



BAISAKHI CELEBRATIONS IN PUNJAB – APRIL 2026

(LEFT) PAINTING BY PUNEET MADAN (MIDDLE & RIGHT) SCREENSHOTS FROM INTERNET

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Golden Sampark WISHES ITS READERS A HAPPY BUDDHA POORNIMA, MOTHERS DAY & EID-AL-ADHA

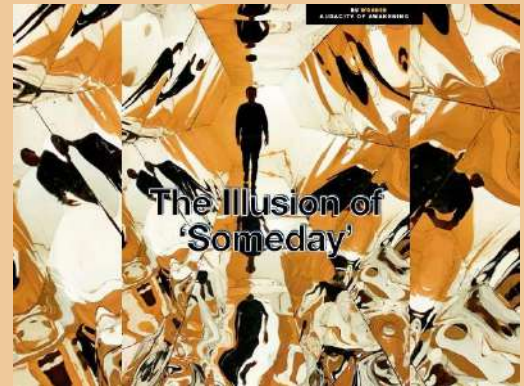
THE ILLUSION OF 'SOMEDAY'

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Ever since I can remember, I have been told, instructed and guided, "Harder, Faster, More, More, More; Go, Go, Go So I did exactly that, struggling through each phase of life.

I was told that only by pushing myself, would I get a good job and earn more, without which I would not be stable and unable to settle down. As I advanced, the greater was the stress. The promise of happiness and peace remained elusive. There was always another milestone to cross before I could finally 'live'.



Whenever I paused to inhale, to enjoy, to rest, the world warned me, "Not now. Don't relax. Don't waste time." You'll Fall Behind! But behind what? Behind who? I never understood the urgency of it. The race was loud, but the finish line remained invisible.

As if joy was something to be earned only after exhaustion. As if life was not meant to be lived, only conquered. For a long, long time, I believed it. Then I began to see something else. Even those who are 'settled', are still searching. Even those with money are still hungry for more. And those with status are fearful of losing it.

And many people who say they will finally live after retirement, are only repeating the same ancient lie: "Someday." However, life does not arrive 'someday'. Life arrives only in this moment. The truth is, the struggle never ends. Responsibilities don't disappear. Problems don't stop coming. The mind doesn't stop desiring. The world doesn't stop demanding.

Chaos is not an Obstacle to life. It is part of Life. And maybe that is the lesson we were meant to learn all along. We came here not to finish anything; we were sent here to become aware.

To become present. To feel deeply. To love fully. To remain pure and soft, even while the world hardens. To awaken the soul while the world screams for achievement.



Because what is the point of winning every race if we lose ourselves in the process?

The universe does not reward us for delaying our happiness. Our soul does not measure our worth by our productivity. And time does not wait for us to feel "ready."

One day, this body will merge back into the universal ocean. The titles will fade. The deadlines will dissolve. And only one question will remain:

'Did I actually live... or did I merely prepare to live?'



GOOD FRIDAY:

The month of April started with the pious, solemn Good Friday on 3rd April, for the Christian community. It teaches us compassion and forgiveness. Christians participate in a Cross march to commemorate the crucifixion of Lord Jesus Christ. The day of prayer, fasting and reflection leads into Easter Sunday, celebrating Jesus's resurrection, the central belief of Christian faith.

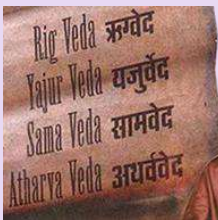


RESTRICTIONS ON WOMEN'S EQUALITY WITH MEN:

On 07th April, there was a news that our Central Govt has urged the Supreme Court in an ongoing case, to uphold the restriction on entry of women of menstruating age group, into Kerala's Sabrimala temple; the existing restriction is imposed because the ruling deity Lord Ayappa was a celibate. Guru Nanak Sahib was a great advocate of women's Liberty & Equality. His iconic quote: ਮੈ ਕਿਉਂ ਮੰਦਾ ਆਖੀਏ ਜਿੱਤ ਜੰਮੇ ਰਾਜਾਨ – how much do we follow it? Women priests and Kirtan singers are not allowed to perform inside Harmandir Sahib (Golden Temple) at Amritsar. In spite of so much being talked about Gender Equality, there are continued discriminatory practices against women, not only in India, in the Muslim world, but also in the much liberated Western world. Best way out would be that our women folk get united to assert themselves firmly.

ARYA SAMAJ:

This Hindu reform movement was founded by Maharishi Dayanand Saraswati on April 7, 1875 in Bombay, with a strong motive of 'Back to The Vedas'. The movement, emphasizes monotheism (belief in one God) and rejecting idol worship, caste distinctions, and superstition, much like the principles of Sikhism. Rest is history; like It has been highly successful in promoting education (through DAV schools/colleges), women's rights, and social reforms.



DR BHIM RAO RAMJI AMBEDKAR (14Apr, 1891 – 06Dec,1956):

Commonly known as the architect of independent India's Constitution, was a great scholar, social reformer, a politician, and independent India's first Law minister, who fought for the working classes, for our society's marginalised population and for women's liberation, but is primarily restricted to eulogising him as a Dalit icon. That is simply undermining his great status. Let us shrug off that 'low class' epithet and simply pay tributes to him on his 135th Birth Anniversary, as one of India's greats.



BUDDHA PURNIMA: Falling on 01st May, also known as Buddha Jayanti or Vesak, it commemorates three major events in the life of Gautama Buddha: his birth as Prince Siddhartha, his enlightenment under the Bodhi tree, his *Mahaparinirvana* (final liberation). Buddha Purnima, this year, will have first ever international exposition of the holy Piprahwa relics of Tathagatha Buddha, which arrived at Leh on 29th April, whereupon 'Khataks' were offered to the holy relics by Buddhist monks and the Ladakh LG Vinod Kumar Saxena.

BAISAKHI: The all important North Indian festival of Baisakhi and the Khalsa Sirjana Diwas (13th Vaisakh, 1699), were celebrated on 13th/14th April with gay abandon and spiritual-cum-martial enthusiasm in India as well as abroad, where there are sizeable populations of Punjabis/Sikhs.



Vaisakhi-2026 celebrations at Panja Sahib, Hasan Abdal, Pakistan on



British PM Keir Starmer on Vaisakhi 2026, at 10 Downing Street, London



Canadian PM Carney, serving Langar at Ottawa Gurdwara on Vaisakhi day 2026

PAHALGAM, April 22, 2025: Do you remember this date when 26 male tourists were shot dead, summarily on the basis of their religion? Let's pay a silent homage to them and pray that such gruesome, mindless, tragic incidents never happen again.

I CANNOT REMEMBER MY MOTHER



RABINDRANATH TAGORE
(07 May 1961 – 07 Aug 1941)

I cannot remember my mother
Only sometimes in the middle of my play
A tune seems to hover over my playthings,
The tune of the song that she used to hum
While rocking my cradle.

I cannot remember my mother
But when in the early autumn morning
The scent of the *shiuli* flowers floats in the air
The scent of the morning service in the temple
Comes to me as the scent of my mother.



