

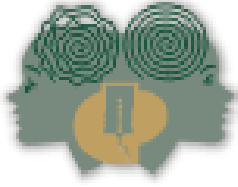
**CADABAMS**



## **CADABAMS Newsletter**

The Swerve  
From darkness to light

# Cadabams Newsletter



## The Swerve From darkness to light

March 2010

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Volume 1, Issue 1

### EDITORIAL

It's a joy seeing history repeat itself but it is even more thrilling when you are part of the new form of the metamorphosed culture. CADABAM'S long back had brought out a news letter when it was the era of paper and pen and sketches for designing. As some where said "Those who wants to sing will always find a song" professionals and residents even then and now are enthused with the very idea of having and doing news letter. The time has so changed that computers have replaced paper and pen, soft ware has replaced designing and e-letter has

replaced printing but it's sad that the plight and societal attitude towards the people with illness is not changed much to acknowledge.

The perspective of news letter is to provide a platform for residents to share and showcase their ability to poetically or politically or pragmatically articulate views to be recorded and circulated. It also envisages being an interactive and progressive desk for the professionals, family and other CADABAM'S associates. News letter in itself is planned to be taken to stage of

becoming portal for much more open interaction at a later stage.

We take this opportunity to invite family members and any mental health professionals to write to our SWERVE and be part of this mental health movement. its amazing to see the energy and the contribution of residents in bringing out this issue of SWERVE and I whole heartedly congratulate them.

**By SANDESH R CADABAM**

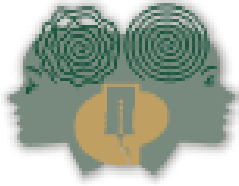
### PROLOGUE TO THE EDITORIAL

**Being the inaugural issue of SWERVE, We graciously accept and invite our readers to send in their letters to the editorial and also questions on mental health issues which would be answered in issues to come by a forum of expertise at Cadabams. Your opinions, suggestions and views are highly solicited.**

### Inside this issue:

- Introduction
- Articles
- Poems
- Limericks

## Introduction



It gives us a great privilege to know that Cadabam's Group is bringing out a newsletter every month. It's just not any other magazine, it's something special, the reason being since the contribution is by our residents, who have written articles related to their problems they have faced; some of them having written stories and poems. Our residents did typing, graphics, and illustrations for the newsletter.

The concept of bringing out a newsletter was there earlier in Cadabams but was discontinued due to various reasons. Now with encouragement from our Director Mr. Sandesh Cadabam who is also editor of this newsletter magazine it has been started once again. The magazine is very close to his heart. He has put all his energy in the team, which consists of counselors and residents.

The newsletter will carry articles mainly composed by our residents whose

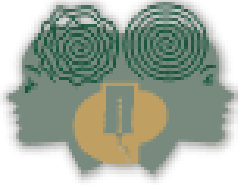
immense talent of being creative to prove a point to the world that if given a chance what could they have achieved.

The magazine is a small step of creativity, but a giant leap for our residents.

The magazine will reach to all the family members of the residents as well as to the mental health professionals.

Kamlesh Varma  
Director- Operations  
Cadabam's Group  
(Adrutha)

## THE SWERVE



### “Managing Minds”

Till even a couple of years ago, the scenario and awareness levels about mental illness were very limited. Families coming with patients would sit quietly. The Psychiatrist would put some questions to the family. Based on Their responses, he would prescribe medicines. Now the trend has changed with more awareness and acceptance developing around mental illness and those unfortunate enough to suffer from them.

A psychosocial rehabilitation center have changed the scenario. Now ideal rehabilitation center have multi disciplinary team including Psychiatrist, Psychologist, therapist, social workers and counselors not just a single doctor accessing the patient. Patients are spoken to, to understand the illness. Not only this they are loved respected & accepted as they are. Most treatments are administered with a combination of medicines, which only the psychiatrist is qualified and capable of prescribing and psychological therapy which psychologist are trained to do. In cases where medicines are only solving a temporary matter, while the real issue goes deeper, psychologist get involved. They try to hold detailed sessions, over a period of time, where they draw out situations from the

patient's past that may be the root cause or in some cases the trigger to the current illness. In some cases full-fledged psychotherapy with a psychologist is not required, as a couple of sessions with a trained counselor are enough.

The Ideal psychosocial rehabilitation centers should adapt certain qualities depending upon level of patients' functionality.

