

2020

Summer Magazine

# HESSED

*"His love and mercy surrounds us"*



Published by: The Office of Catechesis,  
St. Mother Teresa Syro-Malabar Catholic Parish, Ottawa



## FOREWORD

The year of 2020 stands out as an exceptional time where normal life is disrupted by the unprecedented COVID-19 virus. As we are well aware, the Social distancing requirements required to contain the spread of viral infection has also brought in a “new normal”.

Our Parish, Catechism school and the religious and pious organizations have tried to adapt to this “new normal”. As followers of Christ, we always want to stay hopeful and keep our trust in the providence of God. With the hope and courage granted by the Holy Spirit, our Parish community can turn this period of COVID affliction into a time of blessing by using every opportunity to get closer to God. The “Hesed” e-magazine is a good example.

The Catechism School and Parish planned this e-magazine as a platform to express the creative work of Catechism students and Parishioners over the summer. The magazine team and catechists approached it as an effort to complement the various faith formation activities for students and youth in our Parish and Eparchy and share their thoughts, hopes, dreams and concerns with the rest of the parish community as expressed in their work.

The articles in this magazine cover a wide range of creative work in visual arts, biographies, short essays, short stories, travelogue and Poems, in English and Malayalam. Some of the articles describe the remarkable individual experiences of some of our parishioners. We are confident the work contained in this e-magazine reflects on God’s love for us, the people of the new covenant and our gratitude to the Lord as implied by the title “Hesed”.

The Office of Catechesis is grateful to the editorial and organizing committee that worked on bringing this effort to fruition. The idea for the magazine came from our catechism teacher, Jyothsna Thrivikraman. Special thanks to Dona Nelson who did the editing work. We wholeheartedly thank all contributors who offered their creative articles, especially our students and appreciate their effort to provide articles in a timely manner.

Finally, our sincere thanks to all the readers of this magazine. Hope you find it enlightening.

## EDITORIAL BOARD

Fr. Bobby Joy Muttathuvalayil, Pastor

Mr. Santhosh George, Principal

Mrs. Tresa Rose, Vice Principal

Mr. Robert Luiz

Mrs. Jyothsna Thrivikraman

Mrs. Joice Gijo

Ms. Dona Nelson

Mr. Seppi Sebastian

Mr. Niju Joseph

Front Cover photo: Mr. Anson Jacob

Back Cover photo: Mr. Alex Mathew Kottuppallil

Layout and Design: Ms. Dona Nelson.

Contact us at [syromalabarottawa.catechism@gmail.com](mailto:syromalabarottawa.catechism@gmail.com)

---

*The views and opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the authors and do not reflect the views and opinions of the St. Mother Teresa Parish Ottawa*



## SYRO-MALABAR CATHOLIC EPARCHY OF MISSISSAUGA

For the Glory of God



### *Message*

*Dear Rev. Fr. Bobby Joy, the Pastor, beloved Catechists and Students,*

*It is with immense joy that I hear the news of the publication the E-Magazine, “Hesed” under the auspices of the Sunday School of St. Mother Teresa Syro-Malabar Catholic Parish, Ottawa. I appreciate the Vision behind this noble endeavor as it is intended as a digital platform to express the creative work of Catechism students and Parishioners during the summer. Your amazing effort to complement the various faith formation activities for students and youth in the parish and share their thoughts, hopes, dreams and concerns with the rest of the parish community through this e-magazine is commendable.*

*I congratulate Rev. Pastor, the catechists, and all the committed people who work hard to make this dream a reality. Let this “Hesed” be a vivid digital sign of God’s unconditional love for the parishioners of St. Mother Teresa Syro-Malabar Catholic Parish, Ottawa, and your positive response to his loving commandments!*

*Yours cordially in Christ,*

*Mar Jose Kalluvelil*

## MESSAGE FROM THE PASTOR



Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

Today, we live in an uncertain world of fear and anxiety. COVID-19 has affected each one of us in one way or the other. However, the Church did not give up during this pandemic. Even though churches had been closed during lock down period, we made our homes as temples of God and tried our best to make the pandemic time as a time to be closer to God; a time to know Him personally and a time to experience His steadfast love. Guided by the Holy Spirit, we came with this creative idea of an E-Magazine named *HESED* with the vision to create a platform for our catechism students and parishioners to share their faith experience during this time of uncertainty.

Acts 4:32 states: “Now the whole group of those who believed were of one heart and soul...” This is the time we should unite in prayer and bring our hope and faith in God. Our hope in prayer and faith in God will surely light up the darkest place of our soul. Even the very worst circumstances, that we are going through should not be permitted to extinguish our hope. Today we need more people like our young children, holding hope like a candle and spreading its rays to the world, immersed in the love of God.

I would like to congratulate and express my gratitude to all those worked hard to realize our dream especially our catechism teachers and those who contributed their articles and exhibited their talents. Let this magazine be a sign of God’s steadfast love towards us.

Yours in Christ our Lord

Fr. Bobby Joy Muttathuvalayil



# MESSAGE FROM THE EPARCHIAL DIRECTOR OF CATECHESIS



Right at the outset I would like to congratulate the Pastor Fr. Bobby Joy Muttathuvalayil, Principal Santhosh George, the entire staff and students of the Catechism Department, St. Mother Teresa Syro-Malabar Catholic Parish, Ottawa for this creative initiative in bringing out an e-magazine especially during this difficult circumstances of the pandemic. Pray that the good Lord bless you all abundantly.

Faith in the Lord is to be expressed. Faith without expression bears no meaning for oneself and others. The e-magazine certainly creates a good platform to express faith creatively. The lockdown demanded by the pandemic and the fatal consequences of being away from friends and relatives could certainly lead one to such a boredom that one may begin to question what is all this and why is all this. It is at this juncture that an initiative from the catechetical department to engage students and to express their faith through various forms of art and literature become so meaningful and acceptable. This could also be a resourceful expression of what one has learned and practised through these years of faith formation.

The name chosen for the magazine “Hesed” stands out especially as a clarion call to be compassionate to everyone. The most meaningful expression of faith is compassion as taught by Jesus himself. “Be merciful as your heavenly Father is merciful” (Lk 6:36). A faithful person has to be a compassionate person. The e-magazine is thus going to be both an expression and a reminder to everyone that authentic faith has to be compassionate.

Once again my deep appreciation to this great initiative. God bless all of you.

Fr. Martin Augustin SDB  
Director  
Department of Catechesis, Eparchy of Mississauga.



# MESSAGE FROM THE EPARCHIAL DIRECTOR OF PIOUS ASSOCIATIONS



“For surely I know the plans I have for you, says the LORD, plans for your welfare and not for harm, to give you a future with hope.” Jeremiah 29:11

Congratulations to the entire team including the editorial committee and the catechism department on your very first e-magazine publication. Faith formation is an integral path of our catholic community. It is encouraging to see your plans are directed towards this path. Your plans now will be a big treasure for the upcoming generation. May God bless you in all your future endeavours.

With Prayers in Christ,  
Sr. Jeslin CMC  
Director of Pious Associations for Children,  
Eparchy of Mississauga

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. A Catholic Pro-Life Perspective	07	22. Artwork by Jeslyn Gigi	24
2. Sometimes	09	23. Across the Wall	24
3. Artwork by Gismin Gigi	09	24. A Golden Coin	25
4. St. Rose of Lima	10	25. Biography of St. Mother Teresa	25
5. Artwork by Marie Ann Noble	11	26. My Voyage to the Land of Plenty	26
6. Coloring by Isha Jijo	11	27. Artwork by Esther Roobin	30
7. The Gift Within	12	28. Heaven	31
8. Artwork by Anna Subin	13	29. Artwork by Thomas Subin	32
9. ജനിക്കാത്തവർ	14	30. Prayer Poem	33
10. Healthy Tips to Stay Fit	15	31. Artwork by Geo Santhosh	34
11. Artwork by Joanne Santhosh	15	32. Artwork by Philip J Thomson	34
12. Realization	16	33. My Encounter with God	35
13. A Summer In Tokyo	17	34. Artwork by Benny Vadakkan	35
14. Artwork by Anton Raphel Kurisumkal	18	35. Anika's Poem and Coloring	36
15. Coloring by Sanaya Maria Mathew	19	36. My Chosen Destiny	36
16. Artwork by Jiya Gijo	19	37. Artwork by Cinoby	37
17. ABC's of Easter by Michael Subin	20	38. Artwork by Serah Ann Shebin	37
18. Fun Facts About Us and God	21	39. Artwork by Joseph Subin	38
19. Artwork by Aiden Jijo	21	40. Ten Commandments	38
20. നരകം ഇരന്നു വാങ്ങുന്നവർ	22	41. Growing in Faith	39
21. The Intercession	23		



## A CATHOLIC PRO-LIFE PERSPECTIVE

The Catholic Church opposes all forms of abortion alongside all scientific procedures that destroy a zygote, blastocyst, embryo, or foetus. The Church upholds the view that human life must be respected and protected absolutely from the moment of conception. In our world today, several countries have legalized abortion. For instance in Canada, abortion is legal at all stages of pregnancy and is in part funded through the Canada Health Act. Perhaps this makes it the only nation with no specific legal restrictions against abortion.

Abortion is a fundamental human rights issue and understandably the Catholic Church has always rejected abortion since the earliest times. Looking back at the Church's evolution since ancient times, Christians have distinguished themselves from surrounding pagan cultures by rejecting abortion and infanticide. History teaches us that the Roman Empire did not condone 'abortion' to be illegal, mainly because of the influence of Stoicism. Philosophy and Law then held a view that the foetus was not a human being in any manner. The Romans hence did not consider abortion as a homicide. It was only at the age of the Christian Emperor Constantine from 313-332 AD that abortion and infanticide were outlawed throughout the Roman Empire (Ancient Roman Abortions & Christians - Early Church History, n.d.).

Early Christians held a view that identified abortion as "murder of the unborn". An early Christian apologist once said, *"Since murder is absolutely forbidden in any form, we may not destroy even the foetus in the womb. It matters not whether you take away a life that is born or destroy one that has not yet come to birth"* - Tertullian. Indeed, we have fallen far from this clarity. The early Christians lived in a communitarian way of life, in which they not only opposed abortion, but they provided a type of solution

by making a practical shelter for the infants who needed them. *"The Church's funds are to supply the wants of children destitute of means and parents."* -Tertullian (USCCB, n.d.). The early Christian perspective considered 'abortion' to be an attack on a person being readied by God to receive an immortal soul and a human destiny. This is evident through the bible verse, Jeremiah 1:5: *"Before I formed you in the womb, I knew you"*. This verse truly shows us how before a child is even made upon a womb, God knows the child that is being created. The ideology of the Early Christians in a way teaches us the path that we must follow, and indeed shows us the reason why the Roman Catholic Church opposes abortion. Today, there are indeed small portions of strong and well-motivated Christian families, communities, and organizations that are offering the same supports necessary for women to avoid abortion.

An analysis of the Old Testament revealed a clear perspective that life in the womb was considered sacred. Moses proclaimed, *"When you hearken to the voice of the Lord, your God, all these blessings will come upon you and overwhelm you: May you be blessed in the city, and blessed in the country! Blessed be the fruit of your womb, the produce of your soil and the offspring of your livestock, the issue of your herds and the young of your flocks! Blessed be your grain bin and your kneading bowl! May you be blessed in your coming in and blessed in your going out!"* (Dt 28:2-6).

The Old Testament also depicts the instance where an individual was marked as an important leader from the very moment of conception. *"Beloved of his people, dear to his Maker, dedicated from his mother's womb, consecrated to the Lord as a prophet, was Samuel, the judge and priest"* (Sir 46:13).

Various Catholic Saints venerated by the Church have developed complex arguments and theories favouring a Pro-Life perspective. For instance, in the 5th century AD, the rejection of abortion at every stage was affirmed by the great bishop-theologian St Augustine. An outspoken critic of abortion, St. Augustine held the perspective that God indeed has the power to make up for all human deficiencies and based on an academic study of the subject concluded that abortion was unacceptable in every way. Having said that; people are at times misled by Augustine's comments on Exodus 21:23. He notes that "*the Law does not provide that the act (loss of a foetus) pertains to homicide, because one cannot as yet say there is a live soul in that body deprived of feeling if it is in a body not formed and therefore deprived of all feeling.*" -St. Augustine. Here he only contends with the concept of ensoulment, which he was rightfully unsure of. The origin of the soul according to 'Traducianism' meant that souls of children were derived from parents. Augustine found this theory perverse in that it destroys the spiritual nature of the soul; in turn he preferred the creation of individual souls at conception. In an Augustinian sense, the one that is about to be born must always be equal to the one that is already born. Thus, we cannot assume that a child, aborted even during the earliest stages of pregnancy, will be excluded from enjoying eternal life with God.

Other church theologians have deeply debated with the secular world and presented conclusions favouring the Catholic Church's perspective on the law of Abortion. St. Thomas Aquinas, in the 13th century, made extensive use of Aristotle's thought, which included his theory that the rational human soul is not present in the first few weeks of pregnancy. However, he also rejected abortion as being gravely wrong at every stage, hence observing that it is truly a sin against the laws of nature to reject God's gift of a new life. Aquinas held a then prevalent theory, that the sperm of the man acted as an agent of the male in carrying out the work of developing the blood into a body fit for a rational soul. Aquinas rationalized that the rational soul is infused as soon as the matter of the body is ready for such a form. Therefore, from this age of rationale, it is noticeable how most Christians today have profoundly changed with the era of secularization influencing them greatly upon their journey on the true path. Our present society is far more open than the

society in which early Christians lived, yet people are misled to believe that church teaching is illogical.

We contend with the secular world on abortion laws. Ending the life of any child that is being developed upon a womb is wrong, yet so many of today's Christians support what the early Christians identified as "murder of the unborn". On May 26, 2018, Ireland voted by a 66 per cent majority to drop the Eighth Amendment to its constitution that gives an equal right to life to the unborn and the mother. Irish Prime Minister Leo Varadkar said the referendum marked "*the day Ireland stepped out from under the last of our shadows and into the light*". However, to many Catholics, it was indeed a sad day for Ireland, not simply because the nation decided to make abortion legal, but also out of concern on how the Irish Christians gave their consent. In the US, Catholics and Politicians deliberate over abortion laws with Bishops viewing abortion and euthanasia as pre-eminent threats to human dignity because they directly attack life itself. These bishops declare that killing an unborn child is an act of evil and thus to legislate for it is morally wrong.