PAINTING BY TAGORE

I cannot remember my mother
Only when from my bedroom window I send
My eyes into the blue of the distant sky,
I feel that the stillness
Of my mother's gaze on my face
Has spread all over the sky.

(Translated by Sishu Bholanath)

CAMARADERIE OF LONG AGO



-Lt Gen Raj Kadyan (Retd)

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Army peers of my vintage are hovering around 80. In most cases, our hearing is indifferent, if that is not an understatement. We have created a WhatsApp group. I anchor the exchange of greetings. If someone had told me that the coronavirus can be transmitted electronically, I would scoff at it. But ever since I was hospitalised for COVID, my phone calendar has been making boo-boos. To reconfirm correctness, I invariably call the celebrant the preceding evening, under the pretext of 'wishing in advance'. I did so the other day.



After a long wait, which the recipient required to wear his aural gadget, he asked: 'Hello, who is calling?' I announced my name. 'Kalyan? You live in Maharashtra?' 'No, not Kalyan — not L for lousy; but D for dirty.'

His voice brightened up. 'Oh, Kadyan? I have your number saved.' There was another hold when he went specs-searching to read my name on the gizmo. After some cuss words, he located the vision enhancer. 'Godfrey, I have called up to wish Ruth a happy birthday tomorrow,' I said.

'Ah yes, it is the birthday of a very dear friend of ours. You might remember him from NDA. Short and stocky, Jaichandran! I think he was a batch junior to us. He once went on a visit to Delhi and never came back.' Then, realising the implicit faux pas, 'Do you live in Delhi?' he asked.

'In Gurgaon, I actually called...'

'Yes, I know Gurgaon,' he said, 'had passed through it once in the 1970s while driving to Jaipur. Do you still have lots of cows squatting on the road?'

'Perhaps even more,' I said. 'Look, I want to wish Ruth a happy birthday.' He laughed, 'Actually, her birthday was today. She has already cut the cake.' Considering that I have gone awry in many cases, this appeared an innocent error.

For the second call of the evening, the recipient's acoustic faculty was luckily better. 'Hello Raj,' he said, 'nice hearing from you.' 'Hello Randhir, I am calling to wish you both a happy wedding anniversary,' I said, praying I won't be wrong-footed again and added, 'I hope you have adjusted the freezer settings suitably so that the champagne cork hits the ceiling.'

'Oh yes. Come and join us in Chandigarh... but being a teetotaler, you are useless company.'

'How many years of married life,' I asked, ignoring his chide. 'Fifty-five.'

'So, you got married in 1967?' 'No, 1968.' I could overhear his murmured calculations. 'Actually, it is 54.'

'I hope Dolly is not overhearing.' 'Luckily, she is in the other room. And you jolly well are not going to tell her.'

His admonition instantly revived memories of the camaraderie we enjoyed as fellow Zojilians in the IMA six decades ago. If physicality permitted, we could rejoin the Academy!

TWO POEMS



Wg. Cdr. Dr RAJESH PRAKASH NIGAM (Retd)
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मेरा बचपन

अब तो खुद ही गिर जाओ तुम, टूट कर जमीं पर ।
पत्थर मारने वाला बचपन, मोबाइल मे व्यस्त है।।
अच्छी थी, पगडंडी अपनी। सड़कों पर तो, जाम बहुत है।।
फुर्र हो गई फुर्सत, अब तो। सबके पास, काम बहुत है।।
नहीं जरूरत, बूढ़ों की अब। हर बच्चा, बुद्धिमान बहुत है।।
उजड़ गए, सब बाग बगीचे। दो गमलों में, शान बहुत है।।
मट्ठा, दही, नहीं खाते हैं। कहते हैं, जुकाम बहुत है।।
पीते हैं, जब चाय, तब कहीं। कहते हैं, आराम बहुत है।।
बंद हो चुकीं हैं, चिट्ठी, पत्री। व्हाट्सएप पर, पैगाम बहुत है।।
आदी हैं, ए.सी. के इतने। कहते बाहर, गर्मी बहुत है।।
झुके-झुके, स्कूली बच्चे। बस्तों में, सामान बहुत है।।
नहीं बचे, कोई सगे सम्बन्धी। अकड़, ऐंठ, अहंकार बहुत है।।
सुविधाओं का, ढेर लगा है।। पर इंसान, परेशान बहुत है।।



शरारती दोस्त चाहिए!

मुझे मेरे जैसे शरारती दोस्त चाहिए!
समझदारों से मेरी निभती ही नहीं!
इंटेलिजेंट लोगों से मेरी पटती ही नहीं!!
मुझे मेरे जैसे पगलाए हुए दोस्त चाहिए!
मुझे मेरे जैसे शरारती दोस्त चाहिए!!
जो करते रहते हों थोड़ी बेवकूफियाँ
और गलतियाँ! थोड़ी नॉक-झोंक
और बदमाशियाँ!!
जो टाँगें मेरी खींचें, मुझे हवा में ना उड़ने दें!
लेकिन कभी भी जमीं पर ना बिखरने दें!!
जो मेरे दिल की बात सुने दिल खोल कर!
और अपने दिल की बातें भी मुझे सुना दें!
जो मेरे जज़्बातों को अपने आप समझ लें!!
मुझे ऐसे अमीर दिल दोस्त हर रोज चाहिए !
मुझे मेरे जैसे शरारती दोस्त चाहिए!!
जिसके सामने होंठों की हँसी रुके ही नहीं!
और दुख मेरे कभी भी टिके ही नहीं
उम्र की लकीरें जो मेरे जज़्बात से मिटा दें!
मुझे मेरे ऐसे प्यारे- प्यारे दोस्त चाहिए!!
आज भी, कल भी और हर रोज चाहिए!
मुझे मेरे जैसे शरारती दोस्त चाहिए !!

DELIGHTFUL REUNIONS WITH OUR OLDEST FRIENDS

--Vivek Atray

vivek.atray@gmail.com



Reunions are not just about those organised, structured, reasonably well planned, assemblages of erstwhile classmates who've now greyed. Many re-appearances in our dotted life scapes actually occur unannounced, unheralded and utterly out of the blue.

Very recently, I received a welcome text from a chum of yore. He had contacted me after years, nay decades, and I was thrilled to receive him at my home a few days later. Time-induced chasms vanished within minutes as we slipped very comfortably into a vibe that had been ours in years gone by. We laughed quite uncontrollably, with stomachs almost aching, and eyes quite teary, simply because of our mirthful delight at recounting instances from our early days. Somehow these stories from the past are never as pleasurable to recall, as they are when a pal from those halcyon days is with us. My wife, Neena, was only too happy to chuckle along at the silly jokes which our boyhood memories evoked irrepressibly. Some of those boyhood jokes which we would never have shared with her, were now an acceptable facet of the conversational menu even for her (though not all of them)!

