

Bilal Nama: A Memoir by Brig. (Retd) Muhammad Bilal Yusuf

## "From Heart Surgery to Village Soul: A Life in Service"

By Shaukat Ali Jawaid

LAHORE: Brig. (Retd) Muhammad Bilal Yusuf is a renowned cardiac surgeon who retired from the Armed Forces Institute of Cardiology (AFIC) many years ago. After his retirement, he spent around fifteen years in the United Kingdom. I happened to meet him a few months ago unexpectedly through the courtesy of Prof. Amjad at a mosque in Lahore during a gathering of the Tablighi Jamaat, of which he is an active member.

I had known him during his service at AFIC, and this reunion after many years led to a conversation about his professional life. Following our discussion, I

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wrote two columns based on his experiences. Later, he shared with me the soft copy of his memoir titled *Bilal Nama* – his autobiography written in Urdu, and interwoven with expressions in Punjabi and Saraiki, full of romantic couplets and selection of few folk songs.

Reading it required considerable time and attention. The memoir is a literary treasure – a masterpiece filled with wisdom. Page after page contains pearls of insight, although the narrative is somewhat disorganized and suffers from frequent repetition across different sections.

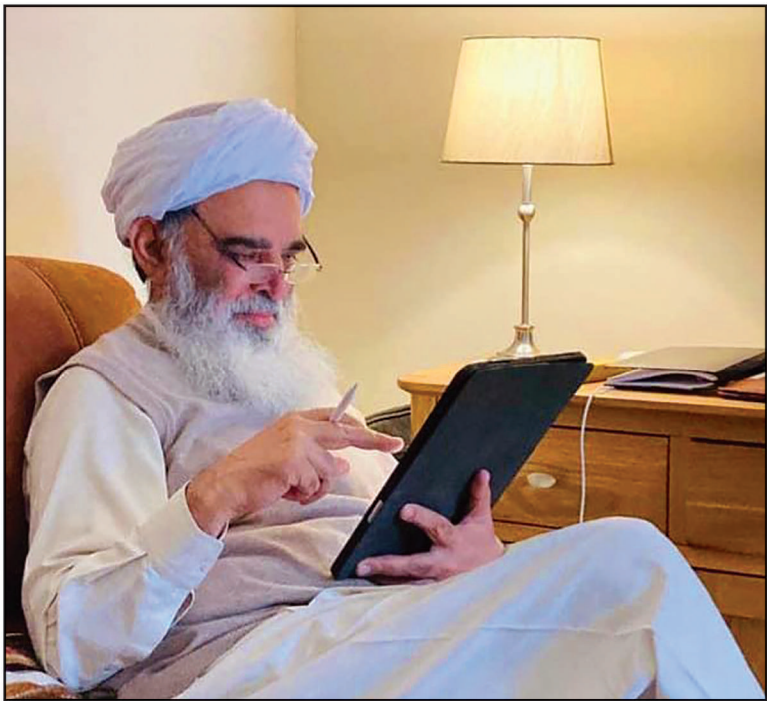
In one poignant reflection, he writes that trees also have lives and emotions, and therefore deserve love and care. Throughout the memoir, Brig. Bilal attempts to convey numerous thoughts and important messages, often symbolized through two trees in his native village: the *Burgad* (banyan tree) and the *Beri* (jujube tree). He even spent over one lakh rupees on the maintenance of the Beri tree, a sum donated by his son Haris, who is also a cardiac surgeon. This amount contributed to the development of the village – spanning twenty-five acres and originally planned by the British in 1910.

Though a devout Muslim associated with the Tablighi Jamaat for nearly four decades, Brig. Bilal possesses a deeply romantic personality, which is evident throughout the memoir. I have tried, to the best of my ability, to summarize what he intended to convey. Below are selected excerpts from *Bilal Nama*.

