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Editor's note

Hello readers,

Welcome back to Dhwani! It's been few months since last edition as we were planning for an Onam special edition right after MANOFA Onam Celebrations. By the time this edition reaches you, I'm sure most of you are relaxing after long days of preparation and rehearsals for Onam programs followed by busy, colourful Navratri days & self purifying Eid celebrations.

Talking about Onam celebration this year, it was one of the most brilliant events organized in the history of MANOFA with a wide variety of cultural programs, beautiful pookkalam (floral carpet) & sumptuous potluck Sadya (feast) which definitely brought back memories of Onam celebration back in Kerala. For a program well executed like this, it requires tremendous amount of efforts in co-ordination & preparation which started months in advance; most importantly each and every member of the association contributed in some way or other in order to make this splendid. Kudos to the team who worked tirelessly for days and nights to make this a grand success, we all did it!!

Onam certainly brings back certain images in every malayalee's heart, like Pookkalam, Onathappan, Pulikali, Vallam Kali, Sadya, Oonjal, Thiruvathira kali etc. In this edition

you will find pictures and names of some of the flowers that are used to make Pookkalam back in Kerala. We also have a few Onam based questions for you to answer and win a special prize. For your reading pleasure, we do have wonderful articles from our regular contributors and other standard features this time too.

As part of 2013 initiatives, Malayalam classes have resumed after summer break, students are making remarkable progress in terms of reading and pronunciation. It's heart-warming to see children enjoying short poems, proverbs and even short speeches in Malayalam. "If you talk to a man in a language he understands, that goes to his head. If you talk to him in his own language, that goes to his heart." Thanks to the co-ordinators & all the beautiful teachers who volunteered to make a small difference in encouraging our children to have a heart to heart conversation with their loved ones.

Many thanks to all those who submitted newsletter items in a timely manner! Happy reading!!

Thank you!
Suchetha Ravishankar
newsletter@manofa.org



Glimpses from MANOFA Onam Celebration 2013

Onam
Celebration

Picture courtesy: Ajumon, Aneesh, Manoj, Rohan, Suresh, Thomas PT



Collage Courtesy : Remya Nambuthiri

Onam
Celebration

Major Events of the year

Easter/Vishu Celebration

April 6, 2013

Picnic

May 11, 2013

Onam Celebration

September 14, 2013

Christmas/New Year Celebration

January 4, 2014

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ഒരു കോമാളി



Eldhose PG

" നിറം പിടിപ്പിച്ച
രാവുകൾക്കൊപ്പം
നിൻ
സ്വപ്നത്തിലെന്നെയും
കൊണ്ട്
പോകില്ലേയോ .."



നിറം പിടിപ്പിച്ച രാവുകൾക്കൊപ്പം
നിൻ
പൊതുലിലേക്കെന്നെ നീ കൊണ്ട്
പോകില്ലേയോ ?
അവിടെ നിൻ -
പൂഞ്ചിരിപ്പാൽത്തുള്ളിയൊരു പിടി
തേങ്ങലായ്
- മങ്ങിപ്പടർന്നു കിടക്കയാകാം ...
അവിടെ നിൻ -
വികൃതിച്ചിലങ്കകൾക്കൊപ്പം
ചിലക്കുന്ന
- ചങ്ങലപ്പട്ടുകൾ
കണ്ടുവെന്നാകാം

ഇന്നലെ - ഒരു
പറ്റമാളുകൾക്കിടയിലാ
തെരുവിന്റെ
ഇരുളേറ്റ കോണിൽ
ഞാനേകനായ് നിൽക്കവേ
കയ്യടിപ്പിച്ചും ചിരിപ്പിച്ചുമാളുകൾ
-ക്കൊപ്പം ചിരിക്കുന്ന നിന്റെ
രൂപം !!
അണയുന്ന സൂര്യന്റെയവസാന
വീര്യത്തിൽ
നാമം ജപിക്കുന്ന തെരുവിന്റെ
മർമ്മരം!

അങ്ങകലെ - നിൻ തലയിലെ
കൂമ്പൻ തൊപ്പിയും,
പൂക്കള് വിരിഞ്ഞിളകുന്ന
നിറമാർന്ന വസ്ത്രവും..
ദൂരയാ കുന്നിന്റെ
ചെരുവിലേക്കടിവച്ചു
മെല്ലെ - മെല്ലെ മറയുന്നതും
നോക്കി നിന്നു ഞാൻ ..

