



# SABHA NEWS

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## EDITORS SPEAK:

Worry is like a rocking chair. It keeps you busy but leads you nowhere! With great clarity, Mr K.R.Baliga has adopted and presented 5 simple steps to tackle this malaise. 'Random Thoughts' by Mr. Devadas Kamath makes not only an interesting reading and reminds us of the etiquette to be punctual as far as possible. The old order has to make way for the younger generation. Mr Pai Mam in the 'Vendor of Sweets' by Mr Vinay Kamath exemplifies this adage. Mr K.P.Ramesh Rao has had the destiny to travel all the way to the US, that too a Post Office to receive what happens to be the main verses of a Divine Song. Bhagawad Gita simplified has been adopted from a divine site on the web aptly capturing the essence in a simplistic and lucid manner to be understood by all. As always, a mother is for all times and ages and her unconditional love and sacrifice has been depicted in the article, Mother –An Embodiment of Sacrifice. The piece on Shopping For Ideal Husbands has been adopted from a fun site on the web for the readers' amusement.

A silent, unique and a committed revolution has been taking place in field of social Health Care in the remote town, Malappuram in Kerala in the field of home based palliative and chronic care and we sincerely hope that the same would be emulated in other states to cover a greater population. Kudos to Mr. Nagendra Bhat who has so passionately pursued Astrology as an outside interest in spite of a busy professional life as a qualified Engineer.

Wishing you all HAPPY READING.

### WHY WORRY?

- K.R. Baliga

Every one has one worry or another. It is a universal problem. No one wants to worry. No one worries intentionally. It is a mental action over which we seem to have little control. It is like headache. No one wants to have one, nor can any one escape it.

So we must diagnose the cause of worry, and find out a remedy. As in the case of any disease, it is not enough if we treat the symptoms alone. One has to tackle the root cause.

First let us see a few typical worries to find out their common factor. Rich or poor, married or not married, having children or childless, being healthy or ill – every one has worry. The latest type of worry is of persons who struggled to send the children to USA and now worry what will

happen to them if they fall ill or are bed-ridden. Thus worry seems to be a cross we are forced to bear on our shoulders as we journey through life.

What is the common factor of all these worries? The person is not satisfied with the existing state as he feels it lacks something to give him happiness. He thinks he will be happy only if this lack of something is removed. And so he chases that thing which he thinks he is lacking. He may also wonder whether he has the capacity and strength to be successful in the chase. What one feels he lacks may differ from person to person. That they all find themselves lacking is constant and certain, whether one is rich or poor, high or low. Thus the common factor in all cases of worry is the feeling of lacking some thing and a feeling of inadequacy. That is why, when we want to persuade some one not to worry, we say “*thukka kassale oone aassare? Unakku Enna Kurai Irukku?*”

What we need is to remove this feeling of lacking and instill the confidence that one has the strength to achieve what one desires. It is very easy to say – Have no desires; eliminate desires. That is almost like saying do not have a head if you want no headache. As long as there is life, no living being can be without a desire. Desiring is a god-given faculty to us and we cannot but use it, and use it intelligently.

So, if desires cannot be eliminated the next best thing is to make them less toxic. This is done by refining our desires like purifying gold and this has to be done in gradual stages.

**Stage 1:** All our desires are related to either objects (like a car, house etc.) or persons (like, friends, relations, colleagues) or situations (like illness, a good job, good name etc.). On analyzing, we find that the aim of all these desires is only the happiness one expects from them. So in Stage 1 we come to realize that desire for objects, is only for one’s happiness.

**Stage 2:** Every object we chase is limited. It has a beginning and has an end. We do not want it all through 24 hours, all through our life. Different objects occupy our attention at different times. As all the objects are finite and limited, we cannot expect them to give us infinite happiness. But it is infinite happiness we all want – in full measure, at all hours, all through life. So we have to seek an

infinite source. And that, our *shastras* declare is God or *Paramatma* alone. Nothing else. So in Stage 2 we come to realize that only God is the permanent source of happiness.

**Stage 3:** Where do we seek *Paramatma* and how to go about it? *Paramatma* is not an object which is produced, refined, transformed or reached. It is the original cause, the cause of all causes. It is something to be understood or realized. And so in Stage 3 we come to realize that we have to know what *Paramatma* the ultimate source of happiness is.

**Stage 4:** Where do we get this knowledge? Any knowledge, be it mathematics or music, has to be got from a teacher or person well-versed in it. The knowledge we seek here is contained in our scriptures, and the knowledge has to be received from a person well-versed in scriptures and whose life-style is also in full accord with scriptural injunctions. So now a desire arises in us to listen (not just hear) what a Guru has to teach. By cogitating over what one has heard from the Guru namely that one is already *poornam* and lacks nothing in reality and applying the knowledge so gained in one’s life style, the person will be able to guide his life by the knowledge gained.

