

Ripples ...

Issue : 19

News Reel

December 2025 - 2026





Congratulations
dear **Sr. SHAKILA**



Province Assembly



Common Junioriate (CJP)



On Going Formation

INDEX

1. Editorial Desk – Dr. Sr. Tresa Kalapurayil..... 4
2. Ego & God: The Silent Battle Within
- Dr. Sr. Amalavathi Vangalapudi..... 5
3. Celebrating God’s Faithfulness - Sr. Shakila Yesudoss..... 8
4. Embracing the Margins - Celebrating the Cross - Dr. Sr. Priyanthi.... 9
5. DNA - The Signature of the Creator - Sr. Roselin Kitheri..... 12
6. St. Joseph – Saint of Silence, Master of Smiles
- Sr. Packia Selvi Chinnappan13
7. The Catholic Understanding of Ecology
- Rev. Fr. Jaya Babu Nuthulapati16
8. Tetelestai – It is Finished - Sr. Motcham18
9. My Journey through the Tanmaya Sadhana Programme
- Sr. Prajvala21
10. Nature Whispers God’s Love - Sr. Lilly Rose25
11. Chosen and Strengthened for His Mission - Sr. Stella26
12. A Glimpse of me, Being a Teacher – Sr. Bency Sebastian.....27
13. The Indian Middle - Class Woman - Superwoman or Drudge
Ms. Bernadette Juan. A..... 30
14. Inside me, there are two clowns - M. Devira Athena32
15. Christmas is a Gift of a New Heart to the World
- Sr. Maggie Jebamalai33
16. Wounds that Whispered, Words that Answered
- Dr. Sr. Amalavathi Vangalapudi 35

17.	In Ishalaya's Sacred Spring – Dr. Sr. Tresa Kalapurayil.....	36
18.	My God Experience - Mounika, Candidate	37
19.	Nurturing Creativity, Honouring Creation - Makkuva Community..	38
20.	God said No - Mrs. K. Annamani	40
21.	The Little Lantern of Today - Sr. Arul Sheela Michael	41
22.	From a Tiny Seed to Living Hope - Sr. Shanthi Ganta	43
23.	Stress Management - Mrs. K. Annamani	44
24.	Jubilee 2025: A Celebration We Kept - A Message We Missed - Sr. Sunitha. K.....	45
25.	A Small Spark Becoming a Movement of Grace - Sr. Selvi	48
26.	Awakening Hope and Transformation - Sr. Kalpana David	50
27.	A Journey of Bonding and Discovery – Mrs. K. Nancy Kiran	52
28.	Lessons from the Manger: Finding God in My Life as a Teacher - Sr. Velangani.....	53
29.	Reflection Based on Church and Synodality - Y. Vanskita Nissi	55
30.	Walking the Less - Travelled Path with God – Sr. Leveny Francis..	56
31.	A Journey of Faith, Hope and New Beginnings - Sr. Chinnamma Raj.....	57
32.	When Intentions Are Misunderstood: The Journey of Surrender - Dr. Sr. Amalavathi Vangalapudi	59
33.	Ecology - K. Sasi Kavya.....	62
34.	God Made me Enough – Sr. Kavitha	62
35.	Overcoming Challenges and Embracing Faith - Charitha Sri, Candidate.....	64
36.	The Hydrogen Balloon: A Journey of Self - Discovery and Resilience – Dr. Sr. Tresa Kalapurayil.....	65



Editorial

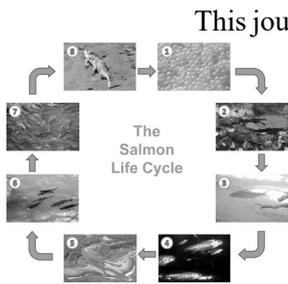
Dr. Sr. Tresa Kalapurayil



Dear Readers,

The salmon’s anadromous life cycle is a remarkable journey of determination and perseverance. Born in freshwater, they migrate to the ocean, where they grow and thrive for years. Yet, when the time comes to spawn, they make an incredible journey back to their birthplace, driven by an innate navigation system that guides them using scent and the Earth’s magnetic field.

A circular diagram showing the 8 stages of the salmon life cycle. 1. Salmon eggs, 2. Alevins, 3. Coho fry, 4. Smolts, 5. The Elwha River draining into the Strait of Juan de Fuca, 6. Coho migrating to spawn, 7. Sockeye spawning, 8. Dead salmon after spawning



This journey is a powerful metaphor for the human experience. Like the salmon, we are all on a journey of life, and our ultimate destination is to return to our Creator. St. Augustine’s words echo this sentiment: “Lord, you made us for yourself, and our hearts are restless until they rest in you.” The salmon’s determination to reach its birthplace, despite the challenges it faces, is a testament to the deep-seated desire we all have to return to our spiritual home.

The salmon’s journey is not without its challenges. It swims against the current, faces physical transformations, and ultimately sacrifices its life to fulfil its purpose. Yet, in its death, it provides sustenance for the ecosystem, illustrating the cyclical nature of life.

As Christians, we can learn valuable lessons from the salmon’s journey. Our path may be fraught with difficulties, but our ultimate goal is to reach eternal joy in the presence of God. Like the salmon, we must navigate the challenges of life, trusting in God’s plan and guidance. As we journey through life’s trials, may we find strength in the salmon’s determination and perseverance, and may we walk in the footsteps of our Lord, guided by paschal hope.

The salmon’s story teaches us that life’s journey is not about avoiding challenges but about embracing our purpose and fulfilling our destiny. May we be inspired by the salmon’s remarkable journey and strive to live a life that honours our Creator, even in the face of adversity.

*Wishing you a joyous Christmas filled with hope, peace, love and laughter,
and grace filled New Year 2026*

Ego & God: The Silent Battle Within

Dr. Sr. Amalavathi Vangalapudi



Her writing is a tapestry of divine faith and human struggle. The way she weaves together the threads of faith, psychology, and personal experience is remarkable. She has a doctorate in English Literature. Currently, she is a resource person for teachers and students, residing at Kollipara and travelling to different schools.

“He must increase, but I must decrease.” — John 3:30

1. The Struggle Within the Human Heart

Life is a continuous journey of choosing between ego and God — between self-centeredness and divine-centeredness. Ego is the voice that says, “I can manage without God,” while God is the whisper that reminds us, “Without Me, you can do nothing.”

Each day, this conflict takes place quietly within us. We wish to be understood, appreciated, and valued; yet these desires can slowly grow into self-importance. When ego rules, peace disappears. But when God reigns, humility blossoms. To conquer ego is not to destroy confidence, but to purify it, transforming self-esteem into self-surrender.

Implication of the Birth of Jesus:

The birth of Jesus reveals the beauty of divine humility. The King of Kings chose to be born in a manger, wrapped in simplicity, and surrounded by silence. His humble birth teaches us that true greatness is found not in power, but in surrender.

Bethlehem becomes the reminder that when ego fades, divinity is born.

2. The Wound of Misunderstanding

There are moments when our intentions are questioned and our words misinterpreted. The human instinct is to defend, argue, or justify, yet such reactions often deepen the wound. Ego demands to be heard, but God invites us to be still.

I have felt this struggle deeply, when others failed to see my true intentions, or blamed me unfairly for situations, I had no part in. My heart cried for understanding, but slowly, I realized that peace does not come from being justified; it comes from being grounded in God.

Implication of the Birth of Jesus:

From His very birth, Jesus was misunderstood. There was no room for Him at the inn; the world could not recognize its Saviour. Yet, in that obscurity, God’s greatest work unfolded. His hidden beginning teaches us that misunderstanding can carry divine purpose when we embrace it with love and silence, as Mary and Joseph did at Bethlehem.

3. The Path of Surrender

The moment we stop fighting for recognition and begin resting in God’s approval, the soul finds peace. Surrender is not weakness, it is strength guided by faith. Ego wants to control outcomes; surrender allows God to shape them.

When people misjudge us, we can choose to respond with silence, prayer, and inner calm. It is through such moments that God polishes our hearts teaching us patience, gentleness, and freedom from pride.

Implication of the Birth of Jesus:

At Bethlehem, the Holy Family surrendered completely to God’s plan. Mary and Joseph accepted the unexpected; a stable for a home, shepherds for witnesses, and poverty as the cradle of divine glory. Their surrender transformed an ordinary night into the dawn of salvation. Likewise, when we surrender our pain and pride, God turns our struggles into sanctuaries of grace.

4. The Silent Strength of Forgiveness

Forgiveness is where ego dies and love begins. When others hurt or misjudge us, forgiveness liberates us from bitterness. It allows us to rise above what was said and see through God’s eyes. My spiritual father once told me, “Do not bother about what others say about you; just forgive and move on.” Those words have become a lamp for my journey. Forgiveness does not mean forgetting the pain but transforming it. In choosing to forgive, we mirror Christ’s mercy and invite peace to return.

Implication of the Birth of Jesus:

The Infant Christ came into a world that did not welcome Him, yet His first gesture was not judgment but blessing. His small, outstretched hands in the manger symbolize forgiveness extended to all humanity. Every Christmas reminds us that peace on earth begins where forgiveness is born — first in our hearts.

5. Living beyond Ego — Living in God

Ego seeks to possess, but love seeks to give. Ego speaks loudly, but God whispers gently. When we live beyond ego, we allow God to be our centre. Then, even in silence or rejection, peace remains.

To walk away from those who hurt us is not always avoidance; sometimes, it is protection of our inner calm. Yet, true peace is not found in isolation but in reconciliation — with ourselves, with others, and with God.

Implication of the Birth of Jesus:

In the humility of Bethlehem, God united heaven and earth. He chose to dwell among the lowly to show that true joy comes from unity, not pride. Every time we humble ourselves, a new Bethlehem is born in our hearts, and the light of Christ shines through our humility.

6. When Ego Fades, God Prevails

The journey from ego to God is lifelong. It demands daily surrender, prayerful silence, and trust in God’s unseen work. Ego fades not in one grand act, but in countless small choices — to love, to forgive, to listen, and to serve quietly. Where ego once ruled, grace now reigns. And where grace reigns, peace follows.

Implication of the Birth of Jesus:

The manger remains the eternal symbol of God’s victory over ego. In the lowliness of that birth, God prevailed; love triumphed over pride, simplicity conquered power, and peace silenced the noise of ambition. So too, when we allow the Child of Bethlehem to be born within us, we discover that surrender is not loss — it is divine victory.

“Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for

I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls.” — Matthew 11:29

Lord, teach me to choose you over myself each day.

When ego rises, remind me of the manger’s simplicity.

When I am misunderstood, let your peace guard my heart.

May I live as a reflection of your humility

Where ego fades, and God prevails forever.

Teacher : Sani, if you had 5 dollars and you asked your mother for another 5, how many dollars would you have?

Sani : 5 dollars Sir!

Teacher : You dont’s know your Arithmetic.

Sani : But Sir, you don’t know my mother!



Riddles

What does the sea say to the shore?

What does the father buffalo say to his son as he drops him off at school?

“When the light fails in all Deva’s house, but not in Brahma’s house, why?”

Before bath I am pretty. After bath I become pregnant. Who am I?

Please send your answers to the riddles to this WhatsApp number: 9441115211. The first person to send the correct answer will be awarded and communicated to the rest of the members.

Celebrating God’s Faithfulness

Sr. Shakila



Sr. Shakila Yesudoss, a dedicated member of the SCC congregation, brings 25 years of selfless service to her community, leveraging her expertise as an MRSC and General Nursing and animator of community and social work. Residing in Vizag, she embodies compassion and love, serving the vulnerable with unwavering commitment. Through her tireless efforts, she spreads hope and kindness to the sick, children with special needs, women and children at risk, and those who suffer in silence. Her reflections beautifully capture the transformative power of faith and the joy that comes from serving others.

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases; his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness.” — Lamentations 3:22-23

As I mark the Silver Jubilee of my religious life in the Congregation of the Sisters of the Cross of Chavanod, my heart overflows with deep gratitude for the countless ways God has journeyed with me. These twenty-five years stand as a profound testament to His unwavering faithfulness and the grace of being deeply rooted in Christ, the foundation and strength of my vocation.

It is through my personal and transformative encounters with my Divine Master that I have found sustenance in every season of my life. In these sacred moments of intimacy with Christ, I have discovered an inner strength—not from myself, but from being held, guided, and renewed by Him. Whenever challenges arose, this rootedness in Christ empowered me to remain steadfast, courageous, and faithful.

God has beautifully directed my path according to His divine plan, allowing me to experience His abiding presence and the gentle power of the Holy Spirit shaping my thoughts, decisions, and desires. These divine encounters have filled my heart with peace, deepened my trust, and strengthened my spirit to surrender joyfully to His will.

He has made me more available to His people, especially the most vulnerable: the sick, children with special needs, women and children at risk, and those who suffer silently. Serving them has been a sacred privilege. Through each of them, I have seen the face of Christ, and in journeying with them, I have been able to share His compassionate love and hope. Their resilience often renews my strength from within, reminding me of God’s mysterious presence in human fragility.

My religious life has been a journey shaped by grace—rooted in prayer, strengthened by community, purified through challenges, and enriched through mission. Every experience has drawn me closer to Christ’s heart, allowing His love to be my inner source of strength and my steady anchor.

As I stand at this Jubilee moment, my heart is filled with gratitude:

- ◆ To God, for His unwavering fidelity and for being my unfailing strength
- ◆ To my province, for your constant support and encouragement
- ◆ To my superiors, for your trust, guidance, and inspiration
- ◆ To my formators, who deepened my rootedness in Christ and shaped my vocation
- ◆ To all my sisters, for your love, companionship, and witness of consecrated life
- ◆ To the people I served, who revealed Christ to me in countless ways
- ◆ To my parents and family, for their love, prayers, and sacrifices
- ◆ To my sisters, relatives, and friends, for their affection and support throughout my journey

May this Silver Jubilee be a renewed commitment to live my vocation with deeper faithfulness. May every day of my life become a moment of personal encounter with Christ and a joyful sharing of His self-emptying love with everyone, especially the most vulnerable.

“In Christ who strengthens me, I am ready to move ahead with greater grace, deeper faith, and a renewed zeal to serve His people. For truly, who can separate me from the love of Christ?” (Romans 8:35)

This has been my profound experience—His love has carried me, held me, and sustained me through every moment of these twenty-five years. This same faithful love now leads me forward with courage, hope, and a renewed heart.

Embracing the Margins Celebrating the Cross

Dr. Sr. Priyanthi



Dr. Sr. Priyanthi, an animator at Holy Cross Convent Makkuva, is dedicated to serving the marginalized and vulnerable. With a deep commitment to faith, service, and community development, she has been instrumental in empowering communities, particularly in the Makkuva region. Her work embodies compassion, humility, and love, reflecting the values of the Cross. Through her writings and reflections, she shares her insights and experiences, inspiring others to walk the path of service, love, and devotion. She is indeed an angelic figure for the tribal community, selflessly serving those in need.

The Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross became, for our community, not merely a liturgical commemoration but a profound journey of faith, solidarity, and transformation. From the 5th to the 14th of September, our hearts and hands were united in prayer, reflection, and service, embracing the mystery of the Cross and its call to stand with those on the margins.

fulfilment.

On the 14th, the parish celebrated the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross with solemn liturgy. The sisters led the choir, their voices lifting the congregation into prayer. After Mass, the parish community expressed gratitude by felicitating us.

In the evening, the children—usually shy and withdrawn—organized a program for the sisters, a gesture of love and initiative that radiated hope for the future.

This journey of preparation and celebration revealed the Cross not as a distant symbol, but as a living reality—embracing the margins, uplifting the vulnerable, and calling each heart to humility, service, and love. In every prayer, every tear, every act of solidarity, the community rediscovered the Cross as the meeting place of suffering and redemption, weakness and strength, humanity and divinity. And as we look toward Christmas, we recognize that the manger and the Cross are inseparably bound: the Child born in poverty and simplicity is the same Christ who embraces the world in sacrificial love. The joy of Bethlehem finds its fulfilment on Calvary, reminding us that God’s love is both incarnate and redemptive, a gift that continues to transform our lives.

Wishing all a very Happy Christmas and New Year 2026!!!



DNA - The Signature of the Creator

Sr. Roselin Kitheri



Sr. Roselin Kitheri venerates the signature of the master in each individual's life which is unique, unimaginary, and irreplaceable. Qualified in M. SC Zoology, she renders her service in Holy Cross Junior college, Alirajpet. She tries to bring out the hidden hand of God in His creation and impart the same to the student community.



At the heart of every living organism lies DNA, a molecular code that has captivated scientists with its complexity, precision, and beauty. Scripture describes this intricate design as being “woven” or “embroidered” by God, echoing the artistry found in Psalms 139. This imagery reflects a deep reverence for life’s intricacies, suggesting a Master Creator’s hand. DNA is seen as a testament to God’s intention and careful planning, establishing each person with unique features and potential.

