



5th Edition 2024

प्रवाह

Beyond Boundaries





नार्यस्तु राष्ट्रस्य श्वः।

Women are the nation's future.

नारी राष्ट्र का भविष्य है।



CELEBRATING 16 YEARS OF EXISTENCE



संदेश

श्रीमती अरुणी डोवाल
पत्नी श्री अजीत डोवाल

दिसंबर 2008 में हमारी संस्था IPS Wives Welfare Association (IPSWWA) की स्थापना हुई थी। इस वर्ष दिसंबर 2024 में हमारी यह संस्था 16 वर्ष पूरे कर रही है।

पिछले 4 वर्षों से IPSWWA अपनी पत्रिका 'प्रवाह' का सफल प्रकाशन करती आई है। इस वर्ष भी सोलहवें स्थापना दिवस के अवसर पर प्रवाह के पांचवें संस्करण का विमोचन होने जा रहा है। यह हम सबके लिए अत्यंत हर्ष और गर्व का विषय है।

प्रवाह ने हमारी IPSWWA सदस्याओं की प्रतिभाओं को निखारा है और हमसे उनका परिचय कराया है। आशा है आगे भी यह प्रयास जारी रहेगा।

आप सभी को IPSWWA के 16वें स्थापना दिवस और पत्रिका प्रवाह के पांचवें संस्करण के विमोचन की अनेकोनेक बधाइयां और शुभकामनाएं।

अरुणी डोवाल
(अरुणी डोवाल)



संदेश

श्रीमती आकाशी डेका
पत्नी श्री तपन कुमार डेका

IPS Wives Welfare Association (IPSWWA) की पत्रिका 'प्रवाह' के पाँचवे संस्करण को आपके समक्ष प्रस्तुत करते हुए अधिक गर्व और प्रसन्नता का अनुभव हो रहा है।

बहुत उत्साह के साथ मैं यह भी बताना चाहती हूँ कि नन्हें-नन्हें कदमों से चलते हुए आज IPSWWA ने अपने सोलहवें वर्ष में प्रवेश किया है। 2008 में गठित IPSWWA ने अपने छोटे-छोटे प्रयासों से पुलिस कर्मियों और उनके परिजनों के जीवन में परिवर्तन लाने का निरंतर प्रयास किया है। सीमित संसाधनों और अन्य चुनौतियों के बावजूद कल्याण कार्यों को अपना ध्येय बनाकर आगे बढ़ती हुई IPSWWA यह आश्वासन देती है कि वह पुलिस कर्मियों के परिवार के साथ सदा खड़ी है।

'प्रवाह' ने IPSWWA द्वारा वर्ष भर संचालित की गई गतिविधियों और सदस्यों की रचनात्मक क्षमता को प्रदर्शित करने के लिए एक सार्थक मंच प्रदान किया है। मैं पत्रिका के सभी लेखिकाओं, संपादक मंडल के सदस्यों और पत्रिका से जुड़े हर सदस्य को धन्यवाद देती हूँ जिनके प्रयासों और कठिन परिश्रम के कारण यह पत्रिका मूर्त रूप में हमारे सामने आई।

मुझे आशा है कि 'प्रवाह' के प्रति अपने प्रेम और आत्मीयता को आप सदैव बनाए रखेंगे तथा आपका सहयोग व साथ हमें निरंतर मिलता रहेगा।

आकाशी डेका

(आकाशी डेका)

अध्यक्षा



श्रीमती गीता पाठक
पत्नी श्री दीपेंद्र पाठक

संदेश

IPS Wives Welfare Association (IPSWWA) आज अपनी स्थापना के यौवन रूप में 16 वर्ष पूरे करने जा रही है। यह हम सब के लिये गर्व और हर्ष का विषय है। IPSWWA के सचिव होने के नाते मैं आप सभी का आभार प्रकट करती हूँ और बधाई देती हूँ।

हमारी सभी वरिष्ठ अध्यक्षाओं और सभी सदस्यों के मार्गदर्शन, अथक प्रयास और सहयोग का ही परिणाम है कि 2008 से आज तक IPSWWA नये आयामों को छूते हुए आगे बढ़ रही है और पुलिस-परिवारजनों के लिए कल्याणकारी कार्यों में जुटी हुई है।

आज 'प्रवाह' पत्रिका के पाचवे संस्करण का विमोचन होने जा रहा है। पत्रिका में संस्था के कार्यों की जानकारी के साथ हमारी सदस्याओं द्वारा लिखित रचनाओं का संकलन है।

धन्यवाद और शुभकामनाओं सहित

गीता पाठक

(गीता पाठक)
सचिव



IPSWWA COMMITTEE



Smt. Akashi Deka
President



Smt. Geeta Pathak
Secretary



Smt. Simerpreet Luthra
Treasurer



Smt. Navita Arya
Joint Secretary





EDITORIAL COMMITTEE



Smt. Ruby Chaturvedi
Editor



Smt. Geeta Pathak



Smt. Simerpreet Luthra



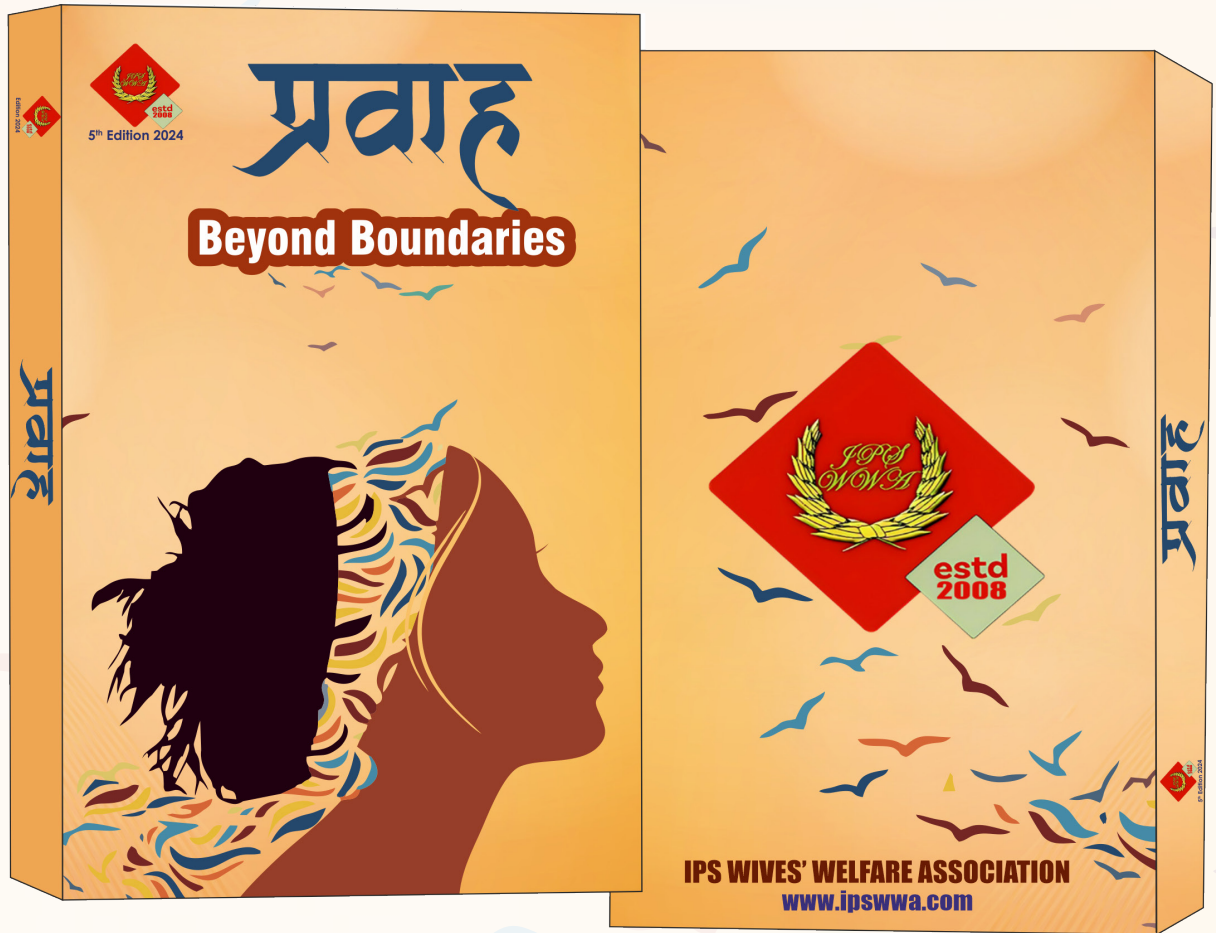
Dr. Gauri Seth



Smt. Navita Arya



ABOUT THE COVER PAGE



The serene face on the cover page symbolizes the modern woman, a beacon of calmness, love, and affection, who has gracefully evolved with the times while staying true to her nurturing self. It reflects her integral role both in family and society.

The flying birds illustrate the multifaceted nature of women, symbolizing their rise and success across diverse professions — whether in administration, defense, science, or other fields.

The theme, Beyond Boundaries, celebrates women's limitless potential. It highlights how, with willpower and intellect, women are breaking traditional barriers and excelling in every facet of life, proving that their contributions know no limits.



*Women — A force of nature, gentle and grand.
She is the spirit that never fails to rise even in storms.*



श्रीमती रूबी चतुर्वेदी
पत्नी श्री श्याम चतुर्वेदी
1990

संपादिका की लेखनी से

IPSWWA की ओर से प्रकाशित होने वाली पत्रिका 'प्रवाह' के पांचवें संस्करण को आपके समक्ष रखते हुए मुझे अपार हर्ष की अनुभूति हो रही है।

मैं अध्यक्ष IPSWWA श्रीमती आकाशी डेका की अत्यंत ही आभारी हूं कि उन्होंने गत दो वर्षों की तरह इस वर्ष भी मुझे पत्रिका के मुख्य संपादन का अवसर प्रदान किया। कोर कमिटी की अन्य सभी सदस्याओं- श्रीमती गीता पाठक, श्रीमती सिमरप्रीत लूथरा, तथा श्रीमती नविता आर्या, मेरी सह-संपादिका श्रीमती गौरी सेठ की भी मैं अत्यंत आभारी हूं, जिनका सहयोग मुझे पग-पग पर प्राप्त हुआ। दृश्य-पटल के पीछे रहकर सहयोग करने वाले हमारे टेक्नीशियन तथा एनीमेशन टीम के सदस्य श्री रविन्द्र सिंह बल्हारा एवं श्री ए रामा राव का भी मैं हृदय से आभार व्यक्त करती हूं, जिन्होंने प्रकाशन कार्य सफलता पूर्वक संपूर्ण करने में हमारी हर संभव सहायता की। इन सबके सहयोग के बिना यह कार्य असंभव था।

हमारी संस्था की प्रतिभाशाली लेखिकाओं का, जिनके बिना 'प्रवाह' का प्रवाह प्रवाहित होना असंभव है, मैं तहे दिल से शुक्रिया अदा करना चाहूंगी। ये सभी लेखिकाएं हमारी संस्था की अमूल्य धरोहर हैं।

IPSWWA की सभी सदस्याओं का मैं हृदय से आभार प्रकट करती हूं कि उन्होंने प्रवाह पत्रिका को पसंद किया और अपना प्यार दिया। आप सबके समक्ष पुनः 'प्रवाह' उपस्थित है। आशा करती हूं कि आप सब 'प्रवाह' के प्रवाह को, इसी प्रकार प्रवाहित करती रहेंगी।

मेरी कामना है कि आगे और भी नई-नई प्रतिभाओं द्वारा प्रवाह का रूप निखरे।

आप सबको IPSWWA के सोलहवें वर्षगांठ और प्रवाह के पांचवें संस्करण के विमोचन की बहुत-बहुत बधाई और शुभकामनाएं।





Dr. Gauri Seth

W/O Dr. Deepam Seth
1995

Editor's Note

As we step into another promising year, it is both a privilege and a pleasure to reflect on the transformative journey of the Indian Police Service Wives Welfare Association (IPSWWA). Over the years, this remarkable organization has stood as a beacon of support and empowerment for the families of our nation's police personnel—a mission that grows more significant with each passing day. The word 'Pravah', meaning "flow", perfectly encapsulates the spirit of our association: dynamic, resilient, and ever-evolving. This annual souvenir is much more than a compilation of memories, activities, and creative expressions. It is a tribute to the strength, dedication, and collective ethos of our community—a testament to what can be achieved when united by a shared vision.

