

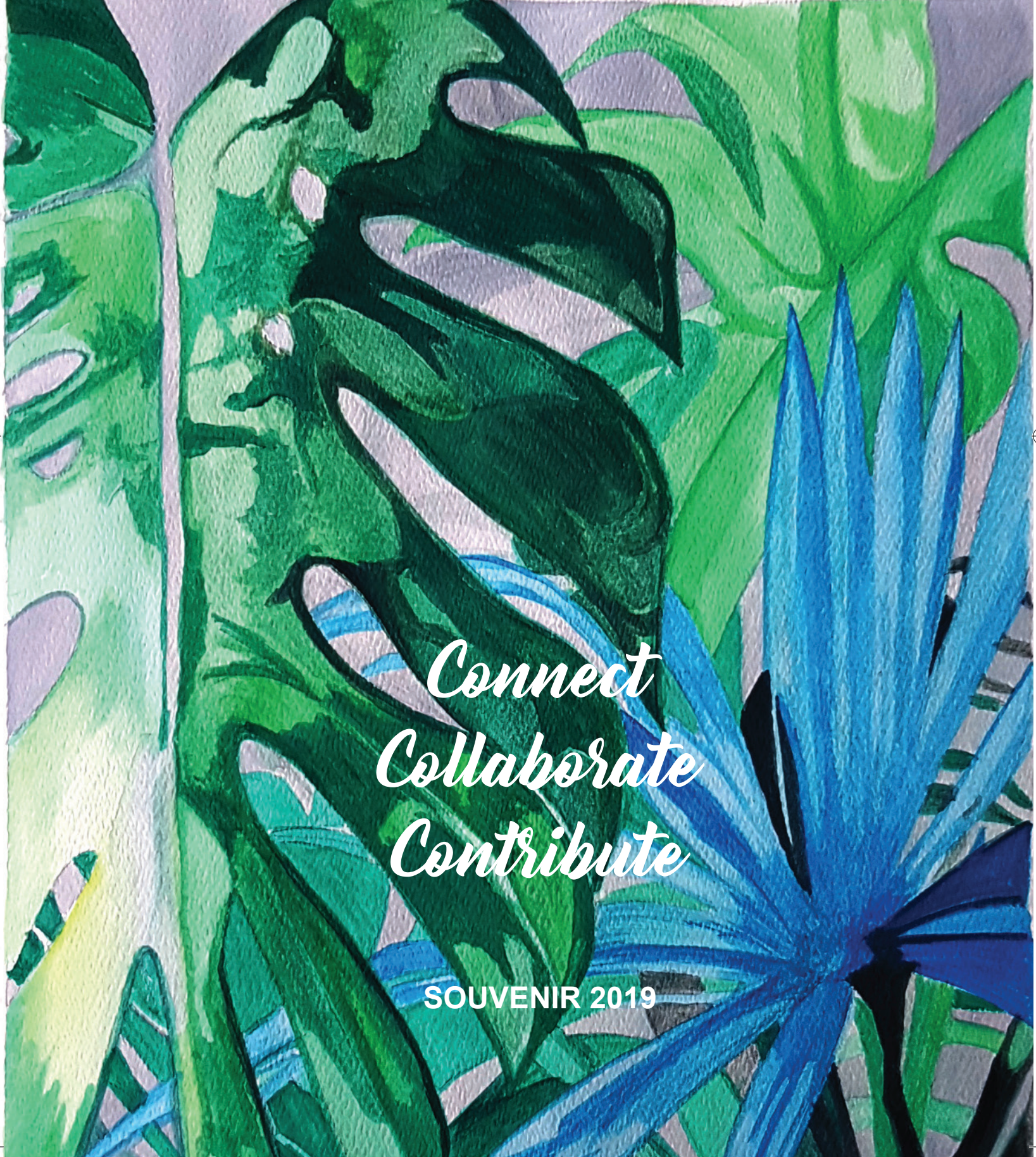


Mother's Blossoms

Surabhi

a Souvenir of the Mother's Blossoms

Alumni of The Mother's International School



*Connect
Collaborate
Contribute*

SOUVENIR 2019

Celebrating our Foundation Day
'The Mother's International School'

SOUVENIR



“Almost all human miseries come from the fact that men are nearly always convinced that they know better than the Divine what they need and what life ought to give them.”

~The Mother~



**“The two who are the secret of all power,
The Two who are one are the might and right in things.”**

~ Sri Aurobindo ~

The Year That Was....

Mother's Blossoms Activities: April 18 to March 19

23 April - Talent Fiesta

On the occasion of the School's 62nd B'day on 23rd April, Mother's Blossoms participated in the celebrations by organising a Talent Fiesta for all the students of the school. Each student participated in one of the many events.... be it Music, Dance, Street Play, Ad Zap, Snack Making, Salad Making, Rangoli, Card Making, Bottle painting, Creative Writing and many more. The Batch of 1994 hosted the event with a lot of enthusiasm. Many ex-students took out time from their busy schedules and joined in the celebrations.







5 July - Bhumi Mangalam - Tree Plantation Drive

Theme – “Nurturing our Mother Earth and promising her our care.”

An initiative was taken by the Mother’s Blossoms on 5th July 2018 to plant fruit and flower trees. It was a special way to celebrate Tara Jauhar Didi’s B’day – by nurturing our Mother Earth and promising her our care. There was an overwhelming response from the Ex-students, their parents and ex-teachers. Their love and enthusiasm have etched beautiful memories in everyone’s hearts.



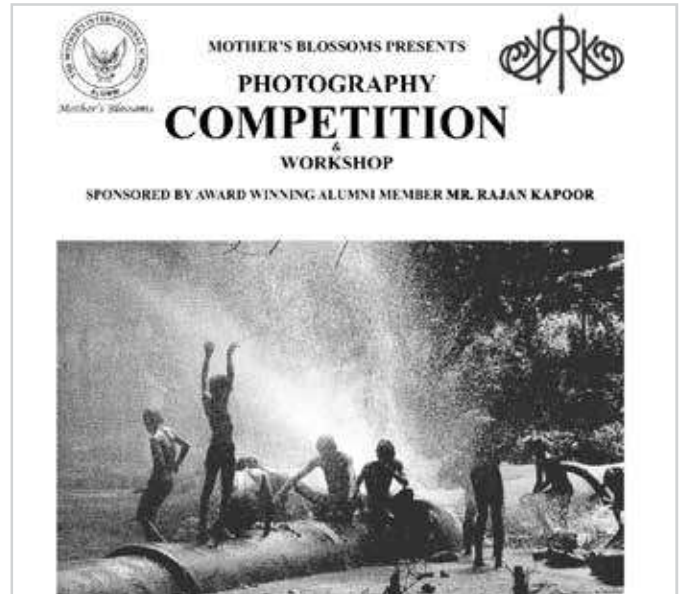




23 October – Photography Competition Prize Distribution

Mother's Blossoms organized a Photography Competition and Workshop for MIS students with Award Winning Alumni Member Mr. Rajan Kapoor who judged and sponsored the event.

Mr. Rajan Kapoor is an alumnus of MIS, Batch of 1972. He has a wide range of interests and passions in various fields like music, photography, art, environment, nature and sports. He heads the Group, Golden Peacock Ltd which caters to the lighting industry worldwide.





