May 2014 Edition
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Origin of Mother's Day goes back to the era of ancient Greek and Romans. But the roots of Mother's Day history can also be traced in UK where a Mothering Sunday was celebrated much before the festival saw the light of the day in US.

However, the celebration of the festival as it is seen today is a recent phenomenon and not even a hundred years old.

Thanks to the hard work of the pioneering women of their times, Julia Ward Howe and Anna Jarvis, that the day came into existence. Today the festival of Mother's day is celebrated across 46 countries (though on different dates) and is a hugely popular affair. Millions of people across the globe take the day as an opportunity to honor their mothers, thank them for their efforts in giving them life, raising them and being their constant support and well-wisher.
There are several words which describe the personality of Julia Ward Howe, yet they all fail in their individual capacity or even in their collective might to define the remarkable woman as she was. The world knows Ms. Howe as a writer, poet, playwright, essayist, travel writer, reformist, feminist, club woman, etc. She was all rolled in one and much more. She was a doting mother, an affectionate wife and powerful orator too. But Julia Ward Howe will always be revered for her contributions in bestowing dignity to women and motherhood. She was the first woman who fought for the official celebration of Mother’s Day in US. In her various social capacities, Julia tirelessly worked for justice throughout her life. She fought aggressively for the woman’s right to vote and struggled to liberate women from the traditional confines of home. Apart from all this, she is renowned as the author of the famous song, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic'.

The story of Mother’s Day is the story of firm determination of a daughter, Anna Jarvis who resolved to pay tribute to her mother, Mrs. Anna M Jarvis and all other mothers of the world. Anna Jarvis dedicated her life to fulfill her mother’s dream of the recognition of day for honoring mothers. Though never a mother herself, Founder of Mother’s Day, Anna Jarvis is today recognized as the 'Mother of Mother’s Day'. An apt title to define the remarkable woman’s ceaseless devotion to her mother and motherhood in general.
ಮೇಲೆಹೊಂದಾದ ವೇಳೆ ಸುಂದರವಾಗಿ ಉವೆ, ಸುಂದರವಾಗಿ ಉಯ್ಯ. ಸುಂದರವಾಗಿ ಉಯ್ಯ. ಸುಂದರವಾಗಿ ಉಯ್ಯ. ಸುಂದರವಾಗಿ ಉಯ್ಯ.
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ನಿಮ್ಮ ಶಾಕಾಂಶ, ನಿಮ್ಮ ಶಾಕಾಂಶ, ನಿಮ್ಮ ಶಾಕಾಂಶ.

- ಜೀ. ನಿಸರ್ಗಾಜೀ
Dad insisted that we should not be using school van facility. I was pretty sure Dad would have never chased a line bus to reach school in drizzling days. I never understood how he could relate responsibility to journey in line bus. Than getting wet or rude bus employees, the most annoying thing to me was that I was missing fun traveling with the top colors of the school.

As usual I was late to the bus stop and had to run to catch my bus only to miss it. Almost ten minutes I waited for the next bus and finally managed to travel in its footboard with plantation laborers. However my duty bound eyes were scanning every passenger who was getting on to the bus and out of it. And then...all my fortunes must have come together; I spotted this beautiful girl in lilac dress.

It’s worth missing thousand buses only to be compensated by traveling with her. I volunteered to safeguard her with my eyes through out the
journey. Add to my luck she got down at the school stop and looked kind of lost. I gathered all my courage and walked towards her.

The girl gave me a very strange and startled look slightly opening her mouth as if to respond and walked away shaking her head, answering nothing.

And I asked “You don’t look familiar with the place, how can I help you?”
Poor thing, she must be deaf or mute or both.

I kept wondering… such a failure, how this good looking and colorful one is a defective piece!
Only after a minute she walking away I realized that when I asked her “You don’t look familiar with the place, how can I help you?” nothing sound like that had come out of my mouth. Instead I sounded like a group of bees making buzz hum.
There are only two days in the year nothing can be done. One is called yesterday and the other is called tomorrow, so today is the right day to love, believe, do and mostly live.

- Dalai Lama

The Tibetan Golden Temple is located near Kushalnagar.

Photographed by Chandrika Annigeri
The Ring-necked or Rose-ringed Parakeet (*Psittacula krameri*) is a mainly green parrot with a red bill and a long, tapered tail. These parrots are highly gregarious, especially outside the breeding season, sometimes forming flocks of several thousand birds. They roost communally, often with crows, mynas, or other parrots.

*Photographed by Ranjith E*
I am a dead man,
I walk into your house-
Like a burglar.
I search your shelves for your diaries,
A piece of paper,
Or a wooden piece
Where you wrote about me.
I see something else
In a neat,
Blue,
Artistic handwriting!
The only place left is your mind.
I get into you
Scanning through every tracks and sectors!
As your mobile doesn’t carry my number,
You do not carry my name.
ಅನ್ನು,  

ವನ್ನು ಹೂಡಿದ್ದೇರ. ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗುವುದು,  
 ಹೂಡಿದ್ದೇರನ್ನು ನೀಡಲು.  

ವನ್ನು ಹೂಡಿದ್ದೇರ. ಮಂಜುಗಳು ಬೆಳೆಯುವುದು,  
ಸಹಿತ್ಯ ಬೇರೆ ಇದ್ದು.  

ವನ್ನು ಹೂಡಿದ್ದೇರ. ಭರ್ತಿಯು ನಿರ್ದಿಷ್ಟಾಗಿದೆ.  
ಸಹಿತ್ಯ ಹೂಡಿದ್ದೇರ.  

ವನ್ನು ಹೂಡಿದ್ದೇರ. ಮಂಜುಗಳು ಬೆಳೆಯುವುದು,  
ಸಹಿತ್ಯ ಬೇರೆ ಇದ್ದು.  

ಅನ್ನು, ವನ್ನು ಹೂಡಿದ್ದೇರನ್ನು ಹೂಡಿದ್ದೇರ.  
ಸಹಿತ್ಯ ಬೇರೆ ಇದ್ದು.  

ಅನ್ನು, ವನ್ನು ಹೂಡಿದ್ದೇರನ್ನು  
ಹೂಡಿದ್ದೇರ.
I was working for my mom until she decided to move.

The company made me a scapegoat - just like my three previous employers.

Special requests & job objectives: Please call me after 5:30 because I am self-employed and my employer does not know I am looking for another job.

My goal is to be a meteorologist.
But since I have no training in meteorology, I suppose I should try stock brokerage.

I procrastinate - especially when the task is unpleasant.

Personal interests: Donating blood; 14 gallons so far.

Education: College, August 1880 - May 1984.
Never break four things in our life—Trust, Relation, Promise & Heart because when they break, they don't make noise but pains a lot? — Charles Dickens.