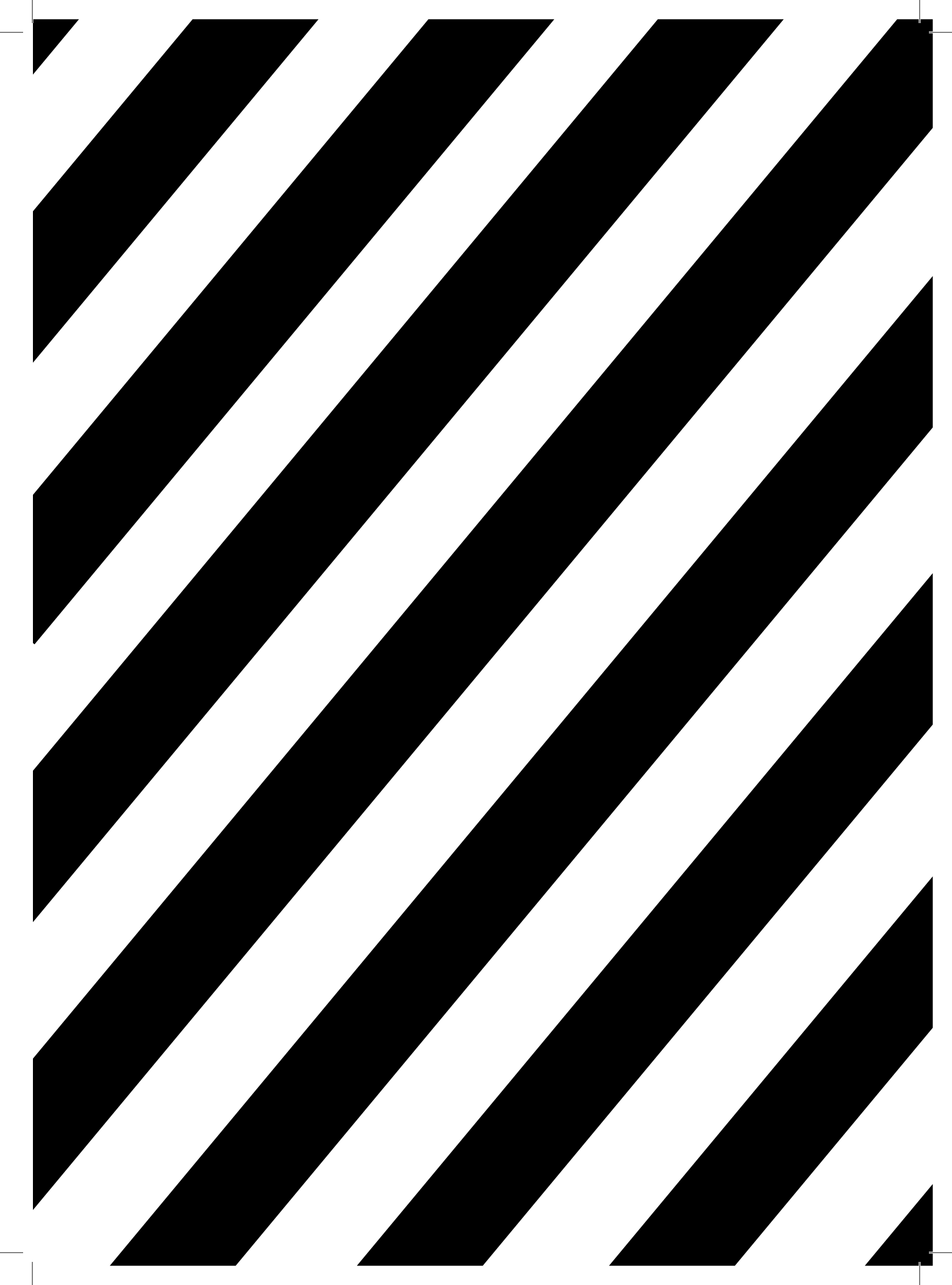


Reflections

EKA- January 2021





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**FROM
THE**

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Editorial Board

Shiv Nadar School, Noida

"Today you are you! That is truer than true! There is no one alive who is you-er than you!"- Dr. Seuss. Our life consists of experiences sometimes viewed by us as isolated or unrelated events. At times we view these happenings simply as the experiences they are, and at other times, as opportunities for learning.

Personal reflection enables us to process and make meaning of all the great (and not so great) experiences that we've had. We at Shiv Nadar School Noida see great value in the application of critical reflection across a range of educational frameworks. Self-reflection is essentially about creating self-awareness.

Many of us do get caught up in the process of surging ahead that we don't necessarily find time to introspect on what's going on deep within us. Through this exercise, we intend to gather, understand, analyze and contemplate on the personal and the professional facets of our lives. When we sit down to ponder, we might also feel that these roles act as filters that limit the expression of our true selves, emanating from the conflict between the 'being' and the 'becoming'. Once we start unraveling the freedom of truly knowing and expressing ourselves, we realize that YOU ARE JUST YOU and in the true acceptance of that lies the magic of self-discovery!

We would like to invite you into this space, requesting you to share your journey of hope, struggle, vulnerability, rawness, susceptibility, change, wisdom and inspiration. These may be small things that have mattered to you and the people around you. Your learning can be a gift to your loved ones and people around can treasure it for years to come. This is simply an endeavor to help you connect to a fun, uplifting, enriching and supportive community of people. Let us slow down, take a deep breath and just REFLECT. Want to contribute? Share your reflections with the parent partnership office via mail at: parentpartnershipoffice@sns.edu.in

~ The Parent Partnership Office

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REFLECTIONS

Pandemic and our little ones - Future of today & tomorrow

**Who is getting affected by the
pandemic the most?**

SONAM MEHTA



Let's face it, we have our family, our friends, we make few phone calls here and there and we are sorted, if we are irritated we take it out on our little ones in some way or the other, sad but it's true. So who is affected the most? It's our children! So firstly let's give them a hug whenever we can! A tight one specially in the morning and applaud them for the courage they are showing us!

Be it whatever age! Specially below 13! It's the worst for them! Their basic right of going to a park where they can play, explore, meet with friends, play in the mud and get dirty and still laugh, it all has gone for the time being. If they are angry or upset they will tell us but if we are busy we will hear them half-heartedly and respond by giving them work or some weird thing to do because we don't think it's important! It is extremely important to take care of our kids "mental health" at this stage of life! I will give you a framework that will help your child listen to you and also develop a strong character during this lock down! Before we come to the framework, I would like to say that parenting is a lifelong process so please be patient. So here are few things that I have written below:

1. Empathy

When we were kids what did we want from our parents? It was always empathy! Just

as we were when we were kids, it's how our kids are now. Let's understand that our kids would do anything or everything for attention. When they say "mumma mumma", we listen in a hurry then give them task in return where we are buying time for ourselves or do "hmmmm OK OK" and then they leave, what are we making them? We are making them frustrated. So what do we need to do? We need to pause all our work and hear them out. Just that simple act of empathy will make them seen and heard! Believe me half of your battle is won!

2. Connection

The schools got them excited in the beginning, few still are and for few now it's an overwhelming experience. Getting use to gadgets, parents at home, no play time, it's way too much! So what is important in such a crucial time? It's the connection. The connection between you and the child & for them to know it's okay to slow down. But that confidence of "it's OK" will only give them confidence to form that connection between you and them!

3. Play

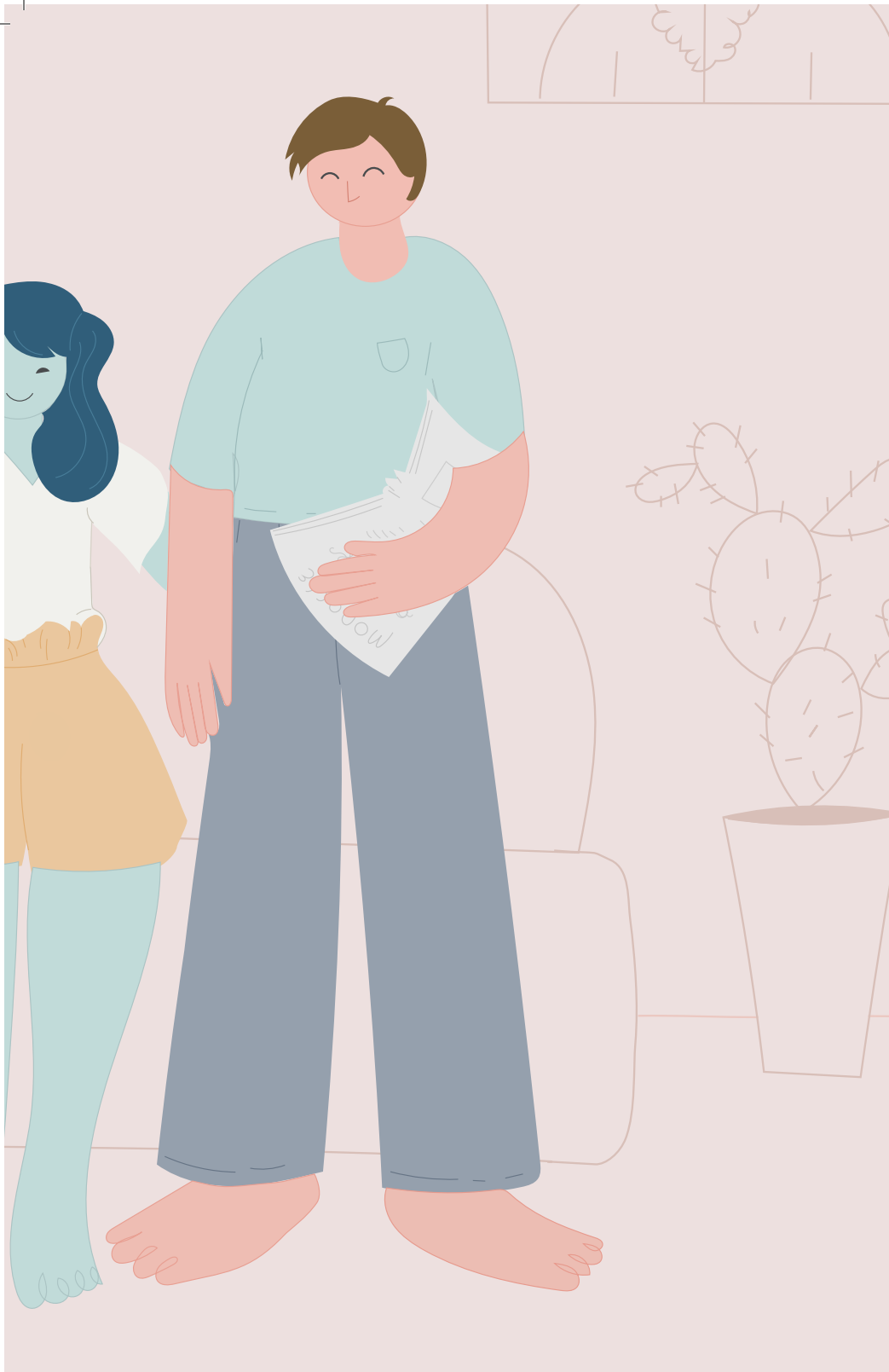
No matter what, for a child the 2nd language is "play". Watch the most difficult and powerful struggles fade away when you infuse it with fun, the scribbles, the colouring that is going off the line, the slime making, infuse them with creativity and enjoy with them! Believe me they will clean it as well, when



the previous point of “confidence” comes in them. And please lets not say I am playing with you for 10 minutes but then make sure you have to study after that. Let them enjoy that study bit, don't force it or don't do deals with them when it comes to play time, as I mentioned before a child's second language is play, let them cherish it.

4. One word please

This is very important for everyone. Whoever is staying in your house! Please give them simple directives. If you want them to keep the clothes in the washing machine, rather than repeating 5 times or lecturing them about it, e.g.: I have told you so many times



and why aren't you listening and so on etc, after you have told them once, keep it simple, just say "clothes" and repeat it if necessary!

5. Lets solve it together, we are family. It's very easy to becoming antagonistic with our kids, but remember it's a life long relationship and we are a team! On days you

can say, "it's been hectic for you today like me or us, so you chill I'll put your clothes today, also have an ice cream if you want. Please try these & see the magical growth in their life! These are 5 directives that I've given, with your positivity believe me it will help you all! Enjoy parenting, it's the most beautiful & cherished blessing of life.

No toys for a month: Kids's creativity at its best



This lock down taught us the little things that we had forgotten in our crazy busy big city lives

**BANI MAHINDROO
KUMAR**

Stuck out of our home for 6 weeks at 4 hours' notice, without any books, toys, stationary, and squirrels that had nibbled away most of our clothes, we thought we were done for! This lock down taught us the little things that we had forgotten in our crazy busy big city lives. What did I learn from my children? That you don't need to be over-scheduled and have a hundred fancy toys to be happy- Birthday mud cakes, dried leaves as bird

ests, rattles for the baby brother from fallen ambis post the storms, lady bird houses with fresh grass kept in boxes, all suddenly became their favourite toys. Double rainbows and muddy puddles added to the joy.

