

T a p a s y a

ICFAI UNIVERSITY NAGALAND

"...a quest for knowledge..."

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Message of the Issue

Dear Friends,

As the new academic session starts again after the warm festive winter break, I will like to bring your attention on the topic "*Dare to*

be different." I have chosen this topic because it is

something that is very inspiring to me and I have made it as one of my personal philosophy which I endeavour to live by. New Year Greetings to all of you.

"No one reaches a high position without daring"

- Syrus

Being different means not being afraid to challenge the norms, being willing to take a chance, asking why, making your own track, not just following the well-trodden path, charting your own course and destiny, being the person that you were meant to be.

Every one of us is born unique. But we always strive very hard throughout our life to be like someone else. We always act in accordance to the society's so-called "common-sense." Unfortunately it is just that - "common sense." That does not mean its "good sense."

Most people think once they have a qualification that's it. They have arrived. Is it any wonder they don't grow? They are stagnant. Stuck at where they are instead of broadening their own horizon.

I have also come across student life; I know most of us won't even read unless there's an exam in sight. But you should know students that every day of your life is an exam. Every day you either pass or fail is a test of life. Every day is an opportunity to grow beyond your present barriers and circumstances. Every day is a chance to become a better person.

But the saddest part is that most of us do not realize this. We just follow the norms and the path of the society and we think we are doing very well. But in reality we will be losers as we let society's "common sense" grade us.

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Society celebrates mediocrity so much that it does not take much to set you above the rest. Doing that one thing regularly will put you way above the rest. Read books that challenge you and that make you think and encourages you.

“Each time we read, a seed is sown for the future.”

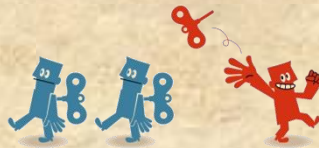
- Jules Renard



In closing I will like you all to know, not to be sceptical. Don't always follow where the crowd takes you, don't always be confined within your own knowledge and understanding. I believe that you all have abundance of potential within you and you will bring it out to fruition because you all are different.

Every New Year brings lots of new things, new hopes, new aspirations, new ideas and new joys. The year that has gone by looks like a dream that just got over little too soon. Yes it's time to set out on yet another dream filled journey.

Miss Pichano Kikon
Lecturer,
Department of Library & Information Science
ICFAI University Nagaland



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Campus News

Vice Chancellor's Meeting: On the 13th of January 2017, *Professor C. P. Alexander*, Vice Chancellor of the university called for a meeting with the faculty and staff. Both academic and other key issues were discussed as the university geared up for its current academic session. The following new employees were welcomed to the university:

- ❖ *Dr. Khrienuo* who joined the Department of History as Assistant Professor,
- ❖ *Ms. Khekhriesenuo* who joined the Department of Education as Lecturer,
- ❖ *Ms. Lawmi* who joined the Department of Library & Information Science as Lecturer, and
- ❖ *Ms. Shushma* who joined as the Assistant Accounts & Administrative Officer.

Tapasya Team Annexation: The Tapasya Editorial Board welcomed *Mr. Heroto Yepthomi* (BCom 2nd semester) as its new member who will be contributing in the area of photography from February 2017 onwards.



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My Aunt

- Ms. Neijoi Konyak, MA (Eng) 2nd Semester

On the gray morning of January 25, 2014 my world caved in. I was tired and completely exhausted. A few minutes had gone by when the telephone rang, and it was my Aunt's doctor informing about my Aunt being hospitalized. She had a heart attack and this time it was the worst. The measured words coming through the telephone receiver were like physical blows from which I instinctively recoiled. And then I took a deep breath, like that of a drowning person gulping for air. I found my voice again, it sounded hollow and alien.



The doctor was sorry for my loss. How can real life seem more like a dream than any dream? What is reality? Life? Death? Who can tell?

