, the patient can be kept far away and on a separate floor from the kitchen and dining area whereas in our single-story house, the guest room is connected with the kitchen and dining area where we hover around all day. My husband also knows all this but is unable to connect the dots. I make up for his lack of masking by double masking myself. I am thankful that the weather allows me to open the windows today. I also share with everyone the current CDC guidelines and request everyone to help me stay Covid-free in the next few weeks so that I don't have to cancel the 8-week program I teach and disappoint my students. My husband and brother-in-law start wearing masks, mostly on their chins. That night, my Fitbit records 10,000 plus steps without my stepping out of the house.

Thursday: It is cloudy and cold again. Windows have to remain shut mostly. I notice my brother-in-law wiping his nose. I ask if he has a cold. He is confident that it is just a sneeze. My husband starts coughing. My sister and I exchange glances through our masked faces and keep our fingers crossed. I ask about coughing protocols in India, whether through media people are taught to cover their cough with their sleeves and not hands. 'Everyone knows, but no one follows. People are careless.' is my brother-in-law's response. Later, at some other point in some other context, he declares with complete honesty, 'I am careless.' Along with books to read, we offer my sister our Netflix account to make up for the quarantine. I hear her giggling every now and then over her computer screen and am happy that she found something funny to watch. My brother-in-law is happy to watch old movies on DVD he hasn't seen in India. Everyone makes most of the situation with food and entertainment.

Friday: Brother-in-law says that he felt very cold last night. He had chills. I offer him a second comforter and a thermometer. No fever. My husband takes him out

of the house to cheer him up. But he remains quiet and upon return, takes a nap. He admits that he has a cold indeed but wonders why he feels so sleepy. I hand him a second test kit. He tests positive and is quarantined. A movie he was watching remains unfinished. My husband who has been hanging out with him a lot, tests negative. But his cough keeps getting worse. He says he is fine and goes to pick up more food from the caterer. I warn the caterer about the situation and ask her not to invite my husband into her house to taste this and that, which I am sure he would relish.

Saturday: My sister feels better and her cough is almost gone. My Brother-in-law has a fever and back pain. He is supplied with Tylenol and pain ointment. My husband is coughing more and more yet maintains that he feels fine. Sister wonders if they can return on Tuesday as planned and wants to discuss this with her quarantined husband. They have a non-refundable ticket. She asks if she could end her quarantine and be her husband's food server. It has been 5 days since her symptoms started. I let her come out of her room with her mask on.

Sunday: The weather is still cold for opening windows. Where did Spring go? The cough subsides in the case of my brother-in-law but he's having fever. He doesn't have a computer to watch movies. He is offered a good book to read. They decide to wait until Monday to sort out their return plan. Hubby waits another day to retest even though his cough gets louder.

Monday: I had chills last night and felt tired in the morning. My husband tests positive but maintains that he feels fine. I am still 'negative while surrounded', a phrase I invent and like. I rationalize the exhaustion I feel to be due to the continuous house chores and lack of rest. I am taking some time to myself by eating in a backroom by myself where I can take the masks off and breathe freely and deeply. My brother-inlaw by now is fever free and feels fit to travel back the next day. But my sister feels that they should stay for a few more days and take care of us. I tell her that while it is sweet of her to think that way, we have been okay without having family support through much bigger problems during our fifty years in the USA. They decide to return on Tuesday. My sister offers to help with cooking. I hand her a cutting board, a knife, a head of cabbage, and other veggies to chop. I wonder if I would be fit enough the next day to drive them to the airport. I suggest to my sister that they request wheelchair assistance at the airports. 'We aren't disabled,' she protests. 'But you are eligible as seniors,' I inform. 'Oh really? I didn't know that,' she said. I ask my husband to request wheelchair assistance for them. By now, quarantine seems impossible and pointless. My husband and brother-in-law sit together by the computer, and after 30 minutes wheelchair assistance requests are successfully added to their tickets. I feel a little relieved and a little freer to fall sick tomorrow.

Tuesday: My throat feels weird as if something is stuck there; it also made me wake up several times last night, unusual for me. I am feeling dizzy and unbalanced. My husband still acts 'normal' and is ready to drive them to the airport. I decide to stay home and rest. What a memorable 10 days this has been, and in a way, no one had imagined! We may not see each other again. My sister says that they could not have been sick at a better place! Wow! What a compliment! My brother-in-law apologizes for giving us Covid. My husband hurries them, and I wish them a safe trip. They leave and I head back to bed.

Later that day I get a fever. I take Tylenol and start making Plan B for what the test will show tomorrow. My sister and brother-in-law run into an encounter with a brand new atmospheric river over San Francisco and land in Sacramento instead, where they wait several hours to get clearance to go to San Francisco. They eventually get back home by midnight. I am glad to know.

Wednesday: I test positive for Covid as expected. So glad I am the last in the family to get it. Fever and Tylenol continue. I start executing Plan B. I make an alternate schedule for my upcoming 8-week program with minimal disruption. The studio is available for the change. I notify the students. Everyone is still okay and no one wants to drop out with money back. I am grateful. I have a book club meeting tomorrow. I excuse myself from it with reason. Advice from book club buddies pours in about what to do; they ask me to do for myself what I have been doing for 3 people all week. I respectfully ignore the advice, turn in my bed, curl up, and take refuge in sleep. All is well.





Smashed Barrier Jayasmita Mishra, New York

The ringtone stopped. I could hear his voice clear and profound," Sorry, I am not able to answer your call right now, please leave me a message and I will get back to you asap." I wondered, paused, and gave his words a thought.....for sure I could hear him well. Those words kept resonating: I felt dizzy. My son did tell me, "MAAI have tons of jobs on my agenda! I am just being realistic: remember to let me know at least 24 hrs. in advance when u need my help." Oh boy! This was not a normal chore, like getting the Christmas decorations from the attic; or fighting with the credit card company for a fake bill. This was a genuine call and I needed his presence. I was at my wit's end till I climbed up the stairs to bank upon Edwina, my neighbor. It was a cold, blustery winter evening in January, '2020. This week the weather had been miserable and we could hardly sneak out. Mother Nature had dumped heaps and loads of snow. Mahesh had finished his supper and I could hear a sudden thud on the floor. The glass tumbler in his hand had broken and a piece had cut a vein in his right hand. I was horrified to see him bleed so fast. He was on blood thinners. Within no time, I ran to call Edwina my neighbor who worked as a nurse at a local hospital. Luckily, her son was with her and both of them acted fast to take care of the situation. With advanced age, for sure we needed support and help. This was an emergency, yet I could not contact my son who lived half a mile away from us. Mahesh was already taken to the emergency room; the cut was deep and the bleeding was profuse.

There are so many times when we need our children more than they need us. They have no clue what they indeed do for our souls! I cursed myself, as I cried, "inconsolably". Have I failed in my duty as a "mother"? My baby, my only child, has always been the apple of my eye. A slight whimper or cry would alert me to pay attention to his childhood nuances'. The list is endless- all that the mother can do for her baby. I named him Neil, for me he was Lord Krishna reborn, the pregnancy was not an easy

one and he was the eighth one my - marvel boy! As parents, we doted on him and gave him the very best of everything. Mahesh worked two jobs to make ends meet, while I stayed home to take care of him. So many times, I keep wondering, whether that was a fair enough decision for me to give up my career and raise my child.

My options were limited, this child was God sent and my priorities were all set around him. The same child who would not let me out of sight for a minute is so busy, that he is not available for us in times of exigency? A deep insight within pointed a finger toward me. Oh! Yes, it was our fault. Unconsciously our love for our only child was so intense that we fell into the trap of being overprotective and controlling. Our intentions for our child were good, but as he grew up, he wanted to be carefree and independent like his peers. All he wanted was to spread his wings and find his own identity. As soon, as he found a job to sustain himself, he moved out of our home and wanted to stay in a rented place of his own will. I made sure he lived close enough. This ensured we could meet often and be available in times of need.

It broke my heart when he packed his stuff and left. My little boy had grown up; he was mature and was craving for freedom, Consciously, he had created a barrier between us and himself that would free him from our nagging interference. With the advent of the digital world, our kids are exposed to an array of possibilities within the maze of accomplishments and failures. Decision-making is a strategy that is best acquired while swimming in troubled waters. A lion kept in a cage would never learn to hunt for his own food. The liberty to be on his own as an adult teaches a young mind to steer his boat. This experience is a must; it not only liberates but also empowers a person to be a strong individual.

I realized part of growing up is learning how to recover from mistakes or failures. It is like the way the mother Giraffe teaches her baby to stand upright. By being overprotective children don't experience that important learning curve that will take them to solve more adult problems when they get older. I acknowledged the fact that; this crucial learning had started for Neil at the age of 22 and not at 42, This way he would learn to act according to his own will rather than becoming a people pleaser.

With all good intentions, we try to protect our children from anything bad that might happen. This anxiety overflows to the extent that we dictate and monitor the actions of our adult kids, smothering their ability to stand up for themselves. In extreme cases, this discord leads to friction breaking the lovely bondage that has taken years

to thrive. God had taken care of the "crisis", I thanked Edwina for her timely care and help. Mahesh came back from the urgent care unit with a big bandage on his wrist. The storm had passed, like every other day the sun arose, to a new beginning.

Early morning the next day, Neil responded to my message. Sadly, I told him about the previous night's mishap. In no time, Neil, my pride, was at our door. He felt bad and cursed himself for not being able to help us in time. I realized he no longer needed any advice; all he needed was support and compassion. I knew, the Lord would guide his path to take the right decisions all along. Happy, that he has learned to find happiness on his own; with an open mind. A gem of a son was learning to be brave and independent, we assured him that we would always be there with him as strong pillars of support in times of need. Care and compassion for each other are properly measured when there is true "love". Thus, the barrier in between was smashed with a big, "hug". Mahesh stood up and greeted his son with a big smile.





The Chip Sneha Panda, San Diego, CA

Dear Diary,

I am feeling frustrated with the education system and my classmates. They seem to be going through the motions in class without any engagement or critical thinking.

Lessons are silent, teachers' faces pale and expressionless. It's all thanks to a chip implanted in innocent newborns who grow up obedient and controlled. No questions asked.

I have a secret, a dangerous one, that if discovered, could make me an outcast. I do not have a chip inside my head.

This is the last time I will write this, for tomorrow I will be gone, and when I am gone, I promise that my child, who will be named Eva, will have the chip removed from her head.

