



N. L. Dalmia[®]
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Sparsh

Childhood: Unparalleled Happiness



Volume 2

Editorial



That priceless moment...

She was barely a month old when I first laid my eyes on her. She was tinier than she looked in the photos, making me hesitant to hold her, for I was dreading that I'd drop the little one. But after much hemming and hawing, when I finally held her in my arms, it felt as if the entire world was stuffed in this tiny human and I was holding it all. It is said that you laugh because your body can't hold the joy. But in that twinkle of time, no word could have described how I felt then. I wanted to protect her from everything; the monstrous mosquitoes to the frightening of world. Just a breath of holding her in my arms, put me through an emotional roller coaster ride of worry, joy and an indescribable feeling called love. From being worried about holding her properly to reliving my own childhood through her, she has been my gateway to happiness. From teaching her new things to learning new things from her, each day is a new experience of life with my niece. And it all just doubles up when you have two in the room! *Who says that you have to be a parent to understand unconditional love or feel responsible towards a child?*

With this edition, we try to showcase the different aspects of a child and childhood. While we all share a sweet-bitter (mostly sweet) memories of our childhood, this time we would like to not only take you down that memory lane, but also apprise you of the torment a child has ever had to experience in this cruel world. In addition, we put forth the works of the people who have been working in their own way to bring a smile on these precious creations of God, experiences of the students and the events conducted by MSR during the year.

We are highly grateful to all those who have contributed to making this magazine a success. We profusely thank the management and Prof. Pius Moras for their constant guidance and support in this endeavour. We appreciate your feedback and any suggestions or criticism would be most welcome.

Hope you enjoy reading this edition as much as we did, making it.

Neha Rao
(Editor-In-Chief)



MSR Committee

My Social Responsibility (MSR) is a social initiative that provides an opportunity to the students of N. L. Dalmia Institute of Management Studies and Research to help the needy and the underprivileged sections of the society so that they too can have a better tomorrow. Every year through a Special Committee of dedicated volunteers, we conduct programmes which include activities like blood donation camps, distribution of educational kits to the needy school going children, cleanliness drive in the surrounding areas, Thanksgiving Day with the cleaning staff, celebration of women's day, etc.

MSR is a feeling that we share not just objectively but in spirit. The MSR team is fully dedicated to work for the society and give something back to the world.

MSR Committee is currently working under the chairmanship of Prof. Pius Moras, Faculty: General Management, M.A., B.A.



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Meet Our Team

A group of five women are gathered around a table covered with various colorful fabrics, including sarees and shawls. They appear to be in a workshop or a display area, looking at the items with interest. The woman on the far right is wearing a green and orange saree and has her back to the camera. The other women are dressed in a mix of casual and semi-formal attire. The background shows a modern building with large windows and a glass facade. The overall scene suggests a cultural or educational activity related to textiles.

CHAIRPERSON

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The Lost Childhood

Prof. Pius Moras
Faculty: General Management,
Chairperson, MSR



Today's children are tomorrow's parents. They learn from their parents to form a world view where at times the mental 'map' in their minds may not match the 'territory' in the external world. In today's world the virtual communication instead of face to face communication has brought in greater isolation and loneliness to many and the children are most vulnerable to this epidemic as they are in a formative stage. We may grow into a society of dumb people with smart phones.

A time has come to focus more on people especially in a family rather than gadgets. While the gadgets can bring about certain damaging effects, the psychological effects that the children will have on their young minds due to lack of outdoor activities, inability to connect with real people in real time and lack of attention to each other in the family due to their engagements with the gadgets may create a generation of unhappy people on this beautiful earth.

Khalil Gibran the famous poet who lived in early 20th century had said:

Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you,
And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.

It is a fact that the children do not belong to us, we did not design them, they have come through us but it is a Higher Force (Life's longing for itself) that has given them their uniqueness to be what they are. With their own unique identity, they play an important role to make this world a better place. They come into this world with immense potential and the parents have to provide the environment for them to grow to their fullest potential. There is a dire need to celebrate their uniqueness

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,
which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.

Some parents try to bring up their children by becoming a banyan tree. They think that under their protective shade the children would bloom least realizing that nothing worthwhile grows under a banyan tree. The parents have to provide the best possible environment for the child to

celebrate his/her uniqueness and not be a restricting or limiting force. Like a bird in hand – If held too tight, it dies and if held too loose it goes away. Hence the parents have to work hard to have a right balance of discipline and freedom so that the child grows as a unique individual in all respects.

You may strive to be like them,
but seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

Some parents try to leave a mark on their children as if they are their earthly possessions little realizing that the evolution goes forward and not backward. The destinies of parents and children might be interwoven but they have their lives and parents have theirs.

You are the bows from which your children
as living arrows are sent forth.
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite,
and He bends you with His might
that His arrows may go swift and far.

Unless a bow bends the arrow will not go far. In a similar way unless the parents are humble and are willing to keep their egos aside to support the children in their growth, the children will not go far. Due to excessive attachment some children get crippled in their thinking and are unable to take decision on their own whereas in some cases the children may get psychologically maimed due to the constant comparison that the parents resort to in their overenthusiasm to push them towards success.

My
Social
Responsibility



A
LESSON
LEARN'T
FROM
CHILDREN



Inspiration: Age no bar

Apoorva Bellapu
First Year, MMS

Yet another usual day. It was a Tuesday morning and with such a tight schedule that I was associated with, taking a break from the usual routine was the absolute need of the hour. Setting aside all my commitments for the day, I head straight to the café that serves the best coffee one could think of. Having reached the café, the strong aroma of coffee increased my cravings even more. I could literally feel the stress relieving in the first sip itself. Meanwhile, something grabbed my attention.

With eyes wide open, a little girl, cornered from the crowd, sat all alone with hands folded. It wasn't difficult to make out how hungry she must have been. By the time I finished my coffee, a young lady approached her and gave her some fruits to eat. Little did I know, how concerned that little girl was about her family. It wasn't surprising for me to leave the café and know the little girl a bit more. I just couldn't believe my eyes when that girl crossed the road to head towards a tent which was her home on the footpath and was more than happy to show her two siblings what she got for them. My heart melted when she said she already ate her part and that the remaining was for them. It was then that I realized how one's sacrifice in itself is an inspiration. Having seen the love and affection she carried for her family, I waited no longer to know her more. Surprised was I, after learning the support she extended to her family by helping her mother with the daily chores.

Neither an educated persona nor someone with an experience, yet she managed to inspire me. The little girl sacrificed her education for the sake of her siblings and continues to smile irrespective of the hurdles. She is that light within me who gives me a clear insight as to "not achieving" certain things can also be an inspiration. Maybe, that's how life is supposed to be. The impact that this girl's inspiration has left behind is something that would keep me going on and on.

What My Child Taught Me



Gaurav Jain
Alumni, NLDIMSR
Batch: 2006-08

“You relive your childhood with your child” – I couldn’t have agreed more with this phrase, now that I am experiencing this myself with my two-and-a-half-year-old son. However, what is more astonishing is the fact that this little bundle of joy (at times powerhouse of mischiefs!), with his behaviour and conduct teaches me, and I am sure similar kids of his age to their parents at large, such valuable life lessons. These lessons I believe if imbibed by us adults shall re-define the way we conduct ourselves – probably for better! Hence sharing the same with readers of SPARSSH

- **Been expressive:** Often as adults we curtail our expression or emotion to best suit the situation. As a kid their expression remains raw; true to what they are feeling rather than what will suit the situation. This to me is a great learning, as curtailed emotion and restrictive expression often makes a heady cocktail within us waiting to explode in a not so nice way.
- **Prioritising:** As kids they don’t really have to do what we as adults keep grappling with- Time management. But what it means- they priorities activities on the basis of what gives pleasure to them. Isn’t that exactly what we are supposed to do?
- **Overthinking-** rather lack of it: Probably as an extension of prioritising, kids don’t overthink the situation or outcome of their action. They follow their gut, which as adults we have forgotten to trust over the years. To me, kids truly take what we often term as leap of faith!
- **Never Give-up attitude:** Whether manifested by the act of getting up after falling on the floor or fighting to get more chocolates / ice cream, kids never give up before putting a strong fight. Imagine they do that after knowing very well that they might not have their way. As adults we give up on the first sight of trouble, where the odds are against us.
- **Moving-On:** From crying one second to laughing next, kids have mastered the art of moving on. As adult I wish we could imbibe rather preserve this quality within us.

I would like to end my note with a simple and effective quote - *If you carry your childhood with you, you never become older.*

MEMORIES REVISITED



Best Phase of Life: Childhood



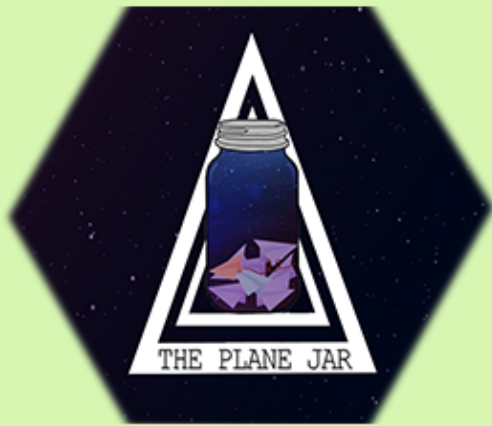
Raushni Bose
First Year, PGDM

If there exists only one truth in this world, then it is the fact that childhood is one of the best phases of our life. Our life goes on pretty quickly - birth, tween, teen, adulthood, twilight years and ultimately death. But the most memorable and enjoyable phase is our childhood. It was a phase when there were people who would care for us, got us things that we wished for and each day was viewed as a limitless adventure. We had been given the extraordinary power of weeping that would melt anyone's heart. It was a period when we were immature enough to truly understand the complexities of the world. But like all good things come to an end, sadly you too cannot remain a child forever.

The thought process kids have is a truly magical thing that comes only once in a lifetime. Children with their overactive imagination are often perceived as naive, silly and gullible. But the truth is that children can see beauty in unassuming things that no one else can. I remember when we were kids we would be awed by the shapes we saw

in the clouds or the sheer exhilaration we felt while riding our bicycles. We were naturally inquisitive and viewed the world as a place of infinite possibilities.

Now that we are all grown up, we tend to apply logic to every action that we do. With, all our knowledge and experience we do not completely enjoy the things that we used to like before. A simple trip to the beach would be enough to make us happy. But now even after earning seven-figure salary, we are not content. How I wish I could go back to my childhood and relieve all those happy memories again!!