What did it teach me as a parent? That you don't need to overbook your child's schedule with classes and play dates. They are happy in their own company if you let them be. They are most creative when they are bored and have little to play with. And that they come up with the most creative stories when you give them the time and space to think! As for me, I started playing badminton after decades, spent 6 weeks with my dad after 20 years, saw fireflies after 20 years, and realized I am never going to beat my husband at scrabble! How I miss the small-town simple minimalist life where the smallest of pleasures give us the greatest joy!

Parenting: Daddy Style!

My parenting journey so far...

ARUNABH SINGH

Disclaimer: the ideas expressed are mine. The ideas listed have been tried by me and have worked beautifully with my daughters however may or may not work for others.

Six years ago, I joined the brigade of Fathers of Gen Alpha (the generation that succeeds Generation Z). My wife and I had been together for about a decade when we were blessed with our first daughter and in a couple of years our younger daughter arrived, completing what is commonly known as the nuclear family. We have extended our family a bit in that we live in a cohesive joint family household with a total of four kids with all the adults in the house having more or less equal responsibilities. In your brain, you can picture this house as a nursery, but it's often more like a circus or a stand-up theatre with a cacophony of kids always in the background. It's when the cacophony stops that we start worrying...

In these six years, there are certain things that I feel have helped strengthen my bond with my children and I would like to share the same with fellow fathers. My first, and perhaps most important suggestion is to read. Read to your children every day, no matter their age. It's the single most effective way of connecting with them. As you read to them, you will find them snuggling up to you and carefully listening to everything that you say. This is very effective. Nothing else gets you this close to your child for this long. Start early. One

day, your child will pick the book, hand it over and sit by you, but start before then: if they can breathe, they can listen. Keep going, too, for as long as you can. They'll love it till they're into their teens – then suddenly they won't, but that's a long, long way away. As a side benefit, they will learn many things: new words, how things happen in life. They may also be inspired by the stories you read to create their own. Suggestion two: Listen. This is harder. The

“When you take the place of the mother, momentarily or for extended periods, please don't refer to these times as “babysitting”.

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time you have spent on mother earth makes you convinced that you must share every bit of the knowledge you have gained from WhatsApp University (and anywhere else) with your child. But if you try hard enough, you will be able to contain yourself and instead create a moment when you are with your child and not speaking/telling them something. It's usually this moment that



your child starts talking, sharing last night's dream, a fantasy or even presenting convincing arguments on how Tooth Fairies are real and can come inside the home through the window at night, even when all doors are locked because they are so small. Treasure it, and create more such moments.

My third suggestion may lose me some friends, but it's important. When you take the place of a mother, momentarily or for extended periods, please don't refer to these times as "babysitting". When you are doing this with your child, it's just parenting, purely and simply.

Don't fall for the old idea that only mothers really bond with their children and that fathers are supposed to be distant, as they have better things to do. You are both parents, Parent 1 and Parent 2. Thinking about it this way will make the parenting experience much more pleasurable for both of you and also for your child.

Happy Parenting!



**True life
Is lived when
Tiny changes
Occur!**

My life had changed, taken a different turn, I have become very religious

SUNITA KHANNA

I am 66 years old, a retired DPS teacher where I worked for 36 years and suffering from rheumatoid arthritis since the last 40 years with deformities in fingers of hand and feet having moved to Gurgaon from Delhi 2 years back and now in Greater Noida. Never dreamt that the place where I was born and brought up and was staying in one of the best colonies of South Delhi would sell her property and shift to Gurgaon and then to Greater Noida, SNU Campus! But such is life and now reflecting upon my beautiful journey. Married to a Chartered Accountant, two beautiful children and three lovely grand children. My life is blissful. I thank my stars and Guruji who made me take up this decision. Though the name was Green Park but there were hardly any greenery or parks except for the Deer park. In 2016, moved to Central Park Resorts which is made in 22 acres of greens.

Its truly a paradise on earth and I emphatically tell everyone that my life span has increased by 10 years. The beauty of the society is that it has no vehicular traffic on the surface and only golf carts ply. And it's also safe for children and senior citizens. My life had changed taken a different turn, have become very religious. I attended functions during Navratra, Ganesh chaturtri, Guruji's satsangs, Sunder kand path, Sukhmani sahibs path, Amritvani and much more. In Delhi though I was busy with my school,

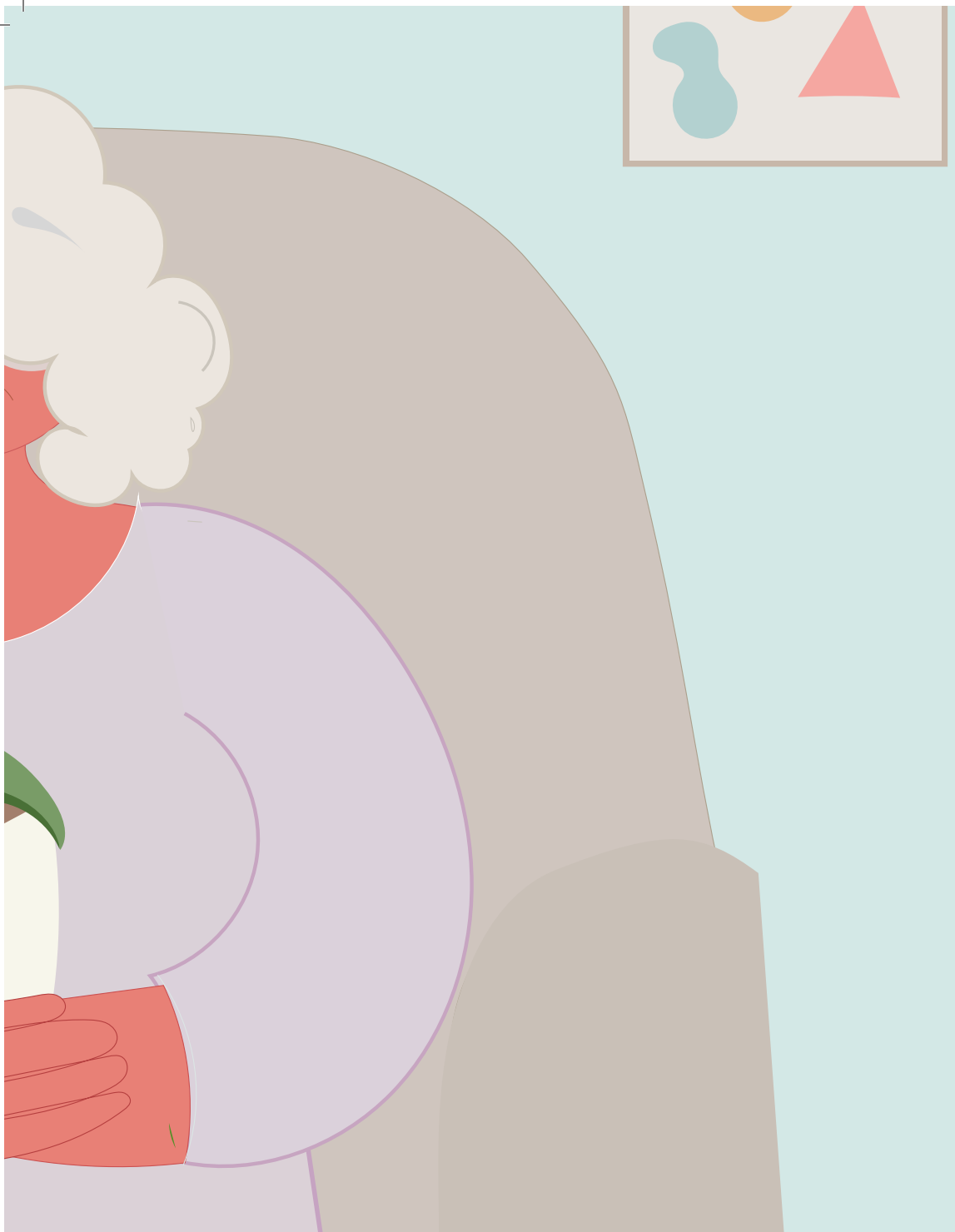
NGOs, workshops for children and young people at Habitat Centre, the new life at Gurgaon was a welcome change. Once when I was hospitalised and a wheel chair was required for me, my daughter wrote in the society's group and within minutes 3 wheel chairs were in front of the door. God bless such wonderful people. The beauty and the greenery is so well maintained, it's almost as if I was in a foreign country. They have well manicured gardens and the surroundings are very clean. I have never seen a gardener or a sweeper around? I even used to keep my bedroom window open for fresh air whereas in my previous abode, the windows and doors were always closed because of pollution and the whole day air purifier was on. Here also I used the air purifier but seldom because I have a salt lamp on 24/7 and plants in my room which purify the air, by doing this my dependency on neutralizer has reduced.

Though I lead a very busy life in Delhi with friends cousins, relations by going out for coffees, lunches, kitties and working for NGOs. Right from the days when I was teaching, going to Gymkhana club, Habitat centre of which I am a member but here there was a fixed routine for us senior citizens. About 10 to 15 ladies in the greens play tambola, read Amritvani on Tuesdays and on Thursdays, which is the gossip day, we share recipes, or hear jokes any many a time they ask me to narrate stories on moral values which I have written for children. We also celebrated birthdays together. Its a wonderful feeling. We had 3 restaurants and the food was really delicious. The recent addition to the resort is Club Capri. Its extremely beautiful, tastefully designed and well maintained. Whenever I had guests, I took them to the restaurants, no hassle of traffic or car parking.



I enjoyed my self with like minded Friends, who are also educationists. I also took up organic farming in association with the Horticulture Department of Gurgaon. I used to go with my friends together once a week and get organic vegetables. Now I would like to share that in 2019, I shifted with my daughter to Greater Noida, Shiv Nadar University campus which is 5 times the size of my resort in gurgaon. With this wonderful opportunity to stay on a green and clean campus , I feel I

am lucky to have lived in Delhi, Gurgaon and now in Greater Noida all in a span of 66 years. These days seeing the state of the pollution and the environment, I am trying to reach out to children on campus to be environment friendly and change their habits and start giving potted plants instead of bouquets. I am propagating seed pencils and pens made out of recycled paper and newspapers and no wood is used or plastic is used in making them. In schools and the SNU campus and these



are planted with names of the seeds of vegetables and fruits written at the end of them. By using these pencils we'll be saving lakhs and lakhs of trees from being cut to make pencils. Children also come closer to nature and love for their mother earth gardening also develops. Our friends and relatives marvel at the many facilities which we have on this beautiful campus- the coffee joints, tuck shops, restaurants, good medical facilities and much more. I've benefited the most by

coming here since me and my grand children are bonding well, i have revived my cooking skills and the kids have started relishing my recipes, they are eating better because of the physical activities like cycling, badminton football cricket, wave boarding etc. After doing this they come home and ask for food whereas in Delhi they were glued to X box, I pads, TV etc. I am grateful to Guruji for bringing me here, I am a much healthier person now, breathing fresh air and enjoying nature.

इंशान ही ती है

इंसान ही तो हैं
घुटने घिस कर चलना सीखे हैं
ज़िंदगी की दौड़ में आते ही
घुटनों के बल आ जाते हैं
खेलते खेलते बड़े हुए हैं
और बड़े होते ही
एक खेल बन जाते हैं
खा खा कर तंदुरुस्त हुए हैं
तंदुरुस्त होते ही
खाना भूल जाते हैं
हाथ पकड़कर आगे बढ़े हैं
आगे बढ़ते ही
हाथ छोड़ जाते हैं
ज़िंदा रहने का हर फ़न सीखे हैं
मैदान में आते ही ज़िंदा रहना भूल जाते हैं
इंसान ही तो हैं
आपाधापी में यही इक सच भूल जाते हैं

रुबिका लियाक़त

Gratitude



Gratitude is too underestimated

GAURAV S KARRIR

Gratitude is too under-estimated. Those who have been through and are still living in such difficult times will understand the magnanimity of the thought. Many people have changed their attitudes as to how they used to evaluate other peoples' contributions. For example the deliverers. We used to take them for granted with just a customary thank you earlier but they have proved to be our life lines now. Today I look into their

eyes and genuinely ask about their health and thank them with sincere gratitude. When I was ill and went through the worst possible thoughts, a doctor advised me to stay positive. Multiple follow ups later I am well and the doctor did this purely out of service. Gratitude. At home, making the efforts of the home maker is often taken for granted. Recent times have shown the amount of effort it takes to keep a household not only running but squeaky clean. Gratitude.

