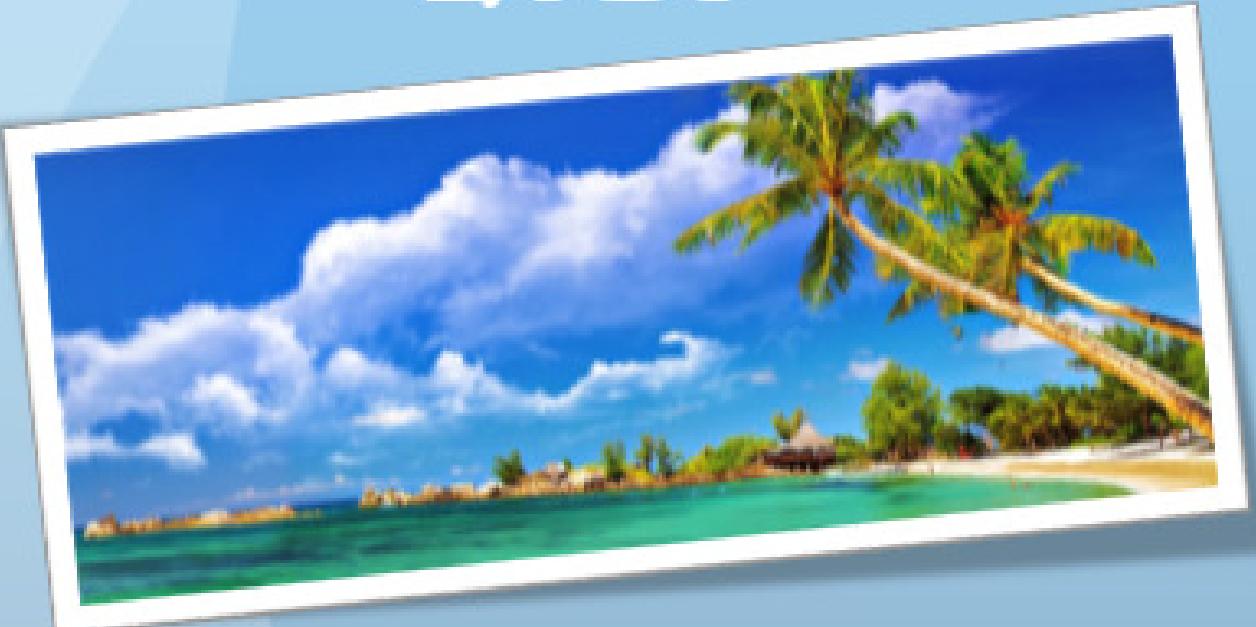
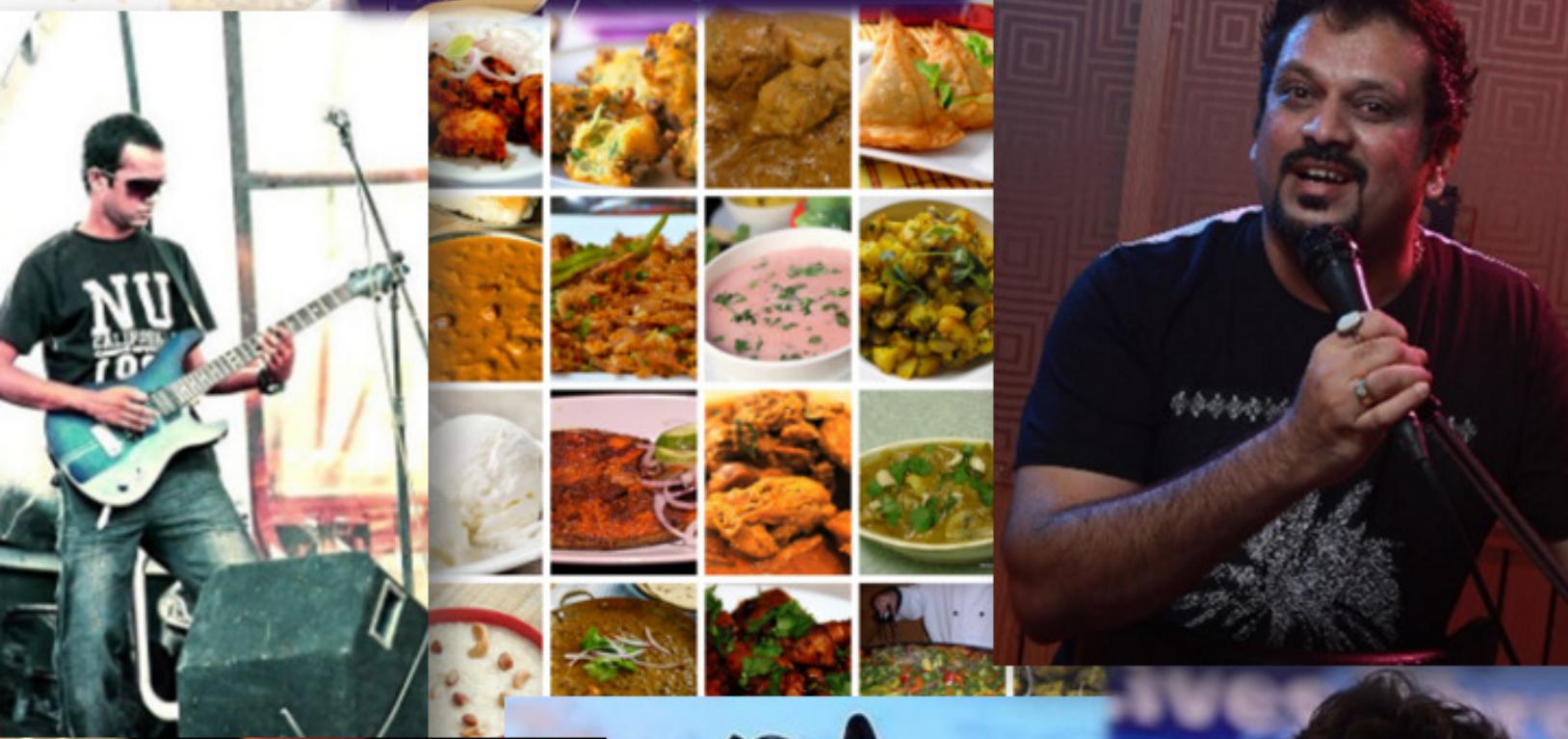


**Best Wishes
To
Goan Convention
2016**



**From
Dr. Rajanikant and
Rajani Usgaonkar
Eagle Pass, TX**



Message From Manohar Parrikar, Hon. Defence Minister of India



रक्षा मंत्री
भारत
MINISTER OF DEFENCE
INDIA



MESSAGE

I am delighted to know that the Goan Convention of North America is being held in Los Angeles, California from 2nd to 4th July, 2016.

I am also happy to learn that the 'second generation' of Goans who migrated to North America, have picked up the mantle from their elders and are continuing to host the Goan Convention. I am sure the convention will be a force multiplier in preserving, strengthening the understanding and spreading the Goan culture. I convey my best wishes to the organising committee and all Goan diaspora attending the convention.

New Delhi
Dated: 15th June, 2016

(Manohar Parrikar)

कार्यालय : 104, साउथ ब्लॉक, नई दिल्ली-110011, फोन : +91 11 23012286, +91 11 23019030 फैक्स : +91 11 23015403
Office : 104, South Block, New Delhi-110011, Ph. : +91 11 23012286, +91 11 23019030 Fax : +91 11 23015403

Chairman's Address

Dear Fellow Goans in America,

It is a great honor for our team to be hosting the 2016 Goan Convention in Southern California. Our entire team has worked really hard to make this event successful. We all hope that you will have a great memorable time at the Convention. This year's convention has been made possible by the overwhelming support we have received from all Goans in America in the form of their attendance and generous donations.

I am sure you all will enjoy the great weather here in Southern California. There would not have been a better location than Southern California to host the Goan Convention. The golden sandy beaches and the waves in the Pacific Ocean will remind each one of you of the beautiful beaches in Goa.

We have activities for people of all ages at the Convention to make sure everybody is engaged. We have activities including Yoga, dance lessons, outdoor Picnic, kids' activities & youth activities. We have arranged some amazing musical performances by talented artists and talented Goans in America and are certain that you will enjoy the great music.

Goan Convention is a great way for all Goans to come together and pass on the Goan culture to our next generation. We hope that this tradition of biennial Goan Convention continues and we will always be ready to help and support all future conventions.

Come, Let us Enjoy Goa in Southern California!!

Best regards



Rohin Parkar
Chairman
Goan Convention 2016 Team

Editorial

Mhajya mogal Goenkaranno,

It gives us immense pleasure to welcome you to our home away from home in Southern California for the 13th biennial Goan Convention 2016. We hope to touch everyone's hearts with a tinge of nostalgia and dollop of fun and excitement to create the perfect concoction for an amazing time, meeting old friends, and making new ones.

Goa is not just a state in India, it is a state of mind. For all of us Goenkars, being Goan gives us a sense of our beautiful cultural identity, a sense of pride and a sense of belonging. It is this Goan culture that we strive to keep alive through the Goan Convention. We have tried to be as authentic as possible, and we are sure that you will find the true spirit of aamche Goen in all our efforts.

I am delighted to present our souvenir, which is filled with the work of all our talented Goan writers. I would like to take the opportunity to thank all the people who have contributed to this souvenir, both in terms of content, and execution by painstakingly typing the articles and poems in Devnagari. Without your help, this magazine would not have been possible. Our very own in-house artist, Vaishnavi Buyaon, has made our magazine even more authentically Goan with her beautiful illustrations. The stories will take you back in time to an era free from the clutches of technology, the poems will make your heart yearn for more, and the mouth-watering recipes will remind you of our Goan festivals. We hope that you enjoy reading this magazine, as much as we did compiling it.

Viva Goa!

With warm regards,



Purnima Yeshwant Kamat Tarkar
Editor in Chief
Goan Convention 2016 Team

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Schedule

Date	Day	Start Time	End Time		
7/2/2016	Saturday	2:30 PM	4:00 PM	Event Registration	
7/2/2016	Saturday	3:00 PM	4:30 PM	Garam Cha, Bhaji ani Thand Limbu sarbat	
7/2/2016	Saturday	4:30 PM	6:00 PM	Welcome ceremony	Youth and Kids Activities
7/2/2016	Saturday	6:00 PM	7:30 PM	Goenche Kalakar : Cultural performances & Fancy dress parade	
7/2/2016	Saturday	7:30 PM	9:00 PM	Cocktail hour Followed by Dinner	
7/2/2016	Saturday	9:00 PM	12:00 AM	Musical Nite with Sidhanath Buyao Followed by Karaoke & DJ Music	
7/3/2016	Sunday	7:00 AM	8:00 AM	Fitness dance boot camp by Jonathan Bosco/Yoga	Breakfast
7/3/2016	Sunday	8:00 AM	8:45 AM	Bollywood Hip Hop Master Class by Jonathan Bosco	
7/3/2016	Sunday	8:45 AM	9:30 AM	-	
7/3/2016	Sunday	9:30 AM	10:00 AM	Bus Ride to Picnic	
7/3/2016	Sunday	10:00 AM	12:30 PM	Picnic at William Mason Park, Irvine	Youth and Kids Activities
7/3/2016	Sunday	12:30 PM	1:30 PM	Picnic Lunch	
7/3/2016	Sunday	1:45PM	2:30 PM	Bus Ride back to Hotel	
7/3/2016	Sunday	3:00 PM	3:30 PM	Siesta time	Bowling for Young adults (Bus Leaves the Hotel at 3:30PM) Pre registration needed
7/3/2016	Sunday	3:30 PM	4:00 PM	Presentation Time followed by Tea	
7/3/2016	Sunday	4:00 PM	4:45 PM	Ami Goenkar : Cultural Program	
7/3/2016	Sunday	4:45 PM	6:15 PM	Indian Classical music Performance by Saili Oak	
7/3/2016	Sunday	6:15 PM	7:30 PM	Comedy Konkani Natak : Mogache Lagna	
7/3/2016	Sunday	7:30 PM	9:00 PM	Cocktail hour Followed by Dinner	
7/3/2016	Sunday	9:00 PM	12:00 AM	Sonia Shirsat, Varun Carvalho & Mukesh Ghatwal Live in Concert	
7/4/2016	Monday	7:00 AM	8:00 AM	-	Breakfast
7/4/2016	Monday	9:00 AM	10:00 AM	A Better Goa : Open Group Discussion	
7/4/2016	Monday	10:00 AM	11:00 AM	Closing Ceremony	
7/4/2016	Monday	11:00 AM	11:30 AM	Financial report and vote of thanks	
7/4/2016	Monday	11:30 AM	12:30 PM	To go Lunch and check-out	

Sponsors

Sponsor Names	Donation Amount
Dr. Rajanikant and Rajani Usgaonkar	\$5,000.00
Tridentia Developers	\$3,500.00
Arun and Swati Virginkar	\$3,000.00
Dr Anil & Vanita Shirwaikar	\$2,001.00
Anonymous	\$1,944.31
Balaji Angle	\$1,001.00
Dilip and Meenal Sanvordeker	\$1,000.00
Dr. Gajanan & Mrs. Vidya Gaitonde	\$1,000.00
Pradeep Keni	\$500.00
VINSAN GRAPHICS	\$500.00
Milind and Veena Sanwardeker	\$500.00
Dr. Arun & Dr. Shubhada Sawardekar	\$300.00
Ramesh & Shakuntala Raikar, NJ	\$300.00
Vasant Kamatmhamai	\$300.00
Shubhada and Sanajy Lawande	\$251.00
Arvind & Prabha Dalvi	\$250.00
Mahendra Kenkre	\$250.00
Vinoda & Radha Kudchadkar	\$250.00
Sara Kenkare Mitra	\$250.00
Dr. Archana Pimple	\$250.00
Satish Sawardekar	\$250.00
Bharati Hodarkar	\$250.00
RT Studio	\$250.00
Ajit Marathe	\$125.00
Alka Amonker	\$101.00
Rohin and Vaibhavi Parkar	\$100.00
Ravindra Kulkarni	\$100.00
Anonymous	\$50.00
Udayan Deshmukh	\$19.00
Priyadarshini Mahila Sangathan	Hand made Jute bags for the delegates
Maia Pawooskar	Flags for the Convention



Our Committee

			
Rohin Parkar CHAIRMAN	Vaibhavi Parkar FINANCE AND CATERING COORDINATOR	Maia Pawooskar CULTURAL EVENT COORDINATOR	Radhika Naik OUTDOOR EVENT AND VENUE COORDINATOR
			
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Prijat Prabhudesai SOUND AND STAGE COORDINATOR	Purnima Kamat Tarkar EDITOR IN CHIEF	Vaishnavi Buyaon REGISTRATION COORDINATOR & ILLUSTRATOR	
			
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Swati and Arun Virginkar Smeeta and Rajendra (Raj) Sardesai Meenal and Dilip Sanvordeker			
ADVISORY COMMITTEE			

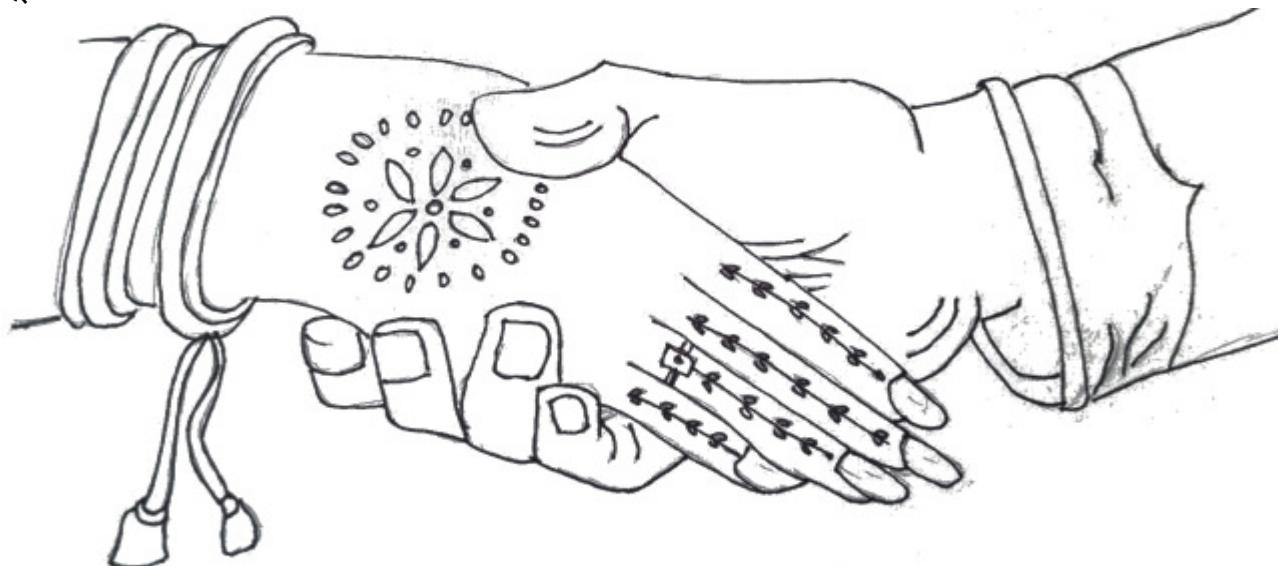
Konkani

बायलेक वा सुनेक लग्न करून हाडटना



Vaishali Sripad Sinai Kakodkar

हांव हरशीं बरोवपी न्हय, पूण पयर एका दिसाळ्यांत हांवे असोच लग्नाक तयार आशिल्ले चलयेन कसले गूण, विचार आपणावन नव्या घरांत वचपाक तयार जावचे हो लेख वाचलो आनी मन सुन्न जालें. उठसूठ सगळे चलयांच्याच बाबतिंत अशें कित्याक उल्यतात? म्हज्यान करैच रावून नज जालें आनी हावे लिखणी हातांत घेतली. आमच्या पुरुशप्रधान समाजांत त्या काळा वयल्या परिस्थिती प्रमाण म्हणू येता लग्नाचे बाबतींत एक नेम केला, तो म्हणल्यार लग्न जातकच बायल घोवागेर वता. घोव बायलेगेर रावूक वचना. घोवाले घर बायलेंचे घर जाता, पूण बायलेंचे घर घोवाले जायना.



चली लग्नचे जालें म्हणटकच ताणे आपल्या आंगांत थोड्या वेगळ्या गुणांचो आस्पाव करचो अशी भोवतेक लोकांची एक समजणी आसता. लग्न जावन एका वेगळ्या घरांत, वेगळ्या वातावरणांत, वेगळ्याच लोकांबरोबर रावप म्हणटकच समजिककाय, तडजोड, नमकाय, मोग बी गूण आपणावचे. गरज पडल्यार आपल्यो आवडी-निवडी मारून घरच्या लोकांच्या आवडी-निवडी प्रमाण वागचे. मूळ गिळून सगळे मोन्यांनी पळोवचे आनी सोसचे. प्रत्युत्तर दिवचे न्हय. थोडक्यांत आपल्यो संवयी, आपली मतां बदलचीं. अशें केले ना जाल्यार घोवा घरचो लोक चलयेक नावां दवरतात. पावला कणकणी चलयेच्या आवय-बापायचो उद्धार करून तांचीं उणी-दुणी काडटात. जायते फावट घोव, मांव-मांय, नणंद, देर-जावो चुकतात जाल्यार पसून थंय खरें उलोवपाची, तांकां सुदारपाची माणसुकी नासता.

वाचप्यांनो, आतां तुमी हॅं खर्‌यांनीच बरोबर आसा काय ना हाचेर विचार करात, येवजियात आनी थारायात. चलयांक लग्न करताना वा चलो लग्न जाताना ताची आनी ताच्या घरच्यांची कांयच लागणूक आसनां? जे एक परकी चलयेक बायल वा सून म्हूण आमी घरांत हाडटांत, तिवूय आपलें कंवळे जिणेचीं वीस-पंचवीस वर्सा आपल्या आवय-बापूय, भावंडां वांगडा मोगान आपली मर्जी, अपल्या आवडी-निवडी प्रमाण वागल्या. तिणे लग्न जालां म्हूण एकदम बदलप, तडजोड, सोशीकपणान वागप हाचो त्रास जावचोना? एकाच हातान जशी टाळी वाजना, तशेंच फक्त चलयेच्या वागणुकेन घराबो सुखाचो जायना. एक चलो जेन्ना लग्नाक तयार जाता तेन्ना ताणे आनी ताच्या घरच्यांनीय बी बरै मोगान, समजिकायेन, तडजडीन वागपाची तयारी दवरुंक जाय. घरांत किंतेय करतना चूक जाली, जाल्यार धडबडावन न्हय तर आवयच्या मायेन ती दाखोवन दिवन ती सुदारपाक वेळ दिवंक जाय.