Ahana and Ammi

The Plane Jar

When Ahana was younger, her Ammi would get her a chocolate every Sunday if she had been a good girl all week. And Ahana, like any other seven-year-old, absolutely loved chocolate. And the ones that came wrapped in golden paper and looked like coins were her favorite of them all. The competition was fierce, between the coin chocolates and the toffee which had chocolate inside of it, but Ahana knew that her Ammi would get her the coin chocolates only if she had been a really good girl the past week and so she cherished them more. She'd hide them under her bed the minute Ammi gave them to her, and then when little Agam was not in the room, she'd take them out carefully, like it was her most prized possession and hide it in a secret place hidden away from Agam's greedy eyes. For years it used to be under her rose-pink jacket at the back of the cupboard, which she wore only if it was a really special occasion, like Ammi and Appa's anniversary, when all four of them had gone to one of those big fancy hotels whose pictures Ahana had looked at in the magazines with shiny covers. But then last month, when Ammi was cleaning out Ahana's cupboard, she discovered Ahana's secret. And what good was a secret place if someone else knew about it? So Ahana had hidden her last three chocolates in a zip behind the sofa hidden away safely from any grown-ups wandering gaze. But today was different.

Today Ammi didn't give Ahana a bar of chocolate. In fact, there was no sign of Ammi walking through the gate with her grocery bag hung over her shoulder. She had left at her usual time, at half-past eleven, and she would typically return by quarter past one, but the hour hand was nearing number three and Ahana could hear no sound of her Ammi's payal. Usually, Ahana was a patient child, a characteristic that not many children of her age possessed, but today, there was an unsettling feeling in the pit of her stomach that had killed her appetite. She just wanted her Ammi to come back home soon. She was a smart girl, she knew all about the stories of people getting lost and not returning for days despite her mother's best efforts to shield her little angel from all the misery in the world, and somewhere at the back of her mind her neurons were firing this idea, but it was yet to hit her and cause the panic to set in. Ahana had just learnt to read time, and if she had learnt correctly, then the clock was telling her that it was quarter past four. It had been three hours but no Ammi. Her Nani had called around two-thirty asking to speak to her daughter, precisely as per routine, she hadn't strayed away from her routine yet Ammi had. The same Ammi who would get upset and worried if Ahana or Agam returned even five minutes late from school. And just when Ahana was going to pick up the phone to call Appa, the doorbell rang. Ahana had never run so fast in her life. She didn't even look into the keyhole, like Ammi

and Appa always told her to before opening the door, but simply threw the door wide open. And there Ammi stood! Rosy cheeks puffed out and forehead lined with sweat.

Ahana threw her arms around Ammi's legs with such vigor that she almost knocked what Ammi was holding in her hands. Laughing, Ammi hugged Ahana back and hurried inside to dump all the contents in her hands on the table. Kissing her daughter on her cheeks, Ammi tells Ahana that she had a surprise for Ahana. Hoping that the surprise would be the gold coin chocolates rather than the usual silver ones, she squeezed her eyes shut and let out her hand. But the weight of the item in her tiny hands was much more than what she remembered her coin chocolates to be. But before she could open her eyes, Ammi hurriedly told her to keep them shut. Ahana giggled, trying in vain to take a sneak peek through one of her eyes, but Ammi was smart, quickly covering her eyes with her palms. Taking the weight off Ahana's hands, she takes it in her own lap. With one hand covering Ahana's eyes and the other trying to open the lid of a jar, she looked around for a spoon. But covering her impatient daughter's eyes and trying to open the very stubborn lid of a jar wasn't a very easy task to accomplish. After much struggle, Ammi managed to get the lid open and carefully placed the jar on the table. Taking a scoop out of the jar, she asks Ahana to open her mouth. Ahana squeals at the taste of mango in her mouth and her eyes fly open. Seeing the big jar of aamras on the table, she jumps into Ammi's arms. What better surprise than an entire jar of Ahana's favourite aamras? Settling herself on the chair, she picks up the spoon and thrusts it into the jar like Winnie the Pooh sticks his spoon into a pot full of honey. The resemblance was almost uncanny. And by the end of the afternoon, Ahana not only has mango smeared all across her face, but she also has them on her clothes and the table. It's nearing half past six now, and it's time for Appa to return home with Agam. So Ammi and Ahana quickly tidy up Ahana and the table so that it looks like there wasn't a jar of full of pulped mango in the first place. Because Ammi and Ahana both know that if Agam were to find out that Ammi and Ahana ate all the aamras by themselves, then he would wail all night. But Ammi knows that aamras is Agam's favourite too, so after Ahana falls asleep, Agam gets his own little jar. After all, Ammi is smart enough to know that when it comes to aamras, neither Ahana nor Agam were willing to share.



RAISING CHILDREN

Power of Imagination



Aditi Dharampuriya
First Year, MMS

Do children today use their imaginations as much as we did when we were kids? Do we see children spinning incredible tales and stories in their fantasy play like we used to when we played “cops and robbers” or “house”? Why do you suppose this is, and is it something we should be concerned about?

In the world of child development, we may hear phrases like “critical thinking skills” and “creative problem-solving abilities” when referring to the goals for child’s cognitive development. What we are really talking about is... IMAGINATION.

The way to create human beings with imagination is to provide them with opportunities to develop it for themselves when they are very young. These opportunities are found in one and only one place ... Play. Playing with paints, playing with play dough, with costumes, with glue and with crayons. Making mess. Exploring the woods. Splashing in puddle. Wondering at a caterpillar you notice inching by you. Pretending to be a bird, gliding through the sky.





Let them be Kids

Manaswi Mulchandani
First Year, PGDM

For a friend at coffee house, I noticed a mother with her 6-year-old son. She was teaching him table manners. Cloth on his lap, Fork in left and spoon in right. Now, start eating! She ordered the boy. A confused munchkin found it difficult to handle but managed somehow. Then after a while entered a girl (around 12 years old) it seemed she was her elder daughter. The girl ordered a burger, took her first bite and spilled the sauce on her dress. Mother gave her an angry look and told "Eat properly. Are you a kid?" I was baffled by her statement. I wanted to know, who according to her is kid? And who is supposed to act childish? When her little boy wanted to behave as a kid she stopped him and taught him the adult manners and when her young girl wants to behave as a kid she stopped her too.

We expect kids to act like adults, behave like professionals. Even cartoons these days will depict kids to be tech savvy; with those extraordinary gadgets they will save the world. We want our children to be everything but kids. On this planet, children own the purest soul, innocent heart with a genuine smile. They are like a white canvas ready to imbibe all the beautiful colors around. We must let them choose their own shades and paint their own scenery.

As parents, mentors, or guardians we must understand that we don't own our kids. They are just like any other individual in this world. We are responsible for supporting them in need or guiding them to differentiate between right and wrong. Let them do things their own way, make mistakes and learn from them. Even if they fail, it's normal. We all must because, only then we will get closer to success.

Kids in grade 1 work for almost 8-10 hours a day. School, tuitions, extra-curricular and many more. Let your kid decide what his choice is. What is he inclined to? Why don't we let our children act like children? Let them spill their food; lick the chocolate on their fingertips. Let them enjoy a football match in first rain with dirt all around their body. Allow them to paint beyond the borders. Let them choose their own colors and let them paint their own picture.

Every child is unique and special in its own way. While expecting him to do what you were unable to do, reflects your insecurities. Childhood is the nurturing stage in everyone's life. If you bless your child with a beautiful childhood trust me, your job is done. Raise him not to be a one in many but, to be the one for many. And remember let a child be **CHILDLIKE**.

How much is too much?



**Foram Devani,
Second Year, MMS**

From a playground to chatrooms to like, share and subscribe and to virtual reality the life of a child or a teenager has skewed towards looking more at the screen rather than indulging in any physical activities. Half of all teens say they feel addicted to their digital devices. Just imagine what the real number is. Not, only do teens feel they can't put their devices down, but their parents know it, and many parents themselves can't put their own devices down. With technology blending into our lives in ways that we never could have imagined, it's tricky to decide what is okay and what is just the way we live now. It's difficult to find a balance and to set boundaries, for children around the world and ourselves.

Digital devices have transformed lives. They are changing parent-child relationships and also interaction, to our ability to focus on the task at hand. Children's developing sensory, motor, and attachment systems have biologically not evolved to accommodate sedentary and frenzied and chaotic nature of today's technology. The impact of rapidly advancing technology on the developing child has seen an increase in physical, psychological and behaviour disorders that the health and education systems are just beginning to detect, much less understand.

So why not just turn all technology off and go back to pioneer days? Very preposterous! Don't we all know that it is not possible, but it also wouldn't be smart. Technology combined with internet is a wonderful thing. It gives kids the freedom to move around in a big world, to experiment, to connect with others. Parents who have a balanced approach to technology, and who allow their children access to it, can guide the usage and conversation around it better, and help them find a healthy balance. As a parent, though, they are responsible for making sure that their kids are ready for all that freedom, but they should also learn how to keep themselves safe. We have to find a middle ground to makes sure the benefits are reaped and the adverse effects can be avoided.

Here, are some points parents can keep in mind:

Not overreacting.

Technology is an important part of our modern world. It won't help the child if overly restrictive limits are set or send the message that technology is something to fear. Instead, healthy technology habits have to be cultured so that stays with the child forever.

Teaching kids about technology from a young age.

Parents should explain that tablets, computers, and other media devices are not toys, and should be handled with care. Kids should be explained the many benefits of technology as well as the risks. Parents should discuss the importance of respecting privacy and protecting personal information in age-appropriate ways.

Protecting bedtime.

Studies show that using digital media at night can interfere with sleep quality. Consider restricting the use of phones, tablets and computers for at least 30 minutes before bed. Think twice about letting your child use those devices in his or her bedroom after lights out.

Paying attention.

With younger kids, parents find it easy to see what they're doing online. As they get older, it's not so easy to look over their shoulder. Have open, honest discussions about what sites and type of content that are off-limits. Parents should explore software to filter or restrict access to content that's off-limits.

Teaching good online behaviour.

Children often say things online that they'd never say to someone's face. Most of the teens have witnessed cyberbullying. Talking to children about the importance of being respectful in their digital interactions goes a long way.

Discussing digital decision-making.

It can be hard to discern whether some websites are reliable sources of information or not. Have conversations with the child about how to evaluate authenticity and accuracy online. Parents should explain why they shouldn't download unfamiliar programs, click on suspicious links or share personal information on unknown apps or websites. Parents should also teach their children not to respond to unsolicited messages from strangers.

Fostering real-life friendships.

Some kids who find it difficult to connect with peers spend more time online than playing with friends in real life. However, digital friendships aren't a replacement for the real thing. Parents should help their child develop social skills and nurture his or her real-life relationships.

The role of a school in Child's development



Vinita Javeri
First Year, MMS

Schools are the second home for children. The way in which their personalities mould depends not only on the parental upbringing but also on the way they are evolved in their school lives. Schools have a bigger and more critical responsibility with respect to their students than just imparting bookish knowledge. They are entrusted with the overall development of young minds and future generation of the country. The country's quality of future generation depends on how we raise today's children, and the values we instil in them. Now the question arises that what measures need to be taken to mould children to be the best version of themselves.