Engineers (and perhaps doctors) are amongst the ones who seem to have had the most rollicking of times in their hostel days. Many a tale is also exaggerated by the haziness which father Time has manufactured. A roti eating competition, for instance, had probably resulted in a national record of thirty six *rotis* being devoured by the winner. But my aforesaid chum insisted that the number was more than double of that!

In any case, statistics don't matter when age old alliances are renewed. Those hoary tales which are shared and re-shared are often the stuff of legends and produce many a goose pimple. Professors (dons) from the past may don superman-like robes in the collective imagination of the 'reunionists' and simple teenaged crushes develop a Bollywood like aura over the years!

Sportspersons too have elephantine memories that tend to don larger than life avatars over the years. Thus a quickish swing bowler will be transformed by romantic memory into a fearsome fast bowler when being discussed by batters who've now retired. A sprinter who probably broke the college record will be presented as a national champion by juniors, once they meet as ultra-seniors much, much, later. A goal scored from a reasonable distance will be presented as having been scored from the halfway line!

Romances that perk up the lives of twosomes as well as their 'accomplices' who are only too eager to enhance the prospects of college Romeos, will also take on a sparkling glow in future decades. Even if the two in question were caught 'red handed' just once by the senior warden, they will have magically set the town on fire many a time, in stories told over the years!

Awkwardness also arises at times when old pals meet up. One individual may have shone like a beacon in his or her career while the other may have made modest progress in life, despite having been the class topper. It is for the more successful one, in such cases, to go out of the way to make his friend feel as loved as he used to feel. Time is a great modifier after all. None of us are the same any more. We metamorphose, every few years, into unique versions of our innate selves. Priorities change, preferences alter, friends often grow apart and some bonds become weaker or stronger, as the case may be.

Yet, in our very happening lives, and the frenetic pace at which we lead them these days, a coffee or *chai* with a long lost friend is surely an enbalming encounter. The instant reconnection that is effortlessly established enables us to be totally ourselves and to share secrets which none but a childhood friend can empathise with.

True friendships verily outlast all other associations of life. The innately selfless *raison-d'etre* of a friendship forged in our early years, ensures continuum and strength beyond many milestones or millstones that our journeys may accrue. One simple exchange of gleeful smiles and one warm hug, is all it takes for long lost but eternal friends to belong to each other, forever more.

AJANTA — THE SILENT WHISPERS OF THE WAGHUR GORGE

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Some places are not discovered—they are rediscovered. In 1819, a British hunting party led by John Smith stumbled upon a hidden facade in the Deccan Trap basalt cliffs of the Waghur Gorge, reopening a journey into the soul of ancient India. Carved between the 2nd century BCE and about the 5th century CE, these 30 monuments are world-renowned for their architecture and “fresco-secco” paintings. They are ancient Buddhist monasteries—*viharas*—and worship halls—*chaityas*—where monks lived, meditated, and gathered in prayer.



To walk through Ajanta is to witness Buddhism in two distinct chapters. The earliest Ajanta caves belonged to early Buddhist schools (often labelled “*Hinayana*,” or “Small Vehicle” in later *Mahayana* Buddhist texts), related to traditions that eventually gave rise to modern Theravada Buddhism (“School of the Elders”). These traditions emphasised personal liberation (*Nirvana*, release from the cycle of rebirth) through meditation, ethical discipline, and monastic life. They honoured Siddhartha Gautama as an enlightened teacher who attained *Nirvana*, rather than as a deity. In this early phase, the Buddha was represented mainly through symbols—a stupa, an empty throne, a sacred footprint—partly because he had passed into *Nirvana* and was understood as beyond ordinary human form, and partly due to the artistic conventions of the time. These early caves therefore focus on symbolic representation rather than idols.



By the 5th century CE, Mahayana Buddhism (“Great Vehicle”) came to prominence at Ajanta. This placed greater emphasis on universal compassion alongside personal liberation. It brought with it the ideal of the Bodhisattva—enlightened beings like Padmapani and Vajrapani—who postpone their own final *Nirvana* to remain and help all beings toward enlightenment and final liberation. With this shift, images of the Buddha began appearing in the caves. Even the earlier caves were later updated with Buddha and Bodhisattva sculptures on their facades. Vibrant fresco-secco murals of the Jataka tales—stories of the Buddha’s previous lives as he perfected compassion and sacrifice—were painted onto the walls, bringing his spiritual journey to life.



Unlike European wet frescoes, Ajanta’s artists painted on dry plaster made of clay, cow dung, and rice husks, bound with organic glues. Some pigments, such as lapis lazuli, were imported from distant lands.

Ajanta is the earliest large surviving record of Indian painting and a prologue to India’s rock-cut architectural tradition. Here the sculptures have survived the ravages of time, though the paintings are now slowly yielding to them.



TWO POEMS



NIMMI VASHISHT

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ਰੂਹ ਦਾ ਹਾਣੀ

ਹਾਣੀ ਰੂਹ ਦਾ ਨਾ ਮੂਹੋਂ ਕੁੱਝ ਬੋਲੇ ਨੀ
ਘੁੰਡੀਆਂ ਨਾ ਦਿਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਖੋਲ੍ਹੇ ਨੀ
ਰਵੇ ਹਰ ਵੇਲੇ ਰੁੱਸੀ ਜਿਹੀ ਰੰਨ ਵਰਗਾ
ਦਿਨ ਸਾਡਾ ਵੀ ਚੁੜ੍ਹ ਗਾ ਕਦੇ ਚੰਨ ਵਰਗਾ
ਤੱਤੀ ਤਵੀ ਵਾਂਗੂੰ ਜਾਈਏ ਅਸੀਂ ਤਪਦੇ
ਓਹਦੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਦਿਨ ਰਾਤ ਖੱਪਦੇ
ਇਹਨੂੰ ਜਿੰਨਾ ਵੀ ਬੁਲਾਵਾਂ ਨਈਓਂ ਬੋਲਦਾ
ਐਵੇਂ ਰੋਸਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਤਕੜੀ ਤੋਲਦਾ
ਮੂੰਹ ਖੋਲ੍ਹੇ ਜਦ ਬੋਲ ਕੱਢੇ ਢੰਗ ਵਰਗਾ
ਦਿਨ ਸਾਡਾ ਵੀ ਚੁੜ੍ਹ ਗਾ ਕਦੇ ਚੰਨ ਵਰਗਾ
ਸੋਹਣੀ ਜਿੰਦ ਦਾ ਪਾਇਆ ਓਹਨੇ ਮੁੱਲ ਨੀ
ਖੋਰੇ ਕਿਹੜੀ ਹੋਈ ਸਾਡੇ ਵਲੋਂ ਭੁੱਲ ਨੀ
ਨਾਂ ਮੇਲੇ ਲੈਅ ਕੇ ਜਾਵੇ ਬਾਹੀਂ ਵੰਗ ਨਾਂ ਝੜਾਵੇ
ਕਦੇ ਟੁਮਾਂ ਨਾ ਕਰਾਈਆਂ ਨਾਂ ਕੋਕਾ ਘੜਵਾਵੇ
ਮੂੰਹ ਕਰੀ ਰੱਖੇ ਮੋਟਾ ਸੋਅ ਮੰਨ ਵਰਗਾ
ਦਿਨ ਸਾਡਾ ਵੀ ਚੁੜ੍ਹ ਗਾ ਕਦੇ ਚੰਨ ਵਰਗਾ
ਵੇ ਚੰਨਾ ਦਿਨ ਰਹਿ ਗਏ ਜਿੰਦੜੀ ਦੇ ਥੋੜੇ
ਬੋਲ ਬੋਲਿਆ ਨਾ ਕਰ ਕੌੜੇ ਕੌੜੇ
ਸੋਹਣੀ ਜਿੰਦ ਨੂੰ ਤੂੰ ਹਸ ਹਸ ਮਾਣ ਵੇ
ਹੱਥ ਬਨਾਂ ਤੰਬੂ ਦੁਖਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਂ ਤਾਣ ਵੇ
ਨਿੰਮੀ"ਕਰੇ ਵੇ ਦਲੀਲਾਂ ਨੇਈਓਂ ਕੰਨ ਧਰਦਾ
ਦਿਨ ਸਾਡਾ ਵੀ ਚੁੜ੍ਹ ਗਾ ਕਦੇ ਚੰਨ ਵਰਗਾ
ਦਿਨ ਸਾਡਾ ਵੀ ਚੁੜ੍ਹ ਗਾ ਕਦੇ ਚੰਨ ਵਰਗਾ !!

