

**AUGUST 28, 2023**

**"EIGHTY-TWO HARVESTS:  
A TRIBUTE TO DR. RAJ S. PARODA"**

**By**

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**ESTEEMED DR. PARODA SIR:**

Here is a Birthday wish from us- an 82-Stanza Poem on your 82nd Birthday...

**CANTO 1: "The Seed of Vision: Salute to Dr. Raj S. Paroda"**

Amidst the golden fields of grain so wide,  
Where India's heart and spirit truly bide,  
There blooms a tale of courage, clear and bright,  
Of one who steered our growth into the light. ||1||

A visionary's journey, bold and wise,  
Dr. Raj Paroda, under azure skies,  
His dreams entwined with every farmer's toil,  
To nurture seeds and bless the fertile soil. ||2||

From distant lands, his insight keenly sown,  
To make the Indian fields a thriving zone,  
He garnered accolades both near and far,  
A guiding light, our ever-shining star. ||3||

Born where earth and sky in union meet,  
In Saradhna, his roots took hold, replete,  
His parents' humble hopes, though softly voiced,  
Would echo loud as India's pride rejoiced. ||4||

With intellect and purpose intertwined,  
He set upon a path that fate designed,  
In Ajmer's halls, his spirit did ignite,  
A scholar's quest for truth, a leader's might. ||5||

At Udaipur, his star ascended high,  
With honours he did earn, none could deny,  
A golden medal graced his youthful hand,  
From a statesman's own, he took his noble stand. ||6||

To IARI's revered halls he came,  
A scholar's life, yet more than just a name,  
He carved his path in genetics' vast domain,  
With wisdom deep, he weathered sun and rain. ||7||

His mother's question lingered on his mind,  
"What next, my son, what future do you find"?  
With Commonwealth's embrace, he crossed the seas,  
To Britain's shores, where knowledge flows with ease. II8II

With family by his side, he journeyed forth,  
To lands where science's torch has proven worth,  
In Wales, his brilliance did the world behold,  
As seeds of wisdom, there he did unfold. II9II

Returning to his homeland, heart afire,  
To Haryana, where he'd build, inspire,  
He set his sights on fields both rich and vast,  
And in those soils, his future firm he cast. II10II

With Mr. Fletcher's faith, his course was clear,  
In Hisar's lands, his mission grew sincere,  
He nurtured minds, and research took its flight,  
In Paroda's hands, the seeds of hope burned bright. II11II

Awards he garnered, honors to his name,  
But more than these, his impact spread its flame,  
The Indian Society of Forage, strong,  
He founded where the fields of science throng. II12II

By seventy-nine, a leader's crown he bore,  
His head held high, his vision soared once more,  
The Plant Breeding helm, he did command,  
And sowed the seeds of progress in the land. II13II

A Seed Technology lab, he did create,  
With World Bank's aid, he strengthened India's fate,  
For farmers far and wide, he paved the way,  
Ensuring growth would shine both night and day. II14II

A man from lands afar, Sir Crawford came,  
He saw the genius in Paroda's name,  
A letter sent, with praises to his ear,  
The path ahead was bright, the future clear. II15II

The National Bureau called, and he did heed,  
In Plant Genetic Resources, he did lead,  
A gene bank rose, his legacy secure,  
A testament to all that will endure. II16II

With funds procured from distant shores and wide,  
He built a vault where nature's wealth could bide,  
In ninety-six, with honor and with pride,  
The gene bank's gates were opened far and wide. II17II

Within its halls, the seeds of life do rest,  
A treasure trove, where futures are impressed,  
Dr. Paroda's touch, a guardian's care,  
Ensured that life would flourish everywhere. II18II

The world took note, his work acclaimed by all,  
From India's fields to nations large and small,  
His legacy, a beacon shining bright,  
Guiding the world through agriculture's light. II19II

In every seed, his vision lies concealed,  
A future born in every crop field,  
With every harvest, every plow that turns,  
His spirit in the heart of India burns. II20II