To answer this, we first need to understand what the apparent meaning of personality is. Personality means the set of qualities which makes a person distinct from others. When such qualities emerge in the growing age of children, it is known as child personality development. To make a child socially, morally and ethically rich is the need of the hour and schools play a pivotal role in this. If, the focus is only on academics and grades than the true potential of any student will never be recognized. An ideal school is the one that balances both, studies and extra-curricular activities.

Some of the strategies that schools can undertake to achieve this balanced goal are as follows:

Organizing games, cultural programmes, sports events, crafts and arts sessions, celebrating national and international festivals and conducting various competitions etc. The most important point to be considered while holding such events and competitions is to make sure all the students are participating, and a fair and equal chance is given to each student in every activity. "Teacher's pet" bias should take a back seat.

Apart from these programs, there are points which often go neglected. These include the assessment of children based on how they can interact with their teacher and among themselves and helping them understand the perks of learning things so that they become active participants. Children must be taught to get rid of their stage-phobia from a very young age. It is the teacher's job to instil self-worth and healthy self-esteem in each child to make him/her let go of his/her inhibitions and face the world with confidence and assertion. Sports activities that build up presence of mind, confidence, and team spirit should become a part of daily routine.

The ethics taught in school remain with a person for the rest of their life. Hence, basic moral values like being kind, generous, humble, polite, non-gullible, empathetic, caring towards animals, respecting cultural diversity and religions should be positively fed into their hearts and minds. Apart from having a special class of value education, regular workshops and seminars can be used as a platform to gain and share information.

A teacher needs to play the role of a guide and mentor in the process of learning and not an authoritative figure. A good nurturing by the faculty can do wonders to the child personality development. It is high time that schools adopt an effective learning to ensure qualitative development of its students and hence, the future of our society.

"School can become a temple of learning only when the student, the guardian and the society, in harmony endeavour to make it a place of pursuit for education, a sadhana: where the spring of punctuality, sanctity and thirst for knowledge flows." -Narendra Modi.



Celebrating the being of Grandparents in a child's life

Sheetal Lakhani
Psychologist

A picture depicting the support this grandchild has received from his grandparents saying, 'My dad is my King but Grandpa is indeed my Emperor!'

It is proven over decades that none can replace the enthusiasm, care and joy of Grand-parenting. It is remarkable how, overnight, a quiet mature lady (your granny) can learn to sit cross-legged on the floor and play a tin drum, quack like a duck, sing all the nursery hymns, make paper flowers, draw shapes and sew on sweaters that she didn't think she'd be able to do. A grandparent often plays one of the most important roles in a child's life. They have the privilege of being mentors, advocates, friends, and role models for their grandchildren and all the children.



Humanistic School of Psychology believes that if a child is to keep alive his inborn sense of wonder, he needs the companionship of at least one adult who can share it, rediscovering with him the joy, excitement and mystery of the world we live in. Research has proven that the child at home has the ability to restore an adult's zest for life and faith in humanity. Their pains are reduced by being with children. A child's presence takes away their feeling of loneliness and to an extent cures depression. Those days are coming back when families want to unite and stay together. Nuclear family systems aren't preferred anymore. Couples are not happy staying alone leaving themselves confused and brimmed with anxiety and panic of not being able to handle work and family. The support system they get from elders and their parents is being missed. Hence, Indian parents are now moving back with their elders forming a joint family and sharing the love and care for better growth and development. For a child, the hand of a grandparent is like the comfort of a favourite blanket. They surround him and warm him emotionally while protecting him from life's little bumps and bruises.

Folks, chains do not hold a family together. It is threads, hundreds of tiny threads of love and encouragement, which sew people together. Also, remember parents; Grandmothers have the time to tell stories, time to hear secrets, time for cuddles – which they never had as a mother. With experience comes wisdom and no one can understand you and your child better than a grandparent. I'd like to sum up sharing an insight a child left me with, in one of the counselling sessions; A little boy was asked, "Where is your home?" "Where grandpa lives," was his reply. He made me realize that a grandchild and grandparent are connected at heart. The love of the family should be your child's estate and that comes via Grandparents. Another girl shared her secret of solving every problem by herself was that "If nothing is going well, call your Grandmother. I do this often and she's got a magic wand that only I can use". So you see how elders cognitively and emotionally strengthen a child's personality and give a positive ray of hope. Let us all remind ourselves that other things may change us, but we start and end with family.sss

Love to all.



LIFE OF PRIVILEGE ?

LOP

JM



A Child in Pain is no Gain

Hersh Patel
First Year, PGDM

Child labour is the employment of children below the age of 14 years in any industry or business. Child labour is an illegal act and has been a big social issue in India for years. It is considered as exploitative for the future of children and country. Any job performed by the children in industries is difficult and demanding as well as more hazardous and morally reprehensible for them. Children have to perform a wide range of tasks and activities even after being of small age and low capacity.

Child labour is the illegal act which forces children to be away from their normal childhood, their schooling, their normal growth and development. Child labour is a big social issue; it is destroying the nation's future by harming the physical and mental development of its future leaders. It is very dangerous for children in all aspects such as mentally, physically, socially, and morally. It interferes with the schooling of children, deprives their opportunity to attend school, forces them to leave school prematurely, forces them to perform tasks of long hours and heavy work, etc.

Child labour has enslaved the life of children, separated them from their childhood, education and families, exposed them to serious hazards, illnesses, diseases and many more harms at a very early age. A big percentage of children are involved in child labour in the field of agriculture, and other involved fields are fishing, mining and quarrying, construction, manufacturing, restaurants and hotels, transport, and many more.

It has been spread all over the country like a disease and poison which needs to be stopped to save the present of children and future of our country.

"Child is meant to learn, not to earn – STOP child labour"

Count your Blessings



Supratik Sarkar
First Year, PGDM

“She walks to school with the lunch she packed

Nobody knows what she's holdin' back

Wearin' the same dress she wore yesterday

She hides the bruises with linen and lace”

Does this iconic verse sung by Martina McBride remind you of someone from your past? If so, how closely were you acquainted to that person? Did they come across as markedly different from other people you interacted with regularly? Did the way they behaved, or rather kept to themselves, ever intrigue you? I wouldn't be altogether surprised if you replied affirmatively to any of my aforementioned queries.

Without any disrespect for the society we live in, I'd like to hereby remark that most of us indeed, have at various points in our lives been reminded of the privilege we were born into by people around us. People who mostly remain obscured in the background as we navigate the vagaries and boredom of our lives. It could be the child doing dishes at a roadside eatery, getting yelled at by his/her “employer” for being sloppy at his “job”. The catch here being, the child is engaged in a job. Shouldn't he/she be attending school instead?

I do not, of course, intend to induce guilt within your conscience for the strata of society you were fortunate to be born into. Rather, I'd be grateful if I succeeded in stoking the flame of realization within you that violence sprouts more violence. So, to ensure that we march towards a world where you wouldn't be sifting through news reports about violent crime every morning you proceed to glance through the newspaper, it is our collective responsibility to provide the best possible upbringing for children who have had the misfortune of being born into dysfunctional households or abject poverty. When the time comes to pass, I hope that each of us leverages our financial Independence to contribute to provide for the children who are not fortunate enough to be born into what we would commonly regard as “ideal circumstances”. This subsequently, necessitates removal of vices from our society like female foeticide, domestic violence etc. I'm prepared to do my bit, however, insignificant that may turn out to be in the grander scheme of things. I'd only like for you, dear reader, to assure me, that we're all in this together.



Struggles of my life

Suyash Padwal
Probationary Officer, UCO Bank

I'm partially blind with both eye's affected by Glaucoma disease and there is no chance for a successful treatment hence we stopped finding doctors for my disease.

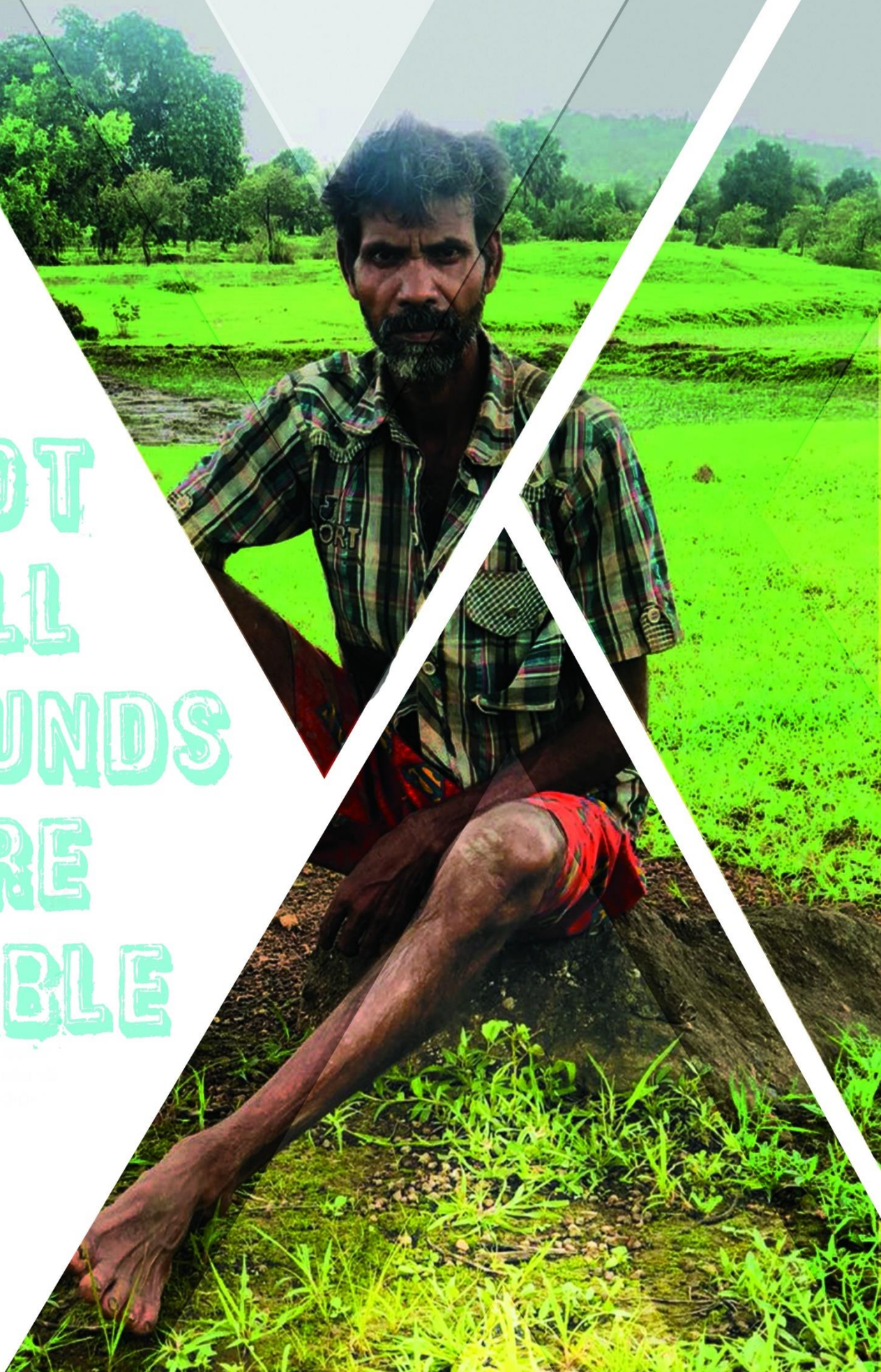
I studied in a blind school till class 7, and my entire education was done in Braille. Things were going fine, till I had to leave this school for further studies and found it difficult to find a school near my home which would admit a blind student. It was difficult for a normal school to accommodate me since I had studied all my life in Braille and teaching me in an entirely new language would not be easy.

