

BE MERCIFUL LIKE THE FATHER



Chilume 2016

Expressions of thoughts and ideas in thier own words

Scholastics of AshaKiran, Mangalore

ASHAKIRANITES 2015-16



Dear brothers, all the best for your next stage of formation.



2013-16 Batch



Fr. Melwyn Pinto, SJ

Thank You Brothers for your contribution to the AshaKiran Community.



The Cover Page

The Source of Mercy is God. It flows from Him, through His Son to the Humankind. Jesus has passed on the Father's mercy to His disciples, who in turn have to pass it on to others. This is depicted in the cover page of this Chilume. You will notice that Jesus is hugging a man, symbolizing the mercy of God flowing through Jesus for us. Further Pope Francis, who is the representative of Jesus on earth, is also carrying out the act of Mercy. But he alone cannot embrace the whole world with the mercy of God. So, we are all called to be the messengers of mercy, just like Jesus and Pope Francis.



Chilume 2016
brings to you
2 Devotional Songs
and **2 Short films.**

Devotional Songs:

1. Gratefulness.
2. He made me stand.

Short Films:

1. Mercy Pays.
2. Sleep in Dark, Live in Light.



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Chilume -2016

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Content

Articles
Short Stories
Thoughts
Poems
Two line stories
Humour
Cartoons
Arts

Superior's message...

When the Church celebrates the Jubilee Year of Mercy, it is fitting that 'Chilume'- the annual magazine of Ashakiran has chosen the same theme for its reflection. The purpose of a Jubilee Year is to help us grow spiritually, strengthen our faith, and encourage works of mercy, and to promote unity within the Catholic Church and society in general. The Year of Mercy is an invitation—an invitation to love, kindness, and unbounded generosity. Pope Francis is offering the church an opportunity to encounter the incredible mercy of God. Encountering mercy means encountering God. It can transform our life, our relationships, our work, and our ability to embrace and experience all of life. We do not ask for God's mercy because we are afraid of incurring his wrath as punishment for our sins. Rather, when we call on God to have mercy, we are calling on God in the only way we know him—as one who responds with compassion to those in need. When we show mercy to others, we are responding as God responds, with compassion. Therefore year of mercy demands from us a return to the basics and simply be merciful to others.

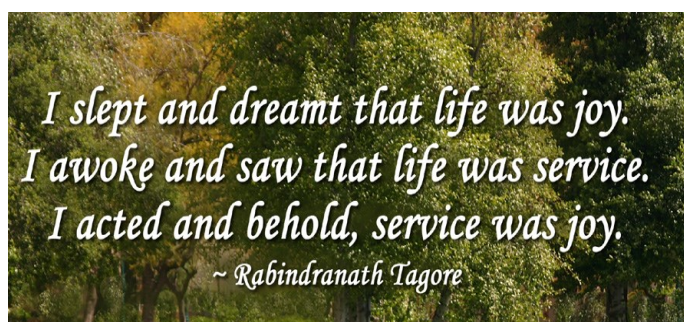
The logo and the motto together provide a



fitting summary of what the Jubilee Year is all about. The motto- '*Merciful Like the Father*' serves as an invitation to follow the merciful example of the Father (Lk 6:37-38). The logo represents an image of the Son having taken upon his shoulders the lost soul demonstrating that it is the love of Christ that brings to completion the mystery of his incarnation. The logo has a special expression of "gazing at each other"; Jesus' eyes are merged with the man he carries on his shoulder. Christ sees with the eyes of Adam, and Adam with the eyes of Christ. Every person discovers in Christ, the new Adam, one's own humanity and the future that lies ahead, contemplating, in his gaze, the love of the Father. Therefore the logo represents our true moment of encounter with the mercy of God. In the words of Pope Francis: "Only someone who has encountered mercy, who has been caressed by the tenderness of mercy, is happy and comfortable with the Lord". May the Jubilee year help each one of us to experience this tenderness of mercy and in turn we become merciful like the Father.



Fr Ivan Mendonca SJ



Know Mercy, Show Mercy...



Sch. Ovin Rodrigues, SJ

Today we find various kinds of people around us. Some are crazy, a few others are lazy and the rest are busy. But we rarely find 'Mercy' in them. If we look around we notice very popular 'M's like money, mobiles, malls, modernization, manufacture and so on. But in midst of these the word 'Mercy' is hardly given importance. The world finds terrorism, intolerance, global warming, poverty, etc. as significant challenges. It fails to know that at a deeper level 'Mercy' is missing. Pope Francis, sensing this dearth, declares this year as an extraordinary jubilee year of mercy. Everyone, irrespective of religion, can strive to make our Earth a better place to live in, in this jubilee year by giving and receiving mercy.

Mercy is one primary human need today. People around us are becoming very selfish and neglecting those who are least, lost, last and lowly in society. They have sufficient money for all luxuries, but don't have a few coins to spare for the beggars. People have enough time to spend on smart phones, computers and social networking, but they are too busy to be with their family, friends and relatives. Transport and modes of communication have brought the world closer. But our hearts have remained distant, secluded and lonely. That is why it has been hard to show mercy to others.

Mercy is a kind and forgiving attitude shown towards others. Persons living with this beautiful and noble concept make their life and that of others happy. It is also described by various other names like compassion, love, kindness,

forgiveness, understanding, generosity, etc. In a way we can say that mercy is one of the basic human virtues. Being compassionate towards the poor, speaking lovingly with elders, not harming plants, birds and animals, giving a gentle smile to our neighbour, helping those in need, and understanding and forgiving the mistakes made by others are some of the examples for the little works of mercy.

