

Blossoms and Breeze.....

Reflections of CHLP Journey

Samar
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Contents

Acknowledgement	4
The Pendulum Swing.....	5
Pen on the work.....	7
Paradigm Shift.....	9
The First Touch.....	10
India in a Nutshell	12
The Indian Thali.....	12
Dark Clouds	13
Community.....	15
Bon Voyage	18
Little Things Matters	19
Pb (Chemical Name for Lead).....	19
The Mind	21
Ability Doesn't Discriminate	23
THE ME and <small>the you</small>	24
Homeless Homes	27
Camp of wrongs	30
Community Health	31
<i>Live with them.</i>	32
<i>Learn from them.</i>	32
<i>Love them.</i>	32
<i>Start with what they know.</i>	32
<i>Build with what they have.</i>	32
<i>But with the best leaders, when the work is done,</i>	32
<i>The task accomplished,</i>	32
<i>The people will say 'We have done this ourselves.'</i>	32
Axioms of Community Health	33
Communitization.....	36
ASHA.....	37
Hopes ain't end yet.....	39
Rain in Desert.....	40
Deluge	46

Floating Hopes- a poem in Flood	47
The Susceptible	48
#Suicide.... <i>Its trending</i>	50
The Umbrella (Solidarity)	52
CHLP	53
Rainbow- CHLP Fellows	54
Reflection on Dissemination meet.....	55
In A Nutshell.....	56
A Tribute to Rohit.....	57
Hopes never die.....	58
Schizophrenia.....	59
Mirror.....	60
Everywhere will be you	61
I wasn't alone.....	62
Hope ain't lost yet	63
<i>Day of love</i>	64
No Words Needed.....	66
SOCHARA – Batch 2015-16 Calendar	81
The Annual Meet Phototoons	84
Therefore.....	86
Annexure (Research)	

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The Pendulum Swing

I had an aim, actually I had many aims, I was always swinging between aims, after completing my graduation I was in void, there were already very few opportunities due to pecuniary draught so I was ready to take whatever come my way, many sun set and may sunrises passed, clouds traveled from south to north and time was traveling on its own pace, I was calling it to take rest and wait for while but it was pacing and running away from me. Time was passing by, I didn't know what I am waiting for, I knew only one thing that I am waiting for something.

As always today again sun rises again brought light filled with hopes, News paper were carrying opportunity along with news, I took that opportunity and landed in Jaipur and it was a Post Graduation certificate sponsored by a finance firm along with a Job. The education was focused on money, from T-bills to Debentures, Shares to Insurance, though I did well as I was the 1st Rank but yet not confident enough to work for “money”.

After the completion of education I joined that financial firm, though I was doing better than the set benchmarks but their greed was directly proportional to my performance and was increasing day by day, it was like walking bare feet on thorns as I was not able to suppress my values just to satisfy the greed. So I quit that job rather than turning myself into a flower without fragrance.

After quitting the job I set my direction towards Information Technology and sailed towards it, though my ship was directed towards the technology, wind took me to the island of art where I rediscovered the potentials of pen, started inking emotions.

There was an opportunity to work abroad, I have never been that far from family, and I was not confident to go in a country where people and place were all alien to me.

“Be brave.

Take Risk,

Nothing Can Substitute

Experience”

-Paolo Coelho-

My ship hit the shore of Thailand but stay was not longer then the moon light which was hitting the shores and making water shining like and diamond.

Ship has sailed back in the other direction and I was again under the same roof I was for twenty two years.

During all this time I was connected to an organization named “ *Karwan-e-Hijaz*” which mean the caravan to Hijaz, Hijaz is the old name of Saudi Arab, this organization works with Muslim youth, organize them , orient them about the right teaching of Islam, Values, Ethics etc. Also Organize free heath camp for all poor people, for some year it is in passive mode.

However this organization is in passive mode for some years but my association with this organization and with the people associated with this organization has kindled a light inside me which has enlightened my insight.

I traveled to the Delhi and joined one profit oriented organization, My work started getting recognition from the very first day and throughout the tenure of with that organization I was reprimanded only once and praised numerous times, even by the top management, I was enjoying that time as every human do and that kindled light was shadowed in the shine of the moon of corporate, moon has some dark spot in it so do corporate, one fine day I was introduced to that corporate dark side which lead to my resignation.

After a couple of years I came back to Gwalior, Started working for a soft drink firm.

*“The Greatest Glory in
Living lies not in never falling,
But in rising every time we fall”
-Nelson Mandela-*

Pen on the work

Corruption, it was all over the news, everyone was talking about corruption, I was following news, following the struggle that those people who were fighting for it was facing, it had inspired me to write something.

*It has been too long, the ink is dry
It is a long go, we had asked, why?*

*Those who shouted, were killed last night,
Floor has been washed, before the bright,
But this time,
Blood will not go dry,
We are awake,
You can't make us cry.*

*We had to bear,
Your brutality,
But not now*

*This is the time
To change the time,
To change the road
Where a black heart drives.*

*We are not afraid of the dark,
We can make it bright,
We are the people, who can make all right,
Let's take the first step and take it so far,
Stand up against,
This is the time to war.*

-/-

Women, every time you go to any news channel or give a look to a news paper, you will find a lot against women, they are being oppressed in form of female infanticide, honor killing, dowry killing, sexual and emotional harassment at workplace, at home.

*Oppressed I am before you,
Can't you see my demise?
What turned you blind?
Coward, are you?*

*You bring me here
You made my life drabber
Am I uninvited?
Why did u make my world somber?*

*Was my love vain?
You loved me, you killed me
You are beyond my ken.*

*I hate myself
Because I kept silence.
I am in guilt
Because I swallow all violence.*

*These bricks and wall
Witness of all.
I wish they could talk,
And tell you that how cruel you are.*

-||-

Paradigm Shift

After coming back to Gwalior finding a good job had become a hard task to perform, some were paying very less, some work was not what I wanted. I got an offer from a soft drink company to work as management information system officer, though the pay was less, I decided to join.

While working there I face many things which set my heart on fire, and possibly magnify the humanity in my heart. workers were given very less payment and being asked to do a lot of work, they were getting handful buck which may cut down if they break any bottle or accidentally open it.

When I joined there I used to argue with labor for being slow, as time passed my inner light started turning into fire torch, argument became discussion, discussion about how they manage in such less money. What all I had was sympathy which needs to be converted into empathy.

It was my father's demise which triggered me to quit the job but it was a result of changes which were happening inside.

Through A friend I went to Center for Integrated Development (CID) and I joined as Document officer with the responsibility of writing reports of organization's projects and activities. I am so sensitive towards people which was reflecting in the discussion I used to have with Ankit, He suggested me to apply for the fellowship, I went through the website of SOCHARA and was very motivated to join but there were some obstacles, Bangalore is too far from Gwalior and after its not been even six months to my father's demise, so the discussion about fellowship became cold.

After a month, there were a National Meet at on Maternal and Child Health in Bhopal, organized by SOCHARA and Common Health, during that period Ankit warmed that fellowship talk again.

Bangalore is far from home but SOCHARA could be the only place where I can be what I want to be, I may have stayed at home, continue with what I was doing.

*“A Ship Is Safest at the Harbor,
But that is not where it Suppose to*

Be “

-Narayan Murthy-

Initiative from Ankit ultimately took me to Bangalore and I have joined CHLP, I have joined it a bit late but the CHLP group which I had joined was like water, I had no difficulties in melting in with them.

Before the earth could complete its revolution around sun, I was drafted from corporate to social from money to people, during this transition some lucrative obstacle came my way as a job in Saudi Arabia and A job in Government, but both of them dint distract me from being entering in to the realm of values.

After tumbling from here and there, vagrant journey ended at the beginning of a voyage of discovering the insight in it true means. I brought blank canvas to start from the scratch.

*“How difficult life may seem,
there is always something
you can do
and succeed at”*

-Stephen Hawking-

The First Touch

Scores are level, few minutes to go for final whistle, and you enters as a substitute in field, energy pumping in your legs, noise of crowd have increased your adrenaline, here comes the pass, you first touch, the first touch define the fate of the match, if it is on the mark, it will boost confident in your blood, if it is not on the mark, you may end up sitting on the bench in next match.

Arena is full of audience, cheering to the loudest, you heart is beating even louder, first live show, your first touch on piano, you have to hit the right note, your first touch will define that how deep your song will travel.

The first touch to the “Health” I got in Bhopal, The maternal and child health meeting, I met health, I met people working in health, for health, to health. Though I knew that “*prevention is better than cure* “, but I never thought that it is a part of Health. There were discussions on maternal health, women health, anemia, child health, that time I could comment that they are from the “cure” perspective, now I can say they were from “Health” perspective. There were discussions on Public Distribution System, Food Habits, Demographics and Geographic, Corruption, Acts and Laws. That meeting had helped me to understand heath as whole but not only the absence of disease.

He entered the field, with confidence pumping in his legs, and the first touch was on the mark, ball curved in air and top corner, best place to hit, Goal.

Cheers were so loud that he cannot hear his own voice but he could hear his heartbeats, and his footsteps while coming on stage, he set his finger on some black and on some white and cheers became loudest as soon as he hit first note.

My first touch to heath was like sail in the Ocean, I was introduced to the enormity of ocean and the greatness of obstacle of the voyage which is going on since decades towards the destination “Heath for All”.

*“The most difficult thing
is the decision to act,*

the rest is merely tenacity”

-Amelia Earhart-

India in a Nutshell

A man, wandering in sand, heartbroken with mirage, searching for an oasis with hope that it is there, find many people in same outfit as you are will feed you hope of finding the oasis. In this desert where I was in sand up to knees I find people like me, though there were no destination for me but the path was clear on which I was walking. The people I met here, they hold my hand, bring me out of the sand and shared destination and started walking along with me.

SOCHARA is carrying the values with it, which I like most because I was also carrying the same values by compromising the glare I could have been into.

Warmth of North Karnataka, Energy of North East, Simplicity of Madhya Pradesh, Sweetness of Orissa, beauty of Kerala, elegance of South Karnataka, élan of Andhra Pradesh, it is India in a nutshell with joy of Goa, Colors of Ajmer, Liveliness of Delhi and gladden of Tamilnad. All colors, flavors and spices of India, different from each other but together, carrier of “WE” in real mean. There were no feelings of contention.

The Indian Thali

Indian Thali, is a food court in a plate, from sweet to sour, tangy to spicy, treat for every taste bud, the same way Community health learning program was representing the Indian Thali concept in terms of learning, it have science, art, philosophy, ethics, values, lessons from villages, villagers, slums, slum dwellers, rural, urban, everything in it to treat you desire of learning about health as whole.

It is impossible for a man to learn what he thinks he already knows
 -Epictetus-

Before reaching here, I had a notion that health is absence of disease, and my imagination used to travel till hospitals and medicine, doctors and nurses though I had an idea about preventions but I did not connect it with health. The very first learning I absorbed here was health is not only absence of disease but social hierarchy, gender, equity, emotions are strongly entrenched in health. I understood the definition of health by WHO in real means.

*"a state of complete physical, mental,
 and social well-being and
 not merely the absence of disease or infirmity"*
 -WHO Constitution-

Dark Clouds

(Globalization)

Free Village, A beautiful land, green and blue, walking mile stone by mile stone towards the prosperity but it wasn't dear to the devil lives in the big city and he was planning to conquer that village and make all the people his slave, he was planning to take over that village.

On day, Dark clouds rushed over the village and day became darker then night, and with a mighty roar, cloud busted on that village, everything was under water , villagers were scream aloud for help, days were passing, villagers were in dilemma whether to stay or try to swim across the village. Help has come, or the dictator has come as the disguise of help, devil provided the boat but with condition, they cannot take help from any other then him , they cannot help themselves, they cannot build with their own money, they cannot sale their goods to anyone else, they have to take loan from him for every work, they cannot spend on food, medicine before repaying loans.

