



The Carmelite

Newsletter of Carmel Convent School

December 2025

Principal's Message

Dear Parents and Students

Warm Greetings !

As the joyous season of Christmas fills our hearts with hope and goodwill, I extend my warmest wishes to each one of you. May this blessed time inspire us to share love, practise kindness, and be grateful for our many blessings. Let us carry the true spirit of Christmas into our homes and school, nurturing peace, compassion, and unity. Wishing you all a joyful Christmas and a bright, hope-filled New Year. May God bless you abundantly and grant you a year filled with success and fulfillment.

Warm regards
Principal



The Happiness Hack

Some people walk through a garden and only notice the dirt beneath their feet. Others see how every petal turns towards the light. Gratitude depends on where your eyes choose to rest. Gratitude nurtures contentment, appreciation and positivity in a person. Americans have dedicated a whole holiday to gratitude - Thanksgiving. This day is celebrated with family and friends to express gratitude for the blessings of the past year. India has its own regional Thanksgiving festivals reflecting the rich diversity of our land and people. Pongal is celebrated in Tamil Nadu to express thanksgiving to the Sun God for a bountiful harvest. Similarly, Pola is celebrated in Maharashtra and Chattisgarh, a thanksgiving for livestock. Bihu in Assam is another harvest festival that expresses thanks for the bounty of the land. Similarly, Ngada and Pawl Kut are thanksgiving festivals in Nagaland and Mizoram.

However, one does not need a special day to express one's gratitude for the blessings one enjoys in life. Good health, people who love you, friends who cheer you up no matter what, food on your plate, a roof over your head are all gifts that not everyone enjoys. So dear students, spend a moment each day to say a heartfelt prayer for all that you have and the universe will surely send more blessings your way! Season's greetings and a very Happy New Year in advance

-Nidhi Khurana

Editor

December 2025

A Path to Metamorphosis

All I heard was that the most important thing in life is following the trend. The use of slang, Instagram and trendy clothes and photos defines your worth. But "ME, no! - I tried to be a trendy kid, but it turns out I can't. All my friends wanted me to change, and it started with my rebellion to open my hair on Children's Day even when my mum made me wear a braid, just to feel trendy. FOMO took over my life choices. One fine evening without a reason, as I was exploring a sector with my parents, I went inside a bookshop not accompanied by any person, just my curiosity. "It felt like unlocking the gates to a magical universe of knowledge and discovery. My hands went from book to book, eyes from title to title; there were so many books - my eyes viewed every single one. Until they fell on "The Diary of Anne Frank", I was familiar with the name; her smile on the cover radiated power. As I read the blurb of her book, I learnt that Anne Frank spent her days in the Secret Annex strictly following a routine of silence, reading, and study during the daylight hours to avoid detection. Her evenings were marked by shared, often tense, dinners with the other inhabitants and were her only time to write privately in her diary and dream of freedom. Her passion to write despite her struggle, when the promise of tomorrow felt utterly out of reach. - Her story inspired me to write my own tale while remaining detached from this dynamic world. This experience made me realise there is so much more to life than chasing a fleeting trend. It instilled a deep sense of gratitude for the simple things: the security, the sunshine, the opportunity to learn and choose. This profound appreciation for what I already had instantly made me feel more grounded and authentic. Reading about her life that day became the reason for me to realise there is a better way to live, A WAY TO A METAMORPHOSIS.

-Sahiba Reen, 8C

A Reminder

The undeniable fact is that everything beautiful can never truly be kept forever. Thanksgiving is only a reminder that whatever we hold so dearly today might be gone before sunrise.

As we continue to find our purpose, it is quite important to keep in mind that if we don't stop and enjoy what we have right now; it will slip away in the blink of an eye. The meaning of life does not lie in some mystic secret hidden deep in the stars; sometimes it is found in the people around us.

-Siyonaa Gulati, 9C

Whispers of Gratitude

Saying a simple thank you,
Expressing our gratitude for the work people do,
Or even so much so a wholehearted smile,
Can make someone's day worthwhile.

It does not need to be loud,
Nor does it have to be said in a crowd,
For gratitude is something worth more than gold,
It is precious because it will never catch mould.