In order to show mercy towards others, we have to first experience it in our lives. We have to know how fortunate we are while compared to many who are suffering physically, socially and emotionally. We are loved by our parents and dear ones. When we have gone wrong in the past we have been forgiven and our shortcomings and limitations have been understood. We have been saved from many disasters and dangers. In times of sorrow and distress at least someone, sometime, somehow, someway, has come to comfort us. Some might argue with me that this has not happened all the time in their life. But they can't say that they are not cared for or comforted at all. Most of the time most of us fail to recognize and experience this mercy in our life.

Once we experience this grace in our life, we have to use a simple logic. God, nature and our neighbours have been so compassionate towards us; then why can't we give this same compassion to others? When we bring smiles in others' lives we will surely enjoy abundant blessings of happiness in our lives. Sharing mercy has a snowball effect. As a small snowball rolling downwards becomes bigger, in a similar way a person experiencing mercy will share it, thus increasing and spreading mercy. All of us know the simple story of the lion and the mouse. Initially the lion was kind towards the mouse. When the lion was in difficulty he received kindness back. We are bound to receive back in manifold ways the mercy we have shown. This world will surely be a wonderful place when we live such a life of love, understanding and kindness.

The works of mercy can be of two kinds. The first category includes spiritual works of mercy and the other consists of corporal works of mercy. Showing mercy at a spiritual level means being merciful in our thoughts, desires and intentions. When there is no desire to show mercy and if we are not kind at thought level, how can we show mercy in our actions? So first of all, we have to be compassionate at heart and in thinking. Some works like feeling with the suffering people, praying for those in need, understanding the difficulties of others, not judging them harshly are among the spiritual works of mercy. Mercy shown through our deeds is equally important. Visiting the sick, listening to little children, spending money, time and energy for noble causes are little works which can make a big difference.

The conversion of the world can come only through mercy. Today's world has been torn apart by violence, wars and terrorism. Revenge, hatred, violence, punishment, etc. have never solved our problems; instead they have spoiled our peace. When we are wronged, justice is necessary; but mercy is more important and essential for peaceful coexistence. I feel the joy in forgiving someone is greater than the satisfaction people get in taking revenge. In the gospel of St Matthew (18:23-34) we read the parable of the unforgiving servant. Though this servant was forgiven all his debts, he failed to be compassionate towards his coworker. Today God too forgives all our faults and expects us to be merciful to our neighbours.

Our Pope, Francis is well known for his little deeds. He visits the sick, orphans and prisoners, caresses little children, shows concern towards the poor and in this way he inspires all of us. When the Supreme Pontiff finds some time for doing humble things, we too can try to do something and contribute our mite in this year of mercy. Surely our Heavenly Father who finds us doing good will bless us.

Open the doors of Heart....



Sch. Ashwil Lobo, SJ

Pope Francis announced on March 13, 2015, the celebration of an "extraordinary Holy Year, the jubilee year of mercy". This he inaugurated with the opening of the holy door at St. Peter's on the solemnity of the Immaculate Conception 2015. At the start of this year the pope stated *this is the time of mercy; it is important that the lay faithful live it and bring it into different social environments. Go forth!* Many parishes too imitated the same in opening the church door, symbolically presenting the church's love for all; the marginalised, the neglected, the discouraged, the unidentified and the ill-treated. This is thus an opportunity for the Church to express its filial love towards all, without making distinction of religion, caste or creed.

"God is rich in mercy" [Eph2:4] is the key phrase from which the theme of mercy is being chosen. God is full of mercy and invites others to be the same. This mercy is not an invitation to feel pity for somebody, but it is a grace to love all with an open heart. This Jesus did by throwing his arms wide open and loving us from his merciful heart. Through this example Pope Francis invites each one of us to open the doors; the doors of our house, heart, mind and soul. One can't fully sense the meaning of mercy by just praying in the church. Of course, it is the beginning of an experiential act of mercy. The year of mercy could be more meaningful by increasing a little more our love, not just towards our relatives and friends, but also towards our enemies and persons with whom we do not share the Christian faith.

Once in the college, when I was asked about the meaning of the year of mercy, I said, "It is to love, to love and to love again." Though this was a spontaneous answer and did not mean much to me at that time, later it opened my mind to a rich and deep understanding of mercy which is nothing, but Love. This prayerful reflection challenged me to break open my boundaries and thus to open my heart to all without any selfishness of mind. Hence it has been a challenge to me with an opportunity to open my heart with selfless love. The Gospel parables like that of the lost sheep, the lost coin and the merciful father are the key chapters which inspire me to be merciful. On the one hand I could be the shepherd of the lost sheep parable, the woman of the lost coin or the merciful father. And on other hand, I could also be the lost coin or the lost sheep or the son of the merciful father. Moreover, mercy is not just giving but also receiving in return.

The Holy Father in his 2015 Lenten message said, *"How greatly I desire that all those places where the Church is present, especially our parishes and our communities, may become islands of mercy in the midst of the sea of indifference!"*

This church is not just the physical structure of our places of worship, but each one of us is a church. We carry Christ in our hearts, whom we believe and love as our saviour. It is thus our responsibility to open the same church - our heart - to others and show Christ's love to others. Let this merciful love be not just between you and me, but let's share it with all.

NUMBER-ONE MESSAGE

We as Christians and as Jesuits are expected to have in our possession the greatest gift to humankind - the best message ever proclaimed, 'Christ- is- risen'. Mercy of God is greater than human effort. We serve a living Christ and Saviour, who not only lives, but is present in our lives. He also assures us of eternal life. Jesus died on the Cross in our place for our sin and rose again from the dead. Therefore we have direct fellowship with God through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Master. So, why are we so hesitant to share this Good News? Why do our hearts tremble when minor difficulties come on our journey to eternal life? When we are alone, our hearts should be filled with positive thoughts. It is only then we can proclaim Jesus. After interacting with us, the persons should be able to praise Christ through us. Therefore, we must acknowledge the presence of Jesus in and through our life and feel that we are appointed by Christ to proclaim his message of love to people with whom we come in contact. If my faith in Christ means much to me, then it should be the Number-One-Message on my lips.