**Stage 5:** How can we say that such a person has no worries or desires? Firstly he knows that he is already *poornam* and in truth lacks nothing. Therefore, he has no reasons to hanker for anything. Secondly he has the confidence that he has with him the all-powerful God. He will no doubt have desires because he is a living being. But these are non-binding desires and are only in the form of preferences. E.g. a lot of people are used to have a cup of coffee first thing in the morning. If they miss it, the whole day is ruined for them. That is a binding desire. It is a non-binding desire if he feels that it is immaterial whether he has the coffee or not. It is not the desires that goad him to action, but his duties. He welcomes the happiness or unhappiness resulting from these actions in the same frame of mind as some thing he has to go through because of his *Praarabdha*.

Does that mean he just believes in fate and sits quiet. Not at all. He is quite aware that both self-effort and God’s grace are needed to achieve anything. These are like two wheels of a cart or two wings of a bird. He puts in his best as an offering to the God – and accepts the result as a

gift or *prasad* of the Lord. He is not dejected or worried because of any set-back. He will try again with greater concentration with the confidence that God's grace will be available now and recognizes that what God does is for one's best.

Often people brood over past events and worry. These are the "if only" types. If only I had got a seat in IIT, if only, I had got that job etc. One should realize that this is downright foolish. No amount of worrying over past events will bring that day back for you to live again. What is past is dead. At the most you can learn a lesson from it not to make a similar mistake again.

Then there are others who worry about events/conditions that may happen in future. Worrying over it, one imagines all sorts of complications magnifying difficulties. This saps one's strength for acting in the present. This too is foolish.

The correct course is to live and act in the present, learn from the past and hope for the best praying for God's grace.

We do not have all the knowledge and all the capability to succeed in all that we undertake. That's why we have to resort to the source of all knowledge, all strength, the all-knowing, all powerful God. Our concept of divinity and God may vary but the existence of such a source must inspire all our action.

To recapitulate –

Worrying is an involuntary mental activity caused by a sense of lacking something and the desire to meet this wanting.

Our desires have to be refined in stages to become non-binding desires or preferences.

We should realize that infinite happiness cannot be attained by finite things.

We should learn from scriptures through our Guru to gain a true knowledge of our self viz. that in fact we are already complete and lack nothing.

We should put in our best efforts as an offering to God and accept the results as His *prasad*.

We should pray to God to bestow on us the wisdom and strength to live our life. Our prayer should be:

"O Lord may I have the maturity to accept gracefully what I cannot change; may I have the will and effort to change what I can; and grant me the wisdom to know the difference between the two."

This will change any worry into a mere job to be done or an event to be tackled.

(Based on a lecture by Swami Paramarthananda)

## **RANDOM THOUGHTS**

- Devadas J. Kamath

I have reason to believe that "punctuality" is a word that does not have an equivalent in any Indian language! The quip that IST stands for Indian Stretchable Time, not Indian Standard Time, is today a cruel joke on us Indians. It is strange that even people who are very particular about 'muhurtham', 'raahukaalam', etc. are consistently unpunctual in their daily lives.

Some years ago, I had accompanied a German machine manufacturer to a meeting at a large automotive factory on the outskirts of Chennai. At the end of the first day, we had not completed our discussion and asked the customer what time we should meet him the next morning. His reply was, "9.00 – 9.30." As soon as we started driving back towards the city, my German visitor asked me, "What did the gentleman mean by 9.00 – 9.30?" I clarified that I understood this to mean, "After 9.00, but before 9.30". The German gentleman just could not understand why the customer had to give us a 30-minute range. The next day, we reached the customer's office at 9.00 am and cooled our heels for about 75 minutes until the customer walked in at 10.15am!

Two years ago, I visited Taiwan along with a customer from India. We checked in to our hotel rooms one evening, and were to be picked up by the Taiwanese Sales Manager at 8.30am the next day. I knew that my companion was a consistently unpunctual person, so I warned him that the Taiwanese lady would reach our hotel lobby at 8.30am. Accordingly, we met in the open restaurant in the lobby at 8.00am, had a leisurely breakfast and were winding up with coffee at

around 8.20am, when we were informed that “Ms. Chen just telephoned. She is extremely sorry that she will not reach at 8.30am. She will be about 5 minutes late.” For the record, Ms. Chen reached at 8.34am!

My favourite punctuality experience is totally Indian! About 25 years back, a faculty member (let’s call him Mr. K) from an engineering college in Maharashtra joined a prestigious engineering institute in Mumbai to do his M.Tech.. Mr. K was a highly disciplined and systematic person, in complete contrast to his M.Tech. Guide (let’s call him Prof. B), who was laidback and unpunctual, but a brilliant engineer and teacher! At the end of the first year, Mr. K had to make a presentation about his M.Tech. project to a panel consisting of his guide (Prof. B), an internal examiner and an external examiner. The presentation was scheduled for 3.00 pm on a Thursday. Mr. K reached the venue at 2.00pm, made all necessary preparations and was all ready at 2.30pm. Both examiners reached around 2.50pm, but there was no sign of Prof. B. At 3.30pm, Mr. K apologized to the examiners for the inconvenience caused to them due to his guide’s non-arrival, announced that he was not waiting any longer and walked out of the room. Prof. B reached around 3.40pm and was told that Mr. K had left at 3.30pm. The next day, Prof. B asked Mr. K why he had walked out at 3.30pm. Mr. K replied, “Sir, my watch may be 10 minutes fast, your watch may be 10 minutes slow, you could be delayed by 10 minutes due to some reason. All this adds up to 30 minutes. You had not reached 30 minutes after the appointed time, and had not sent any message. To me, this means you do not respect my time. I do not mind giving up my M.Tech., but I cannot work with a guide who does not respect me.” All those present expected the temperamental Prof. B to react angrily, but he knew he had met his match! He apologized to Mr. K, admitted his mistake, assured him that this would never occur again, and convinced Mr. K to continue work on his project.

