

SMA PATRIKA

2015 : Issue 1 (June)



MESSAGE FROM THE GOVERNING BODY

Welcome to the first volume of the 2015 newsletter! Kudos to the team, great effort, we sincerely thank you all from the bottom of our hearts!

Here is a brief summary of the year so far for us:

We started the year with Christmas and New Year celebrations followed by Vishu & Easter festivities at a new venue, all made memorable by the wonderful participation of our members and the high quality of the programs presented.

We have been able to help so many with our food drive for the Bethesda Mission during the winter months. This was made possible only due to all your generous contributions! Thank you!

Another achievement was the **e-filing** of our taxes through the Form **990-N-E to the IRS**, which is a key part of our obligations as a tax exempt non-profit organization.

Looking ahead to the rest of year:

Lets keep the momentum going! We look forward to your continued participation of all at the upcoming events including the Picnic at Creek View Park on July 11th and the Onam festivities in September.

Just as in years past, we remain steadfast in our commitment to our social service obligations—the **Adopt a highway** program did an excellent job in May and we are set to do more in July 2015.

We are working on ways to contribute to charitable causes in India on a regular basis or during events that generate special needs.

Wishing everyone a great summer!

EDITORIAL BOARD

Paul Chemmanoor

James Kuzhippallil

Vrinda Kumar

UPCOMING EVENTS

[Picnic](#) on July 11th,
2015 11.30 AM at
Creekview North Park,
4630 Creekview Rd,
Mechanicsburg, PA

[Onam](#) on Sept 12th at
Colonial Park United
Church of Christ,
5000 Devonshire Rd,
Harrisburg PA 17112

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SMA Patrika is the newsletter of the Susquehanna Malayalee Association. We strive to produce two issues of the newsletter in every calendar year. It is intended to be a channel of communication between our members and also a showcase for the writing and art talent of our members and their children. We hope you enjoy this edition and look forward to your feedback (sma@smaharrisburg.com).

We welcome feedback and content contributions for future editions of this newsletter. Content can be in the form of factual articles, creative fiction, poems, original artwork, accomplishments and other related announcements.

It was a pleasure putting this edition together, and we hope you will find it enjoyable and informative!

— Editorial Board

Philadelphia

by Rajesh Rajmohan



Philadelphia is a city where you find the dwellers gripped by a recurring sense of having lived the exact moment a while back in their life. The same conversation, same person with a smirk on his face, same weather and precisely when your neighbor locked his apartment to leave and the mayor was having a nightmare of his house being bugged by the FBI.

Or you could listen to the jumbled voices from radio discussing Dali and the death of a Jazz singer in your car while a African-American man walked across the street with a beer bottle in hand.

It's a city that has been aging ever since Ben Franklin had a dream that on the day of his funeral; leaders, 34 ministers, preachers, priests and one rabbi will be marching arm in arm be-

hind his casket as it was being carried to the gravesite. He further had another dream of Liberty Bell crumbling.

"Perhaps you could still argue with them to make Gujarat the 51st federal state."

If you sit in one of the chairs in the old assembly hall of the constitution house, after climbing up the sturdy wooden stairs you could still sense the rustle of tunic and sombreros worn by your fellow legislators. Perhaps you could still argue with them to make Gujarat the 51st federal state.

If you walk down the center city streets along the sun soaked brick buildings, you could meet the travelers from neighbor cities who were afflicted by a bout of insomnia, lost in the constitu-

tional walking tour of Philadelphia.

Or if you cruise down to the inner city via Delaware river, you could find Lila, the aging and desperate wharf-bar pickup and hone your skills on ruminations of life and civilization to something understandable and real before you sail back out of the outer seas again.

Going further back out to the north of the city, you would find Mr. George Tharakan getting out of his Mercedes Benz in suit into his four bedroom house and later coming out in lungie to inspect his fence he shared with his fellow native.

If you glance through his family album, you would find him wearing the exact same lungie inspecting his fence on a similar sunny evening in Thiruvalla, Kerala.



God's Own Country

by Susan Chemmanoor



My name is Susan Chemmanoor and I want to tell you about my first trip to Kerala. I chose to write about Kerala because my parents were born and raised in Thrissur, Kerala. My brother and I were very excited to hear that we were going to go to Kerala because we had never been there.

"I cherished this memory because it was the first time I visited the state my parents were born in, in India"

In the winter of 2013 my family and I hopped on a plane at the Washington D.C Dulles Airport and took off to Bangalore. About 24 hours later including a stop-over in Frankfurt, Germany we finally arrived. When we got there, we spent a few days with our relatives. Then we got in a car and sped off toward Kerala. It took us about eight long hours to get there. The two cities we were in the most was Ernakulum and Cochin. The hotel we stayed in was Lemon Tree Hotel.

When I first looked out the car window, it was almost too much to digest. Kerala had it all, the rolling green hills, and the con-

stant roar of a train going by. There were so many Temples, festivals and rivers just waiting to be explored.

When we finally reached Lemon Tree I took in everything I could. We had traditional meals such as Idiyappam for breakfast. For lunch we had Olan, Pappadum, Aviyal, and boiled rice. For dinner we had fried Karimeen, Morru Curry and Rice.