This problem was solved with the help of National Association for the Blind (NAB), which suggested us a school where Government had started a project of providing Resource teachers who are specialized in teaching students like me. Gladly, I could complete my matriculation through this school without any more hurdle. But as the level of education increased, so did the challenges. With an increase in syllabus, making notes in Braille became difficult. So, I started audio recording the lectures to listen to later on. With the friends and a few NGOs around who were always around to help, college life did not seem too difficult.

The real struggle started after I finished my college. It was only when I started applying for job, did I realize how disabled I was. I gave interviews in private companies, searched for jobs online only to get rejected due to my blindness. Though in India, there are many corporates, like HSBC, Standard Chartered, TCS, Reliance, etc.; who provide suitable jobs for differently abled like me, we ultimately have to rely on Government sector for work which are very few in number.

A sad reality unknown to many is that, there are still people like me, with different disabilities, who are well qualified and have been searching for decent jobs for last 10 to 15 years but in vain. What is the point of calling us differently-abled if we are only to be treated as handicapped?

NOT
ALL
WOUNDS
ARE
VISIBLE





The nightmares that took her life

Ameya Chandak
First Year, PGDM

Ananya woke up to the horrible dreams that she was having since the last few months. She was all good until she learnt in school what child abuse is, what it consists of, and the griming effect it has on children. She transformed from being the bubbly, charming, and energetic girl to a silent corpse. It seemed like she was living just for the sake of it.

What do you think was the reason of such a drastic change in Ananya? No guesses there! It was child abuse. She was a victim of this dreadful crime since her childhood, just that she was unaware of it. The day she realized her plight, life suddenly turned upside down for her. She could trust nobody in her life. Not even her parents, siblings, or her dearest friends. This was because the perpetrators of this horrendous crime were her family members. Her father, her uncle, and her elder brother.

Her mother was her last resort. When she spoke to her, her mother was equally distraught, but also helpless. The world would not believe their story. They would become outcasts in their own house and family. Ananya was asked to keep quiet and talk to nobody about this. Unable to bear this reality, the only one option that was left according to her was to give up her life. She was found dead in her room with her wrist slit. She left no note. Such was the end to the story of another Ananya.

Let me assure you, this is a fictional story, but also a sad reality of many children. This comprises not only girls but also boys. And who commits these crimes? Sometimes strangers. But majority of the times, it is the near and dear ones such as parents, relatives, friends, and acquaintances.

The effect of child abuse on children is not only physical but also deeply mental. It changes the mindset of a child which cannot be accurately measured. Sometimes, it leads to suicides and the other times the victims themselves become the abusers.

We are aware only of Physical abuse. There are also others such as **Sexual abuse**, **Psychological abuse** and **Child neglect**. The only way to prevent cases such as Ananya's is to educate, be aware and spread awareness.

Was it my fault?



Hitesh Singh
First Year, MMS

The problem of child abuse as well as child labour is quite prevalent in our country. But here is an incident which, at the face of it, involved both of it and it's worth bringing in front of you, because what we usually do is the opposite of what was done here. One of my many friends, Prashant Pandey sighted a partially blind girl begging near Andheri Metro Station to feed her family. He went one step ahead to enquire about her background, which we otherwise don't even think about doing. He saw a person standing beside her, he met that person and came to know that he is her maternal uncle. Her uncle had brought her from Nallasopara station to beg. Having lost her mother at a very early age and no information about her father, she had no other choice but to beg.

Prashant wanted this to end, so all he did was used social media to convey this message. He started a search for an NGO which could help her come out of this vicious circle. The post went viral & many NGOs came in support of her. Within just a little more than a week's time, the issue reached to the Higher Government Authority in Delhi who further assigned this case to the office of Deputy Director of Education, Mumbai which concluded that the girl wasn't actually blind but was made to act blind by her maternal uncle so that people can sympathize with her and give her some money, by which he could manage his daily expenses.

A rigorous search for her maternal uncle for almost a week, led to success in getting hold of him and handing him over to the Police. The girl, PRIYALI, went in the care and custody of CWC (Child Welfare Council) after which an NGO (Snehadaan) took care of her and that led to her joining Holy Family School to gain education, away from the life she had lived so far.

Now, my main motive behind telling this story is to tell you that it's not the fault of the child who gets abused or harassed, it's us who are at fault, who actually act blind to situations like these. What we do is the exact opposite of what Prashant actually did. We lack the initial push to move towards making a big difference. We find it troublesome and think we'll fall into unnecessary trouble, but now it's high time to get out of such blindfolded mentality and give an eye towards incidents like these. Even if you don't have time, find it. Just the way we find faults, find time to correct the already existing faults. We can report such issues directly to **Childline India Foundation** by dialling **1098** and they will guide us through the rest. Also report at the nearest police station. If each one pays attention towards this, there will come a time free of the menaces of child abuse and child labour.



Devil in disguise

Kirti Wadhwa
First Year, PGDM

“Children.” The word makes you smile or could make you cringe at the same time. It takes you into a flashback where your “problems” meant who should be the den in Hide-&-Seek or who gets to be captain to form teams for various games. And then there were times when mother dear would thrash you for returning home late with bruised arms and legs and messy clothes or not finishing your food in school.

And the infamous photo albums! Proof that your parents decided to experiment with their little tots and even pose with them with smiley faces.

At no point, does the photograph show what happens behind the smiles. The tears, hugs, and the “mera acha baccha” dialogue (courtesy: mother dear). Then there was dad, your hero - your protector, who would sneak in chocolates or even a sip of Pepsi and say “don’t tell mom,” wink and say, “You make me happy princess.” You’d smile back at him and keep the secret.

What happens when he asks you to keep mum about other things? When his tossing you high into the air and catching you would be replaced by throwing you onto your bed at night and locking the door after him? About when he said, “You make me very happy princess. Give papa a hug” and in the process would yank you towards him? Too, close for comfort... His hand would wander down your back, to your hips and you’d beg him, “Papa don’t. Please” and he would reply, “Don’t worry princess, papa will take good care of you.” Everything after that was you pleading him with tears rolling down your face and screaming with all the power your lungs could muster, “Please papa, don’t. It pains. Papa you’re hurting me. Please. Please.” No one could hear you or maybe no one wanted to hear you, you’ll never know.

Time has lost all relevance and you feel nothing but every incident is vivid in your memory. You only feel your wet bed under and a blanket over you; and his voice with a happy tone, “Papa loves you. You make me happy princess. This is just between you and me. No telling mom.” And you only imagine that wink with your eyes closed. Was that man really your protector?

The scars run deep and wounds deeper.

And how much would it take for society to let innocent children be innocent children?

A letter from the Unborn



Siddhika Pawar

First Year, Global MBA

I've heard a lot of pro-choice arguments that go like "Well if the child won't grow up loved and wanted then it's better that it be aborted anyway." You've heard it before too I'm sure.

Certainly, I agree that all children should be loved and cherished. But stating that a child should be killed because it might have a bad childhood is trying to argue that one should forsake the outside world entirely to avoid suffering any heartache. It's also a bit like saying that if you can't have a loving childhood, life isn't worth living. Which, given that the average human will probably spend only a quarter or less of their life as a child seems more than a bit silly! I've met people who have had awful upbringings and yet have no desire to die. Or any regrets about being alive. Who are we to judge whether a child should live or not? What is their mistake?

Here's a letter of an unborn daughter!!!

"Hey mom it's me your daughter, I am here, up in heaven missing your warmth. I was eagerly waiting in there to be your daughter, but I didn't understand what exactly happened. I was waiting there to come out in your arms. I was there within you listening to you and your inner voice. Sometimes, I heard you cry and I cried with you. Sometimes you yelled really loud and then you cried. And I heard how Daddy yelled back at you. I was so sad and hoped that you would feel better soon. I have always wondered why you cried so much. One day you cried all day long. My soul was hurting so much. I could not imagine that it was I who made you so unhappy. Then the same day an evil monster entered your womb, he was too scary mom, I screamed, I yelled but you didn't listen and that monster ate me. I wanted to stay with you, I tried very hard but the monster was strong enough and I was unable to win. I just want you to know that mommy I love you, I never wanted to die, but I had to mommy but you please stay away from this monster called "abortion". He is too dangerous. I don't want you to go through the hell I went through."



Well done, Humans!

Thanmayee Vemula
First Year, Global MBA

I'm burned everyday, not by fire but by hands. I'm hurt each moment, not by action but by words. I'm screaming but not heard, and I die each second but no one sees it."

"Was I wrong that I trusted them and handed them the most beautiful, sensitive, at the same time sensible creation? Was I wrong to send my most precious creation to them. My creation one of their kind, every innocent and every special. I sent them down only to give human the touch of divinity. But miracles too have a limit. Humans were thrown down from heaven because they were selfish and here I thought after so many years they have learnt their lesson. But no, they have shocked me with how low they can go."

Children are my gift to the humankind, sent to the world because I trusted them enough that they will take good care of my precious little ones. Irony is so funny, even after having such supreme power here I'm sitting on a throne in heaven looking down only to see my precious little being sacrificed for others' selfish desires. Humans never fail to surprise me as to how they can be so creative in hurting and destroying my creation. Some of my little ones are killed before they take shape, and if few of them survive that, they are slayed on basis of gender.

No I'm the one who is fool here, slaying I can bring myself to forgiving it at least they are not tortured like the left ones, one of my precious one came back to crawling bruised by their cruelty eyes full of tears and pain of years and held my legs telling 'please don't send me back please, they did things to me I swear I didn't want them to do I tried but they were more in number I was powerless but no one believed me down there no one wants to hear me they keep calling me names I'm not like that I'm not like that I'm not..... I know killing ourselves is sin but I'm couldn't take it please don't punish me I had enough of them down there please don't.....' she kept crying I wanted to comfort her I bent myself to touch her but she cringed away telling please don't hurt me.

