



ANVANITM

Moments

FEATURING:

PERSPECTIVES

by *Sukanya Roy*

Creative Conscious Living

Summer Holidays

June 2026 | Issue 01

www.theanvanicentre.com



I AM ANVANI

I shed the shoes that wandered far,
And with them, shed the weight of roads and tar;
Leaving behind the echoes of places that shaped me,
Keeping only the good, the great, what set my spirit free.

Coming home Anvani is a ritual that shields,
One where time softens and stillness heals;
Like bowing down at the temple door;
To the power that cradles, the ones with less and more.

As I become Anvani, I meet the truest part of me,
Masks dissolve, and now I see;
Raw, tender, real — I simply am,
A note in the song, part of the Divine plan.

In this sacred pause, I learn my soul's own tongue,
Each feeling etched on the scroll, my story sung;
Touching the essence that stirs awake,
I come back home — not to walls, but to the space I now make.

And now as I speak, as I sing, as I claim,
My voice is a lantern, not a flame;
It lights my waters, sets my sea free,
I am who I am — I am Anvani.

- Arundhati Bhand



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Conscious Kitchen

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Sukanya Roy | Holistic Nutritionist, Yoga Trainer

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Divya Nath | VP Citibank

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Aditi Joshi | Biocurator, Scientist

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Pankaja Kachare | Teacher

Reflections

Words That Stayed

Trushna Telkhade | Pranic Healer

Verses

Anvani Journeys



Nikita B., Pune

Aromatherapy Products

Loved the fragrance of the candle. It lingers around the room for hours which making the vibe more peaceful and happy.



Sonal P., U.S.A.

Pranic Healing

I am deeply grateful to Arundhati and Trushna for the Pranic healing sessions. They not only helped me with managing my stress but also in easing physical pain. After each session, I feel lighter, and more balanced, both mentally and physically.

The healing process feels gentle yet effective, and I notice a clear shift in my overall well-being over time. Arundhati and Trushna are compassionate and very attentive. I truly appreciate the support and care they have provided.



Yogesh G., Pune

Corporate Workshop

Arundhati is a fantastic artist who merges fun and creativity using unconventional tools and techniques. She makes you rethink and reform your thoughts on art and creativity, and she does so in a very fun and engaging style. Highly recommended!

From the Editor

Anvani Moments has been a long time coming. It started off years ago as Lingerin Views, a blog I started to share my travel experiences and my fascination with mythology. As Lingerin Views evolved into Arundhati Art, Studio Anvani and now The Anvani Centre, the blog too progressed from being about my experiences, to about you all. Over these years, by the Lord's grace and blessings, I have had the opportunity to connect with talented people from all around the world. But there is one common thread — we are all too busy. Words, hobbies, illustrations, colours, have all become a luxury we crave to pursue, and at the same time, have a thousand reasons to not. So this is my bit, to you all. To encourage the artist within you and challenge it to unfold and thrive, without pressure, without limitations.

And what a first issue it has been! I have no doubt that you as a reader are going to be taken by surprise by the art gathered within these pages. But me, I am ecstatic to have known these artists and seen their work from up close. It is fascinating how the same theme evokes the same emotions in us, and these same emotions find such a vast canvas to showcase their hues. And this realisation was precisely the aim for the theme of this issue. Summer holidays... I have quite fixed memories of these months. Picnic under our नीरफणस tree with a fixed menu — limbu sarbat, biscuits,

kurmure chiwda. If we got too fancy, maybe Jimjam biscuits instead of Marie and Parle-G. The smell of mangoes, ice cream... ice cream... ice cream... and books, so many books!

And it turns out, I am not alone in this. You'll find this to be a common thread throughout this issue. The smell, the sounds, the taste are all something we all hold close to our hearts, locked in, returning annually — accidentally — when we see a child reliving them for us.

From the entire Anvani family, thank you for making this space.

Om, amen, ameen.



Arundhati Bhand

Reflections: *A Treasure of Golden Memories*

Pankaja K.
Lonavla, India



No screens, no rush, no city noise,
Just nature, family, and simple joys.

Summer holidays were not just holidays — they were a festival of joy, laughter, and togetherness. The moment school closed we would rush home, swing our school bags, kick our shoes off and run to meet our friends who would be waiting on the playground.

The best part was going to our grandparents' house, where all maternal and paternal cousins gathered like a joyful army of mischief makers. The house echoed with laughter from morning till night.

Our mornings began early. We walked together under the soft golden sky, breathing fresh air and listening to birds sing. Nearby, the mountains looked magical. After the walk came the most exciting adventure — swimming in the cool backwater near the dam. Splashing, racing, and laughing in the water made us feel like little explorers.

By afternoon, the hot sun pushed us indoors, but the fun never stopped. We played endless games of cards, Ludo, carrom, and chess. With no TV and no mobile phones, comics became our best friends. Meanwhile, the house filled with heavenly aromas. Mummy would be busy in the kitchen, and we loved helping her. Together we made papads, pickles, jam,

and refreshing kokum sharbat. She would spread food grains under the sun to dry before the rains, carefully storing them for the whole year. Watching and helping her felt like learning the secrets of home and love.

Evenings were full of adventure again. Cricket, football, hide-and-seek — the playground became our kingdom. Sometimes we wandered into the woods just to watch the sunset paint the sky.

Then came the sweetest moment of the day — father arriving with baskets of mangoes! He made fresh mango juice, and we would shout: "Ready... steady... drink!" — racing to see who could finish the most glasses first.

We also enjoyed nature's gifts — karvanda, jamun, amla, and star fruit, plucked straight from trees and shared with giggles. The soft crack of thorns breaking as we pushed our way through the wild bushes. The tiny plop of karvanda falling into the steel bowl. The excited giggles of cousins shouting, "I found a big one!" The rustle of dry leaves under our feet in the summer heat.

