

Floods that struck the poor

There is a Famous saying in Marathi “Yere-Yere Pausa tula deto paisa, paisa zhala khota paus aala motha” when I was a kid I use sing this every time and feel happy about it especially in the monsoon times thinking God listens to me and sends down his blessings in the form of Rains. But earlier this year when the people of Marathwada sang this song, God showered his havoc upon them this is the story of one such tragedy of a poor family that faced god’s havoc during the monsoon.

This all happened the in a village called Tisgoan in Pathardi Taluka that is situated in Ahmednagar District of Maharashtra, this article I am writing is about the Tragedy of that poor family who used to stay in a small house near the mosque of Tisgaon and also use to work as a Molana in the mosque, but during this monsoon the floods destroyed them quite badly.

Their house and everything were destroyed, and they got no help from the local Sarpanch of the village. Also, a banyan tree that is 150 years old, standing in front of their small house, fell due to the floods, causing a complete blockade for them to reach out for their basic livelihood. During the floods, they were even deprived of basic necessities, and nobody from the government came to their rescue. Except certain surveys and formalities

The small house in Tisgoan was not just a shelter. It was the only asset the family possessed, the place where their dreams rested, where their hopes were stitched between cracked walls, dim lanterns, and an old wooden door that had witnessed generations. For them, the monsoon was always a blessing a time when the parched land breathed again and agricultural labour gave them some work.

But the monsoon of this year was different. It arrived not as a blessing, but as a monster.

When the rains began, nobody in the village imagined that within a few hours, their peaceful surroundings would turn into a violent river of destruction. The

family husband, wife, one girl child that was just two years old, watched helplessly as muddy water entered their home, taking away their grains, bedding, clothes, and every small item they had collected from years of hard labour. The rains didn't just take things; they took away dignity, security, and peace.

In front of their house stood a majestic banyan tree 150 years old, a silent guardian of their home. It was a symbol of strength, of permanence, of history. Elders of the village said that the tree had survived countless storms, droughts, and heatwaves. Children played under it, travelers rested in its shade, and the family always believed the old tree protected them.

But that night, the storm was stronger than anything the village had seen in years. With a crack that echoed like a cry from the earth, the banyan tree fell straight across their only pathway. Its massive branches created a complete blockade. The family was trapped. Their road to food, water, and help was cut off. It was as if nature itself had closed the doors to survival.

In times of calamity, one expects support from people in power especially local representatives whose duty is to protect their village in moments of emergency. But the Sarpanch of Tisgoan never arrived. No phone call. No message. No visit. For days, the family lived on whatever little food they could salvage from the muddy remains of their home. The children cried out of hunger, the small girl child shivered in the damp cold suffering with fever, and the parents felt a helplessness deeper than the floodwaters around them.

Government authorities? They did not turn up either. Even after news of floods damaging several parts of Pathardi Taluka, relief teams managed to cover only select areas mostly the ones closer to the main roads or that where political pressure existed. For isolated households like this one, stuck behind a fallen tree and shattered home, no one bothered to come. Their suffering was silent, invisible, forgotten.

Floods do not ask your Religion caste, class, or income before striking. But recovery does. For middle-class families, losses hurt but can be rebuilt. For wealthy households, insurance cushions the blow. But for a poor family, one flood is enough to end years of struggle. Poverty turns disasters into lifelong scars.

The only girl child of this family was so sick during those period that shivering from fever but the parents were helpless the family already fragile, stood on the verge of collapsing. The mother lost her small savings carefully kept aside for emergencies. The father who is a Moulvi saw all the religious books washed away that he had bought with his own hard - earned money. They did not just lose property; they lost the building blocks of their future.

This incident is not just a story of one family. It is a mirror for all of us. A mirror showing how, in our country, the poor remain the first victims of climate change and the last to receive help. A mirror showing the cracks in our disaster management systems. A mirror revealing how local bodies fail when leadership becomes political decoration instead of responsibility.

The village watched this family suffer, but what choice did fellow villagers have? Many were struggling themselves. Yet, even in such times, humanity survived. Neighbors shared food when they could, helped clear some debris, and gave emotional support. But what they truly needed was institutional support a roof, essential supplies, and medical care. And that never came.

This tragedy must become a reminder for policymakers, leaders, and every citizen who believes in equity: Disaster relief is not charity. It is a fundamental right of every human being.

When a natural disaster strikes, providing help to the affected is not generosity it is duty. It is governance. It is humanity. we need systems that do not leave the poor to beg for help. We need representatives who show up when their people need them. We need disaster preparedness that reaches even the last house in the last lane of the last village. Because development is meaningless if the poor remain unprotected.

Even after losing everything, the family continues to rebuild slowly, brick by brick, with whatever little support neighbors and small organizations provided. Their courage is inspiring, their resilience unshakable.

But courage should not be the only tool of survival.

They deserve support.

They deserve justice.

They deserve visibility.

Their story must be told not out of sympathy but out of responsibility. Today We as Jaan Vartalab - the voice of the voiceless take up this responsibility.

What happened in Tisgoan is not an isolated tragedy. It is a warning. Monsoons will grow harsher, floods will become more frequent, and extreme weather will continue to challenge rural regions. If we do not build stronger, fairer, morally grounded systems today, the poorest will continue to pay the highest price tomorrow.

The song “Yere-Yere Pausa” should remain a childhood memory of joy not a reminder of the havoc that helpless families had to endure. Their tears must push us to rethink how we respond to disasters, how we treat the marginalized, and how accountable our leaders truly are. because until every home big or small feels safe during a storm, our society cannot call itself just.

JAAN
VARTALAB
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