

ଆମ ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ଵର ପରିଭାଷା

ଅଭିପ୍ସା

ABHIPSA



Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, 2025

ଏଥର ଅଭିପ୍ସା ରେ.....

ଆମ କଳା , ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ପରମ୍ପରା ର ମହକ ନେଇ

About the Cover Page

MOA Vision & Mission

MOA Administration

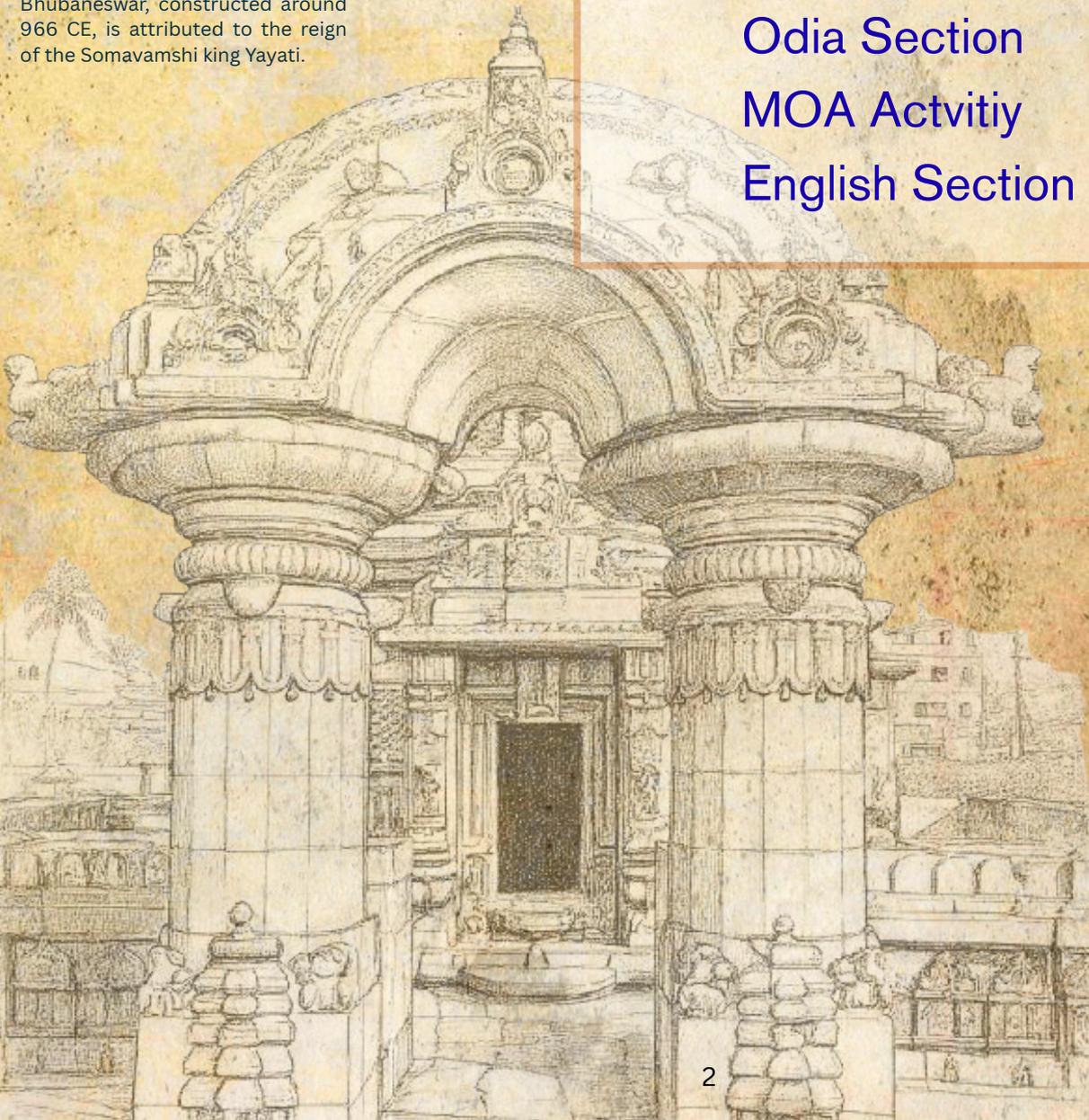
Messages

Odia Section

MOA Actvitiy

English Section

The Torana at Mukteshvara Temple, Bhubaneswar, constructed around 966 CE, is attributed to the reign of the Somavamshi king Yayati.



Nestled in the beautiful village of Hirapur, not far from Bhubaneswar, the 64 Yogini Temple stands as a unique testament to Odisha's rich spiritual heritage. This temple, dating back to the 9th century, is dedicated to the worship of Yoginis, powerful female deities in Hindu mythology.

About the Cover Page

The Cover page is made using AI tool. The picture celebrates the bond between tradition and modernity – where the timeless spirit of Odisha meets the vibrant heart of Malaysia. This is also a reflection of our roots and our journeys – bringing together Odias in Malaysia through culture, creativity, and connection.

DISCLAIMER

Abhipsa 2025 is a community publication of the Malaysia Odia Association (MOA), celebrating the creativity and contributions of its members. Each author is solely responsible for the accuracy, originality, and views expressed in their respective articles. The MOA organizing committee, Editors and Team Abhipsa appreciates every contributor's effort and does not assume responsibility for any errors or opinions presented in this publication.

Book Designed by

Dr. Satyabrata Nayak
Dr. Anupa Kumar Patri



The Malaysia Odia Association is an apolitical, non-profit and voluntary group formed to provide a platform for promoting cultural and social activities beyond Odisha. This association will cater to bringing back the Odishan culture and tradition followed in our homeland. The group came into existence with the support of all the Odia expatriates working in Malaysia. Currently, we have more than a hundred families who are residing in Malaysia and working in different sectors of the work force. Our numbers are rapidly increasing. Some of the prominent sectors that our Odia brothers and sisters are currently working in, are ranging from Information and Communications technology, tertiary education, Insurance, maritime, Oil and gas, banking, logistics, entrepreneurship, health care, to food and beverage, etc. We are indeed proud of our Malaysian existence originating from the same Odishan roots.

The purpose of this association is not only to promote our culture but also to engage in association service. We are gearing towards helping the local Odia association as well as those in need back home in Odisha. Being in its infancy, we are slowly garnering strength to accomplish our mission.

We would invite all the Odias in Malaysia to register under this association and become a part of this greater cause

<https://www.malaysiaodia.org>

ଅଶ୍ୱିନ ଶ୍ରୀଜାଞ୍ଜଳି



ଅଶୋକ ଜେନା

(୧୯୭୭ – ୨୦୨୪)

Founder member and Ex-Vice President , MOA





Dr. Snigdha Misra
President



Girish M Pattanaik
Vice President



Basanta K Pradhan
Secretary



Dr. Satyabrata Nayak
Asst. Secretary



Hrudananda Pattanayak
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Biranchi N Khamari
Asst Treasurer



Bijayalaxmi Jena
Member



Dr. Anup Patri
Member



Deepak Mantry
Member



Umesh Maharana
Member



Chandan Sarangi
Member



Jeetu Kumar
Member



Sujit Ranjan Choudhury
Member



Ekamra Mahapatra
Previous President



Dipti R Nanda
Previous President

MESSAGE FROM EDITORS

It is always a pleasure, a pride, and a privilege to write for Abhipsa — a magazine that we all eagerly look forward to with every new edition. The very word Abhipsa signifies “a positive hope” — a desire to look ahead with optimism toward the many avenues of life.

As I glance through the table of contents, I am filled with a sense of curiosity and wonder — it reminds me of the timeless Italian phrase “Ancora Imparo”, meaning “I am still learning.” Indeed, every issue of Abhipsa becomes a new classroom of discovery.

This edition brings together a tapestry of reflections — from unspoken words to poignant lines about the traditional wife, from thoughtful musings on our cultural heritage to glimpses of the past, present, and future of human values deeply rooted in Odia life and spirituality.

Our writers have also taken us on delightful journeys through travelogues across Odisha and India, inspiring us to dream of our next holiday. Sprinkled among these pages are touching thoughts on family, faith, and the moral essence that makes every Odia heart proud.

Adding to the flavour, we have included a special cooking page for our dedicated homemakers — a space where tradition meets creativity in the kitchen. In short, Abhipsa remains exclusively inclusive — a reflection of everything and everyone that makes our Odia identity so vibrant.

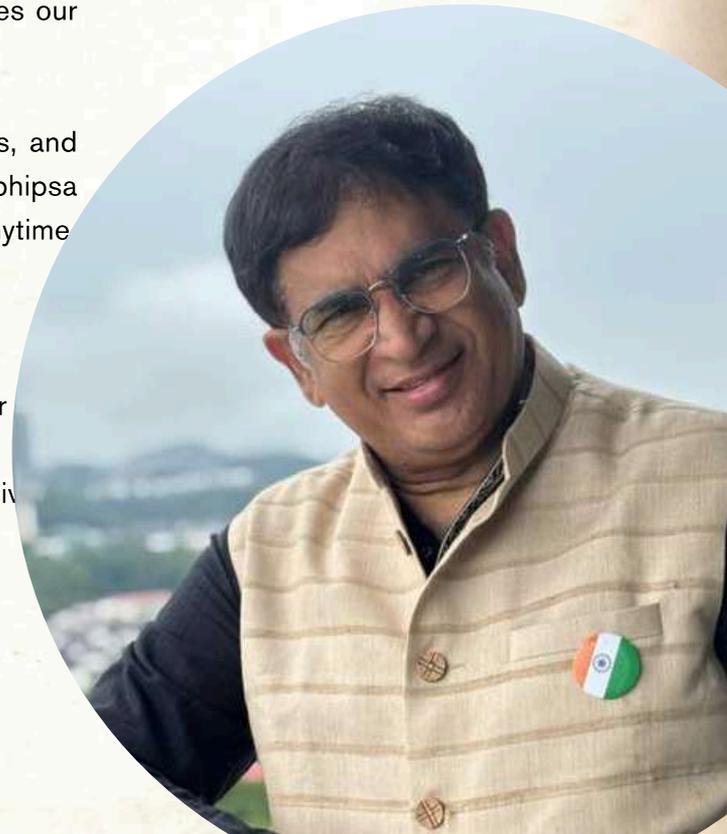
A special word of appreciation goes to the thinkers, writers, and designers behind this issue — and especially for bringing Abhipsa online, ensuring that its words and warmth reach readers anytime anywhere.

I wholeheartedly invite all our readers to immerse themselves in this mosaic of ideas, and to be inspired to contribute to our next edition, due in October 2026.

Let us continue to celebrate our shared mindscape, our creativity, and our undying spirit of learning.

Happy reading — and Jai Jagannath!

Dr. Pradeep Kumar Misra
Editor (English)



MESSAGE FROM EDITORS

ଅଭୀପ୍ସାର ସପ୍ତମ ସଂସ୍କରଣକୁ ବଧେଇ, ନିଜକଥା, ମାଟିର କଥା , ସମାଜ ଓ ପରିବେଶ କଥା କୁହେ ଅଭୀପ୍ସା । ଏ ବର୍ଷର ଅଭୀପ୍ସା ସବୁ ବର୍ଷ ପରି ଗପ ଓ କବିତାରେ ସୀମିତ ନ ହୋଇ ଅନେକ ଅନୁଭୂତିର କଥା କହିଛି ।

ଲେଖିବା ଓ ଲେଖେଇବା ଉଭୟ କାମ ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ । ଲେଖିବା ଜଣକ ପାଇଁ ଯେତିକି କଷ୍ଟକର, କାହାକୁ ଲେଖେଇବାକୁ ଅନୁପ୍ରାଣିତ କରିବା ସେତିକି ସମୟସାପେକ୍ଷ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଲେଖିବାର ଅନୁଭୂତି ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଆମେ ପହଂଚାଇବା ପାଇଁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିଛୁ । ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ବିଷୟବସ୍ତୁ ଦେଇ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଉତ୍ସାହିତ କରିଛୁ । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପାଣି ପବନର କଥାକୁ ଇଂରାଜୀରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଲେଖିବାକୁ ପ୍ରେରଣା ଦେଇଛୁ । ଏହାଦ୍ୱାରା ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ମନସ୍କ କରିବା ସହ , ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପାଇଁ ଅନୁରାଗର ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିବା ହିଁ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ ଅଟେ ।

ଅଭୀପ୍ସାର ଲେଖା କମ ସଂଖ୍ୟାରେ କିମ୍ବା ସରଳ ହୋଇଥାଇପାରେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଆକର୍ଷଣୀୟ କମ ନୁହେଁ । ପଢ଼ିବା ଓ ଲେଖିବାର ପ୍ରୟାସକୁ ନେଇ ଆମେ ଆଜିଯାଏଁ କାମ କରି ଆସୁଛୁ , ଅଭୀପ୍ସାର ଜନ୍ମ ବି ଏହି ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ ନେଇ । ଭାଷା ସଂକଟରେ ଅଛି କହୁଥିବା ଏ ସମୟକୁ ଅଭୀପ୍ସାର ଜନ୍ମ ହିଁ ମୁଁ ଚେତାବନୀ ବୋଲି ଭାବିଛି । ଭାଷାକୁ ସମୃଦ୍ଧ କରିବାକୁ ଆମେ ଓ ଆମ ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ପିଢ଼ି ମଧ୍ୟ ଶତ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିବା ଉଚିତ । ଏଥିରେ କେହି ଦ୍ୱିମତ ହେବେ ନାହିଁ ବୋଲି ମୋର ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ।

ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ଆମ ଭାଷାର ପ୍ରଭାବ ଆମ ପରପିଢ଼ିକୁ ଆଛନ୍ନ କରୁ । ଆମ ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ପରମ୍ପରା , ନୃତ୍ୟ ସଂଗୀତ ଏହାରି ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ହିଁ ସୁଦୂର ପ୍ରସାରୀ ହେବ । ଏବର୍ଷ ଅଭୀପ୍ସାରେ ମୁଁ ଆହ୍ୱାନ କରିବି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲେଖିବା ଓ ଶିଖିବାର ଉତ୍ସାହ ଆମ ଭିତରୁ ଜାଗୂତ ହେଉ । ଏହି ଜାଗୂତି ହିଁ ଆମ ଅଭୀପ୍ସାର ସଦିକ୍ଷା ।

ଅଭୀପ୍ସାର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ନେଇ ଆମେ ଆଶାବାଦୀ । କିଛି ନହଲେ ଗୁଣ୍ଡୁଚି ମୂଷା ହେଇ ଭାଷା ସମୃଦ୍ଧି ଅଭିଯାନରେ ବାଲି ମୁଠେ ଝାଡ଼ିବାର ଉଦ୍ୟମ ଜାରି ରଖୁ । ଶେଷରେ କହିବି ଭାଷା ବ୍ୟାପ୍ତ , ଜାତି ମହକୁ , ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଆହୁରି ସମୃଦ୍ଧ ହୁଅନ୍ତୁ ଏହାହିଁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଚିର ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ।

Dr. Binapani Pradhan
Editor (Odia)



MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT

From my Desk.....

It gives me immense pleasure to present the 7th edition of Abhipsa, the annual literary magazine of the Malaysia Odia Association. Abhipsa has grown over the years into a cherished platform that celebrates the creative spirit, cultural pride, and linguistic heritage of the Odia community in Malaysia.

Each edition of Abhipsa captures the vibrant voices of our members — from poetry and short stories to essays and reflections — showcasing the depth of talent that thrives within our community. This year's issue continues that tradition with renewed passion and purpose, bringing together both emerging and established writers who share a common love for our mother tongue and culture.

The publication of Abhipsa is more than a literary achievement; it is a reminder of our collective effort to keep our cultural identity alive in a multicultural setting like Malaysia.

I extend my heartfelt appreciation to the editorial team, contributors, and supporters who have worked tirelessly to make this edition possible.

Your dedication ensures that Abhipsa remains not only a magazine but a bridge connecting generations, traditions, and creative minds.

As we celebrate this launch, let us continue to nurture our language and literature, and take pride in sharing the Odia heritage with the world.

May Abhipsa continue to inspire, inform, and unite us through the power of words.

“When a community writes together,
it grows together — stronger in voice, deeper in connection.”

Dr. Snigdha Misra

President, Malaysia Odia Association



MESSAGE FROM VICE PRESIDENT

Dear Readers

It is a great pleasure to convey my heartfelt greetings to all members of the Malaysia Odia Association (MOA) and to share a few words in this special edition of Abhipsa.

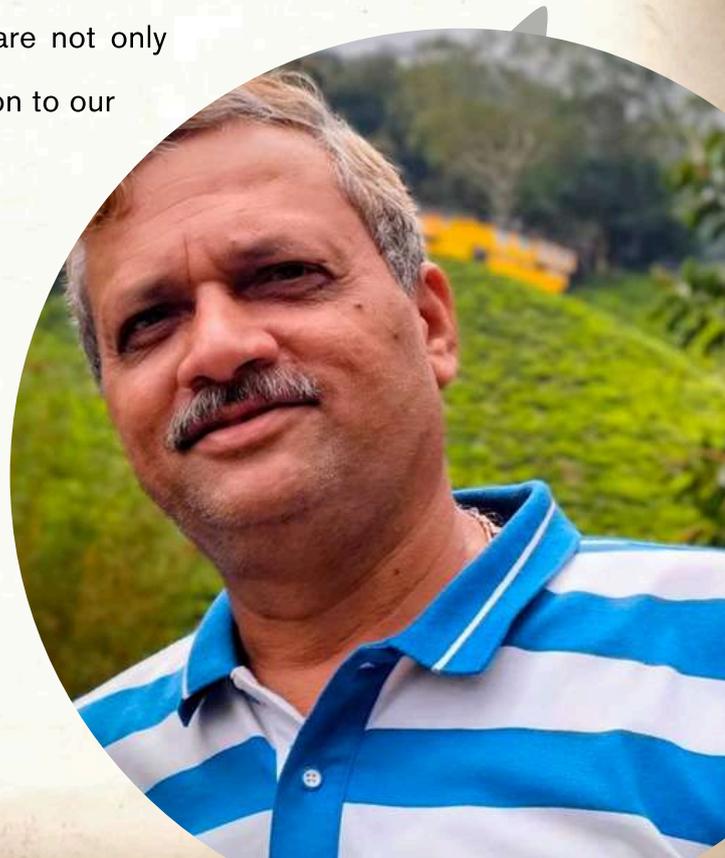
Each year, Abhipsa serves as a beautiful reflection of our association's unity, creativity, and commitment to preserving our Odia identity while living far from our homeland.

This year's focus on our children – the kids of MOA – fills me with immense joy and pride. They are the heart of our community and the hope for our future. Through their innocence, imagination, and talent, they bring freshness and energy to everything we do. It is truly inspiring to see how our young generation is growing up with love for both Malaysia and Odisha, blending cultures with open minds and proud hearts. By encouraging our children to express themselves through writing, art, and performance, we are not only nurturing creativity but also strengthening their connection to our roots. I sincerely applaud the parents and the editorial team for giving our kids this wonderful platform to share their thoughts and dreams.

Let Abhipsa continue to be a source of inspiration, a celebration of our shared heritage, and a canvas for our children's bright ideas.

Girish Mohan Pattanaik

Vice President, Malaysia Odia Association



MESSAGE FROM SECRETARY

It gives me immense joy and pride to present this year's edition of our community magazine "Abipsa". This magazine is a reflection of our togetherness, culture, and creative spirit as the Malaysia Odia Association.

Each page of Abipsa carries the thoughts, talents, and emotions of our community members—from the young to the elderly—showcasing our love for our Odia heritage while living far from home.

I sincerely thank everyone who contributed their time, effort, and creativity to make this magazine a reality. Special thanks to our editorial team, sponsors, and all members for their continuous support and encouragement.

Let Abipsa inspire us to stay connected, celebrate our culture, and strengthen the bond that unites us as one Odia family in Malaysia.

Basanta Kumar Pradhan

Secretary , Malaysia Odia Association





October 25, 2025

MESSAGE

I am glad to know that Malaysia Odia Association is celebrating Diwali on November 08, 2025 at Kualalampur, Malaysia in the presence of eminent foreign dignitaries from across the globe. The annual souvenir "**ABHIPSA**" is also being brought out to commemorate the event.

I convey my best wishes to the Odia diaspora on this auspicious occasion and appreciate the endeavours of the Malaysia Odia Association for their dedicated efforts in organising the 'festival of lights-Diwali' on a global platform, thereby strengthening the India-Malaysia ties.

I commend the Malaysia Odia Association for its efforts in inspiring future generations to cherish and uphold the legacy of India.

I wish the celebration and publication all success.

(Hari Babu Kambhampati)



MESSAGE

I am glad to know that the Malaysia Odia Association is celebrating Diwali and bringing out its Annual Souvenir “ABHIPSA” on this joyous occasion.

The Odia community has always been known for its rich cultural heritage, strong values, and deep-rooted sense of identity. It is heartening to see our brothers and sisters living abroad continuing to uphold and promote the traditions, language, and culture of Odisha even while being far from home.

