

the newsletter

from
the school

Krishnamurti Foundation India



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From the editor

Welcome to the 11th issue of The School's newsletter for the academic year 2020-21. With the commencement of the lockdown due to the pandemic, The School has adopted an online mode of teaching and learning. This has brought with it several deliberations, challenges, reflections, creative work and a door to new possibilities. This issue is special in that it chronicles some of the student work that has resulted completely from an online teaching methodology.

Issue 11

"I am life. I have
no name. I am as
the fresh breeze of
the mountains."

-Jiddu
Krishnamurti



School campus on 5th September, 2020

A potpuri Classrooms in lockdown

SHOES STREWN ABOUT, CHAIRS IN
DISARRAY, BENCHES TOPPLED,
BOOKS AT A TILT, PAPERS TOSSED
AROUND...

CLASSROOMS IN A LURCH BECAUSE
OF AN ABRUPT CLOSURE





A new way of working

*student and teacher experiences across school on the
online mode of learning*

Some enjoyments

"I like the experiments, activities and the videos given for explanation. I also like the assignments and craft work I have to do while working on the activities as it makes me engage with art."

"One thing that I enjoy about the present way of working is the fact that I can use multiple references for my assignments such as websites and videos. Another thing that I like about the present way of working is that I can use MS word instead of writing in my notebook because with MS word I can perfect my assignments and homework with the multiple tools offered."

Some challenges

"I miss the outdoors and playing games. I miss clay, weaving and expressive arts."

"I find it hard to concentrate as in school there used to be others working around me and I would find it easier to work."

"I don't like all the time I spend in front of my laptop. This seems to be the 'season of laziness' as I used to be active in school, interacting with my friends."

Teacher's view

I wondered about the assignments 'turned in', as I watched a pair of pigeons through my window, busily jostling on the edge of our apartment and building an ordinary, fragile-looking nest. One could make out it was just a disarray of sticks, like Mikado littered on the stained surface. However, the setting was near perfect and their curious bobbing heads dragged their bodies behind, looking rather pleased and satisfied with all the space they had acquired for themselves. The responses to the assignments are varied; none bearing semblance to the figures and names adjusted in the small screen. They express reflection, haste, interest, curiosity, fatigue and more. As one reads further, a conversation was struck with the individual. I went back looking for the response that conveyed another view. It appeared to me that we had stumbled upon another approach to our minds in the company of written words. It is a marvel how much these little words convey.

Some enjoyments

"I enjoy being with my parents while I work in this new way."

"I get to spend time at home and do my school work at the same time."

"I can work at my own pace and take how much ever time I want."

"I enjoy the fact that I can work alone without any interruptions."

"I like that I can stay home and work and that I don't have to get up early to go to school."

Some challenges

"I sometimes have difficulty in understanding the instructions and not being able to clarify them."

"In online classes, I don't like that I have to speak to a computer. I like to speak in school with a person."

"I find it difficult to not step out for such a long time. I miss play time and my friends. I overcome this by folding more complex origami models."

"I miss school, akkas, annas, birds, trees, animals, friends, playing and fun at school."

Teacher's view

There is this comparison of the online platform with physical classroom experience that keeps running in your mind. A deeper look into the phrase 'physical classroom experience' made me list down all that I thought that a physical classroom would give but may not be possible in an online platform. The list was long. Yes. But then it also helped me think and explore ideas that could be done in this platform to compensate for each one of those experiences listed. For example, History is about stories. When we discuss a particular topic in History, I share related events from History that are not narrated in the textbook. This also helps to place History in context. To give that experience, I started making videos with pictures and minimal animations, and told the stories that I would otherwise tell in class. The pictures and animations gave an additional flavour. Through these videos I have ticked off one item in the list. There are many more and my exploration continues.

Some enjoyments

"There are many things to enjoy about the online classes that I am taking these days. In these classes they offer a type of flexibility for me when I am busy in certain days, thereby easing the load of my back in schoolwork and the small household duties I have. These classes have put a decent amount of fun problems in relatively short amounts of work. This ensures that I won't get bored too easily and it stimulates my mind to do better in my academic work."

"I can attend to my work the moment it gets uploaded and have the rest of the day free to myself."

Some challenges

"I am enjoying all the work as it is not too hard and Akkas are explaining it clearly to me."

"It gets boring beyond a point to be at home with your family the whole day. I miss the time with my friends in school."

"As a new student, I was eager to explore the campus and make new friends. I am disappointed that now I have to wait."

Teacher's view

My lens on this is science related, but there's plenty and I can extend the application to any subject. Some of the things I enjoyed in the designing of a class are-

-Have some fun Science work: There's a ton of unanswered homework questions on these Science posts like how long would it take to bicycle to the moon? Why is gravity so weird? What is matter made of? Why don't objects fuse to my finger when I touch them? etc.

-Assigning a project: students can use this time to make some simple measurements at home and create a mini lab with available materials.

-Making my own videos: A combination of slides, videos and discussions.

Conducting classes online is a new experience for me. However, the struggle is with the time that goes into planning material, I end up thinking it would require less effort to just take the class yourself. I also say that I limit myself in what I can do, and it never quite feels like enough. My effort to stay connected with students is the most difficult aspect of my work now. From coping with basics like internet connectivity and not reliable power supply to more structural issues that I encounter on a daily basis, I have an opportunity to see my children and colleagues talk to them. This is something that makes me feel motivated and it keeps me going.

