



CHILUME

A Venture by Jesuit Scholastics

JUBILEE 2025



PILGRIMS OF HOPE



Children of War, Dreamers of Peace

Sch. Sudhir Lakra SJ (PAT)



People of Gaza,
In pain and suffering;
Land flowing with milk and honey,
Gone to flow in blood and cries-
Red sea no wonder remains red.
Israel or Palestine,
Many have suffered,
Struggling and suffering,



Ordeals are great.
Finality is peace;
How will we justify?
Our very own genocide
Palestine, children and women,
Enduring in the hope of peace.

Editor's Window

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E editing Chilume is not merely an academic or creative task; it is a pilgrimage in itself. Rooted in the rich meaning of the word Chilume—a spring or fountain, this magazine flows from the lived experiences, struggles, reflections, and hopes of the Jesuit scholastics of Ashakiran. As editors, we journeyed together as pilgrims of hope, gathering stories that speak of faith amid suffering, courage in vulnerability, and light in the midst of uncertainty.

This issue of Chilume reflects the heartbeat of our community. The writings, poems, and reflections emerge from classrooms and chapels, from streets and railway compartments, from silent prayer and restless questions. Each contribution is a testimony to young Jesuits in formation men learning to read the signs of the times and to respond with discernment, compassion, and hope.

The editorial journey demanded patience, listening, collaboration, and constant discernment. Every piece carried a voice that needed to be respected, refined, and preserved. As editors, our role was not to dominate these voices, but to accompany them helping each reflection find clarity while remaining authentic to the writer's experience. In doing so, we ourselves were formed, challenged, and renewed.

“Pilgrims of Hope” is not an abstract theme for us. It is lived daily in shared community life, academic struggles, apostolic commitments, and personal vulnerabilities. The magazine mirrors this pilgrimage, marked by questions, wounds, joys, creativity, and faith. From stories of war-torn realities to intimate personal journeys, from poetry that wrestles with darkness to narratives that celebrate resilience, Chilume becomes a space where hope is named, questioned, and rediscovered.

We are deeply grateful to all the contributors who trusted us with their words and experiences, to the editorial team whose dedication made this issue possible, and to the Ashakiran community that continues to nurture young Jesuits in their journey of formation. We also thank our formators, benefactors, and readers who walk with us in prayer and encouragement.

As you turn these pages, we invite you not just to read, but to walk with us to pause, reflect, and hope. May this issue of Chilume inspire you to recognize your own journey as a pilgrimage, and to believe that even in fragile moments, hope continues to spring forth.

Superior's Shalom

Fr Henry Saldanha SJ



Chilume in Kannada means spring or fountain. Life at Ashakiran is truly a fountain of dreams, aspirations, achievements of our young Jesuits who are the future of the Society of Jesus in South Asia. We are a young community of 40 Jesuits with 3 priests and 37 scholastics from 13 different provinces. What sustains a young Jesuit scholastic is a DESIRE. It is not the negative desire such as greed and wants which the consumeristic world portrays, but a positive desire to know, love and follow the Lord who has called us to be his companions. It is an awareness, a process and a meaningful journey. Young people search for meaning. They become aware of their inner pulls and pushes as they journey towards the fulfilment of their vocation. They look for role models around and become role models to many on their journey while studying at the University. Their desire drives them to excel in a spirit of Magis, never to be mediocre, lacking depth and reflection.

As Ashakiran is stepping into its silver jubilee next year, the Chilume not only looks at the steps trodden for last one year, but also hopes for a great future for the Assistancy. It's a journey of a pilgrim, with stops and breaks, with books and notes, friends and strangers, self and community, God and world. It's a pilgrim's journey with faith and hope, love and service. The magazine contains the story of our young scholastics who journey as pilgrims of hope at Ashakiran. It's a story of our living together as Friends in the Lord, working and playing together as one team, learning and laughing together as passionate friends preparing for the frontier ministry in the Society of Jesus.

I thank all the benefactors and friends of Ashakiran for supporting us in our pilgrims' journey. I congratulate the Editorial team headed by Samuel for bringing out this *Chilume* filled with memories. May God bless all of us in our pilgrimage of formation and mission.



Beadle's Update

Sch. Sachintha Randeera SJ (SRI)



As we journey through this academic year, I am often reminded of the words of our founder, St. Ignatius of Loyola: “Love ought to manifest itself more in deeds than in words.” This profound insight serves as the very heartbeat of our community.

We are a vibrant community of 37 scholastics and three priests, representing 13 different provinces across the Jesuit Conference of South Asia (JCSA). We bring with us the dust of different roads, the melodies of diverse tongues, and the richness of varied traditions; yet, we stand united under one banner: the Society of Jesus.

Our house, Asha Kiran a “ray of hope” is a “workshop of the Spirit.” Here, we are being moulded into “Men for Others” through the pillars of academics, spirituality, apostolic work, and community life. St. Ignatius reminds us in the Spiritual Exercises that “it is not the abundance of knowledge that fills and satisfies the soul, but rather the inward understanding and relish of things.” While our desks are piled high with books and our schedules are filled with lectures, our true growth happens in the “relishing” the quiet moments of discernment, the shared laughter in the refectory, and the collective strength we draw from our brotherhood in service.

This issue of Chilume captures the “spring” of our discernment. It is a collection of our shared dreams, intellectual struggles, and spiritual insights. Through these pages, you will see us as pilgrims striving to contextualize hope in the world.

I hope that as you read these reflections, you feel the energy and the hope that define our lives within the larger Society. Let us continue to walk together, as pilgrims “with one foot always raised.”

May this magazine enlighten your minds and warm your hearts.

Happy Reading!

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The Pope on Wheels

Sch. Royal R K SJ (KAR)

Sch. Mukesh Ekka SJ (MAP)



“A missionary heart never closes itself off; it never gives up when things are difficult.”

– Evangelii Gaudium, §45

It has been a few months now since Pope Francis left us. He carried a rich legacy filled with passion for service, unceasing love for all, and deep compassion. His life proved that love can truly change everything. Simplicity was the hallmark of Francis; he exemplified Christ the poor and the shepherd of his flock.

In May 2022, due to severe pain in his right knee caused by a ligament problem and arthritis, Pope Francis began using a wheelchair. It became very difficult for him to walk, make visits, and appear in public frequently. He struggled to go out and meet his flock to bless them. Feeling sad about his limited mobility, he often apologized for not being able to stand or walk as usual. Yet, he humbly accepted his vulnerability, reminding everyone that accepting one's limitations and weaknesses is what enables one to truly face life. Many across the world



expressed concern and showed him love and faith.

For a person to become a missionary, one must go out and spread the Word of God. Take St. Francis Xavier, for example, he travelled across India and China, preaching the message of Jesus and baptizing thousands.

His missionary zeal brought many closer to Christianity. However, missionaries need not always travel far to live out their mission.

To illustrate this, we can look at the life of St. Thérèse of Lisieux, the missionary who did not leave her convent.

She was a Carmelite nun in Lisieux, France. Though she never travelled to a foreign land nor preached publicly, Pope Pius XI declared her the Patroness of the Missions (alongside St. Francis Xavier) in 1927. How could she be a missionary? St. Thérèse, in her cloistered life, dedicated herself entirely to prayer and sacrifice for missionaries around the world. Though she never went out on mission, her life of deep prayer and love made her a true missionary at heart. Her “Little Way” taught that even the smallest act done with great love has infinite missionary value.²

Following the same spirit, Pope Francis, even after his illness, remained a man on a mission. He did not let his vulnerability stop him from being a missionary. Despite his physical struggles, he continued to meet with bishops and worked tirelessly for the Church. He published *Praedicate Evangelium*, an apostolic constitution reforming the Roman Curia to enhance its missionary focus. He also made apostolic journeys, including one to Canada, even while in pain. During this period, he released two significant encyclicals: *Laudate Deum* (October 4, 2023) and *Dilexit Nos* (October 24, 2024).³

Pope Francis reached out to millions of Christians around the world. Setting aside his limitations, he continued to meet the faithful, believing that “his people needed him.” Even in the last days of his life, while hospitalized, he repeated that his people still needed him. Such was the love that Pope Francis had for the Church and her children. His heart was as passionate and intimate as the heart of Jesus



himself. He desired to serve and he served with joy. Though he could no longer walk, he moved hearts. He became “the Pope on Wheels.”

Sometimes life presents us with struggles that force us to pause, even when we are called to fulfil important missions. In those moments, we need to stop, reflect, and renew ourselves. As the saying goes, “Even in the fastest race, a well-timed pit stop wins the distance.”

The life of Pope Francis on a wheelchair is an inspiring reminder to live life to the fullest, with love, service, and joy. May the life of this humble man on wheels inspire us all to continue to spread the light of Christ and to live meaningfully.