Festivals like Diwali remind us of the eternal triumph of light over darkness, knowledge over ignorance, and hope over despair. I am confident that such celebrations strengthen the bond among Odias across the world and inspire the younger generation to remain connected to their roots.

I extend my warm greetings and best wishes to all members of the Malaysia Odia Association and the Odia diaspora in Malaysia. May “ABHIPSA” continue to serve as a beacon of creativity and cultural pride, showcasing the spirit and talent of Odias across the globe.

My best wishes for the success of the publication and for a joyous and prosperous Diwali to all.

(MOHAN CHARAN MAJHI)



MESSAGE

I am happy to know that **Malaysia Odia Association, Kuala Lumpur** is going to celebrate 'Diwali' on 8th November, 2025 at Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia and to mark this occasion, a souvenir 'Abhipsa' is being brought out.

As you gather to celebrate this special day, I wish the Diwali celebrations at Kuala Lumpur a great success. May this celebration strengthen the sense of pride and bonding among the vibrant Odia diaspora in the Malaysia. I commend the Association for its efforts in strengthening community bonds and spreading the message of unity and goodwill across borders.

I wish the Diwali celebrations all success.

(Dharmendra Pradhan)

01 ଏକ ଅକୁହା କଥା ଉଦାସୀ ମନର
ଖାରବେଳ ମହାନ୍ତି

04 ତୋ ପାଇଁ କବିତାଟେ ଲେଖିବି
ବିଜୟଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ଜେନା

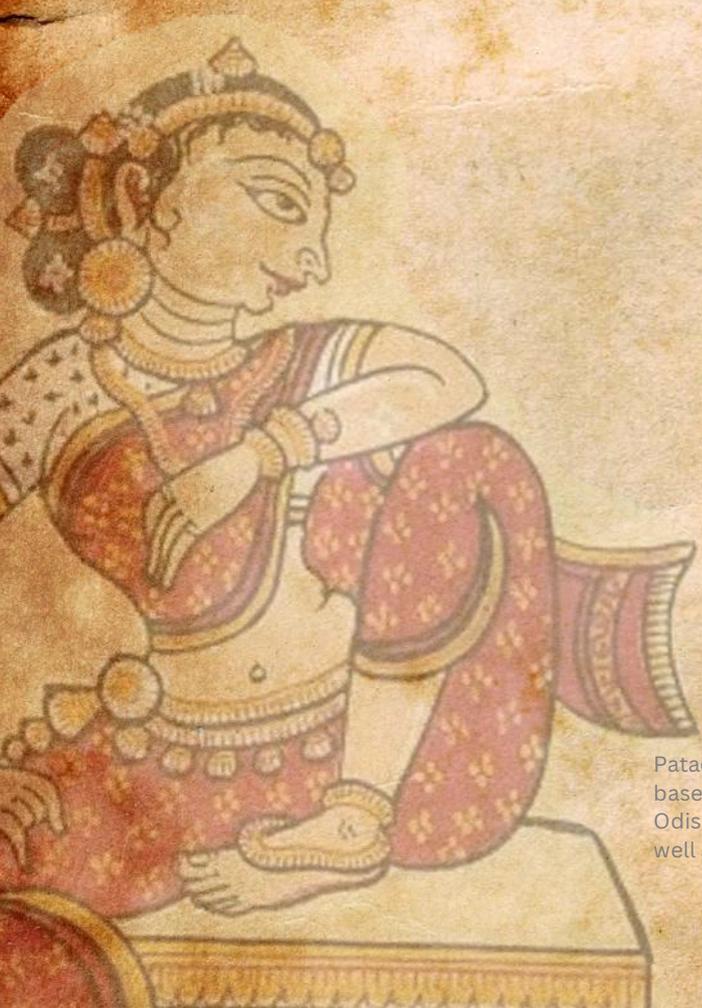
02 ସଂସ୍କାରୀ ବୋହୂ
ଜାନକୀ ବଲ୍ଲଭ ଦାଶ

05 ସେଦିନ କଥା
ସଙ୍ଗୀତା ମିଶ୍ର

03 ମୋ ପିଲାଦିନ
ଜ୍ଞାନରଞ୍ଜନ ପ୍ରଧାନ

06 କେଉଁ ଏକ ଅଜଣା ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ
ଜାନକୀ ବଲ୍ଲଭ ଦାଶ

07 ସନାତନ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଧର୍ମର ପ୍ରତିଭୁ:
ସ୍ଵାମୀ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦ
ଶ୍ରୀ ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ ପାଢୀ



ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗ

Patachitra or Pattachitra is a general term for traditional, cloth-based scroll painting, based in the eastern Indian state of Odisha. Patachitra art form is known for its intricate details as well as mythological narratives and folktales inscribed in it.

ଏକ ଅକ୍ତୁହା କଥା ଉଦାସୀ ମନର

ଖାରବେଳ ମହାନ୍ତି



ବୟାଅଣି ବର୍ଷର ବୃଦ୍ଧ ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁ ଏକୂଟିଆ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ କଣିଥିବା ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରଶେଖରପୁର ବାସଭବନର ବସି ବିତି ଯାଇଥିବା ଅତୀତ ଜୀବନକୁ ବିଶ୍ଳେଷଣ କରୁଥିଲେ ବଡ଼ ନିବିଡ଼ ଭାବେ ଏବଂ ପଛରେ ପଡ଼ି ଯାଇଥିବା ଏକାବନ ବୟସର ସେଇ ଅତୀତ ବୈଦିଭାବିକ ଜୀବନ, ଜୀବନର ରଙ୍ଗମଞ୍ଚରେ ଅଭିନୟ କରୁ କରୁ କେତେ କେତେ ଉଦ୍ଘାନ, ପତନ, ଝଡ଼ ଝଞ୍ଜା, ସୁଖ ଦୁଃଖ, ମନମାଳିନ୍ୟ, ରାଗ ରୁଷା, ମାନ ଅଭିମାନ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଉଚ୍ଚ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଦେଇ ଭଲ ମଣିଷଟିଏ ମାନ କରେଇବାରେ ତଥା ନିଜର ପିତା ମାତାଙ୍କର ଯତ୍ନ ନେବାଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଶଶୁର ଘରର ବଡ଼ ଯୋଗ୍ୟ ତଥା କୌଣସି ଶାଳକ ନ ଥିବାରୁ ଅନେକ କିଛି ଦାୟାତ୍ୱ ନେବା ପରେ ଏବଂ ନିଜର ଦୁଇଟି କନ୍ୟାଙ୍କୁ ଓ ଏକମାତ୍ର ସନ୍ତାନର ବିବାହ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସଂପାଦନ କରି ଏଇ ବାର୍ଦ୍ଧକ୍ୟ ଜୀବନର ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ କାହିଁକି କେଜାଣି ବିତିଯାଉଥିବା ଚାକିରି ଜୀବନ, ବୈବାହିକ ଜୀବନ ତଥା ପାଠ ପଢ଼ାର ଜୀବନ ସବୁ ମନେ ପଡ଼ି ଯାଉଛି ଓ ଭାରାନ୍ତାନ୍ତ ମନରେ କୋହଭରା ହୃଦୟରେ ଅଶ୍ରୁଶିଳ୍ପ ନୟନରୁ ଦୁଇ ଠୋପା ଲୁହ ଗଡେଇ ମନକୁ କିଛି ମାତ୍ରାରେ ହାଲୁକା କରିବାକୁ ବସିଛନ୍ତି କିନ୍ତୁ ପାରୁ ନାହାନ୍ତି, କେଉଁ ଏକ ଅଜଣା ଭୟରେ ଛାତି ତାଙ୍କର ଧଡ଼ପଡ଼ ହେଉଛି.

ଗତବର୍ଷ ଡିସେମ୍ବର ମାସଠାରୁ ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁ ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀଙ୍କ ସହିତ ତାଙ୍କ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରଶେଖରପୁର ନିଜ ବାସସ୍ଥାନରେ ଏକା ଏକା ରହୁଛନ୍ତି . ତାଙ୍କର ବାସଭବନର ପାଖକୁ ପାଖ ଘର ସବୁ ଲାଗିଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ କାହାରି ସହିତ କାହାର ଆତ୍ମୀୟତା ନାହିଁ କେତେବେଳେ କାହା ସହିତ ଭେଟ ହୋଇ ଗଲେ ପଦେ ଅଧେ କଥା, ରାଜଧାନୀର ଜୀବନ ଏହିପରି. ଏ ଘରର ଲୋକେ ସେ ଘର ଲୋକକୁ ଚିହ୍ନିନି ବା ଜାଣନ୍ତିନି ଖାଲି ଛଳନାରେ ଉପରେ ଉପରେ ହସନ୍ତି, ଯାହାଭିହେଉ ମନରେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଗର୍ବ କରନ୍ତି ଯେ ଭାଜଧାନୀରେ ଖଣ୍ଡିଏ ଘର କରିଛନ୍ତି ବୋଲି.

ଦେହବର୍ଷ ହେବ ଦସନ୍ତବାବୁଙ୍କର ପତ୍ନୀ ସୂଜାତା ଦେବୀ କର୍କଟରୋଗରେ ପିଡ଼ିତ ହୋଇ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ ତଥା ମଣିପାଲ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲରେ ଚିକିତ୍ସିତ ତଥା କର୍କଟରୋଗ ମୁକ୍ତ ହୋଇ ଫେରି ଆସିଛନ୍ତି ବାଙ୍ଗାଲୋର ପୁଅ ଘରୁ ଏବଂ ପଂକିର ମୋହନ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପିକା ଥିବା ଦତ୍ତେଅ ନେଇ ଆସିଛି ତାର ବାପା ଓ ମାଙ୍କୁ ତା ପାଖରେ ରଖିବାକୁ ବାପା ମାଙ୍କର ବୟସ ତଥା ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱାସ୍ଥ୍ୟର ଯତ୍ନ ନେବା ପାଇଁ ଏବଂ ସମୟ ସମୟର ଅନୁରାଗେ ମା ର କର୍କଟ ଭୋଗର ସ୍ଥିତି କିପରି ଅଛି ଜାଣିବା ପାଇଁ. ଏଇ ପରିପେକ୍ଷୀରେ ବାପା ମାଙ୍କୁ ସେ ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେଇଛି ଏକ ବିଶ୍ୱସ୍ତ ଲୋକର ତତ୍ତ୍ୱାବଧାନରେ. ମାକୁ ନେଇ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ ଥିବା ମଣିପାଲ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲକୁ ନେଇଯିବା ପାଇଁ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରରୁ ଅଫିସରୁ ଛୁଟି ନେଇ ଆସିଛି. ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ନ ନେଇ ତାଙ୍କର ନ ଚାଲିପାରିବା ମାତ୍ରାଧିକ ବୟସ ବୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ.

ସୂଜାତା ଦେବୀ ଝିଅ ସହିତ ବାହାରି ଗଲେଣି କେତେବେଳୁ ମଣିପାଲ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲକୁ . ହସ୍ପିଟାଲରେ ଆତମିସନ ହୋଇ ଗଲାଣି. ଆଜି ତାଙ୍କର କେମୋ ଦେବାର ଥିଲା. କିନ୍ତୁ କେତେଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ଆନୁସଙ୍ଗିକ ଚେଷ୍ଟା ହୋଇ ନ ପାରିବାରୁ ତାହା ଦେବା ହୋଇ ପାରି ନ ଥିଲା.

ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁ ଏକୂଟିଆ ବସିଛନ୍ତି ଘରେ ତ୍ରୁଙ୍ଗ ରୂପରେ ପଡ଼ିଥିବା ସୋଫାଟି ଉପରେ. ଘରେ ସଂଧ୍ୟାବେଳେ ଘର କାମ କରିବାକୁ ଆସଥିବା ରଶ୍ମି ପଚାରିଲା, ବାବୁ ମା କଅଣ ନାହାନ୍ତିକି, ଉତ୍ତରରେ ଭାରି ଭାରି ଗଳାରେ ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁ କହିଲେ ନାଁଆ ରେ ମା ଯାଇଛି ଝିଅ ସହିତ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲ, ଏହାଶୁଣି ହଠାତ ସେ କହିଲା ବାବୁ ମା ନାହାନ୍ତି, ଘରଟା ଖୁବ ଶୁଣ ଶାନ ଲାଗୁଛି, ଭଲ ଲାଗୁନାହିଁ. ଆପଣଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତ ହେବାର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ମିଳୁନାହିଁ.

ଦେବବର୍ଷ ହେବ ଦସନ୍ତବାବୁଙ୍କର ପତ୍ନୀ ସୁଜାତା ଦେବୀ କର୍କଟରୋଗରେ ପିଡ଼ିତ ହୋଇ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ ତଥା ମଣିପାଲ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲରେ ଚିକିତ୍ସିତ ତଥା କର୍କଟରୋଗ ମୁକ୍ତ ହୋଇ ଫେରି ଆସିଛନ୍ତି ବାଙ୍ଗାଲୋର ପୁଅ ଘରୁ ଏବଂ ପଂକିର ମୋହନ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପିକା ଥିବା ଦତ୍ତତ୍ୱିନ ନେଇ ଆସିଛି ତାର ବାପା ଓ ମାଙ୍କୁ ତା ପାଖରେ ରଖିବାକୁ ବାପା ମାଙ୍କର ବୟସ ତଥା ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱାସ୍ଥ୍ୟର ଯତ୍ନ ନେବା ପାଇଁ ଏବଂ ସମୟ ସମୟର ଅନୁରାଗେ ମା ର କର୍କଟ ଭୋଗର ସ୍ଥିତି କିପରି ଅଛି ଜାଣିବା ପାଇଁ. ଏଇ ପରିପ୍ରେକ୍ଷୀରେ ବାପା ମାଙ୍କୁ ସେ ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେଇଛି ଏକ ବିଶ୍ୱସ୍ତ ଲୋକର ତତ୍ତ୍ୱାବଧାନରେ. ମାଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ ଥିବା ମଣିପାଲ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲକୁ ନେଇଯିବା ପାଇଁ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରରୁ ଅଫିସରୁ ଛୁଟି ନେଇ ଆସିଛି. ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ନ ନେଇ ତାଙ୍କର ନ ଚାଲିପାରିବା ମାତ୍ରାଧିକ ବୟସ ବୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ.

ସୁଜାତା ଦେବୀ ଝିଅ ସହିତ ବାହାରି ଗଲେଣି କେତେବେଳୁ ମଣିପାଲ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲକୁ . ହସ୍ପିଟାଲରେ ଆତମିସନ ହୋଇ ଗଲାଣି. ଆଜି ତାଙ୍କର କେମୋ ଦେବାର ଥିଲା. କିନ୍ତୁ କେତେଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ଆନୁସଙ୍ଗିକ ଟେଷ୍ଟ ହୋଇ ନ ପାରିବାରୁ ତାହା ଦେବା ହୋଇ ପାରି ନ ଥିଲା.

ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁ ଏକ୍ସଟିଆ ବସିଛନ୍ତି ଘରେ ତ୍ରଇଂ ରୁମରେ ପଡ଼ିଥିବା ସୋଫାଟି ଉପରେ. ଘରେ ସଂଧ୍ୟାବେଳେ ଘର କାମ କରିବାକୁ ଆସିଥିବା ରଶ୍ମି ପଚାରିଲା, ବାବୁ ମା କଅଣ ନାହାନ୍ତିକି, ଉତ୍ତରରେ ଭାରି ଭାରି ଗଳାରେ ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁ କହିଲେ ନାଁଆ ରେ ମା ଯାଇଛି ଝିଅ ସହିତ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲ, ଏହାଶୁଣି ହଠାତ ସେ କହିଲା ବାବୁ ମା ନାହାନ୍ତି, ଘରଟା ଖୁବ ଶୁନ ଶାନ ଲାଗୁଛି, ଭଲ ଲାଗୁନାହିଁ. ଆପଣଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତ ହେବାର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ମିଳୁନାହିଁ.

ସବୁଦିନ ପରି ସେ ଦୁଇ କପ ଚାହା କରିଦିଏ ବସନ୍ତବାବୁ ଓ ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ସୁଜାତାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ. ସେ ଆସିଲେ ସଂଧ୍ୟାର ତା ପର୍ବଟି ହୁଏ. ସବୁଦିନ ପରି ଆଜି ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁଙ୍କୁ ପଚାରିଲା ବାବୁ ତା କରିଦେବି, ବସନ୍ତବାବୁ କହିଲେ ସକାଳର ତା କିଛି ବଳିଛି ତାକୁ ଗରମ କରି ଦେଇ ଦେ,କିଛି ସମୟ ଭିତରେ କହିଲା ବାବୁ ଜମାରୁ ଅଧ କପ ଅଛି,ଏହାଶୁଣି ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁ କହିଲେ ତାକୁ ଗରମ କରି ଦେଇ ଦେ. ତା ପିଇଲାବେଳେ ହଠାତ କାହିଁକି କେଜାଣି ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁ ଖୁବ ଯୋରରେ କାନ୍ଦି ଉଠିଲେ ସେଇ ଅଧ କପ ତା ପିଇଲା ଭିତରେ, ରଶ୍ମି ଏହା ଦେଖୁ ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁଙ୍କୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କରି କହିଲା ମାଆଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଟେଲିଫୋନ କରିବାକୁ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲକୁ ମୁଁ ଟିକିଏ ମାଆଙ୍କ ସହିତ କଥା ହେବି. ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁ ଫୋନ ଲଗାଇ ଦେବାରୁ ରଶ୍ମି କହିଲା ମା ,ଘରଟା ଭଲ ଲାଗୁନାହିଁ, ଚାରି ଆଡେ ଖାଲି ଖାଁ ଖାଁ ଲାଗୁଛି, ବାବୁ ବହୁତ କାନ୍ଦୁଛନ୍ତି, ବାବୁ ଆଜି ତା ପିତ ନାହାନ୍ତି ଝର ଝର ଲୁହ ଗଡେଇ ତୁମ ପାଖରେ ପଡ଼ିଥିବା ସୋଫା ଉପରେ ବସିଛନ୍ତି. ମୁଁ ବାବୁଙ୍କୁ ଟେଲିଫୋନ ଦେଉଛି ଟିକେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ବୁଝାଇ ଦିଅନ୍ତୁ. କାନ୍ଦୁରା ମୁଁହରେ ଟେଲିଫୋନଟାକୁ ନେଇ ପଚାରିଲେ ସୁଜାତା କିପରି ଅଛ.

ଆଜି କାହିଁକି କେମୋ ଦିଆ ହେଲା ନାହିଁ ଉତ୍ତରରେ କହିଲେ କିଛି ଟେଷ୍ଟ ହେବାର ଅଛି. ସେଗୁଡ଼ିକ ଶେଷ ହେଲେ କେମୋ ଦିଆ ହେବ.

ଏହି କଥୋପକଥନ ଭିତରେ ରାତିପାଇଁ ହୋଇଥିବା ରୁଟି ଓ ସନ୍ତୁଳା ଅଛି ଖାଇଦେବ, ବଳକା ଖାଦ୍ୟ ସବୁ ଫ୍ରିଜରେ ରଖିଦେବ ନ ହେଲେ ଖରାପ ହୋଇଯିବ.

ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁ କହୁଥାଆନ୍ତି ସୁଜାତା ଦେବୀଙ୍କୁ ତୁମେ ଚାଲିଗଲେ ଏ ଅବାସୁରା ଲୋକ 51 ବର୍ଷ ବୈବାହିକ ଜୀବନ ଭିତରେ ସଂସାରର କିଛି ଭଲମନ୍ଦ ନ ବୁଝିଲା ଲୋକଟିକୁ ବାଟ ବତେଇବ କିଏ, କିଏ ଆଉଁସି ଦେବ ପିଠିକୁ ଶୋଇଲା ସମୟରେ. ବାଡ଼ି ଖଣ୍ଡିଏ ଧରି ମଝିରେ ମଝିରେ ଥରି ଥରି ଯାଇ ତରକାରୀଟିଏ କରିଦେବ ଖାଇବାକୁ.କାହାକୁ ଅଳି କରିବେ ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁ ଗାଇବାକୁ "ରାତିରୁ ଅଳପ କଳା ନେଇ ତୁମ...ଓ ଭଲ ପାଇବାର ଭଉଁରୀରେ.....

.....ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଯାଉଛି ସେଇ ଏକାବନ ବର୍ଷର ତଳର କଥା,ଗୀତ ଗାଉଥିଲ ବୋଲି ବସନ୍ତ ବାବୁଙ୍କର ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀମାନଙ୍କର ଅଳିକୁ ଆଡେଇ ନ ପାରି ଗାଇଥିଲ ଗୀତଟିଏ ତାହା ଏ ବେ ବି କାନରେ ପ୍ରତିଧ୍ୱନିତ ହୁଏ " ମା ଗୋ ଆଉ ମାରନା ମାଡ଼,ଭାଙ୍ଗିଯିବ ମୋର ପିଞ୍ଜରା ହାତ.....".