-Natalie

14 YEARS LATER

I stand in a corner after the bell rings, waiting for my best friend, Liza, to come around the corner. She would discuss what happened in this or that class, precisely recount what happened in the class, or talk about our teachers. I do not fall into this category, even though I love learning. I also love nature and the outdoors, and Liza likes the indoors, just like all the other girls at school.

"Did you hear what Mrs. Richardson said in class, Eva? After all, we will need it for homework."

"Yes," I say. I know that it will be the only thing she wants to hear. In reality, I hadn't paid attention to a single thing in Mrs. Richardson's class because I had no clue what she was saying. My freewheeling brain couldn't stop thinking how I wanted to go badly to collect seashells and try boogie boarding over the week-long spring break ahead.

Liza rambled about the teachers' lessons until we reached the crosswalk. We parted ways and I watched her head home. As I stood there, I wondered if something was controlling her actions. They seemed too...robotic.

But as I stood there pondering, I saw someone staring at me from the other side. I shoved the thought out of my head and walked home.

I took out my key to the house, unlocked the door, and walked inside a deserted house. My dad, a computer scientist at the "Codegram" company, was at work. My dad is a typical man, always programming things that I couldn't understand.

I found an apple pie and a note from my dad in the fridge. He brought it during his lunch break. I smiled, took a piece, and went upstairs to my room. Passing my textbooks, I felt torn between the obedient side that would study them and the other side questioning their usefulness.

A couple of hours later, I managed to finish studying all the material needed for the next day's lesson. I heard another key turning.

I figured that the person turning it was my dad, and my instincts were correct when he asked cheerfully, "Eva! Are you there?"

I ran downstairs to hug my dad, but whatever he was trying to hide uttered a robotic, tense voice that said, "Let her go, immediately. Take her immediately to the Council."

I jumped back, startled. "Dad, what was that?" No answer. He took me by the arm and left, dragging me along with him.

The Council was an imposing building with many stairs and an eerie silence. It worked to ensure everyone's happiness and future success. The Secretary, Jayah, had stick-straight hair and blue eyes. She motioned for me to sit and announced my arrival on her walkie-talkie.

I looked at my father nervously, but then I remembered the voice and turned back around, for I was certain it would command him to do something.

"President Shala here to see you, Eva," said Jayah. I left the waiting room without looking back.

President Shala was a tall woman with thick glasses, tan skin, and oak-brown hair. Her stern but kind look warned me to be careful. She led me to her empty study which quickly transformed, revealing her desk, chairs, and a screen with my Councilissued ID given at birth. Two glasses of orange juice appeared, but I declined, still full from the apple pie I had earlier.

President Shala picked up a remote and pressed a few buttons. It directed the screen to a picture of a brain, and then another brain, which was slightly brighter than the first one.

"The first brain that you see is typical of a citizen of your age, which has an equal balance of all the components in it, which include attention, speed, precision, and emotional state. These four should all be equal." She enlarges the other brain. "Now, let's look at yours. Can you tell me what you see?"

I looked at the picture carefully, and my eyes widened. "All of the components are bigger than normal."

"Bulls-eye!" She looked at me and gave me a small, tense smile. "Of course. We have never had anything like this before. You are completely aware of what to do in stressful situations, and you are also very intelligent and thoughtful."

She did say some other things, but I was too engrossed in the pictures of the brain. But while I was looking at them, I noticed that my precision was higher than all of the others.

"...and there is something that we would like to do." President Shala's voice seemed to cut through my thoughts. She was writing some things down on paper, and I craned my neck to see what it was. That was unnecessary because she ripped the page out of a notepad and handed it to me. "We'll see you in 5 days."

I stood and shook her hand, and then found my way back to the waiting room. I fished out my cell phone. As I scrolled for my dad's number and walked outside, the fragrant smell of roses calmed my thoughts. He answered on the first ring,

"Hello?"

"Hi, Dad! I'm finished with the meeting. Can you come to pick me up?"

"Sure thing. I went for a walk, but I'm fairly close. I will be there soon." He hung up.

I stood there, taking in the fresh air, and then, started thinking about the meeting. It was so strange! The brain images were still fresh in my mind and I was wondering, why is my brain so different? Also, the meeting was short. I had timed it from the moment we entered the study. It was exactly 30 minutes.

"Hey."

I jump and look to my left, where my dad stood. "You called for a pickup. You should be looking for me if you want to go home on time."

"Sorry. I forgot."

"How was that meeting on a scale of one to ten? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"One. Of course, I didn't see any ghosts. No ghosts in President Shala's office."

We walked to the car, with me keeping my head down so he wouldn't see my confused expression. I was confused as to why I was so different from an average person. After all, I did everything they did, I studied, I got up and got ready for tests on time, and I could learn fast, just like them.

Why me?

In the car, the same talk radio was playing, with a story about an unknown bird being spotted, and then came to a sentence that I had never thought would come. It stunned me. "For our big hit of the day, a young girl visited President Shala's office and has been discovered to have an abnormally large brain." I turned off the radio. My dad looked at me with an amazed look on his face. Before he could say anything, though, I said, "What have you been hiding from me?"

Dad hesitated and then that same robotic voice spoke from his head, telling him to tell me the truth. We arrived home and went to the study where my dad showed me pictures on his computer and asked me what I saw. I stared at it. At first, they all looked normal, but then I noticed what looked like a chip and said, "There's a chip."

Every person has a chip on their head. My dad looked at me carefully. "Yes, and for some reason, you do not have one."

I stare at him in disbelief.

Was this what everyone had in them, so they could act alike and not think about anything else? Was this why I was so different? What does it determine? Why do we even have this? It seemed like too many to answer, so I just said, "Can I see yours?"

He pulls up his own. I examine the chip closely. All the wires going through the chip are aligned properly, all but one. I look up at my dad.

"Is your chip broken?"

"I broke my chip so that I could be just like you and your mom. No one noticed because I always got sick on the check-up days."

My mouth falls open. "What was different about Mom?"

My father glances at the floor, with the I-can't-explain-this expression. But this time, he seemed more petrified, like a deer caught in the headlights of a rapid car unable to apply the brakes at the correct time. All of a sudden, I wished I was like my classmates, just silently staring at the board during class, oblivious to the outside world. After a long, troubling silence, my dad finally says chokingly, "You and your mother do not have a chip in your heads." That was it. The memories of my earlier childhood kept running back to me. Now, I know why my brain looked different. All of a sudden, I saw myself as an ordinary girl who had nowhere to go and no future ahead of her. It seemed like my whole world collapsed. I couldn't restrain myself and I cried, "You kept this secret from me for fourteen years! I have to just sit there and watch everyone get everything right and me? No! I get stuff wrong and I am a big joke in school!"

"Eva.."

"DON'T "Eva" me! You knew perfectly well about this!" "Eva, your mother grew up to be an amazing woman, despite not having the chip in her head. Things weren't as strict as they are now. She endured it for many more years than you, and she still lives."

I calm down at the mention of my mother. I knew she had disappeared soon after I was born and I had never stopped being intrigued by stories of her.

"What is in the chip?" I asked.

"The chip is our company's product, designed to control citizens' thinking and prevent curiosity. It limits intelligence and career choices.

The Council assigns jobs based on productivity for citizens over 18."

"Is there a way to alter a chip?" "That's exactly the question I'm trying to figure out." His eyes sparkled. "Will you help me with this, Eva?"

During spring break, instead of going to the beach, I spent 5 days studying chips. I was scrutinizing information. My dad brought manuals from work for me to study and taught me programming. He would bring them home every afternoon, have me write down annotations late into the night, and then return them all at work each next morning.

All day I practiced my programming skills, and once I had mastered that, he gave me some empty chips to practice with. On the fourth day, he gave me a manual for how to program the chips, and asked, "Could you program a chip that doesn't include the crucial parts once inserted?"

"Why?"

"Because then at your next Council meeting, they won't suspect a thing. They will think you are completely normal."



Reflections on the North American Odia Community

Ineka Panigrahi, Toronto, Canada

I recently attended a seminar held by the OSA Women's Empowerment (OWE) Forum on 'Caring for the Caregiver', which Mama shared with me. Working in hospital settings recently as I train to be an occupational therapist, I notice the significant physical, mental, and emotional demands of caregiving. In the seminar, I listened to the lived experience of caregivers in the North American Odia community. The seminar got me thinking about the unique experience of caregivers in the North American Odia community.

In occupational therapy, there is this concept of "occupational roles". Occupational roles are essentially the roles we play in our lives that involve participating in an occupation, which is defined as an activity that is meaningful to a person. For example, some occupational roles like 'employee' or 'mentor' would be associated with meaningful occupations such as 'working', or 'mentoring'. Similarly, the occupational role of 'caregiver' would be associated with 'caregiving'. I noticed that each of the women who shared their experience in the seminar described an unexpected transition to the role of 'caregiver'. The emergence of unexpected occupational roles can severely impact other aspects of our lives and shift our occupational balance, which could result in burnout. I was so inspired to hear that these women not only cared for their loved ones but also understood the importance of taking time for themselves in order to maintain sustainable caregiving. Caregiver burnout is a real problem, and I am so glad that we are talking about it in community seminars like the one organized by the OSA Women's Empowerment Forum.

Also, it felt reassuring to know that if any member of the community were to go through this unexpected transition at any point in the future, they would have someone to talk to, who could actually understand their situation and offer helpful advice. We may have little control over what life will bring, but having someone to talk to and seek out help from can make all the difference. I was happy to hear that the women who shared their experiences in the seminar had built support networks and

did not hesitate to reach out for help when they needed it. For this reason, I found the seminar oddly reassuring.

It helped me notice a powerful aspect of the Odia community in North America. I learned throughout my undergraduate career about the impact of a strong social network on health and well-being in older adults, a finding well supported by research. However, within the last 5 years or so, I have had a chance to witness its power firsthand as more of my beloved uncles and aunties in the Odia community transition into their 80s and 90s and keep their spirits high through their social involvement with the community. The Odia community, for so many of us, is a strong social network, which can positively impact our health and wellbeing.