എന്നും ചിരിക്കുന്ന നിറമുള്ള
ചുണ്ടുകൾ !
എന്നും തുടിക്കുന്ന നിറമുള്ള
കവിളുകൾ !!
എന്നും തിളങ്ങുന്ന നിന്റെയാ
കണ്ണുകൾ ..
ചായം പിടിപ്പിച്ച നിന്റെ
ഭാവങ്ങൾ...
- നീ കോമാളി !
ദൂരെ -
അരുണകിരണങ്ങളാലസ്യ
മുണരവേ ,
ചുമരിൽ -
അരിപ്പെടിക്കോലങ്ങൾ ഇക്കിളി
കൂട്ടവേ,
ഒരു സുപ്രഭാതത്തിൻ തുടികൊട്ടു
കേൾക്കവേ,
കഴുകിത്തുടച്ച തൻ
വദനത്തിലിന്നത്തെ
പ്രകടനക്കാഴ്ചയ്ക്ക്
മിഴിവേകുവാണൊത്ത
ചായപ്പകർപ്പിന്റെ
നവരൂപമെഴുതുന്ന
നോവിന്റെ പൂഞ്ചിരിക്കോലമാം
കോമാളി !!

നിറം പിടിപ്പിച്ച
രാവുകൾക്കൊപ്പം നിൻ
സ്വപ്നത്തിലെന്നെയും കൊണ്ട്
പോകില്ലേയോ ..
അവിടെ നിൻ - മോഹങ്ങൾ
മൊട്ടിട്ടു നിൽക്കയാകാം ...
അവിടെ നിൻ - നവ
പ്രതീക്ഷകൾ നാവിട്ടിരിക്കാം!!
- നീ കോമാളി !!

A Lesson Learned-Real story from LIFE

My parents had just bought my brother a YO-YO. It was his Report card gift. I called it "Fast 201"!!! It was so shiny that I could see my reflection on it. The lustrous red of Fast 201 was irresistible! But that day I learned a valuable lesson myself!

It all started, when my brother went outside to play basketball...

"Alright, Gokul! I'm going outside to play basketball! DON'T TOUCH MY YO-YO!!!" My brother called out to me when as he opened the door. Although my brother was pretty strict about not touching Fast 201, after the door shut, I couldn't resist! Without thinking, I jerked forward for the precious, new temptation! Just having Fast 201 in my hand felt accomplishing! I put my index finger in the string loop. I tip-toed over to the window and peeked out the blinds. My brother was just playing basketball with his friends, not caring about anything but the basketball and the basketball hoop.

I smiled, satisfied. Now it was time for the fun of Fast 201! It's all mine for next few minutes! I placed

the YO-YO comfortably in my hand! Then I threw it down. The next sight I saw was the worst. Fast 201 was broken in two!

Suddenly, I heard the door creaking open!

"OH NO!" I thought.

I quickly brushed the two pieces under the couch. I plopped on the couch and pretended I was sleeping the whole time. The next thing I heard was....

"WHERE'S MY YO-YO!" My brother boomed. I winced.

"GOOOOKKKUUUULLLL!!!!!" He yelled.

"Umm... Umm... I think ..a ghost took it!" I stuttered.

"Oh really... I'll go check the security cameras!" He marched off. I quietly followed him. Our home security cameras had captured everything! I felt like a guilty thief!

"So a ghost took it?" My brother said sarcastically and he started watching the video. When the security camera's video came to the part where I brushed the two pieces of Fast 201 under the couch, my brother gasped.

"You thief!" My brother exaggerated.

He marched back to the sight of the crime. He glanced below the couch and reached under. He pulled both pieces out and held them in both hands. He squeezed the pieces and gave me his "Stony Stare", which is a stare that can scare you and haunt you forever! I froze, and my face showed terror!

My brother looked at my remorseful face and then he smiled, and then he started to laugh. He laughed harder and harder and couldn't stop laughing. My face turned from terrorized to puzzled. When my brother finally managed to stop laughing, he explained everything.

I couldn't believe my ears when he mentioned he had actually planned this whole problem out. From playing outside to putting the security camera in the correct angle to capture the mistake! His YO-YO was a screw-on and all he had to do was twist the two pieces back together and it was as good as new! From that day on, I learned to always listen to my brother!



Gokul Madathil

"I smiled, satisfied. Now it was time for the fun of Fast 201! It's all mine for next few minutes"



thumbappuv (Thumbappoovu)



A Day At Home



Anoop Mohan

"Life at home was, is and would be the best whichever part of world you fly. As always home is the sweetest."



I started writing this page sitting in my front porch. The climate today had been pleasing. It was neither hot nor rainy; it was neither humid nor dry. It was a perfect November morning. I woke up around 7.00 am. After five days at home I was feeling dry with the thought that I had go to Chennai today. It sucked my happiness at least for few seconds. Life at home was, is and would be the best whichever part of world you fly. As always home is the sweetest.