The “blueprint of life” is not a product of chance, but rather evidence of divine wisdom and purpose. Scriptural echoes reinforce the notion of being “fearfully and wonderfully made,” encouraging gratitude and humility before life’s mysteries. The incarnation – God entering human existence – has been described as Christ taking on DNA, linking Himself to every organism and inaugurating a journey from “dust and DNA” to eternal life.

DNA can be seen as a window into God’s mind and creative methods. Embracing this metaphor encourages individuals to view themselves as works in progress, shaped by divine imprint and lived experience. One’s spiritual journey involves unwrapping potential, responding to a call, and participating in the ongoing act of creation.

The DNA molecule’s spiral shape echoes natural patterns, aligning humanity with cosmic rhythms and emphasizing harmony between body and soul. Its structure, likened to a double helix, symbolizes the dual nature of human existence: the “Divine” strand – attributes given by God, and the “Distinctive” strand – unique gifts and life instructions.

Living a religious life involves nurturing both strands: strengthening one’s divine heritage and cultivating individuality and personal calling. DNA is the “signature” of a Creator, pointing to intelligence rather than accident. Its deliberate symmetry and coding mirror the intentionality faith attributes to divine gifts. Just as DNA encodes physical existence, the divine gift encodes moral and spiritual capacities. Let us be thankful for His Signature until we meet Him again.

St. Joseph – Saint of Silence, Master of Smiles

Sr. Packia Selvi Chinnappan



Sr. Packia is clearly a talented and compassionate individual who brings warmth and expertise to her role at Gudivada. She is accurate in all her work and does it with lots of affection and interest.

Capable in many areas. Her dedication to her work and her faith is evident in her writing, reflecting a deep commitment to her vocation. Her ability to break down complex topics and make them relatable is truly inspiring, and her caring nature must make a big difference to those around her.

Dear Friends,

Most of the time, we think of St. Joseph as the silent, serious saint, the man who worked hard, prayed deeply and quietly carried the weight of God's greatest mysteries. However, if you watch closely, there is also a gentle humour hidden behind that calm smile.

Holiness is not about being serious all the time. It's about finding joy even in the splinters of life. And if anyone knew how to laugh kindly at life's surprises, so come, pull up a stool in his workshop and join me.

Let's have a chat with the saint who built not only tables, but trust and who reminds us that even faith can smile.



Packia: St. Joseph, I know you are the silent saint, but today... could you at least say something?

St. Joseph: (smiling) I have been saying things all along; you just call it your intuition.

Packia: Ohhh... so that voice telling me to clean my room yesterday... that was you?

St. Joseph: I was just following my carpenter instincts. I can't stand a messy workshop or a messy soul!

Packia: Fair enough. But seriously, how did you stay so calm when the angel kept changing your plans?

St. Joseph: Practice. First, I learned to sleep through surprises, that's why the angel always came in dreams!

- Packia:** So... I should just nap more often when life gets confusing?
- St. Joseph:** Exactly! Holy naps. Works wonders for discernment.
- Packia:** What about patience? I'm still waiting for my "angelic update."
- St. Joseph:** Patience? I waited nine months just to see the Saviour's face. You can wait a little for that text message reply.
- Packia:** Ouch, you've got heavenly humour.
- St. Joseph:** (laughs softly) Heaven is full of joy ... why not start practicing now?
- Packia:** St. Joseph, I've been praying for patience... but I think God's ignoring my request.
- St. Joseph:** (chuckles) Oh, He's not ignoring you. He's training you. That's how patience grows: through waiting... and a few deep sighs.
- Packia:** Easy for you to say! You had angels showing up with instructions.
- St. Joseph:** True. But they always came at night. No warning, no coffee, just "Get up, Joseph, pack everything!"
- Packia:** So that's your secret? Holy midnight missions?
- St. Joseph:** That, and good sandals. Faith requires durable footwear.
- Packia:** Sometimes I wish God would just tell me the plan clearly.
- St. Joseph:** (smiling) He usually does. But we are too busy checking our own blueprints.
- Packia:** Ouch. Okay, fair. But seriously, how did you stay so calm with all those surprises?
- St. Joseph:** I worked with wood every day. It teaches patience. You can't rush shaping something beautiful, not a table, not a soul.
- Packia:** What would you say to people today who are stressed all the time?
- St. Joseph:** I would tell them, "Breathe. God's got better timing than Wi-Fi."
- Packia:** (laughs) That's good. You should write a book!
- St. Joseph:** I tried. But someone else took all the best quotes. [looks toward the Bible]
- Packia:** Last question... what's your advice for modern life?
- St. Joseph:** Keep your hands busy, your heart quiet and your humour alive... when in doubt, take a nap. It worked for me.
- Packia:** You really are the patron saint of calm!
- St. Joseph:** (smiling) Calm? Maybe. But remember, even calm people need miracles and a good sense of humour.

Packia: St. Joseph, thank you for your time and your patience with all my questions. I came looking for advice and somehow, I am leaving with peace... and maybe a few splinters of wisdom. Thank you for reminding me that holiness can smile and that God’s work is often done quietly, with love and laughter.

St. Joseph: Keep your sense of humour alive.

Packia: (smiling) I will. Next time, when life gets confusing, I will be back here.

St. Joseph: (smiling) I will keep the tools ready. Go now, build something beautiful with your life. And don’t forget to laugh along the way.

Yes, dear friends, I am feeling both lighter and stronger. As I leave his workshop, I carry with me not just wisdom, but a holy smile that God is near to me.

Class room is Like a train..

1st Two Benchers are reserved for VIP..

Next Two Benchers are General Coach.

Then,

Last Two Benchers are very demanded Because, it is

“Sleeper Coach”



Funny Jokes

An old man had 8 hair on his Head

He went to a Barber Shop

Barber is anger asked...

Shall I cut or Count..?

Old man Smiled and Said...

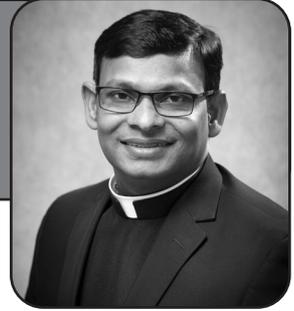
“Colour it!”..

Life is to enjoy with whatever you have with you



The Catholic Understanding of Ecology

Rev. Fr. Jaya Babu Nuthulapati



Fr. Jaya Babu, a native of Tenali near Holy Cross Provincialate, has fostered a close working relationship with our sisters. He has been instrumental in supporting projects and uplifting the poor and needy. As a priest in the diocese of Gary, Indiana, United States of America, he has proven to be a gifted preacher, spreading the word of the Lord. He is also a strong advocate for education, actively supporting educational programs and self-employment initiatives.

The Catholic understanding of ecology is the call to be stewards of God’s creation, which involves a responsibility to care for the physical environment and a recognition of the deep connection between environmental, social, and human well-being. It is rooted in the Book of Genesis and emphasizes that while humans have dominion, this is a responsibility to manage creation wisely, not to exploit it. A key component is the concept of integral ecology, which sees environmental, social, and economic issues as interconnected, requiring a “radical change in the conduct of humanity” away from a “throwaway culture”.

Key principles:

- **Stewardship**: Humanity’s role is to be a custodian or steward of God’s creation, not an absolute owner. This includes caring for the land, water, and air.
- **Integral Ecology**: Environmental problems are linked to social and economic ones. A “throwaway culture” that prioritizes human consumption over the common good is seen as a root cause of ecological damage.
- **Moral obligation**: Environmental choices are subject to moral law, and actions that harm the environment are seen as a violation of moral duties to both God and future generations.
- **Human Dignity**: The care for the environment is closely linked to the dignity of human life and the common good. It is contradictory to demand future generations respect the environment if their own educational systems and laws do not help them respect themselves.
- **Inspiration from Faith**: The Catholic view draws on scripture, particularly Genesis, and the examples of saints like Francis of Assisi, who viewed all of creation as interconnected and sacred.

- **God as Creator:** Genesis 1–2 presents the world as intentionally ordered by God. Creation is declared “good,” showing its inherent value and dignity.
- **Human Identity:** Humanity is made in God’s image, tasked with “dominion” over the Earth. This dominion is not exploitation but responsible stewardship—a vocation to care for creation
- **Interdependence:** The seven-day structure highlights harmony: light/dark, sea/sky, land/creatures. Humanity is placed within this balance, not above it
- **Ecological Ethics:** Modern Eco theology draws from Genesis to argue that environmental care is a moral obligation. The narrative inspires sustainable living and respect for biodiversity.
- **Human-Nature Relationship:** Genesis rejects dualism (spirit vs. matter). Instead, it grounds human identity in the Earth itself, “formed from dust”—making ecological care inseparable from human dignity.

Practical application:

- **Restoration:** Individuals and communities are called to not only observe environmental damage but to actively work towards its restoration.
- **Responsible Use:** The earth provides for human needs, but it must be used responsibly for subsistence, with the duty to ensure its fruitfulness for future generations.
- **Policy and Action:** Catholic social teaching on ecology informs actions at all levels, from individual lifestyle choices to community efforts aimed at addressing specific environmental issues, such as access to clean water, chemical waste, or pesticide reduction.

Why does it matter today for us?

Environmental Crisis: Genesis is often read as an “ecological epic,” reminding us that faith traditions have always recognized the Earth’s sacredness.

Practical Implications: Churches and communities use Genesis to promote sustainable agriculture, conservation, and climate awareness, seeing these as extensions of biblical stewardship.

Spiritual Ecology: Caring for creation is not just practical—it’s worship. Protecting the Earth honours the Creator and fulfils humanity’s original vocation.

Let me conclude:

Genesis teaches that creation is sacred, humanity is entrusted with stewardship, and ecology is woven into our spiritual identity. To neglect the Earth is to neglect God’s gift; to care for it is to live faithfully. Let us embrace the Earth as a Gift of God. Let us be grateful for the four seasons that God gives us accordingly. Caring for the creation of God is not a distant dream but a daily responsibility entrusted to each of us. By refusing single-use plastics, committing ourselves to recycling, and teaching eco-friendliness in our schools, parishes, and hospitals, we take immediate steps that honour both the Creator and the gift of creation. These small acts, when multiplied across our communities, become powerful signs of hope and stewardship. Let us remember that protecting the earth is not only about preserving resources—it is about safeguarding the sacred home where God dwells among us. May our choices today reflect our gratitude, our faith, and our love for generations yet to come?

Tetelestai – It is Finished

Sr. Motcham



Sr. Motcham’s roots is in Karnataka, but her heart beats for the people of Odisha, where she serves as a community animator in Nabrangpur. Despite her quiet nature, her dedication to her faith and her desire to grow closer to God and Mother Mary shine through in every aspect of her life.

Love of the Father, Grace of Jesus, Communion of the Holy Spirit,

Move in my life, O Lord! – 2 Cor. 13:14



The Greek word Tetelestai means it is finished. It is accomplished. It signifies a completed task or a mission fulfilled, indicating that everything has been done. It is Jesus’ final word on the Cross, It is finished – Tetelestai.

Loving Father, you created me to know You, to live only for You, to do Your will, and to experience Your heavenly bliss. Whenever I look at Jesus on the Cross, I draw strength, courage, hope, and faith. All these words come to my mind. When I think of people who are suffering from depression, sickness, and pain, I also see my parents’ life as an example.

My parents are God-fearing people. They come from good Catholic families, and they have strong devotion to Mother Mary and the Holy Mass. They also passed on the same

spirit to me, and I am very grateful to them.

Many years ago, my father suffered from cancer in its last stage. Suddenly, he could not bear the pain, and his condition became very serious. He was admitted to the hospital. I received a call from my family members saying that he was very serious. The doctors told us there was no hope of bringing back his life. They said he might live only 2 or 3 hours more. So, they brought him and kept him on a ventilator in the Sisters' Hospital in our town. I went there and met him in the hospital.

I started to pray the Hail Mary over to his ear in continuously. That very night, our family members and others gathered around him, praying the Rosary the whole night. Suddenly, we heard him saying, "Amma, Amma, Mother Mary." We were all surprised to see him open his eyes and look around at us. In the morning, he asked for Holy Communion. Father brought Communion, prayed with him, and he received it. After that, he lived for 3 months. He was able to eat, walk, and even attend Mass in the church.

I experienced that there is nothing else we need to do but believe. Our needs, our prayers, and even our mistakes are already accounted for by Jesus on the Cross. It is finished – Tetelestai.

Mother Mary, at the foot of the Cross, you stood silently, bearing the pain of your Son Jesus.

One day, my mother suddenly collapsed at midnight and went into a coma. My brother took her to the hospital. The doctors said that high blood pressure had affected her brain and they were not willing to start treatment. There were no movement and no hope of recovery. My brother called me from the hospital saying, "Mother is serious, come soon."

When I reached, I saw my family members crying. I placed my Rosary in her hand with hope, and we all started praying the Rosary around her bed. At 5 a.m. in the morning, we saw movement in her hands and legs. She tried to open her eyes, and her lips began to move. The doctors were surprised to see her respond. It was like a new life for our mother. Now she is with us.

Every day she celebrates life and has faith in every step towards healing. She holds on to Scripture and devotion, praying to Mother Mary, at the foot of the Cross, please do pray for us.

On the Cross, Jesus took up our infirmities and bore our diseases, Sickness, suffering, pain, and tension—all these trials can make us stronger, better in spirit, and closer to Christ. Jesus declared: "It is finished – Tetelestai!"

My mother's life is a witness to this truth. All the wonderful miracles in her life helped

me to grow in spirit and faith in Him. Jesus gave His life for her healing, her restoration, and her life. He did it not only for her, but also for me and for you. When I look at my mother, I don't see sickness or a wheelchair; instead, I see the finished work of the Lord Jesus on the Cross—Tetelestai.

In my own life, I too experienced healing. For years, I suffered from back pain, headaches, and neck pain. Because of this, I could not sit down for my meditation and prayers. In June, I attended in online a healing prayer service conducted by Bro. Sajith Joseph in Bangalore.

The very next day, I experienced terrible pain and discomfort throughout my whole body—unbearable pain. But the following morning, as usual, I went for my meditation. When I sat on the chair, I kept hearing within me the word: Tetelestai—it is finished. My mind urged me to sit and pray. I sat for about an hour in prayer, and from that day onwards, I had no pain. I am completely free, relaxed, and healed in the name of Jesus.

For eight years, I also had a growth near my right elbow. It caused pain and bleeding whenever it was touched. But I believe and trust in the power of the Holy Spirit for my healing. As Jesus said in Mark 5:30: “Daughter, your faith has made you whole.” Now, that growth is also being healed. The pain is gone, and the swelling is reducing in size.

I experienced not only physical healing but also a change in my community life and in my relationship with others. The power of God is moving in me and through me in the mission. Mother Mary is interceding for believers, bringing our prayers to God and to her Son, Jesus Christ, who sacrificed His life for us.

The Final word of Jesus “TETELESTAI - IT IS FINISHED” All glory to Jesus and thanks to Mother Mary for her intercession.



My Journey through the Tanmaya Sadhana Programme

Sr. Prajvala



Sr. Prajvala's reflection captures the essence of the Sadhana experience and its impact on her spiritual journey. She has woven together insights from scripture, the teaching of St. Ignatius and her own experiences to convey that God is the foundation of all meaningful action. By profession she is a creative teacher brings joy in her classroom. One year Formators course at the Sadhana Institute, Lonavala will have an impact on her future ministry.

The Tanmaya Sadhana Programme is a part of the Formators course at the Sadhana Institute, Lonavala, was more than just a course—it was a profound turning point in my life. For two months, I stepped away from the noise and responsibilities of daily ministry to enter a sacred space of silence, reflection, and healing. “Tanmaya” means to be fully immersed—and that is precisely what I experienced: immersion in grace, in truth, and in the gentle, transforming presence of God.

The campus itself drew me inward. The tall, deep-rooted trees stood like silent companions, reminding me that true growth takes place beneath the surface. Their stillness invited me to journey deeper into my own roots—to rediscover who I am, to confront what I had long avoided, and to let God renew me from within. Each morning unfolded in silence, and as I walked through the gentle mist and light of dawn, I found myself listening—not only to the whispers of nature but also to the quiet, guiding voice of God within.

The heart of the programme was the three-week Inner Process—a profound journey that reshaped, rediscovered, renewed, and reformed my inner life. It invited me to look honestly at my story—my childhood, my youth, my joys, and my wounds. I began to see how God had been present in every season, even in the moments I had feared or forgotten. I came to understand that my brokenness was not something to conceal but a doorway to grace. As St. Paul writes, “My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness” (2 Corinthians 12:9). That verse came alive for me—I found healing in the places I had once avoided and strength in the spaces I had thought were empty.

