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Special Issue

September 2019

Not Things But Men: I Dare You



The Chronicle

of

**B.P.H.E. SOCIETY'S
AHMEDNAGAR COLLEGE, AHMEDNAGAR**

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- ◆ 'College with Potential for Excellence' Award by the UGC, New Delhi ◆
- ◆ 'Best College' Award by the University of Pune ◆



*in loving
memory*

Dr. Sarala Barnabas

1934 - 2019

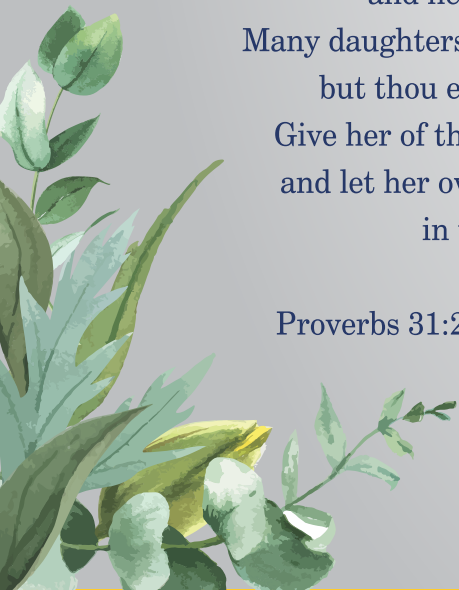
Strength and honour are her clothing;
and she shall rejoice in time to come.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

Her children arise up,
and call her blessed; her husband also,
and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously,
but thou excellest them all.

Give her of the fruit of her hands;
and let her own works praise her
in the gates.

Proverbs 31:25-26, 28-29, 31 KJV



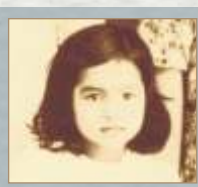
Dr. Sarala Barnabas : Celebrating a Precious Life

*"A good name is more desirable than great riches;
to be esteemed is better than silver or gold."*

Proverbs 22:1

It was with profound sorrow that each one of us heard the news of the unexpected demise of Dr.

Sarala Barnabas, popularly and affectionately known as S. Madam, on 28th August 2019. The end came when she was actively involved in her favourite activity – creative writing.



Since Madam Barnabas was a woman of many achievements, everyone will

agree, there is so much to say about her life and achievements. However, owing to the lack of time, only a very brief sketch of her eventful life and illustrious career is given here.

Dr. Sarala Barnabas was born in Bombay on 15th November 1934. She was



the fourth and youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bhaskar Pandurang Hivale, a renowned educator and Founder of Ahmednagar College, and Mrs. Ruthbai Hivale. With a hard-earned PhD from the prestigious Harvard University, Dr. Hivale began his career as a lecturer in Philosophy at Wilson College, Bombay. Being an adventurer of ideas, he was happy to take up novel pursuits and one such endeavor was the establishment of Ahmednagar College at a desolate and drought-prone city like Ahmednagar in 1947. As an ideal partner to, and an ardent and compassionate supporter of her beloved husband, Ruthbai Hivale also contributed immensely to the cause of education and, particularly, to the shaping of her children's character. S. Madam had three

sisters – Manorama, Indu and Vimala. They were well-established academics and professionals in India and abroad. They all went to be with the Lord before S. Madam.

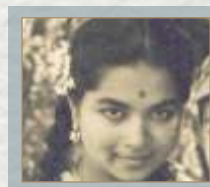


Dr. Sarala Barnabas had her early education at the reputed Queen Mary High School,

Bombay, where most of her teachers were British nationals. The school played an important role in moulding her academic interests and, especially, her excellent proficiency in the English language. Of that fine school education, Madam once wrote: "It was at Queen Mary that I received the thorough grounding in English, spelling, grammar and pronunciation, which was to stand in good stead all my life."

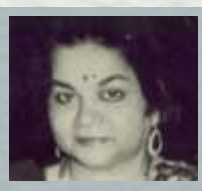
After a brief spell of education at Ahmednagar, she moved on to Bombay to complete her BA in English Literature from Wilson College, Bombay. Soon after her graduation, she was united in holy matrimony to the Rev. Joseph Barnabas (J Sir, for

all those who knew him) on 6th June 1956. The Barnabases soon left for the US to



pursue their postgraduate studies. While her husband joined the Yale Divinity School to do his M. Div., S Madam joined Yale University to read for her MA in English. At the university she was fortunate to be a student of the internationally known New critic Cleanth Brooks.

After completing their Masters, the Barnabases returned to India and began their career as



teachers at Ahmednagar College. As a perceptive and inspiring teacher Madam

Barnabas won the hearts and acclaim of a large number of students and her expertise was in great demand at various institutions. She was a visiting lecturer to Pune University in 1977 and had it not been for her much-needed presence at Ahmednagar College and her domestic commitments, she would have continued to teach there in that capacity for many more years.

At Ahmednagar College Madam Barnabas taught English at various levels and for a long time she taught the American Literature course, which was newly introduced in the 1960's, to her postgraduate students. In those days, only very few teachers under Pune University were equipped to teach the course. It was her special interest in the literature of the US that eventually led her to earn a PhD in American Drama from the same university. In his report, the American referee of her PhD thesis commented that she was the first candidate from India he had come across who had understood the ethos of America so completely. Madam Barnabas was equally interested and well versed in British and European literature and history.

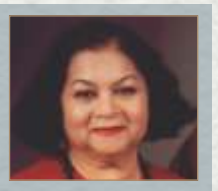
Her teaching career at Ahmednagar College spanned many decades. She served the institution in various other capacities as well, especially as its Vice-Principal and Head of the Department of English. Her qualities as an administrator and decision maker came to the fore when she held the two positions.

Dr. Sarala Barnabas' entry into the field of creative writing happened a little late, yet, in a short span of time, she became a well-known Indian writer in English. She could publish 20 odd works of fiction, including three trilogies, with

varying themes. Women's suffering, family and family history, compatibility of Eastern and Western cultures and the search for roots are some of the dominant subjects that she has artistically dealt with in her novels. Some of these novels have been translated into Marathi and Hindi. One of them was a textbook prescribed for the Marathi MA program of Pune University. Literary seminars have been organized on Madam Barnabas' works and the papers presented at such seminars have also been published in book form. Again, there are doctoral studies in progress on some of her novels.

S. Madam was a fine translator of valuable resources. The translation of her mother's Marathi autobiography into English, under the title *The Wings of the Morning*, is a very good example. Her Memoir – *Such Precious Things* – is not only a treasure trove of family history, memory, biography and autobiography but also

a fine example of exquisite craftsmanship. Dr. Sarala Barnabas, the scholar, will be remembered most for these two auto-/biographical works. Her own memoir is not only a saga of her family's eventful journey, especially the struggles her



beloved father Dr. BP Hivale had made for the cause of education, but also a comprehensive history of the founding and growth of Ahmednagar College. No one else, other than Madam Barnabas, could have narrated that long struggle-ridden history of the family and the institution with such accuracy and authenticity. She also published a number of research articles for various scholarly journals and critical anthologies. Her humorous but thought-provoking columns that appeared in local dailies were much-awaited pieces.

Rev. Prof. Joseph Barnabas, her beloved husband, served Ahmednagar College for more than half a century. As Rector of the College hostel, he succeeded in establishing a healthy relationship with the hostelites and saw to it that they fulfilled the purpose of their being in the College. As a teacher his concern had been the overall development of his students. He did his best to build up the Physics Department, the department

he efficiently headed for several years. His abilities as an administrator were revealed during his tenure as Vice-Principal and Principal of the College. The two posts gave him opportunities to put into practice many innovative and progressive ideas. He also used the posts to forge strong links between the teaching and non-teaching staff and students. As a fully ordained priest of the Church of North India and as the Chaplain of the Plymouth Chapel on the campus, the Reverend Joseph Barnabas had been concerned with the spiritual and moral well-being of his church. Finally, as Secretary of the Bhaskar Pandurang Hivale Education Society (BPHEs) he ably directed the administrative and academic activities of the College. His contribution to the cause of education was beneficial not only to a large number of underprivileged rural youths but also to society at large. No wonder, several awards and recognitions came in search of this silent humanitarian. One of them, a very prestigious one, is the *Jeevan Gaurav Puraskar* or *Lifetime Achievement Award* conferred on him by the University of Pune. In her Memoir, Dr. Sarala Barnabas wrote: "I count myself as one of the most blessed of women to have been given a life partner who has been like a rock, not only for our children and me, but for countless others. A man who never sought honours, but did the best he could to serve the Almighty in his corner of the globe."