There is a model in occupational therapy called the Person, Environment, Occupation (PEO) model. It is a lens that occupational therapists use to understand clients' situations and guide the assessment and treatment process. The therapist considers aspects about the client, the social, physical, and institutional environments around them, and aspects about their meaningful occupations that influence their participation in those meaningful occupations. In the clinical cases I have seen thus far in my training, I have noticed that a person's social environment often plays a key role in their participation in meaningful occupations. If we take for example the occupation of caregiving, having social support for sharing care responsibilities can influence continued participation in caregiving. If someone has no social support around them, they may reach caregiver burnout earlier, and be less likely to continue participating in the occupation of caregiving. On the converse, if a caregiver has support around them to share in responsibilities, this could prevent burnout, support their overall well-being, and ultimately their future participation in the occupation of caregiving.

For the majority of my childhood and teenage years, I had only seen the Odia community in Canada and in North America as a space in which to participate in Odia cultural activities such as drama, dance, and music. And while it absolutely still is an amazing place for that, I now see that it is that and so much more. Caregiving is an incredibly challenging occupation in itself, but immigrating to a new country so far from home and from family can be especially difficult. However, being Odia in North America, we have a unique connection to one another. Many of us are far from family, so we have found family in each other. We help each other in times of sickness and need and stand by each other through major life transitions. As members of the North American Odia community, we will always be a part of one another's social

environment, and therefore, have the capacity to make meaningful impacts on one another's health and well-being.

The OWE seminar I attended reminded me of the multifaceted nature of the Odia community and gave me a newfound appreciation for its impact on health and well-being. I would like to encourage us all to take a moment to reflect on this for ourselves because we are truly part of something magical.

Ineka Panigrahi is 24 years old and lives in Hamilton/Toronto, Canada. She is currently completing a professional Master"s in Occupational Therapy and training to be an Occupational Therapist. Her involvement with both OSA and her local Odia community in Canada (CANOSA) has shaped the 'occupations' $(=\emptyset P)$ she finds meaningful which include dancing, event organization, and chatting up a storm!





Remembering my father, Saroj Kumar Behera

Sandip Behera, Arizona

It is with great sadness, that I write this piece about my late father, Saroj Kumar Behera, who

passed away at the age of 80 in Scottsdale, Arizona. He had been battling lung cancer over the

past 9 months, and ultimately succumbed to it on February 8, 2023.

There many aspects of his life that warrant remembrance, but the collective memories still

cannot fill the void he leaves with his passing.

He was born in the small village of Mahichala, Kalahandi, to a family of rice farmers that had a favorable history with the King of Kalahandi. There was no running water, or electricity. The school there only went up to the third grade. His father Suresh Chandra Behera, was a man of principle and ethics, with a strong moral compass. He was honest beyond compare and a landowner that people trusted. He was my father's idol, and role model throughout his life.

My father was raised by an extended family, with uncles, aunts, siblings, cousins populating what can only be described as a large familial compound. 50-60 people resided at the compound at any given time. He was close to his Aai, who protected him from punishment for his naughtiness. It was through the love that he felt there, that he developed his strong sense of family and community, that he carried over to the Oriya diaspora in the United States and Canada.

During his middle school years in boarding school, he was a mediocre student. One particular teacher took an interest in him, and changed the course of his life forever. He made my father aware of his potential, and more importantly, sparked his curiosity. From that point on, myfather's pursuit of knowledge in all regards blossomed.

He went on to study at Ravenshaw college, and was ultimately awarded the gold medal for best graduate. His older brother, Gopabandhu, was his hero, not only for

paving a way forward for him, but for his support and sacrifice to enable him to pursue exceptional opportunities outside of Orissa. With his brother's support, my father continued on to IISC in Bangalore, and then to the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, Canada, where he completed his PhD in Material Science.

He was the first person in his family to marry outside of his district of Kalahandi, requiring that his wife-to-be was independent and educated. His older brother, with the help of Dr. Rout arranged a union with a shy Chemistry student from Baripada. My father got more than he bargained for when my mom, Sunity Behera, turned out to also be one of the kindest people to grow and share life with. Together, they moved from Manitoba to Ontario, and ultimately to California. There, my father excelled in his career in the semiconductor industry, where he held numerous executive positions in large and small but rapidly growing chip companies alike. He retired at the age of 58 to Malibu, California.

Beyond his career, my father was a student of the world, and enjoyed all that it had to offer. He traveled to every continent except for Antarctica. He was well-read and well versed in a variety of subjects – physics, history, mythology, religion, photography, and literature. One of his hobbies was to pick a Nobel Laureate each year and read most of their books. His favorite area of study, was Vedanta and the Upanishads – and he put the subtle but poignant philosophy to practice in his everyday life.

He looked up to great leaders. Large portraits of Lincoln, Gandhi, and Martin Luther King hung prominently in our home. He was just as fond of David Attenborough documentaries, as he was watching Steven Colbert, Rachel Maddow, and old sitcoms like Bob Newhart, Hogans Heroes, and Bewitched. He loved to laugh. His hearty, but sweet laugh would often linger at friends' homes and gatherings long after he left.

He was active in our Oriya community encouraging us to do things together, to grow together. He helped organize a number of different community activities - camping trips, picnics,

performances that highlighted Oriya culture, and conventions. He was a father, brother, uncle, son, friend to all. Because of him, we were all part of a larger family. It was as if we all were part of that small village in Kalahandi. He showed us that a community/families lift people up, they make us better. It is like the African proverb that states, "If you want to go fast, go alone, if you want to go far, go together."

More importantly, Dad believed in the best of people. Like the teacher that believed in him, despite reasons to think otherwise, he saw people's potential. He saw

the good in everyone. He encouraged them to be brave, to push themselves, to be the best versions of themselves. In his mind, everyone was equally capable of doing the amazing, whether it be a small child, an awkward teen, a newly wed bride, a man dealing with midlife career pressures, or an octogenarian searching for meaning. He had the uncanny ability to make people feel seen and heard. He rooted for you. He made you feel safe to pursue things out of your comfort zone. He believed in you and your potential. I like to think he believed that if he could change for the better, then everyone could.

In the end, Dad was a warm soul. He passed surrounded by those he loved, his wife, his daughter-in-law, his grandchildren, his nephew and niece, his brother and sister-in-law, and myself. We miss him terribly, and thank all those who have reached out with such love and warmth towards our family.

Lastly, it is not lost on me that I was so fortunate to be the beneficiary of fate by being born to my mother and father. I will cherish the lessons learned from Dad over the course of fifty years, the ones about life, about people, about seeing the forest from the trees. During these past eight months, we were able to talk about everything. And though it was not for as much time as I would have liked, I cherished every moment with him.

My favorite times were being able to cut his hair. Since Covid, we were scared to expose him to the outside world due to his condition, and I took up the role as barber for him. I took great pleasure in the intimacy of shaping his hair, tilting his head, and being close to him. I will miss those haircuts, the talks we had during, the closeness of it all, the most.

Kahlil Gibran wrote, "When you are sorrowful, look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight." And to know dad, to be with dad, to be his son, was an absolute delight.





Heeral Thakkar Financial Service Rep (916)850-5421 hthakkar@lsfgchi.com

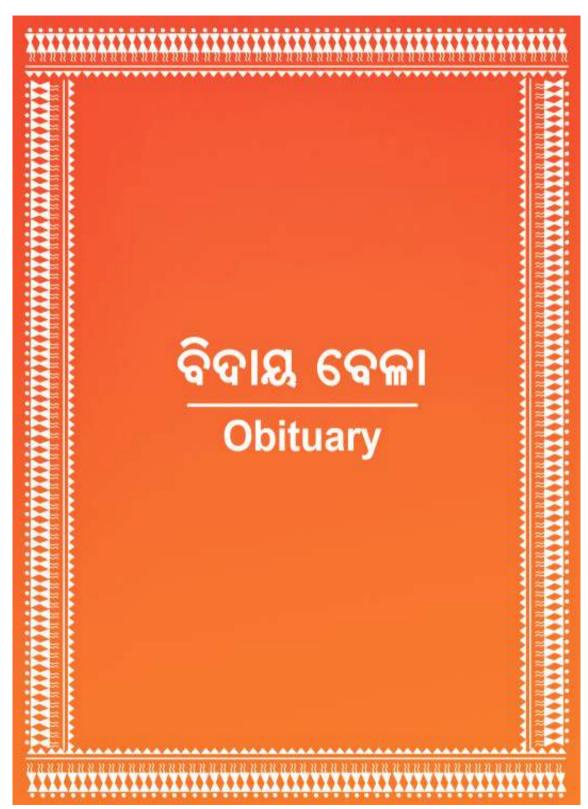


I am passionate about your future. I am devoted in becoming your personal guide to the financial world and helping you become money savvy while we build the lifestyle you want and deserve.

Services we provide:

- Capital Accumulation
- Retirement Wealth Accumulation Strategies
- Personal Retirement Accounts
- Financial Strategies
- Insurance Strategies
- Fixed Annuities
- Personal Life Insurance
- · Estate Planning Strategies





A heartfelt tribute to a great soul -Swami Adyananda Saraswati



Swami Adyananda Saraswati (formerly known as Dr. Bishnu Joshi), founder of the Siva Shakti Siddha Yoga Ashram attained maha-samadhi on March 16, 2023. He took sanyas at the age of 68 from his spiritual guru Swami Jyotirmayananda Saraswati, a direct disciple of Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj. During his sanyas phase of life, Swamiji primarily split his residence between his ashrams located in Nashville, TN and Cuttack, Odisha. Swamiji was an ardent practitioner and a proponent of Integral Yoga, a combination of karma, jnana, raja, and bhakti systems of yoga. Through karma yoga, he served the less fortunate of the society and inspired many of his followers. As part of the jnana yoga practice, he published many books on the Bhagavad Gita and gave numerous discourses on the Gita and Advaita Vedanta. Japa and kundalini yoga were part of his raj yoga practices. He passionately propagated the Jagannath culture as part of the bhakti yoga practice. The final project that he was tirelessly working on was to establish a Jagannath Temple in his birth village for the benefit of the people.

Swamiji was born in the village of Shashana Pada of Cuttack District in the state of Odisha, India and came to USA in 1968 after graduating with a DVM degree from OUAT, Bhubaneswar, to pursue further studies. He received his M.S. from the University of Missouri, Columbia, and subsequently, Ph.D. in hematopathology from the University of California, Davis. He worked as a professor at Meharry Medical College, and subsequently as one of the first foreign veterinary as well as pathology license holders in the state of Tennessee, established his own small animal clinic, and practiced there until he took retirement from the householder phase of life.