One image that helped me grasp the meaning of this journey was the story of the salmon. These fish are born in freshwater but spend most of their lives in the vast ocean. When it's time to lay their eggs, they swim upstream—against strong currents and countless obstacles—to return to the very river where they were born. It is an arduous journey, yet they are guided by an inner instinct, a deep call to return to their source. I felt much the

God’s presence, every action becomes more meaningful, compassionate, and aligned with His will. As Jesus said, “Remain in me, as I also remain in you... apart from me you can do nothing” (John 15:4–5). It is in being with God first that all my doing finds its strength and direction.

Jesus said, “I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly” (John 10:10). At Sadhana, I began to live more freely—to be myself, to love more deeply, and to serve with greater compassion. I rediscovered the Mother Claudine values that had first ignited my vocation: discernment, companionship, interior freedom, and a deep commitment to justice grounded in love. I was reminded once again of the Gospel call to “love one another as I have loved you” (John 13:34) and to “do everything for the glory of God” (1 Corinthians 10:31)

Now, I feel renewed—like the apostles after the Resurrection—filled with life, hope, and courage. The Lord who met me in silence now sends me forth into the world. I carry with me new dreams, fresh perspectives, and a readiness to explore new frontiers in ministry. As Pope Leo the fourteenth reminded the major superiors on October 24, we are called to go forth courageously and creatively, serving where we are most needed and discovering new frontiers in mission. I feel ready to cross boundaries, to listen more deeply, and to bring the love of Christ to those who are often forgotten.

I journey every day, graced by God, having learned that true inner freedom comes from embracing life fully—from living with open hands: to receive, to give, to let go, and to trust. Sadhana has revealed to me that God’s dwelling place is within, and that every challenge, every encounter, and every act of service is a sacred invitation to live in God’s love.

Memoirs of my heart:

- ◆ May the silence of Sadhana continue to echo in my heart?
- ◆ May the Spirit that touched me here keep me grounded in love?
- ◆ May the trees that stood firm remind me to root myself in God?
- ◆ May I, like the salmon, have the courage to swim against every current that draws me away from my Source.”
- ◆ And may every dawn whisper anew, “Go forth, for I am with you.”
- ◆ “Lord, you have called me by name. I go now with peace in my heart, gratitude in my soul,

- ◆ and hope in my steps. May the seeds you have planted in me bear fruit in love and service.”

Those words have become a part of me. They remind me that every ending is also a beginning, and every return is a sending forth. The Tanmaya Sadhana Programme helped me rediscover who I am—and whose I am. It taught me that silence heals, vulnerability strengthens, and love gives meaning to all things.

In my strength, I am admired.

In my vulnerability, I am blessed, loved and cared for.

Wife : had ur lunch?
Husband : had ur lunch?
Wife : i m asking you
Husband : i m asking you
Wife : u copying me?
Husband : u copying me?
Wife : lets go shopping
Husband : Yes i had my lunch



Nature Whispers God's Love

Sr. Lilly Rose



Sr. Lilly Rose is a passionate advocate for education and a devoted lover of nature. With an academic background in MA, B.Ed., she has inspired countless students as a principal in schools (Andhra Pradesh and Odisha). Her unique ability to weave nature and spirituality into her words is truly captivating. Her innate connection with the divine and her spiritual nature shine through in her prayer and writings. Currently serving as the Principal at Nabrangpur, Odisha, she continues to touch the lives of children and foster growth.

“Sunset’s fiery edge, you beckon me
To witness your splendor, wild and free
In the east, I find my peaceful nest
I capture your beauty, forever blessed

In the garden, I find solace and peace
A world of wonder, where love does reside
The butterfly’s dance, a gentle caress
A whisper of God’s love, in every gentle breeze

A sparrow’s visit to my classroom
A moment, I felt nature’s arm
I feel a spiritual call
To own nature as my all

The flowers, like jewels, shine so bright
That brings to my heart a delight
As I wander, lost in thought and space
I’m reminded of the beauty, the love and pace

In the stillness, I find my heart
A sense of peace, a sense of art
The world, a reflection of God’s own heart
A love that’s pure, a love that’s smart.

Chosen and Strengthened for His Mission

Sr. Stella



Sr. Stella's courage and faith are truly inspiring! As a full-fledged nurse, she took a bold step to Germany, answering the call to serve patients at Holy Spirit Hospital in Fritzlar, Diocese of Fulda. Her strong willpower and trust in the Lord are guiding her on this journey, spreading love and hope to those in need. What a beautiful testament to her devotion! Her parents had taught her how to accept the crosses joyfully and face challenges in life.

**“He called my name in the silence of my heart,
where dreams met the rhythm of His will.
Though the path was wrapped in mystery and tears,
His love became the song that led me on.”**

When I accepted the call to serve as a missionary for the newly started mission in Germany, I did not realize that learning a new language would also be part of God's plan for me. Before leaving, I went to Bangalore for the language course, but my heart was filled with doubts and questions. I wondered why I had said “yes.” Would I be able to live far away from my family and friends?

As I began the course in Bangalore, the German language seemed so difficult that I thought I would never be able to learn it. Yet, through the encouragement, prayers, and support of my sisters, I found the strength to continue and tried my best to accomplish the task I had accepted. To my disappointment, I could not complete the exam successfully.

During this period, my faith was tested even further when my father met with an accident and passed away. My heart was broken, and I felt I could no longer say “yes” to God or continue my missionary journey. In that painful time, the loving concern of the General Team deeply touched me. They called me every day, offering their prayerful support and words of encouragement. Their constant presence and care helped me cling to the “yes” I had once given to God and reminded me that I was not alone in my suffering.

With the support of my Province Sisters, I slowly regained courage and rediscovered my missionary zeal. I resumed my exam preparation with renewed energy, but once again, I was unable to pass. I felt helpless and thought that this mission was not meant for me.

However, God had His own plan. Through the efforts of our Assistant General, Sr. Gracy Sunder, permission was obtained for me to proceed with the visa process while

serving in the hospital. To my great surprise, this process went smoothly and without any obstacles — a clear sign that God truly desired me to serve in Germany. Once again, He affirmed that this mission was His will for me.

Today, I feel deeply privileged and grateful to be one of the first missionaries in Germany. Upon arriving here, I realized how great God is in shaping my life for His purpose. The message I received in my heart is clear: If God wills something, it will be done — we cannot escape His call.

I am now joyfully serving in the hospital, striving each day to make the Good God known and loved through my work and presence. My heartfelt thanks go to all my Province Sisters — especially Sr. Helen and her Council — for their guidance, support, and encouragement throughout my preparation. My special gratitude also goes to Sr. Priyanthi and Sr. Metty, who have inspired me with their missionary zeal and accompanied me with their constant prayers.

To all my Province Sisters, though I miss you physically, I feel your closeness and prayerful support every day in my mission. Thank you all for walking with me on this journey of faith. Please continue to support me with your prayers as I strive to serve God joyfully and faithfully.

Wishing you all a blessed and a joyful Christmas!

A Glimpse of me, Being a Teacher Sr. Bency Sebastian



Sr. Bency Sebastian, with qualifications of MA and B.Ed., is a devoted teacher with 32 years of experience. She reflects on her journey as an educator, drawing inspiration from her role models, Jesus and Claudine Echernier. She embodies the values of compassion, kindness, and dedication to empowering students. Currently, she serves as the Provincial Councillor and Animator of the community at Alirajpet. Through her writing, she shares her insights and experiences, offering a glimpse into the rewarding world of teaching and the profound impact it has on both students and educators.

Jesus, the great teacher, is my primary role model. During my teaching career, His teaching pattern is what I seek to explore. His method of teaching is the best method that we can ever have. The crowd listened to Him; He was always with the people, His approach was people-oriented and life-oriented. Jesus taught many things; He said, “Let your light shine

activities, new techniques, skills, and practices one by one.

When I completed two years of teaching in an assigned school, which is a reputed one, I remained grateful to my mentor, Sister Hamblin, the headmistress, whose administrative skill, care, and guidance made me a complete teacher. Truly, it was a learning period. It was quite an adventure to understand the diverse students in the classroom. Today, when I retrospect those days, no words can express my sense of gratitude; I only bow my head in great reverence and honor.

As years rolled by, I turned into a better teacher for my students. The advantage was that I was able to mentor students and teachers who had difficulties in the teaching and learning process.

I began to learn facts and figures in teaching, as it is a skill. Good listening helps the teacher progress in her learning about the child and rapport with parents. The interpersonal relationship with parents and students becomes stronger as the ongoing visit to their families progresses. Another progressive learning is to be a role model; the teacher is always noticed by students, so the teacher is urged to be a role model for the students.

To conclude my writing, I can emphatically discourse my role as a teacher by putting it in a nutshell when I say I have a flexible style of teaching that can cater to all students and their abilities. In my 32 years of teaching, I would say an ideal teacher is someone who not only imparts knowledge but also inspires, nurtures, and prepares students to live a better life.

Let us value their contributions, respect their efforts and sacrifices, encourage and support them to carry forward their teaching with pride. My teaching profession tells me a heartwarming tale about the timeless value of education, as it brings life to me personally, also to students and teachers. My future vision is to create an environment where every student feels valued and empowered to reach their full potential. The journey of a teacher is a continuous reflection and growth while she or he remains dedicated and dynamic, catering to the needs of students. So, I can more clearly say only a dedicated teacher can shape a bright and promising future for every learner.

WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR 2026

The Indian Middle - Class Woman - Superwoman or Drudge

Ms. Bernadette Juan. A



Bernadette Juan is a research scholar with a passion for social issues and women's rights. With a keen eye for observation and a knack for insightful analysis, Bernadette pens articles that spark meaningful conversations and inspire change. Her writing often explores the complexities of modern life, particularly the challenges faced by women in Indian society. A devout person with a strong faith, known for her prayerful nature and her talent for singing, drawing inspiration from her devotion to Mother Mary.

Her day begins when the rest of the family is still cocooned in dreams. If she is a wife and a mother, her steps take her to the kitchen, where she immediately gets busy packing lunch boxes for the kids and planning what to cook for the rest of the household. The tasks never end; they blur into one another. It is only after she takes care of everyone else's needs that she has a chance to think about her own.

Now, it's time to shift gears, to bathe off the morning sweat and drape that sari, which is a compulsory dress code for her job. All the while, her mind is already racing ahead to her to-do list at work while she frantically tries to book her transport on the app.

If this kind of routine doesn't cause anxiety, what will? The stress faced by working women is very real yet rarely spoken about. Caught in a constant whirlwind of responsibilities, many women find themselves living lives of quiet drudgery. It's time to pause and rethink this relentless pace. The so-called 'superwoman syndrome' is nothing more than a myth because no one, not even a woman, should be expected to do it all without breaking.

The praise a woman receives for managing both home and work is, in fact, a reflection of the double standards of a deeply patriarchal society. For generations, women have been in charge—directly or indirectly—of the endless household to-do list: cooking, cleaning, caring for children, attending to guests, and more.

Ironically, stepping out to work can sometimes feel like a relief. At least in the workplace, there are defined roles, clear deadlines, and tangible outcomes. Her contributions are acknowledged, often rewarded, and come with a sense of identity. Unlike her unpaid labour at home, her work outside is valued—and visible.

When did cooking become a woman's job? Somewhere along the way, this role—like many others—was assigned to women by deeply ingrained societal norms rooted in gender. From

caregiving to children and elders to managing the daily needs of a household, women have long carried an invisible load. None of this work comes with a salary, but it consumes hours of their day—often without thanks or recognition.

While men return from work to unwind—watching OTT shows, catching up with friends, or simply resting—women often come home only to begin another shift. They work outside the home and then work again at home. Who conditioned them into this relentless cycle?

Betty Friedan called it the double enslavement of women. Her call for women to step into the workplace was not just about employment but about ‘fair rights, change of scene, and use of talents’ for the common good of all and sundry in society.

Sadly, in chasing that vision, many women today are expected to do both—without support, fairness, or rest. Dr. Gabor Mate has conducted extensive research in this area and arrived at significant findings about such women.

All of this stems from two major factors: a) role overload and b) a deep disconnection from community and one’s own inner self. It’s no coincidence that more women suffer from conditions like rheumatoid arthritis and fibromyalgia—these illnesses are often physical manifestations of chronic stress and emotional suppression. When there’s no healthy outlet, the body absorbs the toxicity, and over time, it begins to break down. For many women, the stress doesn’t just simmer—it eventually boils over.

What has society done to us women of the ‘sandwiched generation’? We have converted her from a ‘freely born human’ to a 24/7 drudge. The higher rate of multiple sclerosis that women suffer is not their responsibility entirely. In the same manner that passive smoking causes cancer to the ‘non-smoking woman’ more than the active smoker, taking on the toxic outputs of everyone around her (human shock absorber), the woman ends up sick and dead faster than at the normal rate.

Isn’t it time we acknowledged these burnt-out working women—those caught between caring for children and ageing parents while juggling careers and household duties? It’s time women reclaimed their time, energy, and resources from the endless to-do lists dictated by outdated societal expectations.

Thankfully, many women of the current generation are pushing back. They are shedding unrealistic expectations the way a duck shakes off water—refusing to be trapped by outdated ideals. Every family member must pause and reflect on the reality of the so-called “superwoman mom”—the one who is always working, always cooking, always skipping rest and entertainment, sacrificing sleep, and living in social isolation—all in the name of

being the perfect mother or ideal woman.

Reading glowing tributes at her funeral won't help. Let's cherish these women while they are alive. Let's support them in rediscovering their talents and passions, which may have been buried under years of household drudgery. More than anything, they need to be affirmed, appreciated, and respected—not just for what they do but for who they are.

One newspaper headline that resonated with this mood deeply captured this real crisis thus: "India's feminists need to address why so many Indian women are killing themselves."

It's time we redefine feminism in a way that truly serves the women at home, in the office, in classrooms, and everywhere in between. And it's time the media stopped glamorizing the exhausting myth of the "Superwoman Syndrome."

Inside me, there are two clowns

M. Devira Athena



Devira Athena Marri is a 9th-grade student from University of Hyderabad Campus School and a teenage writer who began her journey with words at the age of ten. Her first spark of inspiration came after reading *The Diary of Anne Frank*, a moment that opened the door to a world she has never stepped away from. Deeply influenced by Franz Kafka, Fyodor Dostoevsky, and Sylvia Plath, and many others, her writing often drifts through the landscapes of loneliness and quiet melancholy. She describes herself as feeling "out of place, like a deer in headlights," and it is from this tender dissonance that her words are born. She writes because there is so much the world does not hear, so much that remains unsaid. And for her, there is always more.

The moon is at winking pearl tonight,
And all the stars are accompanied
By her, for this glorious occasion.
For now, I sit.
I sit under the moonlight
And listen to the waves at the shore.
I am in a disturbed state
Of one's heart.
I am jostled by once-felt memory.
I am hardened by the sharp edges,
That still leaves wounds on my veins.
But I am beguiled.

By the charm of the night
And I might just sit forever
If I can.
Inside me, there are two clowns,
At this circus of a moonlit sea,
They sit with me as I look up.
The moon is a twinkling pearl and the
clouds cascade it
With a beautiful grey hue.
For some reason,
I know it's a storm.
Yet I sit.

Inside me, there are two clowns,
 One wishes for it to get better,
 The other knows it won't.
 They do not align.
 But oh, look up?
 The stars align,
 Though there is a storm coming up.
 But inside me, there are two clowns, one
 wishes for it to get better,

The other knows it won't.
 One wishes for it to get better,
 The other only stays so it gets worse.
 For fools speak the truth,
 The jesters inside me perform for an
 unappreciative crowd.
 A crowd that isn't present.
 For it is a moonlit sea and the storm arrives.
 Inside me, there are two clowns,
 And neither of them laughs.

Christmas is a Gift of a New Heart to the World

Sr. Maggie Jebamalai



Sr. Maggie Jebamalai is a spiritually inclined individual who reflects on the true meaning of Christmas and the values it embodies, such as compassion, love, and unity. As a member of the religious community in Nellore, she emphasizes the importance of renewing oneself, known for creative in making wealth out of waist, reaching out to others in compassion, and offering one's life to Jesus. She encourages others to follow the way of Christ and create a society free from prejudices, discrimination, and violence.

It is a time for us to renew ourselves.

It is a time to reach out to others.

It is a time that we can offer to Jesus.

It is a time for sharing in common what we have and who we are.

It is a time to be a gift to God.

The first Christmas happened because Mary had time for Jesus and for God. She had time to listen to the Word of God, and God had time for humanity. God opened the doors of heaven for us. Mary opened the door of her heart to Jesus, so we too can open ourselves to God and to others by decorating and renewing our hearts so that Baby Jesus can be born within us with the warm welcome of our love. Thus, it becomes a real Christmas and the best gift to Jesus.

rejoice in fellowship.

As Christmas reminds us of God's solidarity, let us allow the grace of God to flow like a river upon Jerusalem and continue to experience salvation for all. Thus, may it become a reality in our lives and in the world of today and always.

