





Colourful Celebration of Prabarana Purnima



Sristi Barua

WOW! The long awaited day finally came. We were all waiting to celebrate Prabarana in a joyous mood. We were very excited because we planned to make *fanoosh* (paper balloons) this year. We remained busy collecting the implements. We needed bamboo, paper, glue made by flour paste, pieces of clothes and candles. We started working from the previous day with full of energy and interest. But why do we make *fanoosh* and celebrate Prabarana?

The festival is also called Ashwini Purnima. The Buddhist monks lead a religious life living inside the pagoda from the Bengali month of Ashar to Ashwin. This is the time of self realization and self-restraint. This day reminds us to exclude all faults and receive all pure and holy duties.

'Life' according to Buddhism is 'suffering'. Suffering dominates all life. No being is free from the bond of misery. It is a universal truth no one can deny. Lord Buddha left his palace, his family, and all the luxuries and comfort to discover the reasons of sorrows. As he became a devotee of religion, he shaved his head and flew his hair in the sky with the strong determination of attaining supreme felicity. The *fanoosh* is flown in a dignified manner to symbolize this wise thought of Lord Buddha.

Through profound meditation, Buddha succeeded in finding out the motives of sorrows and discovered the way of peace, love, and happiness. His will, wisdom and compassion made him an extraordinary personality. On the glorious day of Prabarana, once Buddha appeared in the heaven by His spiritual power to deliver the sacred message to His mother and then came down on the earth. This is another reason why the Buddhists fly *fanoosh* in the sky, as a token to enkindle the sky-lamp.

On the day of festival this year, we went to the pagoda early in the morning, wearing new dresses taking handfuls of flowers and fruits to worship to God. Everybody gathered together with bright faces and in a dignified manner. We made seven *fanoosh* of different shapes and colors. As spontaneously. In the up and down the stair of my cousins and frie boyant fire-works. O *fanoosh* rose higher amazed to see the ey paper-balloons were the fire sparks were s of colorful stars twinl On that glorious day, the *fanoosh* vanished *fanoosh*, I also praye ternity would spark teaching of Lord Bud

(Sristi Barua is a student College)