His journey to the heavenly abode was preceded by his parents Ramachandra and Tilottama Joshi and his dear wife late Premanandamayi Saraswati (Pravabati Joshi) in 2015, and his younger sister Anu Mahapatra and younger brother Nrusingha Joshi.

He is survived by his children Rashmi, Smriti, and Prashant, and grand children Raj, Suneeta, Suman, Poonam, Saurav, Sohan, Sachin, and Sabina, and great grand children Sahana and Siya. He is also survived by his brothers Pravat, Bijoy, Ajoy, Akshay, and their children and grand children.

Remembering Purna Chandra Mahapatra



Purna Chandra Mahapatra - a beloved husband, father, grandfather, and cherished member of the Odia community - passed away on April 20, 2023, in Tampa, Florida. He was born on March 14, 1930, in Cuttack, Odisha, and lived a long and wonderful life of 93 years.

Fondly known amongst family and friends as Bagu Bhai, Bagu Dada, Bagu Pisa, etc., Family and friends will forever remember Purna Chandra as a devoted husband to his beloved wife of 63 years, Sujata Mahapatra. He was also a loving and proud father to his two children, Sourya and Mita, as well as a caring father-in-law to their respective spouses, Leena and Michael, and a cherished grandfather to his five grandchildren: Saloni, Ari, Kimi, Zak, and Aneesha.

Purna Chandra embarked on a remarkable journey throughout his life, leaving an indelible mark on the places he called home. He began his career as a radio officer in the Merchant Navy. Then he transitioned into the aviation industry in the 1950s. He was one of the pioneers in establishing Ariana Afghan Airlines in Kandahar, Afghanistan. Over the course of his career, he worked in various locations, including Bombay, Afghanistan, and New York. His extensive travels and exposure to diverse cultures nurtured in him a global mindset from a very young age. It was a time when the world was not as interconnected as it is today. He instilled an adventurous spirit and love for exploration in his children and grandchildren; they are carrying forward his legacy.

Purna Chandra was a pillar of support and an influential figure within the Odia community. Whether residing in Bombay or New York, he graciously hosted and assisted Odias living in those cities, creating a sense of unity and belonging. Notable among those he hosted were His Highness The Gajapati of Puri and his family. Purna Chandra took great pride in his Odia heritage and profoundly appreciated the state's rich culture, delectable cuisine, and vibrant festivals. One of his favorite events was Bali Yatra, a cherished celebration in Odisha he always tried to attend when able to. He

also took great pride in the success of the Odia diaspora in the US, often remarking on how well people in the OSA network have done for themselves and their community.

Beyond his professional and community endeavors, Purna Chandra loved literature and enjoyed reading books and magazines on nature, travel, politics, and war. He was also an avid traveler and a connoisseur of culinary delights, always eager to experience new flavors and dishes.

A funeral service was held in Tampa, Florida on April 23, 2023. Family and friends gathered to bid a heartfelt farewell to Purna Chandra Mahapatra. His presence will be deeply missed, but his legacy of love, adventure, and cultural appreciation will continue to inspire all those whose lives he touched. May his divine soul attain sadgati.

Om Shanti.



Professor Jitendra Nath Mohanty passes away

A great son of Odisha, Dr. Jitendra Nath Mohanty, professor Emeritus of Philosophy at Temple University, Philadelphia, passed away on Tuesday, March 7, 2023 at the ripe age of 95. He was suffering ailments from age-related health issues.

Mohanty was born in Cuttack in 1928. A brilliant student, he stood first in BA and MA exams from Calcutta University and subsequently completed his higher education and research at the University of Gottingen in Germany. He was considered one of the experts on the philosophy of Edmund Husserl, and Immanuel Kant. He penned down more than two dozen books. The *Philosophy of Edmund Husserl*, *Classical Indian Philosophy*, and *Transcendental Phenomenology* are a few of his well-known works. *Between Two Worlds: East and West*, the autobiographical narrative that describes his long journey from Kolkata to Bengaluru to Germany, and the United States is a great read.

Mohanty's student Douglas Berger, professor of Global and Comparative Philosophy at Leiden University, Netherlands pays rich tribute to his teacher saying, "Equally significant for his illumination of the thought of Edmund Husserl and of debates in the classical Indian tradition, that giant was Jitendra Nath Mohanty (1928-23). "...my experience in his classrooms and of his force as a philosopher in published works and professional venues is one of those things that changes one ... forever. Listening to Mohany was spellbinding....He alerted me simultaneously to what it really meant to be a genius and how incredibly far away I was from ever being able to carry a one-on-one conversation with him. Scared of ever being wrong and being exposed for it in the classroom, I tended to keep quiet while keeping copious notes."

After Professor S Radhakrishnan, who was Spaulding Professor at Oxford, two other Indian philosophers who made Indian philosophy attractive to Western intellectuals are Prof. Bimal Krishna Matilal (also a Spaulding professor at Oxford) and Prof. Jitendra Nath Mohanty.

Mohanty was a soft-spoken man. He was very analytical in his lectures to students and scholars when he visited Calcutta and Jadavpur Universities. He was never judgemental and did not ever encourage personal slander. He often regretted that teachers never encouraged students to be curious in India. He advised the students to be analytical and to be avid readers. He was also one of the presidents of the Indian Philosophical Congress and the Society for Asian and Comparative Philosophy.

(Collected from the Statesman, Kolkata, and The Indian Philosophy Blog, "Some Memories of My Teacher, J.N. Mohanty, by Douglas Berger)





Saroj Behera – A Divine Life

Jnana Ranjan Dash, California

Saroj Behera had the appearance of a prince and the smile of an innocent child. He left this earth on February 8, 2023 after a glorious life of 80 years. Many commented that he was one in a million who walked on this earth. English words like "genuine", "authentic", "positive" or "down to earth" do not fully capture his persona. I asked the new AI (Artificial Intelligence) tool ChatGPT to describe the title and it said, "Throughout his life, Saroj Behera embodied virtues such as love, compassion, and selflessness, and his actions inspired others to live more meaningful and virtuous lives". Not bad.

But the best words came from Gajapati Maharaja of Puri, Sri Dibyasingha Deb.

"Endowed with extraordinary qualities of head and heart, Saroj Behera was like a personality from another Yuga. We found in him, in ample measure, the 'daivi-sampada' (divine virtues) mentioned in the 16th chapter of Srimad Bhagabad Geeta. Always cheerful and positive, he was ready to extend a helping hand to any person in need. He was adored and respected by one and all who came in touch with him...".

What did the Gajapati Maharaj mean by Daivi Sampad in Geeta?

These are the qualities of an enlightened person as described by Lord Krishna - Maitri (friendliness), Karuna (compassion), Sama dukhah sukhah (same in pleasure and pain), Kshami (patient, having no agenda), Danam (charity), Arjavam (straightforwardness), Swadhyaya (regular study of scriptures), etc.

These attributes describe Saroj Babu so well! He was the most positive and friendly person that you can meet. He always extended a helping hand to others. Everyone who met him felt like he treated him or her as the most special person. Children, teenagers', young college kids, and older adults; all loved him dearly. Many highlighted these qualities at a "celebration of life" zoom session on April 16, 2023. Over 300 people from across the world joined to pay their homage to this great soul.

Swami Chidananda (formerly the head of Chinmaya Mission, San Jose) spoke at the beginning from Mumbai, India, remembering the great qualities of Saroj Babu. He composed two verses in Sanskrit to honor him. Here they are with the English meaning at the end.

अस्माकं मित्रवर्याय Asmakam mitravaryaya प्रार्थनां कुर्महे वयम्। Prarthana kurmahe vayam. असत् त्यक्त्व स सद् गच्छेद् Asat tyaktwa sa sad gachhed जयोतिस्तथा(अ) न्धकारतः ।। १।। Jayotistatha andhakaratah (1)

अमरत्वं तथा भूयात् Amaratwam tatha bhuyat

जित्वा मृत्युं च बोधत: । Jeetwa Mrutyum cha Bodhatah.

सदा भवतु तस्मिन् वै Sada bhavatu tasmin vei

जगन्नाथप्रभो: कृपा ।। २।। Jagannathprabhauh krupa (2)

We pray for our eminent friend (mitravarya). May he proceed from the false (asat) to the true (sat); from darkness (andhakara) to light (jyoti); and from death (mrutyu) to immortality (amaratwam), having conquered death through spiritual wisdom. In this way, may the grace of Lord Jagannatha be upon him always.

Life in Brief

Saroj Behera was born to a large family in a tiny village called Mahichala in Kalahandi district. The village did not have running water nor electricity. He passed matriculation from B.M. High School in 1958 and studied Chemistry in Ravenshaw College, Cuttack. He graduated with flying colors, getting the best graduate gold medal from Utkal University in 1962. Then he studied engineering (Material Science) at the prestigious Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore. After graduating in 1964, he came to the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada to get his Ph.D. He completed it in 1968 and got married to Sunity that year. He started working at the Atomic Energy Commission of Canada and then at Microsystems International in Ottawa.

He moved to Los Angeles to work for the Xerox Corporation for nine years. Then he came to Silicon Valley and worked at various semiconductor companies in senior leadership positions. Professionally he was very successful. Name, fame, and wealth came to him in plenty. He bought a beautiful house in Malibu on a hilltop overlooking the Pacific Ocean and lived there in retirement for ten years. Subsequently

he moved to Phoenix, Arizona to be closer to his son's family (son Sanjiv, daughter-in-law Millie and four grand-children, Karina, Sanak, Shefali, and Ronak).

He dearly loved his family plus the extended family of many nephews and nieces. While performing his responsibilities with full dedication, he was detached and reveled in the self-realization of the eternal self – sat, chit, ananda. He did not care much for temples & rituals but was an avid follower of spirituality as expounded in Advaita Vedanta. Always positive, he never got disturbed in hard times. For example, the Malibu fire a few years back burnt his beautiful home, but his attitude was, "When you have no control, why to worry". He was fully relaxed. Knowing him for 52 years, I never saw any ego display with Saroj Babu. He was a symbol of humility and took his successes very lightly.

His Secret to Happiness

So what made Saroj Babu such a contented and happy person spreading love and joy to everyone and everywhere? The answer is his spiritual quest and "living" the teachings of our ancient scriptures in his daily life. In Bhagabat Geeta, Lord Krishna describes an enlightened soul living in total peace.

