

CHILLIME

Ignatius



A TALE OF TWO BOOKS

2022

The Thirst



Gallantly he trotted for name and fame;

Thirsting to win the earthly queen,

Struck down by the cannon ball,

Led to read life of Christ and of saints.

Dreams changed; goals diverted;

Now a knight of heavenly King,

Laboured to mould and save souls,

Valiantly marched for the Church.

Deeply wounded with His love,

Surrendered himself totally in His Hands,

Sought nothing, only love and grace,

Intrepidly loped through misty smoky world,

Relentlessly and amiably strolled on,

Till the last for His Kingdom.

- Francis Komou (KHM)





Superior's Message

Fr Ronald Pais SJ

Pamplona is whatever wrenches failure into blessing.

*It is the end of noise
and can happen anywhere.*

*Whenever fame goes-and style goes-
and you're useless is Pamplona.*

*Only later will it announce
a new way of being history.*

*Pamplona is the lifelong beginning
of the journey into silence.*

- Andrew Bullen SJ

St Ignatius of Loyola never stops inspiring us. Jesuits worldwide drew inspiration from reconnecting to 500th anniversary of St Ignatius' conversion experience which 'wrenched failure into a blessing.' His tale of impending doom became a tale of hope and instilled in us the audacity of hope in God amidst the pandemic and humanly engineered violence. We want to share with you the glimmers of hope through Chilume as we conclude the Ignatian year on July 2022.

While convalescing, Ignatius was given two books which were not of his choice: The Life of Christ and The Lives of the Saints. While reading the life of our Lord and those of the saints, he used to pause and meditate, reasoning with himself: "What if I was to do what Saint Francis did, or do what Saint Dominic did?" It was through reading, re-reading and pondering that God began to act on his soul and draw him to transformation of life. Ignatius wanted to accomplish for God what the saints had accomplished. Thus began a new story written by God. A Soldier began his pilgrim story- a way of seeing everything new in Christ.

In the footsteps of St Ignatius, the vibrant and vivacious scholastics at Asha Kiran have strived to see everything from the prism of Ignatius' conversion experience. They have wrestled to see hope in worse scenarios like unnecessary violence, religious fanaticism, and also wondered at the indomitable human spirit among their friends and in the smiles of abandoned and empowering people in their ministry. As you turn the pages you see the Ignatian spirit to see God and the desire to fulfil His dream for the world. "The joys and hopes, the griefs and the anxieties of the people of this age, especially those who are poor or in any way afflicted, these are the joys and hopes, the griefs and anxieties of the followers of Christ (Gaudium et Spes #1)." I appreciate Schs Agil Roy and Eby Shajan –the editorial team in giving wings to the talents and tales of their companions. May you always be prepared to give an answer to everyone who asks you to give the reason for the hope that you have (1 Pet 3:15). May we all strive to become part of God's story like St Ignatius.



Life presents people who have some sort of salvific effect on those in distress. For the bed-ridden, recuperating Ignatius, such was the presence of Magdalena, his sister-in-law. One of her deeds which turned decisive was she giving the debilitated Pamplona war hero two books, the life of Christ and the life of Saints, to read. The books took him from mere leisure to pondering. He asked himself, 'If they could, why can't I?' Answering that question by transforming himself, he became the founder of the band of men which has made and continues to make a significant impact in the world for around five centuries, the Society of Jesus.

In retrospect, we see that Ignatius' decision to engage himself with those two books had been pivotal in the history of the Jesuits which unraveled later. Hence, in this year, which marks 500 years of Ignatius' conversion, the edition of Chilume has been aptly titled 'A tale of two books'.

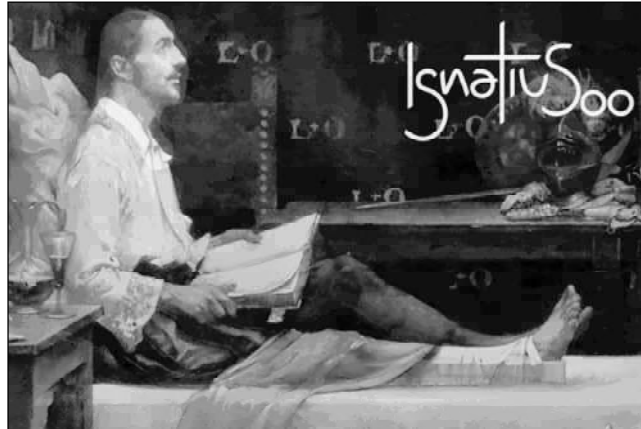
There is a scene in the movie 'Inigo de Loyola'. Ignatius gazes at the night horizon and tells his sister-in-law that there was a changing world out there. She replies, 'Perhaps it's time to have changing dreams'. The conversion of Ignatius not only had a strong 'No' to the old wayward life but it was also an embarking on new, changing dreams. His process of seeing all things new had just been initiated. This Chilume, too, is a sincere attempt from the part of the Ashakiran scholastics to have a novel outlook in a context which has myriads of undercurrents like the shift to fundamentalism and other trends. Augustine of Hippo, seeing the Scripture that was lying near him, had these words resounding in his mind, 'Take and Read'. His reading led him to a 'metanoia' experience. Ignatius also benefited a lot from reading to transform himself. May the reading of the pages that follows this one, gift you, with insights and inspirations. Have a blessed read!

- Eby Shajan (KER)



A Tale of Two Books

Surely the cannonball made Ignatius bedridden, but it failed to shatter his dreams and his aspirations. Even after his fall, he still fantasized of being in service of a certain lady of no ordinary nobility, not a countess nor



**Agil Roy J
(KAR)**

a duchess, but one of higher standing than either of these. He also fantasized about getting back to his worldly career. Hence, he asked the surgeons whether the bone which made his one leg shorter than the other could be cut away. His desires and aspirations did not change but there was less hope of achieving them with his shattered leg. These events left Ignatius forlorn and thwarted. He had no company except for his fantasies.

