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Pleasant Moments

Life Management
Business Management
Job Management
Family Management
Child Care
Poem
A page for our country

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Deepavali

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Preface

There lived a cap seller, who earned his living by selling caps. He moved from village to village carrying his basket of caps. Whenever tired he rested under the shade of a tree.

It was a hot a day and the cap seller had walked a considerable distance, though the forest. So, he decided to rest for a while, under a shady tree before moving on to the other village.

Keeping the basket beside him he lay down on the ground and soon fell asleep. A group of monkeys silently came and saw him with the cap on his head. They picked the caps from the basket, put them on to their head and climbed the tree. The cap seller woke up to find the basket empty, the only cap he had was the one, on his head.

To get his caps back, the cap seller thought of tricking the monkeys. He juggled with the cap and the monkeys imitated him. He wore and threw the cap down and the monkeys followed the same action. When they threw the caps down he collected them and moved over to the next village to continue with his job of 'sales'.

The story doesn't end here. It advances further to a new generation, when the cap seller grew old and trained his son for sales promotion. He shared his experience (of the monkeys) with his son and explained him, how to deal in such adverse circumstances.

The son took up his father's profession and found himself in a similar situation, his father was in. His was an encounter with the next generation of monkeys. The son remembered his father's technique. He threw his cap on the ground to let the monkeys imitate him. This time, the monkeys didn't copy him. Rather a young monkey came down, picked up the son's cap and climbed the tree.

Now the question arises, as to why didn't the monkeys copy him? Because, last time the leader of monkeys learnt a lesson, by understanding the cap seller's technique. He trained his next generation, not to loose anything by imitating humans.

So, we can say that the father was a learner. He found the solution suitable to his problem and trained his son, but the training did not work. Here lies the difference between training and learning. Times are changing and so are the learning techniques. Ours should be a learning

organization. We should learn and strive to generate 'solutions' suitable to our problem. Continuous learning and assessment should be a part of business. Because organizations would have enough land, building, machines, material, money, technical know how, technology and its related information. Only a set of manpower with learning abilities will make a difference.

We, at Macro World Softwares, celebrate Deepavali by sharing our joy and experiences. Keeping this tradition alive, we share it by sending the greetings in book form. We learned that story is an effective medium of learning. **Pearls of Wisdom** and **Whispering Wind** were the two books in a row that were make available to you. Both the books contained the articles mainly in the form of stories. We received a marvellous feed back. Many insisted us to continue this tradition. Many unknown to us, approached for a copy. Many unknown to us, gave their feed back through email. The credit for this goes to Shree M.R.Shah, editor of "FOUNDRY", Shree Nalin Jasani, a bank manager, and Dr. Narendra Khalpada, a gynaecologist, who guided us at every stage, from selecting the articles to giving a final touch to the book.

More over, Shree Suresh Pandit, a management consultant, and Shree Manjul V. Shah, a quality consultant, has specially written articles for our third book. Shree Ravinder Kumar, a teacher and Ms. Nikita Hiranandani, an enthusiastic neighbour, have contributed some of the articles to make our third book **Pleasant Moments** more meaningful. We sincerely appreciate and thank all of them. It has encouraged us a lot.

We are glad to present this book . We hope, you'll find its contents worthy, to manage your life, job, family and, of course, your business in a better way.

Happy Deepavali

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God's Cake

Sometimes we wonder, "What did I do to deserve this?" or "Why did God have to do this to me?" Here is a wonderful explanation!

A daughter is telling her mother how everything is going wrong. She's failing algebra, her boyfriend broke up with her and her best friend is moving away.

Meanwhile, her mother is baking a cake and asks her daughter if she would like a snack, and the daughter says, "Absolutely Mom, I love your cake."

"Here, have some cooking oil." Her mother offers.

"Yuck" says her daughter.

"How about a couple raw eggs?"

"Gross, Mom!"

"Would you like some flour then? Or maybe baking soda?"

"Mom, those are all yucky!"

To which the mother replies: "Yes, all those things seem bad all by themselves. But when they are put together in the right way, they make a wonderfully delicious cake!

God works the same way. Many times we wonder why he would let us go through such bad and difficult times. But God knows that when He puts these things all in His order, they always work for good! We just have to trust Him and, eventually, they will all make something wonderful!

How Rich Are We?

One day a father and his rich family took his son on a trip to the country with the firm purpose to show him how poor people can be.

They spent a day and a night on the farm of a very poor family. When they got back from their trip, the father asked his son, "How was the trip?"

"Very good Dad!"

"Did you see how poor people can be?" the father asked.

"Yeah!"

"And what did you learn?"

The son answered, "I saw that we have a dog at home, and they have four. We have a pool that reaches to the middle of the garden; they have a creek that has no end. We have imported lamps in the garden; they have the stars.

Our patio reaches to the front yard; they have a whole horizon."

When the little boy was finished, his father was speechless.

His son added, "Thanks, Dad, for showing me how 'poor' we are!"

Isn't it true that it all depends on the way we look at things? If we have love, friends, family, health, good humor and a positive attitude towards life -- we've got everything!

We can't buy any of these things. We may have all the material possessions we can imagine, provisions for the future, etc.; but if we are poor of spirit, we have nothing!

Special Olympics

Some people understand life better.

And they call some of these people "retarded" . . .

At the Seattle Special Olympics, nine contestants, all physically or mentally disabled, assembled at the starting line for the 100-yard dash.

At the gun, they all started out, not exactly in a dash, but with a relish to run the race to the finish and win.

All, that is, except one little boy who stumbled on the asphalt, tumbled over a couple of times, and began to cry. The other eight heard the boy cry.

They slowed down and looked back. Then they all turned around and went back... every one of them. One girl with Down's syndrome bent down and kissed him and said, "This will make it better."

Then all nine linked arms and walked together to the finish line. Everyone in the stadium stood, the cheering went on for several minutes.

People who were there are still telling the story . . . Why? Because deep down we know this one thing: What matters in this life is more than winning for ourselves.

What matters in this life is helping others win, even if it means slowing down and changing our course.

A Good Deed

One day, a poor boy who was selling goods from door to door to pay his way through school, found he had only one thin dime left, and he was hungry.

He decided he would ask for a meal at the next house.

However, he lost his nerve when a lovely young woman opened the door.

Instead of a meal, he asked for a drink of water. She thought he looked hungry so brought him a large glass of milk. He drank it slowly, and then asked, "How much do I owe you?"

"You don't owe me anything," she replied.

"Mother has taught us never to accept pay for a kindness."

He said, "Then I thank you from my heart."

As Howard Kelly left that house, he not only felt stronger physically, but his faith in God and man was strong also.

He had been ready to give up and quit.

Year's later, that young woman became critically ill. The local doctors were baffled. They finally sent her to the big city, where they called in specialists to study her rare disease.

Dr. Howard Kelly was called in for the consultation. When he heard the name of the town she came from, he went down the hall of the hospital to her room. Dressed in his doctor's gown, he went in to see her.

He recognized her at once. He went back to the consultation room determined to do his best to save her life.

From that day, he gave special attention to the case. After a long struggle, the battle was won.

Dr. Kelly requested the business office to pass the final bill to him for approval. He looked at it, and then wrote something on the edge, and the bill was sent to her room.

She feared to open it, for she was sure it would take the rest of her life to pay for it all.

Finally she looked, and something caught her attention on the side of the bill. She read these words: "**PAID IN FULL WITH ONE GLASS OF MILK**".

(Signed) Dr. Howard Kelly."

Tears of joy flooded her eyes as her happy heart prayed:

"Thank You, God, that your love is shed abroad through human hearts and hands."

Socrates Triple Filter Test

In ancient Greece, Socrates was reputed to hold knowledge in high esteem.

One day an acquaintance met the great philosopher and said, "Do you know what I just heard about your friend?"

Hold on a minute," Socrates replied. "Before telling me anything, I'd like you to pass a little test. It's called the Triple Filter Test."

Triple filter?"

That's right," Socrates continued. "Before you talk to me about my friend, it might be a good idea to take a moment and filter what you're going to say. That's why I call it the triple filter test.

The first filter is TRUTH. Have you made absolutely sure that what you are about to tell me is true?"

No," the man said, "actually I just heard about it and..."

All right," said Socrates. "So you don't really know if it's true or not. Now let's try the second filter, the filter of **GOODNESS**. Is what you are about to tell me about my friend something good?"

No, on the contrary..."

So," Socrates continued, "you want to tell me something bad about him, but you're not certain it's true. You may still pass the test though, because there's one filter left: the filter of **USEFULNESS**. Is what you want to tell me about my friend going to be useful to me?"

No, not really."

Well," concluded Socrates, "if what you want to tell me is neither true nor good nor even useful, why tell it to me at all?"

This is why Socrates was a great philosopher & held in such high esteem. Friends, use this triple filter each time you hear loose talk about any of your near & dear friends.

How To Carry Your Burden

A monarch of long ago had twin sons. There was some confusion about which one was born first. As they grew to young manhood, the king sought a fair way to designate one of them as crown prince. All who knew the young men thought them equal in intelligence, wit, personal charm, health, and physical strength. Being a keenly observant king, he thought he detected a trait in one, which was not shared by the other.

Calling them to his council chamber one day, he said, "My sons, the day will come when one of you must succeed me as king. The burdens of sovereignty are very heavy. To find out which of you is better able to bear them cheerfully, I am sending you together to a far corner of the kingdom. One of my advisors there will place equal burdens on your shoulders. My crown will one day go to the one who first returns bearing his burden like a king should."

In a spirit of friendly competition, the brothers set out together. Soon they overtook an aged woman struggling under a burden that seemed far too heavy for her frail body. One of the boys suggested that they stop to help her. The other protested: "We have a burden of our own to worry about. Let us be on our way."

The objector hurried on while the other stayed behind to give aid to the aged woman. Along the road, from day to day, he found others who also needed help. A blind man took him miles out of his way, and a lame man slowed him to a cripple's walk.

Eventually he did reach his father's advisor, where he secured his own burden and started home with it safely on his shoulders. When he arrived at the palace, his brother met him at the gate, and greeted him with dismay. He said, "I don't understand. I told our father the burden was too heavy to carry. However did you do it?"

The future king replied thoughtfully, "**I suppose when I helped others carry their burdens, I found the strength to carry my own.**"

The Seeds

An emperor in the Far East was growing old and knew it was time to choose his successor. Instead of choosing one of his assistants or his children, he decided something different. He called young people in the kingdom together one day. He said, "It is time for me to step down and choose the next emperor. I have decided to choose one of you." The kids were shocked! But the emperor continued. "I am going to give each one of you a seed today. One very special seed. I want you to plant the seed, water it and come back here one year from today with what you have grown from this one seed. I will then judge the plants that you bring, and the one I choose will be the next emperor!"