Vihaya Kamanyah Sarvan, pumam charati nispruhah

Nirmamo, nirahankarah, sa shantim adhigachhati . (Ch2.71)

That man attains peace who, abandoning all desires, moves about without longing, without the sense of 'I-ness' and 'my-ness'.

Vedanta's goal is to provide "atyantika dukha nivriti" and "paramananda prapti" – *extreme cessation of sorrow, and gaining permanent happiness*. This happens when we realize our true identity beyond the body-mind-intellect equipment. We are the infinite Self (confined in a finite body). That Self is Satyam, Jnanam, Anantam Brahman. We are "consciousness" and all living beings are part of the same consciousness. Once that insight comes to us, we see one-ness and no duality or plurality. Advaita means one without a second.

Saroj Babu saw that unity and felt connected to everyone.

Final Remarks

I am reminded of a verse from Shankaracharya's Vivek Chudamani written 1200 years back, where a realized person describes himself/herself. This maps well with Saroj Babu.

Akasha-vat lepa viduragoham (like the sky I am untainted - pure heart)
Aditya-vat bhasya vilokhyanoham (like the sun, I shine everyone's life - positive)
Aharya-vat sthira Vinischaloham (like the mountain, I am steady - unperturbed)
Ambodhi-vat para Vivarjitoham (like the ocean, I am limitless – love for all)

As we remember Saroj Behera, let us learn from his divine qualities and try to inculcate them in our daily lives. He leaves behind a rich legacy of a happy and contended life.

As I humbly fold my palms to say namaskar to him, I see his ever-smiling face doing prati-namaskar to me.

Om Tat Sat



Tribute to Subrat Mohapatra



I was heart-broken to hear the sad demise of my good friend Subrat Mahapatra on 3/2/2023. He was one of the founders of ORNET along with Ashutosh Datta and Chitta Baral in 1990. Where to begin? Memories flashback from student days in the USA and before. We both belonged to Cuttack where we grew up and studied. He was one year senior to me. He went to Stewart school and then Stewart Science College. After that he went to LD College of Engineering for BTech in Instrumentation Engineering at Ahmedabad.

We were a bunch of common friends in Cuttack who were preparing those days to come to the USA for higher studies. It was sometime in 1987. It was very difficult to get a student visa those days. One day Subrat announced that he got his student visa and was joining Oklahoma State University in Stillwater as an MS student. He also had a Rotary scholarship to partially fund his education.

I met Subrat again as a fellow student at Oklahoma State. He was my roommate. He made sure that I was comfortable in the university campus. Both of us worked in the University Computer Center. We used to cook our meals; we took many fun trips. I've many unforgettable memories. Subrat was greatly influenced by the spiritual path I followed. I inspired him to pray everyday. I got the book, "Autobiography of a Yogi" by Paramahamsa Yogananada from Subrat and started following Kriya Yoga. Much later, Subrat too was initiated in Kriya Yoga in California. After his graduation from Oklahoma State University, I inherited his bicycle. He bought a second hand car and started his long journey to San Jose, California. I stayed back in the Campus to

continue my studies. Subrat was a good guitarist. He married Sunita, daughter of Dr Somanath Mishra, the then Principal of REC,Rourkela, and settled in San Jose.

I saw him for the last time in my classmate Bandana Das (Reena) and Priyadarshi Babu's house many years back. Few months after I came back he informed me about his stroke. I thought that he would recover. But things took turns from bad to worse. We were regularly in touch, except for almost a year when he was not able to talk over the phone. I used to get information from Reena and Sunita Bhauja.

My learning from Gita, and strong personal conviction, tell me that there is no death. It is just a process of change where one's soul discards the old body to take a new one like someone discarding a torn dress for a new one. Yes, there is life after death. A new journey begins for the soul!

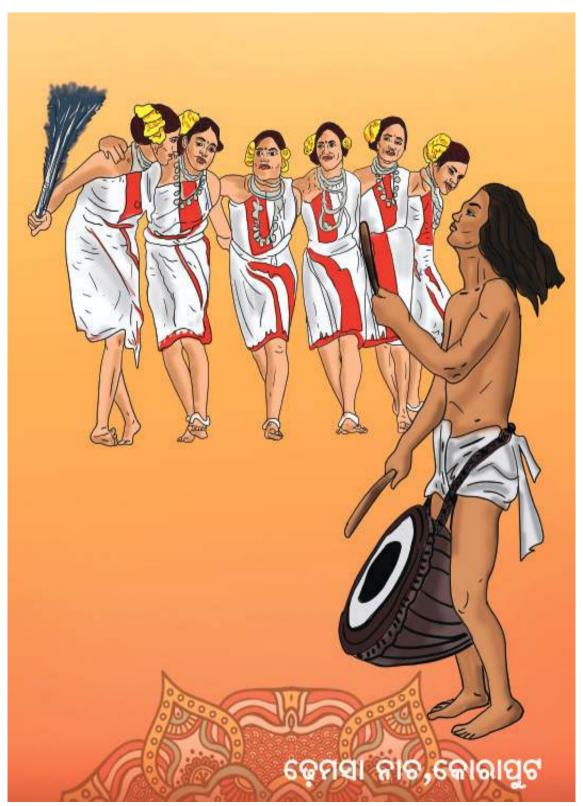
Happy journey my friend and prayers! Let the blessings of Lord Jagannath and Gurus be with you always!

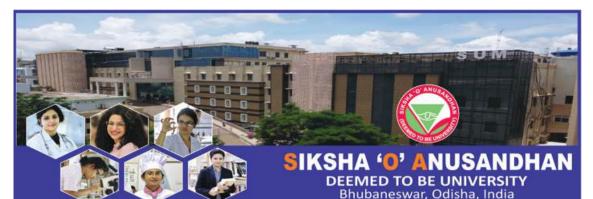
Manoj Panda, Washington DC

"Among Subrat's many achievements, Ahimanikya and he helped create the OSA website in 1999 Nov after the cyclone.

I have not met him personally, I could see the enthusiasm and massive late night design work to make the site as a window to the world. He was bright and extremely industrious. We lost one of our brightest,







28 years of rich legacy of providing quality professional education & research programmes at Undergraduate, Post-Graduate, Doctoral & Post-Doctoral levels in the field of Engineering & Technology, Management, Medical Sciences, Dental Sciences, Nursing, Pharmacy, Law, Agriculture, Biotechnology, Veterinary Sciences, Hotel Management, Hospital Administration, Basic Sciences and others.

FACULTIES

ACCREDITATION | RANKINGS

- · Engineering and Technology
- Medical Sciences
- **Dental Sciences**
- Management Sciences
- Pharmaceutical Sciences & Biotechnology
- Nursing
- Hospitality & Tourism Management
- Legal Studies
- Agricultural Sciences
- Veterinary Science & Animal Husbandry



UGC Category-I Graded Autonomy Status



NAAC Accredited (with highest grade - A++)



NABH Accredited



NBA Accredited



Recognized as SIRO by DSIR, Govt. of India



NABL Accredited



International Accreditation Organisation, USA



ISO 9001:2015 Certified



ICAR Accredited



NATIONAL INSTITUTIONAL





WORLD UNIVERSITY RANKINGS 2023

15th Best University

27th in Engineering Category

16th in Medical Category

9th in Dental Category

8th in Law Category

57th in Management Category

Rank 1001-1200

THE World University Rankings Rank 301-350

THE Asia University Rankings Rank 301-400

Engineering and Computer Science Rank 801+

Health Sciences

Rank 1001-1200 **QS World University Rankings**

Rank 451-500

QS Asia University Rankings

Rank 110 - Southern Asia QS-I-GAUGE

Diamond Rating University Institutions of Happiness

MAJOR INTERNATIONAL COLLABORATIONS



Tribhuvan University Nepal



Asia Pacific University of Technology & Innovation, Malaysia



University of Reading United Kingdom



University of Califernia, Davis, USA



Earth Network Inc. USA

MAYO 7-6

Mayo Clinic USA







The Bindura University of Science Education, Zimbabwe

University of Wisconsin Madison, USA

www.soa.ac.in



Winners of OSA 2023 Nomination-based Awards

Distinguished Odia Award: Mrs. Kuku Das

Arun Das Memorial Kalashree Award: Ms. Bidisha Mohanty

Subrina Biswal Award for Academic Excellence: Shruthika Padhy

Youth Volunteer Award: Sanuja Das

Winners of Meghna Memorial Awards

Junior section

#1 - Aavahan Nanda

#2 - Amrita Varshini Mahapatra

#3 - Shubhanshi Dey

Senior Section

#1-Sohum Mishra Sen

#2 - Haripriya Mahapatra

#3 - Sharanya Duvvuri

OSA Publication Team Report

The OSA Publication team is responsible for bringing out two major publications of the organization namely, *Utkarsa* and *Urmi*. *Utkarsa* is the quarterly that initially was intended to keep a record of events and happenings in the various chapters, and aimed to build the bridge between members who were few, and lived far in various parts of the USA and Canada. The newsletter later added small stories and poems and gave it a new identity.

During the term 2021-23 we were responsible for bringing out four editions of the quarterly *Utkarsa*. With changing times, when information travels faster than light, we still love to include chapter reports that mainly showcase cultural activities, festivals, and community events. We hosted inaugural events for the journal and invited distinguished members of the community to address the audience via Zoom. We chose "The importance of sharing our stories" as the theme for this year's Fall issue.

Sri Jnana Dash of California was the chief guest of the event. The theme for the winter issue was "Gratitude is the attitude." Sri Satya Patnaik, Sri Gagana Panigrahi, and Srimati Chandra Mishra shared their stories with the audience. We heard them recounting the journey of the early immigrants with nostalgia and enthusiasm. Our writers are bilingual - they write in Odia and English. The journal has strived successfully to preserve the Odia language and helped the members take pride in their Odia heritage. What is more encouraging for us is the participation of the younger generation -children in primary, middle, and high school, in the *Utkarsa* events and sharing their experiences. I am grateful to Tapsasi Mahapatra for inviting young speakers and asking them to participate in the event.

The publication team's singular moment of pride however is its successful initiative to honor the Odia diaspora writers and publishers at the Chicago Convention. Grateful that our dream became a reality.

