

ODIA RAJA PATRIKA

7th Edition

On the occasion of 11 Raja Parba Celebrations

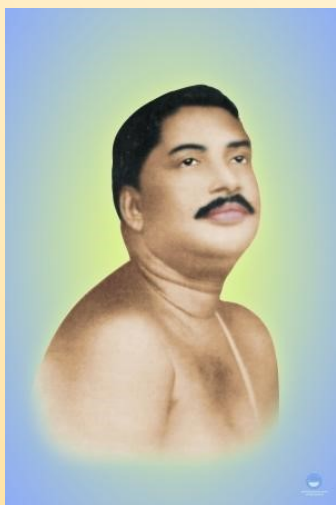


Organised by
Odia Cultural Association London (OCAL)

SATSANG UNITED KINGDOM

Satsang, a socio-spiritual, philanthropic movement to elevate every human being in the society, was built around **Sree Sree Thakur Anukulchandra** (1888-1969), Fulfiller the Best of the age, in the first decade of the last century. He, with His life and sayings, with His own conduct and steps, has shown with great care and love how to enjoy life, live it to the full, with joy and peacefully. He also introduced scientific and focused meditation which works in our body and mind helping to grow at individual level as well as collectively. His basic message is "Being and Becoming" i.e., Life and Growth, which is applicable to each and every human being in this world. Being with steps to becoming with a Living Ideal at the pivot of life, that is the mantra.

Sree Sree Thakur's vision of life is balanced, dynamic, rationalistic and based on scientific evidences. His wisdom is profound, ranging from health to education, from science to philosophy, from literature to politics and so on. In His life time, He has given thousands of messages aimed at the betterment of mankind.



Few of His messages are as follows:

"You are for the Lord, Not for others; You are for the Lord, and so for Others"

"The ideas and activities that lead man towards the Cause are Spiritualism"

"What upholds the existence of an object is Dharma..."

"A holy man is no magician; rather, a renunciator, a lover..."

The main Ashram of Satsang is located in Deoghar, Jharkhand, India. At the present there are million of followers of Sree Sree Thakur and Thousands of Satsang centres in India and across the Globe.

Satsang UK organises regular monthly Satsang, Spiritual Congregation on His philosophy of Being and Becoming and Universal Brotherhood at the following locations:

3rd Saturday of each month – Ilford Hindu Centre, Ilford.

2nd Saturday of each month - Brent Indian Association, Wembley

1st Saturday of each month, Reading Hindu Temple, Reading,

During these congregations there are Prayers, devotional songs, meditation and spiritual discussions. Books and periodicals related to Sree Sree Thakur's philosophy are made available free of cost. Free vegetarian dinner is served at the end. Everyone across the community, irrespective of faith and background is invited to these Satsang events.

Satsang UK publishes a quarterly periodical called 'Lore-Light' and annual magazine 'Quest'. Its other activities include supporting other organisations within the community, such as the NHS Blood and Transfusion service, Devdaya, Trees for Cities and Old Age care Homes.

Further information on Sree Sree Thakur and Satsang can be obtained from its website : www.satsang.org.uk and facebook page: [www.fb.com/SatsangUK](https://www.facebook.com/SatsangUK).

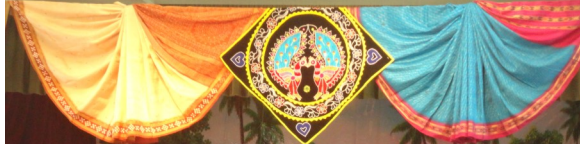
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Dear All

ରଜ ପର୍ବର ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ

Welcome

Another year another occasion the well awaited 'Raja Parba'.

All Odias know that Raja celebration is about 'womanhood'. Here when we are celebrating the natural phenomenon of womanhood at the same time, there are still many places in the world especially in India the same womanhood is ill-treated and believed as a curse. Various regions celebrate or treat this in strangely various ways. There are movies from South India where the same occasion is shown romantically. The recent Bollywood movie 'Padman' is also based on the same subject. One can always ponder upon the scientific and logical and scientific reasons behind such traditions.

For the younger generation of ours, Raja is a festival of food dance play. For Odias in London away from homeland apart from Diwali Christmas this is the special occasion which we have been celebrating together for over ten years.

Young girls may be missing henna and on their hand and flower adorned swings may not be enjoying the flower-laden swings, but we as OCAL put all effort to give them an occasion to show their talents. OCAL gathers in, to full fill another important tradition of Odia's craving for scrumptious food. So friends! Welcome, let us join together this year and coming years to make this celebration a grand event and enjoy to our heart.

From SampadakaTeam

Sabitha and Umakant

Contributors



Stories/Passages

Aishu Jena
Aliva Pradhan
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Art

Akshita Patra
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Ishaan
Mahan Das
Sanvi Samal
Satwik Morti
Sreeja Morti
Siya Sahu
Shreyas Sahu.
Shivika Sidhartha
Vidip Sahoo

Poems

Dr Nilamadhab Kar
Dr Jayashree Nanda
Manan Pradhan
Manan Pattanaik
Sahadeba Swain
Alisha Pradhan

This Year few of the Trophies have Sponsorship:



Jhoti Competition Winner Trophy	-	Vani Patnaik & Anima Jena
Poda Pita preparation Competition Winner Trophy	-	Archana Samal
Kids Kabaddi winner team Trophy	-	Jyotsna Sahoo
Children's Art Competition winner Trophy (4-8 Yrs age)	-	Kunmun Patra
Children's Art Competition winner Trophy (8+ year)	-	Sabitha's Art Centre (Registered Arts Award Centre with Trinity College, UK)



On behalf of OCAL members

Devi Prasad Patnaik

The Odia Raja festival, came way before all this dialogue about equality of genders and women empowerment became coffee table discussion for the pseudo intellectuals.

Indian festivals are mostly women centric. But the fact that women could celebrate a festival entirely meant for them is quite significant. From the medieval times when the rest of the world was busy oppressing women, Odisha found a reason to celebrate womanhood. Symbolic it maybe, but gradually this also became very significant agricultural festival. Fertility was at the root of all this.

While the rest of the world was busy celebrating boys, Odisha knew that it is the girl child who is more important.

