



শারদ শুভেচ্ছা

BICHITRA INC. 2017



**Happy
Durga
Puja!**

Platinum Sponsor

*Vakratunda Mahakaya
Surya Koti Sama Prabha
Nirvighnam Kuru Me Deva
Sarva Karyesu Sarvada*



Venue: Bloomfield Hills High School; 4200 Andover Road,
Bloomfield Hills, MI 48302
(Enter the parking lot from Long Lake Road, just west of Andover Road.)

Dates: September 29, 30 - October 1, 2017

Suggested Donations (\$\$):

	<u>3 days</u>	<u>Friday</u>	<u>Saturday</u>	<u>Sunday</u>
Family – Non-student	250	50	150	100
Individual – Non-student	125	25	75	50
Family - Student	70	20	40	30
Individual - Student	35	10	20	15

If you are paying by check, please write the check in favor of "Bichitra Inc." and mail it to *Leema Bose, 47159 Northumberland, Novi, MI, 48374*

Schedules:

Friday:

7:30 pm : Bodhon
8:00 pm : Cultural Prog. – Tapanprobho Dey
9:00 pm : Dinner

Sunday:

11:30 am : Puja
01:00 pm : Anjali
01:30 am : Prasad
02:00 pm : Lunch
03:15 pm : Cultural Prog.
Debashish & Rohini Raichaudhury (Kolkata)
04:30 pm : Cultural prog. - Drama
06:30 pm : Cultural Prog. – Local Artists
08:00 pm : Dinner

Saturday:

10:30 am : Pujo
12:30 am : Anjali
01:00 pm : Prasad
02:00 pm : Lunch
04:45 pm : Cultural Prog. - Drama
06:30 pm : Aarti
07:00 pm : Cultural Prog. – Band
Dhol Tasha
08:00 pm : Dinner
09:30 pm : Featured Programs
Parnava Banerjee
(Kolkata)

Contact:

Debashish Bhattacharya, President, Bichitra Inc.;
Mob: 586-219-0195 email: talmal13@hotmail.com

Leema Bose, Treasurer
Mob: 2248-227-7083 email: leemabose@yahoo.com

Sourav Banerjee, General Secretary
Mob: 979-324-9270 email: generalsecretary@bichitrainc.org

Please visit *bichitrainc.org* and the Facebook page(@michbongs) for more information

Letter from the President

Dear Bichitra Inc. family,

On behalf of Bichitra Inc executive committee I welcome you to Durga Pujo 2017!



While we all wait for the Bengalis' biggest celebration of the year to renew our ties with members of our big family, worship, eat and enjoy together, I cannot but reflect on the big losses the BINC family had to bear this year.

We lost three stalwarts of Bichitra Inc. and the larger Bengali community, Dilip Mullick, Avijit Mookerjee and Swarup Saha. They were not only big philanthropists, but loved the Bengali community and supported it in every joint venture, be it the Bengali Sammelan 2007, Kalibari, or the more recent natak festival, besides supporting BINC during Durga Pujo. On behalf of Bichitra Inc. I salute them and will forever miss them.

I thank my executive committee, all subcommittee chairs and all volunteers without whose untiring work and dedication the organization and management of this 3 day festival would not have been possible.

I look forward to meeting each one of you during the festival.

May Goddess Durga bless all of you with good health and prosperity in the coming year.

Debashish Bhattacharya.

Executive Committee:

President: Debashish Bhattacharya

Vice President: Abhijit Biswas

General Secretary: Saurav Banerjee

Treasurer: Leema Bose



Members:

Arunabha Sau

Debopam Mukherjee

Adhip Majumdar

Krishna Roy

Debasish Talapatra



Board of Trustees:

Sukla Doshi (Chairperson)

Jayanta Chandra

Mahesh Bhattacharyya

Indrani Ganguli

Ratula Choudhuri



Subcommittee Chair:

Puja: Sumi Mukherjee

Venue: Sharbari Maitra Joshi

**Food: Shyamal Sarkar, Kalyan De, Arup
Gangopadhyay**

Fund Raising: Subimal Dinda



Subcommittee Chair:

Storage: Sujay Dutta

Entertainment: Rita Bhattacharyya

Decoration: Swarup Saha, Krishna Roy

Brochure: Pali Talapatra



Subcommittee Chair:

**Nomination: Dolly Biswas, Jayato
Mukherjee**

**Dhak and Kashor: Shankha Das, Debasish
Talapatra**





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Chronological List of Bichitra Inc. Office-Bearers

As a tax-exempt 501 (C) (3) organization, Bichitra Inc. is run by its executive committee members elected according to its constitution. Our organization is also supported by volunteers who form various working committees as well as by a board of trustees that serves as a long-term advisory group. Below is a list of our past and current office-bearers. As you can see, there are few gaps in the list resulting from lack of institutional memory. Should you have information about any of the missing positions, please notify our Secretary or one of us.

<i>Year Elected</i>	<i>President</i>	<i>Vice President</i>	<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Treasurer</i>
1974	Saradindu Dutta	Sunil Ganguli	Ranjit Roy	Dibyajyoti Aichbhaumik
1975	Saradindu Dutta	Sunil Ganguli	Ranjit Roy	Dibyajyoti Aichbhaumik
1976	Sunil Ganguli	Hamendra Basu	Kaniska Bishi	Ranjit Roy
1977	Biswanath Mitra	Swakat Hussain	Sunil Mukherjee	Dhiren Roy
1978	Sukla Dutta	Biswanath Roy	Shibani Ghosh	Pijush Choudhury
1979	Sajal Choudhury	Satyabrat Maitra	Amiya Pal	Kalyan Ghosh
1980	Sajal Choudhury	Satyabrat Maitra	Amiya Pal	Kalyan Ghosh
1981	Sajal Choudhury	Satyabrat Maitra	Amiya Pal	Kalyan Ghosh
1982	Ranjit Roy	Ranjit Sil	Susmita Mookerjee	Hemen Basu
1983	Ranjit Roy	Ranjit Sil	Susmita Mookerjee	Probir Guha
1984	Satyabrata Maitra	Nandalal Bagchi	Rene Guha	
1985	Nandalal Bagchi	Subimal Dinda		
1986	Subimal Dinda	Sati Datta	Susmita Mookerjee	
1987	Sati Datta	Sukhamaya Pal	Pradip Sengupta	Adhip Majumdar
1988	Subhendu Guha	Meena Khasnabis	Shibani Ghosh	Adhip Majumdar
1989	Susmita Mookerjee	Pradip Sengupta	Raj Roychoudhury	Sukla Dutta
1990	Pradip Sengupta	Ruma Mukhopadhyay	Rita Chakrabarti	
1991	Adhip Majumdar	Tapan Datta	Manju Saha	
1992	Tapan Datta	Manju Saha	Jayashree Guha	Subrata Sengupta
1993	Avijit Mookerjee	Krishna Roy	Amit Ghosh	
1994	Shibani Ghosh	Indrani Sengupta	Mitha Sarker	
1995	Krishna Roy	Mitha Sarker	Rupa Roychoudhury	
1996	Snehamay Khasnabis	Probir Guha	Pranab Gupta	Indrani Sengupta
1997	Probir Guha	Diptimoy Deb	Amit Roy	Anupal Gayen
1998	Chandan Saha	Uttam Mukhopadhyay	Mahesh Bhattacharyya	Jayoto Mukherjee
1999	Jayanta Chandra	Susmita Mookerjee	Chayan Roychoudhury	Arindam Guptaroy
2000	Shyamal Sarkar	Pranab Gupta	Arup Gangopadhyay	Rajshekhar Roychoudhury
2001	Debashish Ghosh	Gopa Chandra	Pradip Sengupta	
2002	P. K. Guha	Pradip Shyamal	Susmita Mookerjee	Anupal Gayen
2003	Indranil Barman	Subrata Sengupta	Shamistha Mukherjee	Adhip Majumder
2004	Arup Gangopadhyay	Rupa Roychoudhury	Devyani Saha	Aparna Deb
2005	Mahesh Bhattacharya	Sharmistha Mukherjee	Anindita Das	Biswajit Choudhuri
2006	Debajit Guha	Dipanjan De Chowdhury	Jayeeta Champati	Prasun Ghosh
2007	Rupa Roychoudhury	Arup Gangopadhyay	Swarupa Das	Barun Saha
2008	Sharmistha Mukherjee	Rita Bhattacharya	Anindita Das	Shyamal Das
2009	Paula Gangopadhyay	Sharbari Joshi	Indrani Ganguli	Krishna Roy
2010	Kalyan De	Sukla Doshi	Purba Mears	Krishna Roy
2011	Sharbari Joshi	Adhip Majumder	Anindita Das	Niladri Das
2012	Sharbari Joshi	Adhip Majumder	Anindita Das	Sharbari Joshi
2013	Amitabha N. Ray	Shoma Scherba	Sujay Datta	Krishna Roy
2014	Amitabha N. Ray	Shoma Scherba	Sujay Datta	Krishna Roy
2015	Niladri Das	Shankha Das	Shashank Joshi	Leema Bose
2016	Debashish Bhattacharya	Sujay Datta	Debopam Mukhopadhyay	Leema Bose
2017	Debashish Bhattacharya	Abhijit Biswas	Sourav Banerjee	Leema Bose