*Unforgettable memories,
Priceless experiences.*

Tastes Like Home

कलिंगडाच्या भाज्या

Sunvantee Ursekar
Thane, India

(Cooking with Watermelon)

उन्हाळ्याची सुट्टी म्हणजे फळांची देखील लयलूट!

फळांचा राजा आंबा तर हवाच, पण त्याबरोबर जांभूळ, जाम, खरबूज, चिकू आणि कलिंगड!

कलिंगडाच्या गाड्या यायच्या आमच्या लहानपणी. बाजाराच्या रस्त्यावर बैलगाडी उभी असायची. लहानमोठी हिरवीगार कलिंगडे रचलेली. फळवाला २-४ कलिंगडांवर थापट्या मारून एक निवडायचा. कापून दाखवू का विचारायचा, आई नकोच म्हणायची. मग ती जड पिशवी वागवत घरी यायचं. आधी तर फ्रीज पण नव्हता. मग ते कलिंगड पिंपात किंवा मोठ्या बादलीत रात्रभर पाण्यात बुडवून ठेवायचं आणि दुसऱ्या दिवशी कापून खायचं. अहाहा! लालचुटूक कलिंगडाच्या अर्धचंद्राकृती फाकी खाण्याचा आनंद काही वेगळाच!

मोठी होऊन गृहिणी झाले, तरी कलिंगडाची आवड तेवढीच राहिली, फक्त आता फ्रीज असल्यामुळे कापून फ्रीजमध्ये ठेवून पटकन गारेगार करून खाण्याचा आनंद मिळायला लागला.

तशात गेली काही वर्षे ओला कचरा घरातच जिरवून त्याचं खत करायला सुरुवात केली होती, तेव्हा लक्षात आलं की कलिंगडाच्या फोडींच्या एवढाच ऐवज त्याच्या पांढरा भाग असलेल्या सालांचा होतोय! बास्केट भराभर भरते आहे. काही करता येईल का त्याचं?

मग गेल्या शतकातील स्त्री शास्त्रज्ञ डॉ कमला सोहोनी ह्यांचा लेख

वाचनात आला की हा पांढरा भाग खाण्यायोग्य असतो. टाकून देऊ नये.

आंतरजाल (इंटरनेट) आणि मैत्रिणींना विचारणा केली. ही साले किसून तो कीस डोसे पिठात घालता येतो, किंसात रवा घालून धिरडी करता येतात अशा काही कृती कळल्या, करून पाहिल्या देखील. पण त्या होत्या वेळखाऊ. मला हवं होतं झटपट, रोजच्या स्वयंपाकात वापरण्यासारखं काहीतरी.

मग मीच विचार करून तीन प्रकारच्या भाज्या करून पाहिल्या.

१. सालीच्या पांढऱ्या भागाच्या साधारण अर्ध्या इंचाच्या फोडी करून घ्यायच्या. तूप, जिरे, हिरव्या मिरचीची फोडणी करायची. (उपासाच्या पदार्थांना करतो तशी) त्यावर फोडी घालून थोडे हलवायचे, फोडी बुडतील एवढे पाणी घालायचे किंवा आणि झाकण ठेवून शिजू द्यायच्या. फोडींचा पांढरा रंग बदलून तो अर्ध पारदर्शक होतो. मग त्यात दाण्याचे कूट घालायचे, चवीप्रमाणे मीठ घालायचे आणि परत थोडे शिजू द्यायचे. रस्सा दाट किंवा पातळ जसा आवडत असेल त्यावर पाणी आणि कुटाचे प्रमाण ठरवायचे. शिजली की वरून कोथिंबीर घालायची. भात किंवा पोळी कशाबरोबरही ही भाजी छान लागते.

२. सालीच्या पातळ कापट्या करायच्या (बटाट्याच्या काचऱ्या करताना करतो तथ्या.)

तेलाची हिंग, मोहरी, हळद घालून फोडणी करायची. त्यावर भाजी घालून, परतून झाकण ठेवून शिजवायची. चवीप्रमाणे लाल तिखट आणि मीठ घालून ढवळायची. वरून सडळ हाताने ओले खोबरे आणि कोथिंबीर.

गरम पोळीबरोबर छान लागते.

कलिंगडाच्या सालीत पाण्याचा अंश बराच असतो त्यामुळे ही भाजी शिजून थोडी होते.

३. भाजी क्र १ प्रमाणे चौकोनी फोडी करायच्या. कढईत घालून त्या साधारण बुडतील इतके पाणी घालून शिजवायच्या. ह्या फोडी २-३ कप (मापाचा कप) असतील तर किमान अर्धा कप ओल्या नारळाचा चव (जास्त देखील चालेल), १ चहाचा चमचा तांदूळ, एक मिरची, आल्याचा एक इंचाचा तुकडा, ५-६ कढीपत्ता पाने असे सर्व थोडे पाणी घालून अगदी बारीक वाटावे. हे वाटून होईपर्यंत बहुतेक फोडी शिजतात. मग हे वाटण कढईत टाकून भाजी हलवावी. चवीप्रमाणे मीठ घालावे. भाजीचा रस्सा कसा हवा त्या प्रमाणात पाणी घालून सर्व एकत्र शिजवावे. खोबरेल तेलाची मोहरी, हिंग, सुक्या लाल मिरच्या, आवडत असेल तर आणखी कढीलंब घालून कढल्यात किंवा पळीत फोडणी करावी व ती शिजलेल्या भाजीवर घालून भाजी उतरवावी. वरून कोथिंबीर घालावी. ही भाजी भात किंवा पोळी दोन्हीबरोबर छान लागते.

