



THE HARBINGER

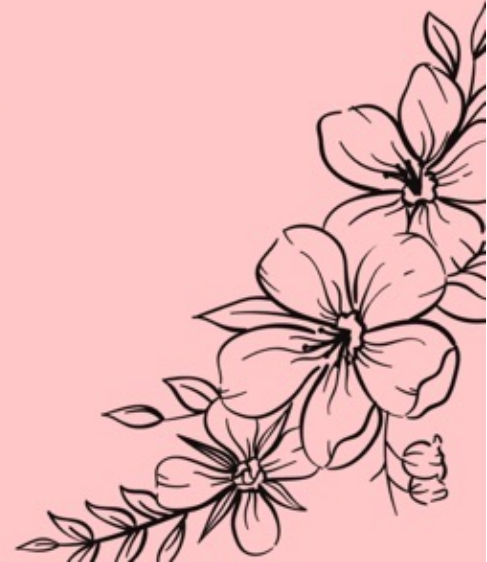
VOLUME 18 | FEBRUARY, 2022



RADIANCE

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A PIECE OF GLASS

- MRS. VAIJAYANTHI GUDIPATY
HEAD - INTERNATIONAL PROGRAMMES,
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"God's best creations are the fellow-angels through whom He works." Franco kept staring at the money in his hand.

Franco's first day at work started by watching his fellow-Gondoliers arguing heatedly over the next ride. A slack tourist season made it difficult to earn enough. Having lost his Father at an early age didn't make life easy. All that 16-year old Franco had was immense confidence and memories of his Father to help stay afloat. The work rule was that the in-coming Gondolier had to get back into the line and await his turn so that everyone had a fair chance. Franco was next in line. The in-coming Gondola pulled up to the side for the tourist to alight. Just as she stepped out the Gondola tilted a bit making the elderly tourist lady lose her balance. Franco lunged forwards and managed to save her from falling into the water but the small glass effigy she held fell from her hands and hit the cobbled ground and broke into pieces! Everyone noticed this but the Gondoliers ignored it and called out to Franco, "Ride the next tourist!" But Franco faltered - his background was poor; his upbringing, rich. "You go ahead." he shouted to the next gondolier in line and bent down to pick the pieces of broken glass.



Franco managed to pick up all the pieces, except one. He noticed that it was a Murano glass effigy of Gabriel the Angel that stood atop the bell tower at St. Mark Square. He tried looking for the only missing piece - The Halo. As he turned to hand over the glass pieces the elderly lady smiled at Franco and held up the small glass Halo in her wrinkled fingers and collected the rest of the pieces from him. As he turned to leave the elderly lady handed out some money and said, "God bless you, Son. It's for the ride you missed." She then gave the little glass Halo to Franco. "God's best creations are the fellow-angels through whom He works. Thank you for being my guardian angel today. Places become beautiful because of the experiences we associate with them. This effigy will always remind me of you and I will know that this missing Halo adorns your Head." So saying she turned and slowly walked away. Franco kept staring at the money in his hand. It was more than enough for buying a brand-new Gondola! "Maybe then, it's true!" he thought. "You always stay afloat in Venice!"



TWO STEPS THROUGH HAPPINESS



I frowned as I stared at my reflection in the mirror. The illness had taken its toll on me and it was out there for all to see. Frail body, shaven head, and grimly set lips. "You are as thin as a rake." "Wear a wig!" "Cover your head with a scarf!" "You used to be so beautiful! What a pity." I sighed. Somewhere through this warlike journey, I had started becoming weaker mentally than physically. Words started affecting me, sympathy began to feel like bows of mockery. But not anymore. I am a fighter, a survivor.

I let go of the scarf in my hand, determined. My lips naturally curled up into a smile as I opened the door and walked out, leaving my inhibitions behind.

Life is a journey and it is we who decide the path we take. Times may come when we are forced to abandon our chosen path but eventually we'll overcome every hurdle and find ourselves back on the right track. Because we are fighters who never give up. And I have made my choice. Happiness. I smiled at the lady who looked at me disapprovingly and I could have sworn I saw her eyes softening. As I entered the bus, I grinned at the driver, waving my hand and he gave me a cheerful thumbs up. I heard a few bright chuckles. As I took a seat, I heard the girl behind me whispering into her mother's ears. "Mom, she is so cool! I am going to grow up and be like her." I smile softly. If my confidence can inspire, then I have made a difference in the world. If my happiness radiates, I have made a difference in the world and for myself. As for life, we take two steps through happiness, one day at a time.