When in deep crisis, one resorts to all means, so the villagers agreed and devil releases all water and filled village with his authoritative air.

Days, Week, Years, Centuries have passed, the oppression continues, people were obeying the devil because they do not have other way, they do not have steel to build boats, hence they were presenting themselves to oppress.

A young man and an old man were sitting waiting for their turn to be oppressed started taking, the young man shared his dream that he was alone walking on sea shore and there were big house at the shore, small kid with his mother standing and staring the sun set, moon were out but they were standing there only, kid saw the moon's reflection in water and started crying for it, wind started flowing from shore to horizon and took kids wail to the moon, moon started coming towards kid, seeing moon coming down ocean tried to hug the moon and suddenly everywhere was the ocean, women and kid went inside the wooden house and that house started dancing on big waves.

House doesn't float, old man replies, when it was storm last time houses were submerged in water, because they were holding the earth tight, what if we do not have steel, we have wood, we will make raft. When he looked up, many people were listening and staring at him with hope and amaze.

They build raft and started doing their life as they used to before storm, devil got angry and brought dark clouds again, villagers were afraid were not hopeless, as it started raining heavily, they brought their rafts, and started sailing towards the bright.

After the massacre of world wars and not so cold cold war, colonialism was shrunk to the zero, world was progressing towards the new world, but the capitalist was still curing their notion to rule over again by camouflaging it with liberalism.

They come up with a term called globalization which was a curse in disguise of blessing, it was a systematic plan to keep developing as developing and poor as poor but to changed developed as highly developed and rich as richer. In globalization or corporate lead globalization the money flows from developing countries to develop countries, for the needs of development the developing countries are bound to take loan, these loan are comes with conditions which are bulwark between developing countries and self reliance.

The third world is a new colony for the developed countries, this economic colonization is keep going again and again, loans are like an endless road in jungle which is circular and third world is walking with hope to get out of this jungle.

SAP – Structural Adjustment Program, I shall name them “Slaughter All Poor”, this weapon is dangerous than any weapon of mass destruction, things which are not construct cannot be destruct SAP spiflicate the construction of developing countries by barring them from empowering education and health.

The third world is fighting the third world war, A war to become independent from the economic colonization, and their opponent is stronger than them, equipped with weapon such as World Trade Organization, International Monetary Fund, SAP, Agreement on Agriculture. To fight this war third world has to shield them with Glocalization, globalization of their strength, build their strength on what they have, weave their protection shield by what they know.

Community

The word "community" derives from the Old French comuneté which comes from the Latin *communitas* (from Latin *communis*, things held in common) – Oxford Dictionary

Community is an emotion, emotion which drives to think as we, live as we, work as we, walk as we, it bound people together irrespective of caste, religion, language. Indian culture believes in *Vasudev Kutumbkum* which is not a concept but a way of life, living life adhering it makes you a part of we, part of a family with peace and love. Current world needs to be orient about it to save the humanity.

CHLP is not only about learning what community is; it is about feeling the community and living it. The first thing I have absorbed here is the sense of community, though it was a small classroom with only twenty people but it was a community sitting and sharing together, it brought back that feeling of belongingness, belongingness to the each one of us, to India , to world , belongingness to poor , to ill , to needy , to oppressed and it also enlighten the sense of responsibility towards the

people and encourage the will work for them , with them.

Words alone may not walk long

With emotion they can fly

Alone the aroma less fume

With wind it will go high

Alone wood can't stand waves

Make bridge, bring them together and tie

Alone brick alone can't breath

A wall is more alive

Alone you may afraid of darkness

Together you can bring light

Hold hands be hold the WE

It's always stronger than I

-||-

You can not

Defeat united people

Equipped with idea

-Fidel Castro-

Community is WE

*I belong to where
Where sun comes
Through window
Where trees sings
Songs that rain brings
Where eyes talks
And shares laugh
Where bare feet walk and sharing talks
Where music of souls float in air
Winds carry love and care
Where there is no hate, no lie
Where there is No I
Where there is No thee
I belongs to where
There is only WE
-//-*

Bon Voyage

The definition of health came in 1948, and the health which was defined were too far from the people, specially marginalized one in developing country, in 1978 at Alma Ata , world met to decide the destination and pathway for health and “Health for All” was decided as the destination and pathways was also decided to reach that destination.

HEALTH FOR ALL, A dream, a dream that Alma Ata declaration have filled our eyes with, is still alive because of the support that Alma Ata declaration has provided to keep this dream alive. Health for All is the destination where “All” Should reach and “All” can reach their only if “All” will walk together and opinion of “All” should be concenter while deciding the direction and path to reach the destination and Alma Ata declaration says that everyone should walk together and state guide them towards the destination because to reach this destination is the right of “All”. This voyage towards the Health for All is not easy, there are thousands of obstacle in between “Health” and “All”. There may be rivers of unacceptability and unavailability which can be crossed in the boat of traditional health practices, There will be dark roads and to pass these roads torch of inter-sartorial collaboration should be ignited but to start this voyage map of new economic order is required. Map and tool to pass obstacle isn’t enough to successfully complete this journey ,everyone have to walk together with social justice and equity otherwise the destination will be keep going farther which is actually happening neither the map is being adhered nor the equity is being practiced. Eight stepping stones has been put into placed into the river of ill-health but steps are not equal and socially justified which is making travelers fall every now and then. If first five steps were equal then last two would not be needed and the sixth one is needed to create earthwork to protect from getting partially wet with water of the ill-health river.

To complete the journey towards the Health for All the map should be followed and people should be walk together under the guidance of state to reach the destination safe and successfully.

The Alma Ata Declaration, the guideline for all the countries to promote and protect the health of its people and to cure the disease. Alma Ata is a revolution which brought all the problems of

people together in context of health. It is a mirror which reflects not only the health but overall development.

*You cannot cross the sea merely by
Standing and looking at the water.*

-Rabindranath Tagore-

Little Things Matters

Little things do matter, what if they are little sometime they matter more than the big one. What you eat it matters and how you eat from where you eat it also matters, you drink water it matters, from where you drink how you drink is also matters, Commercialization have led agriculture to the extreme, extreme price, extreme cultivation, extreme use of pesticide, extreme in quantity and extreme in quality, here quality refers to the toxicant level of pesticide. This pesticide eventually land into plate, although the quantity isn't that high but little things matters, this pesticide causing many mental health related problems. Lead is in the air, toxic element freely moving in air and intoxicating people, it had done damaged before the recognition of toxic characteristics, better late than never, it still being used in paint industry. Dr Bruce have explained the toxic effect of lead on developing brain, he said that lead toxicities making children more wild and aggressive also decreasing their IQ level as well.

Pb (Chemical Name for Lead)

Afternoon was falling in to the arms of evening; blue sky is turning gray as sun is departing, Sun has become dull but Raju's face is shining, he is walking very fast, sweating as if it had rained, earth seemed revolving fast because he has started running , with the news of happiness in his hand and smile on his face he stopped in front of a door, he is trying to resemble as setting sun, "Who is there", a mild voice penetrated the air as soon as he knocked, he replied in a voice of lost king but couldn't hid his victorious smile from his wife, "I got a job!!" he exclaimed in joy. after the mild rain of tears a rainbow appeared on her face, "where?" She asked, "In a pain factory",

they were talking with realizing that they are still standing on door, Raju entered his wife followed, in happiness she forgot about the bulging doorstep and stumbled, Raju hold her and said, " Be care full , you aren't alone", she smiled.

Evening is shrinking into the dark, street lights are on, Raju is walking fast, very fast, but not on his usual path, his shadow is becoming larger after each step, he is almost running , his shadow is following him , he stopped, gasping, he entered into a house, an old lady with a young smile on her face welcomed him and greeted him " you have become a father of a boy", his face became brighter, he entered the room where his wife was resting and asked " how are you?", she just moved her face towards child with shyness, rain in her eyes, rainbow on her face, she was talking to him with eyes and he was replying with eyes, both were now staring at child, love, joy, pleasure, happiness floating in air.

He earns very little, not able to save, even borrowed for first birthday of his son, in factory he has a locker where he keep his working cloth, all frustration and anger of work he keep in that locker before leaving for home every day. His son is started stumbling, day by day he started holding earth more firmly, as he is growing , responsibility of Raju is also growing. New utensils for son, he should not eat in this old one, she asked Raju before he left for factory. Evening he brought an old can of yellow paint, lets color this old utensils and make them new. Next morning their son was drinking water in shiny yellow bowl. As time passed this yellow bowl become the favorite of their son, every time he drink, eat in that bowl only, they were keep renewing it again and again.

Their son has started going to school, not so brilliant in study but fair in his try to learn. He looks bit tired today, he put his bag down, removed his show and sat down on floor, slowly surrendered his body to earth. She brought water in his favorite bowl, he drank all the water as he was coming from desert, he told her , " you come to our school tomorrow, teacher want to see you", she anxiously asked "what happened?", "I don't know she want to see you", she took a deep breath and replied with and interrogative affirmation.

A knock on the door, a gray hair lady looked through her spectacles, and nodded her head in permission. "He was a good student but his behavior is changing day by day", she was staring at floor with deep emotion and fear while she listening to these words of teacher, " I could not understand ", she looked at teacher with disquiet. "He has become more aggressive, getting angry

on small thing, behaving vary. She could only apologize as she could not understand the concern of teacher.

It was all mute in that small room, only the eco of slap were floating, Raju was angry and same time in sorrow, guilt of hitting his child is slowly-slowly replacing the echo of slap, he trying to push back time and hold himself from hitting, but he cannot do anything, that moment has engraved in all three hearts, Raju took his son in arms and hold him tightly, guilt is replaced by care, love is floating in eyes and in air. She bought water in that yellow cup, enough water to wash the rage from the emotions. Echo, guilt, care, love, water has become the story of everyday. His rage and anger is increasing along with his age, red has become his favorite color as he started showering his anger on people, he has become the prime target for police.

Night was gazing itself in the mirror of silence, suddenly a stone came from the darkness and broke that mirror, footstep gasping shouting has filled the void, footstep following each other and shadow following the footsteps. Suddenly a silent and then a knock on door, an old lady open the door, that man has fell down in her lap, gasping, staring her with half open eyes, couldn't tell anything but she understood and looked at the old man standing near, he brought water in that favorite yellow bowl, she kept that bowl on his lips, he started drinking it and couldn't finish his last bowl of water.

He has gone, left only pain, grief, and sorrow in air, some water in bowl and his hand mark on door, in his favorite color red.

The Mind

Brain is the control panel of whole body, it controls your body's working, organs , tells you when it is hot, when it is cool, tells you what is good for health what is not , it enables you to think and act , and think over acts. It tells you what is factual and what is hypothetical. If you get some problem, it enables you to draw solutions. But if someone gets some problem with his or her brain then their life become the bed of thorns. Problem could be neurological or psychological, the neurological problem is biomedical but psychological problems are mental as well as social. People with mental problem have to face many issues which cannot be cured by medicine, only orientation, knowledge, attitude and behavior can mitigate these problem. Community should be oriented about this issue with information which can easily be absorbed by community as

knowledge and push them towards attitude change, which will reflect in their behavior. For such orientation we have visited NIMHANS wellness center, where we got to know that mental illness has a very big horizon that anyone could be a probable of it. Mental health is an issue which is being treated as orphan and stigma attached to mental health issue making it more difficult for the people with mental illness.

She was running here and there, screaming the name of her son, her voice is sinking into the tears, he was nowhere, cannot be found, she fell on her knees, fainted because of crying. People were staring at her, talking about her, making stories, naming it God's punishment or demons effect but no one coming forward to help her, A girl penetrated the circle of people, it seems she is searching for her only, she sat down there only , put her head in her lap and started rubbing her hand with fear and anxiety, someone gave her water , she sprinkled on her face and dropped some in her mouth, she slowly opened her eyes, asked for her son, she gave her assurance of taking her to her son, she pulled her up, hold her hand and both started walking, the sun and both women disappeared behind the horizon.

