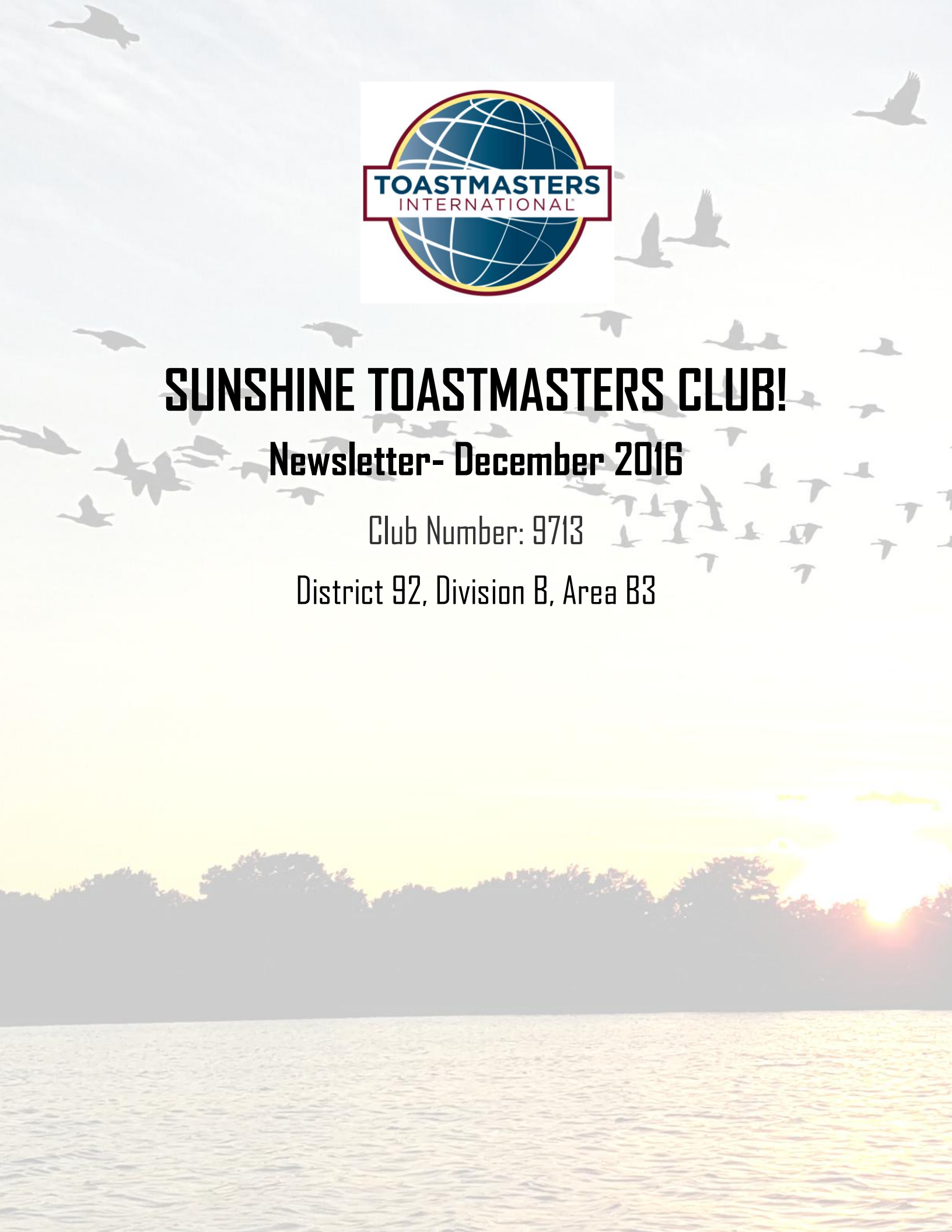


SUNSHINE TOASTMASTERS CLUB!

Newsletter- December 2016

Club Number: 9713

District 92, Division B, Area B3

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Committee.

