

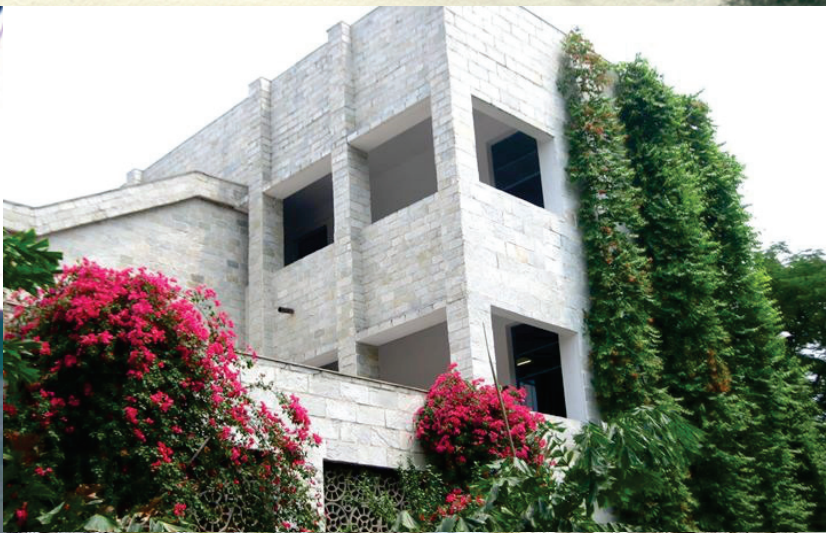


# STRANDS THAT BIND MIS @





*'A new Light has appeared upon earth.  
Let this new school opened today be guided by it.'*



*Nothing is in the universe but Thy Life, Thy Light, Thy Love.*

*– The Mother*

# PREFACE

## *The Power Within*

The Mother's International School has been described by many as a sacred sanctuary that leaves an imprint on the soul.

The school opened its doors to students less than a decade after independence, at a time of the year considered late spring. Just as new leaves sprout on the old and magnificent trees, the institution was fired by new ideas that rebelled against the colonial policy of education. It was a new vision for India's future, where science and technology would challenge dogma, and seek knowledge from ancient Indian scholarship, literature, art, music and yoga.

In the timespan of 70 years, the school has evolved and grown, yet its core values and principles have held secure.

In the quantum world, the way stars shine depends on the nuclei. Galaxies are held together by gravity. For teachers, students and the entire school community, The Mother's International School is that central force that binds, yet paradoxically, engenders growth and vitality creating the energy for true progress.

In these pages are stories of teachers and students who have worked or learnt with a calm and quiet determination, guided by inspired standards and inner reflection. It is a community that has contributed, grown and flourished together, looking within, where one needed course correction; and without, to acknowledge, celebrate and commend the work of others traversing the same path.

When a group of people work with humility towards a cause that is much larger than themselves, and with a firm resolve, they become a part of something that is enduring and true.

To carry within the guiding light of the Mother's motto for the School, 'More True, Forever More True', is what it means to be part of this great institution.

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# Introduction

## **One Small Step...One Giant Leap Through Time**

When a school traverses 70 years, one looks back with the wonder of a child collecting sea-shells on the shores of time.

Seven decades might seem like the blink of an eye when one understands that the Indian education system took shape very slowly even as continents drifted away or merged with each other. This was the land that gave the world the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Jatakas, the Panchatantra, the Gita and through the work of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother, Integral Education.

Like gold that is tested in fire, the finesse of India's educational philosophy owes its nuanced understanding of the body and the mind to several generations of rishis, women and men whose quest for knowledge, slaked the thirst of many.

The Mother's International School completes 70 years. We bow our heads to draw inspiration from the rich legacy and the countless learned and enlightened souls who enkindled the light of true knowledge.

Shri Surendra Nath Jauhar 'Faquir', Dr Indra Sen, Dr K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar, Dr M.V Nadkarni, Mrs Indu Pillay, Devi Karunamayee, Shri Anil Jauhar, were the guiding lights whose work still shines bright.

In the early years, Shri Surendra Nath Jauhar 'Faquir' in deference to the Mother's guidance started a school on what was a barren tract of land. Like a gardener, he tended to the institution, watering it with his sweat and toil. For him no task was too small, no feat unassailable. He was a man inspired.

From driving the school van to ferry students when such a need arose, to conceptualizing how the future of the school would unfold, Chachaji's clear-sighted vision guided him.

Slowly, the school buildings came up, one room, one block, one playfield at a time and Chachaji, who led a life of strict austerity, gave the institution his all. To him, the students, teachers and staff were family.

There are several anecdotes and accounts of school alumni and teachers of Chachaji throwing open the doors of the school and the Ashram to students from all sections of society and offering support to students from disadvantaged families or communities.

Students who lacked adequate support or facilities at home, were encouraged to stay in the Ashram where teachers would mentor them, especially before the board examinations. There were times when he would personally show up at the board examination centre with an earthen-pot of 'rasgullas' which he would feed the students with his own hands so that they did not feel anxious. To the school community, he was the ever-present father figure, a disciplinarian who was ever-loving and unflinchingly kind.

In its seven decades of dedicated service, the institution has left a mark on society. Teachers and students who have worked here attest to its deep influence on every aspect of their lives. One feels a strong connect and the boundary between individual and institution sees an erasure in a positive sense.

The Mother's International School inspires one to be reflective and work consciously towards a calling that is true; it has impacted and invigorated change in the education landscape, and will continue to do so.



# **Chalk-dust Chronicles**

# Indu Pillay



## NOSTALGIA

**I**t was a Sunday morning in April 1957. I had come to attend the Sunday morning Satsang at the Ashram. After it was over, Shri Surendra Nath ji accosted me in the verandah.

"Why have we not seen you for so many days?" "I was writing my M.A. finals." "What will you do now?" "I will work." "Why don't you work here?" "What work?" "Teaching in the school. Will you come?" I did not know that a school had been running since 23rd April, 1956. I replied "I will come." "From when can you come?" "From whenever you wish." "Come from tomorrow."

My fate was sealed. I was entrusted with the responsibility of running the Nursery Department of the School. Apart from the fact that I was an ignoramus, there were hardly any toys or equipment in the Nursery School. We worked hard and learnt through trial and error.

Dr. Chaman Lal Gupta, who is now a top solar energy expert in the country and lives in Pondicherry, was one of my earliest colleagues. He would sell notebooks and pencils during recess, while I was asked to sell snacks and sweets. I remember that we were always happy and laughing - many a time at our own foolish mistakes. But we were dead serious about our work.

The Delhi Branch of Sri Aurobindo Ashram which had started on 12th February, 1956, became doubly sanctified with the installation of Sri Aurobindo's relics on 5th December, 1956. On the 4th of December some of us had busied ourselves in decorating the Samadhi with flowers. The relics were to be enshrined on the 5th of December. Suddenly I realized that it was nearly 11 p.m. I had forgotten to inform that I would be staying back at night and that I needed a room to sleep in. I tiptoed to the meditation hall and found that 4-5 persons had been deputed to keep vigil over the relics, by turn. Himanshu da from Calcutta, who was one of the deputed Sadhaks asked me why I was not in bed. On being told that I had nowhere to go, he gave me his pillow and said, "You sleep in the meditation hall." And so I had the good fortune to sleep all night in the meditation hall with the relics of Sri Aurobindo waiting to be enshrined.

I also remember when Tara and her sisters came to Delhi from Pondicherry in 1958, and while on a visit to Rashtrapati Bhavan, noticed the absence of Sri Aurobindo's portrait in the portrait gallery of freedom fighters. They had the good fortune to meet President Rajendra Prasad and to point out the omission. On his reply that the portraits were those of political leaders and Sri Aurobindo was a Maharishi, the girls persisted that Sri Aurobindo had been a great political leader as well. Besides, was there not the portrait of Rabindranath Tagore, who was not a political leader?

The next day a phone call from Rashtrapati Bhavan inquired if the Ashram could provide a portrait of Sri Aurobindo. The Mother, on being requested, asked Shri Promod Kumar Chatterjee, an eminent artist, to make the portrait.

I remember the very solemn and dignified function at the Rashtrapati Bhavan when the Vice President, Dr. Radhakrishnan received the portrait on 15th August, 1959. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru

also graced the occasion. Nearly eighty persons, including some children of the school and teachers, took part in the function. It was an unforgettable experience.

The nostalgia of Pondicherry trips! The soul uplifting Darshan of the Mother at the balcony every morning. The sea baths, working in different departments of the Ashram. The last thing before retiring would be a game of scrabble with Tara, a practice which incidentally continues to this day. Had we kept a record of all our games, we would have been in the Guinness Book of Records.

And so we blossomed under the ever watchful eyes of Surendra Nathji. He slogged from morning to night and set the same standards for everyone else. Under a stern exterior one could discern a very soft core in him. He could administer to your needs like a caring mother.

Morning Assembly was always the most important part of the day. There was music and recitations. Often we had distinguished visitors from Pondicherry and elsewhere, who addressed the staff members and school children. The Mother appointed Dr. K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar, ex-Vice Chancellor of Andhra University and a biographer of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother, as the '*Adhishthata*' of the School. One story a day was a must whenever he visited Delhi. What a fund of stories and what a narrator! His benign, saintly presence was always a source of inspiration to us. And how can I forget Parasharji? His Indian Culture (I.C.) classes were termed 'Ice Cream' periods by children. They had a gala time with him. Parasharji was ever on the lookout for 'potential greats'. He had an unerring eye for spotting children and teachers who were out of the ordinary. And he nurtured them with love and understanding.

I also had the good fortune to work under Shri Naresh Bahadur, who took over as Principal, after the departure of Dr. Pearson. Nareshji was a devotee and a man of very few needs. He organized readings from the works of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother, for the benefit of teachers. This simple, dhoti kurta-clad poet, however, was ill at ease in Delhi. He is 86 years old now and lives in Pondicherry.

Mr. Bhagowalia, our next Principal, came from Uganda. He too came solely to serve The Mother. He had a very comfortable pension and he did not need to work for money. To him goes the credit of streamlining the whole system. A brilliant mathematician and a dynamic worker he brought in many welcome changes in the school schedule. When I resigned my job in January, 1964 to do my B.Ed. from C.I.E., Mr. Bhagowalia was at the helm of affairs. He too is in his eighties now. Till a few years back he would cycle down to the School/Ashram to attend a function or to pray at the Samadhi.

In my absence, Karunaji joined the school and the Ashram. She added a new dimension to the singing of Prayer Songs and Marching Songs. The singing during the Assembly was enriched tremendously. The glorious tradition continues.

A gap of ten years....

I returned to India in July 1974. Surendra Nath ji's first question to me was, "Are you through with your travels?"

"Yes." "Then come and join the school as Vice Principal. Bring Mr. Pillay also. I want him to look after the School Administration."

"I can come but I cannot commit on behalf of Mr. Pillay. I will have to ask him."

Back home, when I told my husband about Surendra Nath ji's offer, he said "It is best that we both work together at the same place."

It was as simple as that. No pros and cons. No discussions.

And so it was like a home coming. I realised how much I had missed my work and the Ashram. Mr. Madan, my erstwhile colleague, was now the Principal of the School. We still did not have a

proper school building. But the board results were quite good. The Music, Painting and Pottery Departments were in good shape. From 1975, the school magazine Navchetna became a regular feature. It has since, become an important window to the school and its myriad activities.

Mr. Madan shifted to Bombay in 1975 and I was entrusted with the reins of office.

Twenty years have gone by. Time seems to have flown. Tara shifted from Pondicherry to Delhi in 1976. Her coming brought us so many welcome changes. The whole campus became cleaner and greener. She brought with her, years of expertise in the field of Physical Education. She guided our Physical Education Department and our Annual Physical Demonstrations.

Acharya J.B. Kripalani inaugurated the new school building on 13th August 1978. What a sea-change! Airy, well-lit rooms, library, dance hall, science labs, art room, craft room, canteen, book store. And we have added so many more facilities during the last eighteen years. The 400 metres cinder track, children's playground, football, basketball, volleyball courts, computer lab, home science, batik, pottery and painting departments. By way of infrastructure we do not lack anything. We are a happy family of students and teachers. The seeds have been strewn. Some have blossomed. More will blossom. When I see faces of children at prayer time, some with eyes closed, meditating, I wonder what power is at work? Perhaps, unknown to us, our destinies have brought us together. How each one of us benefits, is to be seen. There surely is a purpose, "a meaning in every curve and line."

**Indu Pillay**

**Former Principal**

**(Reproduced from Navchetna, 1996)**



# Sanghamitra Ghosh



## DOWN THE SUNLIT PATH (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 1997 TO 2020)

Where do I begin to write about an institution that has been an integral part of my life for over two decades — an institution that shaped not only my career, but the very person I have become?

My journey with MIS began on a nondescript summer day in 1997, when I joined as a middle school teacher; an unremarkable start to a career that in the years ahead would become less of a career and much more a way of life, profoundly affecting me in a myriad ways.

MIS nurtured us in a gentle way; new ideas were always welcome and innovation flourished in an atmosphere of trust and camaraderie. I remain eternally grateful to my mentors who gently but firmly pushed me beyond my perceived limits, encouraging me to widen my horizons while offering unwavering faith and support. Cooperation was at the heart of everything we did. Whether planning lessons, organising events, or navigating challenges, there was always a spirit of shared purpose. Every school event felt like a celebration — not merely of achievement, but of collective effort, passion, and pride. We worked long hours, yet seldom felt weary, because joy infused our work and gave meaning to every effort.

One of the greatest blessings of this journey, has been the relationships I built — both with my colleagues who became lifelong friends, and with students who often became my inspiration.

My students were my constant inspiration and my primary focus. Looking back, it is clear that I learnt more from them than I realised at that time. Their questions, perspectives and enthusiasm ensured that through my daily interactions with them I continued to learn and grow.

While MIS has contributed immensely to whatever I have achieved professionally, it has given me something far more precious. My long association with the school brought me closer to Sri Aurobindo and The Mother, and to a spiritual dimension of life that quietly permeated our everyday work.

Few are blessed to serve in an environment suffused with such depth and aspiration. Through school events, reflections, and shared readings, we immersed ourselves in their words and ideals. Often, it felt as though an unseen hand was gently guiding us inward — towards what Sri Aurobindo calls the 'Sunlit Path'.



As I reflect today, my heart overflows with gratitude. Some journeys do not truly end; they become woven into the fabric of who we are.

MIS will always live within me.

# Annapoorni Venkatachalam

## A NOTE OF GRATITUDE (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 1987 TO 2014)



As MIS turns 70 on 23rd April, a day I am grateful and blessed to share as my birthday, the celebration feels all the more meaningful.

When I look back, I often feel I was destined to be a part of the MIS family. If someone were to ask me about the most memorable moment of my life, my answer would be simple: the day I first walked through the gates of MIS on 1st April 1987. That day marked the beginning of my life as a teacher, a journey that, even after all these years, continues to be my greatest blessing.

I still remember how unsure I felt after my interview, convinced I had not done well. Yet MIS opened its doors to me. Twice in my career, circumstances arose that almost forced me to leave; once, I even submitted my resignation. But perhaps The Mother had other plans for me, for each time, something gently guided me back. And so I stayed and continue to stay, with a thankful heart. MIS has always been a school with a difference. Becoming a part of The Mother's International School is one of the greatest gifts that life has given me. In my early years here, the school became my second home; today, it has become my first. Right from when I was in class 8, I dreamed of being a teacher, and I consider myself truly fortunate that MIS became the place where I grew in my profession while also growing within. The resilience, patience, and quiet joy I find in seeing others happy are qualities that MIS has woven into my being.

I remain deeply grateful to Principal, Mrs. Indu Pillay, who guided me during the early years of my career. I began teaching Classes 8 to 10 and was later entrusted with Classes 11 and 12. I still remember telling her I was hesitant to teach the senior classes. It was she who encouraged me and gave me the confidence to step forward, something I continue to cherish even today.

The principals of MIS have always lived the values they spoke of. And the staff, my colleagues, have always been more than co-workers. They have been family, standing alongside one another through every moment of need. When I faced the greatest challenge of my life, it was the entire school that held me up and helped me find my strength again.

The students of MIS, too, are truly special. The bond between teacher and student here is something precious, something felt deeply, though difficult to express in words. To all my dear students: thank you for filling my life with joy, purpose, and love all these years. The morning assemblies, the inspiring lectures by distinguished speakers, and the countless experiences the school has offered over the decades are treasures of the heart, felt more than they can ever be written.

Any reflection on my time here would be incomplete without the mention of the role of Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Delhi Branch. The role of the Ashram and its influence in my life are profound, far beyond what words can fully capture. Equally deep is the love and affection I have received from Tara Didi, whose presence has shaped me in ways I continue to discover. Her visionary spirit, tireless dedication, and kindness have not only guided the Ashram but have inspired me personally. From her, I have learned the value of openness, speaking one's mind with honesty and the importance of discipline as a way of life. She embodies compassion and strength in equal measure, and her example continues to mould my thoughts, values, and aspirations. To express the depth of her influence is difficult, but it continues to live within me through the lessons she has shared.

Thank you, MIS family, for all that you have given me. As MIS celebrates 70 years, I offer my heartfelt blessings and warmest wishes for its continued growth, strength, and grace. Sri Aurobindo wrote in his teachings on education:

“Nothing can be taught; the teacher is but a guide.” The very spirit of MIS reflects these words.

As I look back on my 37-year journey in the school, what fills my heart is not pride, but gratitude.

# Smita Gupta



## THE HUMAN EQUATION (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 1996 TO 2021)

'The MIS and Me', just four words, but encompassing decades of experiences. I joined MIS not as a bright-eyed graduate just out of college, but as a mother of two, in my thirties, with the thought, "Let me try my hand at teaching Math!". Within a few days of being in classrooms, I found my students were teaching me to teach. Henceforth it was a two-way journey throughout, of teaching and learning, of handholding, not just inside but outside of classrooms as well. Being in the classrooms, I learnt about empathy, every student's academic and emotional needs and grappled with complexities of human nature. Throughout my time in MIS, I cherish the time spent in the class-rooms the most. Once inside, the class-room became the world, all other life issues were left outside the door. These experiences were priceless.

The earth-shattering realisation for me in this journey was that not everything can be put in a nice equation, with Right Hand Side equal to Left Hand Side. This, of course, made me love Math even more, the simplicity and unambiguity of Math, just beautiful! But this realisation helped me in forming a warm relationship with those around me, I began trying to understand and accept the differences in personalities, undoubtedly, a very tough lesson to learn in life, and this lesson is endless. The times spent in the staff-rooms, the sharing, the bonhomie, with colleagues was the lifeline for us all.

MIS is where I learnt so much about myself, discovered strengths I was not aware of and came to know what kind of work gave me joy, and also areas where I would rather not venture. MIS has nurtured me, taught me compassion, persistence and given me confidence in myself. MIS is indeed the Temple of Learning, for all those who are fortunate to be here. It is often said, that you do not join MIS by chance, you come here only because you were destined to. I too believe so, and am very grateful that this destiny was for me.



# Harpal Bhalla

## MANY CHAPTERS, ONE JOURNEY (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 1982 TO 2014)



**M**y journey at The Mother's International School (MIS) from 1981 to 2014 was more than just a tenure; it was a lifelong immersion in soulful philosophy of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother. Entering the campus in the early eighties, I was immediately struck by the unique blend of serenity and academic rigor that defines Sri Aurobindo Ashram – Delhi Branch.

The 1980s were foundational years, characterised by a simpler landscape where the buildings stood amidst lush greenery and Mirambika, an experiment in free progress education, was beginning to flourish nearby. As the decades progressed through the 90s and into the new millennium, I witnessed the school's physical and pedagogical evolution. We moved from traditional blackboards to digital classrooms, yet the core ethos - the pursuit of excellence without the weight of unhealthy competition - remained unshakable.

My daily life was punctuated by the morning assembly, where the collective silence and The Mother's music created a sanctuary of peace before I went to take my classes. As a member of the faculty, the transition from the 20<sup>th</sup> century to the 21<sup>st</sup> century at MIS felt seamless because the school prioritized character and psychic education over mere syllabus completion. I remember the vibrant sports days, the depth of the school plays, annual functions, educational trips, and the quiet moments of reflection under the trees that have shaded generations.

I progressed from being a Trained Graduate Teacher (TGT) to Post Graduate Teacher (PGT) and ultimately Vice-Principal and officiating Principal for some time, till 2014. As class teacher, house-master, NIE-coordinator, in-charge of community service and the quiz club, and coordinator of NCC (Army Wing) when I joined the school in 1981—I have served the institution in many ways, as it grew from a small batch of students to one of the most reputed schools in the capital with over 2400 pupils.

Retiring from MIS after nearly 34 years of service felt like departing from a second home. The journey from 1981 to 2014 taught me that education is not a preparation for life, but life itself.

The Mother's International School didn't just provide a place to work; it provided a compass for soul.

Best wishes to MIS forever.



# Geetha Kumar



## IDEALS INTO ACTION (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 1990 TO 2007)

When I look back at the years I spent in MIS and the role it has played in my evolution as a teacher and more importantly, as a person, I realise that words can hardly do justice to it. I feel overwhelmed with gratitude to the school for having played a vital role in making me who I am today.

At the level of education, MIS is an outstanding example of how preparing students for academic exams and challenges can happen more effectively in an environment conducive to holistic education rooted in sound values. The guidance of Sri Aurobindo is not just presented to us as teachings but is incorporated in the manner in which education is provided here, through the inspiring presence of the management, the guidance through example provided by the Principal and the ambience created by the devotion and commitment to His principles by the Ashram. All this gave a teacher like me dealing with 'board class' students a wonderful motivation to engage with them with love and commitment. That students still keep in touch is truly the effect of MIS.

The Mother is a living Presence in the school, guiding us and helping us go beyond performing the role of teachers into being good human beings. I feel that it is the Presence of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother here that inspires both students and teachers to bring out their potential in every sense of the word. A trip to the Pondicherry ashram with the children just at the time of the tsunami of 2004 was a memorable experience for me of The Mother taking care of us at the time of a crisis. Being in MIS was indeed a priceless blessing to me for which I am beholden always.

# Neena Sethi



## SEEDS TO BLOSSOMS (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 1979 TO 2013) (ALUMNA, CLASS OF 1970)

It was in 1959 when my father admitted me to Prep class in The Mother's International School. It was an upcoming school in the southern part of Delhi back then, surrounded by fields with seasonal vegetables. I

passed out in 1970 and in 1975, I joined back as a teacher to fill a vacancy for a Social Studies teacher in the middle school. I have many fond memories of the time spent in school and the best of these are with children.

Mr P.K. Madan, the Principal, was very fond of the alumni and had aptly named it Mother's Blossoms. In the very beginning he told me that I must send out invitations to all alumni members for the school's annual function. Thus began my journey with Mother's Blossoms.

There was a batch-wise list of alumni with their address and telephone number, wherever available. This list had been created by Guriqbal Singh Jaiya 1971 batch, Rupa Devi Singh (nee Trehan) and Anita Chandra 1972 batch, spending time in school after their classes in college.

This was discontinued after a few years as the number of alumni had increased manifold over the years.

In 1988, our Principal, Mrs. Indu Pillay, fixed 26th January as the date for the annual alumni get-together in School. I happily volunteered to work towards making it a success. I began to make a list of alumni. Wherever and whenever I met them - in the market, at the airport, at a wedding - I kept adding names on bits of paper. Every year before 26th January I used to personally call up everyone whose name and telephone number I had in my list and would tell them to bring their friends and batchmates to the school alumni get together. We had no money to even foot the entire bill of the caterer. The charges were low and often this was funded by some generous alumni who gave me back-end support.

I must acknowledge that the Principal, Vice Principal and others, had confidence in me and I could go on only because of their encouragement.

In one of the early get-togethers we had food from the *Ashram*. The total collection was less than the amount we had to pay and I went to the Principal for advice. She told me to go and tell Tara Didi that we had only managed that much collection in that year and the matter ended there.

This was the time when many alumni members came back to the school to admit their children. As a result there were quite a few of these alumni kids in the Primary wing.

I went to every class in the Primary wing and asked the children if any of their parents had studied in the school then from the attendance register of that class, I copied the address and telephone number making these lists, compiling names that enabled us to gradually form the alumni association.

When Mrs Mahrukh Singh joined as the Principal, she expected more involvement from the alumni and that is when I requested her for someone to help me. This is when Sujata Suri, an alumna of 1989 batch was asked to join me and work for Mother's Blossoms. I kept guiding her until she could start working independently.

It gives everyone immense pleasure to attend the annual alumni get-together on 26<sup>th</sup> January every year. The entire event is now sponsored by the batch that celebrates 25 years of their passing out of school. Thus, a system for the annual meet and its sponsorship was put in place. For me this has been an extremely satisfying journey to see the seed sown decades ago has now blossomed into a flowering tree. I learnt a lot during this time and continue to guide successive management committees of Mother's Blossoms wherever they need help.

I convey my heartfelt good wishes to the alumni association, Mother's Blossoms, and the school for continued growth and progress in future.

# Aarti Vachher

## PROUD TO BELONG (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 2008 TO 2020)



**M**y association with MIS began as a parent long before I joined the school as a teacher. When my daughter Ananya joined the school in 2003, I felt an immediate sense of peace and belonging every time I walked through its gates. At that time, I could never have imagined that I would one day become a teacher at one of the finest schools in the country. As a professional social worker working in the development sector, teaching was never a part of my plan. Yet, I was destined to be a teacher in MIS and in 2008, I joined as the Class Teacher of Class 1A.

Being a new teacher and that too of Class 1, came with its own set of challenges. However, the school and especially the Principal, Sanghamitra Ma'am had more faith in me than I had in myself. The freedom I was given to teach in my own way, instilled confidence and allowed me to move forward without the fear of being judged. To bring out the best in each child and to inculcate in them a love for learning, I was encouraged to experiment and innovate my teaching methods. I always felt reassured knowing that I could walk into the office of the Headmistress or the Principal at any time and receive unwavering support and guidance.

MIS taught me the true meaning of teamwork and collaboration. As my colleague Charu Bandhu often said, *"We are working for all the children—they are not your children or my children."*

This belief united us as educators and inspired us to work together —sharing ideas, planning activities and striving to give our best to all children.

Working at MIS has been the most beautiful phase of my life. From peaceful morning assemblies and joyful classroom moments with young children, to nature walks and playtime, each day was fun filled and brought new learning and growth.

MIS helped me discover myself and shape who I am today.

I feel truly blessed to be part of this wonderful institution that has nurtured not only me but also my children, Ananya and Aryaman and given them wings to fly.

I am proud to be a member of the MIS family.

# Madhulika Bahadur



## LEGACY ACROSS GENERATIONS (SERVED THE INSTITUTION DURING 1986 TO 2015)

The completion of seventy years of this prestigious institution, The Mother's International School, is both a moment of pride and deep reflection. For thirty of these years, I have had the privilege of walking its corridors, standing in its classrooms, and growing alongside an institution that has shaped not only countless young minds, but also my own life as an educator. The memories created, the lives touched, and the values passed on will remain etched in my heart forever.

I had the privilege of being guided in this journey of mine by Principal, Mrs Indu Pillay...my mentor.

I feel immensely blessed to have contributed a chapter to this remarkable story. To have served an institution of such standing for thirty years has been an honour beyond measure. Apart from imparting education, the journey is full of very cherished moments of time spent with colleagues, picnics, organising functions, taking care of eminent guests, etc.

Both my daughters Shivani and Anupriya were blessed to have been students of this school. The values inculcated in their student years have played a huge role in what they are today.

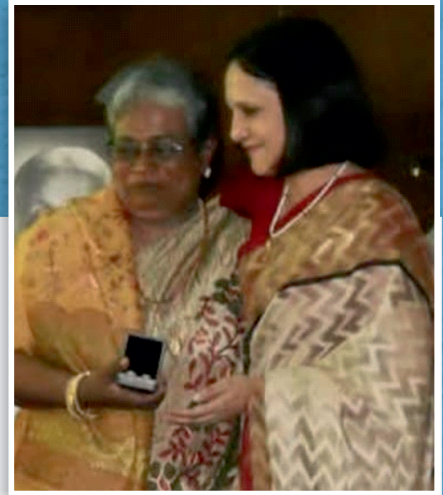


My family also had the distinct privilege and pleasure of three generations being in this institution at the same time...I as a teacher, Shivani as a teacher, and Kartikeya, Shivani's son, as a student.

I retired ten years back, but the bond continues to be so strong with this place, I still consider myself to be an integral part of the MIS family.

These years have been shaped by inspiring colleagues, curious and determined students, and an academic environment that has consistently upheld integrity, discipline, and the highest standards in education. I remain deeply grateful for the opportunity to contribute to an institution that continues to shape minds, character, and the future.

# Lata Srinivasan



## LIFELONG BONDS (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 1987 TO 2011)

**O**n August 1, 1987, I took my first step into The Mother's International School as a Biology teacher. I was introduced to the school community by the Principal, Mrs. Indu Pillay during the morning assembly. Although I had the experience of teaching children with special needs and came from a background in special education, I felt a certain degree of nervousness while stepping into a mainstream classroom.

During my interview, the Chairman, Shri Anil Jauhar, had enquired whether I would be able to teach board classes. Within a year, I felt a deep sense of satisfaction in being a part of MIS, an association that continued for the next twenty-four years. It was immensely gratifying to know that my students accepted me as their teacher, even though I was known to be very strict.

As I reflect upon my years at MIS, I fondly recall the time spent with my students, motivating them to participate in various Science debates and exhibitions, and to engage in social initiatives with NGOs such as the *Hriday* Foundation. With their support and that of the Biology Department, blood tests were conducted for all MIS students, following which blood groups were included on the school identity cards.

I also had the opportunity to work with Mr. Pankaj Bajpai, an alumnus of MIS, to encourage students to prepare for the NTSE examinations. It was a matter of great pride for us to see many MIS students qualify for scholarships.

MIS offered me numerous opportunities to enhance my professional knowledge and skills through participation in workshops conducted by NCERT and CBSE. My colleagues expressed their confidence in me by electing me as their staff representative for several years.

Words are insufficient to express my affection and regard for all the principals with whom I had the privilege of working during my tenure. I joined the school in the year I lost my husband, and during this difficult period, Mrs. Pillay served as my mentor, guiding me in every aspect of life. She extended unwavering support in my children's education by granting me the flexibility to visit their schools whenever required, and also stood by me during the time I was building my own house.

I remain deeply indebted to Vice Principal, Mr. Shekhar, who taught me to shoulder responsibilities beyond classroom teaching, including the maintenance of school diaries, preparation of test papers, and effective classroom discipline. Principal, Mrs. Mahrukh Singh, ensured that all staff members became proficient in computer skills through training in Microsoft applications at the turn of the century. She continued to support me even after my retirement through further professional engagements. Mrs. Shivani Goswami, a senior colleague, provided consistent guidance throughout my tenure.

I owe a great deal to Mr. Mahavir Rawat, both as a colleague in the Biology laboratory and as a companion on numerous school excursions. I also fondly recall working with Mrs. Sudha Joshi and Mrs. Leela Pai in conferring accolades upon students during annual functions. I learnt a lot from them. My association with my colleagues, working cohesively as a team for various school activities, has been deeply fulfilling, and these professional bonds continue even today, many years after my retirement.

Above all, I derive immense happiness from learning about the achievements of my students in their various personal and professional pursuits. Now, at 75 years of age, I continue to look forward with great anticipation to meeting everyone at the annual Alumni Meet held on 26<sup>th</sup> January.

# Ananya Roy

## GUIDED BY GRACE: MEMORIES AND LEARNING EXPERIENCES WHILE TEACHING AT MIS (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 2007 TO 2024)



**M**y long and fulfilling professional journey at MIS has been above all a profound realisation of the Divine Mother's guiding presence. Many difficult tasks could be undertaken and completed easily. Each time I organised a programme, it helped in enriching my capacities. Here, sincerity and perfection were always emphasized in executing every programme with meticulous planning. As a teacher I tried to instil these qualities in my students while I simultaneously practised them myself. Whether it involved setting up a complete weather station or rocks and mineral specimen collection to enrich geological studies or the Geo-Map Quiz to encourage map studies - each effort was inspired by The Mother.

Whatever difficulties arose were finally resolved with perseverance and patience and concluded successfully. An exchange programme with a foreign school was always my long-cherished aspiration. My retirement was nearing and this dream still was unrealized. Finally, an old friend of mine in London contacted me and shared a similar plan. An exchange programme on Gender Equality was conceived in October, 2023 between Stepney All Saints School, London, UK and our school. My students utilised this opportunity to showcase their skills and share the cultural ethos of our country. It gave me deep satisfaction to observe the way our students conducted the programme. Their talents were appreciated and their hospitality and friendship were carried back home by the Londoners. Years of active life here have always been an enjoyable progressive journey.

