



FEI DUNIYA



IT'S YOUR WORLD

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Happy Birthday Shailaja

24.06.1960 - Forever

FEI Duniya dedicates this issue to its Founder Director

Shailaja Nair

on her 50th Birthday



Dear Friends

People need a support system when they are battling for life.
I need one when I am fit and healthy.

Shailaja (Shilu to me) was my life support system. She was my life. Her presence used to make me conscious of my surroundings - If I were working, I would be more efficient. If I were relaxing, I would be at complete ease. If I were learning, I would make fewer mistakes. If I were eating, I would relish the food. And in every breath, I would inhale the fragrance of her love.

Shailaja was my inspiration. Every small or big action on my part, used to be full of enthusiasm as she enveloped my life with her ardent support. She would listen to me patiently, as would a child to an engrossing fairy tale. She would offer her innocent suggestions based on her strong intuition. Her cup of encouragement always brimmed with a prayer to her favorite deity Ganesha.

Everything has changed ever since Shailaja left this world. I am no longer the person I used to be. I miss all the love and attention I was so addicted to. Now if there is any desire left, it is searching for a way to bring her back. I know I am asking for the unattainable, but I earnestly look forward to the fabled wishing star.

In the arena of life it does not matter how hard you can punch - what really matters is how many hard punches you can take. The day I am no longer able to endure these forceful blows, I will get the call to be with her eternally.

And when I am gone, I hope Shailaja will continue living in your hearts and I will continue being remembered through her. After all, being one of the key elements in making life memorable for others is an ever-lasting gift.

With best wishes

Pratap Nair



Remembering Shailaja

Here is a test to find whether your mission on Earth is finished:
If you're alive, it isn't."

-Richard Bach



Shailaja was on a mission. She was here as a daughter to give joy to her parents. She was here as a friend to share some laughter with her peers. She was here as a wife to be with her partner through thick and thin. She was here as a mother to bring into this world, a new life. She was here as a colleague to guide and lead her team. She was here as a human to help and care for the less privileged.

Shailaja was born on 24th June 1960. Her small task on earth was outlined and she was asked to fulfill her mission within a specific time frame. She played the various roles assigned to her with élan and responsibility.

Her performance was greeted with love, applause and cheer. And at the curtain call, she received a standing ovation!

Take a bow. Shailaja-you are immortal.

Shailaja – The multiple task manager

Born on 24th June, 1960 in Mumbai, Shailaja joined the kindergarten at Canosa Convent in 1965. She passed her SSC in 1975 and did her junior college at SIES. She completed her graduation from Bhavan's College in 1980.

Her career began with TCS and later she worked with BPC for 15 long years, before joining FEI as a Director.

Youngest of five children, Shailaja married Pratap Nair on 16th September 1984. They were blessed with a son, Abhijeet in 1985.

Right from childhood to motherhood, she faced all the challenges that life posed. Her positive attitude helped her break all barriers-except one.



We Miss You . . .

Dearest Mummy

I do not know whether I am the luckiest to have had a mother like you or the unluckiest to live motherless. Ever since I had my own room, I woke up either seeing you next to me hugging me, or if I woke up early I would come and continue sleeping blissfully next to you. Most days I woke up listening to the rhythm of bhajans that familiarized me with Shiva, Ganesha, Devi and Ayyapa.

Every morning after I brushed my teeth, my hot Bournvita was ready and waiting for me, whether we were at home, or holidaying in India or abroad. Eating together as a family was a pleasure, and you always made it more special by cooking one of my favorite dishes. I relished the Bhel and Samosa parties. I enjoyed cuddling up to you while watching Bollywood and Hollywood flicks, antakshri, reality shows and cricket matches. I remember, watching movies in theaters was a celebration for both of us. More than the movie, the outing and shopping were more exciting. You always carried my favorite chocolates and made sure they contained no nuts. And how we used to discuss the movie, actors, songs, dialogues and the director on our way back home. I miss all the fun.