Sch. Ashwin Kujur, SJ

2-line story

- Sch Dinesh SJ

He slapped her. His hand had become bloody.



He finally killed that mosquito.



DIVINE MERCY

Time and again God's intervention is seen in the history of humankind. The images of God that we see down the centuries are of a powerful creator, destroyer and protector. We see His anger as well as His compassion.

God created the earth and all forms of life on it. As time passed by, God regretted for having created it and so brought about a flood to destroy it. God promised Abraham that He would be his God. Abraham's descendants became His people. Though He is a powerful God He failed to protect them from the attack of the enemies. Jerusalem where Abraham descendants inhabited was completely destroyed and ruined.

Thousands of years later, Jesus himself came down to earth to establish the kingdom of peace, love, and harmony. While he was on this earth he chose his twelve disciples. Looking at his teachings and works of wonder and miracles thousands and thousands became his followers. Once he ascended into heaven, untold miseries and sufferings came upon his followers called Christians. They were burnt alive, thrown to lions and other wild beasts as food; some were fried on hot pans, stoned to death, crucified or beheaded.

God chose the Roman Empire to spread His message of love and peace to all the corners of the world. Through this powerful Empire the message spread far and wide. Years later destruction came upon this same Empire. The power, wealth and reputation of the Roman Empire were completely annihilated.

People from all the four corners of the world received God's message. They were inspired to get converted from the life of barbarism to the fear of God. Once they became Christians, persecution after persecution came upon them from the people of other faiths.

Now taking all these into account, we may ask: where is THAT Divine Mercy? Is God really merciful beyond all doubt?

These are questions of people who really seek His Divine Mercy. Doubts control everything when they try to go deeper into the understanding of His Mercy. From the human point of view we see that the negative powers of anger, hatred, and

jealousy are mightier than the positive values of love, peace, compassion and mercy.

Being religious, how do I deal with these problems of doubts in my life? First of all, am I convinced that whatever be the opinion of other secular people, God is merciful when he sees that we ourselves are destroying this beautiful life He has created. We are what we are today thanks to HIS intervention. Now the choice is up to us: to take all the events of history as HIS mercy to sustain our life here on earth, or as HIS wrath and anger against us.

"FOR THE SAKE OF HIS SORROWFUL PASSION, HAVE MERCY ON US AND ON THE WHOLE WORLD."



Sch. Martin, SJ

2-line story

- Sch Nithin SJ

I complained to my wife that our daughter has been crying whole night.



As usual she held my hand and said, "We have no daughter. We aborted her 2 years ago."

Purpose of Life



Sch. Jomon, SJ

Everyone has a purpose in life. It can also be called a reason to live. A purpose gives an orientation to a person's life and strengthens him or her with the needed energy to live up to that purpose. There are two kinds of people: those who discover their purpose and those who do not. Again, some people, even after discovering their purpose in life, would not take the necessary means or make the required effort to reach out to it. Some will spend their entire life searching for meaning and purpose of life; they may or may not discover it in their life-time.

We can easily make out people living with a purpose, by looking at their lives. Those with a clear purpose and vision will be full of energy and have a determination to take steps that would bring them closer to their purpose or destination. Their routine activities will be moulded by this vision of life. These people have got a reason for doing what they do in their life. In other words, they would engage themselves only with those things which would serve their purpose. Nobody needs to compel them to get into action.

Those who live with a purpose have more chance of surviving as well as chances of coming up in this competitive world. A clear vision and purpose makes a person succeed in whatever he/she takes up. Those who made a difference in the world were always people of this kind.

In our endeavours for success in life, we may go through confusion, criticism and challenging circumstances. But clarity on the purpose of life makes it easy to embrace all these experiences and to come out victorious. There will also be times when our purpose gets modified or even gets a complete change. But what is important is that we necessarily have a purpose to live life meaningfully and to do something worthwhile for the well-being of humankind as well as of ourselves.

GOD is more than JUST...

It is said that "God is JUST". The literal meaning of Just is "morally fair and right". So when we say God is Just, we mean God is right and fair to us. When we come out of any difficulties and adversities we say God is fair and has done justice to us. When we perform well in the examination or win any competition, we say God has done justice to us. But the moment failure or adversity knocks at our doors, we curse God. The just God becomes an Unjust God. We begin to lose our faith in God. Often we blame God for our failure. We get disappointed with God and we try to remove God from our life. We try to prove to ourselves that we can stand alone without God. But that's not true, without the help of God we can do nothing. Every step of our life consciously or unconsciously revolves around God. Some people may deny the fact that they don't believe in God. Actually the phrase "don't believe in God", itself includes "believe in God".

At this moment I have a question in my mind: Does God do justice to people who say, "I don't believe in God" or "God is unjust to me"? The answer is yes! He does justice to everyone equally. When people want to distance themselves from God, God himself goes in search of them. As in the Gospel of St Luke 15:4, Jesus goes in search of one sheep leaving the other ninety nine. Likewise God comes looking for everyone. Even if we are loaded with a thousand sins, he comes in search of us. We must know that this kind of God's action is not merely Just, but more than Just. It is called the merciful love of God. God is not merely a just God but a merciful God. God does not impose any condition on our deeds. God's merciful love is unconditional. His love is like a flowing river which gives water to everyone, provided people come to drink the water from the river. There are many incidents in the gospels where Jesus has shown his merciful love to people. The parable of the Prodigal son clearly tells us about the loving father.