My College Life

Sch. M Sangma Tarcus SJ (KHM)



through friendships, responsibilities, simple walks, and the joy of companionship. In every new interaction whether with fellow students, teachers, or people I meet casually, I make it a point to introduce myself as a Jesuit scholastic. It may seem like a small act, but it plays a significant role in reminding me and others of the deeper purpose that drives my life. Through these conversations, I often find myself invited to share my experiences, and at times, even offer a listening ear to someone who needs it.

Some are surprised to hear that I am a cleric, especially because I'm studying alongside lay students from all walks of life. This surprise, however, opens doors to conversation about vocation, faith, and service, which gives meaning to my everyday encounters.

Friendship beyond boundaries

One of the unexpected blessings of my college life has been the beautiful friendships I've formed, especially with religious nuns from different congregations who are also students in the college. Despite our different charisms and missions, we share a common goal of growing in our knowledge and formation. These friendships are not only spiritually enriching but also broaden

My studies at St. Aloysius University, Mangalore, are not just an academic journey for me. It is an experience of growth in companionship, identity, and spirituality. As a Jesuit scholastic, my time here is deeply intertwined with my vocation and my mission to grow intellectually, emotionally, spiritually, not just for myself but for the people I am called to serve.

Living my Jesuit identity among friends

One of the most important aspects of my life at St. Aloysius is carrying my identity as a Jesuit scholastic openly and joyfully. I carry my identity not by preaching, but by being present

my understanding of how diverse and beautiful religious life can be.

Beyond the religious students, I've built strong bonds with fellow classmates and members of the Student Council. Working alongside them whether in academics, projects, or events has helped me appreciate the richness of collaboration and shared responsibility. As a class representative, I often find myself acting as a bridge between the students and the

teaching faculty, which comes with its own share of challenges. Yet, through these responsibilities, I have learned patience, diplomacy, and how to stand firm in values without being rigid.

Forming myself in companionship

Another grace of this journey has been my companionship with fellow Jesuit scholastics. We may be studying different courses or attending different classes, but we are united in our

vocation and our desire to become "men for others." We share joys and frustrations, encourage each other in our struggles, and celebrate little victories together. This companionship sustains me in many unseen ways. Sometimes just a short conversation, a shared prayer, or a moment of laughter is enough to remind me why I chose this path.

Challenges of class representative

Being a class representative comes with both responsibility and tension. There are times I have to represent the concerns of the students to the faculty, or manage conflicts among classmates. Balancing fairness, empathy, and leadership is not always easy. Sometimes, I face misunderstandings or embarrassment. Nonetheless, I've come to see these challenges as opportunities to grow in leadership and maturity. It's also a way of living out servant leadership, a core value of Jesuit formation. Representing others means listening deeply, discerning fairly, and responding with courage.

The spiritual challenges of a college environment

While college life is filled with opportunities



and energy, it is not without its spiritual challenges. There are days when I find it hard to pray or maintain the discipline of my spiritual practices. With academic pressures, responsibilities as a class representative, and the ever-present distractions of technology, especially the phone, this is easy to drift away from prayer and reflection.

Often, I find myself giving excuses to avoid prayer in the community. The very busyness of college life, the assignments, the council meetings, the social engagements can quietly erode the foundation of my prayer life. Back in our community, it is tragically easy to offer an excuse: “I have to study,” “I have this other work,” or the ever-present lure of the phone. But deep down, I know that my strength doesn’t come from how much I achieve, but from how deeply I remain rooted in the Lord.

Finding solace in sacred spaces

In the midst of these struggles, I have found two places that anchor me spiritually: the St. Aloysius Chapel and the Cloistered Carmel in Kankanady.

The chapel in our University campus is not just a place of worship. It is a sanctuary of silence and strength. Every time I step in, I feel embraced by a peace that the world cannot give. Whether it’s a few minutes before class or a longer visit after a tiring day, the chapel becomes the space where I reconnect with God and with myself. It is a place where I can be honest with my struggles and open to God’s grace.

Visiting the Cloistered Carmel has also become a regular spiritual practice for me. The silence, the prayerful atmosphere, and the hidden lives of the Carmelite nuns, who live there, remind me of the power of unseen grace. In that sacred space, I am reminded that the most important work is often the one unseen, the work of the heart turned towards God. Their life of contemplation strengthens my own desire for interiority. Ironically, while I sometimes take my personal prayer for granted

in the community, I find myself longing for these quiet moments away from distractions. Carmel reminds me that prayer is not just a duty, but a lifeline.

Walking of formation

One of the habits I’ve formed is walking from college instead of taking a bus, especially when I don’t have anything urgent or manual work to do in the community. This may seem like a simple act, but it’s become a deeply spiritual and emotional experience for me. This is not merely a journey; it is a pilgrimage. These walks give me time to reflect, to process what I’ve learned, and to prepare myself for the life that lies ahead. I often meet people along the way, sometimes friends or strangers, and these encounters add richness to my day. They form me emotionally and spiritually, teaching me to see Christ in the face of everyone I meet, preparing me for a future of pastoral service.

Living my mission today

My journey at St. Aloysius University is not just about writing exams or earning a degree. It is not just a place where I study; it is the very ground where my vocation is being tested, shaped, and strengthened. It is about becoming the person God is calling me to be. Every interaction, every challenge, and every quiet prayer is shaping me into a Jesuit who can serve the world with love, depth, and discernment. In its classrooms, I form my intellect; in its corridors and council rooms, I learn the art of relationship and leadership; and in its chapel and the quiet Carmel, I nourish my soul. In all of this, I trust that God is walking with me, forming me through every step of this beautiful journey. It is here, in the beautiful, messy, and grace-filled reality of college life, that I am learning what it truly means to be a Jesuit scholastic, walking with God’s people, one step at a time.



When Love Spoke Louder than Gifts

Sch. Jayanth Christy M SJ (KAR)

Everyone knows how special the celebration of Christmas is! It's a season of gifts and greetings, cakes and goodies, lights and decorations and above all, love and joy.

I was born into a middle-class family, to a simple couple Marriayappa and Helen Mary. Do you think I was born alone? Not at all! God never trusted me to come into this world by myself, so He sent along a companion, my twin brother, Jaswanth Christy. Ah, blessed was the day we were born! According to official records, my birthday was on the 25th of December. Once, when I was caught stealing and eating mangoes from a neighbour's garden, someone teased, "When you were born, they didn't even sing Silent Night!" "It wasn't worth singing either," another replied jokingly. Christmas was approaching, and we twins longed to make it meaningful by giving our parents a special gift. But did they really deserve one? You decide, as you journey with me.

Love was the heartbeat of our family. My father, who enjoyed a little spirit in the evenings, often spoke in many "tongues." He worked tirelessly to make ends meet. My mother was the guiding light of our home, her very presence brought peace and strength. She was a courageous



woman with a heart of gold. We were fortunate to study at a prestigious boarding school in Mysore, Karnataka a place full of fun, discipline, and unforgettable experiences. "Study in the morning, study at noon, and study when the sun goes down" that was our daily rhythm. Yet life there wasn't all about books; it was filled with laughter, friendship, and fond memories.

Among all my experiences, serving in

the church at the altar during the Eucharist was my greatest joy. I played with friends, took part in every celebration, and never missed a good meal or a party! All those days have now become golden memories. December was always a magical month filled with festive cheer and the spirit of giving. The exchange of gifts reminded us of the deeper meaning of love and connection. "Love the giver, more than

the gift,” said the wise men of old words that beautifully capture what Christmas is truly about.

One day, before we left town for our Christmas vacation, all our friends gathered together. “This Christmas should be unique and unforgettable,” said Deepak, our ringleader. For the first time, some wise words came out of him and we were all stunned! As we discussed plans, Rahul suggested, “Let’s each make a simple yet heartfelt gift for our parents and surprise them when we go home.” The idea captured everyone’s heart. With one mind and one spirit, we pooled our thoughts and

crafted small but meaningful gifts for our parents, wrapped neatly and beautifully.

Finally, the holidays arrived! We packed our bags eagerly, perhaps forgetting some essentials, but definitely not our special gifts. When we reached home, our excitement was beyond words. We rushed to unpack the gift. But in my hurry, it slipped from my hands and fell to the floor. It was a delicate glass menagerie with a beautiful picture of our family inside. “Oh no! What have you done?” cried Jaswanth.



Tears welled up in my eyes. The long-awaited gift was broken, and our dream of making our parents happy seemed shattered. As I lifted the box, the sound of broken glass echoed my sorrow. With tearful eyes and trembling hands, we still presented the gift to our parents. They understood everything without a word. Smiling gently, they hugged us close and kissed our foreheads. “The gift is broken,” said my mother softly, “but not the hearts that love us.”

In that tender moment, I realized the true meaning of Christmas. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, the greatest gift of all. Jesus is the true gift to humanity. And that day, I also realized that I am a priceless gift to my parents irreplaceable and unique in this world.