ਬਾਬਲ ਦਾ ਵਿਹੜਾ

ਰਾਂਝਣ ਆ ਕੇ ਲੈਅ ਟੁਰਿਆ
ਰਹਿ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਲਾਇਆ ਰੁੱਖ ਗਿਆ
ਬਾਬਲ ਤੇਰਾ ਵਿਹੜਾ ਛੁੱਟ ਗਿਆ
ਜਿਹਨਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਮੈਂ ਹੱਸੀ ਖੇਡੀ
ਸਖੀਆਂ ਲੁੱਕ ਲੁੱਕ ਰੋਵਣ
ਪਿੰਡ ਦੀਆਂ ਗਲੀਆਂ ਛੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਮੈਥੋਂ
ਦਿਲ ਥੋੜਾ ਜਿਹਾ ਟੁੱਟ ਗਿਆ
ਬਾਬਲ ਤੇਰਾ ਵਿਹੜਾ ਛੁੱਟ ਗਿਆ
ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਇਹ ਰੀਤ ਹੈ ਡਾਹਢੀ
ਮੰਨਣਾ ਇਹ ਦਸਤੂਰ ਪਿਆ
ਮਾਂ ਤੇਰੀ ਠੰਡੜੀ ਛਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਿਲਣੀ
ਜਾਣਾ ਤੇਥੋਂ ਦੂਰ ਪਿਆ
ਬਾਬਲ ਤੈਥੋਂ ਦੂਰ ਜਾਣ ਲਈ
ਪੀਣਾ ਸਬਰ ਦਾ ਘੁੱਟ ਪਿਆ
ਬਾਬਲ ਤੇਰਾ ਵਿਹੜਾ ਛੁੱਟ ਗਿਆ
ਜਾ ਘਰ ਆਪਣੇ ਲਾਡੇ ਰਾਣੀਏ
ਲੈਅ ਜਾ ਮੇਰੀਆਂ ਦੁਆਵਾਂ
ਕੋਈ ਦੁੱਖ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਨਾਂ ਲੰਘੇ
ਮਾਣੇ ਠੰਡੀਆਂ ਛਾਵਾਂ
ਸੁਹਰੇ ਘਰ ਜਾ ਖੁਸ਼ੀਆਂ ਵੰਡੀਂ
ਆਖੋਂ,ਪਿਆਰ ਸਭਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਲੁੱਟ ਲਿਆ
ਬਾਬਲ ਦਾ ਵਿਹੜਾ ਛੁੱਟ ਗਿਆ
ਬਾਬਲ ਤੇਰਾ ਵਿਹੜਾ ਛੁੱਟ ਗਿਆ !!



COL KL VISWANATHAN (RETD)

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ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE – A TOOL, NOT MASTER

In our time, tools had a place - and they knew it. A rifle, for instance, was a soldier's constant companion. Cleaned, maintained, respected – but never worshipped. It did not decide when to fire. It did not choose the target. It obeyed. The mind behind it, trained by experience and guided by judgement, remained firmly in command. The same was true of every instrument we used. A radio set could connect units across distances, but it could not replace clarity of thought. A map could show the terrain, but it could not read intent. Even in moments of confusion, it was the human element, instinct, discipline, and responsibility that carried the day.

Today, we stand at the threshold of another powerful tool: Artificial Intelligence (AI). It is faster than any clerk, more informed than any library we knew, and tireless in its execution. But therein lies the danger. When a tool becomes too efficient, there is a temptation to lean on it – not just for assistance, but for decisions.

That is where we must draw the line. AI can inform, suggest, and even surprise, but it must not replace judgement. It has no stake in consequences, no sense of accountability, no understanding of values shaped by lived experience. It does not bear responsibility; we do.

From our old days, the lesson remains unchanged: a tool, however advanced, must remain exactly that – a tool. The moment we surrender decision-making to it, we reverse roles, and that is a risk no disciplined mind should accept. Tools will improve and evolve over time; we must adapt to make the best use of them.

The question then arises; should humans ever defer control to AI? Particularly in matters of war, where autonomous weapons are no longer theoretical. The moment we allow a machine to decide when to act, we do not merely delegate a task, we surrender responsibility.

In the end, it is not the sophistication of the tool that defines us, but the firmness with which we retain control over it, because control, once surrendered, is rarely regained.

THE HIDDEN POSITIVE BEHIND DISRESPECT

Disrespect is one of the hardest blows a person can take. It unsettles you, questions your sense of worth, and leaves behind an ache that lingers longer than any argument. Whether it comes from a colleague, a friend, or even family, the immediate instinct is to look inward and wonder what you did wrong. But the truth, often hidden beneath the noise, is simple, disrespect says far more about the person who delivers it than the one who receives it.

A person who disrespects others is revealing their own inadequacies. Their behaviour is not a sign of strength, but of insecurity; childish in its impulse, crude in its expression. They strike out not because you are weak, but because they feel threatened, inferior, or out of control. When you understand this, you can place their words and actions where they belong, in their corner, not yours.

The reason disrespect hurts so deeply is because it taps into our age-old fear of not being enough. That fear has travelled with humanity through centuries of judgement, comparison, and competition. But no one else's poor conduct can alter your inherent worth. Your value does not rise with their praise, nor does it fall with their criticism.

The real test is in how you respond. You can choose not to internalize their behaviour. You can step back, breathe, and remind yourself that dignity is maintained not by how others treat you, but by how you carry yourself. Every moment of disrespect becomes an opportunity to strengthen your "calming box", the set of tools that help you stay grounded, composed, and centred.

