

Rtn. Subir Kumar Dhar
President, Rotary Club

MESSAGE:

Dear Fellow Rotarians,

The world is passing through difficult Covid 19 times and we still do not have a visibility of how the coming days will unfold. In these tough times, the community, be it the students, small businesses, or the workmen, all are undergoing severe difficulties.

The Rotarians, Rotractors and Interactors have stood shoulder to shoulder with the community to support them to rebuild their lives. Tough times are great teachers, and every organization and every individual is realizing that things are not the same as they used to be. We Rotarians have also learnt, to cope with challenges, and are geared up to adopt new ways and means to contribute to society.

While the means of online communications, driven by technology, had always been there- but we at Rotary had never used it to the full potential. Today, there is a positive change- clubs are collaborating across the world, and exchanging ideas and opinions on a vast range of topics- be it culture, healthcare, education, nature etc. Club members are forming sister clubs, forging joint projects and attending each other's weekly meetings across the oceans. This is really amazing !.

But, one thing has not changed a bit. That is, the sense of purpose to do good for society. I wish, on behalf of all our members, great days ahead!.

MESSAGE:

Dear fellow Rotarians,

It's been a pleasure to have served as the Charter Secretary with 43 Projects we have opened Opportunities, now, it's time that we all serve to change lives and shall also be the Change makers. One such change is to come out with a monthly bulletin Connections, that will surely connect each one to the world of Rotary better and about our club to the world better. Looking forward for all your support and participation for a wonderful 2021- 22.



Rtn. Geetanjali Dhar
Secretary, Rotary Club

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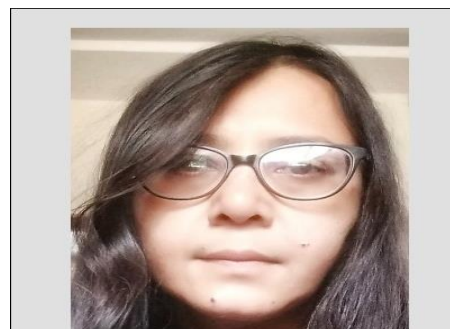
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Visit to CKE founded by Ms. Yuvaneswari

Location : Miyapur, Hyderabad, Telangana, India

A report by Rtn. Sarmistha Ray



Children studying in their classroom.

The children are provided with books and stationery by the foundation.

This is a foundation school for drop-out students in primary and secondary standards. The children are groomed based on their level of knowledge and placed in local high schools. The parents of these children are into odd-jobs like rag-picking. The parents are counselled by this NGO so that the children are sent to CKE school on regular basis. The children mostly belong to standard III to standard VI.

The school has two full-time teachers who teach all the subjects to the students. The children are encouraged to nurture their hobbies like drawing and painting, singing, playing games like carom, football.

Initially, the school started as weekend school. At present, it is run every day. An Anganwadi is also planned for the primary students.

