

NeenV

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Volume IV

Annual Magazine of the College of Social Work, Nirmala Niketan (Autonomous)



Heal our Earth, heal our Future

Cover by - Sidhuja Tiwari
BSW-I



Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

Neenv is the forth annual magazine of the College of Social Work (Autonomous), Nirmala Niketan. It is a tri-lingual magazine, which showcases our students' creative writing skills. The word *Neenv* means 'Foundation'. The word originates from the Hindi Language. *Neenv* has created a platform for our students to express themselves in the form of prose, poetry and pictures. It is heartening to recognise the views and perspectives of budding writers. This magazine reflects social work as a theory. It also highlights various social issues.

The fruition of this magazine is due to the efforts put in by the Literary Committee. We thank Dr Lidwin Dias (In-charge Principal) and for their encouragement, and express our gratitude to the college management and our fellow students for their contribution to our magazine. The efforts put in by Mr. Mukund Modak and Mr. Vishal Koli (Audio-Visual Unit) are much valued. We also thank Mr. Albin Thomas, Mr. Sameer Mohite and Ms. Pallavi Xalxo (faculty members in-charge of the Student Council (2019-20) for coordinating with the Literary Committee.

Ms. Pranoti Dharankar & Ms. Pratistha Patel
Editors

Dear Readers,

The College of Social Work is proud to release the Student's magazine 'Neenv'.

Neenv is an attempt by our students to reach out not only to our own students, but to students of other colleges of social work in the country. It showcases articles, poems and thoughts that aim to provoke one into thinking about social issues and individual ideas.

Further, it also looks towards strengthening the student body in the college by encouraging them to motivate each other through their contributions. Reaching out to other colleges will enable them to know and appreciate the work done by the College of Social Work and build bridges of communication with each other.

I congratulate the Literary team for all their efforts in putting together this edition.

- Prof. Elvis Thomas,
Convenor, Student's Council 2019-20

दोस्ती जिंदाबाद.....

आयुष्याच्या वळणावर अनेक मित्र मिळाली,
काही हसरी, काही शांत, तर काही बरीच मस्तीखोर,
पण प्रत्येकाने दिला जगण्यास तेवढाच जोर....

प्रेसिडेंट साठी ...\$
बरीच मंडळी होती फक्त ओटर,
तर बरीच होती प्रचारकार,
पण प्रत्येकाने दिला जगण्यास सारखाच भार...

मित्रांच्या मैफलीत मात्र मस्त जगलो,
पण 'ती' आयुष्यात आल्यावर मात्र जीवनाचा अर्थच
समजलो.

#ती आणि #तो च्या शोधात बरेच खचले,
तर बरेच वर आले.
काहींनी तर लग्नच केले.
पण शेवटी मित्र मात्र सारखेच राहिले.

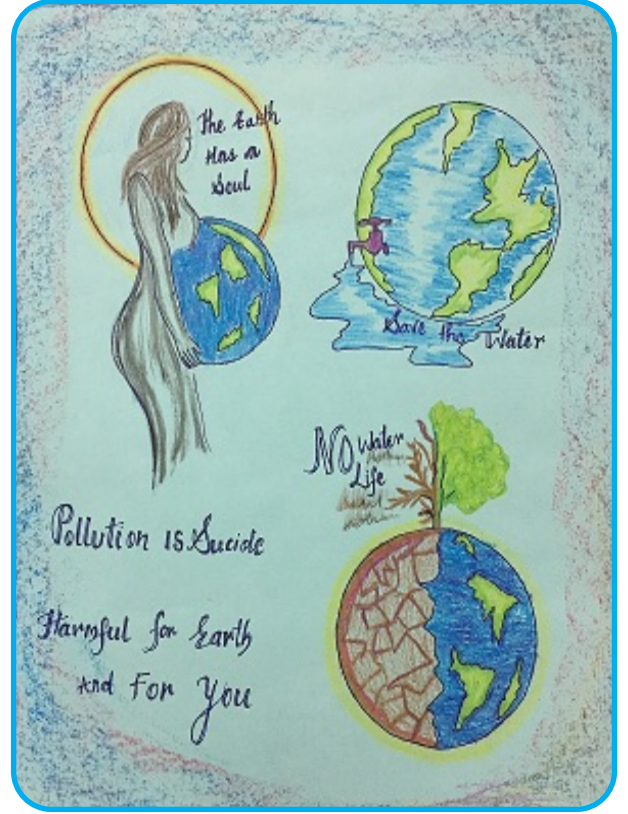
कॉलेज सुटल्यावर चहा कुठल्या टपरीवर घ्यायचा
या साठी सगळेच पुढे यायचे,
बिल मात्र कोण देणार म्हटले की सगळेच एकमेकांचे
चेहेरे पहायचे.

बस झाला अभ्यास आता कुठे तरी फिरू असे असंख्य
प्लॅन व्हायचे,
पण असाईनमेंट, सबमिशन ने साला सगळेच फेल
व्हायचे...

डेटा कलेक्शन बाकी बोलता बोलता आज तिसऱ्या
चापटरचे सबमिशन झाले,
परंतु थोड्याच दिवसात कॉलेज संपणार म्हणून डोळे
ओले झाले.

तुमच्या आठवणींचे पिसारे मित्रांनो नेहमी माझा सोबत
असतील,
कळत नकळत नेहमीच भेटण्याचे प्रयत्न असतील..

आपला .
दत्तात्रय वाघमारे- MSW-II



PRAVAS - A JOURNEY COUNTIUES.....

INTRODUCTION:

College of Social Work, Nirmala Niketan, Mumbai has started a field action project named “PRAVAS” for senior citizens based in *Urban Marginalized Communities* in the year 2019. One of the goals was to form self-supporting groups of senior citizens. The project began in Bhagat Singh Nagar 1, 2, and 3, Chatrapati Vasahat and Indira Nagar, Goregaon West. As the name rightly explains, it works for senior citizens in slum community.



College of Social Work, Nirmala Niketan had organized a National Conference on Healthy Ageing in 2018 at the Extension Centre at Goregaon East, Mumbai. Maharashtra. So the concept arose from the roots of National Conference to enhance Healthy Ageing of Senior Citizens in the Slum Community. It was initiated by Dr. Vijayanta Anand, professor of College of Social Work, Nirmala Niketan, Mumbai.

Pravas has a principle of promoting Healthy Ageing as a main AIM. It works dedicatedly to understand the care and protection of senior citizens in a community setting. It is focusing more on creating a safe space and environment in community for senior citizens and also to create strong systems of care and support groups to take care of the senior citizens in the community.