Adyasha Chakra 11B, Garo Khasi Tribes



Arshabh Gupta 8C



Kaavya Nayyar 7A



Radhika Sahni 6C



Shreemayi Nainwal 9A

14 November - Children's Day

Batch of 1994 organised a play for the school students.
Cake was distributed to all the children.



14 & 15 December – Career Fair

Mother's Blossoms helped the school in organizing a Career Fair on 14 & 15th Dec, 2018. Ex-students from various professions shared their career and work life experiences with the senior children at school.



15 December - Alumni Sports Day

Alumni Sports day was organised by Mother's Blossoms, Batch of 1994 with great fervor. The Alumni teams played with the School teams. Volleyball, Basketball, Football, Badminton and Table Tennis matches were organized.





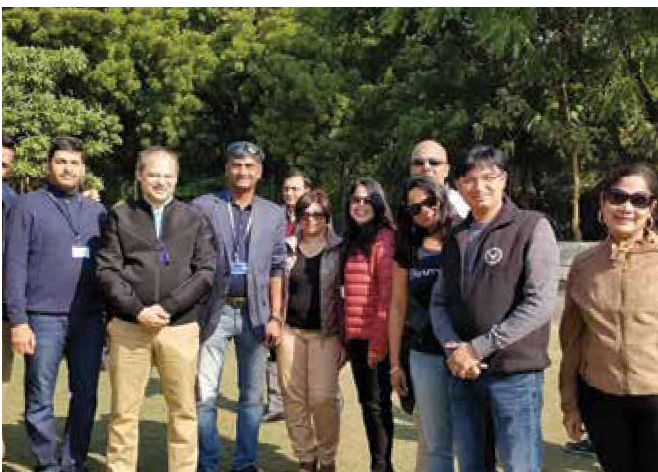
26th Jan - Alumni Get together

Mother's Blossoms, Batch of 94 organized the gala event "the Annual Alumni Reunion" at the school grounds. It marked 25 years of passing out for the batch. It was a fun filled afternoon for all ex-students to meet old school friends and teachers. For the first time, the event was streamed live. This year's event was made more special by the presence of the Batch of 1969 as it completed 50 years of passing out from school.









2 to 7 March - Kechla Dental Camp

Mother's Blossoms sponsored a Dental Camp in Auro Mira Vidya Mandir in tribal village Kechala in Odisha State. The camp was held from 2nd to 7th March, 2019. All the children were checked and treated for various issues. Preventive treatment was also done. The children were made aware of oral health and hygiene.



Mother's Blossoms - Memorabilia

Donate to contribute towards Mother's Blossoms social welfare activities.

Laptop Bags



Mugs



Fridge Magnets



Caps



Jackets



T-Shirts





MEMOIRS

MRS. INDU BALA PILLAY

OUR DEAR PRINCIPAL



MY INSPIRATION

My name is Gita Shankaran now Menon. I joined the school in Class 9 in 1982. The reason my father chose MIS was because his friend Mr Pillai lived on campus there and he could be my local guardian as my parents lived overseas. So Mrs Indu Pillai and her husband watched over me as I stayed in the Aurobindo Ashram. That was a bit daunting as I always had to be on good behaviour or the Principal would know.

I learnt resilience, perseverance, self-sufficiency and responsibility in the 4 years in the Ashram and Mrs Pillai took me aside and guided me. She nominated me to be the Head Girl of MIS and I made her proud with my academics and extracurricular activity.

We went on long trips from the Ashram during school holidays and she always inspired us with her stories.

I took my daughter back in 2014 January and visited the school. Unfortunately I could not meet her as the Office said she visited occasionally and was not in on that day.

They were a lovely kind hearted couple who took me under their wings and inspired me to be who I am today.

#Forever grateful RIP Mr and Mrs Pillai.

GITA SHANKARAN MENON



OUR PRINCIPAL MRS. PILLAY

A beautiful school now stands alone, Missing the one who nurtured it, But now she's gone. Her flower still blooms, And the Sun still shines !

The rows of flowers, the giant trees lie quiet beneath the Earth's sky as a peaceful place of deep sorrows, Where the stalwarts walked in times gone by....

It's been an unusually regrettable year as we've lost both Indu Pillay Ma'am & Shekhar Sir to eternal sleep. They may be gone but their Spirit lives on. We all are tied together in the cosmic journey beyond space & time.

Some of the fondest memories of school life have always featured her smiling face. She was a very special person for me as she received me the first when I sought admission to MIS way back in '76. She was the one who interviewed me while I sat on her lap. She was an amazing influence in my life, having taught me Political Science for two consecutive years. When I excelled in Political Science in CBSE as the subject topper, she was so proud. When I left school she cupped me in her embrace yet again, a moment of déjà vu for me – I felt I had time travelled & was a little girl again. She always inspired me, her sarees, her dimpled smile, her sweet voice, impeccable English, her lectures in the morning Assembly & the way she would go in a trance like state while singing along.... These moments will stay with us for eternity.

Let us not mourn her loss as she continues to live in our hearts as a beautiful memory. Let us seek her blessings today.

May she rest in peace !

DEEPANJAN SENGUPTA

Batch of 1999



मातृत्व की छाया

मातृत्व की छाया में आपकी बचपन हमारा गुजरा आपने ही हमारे निर्मल कोमल मन को काबिल और अनुशासितशील बनाया गलत और सही में फर्क समझाया सदा शिक्षा एवं सत्य के पथ पर चलना सिखाया फिर हम पंछी बांके गुलिस्ता से उड़चले मंजिलो की तलाश में जीवन के तजुर्बे बटोरने निकल पड़े बरसो गुजर गए हम जीवन की आपाधापी में यूँ ही भागते रहे मुश्किलों की धूप में वो मातृत्व की छाया तलाशते रहे बरसों बाद जब हम फिर सेइस गुलिस्ताँ में आते हैं बचपन की यादों में खो जाते है फिरसे बच्चे बन जाते हैं मन में आवाज ये एक आती हैं सब इच्छाएँ छोड़ कर वो पल फिर से जीना चाहती है का शबिता समय वापस आ जाय ना सिर्फ हमें हर छात्र छात्रा को आपका आशीर्वाद मिल जाये

अजय कक्र

Batch 1994



MY MEMORIES

For those who don't know who Smt. InduBala Pillay was - she was a strong yet gentle, strict yet caring, a very versatile, intelligent yet humble lady - our ex-school principal (1976 - 1999) - under whose guidance, The Mother's International, New Delhi - rose up to be ranked among one of the top ten co-ed schools in India, year-after-year. For those who were in school during her tenure would definitely have many fond memories about her.

I, like many of my schoolmates, feel proud to have been under the tutelage of Indu Pillay ma'am, along with all my school teachers and my parents, who inculcated in me the right values, strength, empathy and courage to deal with the world outside. It is one's school which shapes their intrinsic nature and personality, and not one's college.

When I got the news of Indu Pillay ma'am's demise I went numb, void of any emotions, I don't know why. I couldn't experience grief. I have been seeing her at close quarters almost every week during my visits to Sri Aurobindo Ashram over the last several months, to find that her health kept on deteriorating, and also the effects of Alzheimer's disease were taking a toll on her. She chose when to set her soul free from her body, it was a relief for her. I am sure she is at peace. She is with The Mother and Sri Aurobindo.