**BICHITRA INC. WOULD LIKE
TO THANK OUR VOLUNTEERS**

DEBASHISH BHATTACHARYA, ABHIJIT BISWAS, SOURAV BANERJEE, LEEMA BOSE, ARUNAVA SAU, DEBOPAM MUKHERJEE, KRISHNA ROY, ADHIP MAJUMDAR, DEBASISH TALAPATRA, SUMI MUKHERJEE, PRIYANKA DEY, DULU DINDA, MALA SENGUPTA, RUPA ROYCHOUHDURY, JAYATO MUKHERJEE, SUBIMAL DINDA, SUKLA DOSHI, SUKLA DUTTA, GOPA CHANDRA, SHARBARI MAITRA-JOSHI, SUJAY DUTTA, NILADRI DAS, RATULA CHOUDHURI, BISWAJIT CHOUDHURI, MAHESH BHATTACHARYYA, BARUN SAHA, JAYANTA CHANDRA, SOMAK BANERJI, NEAL GANGULI, MONTY GANGULI, ILA GUHA, BIPASHA GUPTAROY, SRIRADHA GUHA, MEENA KHASNABIS, RANJAN MITRA, SOMA NAG, SHAMALIMA MITRA, SNIGDHA NEIL RAY,



RITA BHATTACHARYYA, ANUBHAV SINHA, SHYAMAL SARKAR, ARUP GANGOPADHYAY, KALYAN DE, RAJAT DEY, DOLLY BISWAS, SEPHALI SIL, RANJIT ROY, PURBA MEARS, SAIKAT DEY, PALI TALAPATRA, MITHA SARKAR, APARNA DEB, ANINDITA BASU, PRABAL BASU, SUPRIYO BISWAS, ANITA BISWAS, OLI BANERJEE, PROBAL CHANDA, KAUSHIK BOSE, SUPRATIK CHAMPATI, SWARUPA DAS, KAJARI DEY, JAYEETA GHOSH, PAULA GANGOPADHYAY, NILANJANA ROY, DEVYANI SAHA, MADALASA SAHA, AMITABHA NEIL RAY, RUMA DUTTAGUPTA, MADHU SCHERBA, CHRIS SCHERBA



With a deep sense of sadness, we note the passing of three members of our Bichitra Inc. family....

DILIP MULLICK

Dilip Mullick, 67 of Saline, Michigan passed away peacefully on April 4, 2017 after a two-year battle with pancreatic cancer. Dilip was a humble and unassuming personality with an infectious smile. He deeply cared about the preservation of our cultural heritage, and through his philanthropic activities he provided enormous support for numerous community activities. His charitable legacy will live on through The Mullick Foundation and Michigan Kalibari Temple. Dilip Mullick leaves behind his wife Mona, and his two sons Joey (Vasvi) and Rick.



SWARUP SAHA

Swarup Saha, 48, of Novi, Michigan passed away suddenly on August 14, 2017. Swarup will be remembered for his heartwarming smile, his unassuming demeanor, his philanthropic activities in support of community events, his passion for arts, and his singlehanded Pujó decorations for the past few years. Swarup will be also remembered for his outstanding fielding performance on the cricket field during the 2017 BINC tournament. Swarup Saha leaves behind his beloved wife of 19 years, Reshmi, and his daughters Swagata and Sanjana.



AVIJIT MOOKERJI

Avijit Mookerjee, 70, of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, passed away on August 30, 2017, in Kolkata, India. He will be remembered as a generous supporter of Indian culture and social activities in Michigan. His philanthropy of Indian cultural and social activities, his passion for gardening, and his participation in various social activities have made him a beloved member of the Bichitra Inc. family. Avijit and his wife Susmita had recently moved to Orlando, Florida to be near their son Joey, daughter-in-law Alexandra, and their grandson Henry Ambika.





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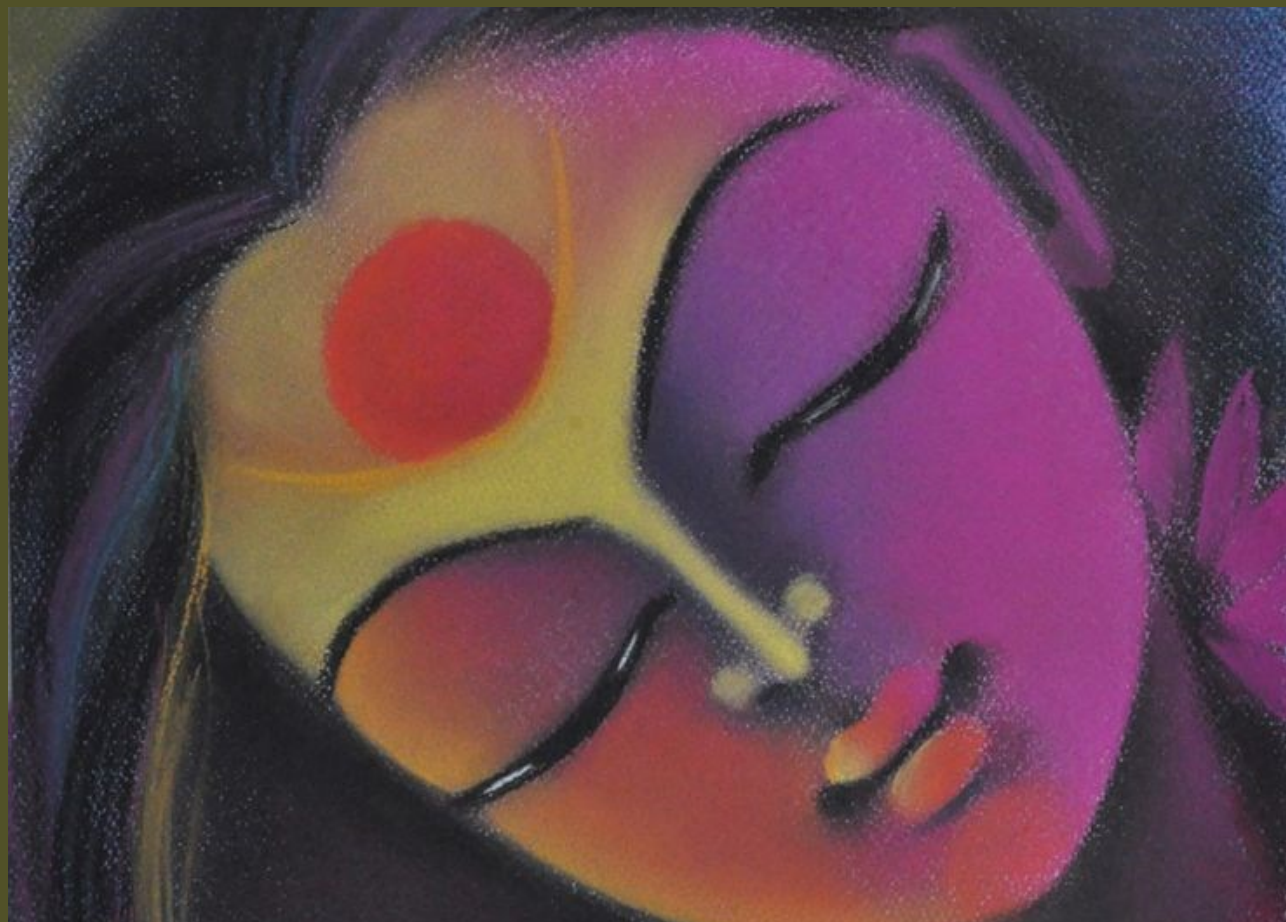
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PRANAB AND ISHITA GUPTA