Another 25 years old experience: long before the public craze in the stock market. One of my professors commented that he had been making his savings grow by investing in shares of blue-chip companies. He added that he followed one principle: he never traded in shares of companies connected with alcohol and/or tobacco since he was against alcohol and tobacco and did not want to be associated in any way with such companies. Contrast this with persons or organizations who

welcome money from any source. We even have religious organizations that gladly accept donations from persons of doubtful reputation, and the heads of these religious organizations bestow special blessings on these persons. Perhaps they need to be reminded that “The end does not justify the means”.

### **Shopping for Ideal Husbands!!**

A brand new store has just opened in New York City that sells husbands.

When women go to choose a husband, they have to follow the instructions at the entrance.

“You may visit this store ONLY ONCE!” There are 6 floors and the value of the products increase as you ascend the flights. You may choose any item from a particular floor, or may choose to go up to the next floor, but you CANNOT go back down except to exit the building!

So, a woman goes to this “ Husband Store” to find a husband.

On the 1<sup>st</sup> floor the sign on the door reads:  
Floor 1 – These men have jobs.

She goes up to the next floor  
The 2<sup>nd</sup> floor sign reads:  
Floor 2 – These men Have Jobs and Love Kids.

She goes to the third floor.  
The 3<sup>rd</sup> floor sign reads:  
Floor 3 – These men Have Jobs, Love Kids, and are extremely good looking.

“Wow”, she thinks, but feels compelled to keep going to find a better choice.

She goes to the 4<sup>th</sup> floor and the sign reads:  
Floor 4 – These men Have Jobs, Love Kids, are Drop-dead Good Looking and Help with Housework.

“Oh, mercy me!” she exclaims, “I can hardly stand it!”

Still, she goes to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor to try her luck and the sign reads:  
Floor 5 – These men Have Jobs, Love Kids, are Drop-dead Gorgeous, help with Housework and Have A Strong Romantic Streak.

She is so tempted to stay, but she goes to the 6<sup>th</sup> floor and the sign reads:

Floor 6 – You are visitor number 31,456,012 to this floor. There are no men on this floor. This floor exists solely as a proof that women are impossible to please. Thank you for shopping at the Husband Store.

## **THE VENDOR OF SWEETS**

– Vinay Kamath

Pai Mam gasped for breath as he struggled up the last stretch to Ajarkad. It appeared to him that the slight ascent had become steeper over the years. This really couldn't go on. He would have to hire somebody to do his rounds for him. But no, he had thought of that. It would be too expensive. He reached the top of the slope and paused to hitch up his 'mundu'. He stood for some time, enjoying the languor which had come over him with the warm noon breeze.

The breeze felt moist and there was a hint of rain in it. Yes, he felt it would definitely rain by the evening. He surveyed the children's park with a distracted air as he began to ruminate. Thirty years was indeed a long time. Thirty years in the same business. He felt strangely satisfied and disturbed at the same time. Two children were playing on the see-saw. He watched them with unseeing eyes as they moved up and down rhythmically. The bus to Ambalpady lumbered by and shook him out of his reverie. He sighed heavily and adjusted his satchels on the handlebars and pressed the pedal down.

He was always known as Pai Mam. Even in his younger days, they always called him Pai Mam. He was quite famous then. Everybody had eaten his sweets. He prided himself on that. They said that he made the best sweets in town. Why, they even bought sweets from him for wedding feasts. Ah, he was always busy then. He didn't have to go about so much to sell his sweets. They came to him. Delicious plantain 'kachris', 'laddus', 'halwas', 'saats'. Oh, yes everyone in Udipi had eaten his sweets. But that was a long time ago. Now they preferred eating trash from Shetty's bakery, Cakes, he called them. Or pastries. And he used eggs to make them! Why, even Sheela Mai, who was always fond of his 'saats', preferred eating junk from Diana's Corner or Shetty's. They didn't know what they were missing. These were

trying times indeed. But Rukma Bai, his wife of twenty-seven years, consoled him. "it is only a passing fad. Don't worry. Soon, business will look up. Your sweets will be in demand then." "Demand, eh", retorted Pai Mam. "This fad has taken more than five years and shows no signs of passing. We will soon be out on the streets if no one buys my stuff". Her eyes would well up with tears when he said that, and she would retreat to the inner room and sit down before Lord Krishna's idol to pray. Pai Mam would feel sorry that he had hurt her, but he wanted her to know the situation.

