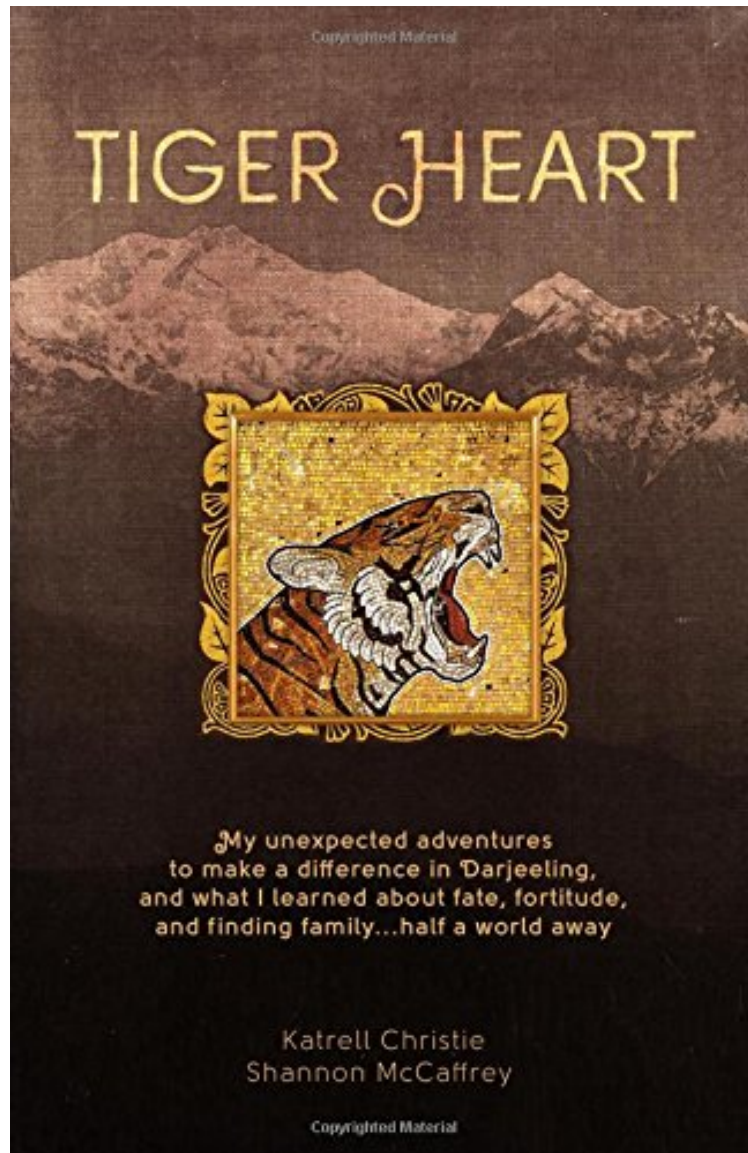


[Download free ebook] Tiger Heart: My Unexpected Adventures to Make a Difference in Darjeeling, and What I Learned about Fate, Fortitude, and Finding Family Half a World Away

Tiger Heart: My Unexpected Adventures to Make a Difference in Darjeeling, and What I Learned about Fate, Fortitude, and Finding Family Half a World Away

Katrell Christie

**Download PDF | ePub | DOC | audiobook | ebooks*



DOWNLOAD



READ ONLINE

#1287384 in Books 2015-10-06 2015-10-06 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.50 x .55 x 5.501, .0 #File Name: 0757318584232 pages | File size: 33.Mb

Katrell Christie : Tiger Heart: My Unexpected Adventures to Make a Difference in Darjeeling, and What I Learned about Fate, Fortitude, and Finding Family Half a World Away before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Tiger Heart: My Unexpected Adventures to Make a

