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President's Message



Happy Nepalese New Year 2060 to you all.

May the New Year bring an everlasting peace and prosperity to Nepal and elsewhere in the world!

It is a great pleasure to post the 2nd issue of Viewpoints on the ANMA website on the eve of Nepalese New year 2060. We are very much encouraged to see many of our young and talented writers contributing to this issue. It has been our goal to involve our young generation in various ANMA activities. This is certainly a first step to that goal. On behalf of ANMA, I thank you all for your contributions and dedication.

In our last executive committee meeting on February 1, 2003, the committee unanimously passed the bylaws for ANMA's Chicago Chapter, ANMA-Chicago. The first meeting of the newly established ANMA-Chicago Executive Committee was held on March 2, 2003 under the Chairmanship of Mr. Rajeev Dahal in DesPlaines, IL. A proposal to open a separate ANMA - Chicago Bank account for ANMA convention 2003 was tabled and passed. This will be a permanent account for ANMA-Chicago. ANMA Treasurer, Mr. Mahesh Rathi has provided necessary documents to open this account in Chicago.

As most of you are aware of, the preparation for the 22nd Annual ANMA Convention 2003 during the Memorial Day weekend **May 24-25th** at the Holiday Inn O'Hare International Airport, Rosemont, IL is in full swing. The convention committee is working very hard to assemble and finalize a very interesting and stimulating program for your participation and enjoyment. The tentative program, hotel information and registration information has already been posted in the ANMA web site:

<http://www.anmausa.org>

So, please register early and reserve your hotel room at a discount rate by providing the convention code ANM. Let us make this convention a memorable event for years to come.



With regards,
Pradeep Dhital MD
President, ANMA

Growing up in the US

- Puja Adhikary

Growing up is hard to do (or something like that) and due to cultural and religious differences, sometimes being a Nepali kid growing up in the US is harder to do than most of us want to admit. Welcome "Born Confused." Okay, I am not saying all Nepali youth living in the US were born confused, but more then likely, we do try to make sense of the two cultural dichotomies we might face from living in a majority society that is different then the ones we reside in at home.

With this in mind, I want to introduce a book written by an Indian American, Tanuja Desai Hidier, born and raised in the USA, titled, you guessed it, *Born Confused*.

Universal themes of finding and trusting yourself in the midst of rifts due to differences with parents, fitting into the setting of being normal (whatever that means) and finding an identity that you are comfortable with, are present with funny narratives, and heartfelt descriptions. 17-year-old Dimple lives in New Jersey and the tale chronicles her feelings of confusion, frustration and inadequate

feelings, growing up as a South Asian in a society that does not seem to have space for a girl that looks or has similar experiences as her. Dimple, an only child of successful immigrant parents, does not understand her parents and their traditional ways and refuses to learn her language. Her visits to India are more choppy memories and the only good thing she remembers is meeting her grandfather. To maintain her bond and get over the language barrier, in addition to make sense of the world she lives in, she turns to photography as her haven and sends her *Dadaji* pictures of her life as they happen. Hiding behind the camera, Dimple studies her surroundings and produces pictures in her very own dark room, where negatives produce positives. Through these, she discovers more than she had anticipated about her parents, friends, life and herself.

Hidier is very good with her prose, writing in a clean manner, with a semi-sarcastic tone to amuse and better relate the reader. The book explores universal themes of "fitting in," but connects and digs deeper to understand and voice the concerns of so many immigrant teens who find it more difficult to do just that--fit. Hidier has received much praise for her work and has been featured on Larry King Live for book of the week, and other mainstream teen magazines such as Seventeen have tapped into her talent for narrating a story that is common to all, yet intimately tied to immigrant teens.

For Nepali youth attending high school where feelings of frustration, confusion and discomfort might be more regular than Saturday morning cartoons, I urge you to read this book. You will find yourself laughing, and agreeing with what is written as you read because you will find glimpses of yourself and your family—from taking your shoes off when you enter the house, poojas that take place as daily prayer rituals, parents that just do not seem to understand what exactly you are experiencing, friends that find culturally meaningful things such as the *tikka*, to be more of a fashion statement or the next best fad, and so much more. Although the story is written through the eyes of a female, and I being one, cannot speak affirmatively for the males, I still think that the Nepali fellas can relate—hey, and if nothing else, at least you can talk about something to the next fine Nepali you see at one of the conferences such as ANMA, which I am sure you will attend!

