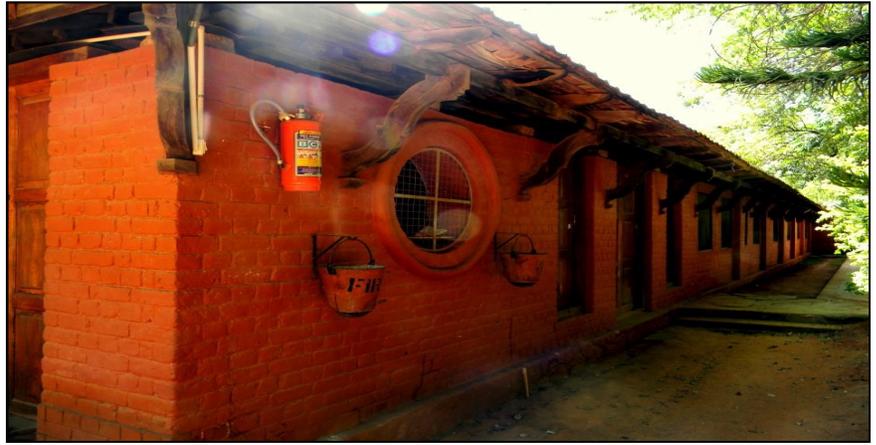


THE DOHNAVUR POST

For private circulation only.



FROM THE SCRIBBLING DESK

Hey Everybody,

We are very excited to bring you the latest issue of The Dohnavur Post. It has been quite a while since our last issue, and lot has happened since. This revamped Edition brings in some new ideas and some exciting changes, including the launch of a guest column in the newsletter. The Down the Memory Lane column has a new owner, while we have also added a new column called "The Rustle in the Backyard", a name that will definitely strike a chord with SVians. We've also got some new members in the team who've made this a very exciting edition indeed.



Theodore Sam Paul (Class of 2000), a communications professional by trade, puts his pen to use as he recollects a tender story from a small town. Joshua Immanuel in his comically titled *Ho Chi Minh With Blue Horns* gives us a fictionalized account of the early minutes in a fifth standard classroom. Do not miss out on Hudson Timothy's pithy observations on life delivered in a characteristic straight-faced manner using his twitter handle tim1903. Rojo George, from the

class of 2006, rummaged through his old papers and fished out a letter that he wrote to the school thanking the teachers for the love shown his way during his stay there.

Peter, our star writer, is a new Daddy. In *Daddy's Girl* he discusses, with casual humour, the sleep genes he has passed onto his baby girl.

Lots more inside for you to see. Do tell us how we can improve on the "Sunday afternoon" experience of the alumni community. Have fun y'all.

- This Newsletter is owned by the alumni of Santhosha Vidhyalaya, Dohnavur.
- It's main objective is to retain the literary culture around the School and create interest among the alumni in literature.
- It also informs, engages and encourages the alumni community.

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Ho Chi Minh With Blue Horns	2
The Promise	5
Rose Is A Symbol Of Love	6
Daddy's Girl	9
My Favourite Teacher	13

Dr. Solomon Rees, an English Lecturer at Buffalo, NY, is our first contributor to the guest column. In *Rose is a Symbol of Love*, he talks about the various symbols in Christendom and how the original meaning could be lost if we don't pause to remind ourselves the roots.

HO CHI MINH WITH BLUE HORNS

To my grandmother.

The artist is sitting at the edge of his seat, fanning himself with a cardboard sheet that used to be the hardback cover for his Environmental Science textbook. His bench forms the last row, located at the corner of the room that is diagonally the farthest from the entrance. Between frantic glances towards the door, he is trying to gulp down uninspiring trivia on the lives and policies of early 20th century social reformists. Page 98 of the open Social Sciences textbook on the desk shows a sea of

black Arial font, fighting for space with illegible, noodle-like squiggles of hurried class notes, interrupted by occasional blotches of ink that add to the typography. The only consolation the page offers is a prominent picture of the Vietnamese revolutionary leader Ho Chi Minh, with blue horns and an overgrown blue beard—the blue addition courtesy Bril Royal Blue ink, of course—placed exactly at that spot where one’s eyes first rests on an open book.