We are living, we are learning, reflecting, evolving every day and thereby we are also making history in our own ways. At the end of the day, what will stay with us will be those people who stayed by us, for us and made the journey along with us. Gratitude.

Every Moment of Darkness Brings with it Countless Moments of Light

COVID-19 has stirred up the value of belongingness among us.

POONAM TIBREWAL



These are truly strange and unique times. The ongoing global pandemic is not just affecting one country, one continent or one society, it is affecting the whole world equally. COVID-19 has removed barriers of 'us and them', 'here and there', and has stirred up the value of belongingness among us all. It has demonstrated that the globe is one single interdependent community. This crisis has brought the world to a halt today.

Although the health and economic impact of this pandemic will be disastrous, I feel that from an emotional angle, the pros will outweigh the cons making us a

global community with more empathy. Despite the lingering uncertainty, COVID-19 silently offers us an opportunity to reflect on our spiritual side. Taking a moment to pause helps us be a little less reactive, finding some clarity can help us be more responsible in the wake of strong emotions. For instance, in many countries we saw societies pulling themselves together with their national anthems, or just singing together out of their balconies/windows, united to face this common threat.

Yes, these are scary, difficult times, and they are likely to get worse before they get better. But as we shake our heads at the reckless behavior featured on the news, or we



throw up our hands in despair wondering how we can make a difference, we can introspect and look for ways to do something to make things a little better. I saw many such small acts of kindness around me. Whether it was my friends who cooked meals over several days to be distributed to the migrant workers, my daughters who created beautiful things out of waste and generated funds to buy food for birds and street dogs, neighbors who helped senior citizens with essentials because they couldn't step out. In

every moment of darkness, it seems, there are countless moments of light — small gestures of compassion and connection that allow people to show who they are, how they want to live, and what matters to them.

For me personally, I've found myself reconnecting with my family and friends on the other side of the world, and it eases my mind a little, knowing that we're doing similar things. We find ourselves joined together across the world, waiting for COVID-19 to



reveal our future. I've also found that this is a really good time to reflect on my routines. The constant protests about the lack of time to spend with my family or to pursue my hobbies. Now with this sudden gift of time, did I do everything that mattered to me? Or has the very definition of what matters to me changed in the face of this adversity? Being constrained for months, many of us wonder if there will ever be a real life outside our homes. Our tasks are now more about subsistence, not profit. We cook and we clean.

We ask for help as help and don't disguise it with marketing jargon like "collaboration" or "partnership". In this new normal I find myself pondering, even looking forward to an imagined future...a future full of hopes, dreams and a world which is worth saving!

This crisis has given us all a much-needed pause to reflect on the things that need to be protected and conserved. Maybe this is what will see us through over the next millennium and even after!

32 **Language Gap**



Raising a Gen-Z Kid

SHARVANI PANDIT

These days, most conversations with my kid end with a – “Mom, I am 11 years old!” And, my retort, “Exactly! You are eleven.” It is pretty evident that for her the operative word is old, and for me 11. I never thought the generation gap would be staring at me so soon. The realization that I would have to face this generation gap, as our parents have before, was a given. How could I escape it in an increasingly alien world where TikTok, Instagram, Snapchat and various gaming sites bring children closer, rather than kicking a ball across the field and chasing after it trying to strike it between impromptu goal posts; where playing tag is not about running around finding hidden holes, but being chased by something called ‘IT’ on a virtu-

al field. So, maybe the kid knows what they mean when they say-- “You don’t know what it’s like to grow up today!” followed by the customary eye roll, stomp, and if I am lucky, not walking off in a huff. Have you tried talking to your kid these days? The dentist would probably have better luck with a tooth extraction. ‘How was school?’ – (shrug) ‘What did you do?’ – Nothing. ‘Did something interesting happen?’ – Not really. (A-ha! A two-word answer! Success! But hope is soon dashed. The conversation rapidly devolves into monosyllables again.) What did you do in class? – studied; What? – Something; homework – No; Do anything special? – Nope (and very soon, the all-encompassing shrug is back.) I have come to dread the shrug now. By the time we reach the second shoulder shake, I am frustrated beyond measure and ready to pull my hair out. I now have two choices – to engage or walk away. But even those op-



tions are filled with hazards. Walk away and you are seen as callous, stay and continue to persist and you are a nag. One of my friends mentioned the other day that her kid called her 'a complaint box', and it got me thinking, what has changed in the preceding generation and ours. Would I have dared called my mother a nag or a complaint box? No way. Would I have disturbed her if she was on a phone call, or even busy doing something? Certainly not. And yet, kids today get away

with doing both with impunity. Is it because most kids grow up in unit homes with both parents trying to compensate for not being able to give them adequate attention? Or, is it because 'rents' are trying too hard to be their friends and follow new age parenting mantras? Or, better yet, is it truly because we the parents are constantly playing catch up in a world filled with alien terms like "lol", "rofl", "lmao", "yasss", "lit" and "my bad"! One day fed up of being at the receiving end of a lin-



go beyond us and being constantly told that we didn't know anything, my husband and I decided to catch up to the most frequently used millennial terms. Of course, the Gen-Z kid was with us and thought we had lost our collective minds. And, did I end up getting 'woke' about a whole new world of being on 'fleek' with your 'squad' where 'trolling' was a done thing! Stunned? Let me translate: I became aware of what's going on (that is, getting woke) and became on point and trendy

(that is, being on fleek) with the people (the slang for which is peeps) that I hang out with (also known as: squad) who could be trolling each other but it was more for fun rather than to pull someone down! 'Lit' with this knowledge, I turned to my kid and said, "Yass! I am finally awake!" "You're weird," she retorted. "My bad," I replied, tongue-in-cheek and not at all sorry. Back came the reply, "Whatever!"

We Reflect on the Past to Prepare for the Future

NISHANT CHATURVEDI



Our whole lives have changed in the past few months, and as we look ahead, we are now more empathetic towards people and more realistic towards our own ambitions and goals. It is a time to understand that one pandemic has made all of us equal, regardless of our status, position, cast, creed or religion. The nature of this pandemic is a paradox in itself. Coronavirus has benefited most from globalization and the interrelated world. At the same time it has divided countries and created a wall of masks and social distancing between people. As we reflect upon the past uncertainties,

we must also look ahead to a united fight against this pandemic. Science and technology can stitch the world together and not only find a cure for the pandemic but also heal the wounds of the global economy.

As individuals, we must take a step back and accept the new way of life which consists of masks and social distancing and acknowledge that these should neither mask our compassion nor create a distance between human values.

Let us accept that this is the biggest test of our times and remember that humanity will survive but coronavirus will not.

2020: A Year of Change

AAKRITI ANAND



Last 6 months have been a roller coaster ride for everyone out there. Our complete lifestyle changed in a blink of an eye. Something as small as a virus brought this change to our life.

I remember I was speculating about the new changes that were supposed to begin in April when my son would join Nursery, in my dream school. Everything was planned, right from what his sleeping schedule would be, my office schedule etc. I had even planned my office hours in accordance to the same. But... There came this virus and wiped away all my dreams, my speculations and my planning. Household chores now became a part and parcel of life with no outside help, office changed to work from home,

“There is nothing permanent except change”

traditional school evolved into online classes and last but not the least our social gatherings now have a different meaning altogether. All this made me wonder, what is that constant in this world, then I realised that the only thing that didn't change was our desire to live, our passion to work and our values that bind us together. In the end, this quote seems very apt “There is nothing permanent except change” - Heraclitus

Down But Not Out

SASCHA MODI



If there is one thing that some of us privileged beings have had the time for lately, it's been the "time to reflect". Why I choose to call some of us privileged is because for most it has been a time of survival - the most elementary human instinct. Most or all will agree that the last few months living in "lock down", has taught us a lot about not just ourselves but about our surroundings, relationships and life as a whole too. So, if I were asked to reflect before this, it would have been quite a different story to tell. Well, of course it has been a dreadful time, full of uncertainty, loss and utmost morbidity. With every media of

information rife with news not just of death and destruction but also incredible stories of human grit and courage. All this while, I was trying to absorb this constant assault on the morale the words of the great Master Oogway (in the movie Kung Fu Panda) kept coming back to me. As he said, "There are no accidents", so while we desperately look for the right place to put the blame, for Covid-19 pandemic's spread across the world, I do believe - there always is, has been and will be a Super Intelligence and Intent that is responsible for everything that happens.

To tell you the truth, I have never in my life heard of the term "lock down". I guess it was never needed. Even an imprisonment is



known to be “lockup” and not “down”. One can only imagine how awful this word feels then, and yet through it all life does triumph. Life is resilient and it will always spring back. My thoughts also go time and again to Charles Darwin and his “theory of evolution”. The theory of Natural selection and the ability of beings to adapt has been put to the test time and again. Only this time we get to live it. While over time we were meant to have Evolved (as per the theory), on the contrary we seem to have Devolved as beings. Now don't be alarmed and let me explain how, and you may or may not agree. By devolving I certainly do not mean to undermine the ex-

traordinary progress humankind has made in the material and physical world. I mean, somewhere along the way, we do seem to have let go of the building blocks of “human life” such as - compassion, fellow feeling, kindness, understanding, care or just some time with family and friends. We test mostly everything for financial viability before assigning time to it, or assign our time to the things that are economically viable. Covid-19 has brought us to our knees and there has been this visible urgency for us to adapt and survive to the best of our abilities. We have learnt to find comfort and joy at home with family. Our children discovered the abun-



dant treasure of experience and bountiful stories, as they bond with their grandparents. These are life experiences that will be etched in our DNA as we pass them on.

However, this isn't yet the most fascinating part of the adaptation process - that will be, to have seen our children go through this all. From my experience, they have accepted this change with little or no resistance and with the utmost grace and ease. It gives none of us any pleasure to see a child sitting in a room alone with a screen playing school, friends and games. They miss the cacophony of friends, running off to the playgrounds, get-

ting pulled up by teachers and all else. But, there has been minimal complaining.

This has been the greatest lesson and learning for all of us - children live in their present. This in fact is a great life skill - the kind that is essential for survival and one that we somehow lose as we go on in years.

“Yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery, but today is a gift, that is why we call it - the present”. - Master Oogway (Kung Fu Panda)

Let's all constantly remind ourselves to treasure the present we all have. On this positive note “carpe' diem” it is.

A Gloomy Day

It's often said 'Experience is a teacher', but for me reflecting on the experience is what matters.

We all have our ups and downs, our own stories to share but again, one who takes the learning from failure or experiences into their stride and builds upon the successes, is the one that shines and stands out.

We all have good and bad days and some gloomy days too, where there is no direction- with a feeling -this day never came. While I think there is nothing wrong for one to have a bad day but then, I make sure I reflect back on that day and find out reasons as to why did I have one such day?

Once I can pinpoint the reasons, I try to take those realizations and use it to my advantage for any upcoming similar situation. As we all read and hear there is

only one life, so one must spend it wisely and make sure each day counts!

A reflection helps me become more sorted and clear to pass through a phase like this. It's up to us, how we make the most of each day we get by leveraging on our learning from our failures and successes.

So the next time you are going through a similar day/ situation don't let it affect you, don't over think, don't over plan and just take each day of your beautiful life as it comes.

And don't forget to reflect upon both the good and the gloomy days! Be positive, be happy, be active and make it a fun day, try and be what you are not! Don't let it pass by just like a normal day.