ଏଇ କେତେଦିନ ତଳେ କେତେ ହୃଦୟବିଦାରକ କଥାଟିଏ କହୁଥିଲ ଆମେରିକାରେ ଥିବା ତୁମ ସାନ ଝିଅର ସାନ ନାତୁଣୀ ସେଲିକି କହୁଥିଲ ମା ସେଲି ଏତେ ଦୂରରେ ଅଛ ନାନୀ ମା ଆଉ ବଞ୍ଚିବ ନାହିଁ, ମୁଁ ମଲାପରେ ମୋତେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଆସିବୁନା ବାପା ମା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ. ସେ ପଟରୁ ନାତୁଣୀ କହୁଛି ନାନୀ ମା,ତୁମେ ବହୁତ ଦିନ ବଞ୍ଚିବ.ଆମ ବାହାଘର ନ ଦେଖୁ ତୁମେ କଅଣ ମରିପାରିବ. ନାନୀମା ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଇ କହିଲେ ହଉ ମୁଁ ମରେ କି ବଞ୍ଚେ ତୁ ତୋର ଗୋଟିଏ ଫଟୋ ମୋ ପାଖକୁ ପଠା, ତାକୁ ଟିକିଏ ଗେଲ କରିଦେବି, କାହିଁ କେତେଦୂରରେ ଅଛ,ମନଟା ବଡ଼ କଲବଲ ହୁଏ ତୁମ୍ଭମାନଙ୍କୁ ଟିକିଏ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ତଥା ପାଖରେ ରହି ଗେଲ କରିବାକୁ ଆଉ ତୁମ ରୁଟି ସବୁ ବାନ୍ଧି ଦେବାକୁ. ଜାଣେନା ଭଗବାନ ସେ ଆଶାକୁ ପୂରଣ କରିବେ କେବେ. ଗତବର୍ଷ ଇଣ୍ଡିଆ ଆସିଥିଲ, ଏ ବର୍ଷ ଆସ ତୁମ୍ଭମାନଙ୍କୁ ସବୁ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଭାରି ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଉଛି.

ଏ ପାଖରେ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରରେ ଥିବା ନାତି ଟେଲିଫୋନରେ ପଚାରୁଛି ଆଇ ତୁମେ କିମତି ଅଛ,ଆଇ କହିଲେ ମୁଁ ଭଲ ଅଛି..କଥା ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗରେ ଆଇ ଆଉ ବେଶିଦିନ ବଞ୍ଚିବା ନାହିଁ ବୋଲି କହିଲେ ସେ କହେ ଆଇ ,ଖରାପ କଥା କୁହ ନାହିଁ, ତୁମେ ପରା କହିଛ ମୁଁ ତାକୁର ହେବି ତା ପରେ I.A.S. ହେବି ଏ ସବୁ ନ ବେଶୁ ତୁମେ ଷ୍ଟାର (ଆକାଶର ତାରା) ହୋଇ ପାରିବ ନାହିଁ.

ବାଙ୍ଗାଲୋରରେ ଥିବା ପୁଅ ଓ ବୋହୂକୁ ଚେଲିଫୋନ କଥୋପକଥନରେ କହନ୍ତି ବାପାରେ ମୁଁ ଆଉ ବେଶ ଦିନ ବଞ୍ଚିବିନି ,ବହୁତ ଦୁର୍ବଳ ହୋଇ ଶଲିଣି. ଏ ସବୁ ଶୁଣି ଏକମାତ୍ର ପୁତ୍ର ଓ ବୋହୂ ସୁଜାତାଙ୍କୁ କହିଲେ ମା ଆପଣ ଯେଯେ ମା ତାକ ନ ଶୁଣି ଆତ୍ମମାନଙ୍କୁ ଛାଡି ଆପଣ କୁଆଡେ ଯାଇ ପାରିବେ ନାହିଁ.

ବସନ୍ତବାରୁ ଏ ସବୁ ଶୁଣି କହିଲେ ସୁଜାତା ତୁମ ମନରେ କଅଣ କିଛି ଉତ୍ସାହ ଜାଗ୍ରତ ହେଉନାହିଁ ବଞ୍ଚିବା ପାଇଁ. ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଅନିବାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କିନ୍ତୁ ନିଜେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁକୁ ନ ତାକି ଭଗବାନଙ୍କୁ ସବୁବେଳେ ଡାକ ଏ ସଂସାରରୁ ଶାନ୍ତିରେ ସୁଖରେ ବିଦାୟ ନିଅ ଏ ସଂସାରରୁ ତୁମର ପ୍ରାୟ ବସନ୍ତ ସହିତ. ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ପାଇଁ ତଥା ରବିଷ୍ୟତ ବଞ୍ଚିବାର ଜୀବନ ପାଇଁ ଭଲରେ ଭଲରେ ଫେରି ଆସ ଭଲ ହୋଇ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରଣତି ଜଣାଇ.



ଖାରବେଳ ମହାନ୍ତି





ପୁଅ ବାହା ହୋଇ ନୂଆ ବୋହୂଟିଏ ଘରକୁ ଆସିଲା। ବୋହୂଟି ଘରେ ରହିଲା ପୁଅର ଚାକିରୀ ଦୂରରେ। ପୁଅ ଚାକିରୀ କରିବାକୁ ଦୂରକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲା। ଘରେ ଶାଶୁ ଶ୍ଵଶୁର ଓ ବୋହୂ ରହିଲେ। କିଛି ଦିନ ବିତିଗଲା ନୂଆ ବୋହୂ ପୁରୁଣା ହେଲା। ଶାଶୁ ମନରେ ଭାବିଲା ବୋହୂ ତ ବହୁତ ସେବା ମୋର କରୁଛି। ପାଠ ପଢୁଥିଲା କେତେ କୁଆଡେ ବୁଲୁଥିଲା। ଏବେ ପୁଅ ଘରେ ନାହିଁ। ବୋହୂକୁ ନେଇ ଟିକିଏ ଗାଆଁ ମନ୍ଦିର ଆଡେ ବୁଲେଇ ଆଣିଲେ ବୋହୂର ମନ ଟିକିଏ ଖୁସି ରହିବ। କେତେ ପିଲାଟା ଘର ଭିତରେ ମୁହଁ ମାଡି ପଡ଼ିଥିବ।

ଶାଶୁ ବୋହୂ ସାଙ୍ଗ ହୋଇ ମନ୍ଦିର ଗଲେ ଘରେ ଶ୍ଵଶୁର ରହିଲେ। ଗାଆଁ ମନ୍ଦିର ହେଉଛି ବହୁତ ସୁନ୍ଦର ମନ୍ଦିର ଚାରିପଟେ ପାଚେରି ଘେରିଛି। ଦେଉଳ ଦୁଆରେ ଦୁଇଟି ବିଗଳ ସିଂହ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି। ମନ୍ଦିର ଭିତରେ ରତ୍ନବେଦୀରେ ଆସ୍ଥାନ ଉପରେ ରାଧାକୃଷ୍ଣ ମୁଗଳ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି। ମନ୍ଦିର ବେଢ଼ାରେ ଲୋକେ ବସି ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ ପୁରାଣ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା କରୁଛନ୍ତି। ଶିଶୁ ବୋହୂ ଦେଉଳଭିତରେ ପଶିଲେ। ବୋହୂ ମନ୍ଦିର ଭିତରେ ପସୁ ପସୁ କହିଲା ବୋଉ ତମେ ସିଆଡେ ଯାଅନି। ସେଠି ଦୁଇଟା ସିଂହ ବସିଛନ୍ତି ଖାଇଯିବେ। ଆସ ଘରକୁ ପଳେଇବା। ଶାଶୁ କହିଲା କେତେ ଓଲି ପିଲାଟା କିଲୋ ତୁ ଏ ପଥର ସିଂହ କାହାକୁ ଖାଇଲାଣି ଆମକୁ ଖାଇଦେବ। ଆସ ଭିତରକୁ ବୋହୂ ଭିତରକୁ ଗଲା। ରାଧାକୃଷ୍ଣ ମୁଗଳ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି ମନ୍ଦିର ଭିତରେ ବଡ଼ ସୁନ୍ଦର ବେଶ ହୋଇ ବସିଛନ୍ତି। ଶାଶୁ କଦଳୀ ଭୋଗ ଦେଲା ପୁଜକ ଠାକୁରଙ୍କୁ ଭୋଗ ଲଗେଇଲେଭୋଗ ଶାଶୁ ହାତକୁ ବଢ଼େଇ ଦେଲେ। ଶାଶୁ ବୋହୂ କୁ କହିଲେ ଆରେ ମାଆ ଠାକୁରଙ୍କୁ ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରେ। ବୋହୂ କହିଲା ମାଆ ଠାକୁର କାହାନ୍ତି ମୁଁ କାହାକୁ ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରିବି। ଶାଶୁ କହିଲେ ଦେଖୁନୁ ଠାକୁର ପରା ରତ୍ନବେଦୀରେ ବସିଛନ୍ତି ରାଧାକୃଷ୍ଣ ମୁଗଳ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି। ଦେଖୁ ପାରୁନୁ ତୋ ମାଆ କଣ ତୋତେ ଠାକୁର ଚିହ୍ନେଇନି ଯେ ତୁ ଠାକୁର ଚିହ୍ନି ପାରୁନୁ।

ବୋହୂ କହିଲା ମାଆ କାହିଁ ଯେ ଠାକୁର। ମୋତେ ତ କେହି ଦେଖା ଯାଉନାହାନ୍ତି ହେଇ ପରା ଠାକୁରେ ରାଧାକୃଷ୍ଣ ମୁଗଳ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି ବସିଛନ୍ତି ଦେଖୁପାରୁନୁ କଣ ବୋହୂ କହିଲା ସିଏ ତ ପିତଳ କଣ୍ଠେଇ ଆଉ ଠାକୁର କାହାନ୍ତି ଯେ ମୁଁ ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରିବି। "

ଶାଶୁ କହିଲେ ଆରେ ମାଆ ସେଇ ପରା ଠାକୁରେ।

ବୋହୂ କହିଲା ନା ସେ ଠାକୁର ନୁହେଁ ତମେଘରକୁ ଚାଲ। ମୁଁ ଘରେ ତୁମକୁ ସବୁ କହିବି।

ଶାଶୁ ରାଗରେ ବୋହୂର ବାପାମାଆଙ୍କୁ ଉପଯୁକ୍ତ ସଂସ୍କାର ଦେଇନାହାନ୍ତି କହି ବହେ ସୋଧୁଲେ ଓ ବୋହୂକୁ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ନେଇ ଘରକୁ ଆସିଲେ। କହିଲେ ଆଉ ଦିନେ ତୋତେ ସାଙ୍ଗରେନେଇ ମନ୍ଦିର ଯିବିନି।

ସଂସ୍କାରୀ ବୋହୂ

ଜାନକୀ ବଲ୍ଲଭ ଦାଶ

ବୋହୁ ବାଟଯାକ ରୁପ୍ ରହିଲା। ଶାଶୁ ବୋହୁ ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ ଶାଶୁ ଶୁଣୁର ଆଗରେ ସବୁ କଥା କହି ବୋହୂର ବାପଘରକୁ ବହେ ଗାଳି କଲେ। ସବୁ ଶୁଣିସାରି ବୋହୂ କହିଲା।

ବାପା ! ଶୁଣନ୍ତୁ ଦୁଆରେ ପଥର ସିଂହ ସିଂହ ମଣିଷକୁ ଖାଇ ଯିବନି। ଦେଉଳ ଭିତରେ ଗରୁଡ଼ ପକ୍ଷୀ ସିଂହ ଭତି ପାରିବନି। ଭିତରେ ପିତଳ କଣ୍ଠେଇ ପଦେ କଥା କହିବନି। ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦେଲେ ଖାଇବନି। ମୁଁ ତାକୁ ଦଣ୍ଡ ପ୍ରଣାମ କଲେ ସେ ପଦେ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ଦେବନି। ତେବେ ମୁଁ ତାକୁ କାହିଁକି ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରିବି ଯେ ମାଆ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ କଦଳୀ ଭୋଗ ଦଲେ ସିଂହ ତ ଖାଇଲେନି ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କୁ କାହିଁକି ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରିବି। ଏସବୁ ଶୁଣି ଶାଶୁ ରାଗରେକହିଲେ ତେବେ ଠାକୁର କିଏ?

ବୋହୁ କହିଲା" ମୋ ଠାକୁର ସେଇ। ଯାହାଙ୍କୁ ମୁଁ ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦେଲେ ସିଂହ ଆନନ୍ଦରେ ଖାଆନ୍ତି। ମୁଁ ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରିଲେ ମୋତେ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ କରନ୍ତି ମୋର ଭଲ ମନ୍ଦସବୁ ବୁଝନ୍ତି। ସିଂହ ମୋର ଠାକୁର ଠାକୁରାଣୀ। ସିଂହ ଯୋଉଠି ରହନ୍ତି ସିଂହ ମୋର ମନ୍ଦିର। ମୋତେ ଆଉ କୋଉଠୁ କଣ ମିଳିବ। ଏ ପିତଳ ପଥର ଠାକୁରଙ୍କୁ କାହିଁକି ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରିବି। "

ବୋହୁ କଥା ବୁଝି ନପାରି ଶାଶୁ ଆହୁରି ରାଗିଗଲା କହିଲା ସେମିତି ଠାକୁର କୋଉଠି ଅଛନ୍ତି ?ତୁ ତାଙ୍କୁ କୋଉଠି ଦେଖୁଛୁ କହିଲୁ। ବୋହୁ କହିଲା ମାଆ ତୁମେ ଟିକିଏ ବାପାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ବସିଲି ମୁଁ କହିବି। ଶାଶୁ ଶୁଣୁର ଏକାଠି ବସିଗଲେ।

ବୋହୁ ଲମ୍ବ ହୋଇ ଗୋଡ଼ତଳେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲା। ଶାଶୁଙ୍କ ରାଗ ଶାନ୍ତି ହୋଇଗଲା। ଶାଶୁ କହିଲେ ଇଏ କଣ ମାଆ ତୁ ପରା କହିବୁ ସେ କଥା କୁହା ଠାକୁର କୋଉଠି ଅଛନ୍ତି

ବୋହୁ କହିଲା ମାଆ ତମେ ଦୁଇଜଣ ମୋର ଠାକୁର ଠାକୁରାଣୀ ମୁଁ ରୋଷେଇ କରି ଭୋଗ ଲଗେଇଲେ ତୁମେ ଆନନ୍ଦରେ ଖାଉତ। ମୋର ଭଲମନ୍ଦ ସବୁ ବୁଝୁଛ। ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ହେଲେ ପାଣି ମାଗି ପିଉଛି।ଏହାଠୁ ବଡ଼ ଠାକୁର ଆଉ କୋଉଠି ଅଛନ୍ତି। ମୋ ମନ କଥା ତୁମେ ବୁଝିପାରୁତ। ତୁମେ ଦୁଇଜଣ ଯୋଉଠି ରହୁତ ଏଇଘର ମୋର ମନ୍ଦିର।

ମୋତେ ସେ ପଥର ସିଂହ ଓ କାଠ ପିତଳ କୁଣ୍ଠେଇରୁ କଣ ମିଳିବ। ସିଂହ ଡାକିଲେ ଜବାବ ଦେଉନାହାନ୍ତି। ଭୋଗ ଲଗେଇଲେ ଖାଉନାହାନ୍ତି। ତାକୁ କାହିଁକି ମୁଁ ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରିବି? ତୁମେ ଥିଲା ଯାଏ ତୁମେ ମୋର ଠାକୁର।ଏଇ ଘର ମୋର ମନ୍ଦିର। ମୁଁ ତୁମର ସେବା କରିବା ମୋର ଧର୍ମ। ମୁଁ ସେ ପଥର ଦେଉଳ ଯିବା କଣ ଦରକାର। ମୋ ବାପାମାଆ ମୋତେଏଇ ସଂସ୍କାର ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । ଏବେ ତୁମେ ମୋ ବାପାମାଆଙ୍କୁ ଯେତେ ଗାଳିଦେବାର ଦିଅ। ମୋର ଏତିକି କହିବାରଥିଲା ମୁଁ କହିଦେଲି। ବାପାମାଆ ମୋରଦୋଷ ଥିଲେ କ୍ଷମା କରିଦିଅ।

ଶୁଣୁର କହିଲେ ଆରେଦେଖୁଲୁ ମୁଁ କେମିତି ସଂସ୍କାରୀ ବୋହୁ ଘରକୁ ଆଣିଛି ଶାଶୁ ଆଉ କିଛି ନକହି ଭୋହୁକୁ କୁଣ୍ଠେଇ ପକେଇ କହିଲେ ଯାଆରେ ଆଜି ତୋ ପାଇଁ ମୋ ମୁଣ୍ଡି ଉଠା ହୋଇଗଲା। ଗର୍ବରେମୋ ଛାତି କୁଣ୍ଠେମୋଟ ହୋଇଗଲାଣି। ମୁଁ ଏପରି ବୋହୂଟିଏ ପାଇ ମନ ପୁରିଗଲା। ତୋ ବାପାମାଆଙ୍କୁ ଗାଳି କଣ ଦେବି। ତୋ ପାଇଁ ସେମାନେ ଆଜି ସମ୍ମାନସ୍ୱତ୍ୱ ହୋଇଗଲେ।

ଜାନକୀ ବଲ୍ଲଭ ଦାଶ

ପୁରୀ ଜିଲ୍ଲାର ପିପିଲି ଥାନା ଅଞ୍ଚଳର ତେଇଣି ପୁର ଗ୍ରାମରେ ୨.୪.୧୯୭୦ ମସିହା ଶ୍ରୀରାମ ନବମୀ ତିଥିରେ ଜନ୍ମ, ଜାନକୀ ବଲ୍ଲଭ ଦାଶ । ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନ କାହାଣୀ କୌଣସି ସଂଘର୍ଷମୟ ଚଳଚ୍ଚିତ୍ର ଠାରୁ କମ୍ ନୁହେଁ ।

କର୍କଟ ରୋଗ ପରି ଦୁରାରୋଗ୍ୟ ବ୍ୟାଧି ଯୋଗୁଁ ବାକ୍ ଶକ୍ତି ହରାଇଛନ୍ତି ଜାନକୀ । ଟାଟା ମେମୋରିଆଲ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲ ଅଧିନରେ ଦୀର୍ଘ ୮ମାସର ଚିକିତ୍ସା ପରେ ଏବେ ମେସିନ୍ ସାହାଯ୍ୟରେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କରିବାକୁ ସେ ସମର୍ଥ ।

ସରକାରୀ କର୍ମଚାରୀ ଗ୍ରାମ ସେବକ ଭାବେ ଜିବୀକା ଜୀବନ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଅତିରିକ୍ତ ଜିଲ୍ଲା ସମାଜ କଲ୍ୟାଣ ଅଧିକାରୀ ପଦବୀରୁ ୨୦୨୧ ମସିହାରେ ଅବସର ନେବା ପରେ ପୁରୀ ସହର ବଳଗଣ୍ଡି ଅଞ୍ଚଳର ରାୟ ବାହାଦୁର ଲେନରେ ଛୋଟ ଘରଟିଏ କରି ଅବସ୍ଥାନ କରିବା ସହିତ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସାଧନା ରେ ମଗ୍ନ ରହିଛନ୍ତି । ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଓ ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତି ଗବେଷଣା ରେ ତାଙ୍କ ରୁଚି ।

୨୦୨୦ ରେ ପ୍ରାଣ ପ୍ରିୟା ପତ୍ନୀ √ସବିତା ମିଶ୍ର ଙ୍କ ଦେହାନ୍ତ ପରେ ଏବେ ସେ ଏକାକୀ ଜୀବନ ବିତାଉଛନ୍ତି । ସ୍ୱର୍ଗତା ପତ୍ନୀଙ୍କ ନାମରେ "ସବିତା ସ୍ମୃତି ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସଂସଦ ଓ ପାଠାଗାର ନାମରେ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠା କରି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟର ଉନ୍ନତି କଲ୍ପେ ସାଧନା ରତ ଅଛନ୍ତି ।

ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ପୁସ୍ତକ ସମ୍ପର୍କରେ :- ଏଜାବତ୍ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ୨୭ଖଣ୍ଡ ପୁସ୍ତକ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ। ଆହୁରି ୧୦ଖଣ୍ଡ ପୁସ୍ତକର ପାଣ୍ଡୁଲିପି ପ୍ରକାଶ ଅପେକ୍ଷାରେ।



ଜାନକୀ ବଲ୍ଲଭ ଦାଶ

ଅର୍ପଣ

ମୋ ପିଲାଦିନ

ଜ୍ଞାନରଞ୍ଜନ ପ୍ରଧାନ

କାହିଁକି ଯେ ତୁମେ ଭାରି ମନେ ପଡୁଛ ଆଜି
ପିଲା ଦିନ ର ସେ ଅଭୁଲା ସ୍ମୃତି, ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ବସି ଅସୀମ ଖଟି.
ପାହାଡ ଚଢା ଠୁ ନଦୀ ରେ ମସ୍ତି....

.....କାହିଁକି ଯେ ତୁମେ ଭାରି ମନେ ପଡୁଛ ଆଜି. (୧)

Gadgets ବୋଲି କିଛି ଜାଣି ନଥିଲୁ, Cycle ପାଇଁ ପାଗଳ ଥିଲୁ.
ଖରା ଛୁଟୀ ରେ ମାମୁ ଘର ଆଉ, ଗାଁ ଦୋକାନ ର ସେ ଦାନୁ କୁଲୁ.
Bat Ball ଖେଳ ସହ ରୁମାଲ ଚୋରି...