It is evident that the Catholic Church strongly upholds the perspective that abortion is an act of murder and thus morally wrong. Life is present in the unborn child and abortion are akin to ending the life of any other human being. Moral teaching is based on the dignity of the human person, and the principles based upon this foundation of human dignity, applied across the board to all life issues. Although we may disagree with the science of the early days, or be least bothered about church theology, God's love and selflessness is unending and begins from within the Church community. Ireland may have changed its abortion laws, but the law that has been appealed by God would never change. Jesus indeed said, "*Let all the children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these*" (Matt. 19:14). Instead of embracing "pseudo-progress", we Christians need to go back to this true fundamental. Our Catholic Saints have stood up against abortion, presented theological studies and analyzed canonical references to further the argument that human life is valuable. All we need to do is turn towards life, and God is within it for us to find.

**Author: James Gijo**







Artist: Gismin Gigi

# SOMETIMES...

I am a *Queen*...sometimes  
I am a *Clown*...sometimes  
"Knowing thyself is the greatest thing".  
So I strived to know myself  
I realized that I know YOU better than myself  
Since...You are in my "self".  
  
My mind is struggling for something.  
Sometimes, I think, I gained something.  
Sometimes, I yearn for something different.  
Sometimes, what I wished for is not yet with me.  
  
*I wish...I could....*



S  
O  
M  
E  
T  
I  
M  
E  
S



Author: Jyothsna T. V.



## ST. ROSE OF LIMA, AN INSPIRATION TO CATHOLIC GIRLS



As a teenager I often wonder how and why we make meaningful choices in life. While some of these choices are driven by ideals that are innate, we also tend to draw motivation from others around us. Perhaps an ideal source of inspiration is from the life of Catholic saints. They have played a significant role in maintaining the strength and unity of the church through their deep and unending love for Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary. And among the saints, St. Rose of Lima, I widely regard as a symbol of feminist power in subservience to the Lord Almighty.

Born in the city of Lima, then in the Viceroyalty of Peru on 30 April 1586, Isabel Flores De Olivia was renowned for both her life of severe abstinence and her care for the needy of the city through her own private efforts. Her parents enjoyed a respectable social status but lacked financial stability. Isabel, one of at least 13 children, soon became known to family and friends as Rosa. Isabel received her later name “Rose” when her Mother saw a rose bloom upon the face of the sleeping infant.

As a young girl, Rose performed fasting and penance secretly, for her relationship with God was the most important thing in her life. Rose’s parents hoped that she would get married, but Rose wanted to give her life completely to God. She told her parents that her dream was to join the convent to become a nun, but they would not give her permission. They needed Rose at home, helping and supporting the family.

As she developed into a young woman, Rose became increasingly concerned by her own physical appearance and the attention she received from potential male suitors. She was, by all accounts, a young woman of considerable beauty, but she became unsettled by the harm, temptation, and suffering that her appearance could cause in others. Rose cut off her hair to lessen her own attractiveness and because her beauty was so often admired, Rose used to rub her face with pepper to produce disfiguring blotches. Later, she wore a thick circlet of silver on her head, studded on the inside, like a crown of thorns and she rejected all the suitors against the objections of her friends and family.

When her parents fell into financial trouble, she worked in the garden all day and sewed at night. Ten years of struggle against her parents began when they tried to make Rose marry. They refused to let her enter a convent, and out of obedience she continued her life of penance and solitude at home as a member of the Third Order of Saint Dominic and took a vow of perpetual virginity. So deep was her desire to live the life of Christ that she spent most of her time at home in isolation.

Rose did not take good care of her own health. She did not sleep enough, and she did not eat properly. These sacrifices shortened her life of service to Jesus. During the last few years of her life, Rose set up a room in the house where she cared for homeless children, the elderly, and the sick. This was the beginning of social services in Peru. Though secluded in life and activity, she was brought to the attention of interrogators, who could only say that she was influenced by grace.

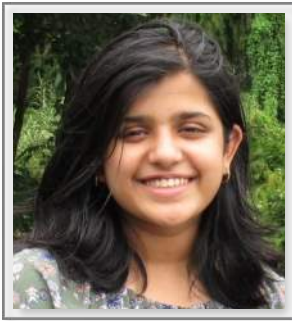
Rose succumbed to her life of hardship on August 24, 1617. She was 31 when she died, the city turned out for her funeral, prominent men attended including religious and political leaders.

Pope Clement X canonized Rose in 1671, after which she was known as Santa Rosa de Lima, or Saint Rose of Lima. Saint Rose was the first Catholic to be canonized in the Americas—the first to be declared a saint. The Catholic Church says that many miracles followed her death: there were stories that she had cured a leper, and that, at the time of her death, the city of Lima smelled like roses; roses also started falling from the sky. Many places in the New World are named Santa Rosa after her.



In this day and age of social media, Instagram vanity and unnecessary distractions in our lives, St. Rose of Lima’s attitude is a symbol of how girls and youth should overcome worldly happiness and find greater bliss in devoting our lives to the Lord. We can learn from her will power, her perseverance and rigor to endure hardships even when faced with difficult choices and decisions. Saint Rose remains thus the patroness of the Americas, the indigenous people of the Americas, of Peru, especially the city of Lima, Sittard in the Netherlands and of India and Philippines. Finally, and

most importantly for our millennial generation, she is the patron saint against vanity.



**Author:**  
**Rhea Rose Seppi**



**Artist:**  
**Marie Ann Noble**



**Artist:**  
**Isha Jijo**

I CAN DO ALL THINGS THROUGH HIM WHO  
STRENGTHENS ME.

PHILIPPIANS 4:13





**Author: Giselle Ann Joseph**

## THE GIFT WITHIN

“Should the cabin lose pressure, oxygen masks will drop from the overhead area. Please place the mask over your own mouth and nose before assisting others.” For all frequent fliers, this is a common phrase. For Catholics, this is a lifestyle. Although, the media portrays the pro-life struggle as a dated, fundamentalist rally striving to remove basic human rights from women, the pro-life movement is about valuing the sacredness of life. The catholic church teaches respect, first and foremost for one’s own body, then for the most vulnerable; specifically, the old and the very young.

To illustrate this point, the catholic church, beginning with Jesus himself, emphasizes the value of the body. Paul, in his letter to the Corinthians asks, *“Or do you not know that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit within you, which you have from God, and that you are not your own?”* (1 Corinthians 6:19). Paul compares the human body to a temple, a site of great reverence and value. When Jesus talked about destroying the temple in the gospel of Mark, although he was referencing himself, the Pharisees thought he was talking about the physical temple and became enraged. When Paul compares the body to a temple, it depicts the extraordinary worth. Not only does the Church promote the worth of one’s body through its sacred scriptures, it also garners awareness through talks, retreats, support groups, counselling and mentorship. In the province of Ontario alone, there are many faith-based rehabilitation centres. The Catholic Church also offers non-judgmental counselling services free of charge. However, it is a well-known fact that prevention is better than cure. That is why the church starts early in spreading pro-life awareness. In the Syro-Malabar church, even throughout the coronavirus pandemic, the Bishop and a group of nuns organize You Cat information sessions for teens. These interactive sessions give teens an opportunity to ask questions and receive answers in a group-like setting. This enables youth to make informed, faith-based choices concerning their bodies. Evidently, the catholic church’s pro-life message is one that gives hope and freedom for



Pro-life protest Image credit: Giselle Joseph

people to follow their dreams and glorify God through their bodies. After all, humans are created in the image and likeness of God. (Gen 1:27)

Another equally important vice is euthanasia. Commonly known as ‘mercy killing’ or ‘assisted suicide’, these words hide the true extent of this immoral practice. Although the practice became legalized in Canada, it is still highly controversial in many countries around the world. Lawmakers define euthanasia as a last resort and as a reprieve to victims of chronic, incurable illnesses. However, nothing can disguise the fact that no one should play God. Paul once again instructs the Ephesians *“For by grace you have been saved through faith. And this is not your own doing; it is the gift of God, not a result of works, so that no one may boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand, that we should walk in them.”* Paul describes human beings as God’s workmanship. An artist’s most prized possession is their art, and a musician’s most prized possession is their music. These are both examples of their workmanship. Similarly, God’s most prized possession is the humankind he created. Christians believe, what God made, only he has the power to destroy. Additionally, God created all human beings to be equal. Unlike mankind, God does not view one race as superior to another or one age as better than another. Every human being is perfect as they are because that is how God created them.



When Yahweh called Moses to rise up and lead his people, Moses refused saying that he would be unable to be a good messenger for God as he had a speech impediment. Yahweh, in turn replied, *"Who has made man's mouth? Who makes him mute, or deaf, or seeing, or blind? Is it not I, the Lord?"* In one sentence, the Lord removes Moses' insecurities. He makes him see that he was created without a fault in the eyes of the Lord. In this present age, having a disability makes one less valuable as a human and reduces their life to the state of indispensable. Christians value everyone equally so euthanasia can never be the modus operandi. God says that people were made "a little lower than the heavenly beings and crowned [him] with glory and honour."

Finally, it may be an overused slogan, but no three words sum up the pro-life struggle better; 'abortion is murder'. Although there are countless justifications for abortion, the one fact that remains unchanged is that a human being is a human being from the moment of conception to the moment of natural death. The lord says *"Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, and before you were*

*born I consecrated you; I appointed you a prophet to the nations."* In this bible verse, it is apparent that God refers to the foetus in the womb as a human being. God calls this foetus a "prophet", someone worthy of respect. Many scholars claim that the foetus is just a clump of cells and subsequently does not deserve any human rights. However, the Bible contradicts this statement when God says that he "knows" every human being even before they are placed in the womb. This is the Christian mindset, that God's power is made perfect in weakness, either perceived or real. Accordingly, if a baby is conceived with a 'weakness' by the parents' or society's standards, it still has the right to be carried to term. The baby will grow up to become a vessel for God's power to be manifested through them.

To conclude, the catholic church enforces the pro-life message. It tells Christians to value their own body, their elders' and the unborn's. Through the stories of Jesus, Moses and Paul, God's message of the sacredness of life is made clear. After all, are not humans worth more than many sparrows?



Artist: Anna Subin



# ജനിക്കാത്തവൾ

എവിടേയ്ക്കു കണ്മണി പോയ്മറഞ്ഞു  
ചിറകടിയില്ലാതെ യാത്ര ചോദിക്കാതെ  
മേഘാവലികൾക്കിടയിലൂടെകുന്നുപോയി  
ഏകയായ് എന്നെ വിട്ടുകണ് പോയി

താരകമായ് നീവന്നു കൺചിമ്മി നിന്നല്ലോ  
എൻപ്രിയ മാലാഖ പൈതലേ നീ  
താരകരാണിതൻ മാറത്തണഞ്ഞ നീ  
ഭാഗ്യവതിയേറെ പുണ്യവതി

ചിറകുള്ള മാലാഖകുഞ്ഞായ് പറക്കുക  
നിത്യവസന്തം പൊഴിക്കുക പാരിലും  
കൊഴിയാത്തോരിതളായി പൂഞ്ചോല  
തീർക്കുക  
അങ്കണമുറ്റത്തൊരുത്തൊലു കെട്ടുക

ഹിമകണം പോലെ വെടിപ്പുള്ള നിൻമനം  
സ്തുതികളാലെന്നും നിറഞ്ഞിടട്ടെ  
തംബുരുമീട്ടി നീ നാഥനെ വാഴ്ത്തുക  
പൂജ്യമായെന്നും വണങ്ങീടുക

നിന്നിലെ ശ്വാസത്തിനുമയാണോ പ്രഭു  
മണ്ണിനാൽ നിന്നെമെനഞ്ഞെടുത്തു  
ഒരു കുഞ്ഞു ഗർഭമായ് മാറ്റിയന്നാകയിൽ  
നിൻ തിരുനാമമെഴുതിവെച്ചു

യോഗ്യതയില്ലാത്തൊരെന്നുദരത്തിലായ്  
രൂപമെടുത്തു നീയെൻ മാംസമേ  
'മകൻ മകനെന്ന്' ഞാനാശിച്ച വേളയിൽ  
കേൾക്കുവാനായില്ല നിൻ രോദനം

മകളെങ്കിൽ വേണ്ടെന്ന വാശിയിൽ ഞാനെന്നു  
നിദ്രയില്ലാത്തൊരു നാരിയായി  
മകനെ മതിയെന്ന ശ്രുതി കേട്ടുറങ്ങി നീ  
അമ്മതൻ താരാട്ട് കേട്ടിടാതെ

ചിറകു മുളക്കുന്നതെപ്പോളെന്നറിയാത്ത  
എൻ കുഞ്ഞു മാലാഖ പൈതലേ നിൻ  
ചിറകു മുളയ്ക്കുവാനനുവദിക്കാതെ ഞാൻ  
മകളല്ല മകനെന്ന് വിധിയെഴുതി

വിധിപോലെയെന്നൊരു ദിനവുമടുത്തെത്തി  
ചിറകടിയില്ലാതെ നീ പോയ്മറഞ്ഞോ  
എൻ നിണമേ നീയെന്നിൽ  
നിന്നടർന്നുപോയോ  
തുവൽ കൊഴിച്ചു നീ വിട്ടുകന്നോ

താരാട്ടു പാടുവാൻ 'അമ്മ' കൊതിക്കുന്നു  
ചിറകുള്ള മാലാഖ കുഞ്ഞേ പറക്കുക  
വരിക നീ വീണ്ടുമണഞ്ഞീടുക  
മാറിലെ ചുടേറ്റുറങ്ങിടാനായ്.

