

Namaste



नमस्ते



Issue 4, April 2011

नेपाल न्यूजिल्याण्ड मैत्री समाज क्यान्टरवरीको वार्षिक प्रकाशन
Annual Newsletter of Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society of Canterbury Inc.



Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society of Canterbury Inc.

wishes

you and your family

**a very happy and
prosperous**

**NEPALI
NEW YEAR
2068 BS**



Annual Newsletter
of
NEPAL NEW ZEALAND FRIENDSHIP
SOCIETY OF CANTERBURY INC.

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Forward

Mark Inglis



Namaste,

Well the last year has been a dramatic time with many people losing family, friends, homes and businesses. Our thoughts with all who have suffered such a loss.

Luckily for Anne and I all our family have come through this difficult time safe and are rebuilding their lives.

Celebrating a new year is a chance to acknowledge now is the time to rebuild, as they say 'stronger than before'.

March and November for me were spent in Nepal, guiding treks to Gokyo Lakes and climbing Gokyo Ri. The treks are a chance for me to get back to Nepal each year, catching up with my many friends there, making new friends and working with the SIRC near Kathmandu, one of the projects we support through our charity, Limbs4All.

In total the 23 clients I hosted have helped donate the equivalent of 38 rough terrain wheelchairs for the SIRC. I was able to visit the new SIRC facility both times, taking Anne with me in November.

Our '200 Wheelchair' project is up to about 90 partly funded or 35 fully funded wheelchairs currently. This project is an attempt to ensure the many spinal patients from previous years have access to a quality wheelchair, no matter where in Nepal they live.

Unfortunately I cannot join you to celebrate the New Year as I will be in Chicago for a charity presentation!

Happy New Year to you all, I hope 2068 will be a year of rebuilding, of growth and opportunity for you all and your families, no matter where in the world they are.

President's message

Madan Gautam



As a president, it was my special privilege to serve my community, my people and people of New Zealand who are affiliated with my community and country of origin.

This year was very challenging for everyone in Christchurch due to the earthquake and its aftershocks - the darkest period in New Zealand history. The impacts of the quakes and its aftershocks had a profound impact on Christchurch as a whole. Many people lost their homes, their belongings or had their homes damaged. In addition we have been traumatised. Also, one of our member's arm was broken - we extend our sympathy to him. From the bottom of our heart, our deepest sympathy goes to the people of Canterbury who lost their dwellings, properties, and most of all to those who lost forever their loving family members, relatives or friends. We as Society members and with the people of our neighbourhood, united together, helped each other by exchanging /sharing our experiences, emotions and feelings in order to cope with the situation. Also, we provided our support to earthquake welfare centre at Burnside by contributing our volunteer help and immediate support with toiletries and cleaning stuffs for a day.

The society is fairly well established and now it is running on its 9th year. Every year the Society conducts and participates in a series of activities - cultural functions and events. Such activities promote and bring continuity of Nepalese culture and tradition to benefit Nepali people and those interested in Nepal in Canterbury. It also maintains and promotes New Zealand as culturally rich and diverse nation.

Let me tell you how the Society was born. It was born in 1995 with the initiation of just five Nepalese families of Lincoln University student - I was one of the students, but it was not officially registered until December 19th 2002.

The students and their family members used to gather in the Maori Hall of the university to celebrate festivals like Dashai, Tihar and events like Nepalese New Year. Large numbers of people used to get invited from the University and Lincoln Township during the events. Progressively, Nepalese students and their families from Canterbury University and Christchurch joined the Society. Later Canterbury people who were affiliated with Nepal and Nepalese through their interest in mountaineering, running tourism business, working in development projects, and friends of Nepal and Nepalese joined the Society. Finally, with the initiative of Dr. KH Gautam-founder of the Society, it was formally registered.

Various organisations such as Christchurch City Council and the Rotary Club have provided their financial and logistic supports which we sincerely acknowledge. Also I would like to appreciate Canterbury people for their support by joining the Society and participating in its events. This has resulted in a steady progression of the Society towards performing its activities in a sustainable and a better way. For example, likewise last year and the year before, we conducted most of cultural events. Some of the events were performed on a relatively smaller scale compared to usual, as permitted by the current situation. Also we have been routinely broadcasting “Namaste Nepal” FM radio programme and running language classes with some interruptions due to earthquake and its aftermath. We performed activities, such as cultural evens such as Dashai, Tihar, English New Year and Nepalese New Year. We took part in Global Football Festival 2011 through our established team – Nepal Gorkhali Football Team. In addition, this year we established a football trophy and ran a match. Our members have put their time and tremendous efforts in order to bring the Society to its current stage and in carrying out every activity of which I am thankful to them.

Last but not the least, I would like to wish you a very happy, prosperous and peaceful new year 2068 BS.

The Year 2067 as from the time after the Annual General Meeting



Prerana Dixit

Let's see, where to start this. As the title suggests, I guess I start from the day of the AGM. A lot of us gathered to find the next lot of volunteer Execs. With such great contributions from the past, we had a hard time picking who would lead the society next. Finally however, the decision was made and the next society year began.

One of the first things we learned was that we were going to farewell a family who had been around for a while. The Aryal family were to leave for France where Dr. Jagannath Aryal had secured a job. Although we were sad to have them leave, as per our society's tradition, we quickly organised a farewell potluck for them at the Maori Hall in Lincoln. I would like to believe that that was a pretty good night. It was a good way to say farewell to a family who I'm sure we'll be seeing again, maybe not soon but sometime in the future. We cannot but recognise and celebrate Dr. Aryal and Sumitra's contribution to the running of the society over the years. I hope we managed to do just that.

This year was to be like the rest. Where we did all we could to preserve what we could of our culture, our festivals, our language.



Coming from a society where a majority of people are Hindus, where there are numerous Gods who all have their own days of worship, no wonder our society is based a lot around festivals. Here too, our major celebrations centre on religious festivals. That is not to say that the society does not take part in other programmes, other agendas, other forms of fun but let's face it, our major highlights are the festivals.

As such, our first thought was towards celebrating Teej. The festival where women take on hunger and thirst in an effort to bring good omen and health for their partners. That was to be the first festival we celebrated. Alas, that wasn't to be. While families gathered during Teej out of their own will to celebrate this festival, we as a society could not.



September saw an earthquake hit Canterbury and our well laid plans of a booked hall, of people volunteering to make the food and looking forward to the upcoming event went out the door. Instead we ended up thanking our stars that no one was seriously hurt and settled down to get rocked by constant aftershocks.

Things settled down a bit after that. Winter was still showing its teeth and we couldn't wait until the spring for not just the warm weather, but Dashain would be just around the corner. We usually celebrate both Dashain and Tihar in some style, I mean, how could we not? It's our biggest festival after all. The Christmas of Hindus, I've heard it called. In truth it goes on for ten days, fifteen if you count the five extra days we can still have Tika on. This year's Dashain was to be held at Spencer Park. We did have a backup Hall to get to but who would give up the sun for a dark hall. When we got there, the day was indeed sunny and HOT but there is a reason why there's the saying of "four seasons in one day". A heavy but brief spring shower saw us huddle together in the shed nearby and under our very own Gazebo! Thank goodness we'd finished the Tika celebrations by then. Bhola Uncle and Dharma Aunty had kindly volunteered to act as our honorary heads of family and it was good fun to see everyone dressed up in finery have tika put on them. The laughs were long as Uncle Aunty gave their blessings and our very own president, Madan Uncle, resided beside them and sang the traditional blessing for most of the tika ceremony !



The day also had sporting events and we sat around chatting and enjoying a truly fun day. There was both men's and women's football, races and of course the ever present and popular BINGO!! The prizes that day were well earned!

For Tihar this year we gathered at the Maori Hall. It was a potluck affair where people prepared the traditional sweets and items most commonly associated with Tihar. Some people went on the traditional "Bhailo" ceremony where groups go around singing and expect donations and gifts in return. It was good to hear the traditional tunes ring out in Maori Hall for a night. Unfortunately the weather played villain. Strangely enough, Guy Fawkes and Tihar, the Festival of Lights, fall within a couple of days each other. With the weather what it was we could not set off our fireworks as is traditional for the Tihar Festival but I think some did manage to make it down for the Rolleston Fireworks which coincided on the same day.

We moved into December. The summer was at its hottest when we gathered together (well the ladies did) for a Nepali Traditional Baby Shower! We gathered to feed, talk and all in all have a great time for not one of our members but three! That was a special day and I hope the members at the centre of it all thought so too.





During all this, our Nepali classes had continued. Except for a couple of weeks off around the time of the earthquake in September, the classes went on. We had Dr. Karki volunteer as teacher for a while. Then still led by Naveena K.C and aptly supported by parent volunteers, the effort to provide the children with at least a basic knowledge of Nepali both spoken and written went on. This year saw for the first time, plans to hold a “Quiz Night” where the students would try to answer questions of Nepal in Nepali take form. This was a night attended by parents and the students who did the best would be rewarded. This was also a night where we saw how well the students were learning for not only had they written short essays on a topic given to them, they also read this out in front of all those present. It was truly nice to hear the language, albeit with an accent now ☒, be spoken at such length by the students. Ask the kids however on what the highlight was for the night, they’ll probably tell you it was playing “Kabaddi” which they’d learnt about in class, in the hall. Needless to say there was a bit of competition on what was ultimately a “friendly” game to show them the rules. This was a good way to end the term and go into the Christmas/Summer break.

December slowly moved into January. It was sad again since we farewelled two of our families once again. The Acharya and Chand family will be missed from our gatherings for a long time to come. All we can say is, hopefully it’s not the last time we get to see them.

Then came the annual football matches. There was not only the Global Football Festival to look forward to and not ONE but TWO married vs. unmarried cup to play for! Dr. Aryal had at the beginning to the year, agreed to donate a trophy for a tournament to be held in his name and so this year saw two tournaments instead of one. It was a fun couple of weekends and led straight onto the Global Football Festival for the Gurkhali Team. The zest and zeal with which the team plays is always fun to watch and a weekend watching them play is a good time for all who attended. We were again gearing up for our next gathering. Planning for the Cultural Galore and seriously thinking of the New Year to come. The food items for the Cultural Galore was more or less decided and the volunteers who agreed to help split the work of getting the Cultural Programme ready for the New Year put their hands up for another year.