“Pervaiz Iqbal Muhammad Bilal Bin Yousuf was born in Sutlej Valley in Chak No. 02 Fatah near Christian in Bahawalnagar District, State of Bahawalpur. Chist city is named after a village Chist in Afghanistan. Baba Taj Sarwar Shaheed came from that village and settled here in 1265 to preach Islam; thus, the city got the name of Chishtian. His father was an Overseer in Irrigation Department. They had a big family eleven brothers and sisters. After early education in different areas where his father served, he could not manage to get admission in Nishtar Medical College Multan but was short listed for the reciprocal reserved seats in East Pakistan. Hence, he got admission in Raj Shahi Medical College in 1971. However, due to the 1971 crisis, could not complete studies there and all students from West Pakistan were airlifted in C130 on March 25<sup>th</sup> 1971 and he was accommodated at Nishtar Medical College Multan from where he graduated in 1975. In Raj Shahi he did learnt some Bengali romantic dialogue but after 1971 tragedy they had to return to West Pakistan which did not provide him any opportunity to use those romantic dialogues.

It was in November 1976 that when he had just completed MBBS he asked his mother that he want to get married. The marriage was arranged soon and he got selected as Captain in Army in December 1976. One of my relatives, he says, late Sajid laid the foundation of the present Dera who was son of my uncle Mumtaz who had joined Army as soldier, never got married and instead looked after his whole family brothers and sisters. He spent one and a half lac rupees from his gratuity which he got after retirement and made the Dera Iqbal Lodge beautiful. He developed gangrene and died of septicemia after surgery in CMH Bahawalpur while I was in

to see me working as House Officer at Mayo Hospital saying how he managed to pass. All our teachers were trained in England and they would often say “when I was in England”, I often thought will I ever have a chance to visit UK. I joined Army and after FCPS this dream also realized.”



Brig. (Retd) Muhammad Bilal Yusuf

At Mayo Hospital, there was a different environment in the Operation Theatres while Prof. Zafar Haider and Prof. Rashid Qureshi used to operate than the one when Prof. Riaz Ahsan Siddiqui used to be operating. As

England, in March 2022.

My father, he writes, died during surgery for Pituitary tumors at Lahore in 1973. We had taken six hundred rupees loan from uncle for surgery of my father at Lahore. We tried and went to various places so that my brother gets some job in place of our father who was an Overseer in Canal Department but in vain. It was difficult times for the family. One day he decided to go to Governor House and met Malik Ghulam Mustafa Khan the Governor of Punjab, who wrote to the Chief Engineer Bahawalpur

**After the death of my father, it was Governor Punjab. Malik Ghulam Mustafa Khar who ordered Chief Engineer Bahawalpur to give job to my brother. It worked and my brother became the caretaker of the whole family**

to give him job immediately and it worked. He got a job and also started sending me Rs. 150/- per month for my studies. During those days brother Azhar became the caretaker of the whole family. My mother died in 1992

My son Haris spent sixty lac rupees on renovation of this Dera Iqbal Lodge. Elder brother of my father Rana Sharif, cousin Nadir Hayat and Khalid Hayat are still remembered by the village as singers. The following Ghazal was very popular which they used to sing.

کس طرح بھولے گا دل

ان کا خیال آیا ہوا

چائیں سکن بھی

خیٹھے میں ہاں آیا ہوا

خوش رہیں دنیا میں وہ

جس نے توڑا دل میرا

دے رہا ہے یہ دعا

آگھوں میں بگھ آیا ہوا

**A Journey of Perseverance, Service and Return to Roots**

“While at Nishtar once there was a strike and Prof. Zafar Haider

Registrars and always gave a VIP treatment to my son.”

“While serving at AFIC I received a message from my senior cardiac surgeon that in Theatre NO. 3 a CABG is planned and I should harvest the vein for that,

open the chest and put the patient on heart lung machine I was frustrated and was thinking when I will become the first operator and for how long I will keep on doing all this for my seniors. After assisting this patient, I wrote the notes and I was unaware about



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the identity of the patient. After three weeks our Commandant Maj. Gen. Yousuf called me in his office where prizes were being distributed and I also got a beautiful carpet which was sent by the patient who had CABG and I had assisted the senior surgeon. Then I realized that the patient was Governor of Baluchistan who had sent this gift for me.