Author:  
Pritty James





## 25 HEALTHY TIPS TO STAY FIT

1. Start your day with big glass of water. Drink plenty of water.
2. Add more veggies to your meals.
3. Choose fruits for a dessert.
4. Choose wholegrain when possible.
5. Choose a salad as a side, Make your own healthy salad bowls and healthy Smoothies.
6. Choose lean meats in your diet.
7. Choose healthier oils and fats that are low in saturated and trans fats.
8. Limit your salt intake.
9. Try to stay away from sweets.
10. Never skip your breakfast, which is the most important meal of the day.
11. It is not just what you eat but how you eat. Choose small meals, Eat slowly and chew very well.
12. Eat mindfully, stop over eating once you feel full.
13. Eat more probiotic rich foods. Probiotics are friendly bacteria that improve digestive health, reduce stress and promote heart health.
14. Always rethink your snacks, go for healthy snacks.
15. Exercise daily for at least an hour. Make it a habit. Being active helps lower the stress hormones and promotes the release of feel-good hormones.
16. Track your body measurements. Don't weigh yourself every day.
17. Love your body, no matter how it looks.
18. Find out a workout buddy, so you feel more encouraged to continue. Read inspiring success stories to stay motivated.
19. Track your calorie intake daily using any calorie counting app.
20. Have an energizing yoga session in the morning.
21. Starting a meditation practice can help you relieve anxiety and stress.
22. Go for a brisk walk on every day for at least 45 minutes. Get some fresh air.
23. Quit smoking and drinking.
24. Start reading the food labels and ingredients lists.
25. Try to get enough hours of sleep.

**Author:**  
**Blessy Joe**



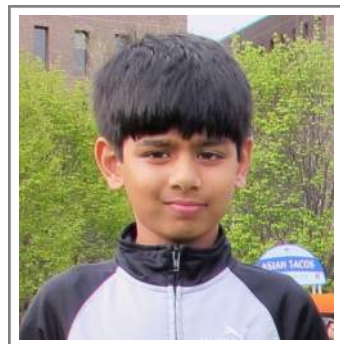
**Artist: Joanne Santhosh**





# REALIZATION

**Author:**  
**Sebastian Seppi**



There was once a boy named Ashwin, he lived with his parents and his grandfather in a small hilltop cottage. Ashwin had lot of hobbies, but his main hobby was reading. He read all sorts of books, but he enjoyed reading comic books about superheroes. When Ashwin wasn't reading, he studied hard and achieved good marks in school. He had lots of friends to play with and Ashwin enjoyed spending time with them.

One Day, Ashwin was left alone with his grandfather while his parents went to grocery shopping. After staying with his grandpa for a while he got bored and went outside in the field to play with his friends, after about 15 minutes, Ashwin got tired and returned home to drink some water. As he headed towards the kitchen, past the bedroom he noticed in horror that his grandpa was laying on the floor unconscious. Panic-stricken he ran outside and called his neighbours who came rushing in, they told Ashwin to run over to the grocery store to bring his parents. After some time, Ashwin and his parents came running home. Ashwin's neighbours said they had taken his grandpa to the hospital to treat him. When his parents saw the doctors, they said that his grandfather was extremely sick. Ashwin told his parents that he wanted to pray for his grandpa. His father told him that they could all go to a hilltop temple to perform pujas and Ashwin went along.

They had to walk through a forest and over the hill to get to the temple and after walking a while, Ashwin noticed that his parents were not next to him, he realized that he was lost and thought if he stayed in his place his parents may come for him. After a couple of minutes, Ashwin started to panic a bit but right at that moment he saw a blue and white light glowing near him, as he approached near it, he saw a very beautiful lady standing there. Ashwin approached the lady. He told her that he lost his parents and that he was on his way to the temple to pray for his sick grandpa. The lady told him not to worry and that he would not come to any harm when she was with him. He asked her for a phone to contact his parents, and then the lady said that she did not have one. The lady told him not to worry about his grandpa and that he will be cured. She then gave him directions to the nearest road which will lead him back home. Ashwin was amazed by the lady's beauty and her appearance. He thought she was a superhero from one of the comic books. Ashwin thanked her and headed back home. Later in the evening he was safely reunited with his worried parents.

The next day, he visited his grandfather at the hospital. He told him all about his adventures yesterday and about the mystery lady he met. Soon after the doctor arrived and told his family that it was a miracle and his grandfather was cured of his sickness, hearing the news Ashwin was overjoyed. Later that afternoon his grandfather was discharged and as they walked down the hospital corridor, he noticed a familiar statue in the middle of a little garden with a pond. Ashwin was awestruck, as he realized that it was the image of the same lady, he had met the day before. Rushing towards his parents he told them that it was the lady he met the day before, their eyes widened upon the realization that it was Mother Mary. His parents told him that she was the mother of Jesus. Ashwin felt deep affection for the lady and prayed daily thereafter.







Last summer, I went to Tokyo. There, I learned new things, made friends with lots of people, and tried delicious food. I went to Tokyo to do a summer internship, so I was working every weekday. We spoke English in the company, but every morning before the meeting my colleagues and I would have to do something called a happy story. Happy stories are good things or happy things that happened the day before and we would have to say it in Japanese.

The food in Tokyo is very delicious, especially sushi, ramen, and udon. In sushi restaurants, the sushi sits on a conveyor belt which revolves around the customer's seats and you must grab the plate containing the sushi you want when it comes near you. This sushi serving system is known as "kaiten-sushi" (It means revolving sushi). My favorite place in Tokyo is Akihabara and I really like going there because they have a lot of anime and manga stores. Anime is Japanese animated tv shows and manga are the comic book versions of the anime story. It is also the main setting of an anime I have watched, so I really wanted to see the different locations of Akihabara mentioned in the anime.

That August I met Shoyo, a friend of mine from middle school, for the first time in 9 years. I had not seen him for a long time because he moved back to Tokyo after the second year of middle school. Since I only spoke English with him back in middle school, he was very surprised that I could speak Japanese now. It was fun hanging out with him after a long time.

# A Summer in Tokyo

**Author:**  
**Joe Santhosh**



去年の夏休み、東京に行きました。そこで新しい事を学びたり、大勢(おおぜい)の人と友達になったり、美味しい食べ物を食べてみたりしました。東京にインターンシップをしへ行きましたから、月曜日から金曜日まで会社で仕事をしていました。会社で英語を話すけど、毎朝に会議の前に私と同僚が日本語でハッピーストーリーを話しました。ハッピーストーリーは一日前があったいい事とか、嬉しい事とかです。

東京の食べ物はとても美味しかった。そこでたくさん食べ物があります。寿司(すし)やラーメンやうどんを食べました。寿司レストランで寿司が顧客(こきゃく)の近くでコンベアの上に回転(かいてん)します。そのシステム名は回転寿司です。欲しい寿司が来る時、寿司の皿を取ります。東京にある一番好きな所は秋葉原です。そこでたくさんアニメ店や漫画店がありますから、行くのがとても好きです。秋葉原も見たことがあるアニメの場面(ばめん)なので、そのアニメの中にある場所をみたかったです。

あの夏の8月に中学校の時にいた友達に 9年ぶりに会えました。友達の名前は しょうようです。中学校2年生の後、東京に戻るんです。友達は私が日本語を話すことにびっくりしました、中学校の時、しょうようと英語しか話せませんから。久しぶりに友達と遊んで楽しかったです。

近い町川崎に家族がいます。そこに母の二(ふた)従兄弟(いとこ)ジョシーが住んでいます。8月に川崎に行ってジョシーに会いました。ジョシーと横浜(よこはま)のシーパラダイス遊園地(ゆうえんち)に行ったり、乗り物に乗ったり、ファミリーレストランで夕飯を食べたりします。日本にいて、去年の夏の前に知らない家族の人を知り初(そ)めるはよかったです。



One of my mom's second cousins, Joshi chettan, lives in a nearby city Kawasaki, so I went to Kawasaki in August to meet him. We went to Yokohama sea paradise amusement park, rode some amusement park rides, and ate dinner at a family restaurant. It was good getting to know a family member whom I did not know about before last summer.

On Sundays I had to go to church, but because there were no churches nearby my share house, I went to one that was a fifteen-minute walk away from where I was staying, St. Ignatius Catholic Church. On the first Sunday after I went to Japan, I attended the 12 PM English mass. Every week after that, I attended the Japanese mass because I wanted to go early in the morning. During Japanese mass I did not understand everything, but I understood few parts of some of the prayers. The Japanese mass at 9 o'clock is the children's mass. During this mass, the young children gather around the priest and sit near the altar and the priest would teach the meaning of the gospel to the children.

There were some difficulties and inconveniences in Tokyo. For example, the way they do laundry in Japan is a bit inconvenient in my opinion. In the same way they do in India, after washing your clothes, you must hang them outside to dry and in the rainy season, the clothes dry slower. There are other difficult aspects of living in Japan. For example, trains are sometimes very packed because many people board it at one time. Using chopsticks in restaurant was difficult for me because that was the first time in my life that I had to use them.

Going to Japan was overall a fun and interesting experience and I want to go there again for sure!

毎日曜日教会にいかねばいけません、泊まったシーハウスの近くに教会がありませんから、歩いて十五分かかる教会に行きました。 聖(せい)イグナチカトリック教会です。日本に行った後で最初の日曜日に午後12時の英語ミサに参加しました。その後毎週早朝(そうちょう)にミサに行きたかったですから、日本語ミサに参加しました。日本語のミサを全部わかるのはちょっと難しかったけど、少々祈(いの)りは少し分かりました。9時の日本語ミサは子供のミサです。福音書(ふくいんしょ)の後で 小さい子供は 祭壇(さいだん)の階段(かいだん)に行って司祭(しさい)のとなりで座ります。司祭は子供たちに福音書の意味を教えてあげます。

東京に不便で難しくて事があります。たとえば、日本の洗濯システムはちょっと不便だと思います。日本でインドと同じように服を乾(かわ)かします。服を洗って外で掛(か)けます。梅雨に遅くて洗濯します。他の難しい事もあります。少々電車が込(こ)んでいました、たくさん人々が乗りましたから。レストランで箸を使うのが下手です、あの夏人生の初めて箸を使いました。

日本はとても楽しくて面白くて絶対にもう一度そこに行きたいです。



Artist: Anton Raphael Kurisumkal





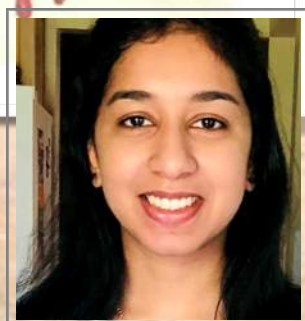
Artist: Sanaya Maria Mathew



“Jesus, remember me  
when you come  
into your  
kingdom” (Luke 23:42)



Artist: Jiya Gijo





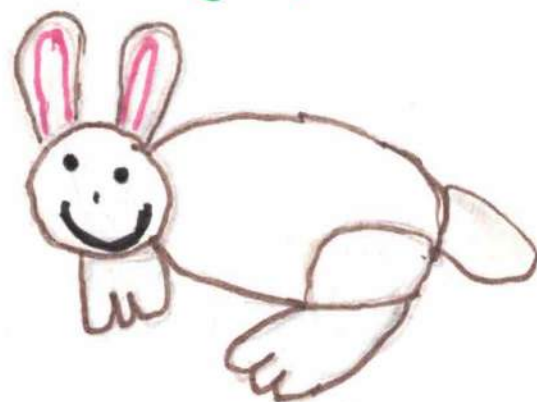


# ABC'S of Easter!



Always happy when Easter comes!  
Baskets are full!  
Candy will fill you up!  
Divine day.  
Easter cheers up everyone!  
Fun for all!  
Gather family together!  
Happy Easter to you all!  
It's time to decor ate the cookies!  
Jumping rabbits outside.  
Kids are enjoying the Easter egg hunt!  
Lunch is special!  
Moms are busy preparing the surprises!  
Nice to make eggs!  
Off onto a fun time!  
Patting a special cake!

Quickly, the treats go out!  
Resurrection of Jesus.  
Sing alleluia for Christ has risen!  
Time for celebration!  
Unite with each other  
Visit relatives and friends!  
What a blessed occasion!  
Xanthic eggs and baskets!  
Yelp with laughter as it is a special day!  
Zoom to each other with joy!



Michael Subin

I AM NOT CAPABLE OF DOING BIG THINGS,  
BUT I WANT TO DO EVERYTHING, EVEN THE  
SMALLEST THINGS, FOR THE GREATER  
GLORY OF GOD.

- ST. DOMINIC SAVIO



Artist: Michael Subin



# FUN FACTS ABOUT US AND GOD

This is an article inspired by the book " **INDESCRIBABLE** by *Louie Giglio* ". It tells how God is the one and only God. It shows how God uses his power for us and shows how he is there with you and to help you. Hope you enjoy.

## THE EARTH

Do you know who created earth? God created earth. Yes, God created the sky and the sea, the grass and the dirt, butterflies and penguins and us. This is because God is infinitely powerful and creative. God had said let there be light... and there was light. In this way God shows his power. Do you think you could think of "inventing" the long-necked giraffe, the speedy cheetah, or a colorful butterfly? Yeah... probably not. In this way God shows his creativity.

## OUR PRAYERS

Do you know how we hear each other? With... sound waves. Yes, these sound waves carry your voice into other people's (or animal's) ears. But how does God hear us? No, he doesn't need sound waves to hear you. He hears you through your prayers. If you pray and listen hard enough God will hear and answer you

## THE DEVIL

If someone asked you who/what should you fear most? You might say a shark, an alligator, or a box jellyfish, but really you should fear the devil. The

devil will make you sin and disobey God. You should not obey the devil, instead obey God. If God is with you the devil won't come near you for the devil is afraid of God. So pray to God to drive away any devils.

## POISON

Do you know what a poison dart frog is? Well the poison dart frog is a frog that can kill 10 grown men, but there is a poison that can kill many people, too. It is called the tongue. The tongue can kill many with your words, but if you ask God to take away the poison, you won't need to worry.