#### **Be honest & tell the truth to the**

**client:** Most of the families and professionals make simple mistakes during treatment or admission. Most of the families avoid truth in front of the client and gives wrong information to the client about their admission in the center & they are judgmental about their stay and specialties. Such things need to be avoided. It is always better to give factual information.

**24 hrs Plan Of Action:** "idle mind is devils workshop". This quote not only applies for common people but even more so for the mentally ill. A systematic 24 hrs Plan Of Action definitely helps to keep them away from getting disturbed more. Always a need of changed activity is essential.

**Occupational Therapy:** is the art and science of directing patients' participation in selected task to restore, reinforce and enhance performance.

Candle, craft work like knitting, basket and cover making. Pot designing and gardening. The prime concern is not only financial benefit but also feeling of worthiness.

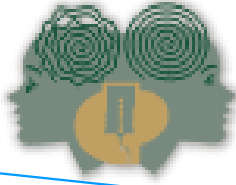
**Family Role:** this one is a very important factor the families need to interact with their ward depending upon their condition. The patient should not feel he or she is just dumped in a center. They should understand need of treatment and concern of family. The centers should take care that there is constant interaction with family members.

**Community Meeting:** community meeting at least weekly once, allowing them to express their feeling, problems, demand and complaint in a group is much more important. The counselor should motivate them to express.

Moreover all Psychological therapies and counseling sessions should be planned under the guidance of a psychiatrist.

**by Rajasekhar Hiremath**

## THE SWERVE



### The inspiration behind “The Swerve”

When Dawn arises at Cadabams, the sunrays show the vast green expanses. Aesthetically designed pathways and even dustbins make the new residents, such as I myself once was, recollect my past actions or/and inactions. Feelings bittersweet pass through my memory, remembering all deeds that have borne fruit and the ones that have not. At time to reconnoiter for feelings of the deeds that have not borne fruit and as the days go by sharing with other residents similar success and the tragedies make one think

back, and recollect, the actions or all in all what we call make “THE SWERVE” – from darkness to light.

Pausing and reflecting not to repeat past mistakes, especially not to indulge or over indulge in what life has to offer and make life more fruitful. All of this and more happen at CADABAMS Rehabilitation Center. And a heartfelt prayer to be a better-man.

**by Ayyappa Das**

### Rehabilitation

I start by reciting the couplet by Khalil Gibran “Moving finger writes And having writ moves on No amount of tears, suffering And swearing can erase that” Yes once a person is diagnosed by some kind of mental ailment, he has had it. To combat these monsters, one must be optimistic. Counselors are our torch bearers. Follow them and you can go far. Doctors’ advice ought to be accepted. They are our friends not foes. They too feel elated when their patients show progress.

Two men looked out of prison bars one saw mud and the other stars.

So friends let us see stars in rehabilitating ourselves. Our country has great potential in its youth. We have doctors, engineers and other intelligent people suffering from acute depression, M.D.P, schizophrenia etc. All they have to do is to follow a proper routine, protocol discipline and respect for authority. Slowly and steadily the race will be won.

Where the tireless stretch their arms towards perfection. Into that heaven of freedom my father, let my country awake.

Then we would be winners and challenge Khalil Gibran’s. Moving finger moves on to toil in piety and serenity in the industry, coming full circle. Lastly where tireless stretches its arms towards perfection. Into that heaven of freedom My father Let my Cadabams Awake.

**by Harbans**

## Butter the devil you know

Where do I begin to tell the story about how calorie conscious I could be! I shook my head in the affirmative to my grandma's home-made black forest cake, when I realized that my hips don't lie on that rusty weighing scale. No more grandmas' fruit laden cakes and yes, those rava laddoos too. I ain't no Kareena Kapoor aspiring for that size-zero apparition, but yes I do grab that extra -cheese pizza to binge for a while. Any way I am no cat-walk horse being hounded by the paparazzi, but constantly compared to an ageing Govinda.

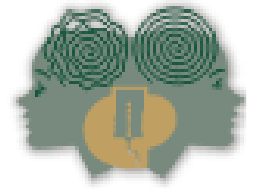
Oh! How bitter I feel myself on a treadmill except that my taste buds for Auntie Leela's creamy scones make me go weak in the knees. Hugh Jackman, the sexiest man alive, would probably spank me for gaining those tyres around my waist, so you see Kylie Minogue, it just isn't better the devil you know. Should I make my confession? It's actually Kylie over-ruled to belt out with "butter the devil you know". Shameless and guilty, I am of playing

truant with my gym membership that makes me wonder whether exercise is erstwhile and my Atkin's diet is concocted readily enough to make it 'fatkins'. Maybe a middle-aged guy like me should switch careers from my Wipro job to an acrobat in Gemini circus.! There goes this age-old saying, If wishes were true, horses would fly! But even if I were to keep wishing all the while, I would most adamantly fly myself up that scale to give my diet a new dimension. Enid Blyton would probably have had a new Fatty comeback in her mystery famous five series and I would have a bleak chance of fame instead of disclaim.