This year Naveena the veteran of many a cultural programme was aptly supported by Amrita and for the first time, the “kids”. Shikha and Amrita who I only in call “kids” in fun put their hand up to help organise the show. The date for the Galore was published and from our end the Hall for the New Year was booked, rehearsal day was set and people were excited. Then came February 22nd. The aftershock which hit on that day was smaller in magnitude but it almost saw the city destroyed. It was a nasty blow for Cantabrians who were just beginning to relax. No more could we say “at least no one was badly hurt”. I don’t need to relay what happened, all of us lived it, saw it, have our own stories to tell and we are here to tell it. Unfortunately that wasn’t true for everyone in the city and all we can do is pass on our heartfelt condolences.

February 22nd also saw our plans change. We asked for a general consensus on whether we should continue any of our programmes. The Cultural Galore and the Lincoln Rotary Club events were cancelled. The city centre is cordoned off even now and we thought maybe we shouldn’t have a New Year Celebration this year. We asked your opinion and agreed with the majority who said we should try to go back to normal.

In between some of us welcomed three new members :-) Congratulations!!!, some helped out at the shelter in Burnside, some joined a the student army for a while, helped a fellow member during the loss of his father, opened up a new mailbox, bought a new accounting software, celebrated the start of 2011 and above all kept safe and sane.

When we were told our New Year venue bookings wouldn’t hold, that our rehearsal day was cancelled and our New Year booking would probably be too, we worked frantically to find a replacement venue and found one in Rolleston. So we will gather albeit in a new location and in lesser numbers perhaps. Our hard working Cultural coordinators have had to be told that there will be no formal show this year, we are still getting rocked by aftershocks but gather we will and we will do our best to bring in another year in the same manner and with the same people we always have, although for our New Year wish we’ll probably just ask for a less eventful 2068.

The Life Story of Gautama Buddha in Brief

Ananda Pradhan

In 600 B.C. Suddhodhana, King of the Shakya clan ruled with undisputed sovereignty over the affluent Kingdom of Kapilvastu. He had two queens, Mayadevi and Prajapati Gautami. They were blood sisters. Mayadevi was pregnant and when she drew near to her delivery time, she desired to go to her mother's place at Deodaha, the capital of the then Koliya Kingdom. She went there with her bevy of maid servants. On the way, they were near Lumbini when she felt her delivery pain and gave birth there to a handsome child. The prince's name was ceremoniously given as Siddhartha Gautama.

One week later the Queen Mayadevi, source of love and affection, passed away. Owing to the untimely death of her elder sister, Prajapati Gautami took the charge of the young prince and fulfilled the duty of a mother. Although Prince Siddhartha Gutama was a child of tender age, he did not indulge in any sport or merry making. He used to sit in a solitary and peaceful place with a concentrated mind. Seeing his unique nature, both King and Queen remained sad.

When Prince Siddhartha attained maturity the marks of unusual human qualities started appearing in him. He often went hunting, but he never hunted any animal that walked past. When he felt his horse tire, he got off it, patted it and wiped its sweat away.

One Day it so happened that a goose hit with an arrow came to the Royal garden and dropped down near Prince Siddhartha. He could not bear the heart-rending sight. Immediately upon seeing the wounded goose, he lifted it up and kept it on his lap. He took out the arrow and applied medicine to the wound.

In the meantime, Devadutta, Prince Siddhartha's cousin reached the spot and asked him for the goose. He did not give it to him.

Instead he made a prompt reply saying I have saved him from dying and have full right to keep it under my care. Devadutta didn't want to return without taking it and a dispute arose between them and hot words were exchanged. At last, the matter of dispute about the wounded goose was laid before the king for settlement. The Royal court also supported the prince and settled their dispute and the prince kept the goose under his care. When his wound healed, he let it fly away.

Prince Siddhartha often sat at a peaceful place. He always kept away from guile, anger, jealousy, backbiting, ill feeling, arrogance, obstinacy, dishonesty, trickery, attachment and pretension. Perhaps he kept thinking over the ways of the world, nature and the laws of nature.

Seeing such a wonderful nature of Prince Siddhartha, his parents arranged him a marriage with a beautiful princess named Yasodhara of Koliya Kingdom. According to the age long family custom, their Royal wedding took place in great pomp and splendour.

Reading the horoscope of Prince Siddhartha, the Royal astrologers had already made two confusing predictions in which he would become a valiant emperor in his reign, if not, he would renounce hearth and home and become a great ascetic.

Thinking over the matter, the King ordered a beautiful majestic palace filled with articles of luxury to be built to stop him from renouncing hearth and home. There was nothing lacking in the newly built palace but these did not make Prince Siddhartha happy. Instead the artificial environment felt tedious and monotonous to him.

One day Prince Siddhartha expressed his wish to the King to travel in the city. Accordingly the city was made neat and clean, colourful and lovely. Sitting in a coach drawn by four horses, he travelled in the city. At that time he saw a very weak wrinkled old man walking on the road with a help of a stick and knew all people would become as old as he was.

The second time he went to the city with the son of his father's Minister in the guise of businessmen. He saw an old man afflicted with a wound. Prince Siddhartha encouraged him and helped him to stand. When he saw his poor health, Prince Siddhartha felt that all people would have to suffer from wound and disease.

The Third time while Prince Siddhartha was making a journey in the city, his eyes fell on a body in a bier being taken to the cemetery. He thought that all people would have to die. Nobody is immortal in this world.

Seeing those sorrowful sights on different occasions, Prince Siddhartha knew that all people are subjected to sorrow and suffering and must bear them. Beauty, Power and Body are transitory. He thought deeply and reached the conclusion to renounce hearth and home in search of truth.

While the night was perfectly still and people were in deep sleep, Prince Siddhartha Gautama left his Royal family, throne and worldly enjoyments once and for all. Riding on the back of a horse named Kanthakha, he went out of the main gate. A Charioteer named Chhandaka followed him. Reaching across Anoma River, Prince Sidhartha shaved his head with his sword. He took off his Royal clothes and ornaments and giving it to Chhandaka, headed from palace to palace observing and studying the different situation as an ascetic.

Siddhartha met with the then renowned sages, saints, ascetics, noble men and scholars. He discussed with them the subjects of human life, sufferings and way of salvation. But he got no satisfactory answers from them and even the knowledge of sacred books could not satisfy him.

Ascetic Siddhartha went to Uruvela (Gaya) and sat under a tree for meditation. Not eating anything, he practiced severe austerity and owing to rigorous practice of penance and self-denial he was reduced to a skeleton. One day he is disturbed by a group of rural women playing musical instruments and singing while going through the jungle.

The essence of the song was not to draw the string of a sitar vehemently or lightly. Too strong and the string will break, too light and the notes will not be clear. Siddhartha learns a valuable lesson from the song. That of taking the middle path. He did that from then on and starting eating enough to keep good health.

One day, a woman called Sujata saw an ascetic sitting in meditation under a papal tree. Regarding him as a real god, she offered him the savoury milk rice with respect. Another day, a householder named Sotthiya saw him going on his way and asked him where he was going. In reply, he said he was going to meditate. Understanding the fact, Sotthiya pulled out eight sheaves of kusa grass from a big bundle and offered them to him to spread out for meditation. In the course of time, ascetic Siddhartha attained Buddhahood (Enlightenment) by virtue of his patience and perseverance.

From there on Gautam the Buddha went to Saranath with the aim of teaching and spreading his teaching and letting people practice it themselves in their day to day life. There he met five ascetic attendants, who not seeing the hope of getting knowledge through meditation and being disappointed, had left him before and stayed at Saranath.

The Buddha told the ascetics about his knowledge earned and religious doctined propounded at Gaya. They found his doctrine, meaningful, useful, and helpful and having his own kind of originality greatness and speciality. They accepted his doctrine and practiced it out of their own free will. They became the first five faithful disciples of the Buddha, they played an active role in preaching Buddhism. A large number of people were impressed with Buddha's belief and opinion.

At Saranath, Gautama the Buddha turned the wheel of Dharma (Righteousness) for the first time and expounded to the audience the following Four Noble Truths in a simple language.

1. There is suffering
2. Desires are root causes of suffering
3. It is possible to end the suffering and

4. There is a Middle Path to the suffering.

Further, the Buddha told the assembled ascetics that all beings are subjected to birth and death in the mortal world. To make the transitory and perishable human life useful he delivered sermons and advised them to adopt the following Middle Path consisting of eight factors: 1. Right view 2. Right thought 3. Right speech 4. Right action 5. Right Livelihood 6. Right effort 7. Right mindfulness 8. Right meditation.

In according with the ideals, values and recognition of Buddhism, where there is truth there is purity, freedom, beauty, peace and happiness. The above mentioned factors are known as Noble Eightfold path in Buddhism.

In the course of his travelling the Buddha met and changed the lives of many people. Some he brought back from lives of butchery and mayhem. He went back to Kapilvastu and met his beloved wife Yashodhara and his now seven year old son Rahula. He included his son in the Order of Monks and made him a disciple and taught him at the Nyagorodharama Monastery. After obtaining enlightenment, the Buddha travelled to man places and met all sorts of men, of different races and creeds. Rich or poor, prince or beggar, monarch or subject, fool or wise man, city courtesan or learned woman, all got equal opportunity to see him and learn from him.

He kept teaching and delivering sermons till the last of his days. The sorrowful news of Gautama the Buddha's passing away into Mahaparinirvana at Kushinagara saddened all this followers. The Buddha's funeral rights were performed according to the religious rites. Stupas (Pagodas) were raised on the heaps of ashes put at ten different places in holy memory of the perfectly Self Enlightened Gautam Buddha.