But I'm grateful for the ones who returned to me, at least they are no longer being tortured like the ones left behind. It was devastating when one of my little ones came back crawling, bruised by their cruelties, eyes full of dread and tears; begged me to not send her back again, "They did things to me which I never liked. I tried to move away but they were more in number. I felt powerless and no one believed me or wanted to hear my plight. I know I shouldn't have ended my life given by you, but I couldn't take it anymore. Please don't punish me for that." She cringed at my touch of comfort!

Because it was a priest who raped her, stripped her of her innocence inside out. Well done humans well done! My child is scared of my touch and it's all my fault.



SOCIAL WARRIORS

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM



Children: Little joy of happiness

N. L. Dalmia High School

Children are a little bundle of joy and a gift from the Almighty! Since time immemorial, parents have always remained concerned about good upbringing of their kids. However, the activities of today's generation have become a growing concern for the parents. The new 'indoor generation' kids see the world through the smart screens on their hands. Twitter, Pinterest, Whatsapp etc. have become their communication world and they love to speak the language of *hashtags* and *tweets*.

While some children are constantly engrossed in their virtual world, there are others who remain connected to the real world and seek opportunities to contribute towards the society.

Secondary Section Students of N.L. Dalmia High School participated in different community services, right from **Paper Bags Distribution, Tree Plantation** to **Feeding Animals** and **Orphanage visit**.

The students made eco-friendly paper bags, which are a smart alternative to harmful plastic bags. They distributed the handmade paper bags to the grocery stores and shops all across the Shanti Garden Area, Mira Road. In their initiative to maintain a cleaner-greener environment, nearly 25 students of the School actively participated in tree plantation in and around the school campus.

Apart from such eco-friendly community activities, the students also donated a quintal of newspapers and 80kgs of rice at an Animal Shelter at Malad, named 'Animals Matter to Me'. They fed rice to the ailing animals and used newspapers for cleaning the place. Some children visited the orphanage 'Anmol' and donated stationary items and edibles. Such kind gestures seemed like God's way of serving the humanity.

Their involvement in various activities prove that even little hearts and minds can bring a difference to the world we live in and can bring in a new era of healthy environment, positivity and happiness all around.

We Art. We Impart. We're Saturday Art Class!



Simran Malhotra

The Inception

Saturday Art Class was conceptualized as a means to compliment the formal education of students in government and low-income aided schools. This initiative uses art and imagination as a means to impart values and create well-rounded individuals who are ready for the real world! The curriculum looks at their plight as circumstantial and provides them a safe haven where they can just be children.

The Problem of a 'Missing Childhood'

Manasi Mehan, a co-founder of Saturday Art Class, was a Teach For India fellow at Shankarwadi Public School. While teaching the children, she realized that at a very tender age, children from socially and economically less privileged backgrounds are burdened with responsibilities and situations that make them "adults in the bodies of children."

Chhavi Khandelwal, a co-founder of Saturday Art Class, entered Shankarwadi Public School as a volunteer art teacher. The first class they conducted was simply hand printing using paints. But, "as soon as the children touched paint, they were calm." This is when Manasi and Chhavi realized that they could use art to impart.

The main question on the minds of the co-founders was how to remove the basic survival instinct and create an ambitious outlook in the minds of children. Saturday Art Class believes that the process of creating art becomes a language through which they communicate with the students on a much deeper level.

Art NOT just for art's sake.

Art is a medium of expression. It's a means of showcasing your innermost inhibitions. But most importantly, art is a way of letting a child be a child. The tunnel vision of Saturday Art Class is to teach skills through art and provide an alternative method of learning. The curriculum has a different value in focus each week and ensures that the children enjoy art but also take away something from each art class.

Every class, mentors walk in with a different lesson plan that aims to add value and enhance the knowledge of every child. The lesson plans are created keeping in mind the core values of Gratitude, Patience, Sharing, Cleanliness, Respect, Equality and Teamwork. By ensuring that each student takes back something from each class, these values begin to reflect in their day-to-day lives as well.

Art then, becomes a means to receive, reflect and recreate.

Saturday? Saturday!

The students of Shankarwadi Public School coined the term ‘Saturday Art Class.’ Saturday is a day when the attendance of students is lower than the other days of the week. Saturday Art Class is a means to not only ensure higher attendance in schools, but also allow the children to learn through doing something different each week.

ĀTO

ĀTO is a Japanese word, which means “All things that Art encompasses.” ĀTO was conceptualized to create a sense of achievement for the children, increase awareness and to give back and support the initiative of Saturday Art Class. The ‘alterbasic’ clothing brand highlights the artwork, creativity and imagination of the students from the schools adopted by Saturday Art Class.

From Then to Now

The pilot program of Saturday Art Class in 2016 began in a 3rd grade classroom of Shankarwadi Public School with 30 students and 5 volunteers. Today, Saturday Art Class has adopted 8 schools, 1 orphanage and with 301 mentors is impacting 2663 students. The aim for this academic year is to impact 5000 students and they are well on their way to their target!



RAH: Reach A Heart



Leher Kocchar
President, Reach A Heart

Rah is not just an organization, it is an emotion.

An emotion to give power to the potential warriors of this nation to break free from the shackles of poverty and illiteracy.

An emotion to empower the so-called homemakers to become world leaders.

An emotion to give a blanket to an elder on the street on a cold winter night.

An emotion to burn a candle with them on Christmas and a diya on Diwali.

And when emotion meets action, it creates currents, which can sweep down the mightiest walls of poverty and oppression. So, what do they do? Not much, they just spread smiles and reach hearts because all we need is a better tomorrow and there is no tomorrow as good as a happy tomorrow!

We're given a choice in our lives, to make things better, or worse, or merely endure. One fine day, during a boring lecture, a passionate bunch of last benchers chose to make things better as much as they could and hence RAH was born.

We aim to uplift the marginalized section of our society by means of taking initiatives in the field of education, motivation, and awareness. We reach hearts through mobilization of resources and voluntary services.

OUR VISION

A world without poverty, misery and illiteracy.

OUR PROGRAMS

RAAHAT- (the literal meaning – relief) is designed to provide relief to the underprivileged sections of the society.

AASHAYEIN- It focuses on the education and awareness aspects of the underprivileged children.

SUKOON- Under the programme “Sukoon”, we aspire to reach within those calling for medical help.

JUNOON- Under this, we take skill development sessions either personally or by outsourcing expertise.

OUR EVENTS

SECRET SANTA DONATION DRIVE

To celebrate Christmas 2014, under the programme RAAHAT, we reached out to those on the streets who missed a blessing that we were born with.

TAALEEM

Education is the light towards betterment, with that inspiration tickling our minds we conducted the drive 'taaleem'. An interactive workshop was conducted for group of 35 kids from the slums of Mumbai.

PUKAAR: TIME TO TRIUMPH OVER CANCER

Team organized a fund raiser under our program 'Sukoon' wherein 45 young adults came together to help Kamlesh, an innocent 7-year old battling with acute leukemia.

BHAI JAAN, EID MUBARAK

"Bhaijaan, Eid Mubarak" celebrated the end of the Holy month of Ramzan 2015 with the little souls caught in the cafe of poverty. They rejoiced as we invited them for a party at McDonalds, followed by a cinema experience of 'Bajrangi Bhaijan' at Chandan cinema, Juhu.

MENTAL HEALTH AWARENESS CAMPAIGN

On world mental health day i.e. 10th October, we reached out to 35 beautiful orphans, unfortunately suffering from HIV aids. With the help of Dr. Meghna, a psychiatrist specialist in child behavior, we addressed the young fighters.

ARTSHAALA

Rah undertook a skill development initiative at Juhu Tara Municipal School. The two-day session, concentrated on liberating the artsy side of the little angels, introducing them to origami, quilling, collage making, jewelry designing etc.

DANCE-A-THON

The team conducted a dance workshop followed by a dance competition for the aspiring little dancers. The event concluded with an award ceremony, celebrating the efforts and triumphs of the children.

We are a group of young dreamers from college who do not believe in cribbing about the nation but believe in rolling up our sleeves to actually do something. We are on an undying mission, a mission to reach hearts, spread smiles and create a tomorrow as beautiful as a happy tomorrow.

Rural Tribal Children Sans Childhood



Swami Shrikanthananda
President, Shri Ramakrishna Arogya Sansthan

Children are the same everywhere – innocent, abode of divinity, immaculate, carefree and blissful. But all children are not equally fortunate and born with silver spoons in their mouths. Blessed are those who are born with all amenities in life.

But Alas! There are innumerable less privileged rural tribal children who are born in jeopardy, misery, ignorance and darkness. We may boast of our technology, advancement and GDP etc. but we cannot ignore alarming fact that we are still far away from holistic development of India. So far, we have not achieved oneness of rural and urban India. The gap between the less privileged rural tribal children and the privileged ones residing in big cities is alarming.

The purpose behind this article is to throw light on appalling conditions of rural tribal children and how to bring them in main national stream. Here it is necessary for me to write a few sentences regarding “Shri Ramakrishna Arogya Sansthan – Vivekanand Institute” (hereafter – The Sansthan) and its passionate work for the upliftment of rural tribal children and their families through multiple welfare projects.

The Sansthan works on multiple levels in the midst of the less privileged rural tribal people with its headquarters at village Anjaneri, Ta. Trimbakeshwar Dist. Nashik which is a predominantly tribal region. The Sansthan is inspired by nation building, and life building ideas of Swami Vivekanand who advocated ‘Service to the less privileged is service to The Divinity’. Swami Vivekanand used to say, “Real India resides in villages.”

If we want to bring any permanent change in the society, we must start from the children. They will be the future custodians of values, culture and civilization. Children play vital role in preservation of value system, culture and civilization of any nation. And therefore, we should not differentiate between the less privileged rural children and the privileged urban children.

With this intention, The Sansthan initiated a movement called “**Rural Urban Children Integration Movement**” through which rural tribal and urban kids are brought together on the same platform through participation of families and schools. Several times we have noticed that, the students from international schools become emotional seeing the miserable conditions of the tribal children. When we bring children from rural and urban India on a common platform, we witness holistic picture of India. Therefore, the Sansthan tries to minimize a gap between rural and urban children through multiple welfare activities as follows.

“Used but Useful” Project: - Under this project, we encourage children and their families from Mumbai, Thane, Nashik and Pune, as they are in vicinity of Trimbakeshwar to offer their used articles, utensils, toys, story books, cycles, children beds, bed sheets, footwears, imitation jewelry, bangles, hairbands, hairclips and all other used household articles but in operational condition. Such activity can bring a great happiness to the rural children and their families. Only expectation is that every article must be usable condition. So far, we received generous response from the privileged children and their families.

