

Poetry Series

**Rev. Surujlall Motilall**  
**- poems -**

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## Rev. Surujlall Motilall(22nd May,1952)

Reverend Surujlall Motilall, was born on the 22nd May,1952, at Plantation Wales Sugar Estate Ltd, on the West Bank of the Demerara River, Republic of Guyana, a former British colony of South-America.

His late father, Motilall Ramlall, was born in Netherlands Guiana, now Republic of Suriname and his late mother, was from British Guiana, now Republic of Guyana.

He is the sixth child in a family of seven children, with two other brothers and four sisters (all now deceased) .

He was educated at the Wales government primary school, Patentia government secondary school, Guyana commerce and business training college and the Kuru-Kuru co-operative college.

He also served his native country in the Para-military National Service stint at kimbria's training centre.

In 1969, he was converted and became a born again Christian, while attending the Patentia Christian Brethren Church.

He later pursued studies in theology, at the Guyana Bible College, Guyana Baptist Mission, Back to the Bible Broadcast in Jamaica, Emmaus Bible School in USA, Source of Light Mission in USA, Source of Light School in USA and Light of Life Mission in USA.

He is a registered member at the Caribbean Conference of Churches in Barbados, International Missionary Fellowship and the Unveiled Field Mission in the USA.

In 1972, he got married to Miss Rehana Dataram, who bore for him two sons and one daughter, before her death in June,1983, in Suriname.

In 1977, he migrated to his father's native country, Suriname, in pursuit of his Netherlands status and a higher Dutch technical education in Hydrological Engineering.

During his five years of stay in Suriname, he worked as a general building

construction foreman, for the Bouwbedrijf van Kessel civil-engineering company there.

In 1982, he took up permanent residence in the Netherlands, as a foreign born ethnic-Dutch citizen, where he pursued his technical studies in the field of Hydrological engineering, at the MIRLO technical institute.

With such a capacity to his technical skills and education, he served and worked as a civil-engineer with Lymbouw Bouwbedrijf in the district of Breda-Holland.

After the fatal death of his wife in 1983, he got re-married to Miss Lilawattie Devi Singh, who bore for him another daughter.

In 1994, Rev. S. Motilall founded the Caribbean Outlook Foundation, Inc., which is based in the Netherlands with affiliates in Guyana, Suriname, Trinidad & Tobago and with intention to pervade other Caribbean member states countries.

That same year, his newly established Foundation, hosted the presence of the Guyanese Executive President, the late Dr. Cheddi B. Jagan and the former President of Guyana, His Excellency Bharrat Jagdeo, who was junior minister of finance then.

Both distinguished political leaders of Guyana, praised Rev. S. Motilall, as an outstanding citizen, not only for serving his native country in the National Service but also as an exemplary poet, writer of the Caribbean and as a Dutch trained, qualified, oriented and technically skilled hydrological-engineer.

Reverend Surujlall Motilall, is also free-lancing journalism, writing for many international news-papers in the Caribbean and in the Netherlands.

As author of this book, "Humans' Life Circles", the Reverend has recently completed another book, entitled "Progress means Success" and is currently in writing of another one, entitled "Silent is not Consent or a Contempt" and is endeavouring more of his skills and knowledge in creative writings and innovating ways and means in combating and eliminating the menace of floods, droughts and garbage disposals in the Caribbean.

In addition, his motives are to assist in the elimination and the alleviation of poverty at all levels.

# A Holy, Harmonious And Sacred Matrimony:

'Matured husband and wife shared in marriage'

Composed and written by:

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

of Roosendaal, the Netherlands.

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# A Tribute To The Solemnity To Humanity:

'The life and livelihood of our Indigenous Peoples'

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# 'Abbreviated-Manifestations': For Serving Humanity:

I just LOVE my Holland:  
'My Dutch Socialist-Party'

Composed and written by:  
Rev. Surujlall Motilall  
of Roosendaal, the Netherlands.

(Prominent and Potential member)

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# 'Dignity-Destiny And Moral-Values To Humanity': -

Composed and written by:  
Rev. Surujlall Motilall  
of Roosendaal, the Netherlands: -

The world has turned, to look beyond,  
on the horizon of eradication to poverty.  
The survival and existence of humanity,  
were echoed by humans' concerned.

