



Celebration of The Manoharans



**From
the Friends of
the Manoharans**



**Sunday, October 8, 2017
Hilton Garden Inn, Pittsburgh/Southpointe**



வாழ்த்து

கலையாத கல்வியும் குறையாத வயதும் ஓர்கபடு வாராத நட்பும்
 கன்றாத வளமையும் குன்றாத இளமையும் கழுபிணி இலாத உடலும்
 சலியாத மனமும் அன்பகலாத துணையும்* தவறாத சந்தானமும்
 தாழாத கீர்த்தியும் மாறாத வார்த்தையும் தடைகள் வாராத கொடையும்
 தொலையாத நிதியும் கோணாத கோலும் ஒருதுன்பமில்லாத வாழ்வும்
 துய்யநின் பாதத்தில் அன்பும் உதவிப் பெரிய தொண்டருடன் கூட்டும் தந்தாய்**!
 அலையாழி அறிதுயிலும் மாயானது தங்கையே! ஆதிகடலூரின் வாழ்வே!
 அமுதீசர் ஒருபாகம் அகலாத சுகபாணி! அருள்வாமி! அபிராமியே!

Notes:

- * In Abhiraami Bhattar's original, this word is மனைவியும்
- ** In the original this word is கண்டாய்.

We took the liberty in slightly changing the original to suit the occasion.
 — Kollengode S Venkataraman, Usha Chandra and N Raghupathi



குற்றம் களைந்து குறைபெய்து வாசித்தல் கற்றறிந்த மாந்தர் கடன். – ஒளவையார் (?)

The Story of Our Parents

By Manjari Kulkarni & Arun Manoharan

1950s: Our parents' story begins in the mid 1900's in Southern India, where running water and closed sewers were luxuries meant only for the very rich. Our father, the son of a farmer, was raised in a small village called Nallati Palayam near Pollachi, Tamil Nadu.



My dad's parents were farmers, who, though not formally educated in the contemporary sense, were wise, and had the foresight to put absolute emphasis on their children's formal education. They leveraged the farm in order to send our Dad to Carnegie Mellon University.

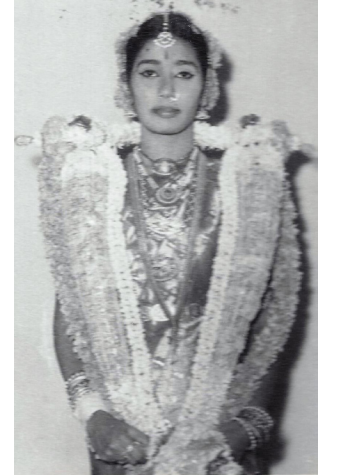
Our dad excelled in athletics so much so that a separate silo was created for his trophies. His father's advice to him: "Go West Young Man."

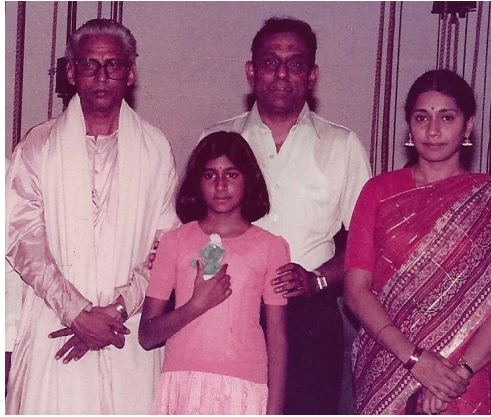
Our mom was raised a few miles away in Pollachi, a big trading center in Coimbatore District, Tamil Nadu. Her father was an orphan, but through hard work and innovation found a way to become a successful business man. She was the fourth child of seven, and was the first in her family to attend college. My mom's mom was a great cook.

1960s: Stepping off the plane, on his way to study at Carnegie Mellon, our father had only the proverbial \$20 in his pocket. Although a frightening thought to someone today, back then, \$20 was enough to pay the rent, *and* buy a pack of smokes.

Several years of "bachelorhood" were enough for my father. So back to India he returned, to be the dutiful son. His brother's words to him, "So, you know my wife has a sister... .."

1970s: Soon after our mom and dad were married, they were blessed with the most perfect baby boy. Years later though, apartment living became unbearable for them after the birth of their next child, the





one whose incessant crying led the building to adopt a "No Child" policy.



Newly migrated friends from India would gather around their TV, the first color TV in the community, and watch Super Bowl wins.