I am deeply grateful to Smt. Akashi Deka, the spirited President of IPSWWA, for entrusting me with the opportunity to helm this publication as its Editor. It has been a labour of love, and I am confident that the contributors have poured their creativity, energy, and passion into their pieces, crafting a magazine that resonates with the aspirations of our members and readers alike. This year marks 16 years of IPSWWA's extraordinary work since its inception—a journey defined by impactful welfare programs and meaningful educational initiatives. These endeavours not only strengthen the bonds within our community but also underscore our collective commitment to fostering unity and purpose. Each initiative reflects the tireless efforts of our members, whose dedication is the bedrock of our success. I extend my heartfelt appreciation to the core committee members—Smt. Geeta Pathak, Smt. Reena Luthra and Smt. Navita Arya—whose vision and steadfast efforts have been instrumental in the success of IPSWWA's initiatives. Their guidance has consistently steered us toward new milestones, ensuring that our programs remain impactful and relevant. I am also thankful for the unwavering support of my co-editor Mrs. Ruby Chaturvedi.

Looking ahead, we recognize the importance of evolving with the times to meet the changing needs of our community. The future presents exciting opportunities to expand our reach and deepen our impact. Initiatives around mental health support, educational empowerment, and skill development will take centre stage, driven by a commitment to innovation and inclusivity. By harnessing the power of technology and collaboration, we aim to touch more lives, providing the tools and resources necessary for growth and fulfilment. IPSWWA remains steadfast in its mission to support the families of police personnel, ensuring they are equipped to face challenges with resilience and strength.

Finally, I extend my profound gratitude to all those who have contributed to our journey—members, volunteers, and well-wishers. Your unwavering support and generosity have been the cornerstone of our achievements. Together, we embody the essence of 'Pravah'—a community that flows forward, constantly adapting, growing, and thriving. Here's to celebrating our journey, our achievements, and the limitless possibilities that lie ahead.

Happy reading!



CONTENTS

TRIBUTE TO POLICE MARTYRS.....	1-2
OUR PRESIDENTS OVER THE YEARS.....	3
REDISCOVERING MY SELF.....	4-5
TREES.....	6
15TH FOUNDATION DAY CELEBRATION.....	7-10
द्रोणाचार्य का पश्चाताप.....	11-12
A TRIP TO THE PEARL OF INDIAN OCEAN.....	13-14
HERITAGE WALK AT SUNDER NURSERY.....	15
VISIT TO PRERNA DEVELOPMENTAL CENTRE	16
THE CENTURY- LONG LEGACY OF READER'S DIGEST.....	17
काला रंग.....	18-19
SUCCESS ON YOUR OWN TERMS.....	20
IPSWWA SPORTS DAY.....	21-24
TRIP TO AFRICA: JUNE 2023.....	25-26
THE TYRANNY OF SKINS.....	27-28
VISIT TO RED FORT- A JOURNEY THROUGH TIME.....	29
दहिने बाएँ दहिने बाएँ थम.....	30
असम.....	31-32



VISIT TO RASHTRAPATI BHAWAN AND MEETING WITH HON'BLE PRESIDENT OF INDIA.....	33-36
JAHAJI BHAI.....	37-38
THE DREAM!.....	39-40
लहरें.....	41-42
FAREWELL TO EX COMMITTEE MEMBERS.....	43
IPSWWA MEET.....	44
FROM THE DAIRY OF A POLICE OFFICER'S WIFE.....	45
CELEBRATION OF WOMANHOOD.....	46
INNOCENCE AND WONDER- A REFLECTION ON BEAUTY.....	47
MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A POLICE OFFICER'S WIFE.....	48
TEEJ CELEBRATIONS.....	49-52
CHOLESTEROL REALLY MATTERS: MYTH OF FACT.....	53-54
IPSWWA MEET.....	55
खुशी.....	56
ANNUAL DIWALI CELEBRATIONS.....	57-60
IPSWWA GET TOGETHER.....	61
BOOK REVIEW (THE MAN FROM THE EGG BY SUDHA MURTHY).....	62
RECIPES.....	63-72



TRIBUTE TO POLICE MARTYRS



नैनं छिन्दन्ति शस्त्राणि नैनं दहति पावकः
न चैनं क्लेदयन्त्यापो न शोषयति मारुतः



Contribution of Computer System by IPSWWA to NPM



OUR PRESIDENTS OVER THE YEARS



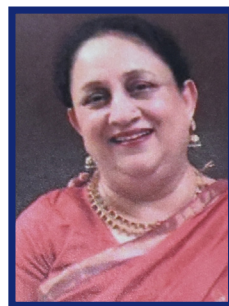
Smt. Sima Haldar
1-1-2007 to 31-12-2008



Smt. Surekha Mathur
1-1-2009 to 31-12-2010



Smt. Anita Sandhu
1-1-2011 to 31-12-2012



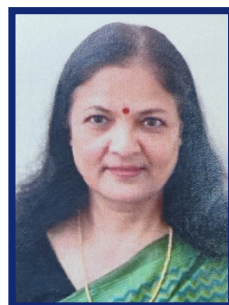
Smt. Zeba Ibrahim
1-1-2013 to 31-12-2014



Smt. Manju Sharma
1-1-2015 to 31-12-2016



Smt. Anuradha Jain
1-1-2017 to 30-06-2019



Smt. Ranju Kumar
30-06-2019 to 30-06-2022



REDISCOVERING MYSELF



Smt. Livleen Bhagat
W/o Late Shri Arun Bhagat
1961



I got married to Arun Bhagat when I was 19 and we were together for nearly 60 years. When I lost him on my birthday last year, I felt a big void. I hadn't known me without him for so long, and my life was anchored with his in substantial measure.

I'm an optimist and believe crises in life are an opportunity to change for the better. In all these years, I was missing me—the 19 years old maiden girl. These 60 years felt like just a few days, and I had to find a bridge to get back to myself. For that to happen, I had to go to a new place and start afresh.

I had always wanted a house in the hills and felt the strongest at this juncture. As luck would have it, my younger son, Arjun, had built a cottage in the hills, which we called 'The Wild Cherry Padam Cottage'. I moved in there when Delhi was getting warm—in the early summers, with my dog

Moca and my woman Friday, Sanjana, and her life partner.

Life in Delhi is sticky; my children and grandchildren are here, so it took me a month to adjust and make the cottage my quintessential space. I lived there for the next six months, and I feel that I rediscovered myself to quite an extent.

In the early days, it was raining all the time; I felt that my past had been washed away. Thankfully, four days after I arrived, I had four guests over; they were an extension of my family, and they didn't hide their affection for me, which made the transition smoother.

So, I was there, in my cottage nestled in nature, overlooking the icecaps that define the Himalayas, glowing in the golden hue of the summer sun. The blue





sky and green mountains were therapeutic. The setting inspired me to paint. I painted mountains on chairs and doors of my cottage, in different seasons. The mountains seem to transform visually with every season, though inherently, they are the same—a static witness to the unfolding of time. I painted the Padam tree on the glass-pane of the kitchen window, the same tree for various seasons. Likewise I have witnessed so many ups and downs in life, yet, I realise my core has remained hopeful, innocent and genuine.

I made friends with the locals and participated in the village life, whether it was dealing with a local sadhu who had travelled the world or working with the local school. They all accepted me with open arms, and I became integral to the local life like a village elder.

Also, I met with a lot of outsiders, mostly from Delhi, who like my son, have or are trying to build a cottage in the hills. One of them was a young man in his mid-twenties, who'd join me for lunch regularly. He had been having a great experiential life and, perhaps, for this reason, was happy that his father had made enough fortune for them.

Besides my sons and grandchildren, I had friends from Delhi visiting me, including a young woman of 98 years. Age is not the number of years spent on this planet but a lot to do with the zest for life, continued learning, curiosity and embracing change.

I'm an artist by heart, and now I'm living this artistic aspect of me in full measure. Arun's absence in my life fills me with a sense of responsibility to myself paint a beautiful picture.

I'm grateful for what life has given me, and there's no malice for what was taken away.





TREES

Trees are tall, yet well grounded
Standing in rows, as some brigade founded
Wearing leaves, flowers and fruits around,
To spread their beauty all along

Branches sway with gentle breeze
Giving peace and shelter, to all underneath
Making windows – for sun to peep
Whispering secrets to all at ease

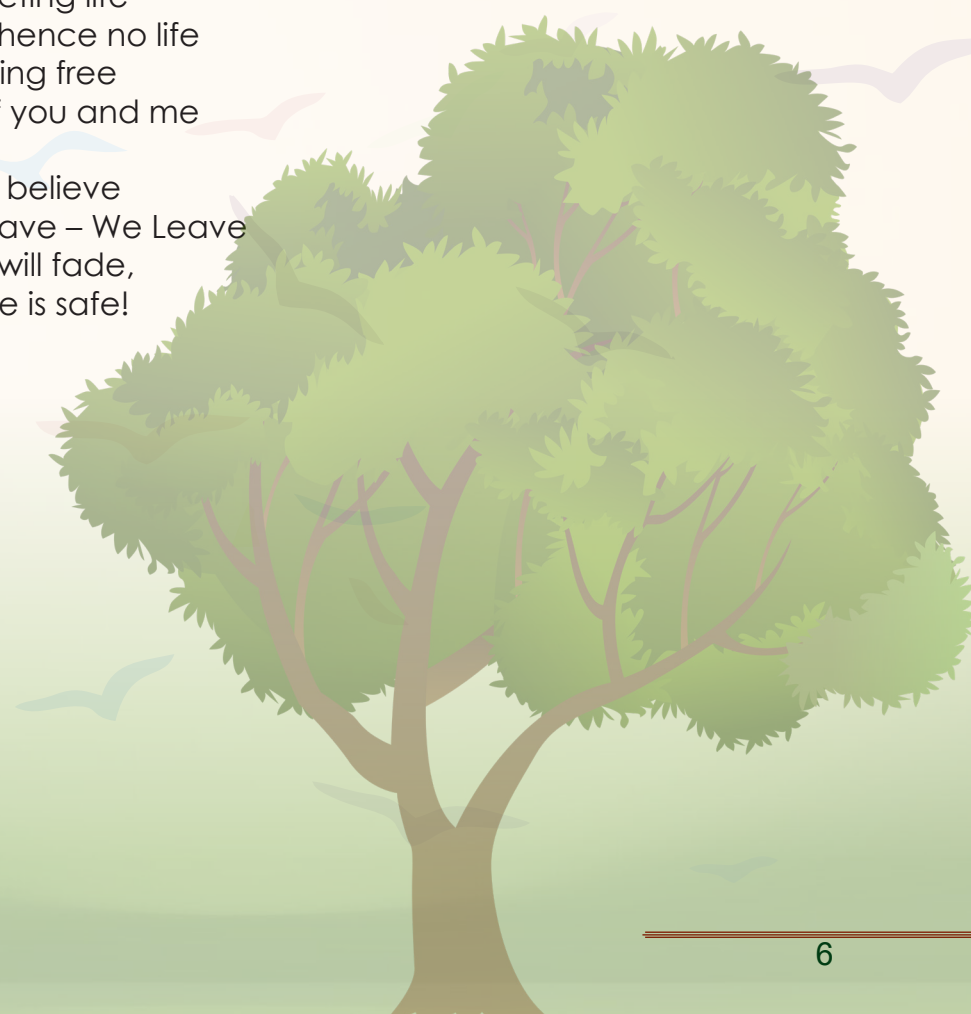
Trees teach us patience, as they grow slow
Standing happily in rain and snow
Envy, anger they never feel
Rather, donate their wood, when they leave

Trees are hope- depicting life
Without them no oxygen hence no life
Vast, elegant, standing free
They are the guardians of you and me

We have to say and believe
Trees Live – We Live, Trees Leave – We Leave
Without them, we all will fade,
In their arms our future is safe!