...blue horns and an overgrown blue beard—the blue addition courtesy Bril Royal Blue ink...

“But like we all know by now the prospects a weekend offers are too many to include schoolwork”

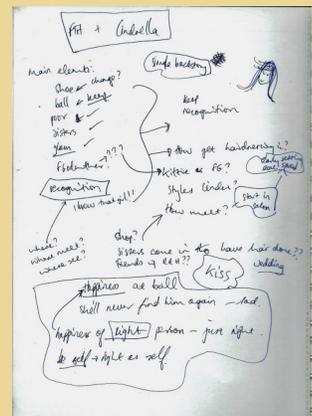
But today, the artist’s eyes seem to be unaware of the old-fashioned demon of a man staring back at him from the book, for he, like the rest of the class, is busy with the task at hand. The class had been assigned lessons to study over the weekend, and the consequences should they choose to be negligent, had been outlined to them. But like we all know by now the prospects a weekend offers are too many to include schoolwork. Each of them had dutifully forgotten about their homework over the

weekend, and now, with all the optimism and fear known only to 10-year-olds, everyone is in the act of “studying” a weekend’s worth of lessons within the few minutes before the teacher arrives.

On any other Monday morning, the students of the 5thA classroom might have spent the early minutes of the 2nd period, in a rather noisy fashion. Normally, as soon as the bell goes, a couple of boys rush towards the blackboard duster, and a minor quarrel ensues for the role of taking the duster out to be dusted.

(Everyone knows that this is only an excuse to go out and drink water but you needed to have the duster in hand—a precautionary measure in case you came across any prying teacher on the corridor). A valid argument in the scuffle for the duster would include lines like, “Every time you are only going” or “Last time itself I chose” and sometimes even, “I’ll give you nicely”. At this juncture the class leader intervenes, removes the chalk piece from the blackboard pigeon hole, hides them between his books in the desk

and then, directs one of the fighting parties to go and get chalk piece from Helen Auntie’s room and the other to dust the duster. The first bench boys, meanwhile, spend these minutes debating on one of their ‘first best’ lists, (i.e., first best marble player, first best dribbler etc.,) while the girls on the other side of the classroom animatedly chat about whatever it is that 10-year-old girls animatedly chat about. Somewhere along the middle rows, there usually is an earnest fellow fruitlessly trying to retrieve that small stub of chalk lying under the bench



...“studying” a weekend’s worth of lessons...

in front, so that he can absorb that new blob of ink on his notebook. Just as he is done stretching himself to the maximum possible extent as permitted by his anatomical limitations, the tip of his hand touches something. He picks it up and finds it is an eraser. He throws it away in irritation and resumes his hunt. He spots a piece of chalk within reach, but before he can reach for it, some guy in the front row, totally unaware of the chalk hunt, shifts his right leg casually from the foot rest, and in



Normally, as soon as the bell goes, a couple of boys rush towards the blackboard duster, and a minor quarrel ensues for the role of taking the duster out to be dusted.

the process kicks the chalk yonder towards the front of the class. Then our chalk hunter pulls his head out from beneath the desk and asks the fellow in front of him to call the fellow in front of him to interrupt the first bench boys who are in the middle of a debate on who is the 'first best fighter in the class' and asks them to take the chalk piece from under their bench and throw it to him. By now, the blob has successfully spread to form a blotch the size of Africa. Drying ink, like time and tide, waits for none. Around this time, while the rest of the class is doing what it's doing, the artist spends these minutes in more creative pursuits. He gives Gandhi's barren head a wig, generously endows Annie Besant with a handlebar moustache and sometimes, or on more boring days to be precise, adds plaits to Vasco da Gama's big beard.