- SHREYA TOBY
12 - G

LOVE: OUR ULTIMATE SAVIOUR



To start with, I implore you all to look around you; look at the havoc wreaked by an infinitesimal virus. Look at the crippled families, the people who have powerlessly lost their living, the children, who have turned into orphans, the families who have lost their fortunes, to pay lengthy hospital bills. Look into the moist eyes of all these individuals & you will discern how shattered they are, how they have retreated into their own shell, how they have lost all hopes in this mortal world.

So, what can heal us in these testing times?

The answer is love. Love solely can rescue us from these despondent depths. Love can work wonders, only if we allow it to. Fill your heart with unconditional love & spread that love around. Give hopes to people who are now hopeless. Give love to people who are in need of it, but don't fake it. It's imperative for us to be grateful for what we have instead of grumbling about what we've lost or what we don't have at all. There are people below us too, who don't have the 'luxuries' we have, but they still live their lives, quite contentedly too. So, instead of comparing ourselves to the people above us, we ought to express our gratitude, by comparing ourselves with the destitute. With only love & gratitude in our hearts, we can heal this place, we can reverse the mayhem created by this virus, we can spread positivity.

So, this Valentine's Day, let's all pledge to spread love & gratitude around us to make this world, a better place to live in, and to show the virus the unfathomable power of love.

- MAHEE GOYAL
11-E



GRATITUDE - A PRIVILEGE

She had heard of it of course. She had seen it through the windows, when families said grace before eating. She had read about it when she sneaked into the library for some warmth. But she had never experienced it herself.

It's difficult to experience Gratitude when there are hardly any things in life to be grateful for. It was a privilege she had been denied. All she had were rags that hung off her scrawny frame, no footwear, a cardboard box to call home and a street dog that she sometimes shared her stolen scraps with.



She had recently lost this box, swept away in an effort to beautify the city. She was very embittered for someone so young. She couldn't especially bring herself to feel grateful when she had seen strangers live comfortably, in their own little bubble, with everything they could ever need. She had wished she could be this oblivious when she was not allowed to enter a bus or kicked out of an establishment when asking for water. Her own mother had been too drunk to care about her. She was too scared, too hurt and too disappointed. But then an old couple came up to her. With measured steps and a steady voice, they spoke as though she was a wild animal that had been spooked by the rain. They offered her soup that warmed her hands and rested heavily in her belly. They took her with them to the foster home where children ran around, care-free, and gave her clothes that hugged her just right. That day, for the first time since her mother died, she cried and huddled under the blanket, allowing herself to feel something other than rage. And then, for the first time in her life, she experienced Gratitude, and it was a wonderful feeling.

- MUGDHA BHIDE
11-H

GALLIVANTER

It was after a very long trip that I was finally going home. I got out of the airport and looked for an uber. It was nearly impossible to even book uber without being followed by several "Kaali-Peeli" taxi drivers. Finally, I booked one and fortunately it came on time. I sat inside. With the windows down, my head popped out, my hair flowing with the wind. I let the wind flow through my hair, let it hit my face. It is one of the most holy experiences that I enjoy only and only in India!! My eyes closed. I was pondering on the quote that I had read recently "The world is a book and those who do not travel read only one page." Ahh!! What a beautiful quote!! I wondered what I would write ahead if I used it as an opening line for my travel blog. But it seems that no words were formed after such a relevant quote.

Since a kid every vacation, we went on family trips. And the most excited of the three of us was me! I always loved going out. So may it be a small trip to the mall or an outstation trip, I was always excited. So why do I love traveling? Why does it make me happy?



Traveling has varied aspects. For a person like me whose energy is always at its peak for experiencing something new, who loves to talk for hours and hours with the people I know as well as with the ones whom I don't know, who can't resist food and try different dishes, who can't stay at one place for long, who loves a good adventure, exploring new places, who loves to read and listen to music and most importantly who knows how to enjoy every moment of her life to the fullest, traveling is the ideal thin.

Traveling for me is like a relaxing adventure. For me, traveling means to make new friends and make memories with them, as much as possible. To do something that you have never done in your life, to find and experience a completely new side of yourself, to face your fears. Traveling means trying a specialty of that country. To respect and go along with the country's culture. Traveling means going places to truly explore and not just going places to say you've been there. Traveling for me means getting lost in little bookstores and cafes. appreciating the tiny treasures in the area you discover. It's experiencing as many new things as you can. It's thrilling and heartbreaking, it's exciting and scary, it's every emotion wrapped up into a sea of memories and experiences that you wouldn't trade for the world.

