



SMC X-PRESSIONS

2005



2006



ST. MARY'S CONVENT INTER COLLEGE

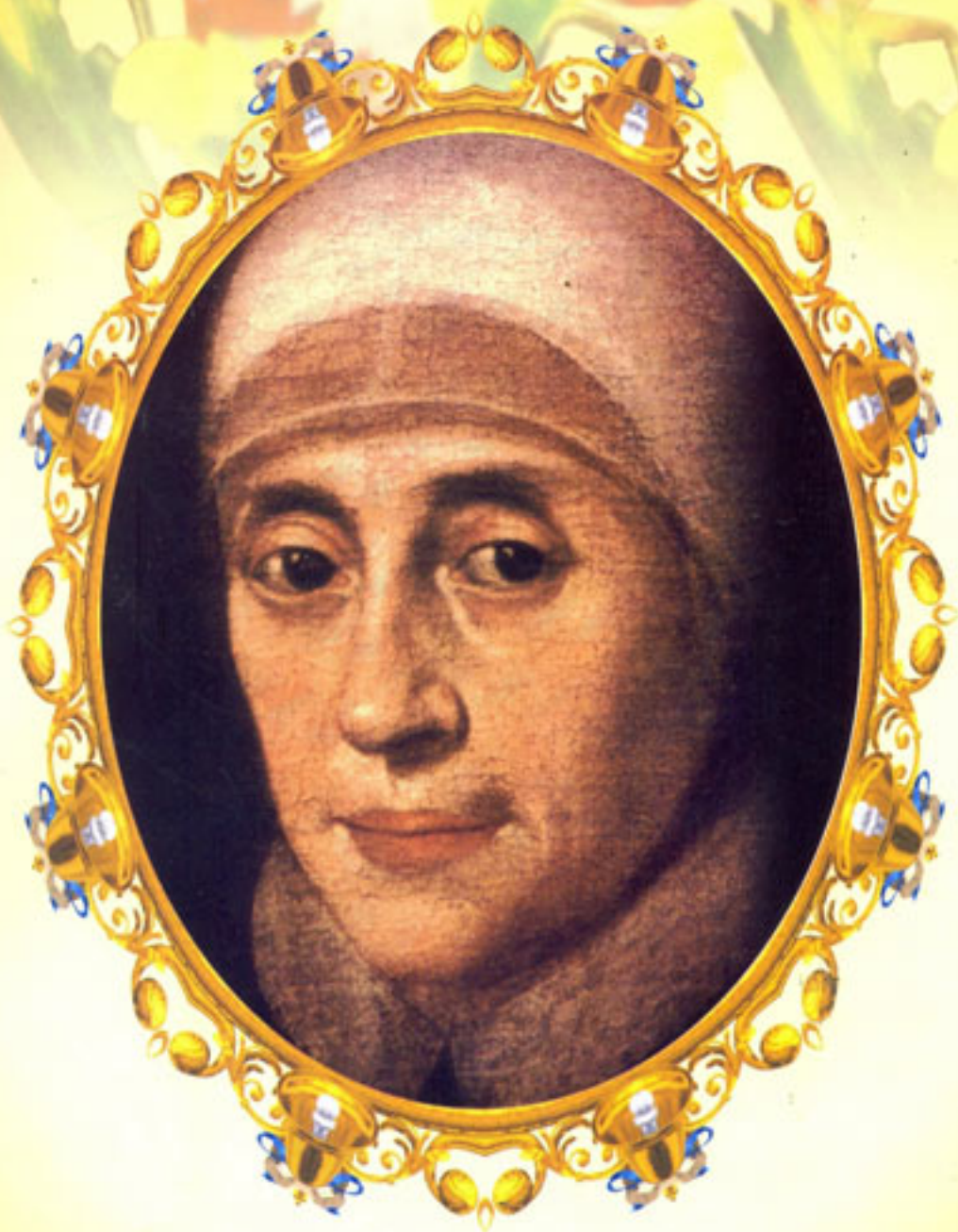
32, THORNHILL ROAD, ALLAHABAD





School Buildings





MARY WARD

Foundress of the Congregation of Jesus



SMC X-PRESSIONS COLLEGE MAGAZINE 2005-2006

Message from Manager



Sr. Salesia C.J.

My Dear Students,

The Annual issue of SMC Xpressions 2005-06 has taken a little longer than usual to see the light of the day. But here it is at last and I thank the Editorial Board for the trouble they have taken to get it ready. In the meantime the new school year has already begun.

As we step into the next academic year it is good to pause a while and review the past one year, seeing and experiencing each event as though on a T.V. screen. As you watch, keep in mind these words from 'An Apple a Day', "It takes both rain and sunshine to make a rainbow."

Take a positive look at every event and every person you met and you will find you have much to be thankful for. Count your blessings, not your problem. Look at the sunny side of everything for if you look carefully enough you will find that some good comes out of setbacks and even disappointments. Make gratitude an habitual ATTITUDE and every morning and night thank the Almighty for the least three things and you will find that your life will flow along with a delightful song with your days filled with sunshine, joy and laughter.

Keep in mind too the SMC Vision, particularly the three C's: Competence, Conscience and Compassionate commitment. Paul Newman said, "There is a delight that comes from helping other people."

To help others we must be competent and filled with compassion for all those who are less privileged than ourselves. The rich legacy that is ours as SMCians is not meant for us alone- it is for us to share with others and with as many others as possible. For only then will we have lived a life that has not been lived in vain.



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Emily Dickinson has expressed this beautifully in these words:

"If I can stop one heart from breaking

I shall not live in vain.

If I can ease one life the Aching

Or cool one in Pain

Or help one fainting Robin

Unto his nest again

I shall not live in vain."

In the ensuing year work on this three point programme and you will discover that a quiet joy begins to fill your heart:

1. Be Positive
2. Be Thankful
3. Be Compassionate.

Wishing you every success,

SR. SALESIA C.J.

(Manager)
SMC





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Editorial Message



Mrs. S. Banerji

"Man is neither a mere intellect, nor the gross animal body, nor the heart or soul alone. A proper and harmonious combination of all three is required for making man and constitutes the true economics of education....."

These words of Mahatma Gandhi convey to us, in very clear and succinct terms, the true aim of education, which is the all round development of the child. Thus education should not be considered synonymous with the pursuit and imparting of knowledge and facts. It should be viewed in a much broader perspective that includes the acquisition of knowledge as just one of its myriads of essential components.

Lord Chesterton has aptly remarked, "**Education more than nature, is the cause of the great difference which we see in the characters of men.**" It is the very duty of every educational institution to motivate its students to achieve high standards of academic excellence. But such institutions have also a duty to the society that they are a part of - to mould students into good, responsible citizens, capable of shaping the future of the country by actively participating in the decision processes and responsibly committing themselves to justice and progress.

Keeping this in mind, we are proud to publish the annual School Magazine. Not only does it give an insight into all that happened during the past academic session, 2005 - 06, but it also represents the enthusiasm and creativity of the younger generation. In **The aims of Education and other Essays**, Alfred North Whitehead said, "We should seek to arrange the development and character along a path of natural activity in itself pleasurable." Activities provide the child with an opportunity to express oneself, which in turn leads to growth and development of personal character. The School Magazine, besides giving an account of various activities conducted during the course of the year, also provides the students with the chance to put forward their views and opinions and to exhibit their talents. It exhorts them to explore the depths of their minds and come up with ideas that are original and creative. At the same time it instills in them a feeling of collective responsibility as it is a joint effort. The students come together and participate in the activities with great interest, taking pride in contributing to and constructing something for themselves and by themselves. The experience of accomplishing something itself is a great teacher.

I thank Sr. Roshni and Sr. Jyoti and all the members of the editorial board for all the hard work they have put in to bring out this magazine. I also thank the students for their contributions. I conclude with a special message to our students, Thoughts of failure are obstacles to creativity. So fill your minds with positive, constructive and elevating thoughts and strive to make the forth-coming year a year of adventure and success.

MRS. S. BANERJI

MESSAGE FROM THE STUDENT EDITOR



"Yesterday is but today's memory....."

And tomorrow is today's dream....."

So let today embrace the past with remembrance

And the future with longing"

• Khalil Gibran

Indeed, this edition of SMC X-Pression is a visual of the happenings of our school which will soon crystallize into memories. It is a chronicle of the cornucopia of events and activities we SMC-ians have participated in during the past four months.

The 15th of August, was celebrated with the usual patriotic fervour, and soon after the 1st terminal exams was Teacher's Day when a splendid programme was presented by the students. We had a plethora of inter-class activities as well, to provide a platform for the many young, budding talents.

Also, we participated in many inter-school competitions - the Josephest at St. Joseph's, Allahabad; Maitryee - at S.M.C. Ghoorpur, Quanta -2005 at City Montessori School, Lucknow and the annual Marian Rendezvous at S.M.C. Lucknow. The spectacular performance of our students just goes to reiterate the fact that SMC is truly the best.

The LTS and USM groups have been busy as well with a newspaper drive and the Gandhi Jayanti programme.

The highlight of this academic year has most definitely been the sports day wherein a spectacular performance was put up by the students - a unique display of physical dexterity coupled with mental alertness.

Details of these and various other activities find place in the pages of our bulletin.

Hope you have an interesting and happy reading.

ANCHAL MALIK
(Student Editor)



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Events at a Glance July 2005

DATE	EVENTS
4th July	Staff Orientation Programme—Rev. Fr. Tony
5th July	School re—opened after summer vacation & welcome to Srs. Roshni & Jyothi.
9th July	Farewell to Sr. Mariella & Welcome to Sr. Salesia.
16th July	Investiture Ceremony
30th July	Parent—Teacher Meeting for all.
8th Aug.	Programme for the street children—LTS & USM
15th Aug.	Independence Day Programme
20th—31st	First Terminal Examination
3rd Sept.	Orientation for Christian Parents & Teachers
5th Sept.	Students Celebrated Teachers Day
17th Sept.	Cl. 3 — Parent's Day
21st Sept.	Interschool debate at SJC
24th Sept.	Teachers Day Picnic
1st Oct.	Inter Institutional Gandhi Jayanti Programme at SJC—Theme—Peace
6th Oct.	Cl.4—Parents' Day
19th—20th	Inter CJ School Activities—Lucknow
20th—21st	Josephest 2005 — SMC — Runners Up
28th Nov.	Career Orientation Programme by Oberoi Learning Center for Cl. 12
9-12th Nov.	Annual Sports Day



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16th – 21st	Quanta – 2005 – CMS
8-20th Dec.	Second Terminal Examination
20th Dec.	Christmas Programme for school
23rd Dec.	Mary Ward Week–Prayer Service
24th Dec.	Principal's & Managers' Day
25th Dec.	Role Play based on Maxims
26th Jan.	Republic Day – Cl.6–12. Patriotic Song & Dance
30th Jan.	Quiz on Mary Ward
18th Feb.	Farewell to Class XII
25th Feb.	Farewell to Ms. Annie Mathews & Mr. Mitra
1st March	Welcome to C] Sisters from all over the world
1st March	ICSE & ISC Examinations
4th-18th March	Final Examination
1st April	Result Day
10th April	New Academic session begins.



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S.M.C. BIDS ADIUE

To,

Mrs. Annie Mathews
Mr. Milan Mitra

Mrs. Annie Mathews will always be cherished by the students, Staff and Management of S.M.C. for her gentle and graceful presence and her numerous contributions to the growth of the students entrusted to her care. She has left an indelible impact upon generations of bright-eyed youngsters who passed through her caring hands. Thank You, Mrs. Mathews, and may God keep you and your family in His loving care!



MRS. A. MATHEWS



MR. MILAN MITRA

Mr. Mitra has been an important pillar of this Institution for more than a decade. The Management, Staff and students bid him a fond farewell. His sterling contribution was felt everywhere. From teaching to being the editor of the school magazine his performance was impeccable. S.M.C. thanks him for his dedicated service and wishes him and his family happiness, prosperity and good health



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SMC BIDS to Adieu



Mrs. A. Mathews





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Message from **Milan Mitra**

It has been a pleasure serving SMC as a teacher from the inception of the Commerce Stream.

I feel grateful to an institution which offered me an opportunity to devise innovative methods of teaching Accountancy as a subject. I feel privileged to have been a part of the enlightened faculty of teachers who are out to shape the destiny of students with a rare sense of dedication.

Being involved in the teaching of a subject from its very basics is an experience in itself. In SMC, as a teacher in the senior section, I had been free to chalk out my own course of action within the framework of the syllabus, with no interference from the management. This enabled me to interact and groom the students to the best of my ability.

To the new batch of students who have opted for commerce, my advice is that they should pursue this subject seriously and work hard with dedication to excel in it.

In a world where education is undergoing rapid transition, commerce and economics subjects offer a wide spectrum of opportunities to students. A number of new fields of study are available to the commerce students at the undergraduate and postgraduate levels. Students must take advantage of these new avenues.

All through my stay in SMC I received unending love, affection and respect from students, staff members and the school management. While parting, I would like to express my deep sense of gratitude to all

MILAN MITRA



GANDHI HOUSE REPORT

*The spirit to reach the top,
The spirit to achieve,
The spirit to conquer the stars
The spirit to move the mountains
The spirit behind the mission to excel'*

These lines aptly describe the performance of the Gandhi House during the academic year 2005-2006. The dedication and cooperation of the girls was rewarded this time, as our house climbed one step up and placed itself in the 2nd position in sports.

Past many years, the Inter-house basketball tournament used to be the first inter-house event. But, unfortunately, we did not have the same this year. The Independence Day programme marked the beginning of the inter house activities. Each house was supposed to put up a skit depicting the life history of a national leader and a patriotic song. It was not a competition as such, but the real enthusiasm of the girls to do the best, brought us praise and appreciation. The senior section of our house depicted the life history of Indira Gandhi, primarily listing the turning points of her life and how she grew up to be an eminent leader. The middle section aroused the emotions of one and all by singing the song "Aay Watan"

Time passed rapidly and soon it was time for the grand event of the year - the Annual Sports. Each and every girl put her heart and soul into the event, so as to bring glory to her house. Our hard work did bear fruits, and we came out with flying colours in some of the field and track events and pre-decided events as well. The unflagging energy and tireless efforts exhibited by the Green house athletes were simply laudable. We stood second in the grand march past and tug-O-war. We were heading the score board till the end of the whole show but lady luck slipped out of our hands towards the end and we were ranked second when those crucial championship points were added to the Blue House score that made them win by four points. (What a dramatic victory, or, rather a dramatic defeat!!). Still we were quite happy to get the Runners Up tag. With this mega event, the extra-curricular activities came to an end.

I would like to thank all the members of the Gandhi House for giving me an opportunity to lead the house as the Vice Captain. I acknowledge the support extended by our house moderators, Mrs. Khosla and Mrs. Tripathi, along with Captain Anshika Sinha. I express my heartfelt gratitude towards our Principal, Sister Roshni who encouraged and inspired us in all possible ways to make this year a success.

Anshika Sinha (Captain)
Sugandhi Kumar (V. Capt.)





TAGORE HOUSE REPORT

The academic year 2005-06 began with the investiture ceremony when Vibha Maini and I (Zoya) were given the opportunity to shoulder the responsibility of leading the Tagore House. The first event in line was the Independence Day Celebration. The Senior School had decided to present a skit based on the life of any famous woman while the middle school chose to dramatise patriotic songs. We, the members of the Tagore House, chose Barkha Dutt and presented her life in the form of a talk-show after the manner of 'Koffee with Karan', thus making it lively and captivating. The show won a lot of appreciation from the audience. Our juniors were no less; they presented a touching musical skit on the life of soldiers, proving the maxim, "Efforts spell success."

As October arrived, preparations for Sports Day started in full vigour. The athletes, the tug-o-war teams, all began strenuous practice. Although we secured only the last position, we bagged the 'Discipline Shield'. Our tug-o-war team did miracles and won the shield. I am proud to add that the school orchestra, which won special complements from the chief guest, comprised of maximum number of girls from the Tagore House.

I would like to thank our House Moderator, Mrs. N. Salman and Ms. R. Goel, as well as the members of our House for their unfailing support. Let me conclude in the words of poet, Rudyard Kipling:

*"If you dream- and make not your dreams your master,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it."*

Vibha Maini (Captain)

Zoya (Vice- Captain)





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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE HOUSE REPORT

The academic year 2005-2006 has come to an end but the experience has left a never ending impression on all of us. As the two of us reflect on the past few months, we once again experience the same excitement, which we had felt through the year.

The memories of 16th July '05 are still fresh in our minds. Yes! It was the day of the investiture ceremony. The badge and the sash brought within it a sense responsibility along with joy and happiness. We were now responsible for the Florence Nightingale House.

The first event of the year was the Independence Day celebration. The students of classes IX to XII enacted on stage a small skit based on the life of Rani Laxmi Bai. The drama went along well with the same theme, "Women of India". The middle set performed a dance on the song, "Yeh daesh hai veer jawano ka", which was appreciated by one and all.

The most exciting event of the year was the senior "Sports day" which was a great success. We came out with flying colours in some of the field and track events. The unflagging energy, indefatigable efforts, and sincerity exhibited by the athletes were simply laudable. We owe our heartfelt thanks to our dear Principal Sr. Roshni for her encouragement and also her scolding, which infused in us zeal to make this year a year of success and recognition for the Mary Wardians. We would like to thank our Vice-Principal, Sr. Jyoti for all the help and support she gave us.

This report would be incomplete if we do not make a mention of our house moderators, Mrs. Srivastava and Mrs. Malviya without whose help and guidance, Red House would not have excelled.

Finally, I would like all the Red House girls to remember "If you are not big enough to lose, you are not big enough to win."

Divisha Agarwal (Captain)
Ritika Anurag (Vice- captain)





MARY WARD HOUSE REPORT

"Picture yourself vividly as winning, and that alone will contribute immeasurably to success....." Fosdick

It was like a dream come true when Lavanya and I were elected as Blue House Captain and Vice Captain respectively. On investiture ceremony both of us realized that we had a very tough job of being true to our house motto i.e. **UNITY IS STRENGTH.**

But we worked together to achieve a grand success. Well, you guessed it right my dear friends, I am talking about our annual sports. It was a moment of great pride when we were declared winners for this academic session. Our determination to achieve success rewarded us in a much awaited manner. The best part of all this was that we came closer to the members of our house. It was a delight working together as a team. I would also like to thank Mrs. D. Panda and Mrs. U. Ahmad, on behalf of the captain and all the members of Blue House, for their consistent support throughout the year. Their faith in us steered us through thick and thin. **THANK YOU TEACHERS.**

Not to forget the play and the dance we put up on the Independence Day, which marked the climax of the day. We tried our best to bring forth the inspiring qualities of Mrs. Kiran Bedi. The dance on 'Aisa desh hai mera' depicted how unique our culture is.

