

Thanks to God, There are Yet Children!!

Miss Annamma John,
Scudder Memorial Hospital,
Ranipet, Tamil Nadu.

JUST look at her, just look at her—that little imp! There on the swing, she was, her little lean body against the hot sun's brightness, and how she runs down to the road to watch and wave a timber lorry as it staggers along. "Oh, how wonderful, how glorious it is to be a child!

These were the reveries that crisscrossed my mind as I sat on the 21st of June in a meeting that was held in connection with the International Year of the Child. Twelve young children ranging between 3-6 years of age were all watching, with wide-open eyes with a scare at the gathering of older people.

Our guest speaker Mr. B. Bhasker, the D.S.P. of Ranipet looked with awe at the cuties, who were to entertain us representatives of the I.Y.C. from our Creche Home.

The T.N.A.I. units annual meeting began at 8 P.M. in the usual manner with a prayer song. It reached the climax of our pride and sense of achievement as we watched the children of our slums and huts boldly display their talents. On the stage they stood like "Casabrinca" dancing as they sang a song with their international and national symbols expressing their rights as individuals. Many of us learned of the importance of the International Year of the Child and our responsibilities only then. Mr. Bhasker was happy and he congratulated the children and all those who did lot of work for them. To add to

our amazement the children gave a "Villupattu" a group song with a leader and a bow like musical instrument, through this song they very clearly pointed out the ignorance and lack of responsibility of the community of adults. Most of us were awakened from the sleep of irresponsibility and ignorance and bent our head with shame and guilt at our own recklessness.

As the applause thundered and took its own time to die down, the children were scooped down off the stage into the refreshment room, where they whalloped heartily the sweet cookies and hot chocolate drinks.

The successful evening went back to a calm repose of 8.30 P.M. into the "land of the Lilliputians" the flowers, the leaves, seeds, shells, empty bottles, packets, sticks everything seemed of importance to her, what does she find in a coconut shell that's so fascinating, or in a mud-ball which she calls a "Kozhukattai," and then all of which she abandons all of a sudden as she screeches "Mummy, an old man with a huge bag is coming," and scampers right into her mother's arms. Oh! childhood thou art gone, but thanks to God, there are yet children!!

DONATIONS: AUGUST TO OCTOBER, 1979

General Fund

Mr. K. P. Venugopal,	Rs. P.
Canada	190.00

Mrs. Manorama Ahsan,	
Zambia	50.00
Ms. Dorothy Xavier,	
Bombay	500.00
Mrs. S. Y. Quraishi,	
Bombay	101.00
ANM Training School,	
Bettiah, Bihar	30.00

Nurses Welfare Fund

Mrs. A. Mammen,	
Kerala	100.00
Miss M. M. Mehta,	
Seoni, M.P.	1001.00
Miss A. V. Thomas,	
Shiraz	500.00
Mrs. Manorama Ahsan,	
Zambia	50.00
Miss Elda M. Barry,	
Jamstown	80.00
Mrs. B. M. Bubb, U.K.	55.00
Regional Nurses League	
of CMAI, Nadiad	101.00

Staff Welfare Fund

Mrs. A. Mammen,	
Kerala	100.00
Miss D. K. Singh,	
Punjab	100.00

Flood Relief Fund

Mrs. Manorama Ahsan,	
Zambia	50.00
Mrs. A. K. Eappen,	
Muzzaferpur	20.00
Miss E. Barbour, Jalna	225.00
Ms. H. Laloo, Health	
Unit, Derang Kumang	20.00
Nursing Students, G.D.	
Hospital, Shillong	53.00
Miss K. Meheshwari,	
Bombay	75.00
Ms. Dorothy Xavier,	
Bombay	100.00
Anonymous	100.00