

THE DOHNAVUR POST

THE ALUMNI NEWSLETTER



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From the Scribbling Desk

Our reliance on the written word as the predominant medium for exchange of information is increasingly reducing. In the age of TikTok videos and Instagram Reels, the written word is in a losing battle. Our text messages are littered with emojis. GIFS and smileys constitute entire replies. On occasions when we do muster up the will to skip on these annoying little invaders, we are anxious about being misunderstood. Even those of us who used to love reading have observed in ourselves a drastic reduction of attention span, perhaps a sign that the day when ADHD ceases to restrict itself to a tiny minority among our children, and instead manifests as the norm is not too far off. Is there, in such a world, a place for a literary magazine? If one were to take a survey on the previous newsletter issues, the number of people who've bothered to read each issue from start to finish would amount to less than 3 percent of our community. Why then, should we labor on?

In the novella Zooey, the title character relays an incident from one evening during childhood, when Seymour Glass, the eldest member of the Glass family approaches his youngest brother, moments before he goes live on a children's radio show and tells him to shine his shoes. Zooey protests, hinting that the state of his shoes would not matter, since it was only a radio show. Seymour rejects this argument and convinces his younger brother to do it for "the fat lady" - an imaginary member in the audience. Salinger uses this incident to convey a poignant message - that the artist owes the highest amount of dedication to his craft, and do the best that he possibly can, even if his audience is non-existent, or constitutes a total of one.

This analogy from Zooey is embodied in the spirit of the contributors to this issue. Each writer, editor, and illustrator has poured in hours of labor and sincere effort despite knowing that the readership of the newsletter is paltry. Dany's book review highlights excerpts and incidents from Frank Houghton's biography of Amy Carmichael, who was born this day in 1867. Ruth's Down the memory lane column captures our yearning for eatables and describes in detail the ingenious methods we employed to satisfy our appetites. Beulah's poem is a commentary on our struggle to fit in and emphasizes an individual's worth. Asha's cartoons capture a confusion of words in one setting and imagine a doctor's prescription in a utopian world in a different setting. Jemima undertakes a form of self-interrogation by answering the Proust Questionnaire. This issue could not have been possible without the diligent editing efforts of Divya, whose eye for detail notices every space and comma. Also included in this issue are scattered nuggets for aspiring writers.

Happy Reading!

AMY CARMICHAEL OF DOHNAVUR: A Book Review

Bishop Frank Houghton's inspiring account of Amy Carmichael's life—a Christian missionary from Ireland to south India—will kindle a fire for God's ministry in a Christian's heart. Thousands of children who were the recipients of her motherly affection and protection would attest to this well-written biography of their "Amma", which means "mother" in Tamil language. Frank Houghton and his wife corresponded with Amy for over thirty years during her mission work, which qualifies him as a biographer. The author's knack for presenting personal details from firsthand accounts including excerpts from Amy's books and letters creates a yearning in the reader to know more about Amy's life. This book was first published in England in 1953.

This 440-page book with 42 chapters would keep the reader glued with anticipation of how Amy handled difficult situations. Her dependence on God through prayer was an immediate solution to all the challenges she faced. The children from Dohnavur Fellowship imbibed her qualities and reflect them in their lives. She was strong and courageous just as God repeatedly commanded to "Be strong and courageous ... for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go." in Joshua 1.



In the Introduction, the author makes a reference to two women who were born in 1867. One of them was Marie Curie, who gave up her faith in God after the death of her mother and sister to become an agnostic and dedicated her life to science going on to discover the elements Polonium and Radium, among other discoveries. The other was Amy Carmichael, born on December 16th, who dedicated her life to the service of her Saviour and Lord Jesus Christ by saving temple girls in Southern India. The stark difference between Marie Curie, who isolated herself from people, and Amy, who gelled with people of different ethnic groups, is worth contemplating.