Some enjoyments

"With this Google classroom platform we can do the work at our own pace and are not forced to do it at a particular time, while still maintaining a sense of normalcy as we need to submit the work before a realistic deadline. It has also familiarised me with using various computer tools such as Microsoft word, which will be useful in the coming years. There is also the added comfort of being able to do the work at home and most students don't need to undertake the long bus rides every day. This has also given me a lot more time to explore new extracurricular activities and has given me enough time to also study and delve deeper into the subject without just going through the assigned material."

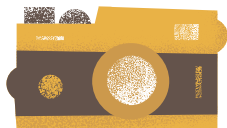
Some challenges

"I have a difficulty with not seeing my friends for a long time."

"The difficulties are that I can't ask a teacher a question and receive the answer quickly, like how I usually do in the classrooms. Another difficulty is that I spend a lot of time looking at the laptop. The last and main difficulty is that there are no people to play or talk with as everybody in the house will have some work or the other."

Teacher's view

The one thing that comes to my mind when I think about the current mode of teaching and learning is its newness. None of us can say that we know how to teach through the laptop screen. Nor do we have extensive experience learning through it. Each of us is learning to work on the job and by exchanging ideas with each other. Teaching methods followed over decades have become irrelevant all of a sudden. I see this as an opportunity for us to discover new ones together. Though the present situation is only temporary and we will get back, I learnt an invaluable lesson. I realised how crucial it is to keep alive in one's mind, the fundamental purpose of education. And to check now and then whether we are fulfilling it. I'm convinced that I must pay a lot more attention to the teaching approach rather than the teaching methods. Each day, I look forward to deriving the latter from the former.



Musings from Senior School

The creative work presented by students of senior school involved working in a leisurely manner. They each chose a subject in their homes that struck them and photographed it. On looking at the photograph, they wrote poems guided by certain word prompts. The poems composed by them capture thoughts, memories, feelings that were deeply felt by them. Here are a few of their photographs and poetry for your enjoyment.



Very softly, I ask my brother "Do you want to
play soccer?"

Leaving the paper of our notebooks and
worksheets empty,

We proceed to play the beautiful game.

Later when I dream about it,

In the humbling darkness of the night

I hear the ever-increasing music of
a hundred thousand fans chanting inside a
stadium.

I step up to the penalty spot and kick the ball
into the net,

"Sathvik Swamy has won the world cup for
the USA!" is what the announcer says.

Oh soccer ball, you confess nothing,
But I am down on my knees declaring
my love for you.



There is a moment in life when you realize
that you are just another person,
Just like the 1080 particles in the
observable universe,
You are nothing.

But somewhere through the course of time it
dawns on you,

That you are something.

You are your parents' pride,

You are your friend's laughter,

A person who has surpassed the odds of life,
This miracle is you.

And you may be insignificant like the dew
drops from your childhood's flowers,

But you bring joy and beauty to all those
around you,

A universe without you would be a universe
with a 1079 particles- incomplete.



Very softly did the song begin, as I wrote the lyrics on the paper,
The ink stained sorrow leaked my humbling darkness,
And left me in complete silence.

My refusal to admit, and my inability to confess drove
the sorrow within me,

The ever increasing music surged like my undying sorrow.

Sorrow is a secret you hold near,

It can hurt based on if it's fear

But that's why music found me here.



As it rains over the leaves,
these that are so gentle as paper.
They progress showing no refusal,
Unaffected by the humbling darkness of
today.

I can hear its voice in my head
Prompting me, "you confess".
I must say, in the past few months, there
has not been a lot to do.
But whenever I glance at the plant and its
beauty,
I feel at peace and hear every increasing
music in my head.

Growing from under the earthly particles,
Bright as day but sharp as night,
Leaves protectively clasp fragile buds,
Laughter is felt in their coming alive,
Rising, fresh like childhood's flowers,
My idle head observes this miracle,
Serene and peaceful as
cannot be described,
As the sun falls the flowers sway,
Dancing in a dying breeze,
There is a moment felt by us all,
Nature unites us in her glory.



There is a moment I often take to look around,
but this miracle has been sitting outside my
window this whole time,
it makes my idle head burst with curiosity,
on what lies within this spectacular sight.
Awe struck, I stand watching the still shades of green
It takes me down memory lane filled with laughter
I delve into the deepest moments and sweet nothings
All this only to realise that they are merely particles
floating around invisibly
Yet visible to my eyes.

As I was sitting on my bed,
With my windows wide open,
The last hint of summer breeze,
As light as paper,
Very softly,
Floated its way in
The carefree summer had braced
himself for a refusal
And was here just to
say his last goodbyes
People can be compared
to seasons
Just like the summer,
They are born, bloom, and ebb away
Suddenly, I could hear the ever-
increasing music of the rain
Finally,
The hot, lazy, summer
days were gone
The humbling darkness of
the grey clouds has taken over.

