

**A LOVING TRIBUTE,
AN ACCOLADE AND
HOMAGE
TO SAROJ PRASAD,**

HOME ALONE

**BY
Dr. Ram Lakhan Prasad**

August 2015

EPIGRAPH

I KNOW THAT I COULD NEVER FIND ANYONE AS PRETTY, AS HONEST, AS GOOD AND AS WISE AS MY BELOVED WIFE SAROJ KUMARI DEVI.

SO THE REST OF MY LIFE WOULD BE WELL SPENT IF I COULD BE ALLOWED JUST A FEW SPECIFIC WISHES.

- TO WAKE UP EVERYDAY TO THE SOUND OF HER BREATH ON MY NECK.
- TO FEEL THE TOUCH OF HER WARM LIPS ON MY CHEEK.
- TO FEEL THE TOUCH OF HER FINGERS ON MY SKIN.
- TO FEEL HER HEARTBEAT ON MY CHEST.
- TO HEAR HER SWEET VOICE AND WORDS IN MY EARS.
- TO SEE HER PRETTY FACE AND ALL HER ACTIONS IN MY EYES.
- TO TREASURE ALL HER FOND MEMORIES IN MY MIND FOREVER.
- TO CAPTURE HER TOTAL CHARACTER IN MY SOUL.

DEDICATION

***To Saroj, My Pretty Lotus, my wife and
my life.***

**It is a gift to My Pretty Lotus and an
epitome of my healing from acute
loneliness.**

**This homage is a gift to a loving and
devoted wife from the grieving husband.**



By Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad

2015

FOREWORD



Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad has been my neighbour and revered father-figure for well over a decade. In this beautiful tribute to his late wife, Saroj, Dr Prasad shares his most intimate feelings which attest to his deep and abiding love and admiration for a remarkable woman.

Dr Prasad has long been interested in education, literature and philosophy and readers will see elements of these intertwined in the poetry and prose. These thought-provoking pieces challenge us to consider how loving another human being, and being loved in return, enriches our lives.

While Dr Prasad is honest about the depth of his sorrow and his loneliness, understandable after sharing so many years of his life with Saroj, the creation of this book has allowed him to release some of these feelings and preserve her memory.

Dr Prasad frequently refers to Saroj as his “Pretty Lotus”. The lotus flower is a symbol of purity and beauty in the Hindu religion and this is a fitting analogy for Saroj.

Readers will gather that she was an intelligent woman who was not only physically beautiful, but possessed a deep inner beauty. Dr Prasad’s writing also has a purity and beauty because of its raw emotion.

I am therefore honoured to write this Foreword to ‘Home Alone’, a fitting gift or for Saroj, and as Dr Prasad calls it his *homage and his* loving tribute to her.

Dr Donna McGrath,
Bellbowrie, Queensland, Australia.

PREFACE

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE STYLE AND DICTION OF MY CREATIVITY



This is only a small collection of glowing and emotional tributes, an appropriate accolade and a fitting homage to the life, glories and contributions of an excellent teacher educator, a devoted wife, a loving mother and an exceptional grandmother, Mrs Saroj Kumari Prasad.

A greater and more detailed collection of this renowned educationalist and social reformer is already published on various personal and

public websites. These can be searched and read through the Google Search Engine.

I am neither a known author nor a reputable poet but a lot of my amateurism is openly displayed in my creativity in this and my many other publications. I write using my personal feelings and often deviate from the norms of literature and creative writing. For this I beg for forgiveness from experienced writers who may get an opportunity to read my creations. I have dedicated all my writing to my wife Saroj Devi.

My style of prose writing is very personal and may not conform to the norm but I did try to respect the diction, grammar and usage of the English Language. As for my poems I did not strictly follow the normal requirement of ideas, form, movement, sounds, imagery and diction but poured my feelings as they emerged on to the pages. There are rhymes and rhythms in them but they are also of my own concoction.

Therefore, apart from reading my personal feelings and emotions the readers would not be able to fully appreciate and extract many definite patterns of English Literature and the genre of poetry but for the students of romantic literature I am leaving a legacy to be honoured and respected by all the readers. Please pardon my errors and omissions but do

appreciate my effort to express my emotions for my beloved wife.

We met at our College on Valentines Day in 1959 and pledged our love for each other on our first sight. We lived a separate life on two different Islands for four years after that before we got the opportunity to seal our love with our marriage in 1964.

While we lived away from each other for almost five years we let our love mature and season like a good wine and that has been the reason for our successful family life.

People have choice to read two languages, English and Roman Hindi but the setiments and emotions of one language are not the same as the other because no one can translate true feelings and emotions adequately. At least I expressed them separately.

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INTRODUCTION

After her passing away I had promised myself that I would write a poem a day for my Pretty Lotus as my way of healing myself and I have gone beyond my promise.

I have written over a thousand pieces in the last three years of her passing away. This will continue to give me a sense of satisfaction and feeling that I am not alone. I am still proud to be living with the multiple golden memories of my Pretty Lotus. To some of my family and friends, this is utter madness but for others who can understand my feelings, this expresses my instinctual love for the great soul which had merged with mine for life.

Of the many regrets that I have deeply ingrained in my heart about my creativity a few outstanding ones are:

- I am living a lonely life but my devotion to the Supreme Being has increased tremendously. I have lost a few friends and relatives but all these are for good reasons. This loss is nothing compared to the loss of the person with the

sweetest voice that could charm all the birds of the vast sky and there is no replacement for that Pretty Lotus of mine. The rest of the world could go elsewhere and give me a chance to move on.

