

A tribute to the Class of 1972
Maulana Azad Medical College
(On the occasion of Ruby Reunion, Dec 2016)

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Ruby reunion

Is it time already
40 years since graduation
It seems only yesterday
When we were in college supposedly
Bunking classes
Watching morning shows
Trying cheap XXX rum
And practising 'chat up' lines

And then we scattered
Across the globe
Making our destinies
In our own ways
How has it been for you
Hope things worked out
Did you get what you wanted
Are you at peace

Come and sit by my side
And tell me all
Where have you been
What did you do
Who have you got
Did you have fun
Bring the pictures and the songs
And let the party begin

Class of 1972 (Best Ever)

Going on holiday to New York, years ago

And by the way

We will stay at Boondy Uncle's house

Who is he, the young kids ask

Not having met him so far

And why would he put us up

He is my class fellow and

Will be happy to see you

Not convinced but curious

All five of us turn up

And have a great time

Talk to Subhash in Melbourne

As the older son, junior doctor

Wants to spend time in Oz, recently

Or see Belani when someone asks me

About what to do in Mumbai

And so it goes on

Too many friends to name here

Never refused, always obliging

Going out of their ways

Thank God for blessing me

With my class fellows

To Arvind Bansal

One constant in life
Every birthday and wedding anniversary
Greeting and best wishes
How does he do it
Not just me but for others too
Stopping by in Delhi, needing company
He is there, ready to host
At home or Roshanara Club
His generosity limitless
Makes me forget my limits
And suffer next day with hangover
That is what he has always done
Since being class rep in first year
The shepherd watching over the flock
What does he get out of it
As most of us have
Never practised the
Art of giving, persistently
But hope that we do
Understand and appreciate
Those who give willingly
I certainly do

Absent friends

Too many, gone forever
Gone too early
Will miss them at the Reunion
But am grateful
For their laughter and banter
For making me a better person
For helping others
And eh who knows
We might yet meet again
And have that party up there
Thank you for coming into my life
And for the good times

Great clinicians

Forget Modiji's Chhapan inches
My chest swelled more
As my NHS colleagues
On their visit to India
Discovered my class connections
Which made their trip worthwhile
You want to go there
Meet so and so
No problem
With mates in highest positions
I know someone
Across the spectrum
Academic, public or private sectors
Same story goes
When faced with problems
For friends and family
Highly professional, well respected clinicians
The hallmark of MAMC
Feel so proud to be
In the company of my class fellows

They also helped

Two eggs omelette and four slices

And a hot tea

Bliss, at 3 o'clock in the morning

Whether studying for exam

Or after partying

Offered by Panditji

Huddled in his blanket,

Crouching over the stove

Charminars

Or Four Squares

Or even Wills cigarettes

The essentials of life (*sic*)

Dispensed by Massi

Next to the bike shed

And good gossip

Thrown in for free

Not to mention the waiters

In the coffee house, and others

Who sustained and

Taught us

Important lessons of life

Of service, of living

Of not complaining and of laughing

Long gone but not forgotten

For the teachers

Education is what is left
After you have forgotten
What they taught you in College
As the saying goes

So, more to work and life
Than just formal teaching
But MAMC was great
Because it did both

Even (especially) for me
Who was never around
To be taught in the first place
Too busy doing other things

My apologies to the teachers
Who were excellent and tried
And if it is any consolation
Your efforts did help, later

And thanks to all
Who provided incomparable foundation
For the professional career
And set me off on life's journey

College years

The best years of one's life
Not just for the good times then
But also for the lessons
Many (sadly) only learnt later
On reflection
That quiet guy and gal
Nose in the book
But look what they achieved
Do not judge things
By their looks
Do not underestimate
The seemingly meek
Who actually have steel inside
Keep an open mind
Be thankful
For the chance to observe and learn
And form friendships
You never know
When and how it may pay off

My bestest friend

We clicked on day one at college

Hard to explain why

Rich vs poor

Public vs state school

Suave vs rustic

Extrovert vs introvert

All the differences forgotten

Over the years

Celebrating together

Commiserating together

Supporting, laughing

Brothers in arm

Off in separate directions

But making it work

Overcoming geography

To a point

Busy and then distance

Getting in way

Insidious and becoming

Harder to reconnect

Though never forgotten

Too wrapped up

In own problems

Until such time

When the penny dropped

He knows me better than most

And maybe even me
He had never let go
Still there, still caring
Waiting to help

What a Mess

Panju or Ilaad
Ofcourse Panju
It is Delhi yaar
Nothing like parantha and dal
Why would you want the Ilaad food
Dosa, sambhar, idli
Enough of that in the coffee house
Does not matter
The noisy, chaotic mess
Vs quiet, well organised
Glad had the choice
Even though did not take it then
But remembered later in life
The Madrasi food
Healthy, easy on the stomach
These South Indians
Are clever people
But Punjabis throw a great party
And there is room for both
A time for everything and
MAMC made it possible
By embracing diversity

The deserter

The lure of that FRCS
Sustaining one through College
Pulled me away as soon as possible
England 1 India 0
And the story repeats itself
With NHS supported by Indian doctors
Whilst India suffers from shortages
Why do we do it
Was it worth it
Would we do it again
Moot questions now
In any case
You can take man out of India
But never India out of the man
The bond strong, unbreakable
Glued by the fellowship
Of class of 1972
And may be deserters
Have their uses
As distance lends enchantment