# Benvenuta Mittal

## AN ABIDING PLACE (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 1986 TO 2004)



I entered The Mother's International School more than three decades ago with a simple intention - to collect an application form. What followed was wholly unexpected: I was invited to join immediately. In retrospect, that moment seems less incidental than providential, as if the Mother herself had quietly orchestrated the course of my journey.

I arrived at MIS a novice, earnest and willing, yet largely unacquainted with how profoundly an institution can shape one's inner and professional life. The years that followed were formative in the truest sense. Whatever skill, discernment, creativity, or pedagogical depth I possess today is a reflection of the fertile environment cultivated by this school. It has never been merely a site of instruction; it is a living, dynamic space for growth-for both pupil and teacher alike.

Among the most consequential influences of my tenure was Mrs Indu Pillay, the then Principal, a pillar upon whom the school stood with quiet strength. Serving under her was among the most enriching experiences of my professional life. She embodied justice tempered by compassion, firmness tempered by gentleness, trust tempered by discernment, and dedication tempered by humility. Much of what I absorbed was not articulated through instruction, but conveyed through example and ethos.

MIS also bestowed upon me friendships of rare and enduring quality. Among colleagues, I encountered understanding and acceptance in their most unadorned forms. These were not ties formed for convenience or recognition, but connections that acknowledged and valued the essence of who I am, without expectation or precondition. Though many of these friends are not physically near today, their presence remains indelible-a quiet, sustaining force that continues to accompany me.

Time assumed a different character within MIS. I never perceived ageing. Days were abundant, brimming with academic responsibility, celebrations, festivals, competitions, cocurricular engagements, special assemblies, examinations. The vitality of the students ensured perpetual movement and monotony found no foothold. Even now, I marvel at the energy and sustained enthusiasm we drew from what seemed an inexhaustible source.

As MIS celebrates seventy luminous years, I offer my deepest gratitude to this second home of innumerable lives. I have never taken a farewell to this day, for one does not bid goodbye to home. Though I have entered and exited its gates many times, I have never departed from its essence. The school persists within me, as a lasting memory, as an influence, as an enduring presence in my heart. Years have passed, but the place has not.

# Vineeta Prakash

## DOWN MEMORY LANE (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 2000 TO 2025)



I started teaching at MIS in the year 2000 and these twenty-five years have been filled with learning, growth, challenges, and countless beautiful memories. I started by teaching class 2, then 3, 4 and 5 and eventually became the Headmistress of the Primary Wing in 2019.

The ethos of the school, based on the philosophy of The Mother and Sri Aurobindo, was the core in planning effective and interesting lessons. In addition, the annual functions and several important events that were organized helped me to explore my passion for dance, music, dramatics, storytelling, sports and art, enriching both my professional journey and the lives of my students.

Just a few months after I took over as Headmistress, the pandemic struck, presenting unprecedented challenges. The sudden shift to online education required us to adopt entirely new methods of teaching and administration. Along with my teachers, we transformed homes into vibrant classrooms, complete with colourful teaching aids, striving to recreate the warmth and engagement of the school environment. Through collective effort and resilience, we were able to achieve our educational goals during this trying period.

My bond with my students has always been my greatest strength. It has been deeply heartwarming to meet former students years later and realise that I still hold a place in their memories. One incident, in particular, deserves mention. Recently, an ex-student asked me about *Mitthu*, the parrot hand puppet I had used in Class 2 to address certain issues and enhance the teaching-learning experience. Knowing that he remembered *Mitthu* after so many years truly touched my heart. I assured him that *Mitthu* was safe with me, ready to delight future generations of learners!

MIS has shaped me — both personally and professionally. When I look back, I see a memorable journey of transformation. Now that I have retired from this wonderful institution, I feel blessed to have been nurtured in the serene environment of our sprawling campus, easily the best among all schools. Peacocks welcomed me every morning, some even waiting in my room at times! As Headmistress, I especially remember lighting a *diya* and praying daily in front of the Mother and Sri Aurobindo before starting my day. This simple practice energized me and guided my path to work with honesty, commitment and humility, internalizing a value system that has enriched my life beyond measure.



# Namrata Prasad

## WITH GRATITUDE TO MIS (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 1998 TO 2021)



The Mother says,

“Have faith in your destiny and your road will be lit.”

.....And truly speaking, my road was lit.

I joined The Mother's International School in July 1996 on a leave vacancy.

..... In the very next session, I was given the responsibility of Craft Teacher of the Primary Section, teaching children from classes I to V. I was very excited as my hobby was going to be my teaching subject. I thoroughly enjoyed, the sparkle in the children's eyes, their questions, “Ma'am, what are we making today?” ... prompted me to get into action. I truly believe that there was some magic. Whenever I would begin with an idea, I would myself be surprised with the end product.

Integrating craft with the EVS topics, made my classes quite interesting. Got the appreciation and guidance of the Headmistress, Sharma Ma'am.

Then, one day, our Principal, Pillay Ma'am called me and told me to teach Hindi in class III.

“But ma'am, my subject is English, and moreover, I am not confident with स्त्रीलिंग and पुल्लिंग!”

She smiled at me, and I knew that it was the Mother's wish.

Teaching creative craft to the little ones, making props, costumes and jewellery for the dances of the Annual Day were my favourite activities. Teaching Hindi, EVS and English to class III were equally enjoyable.

During Covid times, when classes were taken online, it was truly our testing period. I would start the class with recitation of the Mother's and Sri Aurobindo's words. So until all the students joined for the online classes, the time was utilised by each student's recitation. This gave them confidence and interest to join the class on time.

In 2015, Principal, Sanghamitra Ma'am, Vice Principal, Milan Ma'am, and Headmistress, Renu Ma'am gave me the wonderful news of selecting me for the prestigious Jaya Bhadra Chaudhary Award for Excellence in Teaching in the Primary wing. I felt grateful.

Tara Di's dedication has always been a blessing! She is a true source of inspiration. Her life inspires us to be courageous like her.

I feel truly blessed to be a part of The MIS family!



# Swarupa Sinha



## ON THE WINGS OF JOY (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 2011 TO 2024)

**F**reedom, they say, comes at a cost but what if I say freedom is in natural abundance at MIS? The very expanse of the verdure exudes a sense of liberty, liberty with a mandate to nurture, foster and facilitate little buds to turn towards a refulgent sun and flower into the Mother's Blossoms.

It is not an exaggeration to say MIS always has been a blessing for all those who belong here. More so because it is rooted in the child-centred educational philosophy of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. Long before the innovative education policies had been officially formulated, innovation and creativity were at the core of the teaching-learning process here. Spontaneity took precedence over rigidly structured pedagogy and learning unfolded. Pedagogy at MIS has always been integrated with crafts, music, debates, drama and serendipitous adventures.

Teachers connect with MIS, heart and soul and the bond remains inextricable so much so that other pastures, if any, can never lure them away. A sense of piety is the cornerstone of the attachment and the school honours them with trust and faith. What follows is a joy of freedom in functioning. A teacher's methodology is hardly ever questioned. Parents too invest full confidence and credence in the system and all stakeholders work in harmony towards that one noble goal.

It is not that the potter's wheel wheels out identical or predictable shapes. Each end result is a unique wonder indeed, but the potter's touch ensures that each is a repository of empathy, compassion, resilience, positivity, strengthened with confidence, adaptability and courage, of course in varying degrees. The teacher-potter is relieved and grateful. Her student-product is excited to cross the threshold but simultaneously feels an even stronger bond with the alma mater. Together they reminisce their journey; of discussing a poem or debating an issue while basking in the warmth of the winter sun, of sprinting outside when the clouds burst into a merciful downpour on a sweltering summer afternoon, of jumping into a puddle and sailing paper-boats, of rehearsing for a programme at seven in the morning, of swaying a leg together to the beats of bhangra on Children's Day, of reaching the designated destination hours after the scheduled time during a school trip, of the dignity of a serious teaching-learning session within the confines of the classroom.

The experience - ethereal and enriching - is cherished by both, the teacher and the taught.



# Vinny Khera



## DEPTH AND DIRECTION (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 2008 TO 2022)

*“Practise that inner peace. Make at least a small beginning and go on in your practice until it becomes a habit with you.”* -  
The Mother

The Mother's words feel especially apt as MIS celebrates seventy years - not merely as an institution, but as a way of life. MIS was never “just a school.” It was, and continues to be, a quiet yet powerful renewed education of the mind. Its influence seeps in gently - and then stays. Long after I left its corridors, I still find myself listening to bhajans, pausing to reflect on my thoughts and actions, and seeking inner calm to resolve doubts.

This quiet influence shaped how I understand education itself. As Sri Aurobindo reminds us, *“The first principle of true teaching is that nothing can be taught.”* At MIS, education was never something to be delivered, it was something to be drawn out. Students were encouraged not to compete, but to seek perfection. This worldview is very progressive for its time, especially in an education system deeply rooted in competition.

Living and working in the United States today, I am a part of a very different educational culture - driven by quick outcomes and data-based decisions. Analysis here often means looking outward at figures and numbers, rather than inward at reflection and awareness. I constantly try to bridge these two philosophies, and it is not always easy, but MIS prepared me well for this balancing act between reflection and results.

I learned immensely during my years at MIS, especially from stalwarts like Principal, Sanghamitra Ma'am, Headmistress, Renu Ma'am, and senior colleague, Benu Ma'am. From them, I learned not only how to connect with students, but also how to stretch myself, mentally, emotionally, and at times physically too. This mindset prepares you for sustained effort while offering deep satisfaction - the quiet joy of a lesson gone well, the look of understanding in a student's eyes, probably the greatest reward in this profession, a thoughtfully designed question paper with just the right balance of challenge and fairness, a morning assembly that stirs a thought and moves its audience, or simply the feeling that everything flowed smoothly - no small achievement, as any MIS teacher would also acknowledge.

Teaching is demanding anywhere, but MIS teaches you to work without setting limits and without seeking validation, guided by the belief that perfection is a continuous pursuit.

As MIS marks seventy years of its remarkable legacy, I take this opportunity to express my gratitude to an institution that gave me life-long friends, and shaped not just me, but also both my daughters, who were students of MIS. It equipped us with the skills not just to navigate the world, but also the ability to reflect, accept, and to care for our inner selves.

My good wishes will always remain with MIS. May its culture and consciousness continue to grow, quietly shaping minds and hearts, and spreading its light in the world.

# Lata Hafiharan



## THE TABULA RASA (SERVED THE INSTITUTION FROM 2007 TO 2023)

A fuzball of memories  
Coming loose on the football field  
Sitting in a widening circle  
Turning and turning in a ricocheting loop  
Animated faces ringing in anthropomorphic beings  
The mind a tabula rasa  
The laburnum splashes a golden bloom  
The creation morphs into a fistful of ideas  
The beginning of the ascent  
Pointing to a still point in time

23456

Two luminaries  
Three principles  
Four aspects of the Mother  
Five dreams  
Six Houses

The essence of being  
An institution is born.





# Progressive Pages

# TEACHER ENGAGEMENT: THE BEDROCK OF MIS

*Milan Mala Sarin*

Exploring the secret to institutional growth or organisational success could be an insightful search. The answer to The Mother's International School's narrative is the deep teacher engagement that one witnesses at every step of its journey. Engaged teachers nourish and build institutions. The accomplishments of MIS are a testament to the contributions of its teachers.



Teachers play a pivotal role in nurturing spaces where children spend the formative years of their life. The influence, in terms of range and depth, forms the bedrock of this most meaningful association in the lives of the students. This is true for every school and more so for MIS. And, therefore, nothing can be more crucial than celebrating this association.

## **The Legend and Legacy**

Mrs Indu Pillay, former Principal who was at the helm for more than twenty-five years always used to say that the teachers of MIS are 'hand-picked' and chosen by the Mother. If you are at MIS, then undoubtedly, the Mother has willed it. 'There is a meaning in each curve and line'. The line quoted from Sri Aurobindo's epic 'Savitri', sealed the 'legend'.

The impression that this creates in the minds of young teachers who join the school is immense. Everyone feels that they are a part of a grand plan at both an individual and collective level. It is no wonder, then, that the teachers of the School immerse themselves in teaching young learners with a rare enthusiasm and involvement. Whether everyone understands or believes it at that time or not, in subsequent years, the progressive journey that they all make in their professional lives, leaves no doubt about what was said. Thus, for almost every teacher who is a part of the School, the workplace is a blessing, and the work, a labour of love.

The legacy has been passed on through generations of teachers. New teachers are slowly and gradually imbued by both the legend and legacy. All the teachers who join the School go through a specially-designed orientation programme and are closely mentored by experienced ones. A culture of constant striving to be better at work keeps everyone motivated. The gentle space, thus, organically, fosters new talent, and the vision of progress in every aspect of the school's functioning is actualised with smooth ease.

## **A Nurturing Environment**

Trust, hardwork, sincerity and faith form the key vocabulary of teachers in School. The teachers learn from each other through observation, discussions and the learning experiences brought in by every activity that they undertake in school. The students too imbibe these qualities and their aspirations in turn keep the teachers focussed on the course. The intellectually stimulating environment, multifarious activities and diverse celebrations provide the teachers with ample learning opportunities and one always finds them filled with enthusiasm while they prepare for their classes or any event. Mistakes or oversights are stepping-stones to new learnings and insight. The teachers celebrate the process and more importantly the collaborative spirit that the space engenders. The camaraderie and bonhomie make the work joyful for everyone.

## **Close Rapport with the Students**

Student-teacher association at MIS is unique. Teachers in the School work with keen observation and empathetic outreach. The counselling sessions conducted by each teacher once a week in their class provides that special moment of close bonding. The students share their joys, suggestions and also concerns. The gentle guidance provided through these sessions leads to kind reassurance and sensitive understanding, both for the students and the teachers. These beautiful connections are further strengthened during academic classes.

The rapport built is almost a lifelong kinship that is cultivated in the School. The ex-students come back to meet their teachers very often along with their other batchmates. It is common for teachers to attend weddings or family celebrations of students they would have taught long ago. In moments of grief, too, students and ex-students reach out to their teachers. Once one of the ex-students, studying at an Ivy League College, was offered an opportunity to send travel tickets to the person back at home who inspired him the most. This was for an event when his pathbreaking accomplishment would be shared at a public forum. And the ex-student named his Biology teacher in his senior classes at School. It was a proud and joyful moment for all the teachers in the School.

## **Engaged Teachers Create Joyful Learning Spaces**

Every classroom in MIS is a world in itself. A haven where the teacher and the taught come together to create joyful learning experiences. Child centricity is a core value at the School. Students who have passed out of the School look back with gratitude and share, that in school, they were allowed to 'be'. They all say that they learned to cherish their individual uniqueness because of their alma mater. The expansive ambience of the School campus is not limited to the physical space alone, in fact, it promotes a broadened mindscape and mindset that is discerning and accepting at the same time.

Teachers at MIS take ownership. They go about quietly with their work. Accountability and calm execution mark every endeavour. All the teachers work towards planning interesting learning activities. Every year for each level, new integrated project work is designed collectively by the teachers teaching that specific level. Their attempt to offer something different to the students each year brings in novelty and heightened interest. That is the reason why, when the students complete their projects, there is palpable joy and pride for both the students and the teachers.

Simplicity is another attribute that must find mention here. Our former Chairperson, Shri Anil Jauhar, often said, "Uncomplicate, so that we may focus on what is significant". Meaningful engagement is a way of life here. This may seem the most logical and desirable professional environment, but one knows how difficult it is to nurture this unless every person resonates with similar values and is willing to learn or unlearn. Distinctively, the approach of the teachers towards work, relationships and even attire is marked by simplicity and gentle poise.

This article is dedicated to all the teachers who have been and are a part of the School. The School had very humble beginnings. Like every great institution, there have also been challenging moments during the course of its seven-decade long journey. What has remained constant is the contributions that the teachers have made over the years towards forging close ties with the learners and enabling the love for learning as well as the institution. Numerous tireless hands and hearts have laid a strong foundation on which the School stands today, and certainly, this will continue in the years to come.

# RIVER OF LIGHT

*Soumi Das*

The Mother's International School or The Mother's School to all, turns 70. Although for anyone who has ever lived or breathed the air within the sacred precincts will have faith in its self-renewing, self-rejuvenating, self-restorative power that keeps everyone young in spirit, firm of purpose, and true to the commitment of receiving and imparting an education that leaves a thumbprint not only on the mind where it is vulnerable to erasure, but the soul, which has the capacity to touch eternity.

An institution carries within its walls, voices of the past, the present and the future. We hear stories of stalwarts who worked here inspiring others through the 'offering' of their entire being to a higher purpose and a higher calling; and finding an anchor within the school community. The institutional memory of MIS is gently whispered to the little child skipping and hopping in every morning, unbeknownst to him/her.

Words are inadequate to describe what children experience, absorb and carry within them, as learning is beyond the realm of lessons.

*In the opening chapter of The Life Divine, titled The Human Aspiration, Sri Aurobindo writes: The earliest preoccupation of man in his awakened thoughts, as it seems, his inevitable and ultimate preoccupations – for it survives the longest periods of scepticism and returns after every banishment, - is also the highest which his thought can envisage. It manifests itself in the divination of Godhead, the impulse towards perfection, the search after pure Truth and unmixed Bliss, the sense of a secret immortality.*

(Sri Aurobindo's *The Life Divine* first appeared serially in the monthly review *Arya* between August 1914 and January 1919)

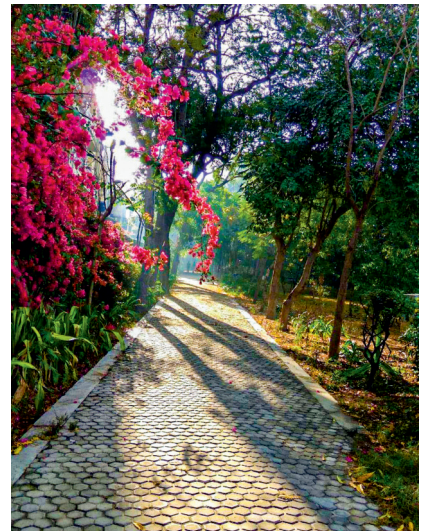
The Mother's School was a vision guided by the life-work of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother that translated to reality, it was a prophecy that was destined to find fulfilment through collective aspiration. The kernel of this *sadhana* was sown in the mind of a freedom fighter who came to Delhi in 1921, and had the *darshan* of the Mother in December, 1939 at Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. His name as we all know was Shri Surendra Nath Jauhar or Chachaji. He called himself 'Faquir' as he was austere to a fault, and shunned power, materialistic comfort and acquisitiveness. With the blessings of the Mother, Chachaji started the school on 2-3-4-5-6, a date decided by The Mother herself that read like a riddle to the founder, till the Mother explained, it meant 23<sup>rd</sup> April, 1956.

Armed with these words of benediction, the *karmayogi* started the work of creating an institution that has been Sri Aurobindo's perennial 'River of Light'.

The founder of this institution was an excellent storyteller, and a tale told by him carried the 'ring of a higher truth'. In a story written by him titled 'Faquir', a child asks his father what it is that makes people so full of joy after they visit a hut that is an island of calm and peace. The father replies, "My dear child, it is the hut of a *faquir*, to whom people go in distress and with problems which are solved by the *faquir* and that is why they are happy when they come out of his hut."

The child asked, "Daddy then why can't we also have a hut and become a *faquir*, and destroy this palace?" The father replied, "My dear child, it is not so easy. It needs the *tapasya* of many lives."

This effortlessly simple tale narrated by Chachaji, helps one realise that this institution was created not merely out of random bricks of chance but the *tapasya* of many lives.



Once the idea of the school started taking shape, the Mother sent eminent scholar Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar to be the *Adhishthata* of the institution. Prof. Iyengar was the official biographer of Sri Aurobindo, the first edition of which was published on 21<sup>st</sup> February 1945. In his Preface, Prof. Iyengar writes, “It was my unique good fortune that Sri Aurobindo himself was magnanimous enough to go through my first and second drafts of February 1943 and November 1943 respectively, rectifying many errors whether of fact or interpretation. In the result, the book was received warmly as a reliable first introduction to Sri Aurobindo's life and work.”

Prof. Iyengar had an active and rich career as an academic and writer. After his tenure, towards the end of 1968 as the Vice Chancellor of Andhra University, he found 'a place of retreat and an harbour of peace' in the Delhi Branch of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram. He was able to complete a majority of the momentous task of the third edition of Sri Aurobindo's biography in the serene atmosphere we are all so familiar with. The third edition of Sri Aurobindo, a Biography and a History, was published in the Sri Aurobindo Centenary Year in 1972.

Prof. Iyengar expresses deep gratitude to Chachaji and the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in the following words:

*... the 'onlie true begetter' of this new “Biography and History” is Shri Surendra Nath Jauhar who created the right conditions for me and enveloped me with understanding and love.*

After completing the last chapter of the book, Prof. Iyengar made a pilgrimage to Pondicherry and made an offering of the typescript, “the modest harvest of our aspiration and striving to the Gracious Mother. It was Grace indeed – what else? that such should have been the consummation of our effort and faith.”

The right conditions, and the enveloping love and warmth, continue to guide everyone who comes here, as the sages who have nurtured the soil on which the institution stands continue to nurture, bless and inspire.

Offering her tireless work each day like a prayer at Sri Aurobindo Ashram - Delhi Branch, is Tara Jauhar or Tara di to all, who grew up in the Mother's all-encompassing love and care in Pondicherry. As a child, she lived in 'Dortoir', a children's boarding house adjacent to the Playground, an institution in itself. In her book, *Growing Up With The Mother*, Tara di writes, “As soon as the session of our physical education ended, I would run to the boarding house, take a shower, gulp down my dinner and return to the Playground. Timidly, I would stand behind the others and Dada's (Pranab) training. I was not even thirteen years old. Gradually, I got bolder and stood at a place where I was sure the Mother would see me. And indeed, She saw me and gave me a big smile as soon as I came and took my place a little away from Her...”

The Mother drew Tara di close to Herself and from 1959 to 1972, she asked the Mother a series of questions on a wide range of topics.

In the chapter titled Education, Tara di writes, “My heart leapt with joy when in September 1959, the Mother told me that I could start corresponding with Her.”... “You can send me your notebook with questions, and I will answer them.”

In July 1960, Tara di started a third notebook with questions on education. Whenever the Mother answered Tara di's questions, she would type out two copies and send one to Her. The other copy would often circulate amongst her friends and teachers. The questions and answers show how much importance the Mother gave to the inner development of the child along with his/her physical, mental, and emotional development. For both inner and outer growth, She created ample opportunities.

As the institution steps into its seventh decade, let the words of The Mother's message to Tara di continue to guide us:

*To learn for the sake of knowledge, to study in order to know the secrets of Nature and life, to educate oneself in order to grow into consciousness, to discipline oneself in order to become master of oneself, to overcome one's weakness, incapacities, ignorance, to prepare oneself to advance towards a goal that is nobler and vaster, more generous and more true...*

# THE TRADITION OF PHYSICAL CULTURE FROM PONDICHERRY TO NEW DELHI

***Roopa Srinivas***

*“O Supreme Lord of the universe, we implore Thee, give us the strength and the beauty, the harmonious perfection needed to be Thy divine instruments upon earth.” - The Mother*

In 1939, when the Second World War broke out, many disciples requested Sri Aurobindo and The Mother to keep their children in the Ashram at Pondicherry for safety. Over time, the need for a school arose as the children required to be educated and accordingly, a school was opened on 2<sup>nd</sup> December, 1943.

The Mother says:

*“ That was the gift of the war! When people found out that Pondicherry was the safest place on earth, naturally... when they came with a flock of babies, and asked if they could find shelter, as they could not be sent back, well! That's how it happened, not otherwise.”*

While formal education began, a few modifications were introduced. A significant aspect of development was intensive physical training in sports and athletics. A small playground was acquired, marking the beginning of organised activities. Students were introduced to physical education as bodily development; that was the early step to take. They were too young for a strictly spiritual aim. The objective was to train the body while cultivating certain parts of mind and character through physical training. Students and young devotees made use of the playground and an official committee for physical education was formed. On 2<sup>nd</sup> December, 1945, the first demonstration of physical education was held not only for students, but members of all age groups. Early group activities included drills, folk dances of West Bengal and pyramid formations.

Originating in Pondicherry and guided by Sri Aurobindo's vision of Integral Education, the Annual Physical Demonstration and Dances is a cherished tradition of The Mother's International School. It is a magnificent display, held every alternate year in the playground of the school. Located behind the primary wing, it is an open space where students come together as one community. Guided by teachers, they undergo months of dedicated practice to showcase a unique and memorable presentation each time.

The founder of the school, Shri Surendra Nath Jauhar *Faquir*, firmly believed that physical dynamism, alongside academic brilliance was essential for the holistic development of personality. During his school days, he had been a promising hockey player himself and part of his school team. As an ardent devotee of the Mother, Chachaji, as he was lovingly called, viewed physical action as an essential part of inner transformation. Thus, with commitment and dedication to physical harmony, the themes chosen for the presentations are diverse, yet harmonious and disciplined.

Traditionally held in the months of November or December, the event infuses new energy and positivity to the school campus. The school has an air of festivity as parents throng the playground, seeking vantage points to view the much-awaited presentation. The venue appears ready to welcome the guests with an elaborate arcade of intricate art, specially conceived and created afresh each time. Amidst cheers echoing around the lush greens of the back field, there is anticipation and excitement in the air. Each presentation is a medley of music and movement in rhythmic synchrony.

The event has a cheerful start with the tiny tots running on to the field with delightful movements in colourful costumes as parents cheer them and marvel at their coordinated endeavour. With Indian culture as its core, year after year, the demonstration includes an assemblage of Indian dances. Alongside classical dance forms, contemporary genres, vibrant folk dances from rural India come alive on the field. Ranging from the graceful *Ghoomar* from Rajasthan, *Kulo Nritya*, and *Nauka Baich*, the traditional boat dance from West Bengal, the fisher-folk dance from Maharashtra with its artful imitation of life by the sea, the Goan rhapsody with Portugese influences, the fast paced, energetic Maharashtrian *Lavani*, Kumaoni dances, *Matki* dances, *Sarguja* and *Chhau* with its unique gait and leaps from the tribal areas of Chattisgarh, the vim and vigour of *Bhangra* originating from the fields of Punjab, there is an unmistakable earthiness and deep connection to our roots, an awareness of the physical reality.

The cycle of seasons and celebrations feature festive dances that capture the splendour of our native rhythms. They include *Brij ki Holi*, *Bihu* from Assam, *Kavadi* with upbeat tempo from Tamil Nadu, harvest dance from Bihar, the graceful movement of *Jagoi* from Manipur and the lively coordination of *Dandiya* from Gujarat. Through meticulous work, students become acquainted with the nuances of these diverse art forms and appreciate tradition as a unified whole.

Students imbibe early lessons of united effort and transcend differences as they work collectively and take responsibility as a group to stage their presentation. With physical agility as the crux, mass exercises like military drills display rigorous training and precision in movement. Young students in green army uniforms exude fortitude and swiftness. Drills are creatively transformed with props such as tambourines, lezim (or lazium), ribbons and pom-poms which bring ingenuity and freshness. Skilful versions with poles, dumbbells, hoopla and balls demand accuracy and seamless coordination. Students also make elaborate pyramid formations, precariously balancing on one another. Days of practice form strong bonds of camaraderie, as children learn to support each other and create complex patterns, learning life lessons of trust and cooperation. Formations of such orderly movement make for breath taking display. Drills that conclude with creations of the Indian tricolour and children waving the Indian flag, evoke a sense of pride. The school band also presents a march past with students playing band instruments as they stride the length and breadth of the field.

The occasional sprinkling of the graceful Czechoslovakian dance, Scottish folkdance with a sweet, happy rhythm, oriental tunes accompanied by dragon dance convey global understanding and melting down national boundaries. Martial arts like *kalarippayattu*, *taekwondo*, *capoeira* have been favourites for sheer agility, energy and grit. The nimble-footed young gymnasts characterised by their poise, elegance add their own grace and charm. The spectators are often amazed at the capability of the students.

At the heart of the demonstration is Yoga - the unifying force that weaves diverse performances to harmonious completeness. Nearly two hundred students perform the toughest *asanas* with a sense of ease which is only attained by awakening the inner consciousness. Their fluid movements with soothing music and shifts into neat postures are close to the core idea of physical harmony. Quietude of mind and descent of peace envelops each student, guiding conscious movement. Inner stillness coupled with an active outer discipline transforms action into willed intention.

Each year, performances are thoughtfully curated. Besides insightful planning to bring forth a rich confluence of cultures, the Annual Physical Demonstration stands apart for achieving beauty and harmony without customary pageantry.

The eventual message of this rich tradition is conveyed through the Grand Finale. With restrained movement and silence, all the participants take their positions in the field in a meaningful formation, a befitting conclusion to the body's prayer for strength and steadiness, plasticity and perfection. As students remain in complete stillness, the spectators wish the performances would continue. The tranquillity with the Mother's prayer in the background creates a stirring more powerful than the various displays that paved the way to this collected oneness. With gratitude, the students pray to carry forward the torch of knowledge, its synthesis of diverse talents into a serene, steadfast grace.

For the past seventy years, countless students have treasured memories of joyous participation. In recalling these moments of growth and learning, they also celebrate the bonds forged through shared experience. Together, students have built a strong sense of community, keeping the institution thriving with collective spirit.



# A BEACON OF PEACE

*Shivani Khazanchi & Jyoti Bhatnagar*

The morning assembly is a serene beginning to our day, a daily pause that allows us to step away from the rush of the outside world and enter a space filled with calm and intention. As we walk towards the Hall of Grace, the soft chirping of birds and the occasional sighting of peacocks gently prepare our minds for stillness.

This quiet walk helps us slow down, breathe, and focus on the present moment.

Inside the Hall, a deep quietude embraces us — an atmosphere that sets the tone for the day ahead. Bhajans then fill the space with soothing melodies that calm restless thoughts and refresh the mind. This is followed by a few minutes of complete silence. In this sacred stillness, even the whisper of the wind and the quiet breathing feel amplified, allowing each one of us to reflect inward and reconnect with ourselves.

Recitations from Sri Aurobindo and the Mother's writings serve as guiding lights - instilling values of truth, compassion, resilience, and higher aspiration. The assembly concludes with an uplifting song accompanied by rhythmic drumbeats that awaken enthusiasm and pride in every learner. These simple yet powerful rituals of silence, reflection, music, and collective aspiration help us begin the day with clarity, purpose, and positivity. The morning assembly truly becomes an oasis of peace - strengthening us for all that lies ahead.

Alongside this daily practice, celebratory and commemorative assemblies further contribute to the holistic development of students. They provide a nurturing platform for children to express their talents, build confidence, and showcase their creativity. Through performances, presentations, and collaborative activities, students learn to communicate with ease, think independently, and savour the rich heritage of the country.

These assemblies also reinforce values, cultural awareness, and significant themes in an engaging manner - making learning joyful, meaningful, and rooted in shared experience.