A day after that we traveled to the backwaters of Allepey for a houseboat stay. It was definitely an interesting experience. The first night we had a Kerala style dinner.



The next morning, we first ate a filling brunch and then stopped at an island to take some photos next to the coconut and palm trees.

Next, we went fishing only to find out we would be fishing with thread, a stick and a piece of chappati dough! All though it was difficult, it was also very amusing because it didn't work very well. The fish seemed so smart!



Then we went to a place called Green Village. We saw many dance performances that were native to Kerala like Kathakkali, Theyyam, and Thulal. Also, we saw a form of martial arts called Kalaripayattu. This was the first time I had been exposed to authentic native forms of Kerala culture. .

I cherish this memory because it was the first time I visited my homeland in India. My first trip to Kerala was one I would never forget.

Reflections of a Fourth Grader

by Meenakshi Rajesh



Too young to have phones?

I'm in fourth grade and a lot of people have phones. Some third and second graders have phones too! Someone in my class said that their little sister will get a phone when she turns 3. Now she may be bluffing but I believe her because she is spoiled. I am getting a phone when I am in seventh grade.

"At first when my parents told me this, I was mad"

At first when my parents told me this, I was mad. But then I realized I only wanted it because everybody else had one. I didn't need it, I wanted it. I don't mind iPods because they are acceptable. They have features of a phone but not all of the features. To be honest I don't get why everyone "needs" a phone at this age. I think the children of this generation are growing up way too quick.

Young people saying bad words? When I am in my class I hear a lot of the kids say bad words. At first I thought they were saying it because they were trying to be

cool. Well they were already cool but you know what I mean. But then gradually I noticed they started saying the bad words naturally. Just because you know bad words doesn't mean you have to say them.

One teacher heard and saw a student say a bad word and she didn't even give her a minor write up! I was so mad. Why let kids that say bad words off the hook? They need to learn that bad words are bad for a reason. If they hear it at home, to be honest I feel sorry for that kid. That kid who hears his or hers parents say bad words must be a kid who behaves bad or is cool in the classroom.

If you are a child like me you might be saying "That's not how it runs in my classroom." Well guess what for some apparent reason it does. There is only 1 kid who doesn't say bad words or doesn't behave badly that is cool in my class. If you are like that person then you are lucky. Everyone is growing up too quick, and I mean that literally.

People dating at a young age?

I am a fourth grader and in my school people date and most of the people in my school that I know "date". What is wrong with today's children in society?!? I

mean one person actually kissed someone and they weren't even related!!! I mean why would you want to date this age anyways? Is it because of the shows on TV?

Or is because of YouTube? I don't know why but they act like they are teenagers or something! Like



someone actually dumped someone for someone else in my school! This drama is supposed to happen when you are in high school! Why does any young person (that is in elementary) want to grow up this quick? I mean I want to grow up too, don't get me wrong but can't they enjoy childhood before they are a teenager?

Mom

by
Nandini Nair



You're my mom, you're my friend,
you're a lot;

And no one can ever make that stop.

From a little to a lot, you've grown me quite a lot;

And your love is like a flying dove;

You're my mom you're my friend
you're a lot.

The Lost City of Atlantis

by Saira Sajeev



Once upon a time there was a beautiful city called Atlantis. Atlantis was located between two seas. One day a huge wave washed over the city and drowned the city.

But before the wave could kill the people who lived there, the queen Atlantia put a strong force field around the city. From then on, Atlantis was known as the lost under water city.

"They used their submarine 'SS Champ' to go down to the Atlantis."

There was a city named Tigerville that was in an island in the Crystallian sea.

Most people in Tigerville thought that Atlantis was a legend. There were two scientists, Saira and Shaan who were siblings. They knew that Atlantis was not a legend and is real. One day they set out to look for Atlantis.

Atlantis was located between the Fantasian sea and the Crystallian sea. The city was about 5000 feet under the sea. They used their

submarine 'SS Champ' to go down to the Atlantis.

The land of Atlantis was on the sea floor. In the force field, there was a door at the top. Next to the door there were two buttons labeled 'visitor' and 'member'. They pressed the 'visitor' button.

At the door, there were two guards who asked them who they were. All they had to say was their names and the guards knew who they were. It seemed like the two scientists were popular in Atlantis.



When they went inside, it was a world filled with colorful marble buildings and beautiful decorations. From then on they were welcome in Atlantis and the lost city of Atlantis was finally discovered again!

What Mother Said

By Paul Chemmanoor



She writes to me a few lines in every letter that comes to me from home.

"Ende monine vendi Amma ez-hithunethu" scrawled in Malayalam between the pages that Dad writes. She has few things to say, her concerns have remained the same since my earliest memories.

Her words are written with the individual characters seemingly trying hard to pull away from the horizontal, like flowers in a garden growing out of control in the over-abundance of rain and sun and love.

Between her handwriting and the memory of her I never really read all the words. I don't need to. What she says in every letter is what she has always said.

Time has crept by, and the books that fill my shelves are about machines, about poets of distant lands, about wars and money.