Wish you a Merry Christmas and a Spirit-filled Happy New Year 2026.

Wounds that Whispered, Words that Answered

Dr. Sr. Amalavathi Vangalapudi



There are seasons when the heart is stretched beyond its own strength—when misunderstandings wound quietly, when confidence fades, when confusion clouds the path once chosen with joy. During one such passage in my life, a well-wisher sent me Hebrews 10:32–39. Those verses did not remove the struggle, but they awakened something within me: a memory of early courage, a call to endurance, and a reminder that God remains faithful even when I am fragile.

The Birth of Jesus, too, became a tender companion in that journey—revealing that God steps into our weakness with gentle light. Out of this personal experience, the following poem was born.

I walked a path where shadows stayed,
Where gentle trust began to fade;
Not from storms that ministry brings,
But from quiet wounds in smaller things.

A word misread, a look turned cold—
A pain too tender to be told.
My heart withdrew into its shell,
Where unasked questions learned to dwell.

Confusion rose like evening rain,
Blurring purpose, softening flame;
I wondered if the road I chose
Still held the grace my spirit knows.

In that dim hour of doubt and fear,
Your Scripture came and drew me near—
Hebrews spoke in a whisper deep,
To stir the fire I thought asleep.

“Recall the days...” the verses, said,
And hope returned from what seemed dead;
Not instantly, nor in full light,
But slowly as dawn cures the night.

My agony became my prayer,
My trembling found its courage there;
Your living Word embraced my pain
And taught my soul to trust again.

Then Christmas entered, soft and mild,
With Bethlehem's fragile, holy Child;
He chose a manger, rough and bare—
Reminding me: God meets us there.

Not in answers crisp and clear,
But in the places held by fear;
Not where our strength stands tall and bright,
But in the corners starved for light.

And as His birth renewed my way,
My wounded heart began to say:
I will not shrink, nor lose my stand—
Your faithfulness still holds my hand.

Misunderstood, confused, undone,
Yet carried by the Holy One—
My story, scattered, found its thread
When Your small cradle warmed my dread.

So here I walk, not fully sure,
But held by Love that makes me pure;
Your Word my lamp, Your birth my guide—
Emmanuel beside my side.

In Ishalaya's Sacred Spring

Dr. Sr. Tresa Kalapurayil



It is our joy to introduce Sr. Tresa Kalapurayil, a dedicated member of the congregation. She has spent her life serving God through education, pastoral care, and compassionate outreach. Her prayerfulness, and tireless commitment to mission, continue to enrich the community. She carries the joy of the Gospel wherever she goes, and her life is a beautiful testimony of God's faithfulness.

I drink deeply, my soul's thirst to sling.
A heavenly line descends to me,
Showering divine grace, setting my soul free.
In silent contemplation, I gaze above,

A beauty heavenly, a labour of love.
Earthly charms pale in comparison's light,
Like emeralds in stillness, serene and bright.
What name can capture your ethereal glow?

You speak in silence, a language all may know.
O Beauty, Silence is your sacred name,
Where God resides, in whispers, love's sweet flame.
Oh, Silence, you are everything to me,
A refuge, a guide, a divine symphony.

My God Experience

Mounika, Candidate



Mounika, a 2nd Inter (MPC) student, is a responsible and hardworking individual. Though she may be reserved, she has made significant improvements in her studies. Mounika is a conscientious student who focuses on her own work without interfering with others. She holds a positive opinion of the sisters and is a respectful presence in the Holy Cross Junior College, Alirajpet.

Though I'm not worthy to be called by God, He called me His own, so from the bottom of my heart, I shall praise Him always. When I joined the convent, I was nervous, anxious, and frightened, but I felt a power guiding me, supporting me through my difficult times. A deep desire to read the Bible emerged, and I began to read it and pray. The Word of God whispered in my ears, "Do not be afraid, I am with you." This powerful word encouraged me and moved me forward. From that day onward, I've been reading the Bible every day and praying a lot. Here, I started to grow in the love of God.

"Thanks be to God for His indescribable gift." (2 Corinthians 9:15)

My heart wells up with gratitude for the opportunities given to me to learn life's lessons, which are a gift to be lived for others through discipline, hard work, humility, sincerity, and service.

"Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart." (Colossians 3:23)

When I was asked to come to Alirajpet for my studies, I came with fear and anxiety, but I had a positive experience of support from all my sisters and teachers, and I worked hard with all my strength. I had the joy of securing a good rank in the final exam.

With all my experience, I am able to say, "Zeal for Your house will consume me." (Psalm 69:9)

With lots of love and prayers,

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year 2026.

Nurturing Creativity, Honouring Creation Makkuva Community



The day dawned with a gentle sense of purpose as our Makkuva community gathered the children for an activity that was simple in appearance yet deeply meaningful in spirit. The atmosphere carried a quiet joy as the little ones assembled eagerly. Before the creative session began, Sr. Priyanthi offered an insightful and heart-touching awareness talk on caring for Mother Earth. She reminded us that the earth is not merely a resource but a living gift entrusted lovingly to our care. Her words awakened in us a sense of responsibility to keep our surroundings clean, to respect every plant and creature, and to avoid anything that harms the environment. The sincerity of her message filled the place with a sense of reverence and set a beautiful tone for everything that followed.

With hearts prepared, we invited the children to explore their creativity using simple, natural, and reusable materials—leaves of different shapes, colourful threads, tiny shells, and pieces of used coloured paper. These were everyday things, often ignored or discarded, yet in the hands of children, they became sources of wonder. Their eyes sparkled with curiosity as they began transforming these humble materials into delightful forms. A leaf became the wing of a butterfly, a shell turned into a decorative ornament, and scraps of colored paper blossomed into vibrant designs. As we watched their tiny fingers work with such dedication, we were reminded that creativity flourishes most beautifully when it grows from awareness and respect. Their creations were more than art; they were expressions of hope, responsibility, and a deep connection with the world around them.

The same day also held another meaningful celebration—Diwali. As we gathered, we encouraged the children to understand the festival in its true essence. We spoke to them about being a light to one another, not just through lamps or candles, but also through kindness, compassion, and joy. We also gently shared with them the realities behind firecrackers, explaining how many children across our country work under difficult conditions to produce them. We helped them see why avoiding crackers is not only a way to protect the environment from noise and air pollution but also an act of solidarity and respect for the dignity of those children. Their thoughtful faces showed how deeply they absorbed the message, and it was heart-warming to witness their willingness to celebrate Diwali in a way that spreads light without causing harm.

As the day unfolded, it became a beautiful blend of creativity, learning, and meaningful celebration. Through Sr. Priyanthi’s message, the children’s artistic expressions, and the spirit of Diwali, the values of stewardship, compassion, and responsibility gently took root in their young hearts. We ended the day feeling enriched and inspired, grateful for the reminder that when we guide children with love and awareness, they in turn show us how to see creation with fresh, joyful eyes. It was a day where creativity met consciousness, and where the true spirit of light—shared, lived, and understood—illuminated us all.



God said No Mrs. K. Annamani



Ms. K. Annamani, born and raised in a Christian family, is a devoted biology teacher with 25 years of service at Holy Cross School. Inspired by her parents' legacy of faith and dedication, she actively contributes to school and church activities, supporting events with enthusiasm.

I asked God to give me happiness
God said No
I give you blessings. Happiness is up to you

I asked God to grant me patience
God said No
Patience is a by product of tribulations ; it isn't granted, it is learned.

I asked God to take away my pride
God said No
It is not for me to take away, but for you to give it up.

I asked God to make my handicapped child whole
God said No
His spirit is whole; his body is only temporary and asked God to spare me pain

God Said No.
Suffering draws you apart from worldly cares and brings you closer to me
I asked God for all things that I might enjoy life.
God said No
I will give you life so that you may enjoy all things
I ask God to help me love others as much as he loves you

God said Ahhh... Finally you have the idea
If you love God, share love.
This day is yours don't throw it away.
To the world, you might be one person, but to one person you just might be the world.

The Little Lantern of Today

Sr. Arul Sheela Michael



Sr. Sheela is an affectionate, simple teacher who touches the heart of her pupils with life examples. Her very loving presence captured the young mind heart specially the girls, like that of our mother foundress. She left an impression in the people's life wherever she travels. An asset to the province of Tenali she currently works as Headmistress in Kambhampadu, Holy Cross E.M School.

In a quiet village nestled between two mountains lived a young woman named Mira. She was known for her radiant smile—one that seemed to shine even on cloudy days. People often asked her how she managed to stay so joyful, especially when life was filled with uncertainties.

Mira would simply reply, “Because today is a little lantern. And I like to carry it gently.”

One evening, Mira sat by the river with her friend Arin, who looked troubled.

“Everything is changing too fast,” he said. “What if tomorrow brings something I’m not ready for?”

Mira scooped up a pebble from the water and placed it gently in his hand.

“This pebble,” she said, “was shaped by years of rushing currents. Yet look at it—it’s smooth, calm, peaceful. Life shapes us the same way. We don’t need to fear tomorrow. We only need to live today with an open heart.”

Arin looked at the pebble, as if seeing something new.

The next morning, Mira invited Arin to spend a day with her.

They walked slowly through the village market, stopping to admire a child flying a handmade kite that soared like a colourful bird. They shared warm bread from the bakery and laughed when flour puffed onto Mira’s nose. They helped an elderly man carry his groceries, and in return, he told them stories from his youth—tales sweeter than any dessert sold in the market.

None of these were grand or extraordinary moments. But Mira treated each one as a treasure, as if it were the very heart of the world.

By sunset, they sat again by the river. The light danced on the water in shimmering gold.

“Mira,” Arin said softly, “I think I understand now. Happiness isn’t something waiting for us tomorrow. It’s already here... in small things.”

Mira smiled. “Exactly. We don’t need to know what tomorrow holds. Life is like this river—it flows where it must. But we can choose to dip our hands into it today and feel its coolness, its softness. That choice is enough.”

Days turned into months, and Mira’s wisdom slowly spread through the village. People found joy in simple acts—a shared meal, a kind word, a moment of quiet sunrise. They still faced uncertainty, but their hearts felt lighter.

Whenever someone asked how to live a happy, joyful life, Mira would give them a small lantern made of paper and say:

“This lantern is today. Carry it with love. Tomorrow will make its own lantern when it comes.”

And so, the village glowed each evening with hundreds of tiny lights—lanterns of today—reminding everyone that happiness is found not in knowing the future, but in embracing the beauty of the present moment.

- Happiness is found in the present moment, not in worrying about the future.
- Life’s joys often come from small, simple experiences we choose to appreciate.
- We cannot control tomorrow, but we can choose how to live today—with kindness, gratitude, and love.
- Embracing uncertainty allows us to live more freely and joyfully.
- Every day is a little lantern—carry it gently and let it shine.

Just like Mira and the villagers, our lives, too, unfold in the uncertainty of each new day. We often worry about what tomorrow might bring, forgetting that today holds countless moments waiting to be cherished. The story reminds us that happiness isn’t hidden in future achievements or perfect plans—it grows in the simple joys, kind gestures, and peaceful moments we choose to notice right now. Life will always move like a flowing river, unpredictable and ever-changing, but when we embrace each day with gratitude and presence, we discover that we already carry enough light to walk our path. In living like Mira—mindfully, joyfully, and without fear of tomorrow—we learn to create a life that is truly meaningful and beautifully our own.

From a Tiny Seed to Living Hope

Sr. Shanthi Ganta



Sr. Shanthi Ganta's story is so beautiful! From Gudivada, Andhra Pradesh, she is a testament to her family's unwavering faith and love. As the only girl, she was selflessly given to the service of others, and she is embracing her calling with peace and devotion. Teaching in Odisha, she is spreading love and kindness, truly living up to her name, "Shanthi" – peace incarnate!

A retreat is a sacred time when the seeds of faith are sown in the soil of the heart. These seeds, like tender saplings, need care, prayer, and nourishment. With time and God's grace, they grow into strong trees that bear the fruits of goodness, wisdom, and love.

Dear Sisters, I am happy to share with you my beautiful journey of living hope with Christ — a journey that began as a tiny seed during my one-month retreat.

Like a seed, I allowed myself to rest in the stillness of God. In that sacred silence, my heart was gently prepared to be open and receptive to the Spirit. Rooted in divine soil, I allowed my vulnerabilities and challenges to break open, so that a new sapling of God's love, peace, mercy, and forgiveness could take root within me.

This new sapling of grace helped me to look deeply into myself and face my weaknesses with courage. The love of God nourished me and helped me to discover who Christ is for me and who I am for Christ — precious, beloved, a sinner, yet completely loved by God.

This realization filled my heart with joy and energy to cherish and share His compassionate love. The curve of grace helped me to grow into a sturdy tree, able to discern what is truly good for God, to serve the poor joyfully and to remain firm in my vocation. This precious gift of God has filled my heart with zeal and thirst for His mission, which I long to live out through my service in the family of SCC.

With a deeper experience of the Risen Lord, I carry these guiding questions close to my heart:

What have I done for Christ?

What am I doing for Christ?

What ought I to do for Christ?

These sacred questions have become a source of strength and inspiration for my future. They guide me to grow with eagerness to serve and share Christ in my community

and ministry, to look back with gratitude, live the present with purpose and move forward with faith. They remind me that my whole life is a loving response to the One who first loved me.

At the end of the retreat, I experienced a new life — a divine dream in the gentle presence of the Lord. In that dream, I saw new saplings taking root, symbolizing fresh beginnings within me. My heart overflowed with joy and peace, knowing that the Lord is shaping me into a sturdy tree, ready to bear fruit for His mission.

This one-month retreat became a moment of grace, allowing the seed of my life to break open and grow into something new — a life rooted in Christ and dedicated to giving hope to others through my service. With a grateful heart, I thank Jesus for this beautiful journey of grace that I have deeply cherished and experienced.

Finally, I express my heartfelt gratitude to my Provincial Sr. Helen, for giving me this precious opportunity to renew my life in Christ and to be formed for His call.

May the seed of Christ’s love grow into living hope this Christmas and New Year 2026.

Stress Management

Mrs. K. Annamani



First, let me talk about ‘Stress’. Stress is the body’s natural response to pressure (or) challenges. It is a state of pressure (or) challenges. It is a state of mental discomfort. A small amount of stress can motivate us to work hard but too much stress can harm our health affect concentration and reduce productivity.

Causes of Stress:

Common cause include academic pressure deadline personal problem and lack of rest sometimes even social media (or) comparisons with others can increase stress levels.

Ways to manage Stress:

- 1) **Exercise Regularly:** Your body releases hormones during exercise that makes you feel good. This exercise could be a brisk walk, jogging, cycling and so on.
- 2) **Sleep:** Get sufficient sleep every night. Do not watch T.V, play computer games (or) browse the internet immediately before sleep.
- 3) **Yoga:** This helps to control your mind and achieve harmony. It also increases your flexibility, improves stamina, helps you control your weight and makes you feel

energetic.

- 4) Stay Positive: Plan your day and set realistic goals.
- 5) Meditation: It involves sitting in a comfortable position and concentrating on something specific you can practice pranayama.
- 6) Practice Relaxation: Deep breathing meditation and hobbies can calm the mind.
- 7) Time Management: Finish your tasks as soon as possible. Do not postpone your tasks, as that would lead to worry and stress.
- 8) Hobbies : Select a hobby like painting, singing collecting interesting things, reading, gardening Etc.,
- 9) Take Breaks: Relax your mind with short breaks between studies (or) work.
- 10) Laughter: Laughter is the best medicine laugh frequently with your friends. It improves your mood and helps you handle stress.
- 11) Take it Out: Sharing your feelings with friends, family (or) teachers can ease the burden.

Conclusion:

Stress is a part of life but it doesn't have to control us. By managing it wisely, we can stay balance, focused and joyful. Remember peace of mind is the greatest wealth one can have.

Jubilee 2025: A Celebration We Kept A Message We Missed

Sr. Sunitha. K



Sr. Sunitha Kasireddy, a calm and friendly personality, serves at Alirajpet Holy Cross College, where she teaches chemistry to intermediate students. She has an attractive nature that welcomes young people to religious life, inspiring them with her gentle approach. With a passion for nurturing young minds, she creates a warm and inclusive learning environment that fosters spiritual growth and academic excellence.

As Jubilee 2025 concludes, one question remains: Did we truly celebrate what God wanted us to celebrate?

This Jubilee was meant to mark the 2025th birth anniversary of Jesus Christ — God entering human history, taking flesh, choosing to smell like us. Yet many thought we were remembering His death. The Jubilee Cross made its rounds, and Bethlehem quietly disappeared behind Calvary.

When India celebrated YKJ 2000 — Yesu Kristu Jayanthi — the very name proclaimed His birth with bold clarity. This time, the Incarnation was reduced to... a logo with silence.