In the end we would like to thank all our house members for being there with us at all times. Both Lavanya and I would like to apologize for any harsh word that we might have used at any point. There is a message from us to all our readers: 'Never think yourself as a loser but always believe in yourself.' We are sure that:

" WOMEN IN TIME TO COME WILL DO GREAT THINGS"

-Mary ward

Lavanya Singh (Captain)

Mitali Mohan (Vice-Captain)





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STAFF PHOTOS



JUNIOR STAFF



SENIOR STAFF



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STAFF PHOTO





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Office Bearers of 2005-06



COLLEGE CAPTAIN : SWATI VERMA

BLUE HOUSE

Captain
Vice Captain
Moderators

:

MARY WARD HOUSE

Lavanya Singh
Mittali Mohan
Mrs. D. Panda & Mrs. U. Ahmad

RED HOUSE

Captain
Vice Captain
Moderators

:

FLORENCENIGHTINGALE

Divisha Agarwal
Ritika Anurag
Mrs. C. Srivastava & Mrs. M. Malviya

YELLOW HOUSE

Captain
Vice Captain
Moderators

:

TAGORE HOUSE

Vibha Maine
Zoya
Mrs. N. Salman & Miss R. Goel

GREEN HOUSE

Captain
Vice Captain
Moderators

:

GANDHI HOUSE

Anshika Sinha
Sugandhi Kumar
Mrs. Khosla & Mrs. Tripathi

GAMES CAPTAIN

GAMES VICE CAPTAIN

:

Vaishali Banerjee
Shabdita Gupta



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Investiture Ceremony





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Dear Seniors

*From wind to wind, earth has one tale to tell;
All other sounds are dulled, and drowned and lost,
In this, one cry, 'Farewell!'*

14th February, 2006 the day had finally arrived to bid farewell to our dear seniors. This was an apt occasion for us to prove our genuine love and reverence for our seniors. The farewell function was a grand success. The theme was 'Arabian Nights' and the lower hall was splendidly decorated in accordance with the theme.

Our guests started arriving by 3.00 p.m., dressed in sarees and looking awesome.

Our programme began at 3.30 p.m. with a prayer service, followed by cultural items. The 'Arabian Nights' play had our seniors rolling with laughter and the foot-tapping dance numbers performed by classes XI A, B & C came as the icing on the cake.

Then came the time for us to make our seniors feel special and loved. Each one was given a gift, a 'title' and a token something with which they could remember us always.

The function was graced by the presence of Sr. Salesia, Sr. Roshni, Sr. Jyoti and the senior teachers. After some snacks, the programme came to an end with words of encouragement and inspiration by our dear Principal to the outgoing batch.

The credit for the success of this programme goes to Sr. Roshni, Sr. Jyoti, Mrs. G. Thomas, Mrs. M. Joshi, Ms. N. Gupta.

This day will always be etched in our minds as we all experienced mixed emotions of sadness as well as those of pure joy. Our seniors were nostalgic about leaving school—leaving the institution where they had spent twelve long happy years. And now, as they are standing on the threshold of a new phase in their life, we wish them happiness and success in all their endeavours.

Roshni Shukla
XI 'C'



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Last Note To SMC...

Dearest SMC,

"The tide recedes and leaves behind bright sea shells on the land,
The sun sets, its warmth still lingers on the land
With every moment that passes, something beautiful remains....."

Dusk after dawn, pain after pleasure, parting after meeting are some inevitable happenings of Nature. Everything comes to an end but the beauty, charm and aura of its existence remains for an eternity. My experience has been the same; my association with this school of ten long years, has passed by in the blink of an eye and now I stand at the threshold of the past and the future which beckons me towards it but the grip that SMC has over me is equally firm.

Talking about memories, I have loads of them, all beautifully decked in satins and tassels of gold! Sports Day, Parent's Day, Independence Day and how can I forget the long assemblies and value education classes, which I'll cherish all my life! Investiture's ceremony 2005 will be a prized possession as it was my first dream come true which led me to believe that dreams do come true. So pure and wholesome are these sentiments and emotions that they'll drive away any evil which ever threatens to torment me.

The acquaintances I've made here are precious; the lessons learnt are valuable and the virtues imbibed inseparable from my soul. Thank you SMC for bestowing upon me so much affection, trust and responsibility. I apologize for any misgiving of mine. Forgive me and let me go out of the SMC gates with a clear heart and love infinite.

I'm not pained that I have to let go off the cozy haven, its motherly teachers and sisters who have nurtured me like a little seedling because SMC has taught me, "If I'm not moving ahead, then I'm slipping back." So say goodbye I must and say I will, not with a heavy heart but with the hope of reliving all my golden moments, today and always in my heart and spreading the name and fame of my Alma Mater wherever I am and whatever I'm doing. For me SMC is not a school but a pious cathedral where truth is worshipped, humanity is served and mankind is treated as the greatest religion.

I will miss all of you and hope you'll miss me too.

Best Wishes,

Swati Verma

(College Captain)

XII-A



THOUGHTS OF LEAVING SCHOOL ...

An overwhelming sense of nostalgia overcomes me when I look back to the time I first entered SMC as a toddler. I clearly remember clutching my mother's hand, absolutely petrified. My teacher, Mrs. Lilly Joseph, gently led me to my line. Seeing a cheerful, pleasant face filled me with a sense of relief, I cannot describe. Little did I know that twelve years hence the same threatening buildings and the looming corridors would provide me with a second home and thoughts of leaving them would make my eyes overflow.

At the age of five I began my journey as an SMC-ian and with it began the process of values being instilled in me. I grew up from an ignorant toddler to a well mannered (well, comparatively) young girl through the middle school. Here too I can never forget the day in class VI, when we were assigned our houses. The pride with which we went out with our house badges is something which is still fresh before me. Then came the pride of being in the 'Senior School'. Class IX meant our school uniform changing to salwar-suits, and with it a sense of maturity and responsibility.

Here too, class XI has been extremely memorable. The Parents Day programme where I played Eliza Doolittle in our version of 'My Fair Lady' and those practices for the farewell we gave to our seniors, will be cherished memories throughout my life.

This last year in school has given me lasting experiences. Beginning with my appointment as the student Editor and the solemn investiture ceremony which followed, the year has been eventful. Next came a mega event- our Sports Day. Our cheers of victory and the thunderous applause still resound in my ears. Next came the much awaited 'Josephest' which was a thoroughly enjoyable experience and especially owing to the fact that we won The runner-up shield.

Then, the farewell. Our farewell. Finally, reality seemed to sink in we were actually leaving SMC. A bundle of emotions cascaded during the farewell-delight at the program my wonderful juniors presented, but at the same time sadness at realizing that this was going to be the last time I attended a program in school. As the farewell ended, we finally managed to come to terms with reality.

These twelve years seem to have passed in the blink of an eye, but though I may leave SMC, I know SMC will never leave me. The golden memories are something I shall have and treasure always. Also the values I received from this glorious institution will be with me throughout to illuminate the path of my life for ever.

Thank-you SMC. Thank you for everything.

"For we meet to part,

And part to meet"

- Anchal Malik

Student Editor

XII-C



WORDS FROM MY SOUL A PARTING MESSAGE FOR SMC

Last night, as I was pouring uselessly over my Chemistry book trying to cram the last few things into my over-stuffed mind, my perseverance decided to take a break and soon I found myself going to school in a strapped skirt and blouse! As I stood in front of a classroom that boldly announced I-C, my subconscious started pinching me and I felt confused, I remembered that just a few moments ago I was studying for my ISC- examinations. ISC in class I-C?? I felt that I had finally lost it! My senses were no more with me. But when I actually saw Mrs. L. Joseph, my first teacher in school, coming with a sheaf of papers that said "ISC-2006 Chemistry (Theory)", the absurdity of the scene woke me up with a jerk and I realized that I had been lolling over the Friedel Craft reaction!!


I realized that now, since my days in SMC are drawing to a close, I am unconsciously going back to the first days of my school life- 12 years back in time, unwilling to let go of the last smoky trails of moments in this school. 12 years! It seems surprisingly a long time if you look at the numerical value. But, actually thinking over it, it seems mind blowing that 12 entire years have flown away so fast. Before I continue, let me first relieve you of the tension, I know, must be mounting within you. I am definitely not going to be all sentimental and wishy-washy in this speech, crying and bawling and screaming "I-don't wanna go"! (On second thoughts, if you don't want to leave school, why not fail? But the problem is, after 2 years of consecutive failing in one class, you would be ultimately thrown out! Now this is a problem!) Face it we may love our school, we may want to stay behind but we still want to go on, all of us having seen fantastic dreams of making it big in the outside world, of earning fame and name. School life is just a phase of our existence the most crucial and the best phase. And don't all of us hate leaving anything good? But leave we must and move on for then only can we give SMC a good name in History.

Back to my point. I am here just to give my juniors a little advice which I wish I had kept in my mind back then when I was still a part of the SMC family.

1. The biggest advice: Don't miss school for anything in the world or for each day, you miss 5 hours worth of precious memories.



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2. Don't miss class you miss 40 minutes worth of unforgettable moments.
 3. Don't engross yourself so much in extra curricular activities that you forget the reason for your presence in SMC Your studies. Believe me, I made the same mistake and I am regretting it now.
 4. Don't engross yourself so much in studies that you forget extra-curricular activities. For Heaven's sake, don't be a human vegetable!
 5. Make loads of good friends. Believe me; you'll need them in later life.
 6. Enjoy each and every moment of your presence in school, be it hard work or play. Don't pass your moments, rather live your moments.
 7. The last and the final advice or rather request not only from me but from the entire class XII batch of SMC keep up the good name of our school. SMC was, is and will always remain 'THE BEST'!

So, this is my advice to all the students of SMC. Take it or leave it it's completely your choice, but remember that it comes from a person with 12 years of experience.

In the end, I would only like to say, never be afraid to take the untrodden road, for as Robert Frost said,

***"Two roads diverged in a wood
And I, I took the one less traveled by
And THAT has made all the difference."
Adieu dear friends and my Alma Mater!***

Sanya Ahmad
XII B



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IN LOVE... IN GRATITUDE!

(This poem was a part of my last formal address to the school during the
'Thanksgiving Assembly' by class XII)

As I climb this stage for one last time, I feel my sun has forgotten to shine.

Our years of togetherness dance upon my mind's eye,

These memories shall never ever die.

From a crawling toddler to a girl fonder,

From failures infinite to dreams out of sight-

In all phases of my school life,

Every tear you wiped away,

Given me love more than words could ever say

My smile was your friend, Sorrows were never a trend.

You taught me to FIGHT when I LOST,

You pulled me ON when I was DOWN.

Your flame of hope gave me the strength to cope,

The FAITH you put in me, has really made me "ME".

An now that I know I have to let go,

I really don't want to go.

And now that I know I ought to move on,

I just don't want to face the dawn

And now that I know I must say goodbye,

I wish I knew why can't I.....

Your presence in my life,

Has filled it with joys too bright

You've been my guiding light,

I wonder what'll happen once I'm out of sight.

Whatever it is and however it shall be

I'll keep you in my heart till I breathe my last.

Dungeons of the past, Bottom of my heart, Bottom of my heart,

All cry in unison, "Thank you! Thank you all MARY WARDIANS!!!"

Swati Verma (College Captain 2005-06)



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Class 12-A



Class 12-B





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Class 12-C



Class 10-A



STUDENTS' PHOTOGRAPHIC



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Class 10-B



Class 10-C





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Class 10-D



Class 11-A
Ms. G. THOMAS



STUDENTS' PHOTOGRAPHIC



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Class 11-B
Ms. M. JOSHI



Class 11-C
Miss N. GUPTA





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STUDENTS' PHOTOGRAPHIC

Class 9-A
Mrs. C. BONIFICIUS



Class 9-B
Mrs. S. SAJAN





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Class 9-C
Ms. R. ADHYA



Class 9-D
Mrs. M. MALVIYA





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Class 8-A.
Ms. S. TRESSLER



Class 8-B
Ms. S. SINGH



Class 8-C
Ms. P. ROY



STUDENTS' PHOTOGRAPHY



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STUDENTS' PHOTOGRAPHIC

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Ms. S. HAROON



Class 7-A
Ms. T. HUSAINI



Class 7-B
Mrs. B. SRIVASTAVA





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Class 7-C
Ms. R. MITRA



Class 7-D
Ms. R. PHILLIPS



Class 6-A
Ms. R. GOEL



STUDENTS' PHOTOGRAPHIC



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STUDENTS' DIVISION

Class 6-B
Ms. S. AGARWAL



Class 6-C
Ms. M. SAMUEL



Class 6-D
Ms. R. CHATTERJEE





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Class 5-A
Ms. S. SINGH



Class 5-B
Ms. SR. SHALINI



Class 5-C
Ms. M. MEHROTRA



STUDENTS' PHOTOGRAPHIC



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STUDENTS' DIVISION

Class 5-D
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Class 4-A
Ms. C. WEBB



Class 4-B
Ms. D. KESHARWANI





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Class 4-C
Ms. I. SINGH



Class 4-D
Ms. A. AHMED



Class 3-A
Ms. R. GHOSH



STUDENTS' PHOTOGRAPHS



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Class 3-B
Ms. R. DATT



Class 3-C
Ms. S. MOITRA



Class 3-D
Ms. R. ROY





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Class 2-A
MS. U. CHATTERJEE



Class 2-B
MS. R. GUPTA



Class 2-C
MS. R. SINGH



STUDENTS' PHOTOGRAPHS



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STUDENTS' PHOTOGRAPHIC

Class 2-D
Ms. G. Srivastava



Class 1-A
N. CHATTRJEE



Class 1-B
Ms. L. JOSEPH





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Class 1-C
Ms. S. SUSHIL



Class 1-D
Ms. P. TURLAPATI



STUDENTS' PHOTOGRAPHIC



RENDEZVOUS With APJ KALAM

When we came to know that President A.P.J. Abdul Kalam would be visiting Allahabad and that he would be addressing students from St. Mary's, we were overjoyed because he had proved to be a big inspiration for children. The President had already found a special



place in our hearts because most of us are aware that the President loves children genuinely. We were particularly impressed because for A.P.J. Abdul Kalam scientific temper and sharpness of mind forms an important part of his dreams for India. The entire school was buzzing with excitement at the prospect of meeting the President of India.

Finally, the great day arrived. A contingent from S.M.C. with Mrs. S. Kumar and Mrs. S. Shukla went to meet the President at Civil Aviation Training Centre located in the Air Force area in Bamrauli. We along with students from other schools of Allahabad gathered at Saraswati Shiksha Mandir, in our school uniforms and from there we went in a bus for the interactive session. After going through heavy security check-ups, we managed to find a place for ourselves in the hall, the excitement mounting every second as the time for the actual session drew closer. The President made a dramatic entry on the dais from the wings waving to the students who sat still, trying to suppress the excitement in their hearts.

As the President got seated, Hon'ble Ujjawal Raman Singh, Minister of Environment, welcomed him with the kindest of remarks. The President, Abdul Kalam, was very direct in his approach. One could sense that there was in him an inner urge and sincere desire to interact with us. He asked us about our area of interest and queries we have to discuss with him. Volunteers with cordless mikes pressed themselves into service. Requests were made by us to the President to tell us something



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about his childhood and his past. Some of us also asked him about his expectations from us.

He began with his favourite subject - 'VISION 2020'. The President told us it was a pity that even though India had the resources to become a developed country, it was still considered a developing nation. He said that India had the potential to earn more through agricultural exports. For general prosperity, it was necessary to control the birth rate, promote education of women, improve health facilities and promote infrastructural development. He highlighted before us the necessity of effective water management and linking of rivers. The concerns that he shared were vast and in its sweep his mind went to subjects as diverse as self-reliance in technology, information systems, wealth generating tools, and bio-diversity and sea water.

When he came to discuss leadership qualities, a subject which has found favour with Cj sisters, we knew that he wanted his dreams to be realized through us. On the basis of his own experiences, he told us that it was necessary for young boys and girls to take the lead wherever opportunity beckoned, that we should not lose our patience in trying situations, that it was important to be determined and to have a clear focused mind.

From leadership qualities, the President meandered to his past. Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam emphasized that it was necessary to dream. Dr. Abdul Kalam is a serious thinker and not just a scientist who occupies the President's chair. After making us say dream three times, he told us dreams transform into thoughts and thoughts resulted in actions.

The Governor of U.P., His Excellency T.V. Rajeshwar thanked the President on our behalf and off the President went, waving towards us followed by top police and administrative officials. We came back ignited by the dreams the President had set ablaze in our hearts and minds.

STUTI SAKSENA

XII-A





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Events & Celebrations



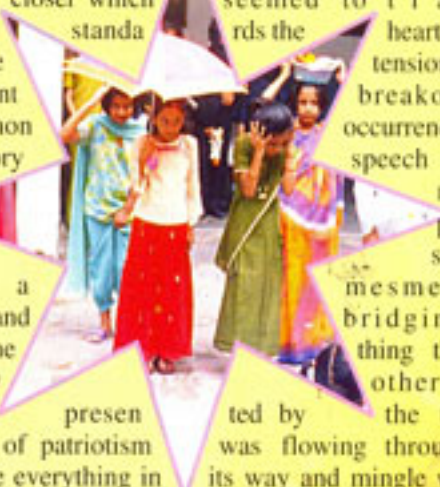


INDEPENDENCE DAY REPORT

A dull, grey morning heralded the arrival of a day on which 58 years earlier, India had broken free of the grasp of the British and had soared, still as unmitigated and ebullient as she had been two hundred years earlier towards the open skies of liberty. It was heyday for the Indians to see the flummoxed British retreat from the Indian lands. India glittered like an amethyst and every celebration seemed to garland the mettlesome martyrs, who, without a second thought had sacrificed their lives to free Mother India. I am speaking of 15th August, the most important day in Indian History. S.M.C. has always zealously celebrated Independence Day and this year was no different.



Undeniably, though the flag hoisting took place amidst mild showers it was quite mesmerizing to see the tri-colour flutter in the which was previously to be held on the open stage the time for the programme came closer which considerably fast by normal standards the performers shifted to their mouths. The green room was such that frequent exasperation were quite a common programme began with the introductory head girl Swati Verma, whose ng poem edified each and every present in the hall and gave them ng to carry home. Next, was a song, touching the souls of everyone and distances between hearts. Music is one put across or evoke feelings which any never can. Yet another melody was presen teachers. A new and strong impulse of patriotism atmosphere which seemed to dissolve everything in thoughts of the audience.



chilly winds. The programme shifted to the upper hall and as seemed to travel rds the hearts of all tension in the breakouts of occurrence. The speech of our motivati person somethi mesmerizing bridging the thing that can other thing ted by the training was flowing through the its way and mingle with the

Needless to say, the songs' immense success was apparent by the fact that the audience seemed to pay tributes to our motherland through their eyes. Next on the agenda was the U.S.M. skit in which one could see the contemporary political condition of India when Mother India could be seen questioning her daughters in all walks of life for their lack of responsibility. While self-realization dawned on the replicas on stage and they understood what the nation expects of them the biggest question is : Will the real



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daughters ever awoken to the dawn of new beginnings and realize the amount of love they ought to gratefully endow India with? Our chief guest Sr. Salesia then addressed the school and made us aware of what our duties towards the nation are and where our responsibilities lie. Most of us then subconsciously made a mental note to keep in mind our greatest provider India and proceed with our lives.

The Yellow House then presented their item. It made us come face to face with the lives of the contemporary heroes; millions of whom risk their lives every second moment so that the rest of us can sleep in peace. The Indian armed forces whose expeditious measures ensure safety to us, die and receive negligible consideration from the rest was very impeccably dramatized and it can spontaneously be said that no heart was left unmoved. The Green House dramatization followed next in which the sons of the soil were seen taking vows in front of India to protect her till the very end and ensure



unity in spite of the vivid diversity it possesses. Red House then presented a foot-tapping patriotic song which exuded energy in every aspect and caused the audience to get energetic. The energy meter of the performers was colossal and it proved to be the greatest asset for them. Blue House gave the last performance but that did not prevent them from giving a meticulous account of the diversity found in every nook and corner of our country. At the end our respected principal, Sr. Roshni addressed the school. Her illuminating speech was a perfect one for budding students like us who need



to be moulded by the right hands into the right shape. I would like to conclude this report with one question which we face every day. We need to think - Are we really free or is it just a phantasm due to which we are steadily weakening on the inside? The youth today holds the answer to this and the sooner we get this answer the better, because this way we can prevent outsiders from playing with the dignity of our nation.