Young boy, getting ready for his collage, he left home with a smile on his face and on her mother's face. His sister running behind her requesting him to drop her to her collage, both started and he dropped her to collage and reached to his collage. His college days are more good than his school life , he has love, he is doing good in sports, academic , love has rejuvenated him.

Today is the last day of collage, he is bit emotional, bit happy that he is going o talk to her father today, today he will ask her hand for marriage.

The room was tensed, there were assumption and speculation were bubbling in his heart, everything seems stopped, even the time, everyone was waiting for her father to response, soon her father's words assassinated all the assumption and speculation and hopes. He is good but his caste is not good. He came home with dejected heart, his soul somewhere wandering, trying to search the answer of the question her father has injected. This importance of cast has made all his abilities impotent.

It was autumn, autumn of his happiness , all the blossoms of his happiness is shedding, days has become dark, nights have become blind, some time he talk to himself , some time he talks to walls, some he stammers, some time he stumbles, A wind have shaded blossoms, tears, happiness, hearts.

A suggestion from his sister agitated his mother, she could only stare her, holding her cheek, “we will not take him to psychiatric, he is just in sorrow, what if people see , they will call your brother “mad”, they will tease him , tease us , you will be called mad’s sister ,no we will not go , he will become fine with the time passed”.

This morning they woke up late, everyone was late, the boy even late, door of his room still not opened, she went to take a look at her son, she could only scream as she opened the door , dreams were hanging, chair were lying on floor. he has left the world , and left some question , unanswered.

Ability Doesn't Discriminate

There are people with some unrivalled abilities, which may fill your heart with astonishment, and with question how they do it? And people often labeled them as super human. The people with extraordinary ability do some extraordinary things are labeled as super human but there are humans with less ability they do extraordinary things and still being labeled as person with disability which is not true if we consider the struggle they do in their day to day life. They are not disabled, they are enabled with the ability to dream and with the determination and passion to make these dream true. They were even equipped with hope which you may not find in every one of us.

We have visited Association for Person with Disability, there we have seen many children, boys, girls, men and women, they may be disable for the person who just glance at them, but we have spent a whole day there and I did not find the sense of being disable in any one of them. This has brought some words in my mind and I put them together in a form of a poem which may do justice with the hope and happiness they were carrying.

*It's the dawn
Sun is rising beautiful orange sky
Though I can't behold the beauty of light
But I can Dream*

*Birds are singing the welcome song
Winds humming along
Nature's love song
I can't hear
But I can Dream*

*Butterflies flying
From flowers to flowers
Stealing colors from the nature
I can't run behind them
But I can Dream*

*I can Dream
I Dream, I walk along with clouds
Fly with the stars
I behold the beauty of Dream
I can hear nature calling my name
I am living the beauty of life
Living my Dreams through closed eyes
-//-*

THE ME and the you

Social Exclusion

Social exclusion is there since hundreds of years, it is flowing so deep in the shrunken lane of thoughts and a draught is seen too far in the river of social exclusion instead news papers and news channels are often flooded with the news of flood in this river of social exclusion. People are excluded on the base of their religion, language they speak, caste, class and cast. Sanitation worker face the most horrible form of exclusion, book *Endless filth* has described the condition of these sanitation worker, which is quiet painful and documentary *Lesser Human* filled me with a mixed emotions, anger, sympathy and empathy were flowing from eyes and pen.

Children are being oriented about these people from what they see, they see their parents and other elders behaving bad with this people and they repeat the same, this issue is as emotional as social, and the change may be seemed far but it can be brought.

Here is a story about how difficult the life of Sanitation worker is.

The village were very quiet, it before dawn, she has started from her home, with her basket to work, she is a manual scavenger of this village, her husband also do the same cleaning work, he everyday go to city and there he swipe roads and come back every evening, sometime he doesn't come when he get extra duty of cleaning the government hospital. She has a boy who studies in village school. After finishing her work she was going back home, today she thought to visit school why her goes, she had no chance to visit school as there is no dry latrine in school neither the flush latrine. As she passing through the school she found something which she never thought of, her son was sitting outside the class on floor while other children were sitting inside on mat. She was bit angry and surprised by the treatment her son was getting but she has no choice, she cannot afford private school in near city, her son has to continue with the same behavior of school teacher.

She was waiting for her husband to come, that day he did not come in the morning, she became worried, and after finishing her work she came back to home and set on door step, staring at the road, waiting for her husband. When sun went to the other part of the word , she saw a shadow coming, it was her husband, bandage on his hand, wound he often get when works in hospital, cut form blades used for surgical purpose.

They were continuing with their routine life, she is doing head loading, he is going to city for work and their son sitting outside the class. But her husband is not keeping well; he is losing weight and also has no stamina to work, one day he picked the bed when he find unable to help himself. The family income which was already very less has truncated in half and burden of her husbands' medicine has increased. After few months, as a very good companion her husband, she also joined him and the income which was already half turned zero.

Her dream of not letting her son to work in same filth has broken now, to match with the needs her son has to started working in same filth, her son took the responsibility of her mother, he has to carry the weight of her parents and filth on his head. 13 year old boy was under the responsibility which were heavier then the weight of sun and moon.

Morning is bright but her son's fortune isn't , he was getting ready for school, he might forget that he has to go for work today, she called him and told that he don't have to go school because he has to work, put his bag down , dragged himself through the lanes of village, carrying filth on his head. He could hear the laugh of children, these laugh were hitting him like stones terming him into sand, it started turning dark , his future and village both, and started raining , he walked very fast, to save himself but the rain was faster than his legs, rain has diluted the filth, which has stained his no more school uniform, rain was in village rain was in his eyes.

Poem to ask question about the inhuman behavior towards these people

*What is your karma, what is my sin?
You oppressed us, from sire to kin
I was just born, is it my Crime?*

*Why this punishment, being me is a sin?
Why you made me walk into grime
I am just being Human, Is it a crime?*

*You carry pride and I carry filth
I don't cry and you don't feel guilt
I just work, is it my crime?*

*It won't kill, why don't you touch me
Your ugly stare always breaches me
I just smile, is it a crime?*

*Red you bleed and I too
Nature shares its air, why don't you
I just breathe, Is it a crime?*

*You and I, both will die
Fire will not divide, not the wood
Not even food*

I just live, Is it my crime?

-||-

Homeless Homes

Migration, It is debatable, hard to say whether it is a problem for the people to live far from their home, among stranger, in strange language or it is a solution for them to a problem which is they facing due to lack of rural development and no alternative option if agriculture fails.

When they migrate, they face many problem including social exclusion, they are often become the suspects for crime which they do not have done, they have live in temporary houses or in very suffocative circumstances, they work for less wages because they have to get work, and they have to survive in very less amount of money and have to compromise with the quality and quantity of the food which leads to the mal nutrition.

They are exposed to the occupational hazards as most of them work in condition which are not safe, since no proper regulation in unorganized sector, employer always take safety of worker for granted, there may be some exception.

This story is to highlight the problem migrant worker face.

Sun was so young, so handsome, he is showering his youthfulness upon the world, trees are crying for shed and the young boy leaving the village and going to city, with hope of new hopes.

He wanted to leave early morning but he couldn't sale all of his pots by that time and he has to lower the price , lowest then he could afford , after selling all the pots he went home and picked some leftover and started his journey towards the hopes.

His wife staring towards the road where his husband is slowly disappearing, she is staring into the blurred horizon; in that burning summer her eyes deluged. She doesn't know that their little son is crying because of starving or because his father is going, he is just crying, all he is know is crying, he is doing what he knows. She wanted to block his way but all she could do is to hold her tears in her heart.

He is still wet, sweat flows from his head and tears from his eyes, both met on his chin and left him alone and met salvation. He boarded the bus which was already full, he was struggling to even stand, it was hope he was riding on and making him strong to travel like a cattle.

He reached the city, met with one of his friend who took him to the contractor, " he doesn't know any work but he is strong, he can help", his friend promoted him. Since he was ready to work for

less money he was hired. For early days he started living with his friend in his makeshift temporary house , late his friend help him to build one for him.

The year has passed he brought his wife along with him, they are working together and earning more, handful money, makeshift house still they were happy. They were blessed with a girl. A year passed, this winter is colder than last year they have to keep fire on through the night, firewood is so costly , his wife is not working, food isn't affordable as well, their makeshift home isn't able to hold freeze winds hence they have to keep fire on to remain alive. Winter ended with a big burden of credit on his head.

“You have learned it very fast, you will work as skilled labor in our next project, you will earn double of what you are earning”. The contractor told him, he was very happy with the fact that he will at least get money which will be enough. “ where the new project is going to start?” he asked to contractor and his answer made him feel like there is no earth beneath his feet, made him speechless, he was stunned standing and contractor passed.

He came home, he don't know what to tell, what to not tell, his wife understood his heart and asked about his anxiety, he told her about new project ,” that's really good”, yes it is good but and he paused there were very deep silence , he broke it and told that new project is being started where you and I am standing.

Poetry to reflect the plight of urban poor

*I belong to here, where I am a stranger.
It was a dulcet dream, now a nightmare.
It is all dark beneath the glare.*

*You brought bricks and built walls
Thousands nest sieged for few malls
How regime could be so unfair*

*Every day we have to dig well
Few lie every day, we have to tell
It slays heart, when a ravenous child stares*

*More hunger but less food
Empty vessel, grain devoid
Children hungry, mother cooks water*

*Jungles still there, but now dead
Everyone runs behind the bread
World look at us, without a favor*

*Disease rains and disease grow
All over grot, where to go
Terror crawling at the bottom of glitter*

*Humans missing, here are only devils
Line blurred between good and evil
Peace has gone, wail all over*

-||-

Poetry to reflect the struggle of Migrant worker

*Thousands miles away
From the sand of river
Which flows from his village
He is not thirsty or he is
May Be*

*On top of tallest
Life he risks while work
Wind always whispers
You have some dreams to protect
He is not afraid or he is
May Be*

*He Built many house
But not his own
Tattered walls on hanging anchors
All weather comes in without knocking
He is not worried or he is
May Be*

*Handful of bucks
After sweat and bleed
Many stomachs to feed
With half filled stomach
He is not hungry or he is
May Be*

*A single penny to gain
He bared a lot of pain
Stammer in talk, stumble in walk
He is not sad or he is
May be*

-||-

A poem reflecting the plight of poor

*Just few pieces of wood
And handful of rice
Many empty stomachs
And brimmed hunger*

*A small bowl of food
And brobdingnagian vice
Many empty heart
And human slaughter*

*A big tree of deep root
And a rapid rise
Many empty pockets
And colossus beggar*

*The great unwashed stood
And a unremitting poise
Many empty words
And endless stammer*

*The hungry iron boot
And a lot of empty shoes
Many empty roads
And few traveler*

Camp of wrongs

Bilaspur sterilization Camp

In Bilaspur sterilization camp, 83 women undergone the surgery, 13 of them died due to medical negligence, 72 were hospitalized, this incident have raised many question, why always women

pushed for sterilization, why not men, why medical system could be so irresponsible, why such a big crime of using unsterilized tool were committed by a doctor.

In Bilaspur camp all the women were between 20 to 30, which is quit young to be sterilize, what motivated them to undergo this surgery, certainly the stipend they were going to paid by government after sterilization. Young mother have died, their children will be waiting for her that evening.

Here is a poem which unfolding the emotion of children they left at home.

