



My Savatri



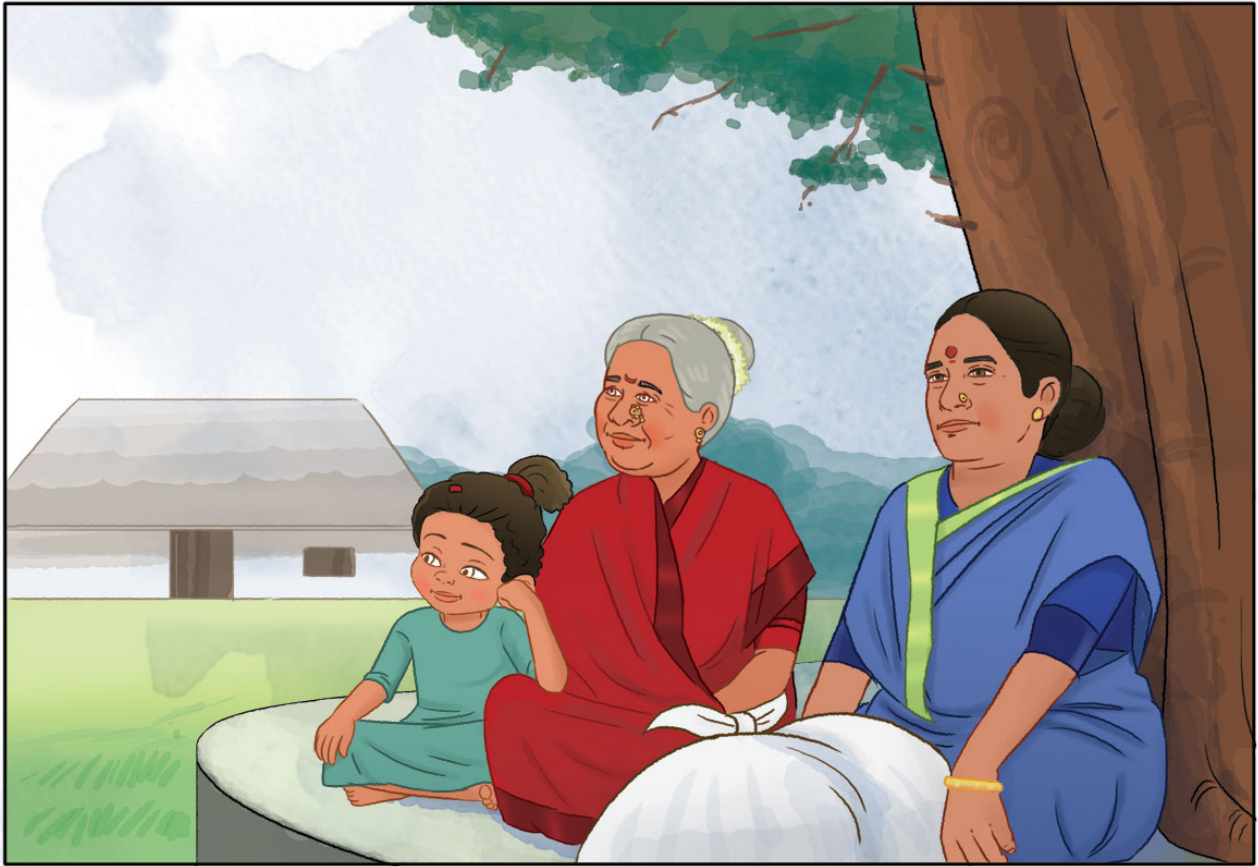
This is a 25 years old story. 'Durgawada' was a tiny village in Murtijapur taluka. In those days, every villager lived happily. The village did not have many facilities; but it was filled with happiness.



In such a village, a girl living in a city insisted that she wanted to go to her grandmother to study. Since the girl was a darling of all her uncles, aunts and grandparents, they admitted her in the school in the village.



She was studying in sixth class at that time. She loved the beautiful natural environment in the town and the earnest people. Since the same girl studied in a good school in the city, she was very good in her studies.



When the girl was in the sixth class, her grandmother stood for the post of Sarpanch (head of village council). There was no condition of educational qualifications. Her grandmother was elected as the Sarpanch of the village. Everyone felt very happy.



Once when some work was being carried out in the village, it was necessary to have the signature of the grandmother on the paper related to the work. However, her grandmother was illiterate and therefore she put her thumb impression instead of her signature.



The girl was playing nearby. This matter perturbed her. She decided to teach her grandmother how to sign.



