

DASIKA JOURNAL



Note from the Editors

Welcome to the Ninth edition of our beloved and much awaited Dasika Journal!

This Edition is certainly the biggest we have had since we started publishing our Journal. This is a great testament to the growing interest and participation from our wider family, including from our younger generation!

There are a total of four submissions of articles and three eulogies - all so beautifully written.

Natalie Morgenstern and Sol Dasika, from Australia share their reflections on their first ever visit to India. It is fascinating reading about India through their fresh perspectives!

Lakshmi Iyengar wrote her reflections on one incredible part of her stunning and courageous year-long journey around the world - And she promises to write more in future journals!

Jayashree Sonti reflected on some beautiful and poignant memories of her childhood and her Mother!

We also celebrate 70 years of wedded bliss of Sri DVSR Sarma garu and his wife Smt Seshu Janaki garu - 70 years!! What an inspirational achievement!

Subbu Kambhampati and Lalitha and Jyothi write very touching eulogies on their respective parents, who happened to be brother and sister - Smt Pushpavalli Kambhampati and Sri Dasika Sairam

There are many memorable family photos included from the Dasika Meet, held on Jan 4th

Bharati from our Editorial team, also shares her piece on the well-received Mental Health and Wellness series, with this edition's topic being "Understanding Grief and Loss in our family"

Please enjoy reading this edition and send us your views / feedback on the content. As always, we urge and welcome our enthusiastic readers to contribute to the Journal with family news, events and interesting articles, particularly from the younger generation.

9TH EDITION, APR 2026

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Answer to the QUIZ from our last edition

Did you guess what this is??

—————>
Plug Sockets!!



Send in any more such interesting quizzes you may know of!!

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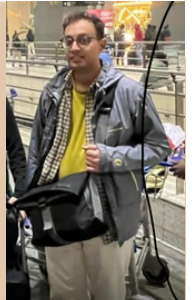


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Reflecting on my visit to India for the first time

Sol Dasika - Melbourne, Australia

(Grandson of Late Bhagavantam Dasika and Son of Raghava Dasika and Natalie Morgenstern)



What did visiting India mean to me?

“To me”

If the thought was that visiting India would provide answers, connect dots and fill gaps, it would have been premised on the idea that there was an India-shaped hole in my mind. Certainly, this recent trip (my first time in India) was a long time coming, and felt different to other countries I have visited and lived in. This may have been because of some internal need for something only India could provide me with – possibly, a reality to align with an idea, although I suspect this would have been beside the point. Traveling through and crossing the streets of Delhi, Varanasi, Hyderabad and Chennai, being generously welcomed by and connecting with family, visiting the Ganges and historical sites, eating well and attending concerts, each were important moments for me, begetting more hunger and curiosity. It didn't feel like filling an absence so much as expanding my world.

“Mean”

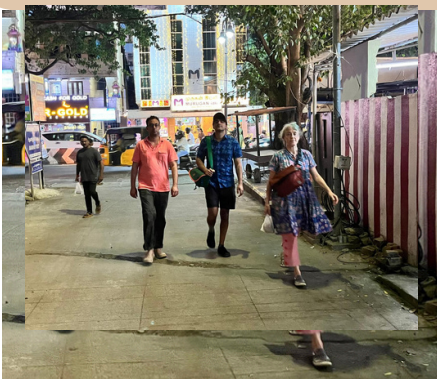
I have considered travel to be the clearest indicator of how the way we attribute meaning involves grappling with both our experiences in the moment, and our memories of the experiences after, however embroidered they become. We travel to experience things and, in doing so, make memories. A simple example: getting to enjoy a tasty kaju paneer curry in Varanasi was a treat for me that brought elation and cause to pause – that experience was transitory, but the memory is accessible should I choose to draw on what the moment meant to me. Getting sick two weeks into the trip (not because of the curry) was an experience which could have tarnished my memory of the trip as a whole, but being distinct from all the positive experiences as they happened, I can choose not to change how I remember them in retrospect. Now, having returned from India, it is hard not to reflect on something outside this linear distinction, going forward through experience and back through memory. Like the circle of the Indian head motion, the form of this other understanding, not discriminatory in the way “yes” cancels out “no”, seems to cater more to finding meaning in contradiction and paradox: structure and freedom, design and chance, chaos and peace etc. I am still reflecting on this.