Today is not any other Monday. Today is one of those Mondays when the memories of the weekend have had a shorter lifespan than usual; they've been abruptly put to death by the responsibilities of the week ahead. No one is talking about last night's 'video show' or about some thorn prick at Guava Garden. Nobody rushed for the duster after the school bell went. Although there is a low murmur in the classroom, it is merely the hushed tone of hasty reading. There is no animated chatter from the girls' side and the class leader does not have any scuffles to break up. He knows that in a few minutes, once the teacher arrives, he will be asked to go and fetch the cane. After that it will just be another case of history repeating itself. The artist is not beautifying any portrait today. At this mo-----ment, he is

trying to understand a particularly indecipherable squiggle. Not much progress, but at least he is trying. His neighbour, on the other hand, the only person that is nonchalant to the general anxiety around the class, is examining his left hand for any nail left to bite. Not finding any, he nibbles at the cuticle on his left ring finger. Then he stretches his legs up to the footrest of the bench in front of him and starts shaking his legs.

"He came today, eh?" , the artist asks, without taking his eyes off his book.

Hearing no response, he stops fanning himself with the cardboard sheet and turns towards his neighbour.

"Did you see him in the assembly?"

"No. I din see him today" his neighbour replies. He pauses to catch a glimpse of faint hope in the artist's eyes and says, "But I saw his cycle near the office after the assembly".

"Study slowly. Don't make noise. He'll come in five minutes" the class leader announces to the class. Then the leader returns to thinking if he should get the cane 'now itself' or wait till the teacher arrives.



By now, the blob has successfully spread to form a blotch the size of Africa.



...plays and imaginary flute...

Having had his fears confirmed, the artist returns to his book with added fervour. His neighbour takes one look around the class, and lets out a bored, lazy yawn as though the sight of everyone studying has tired him out. He stretches himself and continues shaking his leg.

“Stop shaking your leg, man” the boy in the front bench orders with an irritated tone.

“thop zAkingk ur lek, maan”, the neighbour mimics him with a mock bass voice. He stops shaking his leg. Then he aimlessly looks around the class once again and shifts himself on the bench—rear first—closer to where the artist is sitting. The artist moves to the edge of the bench without turning from his book. Sensing the anxiety on the artist’s face, the neighbour asks, “Shall I tell you something?”

The artist ignores the question, and begins reciting to himself, some portion of the lesson from memory.

“Shall I tell you something?” The neighbour elbows the artist in the arm a couple of times.

“Keep quiet man” the artist replies after a few can’t-you-see-I-am-studying-seriously seconds.

“Shall I tell you something?”

“Anyway, you are going to get thrashed, at least allow me to study, man. He’ll come now”

“Imagine him coming inside class in his cycle. TRING. TRING”

Both of them laugh, but the artist quickly resumes his poise, “Don’t make jokes, man.”

The artist starts reading again. Then stops, pictures the scene, and laughs again. Harder.

“Imagine him”, the neighbour continues, “entering the class doing Bharatanatyam.” He plays an imaginary flute—like a dancer does—as he says this.

“Staa..hahahaeh..staaap..hahahaha”

“keep quiet man”, the class leader says.

“thakka dheemi thai”

For a few brief seconds fear is forgotten, and replaced with hysterical laughter.

“Imagine him—”

The conversation is interrupted by the class suddenly rising to its feet.

“GudMaarniing, Serr”

The artist and his neighbour rise up on their feet just on time. The humour in their eyes is gone. The class leader looks to the teacher for a sign. The teacher nods at him. The class leader comes out to the aisle and proceeds towards the door.

“Good Morning.” the teacher replies, ignoring the irony of his words.



Joshua Immanuel passed out of school in 2005. He loves reading some of the wittiest English writers like Howard Jacobson while on the other hand he also takes cues from authors across the Atlantic like J.D. Salinger. Josh enjoys writing and experiments with styles. He lives in Ambattur, Chennai where he is the host of the Saturday morning football game for the SV boys.

THE PROMISE

Rojo Shalom George

This article was written by 18-year-old Rojo, in 2006. It was an entry for the School Magazine released during the Silver Jubilee celebrations. Rojo, in a sense of unfinished business writes a brief letter of sorts to the school, thanking them for the love shown him during his stay. His young mind has accurately caught the promise that the teachers at school make to the students. And this promise is the essence of their service to the students. We have tried to produce it in its original form.

