

ANMA VIEWPOINTS 2006 NEPALI NEW YEAR 2063 ISSUE



anmausa.org
Association of Nepalese
in Midwest America

Dear Readers,

It's Baishak 1, once again. I can't see what we should celebrate for at this moment, when violence defines the skyline of Nepal. May be we should celebrate for Spring, which we have mother nature to thank for. Regeneration and rebirth. Because in my mind that is one of the few things that we can still enjoy. Nature and all of its joy and atrocities are the only things that seem to be in abundance.

Questions cloud the mind: When did we come to this? When did our motherland, that we used to call "Sundar, Shanta, Bishal" become a country engulfed in civil war for more than a decade? When does this all end? When will we be able to lift our heads and say it's over? Who is going to be our knight and shining armor? Or is it all a myth? Who is real and who is not? Who can be trusted? For real? What should we do? Who can protect us? Who can feel our pain? Who can stand up for us? Who can look over us and treat us with respect and love? Who can understand us? As Nepalis, whether living inside or outside Nepal, I hope we can find answers to at least some of these questions, for our childrens' sake. For future sake. For past sake. For present sake.

It is so easy for me personally, as a hindu, to resort to the usual mantra "PashupatiNath le Sabai ko Rakshya Garun."

However it seems to be beyond the divine powers to intervene the current predicament we have found ourselves to be in. Where are we going? Who are we going to be? Future looks so freaking uncertain.

**Can we do something about it?
I am still looking for an answer.**

Nevertheless, I do want to wish all of you a New Year that is filled with hope, love and kindness. Peace be with all of you, wherever you are.

**Sincerely,
The Editor**
Dikshya Adhikari
michigannepali@yahoo.com

समुन्द्र मन्थन् र कालकूट बीष

राजीव नेपाल, कोलम्बस, ओहायो

इतिहासलाई कोट्याउँछु, टक्टक्याउँछु
आँखाभरि स्वर्णिम ताराहरू उदाउँछन्
प्रेम र जीवनका मीठा बास्नाहरू छरिन्छन्।
अनि आँखा च्यातेर वर्तमानलाई चिहाउँछु,
कहालिलागदो अँध्यारो-निष्पट र निरंकुश
सूर्योदय र गोधूलीको जीवन चक्र रोकियो यहाँ
ऊज्यालो तुहियेको तुहियै छ।

मध्यरातमा सेतो हिमालको पटाक्षीपमा
एक रङ्गको इन्द्रेणी पोतिन्छ- रातो।
वाँके रङ्गहरू कुल्चिएर, चिथोरिएर
टुक्रा टुक्रा भए दिनहरूसँगै, खुशीहरूसँगै।
एक हुल निर्मम मुखहरू सपना बाँड्दै
हातहरूले शासहरू पुछ्छन् खित्का र अट्टाहसको सुत्रधारमा,
अनि फेरि अर्को गाउँको अवशान हुन्छ
आँशुको भेल र पहिरोमा।

ऐनाको दरवारमा बस्नेहरू
सुन चाँदिका ईटाहरूले एक अर्कालाई हानिरहन्छन्,
हरेक पल्ट फुट्नासाथ
मेचीदेखि महाकालीसम्म निचोर्दै, चिमोट्दै
अर्को शीश महल ठडिन्छ।
पूर्व पश्चिम तिर जति वादलहरू घसिन्छन्
उति नै चट्याङले पोल्दछ, जलाउँछ माटोलाई,
बारुदको उन्मादमा जति लालध्वजहरू फर्फरिन्छन्
उति नै प्रफुल्लित हुन्छन्
जीर्ण, अशक्त र दीर्घ रोगीको खोजीमा उडेका गिद्धहरू,
अनि खाका कोर्न व्यस्त हुन्छन् भागवण्डाको; दक्षिण तिर, पश्चिम तिर।
यो बर्बर साँढे जुधाइमा
छत्तीस वर्णका बाछाहरू पोतिरहेछन् आँगन, चौतारा र भित्ताहरू
एकै वर्णको मसीले-रातो

