



Dear Fellow Travelers

It's almost three and a half years since a few of us started out on this Journey of building a retirement community called Melur Meadows. Along the way a few of the initial group dropped out, but those of us who were left were joined by all of you at various stops.

We thought it would be a short journey, but Life has other plans. Today though the journey is not complete, the scenery outside the window is becoming more pleasant and starting to resemble the original destination.

This vehicle has moved on the trust (and funds) that you all have invested in us and I have held in my hands the steering to guide us.

For the past few months Sundar has been part of the team, contributing in a variety of ways and whose immediate effect was the mailing out of our newsletter.

Sundar will now as GM take the controls especially of delivery, client service and operations. So if you wish to discuss anything regarding taking over your unit, fittings, payments etc you can contact him at 9566033883 or in case you are at the site follow the direction of the heartiest laughter at Melur Meadows.

He will be ably assisted by – Sai Prakash (our OPS and Sales Manager), who has ensured that all of you enjoyed a soft bed, hot meal and cheerful service. You can contact him for any of your queries regarding visits, stay, food, maintenance etc.



So what will I be doing,

As you can see, I have a new Job,

...driving the Melur Meadows Express

I leave the rest of the newsletter to Sundar who has a lot to show and tell you all. Happy New Year for all the Years Ahead



Dear Readers,

Season's Greetings.

In the last four weeks we had the Christmas, New Year, and Sankranthi Celebrations at Melur Meadows. It was a wonderful and different experience, for many of the residents and guests who not only participated in the events but also enjoyed it thoroughly.

The release of this edition had to wait for the celebrations to get over. It gives us great pleasure in sharing the information with you all on the celebrations.

Wish you all a happy, prosperous and wonderful Year 2011.

Sundar Varadarajan – [gm@melurmeadows.com](mailto:gm@melurmeadows.com)



The Chillness of the Winter Evening did not deter any of our residents from celebrating the New Year. Was that because of a rumour that Major Sathya was sharing out some Army xxx.

Our seniors learning a few things from our staff about passing the buck oops , passing the parcel.



Merry X Mas and the Residents looked at all the sweets on the table and remembered all the diabetic warnings.

What happened finally?

Please ask them when you visit.



Pongal 2011 saw the crowds swell. Residents, Visitors, Children, Staff all mingled in a festive mood

The Pongal being coaxed by experience hands

The tension was palpable and the suggestions numerous.

Finally, Mr. Sankaranarayanan, with the Pujai and the ladies praying that the Pongal had not burnt.



Mrs Noronha and Mrs David waiting to shout pongalo - pongal and get the accent right



The minute age criterion was relaxed the elders competed with the children for a seat on Melur Meadows Express.

## Site Developments

Progress: It started with Bricks, they trebled in price and became as rare as onions are today. The black metal and cement vendors were not to be left behind and blamed the truck rate hike to jack up the prices. The final straw has been river sand a very basic ingredient. From Rs 8000 a load, the prices range anywhere between 22000 and 35000 depending on which side of the bed the vendor got down from. Though it has hit us really hard, we have been progressing slowly but surely as we do not want to compromise on quality.

**We are almost done with the second phase and in a few weeks hope to hand over the 52 units to their owners.**

The central plaza has seen the columns standing and standing waiting for a top. Looks like February was the right time and the kitchen and conference room will finally get much awaited the roof garden. By March sizeable number of residents will get to dine under and on top of a new roof.

Well what to do when construction slows down,

we got down to some other constructive things and you can literally see the fruits or rather vegetables of our labour.

We'll introduce you to some new team members

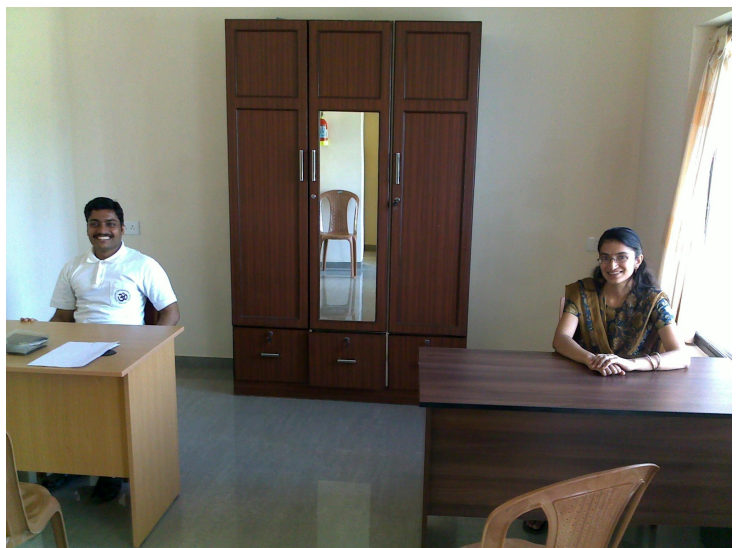
Hi, we are Dr. Vibhas and Dr. Jincy. The next time you visit Melur Meadows, please check us out at

## LYAA Wellness - The natural way to better health.

Starting 4th Feb, you can check in for a short or long term (weekend to fortnight long) Holistic Naturopathy Sessions, which includes, steam baths, spinal sprays, mud packs, Swedish massage, acupuncture, banana leaf therapy etc.

