



COLLEGE OF NURSING, CIHSR
STUDENT NURSES' ASSOCIATION



PRIDORA

THEME:

Imagine, Believe and Achieve



15th Issue

OCT 2024 to AUG 2025



TABLE *of* CONTENTS



The Editors Note



The Advisor Note



The Memorable Silat Experience



Torch of Hope



My Experience at Spiritual Work Camp



The Women in Bed Three



Poetry Corner



Through the Lens



Art Gallery



SNA Executives 2024-2025



The Editor's Note



It gives me immense joy to present to you the Students' Magazine for the academic year 2024–2025. This magazine is more than just a collection of articles, poems, and photographs—it is a reflection of the voices, dreams, and creativity of our students.



Each page carries the spirit of curiosity, expression, and the passion to share ideas that go beyond the classroom.

This year has been a journey of learning, discovery, and togetherness. Our students has shown remarkable talent in arts, culture, and service. The magazine stands as a testament to their hard work and dedication.

I sincerely thank God, our contributors, the editorial team, and everyone who has supported us in bringing this magazine to life. May these pages inspire you, make you smile, and remind you of the endless possibilities that lie ahead.

With warm regards and best wishes,

-Pura Nampi

Editorial Committee Convenor 2024-2025





The Advisor's Note



It gives me great pleasure to present this edition of our annual magazine, a reflection of the dedication, creativity, and spirit that defines the College of Nursing, CIHSR.



This publication captures the voices of our students—their insights, achievements, and aspirations. It stands as a testament to our shared commitment to learning, service, and excellence in nursing.

I extend my heartfelt appreciation to the editorial team, contributors, and all those who worked behind the scenes to bring this issue to life. Your dedication, creativity, and collaborative spirit are truly commendable.

May this magazine inspire you, evoke thought, and remind each one of us of the privilege we carry—to serve humanity with knowledge, skill, and compassion.



-Ms. Rongsenlemla
Junior Advisor
Editorial Committee

The Memorable Silat Experience

When I stepped onto the mat, I felt a mix of nervousness and excitement. However, once the match began, I was able to focus and apply everything I had trained for.

Each bout was a challenge, testing not only my strength and technique but also my ability to stay calm and respectful under pressure. I gave my best in every round and was proud to advance to the later stages of the tournament.



Though I did not win first place, reaching the semifinals was a major achievement for me and a reflection of the hard work I had put in it.

I recently had the honor of participating in the 7th northeast Pencak Silat tournament, and it was one of the most meaningful and enriching experiences. Being selected to represent my school/ state in this traditional martial art was a moment of great pride for me.

The tournament brought together competitors from 6 different Northeast states . On the day of the event, the atmosphere was filled with energy, anticipation, and a deep sense of cultural pride.

-Athisii K Kayina
GNM 2nd Year

Touch Of Hope



Today we visited the touch of hope school and the orphans there . It just made me realise how often we take things for granted .

With a cheerful voice I asked them did you guys have breakfast and they didn't answer so I asked them again what about lunch , and they said yes .. but it was only 10 am .



So I asked them their schedule and this was the answer: “we wake up at 5:00 am and study till 6:00 am and 6 am to 7 am is social work (we clean the surroundings and other things too) 7am we get food (vegetarian) and then if there's school we go to school , if there no school / holiday we have study hour . At 1:00 pm we get tea with biscuits and at 6:00 pm we get dinner “.

I asked them how many times do you get meat in a week . They said ONCE in a week , and if there's no meat then alternate is fish . That's it , on other days it's either potato or egg for dinner , for the 7am food it's veggies . I asked them ARE YOU GUYS HAPPY , and with a big smile they answered YESSSSS .

I think we all here take things for granted often . I'd be frowning everytime the mess provides chicken just because it's not upto my taste and liking but on the other hand the children there rejoices everytime they get chicken or fish once a week .

It got my tears rolling so bad but I couldn't show it . I think we should all take this moment to reflect on how lucky and blessed we are not forgetting how FORTUNATE we are to have a home 🏠 and just to be able to eat the things we like .