The blessed togetherness of J Sir and S Madam lasted for more than 50 years. J Sir

passed away peacefully on 8th September 2007. Both their children, Nandita Barnabas and Rajneesh Barnabas, hold a PhD in Biochemistry. Their interest in the subject was instilled in them by their internationally renowned uncle the late Dr. John Barnabas, a Biochemist who had won the coveted Shantiswarup Bhatnagar Award for his distinct contribution to the field of science. While Dr. Nandita Barnabas works as an established scientist in the US, Dr. Rajneesh Barnabas efficiently holds the responsible position of Ahmednagar College's Principal.

Madam Barnabas was fortunate to receive the love and affection of her four grandchildren.

The American Biographical Institute of International Research chose S. Madam as Woman of the Year 2002 and it selected her for the American Medal of Honor in 2003.

The unexpected demise of S Madam has left a void in our minds. To think that she is no more with us is painful indeed. But she has left behind some genuine qualities that are worthy of

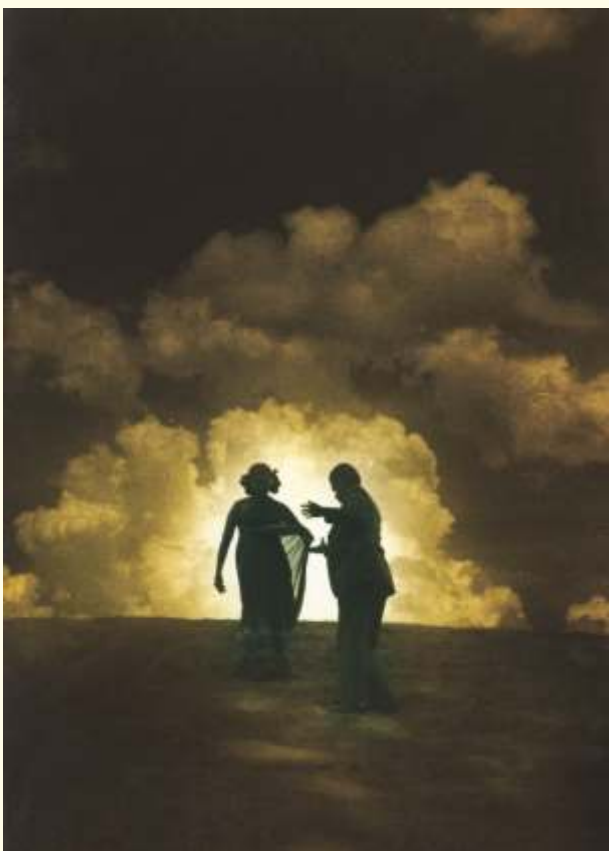


emulation; such as her eagerness to acquire knowledge and wisdom, her masterly methods of teaching, her deft ways of using the English language, her polite manner of making requests even to close associates, her creativity, her administrative acumen, her ability to remain calm in the face of adversities, her respect for the dignity of human beings, her readiness to help the really deserving, her love for her family, her loyalty to the institutions and people she was associated with and, above all, her unshakable faith in God. The last quality, her faith in God and the concomitant assertion that life has an eternal phase, is something that prompts us to remember these lines by Helen Steiner Rice and obtain consolation during these hard days of grief:

And there's a sunrise for each soul,
For life, not death is God's promised goal.
So trust God's promise and doubt Him never.
For only through death can man live forever!

May the fond memories of Madam Barnabas bring comfort and peace to the entire Barnabas family, especially to Hon. Philip Barnabas Sir, the present Head of the family, our respected Principal Dr. RJ Barnabas Sir, his family, Dr. Nandita Barnabas and her family. May God be their refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. And may the peace that surpasses all understanding fill their hearts in the days to come.

Dr. Simon G. Bernabas



Reminiscences

Excerpts from
My Cup Runneth Over

A Commemorative Volume in Honour of Dr. Sarala Barnabas
November 2009

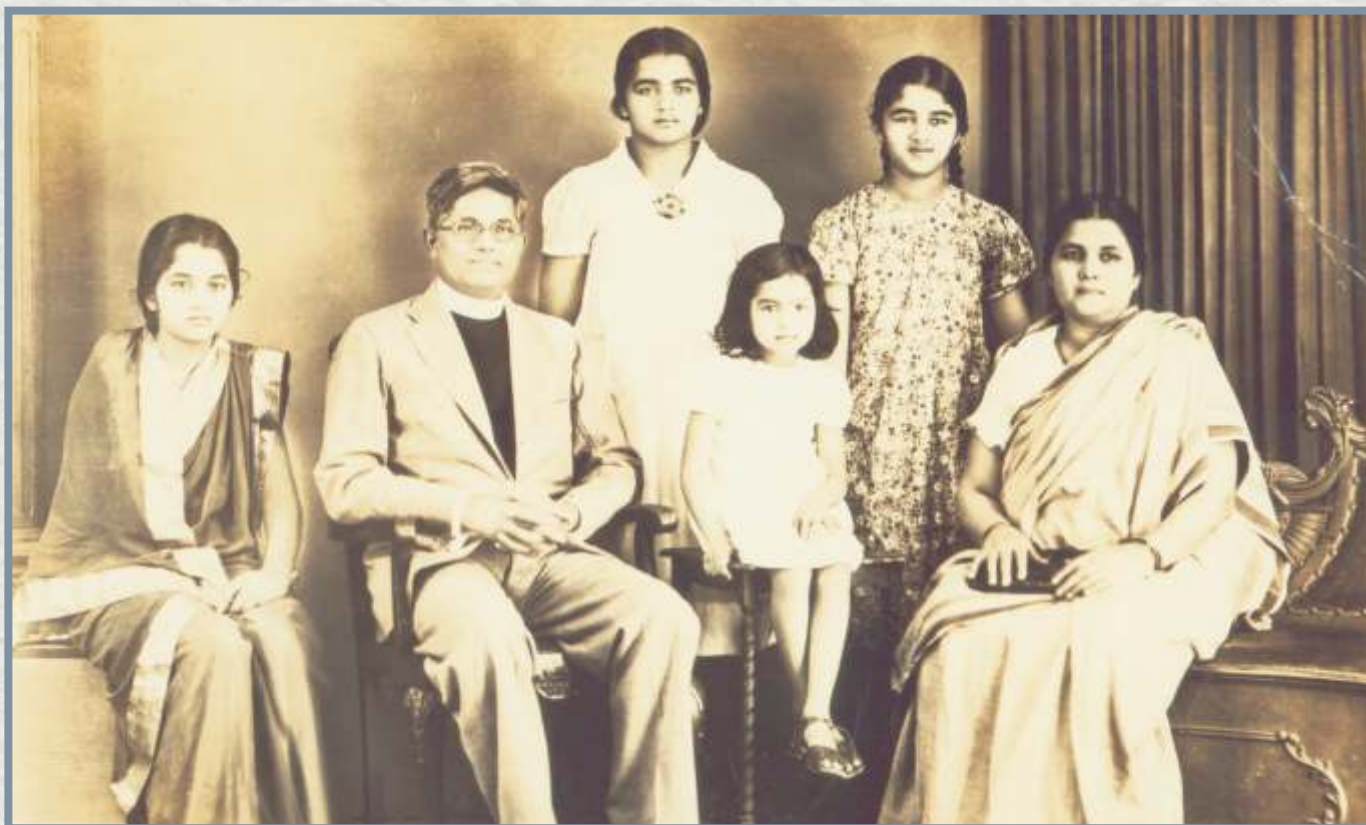


"A Woman of Substance"

(An extract from an interview with the late **Rev. Joseph Barnabas**, conducted by the late Dr. Ramesh Dnyate, published in *Moments in Time*, the commemorative volume on the late Rev. Joseph Barnabas)

When and where did the young Barnabas meet his bride? Having lived over decades with her, how would you regard Sarala Barnabas?