President: Girish Panicker
VP Education: Shivani Sehshadri
VP Membership: Deepthi Shetty
VP Public Relations: Ameen Syed
Secretary: Anirudh G
Treasurer: Inayath
Sergeant at Arms-Shravya, Samarth



Mission.

A place to share and voice your opinions without any inhibitions.
A home that welcomes diverse thoughts and ideas that reside in your brain.
A competitive ground to improve the speaker in you.
A welcoming arena to fine tune the leader in you.
A warm group of people who extend friendship that lasts for a life time.

Where to find us:

Thursdays, 7pm.
Banjara Academy, First floor,
RT Nagar, Bangalore-32.

Visit www.sunshinetm.org or www.faceboo.com/@sunhinetm for more details.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.



Dear Newsletter
Greetings!

We are almost at the end of this eventful term and I would like to thank the committee and all the Sunshiners for the unconditional support extended.

Few highlights of the term with the underlying theme **Maximum Membership and Maximum Participation**

- **We added 15 new members**
- **More than 80 speeches**
- **18 to 23 members participated by speaking in two separate meetings**
- **Creation of Leader board (VPE Shivani)**
- **Innovation and creativity in Meetings (VPE Shivani)**

  Every meeting infused enthusiasm and infectious energy by our bubbly **SAA, Shravya**. She also brought in healthy eating to Sunshine with the lovely North Karnataka oota. Handsome **Samarth** who assisted Shravya, kick-started many meetings by being the impromptu SAA.

  Charismatic **Anirudh** provided glimpses of each meeting with his awesome **Secretary** reports and it made those who missed meetings want to attend the next meeting.

  Go Getter **Ameen**, created the finest Newsletter and got articles written by World Champions and DTMs, taking the **VPPR** role to new heights.

  Converting guests to members seemed so easy and graceful with poetess **Deepthi,** the Sunshine family just grew bigger with **Maximum Membership.**

  Creative **Shivani**, by creating a system in the leader board, innovative meetings and robust reward system, saw meetings with full attendance as well as **Maximum Participation.**

  Our Sunshine Family participated wholeheartedly and brought in new guests every meeting.

  Wishing all a fantastic New Year and best wishes to the new committee.

Girish Panicker
President
Sunshine Toastmasters Club

WAY TO PLAY

-Vinod



From below my balcony, come kids' non-stop high pitched voices like a carnival is going on. Each one saying something. I go up to the balcony and there are some six or seven young boys between five and thirteen, kicking the ball. No teams. Not even stones marking the goals. Just 'kicking the ball'.

Cars come, blow horns, the kids give way and resume play. Two wheelers and auto rickshaws come, blow horn, the kids give way and resume play. I, standing in the balcony, am getting irritated with the traffic interruptions. "Why can't the city provide them a play ground?" They show no such irritation - it's part of life. The only thing that seems to irritate them is their mother's screaming, "Tanish, come home! Jashua, enough playing, come home! Sufian, it's getting late, come home!" Each one, without looking up negotiates, "Mama, 5 minutes!" Five minutes turn into 15 and 30 and the calls start coming again! Mom, I told you 5 minutes. How can five minutes be over so soon?

Opinions and suggestions go on non-stop intermingled with incessant fountains of laughter. Someone misses a kick, laughter, someone falls, laughter, someone hits a big kick, "Wow! "and laughter. The ball goes under a car - pin-drop silence. All crowd around the car, two little ones kneel down to spot it. One lies down flat on his chest, vanishes half way under the car and pulls it out. No thanks, instead, someone snatches it from him and kicks it. No complains. The shirt is full of dirt, who cares. Just dust it off. Hands are full of dust. No problem. Just clap them off. The game resumes full force again.
There is continuous running of little feet up and down the street. Little hearts pounding, blood running fast in their veins, makes the young faces look like beautiful flowers sprinkled with due drops in the early morning sun. Endless energy. Full of life.

The activity and laughter draws me away from my book or computer or TV, or whatever. I stand there losing sense of time. Suddenly my wife call, "What are you doing there for so long?" "Watching them play. Give me 5 minutes", I negotiate.