The tyres needed to be pumped again. He reminded himself, as he turned the corner and approached Shetty's. He would have to sell something today. The boys in the bakery saw him coming and cried out tauntingly. He felt infuriated, but didn't say a word. He parked his bicycle beside the shop and wiped the sweat from his eyes. They said that he had dirty satchels and it turned people off. So what? Didn't he pack everything in neat polythene paper? He even packed the 'chakulis' in polythene.

Shetty emerged from the inner recesses of his shop. He noticed Pai Mam standing forlorn besides the bakery and called out heartily, "Hello there, old man, business again as usual". At that moment, Pai Mam felt like shoving the entire 'kachri' packet down Shetty's throat. But he wouldn't dare. Shetty was tall and fierce-looking, while Pai Mam was short and rotund. He gave Shetty what he thought was a quelling glance and turned away. He disliked Shetty intensely. He was an arrogant and overbearing man, who always loved belittling Pai Mam. Even their fathers had never seen eye to eye. They had come to Udipi together from Bantwal, a small town near Mangalore. Shetty's father had set up the bakery and expanded it through the years and, when he died, Shetty merely took it over. Pai Mam had continued selling sweets as his father had before him, and over the years he mastered the intricate art in his small two-room house, filled with old pans and ladles. Though he wouldn't admit it, he secretly envied Shetty's success. He had never had to sweat it out as Pai Mam was doing now.

The sun began to go down slowly and Pai Mam's legs began to ache. He felt miserable. All he had sold that afternoon was one packet of plantain 'kachris'. And that too Sheela Mai had bought it



off him grudgingly. She preferred buying a stack of cakes from Shetty's, all neatly parceled. Shetty's did brisk business till night fell and a sudden coolness descended on the town. It was closing time for the bakery. Pai Mam decided to stuff his satchels and leave too. He hadn't sold anything else. Shetty was locking up his shop when he said the most surprising thing. "Pai Mam, why don't you join my bakery? I'll give you a job. I've got all duds in my shop. You would be a great help."

Pai Mam was taken aback. He couldn't answer. He merely huffed and began to cycle away. "Think it over, Pai Mam", yelled Shetty after him.

It was a long way to Ambalpady, where his small house was, was long. As he cycled slowly through the now-deserted town, he thought over Shetty's surprising offer. Udipi always slept early. Only a few dogs barked occasionally. He reached the small traffic circle at Brahmagiri and paused to catch his breath. He forced himself to blot out all thoughts as he continued to pedal. Now he could see the solitary flickering light which burned in the front room of his house. Rukma Bai came rushing out as she heard the scrunching of the tyres on gravel. She didn't utter a word as she espied the still bulging satchels on the handlebars. She retreated quietly and began to get his dinner ready. Pai Mam thought he could see a hint of tears in her eyes, but she brushed them away. He performed his ablutions and puja in a hurried manner, and sat down to his dinner. It had been a tiring day and he was feeling hungry. Rukma Bai opened a packet of 'kachris' for him to eat with his gruel. "We might as well eat it if you can't sell it", she said. Pai Mam partook of his meal in silence. He didn't want to tell her anything about Shetty's surprising offer. He would have to think it over.

The next day, he didn't go on his rounds, he preferred to laze at home. It was the first really relaxing day he had had for years. Though he didn't reveal it, his mind was in turmoil. He slept fitfully in the afternoon and in the evening he set out for Malpe beach. Pai Mam always went to Malpe when he wanted to be alone. The tranquility soothed him. But now, during the past few years, the beach had come to be dotted with romantic couples. It disgusted him. Imagine, holding hands in public. The beach was deserted when he reached it. The waves beat on the shore

with a muted roar as he walked over the soft sand. The breeze was indeed bracing. He could see the palm fronds on St. Mary's island sway lazily in the wind. The steamer heading for the island honked lugubriously. Pai Mam sat down on the sand, cross-legged, and stared at the horizon. It was his favourite posture when he was deep in thought.

What was he to do? He could always go to his son in Kundapur. He had a flourishing farm there. But what did he know about farming? This was his business. He couldn't do anything else. Working for Shetty? He disliked the man and his mannerisms. And what did he know about making all the fancy stuff Shetty made? Would he have to learn everything again? He was getting too old for that. The last rays of the sun played on the beach as Pai Mam rose slowly and retraced his steps. He had made his decision.

The next day saw Pai Mam sitting behind the counter at Shetty's. Nobody noticed him. He was just one of the boys at the bakery. *(This story was first published in the Indian Express in 1984)*

### **BHAGAWAD GITA SIMPLIFIED**

(Adopted from a religious website)

why do you worry without cause?  
whom do you fear without reason?  
who can kill you?  
the soul is neither born, nor does it die.

whatever happened, happened for the good;  
whatever is happening, is happening for the good;  
whatever will happen, will also happen for the good only

you need not have any regrets for the past.  
you need not worry for the future.  
the present is happening...  
what did you lose that you cry about?

what did you bring with you, which you think you have lost?  
what did you produce, which you think got destroyed?

you did not bring anything,  
whatever you have, you received from here.  
whatever you have given, you have given only  
here.

whatever you took, you took from God.  
whatever you gave, you gave to Him.  
you came empty handed,  
you will leave empty handed.