My memories of Indu Pillay ma'am date back to the early 90s when I moved up to the senior section. I was so elated to see her the first time - a principal - who was so approachable, so full of life yet with a sense of discipline. She took care of each and every student of the school, she ensured our school doesn't become a citadel of show-off and vanity, ensured we imbibe in us the right virtues, the right culture and the right spirit. During my tough transition to Science section, she mentored me as a parent. I will never forget these small yet valuable gestures.

Today she is no more with us YET her essence, her vibe, her aura stays with us - for ever, till eternity. She is at peace, yes she is.

DEEPANJAN SENGUPTA

Batch of 1999



MEMOIRS

MR. R.C. SHEKHAR

OUR DEAR VICE PRINCIPAL



REMEMBERING SHEKHAR SIR

Shekhar Sir, was a disciplinarian par excellence. Yes, when we were in school, we used to quiver when he used to do the rounds in the corridors but there was another side of him. He maintained a beautiful balance of what Indu Ma'am wasn't, and this beautiful balance was so symbiotic and reciprocal of two natures that made The Mother's

International grow as one of the best schools in India. Whereas Indu Ma'am was very soft-spoken and gentle, even while dealing with the notorious naughty kids, Shekhar Sir carried a strong presence which ensured that the unspoken discipline which the school expected was maintained.

Though I was never taught any subject by Shekhar Sir but I remember one incident which proved so appropriately that he was very caring at heart and his strict rules of discipline had a deeper sense to them. Once we were compelled to miss the morning assembly for completing an important assignment and the respective teacher had given us the permission to do so. While doing rounds to check if anyone was missing the morning assembly, Shekhar Sir found us sitting in the class and enquired us for the reason of absenteeism from the assembly. His anger was quite palpable, but one of us went up to him and explained the predicament, he calmed down instantly and didn't reprimand any of us. He called for the respective teacher and explained to all of us that nothing can be more important than the morning assembly – not even the toughest and the most important subject in a class. He explained to all of us – how the morning assembly – helps us develop the right attitude, positive mindset, concentration which would stay with us for the entire day and help in absorbing the subjects better. He pointed out that – even sitting quietly for the duration in the assembly will change us to be a better, more receptive and compassionate person. We listened to him quietly, formed a queue, and left for the assembly while he waited in the corridor. No, it wasn't out of terror, it was out of a newly found meaning of the morning assembly. Shekhar Sir ingrained in us the right spirit that day – the fact that the daily responsibilities of studies and work will happen with perfection if we start the day positively with some chanting, meditation, singing of songs from ArpanGaan.

This small incident has remained etched in my mind and I vividly remember him waiting in the corridor, it was like a guardian angel ensuring his kids are shown the right path. No doubt, today during the most demanding situations at work, in busy traffic or in personal life I hum the songs that were sung in the morning assembly, to keep myself calm and focussed. I owe a lot to Shekhar sir for imbibing and etching this subconscious habit deep inside me which has helped me a lot to take tough situations in my stride, with positivity. All because of that single incident in school.

DEEPANJAN SENGUPTA,
Batch of 1999



REMINISCENCES OF MR. SHEKHAR

I am reminded of an incident with Mr. Shekhar during 1983-84 when he was Vice Principal of MIS. Most of our class had gone outside MIS crossing the main boundary wall of MIS to have 'CholeBhature'.

We were caught red handed by Mr. Shekhar and were asked to line up in front of his office for corporal punishments. Next, each one of us got a tight slap one by one. That time we were extremely resentful. But the incident etched a mark in our memory.

Now, looking back watching the new generation kids, I would somewhat support the fear-factor he brought in to enforce discipline in the institution.

I wonder what would have happened if this fear-factor was not instilled....

DR. INDRAJIT BHATTACHARYA,
MIS (1973-85),
Director, (NABET)
Quality Council of India



TO SIR WITH LOVE

I may not remember what my teacher said but I will never forget his voice.

To the world you were a teacher... but for me, you were and will always remain a hero Sir. Your purpose was to prepare students who would create their own identity....

For the Mother's International School, Mr. R.C. Shekhar was a very strict and stern Vice Principal. There was a sense of awe when all of us just heard his name. And this feeling continued for so many years.... till I reached Class XI-A, humanities section. It was here we got to know that Shekhar Sir would be teaching us History. Oh God!!! I was scared.... Believe me!

My first interaction with Sir in the class.... He knew all our names,,,aah!! He just knew all about us. For the first time, I saw that unforgettable smile. The smile that was so honest... it just reached his eyes and our hearts. He was a teacher par excellence and how punctual... Wow!! All his commitments, all his teaching work and all his administrative skills were to be admired. For all of us in the Arts Section,

Shekhar Sir was no more a name synonymous with

terror.... Haha!!! Yes, that's how Sir was to most of the other students in the school. He was a wonderful, pleasant teacher who taught extremely well and made us laugh all the time.

Once, I was about to enter the Assembly Hall when I heard Shekhar Sir call my name. I gathered some courage to just look at him... and he said, "Jab dekhodaant dikhala tirehti hai". Without a pause, I choked. I didn't know how to react. After the assembly, I went upstairs crying loudly. Madhulika Ma'am was shocked to see me crying. When she learnt what had happened, she went to Sir to ask him why he scolded me... he laughed aloud and called me to his room and said, "It was a compliment". Shekhar Sir was an example of how teachers can change lives with just the right mix of chalk, emotions and challenges.

I never visited school after I learnt Sir had left MIS. To me and most of us, who knew Shekhar Sir, MIS was about Shekhar Sir, his forceful voice and his walk in the corridors.

And then, as life moved on, he always remained in my mind till I went to meet him one day of GyanBharti School. I was a bit hesitant when someone asked me to write my name for him. I wrote ShaluMalhotra and then, just erased Malhotra to write ShaluBhandari. A fear in my mind... a thought that... does he remember me????!!! And

to my surprise, Sir called me to his room, and I was greeted by him with a big smile. He said, "I remember your handwriting. "TusirfShalubhulikhti to bhi main pehchaanjaata." I realized that though life had moved on, but a few relations just remain the same. Time doesn't change people and doesn't change feelings in certain cases. This indeed was once such relation of me with my Sir.

Sir, I miss you each moment and each day. I can never forget that last time I talked to you. I can never forget the last sentence you said me..... It was our batch celebrating 25 years of passing out of school. A few batchmates went to his office to invite him. I had some commitment, I couldn't go that day. I asked my batchmate Manish Saxena to hand over the phone to Sir. If I knew this was the last time I would hear his voice, no matter what, I would have been there to meet him.

"Kaisihaitu,,,kyunnahinaayiaaj?"

"Sir, Avani isn't well and Ayush has exams. Main nahinpahunchpaayi par aapnezaroorpahunchnahai 26thko."

"Main nahinaayunga... tukyunnahinaayi....."

His last words to me. These words and his voice echoes in my ears....

Sir, I will always regret that I couldn't meet you that day.

And then, I get a call from Saurabh a few days later that Sir is hospitalized and extremely unwell. And then, that sad sadsad news of Sir passing away....

Sir, you remain in my heart forever. I will be ever so grateful to MIS that you were my teacher.

Sir... As a teacher you affected Eternity. I can never mark where you influence stops....

RIP Sir, We all love you.

SHALU BHANDARI MALHOTRA,
Batch of 1993



OUR BELOVED SHEKHAR SIR

Let us do a rewind, fly back in time...

When the school was young, we wanted to become number one...