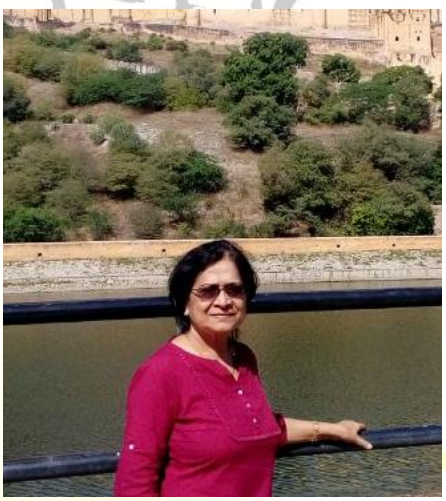
Young ones full of life, playing, having fun. Enjoying company. No tension of winning or losing, no goals, no

scores, no boundaries, no referee, no rules, rules being made on the go, no fights, just play, have fun. Time passes. Evening becomes night. Street lights come on. The ball and the players can be seen. The game goes on. Hours of running, no problem. No towels to wipe faces, a sleeve is enough; no water bottles, want a break, just sit on the street near a building and watch others play. Join whenever you want. No permission required. Bonding is great. Players are buddies. No age bar. No cast bar. No religion bar. The only one thing in common - Kick the Ball!
Children know best. This is life. This is the 'WAY TO PLAY'.

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JOURNEY OF LEADERSHIP

-Belmira Audry Dsouza



Ability is what you are capable of doing, attitude determines how will you do it and motivation determines what you do.
-Lou Holtz

Flatter me, and I may not believe you. Criticize me, and I may not like you. Ignore me, and I may not forgive you. Encourage me, and I will not forget you.
-William Arthur Ward

These two 'quotes' caught my attention as a toastmaster. The emphasis here is on 'motivation' and 'encouragement'. We join as 'innocents' to the toast master's Club on a journey of leadership and personality development. Every meeting that we participate in provides the training to rise and go through the experience of recognizing our ability and gives guidelines to bring out our talent. The icing on the cake is the motivation and encouragement that transforms the "innocent' into an experienced person on the road of leadership and success.

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Count your Blessings

-Kaleem Khan

The railway platform was overcrowded as expected. Everyone wanted to get onto the train, but where was the train? A good half an hour later, by which time the platform was literally overflowing, we heard the desperately awaited announcement that the train was entering the station.

No sooner was the train sighted than the jostling increased with everyone trying to sight the train. We heard the announcement on the public address system to be careful about the gap between the platform and the train.

One, especially someone near the train when it stopped, did not have to make an effort to get in... the pressure from behind was more than sufficient to see you through! I was one of them!!

The locked doors of the train swung open and I felt I was flying!

....the wave from behind had swept me off my feet and all I remember was trying to get a hold of the door handle with my outstretched hand, and touching base with my feet. No, not only did I not get a foothold in the train but my foot missed the platform as well. Yes, I found my leg going down, and down and realized with horror that it was going down the dreaded gap between the platform and the train. In that micro second, with possible eventualities looming large in my mind, to avoid hurting my face and have someone walk over me, I turned around and fell into the train on my back... with my leg still in the gap!!

Within the next micro second, with stark fear, I saw the sole of a huge shoe millimeters away from my face and about to trample me.

Who said people do not have a presence of mind! Hardly a millimeter from my nose, the good soul placed his foot next to my face brushing past my left ear. He then briskly turned around, held back the incoming rush with his hands, and with the help of another kindred soul pulled

me out of the godforsaken pit.
When the train moved forward, I could see the hills and the dreadful gorges that surround them. This time I looked hard into those gorges, cause I felt I was in one of them not long ago and could scarcely believe I was back to sitting comfortably, getting back my breath, and as the train moved past, I felt a sigh of relief that the horrific incident was over.

Δ Δ Δ

Golden years

-GOPINATH MK



Day has a fag end called dusk
Cool and colorful, always…
Life has a fag end too – old age
Kind and happy in many ways…

Aged are those blessed ones
With wisdom from life's lessons
Needing not to impress anyone
Always impressed by everyone!