One boy named Ling was there that day and he, like the others, received a seed. He went home and excitedly told his mother the story. She helped him get a pot and planting soil, and he planted the seed and watered it carefully. Every day he would water it and watch to see if it had grown. After about three weeks, some of the other youths began to talk about their seeds and the plants that were beginning to grow. Ling kept checking his seed, but nothing ever grew. Three weeks, 4 weeks, 5 weeks went by. Still nothing. By now, others were talking about their plants but Ling didn't have a plant, and he felt like a failure. Six months went by--still nothing in Ling's pot. He just knew he had killed his seed. Everyone else had trees and tall plants, but he had nothing. Ling didn't say anything to his friends, however. He just kept waiting for his seed to grow.

A year finally went by and all the youths of the kingdom brought their plants to the emperor for inspection. Ling told his mother that he wasn't going to take an empty pot. But honest about what happened, Ling felt sick to his stomach, but he knew his mother was right. He took his empty pot to the palace. When Ling arrived, he was amazed at the variety of plants grown by the other youths. They were beautiful--in all shapes and sizes. Ling put his empty pot on the floor and many of the their kinds laughed at him. A few felt sorry for him and just said, "Hey nice try."

When the emperor arrived, he surveyed the room and greeted the young people. Ling just tried to hide in the back. "My, what great plants, trees and flowers you have grown," said the emperor. "Today, one of you will be appointed the next emperor!" All of a sudden, the emperor spotted Ling at the back of the room with his empty pot. He ordered his guards to bring him to the front. Ling was terrified. "The emperor knows I'm a failure!

Maybe he will have me killed!" When Ling got to the front, the Emperor asked his name. "My name is Ling," he replied. All the kids were laughing and making fun of him.

The emperor asked everyone to quiet down. He looked at Ling, and then announced to the crowd, "Behold your new emperor! His name is Ling!" Ling couldn't believe it. Ling couldn't even grow his seed. How could he be the new emperor? Then the emperor said, "One year ago today, I gave everyone here a seed. I told you to take the seed, plant it, water it, and bring it back to me today. But I gave you all boiled seeds, which would not grow. All of you, except Ling, have brought me trees and plants and flowers. When you found that the seed would not grow, you substituted another seed for the one I gave you. Ling was the only one with the courage and honesty to bring me a pot with my seed in it. Therefore, he is the one who will be the new emperor!"

If you plant **honesty**, you will reap **trust**.

If you plant **goodness**, you will reap **friends**.

If you plant **humility**, you will reap **greatness**.

If you plant **perseverance**, you will reap **victory**.

If you plant **consideration**, you will reap **harmony**.

If you plant **hard work**, you will reap **success**.

If you plant **forgiveness**, you will reap **reconciliation**.

If you plant **openness**, you will reap **intimacy**.

If you plant **patience**, you will reap **improvements**.

If you plant **faith**, you will reap **miracles**.

So be careful what you plant now, it will determine what you will reap tomorrow. The seeds you now, will make life worse or better for you. Someday, you will enjoy the fruits, or you will pay for the choices you plant today.

Why Are You My Friend?

Mark was walking home from school one day when he noticed the boy ahead of him had tripped and dropped all of the books he was carrying, along with two sweaters, a baseball bat, a glove and a small tape recorder.

Mark knelt down and helped the boy pick up the scattered articles. Since they were going the same way, he helped to carry part of the burden. As they walked Mark discovered the boy's name was Bill, that he loved video games, baseball and history, and that he was having lots of trouble with his other subjects and that he had just broken up with his girlfriend. They arrived at Bill's home first and Mark was invited in for a Coke and to watch some television. The afternoon passed pleasantly with a few laughs and some shared small talk, then Mark went home. They continued to see each other around school, had lunch together once or twice, then both graduated from junior high school. They ended up in the same high school where they had brief contacts over the years. Finally the long-awaited senior year came and three weeks before graduation, Bill asked Mark if they could talk.

Bill reminded him of the day years ago when they had first met. "Did you ever wonder why I was carrying so many things home that day?" asked Bill. "You see, I cleaned out my locker because I didn't want to leave a mess for anyone else. I had stored away some of my mothers sleeping pills and I was going home to commit suicide.

But after we spent some time together talking and laughing, I realized that if I had killed myself, I would have missed that time and so many others that might follow. So you see, Mark, when you picked up those books that day, you did a lot more, you saved my life."

Every little hello, every little smile, every helping hand saves a hurting heart. There's a miracle called Friendship that dwells in the heart.

Manage Your Time

The busier you are, the more important to stop and read this story.

One day, an expert in time management was speaking to a group of business students and, to drive home a point, used an illustration those students will never forget.

As he stood in front of the group of high-powered over achievers, he said, "Okay, time for a quiz." He then pulled out a one-gallon, wide-mouth masonry jar and set it on the table in front of him. Then he produced about a dozen fist-sized rocks and carefully placed them, one by one, into the jar. When the jar was filled to the top and no more rocks would fit inside, he asked, "Is this jar full?"

Everyone in the class said, "Yes." Then he said, "Really?" He reached under the table and pulled out a bucket of gravel. Then he dumped some gravel in and shook the jar, causing pieces of gravel to work themselves down into the space between the big rocks. Then he asked the group once more. "Is this jar full?"

By this time the class was on to him. "Probably not," one of them answered. "Good!" He replied. He reached under the table and brought out a bucket of sand. He started dumping the sand in the jar and it went into all the spaces left between the rocks and the gravel.

Once more he asked the question. "Is this jar full?"

"No!" the class shouted. Once again, he said, "Good!" Then he grabbed a pitcher of water and began to pour it in until the jar was filled to the brim.

Then the expert in time-management looked at the class and asked, "What is the point of this illustration?" One eager Beaver raised his hand and said, "The point is, no matter how full your schedule is, if you try really hard you can always fit some more things in it."

"No", the speaker replied, "that's not the point. The truth this illustration teaches us is this:

If you don't put the big rocks in first, you'll never get them in at all.

What are the big rocks in your life? Your children. Your spouse.

Your loved ones. Your friendships. Your education. Your dreams. A worthy cause. Teaching or mentoring others. Doing things that you love.

Time for yourself. Your health.

Remember to put these **BIG ROCKS** in first, or you'll never get them in at all. "If you sweat the little stuff (i.e. gravel, the sand) then you'll fill your life with little things you will never have the real quality time you need to spend on the big, important stuff (the big rocks).

So, tonight, or in the morning, when you are reflecting on this short story, ask yourself this question: What are the "big rocks" in my life?

Then put those in your jar first.

An Attitude Towards Pain

An aging Hindu master grew tired of his apprentice complaining, and so, one morning, sent him for some salt.

When the apprentice returned, the master instructed the unhappy young man to put a handful of salt in a glass of water and then to drink it.

"How does it taste?" the master asked.

"Bitter," spit the apprentice.

The master chuckled and then asked the young man to take the same handful of salt and put it in the lake.

The two walked in silence to the nearby lake, and once the apprentice swirled his handful of salt in the water, the old man said, "Now drink from the lake."

As the water dripped down the young man's chin, the master asked, "How does it taste?"

"Fresh," remarked the apprentice.

"Do you taste the salt?" asked the master.

"No," said the young man.

At this, the master sat beside this serious young man who so reminded him of himself and took his hands, offering, "The pain of life is pure salt; no more, no less.

The amount of pain in life remains the same, exactly the same. But the amount of bitterness we taste depends on the container we put the pain in.

So, when you are in pain; the only thing you can do is to enlarge your sense of things.... **Stop being a glass. Become a lake.**"



Strategy To Face Global Competition

By Shree Suresh.V.Pandit e-mail: sureshvpandit@rediffmail.com

India - A natural choice for No.1 position in Global Competition

- Before British rule India was No.1 in every sphere of human activity - be it industry, commerce, education, art, craft, music, dance or innovations
- We are the products of 5000 years of unbroken, liberal, enriching civilization process.
- India has the largest pool of under-exploited natural resources.
- Indians are quick learners; they think holistic, lead simple life and work long hours.

Mistakes of the post-independence era.

- Adoption of British model of governance, Soviet model of economy and American model of management.
- British model of governance was developed basically to suit the needs of a small island nation with a homogeneous population. For a large country like India, with every kind of diversity, it has lead to non-performing government, insensitive bureaucracy, meaningless laws, high taxation and endemic corruption.
- Russian model of economy lead to creation of huge loss making public enterprises, license - permit Raj, discouragement of private enterprise, promotion of non-value adding employment, parasitic trade union leadership.
- Adoption of American model of Management lead to alienation of producers from managers and entrepreneurs, high inventories rigid division of labour and functions to the detriment of overall benefit to the company.
- 50 years of operating in a non-competitive economy has made us habituated to compromising of long term future for short term benefits, neglect development, think and plan in 'small' terms, keep looking for outside help and artificial crutches.

Strategies to face global competition

1. Thinking Global, Thinking long-term and Thinking BIG!

- Yahoo search for ' Foundry Business opportunities' lists 4920 web pages! So far we have been reacting to global demand rather than proactively creating demand. Americans, Japanese, Koreans have map of the globe before them while determining the size of the business. Germans insist on 15-year business projections before they even decide on selection of factory plot.
- 'Design' costs are fixed. Scale of manufacture determine the design costs. A thumb rule to keep in mind is that design costs are halved when size is multiplied 10 times. Another thumb rule of business is market size multiplies at least by 10 times when prices are halved.
- We had great visionaries like Jameshetji Tata and Walchand Hirachand. Today we have Dhirubhai Ambani, 'Infosys' Murthy, 'Wipro' Premji.

2. Stop Imitating and start differentiation

- Best way to compete is to avoid competition! Imitation leads to competition. So nature in its infinite wisdom does not create exact copies. Therefore every planet, every plant, every human being is unique. There is no dearth of business opportunities. Every human need is a business opportunity. After buying cloth in a cloth shop, you need to stitch it and you need a tailoring shop and then a laundry! Human needs are never ending and so also the business opportunities.
- Identify own unique characteristics, sharpen them and use them against 'soft spots' of the environment. Identify and Develop core competence.
- Even a little differentiation can make you unique. If you are one in a row of A-Z cloth shops, you can stand out and do good business at a lesser cost by specialising only in one category like Curtain Cloth. Grow in depth! Keep on adding USP's - Unique Selling Propositions.

3. Focus on Customer needs

- Business and profits are byproducts of service. In a global economy where manufacturing capacity is more than the customer demand, customer will always have an upper hand. Customers are not strangers but ourselves in a different role. If customer benefits we benefit too.
- Superior service is that service where you anticipate customer expectation. You provide service beyond his expectation. Be ready to announce price reduction every now and then and offer freebies ahead of competition, because only a larger market share will enable you to reduce prices and still maintain gross margins.

- Become attractive to customers through your superior products, service and benefits to customers. Let environment get addicted to you rather than be pre-occupied with projecting self.