We can help you with a range of medication-less programs for diabetes, weight loss, joint pains, back pains etc.

Come get rejuvenated and enjoy life.



Before we close –

Some Contributions from our Residents and would be Residents



*The View from D22 Melur Meadows*

My window frames a picture of beauty  
Painted by the Hand of Eternity.  
A palette of green, crimson and blues  
Tinges of magenta and many other hues.

The sapphire pyramids of great majesty  
Holding up the sky, a vibrant canopy  
Foaming, filmy clouds nudging the edges  
Between hills and heaven, building bridges.

A fringe of fronds of coconut palms  
Filling the air with their silent psalms.  
Below this tier, the bouquet shaped neems  
Shadowing a splash of colour that gleams.

The silky sheen of lemon green fields  
Where a herd of goats or a cow feeds.,  
Thatched-roofed quaint, grey cottages  
Call to mind a canvas from past ages.

Better than the landscapes of Constable or Turner  
The divine Master has gifted me this corner.  
All I have to do to claim this lovely nook  
Is to part my curtains, pause and ---LOOK.

- ***Rosalind David***

## CAN BULL-DOGS GRIN?

- [L.V. Venkatraman, a Cottage Owner at MM](#)

Among the more successful P.A's, it is an article of faith that the Boss is always right. Our friend let us call him Hero- was no exception. He was a shade ahead of the rest, for he was endowed with the natural gifts that of to make top flight P.A's. In temperament he closely resembled some inferior variety of South Australian sheep. He had the mind of a zombie and a back-bone made of fresh cow dung. He spoke to none except his boss. To say, he spoke would be a gross overstatement, for his vocabulary was confined to 'yes, sir, 'No, Sir' and the like. Now let us get acquainted with the boss. Among his colleagues in the army he served in the yesteryears, he was popularly known as the dragon. In fairness to him this epithet hardly did him justice for he looked more like a bulldog than a dragon. He had the temper of a wounded tigress nursing a fresh litter. In language he scaled heights known only among the bootleggers of Dharavi.

We now pick up the story with the Hero at his nervous worst, brooding desperately over a seemingly impossible problem. The boss was in deep mourning over the loss of his consort, and a visit to his residence was on the cards. One is expected on such occasions to sport a grave face and utter some hollow words of sympathy that would carry conviction. The more the hero thought over it the more he was convinced that he was unequal to the demands of etiquette on the formal occasion. Glance at his watch spurred him into action. Commanding his soul to God he set off at a brisk pace.

While our helpless hero is on his way to his tryst with destiny, the reader would do well to get a word portrait of the late lamented boss consort. If grapevines were to be believed she was a dainty little dish, built on the scale of Pamela Bordes whom the boss worshipped with a dog-like devotion. Among the gossipers in the office corridors, a general consensus prevailed that the boss was a bonded slave in his house and the lady called the shots. Some would go so far as to swear that the presence of his wife sapped all his vitality and he was reduced to a circus lion with his manes clipped.

Our hero who turned a deaf ear to gossips and grapevines was blissfully aware of the scenario. On reaching his destination his trembling fingers pressed the door bell with a brooding sense of peril. On the chilly winter afternoon he was sweating profusely when the man servant showed him in. The next few seconds he spent in the drawing room seemed like ages. With a mighty effort he managed to bring on a funeral look on his face, and screwed up all the courage at his command, ready to spring the crisp condolence message he had so carefully rehearsed. But the words froze on his lips when he looked up and found his boss standing before him like a colossus grinning from ear to ear.

Can Bull Dogs Grin, he wondered. Before he could recover from the shock, the boss barked a greeting with a hearty guffaw and landed a friendly slap on his back which shook off his right lung from its moorings. Hardly had he mumbled a feeble good evening the boss gave tongue you silly bounder, what is all this long face in aid of? Skip the condolence crap, my boy. "This is the maddest merriest day of the season" So saying he opened a bottle of Vat 69 and poured out a couple fingers of the content into the warding wine glasses.