Britain got its suffragette's only about 150 years ago. For us Odia's women we equal partners in life long before.

This year is the 11th year of Raja being celebrated in London. What started as a family get together of 10-15 friends, this is now a permanent social fixture for many Odia's in UK. From being spectators, listening to our DJ singing songs in the evening, we have developed into a culturally vibrant group.

All sorts of talent be it singing, dancing, instrumental music, drawing and sports is encouraged, and everybody's success celebrated.

Doesn't mean the men don't get to enjoy. The annual kabaddi match is a much eagerly awaited event. Old bones still have them. A few painkillers and some bruises are no deterrent to the enthusiasm.

Odia's are foodies. This is an open secret. And why not. The food on offer is finger licking delicious.

This year, we celebrate Raja with a tinge of sadness as well. *Shrigovind Shatapathy*, son of Neena and Chetan Shatapathy was a regular at all our past Raja's. His grit and determination is an inspiration for all of us. This year we dedicate the Senior Kabaddi Running Trophy in his memory.

This year we will celebrate Raja in the spirit that it is meant to be and hope the departed soul enjoys the spectacle from up there.

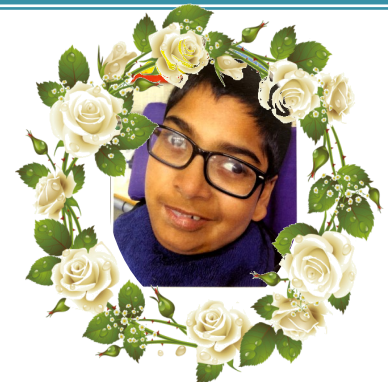
Thank you all and May Lord Jagannath's blessings be with us all.

In memory.....

When someone, whom we love passes away too soon without a reason, we remember them often thousands of times in different ways, in the morning, in the night, on a day, at a place even on special occasions like "Odia Raja Parba".

"Shree Govinda" name for you was chosen by your grand parents but will remain in our heart and memory. We all are missing you a lot. When someone you love becomes a memory, the memory becomes a treasure. We feel that you are with us everything we do, so we still celebrate this year Raja with your memory. You are so wonderful to think of, but so hard to be without.

RIP
OCAL



Shree Govinda Shatapathy
17.08.2003 to 08.07.2017

Eldest son of
Dr. Chetan and Neena Shatapathy

Grand Son of
Sri. Pitambara and Sulatha Shatapathy

କାହିଁକି ଏଇ ରଜ ?

ସକାଳର କୁହୁଳା ପବନ ଭଳି mail boxର ପରଦାରୁ ଭାସି ଆସିଲା କିଛି ହଜିଯାଇଥିବା ମନକୁଆଁ ଗୀତ । ସେଇ ଧ୍ବନରେ ସତେଜ ହୋଇ ଉଠିଥିଲା ମୋ ମନର ରଜ ମହକଟି, ଯେମିତିକି କଲି ରାତିର ବର୍ଷା ଭିଜା ମାଟିରେ ସତେଜହୋଇ ଉଠିଥିବା ବଗିଚାର ସବୁଜ ଘାସ ଆଉ ରଙ୍ଗବିରଙ୍ଗୀ ଫୁଲପରି । କିଛି ସମୟପାଇଁ ବସିଯାଇଥିଲି ଜୀବନର ପିରୁଣା ସ୍ମରୁତିରେ । ପଛରୁ ତୁଷାରଙ୍କର ହସ ଚାଣିଆଣିଥିଲା laptopର ସେଇ ପୁରୁଣା ବୋରିଂ ଟେହେରାକୁ । "ଏଇତ ଆସିଗଲା ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣର ରଜ ସେଲିବ୍ରସନର ନିମନ୍ତ୍ରଣ " - ଖୁସିହୋଇ ତୁଷାର କହିଲେ । ନିଜ ମାଟିକୁ ଛାଡ଼ି, ଏତେ ବର୍ଷର ରହଣି ଭିତରେ , ଝାପସା ଶୁଣିଥିଲି, ଏଠିକି ରଜ ମହୋତ୍ସବ ହୁଏ, କିନ୍ତୁ କେବେ ଯିବାକୁ ବାଟ କାଢ଼ି ପାରିନି । ମନହେଲା ପୁଣି ଥରେ ହଜିଯିବାକୁ ନୂଆ ଗହଳିରେ, ଗପପସରାରେ, ଆଉ ଗୋଟେ ରଙ୍ଗର ରଜ ସ୍ଵାଗତରେ ।

ମନେପଡେ ପିଲାବେଳରେ ଜେଜେମାଉ ହାତଧରି, ଗାଁ ପିଲାଙ୍କସହ ଧୂଳିଧୂସର ଗାଁଦାଣ୍ଡରେ ଏଅଗଣାରୁ ସେଅଗଣାକୁ ରଜ ନିମନ୍ତ୍ରଣରେ ଆରିସା, କାକରା, ମଣ୍ଡା, ଗଇଁଠା ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦୌଡ଼ିଯାଉଥିଲି । ଆମ ଗାଁଘର ପଛପଟ ସେଇ ଢିଙ୍କିକୁଟା ଜାଗାଟି ଚହଳିଉଠେ ରଜ ସରଞ୍ଜାମରେ ସବୁବର୍ଷ । ନୂଆ ଚାଉଳର ବାସ୍ନା ପରି ମହକି ଉଠୁଥିଲା ତାସହ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀଲୋକଙ୍କର ରାତିଅଧର ଗପପେଟଣି ଆଉ ଖୁଲିଖୁଲି ହସ । ସେ ଗପ କିଛି ନବୁଝିଲେବି ମୁଁ ଜେଜେମା କୋଳରେ ବସି ଘୁମାଉଥିଲି ତାପରର ସଜବାଜର ଅପେକ୍ଷ୍ୟାର । ମୋର ଛୋଟ ଅଝଟ ମନଟି ସବୁବେଳେ ଜିଦି କରୁଥିଲା, କୁଆମୁଳରେ ନଗାଧୋଇ ଖୁଡ଼ି ନାନୀଙ୍କସହ ମିଶି, ହଳଦୀ ଗିନା ଧରି, ପାହାନ୍ତାର ମୁଁହ ଅନ୍ଧାରରେ, ଚାଲିଯିବାପାଇଁ ସାପ ଭଳି ଲମ୍ବି ଯାଇଥିବା ଆମ ଗାଁ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଚିତ୍ରପୂଜା ନଦୀ ତୁଠକୁ । ତାପରେ କୁନି ପାଦ ଦୁଇଟିକରେ ନୂଆ ବୋହୁ ଭଳି ନାଲି ଅଳତାରେ ସଜେଇଦେଇ, ନୂଆ ଢେସ ପିନ୍ଧି, ଆମ୍ବତୋଟାରେ ଦୋଳି ଖେଳିବାକୁ, ଗୋଟେ ନିସ୍ଵାଣରେ ଦୌଡ଼ି ଯାଉଥିଲି ।