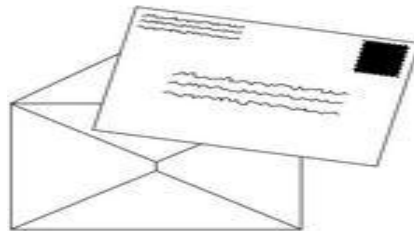
I am the eldest son of a simple woman who lives not more than 10 km, from where she was born, Engandiyur, Chettuva.

"Appo, anujanum chechiyum ingotte okke eranga, enne vechchu ille ?"

--- So, you have come with your brother to visit these parts ?

She looked younger than her years and I had grown very early for a child of my age. My mother was always very flattered when we were mistaken for brother and sister.

She had married when she was 17. Then suddenly when her children grew and left home, she was older and she would sit for hours talking with Dad discussing the



finer points of the stories in the magazine she had followed since her childhood: Malayala Manorama.

An army officer's wife, she had been to so many places but she never quite became sophisticated. She is always one language behind. In Delhi, after a stint in Washington DC, she would ask the subji-wallah in the terse Hindi of the novice:

"Tamatar kitna dollar?" --- How many dollars are the tomatoes?

In Kannur, right after Belgaum, Karnataka, she would ask the fruit sellers, rhetorically, holding a ripe orange in her hand, in pidgin Marathi/Hindi:

"Changla hai ?" -- is it good?

Still, in the sub-culture that is created by the armed forces wherever they go, my mom managed to steer clear of the common pitfalls of the novice Hindi speaker.

There is the story of the woman, newly wed who advised by her husband that all there was to hosting a party at their house was repeating a few key phrases in Hindi like:

Khao, Khao, Aap ka hi ghar hai! - Please have some more food, just consider this to be your own house.

The lady fresh out of some small town in the deep South of India, managed to repeat, to everyone who would listen at her party:

Khao, Khao, Bhaap ka Ghar hai ! -Please keep eating, after all your father is paying for all this.

As a child, it was hard to get my parents not to insist that I would be keeping them informed of when and where I was going and when I would return home. On the few occasions that I forced the issue my mother would tell me, on the verge of tears:

"Athe ninnukke kuttikkal indavumbelo arriyulo." -- You will understand this only when you will have children.

And I would wonder about the pain of being a parent, of loving someone, of caring for someone, watching over them since birth, and then one day having to let go of them.

Coming to terms with them, having other people they look up to or respect, people they would much rather spend their time with than with you.

There is a time, when a mother has to deal with the fact that her children don't depend on her for their very day-to-day survival.

When my sister, my brother and I grew into our teenage, my mother's love overflowed and reached out to our younger cousins, who stayed with us whenever they had any holidays.

Which was rather confusing because their *Ammayi* was our *Amma* and the other way around especially since all three of our aunts and my mom had the same name: Annie. It was Annie, little Annie and Annamma and it was like that for a while, before in collective rebellion they refused to be renamed for convenience. So back it was to child re-direction.



It was Paul's Mom, William's mom and so on. My dad who was a fan of Mathrubhumi Aazhichchapadhippe was converted into the simple lines of the plots in M.M.

Giving up M.A.'s surrealism he began to read detective serialized fiction in the M.M.

The motive being that he could share the fiction, and conduct long critiques of the M.M. knowing that mom would be a willing listener and an enthusiastic participant.

Part of being in love meant needing the approbation of the object of love.

When I would arrive on a vacation from Engineering School, usually in the middle of the night, she would wake and put together a light meal and listen while I regaled my sister, who would have come over too, with tall tales of Engineering School.

As I poured forth stories of how the various evil or bad characters around me had done the funniest things. My sister and I would laugh, my mom would try hard to suppress a smile and lecture us about how we should not laugh at others, eventually giving up the battle and giving in to peals of laughter.

As I was entering into my last years of my engineering degree, some of her thoughts had begun to work overtime, and every time, I mentioned a girl, she would ask her name, and every once in awhile asked whether there were any nice Malayali girls at school.

One particular incident ; when my parents looked especially serious at dinner and with many secret glances exchanged among themselves asked me who was Usha ?. I said "Usha ? Usha who ?"

They showed me a telegram from my friends at college ,which went: "Usha arriving, come soon."

That was the best laugh I ever had. Usha was the name of one of the Mini-Computers our college was installing and they wanted me to be there when it was installed.

But knowing my parents, my friends deliberately worded the message to confuse them.

[In time this joke would be repeated, this time for real, and nobody could laugh at all for a very long time. Such are the sweet ironies of Life.]

The one thing I admire most in my mother is her faith in the Benevolence of God.

"Nanma niranza mariamme, ninnukke sthuthi ..." ---
"Hail Mary, full of grace". She would insist we say our prayers, every night, and she remained praying long after we had returned to the news on T.V.

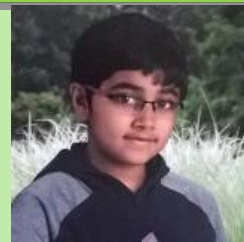
I can almost smell the food on her table at 36, Jessore Circle, New Delhi, as if it is in the next room.

The strength of our families in Kerala, was in our women. They are the glue that holds everything in the family together.