Smt. Suneeta Vashisht
W/o Shri S.N. Vashisht
1982





15TH FOUNDATION DAY CELEBRATION AND RELEASE OF THE 4TH EDITION OF PRAVAH- 2023











द्रोणाचार्य का पश्चाताप



श्रीमती रूबी चतुर्वेदी
पत्नी श्री श्याम चतुर्वेदी
1990

मैं जब भी एकांत में होता हूं, मेरा प्रतिबिंब मुझसे कहता है, “द्रोणाचार्य, तूने यह क्या किया! अपने प्रिय शिष्य अर्जुन के द्वारा द्रुपद को बंदी बनाकर उसका आधा राज्य ले लिया!” ईर्ष्या, द्वेष, प्रतिशोध की भावना, प्रतिद्वंद्विता ऐसी विकराल अग्नि है जो मनुष्य और उसके सारे संबंधों को अपने अंदर समाविष्ट कर उनका नाश कर देती है और पीढ़ी दर पीढ़ी प्रतिशोध की ज्वाला भड़का देती है। मनुष्य समय रहते यह समझ नहीं पाता। और जब बात समझ में आती है तब वहां बचता है पश्चाताप... केवल पश्चाताप!

मेरा संपूर्ण जीवन इसका ज्वलंत उदाहरण है। यही महाभारत युद्ध का आधार है।

अपनी पराजय से द्रुपद अत्यंत ही अपमानित हुआ और प्रतिशोध वश मेरे विनाश के लिए उसने पुत्रेष्टि यज्ञ किया। यज्ञाग्नि से उसे पुत्र धृष्टद्युम्न और पुत्री कृष्णा प्राप्त हुई, जो द्रौपदी या पांचाली नाम से अधिक प्रसिद्ध हुई। द्रुपद को यज्ञसेन भी कहा जाने लगा और उसकी पुत्री कृष्णा को याज्ञसेनी।

लाक्षागृह की दुर्घटना के पश्चात द्रौपदी को स्वयंवर में जीत कर पांडव हस्तिनापुर पधारे। गर्व से मेरा मस्तक और भी ऊँचा हो गया। आखिर मेरे प्रिय शिष्य अर्जुन ने यह साबित कर दिखाया था कि वह आर्यावर्त का सर्वश्रेष्ठ धनुर्धर है। इंद्रप्रस्थ में पांडवों के राजसूय यज्ञ ने कौरवों की ईर्ष्याग्नि में हवि प्रदान करने का कार्य किया। फलस्वरूप द्यूत के पासों ने महायुद्ध का बीजारोपण किया। भीम की भीषण प्रतिज्ञा कि वह युद्ध में दुःशासन की छाती फाड़कर उसका रक्त पान करेगा और द्रौपदी के खुले केशों को उसके रक्त से रंजित करेगा, गदा से दुर्योधन की जंघा तोड़ेगा, ने पूरी सभा को हिला डाला। और.. श्रीकृष्ण का चमत्कार! द्रौपदी ने जब असहाय होकर कृष्ण को पुकारा! पूरी सभा ने देखा.. द्रौपदी के चीर का कोई अंत नहीं! उस अनंत विराट के समान उसका चीर भी अनंत और विराट था! दुःशासन अचेत होकर गिर पड़ा। अग्निशिखा के समान प्रज्वलित द्रौपदी का स्वर गूंज रहा था- “जबतक इस दुष्ट दुःशासन के रक्त से अपने ये खुले केश प्रक्षालित न करूंगी वेणी न बांधूंगी।” सभा स्तब्ध थी। आज भी मुझे इस बात का पश्चाताप है कि उस दिन मैं द्रौपदी के किसी प्रश्न का उत्तर न दे सका। उसके प्रति हो रहे अन्याय का विरोध न कर सका और मूक दर्शक बना रहा।

अंततः दूसरी बार फिर छल से द्यूत में हार के पश्चात पांडव बारह वर्ष के वनवास और एक वर्ष के अज्ञातवास पर निकले। वनवास के दौरान गंधर्व राज चित्रसेन के चंगुल से अर्जुन ने कौरवों को बचाया। एक बार पुनः उसने अपना सर्वश्रेष्ठ होना प्रमाणित कर दिखाया। अज्ञातवास में भीम द्वारा कीचक का वध, तत्पश्चात कौरवों के विराट नगर पर आक्रमण करने पर अकेले अर्जुन द्वारा समस्त कौरव सेना की हार ने यह साबित कर दिया कि पांडव इन तेरह वर्षों में स्वर्ण की तरह प्रखर तेज के समान तपकर निकले हैं।

आखिर शांति संदेश लेकर श्रीकृष्ण हस्तिनापुर पधारे। उन्होंने प्रस्ताव दिया कि आधा राज्य नहीं तो पांच ग्राम ही सही, पांडवों को दे दो। विनाशकारी युद्ध की भयावहता से तो बच जाएगी पृथ्वी! पर दुर्योधन की मति पर तो पत्थर पड़ा था। वह सुई की नोक भर भी पृथ्वी देने को तैयार न था। इसके विपरीत उसने श्रीकृष्ण को बंदी बनाने की चेष्टा की। उस असाध्य को साधना किसके बूते की बात है! सभा में अद्भुत चमत्कार हुआ। श्रीकृष्ण ने अपना ऐसा विराट रूप दिखाया कि सभी हतप्रभ रह गए। समस्त ब्रह्माण्ड उनमें समावेशित था। युद्ध का भयंकर परिणाम भी सामने परिलक्षित था। पूरी सभा थर-थर कांप रही थी।

श्रीकृष्ण ने अपना स्वरूप समेटा और धीर-गंभीर मेघ सी घनघोर गड़गड़ाती ध्वनि में रण की गर्जना कर सभा से बाहर निकल पड़े। दुर्योधन मूर्तिवत खड़ा रह गया, उसमें मानों प्राण ही न हों। अद्भुत, अवर्णनीय, विलक्षण और भव्य दृश्य था! आज भी उसका स्मरण कर सारे शरीर में रोमांच हो आता है। फिर भी अल्पबुद्धि दुर्योधन अपने हठ से बाज नहीं आया।

युद्ध आरम्भ हो गया। दसवें दिन गांगेय शर-शैल्या पर आसीन हुए और मुझे कौरव सेना का सेनापति बनाया गया। मैं विवश था। पुत्रमोह ने मुझे कहां ला खड़ा किया था! युद्ध के तेरहवें दिन मैंने चक्रव्यूह की रचना की, जिसे पांडव पक्ष से केवल अर्जुन और श्रीकृष्ण ही भेदना जानते थे। अर्जुन संशप्तकों से युद्ध में घिरा था। अब चक्रव्यूह भेदन कौन करता! परन्तु यह क्या! अर्जुन-पुत्र अभिमन्यु रणभूमि में प्रलय मचाता हुआ चक्रव्यूह में प्रवेश कर गया। दुर्योधन का पुत्र लक्ष्मण उसके हाथों मारा गया। सारी कौरव सेना त्राहि माम कर उठी! उसकी वीरता ने उसे सही अर्थ में अर्जुन का पुत्र और श्रीकृष्ण का योग्य शिष्य साबित कर दिखाया था! वह चक्रव्यूह भेदता हुआ अंदर तक प्रविष्ट हो गया। तथाकथित कौरव महारथियों ने उसे घेरकर बड़े ही अन्यायपूर्ण ढंग से उसकी हत्या की। उसके सारथी और अश्व मारे गए, रथ टूट गया, वह स्वयं निशस्त्र हो गया, अंततः रथचक्र उठाकर युद्ध करने लगा। वह निशस्त्र वीर इस प्रकार घेरकर कौरवों की कायरता द्वारा मारे जाने योग्य न था। घेरकर मारने वालों में मैं भी था। मुझे बड़ी आत्मग्लानि हुई। मैं भूल नहीं पाता उसे, जब उसने युद्धभूमि में मेरे चरणों के समीप दो बाण मारे थे और कहा था कि मेरे पिता के गुरु के चरणों में मेरा प्रणाम! श्रीकृष्ण का भांजा था, उन्हीं से युद्ध विद्या सीखी थी उसने! वह कायरों द्वारा घेरकर मारा गया फिर भी मैं सेनापति पद पर बैठा हूं! धिक्कार है मुझे! यह युद्ध मानवता को कहां ले जाएगा! सबकुछ नष्ट हो जाएगा, तब बचेगा क्या? विधवाओं, बच्चों और अनाथों का हाहाकार!

जब कोई बचेगा ही नहीं तो राज्य कौन भोगेगा? काश दुर्योधन श्रीकृष्ण का संधि-प्रस्ताव मान लेता! काश मैं पुत्र प्रेम में पड़कर अपना स्वाभिमान न खोता! काश धृतराष्ट्र की महत्वाकांक्षा उसके पुत्रों की ईर्ष्याग्नि न बनती! काश मैं द्रुपद के प्रति प्रतिशोध की भावना से न भरता! काश लाक्षागृह की घटना न होती! काश धूत क्रीड़ा न होती! काश पांचाली को भरी सभा में अपमानित न होना पड़ता!

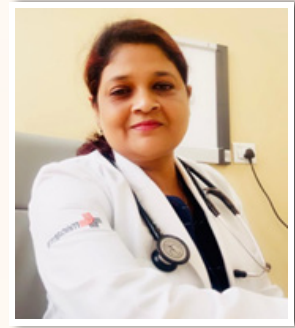
यह काश मुझे चैन नहीं लेने देता! निद्रा मुझसे कोसों दूर है, चित्त में शांति नहीं! अभी युद्ध समाप्त नहीं हुआ है! यह चलता रहेगा निरंतर युगों-युगों तक! मानव अपनी ही सभ्यता नष्ट करता रहेगा! मानवता छली जाती रहेगी!

हे केशव! यह क्या माया है! अब तो अपना स्वरूप समेट लो! क्षमा करो वासुदेव ! क्षमा!





A TRIP TO THE PEARL OF INDIAN OCEAN



Dr. Madhu Mary Minz
W/O Shri. Solomon Yash Kr Minz
1997

Sri Lanka, the “Pearl of the Indian Ocean”, is a resplendent and magical island, a treasure of sacred temples, rock caves, and ruins from glorious ancient kingdoms. It was a bright August morning when we landed at the Bandaranaike International Airport, an excited bunch of 12 ladies out to have a great trip!



Day 1- Our itinerary began with a visit to the Dambulla Cave Temple, a UNESCO World Heritage site built around 100 BC. Over 350 rock-cut steps lead to this well- preserved cave monastery, with scores of Buddhist mural paintings and Buddha statues in various poses, including a 30-foot-long reclining Buddha carved out of rock. The rock-cutting technology and craftsmanship of yesteryears are indeed a technical

marvel. Later, we took a Jeep safari to Minneriya National Park to explore its diverse landscapes, which provide an excellent backdrop for spotting the endemic mammals and birds.

Day 2- We headed to the most imposing archaeological site - Sigiriya Rock - located amidst the ruins of a 5th-century city with moats, wall fortifications, landscaped gardens, and a monastery with ancient murals. We climbed 1200 steps up to a 200-metre-high granite rock with its exquisite frescoes and remains of a royal palace and were treated to a breathtaking 360-degree view from the top. We spent a heavenly evening at a seaside hotel with a pristine palm-fringed beach in Trincomalee. The twilight with sand, sea, dance and coastal food was ideal for beach bums like us.

Day 3- Koneshwaram Temple, also known as “Kailash of the South”, lies on the same longitude as Mount Kailash. It is considered to be one of the Panchalshwaram (one of the five abodes of Lord Shiva). Interestingly, a giant idol of King Ravana also stands there. This was followed by a visit to the Spice & Herbal garden, which is the habitat of exquisite herbs & species like Peppercorns, Turmeric, Cardamom, Cloves, Nutmeg, Cinnamon, and many oils. We also had time to indulge in Noritake crockery from Japan, cheaper than anywhere else. Then we visited another Buddhist pilgrimage site-“Temple of the Tooth Relic”-which houses the sacred tooth of Buddha in a giant stupa made from 320 kg of gold.