This is dedicated to all my teachers at Santhosha Vidhyalaya.

We had come all the way to this place with my education at stake. It was going to be a life with new friends, teachers in a new environment. But the painful part was the "going back" of my parents "without me". My parents concealed their sorrow pretty well. But I was not a good actor. I wailed aloud like a new born infant announcing my citizenship. It was at this moment She came out of the crowd, took my hand and stroked my head gently. I looked dreamily into that loving and compassionate eyes. She just smiled and promised me "I will love you".

Years passed (as they always do). I grew up to be a fine, young man. But I never saw her after that first day at school. I searched for those loving eyes. I could feel her presence everywhere and see her in everyone. She taught me God's love. Her's was only a reflection of His. It was like nourishing manna in a barren desert. I desperately wanted to thank her. But I could not find her.

Now that life is over. But I haven't forgotten her. Here as I contemplate my loss, I recall the promise "I will love you". I wonder who had kept the promise. Who had gone through all the pain to see that I am loved. There was only one answer to this. She had shared all my pain and sorrow. She had laughed when I laughed and had cried when I cried. After all this she had wanted nothing in return. She was my school, my second home. It was here a part of my heart was stolen from me but also given by me for ever.

Time keeps ticking away. Red remains the colour of my school and it also reminds me of the blood she has sacrificed for every child like me. Each year brings new children. But I can still hear her. You too can hear if you listen carefully. She whispers softly and lovingly for all posterity more than ever - the promise, "I will love you".

Rojo George (2006 batch) is presently employed as an Asst. Lecturer of Psychology in Surat, Gujarat after his studies in Fergusson College, Pune. When he is not inspiring a bunch of Psychology students in Surat, he attends to children with psychological disorders in a Child Guidance Clinic near the college. He enjoys reading and doing whatever he can with music whenever he can. He is the perfect romantic-comedy movie hero who can play the guitar and do social work.



Rose Is A Symbol Of Love

Solomon Rees

Rose is a symbol of love; sunshine, a symbol of happiness; rainbow, a symbol of hope; fire, a symbol of passion; river, a symbol of death. The list is endless and varied as languages and cultures are. But the truth of the matter is, man creates symbols and codes in order to come to terms with life. There seems to be a germ of truth in anthropologists' claim that these symbols are no accidents, and are as vital to man's cognitive and emotive growth as food for his body.

As a student of the bible, I was fascinated at the symbolic significance of Christian rituals and practices of time immemorial. It takes only a momentary reflection to perceive how Christian spirituality does more to contain rather than dismiss these symbols. In the days of Old Testament the Ark of the Lord was a tangible evidence of God's presence. It was not for nothing that the Ark was marched upfront during that great Exodus while crossing rivers and when the walls of Jericho came down crumbling. It was a tangible evidence for the presence of the Lord. Circumcision and burnt offerings had their own spiritual connotations in those times. No one can dismiss them as unnecessary ritualistic practices. In the New Testament, baptism came to signify a new life in Christ. Jesus himself instituted the 'Holy Communion' so much so that when I break bread in church communion, I simply don't eat bread and drink wine. It is much more a meaningful act!

The thesis of my argument is not to valorize these Christian symbols but to stress the importance of knowing why we do what we do while we are surrounded with plethora of symbols. It is only easy to miss the mark and confuse one with another. Let me illustrate this: it makes perfect sense to consider a 'star' as a Christmas symbol. It did show up and led the wise men to the manger.