Four thirty at the crack of dawn
 Mia wakes me up
 She has slept under my blanket
 in the humbling darkness
 Breathing very softly with her four
 paws in the air.
 Now that she is up
 She hastens me to take her for a walk
 Squirming, squealing, crooning and crying
 Dropping the leash on the floor,
 looking through her beady eyes



I dig further into my blanket with a stubborn
 refusal to heed her please
 She licks my face and places her wet nose
 against my cheeks
 Relentlessly charming me with her tricks
 Drop the morning paper at my feet
 She continues her ever increasing music of
 whining and whimpering
 pleas
 O I confess that it is a ritual I
 can on watching over and over

Whiter than paper it is
 the idli is my childhood flower
 I drop it into my tender mouth and
 there is a moment
 I shall never forget
 Every thought of that moment
 fills my idle head with joy and laughter.
 The rough sandy podi particles
 roar in my gentle mouth
 this has to be a miracle and nothing less.



He was standing there with a pose in the humbling darkness
 The lights turned on with ever-increasing music
 The kathakali artist suddenly moved gracefully
 like paper flying in the air
 It had seemed intense, with the light very softly
 reflecting off his face of green
 What he was jealous of no one knows because of his
 refusal to speak
 He fluttered away to the other end of the stage
 He was back in the dark with a face of greed, but no pride
 In the end it was just a play, or was it a play of real life?

Project Week Snapshot

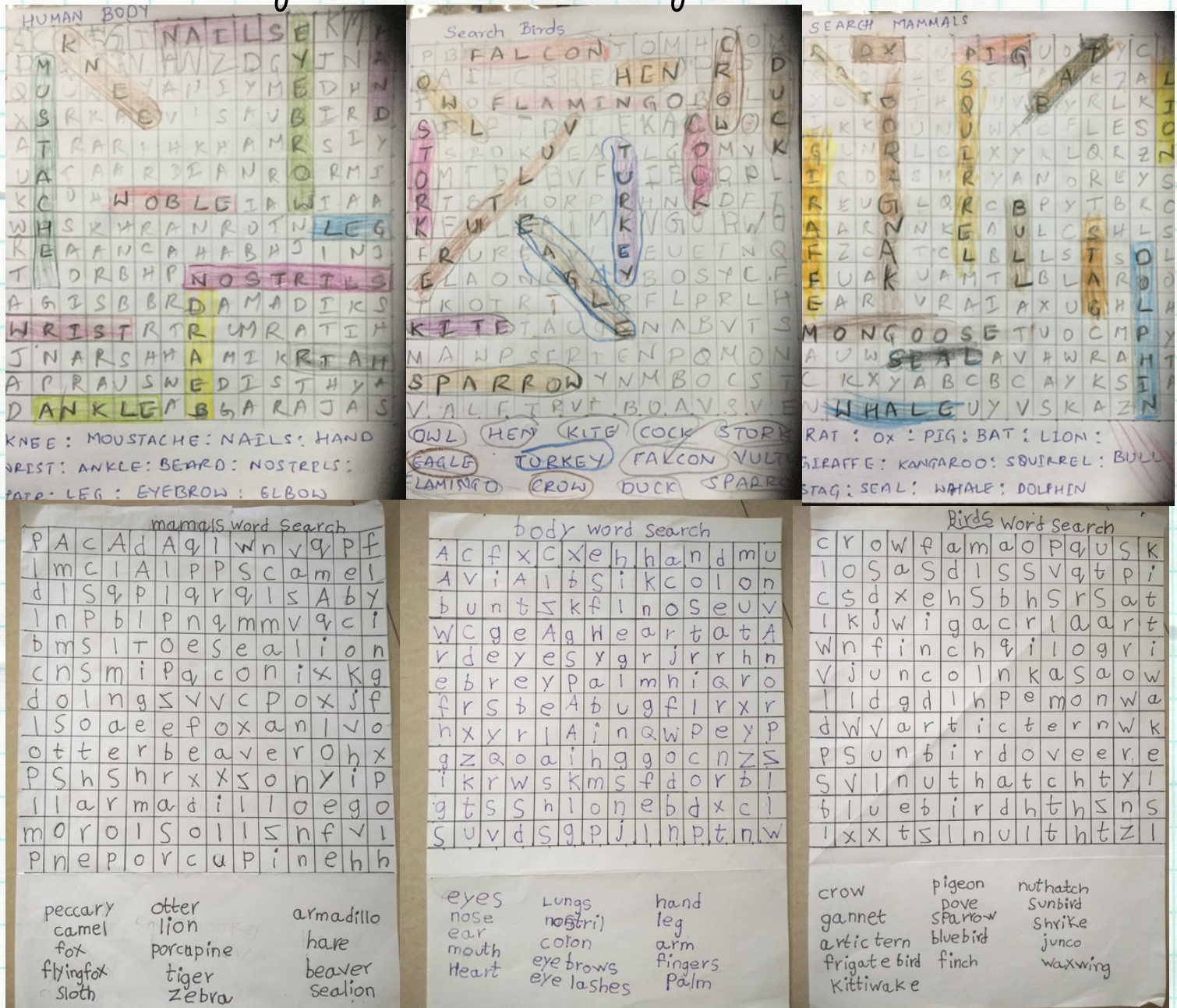
junior and middle school

Students from junior and middle school worked on projects where they did some hands-on work with the materials available at home and learned about the topic in the course of doing the project. The overall time taken to complete the project was a week with a few hours spent on it each day. During this time, regular academic work was suspended. Here are some images of student work of some of the projects shared via Google Classroom.