1980s: With no more Super Bowls wins to watch, friends decided that they needed to congregate at a more traditional setting. With a target of \$50,000, my father and his buddies sent out *hand-written* mailers to the

Indians living in the United States. A few weeks later, their windfall \$200,000 haul gave birth to Sri Venkateswara Temple.

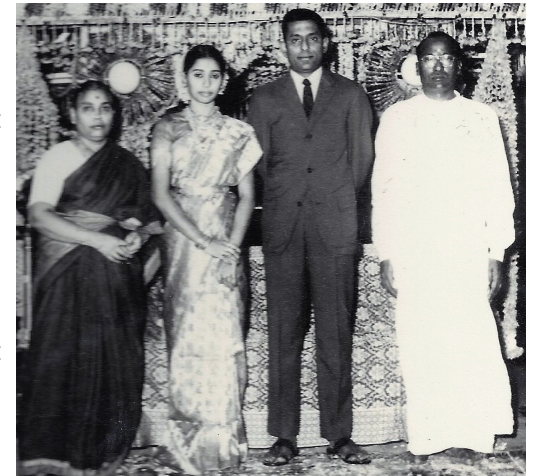
Friday night bhajans led to rummy at the Narayan's. As an aside, being awoken by Dusty, a growling, 150 lb, German shepherd standing on your chest, is one of the more unpleasant ways to start the day.

Never one to follow tradition for tradition's sake, our mom went back to school and then to work at a hospital. She made sure to work the 5:00 am shift so that she could be home in time to make a five-course meal.

With the help of good friends and Providence, our dad was able to recover from the heart surgery. Thank you, Valliappan uncle, for saving my father's life.

Our father was suddenly and uncomfortably forced to pursue his passion. In consultation with Robert Frost, my father always says, "Two roads diverged in a wood, I took the one less traveled and that has made all the difference."

1990s: An empty nest, a booming stock market and retirement for one led to a pristine house, BMWs and the necessity for estate planning.





2000s: The 90s were nice.

Our family grew and then grew and then grew some more with the additions of Aarati (our parents' daughter-in-law), Rajiv (their son-in-law), Summer and Indie, our dogs.

And Leela, Millan & Aasha and Veda their precious grand kids. The nest was no longer empty; yet the house remains pristine.

Although most grandparents are able to enjoy their grandkids one at a time, they were presented with four, ALL AT THE SAME TIME! Despite the calamity that follows our family from place to place, our parents are able to take everything in stride.

Whether it was their humble upbringing or the hardship of being immigrants in the 60s, our parents have always approached everything with energy and a positive attitude. In the last forty years, we are yet to hear either of them talk about accepting failure.

On that note,

Happy soon-to-be 50th anniversary Mom & Dad!

Happy 80th birthday Dad! We love you!



Funny Incidents with Manoharan... ..

S. Valliappan, Orlando, FL

e-mail: swaminathan_valliappan@yahoo.com

Paul Manoharan is a wonderful, innocent person. Never speaks ill of others – on the contrary, praises them, especially, when our youngsters achieve something he is proud of them, and tells everyone of their achievements. I've never seen him in short temper – perhaps Mani might have seen him occasionally.

A few funny incidents I vividly recall:

- Once we were traveling to India via London. The plane was parked on the tarmac, and we were in a bus going to the terminal.



An airport official was directing us with instructions. His strong British accent was difficult to understand. Manoharan immediately tells the official, "Why the hell don't you talk in English?" To make things worse, on our return trip, our flight was late and we were sent to a hotel for an overnight stay. An elderly Black driver was talking to us in a New York *Black* accent that was difficult to understand for Manoharan because for him, only an Indian accent or the standard American accent is acceptable English for him.

- We had another trip to India. Mani had sent candies and gifts to her family in Coimbatore. We stayed in Chennai and Manoharan did not have a chance to go to Coimbatore. On the date of departure, he found the goodies in his suitcase. He scratched his head wondering what to do. He did not want to take it back and face Mani's ire. Without hesitation, he distributed to everyone around him. My brother's son was delighted to get a box of candy. Manoharan's job was done. I still wonder how he explained this to Mani.

- Another time, back in New York, he gave his green card to the immigration officer. The officer could not believe that Manoharan once had a full head of hair. Time had taken its toll in depleting his hair "stock." With no hesitation and a straight face, the officer told him, "Get a new green card and send this one to the Smithsonian."