“India”

The objective place that presented itself to me and my family each to experience in our own subjective ways, just as it does to 1.4 billion people every day, including the incredible myriad of our extended family. It may not have been the same India that my grandparents grew up in, but history was very much alive, presented through the choices people make in remembering it. I drank chai from the same clay cups that were on display in the museum from 1000 years ago. I heard drums beating along the Ganges with the same spiritual, primordial impulses that have continued to keep us going for so long. Life, energy, colour, vibrancy, smells and music were all around us all at once, likely as they always have been.

“Visiting”

Three weeks was temporary. I will go again.



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Our First Trip to India (Dec 2025 - Jan 2026)

*Natalie Morgenstern (Daughter-in-law of Late Bhagavantam Dasika)
Melbourne, Australia*

This trip was well overdue for us. Raghava and I had thought to take the kids when they were little but the fear of losing them in a crowd dampened our resolve. All of a sudden, they became teenagers busy being independent, stepping forward, and creating themselves. Who were we to interfere with that? Then nine years ago we planned to travel with my father-in-law (Bhagavantam Dasika). He was genuinely excited about showing me the markets and introducing me to his extended family starting with the Dasika Meet. But poor health cancelled that trip.

It is sad that I missed my opportunity to travel with him and share the sights, smells, heartbeats, and flavours of such an ancient and spirited land. But in my mind, he was always by our side, laughing at our awkwardnesses, warning us of all the imminent perils, and chiding us for the inevitable cultural faux pas' made. Raghava was never the perfect son and I never the perfect daughter-in-law, but I think even he knew that perfection is overrated—boring, in fact. It precludes being human and the messiness and playfulness of living a life amongst others.

Before going to India, everybody said 'you have no idea what you are in for'. Which was irritating. Of course I had no idea, I'd never been before. It appeared as though there were no words to articulate the chaos, madness, and danger ready to ambush us at every turn. And maybe there are no words to express that feeling of living on the edge of life where crossing the street could cost you your life. But equally, there are no words to express the beauty, colour, vibrancy, and human warmth that lifted our days out of any sense of routine or normalcy. In some ways I couldn't imagine my father-in-law—embryonic, childlike, and into adulthood—being at home amongst these noisy, multiple and concurrent chaotic pathways. He was a man of singular righteousness.

Varanasi was a pivotal moment for our family. The drama played out on a foreign stage with foreign actors. And yet the story was so old, and familiar Raghava knew exactly what to do. In his dhoti and ash-smeared body sitting on the banks of the Ganges, following the priest's directives, he performed his final filial obligation. And while the weight of expectations, the fear of failure and of not doing enough would be lifted, it would be replaced with a new version of grief—the loneliness of no longer being able to serve. The boys and I felt very much included in this rite of passage—a spiritual release. There is an inner melody, personal and different for each of us, that fills the physical gap where Mavayyagaru and Attayagaru used to be. This is our way forward.

Hyderabad was all about family. At this point we had become bosses at crossing the street—dangerously fearless. We had also lost a good deal of our sense of hearing what with the blasting scooter and motorcycle horns too close for comfort in the winding alleyways of Varanasi. The rest of our hearing would go at Syamala's place when Srinivas insisted that blowing up fireworks was fun. I mean, it was fun, but there is a reason why these things are illegal in every other country in the world.



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Our First Trip to Indiacon't

Natalie Morgenstern (*Daughter-in-law of Late Bhagavantam Dasika*)
Melbourne, Australia

We met so many wonderful people at the Dasika Meet. I really appreciated having a copy of the Dasika family tree book. It made it easier to remember people's names and their connection. There were some amazing stories of provenance and survival. We especially appreciated being welcomed into so many homes afterwards.

Our week in Chennai felt like we were just experiencing the tip of the iceberg, musically speaking. We went to concerts every day. We relied on Rohan, who had his finger on the pulse, to pick amongst the cornucopia of choice amongst performers. From older established veterans to young passionate upstarts, the musicians were all phenomenal. One morning we took an Uber to the temple for a 6:00 AM mandolin duet by candlelight. But possibly my favourite musical moment was at a carnatic fusion concert with young performers. After the first song the keyboardist asked the audience how the balance was. Everybody had an opinion. They called out contradictory instructions until the vocalist had to settle the audience back down assuring them that the sound guy was onto it.