Day 4- Seetha Amman Temple (Ashok Vatika) is where Ravana held Sita captive. Deep impressions on a rock are believed to be imprints left by Hanuman. The Seetha Devi Agni Pravesha was nearby, where Sita was said to have given her Agni Pariksha. Later, we set off for Ella- the 'Paradise of Beauty' with diverse landscapes, waterfalls, and green lush 'chai bagan'. It is known for its colonial-era bungalows with manicured

hedgerows and pretty gardens, roadside cafés, street- sideshopping and pulsating nightlife.

Day 5- We started early and trekked to "Nine Arch Bridge". Built by local labour under British supervision, it is a testament to the engineering and architectural brilliance of the early 20th century, which was entirely made of rocks, bricks, and cement, with no use of steel or metals. We managed to capture the magical moment when the locomotive came barrelling along in its supreme arrogance. Next, we took a motor boat ride on the Madu River along the mangrove forest to Cinnamon Island and visited a Sea turtle Hatchery and workshop for the famous Sri Lankan masks.



Day 6- Our last day -we set off for the spectacular Galle Fort in the Bay of Galle on the southwest coast of Sri Lanka, built in 1588 by the Portuguese, a trading port for spices for over 200 years. Finally, the time had come to roll up the magical carpet and return to Colombo to take our flight back to Delhi.

Sri Lanka is like a Pandora's box of mystical elements with the essence of herbs, spices, the best Ceylon tea in the world, mouth-watering cuisines, gems and masks. It wraps its charm around its visitors, capturing their imagination to get lost in a throwback to bygone eras.





HERITAGE WALK AT SUNDER NURSERY HOSTED BY DELHI POLICE, JANUARY-2024



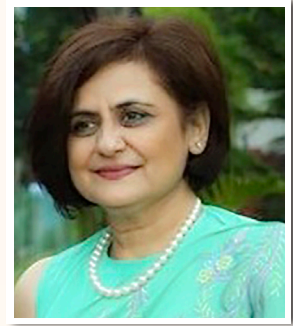


VISIT TO PRERNA DEVELOPMENTAL CENTRE NSG (MANESAR), JANUARY-2024

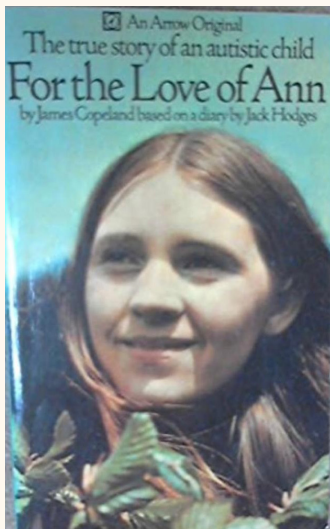




THE CENTURY-LONG LEGACY OF READER'S DIGEST



Smt. Mini Jha,
W/o Shri Kishore Jha
1982



Reader's Digest, a beloved publication, has been a staple across generations, entertaining and enlightening families for a century. Jogging my memory back to a generation to which I belong, Reader's Digest was an essential part of our adolescent reading habit.

Founded in 1922, it condensed complex articles into bite-sized, easy-to-read formats, making knowledge accessible to all. With its iconic logo and trusted brand, Reader's Digest became a household name, bridging generational gaps.

For grandparents, Reader's Digest or RD, as it was popularly known, was a trusted source of news, inspiration, and humour. Its condensed books and articles introduced them to new ideas, sparking conversations and debates. Parents enjoyed reading aloud to their children, sharing tales of adventure, history, and values. For younger generations, Reader's Digest was a gateway to the world beyond their community. Its "Word Power" section expanded vocabularies, while "Laughter, the Best Medicine" brought joy.

As children, we were encouraged to become almost addicts of this monthly magazine, which inculcated a good reading ritual for the discerning mind.

RD had a novel series, too, in its content, and one such series that had a lasting impact was 'For the Love of Ann'. I reread the book sometime back and found it as refreshing as it was the first time! This book is the epitome of how parents never gave up on their disabled child and wanted her to live a normal life.

Born at a time when little was known about autism and the support services that were available, Ann's family refused to give up on her even when the doctors said that there was nothing that could be done for her. Ann's father kept a journal of every detail of those painful years when Ann had to grapple with her autism. The journal entries served as the basis of this book. The book is a capsule of hope and resilience, but more importantly, it's a reminder of the power of family.

The closure of Reader's Digest's print edition (2013 in the US, with international editions following) marks the end of an era. For many, it's a nostalgic loss, a reminder of simpler times. The shift to digital-only content underscores the evolving nature of people's reading habits.

Though its print run has ended, Reader's Digest's influence remains a testament to the power of storytelling and knowledge-sharing across generations. Its closure serves as a reminder to cherish memories and inculcate the habit of reading and learning at an early age.

काला रंग



श्रीमती चारुलता अग्रवाल

पत्नी श्री पी.एन. अग्रवाल

1981

एक दिन किसी ने मुझसे पूछा कि काला रंग अशुभ क्यों होता है?

आखिर किसी शुभ अवसर पर काले रंग के कपड़े क्यों नहीं पहने जाते?

प्रश्न पेचीदा है, दुल्हन लाल रंग की साड़ी पहन कर आती है क्योंकि लाल रंग को सकारात्मक ऊर्जा का प्रतीक माना जाता है। अनेक स्थानों पर दूल्हा-दुल्हन लाल, पीले और गुलाबी रंगों के वस्त्र धारण करते हैं क्योंकि इन रंगों को सौभाग्य का प्रतीक कहा गया है, जबकि काले रंग को निराशा का प्रतीक माना जाता है।

यह सही है कि जीवन की शुरुआत सकारात्मकता से होनी चाहिए, तो क्या नीले, भूरे और काले रंग इसके विपरीत हैं? मेरे विचार से शायद नहीं, तभी तो जब कोई नया मकान बनता है तो उसे लोगों की नजर (नकारात्मकता) से बचाने के लिए काले रंग का मुखौटा लगाया जाता है। इसी प्रकार छोटे सुंदर बच्चों के माथे पर काला टीका लगा दिया जाता है। ऐसा करने वालों का मानना है कि देखने वाले की नजर काले रंग पर टिक जाती है जिससे उनकी नकारात्मकता का बुरा प्रभाव नष्ट हो जाता है लेकिन प्रश्न तो है कि क्या काला रंग वास्तव में अशुभ है?

हमारे देश के विभिन्न प्रांतों में हर जगह अलग-अलग अवधारणाएं हैं। इसीलिए अपने-अपने परिवेश की मान्यताओं से जुड़कर हम अक्सर प्रचलित परम्पराओं का पालन करने लगते हैं।

काला रंग हर स्थिति में अशुभ ही है, ऐसा देश के किसी भी प्रांत, समाज अथवा सम्प्रदाय में नहीं है। हर घर में खाना बनाने में प्रयुक्त होने वाले बर्तन तवा, पतीला, कढ़ाई अक्सर नीचे से काले होते हैं। तवा तो शत-प्रतिशत काला होता ही है, लेकिन हम सबका पेट भरता है। इन कालों के सहयोग के बिना हमारी स्थिति एक ही दिन में खराब हो सकती है। जिस तरह काली भैंस के सफेद दूध से दही, घी, मक्खन, मिठाईयां बनती हैं, उसी प्रकार काले बर्तन हमारे जीवन में विभिन्न व्यंजनों के स्वाद के माध्यम से जीवन्तता घोलते हैं। दुल्हन के लिए हम लाल को प्राथमिकता अवश्य देते हैं, लेकिन रसोई में लाल मिर्च के मूल्य और स्वाद पर काली मिर्च भारी है। परिवार में स्वाद और संवाद का वातावरण रसोई की अंगीठी में डाले गए काले कोयले ही लाल हो कर बनाते हैं।

काले रंग को अशुभ कैसे कह सकते हैं जबकि दुनिया भर की सभी सड़कें काली और उन पर दौड़ने वाले शत-प्रतिशत वाहनों के टायर भी काले हैं। काली छतरी बरसात से बचाती है तो तेजधूप से भी बचाव करती है। यूं तो अनेक रंगों की टोपियां, चश्में, जूते मिलते हैं लेकिन दुनिया भर में काली टोपी, काले चश्मे और काले जूते का प्रचलन ही सबसे ज्यादा है। जब हम किसी विवाद में उलझ जाते हैं तो काले कोट वाले वकील साहिब हमारे मददगार बनते हैं।



बेशक आज रंग-बिरंगे कंबल आने लगे हैं लेकिन जो बात काली कम्बली में है वो दूसरों में कहाँ? क्या यह अजीब नहीं कि, एक ओर तो हम लाल झंडी को रोकने या सावधान करने की निशानी मानते हैं तो दूसरी ओर लाल चुनरी से सजी दुल्हनिया को संसार में आगे बढ़ने का आशीर्वाद देते हैं।

काले रंग को लाख बुरा कहो लेकिन बालों के जरा से श्वेत होते ही उन्हें नियमित रूप से काला कर युवा बने रहने का भ्रम पालने वालों का सर्वत्र बहुमत है। 'काले कजरारे' नैनों पर झूमने वालों की कहाँ कमी है। मधुमेह से बचना हो तो काले जामुन आपकी मदद कर सकते हैं। पूर्वोत्तर भारत में काली पूजा का प्रचलन है तो हमारे कृष्ण कन्हैया काले (सांवले) और राम जी भी काले (सांवले) ही तो थे।

प्रकाश बांटने वाला दिया काला, तो दिनभर कड़ी मेहनत के बाद विश्रांति प्रदान करने वाली रात्रि काली, घनघोर वर्षा लाने वाले बादल काले, मधुर गीत सुनाने वाली कोयल काली, तो एक जमाने में खूब धूम मचाने वाले एचएमवी के रिकार्डप्लेयर भी तो काले ही होते थे।

ग्रेनाइट तो काला पसंद है लेकिन काला रंग अशुभ! इसके जरूर कुछ कारण होने चाहिए आप जानते ही हैं कि पुस्तक धार्मिक हो या पाठ्यक्रम की, साहित्य की हो या कानून की, मनोरंजन की हो या लोकरंजन की दुनिया की हर पुस्तक की छपाई काली स्याही से होती है। बात बिल्कुल स्पष्ट है कि काले अक्षर ज्ञान बांटते हैं परंतु कुछ लोगों के लिए यही काले अक्षर भैंस बराबर होते हैं। ऐसा लगता है काले अक्षर को भैंस बराबर मानने वालों की दृष्टि में काला और काल सहीदर हैं।

कालापानी, कालाहांडी, कालाडूंगर को कौन नहीं जानता? बेशक आज पोर्टब्लेयर आकर्षित करता है, लेकिन आम आदमी के मन पर स्वतंत्रता संग्राम के दौरान कालापानी की यातनाओं की इतनी गहरी छाप है कि वह आज भी डराता है। उड़ीसा का कालाहांडी गरीबी और पिछड़ेपन का पर्याय होने के कारण, तो पाकिस्तान सीमा पर कच्छ के रेगिस्तान में स्थित कालाडूंगर अपरिचय के कारण अशांत करता है। कहीं ऐसा तो नहीं कि ज्यादा 'कांव-कांव' करने वाले काले कौए की कर्कश आवाज से लोगों को इतनी अरुचि हो गई थी कि वे काले को ही अशुभ मानने लगे थे।

अब तो मान लीजिए कि काले के कुछ कृष्ण पक्ष हैं तो शुक्ल पक्ष भी कम नहीं है। कुछ लोगों के दबाव में आकर आप शुक्ल पक्ष की अनदेखी नहीं कर सकते। यदि ऐसा किया जाता है तो इसकी गणना काले कारनामों में की जायेगी। यदि काले धन में कुछ गलत है तो आप नियमों को उदार बनाकर उनका निदान कर सकते हैं पर हां, जिनके मन काले हैं उनका कुछ नहीं किया जा सकता। निश्चित रूप से ब्रह्मांड के ब्लैक होल सरीखे मैले मन वाले धूर्त लोगों के कारण ही 'काला' रंग बदनाम हुआ है।





Dr. Gauri Seth

W/o Dr. Deepam Seth
1995

SUCCESS ON YOUR OWN TERMS

India stands at a pivotal juncture in its socio-economic and cultural evolution, where the emergence of women in leadership roles across domains signals transformative change. This journey, however, is fraught with systemic barriers, entrenched patriarchy, and societal expectations that make the path to leadership challenging. To unlock the full potential of women in leadership, it is essential to embrace a mindset that challenges stereotypes, fosters inclusivity, and ensures equitable opportunities.

