

**In Fond Memory of My Beloved Wife**



**SAROJ KUMARI PRASAD**

**15<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST 1940 TO 14<sup>TH</sup> MARCH 2013**

**SATYAM SHIVAM SUNDARAM**

Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad

# THE TREASURY OF FOND MEMORIES OF SAROJ

*My Pretty Lotus passed away on 14<sup>th</sup> March 2013 but  
her fond memories are still fresh in my heart and mind.  
Ram Lakhan Prasad*

2 A Treasury of My Fond Memories

**Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad**

# **A Collection of Fond Memories of My Pretty Lotus**

**By Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad**

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**3 A Treasury of My Fond Memories**

# **CONTENTS**

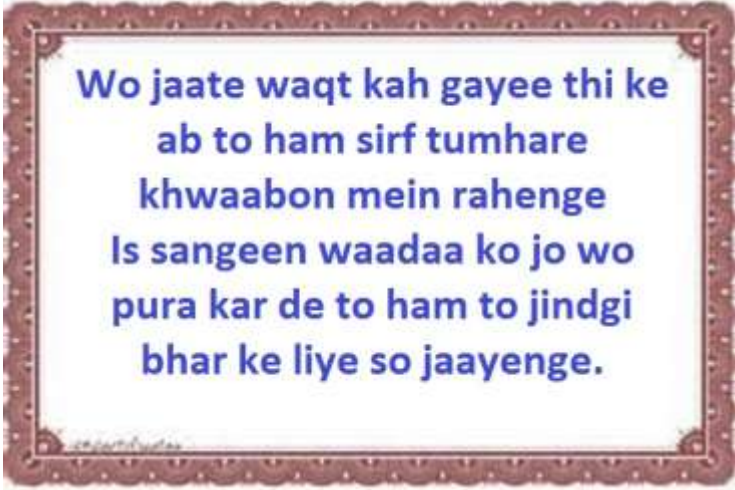
This publication is different from any other ordinary type of writing because I have neither followed any strict convention of creative writing nor used a specific language. The collection is a mixture of a variety of moods, languages and feelings. Therefore, the style of this literary piece is my personal creation with my native language Hindustani, some Urdu, a bit of Fijian but mostly English, which has been my second language.

However, this is not my excuse for this very personal creation of mine and I am not asking for any forgiveness from my readers. If there are any mistakes, social and cultural errors or any factual omissions, I am personally responsible for them.

I know of writers who were blind and yet they could use their internal vision to create. I also know of people who had no language and yet writers interpreted their actions to develop meaningful reading pieces. Therefore, my disabilities have also become my abilities to construct what I term as therapeutic presentations. This will continue as long as I live and could create for my love.

I know that any piece of literature is subject to appreciation, criticism, likes as well as dislikes and I cannot be spared of these aspects of reading and writing. So my readers are free to read, digest, understand and comment as they wish. Good luck.

EPIGRAPH



*Just before her departure, My Pretty Lotus, My Saroj, My beloved wife managed to say that from now on she would only dwell in my dreams.*

*My only wish is that she keeps her promise and I would then assure her that I would find that glorious slumber for life so that I keep dreaming about her forever.*

## ***PREFACE***

It is a sad thing in life is when you meet and begin to love someone very dearly and who begins to mean a lot to you and then suddenly you find out after an enjoyable period of living together for over half a century that it was never meant to be forever. Your beloved passes away and you are left alone to face the new life alone. So what do you do? Lament, grieve, become devastated and go berserk with pain and sorrow of loneliness or you just have to let go.

I had no choice but I had to go on living because it was her command. The hardship, sadness and inability to tolerate the loss cannot be fully understood by anyone but you yourself.

This presentation has been designed to heal my sufferings and these have assisted me to overcome my sorrows somewhat but I have a long way to go to fully recover. I may not be able to succeed until I join My Pretty Lotus in the next life. Until then I was told to keep living, loving and thinking of her. That is what I am doing and will continue to add to this volume as my feelings and sorrows dictate and enable me to do so. There is no end to this publication and after my death this should be published by my children as a memorial of our instinctual and unconditional love. The people could then read and appreciate the love life of Saroj and Lakhan.

**Ram Lakhan Prasad**

## FOREWORD

**This** is a therapeutical golden treasury of some of my fond memories of my Pretty Lotus, my beloved wife, Saroj Kumari Prasad. I have been creating these as a loving tribute since her passing away on 14<sup>th</sup> March 2013. This is a book to grow on and it is also a book to grow with for our family members, relatives and friends.