What I loved most of all, was not just the devotion the musicians embodied in their music-making, but the devotion the audience expressed in their listening. The audience allowed themselves to be transported, to be freed, and to revel outside of themselves in a shared musical space.

There is very much a dark side to India. With so much life, so many people, it's almost as if each life matters less. The economy cannot adequately sustain equally its people. The roads remind you how tenuous life is. When you get in a car or cross the road you are offering yourself to Fate's foibles. It's exciting to survive. Like gambling, each street crossed makes you feel lucky and pumped to try again. And yet mortality is real. On our drive to Vellore, zipping through gloriously painted landscapes of crazy flamboyant colour, we witnessed 2 accidents—a car and a motorcycle. Somehow the colours seemed to camouflage the lurking holes in the fabric of life. We will definitely be back to cross another street, to revisit and visit more family, and to fill ourselves with more sublime music.



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DASIKA GATHERING 2025

The Dasika Meet-2025 was held on 04th Jan'2026 and it was well attended by the extended families of the Dasika clan though notably we missed some of the local members due to various constraints. We hope to see better participation in future meets.

We were glad to see Sri. Muralikrishna Bokka (Great Grandson of Smt. Dasika Narsamma and son of Sri. LNVS Sarma) with his son, Phani Kumar and family. Sri. Muralikrishna has helped with the family details of Dasika Narsamma for the Dasika Booklet for which we are very grateful.

We had a representative from the Tangirala family, Mrs. Rajeswari Narayan (great granddaughter of Chilakamma and eldest daughter of Smt. Renduchinthala Lakshmi Devi).

Among the many first timers attending this year's meet are the family of Dasika Raghava Kumar (son of Sri. Dasika Bhagavantam and Smt. Sita Devi), his spouse, Natalie Morgenstern and their three sons, Rohan, Niran and Sol, from Melbourne, Australia. It was heartening to see them all mingling with the rest of the family members and getting to know the relations. Interestingly, their family is passionate about various genres of music. We were fortunate to see a glimpse of Niran's talent when he performed at the Dasika Meet. We are all very proud of the amazing talent of the Dasika Trio!

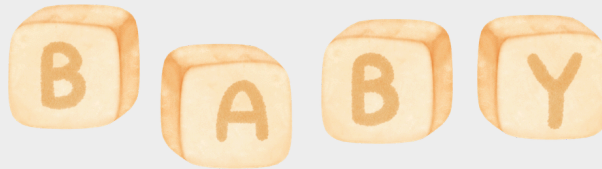
We had close to 90 members for this meet. Hopefully this will set a precedent for more representation in the coming meets from the extended families. Enjoy the pictures!





Family News

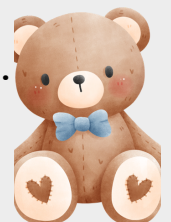
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Tejaswi (son of Vemuri Ramachandra Murthy and grandson of Vemuri Durgamba) and his wife, Hiranmayee are blessed with a boy, Achyut Vemuri on 12th Nov 2025. They reside in San Diego, CA, USA.



Pallavi (Granddaughter of Late Dasika Bhagavantam) and Narayanan welcomed their 2nd precious little daughter, Ishika, on Feb 21st, 2026. Ishika was in a hurry to arrive 8 weeks early. Pallavi and Narayanan live in Melbourne, Australia.



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CONGRATULATIONS



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70 Years of Wedded Bliss



Recently Sri DVSR Sharma and his wife, Smt Seshu Janaki celebrated their 70th Wedding Anniversary!!

What a momentous occasion that is!!

Our heartiest Congratulations to Uncle and Aunty on achieving such an inspiring milestone in their lives!!

Here's wishing for more anniversaries!!

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Reflections from Our Younger Generation

REFLECTIONS ON AN ODYSSEY YEAR (PART 1, JUNE-OCTOBER)

Lakshmi Iyengar (New York, USA)

(Daughter of Uma and Ram Iyengar / Granddaughter of Sri Dasika Radha Krishna Murthy)

Early last year, I left my very stable job in London to spend a year traveling solo. While this may have seemed like a risky decision on the surface, traveling the world had always been something I wanted to do. When my job planned to relocate me back to New York, quitting instead and embarking on an odyssey felt like the obvious choice.