In the autobiographical movie of C.S. Lewis – *Shadowlands*, Antony Hopkins playing the role of C.S. Lewis, says “We read to know that we are not alone.” Ignatius decided to pass his lonely time by reading books. As a young soldier fallen in love with

a noble lady, he preferred to read the books of chivalry. However, it was a case of Hobson’s choice; he was offered only two books, “Life of Christ” and “Lives of Saints.” And then began the tale of two books. The first book, “Life of Christ” was written by Carthusian Ludolf of Saxony—in four volumes. The other book was written by a Dominican

Bishop Jacobo de Varazze which contained the story of St Francis of Assisi and St Dominic.

While reading the books, his old fantasies seemed to have faded away as they did not give him lasting pleasure. The books made him think about something new. He did not feel lonely but was accompanied

**“We read to know that
we are not alone.
- CS Lewis**



by spirits that were stirring him. He distinguished spirits into ones which made him consider getting back to his worldly career, and the others that made him contemplate becoming a pilgrim and of doing what the saints did.

The books played the role of a moral barometer. When he read something good he came to the realization of his sins. It helped him to reflect over his past life and eventually made him think earnestly to do penance. In due course, it altered his thoughts and dreams. He was so enthused that he shared his thoughts of what he read with the members of the household.

“As he very much liked those books, the idea came to him to note down briefly some of the more essential things from the life of Christ and the saints; so he set himself very diligently to write a book with red ink for the words of Christ, blue ink for those of Our Lady, on polished and lined paper, in a good hand because he was a very fine penman.” These are the words of Ignatius himself. His experiences were so intense that he could not limit to just pondering and talking about, that he began note them down. These events during his convalescence show that the two books had a lasting impact on his life.

As Ignatius observed that he was recovering, he eventually decided to set his foot on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On the Journey he was determined to follow the footsteps of the Saints of whom he had already read in the course of his convalescence. During his sojourn at Manresa, he contemplated on the life of

Christ. The basis for his imagination was from his reading. Therefore the two books set the norms of his life.

The spirits that stirred his conscience as a result of his reading, eventually led him to enlightenment. He saw all things new and this experience he couldn't contain within himself. Therefore in order to help others, he continued to note down some of his enlightening experiences; this manuscript was later called the 'Spiritual Exercises'. Of course, he had to amend it several times before it became a tool for many for the benefit of their souls. After the Society of Jesus was officially approved by Pope Paul III on 27th September 1540, Ignatius was assigned to draft the Constitution of the Society of Jesus. The Spiritual Exercises and the Constitution of the Society of Jesus are the two important works of Ignatius.

The tale of two books which began during the convalescence of Ignatius, aided in beginning a tale of another two books (The Spiritual Exercises and the Constitution of the Society of Jesus). The book of Spiritual Exercises contains his enlightening experience as he read and relished the Life of Christ. The Constitution of the Society of Jesus contains the norms which he adopted from the Lives of Saints and some others he added as he felt they would aid for the betterment of the Society of Jesus.

Thus the second tale of two books still continues in the form of Jesuits engaged in evangelization, apostolic ministries, education, research and cultural pursuits in 112 countries. ■



Fascism



In simple terms, “fascism” can be described as a system of government led by a dictator who rules by force, and violently suppresses anything that is against the government and promotes a single ideology. In the annals of human history, the emergence of fascism can be seen only in the 19th century, as an aftermath of the First World War, where people yearn for a strong leader for the national integrity, progress and prosperity.

Benito Mussolini, the architect, coined the word “fascism” to describe his new political movement. Benito Mussolini in Italy, Adolf Hitler in Germany, Engel Bert Dollfuss in Austria, Oliveira Salazar in Portugal and Hideki Pojo in Japan were some of the renowned fascists that we witnessed in the recent history. In most of these places human catastrophe is what we witness, like Hitler tried to eliminate the entire Jewish race because he considered their race as impure and less superior to the Aryan race.

Fascism continues to exist in this modern world in many ways: the white supremacy over the black, or the racial discrimination in America, the Putin regime in Russia where political rivals are



**Justin Kashung
(KHM)**

poisoned, imprisoned and killed so that there is no challenger to his authority, the Russian invasion of Ukraine under the pretext of safe-guarding national security, the military regime in Myanmar, the communist rule in China where a few ruling elite dictate the lives of the entire population - are the glaring examples of fascism in this present world. In India, the idea of fascism or neo-fascism can be seen under the guise of creating a Hindu state, the idea of one language one nation, galvanizing vote in the name of religion, caste and creed and discrimination against minorities.

The concept of fascism was really popular in the 19th and 20th centuries, and the idea of fascism continues to exist even to this day. History has proven that fascism can lead us to disaster. For a healthy society, we need a system which is inclusive of all, irrespective of who and what they are. A healthy society cannot have the idea of fascism. ■



Inspired to Inspire

Bill Gates once said, “If you are born poor it’s not your mistake, but if you die poor it’s your mistake.” This quote has inspired a whole generation of top entrepreneurs and business people who are in great successful positions today. Many of them made this quote as their anthem of life. Every successful person has been inspired by another person. Our lives aren’t our own. We are just stewards in this world. People may forget us but they never forget how we made them to feel.

Recently, after a long time, I visited my family. I was filled with joy and happiness. Standing on my home’s patio during a sweltering midday, I was taken aback by the sight of my village. The buildings kissed the sky, and trees were fallen to the ground. I couldn’t accept the drastic changes that had occurred in my hometown. Then I heard a ladder being dragged. It was my father, who came

EPISODE-5
INSPIRED TO INSPIRE

Viyaddrony Team
An eight-member group led by Pushparaj Ameen, an aeromodelling instructor for the past 15 years, through the Viyaddrony Research and Development Association, has developed a microlight seaplane prototype. Come and join me to know the adventurous journey of these successful people.

FOLLOW @prathap-sj-02

On 10th of OCT

WINGS OF HOPE



**Prathap L.
(KAR)**

looking for me. We conversed a little. He expressed how difficult it was to be a farmer. He believed that becoming a watchman was preferable to being a farmer. I could see the agony and pain in his eyes as well as in his troubled voice.