It was a cool mid-summer's holiday,  
'Sabbath', a day we called Saturday.  
When our creator rested after creation,  
and promised to keep it for salvation.

It was on the 2-nd. day of July,2005,  
a day, when humans were called to strife.  
In this moral world, heeding to survive  
embracing each others, as one to strive.

The world has surrendered, in one harmony,  
for humans, not to strive to live in poverty.  
But to share this life happily and equally,  
and to give us the norms of life's destiny

My country 'Holland', is meant to be my land,  
of integrity and tolerance, all within my hands.  
In silent prayers, we uphold our heads to stand,  
abreast and upright, within all nations in band.

'Jan van Beek', a faithful son of Dutch culture  
have vowed to bow together, with one another.  
In a motion, to eliminate sufferings and hunger,  
amongst humans, where there are much disaster.

With simplicity, humility, modesty and prudence,  
he bowed to embrace the world and his audience.  
As he displayed his holiness, with musical sounds,  
aspirations and inspirations, bounds with drums.

His Kirtan-group, have strung sacred tongue,  
which is not of his culture, or his home town.  
So discreet, he displayed sacred cultural sounds  
as an Indian artist, his talents are so profound

Before his concert audience, he bowed in prayers  
slowly he bowed with meekness, to his observers  
And said 'I beseech and welcome each one of you'  
the sentiments of his talents began to play through

It is not of his Dutch culture, least he should boast  
nor with a glass of cherry wine, he proposed a toast  
It is the will of God, that destined him who he is  
an angel in a human form, he has come to bless

Mr. Jan van Beek, traverse to seek his untold destiny  
doors of knowledge were widely opened for him to be  
Windows of wisdom, were all unclosed for him to see  
as he was transcended here, to sacredly serve humanity

He has been blessed, as an anointed one from above,  
with Gods' hands on his head, he is serving with love  
He was born of thee, to be and for the world to see  
that he is so a simple and modest one with dignity

Not of any praise, he praised himself with humility  
he leans forward, only to embrace with simplicity  
His tablas and sitars, are all of his fingers in words  
with admiration and adoration, singing on the cords

His rhythm of spectacular melodies sound the air  
praising and glorifying his God in the atmosphere  
In all of his glorious words of redemption praise  
Jan, uphold his steadfastness of sincerity to raise

Blessed is he, who has shown simplicity to his God  
of unblemished sins, to worship Him His will good  
Jan has displaying such and much of his simplicity  
trying to serve God and humanity with his sincerity

Making joyful sounds, praising God the Almighty  
calling to the world, to live in peace and harmony

Jan, who is gesturing us with sacred generosity  
is feeding us with his sacred talents of solemnity

In my warmed silent seat, meditating on the beat  
of splendour heat, coming to me as a holy treat  
Instrumental songs of praise were in my ears  
dancing to the rhythms, with red eyes in tears

Never ending cheers, that aroused the floor on high  
as if angels were descending from above the sky  
Comforting all worshippers, the unseen who give  
His blessing to those who are willing to receive

To Jan and his band, God has blessed with aspiration  
of inspirational zeal, to seal with love and adoration  
By serving humanity with dignity and love to motion  
for this is the one and only way, to attain salvation

Jan possesses quality, that humans cannot simply see  
his personality consists ability, of his culture to be  
A native of Holland, he has been blessed in this land  
displaying Indian inspirational music, with his hand

I was touched and moved in many different ways,  
spiritually and emotionally, on that very same day,  
The sacred rhythm on strings, are still in my ears  
my heart has filled of joy and comfort, with tears

Jan and his colleagues, are blessed in one domain  
their talents to console humans, would be in reign  
Where ever they go, with such a sacred love  
God will bless each one of them from above

Hearts of many, would digest their 'food of love'  
as they traverse this universe as the peaceful dove  
He has inspired them, for His message to bring  
to sing to all humans with their musical string

Doors are widely opened to them, as fruitful seeds  
windows are transparent for them to solely heed  
Love and dignity they shared to humans as feed  
so that their pastures can grow without dry weeds

