

## GUJARATJ SCHOOL NEWSLETTER

## Winter 2017 Edition



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# Introduction

Jay Swaminarayan, Hope you all have had a festive Diwali and New year!

New for this year: We have started teaching children from as young as 4 in our new Pre-Ankodi classes.

Here at Gujarati school we've had quite the year... filled with loads of learning, achievements, competitions along with fun and games.

We have had to say goodbye to our fellow GCSE students who all passed with fantastic grades. They mentioned they have enjoyed every step of the journey with us at Gujarati school and we look forward to seeing them excel.

In this issue we will be enlightening you with useful information, poems and activities that have taken place throughout this year.

Hope you enjoy!



#### Calendar

For 2017 -2018:

Saturday 2th September 2017 – Start of New Term

Saturday 21st October 2017 – Closed for Diwali

Saturday 23rd December 2017 – Closed for Christmas

Saturday 30th December 2017 – Closed for Christmas

Saturday 6th January 2018 – Start of Classes

Saturday 31st March 2018 – Closed for Easter (One week)

Saturday 16th June 2018 – End of Year Exams & Enrolment of New Students

Saturday 7th July 2018 – Open Day/ Awards & Last Day of School before Summer Break

August 2018 – Closed for Summer Break

Saturday 1st September 2018 – Start of New Term.

Please note that the School's phone number is enter **020 8909 9389** (Ext.239) (during school hours - 10am to 3pm).

#### Diwali Poem

The first Diwali

All the people shed so many tears When Ram left for 14 years. 14 years, in a forest deep Where he and sita used to sleep. Until ravan spoiled Ram's life By stealing Sita for a wife. Ravan took her in his chariot high Over the sea and across the skies. The Indian monkey king, called as hanuman Helped the king Ram with a plan. He built a bridge across the sea So king Ram could set Queen Sita free. Then, in a battle, fierce and long Ram showed how strong he was. Ravan killed, and Sita was saved Ram was so bold and brave. On Ram's return to Ayodhya city The people made king Ram's journey pretty By lighting lamps (diya) along his way And so it was until this day. That diva lamps, like guiding lights Reminding all of us that good is right. And from the dark of ignorant ways Grants knowledge for our bright future days.







#### Navratri Poem

The temple priest has rung his bell. A cloud of smoke from candles and lamps Haloes the Goddess, glowing bright This beat of drums both maddens and dulls.



The incense burns: so heady the musk,

*Our senses flounder in the flood. This endless chant of sacred words Soon drugs our lips and stuns our minds.* 

The Goddess, always staring down: Her painted pupils cut through smoke And read the secret thoughts we think. We somehow feel this within our hearts.

*To Mother, we know, we bow and pray – Her form not just this image of clay.* 



#### Rangoli

### Our Rangoli competition 2017 winners





#### **Fun Memories!**