She dared not stare too long

Heidi



She dared not stare too long
At the face that midnight sought
At the moon behind her back
At the mirror illuminated against the
dark

She cursed the senseless hour
And clutched at her crimson sheets
She leant against the headboard
And sighed inwardly

A grief upon her chest
A mind thwarted by the calm
Of a brilliant star filled night
Gentle breeze upon her brow

The years drifted by
Through streams of thought
The images laid bare
Behind eyes of grey bespeckled
beauty

She winced to see within
the memory of him
Lascivious yet unyielding
A baleful entity invoked by the si-
lence

And whilst to contemplate
Ones life and loves
IS nostalgic at the onset
The outset is something more

To dwell upon such silence

At captivating hours Gives birth to
some eerie mayhem
Betwixt the inner and outer world

The frivolity and gaiety
held in childish moments now spent
Can't withhold the darkness
Of those things left unsaid

Those words impassive
yet sempiternal
A phoenix lying in it's grave
Waiting for the adjuvant spark

The old woman startled
by a moment of truth
His name upon her lips
Escaping from her utopian youth

She clasped this fleeting memory
ennobled by its radiant imagery
A sigh gave way to
maudlin malaise

And whether she could forsee
This moment of clarity
Beheld before her wearied mind
Those axioms that one may find

To perambulate
through ones once green life
Can lead to
A perjured mind

“Once in a lifetime”: A Reflection of the Christchurch Earthquake

Ishwaree Neupane



Is an earthquake “Bhukampa” a sign of God’s indifference or even cruelty toward humanity? Surely, it is. Earthquake represents a devastating, senseless, cruel nature of the world. We know that there are no earthquakes in another planet, like Jupiter – more correctly “jupiterquake”. But we know that Jupiter is not hospitable as our planet Earth.

Surely, earthquake it is not any absurd event that is a part of some grand plan, much as thinkers like Aristotle used to think. My Grandma used to tell us that an earthquake occurs when a giant tortoise changes its shoulder. Even by the age of 5, I knew that my Grandma wasn’t right. But I had no clue what made Grandma believe that a tortoise has two or even more shoulders and how a single tortoise could bear the load of the whole earth. Surely, it was not her personal view – the idea that “the world is really a flat plate supported on the back of a giant tortoise” is rather old and well shared by our oldies. It is believed that a remark like this was made by a little old lady after a well known scientist (some say it was Bertrand Russell – a British philosopher) gave a public lecture on astronomy, describing how the earth orbits around the sun and how the sun, in turn, orbits around the center of a vast collection of stars called our galaxy. The scientist confronted and posed a question to the lady that “What is the tortoise standing on?” “You’re very clever young man, very clever,” said the old lady. “But it’s turtles all the way down!”

Gravity – or gravitational interactions among the planets and their moons in our solar system – can itself withstand the weight of the giant earth – without any support underneath or above it. Fair to say that earthquake is a part of lives of all humans except for less than 10% of world’s population, it is because there are several millions earthquakes in a year – over 10,000 earthquakes a year in New Zealand alone. But we do not feel or record most of them. We certainly feel some but it is nearly impossible to know in advance which is going to hit us hard and be prove nasty!

Tuesday 22 February 2011 earthquake (with a terribly large ground acceleration at 12:51pm) in Christchurch, Port Hill and Lyttleton was supposedly inspired (or triggered in a scientific language) by the initial earthquake (of magnitude 7.1 on 4 September 2010). That jolted strongly and pushed apart the northwest part of the Canterbury plain by up to 4 meters, but took no lives. Among some injuries included was our own friend in the Nepalese community – who broke his left hand while trying to remain safe.

22 February 2011 – the day Christchurch was rocked by a particularly nasty earthquake – was the second day of the semester in the university. It was less than an hour after I returned back from the science lecture hall to my office in the 7th floor of the Rutherford building – one of highest structures in the university built in 1960s. I was preparing for my second lecture on the following day and was about to send my laptop into sleeping mode – a usual job I do before going for lunch. I felt a shock – this time different from the one being normal – a terrible jolt that forced the building to swing a couple of times each of nearly 3-4 second duration. I remember the shaking started “normally” as we have come to understand the many small aftershocks we have been experiencing since 4 September 2010. But just when it should have died the movement picked up and violent displacements started. My mind then responded and sent me underneath my working desk. I shouted – I do not remember how many times, but then loves of family (wife and children), friends and relatives – made me seriously worried whether I would be able to get out of the building! A visiting professor, in the late 50s, standing in the door next to me was saying - What a hell. He even asked me “what am I supposed to do”. He was from the east coast of the United States of America. Though I did not ask him, it seemed that the event was “once in a life time” also to him. By 12:55 pm I was out of the building. I heard one of my colleagues saying – good one – may be in the high 5. He assumed it to be between 5.5 - 6.0 in the Richter scale. I quickly responded and added that it would probably be between 6 and 6.5. The thousands of aftershocks we’ve already had helped us make a good guess of the magnitude before knowing or confirming it from the GNS-Geonet website.

Watching the buildings flex in an aftershock around 1:05 pm from our viewpoint in the car park was, for me, equally scary as riding out the first shock on the 7th floor. I have to say that watching an 8 storey building flex and rattle like Rutherford did is an imposing thing. One thing about earthquakes is that at a single location or surrounding area one does not know where the epicentre was or the extent of the damage elsewhere. Gradually while waiting for further instructions it became clear that we weren't going back in the buildings to retrieve belongings and going home was essential.

Of course the first thing one does very quickly is to find out about family. I headed home around 1:10 pm, with a brief stop at Ilam school, to find our little gorgeous! I quickly realised that he has already been picked up by Manju. Around 1:15 pm on the way home I came to know that the first jolt was 6.3 in magnitude. On the way, I also met Madan dai, the president of our society, who I believe was very prompt to check whether everyone renting his house in the Riccarton road was safe and the house itself is OK.

I was bit relaxed after finding no serious damage in the house. I desperately tried to contact Manju on her mobile for an hour. Clogged cell systems etc meant I couldn't contact her but we eventually found each other around 2:30 pm - one and a half hour after the quake. It took Manju nearly an hour to travel in a car from the Cobham School to home - the distance which she would normally travel in 5-10 minutes. While watching TV at home the news drifted in of the devastation around the city centre and the eastern suburbs of Christchurch.

Nobody in the university, at least, the people with no contacts with friends and families living or working in the city, imagined that what just happened had already taken the lives of hundreds in the central business district (CBD) and destroyed the houses of a hundred of thousand Cantabarians. Measuring 6.3 on the scale, the first jolt was less in energy than 4 September earthquake of magnitude 7.1, but because of its close location to the city and ground accelerations it resulted in significantly more damage and loss, human casualties.

As in 4 September quake, there were few serious problems for us at home and in the area around the university, and we learned of the destruction from a distance. It was slightly surreal to have friends emailing or twittering in facebook from all over the planet and having to tell them that most of what we knew was from radio, TV, or Internet.

In a calamitous world, it sometimes seems that the rational choice is a desire to live longer, culminating hopes for the future. The surprising thing is the low rate of selfishness in a needy moment as this. We all heard the stories that many small retailers (dairy shops) in Christchurch distributed water bottles and breads in their stores for free, who would otherwise have had to count on every dollars for covering their rents, bills for foods, electricity and the likes. There was indeed demonstrated passion, strong will, and heroic endurance of Cantabarians – New Zealanders in the whole. My grandma used to suggest that people hang on life because they “love” it and have a story of hopes to make and share. This time she was absolutely right!

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The Challenges of Public Health Information Management in Nepal

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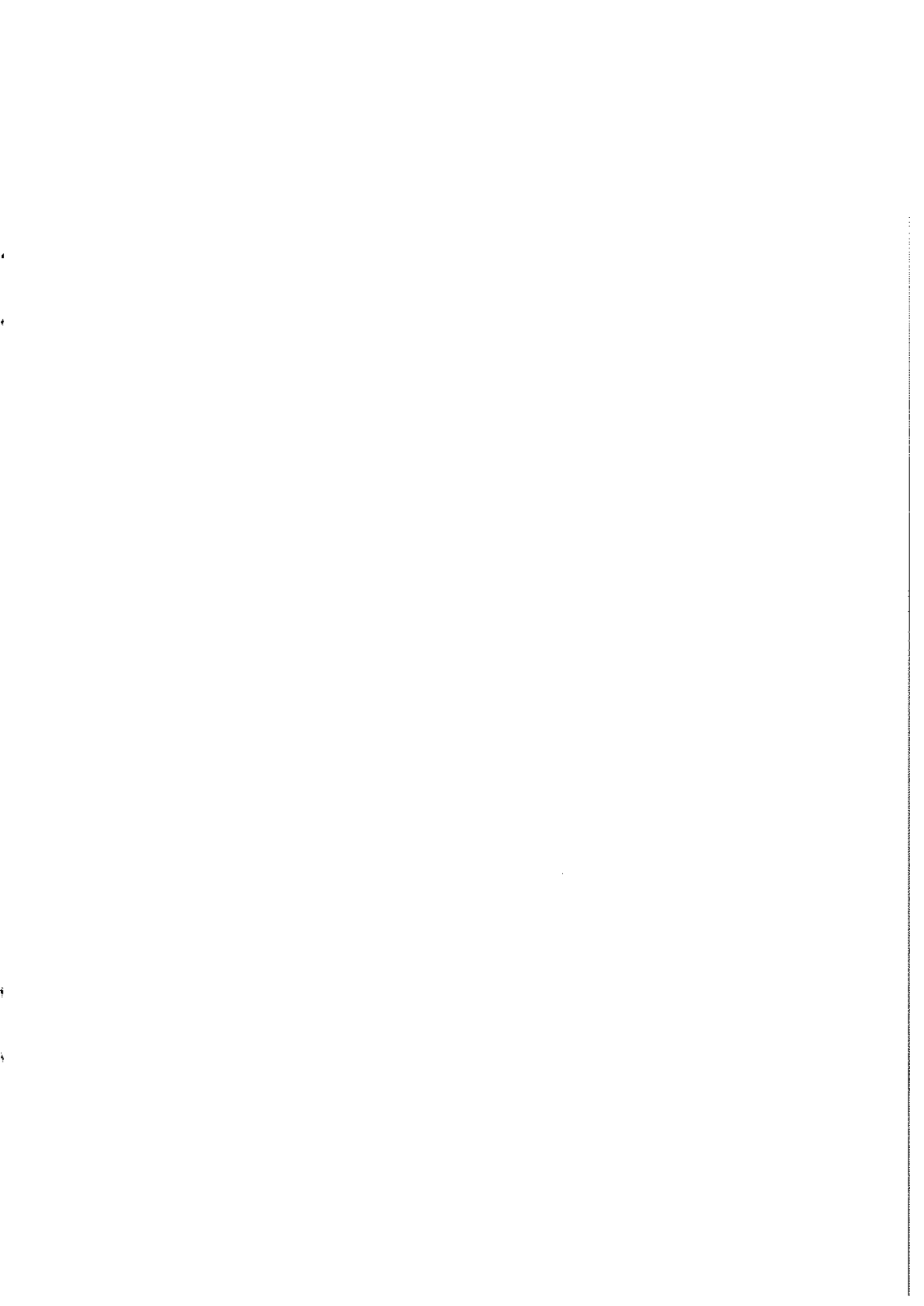
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In February 2008, I joined University of Canterbury (UoC) in Christchurch, New Zealand to undertake two year Masters of Health Sciences course. Professionally, I am a public health person and have worked in INGO sector of Nepal for more than seven years. During these years, I have always felt that the Nepalese public health sector lack professionals who have academic qualifications on health information management. This realization compelled me to choose health information management as a subject of specialization under public health in New Zealand. Health information management is a vast field of study which includes many dimensions of information beside its collection, analysis and use.