AMIYA AND MONIDEEPA HAJRA

DILIP HARI



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SANDEEP AND NILANJANA ROY

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BARUN AND DEVYANI SAHA

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SHYAMAL AND MITHA SARKAR

CHRIS AND MADHU SCHERBA

KALLOL AND PINKY SET

RANAJIT AND SEPHALI SIL



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PROBAL AND ADITI CHANDA

SIKHAR UPOHAS

Chotto sishur chotto kadhe mosto bhari bag ,
Mosto bag e prochur boi.....prochur sikha tate ,
Hotath kore hath ta dhore jigyas korlam ma ke ,
Ai bhar kei ki tobe sikha bole ??
Protutore ferot pelam ma r uttor aj ke ,
Paser basay amr bondhu ritam o je sei kaj tai kore ,
Tobe seo hoyto sei bhar kei sikha bole mane ;

Porte porte biroкто holam aj ,
Porikhar folafol je bhanglo aj somosto bandh ,
Ma bolechen oi dakh ritam peyeche mosto nombor tai
hobe se sofol ,
Amr kom nombor e aj ma r valobasay holam ami bifol ;

Sikha tumi chotto sobdo.....mane je tomar prochur
boro ,
Satti ki tomake bujhte hole porte hobe boi r sei godbadha
godyo .

-Sayandeep Patra



SATTI KI SANTO

Judho aj sesh holo ,
Santo ai mon holo ,
Judho khetro aj mritodeher bhire akotrito ,
Judho majhe sei ronokhetro ti aj sosan e porinoto ,
Rokto bonyar majhe cholechi ami ekla hete ,
Mritodeho gulo jano hathchani diye dakche amay bar e
bar e ,
Shitol amr hather choya ,
Osrubheja chokhe aj osru ke notun kore khujte chaoya ,
Mritodeho gulo aj amay dekhe korche ekti matro prosno ,
" Satti ki holo ai prithibi aj santo ?? " ,
Rokto bonyar majhe dariye chuye fellam nijer hrid
spondon ,
Stombito bhab niye bole uthlam aj ,
" Tomader majhe roye amr o je sei eki prosno roilo " .

- Sayandeep Patra

4:30 PM ✓



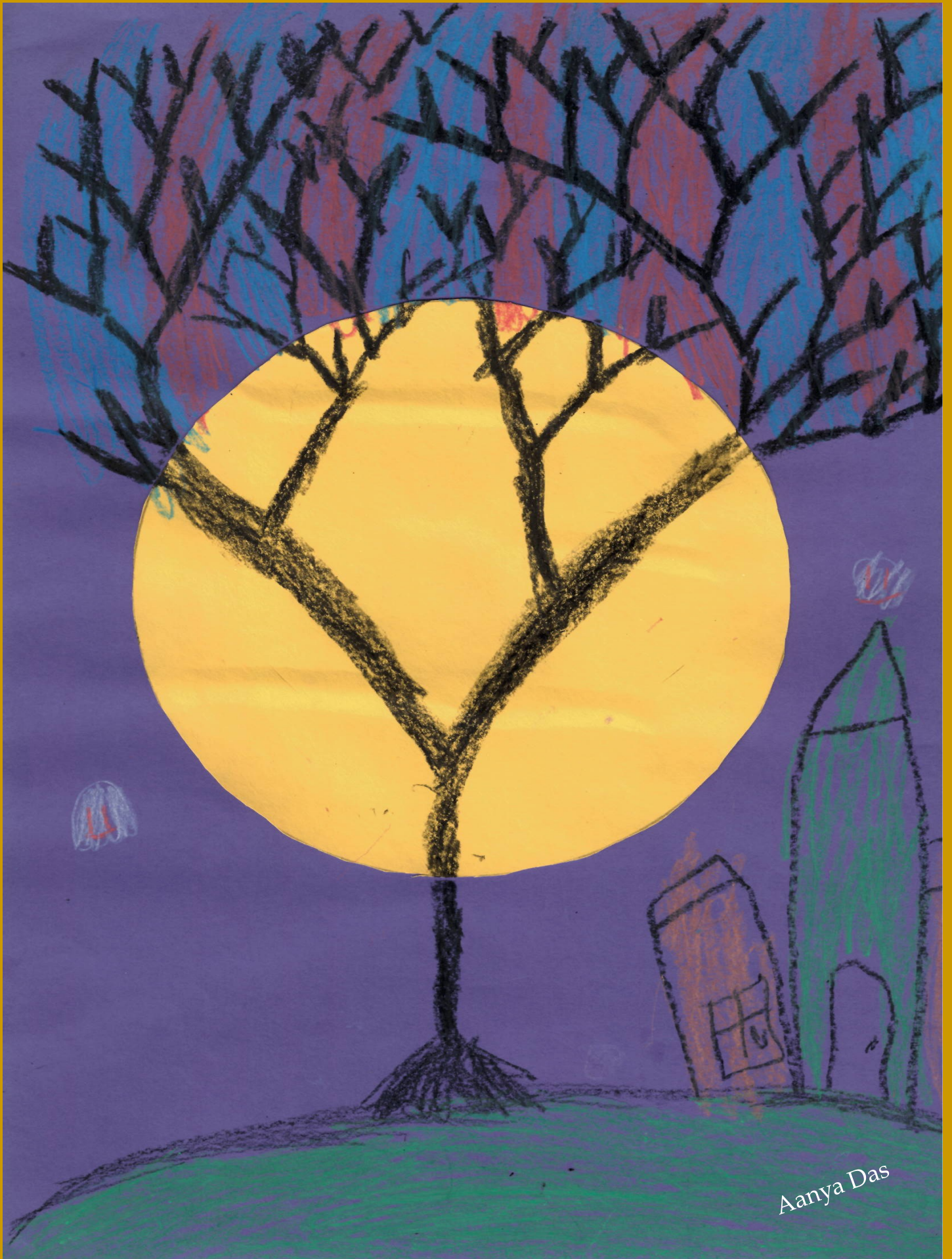
SADHIN AMR BANGLA BHASA

Sadhin ai bharatborsho ,
Sadhin ai bangla ,
Poradhinotar chayay dheke roilam sudhu ami r amr
sumodhur bangla bhasa ,
Sottor bochor kete gelo ,
Netaji , Khudiram sobai aj moner majhe kothay jano
hariye gelo ,
Bhule gelam aj ingrejder daoya chabuker ghat ,
Miliye gelo sei somosto koster dag ,
Apon korlam poradhinotar sei bhasa.....ingreji
bornomala ,
Por kore aj dure soralam chottobelay sekha sei
matribhasa.....amr bangla bhasa ,
Dukhe koste protibadi rup dharon korlam aj ,
Desher matir choyay bolo to tomra satti ki sadhin ai desh
aj ??
Dure dariye chotto sishu potaka hathe geye sonalo
sadhinotar gaan ,
Gaan seshe halka mon o osrubheja chokhe bole uthlam
aj ,
" Sadhin amr bangla bhasa holo aj "

- Sayandeep Patra

4:33 PM @





Aanya Das

Girls CAN!

