



NEWSLETTER



AN INSIDE LOOK AT EFFECTIVENESS OF YCS AND SCOM TRIPS: AN OBSERVATION POINT OF VIEW

BY EUNICE MANDA | FORM 4 STUDENT

8th February, 2025 | YCS trip to St. Paul's Minor Seminary

15th February, 2025 | SCOM trip to Malosa Secondary School

Hello, readers! Although I did not attend the recent Young Christian Students (YCS) and Student Christian Organization of Malawi (SCOM) trips, I have heard so much about them from my fellow students here at St. John Girls' Secondary School. These trips were more than just school outings — they were powerful experiences that deeply impacted those who participated.

1. FAITH AND MORAL GROWTH IN ACTION

- From what I gathered, the students who attended had the opportunity to strengthen their Christian faith through prayer sessions, Bible studies, and discussions. Many of them returned with a renewed commitment to their beliefs and values, which was truly inspiring to see.

2. LEARNING EXPERIENCE

LEADERSHIP

THROUGH

- One thing that stood out to me was how my friends shared stories of taking on leadership roles. Whether it was organizing group activities or guiding discussions, they gained valuable skills in teamwork, responsibility, and decision-making — important lessons that they will carry forward in life.

3. BUILDING FRIENDSHIPS BEYOND OUR SCHOOL

- The students who attended these trips made many new friends from different schools. They shared ideas, exchanged experiences, and broadened their perspectives. Listening to their stories made me realize how important it is to interact with people from different backgrounds.

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YCS AND SCOM MEMBERS HAD AN OUTING TO ST. PAUL'S MINOR SEMINARY AND MALOSA SECONDARY SCHOOL RESPECTIVELY



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ST. JOHN GIRLS' STUDENTS UNDERGO PRE-MOCK AND MID-TERM EXAMINATIONS AS THE SECOND TERM CONTINUES

BY SHADRECK MAZENGERA | DEPUTY HEADTEACHER

17th February, 2025

At St. John Girls' Secondary School, academic excellence is a priority. Over the past two weeks, our students have been actively engaged in examinations designed to assess their progress and enhance their learning experience. From February 17th to 19th February, 2025, Form 1 and Form 3 students undertook their mid-term examinations, evaluating their grasp of the content covered since the second term commenced. Meanwhile, Form 2 and Form 4 students had just completed their pre-mock examinations the previous week, preparing them for the upcoming national exams.

These mid-term and pre-mock examinations serve as essential tools in assessing students' understanding of their coursework. The exams provide valuable feedback on areas where students are excelling and highlight topics that require further revision. By identifying strengths and weaknesses early, students can adjust their study strategies and improve their overall performance. The examinations also teach students time management skills, as they learn how to allocate their time effectively to different sections of their papers. This prepares them for final exams, where time constraints can be a challenge.

For Form 2 and Form 4 students, the pre-mock

examinations play a crucial role in preparing them for the official Junior Certificate of Education (JCE) and Malawi School Certificate of Education (MSCE) exams. These tests simulate the real exam environment, helping students build confidence, manage time effectively, and develop critical thinking skills necessary for their success in national examinations. Many students find that taking pre-mocks allows them to practice handling exam pressure and to identify any weak areas that need further revision.

Teachers also benefit significantly from these examinations. The results help educators gauge the effectiveness of their teaching methods and curriculum delivery. With performance insights, teachers can refine lesson plans, provide additional support where needed, and adopt new strategies to ensure every student achieves academic success. The performance analysis of students enables teachers to make necessary adjustments to their teaching styles, ensuring that no student is left behind. Furthermore, it allows them to plan extra remedial lessons for students who may need further guidance in certain subjects.

Regular assessments instill a culture of hard work and discipline among students.

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4. PERSONAL GROWTH ANDMOTIVATION
- Many of my classmates returned from the trips feeling more motivated than ever. They spoke about inspiring testimonies, motivational talks, and interactive sessions that encouraged them to work harder and stay focused on their goals.
5. PRIDE IN REPRESENTING OUR SCHOOL
- Although I was not part of the group, I felt proud knowing that my fellow students represented St. John Girls' Secondary School so well. They carried our school's motto, Integral Education for Girls, with pride and demonstrated what our institution stands for.

"TRUE EDUCATION NURTURES THE MIND, STRENGTHENS THE CHARACTER, AND UPLIFTS THE SOUL."

After hearing so much about these trips, I now wish I had been a part of them. To all students who get the opportunity to go in the future, I strongly encourage you to participate. These experiences are not just educational but truly life-changing!