It says, "His father was so deeply moved with compassion that he ran out to meet him, threw his arms around his neck and kissed him" (Lk15:11). The merciful Jesus said to the adulterous woman, "neither do I condemn you" (8:11). Once Peter asked Jesus, "How often must I forgive others..... as often seven times?" Jesus tells him, "I tell you.....seventy times seven"(Mt18:22). So Jesus is saying that there is no limit to forgiveness. We should forgive the persons and friends again and again. Though it is a challenging act, we should try to be merciful and loving persons as our heavenly father is merciful and loving. It would be a meaningful year of mercy if we realize that we are sinners and come back to our heavenly father. And it would be a prayer pleasing to him if we ask for the grace and strength to become forgiving and loving persons.



Sch. Sandeep Lakra, SJ

2-line stories

They tried to bury us -
They didn't realize we're seeds

He gazed at the woman he loved the most,
sitting at the front row on his wedding day.

When the wedding was done, he said to her,
"You will always be my first love, mother."

Source: Internet

THE JOY OF BEING A JESUIT



Sch. Reginald Kurkalang, SJ

A good JESUIT is a cheerful JESUIT; a cheerful JESUIT is a JOYFUL Jesuit and a joyful JESUIT is a happy Jesuit. He is so because he finds meaning in his vocation .He finds purpose in his way of living. Therefore we can describe a JESUIT as:

- He is a SINNER but called to be a companion of JESUS...
- He is busy the whole day, and if the day is not enough for his assignments he has the whole night, BUT still he gets up in the morning for PRAYER...
- He is CALM and peaceful amidst the CHAOS and temptations of the world.
- He finds GOD in all things and in all things he sees God's LOVE.
- He shares CHRIST with others not only through WORDS but through his HEART and ACTIONS...
- He praises God with songs, music and TALENTS.
- He is the one who can bring smiles on the faces of those who CRY...
- He is a DOWN TO EARTH human being despite his RICH intellect and high QUALIFICATIONS...
- He is the friend not of just ONE, but he is the friend of FRIENDS...
- He ACCEPTS cheerfully the silly criticism from his COMPANIONS...
- He is able to laugh till his last breath because of the FIRE of OUR long and SOLID formation ...
- He sees beauty in his JESUIT VOCATION....
- He speaks more of HIMSELF than wasting time GOSSIPING about OTHERS....
- He TOUCHES the YOUNG hearts with his life at his OLD age...

Who is on the wheel?



Sch. Joyson D'Souza, SJ

My father who is a loving, caring and generous person out of his concern for me bought a new white shining ambassador and hired a driver and all this for me. The reason was I could learn by seeing and be safe always. The driver very carefully came everyday for work. He made sure that he drove the car slowly and safely. He followed every traffic signal. He never overtook or broke any rules and regulations. He reached me and sometimes had to wait patiently till I finish my school with a smile. He too was a generous character. If he saw an old, sick, poor or needy person, he would offer them a lift. Now slowly I was growing as time passed from a child to a teenager to a youth to a man.

It was time for me to go to work. But in that same old car and a driver? I felt the purpose was achieved and now I could be independent. So I bought a new car Swift. Dazzling black and giving a shining glow. From now on I was on my own and could do what I felt was the best. The very first day at office I didn't find it difficult to make my friends for all were taken by my car. They praised me so much that I just couldn't deny and stop myself. I promised them that I could pick them up daily. I was very careful at the start of all that I had learnt and made sure that I put into practice, but somehow this didn't go well with my friends, so I began by increasing the speed and it seemed they enjoyed it and thereafter, this start seemed to have no ending.

Day by day, the speed increased, I hadn't any control over where we go and what time we

come. Neither did I bother anymore about the traffic rules nor signals. We broke almost all of them. Loud music was surrounding me. With speed breakers and U-turns we felt it was a roller-coaster ride. We partied hard and had all the drinks and smoke while driving. This slowly had become part of life.

I never knew that life could be much more beautiful the seat beside me was taken by my girl. Oh! She meant the entire world to me now. Now friends were given the back seat so they slowly began disappearing one by one. But that didn't matter until one day I found her cheating on me and that was the end. Even after knowing that she is a cheat, I accepted her as I thought she would improve. We had gone to extremes. But no, what mattered to her was just my money. One fine day she left me saying she was done. I couldn't take it. I went to a severe depression.



My eyes were opened. I realised that I was far behind from what I was to be. So I began racing in life. But this couldn't give me anything. I was fed up with myself.

Now my car was completely empty. No one –not even things could fill my heart and I was so frustrated with all this and I thought of going for a long drive. I have drunk too much. And was at a speed of seventy five kilometre per hour least realizing a sharp turn, I banged badly into a tree. My car fully got damaged.

Unfortunately I escaped it. I was injured very badly as I jumped out of the car. I was crying aloud but all in vain for no one for no one would stop. At last I saw an old vehicle coming. I was

bleeding profusely, as a reason I fainted.

On getting up I found myself being bandaged and in a hospital. And to my pleasant surprise 'who was it?' It was my father's driver. After having recovered completely and all the wounds healed and cleansed thoroughly, he said that my father is anxiously waiting for me. So he led me to the car, to same old ambassador and offered me the wheel. For a moment all the past memories flashed back and refused saying "No, my experience has taught me. once again I don't want to be the same, so I request you, please take the wheel and safely drive."

'If just you have a look at your life who is it who drives the wheels of your life?'

Broken for good



Sch. Alendro Da Costa , SJ

Once, there was a king, who received a gift of two magnificent falcons from Arabia. They were peregrine falcons, the most beautiful birds he had ever seen. He gave the precious birds to his head falconer to be trained. Months passed, and one day the head falconer informed the king that though one of the falcons was flying majestically, soaring high in the sky, the other bird had not moved from its branch since the day it had arrived.