पयर्लींच्या काळार चलयो चड शिकिल्ल्यो नासताल्यो, आपल्या पायांर उभ्यो रावपाक शकनाशिल्ल्यो वा भुरगेपणांत सावन आवय-बापायन परत परत घोवागेर अशें करूंक जाय, तशें वागूंक जायना अशें सामके भिवयिल्ल्यान जावये, चलयो घोवागेर सगळे तरेचो अपमान, जांच सहन करून रावताल्यो. आयज काळ बदल्ला, चलयोय चल्यां इतल्योच सगळ्या अर्थांन भलायकेन घटमूट जाल्यात. कसलीच उणेपणा ना. फक्त रुढी मात उरल्या, लग्न जावन घोवाघरा वचपाची.

म्हणटकच संसार सुखाचो जातलो जाल्यार चली तशेंच चल्याचेय वठेन तडजोड, समजिकाय दखोवन बरे मोगान एकमेकांक आपणावन, एकमेकांच्या विचारान एकरूप जावन पावल फुडे घालपाची गरज आसा, सुनेनय आपलो हड्डीपणा कमी करूंक जाय तसोच घोवान आनी घरच्या मनशानीय आपलीं हड्डीपणा, हेकेखोर वृत्ती सोडूंक जाय. जाल्यारूच आयज संसार मोडटात तशे मोडचेनात तर ते बरे घट जावन तातूंत भंगर फुलां फुलतलीं. दोनूय घराबे खोशी जातले.

म्हाका चलयो आसा आनी चलयोय आसात. ते भायर खूबसो अणभव गांठीक आसा देखून म्हजे हे कांय विचार हावें मांडल्यात. पळयात तुमकां कशे दिसतात ते!

हांव गोंयकार, 'आम आदमी'



Dr. Shweta Khandeparkar

हांव गोंयकार, 'आम आदमी' 'common man' 'सामान्य माणूस'. सकाळफुडे ऊऱ्हन पयली 'Binaca' आयकतालो. FM, ऊणो, मीक्स भाजी आनी चा हाजे शिवाय म्हजो दिस सुरु जायना. पोदेरालो कुरकुरीत ऊणो, चण्याची पातळ भाजी आनी बटाटाची सुकी भाजी mix करून केल्लो हो प्रकार गोंया भायर खंच्य मेळचोना. खेरे तर हाका गोंयची 'state dish' ठरोव येता. म्हजे भुरगेपणान चार आण्यानी ऊणो मेळठालो, आता तीन रुपयानी जाला तरी पूण ऊण्या शिवाय म्हाका जायना.

चा पाणी जातकुच हांव बाजारान वतां, पयली नुस्तों घेतां आनि मागीर पयशे ऊऱ्हले जाल्यार भाजी. भाजजे शिवाय जेंव येता पूण नुस्त्या बगर जेवलो तो गोंयकारुच न्हय. गोंयकार खंयूय घुवंळ येवन पडलो जाल्यार दोतोराक आपोवचे पयली ताज्या नाकाक सुको बांगडो लायात. तो तद्द करून ऊऱ्हन बसता कांय ना तें पळयात. नुस्तो कितलेंय म्हारग जाले तरी आमी तें खावपाचे सोडीनात. देवान नुस्तों हो प्रकार खास गोंयकारा खातीरुच तयार केला अशें म्हाका दिसता. सोमार, बिरेस्तार आनी चवथीचे तीन दिस कशे बशे हांव काडटा. गणपती तूच पाव रे बाबा. ह्या दिसानी पोटांतल्यो आतङ्यो पसून संपार वतात. बंगालाक खंय देवाक नुस्त्याचो नेवेद दाखयतात, तसोच हांगा कित्याक करना काय?

सुंगटांचे आंबाडे घालुन हुमण कर, तिसरेचे सुके कर आनी बांगडे करवे घालुन तळ अशे घरकान्नीक सांग सर सव्वा णव जाली, ऑफिसाक वचपाचो वैळ जालो. बोगी बोगीन स्कुटर start माल्ली पुण आरे च्या helmet विसरलों. तसोच turn मारून परत आयलो आनी helmet घाले नाजाल्यार पडटले तालांव. आरे दो-दोन किलोमिटरांचेर रावतात मरे हे traffic police. तालांवाचोच धंदो बरो चल्ला हांचो सडांच हांका सापडल्यार सबंद पगार तालांवाकुच काबार जातलो. एक आयतार पासून सोडीनात हे.

हे भुरगे पळय कशे motorcycle चलयतात ते. एक वाटेन कानाक तो mobile. शी ह्या mobileन जीव खालो. वैळ ना काळ खंयच्याय वैळार वाजता. Ringtone तर एक एक असले सौसपाचेच न्हय. केन्ना हिंदी पदां, केन्ना अभंग, केन्ना शेवण्याचे आवाज आनी केन्नाय भुरग्यांच्यो किळच्यो. बशीन बी जर mobile वाजलो कोणाचो तोच कळना. एक एकटी बायां जो फोण्या बस श्तेंडार कानाक mobile लायतात तो पणजे पावसर चालूच. कान फूटना काय हांचे. जांव ते. जांचे ताका. होच म्हजो सभाव कोणाच्या लफङ्यांत हांव पडना. म्हजे विचार म्हजेच कडेन दवरतां. विचार करतां करतां ऑफिसाकडेन पावलों. शे scooter park करपाक पसून फोण्यान जागो उरलो ना.

मातशी फूडें व्हरुन कोनशाक दवरता. दिसभर हांगाच उरतली न्हय. ऑफिसात पावले कि पयली सगळ्यांक हडकूवप मागीर register sign करप आनी मागीर कामाची file उगडून बसप. जे जाता तें काम करप आनी जे जायना तें (put up) करप. साडे धा-अकरा जाली किं चा जाय तशीच सांची चार-साडे चारांक. बरोबर कोणाकुय घेवन भोसलेन वता चा मारपाक. मिरची भज्यांबरोबर हांगाच्यो थंयच्यो जगावेल्यो गजाली मारप. हें हांव ओगी करीना. अशे केल्यान मन ल्हव जाता, आनंदी जाता आनी आरोग्य बरें उरता. Tension चड घेवप ना. Life सुशेगाद जगप. म्हाका तुमचे बशेन रामदेव बाबा आनी laughter club लागना. सांचे पावणे स जाली की direct घरा. त्या त्या मोसमान ते ते खाले की आरोग्य आपोआप बरें उरता. आतां पावसाळ्यात आळू लूत, तायखिळो, खारें, पिपयो आनी देडश्यानी पूडी जातकच अळमी. में म्हयन्यात आमे, काजू, पणस आनी अनसां, नुस्तें तर बाराय म्हयने. हांव तुमका सांगता खायात पियात आनी म्हजो बशेन कसलेंच Tension घेंव नाका. मागीर शंबर वर्सां जगता कांय ना तें पळय.

पेत्रोल वाडले No Tension फुडल्या electionना पयलीं देवतले. सरकार आयले, सरकार पडले No Tension सगळी सरकारां म्हाका सारखींच. शिक्षणाचो घोळ घाला No Tension जो शिकपाचो आसा तो कसोय शिकतलो. जो शिकपाचो ना तो नाच. धाडावन आमे पिकनात. विमानतळ मोपा जांव ना जाल्यार दाबोलीं म्हाका फरक पडना. विमानान भोवपाची म्हाका गरजच ना. मे म्हयन्यात खारें उदक न्हावपाक Colva, जात्रेक फातपर्या आनी फैस्ताक Old Goa वचूक मेळ्यार पूरो. ना म्हळ्यार म्हका नाटकांची मात भयंकर आवड. म्हज्या भुरगेपणात शिगम्याक आनी दिवाळेक देवळाच्या मंटपांत नाटकां जातालीं ताजी मजाच वेगळी. दादलोच नटयेचो पार्ट करी, कोणाची कास सुट्टाली, कोणाच्या तकलेवयलो कैसाचो टोप पडटालो. कोन भाषन विसरतालो आनी हेवटेन प्रेक्षकांमधी एकादो बोब्डो उबो रावन दुसरेंच नाटक सुरु करतालो. आतां आयल्यां व्यवसायीक नाटकां. आमचे राजीव कला मंदीर सद्दा इतिहास जमा जालां तरी पुण नाटकाची कुंय आयली किं हांव घरकान्नीक घेवन थेट मडगावां वता.

म्हजी गोंयची सुंगटां कालवां विस्वरण, जायो मोगरी आबोलीं, आमे काजू पणस, माड माइयो, न्हयो वेळो सोडून हांव खंयच वचचो ना. हांव गोंयकार म्हण जन्माक आयला, गोंयकार म्हण जगलों आनी निमाणे मोरेन गोंयकारुच उरतलो.

माणकुल्या भुरग्यांखातीर

Kirtikumar Bhatikar



उनुल्ल्याची उनुल्ली, तेलातुपान तळसली
उंदीरमाम चिंता करी,
कावळ्या तुजे डोळे फुटू तळे आटू,
मोर लाणोर, तीळ दाणो,
म्हातारे हातान पायली, भाटकारा हातान सत्री
अशी आमची काणी एक आशिल्लो राजा
आनी एक आशिल्ली राणी

आको माको, तेल माको
तेलकाराली बाटली फुटली,
तेल गे तेल!

आईगेर जाला, इलुसो बाबू
न्हातना ताज्या आंगाक लावपाक
बाबान हाडला वासाचो शाबू!

रागार गे फुगार
आईन दिली कातली
फुस्स करून हांसली

इल्लोसो बाबू
बोमातल्यान पिता
चुकूचुकू दुदू
सोबितकाय बाय
बिलूक पळोवन म्हणटा
ते म्हाका जाय जाय
जाय!

सान सान बाबूलो,
खेळटा खेळटा
लंगोटेतल्यान सोडटा,
फोगोट्यांचो फार
आनी मुताची धार!

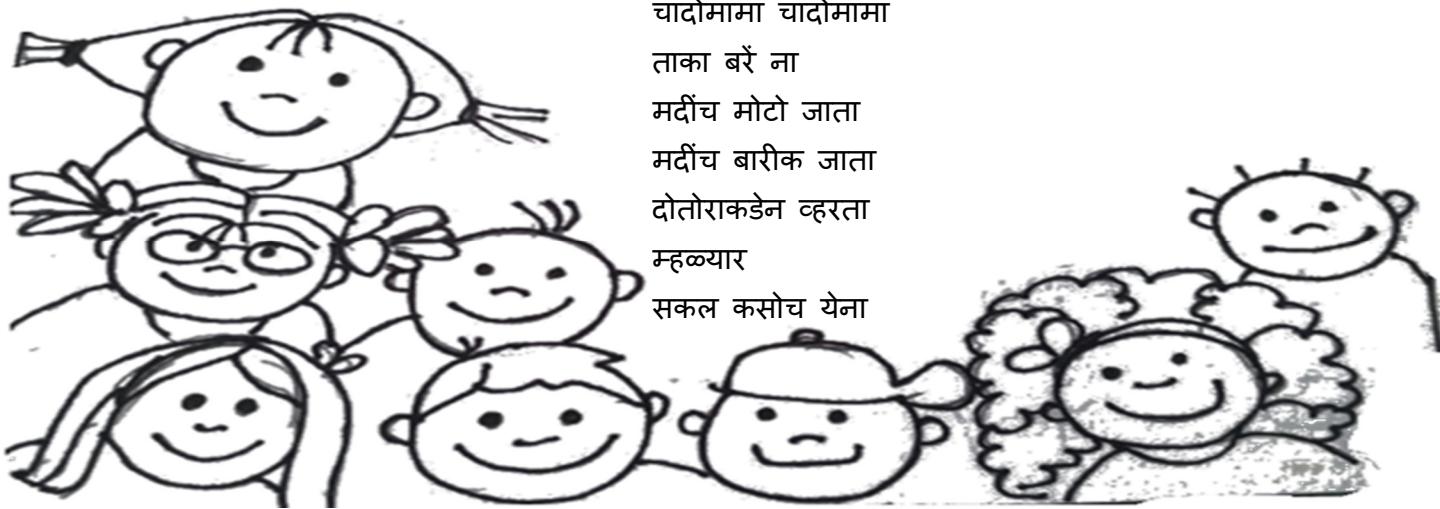
चांदोमामा चांदोमामा
ताका बरै ना
मदींच मोटो जाता
मदींच बारीक जाता
दोतोराकडेन व्हरता
म्हळ्यार
सकल कसोच येना



Akshay Sinai Kakodkar

बिलूबाय बिलूबाय
सांग गो तुका किंते जाय?
तव्यावेले नुस्ते आनी
दुधावेली साय!

हडवो ताल्ल बेबो,
शेतांमेरेर ऊभो
हांवें म्हळ्ये, सांग रे बेब्या,
खंय तो तुजो गांव?
उडकी मारून बेब्यान म्हळ्ये,
डरांव डरांव!



रिण



Mahesh Parker

बावगला इतलो देखून
फाटीर मळब पेलित आसा
थांबला आजुन मेरेन देखून
स्वासांचे भेटेक वचत आसा!

वायट-बरे पण मनशांचे
खंय मेरेन सोदीत बसूं
सोडटा तें दडपण आतां
तांगेल्या मनखोलायेत देवत आसा!

लोट रगताचो जण ओकल्या भितर
जीणेचो साद त्याच ल्हारांचो गाज
दर्याची व्हडविक आसा थंय आसू
चिंतनाचे ल्हाराव्हडाय मेजित आसा!

वाट शेणील्लो हो प्रवास मनाचो
समजना आजुन खंय पावयतलो
म्हज्यांतल्या म्हाका सोदता सोदता
हेरांच्या मनाचो स्पर्श सोदित आसा!

जियेतना हांव, जे कोण सोडून गेले
जायतें म्हजे पासत दवरुन गेले
रिणकारी तांचो आसासर मानून
म्हज्या म्हाकांच इल्लो पावयत आसा!

आस



Mahesh Parker

सोदताले काळीज हासूंक
रावले तुजेच येवकाराक दसून
खोशयेची कारणां आसली भोवतणी
तुकाच सोदी दोळे पुसून पुसून ||

दीस उजवाडटालो तुजे यादीन
तिनसानचे कात्रेर येताले दोळे धापून
रात परमळटाली तुजे गोपांत वचूंक
झिळमिळ्यार वेंगेत पावले सपनात देवून ||

एकसुरेपणाचो हुलोप सौंसलो
तरी काळीज रावलां परमळाक
सैमाचे बांगेत फुलप फुलांचे
तशें तें वावुरता परतून परतून ||

सदचेंच हे जालां बावप-फुलप
नवे बांदावळीन लागता काळीज वावरुंक
तू येतलो हे सत मानू
काय रावू केन्ना तरी बिं येतले रुजून ||

नुस्त्याची सभा शेवट्याक केलो राजा



Dr. Swati Bhobe

नुस्त्याची भरली एक सभा
शेवटो नाचत नाचत आयलो बाबा
तांबसो रागान तांबडो जालो
विस्वण ताका म्हणपाक लागलो
“हांवे फॉरेन पासपोर्ट केलो
हांव हैं सगळे जाणाच आसलो
हांव चडसो भायरच चड वतां
हांव तर NRI FISH जाला आतां”

कल्ली तीतल्यान म्हणपाक लागली
“काट्याक म्हज्या दिसता हीं विसलीं”
तेन्ना शिट्क जाली पेड आनी वेल्ली
ताणी दोगायनीय मुकाट्यान मान हालयली.

ताल्लो पेडव्याक पळोवन उलयलो
“भावा! आमकां सामको चान्सच नाशिल्लो
आमी आतां पार्टी करपाक फावो
आमकां साथ दितलो गोंयचो जाण्ठो आनी भुरगो!”
“तुमी फुडे सरात भावांनो
आमचो सदांच तुमकां तैको”
मोठ्यान उलयली लेप आनी सवनाळो.

इतल्यान आयली थांय खरचाणी
“हांव फकत पावसाच्या दिसांनी राणी”
पापलेटाक पळोवन ती म्हणपाक लागली
“तुका खरे फावो आसली ही पदवी”.

बाळांगडो वोगीच एक कोनश्याक आशिल्लो उबो
कांयच हाताक लागना तेन्ना हांव जावन सुको
भाजून खातात हे म्हजो कुडको
शेवट्याक पळोवन म्हणपाक लागलो
“हाच्या आंगार तर माखला रेबो
तरी हाका मान कसो फावलो?”

सुंगटान पिटपिटून आपले मत दिले
“जाणा मरे पोटिंग
हे जग सगळे जालां फटींग
शेवट्यान शेर्त केला सेटींग!”

**Best Wishes
To all Goans
from
Dilip Sanvordeker,
Meenal D. Sanvordeker
And Family
Irvine CA**

Marathi गंमत शब्दांची



Madhubala Kirtani

माझ्या लहानपणी सगळ्या शाळा मराठी आणि पोर्टुगीज मार्गिनाच्या होत्या. फक्त काही प्रमुख शहरांत इंग्रजी मार्गिनाच्या शाळा होत्या. बालवाडी, शिशूमंदिरं वगैरे प्रकार तेव्हा नव्हता. मोठ्या मुलांबरोबर लहान मुलंही शाळेत जायची. त्याला बिगरी म्हणत.

"मराठी असे आमुची मायबोली" या काव्यपंक्ती मनात ठसल्या आहेत. अजूनही व्यासपीठावर उभं राहिलं, की ओठांवर आपोआप, "माझ्या बंधू-भगिनींनो," किंवा "मित्र मैत्रिणींनो" असंच येतं. साधी सामानाची यादी करायला बसले, तरी ती मराठीतून करते. पत्र लिहितानाही आपोआप मराठीतून ते लिहिलं जातं. गणेश चतुर्थीच्या वेळी माहेरून फराणाचे वळे यायचे आणी त्या बरोबर जे पत्र पाठविले जायचे, तेही मराठीतूनच असायचे. अजूनही तीच प्रथा चालू आहे. मी भाषिक वादात शिरत नाही. हा लेख भाषेची गंमत सांगण्यासाठी लिहितेय.

तर, लहानपणी शीक्षणाची सुरुवात मराठीतून झाली. पुढं पोर्टुगीज, इंग्रजी, फ्रेनचही शिकले. उगे, मुयतू बैं, कोमिश्ता, ता बे इत्यादी पोर्टुगीज व ज सुई, पार्ले व्हू फ्रांसे ही फ्रेंच वाक्यं मी अजूनही फेकते. गोवा स्वतंत्र होण्यापूर्वी भारताला स्वातंत्र्य मिळाले. हिंदी आमची राष्ट्रभाषा झाली. स्वातंत्र्यानंतर हिंदी शिकायची लाट आली. त्या लाटेत मीही भिजून चिंब झाले. गावागावांतून "भायले" लोक गोव्यात येऊ लागले. आम्हीही गोव्याबाहेर जौड लागलो. तिथं साहजिकच कोकणी-मराठीचा उपयोग नव्हता. इंग्रजी, हिंदी बोलण आवश्यक होतं. इंग्रजी तर आम्ही शिकत होतोच. मग हिंदीही शिकू लागलो.

पण आमच्या नीमाचं मत वेगळंच. ती म्हणायची, "हिंदी आणि काय गं वेगळं शिकायचं? आपलीच तर भाषा आहे ती! हिंदी चित्रपट तर बघतोच ना आपण? मला सगळं समजतं आणि बोलताही येतं. कुठल्याही शब्दाला मे आणि ओ लावला, की झालं. त्यात काय कठीण आहे? हा, आता ही हमारी हिंदी सिनेमावाली हिंदी! लेकीन काम होता है ना, अडचण नहीं पडता, ना?"

आहे की नाही मजा? आमच्या शेजारी एक दिवस सकाळी उठल्याबरोबर भांडण कानांवर आलं. शेजारी कामवाल्यावर डाफरत होत्या, "तुम मेरी तावडी मे सापडो, देखत है मै तुमको!" ऐकताना इतकं हसू आलं, की आवरता आवरेना. तर सांगत काय होते, नीमाची सिनेमावाल्या हिंदीची काहाणी.

नीमाचे बंधुराज मोठे बिझ्नेसमॅन. मोठमोठ्या लोकांशी त्यांच्या ओळखी, संपर्क होता. साहजिकच त्या लोकांना घरी जेवायला बोलावणं वगैरे असायचंच. अर्थात, आदरातिथ्याचा सगळा भार नीमावरच पडायचा. तीही आनंदाने सगळं करायची. आदरातिथ्याचा म्हणजे काय, तर नटूनसज्जून त्यांचं स्वागत करायचं. मग स्वयंपाक्यानं केलेला स्वादिष्ट स्वयंपाक टेबलावर मांडायचा, सर्वं करायचा, वगैरे. ती छानपैकी टेबल मांडायची. नटून डिशेस सर्वं करायची. पाहुणे खूूष, भाऊ खूूष आणि नीमाही खूूष.