- VAISHNAVI RANE
11-G

THE JOY OF LIVING IN THE PRESENT

One might have heard about the joy of family, giving, forgiving. But what is the Joy of living in the present? Assume, you are at home it is your anniversary but you are so stressed about a presentation to be delivered tomorrow and you remember how bad you did the last time for which you could not enjoy the day with your loved ones. Let's divide our life into three parts, past-present-future. Past is full of memories and future full of imaginations. Neither is past in your hands to mend nor is the future in your hands to predict. The Joy is only in living in the present. Worrying about tomorrow or stopping yourself from doing something because of the past will not let you live today, is actually worsening your past and future. Forget about what had happened last time, don't think about what will happen tomorrow do what you love to do and live in The Joy of today.

- TANAY PUROHIT
11-F

THE BEAUTY IN EVERYDAY THINGS

My favourite thing about life is that no number of memories are enough. No problems that cannot be solved. No wounds that we cannot heal. No people that we cannot love and no sunset that we cannot find beautiful.

My favourite thing about life is that there is so much to be happy about. So much to be grateful for and so much to look forward to. So much to love and so many to cherish. So much to explore and so much more to conquer.

My favourite thing about life is the little happiness things around me give me. A good book, a warm cup of coffee, a chocolate pastry, a good conversation, a good pair of boots or a good friend. The tiniest things like a compliment from a stranger or reconnecting with a long lost friend can fill my entire heart with happiness.

My favourite thing about life is the journey. It is something so beautiful and something so marvelous like it's straight out of a book. Everyone experiences life differently. Everyone has their good moments and their bad. Their moments of glory and their moments of criticism. Their time of being adored and also their downfall. Their life falling apart only so that they can pick the pieces up and put it together more beautifully.

It's easy to ignore the beauty in the world when darkness takes over but we must remind ourselves that the world is filled with artists, creators, decorators, lovers, writers and bakers who make life worth living. We must remind ourselves that there is beauty in new experiences and new people, in not knowing what the future holds for us and in getting out of our comfort zone. We must remind ourselves that there is beauty in everyday things.

-EESHA PUNJABI
11-E



मराठी राजभाषा दिन



माझा मराठीची बोलू कौतुके।

परि अमृतातेहि पैजासी जिंके।

आपली माय, आपली बोली, आपला बाणा! आपली मराठी भाषा ही विविधतेने नटलेली, संस्कृतीने समृद्ध झालेली आणि मायेने तृप्त करणारी देवाची देणगी, जिच्या अस्तित्वाने व कौशल्याने, जिच्या आपुलकीच्या स्पर्शाने व परंपरा कायम जपून ठेवण्याच्या कलेने, संपूर्ण मानवजातीला अवाक करून सोडले आहे...अशी ही माझी मायबोली मराठी!!

कुसुमाग्रज, वि.स. खांडेकर, अत्रे, फडके, विंदा करंदीकर, तेंडुलकर, पु. ल., शांता शेळके, नेमाडे ह्यांसारखी भाषेला जपणारी व वृद्धिंगत करणारी दिग्गज व्यक्तिमत्त्वे ह्या मराठी मातीने आपल्या साहित्याला भेट दिली!



ह्या जननीने, ह्या मराठी मातीत जन्म घेतलेल्या प्रत्येकाला शब्दसंपत्तीने व साहित्याने समृद्ध करत आयुष्यभराची शिंदोरी दिली..अशा हया संपन्न राजभाषेचा दिवस साजरा करताना खरोखरच अभिमान वाटतो!

आपल्या मायबोलीला माझा मानाचा मुजरा!

म्हणूनच जाता जाता कवी सुरेश भटांच्या काव्यपंक्ती ओठांवर रुंजी

घालतात...

लाभले आम्हास भाग्य बोलतो मराठी,

जाहलो खरेच धन्य ऐकतो मराठी!

-मुक्ता गोखले

मराठी राजभाषा दिन

ओळखलंत का सर मला ?