Thanksgiving is like an untold treasure,
Every word of gratitude brings joy beyond measure,
Small acts of gratitude can make the world a better place,
Gratitude and love can light up every place.

-Anaisha Pahwa, 9C



Gratitude Radiated

A whisper so gentle, so kind,
Gratitude lets us unwind.
A tiny act, a gentle smile
Stays in a soft corner of the heart for a good while.

For every listening ear, every helping hand lent
Should be a loving 'thank you' sent.
As it isn't about grand gestures and presents,
It's about the intentions the act represents.



A word that is so short but means so much
Like the quiet hour when golden rays caress the waves' soft touch.
A word could mean so much, I never really thought.
To a cherished soul, words of appreciation were brought.

Gratitude lingers in tiny moments that often slip through fingers so fast.
Don't let clouds of thanklessness overcast
A golden heart and a serene soul are more than enough.
We can soften our ways; it won't be tough.

- Riana Singla, 8C

Grateful

Grateful I am for the symmetrical stars,
 For they portray, through their distance, the cost of shining too far.
 For the prickly shells, homely to the sea
 Because they symbolise the sufferings of the glee.



Grateful I am for the pink sky,
 For it symbolises changes, even up so high!
 For the frosty winter snow,
 As it buries the past and puts on a fresh show



Grateful I am for the fall
 which left me with scars and reminded me
 that home is never too far.
 For the doorway hugs,
 for the scent that lingers on,
 taught me that love is never lost, never gone.



And grateful you must be for the friendship
 you thought you'd never lose.
 For it teaches you to switch
 your path once in a while, not your shoes.
 For the stardust-woven dreams,
 with designers filled with glitter
 Which pushes you to your destination,
 regardless of obstacles, sweet or bitter.

Grateful for the raw scent of Mother's candied perfume,
 Because it hugs the sweetheart and fills her with bloom.
 And when you can finally look beyond the sky and the sea,
 with eyes that seem painful.
 I want you to never forget how to be grateful.

-Maithli Bhandari, 9B

Where Gratitude Grows

Rahi had a quiet but extraordinary superpower—she could spot goodness tucked inside the smallest things, as if her heart carried a lantern that never stopped glowing. She thanked her mother's warm meals, her dependable cycle, her best friend's laughter, the cool morning air, and the kindness in strangers' eyes.

One evening, while cycling near the outskirts of town, she discovered a narrow path that led to a hidden grove. The trees shimmered as if moonlight lived inside their leaves, and their trunks glowed softly like they held ancient stories. When Rahi stepped in, she felt a gentle buzz beneath her feet, as though the trees were speaking to her through their roots. They welcomed her heart full of gratitude. It was magical. Rahi visited the grove every day. She shared her dreams, and the trees answered with rustling leaves and warm breezes that felt like hugs. For years, the grove glowed with her joy.

But things began to change. In senior school, everyone seemed to have newer gadgets, fancier clothes, and perfect vacation photos. Rahi started scrolling endlessly through social media. With every comparison, her inner lantern dimmed. She stopped noticing the good in her own life. Gratitude slipped quietly away.

One hurried afternoon, tired and jealous after another batch of "perfect" photos, Rahi returned to the grove—only to freeze. The trees stood silent, colourless. Leaves once shimmering now hung dull and heavy, as if the grove had forgotten how to breathe. The magic had disappeared.

Rahi touched a trunk. It felt cold. "Where did you all go?" she whispered. But she knew—the grove hadn't vanished. Her gratitude had. She sat on the quiet earth, took a deep breath, and thought of everything she had ignored: her mother's meals, her best friend's laughter, her little cosy home, her cycle that took her everywhere, and all the tiny miracles she had stopped seeing.

A soft spark flickered at the edge of a leaf. Then another. Like fireflies waking up, light rippled through the branches. Warmth returned beneath her feet. The grove had never abandoned her—it had been waiting for her to return to herself.

Rahi learnt that gratitude is a kind of sight. It lets us notice beauty, kindness, and meaning. Like the trees with their ancient roots, we are all connected through empathy, presence, and simple appreciation.