what is yours today, belonged to someone else  
yesterday, and will belong to someone else the  
day after tomorrow.  
you are mistakenly enjoying the thought that this  
is yours.  
it is this false happiness that is  
the cause of your sorrows.

change is the law of the universe.  
what you think of as death, is indeed life.

in one instance you can be  
a millionaire, and in the other instance you can  
be steeped in poverty.

yours and mine, big and small erase these ideas  
from your mind.

then everything is yours and you belong to  
everyone.  
this body is not yours,  
neither are you of the body.

the body is made of fire, water, air, earth and  
ether, and will disappear into these elements.  
But the soul is permanent – so who are you?

dedicate your being to God.  
He is the one to be ultimately relied upon.  
those who know of his support are forever  
free from fear, worry and sorrow.

whatever you do, do it as a dedication to God.  
this will bring you the tremendous experience of  
joy and life-freedom forever.

Some members have suggested that in this e-communication age, it is very essential for us to minimize the use of paper for ecological reasons. To achieve this purpose, Sabha has to resort to e-mailing in all cases where members have an e-mail facility. On a similar note, we request that members' contribution to our News Letter may also be made through a soft copy and mailed to sgssabha@vsnl.net.

It is, therefore, requested that all members who have facilities to receive/send e-mail may please furnish their e-mail Id to the Sabha so that all future communications with them could be by e-mail.

All new applications for membership will have space for showing the e-mail Ids.

## MY VISIT TO THE U.S. POST OFFICE

- K.P. Ramesh Rao, Bangalore

A few years back, when I was staying with my younger daughter, at Queens, New York, she requested me to send a letter by express mail through the nearest post office. I agreed as I felt I had adequate experience of going to Indian post offices for meeting my postal needs.

I started off to the post office wearing a sweater, (it was the month of April, 15<sup>th</sup> April to be precise) with the letter in my hand and a US \$20 bill in my pocket. My daughter had given me directions to go to the post office according to which I moved gradually towards the post office.

Queens is a big commercial cum residential area with a network of wide roads, crossings, intersections, signals and whatnot. As I trudged along, I had to consult a few more people to satisfy myself that I was on the right track. The responses I received were varied. A very old lady responded by pointing her finger towards the flag mast of a nearby building and said, "Young man, you see the American flag flying up there – well walk straight towards it". The area was quite crowded and I went along the direction pointed out to me. Somehow I lost sight of the flag and the building. So I consulted another person who said "Search me, I don't know". Full marks to his candour, as the post office was right before him! After 25 minutes of slow walking from my

daughter's flat, I reached the post office sweating all along the way. As I opened the door, I found myself at the end of a very long queue.

As I was wondering where I had reached, a few people with mail in their hands, joined the queue behind me, which re-assured me that I was at the right place. However, I was not sure whether I was in the right queue, for in India, we have a separate queue for each type of postal transaction. Yet I continued in the queue as I had no alternative. It was much later that I realized that in the US post offices, there is only one queue though there are umpteen counters, each of which can deal with all types of transactions.

The queue moved very slowly – about the same pace as my walk. Rather it was difficult to decide which was slower. Suddenly, a liveried postal official walked past, shouting “cancellations, any cancellations?” I could hardly understand it. As he passed me, I mustered courage and asked him showing the cover in my hand, how I should send it by express mail. He said “WAIT”, which was in any case, what I had been doing. He came back and handed me a big cover and an application and told me to fill in the sender's and receiver's addresses. I complied and when I got a second chance, asked him “what next?”. He replied “Hand it across” and left.

As I continued to wait for my turn, I noticed two women one with a child in a pram and the other with a trolley loaded with a few parcels. The first woman was feeding her child with high calorie chocolate cookie after cookie. The child would take a small bite and return the cookie to the mother who would devour it. This went on continuously and neither of them was tiring. No wonder the mother was extremely fat and the baby very thin. The second woman was frequently counting her parcels and verifying and re-arranging her forms. I was doing almost the same thing and seating all the while. It dawned on me that I should remove my sweater, which I did, and then felt much better. At last my turn came – I did not have any trouble at the counter. I completed the task and left the post office. It had taken me a couple of hours to send one express mail and I could not help admiring our efficient Indian post offices functioning manually, with transaction type based queues.

When I narrated my ordeal to my elder daughter in Chicago, she told me I should not have gone to

the post office on April 15 as it was the last date for payment of all taxes. Though I had no tax to pay, my simple task had turned out to be quite taxing! Apparently, there were many like me who were not aware of this fact. My elder daughter suggested I should have gone on-line to USPS.com – I shudder to think what the outcome would have been as I am not computer savvy!

## **MOTHER, AN EMBODIMENT OF SACRIFICE**

This story begins when I was a child; I was born poor. Often we hadn't enough to eat. Whenever we had some food, Mother often gave me her portion of rice. While she was transferring her rice into my bowl, she would say ‘Eat this rice, son! I'm not hungry.’ This was Mother's First Lie.