Between her handwriting and the memory of her I never really read all the words she writes in Malayalam on the edges of the envelope in vertical strips. I don't need to. What she says in every letter is what she has always said.

Ben My Brother

by Alvin James



Ben my brother,
He's like no other.
We have much fun when he plays with me,
When he runs, he's like a soaring bee.

When he talks, it sounds so funny,
He is so bright and sunny.
He roars so loud when it's night,
Then he comes to have a fight.

Ben my brother,
He's like no other.
Stories grow when he is there,
But I will help and always care.



Courage

By Rhea Kumar



*"Efforts and courage are not
enough without purpose and
direction.*

~John F. Kennedy

*Courage is what it takes to stand
up and speak; courage is also what
it takes to sit down and listen.*

~Winston Churchill

***Dictionary.com's definition of courage: the quality of mind that enables people to face difficulty, danger,
and pain.***

My Definition:

Courage is showing people what you can do,
Not trying to be some famous who.
Being courageous is being whoever you feel.
Just as long as you keep it real.
Fearing the worst and doing it anyway is part of it.
Do this and you will soar like a rocket!
Being brave is the same
As being afraid and still going for your aim.
Courage is standing to speak-
But is also listening without a squeak.
Being courageous is being yourself.
Where would we be if these people were not themselves?

*"I learned that courage was not fear, but
the triumph over it. The brave man is not
he who does not feel afraid, but he who
conquers the fear.*

~Nelson Mandela

*"It takes a great deal of bravery to
stand up to enemies, but just as
much to stand up to friends.*

~J.K Rowling

ശ്രീകൃഷ്ണലേഖനങ്ങളുടെ വഴി



ശ്രീകൃഷ്ണൻ പുരൂഷോത്തമൻ

ഒഴുകിയെത്തുന്നു കാറ്റിന്റെ മർമരം
അകലെയെന്നുടെ ഗ്രാമം വിളിക്കുന്നു
പല ദശകങ്ങൾ പിന്നോട്ട് പാഞ്ഞുപോയ്
ഉറവ വറ്റാത്ത ഓർമതൻ യാത്രയിൽ

പുതുമഴയത്ത് മണ്ണ് നനയുമ്പോൾ
മതിമറന്നതിൻ ഗന്ധം ശ്വസിക്കണം
ആർത്തിരമ്പി പെരുമഴ പെയ്യുമ്പോൾ
ആർത്തിയോടതിൻ ശബ്ദം ശ്രവിക്കണം

ഉത്സവങ്ങൾ ആഘോഷമാകുമ്പോൾ
ഹെർക്കുലീസിൽ നാടുകൾ ചുറ്റണം
കടല വാങ്ങി കൊറിച്ചു രസിക്കണം
മതി വരുവോളം നാടകം കാണണം

പെരിയ സാംബനെ കേൾക്കണമാവോളം
രൂദ്ര ഭാവത്തിൽ അഭ്രമാൻ നിൽക്കുന്നു
വിലയ്ക്ക് വാങ്ങിയ യന്ത്രമുരുളുമ്പോൾ
മതിമറന്നെന്റെ അനീസ്യയെ കാണണം

കെടാമംഗലം രമണൻ പറയുമ്പോൾ
ചന്ദ്രികയിൽ മുങ്ങിക്കുളിക്കണം
ഉണ്ണിയാർച്ചതൻ അങ്കം മുറുകുന്നു
ഉള്ളിലുയരുന്നു പുലയന്റെ ഗദ്ഗദം

പെരുവനത്തിന്റെ താളം മുറുകുമ്പോൾ
മട്ടന്നൂർ കൊട്ടിക്കയറുമ്പോൾ
മതിഭ്രമത്താൽ ജനതതൻ ആരവം
മതിമറന്നതിൽ ലയിച്ചു നിന്നീടണം

തെച്ചിക്കോടനും പാമ്പാടി രാജനും
തലയെടുപ്പോടെ നിൽക്കുന്നു ഗർവോടെ
മംഗലാംകുന്നു കർണനും , അയ്യപ്പൻ
മറ്റൊരു വേണം കബിഴിവേകുവാൻ

കടമ്മനിട്ടതൻ കവിതകൾ കേൾക്കണം
കുറത്തിയാട്ട തറയിലെത്തിടണം
വിനയചന്ദ്രിക ഉയരത്തിലെത്തുമ്പോൾ
വീട്ടിലേക്കുള്ള വഴിയിൽ നടക്കണം

നിലമൊരുക്കുവാൻ കാളകളെത്തുമ്പോൾ
നേഞ്ഞിൽപിടിയിൽ മുറുകെപിടിക്കണം
ഞാറ്റുപാട്ടിനു താളം പിടിക്കണം
തേക്ക്പാട്ടിലെ ആരവം കേൾക്കണം

നെന്മണികൾ കൊത്തിപ്പറിക്കുവാൻ
കിളികളെത്തി കലപില കൂട്ടുമ്പോൾ
പാട്ടു കൊട്ടി കാഹളം തീർക്കണം
പേടിച്ചോടുന്ന കിളികളെ കാണണം