The experience of sitting for mid-term and pre-mock exams encourages learners to take their studies seriously and set academic goals. This fosters a spirit of perseverance and continuous improvement, which is vital for both academic and personal development. Additionally, these assessments help students develop self-reflection skills, as they analyze their own results and determine what areas require additional effort.

Examinations are not just about testing knowledge; they are a stepping stone to academic growth and success. The recently concluded mid-term and pre-mock exams at St. John Girls' Secondary School have provided valuable insights for both students and teachers. With continued dedication and effort, these assessments will undoubtedly contribute to the school's legacy of excellence and ensure students are well-prepared for their final exams and future academic endeavors. Moving forward, both students and teachers are encouraged to take advantage of the feedback from these exams to make the necessary improvements in their learning and teaching processes. By fostering a positive attitude towards assessments, students can maximize their potential and achieve outstanding academic results.

"A NEWSLETTER IS MORE THAN JUST NEWS; IT IS A BRIDGE THAT CONNECTS, INFORMS, AND INSPIRES ITS READERS."

REV. FR. JOSEPH KIMU - DIRECTOR



Dear teachers, students, and cherished readers,

With profound gratitude to God for His unwavering guidance, I warmly welcome you to the fourth edition of the St. John Girls' Secondary School Newsletter. As we reflect on our journey, I am reminded of Philippians 4:13, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." This verse reminds us that with faith, determination, and unity, we can overcome any challenge and achieve greatness.

I am delighted to see more and more girls expressing their talents through this newsletter. Your creativity and courage inspire us all. Our dream is to nurture future

Malawian women who will be influential in various sectors of life, contributing to the growth and beauty of our beloved nation. Keep shining, for your light is needed in this world.

In these times of economic hardship, I urge you, my dear daughters, to take your studies seriously. Reflect on the sacrifices your parents are making to provide for your education. They are renouncing their own comfort to prepare for your future. Let their efforts motivate you to work diligently and strive for excellence.

I pray daily that you, my dearest daughters, learn the spirit of sharing. Look around you and consider those friends who may lack groceries or other necessities. A kind heart and a generous spirit are marks of true leadership. Let us support one another, for we are a family.

Finally, I admonish you all to be obedient to your teachers and support staff. They act as your parents here at school, guiding and nurturing you with love and dedication. Respect and honor them, for they are instrumental in shaping your future.

To our dedicated staff, thank you for your unwavering commitment to our students. Your efforts create a positive and inspiring school environment. Let us continue to work together to foster growth, excellence, and unity.

As we celebrate this edition, let us remain steadfast in our pursuit of knowledge, kindness, and faith. May God bless our school and guide us in all our endeavors.

Thank you, and may God bless us all.

The Director

St. John Girls' Secondary School



YCS TRIP TO ST. PAUL'S MINOR SEMINARY

BY HANNAH NYIRENDA | FORM 4 STUDENT

8th February, 2025

The day had finally arrived. It was on the 8th of February, 2025, when almost every YCS member eagerly anticipated our visit to SPAS. We had all been waiting patiently for this day, preparing different activities to make it memorable. Finally, the buses arrived, just as rain began to fall. Without wasting time, we embarked on our journey, and in no time, we reached SPAS.

The first thing that caught our attention was the school's breathtaking setting, perched on a mountain. Another surprise was that most of the students were dressed in casual wear. For a moment, we thought they were disorganized, but as the patron guided us to the designated room for storing our belongings, we realized everything had already been carefully prepared for the day's program.

"THE DISCUSSION AIMED TO HELP US SEE, ACT, JUDGE, AND REFLECT ON HOW WE SERVE THE LESS PRIVILEGED IN OUR DAILY LIVES, WHETHER AT SCHOOL OR IN OUR COMMUNITIES."

We were then led to the chapel by the patron, while the executive members held a brief meeting to finalize our program. This session also gave us a chance to introduce ourselves to one another, as we would be working together throughout the day. Soon, we all gathered in the large hall, where the official program commenced.

The event began with an opening prayer led by Prince from SPAS, followed by the introduction of the patrons and executive members from both schools. The MCs for the day, Hannah from St. John and Pius from St. Paul's, then took charge of the proceedings.

The activities kicked off with poetry recitals from Hope, Euster, and Thony, representing their respective schools. Each poem carried valuable lessons that resonated with the audience. Next, we played a game called "Bible Sorting," which tested our ability to quickly find Bible verses. Unfortunately, some of us struggled to differentiate between books in the Old and New Testaments.