*For me,
She would be coming back.*

*For me, good future she had to buy,
She went to get some money
Some sweet she had to buy, for me.*

*For me,
She walked on path of pain
She stepped into tent of slain
She embraces ail beyond her ken
For me.*

*For me
White coat's knife did banter
They pierce her sinless venter
She dint wail just a mute tear
For me.*

*For me,
She knew she is a poor
She knew there would be dour
She knew they will not hear, she dint scream
For me*

*For me,
She will come
She would be coming
She would be shining above my head
She will call me while woolgather
She will smile among the stars, just for me*

Community Health

Community health is a process of attaining the state of Health for the community, by the community. The little poem by Lao Tzu has the essence of community health

*“Go to the people.
Live with them.
Learn from them.
Love them.
Start with what they know.
Build with what they have.
But with the best leaders, when the work is done,
The task accomplished,
The people will say ‘We have done this ourselves.’”*

Community health cannot be achieved by sitting far from community by assuming what their problem could be and what could be the solution, the community health can be achieved by going to the community, by becoming a part of that community, as a member of community you will be enabled to identify the issue lying there, but if you identify issue while just being there, the issue will be different, as the issue lying there, the solution are also lying there, you need to identify the solution and resources to build the solution.

Community health is an art to enabling and empowering people and making them believe that change is not far; change can be acquired with determination. Community health is also a science to understand the problem and applying the appropriate solution to the problem.

Community health is like rain cycle, water evaporate from earth and it becomes cloud and when the cloud become cool enough the rain fell upon earth, same in community health the demand of health rises from people and elevates through a channel, when it is recognized the services fell upon to the people. To raise the water from earth it takes a lot of heat, the same way warmth of believe in change should be generated among the people so that their words can be raised.

To accomplish something there should be goals, and answers to all How to? question and ability to answer all how to question which are not plan, it takes two thing to become able to answer one is knowledge and other thing is confidante to use that knowledge to answer.

It is wise to persuade people to do things

And make them think it was their own idea.

-Nelson Mandela-

Axioms of Community Health

No education can substitute the learning of an experience, learning of experience are not something you have to think about, it is something which is always there with you, from an experience you may lose something but what you earn is wisdom. Axioms of community health is the extract of a rich experience, it is the zest of community health, answer to all how to question of community health and also a framework to support the structure of community health, there are ten axioms of community health, in a chronological order of my understanding.

- Building equity and empowering community beyond social conflicts
- Promoting and enhancing the sense of community
- Building decentralized democracy at community and team level
- Rights and responsibilities
- Confronting the biomedical model with new attitudes skills and approaches
- Confronting the existing super structure of medical / health care to be more people and community oriented
- A new vision of health and health care and not a professional package of illness
- An effort to build a system in which Health for All can become a reality
- Autonomy over health
- Integration of health and development activities

Through this story I am trying to reflect the some axiom

Some hundred kilometer from the town at right had side a small path go to a village which is quite isolated because the path which leads to this village is full of obstacles and it is very hard to reach to that village even if you walk. Some indigenous people with some non indigenous lives in that place where all the house are built with hay and mud and needs to be repaired before every rainy

season though earth and sky both are dry since years but hopes comes every year in June and they nourish their hopes day by day until its June again. The houses of indigenous people are far from the house of other people and one house is very far from both the settlings which belong to a family which is considered untouchable. Every now a then some walks in dry dust on that stumbled path in both direction just to earn bread and to feed their families who waits with bright eyes until it evening and they dream until its dawn. The path which connects this village to be too difficult for medicine to reach but it was never difficult for illness to reach there not even now.

It is too dry in village; the only hand pump is fighting with the draught because it is so deep in the heart of mother earth although villagers say due to the worship and offering they made to the village god is the reason of the long life of this hand pump “what so ever the reason, water is coming that the important thing”, one of village most educated person told, he can read but cannot write.

The villager have less to eat, less to drink, and very less water to invest in their hygiene there for the disease always wander in small dry lanes of village knocks every door and have almost visited every home even the far one , problem doesn't discriminate between people, solution does. People also discriminate, they don't know why they do but they do, consider them untouchable without even touching them how they know that touching them is not good.

The only man, who could read also have to cross that stumbled path, some time he even get hurt also other people of village also get hurt because pain doesn't discriminate. he was walking back fast because it is about to dark, suddenly he stumbled and fell down and the food he was carrying also fell down, he got up, rubbing his knees, checking how deep he has hurt, and his hurt became deeper when he realized that food has spoiled in dust, he has lost the track of time because time has stopped for him, he is not bothered about dark because he know night is going to be darker than passed one.

He reached home empty stomach, empty hand, empty because he don't have words to consol himself and his family, all slept with empty stomach, he did not, he got up early and started searching for shovel, shovel which used to be their best friend during the green days now lying somewhere waiting for rain so that it can see green and blue again, he found it, he took shovel and went to the path and started digging the odd lumps. villages were passing through some were laughing, some were sympathizing but no one stopped to think that what he is actually doing. The man from the that isolated house started his journey to city, when he saw that man he stopped and

for looked at that man for a while and asked him to help, first that man ignored him but when man offered his help again other man replied since he is untouchable he don't want to take help from him, man replied, " my touch will decrease your work and increase your determination", the other man looked and accepted his help, now both of them have started working , since they have to earn also to feed their families, they have started to alternate. Few days passed like this, only laugh sympathy they were getting from the other people. One sunny day, both decide to work together, and the help were already waiting for them, Some indigenous men were already there to help, that day they have worked more than they did in past week, when they went back to village, the man who was started this work have not finished, he churned his thought whole night and next morning he went to knock every door, rubbing his feet on earth throughout the day inviting each and everyone at the end of village and start of that path way, people came but to go to city not to listen to him. Next day when people came there, they have found a red painted stone and a scented stick at the start of the road, that man who were waiting there already started talking, he said he had a dream that this deity came to his dream and told him that prosperity find it difficult to reach the village as this pathway is not good, repair it. The idea had worked and he started getting help from everyone, and the news didn't take time to reach the authority and under some scheme they have got a road to their village but most impotently they have got the sense of unity. It became easy for them to go and come back from the city and works more, since there was road the ANM have started coming to the village. School teacher started to come. Anganwadi started getting facilities and because of food they get at Anganwadi and school children have started to come. Village health and sanitation committee become active, that incident have made them believe that change can be happen.

One evening before sunset a woman went for defecation, to the place where everyone go, she saw something which she have not seen before in the dark , too many flies were sitting on faeces she came back home and started cooking food, she again saw flies sitting on food, it reminds her of what she had seen before. Dawn, all women came together and started going for defecation, she also joined them, and told about flies, she said that, " we can cover faeces with dust so that flies will not sit on it and will not make our food dirty", they did the same, early morning when man find that, they did the same. Over the time they have realized that they are not having diarrhea as often as they used to and they were able to find the connection of it with covering faeces with dust. they

have understood that hygiene can prevent illness; they all discussed it in VHSC and decided to take the issue to next level to ask for water and sanitation facility.

The village has become a community now, they have started believing that their problem can be solved; all they need is to stand together and ask for their right.

Communitization

India is a country with more than 6 lac villages with diversity which make it very difficult to work for any welfare program to work efficiently and effectively and Geographic oddness makes it more difficult. Health services are among the basic needs of people and it must reach all the people of country that what Alma Ata declaration presses upon, Health for ALL. It also presses upon the participation of community into the planning and action which is very vital for the successful implementation of program, implementation of promises.

It was late but not late enough to bring NRHM into action to make Health for ALL dream a reality. NRHM brought communitization; empower community to participate and make them participate into the planning and action for their health. To exercise communitization NRHM introduced many tools such as Village Health and Sanitation Committee, ASHA, Rogi Kalyan Samiti etc

ASHA, Accredited Social Health Activist, as a part of the process of communitization NRHM introduced ASHA, a women from the local community empowered through a set of training and given responsibility if promoting health in village. Because ASHA is from the same soil and drink same water, health promotion become very effective and efficient. This is the communitization of Health Promotion. Since ASHA is belongs to community her responsibility is communitized and this has made it so effective that ASHA has become the life line of the NRHM.

These waves are flowing from the tree of NRHM and flowing through all corners and covering various important health issues under their shadow and giving light to the people who were crawling into the darkness and was suffering for the light.

ASHA is the action for communitization and for every action there should be a plan so that action would not go in blind direction and there should not be any gap between action and plan, in order to make it happen a committee was formed and all the member of these committee are from the soil only and know very well that how much water their soil need and how much fertilizer and when it really need it and they know when to sow the seeds and when to harvest the health.

This committee builds the path on which ASHA can walk and reach the destination of Health for All for her village.

Formation of such committees and ASHA doesn't represent the communitization, empower them, ignite the candle of responsibility inside them and make them think and work accordingly.

I, YOU, WE makes the community
I, I have to wake up and rise
I have to blow the horn, I have to be wise
I have to call, all of YOU
YOU have to stand together
YOU have to be there, No Matter
YOU have to bring Integration
I and YOU have to be WE
WE have to carry responsibility
Hey! I YOU and WE
It is our community
Let's make it clean and healthy
It is our duty
Let's raise our words and actions
Helping ourselves is "communitization".

-//-

ASHA

She was very young, studying only in high school when she was married and she became a mother before becoming a voter and her husband left her as soon as she became the mother of three girls, and it was a catastrophe for her, she did not know what to do, she kept thinking and crying for days, her daughters also cried seeing their mother in tears, gloomy days were passing, since morning see starts staring at the door with hope that he will come back , every day ends with

ending hopes the food also ending, money she never had much in her hand. She isn't crying today because she is angry but her daughters are crying because they are hungry, she doesn't want her daughters to cry because of hunger hence she stepped out of her house, probably this is the first time she is alone, she is walking in the shrunk street, she could feel the penetrating eyes, probably people knew that there is no one to protect her, that small street is not ending today when she want it to end soon, in past when she used to come back with her husband she used to wish that street never last so that she do not have to face the beating of her husband, she kept walking and asking people that from where she can get bus to her village, she stepped in bus, she was feared whether she have enough money for ticket, bus started, her heartbeat started syncing with bus noise, she was thinking what if her husband came back today, what if my parents would not be there in village, what if her parents ask for the reason, conductor voice pulled her out of her thoughts, "where?", she was mute, staring at conductor, "how much for Vijaynagar" she asked in a lower voice conductor barely heard that, she was waiting for conductor's answer as he is going to give verdict whether she should go or not, "40 rupee", she gave what she had in her hand, when conductor counting she was looking at him with fear, "its 34 only", "I have only this", conductor looked at her and gave ticket.

Everyone was looking at her, this is the first time she is coming alone, she stepped in her house, and as soon as she saw her mother she started crying, there was a dead silence after listening to her, her father, mother both were staring her with wet eyes and anger for her husband in their heart, her father kept his hand on her head, it was enough to pull all the fear and anxiety out of her heart.

It was a meeting in village, health department officials have come, ASHA for this village is required, they were talking to the panchayat member, there were no eligible candidate for it, her father stood up and told about her daughter, some of the villagers were agree some of were not agree, they were saying how she will be able to do justice with responsibility when she have three daughter of her own to look after, some were saying that she have got married and living in city how she can become ASHA for this village. Her father said she is going to live in this village only. The official asks about the education of her, and declared her ASHA for the village.

She has to go for training but she is worried about her daughters, her mother comforts her that she will take care of her daughters, though her mother was there but her half sense were there at home, there were moment when she wanted to quit but she completed it for her

daughters only. she was very much relived after the training as she will be with her daughters all the time.

She is now the ASHA, the hope for her village, hope for her daughters. she found it difficult in start but slowly she became habitual of it but she was always uncomfortable during meetings when she was always asked about how many family planning she has done, she even doesn't like when she was forced to do family planning cases but she was working very interestingly to take women for institutionalize delivery and for immunization because she was finding it easy.

A pregnant lady was in her second last week, she went to her when her husband was there, her husband denied for institutional delivery , he was afraid that her wife will be sterilize without consent, she said that she will go with her wife and also told about the women who became pregnant after institutional delivery. It was 2am when women was having labor pain she went to her house and called ambulance, she accompanied her in the ambulance, ambulance met with accident when it was only reached half, she got injured and pregnant women also got hurt but she was not feeling it because the pain she was having had the all attention of her mind. She crawled to the pregnant lady, and told her everything is fine, she then crawled to check driver, he was not animated, she called on emergency number and informed about the situation, she was unconscious when ambulance reached.