You stayed awake whenever I studied and made me comfortable and never left me feeling alone. Your prayers and positive talks always made me do better at my exams. You trained me in everything be it dramatics, elocution competitions, fancy dress, and you made me practice and practice so that I always gave my best. I could see that in your proud eyes. You knew all my friends, their family backgrounds and contact numbers. You loved them the way you loved me. You gave me freedom to party with my friends. At the same time you kept tabs on my movements. Natural of any mother, it gave me the confidence of staying out without crossing the limits set by you. You got me my first bike (after convincing Dad) on my 18th birthday. You gifted me a new car as soon as you thought I could drive. Barely a block from our house I dashed the car, and you ran out frantically, just to make sure I was not hurt. You helped me out of the mess without informing dad about it. (Dad was not in favor of buying me a new car then)

I recount the six months in hospital and at home after I met with an accident while riding my bike. It was only your care and prayers that saw me through this near-fatal mishap. You transformed every occasion and festival into a grand celebration. Especially my birthdays were made so special; I always looked forward to my next birthday and knew you would make it better than the last one. I can go on and on. Come back mama, I miss you a lot. And when you do come, call out to me by my pet name. I miss that more than ever.

Love you always
Abhijeet



Every morning Madam used to come and wish me with a smiling face and I was used to it. I miss that smile every morning.
-Lahu Muley

I miss her on each and every occasion; mostly during festivals. I miss her enthusiasm.
-Bindu Pillai

She used to help us in our urgent office matters. This is just one of the many reasons for missing her (my list is endless).
-Sachin Taldeokar

I miss madam in our happy and sad moments because she was the main branch of the FEI family tree.
-Nitin Mulay

Physically I miss her. Otherwise she is always with me.
-Bala Ramesh

I miss her every morning, every occasion.
-Savita Kadam

Though we met her for a short time while she was in Nepal, I feel I miss my loving sister. Love you Shailu sister!
-Bala



Dear Mama

I was bereft of living with you as your daughter, and this shall forever be the greatest regret of my life. However, I enjoyed your company every time there was an opportunity such as an occasion or get-together. Initially I was a bit scared, but I soon started liking your personality. I would have been so happy to be with you my stylish, active and enterprising mom-in-law – an icon of love.

No day, no meal, no meeting, no event in our life goes without your mention - a small consolation that you are always with us. Nevertheless, Mom, I long to be with you, shopping, dining, watching movies and traveling together. In my own small way, I try to take good care of your two prized possessions - Daddy and Abhijeet. I love them as you do. I often ask God, what wrong I did, that he decided to keep us apart. How unfair of Him!

I love you Mom.

Your daughter
Vidhi



My sister, my small baby. I remember the times we used to go to school together, played, ate and slept together.

-Jalaja P. Kumar

I remember the day when MADAM specially came to Baroda for my marriage. We had lots of fun. She even joined my family for dancing. I also remember the day when I received a personal call from Madam on my birthday.

-Amit Shah

At the very first sight she became my family member when she attended my Grandson's thread ceremony.

-Lakshmi Krishnan

When we used to meet, the big smile that she gave us and her pleasant face is fresh in my heart.

-Lekha Kannan

I feel unlucky that I couldn't personally work with Madam as I was with another branch of FEI. There were occasions I met Madam during her visits to our Branches and sometimes at our Corporate office. I will always remember those moments I spent with her. Now whenever I am in Corporate office I miss someone there and it's our dearest Madam.

-Thomas Varghese

Shailaja, you really lived a full life. You achieved in a short time what people cannot do in many years.

-Radha Nair

I miss madam whenever there is a celebration in FEI. I love Madam, Pratap Sir and Abhijeet.

-Dilawar Inamdar

Shailaja was filled with love and she showered it on all who came in her life.

-V.V.Krishnan

Madam was a special person who's absence is a huge loss to the company and to the employees. To me, I miss her always. Every day when I step in to our office I remember her. Our day used to start with a smile from her and the whole day of ours was joyful. She was an asset, a light to the company. Now you can see the darkness in every corner of our office. Back to accounts, I miss her in whatever I do, mainly whenever I check the bank balances.

-Smita Pillai

I miss her not only on a particular occasion but almost everyday. Her absence is felt at all times. I can see her absence felt mainly during festivals. Be it Christmas, Diwali, Holi or any other Indian festival, she used to celebrate it with such fun fare. The moment you land in the office you see the entire office lit up in celebration. I used to love this and miss this now.