The king summoned healers and sorcerers from all the lands to tend to the falcon, but no one could make the bird fly. He presented the task to the members of his court; but the next day, the king saw through the palace window that the bird had still not moved from its perch. Having tried everything else and fully exhausted, the king thought to himself, "Maybe I need someone more familiar with the countryside to understand the nature of this problem". So he cried out to his court, "Go and get a farmer."

In the morning, the king was thrilled to see the falcon soaring high above the palace gardens. He said to the court, "Bring me the doer of this miracle." The court quickly located the farmer, who came and stood before the king. The king asked him, "How did you make the falcon fly?" With his head bowed, the farmer said to the king, "It was very easy, your highness; I simply cut the branch where the bird was sitting."

We are all made to fly to realize our incredible potential as human beings. But instead of doing that, we sit on our branches, clinging to the things that are familiar to us. The possibilities are endless; but for most of us, they remain undiscovered. We conform to the familiar, the comfortable and the mundane. So, for the most part, our lives are mediocre instead of being exciting, thrilling and fulfilling. So, let us learn to destroy the branch of fear we cling to and free ourselves to the glory of flight.



2-line story

- Sch Nithin SJ

I kept reading the notes. I knew exam will begin at any minute.



I realized that the exam got over when the lecturer woke me up and collected my blank paper.

Life for a piece of bread...



Sch. Ashish Kumar, S.J

It was one of the mornings of winter. I had just finished my breakfast and was planning to go to my room to revise my lessons. My younger brother was lost in singing. Mom was busy preparing for Morning Prayer, as she had the habit of long prayer before breakfast. So as I was going to my room, I just peeped through the window. I saw four children standing near the main gate. I thought for a while that they had come to beg for money from us, as though their father had left a huge amount of money with us. I was upset over the way they were playing around, making unnecessary noise. So I hated them very much. Thus with an ill feeling towards them, I sat down to study.

After about five minutes, I heard the door bell ringing. I was sure that it must be done by those idiots. So not wanting to attend to them, I called out for mom to see whether they had come to ask for something. But it was late to call her, because by this time she had entered the prayer room and I knew that she would not come out of it before half an hour. Having no other choice left, I decided reluctantly to go myself. I was already upset with them. I just shouted from far away to scare them, but those children stood there. Finally not knowing what to do, I opened the gate and, to my surprise, they were the same children - one boy aged six, then younger to him a girl and two other boys still younger - and they were all smiling. I got wild and asked in anger, "What do you want?"

They paused for some time and then one of the boys softly said that he needed something to eat. I tried to ignore what those children wanted,

but my younger brother, hearing about the need of children, rushed into the room. After a few seconds, I heard mom walking out of the prayer room and getting into the kitchen. At that moment I realised that my brother had told mom about the children.

Now, mom was out in just a few minutes with some *Chapattis*. Once again I felt annoyed by the generous act of my mother and said to her in very disturbing and frustrated words, "Why do you simply give food to those beggars?" She looked into my eyes with compassion for the children and gave me a gentle smile. This gentle smile of my mom made me angrier and in anger I turned to the children and asked them rudely, "Why does not your mother feed you?" "Our mother died long ago," was the simple reply from the girl. The simple and sorrowful reply from her made me not ask further questions. I was so deeply touched that I could no longer stand in their presence. The next moment, I rushed inside to hide my feeling. But still I watched them sharing those *Chapattis*.



Then to my shock, a vehicle dashed through the road giving a loud horn. But the hungry children did not hear that. Perhaps satisfying their hunger was more important for them than the blowing of the horn. All were looking at each other as the eldest boy distributed the *Chapattis* to them. The rushing vehicle had hit the young boy and he was thrown a little away from the other children. His body was bathed in blood and he was struggling to breathe. The small pieces of *Chapattis* were scattered all over. The vehicle had gone in a few seconds without even caring for what had happened to the boy. The other children just ran to

grab those scattered pieces of *Chapattis*. I felt at that moment as though a treasure box had been opened for them. On the other side, before the crowd could gather to see what had happened the boy had gone beyond the crowd, perhaps to the place where he would not be hungry, may be to his mother who always loved him.

The other children were still busy collecting the small bits of *Chapattis*. I could no longer stand there. Tears rolled from my eyes. After some time, when I heard no more noise and sound of the crowd, I took courage to come out of my room. Now the people had gone away, but the body of the boy had not been moved from there. I saw all the other children near the body eating Chapattis and in their heart of hearts blessing and thanking him, who had given them something to eat at the cost of his life. Life...just for a piece of bread!

Then from somewhere nearby, I heard a lady saying loudly, "Go! Give the leftovers to the dog."

Jesus Christ, the cricket legend



Sch. Rakesh Mondol, SJ

Hi friends, in my casual debates over which game is the best, I have always argued that cricket is the best of the lot. Many of you may disagree with me, but let me share with you a secret today. Our Lord Jesus Christ had a special love for the game of cricket. He was the greatest cricketer that ever walked this earth. No wonder, all of his teachings bear the testimony of a legendary cricketer. Are you aware of his cricketing discourses? I suppose you are not. Don't worry. I will guide you through the Gospels and show you how all this came about.

Angel Gabriel: Hail Mary, Full of grace, the Lord is with you. You have found favour with God and will conceive and bear a son who will be called Jesus. He will be great and become the greatest cricketer of the world.

John the Baptist: Prepare the pitch for the Lord and make all the valleys and highlands level, for the greatest of cricketers is coming and I'm not worthy to bend down to untie his shoes.

Disciple of John: Are you the cricketer who was to come or do we have to wait for another?

Jesus: Go and tell John what you see. The wickets are regularly falling, the sixes are going beyond the stadium and the real cricketer is never getting out. How happy are those who have no doubt about me!