Part 1, "Preparation for a Lifework", contains 12 chapters that describe the shaping of Amy's life which laid the groundwork for a calling that would transform thousands of lives. Born in a Northern Irish sea-coast village of Millisle, Amy had brown eyes and as a child earnestly prayed for blue eyes, blue being her favourite colour. Little did she know that God had given her brown eyes so that she would blend in effectively among the Indians she served. Amy was bold and mischievous as a child. Her father David Carmichael taught her to swim by fastening a rope to her waist and throwing her into the deep waters from a nearby dam. Amy and her father shared a friendly relationship. His sudden passing away due to pneumonia at forty-four years of age transformed Amy, the eldest of seven children, instantly into womanhood and its responsibilities. She helped her mother, Catherine Jane Carmichael, and became her closest companion.

As a seventeen-year-old, Amy asked God to show her the path for her life ahead. She involved in many good works, motivated by the scriptures. Her ministry among children and the shawlies—mill girls who wore shawls instead of hats, underprivileged in other terms—formed her teenage years. As the mill girls grew in number, Amy prayed for a meeting place for them, and God provided a hall large enough to seat 500 people. **She named the meeting "The Welcome"**. Her mother was her strongest support during that period and continued supporting her ministry even during Amy's time in Dohnavur. Besides her mother, Bishop Frank mentions several others who helped shape Amy's life, the likes of Robert Wilson whom she called the Dear Old Man (D.O.M). Amy was deeply hurt when she heard about D.O.M's passing away, many years later. Amy, during the course of her life, also corresponded with missionaries in Asia including James Hudson Taylor—founder of China Inland Mission, Thomas Walker from Tinnevely, as it was then known, Dr. Eleanor McDougall—founder and the first Principal of the Women's Christian College, Chennai, and a host of others at a personal level.

December 16th, Amy's birthday is celebrated to this day on the Dohnavur Fellowship campus

Chapter 6 talks about Amy's call, how she precisely heard the phrase "Go ye". I was touched by Amy's mother's letter to her around this time:

My dearest Amy, He has lent you to me all these years. He only knows what a strength, comfort and joy you have been to me. In sorrow He made you my staff and solace, in loneliness my more than child companion, and in gladness my bright and merry-hearted sympathizer. So, darling when He asks you now to go away from within my reach, can I say nay? No, no, Amy, He is yours—you are His—to take you where He pleases and to use you as He pleases. I can trust you to Him, and I do—and I thank Him for letting you hear His voice as you have done. I shall not speak about you dear loving letter or my feelings. How weak we are. But He knows our frame and remembers. "Go ye"—my heart echoes."



Looks like you got the wrong "Amma"

Chapter 7 reveals that Amy avoided anything that would distract people from the word of God, even wearing traditional clothes—a Japanese kimono or an Indian saree, to fit in with the locals depending on the country she was in. She was a risk-taker for God's work.

Chapter 8 talks about a decision Amy made during a missionary conference in the Arima mountains of Japan, when she was convinced that marriage was not the Lord's will for her, and she wrote a letter to her mother. To this day, many of the girls in the Dohnavur Fellowship choose not to get married referring to Amy being a spinster. I have personally heard them say it and one of them happened to be my 1st grade teacher, Mekara Madam. It was also in Japan that she had her first experience of casting out demons from a man who was under the influence of 6 fox spirits.

Before starting her missionary work in India in November 9, 1895, Amy had served the Lord in Japan, Ceylon, and China. She arrived in India and had short periods of ministry in Bangalore and Ooty before being introduced to Mr. Walker and his wife who encouraged her to go south to Tinnevely. It was in Tinnevely that she learnt the Tamil language from Mr. Walker. Until this point, she was like a soldier being prepared for battle and now she was finally ready to go into it.

The second part, "The Warfare of The Service", which forms a major part of this biography, starts with the chapter "The First Temple Child", which is the heart of Amy's battle for the women of southern India. This chapter is the life story of Preena, and how Amy and her Starry Cluster (the name given to a band of women) went on a rescue mission to help Preena find freedom from temple bondage. Amma was also nicknamed "the child-catching *Missie Ammal*" by the local Hindus around this time. Thus, the ministry in Dohnavur and an orphanage for the temple girls took roots and began to grow.