At the end of our conversation, he told me that he lacked something to keep his spirits up. One of his friends always used to encourage and support him. Now my father feels his absence very much. I was intrigued at the time.

For nearly a week, I had an idea that was constantly occupying my mind. I realized that I need to make a contribution to society, especially for the youth of my generation. I need not wait for years to roll. What can I



do now? This question haunted me every time I went to bed.

If fictional stories in the movies and books can inspire us, why can't a true story inspire us? My father's words of his life-story impacted me much. Why does not the story of ordinary people inspire us today? I never had it in mind to call professional speakers. I called my friends who lived exemplary lives, persons who made a change in society in small ways. I took these stories and shared with others through Instagram and YouTube platforms.

I want to share three lessons that I have learnt from this initiative:

Impossible to I'm possible: The stories have reached people, and have impacted them in one or the other way. Some of them got ideas how to manage time and stress. Some got confidence in life. I never knew I could go live on Instagram, but I have made it today.

Success in small deeds: Do any of us think today that success is a fashion? No, it's not a fashion, rather it's a passion. Success is not doing great things to reach to a certain reputable point in life. Success is in doing small things with dedicated hearts and minds, like completing a task each day, and feeling great in doing so.

Learn from the mistakes: 'Making mistakes' is the biggest fear among youth today. They breakdown very easily when someone points out their mistake. They become restless and angry. They seem to think they have failed. Why can't we turn our mistakes into life-lessons? Why not turn mistakes into opportunities that take you to the ladder of success? True life is where we balance both failure and success. Mistakes are our best teachers.

Inspiring others is not a drug which gives pleasure. Inspiring is a positive drive which drives us to do greater things. There are multiple courses and seminars these days on how to motivate oneself.

However, a true story has never failed to inspire us. So, with a hopeful heart I share the stories of others with all.

My purpose in sharing the inspirational stories is that they may encourage many to keep striving towards their dreams, and keep them believing that achieving the "impossible" is actually possible.

May the inspiring stories help us to face of failures and obstacles. May the chain of inspiration continue from YOU today.



*Scan the QR
to get inspired*



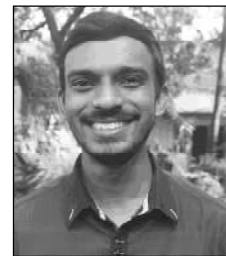
Is There an Answer?

One evening, a mother held her son's hand and started walking along a peaceful road of a certain city. Everything was going on as usual. The merchants were selling their goods in marketplaces. The people were buying several items of their choice from shops. Little children were playing in the playground of that city. And then it happened!

It happened unexpectedly. There was chaos all around. People began to flee for their lives. The lucky ones survived. Those unlucky were no more. It was a bomb shell that exploded instantly as it touched the surface of the ground in a city in Ukraine. At that moment, a little boy who was hiding with his mother in one of the safe regions of the city asked: "Mamma, I am scared. I want to go home. I saw many bodies on the roads. Did they really die?" Now, what would the mother tell her little son? Is there an answer – an answer that can take away the horror experienced by this boy?



Antoine de Saint-Exupery says, 'War is not an adventure. It is a disease. It is like Typhus'. History tells us of the devastation brought about by wars. Numerous people have lost their lives. Confusion mixed with



**Vivian Saldanha
(KAR)**

hatred has triggered vengeance in the hearts and minds of the shattered ones. War spreads destruction, traumatizes individuals, and gives rise to orphans and migrants. War never solves problems; instead it intensifies the already complicated situation of the daily life. Yet, wars still do happen. The question is WHY?

Children are taught in schools to forgive misunderstandings and to embrace the offenders. A good number of kids grow up with these ethical principles. But, the rest follow the dreadful path of violence named WAR. War does no good. Eventually, it results in bloodshed and loss of peace.



Though every leader knows this, yet a few fail in its upkeep yet few follow it.

The war between Russia and Ukraine has led to the death in great large numbers. The families that were content yesterday, are broken today; parents or children who were living together, are now separated due to one of their members gone missing. The citizens who are undergoing the horrendous torture are in need of peace. They are yearning for tranquility and for things to get back to normal. Many children are looking up to the elders for protection and care as they have lost their parents. Some do not even know where their loved ones are. Amidst this chaotic context, there is hope brimming in their eyes. People love peace. When there is peace, there is fullness of life and joy. As the war-torn country suffers, a song goes rising up in the air created by the loud cries of the hopeful people:

Our lives were lives of hope
Our lives were lives of peace
The war tore apart
The hope faded afar
We know not how long to wait
We know not where else we will meet
Those who have gone to abode everlasting
Yet, we will stand united
United even when hopes are bleak
An answer will be given
Though we seek now for one.

The global citizens long for harmony and peace to prevail. This is possible only when we embrace little things of life. Little things, if addressed early, can stop future wars and vengeful emotions. The world stands in need of liberation and it is yearning for peace. May peace reign in our hearts. When our interior is calm, the exterior automatically reflects calmness. Thus, we will be able to find an answer for our mindboggling questions on the complexities of life. ■





Living Life in a Community

Ashakiran community is one of the biggest communities where we stayed together for three years. The community consists of people of different temperaments, natures of dealing and interacting with one another. We all come together for one purpose and mission, that is, to form ourselves for the future. We are really privileged to have wonderful formators and spiritual guides who constantly accompany us. In our journey as a religious for the last eight years, we encountered many beautiful things and challenges.

Before we joined Society of Jesus, we used to see some parish priests and religious people living happily in serving people. Their manner of interacting with others, their caring service, their educating the youth was inspiring. These are some of the earlier sources of our inspiration to join religious life. We are really privileged that the Society of Jesus provides us with ample opportunities, and even when we make mistakes, we learn from them. Their gentle guidance and constant accompaniment has helped us to be who we are today.