These are some of the finer moments of our association. What an innocent and generous man he is! Nachal and I wish Mani and Manoharan a long life with their family. ■

Out Long Association with the Manoharans

Gita and Kalathur Narasimhan, New Jersey

e-mail: sim.narasimhan@outlook.com

Gita and I have been blessed in our association with Mani and Manoharan for the past forty-five-plus years. When I moved from Texas in 1969 Manoharan and Mani helped me settle in Pittsburgh.

We started a new year celebration tradition that lasted for many years. Picnic at the local parks was a big event. Manoharan was a champion Player — you can see in his attire with a t-shirt in the center of the picture on the next page. Mani was a college player and surpassed Manoharan.

Manoharan enlisted us to help build the Venkateswara temple. Our life from 1975 was totally consumed by temple activities. Families were active in imparting our culture and tradition. Balavihar, Gita and our friends were active encouraging children to participate in dance drama. See pictures on the next page.

Manju, Arun and all our children active in cultural activities, including Ramayana. You can spot Manju as Sita and Arun in a dance drama. Adults also engaged in dance drama — see Mani in her grand pose. So much to tell but yield my space to others.

Pittsburgh family always there to support each other — see Vasant wedding:



We wish Mani & Manoharan many more years of happy life. ■





Our Thirties & Forties Went for the Temple

Cuddalore P & Anasuya Natarajan, Wexford, PA

e-mail: cpnatarajan@gmail.com

We first met with the Manoharans at the Hindu Temple (Hindu Jain Temple, Monroeville) in 1974, a few days after we arrived in Pittsburgh. Longing for someone speaking Tamil, we were immediately drawn to them.



Tamil and temple got us closer as friends. Sri Srinivasan (Dr. Mani's father) fostered our love for Tamil starting from Avvaiair's *Aathichoodi*.

When North-South differences erupted at the Hindu Temple in early 1970s, Manoharan was the peace maker trying hard for all of us to stay together. The Lord wanted it differently and S.V. Temple took root.

We as a group met at Manoharans many weekends, picking out names from our address books to make the mailing list for the temple. Together, we stuffed donation requests burning mid night oil, many weekends. Our thirties and forties were spent for the temple, missing out on our first born's growing up and leaving home to college.

Our friendship as families stayed stronger, despite opposing views on many temple issues.

Manoharan made our investments grow even when markets were up and down.

- We miss (Manon)Mani's Navarathiri dance.
- We miss singing together Bhajans at the temple on Fridays.
- We miss playing cards into the wee hours of morning.
- We miss staging Tamil plays and the drama practices (Manoharan was the Baliah from "Kadalikka Neramillai").

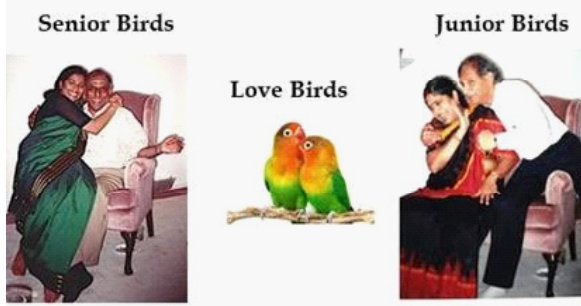
Mani and Manoharan! Thanks for being our friends. May the Almighty bless you with Health, Happiness and Long life! ■

Our Early Days with the Manoharans

N. and Janaki Raghupathi, Murrysville, PA

raghupathi@comcast.net

We are blessed to have known the Manoharans for over 45 years. Starting as friends, our relationship blossomed into coming together as a strong family. In the summer of 1972, we all went together on a mini-vacation in the Manoharans' luxury yacht (Chevy Impala) to Niagara Falls and Canada with baby Arun — he was not even one year old then. Janaki and I, as students, couldn't afford a 'jalopy' at that time. During the trip, Manoharan used to tease Janaki and me as 'love birds'. However, bashfully he admitted, he and Mani were also 'love birds' but slightly seasoned, having just had baby Arun.



Manoharan's GPS during the trip was Mani. Frequently the two had tiffs due to lost signals, wrong turns! But they hugged and made-up, one hug for each tiff! These days they still have tiffs... we mean 'hugs.' We also fondly remember seeing the cute, little baby Manju, probably a few weeks old, in their castle of yesteryears (apartment on 5th Ave., Shady Side). Love those nostalgic youthful days!

In his adolescence, Manoharan must have been bashful in the company of ladies. So his decision to marry Mani might have come from this logic: being shy to look directly into Mani's coveting eyes, he used his Tamil linguistic talent to make his once-in-a-lifetime decision based on பெயர் பொருத்தம் (name match). The common link between the two names 'Mano'haran and 'Mano'nmani being 'Mano,' he felt "நான் அவளை 'Mano'sal காதலிக்கிறேன்." (I love her wholeheartedly). This led to மன and திருமண பொருத்தம்."