നാൽക്കവലയിൽ സൊറ പറഞ്ഞങ്ങനെ
സഹജരോടൊത്ത് നേരം കളയണം
കക്ഷി രാഷ്ട്രീയ സാമൂഹ്യ വിഷയങ്ങൾ
ചർച്ച ചെയ്തങ്ങു നേരം വെളുക്കണം

നാടൻപതിൽ നാടുണർന്നീടുമ്പോൾ
ഓലപ്പന്നുകൾ കെട്ടിയുണ്ടാക്കണം
ഒറ്റ പെട്ടയും പീച്ചിയും തലമയും
ഓർമയിൽ വന്നു ഓടിക്കളിക്കുന്നു

തേക്ക് , സഹദ , മുറിയനും ,നായ്ക്കനും
കുട്ടിയും കോലിൽ ആടിത്തിമിർക്കണം
ഗോലി വാങ്ങണം , മുറ്റം കുഴിക്കണം
പച്ച മുച്ചയും കച്ചിയടിക്കണം

ഒഴുകിയെത്തുന്നു കാറ്റിന്റെ മർമരം
അകലെയെന്നുടെ ഗ്രാമം വിളിക്കുന്നു
പല ദശകങ്ങൾ പിന്നോട്ട് പാഞ്ഞുപോയ്
ഉറവ വറ്റാത്ത ഓർമതൻ യാത്രയിൽ

ശരീരത്തിലെ ജലാംശവും ചില ചിന്തകളും

By Baby Thottakara



ഉണങ്ങിയ മുന്തിരിയും പച്ചമുന്തിരിയും തമ്മിലുള്ള പ്രധാന വ്യത്യാസം — വെള്ളം

ആരോഗ്യത്തോടെ ജീവിക്കാൻ ആവശ്യത്തിനുള്ള ജലാംശം നില നിറു തേണ്ടതിന്റെ ഒരു നല്ല ഉദാഹരണമാണ് മുകളിൽ പറഞ്ഞത്. എത്ര മാത്രം വെള്ളം ശരീരത്തിനു വേണമെന്നത് അവരുടെ ശരീരപ്രകൃതി, അദ്ധ്വാനം, കൊഴുപ്പിന്റെ അളവ്, അന്തരീക്ഷം, പ്രായം, ലിംഗവ്യത്യാസം എന്നിവയെ ആശ്രയിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. ഭക്ഷണത്തിൽ നിന്നും കുറേയൊക്കെ ജലാംശം കിട്ടുമെങ്കിലും ശുദ്ധമായ വെള്ളം സമയാസമയത്ത് കുടിക്കുക തന്നെയാണ് ശരീരത്തിൽ ജലാംശം നിലനിർത്തുന്നതിന് ആവശ്യം.

ജലപാനം അധികമാവുന്നതെപ്പോൾ, കുറയുന്നതെപ്പോൾ?

ഒറ്റയടക്ക് കൂടുതൽ വെള്ളം കുടിക്കുന്നതും കുറേ സമയത്തേക്ക് വെള്ളം കുടിക്കാതിരിക്കുന്നതും ശരീരത്തിന് കോട്ടമായേക്കാം. ശരീരത്തിന് വെള്ളത്തിന്റെ തുടർച്ചയായ ആവശ്യമുണ്ട്; പോഷകംകളെ എത്തിക്കുക, അനാവശ്യ വസ്തുക്കളെ പുറം തള്ളുക, അവയവംകളുടെ പ്രവർത്തനം ആയാസരഹിതമാക്കുക, ശരീരത്തിന്റെ താപം നിലനിർത്തുക, താപം നിയന്ത്രിക്കുക. ഭക്ഷണ ദഹനം ക്രമീകരിക്കുക, വിസർജ്യം എളുപ്പമാക്കുക, മാംസപേശികൾ പ്രവർത്തിക്കുന്നത് എളുപ്പമാക്കുക, മൊത്തത്തിൽ നല്ല ഉന്മേഷം നൽകുക എന്നിവ ശരീരത്തിന് അവശ്യ നേരത്ത് ജലം ലഭിച്ചു കൊണ്ടിരുന്നാൽ സുഗമം ആയി നടക്കുന്നു.

എനിക്ക് ഉള്ള അനുഭവം വെച്ച് പറഞ്ഞാൽ ആരോഗ്യം ഉള്ള ഒരു വ്യക്തി ഏതാണ്ടു അഞ്ചു മുതൽ എട്ടു ലിറ്റർ വരെ വെള്ളം കുടിക്കണം; ലഹരി പാനീയംകൾ, കാപ്പി, ചായ, സോഡാ, ജൂസ്, കഞ്ഞിവെള്ളം, എന്നിവ ഒഴിവാക്കിയുള്ള എന്റെ കണക്കാണിത്

ജല ലഭ്യത ഫലപ്രദമാക്കാൻ ഉള്ള വഴികൾ:
 -ക്രമമായി ഇടവേളകളിട്ടു ദിവസം മുഴുവൻ ജലപാനം ക്രമീകരിക്കുക. നമ്മുടെ ശരീരത്തിന് വെള്ളം സൂക്ഷിച്ചു വയ്ക്കുവാൻ കഴിവില്ല.
 -നാരങ്ങ നീരൊഴിച്ച ഒരു ലിറ്റർ ഇളം ചൂടുവെള്ളം കുടിച്ചു ദിവസം തുടങ്ങുക