Discipline, performance, quality and coordination was the ask... only the best could do this task...

You stood like a rock, worked round the clock..

Full of energy, determination and passion....You managed the administration, brought the discipline and gave us the vision....

Sometimes a friend, sometimes a mentor; sometimes a teacher and sometimes an administrator...

Overall leadership you had shown..have to mention your anger was well known..

Inspiration to some, a hero to many..you are a role model.. who can do task any.. With a heavy heart, we bid good bye... you may be gone, but your values will never die...

BY AJAY KAKRA,
1994 batch



UNBEATEN AT ZERO!

It feels like yesterday as I recall my first 'encounter' with MrShekhar. I had just got admitted to class 4 at MIS and every morning we would gather in the huge old assembly hall in the ashram premises. It was my third day at school. After the assembly, as we queued out of the hall, we saw MrShekhar standing at the exit in a sombre mood. I came to know of his presence and his formidable nature when a loud

sound cracked through the otherwise peaceful hall. I jerked my head up to first see MrShekhar's palm land on a boy's cheek and then hear another crack! That was the moment when I practically realized that light travels faster than sound!

'What's happening?' I asked the boy next to me. 'It is PT day and all should be in white canvas shoes.' I saw a girl ahead in black shoes. As she reached MrShekhar, he just glared at her and let her go. The same boy enlightened me, 'He does not hit girls!' For a moment, I wished I was one.

I gloomily looked down at my own feet and found my shining black leather shoes twinkling menacingly back at me. I shuddered as I heard another loud crack. I looked carefully at MrShekhar. His palm was huge. As huge as my father's that had graced my cheeks many a time. But a lot heavier. Instinctively, I raised my hand to my cheek and looked at the frail looking boy who was about to receive the 'Paanch Kilo KaHaath'. After him, it was the turn of another boy I had befriended a day earlier. Prince Kohli. He too was in black shoes. But as MrShekhar's hand flashed through the air, he ducked. MrShekhar's hand just brushed his hair but it brought a smile to his face...It was my turn.

Suddenly something flashed through my mind. 'Sir!' I quickly blurted out. 'I am new in the school and I did not know the rule.' He said, 'Hmmm' and let me pass!

Years later, the resounding echo of his slap rang in my ears again. This time I was in class 11 and the class Prefect too. I had left MIS after 6 and rejoined in class 11. Interestingly, I was first interviewed by MrPillay for the admission and later by MrsPillay. She seemed just as young and beautiful as the last time I had seen her in class 6. My interaction with the sweet lady remained limited to seeing her deliver speeches at the morning assembly.

Back to class 11. I was busy with the biology practical file which had to be submitted to ShivaniGoswami madam, our biology teacher in the very next class. It was a free period and I was writing furiously with my head bent down. My classmates, the boys actually, were busy playing catch with the heavy wooden duster. A few times it whizzed dangerously close past my head and I shouted at them to stop the ruckus. But we were at an age where Prefects have little control over others. I gave up and got back

to my file work. After about five minutes, suddenly everything became eerily still and peaceful. I was wondering and was about to shout, 'AbeyKyaa Ho Gaya Ab? SaanpSoongh Gaya Sabko?' when the loud sound of a slap rang through the air. I looked up to see MrShekhar moving from desk to desk, quite nimbly for a person with such a huge frame and delivering paw blows left and right.

'Today, Arvind, you shall have your first slap from MrShekhar,' I thought.

Right from class 4 to 6, I had never been blessed with the famous slap of MrShekhar. I had once been slapped by MrsYadav our Math teacher in class 6, and even by the so docile MrBhola, our headmaster in primary school. Fate seemed to have aligned my stars favourably with respect to MrShekhar.

But that day in class 11, I was sure my score of zero Mr-Shekhar-slaps was going to be ruined. But he quietly passed by me and went for the boy next to me. I let out a sigh of relief and wondered why I had been spared. As I looked at our classroom door, I realized that MrShekhar must have watched the catch-the-duster game from outside through the little glass panel in the door and surely he had seen me busy with my work. An avid reader and fan of Sherlock Holmes, I started to eye MrShekhar with a new found respect from then on!

In class 12, once again I came very close to ruin my zero score. We had no physical education class as we were supposed to study and only study for the impending class 12 boards. However, once when he was in an amiable mood MrShekhar had declared that if we had a free period we could seek his permission and play outside. Just a few months before the boards, we had a free period and the class demanded that I as the Prefect should approach MrShekhar for the permission. Only a few days back the class had been ticked off by MrShekhar for playing for three periods at a stretch. So I said, 'No!'

The class was instantly at my throat. 'We elected you! You have to go!'

I silently cursed the election system and irresolutely made my way to MrShekhar's office and put the demand of the class before him. He looked at me with fury writ large on his countenance and said, 'Have you no shame! Your boards are in three months!' Then he menacingly growled, 'Come closer!'

I knew what was in store.

'Sir,' I said, 'Before you do or say anything please listen to me. I have been elected as the Prefect by the class and as their representative I have no choice but to bring their demand to you whether or not I like it.'

He seemed amused by my retort and said thoughtfully, 'Okay! But only for one period!'

Thus my zero score remained intact.

BY ARVIND BHARDWAJ,
Batch of 1986



“THE BEST TEACHERS TEACH FROM THE HEART, NOT FROM THE BOOK”

It seems ages since I passed out from the Mother’s International School in the year 1993. Last year in 2018, the annual alumni meet was hosted by my batch when we were celebrating 25 years of passing out. On one side of the stage was a board having photographs of our teachers who had taught us but had left for their Heavenly abode. I was showing

my son the photographs of my teachers, their names and subjects they taught us. The very sight of these photographs took me down the memory lane to the old days and the times we had spent with them under their guidance and love. Little did I know that after 15 days i.e 12th February, 2018 another of our beloved teacher Shri R.C. Shekhar or ‘Shekhar Sir’ as we addressed him would be passing away into History, very far from us, onward to the eternal journey and what would be left with us, his students, would be his memories to love and cherish in our hearts. Some of his memories and facets of life I would like to share here very briefly for those who knew him to remember him once more with me and for those who have only heard of him to know him better.

Sir had joined MIS in 1969 teaching Maths to students of class 8th and above. Later, he switched over to teaching History to students of class 11th and 12th and also became vice-principal of MIS. His communication skills as a teacher were excellent. Although when we entered class 11th we were in awe with the kind of influence he had on the students but we soon realized that Sir taught us with a lot of ease, sharing knowledge, incidents of history, sources about the historical incidents and cross references. Many times, to explain the concepts he would pass on jokes and share anecdotes, making it easier for the students to understand the historical incidents. Like any good teacher he encouraged students to answer and enter into debate, which of course made the class as well as the subject much more interesting. Times rolled on and we passed from School to College and so on and so forth. Sir also moved on from being Vice-Principal of MIS to becoming Principal of GyanBaharti School in November, 1994.

Sir was driven and motivated in life by the philosophy of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. It gave him his spiritual connect as he regularly gave quality time to Ashram and SABDA after School hours and even on holidays. He used to tell us about the early days of MIS and used to remember Chachaji (Late Sri Surendranath Jauhar ‘Fakir’) with lot of regard and fondness.