4. Focus on Narrower segment of customers and their needs, meet interconnected needs of your target group

- One cannot excel in everything. We have to build on our core competence. Our core competence improves when we focus our efforts on a narrow range, just like harmless sunrays passing through a lens can burn.
- We can provide better service to important few rather than many ordinary. In our effort to satisfy all, we often fail on all fronts.
- Having provided superior service to a narrowly defined target group of customers and having built goodwill with them, meet interconnected needs of your customers and expand business. For example, along with curtain cloth one can sell tailoring service related hardware etc.

5. Focus on intangibles/ invisible/ software rather than tangibles/ visible/hardware

- In the emerging new economy intangibles like your reputation for honesty, speed, accuracy, customer care, building relationships, information base will matter more than possession/ownership of factories, manpower, money, and land.
- Make use of already available infrastructure of other people rather than invest time, money and efforts in building new infrastructure.

6. Focus on few core issues. Identify current bottleneck and Focus on De-bottlenecking

- Typically management attention is drawn to many issues at the same time. Individual managers and management as a group or a team, should pay attention to the factor of ROTI - Return On Time Invested, before launching headlong into activity. Attending to each issue requires certain amount of time and attention -T and results in a certain amount of benefit in Rupees - B. Items with a higher B/T ratio should be attended to first.
- Often if you care to focus, you will find that, one root cause or a problem lies at the core of all other problems. If you identify and solve that particular problem or bottleneck, you succeed in solving many problems at one stroke.

7. Innovate and create a climate for innovation

- There is no limit to productivity when people begin to think. However most organisations prevent people from thinking by giving them limiting titles and placing them in straightjacket sections and departments. Most policies and procedures effectively sap the creative energy of the employees.
- Dismantling of steep hierarchies and formation of network of self-managed teams can prepare the ground for creative culture. People who get timely appreciation, objective feedback, respect, affection and autonomy besides decent result based income give their best to the organisation.

8 Sensitive Radar System

- In today's fast changing times, there is no place for self-occupied management. Every living organism monitors its surroundings and adjusts itself to changing circumstances. So also living organisations. The threat will come not only from the competing companies, but also from new technology, new processes, new government policies and new alignments. The good part of this activity is new opportunities also appear on the horizon. One can grow into new emerging gaps.

9. Identify and Eliminate all non-value adding activities and positions

- Every organisation has accumulated over a period, people and positions, which might have made sense at one time but not anymore. Even otherwise these busybodies stop productive people in their track. One has to make an objective assessment of what useful contribution to the organisation, an activity/person makes or what possible losses that activity/person prevents before allowing any further expenses on that count.

10 Develop competence

- Competence of your People is the main wealth of your organization. Their knowledge level, skill level, attitude, habits and process orientation will determine your collective capability. You can be world class only when your capabilities are world class. Treat employees as your prime customers.

The Story Of Quality Professional

- By Shree Manjul V. Shah
Quality Consultant

He is working as a quality professional in one of the leading organization. Being a diligent professional, he grappled with an array of problems and put finer insight into the entire process and functioning of the company.

Come December and the problems start pouring in. The top leadership of his organization, personally demanded an explanation to all the problems, along with probable solutions. With no support from his colleagues he finds himself in hot soup. He accepts those problems as challenges and strikes to generate 'solutions' through various 'initiatives' and 'programs'. However his efforts are ignored.

As days & weeks pass by, he feels a dire urgency to work out the kinks and improve the quality of his products. He strongly believes '**Quality**' to be one of the prime focus areas of his corporation but things went wayward and he was hell bent on putting them to track. He aimed for the best quality. His approach was to contribute to its improvement and show the management as to what can be done in a span of three months.

He tried to explain different terms used in '**Quality Assurance**' to the management of his corporation; but realized it to be a difficult task, to convince them to see things his way.

This left him in a state of utter disappointment. He returned to his cabin thinking to refer some books. Suddenly his eyes fell upon a book titled '**Ladies - Better Quality Professionals**'. He went through some of its pages but was bored in half an hour and with heavy eyes fell asleep.

The next day, he taxed his brain to recollect whatever little he read and attempting to change the existing scenario devised a strategy to observe his wife. Let's hear the outcome of this, in his own words:

The sound of alarm woke me at daybreak. To my surprise the chime was a bit different.

I enquired Maya, "How is it that the alarm sounds a bit different, today?"

"Oh! The new one is HMT clock. I purchased it a week ago. But it seems you noticed it to-day", she replied.

"What's gone wrong with the Citizen clock?" I asked with curiosity.

"The Citizen alarm didn't ring precisely", she replied, "I wished to compare the alarm time in the clocks."

Later she showed a **record** of time, when the alarm was set and the actual time the alarm rang. She had calculated the average time also.

I straightaway looked at the **average** alarm time and concluded Citizen to be better than HMT. With a smile on her face, she asked me to **scan** through the entire record. What I did not notice was that the Citizen alarm was earlier or later by 5,3 or 2 minutes whereas the HMT alarm always rang, earlier by 5 minutes for the entire week.

Here she displayed her mettle by 'recording' the events. This made me realize Citizen's **Accuracy** and HMT's **Precision**. One has to live with accuracy whereas one can set precision.

The first Maya "I have learned my first lesson about the terminology Accuracy, Precision, Usage of Record for decision. Scan the record rather than jump to the conclusion."

Pleased at my first achievement, I reached for the toothbrush and paste in the cabinet. To my surprise, here too I found a different brand of toothpaste. The box cover displayed the picture of a pretty model in sparkling white teeth. I took a close look at the picture. There wasn't anything appealing. One could see such pictures on different brands of toothpastes. Inside the box I found a white strip. "That's it!" I exclaimed. Now I can compare my teeth with this white strip: as **means of comparison** is available.

The Second Maya "I have learned my second lesson about the importance of Sample for measurement by attribute"

Satisfied with the second lesson, I leisurely read the newspaper and felt the need to take a hot bath. The water in the bucket was luke warm. I frowned at Maya, " You know I prefer taking hot bath. Why didn't you tell me earlier that the water wasn't warm enough to bathe?" [I read it somewhere that the temperature of water should be 55 degree C.]

So I demanded, the temperature of water be 55 degree C. Maya, hurried from the kitchen, dipped her hand in water, declaring that the water is sufficiently hot to bathe with. Here was a difference in **Opinion - a dispute** due to measurement by feeling (**attribute**). Maya got a thermometer, measured it and announced the temperature of water to be exactly 55 degree C. Then she smiled to say- "Now there is no question of dispute, as **measurement** was performed by a **variable**. I fumed at the thought of feeling the water warm.

The Third Maya "I have learned my third lesson about the advantage of measurements by variable over attribute. The setting of equipment is done for the requirement and by experience you can still use attribute for quicker decision"

After going through the early morning hassles, Maya prepared the tea. I refused to drink, as I preferred strong tea. When I enquired, she replied that she added two teaspoons of tea instead of three. " Maya, Don't spoil my morning," I said with an expression of displeasure. She silently returned to the kitchen to process the same tea and serve it with breakfast. I sipped the tea and found it to be of appetizing flavor. Satisfied, I chided - "This tickles my senses." Actually she replaced the old brand with a **new** brand of tea (**material**) and boiled it for a bit longer period. "I need to **adjust my process** as this requires two teaspoon of tea and increased boiling time", replied my wife.

The Fourth Maya" I have learned my fourth lesson about the adjustment of process whenever the input changes."

I wished to go to one of my old friend's place on a routine visit. When I was dressing myself, I observed a loose thread coming out of the shirtsleeve. I was about to wear other shirt, when Maya told me not to change. She believed this to be a **minor defect** and gave two explanations: 1. The thread, loosely hung is at the inner side of the sleeve. 2. He was on an informal visit (**fitness of purpose**). She cut the loose thread immediately and gave him the shirt.

The Fifth Maya" I have learned my fifth lesson about the classification of defect as well as fitness for the purpose."

When I returned from my friend's place, I observed my wife's work pattern in the kitchen. Maya kneaded the dough, adding water, making it soft enough to roll the balls into chapaatis. She roasted chapaatis by occasionally turning them over gas flame. She stacked them neatly one above the other. I was surprised to see the accurate size and shape of chapaatis. They were **consistently** made of same shape and diameter. Later she served them with a variety of delicious dishes. I wondered how Maya catered to the different tastes of the children, parents and mine.

The Sixth Maya" I have learned my sixth lesson about the monitoring process and on the job training improve skill and bring consistent output."

Shortly after lunch I needed a nap. I went to my bedroom and switched on the CD player. It played an Indian classical music. I loved hearing old songs and so changed the CD. Maya insisted listening to it. I readily accepted the **suggestion** for a **change**. The music soothed my nerves and put me to sleep. I woke up feeling fresh after this quick nap. Maya's music had worked.

The Seventh Maya" I have learned my seventh lesson about the resistance to change. Accept the suggestion it may improve the quality."

I had my evening tea and Maya got busy with her preparation for baking a cake. It took half an hour for the cake to get ready. I couldn't resist admiring her preparation. "How is it that, your cake is better than Monginis. She replied in detail-1. Select right quality wheat.2. Check the ingredients like sugar, butter, baking powder. 3. Grind the wheat to fine powder in the grinding machine fixing the right mesh. To see that it doesn't contain any impurity grind it in your grinding machine. 4.Mix the ingredients in right quantity. Put the batter in the oven. Select the right temperature for baking. Poke the rod in the cake to check the softness and baking. 5.Remove it from the oven. 6. Decorate it and serve to the utmost satisfaction of the customer. Her details amazed me. The truth was that after repeated practice, she was able to prepare a cake without referring to any cookbook. **No written instructions were required.**

The Eighth Maya" I have learned my eighth lesson about the need of training over written instruction for perfection. Written instruction is OK for guidance but cannot substitute practice."

Big God!

I invited few guests for dinner. "Have you done the necessary arrangements for the party?" "Yes", Maya replied. She made a list of invitees and their likings. "15 of your guests like coffee, 25 prefer tea and the rest of them would prefer cold drinks. Chole Bhature and Pulao along with some snacks are on the menu. Our neighbour Pommy would help us in the preparations. She will be here with a large cooker (**right equipment**) needed for chole.

Maya sent her daughter to purchase rice and wheat from Jayantibhai our **approved vendor** and also asked her to get a sample for (Ararot-fine flour) for **approval**. She and her team prepared everything by 7.30 pm.

Maya draped herself in a beautiful Saree. She looked splendid in her attire. She asked me to dress up in an outfit that suited the occasion (**fitness for the purpose**).

The guests arrived; my daughter & her friends served them the welcome drink. Maya entertained guests with an air of elegance, while keeping track of the minutest details; occasionally moving in to chat with them. She also managed to keep the **aesthetic aspect** of serving the food on the table. The guests appreciated her job of being a perfect hostess, which I would term as **customer delight**. The appreciation relieved Maya of a tiring day.

The Ninth Maya" I have learned my ninth lesson about Customer requirements, right equipment, approved vendor, sample for approval, fitness for the purpose, teamwork aesthetic quality, delight of customer and last but not the least appreciation"

At the end of the day I recollected Maya's silent '**Quality movement**' that went unnoticed. She performed her household chores in an elegant and simple manner by serving the family and guests, keeping a pleasing demeanour.