Jesus: Peter, come, follow me. From now on you will no longer catch fish but you will catch bat and ball.

Peter: Lord, what we will get? We have left everything and followed you ...



HUMOUR

Once Pope Francis met a girl called Teena along the street.

Pope Francis: "Are you lost my child?"

Teena: "Yes, I am lost. I cannot find my mother."

Pope Francis: "Oh! my child, you should have held on to your mother's skirt tightly."

Teena: "That I tried. But her skirt is too short."



Sch. Remo, SJ

Jesus: There is no one who has joined my team and has not received a hundred fold in name, fame and honour.

Young man: Can I join your team, Lord?

Jesus: The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man has no place to play cricket.

Jesus: Who do you say I am?

John: Some say you are Don Bradman, some say Sachin Tendulkar and some others say Brian Lara.

Jesus: Who do you say I am?

Peter: Lord, you are the real cricketer who was supposed to come to teach us cricket.

Jesus: Simon, son of John, blessed are you, for it is not you who has spoken this. You are Rock and upon this rock I will build my cricket team and no force on earth can defeat it. Happy are those who play cricket, for all the trophies of the world will be theirs. Happy are you who long to play cricket, for one day you will surely play cricket. Happy are those who cannot play cricket for others' sake; don't worry, one day your reward will be great. Happy are those who are persecuted for cricket's sake, for they will be comforted.

Andrew: Lord teach us to play cricket.

Jesus: When you bat, go to your own room and bat. And when you do the spin bowling, let not your right hand know what spin your left hand is bowling. For a good bowler is recognized through the amount of deception he bowls with. Do not store up trophies in your house; rather equip yourself with more techniques and timing, so that no bowler on earth can get you out. Eyes are the real lamp to play cricket with. Watch over your eyes, for if your eyes are good you can hit any ball; but if your eyes are bad, how can you play cricket?

Jesus: Woman, give me some coca cola.

Woman: Sir, how can I give you a drink? You are from India and I am from Pakistan. It's not lawful for me to give you a drink.

Jesus: If you knew who it is that is asking you for some coca cola, you would have asked him the real coca cola which will never make you thirsty again.

and one for Elijah.

Jesus: No, I have to go to other grounds as well and play cricket there. I am the real bat and the ball; unless you are with me, you can't win matches.

Jesus: Zacchaeus, come down today I am going to play cricket in your house.

Zacchaeus: Lord, I will give fourfold of all my betting money that I got by cheating others.

Jesus: Today salvation has come to this house.

Pharisee: Teacher, we want to see you perform a miraculous innings.

Jesus: How wicked is this generation! They judge me by my performance. There will be no other special innings for this people.

Pharisee: Judas, do you want to fix the match?

Judas: what will you give me if I fix the match for you?

Pharisee: Thirty pieces of silver.

Jesus: I tell you, one of you will betray my team.

John: Surely not I, Lord?

Jesus: One who dips his bread in the dish with me will betray my team. Woe to that man! It was better for him if he was not born. I am the real bat and the ball. They will defeat me but on the third day I will be victorious again.

2-line story

- Sch Nithin SJ

That day was my cousin's wedding, but everyone in the room was in tears. I was the one to shed the most. With knife in my hand, I looked at her and asked her,



"Does everyone shed tears while cutting onion?"

The Unhappy Monk

There lived a monk in a monastery. The monastery was situated adjacent to a village. Though the monk was holy and prayerful, he never bothered about the poor villagers. In spite of his holiness he was an uncaring and uncharitable monk. As a result he was unhappy in his life.

One night in his dream, he had a conversation with God. He said, "Lord, I would like to know about heaven and hell."

The Lord led the holy monk to a wide open door. As the monk entered the room he saw a large table set in the middle of it, and on the table varieties of food was kept which smelled delicious and made the monk's mouth water. The people sitting around the table were thin and sickly, sad and dejected. Despite having such sumptuous food, they were not able to eat because their hands appeared to be longer and were not able to bend. Since they were not able to bend their enormous hands, food did not reach up to their mouths. The monk quailed at the sight of their misery and struggle. And it was hell.

The monk entered into the next room. It was exactly like the first one. Once again the monk's mouth began to water. But here the people with enormous hands, sitting around the table, were well nourished and plumpy, laughing and talking.

The monk, bewildered by the puzzle, asked God the secret of their happiness. God smiled and said, "It's very simple: they have learnt the secret of happiness which is nothing but feeding and caring for one another."



Sch. Rintu Mondol, SJ



Have mercy on me, your murderer.



Sch. Nithin Coelho, S.J

As I reached home, there was dead silence. I could not hear the laughter or shouts of my Priya. As I rushed to the main door, my heart raced faster and louder.

When I was a few steps away from the open door, Tommy, Uncle Francis' dog, kept jumping between the door and me. "What's the matter, Tommy? Get out of the way!" I shouted at him. But he kept barking.

I was horror struck to see blood stains on the door. I got furious, when I realized that Tommy's face too had blood stains. I screamed, "What did you do to my Priya? You monster!" He began to bark louder.

I reached out for the rod which was near the main gate. "You killer!" I cried out, as the fury took control of me. I struck him with the rod and he fell flat on the ground.

"Daddy!" It was my lovely Priya's voice. I turned around and found Priya and Uncle Francis at the main gate. Priya ran to me and hugged me. She said, "Daddy! Tommy saved my life; he killed the snake in our house."

"Don't worry! Priya is safe, when Tommy is here. I was about to call you to tell you not to enter the house as there is one more snake in the house. And Tommy..." tears rolled down Uncle's cheek as he struggled to speak. He was shocked to see Tommy breathing his last. Uncle took Tommy on his lap and kept saying, "Don't worry, my best friend, you shall live."