Last but not least, the editors at the publication team have worked hard for long three-months to produce the souvenir, Urmi. Editor Tapasi Mahapatra and I spent long hours each day to keep the journal a tastefully made error-free document. Odia script is not fully adapted to computer writing. We tried our best to fix the omissions. I hope the readers enjoy reading the journal. I also thank Sarita Mahapatra who joined our team late as the chair of the Meghna Memorial Award Competition and handled her responsibility efficiently. I must thank OSA President Sri Gyana Patnaik for giving us the opportunity to serve the community. We are grateful to him for his constant support and encouragement.

Thanking you,

Dr. Kanak Hota (OSA Publication Team)

OSA Odia Learning Team Report

Team Members: Bigyani Das – DC (Lead), Kuku Das – CA, Suvasri Das – NY/NJ/PA, Surya Misra – Mt. Hood, Ullasini Sahoo - South East, Sujata Patnaik – Chicago

During the first OSA fiscal year, the team organized three successful Zoom events and brainstormed the Odia curriculum for children raised in countries outside India, specifically in English-speaking countries such as USA and Canada.

The videos of all OOL programs are archived in the OSA video library available through the OSA web page at

https://www.youtube.com/c/TheOdishaSocietyoftheAmericas/videos

During the second OSA fiscal year of 2022-2023, the team successfully planned and organized two programs to engage the children in Odia language and culture through activities including arts, videos, dramas, skits, recitations, speeches, and Kahoot. The first program was held on Sunday, November 12, 2022, with the celebration of Shishu Dibasa. The program started at 4 PM EST. The theme of this ଶିଶୁ ଦିବସ,8 program was "Odia Language for Odia Children" (ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପିଲା ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ରାଷା).

Highlights of the program were:

- 1. Videos on the Theme
- 2. Drawing/Art Showcase on the Theme
- 3. Kahoot: On Spoken and Written Odia Language
- 4. Singing/Recitation/Passages



Certificates were presented to all the child participants and winners in the Kahoot game.

Due to the start of many in person activities in the community after Covid-19 was under control, the participation was low. However, the children that participated showcased their talents as being well prepared.

The second event was Pana Sankranti on April 15, 2023; 3-5 PM EST. We canceled other events as they were conflicting with in-person chapter activities.

The theme of the ପଣା ସଂକ୍ରାନ୍ତି program was "Odia Rituals and Festivals, and the association with Odia Food and Drinks" (ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପର୍ବପର୍ବାଣୀ ସହିତ ବିଶେଷ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ପାନୀୟର ସମ୍ପର୍କ).

Presentations on Odisha Leaders and Panasankranti by Dallas Odia School and Chicago Odia School were two landmark group shows during this Zoom event.



We also released the Odia Curriculum and 4 levels of testing to be certified by OSA for Odia language proficiency.

The suggested 4 levels of certificates issued by OSA would be.

- Level 1 (Basic Odia Certificate) (ପ୍ରାଥମିକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାର୍ଟିଫିକେଟ) Complete goals for chapters 1 and 2
- 2. Level 2 (Upper Primary Odia Certificate) (ଉଚ୍ଚ ପ୍ରାଥମିକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାର୍ଟିଫିକେଟ) Complete additional goals for chapters 3 and 4 (all goals of chapters 1-4)
- 3. Level 3 (Intermediate Odia Certificate) (ମାଧ୍ୟମିକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାର୍ଟିଫିକେଟ) Complete additional goals for chapters 5 and 6 (all goals of chapters 1-6)
- 4. Level 4 (Advanced Odia Certificate) (ଅଗ୍ରଣୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାର୍ଟିଫିକେଟ) Complete additional goals for chapters 7 and 8 (all goals of chapters 1-8)

The contents of various chapters were presented and discussed.

Odia Vocabulary and Speech competitions have become regular programs during OSA annual conventions since 2011. They will be continued as OSA events, supported by the convention team members.

We thank the 2021-2023 OSA officials for entrusting our team on carrying out the Odia language-related activities for increasing language awareness and its relation to understanding Odia culture. I thank all our team members for their time, dedication, and enthusiasm in pursuing this goal.



OSA Public Library Initiative(OPLI) Report-2023

The entire world had experienced major educational and socio-economic challenges due to the COVID-19 pandemic year back. However, it created opportunities to understand and realize better the acute need for Modern Public Libraries that provide Broadband Internet and Internet-enabled community centers. The Broadband Internet is like the oxygen of today's world. In this context, OSA's model public library(elibrary) in Berhampur has been proven impactful to meet the growing demand of students as reflected by independent student feedback and the recent success story of Berhampur e-library. Also, the potential need has been realized based on OPLI's survey and civil society response in the Malkangiri district. Odisha CMO's directive to establish ten Information & Communication Technology(ICT) enabled multi-purpose model school libraries in the cyclone-affected area of Puri district using OSA's prior donation is another major milestone. The Odisha Library Network(OLN), an OPLI initiative, has grown with many library enthusiasts across the globe.

The modern public library system has been proven to build a knowledge-based society, enable Internet Economy, and empower people. The last two years have been filled with many exciting OPLI activities towards OPLI's mission of "Well-integrated Modern Public Library System in Odisha".

Proposal To Govt of Odisha: Odisha Public Library Vision 2024

The following proposal to Govt of Odisha had been submitted to achieve Public Library Vision 2024.

- 1. Review the inactions, and take prompt actions for implementation of Public Library Laws/Circulars as enshrined in **CM's 5T(Timebound, Transparency, Teamwork, Technology, Transformation)** program vision and directive in 2019.
- 2. Allocate the required Budget and send Directive for Fast Track Implementation of "The Odisha Public Library Act 2001" and "2018 PR dept. Circulars on Grama Panchayat Library-cum-Edutainment Centers under Mahatma Gandhi National Rural Employment Guarantee Act Scheme(MGNREGAS)" by 2024, before the elections, all across Odisha
- 3. Make provisions to ensure the following basic library services are provided

- 3.1. Computer/Internet Room with multiple PCs
- 3.2. Audio-Video-Internet Enabled Community Center/Seminar Room

3.3. Reading Room

- 4. Library automation for better management of the library and collection of statistics 4.1. **Library Automation** via National Informatics Centre's e-granthalaya software
 - 4.2. Centralized performance monitoring of public libraries using software **Dashboard**
- 5. Bring all public libraries **Under One Umbrella** for effective management, ownership, accountability of all public libraries, and cost reduction. (Libraries currently operate under Culture, Panchayat Raj, Information & Public Relations, Urban Dev. dept.)
- 6. Make provisions for **Annual Funding** from the State Budget, CSR, Mineral Fund, and MLALAD to invest in Modern Public Library Infrastructure to meet the 21st century needs
- 7. Make provisions to have **Local Civil Society** members as part of library management and decision-making process to make the libraries more **people/users driven**.
- 8. Make provisions to have our universities produce enough **Skilled Professionals** to meet the demand of 21st-century public library needs
- 9. Make provisions to **Bring Public Awareness** of the benefits of modern public libraries at the grass root level.
- 10. Bring **Modern Public Library Experts** of International/National repute with proven track records for consultation/actions in building Internetenabled modern public library infrastructure
- 11. Make provisions to have **Internet-enabled** modern public libraries established in every Grama Panchayat(GP) with the objective to achieve the United Nations(**UN**) Sustainable Development Goals(**SDGs**) to eradicate Poverty
- 12. Establish "**Mo-Library**" programs like "Mo-School/Mo-College" for people's contribution

It may be noted that during the welcome address of the 2021 OSA convention, the then President OSA Mrs Kuku Das appealed to CM Sri Naveen Patnaik for Odisha Public Library Vision 2024.

Odisha Library Network(OLN)

A global virtual group of library enthusiasts/supporters was created by OPLI in 2018 and has around 440 members across the globe to advocate, promote and support modern public library infrastructure in Odisha. The OLN members meet on the first Sunday of each month at 10:00 AM EST via Zoom call. The OLN members have decided to follow three prong approaches to achieve Public Library Vision 2024.

1. Top Down Approach (Influence/Follow Up Key Policy Makers)

In May/June 2023, several members of OLN visited Chief Secretary Sri Pradeep Jena, Chief Advisor to CM Sri Balakrishna, Additional Secretary PR, Principal Secretary Culture Shri Satyabrat Sahu, Secretary Mo-Parivar/Director Culture Sri Dillip Routroy, and former higher education minister Sri Rohit Pujari. A grievance was filed in the secretariat on public library development in Odisha. It may be noted every Monday there is a public grievance day in the secretariat and there is a public grievance day in every district. Lead OLN members in Odisha also shared the "Odisha Public Library Vision 2024" proposal with Govt of Odisha officials in May/June 2023.

- 2. Bottom-Up Approach(Influence Civil Society and Potential Library Users)
- OLN volunteers took responsibility to establish User Groups in 11 districts of Odisha with the intent to build user demand at the grass root.
- 3. Public Awareness(Influence via Social Media/Print Media/Electronic Media campaign)
- 3.1 Print Media:

A few articles on Public Library Development were published by OLN members in print media.

3.2 Social Media:

The OLN members have been using Twitter with the following hashtags to promote public library development in Odisha. Ref. https://tinyurl.com/OPLV2024

- 3.3 Exhibits on Odisha Public Library Vision 2024
- "Odisha Public Library Vision 2024" exhibits were organized by OSA volunteers in major chapter events in the Odisha Society of New England(OSNE) and also during the OSA convention in Sacramento, CA. Former Higher Education Minister Dr. Arun

Sahoo, Mo College Chair Sri Akash DasNayak, Principal Secretary Finance Sri Vishal Dev, Odia Cine Star Sri Sabyasachi Mishra, Odia Cine Star Mrs. Archita Sahu had been appraised on OSA's Public Library Initiatives during their visit to USA.

Success Story of Berhampur Model Public Library(e-library)



There was lots ofpessimism when the OSA's Berhampur model public library was proposed and in the planning phase. People were skeptical about the use of the said library in today's world. In a public library open house in Bakul Library, Bhubaneswar in Dec few 2015. a renowned educationists expressed their deep concerns about the decay of library culture in premier

universities of Odisha like Utkal University and Ravenshaw University.



In contrast, we have witnessed a growing demand for library facilities in Berhampur elibrary since it was operational in 2018. Due to strong user demand, the local administration increased daily library hours, reduced holidays, and became relatively flexible on covid restrictions to support the students when the situation

improved. In addition, the administration had to build a new state-of-art library building in 2021 with a capacity of around 180 students to the existing e-library facility to address the ongoing student demand and reduce wait time in the e-library.