Public health which is the science and art of preventing disease, prolonging life and promoting health through the organized efforts and informed choices of society, organizations, public and private, communities and individuals, needs a strong information management system to respond to the public health needs of any country. The public health information management, which is a key for decision making has four major features: planning, engineering, administration, and application. The planning includes formulating strategies and functions and determining the user requirements for health information. Engineering includes designing information flow, data models, and definitions. Administration includes managing data collection and storage, information retrieval, and release and the application includes analyzing, interpreting, classifying, and coding data and facilitating information use by others. Policy includes establishing and implementing security, confidentiality, retention, integrity, and access standards. Getting an opportunity to learn many new techniques and technologies on health information management while studying in Health Sciences Center/UoC has been very enriching for me;

however, applying them in the Nepal's public health system is a challenge. Despite there has been a remarkable progress in information technology (IT) in Nepal over the last decade, we still lack optimum infrastructure to move towards keeping, operating, and managing electronic health information system. Nevertheless, there are lots of opportunities and as a public health professional working in health information management, I am very optimistic that Nepal's public health system will definitely benefit from the applications of new informatics in the coming days. Limited resources have always been a challenge to public health information management in Nepal which has 4,097 public health institutions to serve a 23.2 million population. Our system and mentality too, has become much dependent upon the foreign aid. Skills and knowledge of the health service providers and support staff on IT is also a challenge for the development of a fully electronic health information management system in Nepal. It is even more difficult to change health workers' and support staffs' attitude towards adaptation of new IT. The service providers who are too much at ease with managing information in papers are likely to resist using electronic information management system which is also a challenge for us. Therefore, all the users of information management technologies should internalize that technologies, including electronic information management are meant to fasten and simplify their job with less effort and time. However, it must also be considered that along with the adaptation of new information technologies in public health, issues of confidentiality and privacy should also be addressed in a legal way, as these are often subject to violations by service providers and others within and outside the system.

In my view there are many things which the public health information management system of Nepal can learn from New Zealand including the provision of unique ID to patient and interoperability of patient electronic records. In conclusion, comparing the public health care delivery system of Nepal with that of New Zealand will not be fair, however, we must realize that we might undertake many of our health information management activities and public health programs in more effective ways without a need of additional resources.





Vision



Madan Gautam

That time I used to live at Lincoln with my children and wife. My daughter was only two years old and was very chatty. One day when my wife had gone to work and I was child-sitting, I asked my daughter “Hey dear! Where is milk?” Instantly she replied ...”It is in fridge – don’t you know, Buwa, that milk comes from fridge?” I started looking at the fridge and thinking on her words ... “don’t you know, Buwa, that milk comes from fridge?”

I was going to tell her that milk does not come from the fridge it comes from somewhere else, we do keep milk in the fridge. But I immediately realised that she was relatively right. What she had seen was that that every so often, when needed, her mum used to get milk from fridge. I could not argue against her statement.

A year later, I was completely drowned in my study: going to field for collecting data, from morning to evening, analysing the data and planning for oncoming experiments. I had very little time with family. Very often, my wife used to take our children with her while going shopping. One day it so happened that I had to go for shopping with the children. While I was in the fruit and vegetable shop talking to myself “Where shall I get milk from?” My daughter, who was sitting in the shopping trolley, heard me talking to myself and told me ... “Don’t worry Buwa, I know about milk... and it comes from the supermarket....not from the veggie shop,.... we have to go to supermarket to get milk.”

I remembered that about a year ago she told me that milk comes from fridge, and now she is telling me it comes from the supermarket. I was going to tell her where I thought milk comes from, but stopped myself because again she was relatively right.

She was almost 4 years old and used to go to kindergarten. One day she was taken to the ice-cream and dairy factory in Christchurch on a school trip.

When I went to collect her at the kindergarten I could see her face sticky an smeared with chocolate ice-cream, and cloth was patchily painted with it. She was holding a small carton of milk in her hand. Once she saw me, she came excited to tell me “Guess what Buwa? Where milk comes from... it comes from,it comes from dairy factory (nodding her head), the place you go to shopping” (pointing her finger towards Christchurch).

At this stage, I decided to tell her the reality that she was not wrong but not completely right either. I was in a rush to pick-up her from kindergarten and I had to see my professor within a short time. I nodded on her ideas; put her in car seat, clicked the belt and drove home.

She was in the first year of her primary school at Avonhead. There was a school trip of her class. At her arrival at home, she started talking, with excitement, to her elder brother about her daytrip to a farm; ... “wow it was so amazing seeing cows grazing on grass and farmer milking the cows.” Further she told her brother – “so you know, Daju, milk comes from cows.” Now, again she is not wrong.

Last year, she was preparing for her NCEA-1 exam. She was studying biology, photosynthesis; how carbon dioxide from the atmosphere is converted into organic compounds i.e. sugars, using the energy from above, i.e. the Sun, and getting water and nutrients from below, i, e, the Earth, and this phenomena helps to grow grasses which is grazed by cows and finally milk is produced. Then she was thinking – in fact where does milk comes from? Is it from the cow or the sun or the earth; is a cow simply a factory to producing it? Now she has no answer to where milk comes from, but she knows certainly it is not the fridge, supermarkets, dairy factory, or even cows entirely. Certainly they are all path-ways that milk comes from but the real source?

Rather than giving me the answer that she knows where the milk comes from, now she asks me: “Buwa! Where does milk come from?”

Ten facts you may not have known before

Pratikshya Dhaka!

Fact One-: You can survive without a lot of your internal organs. In fact you can survive with the removal of the stomach, the spleen, 75 percent of the liver, 80 percent of the intestines, one kidney, one lung, and virtually every organ from the pelvic and groin area.

Fact two-: Human thighbones are stronger than concrete. That's why when you break a leg its most likely is in your lower leg mostly in the tibia.

Fact three-: Humans shed about 600,000 particles of skin every hour and 90 percent of house-dust consists of dead skin. So next time you ask you parents for a pet and they say no they make a mess, you can say well so do you!

Fact four-: Your brain is 60% fat making it the fattiest place. Not your stomach or thighs like many of you may have thought.

Fact five-: When you sneeze, all the organs in your body stop functioning, including your heart!

Fact six-: If you put the headphones in the ear for a period of one hour, it will lead to a multiplication of the bacteria inside your ears at a rate of 700 times! While we are on the topic of ears, did you know that young people these days have hearing loss similar to that which would be expected in people in their 40s-50s. That explains why the volume of the TV increases more and more these days.

Fact seven-:When a human body is dehydrated, its thirst mechanism shuts off. This is because by the time you feel thirsty the body has already undertaken all that it can do to conserve water before you get thirsty. When you stop being thirsty without drinking water, start to get worried. This means you are so dehydrated that you body has given up asking you for water. Also when you are thirsty your body is asking you for water so give it water. It's not asking for juice, tea or coke.

Fact eight-: Domestic house flies cause the transfer of about 30 different infectious diseases to humans. I guess it's a good thing that my mum likes to kill flies.

Fact nine-: Each kidney contains 1 million individual filters. They filter an average of around 1.3 liters of blood per minute, and expel up to 1.4 liters a day of urine.

Fact ten-: Every square inch of skin on the human body has about 32 million bacteria on it, but fortunately, the vast majority of them are harmless. In fact they are doing you a favor by preventing bad bacteria from calling your skin home so be thankful.

Marriage system of Terai-Madhesh in Nepal

Vivek Adhikari



In Nepal the Marriage system is very different from New Zealand. Did you know that lots of people in Nepal do not have boyfriends or girlfriends they just get married? Also they do not get married in a church they start the marriage ceremony outside in the yard or a field. After that they get married in a small little house (Marriage Mondup). Just before the start of the ceremony their whole body is covered with yellow powder (Turmeric or Besar in Nepali). After that the bride rubs red powder (Sindur) on her head. There are around 200 people attending any wedding and it's hard to imagine. They have the wedding at night and in the morning everybody cries as the bride will go from her village to her husband's village. Before they leave there are lot of songs played by a band. The whole, called a Band Baza, plays from the evening to the next morning and doesn't stop until the bride is gone. Sometime there are some people who sing the songs with nothing just their voice. One day before the marriage there is a big party in which whole the village attends a dinner party. This story is based on my experience in Nepal when I attended a marriage party. From the above description we can see that there is a lot of difference between the marriage systems of the Terai-madhesh (plains) of Nepal and New Zealand.

Basic Facts of Nepal

Shistata Dhakal



- Capital city- Kathmandu
- Language- Nepali is the official language but there are 20 other distinct languages and many more dialects. Nepali is similar to the Indian language, Hindi, and is spoken by 90% of the population in either native or second language fluency. Many Nepalese in government or business speak English.
- National Calendar: - The Nepali year begins in mid April and is divided into 12 months- Baisakh, Jestha, Asadh, Shrawan, Bhadra, Aswin, Kartik, Marga, Poush, Phalgun, Chaitra.
- Nepal's calendar is 57 years older than English calendar.
- Saturday is the official weekly holiday.
- Nepal is a landlocked country (China in north and India in other side of the country boundary).
- Population- 23,200,000 (2001 Census). It has been increasing at 2.3 percent per year.
- Gender Distribution- 49.5% Male 50.5% Female (2001 Census)
- Jhalanath Khanal is the 34th Prime Minister of Nepal.
- Nepal's currency is Nepalese Rupee (NR)
- Mountains – Nepal has 8 mountains which are included in the top ten tallest mountains in the world including Mt Everest which is the tallest mountain at 8,848m at it's highest point. The lowest area within Nepal is Kechana Kalan of Jhapa District at 70m above sea level.
- 23 percent of Nepal's land is occupied by snow crust.
- The Khagendra Thapa Magar (18 years in 2010) is the shortest adult in Nepal and in the world.
- Some ethnic groups of Tibetan origin have still polyandry (multiple husbands of one woman) family system in Nepal.