The morning session continued with energetic dance performances from students of both schools. We then transitioned into a group gospel inquiry session, where we discussed the theme *"Service to the Poor."* The discussion aimed to help us see, act, judge, and reflect on how we serve the less privileged in our daily lives,

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whether at school or in our communities.

At 12:30 PM, we took a lunch break. The boys and some girls ate together, chatting and laughing, enjoying the well-prepared meal, which many of us appreciated. After lunch, we returned to the hall for the afternoon session, which began with more dance performances from both schools. This was followed by a play from St. John titled “*Tales of Waliko*.”

The play depicted Suzgo, a wealthy man who, after his brother’s death, took over his late brother's property and left behind a widow and two children. Suzgo later committed a grave crime by raping his niece, Mwandida, which led to his expulsion from

the village. The play carried significant lessons, and we all thoroughly enjoyed it.

Afterward, we had presentations from the group discussions, led by Mr. Chiziwa, one of the teachers. Another exciting game, "Musical Chairs," was played, with selected executive members participating to determine the most active among them. Christina Sadrack emerged as the most active executive member from St. John.

As the day came to an end, we listened to speeches from the chair leaders and patrons of both schools. Finally, we were given time to chat, while some of us took a short tour around the school campus to appreciate its scenic beauty.



SCOM TRIP TO MALOSA SECONDARY SCHOOL

BY FAVOUR KUMBANI| FORM 3 STUDENT

15th February, 2025

Our trip to Malosa Secondary School on Saturday, February 15th, 2025 was a day filled with joy and excitement. As SCOM members from St. John Girls’ Secondary School, we set off at around 9 o’clock in the morning, traveling in four buses. The journey felt long and tiring, but our excitement kept us going.

Upon arrival at Malosa Secondary School, in our tradition, we gathered for a prayer, thanking God for a safe trip. As we stepped off the buses and made our way to the hall, the students of Malosa welcomed us warmly. The hall was spacious, and the moment we entered, lively music set the atmosphere. The stage was impressive, with a dedicated



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SCOM TRIP TO MALOSA SECONDARY SCHOOL

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area for performers to prepare before going on. We settled into comfortable plastic chairs and eagerly awaited the ceremony to begin.



Hall interaction gathering

After some time, the matron of Malosa Secondary School stepped forward to deliver a welcoming speech, encouraging us to feel at home. This was followed by introductions from SCOM representatives of both schools, who shared their leadership roles. Our matrons—Madam Daire and Madam Jaffu—along with our patron, Mr. Mtambo, also introduced themselves.

Next, the praise team led a powerful session of worship songs, lifting the spirits of everyone in the hall. A preaching session followed, after which our patron guided us into group discussions about our career aspirations. We formed mixed-gender groups of ten, engaging in insightful conversations about our future goals. Each group then selected a representative to present their discussion points to the larger audience.

Our patron provided valuable advice on achieving our career ambitions and turning our dreams into reality. Once the session ended, we proceeded to lunch. We were served rice with beans, while the Malosa students had nsima with vegetables and soya. We were intrigued to learn that they enjoy rice three times a week—a diet we found quite interesting.

After lunch, we gathered in the hall for various activities. The Malosa choir opened the performances with a beautiful song, followed by an outstanding presentation from our Form 4 girls. A drama performance entertained the audience, and the dancers delivered an energetic and captivating routine. Unfortunately, due to time constraints, some activities had to be cut short, and soon it was time to say goodbye.



Drama performance scene

One thing that stood out was the vastness of Malosa Secondary School's compound. They have an impressive range of sports facilities, including basketball, netball, volleyball, and football. Their classrooms are numerous—so many that counting them would be exhausting!

Overall, the trip was a wonderful experience. We made new friends, explored a different school environment, and gained new perspectives. A heartfelt thanks to Father Kim for making this trip possible. We would love for Malosa students to visit our school one day and experience our environment just as we did theirs.

"EXPERIENCING NEW ENVIRONMENTS AND CONNECTING WITH OTHERS BROADENS OUR PERSPECTIVE, STRENGTHENS OUR FAITH, AND INSPIRES US TO GROW. THIS TRIP WAS MORE THAN JUST A VISIT—IT WAS A JOURNEY OF LEARNING, FRIENDSHIP, AND SELF-DISCOVERY."



THE FRUSTRATED HYPOCRITE

By Violet Banda – Form 4 Student

Shut up, Chitsanzo! Uncle Tebuzo, who was well known for being a hypocrite, shouted. I screamed, calling for help.