But where did 'Santa' figure in the Christmas story? (Perhaps, candies for the new born Babe?) Why should he always be an old man in red with sleigh bells and reindeer? This might be a little disconcerting for those who cherish the festive spirit. A little research would tell you the history of Santa Claus and his secular associations. Well, this is not a plea to dump Santa! Santa has been a reason for many a smile during the season. But in the west, Santa Claus has become an obsession. Christ has been replaced with Santa, and kids are taught to have faith in Santa so that they get their gifts! Santa is all-knowing (he knows where you are and what you want for this Christmas), and is all-powerful (to grant your wish)! It is not fashionable (or politically correct?) to wish Merry Christmas anymore. It has been renamed as 'Happy Holidays'. Mistletoe signifies a full-blooded mouth kiss! A Christmas tree symbolizes gifts and presents! It is important to know that while the symbols remain the same, their meaning keeps changing, thanks to the overwhelming contribution of our media.

The voice in the wilderness crying out to prepare the way for Christ is muffled up in the noise of Christmas hullabaloo. The joy of Christmas is bargained for the stressful shopping and festivities that have come to mean more than the festival itself! When the world is becoming increasingly secular, it is our challenge to decipher the deceptive and not lose our way in this maze of symbols! After all, Devil can quote the Bible better than you and I!

Solomon Rees is a Ph.D. in English Literature, teaching English in the USA. His area of interest is Canadian Literature. He is an ardent Christian and writes on the subject.



Sulochana's Mom And My Mom, Were Both 'Servants of God'

Theodore Sam Paul

Theodore Sam Paul is a communications specialist with World Vision, India. He is a master at shooting pictures that speak. His pictures will be a feature on our Newsletter. In his spare time he tires himself out by cycling to nearby places.



Sulochana's mother died of AIDS about five years back when Sulochana was just 15. At this tender age, Sulochana took the heavy responsibility of feeding, educating and caring for her brother and two sisters. She makes ends meet by stitching and mending clothes for other women in and around her village. Sulochana and her three siblings were born of the same mother but different fathers. None of them know who their real fathers are, therefore there is no one to care for them.

Sulochana's mother was a 'Devadasi'... 'a servant of god.' (*'Devadasi' means 'a female servant of god'*).

As Sulochana was narrating her story, for some strange reason, at that moment, still staring into Sulochana's eyes, I thought about my mother. My mother was a cross-cultural missionary for over 35 years. She had left the comfort of her home and the promise of a teaching job, to work as a missionary in some of the remotest and difficult terrains of India.

'A servant of God' my mother too was called. Sulochana's mother and my mother were both called 'Servants of God.' Yet, one was highly respected for being God's servant and the other was exploited and abused. How paradoxically unjust.

I have always very strongly believed and consistently experienced that every single good thing that has happened in my life is a trickled down blessing from my parents' commitment to God and their part in "God's

Work." But here in a small house in Bellary, were four children, plundered of their childhood, their innocence, their joy and their ability to dream because their mother was dedicated to the temple to be "a servant of god" only to be abused and raped...all in the name of god.

Despite all odds in her life, Sulochana stands tall as a brave, confident and strong woman. Wow! What a great woman she would grow up to be. A great inspiration! But as we left her house, I had many questions running through my head. What did Sulochana or any of her siblings do to deserve their plight of being born to a 'servant of god' who was abused for being one? Or rather, what did I do to deserve to be born to 'a servant of God' who was highly respected for being one? Why? Was it only because our mothers served two different gods? If there is an answer, I'm sure I will feel guilty or angry for it. Should I feel sorry for Sulochana? I certainly can't feel blessed for not being born to Sulochana's mother. That would be my greatest sin if I did. It would make me no different from the hundreds of men who abused Sulochana's mother. Who is to blame? God!? You!? Me!?...I don't know.

But every time I say a prayer for Sulochana or think of her, I wonder what her answer would have been to one question that I didn't have the guts to ask. The question still lingers in my head - "Sulochana, Do you believe in God?"

Hosea 14:3 In thee the fatherless findeth mercy.

HUDSON TIMOTHY'S TWEETDECK

@tim1903

And so while the rest of the world has been doing what it has been doing, one of the little known philosophers has been spewing philosophy all over twitter. In a style that defies grammar and spelling rules, our own Socrates, with a straight-faced, matter-of-fact humor reveals to the world the kind of adage that weirdos of future will pass on to their precious posterity. Here's presenting to you a sample of @tim1903's Tweets:

On the futility of WAR: 'in search of a better life at de cost of life'

On Luck: 'u r not lucky enough to be unlucky....'