- I have not been able to do enough to express my emotions and feelings for my beloved but I am happy that I have tried my best and have succeeded to my satisfaction.
- I am living a life of a hermit but my creativity is still alive as can be seen and read from this collection of poems and prose.

I have expressed many of these internal feelings in a lot of my writings and have somehow tried to satisfy me for the additional loneliness and awkwardness. Of course, there are some dear friends who have stuck by me and have supported me in my grief and bereavement. These include my children, my brother Vijen and his family, my college friends Regina and Anand and Vijendra Keshwanand and his wife and my colleague Vidya Nand plus our adopted children Donna

and Barry. They have been my strength to move on.

I owe them and many other similar helpers and well-wishers a lot. I thank you people. For all the other selfish individuals who were only tentatively and selfishly related to me whilst my wife was around I say 'your departure from my world is no regret for me'. My advice to them is to stay away in order to give me the needed peace and harmony. I do not need any more sycophants and indignant individuals in my life to torture me any further.

I see no point in meddling with the past when the present seems nicely intact. I would rather have sweet memories than sour ones, hot meals than cold ones and merry times than monstrous dichotomy that I am finding so conspicuously at display in some of my own people. I have learnt it the hard way that discretion is definitely the better part of valour and I will try not to let my emotions override my logic. I have found my specific place in this lonely social environment and this life of a hermit is giving a new meaning to my life. Loneliness is better than bad company.

I have gained a feeling of security and a sense of belonging to myself. I do not want to submit myself to people who are not genuine in their dealings with me because I do not believe that this is the human way of overcoming my loneliness and anxiety.

Freedom to pray, believe and do social and cultural things is paramount for me. This was the reason for deviating from all traditional ceremonies after death of my beloved wife because for me any death is the final aspect of life. There should be no ceremonies to mourn the departed soul but rejoice with the memories.

I firmly believe that I am not like any of my fellow beings and no life should repeat another. Now as my purpose unfolds so would my life. I am but a simple creature of instinct. I do not want to condemn anyone for any ferocity or praise anyone for the meekness.

I have at last chosen the goodness in my own life and have finally realized that life is like a game of cards. The cards, bad or good, have been dealt to me and I have to play the game with added skills to win or to lose.

Thankfully, I have no partners as my assistants or to pass any possible blames. Alone I will win because I have called my Tanhaai, my *Shradhanjali* and my *Nazraanaa* for My Pretty Lotus, a glowing tribute, an emotional accolade and a fitting homage.

Let me express my understanding of death and loneliness. It is my *Tanhaai* for the non readers of Hindustani.

We all die and our goal isn't to live forever, the goal is to create something that will. In this publication I have tried to create something that should live forever.

All people who have taken birth in this material world are destined to meet death at an appropriate moment. This is simply a matter of changing bodies but no one knows where they are going after the change of their forms.

Some people say that death is nothing at all and it does not count much in their life but they have not lost someone who was as dear as the one I have lost. That severe loss brought a lot of realization for me.

For me the death of My Pretty Lotus has left a heartache that no one would ever be able to heal but the love and passion I have and had for her has definitely left a lasting memory no one can ever steal from me.

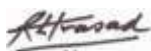
I feel that if God takes away something I have never expected to lose, He will replace it with something I have never imagined. God therefore has left an everlasting memory of my beloved wife for me to treasure. That I will.

One of the reasons that I have created this publication is because I felt that those we love don't go away, they walk beside us everyday; unseen, unheard, but always near if they are still loved, still missed and remain dear to you.

Grief, sorrow and sadness of losing my beloved were like the ocean for me because they came on waves ebbing and flowing. Sometimes the water was calm and sometimes it was overwhelming. All I had to do was learn to swim in the rough ocean. The expressions in this publication were an apt outlet for my emotions and the healing was bearable and manageable.

So death of my beloved wife was not the extinguishing of the light from my life. It did put out the lamp but it also helped me find a new light in the dawn that had come. My Pretty Lotus is remembered as my princess of love, truth, beauty and goodness and I owed her something major that needed to keep her multiple memories alive, hence, the publication of this book.

It is titled, "Home Alone" - A Loving Tribute, an Accolade and Homage to My Pretty Lotus.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "R. Howard", with a horizontal line underneath.

I sincerely thank Dr Donna McGrath for her great support in writing the Foreword and helping me editing this publication.

Final Few Days With My Pretty Lotus



My final few days with My Pretty Lotus were very difficult and unbearable and they left a very deep scar in my heart and mind. After quietly celebrating the 48th birthday of her eldest son Praanesh on 6th March 2013, My Pretty Lotus I felt totally tired of living any more. For the whole of that treacherous week that followed she kept asking me to cook special meals for her by instructing me how to do it well.

The best part was that she used to enjoy having every dinner with me. Our breakfast used to be a lot of fruit and her favourite wheetbix with warm milk and bit of honey.

She did not have much for lunch but managed a sandwich or two with slices of cucumber, tomato and lettuce and did not like any meat in it but I did put in a slice of chicken. Of course, she loved her custard and prunes as afternoon tea.

In her conversation that had some specific messages, dialogues and premonitions for me she kept asking me to do certain things after she has left this world. I used to let her say whatever she wanted but I do not know why I did not pay much attention to her soft, obvious and sweet words. At times she began to narrate the pleasures of our good old days and our various overseas and local trips and tours. She kept thanking me for all that I had done for her but I kept telling her that it was her kindness, assistance and love that I should be thanking her for rather than she to me.

She convinced me in her last few days that while men believed in what they saw; women have a belief in what they heard. She contemplated that all her family life was always full of many melodious songs that she wanted to keep hearing forever but the time had come for her to stop listening to the sweet tunes. She wanted me to keep liking and honouring the few core values that she

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