Uncle Tebuzo grabbed my hand and forced me into his room after returning from church. I pleaded with him to let me go, but he slapped me twice and instructed me to start removing my clothes. This was something he did every day, but nobody except me knew. At church, he acted like a holy man and was even chosen by the pastor to be an elder. That Sunday, after coming back from church, he forced himself on me and raped me. Later that day, he warned me that if I told anyone, he would either kill me or throw me out of his house.

I was afraid to tell anyone because I had nowhere to go. Both my parents died in a road accident along with my sister, leaving me with Uncle Tebuzo as my only relative. He was a bachelor and often said he would never get married because he satisfied himself by using me as a backup wife. That evening, Uncle Tebuzo's friend, Chilanga, came to visit and planned to stay for two months. When I greeted him, he glanced at me as if he knew something was wrong. I forced a smile and offered him some water. During Chilanga's visit, I was happy because I could finally go to school — Uncle Tebuzo pretended to be a caring uncle in his presence.

After three weeks, I noticed that Mr. Chilanga had been observing my behavior around Uncle Tebuzo. One morning, when Uncle Tebuzo left for church, leaving me alone with his friend, Mr. Chilanga called me and asked me to prepare food for him. After preparing the meal, he invited me to join him. I hesitated, then refused and ran out of the house, remembering Uncle Tebuzo's warning: "Stay away from Chilanga when I am not around." I sat under a mango tree and started crying, thinking about what Uncle Tebuzo did to me.

A few minutes later, I heard voices and singing behind the house mocking Mr. Chilanga. Curious, I went to investigate and asked someone what was happening. The person told me that Uncle Tebuzo had been caught with the pastor's wife, and the pastor had ordered that he be handed over to the police. I felt overjoyed yet sad — though the beast was finally leaving, I had no one else to stay with.

That night, Mr. Chilanga packed his bags, preparing to leave the following morning. However, after hours of waiting, only one police officer arrived. He informed us that Uncle Tebuzo would not be arrested due to a lack of evidence. Furthermore, the pastor had instructed them not to arrest him because he had forgiven him. The crowd was disappointed and began to disperse, leaving me alone with Uncle Tebuzo and his friend. Uncle Tebuzo went inside the house and prayed, hoping to convince his friend that the accusations were false. Mr. Chilanga then changed his mind about leaving, saying he had no money for the journey.

Four days later, Uncle Tebuzo left to buy food. As soon as he was gone, his friend urged me to tell him why I was always sad and looked unhealthy. He promised to pay for my school fees for the rest of my life if I told him the truth. I hesitated but forced myself to speak because I had always wanted to pursue my dream of becoming a doctor, just like my late

father. I revealed that Uncle Tebuzo had been raping me and had forced me to have two abortions to protect his reputation at church. Mr. Chilanga assured me that he would find evidence and take action.

When Uncle Tebuzo returned, I was relieved because I had finally told someone about my suffering. Before leaving for a business trip, he told his friend to return home, as he did not want to leave me alone with him. Mr. Chilanga agreed but secretly handed me a phone and his number, instructing me to call him whenever I needed help. He also taught me how to record videos so I could capture evidence if Uncle Tebuzo tried to assault me again.

That evening, Uncle Tebuzo came to my room and told me to be in his room by 9 PM. I knew his plan, so I set the phone camera to record. At exactly 9 PM, I went to his room, trembling with fear. He came closer, started removing his clothes, and ordered me to do the same. Pretending to obey, I asked for two minutes to fetch my phone. I placed it beside his bed where he wouldn't notice. Slowly, I started undressing, then screamed as he attempted to slap me. Dodging the slap, I ran to the corner, but he caught me and raped me.

When he was done, he went to take a shower. I quickly put on my clothes, grabbed the phone, and ran outside to the mango tree. I called Mr. Chilanga, explained everything, and sent him the recorded video. He told me to give him time to act.

Two days later, I started experiencing pregnancy symptoms. I lost all hope but decided not to tell Uncle Tebuzo, fearing he would force me to abort again. That afternoon, I saw Mr. Chilanga arriving with police officers. As the officers approached, people shouted, "Tebuzo, the rapist and hypocrite!" I joined the crowd, feeling a surge of happiness. When Uncle Tebuzo stepped out of the house, he was shocked to see his friend, police officers, and an angry crowd. He pleaded with the police, but they remained firm.

As the officers reviewed the evidence, a visibly frustrated Uncle Tebuzo sneaked behind the house and hanged himself. During his funeral, the pastor referred to him as "the frustrated hypocrite," a name that had stuck with him since that day.

Mr. Chilanga adopted me and supported my education. Over time, I changed my career goal — I no longer wanted to be a doctor but a worldwide child counselor. One day, when I visited a school near my village, I was surprised to find students studying "The Frustrated Hypocrite" in class.

