

# *Dhruvpad Sanstan*

*May 9<sup>th</sup> -16<sup>th</sup>, 2011*



*The temple bell stops but I still hear the sound coming out of the flowers ~ Basho*

*Last night I sought a liberty and dreamt of a Sickle and a Rose*

*The sickle was the dead mans dream*

*My dream was the Rose - Akbar Mirza Khaleeli*

*Dhrupad Sanstan*



*A haven Blessed by the learned and Magical Gundecha Brothers*



*where man becomes one with nature and is transported to heaven through the power of Music*



*and teachers, students and instruments are all blessed by God's Divine light .*



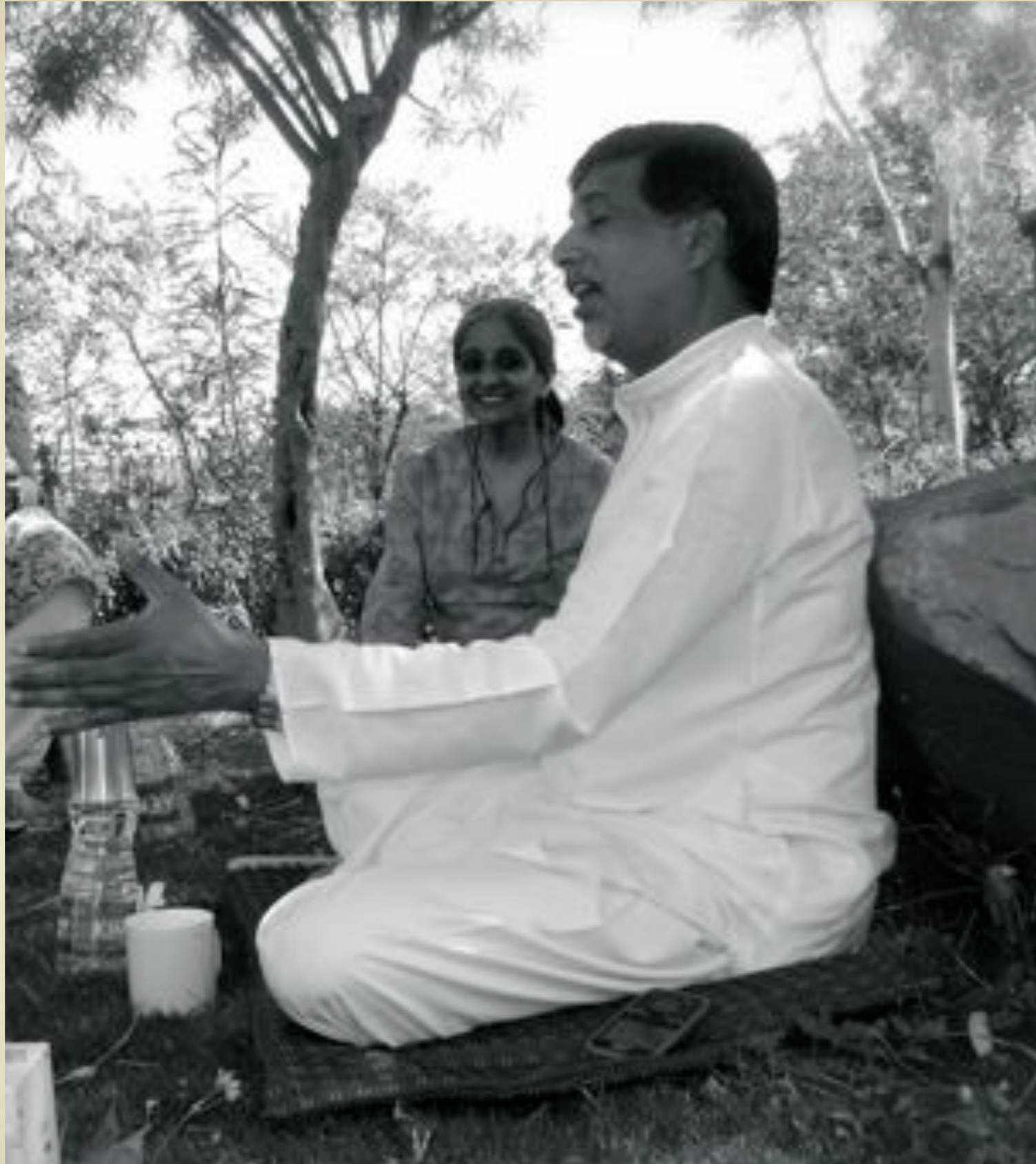
*Here even rocks have a song to sing*



*and the only caste, creed and religion is submitting to Dhruvad in complete abandon .*



*There are no teachers we are all students in the quest of the perfect note*



*and there is no greater joy than when one can hear it!!*



*May this confluence of friends last an eternity.*

*A Big Thank You*

*to the*

*Gundecha Brothers*

*and all the Students at Dhruvad Sansthan for the wonderful hospitality,  
warmth, friendship and the Blessings bestowed on us in the Divine  
Magical, Mystical world at Dhruvad Sansthan, Bhopal.*

*warm regards from*

*Tara Kini, Raje, Gita and Essmath*

*Sunaad Group Bangalore*

*Photographs by Sanjeev and Essmath*