All in all if I have to sum up his character in one word I would say that he was a ‘Karmyogi’. His first words on joining GyanBharati School were that “I am a man of action and not words”. Throughout his life, his day started early in the morning, going to School and returning by 4.30-5.00 pm. This routine he followed relentlessly even after December, 2016 when he recovered from severe hospitalization. According to the Doctors, it was

his love for children which had brought him back from the death bed to his School and he continued his mission for improving and simplifying the education system for children with even more zeal, energy and fervor. He used to say that even 'One life is not enough' for my mission.

In GyanBharati School Sir he made education till primary level book less. Education without books didn't mean that there was no education at all but infact stress was laid at over all development of the child through nature walks, play-way method of learning and learning through stories etc. Regular online work sheets ensured that the child doesn't lose his connection with theoretical aspects of learning. Sir stressed a lot on healthy body of the children because a healthy body only can have a healthy mind, he said. He also started the concept of munch and brunch for small children when kids upto class 3rd were allowed to have munch (small meal break) at about 9.30 AM after assembly followed by regular break at about 11.00 AM. The food brought by kids were regularly monitored by the class teacher to ensure that the students brought healthy food and no junk food was allowed. His whole education philosophy was based on inculcating Indian values in the children and try to make them better human beings. In conclusion I can say that "The best teachers teach from the heart, not from the book"

SAURABH SHARMA,

MIS pass-out,
1993 batch

PICTURE GALLERY

MRS. PILLAY MADAM &
MR. SHEKHAR SIR













ARTICLES BY BATCH OF 1994









Welcome

Assembly, classes, sports, yoga and annual day...

Weekends were fun and we waited for every holiday...

Year after year we went through the grind..

Life was fun, troubles; oh never mind...

Time has flown, two decades have gone..

Many experiences life has shown...

Smiles, joy, happiness and fun.

To relive these moments today we return..

With bags of memories in store...

Welcome to all from the batch of '94

by Batch of 1994

नमन है उनको जो शिक्षक हमारे हैं

गुरु ब्रह्मा गुरु विष्णु गुरु देवो महेश्वरः

गुरु साक्षात्पर ब्रह्मतन्मै श्रीगुरुवेनमः

नमन है उनको जो शिक्षक हमारे हैं

उनसे मिले संस्कारों ने जीवन

कितनों के सँवारे हैं

दिन रात करते एक हैं कर्मठता की परिभाषा

माली की तरह सींचा सबको

रक्खी ना कोई अभिलाषा

सब छात्रों को करते एक साप्यारना करते
कोई भेदभाव

सर्दी में मुलायम धूप

गर्मी में जैसे पीपल की छाँव

अनुशासितर हे सख्त बने

मार्गदर्शन हमारा कराया

जीवन में ना कभी भटके

इतना सक्षम हमें बनाया

आप जैसे गुरु है पाए

ये किस्मत हमारी है हमने छूलिया आसमान

पर मेहनत तो सारी तुम्हारी है

व्यर्थ है वो जीवन जो बिना गुरु के गुजरे है

नमन है उनको जो शिक्षक हमारे है

अजय कक्र
Batch 1994

बेपरवाह

रंग वो अपने दिखाती रही,

ढंग अपने वो जताती रही;

जिन्दगी यूँ ही हमें अपने बारे में बताती रही।

बे मौसम आती रही,

बे धड़क जाती रही;

अपनों में इतराती रही,

सपनों में मंडराती रही;

जब बिगड़े, संवारती रही,

जीतकर बाहर, अंदर हारती रही;

जब लगे सोने, जगाती रही,

जब चाहा जगना, सुलाती रही;

जिन्दगी यूँ ही हमें...

सवालों में उलझाती रही,

बिन जवाब सुलझाती रही;

अकेलेपन में साथी रही,

साथी बन फिर, गाती रही;

बड़ा बन हमें खेलती रही,

छोटा बन हमसे खेलती रही;

तुकबंदी कर रिझाती रही,

कभी बे तुक, सालीख पाती रही;

जिन्दगी यूँ ही हमें अपने बारे में बताती रही।

संजीदा कर हंसाती रही,

लगा फिर ठहा के, रुलाती रही;

जब चाहा सीखना, सुनाती रही,

जो किया अनसुना, डांटती रही;
कीमत सबकी लगावाती रही,
मोल भाव करवाती रही;
जो लिख सकें, दिखाती रही,
जो देखलिया, लिखवाती रही;
जिन्दगी यूं ही हमें...

ख्वाहिशें बेलगाम, मांगती रही,
जो मिला बेहिसाब, गंवाती रही;
खोया कुछ जो, कुछ और लाती रही,
हुए बेईमान जो, फिर भी निभाती रही;

हमें जिता, हारती रही,
बावजूद हार, सिखाती रही;
जिन्दगी यूं ही हमें, बेपरवाह, अपने बारे में बताती
रही ॥

Naveen Arora
(Batch 1994)

Shri Ram Jai Ram Jai Ram Bhagwan ki Pratigya

‘श्री राम जय राम जय जय राम’
‘भगवान की प्रतिज्ञा’

राम नाम मन में बसा कर तो देख ।
फिर देख कहां था और कहां पहुंचा दूंगा ।
मेरे मार्ग पर पैर रखकर तो देख ।
तेरे सब मार्ग न खोल दूं तो कहना ॥

मेरे लिये खर्च करके तो देख ।
कुबेर के भंडार न खोल दूं तो कहना ॥
मेरे लिये कड़वे वचन सुन कर तो देख ।
कृपा न बरसे तो कहना ॥

मेरी तरफ आ कर तो देख ।
तेरा ध्यान न रखूं तो कहना ॥
मेरी बातें लोगों से करके तो देख ।
तुझे मूल्यवान न बना दूं तो कहना ॥

मेरे चरित्रों का मनन करके तो देख ।
ज्ञान के मोती तुझ में न भर दूं तो कहना ॥
मुझे अपना मददगार बना के तो देख ।
तुम्हें सबकी गुलामी से न छुड़ा दूं तो कहना ॥

मेरे लिये कभी आंसू बहा के तो देख ।
तेरे जीवन में आनंदसागर न भर दूं तो कहना ॥
मेरे लिये कुछ करके तो देख ।
तुझे कीमती न बना दूं तो कहना ॥

मेरे मार्ग पर निकलकर तो देख ।
तुझे मशहूर न कर दूं तो कहना ॥
मेरा कीर्तन करके तो देख ।
जगत को न भुला दूं तो कहना ॥

तू मेरा बनकर तो देख ।
हर एक को तेरा न बना दूं तो कहना ॥
‘राम’ नाम का प्रचार करके तो देख ।
तुझे भवसागर पार न करा दूं तो कहना ॥

ज्यों तिलमाही तेल है, ज्यों चकमक में आग ।
तेरा साईं तुझ में बसे जाग सके तो जाग ॥

Sushmi Varshney
(Batch 1994)

Being Utiful.

When you feel like crying
Don't stop yourself.
When you feel like laughing
Don't stop at yourself.

When your introversion knocks
Sit quietly, be your guest.
When you throb like an extrovert
Go out, test your Jest.

When you see yourself down
Look high up in the sky.
When you feel a little high
Reaching roots must you try.

When you see your sacrifices
Just see the other side.
When you see their compromises
Don't ignore your own side.

When you feel the fire within
Give it air, don't let it die.
When you see the fire without
Put it down, Lest you die.

When you bathe in all positives
Remember it will dry.
When you're haunted by negatives
Remember it's not worth the cry.