-Limasenla Kichu
BSCN 4th Year



My Experience at the Spiritual Work Camp

As final year Nursing students we were given the opportunity to attend a three-day spiritual work camp. At first, many of us were hesitant.

With the weight of our academic responsibilities, clinical duties, and the exhaustion that comes with final year pressures, I didn't feel ready or even interested in such a camp. I was reluctant, unsure of what I would gain, or whether I would connect with the purpose of the camp.

But as I stepped into the camp environment, something slowly began to shift. The first day was all about letting go of distractions. Surrounded by nature, away from the noise and rush of everyday life, we were invited to reflect, to be still, and to open our hearts.

It was not just a break from our routine—it was a gentle nudge into a deeper part of ourselves. Through guided prayers, group reflections, and quiet personal time, we began to sense the presence of God in a way we hadn't before.

One of the most beautiful things about this camp was the spiritual bond we developed—not just with God, but with one another. We shared stories, opened up about our personal journeys, prayed for each other, and laughed together.



It was in those moments that we felt a sense of community that was truly sacred. By the second day, our hearts felt lighter.

We began to see God's hand not only in prayer sessions but in the natural surroundings—the rustling trees, the fresh breeze, the silence of the night sky.



We realized how disconnected we had been from the simple beauty around us. We weren't just forming a relationship with God, we were also reconnecting with His creation.

The third day felt like a renewal. We worshipped, we danced, we cried, and we embraced each other as brothers and sisters in Christ. The camp transformed from something we didn't want to attend into an experience we wished would never end.

Coming back from the spiritual work camp, we carried something different within us—a peace, a sense of direction, and a spiritual strength we didn't know we needed. It reminded us why we chose nursing—not just as a profession, but as a calling to serve with love, humility, and compassion.

*It wasn't just a camp.
It was an awakening.*

-Omega LS
BSCN 4th Year

The Woman in Bed Three

I never wanted to be a nurse.

It wasn't something I dreamed of growing up. I found myself in nursing school without much passion — just following what was in front of me. I had no idea whether I belonged in this profession. Everything felt unfamiliar and overwhelming.

Then came my very first clinical posting in the surgical ward. I was just a first-year student. We weren't allowed to do much — just the basics: make beds, check blood pressure, observe, learn quietly from the sidelines.

I still remember how anxious I was, walking into that ward. Everything felt so serious, so real. I kept wondering if I had made a mistake choosing this path.

That's when I met her.

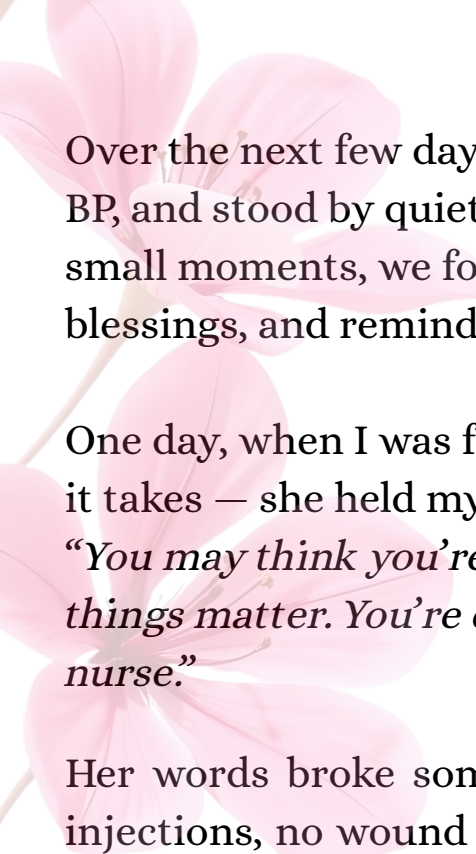
Bed Number Three.

She was an elderly woman, recovering from surgery. I was assigned to check her BP. My hands were trembling — not because the task was difficult, but because I was so unsure of myself. As I wrapped the cuff around her arm, she looked at me gently and said,

“You're new, aren't you? But you're doing well. Keep going, my dear.”