Amma made frequent ministry-related travels in and around south India. Her mode of transport to the villages was the back of a pony, which she rode skillfully. Unlike Mr. Walker, who preferred that all animals be left alone "in their own place", Amy loved every encounter with animals a love for which she had picked up as a child in Ireland. As the ministry in Dohnavur grew, the babies started coming in. Amma made saving babies in danger her central mission and was up to the task, always ready to rescue a child. So, the increase in the number of babies required a nursery to be built. She started that project without any further delay. Amy considered herself as the mother of these children and the loss of one child hurt her badly. Indraneela's (Amma named her Sapphire) death was painful but did not deter her efforts to pursue and rescue children who were out there in danger.

The author emphasizes how Amy had truly become a mother to these children. Amy's mother visited Dohnavur and was able to witness it firsthand as well. The child who was most ill always slept in Amma's room and she was there whenever any child needed attention. Every need that arose was met with a humble attitude of prayer to God for help and provision. God provided all their financial needs in miraculous ways that none could have thought of or imagined. The chapters in this part are a testimony of God's gracious hand of provision in every situation.

In this second part, stories of individuals transformed through their personal experiences with Amy are narrated. The reader is taken through intricate details of specific points in the lives and deaths of certain individuals who had a long-standing relationship with Amy. Some of the parts in this section brings a feeling of pain to the readers, conveying to the reader the amount of pain Amy endured when she lost a loved one or someone who had stood with her through thick and thin.

One of the chapters that stirred up curiosity to know more details was Chapter 23 "The Forest", which describes the forest "*Naraikadu*". I have visited the forest with my schoolmates during one of our vacations. It's an amazing place, consisting of 37 acres of hillside with a river, waterfalls, bathing pools, beautiful trees, wildlife, and other vegetation, which Amy bought for 100 pounds during her days. She bought this place so that her children could have a hill station experience during their holidays.



Jewel House, Naraikadu

The other is Chapter 26 "Immanuel My help". It is the story of a dacoit, Jambulingam and his friend Kasi. I have heard many stories about them during my time in SV but didn't really believe them as they seemed unreal. But reading those same stories here actually made me look up the internet where I found more details about these two men. Amy had a major influence in their lives and their conversion to the Christian faith. Readers will get an action-packed account of their lives.

The village of Dohnavur came to world recognition with the work of Dohnavur Fellowship and their hospital services through *Parama Suha Salai*—Place of Heavenly Healing. People from neighboring towns came to this hospital to get treatment. I was initially disappointed that Santhosha Vidhyalaya was not mentioned in any of the chapters. However, I checked and clarified the chronology: 1926—Inception of Dohnavur Fellowship; 1951—Passing of Amy Carmichael; 1982—Inception of Santhosha Vidhyalaya. This book being the biography of Amy Carmichael would certainly not include the most dearly loved Santhosha Vidhyalaya.

In the third part, which is titled "The Keeping of the Charge", the author focused on the years that Amy spent training future leaders who would receive the baton from her and take charge. She made prayer the most important part of their lifestyle. Towards the end of her life, she was mostly confined to her room where she spent time authoring several books. She has written over 40 books. Her eyes were fixed on the Cross of Christ, and it attracted her. She also wrote many letters of admonishment and encouragement to the Dohnavur family.

A beautiful garden in Dohnavur Fellowship became her burial ground and a bird bath marks Amy's resting place.

In the year 1951, at the age of 83, Amy succumbed to her physical ailments. A beautiful garden in the Dohnavur Fellowship became her burial ground and a bird bath marks her resting place. She adored creation and enjoyed the chirping birds and flowering plants. A good 55 years of her life were spent in Dohnavur. The daring feats of Amy revealed she was a bold, confident, God-fearing, passionate, and vision-oriented lady; a life well lived. She not only preached about Jesus Christ, but she also lived a life that showed him. I highly recommend the book.