**Merit prevails in Army**

One good thing in Army is that here merit always gets importance. There is a transparent system of promotions. If one keeps on working silently with devotion and dedication and keep on taking the next step as an opportunity arises, you do not need any recommendations. You get a signal from Army “are you ready for this next course”. Never say No and grab that opportunity. I completed all the steps like army

**Sutlej Valley Project played a vital role in the development of Bahawalpur State. It was the greatest gift of Nawab of Bahawalpur**

map reading, grading surgery Capitan to Major. FCPS Part-2 which takes eight to ten years then one can think of higher positions in cardiac surgery. Thanks to the then Surgeon General Lt-Gen. Nasir who quietly issued the notification of my training in UK for two years. On return whenever I had a chance to meet him, I always kissed his hands. I got an assignment in Royal London Hospital in cardiac surgery. I was quite popular among the cardiac surgeons who often called me Field Martial though I was Major.

His exist from AFIC for higher training in cardiac surgery was also eventual. “I was told you are unfit for training in cardiac surgery. Thanks to the then Surgeon General Lt-Gen. Nasir who quietly issued the notification of my training in UK for two years. On return whenever I had a chance to meet him, I always kissed his hands. I got an assignment in Royal London Hospital in cardiac surgery. I was quite popular among the cardiac surgeons who often called me Field Martial though I was Major.

“Ghulam Rasul who went to UK for training with me one day

in surgery in first attempt and I have been selected by Army for training in UK. I am very much disappointed in front of him.” I just sympathized with him and remarked that “

The TJ Group

“Having said good bye to cardiac surgery now my daily routine is playing golf for three hours early in the morning, reading and writing for three hours, then rest for some time. After Asar prayer moving with the TJ group. I had joined this group many years ago and I think this is one of the best programme to bring positive change in the society. It revolves around love for the humanity, working for the welfare of the people, joint discussions in the group, sacrifice, patience and prayers. No expectations from any one only God Almighty will give the reward.

TJ group’s basic structure these days is daily spending two hours in the nearest mosque, discussions with friends for the welfare of the country and the world, working for education, inviting the public towards religious activities, and spending three days every month in one of the nearest village, city, town, serving for forty days in the country and then visiting other countries to spread the message of Islam. I am an old member of the Raya Democratic Group in Defense Lahore. It consists of about fifteen professionals who are all experts in their respective field.

**Family reservations about Village Project**

When I decided to build a house in the village, my wife vehemently opposed my idea of village project

**My Tableeg Walk and involvement in welfare work has changed the whole complexion of the village**

never get an outstanding report. Gen Mahmud Akhtar Surgeon General of Pakistan Army once asked me, every one working at AFIC had outstanding grades why you have average. I had not so good relations with my senior colleagues in AFIC for almost six years. My Mentor Gen. Rafi advised me to build house in Rawalpindi-Islamabad first and then think of a residence in village. Under his guidance I built a house in DHA Phase-I in Islamabad. These days it is extremely difficult to die and get buried in cities. I got in love with my village for various

saying that with advancing age, one also loses the power of rational thinking. Why you are bent upon wasting money. However, my Radiologist son opined that I should go ahead and do whatever I think is the best. Other son Cardiac Surgeon Haris said let us build a house on hill Station to spend summer instead of wasting one crore rupees in the village. My son Subaib who is a psychiatrist in Manchester thought it was total waste of money spending in the village. But I had decided to take up this challenge and build my Five-star residence in the village at any cost. I also wanted to be buried after death in the family graveyard near the village. My cousin Abu Zar was the manager of this project who got it completed. “Rajput’s, he writes, do not like selling Desi Ghee in Bazaars. Our parents had very difficult times but they overcome all the troubles in life.