വെള്ളം കുടിക്കുവാനുള്ള സമയം ക്രമപ്പെടുത്തുക, ഉദാഹരണത്തിന്, ഭക്ഷണത്തിന് അര മണിക്കൂർ മുമ്പാരു ഗ്ലാസ്, അര മണിക്കൂർ കഴിഞ്ഞാരു ഗ്ലാസ് എന്നിങ്ങനെ
 -കാപ്പി, ചായ, ലഹരിപനീയം, ജൂസ്, സോഡാ എന്നിവ ദ്രാവക രൂപത്തിൽ ആണെങ്കിലും വെള്ളത്തിന്റെ ഫലം നൽകുന്നില്ല, കൂടാതെ അധികമായി കലോറി നൽകുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. മുകളിൽ പറഞ്ഞവ കുടിക്കുന്നതോടൊപ്പം വെള്ളവും കുടിക്കുക.
 -പഴംകളിലും പച്ചക്കറികളിലും ധാരാളം ജലാംശം ഉണ്ട്.
 -കുടിക്കുന്ന വെള്ളത്തിന് കണക്കു വയ്ക്കുക.

ജലലഭ്യത ക്രമീകരിച്ചാൽ ഉള്ള ഫലങ്ങൾ:
 -ശരീരാവയവങ്ങളുടെ പ്രവൃത്തി ആയാസരഹിതമാവുന്നു
 -അസുഖങ്ങൾ കുറയുന്നു, ഉന്മേഷം കൂടുന്നു
 -ഭക്ഷണം കഴിക്കുന്നതിന്റെ അളവ് കുറയുന്നു.
 -അലർജികളുടെ ശക്തി കുറയുന്നു, മാറുന്നു .
 -അനാവശ്യ വസ്തുക്കൾ എളുപ്പത്തിലും വേഗത്തിലും പുറത്തു പോകുന്നു

- മൂത്രക്കല്ല് മുതലായവ ഒഴിവാക്കുന്നു.
- ധാതു ലവണങ്ങൾ ശരീരം എളുപ്പത്തിൽ ആഗിരണം ചെയ്യുന്നു
- കുറച്ചു ഭക്ഷണത്തിൽ നിന്നും കൂടുതൽ ശക്തി ലഭിക്കുന്നു .
- ചർമ കാന്തി ഉണ്ടാവുന്നു, ചർമ രോഗംകൾ കുറയുന്നു
- ക്ഷീണം, തലവേദന, വായവരൾച്ച എന്നിവ കുറയുന്നു.
- സന്ധി വേദന കുറയും, ചിലപ്പോൾ മൊത്തം മാറും; വാഹനംകൾക്ക് 'engine oil' പോലെയാണ് ശരീരത്തിന് വെള്ളം.

ഇതോടൊപ്പം കുറേക്കൂടി കഠിന വ്യായാമവും കൂടിയായാൽ പലപ്പോഴും കഴിക്കുന്ന മരുന്നുകളുടെ അളവ് കുറയ്ക്കാം; അല്ലെങ്കിൽ മരുന്നുകൾ തന്നെ ഒഴിവാക്കാനും കഴിയും. സ്വന്തം ശരീരത്തെ അറിയുക!

ജല ലഭ്യത കുറയുന്നത് എങ്ങിനെ അറിയാം:

- മൂത്രത്തിന് നിറം കൂടുതലായാൽ
- നാസാ രസ്രവം ഉണ്ടെങ്കിൽ
- ക്ഷീണം, തലവേദന, വരണ്ട വായ എന്നിവ തോന്നിയാൽ

മുകളിൽ പറഞ്ഞവ തോന്നിയാൽ വെള്ളം കുടിക്കുക, ഫലം കാണുമെന്നു തോന്നിയാൽ വേറൊന്നും ചിന്തിക്കാനില്ല!

വായിച്ചറിഞ്ഞ ചില വസ്തുതകൾ ഞാൻ താഴെ കുറിക്കുന്നു:

- 18 വയസ്സിനുമുകളിലുള്ള പുരുഷന് ഏകദേശം 50% മുതൽ 65% വരെയും സ്ത്രീകൾക്ക് 45% മുതൽ 60% വരെയും ശരീര ജലാംശം ഉണ്ടായിരിക്കണം
- വൃക്കകൾക്ക് ഒരു മണിക്കൂറിൽ 15 ലിറ്റർ വരെ വെള്ളത്തെ കൈകാര്യം ചെയ്യാൻ കഴിയും, ഒരു ദിവസം ഏകദേശം 180 ലിറ്റർ!
- നമ്മുടെ വിദഗ്ധർ പറയുന്നത് കുറഞ്ഞത് 2 ലിറ്റർ വെള്ളം ദിവസം കുടിക്കാനാണ്.

