



# NEWSLETTER

## FEB'26



ARTWORK BY  
SULAGNA PAUL CHOUDHURY

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BSQ EVENTS



# ARTILE BY RIMPI SAHA ROY

সবাইকে জানাই নমস্কার। জ্ঞান ও সৃষ্টিশীলতার দেবী সরস্বতীর পূজা শুধু একটি ধর্মীয় উৎসব নয়, এটি আমাদের স্মৃতি, সংস্কৃতি আর পরিচয়ের এক উজ্জ্বল প্রতীক। বাংলার সরস্বতী পূজার কথা মনে পড়লে ভেসে ওঠে শীতের সকাল, শিউলি ফুলের গন্ধ, হলুদ শাড়ি-পাঞ্জাবি আর পুষ্পাঞ্জলির আবেগে ভরা মুহূর্ত। গান, আবৃত্তি, খিচুড়ি-লাবরা-পায়েশ—সব মিলিয়ে উৎসব হতো পরিবার ও পাড়ার এক মহামিলন। সেই দিনগুলো ছিল শেকড়ের টান, ঐতিহ্যের উষ্ণতা।

আজ আমরা প্রবাসে—অস্ট্রেলিয়ার নীল আকাশের নিচে। ঋতু বদলেছে, পরিবেশ বদলেছে, কিন্তু উৎসবের আবেগ একই আছে। ছোট্ট বাঙালি কমিউনিটি মিলে লিভিং রুম বা কমিউনিটি হলে গড়ে তোলে মণ্ডপ। অস্ট্রেলিয়ার ফুল দিয়ে সাজানো প্রতিমা, ঘরে বানানো প্রসাদ, আর হোয়াটসঅ্যাপ গ্রুপে রেসিপি আদান-প্রদান—সব মিলিয়ে এক নতুন রূপে পুরনো ঐতিহ্য বেঁচে থাকে।

এবারের সরস্বতী পূজা আমার কাছে বিশেষ। অস্ট্রেলিয়ায় এটি আমার দ্বিতীয় পূজা, কিন্তু প্রথমবার মেয়েকে সঙ্গে নিয়ে উদযাপন। বাড়ি থেকে পাঠানো নতুন পোশাক সময়মতো না পৌঁছালেও উৎসব থেমে থাকেনি। পুরনো পোশাকেই মেয়ের হাতে ফুল তুলে দিয়ে মনে হলো—দূরত্ব আর সময় মায়ার কাছে হার মানে। নতুন জামা না থাকলেও প্রার্থনার আনন্দ একটুও কম হয় না।

প্রবাসের পূজায় অনেক কিছুই বদলে গেছে—ঢাকের বদলে ডিজিটাল সুর, বড় প্যান্ডালের বদলে ছোট হল, সরাসরি মিলনের বদলে কখনো ভার্চুয়াল সংযোগ। তবুও আবেগ অমলিন। ছোটরা যেমন রবীন্দ্রসংগীত গায়, তেমনি স্থানীয় সংস্কৃতির সঙ্গেও তাল মেলায়। এই মেলবন্ধনই প্রবাসী জীবনের সৌন্দর্য।

আসলে সরস্বতী পূজার মূল সুর একটাই—জ্ঞানের সাধনা, সৃষ্টির আনন্দ, আর সম্প্রদায়ের বন্ধন। পূজার আকার বদলালেও ভক্তির গভীরতা বদলায় না। স্মৃতি হয়ে ওঠে উত্তরাধিকার, আর নতুন প্রজন্মের হাত ধরে এগিয়ে চলে সংস্কৃতি।

এই প্রবাস জীবনের সন্ধিক্ষণে আমরা বুঝতে শিখি—স্মৃতি আর বর্তমানকে একসাথে ধারণ করাই আমাদের শক্তি। দূরত্ব হয়তো আমাদের আলাদা করে, কিন্তু সংস্কৃতির আলো কখনো নিভে যায় না। বরং নতুন মাটিতে নতুনভাবে শেকড় গজায়।

দেবী সরস্বতীর কাছে প্রার্থনা—তিনি আমাদের জ্ঞান দিন, সংযোগ দিন, আর শক্তি দিন যেন আমরা অতীতকে সম্মান করে ভবিষ্যতের পথে এগিয়ে যেতে পারি।

শুভ সরস্বতী পূজা।



ART BY AKSHITA PANDA



# ARTICLE BY CHAITEE DUTTA GUHA

## Pithe Puli By Dida- Sweet Memories

In my childhood, back in 1998, winter in Kolkata had a magic that no calendar could capture. The mornings were cold, with mist curling through the narrow lanes of our neighborhood, and the sun rose slowly over the red brick rooftops, spilling golden light over puddles left by the evening rains. But what I looked forward to most during those winters was Pithe-Puli Utsav, a festival that transformed our home into a kingdom of warmth, laughter, and the irresistible smell of sweets. Even now, decades later, thinking about it brings back not only the taste of those pithes but also the laughter, the gentle scolding, and the quiet love that filled those days.