When you feel a little poetic
Pick a pen, let it flow.
When your business sense calls
Multiply, Make it grow.

When you're somewhere over there
Take a U-turn, Come back here.
When you're here, just be here
There ain't no need, go no where.

It's all about a balance
A balance you must try.
Your balance is your beauty
You're beautiful, don't feel shy.

Naveen Arora
(Batch 1994)

मित्रों की बात चली है तो दूरतक जायगी

मित्रों की बात चली है तो दूरतक जायगी.....

हिंदुस्तान से अमेरिका तक दोस्ती की गरमाहट
सबको

गुदगुदाएंगी

सोमवार से गुरुवार

रोज मिलती मित्र मण्डली

करती बातें चार ना पैसो की फिक्र थी

और ना था सैलरी का इंतजार चिंता थी सिर्फ एक
लंच खत्म करू या खालू समोसा और केक

दिन महीने साल गुजरजाते

बस यही मचाते धमाल

थोड़े गौर फरमाएंगे

मार्च काम ही ना होता था कुछ खास जब हम को
होता ये एहसास साल भर नहीं पढ़

बेटा

अब कैसे होगा तू पास किताबो के
ढेर मजेपर लगाते

मित्रों से नोट्स उधार मांगे जाते
कसम खाते की अगले साल ना करेंगे

रूँ समय बेकार

हे भगवन ! बस अवकी बार लगादे नैयापार

.....

परीक्षा का वो एक महीना पड़ता था
सबपे भारी सोचते थे कोई बात नहीं

परीक्षा के बाद फिर आएगी हमारी बारी

बहर हालवो वक्त भी गुजर जाता

और फिर मैं अपने आपको नई कक्षा में पाता
गुजर गया वो कल

हसीन थे वो पल

मीठीसी यादें

फिर से गुदगुदाएंगी

मित्रों की बात चली है तो दूर तक जायगी

अजय कक्र
Batch 1994

Ganpati Prarthna

‘गणपति प्रार्थना’

सब देवों के ईष्ट देव हैं गौरी पुत्र गणेश।

सबकी विपदा दूर करें ओर काटें सभी क्लेश॥

गणपति बाबा मौर्या गणपति बाबा मौर्या।

आओ प्रभु मेरे आओ मंगलमूरति आओ॥

सुखकर्ता दुःखहर्ता मेरा गनपति बाबा मोरिया
गनपति बाबा मोरिया।

जय जयकार हुई जग अंदर घर
घर में है तेरा मंदिर॥

प्रेम की ज्योति जलाने वाले
मेरे मन की ज्योति जलाओ।

आओ प्रभु मेरे आओ मंगलमूरति आओ॥

सारे जग के तुम हो स्वामी गनपति बाबा
अन्तर्यामी।

सबकी बिगड़ी बनाओ॥

आओ प्रभु मेरे आओ मंगलमूरति आओ।
बल बुद्धि सब तेरी दया से ऋद्धि सिद्धि तेरी दया से
सब को पार लगाने वाले मेरी नैया पार लगाओ।
आओ प्रभु मेरे आओ मंगलमूरति आओ।
गनपति बाबा मोरिया गनपति बाबा मोरिया॥

श्री गणेश परतव के ही एक रूप हैं।
गाइये गणपति जगवन्दन।
शंकर सुवन भवानी के नन्दन॥
सिद्धि सदन गज बदन विनायक।
कृपा सिन्धु सुन्दर सब लायक॥
मोदक प्रिय मुद मंगल दाता।
विद्या वारिधि बुद्धि विधाता॥
मांगत तुलसीदास कर जोरे।
बसहु राम सिय मानस मोरे॥

जिस भगवान की आप पूजा करते हैं वह ऐसा
सार्वलौकिक, सर्वव्यापक और सर्वशक्तिमान है सब
नामों और रूप उसी के हैं। मेरे हृदय में तथा समस्त
ब्रह्मांडों के कण-कण में वही तो व्याप्त है।

राम नाम की नौका में जो बैठा भव से पार हुआ।
बाल न बांका कर पाया चाहे बैरी सब संसार हुआ॥

Sushmi Varshney
(Batch 1994)

जीवन और मृत्यु

जीवन और मृत्यु, दोनों बड़े प्रबल और सकारात्मक
टीचर्स हैं। जीवन सिखाता है कि मृत्यु नाम की कोई
चीज नहीं है। मृत्यु सिखाती है कि जीवन नाम की
कोई चीज नहीं होती है। और दोनों बिल्कुल सही
सीखा रहे हैं।

आओ अब कुछ संभल जाएं,
क्यूं ना थोड़ा संवर जाएं।
आज, अगर जो है, वो जी भरजी जाएं,
यूं जीरें कि उभर जाएं।
आज, ये पल जो हैं, वो हैं बस अमानत
ये अमानत कल हो, याजाए खोय
इस सामर्थ्य को सहज भावपी जाएं।
आओ अब कुछ संभल जाएं,
क्यूं ना थोड़ा संवर जाएं॥

ये कुल, ये समाज, ये दोस्त, ये नाते,
कुछ मिलते हमें, कुछ खुद हम बनाते।
दे रोज इन्हें पानी, करें उम्मीद ये खिलजाएं।
दें धूप, कभी दें छांव करें उम्मीद कि फल मिलजाएं।
पर फल है 'उसकी' मौज, उस का हाथ ही उस की
फौजय उसकी फौज में अपना नसीब, वो नसीब ना
जाने क्या सिलजाए।
दिखाए सपनों में जो फूल, वही कब
अ कस्मात यूं माटी मिल जाएंय
आओ अब कुछ संभल जाएं,
क्यूं ना थोड़ा संवर जाएं॥

प्रिय जीवन,
एक काम तू जरा कर जाय मृत्यु के समय,
तू बस कुछ देर ठहर जा।
ये जीना - मरना खेल है कैसा?
ये जीवन - मृत्यु मेल है कैसा?
क्यूं ना हम ये मेल सीख जाएं, मृत्यु की है हार
असंभवय तो क्यूं ना बस जीकर,
ये खेल हम जीत जाएं।
आओ अब कुछ संभल जाएं
क्यूं ना थोड़ा संवर जाएं॥

मृत्यु, ऊपरी तौर से, दुख तो देती है, पर दबेपांव
कुछ सिखा जाती है, कुछ चेता जाती है, कुछ बता

जाती है। बस हमें आंखें और कान, दोनों खुले रखने हैं। होनी को समझ, अनहोनी को तैयार होना है।

आपको, इनको, उनको... सभी को समर्पित ये भाव। खुद को भी। क्यों कि हमस भी ने कभी नाक भी, कहीं ना कहीं, किसी ना किसी बहाने, कोई ना कोई तो खोया है। अचानक, हमेशा के लिए।

Naveen Arora,
Batch of 1994

The Chase, The Teacher, and Three Bullets

I do remember the day and the date and even the time, but that doesn't really matter.

I don't know how it all started. But when I suddenly came to realize what was happening, I was running, really fast. Why? My sole purpose was to catch hold of my friend who was ahead of me, at a distance, cycling way faster than any one would do normally. And he was cycling fast because he had snatched away my diary which had some really personal and confidential information about me. Very dear to me. How could I let it go and become a topic of gossip? So I ran as if it was a matter of life and death. In fact it really seemed that way to me.