By Raima Saha

There was once a girl named Rose. Rose loved sports, especially swimming. She was an even better sportswoman than boys! But every time Rose applied for the sports team they ever chose her. When Rose was swimming in the high school swimming pool the new gym coach Mrs. Martiz said “ Rose you are really good at sports why don't you try out for the captain of the sports team?” Rose answered “ I have tried but they never choose me because i'm a girl!” Mrs. Martiz was disappointed.

A few weeks later Rose was about to play soccer. Then the meanest person in the school said, “Girls can't play soccer. Meet me at the soccer field today and we'll see who's the best soccer player!” The school they dragged on. That afternoon the teachers said everybody could play outside. When Rose met Deloras at the field Deloras said “You are so going down!” After 20 minutes Deloras had 3 points Rose had 8 points! Then the game ended. Rose won! Everyone was chanting “ ROSE ROSE ROSE!” Deloras was mad!!

Weeks later a protest started at Rose's school. They wanted the right's as boys. Then the principal fired all woman and Mrs. Martiz! The principal Mr. Coco replaced all women teachers with men and



ordered protest to stop! The girls didn't listen. The school board fired Mr. Coco and replaced all the women teachers back in their teaching positions. Then they hired a woman principle! Then Rose became captain of the sports team!

1 month after the protest There was a big swimming race , Rose decided to enter her school(Deer High School). Rose practiced and practiced. Then it was the day of the swimming race! It was the 3rd race Deer High School had gotten 1st place both races now Rose was swimming a 25 meters freestyle. As Rose took of the diving board. Rose swam and swam then she touched the wall.

Rose came in 1st place! She got to go to the state finals! Rose got 2 trophies 1 for the school and 1 for herself! Rose was really happy. The whole school was happy! Rose then participated in all school sports! She won all of them! To honor her they made a rose garden! Rose was a sports legend!



2017 Summer Vacation

By Krishanu Bose and Kunal Bose

Our time during summer after finishing school (7th grade), which started from June 17th to September 5th, was an experience that we will always cherish throughout our entire life. From the time our school dismissal bell rang at the last day of school to the start of 8th grade was one of the best times of our life. Our summer first began with some academic work and tennis. As all students at school know, since we have a prolonged summer vacation of nearly 3 months, we needed to keep up with all the academic work. After doing so, we then started tennis club for this year. At this club, my brother and I do different exercises, play singles and doubles matches with other competitors, and prepare for tournaments. We have been a part of this club for over 3 years, and both of us really enjoy it, as it helps us to maintain healthy lifestyles.

Later on in July, our neighbors and our family celebrated the 4th of July together, with a great deal of fireworks, playing games, listening to music, talking to each other, and eating food (s'mores and other snacks). As time progressed in mid-July, we drove to New Jersey to watch a live Indian awards show, called IIFA. We saw many Bollywood actors and actresses. Once we all reached New York after a 10 hour drive, we went to the MetLife Stadium to view the Green Carpet, which is where all the actors and actresses enter from, and make their first debut. After waiting for around 4 hours, the stars walked in one by one, and the crowd cheered with exhilaration. After this event, we went into the stadium to watch the stars perform on stage, and receive awards for movies. We saw famous actors and actresses, such as Salman Khan, Katrina Kaif, Varun Dhawan, Shahid Kapoor, Alia Bhatt, Anil Kapoor, and many more stars. For the rest of the time on our trip, we went to New York City for sightseeing.

We then went on a trip to India for 3 weeks. During this time, we went to visit our grandparents for 2 weeks in Kolkata, and then our cousins for a week in Hyderabad. The day we reached Kolkata, it was our grandfather's birthday, so all of us went to a restaurant to eat and celebrate. In addition, my grandfather taught us a couple of Hindi songs and jokes, which were nice. While our grandfather is the fun type of person, our grandmother is the intelligent person, as she can handle tougher situations than our grandfather can. Overall, the time spent with our grandparents was an unforgettable moment, and we will always continue to love them with all of our heart.

While we had fun with our grandparents, we also met our cousins in Kolkata and went to many people's houses for lunch or dinner. Furthermore, during this trip as we drove, we also went to the Salt lake Stadium and the Victoria Memorial. We also went to some malls in Kolkata, one of which is City Center. We all watched a Shah Rukh Khan film called Jab Harry Met Sejal in the mall. The experience watching a movie in India is

much different from here, as they show a different variety of ads, no English subtitles and we have to stand up during the national anthem. We also went to the biggest mall in Kolkata called the Acropolis Mall where we met my dad's cousin brother and his wife, and ate at a restaurant called Mainland China as a way to celebrate their recent marriage. After eating some delicious food there, we said goodbye to them as they left, and then went to an arcade place, which was the floor below the restaurant. We did a virtual reality simulation ride and also played a virtual cricket game. The two of us had to go inside a cage, where there was a screen directly in front of us, where the bowler (person pitching the ball to you) ran towards us and threw the ball. We both had to hit the ball in a certain direction to score a specific amount of runs (points). As the days passed by, we both thought to ourselves that although we would leave our grandparents soon, that also meant that we would be going to Hyderabad sooner to meet our cousins, therefore it was a win-win situation.

We left Kolkata on Janmashtami and drove to the airport. After landing, we went by bus to the gate of the Hyderabad Airport, which is when we saw our Mesho (uncle). We went to their house and were welcomed with a pleasant surprise, as Rishi and Rashi (names of our cousins) were right in front of the elevator we came out of. We went to many different restaurants each day where we ate a buffet, and tried different flavors of ice cream, such as chili ice cream, and biryani ice cream. We went to many malls, where we did shopping (buying clothes), and played many games, which includes bowling, arcade games, and virtual reality rides. Rishi won the bowling and also got the jackpot in one of the arcade games! When we were at Rishi and Rashi's house, we had fun playing in a courtyard near their block (playing soccer and basketball), meeting some of Rishi's friends, playing and teaching Rishi and Rashi some card games, and doing swimming with them. On the day we left from Hyderabad, we both wished that we lived in India so that we could be there with them forever, and have more fun. As we left for the airport, and relentlessly waved our hands at them, we felt extremely bad leaving India, as it was truly a great time.

Our entire summer vacation was a blast, and we not only wish to repeat all of these activities again, but also do more things in the future during our next summer vacation. We hope you enjoyed our amazing journey and entire story of our summer, and we both hope that we go to more places in the future, so that more stories will arise, and we can share them with all of you as well! Thanks for reading, and we hope to write again soon!



Ma

Who am I?

I'll tell you who I am.

I am the light you tried to strangle; to suffocate in your chokehold.

I rose from the toxin in your venom that violated my sacred spaces. I am the restless rebel you tried to bury, the one you tried to uproot and squash. I am the horror that people have nightmares about....

Who am I?