My year began quite dramatically. By day three, I was living in a monastery — head shaved and following a schedule more structured than anything I had experienced before:

4:30am – Wake up

5:00am – Morning exercise and meditation

7:30–10:30 – Sutra reading and classes

Afternoons – Meditation, cultural lessons, and chores (I spent most of my time scrubbing temple bathrooms)

Evenings – Dharma talks and meditation

9:00pm – Sleep

We barely had personal time to breathe, let alone think. Ironically, some of my favorite reflections from that month come from my diary:

“With all the meditation and reflection we’ve been doing, writing in here feels like a chore.”

“We did a walking meditation today in the forest, and the sensation of rocks and dust on my feet was incredible — but I spent the whole walk ruminating on my love life.”

After the monastery, I continued traveling through Indonesia, when Bhagawantam Tata’s passing brought me to Australia.

Although the occasion was tragic, that time became incredibly meaningful as I met many members of the Australian family for the first time. Being together reminded me of something special about the Dasika family — no matter how distant or close the relation, you are welcomed with open arms.

From Australia, I began the most ambitious leg of my solo travels: an overland journey across Eastern Tibet. Traditionally, Tibet consisted of three regions — Kham, Amdo, and Ü-Tsang. The Tibetan Autonomous Region today is largely closed to independent foreign travelers, but parts of Kham and Amdo lie outside these restrictions. These areas remain remote and difficult to navigate, sitting high on the Tibetan Plateau — the highest plateau in the world.

Almost a decade ago, I watched a film set on the Plateau, and its landscapes never left me. When I realized parts of the region were technically accessible — albeit with effort, uncertainty, and a bit of risk — I knew I wanted to try. Planning the trip proved challenging. Information was scarce, public transport between towns was inconsistent, and accidentally crossing into restricted regions could result in deportation. After piecing together routes from old guidebooks and scattered blogs, I mapped out a plan: once I reached the Plateau, I had just two and a half weeks to make my way to Chengdu in time for my flight to Asha’s wedding in California.

The journey began smoothly in Kunming, the “City of Eternal Spring,” before continuing through Dali, Lijiang, and Tiger Leaping Gorge. Eventually, I arrived in Shangri-La — my gateway onto the Tibetan Plateau.

Shangri-La was extraordinary. I visited Songzanlin (Ganden Sumtseling) Monastery, one of the largest Tibetan Buddhist monasteries in the region, perched dramatically above the valley.



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Reflections from Our Younger Generation

Reflections on an Odyssey Year (Part 1, June-October)...con't

From there, the real adventure began. I managed to find a public bus from Shangri-La to Xiangcheng, an eight-hour journey into increasingly remote terrain. However, onward transport to Litang — my next destination — was uncertain. The station attendant simply told me I would have to figure it out once I arrived.

In Xiangcheng, I eventually found transport: a small shared minivan carrying two monks, an elderly couple, and a pregnant couple. Thankfully, I slept through most of the journey.

Reaching Litang was a major highlight. Sitting at roughly 4,100 meters above sea level, it is one of the highest towns in the world and the birthplace of both the 7th and 10th Dalai Lamas. The town felt deeply remote and almost entirely Tibetan, and communication was often difficult. Yet I was continually struck by people's kindness — restaurant and teahouse owners sometimes refused to let me pay, simply welcoming a lone traveler passing through.

With only days remaining before my flight, I began descending from the Plateau via a twelve-hour bus ride to Kangding, a historic border town between Tibetan and Han Chinese cultures. After the quiet stillness of Litang, Kangding felt bustling and energetic. Naturally, I decided to undertake one final solo hike to Lhamotse Gaden Drophenling Monastery, surrounded by towering mountains. From there, one last bus carried me to Chengdu — and onward to California for Asha's wedding.

The second half of my travels took me to Greece, Namibia, and South Africa, all of which deserve their own stories for a future Dasika newsletter installment.

Looking back, what surprised me most about traveling alone was how rarely I actually felt alone. Whether in monasteries, family homes, or remote towns on the Tibetan Plateau, I was continually met with generosity, curiosity, and connection.



Hiking Tiger-Leaping Gorge



Songzalin Monastery



The shared minivan from Xiangcheng to Litang— spot the two monks in front of me



Lhamotse Gaden Drophenling Monastery.



A picture from Xiangcheng- I thought the motorcycle decorations were so pretty.



