



Zulekha Hospital, Sharjah
Celebrates 20 years of caring

November 2012

Volume 10

The Voice of Zulekha Healthcare Group

CEO's Message



Dear All,

As we approach the end of the year 2012, I look forward to our renewed enthusiasm and passion for care, which we call the 'Zulekha Spirit', for another successful New Year. Over the years this has helped us evolved into a high quality healthcare facility with compassionate care.

Our promise of excellence is increasingly reflected in the care we provide. This past year, we were humbled when Zulekha Hospital received the prestigious Dubai Quality Award (DQA), the College of American Pathologists (CAP) accreditation (lab in Dubai Hospital) and the JCI accreditation. None of these milestones would have been possible without your sheer dedication. Our workplace is truly graced by your knowledge and compassion.

On this occasion I congratulate and thank each one of you for carrying the brand of Zulekha forward to enable it to render the Zulekha Brand of Care that we have always provided to our patrons.

I wish you and your family happiness, health and good luck in the New Year.

Take care.

Zanubia Shams



Editorial Note

This edition attaches special importance to the milestone of Zulekha Hospital, Sharjah. In November 1992 this hospital was started to carry out the journey of patient care and has reached to this high level of efficacy, team work and patient care. This hospital has stood solid as a 'Rock of Gibraltar' to serve the people with compassion and empathy with a strong vision and mission of Dr. Zulekha Daud.

Needless to say, that this twenty year journey has propelled to this stage with the support of all of the Zulekha group employees and well wishers and the people who have left in the past.

We are now proceeding to an epic of a 12 storied, 'standing tall' building of Sharjah which is the future of yet another example of enhanced patient care supported with the latest state-of-the-art infrastructure.

Dr. Vineet Luthra
Director - Administration
Zulekha Hospital, Sharjah

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Dr. Zulekha Daud, Managing Director, Zulekha Healthcare Group felicitated with LIFE TIME ACHIEVEMENT – HEALTH CARE AWARD



Dr. Zulekha Daud, Managing Director, Zulekha Healthcare Group, felicitated with LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT – HEALTHCARE AWARD by H.E. Reem Al Hashimy, Minister of State in the Cabinet of UAE and Brand Guru, Prof. Arindam Chaudhuri, Editor-in-Chief-Planman Media for her iconic leadership and outstanding contribution to the Healthcare Industry and India Rising. The award was given at the Power Brands Hall of Fame 2012 gala event held in Dubai.

BEHIND THE CONCEPT

Dr. Vineet Luthra

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Dr. Zulekha Daud Honoured



Dr. Zulekha Daud, Managing Director of Zulekha Healthcare Group, is honoured by H.H. Sheikh Hamdan Bin Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum, Crown Prince of Dubai and Chairman of Dubai Executive Council.

The award was presented at the accreditation ceremony which was hosted and conducted by DHA for all accredited healthcare facilities in Dubai

Dr Zulekha Daud was honoured with Lifetime Achievement Award



Dr. Zulekha Daud was honoured with LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD by the internationally acclaimed Bollywood icon Ms. Shabana Azmi at the 5th Masala Awards ceremony held on 25th Nov 2012 at the Madinat Jumeirah Hotel Dubai. This award was conferred to Dr. Zulekha for her tireless service towards improving healthcare in the UAE for the past 5 decades.



International Finance Corporation team visits Zulekha Hospital's new facility in Sharjah along with Zulekha Healthcare Group's CEO, Mrs. Zanubia Shams and President, Mr. Taher Shams.

Fourth

Two old friends met after long time. After reminiscing about years of friendship conversation shifted to family members.

One of them was bachelor and had no family. His parents were very old and had many illnesses and he was the one sincerely looking after them. He asked about other's family.

Other said that he was very fortunate to have very supporting wife and hard working children.

He said that his eldest son was never good at and was never interested in studies. When he dropped out of college to join politics full time, he was worried, but with his hard work and good nature he worked up the ladder and was a senior functionary of a famous political party.

The Party is also taking good care of him and his future looks bright. He is married and has two children, elder 5 years old.