Oh! How hard I tried to grace the cover of GQ not withstanding my IQ. I don't get so paranoid about my bank saving issues as much as I worry about my weighing issues. I've tried hard, but then as my grandma would put it-Que Sera Sera, whatever will be will be.

**by Ahmed Khan**

## THE SWERVE



## Marry in haste, be happy in leisure

Folks, this is the way I tied the knot to my man Col R.K. Chopra. He was 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt in the Army. We were to be married on 8<sup>th</sup> July, after collecting my 2 months salary from the army school.

It was a Sunday June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 10'o clock in the morning. I died of surprise. I pinched myself and who do I see, (my would be) urging me to open the door, "Go tell your priest we are getting married today itself" he ordered "I can't get leave for the next six months, so there by let's make hay while the sun shines"

I told him to tell mother. I picked up my moped and rushed straight to the Gurudwara to get the priest. On the way I rang my twin sister to get Guru Granth Sahib (holy book) in her fiat car. All protests made by the priest were brushed aside by me. Then I rang up my brother to get ready made dishes from Mount-View hotel. Everything had to be done before 12'o clock as per our Sikh tradition.

My brother-in-law asked about our honeymoon and

pat came the reply that we will have a perpetual honeymoon at Simla as he was posted there.

There were no new dresses, no band, no fuss at all. All was done in a hurry. My brother-in-law offered to drop us to Simla by car. Hubby refused saying, "I will take her by car when I can afford it. We will go by bus." I felt really proud of him. Mummy gave him Rs 500/- shagun out of which Rs 300/- went in a light pink dress, in which I got married, and Rs 200/- was presented to my friend by a custom in which in lieu of hiding his shoe, he was given money.

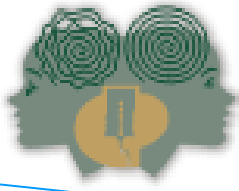
We have spent excellent 17 years of married life with two adorable children. We still laugh and joke about the wedding in haste.

Marry in haste, be happy in leisure .

**by Harbans**

## One body and many souls

### THE SWERVE



You might wonder why I have selected this topic and for what reason. I am also searching for an answer and trying to look within myself. How can one body and soul have so many personas. You have to give a very deep thought to reach a conclusion. A person has to go through many phases in life , many ups and downs. Different kinds of experiences each and every time to learn something new , as life is all about that.

A person has to perform many duties in many ways and carry many responsibilities. He has to

prove to the world that he is able and show them who he is. My friends, that's where I don't agree. These are my views that may differ from yours . Why live like the world sees the qualities within you and enhance them. Let the world follow you instead of you following the world .But here you have to be careful of certain things like selfishness, arrogance etc. Once they get to you , you loose your self-respect .

So many people have had and have a lot of mass followers. It is because of

their deeds and commitment to work and their determination that they have had towards their goals that people took an example and followed them. Great people do the same things but do them differently. Firstly we must learn to be good human beings, kind and humble and people will automatically reciprocate in the same manner.

**by Brij Raj Singh**

## Going down the lane of nostalgia with Michael Jackson

I must have been around five years old when we as a family shifted to what was known those days as "Madras" . We had constant entertainment from the boys next door in terms of the loud music they used to provide the entire neighborhood free of charge and unsolicited . There was one particular track that caught my attention and the guys seemed to be playing it pretty often . Let me introduce you to my neighboring boys Ajay, Bobby and Ashwin . All three of them did nothing productive all day . Sometimes they used to play cricket , and most of the time they used to watch MTV and listen to music . Going back to that

one particular track that they used to play over and over again , it was the all time great hit - "Black or White" by MJ .

Michael Jackson's music was flavored by jazzy-junk beats which tended to bounce you off your seat . An other aspect to his music was melody – Michael had one hell of a soothing voice and yet at the same time ,he could scream at frequencies that only dogs could hear !