Fathers of the nation

Batches came and
Batches went
But they remained
Fixtures at MAMC
In no hurry
To graduate and
Join the rat-race
The elite club
Of the elders
Fathers of the nation
As we called them
Wonder what happened
To them
And to Hashim
The Kabuliwallah
Our class contribution
To the Club
Whatever your views
They were some guys

Silent friends

Can not be bothered
To join in for the Ruby renunion
Or anything to do with the class
Physically or virtually
I hear you but do not understand
I am sorry to say
What was so awful
Was it us – the class fellows
Or the College itself
May be it is me
With rose tinted glasses
But it was a great time
Being in College
And I thought we
All felt the same
Not a penance
Rather a happy time
A formative stage
A right of passage
Becoming a professional
Growing up, forming bonds
But guess you feel different
You have your reasons
I do not wish to probe
And if it was me
That turned you off
Then my apologies
And I wish you the best

Let your hair down

“Let me die a youngman’s death”

“Wearing purple with a red hat”

That would fool them all

Who bet that I had no sense

Of adventure nor humour

Life can start at sixty

Or at any age, if one chooses

To listen to their heart’s core

And let out the real you

And finally

Do you remember....
And then he said....
I can not believe that
But you forgot that bit....
Oh boy, that was the best
And by the way where is he
That's how get togethers go
As you get older
And start reminiscing
With mates
Tales getting wilder
As evening goes on
With spirits higher
That is how it should be
Laughing, having fun
Giving thanks
And would be
If you come prepared
So get ready
See you in December



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8LZqzAZ2lpQ>

Passing the baton on.....



Thanks to Lisa, Tara, Aaron and Ryan



EPILOGUE



What happened at Ruby reunion

Did you recognise each other

Are they the same

Or different

Not surprised he is what he is

Always had it in him

Or wow I never knew

You did that

Did you talk to them

Tried to find out

Are they well

Has life been good

Who they are actually

And most importantly

You wish you had spent time with them

Life does move on

Forty years is a long time

You change, they change

But the past is gone

And future is yet to come

So do (re) connect

I am certainly going to

Dude, you rock

OK, hands up everyone
Who thought Ashok Ghaziabadi
Was cool in College
True polymath
Bird watching, yoga, magic, poetry
Astrology, horticulture and
The list goes on
Not just good doctor
And family man
I had no idea
And I bet neither did you
To top it all brought rasgullas
Wish had met him before
But hopefully not all lost
As there is still time
And am already inspired
RESPECT++++

The Illads

Lived up to their reputation
Of caring and sharing
Thoughtful, decent Madrasis
Floored us all
With personalised gift
For each one who attended
Even the gatecrashers
Now will have
Memento of the good old days

Put me out of my misery
As used to wonder
What Illad meant
Now I know
Also why AC is thus called
They livened the party
TRG,VS, AC, Ravi and Ashok
Reminder on my desk daily
In my heart forever

The better halves

Graceful, well turned out
In bright and tasteful colours
Vivacious talented
Great company
Behind every successful man
Is the woman
And that is certainly
True of MAMCOS batch of 72
Lucky guys
To have such better halves
Thank you ladies
For looking after my friends
And guys, a warning to you
Look after the girls well
Or you have competition!
And ladies a warning to you too
As I will definitely
Take up that offer
Of visiting and enjoying
Your hospitality, soon

Confession

Leaving on that jet plane
For the distant shores
Dream come true
Going to England, finally
New start new life
Excited and daunted
Will I make it
Will it be worthwhile
Will I miss folk back home
Will they miss me
Fast forward three decades
Neither Indian nor English
Pulled by both
Resentful of both
India of youth gone
England has changed too
Or is it me
Unable to adapt
Rootless and restless
The first generation immigrant

Time, gentlemen (and ladies)

What, no more booze

Vegetarian

Long walks and

Yoga

Oh boy, you have changed

Or is it the other way

Only so much

One can have in life

Whether sooner or later

Balance in nature

Today's sober

Tomorrow's party animal

Each to their own

Different times

Different choices

If it makes you happy

Never say die

Looong time

What news

Two courses already

In remission now

She says

Leaving you gobsmacked

How to react

Drink, she pipes up

Breaking awkwardness

And dancing

With abandon

Why not

Looking into the abyss

An eye opener

Even liberating

Who knows about tomorrow

Let us live today

Nothing is over

Until it is over

Till then, enjoy

Deja vu

Much bigger campus
New buildings
More people
College and Hospital have grown
Different now
For better or worse
Not for me to say
As the deserter
Though can't help
Noticing the dreadful loos
Smelly, no running water
Or even soap
Just like old days
When class rep election
Fought on promise of soap
In dissection hall
In 1972
Surely we can do better
Swaatch Bharat
Doc, heal thyself

Same to same

MAMCOS Global day

Silver, ruby and golden jubilees

Mingling with young residents and faculty

Looking back and looking ahead

Outwardly different

But same inside

Bound by the DNA

Acquired at the Dean's carpet

You can take the person

Out of MAMC but

Not MAMC out

Of the person

We are all philosophers now

Outdoing each other
With wise words
Outpourings about life
Yoga, poetry and families
Lessons learnt
How to do things and
How not to do them
Borne out of long experiences
Worth paying heed
But, do not stop partying just now
There is life still
Miles to go...

Upwards and onwards

Brisbane in 2017

Bangalore in 2018

And not to forget

The Golden jubilee

Get them in diaries

Or live to regret

The camaraderie

Laughing, reminiscing

The crazy dancing

And singing

Be there or

Be square

And then it was Xmas.....



THANK YOU ALL FOR A MEMORABLE REUNION

HAPPY NEW YEAR