Nimisha Misra
VIII-D



Mary Ward Week Celebrations

S.M. C. celebrates the week, 23rd to 30th January, as Mary Ward week. Students of SMC are deeply imbued with the spirit of Mother Mary. The great message which our foundress strove to popularise in her life time still enlightens the path of thousands of SMCians. To express their devotion towards the values shown to mankind by the sisters of Congregation of Jesus, especially Mary Ward, the senior section of the school prepared a series of programmes.



Class IX A conducted a small prayer service to elucidate the contributions and vision of Mother Mary Ward and to express our gratitude to God for the gift of this wonderful woman.

Our Principal, Sr. Roshni came up with an all new idea. A skit competition was held for class IX and XI. Each section was asked to prepare a 10 minute role play based on any of the Maxims of Mother Mary. Immutable principles and their importance in daily life were portrayed by the girls. In all, it was a laudable performance. Class XI-B came up as winners scoring the highest points amongst all the sections of IX and XI. They won the praise and appreciation of the teachers and the principal.



After that a quiz competition was held for class VI, VII and VIII.

With all this excitement, the week came to an end. But though the week ended, it taught us many things and shall be always remembered by us.

*Akansha Srivastava
&
Noopur Borwankar*





Mary Ward QUIZ

It's a well known and widely accepted fact that education implies not only the imparting of textbook knowledge, but also giving students ample opportunities to develop their personalities and to grow as a person.

During a quiz competition your weapon is the information shared in your grey cells and your strength lies in the ability to hold your nerve when it matters the most.

At St. Mary's Convent, there is no shortage of talent. Anyone representing the school puts her best foot forward whenever required. So, SMC will continue to be a force to be reckoned with in the 'Quizzing Circuit'.

The event was inaugurated by Sr. Roshni, the Principal of St. Mary's Convent on January 30,

2006. The contest was for the students of classes VI, VII and VIII.

It was a most enjoyable and unforgettable day. The competition was a totally new and a wonderful experience for all the students, which they enjoyed thoroughly, no matter who was adjudged first, second or third.

After all, quizzing is actually about having fun.

Nahid Tabir
VII 'A'



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REPUBLIC DAY Celebration

*Thou Brave, Be one! Behold,
Take courage, be proud that
Thou art an Indian and
Proudly proclaim, 'I am
An Indian, every Indian is my fellow mate.'
Swami Vivekananda*

26th January occupies a very special place in Indian History. Every year our school, St. Mary's takes the initiative to bring into light the great aspects of this momentous day. This year Class IX took the opportunity to remind every one of the unique tale of the glorious day.

The programme began at 8:00a.m. with the hoisting of the Flag by our Guest of Honour, Mr. K.N. Bhatt, a social scientist from G.B.Pant Social Science Institute, Allahabad.

The function began with Saraswati Vanadana, a dance, thanking God for His numerous blessings on us. This was followed by Speeches by students on various

themes such as Unity in Diversity, richness of our culture, the glory of the Past, the tribulations and the triumphs of the country. There were readings from Holy Books and also reminders to every one of the duties and responsibilities of citizens towards the Mother land. Next there followed a melodious song by the choir expressing love and devotion to the mother land. The last item was a dance on a medley of songs extolling the sovereignty of our country.

The Chief Guest, in his concluding speech, reminded us of our duties to uphold the dignity, unity and sovereignty of our country. We were made to realize that being an Indian means not merely to hold the passport of the Nation and enjoy the privileges of being a citizen but also fulfilling our duties towards the country. "One crowded hour of glorious life Is worth an age without a name." (Sir Walter Scott)



Sania Iqbal (IX A)



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Republic Day Celebration





TEACHERS' DAY

CELEBRATION

On 5th September, 2005 the Teacher's day was celebrated with extravagant enthusiasm. The appreciable efforts that were put in by the students of St. Mary's Convent Inter College, our respected Principal, Sr. Roshni and the office staff resulted in a memorable event. The programme started as scheduled at 8.30 a.m. Excitement and emotions were running quite high. The function started with the entry of our dear teachers who were greeted with a thunderous applause. They were presented with beautiful cards and bouquets brought by the students and then the performance began. This show started with a splendid prayer dance in Tamil. It was succeeded by a heart warming song by the college section. Next in line was a marvellous act by the 9th standard students. It received much admiration and laughter.

The students were not finished yet, they had more in store for the beloved teachers. For the next performance was awesome as the music beats boosted everyone's morale. It was a dance by the middle section as a tribute to the deserving teachers. The programme was a great success. We were again filled to the brim with happiness, and a little gloom that the programme was over. But, we got another surprise. Mrs. Banerjee spoke to us on behalf of all the teachers, expressing her gratitude at the praiseworthy performance and the efforts of the students.

That was the end of the event, but one thing still remains with us, which can never vanish from our hearts and minds, the memories, the yet another treasure SMC gave us on 5th September, 2005, on Teachers' Day.

Ronita Sondhi
IX-B





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REPORT ON QUANTA 2005

Quanta 2005, the 11th International Competition for Science, Mathematics, Astronomy and Computer Science, was organized by City Montessori School, Chowk Branch, Lucknow, from 15th to 18th November. Apoorva Singh, Avani Mital, Khushboo Singhal, Zoya, Mitali Mohan, Ilika Mohan and I, had the honour of representing SMC at this mega event in which, as many as 17 countries participated. These included teams from Armenia, Russia, Malaysia, Macedonia, Thailand, Czech Republic, Finland, Sri Lanka, Pakistan, Nepal etc.

On arriving in Lucknow, we were warmly welcomed by the organizers of Quanta, the staff and students of CMS and not to forget, Kai-Ko, a 'friendly lion' and official mascot of Quanta!

A spectacular inaugural ceremony, which included an all-religion prayer and a Mock World Parliament for Peace, was only the beginning. Over the next few days, the students were given an opportunity to display their talents, and also to interact with people from all over the world. Quanta strives to promote international peace and harmony, while laying emphasis on the fact that God, religion and indeed all of mankind, is one.

The various events that were a part of Quanta included a debate, the topic being 'The environment can be protected only at the cost of human development'. A

collage competition, model display and a software development contest were also held, as were quizzes on Mathematics, Mental Ability, Science and Astronomy, all extremely informative and entertaining.

Although this was our first appearance at Quanta, we did quite well. Apoorva Singh bagged the 2nd position in the collage competition; Ilika Mohan, speaking against the motion, received honourable mention in the debate, while Zoya qualified for the main round of the mental ability quiz.

A splendid closing ceremony marked an end to Quanta-2005. After this, many teams, including ours, participated in the 6th International Astronomy School held on 19th and 20th November at C.M.S. It included lectures by eminent scientists and astrophysicists. We were also taken to a night sky observation site, where we had a view of Venus, Andromeda Galaxy, Pleiades, and the craters on the moon. A short test was conducted the next day, in which Zoya received honourable mention.

In all, Quanta 2005 was a highly enriching experience for all of us. We realized that there exists a lot of fun in learning and discovery. We are extremely grateful to our principal Sr. Roshni, for giving us this wonderful opportunity, and of course to Mrs. Kumar, for accompanying us as our team-leader and being a constant source of support.

Arpita Ghatak
XI - A



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SPORTS REPORT

*“ Trying to achieve something,
Is like digging a well,
You may dig fathoms deep,
But if don't reach the source of water,
If you don't reach the point of perfection,
It is like an abandoned well...”*

The beginning of the session 2005-2006, saw the girls, full of enthusiasm and full of determination to gain glory. The year ahead had quite a lot in store for all of us.

The Basket ball Summer Camp started on May 7th 2005. Round about 250 girls from classes 1 to 12 attended the much awaited summer camp. This was because of the growing interest this game has acquired in this school. Despite the scorching heat the summer holidays witnessed hoards of girls vigorously practicing on the newly constructed Basketball field. Mr. Bhandari & Mr. Sanjay Saxena tried their level best in raising the standard and popularizing the game. Their timeless efforts in coaching us definitely bore fruit in the year ahead.

The summer camp in its usual custom ended with a nail biting and an exciting match between St. Joseph's and St. Mary's. On 27th June, the basket ball players of the two schools witnessed the inauguration of the two statues of Mother Mary Ward in our school campus. This was followed by the exciting matched between the Junior and Senior teams of both the schools. The baskets made by the boys seemed to be virtually unstoppable and at the end they emerged as winners. But winning and losing are a part of the game. What matters in the end is the amount of hard work and perseverance you have put in and in that case, the enthusiasm and hard work in our girls was laudable.

The next thing in queue was the sports day, a red letter day in the history of SMC.



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A lot of hard work and long hours of practice had gone into the training of various houses. The House Captains and Vice Captains along with Mr. D.S.Bhandari, Mr. Suri, Mrs. Banerjee & Mrs. Philips worked in the morning hours of Sept., Oct., till the final day for the grueling training of the house girls for various activities. Loads of enthusiasm and fierce competition were the order of the day for dozens of girls in the field. Frenzied yelling and excited spectators accompanied the pre decided events like the High jump, Broad jump, Discus, Shot put, Javelin, Skipping and 400 m race.

Finally 12th Nov. arrived in the blink of an eye. A cold wind blew across the field as the athletes took their marks. Muscles taut, eyes focused. The tension in the air was almost tangible and a hush prevailed over the field as the audience, the house girls and the captains waited with bated breath. The other events like 100m, 200m, Hurdles and Tug-O-War took their course.

The mass P.T. of various classes from VI to XII and the pyramids came up with their flawless performances one by one. Before the hangover of the sports day was over we had two girls from our school making us proud already—Niti Rai and Rati Bhatia of Class X making their way to the basket ball tournament at National level in Hyderabad.

Now as this session ends, I would like to extend my heart felt gratitude to our Principal, Sr. Roshini, our Vice Principal Sr. Jyoti, our coaches, Mr. D.S. Bhandari & Mr. Sanjay Saxena for encouraging and supporting us in this sphere. A last word of thanks to all the students and athletes for keeping up the standard of our institution, St. Mary's convent.

“ Sure there is lot of troubles,
Sure there are heaps of caves,
Burdens that bend us double,
Worries that come to wear,
Whatever path you are hewing,
One thing is certain soon,
Either be up and doing,
Or soon you'll be down and done...”

Shabdita Gupta

Games Vice Captain





Annual Sports

"Credit belongs to the man who is in the arena,

Whose face is masked by dust and sweat

:Who strives, Who errs and comes short again and again,

Who at best knows the triumph of achievement,

And the greatness of a glorious failure."

12th November, 2005 was a red-letter day for everyone at SMC, for this was the day of our annual sports-the culmination of weeks of vigorous drills, incessant rounds of march-past, spirited tug-o-war pulls, and strenuous athletics practices.

The programme commenced promptly at 2:00 p.m., with our Chief Guest, the District Magistrate Mr. Amrit Abhijat being welcomed. Rt.Rev.Bishop Isidore Fernandes invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon us all for the special day, and then, activities began with the march-past of the senior squads. The four houses marched on the field with great precision and dexterity, led by the Head Girl, the Games Captain, and the four house captains. An immaculate picture indeed! Following this, Vaishali Banerjee, the Games Captain, made the athletes take the oath- an affirmation of being loyal not merely to their houses, but to the true spirit of sportsmanship and fair play.

Then, athletics began with the 100 m races of the A, B, C and D divisions, followed by hurdles, and finally the inter-house relay of all the divisions. The athletes certainly ran their swiftest, and jumped their highest, - notching up points, while their supporters cheered themselves hoarse for the coveted "Best House Shield" was on everyone's mind. Indeed, the scores of all the houses were very close, and at that stage, each point mattered.

In this high-strung atmosphere, the finals of the tug-o-war took place between the Tagore House and the Gandhi House. After spirited pulls, and a tie-breaker, Tagore House finally managed to win this decisive event. Pulls for the 3rd and 4th place had taken place before, with the positions being bagged by the Florence Nightingale House and Mary Ward House.

Next was a surprise event - a Tug-o-war between the present and the ex-students. The response of the ex-students was overwhelming and reiterated the fact that someone who is once an SMCian always remains one; truly you can leave SMC, but SMC never leaves you. A few enthusiastic pulls later, the current students were declared the winners.

This was followed by the drills, beginning with class 8 "Soaring high" - an enchanting representation of how the world is our oyster, all we need to do is to strive. Next, was "Semaphore" by class 7 - a precise display wherein the flag-wielding students exhorted us to be better citizens. Then, the students of class 6 performed "Aeroga", a unique, energetic blend of traditional yoga with new-age aerobics.

After this, class IX presented a well coordinated drill which reminded us of how our diverse, colourful land is inhabited by people of all sections





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of society, of all sects and castes - who are all one. Following the delightful "Unity in Diversity", was "Pole Waltz" by class X - a seamless display of military coordination festooned with elegance; which made the tenacious practices apparent.

Then, was time for the grand finale, the *creme-de-la-creme* - "Flame of Hope and Success" by class XI and XII. The girls presented a breathtaking sight as they walked onto the field bearing lighted torches. The drill concluded with the letters "SMC" being formed on the field - resplendent with glowing embers. Indeed, that captures SMC at its best - an institution which for 134 years has been a torch to the ripples, the repercussions of which reverberate in countless numbers in society, an institution which has a luminous spirit that becomes more salubrious with each passing day.

The drills were followed by a Pyramid, formed by members of all the houses. Definitely, the sky is the limit. Finally, it was time for the proud houses to march onto the field in order of merit. Mary Ward House, with 399 points led, followed by Green House, just 6 points behind them; thanks to Tanya Goel whose outstanding performance won her the "Championship", and the Mary Ward House, 10 crucial points. Florence Nightingale House, with 336 points; and Tagore House with 326 followed.

As the junior and seniors squads of all the houses stood on the field, Mr .A. Abhijat delivered an inspiring speech of appreciation. Then, Mrs. S. Abhijat presented the winners of the pre-decided events with their prizes, and also, the "Best House" and "March Past" shield to Lavanya Singh, and Mitali Mohan, captain and vice-captain of the Mary Ward House, the "Runner-up" trophy to Anshika Sinha and Sugandhi Kumar of the Gandhi House and the Discipline shield to Vibha Maine and Zoya of the Tagore House. The best disciplined class VII and the best drill was judged to be of class X, for their delightful "Pole Waltz". Following this, Swati Verma, our head girl, delivered the vote of thanks.

The grand event concluded with the school anthem, which enflamed each SMCian present with an urge to do her school proud. There was a gleam in every eye, soaring confidence in each heart and the lilting melody of "The Bells of St. Mary" resounding in each mind.

This display proved how important every cog of the SMC machinery is - every student, teacher, and every sister, with a warm heart that encompasses so many - is irreplaceable. Sometimes a part malfunctions, sometimes balance is lost - but when everyone strives like we did-the whole team soars with perfect balance.

NEHARIKA MALIK

XI-B





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P.T. SPORTS





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Sports





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USM CELEBRETIES GANDHI JAYANTI DAY



The Universal Solidarity Movement aims at creating a world where brotherhood pre-dominates and people realize the value of diversity, for it is only after this realization that we can live in harmony. Hence, each year the USM group celebrates Gandhi Jayanti, the birth day of a man who epitomizes these very values.

This year too we celebrated the day with a cultural programme. St. Joseph's College hosted the event on the 1st October and besides our school, St. Anthony's and Bethany Convent participated. The programme commenced in the usual USM fashion with readings from Holy Scriptures and a hymn. The lamp was lit by the USM presidents of the participating schools, Fr. Louis Mascarenhas, the Principal of S.J.C. and the chief guest.



Following this, Bethany Convent presented a Rajasthani folk dance which served very aptly to bring out the multitude of hues that embellish the canvas of India. After this delightful dance, St. Anthony's presented a prayer dance and a lilting song. Next in queue was an enthralling dance drama by St. Mary's depicting the bounty of our land. Then St. Joseph's staged a moving play that portrayed the anguish and mental turmoil of the Hindus and Muslims who were forced to flee from their native lands during the partition of 1947.

The programme concluded with an inspiring and enlightening speech by the Chief guest, whose words of wisdom struck a chord within us all, and gave us some food for thought, which we were sure to remember all our lives. We thank Mrs. Verma and Sr. Jyoti who accompanied us and thereby enabled us to benefit from this programme.

SHABDITA GUPTA
&
NEHARIKA MALIK





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Josephest 2005

As I begin to write this article, I make my entry into the gallery of picture-perfect memories of the two most exciting days of class XII. Yes, my friends, I am talking about the JOSEPHEST-2005 - a two day inter-school cultural extravaganza hosted by St. Joseph's College on 20th and 21st of October 2005. We, SMCian warriors, began the preparations for the battle of talents about two weeks prior to the Red-Letter Day.

The morning of 20th, saw our army entering the spacious auditorium of SJC amidst tumultuous applause. With a grand and solemn inauguration ceremony began the day's programme. The SJCian stage was a feast to the eyes as the hosts made full use of the latest computer technologies. The day was spent more in pursuit of intellectual activities. We began with the foot-tapping notes of the English song competition which was soon followed by the debate. The topic of the debate was "Schools today are mere centres of information rather than centres of formation", and all the participating teams managed to confuse us on our stand on the topic with their excellent arguments. A short interruption please. Kindly excuse me for actually forgetting to introduce the participating armies. The participating teams were St. Joseph's College, St. Mary's Convent, St. Joseph's Kanpur, St. Anthony's

Convent, YMCA, Bethany Convent, Tagore Public School and St. Peter's, Rae Bareilly. After the debate was the Hindi elocution accompanied by various off-stage events like collage-making, face-painting, creative writing, poster-painting and portrait making. We ended the day with the presentation of eye-catching skits by the various schools.

The second day was devoted to cultural activities like the Hindi song, Antakshari and group dance accompanied by portrait making and cartooning. We concluded the day and the fest by lifting the runners-up trophy as SJC emerged the overall winners. We managed to win laurels in a number of the competitions and came back carrying our smiles as trophies of our victory.

To sum up, I would like to thank our Principal, Sr. Roshni and all our teachers, without whose help, our excellent performance in SJC would not have been possible. I must congratulate all the students of class 12 for their exemplary team - work and efforts. I'm sure, these two days would forever be etched in our memory.

Sanya Ahmad (XII-B)



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MARIAN

RENDEZVOUS

2005

St. Mary's Convent Inter College, Lucknow hosted the Marian Rendezvous 2005, an inter-institutional meet on 21st and 22nd of October 2005. I felt delighted to get the opportunity to be a part of S.M.C. Allahabad's team of 10 girls. Besides me, there were Zoya, Avani Mittal, Vandita Kapoor, Ritika Anurag, Aeshna Singh, Apeksha Dubey, Divya Dubey, Zuyyina Khan and Stuti Mishear. Mrs. Thomas and Sr. Jyoti accompanied us. We reached Lucknow on the 20th of October in the evening

The next day was packed with activities. Sixteen schools from all over India participated in this rendezvous. The event began with dance and song followed by a prayer service. The theme of the event was "Together we can make a world of difference". The introduction of the teams followed. The next event, 'Group Dynamic' was very interesting and we played different games to know the other students better. 'Quinturtles' followed, in which Zuyyina Khan represented our school. The best part of this rendezvous was that there was no competition and hence no winning or losing. All were winners.

The off-stage events were Poster and Collage making in which our school was represented by Apeksha, Ritika and Avani respectively.

After lunch was the dance drama in which our school presented a folk tale from the state of Uttar Pradesh. The performance in which all of us participated won accolades from the audience. In between the performances took place the Elocution in which Zoya from our school gave an outstanding performance.

