



SALESIAN COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

* Welcome to our Monthly Newsletter



Story Writing Competition which was conducted on 19th August 2023, by English Department of Salesian College of Higher Education. Many students participated in the event, produced many original stories of various genres and modes. The effort and hard work, creativity and writing skills were very impressive, giving the judges a very tough time to decide the winners. However the winners declared are :

- 1st place: Sangeeta kerketta of 3rd semester,
2nd place: Eric Ningsem Rumthao of 3rd semester,
3rd place: 1) Chireudibe Chamlak of 1st semester and
: 2) Livino Sumi of 5th semester.



“IMPORTANCE OF HAVING FRIENDS”

Sangeeta Kereketta, 3rd semester

Once upon a time there was a lonely hawk sitting on a tree. He was very handsome but he did not have any friends. One day he saw a beautiful she hawk and wanted to marry her. He went to her and asked, “will you marry me?” but the she-hawk refused him because he had no friends at all. The hawk asked, will you marry me if I have friends? The she - hawk agreed to it.

The hawk went beyond the river side and found a tortoise and asked him to be his friend, the tortoise was greedy so she told him, “Call me whenever you need me and I will be there to help you.” The Hawk was so pleased and went to find his second friend. He found an osprey and requested him to be his friend. The osprey agreed and this pleased the hawk. Now the hawk went into the forest to find a friend and there he saw a tiger. Fear came upon him but picking up courage, he went and requested the tiger to be his friend. The tiger readily agreed and told him, “you need not worry about anything; I will be there to help you.”

The Hawk was very happy and went back to the she-hawk telling her about the numerous friends he had acquired; tortoise, osprey and tiger. The she-hawk kept her promise and agreed to marry him. After some months, they had children and the hawk was very happy. One day two hunters, stopped by the riverside to fish. As it was getting dark and they did not catch any fish, they decided to make fire and rest under the huge tree. The smoke and the fire disturbed the baby birds of the hawk and they began crying. She-hawk asked her husband to seek help from his friends. The hawk flew at once to the osprey asking for help. Osprey told, “You go and protect your chicks, I will tackle the hunters.” As the hawk went to protect the chicks the osprey dived into the water and the splash from the water put out the fire. Whenever the hunter lighted the fire the osprey put it off. One of the hunters decided to climb and get the little chicks so that they could have them

for supper. The hawk flew to ask help from his friend the tortoise. When they saw the tortoise, the hunters suddenly decided to give up the babies of hawk and turned to the tortoise for their food. They tore their shirt and made ropes to catch the tortoise. But they found very difficult to break the shell of the tortoise. The tortoise dived them into the river and they were unable to manage the tortoise. With great difficulty they cut off the rope and swam off to the bank of river. By the time they were shivering because of cold. The two hunters once again decided to make fire and climb the tree to catch the little chicks of the hawk. Meantime, the hawk had already sought the help of the tiger for fear of the hunters. The tiger was on his way to help the hawk. As the tiger drew near, the hunters got frightened and ran away for safety and never returned. The hawk then thanked all his friends for the help they gave to save and protect his family. The she-hawk was clever enough to ask the hawk make many friends before they got married. From that day on the parent hawks lived happily with their chicks on the huge tree.

Moral: Investing in friendship pays rich dividends. Everyone of us need friends in our life to get help and give help. No one can live without friends. Everybody need friends to support in times of danger and difficult moments.



“Empty Your Cup, FOCUS”

Eric Ningsem Rumthao, 3rd semester

Once upon a time, in a far away country, there lives a certain lady by the name Agatha, she was a middle aged woman. She was very active and participated in social activities, and never missed the Sunday church service. There was a pastor, whom she use to go for counselling and spiritual advice, his name was Rev. Andrew, who lived opposite to her house. He was a great leader, social activist and a spiritual leader.

Life in the country was peaceful and the nature beautiful. The lady attended the church service every Sunday, and many people admired her faith. The pastor was also pleased by her regularity and active participation in the church activities and urged her to go for spiritual direction and counselling. However, beyond this regularity of church service her life never changed to be a better person. Whenever she went for spiritual counselling she complained about all the dramas that was happening in the church during the service like, people playing and surfing the phone, babies crying, children running up the altar sanctuary, people having conversation instead of listening to the reflection. She suggested that children should not be brought to church, phones should be switched off and that people should maintain modest dressing code and not be too fashionable in the church. She always reminded the pastor to give her spiritual advice to the people.