Enriching Field Work Experience:

In mid July 2019, I got a golden opportunity to work with senior citizens in the urban slum

community along with the team. It is my first experience working in the slum community in Mumbai. The field work has helped us to identify new areas of work, to identify the senior citizens in the community through *NEED ASSESSMENT*



SURVEY for 100 senior citizens. Through this survey I understood the realities, the struggles and health issues such as Heart problems, Arthritis, High Blood Pressure, Diabetes, Dementia, Depression and Stress. Some of the senior citizens are undergoing medication in many Government hospitals, clinics in the slum community and very few of them visit Private hospitals due to their financial problems.

While building rapport with senior citizens I learned to identify that the senior citizens have potential, and are resourceful and skilful. The senior citizens have a lot of stories about the development of the slum community. The senior citizens have rich ‘Oral Histories’.

During my field work I learned to mobilize and appropriately utilize human and material resources/ expertise within and outside the community. Example: Ganesh Temple as our resource centre. I developed the professional skills such as responsibility, maturity, commitment, teamwork, social work values, principals and ethics in my field work.



I learned to organize and motivate people to get more participation to the medical camps in collaboration with Nanawati, hospital Vile Parle West and SRV Goregaon West. Both are private hospitals.

We were able to conduct capacity building sessions such as formation of 3 senior citizens groups consists of 15 to 25 members and organized orientation programs for them. We also celebrated the year ending 2019. We were able to organize movement therapy, dance therapy and clay therapy for all the senior citizens.

As I look back I experienced a tremendous change in their lives. Senior citizens are very happy and grateful to Pravas Project. It made a difference in the lives of each senior citizens as well as the community. They experienced the smile, joy, hope, worth and dignity as senior citizens. They look forward to such programs. We felt we created trust, rapport and bonding with our senior citizens and network with likeminded NGOs and GOs.



I am grateful to College of Social Work Niramala Niketan for providing opportunities to grow as individuals,

develop passion for **SOCIAL WORK** and to be a facilitator and a change agent in the lives of the, **Voiceless, Downtrodden, Marginalized and those who are at the margins** brothers and sisters in our neighbourhood *Communities, Society and World* at large.

Written By

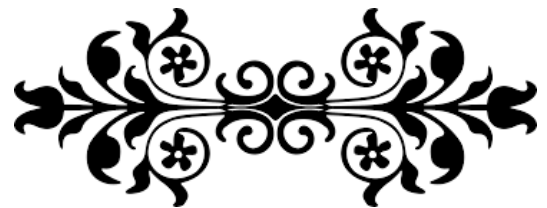
Latha Namburi, MSW II

नको त्या परंपरा त्या विधी
नको त्या परंपरा त्या विधी ज्या पुरुषांना स्वातंत्र्य देती,
अन् स्त्रियांना बंदिस्त ठेवती.
नकोच त्या परंपरा त्या विधी ज्या स्त्रियांना जन्म भर
वेदना देती.
नको त्या परंपरा त्या विधी जे करती कन्येचे दान,
अन् म्हणी दिल्या घरी तू सुखी रहा.
तर पाहिजेत अश्या परंपरा, विधी जी स्त्री असो की
पुरुष देती वागणूक समान.
पाहिजेत अश्या परंपरा, विधी जे विरोधतील कण्येचे
दान.
अस जर झालं तरच होईल सुरुवात भेदभाव मुक्त
समाजाला
तरच होईल सुरुवात भेदभाव मुक्त समाजाला

मृणाली हेमंत मेहेर
MSW -II

जाळले आमचे देह,
जाळले आमचे हक्क,
जाळले आमचे अधिकार,
जाळले स्वतंत्र भारताचे संविधानात्मक विचार,
आता जळूनी उरली फक्त अन फक्त राख.
तिच राख लाविली भस्मासुरांनी, अन झाले
पांढरपेशे विद्वान.

Vishal P. Mahakalkar.
MSW-II



Where I met whales, Kratos and myself

-Divya Fernandez, MSW II

When I was asked to counsel a 15-year-old boy during my block placement, I was flummoxed. Especially since my last attempt during a creative art class on sand tray therapy was scary, resulting in my “client”, read classmate, thrashing a “huge” by-miniature-standards whale about in the sand, while I was clueless what to do.

The boy turned out to be very reticent and was a dropout from 8th std. Since he rarely spoke it was difficult for anyone to know what was on his mind and whether he wished to study further or do something else.

What am I going to do I wondered, that everybody else had not done? I decided to consult my fieldwork faculty but before that I was thrown into a meeting with the boy. “What am I going to do now?” I wondered to myself secretly but I just got talking and asked him what he liked to do. It was a huge relief for me when he mentioned drawing. A brainwave hit me and I asked him to draw whatever he liked.

He drew a house and then I thought to myself what next. Now, what was the right question to ask? In between a couple of kids were hovering around saying, “Main bhi,” meaning they too wanted to draw and I had to send them away to the studies they were doing.

“Who is in the house?” I randomly asked my client and he drew three boys in the house, describing them as his friends. Couple of minutes later the two nosy kids were back, like a Jack in the box, and again I had to drag them away. When I returned,

“It's great you have your friends there. What do you like about them so much?” was my next question. Then he revealed that he looked up to one of the boys who could study well. He was enjoying it a great deal and began talking to the point that he expressed on his own, “I want to study. Why do I feel bored to study?”

This was a breakthrough for me that I was getting somewhere after all. All the training was unconsciously coming to the fore.

I also came to know that he liked to play games, so we had subsequent sessions of Feelings Snakes and ladders in a group as well as individually where one had to say when one came down the ladder what made one feel sad or incidents that provoked sadness and when one went up the ladder why one felt happy.

Other youngsters joined this too. When I mentioned something like I felt happy when they did well, a cheeky one commented, “Kya didi app kuch bhi fek rahe ho (What didi, you are faking anything.)” One of them lived in a virtual world and kept saying things like, “I feel happy when I win with so and so” some incomprehensible name (Kratos, later I found out). “Who's that,” I ask and they look up at me like I'm from outer space... “He's the guy in the video game,” they cry out. Got to brush up on my video game knowledge so I can play at this, I noted to myself.

All in all, my first foray into counselling was a learning experience where I could grow by laughing at myself and yet getting down to serious business.

FREEDOM

- SINDHUJA TIWARI

What's Freedom? When they can walk down that dark road without caring.

What's Freedom ? When they feel safe in public because no one's staring.

Got our independence back in 1947 then tell me why are we still slaving?

Slaves to our customs & traditions, slaves to our upbringing.

Majority of us see god in animals, then why can't we see our Devi's in our Women?

Religion may make you blind but why can't you open your Heart's and just listen?

Women's safety should have just existed, it shouldn't have been a mission but I guess as long as some men exist, women's safety will just be fiction.



मार्ग

ती तयार झालीय माझ्या सोबत माझ्या मार्ग नसलेल्या मार्गावर मार्गस्थ व्हायला ...

मार्गाच्या भविष्याची कणभर ही चिंता नाहीये तिला. तरी ही तिला अशा मार्गाने प्रवास करायचाय..