# ध्यान

## अलका जोशी

द मदर्स इंटरनेशनल स्कूल एक ऐसा संस्थान है जहाँ ध्यान को शिक्षा का एक महत्वपूर्ण और स्वाभाविक अंग माना गया है। विद्यालय का विश्वास है कि ध्यान बच्चे को केवल एकाग्र ही नहीं बनाता, बल्कि उसे अपने विचारों और भावनाओं को समझने का अवसर देता है। वर्तमान समय में जहाँ विश्व भर में बच्चे मानसिक दबाव, प्रतिस्पर्धा और व्याकुलता का सामना कर रहे हैं वहीं हमारे विद्यालय में ध्यान उनके लिए मानसिक शक्ति, संतुलन और सकारात्मकता का स्रोत बन जाता है।

यहाँ दिन का आरंभ शांति के कुछ क्षण मौन बैठने से होता है। इन क्षणों में छात्र अपने मन को शांत करना, साँस की लय को महसूस करना और दिन भर के लिए स्वयं को मानसिक रूप से तैयार करना सीखते हैं। बच्चों को ध्यान का महत्व सहज भाषा में समझाया जाता है, जिससे बच्चे इसे बोझ नहीं, बल्कि **आत्म-चिंतन** की प्रक्रिया समझते हैं। ध्यान बच्चों के शैक्षणिक प्रदर्शन में भी सुधार लाता है। जब मन शांत और केंद्रित होता है, तो बच्चे विषय को सरलता से समझते हैं, स्मरण रखते हैं और रचनात्मक रूप से सोचते हैं। हमारे विद्यालय में कक्षाओं के बीच भी छोटे-छोटे मौन क्षण दिए जाते हैं, जिससे बच्चों का ध्यान पुनः केंद्रित होता है और वे सहज रूप से सीखने के लिए तैयार हो जाते हैं। ध्यान बच्चों को अपने क्रोध, क्षोभ, भय और उत्साह जैसी भावनाओं को पहचानना और संतुलित करना सिखाता है। वे प्रतिक्रियाओं की अपेक्षा समझदारी से निर्णय लेना सीखते हैं। इससे उनमें आत्मविश्वास, सहानुभूति और सकारात्मक व्यवहार विकसित होता है।

ध्यान का प्रभाव विद्यालय की सामाजिक एवं सांस्कृतिक गतिविधियों में भी परिलक्षित होता है। बच्चे सहयोग और सौहार्द के साथ कार्य करते हैं। प्रतियोगिताओं में वे स्वस्थ मानसिकता बनाए रखते हैं और सफलता-असफलता को संतुलित दृष्टिकोण से देखते हैं। विद्यालय का लक्ष्य है कि हर बच्चा अपनी आंतरिक शक्ति को पहचानकर आत्मविश्वास, सुख और संतुलन के साथ भविष्य का सामना कर सके। स्कूल की शिक्षा पूरी करने के बाद बच्चों के जीवन का एक नया अध्याय शुरू होता है और कॉलेज, करियर, प्रतियोगी परीक्षाएँ जैसे नए अनुभवों के बीच जब उनका मन अस्थिरता और तनाव से भर जाता है तब विद्यालय में सिखाई गई **ध्यान** पद्धति उनकी मार्गदर्शक बनती है और जीवन की कठिनाइयों का सामना करने के लिए उन्हें सक्षम बनाती है। अंत में बस यही कहूँगी कि हमारा विद्यालय ध्यान को केवल एक अभ्यास नहीं, अपितु शिक्षा का जीवंत केंद्र मानता है।



# YOGA: AWARENESS, ACUITY, INTERNAL DISCIPLINE

*Sadhana Singh*

*“The mind has to be consulted in its own growth.”  
- Sri Aurobindo*

Yoga is at the core of the ideals of The Mother's International School, where it is not treated as a regular period but an integral part of school life. The journey of life remains incomplete without the integration of yoga into everyday learning. One of the most essential aspects of Yoga is mindfulness, which students imbibe in school. From reading and gradually internalising the values displayed on the school's boundary wall like 'Honesty', 'Truth', 'Perfection', 'Aspiration' ... to starting the day with the morning assembly, the school cultivates an environment that embodies Yoga in its truest form.

The Mother's says, “Children must be taught to observe themselves, to reflect on their actions and understand their consequences.”

In alignment with this philosophy, daily meditation during the morning assembly serves as a space for students to cultivate reflection. This encourages their ability to reflect on their thoughts, behaviour, and actions throughout the day.

Teaching Yoga to young learners is a great responsibility, as it involves not only familiarising them with this ancient practice but also helping them cultivate stillness and awareness in their daily routine. Each Yoga class is thoughtfully designed to be engaging, creating a positive impact on students. This stage is transformative, as students rapidly transition from pre-adolescence into their teenage years, navigating a wide range of emotions and learning to manage them effectively. It, therefore, becomes essential to create a safe, inclusive, and non-judgmental environment where students feel comfortable and are able to connect with their physical and mental space. Through regular Yoga practice, they learn to be more accepting of themselves and gradually build confidence.

The Yoga classes are an amalgamation of three essential pillars – *Asana*, *Pranayama* and Meditation. The integration of these three components supports holistic well-being, allowing students to learn to keep their bodies and minds fit. Through *asanas*, students build strength, flexibility, balance, and coordination while also learning the importance of proper posture and body alignment. Equal emphasis is placed on mindfulness and stress management, where simple breathing exercises and guided relaxation help students regulate emotions, improve focus, and develop resilience in the face of academic and social pressures.

Self-awareness and self-expression are encouraged by promoting body positivity, confidence, and respect for individual differences, reminding students that everybody is unique and capable. Basic safety principles are introduced in a simple way, helping students understand their bodies, prevent injuries, and practise Yoga with awareness and care. Alongside the physical aspects, children are gently introduced to the elements of yogic philosophy, such as kindness, gratitude, compassion, and respect for oneself and others.

Yoga, at The Mother's International School, flows in its uncondensed form. It is a subtle, yet constant influence, building self-awareness and inner discipline, supporting students in their journey towards holistic growth. It is as pivotal and natural as breathing, woven into the very fabric of life here.



# SPORTS AND GAMES - FORGING A LEGACY

*Nisha Gupta*

*“Every human being has the possibility of establishing harmony among the different parts of his body and in the various movements of the body in action. Every human body that undergoes a rational method of culture from the very beginning of its existence can realise its own harmony and thus become fit to manifest beauty.” – Sri Aurobindo*

Since its inception in 1956, The Mother's International School has upheld the philosophy of Integral Education as envisioned by Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. Integral Education seeks to awaken and fulfil all the domains of human consciousness. The physical, being an essential element, nurtures not only fitness but also discipline, order, method and process.

Over the years, the school has developed positive physical habits by broadening children's exposure to varied activities. Sports and physical exercises have served as a continuous process of education, a means to persevere and realise talent and latent possibilities of students to their fullest development.

Sri Aurobindo believed that physical education of the body may begin from birth and must continue throughout the life of the individual. Rooted in this philosophy, the Physical Education Department focuses on developing a healthy balance of mind and body. Each day begins with morning games, which build discipline, energy, and a positive routine. Weekly sports periods offer structured training across a wide range of disciplines including Badminton, Basketball, Netball, Chess, Football, Athletics, Volleyball, Table Tennis and Martial Arts. Our students proudly represent the school at Zonal, Delhi State, National, and International levels, especially in Shooting, Fencing, Skating, Squash, Judo-Kurash, Boxing, and Sepak Takraw, to name a few.

Our events - such as the inter-school football tournament, the Jauhar Cup, International Yoga Day celebrations, National Sports Day, Khelo MIS, school marathons, summer and winter sports camps are held annually and collectively help build a strong, spirited sports culture. Additionally, nutrition and health workshops generate further awareness of overall well-being.

MIS upholds the tradition of complete participation in the Annual Physical Demonstration and Dances, every alternate year. The inter-house Athletic Meet for Classes VI–XII allows every student to experience the healthy spirit of competition, teamwork and self-improvement. Annual Alumni Sports Meet brings together students of both past and present, where they compete with each other. The events strengthen bonds and carrying forward the rich tradition of the school.

The MIS remains committed to transforming students into healthy, robust, confident individuals who cherish as well as appreciate sports and sportsmanship in their lives.



# 'MUSIC IS A DIVINE GIFT TO ALL CREATION' – A TRIBUTE TO KARUNADI

*Soumi Das*

*Music is the art of the soul expressing itself through sound.*

*- Sri Aurobindo*

On March 20, 1966 a young lady with a golden voice, Karuna Abrol, got into a bus to visit her music teacher, Pandit Pran Nath, who lived in Kailash Colony, New Delhi. Mid-way, she decided to go and meet Shri Surendra Nath Jauhar, whom she knew as Chachaji since childhood, as he was a friend of her father's. She disembarked, changed two buses to reach Sri Aurobindo Ashram. And with that change, it was as if she had followed the path she was meant to take. It was the start of a *sadhana* that lasted fifty years.



Singer, composer and eminent music guru Devi Karunamayee or Karunadi to all, truly embodied the belief that music is a divine gift given to all creation. Thus it is to be kept in service of the Divine. She sang from the depths of her soul offering her music to the Divine, inspiring listeners to seek divinity within.

An acclaimed music composer, she drew inspiration from the repertoire of Hindustani Classical music. Her music comprised diverse classical forms including *khayal*, *dhrupad*, *dhamar*, *thumri*, *dadra*, as well as the devotional forms of *geet*, *ghazal*, and *bhajan*.

As a performing artist, Karunadi received many awards and recognitions including the prestigious Tansen-Vishnu Digambar Award, in Calcutta in 1960. She performed at the famed music festival, organised by Sur-Singar Samsad, Bombay in 1963 and received high acclaim from master musicians including Pandit Kumar Gandharva, Begum Akhtar and Baba Gyani. She was a regular performer on All India Radio for over 58 years.

Karunadi was well-known as music guru and had disciples from all over the world. After joining the Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Delhi Branch, she founded the Matri Kala Mandir a centre for the study of music and dance. She also edited the Ashram's spiritual journal, 'Sri Aurobindo Karmadhara'.

Born into a family of artists and educators, Karunadi, the first music teacher of the school, sowed the seeds of music in students and teachers of The Mother's International School. Many former students remember her as 'Anna di'. Even today, bhajans and other songs composed by her form an integral part of the morning assembly and other school programmes.

Karunadi's gift of music lives on through the children of MIS and her disciples who take her work forward. Her music will always reverberate and inspire.

*Sri Karunamayee, popularly called Karuna Didi, left her mortal frame on 26 January, 2017.*

# ECHOES OF HARMONY

**Deepshikha Chowdhury**

*“Music is a powerful means of expression; it opens the door to the inner being and helps the soul to awaken to beauty and harmony.” — The Mother*

**M**usic forms an integral part of the ethos and identity of The Mother's International School. It is not merely an activity but a living tradition that nurtures harmony, creativity, and inner growth among students.

The Mother herself played the organ, reflecting the deep connection between music and spiritual development. Every morning, the school begins with the soothing notes of the choir singing devotional *bhajans* during the assembly that set a serene tone for the day. Meditation music is often played during assembly to create an atmosphere of peace.

The school orchestra is a celebrated feature of many events, where students showcase their talent by performing melodious compositions. Young musicians skilfully play a variety of instruments such as the *tabla*, *sitar*, guitar, violin, flute, drums, and *harmonium*, often presenting beautiful symphonies based on Indian *ragas*. These performances highlight both discipline and creativity while promoting an appreciation for India's rich musical heritage.

The orchestra is also part of the Hobby Clubs and SEWA activities, where students are encouraged to explore and develop their musical abilities. As part of SEWA, dedicated clubs for Indian and Western music provide platforms for budding artists to learn, practise, and refine their talents under proper guidance. Through these varied platforms, the school ensures that music remains a living and enriching part of school culture, helping students develop sensitivity, creativity and a lifelong appreciation for music.

Annual cultural events further strengthen the musical traditions of the school. The singing of Christmas carols is a cherished annual practice that fills the campus with joy and festive spirit. Similarly, devotional songs form an important part of the offerings on the Mother's Birthday and other special occasions.

The students of the school have presented musical renditions at various prestigious programmes and institutions, including the Rashtrapati Bhavan.

In many ways, music stands as a defining aspect of the school's identity, nurturing harmony within individuals and the community as a whole.



# SANCTUM THAT NURTURES INTELLECTUAL CURIOSITY

*Sharmila Banerjee*

The Mother's International School has been more than just my workplace. What started as an interesting career choice, has blossomed into a beautiful journey filled with a fair share of challenges and achievements. Classrooms and corridors echoing with the enthusiasm of children, have over the years, seen not just generations pass, but produced young and capable adults ready to face society head on, many contributing to the field of science and technology after studying in prestigious institutions around the world.

This environment of holistic growth has had a profound impact on my psyche. I have grown more confident, collected and wise in this sanctum that keeps giving. The ethos of growing continually and looking beyond one's own perspective, has made me a more compassionate and open-minded individual, in the process also sharpening my own insight and metacognition.

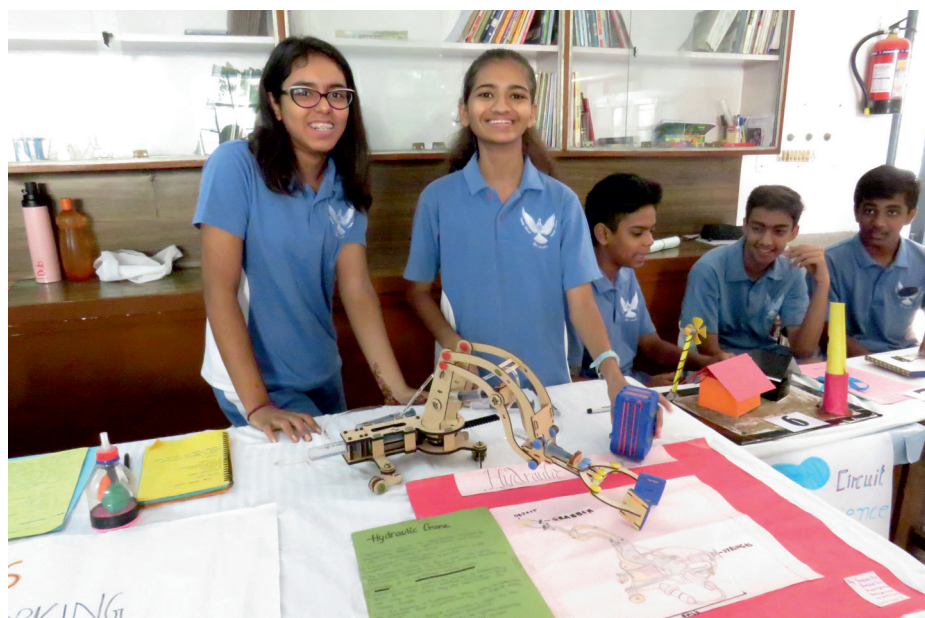
I have tried to work with due diligence in this collective, helping enkindle the spark of learning through Impulse, the Physics Club, with the singular aim of equipping students with a mental toolkit to understand and apply concepts of Physics in everyday life.

The science exhibition and the inter-school competitions have been the means of imparting practical learning in subjects otherwise brushed off as bookish and it gives me immense happiness to have been able to help students explore the beauty of science, where my strongest intellectual curiosity lies.

Two projects made by MIS students were selected for a national-level exhibition, a rocket-launching and line-follower robot. Other remarkable projects that students worked on were a metal detector, a scoreboard using LED, a shoe generating electricity using piezoelectric effect, full adder circuits, gates, rectifier, Wheatstone bridge, Van de Graff generator, a lift and bridge using Pascal's law.

Teaching grades XI and XII, has been especially transformative. Standing alongside the students at a pivotal junction of their lives, sharpened my own sense of responsibility, purpose and perspective.

I remain deeply grateful to be part of an institution that continues to shape not just young minds, but the educator I strive to become.



# THE JOURNEY OF LEARNING AND BECOMING

*Swati Bhardwaj*

*“The purpose of education is to give the child a true sense of values and an understanding of life.”*

— *The Mother*

As I walk down the gentle pathways of memory, the day of my interview at The Mother's International School appears before me with remarkable clarity. I remember being asked whether I was truly ready to leave the security of a permanent position to begin anew on probation. My answer came without hesitation. What I did not realise then was that this single decision would open the door to a lifelong journey of learning, self-discovery, and inner growth—both as a teacher and as a human being.

Over the years, I have come to understand that teaching is not a fixed destination but a flowing river. Just when one begins to feel confident about a method or approach, a new perspective emerges, inviting deeper thought and renewed effort. The evolving mindset of students, shaped by changing times, has constantly challenged me to stay curious and adaptable.

At Mother's, this journey feels especially enriching, for it is a space where teachers are trusted to experiment, encouraged to reflect, and inspired to grow.

One of the most powerful lessons I have learnt here is the transformative strength of storytelling. Stories breathe life into learning. Whether in the classroom, during assemblies, or through competitions, narratives create bridges between knowledge and imagination. They allow students to explore complex ideas with ease and empathy, while fostering creativity and joy. What makes this experience truly special is witnessing students take ownership of their learning—crafting their own narratives, offering fresh perspectives, and discovering their voices.

*“Education is not about preparing for life; education is life itself.”*

Equally significant has been my learning the art of planning. Guided by seniors and supported by colleagues and the Principal, I learnt to approach large tasks with patience and clarity—breaking them down into smaller steps and weaving them together to form a meaningful whole. This process has taught me not just organisational skills, but also perseverance, collaboration, and vision.

Reflection, however, stands at the core of my growth. Inspired by the teachings of the Mother, I have learnt that there is always a higher and more harmonious way of doing things. Through quiet reflection, sincere observation, and a constant aspiration to improve, one gradually moves closer to excellence—not perfection, but progress with purpose.

*“To grow into fullness, one must learn to reflect deeply and aspire sincerely.”*

The recent years, marked by uncertainty and unexpected challenges, have further strengthened this understanding. They taught me resilience, acceptance, and the importance of a growth mindset. I learnt to embrace change, to remain calm amidst turbulence, and to recognise that every challenge carries within it the seed of a new opportunity. Each dawn brings fresh responsibilities and also renewed hope.

Today, as I continue this journey at The Mother's International School, I realise that teaching here is an act of constant becoming. There is always space to learn, to create, and to reimagine—to nurture not only young minds, but joyful, confident, and compassionate souls.

This journey continues to illumine my path, reminding me each day that when we teach with sincerity and aspiration, we ourselves are transformed.

# EDUCATION THROUGH 3Ts: TECHNOLOGY, TEACHING, TRANSFORMATION

*Aswin Kumar Dash*

## *Chronicling the MIS IT Journey MINET by Minute*

In my journey as a Computer Science Teacher at The Mother's International School, I have witnessed a remarkable transformation in the field of Information Technology, both globally and within the institution.

In the early years, IT at MIS focused on building foundational computer literacy. Students were introduced to basic computer operations, word processing, and simple applications, helping them develop confidence in using technology. Computer labs were gradually equipped with updated systems to support hands-on learning. I saw students jostling for system time! In 1991, there were six BBC Micro computers for almost 34 students. These BBC computers supported BASIC (Beginner's All-purpose Symbolic Instruction Code) as the sole programming language. The simple game, *Pacman*, ran at what now feels like an incredibly slow execution speed—but it was magical for students of that era.

In 1995, we transitioned to Personal Computers and a 24-pin dot matrix printer, all housed in a larger computer lab. The printer was mounted on a custom-made trolley and physically moved from one computer to another for taking printouts. Soon after, came the PC-XT (Personal Computer – eXtended Technology), followed by PC-AT (Advanced Technology), PC-386, and eventually PC-486 systems. With each transition, processing speed and efficiency increased significantly. The school upgraded to a 132-pin dot matrix printer, and student results were prepared using dBase III+. Printing results for a single section of about 36 students would take nearly one hour. Other commonly used software included Lotus 1-2-3 for spreadsheets and Aalekh, a Hindi typing software that was used for typing our examination question papers. In 1995, one of our students participated in national-level Robotics competition held in Ranchi and won laurels for the school.

As computer generations evolved, the introduction of the Graphical User Interface (GUI) and the mouse completely changed how users interacted with computers. Initially, using a mouse was a challenge, but soon it became second nature.

In 2000, Intel established a Computer Centre at MIS by sponsoring a full computer lab equipped with inkjet printers. Intel also trained faculty members of MIS and other schools in new-age software such as Microsoft Windows, Word, Excel, and PowerPoint, a journey from Wordstar to MS-Word, Lotus 1-2-3 to MS-Excel, dBase III+ to MS-Access.

Gradually, to sustain the interest of students and meet growing needs, the school established three computer laboratories for different age groups, each with 25–30 computers and upgraded to LaserJet printers – one of the labs was sponsored by HP. These labs were connected through a network, and students were introduced to modern software tools. The CBSE curriculum evolved alongside—from BASIC to PASCAL, then C++, and eventually Python as frontend software and MySQL as a backend software.

The next milestone was the creation of a state-of-the-art Computer Centre, comprising four computer labs and a dedicated server room in the year 2010. The school introduced its own ERP system, greatly enhancing communication with parents. The entire campus was networked through a leased line, enabling us to achieve the goal of one student–one computer in computer labs. Students were also introduced to Robotics and Digital Imaging.

Students began participating in inter-school computer competitions, winning numerous accolades. In 1999–2000, I set a challenge before my students: if students could win overall trophies in reputed inter-

school events of the city, we would start our own computer club. The students accepted the challenge, and succeeded. MINET (Mother's International School Network Club) was born.

MINET soon began hosting inter-school computer competitions, which grew into prestigious annual events. These events are entirely student-driven, from planning itineraries and designing invitations to coordinating with judges and designing certificates; teachers only provided guidance and support. Today, MINET students independently manage live streaming of the Annual Day and other major school events.

Alongside MINET, the school established LENS, an associate photography and filmmaking club. Members of LENS actively participate in photography and moviemaking competitions, consistently winning laurels for the school.

Then in 2020, came COVID-19, bringing everything to a sudden halt. The fear of a '*Zero Year*' loomed large. Technology emerged as a saviour, enabling the school to function in online mode. Ironically, while we had earlier advised students to limit screen time, we now encouraged them to embrace technology for learning.

After careful research, I found Zoom to be the most effective platform for online teaching. I conducted level-wise training sessions for teachers, and to my delight, the entire faculty rose to the challenge. We were among the first schools to conduct classes in the online mode. Within one week, all classes were being conducted online. Students, too, supported the move and at times also challenged us to become more tech savvy. The result was a smooth, effective, and successful online teaching experience. Subsequently, we transitioned to platforms such as Microsoft Teams, Google Meet and Webex, adapting continuously to the evolving needs.

The journey of technology at The Mother's International School mirrors the spirit of the institution itself—progressive, resilient, and student-centric. IT at MIS is not just a subject but a culture, empowering students to be confident users, ethical innovators, and lifelong learners. From BBC Micros to AI-enabled learning, this journey has been one of growth, adaptation, and innovation. The journey continues with a commitment towards adapting to emerging technologies while keeping student development at the core. As a teacher, I also grew with my students during the journey.



# SERVING THE COMMUNITY IS SERVING THE DIVINE

*Tarang Chaudhry*

Community service is not just a word or a thought, it is an opportunity, a commitment and an offering.

The Mother's International School has always believed that service to the community is an integral and inseparable part of our lives. Students of the school have been working for the underprivileged and marginalised right from its inception, guided by the founder Shri Surender Nath Jauhar *Faquir*, lovingly called *Chachaji*.

The concept of community service was formally introduced in the late 1990s, giving an opportunity to Class XII students to teach young first-generation learners at the Matri Karuna Vidyalaya (MKV). Under the watchful eyes of Mohini di, the first seeds were sown to help the children of MKV after school hours. The seeds soon germinated, and the programme extended into the summer and the winter vacations.

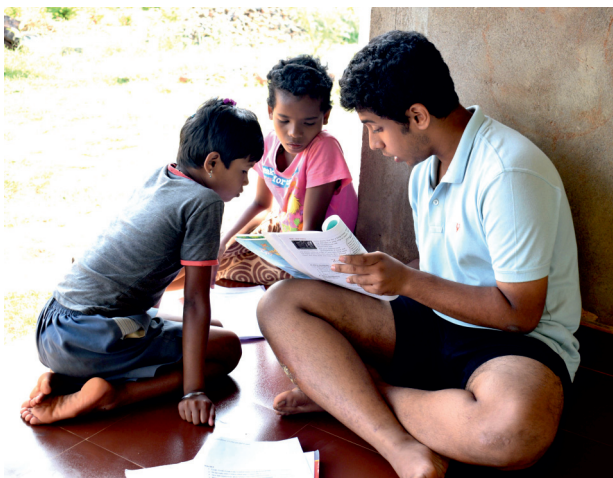
As the community service programme bloomed further, a 'Reaching Out' initiative came into being. True to its name, it soon branched beyond the school premises, and collaborated with trusted names in the field of community service – The Blind School, Uday Foundation, the Paediatric Cancer Ward of AIIMS as well as old age homes and dog shelters.

For many a teacher-student, it has been a deeply satisfying, insightful and transformative experience. While some have taken this commitment with them to either start or strengthen the programmes in their colleges, others have made it an integral part of their adult life and they continue to give back to the society despite their hectic academic rigour or demanding work-life pressures.

For several years now, MIS students have been travelling to Kechla, Odisha, to teach the local tribal children at the Auro Mira Vidya Mandir. They participate in *shram-daan*, take classes, organise cultural programmes and learn about the local traditions and living in harmony with nature.

In the past 25 years, this seedling has grown into a beautiful and sturdy oak which shelters many more under its benevolent umbrella – EOTO (Each One Teach One) which caters to our students in the Primary Section and our very own *didis* and *bhaiyas*, the V Cheer Programme in Kalkaji (started by Veerinder Kaur, former teacher of MIS) the Blind Relief Association, Help Age India, Project Saahas (initiated by an alumnus, near Lady Shri Ram College), the Rohini Gadhioke Foundation and Neighbourhood Outreach Programmes, in association with active NGOs in the area.

As we continue on this path, to carry the tradition forward, to honour a legacy, the words of the Mother continue to guide us, “Let us offer our work to the Divine, this is the sure means of progressing. Go and prepare yourself and the best preparation is to be useful to the Divine's work.”



# EVERY CHILD IS AN ARTIST: PABLO PICASSO

**Shalini Sharma**

*What Nature is, what God is, what man is can be triumphantly revealed in stone or on canvas...*

*- Sri Aurobindo*

**A**t school, the early years of a child are shaped by practices based on Sri Aurobindo's Integral Education, the playway method, and the Montessori approach.

Working in harmony with Integral Education, the Montessori approach supports holistic growth through physical development, practical life-skills, sensorial learning, language, math, cultural studies, socio-emotional development, and an appreciation of art, aesthetics, and nature.

Seeing children blossom into confident and independent explorers and investigators is indeed a joy. Their insatiable thirst to understand, to seek answers, to appreciate, to express, and to organically evolve is a beautiful unfolding.

Learning becomes a joyful process with hands-on activities. Mindfulness, calmness, compassion, and grace become a part of their being.

MIS offers a strong Montessori programme for Preschool, Pre-Primary, and Grade I.

## **Nurturing the 'Art Explorer'**

*"Supreme art expresses the Beauty which puts you in contact with the Divine Harmony."*

*- The Mother*

Art enlightens, challenges, and restores balance. Art education, therefore, goes far beyond creating artists; it nurtures deeper, broader human development. Embracing Picasso's belief that "Every child is an artist," the Grade I programme, integrates the depth of art appreciation.

Children become 'art explorers' as they are introduced to major Art Movements like Impressionism, Modern, and Contemporary Art. Through engaging sessions, including projector presentations, films, discussions, and book readings, they 'meet' renowned artists such as Claude Monet, Henri Matisse, Van Gogh, Pablo Picasso, and Andrew Warhol. Each module connects the artist's life, works, and inspiration, and is integrated with ongoing lessons and projects.

This is followed by an art session where children recreate an artwork by a renowned artist, culminating in peer art appreciation. Follow-up worksheets and installation activities ensure deeper understanding. The academic session concludes with an art exhibition, where parents are invited. Witnessing children confidently discussing an artwork or an artist is indeed a moment of wonder.



# THE PERENNIAL MASTERPIECE

*Paromita Pal*

*Art is not decoration here; it is language.*

My memory travels back to my daughter's first day of school as vividly as a painting that never fades. She was unhappy when confined to a system that asked her to choose only one co-curricular path - art or music, expression or movement. Can creativity be sliced into neat categories?

My imaginative child was assigned Karate, and in quiet rebellion, she joined me in applying to schools across Delhi, searching for a place that would let her be complete in herself. When I saw, The Mother's International School, one of the most prestigious schools in the city, I saw legacy, reputation, discipline. When my daughter saw the school, she saw the playground of her imagination.

I still remember our first visit. The walls spoke before the people did, murals blooming with colour, clay masks watching silently, corridors alive with stories. The craft room felt less like a room and more like a universe, expansive and welcoming. Each classroom carried its own identity: display boards layered with themes, ideas, textures, and styles, each one a declaration that creativity did not have a single voice. Art is not decoration here; it is language.

I saw it in her eyes. This place was going to be part of our journey, not just hers, but mine too.

Thus, began a relationship that would stretch across twenty-five years, unfolding into something divine, and deeply creative. Both my children walked through those gates and began their own stories. One emerged an artist, the other a filmmaker, living proof that this school does not merely teach art, but gently nudges you toward discovering the artist already inside you. It is not just an institution; it is a patron of the arts in the truest sense.

The school drew me in as well. My journey began in the craft room, though my formal calling was teaching Geography. Within these walls, my love for art and dance found a home alongside maps and atlas. Creativity did not interrupt my teaching, it enriched it, giving shape and rhythm to everything I believed education could be.

Every year, with each festival and occasion, the school transforms into a living reflection of art. The Mother's Birthday, Diwali, Christmas, Annual Day, each arrives not merely as a date on the calendar, but as an invitation to create. Corridors glow with student-made *rangolis*, the stage and the backdrop light up with the work of in-house designers, and celebrations unfold as carefully composed visual stories.

On Annual Day, imagination takes the form of majestic dragons unfurling, elephants striding across the stage; and entire worlds are built by young hands and collective vision. Science, Physics, and even a simple Geography map quiz find their voice through colour, form, and design. Here, art is not an addition to learning; it is the thread that binds every celebration, every subject, every moment together.

The school's relationship with art is not limited to a single form or tradition. It flows across cultures and disciplines, from the quiet precision of Ikebana to the earthy storytelling of folk arts like Madhubani and Warli. These are not taught through occasional workshops, but become living practices, woven into the very fabric of the school's own multicurricular journey.

This is not just a school. It is a space where lives expand, where art is not a cocurricular activity but a way of being. And once you step into such a place, it never really lets you leave.



# TAPPING INTO A CHILD'S INSTINCT FOR WORDS

*Dolly Mandal & Shampa Mukherjee*

The Mother's words, "Almost every child has an imagination, an instinct for words, a dramatic faculty, a wealth of ideas..." reflects what is witnessed in the classroom every day, the natural creativity in every child. Storytelling taps into this 'wealth' by allowing children to use their imagination, express ideas, and engage in dramatic play, fostering language development and emotional growth.

The Mother used to tell children, and at times even adults, the delightful story of 'Kiki'. Through Kiki, a meditative cat, children learn to appreciate and care for animals, understand the importance of inner calm, and cultivate empathy for all living beings. In the educational philosophy of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, childhood is a time of deep receptivity when a child's inner being is open to deep impressions.

Children are naturally drawn to colours, shapes, concrete objects, animals, and role play. At MIS, we incorporate these interests by blending storytelling and storyweaving into our daily planning, with both facilitators and children actively involved in it.

The facilitators begin lessons with short stories to introduce new concepts, using narrative elements to make ideas relatable. Children catch key vocabulary, mime actions, and answer simple questions, exploring sounds, words, and language to foster early literacy skills.

Tools like circle-time storytelling, picture cards, puppetry, and dramatisation help children listen and participate actively. Collaborative storytelling, where each child adds a line, fosters creativity and confidence. Story maps, sensory props, and role play strengthen comprehension and make abstract ideas concrete. Creating story corners and integrating art, music, and simple activities further deepen the experience.

Through these approaches, storytelling nurtures language development, fosters imagination and emotional expression, and so on..., helping children grow meaningfully and holistically.



# THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF CHEMISTRY

*Nandini Dasgupta*

Welcome to our parlour  
Said the crafter to the learner  
Let us explore this myriad world of colours and aromas  
The secret of the eucalyptus oil will flow from these test tubes  
A dash of salicylic acid with a speck of methanol  
Wait, it's just started and you have a headache  
Let's make aspirin to soothe your nerves  
The beautiful world of dyes was about to die  
Had it not been the diazonium to the rescue  
Dark red, fluorescent, yellow-let's paint the world  
Coca Cola's secret is in some vault  
But we can definitely break it down here with a few faults  
Oh, the sun is out nice and bright  
Time to create some magic with the blueprints and dyes  
Leafy vegetables, beetroot here you are  
Let's assess how iron strong you are  
Mirror mirror on thy wall,  
Who shines better-the silver or the wall  
The champagne of the hills  
Was also put to test  
To see which brand drives us best  
You wince, need an antacid?  
So, let's see which one is the best  
A beautiful world of glass and fire  
And the glass bottles that have many secrets  
Just waiting for the hands that can create magic  
And the beautiful world  
That is Chemistry!



*The school has a spacious and well-equipped Chemistry Laboratory. As a part of project work, students have taken up projects on a wide variety of topics. The topics vary from analysis of commonly used items such as toothpaste, cold drinks and fruit juices. Interesting themes such as marine life, mental health, silhouettes of famous people were used in blueprinting. Since senior secondary students often have exposure to high caffeine and tannin consumption, extraction of these from different common brands prove to be an eye-opener. So, is 'decaff', really decaffeinated? Extraction of nicotine from cigarettes was demonstrated by the teacher. Some projects included titrimetric analysis to estimate iron in medicines or a comparison of antacids of different brands.*



# UNDERSTANDING COMPLEX CONCEPTS WITH EASE

*Ritu Sharma*

*Memories of students, a treasure to share,  
Their successes, my greatest reward to bear.  
Twenty-five years of teaching, a journey so true,  
I'm grateful for the chance, to make a difference in you...*

Twenty-five years of teaching Mathematics in our school has been a journey of discovery, creativity, and inspiration. I have had the privilege of witnessing students grow from curious learners to confident problem-solvers, and it has been a delight to be a part of their mathematical journey.