“I had built Taj Mahal for my Mumtaz in the village secretly and it was named BZ Lodge. (Bilal Zahida) just like Emperor Shahjahan had built Taj Mahal for his Wife Begum Mumtaz in Agra India. My village always keeps on calling me and I love this land. During the May 6<sup>th</sup> 2022 meeting of the family, I was given one and a half acre of ancestral land. I decided to go ahead with my project. While Shahjahan got carpenter from Bukhara I managed to get a carpenter Ali Muhammad from my village. He started working on the project on May 12<sup>th</sup> 2022. When brother Shahid died on June 5<sup>th</sup> 2022 a visit to village was planned.”

**Returning Home: A life rooted in Legacy**

Dis-satisfaction, he writes, is a very serious and dangerous psychological disease and those who suffer from it always remain deprived of God’s blessing. We must realize that a vast majority of us are living much better lives than before.

**Operation NorthStar -102**

1. The village project which he had conceived consisted of the following:
2. Water filtration plant
3. Renovation of the central water

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- reservoir & repair of its feeding channel
- Preservation of the old village tree
- Revamping the village Chowk (square)
- Renovation of Dera Iqbal (guest house)
- Restoration of the animal drinking water pond
- Village sewage system repairs
- Guggan Medical Center establishment
- Construction of a community center
- Playground revival
- Yousuf Orchard establishment
- Toba Janat Bibi Duck Pond
- BZ Lodge (Five-star residence)
- Bilal Lane Farmhouse
- Iqbal Lodge (residence and guesthouse)

Operation NorthStar 102 was initiated in 2021 which consisted of the fifteen projects mentioned above. Yousuf orchid was also established. Toba Jannat Bibi was converted into a modern Duck Pond and named after her. It was completed in three years. Iqbal lodge is named after my grandfather.

Central pond of water was renovated within few months at a cost of fifteen lacs for which almost everyone in the village contributed. Village pond used for animals drinking water was priority No.2. This project was opposed by many which did create lot of resentments. Three contractors were changed during the process. It took three years to complete it and it was named *Toba Janat Bibi* who used to live in one corner of this pond. When I went to the village in February 2024 it presented a refreshing look full of clean water, with ducks.

“Yousuf Orchard in fact was a combined project of the whole family but I never knew that such combined projects never get completed and that is exactly what happened. Our family lands were given on contract and at the end of year the whole income used to be distributed among all the eleven shareholders of the family. By 2022 this project had totally flopped. This project was abandoned and I decided to have a solo flight which was named as Bilal Lane Farm House. It consisted of Yousuf Orchid, Farm Hut and Iqbal Lodge a residence for ourselves. My wife and children were not at all interested in this project but I continued working on the project silently. I got a map prepared and started working on this project. My cousin Abu Zar was appointed as Manager for this project. He got both the project completed in two years’ time. Construction of Residence was completed in the village in 2024. It has all the facilities which one can think of in a city.

In good old days in villages, people used to enjoy listening

to Heer Waris Shah and Yousuf Zulekha stories in Punjabi under the trees during afternoon. These two Punjabi books were very popular. When the elderly people would listen how the Prophet Yousuf was being thrown in the Well by his brothers, they would feel very uncomfortable.

Whenever we Nishtarians have a get together my friends knowing my interest in folk singing often request me to recite the old song of Bagla Wala. One of my friend class fellow Ghulam Rasul is pathologist in Makkah Mukkarama, we are Facebook friends though we were never close during the days at Nishtar. He became best friend. He sent me a video of Saraki song *Channa Khatay Guzari hai Raat wuy*, I practiced and mastered it.”

**Sutlej Valley Project**

Nawab of Bahawalpur had selected Sama Satta for Railways junction so that the steam engines black smoke may not destroy the beauty of the city of Lahore. Sama Satta had residential facilities for five thousand workers and numerous officers in the Complex. State of Bahawalpur was one of the thirty-six states of Punjab. He also laid the foundation of Sutlej Valley which played a vital role in the development of this area. In the next ten years three Dams were constructed on River Sutlej i.e. Panjned, Suleimani and Islam Headworks. These projects were initiated in 1921 and completed between 1922-1933 which was

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the greatest Gift of Nawab of Bahawalpur.