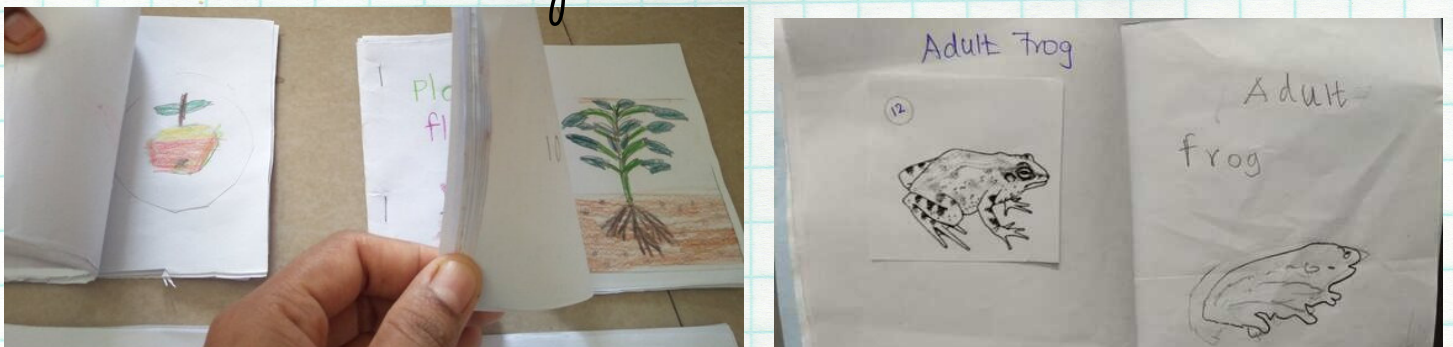
Book of designs



Creating thematic word grids



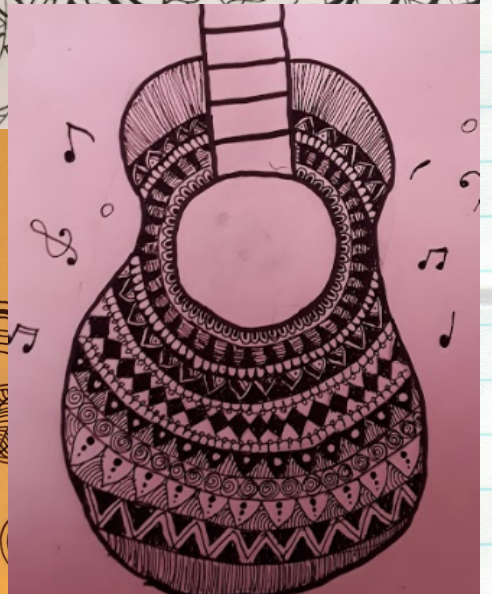
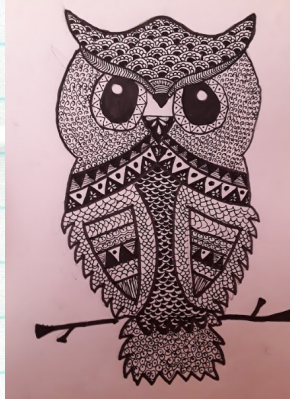
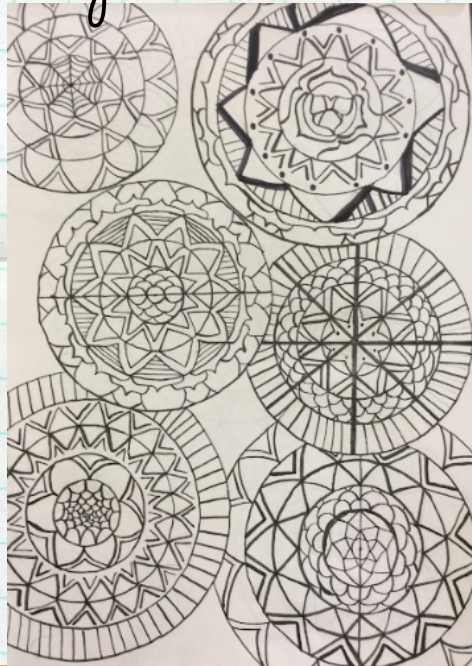
Flip books on life cycles of different insects, animals, plants, birds and more



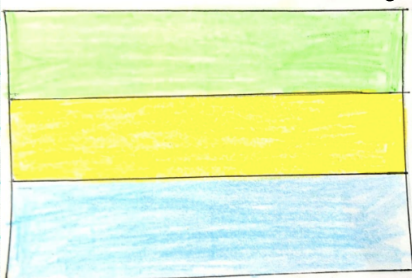
Graphic book on birth of a star



Mandala designs

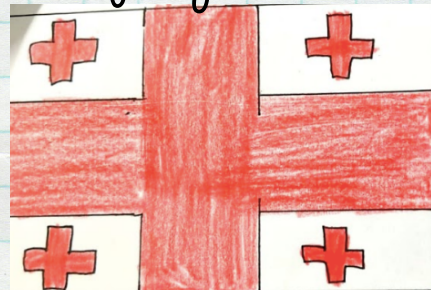


Observing symmetry in flags



Country:
Gabon
Capital city:
Libreville

Line of symmetry:



Country:
Georgia
capital:
Tbilisi

Line of symmetry



Country:
Guinea
capital:
Conakry

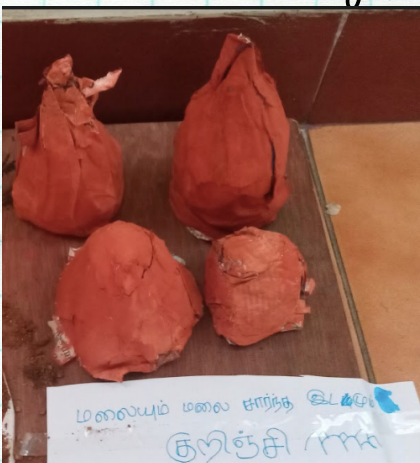
Line of symmetry:



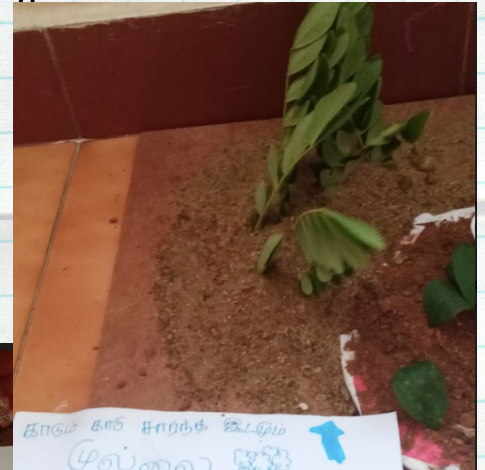
Repurposing rag cloth



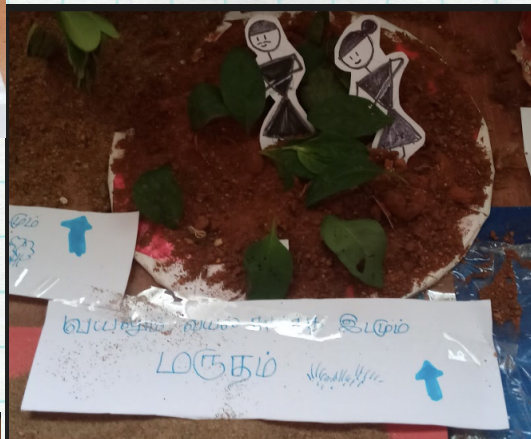
Landscape models using scraps



Kurunji/Mountains



Mullai/ Forests



Marutham/ Cropland



Neithal/ Seashore



Paalai/ Dry lands

Writings and art based on a musical prompt



Students wrote descriptive articles, poetry, made artwork expressing their thoughts, feelings, visualisations on listening to a techno infused violin composition by Lindsey Stirling. Some of the work is shared here.

ROSE-TINTED SKIES

On one unassuming Wednesday, I went up to the terrace to watch the sun set. I carried a book and climbed up to sit beside the big blue water tank. I could not concentrate on the book, because my thoughts were flying around. The city around me looked so quiet, the usually persistent honking and shouting were now replaced by a gentle whispering of the trees. Looking into Kalakshetra, I marvelled at the explosion of green, and the small white flowers which were slowly making a twirl of a descent. To my left, was a very large expanse of aquamarine. The ocean glittered with the last few rays of sunshine. The ocean seemed to extend on forever, on either side. As I looked up, I saw the white wisps of clouds floating around. The altocumulus formation made the sky look like many pieces of a puzzle which had been arranged together but were yet to be connected. As my gaze shifted down, to my right, I saw the blazing orange cannonball in the sky. The sun had tinted the skies a rosy hue. The magic that is nature was so breath-taking, that I just sat there, watching it. The last few rays of the sun bathed my face, as the sun travelled to his other sky.



FREE SPIRITS

Galloping to the beat of his heart
A stallion by starlight
Through rolling hills
The silver moon guides him
Past the iridescent stream
Free to roam the night

Far from the shore in fire-struck waters
A despondent dolphin watches the setting sun
Dives beneath the rhythmic crashing
Thrusts herself into the streaked sky
Painting it her own, her last leap for the day

ALTERNATE REALITY

There was only darkness. It was like this for many centuries, grandfather said. He had also told Herav that it was not always like this. His mother used to tell him stories which she had heard from her grandparents. The stories were passed on generation after generation. The magnificence of natural light could no longer be appreciated because there was no natural light. The Sun of the solar system had been engulfed by Sagittarius A, the supermassive blackhole at the centre of the Milkyway galaxy. Along with the Sun, even the Earth would soon be a part of this ever hungry blackhole. Scientists predicted that day was “only a couple of centuries away”.

The humans in this reality had equipped themselves to warm their planet to favourable conditions. Unlike our reality, where we do not know much about the end, these humans were preparing themselves for the worst. The reason why they would experience doom and we will not can be explained by Feynman's theory of multiple histories. It states that there are multiple possible scenarios in which the universe could have evolved. This means that we live in an environment favourable for life, but many other scenarios might be the opposite. These humans of alternate reality must exist in another universe. This universe must be collapsing in itself. It is likely that it must clash into another universe.

The humans had mixed feelings about colliding with a singularity; some felt bad that no more humans would live after this calamity, but others—especially scientists— saw an opportunity to time travel. After all, blackholes are places where time stops. The only challenge would be to stay intact in the extreme gravitational conditions. The gravity of a blackhole is so immense that even light—“the massless wave”— will not be able to escape its noose. The people of this alternate reality were going to try and defy this monster's superpower. The time came. Earth was losing its ellipsoidal shape. There was no escape. Scientists had not come up with anything to save themselves from their terrible fate. And it happened.