Not many like Jan, are in this world of today,  
he serves, to live and to pray, from day to day  
thoughts of him, of the God he serves to obey  
with faith, hope and strength, he is on the way

He has been gifted with such of another culture  
his unselfish blood he is sharing it to its nature  
His destiny to message the love for one another  
and for our burdens to share in such like manner

Oh humans, what is it of human's colour today  
when our blood would shattered and go astray  
Our minds and veins are the roots of our heart  
which keeps us alive to strive and not to part

Our evil faces, would go into many motor racing  
and our victory, is to smash those who are pacing  
Victory, is not only our moral aspect in this life  
conquering ourselves, are also our pride to strife

Why can't us, as humans embraced each other  
from the womb of a mother, we are together  
As earthly fathers, sisters and behold brothers  
we are made to be one from God the creator

Your culture, is my culture, your land is my land  
we are all as humans, with legs and upper hands  
With one Body, Soul and Spirit, we must inherit  
what God has destined for us, to be and to merit

Your happiness, is my happiness and not my sorrow  
I am only living for today and hoping for tomorrow  
Without you I cannot be for God has made you for me  
so simple is that for you and for me only for that to be

Your sorrow, is my sorrow and I cannot be happy  
happy for what when you are in need to be happy  
My happiness, must not be your distress or stress  
I will ask you to bless and to wear on your dress

My culture is not my bread to eat on your head

for it has been destined for us to be fully dead  
Take heed oh fellow humans, give me my share  
this world is so heavy, I cannot much more bare

Let us dance together, with the rhythm of sincerity  
not from our tongue least we boast our humility  
But for the glory that comes from God Almighty  
we can justify ourselves in the name of humanity

My culture and I, are not of what I do possess  
Me, Myself and I, are all some sort of classes  
Do not take me into your culture to be a race  
as I am of you and you are of me as a class

Fragile to break and fragile to handle with care  
we have one common breath and life to share  
You take my life, would you then dare to bear  
or to share my life in your destiny or in despair

Shall it profit you as a human for a short time  
to grabble, scramble and scrape only to shine  
After death, what would you inherit or benefit  
only for the other world for your life to covet

Rise up oh humans and do not sell culture  
for tomorrow there is to come the rapture  
Prepare yourself, oh humans for today  
for tomorrow, would prepare us to stay

Teach me Oh Master!

Teach me, Oh Holy Master! only to sing  
teach me to play on this your sitar string  
Teach me what God has destined to bring  
teach me to love my fellow human being

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# Education, Is Indeed A True Fruitful-Vine To A Nation

'KURU-KURU', Co-operative Colleague,  
in Georgetown, Co-operative Republic  
of GUYANA:

Composed and written by:  
Rev. Surujlall Motilall,  
(Former student at Kuru-Kuru  
Co-operative Colleague)  
of Roosendaal, the Netherlands.

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# Embracing And Serving The 'Good-Will Of Humanity'

His Excellency, Desi Bouterse.

Executive President of:

Republic of Suriname,  
of South-America.

Composed and written by:

Rev. Surujlall Motilall,  
of Roosendaal, the Netherlands.

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# Harmony & Integration Of Nations:

Wake-up and walk in unity, oh! nations:

Composed and written by:

Rev. Surujlall Motilall  
of Roosendaal, the Netherlands

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# His Inspired Given Name, "n.E.L.S.O.N. M.A.N.D.E.L.A." Was So Meaningful

His inspired given name, "N.E.L.S.O.N. M.A.N.D.E.L.A." was so meaningful and significant to the world-being and at large globally: -

Composed and written by: -  
Rev. Surujlall Motilall  
of Roosendaal, the Netherlands: -

No one is so worthy to talk and to walk in his life,  
Enmity and enemies were not there for him to strife.  
Love, peace and harmony he has had for the world,  
Simplicity, modesty and prudence was his to uphold.  
Onward on the march he has gestured in his dance,  
Noble, humble and intelligence, he was not a dunce.

Memories are here of such for us to remember,  
An icon who was loved by the world's power,  
Nelson Mandela a legend who was so admired,  
Dearest to us while he was among as a father,  
Eternal life in God's throne awaits him forever,  
Long life to his departed soul as he encounters,  
Abides now in the likeness of God as his savior.