With all these thoughts in my head I woke up from my bed. As always the birds had woken up before me. They were busy with the chirpings which rose and fell like a chorus practice. There were a few notes that grabbed my immediate attention. The chorus were from not only birds, but squirrels too. They all were located at different parts of the mango tree that stood in my backyard, a few meters away from my Window. The sun had its rays touched everything adding an extra dimension to their beauty. I woke with my arms stretched. My spectacles were kept on the table. I took them and climbed down from the first floor to the main hall through the stair.

A day had begun there. As it was a working day, Mom was busy at Kitchen. Dad was reading the news paper which was full of

Obama as his foreign trip to India was concluded. Both TV and the News papers had their chunk of flesh and rejoiced the Presidential visit.

Our cat, Kitty, was roaming around the room and was playing with a small green ball running across the length and breadth of the room. I brushed my teeth and started with my first tea of the day.

After the daily routine I planned to seek the blessings from god, to spend some time with my creator. I wore a dhoti with red lining and a shirt matching to it. The time was 8.30 am. My cousin would be starting to the school which is few meters away from the temple that I intended to go. I picked him up and dropped at his school. The view of the school brought back the memories of my school days.

My school was only 3 km away from home. To be more precise, my parents decided to settle down near to the school. Though the distance seemed less, I still used to travel by school bus initially. The days when the school used to start at 8.30, which were later changed to 7.30 to ease the traffic, the radio kept at home used to be my time keeper. It ensured that I always followed time and never missed my school bus. My count of

friends in my locality was limited but I had some really good friends in my school. School life was one dimensional. It was all about studying and scoring marks. I still remember the wait for the play time period. In my time table I used to mark them bolder to ensure that I don't miss them. Though I was never a champion in any sports you pick, I had great excitement and high level of energy to be part of it. But football always had a special place in my heart. The time when the excitement was at its pinnacle was during the opening and closing of the summer vacation.

At the school closing time, mind was full of ideas of how to get out the maximum of the time I spent. I learned time management from those days. The day started early and ended late. Life was bursting with full of energy. I travelled to far places and stayed with my relatives for a small span of time. That was really refreshing. By the time the countdown for the school opening starts, rain would arrive. This used to give some days for rest as play was restricted to inside home. Now again the excitement level reached to the peak with the covering of books, buying new bags, water bottles, and pencil boxes, and a lot more. I liked to paste the best label on the text which I loved the most. Science used to get the best label always. But the

excitement used to die out sometime after the school opening. Then soon life becomes a mouse and cat race with exams and marks.

I pressed the quick start button and the engine came to power. I drove from the school to temple. The temple was not crowded as it was a regular working day. The temple is located in the centre of the ground which used to be the venue where the temple festivals were conducted. It is attended by thousands and is a display of the culture and heritage of the region. That's Chinakkathoor Pooram, a festival that needs to be experienced at least once in a life time. I drove back after my prayers. The breakfast was ready on the table. I switch on the TV and ate my breakfast watching it. Finishing breakfast, I sat on the couch idle for few minutes surfing through the channels. Kitty had taken the pleasure of sleeping on my tummy. I lay down there for a few minutes without disturbing her. Around afternoon I again started feeling the pain with the thought of leaving to Chennai on evening. I stitched a web of positive scenarios to create a better feeling. But it was worth to do as I did get some relief. I had another tea and by then rain had started pouring.

I love when it rains. Rain has the power of invoking emotions. It makes the atmosphere wet. The wetness has the beauty that is so unique. Rain brings in new energy to the whole planet. The smell of soil touched by the first rain is something to cherish for a life time. Both flora and fauna respond to the nature's call in their own way. Everywhere a positive vibe is felt. The best part of rain is its mystery, a mystery that I love. I miss my loved ones. Rain always brings the memories of the days gone - the days when I used to go to my kindergarten classes, the days at school when it rained, the days at college when the first romance sprouted and lot more. Rain brings hope for me. It gives me memories that I have left in the race that I am part of.

Then it was time for my train. I started after having a cup of tea. Mother packed the food for me which I would be having after settling down in the train. Dad as always accompanied me to the station. I met an old friend of mine at the station. He couldn't recognize me. I said my name and his memories connected with my profile. We had a quick exchange of greetings and said good bye to each other with a promise to keep in touch.

I boarded train. In my cabin I met a couple, a young girl and two men one aged around 60 and the other around 40. I exchange a pleasant smile with all and slowly picked up a conversation with the couple. Soon all became part of the same. We had subjects varying from Chennai climate to Obama's visit. The guy around 60, curses the politicians for being the prime reason for the country's so called under-developed status. I defended him with my incorrigible optimism which makes me believe change is on the way and our country is going to be a super power within the next 20 years. May be this could be the reason that President Obama told the world that India was going to become a super power with half of its population below 30. He would have calculated the power of youth in delivering things and their power of dreams which could convert any nation to a super power. I still have that faith in my nation and me.

