



HCI
HandiCare International

HANDI-CARE INTL. (HCI)

Canadian registered charity
since 1992 Dedicated to
helping the Poor & Disabled
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NEWSLETTER – 46

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UPDATED WEBSITE

Please visit our site
www.handicareintl.org for
updates.

We are proud to announce that 2
students from McMaster
University will be getting their
credit this summer from
volunteering through HCI at

CENTRE FOR SPECIAL

Amar Seva Sangam, a program
approved and endorsed by
McMaster Uni.

It will cater to the needs of 70
mentally challenged children in the
poor rural area. These children have
varying conditions as Autism,
Cerebral Palsy, Mental retardation
Etc..

The primary aim of this initiative is
to build a centre with classrooms,
games & activity rooms; train
qualified educators and equip the
centre with sufficient educational &
activity materials. Currently the
children are being cramped into any
available room & at distant respite
centres.

**Please read our Souvenir
Publication for details.**

We need sponsorships for these
children.....

The building is a major step
towards the rehab and
empowerment of the mentally
challenged. To succeed in this
endeavor on a long term basis, we
also need individual
sponsorships. We welcome you
to take a look at some of the

Dear Donors & Supporters,

**With great pleasure we
announce that HCI has
managed to raise and disburse
over \$100,000 towards the
“Centre For Special
Education” building at Amar
Seva Sangam, India. This was
possible only by the generosity
of our donors and board
members who came forward
to fill-in the gap after the
fundraising campaign. HCI is
very grateful to them, since
this has made it possible for
Amar Seva Sangam to start
the project without further
delay.**

**You will be happy to note that
the foundation stone has been
laid at the selected site and the
construction is poised to begin
very soon after the monsoon
rain subsides.**

**Here is an excellent
opportunity to read a great
book written by one of our
well known community
member!!! *Dr. Lalitha
Shankar !!!***

**While contributing towards
the sponsorship of the
disabled children thru HCI!!!
*Exciting.... Pls. read on...***

About the Book**Relentless
Brush Strokes: A Memoir**

*This is a tribute to a father who
was not only an artist, but an
amusing, somber and eccentric
character. He was oblivious to
some of his aberrant behaviors*

children awaiting sponsorship by clicking [here](#)

which embarrassed his wife and children. As a husband and a father he brought meaning to his own life and to his family through indescribable love and caring ways. He enjoyed his solitude when he painted. This memoir is about Appa who married a woman who believed in him and gave him the freedom to pursue what he wanted. This freedom led him and his family through interesting anecdotes. He believed in himself and was not swayed by the highly critical and analytical family and friends that he faced. His compassionate and passionate character is portrayed as a memoir.

About the Author....

Dr. Lalitha Shankar was born in India . She lives in Toronto with her husband and two children. She is a practising physician in Toronto. She received the "Professional women of the Year Award" from ICCC in 2002. She is a coauthor of several medical books, but this is her first non-medical book.

The sales proceeds from this book is being donated to the charity: Handicare International, a registered Canadian Charity based in Toronto , Canada. (www.handicareintl.org)

Free Preview

I remember Appa most for the portraits that he has done. When we were children we used to frequent my Appa's boss's place. William was from London , England and had the brightest pair of blue green eyes. His wife told Appa that she would love to give her husband a painting for a gift. So she commissioned Appa to paint her husband. Now my Appa had to copy from a photograph of William. This man was in his sixties and the picture was of him when he was in his thirties with a beard.

Appa was not a portrait artist and his confidence level was dwindling when he heard his family commenting on the painting as it was being created. First of all Appa did not believe in optics or copying. This was a free hand drawing of a thirty year old man, but it was not William's face. Appa was highly disappointed with our input, so he erased the canvas and restarted the drawing from scratch. He consoled himself and us, "once I start to paint- William will be easily seen on the canvas." I bet you that he struggled through the painting as he refused to show the painting to us through its inception after our criticism of his initial attempt. It was finally done and he spent time framing it himself. A white cloth was covering the painting and I did not even take a peep as it would disrespect Appa's feelings. He had told us that the first person who should see it should be William's wife and we could see his point. We were invited for dinner at William's place. Dad took us all for the inauguration of his painting. We could not wait to see his wife present the portrait to her husband.

William's family and friends were gathered at his place to celebrate his sixtieth birthday and all were eager to see the painting. My dad was the maestro at this party and we were all gloating. Finally the time had come for the white cloth to be removed from the portrait.

"Oh my God- I just cannot believe what a wonderful job you have done. He is so handsome and he did look like this when he was thirty years of age. I even remember the bow tie that you have neatly painted around his neck,' William's wife enthusiastically patted Appa on his back.

The blue green eyes were beautifully depicted; the beard had some blond, brown and gray streaks which was quite realistic. This painting was of a handsome young man in his thirties who could knock any young woman down silly with lust. I could see why Appa did not let us see the painting as it was being created. It was some other William. This was not William my dad's boss whom we know very well for the last few years.

"Is this what age does to you," whispered my Amma to Appa. "He was so handsome. I wish that you could have shown us the photograph. I just cannot believe that it is him that you have painted."

"Moham, beauty is in the eyes of the beholder. William's wife swears by my painting. She says this is the likeness of her man that she met thirty years ago. Who am I to question her? Her imagination is still green and her love has gone up a notch thanks to my painting," my Appa agreed happily with William's wife.

The birthday party was well celebrated and my Appa's art work was even more celebrated. When we returned home Appa told my mom-"I don't think I painted William. I painted William's wife's imaginary boy friend, the one that will make her fall in love all over again with her William." Appa, was now the artistic accidental cupid. He tried to paint my mother a few times and gave up. "I can never paint this most beautiful woman. She cannot be recreated on canvas," he said. He won many brownie points with my Amma. <