



LUXURY SENIOR LIVING

# 50<sup>th</sup> Edge

## *The Blissful Journey of Life*

Volume - 1 | May 2025 | Issue: 5

### Founder's Message

## Honouring Her Presence in Every Season

Dear Friends,

Before anyone knew your name, she whispered it to herself with love. Before you opened your eyes, she had already given up her sleep. Before you took your first steps, she had walked miles for you.

That's what mothers do. Quietly. Unconditionally. Every day.

This May, as the world celebrates Mother's Day, we are reminded of a simple but powerful truth—a mother's love begins long before our first breath and never truly ends.

She has been our constant—our comfort during fevered nights, our voice of reason during growing pains, and our biggest supporter, even when the world looked the other way.

Now think about this: how many times did you, as a child,



tug at her saree and ask for something? A toy, a story, a second serving of your favourite dish. And how many times did she say no? Rarely. She gave—every single time, with a smile, even when she had nothing left for herself.

But today, as life moves faster, as we chase goals and meet deadlines, she doesn't ask for much in return. All she waits for is a phone call. A few kind words. A moment of your time. Her questions are still the same—"Did you eat?" "Are you okay?" "Did you reach home safely?"

She's still worried about you. Still thinking about you. Still loving you with everything she has.

But now—it's our turn.

It's our turn to check in, to show concern, to be there—not just out of duty, but out of love. Not because she's ageing, but because she's our mother.

She doesn't need luxury. She doesn't expect the world. She simply deserves to live the rest of her life with the peace, love, and dignity she spent hers giving us.

This is the very heart and soul of Earth Village.

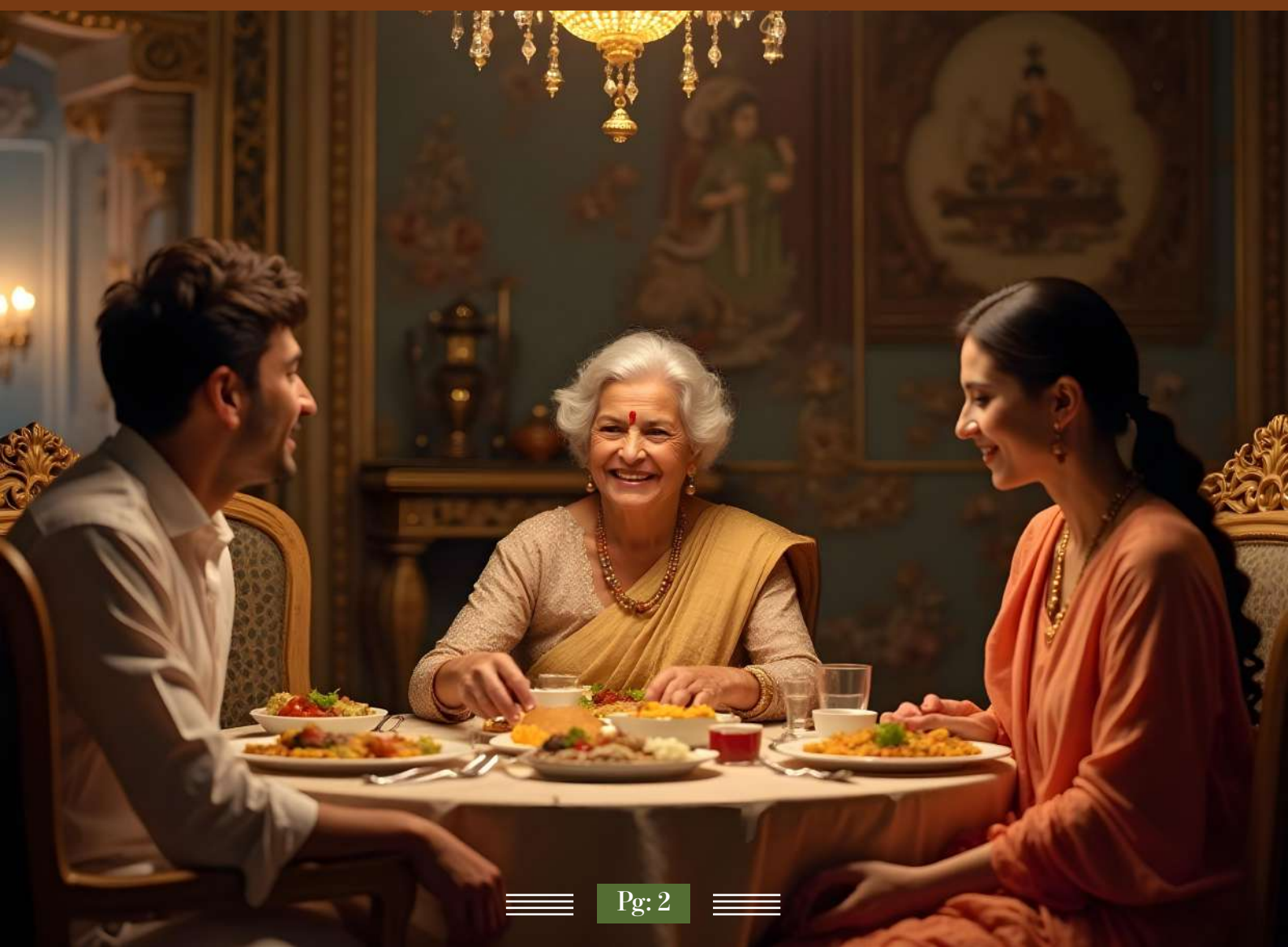
We are building more than just a senior living space. We are creating a community where every mother, every elder woman, can feel cared for,