One of the beautiful things that we admire and cherish in community life is

companionship. We shared joy and suffering, cherish each other, and sometimes pulled each other's legs. Every way life has its own beauty and its own challenges. A gesture of kindness is all what everyone needs;



**Thotreichan
Thomas (KHM)**

saying a nice word with a cute smile can let the wound heal. Every individual plays a vital role for the smooth functioning of the



communion. We make some rules and fix schedules that bond us together for better coordination of the community.

"A community is like a flower-garden where every single flower adds beauty to the garden." - Magnet



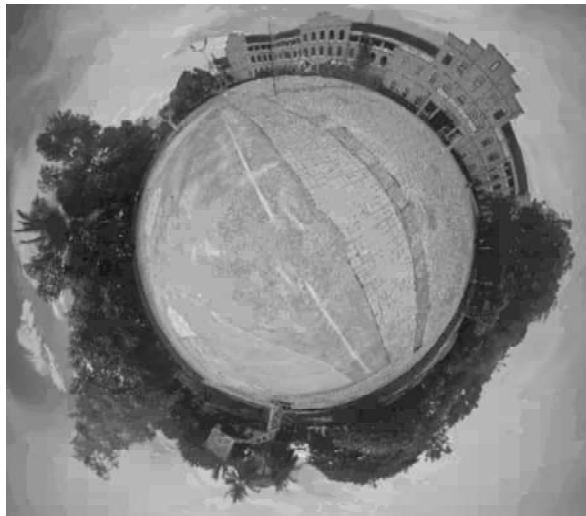
Pleasures of College Life

College is a place of learning and enlightenment. Every school going student dreams of enjoying himself of college life to his fill. His dreams are not illusions because the college develops his personality manifold. That is why; the words "No knowledge without college" always remains on the lips of the collegiate. The very word college is magical in its nature. It fills the mind with beautiful images hopes, dreams and ideas. As the newcomer enters the college gate, his heart swells up with pride and self-respect. He feels stupefied being so near the paradise of his fancies. That is why; Charles Churchill pronounced;

And solid learning never falls

Without the verge of college walls."(Charles Churchill)

The very first pleasure that a student enjoys at college is the difference that he finds between college and school life. In the school, the rod of the teacher always hangs heavy on the student's head. He attends classes with a sense of oppression and depression. He has no opinion of his own. It is the teacher who decides



and determines his fate. On the contrary, the college provides him complete freedom and he can move about and act freely. He feels independent to think and do what he likes. The professors are very friendly who try to develop his self-respect and inculcate in him the qualities of great people.



**Binajit Narzari
(RAN)**

When he begins to attend classes, he feels a surprising change in himself. He experiences bliss everywhere. His ego finds free play. Offences are either overlooked or punished with an appeal to the student's good sense. He is treated like a gentleman whether he is in the classroom, office, library or laboratory. All these things make him believe that he is in a land of freedom and dignity.

In the academic sphere, there prevails the atmosphere of a garden where every young man



can get the knowledge of his choice. There are experienced Professors with specialized knowledge of their respective subjects. To aid this, there is the college library with its vast reading room. A large number of books on every topic provide the students a scholarly atmosphere. He comes out of narrow cell and develops contact with renewed authors. He comes to know there is vast world of so many books. He can study and enrich his knowledge. His outlook is broadened, vision is widened and wisdom is sharpened. He is enabled to read and think, formulate opinions and express them for himself.

“A college is a place where pebbles are polished and diamonds dimmed.” (R.S Ingersoll.)

There are various societies and clubs to sharpen the latent faculties of the student. The debating society motivates the student to come to the stage and face the audience. He gets rid of shyness and develops confidence. The college magazine provides him chances to express his inner self. His intellectual power is developed and literary taste is created in him. Competitions of article writing give him impulse to write for himself.

Moreover, literary meetings, social gatherings, dramatic societies and performance contribute a lot to his enrichment. A wise man says:

“College is like a fountain of knowledge and the students are there to drink.”(Chuck Palahniuk)

College moulds and shapes the student’s character. It teaches him manners and etiquettes. It teaches him how to speak gently, dress decently and behave decorously. It develops his sense of humour and love of beauty. It removes him from vulgarity and coarseness. It helps him to grow into a fine gentleman. It teaches him how to lead others and gain supremacy over them. The student learns how to use and protect his freedom. He learns self-help and co-operation with others. He gains first-hand knowledge of the value of friendship.

College athletics and sports add much to the pleasure of the student. He does not remain a bookworm. He participates in games and sports which are perennial fountains of health and vitality. Many of the great sportsmen of the world are the product of college playgrounds. That’s why, it is said:

“College football is a sport that bears the same relation to education that bullfighting to agriculture.”(Elbert Hubbard)

The student learns self-respect, sportsmanship and to respect the rules. He learns how to help the needy, the injured and the helpless. He becomes a balanced person. He is upright and honest. He maintains his ego. He does not hurt anyone’s feelings. He learns self-confidence, self-sacrifice, self-control, self-discipline and self-restraint. He becomes a useful member of society.





Religion - Modern Weapon of War

An enervating pandemic has struck the world which has enfeebled our country on one side, while on all other sides, our nation is being blighted by problems which, mostly birthing from us, have escalated to unprecedented levels, the foremost of them being the rise in religious intolerance and inter-religious conflicts.

India has a rich history and is a land of diversity. Our nation has been a mother in giving birth to many religions, in welcoming and accommodating everyone without any discrimination, and in providing a safe haven for people regardless of their



faith. India is a civilization that is fundamentally tolerant.

This fact reverberates in our Constitution which guarantees the fundamental right of freedom of religion to all. Our Constitution is an icon of dreams and hopes and its history is a glorious saga of those who fought for our freedom. Moreover, in 1976, India is declared a secular state and it is permanently etched in the preamble. Indian secularism has

been a great strength to Indian pluralism as it gives a clarion call to understand and respect every religion. However, this pluralism, which is our heritage, is in jeopardy due to gradual spread of ideology of nationalism which is a threat to the very existence of the Indian state.