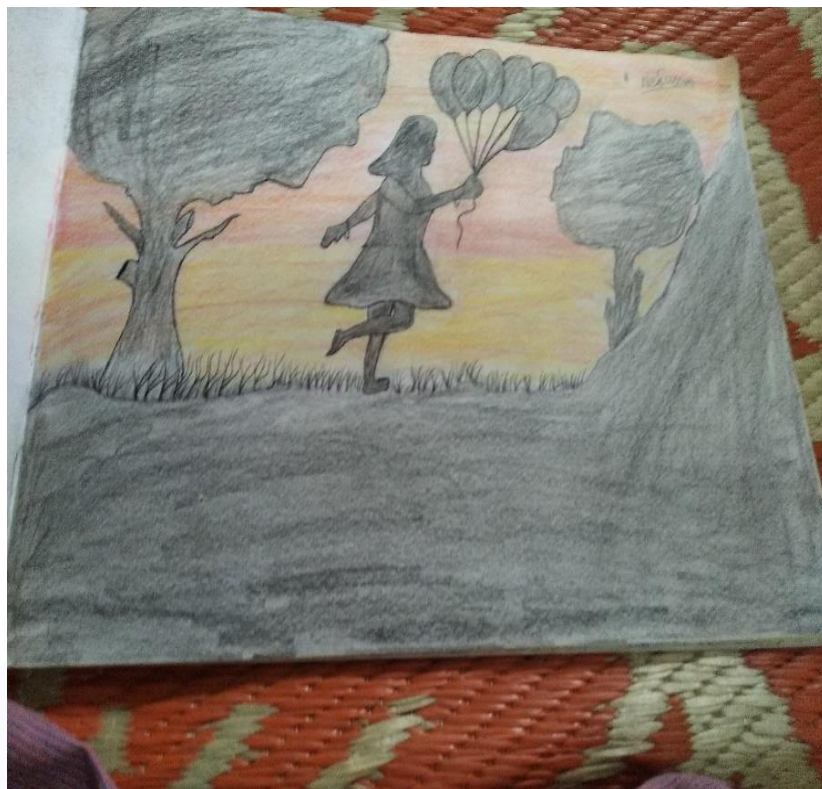


School Entrance is through the garbage dump. There is no *pucca* or concrete road to the school. Due to this during rainy season the roads are muddy and water-logged.

The future plan is to bring in more drop-out children who belong to economically challenged families. Ms. Yuvaneswari is employed in Dr Reddy's Lab. Looking at the plight of these children she started this foundation. She is totally dedicated to this cause and is the heart and soul of this noble initiative.

CKE is managed primarily by individual donors and volunteers. Rotary E-Club of E-Connect is interested to support these children through their various initiatives.

Drawings by one of the students, Master Nekaram.



BEYOND THE HORIZON- By Rukmini Gupta

03:47 am~

She took her last breath that night, leaving behind her son, a five year old boy with big doe eyes looking into a void, small pink lips uttering the same word, "ma", over and over again. He couldn't fathom what had happened, he couldn't understand why ma was not replying.

04:00 am~

The *Fajr* poured in through the cracks and windows of the old worn down house where little Arman Khalid was sitting alone, bewildered, beside his still mother. Sunlight broke through the clouds and illuminated the gazillion dust particles like tiny fireflies. He sat there till the last of the prayer died out, facing the dim sunlight. Baba had taught him to always do the prayers no matter what happened. Baba had passed away a year back, killed by muscular men in huge turbans.

05:58 am~

A sharp knock at the door aroused him. The doodhwala was here. Ma didn't wake up, "Ma, please wake up, ma, please", hot tears made their way down his cheeks, faster by the second. He climbed down from the bed and went to open the door. It was cold to the touch.

- "Master Arman, your mother has not paid the bills for two weeks, will you call her for me?"

-"She won't wake up", he replied softly, his eyes clouding up.

-"What?"

-" Ma won't wake up! She won't wake up! She won't wake up Chachu, she won't wake up!"

The older man dropped the can of milk and rushed into the house. The matronly lady was lying in bed, pale, still, absolutely still. A cup lay on the floor beside a plastic packet. Picking it up gingerly, he turned it over- poison. He squatted down on the floor, his face overflowing with tears, his head spinning. He could feel the boy crying softly on the bed, the boy - the boy was his first concern. He got up and latched the door and drew the curtains drowning the room in an overwhelming darkness.

He walked over to Arman and held him against his chest as the boy shook and cried, uttering "ma" once in a while. The second *Fajr*, the sunrise prayer numbed his mind and drowned out his feelings, his grief, his anger. It calmed his boiling blood as a cold spread through his body, he would not let the innocent boy leave this world so soon.

07:25 am~

He had to get the boy out of this tumble-down house. And the radio. The boy's father, he and a few others used to run a pirate broadcast radio channel that spoke against the Taliban. They had never been caught because they were always on the move. Last year, some electrician had tracked the radio signals and chased them until they found the boy's father, Syed Amal Khalid, and shot him dead on one of the main streets in Kabul, in front of the little boy, traumatizing him for life. Unable to find the others who ran the broadcast channel, they had set out to kill off the Khalid family. The mother, not knowing what else to do, had taken her life like countless other women whose husbands had been killed publicly, or who had been tortured by the beasts of the men.

"Do you have anything of importance that you absolutely need?"

The boy pointed to his mother, "ma", he whispered, tears brimming.

"Listen to me, okay? You cannot be spotted by the Taliban no matter what happens, okay? You have a small body, if you bend down you will be able to fit into one of my empty milk containers. Will you please trust me?"

"Hussain Chachu, are we going to where ma and baba are?"

"No Master Arman, we are going towards the sun, beyond the horizon."

11:43 am~

They had been travelling for a long time through the almost empty streets of Kabul. Around them buildings that had been bombed lay on the ground in rumbles, Kabul, their city was facing Death. But the little boy could not see all this for he was sitting with his knees drawn to his chest, highly uncomfortable inside the damp milk container dangling from Hussain Chachu's cycle.