One of the things that was introduced a few years back was celebrating **Fields Day**. This day is celebrated every year to create an awareness about the Fields Medal which is an award given to mathematicians under 40 years of age at the International Congress of the International Mathematical Union every four years and is considered mathematical equivalent of the Nobel Prize.

To celebrate this day in school, children of classes VI-VIII perform various activities to make Math more engaging and fun. Model-making has been a favourite among students, where they create intricate geometric shapes, polyhedrons or tangrams. Puzzles and brain teasers have been another way to challenge their minds and encourage critical thinking.

Solving puzzles in the inter-house Math Quiz has been an engaging and memorable experience for all. We have also had hands-on experience with origami, tessellations, and fractal geometry, which have helped students visualise and appreciate the beauty of Math.

Math competitions, inter-school quizzes, and exhibitions have provided opportunities for students to showcase their skills and learn from others. Students have even participated in advanced level National and International Math Olympiads, bringing home laurels. Through these activities, I have seen students develop problem-solving skills, logical reasoning, and creativity – essential life skills that will serve them well beyond their school years.

As I reflect on these 25 years, I am grateful for the opportunity to be a part of the journey of growth in the lives of my students and look forward to many more years of inspiring young minds!



# SHAPING AND BEING SHAPED FROM WITHIN

*Ruchi Khanna*

*I have felt a Divine presence protecting us ... that presence has been The Mother, silently blessing us.*

When I look back on my journey at MIS, I think of the year 2005 — the Golden Jubilee year of the school.

I still remember walking into the campus nervous yet excited. Our beloved Tara di was working tirelessly, despite an injury in her leg, guiding both students and teachers for the Golden Jubilee celebrations. That was the moment my heart truly connected with MIS, the institution that has nurtured me ever since.

Two decades have rolled by. We, at middle school have witnessed the arc of change. From no formal examinations, to the Continuous Comprehensive Evaluation, and now to 'case-based and critical-thinking-oriented' questions in assignments and assessments. From cyclostyled notes and printed photocopies, we now have immaculately formatted typed content.

Teaching too has transformed remarkably. Earlier, slipping in a tough question appeared to be an achievement in paper setting! Over time, we have equipped ourselves to cater to diverse abilities of learners. Today, our discussions centre on ensuring that questions in our tests or classes address needs and abilities of a diverse range of learners honing their competencies.

What was once a simple world of textbooks has now expanded to digital platforms, social media awareness, and meeting ever-changing technological demands. Keeping students engaged has become more challenging, but also more rewarding.

Before Covid-19, a break from school was necessitated only due to unbearable heat or pollution. Now, learning continues uninterrupted — even in the face of uncertainty — through virtual classes at a moment's notice. It is hard to say whether the past or the present is better; both have their ways to equip and enable a learner's growth. The simplicity, sincerity, and discipline of the earlier times had their charm, just as the sharp reasoning, creativity, and technological brilliance of today's Gen-Z learners open us to incredible promise.

Yet through everything, the soul of MIS remains unchanged — a place that builds not just students, but grounded human beings; not just careers, but lives. We continue to evolve — not only in how we teach but in how we understand learning.

MIS has become more than my workplace — it is my identity, the centre of my belonging, and my guiding light. Through every milestone, I have felt a Divine presence protecting and strengthening us. And that presence has always been silently blessing us with wisdom, clarity, and resilience.



# FIGURES OF REJUVENATION

*Rinku Uppal*

I have been teaching Mathematics at The Mother's International School for the last 24 years and in these years, I taught Classes VII and VIII initially, then Classes IX and X and then Classes XI and XII. The journey has been rewarding as I could touch the lives of so many young minds; and I am filled with gratitude.

These years have been a continuous learning journey shaped by my students, colleagues, and the evolving world of education.

When I began teaching, my goal was to make mathematics seem enjoyable. Over the years, I realised that teaching the subject is not only about formulae or equations; it is about helping students develop clarity of thought, logical reasoning and confidence in problem-solving.

Every classroom session became an opportunity to nurture curiosity and remove the fear often associated with the subject. I learned to understand the doubts, anxieties, and diverse learning styles of students. This encouraged me to integrate real-life examples, and interactive activities. In turn, my students taught me patience and the joy of continuous discovery.

My classroom became a space where mistakes were encouraged, questions were welcomed, and learning was celebrated. Most importantly, I learned that teaching is a two-way journey. While I taught my students mathematical concepts, they taught me sincerity and honesty. Their achievements, small and big, remain my greatest reward. Over these years, I have taught many batches, each one with different challenges, different learning mechanisms and yet I could learn so much from them. Their progress, challenges, and achievements shaped me both personally and professionally.

I will continue to learn and grow with them and will carry forward the same passion- to inspire, to motivate, and to continue learning every single day. I learned that teaching is not merely about imparting knowledge—it is about guiding, mentoring, and walking beside students as they discover their own strengths and paths.



# NATURE'S SYMPHONY ECHOES IN MATHEMATICS

*Deepti Mahajan*

Some of my fondest memories in this school are intertwined with nature and Mathematics.

I remember the woodpecker that used to attend my lectures when I first joined, its rhythmic tapping and the creaking of my chalk against the board forming a symphony... I remember seeing bright blue flashes of colour from the corner of my eye while teaching, turning around only to find a peacock outside the window, its feathers spread out in full glory.

The most effective form of education is the one that shows us the beauty of learning, and The Mother's International School does it with remarkable ease.

Mathematics is often perceived as 'tedious' by students. However, upon reflection, one observes that Mathematics holds a certain beauty in it, and this beauty expresses itself in the creative artwork made by students during events such as Field's Day.

Fostering a competitive approach in a healthy way is also imperative to furthering a child's education. Innumerable quizzes and competitions through Mathematics help in fostering that mindset.

Mathematics is not only equations and numbers, it has a reach even outside the classroom. With every assembly dedicated to Mathematics, every exhibition, every activity period, Mathematics becomes not just a subject, but a friendly bond, one which they can connect with. One of the greatest joys of being a teacher is helping children discover the beauty of the subject. The connection that one forges with students is the reason why I chose this profession.

In more than fifteen years of teaching at MIS, I have come across a vast variety of students. While I have taught them, they have taught me too, the art of perseverance and patience, and more importantly they have constantly brought into my life the deep joy of teaching.



# BEYOND CHALK AND TALK

*Chhavi Khurana*

Traditionally, when students entered a Math class, they anticipated a familiar routine—solving sets of questions and completing exercises. However, Mathematics is far more dynamic than this conventional image. It is a subject rooted in logic, discovery, creativity, and real-life application. The true essence of learning Math lies not in memorising formulas but in understanding the concepts that led to them.

In my classroom, the emphasis is always on conceptual clarity. I firmly believe that once students understand how and why a formula is derived, the need to memorise it disappears. They develop the confidence to apply it independently and meaningfully. Each chapter is introduced through relatable examples, demonstrations, and discussions that help students connect mathematical ideas with everyday situations. This approach builds strong foundational learning and nurtures critical thinking. To deepen engagement, chapter-wise and project-based activities are integrated into the curriculum. For instance, at the beginning of a new level, students are encouraged to research an Indian mathematician. This not only familiarises them with India's rich mathematical legacy but also inspires a sense of pride and curiosity about how several mathematical concepts were developed in our country long before they gained global recognition.

Art-integrated activities such as parallel-line art, tessellations, and fraction art bring creativity into the Math classroom, making the learning process enjoyable and visually appealing. Holiday homework is designed to cater to varied interests—students receive practice worksheets along with creative tasks like mathematical window patterns, *torans*, wall hangings, T-shirts, coasters, or bag designs. Even storytelling is woven into lessons to make abstract concepts more accessible. These diverse and engaging practices ensure that students learn Mathematics joyfully, meaningfully, and with long-lasting understanding—transforming Math from a feared subject into an exciting journey of exploration.

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## THE MAGIC OF PARALLEL CLASSES

*Nupur Singh*

*The Mother says, “Fear is a disastrous way to education ... Only an affection that is discerning, firm yet gentle ... will create bonds of trust ... indispensable for you to make the education of your child effective”.*

Mathematics is often perceived as a challenging subject, and for many students, this challenge turns into fear, hesitation, and self-doubt. When the mind faces a struggle, the subject seems intimidating. In such situations, hand holding, a compassionate and individualised approach becomes essential. Parallel classes in small groups, when designed with empathy and clarity, can transform a fearful learner into a confident problem solver. It is easy to extend individualised attention with fewer of students in the class.

The Mother's International School truly believes that the concept of parallel classes not only improves mathematical skills but also reshapes students' attitudes.

In a safe learning environment, as they begin to understand concepts better and succeed in smaller tasks, their confidence grows. They develop resilience, persistence, and a belief that they *can* understand mathematics. Their fears get transformed into curiosity and joy. As students feel valued and supported, their willingness to learn increases manifold.

Diagnostic assessments, concept simplification, supported practice, real-life scenarios and activity-based learning are a few of the tools used in parallel class. A mentor's role begins with identifying the barriers sensitively, without judgement. The mentor becomes the catalyst for change helping students overcome their fear of mathematics which surely is not a one-day task. The roots of fear may lie in conceptual foundations in earlier classes, lack of practice and exposure, anxiety caused by past failures and negative self-belief. Leading the child from a 'Math is not for me' to 'I can do it' attitude is the task of every Math educator.

# UNDERSTANDING THE VOCABULARY OF EMOTIONS

*Ishita Chatterjee*

As our school marks 70 years of its journey, I reflect on the significance of children's inner lives, and its undeniable relationship with “what” and “how” they learn.

Since its inception, the school has been committed to nurturing the individual holistically and striving for excellence beyond academics.

The Counselling Department had its beginnings, way back in the 1980s, in the belief that learning is inseparable from students' social and emotional wellbeing, and that children thrive when they are seen, heard, and valued for being their unique selves. When Smt. R.S. Devi joined the school as the Counsellor, she would guide the teachers on psycho-social awareness for guiding the students. Counselling period was mandatorily introduced in the timetable. The class teachers would conduct group counselling session through discussions and deliberations on topics at times suggested by the students. Ever since, opportunities to develop a rich emotional vocabulary have been woven into the very fabric of the school's culture.

Over time, we have made meaningful progress in making conversations around mental health more visible. Students and teachers alike are becoming increasingly skilled in understanding themselves and responding to others with empathy, fostering a spirit of inclusion that lies at the heart of the school's ethos.

Through vibrant classroom activities, thoughtful individual sessions, and collaboration with teachers and parents, our work goes beyond responding to momentary challenges in a student's life. We seek to guide them in proactively cultivating the ability to reflect, build resilience, and find a sense of purpose, social and emotional skills that can support an individual throughout their lives, and serve as foundational anchors through life's inevitable ups and downs.

As we look ahead, the Counselling Department remains committed to nurturing clarity and compassion in students-supporting them in developing a strong connection with themselves and contributing meaningfully to the world around them.



# NURTURING CURIOSITY WITH AN OPEN MIND

*Rimjhim Mathur & Anshu Sethi Yadav*

*“True education must reveal what is already present in the developing beings and make it blossom.” –The Mother*

At The Mother's International School, education is viewed as a journey of unfolding, an opportunity for each child to discover and develop what is already within. Guided by the principles of Integral Education of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, learning in the primary years emphasises meaningful and imaginative experiences that nurture all parts of the being.



One of the ways this philosophy takes tangible form is through cultivating spaces where exploration is encouraged, questions are welcomed, and every child learns to look at the world with attentiveness, joy and wonder. Through hands-on activities and observations, children discover how ideas take shape and how the world is constantly evolving. Over the years, themes such as Air, Water, Mirrors, Change, Materials, Colours, Books, Our City Delhi and Sustainability have helped children engage with everyday concepts in joyful and interconnected ways. These experiences culminate on the Integrated Project Day or Open Day through models, experiments, demonstrations and interactive activities.

Open Day is much more than a presentation; it is a celebration of collaborative learning journey. It reflects children's growing confidence, ability to communicate and a deepening awareness of their surroundings.

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## HARMONY THROUGH CO-CURRICULAR LEARNING

*Shipra Bhat*

*“Work, play, art, and creation are also means of education.”  
—The Mother*

Dance, music, art, craft, and clay-modelling play a vital role in nurturing the holistic development of young learners. These creative and mindful practices support *Panch Koshiya Vikas*, laying a strong foundation for balanced growth in primary school children at The Mother's International School. The concept of the Panchakosha comes from ancient Indian philosophy. ‘Pancha’ means five, and ‘Kosha’ translates to sheath or layer. Pancha Koshiya Vikas refers to the development of a child across five dimensions or domains: physical, vital, emotional, cognitive and spiritual. This concept aims to nurture children in a comprehensive manner, ensuring they grow into well-rounded individuals. It recognizes that development is not just about academic achievements but also encompasses various aspects of a child's personality and well-being.



Art and craft further enrich a child's self-expression, fine motor development and aesthetic sensibility. Students work with a variety of mediums like paints, pastels, and sketch pens, starting young at the Pre-school level and progressing from basic shading in Class II to more detailed techniques and patterns by Class V. Craft activities such as origami, paper animals, and simple decorative items encourage imagination, hands-on exploration, and creative problem-solving. Clay-modelling adds a sensory and experiential element to learning. Dance, the joyful language of movement, helps children to express emotions, build confidence, and improve focus and memory. Together, these four disciplines create a balanced environment nurturing academic and spiritual growth.

# LITTLE HANDS SHAPE BIG IDEAS

*Shefali Rakheja, Madhubanti Sengupta & Prabhpreet Kaur Talwar*

Children learn best when they can explore and discover the world around them. Project-based learning offers them rich opportunities to engage with and understand with real-life concepts. Throughout the year, children participate in a variety of projects that nurture critical thinking, creativity and problem-solving. Children learn to work in smaller groups, which builds their socio-emotional skills. They learn to question, share thoughts, form connections and handle complex challenges.



When choosing an activity for our classroom projects, we focus on the interests of the children in the classroom. Project-based learning in Pre-Primary, gives children rich, hands-on experiences that strengthen many areas of development, including fine and gross motor skills, art, and language.

As the students cut, paste, draw, mould, and handle various materials, their fine motor control and hand-eye coordination improve. Activities like building, creating, and outdoor exploration support gross motor strength and stability.

Creative project work, such as painting, modelling with clay or sand, and free drawing activities nurture artistic expression and imagination. Children speak about their projects through Show and Tell presentations, ask questions, describe their ideas and share their work with others. This helps in building confidence, strong vocabulary, listening and speaking skills.

The project method closely aligns with Integral Education as envisaged by the Mother and Sri Aurobindo, Montessori principles and the play way method during the ECCE years. In our thoughtfully aligned classrooms, projects grow naturally from children's curiosity and offer real-life, self-directed tasks using concrete materials. This encourages independence, concentration and responsibility. The blend of these three philosophies helps children see connections between different areas of learning and help them to evolve as confident, capable, and compassionate learners.



# THE JOY OF MOVEMENT

*Ruchi Gupta & Preeti Arora*

*“...from a young age, children should be taught to respect good health, physical strength and balance.”*

*– The Mother*

When sports and games are woven naturally into everyday learning, they become an essential part of each child's growth. In the Primary Wing, every child experiences the joy of movement. Through a carefully planned curriculum offering a rich variety of games and sports, children grow into bright, active and happy learners. With every moment spent in the playground, children build strength and confidence while their character and habits are being shaped.

Sports sessions are designed to match the needs of young children. Students develop coordination, agility and stamina, while also learning cooperation, sharing, adherence to rules and become aware of their emotions. These experiences help children become resilient and teach them to accept both success and setbacks with grace.

The Mother held that the basic programme of education, will be to build a body, beautiful in form, harmonious in posture, supple and agile in its movements, powerful in its activities and resistant in its health and organic function. The school timetable includes a variety of physical activities. Gymnastics helps children improve body control and strength. Physical Education periods provide structured training in basic skills in sports. General games and free play give students the space to explore, experiment and enjoy physical movement.

Yoga sessions help them stay calm, focussed and flexible. Innovative methods using simple objects, basic equipment and movement to music further blend physical fitness with integral education.

Children enjoy engaging in group games which build teamwork and decision making. Traditional Indian games are also played with enthusiasm, helping children connect with their cultural heritage. Basic skills in football and basketball are introduced gradually, and inter-section events offer opportunities for healthy competition.

Special school events like the Annual Physical Demonstration, Athletic Meet, Sports Day and thematic assemblies provide joyful platforms for children to display their skills. Integrated with EVS, Maths and Language, sports become meaningful, enjoyable and holistic.



# HOUSES BUILT ON THE FOUNDATION OF VALUES

*Simranjeet Kaur*

The six Houses of MIS form the foundational pillars of the close-knit community of students and teachers. Named after the inspiring qualities represented in the petals of the Mother's Symbol, the Houses — Aspiration, Gratitude, Honesty, Perfection, Sincerity, and Truth — serve as enduring reminders of the values and ethos that the School upholds. This vertical grouping of students from classes VI to XII, fosters a spirit of camaraderie and collaboration, while linking them through a distinct identity.

Each year, a variety of inter-house events are organised to enable healthy competition and holistic growth. These activities cultivate a keen sense of belonging, uniting every member of a House as they come together to support their own teams.

In April, students step into the role of young voters as they elect their House Captains and Sports Captains — an important first experience of democracy and autonomy. The elected Council proudly shoulders its responsibilities, carrying the baton forward through the year.

The display boards created by each House, centred around diverse themes, not only showcase students' artistic abilities but also nurture their creativity, research skills, and sense of collaboration. Students brainstorm ideas, plan layouts, while bringing concepts to life, and thereby learn to communicate effectively and appreciate diverse perspectives. These collective efforts transform the boards into vibrant expressions of thought and imagination, reflecting both individual talent and the shared spirit of the House.

A series of interesting inter-house competitions — including the Geo-Map Quiz, the Math Quiz, and the General Knowledge Quiz — challenge students across diverse domains and rekindle the House spirit. The much-awaited annual Inter-house Athletic Meet further heightens enthusiasm, filling the field with spirited cheers as athletes strive for excellence and take their place on the victory stand.

The ideation and preparation of the game stalls for the Children's Day Carnival by each House, followed by enthusiastic participation from students across classes, fill the campus with joy and excitement. Equally meaningful are the intricate *rangoli* designs and flower arrangements created by each House as an offering on the Mother's Birthday—a heartfelt tribute to the very values that these Houses seek to engender among the students.

The long-standing tradition of Houses in MIS continues to be a source of pride, inspiration, and unity for every student who walks through its corridors. Beyond the competitions and celebrations, the House system nurtures qualities that extend far beyond the classroom—leadership, teamwork, resilience, gratitude, and a deep respect for shared ideals. As students participate, collaborate, and grow together, they discover their own potential while strengthening the bonds that hold the MIS family together. Year after year, these collective experiences shape individuals who carry the school's values with them, ensuring that the spirit of Aspiration, Gratitude, Honesty, Perfection, Sincerity, and Truth continues to shine brightly.



# PATH TO HOLISTIC GROWTH, CRITICAL THINKING

*Sharmila Yadav*

The Mother's International School has always looked at learning and education through a holistic lens. Long before NCERT's teaching guidelines urged schools to take a conceptual learning approach aiming to enhance critical thinking and holistic development of students, our school focused on approaches and projects that prepared students with the required practical skills for university, employment and life.

Various research projects and studies undertaken by students provide the bedrock of a deeper understanding of themselves and the ever-changing world around them.

For instance, for a History project, students researched and examined the lives of women in Mughal India, across social strata. The project was primarily supplemented by books, archival records, biographies and elements of pop culture to analyse how contemporary media interprets and sometimes distorts the lives of these women.

Through another project, students revisited studies on Partition from the point of view of the Muslim League, the Indian National Congress and the British Government.

Themes like 'Men in Makeup' were taken up and student research focused on understanding how the growing visibility of men in the make-up industry reflected broader shifts in gender norms and cultural attitudes. By analysing different perceptions, the research sought to understand how metrosexuality helps normalise men's participation in beauty practices.

Students have conducted research on the transformative impact of artificial intelligence, deep learning, and automation on contemporary white-collar work and sought to understand how AI-driven systems are reshaping labour markets and redefining the meaning of "skilled work".

The school has encouraged students to make their foray in quantitative data analysis on sustainable development goals, with an aim to track and identify features from an Indian perspective. Through this study, students have become equipped in analysing broad data, which often produces a more objective and unbiased insight.

When students undertake research, they also learn its methodology including primary data collection methods like interviews or survey-questionnaires ensuring reliability and validity of research. They learn the importance of consent and confidentiality in the case of primary data collection.

In the words of Dr Martin Luther King "The function of education is to teach one to think intensively and to think critically. Intelligence plus character- that is the goal of true education."

At The Mother's International School we have been able to synthesise education with practical and academia-centric skills with a focus on ethics. As a school we continue to nurture and cultivate a culture of critical thinking to help students acquire a more nuanced understanding of the world around them.



# TRADITION OF THOUGHT, FUTURE OF DIALOGUE

*Malvika Pathak*

There are moments in an institutional journey when learning moves beyond classrooms and corridors and enters a quieter, more demanding space; one where young minds are invited not merely to acquire knowledge, but to engage with the world in all its complexity. It is in such moments that education reveals its deeper purpose: awaken curiosity, cultivate discernment, and prepare students to participate thoughtfully in the shared human story. Model United Nations at The Mother's International School has, over the years, become one such space, where ideas are tested, perspectives are challenged, and the habit of dialogue is carefully nurtured.

Model United Nations emerged in the Inter-War period as a simulation of global diplomacy, designed to familiarise students with the workings of the United Nations and the necessity of sustained dialogue in times of division. Over the decades, it has grown into a globally respected academic exercise, reinforcing a simple yet profound belief: that even in a fractured world, conversation remains humanity's most enduring instrument of change. This belief lies at the heart of MISMUN and resonates deeply with the core educational philosophy of the school.

In a world increasingly shaped by conflict, climate uncertainty, displacement, and technological disruption, students will inherit challenges that defy easy solutions. They will need not only intellectual rigour, but also empathy, restraint, and moral clarity. MISMUN offers an early encounter with these demands. It teaches students that diplomacy is not the absence of disagreement, but the willingness to engage with difference thoughtfully and responsibly.

The journey of MISMUN began in 2011 as a student-led initiative founded on trust in young leadership and guided by faculty mentorship. Over the years, it has evolved into a conference marked by academic seriousness and organisational maturity, culminating in its 14<sup>th</sup> edition in 2025. Entirely driven by students, MISMUN reflects a culture of ownership, collaboration, and purposeful leadership.

Each year, students from Grades IX to XII immerse themselves in an intensive three-day simulation that demands careful research, articulate expression, and considered negotiation. As they assume the roles of diplomats and policymakers, they discover that leadership often lies in listening as much as in speaking, and that consensus is built through patience and reason rather than assertion alone.

The issues debated at MISMUN are drawn from the realities of global history and contemporary affairs. Through committees such as OPEC, they examined the Middle East oil crisis in the aftermath of the Yom Kippur War and the intricate links between geopolitics and economic power; in INTERPOL, they reflected on questions of state accountability and civilian impact arising from the American invasion of Iraq; and in the Indian War Cabinet, they deliberated on India's intervention in the East and West Pakistan conflict, weighing national interest against humanitarian responsibility. Discussions in the United Nations Security Council on the Rwandan Patriotic Front's invasion of Rwanda highlighted the costs of delayed international response, while the Joint Crisis Committee's simulation of US–USSR intervention in Vietnam following the Gulf of Tonkin Incident exposed students to ideological rivalry and global power politics.

Alongside these, contemporary challenges such as illegal immigration and drug movement across the Belarus–European Union border prompted delegates to consider how security concerns must be balanced with compassion and human dignity.

Through these deliberations, students come to understand that global security extends beyond military strength to include economic stability, environmental responsibility, and human well-being. They also recognise that while global institutions are often critiqued for their limitations, they remain vital spaces for dialogue, cooperation, and collective effort.

MISMUN, therefore, is not just a conference, but a living expression of the values that have quietly shaped generations of learners at The Mother's International School. Over the course of many decades, these

values, dialogue over discord, empathy over indifference, and responsibility over expedience, have guided our approach to education and continue to inform the spaces we create for student growth.

As the school looks ahead, anchored in a legacy built with care and conviction, it remains committed to nurturing young people who think independently, speak thoughtfully, and act with integrity. In preparing students to navigate an increasingly complex world, we hold fast to the belief that meaningful change begins with the willingness to listen, a truth captured simply yet powerfully by Dwight D. Eisenhower when he observed that *Diplomacy is listening to what the other fellow needs.*”



# FESTIVALS THAT FOSTER BONDS OF UNITY

*Soyna Katoch*

The Mother's International School observes special days — national, cultural, and global — not as mere calendar rituals, but as living lessons that pass from one generation to the next. Each commemorative day carries a story, a value, or a reminder, and together they form a moral and emotional curriculum that enriches a student's life beyond textbooks.

Rabindra Jayanti in the month of May, honouring the birth anniversary of Rabindranath Tagore, enriches students' aesthetic and cultural sensibilities. Through poetry, songs, and philosophy, children discover beauty, creativity, and emotional depth of Tagore's timeless classics.

National Unity Day (31 October) teaches students the power of togetherness. Through unity pledges, runs, assemblies and discussions, children begin to appreciate the beauty of India's diversity. They realise that harmony is a choice — one they must consciously uphold.

Constitution Day (26 November) helps students appreciate the principles that safeguard fairness, equality, and dignity. By reading the Preamble aloud, they internalise the values that guide the nation.

Days like Veer Bal Diwas (26 December) and activities under Veer Gatha introduce students to tales of extraordinary courage, especially the inspiring sacrifices made by children. Such stories help young learners understand bravery, resilience, and moral strength. They realise that age is no barrier to courage and that true greatness lies in standing for what is right.

National Voters' Day (25 January), even before they are eligible to vote, instils awareness about democratic rights and duties. Students grow up valuing their voice, learning that participation is the backbone of any meaningful democracy.

Global observances like World Population Day (11 July), World Mental Health Day (10 October), and Earth Day (22 April) shape students into thoughtful global citizens. These days spark classroom dialogues on sustainability, emotional well-being, shared responsibility, and compassion. Students learn to respect the planet, recognise mental health as essential, and think beyond personal needs toward collective good. Our National Days: Independence Day (15 August), Republic Day (26 January), and Gandhi Jayanti (2 October), anchor students in their cultural and historical identity. They learn the significance of freedom, the value of constitutional rights, and the relevance of non-violence in a modern world. And last but not the least, celebration of different festivals throughout the year, keep the students informed about traditions, practices and provide strong cultural mooring and identity.

Celebrations fill young hearts with joy, gratitude, pride, and a sense of belonging. Observances are designed to nurture informed, aware, empathetic young citizens. They teach students to reflect, to participate, to explore and cherish diversity. The commemorative events do more than inform — they



inspire. They help students to grow into individuals who understand the world, honour their roots, respect others and carry forward the values that strengthen society. They turn learning into living, and classrooms into spaces where character is shaped, ideals are nurtured, and meaningful futures begin.

# AN ENVIRONMENT THAT NURTURES GROWTH

*Jyoti Nema*

**M**y journey at The Mother's International School began in 2007. Over the years, I have grown within this family, naturally, osmotically, while enhancing my skills and focus. I started teaching in the Primary School, surrounded by warmth, trust, and encouragement. The love and respect of my students, along with the freedom and guidance of my seniors, gave me the confidence to try out new ideas and create meaningful learning experiences.

One moment that remains very close to my heart is starting the first Science Exhibition at Primary School in 2008. I was new and still learning the ropes. A day before the exhibition, my preparatory work was observed by the Principal, and then she gave me a go-ahead. With nearly 100 students from Classes III and IV participating actively, the school buzzed with excitement. Watching young children confidently explain their work to visitors and experts filled me with a sense of accomplishment and reminded me why I chose teaching—to help children believe in themselves.

MIS has always allowed space for wonder. I still remember teaching students about the ten o'clock flower and bringing buds to class. As the flowers slowly opened at 10:00 am, the children jumped with excitement. A few seconds of exhilaration made the lesson unforgettable.

In 2011, I moved to the Middle School together with my very first batch of students. Children, I had taught in Class III accompanied me to Class VI. Growing together with the same group allowed me to witness their journey closely and build lasting connections.

My association with the Environment Club has been especially insightful. In 2017, I initiated a vermi-composting project with my students. Students gained hands-on experience working with soil and red-worms to understand the process of vermi-composting. Packets of vermi-compost were sold to parents who appreciated the effort. In 2021, students successfully launched an Environmental e-magazine.

Taking a walk with Tara Didi on campus, remains an experience to look forward to. Her love for plants, nature, and simple living continues to inspire many of us. Planting trees with her on her birthdays is a cherished tradition and a source of lifelong learning.

As The Mother's International School completes 70 years, I feel deeply grateful to have grown here, learning from students as much as teaching them. MIS has given teachers and students alike the space to try out new things, to learn, to believe, and be a part of this deeply fulfilling journey.



# A PEEK INTO OUR EVS LEARNING JOURNEY

*Sonali Gupta*

*“The school should be an opportunity for progress for the teacher as well as for the student. Each one should have the freedom to develop freely.” - The Mother*

In our E.V.S class, this vision comes alive through simulation activities and teacher-led demonstrations that make learning real and impactful. When children are given the freedom to explore concepts through hands-on experiences, whether it is germination, seed dispersal, the water cycle or the working of the digestive system, they engage more deeply and learn independently. These simple yet powerful simulations create space for both the teacher and the learner to grow: the teacher innovates and refines her methods, while the child discovers and constructs understanding at their own pace. In this shared journey of exploration, the classroom truly becomes a place where everyone develops freely.

As we focus on details, the mind naturally becomes calmer; and when we intentionally quieten the mind, we begin to notice things that may have previously escaped our attention. For children, both processes must unfold simultaneously. Our nature walks and follow-up reflective activities are designed to encourage them to slow down, engage their senses, and truly notice the details of their surroundings—an ability that enriches all learning experiences.

At MIS, we believe that learning becomes truly meaningful when children are encouraged to explore, question, and discover concepts for themselves. In keeping with this philosophy, some time back, the Grade III Environmental Studies classroom transformed into an imaginative “alien research lab,” where students investigated the properties of water through role-play and hands-on experimentation.

The teacher created a lively scenario in which students pretended to be aliens who had landed on Earth and discovered a mysterious liquid. To guide their inquiry, the corridor was arranged with four investigation points, each labelled as an exploration station with clear written instructions, enabling students to experiment, observe, and draw conclusions independently.

These varied learning experiences—whether through imaginative role-play, creative simulations, or mindful observation—nurture student curiosity, build their confidence, and foster clarity of thought, all while making learning a joyful experience.



# LANGUAGE CLUBS: VOICES OF EXPRESSION

*Deepshikha Chowdhury*

The Mother's International School offers a vibrant range of language-based clubs and activities designed to enrich students' communication skills and overall personality. For Classes IX to XI, the school conducts SEWA (Social Empowerment through Work Education and Action) classes that actively engage learners in language enhancement. Among these is the Spell Bee and Crossword Club, which aims to strengthen vocabulary, spelling accuracy, and logical thinking. The Debate Club provides a platform for students to articulate their viewpoints effectively, improving their critical thinking, confidence, and oratory skills. Additionally, the English Literary Club nurtures a love for language through discussions, readings, and creative tasks, encouraging students to explore literature beyond textbooks and participate in various intra and inter school activities and competitions.



For Classes VI to VIII, the school offers Hobby Classes that include Debate and Spell Bee, enabling younger students to develop early skills in argumentation, expression, and vocabulary building. The school also has a variety of Work Experience classes, which further broaden their exposure through English Creative Writing, Public Speaking, Storytelling, and Spell Bee and Scrabble.

These activities help students pursue their love for the language, channel their imagination, express ideas clearly, develop fluency in English, and gives them an early opportunity to be confident and discerning language users.

MIS teams have been participating in the National Cryptic Crossword Solving Contest every year and have brought home several laurels. Some of the students have continued to participate at the college level too. Mr Vinayak Ekbote, a parent volunteer, has been mentoring the students in honing the skill for over a decade now. Another noteworthy achievement is the school's participation in The Jaipur Debate, hosted by Neerja Modi School, Jaipur, annually. Year after year, the junior and senior teams of debaters have earned accolades.

