



SNA NEWSLETTER

**CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE OF HEALTH SCIENCES AND RESEARCH
ISSUE 12TH, OCTOBER 2022- MARCH 2023**



EDITOR'S NOTE

The 12th issue of the Student Affairs Magazine brings out the creative skills, significant potential with immense efforts and other talents that lay hidden among students.

We the editorial committee would like to take the readers on a journey; a journey of hope, education, inspiration and information.

We also like to encourage all of you to continue keep up your talents and creativity and use this opportunity to build yourself.

I extend my sincerest gratitude to the Editorial Committee and all the students for their tireless effort, without which this publication would not be made possible on time.

I hope you enjoy this issue of our Newsletter.

Ms. KEBENGI TEP
Editorial Convenor

EDITORIAL TEAM

ADVISOR: Dr.Mrs Christy Simpson,

Principal, CON, CIHSR

EXECUTIVE OFFICIO:

- **Mrs Neiketounuo Medom**
(Assistant Professor)
- **Ms Lendina Longkumer (Bsc Tutor)**

CONVENOR: Kebengi Tep

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Sangharsh Rawat (PBBS^c 2nd year)

Preety (PBBS^c 1st year)

Lirhoni M Kikon (BS^c 4th year)

Sophia Sorokhaibam (BS^c 3rd year)

Atounuo Ngukha (BS^c 2nd year)

Aosen Jamir (BS^c 1st year)

Nongheli Seb Rengma (GNM 3rd year)

Mito Das (GNM 2nd year)

Khoum Alice (GNM 1st year)

CONTENTS

- **My experience**
- **Poetry**
 - **My strength**
 - **No chaos**
 - **It will pass by**
 - **She**
 - **Arcane Profession**
 - **Aatu**
 - **Dear anxiety**
 - **My needs**
- **College activities**
- **Art and Gallery**

MY EXPERIENCE

This took me a while to sit and think of how to start and what to write as I'm not a person who is interested in writing on my own but a person who loves to read articles written by others. I have been telling my friends that I want to write on what I've experienced and went through these few months. Let me finally start off.....

He was a son to his father, husband to his wife and a father to his daughter. He met an RTA and was in a very critical condition when he arrived from the stretcher, his head were all bandaged. The bandages were no more white in color, it was all bloody red. He had to undergo an emergency surgery but despite of the surgery his prognosis was still very poor. His mother, wife, sister and co-workers would come to visit him, pray for him. It was his father who mentioned that his son (the patient) had a daughter and he met this unfortunate accident while returning back from school after dropping his daughter. On hearing this, there was a sudden prick in my heart. That was the last day for his daughter to see him, the last ride from his dad. Despite of the critical situation present, his family and his loved ones could not accept the fact that he's not returning to them anymore.

Another was a lady who also met with a poly trauma. Upon her arrival of 20 minutes she was conscious, restless, moaning and grunting her teeth and was having respiratory distress. After a while she did not respond anymore, she went into shock. Immediately the physician told to initiate CPR, at that moment I

zone out and was standing still, not following the instructions what the physician told me to do. Then my friend quickly jumps over the bed and started doing (it was a reality check for me). For the 1st time in my entire life, I have seen and faced a real emergency situation.

With these 2 incidences shared I began to think about life and death more in-depth. Never did I realize that life was this important until I came across some incidences of deaths and accidents currently and these past few months. Seeing deaths, accidents and sick people made me realize how important life is and is very uncertain. To give and take away is in the hands of God but to live in the correct way is in our hands. Had the 2 different people who hit those 2 patients been more careful? Who knew that it was the last day for them? They were both doing fine and suddenly someone came and hit them and their life is already in danger, not only that but up to the extent of death. May be, we in this professions doesn't affect much, when someone dies. But as for me my poor weak heart is still struggling to accept the truth and I become teary when the patients are no more. Says my friend that you'll get used to it, it's okay (in my mind, I'll be thinking I hope so). If we look through it and start counting the reason to be grateful for, there are so many reasons for keeping you and I safe , for getting this privilege to see another new day and what not. We should and must be grateful for this wonderful gift of life that the almighty God has given us. Praise be to GOD.

“while you are breathing, someone, somewhere, is breathing their last breath ...need any more reasons to be thankful for life?”----- anonymous



Christina Siria

BScN 4th year

My Strength

You smile and laugh
Covering us your pain and suffering
Never showing your pain to me
Only the happiness that you give.
You put on a mask of happiness
Hiding your sorrows for me.
Though you are already so tired.
Should I call you master of deception?
Or the giver of endless love?
To you who have deceived me
And who have given me endless love
Sometime I fade and shrivel
And get lost in the world
But your love has always found me
And has always strengthened me
I hope one day you remove mask
And tell me your pain and sorrows
So that I can give you strength
Like you did all my life

Kushbu Magar
GNM 1st year



It will pass by

Your pen might stop writing

Your legs will get sore

But the stars will keep twinkling.