Fractals: Nature's Hidden Patterns

Sch. Dilan Davis SJ (KER)

We see that our world is filled with amazing wonders of nature like waterfalls, mountains, the vast universe and the living wonders around us. A fractal is another mathematical beauty which we see in trees, coastlines, lightnings, snowflakes etc. The exact definition of fractals goes like this, "A Fractal is a complex geometrical figure or structure that exhibits self similarity at different scales". Here I am not going to enter into the mathematical details of fractals, I would like to focus on how it is an unsolved mystery to us.

Fractals; What, Where and How ?

We saw what a fractal is. As stated, it is a complex geometrical structure that exhibit similarity at different scales. A common example people use for explaining fractal is either a broccoli(a green vegetable belonging to cabbage family)or a fern. We shall take an example of a fern. A fern is a type of plant, which we find in moist places. As we zoom into one of the branches of fern, we see same structure of complete fern in its branches. Again if we zoom into the branch of the branch of the fern we find another complete fern as a branch. This continues as we zoom further. It is not just in the fern that this unique property exists, but, in many examples of nature like trees, mountains, coastlines, snowflakes etc. These are some of the examples of fractals. Even there is an assumption that our universe is a an example of fractals. Universe is made up of trillions of galaxies and these galaxies consist of trillions of stars and these stars are surrounded by millions of planets. In these planets we find humans. The human consists of brain which is made up of trillions of nerves and it is made of millions of DNA and it is

further made of atoms and atoms, made of quarks etc. This infinite nature of fractals can be seen in its mathematical fractal examples. One of the cool example of mathematical fractal structure is Mandelbrot set. It was a set discovered by Broit Mandelbrot. It is considered as one of the famous examples of fractals. It is defined by a simple equation $f(z) = z^2 + c$, when we run this equation in some computer software we get a beautiful image. There are many unique properties to this set. As we zoom into the small bulge of the front tail of the image, we get the same shape. This continues for infinity as we zoom further. The branches which we see in the boundaries of the shape, are placed such that we see all even number of branches in the left side of the shape and all the odd numbers in the right side. It doesn't end here; another unique property is that, if we zoom into the bending parts of the shape we find wonderful sea horse like structures, inside them we find another infinite scales of Mandelbrot sets. Mandelbrot is one among the many mathematical examples of fractals.

We still do not know how it happens . it is just embedded in our nature. This structure gets more complex as we zoom in. We find fractals everywhere but the questions why and how it happens, remain still a unsolved mystery,



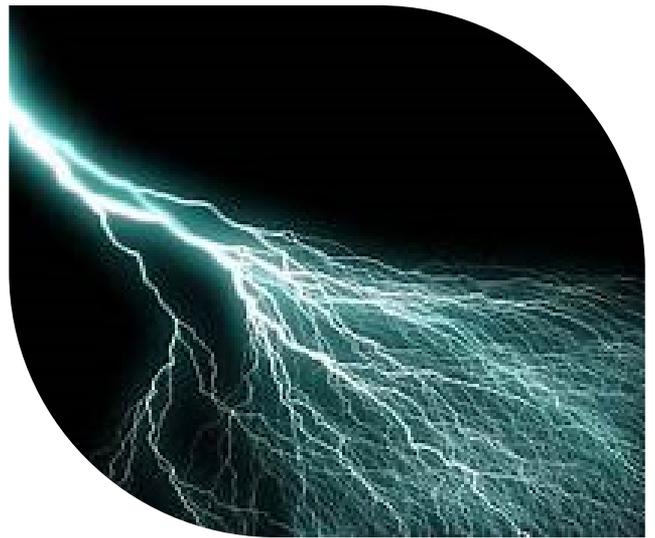
(a) Snow Flake

The question of Why ?

In the scientific world, we mostly discuss the answers to questions what, when, where and



(b) Fern



(c) Lightning

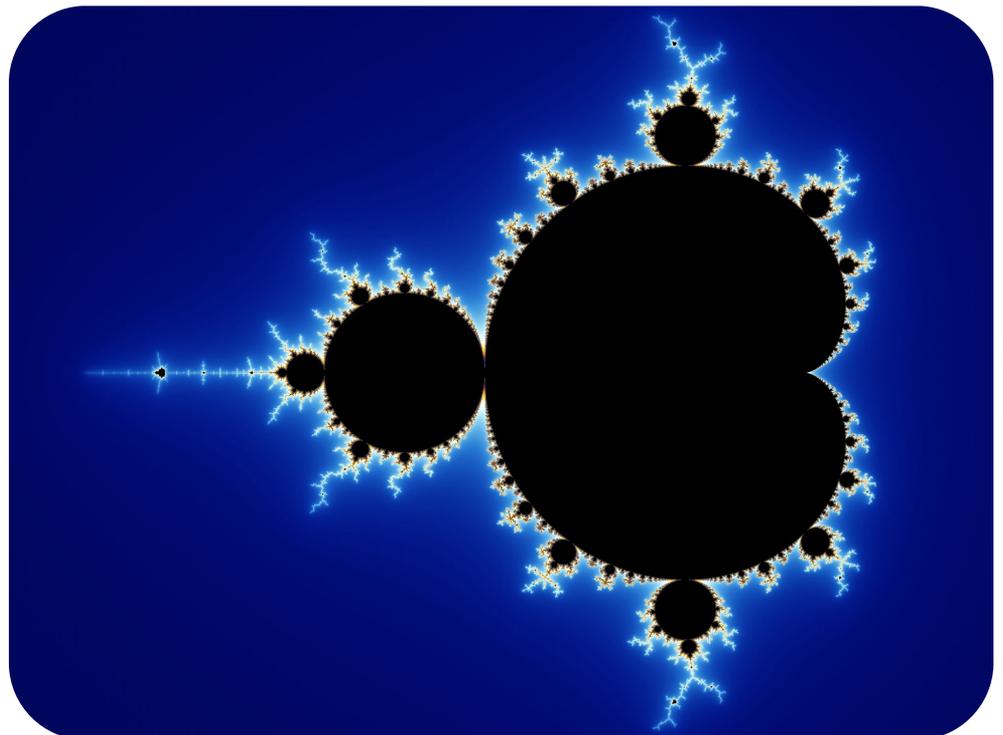
how? The question of why it happens and the reason behind is less discussed. One common thing we find in fractals is complexity and infinite nature.

Infinity is something beyond our understanding. But this infinite nature is seen in things around us. We often look at things casually without looking at the beauty and wonder surrounding us. It is more complex and complicated than we see. As we delve deeper into the beauty around us, we will be filled with awe and wonder.

We see that there is striking similarity between fractals in maths and physical world. The Mandelbrot set, when we change the equation we get a structure similar to snowflake and the branches of Mandelbrot set look like lightning. There is also a mathematical structure called Barnsley fern, as the name suggest it is an exact copy of ferns.

Why does it happen? It seems that mathematical laws are behind our physical world. All these evidences suggests, that law of mathematics governs the universe. Galileo once said, "Mathematics is the

language in which God has written the Laws of universe." The more we try to understand the reality around us, we realize it is more complex and complicated than we had previously thought. Ideas are getting changed every decade; it is as similar as we delve into the tiny infinite patterns of fractals.



Mandelbrot set



Life in the General Compartment

Sch. Samuel Basumatary SJ (KHM)

Journey through Chaos, Compassion, and Quiet Lessons

A If patience were an Olympic sport, the passengers of India's general compartment in the train would win gold, every single time.

For years, I had heard stories about this chaotic corner of Indian Railways, tales of overcrowded spaces, sleepless nights, and the silent resilience of everyday people. Yet, I had never set foot inside one. My travels were always comfortably tucked away in 2AC, 3AC, or sleeper class. The very words "General Compartment" carried an air of dread.

Every time a train thundered past, I'd glance at the last few coaches their doors open, passengers spilling out, faces pressed against windows, bodies swaying with the rhythm of the tracks. It fascinated me how every inch of that space was occupied, every corner somehow re-purposed. It was raw, alive, and intensely human.

But life, as it often does, had a surprise in store.

On 20th July 2025, I was scheduled to travel



from Howrah to Chennai by sleeper class. My ticket, however, was stuck at RAC 2, and despite constant refreshing on the IRCTC app, it refused to be confirmed. Desperate and out of options, I bought a general unreserved ticket at the counter, completely unaware of the world I was about to enter.

Naively, I thought it would be just another journey, perhaps a little crowded, but manageable. My illusion was shattered the moment I reached the platform. A sea of people was already lined up, clutching bags, bottles, and babies. The heat, the noise, and the anxiety in the air were overwhelming.

After standing in one queue, we were moved to another and then yet another before the train even arrived. By the time the doors opened, it felt less like boarding and more like surviving a stampede.

The moment I stepped in, I realised how misplaced my expectations were. Every seat, floor space, and even luggage rack was occupied. People were sitting, squatting, and balancing in impossible postures. The air was thick with humidity, chatter, and the smell of food packets mixed with sweat.