Overall, reading this book, you will relate, not only because you are a Nepali youth trying to fit in, but just a teen where you are not alone in your experiences of coming of age, growing up, coming together, growing apart and finding comfort in yourself. So get out there and pick it up: *Born*

Confused, © 2002 by Tanuja Desai Hidier, published by Scholastic Press.

Praise for Born Confused:

“In this enlightening first novel, [Desai] Hidier offers readers an engrossing, personal account of the Indian-American experience through the eyes of an insightful narrator.... On one level, the book explores the growing pains, rebellious phases, peer pressures, and first love experienced universally by teens. On a deeper level, it celebrates a harmonious blending of cultures as it traces one adolescent's bumpy trek towards self-actualization.... The author poetically captures the essence of her characters and the richness of seemingly insignificant moments. Absorbing and intoxicating, this book is sure to leave a lasting impression.” —*Publisher's Weekly*, starred and boxed review

“Despite a boom in literature of and about South Asia, surprisingly little has been written about people like Dimple Lala. *Born Confused*, told through the experiences of Dimple, is a rare and daring portrayal of immigrant teens struggling to find themselves in places that seek to define them as something else.... *Born Confused* gives voice to a new generation of Americans and reminds their fellow citizens to occasionally listen to it.” — *USA Today*

“*Born Confused* will certainly fill a void for an entire generation of young desis who are looking for a book that tells their story.” —Suketu Mehta, author of *Bombay Stories*, forthcoming in 2003 from Knopf (USA) and Headline Review (UK)

(Miss Puja Adhikary is the daughter of Dr.Gaury & Mrs.Anita Adhikary. She is currently a law student in University of Maryland).

Digestive System -- from a 3rd Grader's View

Mohit Rathi, a 3rd grader in Highmeadow Elementary School in Farmington Hills, Michigan, recently did a project about ‘Human Body and How It Functions’. Mohit has a unique expertise in explaining complex problems in simple terms, with his own sense of humor. Here is the “unedited” version how he explained the functioning of Digestive System to his teacher, Mrs. Zonder and the classmates:

Hello! I’m Mohit Strawberry!

Have you ever wondered what happens to your strawberry when you swallow it? Well, I will answer your question as I step into your digestive system.

Ouch! These teeth are chopping me into pieces and this gross saliva is making me a bit softer...

Wow! I'm in some kind of water slide here that is called the esophagus. The muscles are contracting and helping to push me down.

What's this now? I am in the stomach and these acids and enzymes are trying to, in an hour, make me even softer. Boy! Am I softer now or what? I stayed here for 2-3 hours.

I better duck, because it is sure getting narrower here in the small intestine. I am going around and around 20-25 feet of bends and turns! Now, I am a liquid paste. They took my nutrient away! ☹

Here comes the last part of my journey, the large intestine. It is much wider here and much shorter too. But they are removing my liquid and I am turning into solid waste!

I just went into the bowel and into the toilet seat! Flusssssssss

Thanks for watching our show and I'm Mohit Strawberry, signing off!

An Ode to a Lantern

- By Rakesh Joshi

The dusk has arrived; the sky is a crimson hue
And as I walk my way to my unlit home, from
beneath a pipal tree
Lazily swinging my staff and chiding my herd
From the fading day, I see a light.

The Lantern has come to life.

It resides in the Big house,
I imagine on a table of varnished wood
Or does it hang on a brass peg enlightening a blasé
wall?
This piece of metal, oil and wick, with all its
incandescent warmth
Calling all, calling me.
I feel its warmth in my cupped hands,
I feel its light on my turned back,
I delight in it as I pick my blisters

I delight in it as I stitch my torn eastcoat,
I lilt in its flickers and my walls dance to its silent
song.

Then I hear cow bells and on a pipal root
I do stumble, and in the darkness I do realize
With anger, with shame, with resignation
That I have crossed the Big house with its bright
maiden
And ahead of me lies my unlit home.

Among the clouds

Poet and the Prophet

-By Rakesh Joshi

Poet:

And as I walked among my clouds of doubts
I met a prophet who just did come from the clouds.
As we met, at what I thought, his points
Of wisdom and that of my doubts, I asked him, Do you
know why?

Prophet:

Yes the sky is blue, why?, it reflects the
Oceans, the sins are because it reflects the man.