respected, and truly at home. A place where the sacrifices of yesterday are honoured with the love and care they so deeply deserve today.

So, to every son and daughter reading this—this is your moment to pause. To reflect. To reconnect. Not just once a year, but every day. Through a call, a visit, a kind word, a warm hug.

We may never be able to match her love—but we can certainly reflect it back.

Let's honour her not just with flowers, but with presence. Not just with wishes, but with action.





# She Was Always There

## Now It's Our Turn

Long before she held you, she carried you in her heart. Before you even arrived, her life changed—every thought, every breath devoted to protecting you. Nine months of quiet sacrifice, pain embraced with love. That's where it all began.

When you came, her world revolved around you. Sleepless nights, knowing your cries, teaching you to walk, speak, and dream. Through every scraped knee and heartbreak, she was always there. And she still is.

Now, she doesn't ask for much—

just a call, a smile, a moment of your time, fully present. She gave up her own needs for yours, quietly and without regret. But who asks what she dreams of today?

She waited nervously for your exam results; now she waits by the phone, hoping to hear from you. She cared for you through sickness; now she hides her own pain, not wanting to burden you. Strength can be lonely. Love needs to be received, not just given.

Now it's our turn—not to repay,

but to honour her. To give back a little of the love, care, and comfort she gave so freely.

This is Earth Village—a place that understands a mother's journey. A place where she can slow down, enjoy life, find community, dignity, and joy. Where mornings begin with gentle yoga, days are filled with laughter and art, and evenings are warm and bright.

She was always there for our first breath, first word, every fall and rise. Now, it's our turn to be there for her.





# SINDHUTAI SAPKAL

## A Legacy of Motherhood Beyond Blood



Before she was ever called  
“Mai”

Before her arms held hundreds  
of orphaned children

Before the world honored her  
with awards and applause...

She was just Sindhu – a young  
girl unwanted by her own  
family, married at 12, and left  
abandoned with a baby at 20.

In the shadows of rejection  
and poverty, a new kind of  
motherhood was born—not  
from the womb, but from the  
soul. Sindhutai Sapkal didn't  
just become a mother—she

chose to be one, again and  
again, for over 1,500 children  
across Maharashtra. She fed  
them, educated them, loved  
them, and gave them a future  
when the world gave them none.

Her journey reminds us that the  
essence of motherhood doesn't  
begin with pregnancy—it begins  
with empathy. With strength.  
With a decision to care.

In a world where elderly  
women like her often fade into  
silence, Mai's story roars with  
compassion. It's a story of a  
woman who was once discarded,  
and yet chose to cradle the  
discarded. A reminder that

caregiving isn't just a chapter of  
life—it's a legacy.

### Why Her Story Matters

- She redefined motherhood.
- She built a family without bloodlines.
- She reminds us to honor and care for our elders, especially those who have spent their lives caring for others.

This month, we celebrate  
Sindhutai Sapkal — not just as  
the mother of orphans, but as a  
beacon of selfless love.