My second son, was always interested in business, his heart was also not in studies. Along side his college studies, he started business at very small scale after taking loans .He worked hard and his business grew well. When his business settled we got him married and his wife is expecting their first child.

My third son was better then my elder two sons at studies. When he started taking serious interest in civil services exam, I was a bit worried because I knew it will be very very difficult task for him. But what he lacked in intelligence, he made up with smartness and hard work. With repeated attempt he got through and now is a middle level officer in Indian Foreign Service.

I have got him engaged and marriage is after 4 months

My fourth son was brilliant in studies and I had no worries .I knew he will make it big easily. As he grew up he developed liking for medical profession. He was always kind hearted and caring. He easily passed entrance exam for medical profession and with time, did his graduation and post graduation.

His voice turned sad.

After 10 years of hard work in medical college, at 28 years of age, when he came out, he was termed a "beginner" by potential employers and offered paltry salary and odd working hours. Patients were also

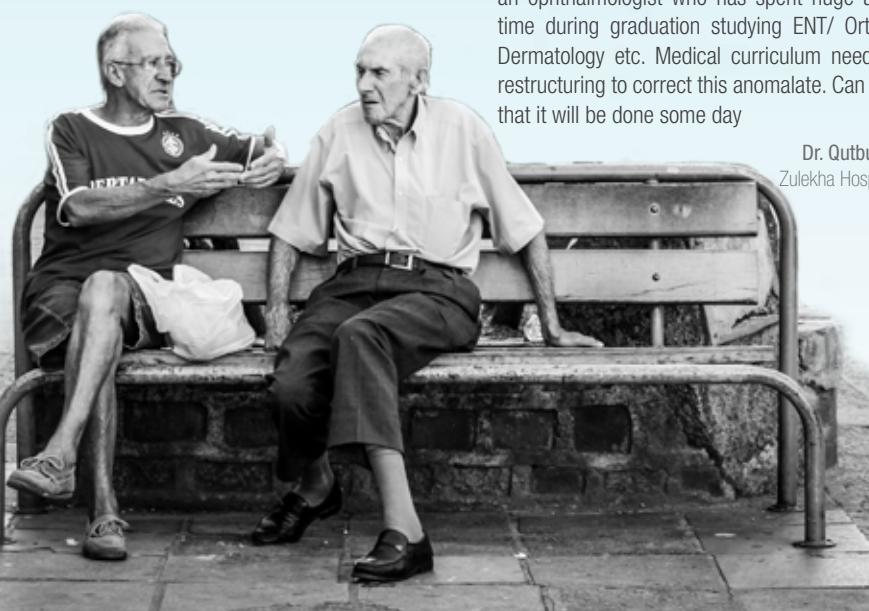
not confident as he looked raw and young. He was frustrated but he didn't give up and put up more and more hard work. He even put on some weight to look more mature. His girlfriend of 3 years since his college days could not cope with his busy working life and decided to part ways.

To deal with this trauma, he has completely immersed himself in work.

I am extremely worried about my "fourth" son. He said nostalgically.

P.S. lot of hard work is required in making of a proper "Doctor", and lot of that goes in waste, for example, an ophthalmologist who has spent huge amount of time during graduation studying ENT/ Orthopedics/ Dermatology etc. Medical curriculum needs serious restructuring to correct this anomaly. Can just hope, that it will be done some day

Dr. Qutubuddin Saify
Zulekha Hospital - Dubai



Events



"Think Pink" Breast Cancer Awareness initiative in association with Joyalukkas Group

ZH Events

DRAWING & PAINTING
YOUR TALENT MATTERS COMPETITION

Painting Competition 2012



SINGING YOUR TALENT MATTERS COMPETITION

Singing Competition 2012



Medical Camp @ Deira City Centre



Medical Camp @ DU



Medical Camp @ Emarat Petroleum

ZH Events



Medical Camp @ Khaleej Times & Gulf News



Medical Camp @
Skyline University



Talk @ RTA



Medical Camp
@ Filipino Photograph
Association

A peep into wretchedness



Well, the situation is not as bad as it seems from the title. Not all of it, at least. But it does come close to what constitutes the typical life of a physically or mentally retarded person. Only a person who has undergone the same, or someone who has been in close contact with such a person, can understand the pain, and particularly the isolation involved. But the fact that the situation has seen a drastic improvement lately speaks volumes about the single-minded dedication and efforts put in by welfare organizations, NGOs and similar outfits out there, so I brighten up thinking there's indeed hope at the end of the tunnel.