एकदा काय झालं, एक मोठा बिझ्नेसमॅन जेवायला आला होता. थोडे वयस्कर, त्यात डायबेटीसचा पेशंट. पण शाही पाहुण्यांना गोडधोडशिवाय कसं वाढावं? त्यामुळे खिरीची वाटी होतीच. पाहुणे व भाऊ जेवायला बसले. नीमा इकडे-तिकडे करीत होती आणि जास्तच मोहक दिसत होती. पाहुण्यांच्या नजरेतलं तिला दिसत होतं. जेवता जेवता त्यांनी तिला म्हटले, "बहनजी, एक कटोरी लाईये." नीमा चमकली. कटोरी? अरे बापरे! तिने प्रथमच वेळी त्या फँशनचा ब्लाउज घातला होता आणि पाहुण्यांच्या नजरेत तो हेरला होता. शी! टकलू म्हातारा! ह्याच्या घरी पोरीबाळी आहेत की नाही? कटोरी मागतोय! नीमा पटकन स्वयंपाक घरात पळाली. तिला बाहेर जावंसं वाटेना. तेवढ्यात भावाची हाक आली, "नीमा," काय करावं, तिला काही कळेना. तेवढ्यात पाहुण्यांचा पुन्हा प्रश्न, "कटोरी लाई बहनजी?" तिला काहीच सुचेना. ती बाहेर आली आणि भावाकडे पाहिलं. तो म्हणाला, "अंग, वाटी हवी आहे, सबरवालसाहेबांना. जा, घेऊन ये पटकन." आता कुठं नीमाच्या डोक्यात प्रकाश पडला. कटोरी म्हणजे वाटी! आणि आपण काय समजलो! शी! ती आतून वाटी घेऊन आली. त्याचवेळी पुस्तकी हिंदी (सिनेमातली नव्हे बरं का!) शिकायचा तिने निश्चय केला.

असाच आणखी एक किस्सा. हा माझ्या मुलीने अनुभवलेला. ती ऑफ्थॉल्मॉलॉजिस्ट आहे. डोक्यांची स्पेशलीस्ट. ती आणि तिची मैत्रीण मर्ल, टोघी ओ.पी.डी. पेशंटस् तपासत होत्या. मर्लने शाळा, कॉलेजमध्ये हिंदीऐवजी फ्रेंच विषय घेतलेला होता. त्यामुळे तिला हिंदी फ़ारशी जमत नसे. पेशंट मात्र हिंदी बोलणारा आणि त्याचा डोळा सुज्जून लालभडक झालेला. तिनं त्याला विचारलं, "क्या हुआ आंख को?" त्यावर तो म्हणाला, "कुछ नही डागदरसाब, बालू गया था आंख मे. तो जलने लगा आंख!" मर्ल घोटाळ्यात पडली. जुजबी हिंदी बोलू शकणाऱ्या मर्लला बालू म्हणजे काय ते कळलच नाही. तिने आसपास पाहिलं. सिस्टर दूर काहीतरी करीत होती. तिने ओरडून सिस्टरला विचारलं, "सिस्टर, वॉट ड़ज भालू मीन?" सिस्टरने सांगितलं, "भालू मीनस् बेअर!" मर्ल आश्चर्यचकीत झाली. "अ बेअर? हाव कॅन इट बी?" ती त्या पेशंटवर डाफरली, "क्या बोलता है तुम? इतना बडा भालू आंख मे कैसे जायेगा?

सच बताओ!" त्यावर तो माणूस म्हणाला, "सच्ची डागदरसाब, बालूच गया था आंख मे. छोटा था. इत्तासा छोटा था."

मर्ले पुन्हा विचारात पडली. कितीही छोटं अस्वल असलं तरी डोळ्यात कसं ज्ञाणार? तिने चिडूनच त्याच्याकडे पाहिलं, "ओ माय गॅड! दीज अनेंजुकेटड पीपल! वॉट झू आय झू नाव?" तेवढ्यात तिची कलीग तिथे पोहोचली. मर्ले तिला म्हणाली, "बघ ना ग वत्सला, हा पेशंट म्हणतोय, की त्याच्या डोळ्यात अस्वल गेलय म्हणून. कसं जाऊ शकेल डोळांत ते? कितीही छोटं अस्वल असलं, तरी अस्वलंच ना ते?"

वत्सलाने पाहिले. ती त्या पेशंटला म्हणाली, "ए, सच सच बताओ, क्या गया था आंख मे?" बिचारा पेशंट! भयाने थरथरतच म्हणाला, "कुछ ज्यादा नही डागदरसाब, सच्ची बताता हूं. इत्तासा छोटा बालू गया था आंख मे. तो आंख जलने लगी."

"बालू? म्हणजे वाळू. अंग मर्ले, वाळू गेलीय त्याच्या डोळ्यात. तुला कुणी सांगितलं अस्वल म्हणून?" ती म्हणाली, "सिस्टरनं!" तेवढ्यात सिस्टरही तिथच आली. ती म्हणाली, "डॉक्टराने विचारलं, भालू म्हणजे काय? मी म्हटलं, अस्वल!" अर्थातच, हा सगळा संवाद इंग्रजीतून चालला होता. त्या वेळेपासून डॉ. मर्लेला कळलं, की बालू म्हणजे वाळू. सँड.

अशा भाषीक गमती सगळीकडे च होतात. "मद्राशीने केला भ्रतार आणि संसाराची सुटली तार" ही म्हण तर तुम्हाला माहित आहेच. ह्या म्हणीवरून आठवले, आमच्या मीरानेही एकदा अशीच एक गंमत केली. तरी बरं झालं, की ते "पेल्यातलं वादळ पेल्यातच लुप्त झालं". नाही तर गैर समजुतीमुळे चांगले संबंध बिघऱ्यान गेले असते.

आमची मीरा पक्की कोंकणवादी. कोंकणीतच बोलणार, कोंकणीच वाचणार, व कोंकणीच लिहिणारी. आम्ही तिला चिडवायचो, "जेवते, खातेस ते सुद्धा कोंकणीतूनच का गं?" ती म्हणायची, "हो, हो! ते सुद्धा मी कोंकणीतूनच करते!" त्यावर आम्ही तिला आणखीन छिडवायचो, "मग मराठी शब्द का वापरतेस?" तिचं पटकन् उत्तर यायचं, "ते शब्द कोंकणीतलेच आहेत, जे मराठीवाल्यांनी छोरले होते." आत्ता ह्याच्याबद्दल वाद कोण घालणार? पण एकदा तिची फजीती झाली आणि तेव्हापासून ती थोडी बदलली.

कॉलेजला सुट्टी पडली म्हणून मीरा मुंबईला बहिणीकडे राहायला गेली. लाडकी मेहुणी पाहुणी आली म्हटल्यावर मुंबईला इकडे-तीकडे फिरायला, दुसऱ्या नातेवाईकांकडे भेटायला ज्ञाण ओघांत आलंच. पण तिथे भाषा ही मराठी. मीरा नाईलाजाने मराठी बोलायची.

एकदा सगळी मंडळी चौपाटीवर गेली होती. तिथं तिच्या मेहुण्यांचे मित्रही सहकुटुंब आले होते. गप्पा रंगल्या, अर्थात मराठीतूनच. सहजच मीराचं लक्ष मित्रपत्नीच्या कानांकडे गेलं. तिच्या कुड्या मावळत्या सुर्यप्रकाशात चमचमत होत्या. मीराला राहवेना. ती म्हणाली, "ए, हया वेड्या छान दिसतात, हं!"

मिसेस तारकुडेना मीराचा अतिशय राग आला. कपाळावर आठ्या आणत त्यांनी मीराकडे पाहिलेए. सरळ आपल्याला वेडी म्हणतेय, ही पोरटी! डोकं फिरलंय की काय हिचं?" असा त्यांनी मनातल्या मनात विचार केला. तरीही सौजन्यानं त्या म्हणाल्या, "काय? वेड्या? कुणाला म्हणतात?" मीरा काहीशी गडबडली; पण पुन्हा म्हणाली, "तुड्या वेड्या गं! छान दिसतात." मिसेस तार्कुडेना आता मात्र राग आवरेना. त्यांनी मीराच्या बहिणीला विचारलं, "असं काय बोलते आहे तुमची बहीण? एक तर अंगं तुंगं करायचं, आणि वरून शिव्या द्यायच्या? वेडी कुणाला म्हणताहेत या? मला? डोकं ठिकाणावर आहे ना यांचं?" मीराची बहीण चमकली. "काय मीरा? काय बोलतेस हे?"

आत्ता कुठे मीराच्या डोक्यात प्रकाश पडला. तिची ट्युबलाइट चालू व्हायला लागली, की काहीतरी घोटाळा झालेला दिसतोय. पण आपण नेमकं काय केलं, हे तिच्या लक्षात येईना. ती आपली उत्साहानं मिसेस तारकुडेच्या कानातल्या कुड्यांना हात लावून म्हणाली, "काही नाही ग ताई, मी म्हटलं, की या वेड्या किती छान दिसतात म्हणून. वऱ्हाच्या असतील, नाही?"

मीराची बहीण हसू लागली. "ए येडपट! काय बोलतेस तू हे? अंगं, यांना मराठीत कुड्या म्हणतात. सॉरी हं, मिसेस तारकुडे, ही आमची मीरा ना, परवाच गोव्याहून आली आहे इकडे. तिकडे कुड्यांना वेड्या म्हणतात, आणि वऱ्हाच्या म्हणजे हिज्यांचा! तुमच्या कुड्या तिला फार आवडल्यात, हे सांगायचा प्रयत्न करत होती ती तुम्हाला! आणि आम्ही कोंकणीत बोलताना नेहमी एकेरीतूनच बोलतो ना, म्हणून ती तुम्हाला अंगं म्हणाली. मीरा, सॉरी म्हण त्यांना!"

मीरा ओशाळली. मग पुन्हा पुन्हा मिसेस तारकुडेना सॉरी, सॉरी म्हणत राहिली. तर अशी झाली गंमत वेड्या कुड्यांची! आहे की नाही मजा!



एका सरकारी अहवालाची विलक्षण कथा व व्यथा



Dr. Rajani Usgaonkar

एके सकाळी टी. व्ही. वर बातमी आली. डॉक्टर वेन हो-ली एक ताइवानीज अमेरीकन जे कॅलिफोर्निआच्या "लोस आलामोस नॅशनल लॅबोरेटोरी" मध्ये संशोधक म्हणून काम करीत होते, त्यांची निरपराध म्हणून तुरुंगाच्या एकांतवासी कोठडीमधून ९ महीन्यानंतर सुटका झाली. ह्या डॉक्टरावर त्यांनी महत्त्वाची गुप्त कागदपत्रे चीनी सरकारला पुरवण्याचा आरोप होता. अचंबा वाटण्यासारखी गोश्ट ही की, डॉक्टर वेन हो-ली कैदेत असताना ते मूळ कागद ऑफिसच्याच एका कोपऱ्यात जेथे कर्मचाऱ्यांचे कॉफी करण्याचे सामान असायचे तेथे आढळले गेले.

बातमी ऐकून यांच्या घेत असलेले डॉक्टर (माझे मिस्टर) मला म्हणाले, "अग, हे म्हणजे तुझ्या वडीलांवर आलेल्या प्रसंगासारखेच काहीसं झालं की!" डॉक्टर बोलले व ६० वर्षांपूर्वी "रोपार्टिसांव द आग्रिमेसुरा" (लंड सर्व दिपार्टमेन्ट) च्या ऑफिसमध्ये घडलेल्या घटनेची आठवण तरारून आली.

ह्या लंड सर्वेच्या ऑफिसात आमचे वडील फ्रस्टक्लास ऑफिसर व तसेच डायरेक्टरचे खालोखाल सिनीयर मोस्ट ऑफिसर असल्याने जोखमीचे काम नेहमी त्यांच्याकडे सोपवल जायचे. ते केवळ जमीन मोजणी संधर्भातच जाणकार नव्हते तर त्यातील तंत्रज्ञान व कायदे कानूनचा सखोल अभ्यास ह्यात पारंगत असल्याने वरिष्ठ अधिकाऱ्यांची त्यांच्यावर विशेष मर्जी होती. म्हणूनच की काय एक दोन फ्रस्टक्लास ऑफिसर त्यांना पण्यात पहात. त्यांतला एक म्हणजे बापी ह्या टोपण नावाने ओळखला जाणारा अधिकारी तर त्यांचा उघड द्वेष करी. बाबांना आपलं ऑफिस इतकं प्रिय असे की ताप, खोकला येवून कधी आजारी पडले तरीसुद्धा सुटबूट घालून ते ऑफिसात जात. ऑफिसात सर्वांच्या पूर्वी त्यांची हजेरी व संध्याकाळी परतीच्या वेळी त्यांचा शेवटचा नंबर असे. बाबांच्या ह्या स्वभावामूळे आमची आई त्यांना सरकारचा पुत म्हणत असे. ऑफिसचे महत्त्वाचे कागद व पुस्तके ठेवण्यासाठी एक छोटेसे ग्रंथालय होते व त्याचा चाव्या हिरु नाईक ह्या कर्मचाऱ्याकडे होत्या. एक दिवस बाबांना "रोलातोर" (अहवाल)



हया वनखात्याच्या पुस्तिकेची जरूरी भसली. हा अहवाल म्हणजे गोव्यातील जंगलाच्या माहितीची पुस्तिका होती. गोवा सरकारने रानातील काही जागा राखीव ठेवून इतर ठिकाणी झाडे कापायची लोकांना परवानगी दिली होती. पुस्तकात त्या विषयीचा अहवाल व नकाशे होते. पुस्तिका बाबांजवळ देताना हिरु नाईक बाबांना म्हणाले, "अनंतबाब, ही पुस्तिका तुमच्याकडे असू द्या. कारण तुम्हाला माहित असेलच की बापिबाब आपल्याकडून ती अधूनमधून मागून नेतात. त्यांच्या खोलीत लाकडाचा धंदा करनणारे लोक हजेरी लावताना मला दिसतात. हयातील अहवालाचा बापीबाबकडून कदाचित दुरुपयोग होऊ शकतो." बाबांनी हिरु नाईकची विनवणी तात्काळ मान्य केली व आपल्याकडे ठेवून घेतली.

काही दिवसांनी बापीने सर्व्हटकडून बाबांकडे हया पुस्तिकेची मागणी केली. बाबांनी बापीच्या खोलीत लाकडाचा व्यापारी कृष्णा पोरोब बसलेला पाहिला होता. कायद्याप्रमाणे लाकडाच्या व्यापाऱ्याला ती पुस्तिका वाचायला द्यायची सुद्धा परवानगी नव्हती. बाबांनी सर्व्हटकडे सांगणे पाठवले की आपण ती पुस्तिका देऊ शकत नाही. बापी म्हणे गुरकावून म्हणाला, "मी पण फर्स्टक्लास जबाबदार ऑफिसर आहे, तू मला नाही म्हणून सांगणारा कोण?" बाबांनी चरफळत ती पुस्तिका सर्व्हटमार्फत बापीकडे पाठवून दिली.

काही महिन्यांनी पोर्टुगालहून जंगलखात्याचा अधिकारी "इंजिनियर मासियेल शाव्हेस" गोव्यात आला. त्याला विशेष करून सत्तरी तालुक्याच्या जंगलाची पहाणी करायची होती. त्यासाठी मोजणीखात्याच्या डिपार्टमेंटमध्ये येऊन त्यांनी हिरु नाईकाकडे हया अहवालाची मागणी केली. नाईकाने ती अनंत धुमेजवळ असल्याचे सांगितले. तू ती धुम्याकडे का दिलीस हया प्रज्ञाला त्यांना ते कामासाठी हवे होते, अस हिरु बोलला. खरं सांगायला त्याची जीभ बहुतेक टाळ्याला चिकटली असणार.

इंजिनियर ती पुस्तिका मागायला बाबांकडे आला. अचानक उद्धवलेल्या प्रसंगामुळे बाबांनी आपल्याकडे असलेल्या पुस्तकांची उलथा पालथ केली व नंतर त्यांना आठवले की ती पुस्तिका बापीने आपल्याकडून नेली होती. म्हणून इंजिनियरने बापीला विचारल्यावर त्याने चक्क कानावर हात ठेवले. ही बाबांना खोड्यात अडकविण्याची संधी त्याने साधली होती. सदर व्यक्ती सतत दारुच्या नशेत असायची, पण वरिष्ट अधिकाऱ्यांना पार्ट्या देवून त्यांच्याशी घनिष्ठ मैत्री ठेवल्याने बापीच्या वर्तणुकीवर नेहमी कानाडोळा केला जात असे. बापीने इन्कार केला पण जमीनखात्यांत अभ्यासपूर्वक काम केलेले असल्याने बाबांनी इंजिनियरला हवी असलेली माहिती पुरवली. तसेच हा अहवाल कुठल्या गॅझेटमध्ये व केव्हा प्रकाशित झालेला होता ते पण सांगितले. इंजिनियर शाव्हेज व त्याच्याबरोबरचा सहकारी ऑफिसमधून बाहेर पडले.

१९७४ साली १८ जूनला आळाद गोंमंतक दल ह्या संघटनेच्या तरुणांनी दाद्रा व नगरहवेली ही दमणमध्ये असलेली पोर्टुगीज ठाणी हस्तगत केली. इतकी वर्ष सुस्त असलेली पोर्टुगीज सत्ता खडबडून जागी झाली. पंडित नेहरूने गोवा-ठमण-दीव हा भारताचा अविभाज्य घटक असल्याचे सालाझारला ठणकावून सांगितल्यावर मवाळ सत्याग्रहांच्या तुकड्या अधून मधून रस्त्यावर प्रदर्शने करयला लागल्या. त्यांच्या धरपकडी व तुरुंगवास अशी चळवळ चालू असताना काही जहाल गटाचे तरुण भूमिगत होऊन पोलीस चौक्यांवर आक्रमण, शस्त्रे व दारुगोळ्यांची लूट वगैरे करून पोर्टुगीज शासनाला अधुन मधून धक्के देत. सहाजिकच त्याचा मागोवा घेण्यासाठी पोर्टुगीज गुप्तहेर खाते व मुख्यातःआजेंत मोंतेरो व इतर सरकारी एजंट त्यांचा खात्मा करायला नेहमी प्रवृत्त असत.

गोव्याची तेव्हाची परिस्थिती ही अशी असताना इंजिनियर शाव्हेस व त्याचा सहकारी रानात पहाणी करण्यासाठी गेले. अचानक त्या दोघंवर गोळीबार झाला. त्यांत सहकारी फक्त जखमी झाला तर शाव्हेस प्रणास मुकले. खेदाची गोष्ट अशी की आम्हाला "जिमनॅस्टिक" शिकवणाऱ्या शिक्षिकेचे ते यजमान होते व काही महिन्यांनंतर त्यांना पहिलं बाळ होणार होतं. सगळीकडे हळहळ पसरली. पोर्टुगीज शासनाच्या संतापाला तर पारावार राहिला नाही. ह्या तरण्याबांड पोर्टुगीज इंजिनियरला मारण्याचे कारण काय? आंतल्या गोटातील बातमी अशी, की परवानगी न दिलेल्या जागेतील झाडे लाकडाचे व्यापारी तोडीत असत. ह्या इंजिनियरने पहाणी करून आपला अहवाल सरकारला दिल्यास त्याची चौकशी होऊन त्या लाकुडतोड्या व्यापाऱ्यांना शिक्षा झाली असती. त्यामुळे त्यांनी भूमिगत कार्यकर्त्यांना फितवून त्यांच्याकडून ह्या इंजिनियरचा काटा काढायचे ठरविले. इंजिनियरचा खून झाल्यांनंतर पोर्टुगीज राज्याची चक्रे फिरली व कृष्ण पोरोब व काही लाकडाचा धंदा करणाऱ्यांना पोर्टुगीजांनी कैदेत टाकले.

अमेरिकन माजी प्रेझिडंट जिमी कार्टर ह्यांना जसा बिली नावाचा भाऊ होता, तसाच बाबांनाही एक "हटमटवाटी" व रिकामटेकडा लहान भाऊ होता. त्याला बाबांनी कुठल्याशा ऑफिसमध्ये चिकटवून दिलेले होते. ही वल्ली एक दिवस वाळपयिच्या त्याच्या मित्रमंडळींसमवेत एका बारांत बसून तावातावाने कृष्ण पोरोबला कारणाशिवाय बंदिस्त केला म्हणून सरकारला ताशेरे झोडीत होता. तेथेच दुसऱ्या टेबलवर पार्टिशनच्या पलिकडे पोर्टुगिजांचा गुप्तहेर आजेंत मोंतेरो पण बसला होता. त्याने तात्काळ ह्या संभाषणाचा आढावा घेतला.