माझ्या सोबत मार्गस्थ करतांना तिला लढाव्या लागतील अनेक लढाया.

मार्गस्थ करताना तिनं आलेल्या उच्च निच वादळांच्या छाताडात लाथ मारून गुलमोहराच्या त्वेषान सैदव फुलत रहाव ..

निरंतर!!

अशोक केवळ सुखदेव BSW-III



मेघ ही रडले कमी असतील
जेव्हा दाटून आले डोळे
जग संपून गेले होते माझे
ते न कळतच झाले काळे

Vijay Shelke MSW-I

MEMORIES NEVER CHANGE

These stories are about nights that time forgot,
About two crazy stupid kids who used to
sneak out.

They used to sit in the middle of road eating
chips,

Ride out to the lake, with nothing but lyrics on
their lips.

They used to have conversations till the sun
would rise,

Talking about life, mistakes, girls and guys.

Not always lucky, sometimes got caught by
cops,

Worse was when they were hungry and there
were no open shops.

Those times looking for cycle wala guy who
had smokes magical,

The things by the lake that they spoke.

The scariest thing was sneaking out back
inside,

Both like ninjas, to their beds they would just
glide.

Then call each other to assure the other didn't
get caught,

And then still talk for another hour About what
not.

But like all good things come to an end,

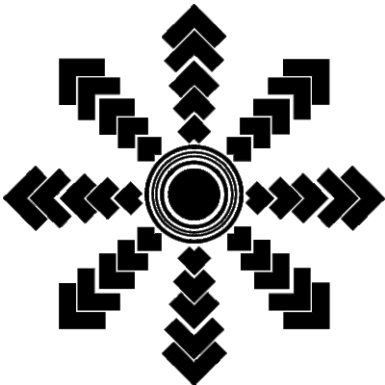
I guess something time can't mend.

Maybe now they look back and think 'what the
Chuck'?

Maybe they just give up later thinking it's just
their luck.

Going back to strangers from best friends is
strange but the memories they made are never
gonna change.

- Akash Jude MSW-II



प्रश्न ???

शहरात उरलेल्या एकुलत्या एक चाळीचा टॉवर

झाला,

अन त्याने सुटकेचा निश्वास टाकला.पोराला आवड

म्हणून,

पाखरांसाठी छानसा बर्डफीडरही टांगला गच्छीत.

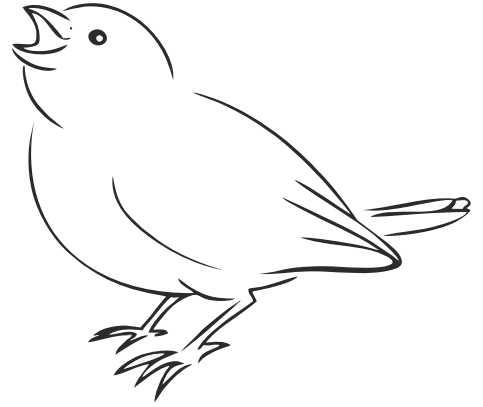
पण सध्यातरी कोपरा हरवलेल्या चिमणीला प्रश्न

पडलाय,

की घरटं बांधायचं कुठे?

प्रतिक्षा प्रगती प्रमोद

बी. एस. डब्ल्यू. - ३ रे वर्ष



आयुष्याचा झालाय अंधार

प्रकाशाची हवी चाहूल

अपेक्षा अधुन्या राहिल्या

अधूरं राहिलं तीच पाऊल

Vijay Shelke MSW-I

The most memorable days usually end with the dirtiest cloths!

Pratistha Patel BSW - III



“Imagine a life without trees”

Venancio Rodrigues MSW I





फुल फुलले दोन
दोन वेगळ्या जातीचे
आले आडवे कुंपण
जात अन् धर्माचे!

Ashok Sukhdev - BSW-III



आरश्यात नाही दिसले अस्तित्व, ते पाण्यात कसे पाहू!
अंगी कठोर परिश्रम दडले, पण स्वप्न गेले वाहून..

सोनम मोहिते, M.S.W-II

When you die nothing will be remaining of you, find your purpose.

Venancio Rodrigues MSW- I



Ukhurul Central School

Divya Fernandes

MSW-II



Old Manipuri Man

Divya Fernandes MSW-II





Student Council-2019-2020



Student Welfare Committee 2019-2020



*Avishkar 2019-2020
Participant's & Faculty In-charge Dr. Anita Panot*

Encountering Jewels of struggle

- **Divya Fernandez, MSW-II**

Imagine climbing down a hilly terrain and seeing unexpected jewels around each bend and turn...that was what Manipur was for me when I went for my block placement. Manipur literally means land of jewels and is a valley surrounded by hills all around. For me, the unexpected jewels were the rose cheeked, slit eyed chubby faces of a mother and child, of a group of giggling children, of an array of flowers, a centuries old pool of calm, a brightly coloured wooden house with pots of flowers neatly lined outside, of a wizened old grandpa sitting there, of an old Naga gateway, or a huge head-hunters stone.

There were more surprises on the food front...getting frog legs, snails and fish chutney for dinner. Then there was the weirdly smelling fermented bamboo shoots and fermented Ngari fish that the locals loved but put us off from miles away.

Then there were the lovely but powerful ladies who ran the entire Ima market selling varying shades of phaneks (wraparounds) and other handicrafts. The Vaishnav temple was bathed in peaches and cream or white as these were the delicate colours the Maiteyi tribe wore to the temple. The churches were filled with soulful singing.

Fighting the biting cold of Ukhurul hills one day or a swarm of mayflies another day or gasping for breath with the steep climb to reach some of the villages for a survey in Tungjoi hills were some of the challenging experiences. Sitting on a log on the top of a hill while children laughed and played around, soft music sounding from the boarding in the background, climbing a soft sloped hill too find an ancient pool of calm on the other side was among the idyllic experiences were some of the idyllic experiences.

Yet hidden beneath all this beauty was a life of struggle and ridden with conflict and injustice.

Manipur is riddled with conflict between the tribes like most northeast states. More youngsters frustrated by the lack of industrialization and job opportunities in the state and by being sidelined by the mainstream country are turning to underground outfits.

In our interaction with the students of peace clubs organized by our host organisation in schools, we found the students grappling with different issues, whether of personal anger or family strife or community conflict. The real beauty I saw was these youngsters who through their training in the peace clubs, had become reflective and aware of the situations that trigger conflict, and they are using skills they have learnt like meditation to control their own emotional responses, conflict resolution and mediation to tackle fights that erupted in family and community, and are building up the confidence to believe they can make a difference.

There was also struggle inherent in every undertaking whether it was going to school, accessing healthcare or even a trip to their own field meant trudging for more than an hour over hilly terrain. The real beauty was also the older people in the village who despite the challenges they face in terms of the geography and poverty, work hard and are contented and satisfied living a simple lifestyle.