I'll tell you who I am.

I am the girl you kept cutting with your razor blade wrath. I am the fear in your hatred, the girl you underestimated, the woman you tormented, the child whose handcuffs you tightened.

I am the hostage you caged, the little girl you made afraid. I am the mother who never gave in, the one who exposed your travesty.

Who am I?

I'll tell you who I am.

I am resistance; my pieces that you shattered came together as revolutions in my womb.

I am layers and layers of love and power that birthed radiance to shine onto the blank spaces of my eyes. And from the flames beneath my skin, I exhaled fire into ISHANI, the consort of Lord Shiva and shone brilliance onto ARIN, the mountain of strength...

Who am I?

I'll tell you who I am.

I am the bleeding soul.

I am the TRUTH, I am KARMA; the revolt that shines so brightly that the entire war zone becomes illuminated. I am everything and anything that you will stand against to try to regain control....

Who am I?

I think you already know; I think you understand. I knew I would always be something, somebody, and now I am. As from the ashes I have risen to be your Kryptonite.

I resound loudly and reverberate through your skin. My power was never yours, and it was never yours to take

I am the second coming, of everything and everyone you tried to break....

Who am I?

JG

নিরালায় —

বনবাংলোর বারান্দায় বেতের চেয়ারে বসে উপভোগ করছিলাম নিস্তর, নিব্বাম অরণ্যের রাত্রিশোভা। দূরের ঐ অন্ধকার ঝোপটাকে আলোকিত করছিল জোনাকিদের ঝাঁকিঝাঁকি। ঝাঁকি ঝাঁকি মুখরিত করছিল অরণ্যের চারিপাশ সেইসঙ্গে তাল মিলিয়ে চলছিল ব্যাঙেদের সমবেত সঙ্গীত (কোরাস)। অদ্ভুত একটা মায়াবীয় আবরণের আস্তরণ আচ্ছন্ন করে রেখেছিল সেই রাতটাকে। হঠাৎই বামবামিয়ে বৃষ্টি নামল, তার প্রচণ্ড ছাট ভিজিয়ে দিয়ে গেল আমাদের। বৃষ্টিভেজা আনন্দে স্নিগ্ধ হল শরীর ও মন। রাত্রি আরেকটু গভীর হলো, নৈশ আহার সেরে ঘুমের দেশে পাড়ি দিলাম।

পূর্বাঙ্গিতে সূর্যরশ্মি তখনও আলোকিত হয়নি, পাখিদের কলরবে ঘুমটা ভেঙে গেল। বর্ষায় জঙ্গলে ঝোঁকোদের বড় উপদ্রব তাই লাঠির আগায় নুনের পুঁটলি বেঁধে জঙ্গলে নিয়ে যেতে হয়। সেটা হাতে নিয়ে জঙ্গলের পথ ধরে হাঁটার উদ্দেশ্যে রওনা দিলাম। দুইধারে মহীর্নহদের জড়িয়ে ধরেছে বিভিন্ন লতাগুল্ম রাজি তাকে শোভিত করেছে নানান রঙের ফুল। প্রজাপতিরা দল বেঁধে তাদের উপর এসে বসছে আবার কিছুক্ষণ পরেই উড়ে চলে যাচ্ছে। ভারী মজা লাগছিল এ খেলা দেখতে। আনমনা হয়ে অনেকটা পথ এগিয়ে গেছি, আচমকা নজরে পড়ল একদল ‘ময়ূর’ দল বেঁধে কি যেন করছে। চুপচাপ মাটিতে বসে তাদের কীর্তিকলাপ লক্ষ্য করতে লাগলাম। বুঝলাম খাবারের খোঁজে তারা জঙ্গলের বাইরে বেরিয়ে এসেছে। কি অপরূপ দৃশ্য তা ভাষায় প্রকাশ করা যায় না। তাদেরকে ক্যামেরাবন্দী করাও বড় দুষ্কর।

বর্ষার জল জমে জঙ্গলের মাঝখানে মাঝখানে ছোট ছোট জলাশয়ের সৃষ্টি হয়েছে। তার মধ্যে কিলবিল করছে ছোট ছোট মাছ সঙ্গে বেশ কিছু জলজ উদ্ভিদ। স্বচ্ছ কাঁচের মত জল ঠিক যেন এক একটা aquarium। অপূর্ব লাগছিল তা দেখতে।

জঙ্গলের পথ ধরে যতই এগোতে থাকি তা যেন আরও গভীর ও ঘন হতে থাকে। আরো কিছুটা পথ এগিয়ে গিয়ে দেখি ছোট একটা নদী কুলকুল শব্দে আপন মনে বয়ে চলেছে। মনটা শিশুর মত আনন্দে নেচে উঠলো। আশু আশু নীচের দিকটায় নেমে গেলাম। নদীর জলে পা ডুবিয়ে বেশ কিছুক্ষণ সময় বসে রইলাম। চনমনে তরতাজা হয়ে উঠে এলাম। আর একটু এগোলেই ‘মহাকাল ধাম’ যেখানে রাত্রিতে হাতিরা খাবার খেতে আসে। তাই সেখানকার অধিবাসীরা দিনের বেলায় সে স্থান পরিষ্কার পরিচ্ছন্ন করে ধূপ ধূনো জ্বালিয়ে তাদের খাবারের ব্যবস্থা করে রেখে যায়। এখনও যে এ রীতি প্রচলিত ভাবে অবাধ লাগে। প্রকৃতিকে খুবই কাছ থেকে দেখলাম। তার রূপ, রস গন্ধকে উপলব্ধি করলাম।

দিন কয়েক উত্তরবঙ্গের ডুয়ার্সের কোলে কাটিয়ে তার সঙ্গে একাত্ম হয়ে গিয়েছিলাম। তবুও তো ফিরতে হবে গৃহাভিমুখে —

— অদিতি বিশ্বাস



CABBIE AND A GENTLEMAN

Abhijit Biswas

The bearded middle-aged cabbie politely apologized for being a bit late in picking us up as Anuj and I settled into the Ola Anuj had booked. It was a hot and humid late morning in Kolkata, and the longish wait for the cab at the crowded intersection in Parnasree was a bit unpleasant. "Traffic" he said in a soft voice, and added in polished Bengali "terrible traffic on this narrow stretch of road and these auto drivers; the less said about them, the better." I agreed with him; I could see the traffic mess right in front of my eyes. Hardly anything seemed to move in any direction.

As I usually do, I struck up a conversation with the cabbie. Most of these conversations end after some small talk, but this cabbie seemed interested in chatting with me. Our conversation drifted between politics, religion, and the story of his life. Politics naturally brought us to the topic of corruption and ethics, and religion inevitably got us to discussing extremism, violence and, among other things, the seeming lack of communal harmony in Bengal these days. He lamented how when he was growing up in a rural community about forty kilometers northeast of Kolkata, members of different communities - upper caste Hindus, Namasudras, Muslims and a handful of Christian families - lived in harmony around the large village pond, and never once worried about using the same water source for their daily chores. "Peaceful coexistence sir, communal harmony; you could use the village as a model of peaceful coexistence. I had friends from every religious community. We went to the same school, we hung out together, we shared our bicycle rides to school, and we even shared our food from the same plate," he said. "It is sad we see so much distrust between the Hindus and Muslims these days," he bemoaned.

Carefully weaving around the zip-code sized potholes on Taratola road, he started to share his life's story with me. "We were poor, very poor" he said. "My dad couldn't afford to keep me in school. So, I left home at fourteen with very little money. I started my new life on the platforms of Sealdah station ... and soon after leaving home, one time I even went without food for three days." He continued before I could empathize with him. "I was lying on the platform, crying but the police would show no mercy. Let alone asking why I was crying, I was kicked by this burly cop and shoed away from the platform. I didn't know that they let you sleep on the platform, but you had to leave by 6 a.m."

