



'My Father' / 'Amar Baba' Dr. Manujendra Shyam
Chandrima Shyam, 19th September 2020

কিছুদিন আগেই প্রয়াত হয়েছেন শিলচরের বিশিষ্ট ডাক্তার ডাঃ মনুজেন্দ্র শ্যাম।
এই শহরের বহু ঐতিহাসিক ঘটনার সাক্ষী বিখ্যাত শ্যাম বাড়ির
বর্তমান সময়ের বহমান ডায়রি ছিলেন ডাঃ শ্যাম।
ওনার স্মৃতিতে ওনাকে নিয়ে ঈশান কথার পাতায় কিছু কথা তুলে ধরেছেন
ওনার কন্যা চিত্রশিল্পী চন্দ্রিমা শ্যাম...



I am writing with my father's favourite pen (gifted to him as a tribute with memento from Silchar Medical College Hospital during the Golden Jubilee Celebration). He started his professional life as a Doctor in SMCH when it was just inaugurated.

My father was a person with full of life. He was so simple, extremely honest, and a man with such a soft heart I have ever seen. Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore was his last resort dwelling of soul. I have always seen his indomitable energy, enthusiasm, and devotion to celebrate "Rabindra Jayanti" - Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore's birthday.

In Silchar as well as in Barak Valley and Ishan Bangla, he was the pioneer of Doctor's Day celebration, the Birth & Death anniversary of Dr. Bidhan Chandra Roy. He first celebrated Doctor's day at Siva Sundari Nari Shikshashram and Ante-Natal Clinic (Women's Hospital), Silchar. Till his demise, he was the Hony. Secretary of this "Ashram" Hospital. Siva Sundari Nari Shikshashram was his breath, his life.

He loved so much Music especially Tagore Songs, Poetry, Drama, Cinema, Literary Discussions - each and every field of creativity.

In the Golden Era of Bangla when Dr. Bidhan Chandra Roy was the Chief Minister of West Bengal, he was the student of National Medical College, Kolkata. He also met Dr. Roy at that time. I used to listen to the wonderful amazing stories of his student life with restless interest. He also used to tell me fantasies and stories every night at bedtime in my childhood with great patience and love.

In his student life in Medical College, Romantic hits of Uttam-Suchitra, Hemanta-Sandhya, and Shyamal Mitra were the crush, craze and hype of the youths of that time in "The City of Joy" - Kolkata. I feel that they have gone through a dream life during those days.

I have seen my father to be happiest with so little and simple things. He loved to eat "Muri-Batasha" very much. He had no temper as he used to take half burnt curries with full of delight. Green was his favourite colour and loved to wear Green Shirts very much.

My father was the 8th child of my Grandma. His nickname was Nipendu meaning Lord Krishna, The Moon on the crest of "Kadamba" (Anthocephalus Kadamba) tree, favourite of Lord Krishna, the tree of eternal love.

He loved Madhabi flowers very much. He planted a Madhabi Creeper (Hiptage Bengalensis) in his childhood in our home which is still there. It was his soul.

People from each and every religion and community loved and respected him from heart. He never thought for himself and he took his last breath also about thinking of others.

As his only daughter, I have to say that he fulfilled my each and every dream but I could not give him anything. On the day of demise, I just kept two Madhabi flowers on his chest. In the funeral fire, when his physical body was being dissolved into the five elements of the Universe, at that very time, Birds were chirping on crest of the "Kadamba" tree of "Swargodwar" (Funeral Place) in twilight. Tagore said "Twilight is the moment of the union to the Universe.

He loved the song of Kazi Nazrul Islam "Tomar Mohabishwe Kabhu Harae Na Ko Kicchu" (Nothing gets lost in thy Universe). One friend has given me a book to read "Who will cry, when you die". I saw hearts crying in each and everyone's eyes for my father. As if my father "Amar Baba" told me through Tagore's famous song "Aaguner Poroshmoni Choaon Praane, Ei Jibon Punno Koro Dohon Daane", Burn yourself only to give, give, and give...