It was an eye-opening experience for me to enter into a widely different socio-political scenario and culture and understand the complexities and challenges it poses. Also, how it is important to find and address, as is being done by the organization, the underlying issues of lack of livelihood, scarce resources and lack of opportunities that is among the causes of conflict among tribes. It also exposed me to people of different culture and diversity with a history and struggle of their own and what a much-ignored part of the country are thinking and feeling.

Dear Aaji,

I remember how aaji would wake up everyday and do puja or what she called as the ceremony of 'waking up gods'. I would collect flowers for the ceremony and then I would wait impatiently for her to finish the puja so that we could have our tea time, where I would tell her about my school, dreams that I had the night before and what not. She was the only person who listened to me. Later on, she would put at least one flower in my hair before I went to school.

Then, in the evenings she would sit with fresh jasmine flowers in a steel plate and a sui dhaga. It was a moment that is still fresh in my mind; Just like the fragrance of the jasmine. Those beautiful delicate jasmine hair garlands weaved by her wrinkled hands would be worn by every lady in the house except for her. I always wondered why.

Once, she was making chai in the evening and for the first time, I stringed in a jasmine garland, just for her. I ran to her, while she poured tea in cups, I held the garland and exclaimed 'aajji! for you!' I still remember the look in her eyes. It was a mixture of surprise and sadness. She smiled at me and said 'no beta, I can't wear this.' That very day, aai took me aside and told me that she can't wear flowers cause she is a widow. I still remained perplexed. What did aajoba's death have to do with her wearing flowers in her hair?

It's been a few years since I moved out for further studies. I miss going out to collect flowers for her puja but moreover I miss seeing her weaving those beautiful garlands. So Aajji, this is for you. I have seen how blissful you feel every time that you see a flower. 'Women should be free to do what she loves' didn't you tell this to dad when he wanted aai to quit her job? From now onwards, I want you to do what you love. Wear the flowers. Wear dark colour sarees. Aajoba's life did not define your identity and neither should his death. Sooner or later, people will accept it. It's time for gods to wake up.

-Sini Fernandes (MSW-II)



MUMMA

First of all let me thank you for giving me this life,

Let me just say it is hard to see your daily strife.

Let me apologize for the things that were hurtful like a knife,

It's crazy how you still manage to treat me like a prize.

I don't understand how could someone be so nice,

Cook my favourite dish even after you caught all my lies.

I could never be like you even after a thousand tries,

Still love me even when the most unexpected people said goodbyes.

Know that I love you even when we fight and shout,

Sorry that your plans for me didn't work out.

I guess I'll have to live with fact that i couldn't make you proud,

But know I'll be there when you need me, without a doubt.

As your daughter i hope and pray,

God gives you the sweetest dreams every time you nap.

- SINDHUJA TIWARI BSW-I

Humans before everything.

Globalisation, Liberalisation, Privatisation..Where is humanisation? The Indian republic turns a state 70 years. As we enter the third decade of millennium, the above statement bothers me even more. The countrywide protests and the unrest amongst the people with regard to the policies and the uninformed changes can be look upto a new era of revolt or is it just the history repeating itself? The problems are not temporary but structural and unless they are addressed, the decade ahead looks bleak for India. Climate change fuelled with industrialisation is now a reality. Health, livelihood, security, poverty, unemployment, poor sanitation etc still remain few of the major issues of developing India. Indian politicians apparently give the reason of GDP anywhere and everywhere possible. However it is no longer any question as to how our economy is grossly underperforming. Politicians are extracting catastrophic social costs from every source possible and then the government has to cut down on educational expenses and so on. The reality was right in front of our eyes and yet the same mistake was done in 2019 as that done in 2014. To look into the reforms made in our country these years may it be abrogation of 370, the verdict of Ayodhya, very recent Citizenship Amendment Act which resulted into Jamia Milia and JNU atrocities, all of it rightly points out towards the ideologies of Hindutva Political Consolidation and demographic federalism coming up for the next decade. Long back we have lost the touch of being

human and are constantly worried about growth rates, religion, gender and so on.. Humanity getting replaced and dissolved by agendas and politics is one of the worst things to witness in the upcoming decade. Our inner sense of consciousness is fading away and knowingly or unknowingly is getting coloured into greens and oranges. It is important that we understand the ones those are beaten up are humans, the ones who are burnt alive are humans, the ones we are trying to abandon are also humans.. It is high time we realise that humanity is on the verge of extinction and we can be its only saviours. It is the time that we stand by what is humane, by what is beneficial for growth, for what is appropriate. It's time that we think sanely about who is killing the human within us and whom are we killing as humans.

-Tanvee Thakur - BSW -III



FREE A GIRL

लिखा था खत में,
कोई जाते जाते युही।
ना बनना मेरी तरह,
खुद को रखना संभालकर तूही।

ये दुनिया है बड़ी,
ख्वाईशो से भरी।
ना तेरी सोचेगी,
ना मेरी रोकेगी।

मिला था मुझे भी,
कोई ऐसा एक सहारा।
जिसने मुझे बेचा,
पाकर पैसा ढेर सारा।

ना सोचा एक बार,
क्या होगा मेरा यारा।
छोड़ गया वहि,
भेड़ियो के हात।

सबने नोचा मुझ को,
खाया इस तरह।
की इंसान नहीं,
हुं की खिलौना उनका।

मैं टूटी इस तरह,
की जुड़ न पाई।
मेरे भी कुछ सपने,
पूरा ना कर पाई।

कोई रांड बुलाये,
कोई वेश्या पुकारे।
मैं भी अंदरसे सोचती,
क्या क्या नाम पुकारे।

हाय ये कैसी जिंदगी है,
जो मुझे पैरो तले दबाये।
ना मैं कुछ कर सकी,
ना खुद ही रोख पाई।

कोई सिगरेट का आग चुभाये,
कोई जिस्म मे जखम लगाए।
मैं भी चुप ही रहती,
और सबका जुल्म सेहती।

कोई रोको इन्हें,
ये कैसी सजा है।

क्या गलती मेरी,
क्या पाप किया हो।
जो ये जिंदगी मिली,
जो जीना बेकार है।

आती मुझे भी याद घर की,
न जाने कौन कहा है।
कोई ले चलो मुझे भी,
खुले आसमान के सहारे।
कई अर्सीसे देखें नहीं,
इस धरती के नजारे।

न जाने कब से बंद पड़ी हु,
इस अंधेरी जगह में।
कोई ढेर रात जगाये,
कोई जल्द सबेरे उठाए।

मैं भी वस्त्र पसारे,
उसकी शोख पुराये।
जीना नहीं है मुझे यहा पर,
कोई ले चलो उस जहा पर।
जहा कोई मेरा नाम पुकारे,
मुझे कोई सीने से लगाये।