कृष्ण पोरोब जरी कैदेत होता, तरी त्याच्याविरुद्ध कुठलाही ढोबळ पुरावा सरकारला मिळालेला नव्हता. त्यामुळे, ह्या खून प्रकरणांत त्याचे अंग असल्याचे कोर्टीत सिद्ध होऊ शकले नव्हते. पुराणकाळापासून ग्रीक-रोमनात

चालत आलेली पद्धत म्हणजे "स्केपगोट". निरपरदी माणसाला त्याच्यावर गुन्हा लाढून रानात पळायला लावायचे व त्याला ठार करयचे. पोलीस खात्याने ह्याचा उपयोग केला व एका रात्री त्याला घरी जायला सोडून दिले. जाताजाता वाटेवर गोळीबार करून त्याला ठार केले गेले. दुसऱ्या दिवशी बातमी पसरली, की कृष्ण पोरोब पळून जात होता, म्हणून नाईलाजाने त्याच्यावर गळ्या झाडल्या गेल्या. जाणकारांना जे काय समजायचे होते, ते समजले. हल्ली म्हणे भारतात त्याला "एंकाऊंटर" असे संबोधले जाते. तो दृषी म्हणून पळून जात होता हा त्याच्यावर ठपका पुरेसा होता.

आता वस्तुस्थिती बघा. मनोहर धुमे, कृष्णा पोरोब, रोलातोर व अनंत धुमे ही साखाळी जुळवली गेली, व दोघेही भाऊ सरकारी नोकर असल्याने त्यांच्यावर कोर्टात गुन्हा नोंदवला गेला. पोर्टुगीज इंजिनियरचा खून झाल्याने जज्ज बाबांवर व त्यांच्या भावावर बुध्याच गरजेच्या वेळी लपवून ठेवली असा आरोप होता. त्याचा एकमेव साक्षीदार होता ते पुस्तक बापीकडे नेवून देणारा सर्व्हेट. कोर्टात प्रत्येक प्रश्नाला त्याने "मला आठवत नाही" असे सांगितले. काकाला ताबडतोब बडतर्फ करण्यात आले, तर बाबांच्या आरोपावर एक कमिशन नेमून त्यांची खातरजमा करावी असा अभीप्राय दिला गेला. विविध क्षेत्रांतील डायरेक्टर तसेच येथील लेजिस्लेटिव्ह असेंबलीचे खासदार पुरुषोत्तम केणी ह्यांची पण त्यासाठी नेमणूक केली गेली.

वरून दाखवीत नसले, तरी बाबांना नव्हस ब्रेकडाऊन झाला. त्या ३-४ वर्षात बाबा व माईने फार मनःस्ताप सोसले. माईचे तर देव देवस्की व उपास तपास चालूच होते. चार मुळे असलेल्या एका कुटुंबाने उपजिविकेचे साधन गमावण्याची शक्यता ही काही लहानसहान गोष्ट नव्हे. एक मात्र ह्या सरकारच्या "पुताने" लक्ष्यात ठेवले; ॲफेसात जेवढ्यापुरते तेवढे काम करायचे. उगाच अंगावर ज्यादा काम घ्यायचे नाही.

अशीच काही वर्षे गेली. बाबांना एक दिवस कसलेसे कायद्यासंबंधीचे पुस्तक हवे होते. कपाटाची चावी ह्या वेळी ग्रंथपाल भोसले यांच्याकडे होती. बाबांना ते म्हणाले, "तू ही चावी घेवून कपाट उघड." बाबा म्हणाले, "नको, चावी तुझ्याकडे आहे, तूच ते कपाट उघडून दे." कपाट उघडले गेले. वरच्या फळीवर बाबांना ती पुस्तिका दिसली. ते म्हणाले, "बघ, सदर अहवाल इथेच आहे. तू दार उघडत असताना माझ्या हातात काहीही नव्हते हे तुला माहित आहे." बाबांनी भोसल्याचा हात घटू पकडला व त्याला ओढीत बाहेर इतर कर्मचारी काम करीत असलेल्या ठिकाणी नेले व मोठमोठ्याने सर्वासमोर सांगितले चावी लावून तू कपाट उघडलेस व ते पुस्तक त्या कपाटात होते. भोसले म्हणाला, "होय रे, होय रे, मीच दार उघडले व ती पुस्तिका आम्हाला तिथे दिसली." पण ते पुस्तक त्या कपाटात कसे पोहोचले, हे गुलदस्त्यातच राहिले!

तसे पाहता, ही पुस्तिका म्हणजे काही हस्तलिखित नव्हते. अहवाल सरकारी गॅजेटमध्ये प्रसिद्ध झाल्याचे कुणालाही मिळू शकला असता. १९७८ चे वर्ष होते. ह्या तीन चार वर्षांच्या दरम्यान मांडवी नदीतून पुष्कळ पाणी वाहून गेले होते, व त्याबरोबर गोव्याचे वातावरण, विषेशकरून नवीन गव्हर्नर व्हासालू-द-सिल्वा आल्यानंतर,

सुधारलेले होते. तेव्हाचे मेडिकल कॉलेजचे डायरेक्टर डॉ. पाशेकू द फिगेयरेदू जे कमिटित होते, त्यांनी माझ्या भावाला, म्हणजे त्याच्या स्टुडंटला, आपल्या कॅबिनमध्ये बोलावून सांगितले, की बाबांविषयीचा निर्णय ते निरपराध असल्याचे सांगून सदर केस बंद करावी असे सरकारला कळविले गेले आहे.

गोव्याचे भारतात विलीनकरण झाल्यानंतर बाबांची नियुक्ती डायरेक्टर ॲफ लॅड सर्वे डिपार्टमेन्ट अशी झाली, व १९६८ साली सन्मानपुर्वक निवृत्त होऊन आपल्या व्यासंगाचे संशोधन त्यांनी चालू ठेवले. त्याला अनुसरून दि कल्वरल हिस्टरी ॲफ गोवा (१०००० बि. सी. ते १३७२ ए. डी.) हे पुस्तक त्यांनी प्रकाशीत केले. गोव्याचा सांस्कृतिक इतिहास हया विषयाची माहिती ते आपल्या निवृत्तिच्या कारकिर्दीत जमा करीत आलेले होते. वयाच्या ८८व्या वर्षी त्यांचे निधन झाले.

डॉक्टर वेन हो-लीबद्दल सांगायचे, म्हणजे त्यांच्यावर केलेले आरोप सिद्ध न झाल्याने जून २००६ मध्ये त्यांना अमेरिकन सरकारने १६ लक्ष डॉलर्सचे ची नुकसान भरपाई तर दिलीच, शिवाय ज्या पाच वर्तमानपत्रांनी त्यांची बदनामी केली होती, त्या सर्वांना लीच्या वकिलांनी कोर्टीत खेचले. खुद्द ज्या जज्जने त्यांचा एकांतवासाची सजा दिली होती त्यांनी चक्क डॉ. लीची जाहीर माफी मागितली. सध्या डॉ. ली रिटायर होऊन आल्बुकर्के न्यू मॅक्सिस्को इथे रहातात व त्यांनी "माय कंट्री व्हर्सेस आय", हे पुस्तक प्रसिद्ध केलेलं आहे.

*Best Wishes
From
Sanjay and Shubhada
Lawande
Naperville, IL*

मुलांन दिवसाचे तास समजावण्यासाठी

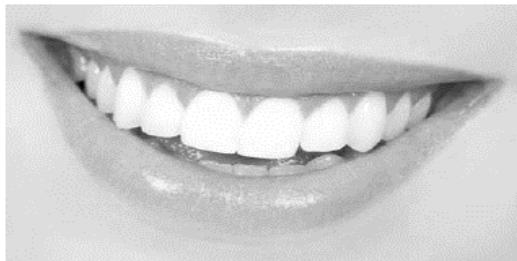
Kirtikumar Bhatikar



सकाळचे वाजले सहा, आईने केला चहा
सकाळचे वाजले सात, आजीने टाकला भात
सकाळचे वाजले आठ, आईने सर्वासाठी ठेवले पाट
सकाळचे वाजले नऊ, आईने सर्वासाठी केला खाऊ
सकाळचे वाजले दहा, बाबांना हवा दुसऱ्यांदा चहा
सकाळचे वाजले अकरा, काय ताईचा नखरा
दुपारचे वाजले बारा, दादाने गाईला घातला चारा
दुपारचे वाजले एक, मुलांनी खाल्ला केक
दुपारचे वाजले दोन्, वाजला बघा फोन
दुपारचे वाजले तीन, स्टोब्हला लावली पीन
दुपारचे वाजले चार, दादाने खाल्ला बाबांचा मार
संध्याकाळचे वाजले पाच, चला करुया नाच



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Kadambari Bhatikar

आपला आवडता सण दिवाळी.

आपली संस्कृती ही निसर्गातील पशु पक्षी आणि माणूस या सगळ्यांना एकत्रितपणे विचार करूनच तयार झालेली आहे. सण उत्सव, देव आणि त्यांच्या कथा या वरच संस्कृती तयार होते. मुख्य म्हणजे सर्व सणांना विज्ञानाची झालर आहेच. चैत्रशुद्ध प्रतिपदेला आपल्या हिंदू धर्माच्या सणांना सुरवात होते.

प्रत्येक सण आपल्याला संदेश देत असतात. नागपंचमी, नारळी पौर्णिमा, गोकुळाष्टमी हे सण निसर्गाशी मैत्री करा, बंधु भावाने वागा, दुष्टांचा नाश करा असेच आम्हाला सांगतात. नवरात्र, विजयादशमी, दूर्गा पुजा, ओणम हे सण अनिष्ट गोष्टी नष्ट करा असा संदेश देतात. मकर संक्रांत शत्रुत्व विसरून स्नेह वाढवा तर दिवाळी सण घर प्रकाश मय करा व चांगल्याचे स्वागत करा असे संदेश देतात.

अंधारातून उजेडाकडे नेणारा, प्रकाश, आनंद, समरुद्धी व ऐक्य देणारा आम्हा सर्वांचा आवडता सण म्हणजे दिवाळी. आश्विन वद्द दुवादशी ते कार्तिक शुद्ध दितीया असा सहा दिवस चालणारा हा सण. वसु बारस, धनत्रयोदशी, नरकचतूर्दशी, श्री लक्ष्मी कुबेर पूजन, बलिप्रतिपदा (पाडवा) व भाऊबीज या सहा उत्सवांचे मधुर संमेलन म्हणजे दिवाळी होय.

वसूबारस: इंद्र व श्री कृष्ण या दोघांमधील प्रेमक संघर्ष तसेच श्रद्धा व अंधश्रेष्ठदा यांतील अंतर समजावून सांगणारा हा दिवस. गोकूळ नगरीत इंद्र मुसळधार पाउस पाडतो म्हणुन इंद्राची पुजा केली पाहिजे अशी गोकूळ वासीयांची अंधश्रेष्ठदा प्रचलित होती तर गोवर्धन पर्वता मुळे पाउस पडतो, आपण त्याची पूजा केली पाहीजे असे गोपाळ कृष्णाने सांगताच सर्व गोकूळ वासीयांनी गोवर्धन पर्वताची पूजा केली. साहजीकच इंद्र दुखावला, मनोमन चिडला. त्यांने मुसळधार पाउस पाडून गोकूळ वासीयांना सळो की पळो करून सोडले. तेव्हा श्री कृष्णाने आपल्या करंगळी वर गोवर्धन उचलून धरला व त्या खाली गोकूळ वासीयांचे रक्षण केले. तो दिवस म्हणजे वसूबारस. त्याची आठवण म्हणून या दिवशी श्री कृष्ण, गाय व गोप यांच्या प्रतिक्रतीची पूजा करून त्यांना नैवेद्य दाखवितात.

धनत्रयोदशी - आरोग्य आणि धन यांची श्रीमंती म्हणजे धनत्रयोदशी. या दिवसाला अनेक नावे आहेत. धनतेरस, धनवंतरी जयंती, धनपूजन, यमस्वागत दिन या नावाने ओळखला जातो. याची कथा अशी आहे की दुर्वास मुनीनी विद्वाधरीने दिलेली दिव्य माळ इंद्राला दिली. इंद्राने ती माळ ऐरावतीच्या गळ्यात घातली. त्याने ती माळ पायदळी तुडवली. दुर्वास मुनीना या गोष्टीचा अपमान वाटला. त्यानी इंद्राला शाप दिला. "तुझे ऐश्वर्य नष्ट होईल". इंद्र

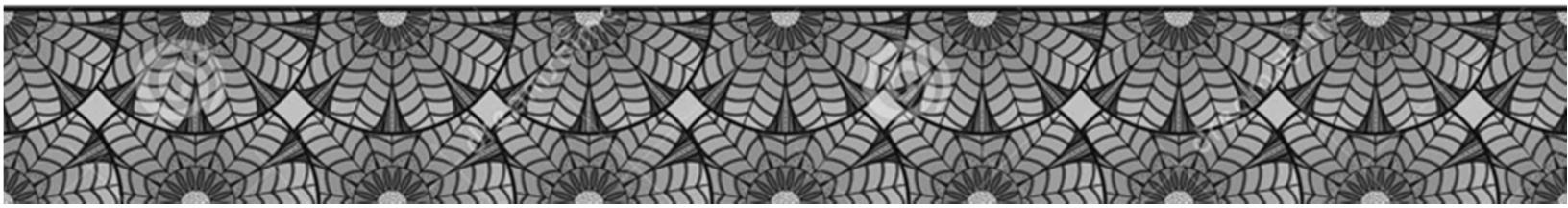
ऐश्वर्यहीन झाला. त्याने यावर उपाय काय हो विचारण्या साठी सर्वदेव विष्णु कडे गेले. विष्णुने यावर एकच उपाय म्हणजे "समुद्र मंथन".

त्या नंतर देव-दानव यांनी "मंदरोचल" पर्वताची रवी व वासुकी नागाची दोरी करून समुद्र मंथन केले. त्यातूनच लक्ष्मी, अमृत, कौस्तुभ, चंद्रमा, कामधीनू, उच्चैश्रवा व धन्वतरी ही चौदा रत्ने प्रकत झाली. अमृताचा कलश घेवून आलेल्या धन्वंतरीच्या हातातील कलश देव व दानव खेचून घेवू लागले. या वादात अमृत बारा ठिकाणी पडले.

त्यातील चार ठिकाणी पृथ्वी वर पडले व आठ ठिकाणी इतर ग्रहावर. पृथ्वीवर प्रयाग, हरिद्वार, नाशिक व उज्जैन या ठिकाणी अमृत पडले. समुद्र मंथनात सर्व प्रथम निर्माण झाले ते विष. ते श्रीशंकराने प्राशन केले. अमृत प्राप्ती साठी चाललेल्या तंटा मिटावा म्हणून दुष्ट प्रवृत्ती असलेल्या असुरांना हो अमृत मिळूनये म्हणून श्रीविष्णुने मोहिनीचे रूप घेऊन असुरांना सूरा पाजली व देवाना अमृत दिले. भगवान धन्वतरी अमृत कलश घेऊन आश्विन वद्व त्रयोदशीला प्रकत झाले. याची गोड आठवण म्हणून धनत्रयोदशी संपन्न केली जाते. धन्वतरी वैद्य व डोक्टर यांचे आराध्य दैवत.



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Milind and Veena Sanwardeker

नरकचतुर्दशी - नरकासुर या क्रूर राक्षसाने सोळा हजार शंभर मुलीवर अत्याचार करून त्यांना डांबून ठेवले. श्रीकृष्णाने या नरक धातनेतून त्या मुलीना सत्यभामेबरोबर जाउन मुक्त केले तो दिवस आश्विन वद्द चतुर्दशी. त्या सर्व मुलीना मुक्त करून सन्मानित जीवन जगण्याचा अधिकार दिला. द्वारका वासीयानी श्रीकृष्णाचे स्वागत दीपमाळा लावून केले. मरताना नरकासुनाने श्रीकृष्णाला या दिवशी जो माणूस सूर्योदयापूर्वी स्नान करील त्याला नरकवास होउ नये हा वर मागितला म्हणूनच या दिवशी सूर्योदयापूर्वी नरकासुराचे प्रतीक म्हणून कारिटाचे फळ पायाखाली चिरडून अभ्यंग स्नान करतात.

लक्ष्मीपूजन - प्रतिपदेपासून सुरु होणारा चंद्राच्या पंधरा कलांपैकी शेवटची कला म्हणजे अमावस्या. या दिवशी चंद्र व सूर्य एका नक्षत्रात येऊन त्यांची यूटी होते. चंद्र व सूर्य यांचे उदयास्त साधारण पणे एकाच वेळी असतात. चंद्राचा भाग प्रकाशाच्या संपर्कात येई तोस्तवर अमावस्येचा कालावधी मानला जातो. लक्ष्मीपूजनाचा साधा सोपा सिधांत म्हणजे लक्ष्मी प्राप्तीने उन्मत जाले तर माणसाचा अधपात होतो तर नम्र झाल्यावर विकास होतो. हा व्यावहारीक सिधांत लक्ष्मीपूजनात आहे.

प्रल्हादाचा मुलगा "बळी" हा सुखभावी, आसाधारक, दानशूर अंधश्रेष्ठदाकू होता.

शुक्राचार्यावर अंधश्रेष्ठदा त्या मुळे त्यांचे ऐकुन त्याने काही चूकीचे निर्णय घेतले. बळीने लक्ष्मी, कुबेर व काही देवाना बंदीखान्यात डांबून ठेवले. सर्व संकटे निवारण करणारे विष्णुने कश्यप व अदिती यांचे उदरी "वामना" च्या रूपांत जन्म घेतला.

एकदा बळीच्या यजा मध्ये वामना उपस्थित राहून बळी राजा कडे तीन पावले जमीन दान मागितली. संकल्प सोडायला बळीने झारी घेतली. पाणी पडेना त्याने दर्भाची काढी झारीत घातली. शुक्राचार्याने आपला डोळा त्या झारीत आडवा घातला होता. दर्भाच्या टोकाने शुक्राचार्याचा डोळा फुतला. शुक्राचार्य बळी वर संतापले. बळीला दया आली. त्याची त्यांच्यावरची अंधश्रेष्ठदा दळमळीत झाली. भगवान जर माझ्या कडे येऊन भिक्षा मागत असेल तर मी ती का देऊ नये? असा प्रश्न स्वताला विचारला व मागचा पुढचा विचार न करता त्याने संकल्प सोदला. आता भगवान वामनाने विशाल रूप धारण केले. एक पाय त्यानी अवनी म्हणजे धरती वर, दुसरा पाय ब्रह्मांडावर तर तिसरा पाय बळीच्या मस्तकावर ठेऊन त्याला पाताळात घातले. त्यानंतर बंदिखान्यातील लक्ष्मी-कुबेर यांना मुक्त केले. हा सण त्यांची स्मृती म्हणून साजरा केला जातो. या दिवशी सोन्या चांदीचे अलंकार, पैसे, लक्ष्मी-कुबेर यांची प्रतिमा स्वच्छता व आरोग्य देनारी केरसुणी यांची भर तिन्ही सांजा मुहूर्तावर पूजा करावी. लक्ष्मी-कुबेराचा नमस्कार करून प्रसाद वाटावा. सकाळी पुनरागमनाचे आमंत्रण देवून निर्माल्य विसर्जन करावे.

बलिप्रतिपदा - बलिप्रतिपदा म्हणजे "पाडवा". भगवान वामनाने बळीच्या दानीवृतीला प्रसन्न होऊन कार्तिक शुद्ध प्रतिपदेला लोक तुळी पूजा करतील असा आशीर्वाद दिला. हा दिवस साडे तीन मुहूर्तातील शुभमुहूर्त मानला जातो. व्यापारी वर्गाचा वर्षाचा प्रारंभ. बळीला पाताळात घालून देवांची मुक्तता करणाऱ्या भगवान वामनाच्या पराक्रमाचा स्मृतिदिन.

भाउबीज - यम आणि यमी दोघेही भाउ व बहीण. कार्तिक शुद्ध द्वितीयेच्या दिवशी यम आपल्या लाडकी बहीण यमी हिंच्या घरी गेला. यमीने आपला लाडका भाउ आपल्या घरी आला म्हणून आनंदाने त्याला स्नान घालून ओवाळले. गोड गोड जेवण जेवू घातले. त्यांची गोड स्मृती म्हणून आजही प्रत्येक भाउ आपल्या बहीणीच्या घरी भाउबीजेला जातो. बहीन त्याला ओवाळते, जेवू घालते. भाउ आपल्या शक्तिनुसार सप्रेम भेट देतो. बहीणीला तो सांगतो की तो आपल्या घरातील एक अविभाग घटक आहेस.

तुझ्या सुख-दुखात सदैव सहभागी होण्याची म्हाजी विनशर्त तयारी आहे. असा हा भाउ बहीणीचा प्रेमाचा सण.

देव दिपावली - कुलदेवतेला अभिषेक करून गोड गोड जेवणाचा नैवेद्य दाखवतात.

तो सण म्हणजे दिपावली. मार्गशीर्ष शुद्ध प्रतिपदेला येणारा देव दिपावली. ह्या आपण जे केले ते देवना अपर्ण करावे म्हणजे अहंकार व स्वार्थोपणाचा दोष लागत नाही. हा या दिपावलीचा मुख्य उद्देश.