I had my plans ready after learning from my wife. I worked hard; gradually, applying all the tricks of quality related aspects to my work place. And to my surprise within three months, I was at the receiving end when my customers sent letters of appreciations, on functional and aesthetic aspects of our products.

My boss appreciated my efforts in bringing down the complains to zero. When asked as to how I achieved the results in such a short- time, I could just smile to say-

"Observe your wife, closely for a day".

Two men went fishing. One was an experienced fisherman, the other wasn't. Every time the experienced fisherman caught a big fish, he put it in his ice chest to keep it fresh. Whenever the inexperienced fisherman caught a big fish, he threw it back.

The experienced fisherman watched this go on all day and finally got tired of seeing the man waste good fish. "Why do you keep throwing back all the big fish you catch?" He asked.

The inexperienced fisherman replied, "I only have a small frying pan."

Sometimes, like that fisherman, we throw back the big plans, big dreams, big jobs, big opportunities that God gives us. Our faith is too small.

We laugh at that fisherman who didn't figure out that all he needed was a bigger frying pan, yet how ready are we to increase the size of our faith?

Whether it's a problem or a possibility, God will never give you anything bigger than you can handle. That means we can confidently walk into anything God brings our way.

The Littlest Firefighter

The 26-year-old mother stared down at her son who was dying of terminal leukemia. Although her heart was filled with sadness, she also had a strong feeling of determination. Like any parent she wanted her son to grow up and fulfill all his dreams. Now that was no longer possible. The leukemia would see to that. But she still wanted her son's dreams to come true.

She took her son's hand and asked, "Billy, did you ever think about what you wanted to be once you grew up? Did you ever dream and wish what you would do with your life?" "Mommy, I always wanted to be a fireman when I grew up." Mom smiled back and said, "Let's see if we can make your wish come true." Later that day she went to her local fire department in Phoenix, Arizona, where she met Fireman Bob, who had a heart as big as Phoenix.

She explained her son's final wish and asked if it might be possible to give her six year old son a ride around the block on a fire engine.

Fireman Bob said, "**Look, we can do better than that.** If you'll have your son ready at seven o'clock Wednesday morning, we'll make him an honorary fireman for the whole day. He can come down to the fire station, eat with us, go out on all the fire calls, the whole nine yards! "And if you'll give us his sizes, we'll get a real fire uniform for him, with a real fire hat-not a toy one-with the emblem of the Phoenix Fire Department on it, a yellow slicker like we wear and rubber boots. They're all manufactured right here in Phoenix, so we can get them fast."

Three days later Fireman Bob picked up Billy, dressed him in his fire uniform and escorted him from his hospital bed to the waiting hook and ladder truck. Billy got to sit on the back of the truck and help steer it back to the fire station. He was in heaven. There were three fire calls in Phoenix that day and Billy got to go out on all three calls. He rode in the different fire engines, the paramedic's van, and even the fire chief's car. He was

also videotaped for the local news program. Having his dream come true, with all the love and attention that was lavished upon him, so deeply touched Billy that he lived the fire chief's car. He was also videotaped for the local news program. Having his dream come true, with all the love and attention that was lavished upon him, so deeply touched Billy that he lived three months longer than any doctor thought possible.

One night all of his vital signs began to drop dramatically and the head nurse, who believed in the hospice concept that no one should die alone, began to call the family members to the hospital. Then she remembered the day Billy had spent as a fireman, so she called the Fire Chief and asked if it would be possible to send a fireman in uniform to the hospital to be with Billy as he made his transition.

The chief replied, "**We can do better than that.** We'll be there in five minutes. Will you please do me a favor? When you hear the sirens screaming and see the lights flashing, will you announce over the PA system that there is not a fire? It's just the fire department coming to see one of its finest members one more time. And will you open the window to his room?"

About five minutes later a hook and ladder truck arrived at the hospital, extended its ladder up to Billy's third floor open window and 16 firefighters climbed up the ladder into Billy's room. With his mother's permission, they hugged him and held him and told him how much they loved him. With his dying breath, Billy looked up at the fire chief and said "Chief, am I really a fireman now?" " Billy, you are," the chief said. With those words, Billy smiled and closed his eyes one last time.

Jerry Thee* Man

Jerry is the kind of guy you love to hate. He is always in a good mood and always has something positive to say. When someone would ask him how he was doing, he would reply, "If I were any better, I would be twins!" He was a unique manager because he had several waiters who had followed him around from restaurant to restaurant. The reason the waiters followed Jerry was because of his attitude. He was a natural motivator. If an employee was having a bad day, Jerry was there telling the employee how to look on the positive side of the situation.

Seeing this style really made me curious, so one day I went up to Jerry and asked him, I don't get it!

You can't be a positive person all of the time. How do you do it?" Jerry replied, "Each morning I wake up and say to myself, Jerry, you have two choices today. You can choose to be in a good mood or you can choose to be in a bad mood. I choose to be in a good mood. Each time something bad happens,

I can choose to be a victim or I can choose to learn from it. I choose to learn from it.

Every time someone comes to me complaining, I can choose to accept their complaining or I can point out the positive side of life. I choose the positive side of life.

"Yeah, right, it's not that easy," I protested. "Yes it is," Jerry said.

"Life is all about choices. When you cut away all the junk, every situation is a choice. You choose how you react to situations. You choose how people will affect your mood. You choose to be in a good mood or bad mood. The bottom line: It's your choice how you live life."

I reflected on what Jerry said. Soon thereafter, I left the restaurant industry to start my own business.

We lost touch, but I often thought about him when I made a choice about life instead of reacting to it. Several years later, I heard that Jerry did

something you are never supposed to do in a restaurant business: he left the back door open one morning and was held up at gunpoint by three armed robbers. While trying to open the safe, his hand, shaking from nervousness, slipped off the combination. The robbers panicked and shot him. Luckily, Jerry was found relatively quickly and rushed to the local trauma center.

After 18 hours of surgery and weeks of intensive care, Jerry was released from the hospital with fragments of the bullets still in his body.

I saw Jerry about six months after the accident. When I asked him how he was, he replied, "If I were any better, I'd twins. Wanna see my scars?"

I declined to see his wounds, but did ask him what had gone through his mind as the robbery took place. "the first thing that went through my mind was that I should have locked the back door," Jerry replied. "Then, as I lay on the floor, I remembered that I had two choices: I could choose to live or I could choose to die. I chose to live."

"Weren't you scared? Did you lose consciousness?" I asked. Jerry continued, "...the paramedics were great. They kept telling me I was going to be fine. But when they wheeled me into the ER and I saw the expressions on the faces of the doctors and nurses, I got really scared. In their eyes, I read 'he's a dead man'. I knew I needed to take action."

"What did you do?" I asked. "Well, there was a big burly nurse shouting questions at me," said Jerry. "She asked if I was allergic to anything. 'Yes' I replied. The doctors and nurses stopped working as they waited for my reply. I took deep breath and yelled, 'Bullets!' Over their laughter, I told them, 'I am choosing to live. Operate on me as if I am alive, not dead.'" Jerry lived thanks to the skill of his doctors, but also because of his amazing attitude. I learned from him that every day we have the choice to live fully.

Attitude, after all, is everything.

* Spanish Word

Without Making An Enemy

In looking over a cafe menu, a woman noticed that both a chicken salad sandwich and a chicken sandwich were listed. She decided to order the chicken salad sandwich, but absentmindedly wrote, "chicken sandwich" on her order slip. When the waiter brought the chicken sandwich, she protested immediately, insisting the waiter had erred.

Most waiters would have picked up the order slip and shown the customer the mistake she had made. But instead he expressed regret at the error, picked up the sandwich, returned to the kitchen, and a moment later placed a chicken salad sandwich in front of the woman.

While eating her sandwich, the woman picked up her order slip and noticed the mistake she had made. When it was time to pay for the meal, she apologized to the waiter and offered to pay for both sandwiches. The waiter said, "No, Ma'am. That's perfectly all right. I'm just happy you've forgiven me for being right."

**Reckless words pierce like a sword,
But the tongue of the wise brings healing**

Biggest Weakness Can Be Your Biggest Strength

Sometimes your biggest weakness can become your biggest strength.

Take, for example, the story of one 10-year-old boy who decided to study judo despite the fact that he had lost his left arm in a devastating car accident.

The boy began lessons with an old Japanese judo master. The boy was doing well, so he couldn't understand why, after three months of training the master had taught him only one move.

"Sensei," the boy finally said, "Shouldn't I be learning more moves?"

"This is the only move you know, but this is the only move you'll ever need to know," the Sensei replied.

Not quite understanding, but believing in his teacher, the boy kept training. Several months later, the sensei took the boy to his first tournament.

Surprising himself, the boy easily won his first two matches. The third match proved to be more difficult, but after some time, his opponent became impatient and charged; the boy deftly used his one move to win the match.

Still amazed by his success, the boy was now in the finals. This time, his opponent was bigger, stronger, and more experienced.

For a while, the boy appeared to be overmatched. Concerned that the boy might get hurt, the referee called a time-out. He was about to stop the match when the Sensei intervened.

"No," the Sensei insisted, "Let him continue."

Soon after the match resumed, his opponent made a critical mistake:

he dropped his guard. Instantly, the boy used his move to pin him. The boy had won the match and the tournament. He was the champion.

On the way home, the boy and Sensei reviewed every move in each and every match. Then the boy summoned the courage to ask what was really on his mind.

"Sensei, how did I win the tournament with only one move?"

"You won for two reasons," the Sensei answered. "First, you've almost mastered one of the most difficult throws in all of judo. And second, the only known defense for that move is for your opponent to grab your left arm."

The boy's biggest weakness had become his biggest strength.

Cracked Pot

A water-bearer in India had two large pots, each hung on each end of a pole which he carried across his neck. One of the pots had a crack in it, and while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water at the end of the long walk from the stream to the master's house, the cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only one and a half pot full of water in his master's house. Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, perfect to the end for which it was made. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what it had been made to do.

After two years of what it perceived to be a bitter failure, it spoke to the water-bearer one day by the stream. "I am ashamed of myself, and I want to apologize to you." "Why?" asked the bearer. "What are you ashamed of?" "I have been able, for these past two years, to deliver only half my load because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your master's house. Because of my flaws, you have to do all of this work, and you don't get full value from your efforts," the pot said. The water-bearer felt sorry for the old cracked pot, and in his compassion he said, "As we return to the master's house, I want you to notice the beautiful flowers along the path. "Indeed, as they went up the hill, the old cracked pot took notice of the sun warming the beautiful wild flowers on the side of the path, and this cheered it some.

But at the end of the trail, it still felt bad because it had leaked out half its load, and so again it apologized to the bearer for its failure. The bearer said to the pot, "Did you notice that there were flowers only on your side of your path, but not on the other pot's side? That's because I have always known about your flaw, and I took advantage of it. I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back from the stream, you've watered them.