पावसात आला कोणी
कपडे होते कर्दमलेले केसावरती पाणी

क्षणभर बसला नंतर हसला बोलला वरती पाहून
गंगामाई पाहुणी आली गेली घट्टयात राहून

माहेरवाशीण पोरीसारखी चार भिंतीत नाचली
मोकळ्या हाती जाईल कशी बायको मात्र वाचली
भिंत खचली चूल विझली होते नव्हते नेले
प्रसाद म्हणून पापण्यांमध्ये पाणी मात्र ठेवले

कारभारणीला घेऊन संगे
सरआता लढतो आहे
पडकी भिंत बांधतो आहे चिखल गाळ काढतो
आहे

खिशाकडे हात जाताच हसत हसत उठला
पैसे नको सर जरा एकटेपणा वाटला

मोडून पडला संसार तरी मोडला नाही कणा
पाठीवरती हात ठेऊन नुसते लढ म्हणा
....पाठीवरती हात ठेऊन । नुसते लढ म्हणा.....

- कवी कुसुमाग्रज

कणा



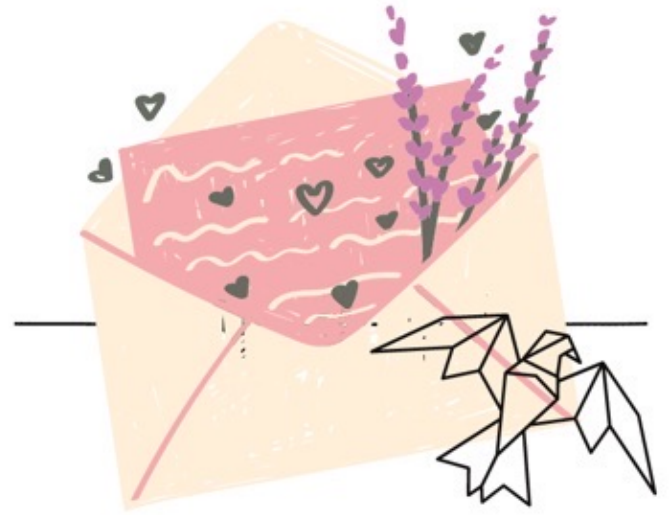
- कवी कुसुमाग्रज

GRATITUDE

I am grateful to the Almighty for every breath I take. I am grateful to the Supreme Soul for every ounce of life that he has blessed me with. I am grateful to God for giving me this life as a human wherein I can right all my wrongs.

I am grateful to my parents who gave me the courage to Dream.

Story books! Even if the story has a sad ending, I can't help but be happy that I chanced upon it. I practically inhale the books if they have a good storyline.



Reading alone in my room at sunset, curled up in a cozy blanket with the windows open while the wind caresses my skin.

Staring at the moon.

I am really grateful for everything that God has given me.

Events of the Month



World Cancer Day

Every year, World Cancer Day is observed on February 4 to raise worldwide awareness.

The theme of this year's World Cancer Day is "Close the Care Gap". It is all about raising awareness about understanding and recognising the inequities in cancer care around the globe, and question the status quo; to listen to the perspectives of the people living with cancer and their communities and let those lived experiences guide our thoughts and actions.

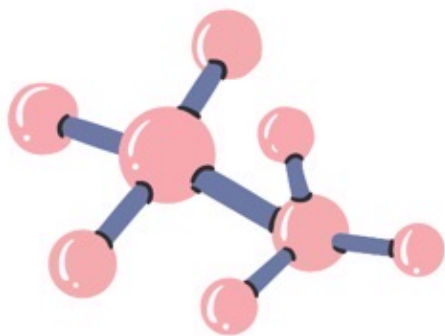
Marathi Rajbhasha Diwas

Marathi Rajbhasha Diwas (Marathi Rajbhasha Day) is celebrated annually on February 27 to honour the birth anniversary of famous Marathi poet and writer Shri. Vishnu Vaman Shirwadkar, who was popularly known as 'Kusumagraj'. Shirwadkar was an eminent Marathi poet, playwright, novelist, short story writer, and humanist. The day is celebrated to recognise and honour the greatness of Marathi literature.



National Science Day

National Science Day is celebrated every year on February 28 to mark the discovery of the 'Raman Effect'. It was done not just to honour the achievements of Sir C.V. Raman but also of other scientists for their achievements in the scientific field. It is celebrated in order to raise awareness about the significance of science and how it improves the daily lives of the common folk.





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***“EVERY MOMENT IS A FRESH BEGINNING.”
—T.S. ELIOT***