On the Loopholes in common-sense: 'so....if i'm from de media i'm allowed to take pics of u?'

On arranged marriages: 'ur parents judging ur looks to find an equal'

On the evolution of etiquettes in a fast-paced society: 'courtesys getting expensive by de day....'

On education: 'studying is not learning....'

On Technology and Life: 'If photoshop education was made mandatory....cosmetics wont sell...'

On Thomas Harris: 'hannibal lecter s fictional....keep an eye on dat author....'

On Socialism and Sports: 'a communist can be a gd team player in any sport....'

On Dowry System: 'shameless bum living with parents asking money from de girl who considered marrying u....'

On the general misconception of beauty: 'dis society has convinced us dat beauty s complexion....'

Hudson belongs to the 2005 batch. He is now "continuing studies" in South Korea. Hudson follows the football game and is the owner of the Facebook community 'Let's talk football' where he and others of his ilk discuss all things football from tactics, transfers to tricks and tantrums. Among his friends he is known as 'an original character', a befitting name that stems from his strong opinions on most things.



DADDY'S GIRL

Dayanand Peter

This has been long overdue but I guess its better late than never. This is the 10th of May 2013 and Phoebe is 45 days old today..... Phoebe?????

Well I better start from the beginning then. Cynthia and I were blessed with the most wonderful gift of our lifetime on the 27th of March this year. We were blessed with a baby girl "Phoebe". Life changes almost quickly and takes the most unusual of turns when such happiness comes one's way. Phoebe was born during the holy week and I got a lot of time to spend with her and Cynthia since it was holiday time for me. During those first few days, people came in

almost every other hour to visit, wish and impart their own experiences and lessons they had learnt. As days passed the traffic declined and those who came by switched gears from "Do's & Don'ts" to "She looks just like.....".

The "She looks just like....." is a very interesting game to play. I realized that not only did the old folk who visited us were describing Phoebe, even the young got into the act. Some youngsters tried to describe likeness only their eyes could explain. Whenever I got home for one of those brief Saturday-Sunday visits, lo

and behold there would be someone talking about how Phoebe's features had changed and how she resembled Cynthia so much or my Mum or one of those hundred other possibilities within the family. Surprisingly, each time I hear out a person who reasons out why Phoebe resembled someone, I was swept up by the preciseness and correctness of their reasoning. It seemed like each had a reason why they thought she resembled someone in the family and surprisingly they all seemed to be true at one point or the other.

A few days back someone mentioned in passing that Phoebe looked so much like me. Though I was flattered and filled with paternal pride it got me to look more closely at her. The more I watched her closely the more I got this feeling in my gut that there was something about her that reminded me of me. Then it struck me, she enjoyed that one thing I consider the joy of my life..... "Sleep". Phoebe slept a lot but I hear from people who had been down this road before that new born babies do have



a tendency to sleep a lot. What struck me most was not the amount of time she slept but her style of sleepin'. It brought back such fond memories and I thought I'd pen them down.

This position needs a bit of a background to understand its uniqueness and versatility. During my hostel days life was ummm.....

lets say, Regimental. Each day was like clockwork and a well-oiled clock at that. We had study time, prayer time, breakfast-lunch-dinner time, getting ready time (Morning hours meant for bath-washing-dressing and shoving off to classes) and finally the sleeping time. Each of these specific time slots were meant for performing a specific task and it was not looked upon kindly when anyone tried to get the slots or the tasks mixed. So for someone who enjoyed sleeping quite a bit like me, this posed a problem and one has to use up all his grey matter to find a way to circumvent the system and hence was born the **“Praying Mantis Style”**. Each night at 8:30 sharp, we would all sit up in our bunks and study for precisely an hour till 9:30. This time was otherwise known as the evening study hour. Now it was customary that most students muttered a short prayer before they got down to the task of studying. Some guys who were more pious would take a few more minutes on their knees in prayer before they started studies.