They can laugh at anything
Are at peace with everything…
They can see what we can't feel
Have seen it all in life's reel…

Age sometimes plays its tricks,
Make them look they lost their wits!
When they have a memory loss

All their wisdom goes for a toss!

Love and care are all they want
Nothing more they ever demand
Don't mistake their innocence,
As what many think as ignorance...

Their dependency isn't liability
But only our responsibility...
Know that life is just a cycle
Like Day and Night, so very simple;
It's only a matter of time for us
For no one ever escapes old age!

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NAUTICAL TALES

-TEJASWINI



I'm often called crazy and every time I meet my uncle, I'm convinced that it just runs in the family!
New York City has always held a special place in my heart. While we were walking by the South Sea Port, my uncle and I had a short conversation about how wonderful it would be to spend an entire day on a sailboat.
The next day, he took me to a yatch club of which he's a part. The captain let us sail a boat all evening. We stayed till the full moon lit up the water. It was a beautiful sight and we were mesmerized.
The next morning, my uncle said, "Let's buy a boat!"
And so we did!
An adorable, petite sail boat. 8 feet long and strong as an ox. The main sail is colourful and so graceful when it catches the wind. Our boat. Sigh.

We wanted to test it and have our own moment in the peaceful water. All excited, we rigged the sails, wore our outrageously orange flotation vests and set sail.
Turns out, Lord Vayu had different plans for us. The winds were too strong for our little man to handle them. So strong, in fact that we had to bring the sail down and row it back to the shore. The waves weren't helping us either when they almost toppled us over! We had to call it a day. Heartbroken that our first voyage was unsuccessful, we turned back.

While we were getting ready to put our stuff back and carry our boat back home, a happy couple getting their wedding photo shoot done came running to us, with 5 other men carrying several other camera equipment!
The bride apparently loved our little boat and wanted it to be in her pictures.
So, we agreed and they went ahead with their photo session where they took about a gazillion photos.
It was a treat for me and my uncle to sit and watch the photographers work the angles to get the couple and our baby boat in the perfect picture.

We went back out the next day. We weren't ready to give up yet. We set up the sail, wore our life jackets and set out again. We had our own snacks and water bottles in the boat so there was no need for us to go back home! My uncle had taught me the basic maneuvering and the elaborate technical terms, so I was ready to sail on my own. Sort of.
Being on a sail boat can be hectic in the beginning but once I got the hang of it, I realised that it's peaceful and serene and makes you feel like you belong. Sailing has definitely become one of my most favourite activities. :')

Moral of the story(?) -If you're ever getting a photo shoot for your wedding, contact me for a boat-prop. ;)

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We Are All Books.

-Deepthi Shetty



We are all books, each one of us.
And just like humans, you'll never find another book exactly the same in the world.
And in this expedition, you'll find 3 main kinds of people.
The first, who'll read you like a magazine, flip through the pages and toss you back in the shelves.
The second, who'll read you for their love for reading. They get along each chapter, understanding or wondering. They might like you, they might not. They might complete reading or just leave you like an unfinished business.
And the third, the rare kinds. The ones that you might want to stay away from, cause they're what people call as "sweet trouble"
These are the people, who won't just read you, but also understand every word in you. They'll admire your flaws like they are another name for beautiful. They will read you like it's their passion, like you're the only book in the library. They'll underline their favourite sentences and fold corners of the page they liked the most. And in time, they'll unfold and re-read those pages. In the end, they won't just finish the book, but also carry it with them forever. They won't just read you like a story, instead they'll tell themselves, "Ah, this one makes sense"

