



Aarohi



Shaping up our School Farm

NEWSLETTER

April to June 2020

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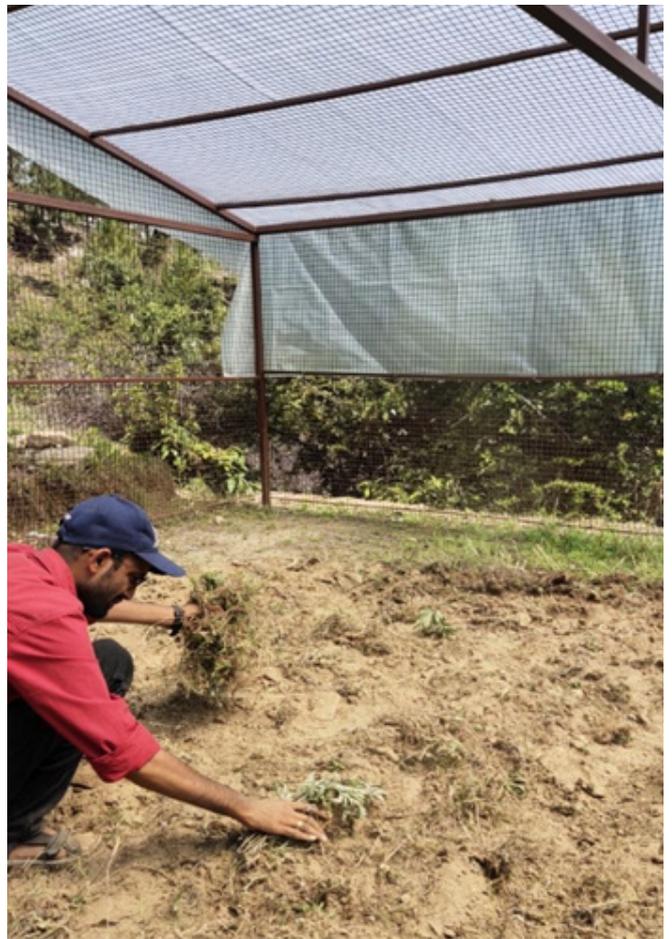
SHAPING UP OUR SCHOOL FARM



As a part of the project 'Contextualising Education with Farming and Ecology', a polyhouse was constructed in our school premises for conducting farm-based learning activities. Agriculture is one of the most important aspects of rural life. Using agricultural and natural resources as a medium for contextualising the curriculum could, therefore, provide an avenue through which children can have repeated experiences to develop their cognitive, physical, and social skills.

Despite the lockdown, the activities of the school's polyhouse have started off well. The soil work, raising of beds, tilling, applying of compost, etc have been completed. Seedlings of brinjal, tomatoes, capsicum, cucumber, pumpkin, and bottle gourd have been planted. Monsoons are the upcoming season for rapid growth of certain plants; hence the farm activities are being carried out by our team members until we involve students from our school.





Also, in line with this project of contextualisation of curriculum, here's a beautifully illustrated and written "Soil Story" created by our talented team.



