



NORTH AMERICAN MOBED COUNCIL **NEWSLETTER** **ATHRAVAN**

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Presidents Message:

NAMC is an organization started by Mobeds of North America for the Mobeds of North America. Please join the organization to make it your organization. Please go to our web site www.namcweb.org where you will find different useful applications. If you are already a member please ask your fellow Mobeds to join.

Ervad Kobad Zarolia

CHERAAG ROSHAN (THE LAMP IS LIT)

Ervad Soli Dastur

My father, Pirojshah Kawasji Dastur served as the Panthaky of the Sir Jamshedji Nasserwanji Petit Daremeher for over fifty years (from the early 1920s till 1963) and as the manager of the Parsi Dharamsala in the little village of Tarapore. Growing up in those days, we did not have running water, paved roads or electricity. In the quiet, simple life we led one of our daily routines was to clean all the hurricane lanterns in our home. Amongst many, there was a special one – the Petromax gaslight lamp – for the huge verandah. Every day my father would make sure that the mantle was in good shape, the gas venturi was not blocked and everything else was in tiptop working condition. As in the custom in most Parsi homes, just after sunset, the ritual of “Loban” would be performed. In the miniature

Afarganyu, amid the glowing coals a pinch of Loban (incense, myrrh) would be sprinkled frequently; all of which burned into a fragrant, billowing smoke. This miniature Afarganyu would then be carried to all the rooms of the house ... the aromatic smoke wafting in all the rooms. This unusual and unbelievable fragrance evoked a sense of spiritual serenity, tranquility and the sense of being one with our God. Each person would bow to with reverence before this small fire, pinch a little of the cooled ashes from the Afarganyu and make a “Tilli” on the forehead.

Just about the same time, all the other hurricane lanterns were lit. The star of the lights – the Petromax – would be lighted by our father. The Petromax was then hung from the ceiling on an S-shaped hook. Facing this special light, all of us would stand and recite the Hum-Bandagi:

“Cheraag roshan, Mushkel Aashaan, Muraad Haansul, Tandoorasti, Nek Muraad Haansul.”

Translation:

“The lamp is lit, all difficulties will be solved, all wishes will be granted. Good health, all good wishes will be granted.”

This recitation was followed by “Khshnaothra Ahurahe Mazdaao” and one Ashem Vohu and then we would greet one another with a “saahebjee”.

What a simple way to recognize “Aathro Ahurahe Mazdaao Puthra”,

that is, “The Fire, the son of Ahura Mazda”!

This custom is still observed in many homes in Udwada.

Let us revive this beautiful old custom in our families each evening!

May the flame of Paak Iranshah burn ever eternal in our hearts and may the Flame of Fellowship, Love, Charity and Tolerance burn ever eternal in our hearts so we can do HIS work with humility, diligence and eternal enthusiasm!

Atha Jamiyaat, Yatha Aafrinaamahi!

May it be so as we wish!

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