

Electrical Passion Interactive Cultural Society

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Newsletter

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HoD(EE)

DEPARTMENT OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
G.H.RAISONI COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING, NAGPUR 440016

(An Autonomous Institute under UGC Act and affiliated to R.T.M. Nagpur University)

THE WISE TEACHER AND THE JAR.....

There was once a very wise teacher, whose words of wisdom students would come from far and wide to hear. One day as usual, many students began to gather in the teaching room. They came in and sat down very quietly, looking to the front with keen anticipation, ready to hear what the teacher had to say.

Eventually the teacher came in and sat down in front of the students. The room was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. On one side of the teacher was a large glass jar. On the other side was a pile of dark grey rocks. Without saying a word, the teacher began to pick up the rocks one by one and place them very carefully in the glass jar (Plonk. Plonk.)

When all the rocks were in the jar, the teacher turned to the students and asked, 'Is the jar full?' 'Yes,' said the students. 'Yes, teacher, the jar is full'. Without saying a word, the teacher began to drop small round pink pebbles carefully into the large glass jar so that they fell down between the rocks. (Clickety click. Clickety click.) When all the pebbles were in the jar, the teacher turned to the students and asked, 'Is the jar now full?' The students looked at one another and then some of them started nodding and saying, 'Yes. Yes, teacher, the jar is now full. Yes'. Without saying a word, the teacher took some fine silver sand and let it trickle with a gentle sighing sound into the large glass jar (whoosh) where it settled around the pink pebbles and the dark grey rocks.

When all the sand was in the jar, the teacher turned to the students and asked, 'Is the jar now full?' The students were not so confident this time, but the sand had clearly filled all the space in the jar so a few still nodded and said, 'Yes, teacher, the jar is now full. Now it's full'. Without saying a word, the teacher took a jug of water and poured it carefully, without splashing a drop, into the large glass jar. (Gloog. Gloog.)

When the water reached the brim, the teacher turned to the students and asked, 'Is the jar now full?' Most of the students were silent, but two or three ventured to answer, 'Yes, teacher, the jar is now full. Now it is'. Without saying a word, the teacher took a handful of salt and sprinkled it slowly over the top of the water with a very quiet whishing sound. (Whish.)

When all the salt had dissolved into the water, the teacher turned to the students and asked once more, 'Is the jar now full?' The students were totally silent. Eventually one brave student said, 'Yes, teacher. The jar is now full'. 'Yes,' said the teacher 'The jar is now full'.

The teacher then said: 'A story always has many meanings and you will each have understood many things from this demonstration. Discuss quietly amongst yourselves what meanings the story has for you. How many different messages can you find in it and take from it?'

The students looked at the wise teacher and at the beautiful glass jar filled with grey rocks, pink pebbles, silver sand, water and salt. Then they quietly discussed with one another the meanings the story had for them. After a few minutes, the wise teacher raised one hand and the room fell silent.

The teacher said: 'Remember that there is never just one interpretation of anything. You have all taken away many meanings and messages from the story, and each meaning is as important and as valid as any other'. And without saying another word, the teacher got up and left the room.

And another version of the same story ...

A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly, he picked up a very large and empty jar and proceeded to fill it with golf balls. He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed that it was. So the professor then picked up a box of small pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was. The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full.

The students responded with a unanimous "Yes." The professor then produced two cans of beer from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar, effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed. "Now", said the professor, as the laughter subsided, "I want you to recognize that this jar

FACE DIFFICULTY POSITIVELY

represents your life. The golf balls are the important things - your family, your children, your health, your friends, your favorite passions - things that, if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, your house, your car.

The sand is everything else - the small stuff. If you put the sand into the jar first" he continued, "there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls. The same goes for life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important to you. Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Play with your children. Take time to get medical checkups. Take your partner out to dinner. There will always be time to clean the house, and fix the rubbish. Take care of the golf balls first, the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand".

One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the beer represented. The professor smiled. "I'm glad you asked. It just goes to show you that, no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of beers".

Amarjeet Pandey
M.Tech (IPS) 1st Year

TERI YAAD AATI HAI.....