THE SOIL STORY: LET MR ZIGZAG WRIGGLE

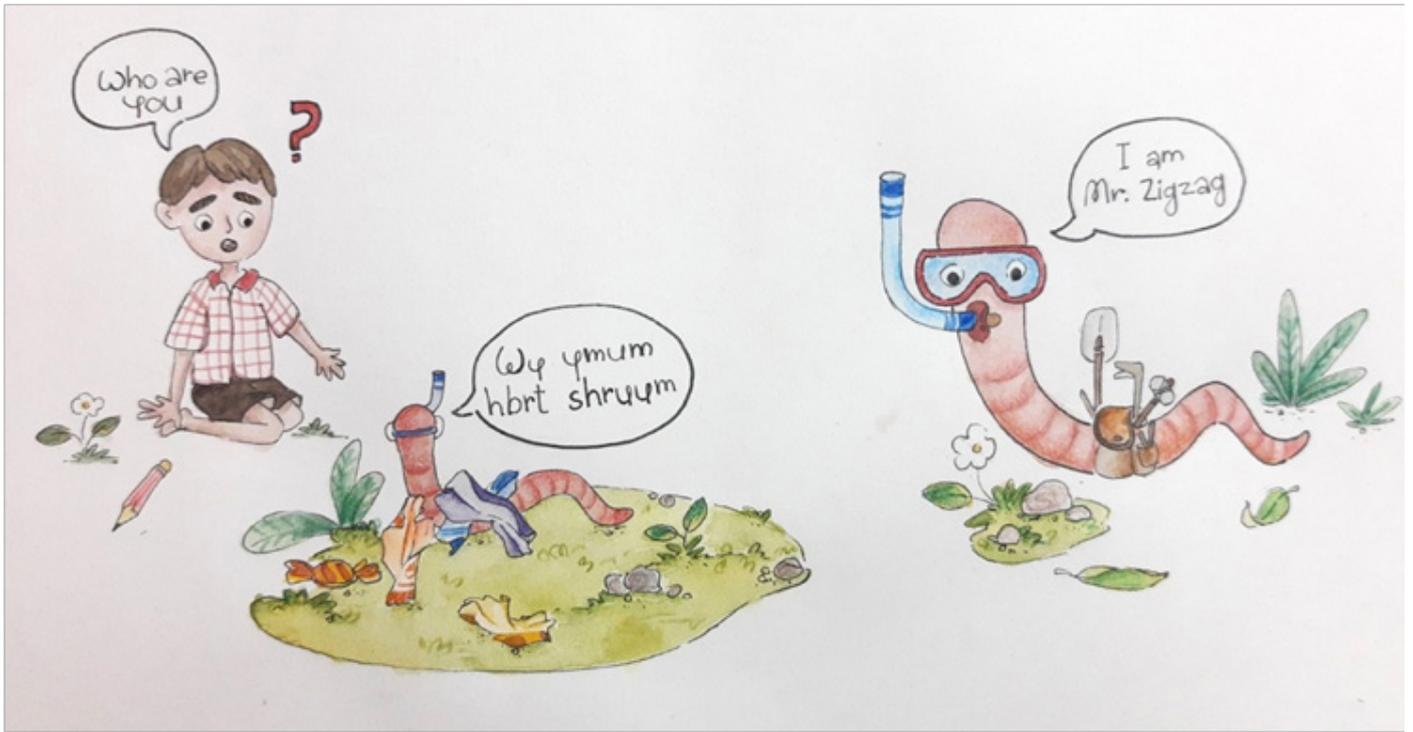


Bholu threw his school bag down on the ground. It fell with a loud thud and all his books tumbled out falling on top of each other. His new pencil, the brightly coloured eraser too flung themselves, and hung precariously at the edge of Bholu's copies scattered under the tree. Woosh...now his tiffin burst openwide. A banana peel struggled to escape even as some peas nimbly rolled away. Yellow and red striped toffee wrappers flew out, still sticky from where Bholu had licked the last of the rich, golden sweets.



Bholu was unhappy. Jhimri, his best friend, had not come to school today. He lay down; his hands clasped tight under his head, watching the sun fight the big fat leaves of the deodar tree, trying its best to pierce through and pin him down. But the leaves stubbornly clumped together, blocking any of the bright yellow light from reaching him. From the corner of his eyes he saw the leaves scuffle and shimmer, till lo, behold the sun fell through them strong and furious, like a tiny torch beam on his bag cast down near him. The ground lit up like the stage in school.





And right under the spotlight was a little something. Bholu crawled closer to take another look. An itty bitsy white and blue snorkel poked from under the plastic toffee wrappers. Beneath this gear emerged a five inch, brown worm. Bholu gasped, “Who are you? And what’s with this fancy headdress?” The worm, turned to him and mumbled, “Wwymumhbrtshruum.”

Bholu inched closer, cupping his hand to his ear. “Sorry,” muttered the worm yanking out his helmet, “I am Mr Zigzag, the worm”. Bholu’s eyes grew enormous, his mouth turned into a big, round ‘O’ and he could not manage to say a hello back.