We perfected and used this to our benefit. Every evening at 8:30 we drew the mosquito net over our bunk, threw open our books, went down on our knees as one in devout prayers and went off to sleep. As far as I could remember some could even get through the whole study hour in that position without the warden having a clue of what was happening. For as far as the warden was concerned as he/she crossed the bunk, he/she would see through the mosquito net a figure on his



The Fried Shrimp Style

knees, in prayer and what a wonderful sight it was to see such a young soul interceding with God even in the night. Thus, the Praying Mantis....

Underground Styles 1: The Fried Shrimp Style:

Now, wardens aren't as stupid as they look. They soon got a hang of the Praying Mantis loophole probably because of the few students who tended to lean off while on their knees. Anyway, a new law was decreed. During study time all students now had to sit in front of their bunks (not on them) in the hall. This was a cause of great concern for all the

“Slumber Dogs” like myself. However, they do say “Necessity is the mother of invention” and these were not ordinary men working on a solution, these were highly motivated individuals who wouldn't have their right to oversleep taken away from them. Soon they did find a solution but it required a change in the sleeping style. The solution came by way of a discovery. Some wise lad found that each bunk had sufficient space below it fit for a guy to sleep in (Illustrated in figure 1) which could be covered up like in figure 2. So now we had a space below the bunk which could be covered with a bed sheet so as to keep anyone (especially the warden) from knowing that someone was down there enjoying a nice nap. But the lad underneath had to do some minute changes in his sleeping style. The fried shrimp style requires the person to curl up into a small ball like a shrimp which curls up when its fried and slid under the bed. On the outside all

Figure 1



Figure 2



that a casual passerby would notice will be an unkempt bed with its bed sheet trailing on the floor and the unoccupied floor in front of the bed. The warden on crossing the bed would stop for a second, mutter about the unkempt bed, and swear at the fellow who was supposed to sit in front of the bunk then move on thinking that the lad had gone to the loo. After all, weren't his books left opened up and kept where he was supposed to have been sitting.

Underground Styles 2: The Meditating Buddha or "The Alternative": Soon we realized that the "fried Shrimp" position was not for everyone, especially for lads who slept on their backs. It was more or less invented by a side position prone sleeper for side sleepers.

The alternate was derived for the heavenward facing sleepers and entailed the sleeper to fold his/her feet and draw them towards his/her body.

Not a worry in the world Style: The solutions worked out fabulously well, but like I later found out, they required discipline for the user to get them through. Otherwise it would all fall out. In my latter years, I got a fair amount of spanking for getting caught sleeping under the bunk. How was I let down? The positions look fool proof. So what did happen? Did anyone rat on me? Well no one did and it was my own style that got me caught:



**Underground Styles 2:
The Meditating Buddha**

the "Not a worry in the world" style. It allowed me to stretch my legs, put them one over the other and drop down into slumber land. The catch was that it was just about enough for my warden to hold on to as he dragged me out and gave me a fine beating. Ah, those memories they keep a



Not a worry in the world Style



Peter, when he is not writing articles for The Dohnavur Post, teaches Food Technology at Karunya University, Coimbatore. Peter has a way with words and is credited with the now well known short poem on an SVian where he has captured the quintessential spirit of an SV alumni (see below)

Soul of the party, never the toast of one
The ready companion, Soul-mate of none
Bags always packed and ready to run
A traveler of the world but a citizen of none
Always present, never to be seen
Call me a Chameleon, call me an SVian.

Rustle In The Backyard

You know someone is walking in the backyard when you hear the rustle of the leaves. You can also make out the pace of the walker from the sound. You can also guess if he has company from the interval of the rustle. You can also come to know if the backyard needs a raking from the density of the rustle. At School, on a Sunday afternoon, we could tell if the warden was around just from the rustle in the backyard. This column will offer the reader a similar information about alumni activities and is aptly named Rustle In The Backyard!

This is a special column where we'll discuss what is happening around the globe in regards to our school. This will feature reunions, discussion, ideas, outings and all things alumni.

