



# Golden Jubilee SOUVENIR

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## *An Ode to My Alma Mater*

“ After all this time I still miss you every day  
The same world spins 'round  
I guess some things never change...  
When I said I'd love you for eternity  
I just never knew how true those words would be...  
I guess some things never change ”

The time travels back almost three decades when I as a kid was travelling in the school bus to the much-celebrated Bishop Moore Vidyapith to learn the nuances of life for the first time. Every day one thing happened inside the bus, which inspired my curiosity as a toddler. All my seniors standing up to get a glimpse of something and I could gauge their awe and admiration through their reactions. The ritual-like affair, which I finally deciphered, was the impeccable desire to admire our mother-institution, the one and only Bishop Moore College. A time when we appreciate everything before us panelled the urge to set foot in beyond that colossal gate, be a part of that great institution.

Time flipped away the pages and that small boy metamorphosed into a youngster with a BA Degree in English. Though I got the call letter for admission in Bishop Moore College for BA English, I could not take it owing to certain other reasons. But as it says, "some things are destined to be". I got a chance to study in this prestigious institution in the year 2001 for MA English Language and Literature. What can I say? That drop of change led me into a vast ocean of experience. From then on, the wind has been with me to reach the shores of success with God's grace and blessings of my elders.



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To think about my college days, I can never forget the lines scribbled in my book of life by my adorable teachers. The then Head of the Department, Harilal sir who always supported us, our lovable warden John Philip aka JP sir, the master grammarian and endearing Achyamma miss, the evergreen and winsome Prabha miss, the scholarly Shirley miss, dignified and adorable Giggy miss, the ever-loving Samuel sir and the cheerful and encouraging Anne miss. I also remember the earlier masters like Iyer sir, V.C. John sir, Rajan Varghese sir and others for guiding us at different occasions. I can never forget the contributions of the young brigade of lecturers at that time including Priya miss, Rebecca miss, Sreeja miss, Indu miss and so on.



The serene and picturesque campus has always ignited my imagination. The trees, the greenery around, the campus, the ground, everything still remain fresh in my memory. Whenever I think of Bishop Moore College, I can never forget one name and that is Prabha miss, who gave all kind of support and guidance for both my life and career. She inspired my friend Hari and me to join this College as Guest Lecturers way back in 2003. Without her and this college, I am sure I would have been nothing. Sometimes the dreams that come true are the dreams you never even knew you had. My teachers, dear students, and above all, my college have been there always in my thoughts, imagination and dreams.

I felt acknowledged as we got an opportunity once to make a documentary on the history of the English Department and the college. It was actually a tribute from my friends and me to the ever-glowing institution. The then Principal Dr. Mathew Koshy gave us that chance. Though everything is bright, one thing that we terribly

miss is the presence of our dear Shirley miss. Her sudden demise was a shock for all of us.

Now as I look back to my career after completing a 'dozenal' years, I realise how much I love Bishop Moore College. Dreams always provide the energy to go on. I too have a vision to make a return to this college with my classmates, our teachers and my dear students – to perform a dual role – that of a student and a teacher to feel the grandeur of the college. You gave me everything and I am sure your name will shine always.

On this wonderful occasion, let me wish all the very best to the teachers and other staffs of the college – thanks a lot to all of you for taking my college forward. I also thank Anne miss for giving me an opportunity to jot my thoughts in this precious souvenir.

Thanks Alma Mater...May you shine evermore in the coming years. As Shakespeare wrote, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety".



# കെണി



പ്രഫ. ദിപു ജോസഫ്  
ഡിപ്പാർട്ട്മെന്റ് ഓഫ്  
പൊളിറ്റിക്കൽ സയൻസ്  
ബിഷപ്പ് മുർ കോളേജ്

മദമിളകിയലറി പാഞ്ഞാൽ-  
കുറ്റപ്പെടുത്തേണ്ടതില്ല  
കരയിലെ വമ്പൻ കരിവീരൻ  
ദേഹമാസകലം  
വരിഞ്ഞു മുറുകിയ-  
തുടലുകളോടെ നിൽക്കുമ്പോൾ  
ആഴയുടെ തോട്ടി-  
മസ്തകം പിളർക്കുമ്പോൾ  
ഭ്രാന്തിളകി ചവിട്ടിയരച്ചാലത്-  
നിലനിൽപ്പിനുവേണ്ടിയുള്ള  
പ്രതികരണമല്ലേ?

ദൈവത്തിന്റെ വാഹനം!  
പക്ഷേയൊരു പക്ഷി-  
പനിയെങ്ങാനും വന്നാൽ?  
ഉത്തരേന്ത്യൻ വനാന്തരങ്ങളിൽ-  
നായാടപ്പെടുന്നവരിലൊന്നല്ലേ?

വിരുപമായ മുഴ  
വരണ്ട ഉഷ്ണത്തെ-  
അതിജീവിക്കാൻ!

നീണ്ട കൺപീലികൾ  
മണൽകാറ്റിനെ ചെറുക്കാൻ!  
മെലിഞ്ഞു നീണ്ടകാലുകൾ  
ചൂടുമണലിൽ പതിയാതെ-  
നിവർന്നു നിൽക്കാൻ!!  
എങ്കിലും...  
എന്തേ...ഈ ഇരുമ്പുകവചത്തിൽ  
കാഴ്ചബംഗ്ലാവിനുള്ളിൽ?

അധികം ചിറകോ  
വായോ പുവോ  
കിരീടമോ ഇല്ലാത്ത  
ജന്മങ്ങളാണ് സൂരക്ഷിതർ!  
കുരുവിയെ പോലെയോ-  
പനിയെ പോലെയോ

പെട്ടെന്ന്...  
കെണിയിൽനിന്നും  
രക്ഷപ്പെടാനാവില്ല  
ആനകൾക്ക്, മയിലുകൾക്ക്  
ഒട്ടകങ്ങൾക്ക്...