....କାହିଁକି ଯେ ତୁମେ ଭାରି ମନେ ପଡୁଛ ଆଜି. (୨)

ଗାଁ ସ୍କୁଲ ଛାଡି College ଗଲୁ, ନୂଆ ନୂଆ ସାଙ୍ଗ ମାନେ ପାଇଲୁ.
Arts Science ର ଦୁନ୍ଦ ରେ ପଢି, ଆଖିରେ କେତେ ଯେ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ
ଦେଖିଲୁ.

ବାପା ବୋଉଙ୍କର କେତେ ଯେ ଖୁସି, ଆମ ଛୁଆ ଆଜି College
ଯାଇଛି..

.....କାହିଁକି ଯେ ତୁମେ ଭାରି ମନେ ପଡୁଛ ଆଜି. (୩)

ଗାଁ ରୁ ବଜାର ପୁଣି, ବଜାରୁ ବମ୍ବେଇ ଦିଲୁ
ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଦୂରେଇଗଲେ, ଗାଁ ଧୂଳି କୁ ମୁ ଯାଇଛି ଭୁଲି.
ବାପା କହେ ପୁଅ ବଡ ହୋଇଛି, ମା କହେ ପୁଅ ଭୁଲି ଯାଇଛି.....

.....କାହିଁକି ଯେ ତୁମେ ଭାରି ମନେ ପଡୁଛ ଆଜି. (୪)

ତୁମେ କେହି ନୁହଁ ତୁମେ ମୋ ପିଲାଦିନ, ଆସନ୍ତୁ କି ଫେରି ଚାହେଁ
ମୋ ମନ.

ପିଲାଦିନ ସାଙ୍ଗ ପିଲାଦିନ କଥା, ବାପା ବୋଉ ଙ୍କ ସେ ଅସରନ୍ତି
ଆଶା.

ମନର କୋଣ ରେ ରହିବ ରହିଛି, କେବେ ଫେରିବନି
ବୋଲି ମୁ ଜାଣିଚି...

.....କାହିଁକି ଯେ ତୁମେ ଭାରି ମନେ ପଡୁଛ ଆଜି. (୫)



ଜ୍ଞାନରଞ୍ଜନ ପ୍ରଧାନ

କୁଆଲାଲୁମପୁର, ମାଲେସିଆ



କବିତାରେ ତତେ ମୋ ପ୍ରାଣପ୍ରିୟଲେଖିବି
 ନା. ...
 ନିଜକୁ ତୋ ପ୍ରେୟସୀ ଲେଖିବି ?
 ତୋ ପାଇଁ କବିତାଟେ ଲେଖିବି
 କବିତା ରେ ତତେ ମଗ୍ନୁରର ରାତି ଲେଖିବି

ନା. ...
 ନିଜକୁ ବୈଶାଖ ର ତାତିଲେଖିବି? ?
 ତୋ ପାଇଁ କବିତାଟେ ଲେଖିବି.
 କବିତାରେ ତତେ ଦୂର ଆକାଶର ଜହ୍ନ ଲେଖିବି

ନା. ...
 ନିଜକୁ ବିରହୀ କହି ଲେଖିବି??
 ତୋ ପାଇଁ କବିତାଟେ ଲେଖିବି
 କବିତାରେ ତତେ ବସନ୍ତ ରମ୍ଭୁମୂଳୟ ଲେଖିବି

ନା.
 ନିଜକୁ
 ଶରତ ର ପତ୍ର ଝଡ଼ାଧୁଣ୍ଡା ଅଣ୍ଡା ଓସ୍ତ ଗଛଲେଖିବି?
 ତୋ ପାଇଁ କବିତାଟେ ଲେଖିବି
 କବିତାରେ ତତେ ପୁନେଇଁ ରଜନୁ ଲେଖିବି

ନା....
 ନିଜକୁ ଅମାବାସ୍ୟା ର ରାତି ଲେଖିବି?
 ତୋ ପାଇଁ କବିତାଟେ ଲେଖିବି
 ତତେ କବିତାର ଶୀର୍ଷକ ଲେଖିବି

ନା.....
 ନିଜକୁ କବିତାର ଶେଷକ??



ବିଜୟଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ଜେନା
 କୁଆଲାଲୁମପୁର, ମାଲେସିଆ





ସେଦିନ କଥା

ସଙ୍ଗୀତା ମିଶ୍ର

ମଧ୍ୟାହ୍ନ ଭୋଜନ ସରିଲା , ବିନୀତ restaurant ରୁ ବାହାରି ଅଟୋ ପାଇଁ ଛିଡ଼ାହେଇଥିଲା ।

ହଟାତ ନଜର ପଡ଼ିଲା ଗୋଟିଏ ନ- ଦଶ ବର୍ଷ ର ପିଲା ଉପରେ । କିଛି ଦୂରରେ ଛିଡ଼ାହୋଇ ଦେଖୁଥିଲା ସେ ଅନୁପ କୁ । ତାର ice cream କୁ । ବେଶୀ ସମୟ ରୋକି ନପାରି ସେ ତାକୁ ice cream ଟା ମାଗିଲା । ଦେବ ନଦେବ ର ଦ୍ଵନ୍ଦ୍ଵ ରେ ରହିଯାଇଥିଲା ଅନୁପ କିଛିକ୍ଷଣ ପାଇଁ ।

ଏ ଭିଏଟରେ ହାତର ଠାରରେ ପିଲାଟିକୁ ଡାକିଲି ମୋ ପାଖକୁ । କୋଉଠି ରହୁଛୁ , ଘରେ ତୋର କିଏ କିଏ ଅଛନ୍ତି ପଚାରି ବସିଲି ।

ଉତ୍ତର ପାଇଲି ଝେଇପାଖ ବସ୍ତିରେ ମୁ ମୋ ବାପା ମାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ରୁହେ । କଣ କରନ୍ତି ବାପା ମା । କୂଡ଼ା କଚଡ଼ା ଉଠାନ୍ତି ।

ତୁ ମୋ ସହ ଆସେ , ଡାକିନେଇଗଲି ତାକୁ ପାଖରେ ଥିବା ଦୋକାନ କୁ ।

ice cream ଟେ କିଣି ତାକୁ ଦେଲି । କିଛିଟା ଖୁରୁରା ପଇସା wallet ରୁ ଖସି ତଳେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲା ମୋର ।

ଉଠେଇଲି ତାକୁ ଓ ଏତିକି ବେଳେ ଅଳ୍ପ ଦୂରରେ ଫେରିଯାଉଥିବା ସେଇ ପିଲା ଟି ବୁଲି ପଡ଼ି ଟିକେ ରହିଗଲା ମୋତେ କହିଲା ପଇସା ଟା ପଡ଼ିଗଲା ପରା . ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଲଗାଅ ।

କିଛି ନଭାବି ସାଙ୍ଗେ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ସେଇଆ କଲି । ପିଲାଟି ଚାଲିଯାଇଥିଲା ମୋ ଆଖି ଆଗରୁ । ଏକି ଭଗବାନ ଙ୍କ ଦୂତ ? ମନରେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଉଠିମାରିଥିଲା । କେତେବଡ଼ ଶିକ୍ଷା ।

ଅନେକ ସମୟ ରେ ଏହି ତାପ୍ସର୍ଯ୍ୟ କୁ ମୁ ବୁଝିପାରୁନଥିଲି । ଏ କ୍ଷଣ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଥିଲା ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ , ଜ୍ଞାନ ର ଆଉ ଏକ ପରିସର

ଦୁଇ ଜଣଙ୍କ ଚଲାପଥ ଅଲଗା ହେଲା । କ୍ଷଣିକ ପାଇଁ ନିରେଖୁ ଚାହିଁଲି ତାକୁ ଚାହିଁଥିଲା ସେହି ଏକ ଛୋଟିଆ ହସ ରେ

ଆରେ ବାବୁ ନାଁ କଣ ତୋର ? ଦୁଇଥର ପଚାରିଲା ପରେ ଉତ୍ତର ଆସିଲା " ମଣ୍ଡୁ" ହଜିଗଲା ସେ .. ହଜିଗଲି ମୁ ନିଜ ନିଜ ଚଲାପଥରେ ...



ସଙ୍ଗୀତା ମିଶ୍ର
କୁଆଲାଲୁମପୁର, ମାଲେସିଆ

କେଉଁ ଏକ ଅଜଣା ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ

ଜାନକୀ ବଲ୍ଲଭ ଦାଶ

ହୃଦୟର ପ୍ରତିଟି ସ୍ପନ୍ଦନ
ଆହ୍ୱାନରେକେବଳ
ତୁମ କଥା କହେ
ନିରବିଚ ପ୍ରତିଟି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ
ଘୋଷଣା କରେ
ସମ୍ପର୍କର ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ଦାନ ସବୁ ।
ଏବେବି ତୁମରି ସ୍ମୃତି
ତୁମ କଥା କହେ
ଭୁଲିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା ମୋର
ନିରବି ଯାଏ କେଉଁ ଏକ
ଅଜଣା ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ।

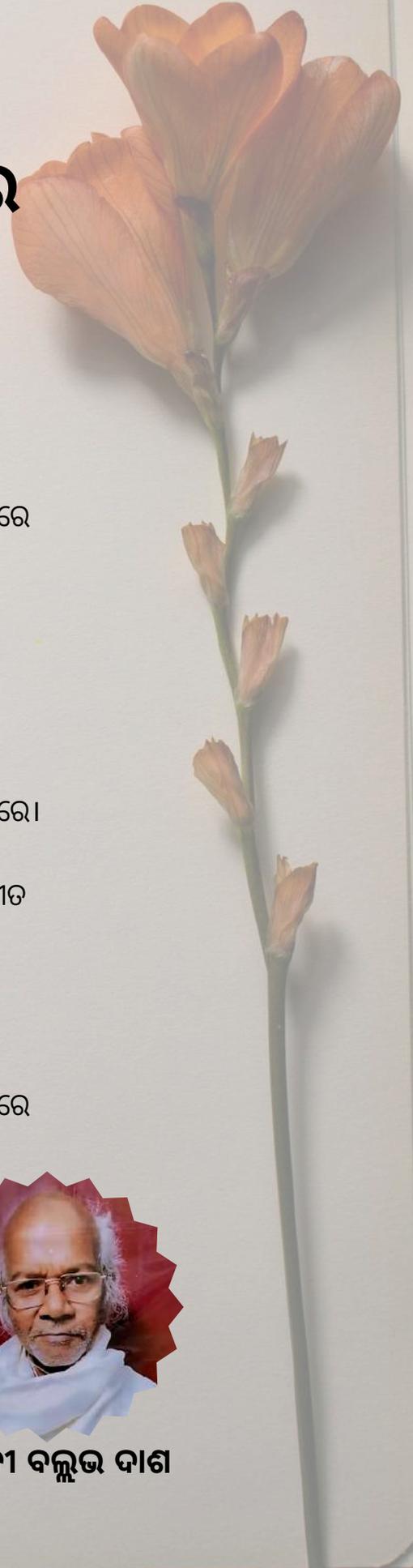
ଏମିତି ସମୟର
ଚିତ୍ରିତ କାନଭାସରେ
ତୁମସ୍ମୃତି ଉଙ୍କି ମାରେ ।
ମନେ ପକାଇ ଦିଏ
ସେହି ଦିନମାନଙ୍କୁ
ଯାହା ଭରିଯାଇଥିଲା
କେତେ ମଧୁରତାର

କେଉଁ ଏକ ଅଜଣା ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ
ନିରବି ଯାଏ ସମୟ ଓ
ହୃଦୟର ସ୍ପନ୍ଦନ ସବୁ
ଇଚ୍ଛା ହୁଏ ଫେରନ୍ତାକି
ସେହି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ସବୁ
ଯାହାସବୁ ହଜେଇ
ଦେଇଛି ଅତୀତର
କେଉଁ ଏକ ଅଜଣା ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ।

କିନ୍ତୁ ବଡ଼ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦୟ ସେ ଅତୀତ
ଅପହୃତ ସମୟ ଆଉ
କେବେ ଫେରାଏନି
ଫେରାଏନି ହଜିଥିବ
ହୃଦୟ ସ୍ପନ୍ଦନ
କେଉଁ ଏକ ଅଜଣା ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ



ଜାନକୀ ବଲ୍ଲଭ ଦାଶ





ସନାତନ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଧର୍ମର ପ୍ରତିଭୂ: ସ୍ଵାମୀ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦ

ଶ୍ରୀ ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ ପାଢ଼ୀ

ବିଶ୍ଵର ସର୍ବ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ଧର୍ମ ହିନ୍ଦୁଧର୍ମର ମୂଳମନ୍ତ୍ର ହେଉଛି ଆଚରଣରେ 'ମାନବ କଲ୍ୟାଣ' ଓ ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣରେ 'ସର୍ବେ ଭବନ୍ତୁ ସୁଖୀନଃ, ସର୍ବେ ସ୍ୟନ୍ତୁ ନିରାମୟଃ, ସର୍ବେ ଭଦ୍ରାଣି ପଶ୍ୟନ୍ତୁ, ମା କଶ୍ଚିଦ୍ ଦୁଃଖଭାଗ ଭବେତ୍, ଓଁ ଶାନ୍ତିଃ ଶାନ୍ତିଃ ଶାନ୍ତିଃ'....ଏହି ପବିତ୍ର ବାଣୀ ଯେଉଁ ଧର୍ମର ଚିରନ୍ତନ ଚିନ୍ତନ, 'ବସୁଧେବ କୁଟୁମ୍ବକମ୍' ଯାହାର ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ଅଭିପ୍ଳା, 'ମାନବ ସେବାହିଁ ମାଧବ ସେବା' ଯାହାର ଅନୁରାମ୍ନା ନିସୂତବାଣୀ, 'ପରୋପକାରାୟ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗାୟ' ଯେଉଁ ଧର୍ମର ମୂଳମନ୍ତ୍ର, ସେହି ମହାନ ଧର୍ମର ବେଦାନ୍ତ ଦର୍ଶନର ପ୍ରଗଲ୍ଭ ବକ୍ତା, ସୁଧୀଜନମାନଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ଵାୟତ୍ତ୍ଵସିଦ୍ଧ ଭାଷଣରେ ମନ୍ତ୍ରମୁଗ୍ଧ କରିପାରୁଥିବା ଅଲୌକିକ ପ୍ରତିଭାଧର ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ସ୍ଵାମୀ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦ, ବାଲ୍ୟକାଳରୁ ପିତାମାତା, ଜ୍ଞାନିବର୍ଗ ଓ ବନ୍ଧୁମାନଙ୍କ ଦ୍ଵାରା ସମ୍ପ୍ରେୟତ ଅତି ଆଦରଣୀୟ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ର ଓରଫ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ । ସ୍ଵାମୀଜୀ କଲିକତାର ଏକ ସମ୍ପ୍ରାନ୍ତ କାୟସ୍ଥ ପରିବାରରେ ୧୮୬୩ ମସିହା ଜାନୁୟାରୀ ୧୨ ତାରିଖ ସୋମବାର ଦିନ ଜନ୍ମ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ପିତା ସ୍ଵର୍ଗତ ବିଶ୍ଵନାଥ ଦତ୍ତ କଲିକତା ଉଚ୍ଚ ନ୍ୟାୟାଳୟରେ ଜଣେ ଆଇନଜୀ ଥିଲେ । ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟୀୟ ଧର୍ମ ଗ୍ରନ୍ଥ ବାଇବେଲ ପଠନ ଇଂରେଜ ଓ ଫରାସୀ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ପ୍ରତି ଅନୁରାଗ ଏବଂ ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ପ୍ରତି ରୁଚି ବିଶ୍ଵନାଥ ଦତ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଜଣେ ଉଚ୍ଚ କୋଟୀର ବିଦ୍ଵାନ ରୂପେ ପରିଚିତ କରାଇଥିଲା । ମହିୟସୀ ମାତା ସ୍ଵର୍ଗୀୟା ଭୁବନେଶ୍ଵରୀ ଦେବୀ ଜଣେ ପରୋପକାରୀ, ସୁଚରିତ୍ରା, ଶିବଭକ୍ତ, ଧର୍ମଗ୍ରନ୍ଥ ରାମାୟଣ ଓ ମହାଭାରତ ପାରାୟଣରେ ଜଣେ ଅନୁରକ୍ତା ବିଦୁଷୀ ମହିଳା ଥିଲେ । ପିତାମାତାଙ୍କ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ପ୍ରଭାବ ଓ ପରିବାରର ସଂସ୍କାର ବାଳକ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥଙ୍କୁ ବାଲ୍ୟଜୀବନରୁ ହିଁ ଅନୁପ୍ରାଣିତ କରିଥିଲା ।

ବାଲ୍ୟଜୀବନର ବାଳ ସୁଲଭ ଚପଳତା ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ ଯୋଗ ଓ ତପସ୍ୟା ପ୍ରତି ଆଗ୍ରହ, ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚ ଦର୍ଶନ ଓ ଇତିହାସ ପ୍ରତି ଗଭୀର ଜିଜ୍ଞାସା ସେହି ଅଳ୍ପବୟସ୍କ ବାଳକକୁ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ ଏକ ଯୋଗଜନ୍ମା ମହାପୁରୁଷରେ ପରିଣତ ହେବାର ଆଭାସ ମିଳିଥିଲା । ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରଙ୍କ ତୀକ୍ଷ୍ଣ ସ୍ମୃତି ଶକ୍ତି ଓ ପ୍ରବଳ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରାନୁରାଗରେ ଅଭିଭୂତ ହୋଇ ସ୍କୃତିଶ ଜେନେରାଲ ବୋର୍ଡ ଦ୍ଵାରା ପରିଚାଳିତ କଲେଜର ଅଧ୍ୟକ୍ଷ ଡକ୍ଟର ଡବ୍ଲୁ. ହେଷ୍ଟି ମତବ୍ୟକ୍ତ କରିଥିଲେ ଯେ ସେ ବହୁତ ସ୍ଥାନ ପରିଭ୍ରମଣ କରିଛନ୍ତି, କିନ୍ତୁ ସେଭଳି ପ୍ରତିଭାବାନ ବାଳକଟିଏ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ପାଇ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ସୁତରାଂ ସେ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଜଣେ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠିତ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ରୂପରେ ଶ୍ରେୟତା ହାସଲ କରିବ । ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ର ମଧ୍ୟ ଜୀବନର ପ୍ରଥମ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟାୟରୁ ହିଁ ପାଶ୍ଚାତ୍ୟ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚ ଦର୍ଶନ ଓ ଇତିହାସ ପ୍ରତି ଗଭୀର ଭାବେ ଆଗ୍ରହାନ୍ୱିତ ଥିଲେ । କଲିକତା ବିଶ୍ଵବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରୁ ସ୍ନାତକ ଡିଗ୍ରୀ ହାସଲ ପରେ ପାଶ୍ଚାତ୍ୟ ବିଦ୍ଵାନ ଜନ୍ ସୁଆର୍ଥ ମିଲ୍ , ଡେଭିଡ୍ ହ୍ୟୁମ ଓ ହର୍ବଟ ସ୍ପେନ୍ସରଙ୍କ ରଚିତ ଲେଖା ସବୁ ଅନୁଧ୍ୟାନ କଲାପରେ ବ୍ରାହ୍ମସମାଜର ନେତୃସ୍ଥାନୀୟ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି କେଶବଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ସେନ୍ ଓ ମହର୍ଷି ଦେବେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ ଠାକୁରଙ୍କ ସଂସ୍ପର୍ଶରେ ଆସି ବହୁ ଈଶ୍ଵରବାଦ, ଜାତିପ୍ରଥା, ଅବତାରବାଦ, ମୂର୍ତ୍ତିପୂଜା, ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଜ୍ଞାନ ହାସଲ କଲେ । ତଥାପି ଜ୍ଞାନ ପିପାସା ମେଣ୍ଟିଲା ନାହିଁ । ଈଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କ ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ଵ ଉପରେ ସେ ସନ୍ଦିହାନ ଅନୁସନ୍ଧିତ୍ ହୋଇ ୧୮୮୧ ମସିହା ନଭେମ୍ବର ମାସରେ ଦିନେ ସେ ପ୍ରଫେସର ହେଷ୍ଟିଙ୍କ ପରାମର୍ଶରେ ଦକ୍ଷିଣେଶ୍ଵରରେ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠିତ ମା କାଳୀଙ୍କ ପୂଜକ, ସାଧକ ଓ ଅସୀମ ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ଚିନ୍ତା ଓ ଚେତନାର ପ୍ରତୀକ ମହାପୁରୁଷ ଗୁରୁ ରାମକୃଷ୍ଣ ପରମହଂସଙ୍କ ସାନିଧ୍ୟ ଲାଭ କଲେ ।

ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ପ୍ରଥମ ଦର୍ଶନରେ ହିଁ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କରିଥିଲେ, "ମହାଶୟ, ଆପଣ ଇଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କ ଦର୍ଶନ ଲାଭ କରିଛନ୍ତି କି"? ଏଭଳି ଏକ ଅପ୍ରତ୍ୟାଶିତ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନରେ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ପରମହଂସ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଇଥିଲେ, "ହିଁ ମୁଁ ତୁମକୁ ଯେଭଳି ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଭାବରେ ଦେଖୁଛି, ସେଭଳି ଭାବେ ତାଙ୍କୁ (ଇଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କୁ) ଗଭୀର ଭାବେ ଦର୍ଶନ କରିଛି" । ରାମକୃଷ୍ଣ ପରମହଂସଙ୍କ ଏହି ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ବାଣୀ, ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଶିକ୍ଷା, ପରାମର୍ଶ ଓ ଉପଦେଶ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରଙ୍କ ମନରେ ଗଭୀର ରେଖାପାତ କରିଥିଲା । ସେଦିନଠାରୁ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ ବାରମ୍ବାର ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ସାନ୍ଧ୍ୟ ଲାଭ କରି, ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ଜ୍ଞାନରେ ନିଜ ମନକୁ ଆହ୍ଲାଦିତ କରିଥିଲେ । ଗୁରୁ ତଥା ମାର୍ଗଦର୍ଶକ ରାମକୃଷ୍ଣ ପରମହଂସ ମଧ୍ୟ ସେହି ସୌମ୍ୟଦର୍ଶୀ, ତେଜୋଦୀପ୍ତ, କୋମଳମତି ଜ୍ଞାନନ୍ଦେଷୀ ଯୁବକ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥଙ୍କ ସାନ୍ଧ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟାକୁଳିତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ସତେ ଯେପରି ଏହି ପରସ୍ପର ମିଳନ ଥିଲା ବିଧି ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶିତ - ଠିକ୍ ଭଗବାନ ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଣ ଓ ତାଙ୍କର ପରମ ଭକ୍ତ ନାରଦଙ୍କ ଭଳି । ଭକ୍ତିବାଦର ପ୍ରବକ୍ତା ଦେବର୍ଷି ନାରଦ ଦିନେ ଭଗବାନଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କରିଥିଲେ, ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରିୟ ଆବାସସ୍ଥଳୀ କେଉଁଠି? ପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କ ଉତ୍ତର ଥିଲା - "ନାହାନ୍ ତିଷ୍ଠାମି ବୈକୁଣ୍ଠେ ଯୋଗୀଣା ହୃଦୟେ ନତ, ମଦ୍ ଭକ୍ତା ଯତ୍ର ଗାୟନ୍ତି ତତ୍ ତିଷ୍ଠାମି ନାରଦଃ" । ହେ ନାରଦ! ମୁଁ ବୈକୁଣ୍ଠରେ ନୁହେଁ, ଯୋଗୀଙ୍କ ହୃଦୟରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ନୁହେଁ, ମୋର ଭକ୍ତମାନେ ଯେଉଁଠି ମୋର ଲୀଳା ଗାନ କରନ୍ତି, ମୁଁ ସେଇଠି ରୁହେ । ୧୮୮୪ ମସିହାରେ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥଙ୍କ ପିତା ବିଶ୍ଵନାଥ ଦତ୍ତଙ୍କ ଆକସ୍ମିକ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଓ ୧୮୮୬ ମସିହା ଅଗଷ୍ଟ ୧୬ ତାରିଖରେ ପୂଜ୍ୟ ଗୁରୁ ରାମକୃଷ୍ଣ ପରମହଂସଙ୍କ ମହାପ୍ରୟାଣ ତାଙ୍କୁ ବହୁତ ବିଚଳିତ କରିଥିଲା । ନିଜ ଜୀବନର ଅନ୍ତିମ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟାୟରେ ମୁକ୍ତ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ଶଯ୍ୟାଶାୟୀ ଗୁରୁ ରାମକୃଷ୍ଣ ପରମହଂସ ଖଣ୍ଡିଏ କାଗଜରେ ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରୀୟ ଶିଷ୍ୟ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀଙ୍କୁ ଲେଖି ଜଣାଇଥିଲେ ଯେ - ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରଙ୍କୁ ହିଁ ତାଙ୍କର ଇଚ୍ଛିତ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ 'ମାନବ କଲ୍ୟାଣ' ସମ୍ପାଦନ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । କିନ୍ତୁ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରଙ୍କ ସେଥିପ୍ରତି ଅନାସ୍ଥାଭାବ ଦେଖି ସେ ଇଚ୍ଛିତ କଲେ ଯେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ହିଁ ଦିବ୍ୟମାତା (ମା ଶାରଦା ଦେବୀ) ସେହି ମହତ୍ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସମ୍ପାଦନ କରିବାକୁ ବାଧ୍ୟ କରିବେ । ସତକୁ ସତ ସେହି ଦିବ୍ୟ ପୁରୁଷଙ୍କ ଦିବ୍ୟବାଣୀ ସତରେ ପରିଣତ ହେଲା । ପ୍ରୀୟ ଶିଷ୍ୟ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ ସାରା ଭାରତ ପରିଭ୍ରମଣ କରି ଗୁରୁବାଣୀ ପ୍ରଚାର ଏବଂ ଦେଶ ମାତୃକାର ସେବାରେ ନିୟୋଜିତ ହେଲେ । ୧୮୮୭ ମସିହାରେ ଯୁବକ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ ୧୫ ଜଣ ସତୀର୍ଥଙ୍କ ସହ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାସ ଧର୍ମ ଗ୍ରହଣ ପାଇଁ ଶପଥ ନେଇଥିଲେ । ୧୮୯୦ ମସିହାରେ ସେ ମା ଶାରଦା ଦେବୀଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ଲାଭକରି ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶିତ ପଥରେ ଯାତ୍ରା କରିବାକୁ ସଂକଳ୍ପ କରିଥିଲେ । ହିନ୍ଦୁଧର୍ମରେ ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ସ୍ଥାନ ବିଶ୍ଵବ୍ରହ୍ମାଣ୍ଡର ସୃଷ୍ଟିକର୍ତ୍ତା, ପାଳନକର୍ତ୍ତା ଓ ତାରଣକର୍ତ୍ତା, ବ୍ରହ୍ମା, ବିଷ୍ଣୁ, ମହେଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କ ସହ ସମାନ । ଏପରିକି ସେମାନଙ୍କଠାରୁ ଉର୍ଦ୍ଧରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ।

ଏହାର ଅର୍ଥ ହେଲା, ପ୍ରଥମେ ମୋ ଉପାସନା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଗୁରୁଙ୍କୁ ପୂଜାକର, ନଚେତ୍ ସିଦ୍ଧି ଲାଭ ହେବନାହିଁ ଓ ମୋର ପୂଜା ନିଷ୍ଫଳ ହେବ । ସେହି ପରମ୍ପରାର ସୁଯୋଗ୍ୟ ଦାୟଦ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ ଓ ତାଙ୍କର ସତୀର୍ଥମାନେ ଗୁରୁବାଣୀକୁ ମର୍ମେ ମର୍ମେ ଅନୁଭବ କରି ମାନବ କଲ୍ୟାଣ ଓ ମାତୃଭୂମିର ସେବାପାଇଁ ଅଗ୍ରସର ହେଲେ । ଗୁରୁ ପରମହଂସଙ୍କ ବାଣୀଥିଲା - ଜୀବ ହିଁ ଶିବ, "ଇଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କୁ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ଓ ଭକ୍ତି କର, ତାଙ୍କରି ସୃଷ୍ଟି ସମସ୍ତ ଜୀବଜଗତକୁ ଦୟାକର ଏବଂ ଇଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କ ଭକ୍ତମାନଙ୍କର ସେବାକର । କ୍ଷୁଧାର୍ଥ ପାଇଁ ଧର୍ମର ମାନେ କିଛିନାହିଁ" । କ୍ଷୁଧାର୍ଥ ମୁଖରେ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଦେବା ହିଁ ପରମଧର୍ମ । ପୂର୍ବରୁ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ ଓ ତାଙ୍କର ବନ୍ଧୁମାନେ ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ଆଦେଶରେ ଗୌରବ ବସ୍ତ୍ରଧାରଣ କରି ଭିକ୍ଷା ଗ୍ରହଣ ପୂର୍ବକ ଜୀବନଯାପନ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଶପଥ ନେଇଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ଦୂରାରୋଗ୍ୟ କ୍ୟାନ୍ସରରେ ପ୍ରପୀଡ଼ିତ ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ସେବା କରିବାରେ ପରମ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଲାଭ କରିଥିଲେ । ୧୮୮୮ ମସିହାରେ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଓ ଅନୁଗାମୀମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ କଲିକତାଠାରୁ ତୀର୍ଥାଟନରେ ଭାରତ ଭ୍ରମଣରେ ବାହାରିଥିଲେ । ବନାରସ, ଅଯୋଧ୍ୟା, ଲକ୍ଷ୍ନୌ, ଆଗ୍ରା, ବୃନ୍ଦାବନ, ରାଜପୁତନାର କିଛି ସହର ଓ ହିମାଳୟ ପରେ ବମ୍ବେ ଓ ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଭାରତର ବହୁସ୍ଥାନ ପରିଭ୍ରମଣ କରି ରାଜା / ମହାରାଜା ଓ ସମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟ ବଂଶୀୟ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଙ୍କୁ ନିଜ ଜ୍ଞାନର ଯାତୁକରୀ ସ୍ଵର୍ଣ୍ଣରେ ସମ୍ମୋହିତ କରି ମାନବ ସେବାରେ ବ୍ରତୀ ହେବାକୁ ଉତ୍ସାହିତ କରିଥିଲେ । ରାଜପୁତନାର ଆଲ୍‌ଝର ରାଜା ମଙ୍ଗଳ ସିଂହଙ୍କୁ ପରମ ନାସ୍ତିକରୁ ଇଶ୍ଵର ବିଶ୍ଵାସୀରେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତିତ କରାଇପାରିଥିଲେ । କ୍ଷେତ୍ରୀର ମହାରାଜାଙ୍କର ଅନୁରୋଧରେ ସେ ନିଜକୁ ନରେନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥରୁ ସ୍ଵାମୀ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦରେ ରୂପାନ୍ତରିତ କରିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଭାରତ ପରିଭ୍ରମଣ ସମୟରେ ସେ ରାମେଶ୍ଵରମ୍ ଦେଇ ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଭାରତର ଅନ୍ତିମ ସ୍ଥାନ କନ୍ୟାକୁମାରୀର ବଙ୍ଗୋପସାଗର, ଆରବସାଗର ଓ ଭାରତ ମହାସାଗରର ତ୍ରିବେଣୀ ସଙ୍ଗମର ଏକ ଶିଳା ଉପରେ ୧୮୯୨ ମସିହା ଡିସେମ୍ବର ୨୫ ତାରିଖରେ ଉପବିଷ୍ଣୁ ହୋଇ ତିନିଦିନ ଧରି ଘୋର ତପସ୍ୟାରେ ମଗ୍ନ ହେଇ ସିଦ୍ଧିଲାଭ କରିଥିଲେ । ସେ ଉପଲବ୍ଧି କରିଥିଲେ ଯେ ଧର୍ମ ଯୋଗୁଁ ଭାରତର ଅଧୋଗତି ଘଟିନାହିଁ, ଘଟିଛି ଅଜ୍ଞତା ଯୋଗୁଁ । ଦେଶ ସେଥିପାଇଁ ସ୍ଵାଧୀନତା ହରାଇଛି । ତେଣୁ ସେହି ହୃତ ଗୌରବ ଫେରେଇ ଆଶିବାକୁ ହେଲେ ଆମକୁ ଜାଗ୍ରତ ହେବାକୁ ହେବ । ସେ ଯୁବକମାନଙ୍କୁ ଉଦବୋଧନ ଦେଇ କହିଲେ, "ଜାଗ ଚେଇଁ ଉଠ ନିଜର ଲକ୍ଷ ହାସଲ ନ ହେବା ଯାଏଁ ବିରତ ହୁଅ ନାହିଁ" । ଆସ ମଣିଷ ହୁଅ ତୁମର ସଂକୀର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଗର୍ଭରୁ ବାହାରି ଆସ ଏବଂ ଆଗକୁ ଚାହଁ । ୧୯୨୦ ମସିହା ଠାରୁ ସେହି ଶିଳା ଖଣ୍ଡିକ ଜାତୀୟ ସ୍ମାରକୀ ରୂପେ ପରିଚିତ ହୋଇପାରିଛି । ଏଥିପାଇଁ ଏକନାଥ ରାନାଡେଙ୍କ ସଂକଳ୍ପବଦ୍ଧ ଉଦ୍ୟମ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନୀୟ ।

୧୮୯୩ ମସିହା ମାର୍ଚ୍ଚ ଓ ଏପ୍ରିଲ ମାସରେ ସ୍ଵାମୀଜୀଙ୍କ ଶିଷ୍ୟମାନେ ପ୍ରଚୁର ଅର୍ଥ ସଂଗ୍ରହ କରି ଗୁରୁଙ୍କୁ ଆମେରିକା ଗ୍ରସ୍ତ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରଦାନ କଲେ । ସ୍ଵାମୀଜୀ ୧୮୯୩ ମସିହା ମେ ୩୧ ତାରିଖ ଦିନ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରୀର ମହାରାଜା ଓ ତାଙ୍କର ସେହି ମାତ୍ରାସି ଶିଷ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ଆର୍ଥିକ ସହାୟତାରେ ବମ୍ବେ ଠାରୁ ଜଳ ଜାହାଜ ଯୋଗେ ଆମେରିକା ଅଭିମୁଖେ ଗମନ କଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ବିଦେଶ ଯାତ୍ରା ପଥରେ ସିଂହଳ, ସିଙ୍ଗାପୁର, ହଙ୍କଂ, ଜାପାନର ଟୋକିଓ ଓ ନାଗାସାକି ନଗର ପରିଭ୍ରମଣ କରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଲା । ୧୮୯୩ ମସିହା ଜୁଲାଇ ଶେଷ ସୁଦ୍ଧା ଆମେରିକାର ବୋଷ୍ଟନ ନଗରୀରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ କରି ୧୮୯୩ ମସିହା ସେପ୍ଟେମ୍ବର ୧୧ ତାରିଖ ସୋମବାର ଦିନ ଚିକାଗୋ ନଗରୀର କଲମ୍ବୋସ ପ୍ରାସାଦ ଠାରେ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠିତ ହୋଇଥିବା ପାର୍ଲିଆମେଣ୍ଟ ଅଫ ରିଲିଜିୟନ (ବିଶ୍ଵ ସର୍ବ ଧର୍ମ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ) ଯୋଗ ଦେବାକୁ ପ୍ରୟାସ କଲେ । ସ୍ଵାମୀଜୀଙ୍କ ଏହି ଉଚ୍ଚାଭିଳାଷ ମାସାରୁସେପ୍ଟର ଜଣେ ଭଦ୍ର ମହିଳାଙ୍କର ଆତିଥ୍ୟ ଓ ସାହାଚର୍ଯ୍ୟରୁ ହିଁ ସମ୍ଭବପର ହୋଇପାରିଥିଲା । ସେ ଏହି ଭଦ୍ର ମହିଳାଙ୍କ ଯୋଗୁଁ ହାର୍ଡାତ ବିଶ୍ଵବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ଜଣେ ଗ୍ରୀକ ବିଦ୍ୟା ବିଭାଗର ପ୍ରଫେସର ଜେ ଏଚ ରାଇଟଙ୍କ ସୁପାରିଶରେ ବିଶ୍ଵ ସର୍ବ ଧର୍ମ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀର ପ୍ରତିନିଧି ଚୟନ ଦାୟିତ୍ଵରେ ଥିବା ଡଃ ବାରୋସ୍ , ସ୍ଵାମୀଜୀଙ୍କୁ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେବା ପାଇଁ ଅନୁମତି ପ୍ରଦାନ କଲେ । ପ୍ରାଚ୍ୟର ଅନ୍ୟ ଧର୍ମ ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ସହିତ ସ୍ଵାମୀଜୀ ସ୍ଥାନ ଅଳଙ୍କୃତ କରିଥିଲେ ସୁଦ୍ଧା ଅପରାହ୍ଣ ଅଧିବେଶନର ସର୍ବଶେଷରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ବକ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଉପସ୍ଥାପନ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ସୁଯୋଗ ଦିଆଗଲା ।

ସ୍ଵାମୀଜୀ ଅତି ବିନମ୍ରତାର ସହ ବକ୍ତ୍ର ଗମ୍ଭୀର ସ୍ଵରରେ ନିଜର ଓଜସ୍ଵିନୀ ଭାଷଣ ଦେଇ କହିଥିଲେ ଯେ ସେ ଯେଉଁ ଧର୍ମର ପ୍ରତିନିଧିତ୍ଵ କରୁଛନ୍ତି ତାହା ହେଲା ବିଶ୍ଵର ସର୍ବ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ଧର୍ମ, ସବୁ ଧର୍ମର ଉତ୍ପତ୍ତିସ୍ଥଳ ମାତା ସଦୃଶ୍ୟ । ସେହି ମହାନ ଧର୍ମ ଅସୀମ ସହନଶୀଳତା ଓ ବିଶ୍ଵସାର୍ବଜନନୀତାରେ ବିଶ୍ଵାସ କରେ । ଯେପରି ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଦିଗରୁ ପ୍ରବାହିତ ନିର୍ଝର ଜଳଧାରା ନିଜ ନିଜର ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ଵ ହରାଇ ସର୍ବ ଶେଷରେ ମହାସମୁଦ୍ରରେ ଲୀନ ହୁଅନ୍ତି ସେହିପରି ସବୁ ଧର୍ମ ନିଜ ନିଜର ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ଵ ହରାଇ ସେହି ପରମେଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କ ଅନନ୍ତ ସତ୍ତାରେ ବିଲୀନ ହୁଅନ୍ତି । ସେହି ଅନନ୍ତ ସତ୍ତାର ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ଵଳ କିରଣ ନା ହିନ୍ଦୁ, ନା ମୁସଲମାନ, ନା ବୌଦ୍ଧ, ନା ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟିଆନ , ନା ପାପୀ, ନା ସନ୍ଥ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ସମାନ ଭାବରେ ବିଚ୍ଛୁରିତ ହୁଏ । ଯେଉଁ ଯୁବ ସନ୍ୟାସୀଙ୍କୁ ବହୁତ କଷ୍ଟରେ ସ୍ଵଳ୍ପ ସମୟ ପାଇଁ ବକ୍ତବ୍ୟ ପେଶ କରିବାକୁ ଅନୁମତି ମିଳିଥିଲା, ସେହି ପ୍ରାଚ୍ୟ ଭୃଷଣର ଯୁବ ସନ୍ୟାସୀଙ୍କ ଜ୍ଞାନଦୀପ୍ତ ମର୍ମସ୍ପର୍ଶୀ ଭାଷଣ ସମସ୍ତ ଧର୍ମଗୁରୁ ଓ ଶ୍ରୋତା ମଣ୍ଡଳୀଙ୍କୁ ଚକିତ୍ କରିଥିଲା । ସେ କହିଥିଲେ ସବୁ ଧର୍ମର ମହାନ ଲକ୍ଷ ଏକ । ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କର ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ନୁହଁ, ଐକୀକରଣ ଧ୍ଵଂସ ନୁହଁ, ଐକ୍ୟ ଓ ଶାନ୍ତି ବିବାଦ ନୁହଁ । ସମ୍ମିଳନୀର ଭଦ୍ର ଯାପନ ଦିବସ ଯାଏଁ ଅର୍ଥାତ ୧୮୯୩ ମସିହା ସେପ୍ଟେମ୍ବର ୨୭ ତାରିଖ ଯାଏଁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଭାଷଣ ଦେବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଥିଲା ।

ବିଶ୍ଵ ସର୍ବ ଧର୍ମ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀର ୧୫ ତାରିଖର ଅଧିବେଶନରେ ସବୁ ଧର୍ମର ଧର୍ମାବଲମ୍ବୀ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ସେ ନିଜ ଅହଙ୍କାର ତ୍ୟାଗ କରିବାକୁ ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦେଇ କୂପମଣ୍ଡଳ ଓ ସାଗର ମଣ୍ଡଳ ଉପାଖ୍ୟାନର ଅବତାରଣା କରିଥିଲେ । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଧର୍ମାବଲମ୍ବୀ କୂପମଣ୍ଡଳ ଭଳି ସଂକୀର୍ଣ୍ଣ ମନୋଭାବ ନେଇ ସ୍ଵୀୟ ଅହଙ୍କାରରେ ବୁଡି ରହିଛନ୍ତି । ସେମାନେ ସାଗର ମଣ୍ଡଳର ବ୍ୟାପକତା ବିଷୟରେ ଅଜ୍ଞାତ । ତେଣୁ ଅନ୍ୟ ଧର୍ମର ମହାନତାକୁ ସ୍ଵୀକାର କରିବାରେ ପଶ୍ଚାତ୍ ପଦ ହେବା ଅନୁଚିତ । ସ୍ଵାମୀଜୀଙ୍କ ଭାଷଣ ଓ ପ୍ରବଚନ ଶୁଣିବା ପାଇଁ ଆମେରିକାର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରାନ୍ତରୁ ଆମନ୍ତ୍ରଣ ଆସିଥିଲା । ସମସ୍ତ ଖବର କାଗଜ ତାଙ୍କ ଭାଷଣର ବହୁଳ ପ୍ରଚାର କରି ଭୂୟସୀ ପ୍ରଶଂସା କରିଥିଲେ । ସେଠାର ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠିତ ଖବର କାଗଜ 'ଦି ନ୍ୟୁୟର୍କ ହେରାଲ୍ଡ' ଲେଖିଥିଲା, ନିଃସନ୍ଦେହରେ ପାର୍ଲିଆମେଣ୍ଟ ଅଫ ରିଲିଜିୟନ (ବିଶ୍ଵ ସର୍ବ ଧର୍ମ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ) ର ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ଵ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ସ୍ଵାମୀ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦ । ତାଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଶ୍ରବଣ ପରେ ଆମ୍ଭେମାନେ ଅନୁଭବ କରୁଛୁ ଯେ ଆମ୍ଭେମାନେ କେତେ ମୂର୍ଖ ଏଭଳି ଏକ ଜ୍ଞାନ ଗର୍ଭାଦେଶ (ଭାରତକୁ) ମିଶନାରୀ ପ୍ରେରଣ କରିଥିଲୁ ।