Years later, Mr. Chilanga passed away, and I got married — to the president. Now, I am the First Lady.

"Chitsanzo! Chitsanzo!" Mom's voice called from downstairs, waking me up. That's when I realized — it was all a dream.

"THE TRUTH ALWAYS FINDS ITS WAY OUT, NO MATTER HOW MANY LAYERS OF DECEPTION ARE AROUND IT."



THE LOST VILLAGE OF LAKE MALAWI

By Samuel Mpando – Teacher

Let me tell you a story, one that has been whispered along the shores of Lake Malawi for generations. A story of a village that vanished, yet never truly disappeared. You may choose to believe it or dismiss it as myth, but those who have lived by the lake know that some stories hold more truth than we dare to admit.

They call it Namalenje Village. Long ago, it was a thriving community along the water's edge, nestled among lush green hills, where the sound of laughter and the hum of daily life filled the air. The villagers were skilled fishermen and farmers, living in harmony with the land and water that sustained them. The village itself was a place of peace, where elders spoke in gentle tones and children played by the shore, their feet barely touching the cool water. Namalenje was a place where everyone knew each other, where the ties that bound them were stronger than the very land they walked upon.

But one fateful night, everything changed. A great cyclone, unlike any the villagers had seen before, swept across the land with terrifying force. The winds howled like wild animals, and the rain fell in torrents, turning the earth into a raging river. The villagers, caught off guard, scrambled to find shelter, but it was no use. The storm was merciless, dragging everything in its path into the depths of the lake. The entire village, its people, its homes - everything - was swept away, swallowed whole by the unforgiving waters.



The storm subsided as quickly as it had come, leaving behind a calm that seemed almost unnatural. But when the people of the surrounding villages arrived to help, there was no trace of Namalenje. The land where it had once stood was barren, the water dark and silent. To the world above, it was lost forever. But the elders, those who had lived for many years and had heard the stories of their ancestors, believed otherwise. They spoke in hushed tones of a hidden world beneath the waves, of a village still alive, still thriving in its own way, untouched by time.

They believed that Namalenje had not been destroyed but rather had been moved to a different plane of existence, hidden beneath the surface of the lake, protected from the eyes of the living. According to the elders, the people of Namalenje still lived, continuing their daily lives, their voices echoing through the water like distant songs carried by the wind. And the villagers believed, because in their hearts, they knew that some things cannot be explained by logic alone. They knew that the lake, with all its mystery and power, held secrets that no one would ever

fully understand.

But here is where the tale takes a darker turn. You see, Namalenje had a problem. Over the years, its population had begun to shift. The men of the village, once strong and numerous, had begun to disappear. It started slowly at first — one or two men would vanish each year, their absence barely noticed by the rest of the village. But then, the disappearances grew more frequent. The women, who had always been many, outnumbered the men. The elders, wise and determined to preserve their hidden world, knew that something had to be done. They could not allow the balance of Namalenje to be disturbed. And so, the disappearances began in earnest.

Fishermen, young and strong, would venture out onto the lake, only to be lost without a trace. Their boats would be found drifting aimlessly on the water, empty and abandoned. Sometimes, the boats would not be found at all, as though they had never existed in the first place. The people spoke of crocodiles, of dangerous currents that pulled the boats beneath the surface, but those who had lived near the lake for generations knew better. The fishermen were not being taken by nature alone. No, there was something more at play - something ancient, something far older than the village itself.

The elders spoke of a time when the village had flourished, when men and women lived together in harmony. But as the years went by, the men of Namalenje grew restless. They began to wander too far from the village, venturing into the deeper waters of the lake where no one dared to go. And in those waters, the spirits of the lake—ancient and powerful—watched and waited. They were the ones who called the men, who lured them into the depths, where they could never return. The elders believed that Namalenje's fate was tied to the balance between the men and the women. Without enough men, the village would fade into the darkness, lost to time and memory.

**"SOME SAY THAT THE
MEN WHO DISAPPEARED
WERE TAKEN BY THE
SPIRITS OF THE LAKE, WHO
NEEDED THEM TO KEEP THE
VILLAGE ALIVE."**

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THE LOST VILLAGE OF LAKE MALAWI

Story from the previous page

Some say that the men who disappeared were taken by the spirits of the lake, who needed them to keep the village alive. Others claim that the men were drawn into a world beneath the water, where they became part of the village once again, bound to its mysteries forever. Some say that the spirits of the lake were not malevolent, but rather guardians of Namalenje, ensuring that the village would continue to thrive beneath the surface, hidden from the eyes of the world. And yet, others believe that the disappearances were the work of the women of Namalenje, who had grown tired of waiting for their husbands to return and decided to take matters into their own hands. The truth, it seems, is more elusive than anyone could have imagined.