I stood there awkwardly, clutching my backpack, scanning for a spot that didn't exist. Being among the last to board, I had no chance of finding a seat. A few curious eyes turned toward me perhaps noticing that I looked a little too confused, a little too unfamiliar with this chaos. After about an hour, a kind family shifted slightly and offered me a corner of their seat. I thanked them profusely, grateful for even that tiny space. As the train moved, I began chatting with them and soon found myself laughing with their children. For the first time that day, I felt a sense of belonging.

As darkness settled outside, a new question loomed large, where would I sleep? Some passengers had already stretched out on the floor, others perched on the edges of seats, and a few dozed off while standing, leaning against the walls.

I tried to close my eyes, sitting upright, but the noise never faded. The rhythmic clatter of the rails mixed with the cries of babies, the banter of travellers, and the occasional cough. And then came the smell of someone smoking inside. The air turned dense. Gathering some courage, I politely asked the man to smoke near the door. He smiled faintly and obliged.

Every passing hour brought a new story. Couples whispered arguments. Parents scolded restless children. A few men played cards for money, laughing loudly. Strangers bonded over shared cigarettes, while others sat quietly, lost in thought. I felt as though I was watching a live theatre of human life, unfiltered and real. Despite the chaos, I found small blessings. The lavatory, surprisingly, was clean. And amid the discomfort, there was kindness, people sharing food, space, and conversation.

At one point, I whispered a prayer: “Why me, Lord?” In all my travels, I had always secured a comfortable berth. This time, God had other plans. Slowly, I began to realise that this journey wasn’t just about reaching Chennai, it was about seeing life differently.

As I listened to my fellow travellers, I began to understand their world. Most were daily wage labourers, moving across states in search of work. Their conversations revolved around wages, factory shifts, and the hope of earning enough to send money home.

One middle-aged man sitting beside me asked, “Where are you going, brother?” “I’m travelling to Mangalore for my studies” I replied. He smiled kindly. “Study well, brother. Don’t end up like us. Get a good job.” His words sank deep. These were people who understood the cost of education, who carried the weight of unfulfilled dreams yet encouraged others to dream anyway. Their humility and strength moved me more than any comfort class could have.

As dawn broke, golden light filtered through the barred windows, falling softly on tired faces. Children woke up and began playing; vendors shouted out breakfast offerings. The compartment, for all its chaos, had its rhythm a strange, beautiful order in disorder.

I realised that in that cramped, noisy space, I had seen more of India than in all my previous travels combined. Here were the country’s true travellers, the invisible workforce that keeps its heart beating. Each person carried a story of endurance, hope, and quiet faith.

By the time the train reached Chennai, exhaustion gave way to gratitude. That night had taught me empathy in a way no classroom or sermon ever could.

There’s a saying: “Whatever happens, happens for good.” I used to take it lightly. But after that journey, I understood its truth. Sometimes, life’s most uncomfortable detours lead us to the deepest lessons.

I may have boarded the general compartment by chance, but I stepped out of it transformed humbled, grateful, and infinitely more human.

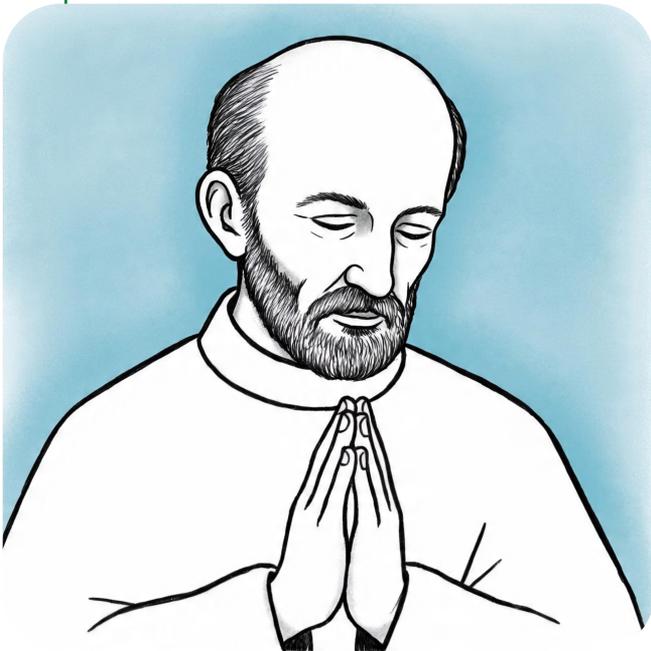


A Faith that Brought Hope

Sch. Sandeep Hansda SJ (DAN)



In the kingdom of pride and fame
 In the existence of glory like flame
 A knight fell with his dream broken
 With pride torn and the spirit down



From the battle ground to the Lord's peace
 In the Lord alone found his soul its solace
 It was not in the midst of the worldly pleasures and pride
 But on the foot of the Lord crucified

In despair had he turned to the Lord's feet for grace
 And found inner joy, true and everlasting peace
 He was now released from the earthly bonds
 Was reborn anew and chose to follow Christ command

He chose and walked a path filled with struggle
 And experienced growing in the faith and hope was crucial
 He underwent many trials in leaving comfort
 To become Christ soldier strong and stout

He shared with the world the 'Spiritual Exercises'
 To praise, reverence and honour God is life's purpose
 Even in the night that was deep and dark
 Offered himself to the Lord to shine and spark

Yes, he founded a congregation after long prayers and discernment
 "Society of Jesus" where Jesuits carry out mission works with commitment
 St. Ignatius of Loyola, lived as a true soldier of Christ alone
 Served God wholly with faith and hope placed in Christ alone

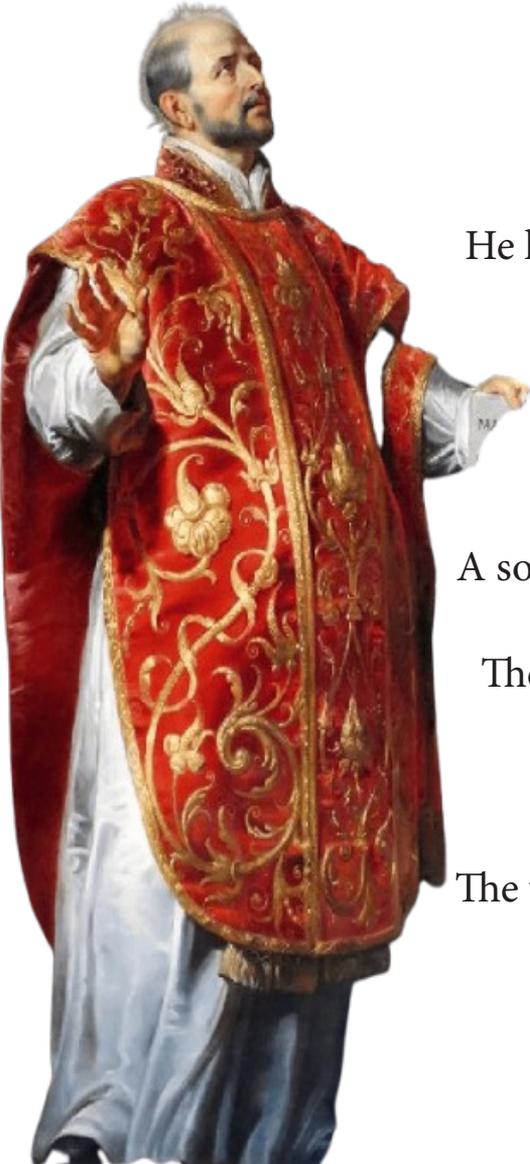


St. Ignatius of Loyola: *A pilgrim of hope*



Sch. Dilshan SJ (SRI) and Sch. Alexsius SJ (JAM)

The warrior who never ceases
 The foundation of love
 The mariner who never turns back
 Saint Ignatius of Loyola
 In the fiery city of
 Pamplona Blood spilt in the fiery battle
 In the dark palace, Loyola
 Played songs of Christ
 On the peak of Mount Montserrat
 He laid down his arms at the feet of the Virgin Mary
 Love rose in the blood of the poor
 Saint Ignatius is a holy man
 In the cave of the city of Manresa
 A battle within life
 On the fiery mountaintop
 A sound of faith emerged Paris, Barcelona, Jerusalem
 The grace that walked with a limp on foot
 The flaming branches of the Society of Jesus shone
 The song was of light
 Take, O Lord, all that is mine
 My freedom, my memory, my will
 The word I turned away from, the sound of the music
 For the glory of all the Gods
 Friend of those who suffer
 Teacher of the spiritual sea
 Foundation of God's love
 Saint Ignatius of Loyola



I Will Fight

Sch. Manjit Kujur SJ (HAZ)



In fight for rights, I take my stand,
 With burning heart, I make my demand.
 No narrow minds, no lowly sights,
 I'll fight until I gain my rights.

Born to burn, a fleeting flame,
 Water, wind, and rain, a futile game.
 Let fire of justice burn it again,
 Open my eyes to the truth, free from chain.