Poet:

If reflections make the world, Where reflects
Your God? And by the way, I only asked Why?
A mirror reflects a beautiful woman, A mirror reflects
A scared face. A mirror can reflect a many things,
And say I, does it reflect your God too?
Your God, of many religions, who says he is one.
A God of many wraths, who says he is still a God of
Love?

Answer me not with bluff, Tell me true
Is he brave enough to be reflected by a Man's mirror too?
And Sir I had only asked you why?

Prophet:

You ask why? Yet you do not know why you question...
Why was wine made out of water? Why was
The world created? Answer me, if there was no God,
Who made you doubter? Why do you think you have
The Grace to be reflected? Why do you think He
Has to be a reflection when He is the mirror?

Mackinaw Trip

- By Subha Wagley

Ah, it's raining! I am in Mackinaw City. I
better run to the cabin from the tent. Let me tell you
about what happened that weekend.

I had to come home early from school and I had homework. On Friday? I had to take my homework with me in my trip. I stuffed my clothes in my bag.

My dad said, "Try to pack really fast." Stuffing my clothes and brushes I shouted "Okay dad."

My sister came to my room. She started to bug me so my mom called her to pack some snacks. Since my sister is very good at selecting snacks and has quite a diet she went to help mom. Finally, peace and quiet.

First thing's first! Better do my homework in the car. The homework will take about ten minutes. It was a little boring in the car after a while. We had to stop a lot of times, to be exact four times for the bathroom and fresh air and two times for gas. It took about 5 to 7 hours to reach there.

At last, we got there. Since it was summer we were in our shorts and it was so cold there just like early spring here. We were going camping with other people too. They were still not there. Well we knew one family was coming at 9:00 PM.

Well, anyway, we made our tent. I helped out on the big tent that even had a microwave. I was pretty bored so I organized the tent.

When I was brushing my teeth, my cousin came. I was so excited that I nearly swallowed the toothpaste. She slept with my family and me. We were fast asleep in one minute. Wow that's fast.

The next morning all of us went swimming at lake Huron. It was too cold to stay for a long time, but that was fun.

Later, after lunch we went on a three-wheel bike and another bike, in which three people could sit in the front and there were two baby seats like one of those in front of a shopping cart. We had fun taking turns riding that.

All the kids went to the playground for few hours and all the adults made dinner while having tea. Everyone was enjoying his or her own way.

In the playground we were getting hungry so we went to the tent to have our special snack that we had packed. Then, all of a sudden, in a second, it started to rain. Not just rain, it was pouring rain. The flashing of lightening and rumbling of thunder made everyone scared.

We ran to the cabin from our tents. In the cabin, there were two bunk beds. I sat on one of

them. My sister, my cousin and I were talking. It was time for bed. But it was still raining very hard. In the rain we went to check our tent and it was floating just like a boat in a lake.

My sister was crying like crazy because she was scared and tired. She was scared of the storm and too many people inside the cabin. So my sister, my mom and I had to sleep in my cousin's van.

The van was comfy, well when you take out the seats and put a very thick sleeping bag, a pillow and a blanket there. Still it was hard to fall asleep since we could see the lightening.

We woke up hearing the strange sound, it was the sea gull looking for food, and trying to trash our campsite. We had planned to go to Mackinaw Island but it was still raining. Since we heard in the news that the tides were too high and all the ferries were closed we didn't bother to go to the Island.

We headed back home which took about 5 to 7 hours again. Still it was boring in the car. In our way back we stopped at McDonald's for lunch. I had a kid's meal and got a toy. I had a little fun after I got that toy. It felt like we came home a little too early, it seemed early as I slept on the way for about an hour or so.

When we reached home, it was sunny. I wanted to get out of the car and shout, "Freedom" but I couldn't because all the stuff would fall out. But when I finally got out of the car I shouted "Freedom."

And now you heard of my trip to Mackinaw city since we never made it to Mackinaw Island.



(Miss Subha Wagley is the daughter of Mr.Narendra & Mrs. Neetu Wagley from Canton, Michigan)

Evolution

- Roshani Adhikary
Ann Arbor, MI
April, 2003

Dark walls pushed
Back and forth
Dark walls pushed
With maternal force
Wet
Slithery Wet
I.
Glide

Out of womb
Into room
Bright
Lights
Glared
As eyes cared
With glee
1982, name: Roshani

Ten months later
I needed a translator
As Nepali tongues rolled out words unknown
Silent till four, I was thrown
Off guard as relatives branded me mute
From Virginia to Kathmandu, Uproot
Two years of Nepali school in uniform. Navy Blue
Annual trips to city zoo
Ended upon arrival to Heathrow, Great Britain
Yellow hair and map like veins left me smitten

School of pale schoolchildren teased
Burnt susage, traveled over seas
For this?
Miss Surprised over tales of eight brothers and seven sisters
Knew not of "cousins" new language was abrupt as twisters
Finally befriended a classmate
Friendship seemed sealed by fate!