“Do you know how heavy it is, dragging this setup whenever I leave home,” Mr Zigzag continued sadly. “I love making holes in the ground. And that is not so easy these days.” “But why ever not,” asked Bholu surprised. Mr Zigzag sparkled like fresh dew on grass, and wriggled like fresh toothpaste out of a tube. He didn’t seem ill or frail, that bag slung across his back was stuffed. Bholu could see a crowbar, a hammer and other heavy looking things crammed into it.

Mr Zigzag continued gloomily, “I dig and I dig, and I reach up to look at the sky and my head pops into a plastic bag thrown carelessly. I can’t breathe...! I have to cut my way through all the rubbish.”

“Secondly, I just can’t break out. My beautiful chocolate soil is covered up with cement or tiles or bitumen, all dark, dense and unyielding. I have to fight to make my way through, fight to breathe; fight to turn the soil over. And when I can’t waggle and wriggle and jiggle and jump...”

“What happens?” Bholu asked surprised.



“If I can’t waggle and wriggle and jiggle and jump, the soil is sad, the farmer is sad, and I am the saddest” said Mr Zigzag with tears streaming down his face.”The soil hardens, water and air can’t flow easily and in the end the poor farmer loses me, his friend and dedicated helper who works for free. Lose me and who will mix dead leaves and roots in the soil and make it more fertile.”





“Oh please stop crying Mr. Zigzag, please don’t be sad” Bholu cried out. He jumped up, and ran to pick up the wrappers, the plastic papers strewn all across the ground. He decided that when he got back home, he would no longer demand for his mother’s kitchen garden in the backyard to be turned into a cemented playing area. He promised himself, he would help Mr Zigzag in every way he could. But, when he turned back to assure Mr Zigzag, there was nobody there. Bholu rubbed his eyes; was it all just a dream.



He picked up his bag to go back home, and suddenly stopped. Bits of mud seemed to be moving right next to his feet. He smiled, if he kept silent enough, he was sure he would hear a little bit of waggle, wriggle, jiggle and a jump too.



Dear Friends,

Operations at Aarohi have resumed with effect from May 07, 2020, following the guidelines issued by the Ministry of Home Affairs and District Administration of Nainital. We are working with limited staff and only for a limited period daily, while following all the recommended precautions.