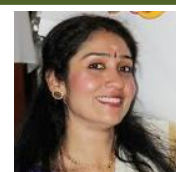
After a brief talk I got in to the upper berth and finished the delicious home packed food. I took some time to complete the page writing down how rest of the day happened to be. I rearranged the bags for me to sleep. Tomorrow when sun rises in the East, I will be in Chennai ready to join back the fast paced race.



"Rain has the power of invoking emotions. It makes the atmosphere wet."



Winner of the July edition Kadam Kathakal - Anitha Manoj
Congratulations Anitha!!



സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം

ഓർക്കുന്നു ഞാൻ ...
 അന്നു നിൻ അകിടിൻ ചുവട്ടിൽ അമർന്നു ചാഞ്ഞതും,
 കിടന്നു നെയ്ത കഥകൾക്കിടയിലും,
 തെളിഞ്ഞു നിന്നൊരാ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിൻ നന്മണം,
 അലിഞ്ഞു നീർമണികളായ് എന്നെ പൊതിഞ്ഞതും ..

കേൾക്കുന്നു ഞാൻ ...
 ഇന്നു കാഹളങ്ങൾ പലവിധം,
 ഓടിയൊളിക്കുവാൻ ഇടങ്ങൾ തേടവേ,
 സരസ്വതിയും, ലക്ഷ്മിയും, മാതാവും, ദുർഗ്ഗയും
 പിടഞ്ഞു വീണുകൊണ്ടേങ്ങിരിക്കുകയുണ്ട്..

കാണുന്നു ഞാൻ...
 മൂലയൂട്ടി വളർത്തിയ കോമരന്മാർ ചിലർ
 പഠിച്ചു പഠിച്ചു കേമന്മാരായവർ
 നാണശേഷമില്ലാതെ കടിച്ചുപറിക്കുന്നു
 സ്വമാതാവിൻ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം ഈ വിധം!!



Leji Bismi

ഓണം ക്വിസ്

1. ഓണം ഏതു മലയാള മാസത്തിലാണ് ആഘോഷിക്കുന്നത്?
2. പ്രസിദ്ധമായ അത്തച്ചമയം നടക്കുന്നത് എവിടെ?
3. വാമനൻ മഹാബലിയെ എവിടേക്കാണ് ചവിട്ടിത്താഴ്ത്തിയത്?
4. ഓണത്തിന് പുലികളിക്ക് പ്രസിദ്ധമായ ജില്ല എത്?
5. മഹാബലിയുടെ മുത്തച്ഛന്റെ പേരെന്ത്?
6. ഓണം എത്ര ദിവസമാണ് കൊണ്ടാടുന്നത്?
7. ഓണത്തിന് ആദ്യ ദിവസം ഏതു പൂവുകൊണ്ടാണ് പൂക്കളം ഇടുന്നത്?
8. ഓണത്തിന് സ്ത്രീകൾ കളിക്കുന്ന നൃത്തരൂപം ഏത്?
9. ഓണത്തിന്റെ എത്രാമത്തെ ദിവസമാണ് പുലികളി നടത്തുന്നത്?
10. കേരളത്തിലെ ഏക വാമനമൂർത്തി ക്ഷേത്രം എവിടെ?

"Hurry!!!

Send in your answers to
newsletter@manofa.org
 by Oct31st to win an
 exciting prize!!"



Festivals of the year– Next two months



Watch out this space for the listing & information of the major festivals celebrated in Kerala.

November 14 – Muharram

The month of Muharram marks the beginning of the Islamic liturgical year. The Islamic year begins on the first day of Muharram, and is counted from the year of the Hegira the year in which Muhammad emigrated from Mecca to Medina (A.D. July 16, 622).

The Islamic New Year is celebrated relatively quietly, with prayers and readings and reflection upon the hegira.

November 16 – Mandalam Onnu

Lord Ayyappa gives continues darshan to his devotees for 41-days at Sabarimala Temple during the Mandala Kalam (November – December). This year, Sabarimala Temple opens on November 16, 2013 evening and closes on December 26, 2013 after Mandala Puja.



The Sabarimala Ayyappa temple remains closed for the major part of the year. So Mandala Kalam is the period chosen by most pilgrims to visit the shrine. The 41-day pilgrim season, also known as Mandala Pooja, attracts millions of devotees to this hill shrine dedicated to Lord Ayyappa

The pilgrim season begins on the first day of Malayalam month Vrischikam (Mid November) and continues for 41 days. The Mandala Kalam ends during the fag end of December, in the Malayalam month Dhanu. The temple is then closed for a day and reopens for the Makaravilaku season, which ends in mid January.

Dec 25 – Christmas

The day celebrates Jesus Christ's birth. It is often combined with customs from pre-Christian winter celebrations. Many people erect Christmas trees, decorate their homes, visit family or friends and exchange gifts.