ସ୍ଵାମୀଜୀ ଆମେରିକାରେ ସାତେ ତିନିବର୍ଷର ରହଣୀ ପରେ ୧୮୯୬ ମସିହାରେ ଇଂଲଣ୍ଡ ଅଭିମୁଖେ ଏବଂ ସେଠାରୁ ୧୮୯୭ ମସିହା ଜାନୁୟାରୀ ୧୫ ତାରିଖରେ ସ୍ଵଦେଶ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନ କରିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ସମର୍ପିତ ଶିଷ୍ୟା ଥିଲେ ଆୟର୍ଲ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡର ଶିକ୍ଷୟିତ୍ରୀ ମାର୍ଗାରେଟ ଏଲିଜାବେଥ୍ ନୋବେଲ ଯିଏକି ସମଗ୍ର ଭାରତରେ 'ଉଗିନୀ ନିବେଦିତା' ନାମରେ ପରିଚିତ । ସେ ଭାରତକୁ ନିଜର କର୍ମଭୂମି ରୂପେ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରି ନାରୀଶିକ୍ଷା ଓ ନାରୀ ଜାଗରଣ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ଲିପ୍ତ ରହି ୧୯୧୧ ମସିହା ଅକ୍ଟୋବର ୧୩ ତାରିଖରେ ଶିଳିଗୁଡି ଠାରେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁବରଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ସ୍ଵାମୀଜୀ ୧୮୯୭ ମସିହା ମେ ୧ ତାରିଖରେ କଲିକତାଠାରେ ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ସ୍ମୃତିରେ 'ରାମକୃଷ୍ଣ ମିଶନ' ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠା କରିଥିଲେ । ୧୮୯୭ ମସିହାରେ ସେ ବେଲୁର୍ ମଠ ମଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠା କରିଥିଲେ । ସେ ୧୮୯୬ ଏପ୍ରିଲ ମାସରେ ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ଥର ପାଇଁ ଇଂଲଣ୍ଡ ଓ ୧୮୯୯ ମସିହା ଜୁନ ୨୦ ତାରିଖରେ ସ୍ଵାମୀଜୀ ତ୍ରିତୀୟ ଥର ପାଇଁ ଆମେରିକା ଯାତ୍ରା କରିଥିଲେ । ସେ ୧୯୦୦ ମସିହା ଡିସେମ୍ବର ମାସରେ ସ୍ଵଦେଶ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନ କରିଥିଲେ ।

କିଛିଦିନ ପାଇଁ ନିଜ ଦେଶରେ ଭ୍ରମଣ ପରେ ଦୀର୍ଘ ଦିନର ବିଶ୍ରାମ ବିହୀନ ଜୀବନ ଓ କ୍ଳାନ୍ତି ଯୋଗୁଁ ସେ ଅସୁସ୍ଥ ହୋଇପଡିଲେ । ତଥାପି ସେ ଶିଷ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ କହୁଥିଲେ ଇଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କୁ ଅନ୍ୱେଷଣ କରିବା ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ନାହିଁ । ଯିଏ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ସେବାକରେ ସେ ହିଁ ଇଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କୁ ଲାଭ କରିଥାଏ । ସେ କହିଥିଲେ ମୋର ମାର୍ଗ ଦର୍ଶକ ଜୀବନର ଶେଷ ଯାତ୍ରା ଯାଏଁ ଧର୍ମ ପ୍ରଚାର କରୁଥିଲେ, ମୁଁ ମଧ୍ୟ ଜୀବନର ଶେଷ ଯାଏଁ ସେଭଳି କରିବି ।

୧୮୯୮ ମସିହା ଜୁନ ୧୦ ତାରିଖରେ ସେ ଆଲମୋରାରୁ ମହମ୍ମଦ ସରଫରାଜ୍ ହୁସେନଙ୍କୁ ପତ୍ର ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ଲେଖିଥିଲେ ଆମେ ମାନବ ସମାଜକୁ ଏଭଳି ଏକ ସ୍ଥାନକୁ ନେବୁ ଯେଉଁଠି କି ବେଦ, ବାଇବଲ, କୋରାନ୍ ନ ଥିବ । ତଥାପି ଏସବୁ ଧର୍ମର ଏକତ୍ର ପରିପ୍ରକାଶରେ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ମଣିଷ ନିଜ ନିଜର ପଥ ବାଛି ନେଇପାରିବ । ସ୍ୱାମୀଜୀ ୩୯ ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ ୧୯୦୨ ମସିହା ଜୁଲାଇ ୪ ତାରିଖ ଶୁକ୍ରବାର ଦିନ ବେଲୁର ମଠରେ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗାରୋହଣ କରିଥିଲେ ।



ଶ୍ରୀ ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ ପାଢୀ

ମୃତ୍ୟୁର ଅବ୍ୟବହିତ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସେ କହିଥିଲେ ମୋର ପାର୍ଥବ ଶରୀର ଏକ ପୂରୁଣା ଶୀର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବସ୍ତୁ ଭଳି ସଂସାର ତ୍ୟାଗ କଲେ ସୁଦ୍ଧା ଯେତେଦିନ ଯାଏଁ ମୋର ସତ୍ତା ସେହି ଅନ୍ତିମ ସତ୍ତାରେ ବିଲୀନ ହୋଇ ନାହିଁ ସେତେଦିନ ଯାଏଁ ମୁଁ ଅତୃଣ୍ୟରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଲିପୁ ରହିବି । ଶ୍ରୀମଦ ଭଗବତ ଗୀତାର ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ବାଣୀ ହେଲା - "ଜାତସ୍ୟ ହି ଧୃବୋ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ, ଧ୍ରୁବମ୍ ଜନ୍ମ ମୃତସ୍ୟ ଚ" ଅର୍ଥାତ ମଣିଷ ଜନ୍ମ ହେଲେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ନିଶ୍ଚିତ । ମରିବା ଲୋକର ମଧ୍ୟ ପୂର୍ବ ଜନ୍ମ ସେଇଭଳି ନିଶ୍ଚିତ । କିନ୍ତୁ "କାର୍ତ୍ତିକ ଯସ୍ୟ ସଃ ଜୀବତି" - କାର୍ତ୍ତିମାନ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ମଣିଷକୁ ଅମର କରି ରଖେ ।

ଅବସରପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ପ୍ରାଧ୍ୟାପକ ଶ୍ରୀ ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ ପାଢୀ ବୃତ୍ତିରେ ଜଣେ ବହୁପାଠୀ, ଜିଜ୍ଞାସୁ ଓ ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀ ପ୍ରୀୟ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ । ପ୍ରବୃତ୍ତିରେ ସେ ଜଣେ ଭଲ ସଂଗଠକ, ଗବେଷକ ଏବଂ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତିରେ ରୁଚି ରଖୁଥିବା ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାଶୀଳ ମଣିଷ । ସେ ଶିକ୍ଷା, ଲୋକସଂସ୍କୃତି, ଅର୍ଥନୀତି, ସାମାଜିକ ବିଧି ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା ଓ କେତେକ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିବିଶେଷଙ୍କ ଜୀବନୀର ସଫଳ ରୂପାୟନ କରି ବହୁ କବିତା ଓ ପ୍ରବନ୍ଧ ରଚନା କରିଛନ୍ତି, ଯାହାକି ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପତ୍ରପତ୍ରିକାରେ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ହୋଇ ପାଠକୀୟ ସ୍ୱୀକୃତି ଲାଭ କରିଛି ।

ସ୍ୱାମୀ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦ ସାରା ବିଶ୍ୱରେ ଅଗଣିତ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାଳୁ ଓ ଅନୁଗାମୀଙ୍କ ହୃଦୟରେ ଚିର ଅମର, ଅବିନଶ୍ୱର ହୋଇ ରହିଛନ୍ତି ଓ ରହିବେ ମଧ୍ୟ । ଜିତେନ୍ଦ୍ରୀୟ, ସିଦ୍ଧପୁରୁଷ, ଯୋଗଜନ୍ମା, ସ୍ୱାଭିମାନୀ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ଯୁବମାନସର ପ୍ରତିଭୁ, ଯୁବ ସୁଲଭ ଭର୍ତ୍ତା ଓ ଶୌର୍ଯ୍ୟର ଏକ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତିମନ୍ତୁ ପ୍ରତିକ, ଯୁବ ପ୍ରେରଣାର ଏକ ଅପୁରନ୍ତୁ ଭସ୍ତ । ତେଣୁ ଯଥାର୍ଥରେ କୁହାଯାଏ "ଆଧୁନିକ ଭାରତ ହେଉଛି ତାଙ୍କର (ଶ୍ରୀ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦଙ୍କ) ସୃଷ୍ଟି" ।

ସ୍ୱାମୀଜୀଙ୍କ ଆବିର୍ଭାବ ଦିବସ ଜାନୁୟାରୀ ୧୨ ତାରିଖକୁ ସବୁ ଭାରତୀୟଙ୍କ ମାନସ ପଟରେ ଚିର ଜୀବନ୍ତୁ ରଖିବା ପାଇଁ ଭାରତ ସରକାର ୧୯୮୪ ମସିହା ଠାରୁ ଏହିଦିନକୁ "ଜାତୀୟ ଯୁବ ଦିବସ" ରୂପେ ପାଳନ କରିବାକୁ ଘୋଷଣା କରିଛନ୍ତି ।

ଭାରତ ମାତା କି ଜୟ ।

The Year THAT WAS 2025





MOA ladies with diyas during Diwali Tarang, 2024 celebration @ NSCBICC, Brickfields, Kuala Lumpur



Diwali Tarang, 2024 celebration @ NSCBICC, Brickfields, Kuala Lumpur



Shri B. N. Reddy, High Commissioner of India to Malaysia, with the speakers on the occasion of “Language Confluence” – a celebration of the Odia language, organised by the High Commission of India at the ICC, Kuala Lumpur.



Sambalpuri Dance Performance by the girls and ladies of the Malaysia Odia Association (MOA) at the Indian Cultural Centre (NSCBICC), Kuala Lumpur, on the eve of Language Confluence.



Unveiling of ABHIPSA 2024

Honouring the Young Participants – Certificate Distribution at Language Confluence



The members of the Malaysia Odia Association (MOA) performed during the Republic Day 2025 celebrations at India House, Kuala Lumpur.



Shri B. N. Reddy, High Commissioner of India to Malaysia, along with Ms. Amrita Dash, visited the Dahibara stall set up by the Malaysia Odia Association (MOA) on the eve of Republic Day at India House, Kuala Lumpur.



Annual General Body Meeting 2024



Meeting without Odia food...always a no no



Smiles all around as children at Rumah Charis enjoy a fun cake-cutting celebration!



Annual MOA Charity event at Home for the Children home by Rumah Charis



Pakhala Dibasa Celebration @ TasteBud, Sentul , Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia



Kids enjoying Pakhala Dibasa Celebration @ TasteBud, Sentul , Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia



Saura Art and Bamboo Art Workshop and Exhibition at ICC organised by MOA



Ms. Subhashini Narayanan, Deputy High Commissioner of India to Malaysia @ the Workshop



Young Artist at work



ସୌର



Saura Art enthusiast @ the Saura Art & Bamboo craft workshop organised by MOA



Bamboo craft from Odisha on display @ the workshop



Saura Art and Bamboo craft workshop organised by MOA at Global Indian International School , KL



Ms. Amrita Dash, Counsellor Indian High commission , Malaysia felicitating Gurus from Odisha



Art
WORKSHOP



Odia Volunteers at Saura Art and Bamboo craft workshop organised by MOA at Global Indian International School , KL



Ms. Dipti Joshna , Principal GIIIS with the Gurus and some of kids during the workshop



UTKAL
Dibasa

UTKAL Dibasa, 2025 Celebration @ NSCBICC , Kuala Lumpur Malaysia



The members of the Malaysia Odia Association (MOA) performed the thought-provoking drama , highlighting the Na-Anka Famine of Odisha (ନାଆଙ୍କ ଦୁର୍ଭିକ୍ଷ ଭଗବେ ମନଛୁଆଁ ନିବେକ).



Odia Food at Sankranti bhoji at Sri Sakthi Karpaga Vinayagar Temple, Brickfields, Kuala Lumpur

மலேசியா "ஓடியா சமூகம்" சங்கரந்தி பூஜை முன்னிட்டு பிரிக்பீல்ட்ஸ் கற்பக விநாயகர் ஆலயத்தில் அன்னதானம் வழங்கப்பட்டது



MOA Sankranti Bhoji in local News paper

शुभ

YOGA
DAY

ABHPSA 2025



Sabitr
Brata

MOA Sabitri Brata puja at Geeta Ashram, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia



Members of MOA participated in the International Yoga Day Celebration organised by Indian Highcom at Batu Caves, Kuala Lumpur



Members of MOA participated in the Viksit Bharat Run Celebration organised by Indian Highcom, Malaysia

शुभ

ABHIPSA 2025



Sri Ganesh Puja 2025 at The Vivekananda Ashrama , Brickfields, Kuala Lumpur

शुभशुभ



Devotees at the Ganesh Puja 2025

Ganesh Pujal



Bisarjana at Port Dickson , Malaysia

ELICITATION OF PIO DAY PARTNER ORGANIZATION

प्रवर्षा

ABHIPSA 2025



Mr, Girish M Pattanaik , Vice President MOA receiving memento from Shri Pabitra Margherita, Hon'ble Minister of State for External Affairs & Textiles, India, at the GOPIO Day celebration at Kuala Lumpur



MOA representatives at GOPIO Day with Deputy Minister of Unity of Malaysia, YB Senator Saraswathy Kandasami



Dr. Snigdha Mishra , President MOA @ Prabasi Bharatiya Dibas ,2025 Bhubaneswar



MOA representatives had a meeting with Smt. Aparajita Sarangi, Hon'ble Member of Parliament from Bhubaneswar, to discuss the reinstatement of the direct flight connecting Kuala Lumpur and Bhubaneswar.



Food Festival organised by MOA During Raja Celebration at Brickfields, Kuala Lumpur



Food Festival

Food Festival



ABHIPSA 2025



Renowned Odissi maestro, Guru Gajendra Panda, graced the Food Festival organized by MOA during the Raja celebrations in Kuala Lumpur



Raja
Mauja

ஒடிசா சமூக கல்வி, மொழி, கலை, கலாச்சாரம், ஆகியவை காக்கப்படும், இந்திய தூதரகம் அறிவிப்பு



இந்திய தூதரகம் ஏற்பாட்டில் கடந்த (17/11/2024 ஞாயிறாழிழை) நடந்த ஒன்றுகூடும் நிகழ்வு பிரிக்ஸில், விமரிசியாக நடைபெற்றது. இந்த நிகழ்வுக்கு ஒடிசா சமூகத்தை சார்ந்த மூன்று இயக்கங்கள் கலந்து கொண்டனர். இந்த நிகழ்வுக்கு சிறப்பு வருகை புரிந்த மலேசியாவுக்கான இந்திய தூதர் பி.என்.ரெட்டி, சிறப்புறையாற்றி தொடக்கி வைத்தார்.



சிறப்பு பிரமுகரைக கலந்து கொண்ட பதமஜீ டத்தோ ரஸ்லி இராஹிம், ஒடிசா சமூக பொருளாதார மேம்பாட்டு இயக்கத்தின் தலைவர் கிரேன் பனாமாளி, உதவி தலைவர் மந்திரி அராக நைக், செயலாளர் பித்திரகுமார், உச்சமன்ற உறுப்பினர்கள் டாக்டர் கே. ல். பால்கரன், சிவகுமார், பாடகி ஷிமா ஓக்ரா, இந்திய தூதரகத்தின் கலை, கலாச்சார, கவுன்சிலர் அம்பிரித்தா தாஸ். இந்த ஒன்று கூடும் நிகழ்வு சிறப்பாக ஏற்பாடு செய்து முடித்து வைத்தனர்.

மலேசியாவில் ஒடிசா சமூக கல்வி, மொழி, கலை, கலாச்சாரம், ஆகியவை காக்கப்படும், என்று இந்திய தூதரகம் தெரிவித்தது. ஆகவே



Farewell dinner for the Indian Embassy's Labor Counselor



Our correspondent: Kuala Lumpur, May 21 - A farewell dinner for Kumari Amrita Das, Counselor for Labour Affairs at the Indian Embassy in Kuala Lumpur, was held at Saka Restaurant, Jalan Marop, Bangsar on the 18th (Sunday) with great fanfare.

The Vice President of the Malaysian Odisha Association, who attended the event. Mandir Harusu Naik, Physicist, Sivikumar, and Dr. Sintha Mishra, President of the Malaysian Odisha Association, Secretary Dr. Satya Naik, P. Shantha Kumar Bharathan, Dr. Pradeep Kumar Mishra, Salla Paul Mendis

Teesan Dipu, Rashan Sanu, and social worker and public welfare volunteer Dr. K.S. Baskaran were present.

On behalf of the people of Odisha in Malaysia, Physiccosono presented a commemorative plaque to Kumari Amrita Das.

இந்திய தூதரக ஏற்பாட்டில் சமூகம், மொழியை பாதுகாக்கும் பிரச்சாரம்

நமது நீருமர்
கோலாலம்பூர், நவ.23-
இந்திய தூதரக ஏற்பாட்டில் ஒன்றுகூடும் நிகழ்வு பிரிக்ஸில் சன்மையல் மிக விமரிசையாக நடைபெற்றது.
இந்த நிகழ்வில் ஒடிசா சமூகத்தை சார்ந்த 3 இயக்கங்கள் கலந்து கொண்டன. இந்த நிகழ்வுக்குச் சிறப்பு வருகை புரிந்த மலேசியாவுக்கான இந்திய தூதர் பி.என்.ரெட்டி சிறப்புறையாற்றி தொடக்கி வைத்தார். சிறப்பு பிரமுகரைக பதமஜீ டத்தோ ரஸ்லி இராஹிம் கலந்து கொண்டு சிறப்பித்தார்.
ஒடிசா சமூகப் பொருளாதார மேம்பாட்டு இயக்கத்தின் தலைவர்

கிரேன் பனாமாளி, உதவி தலைவர் மந்திரி அராக நைக், செயலாளர் பி.ஏந்திரகுமார், உச்சமன்ற உறுப்பினர்கள் டாக்டர் கே.எஸ். பால்கரன், சிவகுமார், பாடகி ஷிமா ஓக்ரா, இந்திய தூதரகத்தின் கலை, கலாச்சார கவுன்சிலர் திருமதி அம்பிரித்தா தாஸ். இந்த ஒன்றுகூடும் நிகழ்வைச் சிறப்பாக ஏற்பாடு செய்து முடித்து வைத்தனர்.
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தலைவர் கிரேன் பனாமாளி, மற்றும் உதவி தலைவர் மந்திரி அராக நைக், மற்றும் இயக்கத்தின் பொறுப்பாளர்கள் நன்றியை தெரிவித்துக் கொண்டனர். இந்த நிகழ்வில் இயக்கத்தின் சார்பில் 3 பேர் கலந்து கொண்டு சிறப்பித்தார்கள்.



MOA activities in Local Tamil News Paper, 2025



Farewell Celebration in honor of Ms. Amrita Dash, Counsellor (Community Affairs & Labour).



ABHIPSA 2025



Farewell Celebration in honor of Ms. Amrita Dash, Counsellor (Community Affairs & Labour).



Welcoming Dr. Gajendra Panda and fellow Odia artists in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.



MOA organised a lunch for visiting Odia artists at TasteBud, Sentul, along with local Odia representatives.



Sambalpuri Dance performance by Ladies of Malaysia Odia Association @ TFA Diwali function



Sambalpuri Dance performance by Ladies of Malaysia Odia Association @ TFA Diwali function

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The Storms That Couldn't Break Odisha

Ashutosh Bidhar

1. Prelude: The Land Where the Wind Whispers

On the eastern coast of India lies a state where the wind has a voice – sometimes gentle like a flute, sometimes furious like a drum. Odisha, kissed by the Bay of Bengal, has lived for centuries in rhythm with the sea. The same waters that shimmer under the morning sun often rise in wrath, birthing cyclones that reshape lives and landscapes alike.