सध्या आम्ही घरात दोनच माणसे आहेत. ती देखील साठी ओलांडलेली. त्यामुळे मागच्या आठवड्यात कलिंगड आणलं तर ह्या तीनही प्रकारची भाजी घरात झाली!



Scan OR Click!



Hues & Strokes

Sujatha R.
Bangalore, India

Ink on Paper,
11.69" x 8.27"

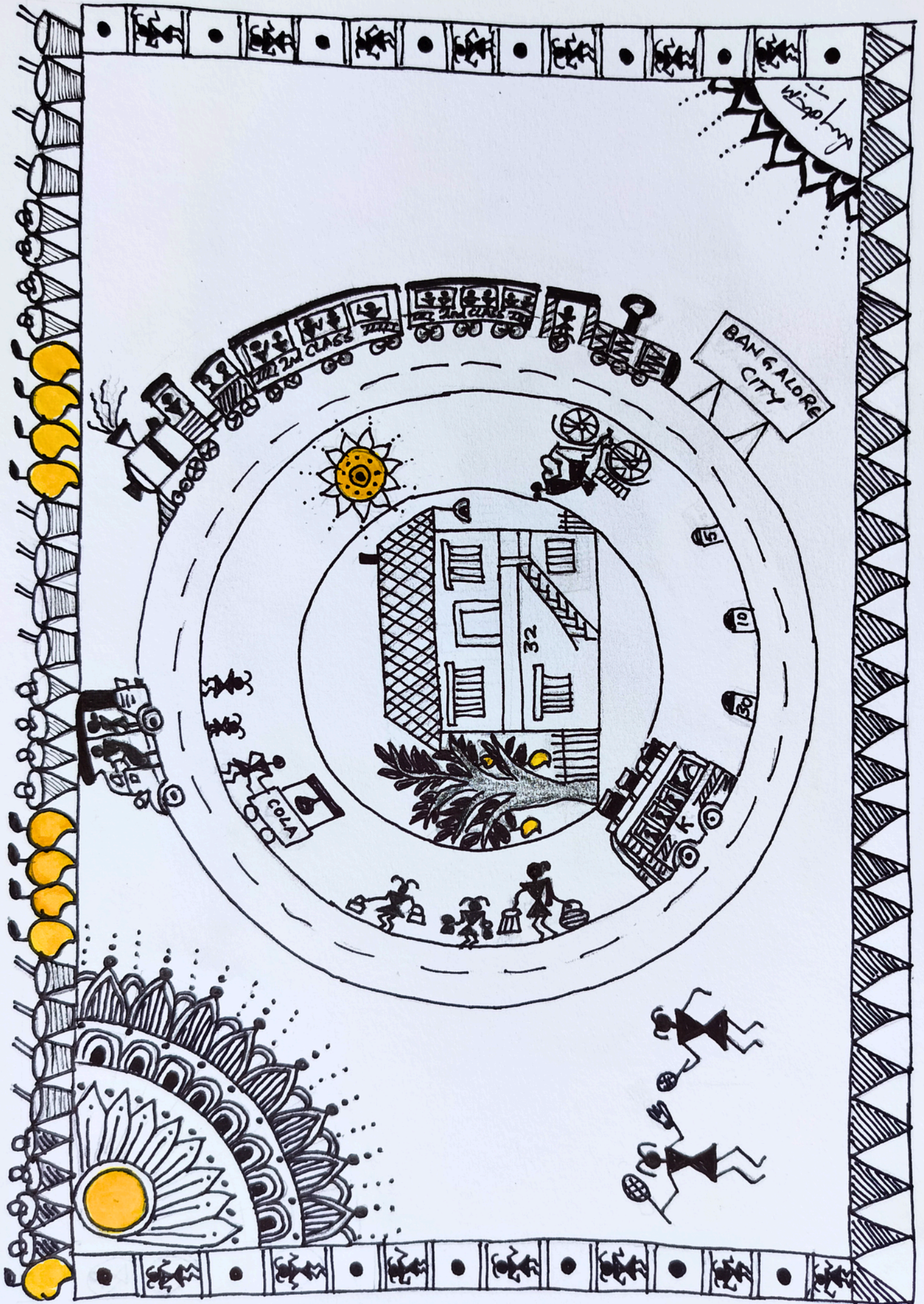
Ah, what a luxury to be kids and have summer holidays. Miss that era so badly.

Most summers we used to visit our grandparents in Bangalore. The journey from Madras to Bangalore via Brindavan Express is etched in my memory. The moment I saw the Bangalore City station, my heart would jump with joy.

The years that we didn't go to Bangalore, we would stay in sweltering Madras but there were other perks like mangoes, rose milk, ice gola (kuchi ice) and softy icecreams. Cycling and playing shuttlecock with my sister filled the evenings. Days would simply be whiled away but nobody would question it.

Treasure those memories and simple joys of life.

With Love,
Sujatha



Verses

बचपन की सुनहरी यादें, जहाँ वक्त ठहर जाता था

Divya Nath
Pune, India

बचपन की गलियाँ सिर्फ रास्ते नहीं, बल्कि यादों का एक ऐसा पिटारा हैं जहाँ हर मोड़ पर एक कहानी छिपी है। आज की भागदौड़ भरी ज़िंदगी में जब मन थक जाता है, तो अक्सर उन्हीं पुराने रास्तों पर निकल पड़ता है—जहाँ न घड़ी की पाबंदी थी, न भविष्य की चिंता।

मन का क्या है?