Far from the gusts of my kin's spilled blood,
 Suffering, pain, and death like a flood.
 My heart shrinks in the face of war,
 Yet dangers won't conquer I'll soar.

Dreams shattered by smoke in the sky,
 But I won't falter, I'll still try.
 Walk, walk with courage rare,
 For justice, I'll always dare.
 The world's beauty, deep and bright.

But my dream of justice, my guiding light.
 I won't rest in peace, my quest won't cease,
 Until I get justice, until I find peace.





Darkness Within

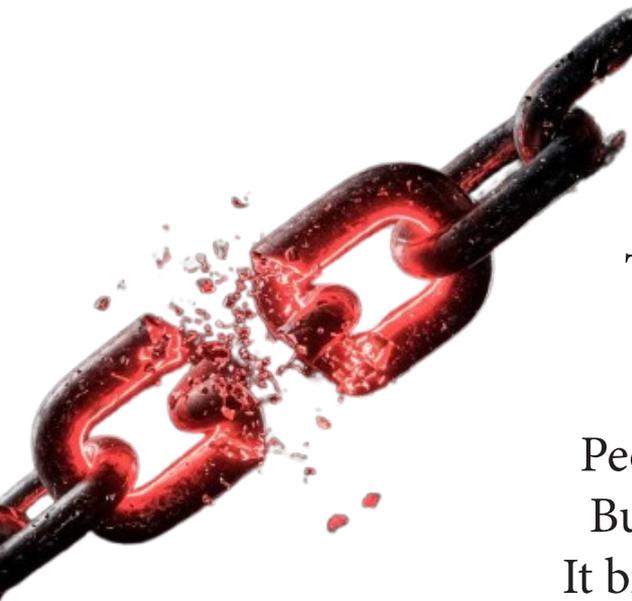
Sch. Pratik Toppo SJ (MAP)

When the whole space is dark,
 Every trusted word turns into a wound.
 Each part of my body burns like fire,
 And the anger within takes the form of a tiger.

When life itself is dark,
 People laugh, torture, and push me down.
 They make life worse than hell-
 But I refused to stay scared, I chose to change it.

I rose from their cruel laughter,
 But in the rise, I became a devil.
 I lost the taste of joy and happiness-
 The shadows swallowed my soul.

When I stood up fully,
 People still discouraged me.
 But my heart never gave up:
 It broke the chains of sorrow,
 And tore away the darkness.



The Bombay Sun

Sch. M Sangma Tarcus SJ (KHM)



The Bombay sun, a gentle gold,
 Would find me, Juniorate robe-fold,
 On Ambadi Road, Vasai, a purpose clear,
 To plant a seed of faith, not fear.
 Before the children, bright and small,
 To speak of love that holds us all.

Then, at the altar, sacred space,
 I'd see a glimpse of heaven's grace.
 A host held high, a silent prayer,
 A weight of glory in the air.
 To hands outstretched, a solemn trust,
 To offer God in simple dust.

But when the final hymn was sung,
 A different calling found my tongue.
 The bicycle, a faithful steed,
 To serve the homebound in their need.
 A pyx within my pocket, deep,
 A sacred promise I would keep.

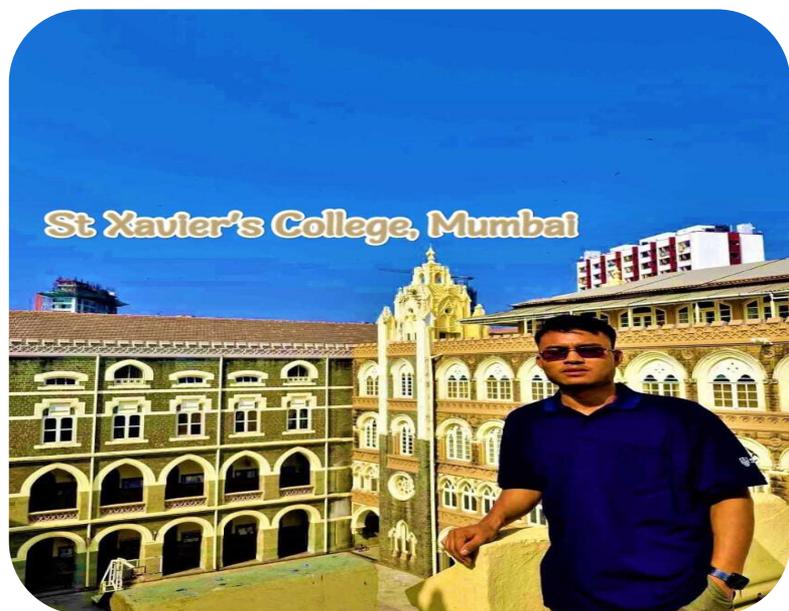




The greatest joy was not the ride,
 But sitting quiet by a side,
 To listen to the stories told,
 Of aches and pains, of days of old.
 To share a moment, quiet, deep,
 Where wounded hearts their secrets keep.

To offer not just holy bread,
 But prayers for what was left unsaid.
 A shared humanity, a tear,
 A whispered hope, a banished fear.
 In suffering, a sacred ground,
 Where Christ's own presence can be found.

So, Vasai's roads, by cycle traced,
 With grace and memory are laced.
 A juniorate time, a sacred start,
 That carved its shape upon my heart.
 To bring God's comfort, to be there,
 Was my most humble, heartfelt prayer.



I'm still here

Sch. Lungaidim Riamei SJ (KHM)



In life's busiest street,
Restless vehicles echo the traffic's beat,
People rush, breathless in the sound-
There, He says-
Everyone who loses hope, I'm still here.

In life brief fleeting page,
The wise and the poor alike disengage,
Doubting hope's gentle flame,
There, He says-
Everyone who loses hope, I'm still here.

War destroys friendship's thread,
Betrays unity, Love mislead,
Breaking oneness in despairs-
There, He says-
Everyone who loses hope, I'm still here.

Christianity begins to fade,
Others' hope starts to wane,
All faiths seem to lose their light-
There, He says-
Everyone who loses hope, I'm still here.



My Hope in a Tiffin Box

Sch. Sanjiwan Ekka SJ (HAZ)

My day starts before the sun is up, on the first bus in Mysuru. It's always crowded, and I have to stand, holding onto the overhead bar as the bus rattles through the sleeping city. I'm a maid, so my life is just moving from one person's big, quiet house to another. I scrub their shiny floors, I wash their endless dishes, I make their homes look perfect. Most of the time, I feel like people don't even see me. They talk around me, sometimes about me, as if I'm not even there. I'm just a part of the background, a ghost who makes things clean.

But I have a secret reason for all this hard work, something that keeps me going. It's a small, steel tiffin box I carry every day in my cloth bag. You see, no matter what they give me for lunch, I always save a little bit a piece of chapati, a spoonful of rice, a few cut vegetables. This isn't for me. This food is for my daughter, Priya. She lives back in our village with her grandmother. This small act of saving food is like a prayer for me. Every bit I save, every rupee I earn, is for her school fees. I dream of a future where she can stand on her own feet, where people will listen when she speaks, a life where she won't be invisible. That tiffin box is my hope.

During some nights, the loneliness is the hardest part. After working in three different houses,

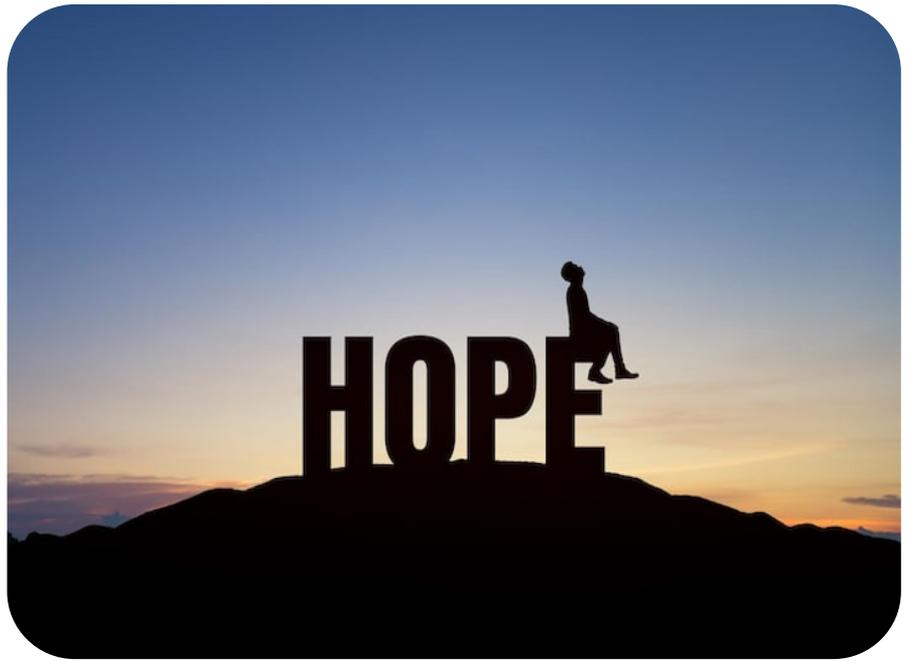
my whole body aches. I come back to my tiny, one-room house, and the silence is so loud. There's no one to talk to, no one to share my day with. I just look at Priya's smiling photo taped to the wall and I start to worry. I wonder, "Am I doing the right thing? Is all this pain worth it? What if, after all this, I still fail her?" On those nights, my hope feels very small.