For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate my master's table. Without you being just the way you are, he would not have this beauty to grace his house." Each of us has our own unique flaws. We're all cracked pots. But if we will allow it, the Lord will use our flaws to grace His Father's table. In God's great economy, nothing goes to waste.

Who Packs YOUR Parachute?

Charles Plumb was a US Navy jet pilot in Vietnam. After 75 combat missions, his plane was destroyed by a surface-to-air missile. Plumb was ejected and parachuted into enemy hands. He was captured and spent 6 years in a communist Vietnamese prison. He survived the ordeal and now lectures on lessons learned from that experience.

One day, when Plumb and his wife were sitting in a restaurant, a man at another table came up and said, "You're Plumb! You flew jet fighters in Vietnam from the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk. You were shot down!"

"How in the world did you know that?" asked Plumb.

"I packed your parachute," the man replied. Plumb gasped in surprise and gratitude. The man pumped his hand and said, "I guess it worked!" Plumb assured him, "It sure did. If your chute hadn't worked, I wouldn't be here today."

Plumb couldn't sleep that night, thinking about that man. Plumb says, "I kept wondering what he might have looked like in a Navy uniform: a white hat, a bib in the back, and bell-bottom trousers. I wonder how many times I might have seen him and not even said Good morning, how are you?' or anything because, you see, I was a fighter pilot and he was just a sailor."

Plumb thought of the man hours the sailor had spent on a long wooden table in the bowels of the ship, carefully weaving the shrouds and folding the silks of each chute, holding in his hands each time the fate of someone he didn't know.

Now, Plumb asks his audience, "Who's packing your parachute?" Everyone has someone who provides what they need to make it through the day. Plumb also points out that he needed many kinds of parachutes when his plane was shot down over enemy territory—he needed his physical parachute, his mental parachute, his emotional parachute, and his spiritual parachute. He called on all these supports before reaching safety.

Sometimes in the daily challenges that life gives us, we miss what is really important. We may fail to say hello, please, or thank you, congratulate someone on something wonderful that has happened to them, give a compliment, or just do something nice for no reason.

As you go through this week, this month, this year, recognize people who pack your parachute.

Golden Rule

A long time ago in China, a girl named Li-li got married and went to live with her husband and mother-in-law. In a very short time, Li-li found that she couldn't get along with her mother-in-law at all. Their personalities were very different, and Li-li was angered by many of her mother-in-law's habits. In addition, she criticized Li-li constantly.

Days passed days and weeks passed weeks. Li-li and her mother-in-law never stopped arguing and fighting. But what made the situation even worse was that, according to ancient Chinese tradition, Li-li had to bow to her mother-in-law and obey her every wish.

All the anger and unhappiness in the house was causing the poor husband great distress. Finally, Li-li could not stand her mother-in-law's bad temper and dictatorship any longer, and she decided to do something about it. Li-li went to see her father's good friend, Mr. Huang, who sold herbs. She told him the situation and asked if he would give her some poison so that she could solve the problem once and for all.

Mr. Huang thought for a while, and finally said, "Li-li, I will help you solve your problem, but you must listen to me and obey what I tell you." Li-li said, "Yes, Mr. Huang, I will do whatever you tell me to do."

Mr. Huang went into the back room, and returned in a few minutes with a package of herbs. He told Li-li "You can't use a quick acting poison to get rid of your mother-in-law, because that would cause people to become suspicious.

Therefore, I have given you a number of herbs that will slowly build up in her body. Every other day prepare some pork or chicken and put a little of these herbs in her serving. Now, in order to make sure that nobody suspects you when she dies, you must be very careful to act very friendly towards her. Don't argue with her, obey her every wish, and treat her like a queen."

Li-li was so happy. She thanked Mr. Huang and hurried home to start her plot of murdering her mother-in-law.

Weeks went by, and months went by, and every other day, Li-li served the specially treated food to her mother-in-law. She remembered what Mr. Huang had said about avoiding suspicion, so she controlled her temper, obeyed her mother-in-law, and treated her like her own mother. After six months had passed, the whole household had changed.

Li-li had practiced controlling her temper so much that she found that she almost never got mad or upset. She hadn't had an argument in six months with her mother-in-law, who now seemed much kinder and easier to get along with. The mother-in-law's attitude towards Li-li changed, and she began to love Li-li like her own daughter. She kept telling friends and relatives that Li-li was the best daughter-in-law one could ever find. Li-li and her mother-in-law were now treating each other like a real mother and daughter, and Li-li's husband was very happy to see what was happening.

One day, Li-li came to see Mr. Huang and asked for his help again. She said, "Dear Mr. Huang, please help me to keep the poison from killing my mother-in-law! She is changed into such a nice woman, and I love her like my mother. I do not want her to die because of the poison I gave her".

Mr. Huang smiled and nodded his head, "Li-li, there is nothing to worry about, I never gave you any poison. The herbs I gave you were vitamins to improve her health. The only poison was in your mind and your attitude towards her, but that has been all washed away by the love which you gave to her".

The Boy Who Loved To Play With The Tree

A long time ago, there was a huge apple tree. A little boy loved to come and play around it everyday.



He climbed to the treetop, ate the apples, took a nap under the shadow...

He loved the tree and the tree loved to play with him.

Time went by... the little boy had grown up and he no longer played around the tree every day. One day, the boy came back to the tree and he looked sad.

"Come and play with me," the tree asked the boy.

"I am no longer a kid, I don't play around trees anymore." The boy replied,

"I want toys. I need money to buy them."

The tree said, "Sorry, but I don't have money... but you can pick all my apples and sell them. So, you will have money."



The boy was so excited. He grabbed all the apples on the tree and left happily. He sold the apples and got money... he bought lots of toys...

The boy never came back after he picked the apples. The tree was sad.



One day, the boy returned and the tree was so excited.

"Come and play with me," the tree said.



"I don't have time to play. I have to work for my family. We need a house for shelter. Can you help me?"

The tree said, "Sorry, I don't have a house. But you can chop off my branches to build your house."



So the boy cut all the branches of the tree and built a home for him...

The tree was glad to see him happy but the boy never came back since then. The tree was again lonely and sad.

After long time... One hot summer day, the boy returned.

The tree was delighted.

"Come and play with me!" the tree said.

"I am sad and getting old. I want to go sailing to relax myself. Can you give me a boat?"

"Use my trunk to build your boat. You can sail far away and be happy."



So the boy cut the tree trunk to make a boat. He went sailing and never showed up for a long time.

Finally, the boy returned after he left for so many years. He was so old... Looking sad... tired... and Lonely...

The tree said, "come come my boy!!! Why are you sad? I wish... I can help you... Sorry, my boy. I don't have anything ... "

"No more apples for you... " The tree said. "I don't have teeth to bite. " The boy replied.

"No more trunk for you to climb on..." The tree said."I am too old for that now." The boy said.

"I really can't give you anything ... the only thing left is my dying roots" the tree said with tears.



"I don't need much now, just a place to rest. I am tired after all these years." The boy replied.

"Good! Old tree roots is the best place to lean on and rest. Come, Come sit down with me and rest."

The boy sat down and the tree was glad and smiled with tears...



This is a story of everyone.

The tree is our parent. When we were young, we loved to play with Mom and Dad...

When we grew up, we left them... only came to them when we need something or when we are in trouble.

No matter what, parents will always be there and give everything they could to make us happy and solved our problems ... And in return what they want--- Just our company !

We may think the boy is cruel to the tree but that's how all of us are treating our parents.



Before It Is Too Late

By Sister Helen P. Mroska

He was in the first third grade class I taught at Saint Mary's School in Morris, Minn. All 34 of my students were dear to me, but Mark Eklund was one in a million. Very neat in appearance, but had that happy-to-be-alive attitude that made even his occasional mischievousness delightful.

Mark talked incessantly. I had to remind him again and again that talking without permission was not acceptable. What impressed me so much, though, was his sincere response every time I had to correct him for misbehaving "Thank you for correcting me, Sister!" I didn't know what to make of it at first, but before long I became accustomed to hearing it many times a day.

One morning my patience was growing thin when Mark talked once too often, and then I made a novice-teacher's mistake. I looked at him and said, "If you say one more word, I am going to tape your mouth shut!"

It wasn't ten seconds later when Chuck blurted out, "Mark is talking again." I hadn't asked any of the students to help me watch Mark, but since I had stated the punishment in front of the class, I had to act on it.

I remember the scene as if it had occurred this morning. I walked to my desk, very deliberately opened my drawer and took out a roll of masking tape. Without saying a word, I proceeded to Mark's desk, tore off two pieces of tape and made a big X with them over his mouth.

I then returned to the front of the room. As I glanced at Mark to see how he was doing he winked at me. That did it! I started laughing. The class cheered as I walked back to Mark's desk, removed the tape and shrugged my shoulders. His first words were, "Thank you for correcting me, Sister."

At the end of the year I was asked to teach junior-high math. The years flew by, and before I knew it Mark was in my classroom again. He was more handsome than ever and just as polite. Since he had to listen carefully to my instructions in the "new math," he did not talk as much in ninth grade as he had in the third.

One Friday, things just didn't feel right. We had worked hard on a new concept all week, and I sensed that the students were frowning, frustrated with themselves--and edgy with one another. I had to stop

this crankiness before it got out of hand. So I asked them to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name. Then I told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down.

It took the remainder of the class period to finish the assignment, and as the students left the room, each one handed me the papers. Charlie smiled. Mark said, "Thank you for teaching me, Sister. Have a good weekend."

That Saturday, I wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and I listed what everyone else had said about that individual.

On Monday I gave each student his or her list. Before long, the entire class was smiling. "Really?" I heard whispered. "I never knew that meant anything to anyone!" "I didn't know others liked me so much!"

No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. I never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another again.

That group of students moved on. Several years later, after I returned from vacation, my parents met me at the airport. As we were driving home, Mother asked me the usual questions about the trip--the weather, my experiences in general. There was a light lull in the conversation. Mother gave Dad a sideways glance and I simply said, "Dad?" My father cleared his throat as he usually did before something important. "The Eklunds called last night," he began.

"Really?" I said. "I haven't heard from them in years. I wonder how Mark is."

Dad responded quietly. "Mark was killed in Vietnam," he said. "The funeral is tomorrow, and his parents would like it if you could attend." To this day I can still point to the exact spot on I-494 where Dad told me about Mark.

I had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. Mark looked so handsome, so mature. All I could think at that moment was, Mark, I would give all the masking tape in the world if only you would talk to me.

The church was packed with Mark's friends. Chuck's sister sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Why did it have to rain on the day of the funeral? It was difficult enough at the graveside.

Love In The Home

The pastor said the usual prayers, and the bugler played taps. One by one those who loved Mark took a last walk by the coffin and sprinkled it with holy water.