Christmas is also a secular celebration of family--one that many non-practicing Christians and people of other religions are comfortable accepting as their own. Christmas is also a fascinating miscellany of traditions: one that combines pre-Christian pagan rituals with modern traditions. Every family that celebrates Christmas has its own customs--some surprisingly universal, others entirely unique--but all comfortably familiar in their seeming antiquity.

കാക്കപ്പൂവ് (Kakkappovu)



Art Corner



Jijosh Varkey



RUNAWALLA



Abel Thomas

“They all had devious smiles on their faces. I knew I had walked into a trap!”



I turned the corner of Stanton St. Then, I saw it. The thing in the middle of the side walk. The thing with green fur and sharp toenails. The thing whose name was Runawalla.

My name is Tucker Greenwich.

From birth, us Claspianars people were raised to believe in a huge green monster called Runawalla. Legend has it that if you ever see one, you would turn into a Runawalla yourself. I stood there staring at it. Strangely, my body didn't start growing green fur and long toenails. I took a step back. Then I turned and started running.

Luckily, the Runawalla didn't see me or hear me. I ran until I saw the red-brick house that belonged to my family. I ran inside, breathless. My parents weren't home yet. They were still at work.

The Claspianars are a

relatively new civilization of people. They've only been around for ten years, starting from 2015. Most of the adults in this civilization have Irish origins. My name is Goran. I come from Dublin, Ireland. I was only five when my parents decided to join the Claspianars civilization. But right now, I couldn't care less about where I was from.

I ran to my room, sat at my desk, and turned on the computer. I typed 'Why didn't I turn into a Runawalla when I looked at one?' All that came up was an ad that said 'Didn't turn into a Runawalla when you looked at one? Come here today! 32254 Stanton St.' That wasn't very far from where I lived. I stood up and walked out the front door. I went to Stanton St., careful to avoid the Runawalla. I found the sign that said '32254.' It sat on top of a rickety old door. I knocked, and an old

woman opened the door.

“Can I help you?” she asked. “Yes, I saw a Runawalla and didn't turn into one,” I said. “Oh come in,” she said. I tripped over the doorway and stumbled in. “Sit down, sit down,” she said. I sat down on the green couch next to me. The old woman walked over to a big red button and pressed it. Right away, the walls opened and there were hundreds of Runawallas sitting on rows of metal benches. They all had devious smiles on their faces. I knew I had walked into a trap!

I made for the door, but the old woman locked it. And swallowed the key! She began to turn into a Runawalla. “We need to get rid of people like you,” the old woman said, now completely transformed into a Runawalla. “People like you can overpower the Runawalla race.” Then everything went black.

കൊങ്ങിനിപ്പൂവ് (konginipoovu)



ചെത്തിപ്പൂവ് (Chethippoovu)



പൂക്കളും

"ജയേഷ്ഠ, ആ കൊങ്ങിണിപൂവൊന്നു പഠിച്ചുതരോ? എനിക്ക് എത്തണില്ല".

"തന്റെ കയ്യിലുള്ള തുമ്പപ്പു പകുതി തരാമെങ്കിൽ പഠിച്ചു തരാം".

"അയ്യട മനമേ, ഇതു ഞാൻ എത്രനേരം കൊണ്ടാ നുള്ളിയെടുത്തതെന്നറിയാമോ? എന്നിട്ടും കഷ്ടിച്ച് തുളസിയില മൂടാനുള്ളതെ ഉള്ളൂ. ഏട്ടൻ കൊണ്ടുവന്ന മഞ്ഞക്കോളാമ്പി വീട്ടിലിരിപ്പുണ്ട്, വേണോങ്കിൽ അതു തരാം ഇതു ഞാൻ തരില്ല".

"എന്തു തരില്ലന്നാ?" അവളെ കലുക്കിയുണർത്തിക്കൊണ്ട് അയാൾ ചോദിച്ചു. എന്നിട്ട് ചിരിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് അവളെ ചേർത്തുപിടിച്ച് ചെവിയിൽ മന്ത്രിച്ചു, "ഹാപ്പി ഓണം". ഉറക്കച്ചടവോടെ അയാളെ ചുംബിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് അവളും പിറുപിറുത്തു, "ഹാപ്പി ഓണം".

