

A Soulful Tribute to Comrade Tarakeswar Chakraborty (DADA) on His 100th Birth Anniversary – 2nd June 2025

DADA,

Today, as bank employees across the country celebrate your 100th birth anniversary in different ways—with garlands, memories, songs, and gatherings—I choose to sit in silence and write to you... with a heart full of gratitude, love, and longing.

So many thoughts crowd my mind, but I write with only one purpose—to thank you. To whisper a thank you from the depths of my soul.

DADA, today we, the retired bank employees, are able to live with dignity and peace—because of you. Because of your struggle. Because of your belief in justice. Because you gave us a Pension Scheme when nobody else dared to dream of it.

I still remember those days... how people criticized you. How some tried to break your spirit, accused you of misleading employees, of chasing an impossible idea. But you never bent. You never backed off. You walked alone if you had to—but you walked firmly, with conviction, for us. For the generations you would never meet. For the future you believed in.

And today, every time we receive that message from the bank—“Pension credited”—we silently bow our heads to you. That small line means our bread, our butter, our medicine, and above all, our self-respect. That one message each month is the proof of your victory.

I still remember when you came to Guwahati, just a month after signing that historic settlement. You stood before us—not as a leader—but like a father, explaining to his children the value of what he has earned for them. We all listened. Every word from you felt like a blessing.

Later that evening, when we met you in your hotel room, all we spoke about was the Pension Scheme. And then suddenly, you turned to me and asked gently, “What’s the situation in your bank?”

I still remember my voice trembling as I told you everything... how colleagues were opposing the scheme, how some were rude, how I felt isolated. And you... you listened with such patience, as if my pain was your own.

Then you said something I have never forgotten:

“Don’t worry, Comrade. One day, everyone will understand this from their heart.”

And DADA... that day did come.

Every colleague who once doubted you now speaks of pension with pride. Even those who once raised their voices against it now ask me, “When will our pension be upgraded?” And when they do, your face flashes before me, and your words echo in my ears. I close my eyes, say a silent Namaskar to you, and only then do I answer them.

Because DADA, you were not just a leader. You were our guardian, our strength, our guiding light.

Even today, if there’s no pension upgradation, I still feel confident. Because what you gave us is not just money—it’s a life of honour. You gave us the ability to walk tall in our old age.

But DADA, my heart aches for the young ones now... the ones working under NPS.

They don't have what we have. They don't have the security, the promise, the care of the Pension Scheme you gifted us. And I worry—what will happen to them in their old age?

DADA... if only you could return once again. If only we could hear your voice, see your determined eyes, and walk behind you, one more time.

Please, guide us from where you are. Give us strength to fight for OPS for all bank employees, so that your vision doesn't stop with us. So that even those who never knew you, still live a life shaped by your dream.

On your 100th birth anniversary, we don't just remember you—we feel you around us. In every pension slip. In every respectful greeting. In every smile of a retiree who knows he's not alone.

Thank you, DADA. We miss you. We honour you. We carry you in our hearts, forever.

Partha R Sengupta

General Secretary

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