

# The Beginning

## IT STARTS WITH THE QUESTION:

To take up a job in Statistics or pursue something different, something outside my comfort zone, something that would help me look beyond myself and help others.

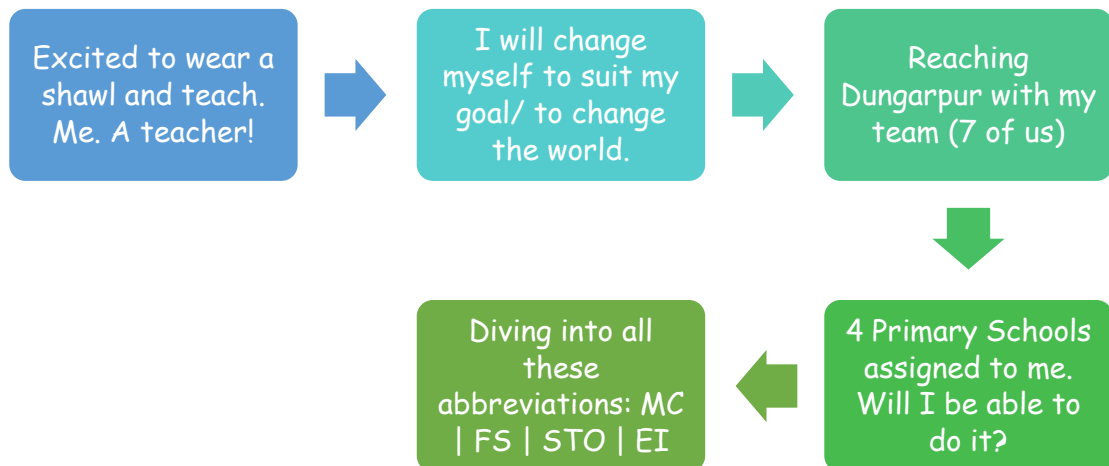
Maybe I should give this a shot.

## Gandhi Fellowship

2<sup>nd</sup> July, 2016.

Boot camp.

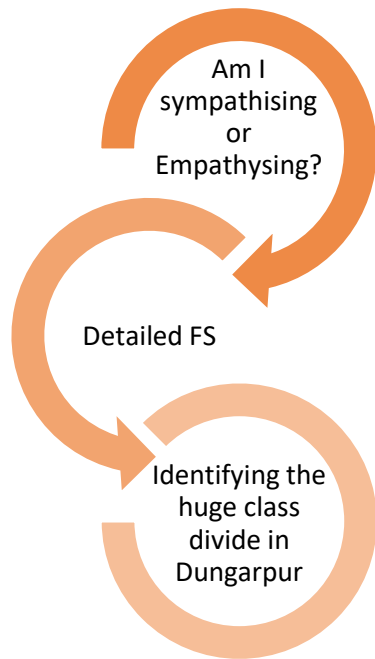
Today we did our first school visit. My co-fellows are nice people and each one speaks a different language. I didn't even know Delhi University offered a course in B.A. Persian. I feel like I am learning 10 new things each day here.



16<sup>th</sup> August, 2016.

Dungarpur, FS days.

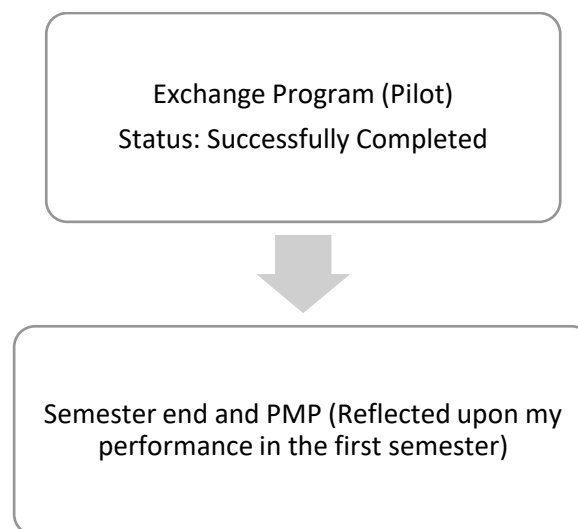
My students are losing interest in me. They are not as understanding about my language gap as they were before. I'm starting to really see the gaps that exists in my teachers. 'Changing the world'. What I came here for, seems far far away now. Baby steps now Asha.



## How I stumbled upon the Exchange Program?

The situation in my GPSs seemed so foreign. Worse than anywhere I have seen. Then I realised, I didn't have many points of reference. What did I know about government schools, even in Kerala? I felt ashamed. I had been ignorant. Sympathetic maybe but never empathetic about my surroundings. I felt like all classes in society should be aware of each other. What if I could provide this opportunity to others?

The huge class divide in Dungarpur was also a reason for arriving at this private school-government school exchange program. A platform to interact and decrease the class divide for the next generation, at the least.

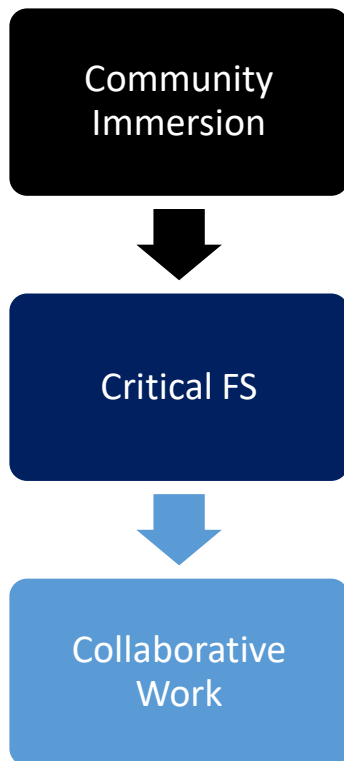


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20<sup>th</sup> November, 2016.

The boot camp gave me the direction to work on myself. I have never thought that self-change is an integral part of changing the world. I know I keep saying 'changing the world' like I am crazy enough to believe that I can. It is to remind myself to dream big. Anyway, in this boot camp we talked about 'life sentences' and 'immunity to change' etc. I hope to dig deeper and get to the root of these life sentences of mine.

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13<sup>th</sup> December, 2017

7:30 pm

Day 2,  
Village Immersion,  
Anjana didi's house,  
Ahari Fala Kherwara.

I'm sitting in this overcrowded room, with these 6 children sitting around me, doing their homework and drawing. It is one of the few houses in the vicinity which has electricity, hence the crowd. They have accepted me as one of them. Where does this sudden acceptance come from? I should bottle up this freedom I have now, so that I can open it up sometime in the future when I feel trapped. I just met Anjana didi two days back. 6 months back, I didn't even know of a place called Dungarpur, let alone Ahari fala Kherwara. How and when does the puzzle fall into place? Do the pieces move according to the hands of time? If so, when will it fall into place next? We all wait for moments like this and soon forget that we're waiting. I hope to remember.



It took me almost 10 different processes and 9 months to finally realize or rather accept the importance of self-change. I cannot change even one other person without accepting myself and forever striving for growth.

And through it all, I must thank my team. For accepting me the way I am. For inspiring me to pick myself up when I fell. For silently motivating me and sometimes loudly challenging me.

It's been a hell of a ride. Fellowship journey, journey being the accurate word. What with it being a bumpy ride, but with a beautiful scenery and entertaining company.

*To be continued.....*