"ആറുമണിയേ ആയിട്ടുള്ള ഒരു മണിക്കൂർ കൂടി ഉറങ്ങിക്കോ. എന്റെ പ്രോഗ്രാം ഇതുവരെ ശരിയായിട്ടില്ല, ജാവയുടെ മെറ്റാക്ലാസ്സിൽ എന്തോ കഴപ്പം, ഒന്നുകൂടി പിടിച്ചു നോക്കട്ടെ". ബെഡ്റൂമിന്റെ വാതിൽ

ചാരിക്കൊണ്ടയാൾ പറഞ്ഞു. കണ്ടുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന സ്വപ്നത്തിന്റെ ബാക്കി കാണാൻ കൊതിച്ച് അവൾ വീണ്ടും ഉറങ്ങാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു. പക്ഷേ, തിരുവോണത്തിന്റെ ഒരായിരം ഓർമ്മകൾ ഒരു തിരയായ് ഇരമ്പിവന്ന് ഉറക്കത്തെ മാച്ച് ചുകളഞ്ഞു. നാട്ടിലിപ്പോൾ വെളുപ്പിന് മുന്നരമണിയേ ആയിട്ടുണ്ടാവൂ എന്നവൾ ഓർത്തു. സാധാരണ തിരുവോണത്തിന് അമ്മ വെളുപ്പിന് നാലിനേരം കളിച്ച്, പൂവടയുണ്ടാക്കി എല്ലാവരെയും വിളിച്ചെഴുന്നേൽപ്പിക്കും. അച്ഛനൊഴികെ എല്ലാവരും കിണ്ടിയും, വിളക്കും, പൂവും, അടയുമായി പൂമുഖപ്പടിയിലേയ്ക്ക്, ഓണത്തപ്പനെ എതിരേല്ക്കാൻ. മുറ്റത്തിന് നടുവിൽ മണ്ണുകൊണ്ടുള്ള തറ, അതിനച്ചുറ്റം കുരുത്തോലപ്പന്തൽ, തറയിൽ അരിപ്പൊടിക്കോലം, അരിമാവുകൊണ്ടു വെളുത്ത പൊട്ടുകുത്തിയ ഓണത്തപ്പൻ, പൂക്കാട്ടയിൽ തുമ്പയും, തെച്ചിയും, കുരുത്തോലനറുക്കും. ഏട്ടന്മാരുടെയും തന്റേയും

ആർപ്പുവിളികൾക്കൊപ്പം അച്ഛമ്മയുടെ കുരവകുടിയുയരുമ്പോൾ എതിരേൽപ്പ് പൊടിപൂരം. പിന്നീട് ഓണക്കോടിയുടുത്ത്, മുല്ലപ്പൂ ചൂടി അമ്മയോടൊപ്പം അമ്പലത്തിലേയ്ക്ക്. എല്ലാ വിശേഷദിവസങ്ങളുടേയും തലേന്ന് ഏട്ടൻ മറക്കാരെ മുല്ലപ്പൂ വാങ്ങികൊണ്ടുവരുമായിരുന്നു. അവളറിയാതെ തലമുടിയിൽ കയ്യോടിച്ചു. ചുമലിനു മുകളിൽ വെട്ടിനിർത്തിയിരിക്കുന്ന നീളം കുറഞ്ഞ മുടി കയ്യിൽ നിന്നെളുപ്പം വഴുതിപ്പോയി മനസ്സ് താനറിയാതെ വിതുമ്പി. നനഞ്ഞ കണ്ണുകളോടെ അവളെഴുന്നേറ്റ് ജനാലകൾ തുറന്നു. തൊട്ടടുത്ത പ്ലാറ്റിലെ ജനാലകൾക്കുള്ളിലൂടെ കാണുന്ന യാത്രികമായ തിരക്ക് അവളെ വീണ്ടും അലോസരപ്പെടുത്തി. രാവിലെ കഴിക്കാനുള്ള കോണ്ഫ്രെക്സിലേക്ക് പാലൊഴിയ്ക്കുമ്പോൾ പഴംനറുക്കിന്റെ നറുമധുരമാണ് നാവിൽ നിറഞ്ഞത്. ഏത്തപ്പഴം തിരഞ്ഞ് ഇന്നലെ രാത്രി ലിറ്റിൽ ഇന്ത്യയിൽ ഒരുപാടു സമയം കളഞ്ഞതാണ്. പിന്നെ



Suchetha Ravishankar

“തറയിൽ അരിപ്പൊടിക്കോലം, അരിമാവുകൊണ്ടു വെളുത്ത പൊട്ടുകുത്തിയ ഓണത്തപ്പൻ”





“വിളക്കു കത്തിച്ച്
കിഴക്കോട്ട് തിരിച്ചു
വയ്ക്കണം... ആദ്യം
നടുക്ക്
തുള്ളസിയിലയിൽ
ചന്ദനം”