Vivekanand Health Nutrition Project: - Through this project, we ensure prenatal care of the children and health of mothers. A child and the mother are inseparable. Needless to say, the children are entirely rooted in their mothers. The Sansthan provides delicious and nutritious biscuits to pregnant women, feeding mothers and children to ensure their healthy upbringing. So, before we embark upon mission of education for the less privileged rural tribal children, we ensure their healthy development.

” Sacrifice and Service” based Birthday Celebration: - Many children from the affluent privileged families are ready to forgo their cake and celebration, and shoulder responsibility of rearing their brothers and sisters residing in villages in dismal condition. These children are tiny Buddhas for me who are ready to sacrifice luxuries of palace to bring Enlightenment in the lives of miserable and deprived children.

Few years back, boys and girls studying in standard 9 and 10 were taken to a tribal village. All of them were from affluent families who never experienced hardships of life but with noble heart willing to do their best by sacrificing their birthday cakes and celebration at the behest of their teachers who were very much inclined towards development of emotional aspect of students. Nowadays, in general with few exceptions, there is serious degradation in emotional quotients of the children in international schools.

So, coming to the incident, when these boys and girls reached the village, we encouraged children from the international school to interact and play with children from the village. Everything was going on very nicely. Children started interacting and playing with each other. But I noticed one remarkable thing about children from the international school when they were playing and interacting with children from the village. Most of them had tears in their eyes. When they were asked about it, a boy from the group said, “Swamiji, we have all the facilities at home, we are provided the best education, healthcare and everything by our parents. But see these village kids; they are also of our age but they have worst to wear, no footwears and shoes still they are so happy and content. When I heard that philosophical statement from that ‘tiny philosopher’ which was unexpected from a boy of his age, I was overwhelmed and very much satisfied with our mission of unification of rural and urban children.

Our dream of a healthy society is possible only when we pay utmost attention to every limb of the society. It is as clear as sunlight that without unification of the privileged and the less privileged children, a healthy and complete society is impossible. The parents of such tribal kids do not know how to raise their children properly and plan for their future. They just enter this world of competition and cruelty unnoticed. Nobody cares about their birthdays and celebrations. The parents don’t have time and energy as their entire time and energy is completely exhausted in earning bare necessities to survive. Many a time, even purchasing medicines is a luxury that

they cannot afford. These rural tribal children have very vital role to play in preservation of environment as they are closest to nature. So, to preserve environment for future generations, we must give these children a healthy and wise living conditions. In this way, they will not be forced to leave their villages and migrate to big cities to earn bare necessities for survival.



Sparkle in Life



Prof. Dr. Rima Ghose Chowdhury
HOD, HRM

Hazaaron Khwaishein Aisi ... one of my aspirations in life is to make (in my way) the world a better place to live, for the Kids.... God's greatest creation that light up our lives.

My association with Dayavihar Orphanage - Compassion Charitable Trust kids started around ten years back and with time, they got integrated into the fabric of our lives. Kids from different humble backgrounds get food, shelter and... HOPE here. They study, learn music, get vocational training, do well in exams and start off a new life. It has been a norm for us every year to celebrate our birthdays and major occasions with them not only at the orphanage, but even outside. Every year my Diwali shopping is incomplete without the customary hamper of new clothes for them, the chuckles over the t-shirt size issues (in spite of knowing the sizes and meticulously noting them down in my notebook, I invariably get some wrong :-)) since they are growing kids), their sports and painting kits that they so look forward to... and what do I look forward to?

The pure, unadulterated love in their eyes, their collective prayer songs, the genuine smiles. They all brighten up my world. Come December, once the gift-laden Christmas tree is unveiled at home, off our entire family goes to share the festive cheer with the Dayavihar Orphanage kids, it is time for the much-awaited family bash at McDonald's (sharing pictures of past years), a game of housie conducted by my daughter, song, and dance (yes there are some awesome singers and dancers there), and loads of fun... feel blessed to see the faces smeared with all colours of happiness. Christmas is also the time for all of us to thank God at the newly repaired Orphanage home, with a merry evening of music and cheer, with good food and great mood.

Do let me know if any one of you would like to share special days (birthdays etc) with them (<http://www.compassioncharitabletrust.org/daya-vihar.html>). With their innocent smiles and wholehearted participation in the festivities, they will make your day. I vouch for that!



N L Dalmia
Educational Society

My
Social
Responsibility



It's been a while since I spread a smile

Bhavisha Kapadia
Second Year, PGDM

It all started on a rainy Sunday morning when I happen to read about Robin Hood Army. The Robin Hood Army is basically a zero-funds volunteer organization that works to get surplus food from restaurants and communities to serve the less fortunate. I registered with them and soon was contacted by Jay Malvi, a community volunteer at the Robin Hood Army – Kandivali. I started visiting the cluster (A designated slum assigned to a group of volunteers residing nearby) from the next week. The first day felt strange. I knew nobody. Not the other volunteers neither the people for whom I was there. It didn't take me more than 5 mins to feel at home because I was warmly welcomed by everyone. I got acquainted with individuals of different age groups who had devoted their whole lives for the betterment of society, with no self-gain or greedy motive behind it.

This cluster was under a highway bridge where some families stayed along with their children. These children were of different age groups ranging from 2 years to 15 years. I still remember when I entered, a little girl in a black dress (who I later got to know is named Tejal and is 6 years old) came running towards me and asked "Yeh nayi didi kaun hai?" I bent down and told her my name. She instantly hugged me and said "Didi bahot bhuk lagi hai". My heart broke. How unfortunate can people be and yet be so kind hearted!

Weeks after weeks passed and my attachment for the kids grew. These kids became like my extended family. Initially it took me a while to understand how things worked here. It all started with just helping the other volunteers distribute food to them but later I started connecting more to the kids and thought of many other ways to make them happy. Why only feed when you can do a lot more?

It started with celebrating Friendships Day with them. I still remember how happy they were to tie red ribbons on my hand. I didn't take them off for a week. Then came Independence Day, and I decided to do things more creatively. The team of volunteers all helped in organizing activities that would keep the kids engaged. I decided to take something upon myself and decided to paint Indian flags on their faces in an attempt to teach them the name of the colours and the significance of our country. They loved it. I loved it.

Days passed and the time with these kids on every Sunday became an integral part of my life. I would look forward for the weekends just to be able to see them and make them happy. Every Time I entered the cluster, all the kids would come running towards me to hug me and greet me.

I cannot explain in words that how much this meant to me. All the volunteers decided to take things forward and start helping the kids with their academics. Well, along with teaching them I myself learnt that teaching is not an easy job, you need lots of patience for it. More than what I teach these kids, I learn from them every day. I learn to be happy with little joys in life. I learnt to be down to earth and accept whatever I have knowing a lot of people don't have even a percent of that. I have changed as a person, learnt team work and leadership and to deal with my emotions in a better way than I ever have. I value money, food and people more than I ever have until I joined RobinHoodArmy. Not everything is done to get returns and this teaches me not to have expectations from everyone or anything. Working here has broaden my perspective. It has caused an impact on the way I pursue my objectives and make decisions.

Why I would suggest everyone to join an NGO is because the smallest bit of the things that you put can bring a smile on someone else's face. To see a person smile, and to know you contributed something for that smile, gives ultimate joy and eternal satisfaction. So, go ahead and try to make a difference in someone's life and see how different you feel about your own life!





Social Work and Children

Bhavya Shah
First Year, PGDM

Having parents in life is considered to be a luxury which everyone cannot afford. Abundant Life Ministries in Andheri is one of the orphanages helping number of orphans to be a better version of themselves. Located in a poor locality it becomes very difficult for them to find a proper NGO to help them in their day-to-day activities. Our team did its research and found the place and have been visiting there since last ten weekends. Every Saturday an activity class is conducted there which consists of various craft sessions, drama sessions and short educational seminars like World Literacy Day, Ban Plastic etc.

One such activity class was scheduled right before Friendship Day and hence, we celebrated friendship day with these beautiful souls by tying them friendship bands. That class also included making photo frames, pen holder and wall hanging from ice-cream sticks where every child showed their creativity. The problems they face were discussed and genuine solutions were provided. We also brought food, clothes, and story books for them which created such a huge smile on their face. We played songs for them, danced with them and sang with them. Smiling and laughing should not stop no matter how tough life gets was the lesson we learnt from the kids. Not a single kid wanted us to leave after that two-hour session.

That day every volunteer had such a satisfactory smile on their face which just didn't fade.

Someone has rightly said; *"The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others"*.

A group of school children in a field. The children are wearing purple and white checkered shirts and dark shorts. One child is sitting in the foreground, looking to the right. The background shows green foliage and a utility pole. A large, semi-transparent white letter 'K' is overlaid on the right side of the image.

THE TORCHBEARER'S NOTE



My Journey in MSR

Himanshu Todi
Second Year, MMS

People often find pleasure in doing things that others feel they couldn't. But I found greater pleasure in doing something I thought I never could. In past one year, I have been a part of situations, fortunately and unfortunately, which has given me experiences worth a lifetime.

It was the second day of #MBAdiaries when we were shown a video, titled 'Sparssh' and it went very well with its content. The video gave us a glimpse of Kondgaon, which worked like a reality check for most of us. Though the video was in Marathi, which was difficult for me to understand, I could still connect with the innocence of the children reciting poem. We were then informed about how one teacher is responsible for 50 students across five different standards. This and looking at the overall life at Kondgaon, I decided to do my share and contribute in whatever way possible. But to be a part of this project, I was required to go through the most dreadful process – The committee interview. Even though the interviewees were just my seniors, the fear of talking to new people and ridiculing myself was more intense. The day I was accorded the CEO of the committee, I was also informed that I was the last addition to the committee out of lack of quorum. It was intended to be a motivational speech for others, but for me it was a halt to a year-long celebration of clearing the only interview in my life.

I started my journey of MSR with the sole intention of raising funds for Kondgaon's development, which in a matter of time, became a matter of more than just money. I went from being a logical, selfish person focused on the given task to being a person who has regularly visited the village, played with the children and making them dance on my shoulders; just because it made them happy. It made me happy. MSR has given me the opportunity to represent our college in national and international competitions and award ceremonies. From fumbling in the academic presentations to presenting a fundraising project in front of corporate elites, it has been a constant learning and growing experience. More than the classroom sessions, I have learnt management skills in true sense through MSR.

The changes brought about in MSR as well as in me, would not have been possible without the efforts of the team members and Prof. Pius Moras, the chairperson. I was lucky enough to work with such an enthusiastically driven team and have a constant guidance of Pius Sir, which has led MSR reach a level where it is today. MSR is and will always be the closest to my heart and I hope that I along with the team have laid down a foundation strong enough for our successors to take it to newer heights and bring the change in the society which we all wish to see.



