



Special Issue

Reflections on the Calendar

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The Colours of Hope

A tangerine-coloured canvas, peppered by patches of violet, with snow-white blobs embedded on a celestial palette, soaring high above verdant virginity on the sprawling demesne below, with the occasional rooftop scarring the surface with flecks of synthetic red, white and blue..... Such was the elegance of the creator's chisel to carve, without anticipation, a sculpture in the sky, on the dawn of a pleasant October morning; captured through the prismatic lens of a passionate photographer.

Yet another moment, another morning, another miracle, indeed every moment bequeaths us with pristine mirabilia. So where lies the link between creation and hope?....."Hope is the doorway to belief, belief is the doorway to knowing, knowing is the doorway to creation, and creation is the doorway to experience"as inscribed by Khalil Gibran, more than four score and a half years ago, words that provide an armamentarium for the progression of thought, and will never fade through the passage of the sands of time.

And so, it came to pass, that in 2010, that there began a journey of faith and hope that through some divine perception, which may defy the basic proclivity of existence of an institution, that the idea of CMC, Vellore Chittoor campus was born.

But what is an institution?..... it is but is a paradigm of faith, that grows from deep within the entrails and the cleavage of a seraphic idea. As a standard bearer for the creator, it is these ideas that become perceptions, these perceptions evolve to thoughts and these thoughts render deeds. It is our FAITH, intermingled with a rational industrious attitude, that guides our thoughts to express noble deeds. But it is HOPE that provides the luxuriant silken cord that constantly connects, propels and emboldens us in a trajectory through the primordial idea, via protoplasmic perception, penetrating organized thought that indubitably conceives and expresses the nativity of the deed.

Lest we be amnesic of our origins, let us reflect on the basis that we were created, which is indeed the equivalence of being fearfully wonderfully made. We are not simply receptacles to provide for others.

Nay, we are stellar contrivances to also create, to engender, to attempt to amalgamate the loam of the earth into crucibles for the betterment of the health of humankind. In doing so, let us maintain the sanctity of our habitat that encircles us. Let every footprint that we engrave on *terra firma*, be an invocation for engendering the sanctuary of the environment.

May we reinstate the sculpture of tranquil dawn once again and reflect in depth, on the aspects of HOPE. The tangerine hue is an exemplification of the intensity of our hope, it transforms our bellicosity into genuine forbearance. The violet tincture is an exposition of the gentleness of our hope, it transfigures our self-adulation into a royal purple mosaic, bearing an attitude of clemency. The white shade is an eponym of the clarity of our hope, it transforms our inadequacies into dexterity and proficiency. In the green herbage below, viridescence will prevail, being an expression of youth and perpetuity.

As we linger through a few eye-blinks, a glorious golden orb emerges over the horizon, the disclosure of fulfilment of our hopes seems complete. However, do the reverberations of hope seem so long to transpire? But then, how long is a millennium in the sight of God?

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