I could no longer hold my tears that were creeping inside me and I bust out crying. Must one pick up life again, even though one feels as dead on the inside? I knelt down and prayed to Almighty to let my Aunt's soul rest in peace. As I knelt there, the front door opened, it was my mom and my brother Apon. We sat in the living room and I repeated all that the doctor had said. The whole thing seemed utterly unreal for us.

But yet by sure steps I would be led through it. I was to discover the Lord as my Shepherd. I went to hospital alone and the little hospital room was not empty and I was not alone. Though I did not understand it then and cannot explain it now. I knew that my Aunt was near me. And beside her, another presence, the Lord she had served through long years. It was in those moments that I learned what Christ's power over death is. Glory filled that room. There was no straining over the planning of the funeral service. It was a service that included our entire congregation, families, relatives, Aunt Lily's friends and mine. The funeral service was soon carried out in our old *Konyak Baptist Church Mon (KBCM)*, situated in the middle of the town. The Church had never been so crowded except on an Easter Sunday morning. It was a big loss for the Church members too. Several hundred people came to attend the funeral service.



Government workers, Senators, the Vice-President, Chairmen, Clerks, Typists, Secretaries, house-wives, the janitors of the Church – they were all there.

The vast congregation rose and sang together as one voice. The Choir, fifty youths sang the anthem that Aunt Lily had loved best – part of Mendelssohn's "Elijah:"

*O, Rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him,
And He shall give thee
Thy heart is desire...*

Several of Aunt Lily's close friends in the ministry spoke.

One of them, Rev. Nyamto, the Pastor of Mon Theological College (MTC), later told me that the tone of the entire service was changed for him by an incident just before the service began.

Later in the service, Pastor Ngamjoan said the same thing in a different way. The words he spoke were to gather significance for me in the years ahead:

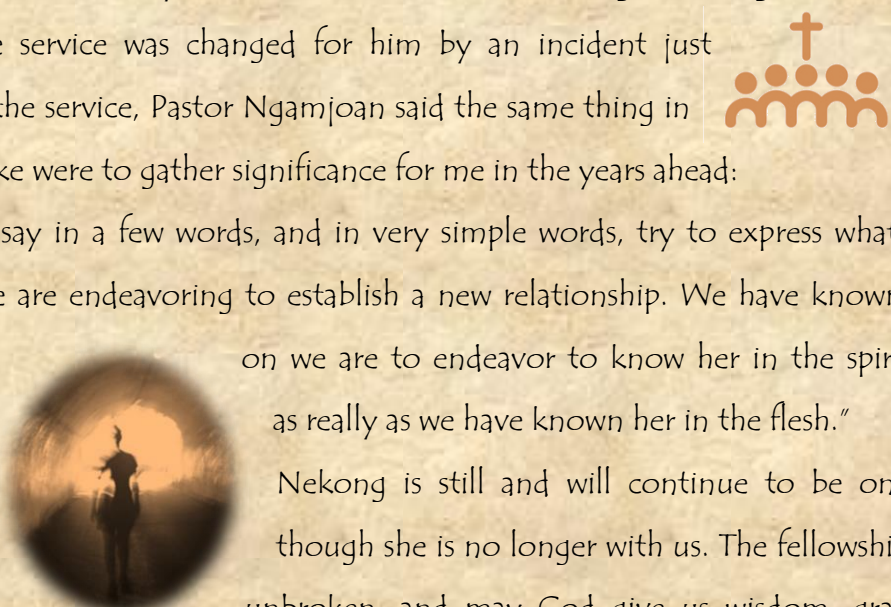
"Let me say in a few words, and in very simple words, try to express what we were trying to do this morning. We are endeavoring to establish a new relationship. We have known Lily Nekong in the flesh. From now on we are to endeavor to know her in the spirit, and to know her in the spirit just as really as we have known her in the flesh."

"Lily Nekong is still and will continue to be one of the ministers of this Church, though she is no longer with us. The fellowship that we have with her will remain unbroken, and may God give us wisdom, grace and strengthen to join hands with her."

"Then the service was over. The family and I walked down the long center aisle of the Church behind the casket."