Rahi's journey reminds us that even when our inner light dims, we can always return to it. Gratitude waits—quiet, patient, and always ready to glow again.

-Amyra Sujlana, 6C

Gratitude

Value of Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving is that time of the year when we especially count our blessings and feel grateful. It is an emotion of gratitude which makes us happy and calms our inner mind and soul. It is not just about showing gratitude towards family, friends, God, Teachers and Mother Nature but is a way of telling that how blessed and happy we are because of them. Thanksgiving is celebrated throughout the world in the month of October and November. In my life I have two incidents which I am very grateful for. Once, I was four years old and got my arm fractured while playing, then all my friends paid me visits and got me greetings. The other one is, once I was suffering from Dengue and had acute pains, that time a person from my society gave me healings through positive energy and I felt really better with them. These two incidents made me feel very thankful to have such wonderful people around me. Like them, I thank God for everything and everyone he has given to me and am very grateful for it.

- Saira Singla, 5B

Thanksgiving is important because it teaches us to be thankful for everyday things in our life. Sometimes we don't even notice how much people care for us. Like it happened with me, once, I was feeling very upset, and my friend just sat with me and talked until I felt better. It was a small moment, but it made me realise how lucky I'm to have good people around me. Saying thank you for these moments makes our hearts happy. That is why I think Thanksgiving has a big value in our life.

- Mahika, 4C

Thanksgiving

A little kindness can make a big difference in someone's day

A small act of kindness can brighten someone's entire day. Here is a real-life story that teaches us the value of being kind. One day at school, I forgot my lunchbox at home. I felt embarrassed and sad because I didn't know what I would eat. During the lunch break, my friend Saanvi noticed I was sitting quietly. Without asking, she shared half of her lunch with me. It was a simple act, but it made me feel cared for and included. Later that day, I thanked her and promised myself that I would try to help others the same way.

- Yoshita Class, 5C

*BE
kind*

Our Golden Grandparents

The grandparents in a family are a link between generations. My 87-year-old grandfather is one such link that I am grateful for. It is always a pleasure to listen to his life's experiences and the different timelines he has seen. We realise about our blessings when he recollects his school days without smart boards, books, notebooks, paper or even pens, imagine! He used to write on a wooden board (called Takhti) with a kalam and would clean it daily with river water. He had to cross the river on foot to reach school. Every morning students would recite all the Maths tables and in case they forgot any, they would get beaten by a stick. Students in those times were used to harsh punishments. Today, we the Generation Alpha have become so sensitive that even a little scolding for our own good is intolerable. My grandfather has taught me the importance of discipline, hard work and having a positive approach in life. I feel blessed to have him as my grandfather and learn from his golden years.

- Ihana Wasu, 5B



Aarvi Verma, 3A

Nature is the most precious gift in our life, and today I want to give heartfelt thanks to nature. It gives us everything without asking for anything in return. Trees give us fresh air, rivers give us clean water, the sun gives us light and warmth, and the soil grows the food that keeps us healthy and strong. Nature also fills our world with beauty through mountains, flowers, butterflies, and chirping birds. We must always be thankful to nature and protect it by planting more trees, saving water, and keeping our surroundings clean. When we take care of nature, nature protects us in return. So, let us promise to respect and save nature every single day. Last week, there was no electricity at home, so I went to the terrace. A cool breeze was blowing, the sky was full of stars, and the moon was giving me light. In that moment, I realized how nature takes care of us every day without noise or pride, giving us fresh air, sunlight, rain, and beauty.

- Arihantika Bansal, 5C

An incident that happened near Thanksgiving last year, one that taught me the importance of pausing and reflecting on all the blessings we have in our lives, and celebrating them wholeheartedly.

We had planned a short family trip to Jaipur, just before Thanksgiving; a simple getaway to relax and sightsee. The moment we arrived, my grandmother called home to check if everything was fine, and that's when we received the shock- our little dog, a miniature pinscher named Petal, was missing! To us, our pets are family, and Petal had been with us even before my sister and I were born. The news left us numb. Without a second thought, my mother decided that we must return immediately and search for her. The whole family supported the decision, and we began our journey back the very hour we had arrived.