Dany is from the class of 2003. He and his wife, Jas, live in the middle east. While at school, Dany was the lead vocalist of a band called The Holy Grail. He enjoys debating on politics, religion, and other related topics in the alumni Whatsapp group.

Jemima Samson Answers the Proust Questionnaire

This collection of self-interrogatory questions was not devised by Proust, although he is said to have answered them on at least two occasions. Presented below are some questions that were not included in the original sets. Future versions of this section might borrow answers from Josh Wurmbrand's birthday questionnaire.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?

Not having to worry about the future. If the future was non-existent then it would be a delight to enjoy the present. Well, this is the reason Utopia exists.

What is your greatest fear?

I have many but growing up in a Christian atmosphere gave me something more to worry about, rapture, Armageddon, 666, and all of Revelations.

What is the quality you most like in a man?

A conversational man who peppers his fluency with humor, amusement, and punch lines.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?

I admire all the women who take the initiative to look beautiful, act smart and raise beautiful families.

On what occasion(s) do you lie?

To save myself from embarrassment.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?

My family first.

Zadie Smith's Rules for Writers

When still a child, make sure you read a lot of books.

Spend more time doing this than anything else.

When an adult, try to read your own work as a stranger would read it, or even better, as an enemy would.

Leave a decent space of time between writing something and editing it.

Work on a computer that is disconnected from the internet.

Protect the time and space in which you write. Keep everybody away from it, even the people who are most important to you.

Tell the truth through whichever veil comes to hand – but tell it. Resign yourself to the lifelong sadness that comes from never being satisfied.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?

I have been told very often that I am very quick to give in to anger, but I am working on it.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?

People who gossip and sow in seeds of misunderstandings in the lives of others

Which living person do you most admire?

Joel Osteen. Jay Shetty.

What is your greatest extravagance?

Can't think of anything that was extravagant. I have tried to keep a balance and have not gone over the limit hence no guilt of being extravagant yet.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?

If being holy is considered a virtue, then I would say it is overrated.

What do you most dislike about your appearance?

There is nothing that I dislike. As a teen, I used to attend a catholic school and my moral science teacher advised us to keep a positive look on oneself. That has stayed with me.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?

"I don't know"

What is your most treasured possession?

I have many treasured possessions. I like collecting antiques. I collect coins, books, stamps. So, the list is long.

Which talent would you most like to have?

I wish I could play a musical instrument and be able to read music.

What is your favorite occupation?

I studied to be veterinarian and that is the best occupation.

What do you most value in your friends?

The friends who are always there when you need them and would be ready to make cup of tea at 2AM at night.

What is your most marked characteristic?

I tend to over analyze things and predetermine the outcomes.

Who is your hero of fiction?

Aslan from the "Chronicles of Narnia"

What is your favorite word or phrase?

Thank God.

What is your favorite journey?

The scenic route by the toy train from Kalka to Shimla. It's a 96 kilometers ride which goes through 20 railway stations, 103 tunnels, 800 bridges and 900 curves

What is your favorite memory from school?

Taking part in a team bible quiz from the book of Judges and my team winning.

What is your favorite song from school?

Fernando and Hastamaniana

What was your favorite place at school?

My desk next to the window from where I could see the tower clock.

Which books had the greatest influence on your life?

The Bible is the first one but otherwise it's The wuthering heights and the Hound of Baskervilles. I still love to read it repeatedly.

What is your motto?

"The Maker is still working on me"

Who are your favorite writers?

Emily Brontë, Charles Dickens, Arthur Conan Doyle, C.S Lewis.



Jemima Samson is from the class of '88 - the "dinosaur batch". She lives with her husband and daughters in Seattle, US

Good writing involves repeated editing. Hemingway once told *The Paris Review* that he rewrote the ending to *A Farewell to Arms* 39 times before he was satisfied.