"Anyway," he continued, "I couldn't get any formal education, and that's why I have told my children that they must finish college that without education life would be a huge struggle." I asked him about his children. He said his daughter was in the ninth grade, and his son was studying physics honors in a Kolkata college. Pride clearly showed in his voice, and a couple of times I sensed he was choking up talking about his children. I asked what his son was planning to do after college. "School teacher, sir, he wants to become a school teacher. He wants to teach in a rural school and mentor underprivileged children. By the way, I need to download this TET form for him from the net. He has to sit for this exam to get a teaching job," he added.

On any other day I would have jumped in my seat on hearing the achievements of this unschooled cabbie's children. But I wasn't that surprised. The cabbie had already left me almost speechless at times during the course of our conversation. All through our tête-à-tête he was reciting Tagore

with utmost ease, and quoting from Ramkrishna, Vivekananda, and Tagore as if he were a teacher of literature and religious studies! Formal education notwithstanding, "like father, like children" I thought. But little did I realize at this time that there was a much bigger surprise in store for me!!!

"We weren't always this poor", he said. " My grandfather had a lot of land and other property. My father had an M.A. in those days. He didn't have to look for jobs, sir; jobs were chasing him. But he was never interested in these traditional jobs. He went into acting that's where his heart was and eventually started a traveling theater (jatra) troupe." He named a few thespians with whom his father had performed on stage. I assumed these were big names, but I just couldn't connect with these names because I was never into jatras. "My father invested a lot of his own money into this theater group and eventually pumped in a lot of borrowed money. Unfortunately, his theater troupe failed and he had to sell most of our ancestral property to repay his debt which had ballooned very quickly." "These moneylenders, you know they suck the blood out of you at every little opportunity."

"Do you drive for someone?" I asked as we were driving by the military camp in New Alipore, heading toward the Petrol Pump bus stop.

"No sir, I own this car", he smiled. "I have a couple of other cars too. I also used to own a Tata Sumo, but I sold it. The cops were harassing me too much when I drove the Sumo." I assumed that it must have been because he didn't have one of those yellow license plates used by commercial vehicles. But I didn't ask.

I was looking at him through the rearview mirror wondering how he reached this stage in his life from his Sealdah platform days. "It seems you have done decently in life; how did you get here?" I asked.

"Oh Bombay, sir, Bombay! From the platforms of Sealdah station, I landed up in Bombay. I started working in a factory in Bombay and saved every penny I could. Then I went on to do other jobs. You see this beard; in those days it would cost 60 rupees to get a haircut and a shave in Bombay. That was too much money for me. It was then when I stopped shaving," he said with a grin on his face.

"I feel lucky to be where I am in life today, sir. I now have built a *pucca* home in Boral, you know, near Garia where I live with my family." I asked him if his parents also lived with him, if his was a joint family. "No sir," he said. "They still live in my village. My father, in particular, does not want to be uprooted from his familiar surroundings. But I do take care of my parents financially."

The traffic was now crawling on Prince Anwar Shah Road and pedestrians started to weave through the traffic, trying to cross the busy road, their right arms raised in the air, as if gesturing to the drivers to not run them over. Soon it became a stop-and-go traffic; more stop, it felt like, than go. Sensing that it would be a while before we reached our destination, our cabbie continued with his life's story. "I also try to give back to my community," he said. He mentioned having brought twenty-six unemployed youths from his village to Kolkata and teaching them how to drive. These youths were now driving taxis and other commercial vehicles, and they seem to be doing quite well in life, he noted. "You know," he said, "they keep asking what they can do for me simply out of gratitude, sir. But I tell them I don't need anything; they should just try to pay it forward."

We were now stuck at the traffic light at the intersection of Prince Anwar Shah Road and Raja Subhodh Chandra Mullick Road, right by the Jadavpur Police Station, waiting to turn left toward Selimpur. Horns were blaring, seemingly from every vehicle, a favorite pastime of Kolkata drivers. Not surprisingly though, nothing seemed to move. The traffic snarl didn't seem to bother our cabbie a bit. He seemed relaxed, and he was still interested in continuing with his stories - rushing through his stories now - realizing that we would soon reach our destination. "You know, we are building a school and a small community center in our village," he said. "This schoolteacher, *mastermoshai*, a well-respected member of our village, called six of us and offered his land at a throwaway price he just didn't want to donate it to a religious institution, or let the property fall in the hands of the land mafia. He had one condition though for letting us buy the property at a throwaway price; we had to renovate and maintain the temple that sits on his property."

I kept listening.

On the day the land transfer was completed, the six friends wanted to take *mastermoshai* to a 'hotel' in Kolkata for a sumptuous lunch, he said. "*Pathar-mangsho bhaat*, sir!" he declared, sounding excited, as most Bengalis would speaking of a goat-meat and rice combo. "But, being the simple man that he is, he would have none of that," he said with a touch of disappointment in his voice. "*Mastermoshai* took us to Kalighat instead, and he made us donate most of the lunch money to the temple. We then went for some *cha* and *shingara* at a local shop. We came back to our village happy though, having donated most of the money to the temple and enjoying the *cha* and *shingara* with *mastermoshai*."

"By the way, we have renovated the temple," he announced, and with a touch of pride in his voice he added, "I serve as the secretary of this temple now."

By this time, we were in Selimpur, and within the next few minutes our Ola rolled to a stop in front of our destination - Dakshinapan. "I will be right back," Anuj said as he quickly vanished from the cab, waving at a middle-aged guy he spotted next to this nearby paan shop.

I turned my attention to the cabbie as he showed me the fare on his smartphone. I fished out the money from my wallet, and as I was paying him, he asked for my blessings so that he could continue to do the good work he has done for others. "*Ashirbad korben sir, jeno manusher jonno kaaj korey jetey pari*," he said. I didn't know how to respond. This incredible man did not need any blessings, and certainly not from an ordinary person like me. I looked at him in awe, shook his hand firmly, and wished him all the best. I said, "*Bhalo thakben*."

As I was exiting the cab, I realized I had not asked the name of this cabbie who was effortlessly reciting Tagore and quoting Ramkrishna, Vivekananda and Tagore, who was helping disadvantaged youths, raising two wonderful children and, among other things, serving as the secretary of the local temple.

"I am sorry, but I did not get your name," I said.

"Rezaul Haque Sardar, sir" he replied in a soft voice, smiled disarmingly, and added, "*Aapni o bhalo thakben!!!*"



BICHITRA INC. PRESENTS
'CHITHI'
A Family Drama

A Play By:
Debabrata Dey

Directed by-
Debashish Talapatra &
Abhijit Biswas



Saving Children with
Weak Lungs

2017 Gleaners volunteering is
scheduled on October 28, Sat-
urday, 1 PM – 3:30 PM.

Anyone interested can contact
Debashish Bhattacharya or
Arup Gangopadhyay



Our Community Outreach
2017





Friends,

In 2008, a small group of us started meeting to learn and practice knitting and crocheting. This new hobby allowed us an opportunity to get together as friends, spend time building a new skill, and create beautiful baby blankets to share with young patients at the Detroit Medical Center for Children (the "DMC"). Our group has since grown to up to 20 ladies who have learned or relearned the skill. And, we have continued to make blankets, Teddy Bears, and other hand-knitted items to gift patients at DMC.

Needless to say, the act of creating these blankets with friends and bringing smiles to sick children's faces is both rewarding and humbling.

We would love for all of you to join our group. We typically meet three or four times each year for an afternoon or lunch and sharing our work. We welcome beginners and are ready to help you learn to make a blanket of your own. Most of our members have learned to knit or crochet and contribute one to two blankets a year.