ଆଜି ସକାଳୁ ସ୍କୁଲ ସାଙ୍ଗଙ୍କର whatsapp messageରେ ଭରିଯାଇଥିଲା, ପୋଡ଼ କାକର ପିଠା, ରଜପାନର ଅଭିବାଦନ । ତାସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ଵର ରାଜଧାନୀର ଅସରକ୍ତି ଶୋପ୍ପୀଙ୍କ କାହାଣୀ । ପୁଣି ଥରେ ଭାସିଆସିଲା ରଜ ମହକଟି, ଗାଁ ଆମ୍ବତୋଟା ରଜ ଦୋଳିରୁ, କଟକ ସହର ଭଡ଼ାଘରର ରେଲିଙ୍ଗ ଦୋଳିରେ ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀଙ୍କ ସହ ବସିବାର ଝଗଡ଼ାରୁ, ଇଂଲଣ୍ଡର ସଫା, ଚିକଣ ନିଶିଦ୍ଧ ରାସ୍ତା, ପାର୍କ ଦୋଳି, ବନ୍ଦ ହିଟିଙ୍ଗ ଘର ଭିତରକୁ । ମନେ ହେଉଛି ସମୟ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ, ରଜର ରୂପରଙ୍ଗରେ ଅନେକ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହୋଇଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ତା ପଛର ଭାବଟି ଏବେବି ସେମିତି ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଧନୁ ଭଳି ମେଘୁଆ ଆକାଶର ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ କିରଣରେ ଚହକି ଉଠୁଛି ।

ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ସଂସାରର ଖେଳ । ସବୁ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ସହ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଆତ୍ମୀୟ କରିବାର ଭାବହି ଚାଣିନିଏ ମୋ ପିଲାବେଳର ରଜ ଅନୁଭୂତିକୁ । ବର୍ଷ ଯାକର ସବୁ ରାଗରୁଷା, ଝଗଡ଼ାଝାଟି, ମନମାଳିନ ଭୁଲି, ରଜଦୋଳି ଝୁଲାଇ, ପିଠାପଣା ବଣ୍ଟାରେ, ସବୁ ଅଭିମାନକୁ ବୁଡ଼ ପକେଇ, ସମସ୍ତେ ମଜିଯାଉଥିଲେ ଆଉଥରେ ମିଳିମିଶି, ସ୍ନେହ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ଆତ୍ମୀୟତାର ସଂସାର ଗଢ଼ିବାରେ । ସେଇ ଗ୍ରୀତିସନକୁ ମନରେ ରଖି, ଯାଇ ବନେଇଲି ଗାଡ଼େନର ବାଁବେଙ୍କୁ୍ୟ ଚିମ୍ନିରେ ପୋଡ଼ପିଠା, ଆଉ କେତେ ପ୍ରକାରର ରଜପିଠା । ସ୍କୁଲରୁ ଆସି, ମୋ ଗପ ଶୁଣୁଶୁଣୁ, Yatishବି ଗଢ଼ି ତୋଳିଥିଲା ରଜର ଅନେକ କଳ୍ପନା ଦୁନିଆଁ, ତାର ଅସରକ୍ତି ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ଉତ୍ତର ଆଖିରେ ।

ତାପରେ ଯାଇ ପଡ଼ୋଶୀ ଘରେ ବାଣ୍ଟି ଦେଇଥିଲି, ସବୁ ପ୍ରକାରର ପିଠା । ଆଜି ରଜବି ହସିଦେଲା, ପଡ଼ିଶା Kei, Sueର ଆଖିରେ, ଆଉ କୁନି Elliotର ମା ପଛରେ ଲୁଚି ମୁଚୁକି ହସରେ । ସବୁ ରଙ୍ଗରୁପ, ବେଶଭୂଷା, ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ଭାଷାର ଭିନ୍ନତା ଭୁଲି ଆତ୍ମୀୟତାର ମିଠା ମହକରେ ହିଁ ରଜ । ଆନନ୍ଦଭଲ୍ଲସରେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଆପଣେଇ ନେବାର ମୋହଟି ହେଉଛି ରଜ ।

" ହୃଦୟର ତାଳେତାଳେ ସଜ ଏଇ ରଜ
ଭିନ୍ନତା ଭିତେ ଅଭିନ୍ନର ଭାବ ଏଇ ରଜ "

The swing in the woods

Aliva Pradhan , Age -14, Year-9

It seemed to Pihu, as she gleefully skipped from the cow shed to the henhouse and then to the fields, that the summer days have never been as beautiful and mesmerising as these. The air held an eagerness which made her nose twitch, as the fresh aroma of mangoes mingles with the warmth of rice cakes. To her, the sensational feeling of the Indian heat burning her nostrils made her smile and send little tremors up her jaw.

Pihu picked up a short knobby stick and drew patterns on the dry cracked ground, which lay beneath her feet. She felt good and weightless in the warm sun. She was eight and in that moment, nothing existed for her but the dark brown stick she clutched in her hand and the song she hummed in rhythm to it. She walked straight ahead side by side the fence, turning her back on her welcoming hut and trotting closer to the woods. Alongside the fence was a stream made by the spring, and every now and then Pihu would watch thin black scales of soil and debris erupt through the water's silver surface.