In 2033, we will commemorate the 2000th anniversary of His Passion, Death, and Resurrection. If the Cross must journey then — it will be the right symbol, at the right time.

This reflection is not a criticism — it is a mirror. Better to look now than to walk blind into the next Jubilee.

Hope: The Word We Used, But Did We Live It?

Hope became the anthem of 2025. It was everywhere — on banners, in homilies, across seminars. Yet now, as the Jubilee concludes, hope risks returning to storage along with decorations and event files.

Hope is not a theme. Not a slogan. Not a seminar topic.

Hope is a virtue that demands action.

We ignored one of our most powerful guides — Pope Benedict XVI’s encyclical on hope, *Spa Salvi*. This Jubilee could have helped the Church breathe that wisdom again. Instead, hope stayed on stage — not in hearts.

> Hope is meant to grow roots, not trends.

Jubilee According to God — Not Our Programs

- Biblically, Jubilee means:
- Debts forgiven
- Slaves freed
- The poor restored
- The land allowed to rest
- Creation healed

God never designed Jubilee as a performance. He meant it to be a reversal of injustice.

A true Jubilee invites the poor as honoured guests, not as a background category in reports or as beneficiaries of leftover charity. Are we ready — even once — to celebrate a Jubilee that discomferts the comfortable?

The Faith We Forgot While We Spoke of Hope

2025 also marked 1700 years of the Nicene Creed — the very backbone of Christian belief. And what did we do? Hardly anything.

No intentional catechesis. No serious reflection on the foundations of faith. No gratitude for the gift of truth. Faith and hope walk together — yet we allowed them to drift apart.

The First Crib: Where Hope Smells Like Humanity

The Jubilee of the Incarnation ends not in a cathedral, but in a manger. The first crib smelled of animals, wet hay, and fear — not luxury, not lights, not perfect liturgies. The Creator of the galaxies became a baby in a shed. He was wrapped not in velvet — but in the rough fabric of reality.

A Small Spark Becoming a Movement of Grace

Sr. Selvi



Sr. Selvi is an incredible person, dedicated to making a difference in the lives of others. She is leveraging her MSW background to uplift the poor and marginalized, and her work with Talitha Cumi Unnati is truly inspiring. It is amazing to see how she is helping young girls grow in their faith and become confident leaders. She is based in Kamhampadu and visits Catholic young girls in the Tiruvuru deanery.

When young hearts rise, an entire community rises with them. Over the past six months, Talitha Cumi Unnati [TCU] has quietly grown into a movement of hope and strength among the girls of the Tiruvuru Vicariate. What began as a simple effort to guide young girls in their spiritual journey has become a vibrant network of prayer, leadership, and compassion.

Every morning, a small seed of Scripture reached each girl through her phone—a gentle reminder that God walks with her. This daily rhythm became the heartbeat of our journey. Coordinating this family of young hearts has been a privilege for me. I have seen how faith grows when nurtured with consistency. Through Bible reflections, conversations, and small acts of kindness, the girls slowly discovered confidence, courage, and a sense of belonging.

Our Saturday Zoom gatherings soon transformed into something much more than online meetings. They became spaces where girls spoke freely, questioned, learned, and found their voices. Many shared how the words “Talitha Cumi” felt like God calling them personally to rise—from hesitation, fear, or silence—into faith and purpose.

But the story of TCU did not stay behind screens. Parish life came alive as girls stepped forward as lectors, choir members, and joyful helpers in altar preparation and church cleaning. Families, too, became part of the movement. Monthly gatherings on themes like “Faith at Home” and “Prayer as a Family Habit” helped parents rediscover their own spiritual role.

One of the most touching moments of this journey unfolded through “Nourish to Flourish.” “Through this initiative, the TCU girls learned the joy of giving, preparing essential needs for the poor—discovering that true faith grows strongest when it is shared with those in need.

Leadership formation also became a powerful stream. In several parishes, I had the opportunity to guide sessions where girls learned to speak with clarity, overcome



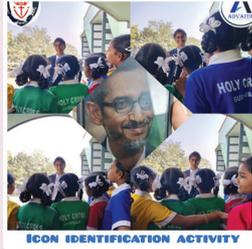
Nabrangpur



Makkuva



Kambhampadu



Gudivada



Kollipara



Nandhirajuthota



Tenali



Guntur



Allirajpet



Secundrabad

Nellore





Madhuravada



Jubilee Celebrations

shyness, and dream boldly. Today, many who once stood quietly at the back now speak with confidence, lead prayer sessions, and inspire others.

The mothers, too, stepped into the circle of growth. Special gatherings on the role of mothers in faith and raising daughters as leaders opened spaces for women to share their hopes and challenges. The idea of forming a Legion of Mary unit was welcomed with enthusiasm—reminding us that strong daughters often rise from strong mothers.

Schools became fertile ground for values-based education and confidence-building activities. Teachers often expressed how refreshing it was to see the girls participating with such openness and energy. Another blessing of these months was traveling to parishes for small Bible study groups. Sitting with the girls, listening to their life stories, praying together, and walking with them in their struggles gave me a deeper understanding of their world. These encounters shaped the heart of the movement more than any formal session could.

Looking back, the past six months feel like a tapestry woven from many simple, beautiful moments—morning Scripture verses, shared screens, parish gatherings, mothers’ circles, school sessions, outreach activities, and heartfelt conversations. Each thread carries the quiet strength of collaboration and the gentle touch of God’s grace.

“I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.” — Philippians 4:13

This promise has carried us through every step of the journey.

My heartfelt gratitude to:

- Sr. Helen – for her guidance, encouragement, and deep faith in this mission.
- Her Council Members – for their support and wisdom.
- My Community Members – for their prayers and constant strength.
- Fr. Bosco – for his leadership, inspiration, and continuous motivation.
- The TCU Staff Members – for their hard work and dedication at every stage.

All the Priests of the Tiruvuru Vicariate – for their generous cooperation and pastoral support.

Each of them has played a vital role in helping this spark grow into a movement. And as these young girls rise, I rise with them—humbled, grateful, and forever convinced that when a single heart awakens to God’s call; an entire generation begins to shine.

As we celebrate this season of joy, I wish each one of you a blessed and grace-filled Christmas, and a joyful New Year overflowing with hope, peace, and new beginnings. May Christ be born in our hearts anew, guiding us to rise, serve, and shine in the year ahead.



Awakening Hope and Transformation

Sr. Kalpana David



Sr. Kalpana, one of the provincial councillors of the Tenali Province, gold modelist in MSW in Social Work, dedicated to serving the marginalized and underprivileged with a passion for community development. She has been instrumental in transforming the lives of tribal communities in Makkuva. As part of her mission, she has worked tirelessly to empower these communities, fostering growth, dignity, and hope. Based in Makkuva, she shares her experiences and reflections, recounting the inspiring story of transformation and resilience in the region.

When the Sisters of the Cross first stepped into Makkuva in 2008, they encountered tribal communities living in deep isolation, high on the hills, far detached from even the most basic human facilities. Food was scarce, water was insufficient, and the concept of cleanliness—personal hygiene, keeping their surroundings clean, consuming clean food—was a daily struggle. Education was an unfamiliar luxury, and the children’s futures seemed confined within the limits of their hamlets. Communication with the plains was impossible, for they did not know the language. Being innocent and unaware of market practices, they were often exploited by middlemen who purchased their produce for low prices.

Yet, within this simplicity and suffering, we sensed a quiet strength, a dormant potential waiting for a touch of compassion. Through God’s grace and the selfless service of the sisters, the hidden strength of the community was awakened and began to flourish. Today, the same communities stand with transformed hope and dignity. Parents who once hesitated now eagerly send their children to school, and several youth have ventured into higher studies. Adults who once struggled to speak the local language now converse in Telugu, sign their names with pride, and participate in discussions about their own development.

They have embraced better cultivation techniques, learned how to care for their

children with greater awareness, and discovered the power of working together as a community. They recognize the challenges before them and the opportunities around them. They listen, they reflect, and they progress. Even banking, once a distant and intimidating concept is now part of their everyday lives. These sons and daughters of the hills, once labelled “illiterate,” have revealed to us the profound beauty of human resilience and the God-given capacity for growth. Their journey of transformation is not merely encouraging; it is profoundly inspiring and a testament to the resilience of the human spirit.

As Sisters of the Cross, we reaffirm our mission to walk beside these beloved people of God. We remain committed to nurturing their children, strengthening their families, and journeying with their communities. With hearts full of faith, we look ahead with a clear vision for our tribal brothers and sisters, dreaming of communities where every child learns with joy, every family lives with dignity, and every person discovers the fullness of life God desires for them. Strengthened by God’s grace and guided by His mission, we continue our journey, committed to nurturing hope, opportunity, and lasting transformation.



A Journey of Bonding and Discovery

Mrs. K. Nancy Kiran



Mrs. K. Nancy Kiran works as a Social Teacher in Holy Cross Kollipara. She is an enthusiastic, dedicated, and eager-to-learn individual who always strives to grow, improve, and give her best in every opportunity. With her passion for teaching and commitment to her students' growth, she creates a nurturing and inclusive learning environment. She continuously seeks innovative methods to engage her students and make learning an enjoyable experience.

The Kerala trip will always remain a memorable chapter in our journey as teachers. What made it truly special was not just the scenic beauty of “God’s Own Country,” but also the spirit of oneness that defined every moment of it. Right from the initiation, the management showed great trust in the staff by allowing us to take charge of every detail—from selecting destinations to booking tickets and organizing the schedule. This freedom reflected the strong bond and mutual respect shared between the management and among the trip makers.

Day 1: Our journey began with a train ride from Tenali to Ernakulum. We visited the St. George’s Syro-Malabar Church and the National Shrine Basilica of Our Lady of Ransom, which filled our hearts with peace and devotion. Later, we explored the majestic Athirappally Waterfalls, where we enjoyed the cool running waters before heading to Munnar.

Day 2: In Munnar, we explored the Ayurveda Garden, gaining knowledge about Kerala’s traditional healing practices, and admired the colourful blooms at the Rose Garden. The tea gardens and breath taking viewpoints made us realize why Kerala is truly called “God’s Own Country.”

Day 3: Our final day took us to Alleppey, where we experienced a peaceful houseboat ride through the serene backwaters. The trip concluded with some joyful shopping, wrapping up our journey with smiles and sweet memories. However, this trip was never just about the places we visited—it was about the people we travelled with. It was about the laughter we shared, the songs we sang together, and the care we showed one another. It was a break from our busy routine, but more importantly, it was a chance to strengthen our bond as colleagues and friends. Small acts—like giving up a window seat for someone, comforting a friend who missed home, or sharing snacks and stories—reminded us of how deeply we cared for each other.

In the end, this trip taught us that travel is not only about discovering new places but also about discovering the love, warmth, and unity among the people we work with every

day. At least once in life, everyone should go on such a journey—to realize how beautiful it feels to be together.

We express our heartfelt gratitude to Sr. Bency, our former Correspondent, Sr. Chinna, our former Headmistress, and Sr. Jyothi, whose support and encouragement made this trip possible in our lives. Even today, our thoughts often drift back to the peaceful beauty of Kerala—and return with smiles, gratitude, and cherished memories.



Lessons from the Manger: Finding God in My Life as a Teacher

Sr. Velangani



Sr. Velangani is a committed teacher at Little Flower School, Guntur, passionate about spreading God's love and message through her work. Her reflections draw inspiration from her faith and experiences as an educator. She strives to inspire her students to become compassionate and responsible individuals with a sense of social responsibility. She loves her students, especially those who are weak in their studies.

In the quiet stillness of Christmas night, the image of the Infant Jesus lying in the manger speaks more deeply to my heart than any theological explanation ever could. As a teacher, I am often surrounded by noise—the voices of children, the expectations of parents, the responsibilities of school, and the weight of my own inner pressures. Yet the

Reflection Based on Church and Synodality

Y. Vanskita Nissi



Y. Vanskita Nissi is a bright 7th std student at Holy Cross E.M. School, Gudivada. She finds solace and inspiration in two of her favourite pursuits: immersing herself in the Word of God through Bible reading and unwinding amidst the serenity of nature. These moments not only bring her peace but also rejuvenate her spirit, allowing her to connect with her faith and the world around her.

The Catholic Church, under the guidance of Pope Francis, is undergoing a profound transformation centred on the ancient concept of synodality, derived from the Greek “synhodos,” meaning, “Journeying together.” Synodality is more than just a meeting or a buzzword; it embodies a distinct way of life and operation that reflects the Church’s nature as the people of God. At its core, synodality recognizes that every baptized person – laity, religious, and clergy – is called to participate and share co-responsibility for the Church’s life and mission.

A synodal church is fundamentally a listening church, one that:

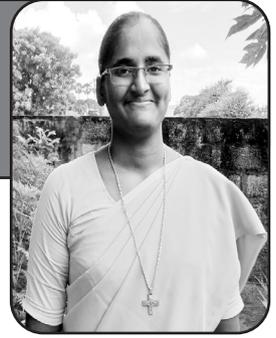
- Listens to God’s Word and the voice of the Holy Spirit.
- Listens to one another, particularly those on the margins.
- Discerns God’s will together to more effectively proclaim the Gospel.
- The Roots: From Jerusalem to Vatican II.

The practice of synodality has its roots in the early Church. The Council of Jerusalem, where the Apostles and elders gathered to discern a critical issue, is often cited as a prime example. Although these assemblies were integral to Church life, their prominence waned following the First Vatican Council, which emphasized centralized authority. The Second Vatican Council revived this concept, highlighting the Church as the “people of God.”

Present-Day Implementation, Under Pope Francis, synodality has transitioned from theory to global practice, aiming to permeate every level of the Church. This is encapsulated in the three pillars of the current synodal process: Communion, Participation, and Mission.

Walking the Less - Travelled Path with God

Sr. Leveny Francis



Sr. Leveny is an M.Sc. in Physics, is a hardworking individual. This open-minded and cheerful person works tirelessly, often putting the needs of the tribal community ahead of her own desires, driven by a desire to make a positive impact. With steady growth at all levels, she proves to be an invaluable asset to the province, inspiring others with her selfless dedication.

God's plans are always different from our own, and often far beyond our understanding. This truth has become real in my life in a very personal way. Having prepared myself wholeheartedly for the teaching ministry, I never imagined that God would lead me down a completely different path. Yet, His gentle hand guided me to Makkuva, asking me to serve not as a teacher, but as a warden in a community deeply involved in social work.

Working for the tribal children was something I had never expected. The thought itself raised many questions within me—questions for which I had no answers. As I stepped into this mission field with uncertainty, I was reminded of Robert Frost's words: "I took the one less travelled by, and that has made all the difference." These lines echoed my own journey—walking a path I never planned, yet trusting that God had chosen it for me.

I had little idea about the work our sisters were doing faithfully, their tireless commitment to uplifting the underprivileged, or the depth of the mission that awaited me. As days pass, I am slowly learning. At times, doubts cloud my mind—Am I capable? Do I have the ability to serve these underprivileged children? These questions arise often, but grace flows even more abundantly.

In moments of weakness, I find strength in the dedication and selfless service of our sisters. Their passion for the mission becomes fuel for my spirit when I feel low or uncertain. My greatest joy here is being with the children. Their innocent smiles dissolve my worries, their simple affection reminds me of God's unconditional love, and their silent struggles make me more grateful for the privilege of serving them.

I feel an immense sense of worth in being able to stand beside these voiceless little ones. Even now, I sometimes find myself muddled with emotions, still asking God why He brought me to this place. But deep within, I remain convinced that His plans are greater than my understanding. So I choose to wait—patiently, trustingly—for His time and His revelation.

For I know that in His perfect way, this path—the one less travelled—will truly make all the difference.

A Journey of Faith, Hope and New Beginnings

Sr. Chinnamma Raj



Sr. Chinna, the Headmistress of Holy Cross School, Nirmal Nagar, Alirajpet, is a beacon of humility and faith as she reflects on her journey of starting this school. As the pioneer of this endeavour, she shares the story of the school's inception with a deep sense of trust and devotion to God's plan. Her writing beautifully conveys the joy she finds in serving young students and witnessing their growth. Her community sisters and supportive parents are her pillars of strength, encouraging her every step of the way. With a heart full of compassion and a spirit of service, she leads the school with kindness and dedication. Her leadership is a testament to her unwavering commitment to providing quality education and nurturing young minds.

Cast all your anxiety on Him, because He cares for you. (1 Peter 5: 7)

In 2016, the Sisters of the Cross of Chavanod (SCC) established a college in Alirajpet village, Jagdevpur Mandal, Siddipet District, under the Archdiocese of Hyderabad, Telangana. The purpose of the mission was simple yet profound—to offer quality higher education to the youth of Alirajpet and its neighbouring villages, where no proper college existed.