Difference in Darjeeling, and What I Learned about Fate, Fortitude, and Finding Family Half a World Away:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Tiger Heart By R. Mejrildquo;Whatever I do would barely scrape the surface. But is something better than nothing?rdquo; ndash; Katrell Christie, Tiger Heart A little less than a year ago, I was researching various businesses that help combat human trafficking when I came across the Learning Tea. I tried to connect with the owner, Katrell Christie, but she was in India at the time, and unfortunately the connection faded into the background as I plunged into the world of magazine production. Sometime later, I was asked if I would like to review Tiger Heart, a book on Christiersquo;s journey to help end human trafficking in India. Tiger Heart is about Katrell Christiersquo;s life journey, which weaves its way throughout the text connecting her personal and philanthropic lives, often leaving her to wonder how she arrived in her current state. While she addresses many topics, her core is always the heart of her mission. Her purpose in India is wrapped around a group of young girls in a small town who are being pushed out of the orphanage because they are of age to leave. At 16 years of age, girls are unceremoniously pressed out onto the streets of India, where many find themselves in sexual slavery or domestic servitude. Christiersquo;s safe house gives them the ability to finish their young years studying so they can find a decent job to support themselves and break the cycle of poverty. Among the topics she discusses includes her haphazard and reluctant way of ldquo;discoveringrdquo; India; her shock on various issues such as trafficking and acid attacks; and her need to do what she could do to end the suffering. As her story unfolds, she talks about her struggles to secure a home for her girls, and candidly discusses her failures along with her successes, both in India and in the United States. Although the chapters on her personal life when she was younger seem perhaps a bit unconventional and uncharacteristic for most books on trafficking, they arenrsquo;t unpleasant and actually show the transparency of the author. She is a very real person with real problems, real desires and real hopes. Perhaps this quality of realism is what really stands out in this book. Katrell is not a super hero. She is not a willing participant in purchasing the Learning Tea*, going to India or ldquo;saving the worldrdquo; at first. Yet something on the inside propels her and she falls hard for helping others. In fact, she falls in love with India so much that she is eagerly drawn back every six months. She also takes teams of people who have all sorts of reasons for visiting India ndash; reasons sometimes guaranteed to make you laugh. Once again uncharacteristic of many trafficking books, Katrell is anything but prudent and businesslike. Instead, you will find some very spicy language and some descriptions of her illnesses in India that will leave you both laughing and perhaps running from any adventures of your own! Once again, this serves to show her humanity as she struggles between frustrations and illness and yet intense compassion for her girls. The following commentary is perhaps the embodiment of what Katrell is doing, and also the heartsquo;s cry of Grace As Justice:ldquo;For me, Irsquo;m just doing what I can. There is no real solution but to try my best every day and hope I can make some positive change somewhere ndash; even for one second. Having someone smile when they werenrsquo;t or knowing that those young women arenrsquo;t begging on the streets at this moment is an accomplishment and a solution in the right now. I canrsquo;t save the world, and I might not make an earthshaking difference outside of one isolated town, but I am changing the lives of these particular young women forever with the help and resources I have collected from my mentors.rdquo; ndash; Katrell Christie, Tiger Heart Katrell Christiersquo;s comment pushes us to ask: If I did the same, and you and you and youhellip;then would perhaps every town in the world be changed? How much is ldquo;onlyrdquo; one life worth anyway? Rachael Williams-Mejri Editor Grace As Justice Magazine* The name of the tea shop Katrell Christie purchased was Dr. Bombayrsquo;s Underwater Tea Party. 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Wes Anderson meets Wonder Woman. By Carey Warburton To be sincerely, vividly transported to a culture so foreign from one's own is such a rare treat. Tigerheart delivered this gift from the first chapter, repeatedly. Katrell's experiences develop from her childhood in the American South, to an adult epiphany in the sometimes-crushing/often-rapturous Indian mountains, where some things have to be seen to be believed. Tigerheart engages like a modern campfire story delivered with cocktails. For anyone still wondering what they might like to be when they grow up (no matter your current age), it's refreshing to read about someone who skates (almost literally) into a life of service through happenstance. This true tale is hilarious, occasionally heartbreaking, and thoroughly unexpected. Pick it up immediately, put on your sequined jumpsuit, and dive in. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Tiger Heart By bonnie k. I loved this book! I also love India and the fact that the author writes so realistically about it. Parts of it made me laugh out loud! Describing the sights and smells of India made me homesick for a land I love!! Thank you to this author for all her insight into 'controlled chaos!' I recommend this book to anyone with a sense of helpfulness and interest in India!