## LIES

Do you know what fog is? Fog is clouds that are lower to the ground, but when there is fog, you won't be able to see that well. That is the same as lies. When someone lies to you it will "fog up" your head and you won't be able to see the truth, but if you pray to God, then you will be able to see the truth.



**Author: Michelle Sarah Joseph**



**Artist: Aiden Jijo**



DRAW NEAR TO GOD, AND HE WILL DRAW NEAR TO YOU

JAMES 4:8



# നരകം ഇരുന്നു വാങ്ങുന്നവർ

ക്രിസ്തീയ സഭയെയും, മേലദ്ധ്യക്ഷൻമാരേയും, സന്യസ്ഥരെയും , അൽമായരേയും ഒരുപോലെ അധികേഷപിക്കുന്നവർ അറിയാൻ...

ഇതൊരു ഓർമപ്പെടുത്തൽ ആണ്. അറിഞ്ഞു കൊണ്ട് ചെയ്തുപോയ കൊടും പാപത്തിനുള്ള പരിഹാരം.

ഒരു മനുഷ്യനാൽ നിർമ്മിക്കപ്പെട്ടതിൽ ഏറ്റവും വലുതും , സ്നേഹത്താൽ ബന്ധിച്ചു വിശ്വാസത്തിൽ പടച്ചു വളർത്തിയ സഭയെ അറിയാൻ, നമ്മൾ ആർജ്ജിച്ച അറിവുകൾക്കോ സ്വായത്തമാക്കിയ കഴിവുകൾക്കോ കഴിയുകയില്ല. കാരണം, സഭ മാനുഷികമല്ല, ദൈവികമാണ്.

മരിച്ചു മണ്ണറഞ്ഞ പൂർവ്വിക ചോരയുടെ ഗന്ധമുണ്ടതിന്. താൻ അനുഭവിച്ച ദൈവിക വികാരത്തെ മറുകെ പിടിച്ചു എരിതീയിൽ വെന്തു നീറിയപ്പോഴും, സ്വരക്തത്താൽ ജന്മം നൽകിയവർ കണ്മുൻപിൽ പിടഞ്ഞു വീഴുമ്പോഴും, സ്വശരീരം ആത്മാവ് വേർപ്പെടുംവിധം പീഡനത്താൽ ചതച്ചുരക്കപ്പെട്ടപ്പോഴും അവരുടെ കണ്ണുകളിൽ കണ്ടത് അവന്റെ മുഖമായിരുന്നു. കാതുകളിൽ കേട്ടത് അവന്റെ വചനമായിരുന്നു. വേദനയെക്കാൾ അവർ അനുഭവിച്ചത് അവന്റെ സ്നേഹമായിരുന്നു. കാരണം അവൻ അവർക്കു ദൈവമായിരുന്നു.

പത്രോസിന്റെ കാലം മുതൽ ഇന്നുവരെ സഭ തഴച്ചുവളർന്നത് തിളങ്ങുന്ന വെള്ളിനാണയങ്ങളാലോ, ഊരിപ്പിടിച്ച വാൾതല നിർമ്മിച്ച കാരിരുമ്പിന്റെ ഉറപ്പിലോ അല്ല. വിശ്വാസ തീക്ഷ്ണതയിൽ ഉരുകിപ്പിണ കണ്ണുന്നീരിൽ കുതിർന്ന മണ്ണിലാണ്. സ്വന്തം ജീവൻ ബലിയായി പകുത്തു നൽകിയ രക്തസാക്ഷികളുടെ ഇടനെഞ്ചിലാണ്. കാമക്രോധ ഐഹിക സുഖങ്ങളിൽനിന്ന് അകന്ന് വിടർത്തിപിടിച്ച കരങ്ങളിൽ ജീവിതം അവനായ് മാറ്റിവെച്ച വിശുദ്ധരിലാണ്.

ഇന്ന് കാണുമ്പോലെ സഭ പീഡനങ്ങൾ ഏറ്റുവാങ്ങിട്ടുണ്ട്. അതു ദൈവം അനുവദിച്ചതാണ്. കാരണം യൂദാസും യേശുവിനാൽ തിരഞ്ഞെടുക്കപ്പെട്ടവനായിരുന്നു. ശുദ്ധീകരണത്തിലൂടെ വിശുദ്ധീകരിക്കപ്പെടാൻ ക്രിസ്തുവിന്റെ അനുയായിയായ നാം ക്രിസ്ത്യാനിയായി മരിക്കാതെ ക്രിസ്തുവായി മരിക്കാൻ വിളിക്കപ്പെട്ടവരാണ്.

ദൈവപിതാവിന്റെ മനുഷ്യരൂപമായ ക്രിസ്തു പീഡനമേറ്റു എല്ലാവരാലും അവഹേളിതനായി, ദുഷ്ടരുടെയും പാപികളുടെയും അടയാളമായ കുരിശിൽ മൂന്ന് ആണികളാൽ തറക്കപ്പെട്ട് മൂന്നാം ദിനം ഉയിർത്ത്, ദൈവരൂപം പൂണ്ട് കുരിശിനെ വിശുദ്ധീകരിച്ചെങ്കിൽ, മൂന്നു നിമിഷം കൊണ്ടു സഭ

ഉയിർത്തെഴുന്നേൽക്കും. കാരണം അവനാണ് സഭയുടെ ശിരസ്.

അന്ന് മാതാവിന്റെ സാന്നിധ്യത്തിൽ ശ്ലീഹൻമാരിൽ ഇറങ്ങിവന്ന തീനാളം ലോകം മുഴുവൻ വെളിച്ചം നൽകിയെങ്കിൽ, അതു ഇന്ന് നാം തള്ളിപ്പറയുന്ന കൈവയ്പ്പു ശുശ്രൂക്ഷ വഴി അധികാരം ലഭിച്ചവരിരുടെ മാത്രമാണ്.

ആദിമസഭ പീഡനങ്ങൾ ഏറ്റുവാങ്ങിയത് പുറമെ നിന്നെങ്കിൽ, ഇന്ന് അവഹേളനങ്ങൾ ഏറ്റുവാങ്ങുന്നത് സഭക്ക് ഉള്ളിൽ നിന്നുതന്നെയാണ്.

കൈവിരലുകളിലെ ചലനങ്ങളിൽ കൈവെള്ളയിലേക്കു ലോകം ചുരുങ്ങിയപ്പോൾ സുവിശേഷപ്രഘോഷണം സുവിശേഷപരിഹാസമായി മാറി. വിശ്വാസ തീക്ഷ്ണതയാൽ പത്രം ഭക്ഷണമായപ്പോഴും; ധ്യാനകേന്ദ്രങ്ങളും അവിടുത്തെ ശുശ്രൂഷകരും അവരുടെ പ്രവർത്തിയും സൈബർ പോരാട്ട നർമ്മങ്ങളിൽ നിനക്കായി മുറിയപ്പെട്ടവൻ പരിഹസിക്കപ്പെട്ടപ്പോഴും; ധനസമ്പാദ്യ വ്യഗ്രതയിൽ ക്രിസ്തുമാർഗ്ഗം കച്ചവടം ആക്കിത്തീർത്തവരെ കണ്ടപ്പോഴും; തനിക്കു ദാനമായികിട്ടിയ വിശ്വാസസ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം ദുരുപയോഗം ചെയ്തു നിക്ഷ്പക്ഷ മേലേക്കി അണിഞ്ഞു നീ അവനെ അവഹേളിക്കാൻ കൂട്ട് നിന്നപ്പോഴും; ഓർക്കുക, നിന്റെ തകർച്ചയിൽ അവിടുന്നു നിക്ഷ്പക്ഷമായി ചിന്തിച്ചാൽ നിനക്കാരുണ്ട്.

ദൈവഹിതത്തിന് എതിരായുള്ളത് ദൈവത്താലും, സീസറിന് എതിരായുള്ളത് സീസറിനാലും ശിക്ഷ ലഭിക്കുമെന്നതിനാൽ, വിധിക്കാൻ നീ ആരാണ്?

ലോകത്തു ഒറ്റപ്പെടുമ്പോൾ പിടിച്ചെടുത്തതും വെട്ടിപ്പിടിച്ചതും മറുകെപിടിച്ചതും സമ്പാദ്യവുമെല്ലാം ഒരു നിമിഷം കൊണ്ട് വ്യർത്ഥമാകുമ്പോൾ; എല്ലാം മറന്നു നിന്റെ പശ്ചാത്താപത്തിന്റെ കണ്ണുന്നീർ നിലംപതിക്കുമുന്നേ നിന്നെ ഉയർത്തുവാൻ കെല്പുള്ളവനെ വിസ്മരിച്ച് അവനാൽ തിരഞ്ഞെടുക്കപ്പെട്ടവർക്കെതിരെ തിരിഞ്ഞാൽ; ഓർക്കുക, അവർക്ക് മുന്നിൽ നിനക്കെതിരായി അവനുണ്ടാകും. നിന്റെ ദൈവം.

Author: Finoj Paul





# THE INTERCESSION

Ranken is waiting for his Dad to bring supper. He lives alone with his Dad and has only a few memories of his Mom. While his mind is going through some uneasy thoughts, he hears Dad's truck and soon Dad is in the kitchen. "How are you son? Let's eat!" Ranken Silverman is in grade 7 and lives in the quiet village of Townville in central Ontario.

The next morning Dad drives him to school. Ranken asks, "Dad, when can I see my Mom?" Dad replies, "I don't know son". Ranken's Grandma took care of him since he was 4 years old, after Mom left. Ranken loved Grandma. From some hush hush conversations between Dad and Grandma, Ranken could figure out that Mom lives in Great Thunder City with her boyfriend.

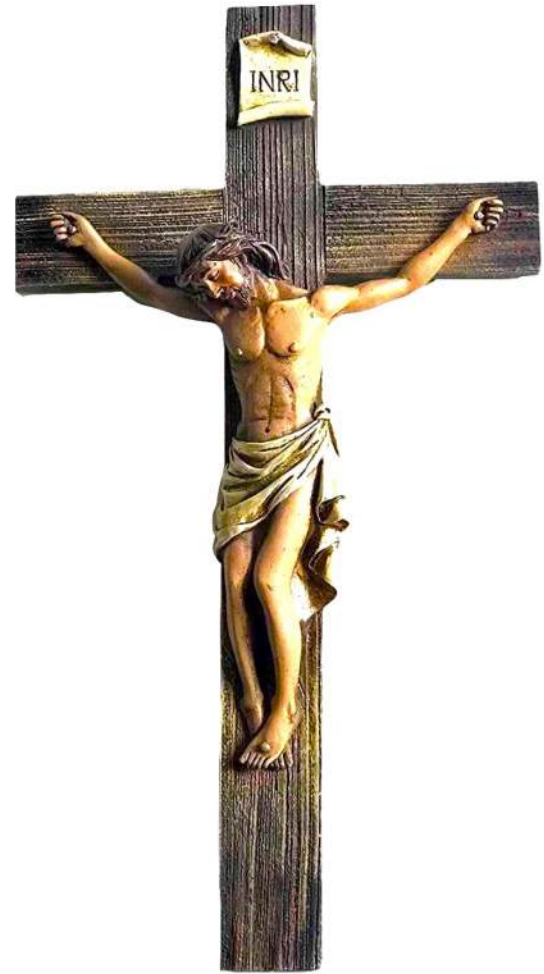
Wednesday after school, Ranken is at home, and memories of Grandma come again. Grandma was a church-going person, and sometimes she would take him with her. Grandma taught Ranken to pray. She would say, "you know Ranken, Jesus loves you and can see you always. When you want something, ask Jesus". Ranken pondered: "how can I ask Jesus when I don't see him, is it possible?" But Ranken trusted Grandma's words much more than his little doubts.

Eight months ago, Grandma became very sick. The days flew fast and two weeks ago Dad rushed her to the hospital. He came home that night, looking grieved and said "Ranken, Grandma passed away." It was a Tuesday, Ranken cannot forget that sad day. He cried and cried for many days because he loved Grandma so much.

While he was grieving, a name came to his mind, it was name of Jesus. Ranken knew about Jesus from Grandma. He pondered what she told him: "...ask Jesus.."

So, Ranken started praying; "Jesus, from Grandma I heard that you could see me always. Can you please give me Grandma back? Is it possible?" For a few days this 'asking' went on, but nothing happened. He thought "maybe it is too much to ask for."

Ranken was optimistic, "one more thing to tell Jesus". He walked into Grandma's vacant room and facing the crucifix, said, "Jesus, your mother was with you until you died, why is it that my Mom is not with me?" Though there was no response from Jesus this time either, Ranken kept repeating the same conversation for the next few days.



Almost one month passed and one evening Ranken asked, "Dad, do you know the name of Jesus' mother?" "It is Mary, Catholics pray to her, but we don't do that. Why?". "Nothing, just curious" Ranken answered.

Ranken knows his friend Curtis is catholic. So, the next morning at school he asked Curtis more about Mary. "We seek intercession of blessed Mary every time while praying, Jesus likes it as well," Curtis said. Ranken came home that day, as usual; facing the crucifix he had the same conversation with Jesus, but this time he added, "Mary, mother of Jesus pray for me to Jesus". Ranken was feeling more confident, as if his prayer conversation was getting stronger. When Dad came home Friday evening he said, "Ranken, your Mom is coming here tomorrow to see you. I have been talking to her since a few days. She wants to see you."

Ranken got up at 7 the next morning, curious and filled with joy. Mom arrived at eleven. "Mom I missed you so much!" He hugged her as she walked in. "I am sorry Ranken, I should have been visiting you often," Mom said. "So many things happened in life which I cannot correct, but from now on I will call you once a week". Mom brought Ranken gifts and all three ate lunch together. After Mom left, standing near the crucifix Ranken said, "Thank you Jesus and thank you Mary." Ranken became more enthusiastic about everything as the days went by. Mom started calling him as promised. He kept saying in his heart, "Mary you are my mother too."

-----+++-----

**Author: Martinraj**



# ACROSS THE WALL

The walks are short with lots of faces,  
Some grew familiar, some did not.  
Her undivided attention caught my eyes,  
In each stride Nature offered her lessons to  
enlighten me.  
Her exertions were never in vain,  
As memories filled those frugal hours.  
Thoughts, once unleashed, brought awareness  
back to its master.