If you have any questions or are interested in joining us, please reach out to:

Ila Guha: 248-797-2954 ila51guha@gmail.com Krishna Roy: 248-935-8232 kroy0829@gmail.com



BINC CRICKET TOURNAMENT-2017

The 2017 BINC Cricket Tournament was held on Saturday, July 8, at the Ella Mae Power Park in Novi. Three teams, Blue, Black, and White, competed for the coveted BINC trophy. The Blue team, captained by Probal Chanda won the championship. Abhijit Biswas and Supratik Champati captained the Black and White teams, respectively. Individual performances were recognized in the following categories. Best Batsman: Probal Chanda; Best Bowler: Anubhav Sinha and Piyush Khanna; Best Fielder: Swarup Saha; Best Young Performers: Heet Cabinwala; Kunal Bose and Krishanu Bose. BINC would like to thank all those who participated, as well as those who worked relentlessly to make this tournament a grand success. We are looking forward to staging this fun tournament again.



“Dhaki” Beats – Tribute to the Drummer from East India

The autumn celebration of Durga Puja in Eastern India, specially Bengal, is incomplete without the rhythm of the “**Dhak**” or the traditional Indian Drum. Dhak is integral to Durga Puja or the worship of the mother goddess as the **Dhaki** conjures different beats during different aspects of the Puja (Arati, Sandhi Puja, Bisarjan).

They arrive from the rural areas of Bengal in the central station compound (Sealdah) a day prior to the festival waiting to be requisitioned by puja organizers. Some of them are full of life, filling the waiting time with their art while some wait with worried faces wondering whether they will find work. While I stood mesmerised watching Goddess Durga being worshiped with melodious chants, beautiful flowers and incense at the beat of the Dhak, the child in me wanted to break into an impromptu jig.

I looked at the “Dhaki” or Drummer with gratitude for connecting me to the divine during the prayer. Without the Dhaki around the festive spirit would be bland and incomplete but they are often paid a paltry amount and rarely receive the honour that they deserve. Some organizers use recorded music to avoid paying the Dhaki and reduce cost. In my opinion, a live performance of an art form to create an ambience to connect with the divine cannot be replaced with technology prowess.



The Dhak is a percussion instrument whose barrel like body is made of mango wood and covered on two ends with cow hide or goat skin. Like the art of making a Dhak, the nuances of playing



the “Dhak” is also transferred from one generation to another of the “Dhaki”. With changing times and preferences the rhythm of the Dhak is now fast paced which requires a lot of energy, movement and dancing. It is no mean task to hang that heavy drum around the neck and create that divine ambience and more often than not, I have found them in a trance, connected to the divine who plays out the beats through them. The innocent faces of the little ones who accompany a father, an uncle or an older brother tell a story, a desire to take up this art form accompanied with the fear of an uncertain future. The limited and seasonal demand for Dhakis, forces them to work as farm labour or engage in other menial work during other times.

If you would like to know about their life – check out the documentary “**Divine Drums**”..

Source: : <http://lifeisavacation.in/2013/10/23/dhaki-bengal-durga-puja>

যজ্ঞদাসের খুড়ো

পাড়ার মোড়ে দাঁড়িয়ে ছিল
যজ্ঞদাসের খুড়ো
ঐখানেতেই অটোগুলোর
যন্ত তাড়াহুড়ো।

অটোর তাড়া, রাস্তা খোঁড়া
ধাক্কা খেলো খুড়ো

সবাই ভাবে গেল গেল
টেঁষলো বুঝি বুড়ো।

দৌড়ে দেখি, কান্ড একি
দাঁড়িয়ে সোজা খুড়ো।

খুড়োর ঘায়ে অটোর কাঁচ
ভেঙে গুঁড়ো গুঁড়ো!!

আর দাঁড়িয়ে চালক মশাই
দুহাত ধরে কান,
খুড়ো হাঁকায় "বৈঠক লাগাও
কম করে দশখান"।

বলবো কি ভাই ধাক্কা খেয়েও
সটান খাড়া খুড়ো!

বয়স বোধহয় গোটা নব্বই
কিংবা আরো বুড়ো!!!

-অভিজিৎ বিশ্বাস



সুপার ঘ্যামা

যজ্ঞিদাসের খুড়ো
আর তাঁরই ছোটো মামা
ঠিক করেছে ব্যান্ড বানাতে
নাম দেবে তার "ঘ্যামা"।

যেমনি বলা তেমনি কাজ
নিত্য শুরু গান রেয়াজ।
মামা খুড়ো নানান সুরে
তালিম মারে পরাণ জুড়ে।
আওয়াজ তুলে রেওয়াজ করে
সারাটা দিন নির্বিচারে।

ঢাকি-বাঘা, বঙ্গো-হাবু,
গিটার-গুপী, কঙ্গো-শিবু,
নানান বাদ্যি দলের মাঝে
তাল ঠুকে সব সকাল সাঁঝে
টাকডুমাডুম আওয়াজ ক'রে
মেলায় মামা খুড়োর সুরে।

গানের গুঁতোয় ত্রাহি, কাবু
ওপাড়ার বিশু বাবু
আঁতকে উঠে বিষম খেয়ে
বলে ওঠেন ঘেমে নেয়ে:
"গান নাকি এ? শেয়াল ডাকে ...
মাঝে মধ্যে গাধাও হাঁকে!!!
তাও যে দেখি লুম্পেনেরা
গানের সাথে তাল মিলিয়ে,
বেদম নাচে হাত পা ছুঁড়ে
ঝাঁকিয়ে মাথা, ঘাড় হেলিয়ে!!"

সে নাচ দেখে বৃদ্ধ খুড়ো
আর যগার ছোটো মামা,
উৎসাহেতে নাম পাল্টে,
এখন "সুপার ঘ্যামা"!!!

-অভিজিৎ বিশ্বাস



Puja Greetings from
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From the Mitra Family

(My entire life experience and wisdom in few sentences... writing of which was started in a stormy night by the side of Lake Ontario in Rouge Hill, Toronto, Ontario, Canada some 20 years back....)

STAND TALL

By Amitabha Neil Ray

Stand tall with an open mind, a generous heart, and a broad soul

Always listen to your Inner Voice

Be relentlessly honest, even if it is expensive

However, don't be weak to be ruthless, if indeed necessary

Justify your reprisal – there is nothing wrong in it

Consequence deters root, and that's often called Poetic Justice

Never show your temper, try not to threat – just do it

Don't show courage without purpose and homework – save it for real situations

Must know how to say 'No' as you shall make no attempt to please everyone

Don't be 'too straight forward', if it hurts others, and has no purpose

Be strategic, articulate, tactful but certainly not double-standard or vindictive

*Have equal respect for all human beings; right from the President of a country, to the
Guitarist on the subway.*

Follow three Rs - Respect for self, Respect for others and Responsibility for all your actions

Remember; Life is short, time is everything, and so is the timing

Seek first to understand, then to be understood

*In disagreement with loved ones, deal only with the current situation, and don't bring up
the past*

*Remember that the best relationship is one in which love for each other exceeds the need
for each other*

*Rather than repenting what you could have done, learn the lesson, and then assert what
best you can do now*

Everyone dies, but not everyone lives

Live your life to the fullest

You are the sky; everything else is just the weather

Plan as if you will live forever, celebrate life everyday as if there is no tomorrow

Life is either a daring adventure or nothing at all

*Always stick to your broad principles, long-range goals; while be flexible and change
strategy, if situation demands – no credit for strong-head*

Life is all about choices

You cannot change the people, but you can choose what kind of people shall be around you