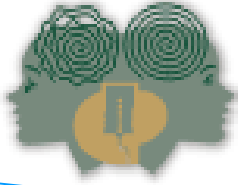
A legend always in the centre of controversy , lived a life of perpetual turbulence and this characterized his demise a well . We will never come to know what actually took this great legend

away from us – doctors can debate about the drugs and so on ..... does it really matter ? Michael has left his music behind with us , the people of this world .

There are some things that separate a performer from a legend . A performer usually limits himself by his own narrow vision . But in Michael's case , he really was a legend . There was really nothing much that he was not open to experimenting with, be it musical , personal , religious or principle . Michael was one man who simply followed his heart and we all know that when that is the case, one can never go wrong.

**by Shriram H Seshadri**

## THE SWERVE



### Colors of a Child

When meander in other color  
When red and black, fake the same blur  
When blame further  
When brown and coke, slake the same hunger  
In these alleys, of nomads  
I find there is none, so mad further  
Frame the picture ----- The sad rumination of an active soldier  
Anger, distorts logic & perception  
The child's drafts of a flight of fear

**by Tejas Desai**

### Master Blaster

#### Sachin Tendulkar

There is a frenzy  
Whenever Sachin Tendulkar takes the crease  
His batting has made him a terror  
48 test centuries all time high without sleaze  
And now a one-day 200, the first in History  
People with no money climb trees  
To watch the master blaster in action  
All time great.  
Watching T.V. on the sly-hoping don't get out please.  
That is Sachin for you  
He is also in the top twenty one dayers without sleaze  
How many world records he holds at the age of 37 years  
When retirement looms large  
He is busy waiting world records, count please.  
May be he'll go on forever.  
I will watch him on T.V. and on trees.

**by Vivek Chopra**

### Don't Think Twice To Be Nice

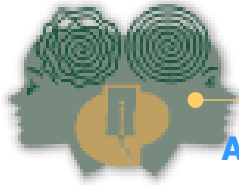
Even a bubble doesn't think when it rise but makes everyone happy and be wise;  
Even the candle knows, that it ends, but still attracts lots of friends;  
Even the perfume knows that it would perish but its fragrance  
Even the clock knows that it has to remain still all its lifetime, but always reminds everyone to be in time;  
Even the road knows that it won't move anywhere, but guides everyone to reach everywhere;  
Even the sky knows that no one can touch it, but makes everyone to dream to reach it;  
Even the Earth knows that it itself is sufficient but supports life, that's why its eminent;  
Being a nonliving thing they pay a hard price to be nice,  
Then why do we human think twice to be nice?  
Lets be nice with one and all, so that it adds value to your life when you fall.

**Contributed by Ragvendra**

## Dances of life

One knows opportunity is like, circumstance comes and goes  
As fragrance  
But trust is a colleague of chance  
Best to court every dance  
With which life follows  
To seek perfection if deed & word  
Like the wind blows.  
The dance of life

by Tejas Desai



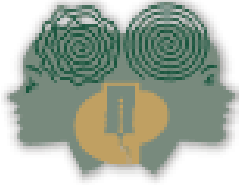
## At the Beginning

The concrete cave contracts,  
Claustrophobically,  
Choking the pulse of breath;  
I am wrung ---  
A soaked rag!  
Each bar I peep through  
Is but compressed bone.....  
Ribs that enclose the cage  
Into which I am squeezed;  
Perhaps it is my karma,  
As the poor sweeper's lad  
Proclaims authoritatively;  
Punished—  
For some forgotten sin---  
I endure the fools  
Silently,  
Composedly,  
Encased in the prison  
Which some songsters call life.

Words arrayed are nonsensical.....  
They shower alphabets  
Upon my balding head;  
O, these self-styled pundits  
Who ceaselessly caress  
Velvet letters,  
Like children  
Who discover plasticene,  
Forcing them into moulds  
Inherited from their forebears  
Who killed themselves  
Conforming with nonconformists  
And were taken to the gallows  
To hang in space;  
What providence it is:  
The noose  
Is like the letter o-  
Not a zero, not a nil,  
But the beginning  
Of conclusion  
That's concluded.

by Gautam Nadkarni.