-Sheen Ajith Thomas

We Miss You . . .

When I go in the corporate area and see her vacant cabin, it hurts me a lot. I simply have “no words” to say how much i miss her.

-Renu Gurdasani

I miss Mam a LOT, mostly the days when we have some festivals/occasions. When she was around, she would create such an atmosphere which makes us electrified.

-Vidya Suvarna

She is “Jimmy’s mother” and the person who supports me to buy another Jimmy.

-Kshitij S. Khaladkar

Our Madam according to me was a very simple, sharp, loving lady who was dedicated towards all her responsibilities. I have not seen a person, who could be so loving to her employees, friends, and every body around her. I feel in the success of Mr Nair, Madam has played a very important roll. Miss you lot.

-Rajesh Meghrajani

SHAILAJA MADAM was a driving force in our daily life, be it at home, office or at any function like marriage of our three children, inauguration of new office, festivals like Onam, New Year etc. Her absence was most felt at Abhijeet’s wedding. Though that function was the best I had ever known, how greater would it have been if Madam was present. For most of us her absence is felt almost every hour of life whether at home, office or anywhere else on whatever occasion. Now a great vacuum exists which can never be filled up.

-C. T. A. William

Life is not measured by the days on earth but by the moments and good memories that will continue to live. We shall remember Shailaja in our prayers.

-David D'cruz

Pratap.. Your wife is absolutely lovely in all the photos. There are so many lovely memories that people have written about her. I am convinced that she is still with you and your family in spirit.

-Angela

I can not say that in one word. I always miss her in our office and also feel her presence every where even now. “No one can replace her position”.

-Vinu Pillai

Whenever we used to go to accounts department, she used to make us sit and ask us about our work, about how late we went home after coming back from cargo etc. Like a mother she would care for us.

-Vaibhav Malap

Shailaja Madam was like a mother to all of us. She used to take care of everyone around her in her own special way. Madam was a fountain of love to all around her. It was this feeling of love that Madam gave to all around her that made her so very special. Even now at times when I am down and think, she quietly whispers, “don’t worry, everything will be alright. You just do what you should be doing”. She still guides and shows the way. She is still there with all of us showing us the way.

-Aditya Tewary

I miss her almost everyday and I am sure it is not only by me but by every FEI family member. I miss her during the festivals like Ganpati, Onam, Diwali, Christmas etc. From the time she has gone I don’t remember celebrating any festival in the office. I miss the regular meetings she used to have with us almost every day in the morning on all the aspects right from operations, marketing, banking, collections etc. Most importantly what I miss is her innocence. She was probably the most innocent person I have ever met in my life.

-Sandesh Khaladkar

We have all known Shailaja as a very warm person. She is the strong woman behind you, a very good mother and friend. She will always be there.

-Marc De Laet

The difficult drive

- Dr. Sreejith Kumar, Kerala

“Not any more!” grumbled my cousin, as the car slithered into yet another mush hole. He wasn’t the least amused by the drive. He had always lamented that I was a rash driver, but this time he too agreed that it wasn’t my fault. The roads were full of craters, which are quite usual in the otherwise beautiful Kerala, and the night-drive was rendered even more difficult by the heavy downpour. Monsoon paints the country lush green, but it certainly is not the right time for a long drive.

We were on our way to Arookutty, a village in the interiors of Kerala, from Trivandrum where we live. What sent us there on that cold dark night was even more painful. We had lost a dear one and were on our way to meet her beloved family.

It came as a rude shock when Pratap Chettan (elder brother) conveyed to me over the phone, the demise of my aunt, his dear wife, just when I called to offer him some expert medical advice. The family always wanted me to chip in with some medical tips whenever a family member took ill. And on my part, I tried to acquire the best possible solutions.

I was told a couple of days back that Shaila Chechi (elder sister, but that’s how I called her, though she was my aunt) was diagnosed with pneumonia and was being admitted to a hospital. She had a history of respiratory ailments, and I thought that it would be an exacerbation of her wheezing. Later on I was told that she had contracted fungal pneumonia, an otherwise difficult condition. Her condition was deteriorating slowly. I tried to gather some medical know-how to pass on to Pratap Chettan though I was sure she was under the best possible care in Mumbai. “It’s late Sreeji, she is gone.” His cold reply left me stunned.