Twenty six months passed When I gasped
Upon my papa's exclamation: BACK TO
KATHMANDUUUUU!!
With little choice we flew
Back to motherland
Cousins and I planned
Mischievous ploys
Stealing mangoes and making noise
During school days back to uniform, Navy Blue
Only now with ribbons and British accent anew
I spoke back to Miss and she spoke to me with a ruler- wooden
Recite my times table , I just couldn't

As politics evolved
Bullets revolved
And complete unrest arose
Thus mamu and papa chose
To improve
With a move
Of a lifetime
Queens, New York as we attempted to climb Up The
social ladder
Mamu gave up her B.A for some B.S position which
made her madder
Papa didn't win the bread anymore
A family of four
Was hard to support

Though it was short
While, mamu had to sort
Out somethings
Luckily, with the arrival of spring
Papa was back into an m.d. position
Mamu made the transition
To a school teacher
Sister and I, once again happy creatures

In the years to follow
Change was easier to swallow
Queens lead to the Bronx,
The Bronx to Ann Arbor
And just when I thought I 'd reached a steady harbor
Came High school
I was an utter fool
I confess I led a life of duality
My reality
Was defined by blue eye standards
I never allowed my mind to meander
In a labyrinth nurturing "we"
I did not see the beauty in Brown!
As my blonde streaks faded I began to frown
My jet black truth didn't set me free
But rather it left me feeling imprisoned
Though I glimmered like a prism
I was blinded by my own Light
At which point teachers blurred my sight
With introductions to Zora Neale Thurston and
Arundhati Roy
I began my Voyage of Truth

Hours spent researching at computer booths
Typing Jones coma Lee Roy
Like Nepal-born Siddhartha, I felt devoid
For the first time
I realized the glory in my Shine
And accepted the facts: Nepal is part of me
And if I am only because of We,
We all take pride
In sarees, tikas and dhotis we stride.

American Identity: The Shades of Color

- Mr. Arun Sharma, Arizona

University of California, La Jolla, June 15:
Class of 2002 graduation ceremony. It is a bright,
and a beautiful West Coast morning. The sky is
clear blue, cool breeze from Pacific Ocean is
refreshing to the body and mind. The lush green
surrounding of tall trees and an aroma of eucalyptus
in the air is soothing to the soul. We are attending
Thurgood Marshall College's graduation ceremony, a
college known for its focus on diversity and
multiculturalism. It prepares the graduates for

tomorrow's America whose face continues to change in race, color and ethnicity.

There are hundreds of young adults who have completed the rigors of academics, poised to enter the real world and take upon the challenges to lead America and the world to new horizons. You see their winning smile, the pride, the pioneer spirit ready to explore life and face new challenges of the century. They exude drive, energy, and the ambition to go and reach the sky.

Eva, my daughter 22 is one of those go-getters of the Class of 2002. She has this beautiful black graduation gown, fresh orchid garland a charming killer smile that can win the world, the famous big wide brown eyes and partly streaked brown hair on a black background. I see the beauty, poise, energy and the power that goes with it. I am a proud parent of a University of California graduate. I feel the emotions of happiness, elation, and joy, combined with the expectations of a bright future for her. I am sure all fathers feel this way for their princesses. It is specially a historic moment for me as I have never been to graduation ceremony before in my life though I have earned degrees from 3 different countries. My excitement is boundless and unparallel.

In the podium they talk about diversity, changing faces of America, the melting of people in the nation of changing colors. On one hand I am proud that this can only happen in America, on the other hand I have the apprehension of an immigrant who has observed that nothing can be taken for granted. The issues of justice, gender in-equality and the struggles of minorities, skewed wealth distribution, and corporate greed continue to haunt America. I think of these challenges and also American optimism, of improved lives of every new generation and wish my daughter will have it all - health, happiness, wealth and spiritualism. I am sure every father looks for his daughter's future in the same way.