She had explored the woods behind the village before, often with her mother in early spring to gather nuts and flowers such as jasmine. But today she would find her own path, leaping this way and that way, vaguely looking out for snakes. She followed the path of flowers and ferns. As she got deeper into the woods the air felt damper and the leaves on the trees seemed to sway more, allowing rays of light slash through. She felt happy as the breeze blew past her hair. She closed her eyes to hear the song birds tweet melodiously but it was disturbed by an odd clatter. Curious and going off the path of flowers, she followed the arrhythmic clatter, to only see a tangled piece of draft wood, which had two pieces of rotted, frayed and frazzled- barely there – ropes attached to both sides. Gently touching the rotted ropes with her soft kinder hands; she untangled it off the branch and straightened the board. Now it was clear what it was, the draft wood was actually a seat and the two ropes were hung from the thickest branch, it was an abandoned Swing. Entangled within the ropes were vines and small flower buds. She held on to one side of the rope and sat on the damp piece of draft wood and pushed her feet against the decomposed leaves on the ground. She shut her eyes and felt the rush of blood go to her head and the wind making her eyes tear up. She felt good... really good. She let go of the stick in her hand and dropped it on the floor.

From there on, she would sneak out of the comfort of her welcoming village and come to the woods, only to play and enjoy herself on the swing. And it seems that Raja had entered into her life in the most pleasant way.....

Winged Reptile Kills Beowulf

Vidip Sahoo

Our beloved king, Beowulf, has been killed by a winged reptile, that some have been calling a dragon. The event occurred after a foolish thief attempted to steal from the dragon's hoard. Of course, the dragon soon found out and, under the cover of night, went on a fiery rampage at the village and demolished everything in its way. A staggering 80% of the houses in the village were reduced to ashes. What followed was a battle for the epics. After our royal, fearsome and mighty hero launched his attack, the wretched beast sank its teeth into his neck, delivering a caustic poison into Beowulf's blood stream. Despite this, our valiant king continued on and dealt a fatal blow to the dragon. Its body was later found in the ocean, leaving a ten-mile-long trail of blood from the scene of the battle. ----

The cause of the dragon's rage was a thief that had snuck into its lair and stolen several bags of gold. Unfortunately, the dragon had noticed and it was furious. A local farmer; Reah Pur, said: "I noticed a man running with bags of, what seemed like, jewels or gold, at midnight."

The dragon's fiery rampage continued and caused nearly 200 houses to be destroyed, it was not long till the dragon burnt Beowulf's home; which was the last straw for our vengeful king. He formed a plan, with great haste, and set out for his fight with the fierce winged reptile.

Beowulf struck his sword on the dragon's leathery skin, but his faithful sword failed him - it did not leave even a scratch! Soon, the sword snapped in two. Unable to defend himself, Beowulf was pinned to the ground by the dragon's gigantic claw, and the beast launched its teeth into his neck. Having thought that it had won, the dragon brashly stepped away. However, Beowulf rose to his numb feet and, dashing with all his might, leapt in the air, pointed his spare dagger towards the winged reptiles underbelly; and stabbed. The dragon suffered much pain and

crawled away, later launching into a rise into the sky as it fled in acute agony. After his assured victory, Beowulf was also in severe pain and the poison

coursing through his veins made him feel as if he was on fire, so he dragged himself to a nearby stream. This very stream would be his place of death.

A foreign blacksmith, Smit Noir, stated: "Smit waz just deliverin' a zword of great might for hiz highness 'imself. Durin' that fateful fight of epics, everyone in the vicinity heard the deafenin' snap of the king'z zword. The army general, 'imself ordered Smit to build a zword for the king, hopin' he would come back safe, vun made of the finest and strongest metal; vibranium. But on Smit's way Smit noticed a man floatin' in a stream, a stream that was now red. It did not take long for Smit to notice that it was the king 'imself!" On the other hand, the dragon was found 10 miles away from the battle scene in the ocean. A noble, Xander Troy, said: "I followed a trail of what appeared to be blood, leading me to the ocean. It could clearly be seen, even from the coast, that the final resting place of the dragon, that odious creature, was there."

On April 17th, at the dragon's lair; people of those dear to Beowulf, and those who served and worshipped him for his many good deeds, like facing off with Grendel, shall all gather to bury him in the sacred soil where he died. It is open to everyone, so feel free to come along and take part in our mourning hour at 8am.



Beowulf, just about to strike his sword, while the dragon is breathing its unholy fire at Beowulf.

Dementia: The Growing Phenomenon

Aishu Jena

With around 850 000 people in the UK suffering from this disease, dementia is an occurrence that is currently one of the most prevalent public health issues. This already large number is expected to keep rising to over 1.7 million people by 2051. In the UK, 1 in 6 people over 80 are diagnosed with the disease and over 40,000 people under 65 have dementia. These such statistics cause great concern within healthcare services such as the NHS. Dementia is therefore being given a lot of focus presently in the UK. Dementia is not a disease in its own right, it is a term which describes several brain disorders which affect the brain function of a person, for example Alzheimer's disease. It is a progressive disease so conditions eventually can become extremely severe, bad enough to start affecting daily life. Although each dementia-causing disorder prompts different effects, common symptoms of the disease include: forgetfulness and memory loss; problems with thinking, problem-solving, language and visual perception; and emotional changes can often occur. However, dementia triggers a different and individual experience for all people.

Dementia is caused by the loss or damage of nerve cells, it is hence classified as a progressive disease (gradually worsens over time) because the nerve cells cannot be replaced. As more neurons die, the brain essentially begins to shrink - this can sometimes be seen in CT scans, these are used to look for abnormal changes in the structure and shape of different areas of the brain.

Affecting around 62% of people diagnosed with dementia, Alzheimer's disease is the most common cause wherein an abnormal protein surrounds brain cells and damages their internal structure. This eventually causes chemical connections between brain cells are lost and hence they start to die provoking severe problems to show. Other types of dementia include; vascular dementia if the oxygen supply to the brain is reduced because of narrowing or blockage of blood vessels; dementia with Lewy bodies, this type of dementia involves tiny abnormal structures (Lewy bodies) forming inside brain cells; frontotemporal dementia where the front and sides of the brain are damaged; mixed dementia, this is when someone has more than one type of dementia (common to have Alzheimer's and vascular dementia); and the other causes are rarer, such as Down's syndrome, and only affect 5% of the population with dementia.