I was ashamed of myself. I had realized that I had committed a murder for which I would not be imprisoned by the law, but would be imprisoned forever by my own guilt. Finally, I broke down and fell on my knees. With folded hands, I exclaimed, "Tommy! Have mercy on me, your murderer!"

Basanti

There was a girl by name Basanti, who lived her childhood happily and joyfully with her family and friends. She was a pious girl; she used to visit the temple everyday early in the morning with her mother for puja. Her brothers got married when she was around twelve year old. One day she said to her mother, "Mummy I want to study and become a teacher." Her mother stared at her and said, "How can you go to school, since your brothers did not study?" After that she never intended to study. She worked in the kitchen and learnt to cook different varieties of food. When she was fifteen, her parents began to look for a boy who would marry her. But unfortunately many proposals were rejected, because her parents were not able to give the dowry demanded by the boys' families.

It was a rainy day when her parents were struck to death by lightning, while they were returning from the neighbouring village after a marriage celebration. This came as a great shock to her. Hearing the news of her parents' death she fainted and could not speak for many days. Her life became miserable to live with her brothers-in-law, who always despised and ill-treated her, because they did not want to pay the dowry for her marriage. One day she was accused of stealing jewellery.

"Throw the thief away," said her eldest brother to his father-in-law. "Let us give her one more chance," said her elder brother. Again she was blamed of stealing money and was beaten thoroughly. One of her brother's wife shouted at her husband, "Send her away, otherwise she may begin to steal things from neighbours' house also." Though her brothers felt compassion for Basanti, their wives' fretting forced them to send her away.

It was the most painful moment of her life. She was abandoned by her own brothers. She writhed in pain and was in great mental agony, but she had no other choice, but to leave the village. She went to the city where she begged for alms and lived for many years in the bus and railway stations. She had great fear that she would end up becoming a prostitute, but she was saved from such an evil.

Fortunately, one day she moved to a rural village with the Krishna Lila team, which was performing a five day skit of Krishna in one of the panchayats. From then on, she started to beg in the villages and she landed up in my village where she stopped to take rest in an old lady's house whose husband had died a year before and her children were living separately. During their conversation Basanti revealed her life story. Listening to it, the lady felt compassion on her and told her to stop begging and to stay with her. After that Basanti begged no more; instead, she made puffed rice and laddus, and sold them from house to house.

After four years of selling such eatables, she earned enough money to buy a small piece of land where she opened a petty shop. She was generous and honest; so many people came to her shop to buy things rather than go to other shops. She planted many mango, guava, lemon and banana trees, and the whole village used to enjoy the fruits. Seeing her work many started to plant trees. Now every house has some or the other fruit trees.

When she was getting old, one Brahmin boy, who used to sell cloth going from village to village, requested her to permit him to take care of her and her shop as long as he lived. When the rainy season approached, the boy went to his house and she was alone. Some robbers came at night and stabbed her to death in sleep and carried away whatever money there was in the shop. The whole village mourned over her death, because she was the one who had helped many poor people when they didn't have anything to eat.

She still remains in the hearts and minds of the people as an inspiring and compassionate lady.



Sch. Almon Pandey, SJ

A Little Mercy



Sch. Libin Mathew, SJ

There was a beggar living in a village. He always sat under a huge tree in the market place for begging. He used to sing many melancholy songs. By hearing him singing people gave him something for his needs. Days passed. One day as he was begging under the tree, he got nothing. He saw a Brahmin coming towards him. He cried out, "Swami ...have mercy on me. I haven't had anything to eat. I am dying of hunger. Please give me something."

The Brahmin was going to the temple for the morning rituals; he had a vessel filled with offering of 'prasadam'. When he heard the voice of the beggar, he shouted at him, saying, "You unclean fellow, stand far from me." The poor beggar repeated his entreaty, hoping to get something to fill his stomach. The Brahmin became so furious, he blasted at the beggar and said, "Are you asking me to give you this 'prasadam'? This is specially prepared for my devotees, not for you!"

The beggar shut his mouth and sat helplessly. The Brahmin continued his journey. The beggar looked up to heaven with tears and said, "Lord, why have you made me to suffer? What wrong have I done to you?" After some time he saw a Muslim coming that way. The beggar uttered the same entreaty to that man. The Muslim stood for a while and looked at the beggar carefully and said to himself, "Allah, what is this? It is so sad to see a man begging for food." Then he said to the beggar, "Dear friend, in fact I want to give you something, but now I am so busy. I am going for my cousin's marriage and you know I am already late. I have to be there before the ceremony begins. When I return, I'll give you a delicious meal. So let me take your leave." The Muslim quietly walked away.

The beggar became more sad and depressed. While he was still sitting in that place, he saw another man passing by. That was a priest. He thought at least a priest would help him. So, he cried loudly to the priest. The priest heard the loud cry of the man. He moved towards the beggar. He mercifully looked at him and said, "My dear son, I am going to celebrate mass. So I don't have anything to give you now. I can only suggest you to pray to our father, who fed five thousand with bread and fish; surely he will provide you with something. May God bless you." Then the priest left him.

The beggar lost all hope. He began to lose his energy; his eyes started to fade their vision; at last he fell on the ground unconscious. As he was lying on the ground, a little girl came along. She was going to her school. When she saw an old man lying on the ground, she was shocked. She slowly walked towards the beggar and sat beside him. Gently touching his hand, she called out, "Uncle uncle... Wake up... wake up... Open your eyes, uncle."

After a while the beggar opened his eyes and saw a small smiling face. The girl asked, "What happened, uncle?" He replied, "I haven't eaten anything since morning. I am dying of hunger, my child." The little girl immediately opened her bag and took out her lunch box. She pitifully looked at the beggar and said, "Uncle, you can have this."