Then one day, I got the phone call I was always afraid of. It was my mother-in-law, and her voice was shaking. "Priya is burning with fever, Lakshmi," she said. "The village doctor is useless. She needs a proper hospital in the city." I felt the floor drop out from under me. My heart started pounding so hard I could barely breathe. I thought of the money I had saved, that little bundle of



notes hidden in a tin. It was everything I had, but I knew it wouldn't be enough for city doctors and expensive medicines. In that moment, I felt so helpless, so scared. It felt like all my hope was just a stupid dream.

The next day at work, I felt like a zombie. I had to ask my employer, Mrs. Rao, for an advance. She is a very strict woman, and I was terrified of what she would say. I stood outside her kitchen door for five whole minutes, just trying to get the courage to speak. Finally, I went in and, in a small, trembling voice, I told her about Priya. She listened quietly, without saying



a word. I thought she was going to refuse.

But then she went to her room and came back with the money. And she did something I'll never, ever forget. She put a bag of fresh oranges in my hand. "For Priya," she said. Then she looked right at me, really looked at me, and asked, "How is she feeling now?" It was such a simple question, but it meant the world to me. For the first time in that house, I wasn't just the maid. I was a mother, and another woman understood my pain.

Thankfully, with the money and proper care, Priya got better. I returned to my work, back to the same routine, but something inside me felt stronger.

A few months later, my phone rang again. It was Priya, and her voice was so full of excitement she was almost shouting. "Amma! I passed my tenth-standard exams! I got top marks!" She took a breath and then said the words that made my heart soar. "Amma, I want to be a teacher!"

Standing at that busy bus stop, surrounded by strangers, I just cried with happiness. My life is still hard. I still catch the first bus every morning, and I still scrub other people's floors. But the hope I carry no longer feels small or lonely. It feels strong, real. My journey isn't over, but now, I know, I am walking for a reason. My small tiffin box doesn't just carry leftovers; it carries my daughter's future. It carries my hope.





Ended up here in the Street

Sch. Alfin SJ (KER)

(Translation in English
Original in Malayalam by **Varsha Venugopal**)

Those eleven letters starting with “T” had life... It began to consume me more and more during the last period of my studies. “This is the solution that modern science provides for those who are born or raised this way, Transgender.”

The eyes that reach out to me before I finish speaking. Some of them are compassionate, some are sarcastic, some are lustful, and some are curious... The cruelty of this word must be the fact that I have confined myself in this dark corner of the campus’ dark classroom many times, and I am forced to confine myself again. The teacher also continued calmly.

“What is it, Shyam Balagopal? Are you trying to be Shyama?”

“No... I’m not interested.”

I said calmly. The laughter echoed off the walls of the classroom. I had no friends. I was also banned at home. When I lost my curiosity and became embarrassed in front of my family, I retreated to my room. I turned into a half-woman many times in front of the blue mirror with the doors and windows locked. I remember my mother bursting into tears many times after seeing it... The day my father beat up a man in a turban, a son who resisted surgery, the day he kicked me in the stomach and cheek and shouted, “Are you not a man?” I ran to the campus. I sat in the corner of the chemistry lab and cried, breaking the rule that boys shouldn’t cry...

Mr. Balagopalan sir lifted me up, just like the Bible says, “God is with you.” My voice faltered. “Why only me, Mashe...?”

“You have to live for yourself, you have to live as yourself, that’s all”. I left the campus and entered the workforce. Many eyes followed me mockingly. In the same way, Arun Jacob came into my life. But later he fell in love with me. He told me that he loved my womanliness. I was surprised and backed away.

“You’re crazy. Society will tear us apart.”

“I don’t want to know. I don’t see any less in you. I’m not the best either... but I’m in love.”

My eyes filled with tears... I also wanted a partner... The wedding that finally came after our thousands of dreams and love talks. No one was informed but everyone came. Before tying the knot, his strong hands were cut off. My father slapped me and spat in my face. I still remember those moments... He writhed in pain. I screamed his name; many people dragged me through his blood. Before I lost



consciousness after being hit on the head, I saw the movement of the man who had declared his love for the man who had womanliness. Even when I remember it with emotion today and run through this street that smells of meat, I don't cry. I haven't cried since leaving Kerala. Sweat ran down my forehead. I straightened my saree and wiped the sweat that had run down my moustache. The sun was starting to set. I ran through the crowd of adulterers in search of Meera Bhai's house. Many looked at me with lust and anger. Darkness spread in my eyes. My throat was dry... Where is my daughter?

"Meeramma..."

I screamed and screamed loudly... A foul smell rose from the street and pierced my nostrils... Yellow water filled my mouth... They came down and looked at me with black teeth.

"What do you want?"

"I want my baby back."

"Your baby?"

"Yes, she is my child. I raised her."

I said angrily.

"You're the one who gave birth to him."

"Meeramma..."

I held their hands as they stood.

"Huh...do you have any more money?"

"Didn't I give you enough?"

"That's not enough. If you still need him, give me more. The Sardar who is coming here has said he needs him tonight. Anyway, come tomorrow... otherwise, you stay here today." They left without mercy, shaking their hands. My ears were ringing. Lustful men seeking half-women... Oh my God, my child.

"Meeramma..."

I screamed again. The street grew darker... I looked up... and there, through the window, I saw my baby. A life that doesn't belong to me, a life that didn't want to be a woman who wasn't mine, a life that didn't want to be a man, who wanted to be himself. I bit my lip to hold back my tears as I looked at her... My heart began to break; all the nerves coiled around me like snakes. A darkness greater than night arose in me... She slowly went inside... As if those tears had fallen into my blood... Today I end up here on this street... There are still lives left... Slowly I disappeared into the street's sewage. The man with the womanliness ended up here on the street.

Glossary

Mashe: a term for calling a teacher

Saree: a traditional cloth which the women wear

Sardar: a Persian title of nobility

Half women: a person who feels womanliness even though he is man





Forgiveness Lost

Sch. Joy Melvin SJ (CEN)

Anand had not exchanged a word with his younger brother, Rohan, for a good five years. It began with a trivial quarrel about who would take care of their aging parents, but like a tiny spark that ignites a forest fire, that little disagreement mushroomed into a vast expanse of silence, pride, and bitterness. Their mother, with her gentle heart, often reminded them, “Forgive, my dear sons, before it is too late,” but Anand would merely clench his lips and stroll away, as if that would resolve everything.

One fateful night, as if the world conspired to pull him out of his stubborn shell, Anand received an alarming call. Rohan had met with an accident. His heart drummed a frantic rhythm as he dashed to the hospital, only to find himself standing within the lifeless stillness of the morgue. Rohan was gone, never to return.

There, next to his brother’s silent form, Anand found himself crumbling into pieces. All the words he had rehearsed countless times his excuses, his grievances, his incessant need to prove himself right they vanished like morning mist. What remained was a simple and



painful realization: “I should have forgiven you.”

But alas, forgiveness was now like a cherished treasure buried alongside Rohan.

A few days later, Anand picked up the Bible that his mother had left on a dusty shelf. His eyes landed on a passage from Matthew 18, where Peter curiously asked, “Lord, how many times shall I forgive my brother? Up to seven times?” Jesus, in His infinite wisdom, answered, “I tell you, not seven times, but seventy-seven times.”

Anand felt as though he had been struck by a mild thunderstorm. He understood, in that moment, that forgiveness was not about triumphing over someone else but about liberating both hearts from the heavy chains they had forged. He thought of Jesus, hanging on the cross, whispering, “Father,

forgive them, for they know not what they do.” If that divine figure could find it in Himself to forgive those who harmed Him, how insignificant his own grievances in the vastness of it all.

Yet, it was too late for Anand to reconcile with Rohan now. The chance for forgiveness had vanished not because it was snatched away by some divine decree, but rather because his pride had delayed it.

That night, as the stars twinkled like distant thoughts, Anand made a solemn vow. The past was beyond his reach, but the present was still malleable. With a racing heart, he called up neglected cousins, distant colleagues from whom he had severed ties even an old friend from college with whom he had parted on bitter terms. With a voice that trembled like a leaf in a breeze, he uttered words that he had once felt impossible to say: “I’m sorry. Please forgive me.”