Remember this; their behaviour is a reflection of their character, never of your value. Rise above it. That is the real mark of strength.

MOTHER'S DAY SHOULD BE EVERY DAY



JASBIR KAUR

MOB: +91 98151 97975

**A lovely large bouquet has come for me,
For today it is Mother's day.
My children have chosen very expensive, exotic flowers,
To express their love for me.**

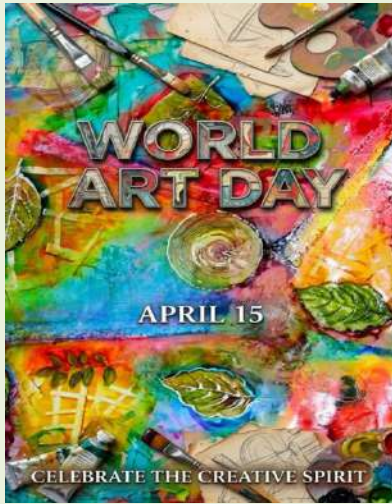
**Deep red roses, pink and blue orchids,
White lilies, fragrant jasmines, vibrant hued asters.
Multi-hued blooms nestling amid green, gold and red foliage;
A feast for the eyes!
Gladden my heart, it should and does.**

**Yet there is sadness in my eyes, regret in my mind.
If instead of splurging on costly flowers one day,
If they had rung up once a day,
Asked what goes on in my life,
Or shared my joy when I won appreciation
Or cheered me up when I was sad,
Or come to hold my hand when I needed support,
Or propped me up when my spirit was low,
Or gave me strength when my body was weak.**

**To care, to love, to stand by my side in need,
Would cost them less and please me more.**

**A mother wants to be loved not only one day,
And no money is needed to make her feel this way**

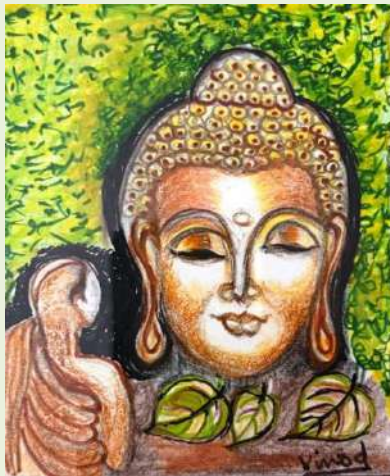
ART PAGE



LEONARDO DA VINCI
(15 APR 1452 – 2 MAY 1519)



MONA LISA BY LEONARDO DA VINCI



BUDDHA' BY VINOD KAPOOR



CHANDIGARH – WATER COLOUR BY PUNEET MADAN



'HORSE' BY HARPINDER BINDRA



BIRD LADY BY IRA SURI



TARUN KUMAR (MUMBAI)



SIRISH SAGAR (NOIDA)

(LEONARDO DA VINCI'S BIRTHDAY- 15TH APRIL, IS CELEBRATED AS THE WORLD ART DAY)

STRENGTH OF FEELINGS, AND THE CORRECT WAY OF EXPRESSION



-RK Garg
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In today's times it is often said that expressing feelings has no particular effect: people are busy, confined to their own thoughts, and want to hear what is already in their mind. In such an environment, many people think it is better to suppress their feelings within. But is it really the solution to remain silent?

In reality, the power of emotions never decreases; weakness comes only in their expression. It is not necessary that the effect of everything should be immediate, but if expressed properly it is bound to be driven home in due course.

It is not necessary to suppress our sentiments, but that we learn to express them truthfully and with balance. When there is respect in words, positivity in attitude and space for the person opposite you, there is no clash but a bridge for exchange of opinion.

You cannot change societal norms overnight; what are required are continuous effort, patience and self-restraint.

If we substitute praise instead of complaint, gratitude instead of criticism then what we speak will not only be heard but understood, too. This is a kind of practice where a person prioritizes dialogue over ego. Such endeavours not only strengthen personal relationships but also communicate positive energies in society.

In the final analysis, emotions only become effective when they are expressed in the right way. When our words boost morale, strengthen relationships and improve the environment—that's when the real aim of our feelings is achieved.

Instead of suppressing our views or feeling discouraged, we should focus on empowering and sensitising our expression. Because change starts with words – and the right words, at the right time, definitely have a positive effect.

एक खूबसूरत, मीठी-खट्टी ग़ज़ल



SATWINDER KAUR
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जिंदगी को कभी उसके ही रंग में देखा नहीं,
हर मोड़ पर बस खुद से ही उलझते रहे।
जब नज़र ठहरी तो एहसासों ने चुपके कहा—
तू मुस्कुराती रही... पर सपने कहीं और बहते रहे।

ख़ाबों की वो बूँदें थीं, खट्टी भी थीं मीठी भी,
कभी हथेलियों पर फिसलीं, कभी पलकों पर ठहर गईं।
दिल को तो आदत है हर दर्द में भी गुनगुनाने की,
ज़रा सी रोशनी मिली और सांसों में महक भर गई।

रातों का सन्नाटा भी कितना अपना-सा लगता है,
जैसे कोई पुराना राज़ फिर से दस्तक देता हो।
धड़कनों की धीमी चाल कहती है, ठहर जा ज़रा—
हर सफ़र में कोई पल, चुपके से जीने देता हो।

जिंदगी... तू दूर भी गई तो क्या हुआ,
तेरे बिना भी तेरी खुशबू तो साथ रही।
हर टूटने के बाद भी बस यही जाना—
जिंदगी जितनी रूठी, उतनी ही प्यारी हाथ रही।

अंत में...

Satwinder Kaur says,

“जिंदगी का स्वाद तभी आता है...
जब हम उसे दिल से चखते हैं।”



COL GURDIAL SINGH

(15 Nov 1945 – 28 Mar 2026)
#1063, Sec 2, Panchkula



MAJ GEN KUNAL MUKHERJEE

(17 Apr 1947 – 14 Apr 2026)
#C-33/1A, JVTS Garden, Chattarpur



SMT SAROJINI CHOPRA

(02 Sep 1938 – 26 Apr 2026)
#1049, Sec 37, NOIDA

HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO ASHA BHOSLE, THE MELODY QUEEN OF INDIA



(08 SEP 1933 – 12 APR 2026)

Asha Bhosle, the younger sister of the legendary Lata Mangeshkar, the nightingale of India, said final good bye to this world at age 92 like her elder sister. She sang over 12,000 songs in 20 languages. President Droupadi Murmu described her as *'an iconic singer who led her life on her own terms as an artist and as an individual and with her melodious & timeless voice, she enriched Indian music for decades and that her music will live for ever'*.

"Voices fade but hers has only retreated into a deeper chamber of memory, where it will continue to resonate for those who have known longing through her songs— an Alchemy of Sur and Soul, that refused to belong to time. Asha Bhosle was never just a voice; she was a presence – one that entered a moment and made it eternal."