**Rudolf D'Souza
(KAR)**

According to Article 25 of our Indian Constitution, "All people are equally entitled to freedom of conscience and have the right to freely profess, practice and propagate their religion, subject to public order, morality and health." Many sections of the law which Indian Penal code prohibit hate speeches and provide penalties for writings, illustrations or speeches that insult any particular community or religion. However, it is a fact that many have not been brought to justice despite widespread condemnation. This situation has galvanized the religious fanatics who are trying to mobilize groups to make this virulent nationalism more pervasive. This move of nationalism has unleashed a spate of violence against minority communities and has come to a point where even a public call for genocide attracts no attention of the law or of the mealy-



mouthed politicians, except for a few outrages and public protests which too would subsequently be smothered.

Religion has power. It has power to shape people's life, to change hearts and to see goodness in all and to give a gleam of hope when life seems sullen and bleak. But, misinterpretation and misuse of religion can wreak havoc. When conflicts are laced with religion, nature of conflicts can be parlous. It is saddening to note that religion is used as a means to attain power and for political ascendancy.

It is an era when the more voluble one becomes, no matter what he or she expresses, the more followers he or she gets. Political parties today are shaping "political narratives," intertwining them with aspects of faith and spinning perceptions of reality to suit their own interests and to propitiate their voters. These contorted versions of truth have made it impossible for common people to be able to sift truth from falsehood. Unfortunately, politics in India has become a medium of fomenting hate and prejudice.

We are in an era of the "red herrings". The digital world exposes us to virtual reality and creates a false sense of knowing everything. Religion, which should have been an instrument of unity and for spreading joy and hope, is being used as a weapon to incite violence and hatred, due to which our country is teetering on the brink of a "religious war", and we cannot be oblivious to this bitter fact. I cannot help feeling piqued by the sheer indifference we are exhibiting at present!

This as a whole is a complex issue, and I do not boast of having solutions to it. But I believe that our 'families' could be effective agents towards solutions. All that happens within the four walls of a house is, in my opinion, decisive in what happens in a country. As a child, I have witnessed subtle stereotyping, allegations and prejudices against those of other religions and castes. This invariably led me to believe in the false notion that my religion was superior to others. This, I think, is the story most of our families. Only when our families become sanctuaries where tolerance and respect for everyone is preached, regardless of his or her religious or cultural beliefs, I hope the dangers of this "war" can be avoided.

India, undoubtedly, is the microcosm of the world, and it finds its binding force in the innate goodness which is found in the depths of every religion. India, today, is in dire need of agents of social change who can justify that the basic edifice on which a religion should stand is "faith" that accepts all and spreads joy and peace everywhere.

The future of our nation, its ethos and very definition, hinges on how we can address and redress the issues relating to 'religion'. Each religion, though in itself is panoply of different sects, traditions and practices, has an innate potential to cement the broken nation, and to spread joy and peace to all. Let us make India great again. Let India become an epitome of pluralism in the world in which all her children enjoy the bounty of her freedom, secularism, unity, serenity and justice. ■

Basket Ball Court Inauguration



Community Days



Cultural Tour



Crash Courses



Ignatian Quiz in the College



Jeevadan



Picnic



Regional Celebration



Ongoing Formation Talks



Way of the Cross in SAC Chapel



Welcome & Orientation



Obra De Arte



Affin JL
(KER)

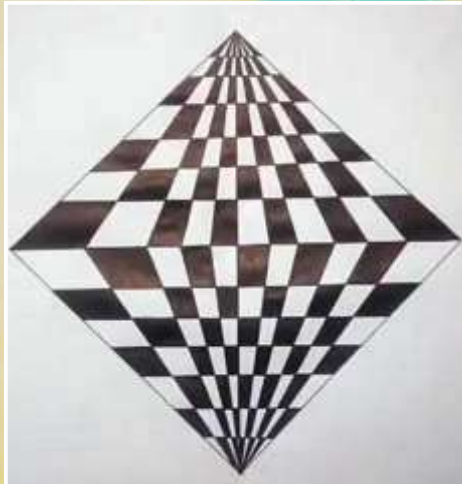


Pavingaolou Antony
(KHM)

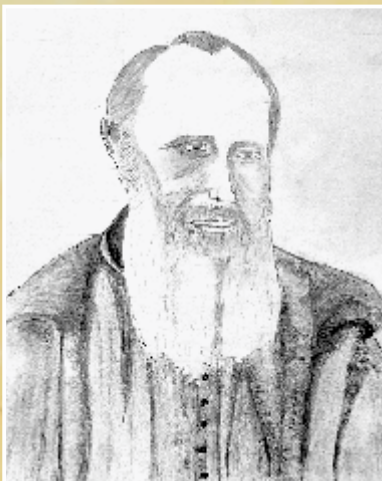




**Macwin D'Souza
(KAR)**



**Vivian Saldanha
(KAR)**



**Kho Alex
(KHM)**



ADIOS BROTHERS





Remembrance

'Stagnation' could be used to appropriate my state when memories come by to say 'Hello!' It happens often when I travel. I think that it is quite normal from my part to subject my yesterdays for rumination. At the moment, as I find myself in this bus to the city that is nearest to my hometown, I stay loyal to this monotone of mine - dwelling on the days bygone.

The super power that I desire is to have control over time. I need to pause and see the times when I laughed. I also want to stay on the painful tweaks and let them seep into me.

If someone asks me to name my safe haven, the answer would always be the same – my mother's lap.

'Sir, tickets.' It was the conductor's piercing voice that woke me up from my semi-sleep. I needed a fraction of a second to collect my present whereabouts. As I stared at the stout figure of the conductor which apparently had something sinister about it, the shape said, shrieking, 'Forty four per ticket to the city!' I paid him and crammed the ticket hurriedly into my pocket so that I could get back to my musings.