Together, these clubs play a significant role in the holistic development of students. Debate and public speaking refine their reasoning and persuasive skills, while creative writing and storytelling foster originality and clarity of thought. Regular practice of spelling and crossword-solving boosts concentration and strengthens their command over the English language. Moreover, these programmes prepare students for the challenges of the macro world by equipping them with essential life skills such as teamwork, leadership, and articulate expression. These carefully curated language clubs at our school thus contribute meaningfully to nurturing confident and expressive young individuals.



# अनुवाचन का महत्व

## पूनम जुनेजा

अनुवाचन एक महान कला है जो केवल शब्दों को पढ़ना, रटना एवं बोलना ही नहीं बल्कि जीवन और भाषा को गहरे अर्थों में जीना है। अच्छे अनुवाचन में लय और भाव की गहराई होती है जिसे अभ्यास और निरंतरता से प्राप्त किया जा सकता है। यह महान एवं प्रेरक विचारों को संरक्षित करने एवं ज्ञान को अगली पीढ़ी तक पहुँचाने का शक्तिशाली माध्यम है।

हमारे विद्यालय की प्रातः कालीन प्रार्थना- सभा में छात्रों द्वारा अनुवाचन प्रस्तुत करने की महत्वपूर्ण परंपरा रही है। यह सूक्त वाक्य श्री माँ के हों या श्री अरविंद के अथवा संसार की सभी भाषाओं के महान दार्शनिक एवं विचारकों के हों। उन सभी को विद्यार्थी बाल्यकाल से सुनना, बोलना एवं एकत्रित करने का अभ्यास आरंभ कर देते हैं। यह कार्य वास्तव में एक विद्यार्थी के व्यक्तित्व में उन नैतिक मूल्यों अथवा जीवन मूल्यों की आधारशिला रखने के समान है जिसका विकास आगे चलकर देखने को मिलता है। दूसरे शब्दों में यह कार्य चुन- चुन कर अनमोल मोतियों को पिरोने के समान है जिससे कोई बेशकीमती हार बनता है।

शिक्षा समाप्त कर विद्यार्थी जब विद्यालय से बाहर आते हैं तो जाने- अनजाने यह सकारात्मक मूल्य उनके व्यक्तित्व का अभिन्न अंग बन चुके होते हैं। यही परंपरा उन्हें 'मदर्स ब्लॉसम' कहलाने का गौरव प्रदान करती है।

यह उद्घरण न केवल विद्यार्थी जीवन में वरन् उसके बाद भी उनका मार्गदर्शन करते हैं। जीवन में बड़े लक्ष्य निर्धारित करना और उन्हें प्राप्त करना, एक सफल व्यक्तित्व के साथ-साथ देश का कर्तव्यनिष्ठ नागरिक एवं सच्चे अर्थों में मानव निर्माण की यात्रा में यह महान विचार सदैव उनका मार्ग प्रशस्त करते हैं। इसलिए विद्यार्थी जीवन में इन महान विचारों का रेसिटेसन के रूप में अवश्य अभ्यास करना चाहिए एवं जीवन में भी उनका अनुसरण करना चाहिए।

## काव्य उत्सव

### वैशाली तँवर

आचार्य रामचंद्र शुक्ल कहते हैं - "जीवन की अनुभूति ही कविता है"।

द मदर्स इंटरनेशनल स्कूल के प्राइमरी विभाग में प्रत्येक वर्ष हर्षोल्लास के साथ हिंदी एवं अंग्रेजी काव्य उत्सव का आयोजन किया जाता है। काव्य उत्सव एक ऐसा माध्यम है जो बच्चों में कविता पढ़ने, समझने और साहित्य के प्रति रुचि को बढ़ाने का अवसर प्रदान करता है। इसके साथ ही यह वाचन कौशल को भी विकसित करने में सहायक है।

प्रत्येक वर्ष बच्चों के स्तर के अनुसार कविताओं का चयन किया जाता है। कविता का चयन करते समय इस बात पर विशेष ध्यान दिया जाता है कि कविता की भाषा स्पष्ट हो और किसी महान कवि या कवयित्री की रचना पढ़ने का मौका बच्चों को मिल सके। कविता का विषय विद्यार्थियों के अनुरूप हो जैसे - प्रकृति पर आधारित कविताएँ, विद्यार्थियों के अनुभव या परिप्रेक्ष्य पर आधारित कविताएँ, देशभक्ति पर आधारित कविताएँ, शिक्षाप्रद कविताएँ आदि।

कक्षा तीसरी और कक्षा चार के लिए चुनी गई कविताओं के विषय मुख्य रूप से जानवरों की नटखट हरकतों या हँसनेगुदगुदाने और प्रकृति से संबंधित होते हैं। उनमें से कुछ कविताओं के शीर्षक इस प्रकार हैं - रसगुल्ले के पैसे लाओ, टाँय-टाँय फिस्स, ठान लो अगर मिल जाएगी डगर, बंधन का सुख, चींटी ने पाठ पढ़ाया, अब चिड़िया कहाँ रहेगी ? वहीं दूसरी ओर कक्षा पाँच में लंबी कविताओं के द्वारा देश की संस्कृति व महान व्यक्तित्व वाले लोगों के बारे में बच्चे जान पाते हैं जैसे - झाँसी की रानी, महान गौतम बुद्ध के बारे में आदि। कविता के अंत में कोई संदेश, सीख और प्रेरणा अवश्य सम्मिलित की जाती है। इस तरह कविता केवल भाषा तक ही सीमित नहीं अपितु बच्चों में सकारात्मक भावना पैदा करने का माध्यम भी बनती है।

काव्य उत्सव के कुछ दिनों पहले से ही तैयारियाँ आरम्भ हो जाती हैं - कक्षा में कविता वाचन, कविता से संबंधित सुंदर एवं आकर्षक सामग्री (प्रॉप्स) बनाना, सभागार में कविता प्रस्तुत करने का अभ्यास आदि। बच्चों द्वारा मंच पर आकर, सामूहिक रूप में कविता वाचन करने का यह कार्यक्रम उनके अंदर भाषा के प्रति रुचि के साथ- साथ आत्मविश्वास बढ़ाता है।

# AN ENRICHING MONTAGE - HOBBY CLUBS

*Sunita Sharma & Princee Batra*

*True wisdom is to take pleasure in everything one does and that is possible if one takes everything one does as a way to progress. – The Mother*

Hobbies and interests enrich our lives in ways that we are unable to fully comprehend. We can spend hours totally absorbed in our hobbies, and in the process discover new ways to learn on our own, in quietude, with no syllabus to complete, no deadlines to meet. It is like collecting seashells on the beach, beautiful and in different shapes, not knowing how or when they will come in use in the future...

Hobby Clubs were introduced in the Primary wing to give children a joyful space where learning could stretch beyond textbooks and become truly hands-on. It began with the idea that every child should have the chance to explore new interests, discover their talents and enjoy learning in a way that feels natural and exciting.

Today, the Hobby Club has grown into one of the most awaited periods in the school timetable. It offers a plethora of activities ranging from chess, mathematics to origami, calligraphy, and theatre, ensuring that each child finds something that sparks his/her enthusiasm. Each activity opens a different kind of learning window for the children. Chess and mathematics help sharpen reasoning and logical thinking. Debate encourages children to speak confidently and listen thoughtfully. Art, fabric art, calligraphy, and origami bring imagination to life with colours, patterns, and creativity. Music, *tabla*, flute, dance and theatre build expression, rhythm, teamwork and stage confidence. Flameless cooking teaches life skills in a safe and fun way while environmental studies help children connect with nature.

The Hobby Clubs are much more than a list of activities. It is a place where children learn to work together, appreciate different talents and celebrate each other's strengths. They develop patience, discipline, cooperation and a sense of responsibility, often without even realising it.

A special highlight of the Hobby Clubs is the way children proudly share their learnings. They present their skills, performances and creations during special occasions.\

In every activity room of the Hobby Clubs, whether it is the sound of a flute being practised, colours swirling on paper or friends discussing a quiz answer, there is energy, laughter and a love for learning. It continues to be a special space where children discover new interests and enjoy the joy of learning beyond the classroom.



# THE MIND-MAP OF LEARNING THROUGH QUIZZES

*Anuradha Gupta*

As our school turns 70, we pause to celebrate not only the brick-and-mortar structure that has stood the test of time, but also the vibrant traditions that have charted its growth. The annual Geo-Map Quiz is a ritual that turns into an enthusiastic battleground where students locate capital cities, trace rivers, and ... occasionally confuse Austria with Australia!

In the last few years, these quizzes have evolved from simple Atlas-flipping exercises to events that inculcate a deeper interest in Geography.



Remember 2020-2021, when the pandemic forced us to take recourse to online classes? MS Teams 'zoomed' into our homes, and we were left desperately 'Googling' answers — no, wait, that's cheating! Passionate debates on whether the Nile or the Amazon is longer, or which desert, the Sahara or the Takla Makan, was traversed by the Silk Route adventurers kept us guessing and our minds in fine fettle despite the climate of fear and anxiety that the virus had created in the world outside.

The Covid years taught us resilience: even though we were isolated, our school spirit spanned continents.

In 2022, after we were back to the auditorium, the energy was electrifying. Map-pointing rounds had students indicating the pointer like daring explorers, one nearly 'plotting' Japan in the Caribbean (blame it on Plate Tectonics!).

The winners, armed with pride and certificates, reminded us how the quiz fosters curiosity, turning geography into a fascinating adventure.

Last year, 2024, we commemorated the United Nations' International Year of Camelids with a special round dedicated to these hardy creatures. Students mapped the habitats of llamas in the Andes, dromedaries across Arabian deserts, majestic Bactrian camels in the Gobi, and wild vicuñas in Peru.

There was uproarious laughter when one enthusiastic team placed camels at the South Pole. Perhaps they thought they would keep the penguins warm with their fur!

These Geo-Map Quiz celebrations have nurtured global awareness, teamwork, and a spark of competition, proving our school is not just a place on the map, it is an inspiration for anyone who believes in lifelong learning.



# WHERE COOPERATION IS SECOND NATURE

*Charu Saraswat*

In *Meditations*, Marcus Aurelius wrote: “We were born for cooperation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids; like the rows of the upper and lower teeth.”

This statement brought me clarity the way fog gradually, yet surely, loses its hold on a mirror, allowing everything to be seen in a new light. Camaraderie does not exist in words; it is shown through actions, and I have had the opportunity to witness it at The MIS.

We all learn to adapt and grow, even in unfamiliar spaces, just like wildflowers finding their way and blooming in soils unknown to them. These spaces may be daunting, yet it was within this unfamiliar, uncharted environment that I first experienced the significance of camaraderie in the workplace. When you are in a nascent stage of understanding what it means to work within a professional community, especially one where you are trusted with guiding children, you rely a lot on people around you.

During my initial years of work, what stood out most was not only the gentle guidance of my colleagues but also their words, which became the building blocks of my journey here. Their reassuring smiles and their constant willingness to help one another reflected the true value of this institution, where learning remains at its core. Building confidence in colleagues is delicate work, and this is where camaraderie and togetherness stand at trial. Each member of the school understands encouragement and collaboration in a way that reflects Aurelius' words. Over time, their collective consciousness, their trust and love for each other, shaped my understanding of how an institution functions through shared responsibility.

The interconnectedness here is not limited to our work. It is like a vast ecosystem, which is ingrained in the innate nature of every person here. It is felt in the staff room, where laughter echoes over the shared joy of eating together. It is seen in the warmth of the winter sun, when everyone gathers on the track field. It lies at the core of our daily interactions, whether we are planning, figuring out the logistics of school activities, or striving with a firm belief in the idea of progress, which is never isolated; it belongs to each one of us.

In the end, all I can say is that our camaraderie is built in the spaces between responsibilities, and our roots are set firmly in understanding and unity.



# MOMENTS THAT MOULD

*Sonali Grover*

The lush green, the morning dew  
The vibrant peacocks, the enchanting  
view

The sunlit field, the expanse so wide  
A haven for education, where the Mother's  
blessings abide.

Halls stand firm and tall, symbols of grace  
and aspiration

Echoing stories of growth, passion, and  
innovation

From quiet meditations to lively sessions  
Has been testament to all- thunderous  
applause to enriching lessons.

Pathways and corridors leading to creative  
rooms

Hustle, bustle everywhere, dispelling the  
sign of gloom

The primary section chanting rhythms and rhymes

The adorned classrooms take us back in time.

The ideating corners in the middle and senior side

Shaping thoughts where creativity and imagination soar high

The library speaks of the world unknown

The countless books on the silent shelves make for this cornerstone.

In the Ashram's quiet, the mind is peaceful

The chants leave us blissful

The supreme belief in the power of prayer

Discipline drifts like incense in air.

In the heart of the school, Sri Aurobindo's statue stands firm

Unwavering and powerful in vision and aim

A call to grow inward, upward

A truth that makes the soul stir.

Mirambika- the other school, where childhood blooms and prospers

Little ones learn the language of joy and laughter

Wonder, curiosity take to young minds

A living example of teaching with compassion and being kind.

The calm of the campus, the sacred space

Footsteps traversing on all routes and pathways

A place that gives voice to many dreams

Is a perfect blend of uncommon and mainstream.





# **Notes to the Future**

# MEMORIES AND RECOLLECTIONS (1964-1976)

## STUDENTS OF CLASS OF 1976

### **FIFTYYEARS! It's half a century since we finished school**

For some of us, MIS was the only school we studied in, some joined later and some left in between. But the bonds remained as we grew and went on in life beyond the portals of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram, New Delhi.

As we meet this year (January 2026), overwhelmed with memories, we thought it would be nice to chronicle some of them for posterity and for connecting with the present lot of students at the Mother's International School.

And for the record, we studied only till Class 11, called Higher Secondary, which was the sole Board Examination. It was only from 1978 onwards that 12<sup>th</sup> standard (called Senior Secondary) was added by the CBSE under the 10+2 system.

### **The Beginning: – 23456 - The Mother's School**

Late Surendra Nath Jauhar '*Chachaji*'- a devotee established the school in the vast premises of the Aurobindo Ashram on Mehrauli Road (as it was called then). The date - April 23, 1956.

There was nothing beyond it till the Qutub Minar at Meharuli, except Adhchini village and the TB Hospital. It was literally the edge of New Delhi. Even the public transport buses, then called DTU (Delhi Transport Undertaking) mostly terminated at Yusuf Sarai, with only one route (No 17) going to Mehrauli from Lal Quila. And the neighbouring Essex Farms was then an abattoir.

The campus was a vast open area. There were huge playgrounds towards the Hauz Khas end, beyond which lay fields, now usurped by the present school buildings. Vegetables were cultivated in the fields, separated by small water canals. During recess, we would float paper boats or tree twigs on the canal. And often pluck a radish or two from the fields. There was a small mound at one end of the football field with some old stones and overgrown '*kikar*' trees, that have now disappeared in the present complex. There was a small zoo with rabbits and some birds. And a Gobar Gas plant too. The main ashram buildings also accommodated some students as hostellers, one of them from our batch also.

The campus had many trees and there was so much to explore. The four mulberry (*Shahtoot*) trees in front of the assembly hall that lay barren in the winter months began sprouting green leaves and soon enough giving fruit by late March. Many of us loved to climb those and pluck the ripe juicy *Shahtoot*, or even pick up the ones that had fallen but were not so dirty and enjoy them with relish, shaking off the bits of sand that they had. The flowering of the mulberry was also a reminder that the annual examinations were not far off.

One advantage of the huge open area was that we could have our tiffin on the grounds during recess, keeping a watch on the marauding birds. Few of us whose homes were nearby used to get hot tiffins, while most had to make do by keeping our lunch boxes on the tin roofs for 'solar heating'. Thankfully there were no monkeys.

Bajri (Moorum/Badarpur/red sand) lined the campus. Our shoes, especially the white sports shoes used to turn orangish red by the end of the day. The black shoes escaped with a little less colour but nonetheless dirty.

We did not have a regular school building. Single-story classrooms with asbestos or tin roof were the norm. There were some *pucca* rooms too, normally allotted to the junior sections. In class 8<sup>th</sup>, our classroom was in a 3 storied building, the ground floor of which was the principal's residence. Later a big stage was built near the playgrounds that had rooms above. It was there that we took our Board Examinations in March 1976.

## In 1970, The Mother's School became The Mother's International School.

And in 1975 the foundation stone for the new school building was laid by Dr Karan Singh. We stood in lines near the main gate as the Chief Guest entered. Class 11 followed by Class 10 and so on. The construction had not begun when we left in 1976. Thus, for many of us visiting after many years, the place is unrecognizable.

### Our Principals:

Many of us, who studied right from Nursery to Class 11, (1965-1976) saw many Principals. Mr Bhagowalia was the Principal in the 1960s, followed by Mr M.P.Chhaya. After he left, for a short while a retired Army Colonel Mr Narang took over and then Mr P.K. Madan, an old school hand. We also had the extremely considerate Mrs Indu Pillay as the Vice Principal. And even earlier, in Primary and Middle school we had Mr Mattoo and Mr Pradhan as the Vice Principals.

Mr Mattoo, of whom faint memories remain, was in charge of the Primary Section and impressed us with his jugglery and rudimentary magic tricks. His children too studied in MIS as did children of many teachers.

Mr Pradhan did not teach us but was very fond of cricket. Those days Doordarshan was the only channel, that too black and white. Telecasts were limited to a few hours in the evening and not everyone had a TV. Running commentary on radio was the only 'live telecast'. 'Asia 72' brand of pocket transistors had been introduced in the market and were the rage. Mr Pradhan had one. He often got away from the classrooms to hear the latest score on his 'Asia 72'. Some students always managed to trace him and ask him the latest score, much to his embarrassment.

We have faint memories of Mr Bhagowalia, too young as we were. But his image as a bespectacled gentleman with a white beard and a dignified demeanour has stayed with us.

Mr M.P. Chhaya was much younger, energetic and always moving around. One of his daughters was our classmate. He left after a few years and so did she. And of course, it was Mr Madan with whom we spent the maximum time, many of us meeting him even after leaving school.

### Our Teachers

In the long period since we left, many memories have faded. Yet some names and faces remain, who taught us and from whom we learnt a lot and to whom we owe a lot of gratitude.

Mrs Indu Pillay joined the school sometime when we were in class 8. Her husband Mr Pillay was appointed as the administrator, having returned from some foreign country. Probably, Mrs Pillay had earlier been associated with the Ashram. She taught us Civics/Political Science and was later the Vice Principal too. Extremely affable, she was easily approachable to any student. It is sad that she is no more with us.

Mr Bhola, Mr Madhok and Mr Shekhar joined the school almost simultaneously. We were probably in Class 6 then. While Mr Bhola taught Mathematics, Mr Madhok taught Physics. Mr Shekhar, who taught Mathematics, was a strict disciplinarian and his firmness guided many a student on the right path. He is no more, but such was his aura that many former students attended the prayer meeting after his demise.

Amongst the lady teachers, Ms Surendra Sharma was with us in the early years too. She taught us Hindi. Much earlier in our nursery/primary we had a Mrs Robinson and Mrs Ghosh. Among the Class teachers in Primary school, we had Mrs Budhiraja, Mrs Grover, Mrs Chugh, Mrs Shobha Puri and Mrs Uppal. And Mrs Usha Kalia, though memory fails as to the subject she taught. There were two Bahri sisters (Madhu and Sarita), who were in the school for one or two years only. Other notables were Ms Anima Chandra (Sanskrit), Vibha Raizada (Social Studies), Mrs Sarkar (English Class 8), Ms Shashi Mehta (English) and Mrs Gopal with whom one went for the radio recording of the Bournvita Quiz Contest then hosted by Hamid Sayani, the brother of Amin Sayani of Binaca Geetmala fame.

Besides academic subjects, we had some that we can never forget. Topmost on the list is Mr Lal Chand, our Arts teacher who was often lamenting that we should not become *tangewallas*. Those were the days when our school did very well in the Shankar's on-the-spot painting competition.

Mr Karim was the PT teacher, with a lisp. And when annoyed, he threatened to report us to 'Mifter Fekhar' a.k.a Mister Shekhar. He also acted in a Ramayana play staged in MIS, playing the role of Raavan. Our Hindi teacher for a while was Om Prakash Aditya, a famous Hindi poet. In 7 and 8 a Shastriji took Sanskrit classes, even gifting a pocket size Gita to the students. Then there was Mr Zaidi for crafts and Devi Karunamayee (Anna Didi) for music and Shanta Raghavan for Bharat Natyam.

In the higher classes (9 to 11), we got separated into 3 sections – Science, Arts and Commerce. Mr R.P.Sharma (Physics), Mr Agrawal (Chemistry), Mr Ram Rakshapal Verma (Mechanical Drawing) Mrs Vasudha Tike (Biology) took our classes. A few teachers were given nicknames which shall remain only in our minds and will obviously not be mentioned here.

A special mention must be made of (Late) Dr Raghubir Sharan (Mathematics). A simple soul, we initially harassed him but later he mentored us, even personally going to the homes of many just to clear their doubts. Ms Ratna Pant (Home Science), Mrs Mukherjee (English), Mr Gulati (Commerce), Mr Gautam (Commerce) were some others who joined and left after a short spell. Prashant Khanna (English) instilled in many the love of and appreciation for English poetry.

And how can we forget the talks? Dr K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar, Dr Karan Singh, Dr Kirit Joshi, Mr Parashar and many others who had knowledge of Sri Aurobindo's writings and periodically gave lectures on his philosophy and teachings, most of which we were too young to grasp. These were usually during a special assembly or on Mahasamadhi Day. The poem 'Who', by Sri Aurobindo struck a deep chord, the way it described the creator.

There were so many activities the year round, apart from the Annual Day which also had a gymnastics display. There were inter house competitions in sports, folk dances, debates, declamation and quizzing. Navchetna was the name of the school magazine, in which some of us had our articles or photographs published.

April 1971 also saw an unprecedented strike by the teachers that lasted for some days. We were too small to know the reason, but it required an emissary to come all the way from Pondicherry to resolve the issues.

## The Morning Assembly

The day started with the morning assembly in the assembly hall, which had a kind of white sanctum sanctorum inside which two large framed photographs of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother were placed. The floor had coir mats and a row of chairs. Students sat on the coir mats on the floor in rows class-wise while the teachers occupied the chairs, the first three reserved for Chachaji, the Principal and the Vice Principal.

An empty row in the middle with the sanctum sanctorum at one end and the hall entrance on the other, separated the classes. On a raised platform near the photos of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother, sat the singers (Anna Didi and some others) and one or two musicians. On the other side was a rostrum. The walls had boards (House-wise) displaying paintings/articles/photographs of the students.

Each class had nominated days on which one student had to recite. So, after two songs, initiated by Annadidi and sung by all, came the time for recitations. One by one, those nominated for the day had to walk up to the rostrum and recite quotations from the works of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother and then sit down. It was followed by a short period of silence/meditation. Then to the tune of some patriotic song, we walked out single file to our classrooms.

No student was exempt from his/her turn to recite. This helped us get over any fear that we would have had of public speaking.

## Mahasamadhi Day

December 5, 1950, was the day when Sri Aurobindo took Mahasamadhi. This was observed as the Mahasamadhi Day, when there was a long prayer and bhajan session in the Ashram lawns surrounding Sri Aurobindo's samadhi which concluded with each one offering flowers on the samadhi, moving in rows class wise, seniors first. It was something that we looked forward to, sitting in the lawns basking in the mild December sun, away from studies.

And both the Morning Assembly and the Mahasamadhi Divas gave ample opportunity to play pranks with the person sitting in front, shoving some thorny twig inside his shirt that he could not extract there, with each wriggle compounding his agony.

## The School Uniform

When we joined the school, the uniform was all white, a cloth belt with a blue middle strip flanked by two white strips and a silver coloured buckle with the school's name on it. We also had a small shield shaped school badge with a blue background that displayed 'More true for ever more true' written on it.

Afterwards for a short period there was no school uniform. This experiment failed as nobody liked it. Then another idea was imposed. Instead of all-white, we had to wear shorts/trousers/skirts of the House colour with a belt whose middle strip was of the same colour. There were four houses then – Aspiration (Grey), Gratitude (Blue), Sincerity (Maroon) and Perfection (Green). There was no school tie, ever.

Later the school reverted to all-white in the summers and Modella grey trousers and blue blazer for the winters. This is what we wore for our group photograph when we passed out of Higher Secondary (XI standard) in 1976. Amitabh Bachchan type hairstyle with ears covered was the rage along with bell-bottoms. Thankfully the school did not impose any conditions of hairstyle then!

## School Trips

A unique feature of MIS was the trip to Pondicherry (in Class VI) and to Nainital (in Class VIII).

In 1970, we went by the Grand Trunk Express to Chennai and onwards to Pondicherry by road and stayed in a place called 'parko sharbo'. This might be the wrong name, but that's how one remembers it. Located on the beach, it gave us ample opportunity to wade in the sea or walk down the Beach road, that had a statue of Mahatma Gandhi flanked by carved pillars. In our forthcoming trip, we hope to revisit many such spots.

And we carried a princely sum of Rs 105 for the entire trip. And believe it or not, we returned to Delhi by the school bus. Yes, the school had its own blue and white coloured bus with a cheerful driver. The journey took 7 days with night halts at Cuddapah (now Kadapa), Hyderabad, Adilabad, Nagpur, Jabalpur, Satna. A real Bharat Darshan.

And in Pondicherry we had the unforgettable experience of touching the feet of The Mother in person. We spent almost 15 minutes in her presence. Also visited Sri Aurobindo's samadhi and Auroville, then in its infancy with construction of the Matri Mandir just having begun.

In Nainital, we stayed in an old bungalow named Ben Nevis. It is learnt that it is now renamed as Ban Nivas. There was *shramdaan* in the mornings, followed by prayers. We went for long walks to the various peaks that flank the Naini Lake. There was so much to do in that lovely weather, even though it was summer. Many tried their hands at rock climbing too.

School picnics meant a walk to Qutub Minar with our lunch boxes. Qutub Minar was much more accessible those days as the colonies of Saket and beyond had not come up and the Mehrauli Road was not teeming with traffic as in the present times. We returned in time to catch the school bus back home. Hired from DTC, there were only 5 routes then – A, A1, A2, A3, and B.

## Epilogue

School times remain the best times of our lives. Carefree and eager to learn, we make friends for life. And as students of MIS we have imbibed values that have shaped our lives. No wonder many of us still nostalgically talk about our olden days in the school that has grown and, justly, acquired a name for itself where parents covet their wards to be admitted in.

# Aaheli Biswas



## PEACEFUL BEGINNINGS

Wake up 6:20 a.m.  
Not late for school  
What if I miss the bus?  
Or it did not come  
The stop is where we fool.

The walk from the gates  
Are memories to cherish  
First to enter the classroom  
Second or second last bench  
Even the closed pond once had fish.

Plenty of emotions  
To cradle  
This lovely time that I spent  
Growing, imbibing  
Things big and little.

I think of the school  
Often, its people even more  
No cranny there is  
No blossom has forgotten  
For sure.

Impressions of the world  
Bring its own twist in life  
Through the years,  
Our school days  
These memories suffice.

To being nurtured  
As a droplet rests on a flower  
A tribute with love  
For discipline and direction  
There is a higher power.

A purpose  
Was met

The air is different  
Peacocks at play  
Things to covet.

Three rings mean  
The third period,  
Catching reflections  
In the years to come  
Many thoughts for it.

Teachers to friendships  
And back  
The library, the canteen  
The morning assembly  
Our backpack.

One can always come back  
The feeling, upon return  
The blessing that is MIS  
How the pages turned.

I've been waiting  
For 25 years hence.  
Matches and connections  
The reunions  
Thence-

Fourth, I will end at five  
Because that's my birthdate  
23.4.56.  
A beginning.  
So peaceful.  
It was more than fate.

# Aaliya Sadiq



## WHERE MY HEART FOUND A HOME

**G**ratITUDE, gratitude, gratitude. There are memories that bring joy and memories that bring pain—but when I look back at my time at The Mother's International School, I find only joy. I joined MIS in August 2020 in Class 11 and graduated in May 2022. Though my two years were shadowed by lockdowns, quarantines, and the pandemic, I often imagine what it would have been like to walk its halls freely, to feel its full vibrancy.

Madam Nidhi Dang, my class teacher and Chemistry teacher in both Classes XI and XII, shaped my journey profoundly. She understood my struggles, yet every day she motivated, guided, and cared for me. Her faith in me became my own, and her encouragement was a beacon through uncertainty. Even through online classes, the warmth and support of MIS never wavered.

As a student grappling with academics and adjusting to a new environment, I always felt safe, surrounded by teachers and peers who reminded me that I was not alone, who held my hand until I could rise with confidence. Reflecting on it now brings a smile and warmth that I cannot contain. Joining MIS felt like finding a place my heart had long sought. The school healed, nurtured, and uplifted me. At MIS, mistakes never became sins, failures never became burdens, and expectations never became chains.

Each memory shines with its own brilliance, and I cannot choose one over another—every moment was a treasure. My only regret is that the pandemic kept me from experiencing the school's physical aura. Yet a part of my heart will always remain here. I proudly proclaim that I am a student of The Mother's International School. I have preserved my ID card and uniform with care, and every heartbeat echoes its name. The legacy of MIS will remain with me forever, and I pledge to carry it forward with gratitude, love, and pride.

**Batch of 2022**

**B.Sc. (Hons.) Botany at the University Of Delhi.**

# Aanjaney Maratha



## YEARS OF CONVERSATION

**T**he Mother's International School on Sri Aurobindo Marg has never been just a school for me; it has been a lively sanctuary of learning, personal growth and friendship. Walking through the big gate each morning, past the tree-lined driveway and into a sea of familiar faces, the campus always felt electric, yet still safely tucked away from the chaos of the city. The senior building, the Hall of Grace and the track field together became my favourite trio of joy and comfort.

Some of my best stories are stitched into the corridors and classrooms of MIS. I was that student who happily “missed” assemblies and activity periods like yoga, music and guitar, armed with a very official-looking permission note for athletics or photography. With my camera and tripod on my shoulder, I would roam around clicking photos or sprinting on the track, always in training for the next race and the next memory.

The Mirambika area was our unofficial football stadium, where we not only played but even hid the ball so we could come back and play more. The Sri Aurobindo Ashram side, calm and peaceful, felt like a secret escape, while the famous well near the track field silently collected years of conversation, laughter and friendly gossip and a lot more. The whole school burst into life on the Athletics Day, Annual Day and of course the legendary Jauhar Cup, with inter-house events turning classmates into passionate rivals and proud teammates in the same breath.

MIS also gave me the space to discover myself. Teachers like Roopa Ma'am, Yogesh Sir, Jayanti Ma'am, Simranjeet Ma'am, Chitra Ma'am, Meghna Pohani Ma'am and many others cheered us on, while Nisha Ma'am and Darshana Ma'am made sure we gave our best in the field of athletics and football. Their blend of discipline, care and humour quietly shaped my values.

As MIS turns 70, I feel incredibly proud to be one of its blossoms from the batch of 2022. No matter how far I go, a part of me will always be laughing in those corridors, waving to teachers and reliving every fun-filled memory of school life.

**Batch of 2022**

# Anya Gupta



## THE COLOUR BLUE

**B**lue—the colour that will forever be etched in my heart. The blue peacocks that graced our campus, never failing to bring smiles to our faces. The blue railings of the staircase that guided us through so many stages of life, each step a new chapter. The blue uniform we proudly wore, becoming a second skin as we grew up. The blue of the team we passionately cheered for during the exhilarating Jauhar Cup season, when every victory felt like our own. And the blue building we walked into 14 years ago, not knowing it would soon become our home. After all, home isn't just a place; it's a feeling—built not only by the family you're born into, but by the one you make along the way.

Even now, as I am at university, it is the teachings of MIS that guide me and keep me tethered to my roots. MIS gave me the freedom to explore, to discover who I was, and to feel entirely like myself. It introduced me to people who feel more like home than any place ever could, and to teachers who loved me unconditionally. It gave me memories I will forever cherish. MIS was, and will always remain, the best time of my life.

It is hard to pinpoint one person, incident, or memory that shaped me, but being on stage at the Hall of Grace is a ritual I particularly hold close. Reciting almost every day, practising my lines, or simply reconnecting with myself taught me the power of being unafraid—unafraid to speak without knowing the lines, unafraid to colour outside the boundaries, unafraid to write and make mistakes. MIS encouraged me to question, to explore, to challenge, and above all, to grow into the happiest version of myself. For that, I will always be grateful.

The little girl who once clung to her parents, hesitant to enter the school gates, would now give anything to relive just one more day—one last “good morning” from Taan Singh Bhaiya, one last performance on stage, one last assembly to walk in late to, one last board to design, one last frantic run to class.

MIS was fourteen years of pure love, laughter, and memories. And as I step forward, I carry the colour blue with me, knowing I'll always have a place to return to.