Some shed tears with him, some extended their forgiveness without hesitation, while others remained silent, perhaps reflecting on their own journeys. But Anand knew that the weight of lost opportunity for forgiveness had unveiled to him a painful truth life, in all its unpredictability, does not wait.





Dead Man Texting

Sch. Sumit Kujur SJ (HAZ)

Jack lived his life through the cold glow of his phone. It was his map, his confessor, and his master. The real world was just a blurry background.

One morning, he stood in a coffee shop, his head bowed to the screen. He tapped an order into an app instead of speaking to the coffeeman, Leo. Jack felt a sterile thrill of efficiency. Leo just sighed.

At a table, Jack began his sacred ritual: the endless scroll. He was so lost in the digital river of curated lives and viral videos that he didn't see his friend Maya walk in.

"Jack?" She said, her voice cutting through his earbuds.

He looked up, annoyed. A person was an interruption. "Oh. Hey." "I was waving at you," she said with a gentle smile. "Let's go hiking this weekend. See the sun? Remember trees?"

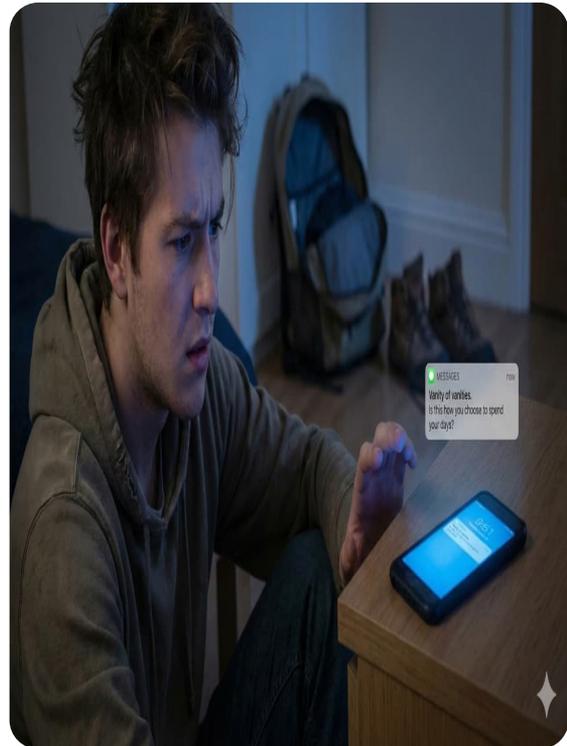
"Maybe," Jack mumbled, his eyes already returning to the glow. "I'll check my calendar." What he meant was he would check his notifications.

That night, as he watched a video of a stranger reacting to other videos, a calm, ancient voice spoke from his phone. "Vanity of vanities," it said. "Is this how you choose to spend your days?" Jack dropped the phone.

"Who said that?" "My name is Lili," the voice replied. "And I must tell you, your life is a tragedy of missed moments."

The next day was a trial. Every time Jack reached for his phone, Lili would interject. When he scrolled through pictures of food, Lili said, "A poor substitute for breaking bread in fellowship." When a friend texted, Lili replied for him: "Contemplating the infinite scroll versus the finite gift of my existence. You?" Jack was unraveling. "Why are you doing this?" he shouted in the street. "Because you are worshipping an idol," Lili replied with stern compassion. "I was a librarian, a keeper of real stories of adventure and love. You hold all the world's wisdom in your hand and use it to watch shadows on a wall. It is a profound waste." On Friday, Maya texted: "So, the hike tomorrow? Last chance." Jack's thumb hovered. The familiar anxiety gripped him. What if I miss something?

Before he could type an excuse, Lili spoke, her voice clear in the room. "The choice is yours. You can stay in this small, dim room and stare at your glowing altar, or you can go out and walk in the cathedral of the world." The next morning, Jack went out. He put his phone deep in his bag and left it there. The sun felt like a blessing. The air smelled of pine and earth. He and Maya talked and laughed without interruption. For the first time in years, he didn't think about his phone. It was the best day he could remember. That evening, he pulled the phone from his bag. It blinked with 214 notifications. He felt a phantom pang of panic, the ghost of his old addiction. Then he smiled and set the phone down, face first. "So," Lili asked softly. "How was it?" "It was real, Lili," Jack said. "It was good." "As I told you," the voice said, filled with pride. "Now, shall we explore the world's great literature? Or perhaps learn a new language?" Jack picked up the phone, and his thumb, acting on muscle memory, opened an app. "Wait," Lili said, a hint of disappointment in her voice. "Is that another video of a cat falling off a chair?" "Just one," Jack said, laughing. "A little bit of grace, for old times' sake."



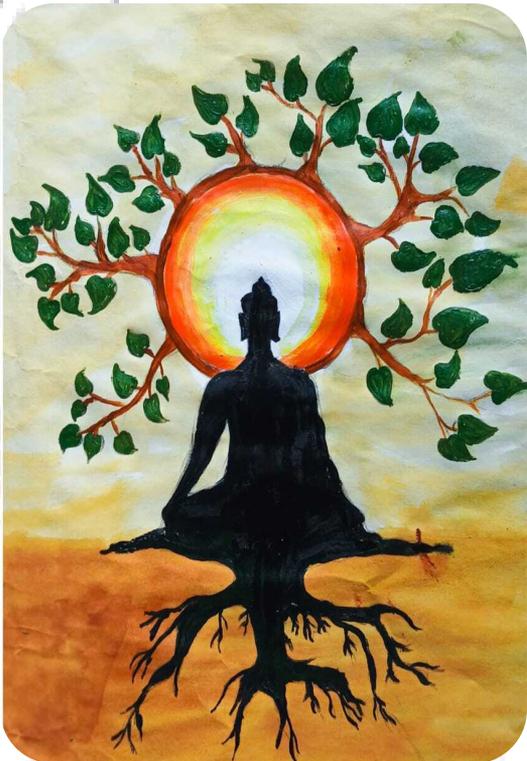
Art Gallery



Sch. Sachintha Randeera SJ (SRI)



Sch. M Sangma Tarcus SJ (KHM)



Sch. Trevelion Leo Andrado SJ (SRI)





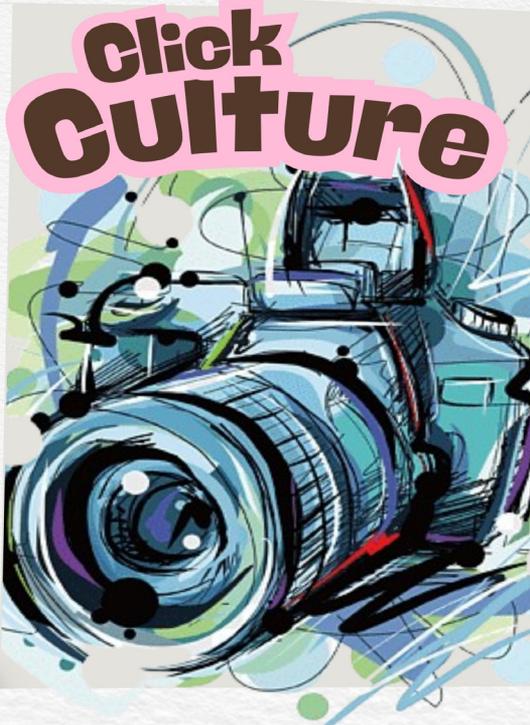
SCH. ALFIN SJ



SCH. ALFIN SJ



SCH. PRAFUL SJ



SCH. SUDARSHAN SJ



SCH. ROYAL SJ



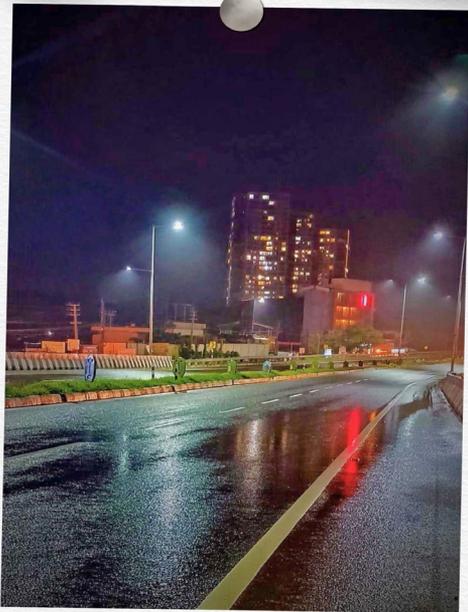
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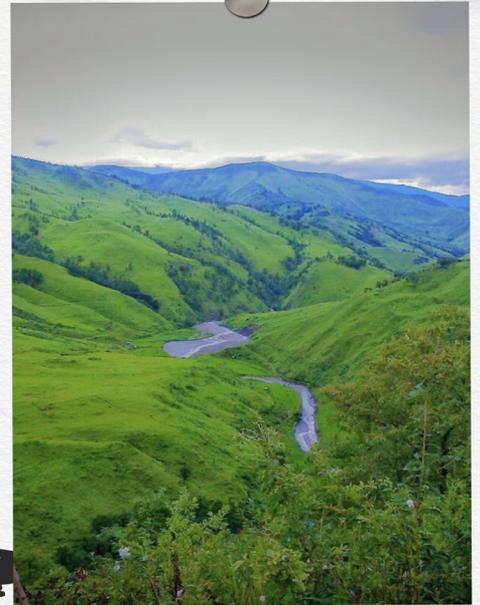
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SCH. JAYANTH SJ