J Sir: Sarala's elder sister, Manorama, married my elder brother. It was there that I first saw her, and both of us decided to marry. But her father, Dr. B.P. Hivale, insisted that she should complete her graduation first. I had to wait for six years. Well, she was, and in fact, has always been a very good Lady of the House. Among her many virtues, patience, tolerance and understanding stand out. As regards her penmanship, she gradually grew and matured as a writer. She was a dreamer, having an intense faculty of imagination, which she enjoyed tremendously. It all started, as I recall, with her translation of her mother's memoirs: *The Wings of the Morning*.



It is a tribute by a writer and a daughter to another writer and a mother. As a person Sarala has always been a rational human being. She knows where one thing begins and where another thing ends.

What is your share in her writing?

J Sir: Well, I think it's not a direct share. I never discuss the literary aspects with her. Things just happen. My accidental talks, narration of an interesting or memorable anecdote of the past, an encounter with an interesting or fascinating person, something striking I read about, and many such things find a place in her writing, and become part of her story. Anything out of our conversation or talk that she thinks relevant to her storyline she takes and starts working on it.

Do you read her novels?

J Sir: Well, she tells me the story of every book. Good narrator as she really is, I gather, woman has always been the centre of her fictional world. You may call her a feminist

with a difference. Not the firebrand advocating the male-denied freedom and liberty and crusading against the male chauvinism. Instead, she is more interested in depicting the overall world of women in Indian society. To her, the women in India are the homemakers. I think this kind of writing on and about women has brought her genuine concern and natural respect for Indian womanhood, and her admiration for the multifaceted roles played by women in India.

If you were to talk about the best moments of your life?

J Sir: Marrying this girl (indicating Sarala Barnabas) would be the first. We waited for six long years. Besides being a loving mother and a caring wife, she stands superbly as a gracious host. And, above all, she has kept my house peaceful and in order. In brief, she may be called, like the women in her novels, a woman of substance. But viewing her life as a whole I think in her early life at least, her candle was hidden under a bushel.



A Special Custodian

Dr. R.J. Barnabas

Principal, Ahmednagar College

As I look back, one person who is a constant factor in all my memories is my mother,

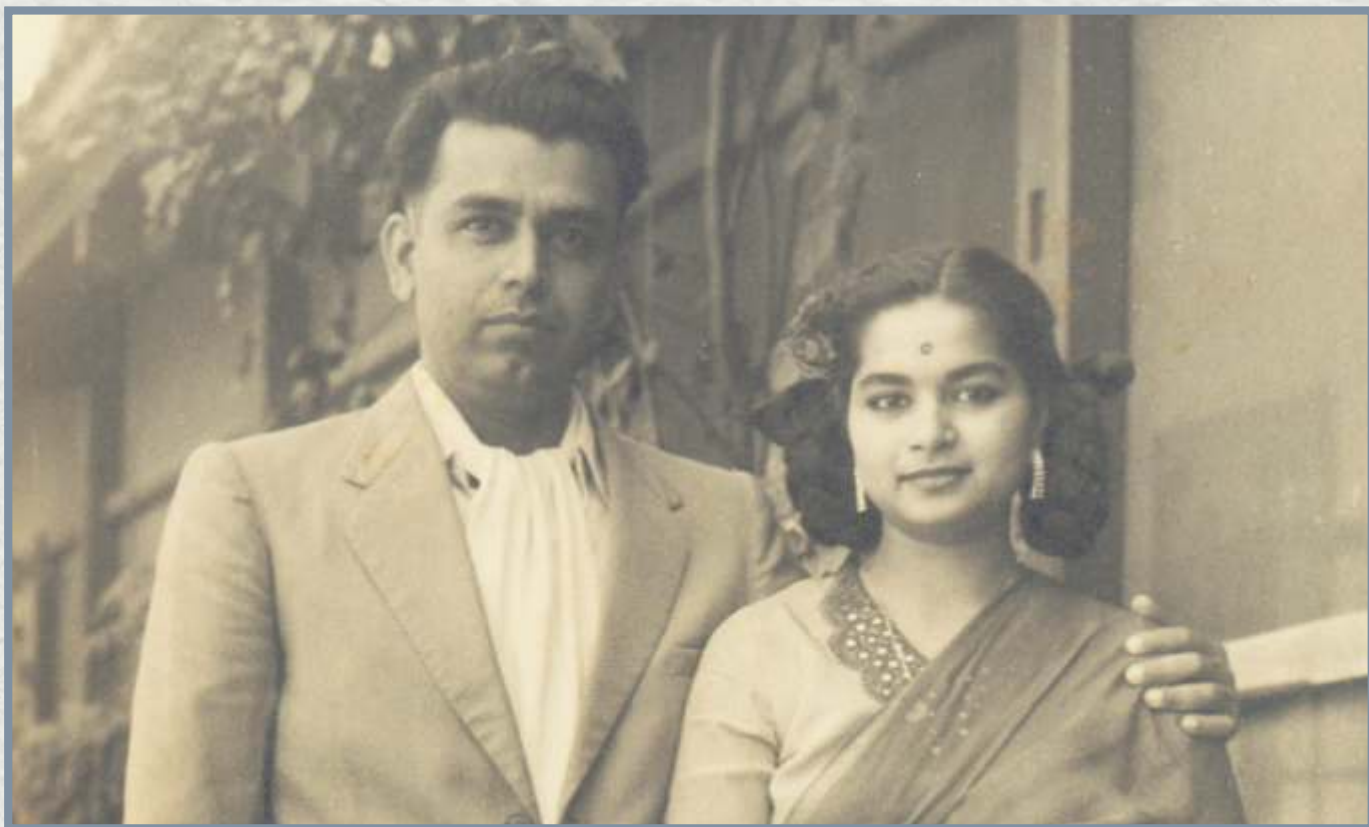
Dr. Sarala Barnabas. I have memories of Mom doing things for me, encouraging me and being there for me at all times.

My mother is a very loving, kindhearted soul. Whatever may be the situation we are in, she has constantly stood by us - my Dad, my sister Nan and me. She has lived her life selflessly, looking after us and our well-being. In fact when my sister and I were in our formative years, she pretty much kept her interests on hold and only when we were reasonably grown did she embark on her Ph D and her creative pursuits.

Her contribution to what I am today is immense. She has been my constant support through good times and bad. She has always been my sounding board whenever I wanted to share my views. On the lighter side, I'd borrow money from her, with a promise to return it. This has been the case since I was young... until recently. By the way, I still owe her all that I have borrowed.

She is a wonderful storyteller. She would tell me so many stories when I was young and, being so well read and up to date in her knowledge, she even today tells about things in the news or magazines that might be of interest or relevance to me.

She is also one of the most wonderful bakers of cakes and cookies. And if I jog back my memories to when I was young, I remember how much fun we had helping her out while



she baked for Christmas, not to mention our daily desserts.

My mother is someone who has influenced my life. She is also a devout Christian. Whenever any of us is worried about something, she will say, "Do not worry, the Lord will provide". She is the one who has taught me that in times of strife you must count your blessings and be thankful for what you have and not worry about something you don't have or can't control.

Another thing that my mother has always

told me is, "Dream". She often quotes her father, the Rev. Dr. B.P. Hivale, who used to say, "Dream big, only fools don't dream."

There is so much more that I can write about my mother but let me close by quoting what the father of our nation, Mahatma Gandhi, once said: "Women are special custodians of all that is pure and religious in life". My Mom is such a woman.