## THE SWERVE



## Limericks

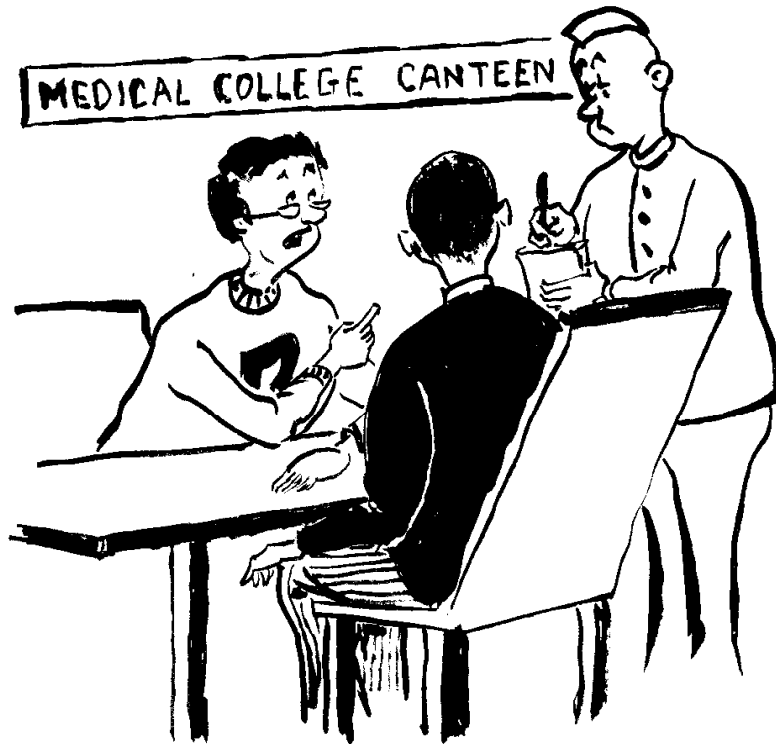
1. THERE WAS A YOUNG GOURMET NAMED NEEL,  
WHO DINED ON THE FLESH OF A SEAL, -----  
TO THE WAITER (QUITE HAPPY)  
HE WOULD SAY; MAKE IT SNAPPY.....  
AND TIP HIM A RUPEE (BIG DEAL).
2. A GUY STAYING AT CADABAMS  
COMPLAINED HE WAS DOWN IN THE DUMPS;  
BUT HIS COUNSELLOR SAID:  
YOU'VE GOT LEAD IN YOUR HEAD...  
THIS GAVE THE OLD FELLOW THE JUMPS.
3. THERE WAS AN OLD PARSEE NAMED KESI  
WHO WORE FANCY SHIRTS (VERY LACY!);  
HE WOULD SAY TO HIS WIFE:  
EAT WITH FORK AND A KNIFE.....  
BUT AS FOR HIS DRINKS THEY WERE DESI.
4. THERE WAS ONCE AN OLD BRAHMIN NAMED HARI;  
WHO WOULD EAT ALL HIS MEALS IN A HURRY  
ONCE GULPING A PLATE  
HE CURSED HIS ILL-FATE.....  
FOR HE FOUND THAT HE'D EATEN FISH-CURRY.
5. THERE WAS A YOUNG FELLOW CALLED RAMA  
WHO HAD QUITE A PENCHANT FOR DRAMA,  
WHEN TOLD: COME ON OUT;  
"I WON'T" HE WOULD SHOUT  
FOR HE JUST WOULDN'T LEAVE WITHOUT MAMA.

**by Gautam Nadkarni.**

## Supplication Of a Child

On my lips comes a 'Dua'  
As a necessity of Mine  
Let my life has a face of flame  
O God Of mine,  
Let the Darkness of the world disappear due to me,  
Let every place be enlightened by brightness due to me.  
Let the pride of my country in me ,be in a manner,  
As the pride of a garden lies embedded in the flower.  
Let the face of my life be like that of a moth, O my Lord  
Make me love the flame of knowledge.  
My Lord, let my mission be to help the poor people,  
To relieve those in pain and to serve the old people.  
My Lord!! Guard me from the bad way.  
Lead me on a path which is the right way.

**by Naiyer Mohammed**



**WE'LL HAVE BRAIN MASALA COMPLETE WITH  
CEREBELUM, CEREBRUM AND MEDULA OBLONGATA.**

**by Gautam Nadkarni.**

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#### THE FINALE

Encore readers and contributors for making this indural issue 'swerve' for paving the way from darkness to light. We, at Cadabams anticipate the joy of reading our edition is a phenomenon success Au revoir, till next month where we pledge to keep the adrenaline juices flowing , thereby promising more excitement in keeping pace with our readers delight.

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