- Parent, Shiv Nadar School, Noida

The Plague of 1897

Reminiscing

CHANDRASEKHAR TAMPI

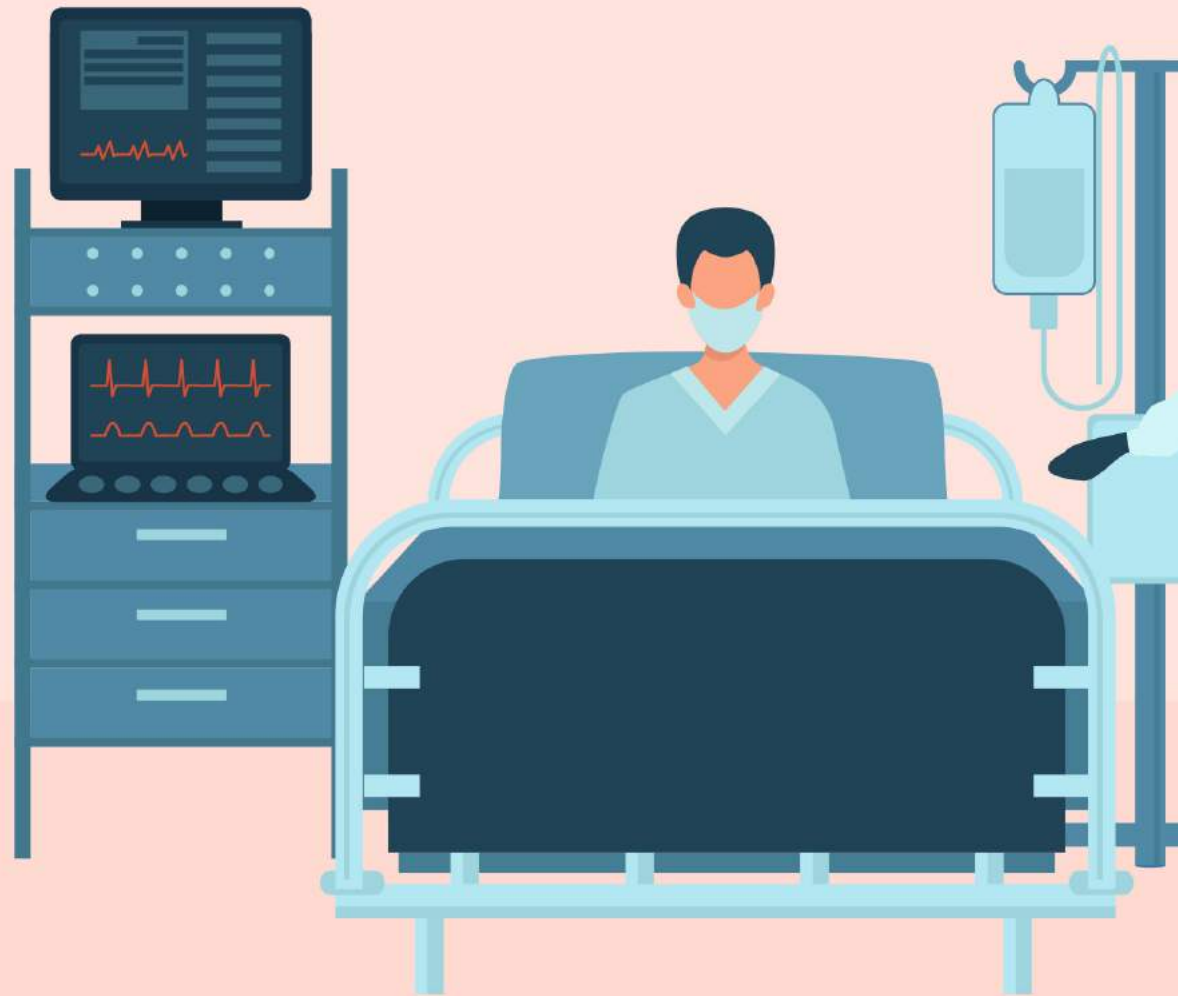
Tonight, I can write the saddest lines. The city is in the vice like grip of an epidemic. Many succumb to the illness – rich, poor, young old, Parsi, Hindus, Muslims.... The migrants that once fuelled the economy of the city have all fled to their homes in villages. A vaccine is in sight. This is Bombay, 1897 and the epidemic in the Plague. Two women whose names, we have long forgotten, are waiting for a doctor in the corridors of the Parsi Fever Hospital. The older of the two, Pirojabai Wahadia (or Wadia) is sitting on a bench, huddled, with a thick sheaf of papers in her hand. She is mildly surprised at the presence of a young Hindu lady, probably illiterate and married off as a child, in a Parsi establishment.

Manek Turkhad [later Dr. (Mrs.) Bahadurji], the young Hindu lady in question is a doctor, one of the first women medical graduates from Grant Medical College. Unbeknownst to each other, they are waiting for the same person - Dr KN Bahadurji. The story of the Plague in Bombay is also the unwritten tale of empathy, courage, indefatigable energy and resourcefulness of Indian doctors, nurses and volunteers, many of whom succumbed to the epidemic. Since the first case of plague was diagnosed in Bombay by Dr. Accacio G. Viegas solely from accounts of 17th century England, Indian doctors and volunteers had been on the frontlines of the battle against the epidemic. Some of the names that come to mind are Dr. Nussurwanji Surveyor, Dr (later Khan Bahadur) Nussurwanji Choksy,

Dr. Manek Turkhad, Bhikaji Cama (later, the revolutionary), Savitribai Phule, her son Dr. Yashwant (both of whom who succumbed to the epidemic) and our protagonist, the brilliant Dr Kaikhushroo Nussurwanji Bahadurji. A Gilchrist scholar and an MD from London in addition to his MRCS and MB degrees (the first Indian at that), Dr KN Bahadurji was appointed Additional Professor of Clinical Medicine at Grant Medical College on his return to India. He would soon quit in a huff, disgusted by the blatant racism of his less qualified colleagues of a lighter skin tone.

At the time of our story, Dr K N Bahadurji is running the Parsi Fever Back to Pirojabai and our story, in the hospital, where the two women were waiting for him. The sheaf of loose papers she is holding in her hands is a collection of recipes from all over, lovingly compiled and curated by her 28-year-old daughter Meherbai Jamshedji Nusserwanji Wadia, into a Gujarat cookbook “Vividha Vani”. It would be the first cookbook in Gujarati to be written by a woman. The young Meherbai had contracted plague and she was admitted to Dr Bahadurji’s hospital.

The doctor and his staff would have tried everything within their power to alleviate Meherbai of her pain and the suffering, before eventually losing her to plague. There are those who speculate (someone in an article in Scroll, actually) that the epidemic may have nipped in the bud, the fledgling romance between the doctor and his patient. Others say the doctor may have merely shown her care and compassion as he would towards his other patients. Whatever be the reason, the doctor’s act of kindness left a deep everlasting impression on Pirojabai, who would later write that she had expressed her desire to dedi-



cate her daughter's book to the good doctor. Meanwhile the young Dr. Manek Turkhad, was at the hospital to see the man she loved. She had earlier spoken to her father, noted social reformer and a leading medical practitioner Dr. Atmaram Pandurang Turkhadekar who was dead set against marrying a Parsi, brilliant as he may be, and forbade her to see him. She had come to see him anyway. And the doctor was ecstatic. In all, Dr Bahadurji would appear to be having a good day, given the circumstances. But like all good things, this too would not last. In the next year or so Dr Bahadurji would throw himself headlong into work - visit-

ing slums to ascertain the origin of the epidemic, tending to patients day and night and inoculating people against the plague. Weak and ill, Dr Bahadurji would eventually pass on in 1898, at the age of 38, fighting the accursed disease down to his last day.

Dr. Manek Turkhad, whose work during the epidemic would later be publicly acknowledged by Dr. Choksy in his report of the infectious diseases hospital, lost the man she loved to the disease they both helped fight. A few years after Dr Bahadur Ji's demise, Pirojabai would go on to publish the second edition of her daughter's *Vividha Vani* and



in which she would pen a moving heartfelt dedication to the doctor who meant so much to her and her daughter. The later editions of *Vividha Vani* also carry the dedication. And *Vividha Vani*? Well it was a pioneering effort of sorts. It would have a decent print run well into the 1920s. Cookbooks featuring regional cuisine and written by Indian women would follow in time – Pragyasudari Devi's *Amish-o-Niramish Ahar*, Lakshmibai Dhurandhar's *Gruhni Mitra*, Time & Talents Club's *Time & Talents Cookbook*, Ambabai Sam-si's *Rasachandrika*, S. Meenakshi Am-mal's *Samaithu Paar* and many more.

Before I finish, there has recently been an interest in the life of someone from the highly accomplished Turkhad brood. It was Dr. Manek Turkhad's sister Annapurna or Anna Turkhad who was tasked with tutoring a shy, handsome Bengali boy (an emerging poet) in English and western etiquette and whose earliest poem involved aam papad dunked in milk, bananas, sandesh and bawling ants. Anna's advice to the poet would be to not grow a beard that would obscure his face. his visage. Rabindranath Tagore would not heed the advice but would never forget Anna, who would appear in his poems as Nalini.

EKA

“We are amazed at how the school is trying to connect with us and take feedback. Usually big institutions try to shun off parents because they are big. But with SNS we feel that the management is so grounded, and always ready to listen to us. I am connected with teachers, staff on WhatsApp and immediately get a response to my queries. The PRG meetings are wonderful wherein every parents concern is heard and action is taken wherever possible. - The teachers are great and the curriculum is nicely chosen to help connect with children. I can trust the school to take best care of my child when school begins. Overall we feel extremely proud to be part of the Shiv Nadar fraternity! And Ma’am Shashi we are so impressed with you!!!”

Rishi Raj Singh

“Very patient, loving and understanding teachers, Applaudable effort of entire Shiv Nadar team”
-Anishk Jain

Dear Ma’am,
Greetings for the day!

We regularly spend our time with Shivam carrying out the activities in the Home Environment links on the Rhythm of the Day. The planning and effort that you and your team puts in these links are truly commendable. It also gives us a productive and equally enjoyable time with Shivam each day which is gratifying. Whether they are the word envelopes, word books, board games, peg the words activities or unscramble words and story links, the process of learning is joyful. Thank you for making a working mother spend time with her little one fruitfully! No words can possibly express my gratitude. Looking forward for more joyful learning sessions,

Warm regards,
Neema

Dear Teacher, we were well aware of the effort you put into each child in your homeroom but amazed to see you achieve the same virtually as well. You are definitely a magician who can do wonders in any given situation. Hats off to you for the kind of determination, affection, patience and hard work you dedicate for our child and treat them as your own. Funkaar was a treat to watch with my family. Thank you for making it happen. We were overwhelmed and our kids were excited too. You made our day. Gratitude and God bless you.

Regards
Ms. Kidwai

Dear teachers,

As a completely new entrant to the Shiv Nadar School, and especially during this unprecedented times- we were a bit anxious on how things will pan out for Mira. (Grade 1 Sariska). But to our delight; I must admit that it’s been quite smooth till now. I wanted to point out one particular norm that I appreciate deeply; as a parent it is extremely reassuring that detailed replies are sent by homeroom teachers to all the worksheet mails that we are supposed to send. Every detail mail is heartening & duly appreciated.

Mira is an outgoing child but as she hasn’t met her class and her teachers physically; I guess it’ll take her some time to be totally herself on virtual classes. As a mother I’m trying not to push her too much or get impatient. I just wanted to drop in this mail to thank you Nidhi and Richa ma’am for all your mails. The system is new to us; so please do tell us if there’s anything that we aren’t following. (In terms of mailing or assignments). Thank you.

Regards,
Tavleen Singh

During this difficult and uncertain times I feel it is even more important to provide feedback and acknowledge what is good in our lives. And Shiv Nadar School with its teachers is definitely something very good in all our lives. It is absolutely amazing how the school and the teachers have been able to implement this new way of teaching so successfully. This is only possible because of the exceptional leadership team and the hard work, commitment and absolute dedication of the teachers.

I really hope that Sukhmani ma'am, Chetna ma'am and Swati ma'am are already well aware of how deeply grateful I am to them but I also felt it very important that the management and superiors should get the feedback on the truly wonderful work these teachers are doing. They are wonderful role models to the children and their care and commitment goes well beyond what would be expected of a teacher.

I just wanted to convey my sincere and heartfelt gratitude for their hard work, commitment and dedication.. But even more importantly for their love and care for the children.

Thank you so much.
Warm regards, Heidi Baburam

"Her interest towards many Activities continue even after the class, be it stories, Tobu, Art and Craft ideas like making Anthill or a crab or singing some rhymes etc. The way she explains what she learnt in the class gives us satisfaction at many levels that she is enjoying while learning. During the ongoing pandemic it is giving us lot of satisfaction and sense of security that our child is not missing on a systematic routine of learning along with fun and interaction with children of her age and teachers. We are all adapting to the new "normal" in the best way possible."

Eva Singh

"Personalized dedication of the teachers to every student, trying to form a bond with the child without having met the children even once is commendable. Both my daughters love to interact with their teachers and have started sharing their anecdotes of their days as well. In this virtual world of education, teachers are working seamlessly with the children."

Reet Sood, Rida Sood

Dear Anuradha Mam,

We lost Mriya's great-grandmother (my husband's Dadi) to Covid day before yesterday. While yesterday was full of the heartbreak of losing a loved one, it was also full of the fear and stress that Covid has brought into our lives with my husband dealing with the hospital paper work and performing the last rites clad in a PPE kit. When you called last night, we were all sitting in a daze, unable to quite process anything, and trying to plan the immersion of the ashes which is to be done today.

In the midst of all of this, your call was a reminder of all that's good and beautiful in humankind - your care for Mriya, your concern that she not miss out on an opportunity, really touched us. Unfortunately, the google form with the preliminary quiz for the Calligram event was closed by the time she received the email with the link to the form, so she was unable to take the quiz. While we regret the lost opportunity, we are so grateful to you for having tried to keep it open for her. We see the teachers around us and we can only imagine what you are having to deal with in terms of the interminably extended hours and the time away from your own families to care for our children. We just want to let you know that we see, and are so grateful, for all that you are doing. Thank you for being so concerned, caring and involved.