When she woke up, she was having plaster on her both leg, she have got fracture in both leg, as soon as she saw nurse she asked for the pregnant women, nurse informed her that woman and her child both are fine though women have got many wound because of accident, she took a deep breath, now she could feel pain in her both leg

Hopes ain't end yet

Morning, as sweet as it could be with a cup of mom made tea and breakfast, sun is coming out of his nightlong hiding behind that green brown mountain stars and moon have gone to a foreign trip, children are getting ready for the school ,people going back home from their morning walk , some children in dirty clothes with a big plastic sack on their back , walking very fast , these starts

are going back to join their fellow stars who already left before sun rise , these stars are going back home , they have to rush otherwise they will be late for school ,

Some beautiful butterflies flying into the dark and dry desert, sand on their wings made their color somber, tiered of flying among the thorns. These beautiful butterflies had to struggle since they have come out of their cocoon, you barely find a flower in this desert but you will find a lot of butterflies searching for flower with no hopelessness.

These children wake up before the rooster; wash their eyes pick their empty sack to collect plastic waste and a stick with a magnet tied at the bottom of that stick to collect small iron pieces from the soil .they have to go back to home before sunrise with enough material . Their tiny income adds some weight to the handful income of their parents.

These Butterflies deserve blossom , someone have to blossom this desert for them , someone have to help these butterflies to make this desert beautiful , someone have make this desert beautiful for these butterflies.

Children are running fast today their bags are much lighter in weight yet heavy to run with; today they went far to fill their sack as there were very less to collect, might be the municipal corporation waste collecting vehicle came early today, their cloths are wet in sweat, everyone is gasping, placed their sack in a corner and rushed to hand pump to take bath.

A gardener woke up from the sleep and planted some roses among the thorns, A small lamp to enlighten the dark desert. Butterflies with all their bright colors, flying, flying towards the garden

In clean clothes, school bag on back, combed hair, eclipsed moons of morning are now shining bright as afternoon sun. Once not aware about the alphabets now able to read and write, paint too, painting rainbow of their thoughts on the canvas of their dreams which is larger than the sky.

Though the canvas is larger than the sky but they have got enough colors to make their future colorful but someone have to draw outline to help them out. Someone have to make their color strong enough to fight the tempest.

Someone, Many, a lot of have helping these children, they need a lot more, A lot more will join hands to complete the masterpiece the philanthropist have dreamed off.

Rain in Desert

Vijaypura, 30km from Shivpuri, A left turn on AB road will take you to a village connected with road, from that village a kachcha road will take you to the Vijaypura. A small village, a settlement of Sahariya tribe but other cast also lives on the outskirts of village.

A young man of desert decided to migrate to some other place where he will not have to die of thirst; he set on his camel and left for an unknown destination.

Vijayapura have many small children but there is no Anganwadi to guide these children's growth in right way, a woman was hired as Anganwadi worker but there were no building to operate it.

After a long journey he was still in the desert, it was very hot out in desert, He was unable to walk, even his camel tired of walking. He has no energy left in him, was not able to hold the rope of camel, dragging himself, his eyes is almost closed, he is not even able to watch mirage.

She is having many difficulties to run the center, with her will to help the children she is coping with the circumstances. At the dinner she shared her problem with her husband, he was very tired because he is not getting her help in farm yet listened carefully to her.

A drop of water falls on his face, he came out of his unconsciousness, sky was dark and roaring, dry and green leaves producing a soulful music of joy, wind was touching his heart, he was almost wet in drizzle and suddenly his joy evaporated in the heat of sun, he came out of a wet dream to dry reality, worriedly looked for his camel but it wasn't there.

Next morning she found her husband is knitting a roof with hay and wood, are you building it for our cattle, No, for Anganwadi, he replied without looking at her, but you have to go to farm to water the corps, I have done it early morning. Here it is, your roof is ready, let's go to build walls. By the evening, the temporary Anganwadi was ready.

He followed the almost dissolved footmarks of his camel, or he supposed small sand dunes as footmark but he was following, with hopes of camel and desire of water he was running. Luckily he found his camel near a very small oasis, big enough to save his life.

10 days passed, she has not received her payment, she had to stop helping her husband in farm because she wanted to run Anganwadi and convinced her husband for the little monetary help she is going to do with her payment, she was very worried, her husband dint ask for money yet but she supposed to give it to him before he ask. I dint get the payment yet, she told to her husband, he said don't worry I am there and left for the farm.

He found the hopes and desire together, but this is not forever, the oasis is too small to depend upon it and too big to leave it, in few days, oasis dried. After mourning for not saving water for journey, he stood and left to search the ocean.

Crops are good, her husband is earning good but she is worried. Her husband came back from city after selling corps with good amount of money and gives it to her without realizing that she is home today. He might have not seen empty Anganwadi while entering the house. He asked as soon as he realized why Anganwadi is closed. Didn't get food to distribute there for children are not coming since 3 days.

Leaving so many marks on the chest of desert he reached the dead end, all hopes and desire died seeing a sky high wall, a waterfall started flowing from his eyes , after so many days of hell walk he got nothing , he lift his face and screamed, his voice echoed , he screamed again , again a voice came back behind from the wall but it was not his voice.

Her husband got upset after knowing that children did not get anything from three days. their families are poor, children must be starving we should do something, he picked his cell and dialed the number of supervisor, he got an upset answer from upset voice. What happened she asked him as soon as he finished call, it's not coming from center, and even he does not have anything in store? He picked money from her hand and said we will run this Anganwadi.

He somehow climbed the wall and saw many people are behind the wall , he came down and asked why did you build this wall, it's a dam, a young man answered , he was curiously thinking , "why dam in desert" , clouds roared, and rain started , he was almost wet and got the answer of the question he dint even asked.

It's been eight month she is running Anganwadi without any payment. Her husband is also contributing with his whole heart.

Rag Picker Children Pearls of the dark ocean



Sahariya - The Tiger in Zoo



my name is muni, I am a sahariya

from kilwara village, A kachcha road leads a small cluster

we are very poor and migrate to different places to work in farm every year

this is our saharana

we live in small huts we build with our own hands



School is far, hence all the children stay at home

PHE is very far from here, do not have any public transport

we have only one handpump for entire saharana

Here is no Anganwadi in our saharana, and no one comes to distribute nutrition food from AWC many childrens are mal-nourished



we stay at home some time we go for work

man work on field and also go for work as there is no rain since 3 years

every evening all man gather at bangla and sing folk songs, we women gathered at any house and sing

in every saharana we have shade call Bangla, men gathered there women are not allowed



one day some people comes from CID, they went home to home and made people understand

one day they gathered everyone under neem tree and explain about the importance of health

and then they started a nutrition rehab center for mal nourished children

they distribute nutrition supplement everyday, two times a day for our children

children come to AWC and eat food happily, soon they will become healthy



होशियार मीनू



CID संस्था की तरफ से बच्चों को रोज़ पोषण आहार दिया जाने लगा , और अब ये पूरे 6 माह तक दिया जाएगा , मीनू की कोशिश से उनके गाँव के बच्चे अब स्वस्थ हो जावेंगे

Deluge

The Chennai flood

No one realized when the whole city was under water, it was a sudden rage of nature or slow greed of human, people are confused to whom they should complain, nature or government, walking in water up to the waist was quite difficult and rain have started again, only the roof of cars are visible, and in some place water level was even higher, people can see river, deep river flowing through their streets, they can only wait and they are waiting, but it seems river have forget its way and flowing through streets.

He is watching water flowing through his house, hopefully children and wife are not in city, but he is helpless to contact them and tell them that he is alive, phone is not working, no electricity, he can't go out and look for help, water is flowing very near to the balcony of his house, drinking water is about to over, he is surrounded by water but there is very less water to drink, food has already over last night, he had to eat rotten apple, that's the only thing was there to eat, this habitat has turned into a dessert of water, everywhere is water, no sign of oasis.

Today he have nothing to eat , few drop of water he could collected from each and every bottle from home, he drop that water directly into his throat , he is standing in his balcony hoping for rain, he is already surrounded by water but he had no other way to get water. Something shining far in water, now he could even here the voice of human, after long time he had seen human, as the boat came near he recognized that man, he is the man who used to come to collect waste, he is the one who always been the victim of his anger, some time for not picking the waste, some time for picking the waste without asking, some time to touch his car sometime asking for tip.

He recollected the day when he was going for office when the guy come to pick waste and asked for some tip, requesting for few bucks only, he said his little daughter has asked for ice cream, he want just few bucks so that he can buy one for his daughter," you get salary from government then why should I give you any tip?" , "Sir , salary is very less, we manage with that salary with very difficulties ", his request have started sounding like beg , he gave him twenty bucks with the warning that if he ask again he will complaint about him.

Sahab! he suddenly realize that he is not sleeping nor he is in dream, he is really standing in front of him , giving his hand to him, " Come , I will take you to safe place", a hand which he used to consider untouchable is there to save his life , the hand which was sent back empty many times, the hand which used to pick waste from his house , that hand is savior now, it was savior even before, the indirect savior is now standing in front of him as a direct savior , he hold his hand and stepped into the boat , the temporary boat , a wooden block tied upon two tube of some big vehicle , strong enough to save life . "Sahab, water " he couldn't understand that was he asking for water or offering water, the only difference was water bottle in his hand, he looked at his face then took bottle and started drinking water, today he got water from the person he had denied several time, even asked to bring his own glass or disposal to drink water.

His life is saved by someone who was not even considered to shake hands, it may have not changed his beliefs but it raised some question in his heart, he disappeared with his new friend, their common water bottle and some question in their hearts.

Floating Hopes- a poem in Flood

*Clouds, ambling on the sky
Carrying some dark pain in their heart
They hollered loud in nature's Arms*

*Swaying all over around
As a mother run for her lost child
Shedding tears on their brothers*

*All dream were deluging
And all the dwellings
Not to be sunk
Eyes were swimming*

*Nights couldn't sleep
Days couldn't breathe
Promises sinking we could only see*

*We will get some hands
We will get some hopes
We will get hopes
Which can float.*

-||-

The Susceptible

Non communicable disease are strongly linked to the lifestyle of the people, this story is a try to show highlight the link.

Sun rising in the east, sun light is landing in his small lawn, penetrating trough tree, he woke up with the song of birds, he sleeps every night but I do not sleep because I am his heart, I have to thump and pump nonstop to help him live, but I wonder why he is not helping me. He woke up and came out in lawn, looked up at the tree which refining the sun light and came back, he brushed his teeth, shave his beard, took bath and came into the veranda and sat on his chair, this chair is his only companion now, since morning to evening he sit on this chair only, beside chair there is a small chair on which tea and food is delivered on time, timely service than any foreign food merchant which are mushroomed in the city which are selling treat fir tongue and poison for me.

He finished his morning tea and lit his first cigarette, he always start with one cigarette with a promise to his wife that it is his last, and the day ends with many promises and sometime burned fingers, she might be watching him breaking promises or might not, I am inside his chest I don't know about the other world he often think of, when she was alive , she was the bulwark between him and smoke, when she was there he never broke his promise, he had promised her father that he will not leave her in any circumstances, he did not, he was there in black and white time, he was there till her touch become rime, he knew it before that companionship will not be forever or may not last few years, he knew she was suffering and he offer his hand to become her strength, on medicine she had spent some beautiful years with him, but she had to go and she left, since then this chair is his companion and cigarette to measure time.

He broke his first promise and did new, smoke of first cigarette still around, second one have started adding in it, this smoke always hurts me, I feel like it squeezing me trying to bring life out of me , but I am strong enough to survive this but how long, I often tell him that it is not good for him but he don't listen to me , he only listen to his brain, intelligence is the virtue of brain but sometime it take very silly decision, every day I ask him to go for a walk but he doesn't, brain stops him by telling that he is old and walking and jogging is for young people to remain fit, he should take rest, I am not as old as he is , even he is not old, it is the smoke which have made brain fool that he is old. Once I have told brain that cigarette is danger for you, me and him, it has written over the packet itself, brain told the warning is to mandatory according to the law but people doesn't die because of cigarette, they die because human are not immortal, neither you nor I. I always insist brain to lead him to leave cigarette but they both feel much attached to cigarette.