उसे कोई राह कोई रास्ता नहीं,
बस यूँ ही चल पड़ा है दूर कहीं।

बचपन की गलियाँ वही,
चेहरे पर एक मुस्कान सी आई,
दिल पर वह बदमाशी की नजर छाई।

वह घंटों इंतजार रिश्तों का,
वह इंतजार पड़ोसी के बच्चों का।
वक्त ही वक्त होता था,
दिन में कितना सारा करना होता था।

वह ताश के पत्ते, वह किताबों से भरे बस्ते,
वह सुबह की सैर, वो रिश्तों का साथ ।

वह दोबारा नाश्ता, वह छूटता खाना,
वह कहकाओं के शोर,
वह डांटों की फटकार।

याद है वह आंगन में सूखते आम,
वह बर्फ के गोले बारंबार।

वह नानी का दुलार,
वह मामी का प्यार,
वह गर्मियों की छुट्टियाँ,
बचपन की गलियाँ ।

आज ले चला है मन फिर वही सुनहरे द्वार पर।



Scan OR Click!

A Moment in Time

Apoorva N.
Breda, Netherlands



A moment of quiet reflection, embracing the transition of weather as the world warms up, yet feeling the nip in the air. Transitions remind us that we leave something behind — and there is much more ahead to experience, learn, and hold close to our hearts!

Perspectives

Featuring: Sukanya Roy

Ontario, Canada

During a quiet summer holiday, with no agenda but time and light, I found myself capturing images that felt less like photographs and more like conversations with nature.

Rows upon rows of golden blooms stretched toward the horizon, glowing under the warmth of the sun. Yet, what drew me in was not the most perfect bloom, but a single sunflower still in the midst of opening. Its petals had begun their journey outward, but not all had unfolded. Summer is often portrayed as bold and abundant, yet here it revealed a quieter truth—that even in the peak of the season, growth is still unfolding.

That sunflower, caught mid-bloom, reminded me that nature does not rush toward perfection.

It embraces every stage. There is beauty not only in fullness, but in transition.



Sukanya Roy
Soothe-Restore~ SR Nutrition & Wellness



The second image was smaller in scale, but just as powerful. A bee worked with a focus that felt almost meditative — its motion purposeful, an unspoken task carried out with quiet devotion.

At first glance, it seemed like a simple act of gathering. But through the lens, it unfolded into something far deeper. What struck me was the silent partnership at play. The flower offered its nectar without resistance, and the bee, in return, carried life forward in ways neither could achieve alone. It was neither dramatic nor staged, yet held the essence of something profound—the intricate balance that sustains the world.

In the quiet unhurried rhythm of summer holidays, these images belong to the same unspoken story. Together, they reflect the true essence of summer—not just as a season of warmth and escape, but as a living harmony where pause and purpose coexist.

As an observer, this pairing reveals something graceful: summer holidays are not just about stepping away from daily life, but about noticing how deeply we are a part of it —intertwined with the same gentle, intricate balance that nature so effortlessly holds. And sometimes, all it takes is a simple lens and a slower gaze to comprehend it fully.

Between the Pages: *There are no straight lines*

Vinaya Mandke
Pune, India

Dandelion Wine by Ray Bradbury

For the past few months, I've been thinking about how time just slips away, revealing more and more clearly that I am just a speck of dust in this wild, wild world. Time has a strange quality to it. The older we get, the faster it seems to move. The rational part of my brain insists there is nothing mysterious about this. We simply stop paying attention the way we did when we were young. Still, I would love to believe that time is magical. That we can travel through it, if only briefly, through memory and nostalgia.

Then this summer I picked up *Dandelion Wine* by Ray Bradbury. The book follows Douglas Spaulding through a single summer in Green Town. Bradbury is not particularly interested in where Doug is going. He is more interested in the town itself, the stories unfolding on porches, street corners, and kitchen tables. There is no grand plot rushing toward a dramatic conclusion. Green Town simply lives. People fall in love. People grow old. People die. Nobody is trying to save the world, and there are no earth-shattering revelations waiting around the corner. Yet everything feels important. The ordinary is treated with the same reverence as the extraordinary.

There is something infectious about Doug's certainty that summer is magic, that everything means something. You follow Doug for a while, then slip sideways into someone else's afternoon, someone else's grief, someone else's strange invention. Some of it is whimsical. Some of it is quietly devastating. Some of it is so odd it sits with you for days after you've finished the book. As the story moves on, the Green Machine is locked away, the Happiness Machine abandoned — each a small defeat dressed as practicality. It is all as strange and restless as my own mind, churning through impossible daydreams.

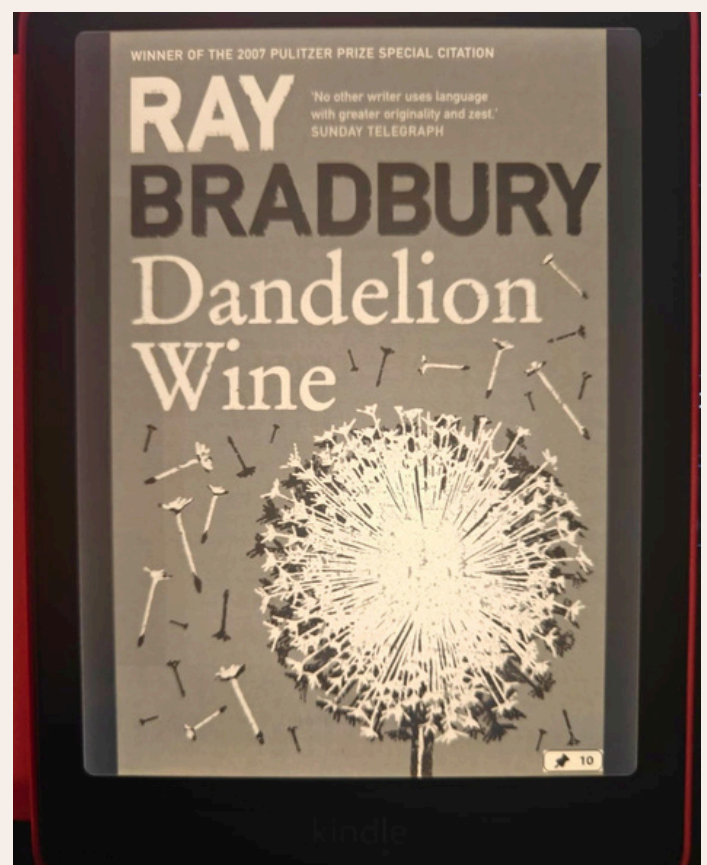
Looking back over my thirty-something years of life on this earth, my memories are speckled and hazy. Some are bright and lovely, others dark and frightening. Who doesn't have shadows they want to tuck away? Life is rarely one beautiful thing flowing into another. Some of us wither too soon into brown nothingness. Yet Bradbury's prose makes you wish for those romantic