Katrell Christie was a thirty-something artist turned roller-derby rebel who opened a tea shop in Atlanta. Barely two years later, her life would make a drastic change--and so would the lives of a group of girls half a world away. I chose the name of my tea shop--Dr. Bombay's Underwater Tea Party--because it sounded whimsical. India wasn't part of the equation. Not even remotely. I didn't do yoga. I had no deep yearning to see the Taj Mahal or tour Hindu temples. Indian food? I could take it or leave it. Yet on a whim, Katrell did go. She witnessed the throngs at the Ganges River, toured the tea fields of Darjeeling, and helped string pearls in conservative Hyderabad. But it was in a crowded

Buddhist orphanage where she crossed paths with some girls who would change the course of her life. One night we had a conversation about their futures. What did they hope to be when they grew up? They didn't have any answers. The fear that consumed them was leaving the orphanage. What would happen on the day they were asked to gather their things and leave--to walk out the door and be all alone on the street with no one to turn to and nowhere to go? With her mind racing about their grim futures, Katrell reached the simple conclusion that she couldn't walk away. So instead she walked forward--on a mission to help them in any small way. Once back at her shop, an idea for The Learning Tea was born. By selling tea, cupcakes, scones, and other treats, Katrell raised enough funds to provide life necessities for the girls--safe housing, uniforms, medical care, tutoring, and ultimately, a college education for each of them. To date, The Learning Tea has helped eleven young girls who once faced the bleakest of futures. Tiger Heart recounts Katrell's riveting adventures back to India, through the chaotic streets of Mumbai, to tiny villages with roadside tea huts and hot samosas, to elephant crossings and snow-capped mountain switchbacks of the Himalayas--an unexpected backdrop where she fell in love with a country that was gorgeous and heartbreaking all at once, where tragedy, humor, resilience and kindness were inextricably bound. From dodging feral monkeys, to slamming shots of whiskey to win acceptance at a local Rotary Club, to forging lasting friendships with the people who stepped up to help her cause, Tiger Heart offers a shot-gun seat on an inspiring trek across the globe, capturing the essence of India: its quirks, its traditions, and its people. Fate may have led Katrell to a tiny spot on a map, but it was a kinship that brought her back home a half a world away. Tiger Heart is a life-affirming look at the ties that bind and the power of each of us to make a difference.

About the Author Katrell Christie is the founder and owner of The Learning Tea, a project which provides schooling and a safe haven for impoverished young women in India. Through her efforts with The Learning Tea, Ms. Christie has changed the lives of many women living in Darjeeling, India. Visit: www.thelearningtea.com. Shannon McCaffrey is an award-winning reporter focusing on investigative stories for The Atlanta Journal-Constitution. She is an avid reader, a mother, and a runner. Excerpt. copy; Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. 'I slept and dreamt that life was joy. I awoke and saw that life was service. I acted and behold, service was joy.' Rabindranath Tagore; The Indian defense minister wants to see you. Be here in twenty minutes. The voice on the phone makes clear there is only one answer. Moments later I am up and shivering, rummaging through my luggage in the dark, tugging on my least dirty kurta, and twisting my hair into one of those fake bun makers I'd bought at Walgreens. When one of the most powerful men in India requests your presence, you don't ask for time to dillydally. I'm thankful that on this trip I remembered to pack something other than my navy blue combat boots. At the appointed hour, I'm sitting in a wicker chair perched on the side of a mountain on the terrace of the Windamere, Darjeeling's most opulent hotel. Fuchsia bougainvillea spills over a green lattice outdoor trellis and the snowcapped Himalaya Mountains are splayed out in front of us. I can see K2 between the clouds. We are ringed by a circle of staunch, beefy men with thick moustaches. Their uniforms are crisply pressed. They are all armed with AK-47s. I am about to have tea. Before I sit down, three immaculately dressed lawyers give me precise instructions on how to behave. 'You have ten minutes. Don't be foolish enough to actually order anything. You are not allowed to ask for food, even if the waiter offers. His assistant orders your tea. Do not even think about a second cup. After ten minutes, you are out of here; get up, thank him graciously, and ask to be excused.' I am half expecting them to ask me to pee in a cup or, at the very least, give me a pat down. In front of a lattice arbor dripping with flowers, they pat me down. Then, the last in this group of lawyers tosses in a postscript: I am, he says, allowed to ask for three wishes. 'You know what you want, right?' he asks casually. His hands are clasped tightly and he gives me a head bobble and a curt smile. Um, uh, yeah. Sure. It's early. I haven't had any caffeine. I'm hungry and I've had no time to prepare. I'm covered in sweat after running through town. I'd hurdled women roasting corn over hot coals on the ground and dodged dogs and roaming monkey families all while wearing a fancy kurta and some weird, crappy, lightweight rubber wedges I had purchased for a 'what if' moment like this. I had taken the stairs two at a time up the switchback path that led to this hotel on a hill, and I'm still trying to get my head on straight. I didn't know I was supposed to ask for anything. I thought we were going to get to know each other. Talk politics. Swap backstories. Banter over what makes Georgia clay red. Compare our favorite desserts. Discuss world issues. Not wishes. But I also realized this might be the break I need. My name is Katrell Christie, and I was named after my dad's favorite hardware store. How I've come to be sipping tea in this place, half a world away from my home in Atlanta, is part of the strange patchwork of tales that make up my life. A sampling: I skated competitive Roller Derby under the alias Takillya Sunrise. I once made my living tromping around Italy buying art for a client. I spent part of my childhood growing up in government project housing. I opened a tea shop, even though I really prefer coffee. I watched my favorite uncle die of AIDS. I have big hair, a big butt, and big boobs. I clogged with Billy Bob's peewee cloggers. I was held up by a pregnant wanderer in Paris. My mom was diagnosed with stage-four brain cancer. For ten-plus years, I kept a weekly dinner date with a flamboyant, fantastic, and very sarcastic gay man. I own more than five hundred vintage costumes that were gifted to me. And, on a restless whim, I took a trip to India. In India, what was supposed to be a spontaneous jaunt turned my life in a new direction after I crossed paths with three painfully shy teenage girls at a Buddhist orphanage in Darjeeling. When I learned they were going to be put out on the street once they turned