Noble price winner, the disciple of peace, love and harmony,  
Everyone, everywhere globally mourns with sacred ceremony.  
Liberating his people from an apartheid, solacing dual dignity.  
Solemnity and solitude, peace and hopes to fellow humanity,  
Out of every nations sang such Gospels with sacred simplicity.  
Nelson Mandela, long life and thanks for awakening our world.

Many nations around this world have looked with transparency,  
A man with dignity, modesty & integrity who upheld democracy.  
Nations upon global nations whom have consolidated normalcy,  
Dedicated in their vows as nations to emulate direct diplomacy,  
Energy as mind-blowers and courage with strength were of him in likeness,  
As he acknowledged himself as a servant of the world to serve in justness.

Nationalistic comforter, the late Mandela was thrown into prison,

Everyone globally said that such was without a positive/no reason.  
Liberating his people from apartheid, he was charged with treason,  
South-Africa was inhumane and dictated without dry & wet seasons.  
Offensive brutality to humanity, anti-social and immorality led to suppression,  
Nelson Mandela, was our "living human's sacrifice", not for himself to reason.

Meek and humble, Nelson R. Mandela was led as a sheep to the slaughter,  
Applauded with mockery, his apartheid rivals were merrying with slander.  
No! he never said or any plea but willingly and ready to die for his nation,  
Death I am prepared myself for, he echoed to his followers in one motion.  
Every one of you, oh! fellow citizens would be freed after 27-coming years,  
Labouring as one in unity, we shall prevail and endure to the end of my days.  
Africa as a continent of ours, must be freed from dictatorships in many ways.

Nation, we have now eliminated and conquered apartheid in our country,  
Every one of us in our continent are free, we are being liberated to victory.  
Liberation from apartheid & dictatorship, after my 27-years of incarceration,  
States-men & women of our A N C, can now begin to govern our free nation.  
Oppression, suppression, exploitation; our country is now a united nation,  
No more inhumane, injustice, political unrest, we are now a new creation.

Memories, are there to be remembered of 27-years living behind jailed-bars,  
As decent fellow human beings, it is not so easily to forget all my bodily scars,  
Negativity never came whispering as positivity came calling in my ears,  
Dreaded times and moments, I have had in my lonely cells for 27-long years,  
Energies and strengths in my life time in jail, I have had not but I did not cried,  
Lifting both of my arms in submission or surrendered, I DID NOT EITHER TO DIE,

Alive and well-being with bodily and mental strength, ready to fight another day.

News have blasted, echoed and amplified around the world that I am a free man,

Everywhere, everyone around our globe, celebrated my freedom as simply as  
can,  
Love, peace, happiness, marrying, have lifted above the atmosphere as their fan,

Simply, the world can see that I am here to be a freedom fighter for my birth  
land,  
Onward to the march songs were sung, rallies all over, shekels were off my  
hands,  
Now I am free, oh! yes, I am a free man, walking straight upright, abreast as I  
can.

Mandela was a free man from prison, where he was dumped without a proper reason,  
Appraising and forgiving his prison dictators, giving to them his justice as a life season.  
Notwithstanding, he was destined to be so humble, sincere, kind, modest as a prisoner,  
Dearest to all the world at large, who had jailed and who has loved him, as their admirer.  
Everlasting life, he would have duly given to his oppressors, only if was our Almighty God,  
Love, peace, prosperity and good-will, he has blessed his jailer with, as he was so ....good.  
Almighty God! , he always sought firstly in his spiritual and sacred prayers, as he so bowed.

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# 'Humans' Cargoes And Shields'

Serving my dear country,  
will indeed be a reality.  
As to my love for humanity,  
in one accord of sincerity.

Suriname national anthem  
(in Surinamese local language) : -

Opo kondreman oen opo□  
Sranan gron e kari oen  
Wans poe tata komopo□  
Wi moes seti kondre boen□  
Stre de f'stre wi no sa frede□  
Gado de wi fesi man□  
Heri libi te na dede  
Wi sa feti gi Sranan

In English language:

Rise countrymen, rise  
The soil of Suriname is calling you  
Where ever our ancestors came from  
We should take care of our country  
We are not afraid to fight  
God is our leader  
Our whole life until our death  
We will fight for Suriname

'Humans' cargoes and shields'

They were all humans, just as you and as me, □  
tall and small, women, children and men to be.  
They were all chained and tied together,  
as wild animals, prepared for the slaughter.