summers. The summers before life became measured, before wonder slowly gave way to a cautious and composed intrigue. I found myself longing not for a particular memory, but for the feeling that such summers might once have been possible.

Like Doug, I remember feeling truly alive somewhere in my mid-teens. Suddenly I had memories, and felt burdened by them. And now I cannot relate to the child I once was, or to the adult I thought I would become. It feels as if all these three versions of me live in parallel universes, each occasionally thinking of the others but never able to merge. Perhaps that is why the book resonated with me so strongly. There are no straight lines. Not in memory. Not in growing up. Not in the stories we tell ourselves about who we are.

We wander from one memory to another, from one version of ourselves to the next, hoping that when we look back it will all form a coherent picture. More often than not, it doesn't. And somehow, after closing the book, everything feels a little less frightening.

Dandelion Wine changes you.



Verses

Warm Joys of Rama (Saur)

Concept and Art by Trushna T.
Written by Arundhati B.
Pune, India

Far from the city, in the village of my childhood,
The farmer rests in the cool shadow of the नीम tree,
Crops ripen under the afternoon sun, as they would,
The entire village waiting to be exam free.

Exams done! Children on their cycles take over the streets,
And even the कोकीळ sings, adding to the celebration's colours,
The village hums with cool summer treats,
Each day louder, longer, warmer, and fuller.

Then we add fresh yellow to the golden,
As we go from house to house for आमरस,
Little hands, big joy, broad smiles and glances stolen,
Their किलबिलाट spreading house to house.

Holiday rituals of knowledge continue,
The farmers teach the children sowing,
Patience, gratitude, stretching beyond the land's view,
Grounded learning, quietly growing.

The celebration continues to the terraces now,
Cousins, neighbours, snacks and stories,
Making patterns in the stars, a tree, a rabbit, a cow,
The night sky, everyone's territory.

Every house lights the diya, the laltain,
Flavours of cola and काला खट्टा fade as the day ends,
Tales of magic, horror and heroes reign,
Separate houses, but a community that depends.

I grew up inside this — it was never just a scene,
The dry air, the sweet mango, the नीम tree,
It is the only summer I have ever been,
Muddy hands, twinkling eyes, and the mind carefree.

Hues & Strokes

Bhagyashree D.
Pune, India

**6000 paper strips on Canvas,
10" x 8"**

For me, summer always smells like ripe mangoes and feels like coming home.

Summers at my grandfather's house were magical because of a beautiful tradition: he planted a mango tree on the day each grandchild was born. Growing up alongside my very own tree made the whole orchard feel like it belonged to me. My cousins and I would spend entire days playing hide-and-seek in the aamrai, running barefoot under the cool shade of the trees, looking for the perfect secret hiding spots.

Meanwhile, the house would be filled with the rich aroma of spices as my grandmother made her famous mango pickles, turning simple green mangoes into jars full of love. Those sticky-fingered afternoons, filled with breathless laughter and stained clothes, are my favorite childhood memories.

For me, mangoes aren't just a fruit—they are the sweet flavor of my family, my childhood, and pure happiness.





Reflections

Aishwarya K.
Pune, India



आजच आमचे ऑफिस मध्ये बोलणे चालू होते, आता पण उन्हाळ्याची सुट्टी मिळाली तर किती बरे होईल ना. निघून घरी जायचे, PR merge झाली, customer खुश आहे का या कशाचीच चिंता नाही.

खरंच, किती मस्त होते ते दिवस. शेवटचा पेपर दिला की उन्हाळ्याची दीड महिना सुट्टी सुरू! उनाड धम्माल करायची. एस.टी. मध्ये बसायचे आणि मामाच्या गावाला जाऊया...हे गाणे म्हणत आजीकडे जायचे. सगळी भावंडं एकत्र यायचे. रोजचा दिनक्रम सेमच असायचा, वेगवेगळे खेळ खेळायचे, पोटभरून जेवायचे, दुपारी गाढ झोपायचे आणि उन्हाळी पदार्थांचा आस्वाद घ्यायचा. यासोबतच घडाघडा पुस्तकं वाचायची. Self help books नाही बरं का! वेगवेगळ्या कथा, कादंबऱ्या! माझी मम्मा म्हणते आजीकडून मला वाचनाची आवड आली आहे. तिला देखील अतिशय आवड.

आजीकडे आम्ही मळ्यातच राहतो. दारातच आंब्याचे भले मोठे झाड. द्राक्षांच्या बागेच्या मध्ये पण एक होतेच. बाहेर बसून सर्व भावंडं आंबे पाडून खायचो. चिकामुळे फोड येऊ नये म्हणून सुरवातीचा रस मातीला वाहायचो. कधीकधी सोबतीला करवंद म्हणजेच काळी मैना पण असायची. जांभुळापेक्षा करवंद खूप आवडतात मला.