—Muzaffar Ali, director of the famous movie *Umrao Jaan*

Raj Thackeray described Ashatai as the *"Michelangelo (of Indian film music), whose sculptures carry grace, intensity, playfulness and even rebellion and commended that" in her singing there is longing, mischief, boldness and that inherent human recklessness, an intense desire to throw caution to the winds. With her, the last significant pillar of India's musical renaissance has departed for ever."*

MOTHER'S DAY IS ON SECOND SUNDAY OF MAY EVERY YEAR



ग्रहस्थ के रिश्तों में, प्रायः पुरुष का नाम पहले आता है और स्त्री का बाद में, जैसे पति-पत्नी, दादा-दादी, नाना-नानी, चाचा-चाची, मामा-मामी, भैया-भाभी। केवल मां का रिश्ता ही ऐसा है, जिसमें स्त्री का नाम पहले आता है, और वह है: माता-पिता का। यह भगवान् के समान होता है, जैसे सीता-राम, राधे-श्याम, गौरी-शंकर, लक्ष्मी-नारायण।----- **ON MOTHER'S DAY - MAY 10, ITS TIME TO PROCLAIM YOUR LOVE & RESPECT FOR YOUR MOTHERS; SHOW THEM WITH GIFTS AND REALISE THE SWEET PURE BOND WITH YOUR MOMS WHO HAVE BROUGHT YOU IN THIS WORLD AND REARED YOU UP LIKE WHAT YOU ARE TODAY**



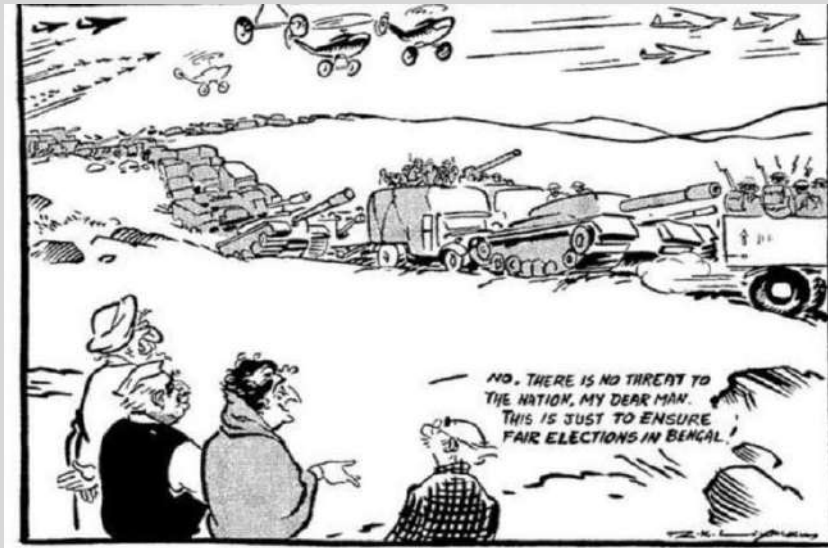
DAD'S KITCHEN WORK, ALONGWITH SAFELY ATTENDING TO THE CHILD



FUEL LESS MOTOR CYCLE (COURTESY STRAIT OF HORMUZ)

तीन समस्याएं

आजकल तीन बड़ी समस्याएं हैं: पहली. आदमी के पास काम नहीं दूसरी. काम के लिए आदमी नहीं तीसरी. काम के लिए पहले से रखे हुए आदमी, किसी काम के नहीं हैं।



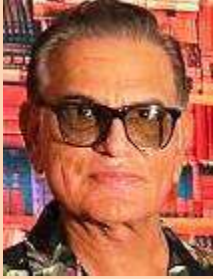
FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE COMPLAINING OF EXCESSIVE DEPLOYMENT OF FORCES IN WB ELECTIONS, (THE ABOVE IS FROM LAXMAN IN 1971-----CONTRIBUTED BY SH ASHOK K CHOPRA/ NEW DELHI)

गाँव की एक नयी नवेली बहू ने पहली बार मक्खन निकालने के लिये दही को मथा... मक्खन निकलने पर वह अपनी सास से बोली "माजी, दही में से मक्खन निकल आया है, कहा रखूँ. सास - "बेटा ये नाम (मक्खन) कभी मत लेना ये तेरे ससुर का नाम है..." और ससुर का नाम नहीं लिया करते बहू - "ठीक है माजी!" ने अगले दिन "मक्खन" निकला तो बहू ने पूछा :- "माँजी दही में से ससुर जी निकल आए है, कहाँ रखूँ सास बेहोश

TRICITY GOLF COURSES

-Rajbir Deswal

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I have been a golfing person only for the last seven years or so though my son, Sawan, living in Seattle had been pestering me to enter the arena long back. Last year celebrity golfer Shubhankar Sharma of Chandigarh happened to visit our Panchkula Golf Club in connection with a tournament organised in his name. He recalled to me his stay with Sawan, who also helped coach some of the budding pro-golfers, including Sharma. Even as I may not admit before my family and friends, but yes, the addiction of Golf has taken the better of me and I am now even able to make comparisons between various golf courses and the culture prevalent in such gaming arenas in lighter vein.

The golfers living in the Tri-City of Chandigarh, Panchkula and Mohali have the luxury of having golf courses strewn around all sides of the City Beautiful. Besides the one in Chandigarh, called the Chandigarh Golf Club, we have Panchkula Golf Club in Panchkula. At Chandi Mandir Cantonment we have what is called SEPTA. Besides these, we have one private golf course in Dera Bassi and another one called Forest Hill in the foothills of Shivalik Range.

All these golf courses have their typical addresses with regard to not only the golfers' attitude but also the aura that surrounds each one of the courses. These golf courses have typical characteristics and in pure jest we liken these to the quintessentially typical cultures prevalent world over. For example, the Chandigarh Golf Club has members, who come from a comparatively very affluent background, and who are known to be throwing their weight less behind the ball, and more against golfers received reciprocally from other clubs. The temperament here is uncompromising as many would believe and is likened to the Chinese style of governance and administration, which doesn't have to entertain any intrusions in their scheme of things, despite the reciprocity sanctioned as per golfing fraternity rules, applicable nationally and internationally.

The Chandi Mandir golf course has a culture prevalent typically of the stiff upper lip of the British royalty who should maintain their standards at all costs. For their working officers to be able to play, they have reserved the prime time as morning hours, followed by the slots made available to their veterans; after that only, civilians from other golf courses can be entertained.

The third and the most interesting golfing culture is prevalent in our own Panchkula Golf Club which can be likened to the soft Gandhian dictum of offering the other cheek, if we are punched in the face. We accommodate everyone, be it from the hard to bend Chinese style of Chandigarh Golf Club, or the awe inspiring Army officers from Septa. We at Panchkula Golf Club are the real followers of Glasnost and Perestroika of the Russians, when we let blow the winds of acceptance and tolerance; sulking and bullied, we welcome everyone with open arms.