A deadly decision

Iros Neupane. Ilam school, year 4



Once upon a time there was a boy named Luxeo (who was 8) He had a pet called Absol. They live in a cottage in a mountain close to a village. His parents were killed by a wizard named Dias the evil. Right then the catapults fired flaming balls of fire. The village was attacked by Dias. Luxeo ran fast but he got hit and got captured. He was forced to become a knight. Months went by but then he was ready. Later that day he got out and jumped out the window. He ran back to village the guards didn't let him go past the gates because they did not know him (because it's been 1 year). But Luxeo just jumped over them and went to the castle. He told the king about him being a prisoner for 1 year. The king got all his weapons and armour and had a meeting at the castle and told the lords about Dias and his wrath of fiery. The knights attacked Dias. The king killed 52 but got wounded. Luxeo killed 65. However, Dias cast a spell called tidal wave and it killed 142. There were only the king and Luxeo left. The king got shot by an arrow in the heart. Luxeo charged at Dias then stabbed him. Dias screamed in pain. Luxeo ran back to the village and told everyone about the king and the knights. Then they lived happily ever after.

My New Zealand Experience

Dikshya Chand

It has been a great pleasure to say that my time in NZ has been the best four years of my life. When I go back to Nepal I am going to miss everybody so much. I hope one day when I get older I will come to NZ and visit all my friends. New Zealand is a clean and beautiful country and I wish I could stay here forever but sadly I have to go. So before I leave I want to say thank you and goodbye to all the people.

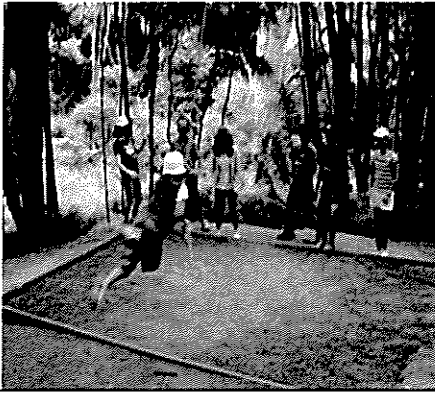
Memories of Living Springs at School Camp

Aaki Khanal, CR 4/20 the Crescent, Lincoln



On 24th of November 2010 my friends and I went camping (also Sh-istata) from school. With lot of excitement, in the morning we met some people who showed us the way to Living Springs. After reaching Living springs first we went tramping and on the way back we had our morning tea. Then it was turn for a bush walk. It was very slippery and I almost fell down. We sat in a shady place and had our lunch. After long walk we were really tired. I could drink the whole sea but it would be really salty. I ran back to my bunk room with my friends and I was in the top bunk and it was real fun being in the top bunk. The recreational act followed that means we performed lots of different activities including my favorite monorail. It was cool and I felt like I was going to fall off. After Recreation we had dinner with dinner jutes. It was yummy. Then we went to our bunk rooms and got changed to our pyjamas. After a bit of reading we talked for 10min then we slept. Mrs. Young, my teacher came and said good night.

Next morning, when we woke up we were so tired. I jumped down the bed, walked straight to the bathroom and brushed my teeth. I got changed and waited for my friends to come with me. Then we played flying fox. I was scared as it was little bit scary. Then it was turn for Mini golf. It was fantastic. When the time was up for a mini break to get some rest and that was followed by a yummy lunch. After that we went to the farm park and it took good 15 min to get there and my legs were so tired. We started off with feeding sheep. We fed the ponies and donkey as well. It was really entertaining. Then we had tea and after that we could ride the horses and it was really fun! Finally we got back to camp and had the camp fire and yummy marshmallow on biscuits in the evening. It was quite dark then we all turned on our torches and quickly went to the bunk room, got changed and brushed our teeth. We all read a book and fell asleep.



School camp photos (Living Springs)

In the third day we woke up in 8:00 then got fresher. When we got changed and stuff, I was waiting for my friends to get changed. The day was our final day in living springs camp. So sad, I wanted to stay here for a week but in reality I had to return home with friends. Never mind. After that we went outside and the teachers said that we could do anything like flying fox and monorail for about an hour. I managed to do two activities; one was monorail and the next swimming. Those were really funny and entertaining. Then we played the game called animal survival. Here are the rules, there are other kinds of animals that can eat you or you can eat them. I got hit by the hunter so I died. Finally Mrs. Young said we have to have lunch. Mrs. Young told us to go to our bunk rooms, clean up and pack up. We did what we had to do. Finally we had a competition that will have the cleanest bunk room and it was.....US. Hurry, we won for having the cleanest bunk room and we were rewarded with some lollies each. I got in the car to return back home, I mean at school. I wanted to stay few more days. I missed home also so I was glad I got home!

Bam

Ashish Khanal

Bam, bomp, bawl, honk- honk, weeeeeeeee! It doesn't sound and feel good when they start buzzing in our ear all at once. Even though we didn't want to hear it we had to anyway during the September 4th quake. The rude alarm set by Mother Nature at 4 o'clock in the morning got everyone off their beds in an instance. The whole city was darkened by the trauma that lingered above them. Everyone was relieved that no one died but nobody knew worse was yet to come.

On February 22nd we heard the news that shook us to our core. Multiple dead and 100's trapped under the rubble. The earthquake struck precisely at 12: 51 pm in the afternoon measuring 6.3 on the Richter scale while everybody was enjoying their lunch which turned into chaos in a matter of seconds. The buildings turned into piles of rubble, houses into wreckage and all possessions into a mess too difficult for anyone to clean up. Houses can be re-built, roads can re-built, possessions can be replaced but what we can't replace is the life of 145 or more people caused by this devastating earthquake at this unexpected time.

Despite the utter demolition of the city, we have heard lots of survival stories but the one that amazed me the most was of Brian Coker whose leg had to be amputated to be pulled out of the rubble alive from the Pyne Gould building. We felt like somebody is playing a game with us because after putting a smile on our face with amazing survival stories we had to hear the news which made us wish that we were deaf for that very moment.

Even though Brian would have to consider himself lucky, there is no joy to Baxtor's family of his birth and survival during the 7.1 which then ended after 4000 shakes. Without any doubt February 22nd is the darkest day in New Zealand's history. Rescuers from all over the world arrived in Christchurch to find some miracles under the rubble but their strategies haven't worked as planned since they have been recovering bodies instead of rescuing people.

We don't know when these devastating aftershocks are going to end but a weather forecaster named Ken Ring predicting another shake on March 20 is making already shaken Cantabarians horrified. Mr. Key has already given the green light to rebuild the Christchurch's CBD while Mr. Ring argues we would have to look carefully to our left and right before we cross this intersection until April. In this confusion, we don't know when this garden city is going to flourish again.

The dilemma of being little

Asmita Khanal

“Aw! Who made my little Asmita carry those bags? Give it here.” I wasn’t surprised by the sudden realisation that hit Jigyasa when we were walking down New Brighton beach. As I was carrying a beach bag on each of my shoulders, I could certainly feel the sympathy in her voice. It didn’t hit me like a shockwave but it made the realisation of being “little” even stronger. Once in a while, everyone comments on my size but it had never been so deep with concern. They always express some sympathy but that was the first time I felt that it was concerning.

Sometimes I wonder if not being a normal sized person should be a worry or I should feel lucky for being taken care of by everyone. It is almost like I have a FRAGILE sticker on my forehead and should be handled with care. The sense of care, sympathy and concern are always the reactions to the vulnerability that I supposedly possess. As much as the concern makes me feel taken care of, sometimes people are too hesitant to let go for the same reason. As a result, they end up being a part of everything I do, a well adopted way of getting help but a worry when too many people are associated with everything that I do and I can’t decide who to listen to when I am trying to keep everyone happy.

Since its time to face the real world, everyone is so worried about me that they are reluctant to let me find my own way. I can’t pinpoint whether it’s just my size or that I never grew up to become an adult. I realise that I have to choose my career, university, a place to pursue my dreams. There is no escaping the fact that I’ll have to leave home, find my own flatmates, pay my bills, and do my grocery shopping. This is where I could show that I’m mature and responsible but I lack the confidence to believe that I will ever be able to lead an independent life and am now left hanging to make the toughest decisions of my life. I want to go out and face the real world and act like a mature adult but I am not ready to take the world on my own yet.

If I do, it might crush me but if I don't I will never learn. I know everyone is ready to step in and help, but we are born alone in this world, whatever we do is going to have the most significant effects in our lives; first comes an individual, then a family and then a community.

Because of the human tendency to pity petiteness, I hope not to receive peculiar responses that I have always received. I realise that I will need to learn to deal with any harsh comments intended towards me or any physical harm that I will be exposed to because I am aware of the cruelty that people experience and the brutal realities of the world. There is risk in every step that I take from here on, but without facing those risks and overcoming them I will never be able to be the bold and brave human that I want to be. Instead of making me vulnerable to risks, my size is going to make me careful with everything that I do. It's always going to keep me close to my friends and family; I am always going to be around people who care about me and who are willing to take care of me without being bothered. My smallest achievements are going to seem proportionately bigger than the biggest achievements that people make. It's not going to be a disadvantage except at times when I have to get a chair to reach the top of a cupboard or cheat in an arm wrestle. It would be over the top to say that I am proud of being small or I am happy that I have turned out this way, but I hope that it brings the best out me and doesn't restrict me from any opportunity that I could come across if I just looked like a mature person.

एक दिन यस्तो पनि !