The pain behind your eyes did not reach mine,  
The silence veiled never alarmed,  
The distance in our nearness were ignored.  
I was comfortable in my own skin.

Diligence was never needed, but respite in a  
trice.  
Those moments when I seek myself,  
And that is what I grant myself these days.  
The moment I listened, she started talking to me.  
Her wisdom spewed through her dialect of love.

My trounce roar high for blinding you from me.  
Remoteness leave me obnoxious,  
As you are no more a choice for me.  
You are me and I am you.  
The wall between YOU and ME got pitifully  
grounded to embrace US.

When rain and shine is for us,  
When days and nights are for us,  
When skies and stars are for us,  
When earth and seas are for us,  
When we all end whence, we start.  
How could you become a choice for me?  
My prejudices regarded us distinct.  
While perceptions differ, truth is only one,  
That we are one from the beginning.

Now while the trails go long...I feel home.  
And her enlightenment is rejuvenating me each  
time.  
To accept, to ignore.  
To accommodate, to accomplish.  
To forgive, to forget.  
To heal, to unite, and to move on.  
Bigotry may brand me insane.  
But this is my new skin, my new flesh and bone  
of love.

**Author: Tresa Rose**



**Artist: Jeslyn Gigi**



INTENSE LOVE DOES NOT MEASURE. IT  
JUST GIVES.

- ST MOTHER TERESA





# BIOGRAPHY OF ST. MOTHER TERESA



Author:  
Michelle Mina Joseph

GOD IS THE ONE WHO GIVES ME  
STRENGTH. HE CLEARS THE  
PATH I NEED TO TAKE.  
- PSALMS 18:32

## GOLDEN COIN

Up on the mountain, a small golden coin,  
So I walk up, but then I see ice,  
So I go down and get my big grip boots,  
And walk on the ice, but now I see snow balls,  
So, I took two sticks and moved the snow balls,  
I made a trail so I could walk  
But now I see it's a golden painted rock!  
I did all that for nothing?  
La la la la



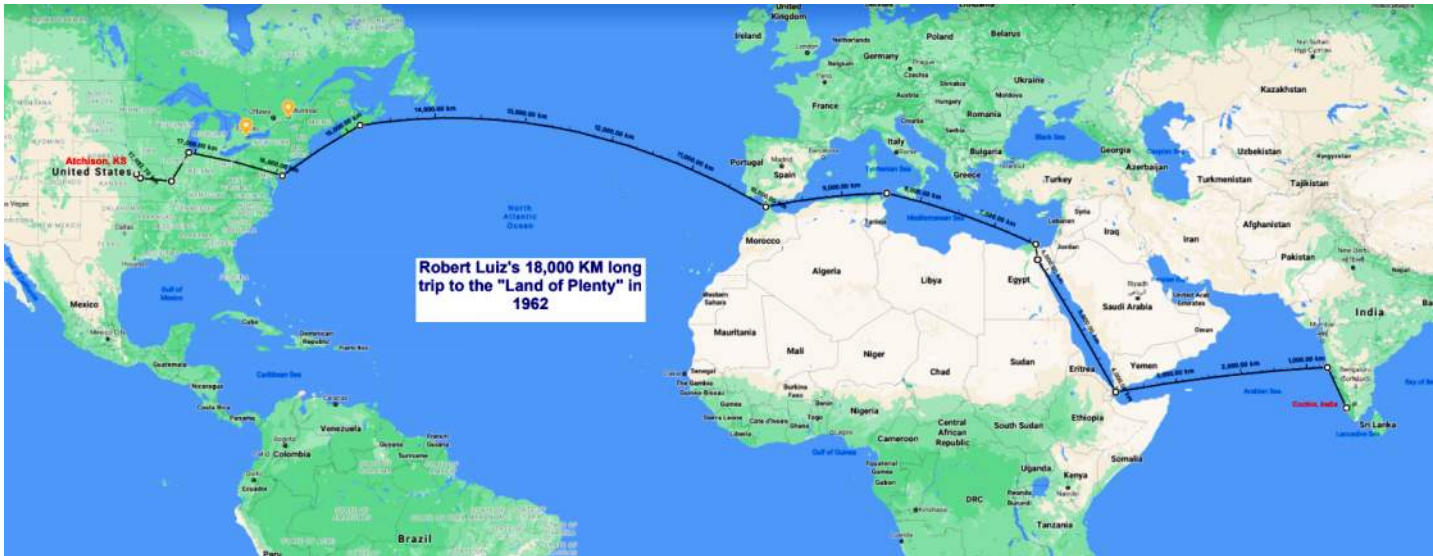
Author:  
Hannah Beth Joseph





# MY VOYAGE TO THE LAND OF PLENTY

Author:  
Robert Luiz



## CHERUPUNAM

Preview: I graduated from St. Albert’s College with a B.Sc degree in Physics and Mathematics. Throughout the degree course, I maintained a respectfully high marks, especially in Physics and Mathematics. Then I worked six months as a trainee of Instrument Mechanic at FACT, earning Rs. 60/- per month. Meanwhile I applied for a scholarship in USA, to the most gracious Dr. Joseph Attipetty, our Bishop. After loosing all the hopes of getting the scholarship, with a dull mind, I worked six months at FACT. Then God heard my prayers. I got the scholarship and the problems started. FACT refused to release me and I couldn’t just walk away because we had to give our house deed and property as guarantee to work there for at least two years. After repeated and persistent plea, FACT finally agreed to release me if I pay back all the salaries I received, which I did and like a bird that was released from its cage, I flew away happily with the deed of our house under my wing!

### Preparations to go to America.

This was only the beginning of the problem. What we didn’t take into the equation was that we were really poor (my father, a carpenter, only earned Rs 4.50 a day to support 9 children and two aunts) and there was no chance to make such a huge amount of money for transportation to USA plus all other expenses. My brother said, “We will try”. Thus began the quest for gathering the money, spearheaded by my elder brother. We applied for a loan at Tata Oil Company where my brother worked and got a little money. Close friends and, neighbours, relatives, church organizations gave us their share, but still needed more money. One of our neighbours who worked at the near by convent, earning very meagre daily wage gave me Rs20; it was like the “widow’s offering”. Finally, we had to mortgage our house for Rs 2,000 to a rich family whose son Joshua Koprarampil was a student in California. The

condition of the loan was that I had to carry and deliver a box full of canned shrimps, 150 cans, to their son in California. This I did. I shipped it from Kansas to California.

We asked a local leather suit case maker to build two suitcases. One suitcase full of shrimp and the other with my clothes and cashew nuts, black pepper. My family had no clue how I was going to eat, who is going to cook for me etc. Because, at home the ladies never let men to enter the kitchen, because it was a woman’s job.

With two leather suitcases, we set the date to travel to St. Benedict’s College, Atchison, Kansas, about 130 miles from Kansas City.

We chose to travel by a cargo ship, the cheapest mode of travel, \$472. 50 US for a one-way ticket for this 94 lb passenger, an equivalent of \$5,000+US of today’s (2020) money! This was, by all means, a riskiest travel I ever made, because, if something had happened to me, my family would have lost all our house and property and all other eight children, my brother's family and my father's two sisters who were living with us, all of them would have been in deep trouble.

### Voyage to the land of Plenty

With \$6 (six US Dollars) allowed by the Government of India in my locally made leather hand bag, I boarded the semi-cargo ship called S.S. Steel Advocate, on 22 December 1962, and occupied one of the 13 passenger rooms in the tower situated at the front end of the American owned ship with an Italian crew. My roommate was none other than my Physics Master who taught me Physics at the St. Albert’s College, more mature and experienced than me, a time traveller like myself. His mere presence with me gave my crying sisters and pretending to be brave brothers plenty of assurance that I would be very safe during my journey to USA. With tears in her eyes, my grim faced mother gave me a soft kiss on my forehead





and a put a little sign of cross at the same place as if to seal her kiss on its place and bid me farewell before leaving home to Cochin Harbour. My father who many times encouraged me for higher studies watched all these from heaven. Being the first person from our community to go abroad for higher studies, there were about 100 plus people, relatives, friends and neighbours alike, at the port with tears in their eyes and curiously propping their chins with their palms, thinking whether they would ever see me again.

The ship left the harbour in the evening around 5:30 and slowly the land disappeared from my sight, a sight I reluctantly let go from my memory. Since then all I could see was water all-around, surrounding the ship, water everywhere, making the huge S.S. Steel Advocate, carrying tons and tons of steel pellets, a small toy ship, moving full speed ahead but swaying sideways two to three times a minute. Loneliness fell hard on me. I missed the land, I missed my mother, I missed my family, I missed my friends and I missed every thing. I walked around, holding on the railing around the passenger area. Unlike cruise ship, the passengers were restricted to move around the passenger compartment area and the dining room only.

The company of my Physics Master in the ship, although we kept that teacher-student distance, eased my mind a bit. The bell rang at 6:00 PM for supper, a surprise I had to be accustomed to, for the rest of my life. At home the supper was at 9.00 PM. I walked into the dining room with fear, like a kitten introduced into a new house, looking around, what to touch what not to touch. Though I studied in English I spoke fragmented sentences. Since we were only two passengers in the ship, we were seated on separate table. The rest of the dining hall was filled by white officers of the ship. We were handed a plastic folder called "menu" which we didn't know what to do. We were supposed to order our food written on the folder. A practice I never did in my life. I ate whatever my mother cooked. Here I had to look at the food items and ask for that food. They must have a huge kitchen to cook all these hundreds of food items, I thought. It is a good idea that we can ask for anything in the menu we want. But what is to order was the puzzling question. Because I found several undesirable food items in the Menu. There were frog legs that was disgusting. They are the creatures that jumped around all over our house when sun goes down. Then the hot dog! I didn't have any appetite to eat dog meat.

I scratched my head and looked around to see what the others were eating. But no food was on their table. Officers just started to order their food. The waiter was a hugely built black man with a heavy voice. The experience of my Physics Master came in handy here. "Steak is fried meat" Master declared. I ordered steak

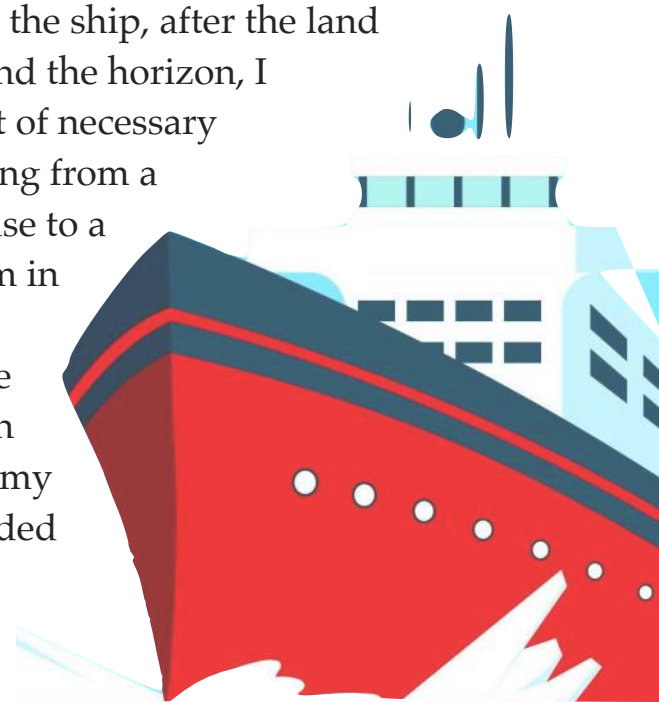
pronouncing "steek". While we were waiting for the "steek", I made few observations. The tables were covered with white cloths. Our attention was drifted to the three bottles of drinks on the table. After solving the mystery about the white crystal (Salt! at home we always used salt-water instead of solid salt!) and the grey powder or black pepper.) our curiosity was to find out what those drinks were. One was a clear liquid, the second was a brown liquid and the third one was a yellow liquid. Being a grown up who acquired lots of life experiences, the Master claimed that the clear liquid was 'gin' the brown liquid was 'rum' and the yellow liquid was 'whiskery'. Not having seen any of these before in my life, I completely believed him until he himself experimented by drinking each day one spoon of it and convinced the clear liquid was vinegar, the brown was Soy sauce and the yellow one was olive oil. This was a totally unexpected outcome for him. For me, I was puzzled, because I never tasted any of these in my life!



The menu was so confusing or my ignorance was too over whelming, I kept ordering "steek" every evening until they told me that they were out of steak. Afterwards, I end up eating or trying to eat chicken liver, ox tails, picnic harm, red meat and long soft flat stuff (pasta) etc. And not frog legs or hot dogs! Let me go back.

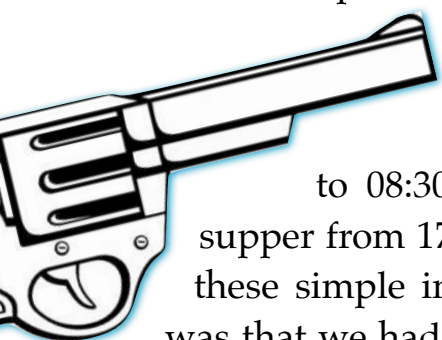
On the first day in the ship, after the land disappeared beyond the horizon, I decided to do a bit of necessary exploration. Coming from a typical Kerala house to a Western style room in the ship, the cleanliness and the unusual gadgets in the room aroused my curiosity and decided to put my ignorance to a test. I started my exploration on

how the shower works, getting my shirt and pants wet during the process, but later that day, ending up taking the shower in cold water which wasn't too bad being at the warm climate. My next concern was the toilet, how it worked and how to get that 'thing' vanish from my sight. After all possible combinations of pulling, pushing and bending of the flushing handle, I mastered the technique. The bed was just enough for a single person with a side guard rail, the use of which was quickly dawned on to me at the first fall from the bed when the ship rolled a bit that night. I forgot to raise the hand rails!