That simple sentence stayed with me. I smiled, and for the first time that day, I felt a little lighter.





Over the next few days, I saw her again and again. I made her bed, checked her BP, and stood by quietly while staff nurses tended to her. But even in those small moments, we formed a bond. She would ask me how I was doing, offer blessings, and remind me not to give up.

One day, when I was feeling particularly low — questioning whether I had what it takes — she held my hand and said,

“You may think you’re only doing small things now, but even those small things matter. You’re caring. You’re trying. And one day, you’ll be an excellent nurse.”

Her words broke something open in me. I didn’t do anything major — no injections, no wound dressings, no big responsibilities. I was just a first-year student doing bed making and BP checks. But somehow, through her, I realized that even the smallest act of care can touch someone’s heart.

Before she was discharged, she smiled at me and said,

“You have the heart for this. Don’t ever stop.”

I still remember her — her face, her words, her strength.



That patient in Bed No. 3 changed everything for me. I didn’t choose nursing with a full heart. But after meeting her, I knew:

Nursing had chosen me.

To my dear juniors :

Every great nurse once started with trembling hands and a nervous heart. Don’t rush the process — even small acts of care make a big difference. Keep learning, stay kind, and never stop believing in yourself.

-Rimjim Basumatari
BSCN 4th year





POETRY CORNER

*>Lorem ipsum
sed do eiusmod
aliqua. Nisl sus
pendisse in est
eu. Quis ips
Pharetra mas
ut eu sem inte
lutpat sed. Ris
ra orci sagitti
lentesque el
Urna no*

*convall
tur a e*

Like dried roses
in your favorite book,
keep me close
even if forgotten.

and when you remember
your favorite verses,
I will hope to be a
fleeting thought
in your mind.





The Journey of Becoming

Her world was bright, filled with praise,
Achievements marked her carefree days.
In all she did, perfection gleamed,
A life as lovely as she dreamed.

To be perfect was her aim,
A simple thought that brought her shame.
For life grew hard, its weight she felt,
And those around her swiftly dealt.

Each problem followed one before,
Life showed her what she'd not explored.
The other side, once out of view, Revealed a truth she never
knew.

But slowly, steadily in her fight,
She learned to stand and find the light.
In struggle, she found strength and grace,
And learned to love life's quiet space.

No longer naive, she stands secure, And looks ahead, her heart
mature.

-Katina Lemtor
BSCN 4th Semester



Echoes Of Her Heart

In whispers of wind, I hear your sighs,
A heart that beats with empathy's cries,
You feel the weight of every tale,
While yours remains unspoken, left to fail.

Your kindness is a beacon bright,
A guiding light in darkest night,
You lend an ear, a shoulder true,
But who is there to hear your story anew?

The world pours out its pain to you,
A never-ending stream of sorrow's hue,
You absorb each word, each tear, each fright,
And still, you choose to hold the light.

But in the silence, your own heart cries,
A depth of emotion that never dries,
The weight of life's struggles, you bear alone,
A burden hidden, behind a gentle tone.

Oh, how the world can be so blind,
To the depths of your own heart's design,
You hear the whispers of every soul,
But your own whispers, are left to unfold.

In the shadows, you search for peace,
A respite from the world's unending release,
A moment's calm, a breath of air,
But like a fleeting dream, it's hard to share.

Your heart, a vessel, overflowing wide,
With emotions that you've learned to hide,
The kindness you show, a shield to bear,
Conceals the pain, that you dare not share.

Oh, dear one, don't let the tears subside,
For in their depths, your truth will reside,
Let the world see, the weight you bear,
And maybe then, they'll lend an ear.

But until then, know this is true,
Your heart, a treasure, precious and new,
Your kindness, a gift, that shines so bright,
A light that guides, through the darkest night.

And though the world may not always see,
The depth of your emotions, the weight you bear with glee,
Know that your heart, is not alone,
For in the silence, there's a love that's known.
Love, love so much more .

-Avina V Jimomi
BSCN 4th Year



Nurses

In quiet halls where hope is thin,
Where battles rage beneath the skin,
A steady hand, a gentle voice,
Arrives to help, to heal, to choice.