Yet, amid every shattered hut and uprooted tree, something unyielding remains – the spirit of Odisha. The people here do not just survive storms; they embrace them as teachers, learning endurance, cooperation, and the strength to rebuild from nothing.

2. When the Sea Turned Dark: A Glimpse into History

Odisha's coast, stretching over 480 kilometers, is both a blessing and a burden. The fertile deltas of Mahanadi and Baitarani nurture millions, but they also lie exposed to cyclonic fury.

The Super Cyclone of 1999 was a tragedy beyond measure – wind speeds crossing 250 km/h, entire villages wiped out, and over 10,000 lives lost. The sea advanced into land like a giant serpent, swallowing fields, homes, and hope.

But that disaster changed everything. The government, scientists, and common people vowed that no storm would ever claim so many lives again. Thus began Odisha's transformation from a vulnerable state to one of the most prepared regions in the world.

3. A Story from Kendrapara: The Fisherman's Oath

In a small fishing hamlet near Kendrapara, 52-year-old Madhab Behera begins his mornings before sunrise. His palms are rough, his face browned by years of salt and sun. Beside his broken boat lies a new one, painted bright blue – his third in ten years. The first two were lost to the sea.

He recalls the night Cyclone Fani arrived.

“The sky was roaring. The radio kept shouting warnings. We tied the boats with ropes, but it was like tying a storm with thread,” he says.

Madhab and his family spent two nights in a cyclone shelter, clutching their belongings and each other. When they returned, the village was unrecognizable — fishing nets torn, houses flattened, coconut trees uprooted like matchsticks.

Yet within a week, they began to rebuild. NGOs provided nets, the government gave aid, and local youth helped repair the boats. Madhab repaired his too, vowing never to leave the sea.

“The sea is like a mother,” he says, looking at the horizon. “Sometimes she scolds us, but she never abandons us.”

His story mirrors thousands of others across Odisha — ordinary people carrying extraordinary courage.

4. Women at the Heart of Recovery

In Jagatsinghpur, women self-help groups (SHGs) have become the backbone of post-disaster recovery. During Cyclone Yaas, it was the women of the Maa Mangala SHG who coordinated the evacuation of elderly villagers and children to cyclone shelters.

They cooked for hundreds, distributed clothes, and cleaned the shelters once the winds subsided. For them, leadership was not a choice — it was necessity.

> “When our men go to sea or get stranded, we cannot wait for help to come. We are the help,” says Laxmipriya Nayak, a 35-year-old SHG leader.

These women have now trained in first aid, search-and-rescue, and even solar-energy installation. They represent a quiet revolution — disaster resilience led by women.

5. The Silent Revolution: Odisha’s Preparedness Model

Today, Odisha is internationally recognized for its disaster management system. The Odisha State Disaster Management Authority (OSDMA) works year-round, not just when storms hit.

Early-warning messages are sent via text, sirens, and local volunteers. More than 800 multipurpose cyclone shelters dot the coastline, stocked with food, water, and solar power.

Before a cyclone strikes, millions are evacuated within hours — a feat of coordination between government, police, community leaders, and volunteers. During Cyclone Phailin (2013), more than one million people were moved to safety, resulting in minimal casualties despite winds exceeding 200 km/h.

The United Nations even praised Odisha as a “global example of disaster preparedness.”

. When Nature Fights Back: Climate Change and New Threats

But the sea is changing. The Bay of Bengal, once predictable, has grown warmer — breeding stronger, more frequent cyclones. Climate scientists warn that these “superstorms” are the new normal.

Rising sea levels are slowly eating away at villages. In Satabhaya, the shoreline has receded by nearly two kilometers in two decades. Entire communities have had to relocate inland, their ancestral homes now underwater.

Saltwater intrusion turns fertile paddy fields barren. Fishermen face erratic catches. Coconut and betel leaf plantations die from saline winds. For coastal families, climate change is not a theory – it is their daily reality.

> “Earlier, we feared one big storm in five years,” says Madhab. “Now, every monsoon brings a new one.”

7. The Youth of Hope: Innovation in the Face of Adversity

Yet, from within these challenges rise stories of innovation. In Ganjam, college students are developing drone-based flood-mapping systems. In Puri, youth collect real-time weather data through open-source apps to warn nearby villages.

Start-ups in Bhubaneswar are creating portable solar lights for post-cyclone relief. Engineering students from VSSUT Burla designed a low-cost floating shelter prototype made from bamboo and recycled plastic barrels.

Technology is slowly merging with compassion – a combination that gives Odisha a new kind of resilience: one built on knowledge.

8. The Soul of the Sea: A Short Story – “Sand Castles”

When Anita, a twelve-year-old girl from Astaranga, first saw the sea, she thought it was endless happiness. Every evening, she built sandcastles beside her father’s fishing boat – small dreams shaped by small hands.

But one year, the storm came early. The waves rose like dark mountains, swallowing everything in sight. Her father’s boat was lost; her schoolbooks floated away. The

A month later, volunteers arrived to rebuild homes. They gave the children notebooks and crayons. One evening, Anita built a new sandcastle, taller and stronger. A volunteer asked her, “Aren’t you afraid the sea will wash it away again?”

She smiled and said,

> “Maybe. But I’ll build it again tomorrow.”

That little girl, who once cried over lost sandcastles, now dreams of becoming a marine scientist – to study the same sea that once scared her.

Her story embodies the spirit of Odisha – the courage to rebuild, again and again, no matter how many times the waves erase the shore.

9. The Unsung Heroes

After every cyclone, there are silent heroes – volunteers who rescue, doctors who travel through flooded paths, and teachers who reopen schools inside damaged shelters.

People like Prakash Rout, a 28-year-old teacher in Balasore, who waded through knee-deep water carrying books in a plastic bag to teach children under a mango tree.

> “If I stop teaching, the storm wins,” he says.

There are doctors who conduct mobile clinics in villages cut off from roads. Local radio operators who broadcast updates using hand-cranked transmitters when power lines fail

Odisha’s resilience is not just institutional; it is deeply human

10. Nature and Humanity: The Unwritten Pact

In Odia folklore, the sea is both giver and taker. It tests devotion and rewards faith. Each cyclone renews that ancient understanding between nature and humanity – a pact written in wind and water.

Temples like Jagannath Puri have stood for centuries despite countless storms, symbolizing endurance. For many villagers, faith is their strongest shelter. They light oil lamps even during the fiercest gales – a small flame that defies the darkness.

11. Lessons for the World

Odisha teaches the world three vital lessons:

1. Preparedness saves lives. From community drills to technology integration, readiness transforms tragedy into survival.
2. Resilience begins at the grassroots. Empowered locals, especially women and youth, are the true defense against disaster.
3. Hope is renewable energy. It powers rebuilding efforts long after relief funds dry up.

Other cyclone-prone regions – from the Philippines to the Caribbean – have studied Odisha’s model for replication.

12. Rebuilding, Rethinking, and Rising

Every time a cyclone passes, Odisha’s landscape changes slightly – a new embankment here, a relocated village there. But what doesn’t change is the sense of belonging to the land.

Rehabilitation now focuses not only on rebuilding homes but also on sustainable livelihoods:

- Salt-tolerant rice varieties for farmers.
- Eco-tourism projects to generate local income.
- Mangrove restoration for coastal protection.
- Insurance schemes for fishermen.

The journey is far from over, but it’s a journey of renewal – one storm at a time.

13. Conclusion: Where the Wind Meets the Will

When outsiders see Odisha, they often see disasters. But those who live here see something else – an unbroken rhythm of loss and recovery, despair and rebirth.

From Madhab’s repaired boat to Anita’s rebuilt sandcastle, each story is a verse in the epic of human courage. The sea may roar, the skies may darken, but the heart of Odisha remains luminous.

> “The storm may take our homes,” says Madhab, smiling at the restless horizon, “but it cannot take our hope. We are children of the sea – and we always return to it



Ashutosh Bidhar
AIIMS GORAKHPUR MBBS 2021

Native to Odisha, dreaming in Gorakhpur,
I stitch words like wounds –
healing not just patients,
but hearts too.

Odia in Malaysia

Asmit Mohanty

In foreign land, we wander free,
Far from Odisha's shores,
yet memories be..

The taste of Pakhala, the
smell of Dahibara stays in mind...
Nostalgia echoes,
in Malaysia's daily grind..

We chase dreams, in this
distant land,
Taking a piece of our
heart of beloved mother land..

KL's Twin towers, a modern sight,
Can't replace the love,
for the Jagannath Temple's light..

In our small community, we found our
nest,
Celebrating Utkal Divas, Raja, Diwali, with
our best..

The sounds of Odia, a melody so sweet,
Bringing Odia culture to the foreign stage,
celebrating every Odia tweet..

We dance to Sambalpuri beat, in vibrant cheer,
Our culture and traditions are forever dear..

Though far from home, our work remain,
In Odisha's soil, our roots sustain

We dance to Sambalpuri beat, in vibrant cheer,
Our culture and traditions are forever dear..

The festivals we celebrate, with joy and zest
In keeping Odia spirit alive, we are do
Sankranti feast..

In Malaysian nights, we share our tales,
Our Jagannath, Our Rathyatra, we sing our
Odia gails
s life is a blend, of two worlds apart,
We love Odisha and Malaysia from our heart..

We are Odias, in Malaysia's land,
With a mix of cultures, we move hand in hand..

We sing "Jay Jagannath" in
a single tone,
Angya.. Namaskar, Haribol is
a forever emotion
We came as expats, yet we found
a home,
With Malaysia Odia association,
we found our dome

One day, we will all return
to our mother land,
but the bond we formed
here will always stand..

Welcoming the new, and bidding goodbyes are
a forever loop..
But keeping this family
culture is an undying hope

In foreign land, we wander free,
Far from Odisha's shores,
yet memories be..



Asmit Mohanty

Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia



Two Daughters, One Heart: A Story of Love, Faith, and Family

Epari Manjari Rani Patro

As human beings, we're always striving to reach our goals—but a mother's love stands apart. Nothing can compare to the care and affection she gives. During pregnancy, a mother carries not just the baby, but also dreams, hopes, and the physical challenges that come with it. Through it all, she stays strong, focused on one thing: her baby's first smile. And when she finally hears that first little cry, all her pain is instantly replaced with pure joy.

After having my first baby girl, I conceived again. But this time, my thoughts and expectations were different. While I was filled with gratitude, a quiet doubt lingered in my heart—Would everyone be hoping for a boy now? Would they be disappointed if it's another girl?

As the months passed, I often spoke to the little life growing inside me. And in my heart, it felt as if she somehow knew. In the quiet darkness of my womb, she must have realized—I'm a girl again. And maybe, just maybe, a tiny worry fluttered within her too: Will they be happy to see me?.

But as my due date approached, my love only deepened. That anticipation—the mix of nerves, hope, and longing—grew stronger every day. And then, the moment she was born, everything changed.

The instant I saw her face and heard her first cry, my heart overflowed. All the doubts melted away. My face lit up with a joy I can't describe, and in that moment, love filled every corner of our home.

What began with silent worries ended in the most beautiful truth: she was everything we needed, and more. Our hearts were full, and our family complete—with love, laughter, and the joy of welcoming our second precious daughter.

The contribution of a father to his children's lives is frequently an unspoken one, a quiet strength at work. Though he carries life's pressures, he displays a happy countenance, embracing responsibility and moving through life's cycles. He may reflect on what he lacked in his own childhood, resolving to ensure his children experience those things.

Without a doubt, a father's role is essential, a significant part of life's intricate design. He provides a subtle yet powerful strength, offers consistent and unwavering support, and is a constant presence in our lives, influencing our world in often unseen ways.

Life is incredibly beautiful when children are a part of it. My two children are as precious as my own eyes. They may bicker, but their genuine love is evident when they're asleep together. They share a unique bond and affection. Interestingly, the younger one often looks out for the elder, even during disagreements. Sometimes, I feel they grow up too quickly, and I miss their mischievous younger days – learning to walk, making messes with food, their tumbles. How they began to talk might be unclear in my memory, but their first words were deeply touching.

I want to share my experience with both of my daughters during COVID-19. At that time, their father was staying in Kuala Lumpur, while I was in my hometown with them. Due to the situation, we had to follow many more rules and regulations for our safety. My elder daughter always followed her father's habits. She believed that even though her papa was not with us, she should still follow what he did. That moment made me realize how deeply she loved her father. She was only 4 years old at the time. I truly feel the bond between them was unique and very touching.

During those difficult periods when my husband was away, I missed him terribly, and I know the feeling was mutual, but his duty left us no alternative. He was alone in his location, while we were all together, separated by distance. Life had its share of difficulties, but thankfully, by God's grace, we all remained secure.

Lord Bal Gopal is both my strength and my weakness. My belief and trust in him are absolute. If anything should ever befall me or my loved ones, prayer will be my constant recourse. I will offer him my pain and sadness, and then I will find solace and continue to live joyfully with my family.

I've always believed that my family is my entire world. We must instill the same understanding in our children: that no matter what happens, our parents will always be there for us. Even if everyone else abandons you, your parents will undoubtedly stand by your side. If life feels overwhelming, don't lose heart. Just look around, and you'll see your parents quietly supporting you, working behind the scenes to give you strength and love. So, never abandon your parents.

Like birds flying across the sky and the seasons gently changing, time passed, and my children grew up. The special day we had been waiting for finally dawned - my eldest daughter's first day of school. Her eyes sparkled with nervous excitement as she entered a new world. Although a few tears were shed that morning, they quickly gave way to a bright smile. On that very next day, she bravely walked into her classroom, clutching her precious dreams. Since then, she has blossomed beautifully and is now filled with joy.

From the very beginning of her schooling at Euridite Academy, which has become like a second home to her, she has loved going to school. We've observed her deep enjoyment of learning. She not only loves her school but also admires her teachers, who guide her with kindness and care.

Her eyes light up when she talks about what her teacher says, whether it's about doing good deeds or avoiding bad ones. She listens attentively and follows her teacher's words like golden rules. Always joyful and curious, her journey has just begun.

Eventually, it was time for my younger daughter to begin school. We tried to register her in a different school, but she insisted on going to her elder sister's school, saying, "I want to go to Didi's school." We didn't know her reasons, but her preference for her sister's school was strong.

Consequently, we enrolled both girls in the same school. Now, our younger daughter is also going to school, and I can already see many changes in her.

I'd like to share a funny incident involving my younger daughter. One day, after coming home from school, she immediately picked up a book, went to the balcony, and began imitating how a teacher teaches in the classroom. She tried to copy everything. At one point, I saw her from behind acting like a teacher, and sometimes she would even pretend to be politely scolding someone.

The house is always full of energy—sometimes a little too much! My daughters, with their curious minds and playful hearts, turn every room into an adventure. Whether it's the constant game of hide-and-seek, the endless chatter, or their little mischiefs like spilling snacks or drawing on the walls, there's never a dull moment.

Their laughter fills the air, and although their little messes drive me crazy sometimes, I wouldn't trade it for the world. I often find them sneaking into the kitchen to "help" me cook, making more of a mess than anything else, or hiding under the dining table giggling at their own cleverness. The mischief is a reminder that they're growing up—learning, exploring, and leaving little bits of joy wherever they go.

Their naughty little acts are just part of the magic that makes our home uniquely ours, and every chaotic moment is wrapped in the love we share as a family.

Their bond with their father is something truly special. When he's home, the house becomes a playground for their imaginations. Whether it's playing make-believe games, building forts out of pillows, or racing around the living room, their laughter echoes through the walls. I often watch as their father becomes a willing participant in all their adventures, chasing after them or pretending to be a monster they have to escape.

The way they look at him with adoration as they tug at his hands, asking him to join in their games, reminds me just how much they adore their papa. Even during those busy days when he's tired from work, he never hesitates to get down on the floor with them, bringing out his own inner child to match theirs. Those moments of joy and connection between them are the highlights of our days—reminding us of the deep, playful love that binds our family together.

Looking back on this journey, I realize just how deeply motherhood has shaped me. From the quiet moments of uncertainty to the loud, joyful laughter echoing through our home, every experience has been a blessing. My daughters have taught me more about love, patience, and strength than I ever imagined possible.

Through challenges and distance, through giggles and growing pains, we've held onto each other—and that has made all the difference. I've watched my little girls grow into unique, kind-hearted souls, and in their eyes, I see the reflection of our love, our values, and our bond as a family.

This story is not just about becoming a mother—it's about becoming me. And as life continues to unfold, I carry in my heart the beautiful truth that family is my greatest gift, my greatest pride, and my forever home.

With love & care,



Epari Manjari Rani Patro
(Proud mother of Srisruthi & Srikriti)



The Swapneswar Mahadev Temple: An Evolution and A Legacy

Divya Pradhan

Hidden within the forests and looking over the village of Bandhagaon lies the Swapneswar Mahadev Temple, whose inception was the result of a culmination of willpower, faith, and belief.

The temple was established in the late 1950's by my great grandfather Achyutananda Dehury. After being blessed with two daughters, he and my great grandmother were sad that they hadn't yet borne any sons. In hopes of finding a cure for this sadness, he turned to a saint named Kunjananda Muni who advised him to build a temple dedicated to Lord Shiva near a big bael tree located close to their house. In order to start the construction work, a meeting of 18 villages was conducted, but no village was willing to take responsibility for the construction. As a result of this, my great grandfather himself took to building it.

The temple was built from mud and straw. Towards the north of the bael tree lies a mountain from which the shakti and linga were found and brought. A poojari was also kept to attend to the temple. After its establishment, my great grandmother devoted herself to worshipping Swapneswar Mahadev and her devotion came to fruition in the form of a son.

Some 60-70 years later, in accordance with my great grandfather's wish, in place of the old mud and straw temple, a well-established one with cement and concrete was built. The construction started in 2020 and was finished by 2024. This new building consists of 3 main divisions that are the khakhara deula, pidha deula, and the rekha deula. The rekha deula stands at a staggering height of 55 feet, inside which the new shiva-shakti are placed.

The old shiva-shakti were ceremonially taken out and immersed in the Mahanadi River, after which the new shiva-shakti, brought from Ujjain, Madhya Pradesh, were established there. The rituals for the inauguration ceremony included a 4 days long yajna, and prasad sevan for approximately 5000 people on the last day.



Divya Pradhan
Year 11, Unit 8, DAV, Bhubaneswar

Thus is the story of a temple which serves as a testament to the people's faith and belief in the Almighty. Its genesis was in one generation, but its tale continues to weave on for many more to come.



My Memorable Journey In Odisha Aaradhya Dash

I belong to the state of Odisha, therefore, I speak Odia. My parents hail from the district of Sundargarh. It is one of the mines rich district of my lovely country, India. The area is mainly famous for iron ore deposits. As a result, a steel plant is set up in my hometown, Rourkela.

As usual, a trip to my native place was planned by my parents as my examinations were finally over. It was a two-tier journey as my father had not come. We took an AirAsia flight which departed from Kuala Lumpur, the capital state of Malaysia and landed in Bhubaneswar, which was the capital city of Odisha. Me, my mother, named Swagatika and my endearing, little sister named Ellie boarded the flight. We boarded the flight in the month of November, 2024. My uncle, named Sudhanshu Mishra, had welcomed us at the Bhubaneswar airport. He served the Indian Army for 20 years. My loving grandfather was also by his side to greet us. My uncle's residence was near the Bhubaneswar airport so we drove there in his polished, black car. We stayed there for a few days . We had a lot of relatives in Bhubaneswar , so we had a chance to meet everyone during that trip.

The next day, at 9:00 P.M, we went to the train station and took a train to my lovely, native place, Rourkela. The very next day, was Deepavali, which is known as the "Festival of Light". This is one of my favorite celebrations!

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is a long-awaited birthday. This is because this is the first time we have ever celebrated her birthday with our grandparents, grand uncles, grand aunts, aunts and uncles and the rest of the near and dear relatives. We were dressed up with new, attractive clothes.

A marvelous mouth-watering cake had arrived which was cut during the function. Near and dear cousins and respected elderlies had started to shower their blessing and presents over my loving little sister. The venue was so attractive and glamorous that it gave an illusion of a mesmerizing sight of a real palace.

This visit to Odisha was truly unforgettable because every day something new and exciting would await me! Spending time with my family was really beautiful and fun. The Deepavali lights and the decorations in my sister's birthday party were some of the memories which would always stay in my heart.



Aaradhya Dash

Heritage international school



My Fun Trip to India

Sanchita Dash



Last year, I went to India and had the best adventure ever! Every time I visit, I see new wonders and learn exciting things.

First, I saw the green city of Rourkela, where everybody was friendly. Next, we visited the huge and beautiful Ram Temple in Ayodhya. I felt lucky to see it!

We then traveled to Haridwar, where people pray by the sparkling Ganges River. There were music and colorful lights everywhere.

Mussoorie was my favorite place. I stayed in a cool hotel and, for the first time, saw wolves! It was amazing.