In this collection, I have poured my heart and soul out to remember all the fond memories of a devoted wife, a loving mother and a pleasant grand mother. These creativities will become part of the Prasad Family as long as even one member remembers the fame, glory and presentations of such a fine and perfect personality. This has been a therapeutical and a healing exercise for me.

My readers will have the choice to like, appreciate and laugh at some of the creativities but by and large these present the instinctual love life of a couple who were madly in love with each other for over half a century. Their unconditional love was nowhere near the traditional love stories of Romeo and Juliet or Laila or Majnu and the like but far exceeded the romantic aspects of those lovers. People will invent a new episode of romance after reading the items in the collection to call it the Affectionate Love Life of Lakhan and Saroj.

## Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad

All the items in the collection are meant primarily to be enjoyed and appreciated but there may be some aspects that will inadvertently leave some deep human feelings of love, compassion, loneliness, sadness and sorrow. There are many lessons to learn from our experiences of love if the readers can read between the lines and interpret the thoughts, symbolism and images.

Enjoyment and appreciation are personal aspects and any creativity that is written in a variety of moods and at many different levels of humanity could provide its own particular pleasure and understanding. The reading in these pages is not very easy because of the emotions that are hidden in the compositions. Many are very personal feelings and emotions that would be difficult to fully comprehend unless the characters and the protagonists were well known by the readers.

I commend people to read and then find out what I mean. The themes, forms, rhythm, rhyme and imagery are all so deep and heartfelt that can bring tears to the human eyes. If these do not move anyone then the deeper meaning of love has not entered that soul yet.





# INTRODUCTION

In the beginning, everyone tells me that there was nothing but joy in the world. Everything was bright, new, peaceful and full of love and affection. The earth and the sky were created and human beings began as children, living in a paradise, which was a cross between a great garden and a divine playground. Every morning and everyday were fresh surprises. Our life, the love life of Saroj and Lakhan began with romance in the paradise as well.

My beloved wife told me many times that all beginnings have had the same radiance, the same colour and the same beauty but the different human interactions over the years have either added beauty or spoilt these and polluted our atmosphere. However, she said that unconditional love was still the essence of complete living and heaven is still there for those who believe in living with instinctual love, deep compassion, good understanding and solid empathy for each other.

A good human life can be a happy song and become an echo of the completely happy world but often times we refuse to stay on the given path of humanity and create religious and political indifference thus making our living a real hell instead of a peaceful adventure.

## Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad

I do not want to paint a picture that Saroj and I were unique but we were serious with our love life and tried our best to understand and appreciate the feelings and attitude of each other.

The result of our interactions can be seen in the pages that have so much to offer for everyone. However, for anyone that feels otherwise can create and add some more to enrich this collection. The Prasad Family is a living example of the dedication that this faithful angel, Our Saroj provided all of them.

I loved creating these presentations and I hope my readers will like reading them and getting something out of the collection. The collection has helped me heal my pain, sorrow and loneliness but this would certainly inspire other poets to join in and create their pieces.



Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad

# DEDICATION



**This** collection is written for bilingual appreciation for the family members, relatives and friends. For ease of reading, the Hindi words are presented in Roman English but for non-Hindi speakers, the words may not give the same meaning and sense as the words depict. I am sure help from some member of the Prasad Family can easily solve this problem.

This publication is lovingly dedicated to the eldest child of Chandra Pal Sharma and Lila Wati, who fondly bestowed the pretty name of Saroj Kumari Devi to this

## **Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad**

angel of the Prasad Family. She was born in Nasinu in Fiji on 15<sup>th</sup> August 1940. She was thoroughly educated at Dudley House, Nasinu Teachers' College, University of the South Pacific, Brisbane College of Advanced Education and Queensland University of Technology.

Saroj Kumari Devi was married to Ram Lakhan Prasad on 19<sup>th</sup> January 1964. She worked as a successful teacher, Head of Department (Languages) in various secondary schools in Fiji, Senior Education Broadcasts Officer for Education Department of Fiji, Senior Lecturer in English at the Colleges of Advanced Education in Nasinu and Lautoka and then retired after working as a Group Leader at a Child Care Centre in Brisbane in 2000.

She was enjoying a happy retirement life with her family when she was suddenly called to Rest in Peace in heaven on 14<sup>th</sup> March 2013. She was finally farewelled on 16<sup>th</sup> March 2013 at the Centenary Memorial Gardens in Brisbane.

She enjoyed her family life with her four married children, Praanesh and Ranitta, Praneeta and Shalendra, Harshita and Naresh and Rohitesh and loved to interact with her eight grand children Jaya, Meera, Hamish, Jayden, Anjali, Sonali, Elliott and Charlotte.