*Mai Moran* was a dancer who was the lover of Maharaja Ranjeet Singh. She used to live in red light area of Lahore. After conquering Lahore Maharaja wanted to see her. Mai Moran. She refused to come hence Maharaja went to see her at her residence. Ranjeet Singh issued currency coins in her name in 19<sup>th</sup> century and issued many orders from her residence. Mai Moran never became a Queen as Maharaja never married her but due to her beauty, she conquered not only Punjab but Shere Punjab Maharaj Ranjeet Singh as well. Ranjeet Singh was born in 1870 in Gujranwala, laid the foundation of Sikh State in Punjab in 1801. Moran Mai mosque is still seen in that area.

Once while playing golf at Rawalpindi Club, I started singing loudly the following song which was very famous in late 50s.

واسطہ ہے رب دا توں جاویں دے کیوڑا  
پچھی تیرے دھول نوں پتھاریں دے کیوڑا  
آوکیاں تے لیاں مٹڑالاں تے تیریاں  
دیکھیں کتے حوصلہ نہ ڈاھویں دے کیوڑا

Friends often ask me to sing that song when we meet.

*These days it is not pigeon but mobiles which are used to convey the message.*

**Historical Facts**

Sadiq Egerton College in Bahawalpur was founded in 1886, Bahawal Victoria Hospital was established in 1896 while Jamia Abbasia was founded in 1925. On October 7<sup>th</sup> 1955 Bahawalpur State under the guidance of Nawab of Bahawalpur Nawab Sadiq Muhammad Khan decided to merge with Pakistan. Hand Pump was introduced in Egypt 2500 BC. Qabal Maseeh which shows how people in those days used to get

ان آکھاں وارث ٹھاون، کنھوں قبریں پچوں پوئل  
تے ان کتاب مشفق دا کوئی اگا درق پچوں  
اک روئی کی دھی پنجاب دی، تون لکھ لکھ دیسے  
ان کھیاں دھیاں دھیاں، تینوں ٹھاون کین

اٹھ درد مندوں دا دردیا، اٹھ ویکھ لہا پنجاب  
ان پچھ لاشیاں دھیاں تے، بو دی بری چاہ  
کے بے پنجائیاں دھت دا سے زہر ملا  
تے ادھیاں پائیاں دھرت نوں دا زہر چلا  
دھرتی تے بو دیا تے قبریں چاں چاں  
ان بہت دیاں شیواویاں، دھت مڑاواں دون

ان کتھے قیدی بن گئے، حسن مشفق دے پور  
ان پچھ لیاں کینے لکے، وارث ٹھاون کین  
ہزارہ پنم



Brig. (Retd) Muhammad Bilal Yusuf

water form Rive Neel. First steam train was run by George Stephen in 1825 and the first modern train started running between Liverpool and Manchester in 1830.

**Cricket: A Passion Through Time**

A Cricket Match organized from 15-18<sup>th</sup> January 1955 was a great event in Bahawalpur and

بکھی کٹر کو بنا دیتے تے میرے کی کی  
بکھی بیرون کو بکھی میں ملا دیتے ہو  
پچو یوست کو بکھی مصر کے باردار میں  
آخر کار شہ مصر بنا دیتے ہو  
خود ہی لگواتے ہو پھر کٹر کے قوتے آپ پہ  
خود ہی منصور کو سولی پہ پھانسا دیتے ہو

no such event has ever been seen since then. The then chief Minister Bahawalpur Hasan Mahmood played a vital role in its success and the tickets were sold through Patwaris. Many renowned cricketers from Pakistan who were members of the team included Abdul Hafeez Kardar, Hanef Muhammad, Alimuddin, Intiaz Ahmad, Waqar, Maqsood and the bowlers included Fazal Mahood, Khan Muhammad, Mahmood Hussain and Shujaiddin. Indian team also included many renowned cricketers. Hanef Muhammad scored 142 runs Mahammad Hussain and Fazal Mahmood took seven and six wickets respectively. This test ended in a Draw.