താഴെ പറയുന്ന ചാർട്ട് ശ്രദ്ധിക്കുക, ജലത്തിന്റെ പല വയസ്സിലുമുള്ള ഏകദേശ തോതാണ്

- ഗർഭസ്ഥ ശിശു--94%
- ശിശു-80%
- കുഞ്ഞുങ്ങൾ -75%
- മുതിർന്നവർ -60%
- വൃദ്ധർ--50%

വയസ്സാകാനുള്ള പ്രധാന കാരണം ശരീരത്തിലെ ജലാംശം കുറയുന്നതാണെന്ന് കാണാം!!!

താഴെ പറയുന്നതു ഓരോ ശരീരാവയവത്തിലും ഉള്ള ജലാംശത്തിന്റെ ഏകദേശ കണക്കാണ്.

- ചർമം -64%
- എല്ലുകൾ- 31%
- പേശികൾ-79%
- തലച്ചോർ-73%
- കരൾ -71%
- ഹൃദയം -73%
- ശ്വാസകോശം- 83%
- വൃക്കകൾ -79%

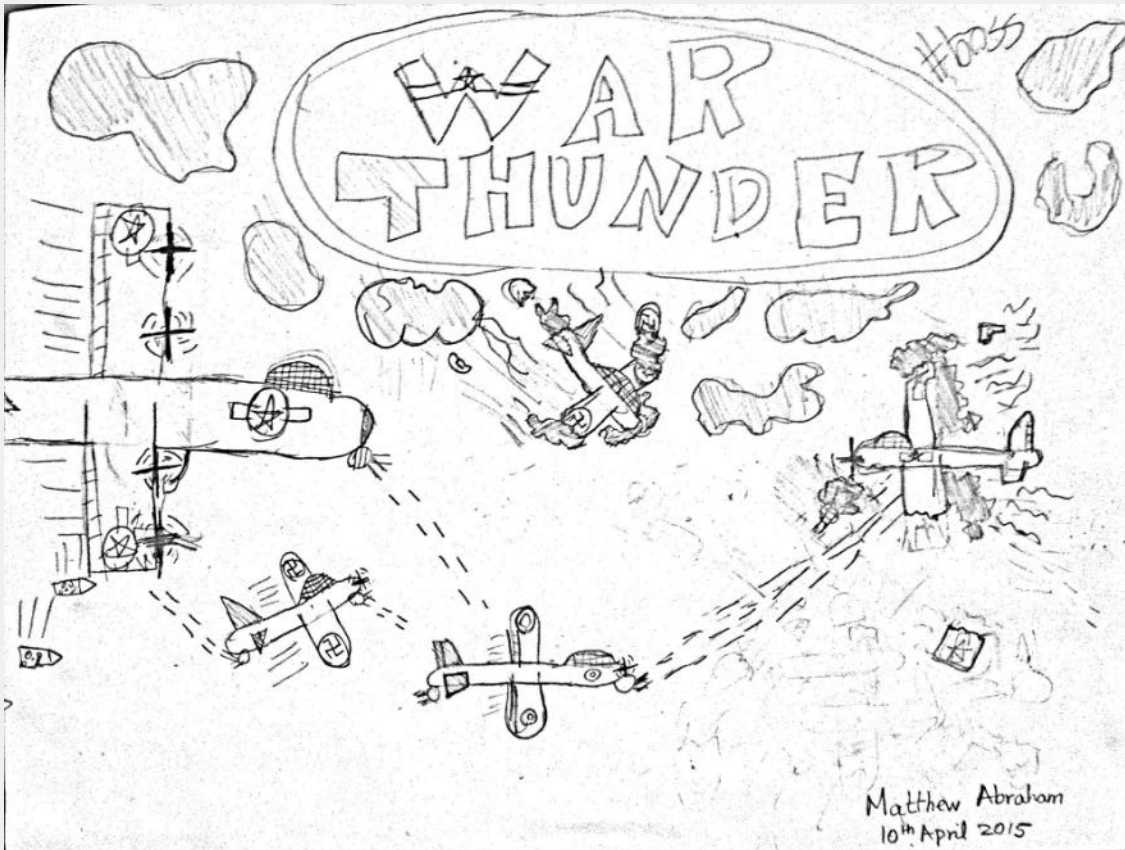
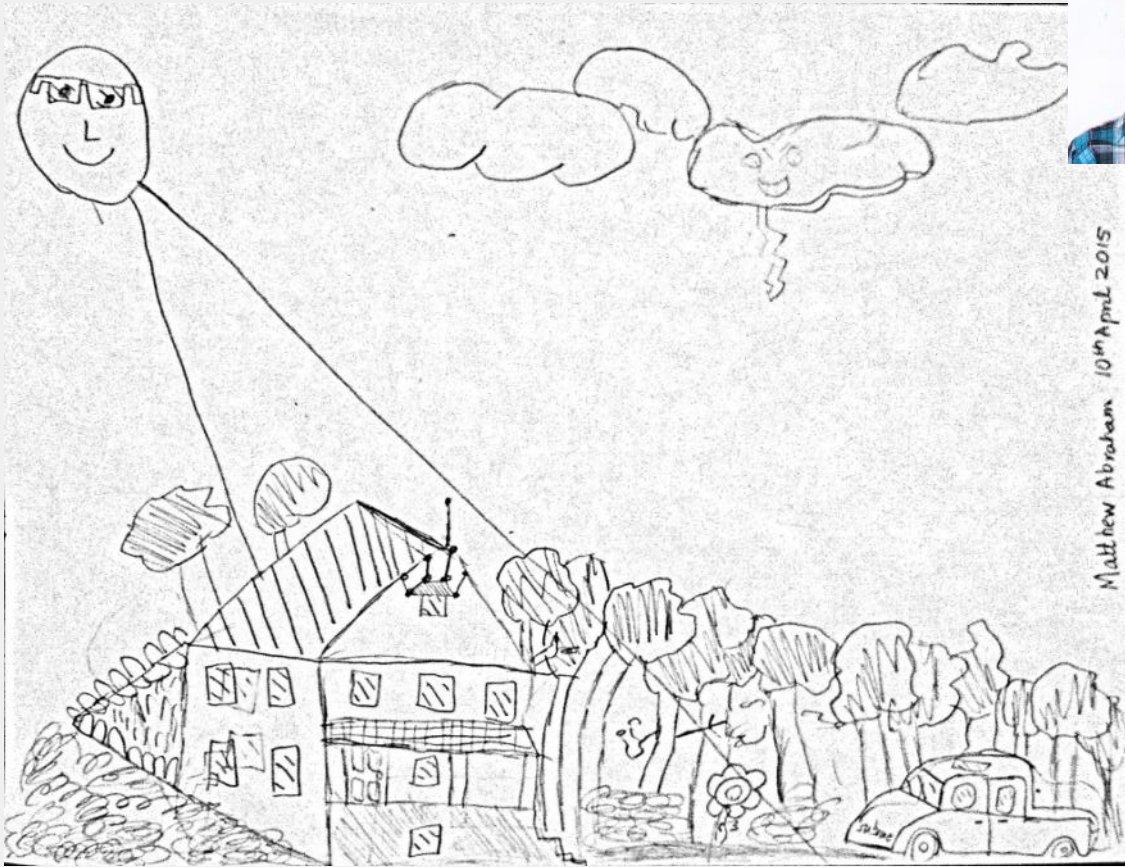
മുകളിൽ പറഞ്ഞ അവയവങ്ങളും അതുപോലെ നമ്മുടെ ശരീരവും ഉണ്ടങ്ങിയ മുന്തിരി പോൽ ആവണമോ അതോ പച്ച മുന്തിരി പോലെ കഴിയുന്നത്ര കാലം ഇരിക്കണമോ പ്രവർത്തിക്കണമോ എന്ന് തീരുമാനിക്കുന്നത് നമ്മൾ ഓരോരുത്തരുമാണ് . വീണ്ടും വീണ്ടും ചിന്തിക്കുക. അതനുസരിച്ച് ജലപാനം ക്രമീകരിക്കുക.