If anyone has enriched me with so much love, it was my mother. Anyone who competed with her in loving me more, clearly failed, even my wife. My childhood was in mischief. As a kid, often did I have a bleeding



**Eby Shajan
(KER)**

knee or foot. I would run to her crying not for an immediate relief from pain but for a

consoling embrace. I could still relish the warmth of her hug in many such instances. During one of the summers in my mother's house, I came across a photo of her, probably from her high school days. The person I saw

was a fair girl whose eyes didn't have any speck of inhibition. Let fortune alone decide, I realized that married life had taken a toll on her. She had become a person having more or less a brown complexion and the vibrancy in her eyes had paved way for timidity.

She actually had given herself away to her husband and children. I would





attribute much of the little goodness that I possess to her without any hesitation. In her, I saw the epitome of selflessness.

I have distanced myself from her after I got married. I witnessed her helplessly gazing at me getting away. May be that was another addition to her list of sacrifices. After my father's death, she has become increasingly senile. It was the names of people and places that she started forgetting first. Last week, as I entered her room, she shouted from the bed, 'Hey! Who are you?' Thanks to her senility, I introduce myself each time I meet her.

'Halt!' The throaty voice of the conductor was there again to derange me from my reveries. I had to get down at the next stop.

As the conductor opened the door for me, he gifted me his tanned smirk. I could not comprehend its meaning even after the bus started moving. I felt something in my pocket. It was the bus ticket. Before throwing it away, I had a sloppy look over it.

The ticket cost eighty- eight.

Scuttling after the drifting bus, I blurted, 'Mother!'



Love is always building up
No boundary, no limit, extends to infinity
It touches every nook and corner
And puts some line of beauty on every life.



**Sawan Rai
(DAR)**

Love is sacrificial and unconditional
No diamond, no jewel can buy it.
Gives new hope to discouraged ones
And new strength to those who are weak.

Love is always caring and forgiving
No noble virtue, no power can compare with it.
Love is done in action rather than mere words.
And it makes life more meaningful to everyone.



Synodality, Laity, Pope Francis - What exactly are they?

A synod is an official gathering of bishops that has been traditionally taking place in the Church since early Christianity to deliberate on issues of importance for the life of the Church. The word, “synod” comes from “syn-hodos”, meaning, “the same way” or the “the same path”. In 1965 Pope Paul VI established the Synod of Bishops as a permanent institution. He always paved the way to have a fraternal collegial exchange as that of the Second Vatican Council.

voice of the Church as he says, “The world in which we live, and which we are called to love and serve, even with its contradictions, demands that the Church strengthen cooperation in all areas of her mission.



**Tomy Issac Baby
(KER)**

It is precisely this path of *synodality* which God expects of the Church of the third millennium.” Pope Francis desires and designs to make the Church governance more open and inclusive of all its members.

The Uniqueness - An Ignatian Way

Unlike past synods, this one paves the ways for greater participation and communion of the laity, pastors and Bishops for the mission of the Church. Pope Francis is very much aware of the two-year synodal process that could be impeded by “formalism,” “intellectualism,”



Your Church Wants to Hear from YOU

WHAT IS THE SYNOD ON SYNODALITY?



MICHAEL J. SANFEM



and “the temptation of complacency.” To counter this, the Pope on true discernment that stems from attentive listening and spiritual conversation. His leadership in the Catholic Church is deeply rooted in the Ignatian way. Ignatius insisted on being slow to speak and patient in listening. This will certainly facilitate an openness and

freedom in moving away from polarization. This synodal journey reminds us that everyone matters in the eyes of God. It includes not only priests, bishops, religious brothers and sisters, but all the faithful. Let this sink in us as the Spirit leads us!

HIT THE BONES FOR GLORY

Not until, not until, the cannon broke his leg
There stood he, tower over hundreds brave hearts within his arms
Comrades! He ordered, as the fierce cavalry treaded toward them
Fight and fight, less you are trampled down to a pool of blood
Shielding and shouting, round and round the fort walked he
Honour for courage, Glory for victory, cried he
Thus, win the heart, win the heart, of the lady.
The Cannon ball blew, broke and downed the tower
Down he fell, down he fell
Like a lifeless leaf fallen on the ground.
Lo! A moment to behold
Christ! Christ! Christ!
What doing am I?
What done have I?
What do will I?
Now that the Cannon blew off
Broken and fixed with racking pain
Yet his spirit lifted high and heart flamed, to save Souls
Companion! Go forth under banner the Cross said he.



Pavingaolou Anthony
(KHM)



The CANNON Shot

A gift in disguise

Much has been said of the conversion of St. Ignatius of Loyola in this Ignatian year. There seems no deficiency of any sort in the circulation of posters, videos, organizing talks, recollections, retreats, seminars, webinars, etc., all of which are centred on the one and only thematic keynote- the **CANNON BALL MOMENT** which centres around the theme, 'To see all things new in Christ'. For a good number of our collaborators and co-workers in our institutions,

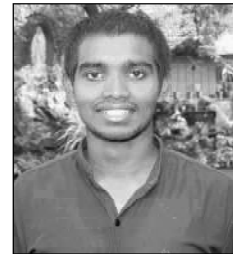
this might have been a moment of inspiration to emulate St. Ignatius of whom not often have they got to know in

depth. 'What have I seen newly in Christ as I commemorate the 500th year of conversion of my founder' is a query that pops up time and again in the conscience of every Jesuit.

On the second day of my triduum, prior to the renewal of our perpetual vows, I took a long walk along the road through



Fr. Muller's institutions. The atmosphere was serene and tranquil. The chirping of birds was resonating between the lush-green trees and crowd-free roads. It was an eco-friendly space, and so, even a piece of plastic will not go unnoticed. At my every



**Rezin Romero
(DEL)**

step ahead, I could feel my heart rising. My eyes caught hold of a stone bench. Both my spirit and flesh wished to rest a while. I followed my

heart, stepped aside and took a seat on the stone bench. No sooner did I realize that I stopped perspiring, than my mind was boggled by a thought that struck like a thunder. I was fascinated by the juxtaposition of two eminent figures both in mythology and history- the first being Achilles from Geek mythology, and the other being St. Ignatius of Loyola of the period



of renaissance. But, what is so contrasting in them? How are Achilles and Ignatius connected?

