



Dinshaw Rustomji Mistry

15 June 1925 – 21 January 2008

HITAYADA (Nagpur) Jan 30-2008

Adieu to Mr Mistry

READING obituaries in the dailies is almost a must. They are better than many items reported, which leave one more disappointed as they do not contribute towards our progress. Obituaries are also reminders of people who have in one way or the other contributed to the society unsung or glamorised.

One such obituary reported on January 23 was the demise of Dinshaw Rustom Mistry. Not that I knew him very much, except for my meeting him on one fine Sunday about 4 years ago. The meeting is etched on my mind and many times, I narrated it to people who asked "upto what age one can donate blood." I was conducting a blood donation camp at the Parsi Gymkhana, Nagpur. Mistry was helping us as a volunteer. He told me he had known my late father.

All the while he was very agile and talked sweet, till I came to know his intention. He too asked me the same question. What was the limit of age of who could donate blood? I told him it is between 18 and 60 years. He seemed

keen to donate blood.

On being asked his age, he told me he is 79 years old and hence his donating blood was totally ruled out. In spite of that he kept pestering me to yield to his request. His last plea was very interesting. He said doctor, I have done many good things in life and am sure to find a place in the heavens.

But for one good act, which he did not, he was a little worried, whether the gates of heavens would shut him out. Reasonable enough. When I asked him, what was it he did not do, he said, he had not donated blood anytime. It was a subtle way of blackmailing me to let him in heaven. He did not lose his tempo and kept urging me to help him.

After several pleas, I succumbed and took him on the couch. Oh! What an expression of bliss on his face. He said, doctor I have no words to thank you. And yes! I told him, whenever he enters the heavens, he should recom-

mend my name to the Almighty. I did all the formalities, before giving him a needle prick. After taking about 10 ml blood, I clipped the tube so that no more blood is drained. After about 10 minutes, I removed the needle, I had kept a blood bag full of blood from a different blood donor.

I knew he would ask me to show the blood bag. On seeing the bag, he was ecstatic and happiness was seen all over his body. He rested for 10 minutes and then after having a cup of coffee, he was up and about. He even told me, that in spite of his age he is feeling

absolutely hale and hearty. Well! All that was as a result of a lie, I committed. But it's worth it. With passing away of Dinshaw Rustom Mistry, I have a gut feeling he is happily settled in his new abode.

My condolences and apologies to his family. I am sure they would understand me. Good bye Mr. Mistry.

MIDDLE SPACE

By DR RAVI WANKHEDE



"Abhi To main Jaisan Hoon"

Photo of brother Dushan which appeared in the Times of India & also in Economic Times dt 19/10/05 - at the age of 81, He won the 1st Prize in the Fashion Show for Senior Citizens, Second Junings, held on 30/9/2005, at The Institute of Engineers Hall, Nagpur for the first time.

The whole serial was shown on a number of T.V. Channels on 11/10/05.

This photo is a token of remembrance from Dushan Bhai.

- ... "Coat your life by smiles not tears
count your age by friends not years"
- "Success is a journey not a destination"
- "Only a life lived for others is a life worth living"
- "The moving finger writes and having written moves on, nay all the society of writers can cancel even half a line of it"
- "Happiness lies in making others happy"