While modern India has witnessed a significant shift, with women excelling in politics, business, science, and the arts, the weight of tradition still casts a long shadow. The "glass ceiling" refers to invisible barriers that prevent women from advancing to the highest levels of leadership despite their qualifications and potential. These barriers often stem from gender bias, unequal opportunities, and ingrained societal norms. Compounding these challenges is the "double burden" syndrome, where women are expected to juggle professional responsibilities alongside caregiving roles. Balancing their professional ambitions and personal lives can be one of the greatest challenges for many women in leadership roles. The pressure to "do it all"—leading organizations, managing teams, and nurturing personal relationships—can often feel overwhelming. Women in leadership often face disproportionate scrutiny for their decisions and personal choices, such as parenting roles or appearance. Changing this narrative requires reimagining leadership as a path accessible to all, irrespective of gender.

The journeys of trailblazers demonstrate that ambition in women, often viewed as a threat, is, in fact, an asset. Research has shown that women-led companies are usually more innovative and better at fostering a positive workplace culture. Women are challenging conventional notions of power and influence, creating leadership approaches that are more authentic, relational, and sustainable. This shift towards a more holistic, people-centered leadership model is changing the corporate and political landscape for the better.

India's journey towards an inclusive future, where women lead unapologetically, is both a moral and economic necessity. By promoting education, tackling workplace biases, and harnessing the power of technology, we are in the process of unlocking the vast potential of half our population. Women leaders are not merely participants in India's growth story—they are architects of its transformation. To be unapologetically ambitious is not just a personal choice but a collective responsibility, a call to action for families, organizations, and society.





IPSWWA SPORTS DAY

FEBRUARY-2024











TRIP TO AFRICA: JUNE 2023



Smt. Surekha Mathur
W/o Shri Rajiv Mathur
1972

Our Africa trip
Held everyone in its grip
Planning for an year or more
With presentation of everyone's ideas galore

Bachho ne kari is programme ki shuruwat
Phir hui aur cousins se, hum sabki mulaqat

After careful thought and planning, the much awaited day came
When things were not the same ...

It was a day of excitement, hustle and bustle
when we- the Grandparents and Children at Mumbai arrived
Very happy and slightly sleep deprived

We went to NMACC to watch 'The Sound of Music'-a play
The ambience, acting, and meal,
Did our power of speech steal

The flight to Nairobi was a breeze
And the visit to the Giraffe Manor made our hearts trapeze

In Masaimara, the lions, cheetahs, gazelles, elephants, zebras, leopards
and giraffe etc so docile

Filled us with wonder and joy and hands constantly held the mobile
Landing at Cape Town, viewing the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Point was a dream
come true



Filling our hearts and minds with sights and sounds difficult to eschew
V and A Waterfront was as beautiful as can be-full of shopping, colour and different hues
of paint

The walks so educative, the Old Biscuit Mill and Farmer's Market so quaint

The Father's Day Lunch with the three fathers so precious
With free wine a treat at the Lobster and Burger- Oh! so gracious

The visit to the Wine Country (Franschhoek and Haute Cabriere)
re-created history for us
As did Robben Island and Table Mountain....and all ate/travelled without a fuss

The Taj Hotel was a king indeed
and Happy Hours -an unforgettable treat

Hamare group ka naam 'Africa Next', Africa Now' se bana 'What Next'
Ho aaye Kenya aur Cape Town aaj
Mauj masti karte, khaate peete
Bachchon ki tarah koi na aaye baaz

Looking forward to more such excursions
Where old memories revive and new ones it sows
I hope in progress and stature it grows

Thank you God for this holiday so rare
Where three generations united without a care.





THE TYRANNY OF SKINS



Smt. Priti Singh
W/o Shri Sanjay Singh
1990

She always knew she was different
Different from the rest of the flock
From the moment she could talk
And decipher the disdain
That rained
No, it pounded on her tender being
Who was seen
As amounting to nothing more
Than just a dark girl
This precious black pearl
Fated to be devalued and pitied
From her first breath
That coincided with the death
Of any decency she received
At the hands of those who believed
She was doomed
A non-starter, they said
Now who will wed this pitiful thing
This obsidian bird with a broken wing
As if matrimony was to be
Her only savior
And their rotten, rancid behavior
Well, it never changed
Only worsening with time
A crime unpunished
Worry laced with contempt
In their apparent abhorrence
They whispered to her kin
That her future
They were sure, would be
Just as dark, as her skin.

The finality of their words
Coated and compounded
By the mentality of a herd
Built over centuries of prejudice
The impoverishment of calcified beliefs
Seeds sown in the varna system
Bolstered by the mulch of colonial grief
A nation free...
Yet shackled by the "gora" mindset
Seeking a fleeting fairness
Chasing an ephemeral relief
From darkness
Fueling an industry
That profits from the pain
Now who is to be indicted for this?
Who is to be blamed?
The systemic othering of the dark
The hardening of the colour divide
The tyranny of skins
This brutal war of human hides
This malady of colour blindness
A blight we can no longer deny
This contagion of complexions
A neverlasting, awful pandemic
That just refuses to die.

So, there's no vaccine for colorism
The beautiful black pearl soon realized
Now baptized
By her own self-worth that lay within
Her chatoyant, a gleam ebony skin
Curious about the exact tint?



Well, let me give you a hint
Like the rain-soaked musky earth
A bread overbaked
Or the quills and feathering
Of ambrosial cinnamon flakes
She was beautiful
But the nasty comparisons
They continued even as she aged
A soul finally uncaged
By the reflection in the mirror
A countenance, she knew
Was much darker than the rest
From damsels who were blessed
With a milky fairness, bland at best
A beauty unsurprisingly
That wasn't skin deep
And they called her everything they
could
From an ugly duckling, a hideous crow,
To the proverbial black sheep.

Though the unyielding sniggering
Cemented the fact
That she was to be treated
Perpetually like an outcaste
The knifing, the invectives
This burden she'd carried as a child
Her pride often pierced, but unpunctured
Her dignity dented, but undefiled
She roared like a lioness
Soared like a creature divine

Wild with wonder, unabated, unbeguiled
Questioning the noxious narratives
The dodgy, uneven playing field
Was humanity a brochure of shades cards
She asked,

Were the fortunes of the dark
Forever sealed?
Why should the dermis define me?
And not what actually lay within
Underneath this walnutty veneer
Stretched over my slender frame
Tempered by vicious, verbal barbs
But never stamped or tattooed with shame
I know if you're dark, this world is unfair
For I've seen it first hand
Had more than my share
We, the tribe of a moonlit crust
We, the children of the colour divide
Dark, yet determined
Battered, not broken
Strengthened by captious storms
But people who never had to wear the evil eye
Our chest, bronze and beautiful
Embellished with the scars of hate
Electroplated with the pigment of grit
Living in a sheath ordained by fate
So, who are you to question my colour
To heap pity on what you see as flaws
My darling, let me tell you
I am not a sheep or an ugly duckling
What I am is the dazzling, dark horse.



Silent acquiescence in the
face of tyranny is no better
than outright agreement.



VISIT TO RED FORT- A JOURNEY THROUGH TIME HOSTED BY CBI, MARCH-2024

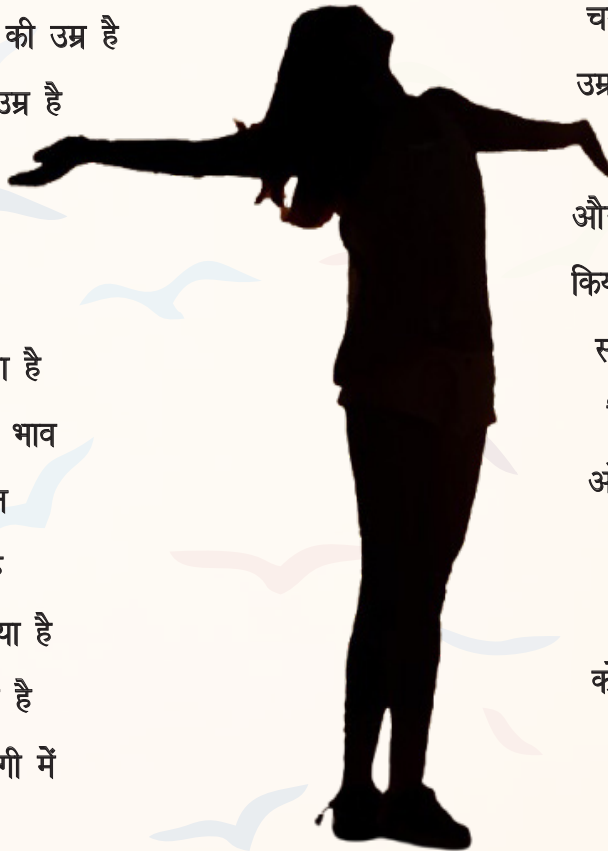


दाहिने बाएँ दाहिने बाएँ थम



श्रीमती चारुलता अग्रवाल
पत्नी श्री पी.एन. अग्रवाल
1981

दाहिने बाये दाहिने बाएँ थम
हाँ अब थम गए हैं हम
जिन्दगी भर पुलिस के अनुशासित जीवन में
यही करता आया था
अब हंसने-हंसाने, मौज उड़ाने की उम्र है
ये कब हमारे कमाने की उम्र है
उम्र के उतार-चढ़ाव
इतने लम्बे समय से
जमा होगए थे
कि मन उदासीन हो गया है
आत्म-संतुष्टि व खुशी के भाव
में गोते लगाता है मन
भविष्य बहुत छोटा है
अतीत बहुत लम्बा हो गया है
साबित कुछ करना नहीं है
तेज गति से चलती जिन्दगी में
सुखद ठहराव सा है
शांत नदी में ही गहराई दीखती है
गहराई में खुदा की छवि दिखाई देती है



आइनों को देखता था पहले
अब उनसे बातें भी करने लगा हूँ
चमकते हुए चांदी से बाल
उम्र नहीं अनुभव दिखाते हैं
अपने आप में स्वस्थ
और मस्त रहना सीख लिया
किया कराया.. अच्छा बुरा..
सब सागर में डाल दिया
जिंदगी की हकीकत से
आँख मिलाना सीख लिया
सुना है
रहोगे उदास तो
कोई हाल भी नहीं पूछेगा
मुस्कुराते रहोगे तो
लोग वजह तो पूछेंगे
“तुम इतना क्यूँ मुस्कुरा रहें हो”



असम



श्रीमती रश्मि अग्रवाल
पत्नी श्री राकेश अग्रवाल
1994

मुस्कुराते से मासूम सुहाने मुखड़े
भूल दिन-रात के झंझट और सारे दुखड़े
थाप जब ढोल की सुनते हैं संवर जाते हैं
बीहू की धुन पर फिर पैर थिरक जाते हैं।

सुनहरी सी सुबह आ जाती है सबसे पहले
नहलाने धरती की सब्ज चादर को
शाम मिल-जुल के कोई गीत गुनगुनाते हैं।

मेखला-चादर में सजी गोरी कोई इठलाती
बांस की टोकरी में है पत्तियां लिए जाती।

सुआल्कुची की गलियों से जो गुजर जाते हैं
खनकती रंगीली रंगाली बीहू की धमक
या भोगाली के पकवानों की ताजा महक।