Happy birthday to you, Mom. May you have a long, healthy and productive life ahead of you.



Mom and Me

Dr. Nandita Barnabas
Detroit, Michigan, USA

A mother is the truest friend we have, when trials, heavy and sudden, fall upon us; when adversity takes place of prosperity; when friends who rejoice with us in sunshine, desert us when troubles thicken around us; still will she cling to us, and endeavour by her kind precepts and counsels to dissipate the clouds of darkness, and cause peace to return to our hearts.

- Washington Irving



I have been abroad and away from my family since 1989. During these years I have had to fend for myself and realize more than ever the meaning of 'family'. I have been able to identify the influences my parents had on my values in life. I have learnt to appreciate the beautiful childhood I had and the love that was showered on me during the most formative years of my life. I have learned the value of the education my parents gave me. It has been the foundation of everything that I have achieved today. The faith that has been instilled in me has carried me through the hardest of times and has brought me infinite blessings too.

It is the 5th of November and my brother just asked me to write this to commemorate Mom's upcoming birthday. Since Dad's passing away in 2007, Mom was able to visit

us here in the USA for the second time. Mom just returned to India after spending a glorious four months at our home here in Grosse Pointe, Michigan. My sons, Joshua and Cyrus, had the privilege to get to know 'Grandma Barnabas'. She even got to meet their pet 'Rex Rao'. My parents last visited me in 1998 when my older son Joshua was born. I was always a Daddy's girl with Mom in the background. These visits have made me closer to my mother than ever before and I will cherish them forever.

I write this for you Mom to celebrate your life and to tell you that I love you more than words can say. May you be blessed with many more years of happiness and good health. We look forward to spending more happy times with you.



A Friend's Reminiscence

Mary Keithahn
South Dakota, USA



Happy Birthday, Sarala, my dearest friend! I hope you have a wonderful day, surrounded by your family there and all the friends who will come to offer their congratulations.

It is hard to believe that we have been friends for 53 years now! I treasure the memory of all we shared when we were at Yale - shopping trips, visits to the Dairy Queen for ice cream, the birth and baptism of our first child, drives around New Haven, the trip to Boston, and many good conversations in our apartments. I think our sense of being one family was well established then. I treasure also the time you spent with us when you were doing the exchange pulpit in the Twin Cities of Minnesota, and your hospitality for Philip when we visited you in India in 1979 and for Dick, Philip, and me when we came in 1984. I am so glad we have been able to keep in touch. It was so good to see you and Joe in Chicago on my way to England in 1995, and I was glad you

could visit me twice in South Dakota after that. It was such fun to have your help with my work with the youth at church, and to introduce you, when you were here, to my friends who are writers and artists.

You and Joe were a source of comfort to me when I lost Dick, and I hope I was able to comfort you when Joe died. Our families have shared so many joys and sorrows together, and despite the miles that usually separate us, we have been able to keep in touch and share our deepest feelings with one another. It is a rare privilege to have friends like that.

I am so proud of all you have accomplished with your writing, and have enjoyed reading your books and memoirs. As a fellow writer, I know how much time and effort you have invested in these projects, and the frustrations and joys in getting your work published. I will look forward to reading your new book when it comes out, and hope for many more.

Have a happy, happy birthday, my friend, and many more productive years. Congratulations, and much love...Mary



Message from Mary Keithahn

Oh, Nan, I am so sorry to hear of your mother's passing. Thank you so much for letting me know, and for sending the photos. She was beautiful to the end, inside and out. I will forward your e-mail to my three children who will remember her well, and also Dick's sisters in Albuquerque. I'm so glad we were able to meet off and on and keep in touch after we left graduate school and seminary. Your parents were Philip's godparents, you know, and lifelong friends. When I wrote the story of our family for the six volumes I finished last year of my father's Swedish family history, I included a photo of your

parents with baby Philip and then with him on our trip to India in 1984. If you have an obituary of either of your parents or both in English, I would appreciate copies to keep with their photos in our family records. Sarala and I were the same age, I think. One of the hardest things about growing old is outliving so many good friends. I hope you will still keep in touch with our family. Much love and sympathy to you and the boys and to Tarun and his family in India.

Rev. Mary Nelson Keithahn
4212 Carmel Point,
Rapid City, SD 57702



Thanks for being Sarala...

David Waite Yohn
Florida, USA

Dear Sarala

Just yesterday Jay and I graduated from Yale University Divinity School and you graduated from Yale University Graduate School. The life we shared with you and Jay at YDS is one of the paramount gifts in my life. We all worked hard and we enjoyed both the study and one another. What an incredible 24 hours it has been since yesterday's graduation! You have written many wonderful books, taught hundreds of students and enjoyed a delightful family. Jay has served in so many noble roles.

I have served churches, prisons, hospitals, universities and a theological school. How did we manage to cram all that into the past 24 hours - because we all graduated just yesterday, didn't we? During this 'yesterday' the constant joy of receiving letters from you and Jay has been one of the sustaining strengths of my adventure.

Today you are going to enjoy a birthday celebration. The only words I can share are: you are a blessing in my life. I am deeply thankful and grateful for you. So, here we are, two days after graduation. The last 24 hours has been a wonderful journey, and you have been such an important part of it.

With all my love, thanks for being Sarala.



Tributes



We Shall Miss You Madam: A Tribute

Dr. N.M. Aston

Chairman, Bhaskar Pandurang Hivale Education Society

There is something inexpressibly sad about the passing away of our dear Dr. Sarala Joseph Barnabas, former Vice Principal and Head, Department of English, Ahmednagar College, Ahmednagar who passed away on the 28th of August 2019, at the age of eighty-five. The unfortunate event has cast a gloom over all of us which will take a very long time clearing up.

When Dr. Sarala Barnabas passed away and her son and daughter and their families wept, we all virtually wept with them. Such was the

affection and esteem in which she was held by all who knew her. We all felt as if we had lost one of our own, as indeed we have, as she was a valued member of the well knit family of BPHE Society's Ahmednagar College.

She obtained her B.A. Degree from the University of Bombay, M.A. from Yale University and PhD from the University of Pune. She taught English to the Graduate and Post Graduate students of Ahmednagar College from June 1959 till November 1994 and was also a recognized PhD guide of the University of Pune.

The illustrious daughter of our Founder, Principal Dr. Bhaskar Pandurang Hivale,



she maintained the humility and charm of her father. She was a charming person, kind, lovable, helpful and so unassuming that it is difficult to believe that she has left us and gone across to the great beyond, never to return. It is said, 'Beauty of gesture pleases the eyes; Sweetness of temperament charms the soul'. Dr. Sarala Barnabas was unique in that she had both beauty and sweetness in abundance and an innate natural charm which captivated all the hearts without any effort on her part to appear charming. She had that consideration with her, 'True beauty came from within'. But what enhanced these qualities is that she was basically devoid of vanity and was essentially a modest person who shunned the lime light and preferred to remain in the background. And yet, she was a very active worker and enjoyed a wide measure of popularity.

My association with her goes back to 1969 when I had taken admission to M.A. Part I English programme at the University of

Pune. Dr. Barnabas who was already teaching at Ahmednagar College used to come with her graduate students in a bus from Ahmednagar and stage wonderful plays under her Direction. I for one never missed an opportunity to watch the plays along with my classmates. The performance which was directed and produced by Dr. Sarala Barnabas was immensely appreciated and praised by one and all. The travel and performance in no way was reimbursed by the University of Pune but it was out of pocket expenses incurred by Dr. Sarala Barnabas since she loved the student community and was always willing to help in whatever direction her service could be useful to others. Ever since I was elected Trustee of BPHE Society in 1985, I never missed an opportunity of meeting her. Her gracious presence in my life changed my outlook towards life completely. When we used to have a day long meeting and it was difficult for me to visit her, Dr. Joseph Barnabas who was then the Secretary of BPHEs used to



announce 'Dr. Aston, Mrs. Barnabas will see you at lunch time.' Mind you, she never had lunch with us but she used to share a few moments with me discussing her forthcoming books and academics. Later on, I used to make it a point to drive into Ahmednagar College much earlier so that I could spend a few moments with this great personality. What pains me is that I had an appointment with her at 10 am on the 27th of August as I had to attend the College Development Council Meeting on that day, but I was shocked to see her at Noble Hospital in a very critical condition. This will remain in my mind till I am alive.