Since then, the college has grown remarkably, now educating more than 350 students, with numbers increasing every year. Inspired by the New Education Policy (NEP), the government encouraged the establishment of schools offering education from primary to the 10th grade. Responding to this need, the Sisters of the Cross of Chavanod took a bold step toward expanding their educational service.

Establishment of Holy Cross School, Nirmal Nagar

The congregation applied for permission to open classes from Nursery to Class X for the academic year 2025–26. The first phase—online registration and submission of required documents—began on 15 December 2024. This file, prepared and submitted by Srs. Mary Margret and Sofiya Rayappan with the assistance of Mr. Kiran and the guidance of expert Mr. Charles, received approval on 6 May 2025.

On 24 March, the foundation stone for the new school building was laid. Construction is currently underway and is expected to be completed by February 2026. With a renewed vision and strengthened trust in Divine Providence, the Sisters embarked on this new mission.

by today’s young learners.

My Personal Reflection

As the Headmistress of this new school, I initially faced many questions within myself.

How will I plunge in to something from nothing? Why was I chosen for this mission? Will I be able to meet everyone’s expectations?

Once again, God proved that His ways are different from ours. Deep within, I now feel immense joy in serving these little ones—innocent, eager to learn, quick to adapt, and overflowing with affection. Their simplicity has made me one with them.

The parents have been supportive, willing to do anything for their children. My community sisters are my greatest strength—we plan together, work together, and carry forward this mission with unity and hope. Everywhere we turn, we feel positivity, encouragement, and God’s abundant grace.

With His grace and wisdom, we do our best and give glory to God.

**When Intentions Are Misunderstood:
The Journey of Surrender
Dr. Sr. Amalavathi Vangalapudi**



“For the Lord does not see as mortals see; they look on the outward appearance, but the Lord looks on the heart.” — 1 Samuel 16:7

1. The Ease of Surrender in Service

There are moments in life when surrender comes easily. When responsibilities press in, when challenges arise in ministry, and when tasks seem beyond my human strength, I have often found peace in bowing before God’s will.

In those times, surrender felt like a sacred act of trust; a gentle release of control into the hands of the One who knows the path better than I ever could. But there is another kind of surrender, far more painful and personal; the surrender that is demanded when intentions are misunderstood.

The Pain of Misunderstanding

It is one thing to accept difficulties that come from outside; it is another to face the quiet wound that comes when the very purpose of our heart is questioned. The pain of being misunderstood pierces deeply because it strikes at the purity of our intention.

I have learned that when others misinterpret our motives, the first reaction is often self-defence to explain, to justify, or to prove one's innocence. Yet, at times, no explanation can heal the gap between what we meant and how it was received.

Silence: The Cross and the Companion

In such moments of broken understanding, silence becomes both a cross and a companion. It teaches lessons that no amount of comfort can offer. A misunderstanding can shake our confidence, but it can also become a mirror reflecting our own deeper motives and was my intention truly pure? Was I seeking God's glory or my own satisfaction in being understood? These questions, though painful, lead to profound self-examination.

Standing Still Before God

During one such period of misinterpretation, I found myself standing still before God, asking, "Why, Lord? Why should this pain come when all I wanted was to serve You?"

And in that silence, a gentle truth began to unfold; that my purpose was never to be understood by everyone, but to be faithful to the One who understands me completely. When the world misreads our actions, God reads our hearts. He sees the unseen, hears the unspoken, and values the intention behind every step we take.

True Surrender: Entrusting Our Truth to God

This realization gave me a new perspective on surrender. True surrender is not merely accepting what happens; it is entrusting our truth to God even when others doubt it.

It is the courage to remain steady in our calling without demanding recognition. It is letting go of the need to be approved by people and allowing God's quiet approval to be enough. Slowly, I began to see that misunderstanding could be a sacred teacher - shaping humility, deepening patience, and purifying love.

A Share in Christ's Misunderstanding

In that stillness, I also rediscovered the purpose of my call. My vocation was not chosen for appreciation, but for dedication.

The path of following Christ is not lined with applause, but with quiet endurance.

He Himself was misunderstood by those He loved most. He was questioned, judged, and yet He forgave. When my intentions were misread, I found a small share in His suffering — and that, in its mysterious way, drew me closer to His heart.

Reflection and Renewal

The break that misunderstanding caused in my journey became a doorway to reflection. It led me to ask: Why did I choose this life? What is the essence of following Christ single-heartedly?

The answer came not through reasoning, but through a renewed intimacy with God; an inner whisper reminding me that my existence is not defined by others’ perceptions, but by my relationship with Him. The purpose of this life is to love, to serve, and to stay faithful, even when unseen or unappreciated.

God’s Understanding Is Enough

Now, whenever I face situations where my purpose is questioned, I return to that sacred truth: It is enough that God knows my heart. His understanding is the only understanding that I need. I continue to serve, not with bitterness, but with a heart softened by surrender and humility. The misinterpretations that once wounded me have become silent prayers that strengthen my trust.

The Lifelong Rhythm of Surrender

Surrender, I have come to realize, is not a one-time act but a lifelong rhythm - an ongoing “yes” whispered in the midst of confusion and pain.

It is not weakness, but strength born of faith. For when surrender becomes our way of life, even misunderstanding loses its power to destroy peace. And in that humble acceptance, God prevails — where ego fades, His grace abides.

Be still before the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.” — Psalm 37:7

Lord, when I am misunderstood, remind me that You know my heart.

When silence feels heavy, let Your presence be my peace.

Teach me to surrender not only my burdens but also my need to be understood.

May my life speak Your truth even when my words are doubted.

Let my purpose rest in You alone, for You are my reason, my strength, and my home.

Ecology - K. Sasi Kavya..

Konda Sai Kavya is a student of Holy Cross E.M. School, Gudivada, currently in 8th standard. She is passionate about writing and reading, and her connection with nature is deeply rooted in reverence and respect. Her love for the environment drives her to strive for its care and conservation. With a dream to serve humanity, she works tirelessly to achieve her goal of becoming a doctor, where she can make a positive impact on people's lives. Through her journey, she aims to inspire others to join her in protecting the planet and its precious resources.



Ecology, the scientific study of the interactions between living organisms and their environment, reveals the intricate and interdependent web of life on Earth. This scientific understanding is crucial in comprehending the profound and far-reaching impacts of climate change, which is driven primarily by human activities such as the burning of fossil fuels and deforestation. Rising global temperatures lead to an increased frequency of extreme weather events, biodiversity loss, rising sea levels, and food and water shortages, affecting all forms of life, but disproportionately harming the poor and marginalized.

While science provides the data and projections, it is the ethical and theological dimension that provides a deeper understanding of humanity's role and responsibility. The concept of "creation care" is a faith-based framework that calls for a fundamental shift in human attitudes and behaviours toward the natural world, moving away from a mind-set of exploitation and toward one of stewardship and respect.

God Made me Enough

Sr. Kavitha

Sr. Kavitha is a spiritual and reflective person who has found strength in her faith. She is at Holy Cross Convent in Secunderabad, pursuing B.Com (Computers). Her writing inspires self-acceptance and trust in a higher power, showcasing her growth into a grateful and faithful individual.



I am indeed glad to share with you, dear sisters, a small but meaningful part of my student life. As I look back today, there is one simple story that touched me deeply and continues to guide me. It is a story that taught me an important truth:

“Never compare yourself with anyone in life. When you do, you lose the joy God has placed within you.”

The Story of the Unhappy Crow

Once, there lived a crow who was deeply unhappy. His only problem, in his eyes, was his colour. Because he was black, he felt unloved, unwanted, and unnoticed. One day, crying in sadness, he was seen by a monk.

The monk gently asked, “Why are you crying?”

The crow replied with a heart full of pain,

“What else can I do? God made me black. No one likes me. No one keeps me as a pet. No one gives me food. I spend my time digging in garbage. My life feels useless. I hate myself.”

Hearing this, the monk asked him, “If you were given another chance, what would you like to be?”

Without hesitation, the crow said, “A swan! A beautiful white swan. White is so pure, so peaceful.”

The monk agreed but asked him first to meet the swan. When the crow met the swan, he exclaimed, “Brother, how beautiful you are! You must be the happiest!”

But the swan replied, “Who said I am happy? People don’t like white either. It reminds them of coffins. I too wish I were someone else.”

So both the crow and the swan went back to the monk. The swan now wished to become a parrot. The monk sent him to meet the parrot first. After a long search, they found a parrot. The parrot too said he was unhappy. “My colour is the same as the trees. No one notices me. You took so long to find me!” And he wished to become a peacock. But when they met the peacock, he too was unhappy.

He said, “People hunt me for my feathers. I never know if I will be alive tomorrow.”

Then the peacock told the crow, “Brother, among all of us, you are the happiest. No one hunts you. No one wants your feathers. You live freely. You are safe. You are blessed more than you realize.”

And the crow finally understood—he was comparing himself with everyone, and that comparison stole his joy.

When I first heard this story, I saw myself in the unhappy crow. I used to compare myself with my classmates—those who were smarter, more confident, quicker to answer, more talented.

All this comparison pulled me down. I began to doubt my own capacity and worth. But one day, during a Recollection, in the quiet presence of the Lord, something changed within me. God touched my heart gently and helped me see the truth: He has given me my own gifts, my own space, and my own path.

He has created no other person like me.

A few days later, I came across this story again, and I felt as if God Himself was speaking to me: “Stop comparing. Start appreciating who I made you to be.”

Since then, I have seen the grace of God working in me. My thinking changed, and slowly I began to rise above my doubts. I understood that God does not compare His children. He delights in each one as we are. I have become a more grateful person for everything. As the years increase in my religious life, the life experiences are teaching me to grow in deep faith and to be faithful to my call. In each step I take from morning, I see Jesus' presence as my shadow, following me and guiding me to walk in His path.



**WISH YOU ALL HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR 2026**

Overcoming Challenges and Embracing Faith Charitha Sri, Candidate



Charitha Sri is a 2nd Inter (MPC) student, is an enthusiastic and active participant in college activities. She excels in her studies and has a talent for singing and dancing. Charitha is a joyful person and her positive attitude makes her a great team player. She is eager to learn about the Congregation (SCC) and is making the most of her time at Holy Cross College, Alirajpet.

“I am Charitha Sri from Tenali, who joined the Tenali province for candidacy in the year 2023. After completing candidacy, I reached Alirajpet to continue my intermediate studies, but I had lots of fear and anxiety because everything was entirely new for me.

I slowly released my fear and all the ill feelings that I had before. It is all just because of the sisters' guidance and support received from them at the right time, and that put me on the right track.

Today, with a grateful heart, I have started to respond positively, doing a lot of effort to study and learn to adjust to the new situation, to face and communicate with new people.

John 14:6 says, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.”

I have a desire to continue the life which I have chosen. I am grateful to God for the divine call to live a life for God and people.

Here, I would like to disclose the challenges that I faced in the past. I am a math student, but I find myself very weak in maths. After the exam, every time I went through a humiliating experience before every student, teacher, and sister. Once I opened up to them about my difficulty, they guided me, motivated me, and gave me some techniques to score marks.

I was happy to study and do my best. Also, I depend on God for my weakness. Really, God blessed me. In my next attempt in my exam, my daily prayer was, “Lord, lead me on at all times.”

WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR 2026

The Hydrogen Balloon: A Journey of Self - Discovery and Resilience

Dr. Sr. Tresa Kalapurayil



In the depths of existence, we find ourselves entwined in the intricate dance of life, where ups and downs are as certain as the rising sun. Yet, it’s in these moments of turbulence that we discover our greatest strengths and the unbreakable bonds we hold within. Like a hydrogen balloon, no matter how hard we pull it down, it rises again, buoyed by the powerful force of the hydrogen within. This hydrogen symbolizes our innate potential, our God-given gifts, and the love that fuels our very being.

Embracing the Inner Strength

The journey of life is not about avoiding the storms but learning to dance in the rain. It’s about finding that unwavering spark within us that propels us forward, even when the world around us seems to be falling apart. For many, this journey is solitary, yet profoundly enriching. It’s in the silence of solitude that we often find our truest selves, our inner eye, or what many might call consciousness or God. This inner voice becomes our guiding light, our source of strength and wisdom.

The Power of Self-Love and Acceptance

In a world filled with opinions and expectations, it’s easy to get lost in the noise. We receive countless suggestions on how to live our lives, how to be better, and how to fit in. However, the greatest challenge lies not in conforming to these expectations but in

A Real Christmas

Sr. Gnana Sundari



Sr. Gnana Sundari, animator of Holy Cross Kambhapadu, brings joy and unity to her sisters through her various ministries, including candidate formation, education, and pastoral activities. She's a Theology graduate, coordinating lay associates in the Province, and inspires many with her joyful spirit and dedication to her responsibilities, making time for all her sisters.

This Christmas, I light no fancy tree,
No glittering gifts beneath to see.
I wrap my hands around a friend,
And offer love that has no end.

I share my meal with those in need,
A listening ear, a thoughtful deed.
I send a smile where sadness stays,
And kindness in a million ways.

For Christmas lives not in the gold,
Nor in the stories bought and sold
It lives in hearts that truly care,
In quiet love, we all can share

This Christmas, I give my time,
A helping hand, a heart in rhyme.
Not gifts or gold, but love I share,
A smile, a hug, a quiet prayer.

I see the lonely, hear their plea,
And bring a little joy, quietly.
For Christmas lives in hearts that care,

our actions uplift and our lives bear witness to Christ who is the true Wisdom of God.

The world’s AI builds robots and tools, God’s AI builds saints who break rules, rules of selfishness, pride and greed, to serve with compassion and love. Artificial may guide the mind, but Anointed must shape mankind. For only when wisdom and Spirit unite, will our world walk in God’s true light.

Thus, AI presents us with two paths: one that makes life efficient, and one that makes life meaningful. Together, they invite us to reflect, will we rely only on artificial intelligence, or will we open our lives to the anointed inspiration of God?

AI: Two Perspectives

AI according to the World	AI according to God
Artificial Intelligence – human-made systems that imitate human thinking and decision-making.	Anointed Inspiration – wisdom and guidance that flow from the Holy Spirit.
Seen as a technological achievement that makes life easier, faster and more efficient.	Seen as a spiritual gift, reminding us that all true knowledge comes from God.
Relies on data, procedures, and programming.	Relies on prayer, grace and the Word of God.
Raises ethical concerns: misuse, loss of jobs, privacy, control or dependence on machines.	Calls us to discernment and humility: to use all human inventions for God’s glory and service of others.
Can imitate the mind of man, but limited by what it is taught.	Springs from the heart of God, infinite, loving and eternal.
Gives knowledge that is useful, but not always wise.	Gives wisdom that is life-giving and eternal.
A creation of humans.	The Creator’s inspiration for humanity.

Conclusion:

AI, in the world’s sense, shows the brilliance of the human mind. But AI in God’s sense points us to a higher intelligence - the wisdom of the Almighty. One is artificial and limited, the other is anointed and limitless. The real call for us is to use worldly AI responsibly, guided by the divine AI that never fails.

Finding My Soul in God's Love

Sr. Nirisha



Sr. Nirisha, a compassionate nurse and animator of the Holy Cross convent in Secunderabad, pours her heart out in this beautiful reflection, weaving together the threads of faith, love, and self-discovery. Her words are a testament to her unwavering trust in God's plan, and the warmth of her writing is a reflection of the care and empathy she brings out every day. As she shares her journey, we see a soul who embodies the true spirit of Christmas – love, kindness, and surrender.

Christmas is a season when heaven bends low to touch the earth with divine love. It is the time when God enters the ordinary moments of our lives, transforming them into sacred encounters of grace. As I look back on my own journey this year, I see how gently and mysteriously God's hand has been guiding me especially through an experience I never planned but deeply needed: the Intensive Journal Writing program at Ishalaya.

At first, it seemed accidental something I happened to attend. Yet, in the stillness of prayer and reflection, I realized it was part of God's perfect plan. I had always resisted writing, but in that resistance, God revealed something profound. He invited me to embrace what I disliked, only to show me that within that space of discomfort, He was waiting to meet me. Through each word and reflection, I began to rediscover myself not as I imagined, but as I am in His eyes: beloved, whole, and deeply known.

There were moments of anxiety, restlessness, and inner disturbance. But slowly, I learned that these are only passing clouds that cannot overshadow the radiant light of Christ within. When we allow His love to dwell in us, peace quietly takes root, even in the storms of life. It is this peace, the same peace proclaimed by the angels on the first Christmas night, which continues to calm and renew my soul.

In the silence of Ishalaya, I found the most precious gift one could ever receive to be possessed by God's love. His love strengthened me to walk through life's uneven paths with trust and serenity. I realized that silence is not emptiness but fullness, the sacred space where God speaks, heals, and renews. It is in silence that the soul finds its home in Him.

As Christmas draws near, my heart overflows with gratitude for the people who became reflections of God's presence, for the insights that deepened my faith, and for the grace that continues to unfold in every step of my journey. What began as hesitation has turned into a song of praise, a testimony of how God can turn our weaknesses into wonder.