Very close to me I over hear a conversation between friends, two Orientals and one white young man. The oriental young man asked the white friend, " So! What are your plans dude? Have you found anything yet? The white young man with a mild British accent replied, " Oh! I start working in a week. What about you? The oriental young man replied, " Nothing yet! Still looking." After a brief pause the other oriental said, " He does not have the same qualification as you do." The two winked and smiled. It was a dry smile. Was there sarcasm in the tone? I tried to read the expression on his face. Am I being little too sensitive and overly perceptive here?

Is this my phobia- a suspicious mind of an immigrant who taints every thing on racial hues?

I think of American identity and its impact on my daughter's life.

I think of Toni Morrison, who says, "...in the creation of our national identity, "American" has been defined as "white".

Is it so? I have often wondered. What about the people of other colors? This is a classic American question. A profound question.

We lived in Santa Barbara, California in 1992. My daughter went to middle school in a white neighborhood. She always seemed a happy kid.

1992 was a bad year for California mired with racial riots after the acquittal of white police officers in Rodney King trial. The riot in Los Angeles resulted in 58 deaths; 37 percent of them were Hispanics, 40 percent of looted businesses were Hispanic, and most of the rest were Koreans. What was voiced as white injustice ended up with conflict of African American with Korean Americans. The great American dreams of Koreans had gone on smoke that day. Over 2000 Korean owned businesses were demolished and destroyed. A black looter reportedly said, "We did not burn our community, just their stores". Why were Koreans and Hispanics were targeted after the Rodney King trial? How did Koreans and Hispanics do injustice to Rodney King or the blacks? I guess no one has a clue. Who are "they" are "them" in America? We will continue to debate this for a long time in America in our land of rainbow coalition!

I have curiously and lovingly watched my daughter grow. I have witnessed the rivers of tears from the eyes of 11-13 years old friends of hers when we departed Massachusetts for California. I saw purest positive human emotions of bonding, love, and pangs of separation. Even the pain was so sublime. I still cannot describe what their faces said with all honesty. I can only feel its intensity. I witnessed the same bonding, love, friendship with her California friends and same pain of the separation when we left California to go to back to Massachusetts. This purity, and the nobility in their friendship was truly human. They shared laughs, joys, good times, occasional fights but the anguish and pains of separation on the other hand. My daughter always adjusted to changes with each move. She bounced back to herself after a few weeks in a new place, new setting, met her old friends, and made new ones. She lived her life going through this American experience. I could not observe, any trace

of racism in her behavior towards others and also by others towards her. It looked so pure, serene and human. I thought it was great. It can only happen in America!

Where is room for racism in their love for one another? I have intellectually questioned. I have also wondered when do the children start becoming racists? When does the venom begin to form in human veins? Where does it come from-family, friends or teachers? Who shapes these kids? There are bigger questions- how we end up being the nation of largest numbers of homicides, crimes and incarceration in a civilized world. We have no clue.

In her freshman essay I found recently in our garage my daughter writes, "The Asian identity is as much a construction of stereotypes as any other race faces. The idea that Asians are the 'model minority' carries a greater message transcending beyond only Asians. I feel it is an identity constructed to carry a bigger message. It labels every Asian as a hard working because they as a group they have attained much success, but Asians are used as a focal point to deflect racism. People use Asians to prove the point that if you work hard, you can achieve the American dream. You can have the highest median income. You can make it in America. While Asians have achieved a lot still many inequalities do exist."

Neo-conservative writers Irving Bristol and Nathan Glazer wrote about blacks, "If Jewish immigrants were able to lift themselves from poverty into main-stream through self help and education without welfare and affirmative action, why Can't blacks?"

Doesn't it sound very similar? Surprisingly Eva has not yet read these conservative writers. This logic is used to belittle and degrade the poor welfare mothers of color the bottom of the American social barrel.

Again Eva writes, "The color of one's skin is something they carry with them at all times and is something that continues to be a reason people are discriminated against". But why?

"Why are Asians doing so exceptionally well in school? They must be doing something right. Let us bottle it." Mike Wallace says in 60 Minutes, the CBS Magazine.

Japanese American writer David Mura notes, "During World War Two, some whites believed that simply by being genetically connected to the enemy, the Japanese American would

naturally side with the enemy. They were enemies, spies, a fifth column. They were guilty, there was no question of their innocence."