*Don't be bothered to react to all provocations, or answer all questions. They will get that
from your silence; you have better things to do. Pick your own battle*

*In certain situation, just don't explain. Your friends don't need it and your enemies will not
believe it*

Remember: A friend to all is a friend to none

Remove "weeds" from your garden periodically

Remember: A friend to all is a friend to none

Remove "weeds" from your garden periodically

Always judge motive of an unsolicited informer

All situations are different and everyone has their own priorities; obey yours and respect others

You are busy, because you are focusing on your priorities – not because you have spread thin

Lay your life for a true friend, but don't under estimate your enemy or opponent

Never show disrespect, never slight others, and never let others know what you're really thinking

Remember: Once a Lion is always a Lion, once a Traitor is always a Traitor; never trust a traitor

Extend your trust to a person, so long you can hold the string

Every open mind will inevitably face frontiers – even from the nearest and dearest

Never let yourself get intimidated by those

Time will show the truth and will heal

Strive to radiate your influence with reasoning, rather than imposing your will

Form your unbiased opinion based on own judgment, but don't disrespect others

Be the owner of your free will

Listen to everyone, don't listen to anyone

Be the change

Remember: Command is lonely and the top is never crowded

Great leaders walk alone

No great mind exists without a touch of madness

Weak minds discuss people, average minds discuss events, and higher minds discuss ideas

Men will come, men will go and only the best will stay

Man is made by his believe. As he believes, so is he

Knowing yourself is the beginning of all wisdom

Remember: Honors and accolades shall enrich your life; discontent shall fulfill it

You can only lose what you cling to

Just because you can does not mean you should

The first to apologize is the bravest, the first to forgive is the strongest, and the first to forget is the happiest.

Everything is relative

Try not to put yourself into a situation where you're 'too obliged' to someone

Never shy away from truth and the courage to spell that – even if it is unpopular

Have tremendous self-respect and confidence of whatever you possess

It doesn't matter what others are thinking or not thinking, doing or not doing - Be who you are and say what you feel – because those who mind don't matter and those who matter don't mind

Don't get 'completely carried away' by someone – enforce your basic values

Don't let anyone take you for a long ride, or get a wrong notion – interrupt with modesty

Talk about 'good' aspect of a person, but keep and remember the 'negative' side within yourself

Live a life of 'what you need' than 'what you want' and pursue the philosophy of Simple Living – High Thinking

Stay thirsty, for knowledge

Be rich. Rich, not because if you have accumulated huge wealth, but because your needs are less

Try to maintain a debt-free life

*Let the expense compliment the budget and the budget compliment the earnings and not
the other way round*

*Enlighten, and change lives of others – if you can. Never be ashamed of your talent and
don't be shy from sharing your knowledge - it marks you out as different from huge
swathes of the population*

Vision without action is a day dream; action without vision is a nightmare

If you fail to plan – you plan to fail

Have a dream and the courage to pursuit it

Judge your success by what we had to give up for that

Be content to self

*There is almost nothing in this world as 'sure thing' and thus you got to take some
calculated risks in order to progress*

Failure will happen – yet how you handle that will define you

*Two things define you; your patience – when you are nothing, and your attitude – when
you have everything*

True failure is the failure not to try

Failure is simply the opportunity to begin again, this time more intelligently

*Measure of success is how you cope up with success and failure with same dignity. In a
way - Success is the ability to manage failures*

In success and prosperity – humility is the virtue, while in adversity, its fearlessness

Happiness is not a result, but a personal choice

Your happiness will not come to you from outside, until it evolves from within you

Be a 'Thinker'. But just thoughts won't take you anywhere

Give a head-start, and let others follow, if they wish, but be prepared to pursue regardless

Mitigate risks, evaluate options

It's better to put an effort, rather than making an excuse

Let no one makes you feel inferior without your consent

People may forget what you said, but they will never forget how you made them feel

Everyone is welcome, no one is indispensable

Don't assume. Validate. Seeing is believing

There is a fine line between audacity and ingenuity

If you don't ask, you don't get. And you could be pleasantly surprised

Anyone can fold under pressure. Few can focus

Remember: If you put one step toward your goal, your goal will come forward one step

Also, it is not only the destination that you cherish, but also the journey

Do – What you got to do; whatever will happen – will happen

*Keep the end in mind, but don't worry about the result now. Result will come by itself, and
no matter what's the outcome – take that in a Zoibortik manner*

Remember: Luck is an important factor, but you need to keep applying for it

Luck is when preparation meets opportunity

Be on top of your matters, otherwise those matters will be on top of you

Keep a low profile, and stay close to the nature

Experience the 'beauty of silence'

Always be by the side of a less-fortunate. Keep them in your mind

*Life is a struggle for existence, and survival of the fittest. Yet, care for those who cannot
fight for themselves*

Have the guts to protest against 'injustice'; not doing so is of equal crime

Remember: even the voice of a single individual counts

Press accelerator well before race starts

Be ready

Remember, between what is said but not meant, and what is meant but not said – most misunderstanding happens. Be explicit and be upfront

If you believe in some principles – you may have fewer friends – which is more desirable, than a person without spine

Keep a distance from people who will never admit they are wrong and always try to make you feel like it's your fault

If you have not defriended anyone, ever – then you may not have taken a stand, ever
One of the important decisions in life is to decide which bridge to cross which one to burn.

If somewhere in between, instead of burning – try to redefine.

Let's not others lack of goodness defines you

Ignore those from outside, and rise above from inside.

Always take a job that is too big for you

Expect for the best, prepare for the worst

Spend some time alone every day

Don't kill the 'child' inside you, and unleash that while in solitude

Don't count the number of moments in life, count number of lives in every moment

A life which is short and finite, a bit of self-indulgence doesn't seem unreasonable

Don't take life so seriously all the time. Relax. Laugh. Let it flow. Let flow...

Use technology, yet don't let the technology use you

Just not use brands, also be a brand

It is far more critical 'how you think', rather than how you dress or how you look

Try not to have a 'pre-conceived notion'

Don't discriminate people. It is injustice

Everyone is innocent unless proven guilty

Defend freedom, equality and justice

Never be untrue to yourself – that's the worst thing, never be a hypocrite either

Be modest, be tolerant, and be kind in its true sense; and only if these acts evolve from your strength, and not from your weakness

Don't appease

Spirit of enquiry should overwhelm the respect for tradition

Mind is your greatest strength, if you can control it. It's your biggest enemy – if you can't

It's is the source of both man's happiness and suffering

Remember: Pain is inevitable, but suffering is optional

Philosophy teaches us what step to take next, and Integrity is taking that step

Don't ignore true spiritual call from within, if any, and separate those from institutional religions – those are not necessarily inter-dependent

Don't let short-range failures and frustrations make you lose sight of your long-range goals

Remember: You can you not win all the games in this life - that is just too much to ask

If you see a wrong or got a thing in mind - spell it out. Yet, in some special situations silence also could be the best answer

On certain situations you can only bring the horse to the water – you cannot make it drink

Remember that not getting what we want could be a blessing in disguise

Understand, plan and acknowledge your true limitations

If you are going through hell – keep going
If there is a storm outside - don't fight the storm. Wait and consolidate
And there will be certain events or situations where you will have no control – accept it
If you couldn't have changed the circumstances – now you can choose how to react
Dignity cannot be snatched, it can only be surrendered
Whatever happens, never lose human compassion and goodness within you
Try to live a good, honorable life, and when we get older and think back, we will enjoy that
a second time
At the end love is the answer. "We can still love completely – without complete
understanding"
Celebrate life, cherish root value, and perceive inner peace
Then determine when the time to fly...
 @@@@

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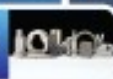
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