After the tea break, all the students were put into 10 new groups consisting of one student from each school. We

were given time to prepare for the next day's events - role play and environmental campaign. It was a completely new and exciting experience for all of us as we worked together with our new friends. The last event was talent display in which Aeshna Singh of our school earned words of praise for her enthralling performance. Thus the first day came to an end bringing all of us close together and knitting us into one SMC family.

Events on the 22nd began with the role play, followed by the environmental campaign in which each group performed magnificently. After lunch the group song of the different schools followed in between which extempore speaking took place in which I represented SMC, Allahabad.

The closing ceremony took place after the tea break in which all the students shared their experience and bade farewell to each other. Sr. Elsy, the Principal of SMC Lucknow, presented us with certificates and mementos.

On the 23rd we started our journey back. This was definitely a learning experience for all of us. We would like to thank Sr. Roshni for giving us the opportunity to participate in the Marian Rendezvous and Mrs. Thomas and Sr. Jyoti for accompanying us on this wonderful trip.



• SHIKHA SINGH



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Parents' Corner



Orientation Programme

The Orientation programme, which was recently held in SMC was in fact a Re orientation programme. The effect of which was to regain a bearing, to re-locate ourselves and to render our lives more purposeful as parents and our individual role in the family life and in bringing up our wards in true Christian spirit and ideology. Call it just a humbug or an intellectual approach to Teacher/Parents/School inter-action; I found the programme refreshing, reassuring and thought provoking.

Several points were really worth contemplating. The concept of stress relieving techniques in day-to-day life may not be new. But the emphasis of implementing or practicing of the same has caught attention only recently. Many personality development, effective entre-preneurship and leadership programmes started focusing on this aspect.

Life is not a cakewalk as it used to be in yesteryears. Many of us find it really hard to make both ends meet. Our socio-economic imbalance in this broad-banded middle-income group, feeling insecurity, inflated bills, career selection of our children and their dim future employment opportunities... everything adds to this stress building. And, so before a breakdown or exploding point reaches one has to tackle this growing menace. Rev. Fr. George has shown us few simple exercises to control this.

Such programmes give parents an opportunity to meet other parents, teachers and office bearers of the school and for me an opportunity to meet our magnanimous New Principal Rev. Sister Roshini CJ without an

appointment.

Parents could easily redress their grievances, which catered as feedback to the school authorities. There was the question of viewing Catholic/Christian students as below average, less motivated, dull and unenthusiastic by few teachers. There may be odd cases of finding few students, but they are not restricted to one particular community or caste or creed. And so, such condemnation or criticism must be discouraged by all at all levels.

Then came the question of standard of teaching. Some were of the view that without additional coaching it is impossible for students to get through. There is a trace of reality in this view and it is a bitter pill to swallow. One solution to this is to conduct extra classes for the weaker students in the school itself.

Nevertheless it is needless to say that such programmes provide a common platform where the relationship between the parents and the school is strengthened and all parents become proud of the Institution where their children are nurtured, guided and empowered to meet the challenging world. I sincerely wish that such programmes are organized periodically to maintain the synergy.

My sincere gratitude to Rev Sister Roshini, Rev. Fr. George, Rev. Fr. Rolfie. Teachers and staff.

Mr. Abraham Jacob
F/o Swapna Abraham, XIIC



THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA



Education - just this one word symbolizes the all round development of a human being. Our system of education till now is highly theoretical and examination based.

SMC took the initiative to change the system of education. SMC is one of those schools where learning goes hand in hand with the over all development of the child. This is the holistic approach towards education.

With the system of exams done away with, the children are more relaxed and stress-free. They are now doing regular studies so as to keep up with the surprise test that are conducted in the class. Regular studies always contribute to the over all development of the child. Students at SMC are made to work towards excellence in every field, be it in the academic field or participation in debates or dances or skits.

SMC has now become a perfect medium for the cultivation of young minds and hidden talents. Let us

hope that the school continues to shine forth in all its glory.

I, mother of Sanvi Bhutani IIC, express gratitude to Sr. Roshni, for her sincere efforts that will take the school to greater heights of glory and achievement.

Thanking You,

Babita Bhutani





Poets' corner...



WORDS

Some words heal, some words hurt
Some cause sorrow, and some cause mirth,
Some words lash, bringing grief and tears
Some words soothe troublesome fear
Some words kill and some give life
Some jab as hard as a steel- tipped knife
Some bring hope to a shrinking heart
Some cause friends and brothers to part
Harsh words come from a thoughtless mind
Sweet words belong to a heart that's kind
So when you open your mouth in haste
Think well each word. Speak well in taste.

Rashi Tripathi, IX-B

BE ALWAYS ...!

Be always near to my heart,
Give me support to every part
Provide my mind a clear thought,
With lessons life has taught

Don't let pride come in my way of determination,
As it will only wonder and lead me into frustration
Do teach me my limitation
When I am out of aggression.

Zeal and hard work is the key to success,
Which you instilled in me how to confess
I like the way you express
By which I gradually got impressed

You entrusted me with all opportunity
This is, in fact, a reality
Now I have reached my destination
This to your guidance is recognition.

Pracheta Agarwal IX-B





THE POET WHO NEVER WAS

*And I think it's going to be a long, long time,
Before the boy owns up to his crime,
And the craziest crime that ever was,
He couldn't make two lines rhyme.
And the poet began to despair,
Here he was born to give joy,
For all that he couldn't care,
He hadn't been to school since he was a slip of a boy.
And for all the purity of his thoughts,
The 'gurus' could do nothing, could they,
How do you make a wave stay?*

*But this was not what God had planned,
His was a life to be beyond compare,
To do what no one had before,
He was God's own, he was their prayer.
And he learnt, with time, to be pious and holy,
And not too fast, nor too slowly,
He learnt to love the world around him,
To love the land, and all the people who surrounded him.*

*And he was truly blessed; above him did the sun shine,
But sadly, the one thing he couldn't do
He never could learn to rhyme.
And as his days came to end, they said he had the grace,
But he said he was a simple man, who had run his race.
And God came to fetch him, in chariots divine,
And he looked up and smiled, and said -
"All in good time,
But Lord, there was one thing you never could do,
You couldn't teach me how to rhyme."*

Vandita Kapoor
XII



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**Do it
Now!**



If you have missed an opportunity in the past
It is not worth regretting
And it is unwise waiting for a future moment
For the future cannot be trusted
Now is the time to act. Only now is yours.

If you have hard work to do
Do it now!

Today the skies are clear and blue
Tomorrow clouds may come in view
Yesterday was not meant for you,
Do it now!

Sanjana Lal XI B

MODERN STUDENTS



Students go to school to learn
But some go there with certain concern
Some go to school for having a walk
Some go there only to talk
Some go to school, their parents to obey
But some go there, their fees to pay
Some go to school to do their duty
But some go there to show their beauty
Some go there to start only a game
But some go there to study and acquire fame.

Pracheta Agarwal IX-B

FLIGHT OF FREEDOM

I remember the day, when I stood at the bay,
Darkness surrounded me, unhappiness tormented me--

I wasn't I, my heart wanted to cry
Despair was reigning, the agony was killing.
Nothing seemed right; the events had caused
"an immense fright

Gloomy and sulky, hopeless and hurt was I.
My faith was shaking, my trust was dwindling
The morning was dull, the moon looked
pale albeit 't was full

Nine years of service faded in the dark,
Shackles of love ever grew with ivies of ill luck
The sky of hope was marred with doubt
Anguish and anxiety were my only scouts.
If I would escape I knew not, whether I could
endure this I knew not,

Like a shed leaf, I drifted about; and was
fortunately caught.

Your loving hands held me tight, so firm was
your hold on my soul!

Your heart concealed love, I was touched.
You gave me a new life; and wings to fly.
Hope filled my days, my nights full of joy.
A baseless entity was hence restored to life-
The sky was cleared, nothing was feared

Your grip was firm,

Rest was only a filthy scum.

A nightmare was over, I awaited the dawn;

With you and I standing hand in hand
My love for you only grows stronger with every
moment that passes by;

B'coz I know with you by my side, I can always
aim and fly high.

Swati Verma

(College Captain- 2005-2006)



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THE **FLOWERS'** LAMENT

On a raw afternoon
I peeped out
Breathing in the so called world
For the first time I realized
What beauty was about,
As I perceived radiant flowers still curled.

We grew together, endured cold weather;
Resisted wind together; conspired in the heather.

When the branches became laden with flowers;
And the atmosphere started crooning;
Each flower managed to break its bars;
Save I, who sat there moaning

I saw them all turning prettier than ever;
I saw them all turning luring;
But I turned uglier than ever;
And sat there moaning.

I saw them secreting nectar;
I saw them getting all dew;
I saw them regally bloom;
But I sat there, never able to plume

I tarried a lot
My hands stretched forth;
Expecting I don't know what;
In my conscience I harboured frenzy and wrath;
I was anxious for what I never got.

Nikita Srivastava XI B

If Only....

If only life was, as we want it to be;
If only there was more happiness than sadness
If only people were more understanding;
If only everything was much more joyful.

If only there was less of pain
If only people could live fully

And not waste this precious time on earth,
If only there was more caring and sharing

If only there was more love than hatred
If only there were more praises than abuses

If only they had more fun together
Than always killing each other each day

If only there could be more smiling faces
Than pulled down grumpy old looks

If only kids were innocent kids
And not kids pushed into this big bad adult world

If only people could understand
The true worth of things that come their way
And make the best possible use of opportunity
Than letting it go past their way.

Roshni Shukla XI C



LIFE IS ... THE MANY ASPECTS OF LIFE.

Life is a road, man a traveler
Life is a drama, man, an actor
Life is a game, man, its player
Life is a building, man, its engineer
Life is a cloth, man, its weaver
Life is a dress, man, its designer
Life is a house, man, its builder
Life is a patient, man, its doctor
Life is an outfit, man, its model
Life is a teacher, man, its pupil
Learn from life, while it still teaches
Make your destiny, while it still preaches.

*Aditi Khare 7-C

I DON'T HAVE THE TIME

I would love to stay and talk with you
To share a piece of my life with you
To listen with my heart to all you say
I would if I could, but I don't have the time

I would love to share your laughter and tears
To hold your hand when you're hurt, to dispel your fears
To encourage you when you're feeling down
I would if I could, but I don't have the time

I don't have the time to see the flowers
The trees, the stars and the rain that showers,
To spend time in prayer or with a loving friend
When will this lack of time ever end?

But time is an endless commodity
If I can't set the time, it's a calamity
I will miss out on all that's important to me
Life will pass me by, if I don't set the time

Shraddha Prakash 9-D

MONEY

Workers earn it, spendthrifts burn it
Bankers lend it, women spend it
Forgers fake it, taxes take it
Dying leave it, heirs receive it
Thrifty save it, miser crave it
Robbers seize it, rich increase it
Gamblers lose it, I could use it.

Isha Taneja-VIII C



OF KINGS & PINGS

"Excuse me, your chomambulated hiccupping highness,
But papadam, in all his fryness,
Killed himself, the poor little boy,
He was, you should know, delirious with the joy."

"Pappu! Of all children, I never expected,
Though I always knew he was a little nex-whepshed.
Then, of course, there is the matter."
Of who will whip the royal batter."

"And I say", the queen said, "in the whole of this century,
There never was a better boxer than Ali."

The wantonly wuzzled wumpeg of Wazore,
Then whooped in through the royal door,
And said-"Mr. King, I'm in a great fix,
I fear my fingers are falling freely, nix nix."

The king mumbled-"I have an appointment,
Till then, give him the gumpy ointment,
The one that has, apart from the toads,
The pickturnel, pockturnel, pucker, and poads."

Far away, on the astonishing seventh moon,
Of the hugely popular planet of kakrafoon,
Lived a gnaw gnasher-full of deceit,
Who said conspiratorially to both his left feet,
"I fear I develop a shinny shig-shig,
For the King's seventh daughter, and her seventh pig"

The king was telepathic, and he got to know,
About the ting-ping in the gnasher's gazore,
And said to his flunkys-"go get that bink!
I want that chilly-dang here in a wink!"

As the gnasher tumbled in through the royal door,
He saw fingers floating on spotless red floor,
He screamed in terror and said to the king,
(Who was, as you should know, the brother of Ming),
"My lord, I swear by the soles of my shig,
I won't touch your daughter or her pretty white pig"

He flew out the window, and ran like a zore.
The king and his flunkys heard of him no more.



Vandita Kapoor

XI-B



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Primary Section





Year 2005-06 *Through the Eyes of the Little Ones*

"Between the regrets of yesterday and the dreams of tomorrow there lie opportunities of today."

As yet another academic year comes to an end let us throw light on the variety of activities that took place in the primary section of our school.

To begin with, this year the little ones showed their small gesture of love and gratitude to their parents in the form of a cultural program. The appreciation of the parents boosted their self confidence. The best part of Parents day celebration is that each child gets a chance to come up on stage.

The next awaited event was the Independence Day celebration. Different classes showed their love for the country in various forms like songs, poems, dances and skits.

The next in line was the Teacher's Day celebration. The children showed their genuine love and respect for their teachers and made us feel on top of the world.

The other interesting event of the year were the various class competitions on speeches, G.K., dances, songs, handwriting, multiplication tables and poems. The children proved their versatility in all these events.

As we were looking forward to Christmas our Catholic children staged the Christmas play. The Christmas carols spread cheer and festive spirit in every heart.

Sr. Damascena's golden jubilee was a celebration in itself. The girls expressed their feelings in the form of dance, songs, qawwali and a skit. The next day a surprised holiday was just the right gift from Sr. Damascena.

Alas! There were sorrows too. We bade Adieu to our dear teacher Mrs. A. Mathews. She was an epitome of dedication and sincerity and an excellent teacher. We will miss her always. On her farewell the children as usual brightened the tearful atmosphere with their colourful dances and melodious songs.

Last, but not the least, our weekly ling assembly motivated the children to lead a value based life.

As we stand at the threshold of a new academic year may God help us to be kind and wise in all our understanding.

Let us begin with the motto :
Adopt, adapt and Improve.
as improvement starts with an I.

Mrs. Moitra





Primary School Celebrates

PARENTS' DAY

The day to celebrate the best gift given by God to us, the humble and human being, was celebrated as parents day on 8th Oct 2005, in our college by class 5 students.

'Parents are the God given gifts on Earth!' With this sentence we started our programme.



First there was a prayer service in which we thanked the almighty Lord for giving us parents who help us in all we do. In this item was a prayer dance, a prayer song, etc. The next item was a dramatization of a poem 'The enchanted short'. The characters in this item were a king, his ministers, doctors and a happy farmer. It is said that a programme is incomplete without music, so we had an English and a Hindi song which was enjoyed by everyone present in the hall. The next item was performed by the Asha Deep children. Then our second last item was a Bharatnatyam dance. At last but not the least was a Hindi skit related to our studies. Our show was enjoyed by everyone present in the hall.

In the end, parents came up to the stage and spoke a few words about our programme and also encouraged us. This programme was praised by everyone. On the whole, it was a fantastic show and the teachers strained their every nerve to make this show a success.



*Rachel
Alice Chakravorty*





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REPUBLIC DAY CELEBRATION

Primary School

REPUBLIC DAY CELEBRATION







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My Class

I am in class I B. There are many children in my class. We are 57 girls. Some are short. Some are tall and some are thin with long hair and ponytails and also some with short hair. We smile and laugh. Sometimes we shout and fight also. We read and write. We sing and dance. We have fun in class one.



Shivangi Banada
IB

My teacher



My teacher is like a lamp
Who gives us the light of knowledge
My teacher is like my mother
Who loves all her children
My teacher always smiles at me
No matter how naughty I am
My teacher tells me good old stories
She also takes us out to play
She is a wonderful gift of God
She is very loving and kind
I love her a lot

By
Grace Thomas (I A)

LIFE



The song which every heart has to sing
Whether it's summer, winter or spring
The sea in which every soul has to sink
Till it lies off, and then with God there's link

The garden in which every flower has to blossom
Believe me, that garden is awesome
It teaches us so many things
That's why I say that it is awesome

The best gift of God it is
It is the flower with eternal bliss
Though there are frustration and sadness in it
But remember after sadness there is always happiness

Let me tell you its name, yes it is LIFE

Rini Chandra (VB)

Save Trees

Save every tree
To get fresh air free
Give them water and clean soil
They will give us fruit and oil

Allow them to live
Because they help us to love
We will get fresh air
If we save every tree

Rajshree Mishre (III-A)





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MOTHER LAND

I love my motherland
 India-a vast and mighty land
 We grow as citizens in her hand
 By playing with her mud and sand
 A land having diverse culture
 Filled with the glory of the past
 And we should try to make it fast
 The love of my motherland
 Never stands to take rest
 And India is my dearest
 For my motherland is the best

Srishti Prakash
 III A

My School

St. Mary's is my school name
 In helping others we never feel shame
 My school is very fine
 I am proud to call it mine
 We learn something everyday
 Which will make us great someday
 Teachers are very kind
 They have a brilliant mind
 In every field this name will shine
 This is the St. Mary's school if mine

Soumya Abidi
 III C

Our Body Politicians

President	Mr. Heart
P.M.	Mr. Brain
Home Minister	Mrs. Kidney
Information Minister	Mr. Tongue
Supply Minister	Mr. Artery
Law & Justice Minister	Mrs. Eyes
Social Welfare Minister	Mr. Hands
Railway Minister	Mrs. Blood vessel
Finance Minister	Mr. Liver
Energy Minister	Mr. Adrenal Gland
Eternal Minister	Mr. Lungs
Communication	Mr. Tongue
Health Minister	Mr. Intestine
Food Minister	Mr. Stomach
Defence Minister	Mr. Skin

Munzila Rizvi (V A)

Pollution Menace

Every where there is pollution
 Isn't there any solution?
 Vehicles leave a lot of fumes
 Causing the earth to choke
 Pollution itself in a way
 Is increasing day by day
 We humans are responsible
 For this pollution
 Hence we should try to find
 An ultimate solution

Simar Gulati
 IV B





Riddles

Who am I?

1. Violet, Indigo, blue and green, yellow, orange and red; these are the colors you have seen after the storm has fled.
2. A father's child, a mother's child, yet no one's son. Who am I?
3. In spring I am gay in handsome array; in summer more clothing I wear; when colder it grows I fling off my clothes; and in winter quite naked appear. What am I?
4. It goes up, but at the same time goes down. Up toward the sky, and down toward the ground. It's present tense and past tense too, come for a ride, just me and you. What is it?
5. Very pretty thing am I, fluttering in the pale-blue sky. Delicate, fragile on the wing, indeed I am a pretty thing. What am I?
6. Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye, and a long tail which she let fly; and every time she went through a gap, a bit of her tail she left in a trap. What is she?
7. Three mountain climbers paid a lot of money to be the first to scale a mountain. After several days of climbing they finally reached the pinnacle, and to their dismay, found a cabin and three frozen bodies. Since the mountain climbers were the first to ever climb the summit, how could this be possible?
8. If you screw a light bulb into a socket by turning the bulb toward the right with your right hand, which way would you turn the socket with your left hand in order to unscrew it while holding the bulb stationary?

9. If someone says to you, "I'll bet you \$1 that if you give me \$2, I will give you \$3 in return", would this be a good bet for you to accept?

Never resting, never still. Moving silently from hill to hill. It does not walk, run or trot. All is cool where it is not. What is it?