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बालमानस



Madhubala Kirtani

पूर्वाला शेजारच्या घरी खेळायला पाठविले होते. म्हटलं, थोडा वेळ आहे, तर थोडसं लेखन करीन. विचार करता करता मी पेन उचललं आणि लिहायला सुरुवात करणार, एतक्यात हाक आली. "आत्या! मी आले!"

"अगं, एवढ्या लवकर परत आलीस? झालं का खेळून?"

"ऊं! मला नाही त्यांच्याकडे खेळायचं."

"अगं, मग सायकलवर बसायचस. शिवाय, प्रीता तुझी मैत्रीण ना? जा, खेळ थोडा वेळ त्यांच्याकडे."

"मी नाही, ज़ा!"

"मग, आता काय करणार?"

"आपण गार्डनमध्ये जाऊया. चल ना आत्या, तिकडे छान खेळायला मिळतं. झोपाळा, घसरगुंडी... चल ना!"

"अगं, पण..."

"चल ना, आत्या. गर्डनमध्ये. मला आवडतं तिकडे खेळायला."

"बरं, बरं. ज़ाऊ. पण एका अटीवर. तिथे आईस्क्रीम नाही मागायचं आणि भेळ पण नाही. कबूल?"

आपले गोरे गोबरे गाल फुगवित, ओठांचा चंबू करीत डोळे मोऱे करून पूर्वानं माझ्याकडे पाहीलं. गार्डनमध्ये जाऊन आईस्क्रीम, भेळ खायची नाही, तर जायचं तरी कशाला? पण तिला माहिती होतं, ज़राशी लाडीगोडी लावली, तर आत्या विरघळते आपली. मग आता कबूल करायला काय होतय? आधी गार्डनमध्ये ज़ाऊया तरी. "हो, हो! कबूल. पण आता चल ना!"

काय करणार मी? माझ्या नायक नायिकेला झोपाळ्यावरच टाकून मी उठले. म्हटले, बसा भोवळ येईपर्यंत झोके घेत. गार्डनमध्ये ज़ाताना वाटेत पूर्वाची टकळी चालूच होती. शाळेच्या गमती-जमती, बाहुलीचं लग्न, भातुकली, दीदीच्या कागळ्या, थोडे का विषय होते? माझा हात पकडून झुलत ती चालत होती. गार्डनमध्ये पोहोचताच ती धावतच सी-सॉ वर गेली आणि मी तिकडेच बाकावर टेकले.

अस्ताला ज़ाणाऱ्या सुर्याची कोवळी किरण झाडांवर खेळत होती. मुळांच्या किलबिलाटात वातावरण उल्हासित झालं होतं. सी-सॉ वर चढायला मुलं धावत होती. पूर्वाही त्यांच्यात होती. मी तिच्याकडे पाहू लागले. निळा झालरीचा फ्रॉक, दोन्ही कानांवर निळ्या रिबिनींची फुलं, त्यातून बटा बाहेर आल्या होत्या. पायांत मोऱे, बूट, किती गोड दिसत होती माझी पोर. बाहुलीच ज़णू.

आज चार दिवस झालेत तिला माझ्याकडे घेऊन. मम्मा-पप्पांची आठवणही नाही. आमच्याकडे ती इतकी रमेल असं वाटलं नव्हतं. उलट, मनातून मी धास्तावलेलेच होते. एकदम रात्रीची रडायला लागाली तर काय करणार? शिवाय रडण्यात तशी पूर्वा एक्स्पर्ट. अगदी गिरणीचा भोंगा. एकदा गायन सुरु झळं, की थांबायचं नाव नाही. पण मग मी विचार केला, "एतकं काही दूर नाही आहे तिचं घर. रडायला लागलीच, तर लवरकरच पोहोचवता येतं. पण आता घेऊन ज्ञायचं हीला."



त्या दिवशी, अगदी सहज म्हणून मी भावाकडे गेले होते.

दिवाळीची गडबड संपली होती. बघते तर भावजऱ्य तापाने फणफणत होती. टैपरेचर १०४ वर गेला होता, आणि उलट्या करून करून ती फार थकून गेलेली होती. तिची ती हालत बघून मी भावाला म्हटले, "अरे, मी घेऊन ज्ञाते मुलीला."

त्यावर भाऊ म्हणाला, "अंगं नको, तुला उगिच्य त्रास देईल." वहिनी पण म्हणाली, "रात्री रडली-बिडली, तर त्रास होईल तुम्हाला."

"काही त्रास होत नाही. आणि रडेल कशाला? चार वर्षांची झाली आहे ना ती आता? काय गं पूर्वा? येतेस का आत्याकडे?" लगेच मला बिलगली. मी म्हटलं, "नेते मी हिला." भावाने पूर्वाला बजावून सांगितले, "रात्री रडू नकोस हं, पूर्वा! मोठी आत्याला त्रास होईल."

"आणि रडलीच, तर दूर का आहे तुझं घर? आणून पोहोचवीन मी. तू काळजी करू नकोस. आणि तू गं, विश्रांती घे चांगली. लवकर बरी हो. उद्या येऊ आम्ही तुला बघायला. पूर्वा, मम्माला टाटा कर बेटा."

पूर्वा माझ्याबरोबर आमच्याकडे आली, आणि जणू काही घरातलीच अशी मिसळून गेली. माझ्या मुलीचा लहानपणीचा खेळ इतक्या वर्षांनंतर कपाटातून बाहेर आला. भातूकलीची बोळकी, खेळातला गॅस, फ्रीज, मिक्सर, कूकर, छोटी बाहुली, मोटार, सगळं काही. पूर्वा एकदम खूष! लगेच केली खेळायला सुरुवात. छोट्या छोट्या ताटल्यांतून चुरमुरे, बर्फीचे तुकडे, काजू, चणे वगैरे काय काय पदार्थ आम्हाला जेवण म्हणून मिळायला लागले. चहा पण मिळाला, अर्थातच पाण्याचा. पण आम्ही प्यायलो मात्र चवीनं. नाही तर पूर्वबाई रागावल्या असत्या ना? कविताचे पप्पा जेव्हा प्रेमने म्हणाले, "चहा खूप चांगला झाला आहे!" तेव्हा पूर्वा गोड हसली आणि म्हणाली, "चार चमचे साखर घातलीय ना, म्हणून छान झाला आहे चहा." ह्याच्यावर आम्ही सगळे जण हसलो.

नंतर आम्ही गाडीतून कोल्न्याला गेलो. तिथं पण ती खूप खेळली. दमलीही भरपूर. झोपायच्या वेळी मला आपली उगीच शंका. मध्येच रडायची तर नाही ना ही? पण नाही. खुशाल झोपली ती सकाळी आठ वाजता ऊठली. मजेत गेले हे चार दिवस. रोज गार्डनमध्ये खेळायला जायचं, समुद्रावर फिरायला जायचं, मजा करायची. किती तरी वर्षानी लहान मूळ घरात आलं होतं. मग काय? प्रत्येक जण आपले तिचे लाडच करीत. दादा, भाई, ताईच काय, तर तर पप्पासुद्धा तिच्याबरोबर लहान होऊन खेळत होते. मी म्हटलं सुद्धा, "इतकी रमेल ही आम्कडे असं वाटलं नव्हतं मला. आत्ता दर सुट्टीत आमच्याकडे यायचं हं पूर्वा!"

"हो! हो! मी येणारच, आणि शाळा सुरु झाल्यावरच परत जाणार"

रात्री झोपताना मी पूर्वाला म्हटलं, "आज माझ्याजवळ झोप हं राजा, कवूताईला अभ्यास करायचाय." सगळ्यांना ऐटीत गूढ नाईट करून पूर्वा झोपायला आली. मी तिला थोपटायला सुरुवात केली. थोड्या वेळाने मला वाटलं झोपली बहुधा. मी हळूच तिच्या जवळून बाजूला सरकले आणि तिच्यावर पांघरण घातलं.

थोड्या वेळानंतर "सुंक सुंक" असा आवाज येऊ लागला. मी चमकले. पुण रडणं जेव्हा मोठ्यानं झालं, तेव्हा मात्र मी घाबरले. "रडू नको राजा, तुला कवूताईकडे झोपायचय का? मग जा तिच्याकडे. मगाशीच नाही का सांगायचस?" तशी ती पटकन ऊठली आणि पलंगावरून उडी माअरून कविताच्या खोलीमध्ये गेली. तिच्या हातांतलं पुस्तक ओढून गोष्ट सांग असा तगादा सुरु झाला, आणि तिनंही खुशाल पुस्तक बाजूला ठेवून तिला गोष्ट सांगायला सुरुवात केली.

सकाळी उठून पूर्वा म्हणाली, "मी घरी जाते मोठी आत्या. मला मम्माची आठवण येतेय." आणि रडायला लागली. एकाएकी तिचं काय बिनसलं तेच कळेना. मी म्हटलं, "काय झालं पूर्वा? रडतेस का? काही दुखतय का?" पण ती थांबेना. सरखं आपलं एकच. "मला घरी जायचय."

"बरं, बरं जाऊया. पण कपडे तरी बदलशील की नाही? का अशीच निघतेयस?" रडता रडताच, मी तिचे कपडे बदलले, आणी गाडीत बसवली. घरी पोहोचल्याबरोबर पूर्वा धावतच "मम्मा!" अशी हाक मारत घरात शीरली. तिथे आपल्या मम्माला म्हणाली, "तू आहेस अजून? मला वाटलं तू मेलीस." बिच्चारी माझी वहिनी! लेक काय बोलतेय हे तिला समजेच ना. मी म्हटलं, "अगं काय हे पूर्वा? काय बोलते आहेस? असं म्हणतात का मम्माला?"



"अंग खरच! रात्री मी रडले ना, तेव्हा मला वाटलं मम्मा मेली म्हणून!"

"अंग, पण मरेलच कशी?"

"हो आत्या, तसंच असतं. त्या दिवशी पिक्चर मध्ये नव्हती का आई मेली ताप आला म्हणून? आणि मग तिला जाळली लोकांनी. मम्माला पण खूप ताप आला होता ना? म्हणून मला वाटलं की ती मेली आणि तिला जाळून टाकलं असेल. मला वाटलं की ह्यासाठीच तुम्ही सगळे मला घरापासून दूर ठेवायचा प्रयत्न करत आहात म्हणून."

आम्ही सगळे अवाक् होऊन तिच्तयाकडे पाहात राहिलो. लहान मुलांची कल्पनाशक्ती किती तरल असते याचा अनुभव आला. मी भावाला म्हटलं, "पाहीलेस, चित्रपटांचे किती वाईट परिणाम असू शकतात ते?" पूर्वाने मम्माला मिठी मारली आणि म्हणाली, "मम्मा, तू मला हवीस ग. तू कधी मरू नकोस." आणि तिनं मम्माची गोड पापी घेतली. क्षणभरापूर्वी गंभीर झालेली पूर्वा आता चक्क हसायला लागली. मम्मा जिवंत आहे आचा तिला खुप आनंद झाला होता. मग आम्हीही सगळे हसायला लागलो!

With Best Wishes

From Keni Family

Pradeep, Sadhana, Sarita,

Eric & Sanjay

Oakbrook, IL

कुणा कुणा म्हणू मी गुरु



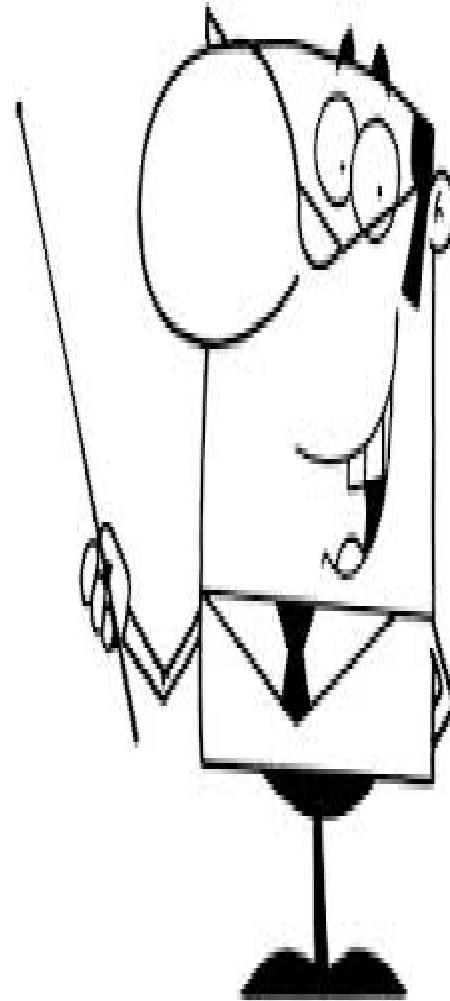
Dr. Purnima N. S. Usgaonker

असो एखादा प्यून ,असो एखादा सेक्यूरिटी,
देवासारखा भासतो त्या लटपट्या थर थ-या वाटी.
कण कण दन्यानार्जन त्याकडून घेऊन काम होते सुरु,
त्या क्षणींचा बनतो तो, आपला प्रिय गुरु.

स्वतःच्या वेळी घेतलेले शिक्षण, पडते तें अपूरें,
काळाबरोबर वहात राहण्यास लागतात नवे धडे.
त्या दन्यानाची गरज भागवून घेतां घेतां खरें
तर असतात गुरुरुपीं, आपणाहून लहान पोरें.
शिकणा-यांना किती शिकूं किती नको, करून सोडणारे
मिसायल, कम्प्यूटर युगा मधले नाविन्याचे धागे दोरे.

पशु - पक्षी ,चिठ्ठा - काऊ शिकवून जाति आपल्या परीं,
जीवनाचे घरटे नाजूक धाग्यांनी बांधणारे उडति नभोतलि.
वृक्ष - वेली, नद्या - सागरा ,प्राणी जगत तुझ्या उरीं,
विधात्याचि अलौकिक किमया घेऊन कैक गुरुजन उदरीं,
मानवतेचा धडा शिकवण्या कितीतरी जर्यत तयारी.

मानवाने शोधली टँकनोलोजी बनवून बसला बेजान गुरु,
कोटी कोटीनी द्यान मिळविण्या त्यानाच बनवले सद्गुरु.
पृथ्वी तलावर शांती सदा नांदो ! घेऊन ही मनोकामना,
अशा या असंख्य गुरुजनांना करते मी वंदना.



English

The Prolificity of Konkani Language of Goa

Dilip R. Sanvordeker, Ph.D.

Background

The word prolificity refers to a power or characteristic marked by abundant inventiveness and/or productivity. For a language like Konkani, centuries of its usage since the Vedic civilization has brought about its expansion with new and interesting words with the changing times. In this essay the author has attempted to review historic developments of Konkani. For the first generation Goans in America, Goan Konkani remained a language of choice for conversation with family members and friends alike. Although some gave up on its usage at home and literally lost touch with the "mother tongue" Konkani in conversation with Goan friends, most remained loyal to Konkani even after a tenure of about fifty years or more being away from Goa. In this essay, the objective of the author is present a bird's eye view of Konkani language spoken by over 10 million people of Goa and trace some aspects of origins of Konkani, its proliferation with new and interesting words from other languages, their usage over period of time and its cultural impact on the young and old generations of Konkani speaking Goans –in Goa as well as abroad.

Origin and Development of Konkani in Goa

The word Konkani comes from Konkan, about a 400 miles stretch of the southwest part of India. The people of Konkan in which Goa or Gomantak is located have adopted Konkani as their spoken language or a dialect of communication among the local communities. The communities of the north Konkan speak Konkani in a different tone as compared to people of the south Konkan.

Konkani evolved largely from Bengali and Assamese languages, which were offshoots of Shourasini Prakrit. Thus, as per Dr. Krishnanand Kamats, some scholars regard Bengali or Assamese as the mother of Konkani language.

The arguments on the origin of Konkani continue to generate a lot of response among linguists. The most important point to note here is that Konkani was first recognized as a dialect with a proper grammar structure in the southwest India known as Konkan. Early adopters used the Brahmi script, but eventually due to the local influence, Nagari (a.k.a. Devnagari) was used for the benefit of much larger audience for preparation of written documents.

Around 800 A.D. when the great Parshuram Rishi brought in the ninety six (shyahnavi) families to Goa, he performed a Yagnya with hymes from Rig Veda, to bless the settlement of the Saraswats in Goa along with their affiliates. The Saraswat families were Konkani speaking and they managed to promote Konkani as a dialect for many centuries in Gomantak- now known as Goi or Goa. There are two theories regarding the origin of Konkani. One school of linguistic history says that the Brahmins, who lived along the banks of the Saraswati River after a short stay in a

province now in Afghanistan, migrated to Gomantak via Bengal and other routes during the period when seismic activity in the Himalayas and surrounding region made the river Saraswati run underground about 1900 BCE. Their own dialect of Shauraseni Prakrit, over the time evolved into modern Konkani. Another school of history states that Konkani is a Sanskritized version of a language spoken by the Kokna tribe and the Aryans who came to the Konkan picked up the language and added various Sanskrit words. However, it is a well-known fact that Sanskrit words like "Udaak" or water and many more have been integral part of spoken Konkani in Goa.

As mentioned afore, Goa and Konkan, a long strip of land along the western ghats was ruled by the Konkan Mauryas and the Bhojas and as a result numerous migrations which occurred from northeast and western India, immigrants spoke various vernaculars, which led to a mixture of features of Eastern and Western Prakrits. The Prakrit language was significantly influenced by Magadhi Prakrit, an affiliate of Sanskrit language. The overtones of Pali - the liturgical language of the Buddhists- also played a very important role in the development of Konkani Apabhransha vocabulary and grammar of Konkani. A major number of linguistic innovations in Konkani is shared with Eastern Indo-Aryan languages like Bengali and Oriya, which have their roots in Magadhi. To emphasize, based on cultural, educational and agro-economic findings, Konkani has been shown to have a strong connectivity to the Vedic civilization. It has also been anecdotally suggested that the ancient sages of the Vedic period used Konkani as a private communication language amongst their families. Nevertheless, Konkani vocabulary has developed over several centuries and continues to maintain some originality in its grammar, style, accent and content of numerous words and cognizance with Goans of the past and present traditions. Over the centuries, Goan Konkani became more and more prolific with the inclusion of the words from Persian, Arabic, Portuguese, Telugu and Kannada words.

Prior to the Kadamba kingdom, Goa and its surrounding area was a traders' paradise because of access to Arabian Sea and two major ports for wooden ships to arrive with goods and engage in trade with countries like Persia and Arabia. Traders from Persia and Arabia came to Goa and traded commodities like spices, clothing and construction materials. These traders communicated with Goan Konkani speaking inhabitants. The Arabs and Persians used numerous words from their language in conversations with the Goans of the yore days. Over the years, Goans thus picked up numerous Persian and Arabic words and incorporated them in spoken and written Konkani as a part of their normal vocabulary. A few of these Persian and Arabic words are listed as follows in Table I.

Table I

kabul	karz	goroz	jawab	ajap	Badal	bejar	umed	baag
chabuk	garib	murvat	tarik	khuni	xar	vogot	abru	maja
bazar	fakt	dusman	barik	khobor	tazviz	buniyad	forok	farik

Let us now dwell further into evolution and prolificacy of Goan Konkani since the days of Kadamba rule in Goa. From 1006 A.D. to 1345 A.D., the Kadambas ruled Goa. Then on, from 1345 A.D. to 1570 A.D. the Kingdom of Vijaynagar ruled Goa at which time Konkani was developed

further with Devnagari script and a sound grammar structure. Many words from Arabian and Persian languages were adopted to allow the local inhabitants communicate well and integrate new comers in Goa for trade and growth of the community. The accent of Goan Konkani then was probably different than it is today. However, the vocabulary of spoken and written Goan Konkani evolved with time. From 1492 A.D. - 1509 A.D. the Islamic Bahmini Kingdom Goa remained under the control of Bijapur's Adil Shah.

Then came the Portuguese colonization. From 1510 A.D. through 1962 A.D., the Portuguese colonial rule of Goa was filled epic historic events. A lot of effort by the Jesuits during the Inquisition period of 1553 A.D. – 1568 A.D. to learn and adopt Konkani using Roman script and train numerous Portuguese priests and make these as messengers and promoters of Christianity. With new Roman script Konkani the priests began the process of conversion of Hindu community members into members of Christian community with better prospects of upward mobility in the staffing of Portuguese administration of Goa. Thus began a new wave of inclusion of Portuguese words of all kind in Goan Konkani. All the same, there began a trifurcation of spoken Konkani in Goa. The Christians under the Jesuits accent and influence adopted an accent much different than the Goan Hindu accent that was the mainstay of Goan Gaud Saraswat Brahmins. The hard labor and farm tenant communities of Goan Gawda, Kunbees and others like Chede and Chedu -community known as Mundkars -developed their own version of spoken Konkani with accent distinguishable from accent of Konkani spoken by the Saraswats who remained reclusive as commodity traders, cloth merchants and in employment as government clerks or high career officials as well as land owners as bhatkars of Goa.