देशको ठेक्का लिनेहरू
भोकाको पेट काट्दै, नाङ्गाको आङ्ग च्यात्दै
बोल्नेको मुख थुन्दै, हस्-हस्-हजूरको बुई चढेर
श्वेत आतङ्कको उर्जाले मुस्कानहरू उमार्ने रोडम्याप कोर्छन्।
धेरै देख्यौं मदानि बोक्नेहरू
ती फकाउँछन्, फुल्याउँछन् ऐरावत र कल्पवृक्षको कथाले।

अमृतको सपना बाँडेर
मन्थनको घोषणा पत्र लेख्छन्।
अनि कालकूट वीष थुपाउँछन् "रैति" को भागमा
सँधै।



ANMA/NASeA Joint Convetion 2006 (Sep 1 - 4, 2006) in Chicago

Details to follow.....

NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS AROUND THE MIDWEST AMERICAS:

Message from Rupa Hamal , President of NAOO

Namaste everyone..

Nepali New Year is coming soon and as usual we would like to keep our tradition and celebrate the event. We plan to celebrate on April 22. We welcome all the Nepalese across Ohio to participate. Keeping that in mind we have selected Columbus as the host city for its central location. We need volunteers for singing and dancing and other kinds of performance to make the event enjoyable.

In past events (Nepali New Year) we have had more male participants than the female, so ladies brush up your talents and lets show the Nepalese men that we have artistic ability too. Please note on your registration if you would like to perform. It is my humble request that you consider attending this event to keep our culture alive. Please register for the event in the NAOO web page (www.NAOO.org) as soon as you can.

Date: April 22 (saturday)

Venue: Bombay Gardens located inside the Hamilton Plaza Hotel

2124 South Hamilton, Columbus OH 43232

Tel: 614-861-7220

Time: 5:00pm

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL THE READERS OF VIEWPOINTS & THANK YOU FOR YOUR ONGOING SUPPORT by submitting articles and participating. – The EDITOR

A REFLECTION

Smriti Pant

Saginaw, Michigan

Standing on the daily mirror I see a picture of a man
Aloof and detached is he from his own little land,
He seems to depict the twinge of ignorance and dishonor,
But there appears no one to salute his honor
Poor is he from his very birth
Yet desires of becoming a spring of mirth
He is a living history, a compile testament of hurdles and pains
Believing that he would one day shine acknowledging the rainbow rains
For him truth is justice and perceives harder to yearning for the very
best Indeed is he going to weave a tapestry of amity and sorority
Full of zest
He considers children as an angel sent by God
To love and caress them is what he desires against all odds
Admiring Mother Nature and marveling its essence is what he has learnt
as a child
To adore its radiance – the beacon light of belief for molding him to
become genteel and wise.
But...
A big question arises to unravel his personality
Why is everyone condemning hem so brutally and ruthlessly?
I see a God rising from the depth core of sanity
Pursuing the oblivious people about his thoughtfulness and vanity
Who is this man? I question it to myself
A voice instigates my instincts to answer all my quests
I am a human like you with all the goodness enshrined
You live in a world of affluence, while I live in a world of shear
wants
and deprive
For him the whole cascade of experience is an authentic saga of life
To
win the battles and running in the marathon of the life is his sheer
strive
Orphan is he from the very childhood
Yet lives with an incentive of brotherhood.
From making an unyielding voyage throughout needs and pains
Here we see this man upright amidst all isolation and hindering rains.

A Wedding Ceremony for Seven Lifetimes

- Pooja Adhikary Regmi

Baltimore, MD

As some readers of *Viewpoints* may know, I got married in February 2006. And what a wedding it was! While it was important for both Ashok and I to get married amongst friends and family, it was more important for the marriage ceremony and festivities to be in Nepal. We were excited during the entire process and some may say, a bit too adamant about holding it in Nepal. We were so thrilled to meet each others families and put a name to the many stories we had shared with each other, through childhood memories and pictures weaved into our lives, of the many cousins and friends.

I would be lying if I glossed over the details of such an extravagant affair! After all, planning a wedding in several time zones, continents and oceans over, is (in the least) exhausting. My mom finally slept through the night in March (we were in planning mode from August onward). Throw political upheavals, cultural differences and expectancies and what we had on our hands, was somewhat of an explosive situation!