To solve the puzzle, the latter needs to be answered first. It's often a well-known maxim which says "Pride goes before a fall". Had we to turn the pages of Greek mythology, Achilles is considered to be the son of an immortal goddess and a mortal man. When Achilles was born, Thetis, his mother thought she



could make him immortal by submerging him into the River Styx. As legend has it, Thetis held Achilles by his heel when she dipped him into the river. Therefore, his heel was not touched by the magical waters of the River Styx and remained mortal, and thus vulnerable. Achilles went on to become a hero in the Trojan War. Unfortunately, he was killed later in other wars nearly towards the end when he was shot in the heel by an arrow.

In 1517 Inigo De Lopez joined the army of Spain. With burning desire to showcase his bravery, and pride to impress his lady Catalina, he fought at the battle of Pamplona, despite the fact that they were outnumbered by the French. Eventually, a cannon ball shattered one of

his legs and injured the other, thus leaving him incapacitated thereafter to retain his knighthood.

Now the contrast: Achilles' life ended with an arrow so tiny in comparison to the huge cannon ball that hit Inigo at Pamplona. While on one side the arrow put an end to Achilles, on the other, there emerged in Ignatius' life a ray of hope looming on the horizon, a door that would lead to the Truth and fullness of

life. God's ways are indeed mysterious! At that juncture, his failure was obvious and his woundedness inevitable. Not in his deepest of thoughts must Ignatius have realized that it is God's way to mould clay into a fine pot! What an irony!

The mysterious works of God transformed the soul of Ignatius and channelized all his vices into virtues. All his potentialities which were spent on vanities are now consolidated for a greater and noble cause. If Achilles of Greek mythology deems to have a semblance to Inigo, a parallelism can be drawn between our Pilgrim and Paul the Apostle, both of whose flaws turned out to be boons in their mission. The tenacity and audacity, with which Paul persecuted the early Christians,



intensified after his conversion and served as effective instruments to reach out even to the gentiles with the good news. Similarly, Ignatius' adamancy, valour and audacity facilitated him in his post-conversion period to defend the Catholic Church that was then falling apart. The interesting fact said of Ignatius is that it was in the year 1517, the year he joined the Spanish troops that the church began to fall apart due to the Reformation led by Martin Luther King. Not without a reason did God break the leg of Ignatius who in turn would be an eminent tool in joining the broken church; to defend her faith.

To human perspective, it's an undeniable fact that the cannon ball shattered his legs to pieces. Surprisingly, rising above the physical part of it, it was, in actuality, his heart that was torn in to pieces, but not without a reason; his pride, arrogance, adamancy were all destroyed and he woke up as if from deep slumber

and began to say like St. Paul, "I now no longer live. It is Christ who lives in me" - a transformation from self-centeredness to God-centeredness. The zeal was no different, but for sure, the motivation was. Earlier, he wanted to conquer the world for himself in all its glitter and glares and now he wants to conquer not the world, but souls for God.

At times, when we feel broken, crushed, worn out and tired, we must never to lose hope. It's God's way of forming people to work in his vineyard. And we must never to forget that we are not alone. There have been many torch-bearers who have walked ahead of us. All our trials, tribulations, pains and sorrows are nothing but blessings in disguise. Always remember that God's ways are unique. The footprints that Ignatius left behind are enough to navigate us to our destiny, to remind us that THE BEST IN US IS YET TO COME. ■



Just For Laughs Gags



Superior : Why do you always sleep during mass and prayer?

Scholastic : Because God talks to me in dreams.



The Dilemma

Today I would like to write a story in which a father wants his son to become a guitarist, but the son wants to become a cricketer. He cannot tell his father that he wants to become a cricketer, and not a guitarist. He says to himself, "I do not like it Papa; I do not enjoy it. However hard I try, I just cannot enjoy it. I know I do not play the 'guitar' well. You always wanted me to play it; that may be your fantasy, your unfulfilled dream. While I practice on the guitar, the cricket field calls me. I hear loud voices of "Six, Four and Wicket," much more than the sweet guitar notes. I do not dream of Jimi Hendrix, the legendary guitarist. Rohit Sharma and Jasprit Bumrah keep coming in my dream. I know, you want me to fulfil your dreams and desires through me. Trust me, I am trying hard to fulfil your dreams. But I am born to have my own dreams and choices. Papa, why can't you help me to achieve my goal in my life? Deep within my heart, I do not want to do what you always wanted, but do what I want. I do not know, if I am asking you for too much. But I know that you want me to be happy. I

would be very happy if you say "Hey my son! Do as you like. I am here to support you to fulfil your dream with much love."

It is our life, and hence, it is for us to choose what we want to become. But in



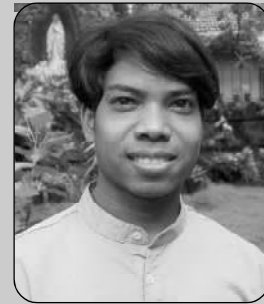
**Arundeep Kujur
(JAM)**

most of the cases, our parents decide what we should become. I have heard from some of my friend students that they want to study humanities in college, but they are forced to study and get degree in Science and Commerce. Thus they feel they have no choice. They get pressurized and cannot enjoy their life. They cry from within every day, but no one hears their pain. They cannot tell their parents that what they are doing is not their cup of tea. Dear readers, what is your opinion on this matter: "Should we listen to parents or to our hearts to decide about our Future?" With this thought, I end. Thank you. ■





FRUITS OF LOVE



**Pawan Dungdung
(JAM)**

As you lie in the dense forest of my thoughts,
Your whispered chirping gives me a sigh of relief.
The sky is beautiful with the godly sunrise,
You were created by my love
And you will reside in me.
You sowed the seed of love in my heart,
Your love is eternal, it washes away,
Pains of the past, and blends from the
Shackles of betrayal.
Makes me strong in the storm of trials,
Holding your hand makes me strong in
My trials of rain.
The dearest dream of life gets fulfilled each day,
The sweetness of life become sweeter than
Honey each day,
And your care, help and unconditional love
Will never decrease for me.
Your love is rock not to be moved anywhere
It remains in my heart forever.