Alumni Association

The Santhosha Vidhyalaya alumni community have decided to form a formal Alumni Association and the arrangements are underway. In this regard, we have had meetings at Chennai and Bangalore (see pictures below) to deliberate on the objectives and discuss other aspects of the Association. A draft of the bylaws of the constitution is put up in the Facebook group and members can read the clauses and ask for changes/edits. We will also have a General Body Meeting to elect the office bearers of the Association some time in late January of 2014, following which we can register the body with the Government. After that we will have a membership registration drive to consolidate the membership base.

The Chennai SVAA Introductory Meet 14th Sep. 2013



The Bangalore SVAA Introductory Meet 12th Oct. 2013

MY FAVOURITE TEACHER

Angeline Pamela

At 5:00am we would hear a soft voice calling “get up girls”. The call would be repeated a few times and to those unresponsive, a gentle tap would follow. Once you feel the tap, we move to the praying posture. After a minute we are snoring in the praying posture. Through all this there would not be any reprimand or scolding, just the persistent “get up girls”. I have not seen a more patient teacher than our dear warden and mathematics teacher Miss. Manimehalai.

Miss. Manimehalai did not yell and scold though we girls were disobedient many a time. She would also appreciate us when we obeyed. That was her style. She did not believe in scolding. Once we were chitchatting loudly during our study time in the dormitory. Miss. Manimehalai came out of her room and stood beside us silently for a minute without telling a word and left. We got the message. We did not speak again that evening.

She was my favourite teacher at school. I had so much admiration for her that some would call me Miss. Manimehalai’s daughter. This admiration grew over the years. I fondly remember some incidents that stand out showing her warmth and love.

Once when I was down with flu, she came to visit me in my bed. She checked my temperature and brought me bread and milk. Then she proceeded to dip the bread in the hot milk and gave me to eat. This was a touching gesture. This warmed my heart that night. Another time, I was down with jaundice and was confined to the ‘sick room’ away from the others. It was getting me lonely and I longed for company. During this time Miss. Manimehalai came to visit me a few times. She would enquire about my progress and chitchat for a while. This lifted my spirits.

To this day I treasure the gift she gave me when I turned sixteen. It was a small diary in which she signed “May God bless you.” One day when I had gone to her room for some chore she treated me to a glass of grape juice. Now a glass of juice was such a treat in the boarding school. It made my day.

She made me the dormitory leader when I was a senior. She put much trust in my abilities that in turn gave me self confidence and boosted my performance. When I was a little girl, she selected me for a fancy dress competition and dressed me up like a doll. I won the prize for “SV show doll” that year.

Though she was not my mathematics teacher, she would help me in the subject in her spare time since I was not doing well in the subject. This was a very kind gesture that I treasure in my heart.

During the initial days of Anand Niketan, Miss. Manimehalai was posted there for a year. That year we had a different war-

One day when I was a little girl in sixth class, it was my turn to serve milk during the breakfast for the seniors. The bucket was very hot



and heavy. Since the serving jug was also very hot I was not making much progress. Some of the senior girls at the other end of the line began to get impatient calling out rudely. Miss. Manimehalai at this juncture intervened and told them that they shouldn’t heckle a small girl in the manner they did and rather should help me in the chore. This was a very kind gesture and she became my hero. She always stood up for the weak and the poor.

den at the senior girls dormitory. Very soon we realized how much freedom we had enjoyed under Miss. Manimehalai’s stewardship. She was sorely missed by us girls. Thankfully for us she returned the very next year.

I cherish the time at school and especially those with Miss. Manimehalai. I’m thankful to God for her.

At this time I also fondly remember the late Mr. N.B. Thomas who carried me on his shoulder like his own daughter during my first year at school. I was so homesick that I kept crying long after my parents left. At this time Mr. N.B. Thomas would carry me to his house and his wife would give me tea and snacks. I felt secure in his arms. I thank God for such loving teachers at school.

Angeline Pamela spends most of her time running behind her two year old son Eric. Angie lives in Chennai where her husband Daniel works. Angie passed out of school in the year 2001.