The pastor who heard her story every Sunday during counselling obviously came to know she was full of her ideas and will never listen to other because whenever the pastor tried to give advice on her conduct, she would interrupt every word of the pastor with the excuses of the things or dramas she saw during the church service. Hence he decided to teach her a lesson. One day when the lady came to the pastor as usual after the church service for counselling, the pastor suggested they have a cup of tea. The pastor started pouring the tea, however it overflowed and so the lady kept down on the tray because it burned her hand. However, he continued pouring the tea, at first the lady kept quiet but after she could not contain anymore so she shouted at the pastor,

“When writing the story of your life, don't let anyone else hold the pen”

~Rebel Thriver

“can’t you see it is overflowing”, the Pastor remained silent and looked into her eyes, told her to take the cup which was full to the brim and walk around the church without dropping a single drop of water. The lady did so, without spilling a single drop of water. She was feeling so strange because the pastor seems to be weird and asked him, why was it necessary to do all the weird acts. The pastor smiled, looked into her eyes and said with a soft voice, “Empty Your Cup” before you come for counselling and focus on the spiritual events that is happening during the church service. The lady was still confused and asked for an explanation.



Then the pastor said every Sunday you come for advice and spiritual counselling, but you are full of your own idea and conviction and you will not listen and because of this of this nothing can be absorbed. So like the cup empty yourself first to receive new tea. So it is with wisdom and spiritual advice and knowledge. Then you're spiritual counselling will be fruitful and meaningful, further said now about the fact letting you go around the church with a cup full of tea, is to let you know how much concentration and focus is needed during the service, he asked the lady a question, if she notices anything happening around the church when she was going around with the cup full of tea, than the lady smilingly said, “how can I know about what was happening around me, I was just focusing on the cup”. Hence the pastor said if you are focused on the most important thing that is happening in the church, you will not notice the other dramas happening around you. The lady understood what the pastor was trying to tell her. She thanked the pastor and went away happily.

**Moral: To receive new knowledge “Empty Your Cup”
To achieve success in life “Focus”**

“MYSTERY TO MEN STRENGTH”

Chireudibe chamlak ,1st semester

In a far away south was a tiny village in an island, it was a cold, icy land where the crops could hardly grow, the villager who inhabited it seemed to be warriors of war who had fled to find peace and escape from slavery and cruelty of war. Among them was a man named Lauen who was considered to be the largest and strongest. He was a soldier who fought against thousands of foes with a battalion of only a few hundred soldiers and came out victorious. Yet he being so strong and mighty nobody really knew why he fled to the island. The days in the village were always cold and mostly snowy at night, the villagers could hardly farm in the back side of the island where the sun couldn't reach. Yet, even in such condition the villagers were happy and lived together peacefully but it wouldn't be for long as the greed of the king for land and power could never be satisfied. While living in peace Lauen got married and brought up a son who's name was Kamboii, after his best man who died while letting him flee. Soon years passed by quickly. One day when the villagers were celebrating Kamboii's tenth birthday, they were about to feast, when the villagers heard the shore splashing and the battle cry of warriors who had come to conquer the snow island. When the villagers heard them they rushed to their homes and came out equipped with their iron vest and swords to fight the enemy but Lauen requested the men not to fight and flee with their wives, children and elderly. The village never had a chief but everyone considered Lauen as their chief, so they

obeyed him without any hesitation and got ready to flee. While the villagers starts escaping Laluen put his hand on his sons back who was in terror and nearly lost his mind upon watching their death approach. Laluen spoke to Kamboii about a land far away from the sea where war, kings and slavs could never reach. Kamboii with a change not only in face but in heart and mind, saw his father's desire, ran towards his mother and ran towards the island where the boats were prepared. When the villagers were escaping into the sea Laluen buys them sometime, kamboii sneaks out from there and rushes towards his father, as he watched from distance, he sees his father fighting unarmed against the soldiers. Laluen fights with great strength with his fist, not finishing the enemies but just knocking them out. With his soft heart Laluen receives brutal injuries but was able to deal with almost all of them as the soldiers numbered hundred. When Kamboii reaches his father, he asked his father, why he didn't kill them. Laluen breathing heavily spoke up saying "a real warrior does not kill but protect"