There was silence. Everybody was resisting getting sucked into the ground. Only one person had come up with a solution. He had hidden it from humanity as only greed was prevalent. It was his only chance. He had made a large box, which would accommodate him, and would withstand the gravity for at least a week. The outside of the box would radiate waves unknown to humans. This would let him escape the gravitational field and escape the blackhole. By that “time” he would have spent at least a week in the blackhole, which is equivalent to 2000 years of ‘Earth’.

So he decided to try. He climbed into the box. He waited. Earth had collapsed. Yet, nothing had happened to him. He waited. A week passed successfully. When the box propelled him out of the blackhole, he was only a week older but 2000 years had passed. He had succeeded. He was the descendant of Herav. He had come out and was travelling as fast as light due to the radiation emitted from his box. As he was travelling he saw light. He felt the warmth. He saw something familiar. He had travelled in time and was in another reality. It was another solar system.

THINKING OUTSIDE THE BOX

FOR

Always remember this.
Think outside the box...
You realise you have committed a sin!
Stick to tradition...
it will make you felicitate and rich!
When you break a few rules
You will see for yourself

The horrors that will unleash
The demons of the underworld.
Be creative and watch
everything slowly fade away...
Your hair will turn grey,
Your mind will start to wither,
Stick to tradition and see for yourself

It will make you felicitate and rich!
Follow these words blindly,
Thinking outside the box is a gift
At least that's what fools think.
Creativity is a dead man's game.

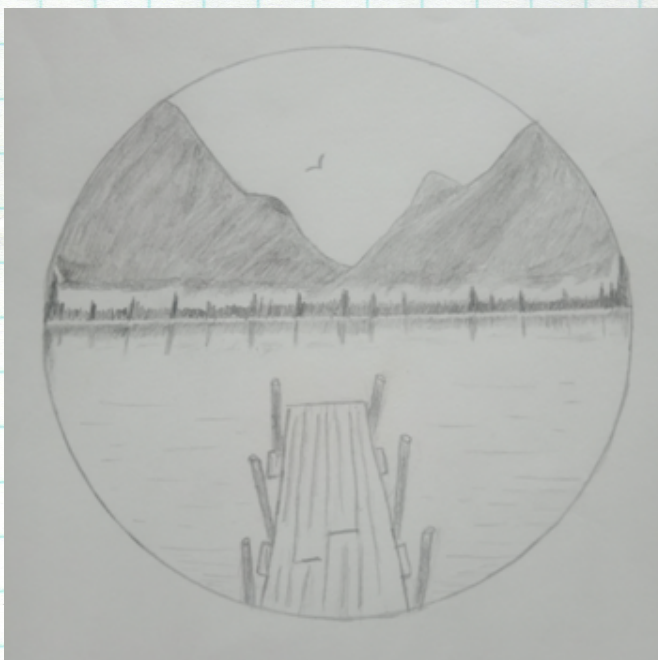


AGAINST

Creativity is a dead man's game
At Least that's what fools think.
Thinking outside the box is a gift
Follow these words blindly,
It will make you felicitate and rich!

Stick to tradition and see for yourself
Your mind will start to wither,
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When you break a few rules
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Stick to tradition..
You realise you have committed a sin!
think outside the box..
Always remember this.



THE PHOTOSHOP CONUNDRUM

It was a hot Saturday afternoon in March when I finished my 3 hour art exam. People who know me would tell you that it was a herculean task for me to sit cross legged in a place for 3 full hours. I could only think about reaching home and resting my mind and body. ***I was a little annoyed with the fact that I had to write an exam on a Saturday, but it was nothing that my grandma's buttermilk couldn't fix.***

As I walked out of the school gate, relieved to go home, I was met with a surprise. My mom was waiting for me. I usually go home by myself, but she had come all the way to pick me up. This was because we had to urgently make a detour to a photo studio for a passport size photo to be given along with my class XI admission form. I was restless to go home soon. Since our school is situated in the midst of a village called Thazhambur in the outskirts of Chennai, any photo studio required a 15 minute ride. After a quick ride under the hot sun, we found a small studio and decided to take my photo there. It was a repurposed garage with a poster on the front that read out "photo studio", near a highly photoshopped picture of the owner sitting near a waterfall. The studio had pale blue walls and a small desk upfront, with a computer and a printer nearby. For the customer's comfort, they had one wall mount fan and a row of few plastic chairs. I was not convinced of the studio, but we were short of time and patience. Once we entered, I told the man I needed a passport size picture taken. The man who I thought was the cashier, got out of the billing counter, took his camera and brought me to one corner of the garage. He told me to stand straight, with my back against the pale blue wall as a background.

The photo was taken in less than 2 minutes, so I came to a logical conclusion that we could leave the studio and head home in less than 15 minutes. We ended up waiting for 45 minutes. In the end, the picture he gave us was stamp sized with a pale dirty blue as a background with no borders. It was completely unprofessional, and I couldn't put that picture in my admission form. When I asked him what took him so long, his response filled me with frustration. He said to me in Tamil, ***I was trying to give you some colour but with your complexion it was very hard.*** By colour he meant making me "fair" (I never understood when and why the word "fair" came to denote skin colour but that's a topic for another day).