EVENTS

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM

LOP JM



Life: From a different angle

Pallav Kanther
First Year, MMS

Kondgaon is a village in Sangameshwar Taluka in Ratnagiri district of Konkan division of the Maharashtra state. It is a main village on Ratnagiri- Kolhapur National highway which is located on the edge of Kajali river.

One of the first things I noticed as our bus entered the School that we were taken to, was the infrastructure. “We live in a completely different world” I thought. The school was completely different from the type of schools that the people in cities are used to. It was small and dark.

“They are different.” is what I thought when I tried to interact with a few students. They were different in the way they spoke and their behaviour changed when they saw us. Our senior was right when she said that we were like aliens to them.

After an hour or so, we were separated in groups of 10 and we were taken to different schools. These schools were much smaller in size. There were only 2 classrooms and 1 teacher for all the students. On seeing this, I started comparing my childhood with their childhood. The quality of education that we received was much better in every possible way. Yet, I noticed that the children were more cheerful and happy.

At first when we entered, they were all quiet and they seemed worried. We broke the ice by asking them a few basic questions. One by one, everybody started interacting with us and I could sense that most of them were comfortable.

On talking to the teacher, we found out that most of the females of the village only studied till the 5th Grade. The elder generation of the village still had the mind-set that females are meant to cook and do the general house work. Due to this, the female population of the village do not get the education that they are supposed to.

Another problem that I noticed was that they did not have electricity in the school. No fans or lights. Not having fans might make you feel suffocated at times and studying in suffocation is not something that is easy, and not having lights is a big problem during the rainy season as it gets dark at times. Studying in the dark? Not easy again.

It was a wonderful experience not just as a part of our Rural Immersion Program but also as an ice-breaking session for us students. Kondgaon gave us a different perspective on life, and the children their taught us the real meaning of “Happiness is within you, and not in the material luxuries of life”.

Kondgaon Visits



Educational Society





Helping the Unknown: MSR's Donation Drive

Jayraj Shekhawat
First Year, MMS

It is quite evidently known that we as humans avoid helping other humans. We feel that as a task that'll over-burden us with our already-burdened lives. Even when we think of actually helping, we help those who are KNOWN to us. And that help is most of the times, done with a hope that we'll be helped in return too, someday or the other. But the most noble way of helping, is to help those who are UNKNOWN to us.

Monsoon fury had wreaked havoc in God's Own Country. Kerala lied submerged in flooded waters. With multiple dams being opened and electricity cut off, people remained stranded and were immensely in need of immediate help. But then we all know when there are problems, there are solutions too. An army of helpers emerged from all parts of the nation. They provided all possible help, every bit they could in helping the flood-stricken state. We, the sMSR (My Social Responsibility) team of N. L. Dalmia Institute of Management Studies & Research, grabbed this opportunity of helping them with both hands. We joined hands with IDF (Indian Development Foundation) and between 20th August, 2018 to 22nd August, 2018, donations came in from so many people, knowing that it was leading towards the bigger motto of keeping humanity alive.

We collected all the essentially required items in times like these, Food grains, Biscuits, Snacks, Medicines, Toothpastes, Sanitary Napkins, Toiletries, Blankets, Clothes and many more such necessities. All these items constituted 2 trucks full of them. This was a huge collection as compared to the time we had to collect.

We, on behalf of the MSR cell show our gratitude and thank all those who voluntarily came forward in donating for the flood victims. We hope such incidents don't occur at all, but whenever they do, such help should always keep coming. We, at MSR, have just 1 aim in mind, to make people understand the social responsibilities they have towards the society. And **HELPING THE UNKNOWN WHEN IN NEED, IS INDEED ONE OF THOSE MANY RESPONSIBILITIES.**

Kerala Flood Donation Drive



N L Dalmia
Educational Society





My Friend Ganesha

Roshni Nathani
First Year, MMS

Ganesh Chaturthi is a festival which is celebrated every year all over India. This activity was started by Lokmanya Tilak to bring people close and spread joy and unite people of the society. As the tradition goes, people would come up with new and creative ideas every year to welcome Ganpati Bappa and spread joy.

This year the MSR committee of N. L. Dalmia Institute of Management Studies and Research decided to spread happiness and joy through an activity named 'My Friend Ganesha'. This activity was conducted with a lot of efforts and dedication to not just enjoyed the Ganesha festival but also work for a social cause. Team MSR taught the school children to make eco-friendly Ganpati which was later sold to teachers, parents and others which helped us in fundraising for Kondgaon. This event not just helped us in raising funds but also made those kids smile.

We as a team understood the importance of the festival which is not just enjoying but giving back to the society as well. The money raised will be further used by the committee for various activities of Kondgaon village. During, the event we as a team learnt what it is to work together and in spite of all the difficulties make an event a successful one. The kids loved the activity and we were happy to teach them a new thing which helped them showcase their creativity.

Selling the Ganpati was a challenge but the parents of the kids and Dalmia Parivar gave all the support and made it a successful event and helped us in achieving both the targets - making kids smile and contributing to the society. This Ganesh festival wasn't just about celebrations but also a small attempt towards achieving bigger goals. And we also made our friend Ganesha happy by helping His people.

Ganesha Idols in Making



N L Dalmia
Educational Society





**CAPTURING
THE
MOMENTS**



Laveena Makaji
First Year, GMBA

Apoorva Khandelwal
Second Year, MMS



Aditya Shetty
Second Year, MMS

Shubham Kadam
First Year, PGDM



Aditya Shetty
Second Year, MMS



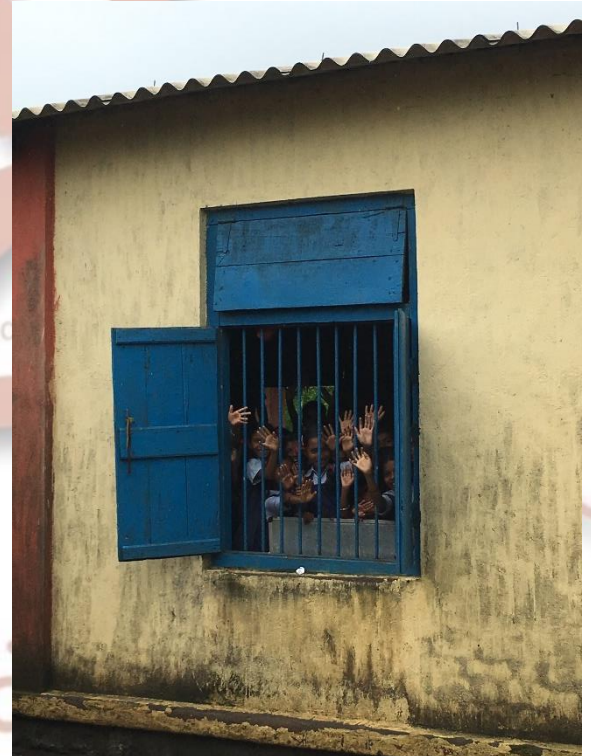
Akash Patwal
Second Year, MMS





Laveena Makaji
First Year, GMBA

Shimoni Timbadia
First Year, PGDM



Shreya Katakwar
First Year, PGDM

A group of young girls in school uniforms are posing for a photo. They are wearing blue dresses over light blue and white checkered shirts. Several girls have red flowers in their hair. They are all making peace signs with their hands. The background is a textured wall with yellow and green paint. The image is framed by a large white 'X' shape.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Are fights a conclusion to everything?

Gauri Sapkal

First Year, Global MBA



“Oh hey, how did you fare in this semester?”, her friend asked.

“Extremely well,” Pooja said bleakly.

This question is, naturally, an extremely common feature amongst friends. Pooja was amongst those who felt the need to hide and lie about their performances to avoid embarrassment before their peers.

Little did she know that her friend, Sonia was aware of how badly she had scored that semester and was waiting for her to confess the same.

A few days passed and Sonia confronted her again but Pooja was still too ashamed to admit anything. This went on for a while until Sonia finally confessed that she knew what the truth was and this led to a tiff between them. Their friendship was permanently damaged and trust was lost.

Friendships not only make you feel good but they also play a huge role in children’s health, well-being, and even survival. The lack of judgment or incapability to distinguish between good and bad company along with the association of the sheer number of friends to the popularity and “coolness” of an individual leave our kids vulnerable.

Ways in which you can avoid fights, solve them and not allow it to affect health:

Never argue silly things, hold grudges over insignificant happenings and let your egos come in the way of your friendships.

Don’t hide things from your closest friends because breaching their trust in any way can adversely affect your relationship with them.

When we are at crossroads with a friend or a group of friends, try to sort out any kind of misunderstanding. We must remember that communication is key.

Always put forth your perspective, opinions, and feelings and calmly listen to what anyone else might have to say in order to sort things out. Honesty is a key component in avoiding arguments and fights as much as possible.

Always trust the person rather than questioning it or jumping to conclusions. Trust is a beautiful thing. Trust means to rely on someone to have your back in times when you’d need them to.

Teenagers today understand the value of trust in every friendship. Modern society is built on trust and in the absence of trust, fear rules. And as they approach adulthood, different experiences with different people make them wary of whom they choose to trust. They learn to choose their inner circle carefully because trusting someone makes one vulnerable and they do not want to leave themselves vulnerable to anyone who would take advantage of it.

‘People were created to be loved, & Things were created to be used, the reason why the world is in chaos is that things are being loved and people are being used.’



The Red Room



Kinnari Sangodkar
First Year, MMS

Yet again in the same room I stand.

Yet again after so many downfalls.

The curtains that were once white have turned all red now.

The white walls, now red, with blood stains everywhere.

The thoughts, more dense, are scattered in the red air.