When we reached home late in the evening, my parents and our house help went out on the roads to look for her. Hours passed, and the worry turned into despair. Just when hope seemed to fade, we spotted her, shivering beside a roadside puddle, cold, frightened, and lost. I still don't know how she managed to survive. She was tiny, frail with age, and had never been outdoors alone. Finding her felt nothing short of a miracle- Babaji's blessing upon us!

We brought her home, bathed her gently, and wrapped her in warmth. Later that night, as we sat together sipping hot tea, relief and gratitude filled the air. We realized how much we had to be thankful for; Petal's safe return, each other, our caring house help, and even the simple gift of having our own car that allowed us to reach home quickly. Everything felt like grace.

Interestingly, Thanksgiving was just two days away. With this experience etched deeply in our hearts, we celebrated it for the first time, cooking a meal at home for everyone, including our house help, and thanking God for all His blessings, big and small. Since that day, we've promised to thank Him every single day for the gifts and for the challenges too, for even those come disguised as blessings.

- Ibadat Kaur, 5A

Miracles of Thanksgiving

I go to the park daily. Many children play there with one other. One day, one of the children forgot her bottle in the park. I found the bottle. The bottle was very nice. I brought it home. But my Mom ordered me to return the bottle. I didn't want to return it. But I couldn't disobey my Mom's order. So, I took it in the park next day. Then a girl named Aditi came and said that it was hers. I gave her the bottle unwillingly. But she thanked me a lot. One day she brought many chocolates for me and thanked me again. Her mother met me and appreciated me for my honesty and praised me before all the children. I felt good. It was a very pleasant day. After that we became good friends. Thanksgiving is really a very pleasant miracle.

-Vanshika Sharma, 1C

Thanksgiving Story

One morning, my parents told me that they had to go out of the city for a day's work. I instantly felt anxious and nervous. "But you're always here," I said. "What will I do without you?" Mom gave me a big hug and said, "Don't worry, sweetie. Grandma and Grandpa will be there to take care of you."

The next morning, after mom and dad left, my Grandma woke me up for school. While Grandma helped me get ready for school, Grandpa made my breakfast and pancakes with a smiley face for my tiffin. I giggled when I saw that.

Grandma and Grandpa came to pick me up at the bus stop in the afternoon. Grandma had cooked my favourite food for lunch, I loved it so much and felt so thankful to Grandma. After lunch Grandma helped me finish my homework.

In the evening, we baked cake, played board games, and built a huge blanket fort in the living room. I pretended it was a secret castle, and Grandpa pretended to be a silly dragon. Then they took me to park and I played with my friends.

Grandma had again cooked my favourite meal for dinner. At bedtime, Grandma and Grandpa read stories in funny voices which made me laugh heartily. And just like that, I fell asleep feeling safe, happy, and really loved.

Next morning when I woke up, Mom and Dad were home and guess what, I had not missed them at all. That day, I learnt that Thanksgiving means being grateful for the people who teach us, guide us and love us. I am thankful to my grandparents for always taking care of me.

Happy Thanksgiving!

-Prisha Kaushik, 1C

Colours

Colours paint my world so bright.
 I can see them in my sight.
 Now let's talk about mixing colours.
 Let's start with your favourite colours.
 Pink and blue make purple you know.
 They meet in the sky when the sun is low.
 Now let's hop on the next two which are yellow and blue.
 They make colour green.
 Like leaves that sparkle and dance in between.
 Well that's how you mix all the colours, to form a
 new one that you love!

- Anvika Maheshwari, 2B



My Teacher: A Superwoman

Twinkle-Twinkle little star
 My teacher has super powers
 Mary had a little lamb
 My teacher makes me a champ
 Baa-Baa Black Sheep, have you any wool?
 My teacher is smart kind and beautiful
 Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall
 My teacher helps me rise from every fall
 Old McDonald had a farm EIEIO
 My teacher helps me to grow
 Rain-Rain go away
 My teacher shines everyday

- Noorvi Gupta, 1B



Santa's Magic

Let's talk about Santa, this Jolly old man,
Who goes around the Earth on a cold winter night.
Who knows what's deep inside every child's heart,
And who makes sure that no house is ever out of his sight.