His name now etched in history's grand tome,  
A man whose work would make the heavens roam,  
And as the fields in golden waves do sway,  
We honour him who lights our brightest day. II21II

With every step, his journey carved anew,  
The seeds he planted in the morning dew,  
For every farmer, every hand that sows,  
His guidance in the gentle wind that blows. II22II

When Kalam's words did grace his work with praise,  
It seemed the stars aligned in a brilliant phase,  
"If life were mine again", the sage did say,  
"I'd walk the path where Paroda led the way". II23II

His leadership in ICAR, renowned,  
A lighthouse in a world where storms abound,  
He steered the ship through troubled waves and high,  
And brought it safe beneath the starlit sky. II24II

With courage bold, he challenged norms and rules,  
His wisdom echoed through the learning schools,  
The seeds of knowledge scattered in the wind,  
Grew tall and strong where hope and care had sinned. II25II

When Rajiv Gandhi's vision soared afar,  
To bring the seeds from lands where others are,  
Paroda's voice, though cautious, did implore,  
To guard our fields from dangers yet in store. II26II

He stood his ground with wisdom in his heart,  
And laid the path where innovation's art,  
Would guide our fields to new horizons wide,  
With homegrown strength, in futures he'd confide. II27II

A man of courage, honesty, and grace,  
His counsel sought in every time and place,  
With hybrid seeds, he changed the face of maize,  
And rice did rise in fields of golden blaze. II28II

From China's fields, the knowledge he did bring,  
And India's farmers learned to make it sing,  
The father of the hybrid, Yuan did see,  
His vision blooms across the land and sea. II29II

In Bangkok's halls, his wisdom spread like fire,  
To Asia's lands, his leadership inspired,  
A network forged in unity and trust,  
Where seeds of hope would flourish, as they must. II30II

For decades-long, his guidance led the way,  
As APAARI's light in bright array,  
With every step, his vision paved the path,  
A legacy of love, beyond the wrath. II31II

To India's fields, his heart did ever return,  
Where roots were deep, and flames of passion burn,  
In ICAR's halls, he gave his all to serve,  
And brought to life the dreams we all deserve. II32II

## **CANTO 2: Eternal Footprints: A Legacy of Grace and Wisdom"**

With a noble heart and steadfast aim, he sought,  
To shield the rights of farmers, their due cause,  
A Parliament decree, his vision wrought,  
A bastion firm for seeds, a nation's laws. II33II

Through halls of power, his wisdom coursed so clear,  
A shield for those whose toil makes the earth bloom,  
With justice as his guide, he quelled each fear,  
And paved a path for futures to illumine. II34II

The seeds of thought he planted, deep and wide,  
Bore fruits of progress, nourished by his hand,  
In fields of green, where hope and truth abide,  
He left his mark across this fertile land. ||35||

With foresight sharp, he knew what must be done,  
To modernize the seeds of thought and deed,  
And so, he wrought a change that had begun,  
The growth of minds, a nation's vital seed. ||36||

The classrooms where the young minds dared to dream,  
Were shaped by him, who led with wisdom's grace,  
He sowed the seeds of knowledge in each stream,  
And reaped a bounty none could dare replace. ||37||

In RAWE's hands, he placed the fertile soil,  
Where future farmers learned their noble art,  
And with each day, through study and through toil,  
They grew in wisdom, fostered from the heart. ||38||

The institutes of learning took new form,  
With funds and plans, he modernized their core,  
He faced each challenge, quelled each rising storm,  
And left their halls more vibrant than before. ||39||

The youth who learned beneath his guiding light,  
Were blessed to know a leader strong and true,  
For in their minds, he placed the seeds of right,  
And taught them how to nurture what they knew. ||40||

To all who sought a place in science's fold,  
He gave his hand and opened wide the gate,  
No soul was left unworthy in the cold,  
For him, each one was destined to be great. ||41||

The bar of merit, once a looming wall,  
Was swept aside by his discerning eye,  
And all who strove, be they the great or small,  
Were lifted up to meet the brightening sky. ||42||