Though many students benefited from this library, the success story of Sri Durgaprasad Adhikari (162 rank in UPSC) is noteworthy. Sri Adhikari had cracked one of the toughest examinations(IAS) in India and lauded the new e-library for his success. There were 50 students who got jobs this year 2023 using the e-library and every day ~150 visit the library. This encouraged the BeMC commissioner, Sri J. Sonal, to increase the capacity with 200 additional seats and add an Aahar Kendra to help the job aspirants/youth in the near future. This is now a proven and promising model that can be followed all across Odisha to realize the dreams, and aspirations of people in any corner of Odisha. You may refer to the video for more details

https://tinyurl.com/BUML-story-01



ICT Enabled Model School Libraries in the Cyclone FANI Affected Area

In June 2019, the OSA EC had taken a decision to support the public schools in the cyclone FANI-affected area of the Puri district under the Mo School Scheme after consultation with the state Mo School administration. Since the "Mo School" program was unable to accept the OSA funds directly due to logistics issues, OSA sent its initial donation to the Chief Minister Relief Fund (CMRF). The OPLI team had proposed and had actively pursued

redirecting the CMRF towards establishing the Model School Libraries under the Mo School Matching program. OPLI team recommended that the donated Rs. 50 Lakhs along with additional matching contributions of Rs. 1.0 crore from GoO, can be utilized in establishing ten Information & Communication Technology (ICT) enabled multipurpose model school libraries equipped with a Computer Room, a Reading Room, and an audio-video-internet enabled Conference Room in the FANI-affected area of Puri district. The model school libraries would potentially inspire others to replicate this model in other parts of the state. Key officials from Govt of Odisha involved were former Chief Secretary Sri Aditya Padhi, Chief Secretary Sri Suresh Mohapatra, ACS Sri Rajesh Verma, the then Mo School Chairperson Dr. Susmita Mohanty, the-then Principal Secretary, Mass Education Shri PK Mohapatra, Advisor to CM



Sri Balakrishna, current Mo School chair Mrs. Susmita Bagchi, Special Secretary to Govt Sri Manoj Kumar Mohanty.

Malkangiri Library Initiative

Malkangiri was named one of the most backward districts in India, known as the Maoist stronghold place in Odisha, and with a very poor literacy rate (50% male and 35% female literacy) as

per the last census. The OPLI members had taken the initiative to promote, and advocate for establishing modern public libraries in the Malkangiri district. A Zoom video conference was organized on 6th April 2022 with support from the "Bada Didi" team,



an organization comprising around 50 tribal girls, and was supported by many civil society members, writers, and educationists. An information session was conducted on modern public libraries and the OSA Library Model. OPLI surveyed 1200+ participants with regard to user demand. During my visit to Malkangiri district on 31st May

2022, I had the opportunity to discuss with Collector Vishal Singh, Sub-collector Akshay Kumar Khemudu, BDO, Kalimela Block Uma Shankar Dalai, Project Administrator(PA) Integrated Tribal Development Agency(ITDA) Trinath Majhi, Tahsildar Kalimela, Durga Prasad Dora, Assistant collector, Snigdha Choudhary, District Employment Officer Manas Sethi, Asst. Project Director(APD), District Rural Development Agency(DRDA) Himansu Maharana, APD DRDA-finance Manas Mishra, MLA Malkangiri Aditya Madhi, Malkangiri Block BDO Ajay Kumar Pradhan, Headmaster Kalimela Govt 5T Highschool Jagabandhu Satrusally, principal women's college Dushmanta Kumar Jena, Social activist Bikash Kumar Mishra, Writer Dhananjay Bhumia, Piramal foundation fellow Balaram Samal, and Civil society



member/reporter Mukunda Nayak and Jayanti Buruda, the lead volunteer of "Bada Didi". The GP library in Kalimela block was established within 7 months after my visit. The GP library in Khairput and other blocks are in progress. The district library will be

operational in June 2023. On 29th April, we had a webinar with BDO Khairput Sri Hrudanand Sahoo, BDO Podia Sri Rama Krishna Nayak, District Employment officer Sri Manaswi Sethi along with local civil society members Chandara Sekhar Nayak, Ajit Madkami.

OSA Seminars

53rd OSA Annual Convention OPLI Seminar

During the 53rd OSA annual convention in Sacramento, CA, the panelists for the OPLI seminar were culture Minister, Sri Ashwini Patra, Principal Secretary Culture Sri Madhusudan Padhy, Panchayat Raj Principal Secretary Sri Ashok Meena,

Electronics & Information Technology principal Secretary Sri Manoj Mishra.

52nd OSA Annual Convention OPLI Seminar

During 52nd OSA annual convention in Houston, Texas, OPLI seminar was in hybrid mode. While addressing on the topic on "Fast Track Implementation of Odisha Public Library Rules across all Districts and GPs", Jyoti Prakash Panigrahi, Minister Culture, said the Directorate of Public Libraries would be operational in 2 months. He would pursue a convergence scheme of all public libraries in the state under one umbrella. He said "E-library concept will have meaningful results for Odisha". He shared that the state library had been digitized already and there is a plan to have e-libraries in all districts in two years.

Tusharkanti Behera, Minister Electronics & Information Technology(IT), while speaking on the topic "Broadband connectivity and access to ICT Enabled Public Library by Every Household", shared the CM Shri Naveen Pattnaik's dream to have Internet for all. He said, 22541 Km out of 27610 Km Optical Fiber Network has been built. Broadband connectivity to the remaining 84 blocks, 2500 GPs will be completed by Aug 2021 as part of BharatNet Phase-II program. 268 GPs in Puri district received

5 lakhs under MGNREGA scheme to build rural libraries. The minister himself contributed 20 lakhs for the library in Kakatpur, Puri. He said five institutions including public libraries can get free broadband connection in every GP. He will also explore convergence schemes at Block/District level to support librarians and computer operators to manage the public libraries. University digital contents can be accessible to public libraries free of cost with support from NIC. Coaching Center journals can



be available to students as well. All 14 universities have broadband connectivity as per the center's National Knowledge Network scheme.

Manoj Mishra, Secretary, Electronics & Information Technology (IT) shared the current developments in Odisha in the IT sector while addressing on the topic "Building State-of-theart Digital Infrastructure in Supporting Public Education/ Libraries". He appreciated OSA's effort and said OSA Public Library Initiative is a positive pressure group for the Govt and think tank in America for Odisha

development. Odisha Public Library Vision 2024 is a feasible solution, and it is happening. The second largest data center with 40 racks will be operational in 6-8 months. 150 crores have already been funded for the data center. PR department thru 15th finance commission allocated to build 4 supporting data centers (20-25 racks) across the state to reduce the lag in the communication. The Govt. plans to have the Internet in all 50, 000 villages in 3-5 years. Secretariat staff are working remotely during COVID-19 with 4000 VPNs. He said 18% of GPs do not have any mobile network. GoO is actively working with central Govt. to provide 2000 towers for building 4G/5G mobile networks. GoO is providing significant subsidies to tower manufacturers and network providers to build the mobile network. In the near future, 5G technology will address the broadband connectivity challenges in remote areas.

GoO is working with the University of Chicago on UNICODEs for searchable digital content instead of pdf format digital content. Odisha Virtual Academy (OVA) web portal has digitized 2300 out of 4500 books, 1300 manuscripts, and provides support for 6 languages. OVA will continue to enhance the platform to provide digital contents like audio books, video, e-books, and textbooks for high-school students. GoO will take necessary steps to provide a high quality digital platform in response to questions about having a world-class digital platform like other leading libraries like Boston Public Library, USA.

Late Dr Basant Parida

The OPLI team lost its board member, advisor late Dr Basant Parida who was a great advocate of modern public libraries in Odisha, an accomplished academician, a global researcher in aeronautical engineering, a spirituality practitioner, and passionate in community service. His demise is a major loss to OPLI, the broader society in India, USA and beyond.

Impact & Possibilities:

The growing user demand and recent success story of Berhampur Model Public Library (e-library) have proven the immense need of modern public libraries in today's digital world. It will set a rich legacy in the library movement in Odisha and will inspire it to be replicated in other parts of Odisha/India. The OSA model public library project, the model school library project reflect great collaboration of OSA and Govt of Odisha(GoO), and implementation of ideas at grassroot level for a better Odisha. This is a great testimony on how NROs contribution to Chief Minister's Relief Fund(CMRF) could multiply, scale and be impactful towards development of Odisha and set a great precedent for the future OSA efforts. These projects have created opportunities for OSA to be a key contributor and take a leading role in the library movement in Odisha. With persistent collective effort, the existing support system in Govt of Odisha, the Odisha Library Network (OLN), the supporters/well-wishers, the establishment of a Well-integrated modern public library system in Odisha will not be too far. Also what could be a better way for the non-resident Odias(NRO)s, the modern day "Sadhabas", in North America to be connected with the root, contribute, exchange ideas and experiences?

OSA Women's Empowerment Group (OWE) 's report from July 2022 to July 2023

After a successful OWE seminarat the OSA convention in California titled Modern Odia Family, the OWE team hosted several informative and interactive webinars on various topics.

(1) Information session on a Nursing Student Assistance Program by SEEDS (Sustainable Economic and Educational Development Society) September 25th, 2022

On September 25th, 2022: The OWE team hosted an information session about a SEEDS Nursing Student Assistantship Program in Odisha. Mrs. Mamata Misra, President of the SEEDS Board, and Mr. Subhas Chandra Choudhury, Chair of SEEDS India Trust, attended the session. OSA members had an opportunity to learn and ask questions about this SEEDS healthcare/education project that aims to empower 100 young women to complete nursing school in Odisha. Through interviews and screening, these women are carefully selected from lower and lower-middle-class families in rural and semi-urban areas around Bhubaneswar. This financial aid supplements their income, enabling them to complete nursing training (3 years), which in turn empowers them to find gainful employment in the healthcare sector where there is a shortage of trained nurses.

There was a presentation followed by a Q&A session. The webinar was interactive, and several attendeesdonated to this noble cause. Due to the continued interest of OSA members, SEEDS has shared a FAQ and a progress report on this program and how it has helped many needy women complete their nursing school education.https://seedsnet.org/donate/

The direct link to the video on the OSA channel:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jr4_D_kapxg

(2) OWE meeting on September 29th, 2022

Sujata Patnaik held An OWE team meeting on **September 29th of 2022**to gather topics for the upcoming seminars.