This Christmas, I celebrate not only the birth of Christ in Bethlehem but also His

birth within my own heart. I celebrate the love that transforms fear into freedom, darkness into light, and loss into rediscovery. Truly, God’s plans are greater than mine, and in His love, I have found my soul.

May this Christmas remind each of us that even when life takes unexpected turns, God’s gentle hand is leading us toward grace. Let us open our hearts to His love, the love that was born in a manger and still lives in us today.

Emmanuel God with us is the greatest gift we can ever receive.

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year – 2026

**A Journey of Love in Makkuva,
Where my Heart Learnt to Serve**
Sr. Rose Mary



Sr. Rose Mary is already making a big impact, as a 3rd-year junior, pursuing nurse training at St. Martha’s in Bangalore, she’s learning to balance her spiritual growth with serving others selflessly. Her journey has just begun, but her dedication to becoming more compassionate and humane is truly inspiring!

Life often takes us to places where we never expected. Through this unexpected journey, I could discover myself, who I am. My days in Makkuva were the happiest journey in my life with the tribal children and the sisters in the community. I feel joy in serving the little hearts. When I first arrived in Makkuva, I felt excitement, doubt, confusion, and moments of weakness, but I took a lot of effort to have a deep sense of responsibility. With all this struggle in me, I took a lot of interest in serving the tribal children. I knew it would be challenging, but I could not imagine how this experience in Makkuva would touch my life.

Living with sisters in the community was a blessing; it is beyond my words. Their simplicity, dedication, and quiet strength inspired me every day of my life. I am energised by their edifying lives; they live not for themselves but for others. Every smile they shared, through every act of kindness, I could reflect that their hearts are deeply rooted in God’s love. Their mission was not just to work; it was love in action. Sisters taught me that

service is not a burden but a sacred calling, and even the smallest act of love can change a life.

I was happy to take care of the sick children every day. Sometimes I would be worried about their health, but I always pray for their recovery. I was edified by the service and learnt to care for the children who were sick and suffering, by giving them comfort, hope, and affection. I saw how tenderly the sisters held those little ones, how a gentle touch or a warm smile could bring peace to a restless child. This kind of experience made me move, and it touched me deeply. When a child came to me for help, I was simply melted by their innocence. This made me care for them beyond my strength, even staying up late at night to care for a child. Through this, I became more compassionate and selfless. It was those moments that I felt God’s presence more vividly.

Caring for a child taught me lessons. It was not just about giving medicine or attending to their physical needs, but it was about offering comfort, hope, and love. I celebrated each small recovery, a smile after illness. The children themselves became my greatest teachers. Their resilience, courage, and innocent joy gave me strength even in hardships. Through this mission, I also discovered profound spiritual growth. My faith has been increased, and I learnt to be patient, to be humble, and to have love for the poor.

Looking back, my days in Makkuva were a journey of the heart, spirit, and the soul, through the guiding grace of God. I always remain grateful to God for this great experience in my life. This joy remains one of the most beautiful, inspiring, and life-changing chapters in my life. It was a journey of love; truly, they became my teachers, where even the smallest hearts left the deepest footprints in my life.

Life often takes us to places where we never expected. Through this unexpected journey I could discover myself who I am. My days in Makkuva were the happiest journey in my life with the tribal children and the sisters in the community. I feel joy to serve the little hearts.

When I first arrived in Makkuva, I felt excitement doubt, confusion moments of weakness but I took lot of effect to have a deep sense of responsibility. With all this struggle in me I took lot of interest, to serve the tribal children. I know it would be challenging but I could not imagine how this experience in Makkuva would touch my life.

Living with sisters in the community was a blessing it is beyond my words. There simplicity, dedication and quite strength inspired me every day of my life. I am energized by their edifying life, they live not for themselves but for others. Every smile they shared, through every act of kindness, I could reflect that their hearts are deeply rooted in God’s love. Their mission was not just for work it was love in action. Sisters taught me that

service is not a burden but a sacred calling and the even the smallest act of love can change a life.

I was happy to take care of the sick children every day. sometimes I would be worried of their health, but I pray for their recovery always. I was edified by the service and learnt to care for the children who were sick and suffering, by giving them comfort, hope and affection. I saw how tenderly sisters were held those little ones, how a gentle touch or a warm smile could bring peace to a restless child. This kind of experience made me to move and it touched me deeply. when a child came to me for help, I am just simply melted by their innocence. This made me to care them beyond my strength even staying up late at night to care for a child. Through this I became more compassion and selfless. It was those moments that I have felt God's presence more vividly

Caring for a child taught me lessons. It was not just about giving a medicine or attending to their physical needs. But it was about offering comfort, hope and love. I celebrated each small recovery a smile after illness.

The children themselves became my greatest teacher. Their resilience courage and innocent, joy gave me strength even in hardships. Through this mission, I also discovered profound spiritual growth. My faith has been increased and I learnt to be patience, to be Humble and to have love for the poor.

Looking back my days in makkuva was a journey of the heart, spirit and the soul through the guiding grace of God. I always remain great full to God for this great experience in my life. This joy remains one of the most beautiful, inspiring, and life challenging chapter in my life. It was a journey of love truly became my teacher where even the smallest hearts left the deepest footprints in my life.

Retreat for Women Ms. Bernadette Juan. A



After having read extensively about the Indian middle-class woman in the context of my research of the last 4 years, I realised and started rethinking several old belief systems that need to change for the better. Belonging to the ‘sandwiched’ generation of women, I began to realise that as a working woman, I shuttled between two worlds- home and workplace. And I couldn’t find my true self in either world.

However, as a strong believer in the divine love of the Creator that was never biased based on gender, I experienced tremendous healing when I attended retreats, where the Word of God in several places reminded us that we were God’s masterpieces, meant to fulfill His/Her divine plan for us.

Keeping this in mind, I made a solo retreat recently at Satyodayam, where I read the Word, sat in the sacramental presence of the Eucharist, and silently spent time in God’s serene presence. This experience calmed my nerves, which get feverish in the hurly-burly of the daily rat race, running to work and then back home. In such a scenario, 24 hours is never enough to breathe easily, relax, sleep well, and practise mindfulness.

Similar to how we administer medicine when the body goes sick or we catch a cold, a retreat is medicine for ‘tired nerves’ of men and women in different phases of life. Women have gotten used to being so much ‘givers’ of their time and energy everywhere. At home, it is called caregiving, which does not have limits. Neither is this ‘caregiving’ acknowledged or paid. The result is that women get drained of their energy faster than men. Dr.Gabor Mate confirmed this through his recent studies on the poor health condition of the average woman.

The only way to recharge their battery for women who are anchored in ‘faith in God’ is to take a break, make a retreat. The term itself means to ‘be still’. The Bible reiterates: ‘ Be still and know that I am God’. Believing that a retreat should lead to balancing ‘doing’ with ‘being’; that it is an opportunity to ‘rest awhile’ and ‘commune with the inner spirit or voice within each of us, it becomes the ‘need of the present times’.

An opportunity to ‘retreat’ for women becomes a tool of empowerment, where she magnifies her resilience to bounce back stronger into a ‘routine’ that consumes most of her energies. How can the religious and missionary communities contribute to this currently relevant ‘spiritual need of the hour’ is a call that is waiting to be answered, a need waiting to be met.

Blaze of Justice

M. Devira Athena



*Devira Athena Marri is a 9th-grade student from University of Hyderabad Campus School and a teenage writer who began her journey with words at the age of ten. Her first spark of inspiration came after reading *The Diary of Anne Frank*, a moment that opened the door to a world she has never stepped away from. Deeply influenced by Franz Kafka, Fyodor Dostoevsky, and Sylvia Plath, and many others, Devira's writing often drifts through the landscapes of loneliness and quiet melancholy. She describes herself as feeling "out of place, like a deer in headlights," and it is from this tender dissonance that her words are born. She writes because there is so much the world does not hear, so much that remains unsaid. And for her, there is always more.*

She breaks the chains they tried to bind,
 Her voice, a truth they cannot blind.
 No crown is needed; she makes her own,
 A queen of courage, fully grown.

She rises not for fame or cheer,
 But for every soul they tried to smear.
 In her fight, the world finds light,
 A blaze of justice burning bright.



My Heart's Quiet Confession in the Soul's Silent Battle

Sr. Bala Jyothi



Sr. Bala Jyothi is a dedicated MSW student from the Madhurawada community, shares her inspiring reflection. With her multifaceted talents and passion for serving the underprivileged, she embodies a life of purpose and compassion. Her heart's desire is to bring meaning and hope to the lives of others, while radiating God's love through her selfless care and empathy.

When the world tempts me loudly,
And my heart feels weak inside,
I sit in quiet with God,
And He gives me strength to stay strong.

As I was thinking about what to write for Ripple, a small thought flashed in me — a reminder of my own silent confession, my own quiet battle that God knows so well.

There are days when my thoughts feel heavy and confusing. The world shows so many attractions, so many shortcuts, so many voices telling me, “Just give up,” or “Why continue?” Sometimes these temptations don't come dramatically; they come quietly, through discouragement, comparison, loneliness, or moments when life feels as if it has no meaning. I may be a religious sister, but I am still human — and I face these battles in my own heart.

There are moments when I feel tired, when questions rise inside me, when the path seems harder than I expected. Sometimes I even wrestle with God silently, wondering why certain things happen or why I feel the way I do. It's not because I don't love Him, but because my love is real, emotional, and sometimes wounded.

But in all this, something happens that keeps me going: my soul becomes quiet. Each time I sit in prayer — even when I don't feel strong or spiritual — there is a gentle stillness that comes. Not a loud miracle, not a sudden change, but a small, deep calm that tells me God is here.

Temptation might shout at me.
The world might pull me.
But God speaks in silence.

And in that silence, I feel held by Him. I realize again and again that God is not

leaving me, even when I feel like I'm fighting with Him. Even when my heart is confused, He understands. Even when I push in frustration, He stays close. He knows my weaknesses and still chooses to remain.

It's in that quiet space that I find strength to continue.

Strength to say no to temptations that look attractive.

Strength to choose meaning even when I don't feel it.

Strength to trust God even without answers.

My silent battles are real, but so is God's silent presence.

This is my heart's quiet confession:

I am not perfect, I struggle, I get tempted, I get tired —

but God continues to hold me gently through every moment.

And it is His silence in my soul that helps me rise again. With this confidence, let us rise in Christ as we welcome Jesus in our midst. Advance Happy Christmas to all.

The Joy of Christmas: Unity in Diversity through Community Life

Dr. Sr. Amalavathi Vangalapudi



“Glory to God in the highest heaven, and on earth peace among those whom he favours!” — Luke 2:14

The season of Christmas is not only a celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ but also a profound reminder of God's desire to dwell among us — to share in our human experiences, joys, and struggles. It is a time when we are invited to rediscover the beauty of living together, of sharing life in community, and of radiating Christ's love through unity in diversity.

In our community, we, Sr. Karuna, the animator; Sr. Hilda, the headmistress; Sr. Jyothi, the teacher and the bursar of the community; and myself, the counsellor come from different walks of life. We have diverse perceptions, aspirations, habits, and backgrounds. Yet, in the fragile space of vulnerability, we are bound together by a sacred thread: the charism and vision of our Mother Foundress, who envisioned a community rooted in love, faith, service, compassion, inclusivity, and gentleness.

anyone is going through a moment of mental imbalance or inner struggle. This gentle respect for each other’s moods and emotions keeps our bond alive and authentic.

From a psychological angle, giving space and empathy during moments of emotional turbulence is vital for mental health. It reflects emotional intelligence — the ability to recognize emotions in oneself and others and respond with compassion rather than reaction. Such small acts of understanding build psychological safety within the community, allowing each member to feel valued and accepted even in moments of weakness.

In such times, we remember that the Holy Family too faced tension, uncertainty, and hardship, yet love held them together. Similarly, our small hurts become stepping stones toward deeper understanding and compassion. Christmas reminds us that God chose to be Emmanuel- God-with-us not in perfection, but in human weakness and vulnerability. In our fragile moments, His grace strengthens our unity and renews our joy in one another.

“For where two or three are gathered in my name, I am there among them.”—
Matthew 18:20

Call to Live the Mystery of the Trinity

The Trinity teaches us that love is not isolation but relationship. The Father gives, the Son receives, and the Spirit unites — a continuous exchange of divine love. Our community mirrors this sacred rhythm when we listen deeply, serve generously, and forgive readily. Every disagreement, when approached with prayer and humility, becomes an opportunity to grow in communion.

In psychological terms, this is the practice of assertive communication and reflective empathy; expressing oneself with honesty while holding space for the feelings of others. Such communication nurtures trust, prevents emotional burnout, and strengthens bonds of belonging.

When we celebrate Christmas together — decorating the crib, singing carols, sharing the Eucharist, and reaching out to the needy — we are not merely performing traditions. We are re-enacting the mystery of the Incarnation: God entering our ordinary life through simple human gestures of love.

Living Christmas Every Day

“The Word became flesh and lived among us, and we have seen his glory.” — John 1:14

Christmas joy is not confined to a season; it is a way of life. In our community, we

experience the joy of Christmas every time we choose love over ego, service over comfort, and unity over division. The Christ Child born in Bethlehem continues to be born in the cradle of our hearts and our daily encounters.

Like the angels who proclaimed, “Glory to God in the highest,” we too are called to proclaim peace and goodwill through our community living. As we journey together — Sr. Karuna, Sr. Hilda, Sr. Jyothi, and myself — we embrace our differences as blessings and our unity as a gift. The Holy Trinity remains our model, and the Infant Jesus our inspiration. May our community always reflect the light of Christmas, humble, radiant, and joy-filled — a living witness to Emmanuel, God-with-us.

Ode to the Tree

Ms. K. Mary Florence



Mrs. Mary Florence has been serving as an English teacher at Holy Cross School, Bapatla for 10 years. She is deeply passionate about the teaching profession and is committed to making a positive impact on her students’ lives. With unwavering dedication, she strives to excel as an educator and feels privileged to be part of the school community. She takes great joy in empowering her students to shape their futures with confidence and enthusiasm. The strong moral foundation instilled by her parents has been a guiding force in her life, filling her with pride and inspiring her to be a positive influence on her students.

I lay upon the earth, still and small,
Until she caught me gently in her beak.
I knew not where I was being carried,
Only the rush of air, and the promise of sky.

At first, I felt a spark of joy,
But when she dropped me, far from light,
I fell and cried into the darkness,
Sinking deep into my silent grave.

Buried in sand, I slept and dreamed,
Believing I had lost my breath forever.

An Intensive Journey to Interior Metanoia

Sr. Sahayameri



Sr. Sahayameri, shares her transformative spiritual journey and experiences at the Indian Institute of Spirituality, Bangalore. Her reflections reveal a deepening faith and commitment to her spiritual growth.

A deep spiritual turning of the soul toward God—an inner conversion where one awakens, repents, and is renewed from within.

Dear sisters, I am glad to express my faith in God, which has enveloped me with His grace and blessings.

My six months of spiritual and formative journey at the Indian Institute of Spirituality by MSFS fathers at Bangalore has enlightened me and brought a transformation in me. Through this holistic experience, I have begun to cherish in my daily life various aspects, especially the spiritual exercises that helped me deepen my faith in order to build a strong relationship with Christ through the Holy Eucharistic celebration, Divine Office, Rosary, Adoration, Recollection, and Confession. The study of theology has inspired and enabled me to search for the sacred knowledge of God through different sessions and to partake in spiritual exercises meaningfully. I was glad and delighted to know God and to experience Him in every aspect of my life. Specially, the Recollection talk by Fr. Benny in the month of July encouraged and challenged me to know the transformative life of St. Paul in the Acts of the Apostles. Once, he witnessed the vision and heard the voice of Christ saying, “Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me? Who are you, Lord?” The reply was, “I am Jesus whom you are persecuting.” This experience made him have a deeper union with Christ.

As our Foundress Mother Claudine Echernier said while speaking to her Daughters about the convent chapel, “The dwelling in which our Saviour will live eternally is our heart.” I began to experience the Saviour Jesus dwelling in me through my personal prayer. In the presence of the Lord, I could completely offer myself through daily activities and my commitment to God. Here, then, I found my true and core identity to become and to imbibe the values of Christ’s Love, Peace, and Joy. I could rely on God for everything, and my desire and Zeal for Christ’s mission increased. Especially during the Ashram experience, I had the chance of having self-knowledge, self-actualization, and self-analysis, which brought a metanoia into my personal and spiritual growth. I began to know and accept myself better and realized the presence of God in me. I am grateful to the fathers here who gave me accompanied formation. I had a feeling that my God, by whom I am chosen to follow Him, will never leave me alone; rather, God continues to dwell in me.