He adds as to what racism does. "You feel shame for being what you are. "Shame says that the very core of your being, your whole self is wrong, inferior, tainted."

During 1920's elite school like Harvard worried about the increasing number of Jewish students and new admission criteria were instituted to curb their enrollment. Jewish students were scorned for their studiousness and criticized for "clanliness". Similarly Asian American students have been targeted for similar complaints of being 'nerds' and frequently pointed that that they are too many of them in campuses. University of California's admission criteria was intentionally manipulated to create bigger barrier for Asian student and favoring white students. These are widely reported facts.

An author and Professor Ronald Takaki, a Japanese American, was riding in a taxi to a conference in multiculturalism while the white southern taxi driver asked, "How long have you been in this country?" "All my life", he replied. "I was born here in the United States." With a strong southern drawl he remarked; "I was wondering because your English is excellent". Some how for this white man Takaki did not look "American". According to Takaki his eyes and complexion looked foreign to him.

Arturo Madrid, a Spanish American teacher and a writer writes, "I am a citizen of the United States, as are my parents and as were their parents, grand parents. My ancestors' presence in what is now The United States antedates Plymouth Rock..."

I do not, however, fit those mental states that define America and Americans. My physical appearance, my speech patterns, my name, my profession (a professor of Spanish) create a text that confuses the reader. My normal experience is to be asked, "And where are you from?"

My daughter Eva has wide big Caucasian eyes and features that come from her South Asian ancestry. She is a natural brown typical of her ancestry. Her looks do-not represent what is typically considered "Asian American" of Chinese, Japanese or South East Asian background. I am still not sure how is she classified in America, her land. However her experience is remarkably similar to Ronald Akaka and Arturo as she writes in this essay, "I have always been asked where I am from. When I answer that I am from San Diego, the question keeps on

coming. I must share my ethnic origin to satisfy the curiosity, and I feel as though I face a different kind of discrimination.'

It is quite amazing to witness similarity of experiences of these three Americans written at difference times belonging to different times and geography. Even from statistical standpoint this cannot be called a chance or an accident. Why is there a pattern on this question on American identity? I always ask myself.

I had no indication of her feelings or ever her position on the matter until very recently. Did we insulate her by living in white neighborhood where most Anglo corporate folks lived whose parents were considered "privileged". I do often think and question.

And I was so naive that I thought she was not going to face discrimination by virtue of being a "true" American, born in Houston, Texas, USA. Now I also realize she may only earn 80 dollars for every 100 dollars an Anglo male UC San Diego graduate might earn. It appears she will have to work on the Asian magical formula of being better than others. But what are the statistical odds of being better than others from generation to generation. Is it a solution? Why should she have a different set of standards in the same land? Is it not another form of discrimination in America?

Takaki says much of America's past has been riddled with racism. "But", all immigrants have offered hope, affirmation of struggle for equality as a central theme in American history." And the struggle goes on for dignity, equality and liberty, from generation to generation each one getting better than previous one. At least I know my daughter little better today. I know her challenges and we both know what needs to be done so that her own daughter will understand herself better and that her life will be better in America.

The Next Big Thing?

- Prasad Dhital
11th grade
West Bloomfield, Michigan



For those of you who have never heard of this 17 year old basketball phenom from Akron, Ohio, you are one of the few. LeBron James, a high school senior, from St. Vincent St. Mary High School has been compared to by many as the next big thing to hit the basketball hard-court. In the last year he's gone from a teenage marvel to virtual icon.

College? That's hilarious. Already being projected as the first overall pick in this year's NBA Draft, with networks such as ESPN watching his every move, he has become a man among boys. With his games being broadcast on pay – per view, NBA greats like Shaquille O' Neal and Michael Jordan on his cell phone, and shoe companies living in his home town of Akron begging for him to sign with them, you have to sit back and wonder, is this too much to early?

How good is this kid you ask? He toyed with the idea of declaring for the NBA Draft ... after his JUNIOR season! Wait, I know what you're thinking, "Where in the world did this kid come from?" Well to figure that out, lets explain where "King James" got his start. LeBron, a six footer by the age of 13, showed he was going to be something special, marveling in AAU ball during his middle school years. This was no ordinary 13 year old basketball player. He saw the court better, passed the ball better, and jumped higher than anyone else. He also wore the number 23, shared by some guy named Jordan.