Δ Δ Δ

The Story of extraordinary heroes

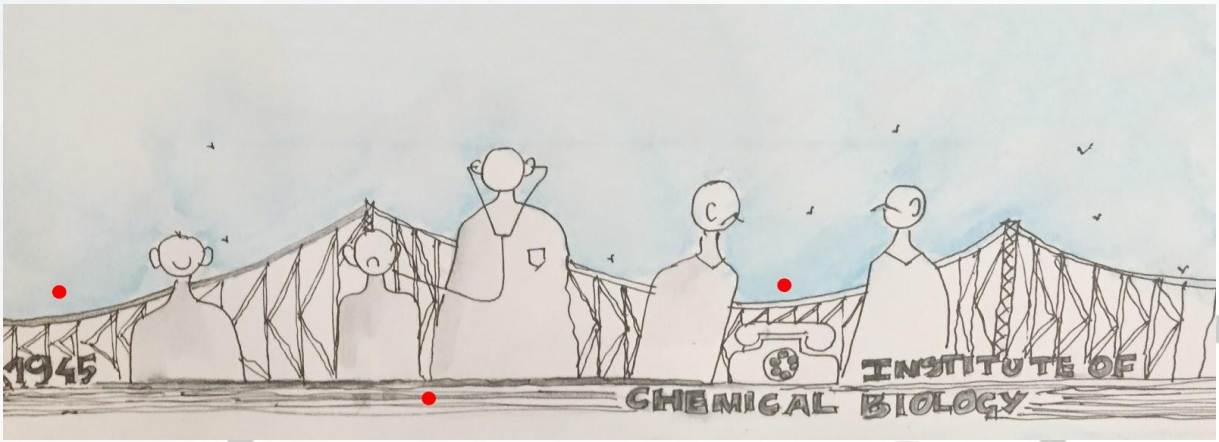
The Ganguly Family.



"You never know how strong you are until the being strong is the only choice you have".
This is the story of Mr. Chayan Kumar Ganguly and Mrs. Mahalaxmi Ganguly, parents of a very dear friend Bulbul Ganguly.

I met uncle for the first time in 2007 in San Francisco. Uncle and Aunty

were visiting with Bulbul on a short trip to the city. They stayed with me for 2 days. But in that short span of time I got to witness an amazing bond of love and affection between Uncle, Aunty and Bulbul.



Mr. Chayan Kumar Ganguly - Early Life

Uncle was born in Kolkata in 1945. At the age of 11 he was affected by meningitis and was taken to a doctor for treatment. That doctor would dramatically change Chayan uncle's life. An overdose of quinine medicine would cost uncle his hearing. I can only imagine the pain and the agony that uncle and his parents must have endured to have a their child lose his hearing.

When I asked him how he coped with this challenge in life he told me, ' Growing up I met many people and sought their advice on what he should to cope with his challenges. One Army ENT doctor in particular had a great impact on me. He told me that because of sensorineural deafness I would be one hundred percent unable to hear and no medical or surgical treatment and no hearing aids would benefit me. He told me that I should learn lip study and facial movement when speaking to people. He suggested that I take up a career with minimal communication and more writing. That is why took up a position at the Indian Institute of Chemical Biology.