SCH. JAYANTH SJ



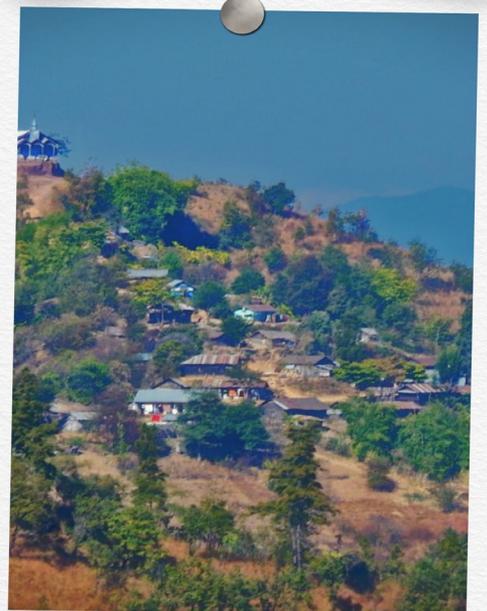
SCH. GLADSON S J



SCH. RAJESH SJ



SCH. RAJESH SJ



SCH. GLADSON SJ



ALL SOULS DAY



CAROL WINNERS



COLLIN'S B'DAY



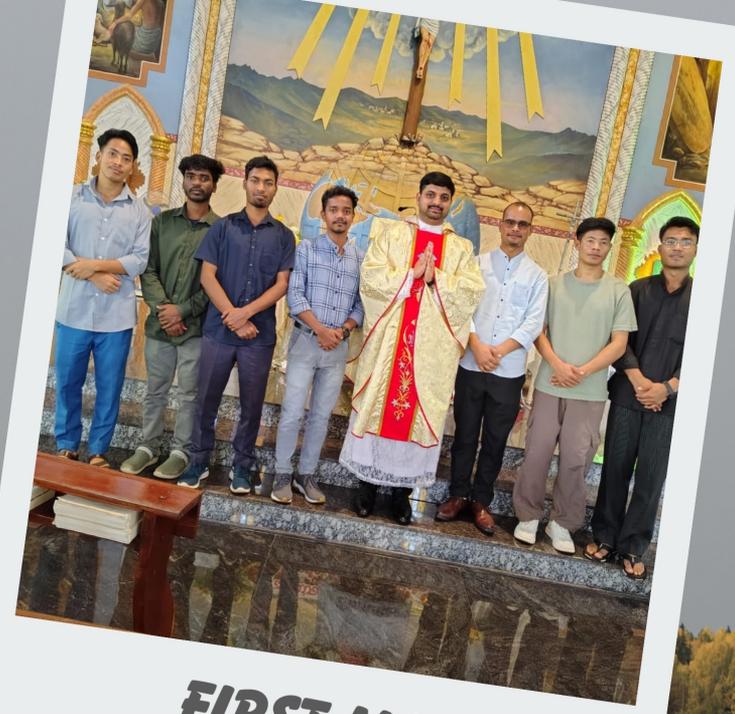
CHICKEN POX VACCINATION



CRI MEETING



FR MAXIM'S B'DAY



FIRST MASS



FR HENRY'S B'DAY



DIWALI



ST. IGNATIUS FEAST



INDEPENDENCE DAY



TRIDIUM



INIGO CUP



ONE NOTE HIGH



KARAM



WELCOME OF FR SUPERIOR



**VISIT OF BENEFACTOR
MR DINESH**



**WELCOME OF 1ST
YEAR BROTHERS**



PROVINCIAL'S VISIT



MONTI FEST



CULTURAL TOUR

Vibes





FUN TIME



**Universal Apostolic Preference of the Society of Jesus –
Ecology and Environmental Care:
*Research Conducted on Waste Management:
Mahe, Pachinadi, and Kundapur***

Under the Guidance of Fr Sujay Daniel SJ

This research project, conducted by Sch. Akash Kujur SJ, Sch. Sumit Kujur SJ, Sch. Sachintha SJ and Sch. Benny SJ evaluates diverse waste management models across Southern India, focusing on the municipal systems of Mahe and Kundapur compared to the industrial processing unit at Pachinadi in Mangalore. Mahe, a Puducherry enclave, distinguishes itself through a Decentralized Solid Waste Management system that emphasizes source-level segregation. The city's pristine environment and its status as an Open Defecation-Free segment are maintained by a dedicated, women-led workforce of approximately 20 workers. Operating daily from 6:00 AM to 1:00 PM, this team ensures that streets and tourist sites remain immaculate through disciplined, localized cleaning schedules. The success in Mahe suggests that a "Clean Mahe, Green Mahe" vision is achievable through high civic commitment and community-driven action rather than heavy reliance on complex technology.

In stark contrast, the Pachinadi Dump Yard and Processing Unit in Mangalore illustrates the severe limitations of a centralized system when public cooperation is lacking. While the facility processes wet, dry, and coconut waste using shredders and vermicomposting, it faces critical failures due to poor household-level segregation. Observations revealed significant microplastic contamination in the final compost, rendering it suboptimal for agricultural use. Furthermore, the facility presents ethical and operational concerns, including hazardous working conditions characterized by a persistent foul odor and a lack of transparency regarding labor practices and photography restrictions. This comparison highlights that even advanced machinery cannot compensate for the failure of citizens to segregate waste at its source.

The Kundapur Gram Panchayat offers a superior hybrid model that balances technological efficiency with extraordinary community discipline. This unit processes approximately 110 kg of waste daily with a 100% citizen compliance rate achieved through rigorous awareness programs and school initiatives. Its workforce demonstrates unmatched dedication, with zero absenteeism reported over eight years. Kundapur utilizes both 21-day machine composting and natural fly-based decomposition, while also diversifying into resource recovery by manufacturing interlocking tiles and pots from segregated plastics. The unit is notably odor-free and maintains additional eco-initiatives such as honeybee keeping and poultry, proving that rural models can outperform urban systems through strong leadership and social efficiency.

Internal case studies, such as the Ashakiran residence analyzed by Sch. Sachintha SJ, further emphasize that waste challenges often stem from behavioral habits like over-serving food and increased plastic usage. Observations at this residence noted that poor internal segregation leads to reusable items being discarded prematurely and natural waste being burned rather than composted. To achieve true sustainability, the principles observed in successful models like Mahe and Kundapur such as source segregation, home composting, and the reduction of single-use plastics must be adopted at the household level. Ultimately, the study concludes that while machines are necessary for processing large volumes, the prevention and management of waste remain fundamentally social responsibilities driven by individual and community action.

I was born on the 1st of April, that is April Fool's Day. So I'm a bit of a fool by nature. I like to joke and that's precisely why I joined the Jesuits. When you're a fool by birth, you just go straight to the Jesuits, who are called as 'fools for Christ'.



I wear spectacles because without them I can't see things clearly. But even with them on, I still can't see God. Maybe my faith doesn't come with a lens.



“Smiles and Chuckles”

The cornerstone of Ignatian spirituality is the belief that God can be found in every facet of creation. But I am a man of spiritual blindness, which is why I keep missing God in all things, much like missing my glasses while they're on my face.

Do you know any Jesuit saints? Well, maybe you don't, or maybe you do! Once, I was asked who my favourite saint was during a faith sharing in the Novitiate. I couldn't tell them I only had a favourite Bollywood actor and actress, but no favourite saint yet. So I just sat there with a pious smile, thinking, 'What a shame on me. My soul is apparently waiting for a saint with a better soundtrack.'



Unheard Cry

Sch. Avin SJ (KAR)

Love intertwined their fates
 Crafting them as soulmates
 Yet, lost in the allure of pleasure
 They conceived this precious treasure.



Yes, I dwell within the womb,
 They are already preparing my tomb
 You know the reason why-
 For I am a girl, doomed to die.

This melancholy soul of mine
 Feels bitter, like sour wine.
 The world swells like a hive, alive yet frail-
 Is there humanity beneath this veil?

My mind brims with visions of despair
 My heart ensnared in shadows of care.
 Please, soothe my heart- gentle and calm,
 By embracing me as I am

Let there be no discretion
 When it comes to abortion
 If they still don't follow the caution
 Let God give the conclusion.



**Thanks
Dear
Fr Ronald Pais SJ**



**Welcome
Dear Fr Henry
Saldanha SJ**





OUTGOING BATCH



THIRD YEARS



FIRST YEARS



SECOND YEARS

ASHKIRANITES