He is the one who brings us so much joy
And who makes sure his elves wrap up every single toy.
He goes down the chimneys to give us our gift,
Even though, in that tiny place, it's really hard to shift.

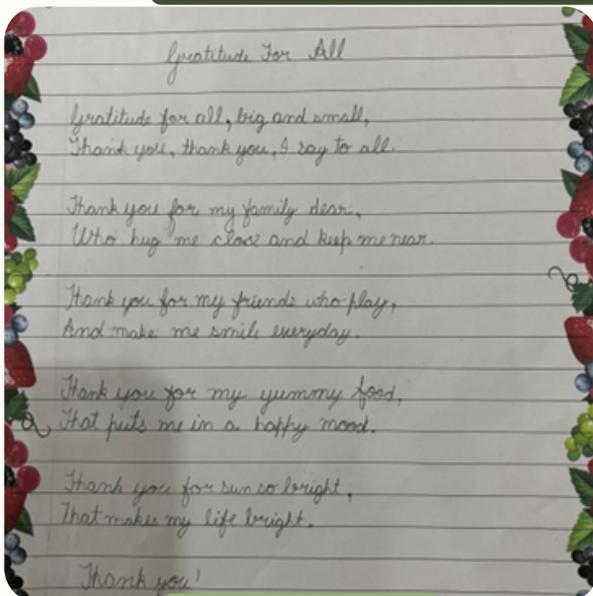
Santa has been coming to me for the last eight years,
Riding through the night with his beautiful reindeers.
He has always read my mind and always knows what to get,
And even though I have tried, but we have never met.

I can't see him, and I don't know where,
But I'm happy that Santa is out there.
The thought makes me smile, it feels right to me,
That he's listening to what I wish for, very quietly.

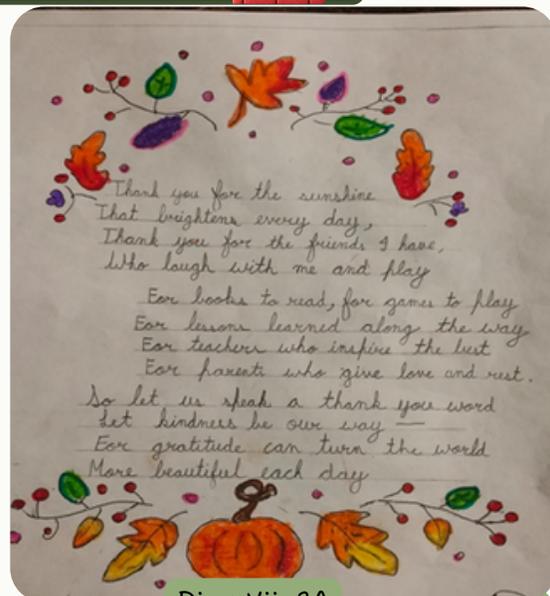
It's not just one night, it's a feeling all year,
Knowing that magic is always quite near.



Mehr Bhandal, 2B



Kashvi Kaushal, 1C



Diya Vij, 3A

Thanksgiving Note for Riding the Bicycle

I, Arnaya Dhir, class 2nd A, wanted to share the true experience about "how I learnt to ride the bicycle". I am seven years old and turning eight next month. I always ride the bicycle with supports and found it very embarrassing whenever some of my friends watched me riding bicycle with supports. With each passing day, I am getting furious that when I will ride it without supports? Due to cuddling nature of my younger siblings, my parents could not get time to assist me in some of my activities. I used to think during my study hours how I will learn the bicycle without supports?

One weekend, I got up around seven in the morning and after brushing my teeth, I went to the garden area of my house where my bicycle was parked. I was astonished to see that the supports of my bicycle have been removed. Afterwards, my father came out there with smiling face and asked "are you ready to learn bicycle without supports". My heart went out dancing and without any hesitation I said yes to my father. With the help of my father's guidance and my determination, I learnt to ride bicycle without supports within one hour. When my mom got to know about this, she immediately cooked my special food Pasta in breakfast which was her way of sending me thanksgiving for learning the bicycle.