Even the apparel that the golfers wear in the three golf courses speaks volumes of their belonging. The Chandigarh members are the most stylish and would flaunt not only attractive and fluorescent colours in their T-shirt and trousers, but also in the aviators that they look through – read down upon others. Septa members turnout is typical of the army officers: they generally flaunt scarves, hats and the typical haircut. Retired army officers are generally seen with beard. They can be seen wearing lesser layers in winters than the rest, since they want to convey to the golfers at large, that it's not their physical comforts that are important, but that they should always play from the white tees, and not relegate to green tees, even if being on the wrong side of sixty.

Now I come to the most important battle, which ensues every now and then, when we play mutually or reciprocally, on our respective golf courses. We keep telling our club administration to take up issues with Chandigarh Golf Club and Septa since, as experienced by many, we are made to wait even up to a couple of hours after reaching the starter, at these two places. Panchkula golfers seem to believe in Miltonic dictum **"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO STAND AND WAIT"**. Nothing seems to move and we are left to sulk and opt to happily play at our own course drowning our sorrows in the muddy waters of River Ghaghar. Or; on a day when our course is closed, we play at the other two available private golf courses, which are less crowded and which offer lesser points of acrimony and accommodation. Another Miltonic dictum we follow is **"IT'S BETTER TO RULE IN HELL THAN TO SERVE IN HEAVEN!"**

Yes, I sulk, like many at PGC, for not having been picked during the recently concluded league.

AIRPORT LOUNGE: A CULINARY BATTLEFIELD



-Col Amarendra Hardas (Retd)

Recently I had the privilege of undertaking extensive air travel, for attending my son's graduation in Pune to Regimental get-together at Dehradun. And boy, I was simply mesmerised by the behaviour of travellers, especially in the Airport Lounges.

If the airport terminal is a test of patience, the Lounge is a full blown gladiator arena. For the Indian traveller, the lounge is not a place to relax; it is a high-stakes tactical mission to extract maximum VFM (value for money) from a credit card that offers two complimentary visits per quarter. The moment that glass door opens, the transformation from 'tired traveller' to 'buffet commando' is instantaneous.

The Strategic Perimeter: The first rule of the Lounge Siege is to secure a base of operations. Before a single grain of rice is sighted, a sophisticated deployment of personal effects take place, draping a laptop bag over one chair, a denim jacket over another, and perhaps a single shoe or a half-eaten packet of chips on a third. This ensures a family of four can sit together. Once the perimeter is established the reconnaissance begins.

The Poha-Pasta Paradox: The lounge buffet is a surreal landscape where the laws of culinary pairing die a messy death. On a single porcelain plate, you will find a geological architectural wonder. Base of oily *poha*; a lonely, slightly damp chicken nugget; a scoop of *penne arrabbiata* and a *gulab jamun* swimming precariously in a lake of *sambar*! The frantic frenzy is driven by the primal fear that the '*paneer butter masala*' might run out before your next trip.

Mountain Manoeuvre: Piling food so high that it defies gravity. If you aren't carrying a plate that looks like a scale model of the Hiimalayas, are you even getting your credit card worth? To eat lightly is to let the banks win, and no self-respecting traveller will allow that.

The Beverage Border Dispute: Then there is the coffee machine – the ultimate bottle neck of human civilisation. Here, a silent war of attrition takes place. There is always one person – usually an uncle in a safari suit – trying to decipher the 'Cappuccino' button as if it were the launch code for a nuclear missile. Behind him, are a line of twelve people vibrating with the intensity of a jet engine. Meanwhile, at the bar, the 'Free Alcohol' signal goes out like a silent whistle. Suddenly, people who haven't had a drink in three years are double-fisting gin and tonics at 10:30 AM, because "It's included, Na?"

The Last 'Boarding Call' Looting: The approaching boarding time triggers the snack heist. Suddenly, the 'all-you-can-eat' policy is interpreted as 'all-you-can-carry'. Apples, small packets of Marie biscuits, and those tiny sealed water bottles disappear into handbags and laptop sleeves with the speed of a magician's sleight of hand. The logic is bulletproof: the airline might offer a dry, overpriced sandwich, but the lounge offers a 'takeaway' service that – while not officially sanctioned – is morally required.

As the traveller stumbles toward the gate, clutching a stomach full of mismatched carbs and a pocket full of sugar sachets, there is a profound sense of victory. They have conquered the lounge. Most importantly, they have eaten enough to power a small village for a week, all for the price of a two-rupee credit card authentication charge!

SMART BANKING FOR INSTANT PROFITABILITY



-Dr SS Sangwan

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After retirement, usually, most of senior citizens keep a part of their retirement benefits in fixed deposits (FDs) with banks at the highest rate of interest (ROI), with tenure of one to two years in view of emergent requirements in old age. Most of their as well others FDs are usually auto-renewed at the prevailing ROI for the previous tenure without the bother of a branch visit. But in recent years, most of the banks are giving the higher interest on FDs of specified days instead of a range of tenure in months. Moreover, these-days are frequently changed during a year on the pretext of aligning with their liquidity requirement under the RBI policy of deceleration of ROIs. Owing to these changes, customers are losing crores of rupees, while it is instant benefit for the banks.

Tenure of Specified Days is NOT Sound Banking

One can accept the rationale of changes in the ROI as per RBI monetary policy and demands of credit but how can specific days for higher ROI be justified as sound banking? To illustrate, one of the banks is giving higher ROI interest on FDs of 155, 303, 390, 444 and 1204 days. These (number of days) changes are made in every revision in the ROI. Such changes of specific days are not sound banking but smart tactics to break the continuity of period to exclude the renewed FDs from the maximum ROI. It results in huge benefits to the banks at the cost of loss to auto-renewed FD holders. Majority of such losers are senior citizens and low-income households who have lower level of financial literacy. Banks, on the other hand, are aware of this lacuna and hence most of banks are adopting these tactics for instantaneous profitability.

Difficulty to Visit Branch Every time

Banks are sending message indicating the date of maturity and decision to renew the FD, at the previous tenure with no other option. The applicable ROI and new tenure for getting the maximum rate are not indicated in the SMS. Moreover, many account holders may have given phone numbers of other family members or even other known people to open their accounts. Besides, many holders may not be able to visit their home branch as a senior citizen may have gone out to stay with his children, or low-income account holder may be working elsewhere on the date maturing of his FD.

Suggestions

- a. To protect existing FD holders, I suggest adding an option in the FD form to renew at the highest ROI for any tenure up to two years, alongside the current option of renewing at the same tenure.
- b. Besides, for the customers away from their home branch on the maturity date, banks should clearly indicate the procedure for online renewal of FDs at the maximum ROI or for the desired tenure.

RBI may issue these instructions to all the banks without changing the policy of freedom to fix their interest rates.

This small intervention by RBI may save loss of several crore to the depositors, especially the senior citizens and the financially less literate account holders.

(Dr. Sher Singh Sangwan, a regular reader, is a former Professor SBI Chair CRRID, Chandigarh and General Manager NABARD. Over a hundred of his articles have been published in academic journals and newspapers. -Editor)

KAAPI AND ONLY KAAPI

(From Kalpathy to Kumbakonam: South Indians Turned Percolation Physics Into sheer Bliss)

-Mohan Murti



There are only three things every South Indian household treats as non-negotiable: God, Gold, and Filter *Kaapi*. And not necessarily in that order! Forget Silicon Valley, ignore the IIT Mafia.