A driver, once unseen, unheard, now spoke,  
His gratitude a lighthouse of pure grace,  
For in his life, a slumbering hope awoke,  
By deeds of one who saw in every face. ||43||

The worth, the value, none could ever deny,  
In simple souls who labored day and night,  
He gave them wings, to soar above the sky,  
And shared with them the gift of equal right. II44II

In houses built with bricks of hope and dreams,  
He gave them rest, a haven from the strife,  
And in the leaves of books and flowing streams,  
They found the strength to shape a better life. II45II

The World Bank's coffers opened wide and full,  
With millions granted for the task ahead,  
He led with vision, steady in the pull,  
To steer the ship where wisdom's light was spread. II46II

In every lab, where science took its stand,  
He brought new tools, new thoughts, new ways to see,  
And from the soil of this resilient land,  
He drew the strength to set each spirit free. II47II

The regions of this vast and varied earth,  
From hills to plains, from coasts to deserts dry,  
He linked them all, with research of great worth,  
And brought them forth to meet the world's keen eye. II48II

A network strong, of centers built with care,  
Where excellence was nurtured, honed, and prized,  
He saw the need, and answered every prayer,  
With institutes where knowledge was devised. II49II

To pest and crop, to fish and fertile field,  
He gave his mind, his heart, his sleepless nights,  
And through his work, the nation's yield revealed,  
The fruits of labour, shining in new lights. II50II

The cotton fields, once plagued by blight and bane,  
He turned to gold with seeds of purest breed,  
And India rose, with pride in every grain,  
A leader now, where once she could not lead. II51II

The legacy of Borlaug's mighty quest,  
He carried forth with courage, vision bright,  
In every field where science made its nest,  
He sowed the seeds that brought a new dawn's light.

In Bureaus, grand and vast, his work was seen,  
From genes of plants to creatures of the deep,  
He gathered all, where knowledge flowed serene,  
And built a treasury, for all to keep. II52II

The centers of research, he raised them high,  
Where soil and seed and stock were studied well,  
With every line of thought, he sought the sky,  
And brought to life what words alone can't tell. II53II

From wheat to oil, from pulses to the vine,  
He gave them homes where wisdom would reside,  
And through their walls, a spirit did entwine,  
The knowledge gained, and shared with honest pride.

In every state, where farmers toiled long,  
He placed a guide, a beacon shining clear,  
To lead them on, where science made them strong,  
And helped them thrive in each advancing year. II54II

The fruits of labour, harvested in peace,  
Were nurtured well by hands of wisdom true,  
And through his work, the bounty did increase,  
In fields and farms, beneath the sky so blue. II55II

To orchards, fields, and fisheries, he brought,  
A wealth of care, where knowledge could be sown,  
And through his touch, the finest fruits were wrought,  
In lands where once the seeds were all unknown. II56II

To Himachal's peaks and Bengal's briny coasts,  
He spread his care where every crop could grow,  
And in each field, he nurtured science's hosts,  
Who learned the ways of nature's ebb and flow. II57II

The Gene Banks rose, where seeds were kept with care,  
A guardian true, he stood beside their doors,  
Ensuring that the future's seeds were there,  
For generations yet to tread these shores. II58II

A Scientist's Congress, grand and full of might,  
He led with wisdom, vision clear and bright,  
And through the halls of science, day and night,  
He sought the truth and brought it to the light. II59II

A visionary true, his path was clear,  
He carved a way through challenges untold,  
And with each step, he held his purpose dear,  
A life of honour, wisdom, pure as gold. II60II

### **CANTO 3: "In the Garden of Sustenance: A Tribute to the Master Sower"**

Beyond the accolades and honors bright,  
There breathes a soul of tender, gentle grace,  
In every home, a beacon soft and light,  
With warmth and kindness shining on each face. II61II

For in his heart, where science takes its seat,  
There dwells a deeper love, profound and rare,  
Not just for fields where golden harvests greet,  
But for each soul whose lives he helps to bear. II62II