"Thanksgiving is not just about food, it is a time to show people how much you love and appreciate them"

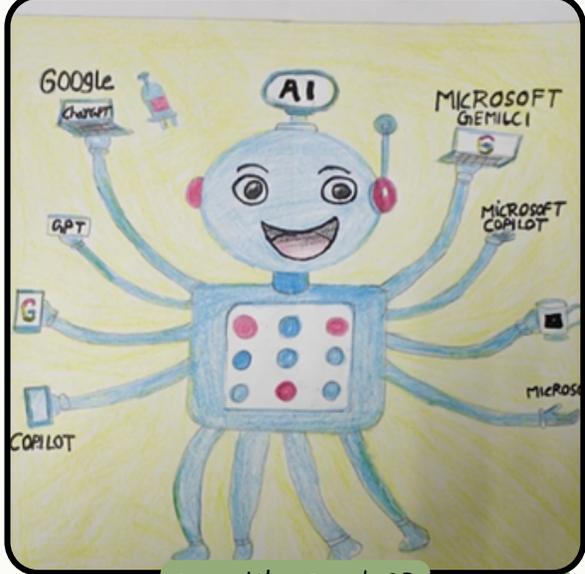


After learning the bicycle, I immediately conveyed my thanksgiving to my father by hugging him to show my love and appreciation for helping me out in this activity.

- Arnaya Dhir, 2A



Aayat Singh, 3C



Swantika Sood, 2B

Once upon a time, there were three butterflies. Neki, Peli and Lalli. They saw nectar in a flower. But there was a big, big grasshopper!

When the butterfly flew halfway, the grasshopper hopped out and said, "I'm going to eat you!"

"Oh! no, oh! no, please don't eat me, wait until my bigger brother Peli comes," said Neki the little butterfly.

Then came the bigger butterfly Peli.

The grasshopper hopped out and said, "I'm going to eat you!"

"Oh! no, oh! no, please don't eat me, wait until my biggest brother Lalli comes," said Peli the bigger butterfly.

Then came Lalli, the biggest butterfly.

The grasshopper hopped out and said, "I'm going to eat you!"

Then all the three butterflies got into a fight with the grasshopper. And you know friends, the butterflies won and then they ate lots and lots and lots of nectar. And no one saw the grasshopper ever again. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

MORAL - Dear friends and others all, united we stand divided we fall

Harnoor Chopra, 3C

Simone Gratitude

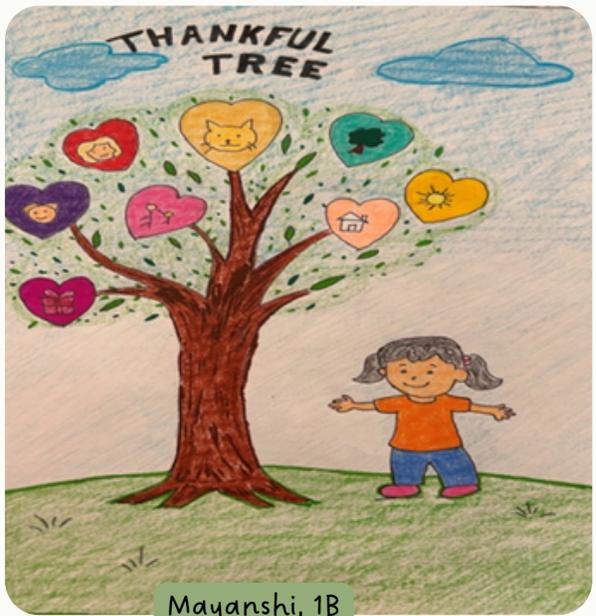
To show gratitude is very important, I am thankful to God, my dear teachers, friends and my loving parents! We are blessed to see this beautiful world when we wake up, we listen to the chirping of the birds and our eyes brighten up!

My teachers teach me good lessons everyday, I spend time with my friends enjoying work and play! I am thankful to my parents for always being there for me, they are my guiding light and very dear to me!

Aavya Chaudhary, 1B



Gavya Gupta, 3B



Mayanshi, 1B

December 2025



Geashna, 1B