Before her marriage, we had little contact with Shaila Chechi, I should confess - we were brought up in Kerala and she was a hard-core Mumbaite which made our get-togethers infrequent. Her marriage brought her closer to us, and thanks to Pratap Chettan, a true Malayali husband, the stylish Mumbai girl, quickly transformed into a mature housewife.

It was unbelievable how from the hub of fashion she could adapt to the situations of the old-fashioned village of Kerala. She virtually seemed to love Arookutty, the native place of her beloved husband. The early days of her marriage probably didn’t offer much to cheer about. She and her hard-working husband were busy sowing the seeds of an empirical dream.

In spite of their difficult journey, Shaila Chechi remained quite content and I could never recollect an occasion when she either cribbed or grumbled. She followed her husband’s foot steps and stood solidly behind him. He had to take many crucial decisions including quitting a well-paid job to venture into his own realm, with lot of inherent risks. I am sure, what made him carry on has been his wife’s resolve.

The family put in a lot of effort and it really paid off with their business flourishing. They were well-known not only in our large family, but in the entire business commune. Yet, she never lost her firm footing on the ground. She continued to remain modest and humble. Shaila Chechi would never interfere in matters not concerning her; neither would she object to her husband’s tremendous generosity. I too have personally benefited from his support during a time when I needed it most - my post graduation study. She always seemed to be happy to see him help others and that’s what made them really unique and lovable.

Her son Abhijeet had one of the best mothers. She was more of a friend to him and played a very important role in his remarkable upbringing. Abhijeet inculcated good human values and never drifted toward unholy habits. What made this possible was solely his mother’s love and teachings.

A great lover of children, Shaila Chechi was one of the most impeccable examples on child care. I am sure she would have been too keen to follow into a Grandma’s shoes. But God had other plans. He decided to call her back when she was just 47.

Her absence deprived Pratap Chettan of a lovable wife and Abhijeet of an affectionate mother. Her employees to whom she was a mother, aunt, sister or friend miss her as much as her immediate family. Thanks to her compassionate nature, Shaila Chechi had made a place in every body’s heart.

That’s exactly what made us undertake the difficult drive to attend her last rites at Arookutty. The rains never stopped, and we had a real tough drive reaching back, well beyond midnight. I remember us discussing about her virtues all along, but could never speak our hearts out.

Yes, God did manage to snatch her away, but her fond memories will always remain with us. Nothing can drive them away.

Sreejith Kumar is a well-known Doctor and nephew of Mr. Pratap Nair. A wonderful human being, he is an ardent social worker who works tirelessly for the welfare of the poor and downtrodden in Kerala.



The life and times of Shailaja Nair





teri yaad mein

A musical evening with Anup Jalota



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 foundation
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ICE

Awards 2010
 In-house Communication Excellence

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Professional



Devotional Harmony
 WITH ANUP JALOTA

A Virtual Club exclusively for his fans



Goes Live on 24th June!



Presented by
Shailaja Nair
 foundation
www.shailajanair.com



www.devotionalharmony.com



Event Schedule

Following is the program on Shailaja Nair's 50th Birth Anniversary
(our founder's day) on 24th June 2010
at Bhaidas Auditorium, Juhu Scheme, Vile Parle West, Mumbai:

6.00 p.m. - 6.10 p.m.

Lighting of Traditional Lamp

6.10 p.m. - 6.30 p.m.

Education in India: Idealistic or Idiotic?
by Brahmakumari Sister Deepa

6.30 p.m. - 6.45 p.m.

Devotional Harmony with Anup Jalota
His virtual fan club goes live

6.45 p.m. - 7.45 p.m.

Anup Jalota casts a spell

8.00 p.m. - 8.45 p.m.

ICE Awards 2010

9.00 p.m. - 10.30 p.m.