The *Duhur* was playing at its usual time, calming his nerves and giving him borrowed peace for a few minutes. His frantic thoughts quieted down, as the turbulent waves of grief and anger turned absolutely still. The familiar words enchanted him but the spell was soon broken as he heard quick footsteps and a deep gruff voice speaking over the prayer, "Hussain, you traitor". He could feel his heart sinking once again as a gun shot rang out followed by a thud.

More heavy footsteps joined them-

"Dayyan, the prayer will end in a few minutes, Faiz is looking for you." As the footsteps receded, Arman climbed out. Hussain Chachu was lying on the ground, blood pooling around him. The dying man raised his hand and beckoned him to come closer. He put his lips to the boy's ears and whispered in a hoarse, weak voice, "Go b-back inside the can and stay th-there until you're sure that no one is around." Some blood spluttered out of his open mouth as he drew a labored breath. "At that time, I w-want you to come out and r-run away. I'm really sorry, M-Master Arman, I couldn't c-carry out my duty to not g-get caught and keep you and your mother s-safe. I hope you will find it in your heart to forgive me, someday. *Allah* is always with you, he will guide you now, you are in good hands now. R-run, Master Arman, run. I'll always be th-there by your s-side." His eyes rolled up in his head as a ragged breath left his mouth. As the *Duhur* drew to an end, another great soul took his seat in heaven, beside God. Arman could hear heavy footsteps approaching him from a distance. He quickly climbed into the milk container and pulled the lid close over him soundlessly and wept. Tears ran down his cheeks as he placed both his hands over his mouth in an attempt to stay silent. He turned deaf to all the other sounds of the world. "I'm alone." He felt the complete solitude eating him alive. "I'm alone, I'm alone".

03:45 pm~

He had no idea for how long he sat there in complete pain until the echoing *Asr*, the fourth prayer of the day, pierced his thoughts. "Run, Master Arman, run", Hussain Chachu's voice whispered in his mind. He slid open the lid and looked out. There was no one. He was completely alone. All that was left of Chachu was his blood. The sky was painted a bright red with the blood of all the men and women who had given up their lives to keep someone safe, all the people who were now looking down on him. He muttered a quick prayer to *Allah*. Then he ran. The *Asr* was still echoing all around him, enveloping him in a warm embrace. He ran as fast as his legs could carry him. He ran through the deserted streets and into the setting sun where a new life awaited him beyond the horizon.

-Rukmini Gupta.

My Stained Window

My stained window is painted black and red,
With the blood of men lying cold and dead.

My stained window shows no hopeful light,
My stained window holds a morbid sight.

The bars of my stained window keep me restrained,
As I try to reach out to those with expressions so very pained.

Ruthless people give violent stares,
As they raise their guns to kill anyone who dares.

My stained window is black and red,
But now I turn to face the man sitting on my bed.

He's tall and dark but mesmerizing beneath,
So peaceful, so serene as he bares his teeth.

I cross my arms for I am not scared,
And Death lifts the hood of his cloak and my tired body did he
embrace.

He gave me a kiss so loving and kind,
As consciousness started oozing out of my mind.

The blood on my chest now blooming like a rose,
Death lifted me in his arms and summoned his crows.

My stained window is still painted black and red,
And once again the story of a soldier remained unsaid.

-Rukmini Gupta.

Connecting Quizzically



- 1) Monsoon' is derived from the word 'mausim' which means 'season' in _____ language.
- 2) The direction of wind in monsoon is from _____.
- 3) Rain is caused by _____.
- 4) Most parts of India receive rainfall during which of the following months?
- 5) Which is the rainiest place in the world?
- 6) As per experts monsoon started first _____
- 7) _____ diseases are rampant in Monsoon
- 8) Which type of climate favours monsoon?
- 9) Which country is famous for monsoon season?
- 10) How many kinds of monsoon exist?

N.B: Answers next month



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EVENT PARTNER



Rotary E-Club of E-Connect (RI District 3190) is hosting a Fund Raising Event to generate funds for the initiative : Education for Better Tomorrow. It will a super exciting musical concert featuring celebrity singer Star Singer Shankar . We have prestigious brands on board who have joined the cause and the event is promoted by BookMyShow.

A SMALL THOUGHT

An amazing thing happens when you get honest with yourself and start doing what you love, what makes you happy. Your life literally slows down. You stop wishing for the weekend. You stop merely looking forward to special events. You begin to live in each moment and you start feeling like a human being. You just ride the wave that is life, with this feeling of contentment and joy. You move fluidly, steadily, calm and grateful. A veil is lifted, and a whole new perspective is born.

Source: Pinterest