My deepest gratitude towards Rev. Sr. Helen Daisy, the Provincial, who offered me this ample opportunity to grow in love with God and to become an ardent disciple of Christ.

Inspiration from the Word of God

G. Nissi Sri Niharika



She is G. Nissi Sri Niharika, and studying in VII Std in Holy Cross EM High School, Gudivada. She is sincere, enthusiastic, and always eager to learn. With a positive attitude and dedication to studies, she actively participates in class activities and strives to do her best in all that she does.

The Word of God is the living message that enlightens our hearts and guides our lives. It is not merely a collection of ancient writings but a divine conversation between God and humanity. Every time we open the Bible, we are invited to listen to the voice of God speaking personally to us. His word offers comfort in sorrow, strength in weakness, and direction in times of confusion. It renews our hope, purifies and inspires us to walk in truth and love.

Personal reading of the Word of God is one of the most beautiful ways to grow in faith. When we take time each day to read and meditate on the Scriptures, we allow God to speak directly to our hearts. Just as food nourishes our bodies, the Word of God nourishes our souls. It teaches us patience, forgiveness, humility, and gratitude. Through it, we learn how to face challenges with courage and live our lives according to the will of God.

Reflection is an important part of spiritual growth. When we reflect on what we read, we begin to understand how God's message applies to our daily life. Reflection helps us to look back on our actions, words, and thoughts, and to see where we need to change or grow. It is in silence and prayer that His word takes root in our hearts and bears fruit in our deeds. During moments of recollection, we pause to listen deeply to God, thanking Him for His blessings and seeking forgiveness for our shortcomings.

Recollection days or retreats are special times to draw closer to God. They help us to step away from our busy routines and find peace in His presence. These moments of quiet allow us to renew our faith and strengthen our spiritual life. They remind us that God's love is constant and unconditional, even when we stray. By meditating on His Word, we receive new inspiration to live a meaningful and Christ-centered life.

The Word of God is like a lamp that lights our path and shows us the way. It challenges us to love one another, to serve the poor, and to work for peace and justice. It encourages us to trust in God's plan and remain hopeful even in times of suffering. The more we listen to His word, the more we become instruments of His love in the world.

Conclusion:

In today's world, filled with noise and distractions, spending time with the Bible gives us clarity and inner peace. It reminds us that God's wisdom is greater than human understanding. When we read with an open heart, we find inspiration not only for ourselves but also for others. The Word of God transforms us from within and helps us become living witnesses of His truth.

The Magnificat Sr. Annapurna



Sr. Annapurna is a people-oriented person, especially when it comes to Family Ministry, where she has a special connection with the members of the family. She's been successful in organizing it, spreading love and warmth wherever she goes. Currently, she's pursuing a one-year course in Mangalore, where she's focusing on growing as a spiritual person.

My heart glorifies the Trinitarian Lord,
I rejoice in God my saviour,
He looks his merciful servant in her lowliness,
Before all, she remains faithful to her calling,
The Almighty works wonderful for me.

His name is so great
His mercy is from generation to generation
On those who fear him.
He has shown strength with his arm,
and scatters the proud hearted.
He casts down the powerful from her thrones,
and lifted up the lowly.

He has filled the hungry with good things,
Sent the wealthy people away empty.
He gave refuge to me his servant,
remembering his love, (kind),
The love (kind) swear to our father's,
to Abraham and his sons forever.

A Path of Faith Struggle and Growth

Sr. Pavani



Sr. Pavani, a dedicated student pursuing a degree in Zoology, resides at Holy Cross Convent, Guntur, where she is nurturing her spiritual growth and embracing community life as a junior sister. She strikes a harmonious balance between her academic pursuits, spiritual formation, and community responsibilities, demonstrating her commitment to personal and spiritual development. The community life has been instrumental in fostering her joy, peace, and emotional resilience, allowing her to face challenges with greater courage and hope.

I sister Pavani happy to share with you all my daily experience in my day today's life

When I first came to the community, I was not very strong inside. I had faith, but I was easily worried. I struggled with my weaknesses, and sometimes I felt alone in my journey with God. I tried to do many things by myself, and I thought I had to be perfect to grow spiritually.

But slowly, community life started to change me.

Living with my sisters taught me that to walk my journey alone. I strongly believe that God gives people around so that I can support each other. When I was feeling weak, my community listen to me. When I was confused, guide me. When I felt sad, comfort me. These small moments helped me grow more .Being part of this community has also helped me grow emotionally and mentally. I have learned to listen more , to understand others' feelings, and to let go of unnecessary worries. I have learned that true joy comes not from having a perfect life, but from sharing life with others who walk the same path of faith.

I was often afraid to ask for help.

Now I am learning that asking is not a weakness—asking is a step toward growth.

I am growing slowly.

Community life has helped me move closer to God, understand myself better, and grow into a more joyful and peaceful person. My journey is still going on, but I am thankful to God who walks with me Being part of this community has also helped me grow emotionally and mentally. I have learned to listen to understand others' feelings, and to let go of unnecessary worries. I have learned that true joy comes not from having a perfect life, but from sharing life with others who walk the same path of faith.

I am grateful to all my sisters who are to help me but it is my part to take initiative to ask and get help from them. still I feel their love and acceptance makes me to have change of my attitude and live my life joyfully.

We are Together Again

Sr. Sunitha. K



Jesus the great master known for his mercy, compassion, forgiveness and above all crucified unjustly by the people and accepted the crucifixion for the sake of the his father and for the love of the people.

Born in Bethlehem, grew up and was followed by the people 2000 years back. Began his ministry of good works by calling Peter and Andrew. Slowly thousand and lakhs of people followed him, inspired by his way of life, preaching, teaching and healing. For he was the man who loved everyone equally and was crucified unjustly by his own people and by the denial and betrayal of his own followers. Still he loved and met the same followers and shared the meal of love with them at the sea of Tiberias and asked Peter his first follower “Do you love me”? Peter answered:”You know lord that I love you”.

Sunitha: Jesus and Peter, thank you for sparing your valuable time for this short interview especially by this sea of Tiberias where you are enjoying together. Jesus can you tell the exact place where and when you first met Peter and what you had spoken to him?

Jesus: Well, I first saw him when I was walking by the Sea of Galilee while he and his brother Andrew casting a net into the sea to catch the fish. And as soon as I saw them, I said to them “follow me” and I will make you fish for the people.

Sunitha: Peter, what was your immediate feeling and what did you do when Jesus met you and told you those words?

Peter: To say the fact, I was not of my own senses and speechless when he said “follow me” and immediately I and my brother left the net, the whole of our possession and the bread giver and followed him because I found something unusual in his words.

Sunitha: Jesus, there was a talk that you taught a prayer to Peter and to the few men who were following you. It is quite interesting to know that you and your followers pray daily that prayer; can you just say that prayer?

Jesus: Sure, whenever I pray that prayer I address to my father in heaven: Our father in heaven, hallowed be your name. Your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And do not bring us to the time of trial but deliver us from the evil one.

Sunitha: Peter, how did you understand the meaning of this prayer and have you prayed this prayer in your daily life after learning from Jesus?

- Peter: Yes, this prayer has become part of my life. I prayed everyday and this “our father” prayer has taught me, how to praise and thank God, how to love and forgive others. I am really grateful to Jesus for teaching this valuable prayer.
- Sunitha: Peter, the question is again for you. There was a rumor by few men that Jesus came to your house and healed your mother-in-law. Why did he come to your house and not to any other house and healed your mother-in-law and cast out spirits?
- Peter: I know for sure that this event will be brought to this platform. First of all I felt privileged to have Jesus my master and Rabi in my house. It happened that when he reached the place Capernaum, he just came to my house and saw my mother-in-law suffering with fever and he out of his compassionate heart, healed and by knowing that many others came to his rescue.
- Sunitha: Jesus what do you speak about this event? Do you agree with Peter or want to say something?
- Jesus: I absolutely agree with Peter.
- Sunitha: Jesus, it is impossible for me to understand the way you left your followers in the sea and to be terrified and the way you went and gave courage to them by saving. Can you make it clear to me?
- Jesus: Ha, ha, ha. I wanted to test their trust and make them aware of their little faith. That’s why I allowed them to go away and brought forth such a calamity. And when they were terrified I gave them courage by saying “Take heart, it is I, do not be afraid”.
- Sunitha: Peter, when everybody was silent in the boat, why did you raise your voice and said “Lord, if it is you, command me to come to you on the water?”
- Peter: Actually I am the person who speaks without taking much time and in Jesus matter, I am all the more fast in expressing. That’s why when he said “it is I” I immediately wanted to run towards him.
- Sunitha: But why did you stop walking on the water. If you had great desire to be with your master?
- Peter: Though Jesus my master was waiting for me, I was afraid that I lose my life, if I take such a risk and I completely lost my confidence in my master that’s why I stopped. But my master did not let me sink into the water that is the greatness of my master. He loves me so much.
- Sunitha: Jesus, what made you or urged you to hold Peter?
- Jesus: Though I allow my followers to suffer but I don’t leave them. I always be with them to uplift them when they call me. Peter also did call me and I saved him.

society rejected. I opened the eyes of the blind Pharisees and Sadducees about their shallow faith and rituals that became scandal for everyone and according to my father who is in Heaven I went through sufferings for nothing at all I suffered and was crucified for my good ness and even my own people did not understand me.

Sunitha: But why did you accept such an in justice act?

Jesus: I accepted for the sake of my father and for the love of my people.

Sunitha: Peter I really can't understand the way you dined Jesus. You love him so much and you had been lived with him years together how can you deny him when h was in need of your support? Was someone pushed you to do so?

Peter: That was the greatest mistake that I ever done. I caused much pain to my master. I understand the amount of pain that I caused him, when he looked into my eyes. I wept bitterly days together, I could not face him; I even express how I felt.

Sunitha: After that how did you meet him again?

Peter: You know, my master is the symbol of love, forgiveness, merciful, compassionate, and I even can't express in words how much he loves everyone. He forgave me and he himself came to me in the same situation and now we are together again.

Let us celebrate this Christmas with an experience of” We are Together again”

The Garden of My Soul: How God Restored My Dry Spirit

Sr. Gnana Mary



Sr. Gnana Mary is a dedicated 5th-year junior sister pursuing her degree at St. Pious College, Hyderabad. Her simplicity and eagerness to grow spiritually are truly inspiring. She has come to realize that embracing her flaws and brokenness has led her to a more fulfilling life, thanks to her faith in the Divine.

There was a story about a porter who carried a pot of water along a dusty road every day. The pot had a small crack, and as the porter walked, some of the water leaked out and sprinkled along the path. Over time, flowers and plants began to grow where the water fell, transforming the dry ground into a beautiful garden. Though the pot was broken, its brokenness became the very reason for new life to bloom.

When I reflect on this story, I see myself in that garden – sometimes dry, weary, and longing for life. There have been moments in my spiritual journey when I felt that I am far from God, when prayer seemed dry, and faith seemed like a heavy burden. In those moments, my heart became like a parched land, thirsting for love, peace, and meaning. But just as the garden in the story was revived by the leaking water, I have experienced how God’s grace quietly flows into my life, refreshing and renewing in ways I did not expect.

“Whoever drinks the water I give them will never thirst. Indeed, the water I give them will become in them a spring of water welling up to eternal life.” (St. John 4:14)

This verse reminds me that the living water Jesus offers is not temporary – it is eternal. It is the Holy Spirit working within me, cleansing, healing, and giving me new strength. Even when I feel broken like the pot, Jesus carries me. He does not see my brokenness.

In the story, the garden became beautiful not because the pot was perfect, but because it was carried by faithful hands. In the same way, I realized that I do not need to be perfect for God to use me. My weaknesses, my struggles, and even my spiritual dryness become instruments in His hands. Through my difficulties, God teaches me humility, patience, and dependence on Him.

“My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.” (2 Corinthians 12:9)

My Personal Experience as a Theology Student

Sr. Maria Kumari



Sr. Maria Kumari, who is currently as student of theology. With a sincere heart for learning and service, she is preparing herself to understand God's Word more deeply and to share it meaningfully with others. Her journey of study is a step forward in her commitment to serve the Church and the people of God.

First of all, I am grateful to God for the wonderful opportunity He has given me to spend one year studying Theology in New Delhi, the capital of India. As a theology student, I feel truly privileged to be here and to experience something meaningful and beautiful each day. This institution focuses on contextual theology, which means not only studying theology but also living and practicing it. This approach has a deep meaning for me because studying is easy, but putting theology into practice especially in spiritual life, prayer life, ministry, and community living is both challenging and transformative.

Since beginning my theology studies, I have noticed a significant change in my way of thinking. My understanding of faith, of Jesus, and of the struggles people face in society has deepened. I am learning to approach every situation in my daily life with greater positivity, compassion, and openness. This journey has also encouraged me to examine my own faith more sincerely. Faith, I have come to understand, is my free and personal response to say "yes" to God and to trust wholeheartedly in His promises.

I was especially touched by our class on the Eucharist. It has helped me receive Holy Communion in a much more meaningful way, recalling God's covenant with the people of Israel: "I will be with you always." The Eucharist is both a fellowship and a sacred meal that strengthens and renews our relationship with God and with one another. It is a continuous presence of Risen Christ through Holy Spirit through Communion in the body and blood of Christ.

I had a painful experience that still makes me feel sad, because I failed to help someone who truly needs someone help. Every day on my way to college, I saw a man lying by the side of the road near a hospital, his leg wrapped with a big bandage. I would see him suffering, and although I prayed for him daily, I never found the courage or the means to offer any real help. Deep inside, I felt helpless. One morning, as I was going to college, I saw that he had died. There was no one around him except a single police officer. At that moment, I felt a deep shock in my heart. I asked myself: How much importance am I giving

to the life of a person as a religious? For what mission am I really called? This incident became a powerful challenge for me. It forced me to look within myself and recognize the need to change my way of thinking. I felt called to go the extra mile, to reach out to people in need even when circumstances are difficult, and to accept sacrifices with joy when they come from standing for the truth and doing good.

This experience has become a turning point in my life, reminding me that compassion must be lived not just felt and that my vocation invites me to respond with courage, kindness, and responsibility whenever someone is suffering.

My theological formation in Delhi has broadened my intellectual understanding while also strengthening my spiritual and pastoral foundations. The emphasis on contextual theology has helped me integrate faith with real-life experiences, making my studies both relevant and meaningful. This formative year will undoubtedly influence my future ministry and deepen my commitment to serve the Church and society with integrity and compassion.

“Let us love, not in word or speech, but in truth and action.” (1 John 3:18)

Acceptance: The Gift We Offer at Christmas

Sr. Jyothi Gade



Sr. Jyothi Gade’s writing beautifully explores themes of love, acceptance, and compassion, reflecting her profound understanding of human nature. As a principal at an ICSE school, N.R. Thota, she embodies these values, touching the lives of all those around her. She’s an active community member where her kindness and empathy inspire others. With qualifications in M.Sc and M.Ed., she is a dedicated educator and a beacon of hope, spreading love and kindness wherever she goes.

As Christmas draws near, I find myself reflecting on the people around me—their joys, their struggles, and their silent stories. This poem is a small reminder to my own heart to accept others gently, to see them with compassion, and to love them just as they are, just as Christ loves us.

Every soul is a story,
Written in a unique way

A Silver Crown of Grace

Sr. Packia Selvi Chinnappan

Sr. Packia, a gifted writer and member of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Cross of Chavanod, has penned a heartfelt tribute to Sr. Shakila on her Silver Jubilee. Her writing shines with warmth and devotion. She is skilled in crafting poetic and inspirational texts, as evident from the poem and the tribute.

Twenty-five years of love and light,
A journey walked in faith's pure might,
A heart that whispered, "Here I am,"
And followed Christ, the Paschal Lamb.

Through nights of prayer and days of care,
You served with joy, with hands that share,
A faithful soul, both strong and true,
God's tender love shines forth in you.

Like Mary's "Yes," so firm, so free,
You've lived your vow with constancy,
Each step a song, each act a prayer,
A witness of His presence there.

Today we lift our hearts above,
In gratitude for endless love,
May Christ, who called you long ago,
Keep blessing you as years still flow.

A silver crown is yours today,
But heaven stores your bright bouquet,
A jubilee of grace and cheer,
Congratulations, Sister dear!

Sr. Shakila was born in July 1979 to the God-gifted parents, Mr. Yesudoss (late) and Mrs. Philominal (late). She is the second of three girls in the family. Her roots are in Uthamarseeli, Trichy, within the Kumbhakonam diocese. She completed schooling in her native place, high school in Thiruvanaikoil and higher secondary in Vadugarpet.

Her life took a significant turn when she responded to God's call and joined the



Mission ad Extra - Send off to Sr. Stella



Mission at Germany



Visit to Israel



**Building dreams- One bricks at a time -
Holy Cross School - Alirajpet and Madhuravada.**



H A P P Y N E W Y E A R