

# CONSERVING OUR ENVIRONMENT

— Neelu Shreshtha, New Delhi

God has created the beautiful well-ornamented earth decorated with green gold, but nothing to satisfy the greed of human beings. It is this greed in us that is responsible for nature's fury in the form of famines, floods and landslides. If we want to avert such tragedies, we will have to please Mother Nature by saving the green gold on earth.

'I came; I used and I damaged' is the proud call of man. The beautiful ornaments, the green gold were all stolen away by the greedy sons of Adam. He swept off the dense forest undressing his own motherland to turn them into concrete jungles in order to get wood for various purposes. We are like that fool who is cutting the same branch on which he is sitting, ignorant of his tragic fall. Today we are depleting the forests one after the other to make beautiful furniture for our offices, hotels and houses, little realizing who will use them when the humanity will be wiped out by the fury of the nature.

Why do we forget that the trees guard us against erosion of land damage to water bodies, floods and famines? They have a salutary effect on water, soil and climate. The forest cover also lowers the maximum temperature. If we want to save our planet from severity of droughts and floods, caused by the growing deforestation, further forest conversions to meet the industrial, urban and agricultural needs of the planet and unauthorized and indiscriminate felling of trees by miscreants shall have to be regulated and controlled through legislative and administrative actions. Afforestation programmes with emphasis on social and environmental forestry also need to be undertaken on large scale with active participation of local people.

By killing these trees who are actually sacrificing saints, we have made air, the very breath of our existence and the most essential element of our life, a living inferno for us. A further result of it is a staggering turn

of the wheel of climate, leading to the unending problems of human life on earth. With an apparent depletion of ozone layer we live like Karna in the Kurukshetra without the protecting shield. The blue bird perching on your window pane awakens you from your deep slumber of night by melodious music and to feel the fresh and fragrant air and the rain beating on your roof top and so on. Do we have all this in our houses today? NO! These sounds have died out.

It is really surprising, shocking and shameful that man has closed his eyes towards the treasures hidden in the leaves, flowers, stems and roots of the trees through which we get medicines, beautiful flowers, tasty and juicy fruits and which are the homes of millions of friendly insects and birds who tend our crops and free them from pests and rats. The wood is for present time but the trees are forever. It is foolish to destroy our tomorrow for the sake of today.

Devoid of trees, this earth will become a hell in which we'll have to live. Can we escape? No! No exit to escape. Then, let us put our heads, hearts and hands together to improve upon the forest cover and make it safe for life. Let's awaken the

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consciousness of the human beings towards the importance and necessity of trees. Industrialization, urbanization and agriculture is a must but not at the cost of our life and our planet. I would like the readers to read this small poem about a tree that fell due to Nilam cyclone. It is written by Dhvani, a young poetess from Chennai.

### **TREES—OUR SILENT HELPERS**

The mate so tall, so dense, so wide  
Served us all when for shade we cried  
    The pride of the building  
    The beauty of the land  
    Was our pal standing  
    Erect on the sand.

One harsh tempest, and he is gone  
And we desperately want him to be  
    reborn  
    We miss so deeply  
    The good old tree  
    Who never got to see  
    That we loved him so greatly

He was like salt, for we didn't feel his  
    presence  
    But his absence makes a huge  
    difference  
We weren't ignorant of his importance  
    Why then did we not show the  
    acceptance?  
Emotions needn't be suppressed  
Love must never go unexpressed

If we have regard for someone, let's  
express it before it's too late. No one  
likes to say "I wish I could have told  
them I respected them, I didn't mean to  
hurt them". We didn't realise the value of  
the tree when it was with us. Now we  
    regret.

## **AM I BABA'S OR BABA IS MINE?**

– **BK Remani**, Thiruvananthapuram

It was a very fine early morning, i.e. nectar time. I was with Shiv Baba, chatting as usual in the friendliest way. Indeed, I was in full intoxication, having been merged in Baba's overflowing love.

Suddenly, it came to my mind, thus, as an innocent child I asked Baba in a carefree manner.

"Baba, am I yours or are you mine?" Baba responded forthwith, "Sweet child, I can't but wonder how you could thus go wrong?"

To cover up my guilt, I kept mum. Immediately, I could make out – it was "Nothing New" and that I might have put forth the same silly doubt a time cycle of 5000 years after another time cycle of the same no. of years in Confluence Age at nectar time.

May be due to my over-familiarity with My Sweet Baba, our talk began again. "My Baba...."

"My child", said Baba, "there's no question of either/or in between you and Me. It's the same both ways through."

A second pause .....; again our chat continued.

"So, ..... Baba?" I intervened purposely just to break the silence and to make my intellect Clean and Clear.

"That means," said Baba, "you are mine and I'm yours, from the very lucky moment I snatched you off from the cruel clutches of that dreadful Maya, in my long search to locate you – My long-lost and now-found child."

Thus, our sweet conversation went on and on, from one point to the next, and then to the next, and next ... touching many things bright and wonderful to offer anew, for the peaceful day about to dawn.

Ah, how Sweet; so Sweet are the hours of Nectar!!