I was the last one to bless the coffin. As I stood there, one of the soldiers who had acted as pallbearer came up to me. "Were you Mark's math teacher?" he asked. I nodded as I continued to stare at the coffin. "Mark talked about you a lot," he said.

After the funeral, most of Mark's former classmates headed to Chuck's farmhouse for lunch. Mark's mother and father were there, obviously waiting for me. "We want to show you something," his father said, taking a wallet out of his pocket. "They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it."

Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had obviously been taped, folded, and refolded many times. I knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which I had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had said about him. "Thank you so much for doing that" Mark's mother said. "As you can see, Mark treasured it."

Mark's classmates started to gather around us. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, "I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home."

Chuck's wife said, "Chuck asked me to put this in our wedding album."

"I have mine too," Marilyn said. "It's in my diary."

Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet, and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. "I carry this with me at all times," Vicki said without batting an eyelash. "I think we all saved our lists."

That's when I finally sat down and cried. I cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again.

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The purpose of this is to encourage everyone to compliment the people you love and care about. We often tend to forget the importance of showing our affections and love. Sometimes the smallest of things could mean the most to another.

If I live in a house of spotless beauty with everything in its place, but have not love, I am a housekeeper -- not a homemaker.

If I have time for waxing, polishing, and decorative achievements, but have not love, my children learn cleanliness -- not godliness.

Love leaves the dust in search of a child's laugh. Love smiles at the tiny fingerprints on a newly cleaned window.

Love wipes away the tears before it wipes up the spilled milk. Love picks up the child before it picks up the toys.

Love is present through the trials. Love reprimands, reproves, and is responsive. Love crawls with the baby, walks with the toddler, runs with the child, then stands aside to let the youth walk into adulthood.

Love is the key that opens salvation's message to a child's heart.

Before I became a mother I took glory in my house of perfection. Now I glory in God's perfection of my child. As a mother, there is much I must teach my child, but the greatest of all is love.

The Little Girl And The Piano

A little girl wanted to become a great pianist, but all she could play on the piano was the simple little tune, "Chopsticks." No matter how hard she tried, that was the best she could do. Her parents decided after some time to arrange for a great maestro to teach her to play properly. Of course, the little girl was delighted.

When the little girl and her parents arrived at the maestro's mansion for the first lesson, they were escorted by the butler into the parlor, where they saw a beautiful concert grand piano. Immediately, the little girl dashed over to the piano and began playing "Chopsticks." Her embarrassed parents started across the room to tell her to stop, but as she played, the maestro entered the room and encouraged the little girl to continue.

The maestro then took a seat on the piano bench next to the little girl, listening to her play. After a moment he began to play along with her, adding chords, runs, and arpeggios. The little girl continued to play "Chopsticks." The parents couldn't believe their ears. They were hearing a beautiful piano duet, played by their daughter and the maestro, and amazingly enough, the central theme of it was still "Chopsticks."

At times you may feel like you're a nobody, that you will never accomplish great things. But think of that little girl. All she could play was "Chopsticks." Nobody wanted to hear "Chopsticks." It was an embarrassment to her parents and annoying to everyone else. Yet the maestro encouraged her to keep on playing.

God knows what each one can do. He created every one with gifts and talents. Sure, compared to some people's abilities, their gifts and talents may seem like "Chopsticks"-- not very original and not very spectacular. But God says, "Keep on playing--and make some room on the piano bench for Me." God is able to take the little that we are able to do and turn it into something beautiful for Him.



Children Learn What They Live

If a child lives with criticism,
He learns to condemn.

If a child lives with hostility,
He learns to fight.

If a child lives with shame,
He learns to be shy.

If a child lives with tolerance,
He learns to be patient.

If a child lives with encouragement,
He learns confidence.

If a child lives with praise,
He learns to appreciate.

If a child lives with fairness,
He learns justice.

If a child lives with security,
He learns to have faith.

If a child lives with approval,
He learns to like himself.

If a child lives with acceptance and friendship,
He learns to find love in the world.

Gifts That Don't Cost A Cent

1. THE GIFT OF LISTENING: But you must REALLY listen. No interrupting, no daydreaming, no planning your response. Just listening.
2. THE GIFT OF AFFECTION: Be generous with appropriate hugs, kisses, pats on the back and handholds. Let these small actions demonstrate the love you have for family and friends.
3. THE GIFT OF LAUGHTER Clip cartoons. Share articles and funny stories. Your gift will say, "I love to laugh with you".
4. THE GIFT OF A WRITTEN NOTE: It can be a simple "Thanks for the help" note or a full sonnet. A brief, handwritten note may be remembered for a lifetime, and may even change a life.
5. THE GIFT OF A COMPLIMENT; A simple and sincere, "You look great in red", "You did a super job" or "That was a wonderful meal" can make someone's day.
6. THE GIFT OF A FAVOR: Every day, go out of your way to do something kind.
7. THE GIFT OF SOLITUDE: There are times when we want nothing better than to be left alone. Be sensitive to those times and give the gift of solitude to others.
8. THE GIFT OF A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION: The easiest way to feel good is to extend a kind word to someone, really it's not that hard to say, Hello or Thank You.

Don't Quit

A candidate for a news broadcaster's post was rejected by officials since his voice was not found fit for the job. He was also told that with his obnoxiously long name, he would never be famous.

His name : Amitabh Bachchan

A small boy, the fifth among seven siblings of a poor father, was selling newspapers in a small village to earn his living. He was not exceptionally smart at school but was fascinated by religion and rockets. The first rocket he built crashed. Initially, missiles he would build would crash too. He was mad a but of ridicule. He eventually scripted the space odyssey of India and went on to hold the highest office in the country.

He is : Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam

in 1962, four nervous young musicians auditioned before the executives of the Decca Recording Company. They were not impressed. While turning down the group, one executive said : " We don't like their sound. Groups of guitars are on the way out."

The group was called The Beatles.

before Thomas Edison invented the light bulb, he had experimented over 2,000 times. A young reporter asked him how it felt to fail so many times. He said : "I never failed once. I invented the light bulb. It just happened to be a 2000- step process."

In the 1940s, another young inventor named Chester Carlson took his idea to 20 corporations, including some of the biggest in the country. They all turned him down. After seven long years of rejections, he finally got a tiny company in Rochester, New York, The Haloid company, to purchase the rights to his invention - an electrostatic paper-copying process.

Haloid became Xerox Corporation.

A little girl, the 20th of 22 children, was born prematurely and her survival was doubtful. When she was four years old, she contracted double pneumonia and scarlet fever, which left her with a paralyzed left leg. At age 9, she removed the metal leg brace she had been dependent on the began to walk without it. By 13 she had developed a rhythmic walk, which doctors said was miracle. That same year she decided to become a runner. She entered a race and came in last. For the next few years every race she entered; she came in last. Every one told her to quit, but she kept on running. One day she actually won a race. And then another. From then she won every race she entered.

Eventually, this girl named **Wilma Rudolph**, went on to win three Olympic Gold medals.

A winner is not one who never fails, but one who NEVER QUILS!

WINNERS v/s LOSERS

The Winner is always part of the answer;	The Loser is always part of the problem.
The Winner always has a programme;	The Loser always has an excuse.
The Winner says, "Let me do it for you";	The Loser says, "That is not my job."
The Winner sees an answer for every problem;	The Loser sees a problem for every answer.
The Winner says, "It may be difficult but it is possible";	The Loser says, "It may be possible but it is too difficult."
When a Winner makes a mistake, he says, "I was wrong";	When a Loser makes a mistake, he says, "It wasn't my fault."
A Winner makes commitments;	A Loser makes promises.
Winners have dreams;	Losers have schemes.
Winners says, "I must do something";	Losers say, "Something must be done."
Winners are a part of the team;	Losers are apart from the team.
Winners see the gain;	Losers see the pain.
Winners see possibilities;	Losers see problems.
Winners believe in win - win;	Losers believe for them to win someone has to lose.
Winners see the potential;	Losers see the past.
Winners are like a thermostat;	Losers are like thermometers.
Winners choose what they say;	Losers say what they choose.
Winners use hard arguments but soft words;	Losers use soft arguments but hard words.
Winners stand firm on values but compromise on petty things;	Losers stand firm on petty things but compromise on values.
Winners' philosophy: "Don't do to others what you would not want them to do to you";	Losers' philosophy, "Do it to others before they do it to you".
Winners make it happen;	Losers let it happen.
Winners plan and prepare to win. The key word is preparation.	

Source : " You can Win" - By Shiv Khera

Perfect Gift



No moving parts, no batteries.
 No monthly payments and no fees;
 Inflation proof, nontaxable,
 In fact, it's quite relaxable;
 It can't be stolen, won't pollute,
 One size fits all, do not dilute.
 It uses little energy,
 but yields results enormously.
 Relieves your tension and your stress,
 Invigorates your happiness;
 Combats depression, makes you beam,
 and elevates your self-esteem!
 Your circulation it corrects -
 without unpleasant side effects.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

It is, I think, the perfect drug:
 May I prescribe, my friend,... the hug!
 (And, of course, it's fully returnable!)

Mud Puddles And Dandelions

When I look at a patch of dandelions,
I see a bunch of weeds that are going to take over my yard.
My kids see flowers for Mom
and blowing white fluff you can wish on.

When I look at an old drunk and he smiles at me,
I see a smelly, dirty person who probably wants money and I look away.
My kids see someone smiling at them and they smile back.

When I hear music I love, I know I can't carry a tune and don't have
much rhythm so I sit self-consciously and listen.
My kids feel the beat and move to it. They sing out the words.
If they don't know them, they make up their own.

When I feel wind on my face, I brace myself against it.
I feel it messing up my hair and pulling me back when I walk.
My kids close their eyes, spread their arms and fly with it,
until they fall to the ground laughing.

When I pray, I say Thee and Thou and grant me this, give me that.
My kids say, "Hi God! Thanks for my toys and my friends.
Please keep the bad dreams away tonight.
Sorry, I don't want to go to Heaven yet.
I would miss my Mommy and Daddy.

"When I see a mud puddle I step around it.
I see muddy shoes and dirty carpets.
My kids sit in it. They see dams to build,
rivers to cross and worms to play with.

I wonder if we are given children to teach or to learn from?
No wonder God loves the little children!!

"Enjoy the little things in life,
for one day you may look back and realize they were the big things.
"Just a reminder about the important things in life.

I wish you mud puddles and dandelions!

The Power Of One

One song can spark a moment
One flower can wake the dream
One tree can start a forest
One bird can herald spring

One smile begins a friendship
One handclasp lifts a soul
One star can guide a ship at sea
One word can frame the goal

One vote can change a nation
One sunbeam lights a room
One candle wipes out darkness
One laugh will conquer gloom

One step must start each journey
One word must start each prayer
One hope will raise our spirits
One touch can show you care

One voice can speak with wisdom
One heart can know what's true
One life can make the difference
You see, it's up to you!!