Dr. Mrs. Sarala Barnabas who published twenty eight novels believed that utopia was not an impossible dream for people who determined to uproot injustice, animosities, false beliefs and wrong values. It was possible to replace these with a new attitude of intellectual integrity, a new turn of mind and a new orientation in politics, education and

general values. She guided people's thoughts towards the ideal of believing, as she did, that soon people would be required to live as one cooperative unit, 'the most vital need of the near future,' being 'the cultivation of a vivid sense of citizenship of the world'. Her panacea for happiness was zest, friendliness, absorption in a piece of work, joy in cooperation and the discipline never to demand from life more than it had to give.

To us at Ahmednagar College and Bhaskar Pandurang Hivale Education Society, she leaves behind a void as we have lost in her a friend, guide and mentor who considered us a part of her family. With the passing away of Dr. Sarala Barnabas an era, truly comes to an end. She has gone from us full of honours and full of years. We bow in homage. May the Lord give her son Principal Dr. R.J. Barnabas and his family and daughter Nandita and her family strength to bear the irreparable loss. May her pious soul rest in eternal peace. Amen.



Remembrance of Dr. Sarala Barnabas

Principal D.M. Uzagare

Madam Sarala Barnabas, I do not know how I should praise you. Every word and act of yours clearly affirmed your intimate love for Ahmednagar College. You lived for the College and died for it and left your legacy behind for your son Dr. Rajneesh Barnabas and daughter Dr. Nandita Barnabas to follow. Your manners, your punctuality and above all your idealism always fascinated us.

I have learnt many things while working with you, Madam. Out of them, I will mention only one thing and that is, to practice discipline in every area of life. Your insistence on cleanliness, be it on the college campus or in the classrooms, also drew my attention. I cannot also forget how particular you were about students' attendance in class.

While in service, Madam usually visited Principal's office in the afternoon. But one day she entered the office around 10:30 a.m. It was a bright sunny day and there was enough light inside the office. As usual the office attendant had kept all the tube lights in the office switched on. It was seeing this waste of energy that she entered the office to switch off 4 to 5 tube lights. The natural light in the

office was adequate for doing daily work. This action of hers indicated her impatience at the waste of energy and money on electricity bills. Later, a notice underscoring the need to use minimum electricity was circulated to different departments and, needless to say, there was a drastic dip in the amount to be paid as electricity bills.

Now let us see how small decisions produce big outcomes. I am certain that you are familiar with this old saying :

*For want of a nail, the horseshoe was lost
For want of the horseshoe the horse was lost
For want of the horse the rider was lost
For want of the rider the battle was lost
For want of the battle the Kingdom was lost*

And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

Think about that: for want of a nail a kingdom was lost. You will think that such a great loss is impossible but every minute action in life sets into motion a chain of events we cannot predict.

We have heard about that desert sojourn of Jesus when he was preparing himself for His ministry, upon which all human history would turn. The devil's very first suggestion to Him involved nothing more than a bread crumb. Jesus was hungry; he was fasting for 40 days so that sinners' unity with Father



would be optimized: “If you are the son of God why not just command these stones to become bread?” the devil asked. It was not a big deal, just a little thing, for Jesus. But He didn’t fall prey to the devil. Had he obeyed the devil, then that ‘little obedience’ would have had terrible consequences:

For want of abstaining from a crumb of bread, a fast would be lost.

For want of a fast a prayer would be lost.

For want of a prayer a vision would be lost.

For want of a vision, a mission would be lost.

For want of a mission, a sacrifice would be lost.

For want of a sacrifice, an eternal Kingdom would be lost.

If Jesus had yielded to the lure of the little thing at that moment, all those wonderful

things that He did would have been impossible. The spotless Lamb could not have been forgiven; and you and I would be without any hope of this life or the one to come.

What about your life? What are the little/tiny temptations, like the bread crumb, that affect the direction of your life? Overcome them before going further, else you will have to pay a terrible price for them.

Respected Madam, you and Professor Joseph Barnabas are the parents of Principal Rajneesh Barnabas and let me tell you that Rajneesh is busy improving upon what you have done. Both of you were truthful, firm of mind and compassionate and Rajneesh bears all those qualities in greater measure.



A Tie that Binds / Bonds

Priyadarshan Bandellu

My relationship with Ahmednagar College began when I was a child. It was the wish of many that Ruthbai Hiwale should write about her blessed togetherness with Dr. B.P.Hiwale and Ahmednagar college. To bring this in reality my father Shantaram Bandellu was given the responsibility to make her talk.



After finishing the actual teaching work my father used to come home eat something and then go to Ruthbai. She talked and my father wrote. There was one problem: I used to be very naughty at home so many a times my father took me along with him and many a times Dr. Manorama Barnabas (M. madam) or Dr. Sarla Barnabus (S madam) used to be there. To keep me busy S madam gave me story books with colourful pictures. She used to tell me “you read it now and then tell me the story”. I didn't know English but by looking at the pictures and drawings I used to construct a story. Before I returned home she would ask me to tell her the story. Then for 5 minutes she listened with patience and then with a tone of appreciation she would say “Shantaram your son's imagination is fascinating”. Then they would laugh. Later Ruthbai's narration was published with the title “Amche krutarta Saha jeevan”. Now I'm the lone witness left. In 1970, my father passed away and there was a pause between my relationship with the college and Dr. S madam.

. In 1974 I passed SSC and joined Ahmednagar college. Then the bond strengthened, never to break. S Madam was the coordinator and music guide in the Plymouth chapel's choir group.

90% of us had come from Marathi medium schools, our English pronunciation was rustic. Our understanding of English music was limited to nursery rhymes. it was a herculean task to polish “Narmadeche Gote” – stones of Narmada River and put them on Pulpit to sing. She patiently corrected us, told us about rhythm and then our journey from “Love Divine to Kumbaya my Lord” i.e from English spiritual classic to Negro spiritual went on, uninterrupted. She enlightened about the history of hymns. Her daughter Dr. Nandita used to accompany with guitar. When I think of this living experiences they give me heavenly bliss.

I didn't get good marks for P.P. medicine. She enquired about my result and then advised me, “Mr. Bandellu, leave science and join arts, I'll talk with Bipin”. And then my journey with Arts started. When she saw me in the class on the first bench she smiled and said “You were like a revenue stamp on the envelope ... now you are at the right place, encash it”. And I decided my place. Result of English department used to be very low. Under these circumstances she took the responsibility on her shoulder as the head of the department and change stormed our department. It was at this time that I got my admission for MA English. Dr Puranik



renewed his vigour to enlighten us with criticism and Shakespeare. With Dr. Dnyate we travelled across different ages of English literature. Dr Jacob reformed our sounds according to the science of linguistics but it was a divine bliss when S madam made us walk with Eugene O'Neel, Arthur Miller, Robert Frost, Samuel Beckett, Harold Pinter and so on. These were the "Mantarlele kshaan" – enchanting moments of my life as a student. Efforts of S madam were extremely fruitful-the results were 100%. I went to S madam, she was with J sir sitting comfortably in the cane chair. "I knew it. You are the first in our department." "Bandellu go and join today.... Now", J sir told me. Now my "studenthood" was over, now I have to walk as teacher in my life.

She always experimented in the department. She asked me to teach *Paradise Lost* to MA students. "Mr Bandellu always make yourself new, update yourself." This was her Mantra. English cultural evening, question and answer session after paper reading, all these new things got rooted in our department because of her.