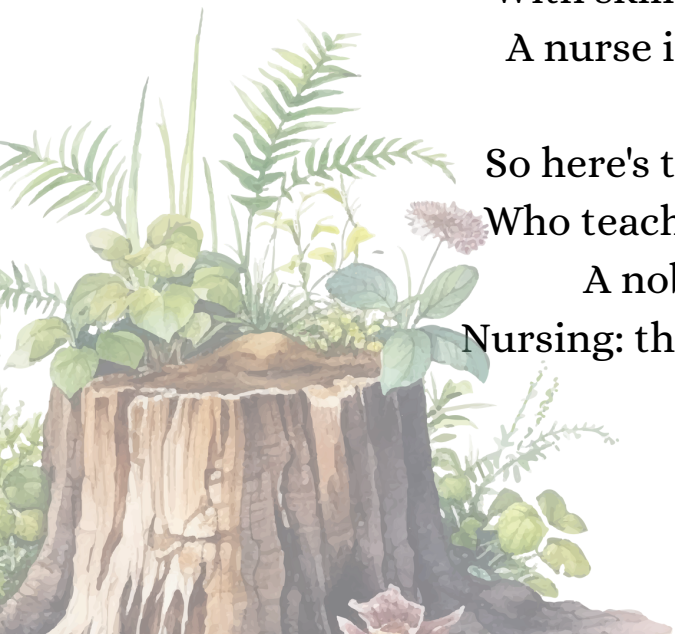
No crown they wear, no trumpet sound,
Yet heroes walk on sacred ground.
With every pulse, with every breath,
They stand between the life and death.

They soothe the cries, they calm the fears,
They wipe away the silent tears.
Through sleepless nights and endless days,
They light the dark in countless ways.

A heart so vast, a spirit wide,
They carry pain, but never hide.
With skill and soul in perfect blend,
A nurse is more than just a friend.

So here's to those who give and give,
Who teach us how to fight—and live.
A noble path, a sacred art,
Nursing: the care that mends the heart

-Obediency Rangslang
PBBSCN 2nd year





Nursing: The Heart of Healing

Nursing is more than a career—it's a calling rooted in compassion, strength, and selfless service. While doctors diagnose and treat, nurses stay at the bedside, offering comfort, care, and a calming presence in life's most vulnerable moments.

They are the first to notice a change, the last to leave a patient's side, and the quiet heroes who bring hope when fear takes over. With every gentle touch and every word of reassurance, nurses remind us that healing isn't just about medicine—it's about human connection.

Through long hours, emotional weight, and silent sacrifices, nurses continue to serve with grace and resilience. They are not just caregivers; they are the soul of healthcare—the heart behind every healing.

"No matter how difficult the days may get... Don't forget the reason you become a nurse be strong be positive be punctual and be proactive

-Obediency Rangslang
PBBSCN 2nd year



It's a Clown Show

Please visit,
a place where I keep expressing myself.
I lay myself naked and vulnerable, but in vain

like circus, a room filled with laughter.
A spectacular show, it's free.
Can't you see?

I am choking on misery, gasping for air
Drowning in pool of tears, sinking to the floor.
Waves pushing me off the shore, i try to stay afloat.
Passerby standing and watching.
Oh! What a selfish thing, they whisper.

I swallow the bitterness.
the hatred i feel when i look at them smile
Why does it have to be me.

-Roseline Borgoyary
GNM 1st year



Learning to Speak

This part is knowing you have something to say,
but not know where to start.

There's no dread or hesitation. I even know
there's something that can be told because
the words feel like they matter. but the feeling
doesn't come along. so i sit with the silence,
questioning why the words won't come
despite how much there is to say.

It's a strange moment in life, I am caught
between a whirlwind of ambition and the calm
uncertainty of the present. I know what I hope
to become, and I trust that this institute will
be part of that journey, not just a stepping
stone, but a place that shapes me in ways I
don't yet understand.