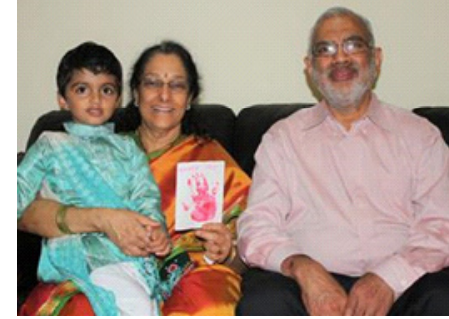
On a serious note, Mani was a guiding light to Janaki during challenging times decades ago, supporting Janaki's decision to bring her father to the U.S. for medical treatment. Working as a team, Manoharan served as a mentor to Janaki during the conceptual stage of the S.V. Temple to develop design drawings. The Manoharans have also emphasized we should all practice the 'art of giving' as part of our life. We and Janaki's mother wish from the very bottom of our hearts all the best for Manoharans and for their continued happiness with their children and grandchildren. ■

A Friendship for Life

By Usha and Chandra, San Jose, CA

e-mail: ushachandra75@gmail.com

We met Manoharan and Mani when we first moved to Pittsburgh in 1978. We got to know them during the Friday evening bajans at the temple, and in the social gatherings.



What made them special was Manoharan's infectious laughter, his sunny outlook of life, his sense of humor and loyalty to his friends.

Mani is a friend one can depend upon. She is down-to-earth, energetic, efficient, and is a calm influence on people. Our friendship grew as the years went by, fueled by the wonderful parties full of fun in their home.

Mani is a great cook and Manoharan has many a joke to keep the laughter going.

They are dedicated to volunteering at the S.V. Temple. Mani has been a calm voice of reason in many temple meetings.

Through the years, we have watched them go through good times and some not so good ones, but they have always taken things in stride.

Manoharan's switch from Engineering to Investments is a story on its own. Their children and grandchildren bear testimony to the wonderful values that both Mani and Manoharan live by.

We value their friendship. They are friends for life and a part of our family. We have specially enjoyed the Tamil music sessions we used to have. One of Manoharan's favorite songs is:

அமுதம் தேனும் எதற்கு? நீ அருகினில் இருக்கையிலே எனக்கு!

The line from the song has the phrase, உடல் நான், உயிர் நீ, is very apt for Mani and Manoharan.

We wish both Mani and Manoharan all the very best in the years ahead with good health and happiness all around. ■

மகிழ்வோடு வாழ்த்துகிறேன்!

By Savithri Venkatachalam, Washington, DC

(mother of Usha Chandra, San Jose, CA)

கொங்கு நாட்டிலே தோன்றி
இங்கிதமாய் பழகத்தெரிந்த மனோஹர மணியே,
ஐம்பதாண்டு இனிய இல்லறம் நடத்தி
இந்த அந்நிய மண்ணிலே வெற்றிடக்கொடி நாட்டி
அருணோதயமாய் மகளும், மஞ்சுவாய் மகளும்,
மருமகன், மருமகள், பேரன், பேத்திகளை பெற்று
பண்பிலே சிகரமாய், நட்பிலே கர்ணனாய்,
தமிழில் உயிராய் உறைந்திடும் மனோஹர மணியே
நீவிர் இருவரும் இன்னும் பல்லாண்டு சுற்றம் புடை சூழ,
அன்பும் அறமும் கலந்த வாழ்வு வாழ
மகிழ்வோடு வாழ்த்துகிறேன்! ■



Our Best Friends Through Thick and Thin

By Renuka and Sam Palanisamy, Ft. lauderdale, FL

e-mail: palanirenu@yahoo.com

It was summer of 1972 and we had just moved into Pittsburgh to start my fellowship at the St. Francis Hospital. One of our friends



introduced us to a beautiful young couple with a small baby — and of course, that young family was none other than Manoharan, Mani and Arun.

We had so many things in common at that time — such as Kent cigarettes and *Bloody Marys*, and we hit it off right away. Little we knew at that time that our friendship would grow to such a thick bondage throughout our lives.

Mani and Manoharan have such a personality and character that it is very easy to be friends with them.

They were there with us for us at times of joy and as well as sadness. They have been a part of our life as close as family members.