At that time, the first need of the bereaved person is for comfort. In sorrow, we are all like little children who yearn to creep into a mother's arms and rest there. Most people accept intellectually a belief in some kind of life after death. Maybe this is what the Bible means by that lovely statement- "*Underneath are the everlasting arms.*"

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Wind of Change

Mr. David P. Achumi, MA (Eng) 2nd Semester



He knows life is short but kills time
He used to listen to Zpac but now
he listens to Justin Beiber
He had a huge crush on Miley Cyrus
But now he likes Kendall Jenner more.

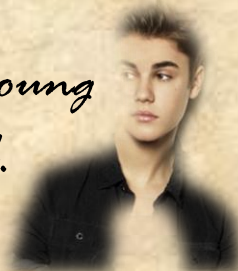


He liked white but
now he likes black more



He likes the idea of Heaven but
Does not believe in one.

He wants to be forever young
but he is getting old.



He is lost and
is nowhere to be found.

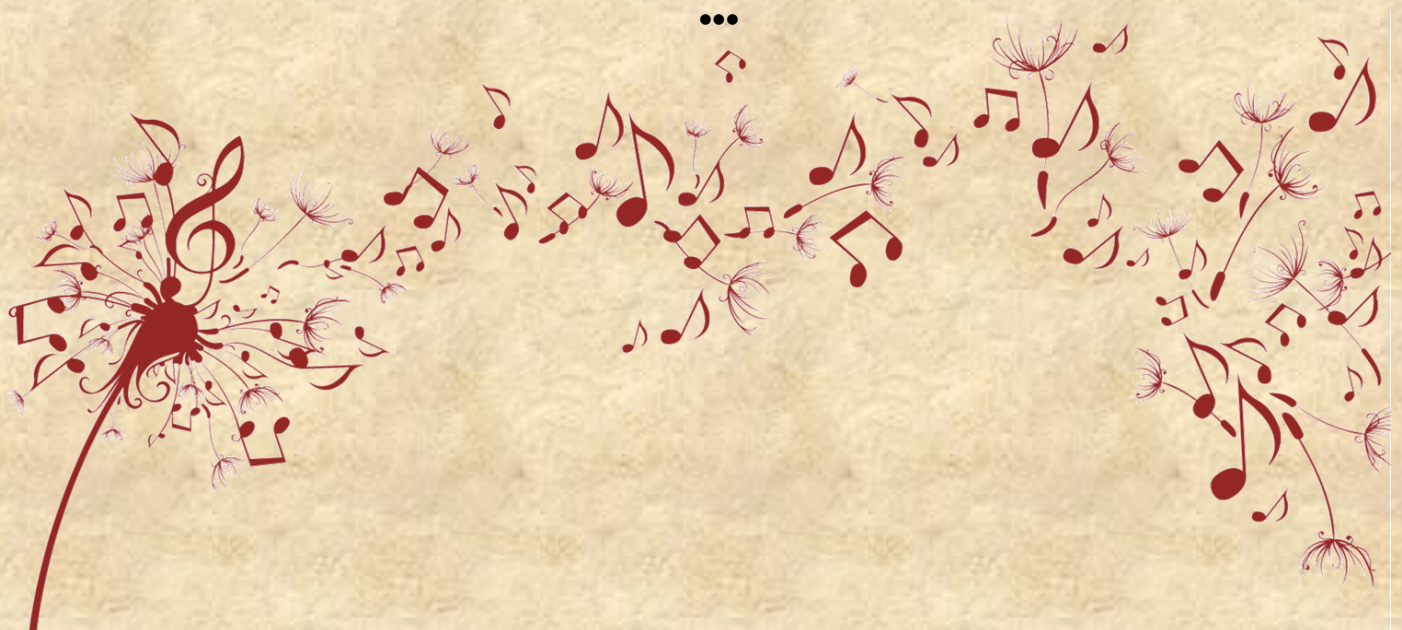


Photo-Synthesis



“Watchful”

Photograph By: Hamidul Islam, Alumni (BA Class of 2013-16)
(Quote and Image Processing: R Bhuyan)

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