As I grew, Mother gave up her spare time to fish in a river near our house; she hoped that from the fish she caught, she could give me a little bit more nutritious food for my growth. Once she had caught just two fish, she would make fish soup. While I was eating the soup, mother would sit beside me and eat the what was still left on the bone of the fish I had eaten, My heart was touched when I saw it. Once I gave the other fish to her on my chopstick but she immediately refused it and said, ‘Eat this fish, son! I don't really like fish.’ This was Mother's Second Lie.

Then, in order to fund my education, Mother went to a Match Factory to bring home some used matchboxes, which she filled with fresh matchsticks. This helped her get some money to cover our needs. One wintry night I awoke to find Mother filling the matchboxes by candlelight. So I said, ‘Mother, go to sleep; it's late: you can continue working tomorrow morning.’ Mother smiled and said ‘Go to sleep, son! I'm not tired.’ This was Mother's Third Lie.

When I had to sit my Final Examination, Mother accompanied me. After dawn, Mother waited for me for hours in the heat of the sun. When the bell rang, I ran to meet her. Mother embraced me and poured me a glass of tea that she had prepared in a thermos. The tea was not as strong as my Mother's love, seeing Mother covered with perspiration, I at once gave her my glass and asked her to drink too. Mother said ‘Drink, son! I'm not thirsty!’. This was Mother's Fourth Lie.



After Father's death, Mother had to play the role of a single parent. She held on to her former job; she had to fund our needs alone. Our family's life was more complicated. We suffered from starvation. Seeing our family's condition worsening, my kind Uncle who lived near my house came to help us solve our problems big and small. Our other neighbours saw that we were poverty stricken so they often advised my mother to marry again. But Mother refused to remarry saying 'I don't need love'. This was Mother's Fifth Lie.

After I had finished my studies and gotten a job, it was time for my old Mother to retire but she carried on going to the market every morning just to sell a few vegetables. I kept sending her money but she was steadfast and even sent the money back to me. She said, 'I have enough money'. That was Mother's Sixth Lie.

I continued my part-time studies for my Master's Degree. Funded by the American Corporation for which I worked, I succeeded in my studies. With a big jump in my salary, I decided to bring Mother to enjoy life in America but Mother didn't want to bother her son; she said to me 'I'm not used to high living'. That was Mother's Seventh Lie.

In her dotage, Mother was attacked by cancer and had to be hospitalized. Now living far across the ocean, I went home to visit Mother who was bedridden after an operation. Mother tried to smile but I was heartbroken because she was so thin and feeble but Mother said, 'Don't cry, son! I'm not in pain'. That was Mother's Eighth Lie.

Telling me this, her eighth lie, she died. And now I realize each of the lie was indeed a lesson to me on sacrifice for the sake of better life of a loved one.

M-O-T-H-E-R

'M' is for the Million things she gave me,  
 'O' means Only that she's growing old,  
 'T' is for the Tears she shed to save me,  
 'H' is for her Heart of gold,  
 'E' is for her Eyes with love-light shining in them,  
 'R' means Right, and right she'll always be,

Put them all together, they spell "MOTHER" a word that means the world to me.

For those of you who are lucky to be still blessed with your Mother's presence on Earth, this story is beautiful. For those who aren't so blessed,

cherish and remember what sacrifices she did for you.

### **IF YOU WANT TO ---**

If you want to kill, kill hatred.  
 If you want to conquer, conquer jealousy.  
 If you want to eat, eat pride.  
 If you want to give, give alms.  
 If you want to leave, leave bad habits.  
 If you want to speak, speak sweetly.  
 If you want to share, share spontaneously.  
 If you want to destroy, destroy evil deeds.  
 If you want to live, live honourably.  
 If you want to crave, crave for happiness.

-Achyut Bharadwaj

### **KERALA'S COMMUNITY HEALTH-CARE REVOLUTION**

A unique home-based palliative and chronic care movement is sweeping through Kerala. Thousands of trained citizens are volunteering two hours a week to take care of the chronically ill in villages and cities. This community-based scheme has won WHO recognition.

Born in the early 1990s, the palliative care movement was clinic-based and served only terminally ill cancer patients until it took a major turn, in 1998, with the establishment of a palliative society at Nilambur, in Malappuram dist. K.M. Basheer, a farmer with formal education only up to Class X, and two years experience as a volunteer in another clinic, took up the leadership. Basheer was perhaps the first non-medical person in the world to head a pain and palliative care unit. With the success of the Nilambur initiative, other units were opened in the district; within two years they had achieved 70% home-based palliative care. Slowly, the movement spread to the neighbouring districts of Kozhikode and Wayanad, and beyond. Thousands of people volunteered their services. Following the massive community support, a network of palliative societies was formally launched in 2001 and has proved a tremendous success in Kerala's primary healthcare sector. It is a silent social revolution, spreading fast from village to village, city to city. It has now grown into a huge network of 150 palliative clinics, supported by 10,000 active trained volunteers, 85 doctors and 270 nurses

who look after around 25,000 patients at any point of time. Malappuram district alone has 29 palliative care societies, 25 of which have their own clinics with paid part-time doctors, auxiliary nurses and their own homecare vehicles. Since most patients are extremely poor, volunteers often have to financially support their families and provide rice, provisions, clothes, books and fees for schoolchildren. They divide the patients into very poor, poor, middle class and well-to-do groups. The first two groups are given all sorts of support. The other two groups are usually provided medicines, nursing care and emotional support. All services – including doctors' consultations and medicines like *morphine* – are free of cost for all.