Among those men who disappeared was Lazaro, an old fisherman who had lived on the shores of Lake Malawi for as long as anyone could



remember. He was known throughout the region for his wisdom and his uncanny ability to navigate the most dangerous waters. One night, he went out on the lake, as he had done countless times before. But this time, he did not return.

For decades, the people searched for Lazaro, but he was never found. His boat was discovered, drifting aimlessly on the water, but there was no sign of him. The villagers feared the worst—that Lazaro had fallen victim to the same forces that had claimed so many before him. But then, many years later, Lazaro reappeared. He was a changed man—older, yes, but also... different. His eyes held a strange, distant look, and when he spoke, his voice was filled with secrets that no one could understand.

Lazaro told tales of a village beneath the water, a place where the air was thick with the scent of salt and seaweed, where coral huts rose from the depths like ancient temples, and where glowing lanterns illuminated the dark waters. He spoke of the women of Namalenje, who had voices like the waves, soft and melodic, calling to the men who had been chosen to join them. He spoke of the elders, wise and powerful, who decided which men could return to the surface and which ones must stay below. And he spoke of the men who, once taken, had become part of the village, bound to its mysteries and its people forever.

But Lazaro's tale was not without a warning. He told the young men who listened to his words to be careful, to never stray too far into the deep waters of the lake. For Namalenje still watched, still waited, and those who ventured too far might never return. He spoke of the strange lights that flickered beneath the surface at night, of the whispers that rode the wind when the waters were calm. And he warned them that every so often, another fisherman would disappear, never to be seen again.

Even now, the people still speak of Lazaro and his warnings. The lights still flicker beneath the water at night, and the whispers can still be heard when the wind is right. And though many dismiss the tale of Namalenje as mere legend, those who have lived by the lake know that some stories hold more truth than we dare to admit.

So tell me, do you believe? Or will you, too, venture too far into the unknown, only to become another tale whispered along the shores of Lake Malawi?

"NOT ALL WHO ARE LOST ARE GONE—SOME SIMPLY LIVE IN A WORLD UNSEEN."



THE WEALTH FAMILY

By Rejoice Msukwa - Form 1 Student

Once in Washington, D.C., lived a wealthy family known as the Tyler family. They had a son named Kelvin and a daughter named Joanne.

Tragically, their parents died in a plane crash on their way to Ukraine. Fortunately, they had left their children in the care of their nanny, Mrs. Peabody.

When the family members heard about the tragic accident, they saw it as an opportunity to seize the wealth left behind by the parents. At that time, Kelvin was 12, and Joanne was 9.

One day, a pink car pulled up outside their gate. Mrs. Peabody was surprised to see the children's aunt step out of the car. She thought to herself, maybe she is here to take the children. But she was wrong — the had actually come to stay with her husband and kids.

Mrs. Peabody and the children were thrown out of the house. With no other option, she took them back to her small, run-down apartment in downtown Washington, D.C.

Life became difficult, and finding food for the children and herself was a struggle. Eventually, she made the heartbreaking decision to take Kelvin to an orphanage. Though it was painful, she knew she had no other choice.

One day, after making up her mind, she took Kelvin to You're Gonna Find a Home Orphanage. She visited him regularly, but one day when she went, she discovered that Kelvin had been adopted by a very wealthy family from New York City.

At last, she felt at peace. She had never expected that he would be adopted, but finally, he was.



WHY DID YOU HAVE TO LEAVE

By Rejoice Misoya
Form 2 Student

Look at him,
Lying on that rectangular bed.
My face is full of rivers,
My eyes burning red like fire,
My body scorching, like an oven.

Why did you have to leave so soon?
Your children left in despair.
Poverty now hides our faces,
While our second multiplier digs the ground,
Searching for food.
Once, we feasted on fish
From the great waters.

Life was easier when you were here.
We miss you already.
Sleeping in peace, undisturbed
I wish you could come back.



LOOK AT US AND SEE OUR DISGRACE

By Rejoice Misoya
Form 2 Student

Look at us, and see our disgrace,
Our property now in the hands of strangers.
Foreigners live in our homes,
Our fathers slain by the enemy,
And now our mothers are widows.

We pay for the water we drink,
We buy the wood we need for fuel.
We were driven hard like donkeys or camels,
Tired but denied rest or sleep.

Our wives have been raped by the enemy,
Our daughters forced to submit themselves.
Our young men grind grains like slaves
And now we are rendered useless.