**Batch of 2025**

**Imperial College London (Biomedical Engineering)**

# Aarushi De



## A STILL, SUNLIT PHOTOGRAPH

When I think back on my school days, most memories blur into a mix of noise, chaos, and the inevitable task of growing up but my 7th grade classroom stands apart like a still, sunlit photograph. The school building itself, with its massive grey stone walls and its corridors stitched with delicate stone-laced grills that filtered sunlight like dust dancing in still air, always felt ancient, almost timeless. But that particular classroom, set on the ground floor at the farthest corner, felt like a quiet world stitched apart from everything else.

Corners have a way of comforting children; they mimic the secret hideouts we once built from blankets and imagination. That room held that same hidden warmth. Tucked away on the absolute edge leading toward the track field, it felt like my own secret refuge.

Its three huge windows opened into an unexpectedly enchanting view. An expanse of crumbling remnants of the old Hall of Aspiration, half claimed by climbing greens and wild shrubs that looked beautiful precisely because of their decay. I could spend whole minutes, during lessons (or between them...so sorry ma'am!), gazing out at that gentle mess of stone and foliage. And then there were the peacocks; regal, unbothered, perched on the nearby fences as if they had always belonged there. Their sudden calls or slow, measured movements felt like small reminders that beauty existed quietly, without asking for permission.



Sometimes I wonder if I owe my fondness to the classroom itself or to the soft illusions of nostalgia, which makes even imperfect days glow warmer in memory. But something about that corner room still stirs a gentle warmth in me. A sense of peace, perhaps, or the echo of a time when life felt a little less heavy. Whatever it was, that classroom remains the one place in school that my heart returns to with tenderness. A place where, for a brief moment, life felt gentle.

**Batch of 2016**

**Ph.D. Research Scholar at West Bengal National University of Juridical Sciences.**

# Aishi M Singh



## OH MIS...

Oh MIS, how you've watched over me  
You saw me learn to tie my laces,  
You saw me wince at my awkward braces,  
You saw me cry at one mark short,  
You stood by every battle I fought.

Oh MIS, how you've raised me  
You taught me how to take a stance,  
You taught me to seize every chance,  
You taught me to speak for those who can't,  
You taught me exactly when to be nonchalant.

Oh MIS, how you've shaped me  
You built in me a grace and poise,  
You showed me how to find my voice,  
You gave me confidence through chances you gave,  
You let me break down, then rise again brave.

Oh MIS, how you've changed me  
I no longer fear what the future might hold,  
I no longer care if they say I'm too bold,  
I no longer doubt if I'll be enough,  
I never give up, no matter how tough.

Oh MIS, how you've defined me  
Every moral I hold, every skill I've grown,  
Exists because here, I found my second home.  
Looking back now at how far I've come,  
Thirteen years; you shaped everything I've become.

Oh MIS, how I'll always miss you

**Batch of 2022**  
**Mechanical Engineering, IIT BHU Varanasi**

# Akankshita Dash



## A TRANQUIL REFUGE

During the 14 years I spent at MIS, I cannot recall a single instance of enjoying meditation. During morning assembly at the Hall of Grace, the lull after our prayers would fill me with an anticipatory impatience: What is the purpose of this, and why am I made to do it? For over a decade, meditation seemed ineffective at best - and at worst, a ploy to delay me from meeting my friends. My mind was that of a child: careless, unspoiled, and free.

Now, as I foray into adulthood and navigate the chaotic ways of the world, I find myself craving silence with alarming regularity. Meditation has become my tranquil refuge - the only way to quiet my mind and escape the heavy demands of life. An activity that seemed so unnecessary then is something I cannot live without now. I have come to deeply cherish the serene environment MIS provided, realising only now that I was receiving the tools that would bring me peace as an adult.

**Batch of 2014**

**Master's degree from Stanford University (U.S.)**

**AI Engineer at Airwallex in Singapore.**

# Arnav Gupta



## TAKING PRIDE IN MY ALMA MATER

It has been a little over three years since I passed out of school. Now, I've entered the third year of my graduation and I often think about how huge the impact of MIS was on the person I have shaped into. I spent thirteen years here, and by the end, I still felt like I was leaving too soon. Even now, anytime I pass by the school, I can't help but steal a few glances at the distinguished grey walls, the upper reaches of the trees just inside the gates and the topmost parts of the Hall of Grace visible from the road outside. I miss the assemblies more than I'd like to admit. I didn't really realise how beautifully our mornings began, with the choir singing the *bhajans*, the short and sweet recitations, The Principal's morning address, the familiar and comfortingly monotonous "Good morning, Ma'am" from the students and even the simple walk from the senior building to the Hall and back. Some of my friends from school are still the people I feel closest and most connected to. As much as I adored our teachers, I remember how much of a competition it used to be between sections to see which one had more 'arrangements' that day and whether we could convince the teacher to 'take us for Sports'. I was blessed with exceptional teachers, right from Pre-Primary, all the way till class 12, and truthfully, they were what made MIS, truly MIS. They stood for what the school tried to impart and instil in us. They put in so much effort in not just their teaching, but in connecting with us, students. I owe it completely to the school for instilling in me the confidence, responsibility, humility, and sincerity that I know I will carry for the rest of my life. The love and respect I have for my school will never waver and I take immense pride in identifying myself as an alumnus of The Mother's International School. Happy 70<sup>th</sup>, MIS!).

**Batch of 2023.**

**B.A. Economics (Hons.) from Shri Ram College of Commerce (SRCC), University of Delhi.**

# Dr. Akshat Das



## TEACHING BEYOND THE BOARD

School is supposed to be your second home, a place where you form new friendships, pick up hobbies, learn new things, build yourself brick by brick and holistically develop yourself before being thrown out into the chaos of the real world. This is primarily enabled by two factors; your teachers who are your mentors and your friends with whom you navigate through this journey.

My experiences at MIS made me appreciate the value of having good teachers as I was lucky to experience my final two years of schooling at this esteemed institution. Coming from a Convent, where discipline is born out of fear, I had turned into one of those thick-skinned idiots, the thought of dealing with whom makes a teacher angry. I was pleasantly surprised by the positive atmosphere of my new school where discipline in students was shaped by the drive to help students evolve as good human beings.

One of the incidents which highlights the essence of this was in 12<sup>th</sup> standard when once I had bunked my Physics Practical for a game of football. The same day in our theory class, my dear friend brought this to the notice of Sharmila ma'am, our Physics and our class teacher, who smiled and said, "Instead of complaining, you could have joined him too" leaving him tongue tied and me dumbfounded as this was something I could not have imagined happening in my previous school.

Another incident was during the PTM, where my mother was annoyed by the fact that I was a chatterbox in class and asked my Biology teacher, Anjali ma'am to keep a check on me. She laughed it off saying, "Don't worry ma'am, that's HIS style of studying. He'll do well". My mom was shocked because she too had experienced the PTMs at my previous school and this was an out of syllabus response for her.

I did not paint myself in the best manner here but moments like these made me realize that when my teachers have my back, I have to prove my worth in kind. There have been many more such moments but these are two that have always stuck with me. It truly was my transformative period as a student.

Now as a doctor, one of the skills of utmost importance is the skill of communicating positively with your patient, so as to help them in dire situations and I feel our first exposure to this was the rapport we had with our teachers. I am highly grateful to my teachers for their blessings and as I continue to grow as a person and a clinician, I hope my contribution to the society reflects the guidance and influence of my mentors.

**Batch of 2019**

**Junior Resident, Ophthalmology, PGIMS Rohtak.**

# Amit Chaddha



## GOLDEN DAYS AT MIS

The golden days at The Mother’s International School (MIS) were a vibrant tapestry of joy, growth, and unforgettable memories that shaped my journey from kindergarten to year 12. MIS wasn’t just a school: it was a nurturing ground where friendships blossomed into lifelong bonds and values were quietly instilled through shared experiences. We learned the true meaning of standing by each other, whether it was cheering teammates during Zonal victories, dancing *Bhangra* on Annual Day, or simply sharing one plate of *Kulcha Chana* at the canteen—taking turns to fetch more *chana* with mischievous smiles. Matri departmental store was our little haven for lemon drinks and choc mud cakes, treats that became rituals of celebration and comfort.

By years 11 and 12, the camaraderie had deepened. Lunch boxes were communal feasts raided after the second period, and classrooms often erupted into uncontrollable laughter when one friend’s giggle triggered a chain reaction no teacher could tame. Our teachers were more than educators—they were mentors, confidants, and sometimes our shield. They were tough when needed, but also the ones who’d reassure our parents after poor results with a gentle, “Don’t worry, he’s started taking things seriously.” That simple faith gave us the courage to rise after every fall and get the yummy *samosa/bread pakora* after a tough PTM.

MIS gave us more than academic knowledge—it gave us the wisdom to navigate the world, the resilience to bounce back, and the confidence to believe in ourselves. The spirit of *Arpan Gaan* still lingers in my heart, especially the lines *Tu Zinda Hai Tu Zindagi Ki Jeet Par Yakeen Kar*, reminding me to trust in life’s victories. The words on the back of our school diaries—“Make of us the hero warriors we aspire to become...”—continue to guide me.

Now, as I sip my morning coffee on a busy Sydney train heading to work, I close my eyes and smile, transported back to those golden days. Today, as MIS celebrates 70 glorious years, I pencil down these reflections with pride. MIS was the soil where I bloomed, and I carried its fragrance with me always even after so many years. I am, and forever will be, a Mother’s blossom.

### **Batch of 1994**

**MBA (Finance & Information System), University of Technology (UTS), Sydney, Australia.**

**Strategic Enterprise Manager with a Telecom & ICT Company in Sydney, Australia**

# Ananya Naithani



## FUNDAMENTAL FREEDOM

The urge to flout authority as a teenage boy was only made more unbearable by securing a position in the Students' Council (Perfection House Captain, for those curious) - the thrill of any mini-rebellion despite the expectations of being some kind of model student was, I suppose, simply too large. I therefore found myself, with one of the most charmingly delinquent of my friends, bunking what would've otherwise been a (with all due respect to my teacher at the time) particularly soporific class in favour of shooting hoops at the basketball court.

We spent a distinctly agreeable quarter of an hour or so doing exactly that, but failed in our hubris and that giddy happiness of skiving off class to realise that its soporific quality would inevitably result in the eyes of those stuck therein to also wander yearningly...and as luck would have it, directly onto us - our classroom being placed to provide the perfect bird's-eye view of the very half-court we were in.

We were duly greeted by a chorus of *hawww* growing in both volume and sadistic glee as I turned around to find a mini-procession of my entire class approaching us, one of my dear classmates evidently having ratted us out, with our teacher at the forefront with a deceptively benign expression on her face - the guilt writ as large across ours as the name and position on the silver badge on my chest.

I don't really remember the consequences thereon, such as they may have been. I do remember the apricity of that day and so many such others, aided and abetted by the freedoms ingrained in us as fundamental rights in the campus, and my fondness for school, ever-growing since, as the tawdry trappings of much-vaunted adult life in its present-day avatar continue to provide nary a benefit but prematurely whiten hairs and drag wrinkles across faces.

### Batch of 2012



# Anindita Majumdar



## MIS: MY FOUNDATION, MY FUTURE

Every Tuesday, as I made my way to the assembly hall in a neat queue, a gentle hand would pull me aside. “Today it is Gratitude House's turn to recite—where are you going?” The soft voice of Anima Chandra Ma'am still echoes in my ear. Nearly every Tuesday, I was asked to recite whenever a house representative failed to turn up. Addressing the assembly gave me goose bumps, yet those moments planted the seeds of confidence that continue to shape my professional life today.

Thirteen years of training and grooming at MIS are responsible for making me who I am. My school built a strong foundation and instilled in me the virtues of discipline, simplicity, sincerity, honesty, and resilience—the ability to face adversity with courage. Every single day spent within its walls was a stepping stone towards achieving my goals. When we speak of the holistic development of a pupil, MIS truly embodies it, nurturing the future in every possible way.

Walking down memory lane, I can vividly picture myself at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram, enveloped by calm and serenity on the 5th of December each year. I see the jungle gym beckoning me to climb higher, the classrooms where patient teachers guided us through lessons, and the auditorium that hosted countless co-curricular activities shaping our personalities. The aroma of the school canteen still lingers, reminding me of precious moments shared with friends. The playground, too, stands as a symbol of the diverse opportunities and exposure we were given.

MIS was not just a school—it was a journey of growth, discovery, and transformation. It gave me the courage to speak, the strength to persevere, and the values to live by.

My sincere gratitude to my alma mater for making me who I am.

**Batch of 1996**

**Vice Principal, Vivekananda Mission School, Joka, Kolkata**

# Anirudh Gotety



## BIRDS OF A FEATHER

“It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.”

Charles Dickens may have written this in the context of revolution, but it remains equally true in the context of school. Fourteen years is a long time to spend within the same walls and growing up alongside the same faces. MIS has quietly shaped who I have become.

As life has gone on, I have realised that the two biggest influences on a person are their parents and their school. The values your parents instil in you inevitably intermingle with those absorbed from teachers, classmates and the wider school environment. These values, rooted in discipline, intellectual curiosity, respect for others and the ability to form independent judgment, are absorbed almost unconsciously and reveal their influence gradually, continuing to guide my choices long after the school years are over (as I can attest to even 13 years later!).

School, of course, was not all neat moral lessons. There were playground fights, resentment towards the school, moments of rebellion, and days spent bunking class to escape to the computer lab (a place I do not think I have ever been happier visiting, before or since). It was there, and elsewhere, that I learnt how to socialise, how to stand my ground, and how to find my people. Birds of a feather do flock together, and I was fortunate to find a core group of friends early on.

What is heartening is that these friendships haven't become frozen in nostalgia. Unlike friends you meet years later only to reminisce about what once was, I have seen my friends from MIS grow in real time. I remain in touch with them, watching them do well in their lives and feeling proud of the people they have become.

Recently, when I returned to school to speak to students about a career in law, these reflections resurfaced. In talking to them, I realised this bond with MIS is not mine alone; it is shared across generations. There, I was elated to see familiar faces after all these years—Milan Ma'am, my English teacher, now principal; Dash Sir, who would happily let me into the computer lab any time of the day, now Vice Principal; Anjali Ma'am, Ritu Ma'am, Nandini Ma'am, Soumi Ma'am, and others. Over time, teachers stop being merely authority figures and become people in our eyes, and it is only then that we fully appreciate the patience, discipline and faith they invested in us as kids.

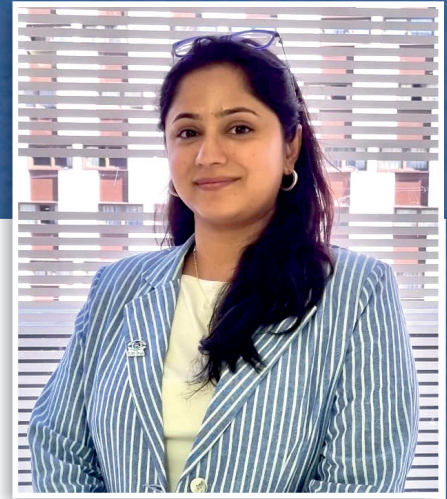
I remain deeply grateful to the Mother's International School for shaping me into who I am today. As the school marks seventy years, I hope it continues to shape many more lives with the same quiet confidence and enduring values.

In writing this, I do hope my English teachers take note and grade me well.

**Batch of 2013**

**Principal, Law Chambers of Anirudh Gotety**

# Dr. Ankita Shrivastav



## A PLAYGROUND FOR MY IDEAS

**M**IS: an institution, my alma mater, my foundation stone, my place of learning, and my place of work. MIS was not just a school where I received my formal education; it was my entire life for the years I spent there. It provided me with a space to voice my thoughts, showcase my abilities, develop my skills and build my personality. It was a playground for my ideas—a world so complete that I hardly ever wanted to be anywhere else.

My mind drifts back to the day I was admitted to the school, to Indu Pillai ma'am, whose motherly voice still echoes in my heart. I remember the large staircases where I sat, read, and often pondered. As I reflect today, I'm surprised that the first area I recall is indeed the staircases. I must have spent a lot of time there. Did they offer me a safe space? Whether it was the large marble stairs at the front of the building or the stone structures in the backfield, the cemented stairs we climbed as we progressed to higher and higher classes. The staircases to different floors allowed us to wander through the school, lost in thought or filled with purpose. The ones in the field and at the front often served as benches for us—great spots for photographs, quiet reading, and friendly chatter. Some conversations I have had with friends in those spaces come to mind; exact words that had escaped my memory for the last two decades now feel as fresh as if I were having that chat right now. I might call a few of them today! There's something so satisfying about reconnecting with old friends—even acquaintances—who knew you before the world came storming into your life. Even if they do not fully know you, they have seen you, and you have seen them in pure innocence. You've spoken about pencils, sharpeners, and erasers. There's a comfort in that connection that is priceless.

I remember walking through Mirambika with all these friends. Those lanes brought out the best in us. The way the sun hit the sunlit path in winter turned us into poets. The pond with the lotuses beside Mirambika, surrounded by winter fog, felt like a piece of heaven—our own haven.

I enjoyed so many games—cheering for the football team during interschool events, playing kho during games periods, and badminton matches in the courts that you could always watch from each floor. The basketball court, where I spent countless hours dribbling, the school's grand architecture and vast spaces offered immense opportunities.

Now, I find myself walking to the library, where I met some of my very bright seniors. I remember our librarian well. The library was a world within a world, a space for reading and project research at a time when we didn't have computers or the internet, let alone artificial intelligence. For Geography projects, we would open encyclopedias and visit embassies for information brochures. Information was not as easily accessible as it is today, and the thrill of finding materials was a significant part of my school experience.

I recall the numerous debates, extempore speeches, creative writing classes, and storytelling sessions. Today, as I write, I am thankful for it all. More than anything else, these experiences encouraged us to think deeply and share ideas and stories we might not have otherwise considered. As the saying goes, it's up to you: treat it as a task or embrace it as an opportunity. Reflecting on memories I haven't thought about in two decades feels enriching and rewarding.

We used to have a period called “campus cleaning”—not sure if that still exists—but what a brilliant idea! Our cities would be so beautiful if we all committed even an hour a week to such a task. I remember spending time teaching younger children at Mira nursery during summer breaks, composting, and creating solar-powered projects. These are some of the core lessons ingrained in us by our school.

School trips offered more time with friends—banter in the buses and chores at the ashrams where we stayed. I recently visited both Nainital and Pondicherry, reliving those memories fondly, remembering how everything still looks the same, frozen in time just for us.

And then there were my teachers—each one more special than the other. I have adored them and learned from each, gaining insights about life beyond the subjects they taught. Teachers leave a lasting impression on young, fertile minds, and I deeply respect the gravity of that role. Some taught me the importance of being pleasant, another impressed me with a passion for their craft, while some taught me to smile, some to let go, others left me curious, and a few challenged me to push my limits. One common thread among them was the kindness each bestowed upon all their students. I never felt scared or intimidated; I felt safe to express myself.

One space I always found intriguing was the staff room. I was always curious about it. That was one of their sanctuaries children were not allowed into. And that had left a lot of us wondering what actually went on in there. Most of us thought we weren't allowed because the teachers were specifically discussing us, the students, and their shortcomings within those walls. Now when I go and take a pause inside my own duty room, I know better, and I smile.

**Batch of 2004**

## Dr. Upasana Mohanty



### A SAFE SPACE

I look up at the night sky filled with stars in a remote village in the Himalayas. It is my safe space. It is where I feel closest to a higher power. It is the only place in this world where I feel exactly like I did in my school.

After I passed school, my days were filled with lectures, clinical postings and long study hours. In my search for worldly knowledge, I became far from the fundamental teachings of my school. I barely ever meditated, didn't really introspect and the little book with sayings of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother gathered dust on a corner shelf.

It was only when I was further specializing in a branch not of my interest, hence performing poorly and struggling internally, I suddenly remembered the saying that I read daily in my school notebook - "A good student is one who wants to know, not one who wants to show." I had completely forgotten myself while dealing with life! That school girl with the easy smile and happy heart, where was she now? The teachings of my school had never gone away; they were but obscured for a while. It is the same that gave me the strength to get out of an unhappy situation and courageously pursue what gave me peace.

At many times when I feel misunderstood, dejected and utterly alone, I think of my school. I see the Sunlit Path, I see my teachers who believed in my abilities and I see my friends, and I feel surrounded by love and acceptance. To be able to be unabashedly yourself is nothing short of a miracle. My school provided the sanctuary which allowed this. In many ways, I owe everything I am to and everything that I have created in life for myself, a result of my school's blessings.

**Batch of 2010**

**Consultant Physician**

# Dr. Anoushka Dutta Gupta



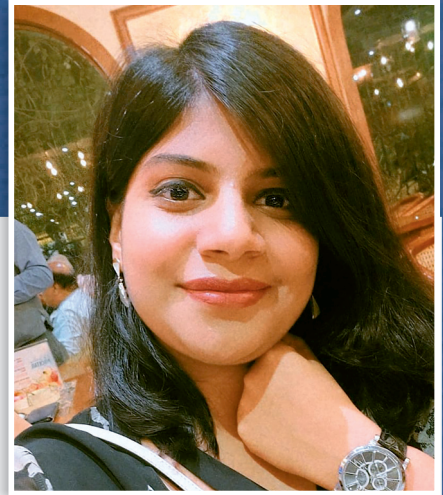
## AN ODE BY A BLOSSOM

The faint smell of the incense stick  
The sweet *bhajans* of the divine,  
Oh take me back once again  
In that huddled blue - white line  
Of children waiting for the zero period  
A dance practice, free PE to ensue  
Or maybe just nervous kids  
Finishing up an assignment overdue.  
Simranjeet ma'am stopping me every  
morning  
"Do you have a recitation prepared today?"  
Or maybe it was Paromita ma'am saying  
"Rabindra Jayanti is coming, dance away!"  
Running through the halls  
Sunlight streaming through the wheels of  
12 virtues  
Time spent from Jauhar cups to carnivals  
Midterms to Monday blues.  
So many simple things,  
Something I miss dearly now  
Seeing the same warm smiles daily  
We all grew up when and how.  
The lush green trees and vines  
The free peacocks galore  
A game of hide and seek at Mirambika

Like a dream I don't live anymore.  
Five years and counting as we move further  
away  
From a place we called second home  
Yet I will put my heart and soul  
To write this humble little poem  
For people cherish their alma mater  
But MIS was something else entirely  
We became people with big dreams  
Culturally rich, fulfilled and lively.  
As seasons change and reality sets in,  
A new journey quietly calls,  
Memories held dear within  
Blossoms lighting up the halls.  
I have plenty to express  
But words fall flat  
Happy birthday MIS  
And I will leave you with that.

**Batch of 2021**

# Anushka Rathore



## A LETTER TO MY ALMA MATER

*Dear MIS,*

While writing this letter to you, I am once again overtaken by the warmth that cradled me from the moment I entered your embrace on *April 1, 2008*. I still remember that rainy morning—unfamiliar faces, hesitant steps, and the gentle comfort I slowly discovered within your walls. The love you showered upon me through the years is something I continue to long for, even today.

Echoes of laughter in your corridors, the morning choir wrapping our days in melody, hurried rehearsals before Annual Day, music periods wherein I unflinchingly forgot my *Arpan Gaan* book, the irresistible *soya chips* and *chola kulchas* of the school canteen whose flavours still linger—memories that remain etched in my heart.

Primary school class parties before vacations, white stairs near the track field where friendships blossomed over shared recesses, classroom windows that opened to dreams beyond textbooks, glimpses of peacocks near the *Hall of Grace*—each memory threads itself into the tapestry of our growing years. And those class photographs remain unforgettable—where we stood, dressed and disciplined—captured not just faces, but the spirit of belonging.

Alongside the triumphs were trials. Days of hurt, low scores, and wavering confidence. Yet, through them, you nurtured courage, empathy, resilience, and authenticity. The values you instilled continue to guide us, through choices, crossroads, and challenges long after we stepped beyond your gates.

On the '*Blessings Day*', 30th January 2019, as I walked out with tears clouding my eyes, I felt I was leaving my second home. But time has taught me this: **we may walk out of MIS, yet MIS never walks out of us.**

Today, as you turn 70, we, your blossoms, stand united in gratitude. You are not merely a school, but a feeling, an emotion, a home. May you continue to bloom, inspire, and shape generations with the same unwavering love.

Forever a Mother's Blossom.

**Batch of 2019**

**M.A. Economics**

**Jindal School of Government and Public Policy**

# Aparajita Sen



## SEVENTY YEARS OF THE MIS

You can take a person out of MIS  
But never MIS out of the person.  
Probably that's why the alumni here  
Are referred to as "Mother's Blossoms".

Being a blossom means having  
Loads of memories and nostalgia,  
Etched in the depths of our hearts,  
Like the literary pieces etched in Navchetna.

MIS was a brisk walk around Mirambika,  
A swift stop at the Matri store during break.  
A quick jog around the track field,  
To make room for the canteen's chocolate cake.

Once a while being allowed to skip classes,  
For Annual Day rehearsals in the back field,  
Looking forward to the *bhajans* of the morning  
assembly,  
Where aching hearts were healed.

The memories are incomplete without the  
Jauhar Cup,  
When the galleries came alive with buzz and  
cheer,  
And if our team was the one to win,  
The joy would be enough to last the whole  
year!

And then the occasion of Talent Fiesta came,  
When creativity knew no bounds,  
Each floor witnessed different colors and  
grace,  
The atmosphere an amalgamation of musical  
sounds!

MIS was the vigor and energy of Sports Day,  
Children's Day meant no books, only fun,  
The stress that came with PTMs  
Was neutralized by Darshan Day's peace and  
calm.

Art pieces rolled neatly in the roll pack,  
Choir practice in the Hall of Grace,  
Jumping rope for fitness evaluation,  
Coz I always lost any form of race!

Playing football for fun without rules,  
Going down the gigantic Mirambika slide,  
Volleyball one day, basketball the next,  
But badminton was the only sport that gave me  
true pride.

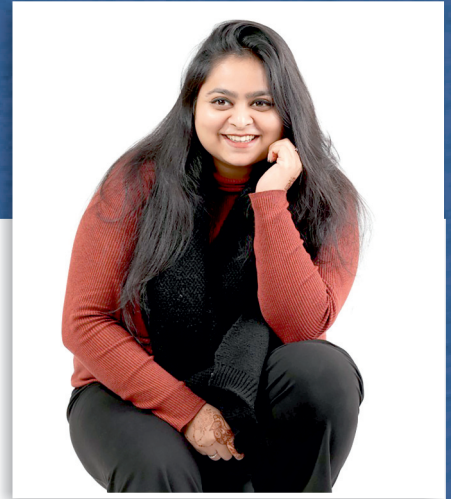
Every year came the dreaded examinations,  
Followed by the thrill and plans of vacation,  
Once you're in class 12, you're super excited  
For Teacher's Day, Farewell, and the last day  
of the session!

MIS has given me countless memories,  
Some pleasant, some not so dear.  
Now I look forward to being a judge at Talent  
Fiesta,  
And coming to the school reunion once a year.

**Batch of 2015**

**Currently pursuing Ph.D. in Neurobiology from the Department of Genetics,  
University of Delhi**

# Archana Shivan



## MAKING THE WORLD A LITTLE BETTER

As The Mother's International School celebrates its 70th anniversary, I feel a deep sense of gratitude for having been part of a community that shaped not only my education but also my worldview. Graduating in 2013, I now realise how profoundly my formative years at MIS have influenced the trajectory of my life—from the subjects I chose to study, to the work I do today, and the values I hold close.

MIS offered a nurturing, vibrant environment (and many unforgettable memories) to explore and hone my creative expression, particularly through dance and music. The numerous annual days, rehearsals, and backstage chaos were more than artistic experiences; they taught me discipline, cultural grounding, a solution oriented mindset, and the ability to communicate in ways beyond spoken language. The 2013 batch's iconic “Plate and Chammach” performance remains a testament to MIS's unique way of encouraging creativity. If that piece didn't expand our sense of expression, I don't know what would!

Some of my strongest friendships and earliest lessons in teamwork were built in classrooms, during school events, on trips, and in all the shared moments in between.

The school's emphasis on *yoga*, *samadhi*, and *dhyaan* has had an equally enduring impact. These practices gave me tools to regulate stress, cultivate patience, and centre myself, skills that have supported me through demanding academic years and professional challenges. Even today, I often return to the grounding that MIS instilled in me (and listen to the Mother's meditation music).

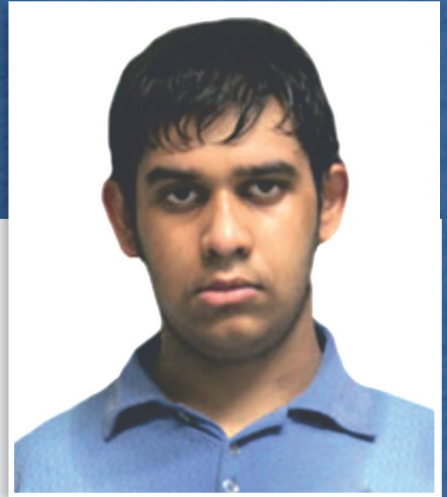
These foundations shaped the path I took beyond school. I studied Sociology at Miranda House, followed by a Masters in Public Policy and Governance at Azim Premji University. Today, as a Senior Project Manager in the social impact sector and the founder of The Podi Company, I continue to draw on the entrepreneurial, collaborative, and socially conscious mindset seeded at MIS.

As a Mother's Blossom, values of sincerity, empathy, resilience, and service remain guiding anchors. As MIS completes 70 years, I feel proud to be part of its legacy—one built on holistic learning, inner discipline, and a commitment to making the world a little better.

### **Batch of 2013**

**Senior Project Manager in the social impact sector and the founder of The Podi Company.**

# Archisman Chatterjee



## A SLICE OF JOY: SEVENTY YEARS AND COUNTING

**M**y school's birthday always had a special magic. We remember the date as "23456"—23rd April 1956—a simple number that stayed in our hearts. Every year, the school held a grand assembly, but the 60th birthday in 2016 was unforgettable. That day, the alumni members from the class of 1992 brought chocolates and coconut cakes from Ashram Bakery for everyone. It was the first time we were treated with such generosity, making the day feel truly special.

Another highlight was Talent Fiesta—a day with no classes, replete with performances and cheer. I never won a prize in those years, which became a joke among friends, but I never minded. I loved cheering for others and sharing in their joy.

I also remember playing table tennis with friends, and playing badminton outdoors, often in windy weather, chasing the shuttlecock as it floated and scurried unpredictably. A games period was always the best part of the day; I was overjoyed whenever we had it. But if it was replaced by an extra class, it felt like a cloud had passed over the day.

Now, as a third-year History student, those simple moments feel even more precious. I wish I had played more football, spent more time in Mirambika before it closed, bought more *soya chips* from Matri Store, and eaten extra plates of *chole kulche* from the canteen. What once seemed ordinary now shines as some of my happiest memories.

At seventy years, the school has touched many lives across generations. Its spirit lives on in every student who has passed through its halls, each one embodying the school's timeless motto: 'More True, Forever More True'. To be part of this tradition is an honor, and this story is my way of saying thank you—for the games, the celebrations, the friendships, and the memories I will always cherish.

**Batch of 2023**

**B.A. (Hons.) History, Hansraj College, University of Delhi**

# Arya Ray

## SEVENTY

Seventy pairs of white, velcroid shoes squeak as they walk up marble steps.

Sixty *sal-leaf* bowls lay stacked next to vessels of freshly steamed *idlis*.

Fifty rain-soaked uniforms brace the monsoon breeze.

Forty red pens dance across sheets of ruled paper, in circles and lines and geometric patterns.

Thirty guitars, violins, *tablas* and flutes tremble with tenor, their vibrations much bigger than the hands playing them.

Twenty buses line up in two rows, doors creaking open in trepidation.

Eleven jerseys make an entire crowd erupt into unplanned, co-ordinated chant, faces painted navy, and aquamarine, and turquoise.

Ten pages of a script are actualised in three months of missed assemblies and recesses through ten minutes of thundering voices and footsteps on panelled wood.

Nine more minutes fill up nine extra sheets with symbols, and crosshatching, and dribbles of ink that do not resemble anything legible.

Eight thirty-five-minute periods precipitate in twelve bouquets of paper flowers planted in chest cavities.

Seven notebooks zipped into one schoolbag clung on to shoulders like pickaxes plunged into cliffs of ice.

Six boards adorned with scraps of paper, and paint, and time, decorate six walls.

Five pairs of hands carry one feverish soul across gravel walkways towards the health centre – slowly, slowly, slowly...

Four days and we shall be no more within these kaleidoscope walls on mosaic floors under eyes that are watching, keeping, seeing.

Three names that are it, that are all, that are enough.

Two bowls of *chole* with a singular *kulcha*.