Most funds come from the community itself through small donations. These may be Re.1 a day, or even less. Tens of thousands of ordinary people - labourers, head-load workers, auto-rickshaw drivers, government employees, teachers, even schoolchildren –make small donations to keep the movement going. Employees contribute Rs.10 on salary day, students save Re.1 a month, head-load workers leave whatever small change they can spare at the end of the day, even toddy shops have donation boxes. On an average Malappuram district raises Rs.10 lakh every month, says Dr. Mathews. Support comes in other forms too. Individuals and shopkeepers donate rice, provisions, clothes, books and uniforms. Many families keep aside a handful of rice every day. Recognizing its importance, the Kerala Government – in a first in Asia – came out with a palliative care policy in April 2008.

The Kerala model of palliative care has won global recognition, with the World Health Organization (WHO) promoting it as model for developing countries.

*(Condensed from an article in Dignity Dialogue, the magazine for productive living – June 2009 issue)*

### **ASHRAYA – A Home for Senior Citizens**

Dr. A.V. Baliga Trust has started a Home on a 24 acre site in Haradi near Brahmavar in Udipi Taluk. It has both double rooms and single rooms. Intending residents are expected to place an interest free deposit of Rs. 5 lakhs, and the

monthly charges are presently estimated to be Rs.4000 per head. There is a Medical Centre in the Campus.

Further details about the Home are available in a book-let kept for perusal in the Sabha.

For more information please contact:

Dr.A.V. Baliga Home for Senior Citizens,  
Annappa Nagar, Haradi, Salikeri Post,  
BRAHMAVAR 576 213  
Phone: 0820-2590387 or 2590487

### **UNUSUAL ACHIEVEMENTS**

Our professions or careers keep us so busy that there is little time for pursuing any other chosen activity of interest. But there are some fortunate few who have done full justice to their profession and still been able to achieve a level of excellence in an activity of interest. We had referred to a few such members of our Sabha in our previous Newsletters and are happy to present you one more.

Our subject is here Mangalore Nagendra Bhat of Chennai. By profession he is an Engineer having passed out from the MIT, Chromepet in 1964. He joined ICI India Ltd. and worked with them for over 33 years serving in their plants in Bombay, Calcutta, Kanpur and Chennai.

Nagendra Bhat is from a family reputed astrologers. His grandfather, Raghavendra Bhat was a reputed Sanskrit Scholar, Astrologer and Ayurvedic Physician in Mangalore. He was not only well-versed in Vedic Astrology but was also adept in Western Astrology.

Young Nagendra's initiation in astrology commenced even when he was in the 6<sup>th</sup> class. Under the close guidance of his grandfather, he started learning Sanskrit and the texts of Varaha Mihira on astrology. He almost gave up study of astrology after about 3 years, being unable to make accurate predictions independently. It took his grandfather quite some effort to get Nagendra back on track. This was because, Raghavendra Bhat had seen that Nagendra's father Damodar had no time to pursue astrology because of his business commitments.

Nagendra Bhat continued his interest and pursued astrological studies throughout his career. He chose as his particular interest study

of life-changing situations and their turn-around with unexpected successes or failures etc. He collected and studied closely hundreds of such horoscopes to ascertain the astrological reasons for these unusual successes or failures.

Nagendra Bhat is convinced that if the time of birth is registered correctly, an accuracy of 80% or more can be achieved by fusion of the Vedic and Western Astrology on a selective basis. He is particular that Astrologers, as in any other profession, should be in tune with modern developments and be responsive to new discoveries in the solar system and surroundings. For example, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto do not find a place in Indian Astrological calculations. Their influences have to be integrated with those of the Navagrahas.

After retiring from his profession as an Engineer, Sri Bhat has settled down in Chennai devoting his full time to astrology. Besides contributing to articles to astrological magazines etc. he has published a book "Sutras, Symbolism and Substance of Astrology" which has won accolades from the professionals.

We wish Sri Nagendra Bhat all success in his work.

*(Editor's Note: Please let us know about other members who have made a mark in areas other than their professions.)*

### **LIBRARY STARTED**

The Managing Committee has decided to set up a library for the use of its local members without any charges. The library will purchase books on various contemporary topics of interest besides publications relating to Konkani customs, traditions, history etc.

The Sabha will be happy to include suitable books in this library if any members would like to donate.

### **IMPORTANT REQUEST**

We repeat our request again to members to inform Sabha Office as soon as there is any change in their addresses to avoid inconvenience or non-delivery of letters. We continue to receive quite large number of communications addressed to the members undelivered for want of information of change of address.

### **YOUNG ACHIEVERS AWARD 2010**

Members are requested to send the names, brief profile and the nature of achievement in educational, service, sports or cultural field of the persons you would like to recommend for the Young Achievers Award 2010. Only the National or State level excellence of achievement is recognized. The Sabha, as in the previous years, will recognize and honour the Young Achievers at the Family Evening to be held in January 2010. The proposals should reach the Sabha Office before 31<sup>st</sup> October 2009.