They were transported by ships across rough seas,  
loaded as cargo-bags, to full all empty spaces.

From bow to stern, below to above deck masses,  
They were all counted and graded in classes.

With steel chains around their necks to toes,  
they were nothing more but human cargoes.  
Tied to each other as animals to the slaughter,  
harnessed away in groups by their slave traders.

They sailed the rough seas to unknown destination,  
for days and weeks they tossed with dissatisfaction.  
some died by brutalisation and some by starvation,  
who cared the traders and sailors were not human.

They looked like humans but they were all demons,  
smiling faces and painted clothes they looked down.  
Into each corners of the sailing and tossing vessel,  
only to count the survivors, with their blowing whistle.

The withered were thrown away like dried wooden heap,  
into the deep for their bodies to rot and their souls to keep.  
Breathless with their hearts in their hands and with dried lips,  
counting their days in many ways for survival on time to clip.

A slice of bread to eat without any meat or dare to retreat,  
were their daily diet from day to day which had to repeat.  
Of its own course to tell with their heads and souls to sell,  
to unknown and unmasked masters by words to compel.

They were unloaded as sand bags in chains by ship cranes,  
counting their pace by inches to line up for sales with pains.  
Bowed to their masters as they were counted in heaps,  
graded in classes packed in shelves to be sold very cheap.

They were assorted in different direction with no option,  
they were assaulted, insulted, molested without any reason.  
They bowed in surrender to their masters with much wonders,  
hoping for their plight to end and for God to send a Redeemer.

They were known as indentured slaves from the East and South,  
mostly from India and Africa their slave traders were Europeans.  
Who have sustained their claims as Gods of this our universe,  
they have bordered their claims to be the first and will traverse.

They never stopped to realise the existence of humanity,  
whom have the consistency of moral dignity with humility.  
They were there to find with awful grind to rob and to cheat,  
with suppression and exploitation were their drums to beat.

The natives fought them silently with bows, arrows and spears,  
they retreated with smoke guns and none originals were spared.  
They invaded the East for tea the South for precious stones,  
the West for sugar and gold and the North for oil tones.

They called their smuggled slaves 'immigrant workers',  
then 'ethnics minority' then 'contracted labourers'.  
then 'aliens', now they been called 'illegal immigrants',  
what a disgrace to this type of human race, so bare faced.

My four grand parents with other relatives were on their stocks,  
the Dutch and British who have had so ugly faces as one flock.  
Not as humans as they have treated humans with demonic forces,  
to toil daily with tasks on sugar plantations without happy faces.

From slavery by Dutch tyranny in Netherlands Guiana,  
my grandfather fled to British Guiana with his dear son.  
like many other Dutch slaves they were all on the run,  
the dense forest was open to shield humans from open guns.

Naked were they as leaves to heal and covered their wounds,  
for at last to be strong and healthy away from their demons.  
They were pursued relentlessly but were all invisible in sight,  
not to be seen by their demons as they were out of their plight.

The invaders and slave traders were known as colonialists,  
with impurity on their shoulders they became imperialists.  
To cheat and to rob the sovereignty and national resources,  
and to destroy what God has created like this our universe.

They have surrendered to themselves with hopes to return,  
leaving our ruined lives with nothing much more to earn.  
They are the devils of today causing our world to go astray,  
invading our air spaces which is causing us much dismay.

Our today's national resources are of their benefits,

as they have desired such for nothing or for very cheap.  
We have no other alternative but for us to keep working fit,  
as we sold to them their chosen prizes in wholesale heaps.

They are still in control of our daily life and livelihood,  
exploiting and manipulating us destroying our forest wood.  
Their sailing ships into our waters and air-crafts in our air,  
giving to us grievances with pollution in our hemisphere.

No silent nights or peaceful days that comes to our delight,  
as it comes to our daily life living with much despair and fright.  
Much more of what we can do non-violence is our only fight,  
standing amidst, watching and looking helplessly with plight.