शैलेश कर्माचार्य



कुरा केही समय अगाडिको हो, सुदन जी तथा उँहाको परिवारले यो Christchurch शहर छोडेर नेपाल जानु भएको पनि दुई दिन भैसकेको थियो । संगै बसिरहनु भएको छिमकी साथि नहुँदा खालि खालि महशुस हुनु स्वाभाविक नै हो । हामीहरू यस्तै यस्तै कुरा गर्दै बेलुकीको खाना खाएर टेलिभिजन हेर्दै थियौं, छोरीले पानी पिउन भान्छाकोठामा गईन । “धारा त मसिनो भए छ ड्याडी” छोरीले भनिन । उनले भनेको कुरामा खासै ध्यान दिएनौ र “ए, हो र” भनेर टार्यौं ।

एक मित्रले फोन गरेर ल्याउनु भएकोले चिया पिउन उत्तैतिर लागौं । फर्केर आउँदा करीब रातिको १० बजिसकेको थियो । सुत्नु भन्दा पहिला यसो चिसो पानी पिउनु पर्यो भनेर धारा खोलेको त पानी आउन्दैन । अचम्म ! अन्जुलाई भने । “हे, कहाँ हुन्छ र यस्तो” भन्दै धारा खोल्न आईन । तर पानीको थोपो पनि झरेन । छोरी सेलिनालाई सुत्न हत्तार भैसकेको थियो त्यसैले उनी सुत्न गईन । मैले अन्जुलाई पछाडीको छिमेकीको घर बनाउँदै गरेको त्यसैले कतै गडबड भएर पानीको पाइप बिग्रियो होला, भोली सम्ममा पानी आऊन्छ होला भनेर सम्झाए । सम्झाउन त सम्झाए तर आफ्नै मन सम्झिएको थिएन । सोचे, यदि भोलि बिहान सम्ममा पनि पानी आएन भने त बर्बाद छ बा । बिहान उठेर गर्नु पर्ने नित्यकार्य देखि लिएर खाजा नास्ता बनाउन समेत अफ्ठ्यारो पर्ने भो । त्यसैले राति नै भए पनि Property Manager लाई एउटा पत्र लेख्न बसे, ताकी भोलीपल्ट बिहानै उनले खबर पाओस । राति सुत्नु भन्दा पहिला पनि पानी आइहाल्यो कि भनेर धारा खोले तर के आउंथ्यो, आएन । भोलिपल्ट बिहान सबेरै उठेर पूनः धारा खोले तर पानी आउने नामै लिंदैन बा । अब परेन फसाद, छोरी सेलिनालाई स्कूलमा पठाउनु छ अनि फेरि आजै अन्जुको पनि StudyLink मा जानु पर्नेछ । पानी नै नआएपछि अरु जे सुकै चीजबिजहरू भए पनि नहुनु बराबरी हुने भैहाल्यो । धन्य, पिउनलाई भनेर अलि अलि पानी शिशीमा राखी छोडेका थियौं,

अब त्यसैबाट भए पनि मुख कुल्ला गर्न सम्मलाइ काम चलाउनु पर्ला भने । “तर त्यसपछी के गर्ने त ?” अन्जुले सोधिन । के गर्ने के नगर्ने, अब पानी नै नआएपछी के गर्ने भन्नु के नगर्ने भन्नु ।

त्यसैले हामीहरूले नानू भाउजुसंग सहयोग माग्नुपर्ला भनेर निर्णय गर्यौं । अन्जु छोरीलाई स्कूलको लुगा लगाउनमा मद्दत गर्न थालिन् भने मैले हतार हतारमा नानू भाउजुलाई फोन गरेर सम्पूर्ण समस्याहरू बर्णन गरेँ । भाउजुले “हुन्छ, आउनुस न, म चिया नास्ता तयार गरिहाल्छु” भन्नुभयो । आज मलाई नानू भाउजुको आवाज अलि फरक फरक, कता हो कता अलि मसिनो लागि रहेको थियो । अन्जुलाई भन्छु भन्दै थिए, अलमलमा मैले भन्न बिर्सिँ ।

हामीहरू नानू भाउजुको डेरामा पुग्न नपाउँदै सेलिना दौडेर गएर घन्टी बजाउन पुगिन । छोरा आशिषले ढोका खोल्न आए । पापा खोइ त भनेर सोध्दा उसले अंग्रेजी भाषामा पापा नास्ता बनाउँदै हुनुहुन्छ भने । साँच्चिकै गोविन्द जी बिहानीको नास्ता बनाउनमा ब्यस्त हुनुहुँदो रहेछ । हामीले हाम्रो समस्या उहाँलाई छोटकरीमा सुनायौं । नानू भाउजुलाई नदेखेकोले “भाउजु नि ?” भनेर सोध्यौं । उहाँ अर्को कोठाबाट हाँस्दै नमस्कार भन्दै आउनु भयो । भाउजुले “आज मंगलबार भएकोले खाजा नास्ता बनाउने काम आशिषको पापाको हो ” भन्नुभयो । अन्जुले “हेर्नुस न यस्तो यस्तो भयो” भनेर सुनाइन । भाउजुले “ए” भनेर अचम्म मान्नु भयो । गोविन्द जीले सेलिनाको लागि खाजा पनि तयार गरिदिनु भयो ।

हामीले सेलिना र आशिषलाई स्कूलमा अनि गोविन्द जीलाई उहाँको विश्वविद्यालयमा छोडेर StudyLink को अफिस तिर लाग्यौं । बाटोमा अन्जुले मैले नानू भाउजुलाई फोनमा राम्रोसंग कुरा बुझाउन नसको हो की भनेर शंका व्यक्त गरीन । “खोइ मैले त राम्रै संग भनेको हो जस्तो लाग्छ” भने । बाटो भरी पनि पानी कै समस्या बारे कुरा गर्दै गयौं ।

अन्जु StudyLink को अफिसमा ब्यस्त रहंदा मलाई प्लम्बरको फोन आयो । मैले १२:३० सम्ममा म डेरामा फर्किन्छु र त्यसपछी आउनु भने ।

हामी डेरामा पुगेको केही समय पछी प्लम्बर पनि आईपुगे । उनले हाम्रो डेराको धाराहरू र पानीको लाईन जाँचे तर केही पनि समस्या पत्ता लगाउन सकेनन । त्यस पछी डेरा बाहिर रहेको मेन लाईन जाँचन गयो । म पनि उनको पछी पछी लागेर उनले गरेको काम हेर्दै थिएँ । जांची सके पछी उनले भने, “लौ, यो मेन लाईन त बन्द पो गरी राखेको रहेछ ! के तिमीलाई थाहा छ यो कसले गरेको हुनसक्छ ? ” मैले उसलाई संगैको घरमा रंगरोगन र मर्मत कार्य भैरहेको जानकारी दिए । “ए, त्यसैले यो मेन लाईन बन्द गरेको हुनसक्छ, के तिमीसंग त्यो घर मालिकको सम्पर्क नम्बर होला ? ” भनेर प्लम्बरले सोधे । मैले श्यारोनको टेलिफोन नम्बर उसलाई दिए ।

श्यारोनले अन्जानबस हुनगएको गल्तीमा अफसोच ब्यक्त गरिन र प्लम्बरले मेन लाईन खोले पछी हाम्रो धाराबाट पानी झर्नथाल्यो । लौ बा, बल्ल समस्या सुल्झियो भनेर हामीले शान्तिको सांस फेर्यौ ।

केही समय पछी नानू भाउजुको टेलिफोन आयो । म कफीको मज्जा लिंदै थिए । अन्जुले भाउजुसंग कुरा गरीन । म भने किशोर कुमारको गीत बजाउन थाले । कफी र किशोर कुमारका गीतहरू अरू के चाहियो र ? अन्जु भने फोनमा “ए, हो र ? लौ हेर, उँहाको ताल ! त्यहिँ त, मलाई बिहानै शंका लागेको थियो । कहाँ भाउजु, अब उहाँले नै फोन गर्नु पर्यो नि, खोई अब भाउजुले के भन्नु हुने होथाहा छैन मलाई त । कहाँ थाहा हुनु नि । उहाँ त मजासंग बसेर गीत सुन्दै कफी पिउंदै हुनुहुन्छ । त्यहिँ त, ... लौ त भाउजु ।” भनेर अन्जुले फोन बार्ता टुंगाइन । मलाई भने कता के गडबड भयो भनेर थाहा पाउन हतार भैसकेको थियो, त्यसैले मैले सोधि हाले । अन्जुले हाँस्दै, “के हुनु नि ! बिहान त नानू भाउजुलाई होइन मन्जुलाई फोन गर्न पुगेको रहेछ नि त ! उता मन्जु भाउजुले बिहानको नास्ता तयार पारेर राख्नु भएको रहेछ नि त । यस्तो ताल पनि हो त ? ” लौ परेन फसाद ! “हे, होइन होला । त्यस्तो पनि हुन्छ त कतै” भने । अन्जु भने हाँस्दै, “के हुन्छ के हुँदैन थाहा छैन तर अब मन्जु भाउजुलाई फोन गर्ने पालो भने आफ्नु हो नि” भन्न थालिन ।

खासमा बिहान हत्तार हत्तारमा मैले नानू भाउजुलाई भनेर फोन गरेको मन्जु भाउजुलाई फोन गर्न पुगेको रहेछ । बल्ल मेरो दिमागमा बिहानका घटनाहरू एक पछी अर्को गर्दै आउन थाले । बल्ल बुझे किन नानू भाउजु र गोविन्द जी बिहान हामीलाई देखेर अलमलमा पर्नु भो भनेर । अब बिचरा गोविन्द जी अलमलमा नपरे को पर्नु हुन्थ्यो त, साथीहरू एकाबिहानै फोन नगरी नास्ता पानी गर्न आउन थाले पछी !