At the same time she started writing. Her first short story 'Silver Anklet' was published in 'Illustrated Weekly'. Then she translated

Amache Krutarta Sahajeevan in to English. It was published with a new name "Wings of the Morning." When Ruthbai Hiwale wrote *Amache Krutarta Sahajeevan* my father was an active witness and now I was playing my father's role. She wrote columns in *Loksatta* and 20 novels of hers that got translated into Marathi, Hindi and a few in to French. But one thing that I have always appreciated is that along with her literary excellence, she never masked her social and cultural identity. Her words, phrases and her dealing with the themes revealed her identity.

This bond of 42 years never saw her shouting at anyone. Her suggestive tone and persuasive words compelled all.

Her response to J sir's pure humour was just a smile. And every time she used to accompany him in all the activities where she was needed. A mature togetherness fulfilled their lives. She continued her writing after J sir passed away. She used to give cut outs from newspapers CDs or chapters that she had written and expected response. Whenever she felt urgency she contacted me on phone. Now the grand daughter's success was a matter of great joy for her.

When my daughter Nimisha joined



Ahmednagar College as a teacher she observed quietly, sought responses and called her after a few days. She appreciated Nimisha's teaching, enquired about her research topic. But now when she sat before the computer her back and stomach needed hot water bags. But she used to talk about

something that was useful and helpful to Nimisha. Recently her health was a matter of concern. Dr. John Uzagare had to go many a times to check her. When I went for my check up Dr. John Uzagare told me "S madam la khup bara nahi". At night she was on Ventilator in Nobel hospital. The next day at about 7am she started her new journey.



Dr. Sarala Barnabas : A Great Soul

Dr. Sunil Jaysing Kavade

Dr Sarala Barnabas was a great soul. The news of her sad demise on Wednesday 28 August 2019 was shocking to all of us. She was a former Vice Principal of Ahmednagar College and also headed the College's Department of English for many years. For me personally her passing away is a severe loss as I had got to know her from close quarters for quite some time.

A famous author of fictional works in English, Madam Barnabas had a keen interest in a wide spectrum of themes some of which were biblical, social and political. She has many books to her credit and many of them have been translated into regional languages like Marathi and Hindi. I had had the privilege of going through some of them which she had lovingly presented to me. I was very fortunate to have reviewed her famous book *Sakshi* in Marathi. I also had the privilege of helping her publish the prestigious work *Such Precious Things*—her memoir which

was also translated into Marathi as *Murmabandhatli Thev*. I personally enjoyed discussing with her various interesting issues whenever I met her on her request. A couple of months back she presented some books on Social Sciences and religion to us. She used to send me photocopies of various articles which she felt I must go through. Whenever we had any problem pertaining to the English language or its usages we rushed to her and we were quite sure that she would solve them; she was very happy to do it for us. She was very much interested in the various programmes going on both in the College and in the Plymouth Chapel. She guided me and my wife in organising and directing the artistic items that our students presented on Founder's Day.

Dr. Sarala Barnabas was an educationist, a fine teacher, a good orator and storyteller and at the same time she was concerned about social evils and women's issues. She diligently fulfilled all her duties in life—that of the daughter of a great soul, our Founder Dr. B.P. Hivale, the loving wife of Honorable Reverend Joseph Barnabas and a caring and affectionate mother to our Honorable Principal Dr. Rajneesh Barnabas and his sister Dr. Nandita Barnabas.

Her passing away has indeed created a void not only in the Barnabas family but also in the extended family of Ahmednagar College. I pray to the almighty God to rest her in eternal peace.



Dr. Sarala Barnabas:

Fusion of Simplicity and Sublimity

Dr. Vinay Deep Rathi

“A graceful and honorable old age is the childhood of immortality.”
“Learn what you are and be such.”
-Pindar

One would not feel comfortable to prefix “Late” to the name of Dr Sarala Barnabas, popularly known among all as S. Madam. Great personages like her are born only now and then in history amidst the most auspicious constellation of stars, as manifestations of God's finest creations. They never die and always live, in this world and later in God's world. To write about S. Madam is a challenging task, given her multifaceted personality and the vast range of her commitments that she pursued till her last breath, with absolute passion. My association with her dates back to the year 1991 when I joined Ahmednagar College as a Faculty member in the English Department, which was then headed by her. Since then she has always been an integral part of my memory and thought processes, as the Rev J. Sir and many others from the

exemplary Barnabas family have been. I met S. Madam at a juncture in her life when she had ripened as an academician, a creative writer and a fine administrator. No doubt, her positive influence on me in those younger days of my career as a teacher proved to be the most blessed and coveted tutelage that shaped my being in various ways and still continues to.

S. Madam had complete command over her chosen academic field, viz, American literature, having evolved her own innovative ways of literary appreciation. Yet she was so patronizing and humble in front of the freshly inducted teachers, including me, that we never felt subdued under the weight of her stalwart academic personality, having finest academic degrees behind her, most notably from the Yale University in the United States of America. Although Madam was well versed in many areas of English literature and works of many authors, her forte was American literature to which she enthusiastically initiated others, especially me. It is believed that a true understanding of literature appeals to one's heart; S. Madam earnestly followed this maxim and would

simplify even the most difficult literary texts for her audience, which included not only students but also her colleagues. It can hardly be denied that only the most accomplished minds are capable of simplicity. S. Madam's simple but complete analyses of the lofty ideas implicit in literature was the result of her sustained and deep personal involvement in literature, beyond a mere reading of printed texts. She virtually breathed and lived the literature she read, enjoyed and taught it, applying the noble thoughts she culled from books to her day-to-day life and encounters. The source of her liberalism and open mindedness, in fact, can be traced to her wide range of literary awareness. Many practitioners of literature would unknowingly envy S. Madam's story telling skills, which are difficult to find today.

As a teacher S. Madam was truly professional and committed to her students always. In fact, English Department of Ahmednagar College shot to great heights and fame during her tenure as the Head of Department. In spite of having been educated in the finest institutions in India and abroad, she never lost sight of the ground reality and empathized with the circumstances of her students and the local needs. Her teaching modules were tailored for the target group of students in terms of their abilities and requirements, without dilution of the high academic standards she always maintained, and this made her an instant hit among the student community, who simply adored her. Needless to say, many of the students taught by her grew to be successful teachers and shall ever remain indebted to her for well researched teaching techniques, which primarily comprised teaching of literature in relation to the reality surrounding students rather than from a higher pedestal. S. Madam's simplicity despite her vast knowledge, which is difficult to achieve, was a boon to her students. Her methodology had a great influence on the younger generation of teachers too, of which I was a part then and we all tried to emulate the example set by S. Madam as a teacher.

As a colleague and Head of Department, Madam was one of the finest and inspiring persons to work with. She combined liberalism with adequate control and during her Headship we imbibed certain

professional values which have stood us in good stead always. Although we had several opportunities to upgrade our knowledge as teachers of literature, the greatest contribution came from S. Madam who would, as a matter of habit, hold departmental meetings virtually everyday, drawing our attention to myriads of facts and facets of literature hitherto unknown to us or would present unique perspectives on the knowledge we already possessed. We eagerly looked forward to the daily discourses of S. Madam which served as a problem solving forum for all of us, in one way or the other. She was a great task master too, beneath the tender maternal figure that she was to most of us. But this she achieved by stirring our self-esteem rather than by using the traditional stick. She took our self-esteem to that height from which the fear of falling in our own eyes always goaded us to do the right things. It was from her that we truly understood the motto of Ahmednagar College "*Not Things but Men, I dare you, Ye shall know the truth.*" To me, this was her most unique achievement that otherwise is a big challenge in human resources management elsewhere in society, though she achieved it so naturally and effortlessly. In my opinion, Madam's personnel management skills were unparalleled and natural, where she taught her subordinates to be accountable to themselves, because when one learns to be accountable to oneself, there remains no necessity of any external supervision. This was S. Madam's greatest influence on our personalities that made us self-reliant, but at the same time always kept our bonding as a departmental team intact.