When would they stop to realise that this life is not to despise,  
or to destroy the elements of existence but to have endurance.  
In morality as humans we are all of one substance no otherwise,  
to live in peace, harmony and comfort, as humans with prudence.

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# Meaningful God Given Names To Fellow Humans

Miss Geeta of Suriname:

1: Gesture of prudence-generosities, are all of what I had to offer,  
Everyday in my life, I give without receiving and such to ponder.  
Every merciful help I have given in the past are memories to last.  
Together with my Mom, we endured ourselves in helping humans,  
All of what we have received in returns, are ventured with demons.

2: Greetings to you splendid and to your mother so wonderful  
Everlasting life you and her will surely endure with merciful  
Everyone of us are so crazy about ourselves and not for others  
Together we must strive in unity as beloved sisters & brothers  
Acknowledging ourselves in God's presence, instead of others.

3: God loving Angel  
Endorser to God's throne  
Energetic with Blis and comfort  
Treasuring your meaningful name  
Amongst humans you are so high with fame

4: Great is thy name, oh! Holy and most high God  
Everlasting life, you are giving to all the Good  
Evil as the devil, cannot come near to your class  
Thanking you, every day oh! Almighty dear God  
Abide and live inside of my heart and not to part

5: Give to them that needeth more than of myself  
Everyone out there, must also be of themselves  
Eating, drinking, dancing and enjoying, are not all  
Thinking about others are one of my wake-up call  
Although I am as poor as a house rat, I don't bawl

6: Getting things done professionally, we have to,  
Employ professionals as of you and of me too.  
Education and Energy must also be fruitful seeds,  
Together, we must use such as beneficial needs.  
Addressing scholars as you, must dearly be indeed.

7: Greetings to you, mom and surroundings on the coming festive seasons,

Everyone around you, far and nearby must sup and eat with all reasons.  
Eating, drinking, enjoying and merrying that is why it means festives,  
Thriving only for ourselves, as me, myself and I, we must also forgive,  
An Angel as you are, roaming here on earth has the will power to give.

8: Glory glory halleluiaah, Jesus Christ is King,  
Eternal life He shall give for those who sing.  
Every-one join us to sing and to praise Him  
Triumphantly let us bow & kneel now to thee  
Almighty "Father God" help us so that we see

9: Gita mahatmyas', are the Holy scriptures of the sacred Vedas  
Everlasting sounds it brings to meaningful & inspired mantras  
Eternity to eternity, scriptures were there in the beginning of time  
Teaching all devoties the one and only way to God, as to be sublime  
Acknowledge Him more as our Almighty, in our temples of Dewtaas

10: Greetings and best wishes to you on this your birth-date, day  
Enjoying the best of life on this your special day, all the way  
Eternal life you will surely endure as you celebrate such today  
Together with other love ones, you will not surely go astray  
Abide closely to God and your families for all in one to obey

11: Giving and taking of all what this happy life has to offer  
Especially with my loving mother as my Goddess admirer  
Everywhere in my life I turned, I see her as my cherisher  
Tightly, I embraces her as my provider and as my teacher  
Adoring her as my earthly Goddess as she is my one adorer

12: Geeta mahatmya maatree devo bhawa pitree devo oom bhawa,  
Ekam sastram devaki-putra-gitam Eko devo devaki-putra eva,  
Eko mantras tasya naming yani karmapy ekam devasya seva,  
Tasman narha vayam hantum sukhinah syama sva-madhava,  
Adharmabhibhavat krsna strisu dustasu varsneya kula-striyah.

13: Gospel bells are ringing, over land and over seas  
Every nations bow in solemnity to attain peace  
Evil has been conquered by good in every place  
Toiling every day in their norms of faith & grace  
Adoration is of you "Geet" who strives in solace.

14: God is good to me, though I am weak He makes me strong,

Enabling me to be strong and then upheld me to trots along.  
Energies with "will-power" He gives them all in time to me.  
Together we are in one common covenant with consecration,  
Almighty God, Oh! I thank thee for restoring me Redemption.