Warm Regards,
Upasana

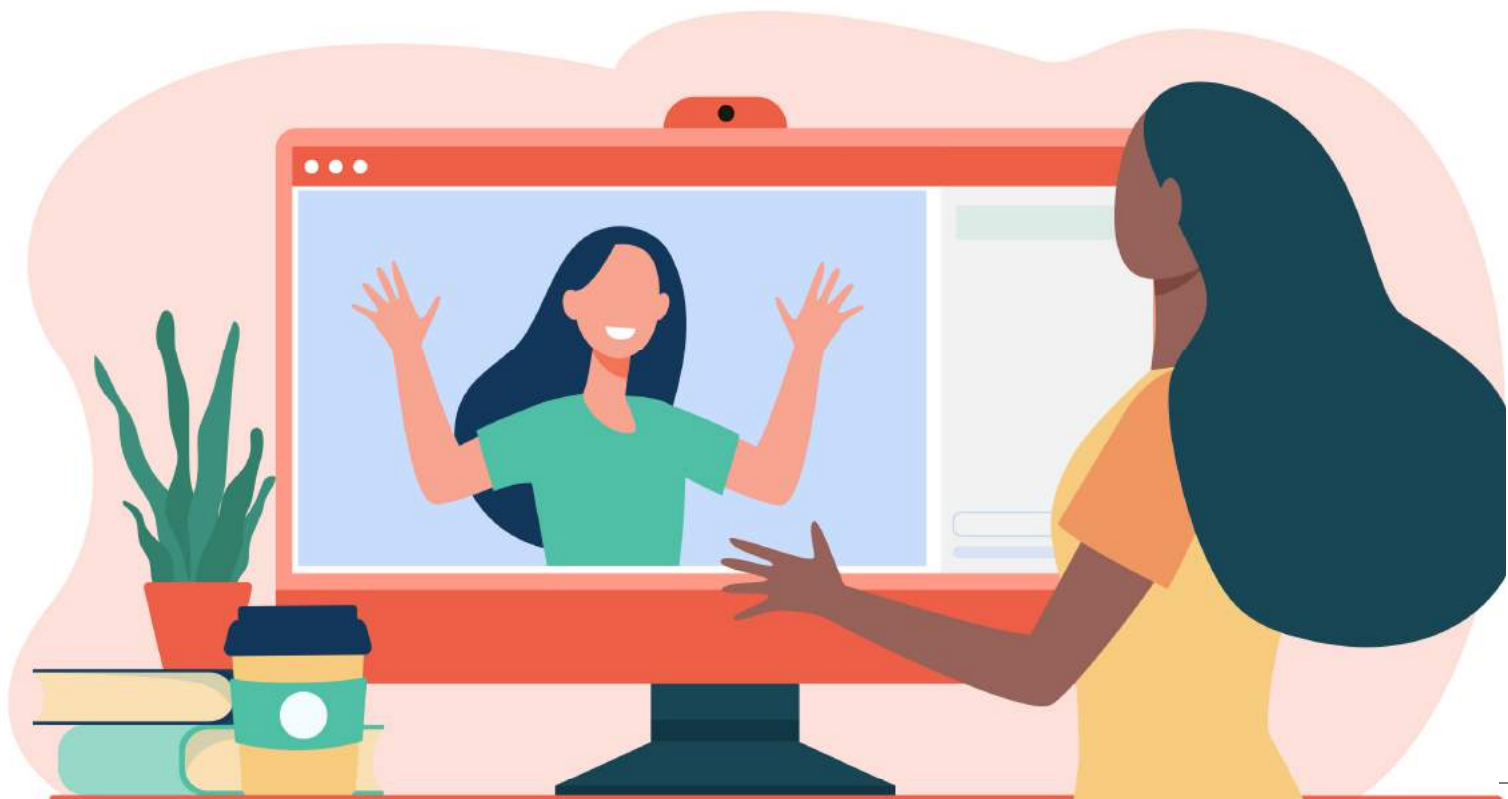
Hope

PRATIBHA KHAN

The day comes with hope, then gives rise to doubts and we start to feel vulnerable. Hope is also loose ended. At that juncture, what you need is a thought, a voice, a hand to hold you and tell you that the loose end is temporary. I feel lucky to have always been able to hear that thought and luckier to have people around me to fill my head and heart with that voice. It may not be the case with a lot of people! As a family we talk a lot about looking at the positive side of the story. It is more like a routine so when a friend of my husband was talking to him about his problems, he gave him the same advice. He was having trouble with his work and hope had completely left him. The walls around him were closing. His wife and kids also were trying their best to keep him tuned in to life.

Whenever he called, my husband and I both talked to him! It is when we realised that he needs more! Financially, also we offered to support him which he vehemently denied. We decided to spend some time

with him, took the family out and talked out on various subjects. He knew about our struggles and how we thrived in the face of them. Sometime passed and life came back to normal for all of us. A couple of months later, we spoke again. This is when our heart felt very heavy, when he said that had it not been for the positivity that he got from us, he was on the verge of taking the wrong route. The burden of that sentence was very heavy back then. Moments later, it was again an exuberant time for me. I felt happy knowing that one phone call, one word of encouragement or that one hour of quality time spent together had helped a lost friend find hope. It is often we take friendship and the support that it provides for granted. We fail to see its importance until that very friendship saves a soul. I find this power of being a friend, a person to confide in and talk to, one of my greatest powers as a human. Vulnerabilities will always arise but it's the hope we find in that moment that keeps us afloat. The day comes with hope and ends with it too.



The Piece- Finder

SHALINI AHUJA



My boy loves to play with Lego. He has a few thousand Lego pieces which he keeps in a basket very carefully. At times, he seeks my help to find pieces from the pile, for this, he calls me his 'piece-finder'. And I see him as my 'peace-finder'. For, whenever the models that he builds, break, I try and explain to him that sometimes things fall

apart and that it's up to us to decide to put them together and better. Explaining him in turn makes me reflect and practice the same.

The time that I spend with my kids feel more like time spent on self-reflection than the time spent in solitude because I feel they hold the mirror for me.

Privilege

A Means or An End?

ABHINAV ASHWIN



People, while enjoying the revelries of the New Years' Eve on December 31, 2019, in their wildest imaginations, couldn't have foretold what the year 2020 would bring. It was to be a year full of hope, dreams and aspirations, just like any other year but that was not to be. This year made us witness things and face realities, which most of us weren't ready for. The Covid-19 pandemic compelled us to face our fears, recognize the frailty of human existence and reinforce our belief in the institution of community and family.

While the pandemic touched almost all our lives in varying measure, for few of us it was a break from the usual hustle bustle of our daily lives, driven by technology, consumption and, dare I say, impatience and intolerance. As I, and few similarly situated friends, spent hours looking for baking supplies to make the most of our times, the other side of the road was buzzing with migrant laborers clutching their meager belongings, their eyes singing a silent tale of desperation, hope and survival. Our quest for sourcing iPads and printer ink, mascarpone cheese and cake tins seemed shallow when confronted with this saga of human survival. Nothing screamed 'privilege' louder, even from the perspective

of a middle-class family like hours. The issue is not that we ought to feel guilty of our 'privilege' but how we celebrate our 'privilege'. As children celebrate 'Joy of Sharing' week in School, we as parents and as part of a larger ecosystem, need to do our bit. This year makes us realise that every moment of our lives should spell 'joy' and 'sharing' in its broadest term. Whether it is about giving water to the birds, taking care of our helpers or helping another fellow human being cope with these difficult times. Our lives, and the privilege we have been bestowed with, should serve as a means of spreading joy. As parents, we have a special responsibility that is not limited to being good humans but also as influencers of a potential generation of good human beings.

To sum up, as Noam Chomsky says, "Responsibility I believe accrues through privilege. People like you and me have an unbelievable amount of privilege and therefore we have a huge amount of responsibility." As learners and parents of learners, let resolve to make our 'privilege' a vehicle of positive change and not as a reminder of lost opportunities.

Reflections of a Mother in Lock down

PREETI AGARWAL



I am a mother to a 12 year old and an 8 year old. Both boys: both boisterous and in need of attention. They have been taking online classes, I have been conducting online classes for my clients and my husband has been conducting online meetings. Our day begins with us getting ready at 9.30 am, pushing to 4 corners of the house, getting back together for lunch, then pushing to different corners again for work and then meeting in the evening – together for a couple of hours: real time as a family.

And this is when conversations begin! All kinds of conversations – sometimes about the mundane – food, cleaning, hair styles and stuff; sometimes about the ‘here and now’ things –how many more days of the lock down, how online classes are shaping up etc; and a lot of times about things that truly matter: life choices, roles of men and women, stereotypes, growing up without social interactions, the world order and how things would look in a year, how world economies

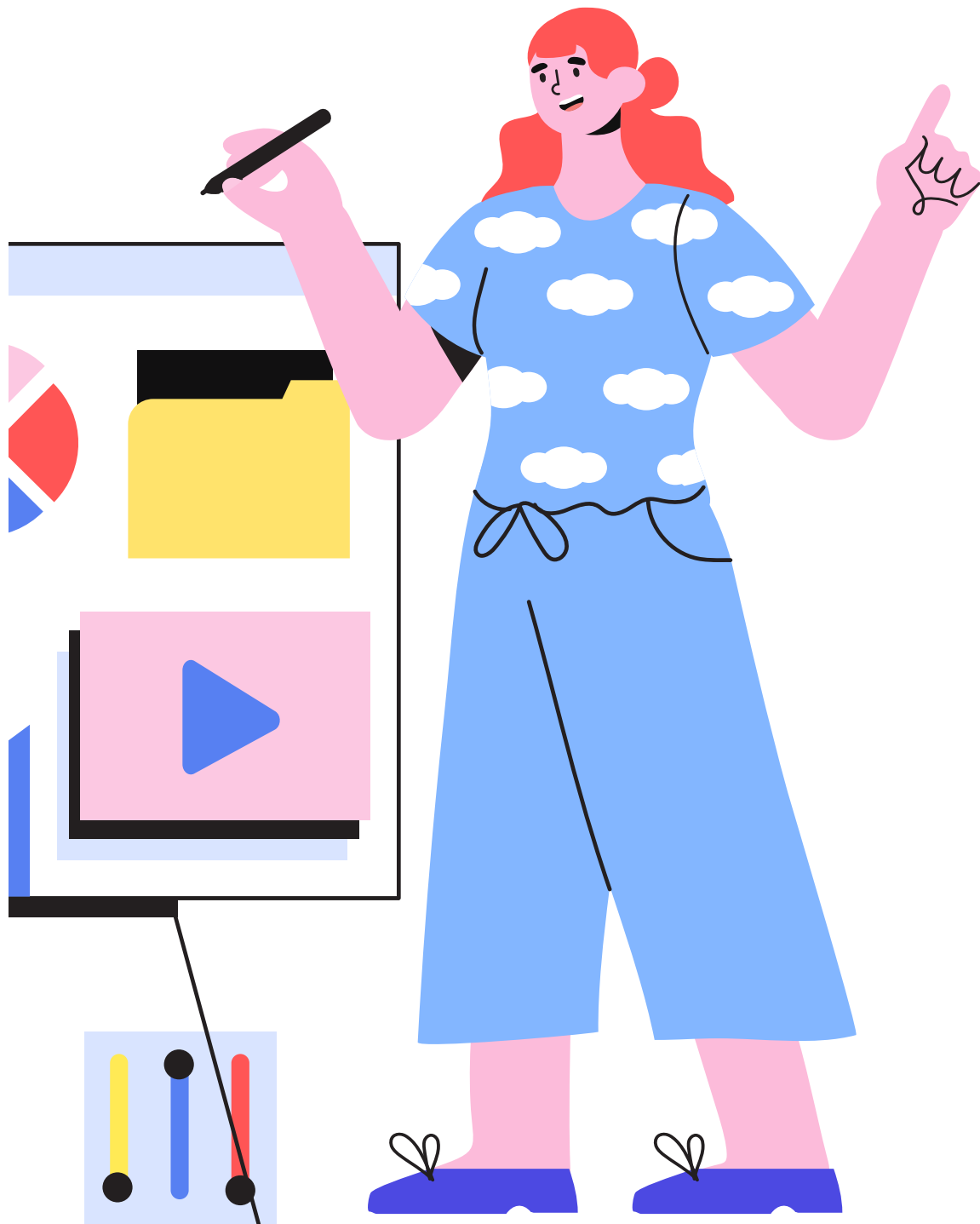
will withstand this, how humanity stands resilient. And every night I realise, that to my young child and my soon-to-be-teenager, I am no more just a parent, but also a friend, a guide and an educator. They are missing their school gossip with friends, their educational chats with teachers, their senseless banter with neighbors – and in some ways, I am filling in all those roles. Suddenly, there has been a role expansion and I wonder if I am ready for it. And guess what, it’s going to stay this way for a long, long time.