Up The Value Chain

India has learnt that profits are made by adding value and quality and by creating an esteem for India.

Sell clay, and you are selling a commodity. Make it into a pot and you have manufactured a product. But if in the end, you send a designer bowl to the markets, then you have a brand and all the big ticket profits. It has taken it a while, but there is growing evidence that India has internalised this simple reality. This is the secret of success in world markets: create true value first and then create an illusion of even greater value. India's legendary knowledge edge and its skilled, industrious workers are right now updating the act that said it all first: the Indian rope trick.

Up from copra:

When the British left in 1947, they left India with a mindset that it wasn't fit for anything more than exporting jute, copra, tea, spices and cashew nut. 'You stay with commodities and leave manufacturing to the industrialised nations,' seemed to be the message. Quite unwittingly, India's central planners' response of *making* India into a giant, seemed to confirm just that: Indians were not there yet. The one debate that won't die is how Fabian socialism delayed India's date with its genius. Do skip the debate. That date is at hand.

When economic reforms began in the nineties, it had largely to do with dismantling domestic controls. There was no need to clear the way to the world markets: it lay open. Some captains of industry feared hordes coming through the open doors; after all, they had been beneficiaries of a closed-door India. But the doughty neo-Indian entrepreneur saw the open door as an exit leading to the world beyond. In just over ten years he has changed India's economy and its image.

It is best to savour the changes by surveying the current scene. And it is best to begin the survey with jute, that so epitomised India. Today jute is making a style statement. It is no longer used as just sacking material. Indian application research has made it a candidate in the list of interior and accessory designers worldwide. On another front jute is being promoted as a geotextile, a class of material that is used in huge quantities in civil engineering works. Khadi is not far behind either, in its climb up the value chain. It is not a politician's badge any more. [In fact the pols wear less of it these days; is there a profound meaning in that trend?]. Khadi is haute couture. Today, the word itself is a brand that evokes and enhances India. Earlier this year, a media report quoted Giorgio Armani: "The khadi made in India is among the most skin-friendly fabrics we know.

In fact the day isn't far when khadi-based designs will rule the world." The

Gandhi inspired Sarvodaya Ashram, Delhi supplies fine, vegetable dyed khadi to Gucci, Donna Karan and Armani.

The greatest world spend is probably on personal products. The Indian garment is no longer cheap sweat shop produce. Indian companies are buying brands or even better, creating them. And they, label their garments for the discerning buyer. Salman Noorani's 'Zodiac', is probably the first Indian company [--since the 1960s] that realised the value of branding. Its garments command an average of \$60 a piece. Zodiac has three design centres worldwide.

New York Times mused in May, 03: "Considering that India is historically credited with giving the world paisley, seer sucker, calico, chintz, cashmere, crewel and the entire technique of printing on cloth, it is anybody's guess why India barely registers on the global map of fashion." It went on to report what Jaqueline Lundquist, wife of a former US Ambassador is doing about it. She says, "Western designers have been coming to India and 'borrowing' for 50 years. It's not fair that all these American designers should get the glory for Indian design." She is actively redressing this style-piracy.

Indian fashion was said to be *in*, a few years ago; it is now clear it will probably to stay in. Take in this typical news: Europe's leading jewellery company Hammer & Sohne commissioned Sadhak Shivanand Saraswati, 'a spiritual artist' to design a series for them. Such news is commonplace these days.

In the 'hard' sector:

You may dismiss fashion as 'soft' sector. But how about this: Dilip Chhabria designs an Aston Martin, the car deemed worthy of James Bond. Or the now routine pieces on A R Rahman: that he teams up with Andrew Lloyd Webber or that he has just finished scoring for a Chinese opus, predicted to rival 'Crouching Tigers...' Or that Samsonite is to locate its 'Global Design' centre in India. Or that Srinivasa Fine Arts, Chennai designs and distributes upmarket stationery like diaries, calenders, planners, albums etc through Neale Dataday, UK and retailed through the likes of Harrods. The point is, India is climbing steadily up the value chain on all fronts.

The 'hard' sector is not visible to most Indians. Out there, small and medium businesses are staking new territories with products that range from bone china to car batteries. They succeed because, companies like Tata Motors with their Indica, Mahindra and Mahindra with their Scorpio and TVS Motors with their series of bikes have shown that Indians can design from scratch and meet world's quality requirements. Because, Indian companies are beginning to win prizes for quality, like the Deming and TQM -- a domain that seemed reserved exclusively for Japan.

Because also, the government too has been supportive: it teamed with the Confederation of Indian Industry [CII] to form the India Brand Equity Fund in 1996. Its mission? "If India.Inc is ever to rival the vaunted Japan.Inc, it has to get its homework right and only

then will any publicity ring true." There is increasing evidence the labours are paying off. India today is the greatest market for quality gurus, management consultants and deal seekers. It is even a high end job market: many Indian firms --eg. Jet Airways, Ranbaxy-- are hiring Westerners.

Manufacturing had nearly been surrendered to China by prominent minds that ought to have been wiser. Today, about five years after China-scare-times, Indian manufacturing is alive and growing. As a supplier of quality parts to the global auto industry, India is becoming the rival to beat. Part of the reason of course is West's experience in India. Mercedes Benz says its India plant is its best outside Germany. Raymond Spencer, founder of Kanbay says, "India is a knowledge center. It is not a cheap labor pool. It's not a factory. It's a knowledge solutions center." It is that mindPlus labour that makes Bharat Forge, the feared competitor in the forged parts market; that makes auto-grade steel from Tata accepted overseas; that makes tens of little known 'wholly Indian' auto parts companies carve out markets.

The values in the chain:

In terms of food and beverages, it would be no news that the likes of curry, basmati rice and tandoori chicken are established favourites. But did you know that the Dabur's Chyawanprash, Hajmola and Boro Glow are becoming popular. Or that Kingfisher is a leader among beers? And wonder of wonders, in just under a decade since it began, Indian wine industry is placing its bottles on tables abroad. Stanford educated Rajeev Samant has almost single handedly created a niche for Indian wines abroad. Albeit the volume is small, his Sula wines are exported to Italy and California.

The wine story is a classic illustration of how the value chain works. Grapes grown in Maharashtra was 'commodity' when it was table fruit; now transformed into wine and branded with elegance, profits are flowing down the chain. The farmer at the lower end is connected with the rich spender at the higher end.

But these connections will not work if a country did not have a likeable image. India is going through a favourable re-rating. In a world full of turmoil, India's stoic calm, democracy, hospitality and family values are all being viewed with much admiration. Many societies have lost these and 'progressed' but are strangely restless. India on the hand is old-fashioned and yet 'modern'. It is scarcely doctrinaire. Its music, dance, crafts and religion are open and inclusive. Yoga, ayurveda, meditation etc have a universal appeal. India seems to say that you can be in many worlds at same time.

Despite all these assets at the back, what matters most in the markets is the

'front end'. Here India is blessed with millions of her children spread all over the world. They study hard, work hard, do science, teach, manage huge corporations, smile a lot, are polite neighbours, don't sponge on the state, write great books in English, sing, dance, win beauty contests, love their children and respect their parents. And they seldom make bombs. It is natural that the country they come from evokes curiosity. And the products and services from there are well received.

Now to the favourites:

It is a comment on the times that success stories from the IT sector which first put India in orbit, should be listed last. Not because they are losing their edge; they are thriving, thank you. But what is happening is that India is not just IT alone, anymore. There are salients in other sectors as well. But knowledge-centred India reigns supreme. Just three years ago the Indian IT industry was the equivalent of garment industry's sweat shops, littered with phrases like data entry, Y2K and bodyshopping. About then, India began to do 'medical transcriptions' for US doctors. In a few months India had scaled up, met deadlines and turned in quality work. The world woke up to the opportunities that awaited in India. Soon 'call centres' popped up. The next link in the value chain was business process outsourcing [BPO]. Airlines, insurance companies, auto majors, World Bank etc began to shift their entire back office work to India and have these services delivered over the wire by an army of dedicated, intelligent young Indians. Infosys says that the 'offshoring' model has proven itself beyond all doubts.

Gartner Research says that five Indian software companies have the most mindshare among nearly 200 top corporations when they think of outsourcing. Sophisticated jobs are being shipped to India: financial and market analysis for Wall Street, for instance. So many jobs are leaving the West that there is resentment building up. Far from bragging their deals, Indian companies have gone mute. 'Business Line' headlined in July, 2003: "Fallout of outsourcing backlash - IT services firms keep client wins under wraps." After all, has not New Jersey passed legislation --never mind, all that stuff about free trade-- to stop jobs going to India? But not everyone is discreet about India. Morgan Stanley and Nasscom - McKinsey have predicted that by 2010, India's BPO revenue will be \$65 billion and fueled by that, India will be a trillion dollar economy. And ruining it all somewhat further for India's comfort, Andrew Grove has just said, that India's booming software industry, which is increasingly doing work for US companies, could surpass America in software and tech-service jobs by 2010. "He warned that America's software and service industries, strong drivers of US economic growth for nearly two decades, show signs of emulating the struggles of the US steel and semiconductor industries."

There are more emerging successes. Bioinformatics is a new business field for Indian harvesters to mow into. This area has more to do with computers than labs. Indian are not doing badly with test tubes either.

Natural Diesel

Prof. U Shrinivasa's SuTRA is demonstrating the power and simplicity of straight vegetable fuel oils.

In 2001 when GoodNewsIndia reported on the work of Prof. Udipi Shrinivasa and his organisation SuTRA, at the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, he had already proven the idea of using straight vegetable oils [SVO] as diesel engine fuels. He had demonstrated over a 40 square kilometer area that SVO can deliver power to homes and farms. How was this promise going to be taken to an India out there, we had wondered. The Professor however, had no doubts: "It will happen, Sir," he had said softly. He is a man who knows his India. Two years on, he is proving right. Several layers below the one that main media operates at and reports to you, is an India that is solving problems, bettering lives, adding value. It is the layer at which people are left to their own devices. They have no lobby, not much money, no choices like emigration, but they have no readiness to surrender either. They have their commitment to this land. And --believe it or not-- they have several civil servants at this layer who are helpful in nature, eager to innovate, and therefore willing to back promising ideas. It is from here that the SVO genie will rise and pierce the layers above it. The Professor will then be a media darling. The media --poor thing-- will have much to catch up with and report on.

Tribal energy: It is instructive to learn how these nether layers function. Let us follow this story: Joint Forest Management [JFM] had been in trial mode since 1994 in Andhra Pradesh [AP]. Its novelty was to co-opt forests' natural people -- the tribals -- as guards rather than treat them as intruders. If they were allowed to sustainably forage the forests for their livelihood, they might be persuaded to zealously guard it. They and not the forest officers would then manage the forests. The World Bank was funding JFM and the programme in AP was headed by Mr. S D Mukherjee, who had pioneered the idea in Bengal. GoodNewsIndia had featured this experiment in April, 2002. An Indian officer in the World Bank, Dr Emmanuel D'Silva heard of Professor Shrinivasa's work. He arrived in Bangalore rather excitedly. Soon a small team left for the forests in Adilabad, AP, on the border with Maharashtra. The Professor and his lieutenant Mr. A R Nayeem from SuTRA and Dr D'Silva from the Bank were joined by Mr Mukherjee and Mr Navin Mittal of the Integrated Tribal Development Agency [ITDA] in Utnoor. [Mittal deserves to be especially noted. He had graduated from the IIT with a Gold Medal but then did an unusual thing: instead of flying out to the USA for a charmed life, he chose the IAS as the more meaningful option in life.]