The ship made a stop either in Goa or in Calicut during the night and after an off shore loading of cargo from big boats called "Pathemari" , we headed towards the Red Sea. In the afternoon of Dec 24, while I was sleeping out of boredom, we heard a big commotion in the ship. The bell was ringing continuously; crew was running frantically all over wearing a red jacket or something. It looked like a bunch of cooked crabs running around all over the deck. We knew the ship was in trouble and watched this hullabaloo through the circular window of the ship. Within five minutes a crewman came and knocked at our door. When we opened the door we were given two red jackets and told us to put them on. With his help and lots of fear and anxiety, we put them on and followed him to the side of the deck. It was this time the Captain told us that it was only a training exercise and the ship was not about to sink.



We were told the meals schedule; breakfast from 07: 30 to 08:30, lunch from 11:30 to 12:30 and supper from 17:00 to 18:00. It was easy to follow these simple instructions. However, the trouble was that we had to turn the clock back every now and then as the ship steadily moved to west and the supertime also changed accordingly. We learned this the hard way, waiting for meals with hungry stomach thinking that we were late for the meals. At supper table I was getting smarter, by telling the chef what I wanted instead of pointing to the menu item. Boiled egg was my usual breakfast although bacon and sausages were also available, but I didn't know how the bacon looked like and didn't dare to ask for them.

On Christmas Day 1962, I woke up at mid night and saw a single star in the sky. This reminded me of Christmas and thought how I spent all my previous Christmas at home. Tears filled my eyes but thanked God for his grace of giving me an opportunity for higher studies. After the breakfast I came out to watch the sea. Many flying fish jumped out of the water, flapped their wings (skin covered wings) and flew several meters, about one foot above the water and dove back in. Then more of them come out. They were all following the ship for some reason. While I was curiously watching these flying fish I heard a crow and there it was on top of the mast, sitting alone not knowing where to go and what to eat. After seeing the crow, my loneliness was reduced a bit. I felt very sympathetic to the bird and tried to feed it with bread.

The ship steadily pushed forward, running over the never-ending waves, cutting them into two and creating some foams. On Dec 28, Friday, I had to eat meat, creating a great guilty feeling of breaking

my habit of not eating meat on Fridays. This was the beginning of the obliteration of my regular habits.

On 29 Dec 1962 we arrived at Djibouti, unlike Cochin port, no green trees around, just yellow dry sand seen all over. There were some ships being serviced at the port, with cranes moving around, loading and unloading cargo. Many other ships were waiting around like the uninvited guests in a wedding party. When I saw the crow flying away alone, I subconsciously related my trip to its predicament. With permission from the Captain, we came out and I posted a letter to my mother, enclosing couple of patches of dried teardrops in it, paying one dollar for the stamps, which we thought was too much. After this first experience of dishonesty, I counted \$5.00 US remaining to spend. On our way back to the ship, some unfriendly guys yelled at us "Bloody India" and other comments, which I didn't understand. Very rude people!

After we came back to the ship, we heard gun shots "**Booom Booom**". I thought some one was shooting at a Russian Navy ship that was parked at the dock. It was during the Cold War season! We asked the Wireless Officer to find out that they were saluting some politicians passing through. I slept good that night.

The ship left Djibouti port at about 3 PM and arrived at Assab, an Ethiopian port, now it belongs to Eritrea. Mountains were seen at a distance, shining with the morning sun, looked like covered with red sand. The Port Officer took our passports for the reason we didn't understand. They kept it until half an hour before the ship left, causing great deal of unnecessary anxiety on us.

We were heading towards Suez Canal through the Red sea. We could see land both sides, all green trees, very pleasant. At supper time I decided to order a different item from the menu for a change. "Pork" I said pointing to the item in the menu. To my surprise they brought two pork legs with knee and all and placed in front of me. When I saw those monster legs, my appetite went to hibernation and not knowing how to tackle these ugly leather lumps, I left the dinning room with an apple in my hand for my supper. Despite my misfortune, the ship kept moving. We are about half way in the Red Sea, there were so many dolphins jumping out of the water and moving along the ship. The wind was picking up bringing cold temperature with it.





January 1st 1963 came and gone, no difference other than the Captain and the wireless officer wished me "Happy new Year" which I promptly returned with Indian accent. We arrived at Suez Canal on 2<sup>nd</sup> Jan 63 and parked there along with other 50 plus other ships waiting in the queue. Eventually our ship started to move towards the canal., Big buildings were seen on both sides of the canal, clean roads and neat houses. Most people had fair complexion, looked like Americans. Some Arabs were moving around on donkeys and on horses. Wind was getting colder. It took four hours to cross the Canal, a slow and tight trip. We entered the Mediterranean Sea which was not as calm as the Arabian and Red seas. Ox tail was for supper, another day of starvation. The ship is rolling and jerking when it hit the waves. I felt a bit of nausea and immediately took the pills. After a day's trip, the sea became calm again. We could still see reddish yellow mountains at a distance.

04 Jan 63 was my lucky day because I got fish for supper. That was not the case on 06 Jan. Some kind of beef was served, not cooked inside and was red in colour. It was promptly returned and ordered 'Steek'(steak). Unfortunately, the ship ran out of 'Steek'

We passed Tunisia on our left. The sea was still calm, but the wireless officer said that we were expecting storm when we reach Gibraltar. As we proceeded, we saw mountains in Spain, the top of which was covered with white snow, like icing on a cake. My mind was restless thinking about the storm. Thick fog covered the sea, nothing was visible except the front tip of the ship and the ship was moving very slow, sounding the horn every 10 seconds.

We entered the Atlantic Ocean on 9 Jan and all our trouble started. The ocean was very rough. The huge S.S. Steel Advocate ship was like a paper boat dancing on the waves. The waves tossed it around at will, not caring for the scared travellers inside praying. By mid afternoon, I thought that it was the end of our trip. Lucky crow that flew away when the ship arrived at the first stop, I thought. I wished I also had wings.

The ship was still in the thick fog and was rolling terribly from side to side. We could hear the plates, pots and pans in the kitchen falling on the floor and braking. No body was in the dining room; no one dared to eat for the fear of vomiting. Master was seasick and was on the bed with railing up and holding on both sides of the mattress. Fortunately, a pill saved me. Lucky crow, I thought again. Fear ran through my veins, nowhere to run, we must face this hardship, as we all do in our life. I decided to peek out of the round window in our room, holding on to the iron guards on both sides of the window, I watched. I could see the front of the ship pushing forward cutting through the huge waves. Fear left me

for good. There is nothing I can do but be inside the ship. I carefully watched all that was happening outside the ship. There approached a huge black mountain of a wave in front of the ship, about 90 feet high, the Captain told us later. The next moment the ship climbed on top of it, swaying side to side during the climb. After reaching its crest, suddenly the ship fell on the base of this huge wave, giving as a big thud and a jerk. Cold seawater jumped from both side of the ice-covered ship, collided at midway, fell on the deck and then went back into the sea. For about five seconds, the frond end of the ship was under the water (looked like it from my window) and then it came out again! Then the next wave appeared promptly picking up the ship as if a giant picked up a paper ship. Same routine repeated again and again. This went on a day and a night. Every time the ship swayed on one side my two suitcases came out from under the bed, as if to find out what was happening, and when the ship swayed on the other side they both went back in and hit the steel wall. Kitchen closed, nothing to eat!

By 11 Jan 1963, the sea temporarily calmed down. Still we couldn't go outside because it was extremely cold and windy. After a day's calmness, on 13 Jan, the sea started its up and down dance again, except this time it was worse at night. We heard the chairs and pots and pans were running all over the dining room floor. Dining room was next to our room. Next morning, 14 Jan, when the sea abandoned its temper tantrum, the Captain told us that the ship swayed about 75 degrees, the largest it ever did!

We were due to arrive at New York on 16 Jan. Unfortunately, there was a dock strike at New York. Strike in America? Another surprise! We headed to Halifax harbour (Canada) and parked there for four days. During this time, we went out and walked though the Barrington Street. It was very cold, around minus15.3 degrees C. My Indian overcoat and the gloves were no match for that weather. Besides, I had no neck or head coverings either. While I was walking along, shivering, I saw, to my surprise, a lady walking with her legs below her the knees exposed. It took many years for me to find out that she probably was wearing a protective device they called 'panty hose'. The strike went on in NY. The Captain received message to go to NJ dock and a day later, on 20 Jan 63 we arrived the **Land of Plenty**.

My biggest problem I experienced was at the urinal at the bus terminal. With six people standing side by side, I thought everybody was looking at me, and it took 15 minutes to get the job done.

My destination was St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas about 130 miles away from Kansas City. Using my \$80US, prepaid one-way bus ticket I boarded the Continental Trialways bus to my final destination.



Out of the ship, I had to rely on local foods. Can I stretch my \$4.00 for two and half days? I did it skipping lunch and minor supper.

After a day and a night, I arrived in Chicago where I met some Malayali friends. I stayed with Mr. Xavier Arakkal. (He became a minister in Kerala Assembly several years later.) I had rice and chicken curry and sweet wine (Sherry), which caused some instability in my vertical posture. I wasn't used to drinking at home.

In the evening we decided to go for a movie, "Irma la Deuce" acting Jack Lemmon and Shirley McLaine. At the movie theatre they wouldn't let me in because they thought that I was only 16. Finally, I had to show my passport to get in.

I continued my journey to Kansas by bus and, spending a day and night in the bus. Between Chicago and Kansas City I was all alone in the cold bus shivering but cuddling as tight as possible. In the morning we arrived in a bus terminal (I don't remember the city). I got out for just to go to wash room. I had no money to buy breakfast. In 1/2 an hour we left that place and around 3:00 in the afternoon of 23 Jan 1963; I arrived at the Administration Building of St. Benedict's College by taxi and rang the bell. The Dean understood that there was a stranger outside, because no one normally rings the bell of the

Administration Building, it is a common building and students just walked in and out. The Dean, a Benedictine priest appeared at the door and found this tiny little guy of 90+ pounds, inside an over sized over coat, standing and shivering, outside. He was expecting me. He himself carried my two heavy suitcases to the third floor. The dean was a Benedictine monk, heavily built and strong. He turned on six 100 W bulbs on a lamp post and told me politely "sit". I sat under the bulbs and warmed up. I was very cold. He understood that I didn't speak good English and spoke to me very slow. I told him that I had no money and I would like to get some money from the scholarship offered. He said that the scholarship indicated in the I-20 form was just to bring me to the University and to cover tuition and all my expenses during my study. I asked the money just because I wanted to send some home to pay for the borrowed money for my trip. He took a single one-dollar bill from his wallet and gave it to me and said "keep it".

First time in my life I met a down to the earth Scholar, neither his education nor his position spoiled his humility. With a one-way ticket I arrived at my destination, not knowing what was in store for me for the future, I started my life in the **Land of Plenty**.

(A section from my autobiography)

Contributor; **Robert Luiz**, B.Sc, B.E, MASc, P.Eng



**Artist: Esther Roobin**



# HEAVEN

It was the last block in school, the girls were talking and boys were playing around. "Ok class we're going to do religion can everybody stop what they're doing and listen to what I'm going to talk about," said my teacher in a loud voice. The whole class went to their seats and waited for the teacher to talk.

I raised my hand and my teacher looked at me;

"Yes Lily what do you have to say"

"I have a question, what are we going to talk about in religion?"

"Oh yes Lily, we're going to be talking about heaven".

"Heaven", I thought I was curious about what she was going to say so listened carefully when she started to speak.

"Heaven is a beautiful place but you have to be worthy to go there and do you know how you can be worthy?"

The class was silent.

"Well everyone knows the Ten Commandments right"

Everyone nodded "Jesus Christ made those ten into two, does anyone know the two important commandments Jesus told us",

A boy raised his hand and said, the first one is "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind,"

"Good job"

Who knows the second one?

I raised my hand and said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"Yes, you're right Lily.

Ring that was the bell it was time to go home as I walked home I couldn't stop thinking about heaven. I had so many questions to ask but no one could answer them, when I got home my mom was there, as usual, she asked me;

"Did you talk about anything interesting today?"

"Yes we talked about heaven," I said

"That sounds interesting"

"Mom, how do you get to heaven, my teacher says that, if you follow the two commandments Jesus told us then he will bring you to heaven, is that true"?

"Yes that's true, Jesus watch's you and he sees if you have a good heart if you do he will bring you into heaven".

That made me think do I have a good heart? That night I couldn't sleep I wanted to know what heaven was like; I wanted to know if I had a good heart, I kept on thinking of these things until I drifted off to sleep.

"Lily Lily wake up" when I opened my eyes I couldn't believe what I was seeing

"Sarah, is that you? I thought you died!"

"I did Lily but I came to heaven you did too but only for a little bit",

"Really, am I in heaven?"

"Really, am I in heaven?"

"Yes Lily you are, let me show you around".

"Heaven is a beautiful place and you need to see it"

The first thing I noticed when I got up is that I was standing on clouds and it was amazing. We walked through heaven and Sarah showed me how people in heaven were like; one big family they laughed and talked they sang and danced everyone was happy, the atmosphere was filled with a positive vibe. While we were walking I remembered I wanted to ask Jesus something so I look around for him but didn't see him then I asked Sarah

s Jesus here?",

"Yes he is," said, Sarah

"Where is he," I asked?

"I don't know he can be anywhere, he might be playing, taking or praying"

"Jesus plays," I asked surprised



"I" Oh yeah, do you want to find him?"

"Sure,"

We looked for Jesus and we found him playing with some kids.

"All the kids are very happy when Jesus comes to play with them," said Sarah smiling, I walked up to Jesus, he saw me and said

"Hello Lily" I was surprised that he knew my name then I said

"Hello Jesus I want to ask you something"

"Of course Lily, what do you want to ask me?"

"If you have a good heart will you be welcomed to heaven?"

"Yes Lily, those who follow my commandments and have a good heart will be brought into heaven"

"What happens to the people that don't have a good heart?" I asked curiously

"They will be put into Hell"

"Hell? Where is that?"