मलाई मबाट हत्तारमा हुन गएको गल्ति प्रति साह्रै लाज लागेर आउन थाल्यो । सबै भन्दा पहिले गोविन्द जीलाई फोन गरेर क्षमा मागें । अब पालो आयो मन्जु भाउजुलाई फोन गर्ने ।

मन्जु भाउजुलाई फोन गरेर बिहान मबाट हुन पुगेको गल्ति बारे जानकारी दिए । हुनत नानू भाउजुबाट उहाँले सबै जानकारी पाइसक्नु भएको थियो तर पनि मैले यसो यसो भयो र यसरी गल्ति हुन पुग्यो भनेर प्रष्ट पारें । उहाँ भने हाँस्दै मेरो कुरा सुन्दै हुनुहुन्थ्यो अनि अन्त्यमा उहाँले अब अघि बिहान हामीलाई भनेर बनाई राखेको नास्ता आफूहरूले खाएर सकाई सकेको र अब आउनु भो भने चिया मात्रै बन्दोबस्त हुन सक्ने, नास्ता चाही नहुने जानकारी दिनु भयो । मैले हाँस्दै चिया निमंत्रणालाई स्विकारे । अन्जु र छोरी सेलिना भने हाँस्दै थिए ।

वेलिंगटन बाट सिंहदरवार सम्झंदा

नारायणी तिवारी

वेलिंगटनको पार्लियामेन्ट भवनको अगाडी नै सार्वजनिक बाटो छ जहाँ मानिसहरू ओहोरो दोहोरो गर्छन् र पार्लियामेन्ट भवनलाई नजिकबाट अवलोकन गर्छन् । भवनको अगाडि रहेको रिचर्ड विलियमको शालिकलाई नहेर्ने कमै होलान् । भवनको अगाडिको राम्रो चौरलाई सर्लक्क परेका बाटाहरूले चिराचिरा पारेका छन् जहाँ हजारौं पर्यटकहरू ऐतिहासिक भवनको सौन्दर्य अनुभूति गरीरहेका हुन्छन् । मानिसहरू चौरमा पल्टेर वा रूखको प्राकृतिक छहारीमा बसेर आनन्द लिईरहेका देखिन्छन् । भवन अगाडी थुप्रै आरामदायी बेन्चहरूमा किताव पढीरहेका भित्रका गतिविधिहरू कौतुहलपूर्वक नियालिरहेका मानिसहरू भेटिन्छन् । अनगिन्ती प्रेम जोडीहरू पनि आफ्नै धुनमा मग्न देखिन्छन् । साँझतिर टहल्न जाने पनि प्रसस्तै हुँदारहेछन् । यति हुँदाहुँदै पनि यो ठाउँ अत्यन्त शान्त र सुन्दर देखिन्छ ।

म भने भर्खरै नेपालबाट आयर वेलिंगटन घुम्न गएको थिएँ । दिनभरी वेलिंगटनको विभिन्न ठाउँका अलावा राष्ट्रिय संग्राहलय “टे पापा” घुमेर थकाइले चूर हुँदै त्यहि बाटो उकालो लाग्दै थिएँ र एकछिन त्यहीं बेन्चमा थक्क बस्ने बिचार गरें । एकछिन घोरिएर न्युजील्याण्डको पार्लियामेन्ट भवन नियाली रहें र वरिपरिको वातावरण अध्ययन गर्न थालें । जहाँ गएपनि राम्रा र नराम्रा दृष्य र घटनाहरू सँगै मेरो मानसपटलमा नेपाल आउने गर्दछ । अहिले पनि सिंहदरवारको सम्झना झलक्क मेरो अगाडी सिनेमाको सिनझैं आयो । सिंहदरवार अगाडी पुलिस र सेनाको घेरामा सर्वसाधारणले सिंहदरवार भित्र जानको लागि गरेको सास्तीको याद आयो । सिंहदरवारभित्र जाने काम पर्दा हप्तादिन अधिदेखि पासको चिन्ता पर्छ । काम बन्ने न बन्ने चिन्ता त अलग्गै छँदैछ । सिंहदरवार जानुपर्दाको सास्ती म आफैले बेहोरेको छु । चिनेजानेको मान्छे खोज्दै जाँदा कानुन मन्त्रालयका सचीव भेटिए । फोन गरें । उनले पास पठाईदिन्छु भनेकोले ढुक्क हुँदै सिंहदरवारतिर लागें ।

सिंहदरवार गेटमा पुगेर पास खोज्दा पुलिसको खप्की खाइयो । बल्लतल्ल पास भेटिए पनि अपराधीलेझैं तिन ठाउँमा चेक जाँचपास हुँदै एक घण्टा लगाएर बल्ल भित्र पस्न सकियो । सरकारी गाडीमा जानेहरू भने सजिलै र निजि गाडीमा जानेहरू अलिअलि सोधपुछ सहित प्रवेश गरेको देखियो । सोच्छु, ग्रामीण भेगका सर्वसाधारणहरूले सिंहदरवार हेर्न कहिले सक्लान् वा नसक्लान् ।

यहाँ भने केहि रोकतोक छैन । समय अनुसार पार्लियामेन्टको छलफल सुन्न र भित्र अवलोकन गर्न सकिनेरहेछ । पैसा तिर्न पनि नपर्ने र हप्कीदप्की खानुपनि नपर्ने । एकछिन नेपालको भविष्य नियाल्न थालें । कहिले आउला सर्वसाधारणले सिंहदरवारमा बिना रोकतोक पस्ने, पार्लियामेन्टको छलफल सुन्ने र सिंहदरवारको चौरमा शान्तिको सास फेर्ने दिन ! त्यो दिनको सपना देख्ने बेला भयो होला ? त्यो सपना साकार होला ?

हाम्रो रेडियो कार्यक्रम

नमस्ते नेपाल

सुन्न नबिर्सनुहोस्

प्रत्येक सोमबार बेलुकि ८:०० बजे

प्लेन्स एफ.एम. ९६.९ मेगाहर्ज मा

वाक्य साधना

मदन गौतम



आज दुई हप्ता भन्दा पनि बढी भै सक्यो सानुले राम्रो सँग खाँदैन, जिउ पनि अलि ओझलाएको जस्तो छ, खेल पनि जान मान्दैन। चिन्तित आमा १० वर्षको छोरा सानुलाई लिएर वैद्य कहाँ जान्छिन्।

नाडी, पेट, तथा आँखाको परिक्षण पछि वैद्यले सोधे, के सानु अतिनै गुलियो खान्छन् ? मुन्टो हल्लाउँदै महिलाले बैध्यको कुरा स्वीकार गरिन्। केही अन्य प्रश्नको जबाफ पाइसकेपछि वैद्यले भने – “सानुको फियो (spleen) सुन्निएको छ, त्यसको मुख्य कारण चिनी वा गुलियो पदार्थको मात्रा सन्तुलन भन्दा बढी भयो, यसले गर्दा जीउमा विषादी (toxication) उत्पन्न भयो अनि फियोको सुजन (inflammation) भयो।

बैध्यले भने, “यसलाई निको पार्न औषधि भन्दा पनि खानामा परहेज गर्नु अति आवश्यक छ, दिनको दिनको २-३ माना पानी सधैं खानु, चिनी वा चिनीको पदार्थ ठ्याम्मै नखानु। अनि बैध्य भन्छन्- कतिपय रोग शौक (खाना तथा जीवन पद्धति) ले लाग्छ, यो पनि त्यही हो। मैले भनेको जस्तो गरेमा सानुको बिमारी आफैं ठिक हुन्छ, ल जानुस्।

महिलालाई पिर पर्यो, सानुले गुलियो खाना छाड्दै छाड्दैन ! गाउँलेको सल्लाह अनुसार उनि गुरु शंकाराचार्य कहाँ गईन्, सानु पनि सँगै लिएर। महिलाले गुरुलाई बैध्यले भनेको सबै कुरा बताइन्। बित्ति गर्दै महिलाले भनिन् - “गुरु, हजुरको वाणीमा देवी शक्ति छ, हजुरको वाणीको असर सबैमा पर्छ। विन्ती गर्दै महिला अनुरोध गर्छिन्, गुरुले सानुलाई १ महिना गुलियो खान ठ्याम्मै बन्द गर भनि आज्ञा गर्नुपर्यो। गुरुले भन्नुभयो - हे महिला तिमि एक महिना पछि आउनु ! अनि म सानुलाई भनूँला। ठिक एक महिना पछि ति महिला सानुलाई लिएर गुरुकहाँ गईन्। गुरुले सानुको अनुहार हेर्दै भन्नुभयो - हेर सानु, अहिले देखि कम्तीमा पनि एक महिना सम्म तिमिले गुलियो कुरा

केहि पनि नखानु है, यो गुरूले भनेको हो, बुझ्यौं?

अचम्म भयो, त्यस्तो गुलियो नभै नहुने सानु अब त ठ्याम्मै गुलियो खाँदैन । एक महिनासम्म गुलियो नखाँदा सानुको जिऊ नै फेरियो- पहेंलो अनुहार रातोपिरो भएछ, पढ्नलेख्न पनि एकदमै मन गर्छ, खुराक पनि गजवले बढेछ !

महिलालाई उत्सुकता भयो- यति १० शब्द “एक महिना तिमिले गुलियो कुरा केहि पनि न खाए” भन्नलाई गुरूले किन एक महिना पछि आऊ भन्नुभयो !

एकदिन महिला पुनः गुरूकहाँ गईन् र भनिन् - गुरू हजुरको बोलीमा साँच्चीकै दैवी शक्ति रहेछ । त्यस दिनदेखी सानुले गुलियो ठ्याम्मै खाना छोडिदियो, हजुरसँग एउटा विन्ती गर्छु भन्दै महिलाले भनिन् हजुरले यति १० शब्द भन्न हामीलाई एक महिना किन कुर्न लगाउनु भयो । गुरूले भन्नुभयो- हेर महिला, म पनि गुलियोको असाध्यै लोभी छु, बिहान बेलुका, दिउँसो, राति सबै बखत मलाई गुलियो नभै हुँदैन । अब म आफैं यस्तो गुलियो सेवन गर्नेले सानुलाई गुलियो नखाउ भनेमा मेरो व्याक्यको असर हुँदैन । तसर्थ मैले आफैले एक महिना सम्म गुलियो खान ठ्याम्मै बन्द गरिदिँ । यसले मेरो वाक-शक्ति प्रभावकारी भयो र मेरो व्याक्यको प्रभाव सानुमा पर्यो । यसलाई भन्छन् व्याक्य-साधना ।