Manoharan was very instrumental in taking care of my financial matters without for me to worry about it, so that I could focus on my profession.

Mani and Manoharan, thanks you very much for being our friends.

We wish you both a long, healthy and joyous life. ■



Destined to be the Manoharans' Friends

Giri and Swami Nathan, Gibsonia, PA

e-mail nathan2101@comcast.net

Our connections with Mani and Manoharan were destined even prior to our first meeting in Pittsburgh in 1980. Mani's home town



Pollachi is the same as that of my best friend of fifty-seven years whom I often visit. And Manoharan went to the same Guindy Engineering College that my father graduated from, decades ago.

Their dedication to the S. V. Temple and community is well known. It is with great pleasure that we have seen their everlasting love, unflinching devotion and support for each other and their family.

Mani and Manoharan have been our good friends through good and bad times. We wish them well and the very best. We give below nostalgia pictures from our album. ■



My Dear Friends Mani and Manoharan

By E. C Subbarao, Pittsburgh, PA

e-mail: venisankar@yahoo.com

We lived in Pittsburgh, PA from 1956 to 1963. There were very few Indian families in Pittsburgh or the US at that time.

When INSTEP Program started to train engineers from the public sector steel companies, and SAIL (Steel Authority of India Ltd) was being set up in India, engineers from India were sent to the US for one year of training.

Many of those engineers came to Pittsburgh, since the steel industry was flourishing here at the time. Many of the INSTEP engineers visited our home in Wilkins Township, primarily for home cooked meals.

Among those was one young wonderful Manoharan! This was before he acquired Mani (in other words MONEY)!

We have fond memories of those days, as does Veni would. who was a 13-year-old teenager at the time!

It is wonderful to renew our contact with the Manoharans, again in Pittsburgh, after all these years. ■



Our Best Sambandhis Ever... ..

By Sujatha Yelamanchili, Germantown, MD

e-mail: sujyela@gmail.com

My dear Manoharan Anna and Mani:

You are the BEST SAMBANDHIS EVER!

May you celebrate many more Birthdays and Anniversaries together.

My best regards. ■



Manoharans: A Breath of Fresh Air

By Indira and Kris Gopal, Upper St Clair, PA

e-mail: gutcut@comcast.net

It has been our privilege to have known the Manoharans as our friends and who have remained as true friends. They have enriched our lives in so many ways just by being themselves.

We have met very few people who are as genuinely interested and fond of helping others. They are soft, gentle, caring, loving and genuine at heart. We think that the world is a much better place because of people like them. God must have broken the mold after he made Mani and Paul.



When they come into a gathering, you feel a breath of spring, find a ray of sunshine, sense of whiff of perfume, all rolled in one mix of pure joy and happiness.

As William Penn said "A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably," and Mani and Paul Manoharan are such friends.

We wish and pray to the Almighty to bless them with many years of love for each other with good health and happiness. ■



Dear Mani and Manoharan... ..

By Jayanthi & Krishnaswami, Upper St Clair, PA

e-mail: jswami55@gmail.com

We have had the pleasure of knowing you for over thirty years. We always enjoy your company. Even when we are under stress, you have a way of helping us cope with the situation without being judgemental. Chatting with you for a while makes us walk away with positive energy. Mani has a remarkable ability to uplift our mood.



Manoharan, you are a karma yogi; you never think of work as a chore or a necessary evil. You have an admirer (Krishnaswami) for this trait in you.

Among the many coincidences in lives, our children and your son and daughter-in-law share the same names! During more than one occasion when we had got together we — that is, Manoharan and Jayanthi — have had jovial sessions of uncontrollable belly laughter. Mani always would poke fun at us saying, "*enna, chinna pillainga madhiri sirikka arambichuttingala?*"

We consider ourselves blessed to have known you. We wish you all the best and are indeed happy to be part of this special celebration. ■



Congratulations, Mani & Manoharan!

by Ramesh & Lakshmi Subramanyam, Singapore

e-mail: rasubram@singnet.com.sg

You are blessed to have Manju, Arun and their families organize this lovely event to celebrate with all the people you have touched and made a difference over these years.

Since 1984 in Pittsburgh, and subsequently in Singapore and India, you have always made me feel loved. Manju's Bharatha Natyam Arangetram in Pittsburgh was something I remember fondly, despite being slave-driven by Manju! Your presence at our wedding reception at Phipps Conservatory in 1992, along with all our other friends, was very special.