It became tough for me to chase him running, because he was on his cycle, but I kept going-not willing to surrender at any point. And strangely enough, my body too showed enormous stamina and helped my motive. But the worst was perhaps yet to come. Out of sheer desperation and anger I took out my local pistol I was carrying that day, and shot at him furiously, twice. But as was meant to be, my friend ducked both the times, smartly and timely enough to escape any injury. That's it. I had no more

bullets left. So the chase continued.

Suddenly, a man in mid-forties came running from behind and when approached near us he shouted, "STOP!!!". I stopped instantly, though panting like hell. My friend too, turned back and stopped when he saw him. That man was staring at us, one by one. He looked angry. He knew us past many years and also that both of us as friends were something others looked up to. "How can you guys do this?" he asked us as our chase had come to a halt post his interference. "Is this what you intend to set an example of your friendship?" his anger was evident and perhaps justified too. His looks made me and my friend forget everything. We both were looking down, though still apart- he was still on his cycle and me at a distance.

"Look at me!" he ordered like a teacher. But we didn't seem to mind it and we did look at him. I knew I had committed a blunder, and I could see in my friend's eyes too that he felt bad for his actions. Anyways, we were there looking at him. He didn't seem to waste time on giving us a lecture, and instantly said, "Just go to your homes and don't show me your face ever again." I knew he didn't mean it and just said that in anger. But I didn't feel like justifying my act, and luckily, my friend too felt likewise. Why? Because we knew that man was not a stranger. He had been our fitness-trainer for many years...helping us day in day out just to make us physically fit and updated.

Without wasting time any further and unconsciously giving a chance for any other argument, me and my friend decided to go home. So he came down

from his exercising bike and I came down from my treadmill and we both left the gym together. When we came out we started laughing and hi-fived. And as we were closing the door, we both looked at our trainer inside through that glass entry door. He was laughing too, still looking at us. And finally, as his gesture to say good-bye us, he shot at us with his imaginary gun, just like I earlier did.

Naveen Arora,
Batch of 1994

चले सब नेता दौड़ लगाने

चले सब नेता दौड़ लगाने
लगता जल्द चुनाव हैं आन....
धरती पे है पाराधर्या

आसमान पे रंगसियासत का छाया
न हाथी न घोड़ा पर कहलाता ये जंगल ...
सारी दुनिया देखे गीराज नीति काये दंगल

जनता को है फिर से रिझाना ...
पर पांच साल का हिसाब भी तो है बताना
एक मत जीतना या लगाना कोई जुगाड़

ये तो किस्सा कुर्सी का है जनाब
पूँजी, प्रगति और निवेश ...
ये तो है उनके शब्द विशेष ...

कुछ नए कुछ पुराने है खिलाड़ी....
जाने ये जनता का राग
न समझो इनको अनाड़ी

शब्दों के जाल में हमें उलझाना ...
ये तो है उनका हूनर पुराना
यु वा बैठा बेकार है ...

पर नौकरी की भर मार है ...
किसान है अब्ज दाता हमारा ..

पर कर्ज ने है उस को मारा ...

बोलते है देश तो है सक्षम बनाया ...
महिलाओं को तो कोई अवसर न
दिलाया जब आई सुरक्षा की बारी, तो पछता
(suffering) रही है नारी ...

अल्प संख्य कों वालों ने किया प्रदर्शन,
हमें दिलाओ ज्यादा आरक्षण ...
अब है आम जनता की बारी ...

जिसकी कर सेनिक लीतनख्या हसारी....
भ्रष्टाचारी उड़गए सीमा पर काला धन !!
चलो अगली बार.

नेताजी को इन सबसे न कोई सारोकार., बस कुछ
दिनों में ये तो बनाये गेनयी सरकार....
जाट धरम ये तो है सिर्फ बहाने ...

नए नारे , नए पैत रे है इनको बनाने
चले नेताजी दौड़ लगाने
लगता जल्दी चुनाव है आने

अजय ककर
Batc h 1994

दो अपराधी

ट्रेन में सामने की सीट पर एक यंगकपल कुछ परेशान सा बैठाथा. कुछ अलग ही टेंशन में दिख रहे थे दोनों. आपसी झगड़ान ही लगता था. दोनों बस नीचे देखे जा रहे थे. लड़का अपनी उंगलियों से सीट पर बिना सुर ताल के कुछ बजाए जा रहा था. लड़की अपने दुपट्टे को अपनी उंगलियों में लपेट ने में गुम थी. बोलना तो दूर, दोनों एक दूसरे की तरफ देख हीन हीं रहे थे. कोई दस मिनट गुजरे तो मेरे मन में भी हलचल होने लगी की आखिर बात क्या है. के बिन में बस हम तीन ही थे. और लोग होते तो शायद मेरा ध्यान ना जाता उन पर- अपने में ही मस्तर हताहूँगा ने सुनते हुए. पर अब तो जैसे कोई और खयाल आ ही नहीं रहा था मनमें. पर समझन ही आर हाथा कि कैसे बात की शुरूआत करूँ- शायद इसी लिए ज्यादा दोस्त नहीं बनापाया

कभी मैं.

खैर, सोच ते सोचते अचानक ही मैं बोल पड़ा,
“सुनिए,

गुस्ताखी माफ, पर आप दोनों बहुत टेंशन में दिख रहे हो. मैं कुछ मदद कर सकता हूँ?”

दोनों एक दम सतर्क हो गये, जैसे किसी ने रंगे हाथों पकड़ लिया हो.

“नहीं नहीं, सब ठीक है”, लड़का बोला. उसकी बना. वटी मुस्कान ने उसका साथ नहीं दिया. पर मेरे मन को थोड़ी तसल्ली मिली बातकर के. बस, फिर मैं बैठ गया अपनी खिड़की के पास.

अभी पहली गज लखत होने को ही थी कि लड़का अचानक उठा मुझ से हाथ मिलाने. मैंने भी अपने हेडफोन्स हटाए और उससे हाथ मिलाया. अंदर से मैं बिल्कुल सचे तथा- ना

मालूम उसके क्या इरादे हैं?

“हेलो सर, मैं अंकित”

“हेलो, नवीन”, मैं भी मुस्काया. .

“सर आप सेकुछ कहने को मन कर रहा है.”

“हाँ हाँ कहो. और सर क्यों कहते हो. क्या मैं इतना बड़ा लगता हूँ?”, मेरा दिमाग इस उलझन भरी बातचीत को सुलझाने में जुटा हुआ था.

“नहीं नहीं सर, ऐसे ही”, अब ये मुस्कुराहट उस के चेहरे पर अच्छी लग रही थी.

“हाँ कहो..”

“सर ये है तनवी. सर हमने आज ही घर से भाग कर शादी की है.”

“हम्म..”

“बस सर थोड़ा डरे हुए हैं हम.”

“अरे डर कैसा? अलग धर्म से हो क्या?”

“नहीं सर.”

“लगता तो नहीं फिर भी पूछ लेता हूँ- ना बालिग हो क्या?”

“अरे नहीं सर, हम दोनों 32 साल के हैं”, हल्का हँसकर वो बोला. थोड़ा तनाव मुक्त भी लगा. मैंने देखा लड़की भी इस दौरान सब बेचौनी भूल गयी.

“अरे टेंशन मत लो यार, पेरेंट्स भी मान जाएँगे. थोड़ा नाराज होंगे, पर आखिरकार मान जाएँगे”, मैंने भी लगे हाथ अपनी आप बीती शेयर कर ली.