Unfortunately, there is no cure for dementia, or rather, for the disorders that cause it, many of which are terminal. However, by deferring the emergence of dementia by a simple five years could halve the number of deaths caused by the condition. It can't be prevented as such, but through lifestyle choices, the risk of acquiring dementia can be reduced. The research to develop new drugs, vaccines and other medical treatments for the condition continues, but in the meantime there are (non-drug) treatments in place to ensure that can enable a patient to live well despite it.

Currently, the research for dementia is extremely underfunded and this is because more money is spent on individual patients with the condition. The annual cost to the economy in the UK for each person diagnosed with dementia is over £30,000 and even so, only £90 is spent on the research. The NHS therefore recommends the non-drug treatments often run by charities such as Age UK before approaching them. Examples of these include: cognitive stimulation therapy to keep people's minds active; cognitive behaviour therapy if someone develops depression or anxiety, this can be quite common in dementia sufferers; cognitive rehabilitation which can enable an individual to retain skills and cope better; and talking therapies, such as counselling, which may help someone come to terms with their diagnosis or discuss their feelings.

Although these techniques can be of great help to the society of people with dementia, research has a long way to go in terms of dementia and it must be given increasing importance around the world so that a less alarming number of patients are diagnosed and gravely affected by the condition.

MOVING FORWARD

Svetlana Nanda



When we are small we're told to be friends,
That everyone around is, even from different ends,
But as we grow up we learn some more,
About wars, about hate and about life some more,
Our lives are changing every day,
So we should take grip of them and steer them the right way,
We should think outside the box and expand in our thinking,
To come up with ideas which won't go sinking,
Times are gonna come where life becomes hard,
But don't hide away, you need to face those scars,
You should always keep going, and never give up,
Because even if you haven't got enough strength, there's always
luck!
So in it's own kind of way, I'm telling you to move forward,
To change the world, and make your mark from now onwards.

The Great storm

Satwik Morti(Age 11 years)

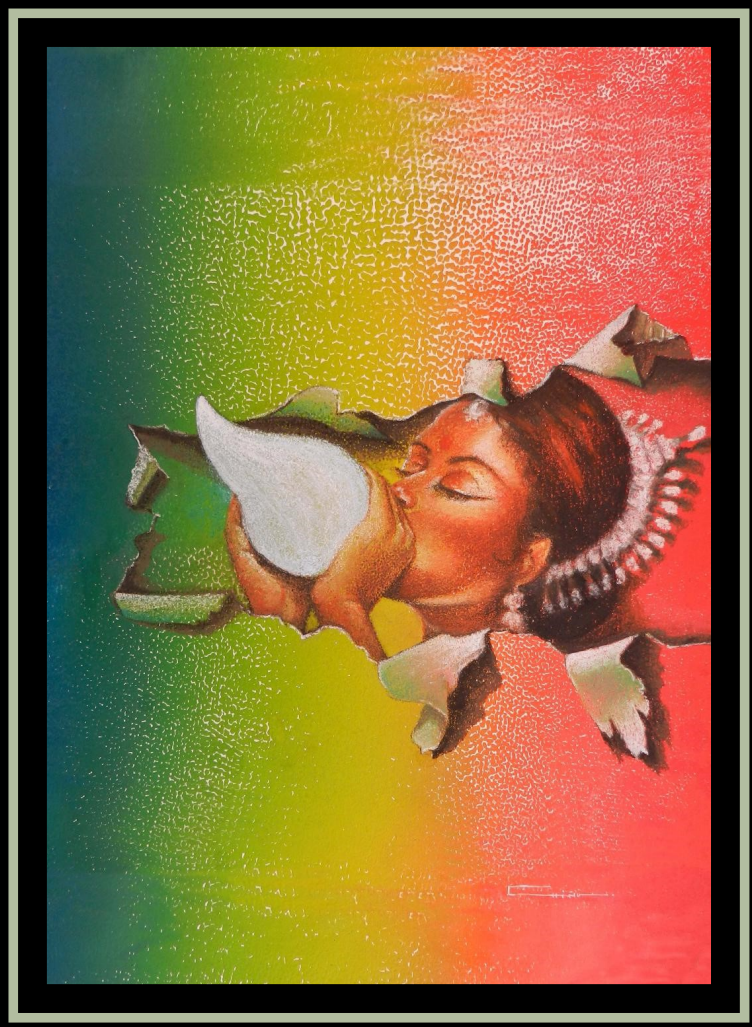
Floating above me, clouds as dark as coal gathered in the overcast sky like a congregation whilst pregnant clouds wept tears on to the ground. Threateningly, thunder rumbled overhead -a menacing symphony of drum rolls that continued to ring in my ears like a stubborn stain in a white shirt. Suddenly a flash of lightning, a jagged dagger glistening in the moon light, jutted out of the rough, black background before retreating almost as quick as it came, almost as though it were playing a game of hide and seek. Almost immediately, a massive wave, forged from the depths of the sea, licked the street like a tantalizing tongue, and returned to its hiding place, plotting its next attack. Even the strongest trees were knocked over as quickly as a bowling pins, causing huge traffic jams while drivers, suffering from road-rage , honked their horns continuously. Torrents of rain rammed the road furiously, seeking ruthless revenge. That storm -The Great Storm – truly lived up to its notorious name...

Eruption

Sajal Meher (Year 3)

One day there lived a young boy called Joe, who was always thinking about his father, who was gone to get money. Sometimes, his father was gone for so long that when his father came home, his father was like a stranger. Suddenly, a big rumble happened and the sky was red. Joe looked outside and saw that it was a volcano. Joe was deadly terrified and told everyone that there is a volcano going to erupt. Everyone evacuated from the house, but it was too late and the volcano erupted. The rocks came tumbling down and everyone came tumbling down the rocks. At last, the rocks stopped tumbling. Everyone couldn't walk and everyone was almost surrounded by lava. Eventually, a very special bear who can talk, spotted the family in danger. The bear's name was called Jack. Jack decided to get the family to safety place. The bear went up to the family, picked up one by one to a warm, cosy and special home. The family had never seen a bear living in a house. Joe's face was all black. One day the family heard a knock on the door. When they were shocked to see their surprise. "Father!" the children cried. Then, the whole family lived happily ever after.