As the bride and an admirer of weddings in both cultural veins, I was apprehensive about the experience. While I was thrilled, I did have underlying concerns that were playing in my head – these broken record thoughts ranged from “what happens if there is a curfew and no one can come to the wedding, including Ashok?” to “can a woman look fat in red and *how fat can she look in a sari???*” All humor aside, besides the overarching concerns about the political instability within Kathmandu and Nepal, there were concerns about travels and time constraints to get everything ready. Despite phone calls from my mom to uncles and aunts, they insisted wedding invitations went out *after* we arrived (3 days before the *Swayambar*) and to make us even more nervous, the guest list would be devised over tea and many politically infused discussions, *two* days before the *Swayambar*. But most importantly to Ashok and I was that the wedding be *fun* for all involved. Little did I know my worries and concerns were insignificant because not only did political upheavals *not* interfere; the wedding was an astonishing event and truly memorable.

In the 1990s, Hillary Rodham Clinton, wrote a book titled, *It Takes a Village to Raise a Child*, based on an African proverb. I think this proverb best summarizes what it takes for a Nepali wedding to occur! On so many levels, I cannot begin to describe what an immense eye opening experience the wedding related festivities brought to my mind. On a superficial and fun level, as a child, I recall Nepali weddings were more about new clothes and good food. Although that hasn't changed on some level (after all, what does one do but admire/gossip about someone's jewelry and attire when the very looooooog ceremony is being held, in Sanskrit, nonetheless?), I had a very vague idea about all the meaning behind the festivities.

On a very personal and intimate level, the wedding experience summarized what it means to be Nepali in more ways than one - it was such a celebration of our families, of new beginnings, of past, present and future celebrations; and a unification that was tremendously symbolic. We rekindled long lost conversations, laughed at past memories and created new ones. My family grew larger – Ashok’s parents and family welcomed me with open arms; new stories and memories grew from the various ceremonies at our respective homes.

To me, above all else, the wedding festivities symbolized the meaning of love and family – it was the coming together to assist in whatever role you were given or not given, it was a way to show love and appreciation to each other. My cousins had to buy fabric for my blouses and beg and plead with tailors to sew it overnight. Because of the *bandh* we had to beg the shopkeeper to sell us the fabrics we needed through the back door of his building! My cousins fed me as my *mehendi* was being applied and drying. Everyday, my Mom put on my sari and never fussed at the fact that her daughter is 26 and still does not know how to wear a sari. For inquiring minds, upon my arrival to Ashok’s house, my *sasu*, yes, my *sasu*, put on my sari!

My cousins had planned and prepared elaborate *khajas* for each and every visitor, with a visiting cook making rounds of tea that would rival tea houses around the globe. We had a home servicing beautician that ensured my eyebrows were in shape each day! My uncles wrote out the invitations and arranged for all the card deliveries. The many, many trays prepared to WOW Ashok took long hours and immense creativity; preparation for the *Barani* was amazing and *everyone helped!* I cannot tell you how astounding and powerful all of this is! I can only hope I can relay some of what each of my family members and friends showed through actions in the future.

During the actual wedding ceremony, I was so moved by how each and every act Ashok and I enacted and participated in held such meaning. The symbolisms of our acts around the *jagya* represented our unified lives, whether that entailed the good, the difficult and challenging times that lay ahead in our futures. We have thoroughly enjoyed learning what each of the acts meant along with explaining it to our friends.

So all in all, the sleepless nights were for the birds! My family, Ashok and I had the time of our lives. For any folks on the fence about going to Nepal and getting married – GO – and don’t think twice. You will sleep more soundly as a result!



My Story

By Pramod Lama, Columbus, OH

Pictures Courtesy: Pramod Lama

Most of you know that in 2002, I had decided to try and make the Turin Games. Even though I did not make the games I thought I'd share my experience and thoughts because you had shown your support.