White Doves - “Longing for Love”

“Hi keisehein?”, I used to ask the inmates of ‘White Doves’. “Ham sab tikhein,” I could hear a few broken voices replying. I shouted louder to wake them up, “Keisehein?” Then I could hear many voices replying loudly and cheerfully.

‘White Doves’ is a home for the elderly, abandoned people. They are accommodated and cared for. Most of them are advanced in age and a few are physically challenged. Every Saturday, I with my four companions, have been going to spend an hour or two with these people. We interact with them to enthuse them. Then we conduct some group activities such as fun games, dancing, singing or telling some stories.

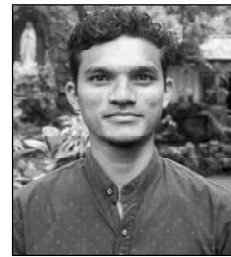
People of diverse cultures and languages reside here. Many understand Hindi. That was a great help for me to listen to their stories and interact with them. Their active participation makes the time with them alive. They enjoy dancing and singing with us. Moreover, for me, it’s not just an enjoyment; but gives me inner peace and satisfaction while

being with them.

Mother Teresa once said “Some people come in life as blessings. Some come in your life as lessons.”

The people I came across here, taught me to look at one aspect of human life. These people are physically and mentally challenged. I can’t imagine the unspeakable agony they must be going through. How do they accept the rejection from their family and society? Above all, how do they accept themselves? I feel grateful to God for the very gift of myself, my family, relatives, friends and my physical and mental well-being. I realized that one way to show kindness is by giving one’s time and energy to listen to people who feel neglected and unloved.

It is Ignatian spirituality “to find God in all things.” By this, Ignatius means that every experience of our life can make us



**Rocky Mallick
(JAM)**





aware of God's presence, if we devote time and energy to reflect on it. I wonder how God is present amidst these people. I ask why God permits suffering to come to these innocent people. God has His own way of doing things for the good of all. On the occasion of the Ignatian year, this is a wonderful way to deepen my spirituality "to see all things new in Christ and to find God in all things."

Above all, this opportunity is a learning experience for me. I learn how to

deal with such people and understand them. I could perceive the pain of being unloved, uncared for and unnoticed. Of course, these people don't want any gold, money or any wealth. They are longing to be loved and cared for. At this point, it may be appropriate to ponder over the words of Mother Teresa, "Being unwanted, unloved, uncared for, forgotten by everybody, I think that is a much greater hunger, a much greater poverty than the person who has nothing to eat." ■

Jeevadaan

"Jeevadaan" is a home away from home for children to whom our society gives no much attention. It is run by the Sisters, "Daughters of St. Camillus," founded by St. Josephine Vanini and Fr. Luigi Tezza, with the sole intention of serving the poor and the sick even at the cost of oneself. The Sisters at Jeevadaan have proved that they really care for the ones who need love and care the most. Jeevadaan was started on 2nd February, 2004, for the children who suffered from HIV. The word, Jeevadaan, is a combination of two words, 'Jeeva' and 'daan' which means, "gift of life"

We were very much blessed being with the children every Saturday at Jeevadaan as part of our ministry. Being with the children, we find joy, happiness, relaxation and a sense at fulfilment after being in the college for the whole week

exercising our brain for the future. In spite of the misfortune they had at a very young age, I find the children happy, cheerful and able to accept themselves as they are.

Life is not always easy to journey on. Everyone has their own cross to carry, without any boundaries between rich or the poor, loved or unloved, black or white. Today, some of us may be going through the toughest season or the intense pain in life, emotionally or/and physically. It is important for us to appreciate the gift of life, and understand that it is short. We may not be able to control the situation in which we live, yet our response to the situation will lead us on.



**Adahrii Moses
(KHM)**



**Banri Wahlang
(KHM)**

WHY ARE WE BLIND?

*Farmers are fading,
Policies are invading;
Rivers are sinking,
On that buildings are standing;
Nature is dying,
Our future is crying;
Women are wailing,
Men are sailing on their place;
Democracy is falling,
Dictatorships are rising;
Education is limping,
Ignorance is jumping;
Humanism is departing,
Dehumanization is partaking.
"Where are you my children?"
Cries out our creator.
Why are we imperceptive
To all these cruelties?
Wake up to see,
Walk there to serve,
One day
We will bring change
In this planet!*



CONSEQUAT



Prathap L
(KAR)





Amrith Lakra
(HAZ)



Reoin Barnes
(KAR)



A Tale of Two Jesuits



Javier Campos Morales (left), 79, and Joaquín César Mora Salazar (right), 80, were killed on 20th June 2022 inside the church in Cerocahui, Chihuahua, Mexico.

Two Jesuit priests have been killed inside a church where a man pursued by gunmen apparently sought refuge in a remote mountainous area of northern Mexico, the religious order's Mexican branch announced Tuesday.

A statement from the Roman Catholic Society of Jesus in Mexico demanded justice and the return of the men's bodies. It said gunmen had taken them from the church. "Acts like these are not isolated," the statement said. "Every day men and women are arbitrarily deprived of life, as our murdered brothers were today."

For some reason, the gunmen did not kill a third priest who was at the church, but refused his pleas for them to leave the bodies of his two colleagues, said Narce Santibañez, the press director for the Jesuits in Mexico. The Tarahumara Diocese said in a statement "the killers, not content with murdering them, have taken their bodies ... leaving a wake of pain, sadness and indignation among all of us who want to mourn them." The killing of priests has been a persistent tragedy in Mexico, at least since the start of the drug war in 2006.

Three priests have been killed in the area over the last decade.

"The danger is always there," Guevara said about working in the cartel-dominated region. "As long as we don't get in the way, they respect us, just as the government respects as long as we are useful to them."

(Source: <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/priests-man-seeking-refuge-killed-inside-church-mexico/>)