यहां फैलाए बाहें विशाल दूर तलक
नदीश ब्रह्मपुत्र जैसे चूमता हो फलक।

हरी-सी चादर बिछी चाय के बागानों में
ढलवां छत पर लगी सब्जियां मकानों में।

होरई-गमछे से पूजा का घर सजाते हैं
पाट हो एरी हो या तोस, रंग कोई भी
बुनकरो की ताल पर सजते जाते हैं
और बन जाती है मेखला-साड़ी अलबेली
सजाती तन सभी का, हवा में करती अठखेली।

रासलीला में सजे मंच काटी बीहू के
गुजरे साल की यादों में मुस्कुराते हैं ।

सौंधी खुशबू मिले माटी पर जब बूंद दिखे
पीतिका-पीठा जैसे अनगिनत पकवान चखे
स्वाद मीठा-सा लिए हरे नारियल का जल
छोटे कटहल, काले चावल स्वाद लाते हैं ।

मां कामाख्या का द्वार जागृत और पवन सा
माजुली का वो सफर बड़ा मनभावन सा ।

और क्या लिखूं कि शब्द ही नहीं मिलते
प्यारे लोगों का प्यार पा के खिलखिलाते हैं
दूर बंसी बजा रहा कोई
धुन ऐसी मीठी सुहानी सुना रहा कोई ।

खींचती तान आज भी मुझे उस ओर कहीं
बस गया है असम कुछ इस तरह मुझ में कहीं
याद आती है असम में बीते हर पल की
गैडे, हाथी से बसे घनेरे जंगल की ।

डिपोर बील में छिपे जलकुंभी की हरीतिमा
भोर की आस में फैली तरुणी लालिमा ।
बरस बीते जो पुरानी पड़ी यादें कितनी
मगर जो लम्हे समेटे थे बहुत खास से हैं ।

असम, तुम लगते नहीं हो कोई गुजारा किस्सा
मेरे जीवन का एक खास बन गए हो हिस्सा ।





VISIT TO RASHTRAPATI BHAWAN AND MEETING WITH HON'BLE PRESIDENT OF INDIA, APRIL-2024











JAHAJI BHAI



Smt. Renu Sharma
W/o Shri J k Sharma
1982



The Indian Diaspora: Ambassadors of Indian Pride and Global Influence

The Indian diaspora, or Pravasi Bharatiya, has been pivotal in shaping India's global image. From indentured laborers migrating during colonial times to modern professionals excelling across industries, they have become informal ambassadors of Indian heritage and achievement.

The term largely refers to those who left India during British rule as indentured laborers, seeking better opportunities. Though not labeled slavery, the conditions they endured were harsh, closely resembling it.

The Historical Journey of the Indian Diaspora

The Indian diaspora began during the colonial era, when millions were sent as indentured laborers to colonies like Trinidad and Tobago, Suriname, Mauritius, Fiji, and South Africa. Known as Girmityas, after the girmits (agreements) they signed, these laborers faced severe exploitation, harsh punishments, and grueling conditions but displayed remarkable resilience.



The term Jahaji Bhais ("ship brothers") symbolized the camaraderie forged during perilous sea journeys. British authorities strategically selected young couples to maximize productivity, trapping them in bonded servitude. Despite these adversities, these communities laid the foundation for vibrant Indian societies abroad.

From Hardships to Global Leadership

Today, the descendants of these laborers have achieved extraordinary success. Prominent leaders include:

- Kamla Persad-Bissessar, Trinidad and Tobago's first female prime minister.
- Chandrikapersad Santokhi, president of Suriname.
- Sir Seewoosagur Ramgoolam, Mauritius' "Father of the Nation."

Their contributions extend beyond politics, driving economic and social transformation in their nations while inspiring future generations.

The Global Reach of the Indian Diaspora

The Indian diaspora, numbering over 32 million, is present worldwide. From North America to Southeast Asia, Indians have established themselves as entrepreneurs, professionals, and community leaders.

In the U.S., Indian-Americans are one of the most successful immigrant groups, excelling in technology, medicine, academia, and business. Notable leaders include:

- Sundar Pichai, CEO of Alphabet (Google's parent company).
- Satya Nadella, CEO of Microsoft.

Beyond these fields, the diaspora has made significant contributions to arts, sports, and philanthropy, strengthening India's soft power and fostering global collaboration.

Cultural Ambassadors of India

The diaspora plays a vital role as cultural ambassadors, preserving Indian traditions, festivals, and values abroad. Celebrations of Diwali and Holi, yoga classes, and promotion of Indian arts introduce India's rich heritage to the world.

These efforts build bridges between India and other nations, boosting trade, investment, and tourism while strengthening bilateral ties.

A Proud Legacy, A Promising Future

The contributions of the Indian diaspora are a testament to resilience and strength. From overcoming exploitation to becoming political leaders and cultural ambassadors, they embody India's values of hard work and community spirit.

As global citizens, they act as intermediaries between India and the world, driving economic growth, innovation, and diplomacy. Initiatives like Pravasi Bharatiya Divas, celebrated on January 9 to mark Mahatma Gandhi's return from South Africa, honour their legacy and inspire future contributions.

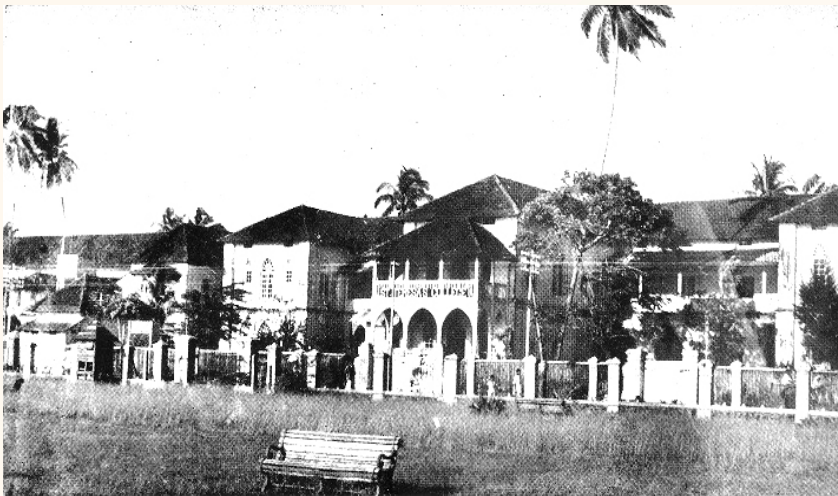




THE DREAM!



Smt. Susan Koshy
W/o Late Sh. K. Koshy
1973



This is the story of a dream come true. In 1975, I completed my MA in Literature from St. Theresa's College Kochi, but you see, despite my considerable literary talents, I couldn't tell the difference between a ladle and a spatula. Thus, my mother packed me off to Vimalalayam, a finishing school of sorts. Her logic was, "If my daughter can't cook, she'll surely cut a sorry figure in her future husband's home."

Well, what could I say? I wasn't exactly over the moon, but to my surprise, I rather enjoyed it! My mother, bless her heart, was delighted to discover that her tea-challenged daughter could now whip up a veritable feast. I, too, was feeling quite pleased with myself. Then came the dish that would change my life forever - "Prawn Pulao". My mother insisted I recreate it at home, and much to everyone's astonishment, including my own, it turned out rather splendidly.

Around the same time came a marriage proposal from a prospective groom, an IPS officer undergoing training in Phillaur. My mother suggested I prepare my now famous prawn pulao when "the parents" came to see me. My future mother-in-law, an accomplished cook herself, was suitably impressed by my culinary skills. "Any girl who can whip up a novel delicious dish like this will surely make her way to my son's heart!" And thus, my fate was sealed.

Soon enough, my fiancé and I were exchanging letters. One day, he wrote to me about a dream about our honeymoon where we were at the beach in Kanyakumari. We decided to sit by the sea, only to be confronted by a policeman who mistook us for runaway students and marched us off to the local thana. Fortunately, his batchmate was stationed there, sparing us further embarrassment.

As our wedding day drew near, we dreamed up all sorts of romantic honeymoon destinations. My husband-to-be had just taken over his new posting at Rohtak, Haryana and was all set for our wedding on June 29th. But fate intervened in the form of a National



Emergency on the 25th of June and leaves were cancelled. Fortunately, the then SSP took pity on us and granted my fiancé a special leave of five days—just enough time for the wedding, possibly with no honeymoon in sight.

My in-laws suggested a quick trip to Kanyakumari, just four hours away. In the evening, we decided to visit the famous beach, where you can see both the sunset and the sunrise—a perfect end to a less-than-perfect honeymoon. After strolling along the seaside, we decided to sit by the water's edge and enjoy the view. It was a romantic scene straight out of a movie. Suddenly, he spotted a policeman in the distance and jokingly said, "There's the cop from my dream, coming to take us to the thana." We laughed it off, but moments later, there he was, right in front of us, wielding a lathi in hand.

"Where did you kidnap this girl from?" he demanded, looking at us suspiciously. My husband calmly replied, "She's my wife." The constable, unimpressed, retorted, "We've seen plenty of couples like you. Come with me to the thana." Realizing things were getting serious, my husband handed over his card. The constable, upon seeing "Indian Police Service" printed on it, did a double take. He hesitated, then snapped to attention, and saluted.

And so, with a mix of relief and amusement, we were spared further trouble, our "honeymoon" ending on a note of hilarity rather than romance—a fitting start to a marriage filled with more surprises than a mystery novel!



Happiness is not something that is ready-made. It comes from your own actions. When you stop chasing the wrong things, you give the right things a chance to catch you - Dalai Lama



लहरें



श्रीमती अर्चना अनुप्रिया

पत्नी श्री प्रवीण सिन्हा

1988

कुछ है जो चल रहा है हर पल
क्या है वो?

समय, जज्बात, धड़कनें बेकल..?

कुछ है जो ढल रहा है हर पल
क्या है वो ?

उम्र, चाहत, जीवन, साँसें निश्छल..?

इस चलते, ढलते सिलसिले में भी
कुछ है जो शाश्वत है
क्या है वो?

उम्मीदें, तमन्नाएँ, ईश्वरत्व की मंजिल..?

समय एक अदृश्य शाश्वत सिलसिला है
ये सृष्टि के महासागर की लहरें हैं
बनती हैं, लुप्त होती हैं, फिर बनती हैं..
एक लहर सागर की....भिगाकर चली गई ।

एक लहर हँसी की..... गुदगुदाकर चली गई ।
एक लहर जज्बातों की... रुलाकर चली गई ।
एक लहर बुरे वक्त की... मिटाकर चली गई ।
एक लहर लोकधर्म की... निभाकर चली गई ।
एक लहर आशाओं की... लुभाकर चली गई ।

अकेली मौन खड़ी जिंदगी,
चुपचाप जूझती रही,
सोचती रही...

लहरों का सिलसिला
यूँ ही चलता है,
हर पल कोई गिरता है,
गिरकर फिर सँभलता है,
इन्हीं लहरों में कोई डूबता है,
कहीं कोई तरता है..



जन्मों से बहती
इन लहरों पर
कोई वश नहीं है हमारा
कितनों को डुबोया इसने
कईयों को किया किनारा
भूत, वर्तमान, भविष्य-

निर्भया की मौत ने जग को
नारी - शक्ति दिखला दी..
इन्हीं लहरों की थपेड़ों में
जिंदगी आगे चलती है..

मन ही मन यह सोच जिंदगी
फिर आगे चल पड़ी
अपने कर्मों से सारे जग की
किस्मत बदलने निकल पड़ी
मन में ठान जो निकल पड़े
वह प्रेरणादायी चितवन है
जो रुके नहीं, चलता रहे
उसी का नाम तो जीवन है।

सभी चलें इनके बलबूते
त्रेता, द्वापर, कलियुग-
कोई भी नहीं अछूते
राजतिलक के दिन राम को किया बनवास
कृष्ण पहुँचे थे गोकुल, तोड़कर कारावास
गाँधी जी की लहर ने सबको
देशभक्ति सिखला दी..