“नहीं सर, हमें एक्च्युली लीगल टेंशन है.”

“लीगल? मेरे दोस्त तुम दोनों बालिग हो. कोई कान. न तुम्हें शादी करने से न ही रोक सकता!”

“नहीं सर हमें डाइवोर्स की टेंशन है...”

“...तलाक? अरे भाई. शादी के दिन तलाक की बात कर रहे हो?” मैं हँसी रोक नहीं पाया और बीच में ही उसे टोक दिया.

“नहीं सर... दरअसल अभी तक हमने डाइवोर्स नहीं लिया. ना मैंने अपनी एक्स-वाइफ से, ना तनवी ने अपने एक्स-हसबैंडसे.”

मैं अवा कथाय खिड़की के पास जा कर बैठ गया. कुछ देर बाद जब मेरा ध्यान अपनी तरफ गया तो मैंने देखा की मैं अपनी उंगलियों से, अपनी सीट पर, बिना सुर ताल के कुछ बजाए जा रहा था.

Naveen Arora

Batch of 1994

पाक इश्क

तुम तो मुझे कभी बुलाते ही नहीं...
लगता है नाराज हो ॥

पर मैं आऊंगी एक दिन
समय निकालकर,
सबकी नजरों से बचकर,
तुम से मिलने।
सिर्फ. तुमसे. मिलने ॥

इंतजार अब बहुत हो चुका।
बहुत कोशिश की परतु मन ही मिले।
बहाना था या किस्मत,
मैं नहीं जानती।
तुमने मिलने की कोशिश की या नहीं,
या थे तुम मजबूर
मैं नहीं जानती।
पर मुझे यकीन था एक दिन तुम्हें पालूंगी।

तुम मेरे हो, सिर्फ मेरे
ये दुनिया को दिखा दूंगी।
मरते दम तक दुनिया तुम्हारे साथ होगीय
पर तुम्हारी आखिरी सांसों में,
सिर्फ मैं तुम्हें अपना हाथ दूंगी।।

नहीं,
कोई बात नहीं करूंगी तुमसे,
ना कोई गिलाशिकवा करूंगी।
बस देखूंगी एक बार तुम्हारी आंखोंमें
प्यार से, इत्मीनान सेय
और बस गले लगा लूंगी-
अपने इंतजार और तुम्हारे इतिहास से।
कोई आसपास हो तो शर्माना मतय
अच्छा ना लगे तो घबराना मत।।

जानती हूँ मैं, मुझे याद नहीं किया होगा तुमनेय
खाली बैठे, कभी मेरे बारे में सोचा नहीं होगा तुम.
ने।

अरे तुम्हारे पास टाइम ही कहां है?
जानती हूँ बड़े मशरूफ रहते होय
मेरा जिक्र हो तो सौ झूठ कहते हो।।

खैर,
तुम मुझे याद करो या नहींय
तुम्हें भूली मैं नहीं हूँ।
बैठी थी इंतजार में,
बेसब्री कभी और कभी इत्मीनान में।
कि मिलेंगे हम एक दिन,
और मिलेंगे
हमेशा के लिए।।

प्यार तो मैं तुमसे
शुरू से करती थी।
शुरू से, बेहद करती थी।
मिलना तो था ही तुम से
मैं ये जानती थीय
पर डरती भी थी।
डर था कहीं देर ना हो जाए।।

नहीं मैं भूली आज भी,
देखा था उस दिन दूर से मैंनेय
याद कर मुझे, तुम चुपके से रोए थे।।
देखा था उस रात करीब से भी मैंनेय
रो कर थक, अनायासयूं सोए थे।।
मन किया तुम्हें झटपट मिलूं,
तुम्हारे बालों को सहलाऊं।

सहलाते सहलाते तुम्हें उठाऊं,
नींद से तुम्हें जगा, तुम से तुम्हारा दिल लूं।।

पर बस क्या करूं क्या कहूं,
लोग बहुत थे, हिम्मत ना हुई।
कैसे मैं यूं सब के सामने...!!
“समय के साथ मुझे बदलना होगा“,

ये सोच चुपचाप मैं चली गई।
सच्ची कह रही हूँ,
उस वक्त मैं हर कीमत पर तुम्हारी थी।।

अब आज आई हूँ।
देखो नाराज मत होना, शिकायत ना करना
कि क्यों मैं बिना बताए आयी?
बस देना था तुम्हें एक स्वीट सरप्राइज
इसलिए यूंही चली आई।।

पहली बार आज मिल रही हूँ,
सूझ नहीं रहा तुम्हें क्या कहूंगी।
हमेशा के लिए मिल रही हूँ,
सूझ नहीं रहा तुम्हें कैसे कहूंगी।।

जब नहीं मिल रहे थे
रहा नहीं जा रहा था।
अब मिलने वाले हो
अब भी रहा नहीं जा रहा।
बहुत एक्साइटेड हूँ।।

तो लो मैं अब आ गई।
देखो मेरा चेहरा, जिस पे लाली लाल छा गई।
अब तुम भी थोड़ा अपनापन दिखाओय
अपनी बाहें फैला, मुझे गले लगाओ।
नहीं लगाया जो तुमने गले,
तो इस बार मैं ना हार मानूंगी।
ना कुछ सुनुंगी ना सुनाऊंगी,
ना हसूंगी ना रूलाऊंगी।
बस हाथ तुम्हारा थाम कर,
संग अपने ले जाऊंगी।

देख लेना, हाथ तुम्हारा थामकर,
मैं संग अपने ले जाऊंगी।।

तुम्हारी, और सिर्फ तुम्हारी..

..मृत्यु.

The Omnipresent God

The Goodness of the universe is to realize oneness with the OM or one existence

All loves and all passion of the human heart must go to GOD.

His love never fails.

Who loves all being without distinction, He indeed his worshipping best his GOD.

GOD is a circle whose circumference is nowhere and whose centre is everywhere.

GOD is love and love is GOD.

GOD is the eternal life of the universe.

GOD is only dispenser of results leave it to him to do all that.

GOD exists, nothing else exists, everything else comes and goes.

GOD is the centre of attraction for every soul.

GOD is the magnet and human soul is the needle.

GOD is the teacher of all teachers, because these teachers however great they may ever been – gods or angels – were all bound and limited by time, while GOD is not.

GOD is in every man, where man knows it or not.

The nearer we approach GOD, the more do we begin to see that all things are in Him.

GOD and soul are the only realities.

He is always in us and with us.

The GOD in you is the GOD in all.

There is only one ruler of the universe and that is GOD.

The sum total of the whole universe is GOD Himself.

In this world nothing is permanent except GOD.

All roads lead to GOD.

GOD comes to those who work hard.

In worshipping GOD we have been always worshipping our own hidden self.

To know GOD, no philosophy is necessary.

Good Bye

NAVEEN ARORA

Batch 1994

Today is the last day.

Everyday is the last day.

It certainly is the last day.

Let it be the last day.

It should be the last day.

Sudden.

A sudden last day.

Or may be a planned one.

It could be temporary,
it could be permanent.

But it certainly is a last day.

Make sure you make everyday a
"certain" last day.

It ain't easy, it ain't any tough.

It may even tempt you to
ignore such stuff.

But go ahead.

Say goodbye.

Say. Good Bye.

NAVEEN ARORA

Batch 1994