One day, someday, once again, we look over our shoulders.

Zero period.

**Batch of 2019**

**Research Assistant at the Discovery  
Research Platform for Medical Humanities,  
Durham University, UK**



# Deep Nandi



## MORE TRUE, FOREVER MORE TRUE

On 2nd February 2011, I finally secured a seat at The Mother's International School. I still remember how my parents used to drop me to school while I cried endlessly, not wanting to leave the comfort of home or my cartoon shows on TV. I never knew that the place I once imagined would be a burden would one day become a memory lane of childish playfulness, little mischiefs with friends, and precious moments with teachers. MIS shaped me not only academically but also helped me grow into a person guided by principles, discipline, and determination.

My educational journey truly began on 1st April 2011 with my first and most beloved teacher, Roopa Ma'am. To me, she was not just a teacher but also a friend—someone caring, warm, and always concerned about my learning and well-being. My pre-primary class was named “Bliss”, and it was here that I met one of the most important people in my life, Rushaan Basak. He is not only my friend but also a brother—not by blood, but by heart. From pre-primary to class 12, we have shared countless funny and emotional moments together.

Another unforgettable memory was our Ramgarh trip in 2018. It was my first ever solo trip, and it taught me how to stay disciplined and organized without the help of my parents. It felt like my first step towards an independent life.

The morning assemblies, which my friends and I once considered the most boring part of school, now feel like some of the most valuable moments. That quiet, calm, and tranquil time reset my mind for the day ahead. Today, as a proud Mother's Blossom, I cherish those moments deeply.

As all seniors and alumni often say—this is not just a school, it is a second home. MIS has given me memories, lessons, friendships, and values that will stay with me for life. I'm truly proud to call *The Mother's International School* my alma mater.

And lastly, the lifelong *mantra* I carry with me is our school motto:

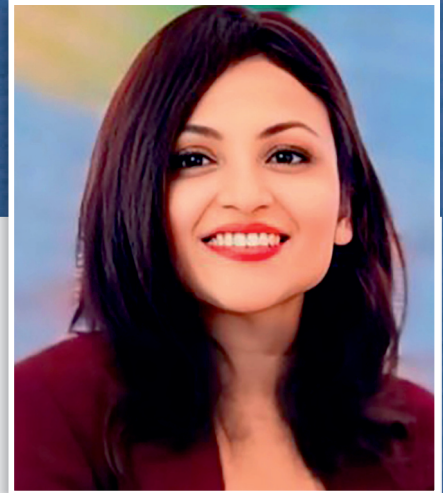
**More True, Forever More True.**

Happy 70th Birthday, MIS.

**Batch of 2025**

**University School of Management Studies, Guru Gobind Singh Indraprastha University.**

# Dr. Devjani De



## COURAGE WITHOUT NOISE

Dear The Mother's International School—my alma mater and first home of learning,

As you turn seventy, I find myself writing to you not just as an alumna, but as someone who still carries your imprint—quietly, every day. I spent fourteen formative years within your walls, years that shaped me long before I knew what I would become. From contributing my first words to *Navchetna*, the school magazine of my growing years, to writing today for this seventieth-year souvenir, the journey feels quietly complete—stitched together by gratitude, memory, and belonging.

I walked your corridors at a time when the world felt wide and undefined. Yet within your embrace, there was order and warmth, and a gentle insistence on doing things right. You taught discipline without fear, curiosity without pressure, and courage without noise.

In your classrooms, questions were welcomed, innocence was nurtured, and creativity was encouraged. Effort mattered. Integrity was non-negotiable. These lessons did not announce themselves as life-shaping then—but they stayed. They shaped how I learned to think, to observe, to listen, and eventually, to choose a path that demanded responsibility, precision, and compassion.

When I went on to study medicine, I realised how deeply those early lessons had settled into me. The patience to learn, the resilience to persist, and the confidence to speak up all had their roots in you. Even today, in moments that demand calm judgment or quiet conviction, I trace my steadiness back to those formative years.

Today, that connection feels even deeper. My son now walks the same corridors I once did. Watching him begin his own journey within your walls fills me with a quiet reassurance—that the values that shaped me continue to guide the next generation.

You were never just a school. You were, and remain, a foundation—steadfast, nurturing, and timeless.

With gratitude that truly spans generations,

A proud Blossom—once yours, always yours.

**Batch of 2002**

**M.B.B.S., M.D.-Lady Hardinge Medical College**

**bioMérieux | Medical Affairs Lead**

# Divya Miglani



## FROM INNER STILLNESS TO THE FAST LANE: THE MOTHER'S LEGACY

Happy 70th, dear school!

I often wonder if the teachers still remember the kid who always had her head in the clouds—literally. My favourite “nook” wasn't a secret corner, but that one perfect window overlooking the volleyball courts. While my friends perfected their serves, I perfected the art of the perfect daydream.

I'd stare out at the open skies, watching the clouds drift by, completely oblivious to the fact that I was absorbing my first lessons in aerodynamics. Who knew the girl gazing aimlessly at the vast blue canvas would one day find her calling as a race car driver? It's a journey that still makes me chuckle.

The School, in its infinite wisdom, knew exactly when we needed overt inspiration and when we needed quiet guidance. I remember an annual function over 25 years ago where Dr. Kiran Bedi was the Chief Guest. I still have that picture. Look closely, and you'll see the exact moment a future race car driver decided to become a strong personality—the way I'm gazing at her. It wasn't hero worship; it was absorption. I realize now I was unconsciously soaking up her formidable strength, internalizing a belief that a woman could, and should, lead the way.

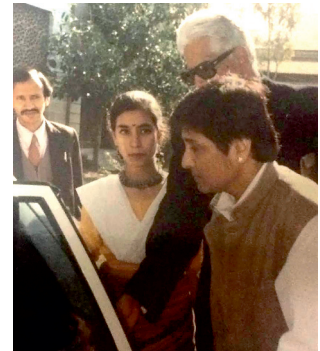
The School fostered an environment where strength was intrinsic. We weren't just taught subjects; we were given a compass for the soul. The mandatory meditation sessions, initially a test of patience, were building the foundation of my spiritual core. I'd sneak an eye open, checking if anyone else was cheating the silence, little knowing those stolen moments of stillness nurtured a deep belief in humanity and the power of oneself within. It all came full circle two years ago when I returned as a guest speaker, reconnected with the meditation at *ashram*. It felt like coming home.

As a proud alumna of The Mother's International School, I know these lessons were nurtured by something deeper. The silent guidance of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother's pervasive blessings provided a quiet anchor for my life's path. I thank my lucky stars for this strong foundation, and I thank my father, whose insistence that I attend no other school set my trajectory. My school taught me how to accelerate through life's challenges and when to hit the brakes.

Here's to 70 years of nurturing unique dreams and silent strength. May the legacy continue.

**Batch of 1998**

**Media Advisor/Board Member/Race Car Driver**



# Diya Pal



## THE LEGACY OF MIS

**M**IS stirs in me a sense of nostalgia and pride that words never quite capture. It gifted me some of the greatest joys of my life, including a circle of friends I still hold close to my heart. The fourteen years I spent there truly remain the best years of my life. Even today, my school friends and I meet often to laugh, reflect, and relive our fondest childhood memories - reaching school at the break of dawn for morning games, rushing to morning assembly to listen to *bhajans* that are all etched in our minds, the morning recitations followed by the national anthem, our old classrooms where we'd learn but also trouble our teachers alike, skipping those same classes to either gather at the basketball court or huddle in Bharti Ma'am's room for another art project, the sound of the recess bell and the immediate rush to the canteen for a steaming plate of *chole kulche*, the refreshing walk to Matri to grab ice cream, the verdant Mirambika which was usually "out of bounds", our track field where I've competed in multiple races, our back field where we'd practice our countless annual day performances, the front field where we've all broken a few teeth while playing, the buzzing corridors in the school building and the bustling halls busy in preparation for yet another event and of course, there was our treasured Navchetna, which we'd pore over desperately in search of even a tiny glimpse of our names, our photos, or anything at all. Seven years after graduating, MIS is still an essential part of who I am. With the school now marking its 70th year, I'm proud to say it has given the world seventy outstanding batches of alumni and the legacy will only grow. Happy birthday, MIS!

**Batch of 2019**

**Graduated from VIT Vellore in 2023**

**Working at American Express since 2023**



# Dr. Saanya Bhasin & Dr. Saanchi Khandpur



## TO THE PLACE THAT MADE US...

### TWO FRIENDS, ONE ALMA MATER

Dear MIS Family,

They say some friendships are formed, others are destined, ours was etched at MIS and grew with every passing bell. As the school turns 70, we feel deeply honoured and blessed to have been a part of this beloved institution, a place that shaped not only our education, but our friendships, our values, and the rhythm of our growing years.

Our fathers were college friends, and years later found themselves reunited, not on their old campus, but in the admission queue at MIS, realising with quiet delight that their daughters would begin their educational journeys side by side. And so, two toddlers entered Mira Nursery, unwittingly beginning a bond stitched quietly and beautifully by fate. From that moment forward, we grew in parallel, birthdays just a day apart and our names printed beside one another on every register, as though life insisted we remain written in the same story.

MIS became our home. We can still taste the nostalgia of the iconic canteen chole kulche, hear the rhythmic chaos of annual day rehearsals, and relive the sunlit picnics to Lodhi Garden and Nehru Park that felt like celebrations of childhood itself. We remember the fiery spirit of the Jauhar Cup, the adrenaline, the loud chants, and the rush that came with cheering for our school team as if our voices alone could secure victory.

Through exams, growing pains, friendships, setbacks, and triumphs, we were shaped by teachers who guided us with patience, sincerity, and unwavering belief. We remain eternally grateful to each of them for nurturing our minds, grounding our values, and helping us become who we are today.

Today, as newly graduated doctors stepping into a world of responsibility, we recognise how deeply MIS has shaped us, reminding us that knowledge without empathy is incomplete and excellence holds meaning only when grounded in humility and compassion.

“More true, forever, more true” remains not just a motto, but a promise we continue to live.

With profound gratitude,

**Batch of 2019**

**Dr. Saanya Bhasin | BDS, Manipal College of Dental Sciences**

**&**

**Dr. Saanchi Khandpur | MBBS, Maulana Azad Medical College**

# Gypsa Shrivastav



## BETWEEN BELLS AND BORROWED TIME

Between bells and borrowed time,  
my heart still wanders back  
to the ashram campus,  
where mornings felt slower  
and friendships felt forever.

The corridors carried laughter  
and the amazing smell of chocolate cakes  
floating from somewhere near the canteen,  
sweet enough to pause our worries,  
warm enough to feel like home.

We stood together in quiet lines,  
breathing hopes into the day  
during morning assembly in aspiration hall,  
voices rising, dreams unafraid,  
sunlight spilling through tall windows.

Afternoons hid small treasures—  
notes, colors, careless joy—  
found in handmade paper in Sabda store,  
each sheet holding more than words,  
holding us.

Now the days have moved on,  
but those moments stay—  
pressed gently like memories  
between the pages of who we became.

**Batch of 2006**

**French Educator of Kunskapsskolan Gurgaon**

# Harsh Juneja



## PREPARING FOR LIFE

When I think back to my years at MIS, what immediately comes to mind is the serenity of the campus in contrast to the bustle of Delhi. I attribute my success to the hours spent in that calm atmosphere, which shaped me through its everyday expectations. Assembly gathered us into one voice, and the daily prayers encouraged us to grow as individuals.

My teachers guided me to write clearly, speak with conviction, and defend ideas with evidence. The varied co-curricular activities made learning enjoyable. I don't remember a day when I didn't want to go to school, or when school felt boring.

Rooted in Sri Aurobindo and The Mother's vision of integral education, this emphasis showed up in how standards were set, how teachers listened, and how each student's potential was taken seriously.

After 12 years at MIS, I walked out in 2006, having been blessed to be a part of the Golden Jubilee celebrations. Since then, my path has taken me through engineering and the energy sector, and as I pursue my MBA at Rice University, MIS still shows up in how I prepare before I speak, structure an argument, welcome feedback, and treat integrity as non-negotiable. The motto, "More True, Forever More True," feels less like a line on a crest and more like a direction.

As MIS marks its 70th year, I feel gratitude for the teachers who gave their patience, time, and belief, long after the bell rang. MIS prepared me for life, and it still does.

### **Batch of 2006**

### **Rice University**



# Ibtesam Rahman



## GUIDING ANGEL

**F**or me, the school was more than a second home, it was a cocoon spun with patience and care. Like a butterfly held gently in its wrap, I was nurtured, sheltered, and slowly shaped. Even the quiet struggles against its walls became part of my becoming, strengthening the wings I would one day unfurl. And when I finally stepped into the wider world, I carried with me the resilience and radiance that the cocoon had woven into my flight.

I am so grateful to have been a part of MIS and to have walked under the guidance of the wonderful teachers and mentors who helped me find my way back to myself. When I look back on my school years, I remember them through gratitude, the laughter, the lessons, and above all, the teachers who stood beside me at the moments I needed them the most. They helped me discover parts of myself I did not even know existed.

There was a time in my life when moving forward felt like walking through a dark tunnel, each step uncertain, each turn seeming to lead deeper into shadow. But just when I felt most lost, small lights appeared. They came in the form of people who quietly walked beside me, lanterns in their hands, charting out a new course I could not have found alone. They did not pull me out of the darkness; they illuminated it, helping me see the path that would shape me into who I am today. For me, the familiar roads leading to school will always feel like the road home after a long journey. I am proud and grateful to be a Mother's Blossom.

I want to express my deepest love and gratitude to the teachers who guided me with such selfless care, especially dearest Milan Ma'am, and dearest Annapoorni Ma'am. Their kindness, patience, and unwavering faith helped me reach places I once believed were beyond my reach. They taught me to walk with confidence, to trust myself, and to grow into a better version of who I hoped to become.

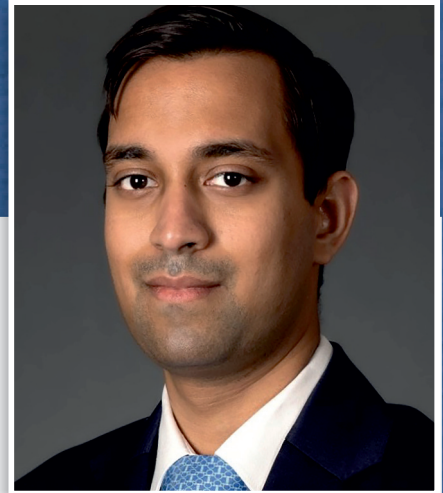
God has a way of placing the right people in our path at the right time. For me, He sent Annapoorni Ma'am as a guiding angel and a dear friend, a blessing I cherish deeply. Our bond, born of a simple, divinely aligned moment in Milan Ma'am's office, has become one of the most meaningful relationships of my life.

To my dearest teachers, thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for being my light when I needed it most.

**Batch of 2021**

**M.A. Sociology from Jawaharlal Nehru University.**

# Ketan Gupta



## OUT AND ABOUT THE MIS CAMPUS

With the school's campus premises being as vast and spread-out as it is, it's natural that there are plenty of nooks and crannies which mean different things to different people. For some students, it is these magical places, belonging, in a sense, to no one but them, that come to define their time at MIS.

For me, personally, the path through Mirambika is a place which never bores me. Since class 6, each time after finishing our exams, my friends and I would head to Mirambika and sit down, talk, and run around, enjoying our newfound freedom! That part of campus, with its population of different kinds of birds and trees—particularly the peacocks and bamboo trees, and the leafy canopies blocking out the sunlight—never ceased to amuse me.

Indeed, many an afternoon of contemplation in serenity had been spent there, “far from the madding crowd” as it were. I could spend something of an eternity there, sitting alone or with friends, free to do as we pleased for at least the time that we were there. True freedom is something of an illusion in this world, but roaming around in Mirambika came close enough.

The lines above are based on a piece I wrote when I was still at MIS. While I no longer live in Delhi and my education and work took me quite far away from home, I hope to find new sacred spaces such as this in the city where I now live, while also revisiting the leafy pathways of school, all the while remembering the person I was a decade ago and the journey that has brought me to this present day.

**Batch of 2016**

**NYU School of Law | J.D.'24**

**Managing Editor, N.Y.U. Journal of  
International Law & Politics**

**Attorney at Sidley Austin's London  
Office.**



# Krisha Suri



## THE BLESSINGS DAY

I am delighted that The Mother's International School will complete 70 years in 2026. This is a remarkable milestone, and I feel proud to be a part of this wonderful family. Even though I was at MIS for only two years, they were among the most enriching years of my life.

I joined in Grade 11, during the uncertainty of COVID-19. Classes were online, yet I immediately felt a sense of warmth and connection. I still remember receiving a surprise birthday email from Simranjeet Ma'am within just a couple of weeks of joining. I paused. How did she know? But that simple gesture made me realise what MIS truly embodies.

Coming to campus in Grade 12 felt truly special. I spent only one year on the beautiful MIS campus, but it was enough to create memories that I will always cherish. The most beautiful part was the people. It was an honour to have Lata Ma'am as my class teacher. Her support, encouragement, and belief in me shaped not only my academics but also my thoughts and values. One of my fondest memories is the Blessings Day. The thoughtful gift from the Pondicherry Ashram and the heartfelt messages from teachers made it one of the most meaningful days of my school life, something I will remember forever.

MIS goes beyond academics by shaping character, strengthening values, and expanding how students see the world. Every person at MIS contributes to its spirit: the dedicated teachers who go far beyond their duties, the students who bring life and joy to the campus, the guard *bhaiya* who greets everyone with a smile each morning, and the canteen *bhaiya* serving soya chips all day. MIS truly feels like a family.

As the school celebrates 70 glorious years, I extend my heartfelt congratulations. And this milestone is just the beginning; there are many more years of growth and excellence ahead.

**Batch of 2023**

**B.A. (Hons.) Economics from Lady Shri Ram College for Women.**

# Lakshmithree



## WHAT MY SCHOOL MEANT TO ME

The word blossom has always felt right for us - the children of this school. We grew quietly, almost unnoticed, until the petals began to show. Two years have passed since I walked out of that gate for the last time, yet every day I catch myself carrying pieces of the school with me - values etched not by force, but by living, breathing inside that community.

Simplicity, hard work, kindness, being grounded - they weren't taught as lessons; they seeped into us like sunlight. You can tell instantly when you come across Mother's Blossoms by the softness with which they speak, the consistency of their choices, and the quiet confidence.

Those little traditions - the morning silences, the unhurried assemblies, the insistence on doing things with intention - felt ordinary. Now, they sit at the very core of who I am. Life comes as it wants but it is how we react that decides everything.

In one such overwhelming week in college, I remember fighting this urge to give up on something so important and yet felt impossible. It was easier to choose the shortcut, to step away and say "maybe not this time." And then, from someplace, a memory popped - Tarang ma'am patting my back after a tough viva, back when every test score to me seemed like a boulder. She didn't say much - just one sentence: "You don't have to be extraordinary today. Just don't give up on becoming better." It sounded simple then. That night in my hostel room, it felt like someone had just reached through the years to steady my shoulders.

There are always two reactions towards a problem:

1. Take the harder path with integrity, or
2. Take the easier path and lose a small part of oneself.

The fact is, after being a student of The Mother's International School, I never really learnt the second option.

This is what the school means to me: quiet, lifelong companionship, a voice that rises exactly when I need it, reminding me of who I am and who I can still choose to become.

**Batch of 2024**

**B.Sc. Economics at Ashoka University.**

# Lovleen Gill Aulakh



## SPIRITUALITY IS A WAY OF LIFE

I have a vivid memory as a kid, sitting in the assembly hall looking at the curved patterns on the green chair on which Sri Aurobindo was sitting in his majestic portrait. The 'Lotus' motif and the 'Pigeon' embroidered on the front pockets of our school uniforms made me curious. I didn't understand much back then about who 'The Mother' was, but the more I learnt I fell in love with the amazing institution I had the privilege to be a part of.

I studied at the Mother's International School from KG-XII (1988-2001) and it shaped who I am today. From a shy creative kid who defied set expectations to become an engineer and chose to become an architect instead, I moved to the USA and found my way at the top of the pyramid playing the role of the director of sustainability, realizing that even that didn't give me contentment, setting me on a path of spiritual exploration which gradually led me to become a full time Mixed Media Artist - living a connected life creating contemplative spiritual art.

I feel the seeds for my future were already sown in the campus of MIS when I used to look with wonder at the spiritual paintings displayed in our school canteen while eating *samosas & idlis* made by the ashramites. My favourite was the canvas painting with 7 eyes arranged in a diagonal, each a different colour of the rainbow. The artist in me was born & nurtured in MIS when Bose sir displayed my first painting in his classroom - it showed two ladies harvesting rice in knee deep paddy fields. MIS has always been my guiding compass when I chose to intern with Sanjay Prakash ji, the architect who designed MIS campus or when I recently wrote a chapter on 'Theory of Compassion' featuring 'Auroville' for a book on the future of sustainable design. The devotional songs, poems and meditation sessions during our assembly, the 'Samadhi' days, our proximity to Delhi ashram and school trips to Pondicherry and Nainital Ashrams, the visit to the Golden Matrimandir in Auroville and knowingly or unknowingly interacting and living among true spiritual seekers has been a profound blessing in my life.

As the former captain of Gratitude House, I am humbled to say I have learnt to practise gratitude everyday. MIS taught me that spirituality is a way of life!

**Batch of 2001**

**B.Arch School of Planning of Architecture, Delhi, India**

**Founder of Inspired Art Studio, Austin, Texas, USA**



# Mayank Seshadrî Chafi



## NURTURING THE SOUL

“Man is a transitional being; he is not final.”

—*Sri Aurobindo, The Life Divine, Book II, Part I,*

*Chapter 1: “The Evolutionary Process—Ascent of Nature to the Human Level”*

The 21st century is an age of existential inquiry. Rapid advancements in automation and artificial intelligence are pushing the frontier of human possibility while simultaneously creating the risk of man-made human redundancy. As a philosophy graduate working in a robotics company, I often find myself asking what the point of all this is: if algorithms can write poetry and machines can perform our work more efficiently than we ever could. Convenience and a desire for perfection are drawing us towards seamless, soulless systems that accomplish tasks faster and better, but without joy.

In a world that challenges the essential worth of human life and action, we are compelled to return to the fundamentals: what is the innate value of being human? Is it merely the capacity to produce outcomes, or the unique expression of one's subjectivity through action? Eastern philosophy captures the answer beautifully through the idea of *Wabi-Sabi*, the wisdom of finding beauty in imperfection.

On the seventieth anniversary of The Mother's International School (MIS), my mind drifts not to the grand halls, vast fields, erudite teachers, or accomplished students, but to the school's quiet and enduring philosophy of nurturing the soul. Every moment I spent within its walls helped me grow, question, experiment, and expand. A dismal economist might call this a method of producing “adaptive generalists with diverse skillsets who attract a wide circle of serendipity.”

I disagree. The true wealth of the MIS experience is not merely broad cognitive enrichment. It is the deep, patient love for its students, a love that makes room for mistakes, exploration, plurality, and inquiry. This philosophy shapes its blossoms into individuals who are comfortable with change, grounded in purpose, and unafraid of uncertainty. They understand that innovation is not just a mode of economic adaptation but a fundamental feature of the human condition.

MIS taught us that growth is not the pursuit of perfection, but the courage to engage honestly with the imperfect. And in a century defined by machines and algorithms, that lesson feels more vital than ever.

**Batch of 2016**

**Founder's Office, Janyu Technologies.**

# Nandini Menon



## BINAURAL BEATS

Whenever I think of MIS, I think first of the air, fresh in a way Delhi rarely allows, and then of the buildings: open, sunlit, and never once claustrophobic. Everything felt spacious, as though the school believed young minds needed room to wander, question, dream, and occasionally daydream mid-lecture. Even the corridors had a softness to them, a kind of quiet assurance that you were exactly where you were meant to be.

The assembly halls were a world of their own. At the time, Mother's music and the choir felt like a mild daily test of endurance. But today, when I use binaural beats to handle academic stress, I realise MIS may have been giving us early spiritual Wi-Fi upgrades. We just didn't have the vocabulary to appreciate it then.

MIS teachers had a different kind of magic. Kinder than most, especially to students who didn't fit the perfect "all-rounder" mould, they saw the shy ones, the late bloomers, the dreamers, the quietly confused, and the loudly confused with the same steady gaze. They taught with warmth, corrected with patience, and encouraged with a sincerity that followed you long after you'd left their classrooms. MIS teachers didn't just teach subjects; they taught self-belief in small, consistent doses.

Then there were the peacocks, our unofficial emotional support birds, appearing on slow days as if to distract us from the fact that double periods existed. Their sudden strolls across the fields felt like nature's polite reminder that the world was still beautiful, exams notwithstanding.

And of course, the helpers, the silent allies of our school adventures. If teachers were on patrol trying to catch students bunking assembly, the helpers would sometimes offer a discreet warning, a knowing nod, or a conveniently timed question to the teachers. Because truly, what is school life if you haven't bunked at least one assembly? Or two. or, theoretically, several.

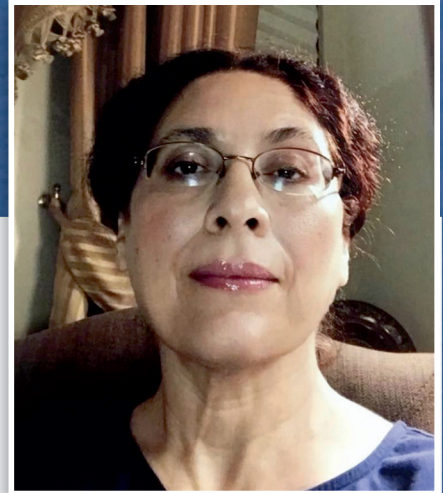
MIS shaped me in ways I didn't understand then: the openness of the campus, the kindness of teachers, the calm of its rhythms. Together, they taught me that in life's storms, we must learn to be our own steady ground.

Happy 70th, MIS. Your calm still travels with me.

**Batch of 2023**

**B.A (Honours) English at the University of Delhi**

# Narinder Chauhan



## MUSINGS

“Those were still days when the School came to our door step to admit students! I am speaking of an era 60-70 years ago. I was one such student.

There being no other male member in the house at that point of time, a well wisher from my locality in South Extension, Shri Babu Ramji, a gazetted officer, led me by the finger to Mehrauli to join Nursery at MIS.

Upon being asked my name, Shri Babu Ramji blurted out my nickname, Naini. That was the only name I had! Not convinced, the teacher in-charge asked for a more formal name. Shri Babu Ramji christened me 'Narinder Kaur' on the spot! This is how I got my name that adorned my CBSE certificate, my BA (Hons), MA and LL.B degrees from Delhi University on parchment paper!

It is the same name 'Narinder Kaur' that appeared in the newspapers in June 1985 when I cleared the Civil Services exam and joined the Indian Foreign Service (IFS). My name remained the same, though with a different surname, 'Chauhan' during all my subsequent official appointments. It was 'Narinder Chauhan' that appeared on the credential papers as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary appointed by the President of India.

The name calling was not without its lighter side though! During LL.B at Law Faculty, Delhi University, my class fellows would come running to me with shocked expressions that my name was not on the notice board for results! They were still looking for Naini! In later years, people would call me and insist on speaking to my husband; and official letters would address me as 'Mr.'

Recently, when I was thinking loudly how people still thought I was a man, my husband, in the presence of our children said, 'maybe your name proved lucky for you'!

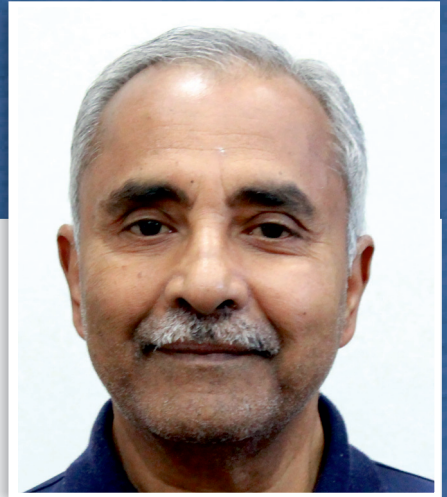
After all, it was at MIS that I got my name 'Narinder'.”

Ambassador Mrs. Narinder Chauhan

**Batch of 1976**

**Indian Foreign Service (R)**

# PA Vishwanathan



## MAY THY LIGHT MANIFEST

**M**IS, my Alma Mater turns 70 on the 23rd of April 2026 and I reflect fondly with pride on my association with this great institution. On introspection, I find my time in MIS was one of the happiest periods of my life. The life skills imparted in the school remain a valuable and enduring legacy for me.

I studied at The Mother's International School from 1968-80. I still recall the sumptuous lunch served during my junior years. During my pre-primary years, Shri M L Parashar ji conducted Indian culture classes at the Shri Aurobindo *Ashram*. I still remember the lovely short walk from school campus to the Ashram and the wonderful ambience of the *Ashram* Hall where we used to sit. Shri Parashar ji had a saintly demeanour and narrated wonderful stories. I used to look forward to these classes, which I believe has had an enduring impact on my life ahead.

Shri M. P. Chaaya and then Shri Y. P. Madan were MIS Principals during my junior years. I have vivid memories of the daily morning assembly. I looked forward to this hour of *bhajans*, recitations and announcements which always concluded with “*Jana Gana Mana*” or “*Vande Mataram*”. The soulful *bhajans* sung by Smt. Karuna didi and other singers still ring in my ears. Ashram residents and other invited guests would sometimes attend the assembly and give inspiring lectures related to Sri Aurobindo and The Mother. Shri Surendra Nath Jauhar Ji, the school chairman also attended the assembly and gave lectures during important occasions. This morning ritual continued throughout my school years. Unlike other schools, MIS was not obsessed with academic excellence. It attached importance to all round development, though it always managed to get excellent academic results.

Smt. Indu Bala Pillay became the school Principal after year 6. I can recall her captivating smile. She had a way of putting people at ease and getting best outcomes without much fuss or stress. Smt. Indu Bala Pillay used to take Civics classes which I enjoyed. Sri R C Sekhar taught us history and was a strict disciplinarian. I was fortunate to be taught by dedicated teachers who have made lasting impression on me, Smt Surinder Sharma (Hindi), Sri Pradhan (Economics), Sri Mohan Kumar (Maths), Smt Archana Gupta (Maths), Sri Balraj Madhok (Physics), Smt Kusum Singha (Hindi), Smt Nandita Mukherji (English), Sri R R Verma (Commercial Art), Sri Lal Chand (Art) and Sri Tulsi Ram (Clay Modelling).

I wish all the best to MIS on its 70<sup>th</sup> Birthday. In this age of materialism, let it continue to bring forth youth with optimism and good ideals, as it has been doing for so many years. I would like to conclude by writing one of the passages by the Mother. I listened to this often during morning assembly and has somehow stuck with me all these years. I believe it embodies the essence of the Upanishads.

“Like a flame that burns in silence, like a perfume that rises straight upward without wavering, my love goes to thee and like a child who does not reason and has no care I trust myself to thee. That thy will may be done, thy light may manifest, thy peace radiate, thy love cover the world. When thou wilt, I shall be in thee, thyself and there shall be no more any distinction. I awake that blessed hour without impatience of any kind letting myself flow irresistibly towards it, as a peaceful stream flows towards the boundless ocean. Thy peace is in me and in that peace I see thee alone present in everything with the calm of eternity.”

**Batch of 1980**  
**Sydney, Australia**

# Prachi Kapoor



## FOOD AND FAMILY

### **Prachi, Age-4, 2010**

She gazed down at her unzipped backpack; hot tears swam in her eyes. She stood up, face contorted with worry and sorrow. Her world had come to a standstill; every four-year old's worst nightmare became reality: it was lunchtime, but she had no lunch.

Howling, she made her way to Anjali Ma'am and Madhulika Ma'am, picking her way through her classmates seated on colourful mats, rugs, and chairs arranged inside the classroom of Purity, KG.

The first time she had met Anjali Ma'am, she had offered her a flower painstakingly retrieved from the front field. She had heard many tales of this school, this mythical place, from her sister, who had attended MIS since forever. She, on the other hand, had been enrolled in a different school last year, and had cried every day of it as well. Clad in their red-and-grey uniform, she had to sit in nursery classrooms lined with monochromatic table-chairs, carrying her own tiffin because the school's food made her puke. She barely went; she was miserable, at the bottom of her class, and had no friends.

Now, forgetting her tiffin led to a first: the first time she cried at MIS. Madhulika Ma'am offered her some *bhindi*, and though she initially refused, she had a bite, initially out of curiosity, and then, of hunger.

When her parents arrived, she fell in their arms and cried, but no longer because she missed them.