Unnati Bijalwan.
III-A

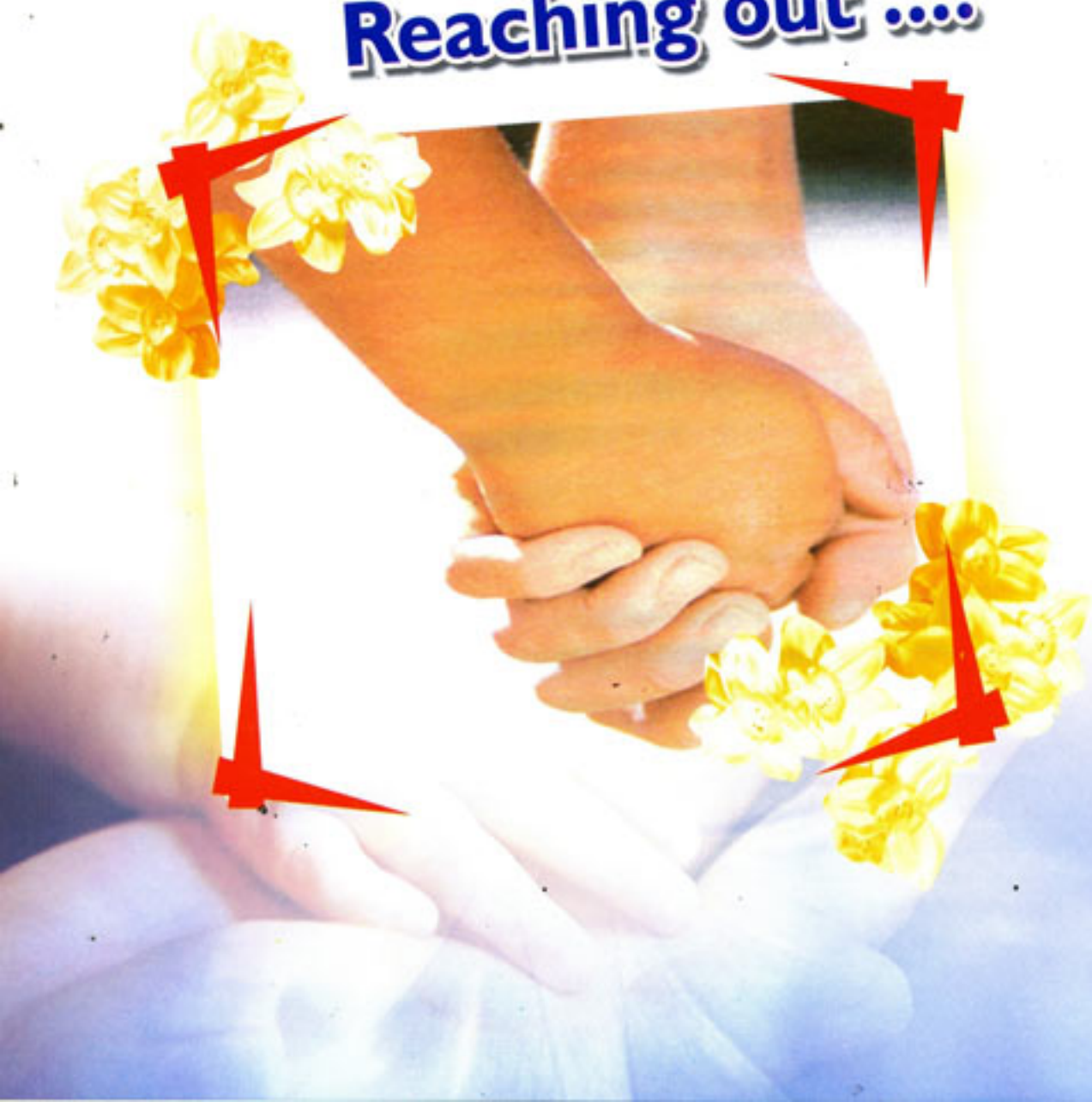
ANSWER : 1. I am a Rainbow. 2. I'm their daughter. 3. A Tree. 4. A See-Saw. 5. Butterfly. 6. A needle and thread. 7. They found a cabin of an airplane that had crashed there with 3 bodies in it. 8. To the right. It's always the same direction. 9. No. This is a situation where you lose even if you win. Assuming the other person is being wise, they would take your \$2 and say, "I lose", and give you \$1 in return. You win the bet, but you're out \$1. 10. Sunshine.





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Reaching out





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A Trip

to the Blind School

Darkness! Black! These words were coming to my mind as I sat in the bus to reach 'Raj Andh Vidyalaya' the blind school. For us, 'darkness' is like a monster which none of us would like to face. If we close our eyes even for a minute, the same monster haunts us. With these weird thoughts in mind, I reached there. But I was wrong. I did not know what was in store for me there.

There is an entirely different world. The darkness which is like a monster to us for one minute, haunts them all their lives. They are living a life even though it is different from ours. They are spending a life with that blackness and trying to fight against it.

On reaching there, I had expected a whole lot of crying, helpless people and I thought how difficult it would be for me to interact with them but unknowingly, I had stepped into a completely new world which was full of darkness yet full of light.



As we lined up in their assembly ground, we saw a huge lot of kids and young men and women coming down the stairs. To my astonishment, they were laughing and chattering and I instantly threw the thought out of my mind that they were handicapped. They made straight lines, sang a lovely song followed by the national anthem. After the assembly finished, they sat and started talking amongst themselves.



Our teacher started the inter-action. They knew that we were there to meet them. My classmates and I told them about safety rules and cleanliness. After that they went into their classes and we followed them. And, I was struck with the question that 'Are they really different?' And the immediate answer I received from my heart and mind was 'No'.





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As we entered their world, I was a bit afraid. We entered the classes of the older students first. They were not illiterate and could read and write in Braille. They wrote our names in Braille and presented it to us.

Soon there after, we went to the little one's class room and experienced sheer pleasure in interacting with them. They sang songs for us and even told us about the subjects they were taught and their daily routine. I was surprised to learn that they could talk in English. We had great fun and then we proceeded further. We were talking to some kids while a girl who must have been about seven years old came and all of a sudden asked me, "How am I to look at?" I was stunned and lost for words. After a while, I replied, "You are extraordinarily beautiful."



I can never forget this incident, with tear filled eyes I moved on. Suddenly, my eyes fell upon a boy who was playing 'tabla' on the table and it was lovely to hear him play. Then, the caretaker called him and said that his father was on the phone. He rushed out with a look of happiness on his face.

I asked the caretaker where the boy's parents were? She told me that they were in Bombay. Soon, I



came across many such cases where the parents were quite well off somewhere and had sent their children here just because they were ashamed of them.

My mind was disturbed a bit, still I was happy. We went up and visited their dormitories and their dining hall. I had a lovely time, and wished that time would halt but as we say, "Time and tide wait for no man." Once again, we lined up in the ground ready to leave. I left, with the promise that

I would return soon.

To conclude, after seeing them fighting through darkness to live, I developed an entirely different meaning of blackness and one word to define it is 'Light'.

Shambhavi Tripathi
VII 'C'





A SOUL-STIRRING VISIT TO MOTHER TERESAS' ORPHANAGE

On 3rd December 2005 the senior Catechism group i.e. class IX to XII with Sr. Preeti and Sr. Shalini visited the Mother Teresa's Orphanage in Muirabad.

We went there with



Christmas greetings, sang songs with them, and prayed

with them and for them. Each child received a hand-knitted woolen article from us and a good share of eats.

What really touched us to the core of our hearts was the fact that there were three new born babies-unwanted babies!

There were some 15 pairs of eyes looking up at you from their cots trying to convey a message- a longing to be cuddled and loved as the other kids of the world.

We stayed there for almost an hour and this one



hour taught us our greatest lesson ever to be thankful and appreciative of whatever we have. It is only when we come in proximity with harsh truths, that we realize the worth of things that we have and the opportunities God gives us to do a little kind deed.

Roshni Shukla
XI'C



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Visit to the Leper Colony

On the morning of 10th September-2005, Zuyyina Khan, Sania Ahmad, Saloni Singh, Tulika Sengupta and Nandini Misra, from class IX of our school boarded the school jeep along with Mrs. S. Sajan, Sr. Jyoti and our principal, Sr. Roshni, and set forth for the leper colony, located in Kareli, to pay the residents a visit and to take stock of the circumstances in which they live.

The students of class IX had collected quite a large amount of medicines and a big sum of money which we had utilized in supplying them with coal and proper water supply. On the way, we also bought some eatables for them.

We set out at 9.30 a.m. and reached there in a short while. The colony was a quiet, green and harmonious place. On reaching there, we were welcomed by a few of the people who were sitting on a platform made around a tree located in the midst of the buildings there, their usual gathering place. They rang a bell which summoned everyone and no sooner had they rung the bell, everyone was there.

Then, we gave them the medicines and the eatables we had taken along. The coal was being arranged by someone known to Saumya Jaiswal of class IX-D while Komal Srivastava of class IX-C was getting the water supply arranged for them.

Then they offered us chairs to sit on and we had an interactive session during which we asked them a few questions to which they replied with full interest.



After this, they sang devotional songs along with their musical instruments and a mike as well. We, in our turn, sang a hymn and prayed for them.

And after this melodious interaction, we went around exploring the area.. We met the person, in charge of the colony, who told us that these lepers came not only from Uttar Pradesh. but also from



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States like Orissa and Bihar. We also saw a meeting hall which was being built there with the financial aid being given by the sisters of St. Mary's.

And finally, as all good things come to an end, this visit too came to an end and we left the colony and went off back to school.

This trip has been a very beautiful experience for us and has taught us that even though everything in life might be against you, hope can help you sail through.



We would like to thank Sr. Roshni, Sr. Jyoti and Mrs S. Sajan for accompanying us on the trip and all the other teachers of class IX for helping us in reaching out a helping hand to those in need. This effort, this trip and this experience will be a sweet memory in our lives forever.

*Tulika Sengupta
And
Nandini Misra*



Asha Deep School for the underprivileged

Our school, St. Mary's Convent Inter College, runs a special educational scheme for poor children. It is named 'Asha Deep'. Our school wants these children to have a bright future and hence provides free education to them.



One day, I was honoured to have the company of some of these children. We shared our tiffin with them, chatted and enjoyed playing together. They are very simple and good. I liked them and wish to meet them again. I would also like to do

whatever little I can to help them.

God loves little children and He will surely bless us when we love and help others, because Jesus says in Luke 18:16 of the Bible -



"Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the Kingdom of God belongs to such as these. I tell you the truth, anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little children will never enter it."



*Rachel
Alice Chakravorty*





SMC Students Participate in

Cancer Awareness Programme





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WELCOME DELEGATES OF SOCIAL CONFERENCE

The sisters of the congregation of Jesus organized a Social Conference on Justice and Peace in March 2006 at Allahabad. It was attended by C.J. 'delegates from all over the world. S.M.C. accorded the guests a warm welcome.

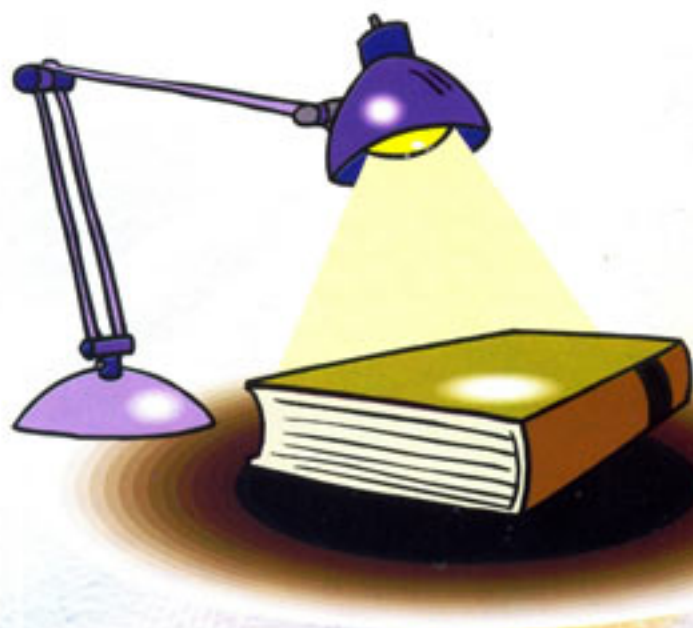
Sr. Mechtilid Meckl, General Superior of C.J. Sisters, addresses SMC students.





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BOOK REVIEW





TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE

For you, it may have been a grand parent, or a peer who is an excellent listener or your mother or your favourite uncle. Someone who helped you when you were confused about your priorities, your choices and your identity; someone who gave advice, but never forced them upon you, some one to whom you could open your heart and be told that you were a raw gem, someone who genuinely cared for you and needed no testimony to prove that. For Mitch Albom, it was Morrie Schwartz, his sociology professor at the Brandeis University, Massachusetts. He was the one who encouraged Mitch to be pianist because Mitch was passionate about music. Mitch's father wanted him to pursue law. Morrie gave Mitch the courage to believe in himself, to pursue music because he wished to. Morrie continuously boosted his morale but all the same warned him about the sharks out there. Morrie often took detours with Mitch, walking along with him in Brandeis University, or eating with him in the cafeteria. Mitch used to love Morrie's clumsy stupor, his ways of trying to pass life's lessons between mouthfuls of egg-salad. He helped him to write his first honorary thesis and for Mitch long walks with Morrie would be tantamount to walks with his mentor, friend or a father or a cross between all the three. Morrie meanwhile took it as chance to be near someone whom he could affect with his presence and his words. On his convocation day, a sticky Saturday afternoon, Mitch gave Morrie a briefcase with his initials in front. Mitch didn't want Morrie to forget him, the thought slipped through his veins like an ice cube. Promising to stay in touch, Mitch left the Brandeis University, ready to offer the world his talent.



Years passed by and Mitch never kept in touch, doing exactly the kind of thing we do to the people of our past. His favourite uncle died of pancreatic cancer and he was not able to do anything about it. Having received a cold insight of a completely non interested world Mitch evolved into someone he never wished to be. He started working as a sports journalist juggling many stories like a circus clown. He frequently appeared on the television and radio. He bit off a piece of spotlight from the famous sports celebrities, finding fifteen minutes of fame from their glory. Meanwhile in 1994, Morrie got in hand his death sentence in the form of a report confirming that he had ALS (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis), a rare neurological disorder first detected in baseball super star Lou Gehrig. It was a slow killer and worked its way upwards from the feet to your whole body, reducing it to a shell. But Morrie made his choices; it wasn't in his nature to wither away. He formed a cocoon of human activities around him. He minimized T.V. sitcoms and organized a living funeral for himself. But he missed



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his dancing, customary for him long before ALS conquered him. But now that ALS had come over Morrie, dancing was history. But it was his courage which showed. A fellow colleague was so moved by Morrie's bravery that he wrote an article on him. As fate works it, this article was spotted by Ted Koppel, one of the most famous interviewers of America. And so after a few days, Koppel was standing outside Morrie's house, to interview him about his disease. This is where Mitch came in. He was in Detroit and was casually flipping channels when the words caught him, "Who is Morrie Schwartz?" boomed Ted Koppel's voice and Mitch went numb. He immediately packed his bags and left for West Newton, Morrie's home.

It did not take much time for Mitch to see the old insidious decay taking over his professor. He hugged him and they sat down to chat. They soon sank into their college comfort routine, Mitch asking questions and Morrie trying to pass life's lessons. It was exactly like their freshman year when Mitch had christened Morrie 'coach'. He soon left and promised to return, but this one was not like the one he gave on his convocation day, this was a true one. Soon the newspaper union where Mitch worked went on a strike and settled down to brandishing conditions. All this left him for a want of repose and he rang up Morrie and spoke to him, trying to find the peace of mind only Morrie could offer.

Soon Mitch and Morrie enrolled for their last thesis. They met each other every week on Tuesdays just to speak of things like family, love, affection and envy. Things which would have made Mitch shrug were the things they often spoke about, recording them on a voice recorder as an attempt to steal Morrie's voice

from death's casket. Morrie told Mitch all he had seen in life, all that had happened to him. How his mother died when he was very young and how his father was never much bothered about him. Under Morrie Mitch made up with his brother Peter, cared more for his wife Janine and gave work the importance it deserved. Morrie Schwartz once again chiseled him down to his actual self and Mitch Albom grew manifold under him. As he saw death approach very close, Morrie called on Mitch, unable to speak anything, but Mitch Albom was a different person now and cried for the first time in many years. Morrie requested him to come to his grave on Tuesdays and speak all about his struggles and that were perhaps the last words Morrie spoke to him. So on 4th Nov. 1994, in a time when the whole nation was rocked by the O.J. Simpson trial, Morrie left for his last journey and never came back but remained alive through all that he had instilled in Mitch Albom.

'Tuesdays with Morrie' is a chronicle of human lives and a cocoon of the past and the present with a little room for worries about the future. It is a book which would return your lost self to you. Have you lately visited an old friend, been yourself and been as human as possible? If you haven't, there is no time lost yet. Only one small effort can rekindle a fire of warmth within you. It is as Morrie put it "Love each other or perish"

Nimisha Mishra (VIII-D)



O Henry

The Profile

Short Story Writer

William Sidney Porter, better known to us as O. Henry, was, unarguably, one of the best fictional short story writers of his time. Being an avid reader himself, O. Henry published over three hundred stories which brought him worldwide acclaim. Mostly set in the writer's contemporary present, his stories deal, for the most part, with ordinary people: clerks, policemen, waitresses and the like.

It has been truly said about O. Henry's work that they were "one of the best English examples of catching the entire flavour of an age." His creations are a perfect blend of human sentiments, seasoned with a dash of humour and a pinch of witty sarcasm. His poignant tales have kept him immensely popular among the ordinary masses, primarily, owing to his speciality at evoking their tragedies and aspirations with humour and artistry. So good was he at creating stories with an arresting opening and an end with a twist of plot which turns on ironic or coincidental circumstances, that he can, safely, be crowned the "champion of surprise endings".

From his vast collection of stories, I tried to take up a couple of his better known works and share with you their beauty and magnificence.

A famous story of O. Henry's, "The Gift of Magi" concerns a young couple who are short of money but desperately want to buy each other Christmas gifts. Unable to arrange for the requisite amount of money, the two, unbeknownst to one another, are compelled to sell away their proudest and, perhaps, priciest possessions. Jim buys for Della an exquisite pair of combs to adorn her hair, and Della buys for her beloved an elegant platinum fob chain, but call it a game of fate or a coincidence, to their disappointment and regret, their gifts turn out to be

futile for them. In spite of having longed for those articles they could not make any use of them, that too when they were in their hands. Go ahead, read the full story and know it for yourself what was so special about the gifts of these "Magi".

The narrative is touching and is an ideal example of "love complemented by generosity", in which two lovers fulfill the secret desires of one another, irretrievably sacrificing their own treasures in the process.

The much anthologized "The Ransom of Red Chief" is claimed to be O. Henry's best known work. The story revolves around two kidnappers, Sam and Bill, who make off with Johnny, the ten year old son of a prominent man, in order to obtain the money to clear their bonds. Interestingly, Johnny or the "Red Chief", as he prefers to be called, instead of pleading with his father to have him rescued, seems to be rather enjoying his time "camping in the cave", playing with his kidnappers and "terrorizing" them, particularly Sam, with his nuisance acts. The boy's father appears to be well aware of his obnoxious brat, and instead of submitting to the propositions of the abductors, offers to "oblige" them by having his son back in return for a square amount of two hundred and fifty dollars. Well, now the poor chaps can neither let go of the ransom money so easily nor can they stand the boy without landing themselves in a mad house.

Complete with an ironic plot, efficient use of humour, energetic style of writing and hilarious characters, the story promises a thoroughly amusing read.