Bettering the lives of the tribals was Mittal's mandate. Soon it became clear to the team what a hard one that is. Listen to Nayeem: "Till Utnoor it was familiar India. But the last 30 km to Chalbardi --a Ghond

In biotechnology India is marshalling its forces. The number of people working in the industry has grown to 8000, up from 5000 a year ago; and most of them are scientists.

The new Indian rope trick:

Close by BPO is world class medical services available in India. There is a trickle of patients from the West --encouraged by Indian doctors they meet there, no doubt-- who are arriving in India for major surgeries. Apollo Hospitals is in talks with British health care authorities to formalise arrangement by which British patients will be routinely operated upon in India.

But an emerging convergence of communications, robotics and surgical skills holds an ominous portent for world corporations and economies. For, India it can mean leadership in a market where it holds all the cards. We are not there yet, but you can have a glimpse of the things to come:

Dr. Naresh Trehan was a successful young heart surgeon in Manhattan. By the 1980s he was grossing over a \$1.5 million a year. He returned to India when he noticed that several of his patients were from India. In New Delhi, Trehan has created the Escorts Heart Foundation. All this by way of background.

Today Dr Trehan sits in a corner of the operating theatre in front of a high resolution screen and moves levers with calm deliberation. The patient is about ten feet away. A robot wired to Dr Trehan's console is poised over the patient. For every movement that Dr Trehan makes, one of robots many hands makes a micro movement. It all happens in real time over the wires. The precision and steadiness of robot combined with the surgeon's knowledge and decisiveness result in unflinching success. Dr Trehan has already done over 50 such surgeries.

Now imagine this. Ten years down the line communications will be so advanced and reliable that a robot 10,000 miles away in New York can move in real time to commands from an Indian Doctor in say, Nashik. Thousands of approved Indian surgeons will be operating on patients all over the world. Now, for surgeons, substitute cooks, teachers and general robot minders. Smart Indians --without moving a mile out of India-- will be nurses, baby sitters, security guards, machinists, assemblers and warehouse keepers.

Hey, you there: do you know a better rope trick?

tribal hamlet of 21 homes-- was another India. Our Jeep crawled over a rock strewn alignment called a road. We walked a part of the way. It is an experience never to be forgotten as the sole reality for many Indians." At Chalbardi they found a tribe of Indian citizens who were grim faced about electricity. They had known it only on their occasional travels out of the woods and had given up hopes of it ever arriving in their village. When the Professor talked of bringing it to their homes in six months, they wearily looked away. When he said that they could pay for it with the abundant Pongamia [Karanji in Hindi, Pongam in Tamil and Honge in Kannada. It is a.k.a Indian Beech] seeds strewn on the forest floor they gazed at him incredulous. He then did the wise thing: he invited them to Kaggenahalli in Kunigal Taluk, Karnataka to see the SuTRA demonstration project. Govinda Rao of Chalbardi, soon led a small curious band.

The Professor marvels: "They made their visit in April, 2001. And they caught the bug. When we went back to Chalbardi two months later, a nursery of 20,000 Pongamia saplings greeted us. Govinda Rao was hustling us: "We can give you the seeds for ever-- when is electricity coming?"

Lab to land: If the SuTRA demo in Karnataka was the laboratory that proved the idea, Chalbardi will earn its place as the village that took the idea to an India out there. Two off-the-shelf gensets of 7.5 kva each were installed in a hut. The hamlet was wired. Karanji oil engines powered a decorticator and an oil mill. And in June, 2001, right in the middle of a forest, with no pylons, no pollution, no down-time and no bills to pay, darkness made way to light. People whooped in joy. Children raced round and round. And were delightedly, sternly told that it was time for them to sit down and spend some time learning. This self sustaining miracle cost just Rs.500,000 [\$10,000].

This is India at its best. Take a pause and review the story so far. We see no struggle, no acrimony, no blaming. The state cannot wire electricity to India's inaccessible terrains. [Most countries in the world don't, either.] So a problem remains unsolved. Then an academic brings his knowledge to bear on it. Dedicated bureaucrats seek him out. At least in AP and quite a few other states politicians back the civil servants. State's funds are made available. People are shown how they can do it themselves. India's hardy folk take it from there. And soon as they get a break, they urge their children to learning. From where then, comes the urge to portray this social system as venal and moribund? Unless of course, it is from the compulsions of a commerce to fill newsprint and airtime.

Within days of Chalbardi being electrified, villages within miles were --in a manner speaking-- electrified too: they wanted their own power plants. In the months since mid- 2001, 10 forest villages in Adilabad have followed the Chalbardi model. The SuTRA team is deeply involved in disseminating the idea of SVO as fuel alternatives. It is working with people and learning from them. It has near enough perfected a standard format. Here is the pattern,

give or take a few details. The gensets are uniformly 7.5 kva of Kirloskar make with an eye on standardisation. Power is supplied for three hours after dusk. Each household pays Rs.5 per month [--that is about \$ 0.10 !] plus, 300 kg per year of shelled Pongamia seeds. These seeds they gather from the forest floor, bring home, shell and deliver, the while committed to the sustainability of their forest world. The power plant is run profitably with the sale of excess oil and all of the oil cake. Mr N. Sridhar IAS, the current ITDA project officer in Utnoor is a great enthusiast for the idea taking it further down the road.

New leaders, technicians and jobs have sprung up. In the village of Powerguda the formidable Ms. Subhadra Bai leads a women's self help group [SHG] that runs a no-nonsense oil mill business. Gatherers are paid Rs.5/ kg of shelled seeds. The SHG mills and markets 3000 litres per month at Rs.20 per litre. There is a huge waiting list and people come from far. Five more expellers have come up. Govinda Rao is a wandering minstrel spreading word of the SVO miracle. Young lads have become adept at repairing and maintaining all equipment. Children are going up the learning curve. The Ghonds have begun to look at their ancient habitat with renewed love.

Other streams: Southern and coastal AP have swung into action. Chittoor, Vijayanagaram, Vishakapatnam, Prakasam Srikakulam are all names that are lighting up on the SVO map. Members of the VELUGU self-help scheme have coined a slogan : "mana noone, mana vidyut" [My seeds, my electricity]. Under the Karnataka Watershed Development Agency [KAWAD] 10 oil mills run by women SHG have come up. They are in Bijapur, Bellary and Chitradurga districts of Karnataka. They cost Rs.350,000 each and generate revenue of Rs.600 to Rs.800 a day, out of which the SHG pay back the loans. Dr Vidya Swamy at SuTRA, Bangalore is systematically developing best nursery parctices and trying out ways to train grafted trees into short bushes. She also reaches out to women SHGs and explains profitable rural technologies so that with SVO at the centre, an integrated plan can develop.

In under five years of Prof Shrinivasa demonstrating the concept, the idea has begun to deliver results and make hard economic sense. It has probably had the fastest run from lab to land for any idea in India. Indian Railways is moving ahead to use SVO as a blend with diesel. It is India's largest consumer of diesel; so it makes sense for them to look at SVO. The Government has woken up to the potential and there is talk that the Prime Minister is also smitten by it. Prof. Shrinivasa is the convener of the committee set up to draft a National Biodiesel Policy. The venerable BBC came calling recently to record this emerging success story.

In what may turn out to be a turning point for the SVO movement, a World War 2 vintage jeep in the Adilabad forest area is about to be modified to run on Karanji oil. With start-stop vehicle engines, it is better to have two tanks with a switch: diesel to start on, SVO to run on and diesel again before stopping. The jeep as a 4 wheel drive is

the work-horse of the Indian countryside. They are sturdy and cheap to buy, but diesel costs are a killer. If SVO make a difference here, the impact on rural transportation, load carrying and job generation will be immense. The Professor's vision is broad: "There is room for everyone in this new economy. Small groups running nurseries, forest folk gathering seeds, small land holders planting for SVO, big corporations farming hundreds of acres, the state developing wastelands, organic farmers using the oil cake as manure, national security strategists factoring SVO in, activists into greening of India and watchdogs battling pollution. All these can come in and find win-win solutions. The market is virtually infinite. After all our oil import bill is \$ 6 billion a year-- and growing." Indians everywhere are beginning to get hooked by the idea. It's an emerging drama you want to be a part of. It urges you to find a role for yourself. For example, the alumni of the IIT-Madras batch of 1969 have decided to gift an oil milling plant to a women's SHG in Thally in Tamil Nadu. It was their way to pay back. The plant costs Rs.350,000. The 180 alumnus have chipped in. That Prof. Shrinivasa is an IIT-69 alumnus is a matter of small detail.

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SVO, biodiesels, biofuels etcThe Ghond tribe we met in the main story are using straight vegetable oil or SVO. This is oil milled, nominally filtered and used straight in an engine. A purist would be offended by the use of the term 'biodiesel' for this. But it is early days yet in India and 'biodiesel' is a rather evocative name that catches attention. But let us get some facts laid out. In a warm country like India, use of SVO in applications like gensets will cause no harm. In critical applications like running jeeps, tractors etc however it may be wise to use a two tank system, as briefly described in the article. In the West, the scene is quite different. The weather is often cold, cooking oil is thrown away after one use and vehicles are over-powered. Biodiesels address all the three situations. Making biodiesel is no rocket science. Many make them at home and the process -- called 'transesterification' -- removes many components from the SVO and renders them a "methyl ester". For those with more interest in the arcana of biodiesel chemistry, the two good pages to visit are at veggievan.org and journeytoforever.org. Remember however that both SVO and biodiesels are pure renewable fuels. A day may come in India too -- when the SVO idea has caught on -- when small rural businesses will come up offering technically true 'biodiesels' for say, high way trucks. Returning now to SVO, there are about 20 species of trees whose seeds will yield acceptable SVO. Of these, Pongamia has many advantages and these are described in GoodNewsIndia's earlier story on the same subject. Neem oil too will do well as an SVO but it is more valuable as a pesticide and sells for about Rs.50 a litre. Mahua is good as well but it is cooking grade and in India that is priority use. Jatropha [-- or Ratanjiyot in Hindi] is emerging as a popular SVO now. It is a shrub that begins to yield in 6 months though its life is only 15 years. But Jatropha oil is lighter than Pongamia oil and in Erode, Tamil Nadu one gentleman at least rides his diesel Bullet motorcycle fed entirely on Jatropha oil.

JAI HIND