Ped ke niche rehte the aur tashan me yaaro jeete the,
Ped ke niche rehte the aur tashan me yaaro jeete the,
Soch thi kuch nayi hamari, attendance bhi canteen me dete the.
Rehna tha saath hamesha jane kitna ladte the,
Rehna tha saath hamesha jane kitna ladte the,
Hasna rona sikha hamne tanhayee se jab ladte the.
Kismat thi kharab hamari, Kismat thi kharab hamari,
Har waqt gali khate the,
Par utare jab maidan me milkar, tab har waqt jeet ke aate the.
Yaad dino ko karte hi ek alag hasi khil jati hai, ek alag khushi mil.
jati hai aur udasi me toh ab bas ped teri tashaan giri yaad
aati hai,
teri tashaaaan giri yaad aati hai,

Rushabh Mogarkar
6th B

This parable is told of a farmer who owned an old mule. The mule fell into the farmer's well. The farmer heard the mule praying or whatever mules do when they fall into wells. After carefully assessing the situation, the farmer sympathized with the mule, but decided that neither the mule nor the well was worth the trouble of saving. Instead, he called his neighbors together, told them what had happened, and enlisted them to help haul dirt to bury the old mule in the well and put him out of his misery.

Initially the old mule was hysterical! But as the farmer and his neighbors continued shoveling and the dirt hit his back, a thought struck him. It suddenly dawned on him that every time a shovel load of dirt landed on his back, HE WOULD SHAKE IT OFF AND STEP UP!

This he did, blow after blow. "Shake it off and step up...shake it off and step up...shake it off and step up!" He repeated to encourage himself. No matter how painful the blows, or how distressing the situation seemed, the old mule fought panic and just kept right on SHAKING IT OFF AND STEPPING UP!

It wasn't long before the old mule, battered and exhausted, stepped triumphantly over the wall of that well! What seemed like it would bury him actually helped him . . . all because of the manner in which he handled his adversity.

THAT'S LIFE! If we face our problems and respond to them positively, and refuse to give in to panic, bitterness, or self-pity.

Amarjeet pandey
M.Tech (IPS) 1st Year

I TEACH.....

I light a spark in a darkened soul
I warm the heart of one grown cold
I look beyond and see within
Behind the face, beneath the skin
I quench a thirst
I soothe a pain
I provide the food that will sustain
I touch
I love
I laugh
I cry
Whatever is needed
I supply

Yet more than I give, I gain from each
I am most richly blessed--I teach!

Amarjeet pandey
M.Tech (IPS) 1st Year

JOKES.

1. The teacher of the earth science class was lecturing on map reading.

After explaining about latitude, longitude, degrees and minutes the teacher asked,
“Suppose I asked you to meet me for lunch at 23 degrees, 4 minutes north latitude and 45 degrees, 15 minutes east longitude...?”

After a confused silence, a voice volunteered,
“I guess you’d be eating alone.”

2. Teacher: “Here is a math problem.
If your dad earned \$300 dollars a week and he gave your mother half, what should he have?”

Student: “A heart attack.”

3. Sylvia: “Dad, can you write in the dark?”
Dad: “I think so. What do you want me to write?”

Sylvia: “Your name on this report card.”

4. Teacher: “George Washington not only chopped down his father’s cherry tree, but also admitted it. Now, Louie, do you know why his father didn’t punish him?”

Louie: “Because George still had the axe in his hand.”

Amarjeet Pandey
M.Tech (IPS) 1st Year

THE PRAISE OF SPRING.....

I Amar , in the gentle summertime, Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side;
All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and wide, -- A pleasant spot, I wean, wherein the traveler might abide.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all the sunny air, And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the mind from every care; On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters pure and fair,

Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in winter were. There on the thick and shadowy trees, amid the foliage green, Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and apple seen; And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves between,

None were unpleasant to the taste and none decayed, I wean. Near had I found on earth a spot that had such power to please, Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors on the breeze; I threw my mantle on the ground that I might rest at ease And stretched upon the greensward lay in the shadow of the trees.

Amarjeet Pandey
M.Tech (IPS) 1st Year