Anup Jalota regales

Invitation on request. Contact:

A-103 Mangalya, Marol-Maroshi Road, Andheri East, Mumbai - 400 059

Tel: 022-4236 9911 / 22 Email: contest@shailajanair.com

www.iceawards.in



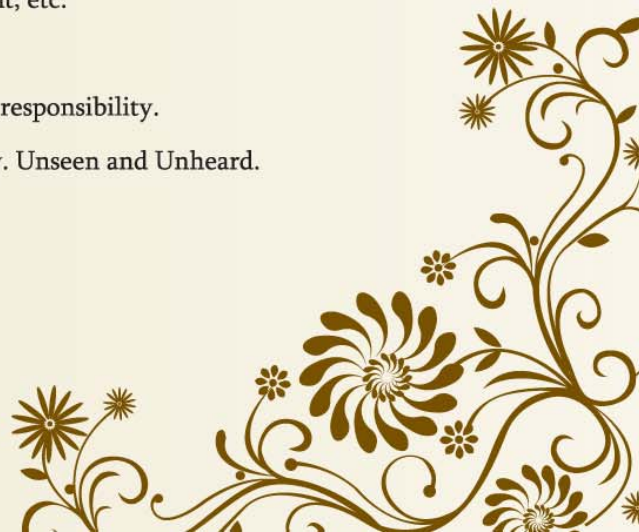
The Shailaja Nair Foundation (SNF) was set up by FEI Cargo Limited in fond memory of its founder director Mrs. Shailaja. Shailaja grew up in an environment, based on the values of humanity. Religion to her was universal. Faith in a common God and the ethos of service to mankind were imbibed from a very young age. She was truly a people's person and was loved by all.

SNF is an NGO committed towards the welfare of the under-privileged, especially in the rural areas. The foundation provides a free ambulance service and runs a reference library in a village in Kerala. Creating a computer lab for a school, donating sports goods and musical instruments for a school were some of the activities undertaken by SNF. Following in to the footsteps of Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam, SNF is in the process of implementing PURA (Providing Urban Facilities in Rural Areas).

Apart from holding blood donation camps, SNF plans to adopt an entire village, by taking the onus of its overall development including Education, Health Care, Employment, etc.

Shailaja Nair is the 'living' inspiration behind FEI's corporate social responsibility.

Because those we love never go away; they walk beside us everyday. Unseen and Unheard.



Shailaja Nair Foundation does its bit to revive reading habits and works towards reinforcing relationships (a mission very dear to Shailaja)

Today, many people take the easy option of watching news on television rather than reading newspapers. They instantly click the Google search engine for simple words rather than looking up the dictionary. They prefer Wikipedia to an encyclopedia, and cut short to weekly updates without the patience of reading a news magazine.

Shailaja Nair Foundation values the art of written communication, and believes that in-house communication is one of the best media that keeps alive, the spirit of the people - it brings them close in spite of long distances.

The idea of ICE (In-house Communication Excellence) Awards was a case of simple curiosity about how best the world was doing, in preserving the importance of the written word.

With ardent support of the participants, the first ICE Awards event in 2009 was a grand success where 107 well-designed and informative in-house magazines vied for the top slots. Now in its second year, the competition has received a majestic 380 entries from various corporates, NGOs and institutions.

On the eve of Shailaja Nair's 50th birthday celebration on 24th June, the ICE Awards will witness the best walk away with the coolest honors.



An Appeal

Shailaja Nair Foundation is looking for social workers / volunteers with a passion for teaching basic English and hygiene to people living in villages in Kerala. Those interested may write to: Shailaja Nair Foundation, A-103 Mangalya, Marol-Maroshi Road, Andheri East, Mumbai - 400 059 Tel: 022-4236 9911 / 22 Email: abhijeet@shailajanair.com