ഒരു പാക്കറ്റ് കായ്
വരുത്തത്തിൽ
തൃപ്തിപ്പെടേണ്ടി വന്നു.
"ഇന്നൊന്നും വയ്ക്കണ്ട,
വൈകിട്ട് ഞാൻ വന്നിട്ട്
നമുക്ക് കേരള ക്യൂസിനിൽ
നിന്ന് ഓണസദ്യ
കഴിക്കാം". ബ്രേക്ക്ഫാസ്റ്റ്
കഴിച്ചുകൊണ്ടയാൾ
പറഞ്ഞു. "ഉച്ചയ്ക്ക് നീ
മക്ഡൊണൾഡ്സിൽ
നിന്ന് കഴിച്ചോ,
പായസത്തിനു പകരം ഒരു
ഐസ്ക്രീം കൂടി
ആയിക്കോട്ടെ... എന്താ?
പുതിയ ജീൻസും
ടോപുമുണ്ടല്ലോ,
അതൊക്കെയിട്ട് ഒന്നു
കറങ്ങിയിട്ടു വാ, വൈകിട്ട്
നമുക്ക്
അടിച്ചുപൊളിക്കാം".
മറുപടിയായി അവൾ
വെറുതെ ഒന്നു മൂളി.
അയാൾ ബാഗെടുത്ത്
ധൂതിപിടിച്ചിറങ്ങിപ്പോകുന്ന
ത് നോക്കി അവൾ നിന്നു.
മുൻപിൽ റോഡിൽ
വാഹനങ്ങളുടെ പ്രളയം.
മഴക്കോള
ഉള്ളതിനാലാവണം നല്ല
തണുത്ത കാറ്റുവീശുന്നുണ്ട്

അവൾ കറേനേരം കൂടി
അവിടത്തന്നെ നിന്നു.
പിന്നീട്
വാതിലടച്ചുകുറ്റിയിട്ട്
കമ്പ്യൂട്ടർ ഓൺ ചെയ്തു.
ഇ-മെയിലിൽ
ബന്ധുക്കളുടേയും
സുഹൃത്തുക്കളുടേയും
ഓണാശംസകൾ.
ഓരോന്നും അവളുടെ
മനസ്സിന് ഉന്മേഷം
പകർന്നു. ഓരോ മലയാള
സൈറ്റുകളിലും അവൾ
കയറിയിറങ്ങി.
എല്ലാത്തിലും രാഷ്ട്രീയ,
സാഹിത്യ, സിനിമാ
പ്രതിഭകളുടെ
ഓണാശുഭവാങ്ങുകൾ,
ഓണപ്പാട്ട്,
ഓണക്കഥകൾ,
ഓണസദ്യ എന്നിങ്ങനെ
ഓണത്തെക്കുറിച്ച്
നൂറുകൂട്ടം കാര്യങ്ങൾ.
"ഇൻറർനെറ്റിൽ
പൂക്കളെമാരുക്കൂ" എന്ന
ബാനർ അപ്പോഴാണ്
അവളുടെ കണ്ണിൽപ്പെട്ടത്
അതിൽ ക്ലിക്ക് ചെയ്ത്
അവൾ പൂക്കളെമാരുക്കാറ
തുടങ്ങി...
കുളിച്ച്, വെളുത്ത

പെറ്റിക്കോട്ടിട്ട് അവൾ
പൂക്കളോരോന്നും
മുറ്റത്തേയ്ക്കെടുത്തു വെച്ചു.
കരിഞ്ഞാട്ടയിലകൊണ്ടു
കുത്തിയ ഇരട്ടക്കുന്വിളിൽ
തുമ്പപ്പൂവും, കാക്കപ്പൂവും.
ചെത്തി, ചെമ്പരത്തി,
അരിപ്പൂവ്, കോളമ്പി,
പാരിജാതം,
കൊങ്ങിണിപ്പൂവ്,
നിത്യകല്യാണി അങ്ങനെ
നിരവധിയിനം പൂവുകൾ
ഓരോ ഇലക്കീറിൽ.
അച്ഛമ്മ മുറത്ത് വട്ടത്തിൽ
ചാണകം മെഴുകി. "വിളക്കു
കത്തിച്ച് കിഴക്കോട്ട്
തിരിച്ചു വയ്ക്കണം...
ആദ്യം നടുക്ക്
തുള്ളസിയിലയിൽ ചന്ദനം,
അതിനു മുകളിൽ തുമ്പപ്പൂ..
ഒരു കൂമ്പാരം പോലെ,
അതിനു ചുറ്റും
വൃത്താകൃതിയിൽ
കാക്കപ്പൂ.. പിന്നെ അതിനു
ചുറ്റും... പൂവിട്ടു കഴിഞ്ഞാൽ
കിണ്ടി വലതുകയ്യിൽ
പിടിച്ച് പൂക്കളത്തിനു ചുറ്റും
മൂന്നുവട്ടം വെള്ളം
ചുറ്റിക്കണം.. അച്ഛമ്മ
പറഞ്ഞുകൊണ്ടേയിരുന്നു
...