कोई ये भी तो पूछे,
क्या हाल है मेरा।
अब तक सबने यही पूछा,
कितना लोगी यहां का।

नही सुनना मुझे ये भाव मेरा,
नही हु में कोई खरीदा नौका।
जो जब चाहें पार लगाए, और जितने चाहे, उतने सवारी लगाए।

निकालो मुझे भी यहां से,
जीने दो मुझे इस जहाँ में।
कोई थामा है ये जिस्म मेरा,
कब छोड़ेगा ये पीछा मेरा।

कोई प्यार जताये,
कोई सपने दिखाए।
पर न मिला मुझको,
जो दिल को सवारे।

धोका है ये सब धोका है,
इसलिये लिखती हू तुझे ये खत ऐसा सोचा है।
ना बनना मेरी तरह,
संभाल कर रखना खुद को,
सब से किसी तरह।

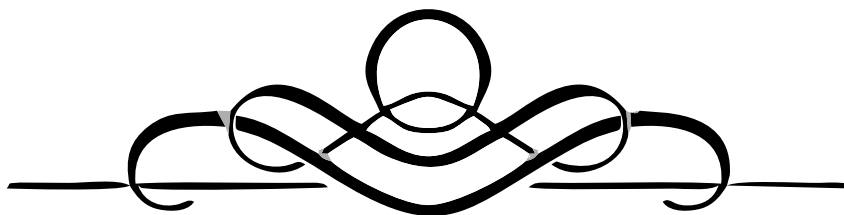
Beauty Shaikh MSW-II

Why, you are the person

Why, you are the person I like to tease
Why, you are the person who gives me advice
Why, you are the person with whom I like to talk
Why, you are the person with whom I fight
Why, you are the person who knows my mood
Why, you are the person who understands me
Why, you are the person with whom I laugh
Why, you are the person who shares coffee with me
Why, you are the person who knows what's going inside my head
Why, you are the person who has knowledge about many things
Why, you are the person who listens to my nonsense always
Why, you are the person who feels but does not show that I'm annoying too...

You are the person I like to talk
You are the person I like to hear
You are the person I like to admire
You are the person I like to learn life from
You are the person I would like to trust
You are the person I would like to share and don't feel to care
You are the person I would like to spare all the space and place in my heart
You are the person I always feel like I know from ages and stages
You are the person who sometimes feels like a stranger and yet I know you dear
You are person whose one-word reply means the world literature to me
You are the person I really wish to see every day with a smile and my text pouring rains of praise
You are the person simple but yet very special.

- PranotiRaj Dharankar BSW -III



Romeo Must Die

So tell us how it happened, they asked. hours after their stories got broadcast. Is it not enough to ask once how they were harassed ? But they argued that atleast nothing went unquestioned as she lay there, wanting to die every moment that passed. Physically in the present and still alive but mentally dead.

Let me rewind a little ,so yes it was typically dark cause that's the only time when a coward strikes. All over her body they left marks. Can you imagine it? Let me give you something to relate to - Imagine being helpless in water, injured and bleeding at that surrounded by sharks. Yes, that and you know they aren't going to stop till they have ripped your soul to shreds to satiate themselves..

It doesn't matter if is she is in a diaper, burqa or a skirt - a rapist just doesn't care and they don't think. We always tell our girls from birth to stay alert maybe if we had focussed on our boys , a girl's life would have been normal and not spent being alert or fearful.

I can't even begin to imagine what the victim must have gone through or was she even thinking or feeling anything at all.. Wondering what was her fault, I mean what did she do wrong..why was she being sexually assaulted ? Imagine being in the middle of one, praying, begging and helplessly hoping for the horror to stop and then being questioned by people beginning with the police to the media and everyone else - isn't that or shouldn't that feel like being raped a thousands times all over again.. heartless people who think justice is going to give me some solace.. No, coz I really do want to die then live a nightmare that even Satan wouldn't wanna endure ..

I am sorry but she wasn't born or raised to lived the life of a victim.. She should have lived like a heroine - confident and fearless as she walked through life. The nameless Mothers, Daughters and Sisters - all of them heroines whose stories aren't known.. people who have gone through so much because most Men and some women - there mindsets and actions were so inhuman and narrow.

Can you imagine how helpless this planet would be if all these heroines were to die or suddenly just disappear? No, I bet you can't

- SINDHUJA TIWARI BSW-I

अनोळखी मैत्री

मैत्री की प्रेम कोणास ठाऊक काय

पण आतुरतेने वाट पाहन

मला आवडते हे काय खोट नाय

शनिवार - रविवारची सुट्टी फार जड जाते

वर्गात येऊन वाट पाहतो कधी ती येते

ऑफ लेक्चरला तिच्यासाठी मस्ती करतो

पण ती काही कॉलेजला नाही आली

कि बाहेर भटकत फिरतो

रात्रभर स्वप्नात तीच असते

डोळ्यासमोर येऊन

गोड हसत असते

वाट पाहतोय तिची, हे कसे सांगू तिला

पण धीर धर असा, मित्रांनी दिलासा दिला

मला तुला गमवायच नाही, कमवायचं आहे

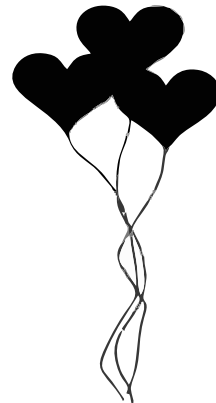
तुझ मन हरवायचं नाही, माझ्या प्रेमात रमवायच आहे

प्रेमासाठी तर मी तिची वाट पाहिली

पण कसल प्रेम

आता वाटतय आमची तर अनोळखी मैत्रीच राहिली

विजय शेळके MSW-I



आँचल

आँचल तुम्हारा ओ माँ,
ओढ़ी रहीं हम पर सदा से।
आँचल में तू रखना बचाये हुम को,
इस दुनिया के बुरी नज़र से।

बदमाश, रेपिस्ट, छिछोरे सभी,
घूमे यहां गली-गली सभी।
हम को तू बचाती है यहा,
हम को तू देती सहारा।

बचपन मे सिखाया था हम को,
यहाँ सभी भाई-बहन है तुम्हारे।
पर आज क्यों है ऐसा,
एक बहन को कई भाई छेड़े क्यों वैसा।

माँ तेरी आँचल सदा से दि हम को,
एक बार- बरी का प्यार और दुलारा।
फिर क्यों ये उड़ाए कीचड़ हम पर,
कि हम ही है जिम्मेदार सारी गलतियों के।

बचपन की गंद तूने पोछा,
जवानी ने तुझ पर गंद फेका।
भला क्यों है तेरा आँचल मैला,
और तेरी बेटियों ने क्यो दुख झेला।