Lisa Das listed several great topics suggested by the team (see below).

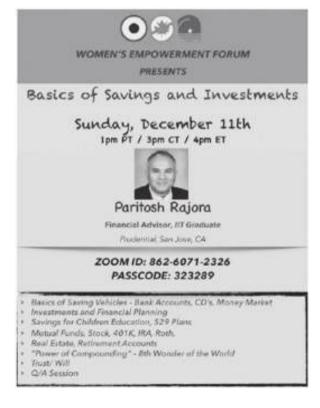
- 1. Women's involvement in finance, gain knowledge on 529 college saving plans, retirementplans, Will/trust, equity, 401k plans, etc.
- 2. How to start a small business from home.
- 3. Odia women taking leadership roles in government and politics.
- 4. Senior assistance series to address.
- a. How to handle depression and loneliness.
- b. Handle grief
- c. How to have better relationships with grandchildren and bridge the gap
- d. How to get trained with current technology and smartphones.
- 5. Form a crisis assistance group tohandle immediate distress and contact the local

chapter for further assistance. This group will comprise physicians, attorneys, Psychologists / counselors, and immigration personnel. They can form subgroups if needed.

(3) <u>Financial Seminar on</u> December 11th, 2022

OWE hosted Paritosh Rajora from Prudential to present Basics of Savings and Investments- a financial seminar. It was an informative seminar where Mr. Rajora answered many questions about personal finances.

The seminar was not recorded, but Mr. Rajora provided his contact information for people to contact him if they needed to.



(4) Caring for the Caregiver seminar on April 16th, 2023

The OSA Women's Empowerment Forum (OWE) team hosteda "Caring for the Caregiver" seminar on April 16th of 2023. This seminar discussed effective ways to support our community members who provide long-term care to family members-a spouse, a child with special needs, or a parent. The Caregiver's needs often take a backseat resulting in very high rates of burnout- which is detrimental to both the

Caregiver and their charge.

The link to the seminar is given below, https://youtu.be/wdkU-Rj7oVk



This was a very interactive and well-attended webinar led by Dr. Rajashree Mohanty with Ullasini Sahoo describing their stories as caregivers. Lisa Das and Chandra Misra provided valuable insights as panelists through valuable insights from their jobs in the healthcare field.

Please note that this was the first of the series; your support and input will be of prime importance to us. We would like to hear from all of you regarding topics relating to caregivers that you would like included in our future seminars.

Coming soon!

A new version of the Modern Odia Family seminar will be part of the Convention on July 7th at 6:30 PM. Please attend if you are coming to the OSA convention!

OSA Spiritual Forum

OSA Spiritual Forum (OSF) has been created by the OSA EC with a mission and vision to enhance spiritual awareness among general members of OSA. It is a humble effort by OSA to bring peace and emotional equilibrium among OSA members through spiritual awareness. The sessions are available free of cost to all members. Volunteers of OSF have hosted spiritual webinars over Zoom addressed by renowned spiritual speakers once every month. All webinars are followed by Q&A sessions to get our viewers' doubts and specific inquiries clarified. The sessions are recorded and available to be accessed from OSA YouTube Channel. Keeping an eye on member's preference of WhatsApp messaging, interested participants are kept apprised of activities of OSF by creating a WhatsApp group (titled "OSA Spiritual Forum"). OSF plans to continue inviting reputed speakers who will deliver in webinars on topics with practical as well as spiritual relevance to our members. Here is the list of webinars hosted by the OSA Spiritual Forum (OSF).

SI#	Date	Speaker and organization	Topic
1	8-Jan-22	Swami Sarvapriyananda Vedanta Society of New York	Who am I? An introduction to Advaita Vedanta
2	26-Mar-22	Swami Sharanananda Chinmaya Mission Chicago – Badri	Simple Explanations for Complex Vedantic Teachings
3	23-Apr-22	Swami Sharanananda Chinmaya Mission Chicago – Badri	Spirituality in Parenting
4	21-May-22	Swami Sharanananda Chinmaya Mission Chicago – Badri	Minding our own Mind
5	2-Jul-22	Swami Madhavananda Chinmaya Mission of Patiala	Jagannatha Sanskruti - Tatwa
6	17-Sep-22	Swami Sharanananda Chinmaya Mission Chicago – Badri	Bury the Worries
7	15-Oct-22	Swami Sarvapriyananda Vedanta Society of New York	Sadhana Chatustaya or The Four Fold Foundational Practices of Vedanta
8	12-Nov-22	Swami Sadananda Saraswati Chinmaya Mission, Bhubaneswar	ଦୈନନ୍ଦିନ ଜୀବନରେ ଭନ୍ତି – Bhakti in day-to-day life
9	10-Dec-22	Swami Sadananda Saraswati Chinmaya Mission, Bhubaneswar	ଦୈନନ୍ଦିନ ଜୀବନରେ ଧ୍ୟାନ – Dhyana (Meditation) in day-to-day life
10	14-Jan-23	Swami Sadananda Saraswati Chinmaya Mission, Bhubaneswar	ଦୈନନ୍ଦିନ ଜୀବନରେ ଞ୍ଜାନ - Jnana (Spiritual Wisdom) in day-to-day life
11	11-Feb-23	Swami Sadananda Saraswati Chinmaya Mission, Bhubaneswar	ଦୈନନ୍ଦିନ ଜୀବନରେ କର୍ମ - Action (as a spiritual pursuit) in day-to-day life
12	11-Mar-23	Swami Sarvapriyananda Vedanta Society of New York	Sthitaprajna (ସିତପ୍ରଞ୍କ): The Sage of Stabilized Wisdom
13	6-May-23	Shri Rabi Narayana <u>Ratha</u> Sharma	ମହାପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କର ପର୍ବ ପର୍ବାଣି - Festivities of Shree Jagannatha
14	17-Jun-23	Pravrajika Divyanandaprana Mataji Sri Sarada Math	Staying Centered amidst Modern Day Clutter

CONVENTION DONORS



Akshaya Ray

Amitabh & Santwana Dash

Anonymous

Asoka Das

Babru Samal

Brahma & Sikha Sen

Brundaban & Padmagandha Sahoo, Consulate General of India, Chicago

Debashish & Lithi Panda

Debashish Ray

Debendra Mallick

Jyoti & Sangita Pradhan

Seetal Mishra

Golden Oil Company

ICICI Bank

Lory Mishra

Madhu & Bharati Khuntia

Manaranjan Patnaik

Manmath Nayak

Naveen Venkatapathy

Pramod Mahapatra

Prasanjit & Amrita Mohapatra

Ratna Kapoor

Satya M Mishra

SR Finance Education Inc

Subrat Mishra & Chinmayee Devi

Sunil Sabat

Sunita Mohanty

Surjit Sahoo

SuRo Handmade

Sushant Satpathy

Swapna Mohapatra

Rudra Kar

Tushar Mahapatra

Work without faith and prayer is like an artificial flower without fragrance - Swami Chinmayananda



Our best wishes for the 54th Convention of the OSA

Gyana, Sujata, Suraj, Saurav & Shivam Patnaik Naperville, IL



With best compliments from Salil Mishra and Kanak Hota



Compliments from
Mishra Family (Gokul & Ratna, Seetal, Jyoti & Kyle,
Meghana, Samir and Rayna (Youngest Odiya), Mia and Benny)
We wish you a great time at OSA Convention 2023, Chicago.



With best compliments from Gokul Das, Jhara Das, Anna and Akash



With best compliments from Keshab and Litu Panda



With best compliments from Mahapatra Family



Our Best Wishes for OSA 54th Convention, Chicago Manoj, Sarita, Trisha & Triya



We congratulate OSA for hosting 54th Convention in Chicago from Nihar, Bhumika and Naihara

It is with great pleasure and pride that I extend my warmest compliments to every one of you gathered here today. Let us celebrate the spirit of unity and cooperation that defines this convention. May the connections made here be long lasting and may the knowledge shared spark inspiration and drive positive change in our respective spheres of influence. As we navigate the dynamic landscape of today's world, let this convention be a beacon of hope and optimism, reminding us of our collective capacity to create a brighter future. Together, we have the power to shape the world in meaningful and impactful ways. Once again, I extend my heartfelt compliments to each one of you. May this convention be a resounding success, filled with enriching experiences, profound insights, and lasting friendships.

An important note: "The I Am in me is the same I AM in you". We appear in different forms but in essence we are ONE! May we never forget this!

Thank you and enjoy the convention!



Best wishes & regards, Prashant Padhy, Donna Mishra & Family Aurora, IL



With best Compliments From Sanjay, Sunita & Saurav Pattnaik



With best compliments from Dr. Uma Mishra and Shanti Mishra



Best Wishes for a great 2023 OSA Convention in Chicago! Thank you!

Saroj & Chabi Mohanty



Best Wishes for the OSA Convention 2023 from Ajay & Nivedita Mohanty

OYO

A company started by an Odia

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାଟିର ପୁଅ ରିତେଶ ଅଗ୍ରୱାଲ ଜଣେ ଯୁବ ଉଦ୍ୟୋଗୀ ଏବଂ ଓୟୋ ହୋଟେଲ ଏବଂ ହୋମର ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠାତା

We have expanded to collaborate with 1.7 lakh + hotels and homes across 35 countries.

Really thankful for your support so far.









Kindly refer your friends & family.

Mr. Nipun Goyal +1 (650) 515 7181



Special privileges for the Odisha Society of the Americas (OSA)
member's Parents and relatives

DEPARTMENT OF GERIATRIC MEDICINE

Provide specialised expert care for older adults

Geriatric Clinic:

- OPD Doctor Consultation charges Rs.500 /-
- Audiology Consultation
- 20% discount on OPD diagnostics except outsourced
- 15% discount on pharmacy
- 15% discount on Bed Charges (Cash patient only)
- FREE home sample collection within 10 Kms in BMC
- Home Call of Doctors with extra charges
- Complimentary Ambulance pick up in case of Emergency

E:healthcheckup@kalingahospital.com

For Appointment Call 9078 890 460



SUPPORTING



THE ODISHA SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAS
TO HELP PRESERVE AND PROMOTE
OUR RICH HERITAGE AND CULTURE

WWW. DRDASHFOUNDATION.COM