अजून एक खास गोष्ट असायची दुपारच्या जेवणाला — कण्या! मका भरडून या कण्या बनवल्या जातात. थंडगार ताकात मिक्स करून आम्ही खायचो. सोबत तिखटाला थोडी आमटी! अहाहा, एवढे मस्त पोटभर जेवण झाल्यावर दोन तास झोप तर आलीच. उठल्यावर परत खेळ आणि मध्ये असायचा पेप्सीचा ब्रेक. माझी तायडी (मावशी) खूप सान्या पेप्सी आणून ठेवायची. प्रत्येकाला रोज एक. याच तायडीची अजून एक खासियत म्हणजे — मठा! गोठातल्या म्हशीच्या ताज्या दुधापासून बनवलेले ताजे दही, या दह्याचे ताक आणि मग शेवटचा टप्पा म्हणजे मठा! तिच्यासारखा मठा कुणीच बनवू शकत नाही.

गावावरून आले की घरी कसा वेळ घालवायचा — याचं सापडलेलं उत्तर म्हणजे वाचन! सुरुवातीला मम्माने मला इसापनीतीच्या गोष्टी हे भलेमोठं महाग पुस्तक विकत घेऊन दिले. ते मी २-३ दिवसातच संपवले. मग लगेच दुसऱ्या पुस्तकाची मागणी. यावर मम्माने एक युक्ती केली — "खरे मंदिर वाचनालय" मध्ये मला दाखल केलं. घाबरत घाबरत गेले मी आणि दिलीप प्रभावळकरांचे "बोक्या सातबंडे - भाग १" घरी घेऊन आले. मासिक वर्गणीवर एका वेळेस एकच पुस्तक मिळायचं. दुसऱ्या दिवशी लगेच ग्रंथालयात हजर; दुसरा भाग घ्यायला. ग्रंथपाल काका सुद्धा आश्चर्यचकित झाले. एका दिवसात पूर्ण पुस्तक वाचून संपले पण! असे करून रोज एक एक भाग वाचून काढला. पूर्ण सात भाग होते कदाचित. इतकी मज्जा यायची ना! या छान आठवणींसाठी आणि माझ्या गोड अशा वाचनाच्या प्रवासाच्या सुरुवातीसाठी मी दिलीप प्रभावळकरांची कायमच ऋणी राहीन. आणि त्या उन्हाळ्याच्या सुट्टीत लागलेली वाचनाची आवड आजतागायत आहे. कधी कधी खंड पडतो पण नेहमीच मी पुस्तकांकडे परत जाते.

अशी ही उन्हाळ्याची सुट्टी — उल्लासित, निरागस, खोडकर आणि महत्त्वाची म्हणजे परत कधीच न येणारी पण आठवणींमध्ये कायम ताजी असणारी!

साहित्य

आले, मिरची, लसूण, ताक, जिरेपूड, साखर, मीठ, कोथंबीर
कृती

- आले, मिरची, लसूण याचे वाटण करून घ्यायचे.
- ताकामध्ये थोडे हे वाटण आणि अर्धा चमचा जिरेपूड घालून ढवळायचे.
- नंतर साखर आणि मीठ. कशाचेच प्रमाण नाहीये, सगळे आपल्या अंदाजाने आणि आवडीने.
- सगळे नीट मिक्स केले की बारीक चिरलेली कोथंबीर घालून फ्रिजमध्ये ठेवायचे.
- आणि मस्त थंडगार म्हशीच्या दुधाच्या मठ्याचा आस्वाद घ्यायचे!



मठा

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Perspectives

Aditi Joshi
Pune, India



My fondest memories of childhood summers are the ones my sister and I spent with my cousins and grandparents in Goa. This was an annual ritual – one month in Goa.

Our typical day began early morning, with a simple breakfast of poha – a different poha recipe each day, then playing outside, followed by a sumptuous lunch of sol kadhi (or any kadhi or a dal), rice, a Goan vegetable and chapati. Every meal concluded with a mandatory mango – hand-picked and carefully chosen by our Mama.

Afternoons were for lazing around and indoor games, and we would eagerly wait for the evenings to go to the beaches with our beach toys! All of us would play in the water and then get down to building sandcastles as if we were world-class architects! I was the eldest and hence my primary role was supervision and barking instructions at my siblings!



Most evenings, once we'd build our sandcastles, my sister and I would literally forage for shells. There was a silent, unspoken competition of who collected the most unique shells and I have to say, it always was Arundhati! We were and still are, fascinated by them...and I see the same curiosity in my daughters now!

As we grew older, our lives changed and so did our summers. They were quiet afternoons in our garden, under a tree, reading a book that later turned into study sessions and work commitments.

But one constant through the constantly changing times was mango – in all forms! I enjoyed all these versions, and I also missed my childhood ones in Goa!

Now they revolve around my daughters- it is their third summer, and I am having a beautiful time watching them explore everything that is 'Summery'. Eating mangoes, playing in the water in the afternoons, naps at absurd hours and playing with their cousins all through the day...! Highlight of this time is our visits to my mother's home. Although frequent, it is one of the events my daughters and I look forward to! I am excited about having an annual tradition, where my girls come to their Duiyaa's (my Aai's) home, and have their version of summer holidays!

For now, one such ritual they have is with their maushi- the three of them sit down in the soil and scout for oddly shaped pebbles and shells. They then collect those in their mud vessels and cook for us.

The look on their tiny faces when they discover something unique is priceless!

Although the summer scenes have evolved with time, it still remains my favourite time of the year and I do hope my daughters grow up and create their own version of summer!

Conscious Kitchen

Tender Coconut Ice-cream

Rosetta M.

Mumbai, India

I have always loved coconut and especially 'Patla Malai Nariyal Pani' which is Tender Coconut Water. I would rather have coconut water in the summers or any time of the year than cold drinks or juices.

This simple fruit and its tree are what abundance is all about – every part of the coconut is useful. This brings back memories of my summer vacations spent in my ancestral home. My grandmom would use the dried coconut shells for lighting up the Chul (traditional mud/brick stove used in villages) while she would grate fresh coconut to use it in curries and sweets. Even the coconut leaves were used on rooftops and to bring shade.