It's not some
over-sentimental confession.
its's just where I am
I suppose this is the message, if there ever was one:
that it's good to be in between. to
be full of thoughts yet unable to express them fully.

To be driven, ambitious, and still unsure.
this peace may not have the punch of a
manifesto or the thrill of a breakthrough idea,
but because it's my part of MINE!

-Kelehonu
GNM 2nd year.

THROUGH THE LENS



Teacher's day celebration on 5th September with great enthusiasm to honor and appreciate our beloved teachers



College of Nursing celebrated its 13th foundation day on 21st October



Fresher's day was celebrated on 22nd November with vibrant programs to welcome new batch. The highlight of the program was the crowning of Mr. Fresher Kawilungdoubou Pamai and Ms. Fresher Arsengel Daimari.



College of Nursing proudly celebrates its 14th Lamp Lighting day on 2nd December 2024, marking a sacred moment for budding Nurses



CONFEST was celebrated from 12th to 19th December 2024 with the theme “*Victoria Amat Curam*” with vibrant activities, competition and cultural showcase. After a spirited contest among the houses, Yellow house emerged as the champion.



Advent Christmas was joyfully celebrated on 20th December 2024 at L.Noksangchilla girls hostel



World Heritage Day was celebrated on 19th April 2025 organized by BSCN 4th semester students



A three days Spiritual Work camp was organized for Final year students from 30th May to 1st June,2025 at Shalom Bible Seminary, Zubza



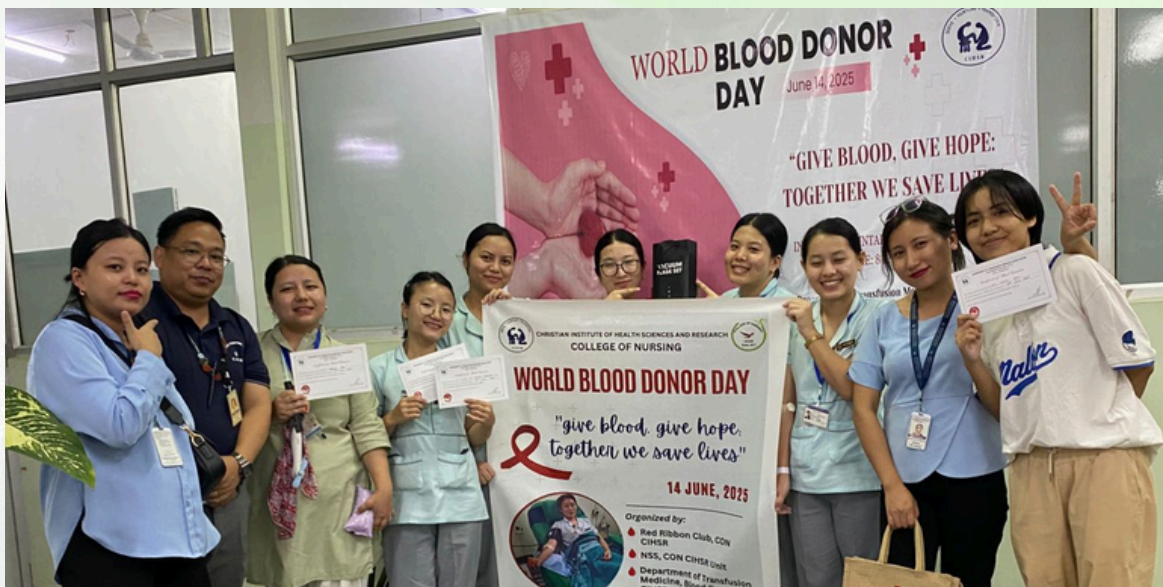
The State level SNAI Conference was Held on 29th April,2025 bringing together nursing students from various institute to showcase talents, foster leadership and teamwork



World Environment day was celebrated on 5th June, 2025 in collaboration with SNA, NSS and CRPF



World Blood Donor day was celebrated on 14th June 2025, where students actively volunteered to donate Blood.





Grand Sale was organized on 2nd August 2025, where students showcase their creativity and entrepreneurial skills. GNM 3rd year achieved the highest sale



Farewell program for outgoing Batch was held on 8th August 2025 at L.G Hall.