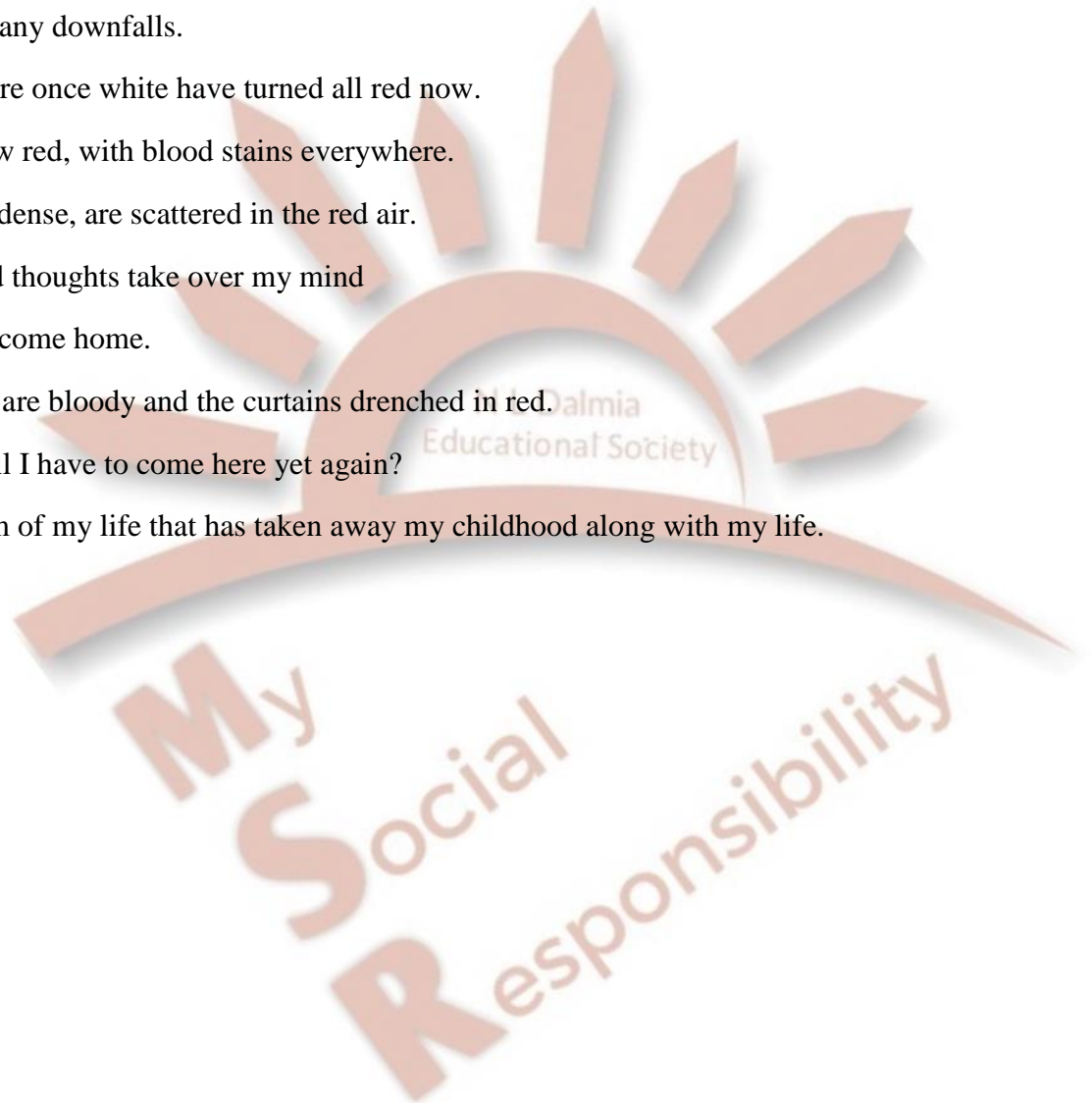
As I gasp, all the red thoughts take over my mind

One by one they all come home.

Yet again my hands are bloody and the curtains drenched in red.

Will this end Or Will I have to come here yet again?

The bloody red room of my life that has taken away my childhood along with my life.



Gratitude

Prabhuti Ojha
First Year, PGDM



It has been ages since I last lived a life without concerns! Do you remember yours? Probably, we would all ponder down to our childhood for reminiscing the life of immense joy with little concerns about the world.

Life was pretty quick from the days when I used to go to play school, come back home, play in the evenings, enjoying all family summer vacations to struggling in the rat race to survive. It happened one day when I realized this life wasn't so difficult when I met my neighbor. She is an old lady in her late 60's, who is always worried about her son. He was very brilliant as a child and was aspiring to do MBA. Back in 1990s he gave exams twice but couldn't clear it. As a result, he suffered from depression so severe that a normal life seemed a faraway dream. His mother talked to several doctors and psychologists but no one could understand his mental state. It sometimes changed his behavior from being obedient mamma's boy to frantically ill. He keeps moving around his mother, keeps eating entire day and keeps blabbering. It happened one day that we all went out for dinner together; he became very impatient as the food took longer than normal to arrive. So, when the starter came, he started eating abnormally fast as if he was starving for years, and then he stood up saying he wants to go home. He got agitated and left the hotel, so his mother, with no other option, followed him back home. That was when his father said that the medication he is undergoing, sometimes makes him worse-off. Life of people like him and their families are worse than any problems we usually face. Society calls them mad, but their families know the trouble they are facing. Responsibilities of every family member doubles when they have a child suffering through a mental illness. We are fortunate to live the life of joy which many look up to.

They say, 'Grass is always greener on the other side'. This chain follows immeasurably and there comes a point of gratitude where you should thank God for things you possess, even if it is as little as being physical fit because there are people who would be wishing for a health like yours. I believe in showing gratitude by going beyond my comfort zone and help make a child's life a bit better.

A hero without a cape

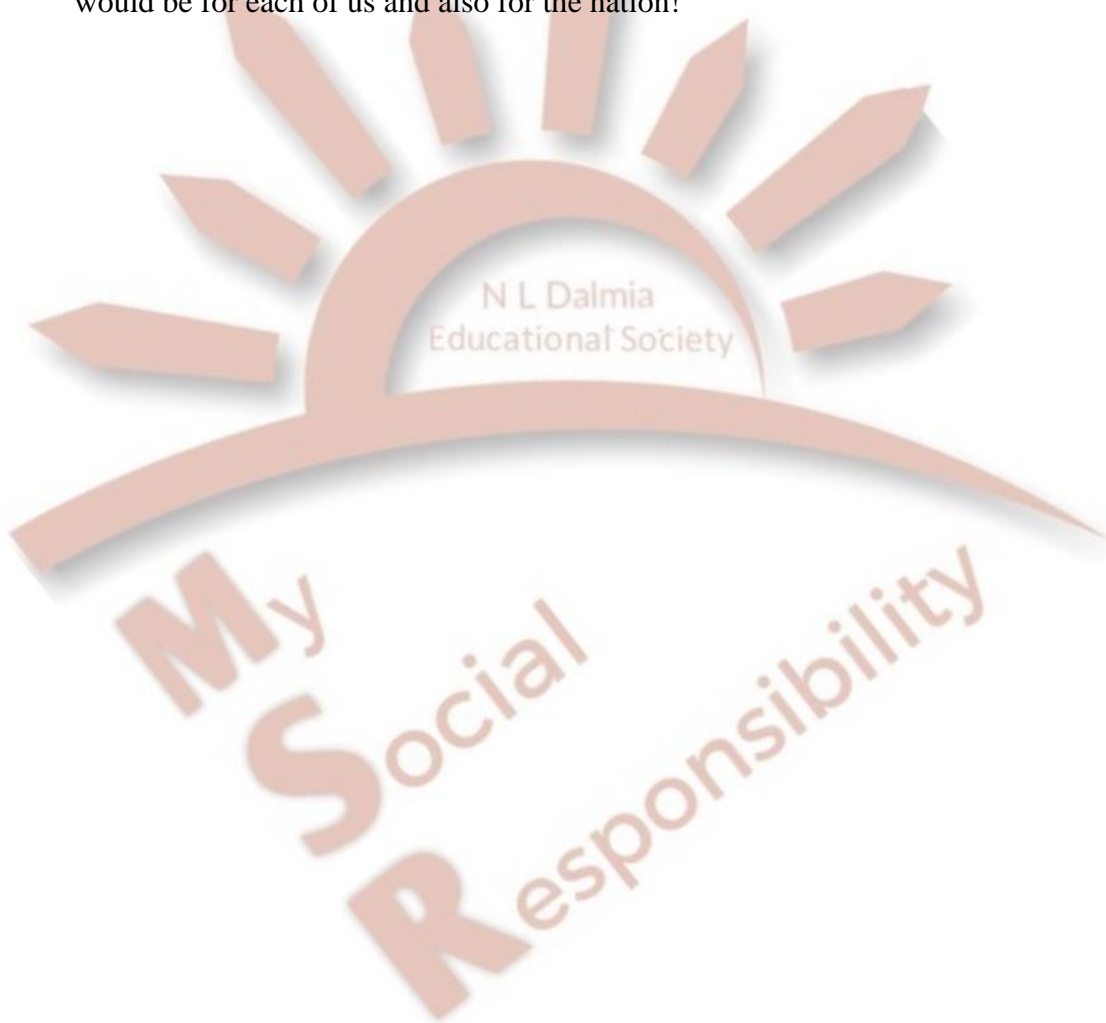


Mitali Salgaonkar
First Year, MMS

Most connections happen serendipitously and that's precisely how I became a follower of Nandini Vishwanathan on Twitter. However, it was only after her post on 25th April announcing the arrival of her adopted son, I realised not all heroes wear capes. While with the changing generation, I have heard many supporting the adoption of a child over having one of their own. But when it actually comes to adopting one for themselves, they prefer blood over nobility. So when I came across this announcement, it was only natural of me to be awed and delighted, and I was intrigued to know a little more of the thought process. Nandini was kind enough to let me get an insight on her adoption journey, and I am glad to share an excerpt of our conversation with the readers:

- **What prompted the decision to adopt?**
I and my partner always wanted to adopt a child, even if we had one. As fate turned out, I was infertile due to past two ectopic pregnancies. I was very from the start that I wouldn't go through IUI or IVF for a child. I always felt my identity was not limited to motherhood alone.
- **How did you go about the process?**
We filed an application on CARA. Post which, we had to choose a home agency which would guide through the entire adoption process.
- **Did you have any specific age group while adopting? And why so?**
Yes. We preferred the age of 0-2 years, as adapting to a new scenario becomes easier for the us as well as the kid. And we also wanted to have an experience of raising a child right from its infancy.
- **What were you most excited and nervous about?**
About a lot of things but moreover, I was hoping for the baby's good health. I also hoped the entire process to go smoothly with minimum red tapes.
- **Could you describe receiving the call about the news of the baby arriving home?**
As the process goes, a text is sent out and we are required to 'reserve' the child. And since then, we have 20 days to visit and accept the child. It was a whole new excitement, bringing the child home. The feeling of holding the cute little baby was lovely and surreal. The support we received from family and friends made it a much more fantastic and welcoming journey.

- Adopting a baby has a lengthy wait time, how did you get through it?
Honestly, it was just checking the queue and waiting for our number.
- How did your friends and family react to your decision and what was the story with your partner?
It was a joint decision between me and my partner. In fact, he was way more enthusiastic and emotional than me throughout the process. When we shared this news with our family and friends, they wholeheartedly supported us in this decision which simply added to the fun and happiness.
- Any advice for couples opting for adoption.
I would say, go for it. As noble as it is, it is really for your own joy. And it is also the need of the hour. Imagine if all of us adopted one kid and had one (or adopted both!), how wonderful it would be for each of us and also for the nation!



A group of people holding hands in a circle, with a large white triangle overlaid on the image. The text 'MSR COMMITTEE' is written in a bold, orange, distressed font across the center of the triangle.

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