And my kids are in such formative years in their lives, I know my interactions will leave a deep impact on them and thus, my role becomes crucial, very crucial. So, the last few days, I started digging deep to understand what it is that I must do as a parent and as an educator (I define the myriad roles that I play beyond a traditional parenting role as one of an educator – the meaning is not to be taken literally though!). I did the first thing that most of us do when we need to dig deep about something – I googled. And most results I got were just too prescriptive



and preachy. Everything was amiss. I tried reading parenting journals and books and found them to be a little shocking. I cannot put my kids into a 2 by 2 matrix, neither can I flex parenting style with careful analysis and mapping – it's unnatural and insensitive! I struggled for a few days, caught up in this whirlwind of analysis paralysis, till I gave

up. And that's when it emerged – beautiful and serene – profoundly simple like great things always are. I was always a parent and an educator – I just have found time to be more reflective about it, more mindful about it. There has been no role expansion, it's a role awareness. And now that there is an awareness, there is a struggle in me



to assess myself and to grow as a parent. And a struggle for growth always creates a series of expectations. And expectations really are the beginning of a vicious cycle called 'the unhappiness trap'. And thus, this really is the time to first accept myself as the parent that I am, and just be who I am with my kids. Because just being who I am

with all my imperfections allows them to be who they are too – authentic, unsure and insecure. But at the same time, confident, aware and happy. So our conversations now have more passion and less precision, more laughter and less prescription, more fear and less grit – and it feels bloody good!

Our Changing World

SIMAR SURI PALL



There are decades in which nothing happens and then weeks in which decades seem to pass. This is a good time to pause, reflect and introspect. We see our world changing as we experience this Pandemic. So, why should our opinions, thoughts, attitudes and inherent biases remain constant? It may be a good time to 'spring clean' our approach to life in this period. Sometimes our judgment gets the better of us. We perceive everyone and everything through the lens of our prejudices and experiences.

Perhaps we need to acknowledge the flaw in this approach and understand that everyone approaches incidents in their lives based upon their own experiences and circumstances. Being judgmental and comparing your productivity or world view against another's is futile for you know nothing of their journey and what they are going through- it is best to adopt an empathetic approach and understand that the other person's experiences may differ

from yours and it is unfair to judge their actions. This reminds me of a story I was told when I was just a little girl. It is a story about Narada. Narada was the king of all sages or rishis- Rishiraj. He was gifted with the boon of knowledge, past, present and future. He spent his days in the devotion and Bhakti of Lord Vishnu in Swarga Loka. He thought of himself as Vishnu's prime bhakt. One day, Narada muni asked Lord Vishnu, " My Lord, who is your most devoted disciple?"- it was no secret of course that he expected some praise for constantly reciting Narayan Narayan. Much to his consternation, Lord Vishnu looked down from his celestial abode and pointed to a farmer and said, "For that you must come down to Earth with me." So Narada and Lord Vishnu assumed the form of two ascetic's and appeared at the farmer's doorstep- they asked for food and shelter . He welcomed them in and offered them the best portions from his meager meal. His family ate gruel and the farmer went hungry, yet he slept happily knowing



he had welcomed guests and gave them the best he could while remembering the name of Narayan while he went about his day. The next day Narada went with him to the field and before he began to plough the field he prayed to Lord Vishnu and then went about his duty as a householder and farmer. Narada was utterly confused and offended. He asked his Lord for reasons as to why the farmer's devotion was more sincere than his devotion since he compared the amount of time the two of them spent in reciting the name of Lord Vishnu. While the Farmer ostensibly took the Lord's name only 4-5 times, Narada spent hours reciting hymns and songs in honour of his Lord. To explain his point - Lord Vishnu smiled and gave Narada a pot of oil filled to the brim and told him to walk the periphery of the Earth, Heavens and Hell without dropping a single drop of oil. It took

Narada a while to do this, when he returned he was triumphant as he thought he'd win the accolade of the most devoted disciple for having followed his Guru's instruction. Instead Lord Vishnu asked him- ' How many times did you remember your Lord ?' Narada stood still, shell shocked, he had not uttered Narayan's name even once! He told him, "My Lord- I was busy trying to ensure I don't drop the oil, how could I possibly be expected to remember my prayers"? To this Narayan said, "Think before you judge other people then Narada. You know nothing of their journey. The farmer remembers his dharma while performing his karma. He ploughs the field, feeds his family, grazes his cows and yet, he remembers his faith and what he holds sacred. His devotion to his family, work and faith is unparalleled and is certainly not subject to judgment from anyone. Your

devotion is certainly true but comparing it to another's is unfair." Narada understood his folly and stepped back content that his Lord had taught him yet another valuable lesson. We need to imbibe this lesson in our everyday lives and stop judging when we do not know another person's reasons for choosing their path. Let's apply this to the limited context of parents working in physical offices/ flexible options to work remotely. I hope working from home for all this time will lead people to realise that when working parents choose flexible options - it comes at a price, it's not an 'easy choice', they don't get to turn their laptops off after 7:00 pm and fire them up only when they get to their office desks. Nobody has it easy whether they are single, married, engaged, in complicated relationships - but a little empathy goes a long way in understanding the people you interact with. Parents are responsible for shaping the next generation - and they cannot do it in absentia if they want to do a good job of it.

Everything is a choice- if they choose to come home to pick up their kids from school in the afternoon, it means they work after their child sleeps cutting into their 'me- time' / 'couple time' / 'sleep time'. If they choose to attend their child's annual day and come late to office, they make up for it by working all night on client reports. And working in an office is by no means a holiday or 'me - time' for parents. They're forever consumed with the guilt of being separated from their child for too long. Even while working from home, parents don't have the luxury of setting up an isolated 'work corner'- children are confused because they can see their parents physically but they have to understand that mummy/papa are unavailable for almost the whole day and cannot play. They don't get to watch Netflix as often as they'd like. When this is

over and you're back in office full time - if a parent passes on drinks after work/ dinner with colleagues/ chooses to leave early and tells you they will email you later, or if a father tells you his child needs them to read stories as a part of her bedtime routine- keep your unkind comments to yourself. The same thing applies to those who care for the elderly or have other pressing reasons for which they cannot be physically present at work for a certain number of hours. They do not give up working - it's just that their time shifts, so to measure their productivity by looking at the number of hours they are physically in office is a pointless exercise. Narada had all the time to recite the Lord's name because he had no responsibilities in Swarga Loka. He did not have a family to feed or money to make to sustain his Grihastha. The minute he was given a task - he focused so much on it that he forgot to balance the other aspects of his life including remembering his Lord. Chances are you are unaware of their 'double shift'. When you do not have multiple responsibilities, it is possible to structure your day as per your convenience; but when you have small kids, ailing parents, health issues of your own - agile working hours are a blessing to help you manage your time and relationships. The last couple of months have shaken the world out of its reverie. The complacency with which we took everyday things like going to the park for a stroll, or the mall for shopping abruptly came to a halt. Suddenly we were fearful of what life holds but reluctantly we learnt to adapt to the 'new normal'. Masks, sanitisers, gloves have become necessary evils. While the adults are struggling with working from home, working for home and office, much of their previously held judgments are being altered or shattered. One might hope we have entered this 'new world' with a heightened sense of empathy for our friends, colleagues and families.

Komal Gandhar

CHANDRASEKHAR TAMPI

A few days ago a friend posted online about the paradoxical case of a singer/performer who would become nervous in public and I was immediately reminded of an anecdote that my wife shared with me when we last visited Mumbai. Not many would have heard of Anjani Malpekar, for she embraced obscurity long before she passed on. Fewer still would have heard her. But most of us, I am sure, would have seen her and therein lies what she considered her curse. Known for her rare beauty, Anjanibai was Raja Ravi Varma's muse and "Mohini on a swing", "Lady Playing Swarbat " and ironically, "Heartbroken" all feature Anjanibai. Born in a kalawant family in Goa (now known as Gomantak Maratha Samaj it was a community akin to devadasis and attached to temples such as Mangueshi and Shanta Durga. It has given us performers like the Mangeshkar sisters and Kishori Amonkar), she was one of the first women singers (if not the first) to make a mark for herself in the urban public sphere and in that sense laid the ground for women performers to follow. This is significant, as women performers would gradually move out of temples, feudal music rooms and kothas to perform before larger public audiences. But it had its own drawbacks.

Anjanibai debuted in her late teens in the 1890s and almost immediately became a sensation because of her mellifluous voice and her style of gayaki. In a mercantile city like Bombay, where concert audiences were exclusively male, Anjanibai found influential rasikas and an equal if not larger number of men who coveted her for her beauty. She was constantly harassed at her concerts and the male gaze followed her wherever she

"I am sure, would have seen her and therein lies what she considered her curse. Known for her rare beauty, Anjanibai was Raja Ravi Varma's muse".

went. She would become visibly disturbed in public and in five years of her first performance, she would mysteriously lose her voice. She would resume her career only to be cut short by the death of her guru, Ustad Nazir Khan, one of the founders of the short lived Bhendi Bazaar gharana to which Anjanibai belonged. At the age of forty, she walked off the public stage, never to return.

Tragedy followed with the death of her husband/benefactor and Anjanibai once again turned to music, this time as a teacher carrying forth the tradition of the Bhendi Bazaar gharana. Her shishyas included Kumar Gandharva and Kishori Amonkar, the latter's meend owing in no small measure to her guru. One of the rare recordings of Anjanibai can be found on YouTube where she can be heard singing the thumri "ras ke bhare tore..." And instructing her young disciple, who the world would eventually know as Begum Akhtar. The anecdote I was reminded of was that of Bade Ghulam Ali Khan Saheb and Amir Khan Saheb sitting at the feet of a thumri singer, listening to her in rapt attention. The nugget may well be apocryphal, the kind that a guru shared with her shishya in a rare moment of tenderness before the baynth came crashing down mid-murki. But one would like to think that the only time the two reigning giants of Hindustani music ever came together was at the feet of Vidushi Anjanibai Malpekar.

When Life Throws the Virus at You, Wash it Away

DR. CHARU KALRA



Nothing lasts forever, a phrase though heard many a times before, made sense only during this dreadful pandemic. Before the “corona” stuck us all I was a full time working pediatrician , a happy mom and decent house manager. With the advent of Corona most of us had to decide on leaving the work partially or full time to take care of the family and the household, I chose the former whole heartedly. I struggled between household chores, daughter’s online classes, online consultations and an hour of clinic. To make things worse my husband was posted for covid ICU duties in hospital so he was isolated for a month. I started doubting my individuality

and caliber until, a 7 year old patient of mine who is an autism fighter while on an online consultation told me “ma’am my favorite song is when the going gets tough, the tough gets going”. The enthusiasm in his voice made me realize that covid or no covid only our willpower paves the way to our progress. Since then, other than fulfilling my family responsibilities and my motherly duties I work with a corporate hospital during afternoons, run my clinic during evenings and write professional pediatrics blog for various parenting websites till wee hours. So whether it’s a virus as frightful as corona or self distrust the treatment is to wash it away!

Empowering Students for Life Beyond School





Reasons why students are opting for cross-domain or stream subjects in Class 11 and 12

NITINA DUA

We live in a competitive world, and this is especially true when one enters the workforce. Work culture has undergone a tremendous change in the past few years and it is imperative that students have an edge when they step out into the world after their studies. In the foreseeable future, we can assume that the ability to unlearn, learn and relearn will be characterized by the complex interplay between humans, machines and the environment. The knowledge of only pure science, commerce or humanities will not suffice. One will need to understand the psychology, sociology and the history behind the 'why' and the 'how' of everything. The shift has begun and one aspect of this is

clearly visible when students choose their subjects in grade 11. However, there are a few points that students and parents need to keep in mind before making those choices:

Frame of Reference

The pace of technological advancement and economic development has accelerated considerably, resulting in several changes and the consequences of these changes have started manifesting in society and impacting everyone. With the world becoming increasingly fluid and interdependent. It is important for students to understand the importance of and the subtle differences between the skills of knowledge, comprehension, application, analysis, synthesis, and evaluation. This understanding is critical to both students and educators. Without having a thorough knowledge of each of these and the interrelation between the fields of study and their approaches, learning will have no real value.

Looking Ahead



Research says that millennials will make multiple shifts in their careers. Each career change will need a new skill and the ability to multitask. The choice to make that career shift and then to have that skill to embrace that change will only be smooth if one has an understanding of cross-domain stream perspectives. The 21st-century skills of critical thinking, collaboration, creativity, and communication are integral to multidisciplinary subject choices. For instance, for an architect, it is of utmost importance to keep the psychological needs of a client in mind while designing a space.