Sometime I feel like taking rest for some time and sleep but I cannot, even if I want. One day there were no smoke, no tea, it's all fresh air, and the and bright, I asked brain where we are, it replied that we are in hospital because I had slept, but I did not, he angrily said yes you did, I did not

sleep, I might fell unconscious because of smoke, yes I fell unconscious, I told brain that it was because of cigarette, he wasn't agree until the doctor asked to stop smoking.

Next morning, he did not get up from bed but he leaned towards the right side of bed, picked a cigarette, he noticed the warning on pack, he turned over the pack and lit cigarette with a promise to break.

Non communicable disease are the second burden which India is carrying, it has become the major issue since the globalization of food and mechanization of work, in earlier times women used to do all house hold work manually, small distance was traveled by walk, there were no or less fancy ready to eat food with less nutrition value were in diet, these changes has happened gradually and have made a big difference.

Tobacco, the silent killer, it kills people slowly and easily got away from the blame of being a killer by those who are suffering and by those who are queuing up on the smoke zone in MNC offices, at the kiosk and at the corner of every street whether a slum or a middle class settlement. There is a warning on packs of tobacco product which are being either only seen by seller or dustbin.

#Suicide.... *Its trending*

We accept Globalization because it was trending, we accept chemical fertilizers because they were trending, we accept genetically modified seeds because they were trending, we accept commercial corps because they were trending, and all this trend have started a new trend among our farmers; suicide and its trending very high, though the news are being tried to suppress about this trend but social media is strong to bring out every trend and spread information about the suicide trend.

Why this trend become so prevalent? When we accept globalization be have accept the terms and condition which were in favor of the one who steering it, and these has lead to the suppression of the one who should be elevate and elevation on those who should remain on the level where they are to reduce the gap, they have put amplifier named free market, SAP, AOA etc. between rich and poor to amplify the gap.

Farmers, the feeder were forced to be the wealth generator for the MNCs, chemical fertilizers are being used which are gradually reducing the fertility of land and pesticide which are being used killing pest, farmers and people who eating that food. Seeds which they have to buy are very costly then the seeds they used to use, they cannot preserve seed from their harvest because the seeds which they are buying are terminating seeds, the excessive use of natural gases by the world has resulted in global warming and climate change which have led to the uncertainty of weather, farmers who are depended on rain are in dilemma that when to saw, which to saw, often they end up with fail crop and huge burden of loan and it has become a loop, government often announce the relief packages which are not enough and there is no assurance about how much of that relief cross the border of corruption, all these power push farmer into the deep and dark well, in this conditions they either use rope which they have used to tie their ox , or their "*Gamchha*" a long scarf which they have used to wipe sweat from forehead while working on farms or pesticide which they have used to cure crops to kill themselves.

Reflections on the documentary "*I want my father back*".

Why Suicide?

*Why you in hurry?
Wipe your eyes
There is no flurry*

*Why you want to burn your wings
You have endless sky to fly
Yet, you have not been to that high
So much ado, why?*

*Your son crawl
You have to make him walk
He will run behind, wearing a smile
Why you want him to squall
So much ado, why?*

*Your daughter's eyes shine
She giggles as breeze meet wind chime
Hopes are in gestation, don't infanticide
She will hug you in bright bridle dress
So much ado, why?*

After a discussion with Magimai about the widow mother who are prone to suicide.

The Umbrella (Solidarity)

I am an old black umbrella, with a hole on my chest, I am with a cobbler since my last owner had thrown me in dustbin, he picked me, repaired my arms and since then i am his only companion in his quest of earning bread and butter for his family, his family is his old sick wife ,living in a temporary hut since their son asked them to leave house .

The old cobbler , having tea , as soon as he took last sip his wife gave him 2 chapatti she made last night ,wrapped in a piece of cloths ,cobbler smiles , picked me in his left hand and picked his toolbox and we left for today's struggle to earn bread and butter .

his hut is not so far from the road where he always setup his temporary workshop, on the way to shop he always speaks his heart to me , "I am not getting much customer , should I change the location , I might get new customer but what about the old once , someone who knows that I sit here will come on that place ,what if I won't get new customer ,i will lost old once too , what if some other cobbler occupy my place after , no this place is nice ,near , and i can't walk much , I have grown old ".

we reached , place his toolbox in front , sat on an old torn mat , I opened my arms and took him into shade , and the wait starts , a long wait . "manufactures have increased the quality if the shoes, even the local once ", he told me.

he is staring the shoes of every person walking from there, " if I see torn shoe I myself will ask them to get it repaired , I will charge half of my labor " he suggested to himself .

sun is shining , so bright , cobbler shifted to his right as my shadow is tilted , its 4pm haven't got any customer , chapattis waiting for cobbler and cobbler is waiting for customer , finally he pulled that small clothe bag out of his pockets ,open it , he picked the chapattis out , ,a small piece of dry mango pickle hidden inside the fold of chapatti , he ate a one and tied one piece of pickle in that piece of cloth.

it's almost dark , I am lying besides cobbler , "last five minutes then we will leave for home " , while he was telling me this ,we both saw a thin young man in dirty clothes coming , stumbling ,due to dark or due to his torn shoe, "would you like to get your shoe sole fixed ?", cobbler almost yelled , "I can't " , "i will charge 10Rs only " , "I don't have 10Rs", "ok give me just five bucks " , "if i would have 5rs I won't be hungry " , dead silence , cobbler was lost into his thought , "Come here" , asked the cobbler ,guy came to cobbler , "give me your shoe " the young guy stares at cobbler , looked into his eyes and gave the shoe to cobbler ,cobbler gave him the chapatti and pickle ,now they are talking with their eyes , while that young guy eating cobbler repaired the shoe ,the guy exchange the shoe with the piece of cloth which is empty now , only the aroma of pickle is left .

The guy put on the shoe and left, he is walking slowly, but not stumbling now, wonder the stumbling was due to the empty stomach or due the torn shoe.

He left; he left a smile on cobblers face and a pleasure in his heart.

CHLP

Community Health Learning Program

I have stepped into the social sector with the background of various technologies and little bit of art, after the birth of my will to learn more I caught the wonderful opportunity to learn in CHLP, I came with the notion that I will get the organized knowledge regarding health which is required to work, but CHLP is not about only learning community health, it is about humanizing thoughts and injecting values in soul. It feed your thoughts, it feed your soul, it nourishes emotion and change sympathy into empathy.

Health for all, the dream which is there since 1978, I wasn't aware about it before coming here, I knew where Alma Ata is but I did not know the significance of that place, Health for is a vision, a destination that world has set in 1978, and willed to reach it by 2000AD but in 2000AD the destination seemed far, there were many reason behind it, one was the lack of will and excess of greed among the one who should have facilitate the journey. Efforts which were done were not appropriate to build the wall between social, mental, physical, spiritual illness and social, mental, physical, spiritual illness wellbeing, and to ask for the rights of being protected thousands of feet were on street and words were in air and created a layer of revolution beneath the ozone.

SOCHARA was among the voices which were floating above India to inspire and aspire people to stand for Health; they have recognized the gaps and innovate CHLP to produce building blocks to bridge the gap. It does not only produce Community Health worker or Scholar activist, it develops the sense of responsibility towards people.

CHLP is a learning program with no boundaries; here we get endless sky to fly, a canvas where we can draw what we want with colors of our choice, we can write with our own words. A friend always there to guide and help in difficulties. No bars no walls, the boundaries are beyond the vision.

CHLP have made me a mirror, I can shine and reflect.

Do not find fault

Find Remedy.

-Henry Ford-

Rainbow- CHLP Fellows

*I am a rainbow
You are a rainbow
We are a rainbow*

*Sands and thorns all over shattered
People crawling in desert, no one bothered
For bleeding knees and glint eyes
We are a rainbow.*

*When rain of notion fell upon
We threw our umbrellas and ran along
All black and white washed
We are a rainbow.*

*Dead rivers are alive again
Flowing through eyes, carrying pain
Behind the dark clouds
We are a rainbow*

*Let's make it green, red, yellow
Building blocks of health, we the fellow
Let's lead to Health for All, Make people follow
We are a rainbow*

*Dream of Health will crow
Nothing last forever, pain or rue
We will bring Indigo, Orange, violet and blue
We are a rainbow
-//-*

*The only person
You are destined to become
Is the person
You decided to be.*

-Ralph Waldo Emerson-

Reflection on Dissemination meet

To serve the people “We have to remain young!!” These words are not as simple as they are looking, to remain young while being young is not something which can seek your attention but someone with silver hair and a beautiful face with sea waves and eyes like rising sun on the Eastern Ghats remains young then its someone you should look upon, young in the sense of their will, desire, notion everything is young and enthusiasm holding them together. There are a lot of such young people who are living around us and representing a different kind of human who never get tired, they are the bridge in between two generation because they represent the older generation but still young.

Young people from the current generation who volitionally came to serve people must remain young even when their face becomes the reflection of Indian Ocean. Their Idea, will and enthusiasm must remain young and silent. Silent to listen, listen to the call of help which is in the air always, listen and work and let work indemnify words.

To remain young, a lot need to be learn from the people who are still young and carrying the sun in their eyes and ocean on their face, we was fortunate enough to meet such young people under the one roof and it all happened under the shadow of SOCHARA. Two wonderful day of learning opportunity had come to us and I am looking forward to learn the art of remain young.

A lot of experience was gathered under the one roof and knowledge was floating in the air and it was up on us to grab it and keep it in forever.

There was a necessity of discussing ethics as we are among the people and protecting their rights and autonomy is our duty and being ethical menace being responsible towards the people which cannot be taught but we have to develop it by catching it from the people who practice their responsibilities towards people and it was a great opportunity to catch such leanings.

Health, which has brought these people together under one roof, Health for all is the motive for which all are putting their efforts in. Health for All has become a dream which has not been become true even after so much effort and there are many reasons behind this and political will is one of them.

There is no draught of ideas yet rain of will is yet to fall upon and wash the dust of corruption from the eye of the people who do not want to behold the truth.

*Be a good listener.
Your ears will never get you in trouble.*

-Frank Tyger-

In A Nutshell

One line Stories

Solidarity

He fell down, no body laughed, only he smiled.

Equity

It had rained; every leaf of every tree was shining.

Stewardship

The only bus was too full, the old lady entered into an empty bus.

Integrity

The blind man fell down; he collected all his money and got up.

Leadership

He led both in right way, his shadow and his soul

Truth

A paper ball hit on back of teacher, when he looked back, a boy was already standing.

Responsibility

He is on his way to India, to cast his vote.

Rights

After casting his vote, he headed bank for pension.

Humanity

There is no rain this year, he opened his tube well for everyone.