आवाज़ उठा दे माँ तू भी एक बार,
और देख हिम्मत तेरी बेटियों की।
लड़ेंगे हम साथ होके,
और चलेंगे साथ-साथ,
एक नई दिशा की ओर।

ये जिंदगी तू भी कभी,
मौका दे हम को कभी।
क्यो जिये डर-डर के हम,
किस बात का है तुझ में दमा।

जीना है हमें जीना है,
माँ तेरे ही संग चलना है।
किसने दिया है लड़को को,
इतनी आजादी ये।

हमें भी दे कर देखों,
किस तरह हम लहराते है।
आँचल माँ तुम्हारी,
तू है पिता रक्षक हमारा।
और ना कभी बनना भक्षक किसी बेसहारा का,
तुझ से ही है सारा जीवन हमारा।

बचा ले हम को तू यहाँ पर,
क्यों नही होते यहाँ सारे रक्षक,

हमारे सारे पिता समान।
तू है प्यारी माँ ओर,
दयालु पिता है हमारे।

छोडोना ऐसे हमे तुम,
जब बुरा हादसा हो हमारे संग।
जिंदगी की पहली हिम्मत हो तुम,
और आखरी उम्मीद भी तुम हो।

आँचल तुम्हारा ओ माँ,
ओढ़ी रहीं हम पर सदा से।
पिता का साया बने रहे हम पर सदा से।

Beauty Shaikh MSW-II



आठवणींच तिच्या गाठोडं आहे
आठवणीने हृदय दाटलं आहे
डोळ्यात पाणी साठलं आहे
काळीज मात्र फाटलं आहे

Vijay Shelke MSW-I

माझी परी

सकाळची वेळ होती. पक्ष्यांचा किलबिलाट चालू होता. हवा मंद पणे हळूवार चालली होती. सगळीकडे शांतता पसरली होती. मी लवकर उठून माझ्या कामाला लागलो होतो. सकाळचे वातावरण असल्याने माणसांची गर्दी जवळपास नव्हती. तेवढ्यात माझ्या कानावर एका बाईचा ओरडल्याचा आवाज ऐकू आला तो आवाज ऐकून मी घाबरलो. मला काहीच समजत नव्हतं काहीच सूचत नव्हतं. मी त्या आवाजाच्या दिशेने धावत गेलो. मला जाणून घ्यायचं होतं हा आवाज का आला आणि काश्यासाठी काढला होता. मी माझ्या हातातलं काम सोडून आवाजाच्या ठिकाणी पोहचलो. मी एकदम कावराबावरा झालेलो होतो. मला फक्त त्या आवाजाबद्दलची माहिती करून घ्यायची हो बस अजून काही नाही मी अस्वस्थ झालो होतो पण मला एवढेच माहिती होती की तो आवाज मात्र माझ्या आईचा होता अन माझ्याच घरातून आलेला होता .

त्या आवाजाबद्दल जाणून घेण्याचा प्रयत्न केला पण सगळं काही व्यर्थ. आवाजामुळे आजुबाजुच्या बायका गोळा झाल्या होत्या अन दरवाजावरच उभ्या राहिल्या होत्या कोणत्याच पुरुष माणसाला आत जाऊन देत नव्हत्या, दरवाजावर उभ्या बायकांपैकी मी एकीला विचारले अन खात्री करून घेतली की कोणाच्या जिवाला धोका तर नाही ना, जरी खात्री पटली असली तरी माझ मन हे अस्वस्थच होतं. थोड्या वेळाने घरातून येणाऱ्या बायका माझ्या डोक्यावर हात ठेऊन जात होत्या, मला सांत्वना देत होत्या बहुतेक असा मी अंदाज काढला होता परंतु त्यांच्या चेहऱ्यावर स्मित हास्य होते त्यामुळे माझ्या मनातील भिती मात्र कमी झाली होती, कोणी माझ्यावर प्रेम दाखवत होतं तर कोणी मला मिठाई मागत होतं, मला काहीच समजत नव्हतं की घरात काय घडलय न मला कोणी काहीच सांगत नव्हतं सगळं काही समजून घेण्यासाठी माझ मन व्याकुळ झालं होतं, तेवढ्यात घरातून बाहेर माझी आजी आली. मला राहवेना म्हणून मी आजीला विचारलं तेव्हा तिने सांगितले ति बोलली “अरे वेड्या तू बाबा झालास तुला मुलगी झाली आहे” .

मी खुप खुश झालेलो होतो मला काहीच सूचत नव्हतं काय करू न काय नाही, मला नाचायचं मन करत होतं पण मी स्वतःला थांबवत तरीसुद्धा आनंद हा माझ्या शरीरातल्या प्रत्येक अवयवातून फुटून बाहेर येत होता. मनाला शांत करून मी थेट घरात गेलो अन माझ्या मुलीला बघितलं ति गोड चिमुकली जणू स्वर्गातून उतरलेली छोटीशी परी होती माझी . तिचे ते रूपनयनी डोळे, तिचे कपासावानी मऊ- मऊ गाल तिचे संपूर्ण शरीरच एखाद्याला भाऊन जाण्यासारखं होतं . मी तिला अलगद उचललं आणि माझ्या जवळ घेतलं . मला राहवत नव्हतं म्हणून मी तिची पप्पी घेण्यासाठी तिला माझ्या जवळ घेतलं अन पप्पी घेणारच तेवढ्यात माझ्या तोंडावर कोणीतरी पाणि ओतले. मी माझे मिटलेले डोळे उघडले अन समोर पांढरी कपडे घातलेली दोन माणसं उभी होती त्यातील एक बोलला “उठ तुला शॉक द्यायची वेळ झाली आहे “, हे ऐकून मी घाबरलो नंतर मी माझ्या हाताकडे बघितले माझी परी माझ्या हातात नव्हती . मी घाबरलो न ओरडलो परी कुठे आहे . मला तिच्याकडे घेऊन चला , मला माझी परी हवी आहे . त्यातील एक माणूस बोलला याच नेहमीच आहे , दररोज याला तिच्या मुलीचे झटके येतात . जन्मून काही मिनिटच झालेली . याची मुलगी घराचं छत कोसळल्यामुळे त्यात दडपून मेली, तिथे घरात असलेली सगळी माणसं मेली. सारं होत्याच

नव्हतं झालं पण देवाच्या कृपेने हा मात्र वाचला परंतु त्याच्या डोक्याला मार लागल्यामुळे हा वेडा झालेला आहे. असे बोलून मला बांधून जबरदस्ती डॉक्टरकडे घेऊन चालले होते अन मी जोरात ओरडलो माझ्या बद्दलची ही अफवा कोणी पसरवली कोणास ठावूक? पण ती माहिती खोटी आहे हे मी सगळ्यांना कसं पटवून देवू? पण त्यांनी माझ काही एक न ऐकता मला डॉक्टरकडे घेऊन घेले.....