I cherish the wonderful memories you have given me — caring for me as a son during my stay in Bridgeville while working in Pittsburgh, the characters Manoharan played in our Tamil plays in the Pittsburgh temple, the sumptuous meals and pecan cup cakes Mani made for me during my visits from Singapore, and Mani's stay with me in Chennai when shopping for Arun's wedding.



It was good seeing both of you along with Manju and her family when Lakshmi and I last visited Pittsburgh in 2012, and earlier in 2011 seeing Arun and his family in Philadelphia as well.

You are very special to me, Mani and Manoharan. You have touched me in more ways than you know and have taught me a lot of things. I will always remember what you have done for me, with affection, respect and gratitude.

Mani, Manoharan, Manju, Arun and your respective families, we wish all of you the very best with many more years of peace, good health and happiness! My amma and Abhiram join me in this. ■



My Dear Friends Mani and Manoharan

By Padmasini Sathi, Monroeville, PA

e-mail: sowndharya34@yahoo.com

I am very pleased to be part of this wonderful event, sharing this happy time with your family and friends.



I've known you both for 35+ years — wow, where did the time go?? — and always enjoyed being part of your extended family. Whenever I think about you both, I always think "Perfect couple".

God must have wanted to bring you both together when he arranged your siblings' marriage. Or, was it

Mani's work, I am still not 100% sure. Over the years I've heard different accounts on that .

Manoharan, I've always known you to have a very affectionate nature. Every single time we meet, you always ask about Ram and Harini. And you made me feel extra special by remembering my reply and mentioning it the next time we talk.

Many times I have seen you enjoying jokes and in turn, I've enjoyed watching you enjoy the jokes. I won't mention the jokes, may not be appropriate here. (Ahem, Renuka).

God bless you both and keep you in Excellent Health and Spirits for years to come.

இருவருடைய பாதங்களுக்கும் என் அன்பு வணக்கங்கள்!

With Lots of Love & Hugs,

Padma, Ram, Lindsay, Harini and Dev ■



Our First Friends in America!

By Geetha Manian, Monroeville, PA

e-mail: geetha.manian@verizon.net

When my husband Mani and I landed in America on a very cold and icy January day in 1969, it was the Manoharans who gave us a warm welcome and made us feel at home.

They have been our special friends ever since.

I can never forget the help, support and love they gave me and my son Ram during the most difficult and challenging transition in our lives.

Our very best wishes to Mani, Manoharan and their Family. ■



Our Tribute to Mani and Manoharan

By Charles & Lalitha Rajakumar, McMurray, PA

e-mail: crajakumar@yahoo.com

It has been a privilege to be friends with the Manoharans over 30 years. More than the affinity of our native language that binds us in this adopted motherland; it is Manoharan hospitality that strengthens our friendship over the years.

I met Manoharan on the SV temple grounds on our arrival into Pittsburgh. As I was hesitantly deciding, Manoharan came up to me with a 'Hello' and an outstretched arm. Hearing that he is from that part of Southern India known for its hospitality, we started conversing in Kovai Tamil, mixing in with my Kanyakumari Tamil.

If you are wondering what is Kovai Tamil and what is Kanyakumari Tamil, here it is:

Kovai: "Ennanga thamby eppadiyiukinga" (என்னங்க தம்பிய எப்படியிருக்கிறீங்க?). Kanyakumari: "Yenna le thamby, yeppadiyirukka" (என்னலே தம்பி, எப்படியிருக்க?). America: "Hi fella how are ya? So, I would rather be a 'thambi' in Kovai that addresses me with so much respect!

There it is, I found my very first friend in Pittsburgh PA, and to this day, I and my wife Lalitha cherish our friendship with the Manorarans, Paul and Mani. ■



Happy Memories with the Manoharans

By Lalitha and Seenu Srinivasan, Murrysville, PA

e-mail: Lalitha52@hotmail.com



Happy Memories, Anni and Anna.

We enjoyed your company and this will remind the good times that we had at the temple.

Anna, Thanks a lot for your guidance on construction and investment related discussions at the temple committees.

We were digging through our albums and found this gem of a photograph of Mani (in green sari) and Lalitha (in Veshti and jubba) dancing in a function held at the Temple.



With Kind regards and our best wishes. ■



Thank You, Mani and Manoharan, for All You've Done!

By Saraswati and Tippetwamy Channapati

Butler, PA 16001 e-mail: channapati@aol.com

"We have known G. Manoharan and Mani for about forty years now. Over the years, we've known them to be generous souls who have played an integral role in building the Temple and contributing to the Indian community of Pittsburgh.

They have contributed to make us the close-knit family that we are today.