Some Colours to your eyes.....



Chinmayi Nath



Vidip Sahoo 11 Yrs



Akshita Patra Age-5Yrs



Satwik Morti Age-11Yrs

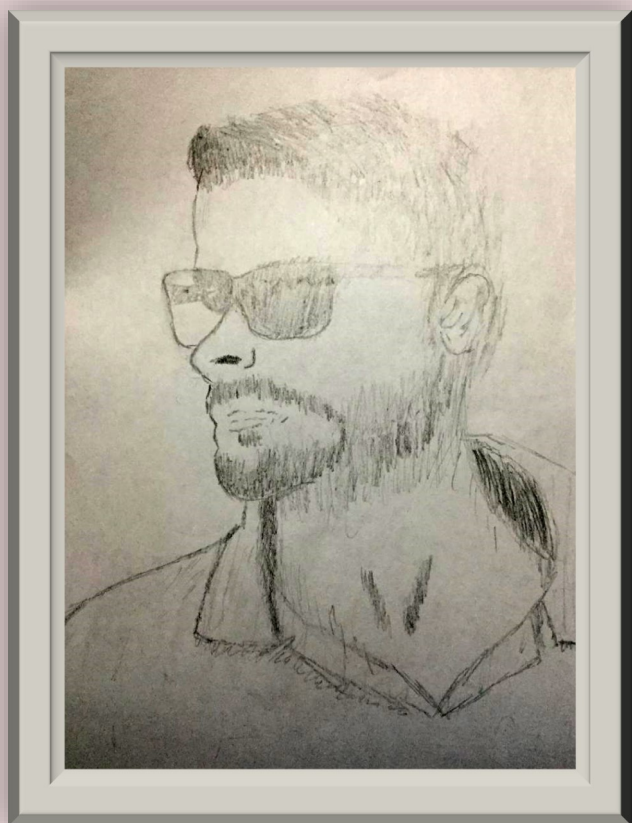
Portraits....



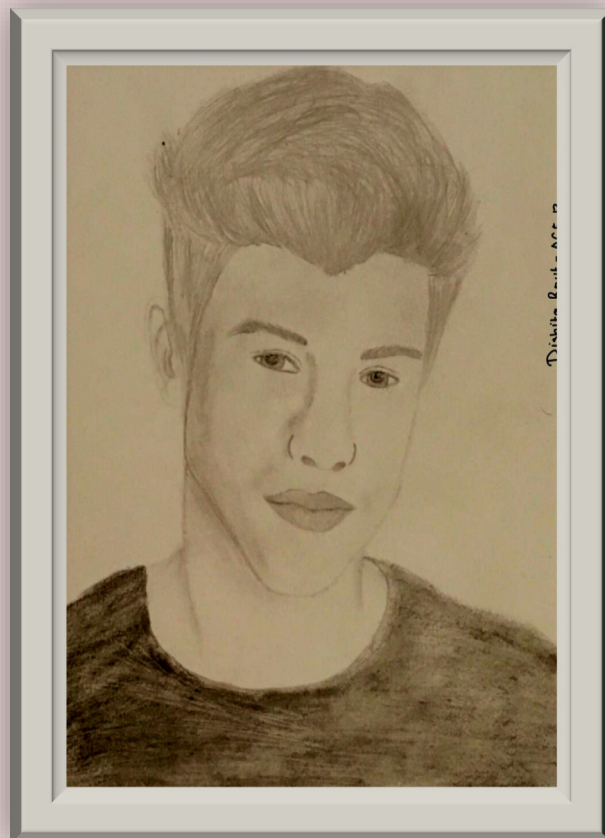
Dishita Rout Age-13 Yrs



Sreeja Morthi Age- 7 Yrs



Satwik Mortti Age-11Yrs



Dishita Rout Age-13 Yrs

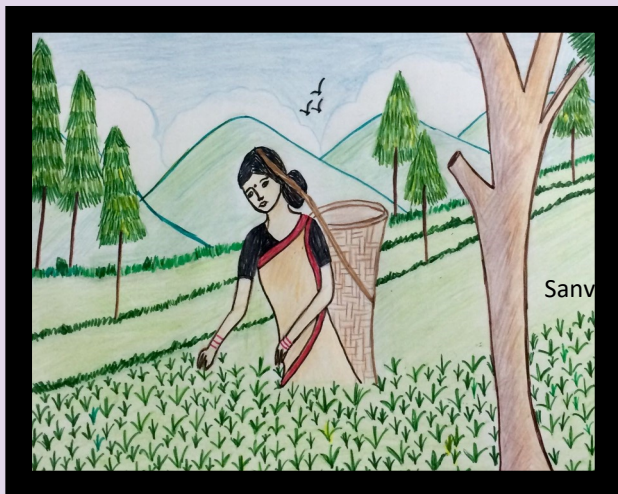
Nostalgic... ?