A LITTLE GENERATION GAP

Livino sumi, 5th semester

Growing up I used to believe that my father had morbid sense of pleasure seeing his children writhe in pain. We were three of us all boys and naturally would get into trouble resulting in serious thrashing from father, every time. He was a man of few words but his hand did the talking and a lot of time too, when it concerned me and my brothers.

These were things of the past as most of us are in our twenties now. I had long since moved past the bitterness and the childish plans of getting back at him when I was stronger, until one day I stumbled upon something that might be considered a closure for the unresolved emotions that lay dormant in the deep crevices of my mind.

Father and I were ardent black tea lovers and it was my job everyday to make it for the both of us. A gesture we both have grown accustomed to. Placing the tea cup beside him, I pulled out a wooden stool for myself. He was hunched over sharpening his stools. Watching him engrossed in his work reminded me of my late grandpa. Father had a video of him, working away at something in his phone until he lost it to virus that corrupted all his data. I casually mentioned how seeing him work beside the kitchen window reminded me of that video.

He took a sip of his tea, paused for a while and said "father used to have a special stick to discipline us, that he would bring from the forest himself." That came as a surprise but I was intrigued so I kept quiet for him to carry on. I learned that grandpa was a strict man himself and a man of even lesser words if that was even possible. Father almost lost in the memories, recounted how his father, grandpa would wake up very early and start kicking and knowing at the door, windows and the plank walls of their room. He found it the most annoying of his tactics. If one of his brothers woke up and left the door open then grandpa would walk in with a bucket of cold water and throw it on them. On occasion he would quietly walk in and give a hard slap on their backs. One day after woken up grandpa, he started to throw tantrums at him. He was standing by the kitchen door complaining and whining while grandpa sat with his back facing him at the fireplace. And as father turned to look outside grandpa threw a piece of wood from the fireplace aiming straight for his calves. Instantly he felt himself crumble down. He could not get up and began waiting instead; so much that even grandpa ran to him with concern. He remembered recounting this to grandpa many years later and grandpa response was "it was you". Turns out grandpa too could not forget about it, he just could not recall which of his sons it was.

Grandpa said to him "you see, you don't mind that. Please don't mistake it for me wanting to hurt you; I was only trying to teach you to do well and be good".

Father and I sat there chatting away for a few more minute. That story though, left a lasting impact on me. It might not seem much but it was all the revelation I needed. Father was raising us how he was raised, it was the only way he knew and was used to. That of course does not necessarily make those memories any more pleasant but I could now look at it with a new understanding I've found.

"I suppose every generation has a conceit of itself which elevates it, in its own opinion, above that which comes after it."

~Margaret Wilson Oliphant

Poetry Contest

THEME = REFUGE

On 5th of October, the English Department of Salesian College of Higher Education observed National Poetry Day by conducting a departmental poetry competition on the theme *Refuge*.

“Love’s”

Chizo, 3rd semester



In your arms, my love, I find my refuge sweet,
A sanctuary where our hearts and souls can meet.
When life storms rage and troubles seem so vast,
Your love is my refuge, in it, I'm steadfast.

In your eyes, I find a vision so profound,
A place where love's eternal flame is found.
Amidst the chaos of this world we roam.
Your love's my refuge, my trust home.

In your embrace, I find my safe retreat
A place where love and passion interwire complete.
Through every trial, in your love, I'm strong.
With you, my love, is where I truly belong.

So let our love be refuge, forever, and a day,
In your arms, my love, I'll always find a way.



“THE BEST WAY TO
PREDICT YOUR FUTURE
IS TO CREATE IT.”

~ Abraham Lincoln



“Eden of choice”

Kezhakietuo Michal chadi, 5th semester

I saw a mighty structure,
Standing like a mountain tall.
Where great multitude flak to,
Men both rich and poor alike.