Litang Monastery



Family Connections and Lifelong Memories

Jayashree Sonti (Maine, USA)

(Daughter of Late Dasika Parthasarathi and Late Dasika Kamaswari)

My father passed away when I was five years old. As a young widow, my mother had two choices: live in my grandfather's house in Machilipatnam as a dependent widow, or carve out a new, independent life for herself and her child. She chose the latter, building a new life in a distant part of the country—Northeast India. For her, choosing independence did not mean renouncing family. On the contrary, she doubled her efforts to stay connected. Her actions spoke louder than words, as she planned every summer vacation around visiting our extended family in “Andhra,” including granduncles, grandaunts, and cousins.

I suppose anticipation is often more exciting than reality. I vividly remember watching my mother prepare for our annual trips. Preparations included mending clothes for the journey. As I grew up, my wardrobe evolved from dresses to parkinis (long skirts) and later to half sarees. Keep in mind, this was the 1960s and 70s, when girls in Andhra were expected to dress “appropriately.” Each year, my wardrobe looked much the same—except the folds in the long skirt grew shorter or disappeared altogether. My cousins in Andhra often wondered how my clothes lasted so long. Little did they know I had another set of clothes back home—jeans and bell-bottoms. My mother truly believed in “When in Rome, do as the Romans do,” and I was an obedient girl. Besides, what I wore felt irrelevant; I was pampered and loved by everyone, and those memories remain vivid to this day.

The two-day train journey from Jamshedpur, Bihar, to Andhra was arduous. By the time we reached our destination, we were covered in soot from the steam engine. Even after we stopped moving, we still felt the rhythmic rocking of the train for another day. Whichever home was first on our list welcomed us not with hugs, but with a bucket of hot water waiting in the bathroom. Only after a much-needed bath were pleasantries exchanged. As strange as it may sound, who would want to hug a soot-covered visitor caked in two days' worth of sweat and travel?

When my grandfather was alive, we stayed in Machilipatnam. Our cousins would join us, and we spent entire days playing in the yard, climbing fruit trees, and plucking jasmine flowers. I think of those days fondly and often wonder—would I be the same person without those experiences?





Family Connections and Lifelong Memories...cont

If our cousins could not come to us, we traveled to where they lived, in remote corners of Andhra Pradesh—villages like Avanigadda, Chavatapalli, and Chintapalli. Their names sounded musical, but reaching them was no small feat. One vivid memory is our journey to Avanigadda, where Durga Attaya lived. The trip involved every possible mode of transportation—rickshaw, train, bus, bullock cart—and finally, a few miles of walking. In Gudivada, we visited my maternal grandmother and Krishnamurthy Tathaya, whom I feared as a child. But Bhushamma Mamma was gentle and kind, speaking so lovingly to my mother and me. The dosakai pappu and fresh yogurt from their cows were unforgettable. In Guntur, we stayed with my mother’s brother and visited Rama Rao Tathaya and Venkatlakshmi Mamma—once again experiencing the same warmth and generosity. In Hyderabad, we stayed with Srilakshmi Attaya, whose humble home was a refuge for countless family members, including my mother when she pursued her Montessori training. In Bansilalpet, Anjeneyulu Tathaya and Lalitha Mamma welcomed us warmly, as did Vishwanatham Tathaya and Gayathri Mamma, whose entire family gathered to spend time with us.

The highlight of our trips was often visiting my uncle Nageswar Rao in BHEL and Syamala attaya in Maredpally. I shared a special bond with my father’s younger siblings, including D. P. Rao Uncle—fondly called Bheemudu babai. They pampered and spoiled me, showering me with so much love that it sustained me through the ebbs and flows of my formative years. Our first or last stop was often Kharagpur Junction, where Bhagavantam babai and Sita Pinni’s legendary hospitality awaited us.

In every home we visited, love flowed abundantly. Every meal was divine, and every goodbye came with a heartfelt invitation to return. Those annual visits—whether brief or extended—formed bonds that still give me goosebumps. There were no spoken “I love yous,” yet I felt love in the way meals were served, in the genuine questions about our well-being, and in the warmth with which we were embraced—without always being physically embraced. Although, the list from maternal side is smaller, but memories are equally uplifting and life changing. Memories have a way of shaping who we become. Looking back, I realize my mother was building more than a life of independence. She was building continuity. She understood that memory is a form of inheritance, and connection a form of protection. Because of her, family was never just a word—it was a journey we made, year after year, carrying us forward long after many of the souls I mentioned above have departed.