The minute hand of clock will keep ticking;

And this hour will pass by

Just like the moving clouds in the sky

Just like the swimming fish in the river

Keep moving;

This will pass by

Like a rainbow awaits beyond rain

Like a spring awaits beyond the cold winter

A light awaits beyond your darkness

And the darkness will pass by

Jessica Mochahari

Bsc N 3rd year

'SHE'

Her black shoe of 'Liberty' but is 'chained' with Rules.

Her blue dress of 'wisdom' but in 'stress'.

Her poker face with a professional smile.

Her hands are filled with blood and drugs.

Her mood change in seconds.

She listen to her cries.

She cleans her mess .

She holds patience.

She bears the highs and the Lows ,with her loved one's on her side.

She changed in other being.

she is an 'OKEY' girl

Yes,She is a 'NURSE'



Apheno Titi

BSc N 3rd year

There's Chaos

There's chaos, no love
Live out from the group
Felt like an outcast
Downcast with the betrayal
Physically fine,
Mentally and emotionally sick
Longing for love and attention
Emptiness hits so hard
In the hot water
Sometimes things won't work out
But gotta stay strong
Gotta do things regardless the chaos
To live it up.

Diwarho Katiry

GNM 1ST YEAR



Arcane profession

Dear belle ame,
If you personify your profession, will it be a limerence?

Will you make it an ode of selflessness?

Like the lucidity of irenic.

Creating your forever brightness.

Dear belle ame,
You are an elayne.

the querencia for many.

What is within you is metanoia

Accompanied by a hint of meliorism.

Thereupon make your profession a kalopsia.

For you are blessed with charism.

Dear belle ame,
Make your calling an ikigai

Dearest belle ame,

May you find serendipity in this composition.

Rovizeno Kuotsu
BSc (N) 4th year



Aatu (mom)

For all the time I forgot to “Thank you”

For all the special little things you do

For all the words that sometimes go unspoken

I need to say ‘I love you Aatu’.

I love you for the way you stop and listen

And for the kind and support throughout the years,

For teaching me the meaning of compassion

And sharing in my triumphs and my tears

If at times, I may have seemed ungrateful

I want to say, “I truly hope you see,

That nothing you have done has been forgotten”

And day by day you just mean more to me.



**Angki Janoh
GNM 3rd year**

DEAR ANXIETY



My anxiety sits in a corner
Trying to loom over me.
Quite regularly.
But you know what makes me rise?
Are my eyes, baggy with
wants and desires that
reflect through the mirror,
And those eyes when I see them last
at night, are sleepy, happy and satisfied,
for today, I chose to battle with risks rather than toiling around the switching
emotions.

Today, tomorrow until my tiring eyes can seep through the battle
and my soul finds home.

PRIYA RAJKHOWA

GNM 3rd year

पाहत मर
म म

पुछा जा मन एक दिन खुदा से,
अंदर मर ये कसा बार है,

हसा मुझ पर फिर लीला,

पाहत तरा कुछ और था,

पर तरो रास्ता कुछ और है,

रुह को संभालना था तुझे,

पर सूरत सँतारन पर तरो जाँर है,

खुला आसमान, पाँद, तारे पाहत है तरो,

पर लन्द दावारा को सजान पर तरो जाँर है

सपन देखता है खुला पिजाओं के,

पर लड शहरा में लसन को काँबाँरा

पुश्जार है।

Angki Janoh

GNM 3rd year

Brain and Body

Healthy brain foods, what's the cost?
Those that avoid, their memory is lost.
We need more than nutrients essential,
Our human brains, have so much potential.

Assorted berries, a memory boost,
Apple protects us, cancers reduced.
Cherries will fight inflammation,
Dark chocolate boosts, our circulation.

Banana provides us with plenty of zinc,
Aging and healing, these are limit.
Eggs and fish, will build our brains,
All these foods have countless gains.

Priti Lata Tirkey

PBBsc 1st year

Play cards

I don't play cards,
It's lives I save,
On my feet,
For twelve hours of the day
A break is a commodity,
That of times I don't get,
Because my patient lay suffering,
Sick and in bed.
A bathroom stop,
Is that a joke,
Patient in pain,
We just had a code,
My family is calling,
I am going home late,
My feet are aching,
My bladder shakes.
But I take a deep breath,
I say things are great,
I'm running behind,
But my patients await.

Priti Lata Tirkey
PBBsc 1st year

“The Light Called Hope”

I'm not five
Don't know what I'm doing with my life
Going with the flow in a mystery ride
When I look around myself.
I'm surrounded by the darkness
Can't see anything
But shallow darkness
I cry for help
There are no ears to listen
Feeling helpless
There's none to help
Tears doesn't stop falling
Feels like I'm losing my self
Looking at the mirror I see someone else
I'm broken to the core
But deep inside there is small light called

“HOPE”



Rachna Chauhan

BSc N 2nd year

HER SMILE

She smiles and seems carefree
Keeps everyone at a distance
So, they can't see
The cracks from the weight
She carries on her shoulders
Weight that would've toppled
Anyone else over
But she carries on
Like nothing is wrong
A façade for everyone to see
In hopes that one day
She herself will begin to believe
That the smile is real.