In spite of handling vital matters as Head of Department and being involved in several administrative matters of Ahmednagar College, Madam was capable of relating on a personal plane to each and every one who came in her contact. She had a humane side to her professional identity of being strict, which was reflected in her ability to share the sorrows of others. She was especially concerned about the women around her, right from those in the Faculty to maid servants. She would listen to the woes of others, counsel them and even offer material help to those who needed it. One activity of hers that I shall always cherish, is making and distributing every Christmas cakes and delicious eats

among all those whom she knew. S. Madam encouraged co-curricular talents of her colleagues by motivating them to organize various cultural programmes. One of such memorable ventures during my tenure was a play on the funnier side of English staged by the Faculty of English Department under S. Madam's direction, which was greatly appreciated by the audience. This fine balance between being a hard task master on the one hand and a caring human being as well as a supportive colleague on the other, is hallmark of the rare personality that S. Madam was endowed with.

S. Madam was always proud of the history and traditions of Ahmednagar College and would eagerly recount the tales of great sacrifices made by the elders of her family in setting up Ahmednagar College. Although she had to officially retire from service, she never retired by spirit and continued with her academic

and creative activities, publishing several books after her retirement. As I know, till she breathed her last, S. Madam was as active on her desk as a young beginner, which is the true blessing of the Almighty showered on her. I am sanguine that S. Madam's untiring life and noble deeds, converging on those of the Late Reverend J. Sir, have found a veritable successor in the able leadership of the present Principal Dr R.J. Barnabas, who has inherited some of the finest human, professional and organizational skills from the elder Barnabas' and is commendably continuing the traditions of past. The noble soul of S. Madam shall always remain in our midst, blessing, inspiring and guiding us to soar higher and higher in our endeavours. To my mind, she has only changed her dwelling from this earth to God's own eternal abode. Let's take solace in the immortality S. Madam has achieved through her sublime thoughts, words and actions.



Mom : The Greatest Inspiration

Josephine Bhargavi Barnabas

being. She meant the world to me and her departure from our world doesn't change a thing. She will continue to live on in my memories forever.

Sarala Barnabas, Mom, as I called her, is in no uncertain terms the coolest person I will ever know. She was and will continue to be my inspiration in everything I do. She taught me possibly the most important lessons. I will ever learn. Whatever it is that I am going through, however difficult it may be, her stories will be my greatest friend. Her stories have been a comfort to me the past couple of days which have been the hardest I have ever had to endure. I miss her deeply but I know in my heart that she hasn't truly left. She is still beside me laughing at how dramatic I am





A Blessed Woman

Mrs. Ujwala Gaikwad

A week before the demise of our dearest Sarala Madam, I visited her as it had become a routine with me to say hello to her. We asked after each other's families. She also wanted to know how the hostelites were doing. Her usual practice was to sit in her study, reading newspapers and magazines. She was always excited whenever I went to see her. She enjoyed having a chat with me and my friends. During my last visit she showed me her newly published book based on her PhD thesis.

On 28th August, Madam left for her heavenly abode, leaving us in grief. This void can never be filled but we firmly believe that she is in the safe hands of Jesus.

My memories go back to the time when I joined the Junior wing of Ahmednagar College and then took the responsibility of the women's hostel in 2001. I soon developed a close association with Madam. I was impressed by her personality and admired her lifestyle. She has been an inspiration for me and for many others. Being the youngest daughter of the Founder of our College, the late Dr. B.P. Hivale, she shouldered many responsibilities like the headship of the English department and the position of the Vice Principal of the College. J. Sir and S. Madam looked after the hostel once upon a time. The seeds sown by Dr. B.P. Hivale were well nurtured by them for nearly five decades. That is, she worked in different capacities being a very good home maker, too. She had been a caring wife, a loving mother, an affectionate mother-in-law and a loving grandmother to Bhargavi and Rohan.

She was an excellent cook and every year at Christmas she baked delicious chocolate cakes and sometimes prepared desserts and puddings and sent them for my children. For hostel functions, she used to be the Chief Guest. Her speeches were inspiring and humorous. She encouraged us to participate in the Founder's Day programme by writing the scripts of plays. During the pre-Christmas celebrations she was so enthusiastic about writing a script for the manager scene and reading songs. She encouraged me to bake delicious items for the Sunday School kids on the campus. Fortunately, for many years under her guidance we developed self confidence. I remember an instance. When J. Sir passed away she felt very lonely. Some of us used to sit for hours chatting with Madam. She shared her fond memories just like a friend. We too shared our sorrows and moments of happiness with her.

She was a blessed and virtuous woman, like the one described in Proverb 3:1. She was very caring, loving, trustworthy, God fearing and compassionate towards the needy and the downtrodden. She always kept herself busy sitting at the computer desk and continuously working. She was a very soft spoken, straightforward and optimistic person. In spite of physical weaknesses, she always looked cheerful and fresh and well groomed in proper apparel. She preferred sarees and looked elegant in them. I often found her more enthusiastic and energetic than us. She was an avid reader. Her personal library had more than 2,000 books, most of which she had read twice. Some she gave to the hostel girls to read in leisure. Whenever she wrote a new

novel she would narrate its story in brief to me and Sujatha Mam and we used to find it so fascinating. But the end of the novel was always kept a suspense.

She would say “Ujjwala you read my novel and give me your feedback”. I have read most of her novels. The themes were based on the sufferings of women and often had a happy ending. The secret of her successful and fruitful life was her faith in the living God and her family’s support. Our respected Principal Dr. R J Barnabas, Swati Madam, Dr. Nandita Barnabas and the children took utmost care

of Sarala Madam and she too took care and prayed for them. She lived a blissful life according to the will of God.

We really miss you and love you Madam. You have finished the race of life well and we firmly believe that you are seated on the right hand of Christ and we will once again meet on the last day. Her life has been a blessing to me and to a number of families. May God comfort and strengthen the bereaved family. I shall cherish her sweet memories all the days of my life.



प्रेमळ माता -रजनीकांत गायकवाड

परमेश्वराचे भय बाळगणाऱ्या स्त्रीची प्रशंसा होते तिच्या तोंडातून मुजतेचे बोल निघतात तिच्या जीव्हेच्या ठायी दयेचे शिक्षण असते. बहुत स्त्रियांनी सद्गुण दाखविले आहेत, पण तू त्या या सर्वांहून वरचढ आहेस

(नीती:३१:२६ते३०)

माझा कामावरचा पहिला दिवस, राहण्याची कोणतीच सोय नव्हती. जे. सरांनी फेलोशिप सेंटरमध्ये झोपण्याची परवानगी दिली व सरला मॅडमने झोपण्यासाठी सतरंजी व चादर दिली. पहिली रात्र या आईच्या मायेच्या चादरीवर काढली. ती मायेची चादर आज देखील स्मरणात आहे. बायबलमध्ये सांगितल्याप्रमाणे सद्गुणी स्त्री गरिबासाठी मुठ उघडणारी व गरजवंतास हात देणारी असते.

अशा या सद्गुणी मातेच्या मायेचा हात विसरणे अशक्यच. हा मायेचा हात माझ्यावरच नाही तर माझ्यासारख्या अति गरजवंतांसाठी सुद्धा होता.

मॅडमने अनेक पुस्तके लिहिली पुस्तके लिहिण्यासाठी मन

वाचता आली पाहिजेत. ज्याला मन वाचता आले, तोच मन व मनातील भावना समजू शकतो आणि तोच प्रेम व माया करू शकतो. मन जाणून मायेचा हात देणाऱ्या या मातेचा सहवास मिळण्याचे भाग्य लागते. हे भाग्य मला व माझ्यासह अनेकास लाभले.

मॅडमच्या आठवणी खूप आहे. त्यांच्याकडून खूप गोष्टी शिकायला मिळाल्या. बंगल्यात काम करत असताना शिस्त व वेळेचे व्यवस्थापन याविषयी मॅडमने शिकवलेली गोष्ट आज देखील मनात घर करून आहे. ‘राजू काम सर्वजण करतात पण वेळेत व व्यवस्थित काम करणाऱ्यास शाबासकी मिळते.’ सर्वांवर सारखे प्रेम ह्या मातेने केले कोणत्याही प्रकारचा भेदभाव न बाळगता सर्वांस समान वागणूक दिली याची प्रचिती माझ्यासोबत काम करणाऱ्या दयानंद कसोटे, बाबा जगताप, बाळू मोरे अशा आम्हा सर्वांना आली आहे.