The Newsletter is run by a virtual team sitting in different places ranging from a plush office in Ohio, USA to a cramped one room apartment in suburban Bangalore. The writers range from a Missionary in Northern India to a Trade International Trade specialist. The newsletter is by the alumni, for the alumni and to the alumni of Santhosha Vidhyalaya. The purpose of the newsletter is to create a literary culture around the school and its associations. Through the months many alumni have written from various batches and we have all enjoyed reading them. All alumni are welcome to write for the newsletter about their life, work and love. Write to us at thedohnavurpost@gmail.com

Haruki Murakami's Routine while working on a novel

Wake up at 4 a.m. Write for five to six hours. Run a 10K or swim 1,500 meters in the afternoon. Read and listen to music. Be in bed by 9 p.m.

Pandam's Power and Privilege

Collecting my blood reports in a hurry, I walked briskly towards the waiting room of my doctor. As I sat breathing heavily due to my brisk walk, I opened the cover wanting to have a look at my blood reports; before I could have a glimpse, I heard my name being called. With my blood results in one hand and my handbag in the other, I entered the doctor's room. The doctor extended his hands to have my reports and I readily gave it to him. I could see his eyes widen seeing my blood results. Then looking at me with a stern face he said:

"You must reduce your weight; your cholesterol level is high, and you have borderline Diabetes".

I was shocked and troubled to know this. Before I could indulge in my own sorrow, the doctor mechanically began to prescribe my diet. Less oil, less salt, less sugar, and then he dropped the bomb, no junk foods. My diagnosis did not hurt me as these last words did. What, no *pandam*!

With a heavy heart, I opened the door to my house. Switched on the fan and slumped on the couch. Then my thoughts drifted to the past where I had to live without *pandam*. Don't look so surprised, yes at the age of five I happily went to Dohnavur, holding the hands of my brother whom I loved. In my innocent mind, I had imagined that I would be staying with my brother. The reality was painful; I was away from my parents and my brother too.

From that moment onwards I was given a well-balanced diet.



That well-balanced diet had all the ingredients in the right proportion as my doctor had suggested. We were given a cup of milk, steamed and healthy foods for breakfast. At 10AM, during our break, we had healthy snacks like tomatoes, cucumber, *kadalai mittai*, carrot, etc. For lunch, we had rice with *sambar*, *rasam*, and buttermilk with one vegetable side dish. On weekends we got chicken and beef. At the tea break, we had tea with some pulses boiled with little sugar, like *kondai kadalai*, *pachai payiru*, etc. Then for dinner, we got something similar to our lunch and on Saturdays we had chapattis. Students loved chapattis so much, that they would even bet on it. I had such a good well-balanced diet that I started to long for the unbalanced diet that is *pandam*.

We did get *pandams* in Santhosha Vidhyalaya, but it was rare and scarce. There were three occasions in which we could get *pandams*.

First was the second Saturday *pandam*. Our relatives were permitted to visit us on the second Saturday of each month. When I was very young, I too used to eagerly await the visit from my aunt. I loved my aunt and the thought of seeing her brought joy. My joy was doubled as she also brought *pandam* for us. As I grew older, so did my aunt's position at school. She was promoted as the headmistress of a very big CSI girl's school at *Meignanapuram*. She could no longer find time to visit us at school. So, my second Saturday *pandam* supply stopped. I couldn't just sit, and watch others deliciously gulp their *pandams*, so I became friends with kids who had rich parents and who would bring loads of snacks. It worked; I got to taste a few mouthfuls of *pandam*. This did not come free, I had to always act kind towards that rich kid, support whatever she said, and act as if I were her adherent fan constantly. To be constantly putting up an act was training. There were kids who would wash cloths of the kids with *pandam* and act as their protector during fights. All this gave lots of power to the kids with *pandam*. So *pandam* was power incarnation in SV.