Siya Sahoo Age-15 Yrs



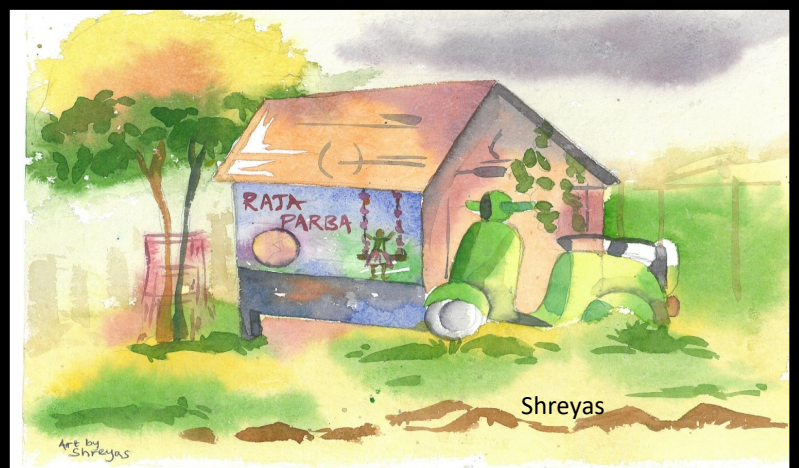
Shivika Sidhartha Age-6Yrs



Sanvi Samal Age-9Yrs

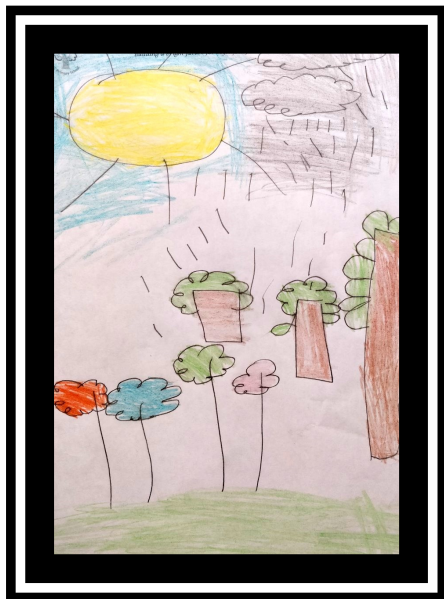


Dishita Rout Age-13Yrs



Shreyas Sahu Age-17 Yrs

Their own style.....



Ishaan



Sreeja Morti

Age-7 Yrs



Doodle Art

Mahan Das Age-11Yrs



Ishaan



Collage made of Scrap cloths

Archisha Patra

Age-11 Yrs

Some of the Performers at the OCAL Raja Parba 2018



Tirthi Patnaik

Tirthi started dance training at the age of 7, studying Odissi, Bharatnatyam & Kuchipudi dance styles. She trained in Bharatnatyam & Odissi under Guru Chandrabanu in Australia and in Odisha, India under Gurus Swetansu Sarangi & Amulya Balabantaray who both helped her tremendously with her technique. Since 2012 she has been studying Odissi under Guru Urbi Basu at The Bhavan, London and performing across London and Geneva. She is mother to a 6 year old son and a Business Change Consultant specialising in the Banking Industry. She is also a practising Buddhist.



Mousumi Mishra

Mousumi Mishra is a multi-talented singer and dancer. She started learning music when she was 4 years old under the tutelage of Guru Kalyani Mishra. A few years later, she trained under her *piusu nani* and Guru Chittaranjan Pani and went on to achieve her Bachelor's degree in Hindustani Classical Vocals. In Delhi, she learnt about different gharanas and styles of music under Mrs. Shanti Sharma. She has recorded three albums in Odisha. She has also learnt the Odissi for a few years under Smt. Bhubaneswari Mishra. Although, the now mother of a five year old focuses more on her singing skills, she has previously choreographed many dance performances. Her natural musical inclination, makes her a constant part of the OCAL cultural team.



Devaki Thomas

Devaki is an entrepreneur specializing in arts presentation and a musician/performing artist & Movement therapist hailing from Vancouver, Canada; studying Odissi since the age of 5 under Ratna Roy in Seattle and Bharatanatyam since 14, under Nimmi Bali and in her twenties under Alka Goel in Vancouver. She's been studying with Urbi Basu for over 7 years in London, UK, receiving her diploma in Odissi dance under her at The Bhavan in 2015 and performing in Canada, London and Geneva. Mother of 4 grown sons, Devaki has kept her passion for dance alive through the years.

Patnaik Some of the Performers at the OCAL Raja Parba 2018 Cont....



Neha Patnaik

Neha is 15 years old, preparing for her GCSE's next year. A trained Bharatanatyam dancer, she has performed on stage since she was 5 years old. The Telford Dance Festival and Odia Raja Parba has seen her perform regularly. Recently, she gave a performance to commemorate 50 years of Commonwealth. She is also a Grade 8 in Western Classical Singing from Trinity College and a Grade 7 in Piano awarded by ABRSM. She regularly performs at the Minsterley Eisteddfod, a Welsh Music festival. Neha represents her school in Netball and Rounders as well.



Shreyana Patnaik

Shreyana is 15 years old and a talented Odissi dancer, performing group and solo in London & India for the last 9 years. She started learning Kathak at the age of 3, and Odissi at 5. She completed her diploma in Odissi under the guidance of her Guru Shrimati Urbi Basu at The Bhavan, London in 2016. She has attended workshops with Guru Shrimati Sujata Mohapatra.



Dishita Rout

13 years old Dishita Rout is one of the most anticipated dance performers at Raja Parba every year. She is a grade 3 Kathak student and can perform both Bollywood and Kathak with equal poise. She is an arts enthusiast and displays her skills in the Raja magazine. Sometimes, she takes part in local fund raising charity events with her Bollywood dance group.

Saloni's Journey



Namaskar,

I am Saloni and I am a crossover artist with talents in both Western Pop and Bollywood, I was born brought up in the UK with Indian roots that I still connect with.

My journey started at the age of 4 when my parents heard me sing Christmas carols and recognised my talent, since then I've been singing Indian Classical and later went on to sing Western Pop. I sang at many cultural events and later a few competitions too! At one competition I was spotted by a record label called 'Big Help Music' and have been working with them for the last 2 years, they have developed me as an artist and have made me so much more confident in doing what I love most. I do fortnightly gigs at pubs in Rugby which is an absolute joy!

Last year I won "Milton Keynes Upcoming Female Artist" celebrating the 50th anniversary of MK. I also had an amazing opportunity to sing with the winner of Indian Idol 2017 at Watford Colosseum, my first big concert! Following from this I was interviewed by B4U Music which was broadcasted on TV!

Earlier this year I released my Debut EP "Moving On", I am proud to say that it entered the iTunes Pop charts at No.2 in India and Top 50 in the UK, it also entered the iTunes All-Genre charts at No.6 in India! Following from this I have had a few interviews with LycaRadio and was featured on MK Pulse. After hearing my EP, Fred Cox (Platinum Hit Producer who worked with Rag n Bone Man on his internationally successful "HUMAN" album) requested to co-write with me!

I have lots more events coming up so do watch out on my social media:

Facebook: www.facebook.com/SaloniMusic

Instagram: @saloni_music

Twitter: @saloni_music

YouTube: www.youtube.com/SaloniMusic

Spotify: Saloni

Thank you to all my friends and family who consistently support me and I hope I inspire other young talented people to pursue what they love most!

Happy Raja!