Website: www.shailajanair.com

Birthdays

Name	Branch	Date
Bhimaji G. Deshmane	Mumbai	1-jun
Dadabhau N. Ghule	Mumbai	1-jun
Ghininath A. Pakhra	Mumbai	1-jun
Ganesh Vichare	Mumbai	1-jun
Manoj Kumar	Delhi	1-jun
Pravin Ghadge	Pune	1-jun
Santosh Jadhav	Mumbai	1-jun
Suhas Khambe	Pune	1-jun
Tushar Jadhav	Pune	2-jun
Dinesh Kumar Agnihotri	Baroda	2-jun
Dattatra K. Muley	Mumbai	2-jun
Lahu Muley	Mumbai	2-jun
Soopan Rambhau Chaudhary	Mumbai	2-jun
Dipak R. Bhavsar	Ahmedabad	4-jun
Raju Dhabade	Mumbai	5-jun
Santosh Maharana	Mumbai	5-jun
Nitin More	Pune	9-jun
Babasaheb Mande	Pune	12-jun
Nashiket Pilane	Mumbai	14-jun
Fahim Ahmed	Kolkata	15-jun
Munir Shaikh	Pune	19-jun
Abhijeet P. Nair	Mumbai	21-jun
B. Natarajan	Tuticorin	22-jun
Aditya Tewary	Ahmedabad	28-jun
Ranjeet Kalbhor	Pune	30-jun

New Members

Name	Branch
Ashok Jha	Mumbai
Pradeep Mishra	Mumbai
Sangam Kolakkar	International Division
Santosh Mhaske	Mumbai
Shailesh R. Padhee	International Division

Marriage Anniversaries

Name	Branch	Date
Amit Mistry	Mumbai	2-Jun
Lakshmi Venkat	Mumbai	2-Jun
Jagdish Maurya	Mumbai	19-Jun
Kalyan H. Pawar	Mumbai	25-Jun



Engaged

Prasad of our Pune office is all set to tie the knot with his fiancée, Varsha on 8th June 2010. We wish you best luck in your new journey.

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Editor-K. S. Prathapchandran Nair (Responsible for selection of news under PRB Act)

Book Review

35 small chapters, each with a simple exercise that will help you reclaim your joy for living. Engrossing from the very first page, 'Happiness at Work' is based on Creativity and Personal Mastery - a pioneering course taught by Dr. Srikumar Rao at Columbia Business School; London Business School; University of California at Berkeley, and at Hass School of Business.

In the book, Dr. Rao begins with a chapter titled 'What you need is a paradigm shift' and moves on to unusual topics such as 'why positive thinking is bad for you.' It is not just another business management book - once you practice its teachings you can instantly connect to happiness in your day to day life.

Dr. Srikumar Rao travels across the world to spread his teachings of joy. Executives from General Electric, Google, Microsoft, IBM, Johnson & Johnson, MasterCard and many others have benefited from his workshops. The author was a contributing editor for Forbes Financial World & Success.

Although I have started following the guidelines since only a couple of days, I am amazed at the results.

Grab a copy of Happiness at Work and create your own vision of success. And don't be surprised at the quick transformation!

- Vishwanath Ghanekar

happiness
at work



Be Resilient, Motivated, and
Successful—No Matter What

Srikumar Rao, Ph.D.

AUTHOR : SRIKUMAR S. RAO , Ph.D.

TITLE : HAPPINESS AT WORK

PRICE : RS. 295/-

Birthday Boy

The most complex task every June is selecting the birthday boy or girl for the month. More than 25 FEIites share their birthday!

Manoj Kumar passed the litmus test this June!

Some people do not fall upon on a university degree to prove themselves. Manoj is one of them. He came to FEI, armed with 5 years' experience, and has since then, added 9 significant years to it!

Manoj's contribution to the organization is so evident, even his superiors think highly of him. With a smile on his face and dedication in his heart, he has achieved a respectable position in FEI. He is currently designated as Assistant Manager, Customs Clearance. A proud Customs G Card Holder, he carries out all the activities related to customs clearance with promptness and accuracy.

Manoj, FEI Duniya wishes you a very Happy Birthday. May God bless you. Wish Manoj on his special day. Call 09818842068





Dearest Shilu

I miss you every moment of my life.
Yesterday I started missing you more than ever before.
Then, you appeared in my dreams.

You want me to be strong; but Shilu you were my strength,
You want me to enjoy life; but Shilu you were my life,
You want me to work hard; but Shilu though I always work hard,
You were my worship,
You want me to be happy; but Shilu you were my happiness,
You want me to live long; but Shilu you were my breath.

I am breathing, but it's not air
I am living, but only in a vacuum
I am thinking, but my thoughts are always clouded with your memories.

Please keep coming back every day Shilu, the way you did yesterday.
Perhaps, I should close my eyes and go into a deep slumber,
Never to wake up again . . .

Love
Pratap