### **Prachi, Age-16, 2022**

She cried in her classroom in front of everyone again on Teachers' Day. Playing teacher for the day and conducting a class for 2nd-grade students had made her realise with a jolt that her time at school was limited – only six months more. She cried her heart out and her eyes dry like she had when she was four. This time, Yagya Ma'am consoled her, and so did her friends.

### **Prachi, Age-19, 2026**

Everyone in college who has been acquainted with her has been told about MIS – the trips to ashrams spread across the country, the Houses named after supreme qualities as coined by The Mother, the wonderful teachers. She does not cry as much anymore, but pays the ashram's Meditation Hall a visit when perturbed. SABDA's freshly-harvested and organic *paalak* is her family's staple winter-weekend sabzi.

Her sister enjoys the *paalak* more than her; for her, nothing beats *bhindi*, good old *bhindi*.

### **Batch of 2023**

**Bachelor of Arts, (Hons.) Economics, Sri Venkateswara College.**

# Rishabh Juneja



## MY TIME AT THE MOTHER'S INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

*Samosas* in the canteen. Numerical graphs in computer class. A casual game of *kabaddi* after physical education. These are just a few of my fondest memories from studying at MIS from first to fifth grade. My mother would probably be surprised to hear that I look back on those years so warmly, since I often cried as she hurried me out of the door to catch the school bus. I did get into trouble occasionally—mostly for talking too much in class—and I was never a fan of homework, especially summer homework. Still, there was something special about being on the MIS campus that fostered both a sense of playful curiosity and a genuine eagerness to learn.

Getting along with other students came easily, and I formed many friendships during those early years. I still remember exchanging colourful bracelets on Friendship Day and feeling a strong sense of belonging within my class. Academically, I was not exceptional in every subject, but I distinctly remember excelling in Science and, surprisingly in hindsight, Hindi. Today, living in the United States, my Hindi is far from fluent, but it would be significantly worse, had it not been for the strong foundation I received at MIS.

One of the aspects of MIS that I appreciate the most—and often recount to my American friends, who are usually surprised—is the school's emphasis on both academic rigour and creative development. Alongside core subjects, MIS placed great importance on dance, music, yoga, and art. These classes were my favourites, as I have always been more creatively inclined, and they allowed me to explore and express that side of myself from a young age.

Overall, I am deeply grateful to have studied at MIS. The school and its teachers played an important role in shaping my confidence, curiosity, and love of learning, and they laid a strong foundation for my future success.

**Batch of 2006**

**Fellow, U.S. Department of Energy**

# Sanvi Gupta



## CARRYING FORWARD THE LEGACY

The Mother's International School has always been more than just a place of learning. For many of us, it has been a second home—a place where our childhood unfolded slowly and beautifully. As we walked through its gates each morning, we carried our small dreams, our fears, and our excitement, not knowing that these very corridors would one day live forever in our hearts.

Every corner of the school holds a memory. The classrooms where we learned our first lessons, the playground where laughter echoed freely, and the quiet spots where we sat thinking about life before an exam or after a long day. Friendships were formed that time could never fade, and teachers became guides who believed in us even when we doubted ourselves.

This school taught us much more than subjects. It taught us kindness, honesty, patience, and courage. It showed us how to grow not only in knowledge, but also as human beings. Following the values inspired by The Mother, we learned to respect one another, to think deeply, and to walk our own paths with confidence.

Seventy years later, the bond remains strong. Though we may have moved on, a part of us still walks those familiar corridors. We carry The Mother's International School with us—in our memories, in our values, and in the people we have become.

As we celebrate this special milestone, we look back with gratitude and forward with hope, wishing that many more children find the same warmth, learning, and joy that once shaped our lives.

**Batch of 2025**

**B.Tech in Biotechnology from Delhi Technological University**

# Shaan Chopra



## WHERE THE SUM IS GREATER THAN THE PARTS

**M**IS was the first place that made me believe that I can be everything I want to be. I learned that life does not have to be about choosing one passion over another. I could study hard, play sports, develop my creative side. I learned that I can find balance, create my own rhythm and thrive within it. Even now, when life gets tough, work becomes central, and challenges feel heavier, I often think back to my school days.

I think about how I used to show up for basketball and athletics every morning and then proceed to do a full day of school. My day wouldn't start until those morning hours of sport. I remember specific incidents. Like the one time the Principal caught us studying in the girls' bathroom before a unit test which we were scheduled to miss because of a basketball match but the match got cancelled. Instead of scolding us, she told us not to worry about one test and just do our best. Then in the 12th grade, when like every other 12th grader, I was just supposed to be focusing on studying for my Board exams, I was spending my days choreographing an annual day performance. I think about how my teachers (and coaches) believed I could do everything I wanted to, even when I did not. Almost 10 years since graduating from school and even today, I often think about those days to inspire myself and keep going.



MIS is more than a place, more than the people, more than an emotion. It is a combination of it all, and somehow the sum is greater than the parts."

**Batch of 2015**

**Ph.D in Computer Science & Engineering at the University of Washington.**

# Lt. Shiv Prasad Singh



## A CONSTANT COMPASS

Returning in memory to the familiar corridors, I am filled with a quiet gratitude for the years that shaped me within its caring embrace. Beyond textbooks and classrooms, the school gave me values that time has only strengthened—discipline tempered with kindness, courage guided by integrity, and ambition rooted in humility. It nurtured curiosity while grounding it in responsibility, encouraged individuality while emphasising respect for others, and shaped resilience through both success and failure. Every assembly, classroom, Jauhar Cup carried lessons in responsibility, empathy, and self-belief. As an alumnus, I realise that the school did far more than prepare me for a career; it prepared me for life, shaping my character and outlook in ways that continue to influence who I am today. The spirit of those years remains a constant compass, reminding me of where I come from and the values I am proud to carry forward.

**Batch of 2017**

# Capt. Prabhav Rajvanshi



## नन्ही कलियों से जन्मा जीवन

जो यूं जीवन की नींव रखी,  
तो सफल कर्म हो जाएगा।  
नन्ही कलियों से जन्मा जीवन  
संपूर्ण गुलज़ार हो जाएगा।।

मात्र शिक्षा की अभिलाषा थी  
लो ज्ञान सागर मिल जाएगा।  
बस साक्षरता का लक्ष्य था,  
वहां संपूर्ण संस्कार मिल जाएगा।।

यह मात्र विद्यालय नहीं,  
जीवंत ज्ञान का मंदिर है।  
जो इसे खुद में समा गया  
वह स्वयं भगवान हो जाएगा।।

नन्ही कलियों से जन्मा जीवन  
संपूर्ण गुलज़ार हो जाएगा।।



# Shreya M. Singh

## THE SEARCH FOR BEING



I would find myself after school, they said  
When I enter the real world.  
But,  
Didn't I find myself here already?

Under the wings of my teachers, who shielded me from the harshest sun,  
And guided me in my search for all the pieces I was crafting myself with,  
In the camaraderie of my peers, who taught me life's toughest lessons with a smile,  
I learnt to be a leader, an ally, a mentor, a companion, a confidant, a human.  
Perhaps I had found myself here.

In the melody of the Hall of Grace, where beautiful beginnings beget bountiful journeys,  
In the dew-covered fields, where we learnt unity is strength,  
In the classrooms, where we were taught the power of our words,  
In the Hall of Meditation, where we were enveloped into the guild of silence,  
I think I had found myself here.

To handle victories with humility, and defeat with grace  
To keep faith in my abilities, yet never stop my pursuit of becoming better  
To chase my dreams with my feet anchored firmly to my earth  
To keep exploring my horizons yet never stray far from the Truth  
I'm certain that I found myself here.

I always wondered why they said I would know who I am  
Out there, in the great unknown, far from the place I call my home.  
When my school moulded with infinite care  
The person I show the world today.

**Batch of 2020**

**A Mother's Blossom, always and forever.**

# Dr. Srishti Pandey



## A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE

I still remember the first day I walked into MIS in April 1996 when I was starting grade three. What fascinated me the most was the Aspiration Hall and the slides in the primary wing. From the very first day the school and its lovely educators held my hand and somehow I feel that the school is still holding my hand even after I passed out in 2007.

As I tread down the many wonderful memories of the school there are some which tickle me with their humour and some which help me sober up as an adult. The teachings of the Mother and Sri Aurobindo and all the enriching lessons from inspired thoughts helped in shaping my understanding how life is to be lived in an honest and wholesome manner. The morning recitations were the perfect inspiration to start our day at school and the lessons and classes were always a blend of knowledge, sharing and interaction.

Nostalgia gets sweeter when I add the very special cake we got at school. The cake was and still is a warm hug. MIS was not just a school with classrooms and a playground. It was a home away from home. A place which nurtured me and where my educators were always willing to make us learn better. The morning games helped me learn the discipline from sports and the Inter-House Devotional Songs competition was a musical lesson in faith and devotion. The Talent Fiesta and the many other school activities made us learn so much. The Student Council elections gave me my first taste in public speaking and I wore my Sports Captain badge for Gratitude House as my badge of Honour.

The last day at school still makes me emotional. I was once again leaving home and moving into the world which was outside my comfort zone but there was one thing I was confident about, and that was that the strong moral values which MIS had inculcated in me would never make me falter.

Thank You MIS.

**Batch of 2007**

**Guest Faculty: Centre for Comparative Religions and Civilizations, Jamia Millia Islamia**

# L. Shruti

## A SAFE SPACE

**M**IS has been a safe space for me throughout my teenage years. It is a school that has always focused on building good values in its students, and not just academic excellence. Whatever I am today, and the personality I have developed, is largely because of the supportive teachers, my friends, and the wonderful environment the school provided.

I have always loved the MIS campus. It is not just a building made of bricks; it is a huge space filled with lush greenery, calm surroundings and countless beautiful memories.

One of my most memorable days at MIS was when I was selected as a member of the Students' Council. It came as a complete surprise to me, and I remember feeling extremely happy and proud at that moment.

I truly started loving the school even more from Class 9, after the lockdown. The pandemic made me realise how important offline school life really is. It taught me that nothing is permanent, so we should enjoy every moment of school life while we can.

All the teachers I had throughout my journey were amazing and extremely supportive, and I am deeply grateful to each one of them. I used to be a very underconfident girl, but the opportunities the school gave me from Class 9 onwards, whether it was holding positions in my House or being part of the Council—played a huge role in shaping my personality. These responsibilities helped me grow and believe in myself.

By the time I passed out in 2025, I could clearly see a confident and stronger version of myself, and for that, I will always be thankful to MIS.

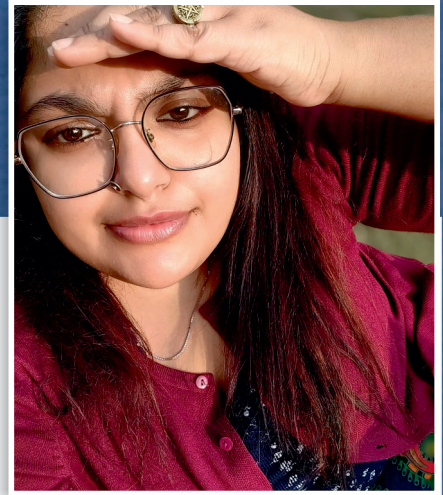
Happy 70th Birthday to The Mothers International School!

**Batch of 2025**

**B.A. (Hons.) Psychology, Lady Shri Ram College, Delhi University.**



# Shruti Sinha



## SHAPING FUNDAMENTAL VALUES

What does my alma mater mean to me? I ask this question, while working on a lesson plan for the current batch of students once they come back from summer vacations. I am back to The Mother's International School, as their environment resource person, working with younger and older children on environment and climate issues. As we go through life, we leave behind a lot of places. But amidst all the entering new spaces and leaving behind old ones that we do, the place that we return to after a very tiring day, is what we call home.

And so, 12 years after graduating, when after a very difficult period in my life—one filled with grief, heartbreak and loss—I wondered where I could find a moment of breath, my school showed up like a dense green oasis.

The Mother and Sri Aurobindo's unique approach to education coupled with the environment of the school nurtured a polymath, who is as poetic as she is pragmatic and is equally comfortable representing the country in international summits as she is working with marginalized children living at the periphery of a city. This isn't a piece on self-praise. It was my education at MIS which enabled to be deeply in touch with myself, and the well of creativity and empathy that exists within each of us. It taught me that if we could reach this part and nurture it- we didn't have to be bound by job descriptions and either/or adjectives. We could curate and build our role in the world with an aim to have meaningful impact, however small.

My alma mater is, undoubtedly, my home. In fact, for children, schools are as vital as parents. They can shape fundamental values, approach and perspectives that the child carries through adulthood and old age. I am just tremendously lucky that it was MIS for me.

### **Batch of 2013**

**Thinker-writer-doer in the environment and social sector.**

**Social scientist by academic training from Lady Shri Ram College for Women, Columbia University in New York and the London School of Economics and Political Science.**

# Shruti Sonal



## A LOVE FOR READING

I don't remember the first time I entered the library, or how it looked. But I still remember the feeling: a joy akin to an explorer discovering a new continent. I picked up a copy of 'Famous Five' kept on the shelves, and knew that my life had changed. Over the years, through fun assignments and leisurely reads, I discovered more and more books in the library. We transitioned from the primary section to the secondary section. Our reading tastes changed. 'Famous Five' gave way to Charles Dickens, and then to Khaled Hosseini. Each book made me a different person. And every time I stood in the line, eager to renew my book or issue a new one, a current of joy passed through me. I knew that I had found "my" place, not just in the school, but in the world.

Today, more than a decade after passing out, there are many places in the school that I miss. The walks along the Sunlit Path. The white corridors buzzing with familiar places. The canteen and the smell of *chole kulche*. The excitement in the air at the time of Jauhar Cup.

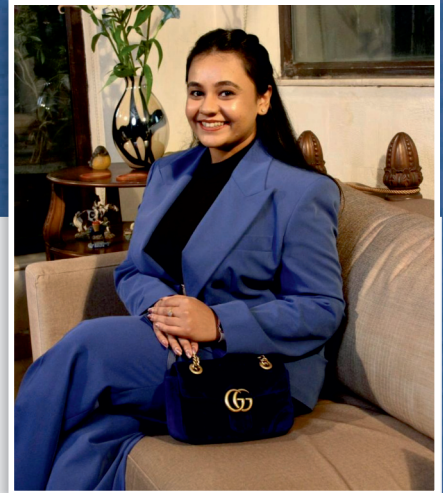
Yet, there's no place I miss more than the library. That's where my lifelong romance with words started. Even today, when I write something, or come across a wonderful book, I imagine myself in the library. I still like an explorer, who has discovered a new world.

**Batch of 2014**

**Writer and Journalist**



# Shubhagata Mittal



## A QUIET INHERITANCE

**T**he Mother's International School has always been more than just the “four walls of a school.”

For many of us, it was an ecosystem-alive, breathing, and nurturing in ways we only truly understand once we leave.

It was the always-green, expansive grounds, the neem groves and the run-all-you-can tracks. The peacocks strutting with quiet authority, squirrels claiming the trees as their own, and the big, fat bees that would wander into classrooms during peak summer afternoons. It was the view outside the window every single day—puddles all the way to the Matri store during monsoons, and winter mornings spent sun-bathing on white stone benches.

MIS was beyond classrooms and blackboards. It lived in library periods, pottery classes, annual day rehearsals, and the rhythm of morning assembly recitations. Every room was just a short walk away from an open expanse—an intentional design that allowed each student to build that same sense of openness within themselves.

For me, MIS was a turning point. I joined the school in Class 4, welcomed by the most beautiful group of students and the most inspiring teachers. That is where my journey truly began. Even today, walking down the same corridors—now called back in different capacities—feels like a homecoming. Always.

The school gave me values and pillars that guide every step I take—as an entrepreneur, a family member, and as a human navigating the big, bad world. It gave me friends who became family, and teachers I will forever regard as mentors and *gurus*. I still remember teachers telling me, “Beta, we trust you to do very well this year.” That sentence became my *Geeta ka vachan*—a promise I carried all year, determined never to disappoint someone who believed in me.

Leaving school first felt like being a misfit—especially when we stepped into more mainstream institutions for further studies or work. But with time, that unfamiliarity transformed into pride, and then into deep gratitude. We realised that what we carried from Mother's was different. And that difference mattered.

This is the quiet inheritance MIS gives each of us—shared by every student blessed to be a part of this institution. An abundant inheritance, not of titles or accolades, but of values. Of choosing kindness. Empathy. Courage. Hard work. Progress. Of always, always being sincere. Something we carry forward—consciously or not—into every space we enter.

If I were to recount the days and moments, I could go on forever. But MIS is a beautiful compilation of those moments—now living within me as deep emotions and lifelong memories. A very large part of my life, forever.

Happy 70<sup>th</sup> Birthday to The Mother's International School- with gratitude to its people, its faith, its soul.

**Batch of 2016**

**MA Entrepreneurship and Innovation, London College of Fashion  
Founder of Artemedy Business Innovations**

# S. Srinithi Rajan



## MIXTAPE OF NINE YEARS

“We are definitely opening a *momos* stall together in front of the school!” I remember telling my best friend in front of Gate Number 6 as we walked towards our buses—hers MIS 10, mine MIS 6. That was almost two years ago. We may not be close to that *momos* stall yet, but one of us is closer to holding a scalpel and surviving night duties, while the other is closer to discovering the answers in biomedicine. Truth be told, we weren't always this smart. We were simply trying to survive the Board exams, and I'm sure our Class 12 teachers would agree.

I spent nine years of my life in a place I now call home-MIS. The trees and vines wrapping the campus like a fortress, the peacocks roaming like messengers, the grey and white walls, the canteen food that could rival any restaurant, and the track field where winning the Jauhar Cup felt like our own FIFA final.

There were computer lab classes where the AC was the real motivation (Delhi summers are not for the weak), and science labs where titration made me feel like I was discovering the cure for cancer. Every corridor has felt my footsteps and every classroom has heard my laughter.

But alas, time is a cruel thing. It gave me so much in the form of this school and took it away so quickly or maybe I wasn't ready to let go. MIS came into my life like a cool soothing breeze on a hot summer day and let go of me in the same way.

If I could sit once again on the steps of the track field and talk about anything or nothing with my friends, I would find the same peace I once had, if I could go through all the books in the library once again, I might find the answers to all my problems.

But my quest with MIS ends here. To all those who are still at MIS, your quest is at its finest pace. You could be captains, warriors, scholars, even the misunderstood villain, whatever it is because MIS will let you in with open arms and let go of you when she feels you're ready to face the world. So I hope your adventure is as beautiful as mine because as Percy Jackson once said “We don't give up. Not on quests, not on friends, not ever.”

**Batch of 2023**

**MBBS**

# Stutee Dawar

## MIS- A PART OF MY BEING

Timidly pacing forward, I heard the bell...oblivious to the odyssey ahead. Muddled thoughts and electric jolts of anticipation made my heart thud faster. It was my first day at MIS.

Retracing each step, a wave of overwhelming emotions drowns my heart. Though it is a static emotion of the past, my heart safekeeps this fond recollection. Rhythmically, it generates an impulse, triggering bittersweet nostalgia of the walls that fostered me.

The damp grounds and silent corridors throbbed with life at the sight of the children and teachers trickling in through the gates, each morning. Now, that bubbly chitter-chatter echoes as they hold memories of conversations, quarrels and lessons learnt. While my teachers imparted knowledge and instilled great values, peers taught me to embrace hurt, remain empathetic, steadfast and never compromise my self-respect. Navigating through the academic years, I found solace in literature, developed a fascination for science, theater and explored new horizons. Moreover, my time as an eco-friend opened my eyes to being resourceful and conservation oriented. Eco-club meetings, recycling drives and other projects gave me hands on experience in renewing lost greenery through tiny steps. Complications were countless but the unwavering support and guidance of my mentors through setbacks have been invaluable in nurturing my resilience and self-esteem.

My complete identity is yet to be shaped by the hurdles ahead but a part of me remains perfectly moulded by the teachings of The Mother and Sri Aurobindo. Through soulful prayers, their tranquil essence enlivened each morning assembly, infusing purpose into our arduous student life. Tara Didi, an embodiment of the divinity transcending school campus will forever remain an inspiration. I cherish our short but enchanting meet in the *ashram*, accompanied by Anuradha Karkun ma'am. Seeing my passion for art, she handed me a book full of The Mother's paintings-simple yet exquisite. This delightful moment captured by a lens, remains etched in my memory as I trudge forward on new paths.

Looking back, I never realized the beauty of such simple moments. MIS is and will forever remain a part of my being.

**Batch of 2025**



# Tanushri Roy



## STITCHING TOGETHER WARMTH AND BELONGING

From the time I first toddled into Mira Nursery with memories of sliding into the swimming pool, dancing around the gazebos, growing spinach in the little school garden and proudly making *pakor*s- the journey at MIS has felt nothing short of magical. Each stage of school brought something new and exciting: becoming lions and Krishnas on Annual Day, turning into tiny taekwondo experts, performing *yoga* and PT with full sincerity. Every moment held its own joy and wonder, and slowly stitched together a childhood full of warmth and belonging.

When I look back now, the morning assemblies and quiet meditations make me smile. Back then they sometimes felt like a task, but today I can see how much they shaped us. They taught us to pause, breathe, centre ourselves, and understand what truly matters. Hours spent on the basketball court- laughing, arguing playfully, celebrating every small win have become the memories I return to the most. That court taught me as much about friendship and teamwork as any classroom ever could.

MIS also gave us the most unique school trips: doing *shramdan*, working with children at the grassroots, and going on adventure camps that pushed us just the right amount out of our comfort zones. Happiness felt simple and real on those days.

Our teachers were our constant anchors- gentle but firm, encouraging us to grow, letting us know they believed in us even before we believed in ourselves. Being part of the Students' Council, sports teams, and dance groups felt like being handed a pair of wings.

And then there were my friends- each different, yet somehow shaped by the same values. From sneaking into Mirambika to play on the swings to lingering at the canteen after lunch or at DMS post school hours, these little moments remain so close to my heart.

MIS let us blossom without competition, with empathy, grounding and a deep love for all living beings. That is the legacy I carry with me everywhere.

Still reminiscing the good old days,

**Batch of 2013**

**Policy Expert- NITI Aayog (Government of India)**

**M.Phil (University of Cambridge as a Commonwealth Scholar)**

# Vaaniya Kumar



## A SENSE OF BELONGING

Dear MIS,

It's been about two years since our batch's farewell, yet it still feels like a long vacation, and the feeling of waking up to go to school still remains and will probably remain forever because going back feels the most natural and destined.

MIS has given me more than I could ever imagine: friends, classmates, teachers, and values that are now an intrinsic part of me. Most importantly, MIS was a safe space where I could truly be myself. When I stepped into the real world and left this secure bubble, I realised that no other place gives me the same sense of belonging as MIS.

The 14 years I spent in school really did pass by in a blink of an eye; the journey here has been more than anything I can describe in words. When I thought about writing this, I pondered it for many days, lost in memories and with a lot to write about; however, now that I sat down to actually write, I didn't know where to begin, what to write, or what to leave out. This would probably continue, and I won't be able to express myself fully ever because there is so much to say from the big pool of memories I have made.

I still find myself looking at photos in school, the scribbles in our books, my diary entries in the notebooks, the one smiley and star I got in my notebook in junior school and the unfulfilled promises that we made in school, all of them wanting me to just live those memories once again, to be surrounded by the peacocks, playing in the backfield, dancing in the annual day, eating *chole kulche* and *soya chips*, singing *bhajans* in the assembly and just being there to witness it all again.

At college, many people I met said that how school was not the best experience for them and that leaving it gave them their freedom. I found this quite confusing and then realised that MIS is truly different. Maybe loving your school doesn't come naturally to everyone, but this place leaves no room for me to dislike it or even think about doing that.

Whenever I feel nostalgic about growing up, MIS is always the highlight. I equate my childhood with MIS. Even though it is changing and may not remain the same. It will always mean the same and generate the same feeling, the longing for the place, the feeling, days spent with classmates whom I don't talk to now but still find myself missing.

I feel extremely grateful for being part of such a beautiful institution and for calling this place my home.

HAPPY 70<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY MIS.

THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING.

**Batch of 2024**

**Political Science, Lady Shri Ram College**

# Vanshika Rajan



## IN RETROSPECT

Every time I walk into any room knowing that I come from MIS, I carry an unspoken confidence within me. It is quiet but steady, rooted in the knowledge, love, and above all, the values that MIS gifted me. These are things I couldn't recognise fully while I was still in school. Back then, life was simple: I was happy on stage, dancing and reciting; excited on the basketball court; and deeply fulfilled during thoughtful classroom conversations. As children, we rarely looked beyond the moment. But the true grace of MIS reveals itself only when you look back.

In retrospect, each experience, both the ones we adored and the ones we resisted, holds meaning. Morning assemblies, the discipline of submitting notebooks, the insistence on sincerity, the gentle encouragement to do better, even the quiet reprimands... all of it has shaped me in ways I understand only now. Together, these moments moulded me into someone more aware, more grounded, and more capable. MIS didn't simply educate me; it built the foundation on which I stand today.

Whenever I visit school, I am reminded of this foundation. A warm hug from a teacher, a slow walk through the familiar corridors, the sight of the track field glowing in the afternoon sun, and the serene presence of the Mother and Sri Aurobindo, these moments recharge something deep within me. They expect nothing in return, yet they give endlessly. That is the soul of MIS: the quiet, unwavering belief in giving with love and leading with sincerity. It is a lesson I carry consciously, hoping to embody even a fraction of what my teachers lived every day.

And somewhere between all these learnings, MIS also gave me friendships that have stood the test of time, some that began in Class 1, when we barely knew who we were, and some that came much later, like the ones I formed in Grade 12 as part of the Students' Council. These friends have celebrated my joys, steadied me through my struggles, and remained my safe space long after we stepped out of those gates. For each of them, I remain endlessly grateful.

As MIS celebrates its 70th birthday, my heart fills with gratitude. Fourteen beautiful years here taught me values that will stay for life, but those years were only a small part of the school's larger journey of transformation under the grace of the Mother and Sri Aurobindo. Seventy years is a remarkable milestone, a testament to the strength, sincerity, and purpose that MIS has upheld through generations. I hope my juniors continue to imbibe these qualities, and I know the institution will only grow stronger in spirit and legacy with each passing year.

**Batch of 2021**

**Public policy professional working with the Parliament of India.**

# Vivek Jain



## GRATITUDE: 25 YEARS LATER

**M**y years at MIS were pivotal. I joined class XI in 1999, coming to Delhi from Ahmedabad, wide-eyed, mildly intimidated, and still figuring things out. MIS turned out to be exactly the right place: it combined academic rigor with values that shaped life. I was in Gratitude House, and 25 years later that feels less like branding and more like a reminder. Rooted in the philosophy of Sri Aurobindo and The Mother, and located within the Sri Aurobindo Ashram, the school emphasized balance—discipline without rigidity, ambition without ego. Sports, music, debate, and the freedom to explore ideas were not incidental; they were part of how learning happened.

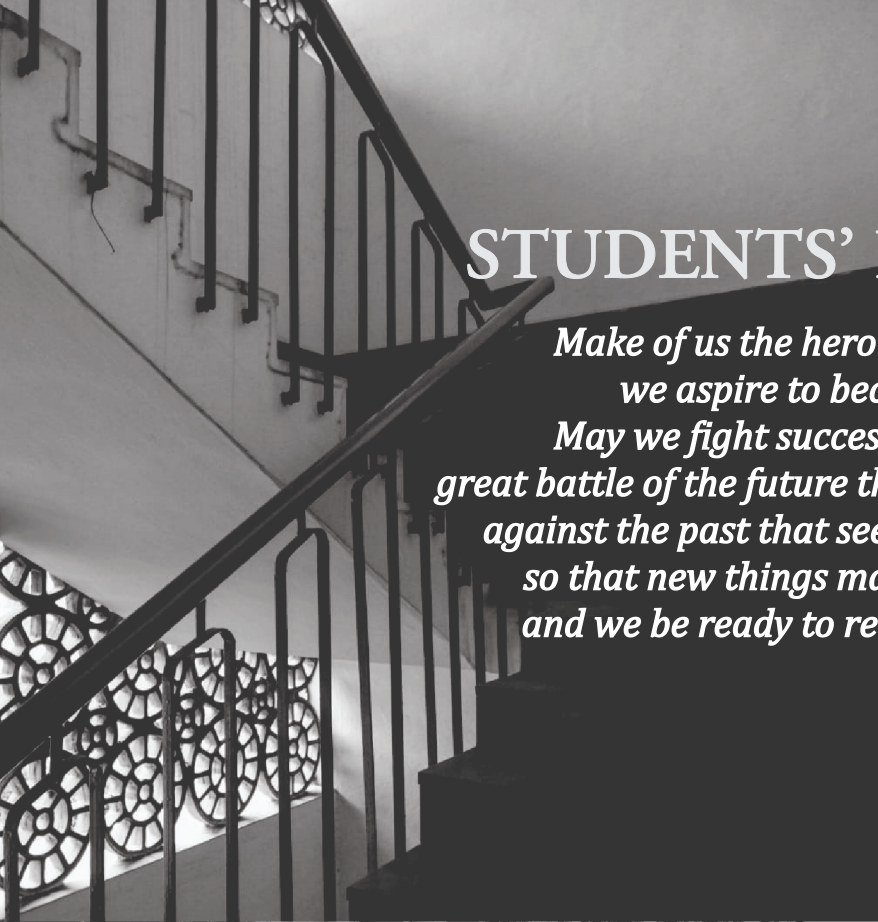
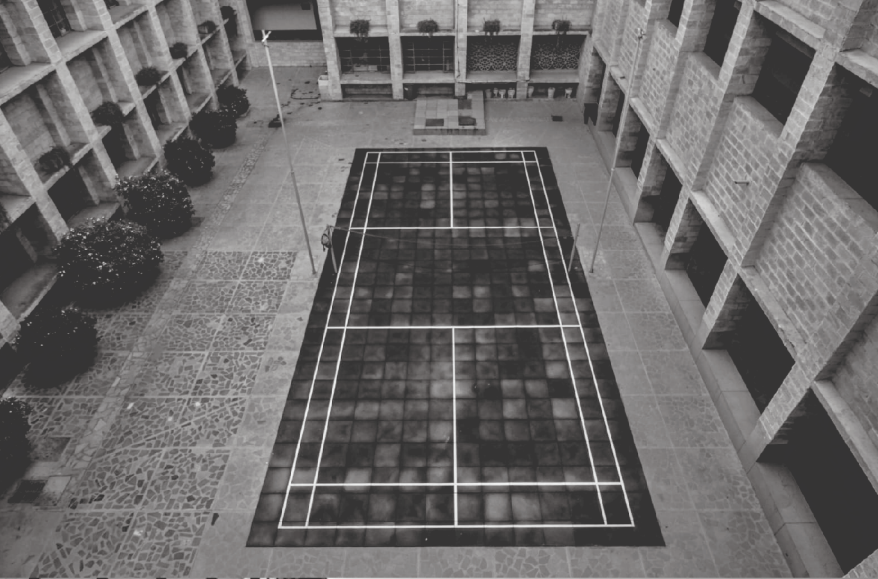
Teachers mattered a great deal. Our Principal, Mahrukh Madam, set expectations that were consistently high and clearly enforced. Dash Sir encouraged us to engage seriously with technology at a time when the dot-com boom was in full swing. Along with seniors DJ and Manish, and classmates Shrivaths and Bhaskar, we founded the MIS Information Network (MINET). MIS already had a computer lab, but there was room to do more. We went on to secure funding from Intel and Microsoft to set up two additional state-of-the-art labs, an intense crash course in initiative, persuasion, and “selling”.

MINET hosted the school’s first inter-school computer competition, and we later competed at major events across Delhi, including Exun 2000. Around the same time, representing MIS in inter-school debates was formative for me, helping me learn how to think on my feet, speak clearly, and occasionally ‘interject’, mostly with reason.

Looking back, the longer arc stands out. Among the classmates from those years, I count with humility, inventors with dozens of patents, Ph.Ds pushing the frontiers of research, artists excelling across the globe, entrepreneurs and business leaders who have taken companies public. MIS prepared us well for life and most importantly, it gave us confidence while being grounded in gratitude.

**Batch of 2001**

**Sr. Manager - Data Science at Amazon.com**



## STUDENTS' PRAYER

*Make of us the hero warriors  
we aspire to become.  
May we fight successfully the  
great battle of the future that is to be born,  
against the past that seeks to endure;  
so that new things may manifest  
and we be ready to receive them.*

*– The Mother*



*Photographs by Nachiket Sharma  
(Mother's Blossom, Batch of 2020)*

*The Light has come,  
The road has opened,  
With a grateful bow to the  
laborious past, we shall move  
swiftly forward on the new way  
opened by Thee before us.*

*- The Mother*