Murders roam the countryside,
We risk our lives just to find food.
Hunger has burned us with fever,
Our skins as hot as an oven.

Our leaders shown no respect,
Now hanged by the enemy.
Look at us, and see our disgrace.

"A POEM BEGINS AS A LUMP IN THE THROAT, A SENSE OF WRONG, A HOMESICKNESS, A LOVESICKNESS."

— ROBERT FROST



DAD

By Favour Kavinya
Form 4 Student

All day long, he works so hard,
Sometimes spends too much on his card.
Through his job, he keeps his hope,
Striving not to lose his scope.

Whether in the sun or at his desk,
His workload leaves him drained at best.
Just thinking of it makes me sigh,
So take it easy - don't deny.

It's always about Mom, they say,
But today is Dad's own special day.
To be frank, each day should be
Dad, you mean the world to me.



IN THE DREAD JUDGEMENT

By Chikondi Jimu
Form 3 Student

We scatter seeds with careless hands,
And dream they'll bloom in golden fields.
Yet after years, their fruits appear
Not harvest bright, but thorns concealed.

The deeds we do, the words we speak,
Seem to vanish on the breeze.
We count them lost, forever past,
Yet they remain, unseen, at ease.

But in the dread judgment's light,
All shall rise
And we shall meet
In the dread judgement



CHISOMO CHAIMA

Future Engineer

My name is **Chisomo Chaima**, and I am 13 years old. I am a Form 3 student at St. John Girls’ Secondary School.

My dream is to become an **Engineer** specializing in designing and repairing cars. I admire **Elon Musk**, who has inspired me to believe that I, too, can achieve great things in engineering.

To accomplish my goal, I am committed to working extra hard in my studies. I also pray for God's guidance and support in my education so that one day, I can become a successful engineer like Elon Musk.



DESIRE KAUMPHAWI

Future Surgeon Doctor

My name is **Desire Kaumphawi**, and I am 13 years old. I am a Form 3 student at St. John Girls’ Secondary School.

My dream is to become a **Surgeon Doctor** because I want to help people, especially those suffering from kidney problems. Malawi has a shortage of specialized doctors, and I aspire to fill that gap by providing medical care to those in need.

I trust that with God's help and my dedication, I will achieve my dream. I also want to make my parents proud by becoming a successful surgeon.

"HOPE IS THE ONLY THING STRONGER THAN FEAR."

— Suzanne Collins



EDA SILUMBU

Future Journalist

My name is **Eda Silumbu**, and I am 17 years old. I am a Form 3 student at St. John Girls’ Secondary School.

My dream is to study journalism at the University of Oxford and become a renowned **Journalist**. Additionally, I aspire to become a well-known actress in the African film industry. I also dream of living abroad with my family and making my parents proud.

I am working very hard to turn this dream into reality, and I trust that with God's help, I will achieve this lifetime opportunity.



FAVOUR KUMBANI

Future Lawyer

My name is **Favour Kumbani**, and I am 14 years old. I am a Form 3 student at St. John Girls’ Secondary School.

My dream is to become a **Lawyer** because I want to contribute to a peaceful country free from corruption and violence, where unity thrives. I strongly believe that women can make a significant impact in society.

I am determined to work extremely hard because I was once told that *hard work pays off*, and I know that my efforts will lead me to success.



YVETTE NANSETA

Future Psychological Doctor

My name is **Yvette Nanseta**, and I am 13 years old. I am a Form 1 student at St. John Girls' Secondary School.

When I was in primary school, I had many dreams, including becoming a psychologist or a bank manager. However, I have now decided to pursue a career as a **Psychologist**.

I aspire to become a well-known psychologist and to inspire other girls to achieve their dreams. I believe that girls can be independent and successful without relying on anyone. Being a girl is not a weakness but a strength that drives us to achieve great things.



LINDA NYIRENDA

Future Surgeon Doctor

My name is **Linda Nyirenda**, and I am 15 years old. I am a Form 1 student at St. John Girls' Secondary School.

My dreams are to become a **Surgeon Doctor**, to improve my English proficiency, and to excel in my studies, aiming for six points in my Form 4 MSCE exams. This will help me secure a scholarship and study abroad.

I am confident that with hard work and determination, I will achieve my dreams, pass my exams with flying colors, and make my parents proud.

"HOLD FAST TO DREAMS, FOR IF DREAMS DIE, LIFE IS A BROKEN-WINGED BIRD THAT CANNOT FLY."