### **GANESH CHATURTHI**

Mr. P. R. Shenoy, Committee Member, has donated Rs.1 lac in July 2009 towards Ganesh Chaturthi Endowment Corpus being shashwat seva in the name of his parents Sri P. Ramnath Shenoy and Mrs. P. Sanjivi Shenoy. The Managing Committee is grateful to Mr. P.R. Shenoy for this generous gesture. The other top donors who had donated to the Corpus in earlier years are Mr. Vasant M. Shanbhag with Rs.1.5 lacs and Mr. U.N. Baliga with Rs.1 lac.

Although we have reached the target of one million set to be achieved by 2010, we welcome liberal donations from members to the Ganesh Chaturthi Corpus Fund.

### **SGS Sabha Charitable Trust**

A simple function was held on 12<sup>th</sup> April 2009 to mark the Fifth Annual Day of the Old Age Home.

One of the residents Smt. Saraswathy Shenoy, aged 93 years, passed away on 15<sup>th</sup> June 2009. The Trust helped her relatives to carry out the last rites. This was the first "passing out" case from the Old Age Home.

The Scheme of Donating for one day's expenses continues to have the support of our Members. During the year 2008-09, 211 donations were received as against 188 donations in the previous year. We hope more members will come forward to celebrate eventful days by contributing Rs.1500 towards a day's expenses.

As in previous years, Mrs. Vijayalakshmi R. Pai has been regularly visiting the Old Age Home to teach bhajan singing. Other persons who have been visiting the home every week for inter-action with the residents are Mrs. Deepa Shenoy who has been giving a gist of the various discourses delivered by H.H. Sudhindra Thirtha Swamiji of Kashi Math, and Sri K.R. Baliga who completed in June 09 the talks he had been giving on Mahabharata. His talks on Bhagavad Geetha are scheduled to start from July 09. Dr. (Mrs.) Shantha Kamath has been visiting the Old Age Home for taking care of their ailments.

Donations to the Trust are eligible for Income Tax concession under section 80G. Cheques drawn favouring "SGS Sabha Charitable Trust" may be sent to the Trust's office at No.55, Habibullah Road, T.Nagar, Chennai 600 017.

### **HOMAGE TO TOP DONOR OF SABHA'S FREE SCHOLARSHIP ENDOWMENTS**

Miss B.H. Shanta Pai (80) one of our members expired on 23-08-2008 after a brief illness. She was the third daughter of Dr. B.H. Padmanabha Pai, distinguished Physician who retired as the Professor of Medicine in the Madras Medical College. She had the distinction of never having to settle for a rank below the first, throughout her education. After her college education in Chennai, she continued higher studies in Communication Engineering in the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore. She joined the then Dept. of Post & Telegraphs where she made outstanding contributions by her work in the Telecom. Research Centre. She served as General Manager of Telephones, Chennai Circle and worked for several years as a World Bank Advisor on Telecommunications.

She was a multi linguist knowing French, German, Italian, Japanese, Chinese and Spanish, besides the Indian languages like Tamil and Hindi

After retirement, she settled down in Madras. The Sabha wishes to place on record her magnanimous contribution of 228 endowments (totaling Rs.2.95 lacs) to Sabha's Free Scholarship Corpus Fund.

### **WE MISS THEM**

Since the publication of the last Newsletter No.33 in January 2009 the Sabha has come to know about the sad demise of the following members:

Mr. Vishnu Kamat, Kumta	18-11-2007
Mr. K.K. Pai, Manipal	14-01-2009
Mr. G. Vasantha Pai, Chennai	31-01-2009
Mr. H. Narasimha Mallya, Chennai	08-02-2009
Mrs. Kusumalatha N. Rao, Chennai	09-03-2009
Mr. B.V. Shenoy, Mangalore	26-03-2009
Mrs. N. Kasturi Shenoy, Chennai	04-04-2009
Mrs. Sarada D. Pai, Chennai	10-04-2009
Mr. M. Yashwanth Bhat, Chennai	16-07-2009
Mr. M.N. Ramachandra Pai, Chennai	Date not known
Mr. S. Suresh Babu Kamath, Chennai	"
Mrs. A. Kumudha, Chennai	"

We request our Members to send us interesting articles/anecdotes for inclusion in the next Newsletter that would be brought out in January 2010. We hope a large number of members will respond to make the next Newsletter even more interesting. The choice of articles to be published is with the Managing Committee.

### **IMPORTANT NOTE**

The existing e-mail address of the Sabha will be available only up to 15<sup>th</sup> October 2009. **The Sabha now has a new address:**

[sgssabhachennai@airtelmail.in](mailto:sgssabhachennai@airtelmail.in)

**which can be accessed even now.** The old address will not be available after 15<sup>th</sup> October.

**Kindly note.**

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The Sabha is grateful to Sri Vasant M. Shanbhag, Canara Traders & Printers Pvt. Ltd. for printing this issue, free of charge. He is the Joint Secretary of our Sabha  
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