The single greatest engineering marvel ever to emerge from the land between Palakkad Gap and Mylapore Tank is a shining, humble, stainless-steel device that Europe could never dream of and America could never patent. No, not the pressure cooker! It's the South Indian coffee filter — that two-tiered metal cylinder with enough perforations to rival Swiss cheese and enough attitude to put Michelin-star chefs to shame! It is arguably the most elegant domestic application of percolation physics known to humankind. It's the kind of design Steve Jobs would have stolen, trademarked, and sold as the iFilter Pro Max for \$999.

European coffee machines hiss like angry cobras; American percolators bubble like badly behaved volcanoes! Our South Indian filter? Silent! Minimal!! Deadly!!! The only object in our culture that has achieved *Nirvana* without ever going to Hrishikesh! While Europe and America built water purifiers, oil filters, HEPA systems, and vacuum cleaners with the filtration principle, we took that knowledge and said: "Nice. But can it produce bliss?"

Yes, the West Invented filtration; we Invented percolated filter *kaapi*! Ask any South Indian what the real breakthrough was, and they will declare — without blinking — The Stainless-Steel *Kaapi* Filter. London's sand filter gave you potable water; our *Kaapi* Filter gives you purpose in life! Everything else is background noise! A Coffee Filter with the soul of a philosopher!

The *Kaapi* Filter is deceptively simple. It takes finely ground coffee, a spoonful of chicory (because life must have some bitterness), and hot water — and through an alchemical gravitational ballet, produces decoction thick enough to reset the nation. It is filter *kaapi*. Ah, that fragrance that turns atheists briefly spiritual. And flavour that convinces you that reincarnation might actually be worth it. Bold, unapologetic and capable of re-starting the national grid and making the dead phone ring when served in a *davara*-tumbler.

The civilized South Indian — the cultured, sane, liver-preserving one — prefers a morning shot of filter *kaapi*, the only beverage that can wake you up, cheer you up, tidy your soul, and make you temporarily optimistic about the nation. It's a national antidepressant, a mood stabilizer. It's the only drink that can stop arguments, start conversations, make political discussions briefly civil. It's capable of tolerating WhatsApp family groups and preventing civil war inside joint families. A beverage so divine that even Gods look down from Kailasa and whisper, "*Enna aroma da*"! A tumbler of liquid philosophy that explains the Upanishads without speaking a word! The beverage that makes even Mondays forgivable!!

Let's speak the truth. What Americans drink is de-caffeinated depressant! What Europeans drink is espresso strong that smells like burnt tyre!! What North Indians make should come with a statutory warning: it's the unwilling arranged alliance between Nescafé & hot water!!!

Every South Indian Household Is a Physics Lab. Europe had Newton, Einstein, Faraday, and Maxwell. South India had traditionally attired *madisaar paatis* (grandmas) whose morning routine perfectly demonstrated the laws of gravity & thermodynamics! We should be awarding honorary PhDs to every '*Madisaar Paati*' from Kalpathy to Kumbakonam. From Mayavaram to Madras. From Mysore to Mambalam. No Patent, no Billion-Dollar Start-Up — Just Pure Genius. Unlike the West, which cannot invent a doorknob without filing twelve patents, the South Indian coffee filter has no inventor's name, no official patent and no corporate backstory. While Silicon Valley glorifies "disruption" South India quietly perfects the art of continuity — the same ritual, every single morning, with the same devotion as temple bells at dawn. A steaming tumbler of *kaapi* is basically a syllabus of the Upanishads in blissful silence!

*Meter *Kaapi*: Our Aerodynamic Skydiving Masterpiece *No *kaapi* discussion is complete without meter *kaapi* — that majestic one-meter pour between *davara* and tumbler. It is a cinematic performance where again, gravity, aerodynamics, precision engineering, and caffeine join hands like a Bharatanatyam ensemble. It is the only time in life when liquid travels with grace, purpose, and the quiet confidence of someone who has never spilled a drop. France has champagne. South India has meter *kaapi*, our own rocket fuel. And honestly — we win.

The Delicious Irony! Just quiet, anonymous brilliance — perfected by generations of *paatis* who treated the decoction extraction like rocket scientists would treat a NASA mission —minus the hype! And that's why the greatest high in the world comes not from whisky, tequila, bourbon, or German beer — but from a perfectly extracted shot of South Indian filter *kaapi*.

Lovers of *kaapi* — share the blend! Because, one 'forward' can uplift a nation!



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MULTIMEDIA LINKS

Manoj Muntashir. *Mothers' Day Poems*. <https://youtu.be/bypoWeKUmWM?si=aqdkJHozwq0cmgjx>

Asha Bhosle (d. 12 Apr)/ Sadhana . *Jhoomka Gira Re*. <https://youtu.be/ETSsiHOnuTY?si=VIOZUJQ7DD0DkArn>

Manna Dey (b. 01 May). *Buddham Saranam Gachami*. <https://youtu.be/omuieQSIQUg?si=ofHyPKx-IL1p-O0R>

Satyajit Ray (b. 02 May). *Most Beautiful Shots*. <https://youtu.be/tY4ig5lgRnw?si=a02XGz-jaNwWCPQk>

Pankaj Mullick (b. 10 May). *Kaun Desh Hai Jana Babu*. https://youtu.be/Txdk2sIW2M?si=BXVC54r_QTFOJTuv

Charlie Chaplin. *Final Speech from "The Great Dictator"*. <https://youtu.be/J7GY1Xg6X20?si=FeogLRXO5QtTjG8C>

Doris Day. *Que Sera Sera (The Man Who Knew Too Much)*. https://youtu.be/xZbKHDPPrcc?si=zv0rbkqUvZLLEk_

Baba Bulleh Shah/ Khawaja. *Gussay Vich Na Aya Kar*. https://youtu.be/ilqWRyJWz_w?si=bWvFJThid8JkQWvY

Simerjeet Singh. *Don't Quit, No Matter What*. <https://youtu.be/qPLwzoIEKj8?si=vnE2pkX5caXo8J7H>

RD Kailey. *Koi Aansu Bahaata Hai, Koi Khushiyaan*. https://youtu.be/C9t7Ogo6uuk?si=XZK_BllOgmKcc7Dt

Dr Prakash Nihlani. *Tel Kam Hai, Phir Bhi Raushan Day Hai*. https://youtu.be/4Bb0IKDG40g?si=Eu_hkbFFZH1kKTot

Pawan Kashyap. *Tu Is Tarah Se Meri Zundagi Main*. https://youtu.be/bn7Ox9_Jzls?si=CxChg5tLdfuQumD4

Sirish Kumar (Mumbai). *Tum Agar Mujhko Na Chaho*. <https://youtu.be/crKFagfuMeg?si=030kClprSq9moNzf>