A Tribute to Rohit

vHkh eSa FkksM+k vkSj fy[krk
 vHkh eSa FkksM+k vkSj fy[krk
 pan y¶tksa esa ;s dg jgk gq
 dqN cfUn'ks vHkh Hkh lg jgk gwi
 bu cafn'kksa ds ikj tkuk Fkk

vHkh eSa FkksM+k vkSj fy[krk
 vHkh rks dye us vka[k [kksyh Fkh
 nqfu;k dSlh gS ;s tkuk Fkk
 dqN cksyuk Fkk eq>s ml dye ls
 fny fe;u D;k gS ;s crkuk Fkk

vHkh eSa FkksM+k vkSj fy[krk
 ;s jkS'kuh tks lfn;ksa ls v;ka gS
 bu flrkjksa ds ikj Hkh ,d tgki gS
 mu cqyafnvksa ls vkxs eq>s tkuk Fkk
 mu jks'kfu;ks dks t+ehu ij ykuk Fkk

vHkh eSa FkksM+k vkSj fy[krk
 vHkh ckfd gS jksVhvksa ij bart+kj dh jaxr
 vHkh ckfd gS is'kkuh ij fnu Hkj dh esgur
 vHkh ckfd gS gkFkks eSa ;dhu dh deh
 cl esjs eu dks le>kuk Fkk

vHkh eSa FkksM+k vkSj fy[krk
 tks fy[kk oks dkQh gS
 y¶tksa dk leanj fQj Hkh ckfd gS
 tks VwVh df'r;k fdukjs ij caèkh gSa

mUgsa ikj yxkuk Fkk

vHkh eSa FkksM+k vkSj fy[krk

~0~

Hopes never die

lksprk gwi dh pyrh jgs Çtnxh
py jgh gS rks fQj ;s ek;wlh D;wi gS

cPpksa dh vka[ks Hkjh vkSj isV [kyh gS
[kqyh gqÃ vki[kksa esa ;s csgks'kh D;wi gS

vkokt+ djks vkSj fgyk nks cqfu;kn&&t+kfye
t+qYe gks jgk gS rks ;s ljxks'kh D;wi gS

jst+k&jst+k feydj curk gS igkM+
bÙksQkd gS rks fQj ;s ek;wlh D;wi gS

~0~

*A reflection on current situation***Schizophrenia**

This poem is the extract of what I have learned here about schizophrenia and the thoughts triggered when Dr. Thelma shared an incident about a person who has scared a woman in koramngla but he was not trying to attack or afraid her, that woman called on helpline number of Bangalore police, and later that person was recognized as veterinary doctor who was suffering from schizophrenia.

D;k rqueus eq>s ns[kk ;gki] eSa vHkh rks ;gÈ Fkk
vHkh vHkh rks xqtjk Fkk ;gki ls] ;s ns[kks dneks ds fu'kka

eSa fey twu rks eq>s crkuk uke ysdj cqykuk
ekj ns[krh gksxh jkLrk esjk cgqr nsj gqÃ ?kj gS tkuk

esjs f[kykSus eq>s <w<rs esjs ihNs ihNs vk;s Fks
u tkus dgki [kks x,] Fkd dj dgÈ lks x,

rqe vius ls eq>s yx jgs] D;ksa vkÃus ls rd jgs
cgkj rks t+jk vkuk] dqN dgkfu;ka rqEgs gS lquuk

lc u tkus D;wj eq>s MkaVrs]u tkus D;wj eq> ls Hkkxrs
u tkus D;wj gwj eSa d+Sn esa]eq>s vktkn gS gks tkuk

dksÃ fu esjs lkFk] u idM+us dks dksÃ gkFk

Mj cgqr yx jgk gS]rqe lkFk esjs vkuk

eq>s ;kn cgqr gs esjh vk jgh] vki[kksa esa cnyh gS Nk jgh

cl vkSj vc u eq>s #yukuk] vi`eksjk gks jgk gS ?kj tkuk

~0~

Mirror

A poetry that reflect the positive and negative of today's world

jaxr cktkjksa dh `ekwfey yxus yxsxh

ut+js >qdk dj tc pyus yxsaxs yksx

mEehn j[kuk vc cl cstk dh ckr gS

cqXt+ ekj cki ls Hkh j[kus yxs gSa yksx

ef,;vrS Hkh vc Nqik dj fudyuk

ekSr esa Hkh ekSdk rk dus yxs gSa yksx

u tkus [kqn dks D;k le> cSBs gSa

xqLls ls vleku rk dus yxs gSa yksx

vki[kksa ds vkÃus vc dqN cksyrs ugÈ

lax lhus eSa vc j[kus yxs gSa yksx

Fkds gq, eqlkfQjksa dks Hkh ywV ysrs gSa

[kat+j jksfV;ks esa j[kus yxs gSa yksx

vleku ls ekSr cjlrh gS ckj ckj
 D;k dæ vleku ij j[kus yxs gSa yxsx

QkSyknh tathjs VwV tkrh gSa vc b'kkjksa ls
 vudgh cSVu ij ;dhu j[kus yxs gSa yxsx

rM+i dj pjlx ty mBs gSa fQj ls
 cnydj fQj ls cnyus yxs gSa yxsx

vHkh vjèksjk ugÈ gqvk gS bl xyh esa
 njoktksa ij fQj ls fn;k j[kus yxs gSa yxsx

Everywhere will be you

*Like what you do
 Love what you do
 Then there will be no fall and flaws
 Everywhere will be you*

*Behold, You can behold beyond the vision
 Listen, You can listen beyond the silence
 Feel, and you will be alive again
 Everywhere will be you*

*No one but you can
 You can go beyond the sky
 Believe, You can fly
 Everywhere will be you*

*Listen to heart from heart
 Behold the heart from heart
 Talk to heart looking into eyes
 Everywhere will be you*

This poem I have written after a very motivating session with Magimai

The difference between the impossible and the possible lies in a

Man's determination

-Tommy Lasorda-

I wasn't alone

*I wasn't alone when
It was seism
When I was between falling bricks
When the dreams were falling
And the hopes too
I wasn't alone*

*I wasn't alone when
Everywhere it was dark
No road to walk
I wasn't on my feet
Crawling away from nature's bark
But I wasn't alone*

*All the dreams of mine
 Was craving for life
 I couldn't close my eyes
 I have to bring back dreams in some little eyes
 Because I wasn't alone*

*The pain isn't evermore
 The sun will shine
 Hope will float
 In these glint eyes
 Because I wasn't alone*

This poem I have written after the Haiti earthquake, and I find it very relative to what I have learned in CHLP.

Hope ain't lost yet

*Hope ain't ended, hope ain't lost yet
 What all I have got isn't my desire.
 Time which has past wasn't mine.
 To all those tears, gone dead in my eyes.
 Hope ain't ended.*

*I feel dark inside
 A mystique pain is ambling in my heart.
 Who is making my emotion dumb?
 Slaying all my inner light.
 To all those blind moments, buried in my heart.
 Light ain't ended, hope ain't lost yet.*

*Each stone I have turned, only got some pain
 Every time I smile, I nail a lie.
 Some fake smile, dry eyes, and some little lies
 I have firm believe, all this won't kill the big truth, inside.*

*All dreams will come true, I will smile, true smile.
 Hope yet alive in me.
 Hope ain't lost yet. Hope ain't lost yet.*

*I am walking alone, bare feet.
 I am walking over broken dreams.
 Trying, not to break them anymore.
 I will make them alive, I will live them forever.
 A smile forever, a love forever.
 All this pain and sorrow won't last forever.
 Can't last forever.
 Hope ain't ended, hope ain't lost yet.*

This poem I have written to motivate myself in 2011 when I was kind of dejected with the pendulum swing I was going through, Now I find it more relative to me as now I am among the millions of eyes who are dreaming Health for All and I have to keep hopes alive.

Day of love

*When Dawn of blues came
 Shadows of sorrow put me into dark
 You came as autumn of love
 Trees gave up their leaves
 Glare of your love reaches my heart.
 Sun of your love illuminated my life.*

*You turned me out of the darkness
 You ignited love in my heart
 My life was smoldering in loneliness
 Darkness, loneliness, you put both of them apart
 You are in my heart.*

*Your scent is floating around
 I am floating in the time
 Your fragrance is divine, taking me to you*

Our souls within and love is around

*It's Day of our love, its day of love
You are in me, I am you*

*All I has vanished, its only we
We have dissolved in love
Only scent of love is around.*

*Divine is me, divine is thy, divine is day of love
You are in me.*

Spiritual Health we Indian have added to the definition of health, and it is true that to attain the physical, social, and mental health spiritual health should be attain, this poem I have written to spiritually heal myself, The day of love is the day of meeting of soul and God.

;s mnklh dSIh gS

;s xqy'ku ohjku D;wi];s mnklh dSIh gS
lp cksyus okyrsa dks ;s Qkalh dSIh gS

D;wi mtkM+ jgs ifjans [kqn vkf'k;kus vius
;s [kkSQ D;wi ;s cngoklh dSIh gS

gSjrtnk gS vkt vQlkuk fuxkj [kqn
dye dks dRy djrh ;s dgkuh dSIh gS

;wi rks jkst VwVrs gSa rkjs gtkj
bÙksgkn VwVk ;s gSokuh dSIh gS

tgki [ksyk djrs Fks cPps jkst
ogka dfczLrku lh ohjkuh dSlh gS

bUlku gh bUlku dk nq'eu gS
vQlksl lkn vQlksl ;s ftanxkuh dSlh gS

This poem is my reflection on Kashmir and Palestine, I have written it in 2011, now it is very relative to circumstances occurring in India day by day.