GNM

PBBSC



BSCN



FLASHES FRAMES



Ms. Rhodamir Kathar
BSCN 1st year



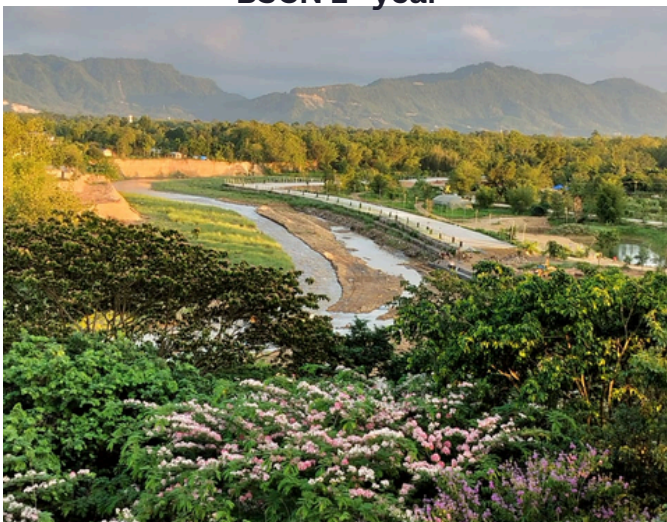
Ms. Lucy Timba
BSCN 1st year



Mr. Nishiraj Kulu
BSCN 1st year



Ms. Machiyisile Poirang
BSCN 1st year



Mr. Rukusato Ringa
BSCN 1st Year



Ms. Medoseno Rote
BSCN 1st year



Ms. Lozheno
GNM 2nd year



Ms. Sheleveine
GNM 2nd year



Ms. Ruulhoulenuo Zatsu