Thank you, Mani and Manoharan, for all you've done. We wish you two many years of continued success and joy." ■



Dear Paul and Mani... ..

By Raj and Manjula Yellavala, Bridgeville, PA

e-mail: ykraj@yaho.com

I remember the first day I meet Paul in the Stifel office and you have invited for dinner with a good friend. The hospitality that we received was phenomenal.



From the very first meet till now, Manjula and I see the same compassion in your eyes.

You both are role model for Manjula and I, and I am sure, for many people. God bless you both.

We are happy to give below a picture of the Manoharans I took at the Phipps Conservatory in a reception to Dr. Subra Suresh, when Suresh became the president of Carnegie Mellon University. ■



The Manohanas with Dr. Subra Suresh, President of Carnegie Mellon University, and Sunil Wadhvani at the welcome ceremony organized by Indian-Americans for Dr. Suresh at the Phipps' Conservatory



Thank You Very Much Manoharan

By Prabhakar and Nitya Iyer, Sewickley, PA

e-mail: prabhakarsivakumar@yahoo.com

Thank you for always being kind and pleasant to talk to every time I have reached out to you during our interactions as members of S.V.Temple board, TNF & Pittsburgh Tamil Sangam activities .

I appreciate the fact that you have always complimented my wife for being beautiful in front of me and asking me as to how I got such a beautiful wife .

We and our children Avyukt and Aayush wish you and your family all the best as part of our extended Pittsburgh family.

Our best regards. ■



Our Best Wishes to Mani and Manoharan

By Mahendra & Mohini Mathur, Pittsburgh, PA

e-mail: mahendram@verizon.net

I have known Gopal Manoharan since 1966, since I came to Pittsburgh. I was staying at the University of Pittsburgh's Webster Hall in Oakland. Later, I joined Westinghouse.

I was just walking on Forbes Ave in front of Carnegie Tech, as Carnegie Mellon University was known then. I met Manoharan and one Shivaramakrishnan. They both were very friendly and they were my guide in Pittsburgh.

I got married next year, and so did Manoharan and we continued to be good friends. Mani and my wife Mohini were great friends, and still are. We worked closely with Raj Gopal in getting Sri Vankateswara Temple started and completed.

I saw Manoharan in Sam Palusamy' 50th wedding anniversary and had a good time.

We wish Mani and Manoharan good luck in the years ahead. May God Almighty shower His Choicest blessings on them. ■



We Cherish Your Gift — *The Living Gita!*

By Hema & Daks Murthy, Pittsburgh, PA

e-mail: hemamurthymd@gmail.com

At the heart of our life is the relationships we make, and we are ever grateful for the beautiful relationship that we have built with the Manoharans over the last twenty-three years.

Mani Aunty and Manoharan Uncle radiate so much positivity, warmth, and grace that we feel more welcome, more energetic, and calmer to handle the trials and tribulations in life. They both



go out of their way to make others feel good and are always encouraging.

About twenty years ago, I was doing my internal medicine residency and life was hectic, especially with a newborn. I had to compromise on my sleep, family time, social life and also study.

Daks and I met Aunty and Uncle for dinner and they gave us a copy of "*The Living Gita*" by Swami Satchidananda. I read a few pages every day and slowly discovered my inner potential. It helped me rekindle my interest in Spirituality and Yoga. I have read this book many times and still continue to learn more.

Uncle and Auntie, It is one of the read-aloud books in our house. We will cherish "*The Living Gita*" forever and all the other thoughtful treasures you have given us over the years.

Our sincere gratitude for the many "Mano-N-Mani" quality times, and all the fruitful advice you have given us when needed. We look forward to many more! We wish you both the best of Health and Happiness!!

Cheers to Mani Aunty and Manoharan Uncle!!! ■



How Manoharan Got Elected to the Stock Club *Every Time*

By Veni and S. G. Sankar, South Hills, PA

e-mail: sgsankar1224@yahoo.com

I arrived in Pittsburgh about forty-seven years ago, just in time for the New Year Party. I was just settling down in my one bedroom apartment. My good friend Narasimhan was also in a similar situation. Luckily for us, we received a telephone call from Manoharans asking us to join them for the New Year eve party in their apartment on Fifth Avenue in Oakland. Narasimhan gave me a ride, but then it was snowing a lot. The car had its own trajectory and we decided to park wherever we found an empty spot and walked in two-feet deep snow. However, we felt that it was worth all the trouble as soon as Mani and Manoharan welcomed us with their typical smiles.