मॅडमने चॅपल मध्ये संडे स्कूल सुरू केले होते. कॅम्पस मध्ये राहणाऱ्या कर्मचाऱ्यांच्या मुलांना धार्मिक शिक्षण मिळावे हा त्यांचा मानस होता. प्रत्येक भेटीत लोकांना संडे स्कूलला पाठवत जा, हे त्या सांगत व आठवण करून देत.

माझ्या मुलीचे इंग्रजी माध्यमातून शिक्षण घ्यावे याकरिता मॅडमने मला विशेष मदत व सल्ला दिला. सर्वांच्या मुलींनी चांगले शिकावं याकरिता त्या सतत मार्गदर्शन करत असत. काम करणाऱ्या प्रत्येक व्यक्तीकडे तो आपल्या घरातील सभासद या भावनेतून त्या पाहत असत. मॅडम ने दिलेले प्रेम व शिकवण ही कायम स्मरणात राहिल. अशा या प्रेमळ व आदर्श मातेसाठी देवाजवळ हीच प्रार्थना करील की त्यांच्या आत्म्यास शांती मिळो.



सद्गुणी स्त्री

-सुजाता प्रवीण लोंढे

सद्गुणी स्त्री कोणास प्राप्त होते? तिचे मोल मोत्याहूनही अधिक आहे

नीतिसूत्रे ३१: (बायबल)

मला आठवते अकरावी सायन्स मध्ये प्रवेश घेऊन मी कॉलेजला आले, तेव्हा इंग्रजी विभागांमध्ये एक लोभस व्यक्तिमत्व दृष्टीस पडले. प्रसन्न उत्साही व कार्यमग्न ते म्हणजे एस. मॅडम. तीस वर्षे उलटून गेल्यानंतरही एस. मॅडमच्या व्यक्तीमत्वात फारसा फरक पडला नव्हता. तीच प्रसन्नता, तोच उत्साह, तीच कार्यमग्नता. एस. मॅडमला मी जवळून पाहिलं ते 'स्वप्नमाला' व 'आकडी ते राजदंड' या पुस्तकांच्या अनुवादाच्या निमित्ताने. त्यांचे इंग्रजीवरील प्रभुत्व व मराठीचे सखोल ज्ञान पाहून मी थक् झाले. मी विज्ञान विभागाची व्यक्ती असूनही भाषांतर करण्यासाठी त्यांनी माझ्यावर कसा विश्वास टाकला याचे मला गोड कोडेच आहे. त्यांच्या रसाळ व दर्जेदार लेखन शैलीमुळे हे भाषांतर करणे आनंददायी ठरले. एस. मॅडमने २० पेक्षा अधिक कादंबऱ्या लिहिल्या. त्या सर्व नावाजल्या गेल्या. काही कादंबऱ्या इंग्रजी व मराठी विषयाच्या अभ्यासक्रमात समाविष्ट करण्यात आल्या आहेत. अमेरिकेत बायोग्राफिकल इन्स्टिट्यूटने त्यांना वुमन ऑफ द इयर-२०१० देऊन गौरविले होते. त्यांना मिळालेल्या पारितोषिकांची यादी येथे देणे शक्य नाही. मॅडमचे बोलणे अतिशय शांत, हळुवार व सौम्य. स्वतः बोलण्याआधी त्या दुसऱ्यांचे ऐकून घेत. त्यांना मोठ्याने बोलताना, ओरडताना मी कधीही ऐकले नाही. संभाषण करतानाही एखाद्या उस्फुर्त विनोद, छोटीशी शाब्दिक कोटी करून त्या वातावरण हसत-खेळत करीत असत. एस. मॅडमशी जेव्हा जेव्हा भेट होई तेव्हा त्या माझ्या कुटुंबाची आस्थेने चौकशी करत. माझ्या मुलांची विचारपूस करत. माझ्या अनेक प्रश्नांना त्यांच्याकडून उत्तम मार्गदर्शन मिळत असे. समाज, राजकारण, साहित्य, कॉलेज, चर्च आणि विशेष म्हणजे बायबल यावर आमच्या गप्पा सुरू झाल्या की वेळ कसा निघून जाई ते आम्हाला कळत नसे. या धकाधकीच्या जीवनात आम्हाला ताण-तणाव आहेत पण कधी मॅडम कडे जाऊन बसले की रखरखत्या उन्हात, गार सावलीत जाऊन बसल्यासारखे वाटत असे.

In spite of her busy schedule she continued to keep her culinary skills alive. Many of us have tasted delicious cakes and cookies made by her.

It was a privilege that I was able to interact with this great personality who was loaded with energy and enthusiasm.

एस. मॅडमने शेवटपर्यंत तासनतास कम्प्युटर पुढे काम करत असत. त्यांचे कार्य प्रेम पाहून आम्हालाही प्रेरणा मिळत असे. आकडी ते राजदंड ही कादंबरी अनुवादित होते न होते तोच त्यांच्या डोक्यात दानियल या कादंबरीचे कथानक तयार होते. कार्यमग्नता यापेक्षा दुसरी कोणती असू शकते.

बायबल मध्ये सद्गुणी स्त्री नावाचा एक अध्याय आहे. त्यामध्ये सद्गुणी स्त्रीचे गुणधर्म सांगण्यात आले आहेत. ती स्त्री कुटुंब, नोकरी व धार्मिक जीवन या जबाबदाऱ्या यशस्वीपणे पार पाडते. तो अध्याय वाचताना माझ्या डोळ्यापुढे एस. मॅडम हमखास उभ्या राहतात. बायबलचे सखोल ज्ञान त्यांना होते. त्यानुसार त्यांचे आचरणही होते. इंग्रजी गीते त्या सुरेल स्वरात गात असत. त्यांचे बायबल वचनांचे स्पष्टीकरण अभ्यासपूर्ण असे. सरला मॅडमच्या कुटुंबातच तीन धर्मगुरू होते त्यामुळे धार्मिक शिक्षणाचे बाळकडू त्यांना मिळाले होते.

She was the woman with no presence she had been sincere and truthful at her Burke and in her life to always looking for what she could give and not off what she could receive.

त्यांच्या मनात आपल्या माता-पित्याबद्दल सार्थ अभिमान, मुलांबद्दल अपार माया आणि कॉलेजविषयी उदंड प्रेम व गरजूविषयी अथांग करुणा सतत तेवत असे. त्यांचे जीवन नक्कीच समाधानी, कृतार्थ व साफल्यपूर्ण होते.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow in all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the lord forever.

-Pslam 23:6

अहमदनगर महाविद्यालयाला सुवर्ण शिखरावर पोहोचवण्याचे एस. मॅडमचे स्वप्न पूर्ण करण्यासाठी आम्ही प्रत्येकजण झटलो तरच त्यांना खरी श्रद्धांजली अर्पण केली असे होईल. एस. मॅडमच्या जाण्याने बी.पी.एच.ई. सोसायटीचे, ख्रिस्ती समाजाचे, अहमदनगर महाविद्यालयाचे व साहित्य क्षेत्राचे अपरिमित नुकसान झाले आहे. माझ्या वैयक्तिक जीवनातील अमोल श्रद्धास्थान हरपल्याने न भरून येणारी पोकळी निर्माण झाली आहे. बायबलनुसार प्रभू येशू ख्रिस्त शेवटच्या दिवशी न्याय करावयास स्वर्गातून भूतलावर येईल, तेव्हा निद्रा पावलेले सर्व प्रियजन पुन्हा आपल्याला भेटतील या विश्वासाने मी माझे दोन शब्द संपवते.



Not Things But Men: I Dare You

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