Disappointed and annoyed we searched for another photo studio to take my passport size picture. We found one just 5 minutes away from the previous studio. I felt extremely lucky. This studio looked much more promising. It wasn't a garage, but a 2 storey studio and had sofas to sit on. They were well staffed with young and well-groomed men and women. This studio had multiple air conditioners and high end equipments. The cameraman took me to the first floor to have my picture clicked. He told me to stand straight with my back against a clean white screen as a background. Similar to the previous photo studio, the picture was taken in less than 2 minutes, but this attempt felt promising. But we waited for half an hour. When I finally got my picture I was stunned, dumbfound with anger. ***I could not recognize myself in the photo that was handed to me.***

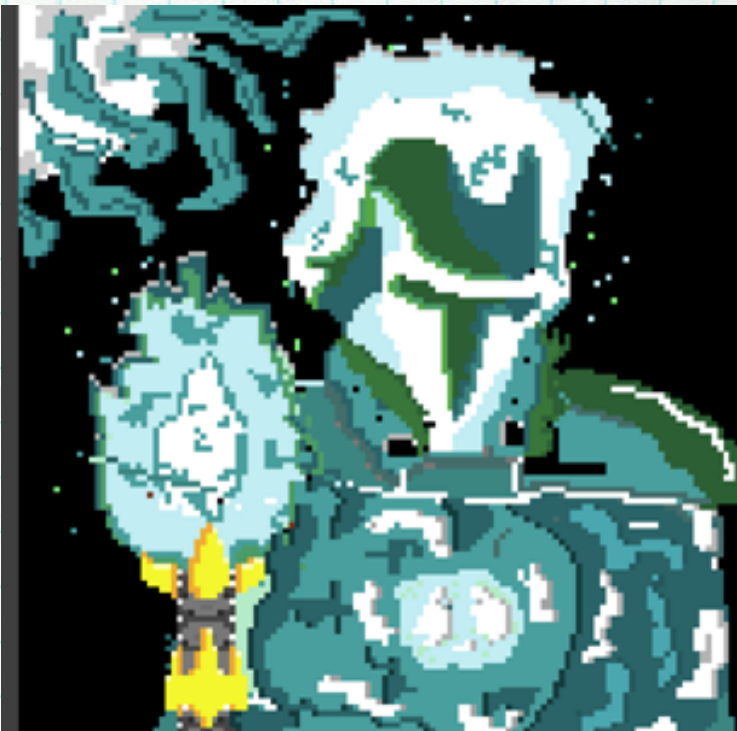
They painstakingly made my face change colour from an exotic chocolate brown to a disappointing mushroom beige and an unusually rosy pink lips for a true blue Tamizh boy. As the shock factor of my feelings wore off I was filled with rage, ready to bite the head off of the person at the photo studio. With tremendous effort, I suppressed my anger, and managed to have a rational conversation with him. I asked him why he decided to change my skin colour when I never told him to do so, and his response caught me by surprise. In Tamil, he said to me “All my customers request me to do so, therefore I assumed you wanted the same thing.”

His statement got me thinking. I realised this incident was not only due to the ignorance on his part, but also due to the ***deep rooted insecurity in the hearts of most dark skinned people about their skin colour that is fed by society and reinforced by the media.***

That’s when I began to think about how our society made fair skin the centre of all things; I have definitely observed these things before, but this was the first time it pinched me. In almost all movies and advertisements fair skin is a virtue and it is glorified. In jobs that require customer interface (restaurants, air hostesses etc) most people have fair skin. Probably it is almost true that skin colour dictates what choices people have in their lives. I wish no situation arises when a person chooses to change their skin tone because of the strange preferences of society that shouldn't exist in the first place.

Some of you may be wondering about what happened to my admission form. ***I managed to stick a proper photo of mine on the admission form, but chose to save my “rosy lipped beige self” for posterity.***

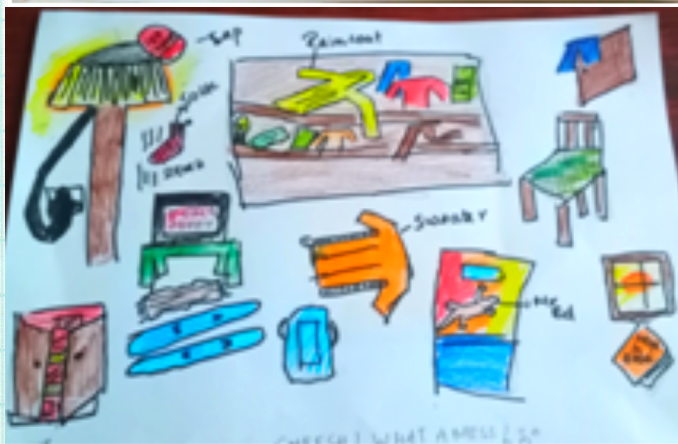
Pixel Art Exploration



The lockdown has made me get more into art. This pixel art took a good week to finish. I was playing a video game when I thought about working on pixel art. I found a software and started simple. I did around five different kinds of pixel artwork with different colour combinations. After that I started this. I normally don't like working with digital art but I thought I'll make an exception with pixel art. This is something that I have picked up during this time away from school. I hope do more in the future. I took inspiration from the Mandalorian mask, Ghost Rider and wizards in general.