His voice, though firm in halls of grand debate,  
Turns soft and warm when loved ones gather near,  
A man who wields both wisdom and his fate,  
Yet finds his joy in simple love sincere. II63II

To kin and kind, he opens wide his heart,  
With hospitality that knows no bounds,  
In every word, he plays the gracious part,  
A humble giant, where true love abounds. II64II

A presence felt, not just in worldly ranks,  
But in the hearts of those who know him well,  
A tree of shade along the riverbanks,  
Where peace and calm in every whisper dwell. II65II

Oft does he pause, amid the swirling world,  
To share a smile, a tender word, a thought,  
In such brief moments, love and care unfurled,  
Are gifts of grace so easily forgot. II66II

He wears his laurels with a quiet pride,  
Yet sees them not as jewels to adorn,  
But as the fruits of labor, deeply tied,  
To earth and sky, from whence all life is born. II67II

A man of science, yet with heart so pure,  
He lifts the fallen, brings the broken near,  
His touch, a balm, his presence, strong and sure,  
In every step, he walks with love sincere. II68II



And though the world may hail him as their own,  
A hero of the fields and of the mind,  
It is the hearth, the family he's shown,  
That keeps him true, with ties that softly bind. II69II

In realms of honor, he has walked with grace,  
Received the praises of both great and wise,  
Yet in his eyes, a humble light you trace,  
A man whose worth, beyond mere earthly ties. II70II

For in his grasp, the golden threads of life,  
Are woven not just for his fame or gain,  
But for the peace that heals all human strife,  
For love that lasts beyond all earthly pain. II71II

With twenty-one, and more, degrees in hand,  
He stands a scholar of the highest grade,  
From far Ohio's halls to India's land,  
He's earned the honors that shall never fade. II72II

The Borlaug Prize, a jewel among his crowns,  
The Pal, the Joshi, titles of repute,  
From Abdul Kalam to Swaminathan's sounds,  
His name resounds with echoes absolute. II73II

A fellow in the world's most honored halls,  
From Russia's snow to sunny Italy,  
His name inscribed upon those hallowed walls,  
A testament to his vast legacy. II74II

But greater still than medals, badges worn,  
Is the soft whisper of the farmer's voice,  
In fields of toil, where humble lives are born,  
They call him friend, their champion of choice.

In 1988, with quiet pride,  
He took the Padma Bhushan in his hand,  
From President Narayanan's side,  
A moment sealed in history's golden strand. II75II

But even more, his legacy is known,  
Not by the honors he has justly earned,  
But by the seeds of knowledge, he has sown,  
In fields where brighter futures now are turned. II76II

At eighty-two, his voice remains a force,  
A guide for those who till the fertile lands,  
Reshaping worlds with wisdom's steady course,  
A shepherd leading with both heart and hands. II77II

His influence, though silent, wide and deep,  
Reaches across the earth with gentle might,  
In every field where golden grain does sweep,  
His spirit moves, his vision still alight. II78II

A light that guides the future yet to be,  
For those who follow in his hallowed tread,  
A path of hope, of new prosperity,  
Where hunger's ghosts are finally put to bed. II79II

And as we close this tale of life well-spent,  
We offer prayers to Lord Ram above,  
To bless his days with peace and sweet content,  
A life adorned with joy, with grace, with love. II80II

And may his deeds, like seeds in fertile ground,  
Bear fruits of wisdom, endless, rich, and true,  
So that his name, in every field and town,  
May bloom with time, refreshed by morning dew. II81II

O Ram, ensure his legacy shall last,  
In every furrow, in each harvest's cheer,  
Let his guiding light be anchored fast,  
In hearts and minds, year after year. II82II

**Esteemed SIR,**

May this hallowed day unveil the intricacies of your joys, intertwining strands of tranquility and contentment, and may the tomorrows that ensue shower upon you and your family an ever-growing profusion of joyous instants.

Affectionately,



**-Sanjay Deshmukh with Dr. Jyotshna, PhD and Shreyaan**

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