Many cold winter days spend on the hill doing drills, long 2004-2005 race season, lots of travel, time away from family, 4 emergency room visit, 6 pairs of ski, 4 pairs of boot (thanks to Adam's ski shop) 3 summers training at Mt. Hood, Oregon and I was as ready as I could be. I had put in the time and effort and this was all going to come together December 27th, 28th 2005 in Collingwood, Canada. My 7th FIS Slalom race. This was the race I was going to make a 140 FIS points recent changed requirement for Olympic participation).

This was the race where I'd prove I can make 60 turns on 45 degree 500ft drop, rock hard icy course at 35-45 mph.



This season was looking good. On December 13th, I called Rip (Canadian J1FIS coach) and made arrangements to train with his team for 3 days before the race. Unusually cold early December and a snow dump made for very good ski condition here in Ohio. I was excited. I felt like I was on top of my game. I can carve, jump, Slalom, Giant Slalom, ski any terrain and I am comfortable at high speeds. I Called Prabhat

(my brother) in DC and told him we'd have to be in Canada on the 23rd. Prabhat was going to help me in my quest for the game. He was to fly to Columbus and do most of the driving so that I could concentrate just on skiing and racing. Driving all day and racing the next is not fun (did that last season).

Plan looked good. Prabhat drives I rest, training on the 23rd, 24th, 26th, race on the 27th and 28th. 25th we were going to hang out in Toronto with some friends. Well, plan started falling apart very quickly.



First Prabhat got his airline ticket for the 23rd thinking that was the day we were leaving for Canada. That meant I was going to miss first day of training (important one). Since that was that case I figured I'd get another ski day in Ohio and went to ski on the 22nd. I picked up my skies from the shop and skied. On my third run I took a big fall. I bruised my right hip and was having a hard time walking. It took me a full 30 min to standup. Since I still had a few days I thought I would maybe recover enough to race so I should still go up to Canada. Just in case, I got vicodine for the pain from a friend. Next day (23rd) the car is packed and I'm ready to leave as soon as Prabhat arrives at 11am. 10am Prabhat calls and says he has just missed his flight and will not be in Ohio till 5pm. #\$\$\$%&*. I did not want to drive all night so I was going to miss another day of training. Thought that was alright because I was still in a lot of pain from the wreck. I was in pain missing 2 days of training but I was determined. We were still going to make the training on the 26th, race 27th and 28th.

Prabhat finally arrived and we left Ohio for Collingwood on the 25th. Got to Collingwood late and training day did not go too well. I felt like an idiot as I just couldn't put two turns together all day. On top of that, the rain cut short our training and we stopped at noon. Then, I wasn't feeling it. I got to race the next day, I was still on pain medication and I can't even put 2 turns together.



Part of the reason I was relying on this race so much was I had raced here the previous season. It is the only FIS race on a blue run and I was comfortable on the hill. Well, what do you know? Because of the rain there wasn't enough snow on that hill so the race got moved to another resort on a double black.

First day of racing I blow out on gate 54 for no reason and DNF1 (didnot finish 1st run). Bummer. Checking my skies I find out the edges on both my skied had come unglued. That's when the light bulbs come on. The edges coming unglued was the reason for my accident in Ohio, me skiing like an idiot on training day, and blowing out on my first race, first run. That was like racing a car on flat tires. I`m lucky I wasn't seriously injured.

Luckily (if I should even consider luck a factor in any of this) Todd (friend) had recommended I take his skies as a back up. I had that ski but there is a difference between his skies and mine. His turn radius

is 14 and mine was 13. That might not seem a lot but at FIS slalom course speed, it is huge. I had just one hour before the start of the race to get a feel for this skis (new to me). Dec 28th, second race and it was still raining. I finished the first run in good time and I'm feeling better on the Nordica (note: because of the condition only 43 of 97 finished first run). I need to be a little more aggressive on the second run so that I can most likely get to 140 FIS points or less. It wasn't going to look great but enough.

Second run, and all that rain had softened the snow even more turning the course into more like a mogul run. Third turn from start, I hit a hole and the binding (the stuff that keeps you attached to your skis) gave in. My right ski goes flying in one direction and I go the other and another DNF2 (did not finish 2nd). Rip (coach) checks my skis and we determined that the DIN setting (release setting for the bindings) is too low for me. It was set at 9.5 and I should be skiing at 11.5 or 12 for the race. After 3 cold years, 4 emergency room visit, 6 pairs of skis, 4 pairs of boots, that is how my quest for the game ended December 28th, 2005.