When I was in Delhi, I had the singular good fortune of visiting two such places. Though I would really like to share with everyone what exactly I felt there, I don't think I can find words that can adequately reflect the extremely profound imprint that two visits left on my mind. I can only try.

The first visit was to a leprosy home run by THE MISSIONARIES OF CHARITY, at Dilshad Garden, New Delhi. Leprosy, the word itself evokes feelings of repulsion, disgust, pity among others, is one of the worst conditions that can be borne by a human being. I frankly did not know what to expect from the place. When we reached there, every eye was riveted on us, some with hope, some with resentment, and some with plain happiness. After the initial distribution of food items and clothes to all the residents, I went to a few of them, and tried to initiate conversations. While most of

them were fairly communicative, some simply stared at me without uttering a word. At first, I just couldn't fathom why. Then, when two of them actually broke down while I was talking to them, and sobbed in consolably, I finally realized the sheer grief beneath the veil of their silence. And those who didn't cry were the ones whose tears had dried up in all this time. But some things, expected yes, but strange still, did come up in our talks.

The most recognizable aspect of a leper is his half-fingers and toes. Haven't many wondered as to how that comes about? In answer to my query regarding this, one of them told me that when there is a wound at the finger/toe, and pus accumulates, it somehow reacts with the bone, and spreads more vigorously. So, to check further damage, the bone from the finger/toe is removed. Subsequently, the finger bends, merges, and in time, only the stump remains, making it utterly incapable of any good use.

But the one point that strikes an observant visitor is that they all have a story waiting to be told. And that the one thing that is most valuable to the patients, and sadly not understood by many, is a listening ear. More than the material gifts they get, what excites them is the sheer break from monotony that comes in their dull existence due to the arrival of visitors. They have so much to say. About their childhood, their families, their dreams etc. One Kamlesh told me that she had got the disease recently. She narrated how she had

been dumped by her husband far away from their home once he came to know about her condition, and how the sisters at this home had spotted her, and brought her to this place. Then there is Ramkumar, who told me that he had left home and came here himself, as he did not wish to be a disgusting burden on his family. Anyhow, from the group of people I talked to, majority of them were left to fend for themselves, as their families could not, or plainly would not, tend to them. But though I understand the helplessness of most families, arising from their inability to fund the money required to treat their stricken relatives, what completely baffles and depresses me is why they start treating the patients as if it was their fault that they got the disease. The rest of the family is forbidden to meet them, and the patient is forced to lead a very lonely, miserable, and hollow existence. On the other hand, the most wonderful thing about the residents, perhaps, is that unlike us, very few of them blame God or their fate for anything. They thank God, for even the little things they have with open hearts and sincere gratitude.

My second visit was to THE DELHI CHESHIRE HOME.....

To be continued in the next edition

Mr Mathew Cherumala
Executive - General Purchase

OH ZULEKHA! MY ZULEKHA!

Being the most efficient and competent is your vision,

To provide high quality service is your mission;
International accreditation is your immense goal,
You are the epitome of the success that touches my soul.

People's good health truly matters to you,
A virtue of merit, so untainted and true;
No uncertainty that you are everyone's envy,
You are the magnet of power, wealth and prosperity.
Like a woman, you are the most gracious.

A heart full of goodness and the most precious;
If there could be another birth like you,
The world will be great and so new.

I wrote this poetry to symbolize my gratefulness,
As being a part of you is true happiness;
A humble act of honor I offer to thee,

That I kept in my heart, and so now it's free!

Written by: Jonah B. Judilla

Dedicated to: ZHCG and Dr. Zulekha Daud

“Dreamt”
is the only English
word that ends in
the letters “mt”

Subash Lakshmi Narayanan,
Zulekha Medical Centre

The grass is always green.....