Per Dr. Krishnanand Kamat in spite of persecution, the Konkani speaking Goans hung on to their culture, traditions and spoken Konkani; and thus Portuguese thought it was better for them to learn Konkani in order to convert the Konkani Goans who were followers of Hinduism. The Portuguese during the inquisition period called Konkani the language of the Brahmins, language of the Kannada, language of Goan Brahmins, etc.

The clergy of the Jesuits Church translated the Christian religious texts to Konkani with the help of the converts and a new form of Konkani literature was born. They used Roman script for the translations. Since they translated word by word, there was no beauty or literary styles. Even the sentence construction and grammar were distorted. In 16th century, this grammar was legalized by publication of a Konkani grammar book. In 17th century in order to popularize Christianity, "Christa-Purana" was published. It glorified the God just as the Hindu texts did. Poems, dictionaries, autobiographies of the priests were also published. In 1808 Konkani bible was published and distributed. Even today about 500 books of the period are available for study and research. The Portuguese government started a Konkani school in 1932.

Thus, over the 400 years of Portuguese colonial rule in Goa, an alphabetical soup of Portuguese words were adopted in Konkani spoken by the Goans- both Hindus and Christians alike- for their casual or apolitical discourse. This is partly due to the fact that many Goan Hindus and Christians who became employees of the Portuguese government engaged themselves with pride to use Portuguese words in conversations at home and anywhere else. In fact, the first generation of

Goans who migrated in early sixties to North America, including this author, are frozen in time with Konkani of the yore days and they still use many Portuguese words in their conversations with family members and Goan and other Konkani speaking friends alike.

Some Portuguese words that are used in Konkani since the colonial days are illustrated in Table II.

Table II

amig	alfiyat	burro	cuidade	natal	bom	vidr
fol	antig	abuzaad	cidade	igorz	botl	ordinaar
papel	tinta	atrapalhyar	vadiv	irmana	funel	fafarrao
gelaad	basta	filhadapoot	malcreada	mai	petrol	kulher
vergonha	Capita'on	rhener	suj	pai	julgador	copa
abuzaad	merda	padri	madri	fest	contador	konissa'on
rit	cantar	confessa'on	carnaval	dobrad	preza'on	disprez

Thus, spoken Konkani diversified was during various kingdoms that ruled the Konkan area over centuries. Nevertheless, it retained its grammar structure and script as its identity. The Goan Christians also did retain their identity with Konkani by using Roman script and continued to publish newspapers in Konkani using Portuguese and local Konkani words familiar and in line with the grammar and words the Jesuits left behind.

Literature and Patronage of Konkani in Goa

Over the past few centuries, Goan Konkani evolved with specificity tied to words on a given subject for communication within Goa. It may be about food quality, smell of all sorts, taste of all sorts and professional work a person does for a living. Table III illustrates some examples of Konkani words used in Goa by Hindus, Christians and Muslim communities alike. Most of these words remain contemporary for Konkani conversations. Portuguese words were filtered out by those who spoke Goan Konkani and migrated in a hurry to neighboring cities like Karwar, Kumtha, Honnavar, Belgaum and Mangalore to avoid forced conversion to Christianity by the Portuguese Jesuits.

Table III illustrates a few words in each category.

Table III

Food Quality:	Lusloosheet	Khatkhateet	Hunhooneet	Ghamghameet
Smell Quality:	Hinvsaan	Khatsaan	Ghamsaan	Bhelsaan
Taste Quality	Godsaan	Kharsaan	Tikhsaan	Ambsaan
Professional Quality:	Julgador	Escrivao'n	Ropeira	Padeylee

As stated previously, in 1987, Konkani was officially recognized as the national language of India and over the years, Goan Konkani poets and writers contributed extensively to its glory with Kantaars – Christian songs, Hindu Dhaalo dance songs, and poetry with wonderful Konkani words describing Goa and its people. Great authors and poet Bakibab Borkar, Ravindrabab Kelekar and Uday Bhembrey contributed extensively to promote the use and patronage of

Konkani in Goa. All the same, Goan Christians have used Roman script and written numerous essays and thought-provoking books and articles in Konkani newspapers. They have also continued to write and stage dramas in Konkani. These are called “tiatra” and such performances in small and large villages keep the Goan Konkani tradition alive and well in Goan culture. All the same, Konkani songs written and sang by Ulhas Buyaon are evergreen for Goans at large listening and enjoying Goan lifestyle and its cultural history.

The literary richness of Goan Konkani over centuries has been well documented through extensive writing by Bakibab Borkar and Ravindrabab Kelekar. In an unprecedented scholastic manner, Ravidrabab Kelekar, the Chief Guest of Goan Convention of 2000 that was held in Irvine, California, translated Mahabharata Epic story from Sanskrit into Konkani so as to assure a place for Konkani in the historic archives of national languages of India. Additionally, what has been known as Konkani Sayings/ proverbs or Mhonee, many authors of Goa like Mr. Manohar Pai Dhungat and Mr. Alfred DeMello, have written books on this subject to ensure Konkani Sayings remain eternal in the minds of Konkani people. Such sayings have moral and practical lessons for Konkani people in everyday life.

A sample of some Konkani Sayings or Mhonee is listed below in Table IV to allow the reader conversant in Konkani appreciate the essence and interpretation of these sayings.

Table IV

Some Goan Sayings (Mhonee) in Roman Script

- Chaakri kelear bhakri asa
- Kaxtti bhizleabogor nustem dhorum nozo
- Lojek ani pejek poddona
- Monx'ak utor, górvak danvem
- Choddtti val katorchi nhoi
- Eklean gay marlear,dusrean padduk marchem nhoi
- Sunnean chablem mhunn,sunneak ghans marop?
- Dukor posunk vhelear roddtta, ani marunkui vhelear roddtta
- Ang udkan nitoll monsotan nitoll
- Ordhea maddar choddun hatsoddche nhoi
- Faleam mortolo mhunn aizuch fondatt?
- Nachunk kollona, angonn vankddem
- Doleanchem tem khorem,kananchem tem fott

Closing Remarks

The first generation of Goans in North America has arrived in the sunset period of their lives. Most, including this author, came here in United States and Canada over the last 50 years or so to earn a post-graduate education in a field of their professional choice. This first generation worked very hard and raised families with joy and pride to see that their second generation did well in getting the best education and attain success in this great country of their with careers as diplomats, doctors, lawyers, educators, business entrepreneurs, financial analysts, IT developers and managers. Some first generation parents made every effort to practice speaking Konkani to

their children while others did not do so. Consequently, the numbers of Konkani conversant second generation Goans in North America are getting lower and lower by the year.

The second generation of Goans raised in Goa and now becoming established citizens of North America still carry the zest for speaking Konkani among friends and children in their family. Experience of this author suggests that many in this second generation Goans with Goan heritage have filtered out many commonly used Portuguese words in Konkani. They have begun adding English words during a conversation in Konkani with Goans. This is partly because of the fact that this second generation was born during or after liberation of Goa period and as such the use of Portuguese words were slowly filtered out by the new generation in schools and colleges across Goa. There was no impetus to use these words post-liberation of Goa from the colonial rule of Portuguese government. The prolificity of Konkani language continues as we cross the 21st century. It remains to be seen at what level and time Konkani will still be identified as Konkani with its alphabetical soup of new words from many languages of India and the world at large.

Acknowledgements

The author has researched on the subject using Internet on line websites' information to document, express his views and include his comments on the prolificity of Konkani language. He is deeply indebted to Dr. Krishnanand Kamat and Mr. Amey Hegde and Wikipedia websites for on line information concerning history and colloquial sayings & diversity of Konkani that is now an official Indian language of India since 1987.



Biotechnology- The Future of Science



Dr. Sara Kenkare-Mitra

**Senior Vice President, Genentech Research and Early Development
Genentech, CA
Email: rskenkare@yahoo.com**

As a scientist and a leader in Biotech and of Goan origin, I am excited to write about Biotechnology and my insights and advise to any of our youngsters who have an interest in Science and want to learn about this area.

What is Biotechnology? The term Biotechnology indicates the use of biological processes, organisms, or systems to manufacture products intended to improve the quality of human life. It has utility in a number of fields but the area that I will focus on is treatment of human diseases.

How did this industry start? I work for Genentech a company that pioneered this industry based on its Recombinant DNA (rDNA) technology, also known as molecular cloning, which is the combination of DNA from two different sources. This allows gene products, or proteins, from one organism to be made in another organism and isolated for applications in many different industries such as to produce medicine from rDNA. Since, biotechnology has come a long way from its first use - insulin production. Today rDNA is being used to engineer completely new classes of medicines that are designed to specifically target cancer cells and treat multiple sclerosis. In the last 40 years biotechnology has really taken a key role and there are a number of future trends to look out for.

What are the latest trends in biotechnology? Biotechnology has evolved a lot and in many exciting directions but I will summarize a few areas that I believe are real trendsetters for the near future:

Genomics—Genomics technologies, next generation sequencing techniques, and biomarker studies for clinical applications setting the stage for the practice of genomic-based medicine in the not-too-distant future.

Immuno-Oncology—Genentech and a number of other companies are doubling down in this area of research that focuses on developing drugs to help the body's immune system fight cancer.

Personalized Medicine—Another area that I have personal experience with in my role at Genentech, which revolves around developing tailored diagnostics and therapies individualized for each patient. This is already becoming routine for a number of oncology drugs and will grow in medical practice within 10 years.

Big Data—As we use a lot of these genomic and other sequencing data in the clinic, we need biostatisticians and bioinformatics specialists who can develop solutions to handle the deluge of information.

Genome editing could correct genetic mutations for future generations. CRISPR is a system used for genome editing that corrects errors in the genetic code. While a number of ethical issues arise and are being sorted out, if focused in the right way this could be a valuable tool.

Gene therapy- for years work has been done to enable gene therapy to correct mutations that result in human disease, but has been challenging due to delivery issues. This is still a direction that is being evaluated and has some hope.

What should I be thinking about if I want a career in biotechnology? As you can see based on the examples I gave above this field doesn't just need biologists but also pharmacologists, engineers, statisticians, bioinformaticians, computer modelers, and physicians. So any of these fields if tailored could allow you entry into the field of biotechnology.

What is the scope for biotechnology in the US and India? In the US this is a booming field and there is a lot to do whether it is in the setting of industry or academics. India is also investing a lot on Biotech. According to the Make in India campaign, India will have spent 4B USD to be spent on biotech from 2012-2017 and is the 3rd biggest biotech industry in Asia Pacific region focusing on gene therapy to vaccines.

Any advice I can provide? If you like science, math, data, technology and are curious then do explore this area. The satisfaction of coming up with treatments to treat human disease and having an impact in people's lives world over is truly significant.



In loving memory of
Mrs. Neelabai Premanand Kamat



Kulaghar



Poorwa Prabhu Kholker

Cool, calm, peaceful... Enveloped by tall greens, and fragrant boughs. A heady scent of betelnut and palm trees wafts upon the breeze...

It is a specialty of Goa, a serene walk through the spice plantation, the spices welcoming you in, accepting you as one of their own.

The Kulaghars, as they are called in Konkani, have so gained popularity, that they even feature on Goa's 'To-do' list. A number of Spice Plantation owners have opened their doors to the public, conducting guided tours through each of the spice lanes.

Betelnuts, coconuts, peppercorns and many more of these heavenly spice plants creep past the borders of the plantation, and you will find yourself gazing at one of the most commonly used spices in Goa you'd be hard bound to find anywhere else – Tefal, or as it is known in English, Fagara or green Sichuan peppers.

My mother tells me, as does my father, that many years ago, when she was a small school-going child, there would be class picnics to the Kulaghars. In those days of old, a Kulaghar trip would mean warm clothes and hot drinks. And of course, lugging along of food and pots and pans for a vann-bhojan!

It is much easier to have a vann-bhojan nowadays, for the Plantations offer a variety of options at in-house restaurants for every palate. From our Goichi fish curry to the Indo-Chinese Manchurian! Of course, it lacks the excitement and spontaneity of the days gone past, but it also saves effort and pain!

It is unfortunate that quite a bit of this culture has now been mass-advertised, leading to a large flow of tourists on this peaceful land. A walk in the evening displays a callous disregard for nature, as litter of plastic covers and discarded bottles lies amongst the roots of the grand trees. Mass tourism certainly does help supplement the income for the Plantations, and provide employment for the nearby villagers, but the sanctity and calm of Nature is disturbed. It is therefore the need of the hour to educate the travelers of the respect Nature demands, for the boon that are our Kulaghars cannot stay hidden... It is to be shared by all...

A stroll through the Plantation, along the stream carved by farmers to irrigate the land, soothed the sweet call of birds and small animals, insects scurrying underfoot...

Bliss... Thy name is Goa... Thy name is Kulaghar...

Nisarg-Chakra



Dr.Mrs.Purnima N.S. Usgaonker

Every day should be a Sunday,
The morning should never end by the day,
The Sun should set never,
Oh the moon and the stars hold on forever.

Blue skies don't change your hue,
The rainbow décor the skies forever on blue,
The flowers not to shed their petals,
Green leaves maintain greenery ever.

Rivers and lakes don't ever dry out ,
The rains wet this earth day in and day out,
And life with happiness and without worries,
Oh how I wish all these be together for
centuries.

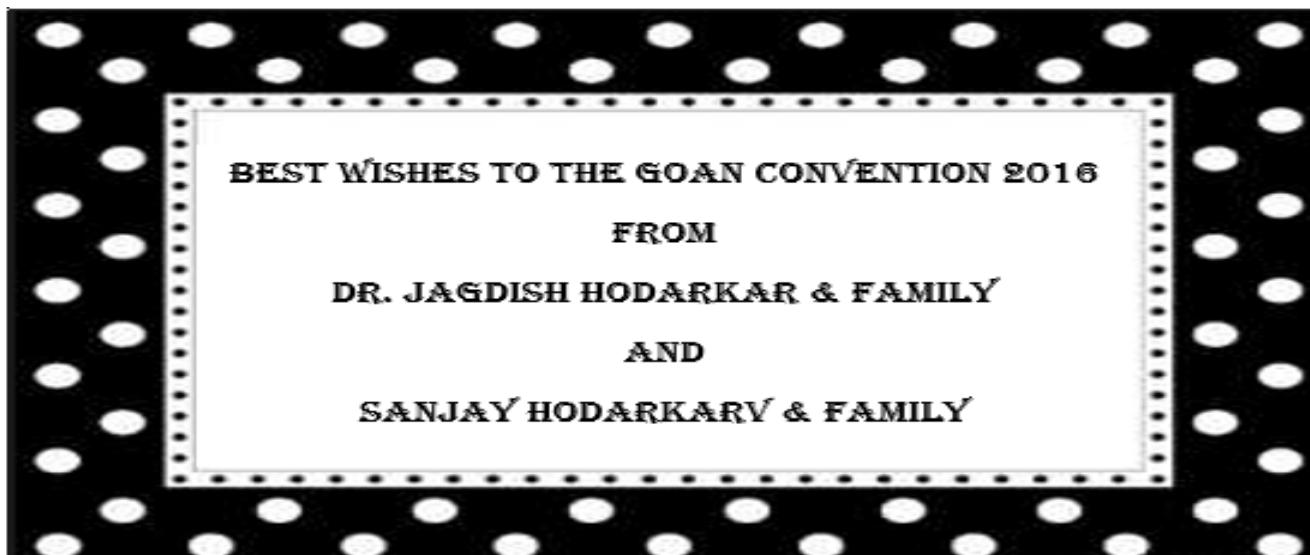
I wonder, could it happen ever?
No! It cannot and should happen never,
For the mother earth will have to come to a
standstill,
Without the morning force so very dynamic.

Important for the vital changes in the natures epic,
The essential phenomenon for day and night,
And seasons year after year rhythmic,
Sun and the moon play hide and seek,
So are the clouds and sunlight at peak.

No two attractions can dwell together,
So too, no happiness and sorrow can compound,
Yee man remember! Changes are mandatory,
The root base of values in life's dictionary.

With each and every phenomenon around,
The way every night is followed by a day,
And every autumn followed by spring,
Worrisome days managed well, always happiness they
bring,

Every challenge in life, bringing out enjoyment within,
Every sickness overcome makes one healthier in
thinking.



The Hidden Kamat



Sagar Kamat

Kesari. That's her name. She has a surname too - Canconkar - but saying it out loud always felt weird. She started working as a maid in my home in 1995, a month after my younger brother was born. I was around 4 at the time. She was probably around 14. I can't say for sure, because as is often the case in her community, she doesn't have an official birth date, just guesses. Yes, she was a mere child then. But like so many others around her, the poverty at home and lack of resources had pushed her to work at a very young age to aid the household income.

Little did any of us know then, that she would become an integral part of my family for the next 20 years. Since 1995, almost every single day, she came to our house at 10:00am each morning and went home at 6:00pm. During that time, she took care of every chore that needed to be done to keep our house functioning. After both my parents left for work in the morning, it was she that made sure me and my brother had our breakfasts and lunches, got us ready for school and everything else in between. I have vivid memories of her going around my neighborhood, scouting my brother from wherever he was playing and dragging him home to get him ready for school.

Any guest who has visited my place enough number of times over the years has bonded with her as much as any of us. So many of them said they wanted to take her along. I always suspected they would, if they could. And it wasn't hard to see why. She had learned every quirk of every guest who frequented our place. So when my grandma's car would arrive outside the house, she would promptly start heating the drinking water for my grandma without being told. She knew which guest wanted their tea without sugar. She knew which dish, cooked by my mom in the morning, would not sit well with me or my brother and what alternatives she could serve us for lunch instead. When my grandparents were bed-ridden and in pain in the last few days of their lives, she took as much care of them as any of us, always making sure they had their medicines on time and so on. These were things that went far beyond her call of duty. And that made her rather endearing.



Over the years, the relationship between her family and mine grew a lot closer than a typical employee-employer relationship. As someone who comes from a seedy locality, being at my place for a better part of the day translated into a secure workplace. My mother nurtured her as one nurtures their daughter. As a result, in spite of receiving offers to work from other families in the locality, she stayed with us. This also led to some rather curious changes. When you've spent a major chunk of your day for 20 long years at somebody's house, you can't help but pick up some of the peculiar characteristics of that family. Over the years, her mother complained that she did not like fish anymore, a hangover of the vegetarian lunches she had at my place. Her cooking habits and

taste pallets were shaped as much by my mother as her own. She almost became an extended part of my family. So when her house collapsed on a rainy night, it was my parents who helped her rebuild it. For my brother's thread ceremony, she felt obliged to present him with a small gold ring like a family member would, if only as a token of love. When I went home after 1.5 years in the US, she came running to the car to receive me, trying hard to contain her excitement.

She got married a few days ago, after a rather long search for a groom and a series of setbacks. My brother was her official wedding photographer. When talks of her marriage started, my relatives congratulated my mother for getting a son-in-law. They were only half joking. 20 years! We all were so used to having her in our house that the idea of not having her around sent us all into thoughts about how we would cope. How would we deal with all the relatives? Who will take care of everything? Will my parents be able to find everything in the house that only she seemed to know so well? On her last day of work a few weeks back, I spoke to her on FaceTime to wish her good bye. It was an eerie conversation. To think, she spent her entire teenage years and youth in my house. For us privileged lot, these are some of the best years of our lives and we hardly value the opportunities we get. She spent those years working in my house. Yes, we did provide her with a means of subsistence, an environment of security and helped her in times of distress. But I'm not sure if we could ever pay her back enough. It's a thought that's both humbling and depressing.

I know my family will be forever grateful to her. Wherever we may reach in life, my brother and I know she has played an important role in shaping our lives, perhaps next to only our parents. Whenever my parents receive praise for raising a family well, they know a part of the credit also goes to her. Not many in our social circle, apart from my close relatives, probably know she exists. But behind the scenes, she has played a major part in making the Kamat family what it is. Although the name will never be formally attached to her name, she will always remain a Kamat.

Best Wishes to 2016
Goan Convention
From
Satish and Pratibha Sawardekar



Runnanubhandh



Dr Swati Bhobe

In the long journey of our life we come across a handful of people among the billions who inhabit this planet. Some of them leave the most important imprint on our lives. The deepest imprint on our life is always left by the most important persons "Our parents".

Our parents are our first teachers and teachers for lifetime. We imbibe our moral values from them. In a way we are shaped and molded by them.

When I was growing up, I were fortunate to thrive in the loving shadows of grandmother. She was a devout god fearing lady who was kind and gentle. My mother being a working women needed lot of help in the house. Help came in form of a grandmotherly lady whom we all called Radha Maushi. Radhamaushi was like the second grandmother to my brothers and me. She took care of us and our elderly grandparents besides helping out in the house. During the same time we had more help in the house. They were mostly young girls from my mother's village. My mother and father both would address to them as "Bai" the loving term of endearment whereas I was always called Swati. My young mind would resent that a lot. I often would argue with my parents saying that they somehow loved the girls more than me. One day my mother could not take it any more and she said to me "You have no idea what it is to stay away from home. You are lucky to be born in these circumstances. They are in my life for no fault of theirs but their fate. " Amchey kasley runnanubhandh aasa Dev jaanna ki ti aamchya aayushyan aaylya" Mhaaka tyo gatti barya reetin soddovpaak jaai" I cannot be their mother but while they are in my life I will try to give them as much love as I can. That is the least thing I can do. Whether you like it or not is not going to change my mind so I hope this is the last time I hear you whine about this"

Years went by, I reconciled to the fact that my mother had made up her mind and there was no point in resenting anyone. As I grew up I tried to make sense of my mother's words and made peace with them. No longer did I resent the fact that my mother would keep two pieces of my favorite batatachi fodd or fried fish tucked away as soon as they were cooked so that the helping hand who prepared the food was not forgotten when it came time to eat the food.