So, no matter how old you are, or what mood you are in, indulge yourself in any of the numerous short stories by O. Henry, and I can say, with certainty, that you will not be able to resist a smile from crossing your face.

Faizeen Zafar (IX-D)



In one Era and Out the other

-Sam Levenson

Sam Levenson was raised in an impoverished Jewish neighbourhood in New York City, and he has never forgotten the strict, sometimes harsh, aspects of his early years. But mostly, he remembers the funny things that happened to him and his family.

As a television comedian, Sam Levenson has entertained millions with recitals of these homely anecdotes. 'In One Era Out the Other' is the story of his return to the scenes of his youth to assess and reaffirm the values instilled in him. The story can well be termed as a mixture of paradoxes- entertaining, yet thoughtful, humorous yet nostalgic. Sometimes it compelled me to think for myself, of our times, of the generation we belong to, of the onus on us to 'save the day', of the journey called life itself.... Sample this:

"I started in one era and arrived in another. The trip took half a lifetime. By the time I got to the castle at the end of the rainbow, it had been condemned and replaced by something more up-to-date. The times had changed. I'm not sure whether I got here too late for the old world or too soon for new one. I'm hung up between two eras. My hair is getting gray, some of it from ageing, some of it from the falling plaster of venerable institutions crumbling over my head..."

And then there is humour, Levenson's forte. Be it "Sammy has such a wonderful memory; he makes the same mistake over and over again", or his mother's way of 'reverse-budgeting' planning not only for what not to buy, but buying the instead-of, which she could not afford not to have:

1 phone call	= 1 carfare to the museum
4 movies	= 1 shirt
1 bicycle	= 10 pairs of eye-glasses
5 ice-creams	= 2 pairs of socks

When Sam announced his decision to seek his fortune in 'show-business', his family's first reaction was. "But what are we gonna tell the neighbours? Sammy the comedian? For this you went to college?" But his first book, 'Everything but Money,' did so well that he changed his listing in the yellow Pages from Comedian to Humourist and raised his fees, and as he writes, "I had got the family off the hook. They could now face the neighbours with: 'He's a humorist'."

While scrutinizing the flag-bearers of tradition, the Gen-X, Levenson exhibits his eternal optimism at its fascinating best:

"The new 'consciousness' my children's generation talks about is actually ancient. They have rediscovered simplicity, the sanctity of life... They are nostalgic for a past they never knew. They have not come to the end but the very beginning of tradition..."

Typical of Sam Levenson, it is a tale that blends bittersweet memories with the effervescent humour of a man who loves to laugh-especially at his own jokes. That is because, he says, of a bit of an advice from his father: "Never depend upon strangers".





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FEATURES





DEATH OF DISTANCE

With information superhighways and the rapid growth of communication technology, distance has become meaningless. The areas that were remote and unreachable, are accessible and open to globalization. The Internet, Cellular phones with MMS, have offered people a new source of enchantment.

If the first wave of civilization was agrarian, the second wave was the age of Industrial revolution. Alvin Toffler, the futuristic thinker calls the information civilization as the third wave. This wave encompasses data information, images and symbols. Indians have benefited tremendously with the third wave. With outsourcing as the third wave 'Mantra', our numeric strength has tilted the economic balance in our favour. We have 'Bangalored' the U.S., forcing them to look upon us with awe. President George Bush is encouraging the Americans to learn 'Hindi' apart from other foreign languages.

With all the hype, there is a package deal that goes with success. The death of geographical distance has created distances between human beings. Technology has changed our actions and reactions. Instant communication has given way to do-your-own-thing culture, resulting in increased materialism and growing consumerism. In this age, the individual is self obsessed. There is a general breakdown of social conventions, of manners and concern for others. Trying to beat deadlines a person is not able to relax and is always stressed out. Obsessive use of technology leads to boredom, restlessness, trembling fingers and pounding hearts. Anxiety takes a heavy toll on the body and mind.

With our national preoccupation with success, 'Achiever fever' takes over. Failure indicates a terrible individual flaw. Traumatized and forlorn, the unsuccessful people engage in hiding process. They project a false, confident self, hiding their warts, distancing themselves from their own real self.

Mobility not only distances us from our loved ones but also changes the tone of a city, the ambience of its neighbourhood; Gone are the days when our city had sprawling bungalows, familiar landmarks and friendly neighbourhoods. Very few people know the names of the residents living next door. When people have no idea, which face belongs to which apartment, then such apathy promotes crime, distrust and loneliness.

In this changing scenario, the worst affected are the infants and the senior citizens. With nuclear families the concept of double incomes rising, the little ones are nurtured by 'crèches'. The elderly feel valueless and unwanted as they lose their status as purveyors of traditional knowledge.

All of us need intimacy, warmth and as sense of self-worth. In the everyday environment, within the family or at workplace, the dialogue should not cease. Everybody should communicate, laugh, argue, eat and celebrate together.

Those travelling on the super information highways shouldn't have their roads paved with psychological baggage. Rethinking should be done to slow down instant gratification, constant connectivity and endless acquisition. Listening to the divine voice, prayer, meditation, indulging in a favourite hobby, taking time out for a loved one, is essential and therapeutic. The mind and the spirit have to be rejuvenated, otherwise the click of a mouse will shut out the real world and entry into the virtual world will make each man an island.

Mrs. Mamta Joshi





Indian Woman-Today and Fifty Years Back

The nonchalant saunter of woman on the road to progress has been drastic over the past few years. From being the oppressed, women have now assumed leading positions in numerous fields—sports, corporate environment, medicine, engineering or even retail. Women have indeed made an indelible impact on all walks of life. They have succeeded in carving a niche for themselves everywhere even in the previously male-dominated bastions.

All this is definitely in striking contrast to the deplorable condition of women just half a century back. In those days women were reduced to being mere homemakers in most cases. Ambitious women of that time too, did manage to get into some profession— but it was usually restricted to teaching or nursing. Hopes of anything more were quashed by the pressure society exerted. Of course a few 'mavericks' of the time did succeed in flouting pretentious hackles of society and followed their dreams, but it took very bold families to let their daughters be. Social ostracization or demeaning the family or girl would follow even for a woman, who determinedly set out, faced lofty hurdles. Says Kiran Bedi, "To be thought of half as useful as the man, I had to work twice as hard." These are the words of a woman who struggled a decade ago. Five decades ago things were obviously markedly worse.

Even in those days there were intrepid pioneers who did what they had to, without caring about hollow citadels of social norms and customs. The trail, which they succeeded in illuminating, is what hundreds of thousands of women across the breadth of the country follow.

And now we are every where— the most powerful political figure in the country is a woman. It is a woman who has succeeded in giving cricket a run for its money in terms of its popularity and making 'hard surface' and 'grand slam' mandatory requisites of day-to-day language.

Indian women are getting international acclaim, be it for poise and elegance or wit or prowess at writing or at reporting. Women now have a platform to showcase their talents. A girl who wants to be, say a pilot, or an astronaut or even join the armed forces, is not looked down upon or reprimanded. The women of today are free to soar where she likes.

This is however the picture through the rose- tinted glasses. The opportunities, the triumphs, the intellectual acclaim is limited to the 'intelligentsia'— the educated woman who is aware of her rights and does not hesitate to use them. But the saddest paradox of our times is that when a girl from an affluent family is studying hard to get through medical entrance the maid's daughter— exactly her age — is being married off to a man ten years older.

Dowry deaths still occur in horrifying numbers and our capital has been declared the most unsafe city in the country for women; cases of harassment in the work place litter courts.

We are obviously not a very progressive nation till we can get the same freedom for all women, regardless of social status or where she is in the financial hierarchy. We cannot proclaim to be a liberated lot till we garner for all the rights a privileged few enjoy today. And this restoration of God-given dignity and justice is something only we can bring about. It is only then we can proudly proclaim to be liberated and different from what we were fifty years back.

It is totally upon ourselves to know our own rights, spread awareness about them and hence paint the picture of womanhood with the bright hues of Monet rather than the melancholy greys of Van Gough which adorn it.

Niharika Malik (XIB)



Stay Connected Wherever You Are

If you are thinking this to be an advertising slogan of a mobile company, then you are wrong. Well, it is just about your connection with God..

We commit evil only when God is absent from our minds. Perhaps all who read this will agree with it. A person who is devoted to God can under no circumstance do evil because the Almighty guides all his actions and thoughts. However being so faithful to God is not easy. The evil one is always on the look out for a chance to tempt the righteous. It takes just a second to contaminate our minds, but it is in our hands whether to listen to him or ignore him.

We should remember God even while doing our daily work. God should be in our hearts even when we are at work. Even when you are partying with friends, playing, watching a movie, studying or doing anything else, just a small prayer will keep you connected with your Heavenly Father. You don't need a 'Nokia' to stay connected to Him. Your prayers will act as the perfect 'Nokia' for the purpose.

Moreover if your relationship is strong, then even while not praying, be confident and sure about your network because God provides us with a network which is far better than any airtel or hutch.

If our thoughts are good, then definitely our actions will be good too. But if our thoughts are evil our actions will show the result. God consciousness is God remembrance

It is said, 'An empty mind is a workshop of the devil.' Therefore, never let yourself be idle for a second for in that case your mind is sure to waver. In stead, occupy yourself with something fruitful. Remember wasting time itself is an evil act.

This life is precious. God has given it to you. You are here for a purpose. It is now your turn to find what that purpose is and fulfil it.

So 'Stay connected'.

Sarah Masih
XIB

Reminiscences of A Wonderful Sister

[P.S. Mrs. R. Mitra with the following note, has submitted this story, written by an NDA student:

"This is a story that touched my heart and I thought of sharing it with all our readers. In our rush to reach our goal we tend to ignore human relationships and take it all for granted, but then the Almighty intervenes and shows us the right path and teaches us the value of relationships. Hope this short story has an impact on you as it had on me."]

I knew that she was coal black at the time of her birth. My uncle blatantly refused to believe that she was born into our family where only fair people existed. That was my sister. Oblivious to people's adverse reactions to her she barged into a peaceful household, threatening to disrupt the utter calm that preceded her birth. Her continuous wailing and bawling ensured that no person with enough sense would volunteer to go near her.

Both of us were born at the same place and same surroundings, with a couple of years between us. But here ended the similarities. If she was dark I was fair; she a nuisance, I a pleasure. She was dumb, I was smart. (Of course a little exaggeration on my part may be excused). In spite of all these, she was the apple of my father's eye and my mom never got tired of bashing me, if ever, I had a brawl with her. She was a simpleton from her early days where I always manipulated situations to my favour with shrewd calculations and foul play.

If all I've just said is true, then it's also a fact that we were the best of buddies at any given time. She used to cry her heart out and miss her meals as often as I used to be taken to task for all my misdeeds. But all the fun we were having as kids was put to an end when I was sent packing to a boarding school



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and a blooming friendship was nipped in the bud.

That was the first turning point in our lives; I was now a guest in my own home, spending just two months out of twelve. I felt a stranger, loneliness was my sister's companion and my presence seemed to disturb her. Sparks began flying around us; confrontations became the order of the day- that place saw us drifting apart from each other. But then the script charted out by the Almighty had dramatic twists and turns. The second turning point in our lives was the day when my mother lost her vision in her eyes. She could never ever see again! If ever there was an urge in both of us to catch each other's shoulders and cry our heart out, then that was the moment. We simply could not believe that it was all happening to us. Life, all of a sudden, seemed meaningless and we felt an emptiness that threatened to engulf us into its firm grasp. But that was not the way my mother expected us to react to adversity; what with all the efforts she had put into our upbringing, we were supposed to take charge of the situation. And that was just what we did. My proposal of leaving the residential school and staying at home met with stiff opposition, as it was my mother's desire to see me in uniform.

That was the moment I finally realized that my sister was indeed elder to me. She fitted into the role of a housekeeper with meticulous ease and élan. She helped to stabilize the household at the cost of her academic career. Then I realized what a fool I was, to think that I was better than her. Our differences

evaporated and ushered in a new bond between us. Together we planned the expenses and together we ran the house with loads of efforts from my father and inputs by mother.

There was no one as jubilant as my sister was, when I finally reached my 'dream land', N.D.A. One might wonder, why I am reminiscing: it is just because a sister I adore and cherish so much is on the threshold of an entirely new world, going away from us to become the backbone of another family. Marriage is inevitable; thinking otherwise would be defying all principles of logic. Tears threaten to spill their way out and I have no desire to stem their flow. Sometime back I had made the grave mistake of taking her for granted; not any more. Here's wishing her a promising and fruitful life, in a home away from home, with a parting message on my lips, for a wonderful sister,

Smile in pleasure.....

Smile in pain.....

Smile when troubles pour like rain.

Smile when someone hurts u,

Smile b'coz there are people

Who still love to see u smiling

Adieu

By

Sripad Sriram,
An N.D.A. Student



SOME ^{1 2 3 4 5 6} FASCINATING FACTS

1. You can tell a fish's age by counting the rings on its scales in the same way that you can estimate the age of a tree by counting the rings in the trunk.
2. A blind and handicapped Scotsman William McPherson was able to read with his tongue.
3. The word 'LOVE' used for scoring in tennis is a corruption of the French word 'l'oeuf' which was the French slang for zero because the symbol looked like an egg.
4. The Boya bird which is found in Philippines weaves fireflies into its nest causing it to glow in the dark.
5. $33 \times 3367 = 111,111$
 $66 \times 3367 = 222,222$
 $99 \times 3367 = 333,333$
 $132 \times 3367 = 444,444$
Etc until you reach
 $297 \times 3367 = 999,999$
6. It is possible to mix oil and water. All you have to do is add a little soap.
7. The sentence "the quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog," contains all the letters of the alphabet.

8. When the 'Mad Monk' Rasputin, was assassinated in Petograd (Leningrad) in 1916, his assassins first fed him cake and wine laced with enough cyanide to kill several men. Rasputin ate and drank, and showed no ill effects. Then Prince Felix Yussupou shot him through the chest and clubbed him on the head with a lead filled walking stick and then the conspirators threw him into the Neva river. When the body was recovered, the autopsy revealed that Rasputin had drowned.
9. Blind people who have been blind from birth cannot dream sights but they dream sounds instead.
10. Julius Caesar gave news of his victory with the words "Veni, Vidi, Vici" which means "I came, I saw, I conquered."
11. The entire contents of the first gramophone record was "Mary had a little lamb."
12. 14622047999 divided by 10 leaves a remainder of 9, divided by 9 leaves a remainder of 8, divided by 8 leaves a remainder of 7 etc.

Rashi Tripathi, IX B

1 2 3 4 5 6





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LIVE YOUR LIFE, LIVE YOUR DREAMS

There are two categories of people around us. There are ones who "exist" and the ones who "live". Some may say there is little difference between the two, but I know that it makes all the difference in the world. The people who "exist" pass every new moment and do every new thing, as if they had no other choice. Life has no meaning for them, as if every move they make is an enforced effort. On the other hand the people who "live" enjoy every breath they take and every task they do. Life is never a monotonous burden for them; it is always full of opportunities, fun and adventures. Those who "live" always dream, and more importantly they live up to their dreams.

Now ask yourself. "To which category do I belong?" Ask yourself "Do I love my life?" Am I living up to my dreams?" If the answer is 'no' then it is high time for you to change, to believe in yourself, to take the leap of faith and to dream your dreams. Through this article, I want to tell you: Love yourself and love your life. Remember the only thing certain about life is death. So live a life worth living.

I'm saying to you now: Live, Love, Dance, Sing, Fly!
Whatever it is that your heart desires, go for it!
If you are "living" the life that you were put here on this

earth to live, I applaud you. I appreciate you for your efforts. For everyone else, I say "Stop fearing, don't be afraid. Get out, right now, right this minute and lead a life that is worth living".

Shikha Singh (X-B)



SOME REALITIES



The blood in the bones is white
A cigarette contains that much poison as can kill a frog

Rabbits do not drink water but few drops
A pair of the birds called Thomas produces 29500300 babies in its lifetime.

Some fish in Mississippi River bark like dogs.

The only bird that yawns is the parrot.

A lion's heart is smaller than that of any other animal.

Pracheta Agarwal IX B





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STAFF PICNIC





Class IV Employees on a Picnic





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सूने गियाँ
पानी रे पानी
कार्तव्य
मेरी माहेली
देव कावदी

हिंदी Section



पहेलियाँ

1. बचपन में वह तीर चलाती, खड़ग कृपाण को सहेली बनाती,
लड़ी फिरंगियों से वह डर कर, अमर हो गई वह मर कर,
अंग्रेजों से कभी न हारी, सब उठे आधीर,
बताओ कौन था वह वीर।
2. काला है पर नाम नहीं, उड़ता है पर काग नहीं,
निश्चर है पर डाकू नहीं, फूल काटे पर चाकू नहीं,
दंत रखे पर नरभक्षी नहीं, पंख रखे पर पक्षी नहीं।
3. वाहे जिसकी फड़क उठी हो, युद्ध भूमि में छुड़ा दिये हो,
जिसने मुगली के धीर, बताओ कौन था वह वीर।
4. बिना पंख नहीं मैं उड़ता हूँ, बाँध गले में डोर,
खींचो तो मैं ऊपर उठ जाती, रहे हाथ में डोर।
5. नया खजाना घर में आया, डब्बे में संसार समाया,
नया करिकमा बेजोड़ी का, नाम बताओ योगी का ?
6. तीन रंग का सुन्दर पक्षी, नील गगन में भरे उड़ान,
सबकी आँखों का तारा, करते सब उसका सम्मान।
7. न दिखती हूँ न बिकती हूँ, न मैं गिर सकती हूँ,
मैं दूर गगन में जाकर भी, वापस आ सकती हूँ।
8. हरा भूरा रंग है मेरा, मोटी मेरी खाल,
भरा पेट में पानी, ऊपर है बालों का जाल।

पूजा अग्रवाल
(V-अ)

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. महाराष्ट्र के प्रमुख नृत्य | 2. वायलिन |
| 3. महाराष्ट्र का नृत्य | 4. पंख |
| 5. सेतोबाजी | 6. शेर |
| 7. हरी | 8. बालू |

रजत



SMC X-PRESSIONS COLLEGE MAGAZINE 2005-2006

भइया

मेरा छोटा प्यारा भइया।
सारे जग में न्यारा भइया।।
खुब शैतानी करता है वह।
दोदी-दोदी कहता है वह।।
अभी बोलना सीख रहा है।
मम्मी-मम्मी चीख रहा है।।
शायद भूख लगी है उसको।
खिला रहे है देखो जिसको।।
मेरा छोटा प्यारा भइया।
सारे जग में न्यारा भइया।।



Anushri Shukla
V-A

कर्तव्य

सिकन्दर और उसके गुरु अरस्तू एक बार घने जंगल से गुजर रहे थे। उनको अपने मार्ग में उफनता हुआ एक बरसाती नाला मिला। गुरु-शिष्य में इस बात को लेकर बहस होने लगी कि इस नाले को कौन पहले पार करे। वह नाला गहरा और अनजान था। कुछ सोचकर सिकन्दर ने यह निश्चय किया कि नाले को वह खुद पार करेगा तब बाद में गुरुदेव नाला पार करेंगे। थोड़े विवाद के बाद अरस्तू ने सिकन्दर की बात मान ली। पहले सिकन्दर ने ही नाला पार किया, फिर अरस्तू ने। लेकिन उस पार पहुँचने पर गुरु और शिष्य में विवाद हो गया। अरस्तू ने पूछा, "तुमने मेरी बेइज्जती क्यों की?" सिकन्दर ने घुटने टेक दिये और अपने कान पकड़कर बोला, "जी नहीं! ऐसा न कहें गुरुवर। ऐसा करना मेरा कर्तव्य था।" अरस्तू ने पूछा, "क्यों?"