No Words Needed

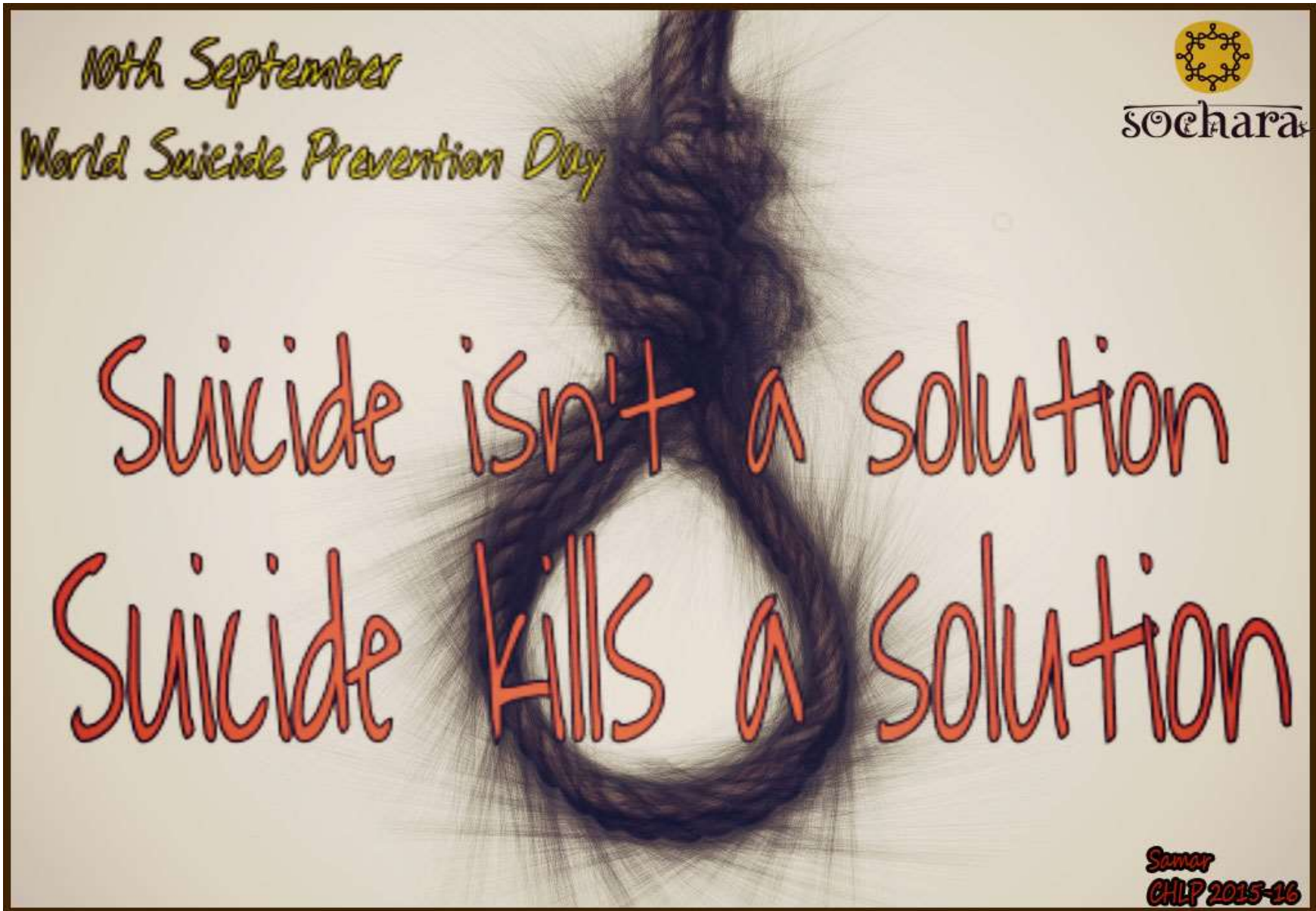














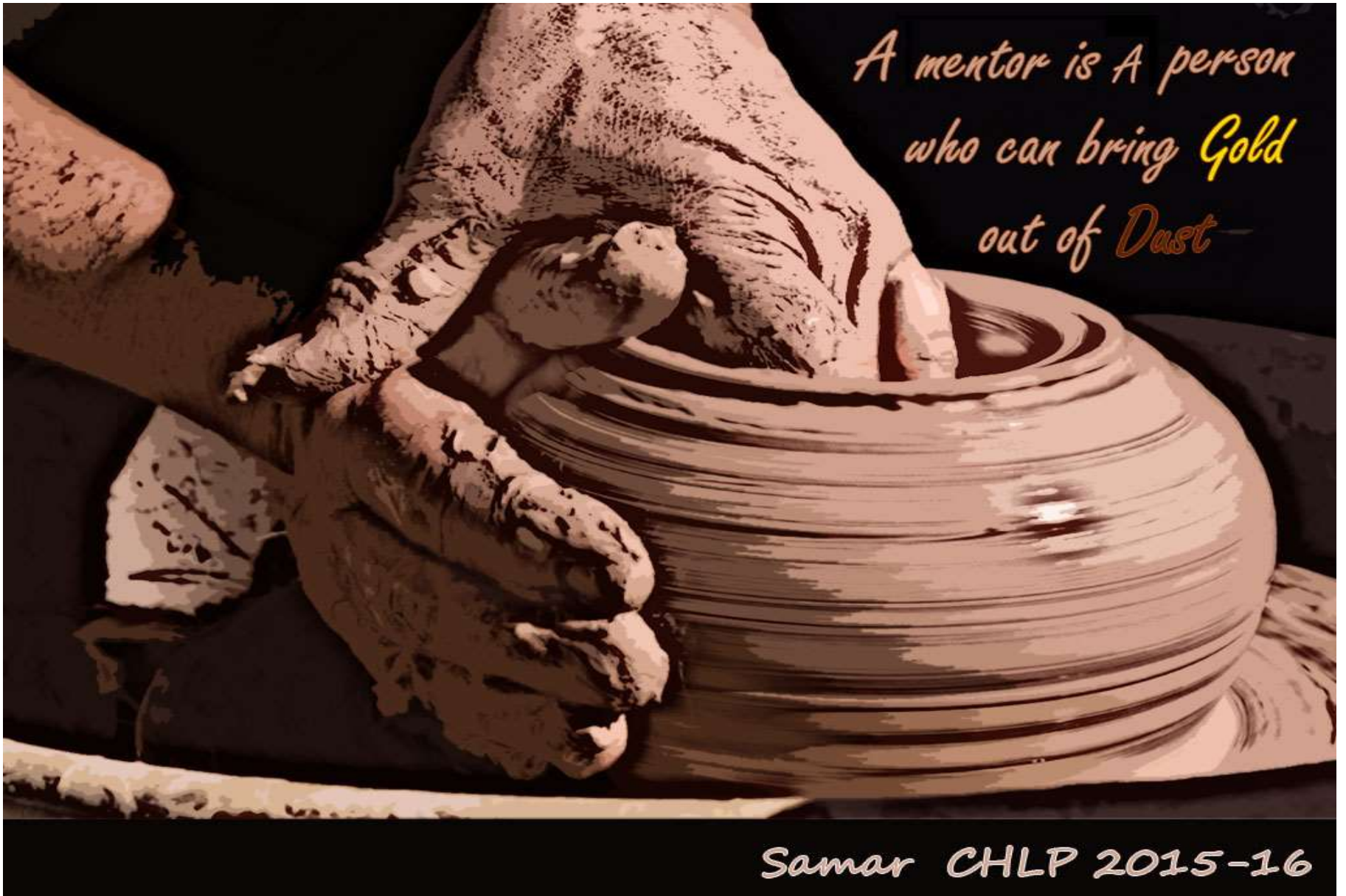


No matter how slow you are



Keep your **DIRECTION** Right

Samar
batch 2015-16



*A mentor is A person
who can bring Gold
out of Dust*

Samar CHLP 2015-16

I would not be around when you read this letter. Don't get angry on me
 I know some of you truly cared for me, loved me and treated me very well
 I have no complaints on anyone. It was always with myself I had problems
 I feel a growing gap between my soul and my body. And I have become a monster
 I always wanted to be a writer. A writer of science, like Carl Sagan
 At last, this is the only letter I am getting to write.
 I always wanted to be a writer. A writer of science, like Carl Sagan
 I love Science, Stars, Nature, but then I loved people without knowing that people have long since divorced from nature
 Our feelings are second handed. Our love is constructed. Our beliefs colored
 Our originality valid through artificial art. It has become truly difficult to love without getting hurt
 The value of a man was reduced to his immediate identity and nearest possibility. To a vote
 To a number. To a thing. Never was a man treated as a mind
 As a glorious thing made up of star dust. In every field, in studies, in streets, in politics, and in dynamic things
 I am writing this kind of letter for the first time. My first time of a final letter
 Forgive me if I fail to make sense
 My birth is my fatal accident. I can never recover from my childhood loneliness
 The unappreciated child from my past
 Maybe I was wrong, all the while, in understanding world
 In understanding love, pain, life, death. There was no urgency
 But I always was rushing. Desperate to start a life
 All the while, some people, for them, life itself is curse. My birth is my fatal accident
 I can never recover from my childhood loneliness. The unappreciated child from my past
 I am not hurt at this moment, I am not sad. I am just empty
 Unconcerned about myself. That's pathetic And that's why I am doing this
 People may dub me as a coward And selfish, or stupid once I am gone
 I am not bothered about what I am called
 I don't believe in after-death stories, ghosts, or spirits



Human Rights is the fuel of community's Development

health

equality

peace

safety

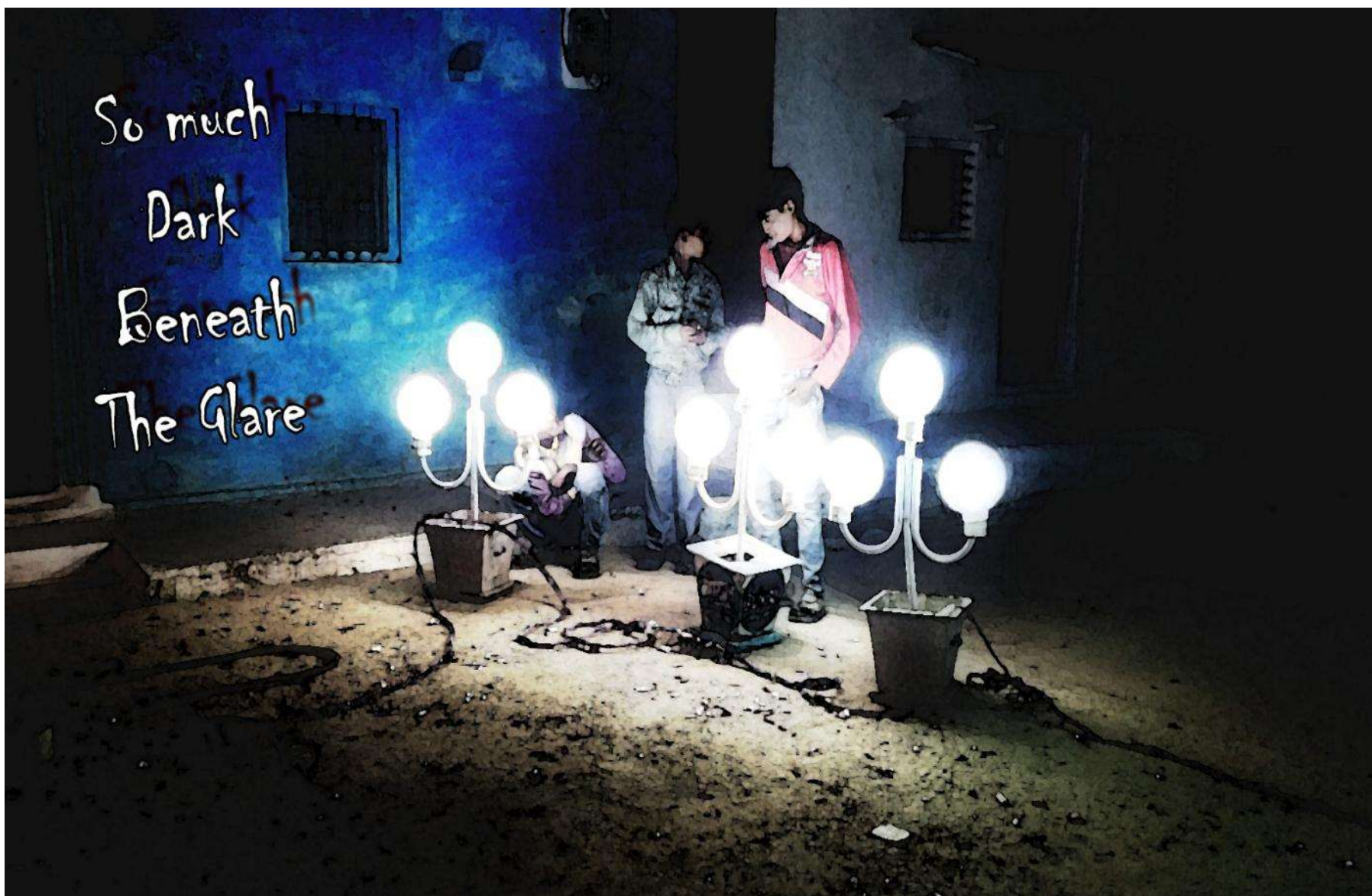
Dignity

JUST

freedom

Samar







YOUTH GROUP

*To illuminate the world,
Ignite the knowledge in youth*





Education Gives Knowledge



Knowledge Gives Wings

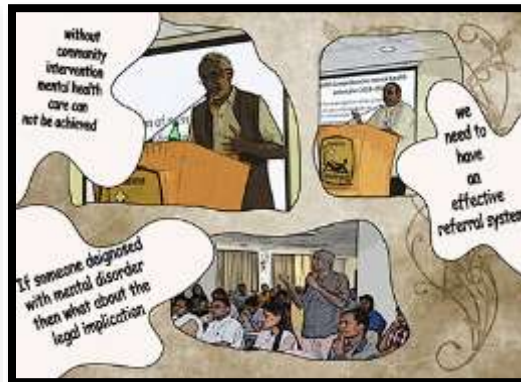
SOCHARA – Batch 2015-16 Calendar







The Annual Meet Phototoons





Therefore

*I wanted to be a bird
To fly across the sky
But bird can be caged
Therefore I became wind*

*I wanted to be a fish
To swim across the seas
Fish can be caught
Therefore I became ocean*

*I wanted to be a candle
To omit the dark
Candle can be ceased
Therefore I became sun*

*I wanted to be a song
To be sing by all
But song can be forget
Therefore I became rhythm*

*I wanted to be a tree
To stand tall and strong
Tree can be unearthed
Therefore I became jungle*

*I wanted to be notion
To reside in hearts
Notion can be faded
Therefore I became emotion*

*I wanted to be a shelter
To let everyone retreat
But whole world is my family
Therefore I became sky*

*I wanted to be a destination
To host the flag of win
But the journey never lasts
Therefore I became guide*

Annexure