मनुष्य जब कर्म करता है
तभी किस्मत बदलती है..
इसीलिए मत रुको कहीं
अपना कर्म करते जाओ..
लहरें लाख रोड़े अटकाएँ
तुम आगे बढ़ते जाओ..“



FAREWELL TO EX COMMITTEE MEMBERS

APRIL-2024

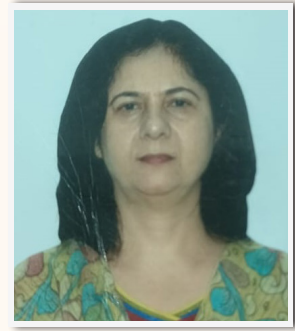


IPSWWA MEET HOSTED BY IB, MAY-2024





FROM THE DIARY OF A POLICE OFFICER'S WIFE...



Smt. Ritu Mehra
W/o Shri Santosh Mehra
1987

Being the wife of a police officer is a journey filled with unique challenges, responsibilities, and rewards. It is a life that demands resilience, patience, and adaptability, shaped by the ever-evolving nature of the law enforcement profession. Here is an insight into the experiences that come with this role.

One of the most defining aspects of being married to a police officer is the unpredictability of daily life. The job's demands mean that my husband is often on call 24/7, responding to emergencies, dealing with law and order situations, or managing crises that arise without warning. This unpredictability affects family life in profound ways. Plans are frequently interrupted, holidays may get cut short, and family gatherings often happen without him. It takes a lot of understanding and acceptance to navigate this, but over time, it becomes a part of our routine.

There is also an inherent sense of pride in associating with someone who selflessly serves society. The respect and admiration people show for my husband because of his uniform and the authority it represents are humbling. However, this respect comes with its own set of expectations. As a Police officer's wife, there is a constant need to maintain decorum and uphold a certain image in the community. The concern for safety is another omnipresent aspect of this life. With rising crime rates and the increasing complexity of policing, there is always a lingering worry about my husband's safety. Every time he steps out, especially during volatile situations like riots, anti-terror operations, or high-profile investigations, there is an underlying fear that I must manage. This concern extends to our children, who, too, live with the reality of having a parent in a potentially dangerous job.

Despite these challenges, there are also several rewarding aspects. The camaraderie among police families is a unique bond forged by shared experiences. The support system is robust, with other spouses and families understanding the ups and downs of police life. This sense of community helps in navigating the challenges, providing emotional support and practical advice.

Living as a police officer's wife also involves a great deal of flexibility. Transfers are a regular part of the job, which means frequent relocations. Each move is an opportunity to experience a new place, meet new people, and adapt to new environments. This can be both challenging and exciting, especially for our children, who must constantly adjust to new schools and social circles. However, it also broadens one's horizons, fostering adaptability and resilience. In conclusion, being the wife of a police officer is a life of constant adjustments, great pride, and unwavering support. It is about finding balance amid chaos, being a pillar of strength, and celebrating the small moments of togetherness. While the challenges are many, the sense of purpose, pride, and contribution to society makes it a profoundly fulfilling experience. Three Cheers for Us, the proud wives.



CELEBRATION OF WOMANHOOD HOSTED BY BSF, JULY-2024



Deep abdominal breathing / Yogic breathing

- Clavicular
- Intercostal
- Deep abdominal

Normal breathing is about 12-15 times a minute
Deep breathing is 6 times a minute
(5 exhalation) - total 10 steps





INNOCENCE AND WONDER-A REFLECTION ON BEAUTY



Smt. Priya Garg
W/o Shri Anurag Garg
1993



On a warm sunny Sunday morning as I dusted a shelf, I lay hands on an old album of my first born... Flipping through the pages, a wave of cherished memories washed over me, each photo a treasure from the past. I settled down with a cup of tea and reflected on

how images shape our lives and leave behind a reason to smile, ponder and much more, yet each one a treasure that unfolds memories....

The complex tales that images convey—stories so profound that entire books are devoted to them—are frequently manifestations of beauty that rises beyond the surface. Adults often show the signs of their toil and responsibility, whereas children, with their small, flawlessly formed hands and feet, embody innocence and delight. This contrast is evocative of the

natural world, where even the most colourful species lack the innocence that may be seen in a child's play. It is a poignant observation: the average adults often disregard their own looks, letting a child's amazement and charm show in every action. A child's delicate hands and feet in this dynamic exude beauty and wonder, representing a spirit of play and inquiry. Their fragile feet take tentative but daring steps, exploring new frontiers, while their little fingers clutch at the world with unadulterated joy. This purity acts as a reminder of the delight in wonder and simplicity. When we look at a child's delicate hands and feet, we perceive not only their physical beauty but also their capacity for development and connection. The infinite possibilities that life presents are symbolized by their hands, which are eager to create and explore, and their feet, which are ready to run and dance. The belief that genuine beauty is found in the pure joy they provide is reinforced by every moment spent with them. As my cup of tea finished and my mind filled with thoughts, I realised that if we expand our definition of beauty, we may discover that a child's cherished hands and feet hold a profound elegance that teaches us to appreciate and embrace the world around us.





MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A POLICE OFFICER'S WIFE



Smt. Anju Gyaneshwar
W/o Shri Gyaneshwar Singh
1999

It was a crisp, cold evening in the small, remote town of Chamba, nestled in the hills of Himachal Pradesh. My husband was posted there as a probationer in January 2001, and I accompanied him. I was still adjusting to life in this quiet, picturesque place, far from the hustle and bustle I was used to in Delhi. That night, we were invited to a party at the district SP's house. The gathering was warm and filled with laughter; the conversations were new and different for me as it was my first dinner as a police officer's wife. It went late into the night, which, in the hills, means around 11 pm.

As we were heading back home, the roads were nearly deserted, save for the sound of our car cutting through the silence. Suddenly, we saw a figure standing by the side of the road, an elderly woman, her frail hand raised; instantly and curiously, we stopped the vehicle, anticipating some crime situation as we approached her, AND it turned out to be a request for a lift to the next locality. I was surprised and a bit apprehensive. Where I came from, a place steeped in feudal traditions, it was uncommon for strangers, especially for women, to ask for help at such an hour from a police officer's vehicle with beacons swirling.

Without hesitation, my husband, the ever-kind-hearted officer (recently out from the academy with an enthusiasm for serving people), welcomed her into the car. As we drove, the woman talked about her family and her trust in the local police.

At that moment, I saw a side of the police I had never fully appreciated before. Here, in this small town, far from the cynicism of big cities, people still had faith in the system. The police were not just enforcers of the law but protectors of the community, seen as approachable and humane.

It was a humbling experience for me, realising that the role of the police, especially in such close-knit places, went beyond duty and power. It was a relationship built on trust, a face of humanity I had never witnessed before. That night, I learned that policing wasn't just about authority; it was about being a part of the community and serving it with empathy.

As we dropped the old lady off at her stop, she thanked us with a smile that carried the warmth of genuine gratitude. And in that smile, I saw the true spirit of this town and the state of Himachal Pradesh, where faith in humanity and the system intertwined effortlessly. I felt a new sense of belonging to this remote place and the police family. Incidentally, this remains an immortal memory for me as I delivered my first child there.





TEEJ CELEBRATIONS BY IPSWWA, AUGUST- 2024



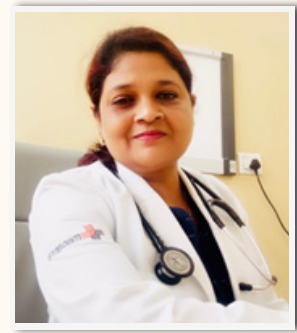








CHOLESTEROL REALLY MATTERS: MYTH OR FACT



Dr Madhu Mary Minz, MD
W/O Shri. Solomon Yash Kr Minz
1997

For decades, there has been a controversy regarding the role of cholesterol in heart health - does it affect our heart? Extensive studies have come up with evidence that lowering bad cholesterol reduces the risk of death due to heart disease and stroke.

Cholesterol is a greasy, fat-like substance in the blood. It is needed by our body - to build cells and to make vitamins and other hormones. It is not “bad” unless we have too much of it.

The major types of cholesterol are:

- HDL - “good cholesterol” because it picks up cholesterol and takes it back to the liver for disposal
- LDL - “bad cholesterol” which clogs arteries
- Triglycerides are another type of bad fat in our body

Too much of the bad one or not enough of the good cholesterol can put us at a higher risk of heart disease or stroke. Over the years, ‘bad cholesterol’ in our blood combines with other fatty substances, cells and fibrin to form a thick, hard deposit on the inside of the arteries called plaques. These plaques make arteries less flexible and narrower and eventually cause blockage, leading to a heart attack or stroke.

Cholesterol comes from the food we eat - primarily from animal products like meat, egg, cheese & other dairy products and some tropical oils, such as palm oil, palm kernel oil and coconut oil, that contain saturated fat. Our liver, too, makes cholesterol.

Factors that can contribute to elevated triglyceride and LDL levels with low HDL include:

- Genetic factors
- Diabetes mellitus, hypothyroid
- Excess sugar intake & alcohol
- High saturated fat intake and processed foods
- Physical inactivity & obesity

A simple fasting blood test – ‘Lipid profile’, gives results for total blood cholesterol, HDL, LDL & triglycerides.

- Various research studies have shown that LDL 100 mg/dL or lower have lower rates of heart disease and stroke- “lower the better.”
- For individuals with a history of heart attack or stroke - at least a 50% reduction in LDL level to 70 mg/dL or lower is advisable



What to avoid?

Avoid trans-fat and saturated fats found in food products like

- Commercial baked goods, such as cakes, donuts, cookies and pies
- Fried foods, including French fries, fried chicken, samosas, kachori
- Red meat, processed meat
- Whole-fat dairy products such as butter, cheese, cream

Incorporate some of the following healthier options in your diet :

- Fiber-rich diet has cholesterol-lowering effect
- Whole grain cereals (dalia, oats, corn), whole pulses and millets
- Brown or whole wheat bread
- Do not sieve wheat flour (atta); add chana/**soya**, oat bran to wheat flour (multigrain atta)
- Include sprouted pulses in the diet as a salad, raita or a filling
- Include plenty of fresh vegetables as a salad in both meals
- Consume a minimum of 2-3 whole fruits daily
- Choose fat-free or low fat or plant-based milk
- Choose skinless poultry and lean meats
- Choose fatty fish, such as salmon, sardines
- Prefer plant-based sources of protein, including nuts and seeds (flax seeds, Chia seeds), tofu, beans, peas, and lentils

Healthy cooking tips

- Use mustard oil, olive oil, canola, sunflower oil
- Grill, broil, bake, steam instead of frying

Remember:

- Check your cholesterol levels regularly to know your risk
- Change your diet and lifestyle to help improve your levels
- Control your cholesterol with help from your health care professional if needed





IPSWWA MEET HOSTED BY NTRO, SEPTEMBER-2024



खुशी

हर घर दिवाली
पर असली खुशी तो मिली
झोपड़ी में दिया जलाकर।
खुद से अपना समय चुराकर
की जरूरतमंदों की सहायता
तो हुई अमूल्य खुशी,
रोते को हँसा कर
अपना गम भूल जाँ गए ।

छोटी छोटी खुशियाँ बाँटकर
प्यार के मीठे शब्द बोलकर
करते जब सहयोग हम
खिल जातें हैं तब अंतर्मन ।
महसूस होता है तब जीवन
की सार्थकता और खुशी ।



श्रीमती गीता पाठक
पत्नी श्री दीपेंद्र पाठक
1990





ANNUAL DIWALI CELEBRATIONS OCTOBER-2024











IPSWWA GET TOGETHER HOSTED BY ITBP, NOVEMBER-2024





BOOK REVIEW (THE MAN FROM THE EGG, BY SUDHA MURTHY)



Smt. Geeta Pathak
W/o Shri Dependra Pathak
1990

This storybook by Sudha Murty is very interesting and engaging, written in simple words. The stories in this book are related to the trinity: Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahesh. First, Brahma, the creator; second, Vishnu, the preserver; and third, Mahesh, the destroyer. All three great Gods (Tridev) can be referred to in a single word, "Omkar"(ॐ).