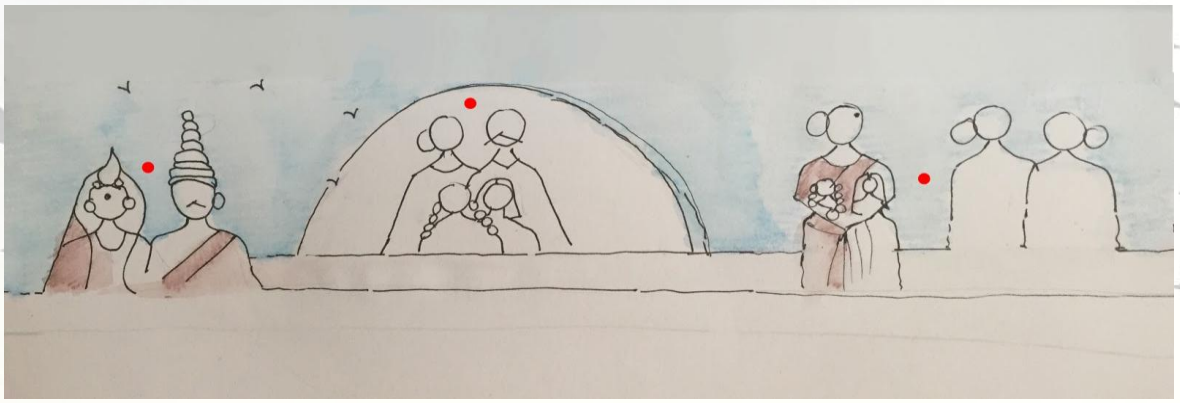
Mr. Chayan Kumar Ganguly - Work Life

While working at the institute, I faced problems because my work was mostly research based and in the laboratory. When people from other departments called me on the phone I was not able to respond to them. Thanks to my colleagues who sometimes stepped in to help me out. They would take the message for me and communicate it back in person. I felt

humiliated that I had constantly depend on people to communicate what I wanted to say'. Often times we forget how important it is for one to be independent. And it is this core urge that drives us all. " The one thing that kept me going was that I knew that if I worked hard people would understand. And I knew that I would triumph in whatever I chose to do. It was this confidence that kept me going. And gave me the fuel to continue in my chosen field of work", said Uncle.

Mrs.Mahalaxmi Ganguly - Early Life

Uncle got married to a quiet young lady, Mahalaxmi. In the words of their daughter Bulbul, " She was in this world but yet not of this world. She lives in a world of silence. She lost her hearing ability at the young age of 2. She was enrolled in Queen of the Mission school in Kolkata but had to quit in the ninth grade because of her deafness. There was a governess who used to homeschool her after that but that lead to further social alienation from the rest of her peers. During those days my grandparent's greatest fear was that she would not get married because of her disability. Then they came to know of my father who was also deaf when his achievements were published in a local newspaper article. They contacted his family and my mother got married to my father in a few months".



Mrs.Mahalaxmi Ganguly - Married Life

When I asked uncle about aunty he said, " My wife was a very quiet lady. She never involved herself in baseless disputes. Soon we had two daughters. Our daughters were very intelligent. And I thank god that they did not have any major challenges to face growing up. In spite of my limited capacity I admitted them to one of the most prestigious schools in Kolkata and gave them the best education".

Aunty came from a privileged family where she did not have to do any household chores. Bulbul told me that after marriage she had make a lot of adjustments. She lived in a small apartment with uncle, cooked and cleaned every day. She kept her daughters fed and dressed and would drop and pick us up from school. But she was quiet and reclusive and I never saw her interacting with other moms. Almost all of the time she was left out of conversations in social gatherings. Her own family members ignored her. Questions were limited to "How are you? Did you eat?" and she would nod her head politely in response.I hardly saw the conversation progress beyond that. As we started growing up we started having our own friends and interests and didn't realize that she started getting lonelier and lonelier and went inside a shell". Bulbul continued, "Over time I don't recall my mother raising her voice even once during the time I was with my parents. I don't recall seeing her stressed out about daily life. She took each day one at a time."

Both uncle and aunty faced their fair share of challenges with their inability to hear. But they set an amazing example to both their daughters and the people around them to never underestimate the determination of a quiet person.

An ending, a new beginning

In 2007 uncle and aunty visited Bulbul in the US. Every day for 5 months Bulbul's mother would cook all 3 meals for her while she went to work. She told me, " I remember one day during the lunch break I had come home to take a short nap and when it was time to go back to work I told my mom did not want to go to work again. My mother smiled and asked me for my car keys. She said, I will go". In January 2014 Aunty passed away at the age of 62.

After Aunty's passing away uncle immersed himself in community service. He joined West Bengal Association of the Deaf as an honorary member. Upon learning that the West Bengal Government had given the organization a piece of land in the Tollygunge area in Kolkata uncle initiated the planning of a school for the hearing impaired. Today a new building stands on the site and many people benefit from this place by getting computer training and education free of cost. The School has been functioning for a year.