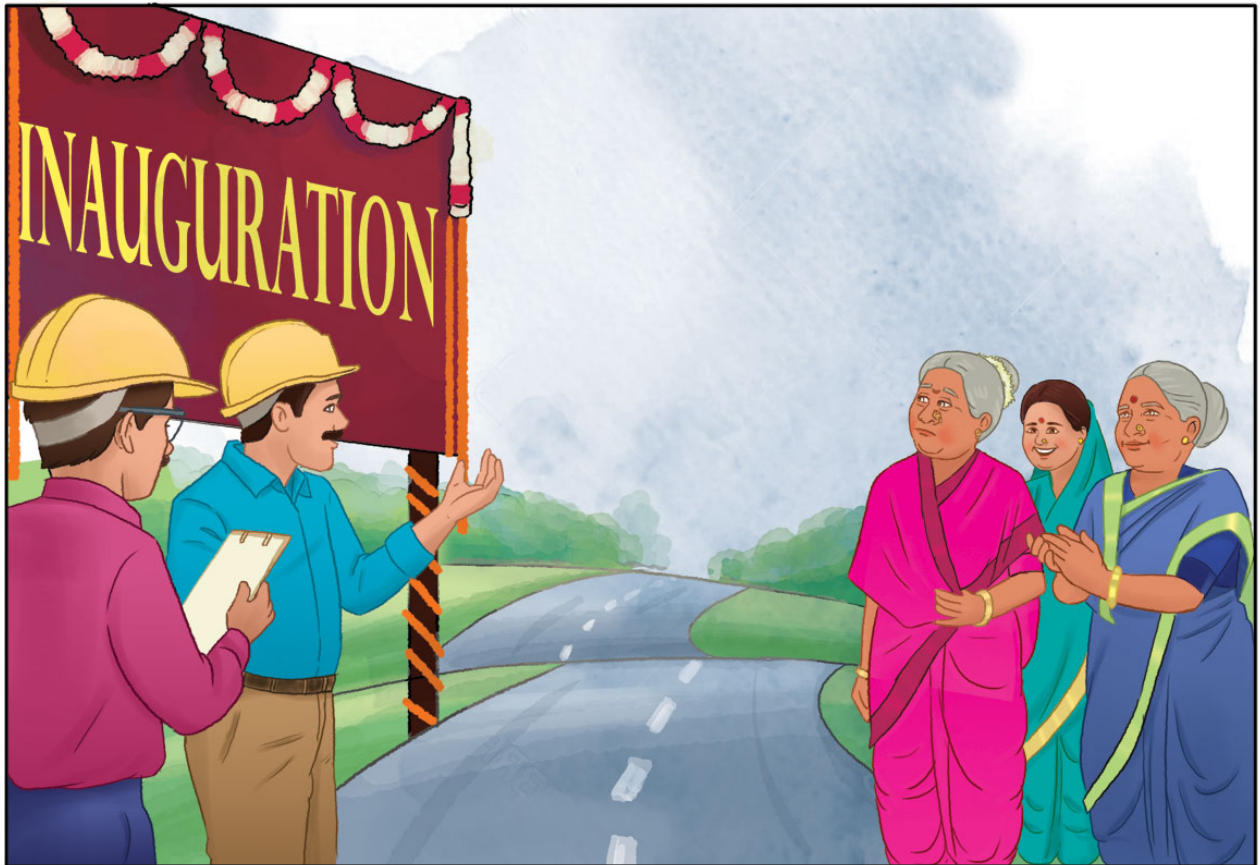
To learn all the letters was going to take a long time. To be able to sign was necessary, therefore, in her child-like mind, she decided to teach her grandmother how to sign. With this resolution, she made a beginning-a 'Shree Ganesha'.



The girl taught her grandmother the short form or initials of the signature. 'M. R. Nachane' which means Manjula Ramakrishna Nachane. The grandmother felt very happy.



She would share with everyone with pride, "My granddaughter taught me how to sign." The grandmother too started feeling from her heart that she should be able to read and write.



She had to attend meetings with many senior officers. Officers would be visiting the town and she had to put up a good image before them; it would not have sufficed to be illiterate, in fact, she started feeling that she should be able to read and write well.



The grandmother decided to learn and the granddaughter decided to teach her. By then, the grandmother had started learning the letters and practicing to write them. The grandmother too started enjoying that she could accomplish a lot.



Gradually, the granddaughter made her grandmother 'literate'. It took seven to eight months for the grandmother to learn all this. Both of them did not give up the task.



Now, our grandmother reads the Holy scriptures, bhajans, discourses, holy songs and she can read the newspaper too.



In those days, there were no mobiles and therefore the grandmother would write letters to her relatives. While doing all this, the grandmother's heart would fill with pride.



Since she could gain all the knowledge in the books due to her granddaughter, the grandmother too calls her granddaughter 'My Savitri' even today. The girl in this story is none other than my mother.