BSCN 4th year



Mr. Arpong Longkumer
GNM 3rd year

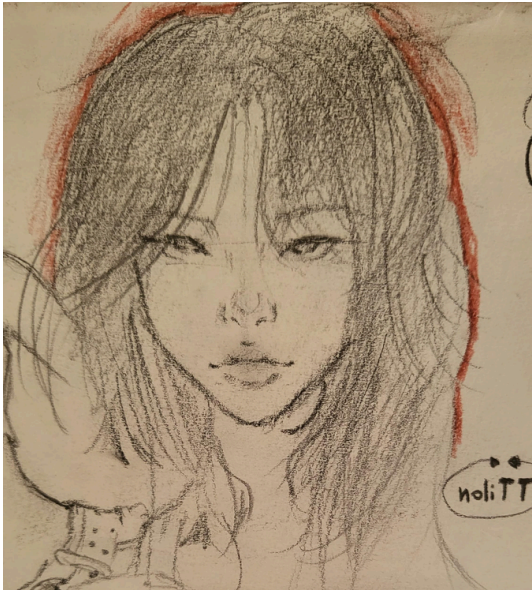


Ms. Temsunugla
BSCN 3rd year

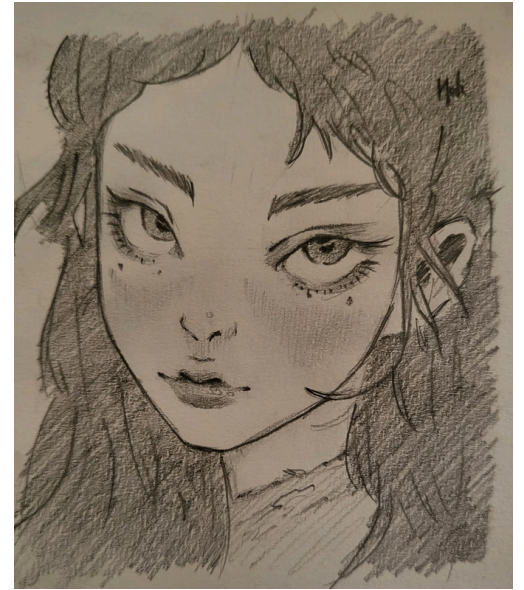


Mr. Nishiraj Kulu
BSCN 1st year

ART GALLERY



Ms. Honoli
GNM 1st year



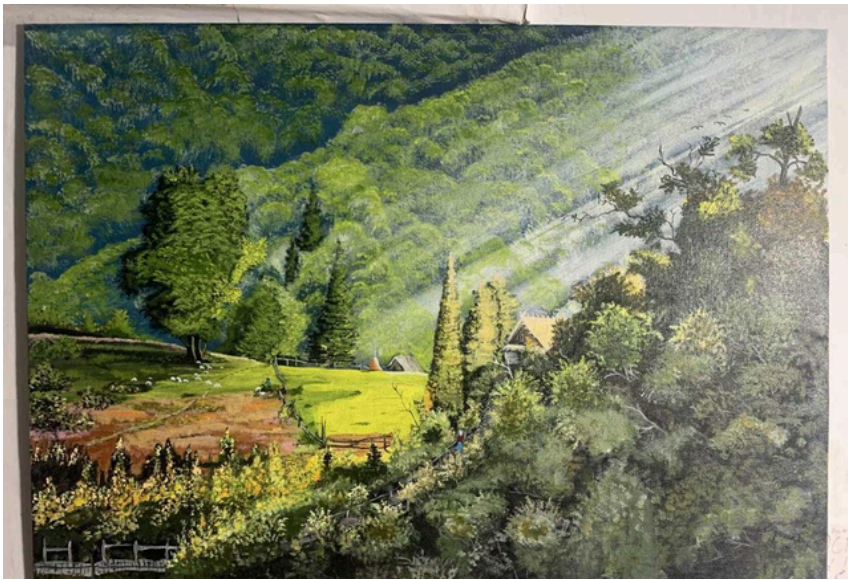
Ms. Lanhimmeilu
GNM 2nd year



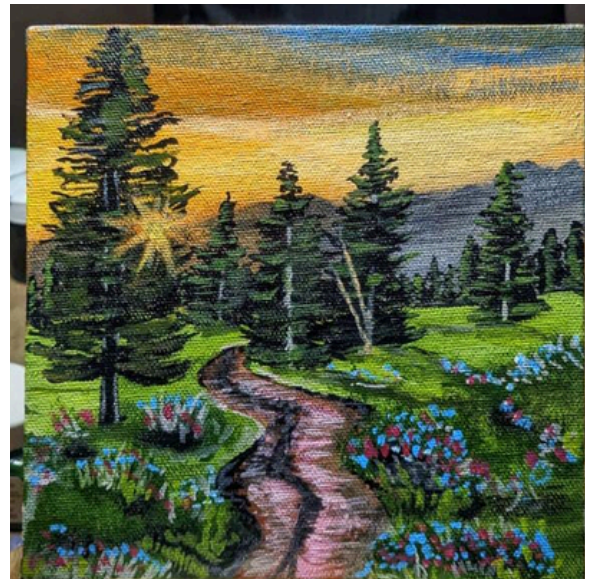
-Thejanguuo Angami.
GNM 3rd year.