When the beggar saw the food, he grabbed it and started eating it voraciously. Then, the little girl gave her water bottle to him and he drank to his heart's content. When the beggar had enough, he looked at the girl gratefully. His eyes were filled with tears. The girl smiled at the beggar and said, "I'll bring you chocolate tomorrow. Bye, uncle." And she walked away and disappeared from his sight.

Dear friends, mercy comes from the heart that melts before others' suffering and not from the heart that seeks self-glory.

No more tears

One day at work,
I saw a little girl begging
While I was passing by
She asked me for aught to eat

Tears roll down from her eyes
Like water from the top of the mountain
I felt pity for her
And searched if I had something to offer

I could find nothing,
I felt I was empty,
Soon realised I had a few coins,
Which I handed to her.

No more tears on her face
She was grateful
Her gloomy and pathetic face
Had the joy that nothing could take away.



Sch. Sithum Chinthaka , SJ

2-line story

- Sch Dinesh SJ

The food was so spicy that she was sweating.



Now it is too salty.

Uncertainty



Sch. Teilang Kyrasian, SJ

*When things are not sure,
When things are not definite or decided,
When things are unclear and unpredictable as the
future*

*It's a state of uncertainty "dictionaries said.
The simultaneous measurement of position and
momentum*

Can never be arbitrarily high precision.

*There's always a minimum
For the product of the uncertainties of these two
measurements.*

*It's not about the flaw of instruments
Nor reflects the quality of the experimental con-
cept or procedure.*

*But it's inherent in the nature of things even with
perfect instrument*

Heisenberg's uncertainty principle declares.

It's true, I totally agree with it

As with nature, it's inherent in you and me.

*I wonder why people cannot easily welcome
The not aware what will come, how surprising
though it be.*

*I took a test in existentialism, "Woody Allen said,
I left all the answers blank, and got hundred of
hundred."*

*But it's hard to let out our predefined wanna be off
our head*

When it fails it even leads to some early death.

*When there is one thing, uncertainty,
When, how, why, which, and what will come, no-
body knows.*

*Whether adversity or good fortune, be but just part
of life experiences ,not destiny .*

*Delicious ambiguity, amazes one's life with wonder
and awe.*

The woman who cried

She heard He was coming,
And kept an eye on Him.
Crossing the steps and
Standing on the door-post
Her eyes pounced
On His graceful presence.
Her heart was heavy.

Afraid to face,
But her soul cried for freedom
Her body resisted
Yet, yearning for salvation
With courage mixed with embarrassment
She took a bold step
And Lo! All eyes were fixed on her.

The smell of her pouring perfume,
Enveloped the air with grace
Her tears flowed as never before
And disappeared in His holiness
Her hair dropped at His feet

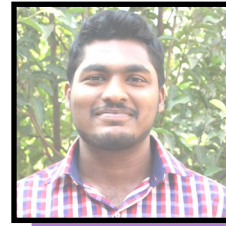
He gazed at her with compassion
Her brimming tears revealed
That she had given her entire being
“Your sins are forgiven,” said He.
In her heart, she knew
Mercy and forgiveness will flow.

Satisfied at last, ‘cause He cleansed her soul
And peace prevailed.
Others ground their teeth,
But disappeared into the dark.



Sch. Ronald Kharsohtun, SJ

M.E.R.C.Y



Sch. Pruthvi Rodrigues, SJ

It's just easy to say, "Lord have mercy"
Am I merciful to those who injure me?
One can simply recite, "Christ have mercy"
Can I show mercy to people who don't like me?
How easy the word "Mercy" to pronounce, oh my
friend.

It matters a lot to fit it into our system of life.
Jesus, the merciful, one came down to mend
Our ways to the Father to attain eternal life.
He showed mercy to the crippled, blind and the
sick

Raised the dead and us from the bondage of sin.
Time and again we sin but our Father forgives us.

Can we do the same to our fellow beings?

Mending Every Road Carrying Yoke

Showing mercy is no joke to us fragile humans
But it mends our way and leads us to our Creator
Let us spread the fragrance of mercy to each other

2-line story

- Sch Pawan SJ

He is a good man. I like him. Yet I
must kill him.



Otherwise how can I end my first story.

SEARCH FOR GOD

Oh! What a search I've been on;
Searching but never to find.
Never to find the Creator,
The one who created me.

It has been a never-ending search,
Will my search ever have an end?
I fear that I may never find him.
Yet, I will persevere.

Deeper my sacrifice, greater will be the gain;
Searching Him includes much pain.
If my search is true, I will find Him.
Even if my heart feels hope is dim.

My only prayer, when I find Him;
I may surrender my life to Him.
But my search is on.
And hope my search will have an end.



Sch. Noel Dias, SJ

2-line story

- Sch Sithum SJ

His dog had died. He got a shock of his life,



while ironing his shirt.

PRAY, HOPE, AND DON'T
WORRY. WORRY IS
USELESS. GOD IS
MERCIFUL AND WILL
HEAR YOUR PRAYER.

SAINT PID OF PETRELCINA

Out of Imagination



Sch. Niranjan H, SJ



usually people throw alms from far and hardly look at me. Today, you have given me the best of alms by sitting beside me and have treated me humanly



Sch. Mark, SJ



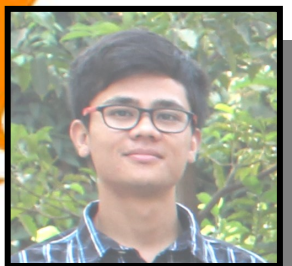
Sch. Dinesh Toppo, SJ

I am Still waiting my child.





SCH. SHARUN SJ



SCH. RONALD SJ



SCH. SAMEER SJ



SCH. AMAL SJ



BUBBLING MEMORIES