Developing Practical Skills

A multi-disciplinary mind works through the 'solution focused' approach, which begins

with a question that stimulates studies to look for answers. Hence, training through multi-disciplinary focused solutions helps students find multiple solutions to problems. Students are keen to choose subjects across streams to keep their curiosity alive and see how they could transform their learning into action.

Education for Life

When students step into high school and choose their subjects for grade 11 and 12, they also think about what they want to do after school. Exploring the unknown, preparing for professional examinations, internship experiences, voluntary work and meeting people from diverse careers/professions influence their thinking and help them to reflect upon the choice of



subjects and the dream job that they are aiming for. We send students out into a VUCA – volatile, uncertain, complex and ambiguous- world and it is important that we train them to be adaptable life-long learners.

Finding your Flow

Flow means engaging your whole self in an area of passion, defining a goal that you are compelled to reach, and having a purpose, passion, and pursuit to follow. Stimulating young minds with all these ingredients and then letting them dive deeper will help them navigate their own paths. This requires a backward integration and helps the student understand the need of studying subjects, which will help them gain knowledge, have practical skills and also develop the right

attitude for their future path. This has to be realized and reinforced through the teaching and learning process. The future will see the birth of new professions. As educators, we constantly strive to teach our students to be prepared for the ‘real world’. With the complexities of the world, let us help them to discover their passions through a series of engagements, both scholastic and co-scholastic. It has to be a journey from the known to the unknown and that can only be possible through self-discovery and conversations about the way forward. Be the guiding light!

Disclaimer: The views expressed in the article above are solely the author’s.

A Man's Journey from the Cradle to the Grave

GOPAL KRISHNA



A man's journey from the cradle to the grave is full of stories, memories and learning. Mine to date is no different. Since as far as I could remember some of the experiences during the period between my class 12th and doing graduate work in America were so instrumental in shaping my thinking, approach to and philosophy of life, I thought I should share some of those stories and their impact on me.

I was born and brought up in a then small sleepy town called Hathras in district Aligarh, UP. My father grew up in abject poverty in a village near Raya. On his own will and volition, he would attend school and would be asked to help his mother with menial tasks such as cutting grass out of school. Although not the eldest among his seven siblings, he would be the first in the family to take up a job. Then insist upon and ensure that the rest of the siblings went to college. Ever a quick learner and perhaps the most hard-working man I have known in my life

yet, after joining the Border Roads Organization, he saw a dream for his only son – be a civil servant. For someone who always prioritized other's needs and worked hard to please them, perhaps getting addressed as the father of a civil servant was a way for him to get some respect and admiration in return.

But I was born with my own destiny. I was a very sensitive, shy and idealistic child who abhorred politics, dishonesty and hypocrisy. Someone who would listen to cricket commentary on a winter night hiding a transistor under his quilt and vividly imagining how the ball was bowled by Andy Roberts and played by Gavaskar; and then would try and emulate that shot on the playground the next day. Someone who would listen to the commentary of Wing Commander Rakesh Sharma going up in space as the first Indian astronaut and dream of becoming an astronaut himself.



Big dreams for someone who was studying in a Hindi medium UP government school with no access or knowledge of what it takes to be a scientist, let alone an astronaut! Someone who would be obsessed with flying kites, and when not given money to buy them, would sit on the rooftop looking up in the sky waiting for one to get cut and somehow fall on his terrace.

One day, sometime during my 12th grade, I saw an ad for IIT-JEE on my High School notice board. Since I had no clue about IITs, I asked around. My father, who would visit us

only once or twice a year whenever he could get leaves sanctioned from his duties at the border, was satisfied even if I were to join an ITI polytechnic. He and I used to exchange long letters regularly. My mother was willing to support any decision I took. IIT-JEE followed CBSE/NCERT syllabus whereas I was in the UP Board. The gap was too much to cover for me without any outside help. So, I decided to give a test for Agrawal Classes, the premier IIT coaching at that time; they accepted me in their correspondence course. In no time I was following a routine of 4



am-10 pm. On my request, without fail, my mom would wake me up at 4 am whether it was freezing outside or raining, electricity or no electricity – the latter was usually the case. Since I was whole of 14.5 years old when I finished my 12th, and no one had ever gone to an IIT from Hathras before, I would continuously be teased as ‘CV Raman’ among peers - a physicist who received Nobel Prize for his “Raman effect”- to have the audacity even to dream. Soon, the IIT-JEE test date arrived. The nearest test centre was in Aligarh, 32 km and an hour on

UP roadways bus ride away: a new city and unknown location for me. I couldn’t sleep well the night before the test. Woke up at 5 am and left home 4 hours before the scheduled time to reach just in the nick of time. Results came. The postman brought a thick envelope. To everyone’s utter surprise, I had qualified. I was going to attend an IIT! It reminded me of the day when my class 8th UP Board exam result was declared. Yes, we were the guinea pigs and had boards for even class 8th. The board result was published in a newspaper. Mom requested someone



to find the newspaper and check the result. The person came back after a couple of hours and matter-of-factly said that my roll number was not on the list, meaning that I had failed the board exam. I couldn't believe it. I cajoled him to take me along to re-check. Of course, my roll number was there; just that it was listed under 1st class while he only bothered to check the list for those who passed with 2nd or 3rd class. Four years later, on the occasion of convocation from

IIT, it was again time for my parents, classmates, professors and many others to get surprised when I was bestowed with the most coveted honour - the best student award. A new dream of going to America for higher studies had long made a home in my mind. During my summer break when I would visit home, I'll read biographies of the authors of IEEE papers published in many IEEE journals I had subscribed to using the meager scholarship money I received. I would

listen to the Voice of America radio. Once made the customary trek to Hailey Road, the mecca of the door to America – USIEF. A 6 hours long journey from Hathras that meant leaving home at 4 am, walking 30 minutes to the train station, changing two trains to reach Delhi and then a couple of buses in Delhi to be able to spend 30-40 minutes to note down a list of universities and just be awed by everyone else around. Coming from Hathras was as if I was from another planet and clearly didn't belong in the midst of the sophisticated English speaking Delhi crowd.

By now, my father had cemented the dream of a future for his son – a civil servant. But I was in love with the idea of being a scientist. I found politics and the thought of doing anything that at times meant compromising one's values, repelling. I had also not forgotten an incident that took place when I had come to IIT Delhi for my JEE counseling. It was eating me alive from within. Right across the IIT Delhi gate, there was a dhaba owned by a sardarji in an area that, if I remember correctly, later became the SDA market.

I went to that dhaba for lunch and ordered dal-chawal. In one bite, I felt something quite big and pointy between my teeth. It was a piece of glass of the size of a pebble. I went to the sardarji to show him. He not only took money from me and shouted but also told me to run away without eating my food, lest he would beat the hell out of me. I was shaken to the core and couldn't get over that incidence for decades. It, however, crystallized the concept of 'doing the right thing' in my mind, that ended up becoming the North Star for the rest of my life.

Once I secured admissions and scholarship

offers, it took two months of pleading and cajoling before my parents relented and allowed me to go to the US, but just for two years to get a master's degree. I was supposed to come back and write the UPSC exam. My Air India flight to the US was the maiden flight of my life. An organization had generously sent someone to pick me up from the airport and drop me to the prearranged week long temporary university accommodation. It was my first time sitting in the front passenger seat of a car, and only the second car ride of my life. My parents had lovingly gotten a brand-new 'safari suit' stitched for me that I wore for the flight. On my arrival at the university accommodation, other Indian students who were from Mumbai made fun of safari suit-clad UP ka bhaiya. Well, that was the last time I ever wore a safari suit!

Since my father couldn't afford more, he had given me \$250 for expenses, including for the temporary accommodation and food, which got exhausted within the first week of my arrival. The scholarship check was to come only at the end of the month. On day 7, I was out of money and had no place to stay as the temporary accommodation was for seven days only. Few of us were trying to get outside accommodation by renting an apartment. Landlords were asking for several months of rent as a security deposit. I had no money left. Not even for food. No place to stay. Spending a night at a local church seemed to be the only option.

Then something unthinkable happened. In the morning, I happened to share my situation with the department secretary, Lori. A few minutes later, she called me back to her desk and gave me \$1000. No questions, no paperwork. Nothing. I was to return it



once my scholarship check arrived at the end of the month. It started a 'circle of trust'. I would lend money saved from my scholarship to other students and friends who needed it, interest-free with no paperwork, with just one promise that they must not break the 'circle of trust'. It continued beautifully for decades until it was broken and smashed by corporate and individual greed. I wonder what if Lori had not given me that money.

Being on scholarship meant that I could enroll for any course and any number of courses that I could fit in my schedule without having

to worry about paying any tuition. I felt like Alice in the Wonderland. I took classes in all sorts of subjects including Tennis, Swimming, Ballroom Dancing (despite being born with two left feet) and Psychology. In one of the Psychology courses, I was struck by how the professor was trying to explain a particular mental condition that I thought could very easily be explained by Physics. That was the beginning of my lifelong belief in an interdisciplinary approach to problem-solving.

That 'UP ka bhaiya' who was ridiculed and shunned by the sophisticated Mumbaikars

ended up winning multiple fellowships, very quickly became the go-to person for home assignments, and graduated with perfect grades. The most known professor of the university gave me 40 marks out of 30 in a weeklong project and years later invited me to start a high-tech company with him as a co-founder. Most highly respected professors from Space Physics departments of the top universities courted me to be their PhD student; flew me across the US on fully paid visits to try and convince me to take their offers.

Someone who started out to be a scientist, in the pursuit of emerging new passions, ended up working as an engineer, management consultant, corporate executive, entrepreneur, investor, mentor, and social worker. Someone who would look around and spot a peak, climb it, and then would look around again if there is another peak to climb. The process continued for decades. That resulted in attending some of the most prestigious educational institutions and working with some of the most coveted companies in the world or starting several companies, all the while attempting to do something that was never done before.

I was still a scientist at heart and in my approach. Then one day, I felt I had no more peaks to climb. At that moment, the first phase of my life's journey came to an end. The second phase commenced – one focused more on building and refining human relationships, living in the present, exploring spiritual and religious facets of life, parenting and nurturing. Since some of my young friends – high school students – might be reading this, I thought I should distill three thoughts for them to chew on that might be use-

ful in the phase of life they are in. First, “Competition is always with the self and with the notion of perfection, not with anybody else”. We know that we achieve in proportion to our dreams, hard work and approach. Looking back, it seems the most different aspect of my life's journey has been the approach – my competition was only with perfection, not with anyone else. No matter where you start from and where you are at any given moment, if you are competing only with yourself, and in the pursuit of excellence trying to make yourself better, it doesn't matter who else is competing with you.

Before going to IIT, I had not known anyone who went to one; before reading a cover story in Fortune Magazine, I had not heard of McKinsey or for that matter Harvard Business School. But that didn't matter. If I had bothered to even think about the odds of someone who studied in a Hindi-medium government school in a small UP town, didn't even know what IITs were when in Class 12th and who taught himself English by reading “Rapid English Speaking Course” getting to some of the most hallowed institutions in India and in the world, perhaps I wouldn't have even gotten started. If you strive to be at the end of the Normal Distribution Curve, forget the big fat belly, the curve itself won't matter. Dream big, work hard and pursue your interest with passion with the blinders on.

Second, “We all have privileges; we need to recognize and utilize them”. We all are born with our own destinies with the universe constantly supplying us the tools and suggesting ways and methods to achieve more or to improve outcomes. There is no point in looking for the privilege that you don't have and ignoring what you do have.

This too Shall Pass

POOJA DHINGRA



Live your life to the fullest, but most importantly live your life wisely and invest time for your own health. Life is beautiful, while it is also a challenge which has its ups and downs that sometimes has us feel that the world is going upside down. This is the situation we are facing right now amidst COVID 19. This pandemic has taught everyone the importance of keeping our health, wellbeing and the power of positivity in check. During this pandemic, all social communication has been curved and has taken a toll on each individual because of feelings of isolation despite the positive outcome of this situation being wonderful. Life has taught us to

be minimalistic. People are closer to nature and have started valuing things more. From the past hectic life that one used to lead, it has now slowed down. The family bonds are now getting closer and stronger than ever. The individual also has more time for inner reflection and contemplation. This has led to a lifestyle change where more importance is being given to Physical and Mental fitness. The only way to overcome such challenges is to be composed and complacent. With great strength of mind and patience, we can pass this tough time by staying home and safe. "This too shall pass"- We should look forward to beautiful days ahead.



My privilege was to have deeply concerned and really hard-working parents with limited resources. We are living in times when many believe that 'economic privilege' is the only privilege there is. I believe not having too much money is actually a privilege.