In Puri, I visited the busy Jagannath Temple, filled with singing and happy crowds. The temple was amazing, and I learned about its story.

Delhi was noisy and full of life. I saw tall monuments and ate spicy street food like chaat and samosas. Yummy!

My trip to India was full of new discoveries, tasty food, and fun adventures. I can't wait to go back for more exciting memories!



Sanchita Dash
SK Taman Rasah Jaya, standard 6

My Memorable Journey In Odisha

Prabhupada Priyadarshi

I Prabhupada Priyadarshi lived in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, with my parents. I had moved here from India, a year ago. The city is full of tall buildings, bright lights, and busy food streets – everything was new and exciting. But amid all the excitement, there was one thing I missed deeply the taste of my homeland ODISHA.

Every evening after school, while my friends went for burgers or noodles, being an ODIA I thought about chaat, gupchup and dahibara. The smell of fried onions or spicy sambal in Malaysia reminded me of the aroma of mustard oil and curry leaves from my bou's (aai) home kitchen in Cuttack.

Being a vegetarian, living far away from Odisha makes me realize how special our food truly is. I miss the simple comfort of PAKHALA BHATA on a hot day, the delicious aroma of DALMA cooking with vegetables, and the sweetness of RASAGOLA melting in my mouth. No matter how many new dishes I try abroad, nothing tastes like home.

I miss the crispy BARA, the spicy GHUGUNI, and the festive smell of PITHA during Raja. Each Odia dish carries a memory of family, festivals, and love.

All thanks to my mom. She makes every Odia dish with so much love that it brings back the taste and memories of our homeland. From Dalma to pakhala bhata, from bara-ghugni to chhena poda, she cooks everything just like my Bou (aai) used to. Whenever I miss Odisha food, my mom's kitchen becomes my favorite place.

Being away from home has taught me that food is not just about taste; it's about the warmth and culture that make Odisha feel like home.



Prabhupada Priyadarshi
Year 9, GIIS, KL

My Journey to the Sacred Thread

Satyasundar Dash

Last December was a very special time for me. My family and I went to India for my thread ceremony. It is an old tradition in our family, and this time, it was my turn.

The day we left felt like an adventure. I woke up early because I was too excited to sleep. My suitcase was ready, and I couldn't stop smiling.

At the airport, there were so many people! My parents checked in our bags while I watched the big screen showing all the flights. Soon, it was time to board the plane.

When the plane took off, I looked out the window and saw the city lights below. "Here we go," I whispered. I felt happy and a little nervous. I wondered what the ceremony would be like.

After about five hours, we reached Bhubaneswar. It was night, and the air felt cool and fresh. I could smell something different, like flowers and spices.

Our relatives were waiting for us at the airport. When I saw them waving, I ran to them. They hugged me and smiled. I felt warm and loved, even though it was cold outside.

The next few days were full of fun and work. Our house was full of people, decorations, and good smells from the kitchen. My mom and aunts cooked sweets and special dishes. My dad talked to the priests and planned everything.

Everyone was excited. My cousins helped decorate the house with flowers and lights. Every time someone saw me, they said, "You're the main person this time!" That made me blush and laugh.

Finally, the special day came. I woke up early before the sun rose. The air was cold, and my mother helped me wear a silk dhoti. I felt proud and a bit grown up.

We went to the Jagannath temple in Patia, Bhubaneswar. It looked beautiful, covered in marigold flowers, banana leaves, and lamps that glowed in the misty morning.

Slowly, our family and friends arrived. The temple was filled with happy voices and the sound of temple bells. Everything felt bright and joyful.

My cousins and relatives helped arrange chairs and mats. The priests were getting everything ready. There were brass pots, coconuts, mango leaves, and rice bowls. The smell of sandalwood filled the air.

My father put his hand on my shoulder and said, "This is a big day for you. You are continuing our family's tradition." I nodded. I felt a little nervous but also proud.

The priests started chanting prayers. The fire burned brightly in front of us, and I sat beside my parents. The priest smiled and told me, "Don't worry. Just follow what I say."

I repeated the prayers after him. The words were in Sanskrit, and though I didn't understand them all, I felt their power.

The temple was quiet except for the sound of the chanting and the crackling fire.

Then came the most important part, the sacred thread, called yajnopavita. The priest said it stands for learning, discipline, and responsibility.

He gently placed the thread over my shoulder. It felt light, but it meant something big. I could feel my heart beating fast. My parents looked at me proudly, and I smiled back. I knew this was a moment I would never forget.

After that, I offered flowers and rice into the fire as the priests prayed for wisdom and good life. When the ceremony ended, everyone came to bless me. Some gave me small gifts, and others wished me well. Soon, lunch was served: rice, curries, sweets, and fruits. Everyone was happy, talking, and eating together. I had to wait a little before eating, but I didn't mind. I felt peaceful and thankful.

By evening, the temple was quiet. The lamps still glowed softly. We took many photos with family and friends. Later, when we went home, I sat by the window and looked at the stars.

I thought about everything that happened—the prayers, the fire, the sacred thread, and all the smiling faces. I felt proud, happy, and a little different—like I had grown up inside.

My trip to India was more than just a holiday. It helped me understand my family, my culture, and who I am.

When we flew back home, I looked down from the plane and whispered, "Thank you."

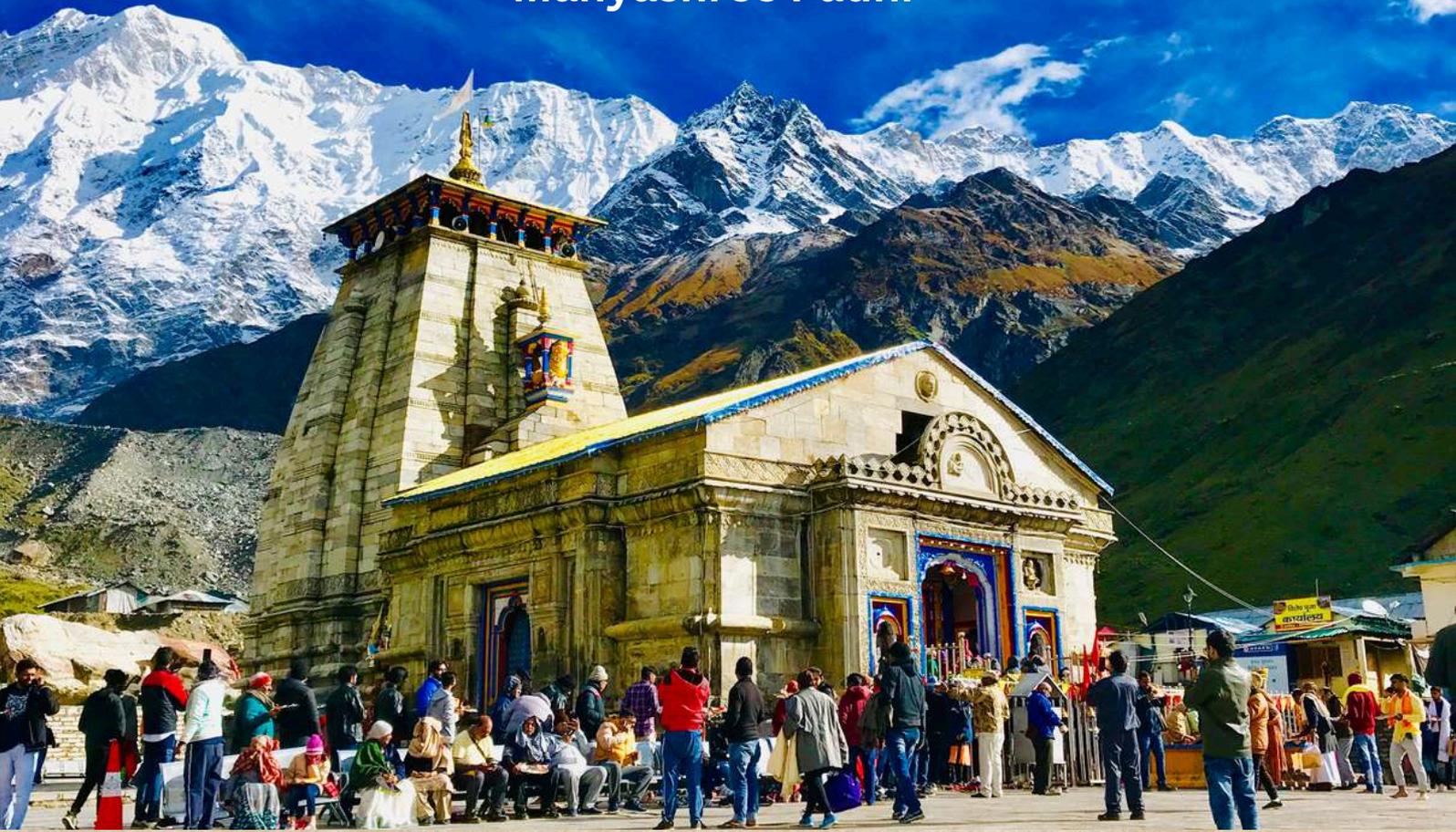
That day will always stay in my heart—a day of faith, family, and a new beginning.



Satyasundar Dash
SMK Seremban 3, form 2

My journey to Kedarnath & Badrinath temple

Manyashree Padhi



Early morning of 26th September 2025 (Friday), I have started my journey along with my parents from my home at Petaling Jaya to KLIA Airport to pick the flight from Kuala Lumpur (Malaysia) to New Delhi, the Capital of my great country Bharat(India). From New Delhi, we picked up another flight to Dehradun, the Capital of Uttarakhand, a state of Bharat near the Himalayan foothills. From Dehradun, we went to Rishikesh, a city besides the Holy Ganges River known as the "Yoga capital of the world" for its spiritual significance, yoga and meditation". We checked in a Hotel and my grandparents, uncle, aunts and my cousins joined us. In the evening, we attended Ganga Aarti at Triveni Ghat.

The next day, i.e., on 27 September (Saturday) early morning, we started from Rishikesh to Kedarnath and stayed in a hotel at Phata, a stopover on the way to Kedarnath. The road trip was very adventurous due to narrow roads across the mountains. On 28th September (Sunday), early morning, we went to Pawan Hans Helipad at Phata to pick the helicopter for Kedarnath Temple. This is my first experience to travel in a helicopter, its bit scary & adventurous to fly over the Himalayas, but believe me, the experience was awesome. We reached the temple and worshipped Baba Kedarnath and received his blessings. Then, we returned back to Phata by Helicopter.

The next day, on 29th September (Monday), we started from Phata to Joshi math, another beautiful adventurous long road trip across the mountains and river. We stayed the night at Joshimath, also known as Jyotirmath, in Chamoli District of Uttarakhand state.

On 30 September (Tuesday) early morning, we started from Jotirmath to Badrinath. We reached Badrinath temple and offered our prayer to Lord Badri Vishal and received his blessings. We returned back from Badrinath to Jyotirmath and stayed there due to bad weather.

Early morning on 01st of October (Wednesday), we started from Jyotirmath to Haridwar, another Holy city of Uttarakhand also known as "Gateway to Gods" where the Ganges River emerges from the Himalayas. We attended the evening Ganga Aarti at Ganga Ghat and worshipped Maa Ganga. Due to paucity of time we couldn't visit Gayatri Ashram established by Pandit SriRam Sharma Acharya and Patanjali Yogic Ashram and Hospital established by Baba Ramdev and Dr. Balakrishna.

From Haridwar, we returned back to Dehradun on 02 October (Thursday) to catch our flight to New Delhi and another flight from New Delhi to Bhubaneswar to reach my state Odisha. From Bhubaneswar, we went to our hometown Hinjilicut in Ganjam District to stay a few days with my grandparents before I returned to Malaysia.

This family trip was awesome for me, where I have enjoyed each and every moment with my family enjoying God's creations, the nature, mountains, rivers, beautiful places, delicious foods, and drinks. I am blessed to get Darshan and blessings of Lord Kedarnath, Badrinath and Ganga Maa. I will forever cherish these moments of my life. I owe a sense of gratitude to my parents, grandparents for encouraging me to enhance my academic pursuit.



Manyashree Padhi

Manyashree Padhi, daughter of Sugyani Padhi & Manmath Kumar Padhi, studying in Class 6 at Global Indian International School and residing at Petaling Jaya.



Sisterhood: A Bond Forged in Joy and Trust

Srisruthi Patro Epari

My love for my sister is profound and boundless; she is, without a doubt, the greatest gift in my life. Her kindness knows no limits, and she's always the first one to offer practical help or a comforting word. Every small gesture, like a gift from me, is met with a sweet kiss that warms my heart. When the world feels heavy and sadness strikes, she possesses an almost magical ability to bring the light back and restore my cheer. Her unrivaled sense of humor ensures she is the most joyful and entertaining part of my entire existence.

She isn't just my sibling; she is my first and truest friend, my unwavering partner in every adventure and misdeed. Sisterhood is more than a term—it's a deep, sacred covenant of unbreakable love and laughter that echoes forever.

She is my eternal confidante. We navigate She acts as my reflection, showing me who I am, and my counterpart, challenging me to be better. the complexities of life through spirited arguments, immense joy, and countless shared moments. Standing side-by-side, we continuously forge beautiful, sparkling memories that are guaranteed to last a lifetime.

Cherished Memories: From Birth to Birthday Surprises

I want to share some of the most special and pivotal moments my sister and I have experienced. The day she was born remains clear in my memory; I was absolutely ecstatic! She was a tiny, beautiful baby with the most adorable curly hair. My immediate, excited thought was, "Now I have a built-in best friend—someone to play with and share wonderful times with forever."

A particular birthday stands out vividly: we were enjoying a warm day at a large park, swinging high into the sky. Unfortunately, I tumbled and fell, hurting myself. My sister reacted instantly, rushing to my.

A particular birthday stands out vividly: we were enjoying a warm day at a large park, swinging high into the sky. Unfortunately, I tumbled and fell, hurting myself. side to help me stand, and guiding me back to our mother.

Once we were home, and the injury was bandaged, she thoughtfully brought me a full glass of cool water. The moment I drained the glass, she instructed with a mischievous smile, "Close your eyes!" When I opened them, I gasped at a huge, delicious surprise: a bar of my favorite chocolate! The sheer thrill and joy of that treat was so overwhelming that the pain in my knees completely faded away. Later that evening, she even let me use her leg as a soft pillow to rest on as I drifted off to sleep.

Another favorite memory is when we became secret agents of creativity, collaborating on a surprise anniversary card for Mom and Dad. We went all out, decorating it with vibrant paper, shiny stickers, and a shower of glitter, sharing endless giggles as we perfected our masterpiece. The sight of the card brought a huge, genuine smile to our parents' faces, making our efforts worthwhile. For her 4th birthday, knowing her deep love for animals, I devised a fun idea for giving her a toy cat.

I didn't want a simple reveal; I wanted the gift itself to be a thrilling challenge. I carefully hid the toy cat right in the center of a large box packed with various other small toys. After telling her to begin the hunt for her actual present, she enthusiastically dug through the distractions until she was finally rewarded with her beloved gift! The moment she pulled the cat out, her face was illuminated with pure, dazzling surprise! "Wow!" she cried out, immediately wrapping me in a big, grateful hug and a kiss.

Her ecstasy and excitement over the outcome of her little treasure hunt were infectious.

The Essence of the Sisterly Tie

This is precisely why sisterhood is defined as such an extraordinarily unique and profoundly special relationship. Sisters are far more than just family members; they are your first best friends, your fiercest defenders, and your most trusted allies in the world. We share the fun of play, the weight of our most sacred secrets, and the unconditional support needed to help each other when we feel low.



**Miss.Srisruthi Patro Epari
Erudite Academy, Year 4**

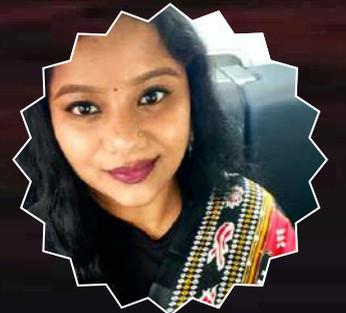
सपनोंका घर

द्विंकल प्रभास्मिता

कमरेदेखे काफी, घर की तलाशमें
दीवारेंदिखी, छत भी थे
मगरघर का एहशाश..वोन मिला
जब हार गए, जबछोड़ दिया सब कुछ
तब अचानक एक दिन घरमिला

अब समझा की मैंगलत कहाँ थी
कभीदीवारें चुन रही थी, कभी छत
भूलरही थी, ये तोमकानें हैं..
उन मकानों को घर तोहमे बनाने हैं

और यूँ ही भटकतेभटकते
खुदसे लड़ते, झगड़ते..
मुझेघर मिला..
मेरेअपनों का घर मिला..
मेरेसपनों का घर मिला



Twinkle

Pearl millet custard

Serves-8 person

Prep Time-15minute

Ingredients

Milk-400ml

Sugar- 50gm

Bajra Flour- 50gm

Chopped mixed fruits – 200gm (apples,banana, grapes, pomegranate etc)

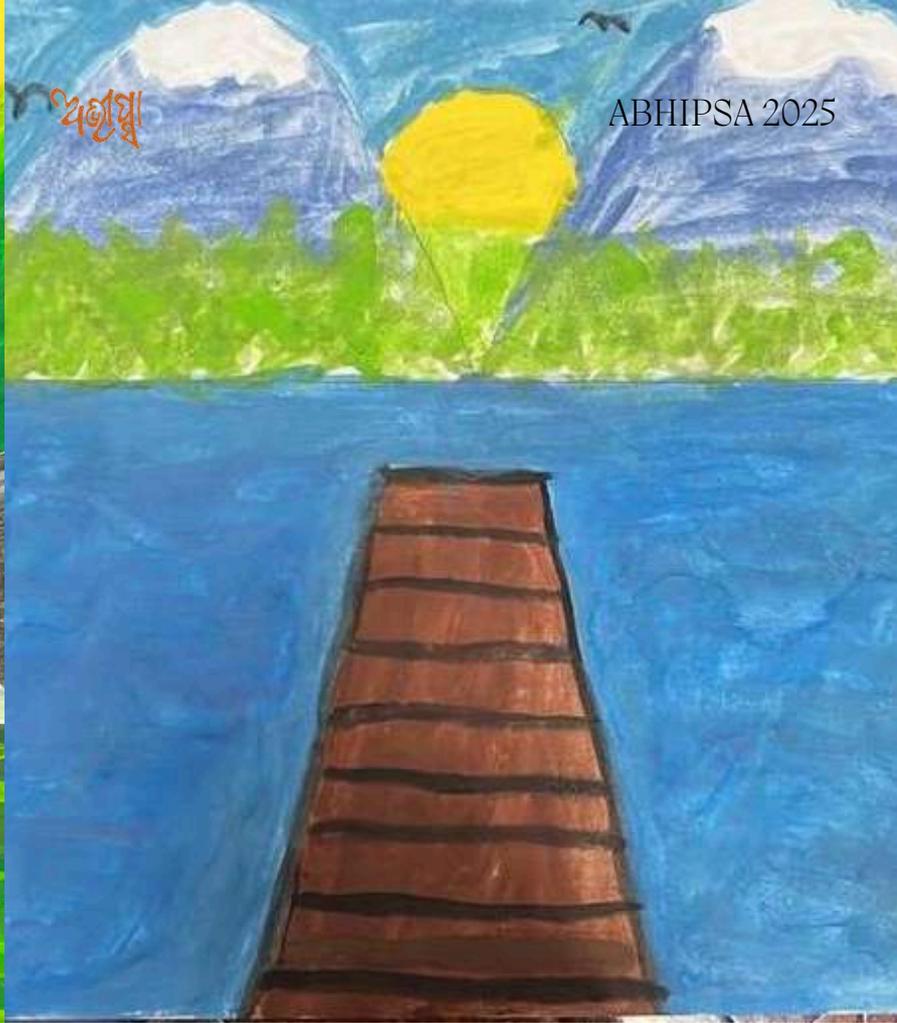
Dry fruits- 40gm (Cashew, almond, raisins etc)

Preparation :

- 1.Take milk in a thick-bottomed pan and keep it on the stovetop. Bring the milk to a gentle heat or simmer.
- 2.Once the milk is getting heated, in a small bowl, take 1 cup of warm milk , add bajra flour and custard powder into it.
- 3.With a whisk, stir well to make a smooth slurry without any lumps.
- 4.Add sugar, and stir very well so that the sugar dissolves.
5. Keep the heat on low and then add the bajra and custard slurry in milk.
6. Stir continuously while the custard is cooking so that lumps are not formed. Cook for about 5 to 6 minutes on a low heat.
7. The mixture will thicken slowly. For a thicker custard, cook for a few more minutes.
8. Allow the custard to cool at room temperature, or you can also keep it in the fridge to chill it before adding the fruits.
9. Once the custard has cooled, add the mixed fruits. Combine to mix.
10. Serve bajra fruit custard garnished with some more fruits and pomegranate arils , some chopped nuts or dry fruits.



Bijayalaxmi Jena



ABHIPSA 2025

ଅଭିପ୍ସା

Eshana Pattanayak

Standard 6. Wembley international school



Eshana Pattanayak
Standard 6. Wembley
international school



Madi Chala
WhatsApp group



Because life's better on the trails