Portal of a good life
Threshold for knowledge
But refuge for none
Yet, set- skills for refuge

Like the Garden of Eden
That comes with choices
I must make a will
With what is endowed

Alma matter to many
Hail, Salesian College of Higher Education.



“Tranquil Haven: A Poetic Retreat”

Leishipem, 1ST semester

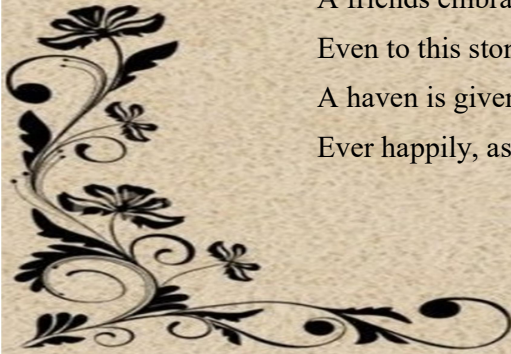
Amidst the chaos, a tranquil shore,
Where all sorrows are crushed and are no more
In solitude’s embrace, a soothing calm
In thick turmoil, a gentle balm.

In the canopy of the starry night
In the beauty of the soft moon light
Natures serenity, conquers my fear
A refuge, a shelter, my way you clear.

A friends embrace, warm my heart
Even to this stone, you give your heart
A haven is given, to such a soul.
Ever happily, as my mind raise to your abode.

January 2024

01 - New Year
15 - Staff Meeting
16 - Even Semester resumes
26 - Republic Day/
marathon/ Sports Week
31 - Feast of Don Bosco



The Odd Semester Nagaland University Examination began on the 20th of November 2023 and will end on the 14th of December 2023.



On the 27th of November there was an awareness programme conducted by SBI, in collaboration with SCHE & BCTE → → →

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Azadi Ka
Amrit Mahotsav
SALESIAN COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION, IGAC
&
BOSCO COLLEGE OF TEACHER EDUCATION, IGAC
IN
COLLABORATION WITH
STATE BANK OF INDIA

SBI
The banker to every Indian

Awareness programme on Government Welfare Schemes, NPS, Study loans, housing loans etc...

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FREE REGISTER
For all Staff:
Teaching & Non-teaching

DAVID NAULAK
Chief Manager SBI
Main Branch Dimapur

27 NOVEMBER, 2023 | 10:00 AM



CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

06-12-2023

Dear students, staff and parents of SCHE,

Greeting of peace and love to one and all. In the first place let me take this opportunity to wish all of you a very happy Christmas, as we are about to celebrate the Birthday of Jesus Christ our Saviour. In the gospel of Luke, 1:31, when the angel Gabriel brought the good news of the birth of Jesus he said to Mary, "Look! You are to conceive in your womb and bear a son, and you must name him Jesus." In Hebrew Jesus means Joshua/ Yehowah/ YHWH saves, which means God saves. So the crux of the message of Christmas is that God sends his Son Jesus Christ (the messiah/ anointed) into the world to save the fallen humanity (you and me). That is John 3:16, the summary of the Bible.

As we glance back the odd semester, we realize that it has all gone so fast with classes, lots of activities and programmes. At the start of the semester there was around 415 students enrolled. We began the classes for the first semester students on the 1st of July with an Orientation programme. We had conducted seminars, extension lectures, Folklore competition and Cultural Day, Literary Day, participated in the St. Joseph University inter-college Sports and got runners up in Volley ball and many more other events. Seven of our students forum members participated in the workshop of North East Peace programme organized by NEISSAR in collaboration with Xavier Board, and another eight went to Siloam Institute, Barapani, Meghalaya to participate in student Leadership programme. Ms. Tseili Dukhru was sent to St. Anthony's College, Shillong for a Faculty Development Course for a period of one Week during summer break.

The IQAC, NAAC Coordinators, and the staff members are working seriously and looking forward to the National assessment to be done at the beginning of the next semester. Let everyone, the staff, students and management put might and mane towards the successful accreditation and assessment by the National peer team. The beauty of the musical symphony or concert lies in the unity and harmony of every musical note. Let everyone of us give one's best effort and bring honour to the institution and the society. "You get the best when you give your best."

Fr. Dr. Paul Punii, SDB