Due to unavoidable circumstances, I had to live all by myself in a dilapidated big building full of heaps of debris at the age of 11 where I would be afraid to step out of my room at night. No TV, mostly no electricity. Would walk to another place every day to get my food. I feel it was one of my unique privileges. It prepared me to be completely self-reliant and fearless in a way that nothing else would have ever prepared me. So I was not

able to get money to buy kites. I would sit on my rooftop waiting for kites to come. That was my time with myself, to dream, and appreciate nature's beauty in all its hues, as well as stars and birds. It prepared me to live a life in which I enjoy my own company and everything that is out there in nature. And, also taught me the virtue of patience. So was running out of money after just being in America for a week. It gave the confidence that if you can survive penniless in a new country seven days after arrival, you can survive any economic condition life might present you. No money could have bought these experiences and therefore, could not have shaped me into who I turned out to be. In the same vein, since my son has the 'economic privilege', he



is deprived of my experiences, and I can't artificially recreate my privileges for him. He has to look for his own privileges. We all have ours; we have to step back and find them.

Third, "Learn as much as possible about as many things as early in life as possible". It would make your impact so much deeper; make you a better leader and a better global citizen. I started out with a very angular approach and with time, as I discovered other subjects and aspects of life, broadened my scope immensely which opened my mind to the magical powers of interdisciplinary thinking and approach; just like how nature works. As I moved from sciences to management, humanities, social sciences and languages, I

started to see a beautiful interplay that gave better insights and led to significantly better decisions. In other words, I started with science and over time, broadened my scope to liberal arts. I feel that a better approach is to start with a very broad-based liberal arts education that engages both your left and right brains and includes as broad a scope as possible – sciences, humanities, languages, arts. You can always specialize in one or more areas later as you discover your passions or find emerging interests. In mathematical terms, an angular approach leads to local maxima. In contrast, a more fulfilling and useful life is lived when you work towards finding a global maxima for which the latter approach is significantly more likely to make it happen.

बीज को दबा दिया

बीज को दबा दिया
जमीन के अज्ञात अंधेरों में
सींचा-सांचा खूब मगर
मन था आशंकित घेरों में
क्या होगा, कैसे होगा
होगा कि नहीं होगा
बेचैनी और इंतजार का
दुख भारी जो भोगा
धैर्य छोटा समय बड़ा
कभी बहुत बड़ा दिखता था
देख जमीन को रोज-रोज
मन व्याकुल हो उठता था
काफी अरसे बाद अचानक
कोपल एक मुस्काई
बात ही बात में पौधा बन गया
कलियाँ खूब खिलायी
मैं मेहनत को देख रहा था
धैर्य आकर बोला
चुपके-चुपके उसने अपना
राज एक यूँ खोला
धैर्य और मेहनत का देखो
योग जहां बनता है
देर भले कुछ ज़्यादा हो
पर जीवन वहाँ खिलता है
हम दोनों के मिलन से देखो
एक चीज़ अजब बनती है
उसे खुदा कहो या खुदी कहो
बस बात एक बनती है
बस बात एक बनती है

Screen Time: Inevitable Demon

DR. CHARU KALRA



In the last 5 months what most of the parents have all commonly worried about is how to avoid so much screen time!. From online classes to online coaching, online leisure time, online play dates, online dance and yoga classes and even online birthday parties, our kids have done it all and looking at the present situation I certainly doubt the scenario is going to change in the near future. Without much ado let me dive into the topic right away.

Physical disorders: Obesity (due to lack of physical exercise) Sleep disorders: irregular sleep or short sleep cycles.

Behaviour disorders: loose tempers quickly, less likely to calm down when excited and less likely to switch task without anxiety or anger negative influence on mental imagery performance as screen media provides them with

ready made mental images and constitute a sensory narrowing whereby input is typically focused on the visual & auditory modalities suppressing the others (that's what is happening when kids are engrossed watching their favourite cartoon and eating whatever is offered to them because their gustatory senses aren't functioning well at that time!)

Language delay: if preschoolers are exposed to more screen time affects their language development is affected in a negative way (chonchaiya & pruksananonda 2008) Attention problems (alot of patients at my clinic were advised a counseling session for ADHD from schools but just restricting their screen time for a month made a huge difference).

The National Institute of Health recommends that children under the age of 2 should



have no screen time. For those over 2 years of age, screen time should be kept at around 1-2 hours a day. As your child grows, a one-size-fits-all approach doesn't work as well. But now with the changing dynamics and every change becoming "the new normal" these recommendations hold no significance. Coming to the point what are the ways to use the screens effectively:

1. As a parent check your "self efficacy" that is (are you able to turn off TV during meal times/ are you able to get the child to do some active play instead of making him watch TV/ keep the child entertained without electronic devices) if the answer to any of these questions is no sharpen your skills!

2. Set clear boundaries:

- No screen time 1 hour before bed-time and no screen time during meals.

- To promote the best use of technology for learning, it is suggested children continue to get up at their normal school-day time, dress for school (no pyjamas allowed) and have a designated space for school activities. laptops in bed are bad for circulation and posture, he said. Having paper and pen next to the computer are also helpful, as the act of writing helps to reinforce online learning content.

3. Detox days: fix a day at least once a week where the whole family would not use any screen.

4. Quality screen time: this means decide what is safe on screen for the child and what is not, like:

- Preview programs or apps before your child uses it.
- Seek out interactive options



- Use parental controls
- Make sure your child is close by
- Talk regularly about what your child is watching
- Eliminate ads
- Avoid fast pace programming
- Create a family media plan (like a table plan for meals!) there are websites too: <https://www.healthychildren.org>

As we cannot avoid online classes and on-line learning, the following can be done to reduce negative effects of screen on eyes:

1. Make sure the child blinks frequently while attending online classes
2. Use softwares to adjust contrast and brightness according to surroundings
3. Sits on table chair in a correct manner
4. Lubricating eyes with eye drop if the child

5. Make sure the child is using screen at a distance of at least 40cm to prevent excessive accommodation and eye fatigue
6. Children can use blue cut glasses which filters blue light from the screen
7. RULE OF 20:20:
Break of 20 seconds after every 20 minutes and look at 20 feet

Remember: Don't just shut the TV or snatch phone from your child and be digitally literate (online learning classes won't harm him but playing fast pacing online games surely would). Have on-screen and off screen timings. Remember whatever are the times we are facing, how much ever worried we may be for the academic loss, the truth is, all though their routine is changed children are still learning, experiencing, growing and developing!

Life's Musings

KIRTI KAUL



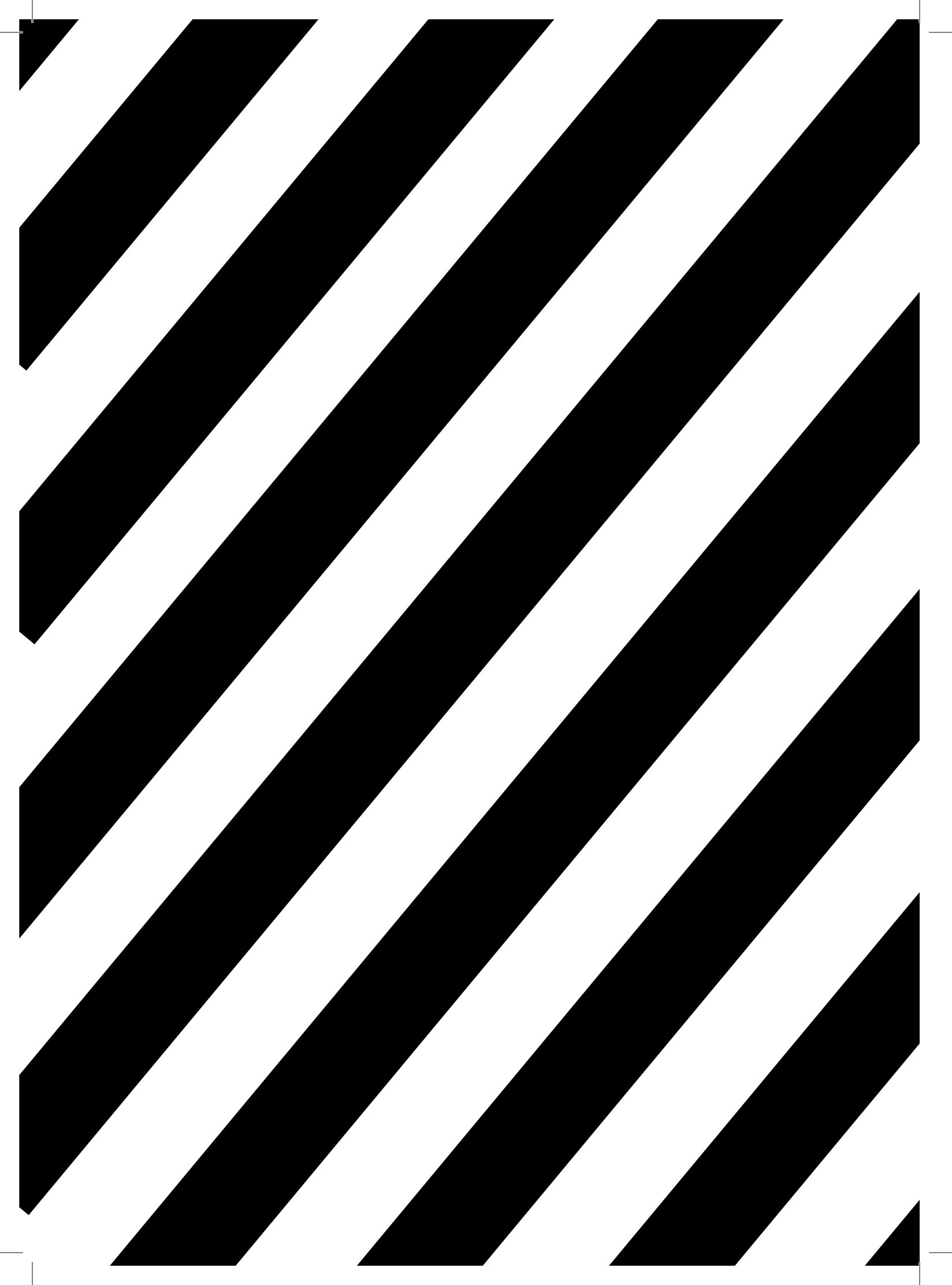
If one were to examine life in its entirety with all our perceptions, notions, beliefs, conditioning and experiences, they may seem intermingled, until something urges us to take a pause and reflect. The need for this pause may be an outcome of the 'deep unrest' one may feel within, owing to circumstances both external as well as internal. The unrest may seem like a whirlpool and if caught in its endless spins, it may leave one with the perception that we have no choice, but to swing along, even if one gets hurt or bruised in the process. Our conditioning may tell us that even if caught in the endless, mindless spins, it is still a safe bet until you get used to being thrown around the whirlpool, internalizing the fact that we have no choice. Taking refuge in the spinning around, one begins to embrace the choiceless situations one may find oneself in and embracing this choicelessness unknowingly thus, becomes the choice we make.

Re-examining this pattern came to me a few years back allowing for the singular most paradigm shift and that being that 'we always have a choice'. The mindless game of impressing others and getting impressed leaves you shackled, binding the 'joyful being' described so beautifully by Sri Aurobindo, within us to situations and circumstances that lie outside of us - the larger system over which we may have little or no control. We start searching for our abundance and wholesomeness in the world outside when

it actually lies within us. In our darkness, we think that the rope is the snake and thus trap ourselves into repeated patterns of fear and ego with both egging one another. The fact that 'the choice is actually in our hands' has come as a beautiful revelation through several interactions and conversations, with friends, family, mentors over years, and this journey towards realigning one's self has been a path of self discovery that is in tune with one's inherent nature, rests within, has no fight with the 'self' or the 'other', has no race to win or lose and is trying to see things 'as they are' at a pace that one decides. In fact this one thought shared by a mentor has become an inspiring guidance, leading the way ahead- "Paying attention means staying with, being not in a hurry to figure out. In fact, if there is no lurking desire to even figure out, so much the better. This may be a precondition for revelation".

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To claim at any point that this journey is undertaken in 'perfect equanimity' at all times would certainly not be right, but that you can set your eyes on it, and strive towards the 'brightness' it reveals. You are also aware that you may have set yourself up for a mammoth mountain journey, seemingly arduous, but the view it offers is breathtaking, the mountain bends may jolt you, but the fresh air revives, you may long for the destination, but the journey itself is complete, the milestones show up every now and then, sometimes you catch the names and the numbers, sometimes not - the journey, the traveler and the destination, all distinct, yet deeply connected. On the same journey this movement between the realms of the known and the unknown, the mystical and the mysterious, the joyful and the desolate will keep you moving, and as the mountains beckon, the journey must continue...





SHIV NADAR SCHOOL

Education for Life