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Family News



in
loving
memory



Smt Pushpavalli Kambhampati
July 5, 1940 - Jan 31, 2026
(Daughter of Late Dasika
Anjaneyalu)



Sri Sairam Dasika
Nov 5, 1949 - Jan 8, 2026
(Son of Late Dasika
Anjaneyulu)



Sri Vavilala Umapathi
Sept 5, 1951 - Feb 24, 2026
(Son-in-law of Late Sri Dasika
Janaki Rammayya and Smt
Visalakshi
Husband of Indira)



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Smt Pushpavalli Kambhampati

July 5, 1940 - Jan 31, 2026

(Daughter of Late Dasika Anjaneyalu)

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***Written by Subbu on behalf of his two brothers, Kali and Srinivas
Sons of Smt Pushpavalli***

This is a short story of the life of an incredible woman from that generation and era that knew little means! A generation of incredible courage (not from lack of fear but despite it!).

My late Amma, Pushpavalli, was 13 yrs old, not far from 10th standard finals, when she was married off to a young 18 yr old who was working to support his parents. Their story is another story in itself!

Amma passed her finals and moved in with Nanna and his family. Amma gave birth to 3 boys, about 2.5 yrs apart by time she was 20. I always teased her she was raising 4 boys, including Dad! The early yrs besides birthing and raising us, Amma was alone in these duties. Nanna always worked in other places moving the family a lot. While in Bombay, Nanna got a job in Bahrain, which put Amma and her brood back at her parents' home. From Bahrain, Nanna got a scholarship and landed in SUNY Plattsburgh! It is still amazing how he managed this despite no education or family wealth.

Stories abound, each revealing Amma's growth into a young mother! Space limitations limit sharing them here.

One story Amma tells is her first time seeing the brilliant earth colors of fall as her plane was landing at Montreal! She loved flowers... and thought she was landing in large fields of flowers! She was surprised to find the colors were from leaves!

Another story :

Her first encounter with snow! Dad had left for classes, and he told her to clean the front porch of the trailer they were living in. Very cold air of the white expanse of snow greeted her! The only utensil she had was steel dinner plates. She said she would scoop snow onto plate and toss aside. Of course, because it was cold, she had to stop every so often to warm herself crouching by baseboard heat!

From Plattsburgh, Nanna ended up in Columbia, SC, on work study. After a few months, he was told his work privilege was no longer. He did get a position as Admin Aide to the mayor of a small town called Beaufort, SC. The US Marine Corps base is there. Our neighbor, local sheriff, befriended Amma and helped her get a job on base, hemming marine boot camp recruits' pants. In her words, she slowly advanced. One thing needs mentioning, Dad would not allow Amma to go to work without wearing sari! In a small red-neck town back in the 70s, as she says, people would stare at her with her sari and bottu and whisper! Some Yrs passed, and Dad got admitted to Drake Univ in Iowa. Once more, the family moved! That admission became short-lived as the program to which he was admitted got canceled. After surviving Iowa winters, they moved to Queens, NY. Nanna went ahead. Kali and Amma drove their old car from Iowa to Queens in winter. Their accounts of that trip, getting off of the freeway in NY, are simply scary!

They settled in an apt in Queens. Dad would go to work. Amma said she went to the city, walking from one business to next, asking for a job. A recommendation from her previous employer landed her a job with a bank. She offered 2 weeks to work on probation. She got hired immediately, worked there for a while. With her supervisor's encouragement, Amma began working on her insurance certification exams despite Dad's objections! She was never able to finish with her final couple of exams!

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Smt Pushpavalli Kambhampati

July 5, 1940 - Jan 31, 2026

(Daughter of Late Dasika Anjaneyalu)

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Mid 80's saw a small change in fortune for Amma. She was laid off, but due to a severance provision, they were able to buy an old Victorian home in Colonia, NJ. A grand old home that truly gave Amma and Nanna a chance to settle down! This home saw Kali get his MBA, advance as AVP at Merrill Lynch. Sammy worked at Cendant. I transitioned from US Naval service to civilian world, foraying into IT, and eventually back into nursing. Amma got a job in a bank. Kali got married Prabha, giving Amma two beautiful little granddaughters, Anita and Sandhya.