Sushmita Biswas
BSc (N) 2nd year





College Activities

- ✦ Fresher's Day
- ✦ Lamp Lighting
- ✦ CONFest

Fresher's Day





2023
Mr and Ms
Freshers



Lamp lighting ceremony







**The champion 2023
CONFest**



**Best Sportsman and
Sportswoman
CONFest**



Gallery

Art





Thejangunuo I Angami

GNM 1st year



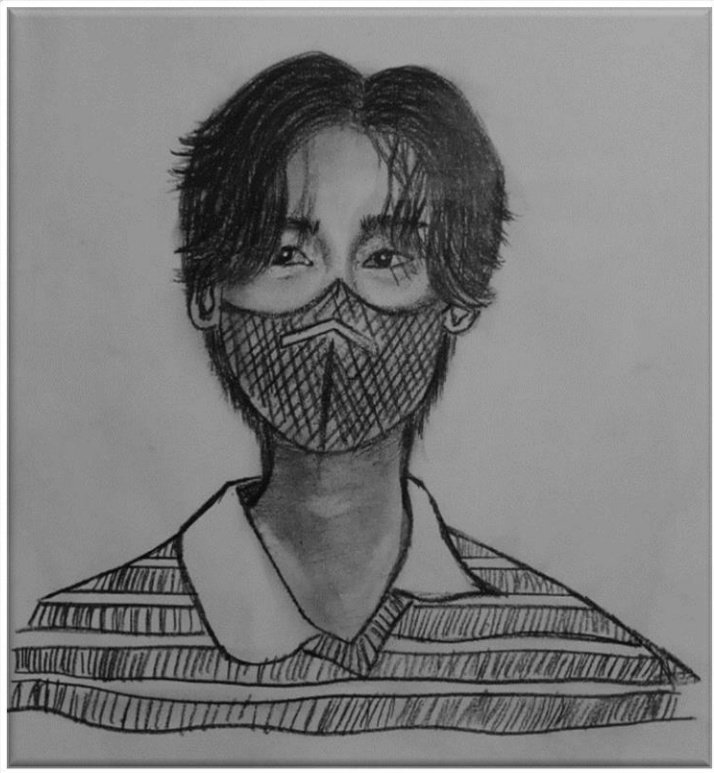
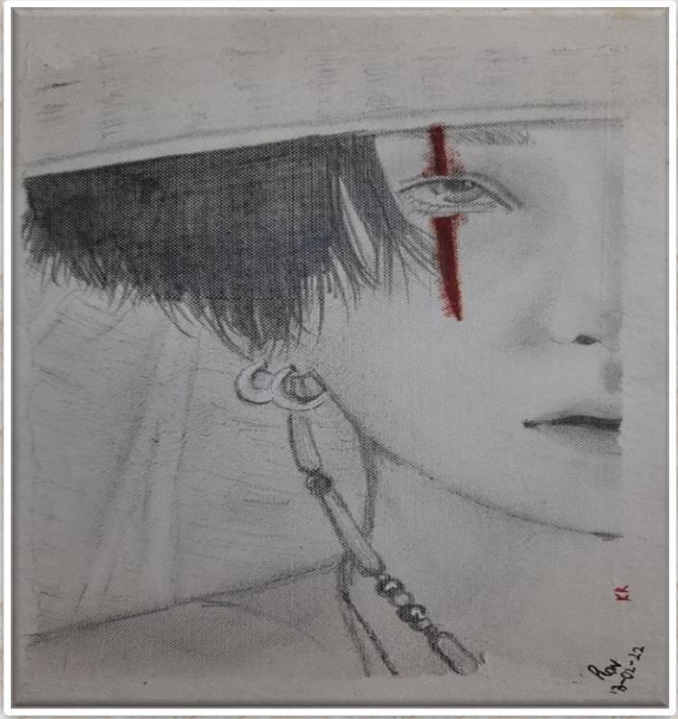
Kayiphro Rajinah

GNM 1st year



Lolee yeptho
Bsc (N) 4th year

Rhondeno Odyuo
BSc N 3rd year



Neisedeno
BSC (N) 3rd year

VISION
Nursing excellence for individual and
community transformation

- CORE VALUES**
- Care and compassion
 - Integrity
 - Humility
 - Service with Commitment
 - Respect & Dignity
 - Professional Excellence



**Best out of
waste news
paper**

PBBSc (N)
2nd year



Christina Siria
BSc (N) 4th year



Imlijungla Lkr
BSc(N) 4th year

GLORIFYING

God

with Your

TALENTS