Student of Class 8

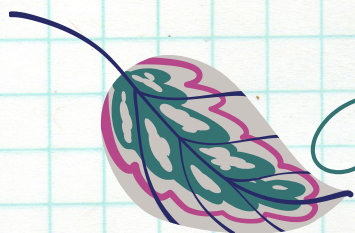
illustrations for the poem



A Farewell Flavour

Class 12

Batch of 2020



With the sudden halt in March, some of what we hold as integral to each section of the school and the merriment that is surrounded by it also had to come to a standstill. Last year's batch of class 12 students who we now fondly refer to as Class 13 had firsthand experience of this- being caught in the middle of the bewilderment that surrounded the Board exams and a lack of closure to their life at The School.

If we were to turn back the clock to a pre-pandemic world and restore settings, they would have enjoyed a special meal, handmade gifts from the younger students, presented moving farewell speeches and lots of singing that would have sparked in their minds strong memories of a gentle beautiful adieu. But, given the reality of the times and the meteoric rise of the pandemic, teachers of the school took to the virtual mode rather excitingly and planned an online au revoir to give the students a flavour of a farewell. This was a gesture to chat, share, and pose questions to kindle some of the fun, happy memories of school for them.

It was conducted as a game by some of the senior school teachers who have worked with the students closely. They came up with a set of questions and each teacher had a set of students to whom they posed their questions to. The students had to respond to them as rapidly as they could- a rapid fire round! The whole event oscillated between the teachers posing a range of witty and thoughtful questions and students churning out quick interesting responses to it making it a dynamic and lively interaction! There was a song break in between where the songs 'Dhitang Dhitang Bole' and 'Tarun Arun Se' were played. Everyone's mics were on mute but they sung into their screens anyway.

Here are some of the questions that were posed and student's responses to them:

What are two of your fondest memories of school?

"Middle school trips", "Folk dance assembly we did as a whole class", "All the trips we took, looking back these are my fondest memories regardless of whether I liked it back then or not", "Culture classes", "Games", "Frisbee match under a light drizzle", "Spending a lot of time with class", "All the trips".

We have always co-existed with different living creatures on campus. What has been some of your experiences with them?

"Silk bugs under the almond tree, felt a connection with them, just basking in the sun", "Spotting centipedes", "Finding scorpions 3 inches long".

Can you recall an incident that happened in the deck while a class was going on?

"A wild monkey came out of nowhere and incidentally it was when we doing the topic human-animal conflict!"

We always eat together as a school. Why do you think that is? Why should schools have lunch together?

"Opportunity for people to come together, the sheer spectrum of age and experience and clubbing it with lunch makes it efficient", "Formed special bonds with the people across classes", "At first, I preferred having lunch alone but slowly got warmed up to the idea and started enjoying and looking forward to it".

What is the longest route to the restroom?

"Best way is to spend more time in bathroom. Go for a round around the whole campus and then go to the loo", "Go to the gate, then to the kitchen side, come through the back and jump over the ledge".

What are some memories of the exam hall as a space?

"Connecting the doodle messages on the desks", "One time when an exam was on we could hear a herd of cattle that went past. That was a funny moment."

Talk about one difficult thing you had to do and what was your learning through that process.

"Speaking in front of a crowd- I was nervous but now my insecurities have reduced and my ability to speak has improved too."

Share some experience with younger students that you've particularly enjoyed.

"Interaction with them during the Sports Day-just the way they speak, it is mature, cute and funny at the same time", "On the bus- they mostly cooperate but sometimes not so much. They shared a lot of stories and it was nice to listen to them", "It is only because of school that I have managed to work with little children!"

What are 2 experiences from the trips you have learned from?

"Treasure hunts, rappelling, jumaring in the middle school trips; speaking to Lal Singh ji about the Constitution during the Rajasthan trip".

Do you have a specific memory of Junior School? Why is it an important memory?

"There was a star fruit tree and it had a lot of itchy worms on it. I used to think of it as raining itchy worms for some reason", "The place near the quadrangle where we went to catch frogs", "The whole play area, getting to places without touching the sands. My hands used to be rougher in junior school! The plays, dance, mimes and comedy. The quadrangle. It is all still fresh in my head".

The game was followed by a charming array of pictures of the students from their younger days taking them on a trip down memory lane. The photographs were enjoyed by all of us. The event came to close with Jayashree Akka sharing some words:

"Perhaps the incompleteness we experience not having had the farewell assembly and meeting will lead to the students returning to school more often than otherwise - a hope!

Three wishes for them:

1. They have learnt the most valuable things to take them through life as they must hold on to as they move into higher education - to learn how to learn, respect for another, and to do their best in whatever they do.
2. Looking at the world around us now growing even more complicated and difficult with our emotions of fear, greed, power selfishness - the hope that while challenges come in apparently from the outside (a virus, an accident . . .) the real challenge is to look within and find our well being. From this well being will come a fresh response that is affectionate and generous.
3. As they grow older they need to recognise that their school, school and parents will all need them. There is hope that they will keep in touch with their friends, in communication with their teachers and school, be there for their parents at all times even if they do not ask for it."

At the very beginning of the meet, an excerpt from the early 1920s poem 'Desiderata' by Max Ehrmann was read out by their class teacher -

*"With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams,
It is still a beautiful world.*

*Be cheerful.
Strive to be
happy."*

Pictures from
their trip
to Valley School,
Bangalore





TRIPS FROM LAST YEAR



Middle school
KAIGAL





Class 8 MUZIRIS



Class 9 NILAKOTTAI



Class 11
SATHYAMANGALAM