On the New Year's Day Mani and Manoharan called us to say that a handsome little gentleman was born to them that day. Obviously they were very proud of Arun's arrival. A couple of years later Manjula was born – just in time for Veni to carry her around in the Temple during the innumerable organizational meetings we used to attend!

In the early seventies, a few of us belonged to a stock club. As per the by-laws, we had to elect a Secretary/Treasurer on a yearly basis. Manoharan was getting elected unanimously each and every time. I used to wonder what the magic spell that Manoharan was employing on all these members. Finally, I figured out the secret: He always used to carry the latest copy each of the Wall Street Journal, Barron Magazine and Play Boy Magazine. The Play Boy Magazine was always in tact inside the unopened (transparent) envelope, but the other Journals were heavily marked. I asked him why he was carrying the Play Boy Magazine; he coolly told me that in the event there were to be a tie in the election for his cherished Treasurer's position, he would part with the Play Boy Magazine to whoever helped him become the Treasurer.

We're happy to be longtime friends and neighbors of the Manoharans. ■



The Manoharans... .. Always Encouraging

By Premlata Venkataraman, Murrysville, PA

e-mail: thepatrika@aol.com

At the many community events in our town, Mani and Manoharan always add an extra touch of elegance and grace to the gathering. They are both sociable and their presence immediately elevates the company with their good humor and welcoming nature.

They have been very active in the S.V.Temple festivals and assumed several leadership positions. Even during tense moments in the deliberations there, they keep their cool and grace. Mani, especially, is always inclusive of those who maybe shy and encourages them to participate.



Both Mani and Manoharan have been encouraging of my writing. I was always nervous about my attempts to write but they always made a point of remarking how much they enjoyed the article. They have no idea how much their encouragement gave me confidence to write more often in the Patrika, which eventually helped me to even get published in the Post-Gazette.

Of course, Venkataraman and I were touched by their generous help us keep the magazine afloat by advertising in the magazine in its early neonatal days. This is a reflection of their generous nature to keep the community vibrant and interesting.

As the Manoharans set down roots in the area through their grandchildren, I wish them much happiness and good health in the years to come. They will remain for me and many others an ideal couple in the community, worth emulating as we grow older.

Note: The picture with my granddaughter Rana is the obligatory wailing photograph in all *aandu-naaRu* — that is how we say *aandu-niRaivu* in Kerala — the first birthday celebrations for every South Indian baby in her very first silk *paavadai*. ■



Interactions with Manoharan

By Kollengode S Venkataraman, Murrysville, PA

e-mail: thepatrika@aol.com

Manoharan's life journey has many fascinating facets. I came to know Mani and Manoharan soon after we arrived in the 'Burgh in the 1980s after my university studies in West Coast. Those days, my conversations with Manoharan always ended in sound and fury. We were garrulous and looked at things through different prisms — Manoharan's Wall Street view vs. my liberal view. Nevertheless, we have been cordial to each other through the years. Our love of Tamil literary traditions and its ethical and philosophical underpinnings probably were the cement.



Manoharan, with Kathiresan, the Valliappans, Usha & Chandra, CP, and the Raghupathis, started the Sunday Tamil discourse at the S.V.Temple on *AttichUDi*, *tirukkuRaL*, and *kamba rAmAyaNam*, offered by the self-taught Tamil scholar S. Srinivasan. Mani & Manoharan, among others, were the regulars in the class.

When I talked to Manoharan on starting a community magazine, he said, "Go and try. Unless you try, you'll never know." Going beyond the bland, stock advice, he (and Dr Chandra) also gave ads in the crucial neonatal years of the magazine, the ads both never needed.

Time transforms. As we age, with drops in vital hormones and with life experiences, we naturally mellow and change. Along the way, we leave behind some of the axiomatic paradigms on which we built our lives. However, while we readily recognize changes in others, we have difficulty recognizing the changes in ourselves. When people say they have not changed, it only means they don't recognize the changes in themselves. Besides, the very ground on which we "firmly" stand itself has been shifting, moving, and changing all along. The trick is to respond to changes without losing oneself.

I am not as liberal as I was before. Probably Manoharan is not as Wall Streety as he was before. The contents of the Wall Street Journal itself have changed over the years! Our conversations, thankfully, have taken a turn for the better for everybody around us.

Mani & Manoharan! Prema joins me in wishing you two the very best in the years ahead with your "kids" and grandkids!! ■



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To Mani & Manoharan



**With Love & Affection from
Your Pittsburgh Friends**