व्याक्य-साधनामा साधकले स्वयं मन देखिनै (मनसा) भन्ने ज्ञान वा अर्ती (वाचा) को पालना वा अभ्यास (कर्म) गर्दछ । यसरी “मनसा” र “कर्म” समानान्तर रूपमा अभ्यास गरेमा उनीहरूको व्याक्य-शक्ति प्रभावकारी हुन जान्छ । तसर्थ जसलाई जे शब्द भन्यो त्यसको प्रभाव पर्न जान्छ । आधुनिक युगका गुरूहरू “वाचा” दिन त निकै अगाडी छन् तर उनीहरूका “मनसा” र “कर्म” पछाडी परेकोले तिनका व्याक्यको असर केहि हुँदैन ।
(Note: This story has been taken from www.radiosai.org and modified)

टोस्टमास्टर वारे मेरो अनुभव

भुवनेश्वोर ढकाल



शुरु शुरुमा टोस्टमास्टर शब्द सुन्दा त्यो पाउरोटी तथा केक बनाउन चाख राख्ने व्यक्तिहरुको क्लब होला भन्ने अर्थ लगाएको थिएँ। शायद सिकाउने गुरुलाई टोस्टमास्टर भन्छन् होला भन्ने ठान्थेँ। छिटो बोल्ने वानी सुधार्ने कसरि होला भनि साथीहरु संग सोद्धा टोस्टमास्टर क्लबमा सहभागी हुने सल्लाह पाइयो। त्यस पछि त्यस क्लबको वारेमा खोजि गर्दा त्यो त अभिव्यक्ति कला र नेतृत्व शैली विकाश गर्न अभ्यास गर्न चाहनेहरुको एक संगठित संस्था पो रहेछ। युवा वर्गलाई स्तरीय वोल्न र नेतृत्व सम्हाल्न अभ्यास गराउने उद्देश्यले राल्फ नाम गरेका एक अमेरिकी युवाले सन् १९२४ मा शुरु गरेका यो क्लब अहिले ११३ भन्दा धेरै देशमा फैलीएको रहेछ। समुदाय स्तरका क्लबहरु इलाका, क्षेत्रीय र राष्ट्रिय हुँदै अन्तरास्ट्रिय स्तरमा आबद्ध भएका रहेछन्। टोस्टमास्टरको शाब्दिक अर्थ चाँही विशेष समारोहमा भाषण दिने व्यक्तित्वको भव्य परिचय दिने व्यक्ति रहेछ।

यस संस्थामा लागे पछि मेरो वोल्ने कलामा उल्लेखनीय सुधार भएको महशुस गरेको छु। अरुलाई पनि यस संस्थाले सहयोग पुरयाउन सक्छ भन्ने उद्देश्यले आफ्नो अनुभव साट्ने जमर्को गरेको हुँ। टोस्टमास्टर क्लबले सहभागी सदस्यहरुको अभिव्यक्ति कला र नेतृत्व शैली विकाश गराइने कार्य प्रक्रिया र आफुले महशुस गरेका फाइदाहरु प्रस्तुत गरेको छु।

सिकाई प्रभावकारी बनाउन निम्न कार्य प्रक्रियाहरु अपनाइएको हुन्छ।

क) सहभागी सदस्यहरुलाई हरेक बैठकमा उपस्थिति हुन र आफुलाई दिएको भूमिका स्तरीय र प्रभावकारी ढंगले प्रस्तुत गर्ने प्रतिबद्धता अभिव्यक्त गर्न लगाइन्छ। हरेक बैठकमा सहभागीहरुलाई केहि न केहि भूमिका दिएर बोलि सुधार्न अभ्यास गर्ने अवसर दिइन्छ। संयोजकले हरेक बैठकमा फरक फरक भूमिका दिएको हुन्छ। शुरु शुरुमा नयाँ सहभागीलाई दिईएको भूमिका राम्ररी प्रस्तुत गर्न अनुभवी सदस्यले सघाउछन्।

ख) कार्यक्रममा टोस्टमास्टरले बोल्ने व्यक्तिको र उसले प्रस्तुत गर्ने विषयको केहि पृष्ठभूमि सहित परिचय दिन्छ। प्रस्तुतकर्ताले के कुरा अभ्यास गर्न खोजेको हो सो उद्देश्य बताउने गरिन्छ ।

ग) हरेक बैठकमा २-३ जनाले आफुले चाहेको विषयमा तयारी गरि ५-७ मिनेटको विशेष भाषण प्रस्तुत गर्ने अवसर दिइन्छ । सो जिम्मेवारी पाउनेले दिएको भूमिका स्तरीय र प्रभावकारी ढंगले प्रस्तुत गर्नुपर्ने हुन्छ । मुख्यतया: शुरुमा प्रस्तुत गर्दा के के कुरा समेटिन्छ बताउनु पर्छ, प्रस्तुति शिलसिलाबद्द हुनुपर्छ र अन्त्यमा बोलेका कुराको निचोड वा सारंश बताउनु पर्छ । एकजनाले सो व्यक्तिले दिएको प्रस्तुतिको सबै पक्ष समेटेर मुल्यांकन गर्छ । विशेष गरि प्रस्तुति उद्देश्य अनुसार भयो भएन, उपयुक्त मानिएका अपनायो अपनाएन र अरुलाई कति प्रभाव पर्यो भन्ने समीक्षा गर्छ ।

घ) सबैलाई बोल्न अभ्यास गर्ने मौका दिन र अपडेट दिईएको विषयमा प्रभावकारी ढंगले बोल्नेकलाको विकास गर्ने उद्देश्य छोटा भाषणका विषय वस्तुहरू (Table topics) पनि समावेश गरिएको हुन्छ। विशेषगरि त्यस मितिमा बोल्ने मौका नपाएका वा कम समय पाएका व्यक्तिलाई टेबल टपीक मास्टरले मन्चमा बोलाएर कुनै विषय वा वस्तु दिएर वा चिठ्ठा प्रथाबाट छान्न लगाएर २ मिनेटको समय भित्र बोल्न लगाउँछ। कहिलेकाँहीं कहिल्यै नसुनेको विषयको वारेमा पनि बोल्नुपर्ने हुन्छ । केहि अर्थ लगाएर आफुलाई थाहाभएको विषय हो जस्तै गरि स्तरीय र प्रभावकारी ढंगले बोल्नु पर्ने हुन्छ ।

ङ) सबै मितिमा मुख्य मुल्यांकनकर्ता वाहेक अरु सबैले गरेको प्रस्तुति वा खेलेको भूमिकाको बारेमा मुल्यांकन हुन्छ। मुल्यांकन गर्दा Commend- Recommend- Commend विधि अपनाईन्छ । अर्थात् शुरुमा राम्रा कुरा उदाहरण सहित औल्याउने, त्यसपछि कसो गर्दा सो प्रस्तुति अझ बढी प्रभावकारी वा राम्रो हुन्थ्यो भन्ने र अन्त्यमा के कुराले गर्दा उसको प्रस्तुति राम्रो भयो बताउने । बोलाई तथा प्रस्तुतिमा शरीरका अंगको हाउ भाउ जस्तै हातको हाउ भाउ र सबै सहभागी तिर नजर पुर्याएको कुराले धेरै प्रभाव पार्छ । त्यस्तै प्रसङ्ग अनुसारको लवज निकाले र पनि श्रोताहरूलाई धेरै प्रभाव पर्ने सकिन्छ भन्ने मान्यता छ ।

च) कुनै मुल्यांकनकर्ताले बोल्दा कति पटक अन्कन्यायो, अम् (Um) भन्यो वा थेगो (filler words) प्रयोग गर्यो भनेर गन्छ र बताउँछ ।

छ) हरेक भूमिकालाई समय तोकेको हुन्छ । एकजनाले सो हिसाब राखेको हुन्छ र पछि कसले दिएको समयमा आफ्नो काम सक्यो सकेन वा उपयोग गर्यो गरेन बताउँछ ।

ज) संस्था चलाउन आवश्यक आर्थिक श्रोत सदस्य शुल्कबाट व्यहोरिन्छ ।

झ) टोस्टमास्टरको कार्यक्रम कसरि चल्छ भनेर हेर्न उत्सुक व्यक्तिको लागि केहिदिन निशुल्क सहभागी हुनपाउने व्यवस्था छ। त्यस्ता आगन्तुकलाई पाहुनाको रूपमा विशेष स्वागत गरिन्छ ।

यसरी सानातिना कमिकमजोरीहरु समेत औल्याएर सुझाव दिने र अभ्यास गर्ने भएकोले यस क्लबमा सहभागी भए पछि बोल्ने कलामा सुधार आउँछ ।

टोस्टमास्टर क्लबमा सहभागी भए देखि मलाई निम्नकुराहरु फाइदा भएको महसुस गरेको छु ।

१. सार्वजनिक सभा तथा जमघटमा निर्भिक भएर नलकपकाई बोल्ने वानीको बिकास हुँदै गएको छ ।

२. विषय, परिस्थिति र प्रसङ्ग अनुसार उचित भाषा विशेष गरी अंग्रेजी शब्द र बाक्यांसको सहि प्रयोग गर्न बढी वानी बसेको छ ।

३. व्यक्तिगत भाषण गर्दा वा आफ्ना कुरा सार्वजनिक सभा तथा जमघटमा मिलाएर अभिव्यक्त गर्ने कला सुधार भएको छ ।

४. अरुले गरेको कार्य प्रस्तुतीलाई सृजनात्मक ढंगले समीक्षा र मुल्यांकन गर्न सिप विकाश हुँदै गएको छ।

५. अरुले गरेका अभ्यासलाई उपलब्धी मुलक बनाउन हौसला दिने तरिकाको केहि ज्ञान भएको छ ।

६. नया विषयमा अपईट सोचेर मिलाएर आफ्ना कुरा प्रस्तुत गरने तरिकाको केहि बोध भएको छ ।

आफ्नो अनुभवको आधारमा बोल्नेशैलीको विकाश गर्न चाहनेहरुलाई म टोस्टमास्टर क्लबमा जान सल्लाह दिन्छु। हप्तामा एक पटक १ - २ घन्टा समय दिँदा छ महिनामा तपाइले प्रगती भएको महशुस गर्नु हुनेछ । अझ तपाईं शिक्षण पेशा तथा ग्राहक सेवामा काम गर्नु हुन्छ भने त यो अति नै उपयोगी हुनेछ ।

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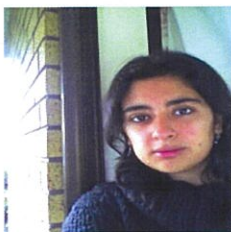
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