The first Cricket Test was played on March 15-19 1877 between England and Australia. It was played in Melbourne. First night cricket test match was played between Australia and New Zealand on 27<sup>th</sup> November 2015 at Adelaide Oval in Australia. In 1956 Jim Laker took ten wickets in a match and nineteen wickets in the test which is world record.

Royal family members from Gulf States regularly visit Rahimyar Khan in Bahawalpur State for

hunting, Tilor hunting is also very popular.

We must learn lessons from Wars. Let us improve our economy, achieve self sufficiency so that we do not have to join others wars and are able to take independent decisions. The 1947 partition saw millions of people dying while migrating from one area to another. Amreeta Preetam’s song in Film Kartar Singh made it immortal:

ان آکھاں وارث ٹھاون، کنھوں قبریں پچوں پوئل  
تے ان کتاب مشفق دا کوئی اگا درق پچوں  
اک روئی کی دھی پنجاب دی، تون لکھ لکھ دیسے  
ان کھیاں دھیاں دھیاں، تینوں ٹھاون کین

اٹھ درد مندوں دا دردیا، اٹھ ویکھ لہا پنجاب  
ان پچھ لاشیاں دھیاں تے، بو دی بری چاہ  
کے بے پنجائیاں دھت دا سے زہر ملا  
تے ادھیاں پائیاں دھرت نوں دا زہر چلا  
دھرتی تے بو دیا تے قبریں چاں چاں  
ان بہت دیاں شیواویاں، دھت مڑاواں دون

ان کتھے قیدی بن گئے، حسن مشفق دے پور  
ان پچھ لیاں کینے لکے، وارث ٹھاون کین  
ہزارہ پنم

He has also narrated the famous story of Hazrat Abu Mughasul Hassan Bin Mansoor who was a Majzoob who spent over fifty years in Riaz (spiritual discipline) and one day loudly started saying “*Anul Hanq*”. Religious scholars of Baghdad gave a Fatwa to kill him with three hundred lashes. When he did not die, it is said, his body was cut to small pieces but even then, the voice of Anul Haq could be heard from these pieces. (Ref. Darul Noor, Lahore 2012 Page-311).

Commenting on today’s politics in Pakistan, he writes that “While it is difficult to find a metal or aluminum *lota* (water vessel) nowadays, plastic *lotas* are cheaply available. But in Pakistan’s Parliament, the ‘price’ of one *lota* is rumored to be between twenty to fifty crore rupees. Some Americans joke that for twenty billion US dollars, they could purchase the entire Pakistani Parliament.”

“Just like the whole country the village population is also split in different groups. PML-N, PPP and PTI. Their leaders come at the time of elections and then they disappear. We are ourselves

گھر کو جانے والے راستے اچھے لگتے ہیں  
بیسے دل کو درد پرانے اچھے لگتے ہیں  
پچوں گھر میں رہنے والو آکر دیکھو تو  
اپنے گھر کے کانٹے کتھے لگتے ہیں

**One does not feel like leaving the village as the life in UK Islamabad & Lahore has no attraction as compared to the village life which is no less than a Jannat**

used to visit different villages and it was a great entertainment for the village population in those days.

He has lot of good words to say about his class fellow Maj. Gen. Muhammad Aslam who retired as Vice Chancellor of University of Health Sciences. He is immensely impressed with his way of administration. “He even made me Hon. Professor of Cardiac Surgery at UHS. I could not get this title of Professor during my entire service but my friend had accomplished it in no time. He holds regular meetings of Nishtarians, he just needs some excuse to organize such a get together. He specially recalls a

Nishtarians get-together hosted by Maj. Gen Muhammad Aslam in Rawalpindi in 2018 which was a great event. It is a treat to listen to his jokes as well. Jokes about fruits of Ludhiana can only be listened from him in these peculiar gatherings.”