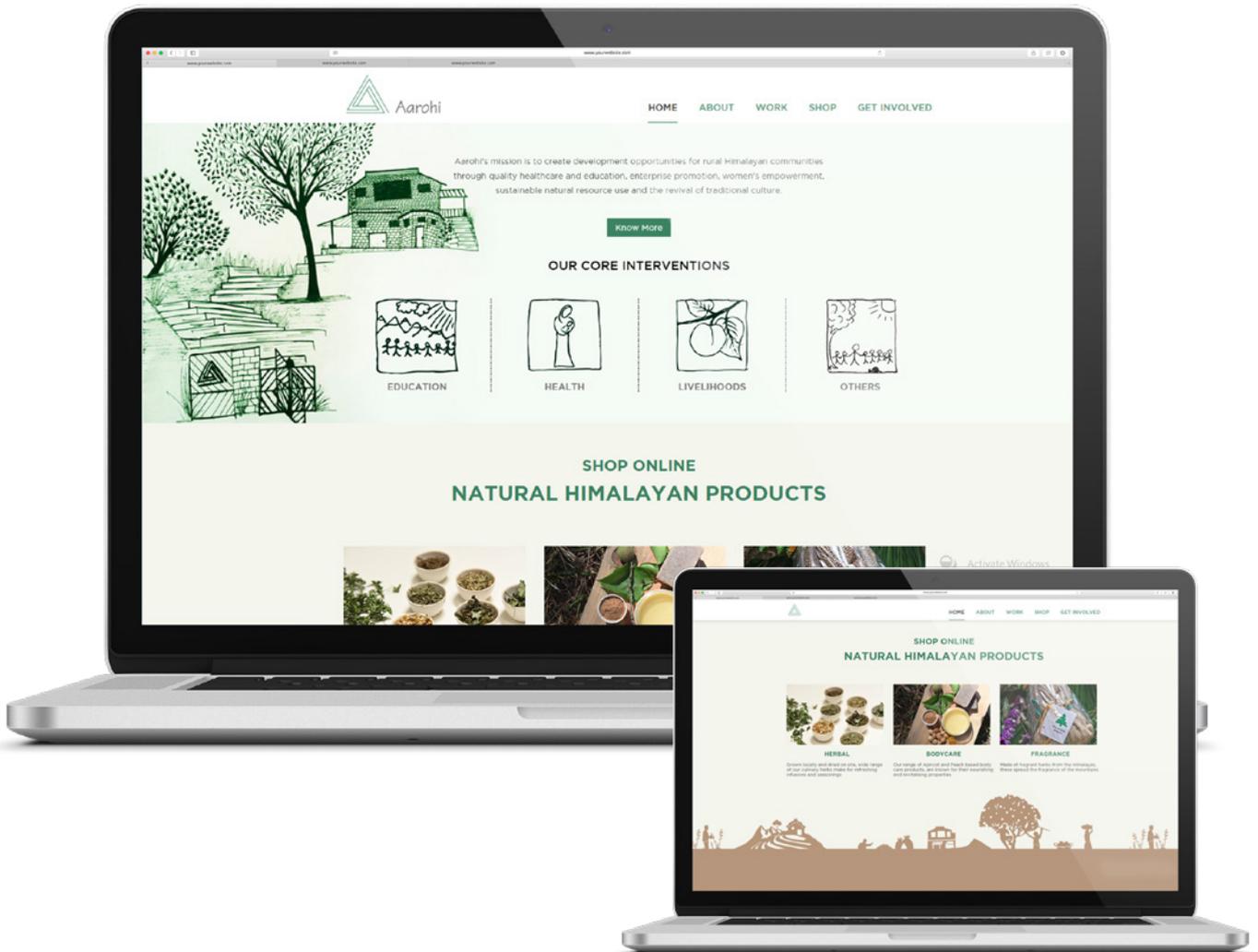
During the period of lockdown, we have helped generate awareness through posters, community radio, Kumaonvani, staying in touch with the district nodal officers and regularly provided information through our teams pertaining to the COVID-19 crisis.

As you know, our hospital Aarohi Arogya Kendra, has continued to remain open for the benefit of rural communities. During this period, we have seen an increase in the number of fracture reduction, trauma cases and geriatric patients' footfall in the clinic. We are also taking necessary steps to resume the Mobile Medical Unit - MMU camps as soon as we get a confirmation from the CMO office. Our community health team continues its work on surveillance of maternal and child health interventions. The team distributed pamphlets and handouts highlighting care to be taken by pregnant and lactating women and by children under 5 years of age.

Our school, Aarohi Bal Sansar remains closed, but our teachers are working with the children regularly through restricted home visits, WhatsApp and phone calls relating to the assigned lessons.

We are also very pleased to announce that our Livelihoods unit is again open for business. Dispatches will be made through India Post or couriers. Please support our Livelihoods program directly by placing your orders online on <https://www.aarohi.org/shop.php>





AAROHI'S WEBSITE HAS UNDERGONE A MAKE-OVER!

GO CHECK IT OUT NOW



WWW.AAROHI.ORG



WANT TO GET INVOLVED?

You can become a member of Aarohi or make a donation towards any of our projects. You can reach out to your family and friends and talk about our work. You can help spread the word.

For more information email us at info@aarohi.org

DONATE ONLINE!

We have partnered with GlobalGiving offering an easy and safe platform for online giving. **Go to www.globalgiving.org and search for 'Aarohi'.**

JOIN HANDS

We welcome doctors, teachers, managers, designers, musicians, theatre persons, IT professionals or anyone with a desire to share his or her skills to volunteer with us. Aarohi encourages creative ideas and provides a unique opportunity to experience a different way of living and working.

All contributions to Aarohi are eligible for Income Tax Exemption under section 80G of the IT Act.



Aarohi

Aarohi is a voluntary organisation founded in 1992. It is registered under the Societies Registration Act, 1860. It is also registered u/s 80 G and 12 A of the IT Act and under the FCRA.

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