*If you loved someone but did not
share your pandam with them, then
it was not true love.*

The school authorities felt that if the kids were allowed to keep their *pandams* with them for long, the kids who did not get visitors might be tempted to steal. So, to prevent stealing, they came up with a strategy. We were allowed to have our *pandams* with us and share it with our friends for two days only. On the third day, our warden would have us all sit in the front veranda. She along with her disciples would go from room to room, check all the cupboards, and every known secret hiding place and gather all the *pandams*. These *pandams* were then put in a large basin and mixed up. Then like people receiving *prasadam* from the temple, we all got a handful. We had to sit there and finish it. So, this was how our second Saturday *pandams* quickly vanished, but the power that the kids with *pandam* had did not.

The second means that we could have *pandam* was on our birthdays. We had a huge notice board in front of the principal's office and on it, the names of the kids and their birthdays were displayed for each month. If your name was on that board for that month, then you could be sure you would have many friends that month. The status of your parents was evident by the sweets you got to distribute on your birthday. Normally we got hard candies to distribute to the whole school. Usually, the birthday girl is accompanied by her friend; they both would visit all the classes and distribute sweets. If that birthday kid was your friend, you would receive extra sweets. These sweets were very precious; I wouldn't want my sweets to get over. I would crush the hard candy and put just a small piece in my mouth and relish it. I would get to see my brother after the night study and during that time I would pass the leftover sweet to him. He would also bring sweet to share with me when he had any. So *pandam* was a symbol of love in SV. If you loved someone but did not share your *pandam* with them, then it was not true love.

The third method you could obtain *pandam* in SV was through the parcel. We were asked to write letters to our parents each Saturday. When we were small, we just copied what our teacher wrote on the board. When we could draft a letter on our own, one main request we made to our parents was for the parcel. When someone's name was called out to come and get their parcel, we all were excited. I would get few sunflower seeds or a small portion of Wai-Wai noodles. I would relish and eat with joy. It was a privilege to get *pandams* through parcels because these *pandams* were not collected and distributed. So, the snacks we got through parcels was privileged *pandam*.

I hardly received any parcel while studying in SV. This does not mean that I had exhausted all my means of obtaining *pandam*. Necessity is the mother of all inventions. Yes, the need to have *pandam* made me discover many new snacks. Thank God, SV was the cradle of Mother Nature. We had many kinds of trees, shrubs, herbs, and creepers in our campus. I do not know all the names of those trees, but I knew the taste of their barks, flowers, seeds, and leaves. I used to love the taste of the stamen of the Golden shower trees' flower, the white and red spotted odd petal of the Rosemary *Gulmohar* flower which had a sweet tangy taste. The black curry fruit, yellow Neem fruit, the root bulb of *Durva* grass, and *palmyra* fruit that we used to collect while going for Sunday walk, all became my new snacks. I was lucky if I could find a rip scarlet guard (*kowai pallam*) or a wild cape gooseberry (*Manathakali*) while walking to the playground. One forbidden but tasty and readily available fruit was the tamarind. I have tasted every part of the tamarind tree, the bark, and tender leave; ripe leave, flower bud, seed, small tender tamarind, half ripped tamarind and then the tamarind with a honey like liquid on its cover when you open it. I loved these tamarinds and could pluck them and eat them leisurely. This forbidden pleasure of eating tamarind would bring with it punishment. We always had someone in our class who would go and inform the warden. Then it was time for name-calling and trashing. I was lucky if I got to eat some and escape punishment. Till today I do not comprehend why tamarind was prohibited, was it because it was my alternative snack readily available or did it harm my health.