കോളമ്പിപ്പൂവ് (kolambipoovu)



Beauty Tips



RAW MILK : TO CLEANSE THE SKIN AND PORES

Raw milk helps remove unseen dirt and impurities from the face as well as the pores of the skin. It also adds a subtle glow and acts as a natural moisturizer. Use raw milk with a cotton ball to gently cleanse your skin. You may even mix a little lemon juice with raw milk for this purpose.



ORANGE : TO ACQUIRE A SMOOTH COMPLEXION

Applying fresh orange juice to your face on a daily basis will help bring about an improvement in the texture of your skin as well as the skin tone. This fruit is rich in Vitamin C which enables our body to fight ageing and it also acts as a good skin toner, especially for oily skin



POTATO : TO REDUCE PIGMENTATION, BLEMISHES AND DARK SPOTS

Potato is a very good natural skin lightener. Rub a slice of raw potato daily on your skin to lighten pigmentation, blemishes and dark spots. Alternatively, onion, lime or cucumber juice may be used for the same purpose.

Organizing Tips



SHOWER CURTAIN HOOKS

Place hooks on a closet bar and hang purses from them to keep your carryalls at eye level. Say good-bye to a mess of accessories on your closet floor.



TISSUE BOX

Make it a snap for kids to grab snacks on the go with see-through wire baskets.



COAT RACK

Stash pantry items in the see-through pockets of an over-the-door organizer to virtually eliminate search time.



DESKTOP ORGANIZER

A standard desktop organizer can hold bathroom essentials, such as makeup, cotton swabs, brushes, and combs.

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Fun Finger Foods

Crunchy Fish Triangles

Cut 1/2 pound of tilapia fillets into 12 triangles. Pour a few tablespoons of fat-free milk into a bowl; dip fillets in milk, and then in a mixture of 1/3 cup unseasoned dry bread crumbs and 1 tablespoon dry ranch salad-dressing mix. Arrange the fish triangles on a baking sheet lined with parchment paper, and spritz them with some vegetable oil. Bake in the oven at 450 degrees F. for 8 to 10 minutes, until fish flakes easily.



Greek Lettuce Cups

Stir together 1/2 cup finely chopped cooked chicken breast, 1 tablespoon finely shredded carrots, 1 teaspoon freshly squeezed lime juice, 1/4 teaspoon dried oregano, 1/8 teaspoon salt, and 1/8 teaspoon pepper. Gently mix in 2 tablespoons low-fat or reduced-fat plain yogurt and 2 teaspoons snipped fresh mint or basil. Spoon the chicken mixture evenly onto 12 small Bibb lettuce leaves that you've torn from the inside of the lettuce head.



Sweet-Potato Waffle Fries

Slice an 8-ounce peeled sweet potato into 12 1/4-inch-thick pieces using a waffle-cutter. Place in a microwave-safe bowl with 1 tablespoon water and cover with wax paper. Microwave on high for 2 1/2 minutes. Transfer potatoes to a baking sheet lined with parchment paper. Brush slices lightly with olive oil and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake at 450 degrees F., turning once, for 15 minutes or until tender and browned.



Grilled Pineapple and Shrimp

Cut 8 peeled and deveined uncooked shrimp in half lengthwise and toss with 1 teaspoon olive oil, salt, and pepper. Place shrimp halves and 16 pieces of fresh pineapple in a grill pan coated with vegetable cooking spray on medium-high heat. Grill until shrimp turn opaque, 2 to 3 minutes, turning once. Stack shrimp on top of pineapple and insert a pick.



ഹനുമൻ കിരീടം (Hanuman kireedam)





Contact us:

PHONE:
(904) 335-8680

E-Mail:
communications@manofa.org

We're on the Web!

See us at:
www.manofa.org

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Vice-President	: Johny Johns
Secretary	: Madhu Thomas
Joint Secretary	: Binu Narayan
Treasurer	: Sunil Nair
Joint Treasurer	: Bindu Ravi
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Directors, Public Relations	: Suchetha Ravishankar, Jeena Mathai
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Directors, Food & Beverages	: Lucy Cherian, Sheila Konnully, Mini Puthusseril
Directors, Facilities	: Regin Ravindran, Balakumar
Directors, Events	: Boban Abraham
Directors, Technical	: Binu Narayan, Tony Abraham

About Our Organization...

Malayalee Association of North Florida, Inc. (MANOFA) is a non-profit organization incorporated under the (jurisdiction) laws of the State of Florida for Social, Cultural, Educational and Charitable purpose/activities. It is a non-political, voluntary community organization of the (Malayalee) people of Kerala/Keralites who reside in North Florida.

The organization's primary focus is to preserve and promote the moral, social, cultural, educational, literary and artistic heritage of the Malayalee community in North Florida.

Renew your membership at <http://www.manofa.org/online-membership-form.html>