Recently I discovered a homemade version of Natural's Tender Coconut Ice-cream – my favourite.

Ingredients:

- Coconut Malai, 250 to 300 g
- Coconut Water, 50 ml
- Coconut Milk, 3/4th cup
- Condensed Milk, 50 to 75 ml (adjust as per sweetness preference)
- Fresh Cream / Whipping Cream, 1 cup

Preparation:

- Cut the coconut malai (which you get with coconut water / nariyal pani) into small pieces or chunks. Remove the brown skin layer that sometimes remains in the malai as it will alter the taste. Keep aside 50 g to be used later.
- Blend the cut coconut malai along with the coconut water and coconut milk in a mixer. Now, you get a nice smooth creamy mixture.
- Take a separate container and add the fresh cream and whisk it well until it forms soft peaks. Use an ice-bath for better results.
- Next fold the coconut malai mixture into fresh cream until combined.
- Last, add the condensed milk for sweetness and combine all the ingredients. Lightly whisk again for a smooth texture.
- Finally, take a clean airtight container and pour the mixture.
- Add a few of the cut malai pieces that were kept aside and mix them in for an extra natural taste.
- Place a cling wrap or baking paper over this so that it touches the surface to avoid any condensation



and close the container.

- Keep this container in the freezer overnight or at least 6 hours.
- Scoop out the ice-cream and enjoy the next day.

Pro-tip:

- Use home-made coconut milk for a more natural flavour.
- If using fresh cream like in the recipe, use an ice bath and be prepared to whisk for a good 10-15 minutes till it forms soft peaks.
- Use the thick part of the fresh cream to get better results. You can get faster results with whipping cream – the fat content would be slightly higher.

Words That Stayed

Pankaja K.
Lonavla, India



“

My आई used to say –

"लॉचे जसे हळू हळू मुरते, तशीच नाती, प्रेम, जिव्हाळा मुरत जातात"

(Every pickle jar lying in the sun is a reminder that good things take patience, warmth, and love.)

Summer holidays were never just a break from school; they were a season of slow living, warm sunshine, and simple joys. One of the strongest memories that returns every summer is the sight of pickle jars lined up in the अंगण, courtyard, glowing under the bright afternoon sun. At that time, it felt like an ordinary household activity.

Today, it feels like a life lesson quietly preserved in चिनी मातीची बरणी- traditional ceramic jars not very commonly seen nowadays.

The preparation would begin early in the morning. The kitchen would be filled with the fragrance of raw mangoes, lemons, spices, and oil. Mother and grandmother worked patiently, cutting, mixing, tasting, and adjusting flavours with experience rather than measurements. We children would hover around, eager to help, sneaking tiny bites of the tangy mixture and making faces at the sharp taste.

It was messy, joyful, and filled with laughter.

Once the jars were filled, they were placed carefully in the sun every day. This was the most magical part. Nothing happened quickly. There was no instant result. Day after day, the jars sat quietly, soaking in warmth and time. Each evening they were brought back inside, and the ritual continued the next morning.

Slowly, almost invisibly, the flavours deepened and transformed.

Looking back, those pickle jars were teaching us something far beyond cooking. They showed us that the best things in life cannot be rushed. Good relationships, strong character, beautiful memories, and meaningful achievements all need patience. They need warmth – the warmth of love, family, and care.

And above all, they need time to soak it all in.

Today, whenever life feels fast and demanding, the memory of those sunlit jars returns like a gentle reminder:

Just like the pickles, life becomes richer and more flavourful when we let it to grow slowly with patience, warmth, and love.

At Her Feet

Revati: An Audience of One

Arundhati Bhand

The story of Revati is one that is fascinating, powerful, and yet one that remains more or less in the shadows. Known to be the wife of the mighty Balarama, she is mentioned with poise and grace, but her role was much beyond her actions — rooted, rather, in her presence. Daughter of King Kakudmi, Revati was born in Satyayug.

The traits of Satyayug are best described in Srimad Bhagavatam (1.17.24), which says:

तपः शौचं दया सत्यमिति पादाः कृते कृताः ।

“In the age of Satya [truthfulness] your four legs were established by the four principles of austerity, cleanliness, mercy and truthfulness.”

In this age, Revati stood tall as one of the most courageous, intelligent scholars. So much so that King Kakudmi decided to go to Brahmaloak to ask for help when the time came for her to be married. Once at Brahmaloak, both father and daughter saw that Lord Brahma was occupied in a performance by the Gandharvas. They waited for the performance to finish, not wanting to disturb anyone.

Once the performance was over, they both met Lord Brahma, and King Kakudmi bowed down as he explained the purpose of their visit. Lord Brahma laughed in quiet amusement and informed Revati and her father that while they were here waiting, the earth had seen 27 cycles of all 4 yugas. And that currently, Dwaparyug was going on. He explained how time moved differently in different planes of the universe and that all the candidates who would have been suited for Revati were long gone. Both daughter and father were shocked and troubled. Seeing their despair, Lord Brahma smiled and said, “There is one who may match your glory. Go back to earth and look for Balarama. He is the one who is meant for you.”

Both of them returned to earth and found themselves standing amidst what they thought was chaos. Long gone were the virtues of austerity and cleanliness. Everyone around them was focused outward, with greed replacing the gaze that once looked within. The yug that had shone as the golden age had left no traces. Overcome by grief and confusion, both father and daughter had no other option but to seek the guidance of Balarama.

Legend goes like this. In their first meet, the spark of

divine recognition in both their eyes left no doubt that they were indeed meant to be together. But when Balarama saw Revati truly, he realised she was taller than most of them. And so, he reduced her stature using his hala to make her suited to the people of Dwaparyug. Both of them went on to have a loving marriage, 2 children, and a love story that inspired people for yugas to come.