My Pretty Lotus was not a woman who needed me but she was an angel a man like me needed to reform myself. Often she used to tell me to let my dreams be bigger than my fears, my actions louder than my words and my faith

## Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad

stronger than my feelings. With these wise words, I managed to find that life was not about the destination but the journey that got us where we wanted to be, our world of extreme love and fulfilling joy.

It is worth mentioning for my readers that I did not choose the one who was beautiful to the world but rather I chose the one who made my world beautiful and pleasant.

Therefore, when I gave my heart to My Pretty Lotus I also gave her the power to love me, criticise me and construct me but in doing so she never hurt me. That was the beauty part of my complete family life. Our truth, beauty and goodness of our family life was never measured by the breadth we took but by the joyous moments that took our breadth away.

My Pretty Lotus taught me many lessons but this was the most important one for me. I learnt from her to love without condition, talk without bad intention, give without reason and most of all care for my people without any expectation. She was my greatest and wisest teacher who made me learn from my yesterday, live my today and have hope for my tomorrow.

I made a choice in my life to take my chances and my life changed for the better all because of her.

I dedicate this publication to her with my fondest love.

*Ram Lakhan Prasad*

## LET THE TREASURE UNFOLD

An Ode to My Pretty Lotus, My  
Saroj on her 74<sup>th</sup> Birthday.

Just Give Me Your Usual Smile

My Dear

The bright light of my love life has gone out  
There's no fun left in life and I'm loosing out  
I beseech thee to give me your usual mystic smile  
To brighten up my world and walk another mile

Give me your usual smile just once more my dear

It would alter my disposition  
It would change my emotion  
My life would change altogether  
I would have nothing to bother  
The flowers would bloom again  
The birds would sing once again  
Clouds would pour sweet rain  
The wind would keep me sane  
The stars would twinkle for me  
The moon would shine you see  
The fairies would dance for me  
My life would change you'll see

**Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad**

Give me your usual smile just once more my dear  
My eyes would blink with joy  
My lips would talk like a toy  
Life would be full of laughter  
Nothing to worry me hereafter  
All heaven would sing merrily  
My image would change surely  
The sun would kiss my forehead  
To bless me to let me look ahead  
I would be sailing to the safer shore  
There would be rough storms no more  
All my prayers would be answered  
All my questions would be treasured

Give me your usual smile just once more my dear  
I'm moving like a lonely traveller  
All is dark and I have no calendar  
Fear of future bothers me everyday  
I am afraid I've forgotten the highway  
My attire and my mind are unsettled  
Fear of failure keeps me all rattled  
Hiding behind a façade of doubts  
I have lost my will for any bouts  
My past is haunting me heavily  
My future is now uncertain really  
All wishes have gone wishy washy  
All the thoughts are now bushy

**Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad**

Give me your usual smile just once more my dear  
My life is full of stress and strain  
It is turning and twisting in vain  
I'm counting the falling stars at night  
There is no hope near or any in sight  
Fear dwells in my heart of rare pain  
It gets worse when it begins to rain  
The darker nights give me no hope  
I find it harder and harder to cope  
There is a strong burn in the heart  
It inflicts fire and lets flame to start  
These hurt my inside and outside  
But I'm unable to leave them aside

Give me your usual smile just once more my dear  
You are the bright light of my life  
You have been my beloved wife  
Let me repeat it once more my dear  
You are the music of my life my dear  
Let me ask you a simple question my dear  
Give me an answer to my question my dear  
How do I live my life without you?  
What do I do with my life without you?  
Why don't you share your mystic smile?  
Let me live well and walk another mile.  
Teach me not to worry and learnt to smile  
I will love you more and keep your smile  
Give me your usual smile just once more my dear.



**Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad**

Your birth on 15<sup>th</sup> August 1940 was for me alone  
Our first meeting on 14<sup>th</sup> February 1959 was set on  
stone

Our marriage on 19<sup>th</sup> January 1964 was a glorious  
day

Our family life of over fifty years was happy and  
gay

Your life and living was all full of caring and giving  
I am now all lost and lonely and have given up  
living

Your departure on 14<sup>th</sup> March 2013 tore my heart  
apart

I've been trying to live but the body dwells without  
a heart

On your 74<sup>th</sup> birthday, I wanted to sing and dance  
I can't do these cos you're not giving me a chance  
I will look heavenward to see you smile once more

You're sitting by the super moon and the stars  
galore

Give me your usual smile just once more my dear  
I'll sing this ode for you forever without any fear.

Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad  
15<sup>th</sup> August 2014.

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