I got married and moved far away from my parents. My circumstances were by no means familiar to the young helpers who assisted my mother balance her family life and her work but I realized the other part of the equation. The one of staying away from parents and love and security of your parents' shadow. My mother's word would come and ring in my ears now and then and the full weight of her words finally dawned on me.

Last year, I happened to be in Goa during the "Konkani Speaks Mellavo". Konkani Speaks is the facebook forum which had brought together so many like minded souls and I happened to be just in time for their melaavo. My parents joined me in sharing a few hours with the konkani

Speaks family. It was a very enchanting evening to meet the Konkani mogis and the spontaneous outpouring of love and affection the members had for each other. We wrapped up a lovely evening and on the way back home my mother said to me. "Tuka yaad aasa jaalyar khaber na punn llhan aastana tuka aami Bai mhannana mhannun tu barech raagar jaataaley. Aataa pallai tuka sagglej jaguch Swatibai mhanntaa"

I could not help smiling. The circle was now complete. I had become a Bai. Swati bai like every other female member is addressed as Bai on the forum. In the end as I get older I have strongly come to believe in the theory of Runnanubhandh. Souls are connected and reconnected over and over again. And mother and father are the deepest connections because we have only one father and one mother.

THANK YOU

PRIYADARSHINI MAHILA SANGATHAN,

SHIRODA-Goa, 403103,

PHONE NUMBER: +91-992-274-8983

EMAIL: PRIYADARSHINIJUTE@GMAIL.COM

FOR THE HANDMADE JUTE BAGS FOR DELEGATES

Born again..... Something!



Sachi Bhobe

When I was growing up, every time I heard the phrase "Born again", I would be amused and a whole lot confused. How can anyone be born again? I knew that we are all born once and die once. Some do get married more than once, and like birth is to death, divorce is to marriage, so ofcourse divorced more than once. It never made sense to me though I did manage to come to terms with that phrase.

In hindsight, I feel that the only way to learn something is after experiencing it and the same thing happened with me. I entered the University of Iowa freshman class in the Fall of 2014. I had gone to Iowa as a completely open slate. I had grown up in a household where religious practices were seldom followed or discussed. Visits to temple were mostly when we were in Goa and the few times I did go to the temple here was when there was some community function.

In my first week at Iowa, I came across some folks distributing pamphlets about saving a cow. They were volunteers at some Cow shelter in the state. I took the pamphlet from them because it was offered to me and completely forgot about it till a few days later when I was cleaning my room.

What I read, however, completely numbed me. The cruelty inflicted upon the animal was beyond any sane person's comprehension. It was at that time that it dawned on me that "Cow is rightfully called the mother cow" or "Gow Matha" in Indian culture. An animal whose only reason for existence has been to serve mankind. The animal which nourishes the most selfish species by selflessly donating its milk. The animal which, for many centuries, toiled in the scorching sun faithfully with its masters to put food on the table for us. The animal whose dung served as manure as well as fuel. The animal which was as useful in death as it was when alive. Its skin being used as leather.

And now the very civilization nourished by this animal like a mother would nourish its offspring had turned its back on the mother. The Food and dairy industry in this country had taken things to a level which would leave any person with compassion speechless and angry.



Artificially impregnating cows, injecting them with hormones till their udders were hanging like mountains and hurting with pain like crushed with heavy boulders. The bull whose only purpose they saw was to be steak on someone's plate. The young calf who was deprived of her mother's milk and fed corn to make it fat so that the hungry nation could enjoy cruelty dressed up a veal. Growing up I was surrounded by books on mythology from across the world. I had read about Zeus, Apollo, Athena as much as I read the Ramayana, Mahabharatha, Panchtantra and Bhagvatam. I knew about Gopal the Cowherd and Lord Krishna's affection for the cows and all things bovine and all people connected to the cow. At that point, I realized how my own faith was so much in harmony with all God's creations. No faith had given so much honor to the humble cow so as to call it the mother.

I started to explore the basic tenets of the faith. Being on campus gave me the opportunity to come across more pamphlet and book distributing folks. I got a bible and then the Hare Krishna's came with the "Bhagwat Geeta". I started reading the Geeta to find out what it meant to

be a Hindu. I am still learning but one thing I can say with much conviction that "Hinduism is like a buffet". You take what you want, leave out what you don't want.

Geeta showed me that compassion and kindness is known by different names. Some call it Christ others call it Buddha and Mahavira.

Being Hindu is being culturally tolerant to different views. And finally a civilization has to nurture the very thing which nourishes it. Whether it is the humble cow or the silent beautiful blue planet called the Mother Earth our only abode in the universe. I was born again.... This time, surrounded by the yellow mellow corn stalks fluttering all around in the middle of America in a state called Iowa.

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The Goenkar in Me!!!



Srinath Shenvi Buyaon

Goa, the place for fun, beach, sunshine and lots more. As someone who has been born and brought up in Goa, I always thought of it as a good place to live, but I never realized that I was one of those few chosen ones to be born here - Approximately around .000000125 probability (ok do not take this number seriously, it just looked good). I was introduced to the aura of being a Goan only when I moved out of there.

Whenever I told anyone that I am from Goa, there were the usual “awww's” and “woowww's”, as if I was from another planet. And then flowed the usual barrage of questions that I got used to as a part of my special status. Just a sample of what I had to endure-

- “Why is your surname not Dsouza or Fernandes?”
 - This notion has been concocted by multiple Bollywood movies.
- “So you must be having Feni for breakfast.”
 - Let me clarify on this once and for all. Even though I have had a decade long drinking career, I have never had Caju Feni and not every Goan is a drunkard.
- “Tu to Hamesha beach pe pada rehta hoga. (you must be lying on the beach all the time)” OR “Tera ghar beach se kitni door hai?”
 - That's right, our popularity is based on the distance of our addresses from the nearest beaches. For example, my house is 30 kms away from Colva beach, which is not so cool, while my wife's abode is a mere 1 km from Bogmalo beach which makes her Cooooool!
- Whenever I told anyone that I had done my engineering from Goa, I was incredulously asked, “Do they have engineering colleges in Goa?!”?
 - No, we just have beach shacks. And when I said I graduated from Goa, I meant graduation in drinking of course!
- “You must have had many girlfriends in Goa!”
 - Sure why not? We drink, we enjoy and therefore it directly follows that we have no moral values. Hence, we keep dating one another or multiple people at the same time.
- “The girls there wear such short clothes and spend their entire time at the beach.”
 - They are called tourists. A Tourist is “a person who is travelling or visiting a place” and not a native of that place. So I guess the people with skimpy clothes you have seen could very well be from your home-town.

There were many such instances when my Goan identity was hugely misinterpreted and I am sure many of my fellow Goans have gone through the same ordeal. While some of them were laughable, some were bewildering and some caused my blood to boil. So it feels liberating to have crushed and melted a few of these stupid notions.

So I wonder, if being a Goan is not any of the above, then what makes me the famed “sussegad Goenkar”?

Does being a Goenkar mean - to eat fish, think fish and talk fish?!?!? Seriously, we Goans really bond on fish. Even here in California, our Goan group has figured out the best places from which to buy fresh fish, sometimes right off the port. We know which fish is fresh in which super-store and we have tried to match the fish from here in America to the fish we get back home in Goa. For instance, Mullet = Shevto. Whenever we have talked to our parents in Goa, I can't remember a single time there wasn't a mention of fish at least once. The usual line would be "Aaz nustyak kite hadla?"(What fish did you buy today?) This obsession with fish is something only we Goans can understand. I mean, we have even challenged the American border control force so many times by bringing in dried fish and fish pickle. Indeed, we live a fishy life.

Goa is not just about the beaches, the churches and the temples. It is also about the green fields, the kulaghar's, the mountains, the simple pleasures of eating a "Mancurad ammo"(mango), of plucking Cashew fruits, of eating kanna, chunna and boram...

Goans are all about the hospitality. As a kid, I remember of the numerous times our relatives used to arrive unannounced or vice versa. Never have I seen either my parents or my relatives unprepared for the guests. I remember distributing trays filled with homemade nevryo, modak, shev and chivdo to our neighbors' homes during Chavath / Diwali and I also remember our catholic friends reciprocating during Christmas with dodol, bebinca and other wonderful savories. I remember making Narkasurs during Diwali and cribs during Christmas.

Then, there are those novelties that are unique only to Goa.

- Riding pillion with a motorcycle pilot
- Travelling in rickshaws with doors.
- Travelling in buses that were so cramped that you couldn't breathe, and yet the conductor managed to glide through the crowd to collect fares and at the same time shout out the stops in his own whimsical fashion. For example, I remember this particular guy shouting "vasco-disco-vasco-disco" through the entire route. And surely all the students travelling by bus will remember fighting for half-ticket.
- In addition to the national festivals, we have our very own Carnival, the Zatras, shigmo and kalo in each temple and the "fest" (Feast) in each town church.
- Summer vacations spent roaming around mountains, collecting cashew-nuts to try and make a quick buck while also eating the cashew fruit.
- Buying Pav / Unde / Katre / Poli from the one and only "Poder" Or standing in line to buy them fresh from the bakery.

Just remembering all this makes me nostalgic. Like my Mother always said, "balpan dega deva". How I wish I could be a child again and roam around aimlessly, doing all those stupid, insane things. That feeling of having conquered the world when my cricket team won or the feeling of helplessness when we lost.

Sometimes, I do feel that nostalgia is highly overrated, but I still can't deny the fact that many a times, we get to know the importance of something only after losing it. Like it was only after I moved out of Goa, I understood the true meaning of being a Goenkar. Finally, all I can say, is - Cheers to our Magical childhood days! Cheers to our struggling days of youth! Cheers to Victories and Cheers to all our losses as well! Cheers to the true Goan in all of us!

BEST WISHES
TO
GOAN CONVENTION 2016



FROM
ANGLE ENTERPRISES,
BALAJI AND CHHAYA ANGLE
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The 'Spirit'ed Night



Sagar Kamat

Goa's villages are replete with folklore surrounding the spirits, both good and bad. The tales of the Holy spirit, better known as Devchaars, are especially popular. The devchars are treated with all seriousness and offerings are regularly made to them, seeking protection from the forces of evil. Over the years, a lot of villages have evolved their own unique ways of guaranteeing protection, resulting into an eclectic variety of annual customs and traditions that are a culture junkie's delight. They are as varied and exciting as it can get.

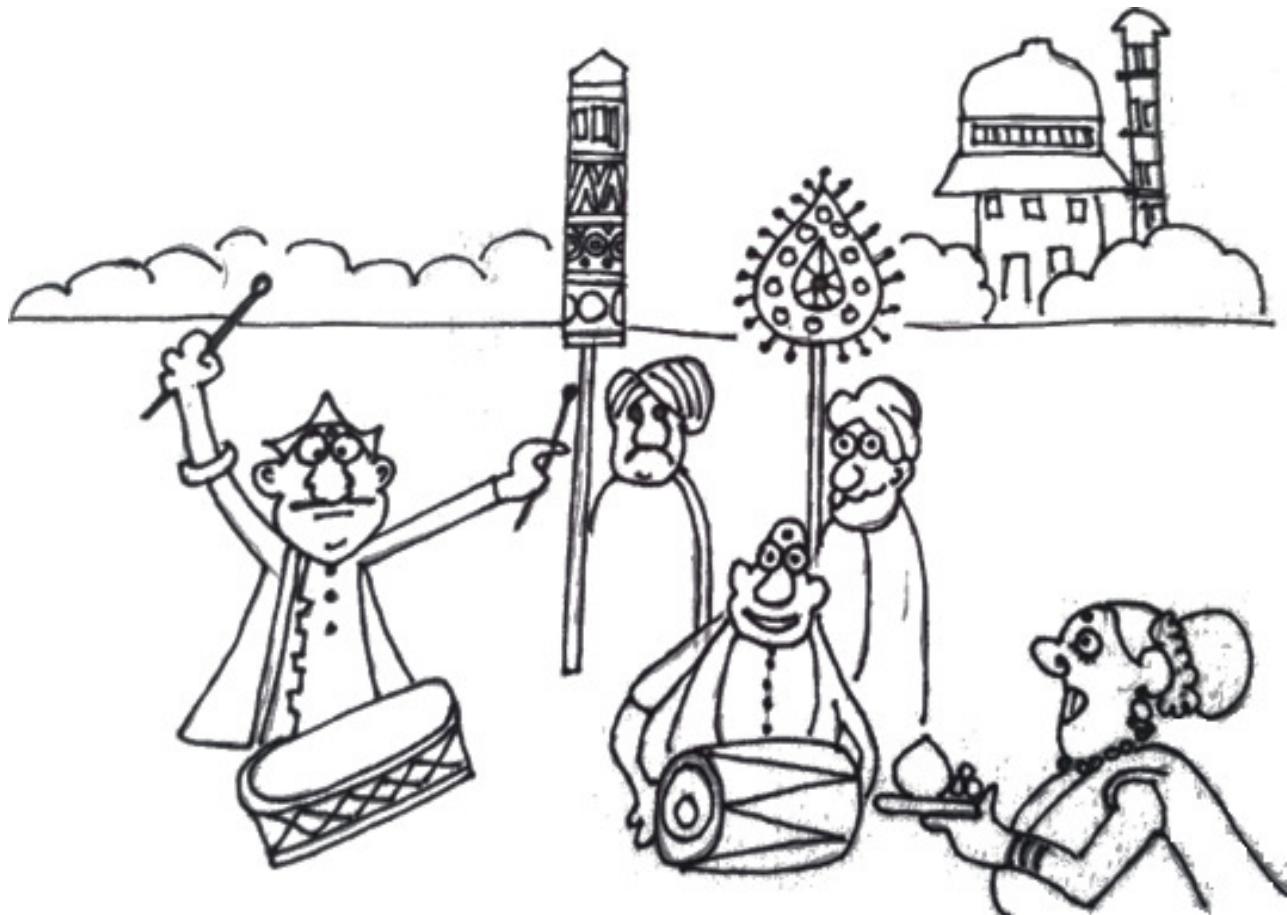
Every year, in the days near Holi Pournima, a few villages in Goa celebrate what is known as the Gadyaanchi Jatra or the Feast of the Gades. Gades are generally male members from a few designated families in a village that take part in the ceremonies of the feast. The Jatra in the Villages of Kudnem, Sal, Pilgao and canacona are especially popular. Having witnessed the one at Canacona a few years back and having heard so much about the ones at Kudnem and Sal, I hoped to attend them this year. The cocktail of bizarre rituals, the fear factor, and genuine interest in local traditions make for a heady mix. And so we set out to experience the gadyaanchi jatra of Kudnem, a village near the town of Sanquelim in Goa's Bicholim Taluka, on the evening of 26th March 2013.

Before

The unique thing about the Jatra at Kudnem is that the main rituals are carried out in darkness, lit by moonlight only. No other light sources are allowed. No electric lights, no fire....and no cellphones- or cameras. We honestly didn't know what to expect, and hence we arrived in the village before sunset, at about 6.30pm. The festivities happen in front of the Kudneshwar Mahadev temple in the village. Right in front of the Temple was a small pit. We were told that the ceremonial pillar is buried in this pit and the Holi, the festive pyre is lit around it. The Gades then dance around this pillar for the entire night. It was to be the epicenter of the festivities for the night. A clear area had been demarcated around the pit and an approach road to and from the pit was also demarcated. However, the strange thing was that almost the entire area outside the demarcated zones had been covered in mattresses, tarpaulin sheets etc. by villagers, as a form of reservation for their place for the night's spectacle. This was clearly a big deal. But other than that, the village seemed quite empty. We were the only outsiders there at that point. We asked around about parking space and what to expect. We were told that the rituals begin at after 12 pm. We clearly had a long time to pass. We went to a nearby town, had our dinner, and returned at about 8.30pm. The villagers had made arrangement for parking in a nearby field. Ours was the very first car for the evening and the arrangements seemed rather optimistic. We wondered whether so many people even turn up for the ritual. We were in for shock, but more on that later.

We were by now quite anxious, and the silent night only added to the drama. A village kid walked up to the car and asked us to 'switch off the car'. He was basically asking us to make sure that under no circumstances the car should light up in the middle of the night, a common occurrence with today's electronically protected cars. He said to switch off any cellphones that we were leaving behind in the cars. If anything in the car lights up while the Gades are out at night, they would destroy the car, he warned us. That sent a chill down my spine. I regretted getting my car, and prayed I would see it again the next morning.

Nevertheless, after passing some time, we walked back to the temple by 9.30pm. The area was slightly more crowded by now, but still relatively empty. We found an empty piece of sitting area that wasn't reserved, right in front of the ceremonial pit. We had the front row seats to the event, and I couldn't stop wondering why they weren't taken first. It was a discomforting thought, but we sat there nevertheless. From then on, began a long, monotonous wait. We had left behind our phones in the car- batteries removed, just in case. Leaving the seats would mean losing them, and so we sat there, doing nothing but talking. In hindsight, I feel the ideal time to come would have been around 10.30pm. That would be early enough to get a good seat, yet late enough to not be bored to death. As the clock ticked by, crowds started gathering around us, and how. What was a sparsely crowded area at 9.30pm, had close to 3000 people by 11pm!



The crowd, somehow diluted our anxiety. The streetlights were still on, and there was no hint of the spooky night we had come to expect. We waited. 12pm came and yet there was no hint of any activity. Finally, after a long time of sitting idly, the drum beats started at 1.30am. The villagers carried a long bark of a tree that was to become the Holi pillar. It was really long, approximately as tall as 3 to 4 storey building. I couldn't fathom how they were going to erect THIS long a pillar without the help of a crane or any other mechanism. The crowds standing in front of me made sure I couldn't see it either, so that remains a secret. But after a Herculean effort and half an hour's work, they managed to erect it. The tall pillar made for a majestic sight. The holi fire was lit and put off, rituals performed and the crowd were cleared out of the demarcated area. We now had a clear view :)

During

At 2am, the game began. Without a warning, the lights went out. All phones switched off, all fires extinguished. The crowd, which had swelled to about 5000 by now, went quite. The drums around the pillar, began playing an eerie rhythm, a beat every alternate second. Some villagers around the pillar, began singing the Namans, or incantations. One by one, the Gades, dressed in pure white dhotis and shirts walked up to the center and stood there. Within a few minutes, one by one, they started collapsing to the floor. The villagers took off the shirts of the fallen Gades. They were now 'possessed'. One by one, they started dancing around the pillar, in perfect sync to the drum beats. As their number rose, the excitement went up. I was expecting about 20-30 of them. Turns out, there were about 240.

Within minutes, they were in their 'zone'. 240 odd men, clad in white dhotis, dancing in perfect sync around the pillar, making strange sounds and wearing a completely detached look on their faces. Their movements reflected the tempo of the beats, quickening and slowing to the tune of the namans. Then the Devchaar began his games.

The belief is that on the night of Holi pournima, the ghosts are let out in the open by Lord Mahadev. They possess the bodies of the Gades. The Devchaar plays around with the ghosts by showing them light at a distance (which explains the complete ban on other light sources). The Gades, chase the light sources, which extinguish within seconds. During the chase, the Devchaar takes a few of the Gades, which go missing. The Devchaar eventually returns them by showing the light again. If not returned within 3 days, the missing gades are considered to be dead.

The distant lights, are an unexplained phenomenon, shrouded in mystery. Every few minutes, at a distance from the gathering, high up in tree canopies, bright embers of fire emerged without a warning. The moment the light appears, the Gades dancing around the pillar break their formation and madly chase the light. It is a sight to behold. I could personally see the light source only twice, as the crowd made it impossible to see, most of the time. The light fades off within seconds, and the Gades return to their formation. This sequence- Dance, appearance of light, chase, and back to dance- happened about 10 times. The mysterious lights, the mad scramble of the Gades make for a part of the allure of the ritual.

At 4am in the morning, began the really scary part of the night. The Gades, broke their formation and went away running into the darkness. They supposedly go the village graveyard, to dig up

the dead bodies. They returned half an hour later. Each of them, carried what is said to be a part from a dead human body. Most carried flesh, a few carried locks of long human hair, bones and skulls. The scariest was a severed human hand and leg. They continued their dance around the pillar, their piece firmly in their hand. Some fell to floor, got up, and continued dancing. It was a sight that could well be from some zombie movie. The stench of rotting human flesh was all over. The experienced villagers had carried bottles of perfume, which they generously sprayed. Just imagine the sight. Pitch dark night lit only by the full moon, 240 odd gades, dressed in blood stained white dhotis, carrying pieces of human body, dancing to eerie drum beats. You don't see such sights every day in your life.