# Wellness Tips for Elderly Women

Promoting healthy aging through daily habits

Stay Physically Active



Eat Balanced Meals



Sleep Well



Practice Mental Wellness



Go for Regular Check-ups



Stay Socially Connected



Follow a Gentle Routine





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# Let Her Live the Life She Paused for Everyone Else

*A soul-touching conversation between a son and his mother—filled with love, silence, and understanding.*

## Scene:

It's a quiet evening. The ceiling fan hums softly. The mother, Sarla, is folding clothes on the sofa. Her son, Rohit—35, working professional—enters the room, watching her silently for a moment before sitting beside her.

## Rohit:

Maa... can I ask you something? Don't you ever feel... tired?

## Sarla (smiling, not looking up):

Tired? From what?

## Rohit:

From everything. From waking up before everyone else, making tea, cooking, looking after Papa, helping Aarav with homework, calling Dadi every night. You never stop. You never rest.

## Sarla:

That's what mothers do, beta. That's what my mother did. We don't count what we do—we just do it.

## Rohit (quietly):

But I've been counting.

Every morning, I wake up to the sound of your footsteps. Every night, I go to bed knowing you'll check on everyone before sleeping. Even when you're unwell, you're still the one bringing us soup.

You never take a day off, Maa.

## Sarla (softly):

Taking care of you all... is not a task. It's love.

## Rohit (voice shaking):

But don't you miss yourself in

all of this? When was the last time you sat with a book, just for yourself? When did you last talk to your old friends, laugh freely, sleep without worrying?

## Sarla (silent for a moment):

I do think about it sometimes...

About the years that passed. About the things I postponed. The bhajan group I left. The art class I wanted to join. But that's how it is, na? A mother keeps herself last on the list.

## Rohit:

But she shouldn't have to. Not anymore.

## Sarla:

I've lived my life, beta. Now you live yours. I'm happy if you all are happy.

## Rohit (takes her hand):

But you're not meant to just survive these years, Maa. You're meant to live them. Fully. Peacefully. Joyfully. Not as a caregiver. But as you.





**Sarla (*tears in her eyes*):**

And how do I do that, beta?  
Where do I go now?

**Rohit (*smiling*):**

You don't have to go anywhere.  
We're going with you.

**[Mother's Day – The Surprise]**

That weekend, Rohit takes the entire family on a long drive. His wife Neha, their son Aarav, and his aging father are all with them. They arrive at a place surrounded by gardens, fresh air, soft sunlight, and calm. A board reads:

**“Welcome to Earth Village – Where Every Golden Year Shines”**

**Sarla looks around—**  
confused, overwhelmed.

**Rohit:**

Maa, this is Earth Village. A place where you don't have to wake up early unless you want to.

Where meals are taken care of.

Where people your age laugh together, sing together.

Where there are music sessions, yoga mornings, evening prayers, friends, gardens, books, and quiet corners.

**Sarla (*whispers*):**

You want to leave me here?

**Rohit (*shaking his head*):**

No, Maa.

We're moving in with you.

You spent your life building a home for us.

Now it's our turn to build a home around you.

**Neha (*smiling*):**

Here, you'll finally live for yourself—without worrying about grocery lists or school bags.

**Aarav (*excited*):**

And Nani, there's a music room!  
You can sing again!

**Sarla (*overwhelmed, voice trembling*):**

All this... for me?

**Rohit (*hugging her*):**

You were always there for us, Maa. Every step. Every breath.

Now it's our turn.

You don't have to do anything here—just be. Just live.

As the sun sets gently behind Earth Village, Sarla sits on a wooden bench under a flowering tree, holding her grandson's hand and smiling softly.

For the first time in years, she feels light.

Not because she left behind her duties.

But because her family chose to carry them with her.

She paused her dreams, her desires, and her days so we could live ours fully—now it's time to gift her the life, love, and peace she has always deserved.

Because she was always there.

Now, it's our turn.







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## A Gentle Reminder from the Heart

As we wrap up this special edition, let us carry one simple truth with us—a mother's love is the first gift we receive and the last we ever forget.

At Earth Village, we honour that love every day by caring for those who gave us everything.

See you next month!

Till then, keep giving the best life to your loved ones.



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**1st Project Location:** Laulai, Kapilash Road, Odisha, 759016

Designed & Distributed by IIG Technology

Published by Earth Village



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Pg: 8