- Saloni xx

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ପିତାର ହୃଦୟ

ଡ଼ ଜୟଶ୍ରୀ ନନ୍ଦ



ପିତା ସ୍ମୃତ୍ ପିତା ଧର୍ମ ପିତା ହିଁ ପରମ ତପଃ ପିତରି ପ୍ରିତିମା ପନ୍ନେ ପ୍ରିୟନ୍ତେ ସର୍ବ ଦେବତା।
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ହେଉଛି ଏକ ପିତାର ହୃଦୟ!

ବାସୁଦେବ କୃଷ୍ଣଙ୍କୁ ଭଗବାନ ଜାଣିବି ବସୁଦେବଙ୍କର ରକ୍ଷା କରିବାର ପ୍ରଚେଷ୍ଟା ହେଉ କି ଧର୍ମ ଯୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଭାଗ
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ବୋଲି ଦେଖାଉଥିବା ଏକ ଶକ୍ତ ହୃଦୟ
ଏକ ପିତାର ହୃଦୟ
କେମିତି ଜୀବନ ଗଢ଼ିବ
ପରିବାରର ଦାୟିତ୍ଵ ନେବ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ନ ଶିଖାଇ
ନିଜେ ଗଢ଼ି ଦେଖାଉ ଥିବାର
ହୃଦୟର ଡୋରିରେ ବନ୍ଧା ସମ୍ପର୍କ
ସମସ୍ତେ ଅବିଶ୍ଵାସ କରିବା ବେଳେ
ଯେ ବିଶ୍ଵାସର ପ୍ରତୀକ ହୋଇ ଠିଆ ହୁଏ
ସେ ହେଉଛି ଏକ ପିତାର ହୃଦୟ
ପଡ଼ିଗଲା ବେଳେ ନ ଧରି
ନିଜେ ବଂଚି ଜୀବନକୁ ଦେଖାଉଥିବାର
ଉଦାହରଣ

ତମ ଅଶାନ୍ତି

ନୀଳମାଧବ କର,
ଓଲଭରହାମ୍ପଟନ, ଇଂଲଣ୍ଡ
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ତମ ଅଶାନ୍ତିରେ
ମୋର ଏଠି ଜଳିଯୋଡ଼ି ଯାଏ ମନ
ଅଶାନ୍ତ, ଅପ୍ରତ୍ୟୟ
ବହୁଧା ବିଭକ୍ତ
ଖଣ୍ଡ ବିଖଣ୍ଡିତ
ଖୋଜୁଥାଏ ରାହା ।
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କଣ କରିବି ମୁଁ
କେମିତି ଫେରେଇବି
ତମେ ସ୍ନେହ, ତମ ପ୍ରେମ
ଛଳନାର ଗନ୍ତାଘରେ
ଖୋଜି ଖୋଜି ଅଥୟ ମୁଁ
ହଜିଛି ଯେ ବହୁଦିନୁ
ତମ ପାଇଁ, ମୋ ପାଇଁ ।
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ଭୁଲିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛାକରି
ଭୁଲିବି ହୁଏନା -
ଅତୀତତା ଦାଉ ଦାଉ ଜଳେ
ତମ ଅଶାନ୍ତିର ଝଡ଼ ଏଠି
ମୁଣ୍ଡ ପିଟେ, କୋହ ତୋଳେ ।
...
ମୁଁ ବିଚଳିତ, ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଓ ବିବ୍ରତ
ମରିବାର ରାହା ଖୋଜେ
ବଂଚିବାର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖେ
ଅଶାନ୍ତିରେ ଜଳିବାର ମଜା ଚାଖେ
କ୍ଷଣ ପ୍ରତିକ୍ଷଣ ।
...

IF

Alisha Pradhan, Age-9, Year-4
Southend on Sea

If I had a swing,
I would dance about like millions of butterflies asking for food and sunlight...

If I had a flower swing,
I would buzz and jump like a bee as if I was hungry for sweet sweet honey ...

If I were a Princess,
I would make life better for every person and sleep in my warm cozy and intricate bed...

If my dad bought me a new dress,
I would giggle with laughter like a jack in the box after being winded up...

If I had any new jewellery,
I would keep them safe as if my whole life depended on them...

Because I have the best family ever,
I always cuddle up to them and will never let them go as if I was a nice pretty leech which doesn't suck blood...

DEADLY EMOTION

Anger lives in the deepest and darkest
part of your heart

Always ready to burst out

Can make your life worse

Be careful or be ready to fall in its trap.

His face is red and his hair is dead

Not visible to you but around you

Every emotion hides from it

Everybody hates him.

Anger is a terrifying monster

It cannot be killed

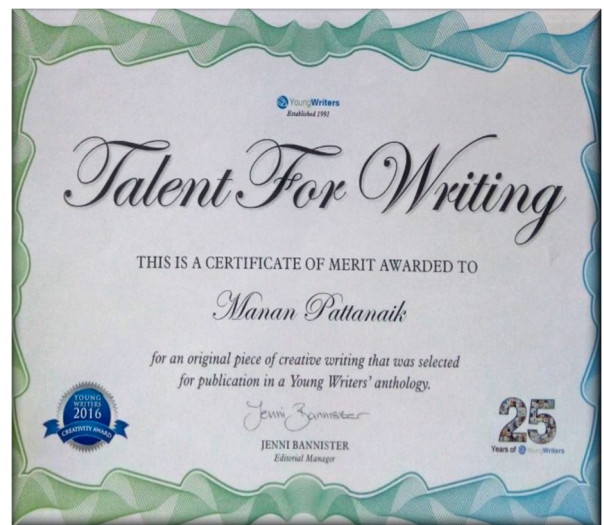
Don't be bad or he's gonna trap you

Be careful or be ready to fall in its trap.

Manan Pattanaik

Age 10

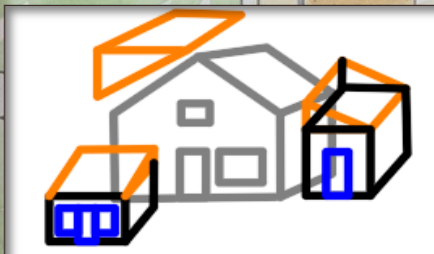
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