seventeen, I reached the simple conclusion that I couldn't walk away. There was no grand plan. When I flew to India for the first time, I was not-so-secretly wishing I'd gone to drink margaritas at some beach in Florida instead. I did have a vague idea that I might be able to link my small Atlanta tea shop to an education project in Darjeeling, where my tea came from. But I had no clue that one day I would be responsible for a houseful of female college students. They are some of India's forgotten girls. And it's quite likely they could've been sex trafficked, earned a living carrying bricks on their backs, or become domestic servants. Some of them might've disappeared completely without anyone to look for them or care where they went. Let me say this right away: There are a lot of amazing people out there who are doing far more to help than I can ever hope to. I am in awe of them. I'm also here to tell you that I have had some pretty spectacular failures along the way. Big, embarrassing screwups. And I have been disappointed by people who promise to help but only seem interested in following through when someone is watching. Other times, I have been surprised by complete wildcards who have stepped up to the plate just because it was the right thing to do. A lot of people out there are looking for happiness. They buy books and meditate and get facelifts and occasionally drink lots of wine. What I've found is that sometimes you can also find true meaning and contentment by looking outward and focusing your energy on helping someone else. For me, I'm just doing what I can. There is no real solution but to try my best every day and hope I can make some positive change somewhere?even for one second. Having someone smile when they weren't or knowing that those young women aren't begging on the streets at this moment is an accomplishment and a solution in the right now. I can't save the world, and I might not make an earthshaking difference outside of one isolated town, but I am changing the lives of these particular young women forever with the help and resources I have collected from my mentors. You never know who these young women will become. They have a wide path ahead of them, and I know they are going to do amazing things. Great leaders come from everyday people and all villains and heroes have a moment to decide which side they are on or who they are fighting for. If there is one thing my life has taught me, it's that sometimes you just have to lean into the curve and let go. Life is pretty fantastic if you let it take you where it wants you to be . . . which is how I have come to be sitting on a hotel terrace with one of the most powerful men in India. It's one of those 'only in India' stories. copy;2015 Katrell Christie NAME. All rights reserved. Reprinted from Tiger Heart: My Unexpected Adventures to Make a Difference in Darjeeling, and What I Learned about Fate, Fortitude, and Finding Family Half a World Away. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, without the written permission of the publisher. Publisher: Health Communications, Inc., 3201 SW 15th Street, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442. nbsp;