(എൻറെ അനുഭവത്തിൽ നിന്നും എഴുതിയതാണ്, ഞാനൊരു ഭിഷഗ്വരൻ അല്ല, അതിനാൽ ഇതൊന്നും ഒരു ആരോഗ്യ രംഗത്തെ പ്രാഗൽഭ്യന്മാരുടെ ഉപദേശം ആയി എടുക്കരുത്.)





ART



Thomas Chemmanoor

For FTC competition 2014-2015



ART



Christmas/New Year



PHOTOS

Christmas/New Year



PHOTOS

Vishu/Easter



PHOTOS



Parvathy Nair won Second Prize in Classical Dance (Single) (4th - 6th grades) category KAGW TalentTime 2015 held in DC area.



Abin Thottakara, son of Mini and Baby Thottakara graduated from University of Central Florida Burnett Honors College with a Bachelor of Science degree in Computer Science with top Honors and 4.0 GPA. He was one of the two toppers in Computer Science and was recognized during the ceremony. Abin will be working for Deloitte in Orlando starting in July. Please join us in congratulating Abin for his achievements and wishing him good luck in all his future endeavors.



Devika Sunil won First place in the 2015 Senior Spelling Bee conducted by the North South Foundation (NSF - www.northsouth.org) Harrisburg Regional Chapter.



Ebin Mathew Binu, son of Binu Mathew and Rebecca, and born on April 5th, 2015. Congratulations to Binu and Rebecca.



Navami S. Chandra, daughter of Renjith Chandrasekharan and Reshmi S. Lal, and born on January 27th, 2015. Congratulations to Renjith and Reshmi.



Noah Joseph, son of Blesson Joseph and Rajeena Blesson, and born on May 24th, 2015. Congratulations to Blesson and Rajeena.

2015 SMA Board

Governing Body

President



Viswanathan Iyer

Secretary



Sunilkumar Govindankutty

Treasurer



Kala Venkiteswaran

Education and Arts Committee



Anitha Suresh(Chair)



Divya Raghu



Shreya Jacob



Reeja George

Web Committee



Shahaj Vijayan (Chair)



Shyam Ramath

Executive Board



Shaheera Prakash (Chair)



Dr Madhu Menon



Paul chemmanoor



Renjish Thomas



Rajeev Nair

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