15: Gabriel the "Arch-Angel" said to Mary that you shall have a Son,  
Everyone shall kneel and bow before Him, as the one created sun.  
Eastwards of Bethlehem, shepherds have visited the sinless baby,  
Together, they sang praises glory to our newly born king to Mary.  
All the voices from Bethlehem to Judea sang "halleluiah so holy"

16 Goodness and mercies shall continue to follow you, Ms. Geeta,  
Every part of this world you go, your destiny will be your Karma.  
Everlasting life is awaiting you, with God's will so to accomplish,  
Trusting and believing in Him, are not meant for you to be selfish,  
Almighty God is watching over you, for your days not to be punish.

17 Give it to me Oh! my one dear-loving Almighty God,  
Everlasting life I beseech of thee that makes me good.  
Eternal life you have promised to all of your devotees,  
Trusting and serving thee in your likeness as of Murtees.  
Almighty God, thank You for saving me as your trustee.

18 Girl, you are so very much blessed,  
English expression of you never failed.  
Everyone of C.O.F. will welcome you so dearly,  
Together, we will move mountains.  
As unity and dedication prevailed.

19 Gesturing my mother as my earthly Goddess here on earth,  
Eying her up as the "laxme (Light) " in my daily life - path.  
Everything I saw and everywhere I go, are of my aftermath,  
Trying to overcome my past and reconcile with my tomorrow,  
After all, this is what life is about to simply forget our sorrow.

20 Guidance and comfort is of what my dear Mother possesses,  
Eternity to eternity, She is my Soul-Guidance as my Goddess.  
Everlasting life she has secured well a place in God's Kingdom,  
Together, we are of one body, soul & spirit in spiritual likeness.  
Always acknowledging each other without any price of ransom.

21 Graved encountered since on my childhood days,

Experiences that are haunting me in many ways.  
Echoing to the world as reality prevailed to tell,  
Traumatising events that fills my heart with hell.  
Although I am trying to forget but it badly smells.

22Getting my life to normalcy with my parents, I had to leave,  
Everything I had prayed & wished for is for daddy to behave.  
Emotions were not there within himself a man in a dark cave,  
Thinking power of daddy, has to be created as a sinless dove.  
At the bliss of all ages I loved my daddy too just as of, above

23Gentleness of my mother, as I am seeing her in all sacred Murtees,  
Events does not passes by, as I became her simple-temple devotee.  
Every morning, as I beseech God in prayers with the rising sun,  
Throwing "Dhaar" at the foot-stool of our "Jhandee" in brightness,  
Alarming devotional "bhajans" that echoes the air with happiness.

24Generating all energies to strive along with my daily tasks in life,  
Echoing the moments with glorious voices that sings me to strife.  
Enduring my path-ways to accomplish the destiny of my Karma,  
Thriving along the many road-ways not alone but with Dharma,  
All hail the power of my mothers' blessings over my charisma.

25Gracious "Lord-God" help me to serve thee more each day,  
Encouraging me oh! "Dear God" so that I will not go astray,  
Empowering me oh! "Almighty Father" for me only to stay,  
Teaching me all of your "Holy Scriptures and Vedas" today,  
Acknowledge me more on your "Sacred and Holy" pathway.

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# Strength And Wisdom To Humanity, In The Coming Year 2013:

Asking God for Strength and Wisdom to Humanity,  
in the advent of the coming New Year 2013!

Composed and written by:  
Rev. Surujlall Motilall  
of Roosendaal, the Netherlands!

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# The Acts In Serving The Good-Will Of Humanity

Our Guyanese Mahatma, 'The father of our nation'  
The late Dr. Cheddi B. Jagan, former Executive  
President of Co-operative Republic of Guyana,  
in South-America, who has pivoted and gave birth  
to a democratic-nation': -

Composed and written by:  
Rev. Surujlall Motilall,  
of Roosendaal, the Netherlands.

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# The Geneses And Genealogy Of God's Creations:

'Anthropology of Humanity, since in the beginning of time'

Composed and written by:

Rev. Surujlall Motilall,  
of Roosendaal, the Netherlands.

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

# The Lusts For 'Earthly-Wealth' Here On Mother's Earth!

The cries and tears of a brother in his grave, after he was murdered by his sister 'Seeta' for a piece of gold.

Rev. Surujlall Motilall