Anyone from Satyayug was a person enlightened. With mastery over the 4 pillars of that age, the sciences, the art of war, and tantra — Revati did stand tall. Not physically, but in her glory.

With the power, energy and wisdom of Satyayug in Dwaparyug, Revati could have alone established dharma — collapsing the very chaos that Dwaparyug needed to exhaust itself. The Yadav vinash was not a tragedy to be prevented; it was the yug's necessary conclusion. By using his hala, Balarama created a temporary block in her powers. Not dimming them, but locking them within her. Yes, this was completely unfair, and yet essential.

If we question his action, a realisation follows. Is this not the trait of Dwapar — where rules are bent and actions have a moral compass that challenges you?

Revati belonged, not physically, but spiritually — to allow her to have the life she wanted, and the yug to go on as planned.

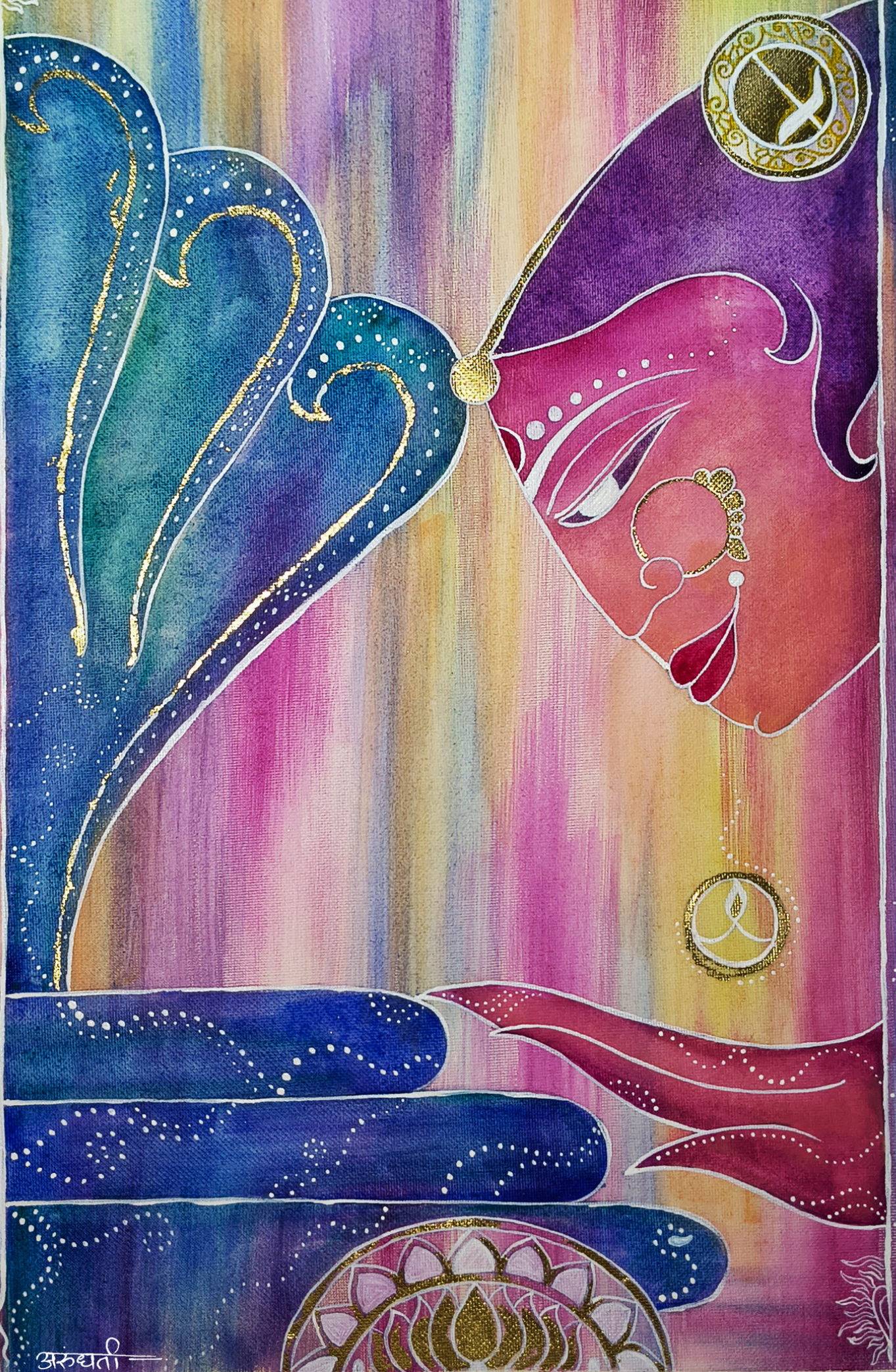
And if we question her, a bigger picture is visible — if she wanted, she could have gone back to Brahmaloak and waited there for the next Satyayug, but this is what she chose. Her choice points at something difficult. That the choice you make may not be what everyone thinks is right, but it's right for you, and deeply satisfying.

We may think that it comes with a cost, but the truth is that we sometimes are meant to be in the audience of some people's lives. Not meant to be their heroes — our strengths and wisdom present, but held. Helping them, yes, but not solving it for them. Revati chose this. She allowed karma and dharma to act as necessary, while choosing to be on the so-called sidelines.

In times when power looks like taking control and standing tall, Revati teaches us that empowerment looks like choosing your joy. And doing this does not make you small — it makes you divine.



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“

*In times when power looks like taking control and standing tall, Revati teaches us that empowerment looks like choosing your joy.
And doing this does not make you small — it makes you divine.*

— Arundhati
Revati: An Audience of One (At Her Feet)

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