After dominating a series of tournaments, he was already considered as an NBA prospect. This was in the 8th grade! Then at age 15, after his incredible first year at St. Vincent St. Mary's he was invited to participate in Adidas' ABCD basketball camp. One thing you must understand is that in order to be invited to the camp you had to be at least 16. After single handedly dominating the camp, the basketball world began to realize that this kid from Akron, Ohio was the real deal. Throughout his junior season, LeBron displayed why he was capable of entering the NBA draft at that very moment. He was getting so much hype, Shaquille O'Neal decided to pay him a visit, during one of his games. The country was now immersed in LeBron James fever. After deciding not to forgo his senior season of high school and finish of his illustrious high school career, some NBA teams had already begun planning for the 2003 draft. The Cleveland Cavaliers have been questioned as to whether they have quit on this season just to make sure they had the best possible shot to get him! Having all his games being broadcast on pay – per view, as well as two on ESPN2 LeBron James is living on Cloud Nine. We will just have to wait and

see if this kid can live up to his billing, when he tests the NBA waters.

Now that you know how good this kid is, why throw so much at him at such a young age? Heck, while most 17 year olds are worried about their ACT scores, LeBron is worried about what shoe company to sign with. The kid is so loaded, he's driving around a Hummer H2 with 4 TV's in it! Teams are already labeling him their franchise player, when he hasn't even stepped on an NBA court. Is this really healthy for some one of such a tender age? Americans are always thriving to find the next big thing, or the newest sensation. How many times have you heard a sportscaster say "This kid could be the next Michael Jordan." This kid is getting so much praise, that if he doesn't live up to his expectations in the NBA, he may be the biggest disappointment in sports history. Wow, talk about pressure.

Inner Development

- Robin Pandey

I

I am a Human Being, I possess my inner self, My body, senses, feelings, intellect and consciousness I dwell in my domain, my environment and my universe, I am here on earth because of life cycle process of the Universe, created by Mighty God Universe gave consciousness to my father and mother To give birth, to raise me, nurture me and teach me and so on My society gave me experiences and knowledge This is how I developed my "superego" It tells me what is right and what is wrong My superego can raise family, have a career, live life in general But it has a nature to forget myself I run a city, state or even a country, I operate on a patient, I get higher education, but I forget about myself What is my nature, how I am made, what is my meaning? My intellect is curious, it wants to know more My body wants to be nurtured My senses wants to be sharpened My feelings wants to feel good My consciousness has levels Sleep, Awake, Self Consciousness, and Objective Consciousness I am granted up to Sleep and Awake If I want to possess higher consciousness I must put effort To know myself, understand myself, remember myself Through meditation and self observation

II

I asked God that it is not fair that I do not possess higher consciousness naturally why must I put effort? Why it is not granted to me? God said what is not fair? He said everything I possess and my Free Will is granted by him God said this Universe is big and he is busy God said I am given laws and I must accord with them God said I am just a small part of the

Universe God said take a look at stars in the sky at night I will realize how insignificant I am in the Universe God saw my sadness and sighed God said child be good, you must know yourself first God said I have invented complicated rockets, space station, advance computer But I have not realized how complicated my own body is God said Once I meditate and self-observe my own self And attain Sadhana, Self Consciousness, and go on to the path to Nirvana I will realize what he has given me and what I am capable of.

Robin Pandey Foundation

Robin Pandey Foundation was founded for reviving the higher values of life beyond the limitations of perceptual and cognitional evaluations. My main intention is to awaken humanity towards the ways and means of absorbing in one's life the characteristics of Sadhana, Samadhi or Nirvana (Ultimate Reality, veritably God-Realization, supreme happiness, enlightenment), not in a traditional monastery way, but by a way of doing it while we are living our everyday life in our modern world. Towards this end a vigorous disciplinary process has to be undergone by absorbing in one's personal life the other associated values, such as the social, ethical, and austere principles, all which have to be set in tune harmoniously with everything that is considered as part of one's life at any stage of one's existence in this world. Our pragmatic way of absorbing austere principles in one's life comes from ancient Hindu and Buddha's teaching, and Gurdjieff, an extraordinary spiritual guru.

It is a place for practicing Modern Meditation derived from ancient spiritual knowledge to awaken within to go beyond the limitations of perceptual and cognitional evaluations of life while living in our modern time and space. If you are ready to take this challenge contact us in New York at 646-279-2924. Or visit www.chakrapath.com/robinpandeyfoundation.htm for more info.