Jesus said to come with him

So I followed him, I saw a dark place it had fire everywhere and in it was unhappy people

"Is that hell?" I asked scared

"Yes, the people who don't follow my commandments and those who are selfish and terrible will be sent there"

Then I asked with a trembling voice "Jesus, do I have a good heart?"

Jesus looked at me and smiled "yes Lily you do"

I was relieved but that's when I heard something it was tuck, tuck, tuck

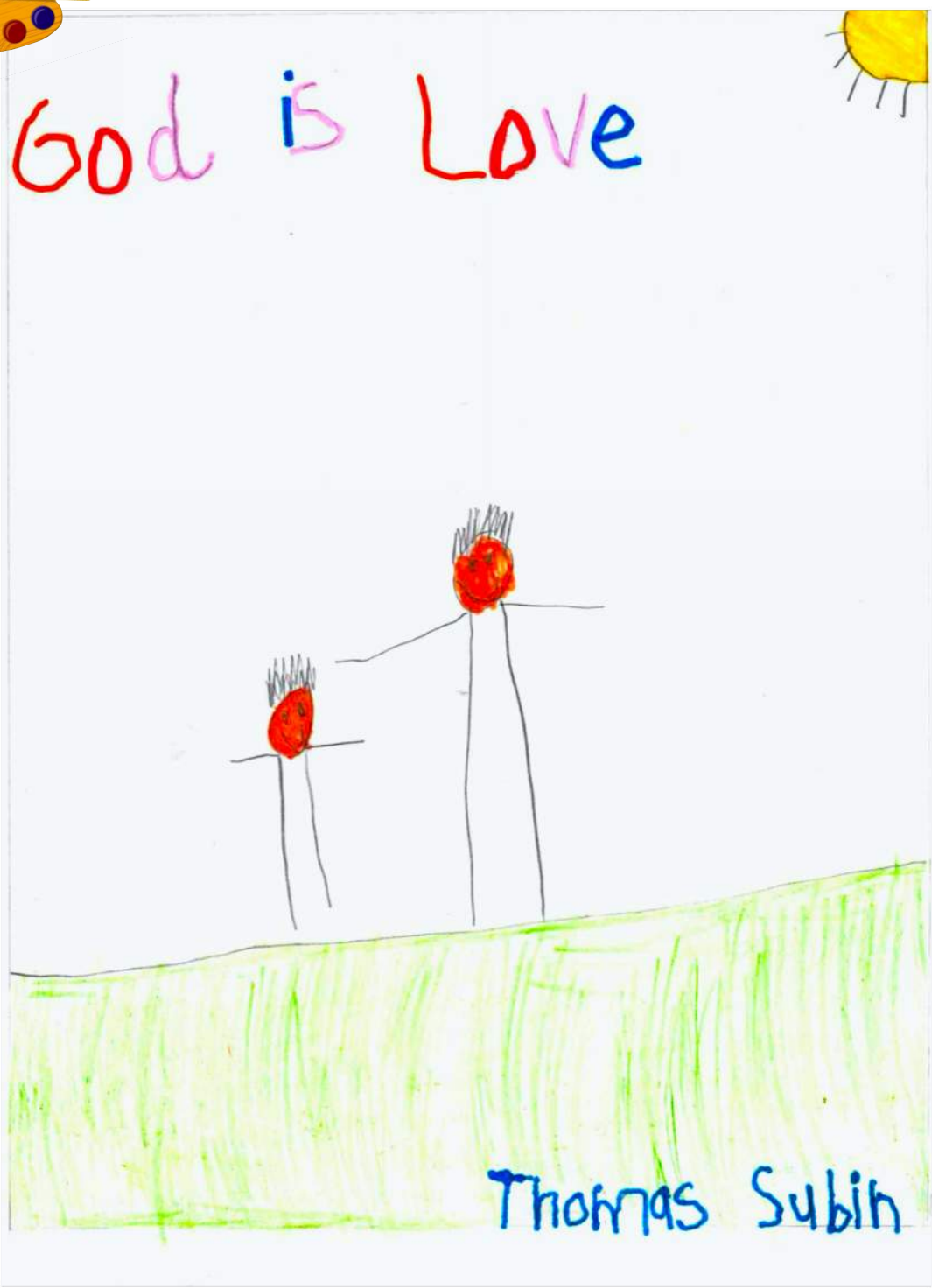
"Jesus, what is that? "That's when I suddenly woke up

"Lily it's time for school"

It was my mom, it was all a dream but I had a feeling that that dream was not a normal dream; it was more of a vision.

That day I was the happiest kid and it's all because Jesus told me that I had a Good Heart!

**Author:**  
**Ceana Cyril**



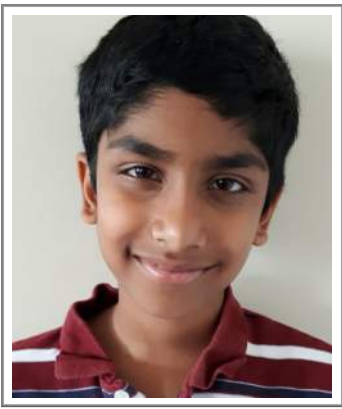
**Artist: Thomas Subin**





# A PRAYER POEM

**Author:**  
**Nikil Kavalam**



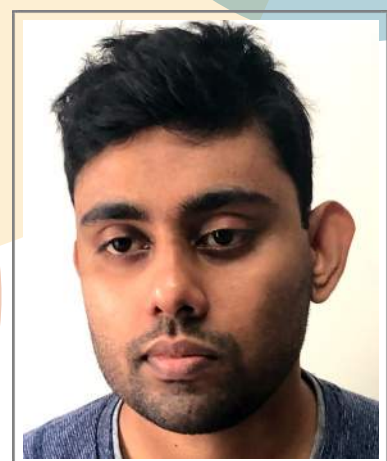
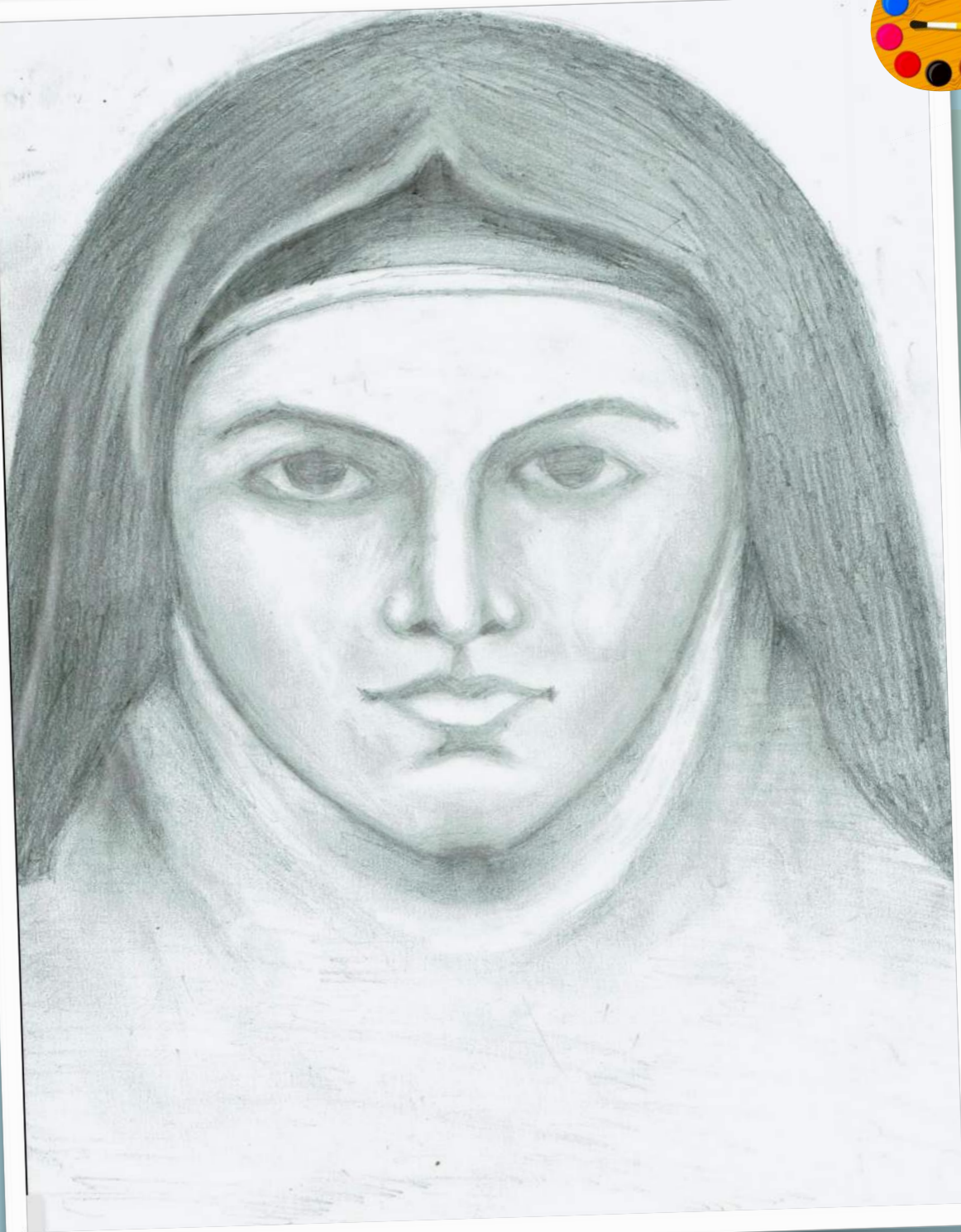
Such a beauty it is, your love, O Father  
Piercing the soul, making us anew  
Fresh as ever, in the depths of your boundless  
mercy.  
So unfathomable is your grace, I say,  
Though we perish, you never fail.  
Your love is imperishable, pursuing the soul  
You are the potter, We are the clay,  
We give ourselves wholly to you.  
We fall in love with your grace, Mother Mary,  
Your sweetness, Your humility, Your love so  
caring,  
We take you as our mother, we step into your  
embrace  
We beg you to bring upon us the abode of your  
abundant grace.  
You are the queen, you are the glory, of our  
Lord Jesus, and our story,  
The story of life which we travel in,  
With you as an aide, a friend, a mother.  
We surrender all to you, O Holy Spirit,  
In your holy fire let us be transformed,  
Your power is amazing,  
So loving, so changing,  
You set the earth on fire, inflame us with a  
heavenly desire,  
Break the bonds of death,  
And give us life.

The mercy of Jesus,  
The tenderness of our mother,  
The all-knowing, Holy spirit,  
And the creator himself.  
Whom else shall I say?  
All you saints and angels,  
And hosts of heaven,  
You who intercede with great pleads.  
Saint Francis, Saint Peter,  
And Saint Pope John Paul,  
Saint Pio, Saint Faustina,  
And that's not all.  
O you Holy ones, your sufferings, your trials,  
your love for the Lord,  
We reflect on your lives,  
To give us the strength to live pure.  
O, the boundless riches of Christ!  
May your graces and virtues overflow to your  
beloved ones,  
To You who died on the cross and saved the  
lost,  
To you, O Lord who is past, present, and  
future,  
To you, O Lord whom we love and praise,  
And to your everlasting love, O Lord,  
We pray  
Amen.





**Artist: Philip J. Thomson**



**Artist: Geo Santhosh**



# AN ENCOUNTER WITH GOD

I want to thank, The Almighty God, for everything He has provided in my life. God has done many things for me and I am grateful for everything. He has given me more than enough and many blessings. I have food, water, friends, family, good health, and money; but some people in this world have none of these. This just shows how much God has given to me and you. I would like to share another instance from my life. When I moved to a new school, He gave me the power to communicate and interact with people so that I would not be alone. He made my life, at my new school, the best. He protected me from the people who had a bad influence on me.

Even after all this, I still was not satisfied with what I had. I was still sad that I could not go back to my old

friends. I was disappointed in how I could never see them again and started blaming God for this. Most kids have great parents who love them unconditionally, however, they still decide to disobey them. The people you might think have the best life probably, still is not satisfied with what they have. It might be extremely hard to think of someone who feels like they have everything they need in their life. So, one of the main questions that I would like to ask to God is: Why is everyone so ungrateful and not happy with what they already have? What is the meaning of life if we are never satisfied with what we already have? This is just one of the hundreds of questions I would like to ask Him. I hope one day this will become reality.

**Author: Anora Dennis**



**Artist: Benny Vadakkan**



The Water Rises,  
The Sun Goes Down,  
The Boat Goes Through,  
The Trees Are Moving,  
The Mushrooms Are Growing,  
The Pebbles Are Shining,  
And I am Blessed By God,  
To See This Beautiful Nature.



**Artist & Author:**  
**Anika Elizabeth Dennis**



# MY CHOSEN DESTINY

God knew everything about us and carved a path for our future even before we were stitched in our mother's womb. Matthew 10:30 says “and even the hairs on your head are all counted.” God has a plan for us and cares about us no matter who you are or where you are. I am a fourteen year old healthy boy from India, Kerala. I was born in January 2006. An incident that happened when I was a baby caused me to think of myself and all other creatures as a miracle of god, a creation more wondrous than one can imagine with the ability to make choices that may destroy or saveMy life on earth started earlier than it should have normally been and so it wasn’t easy for my parents. There had been a lot of complications since I was an early baby. An accident from one of the nurses caused an infection to spread all throughout my body. My parents brought me to another hospital to get treated for the infection. They were starting to lose hope that my time on earth was going to end before it began. My father is a man with deep faith who had lost his father at an early age.