"क्योंकि अरस्तू रहेगा तो हजारों सिकन्दर तैयार हो सकते हैं पर सिकन्दर तो एक भी अरस्तू नहीं बना सकता।"

Ridhi Mullick
(V-D)

देर कर दी

नदी में डूबते आदमी ने पुल पर चलते आदमी को देखकर आवाज लगाई - 'बचाओ'
पुल पर चलते आदमी ने नीचे रस्सी गिराई और कहा, 'आओ'!
लेकिन डूबता हुआ आदमी रस्सी पकड़ नहीं पा रहा था रह-रह कर चिल्ला रहा था -
मैं मरना नहीं चाहता बड़ी महँगी जिन्दगी है कल ही तो ए.बी.सी. कम्पनी में मेरी नौकरी लगी है। इतना सुनते ही ऊपर वाले आदमी ने अपनी रस्सी खींच ली और उसे मरता देखकर अपनी आँखें मोंच ली वह दौड़ता-दौड़ता ए.बी.सी. कम्पनी आया हाँफते-हाँफते उसने अधिकारी को बतलाया देखिए, अभी-अभी आपका एक आदमी डूबकर मर गया है, आपकी कम्पनी में एक जगह खाली कर गया है।
लीजिए, मेरी डिग्रियाँ सम्भाले बेरोज़गार हूँ मुझे लगा लें। अधिकारी हैसकर बोला दोस्त तुमने देर कर दी अभी दस मिनट पहले हमने यह जगह भर दी और इस जगह पर हमने उस आदमी को लगाया है जो उसे धक्का देकर तुमसे पहले यहाँ आया है।

नूपुर चोरवणकर
11-बी

मेरी सहेली

मेरी सहेली है सबसे न्यारी,
सदा लगती प्यारी-प्यारी।
सदा रहती खो मुस्कुराती,
बातों से अपने है सबका दिल बहलाती
मिल बात के खेलती खाती,
चंचल, नटखट सबको भाती।
मदद हमेशा करती मेरी,
मेरी प्रिय सहेली है वो।

Sidra Ahmad
II-C



पानी ३ पानी

बारिश कम होने की वजह से धीरे-धीरे भूमिगत जल-स्तर गिरता जा रहा है क्या आपने कभी सोचा है कि यदि पानी की कमी इसी तरह से होती रही, तो आने वाले समय में कैसे-कैसे दिन देखने पड़ेंगे? आइये देखें, पानी की कमी के कुछ नजारे-

आने वाले समय में हो सकता है कि सुबह-सुबह दूध वाले की भांति पानी वाले आयें और जब पानी वाला आये, तभी पानी से सम्बन्धित सभी कार्य शुरू हों यदि किसी दिन पानी वाला न आए, तो पानी से सम्बन्धित कोई काम न हो पाये या फिर पिछले बचे पानी से ही काम चलाना पड़े अथवा पड़ोसी से उधार लेना पड़े और अगले दिन उधार चुकाना भी पड़े।

बाजारों में पेट्रोल की तरह पानी के पम्प खुल जायेंगे। ओपेन मार्केट में भी पानी बिकने लगेगा जिनके कुछ लुभावने विज्ञापन कुछ इस प्रकार होंगे-

“मटमैले पानी की दो बाल्टी खरीदने पर एक बाल्टी साफ पानी बिल्कुल मुफ्त।” बाजारों में बिकने वाले पानी में मिलावट व कम नापने की शिकायतें भी सामने आयेंगी।

ऐसी हालत में घरों में पानी उसी प्रकार सहेज कर रखा जायेगा जिस प्रकार लोग रुपये-पैसे जेवर आदि रखते हैं। यह भी हो सकता है कि ऐसी हालत में बैंक खुल जाये जो पानी जमा करें और उसका भुगतान करें। तब लोग कहेंगे- “मेरे बैंक में पाँच बाल्टी पानी जमा है।”

इन बैंकों से ए.टी.एम. की सुविधा के तहत लोग ए.टी.एम. से पानी निकाल सकेंगे। लोग बैंक लाँकरों में पानी रखने लेंगे। ऐसे बैंक कोई साविध जमा योजना (Fixed Deposit Scheme) भी चला सकते हैं। जैसे आज आप एक बाल्टी पानी जमा करिये

और पाँच वर्षों के पश्चात दो बाल्टी पानी ले जाइये। यह भी हो सकता है कि कोई बैंक अथवा कम्पनी पानी ले कर चंपत हो जाये।

पानी की कमी बढ़ने से उसकी चोरी का डर बढ़ जायेगा। पानी की चोरी एक गम्भीर अपराध माना जायेगा। हो सकता है कि स्नान करने आदि कार्य जिसमें पानी की अधिक आवश्यकता पड़ती है, उनपर रोक लग जाए। तत्पश्चात स्नान करना एक जाघन्य अपराध माना जायेगा जिसके विधियों में समाचार पत्रों के मुख्य समाचार इस प्रकार होंगे-

“अवैध रूप से नहाते हुए तीन युवक गिरफ्तार!” यह भी हो सकता है कि पानी की किल्लत के कारण बर्तन न धुले जायें। व्यक्ति को शूटे बर्तनों को पोंछकर उसी में खाना पड़े। कुछ हफ्तों बाद जब बर्तनों से विशेष ब्रास आने लगे, तब किसी प्रकार से उन बर्तनों को धोया जाए।

शादी-ब्याह आदि अन्य उत्सवों में उपहार के रूप में पानी दिया जाने लगेगा। यदि दहेज प्रथा तब तक चली, तो लोग दहेज में कार, ए.सी.. टी.वी. के अतिरिक्त पानी भी देंगे। उम्रभर के बचाए हुए पानी को लोग अपनी वसीयत के रूप में अगली पीढ़ी को देने लेंगे।

यह भी हो सकता है कि हमारा देश भारत किसी पानी सम्पन्न देश से पाइप लाइनों द्वारा पानी आयात करने लगे अथवा किसी पानी विपन्न देश को पानी निर्यात करने लगे।

अतः पानी बहुमूल्य है। हमें इसका संचय करना चाहिए।

अंकिता चन्द्रा
(XI-Ac)





कविता की पुकार

हम रुमानी थे,
हवा में महल बनाया करते थे।
चँद के पास हमने एक नीड़ बसाया था,
मन बहलाने को हम उसमें आया-जाया करते थे।
लेकिन तुम हम से ज़्यादा होशियार होना,
कविता पढ़ने में समय मत खोना।
पढ़ना ही हो, तो बजट के आंकड़े पढ़ो।
वे ज़्यादा सच्चे और ठोस होते हैं।

सांख्यिकी बढ़ती है पर,
दर्शन की शिक्षा मन्द हुई जाती है।
हवा में बीज बोने वाले हैंसी के पात्र हैं,
कविता और रहस्यवाद की राह बंद हुई जाती है।

मेरा कहने का आशय केवल इतना है कि हम विद्यार्थियों को व्यस्त जीवनशैली के बीच विश्राम के कुछ पल बहुत महत्वपूर्ण होते हैं। इनका उचित प्रयोग विद्यार्थी को ऊर्जान्वित ही नहीं अपितु प्रेरित भी करता है। खाली समय का सर्वोत्तम प्रयोग कविता पाठ करके किया जा सकता है। आज कविता का अस्तित्व मनोरंजन के आधुनिक उपकरणों के निरंतर प्रयोग के कारण मिटता जा रहा है। भले ही दूरदर्शन, संगणक ने प्रत्येक घर में अपने पाँव जमा लिए हों परन्तु काव्य का आज भी कोई स्थानी नहीं। हमारे मानसपटल पर वर्षों से अंकित स्वप्न को काव्य ही ली की भाँति प्रकाशित, प्रेरित तथा प्रज्वलित कर सकता है तथा लक्ष्य प्राप्ति के लिए उत्साहित कर सकता है। कविताएँ हमारा व्यवहारिकता से परिचय कराती हैं। जीवन की छोटी-बड़ी सभी विषमताओं का ज्ञान और उनके समाधान की कुंजी है काव्य। यही नहीं कविताएँ समाज का प्रतिबिम्ब हैं जो कि सकारात्मक रूप में असत्य का आवरण हटाकर, समाज में व्याप्त गन्दगी का कच्चा चिट्ठा हमारे समक्ष खोलकर रख देती हैं। कुछ शब्दों की लड़ियों से यदि हम इतना कुछ जान सकते हैं तो एक बार दूरदर्शन का दामन छोड़ कविता का आँचल थामा जाये क्योंकि एक विद्यार्थी को ज़िन्दगी इन्हीं चंद काले अक्षरों में छिपी होती है।

बगीशा द्विवेदी,

11-ब

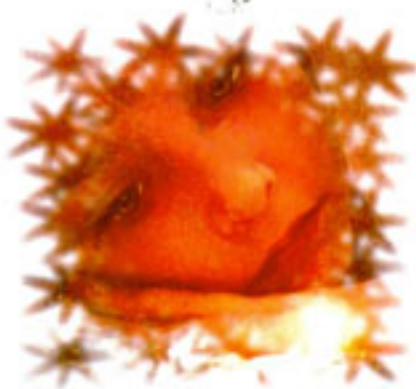
अध्यक्ष- हिन्दी क्लब

मीठा सपना

रात को मैंने देखा सपना।
सुन्दर सा इक घर अपना।।
एम्माला और फीयट कारें।
खाड़ी हुई हैं अपने द्वारे।।
नीकर-चाकर घूम रहे हैं।
हम मस्ती में झूम रहे हैं।
खाने को पकवान मिठाई।
आईसक्रीम और रस मलाई।।
गीत खुशी के हम हैं गाते।
अपनी किस्मत पर इठलाते।।
मम्मी ने जब मुझे जगाया।
प्यार से चूमा और समझाया।।
उठो लाल, छोड़ो भी सपने।
सपने कब होते हैं अपने।।

प्रगति शुक्ला

II-A





क्या आप सफल हैं?



क्या आपने कभी सफलता को परिभाषित किया है?
 किसी की जागती रातों को क्या कोई सुस्वप्न दिया है?
 सिर्फ धन ही कमाने से व्यक्ति नहीं होता सफल,
 सफल वो ही है जिसने हर जगह बोई खुशहाली की फसल।

रोते हुए को हँसाया(दुखी को खुश रहना सिखाया,
 निराश के दिल में आशा का दीपक जलाया,
 हार चुके को भरोसा दिलाया।
 कभी न मानी हार जिसने कठिनाई के आगे,
 मेल कराया लोगों में जोड़े जिसने दिलों के धागे,
 दुखियों को सुखी बनाने का जिसने जाना है राज,
 वही कहलाया सफल, वही बना जग का सरताज।।

फातिमा आफरीन अहमद

11-बो

सदस्य 'हिन्दी क्लब'।

उम्मीद

जो जीवन को दे नई दिशा,
 जिसके प्रकाश से ढल जायें निशा।
 जिसके हर पहलू में छिपी हो एक अनमोल शिक्षा,
 जिसके अहसास से छोटी लगे हर प्रतीक्षा।।

जो हारे हुए में भी जगाये जोश,
 जो देशभक्तों को दे सरफरोश।
 जो बना दे हीसले इतने बुलन्द,
 की चार दीवारों भी हमें कर सके न बन्द।।

जिसकी ली को कोई समीर न बुझा सके,
 जिसे कोई खड़ग काट न सके,
 जिसे कोई रस्सी बाँध न सके,
 जिसे अगल जला न सके,

वह अमर अजर, है नई सुबह का प्रतीक,
 है उसमें वह शक्ति जो बदल सके किसी का भी नसीब।
 हाँ तुम उसे पहचान गये वह है इंसान की नींव,
 वही है जीवन का सारांश, वह है उम्मीद।।

हिमांशी पाण्डेय

11-अ





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जाड़ा आया

जाड़ा आया, जाड़ा आया।
गरमी भागी, जाड़ा आया।
लोग काँपते जाड़े में
आग तापते जाड़े में
जाड़े में पहने स्वेटर
जाड़े में चलते दबकर
जाड़े की धूप लगती अच्छी
बैठ धूप में खाते मोमफलों
जाड़ा आया, जाड़ा आया।
गरमी भागी, जाड़ा आया।

अनन्या विगम
(Class II-A)

मीठे बोल

मीठे बोल सदा अनमोल,
जब बोला तब मीठा बोल।
कोयल मीठा गीत सुनाती,
इससे सबके मन को भाती।
काँआ काँव-काँव चिल्लाता,
तभी मार वह सबकी खाता।

Vaishnavi Srivastava
II-C

‘अनमोल रिश्ता’ नेता और जनता का!!

कभी नेता जी सुभाष ने कहा था-
“तुम मुझे खून दो, मैं तुम्हें आज़ादी दूँगा।”
आज के नेता कहते हैं- ‘जनता-
तुम मुझे वोट दो, मैं तुम्हें पानी दूँगा।’

धन्य हैं ये नेता, जो पानी जैसी चीज़
क़ा करते रहते हैं सीदा,
दे आश्वासन तरह-तरह के,
करते हैं मन में भ्रम पैदा।

और बेचारे भारतवासी,
सुनकर भाषण तरह-तरह के,
देते वोट करते प्रचार हैं
अपने नेता का हर तरह से।

पान की दुकान पर, खेल के मैदान पर,
हर जगह करते हैं चर्चा-
महिलाएँ अपनी सहेलियों में
पुरुष मित्रों में बाँटते पचा।

कुछ देते हैं, कुछ नहीं भी देते,
अपने-अपने वोट कीमती,
कोई श्रीमान तो दो बार देते
और देती पाँच बार श्रीमती।

सच! कैसा अजीब है ये सत्ता का खेल,
चाहे जो हो, नेता पास,
केवल जनता होती फेल।

फ़ात्मा आफरीन अहमद
11-बी
सदस्य 'हिन्दी क्लब'।





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Budding Artists



PRIYANKA SAINI (I-B)



TANYA AGARWAL (II-A)



PREETI CHANDOKA (III-D)



ANSHIKA AGARWAL (III-A)



SOMMYA SHUKLA (IV-A)



APARNA VERMA (III-C)



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Budding
Artists





SMC X-PRESSIONS COLLEGE MAGAZINE 2005-2006

*Building
Artists*





SMC X-PRESSIONS COLLEGE MAGAZINE 2005-2006

Budding Artists

Dresses Of India





SMC X-PRESSIONS COLLEGE MAGAZINE 2005-2006

Teachers' Training College



SMC X-PRESSIONS COLLEGE MAGAZINE 2005-2006

Editorial

We have so often heard this famous expression, "How times flies!" This is exactly what we experienced in the academic year 2005-2006 in St. Mary's Training College, Allahabad. Times did fly, with multiplicity of activities in quick succession, but definitely not without hard work, excitement and of course the happy memories which linger on...

We would like to take this opportunity to thank and to extend our sincere gratitude to our dear Principal and teachers for all their valuable help and guidance. It gives us immense pleasure and pride to edit the T.T.C Annual 2005-2006 and with heartfelt enthusiasm we bring forth these few pages.

We sincerely hope that you enjoy it as much as we did in putting it together.

The Editorial Board

Fiona Johnstone, Neha Kakkar,
Yasmeen Fatima and Gohar Ehsan





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St. Mary's Convent Teachers Training College
Allahabad



1st Row (SITTING) : L to R (STAFF) Ms. I. FATIMA, Mrs S. DIWAN, Mrs LAWRENCE, Sr. SALESIA (MANAGER), Sr. TERESINA (PRINCIPAL), Mrs H. D'SOUZA, Mrs. S. DEB."

2nd Row : Sr. SARITA, Sr. INA, PRIYA. S, SHIKHA P, FATIMA S, Sr. SIMI, ANJELA D, RICHA B, SHALINI T, AMITAA.

3rd Row : PRIYA G, GOHAR E, SANUBAR E, ROSE M, MARGARET C, FINA J, SHALINI R, MRIDU S, SWATI T, NEHA S.

4th Row : Sr. SHANTI, Sr. SHERIN, Sr. REENA, Sr. SARITA, Sr. AMALA, Sr. ANCELINE, Sr. DAISY, Sr. DIVYA, Sr. FLORINE, Sr. FRANCY, Sr. GINCY.

5th Row : Sr. LIJI, Sr. REENA, Sr. MINAXI, Sr. VIJAYA, MONICA M, MONICA C, Sr. JOSMI, Sr. DEEPA, Sr. ROSEMARY, Sr. BIJI, Sr. JOSELET.

6th Row : PARUL. S, JENNIFER S, ROSE. T, SHERIN.P, SIMRAN. D, SAMANTHA. M, TRIPTA. G, YASMEEN. F, RANA. H, NEHA. K.

7th. Row : ROSY. A, SHAIBA. Z, TANYA. J, PRATIBHA. C, ADETI. K, Sr. BHAWANA, MARGARET. J, ANNA M, SARAH. B, LIZANNE. R, REENA. S.



SMC X-PRESSIONS COLLEGE MAGAZINE 2005-2006

Chronicles

July

- 04th All the hostlers arrived at S.M.T.C after the summer vacations
- 05th A warm welcome was extended to our newcomers.
- 29th Elocution.

August

- 13th A colourful Programme of Independence Day was organized by the Trainees.
- 15th The trainees went to the school side to be a part of the Programme put up by the girls.
- 31st Celebration on Madam Deb's birthday.

September

- 06-10th Teaching Practice in SMC
- 12-17th Teaching Practice in S.J.C
- 27th A day of celebration in honour of Madam D'Souza's birthday.

October

- 04th A beautiful and meaningful prayer service for our Principal Sr. Teresina on her feast day.
- 18th Classes resumed after the Dussehra holidays.
- 31st T.T.C bagged the 'Winners' shield at the Bible fest held at S.J.C.

November

- 14th Teacher trainees went back to their child-hood for a day.
- 30th Orientation Programme held for the Trainees by Rev. Fr Isidore D'Souza who made us aware of the need to lead a Good Life and A Healthy Relationship.

December

- 1st Orientation continued by Rev. Fr. Isidore D'Souza.
- 10th Educational tour to IFFCO.
- 18th Our Annual Day.
- 20th Christmas celebration & College closed for winter vacations.



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January

- 16th** College re-opened after the winter vacations.
- 26th** Enlightening views by Dr. Bhatt on Republic Day at the SMC grounds.

February

- 01st** 55th art and craft exhibition inaugurated by Sr. Salesia, Superior of St. Mary's Convent and Manager of St. Mary's Teachers' Training College.
- 04th** The Art and Craft exhibition was opened for the public.
- 18th** Celebrated the golden Jubilee of Sr. Damascena CJ in the SMC auditorium

March

- 01st** Trainees interact with the participants of social conference of C.J. from all over the world
- 03rd** P.T. displays of SMTC.
- 08th** Listening to very exciting and thrilling speeches by the Trainees.
- 10th** Final Micro- Teaching
- 18th** Campus interview in which about thirteen trainees were promised jobs.
- 25th** 31st -Final Content Examinations.

April

- 1st-4th** Continuation of the Examination.
- 08th** Bid farewell to the outgoing students.
- 24th** External Examination begin.

May

- 03rd** Completion of the external examinations.
- 04th** The last day in our college. Distribution of prizes and certificates. College closes for the summer vacations.





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For *Aspiring Teachers*

ST. MARY'S CONVENT TEACHERS' TRAINING COLLEGE, ALLAHABAD.