After a few minutes, the namans directed the Gades to return the body parts to their graveyards. The Gades obliged. Once they returned, they continued their dance for a few more minutes. Eventually, they all fainted to the floor and woke up within minutes to their normal selves again. By 6 am, it was over.

After

Once we got back to our car through the crazy crowd, the million thoughts started buzzing our minds. What the heck had we just seen? Was it all real? Was it a dream? Are ghosts and spirits for real?

The logic of our pragmatic minds refused to accept that it had anything to do with supernatural forces. The ban on light sources seemed more to keep the mystery intact than anything else. It is really difficult to distinguish real body parts from fake ones in the glow of moonlight alone. And the Gades seemed careful to not trample the crowds even in their 'trance'.

But some questions remained unanswered. What about the stench of the flesh? How is it possible for men to dance and run around all night long and not pant for breath? Not once during the night did the Gade collide with one another during their dance. Can 240 men really pull off THIS elaborate a ritual for an entire night without exchanging a single word or without a central command? If it were indeed a piece of choreography, is it really possible for so many men and their families to not spill the beans over so many years?

As a friend put it, it is all way to bizarre to be real, yet way too remarkable to be completely fake. Real or not, I had personally never experienced anything like it before. It was spooky, adventurous, exciting.....stuff great stories are made up of. Also, it is always a great feeling to experience the ingenious traditions of one's own people. These rituals are what makes us unique and special. They are our cultural endowments that we received from our ancestors. Such socio-religious customs punctuate the otherwise mundane day to day life for the rural folks. And it was great to spend a 'spirit'ed night with them.

Food, Glorious Food!



Purnima Kamat Tarkar

Food is an important topic of discussion in Goa. Whenever two Goans meet, they cannot complete a conversation without mentioning what they had in their last meal. More specifically, the fish that they had eaten takes precedence over everything else. "Aaz nuste kite haadla?" is one of the most common icebreakers in our wonderful land of sussegad goenkars.

Even though we get a lot of different types of fish in the US, it cannot compare to the taste of the delectable sungtache hooman (shrimp curry) that your mother can make back home in Goa. When you look at the thick, yellow coconut gravy that holds the freshest of shrimp, with tangy ambaade(hog plum) to add a kick to the whole dish, you cannot control the holy water that involuntarily rolls in your mouth. Next to it, the crispy fried visvон (kingfish), bides its time, just



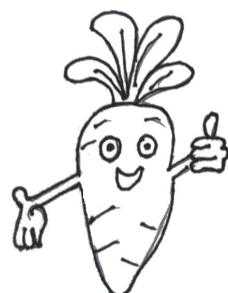
waiting to bask in all the attention. The brown outer layer of semolina mixed with exotic spices that enhance its flavor tempt you like a courtesan in Shah Jehan's palace. Truly, it is the king of all fishes. Why else would it sit so majestically in your metal plate (taat), daring you to eat it without relishing every delicious bite?. And of course, the spicy kurleche tonak, or crab curry has to make its presence felt in this

happy union of senses. One look at the white shell spotted with red dots, and you understand what falling in love is all about. The taambdi bhaji just culminates this amazing spread of glorious food with its sweet taste. One bite, and you know that this is something that is healthy for you while it dances happily on your taste buds. All you need now is plain white rice and garlic-kokum kadhi to take you to the culinary heaven on earth, also known as my mother's kitchen.

The vegetarian delights are not to be left far behind. Our very own khatkhate boasts of being a dose of goodness in health as well as taste. The slipperiness of the moondli(taro) and the sweetness of the yellow corn are enough to bring a person down to their knees, thanking the lord above for this bounty. The pinkish red beetroot swims along with the carrots, while the smell of our indigenous tefla(green sichuan pepper) wafts through this mixture of dal and chana(peas), enchanting you with their mystical powers. Next to it, the



assorted bhajin vie for your attention as they jump out at you in terms of smell, color and taste. The potato bhaje, with the thick outer batter impregnated with the starchy and salty slice of the most delicious underground stem ever entrances you. On the other hand, the mirchi(chilli) bhaji hypnotize you with their irresistible call of spice that you simply cannot ignore. And how can you forget the bitter but salty karatyacho fodi (bitter gourd)? The ridges on the skin of this peculiarly tasty fruit just mesmerize as they demand your devotion



like never before. The okra joins us in this magnificent medley of senses by adding sweetness to your plate with its characteristic slippery texture that is also very useful for relieving a number of ailments, if you know what I mean. The wadiyancho ros just melts in your mouth as you savor every bite of the homemade wadiyo, appreciating the explosion of flavors that burst while you beg for sweet mercy. Our very own fonnachi kadhi (kokum curry, with mustard seeds tempered in mouth-watering coconut oil) makes this sumptuous meal rise to its crescendo.

In the monsoons, when the skies are grey and the days are drenched with the heavy drops of rain, there is no fish available in the market. But fear not as we Goans have prepared well in advance for these adversities. Purumet, or the collection of dried fish and other goodies that we have foraged through the summer are put to good use during such testing times. A typical Goan meal comprises of the ultimate bangdyachi kismoor with dal-kanyacho ros. The elusive salty and fishy taste of the kharo bangdo(dried mackerel) draws you towards itself like the world's strongest magnet pulls at a flimsy paperclip that has lost all control over its actions. The concoction of the onion and dal in the ros act like paraphernalia, and you get so high after this meal that you have to pay respects to your ancestors by taking the ritualistic afternoon siesta.



As they always say, last but not the least, how can we talk about Goan food and not mention the array of desserts that our motherland offers? From tanlacho payas to shevyanchi kheer, from bebinca to dodol and from caramel pudding to fruit salad with custard and jelly... I can go on forever, describing just the desserts and their aroma and taste. This is how we Goans live our lives. We are simple people with low expectations. We don't dwell on too many of life's problems, because we are too busy enjoying the beauty of this lovely world. More importantly, we are very busy cooking and eating our food, glorious food!



Best Wishes

To

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Recipes

Ganesh Chaturthi



Khatkhate



Bhuvana Yeshwant Kamat Tarkar

Ingredients:

- 1 cup Peas (soaked for 2-3 hours)
- 1 cup Dal (Lentils)
- Carrots, Turnip, Beetroot, Corn, Sweet Potato, Pumpkin, Raddish
- (and any other vegetable that you may



Method:

- Mix the peas with the dal and boil in a pressure cooker for 5 whistles.
- Chop all the vegetables. They need not be chopped finely. Big pieces taste better.
- Add the mixture of dal and peas.
- Prepare the vaatap by grinding the coconut, chili powder, tamarind, turmeric and black pepper.
- At the end, add the tephali (green Sichuan peppers) and grind only a little bit for the flavor of the tephali to release into the

want to add! You are not limited by the choice of ingredients which can be added to this dish.)

- Jaggery as per taste
- Salt as per taste
- For the vaatap:
 - 1 cup Coconut
 - 1 tsp Chili powder
 - 1 marble-sized ball of Tamarind
 - 1 tsp Turmeric
 - 10-12 Black peppercorns
 - 6-8 Tephali(Sichuan pepper)

vaatap.

- Now, add the vaatap to the mixture of vegetables and dal.
- Finally, add jiggery and salt as per taste.
- Serve hot.

Moonga- gathi



Akshata Colvalker

Ingredients

- 1 cup sprouted & de-skinned moong
- 1 cup grated fresh coconut
- Grated Jaggery as per taste
- Salt as per taste
- 1 tsp mustard seeds
- 8-10 curry leaves
- 2-3 slitted green chillies
- 2-3 red chillies
- 5-6 pepper
- 1 tsp coriander seeds
- Marble sized ball of tamarind
- Chopped coriander leaves for garnish
- Cashewnuts & coconut pieces (optional)



Method:

- In a pan, dry roast red chillies, pepper & coriander seeds.
- Once cooled, grind the above masala along with tamarind, grated coconut, 1/4 tsp haldi powder, little jaggery & salt as per taste.
- Pressure cook the moong for just one whistle n with very little water around 1-2 tsp. Excess water will make them mashy once pressure cooked.
- In a non stick pan, add the ground masala & enough water to make gravy consistency of the masala.
- Then add the green chillies & boiled moong.
- Check the taste & add salt or jaggery if required.
- Bring to a boil. You may add cashewnuts & coconut pieces if desired.
- Season with tadka of mustard seeds & curry leaves.
- Garnish with coriander leaves. Serve hot with puris for Ganesh chaturthi.

Manganey



Akshata Colvalker

Ingredients :

- 1/2 cup chana dal or Bengal gram (soaked & boiled)
- 1/4 cup sabudana (soaked in enough water so that they fluff up but are not soggy)
- 1/2 cup jaggery
- 1 cup coconut milk
- Pinch of cardamom pwd
- Pinch of salt
- 1/2 tbsp cashewnuts & raisins

Method:

- In a thick bottom pan, add chana dal, jaggery, sabudana, coconut milk & bring to a boil.
- Add the nuts, raisins, cardamom powder & salt. Mix well & boil for another few minutes & put off the flame.
- Serve hot or cold as per your liking.



Custard Nevri



Maya Shirsat

Ingredients:

For outer cover

- 1 cup maida
- 2-3tbsp hot ghee
- salt for taste

For stuffing

- 2 cups grated coconut
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup sugar
- crushed cashew nuts
- Elaichi powder

Method:

- Mix all the ingredients and make a dough and keep aside for one hour.
- Then make paste of custard powder& ghee and keep aside.
- In a pan heat all the ingredients till the mixture become dry keep aside
- Now make three balls of dough of maida and make big chapattis.
- Take one chapatti.
- Apply paste of custard powder and ghee then keep the second chapatti apply paste of custard powder and ghee then keep the third chapatti on it and apply paste of custard powder and ghee and make a roll of these chapattis.
- Then, cut into small pieces and roll them into small purees.
- Put stuffing in each puree apply water on the sides and close it like nevri and cut the sides and deep fry in medium hot ghee

Diwali



Ambadyachi Karam



Triveni Sardessai

Ingredients:

- ambade / hog plums - 10
- grated coconut - 1 cup
- dry red chilies - 10
- turmeric powder - 1 tsp
- peppercorns - 8
- fenugreek seeds- 1 tsp
- hing/ asafoetida - 1/ tsp
- mustard seeds - 2 tsp
- jaggery - 1 cup
- oil - 2 tsp
- salt

Method:

- Wash the ambade. Peel the skin of each.
- Slightly crush each ambado, just split the core.
- Collect the crushed plums along with the flesh that falls off while crushing into a bowl and keep aside.
- Heat a pan. Add 1 tsp oil.
- Add the remaining oil and add mustard seeds
- Fry the following ingredients one by one and keep aside:
 - dry red chilies for a minute
 - whole peppers
 - hing
 - fenugreek seeds
- Wait till they sputter and remove in a separate plate.
- Add the grated coconut and roast till golden brown.



Nutty Wheaty Ladoos



Pooja Nadkarni

Ingredients:

- 1 1/2 Cup(200 Grams)Whole wheat flour
- 1/3 Cup(43 Grams) Cashew Nuts
- 3/4 Cup (150 Grams)White Granulated Sugar
- 1/2 Cup(115 Grams) Ghee/Clarified Butter
- 1 Teaspoon cardamom powder

Method:

- Dry roast cashew nuts on a skillet on medium flame for 2-3 minutes. Remove and keep for cooling.
- Once cools down, grind it to fine powder.
- On the same skillet, dry roast flour on low flame till it changes color . Don't burn it. This will take 5-10 minutes.
- Once you get nice aroma of roasted flour, switch off the stove and keep aside till it cools down completely.
- Add sugar, cardamom powder and cashew nuts powder in the flour and mix well.
- Microwave ghee for 3-4 minutes or until it is very smoky hot.
- Pour over the flour mixture and mix well.
- Grease your palm with some ghee.
- When the mixture is still warm, make ladoos by taking a golf ball size mixture on your palm and give it round ball shape.
- Repeat for all.
- Once the ladoos cool down completely, store them in the airtight container.
- Enjoy the festival with these delicious and healthy ladoos.

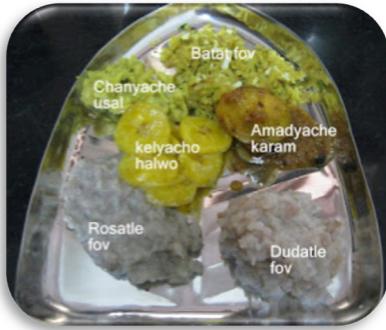
Rosatle Fov



Triveni Sardessai

Ingredients:

- fov (beaten rice) - 2 cups
- coconut milk - (thick) 1 cup
- coconut milk - (thin) 2 cups
- jaggery - 1 cup
- cardamom powder - 1 tbsp
- salt - pinch
- turmeric leaf (if available)



Method:

- Beaten rice is washed two times and wet beaten rice is kept aside for 10 minutes.
- Grind one scraped coconut by adding water. Extract milk. This will be thick. Keep aside.
- Grind again by adding more water. Now the milk will be thinner. Keep aside.
- Take a thick bottomed pan and pour the thin coconut milk in it.
- Add the jaggery and stir. Keep the vessel on stove for cooking.
- As the contents begin to boil, add the beaten rice.
- Let it cook for 5 to 8 minutes till all the jaggery is melted.
- Add little salt. Jaggery has some salt content so add very carefully.
- Add a 4 inch piece of turmeric leaf.
- Add the thick coconut milk.
- Cook till it begins to boil and then put off the burner.
- Sprinkle cardamom powder.
- Cool and serve.

Kalayle Fov



Triveni Sardessai

Ingredients:

- fov (beaten rice) - 2 cups
- grated coconut (fresh) - 1 cup
- jaggery - 1/2 cup
- cardamom powder - 1 tsp
- salt as per taste

Method:

- Wash the beaten rice and keep aside.
- Grate coconut.
- Add jaggery and mix it nicely with the coconut with your hands by mashing.
- Mix in the slit green chilly and cardamom powder.
- Add the beaten rice.
- Add salt to taste.

Dudhatle fov



Triveni Sardessai

Ingredients:

- fov (beaten rice) - 2 cups
- milk - 1/2 litre
- sugar - 2 cups
- cardamom powder - 1 tbsp

Method:

- Beaten rice is washed two times and wet beaten rice is kept aside for 10 minutes.
- Keep milk for heating in a large pan.
- As the milk starts boiling add sugar.
- Stir and dissolve the sugar.
- Add the beaten rice.
- Let it cook for 5 minutes and then put off the burner.
- Sprinkle cardamom powder.
- Serve warm or chilled.

Mysore Pak



Pooja Nadkarni

Ingredients:

- 1 1/2 Cup (192 Grams) Besan/Gram Flour
- •2 Cups (400 Grams) granulated White sugar
- •1/2 Cup Water
- •1/2 Cup Oil+1/2 cup Ghee(Clarified Butter)



Method:

- Take besan in a bowl and mix about 2 Tablespoons of oil in it.
- Sieve it using strainer to remove any lumps.
- Take Sugar in a heavy bottom pan, add water and mix well.
- Cook on medium high heat until it reaches 1 string consistency. This will take about 2 minutes.
- Reduce the heat to low.
- In the meantime, in the other vessel boil ghee and oil together on high heat. This will take around a minute.
- Make sure that it is very hot.
- Lower the heat to medium.
- Keep adding besan in sugar syrup little at a time, stirring continuously to make sure that no lumps are formed.
- Once you see small bubbles in besan as shown above in right side picture, that means it is time to pour in hot oil+ghee .
- Pour oil+ghee one ladle at a time in the besan while stirring it.
- Cook till mixture becomes frothy and oil separates.
- When you see that besan is changing color slightly, immediately pour it into a square pan.
- Let it cool down for 10 minutes.
- Then make slight cuts with knife. Do not yet remove them

out till it hardens up.

- After 30 Minutes(Or when it is cooled completely) Remove the pieces out., remove the pieces out on a plate.
- Enjoy your Mysore Pak.
- Note: Never remove your attention from the mysore pak making process because it takes just few minutes to cook it. Keep stirring continuously. And make sure it remains frothy while adding hot oil+ghee.

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Head Office

Next to Anantashram, Vasco-da-Gama, Goa 403 602 • T : +91 832 25149 32 • F : +91 832 251 28 76

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info@vinsanworld.com | www.vinsanworld.com



Christmas



Bolinhas



Xanti Fernandes e Pinto

Ingredients:

- 250 grams rawa (Fine semolina)
- 250 grams Sugar
- 250 grams Shredded fresh coconut
- 1 Tbsp Ghee (Clarified butter)
- 3 Egg yolks
- 1 Egg white (Well beaten till frothy)
- 4 Tbsp All-purpose flour
- 1 Tsp Baking Powder
- 1 tsp Cardamom powder

Method:

- Make sugar syrup by heating the sugar in 1/2 a cup of water till it boils.
- Add the Rawa to the sugar syrup and mix it well.
- Grind the coconut with 1/4 cup water.
- Add the ground coconut to rawa mixture, mix well. Add salt and ghee, stir well. Take mixture off the fire. Let it cool. Leave this mixture aside for at least 6 hours or overnight in fridge.
- Then mix the egg yolks with the bolinha mixture.
- Next, add cardamom powder, all-purpose flour and



- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp Salt

Bebinca



Vaibhavi Parkar

Ingredients:

- Flour 200gms
- Eggs yolks 10
- Sugar 400gms
- Coconut milk 400ml
- Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp
- Nutmeg Powder $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp
- Salted Butter to apply between each layer 1 stick
- For caramel: 4-5 tsp sugar and 2-3 tsp of water



Method:

For the caramel:

- Heat a small pan, add sugar to it. Once sugar starts to melt add little water to it and keep stirring. The color of the sugar starts getting brown. If the caramel is getting too thick add few drops of water. Make the caramel on low flame. Make sure the caramel does not burn. But the color should be nice and bright brown.

For the bebinca:

- Add the egg yolks to a mixing bowl. Beat it for 1-2 minutes.
- Add sugar to it. Mix well
- Add the coconut milk, nutmeg powder and salt. Mix all the ingredients well. I use the ready made can of coconut milk.
- Divide this mixture into two halves. To one half add the caramel. So make the caramel only when the base mixture is ready. Mix it well.
- Caramel is added so that every alternate layer is brown. Better the brown color of the caramel, bebinca will get beautiful pattern of layers.
- Preheat the convection oven to 400 degF. I use the broil setting.
- Bebinca needs to be baked with heat on the top and not the way conventional cakes are baked. Traditionally back in Goa , people use special ovens for Bebinca. Since we don't have it here in US , we use the small convection oven.
- Take a deep baking pan. Grease the baking pan with melted butter.
- Pour a layer of the light colored mixture. The layer should not more 3mm thick. This layer needs to be baked nicely so

baking powder to the mixture. Stir well. Add beaten egg white to the mixture. Preheat oven at 375 deg F (190 deg C).

- To shape the bolinhos, take about 1 tbsp each of the bolinha dough, place on a flour sprinkled surface and shape it, make diamonds using toothpick.
- Place bolinhos on a baking tray sprinkled with some flour. Bake for 15 mins with base heat , then for a nice brown color on top for bolinhos, turn ON the top heat of over for about a min.
- Cool the bolinhos completely on a wire rack. Store in air tight container.

that the bebinca becomes firm. It may take about 10-15 minutes to cook the first layer depending on the Oven. Don't close the oven door

- Remove the baking pan out , apply a nice layer of melted butter, pour a layer of the dark colored mixture. Again bake this for 10 minutes.
- Repeat the process of applying butter and pouring the mixture. Every time alternate the dark and light colored mixture. And bake each layer for 5-10 minutes or till it is baked to become firm. The top layers will cook faster as they get closer to the heat so keep a watch.
- Enjoy the finest desert Goa has to offer right at your home.

Doce



Xanti Fernandes e Pinto

Ingredients:

- 1kg chana dal (split gram dal)
- 2kg granulated white sugar
- 8 coconuts grated
- 200 gm ghee
- 2 tsp cardamom powder



Method:

- Boil the chana dal until soft. Grind to a fine paste. Grate the coconuts and grind to a fine paste.
- Mix the ground coconut, sugar and chana dal well. Keep on a slow fire and keep stirring continuously with a spatula or flat wooden spoon.
- After half an hour of stirring add the ghee and cardamom powder. Continue stirring till the mixture until it starts leaving the sides of the pan and forms a ball.
- Spread some ghee on kitchen surface and roll the mixture out while still hot. Keep for about 10 minutes and then make design using a fork. Cut diamond shaped pieces. Cool completely. Store in airtight container and serve when required.

Best Wishes
To
Goon Convention 2016
from
Dr. Anil and Vanita
Shirwaikar
Woodbury, NY



Best wishes
For a
Very successful
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