Vijay Shelke MSW-I



अर्धवट राहिलेली गोष्ट

ती खरं म्हणजे खूप अचानक भेटली, ध्यानात मनात नसताना. ती तशी माझी कुणीच नव्हती, पण नेहमीच घोळ घालणाऱ्या तब्येतीने माझी पुन्हा एकदा मजा घेतली आणि मला आराम करण्यासाठी थांबावच लागलं. पण अशाच वेळी नेमकी तुम्हाला झोपही येणार नसते आणि तुम्हाला बरंही वाटणार नसतं! त्या वेळी ती माझ्या सोबत होती, तिची होती नव्हती ती सगळी कामं करून झाल्यानंतर आणी आता करण्यासारखं काहीच शिल्लक नाहीये हे लक्षात आल्यानंतर ती माझ्या शेजारीच पडली. बोलावं की बोलू नये या विचारात मी दोन तीन वेळा कूस बदलली आणि मग तिनंच विचारलं की झोप लागत नाहीये का? मला वाटलं की कदाचित याच प्रश्नाची वाट पाहत होते मी!!! आणी मग झोप का नाही लागत यावरचं आमचं संभाषण तिच्या बालपणापर्यंत जाऊन केव्हा पोहोचलं समजलंच नाही, आता यापुढे मी ऐकणार्यांच्या भूमिकेत असणार होते, आणि ती खूप काही उलगडणार होती... खरं म्हणजे खूप अचानक भेटली, ध्यानात मनात नसताना. ती तशी माझी कुणीच नव्हती, पण नेहमीच घोळ घालणाऱ्या तब्येतीने माझी पुन्हा एकदा मजा घेतली आणि मला आराम करण्यासाठी थांबावच लागलं. पण अशाच वेळी नेमकी तुम्हाला झोपही येणार नसते आणि तुम्हाला बरंही वाटणार नसतं! त्या वेळी ती माझ्या सोबत होती, तिची होती नव्हती ती सगळी कामं करून झाल्यानंतर आणी आता करण्यासारखं काहीच शिल्लक नाहीये हे लक्षात आल्यानंतर ती माझ्या शेजारीच पडली. बोलावं की बोलू नये या विचारात मी दोन तीन वेळा कूस बदलली आणि मग तिनंच विचारलं की झोप लागत नाहीये का? मला वाटलं की कदाचित याच प्रश्नाची वाट पाहत होते मी!!! आणी मग झोप का नाही लागत यावरचं आमचं संभाषण तिच्या बालपणापर्यंत जाऊन केव्हा पोहोचलं समजलंच नाही, आता यापुढे मी ऐकणार्यांच्या भूमिकेत असणार होते, आणि ती खूप काही उलगडणार होती...

तिचा जन्म मुंबईतला. बापानं एकापाठोपाठ एक करीत मुलीच झाल्या म्हणून सरळ दुसरं लग्न केलं. आईची सवतही नात्यातलीच. तिला मग नंतर मुलगा झाला. पण मुलगा झाला म्हणून जगायला लागणारा पैसा आभाळातून पडत नसतो. आई घरकामाला जायची. मोठी बहीण पण आणि मग तिनंही जायला सुरवात केली तीही वयाच्या दहाव्या अकराव्या वर्षी. भांडी घासायचं काम होतं, असतील तेवढी भांडी पटापटा घासून निघायचं, पुढचं घर गाठायचं, ते झालं की आणखी पुढे! लहान म्हणून बहिण आणी आईनं कधीच कपडे-झाडूपोछयाला हात लावू दिला नाही, तरी सतत पाण्यात राहून राहून हात सोलवटून निघायचे, हातापायाला कुयरी व्हायच्या, रात्री कामावरून परत आलं म्हणजे हातपाय प्रचंड ठणकायचे. या सगळ्यात कचरा वेचयचंही काम केलं, पण त्रास आणि हाल तेच! इरीत असताना शाळा थांबली आणि मग तिची जागा दुनियादारीनं घेतली! काही म्हणजे काही शिकवायचं सोडलं नाही!!

वयाच्या बाराव्या वर्षी लग्न करून सासरी आणि मग पंधराव्या वर्षी पहिलं बाळंतपण! दवाखान्यात आणल्यानंतर पहिला प्रश्न हाच होता की आई वडिलांनी इतक्या लहान वयात लग्न लावून दिलंच कसं !! पुढे बोलता बोलता तिचं तिलाच हसू आलं. 'बाप पुढचे १५-२० दिवस फरार होता, सापडला असता तर आत जावं लागलं असत नं!' सहज बोलून गेली ती. 'पुढे बर्याच वर्षांच्या अंतरानं मुलगी झाली. दोन्ही मुल छान शिकली. त्यांनी त्यांचे संसार उभे केले. मधल्या काळात नवरा

दारूमुळं गेला. सगळ्या कुटुंबान समजावून पाहिलं, पण नाही ऐकलं. शेवटी गेला.' एव्हाना तिचे भरून आलेले डोळे तिनं पदरानं पुसून घेतले होते. 'घरकाम करून संसार उभा केला.सगळ्यांची साथ आहे.त्यात कामाचीही! अनेक ठिकाणी काम केलं. आता जरा निवांत आहे पण कामानं पाठ नाही सोडली. काही करण्यासारखं नसलं म्हणजे अस्वस्थ व्हायला होतं.' ती हसून म्हणाली, मी ऐकत होते.

या सगळ्यात पुण्यानं आपलसं केलं. लग्नानंतर पुण्यातच राहिलो, काम केलं.मुल मोठी झाली आणि आता तिथेच स्थायिकही झाली.' मुंबई बदल बोलताना ती सांगत होती, 'मुंबई जशी ती सोडून गेली होती,त्यापेक्षा कित्येक पटींनी बदलली. सगळंच बदललं. आता स्टेशनवर उतरून घरी यायचं म्हंटल तरी गांगरायला होतं. रस्ते कळनासे होतात कारण सगळ्या बिल्डिंगी सारख्याच दिसतात! मुंबईनं रुपडं पालटलंय . माणसं आली - गेली, आता ओळखीचही फारसं कुणी नाही दिसत. एक दोन घर सोडली तर वस्तीतही ओळखीचं कुणी नाही.मुलगी आणि मोठी बहीणही मुंबईतच राहते. इथं आलं म्हणजे फक्त छान राहायचंच असतं पण हल्ली हल्ली इथेही जीव गुदमरतो! शांत राहावं म्हणून ठरवूनही राहवत नाही आणि घरातली कामही दुपारपर्यंत संपून जातात. वेळ खायला उठते मग!' आताशा फक्त ती बोलत नव्हती, तिच्यातल्या रीतेपणानंही बोलायला सुरवात केली होती.