A ray of hope

Uncle seems extremely excited to talk about his work at the school. He says, " There are still many things to be done. We have to set a curriculum in place for the students. We are also planning to complete our second floor within 1 or 2 years. Currently the number of students and teachers is low at the school and only basic level courses are being taught. My dream for this school is that it will become a well-organized fully-functioning fully-equipped educational and training center for the deaf students and they can avail of this benefit at no cost. The training that they will get here will enable them to be prepared for work later in life. This will help them to be financially independent and they can lead their lives with respect and dignity. In order to do this we need to ensure a constant stream of funds so that work doesn't get obstructed. But that is the hardest part."

Finally

A few weeks ago I spoke to Bulbul about the amazing work that The West Bengal Association for the deaf was doing and how her father had found a purpose. I was so moved by what she told me that I felt it needed to shared with everyone I know. I hope that this story of the family of heroes inspires people. I hope that it inspires us to be strong and determined like Mr. Chayan Kumar Ganguly, to be gentle and kind like Mrs. Mahalaxmi Ganguly.

Please visit the the West Bengal Assocaition for the deaf: http://www.westbengaldeaf.org/ and see the amazing work that they are doing.

Let's reminisce...





Our tiny pumpkins stealing the show on Halloween!



Winners of the scary story contest.



TM Kaleem with showing us how to pose for pictures!



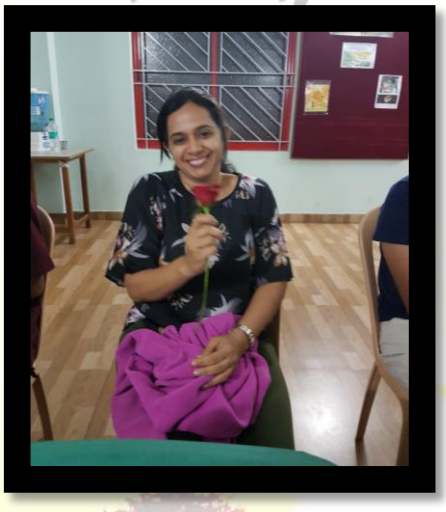
TM TK Ramesh at his best behavior during the installation ceremony!



Recognizing Shri Madhav Kamat, TM Mrinalini's father, for his contribution to society.

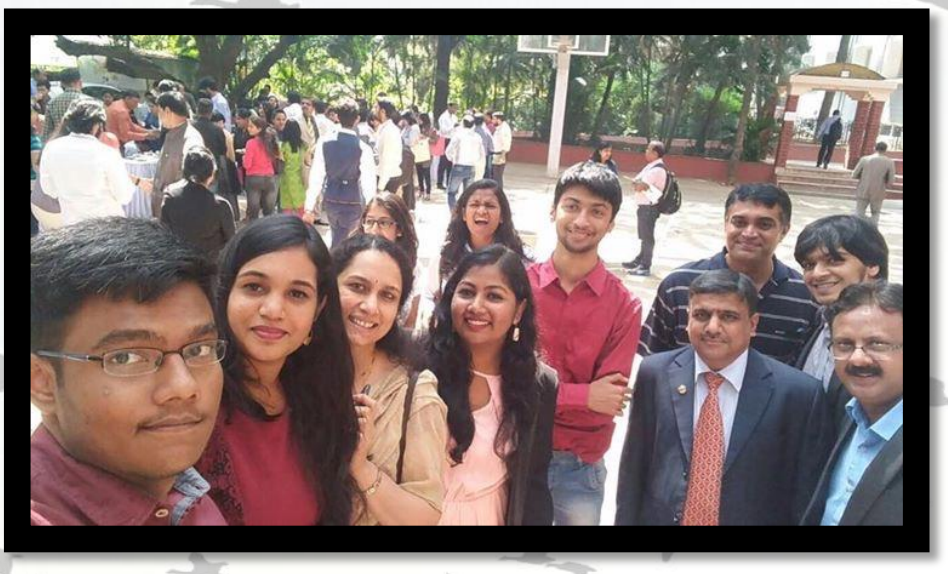


Milestone Memories. :)









Sunshiners support the contestants at Division B-E conference!

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