Incidents are depicted to showcase the eternal struggle between good and evil, the Devas and the Asuras. The story begins with the creation of Shatarupa by Brahma and his subsequent folly. The book concludes with the creation of Ardhanarishvara, the combined form of Vishnu and Shiva, who was created to kill the Asura Guha.

The short stories explore various aspects of the lives of Devas, humans, and Asuras. They highlight how Brahma exercised the power of granting boons to the Asuras, because of their devotion and Tapasya. Sometimes, Brahma himself got trapped in his own boons, such as the one granted to Kamdeva and his wife Rati. This boon involved a special bow and arrow that made anyone it was aimed at fall instantly in love with the nearest person. Kamdeva used it on the most beautiful woman and fell in love with Shatarupa. Another example is Bhasmasura, who burns himself by mistakenly applying the boon to himself. Sund and Apsund, two brothers, tragically killed each other over the beautiful Tilottama created by Brahma. The second part of the book narrates the stories of Shiva, Sati, and Parvati. It describes how Shiva destroyed everything and beheaded Daksha, replacing the head with that of a goat. The book also explains the birth of Parvati and Kartikeya, who was born to kill the Asura Taraka. Additionally, it recounts the story of how Parvati created Lord Ganesha.

In a nutshell, the book explores the roles of the three supreme gods in maintaining the cosmic balance. It highlights the perpetual struggle between good and evil, which is reflected in the human psyche. The book encourages readers to imbibe their inner divinity to overcome their negative tendencies and seek the blessings of the divine. Overall, the mythological stories in this book are taken from our Puranas and represented in a very simple and engaging manner for all age groups.



RECIPES



Dr. Ajita Thaosen
W/O Shri S. L. Thaosen
1988

DAONO HAIN HON

A traditional Dimasa chicken curry

What makes Daono Hain Hon particularly appealing is its simplicity, combined with the health benefits of its ingredients.

Serving Suggestions:

Daono Hain Hon tastes best when eaten with plain steamed rice. It can also be paired with sautéed or smoked mixed vegetables and a tangy, spicy chutney.

Whether you're exploring new cuisines or simply craving a hearty, home-cooked meal, Daono Hain Hon will take your taste buds on a journey through Dimasa culture.

Recipe Card

Prep Time: 15 minutes
Cook Time: 30 minutes
Serves: 4

Ingredients:

- Chicken – 1 kg, cut into pieces
- Onion– 2 large, chopped
- Garlic – 7-8 cloves, crushed
- Ginger – 1 ½ inch piece, grated
- Coriander powder – 1 tsp
- Red chilli powder – 1 tsp



- Turmeric powder– ½ tsp
- Bay leaves– 2
- Whole green chilies – 2
- Rice powder– 2 tbsp
- Cilantro/Culantro– 2 tsp, chopped
- Salt to taste
- Mustard oil– 2 tbsp for cooking

Instructions:

1. Heat oil in a pan, and sauté onions and bay leaves until golden.
2. Add ginger and garlic, cook until fragrant.
3. Add the chicken, cover, and cook for 7-8 minutes.
4. Stir in coriander, red chilli, turmeric, and salt. Fry the chicken until well-coated with spices.
5. Add hot water, and simmer for 15 minutes, or until the chicken is tender.
6. Mix rice powder with water to create a thin mixture, then stir it into the curry. Adjust thickness to your liking and cook for another 2 minutes.
7. Garnish with cilantro or culantro, and serve hot with plain steamed rice.





Smt. Seema Haldar
W/o Shri P.C. Haldar
1970

illish Parturi

Fish infused with the pungency of ground mustard seeds, fiery green chilli and tender coconut, wrapped and steamed in a fresh banana leaf.

With the monsoon's arrival, a ritual unfolded in my childhood home—an excited fish buying spree that seemed to mirror the season's rhythm. And not just any fish, but the regal Padma Hilsa, the illish—queen of the waters & the heart of every Bengali kitchen. In Bengal, fish is more than a meal; and in my home, it was no different.

I remember fondly, the symphony of voices echoing from the kitchen. My mother, Mejo Ma, Kaki ma & Chhoto Mashi—all of them immersed in spirited debates about how best to honour the illish that day. The men, naturally, couldn't resist poking their heads in, offering opinions, as if their voices could sway the sacred culinary ritual. And really, who could blame them? The illish maach stirred emotions like few things could. Its presence was more than just nourishment—it was a celebration, a reminder of the river's bounty and the memories it carried.

The slow grinding of mustard seeds with fresh green chillies and mustard oil in a mortar and pestle creates an aromatic paste that coats the fish, soon to be swaddled in banana leaves for steaming. The air fills with anticipation as each banana parcel is placed on the plate beside a mound of rice. Few things compare to the fragrance of mustard clinging to the delicately steamed fish... as lively conversations ripple across the dining table. Give this recipe a try— you won't be disappointed!

Ingredients

- For the mustard paste

- | | | |
|--------------------------|---|--|
| ♣ Yellow mustard seeds | : | 50 gms (optionally, you could add some black mustard seeds too for extra pungency) |
| ♣ Curd | : | 2 Table spoons |
| ♣ Green Chili | : | 3 or 4 (more or less as per your taste) |
| ♣ Turmeric powder | : | A pinch (more or less as per your taste) |
| ♣ Oil | : | Mustard Oil |
| ♣ Freshly grated coconut | : | 4 Table spoons |



The Fish

- ♣ Hilsa Fish (Ganga Hilsa or Padma Hilsa) : 1 kg
- ♣ A big banana leaf : 6 leaves

Utensils

- ♣ A steamer
- ♣ A steel box
- ♣ Cotton strings that are slightly thick

Procedure

For the fish

- Make a fine paste of the mustard seeds. Add a tsp of salt. Add the grated coconut. You could grind the paste in a mortar-pestal for a more vibrant flavour or in a mixer as per convenience.
- Mix the mustard paste along with salt ,curd , 1 tsp of turmeric powder and 1 tbsp of mustard oil.
- Cut some green chillies longitudinally and keep aside.
- Take 6 good pieces of Hilsa fish. Wash and pat them dry. Marinate these fishes luxuriously and generously with the mustard paste and keep aside.

For the banana parcels

- Wash and dry the banana leaf. With a knife...cut them into 6 sections in such a manner that they can fully cover the fish pieces.
- Gently toast the leaves on very low heat. Use a cloth to pat them while doing so. Be careful to not burn the leaves. (This will prevent the leaves from cracking when folded.)
- Oil the first leaf and arrange the fish piece on it. Pour 2 tbsps of mustard oil. Place the sliced green chilli on it.
- Wrap the leaf well covering the fish from all sides and secure the parcel with a string. Repeat this for all the fish.
- Place the fish parcels in a steel box. Put the box in a steamer and steam it for 15 minutes.
- Once the utensil is cooled at room temperature, serve the fish parcels with plain rice doused in some ghee.
- Bon Appetite



Smt. Simerpreet Luthra
W/o Shri Tajender Singh Luthra
1990

Avocado Cucumber Salad

Salad Ingredients:

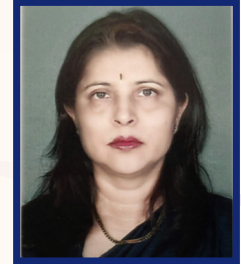
Baby Spinach leaves
Romaine Lettuce
Diced Avocado
Cherry Tomatoes – halved
Diced Cucumber
Finely chopped coriander leaves
Finely chopped parsley
Crumbled feta cheese
Pumpkin seeds (dry roasted on pan)
Flex seeds (dry roasted on pan)

1. Wash well spinach leaves
2. Break Romaine leaves- broken with hand
3. Dice avocado
4. Cut cherry tomato into the halves
5. Chop coriander leaves & parsley finely
6. Dressing

In a bowl add the below ingredients & keep aside to be poured later on the salad:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------|
| White wine vinegar | 1-2 tbsp |
| Extra virgin olive oil | 1-2 tbsp |
| Honey | 1 tbsp |
| Minced Garlic | 5-6 pieces |
| Oregano/ Minced herbs | 1 tbsp |
| Dash of whole grain mustard | |
7. Put all the ingredients (salad) in the serving bowl
 8. Crumble feta cheese on top of the salad
 9. Sprinkle pumpkin seeds & flex seeds on the salad
 10. Pour the prepared dressing over the salad and enjoy

Note: Please adjust the sweetness & sourness of the dressing according to your personal taste.



Smt. Devyani Medhekar
W/o Shri Rajan K. Medhekar
1975

OATS & DATES BISCUITS

Ingredients

Oats - 1 cup
Wheat - 1 cup
Dates (seeded and mashed) - 1 cup
(but if you want it sweeter take 1 1/2 Cups)
Cinnamon Powder - 1 teaspoon
Green Cardamom Powder -1 teaspoon
Clove Powder -1/4 teaspoon
Ghee - 1/2 Cup
Sunflower Seeds / Pumpkin seeds -(Optional)-
you can add but I haven't added this time as I forgot.
Fruit puree of Apple, Banana will make the biscuit slightly soft

Method

Mix all the ingredients and let it stand for a whole day.
Preheat the Oven for 20 minutes at 160 degrees.
Bake at 160 degrees for 15 minutes one side and 15 minutes
after flipping it over.
However, keep a watch that it does not burn or gets undercook
as each oven is different as I learnt.
Do not remove from the oven immediately. Let it cool.



'No fuss' Maithil recipes

For quite some time now, Geeta has been coaxing me to share some recipes for the magazine. Mind you, all my efforts to deflect her persistence came to naught, and here I am, finally succumbing to her wishes. Well, how could I tell her that my love for cooking now is more a folklore than reality! My husband also proudly shares with guests that Anuja used to be a great cook.

Now a days, my love affair with cooking is only to the extent when someone else does it, and the highest gratification I get is when, even without being consulted, the food is served at the table.

Culinary pleasure, I feel, has to be swift, simple and basic with no fuss. Just like my life right now. So, on Geeta's request.



Smt. Anuja Jha
W/o Shri S.C Jha
1981

Flaxseed Chutney

Ingredients: Flaxseeds, bay leaf 2-3, dry red chillies 2-3, a few drops of mustard oil, a little lemon juice & salt

Go with your gut & tastebuds where measurements are concerned because, to date, I have not measured any ingredient. It has to come from hits and misses.

Method: Roast the flaxseeds along with bay leaves & red chillies. When you start getting the aroma and your nose starts twitching, switch it off. Grind them coarsely or give them just one swipe in your mixer. Then, as per your taste, add the remaining ingredients like salt, lemon juice and a dash of mustard oil. Taste it before serving for the right balance & consistency. If you feel it's on the drier side, then you can add a little water. Another variation can be done by adding some chopped onions and coriander leaves.

In our Maithil homes, flaxseed powder is always ready. On demand, this chutney is produced in a jiffy.

Since flaxseeds now come under miracle food, let me share another no frills recipe using flaxseeds.





Lauki with flaxseed

Ingredients: 1 lauki, mustard oil, methi or jeera seeds for tadka, salt & haldi.

Method: In a pan, add very little oil, put the tadka, let it sputter, and then add the lauki (finely chopped) . Add salt and haldi and cover it. 5 minutes before your lauki is done, add 2 heaped spoonfuls of flaxseed magic powder. Remember no need to add mirchi as your powder already has it.

Girls, now that I am on a roll, here comes the third recipe.





Kathal **(for English born it's the jackfruit) & aloo (potatoes)**

Take the quantity of kathal and aloo as per your requirements and boil them both. Then, in a pan, take a little ghee, sputter some jeera with 1/2 split green chillies, and add the boiled vegetables. Saute it with salt, haldi, dhania powder, a little garam masala and lastly, the magic flaxseed powder. For gravy, add some water. Once everything comes together, squeeze a little lime. Garnish it with coriander. A flavourful healthy dish is ready to be served with steamed rice.

Enjoy the recipes courtesy Geeta Pathak





*Women – Her strength is
her silent power. With grace,
courage, and boundless spirit,
she shapes the world anew.*

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