I have almost healed from my injury, Blizzard has replaced my skis, and I've made peace with my failed attempts. The past three/four years went fast and short, but I'll remember it for a long time. There is still the Asian Games (2007), Ontario Championship (2006, 2007), North American Cup(2007), and Far East Cup(2007) and next season will probably be my last year racing at that level. Of course things would be different only if... lots of ifs but hey.... I gave it all I could and thanks for all your support.



IT'S TIME TO WRITE UP FOR THE JOINT CONVENTION BOOKLET

DON'T MISS THE CHANCE TO GET PUBLISHED FOR FREE.

**SEEKING WRITERS, DESIGNERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, ARTISTS
FROM NEPALI COMMUNITY AND FRIENDS!**

YOUR SUBMISSION OF ARTICLES/STORIES/POEMS IS FREE

SEND IN YOUR GREETINGS OR ADS. FOR DETAILS, SEE BELOW OR
EMAIL THE EDITOR AT michigannepali@yahoo.com for more info.

Or call at (734) 929 9598

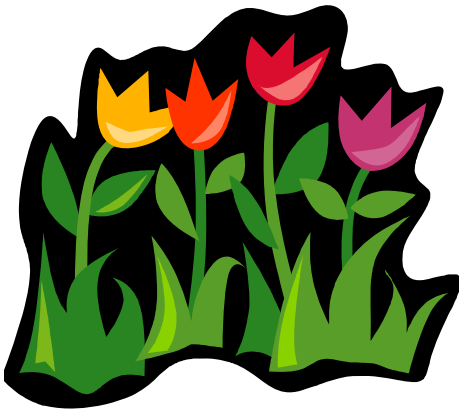
Yeti Viewpoints Advertisement cost:

Business

Full Page (Black & White)	Inside page	\$250
Half Page (Black & White)	Inside page	\$150
Full Page (Color)	Inside page	\$350
Half Page (Color)	Inside page	\$250
Full Page (Color)	Back Cover	\$500
Full Page (Color)	Inside of Back Cover	\$400
Full Page (Color)	Inside of Front Cover	\$500

Personal

Full page	Inside	\$150
Half page	Inside	\$100
Quarter page and banners	Inside	\$25



Congratulations to new Chicago Nepali Pariwar Executive Committee! Bye to Sanjay Shrestha and his committee and thanks to their hard work with CNP and ANMA.

CNP Executive Committee: 2006-2008

President:
Jay Mandal

Vice President:
Kiran Byanjankar

General Secretary:
Vijay Khadka

Members:
Sailesh Kasaju
Dr Saurav Bhatta
Ishwar Pokharel
Manish Chaudhary
Jodi Wernikoff
Anil Rimal
Catherine Foster

By *Rajeev Dahal*
Chair, Election Committee



ANNOUNCEMENTS FROM ANMA



Convention Theme !

We are looking for 25th ANMA Convention theme. Please suggest convention theme and win a prize, if your theme is selected. You can submit as many themes as you wish.

Please submit your themes to
anand@naoo.org.

Deadline: May 15, 2006



**Come Celebrate
25th ANMA Convention in Chicago, IL**

Chicago Nepali Pariwar is hosting the 25th ANMA Convention in Chicago on Labor Day Weekend. This will be the second joint convention of two major Nepali organizations, ANMA and NAsEA. Last year's joint convention was held in Atlanta, GA.

For details, see www.anmausa.org

Or

<http://www.cnpariwar.org/>

**PICTURES FROM NEW YEAR CELEBRATION in
WIXOM, MICHIGAN on
APRIL 15, 2006**

Photo Courtesy: Angela Shrestha, Saginaw, MI
Organizer: Nepalese Association of Michigan
(NAM)



THANKS FOR ALL THE FUN!!

Special kudos to Jagannath Ghimire of NAM
DJ Vivek and all the hardworking organizers.