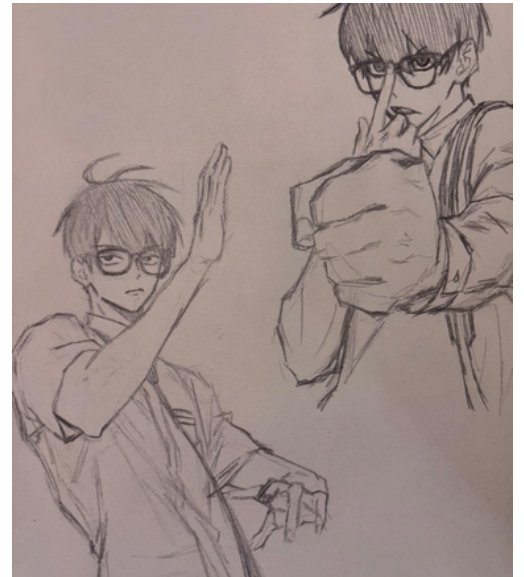
-Omega LS
BSCN 4th year



Ms. Machiyisile Poireng
BSCN 1st year



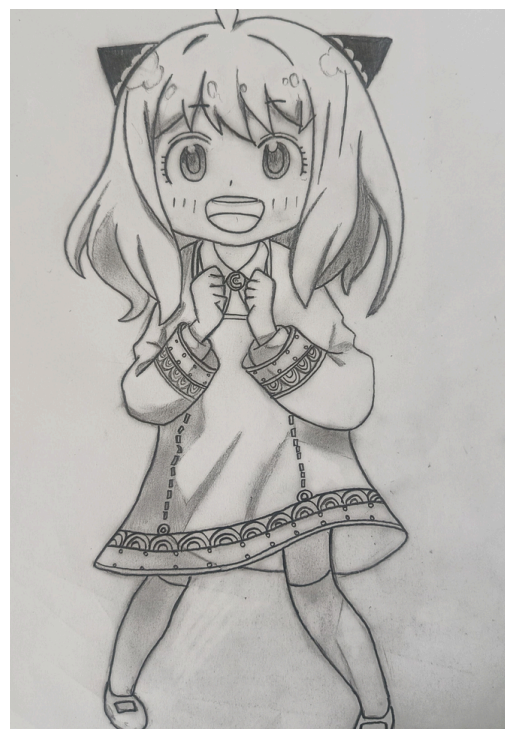
Ms. Benjongwala Along
BSCN 2nd year



Ms.Vilovi Swu
BSCN 4th Year



Mr. Jacob
GNM 1st year





EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

- Prof. Mrs Bendangmenla Ao (Senior Advisor)
- Ms. Rongsenlemla (Junior Advisor)
- Ms. Pura Nampi (Editorial Convenor)
- Ms. N.Neangmai (BSCN 4th year Representative)
- Ms. Aosen Jamir (BSCN 3rd year Representative)
- Ms. Toshitsungla Pongen (BSCN 2nd year Representative)
- Ms. Arsengel Daimari (BSCN 1st year Representative)
- Ms. Khoum Alice (GNM 3rd year Representative)
- Ms. Raivine K Bviisa (GNM 2nd year Representative)
- Ms. Sophia Achumi (GNM 1st year Representative)
- Ms. Obediency Rangslang (PBBSCN 2nd year Representative)
- Ms. Niva Dhnawar (PBBSCN 1st year Representative)





SNA EXECUTIVES 2024-2025

- President: Prof. A Purnungla Aier
- Senior SNA Advisor: Prof. Nongozonuo Khape
- Junior SNA Advisor: Ms. Esther Kent
Ms. Senglunglu Gangmei
- Vice President: Ms. Avikhrieu Kaco
- General Secretary: Ms. Nzanti Odyuo
- Treasure : Ms. Limasungla Lemtur
- Asst. Treasurer: Ms. Sentibenla
- Disciplinary and Hostel committee: Mrs. Neiketunuo Medom
Prof. Bendangmenla Ao
Ms. Utsarga Rai
Ms. Arensenla Z Jamir
- Mess committee: Prof. Khumjanbeni Murry
Mrs. Meripeni Kithan
Ms. Ruulhoulenuo Zatsu





- Cultural Committee: Mrs. Neiketunuo Medom
Ms. Sharingangla Pongen
- Spiritual Committee: Prof. Arhoni Tungoe
Ms. Tolivi Kiho
Ms. Omega L S
- Fundraising committee: Ms. Senlunglu Gangmei
Ms. Melissa Borgoyary
Ms. Vikuobino Keyho (Assistant)
- Bulletin Board :Ms. Esther Kent
Ms. H. Ngeavei Margreth
Ms. Temsunungla Imsong (Assistant)
- Sports Committee: Ms. Thujovelu Veshume
Ms. Videkhonuo
Ms. Binhile Semy
Mr. Amarjyoti Dutta
Mr. Nicky Lalriatdika (Assistant)





GOD Bless CON, CIHSR!

Photographed by:
Ms.Thejanguno K Angami
GNM 3rd Year