Days before the festival, our house buzzed with excitement. Dida, my grandmother with silver hair always neatly tied in a bun, would plan every detail of the preparations. She guarded her secret recipes for patishapta, dudh puli, and dharoi as if they were treasures, passed down through generations. She treated each step with a kind of reverence, her hands moving skillfully as she rolled, stirred, and filled. Mother arranged all the ingredients: rice flour, coconut, jaggery, and banana leaves while gently warning my cousins and me to stay out of the way, though I could see the sparkle of mischief in her eyes whenever we peeked in. Didi, my elder sister, was my partner in crime. Together, we would attempt to shape tiny pithes, sometimes spilling coconut or jaggery, sometimes laughing so hard that we forgot which dough belonged to whom. “Carefull Mana, the stuffing must stay inside,” Dida would warn, her voice calm but firm. When a puli burst open, spilling its sweet filling, she would chuckle and shake her head. “Even the sweets want to run away sometimes,” she’d say, and we would giggle, our eyes shining with pride and delight.



# ARTICLE BY CHAITEE DUTTA GUHA

The kitchen smelled of sweet jaggery melting in ghee, coconut, and warm rice flour. Steam rose from the pans like misty clouds, making the cold outside feel distant and unimportant. I would sip tiny cups of tea, my fingers warming around the handle, and watch as the kitchen came alive with movement, chatter, and occasional chaos. Cousins ran around teasing each other, arguing over who would get the first bite, while Dida rolled pithes with calm precision, and Mother balanced multiple tasks at once. Every sound of the hiss of frying patishapta, the soft clatter of rolling pins, the laughter of children felt like music, a rhythm that made the festival feel alive and eternal.

In 1998, there were no smartphones, no internet, no distractions. We children were fully present, our senses alive to every small detail. I remember standing on a stool to reach the counter, carefully rolling dough, smelling the jaggery caramelize, and feeling an inexplicable pride at being part of this family ritual.



Each puli I shaped carried the warmth of Dida's hands, the care of Mother's eyes, and the playful energy of Didi and my cousins. The small accidents the flour spilling on the floor, the coconut falling out of a puli, the occasional burnt edges were all part of the memory, part of the laughter that would echo long after the cooking was done.



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# ARTICLE BY CHAITEE DUTTA GUHA

By afternoon, the kitchen had become a scene of organized chaos. Plates of steaming dudh puli lined the counter, golden patishapta lay cooling, and every surface was dusted with flour or dotted with drops of jaggery syrup. We would gather around, eagerly taking our first bites. The soft, warm pithes, the sweet coconut-jaggery filling, and the tender texture of the patishapta were more than food they were memories in edible form, tasting of childhood winters, family stories, and simple joy. Sitting together, sharing bites, teasing each other, and laughing over little mishaps, I felt the comfort of home and the deep connection of family in a way words could barely capture.

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As evening fell and the last pithes were eaten, I sat by the window, the fading sun casting long shadows across the courtyard. My fingers were sticky with jaggery, my cheeks flushed from laughter and the warmth of the kitchen. I knew I had experienced something special: a moment of love, tradition, and belonging that would stay with me forever. Pithe-Puli Utsav in 1998 was more than a festival; it was a feeling, a memory, and a reminder that home is where the heart, the laughter, and the sweet smell of winter coexist. Even now, whenever I smell jaggery or coconut, I am transported back to that winter, to Dida and to a childhood filled with warmth, love, and Pithe-Puli Utsav.

ART BY KIAAN GUHA



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# ART BY ABHIPRITI DASGUPTA

## Eastern Yellow Ribbon



# CELEBRITIES BORN IN FEBRUARY



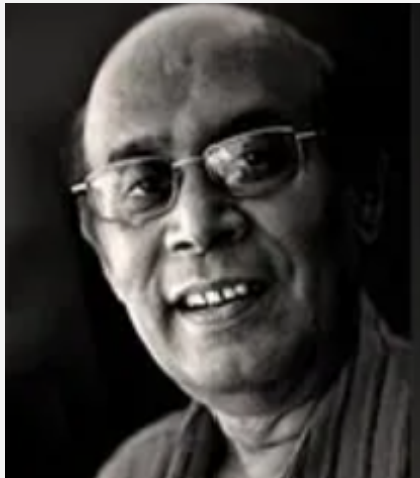
RAMKRISHNA DEB  
18<sup>TH</sup> FEBRUARY



MADHABI MUKHERJEE  
10<sup>TH</sup> FEBRUARY



LEELA MAJUMDAR  
26<sup>TH</sup> FEBRUARY



BUDHHADEB DASGUPTA  
11<sup>TH</sup> FEBRUARY



PAHARI SHANYAL  
22<sup>ND</sup> FEBRUARY



HAIMANTI SHUKLA  
2<sup>ND</sup> FEBRUARY



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# UPCOMING BRISBANE EVENTS

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3 pm onwards (Saturday)  
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# BSQ PAST EVENTS - SARASWATI PUJA HIGHLIGHTS



# BSQ EVENTS

## **BSQ Annual General Meeting**

SATURDAY, 21<sup>ST</sup> MARCH

5 PM ONWARDS

TOOWONG STATE SCHOOL HALL

105 SYLVAN ROAD. TOOWONG



IF YOU WISH TO SHARE YOUR STORIES, CREATIONS, EXPERIENCES OR ANYTHING INTERESTING WITH OUR COMMUNITY, PLEASE SEND THEM TO US VIA EMAIL:

[BSQ.QLD@GMAIL.COM](mailto:BSQ.QLD@GMAIL.COM)

BSQ EC 2025-26