I, a poor man, tread down the path
To lay on the daunting park bench
Shivering in the wintry night
With a dry crust for my fill

Gazing across I saw the man
Watching the bank was his job
Cozy in his woolen sheath
With no cares for his meal....

I, the security guard of this bank
Stand through heat and storm and wind
Guarding the bank from passers by
To fend for my sick wife and kid

The wool on me is but a joke
Of no use to prevent the cold
Oh when I see the man in his cabin
The chief security sitting snug on his chair...

I, the bank's chief security officer
Working since its stone was laid
Pressing extra hours in search of reward
Which does not seem to lurk my way

Oh when I see the young executive guy
He's been here just a while but soon gone past
With his degree and age on his side
Soon notches up he'll be what I yearn....

I, the executive of this bank
All day I struggle with papers and tasks
More than I can is given to me
Still somehow I carry it through.

Yet in my heart I somehow know
This aint the place I wanna be
Oh that I was in the shoes of the Man
Who runs the show and is the boss....

I, the Manager of this bank,
Pulling the strings together I run
Pleasing patrons, bringing in the gold
Rising to peaks of fame and renown

To tell the truth beyond this face
Is one of fear of facing disgrace
No one I love is by my side

None to blame but my lust and my pride
Oh I wish I just had it all
That out of my misery I could escape
Without the struggle when I see

In the mirror a picture of me....

I, the one who owns this bank
I the one who has it all
Yet the one alone who knows,
The secret cracks in the wall

For years I've stood on the pinnacle of power
Yet feeble when I see the horror
Knowing that the days ahead
Cannot live to my calculated end

With an agonizing and peace less mind
Many times to the edge I've climbed
Deciding that I'll end it all
Afraid to face the next call

Some times I wish I were a poor man
Satisfied with a loaf of bread
Have no worries and no care
Just sleep in peace on the park bench...

So my dear friends with this we see,
Each man has his own share of misery
The grass seems always green on the other side
But your side is good that's when you realize,

What you are today is God's gift
Live it with honor to the best
Cause at the end whether poor or rich
A peaceful sleep is what we'll cherish.

Sherine K Sunny
Zulekha Hospital - Sharjah
(Based on the theme "The grass is always green..."
by Jeffery Archer)

Barber and the King



The Barber was giving a haircut to the King and as usually all barbers do, entered into a conversation with his master.

The Barber told the King that he was so close to him yet the King's minister was being paid a much higher salary.

The Barber felt that to be rather unfair and wanted an explanation.

The King said, "OK, I will give you a task, which I would normally give the minister, for you to perform so that I can judge"

"I understand that a ship has arrived in the harbor, Please brief me about it".

The Barber ran to the harbor and came back and told the King "Yes, Sir. There is a ship!"

King: When did it arrive?

The Barber again ran to the harbor and returned to tell that the ship had arrived 2 days ago.

Barber had to run to the harbor several times to the harbor till the king got the information he wanted, such as from where the ship came, what it brought, who had come with it, What they would take back, when at what Price etc. The Barber was extremely tired after making so many trips.

At this stage the King called his minister in the presence of his barber and gave him the same task. Minister made just one trip, came back and gave a report which contained all the information that the king had wanted to know.

King then told the barber "**This should explain why the minister is paid a higher salary!!**

Moral of the Story-

Don't compare yourself with others. Everyone has their own strengths and weaknesses. Try to work on your strengths and not weaknesses.

Why do people shout?



A saint once asked his disciples, "Why do people shout at each other when they are upset?"

His disciples thought for a while, and one of them said, because "We lose our calm, and so we shout."

The saint replied, "Yes, but why do they need to shout when the other person is just next to you? Why is it not possible to speak with a soft voice when you are angry?"

The disciples gave some creative answers which did not satisfy the saint.

Finally the saint explained to them, "When two people are angry at each other, their hearts are very distant. To cover that distance they must shout to hear each other. The angrier they are, the louder the need becomes to reach across that great distance."

Then the saint added, "When two people are in love they usually talk softly because their hearts are very close. The distance between them is small so they only need to whisper, and they become even closer to each other in love. Finally they need not even whisper, they just look at each other in silence. That's how close two people are when they love each other."