Amma lost her job again. With Dad against it, but with her children's encouragement and support, Amma enrolled in local community college. After surviving 2 yrs of hard work, she graduated with an Associates degree in IT! All the while keeping the home front humming! And hosting numerous get-togethers. Dad became disabled due to heart problems. Amma firmly took charge. She worked as a QA analyst for Bell Labs, Prudential, and ADP, each time working for years before getting laid off!

Then, around 2007/2008, Dad suffered from and eventually succumbed to lung cancer in 2008. This was a blow that knocked Amma off her heels. But her inner resilience kept her moving and serving her family.

A couple of yrs ago, Amma was diagnosed with interstitial lung disease, a form of COPD. The first year, she was monitored without meds. A series of health events... stents in her heart, pancreatitis, diverticulitis, CHF, and the underlying COPD... each of them weakening her. She finally became very ill. She was dead set about "Do not resuscitate, Do not incubate and hospitalize." Nursing her at home was insufficient, and on 1/27, we were able to convince her that a quick trip to ER for IV diuretics would help her breathe better. Once in the ER, she was treated for fluid buildup in chest cavity and admitted to ICU. On 1/29, she was placed in palliative care. Next day, we had to put her in hospice. For the first time in years, we saw Amma not suffering. Slowly and peacefully, her mortal coil left her body, peacefully on 1/31, with her family around her!

Amma, I always teased her with moniker- Annapurna Devi! That woman could at a drop of a pin, cook and serve any number of visitors to our home! Noone left our home without eating something! Her janthikelu, pulihora, tomato perugu pacchadi were major items that titillated every tongue crossing her path! A kind woman, loving mother/grandmother/great-grandmother, ready to help anyone needing help, resilient, ready and eager to learn necessary skills and knowledge, courageous, full of life and spirit! Her zest to fill every moment of her day embroidering dolls, flowers, and Shivlingas, many of which adorn homes all over the world! During COVID times she tirelessly made hundreds of waterproof caps, scarves, receiving blankets for donating to nursing homes, and soup kitchens! Her loving light lives on, revealing to her family her many acts of compassion!

Her smile has always been present regardless of what is happening around her. Her zest for life and the very simplicity of that young 13 year old girl endured till her passing! Thathagaru's passion for mathematics, Queen of sciences, passed onto Amma! At a time of financial instability, she rallied with fierce determination, much against Nanna's objections and mocking, started a catering business serving pure Andhra food. This business grew out of her insistence in quality and quantity of food served.

Her life was dedicated to always being of service to others. Amma, RIP, Thalli!

DASIKA JOURNAL



9TH EDITION, APR 2026



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Sri Sairam Dasika

Nov 5, 1949 - Jan 8, 2026

(Son of Late Dasika Anjaneyulu)

9TH EDITION, APR 2026



Written by K. Lalitha and V. Jyothi
Daughters of Sri Sairam Dasika

He's the epitome of patience and perfection, that's our father, Dasika Sairam garu, S/O Dasika Anjaneyulu garu, lovingly called Ramudu by those close to him.

To everyone who knew him, he was a kind and loving person. Nanna lost his hearing and speech after an accident in his childhood. Despite this challenge, he grew up to be a strong, independent, and hardworking man. After completing his ITI course in gas welding from a school for the deaf in Malakpet, he joined Sriram Refrigeration Ltd., Balanagar, Hyd. He worked there for over 40 years and became known as one of the most disciplined and sincere employees in the company. His dedication earned him many rewards, and he eventually retired as a section supervisor.

Beyond his professional life, Nanna was a wonderful husband and father. He always tried to do best for his daughters in life, which he couldn't have.

Amma, Smt Prasanna, played an equally important role in this journey. They got married in 1978, in a match arranged by their families, as she too was deaf. Despite their disabilities, they were a perfect match who deeply understood each other. Like any couple, they faced challenges and had their share of disagreements. But just having a cup of coffee in the morning would bring them back together, as if nothing had happened. Together, they built a life of strength and independence without depending on others.

Nanna worked tirelessly, built a home, got his two daughters married, and stood by our mother as she bravely fought cancer three times and finally succumbed to it. After Amma's passing in 2018, Nanna changed. He had lost not just his wife, but his best friend, his companion, and the person who understood him completely. Yet, even through his grief, he continued to support his daughters and remained an important part of our lives.