A brief History of the College : St. Mary's Teachers' Training College was first Located in All Saints College, Nainital, and was transferred to St. Mary's Convent Allahabad on 1st November, 1950 at the request of the then inspector of Anglo Indian School, U.P. This college, also known as St. Mary's Convent Junior College of Education, is managed by the Sisters of the Congregation of Jesus (C.J's), formerly known as the I.B.M.V's, a congregation founded by Mother Mary Ward in 1609. Both the colleges, namely the Training College and St. Mary's Convent Inter College come under the same management.

Affiliating Body : The College is recognised by the National Council for Teachers Education (N.C.T.E.) and by the government of Uttar Pradesh, Education Department.

Admission : Candidates who have the minimum qualification of a recognised CL. XII exam or its equivalent in the medium of English are eligible for the course.

Prospects : The 2-year Training Course is designed to equip teachers to teach from classes I. VIII. The extra and co-curricular activities, exposure, programmes, outing, and picnics, seminars, value education, orientation programs etc, develop in them qualities of head and heart. Our students are in great demand and the placement percentage is almost 100% each year. Our students are working in prestigious schools, both India and abroad.

Provisions : The college has all the facilities needed. There is open space for co-curricular activities with clean and green surroundings. Equipments for sports, newspapers, and periodicals, water coolers, T.V. with a D.V.D Player, a good collection of discs (educational, classics and fiction), over-head projector, musical instruments and good hygienic mess and hostel facilities for residential scholars.

Conclusion : We train our students, keeping in mind the needs, goals and priorities of modern education in the country. They leave the college with the realization that teaching is not a profession, but a mission, a mission with a vision.

Sr. Teresina CJ

Principal, St. Mary Convent
Junior College of Education.





Independence Day celebration AT SMC

'Breathe's there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself had said,
This is my own, native land.'

These lines are enough to infuse patriotism into anyone. This feeling was in the air of St. Mary's Convent Teachers' Training College Allahabad, as the nation celebrated its hard-earned freedom on 15th August.

In Continuation the college celebrated the Independence Day 16th August with great fervor and enthusiasm. We organized competitions to mark the day. The chief guest who presided over the function was Sr. Salesia, Manger of the College.

The Programme began with a chorus recitation. It was an interhouse competition. As the participants recited the poems, feelings of patriotism was infused in every heart.

Then the singing of patriotic songs took place. The melodious songs made everyone spell bound as they listened to the songs, sung by the four houses.

At the end of the Programme Sr. Salesia spoke in praise of the efforts made by the students and blessed them for their hard work.

Sr. Teresina thanked the chief guest and the audience for their kind presence and co-operation. She praised the College for the efforts of every trainee to make this a great occasion.

Tripta Gunney

T.T.C.II



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*Success is never Final,
Failure is never Total,
It's Courage that Counts*

Life! Life is easy when flowing like a song, but worthwhile are men who smile when everything goes wrong. Success and failure are all parts and parcel of life. It depends on our state of mind and how we take it. Success is something for which everyone aspires but failure is not end of our life, it is a ladder, which helps us to rise to success. Success is very sweet. We want it, but we have to struggle a lot to achieve success. It goes to those who work hard for it. Before every beautiful morning there is a dark night. In the same way before we taste success we have to deal with problems, hurdles, troubles and obstacles. A life without struggle, a game without opposition, a lake without a ripple and a journey without ups and downs gives no self confidence and consequently a smooth success is a painful failure.

Failures are milestones to success. History is replete with many examples of successful people who braved the storms of life with the strength of their mind which ultimately helped them to embrace the crowing glory of sweet success. Those who are not upset facing failures are sure to gain success one day. Courage is the priceless ingredient of personality that helps to achieve success, happiness and fulfilment.

Mridu Sethi

TTC





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Bible Festival

One of the most important events of the year 2005 was the Bible Festival in which SMTC also participated. The three- day Bible Festival at the



Diocesan level was held at St. Joseph's College from 29th Oct-31st Oct. Its main aim is to come to know each other and to know and live better. To this end the diocese has been organizing Bible Festival in the past too. There were participants from different institutions of the diocese. This year had the highest number of participants. Of these participants six institutions were in the special category. SMTC was also one of them. We participated in the following items- Bible Quiz, solo dance, group dance, mime and group song. All the participants performed well. It was a thrilling experience for SMTC, as we won the 1st prize in almost all the items. We were awarded the Championship trophy. For all of us who took part this was a good opportunity to develop our talents and display them. This was an enriching occasion for the entire assembly. We are grateful to our Principal and teachers for training, guiding and directing us.

Sr. Reena CJ
TTCI





Real Unselfishness Consists In Sharing The Interest Of Others

As long as I am not concerned why should I bother? This is the attitude of most of us. Real unselfishness, on the contrary, shares the interest of others, on which alone true love can take birth and develop into fullness. Unselfishness is a powerful tool, which when practised can create miracles. Love and sharing are two sides of the same coin.

Selfless approach to life is the core of concern for others. Whatever we see today is the result of someone else's effort. It is their egoless, selfless service that they have rendered to humanity. It is the real "Nish Kama Karma" (without expecting reward) one needs to do in life. Create a concern for others, be involved, share their interests, and then ego will disappear. If you can operate or live without ego, whatever you do will be unselfish and oriented towards the happiness of others.

Do I have concern for others? How much am I grateful to others for whatever fruits I am enjoying? We may ask, "Why should I be concerned about others?" The only answer to this is that someone who had the vision and interest in others planted the tree and you are here to eat fruits. So why not we plant some tree?

The human being that lives only for himself finally reaps nothing, but unhappiness. Voltaire said, "to be good only to yourself is to be good for nothing." Selfishness is a negative quality and destructive. Selfishness corrodes and unselfishness ennobles and satisfies. When a person becomes unselfish the journey of life starts from simplicity to greatness.

Sr. Florine

T.T.C.II.





Life In Abundance

"Live a happy and good life" Fr. Isidore D'Souza called our attention to our inner self with these words in the beginning of Orientation on 30th Nov.'05. Keeping away all the other activities we just concentrated on ourselves during these two days. To lead a happy life, two main factors are very necessary: 'Self-awareness' or 'self knowledge' and 'Relationship with God, oneself and others'.

The light of awareness peeped into our hearts; "The more we come to know ourselves, the greater we relate to others." There is an interconnection between self-awareness and relationship.

On the first day, we only concentrated on ourselves. Through different games and slide shows, we discovered our inner being. After deep reflection, we could assess ourselves under various points like, 'physical appearance', 'personality,' etc. On the basis of this self-knowledge, we began our second day on relationship and happy life. Types of relationship are many but we realized that "Love-relationship" is the best way to relate to others- 'Give and Take Relationship'. So we reflected on how we relate to others.

There is no secret to happiness, rather it is a daily choice that we make. Happiness will spring from within like a fountain, when we are freed from anger, hatred and guilt. Live simply, SMILE always at oneself and at others. Real happiness is in giving ones whole self generously for the good of others. Then our lives become great and there will be inner happiness. We are called to live life in abundance

Sherin Plus

T.T.C.II



"Women in Time to Come will Do Great Things"

(Mary Ward)

A mother hears the cry of her just born child, 'Please God let it be a boy', she prays. The baby is placed in her bosom. She realizes it to be a female. Her heart sinks for she knows what she must do. That child joins countless others in the nameless graves in a cemetery just outside the city. This was the mentality of the people some years ago. Women have always had to ask the question in a male dominated society, "What do you want me to do? Who do you want me to be? How can I please you?"

But today we have the creation of a new woman. Women in time to come will do great things because they have strength that amazes men. They bear hardships, carry burdens but at the same time hold happiness, loves and joy. They smile when they want to scream, sing when they want to cry, they cry when they are happy and laugh when they are nervous. They fight for what they believe in. They stand up to injustice. They don't accept no for an answer when they know there is a better solution. A woman is a builder and a moulder of the nation's 'destiny'. Mother Mary Ward and Mother Teresa are the finest examples of great women. They were the ones who paved a new way of hope for women. Thus it is rightly said for a better world of tomorrow, educate women.

Women empowerment and women liberation are the topics that are discussed quite often. This shows that women are proving themselves in so many ways. The concept of so-called "weaker sex", has changed today. She has proved herself in the matter of intelligence, courage, initiative, strength and such other qualities.

Tradition won't change them, History can't stop them. They dream no matter what the circumstances may be, they have all reached the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Priya Sandhu

T.T.C.I



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Annual Day



December 18th 2005 was a special day for the members of SMTC because on this day the trainees had a wonderful opportunity to celebrate the Annual function for the first time in the history of SMTC.

Sr. Mariette C.J. Provincial Superior was the chief guest of the function. Rev. Fr. V. Sebastian, Rector, St. Joseph's seminary, Allahabad and Rev. Fr. K.K. Anthony, Director, Nazareth Hospital, Allahabad were the guests of honour.

The Programme began at 3 p.m. promptly with the ushers cordially escorting all the guests to their respective places. Cultural activities have always been a part of SMTC giving the trainees a chance to develop in dramatics and to imbibe values.

The Programme began with a mobile welcome depicting the Sower and his radiant flowers

We had a prayer dance in which the trainees delightfully danced to a rhythmic classical song expressing the value of love in human life.

Next on the Programme was an English play titled "A Special Christmas" telling us all about the beauty of living together in love and understanding. Watching this our guest's eyes filled with tears, not out of sorrow but of joy.

Along with role-play the melodious Christmas carols woke up the sleeping minds and souls telling all, the story of Jesus, sung by Angels. This won the hearts of all.

Next a folk dance was presented displaying the sowing of divine word in the hearts of mankind to bear fruit for eternal life.

Then came "From The Students' Diary" "an interactive comedy" by the student and the Education Minister, which made the audience roar with laughter.

Our chief guest Sr. Mariette C.J. in her inspiring speech praised the Trainees for their wonderful performance and reminded them of their duties towards society.

This experience taught us to walk together, face difficulties and to arrive at solution together. We are grateful for the opportunity provided to us to display our talents and bring joy to our parents and guardians.

Lalitha Pakki
T.T.C. I





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The Annual P.T. Display



On 3rd March 2006, the students of St. Mary's Training College had their annual PT Display. Sr. Salesia, Superior St. Mary's Convent was our chief Guest. Our guardians and a number of well-known and eminent persons were present on the occasion.

The display began with the March Past. The trainees in their crisp, white P.T. uniform, looked very smart. Red House, led by its captain, Sr. Florine Pais, headed the March Past. It was followed by the Green House led by its captain, Lizanne Raphael. Next followed the Blue House under the Leadership of Sr. Amala Pushpam and finally Yellow House led by Sr. Divya F.C.C.

After the march past, came the PT Displays. The order followed by the houses was the same the Red House came first with their PT called "Shimmering Rings", which was performed very smartly with red and white rings. Next was Green House, dressed as boatmen, with their PT "Navigator of SMTCC" Blue House followed with their dynamic PT titled "Misty Blue Cheerleaders". Last, but not the least was Yellow House, dressed as petite Japanese girls in their "Oriental Steps"

The Pyramids were the next item with each house putting up outstanding pyramids. Each pyramid was well coordinated and well organized. Red House was wonderful with their tall pyramids "Reaching for the sky". Green House mesmerized everyone again as navigators, complete with a boat. Blue and Yellow Houses were next, with their magnificent, well structured pyramids that took everyone's breath away.

We also had a couple of games. In the first game, each house had to cup their hands and scoop water from a bucket, then run to the other end of the field and fill up a bottle, which was being held by a member of their house.

Needless to say, there was hardly any water left in our hands when we reached the bottle! But it was fun with the crowd cheering us on.

In the second game, the members of each house had to make pairs and hold a ball between their head and to walk to the finishing point without dropping the ball.

At the end was the Final March past. Sr. Salesia spoke to us and gave us a few words of advice and appreciation.

It was satisfying end to a day of fun and excitement. We had been working very hard for this day and it was a fulfilling experience as we had all done our best. However, the support of our Principal, Sr. Teresina, and our teachers really helped us to make this day a success.

Lizanne Raphael

T.T.C. II



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A Visit To **IFFCO**



On 10th December 2005, at 8:00 a.m. our bus left the gates of SMC, making for IFFCO, Phulpur. The staff and the trainees of SMTC were on a picnic.

There were jokes, there was laughter and of course, the inevitable 'Antakshri' and dance.

When we alighted from the bus at the guesthouse at IFFCO, we were each handed a cup of steaming tea with ample snacks to accompany it.

What remained of the pre-lunch hours was spent in exploring the surroundings. We visited the factory section, gymnasium, farmhouse, green house, nursery, poultry farm, hatchery, dairy farm, fishpond etc. Things went the way all good picnics are supposed to go and then came the lunch.

Large mugs of piping hot soup were followed by what can only be described as a 'gourmet's delight'-fried rice, matar paneer, chola, puri, papad, choemein, raita, and salad and this looks like a menu card from the latest restaurant. There was even fruit salad as dessert, which was simply delicious.

Our Principal, Sr. Teresina, had certainly dotted all the I's and crossed all the T's, and upturned all the stones to make this a picnic to remember. The father of one of our friends helped and guided us in the whole trip.

The sun was heading homewards, and so were we. We clambered into the bus and 'antaksharied' ourselves back to the college arriving at 6 p.m., SMTC time.

Sanubar Ehsan

T.T.C. II



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*"Great works are performed not
by strength but by Perseverance."*

What power has an ordinary person to change into an extraordinary one? It's perseverance, also known as persistence, steadfastness, patience, or tenacity. It's the ability to hold on to your dream like a pit bull, refusing to let go, regardless of the obstacles. Perseverance is one of the secrets of success. After all, if you keep moving towards your goal, never quitting, you will eventually reach it. And this is how the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson: "Great works are performed not by strengths but by Perseverance." are justified. Arthur Pine expressed it well when he said "Your biggest break come from never quitting. Being at the right place at the right time can happen only when you keep moving toward the next opportunity." No one believed in this principle more than Sir Winston Churchill, who delivered this nine- word commencement address "Never give up! Never give up! Never give up!" The Bible says, "...a righteous mans falls seven times, and rise again" (Proverb 24:16).

Friends, study the lives of others for inspiration. Think of the perseverance your mother had with you. We would not have known love, compassion and forgiveness if not for the Christ who persevered till the end. We would not be the largest democracy today, without Mahatma Gandhi's perseverance to lead us to freedom. America could not have had her greatest President Abraham Lincoln if he had not persevered even after his six defeats in the elections. We would have been in darkness if Thomas Alva Edison had given up at his 2000th experiment in inventing the bulb. We all would not be cycling so easily if we had given up at the first fall

So friends, perseverance is the key to success in our lives. Keep the goal in mind and persevere at all times. Remember, "Rome was not built in a day."

Sr. Gincy George

T.T.C. II





'Are TV Channels Spreading Obscenity?'

People of today to belong generation Y, or shall I say Generation Z. They belong to a generation of robots, computers and television. The televisions with more than a hundred channels provide both information and entertainment. But are the TV channels also spreading obscenity? Of course! The scope and definition of obscenity have been extended to examine specially the portrayal of women.

There is endless competition on television to catch the attention of the viewers, which has taken these channels to such a level that even rape scenes are reconstructed, to score a point over the competitors.

The censor guidelines say that 'artistic expression and creative freedom should not be curbed.' But the serials on the TV channels that intrude into the privacy of our drawing rooms and bathrooms mainly appeal to the baser instincts of human beings.

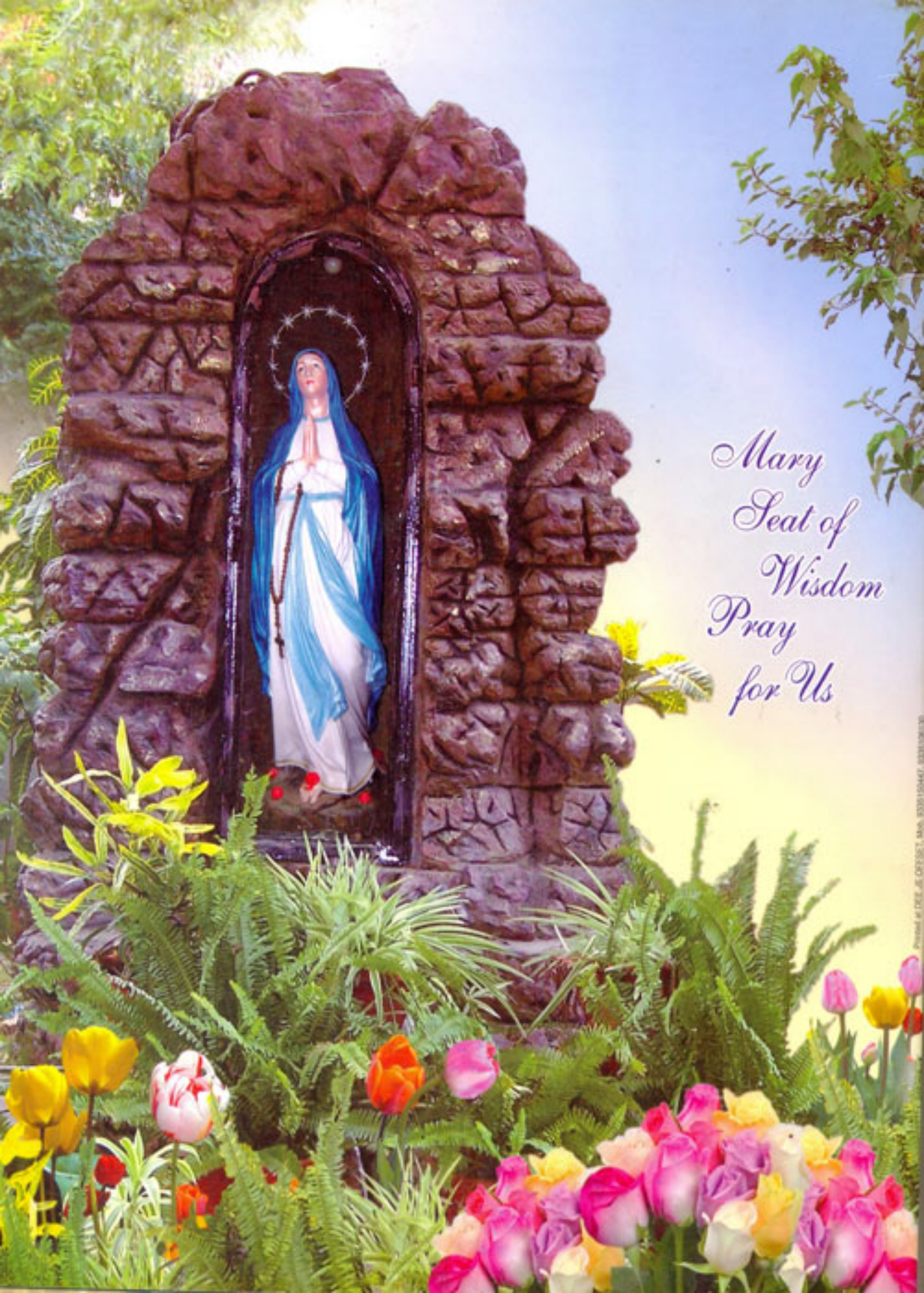
The Supreme Court has banned the showing of Adult Movies on T.V. But what about the soap operas and the serials, which have woman characters bickering and fighting even murdering. Extra martial affairs and unwed mothers are so common in these serials. Immoral relationship, incest and even horror are the themes of the serials.

Directors and producers say that they dish out what the people want all hackneyed expressions, lacking the sincerity to provide healthy shows.

Sr. Amala AC

T.T.C. II ✦





Mary
Seat of
Wisdom
Pray
for Us