मग अचानक ती थांबली, तिनं कुस बदलली, उठून बसली. पाठच्या भिंतीचा आधार घेत तिनं पाठ टेकली आणि पुन्हा मग गावच्या देवांबद्दल, जत्रेबद्दल, गावाकडची जमीन, घर, सावत्र भावंड, नातेवाईक सगळ्यांबद्दल सांगत राहिली. सांगता सांगता शांत झाली. एकदा स्वतःच्याच चेहऱ्यावरून हात फिरवला, गळ्यापर्यंत आलेला कढ गिळला आणि मग हळू हळू वेळ घेत बोलत राहिली खूप काही सांगायचं होतं तिला.मी ऐकत होते कितीतरी वेळ, तिला हवा असलेला वेळ देत होते ती वेळ घेऊन सांगत राहिली आणि सांगतच राहिली...

बर्याच वेळानंतर कधीतरी सर्वजण आले, तिची गोष्ट शिल्लक होती कदाचित किवा तेवढीच सांगायची असेल तिला. पण आम्ही थांबलो. ती दुसऱ्याच दिवशी सकाळी सकाळी पुण्यासाठी निघणार होती. अर्थात पुन्हा भेट जवळपास नाहीच! पण तरीही मला ही गोष्ट अर्धवट राहिल्याच वाईट वाटत नव्हत, कदाचित काही गोष्टी अर्ध्याही खूप सुंदर असतात!!!

प्रतिक्षा प्रमोद
समाजकार्य पदवी- ३२ वर्ष



Sanshodhan Aur Avishkar

This year two students from Msw II represented CSWNN in the inter-collegiate research convention organized by Mumbai University titled as Avishkar Research convention 2019-20.

Miss Sonam Mohite and Mr Santosh Kharat of MSW II made our college proud by representing our college and being qualified for the university level research project competition being several other colleges in the Mumbai Thane Zones. Sonam and Santosh bagged the gold and silver medal respectively at the University level competition and won certificates of participation at State level Research convention. The Abstracts of their Research studies have been mentioned below:

Practices of Menstrual Hygiene among rural adolescent girls

Abstract

Menstruation marks a natural process occurring between ages of 12 to 49 years among women. While safe and effective menstrual hygiene is important, in rural area it is surrounded by myths and taboos which restrict women. The research aimed to study the knowledge, healthy practices and their suggestions regarding support expected from society during menstruation.

Method: A descriptive study conducted in which a multi stage sampling technique was used to select 60 adolescent girls from rural areas of Satara district. Data collection and Analysis was carried out using pre-structure interview schedule and SPSS respectively.

Results: The findings reflect disproportions in knowledge of menstruation as a physiological process, maintaining menstrual hygiene management, preference of absorbent and the prevalence of social restrictions during the course of menstruation. Educational levels of parents were shown to have a positive correlation in the experience of restrictions ($r = 0.687$, $p = .000$ for father's education & $r = 0.291$, $p = 0.024$ for mothers education,) and menstrual hygiene practices by respondents.

Key words: Menstrual Hygiene Management (MHM), Knowledge, Preference to absorbent, Taboos and Myths, Social Support.

Sonam Mohite

Guide: Ms. Reny Rajan

Ranked: University Level **1st ranked Gold Medallist**



भंगार वेचक महिला : दैनंदिन उपजीविका आणि व्यवसाय संबंधीच्या समस्या

Abstract

विषय : भंगार वेचक महिला : दैनंदिन उपजीविका आणि व्यवसाय संबंधीच्या समस्या. भंगार वेचक महिला हि समाजातील दुर्बलातील दुर्बल घटक आहे व तसेच जातीय लैंगिक आणि व्यावसायिक स्तरामुळे आणि दुर्लक्षित घटक असल्यामुळे समाजामध्ये त्यांना बरोबरीचे स्थान नाही.

पद्धती शास्त्र (Methodology): तथ्य संकलन करताना प्राथमिक संसाधने आणि दुय्यम संसाधनाचा वापर केला. ठाणे येथील भिम नगर परिसरातील भंगार वेचणाऱ्या महिलांची निवड हि पद्धतशीर सहजगत्या (Systematic Randomly) हि पद्धतीचा वापर केला आहे. ६० भंगार वेचणाऱ्या महिलांची मुलाखत घेतली आहे. संशोधकाने प्रश्नावली तयार केली, त्यानंतर भंगार वेचणाऱ्या बायकांना वैयक्तिकरित्या भेटून त्यांच्या मुलाखती घेऊन माहिती जमा केली. माहिती SPSS मध्ये टाकली व त्यातून निष्कर्ष घेतला. सदर संशोधनामध्ये भंगार वेचणाऱ्या महिलांची माहिती हि गोपनीय ठेवली जाईल. हे संशोधन फक्त भंगार वेचणाऱ्या महिलांवरती केले आहे. आणि हे फक्त ठाणे येथील भिमनगर वस्ती मधील भंगार वेचणाऱ्या महिलां पुरते मर्यादित आहे. यात पुरुषांचा समावेश नाही.

निष्कर्ष : दलित समुदायातील महिलांचा समावेश जास्त दिसून आला, समाजामधील भेदभाव, आरोग्याचा समस्या, कुटुंबातील व्यक्तींचे व्यसनांचे प्रमाण, सामाजिक संस्था व शासनाच्या सोयी-सुविधा मिळत नाही.

कि वर्ड (Key Word) : भंगार वेचक महिला, सामाजिक, आर्थिक, कौटुंबिक, काम, निर्णय, दैनंदिन जीवन, समस्या, सामाजिक संस्था, शासनाच्या योजना.

Santosh kharat

Guide: Dr. Prabha Tirmare

Ranked: University level 2nd ranked, Silver medallist.

Experience of Flood Relief

“I prefer a church (Institution) which is bruised, hurt and dirty because it has been out on the streets, rather than a church (institution) which is unhealthy from being confined and from clinging to its own security.” – Pope Francis. I personally feel Pope Francis exhorts us to come out of the shackles of a cozy life style and to commit ourselves to a selfless service and a reckless empathy. The praxis of the above said exhortation was lived out by us during the flood relief initiatives in Kerala .



Wide campus, laughter everywhere, colorful programmes, student loving faculties have certainly been great expressions of a great college. But the catastrophe that shook God's own country and having played our role in the lives of the flood affected people, established beyond doubts that even the soiled clothes, reckless actions and the foul stench of the filth and dirt have better platforms for testing the social orientation and be in the 'University of life'.

Its is needless to say that during those many days of being with the shattered people of Kerala, it was an extraordinary experience of living out the mission of our college. We were with the little ones of humanity, traumatized by the unexpected tragedy caused by the flood. All that help and physical labor we extended to the unknown and unfamiliar people of different creed and caste, we could really feel that we as NN students living out its vision and mission in concrete life situations. Hats off and heartfelt thanks to all those ventured to help us in this endeavor.

Bibin Chako MSW-II



*"Rotaract Club" of
College of Social Work (Autonomous)
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