In the last eight years of his life, he created new memories. He spent time with his grandchildren, made new friends, explored his love for art, traveled, and continued to live a simple and independent life. His art work reflects his persona—simple yet brilliant! Notably his miniature creations of the Bansilalpet house and the house of his beloved sister, Pushpam, whom we lost within a month of his demise.

Only after his absence did we truly realize how deeply he had shaped our lives through the small, quiet things he did every day. When we look back at his life, we see countless lessons he taught us without ever speaking them. His passion, patience, perfection, hard work, kindness, and love will stay with us forever.

Dasika Sairam (Ramudu) will always remain an inspiration in the hearts of many.

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Sri Vavilala Umapathi

Sept 5, 1951 - Feb 24, 2026

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(Son-in-law of Late Sri Dasika Janaki Rammayya and Smt Visalakshi / Husband of Indira)



Sri. Vavilala Umapathi garu is the spouse of Smt. Indira, daughter of Sri. Dasika Janaki Ramayya and Smt. Visalakshi.

He was a well known and established Chartered Accountant and a generous philanthropist. He has contributed anonymously for various charitable causes including but not limited to education, literature and other religious causes.

As a Chairman and Auditor for Sri Kamakshi Ekamreshwara Gomatha Sevak Satsang Trust, he spent considerable time & efforts for the service of the cows and donated large sums for their health and welfare.

He was well respected and regarded by all family members, his peers and clients.

He is survived by his wife, Smt. Indira and his daughters, Bhamathi and Pramathi and their families.

Om Shanthi



Mental Health and Wellbeing

9TH EDITION, APR 2026

Understanding Grief and Loss: A Gentle Guide for Our Family

Grief is something every one of us will face at some point in our lives. It doesn't only appear when someone dies — it can show up after any meaningful change. A move. A job loss. A friendship drifting. Even the loss of health, certainty, or a dream we once held close.

Grief is not a sign that something is wrong with us.

Grief is a sign that something mattered.

What Grief Really Is

Grief is the mind and body adjusting to a world that has changed. It can feel like:

- sadness
- anger
- numbness
- confusion
- relief
- guilt
- longing
- exhaustion

******There is no “right” way to grieve. There is only your way.******

Why Loss Affects Us So Deeply

We grieve because we love, because we care, and because we are wired for connection. When something or someone important is no longer in our lives, our whole system needs time to reorganize itself.

Grief is not a problem to fix.

It's a process to move through.

Living With Uncertainty

One of the hardest parts of grief is not knowing how long it will last or what tomorrow will feel like. Uncertainty can be unsettling, but it's also a natural part of healing.

Here are a few truths that help many people:

- You don't have to “be strong” all the time.
- You don't have to have answers.
- You don't have to rush your feelings.
- You don't have to pretend you're okay when you're not.
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Healing happens in small, uneven steps — and that's normal.

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Mental Health and Wellbeing

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Understanding Grief and Loss: A Gentle Guide for Our Family...cont

How We Can Support Each Other

Grief softens when it's shared. As a family, we can make the load lighter by offering:

- Presence – simply being there
- Listening – without trying to fix
- Practical help – meals, errands, childcare
- Patience – everyone heals at their own pace
- Kindness – especially on the days that feel heavy
-

Sometimes the most powerful thing we can say is: ***“I’m here. You don’t have to go through this alone.”***

What Helps Us Heal

People often find comfort in:

- routines and small daily rituals
- talking to someone they trust
- spending time in nature
- creative expression – writing, music, art
- spiritual or cultural practices
- remembering the person or chapter with love rather than only pain

Healing doesn't mean forgetting. Healing means learning to carry the memory with more peace and less ache.

A Final Thought

Grief is not a sign of weakness.

It is a sign of being human.

Continuing to show up for one another with gentleness, compassion, and patience is one of the things that make a family strong.



Call or reach out to me if you need to understand any of this in more detail
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Finally

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That's it for this 9th edition of our Journal!! We hope you enjoyed reading all the entries. We would love to receive more content/articles from everyone, so please connect with us to share your news, thoughts, reflections, or anything you think is worthy of including here.

Till the next edition, signing off for now. Take care.

Varalakshmi, Ravi, Radha Pedanannagaru and Bharati
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