When our class was shifted to the new classrooms built near the citron (*narthangai*) grove it was a blessing. During our break time, few of us would sneak into the grove and pluck the citron that we could reach easily and rush back inside our class before anybody could discover us. This unripe citron had a strong odor and tasted very tangy and a little bitter. We still loved eating it; well, something was better than nothing. One day while we were partaking in eating this citron in our classroom, our PT sir entered. He got the sniff of the citron and asked if any of us had plucked it. He ordered for the culprit who had plucked it to come forward. We knew what would result if we would surrender, so we acted as if we did not know. So, our PT sir made all of us to stand and gave us all a beating, this did not hurt since realization dawned that we had bonded together as a class and did not want to snitch on each other. We all became partners in crime and friends for life from that moment.

I looked like a model in school with my well-balanced diet and my newly discovered snacks. Don't laugh, I was size zero, maybe size -1 or -2. My collar bones were clearly visible, my abdomen was flat, and I had zero fat.

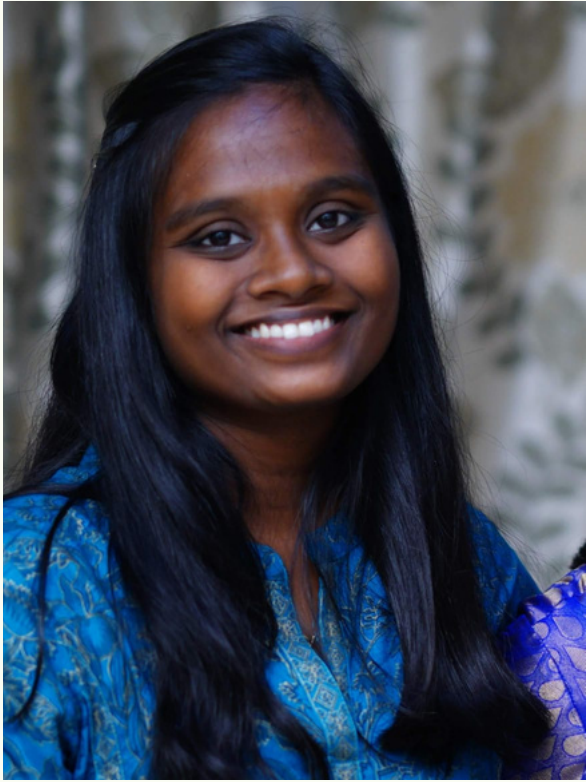
"Mummy I want *pandam*" requested my 13-year-old son.

This jolted me and brought me back to reality. As I sat on my couch, I wondered how a model figure like me had transformed into an overweight aunty with double chin, fat arms and small potbelly. Had my *pandam* deprived childhood paved the way for my strong craving for snacks? Was I to blame my *pandam* addiction for my present situation? Whatever said and done, I still love my *pandam*.

Ruth is a nurse by training and works as the Health Director for ECI, Chennai. She lives with her husband and son, Joshua in Chennai. She loves crocheting, gardening, baking, and sewing.



To All of Us



Beulah Praisie is from the 2013 batch. She is an Assistant Professor at St Clare's College for Masters in Social Work with a specialisation in Medical and Psychiatry. Her favourite thing to do is taking pictures of her hands. Praisie enjoys reading fiction. Her poetry is published on her blog.

To all of us
Struggling with insecurities,
YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

You're not the only one
Battling to be known
There are millions of us
Parts of ourselves
Trying too hard
Just to be recognized
To be remembered
Immersed in ourselves

**Every other is
A competition**

**And we strive in futile to
surpass them**

Afraid of being left behind

Why is life a narrow view?
Why the cheap comparison?
Aren't we all the same inside?
To dust, don't we return?
Can we pause for a moment?

Shift focus from ourselves
And live in constant reminder
that-

**We are worth so much
And every other
Is worth as much as us?**

-Spotlight-

The spotlight is on Benedict P Samuel's Instagram handle [@benedictpsamuel](https://www.instagram.com/benedictpsamuel). Benedict is our most loved wildlife photographer, devoting hours of his life to birding and photography.

This particular picture captures a flock of gossiping Guillemot in Northern UK. "Surely, this is the Guillemot equivalent of a Renaissance painting", he writes.