**Village life:** After final retirement and having said goodbye to cardiac surgery, having spent over fifteen years in UK visiting many counties of the world I decided to settle in a village as done by my grandfather ninety years ago. In the Western world, villages are neat and clean with all the facilities. We too can improve our villages and ensure neat and clean environment, no one has stopped us to learn from experience of others. Let

**Just like a country village is also a unit and it cannot progress unless there is complete unity among the people**

us ensure that dirt is not littered everywhere and we do have some playgrounds as well.

**Village Politics:** Too many Chaudhris in every village have destroyed everything while on the contrary when one visits villages in the developed world, they have everything well planned. It is extremely important that every village must have some administrative structure which is the only way forward for development.

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Here are a few more couplets for the readers to enjoy which I have selected from numerous poems, ghazals and folk songs covered in this memoir. I thoroughly enjoyed reading this Memoir and hope you will enjoy too. The message here is “let us resolve to improve our villages and stop this rush of migration from villages to cities which has also created lot of problems.

آسے دل تیری آہوں میں اثر ہے کب نہیں ہے  
جو حال ادھر ہے وہ ادھر ہے کب نہیں ہے  
\*\*\*\*\*

زندگی بھر نہیں بھولے گی وہ برسات کی رات  
ایک انہماں حسرت سے ملاقات کی رات  
\*\*\*\*\*

غم دل ان کو آنکھوں سے چھلک جاتا بھی آتا ہے  
تریاں بھی نہیں آتا ہے ترناں بھی آتا ہے  
\*\*\*\*\*

among the fruit trees in my Yousuf Orchard, then visit the farm of elder brother, work for some time in the orchard farm and look after the fruit trees. Then meet the village people from Asar to Maghreh. My Tableeg Walk and involvement in welfare work has changed the whole complexion of the village. Visit to Fish Pond, water filtration plant, Nando shopping complex, Yousuf Lodge and Chairman Abdul Aziz Community center is always fascinating. Now I am also planning for Bilal Golf range. During visit to village, free consultation and provision of drugs, looking after the cleanliness of the whole village, serving Tea and Kino fruit from my Orchard Farm for the guests

is a routine and all this has made my village *Jannat*. I am just a small land holder but all the big landlords love me the most. All of them have lost their Ego. One does not feel like leaving the village as the life in UK Islamabad and Lahore has no attraction as compared to the village life. The whole village now says:

ابھی نہ جاؤ پھوڑ کر کہ دل اکی بھر نہیں  
ابھی ابھی تو آئے ہو بہار بن کے بھانے ہو

His contentment is visible from the fact that he considers himself now like Nawab of Bahawalpur who spends six months in UK and six months in Pakistan. “I do the same now but the only difference is that while the Nawab had an English wife as well while I have just one, the original one. During my six months stay in Pakistan I spend few days in Islamabad, then for few days stay in Lahore but most of the time is spent in the village.”

گھر کو جانے والے راستے اچھے لگتے ہیں  
بیسے دل کو درد پرانے اچھے لگتے ہیں  
پچوں گھر میں رہنے والو آکر دیکھو تو  
اپنے گھر کے کانٹے کتھے لگتے ہیں

Here are a few more couplets for the readers to enjoy which I have selected from numerous poems, ghazals and folk songs covered in this memoir. I thoroughly enjoyed reading this Memoir and hope you will enjoy too. The message here is “let us resolve to improve our villages and stop this rush of migration from villages to cities which has also created lot of problems.

آسے دل تیری آہوں میں اثر ہے کب نہیں ہے  
جو حال ادھر ہے وہ ادھر ہے کب نہیں ہے  
\*\*\*\*\*

زندگی بھر نہیں بھولے گی وہ برسات کی رات  
ایک انہماں حسرت سے ملاقات کی رات  
\*\*\*\*\*

غم دل ان کو آنکھوں سے چھلک جاتا بھی آتا ہے  
تریاں بھی نہیں آتا ہے ترناں بھی آتا ہے  
\*\*\*\*\*

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