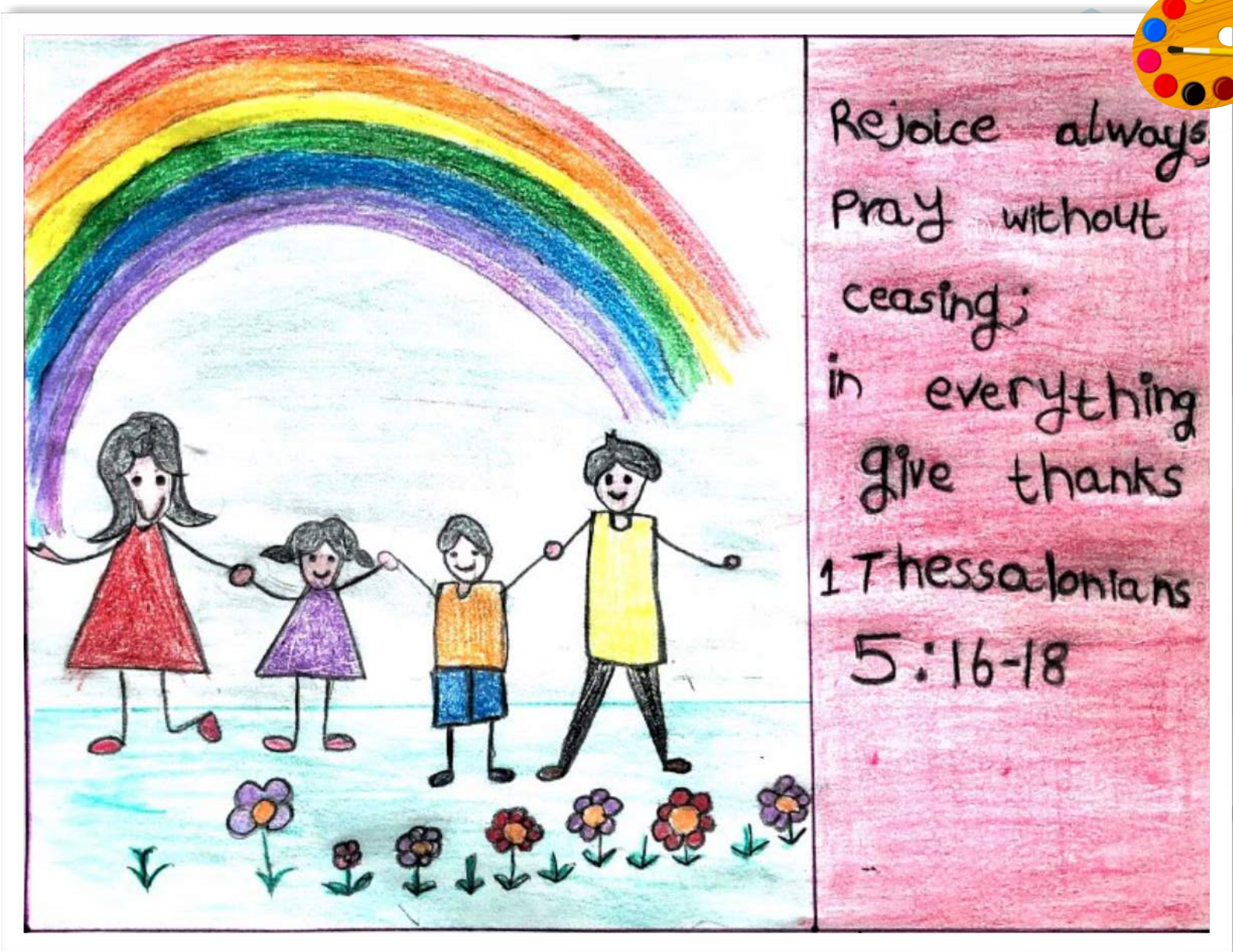
Life had always been hard for him. Every time he had a problem he

sought refuge in Jesus and all the saints. When he saw that my family was losing all hope, he went to the nearest church and went on his knees and prayed. The church he went to was dedicated to St. Antony. He prayed that if his son survives and is saved, he will name him in honour of the saint. After a short while I was back with my family as a healthy boy named Antony. As I grew older, my faith only grew, every time my faith starts to waver, I am reminded of how I was born into this world. Nothing is perfect except for god. Our God created us in his own likeness and image, he has made for us a path to heaven. The path to eternal life is filled with twists and turns. These are our decisions. Big or small, all our decisions make us who we are. God has given us the freedom to choose our path, he never leaves us stranded no matter what we do. Even if we drift off the path, God always shows us a way back to his love. We are all god's creations and god loves us no matter who we are or what we do. Let's all help each other stay in the path to heaven and in the everlasting love of God.

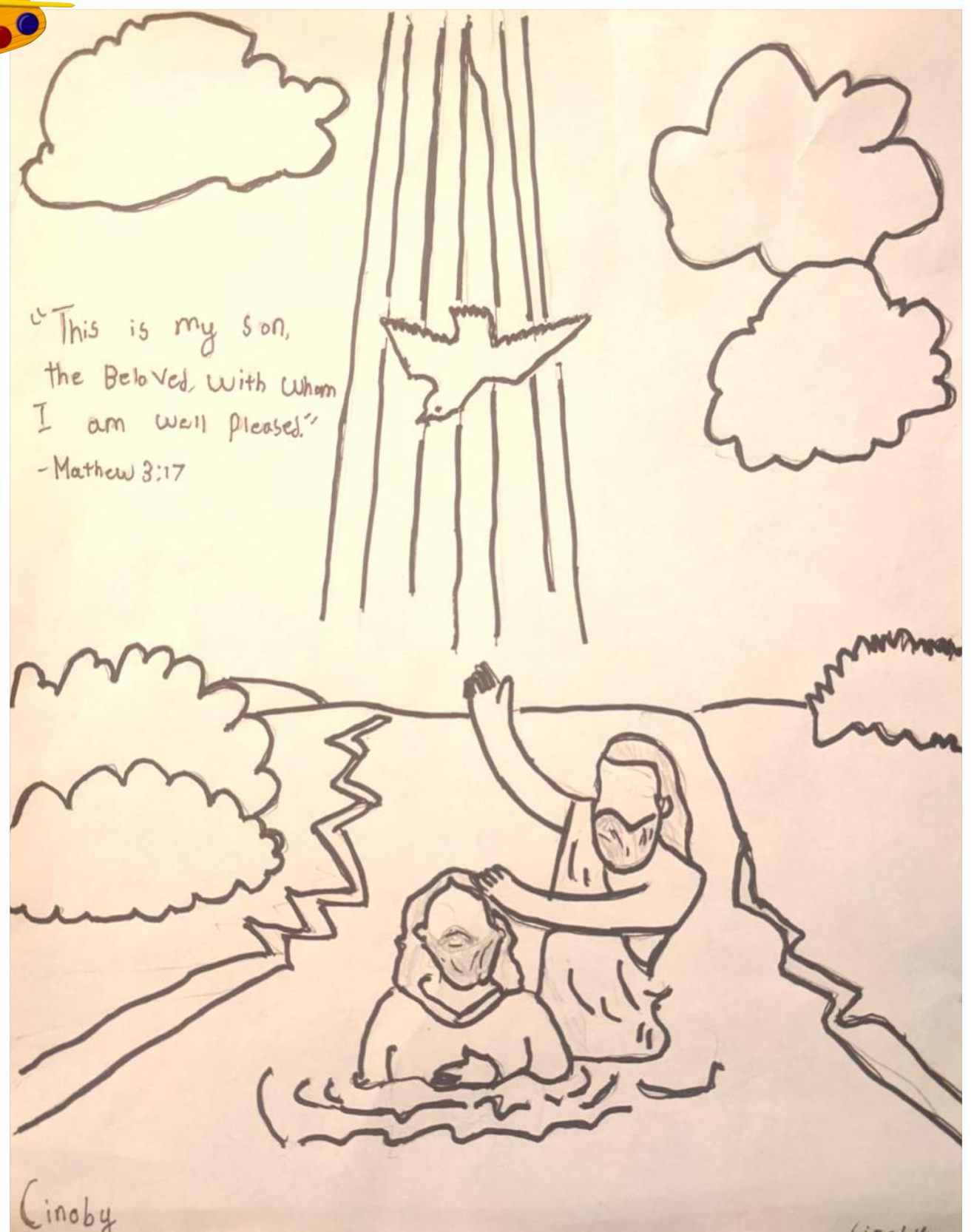
**Author:**  
**Antony Punnassery**





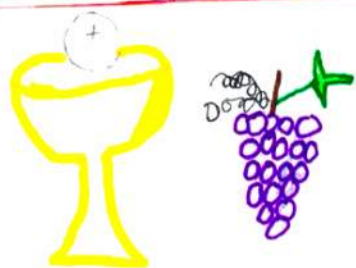


Artist: Serah Ann Shebin

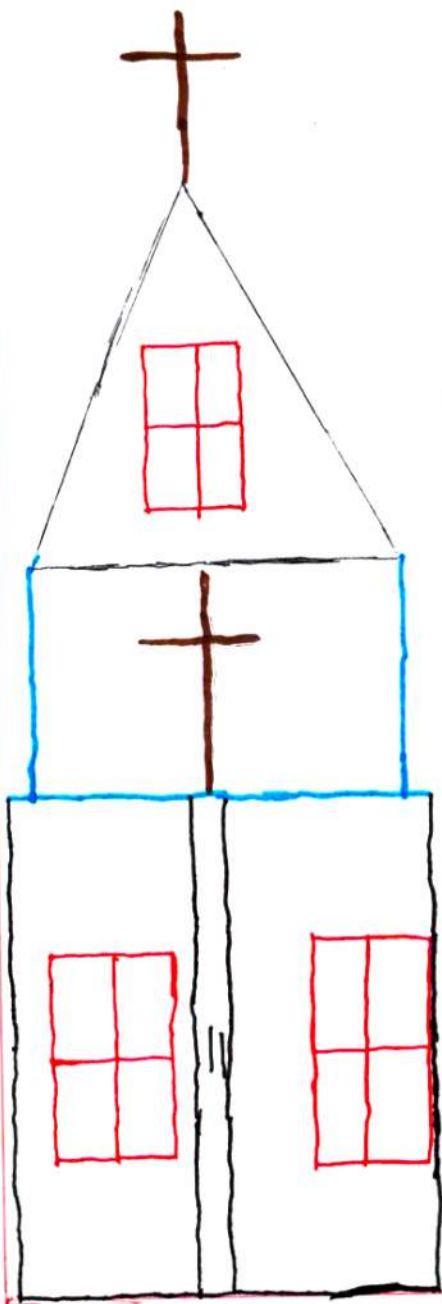


Artist: Cinoby Thomas





## CHURCH



C is for Chapel

H is for Holy

U is for Unite

R is for Radiant

C is for Christ

H is for House of

Worship

Joseph Subin

Artist: Joseph Subin



## THE

## C O M M A N D M E N T S

As it is written in the bible  
You must worship Yahweh alone  
You shall not form any kind of idol  
Of silver, gold, wood, or stone.

Never take the name of God in vain  
Swearing, false statements, Blasphemy you must detain.  
Remember to keep holy the Lord's day  
For the day of rest is not a holiday.

Honour your parents, a commandment to adhere  
If it wasn't for them, we would not be here.  
And know that any kind of murder is not accepted  
For the very human life we have is so precious.

Remember to keep your impure thoughts away,  
Committing adultery is not God's way.  
Never steal anything small or great  
For doing this is against commandment eight.

In bearing false witness is a serious lie  
By God's word, living in truth, is what you ought to imply.  
Keep your heart away from lustful desire  
And be ever so grateful for the things that you have acquired.

Yet Jesus has given us the greatest commandment: love  
It is said to first love the Lord God above  
Cherish all, even those who have broken the heart  
Thinking on which law to live by? Love is where to start.

Author: Cecilia M.



# GROWING IN FAITH

If “Growing is Changing”, what about faith? All people say that we must grow in our faith. We also know that growing means changing. But that can sound an alarm – does growing in faith means changing my faith?

We can observe see one truth in nature. When we say something– a plant or a bird or an animal - is growing, we mean they are changing. They change shape and become bigger. Plants have new buds, leaves and branches. Birds have more feathers and begin to fly. As for animals their sounds change from baby cry to clear signals and their strides become gracious. If you were to place a cutting of rose in the mud and watch it day by day, you will see how it becomes a plant. We will see buds, leaves, branches, flowers etc. At the same time, under the mud there will be many roots. Where do they all come from? From the mud? No! They are all in the cutting that we place. Growing in this case means bringing out the talents/ possibilities that lie hidden inside.

Growing is about becoming what one can be, what one is supposed to be. Just as in the case of the rose cutting, each one of us has been given many talents. The talents are all within us. Our family is like the garden where we are planted. Our parents and siblings are like the gardeners. As the plant grows and becomes bigger and bigger, more and more people will benefit from the coolness of its shade, the fragrance of its flowers, the freshness of its look, the strength of its timber, the taste of its fruit, the healing power of its seeds....

Unlike a plant, in the case of people, we grow in different ways with a variety of roots drawing nourishment from a number of beds. A plant gets minerals from the soil, moisture and pollen from the air, energy from the sun, refreshment from the dew. So too a child gets love from family, faith from the church, knowledge from the school, healthy

training from the gym, laughter from friends, excitement from experience etc... In the meantime, the way we talk to our parents and the way our parents talk to us undergo steady change! Side by side, we also change our ways of relating to the Unseen Guide of our journey!

Small babies only repeat the sound they hear or the parents make. Slowly, they master sounds, learn words, make sentences and give shape to their own

thoughts. In prayer too, we begin by repeating what has been taught. But as we go on, we learn to open our hearts to God and talk to him in a very personal manner. We must also learn to listen to him as He speaks to us in different ways.

One of the important ways in which God speaks to us is through the Bible. He also speaks to us through our parents, teachers, priests etc. This happens when we pray alone, join family or community prayers or attend catechism classes. The journey with the catechism teachers is an

interesting journey of growing in our faith. So, get set to go on to this exciting trip of wonderful discoveries about yourself and still more about an interesting, faithful and very loving friend – JESUS!



**Author:**  
**Fr. Mathew**  
**Palachuvattil**

Holy Trinity Regional Major  
Seminary, Jalandhar





*Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly; teach and admonish one another in all wisdom; and with gratitude in your hearts sing psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs to God. And whatever you do, in word or deed, do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through him.*

COLOSSIANS 3:16-17



Published by: The Office of Catechesis,  
St. Mother Teresa Syro-Malabar Catholic Parish, Ottawa