— LANGSTON HUGHES



NOMSA MANDALASI

Future Astronaut

My name is **Nomsa Mandalasi**, and I am 12 years old. I am a Form 1 student at St. John Girls' Secondary School.

My dream is to become an **Astronaut**. I want to explore space and learn more about the galaxy. Additionally, I aspire to be the first female astronaut from Malawi, serving as an inspiration to other girls.

To achieve my dream, I am dedicated to working hard in school and completing all my assignments as instructed by my teachers. My goal is to be selected for a reputable university where I can continue my studies and become an astronaut.



PEMPHERO KAUKA

Future Judge

My name is **Pemphero Kauza**, and I am 13 years old. I am a Form 1 student at St. John Girls' Secondary School.

Ever since I was 10 years old, I have dreamed of becoming a **Judge**. This dream has remained strong in my heart, and I am determined to make it a reality.

I am working hard in class and engaging in activities that will help me achieve my goal of becoming a judge. I believe that through dedication and perseverance, I will succeed in my journey.



AGING WITH GRACE AND POISE THROUGH EMBRACING GROWTH BY LETTING GO OF WHAT HOLDS US BACK

BY SAMUEL MPANDO | TEACHER

Aging is a part of life, but how we age is up to us. Some of us seem to grow older with grace and confidence, while others struggle with the process. The difference often comes down to habits.

There are certain behaviors that can make aging feel heavier—behaviors that add stress, negativity, or unnecessary resistance to change.

Letting go of them can make all the difference in how we feel and how others perceive us.

If we truly want to age with grace and poise, it's time to say goodbye to some of these unusual behaviors.

1. COMPLAINING ABOUT EVERYTHING

Nothing makes us seem older and more bitter than constant complaining.

Yes, life comes with its fair share of challenges, but focusing on the negatives only drains our energy and the energy of those around us. Nobody enjoys being around someone who always has something to gripe about.

Aging with grace means accepting that not everything will go our way—but that doesn't mean we have to dwell on it. Instead of complaining, let's shift our focus to what's going well.

Gratitude and positivity can make a huge difference in how we experience life (and how others experience us).

2. RESISTING CHANGE

Many of us have scoffed at new technology. Every time a new phone or app comes out, we may roll our eyes and tell ourselves, "We don't need that."

But over time, we realize that our resistance to change isn't making us wiser—it's just making us feel left behind.

Change is inevitable, whether it's in technology, fashion, or even the way people communicate. Clinging to the past doesn't make time slow down; it just makes adjusting to the present harder.

Once we embrace the idea that change isn't something to fear but something to learn from, life becomes easier.

Instead of dismissing new things outright, let's stay curious. That curiosity keeps us engaged and connected rather than stuck in the past.

"UNLOCK A MORE FULFILLING LIFE BY RELEASING WHAT NO LONGER SERVES US."

3. HOLDING ONTO GRUDGES

There was a time when we may have thought that holding onto resentment gave us power.

If someone hurt us, we'd replay the situation over and over in our heads, convincing ourselves that we were right to stay angry.

But the truth is, grudges don't punish the other person—they only weigh us down.

Forgiveness doesn't mean forgetting or excusing bad behavior. It just means freeing ourselves from the burden of carrying that negativity around.

The older we get, the more we realize how precious our time and energy are. Wasting them on past hurts only takes away from the present.

Letting go doesn't happen overnight, but when it does, it feels like a weight has been lifted. And that lightness? That's grace.

4. LIVING ON AUTOPILOT

It's easy to fall into routines—waking up, going through the motions, and ending the day without really being present.

But when we live on autopilot, we miss out on the little moments that make life meaningful.

Mindfulness isn't just about meditation—it's about learning to fully engage with life. Whether it's savoring a meal, enjoying a conversation, or simply noticing the way the sun feels on our skin, being present makes everything more vibrant.

Aging with grace means appreciating the now instead of rushing through it. The more we practice mindfulness, the richer and more fulfilling life becomes.

5. ALWAYS PUTTING OTHERS FIRST

We're often taught that being good people means always prioritizing others—family, friends, coworkers—before ourselves. But constantly putting ourselves last isn't selfless; it's exhausting.

STORY CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

AGING WITH GRACE AND POISE THROUGH EMBRACING GROWTH BY LETTING GO OF WHAT HOLDS US BACK

STORY FROM PAGE 14

If we never take care of our own needs, we eventually burn out, and when that happens, we're no good to anyone. True grace comes from balance—knowing when to give and when to set boundaries.

Taking time for ourselves, saying no when we need to, and prioritizing our well-being isn't selfish. It's necessary.

The more we care for ourselves, the more energy and kindness we'll have to share with the people who matter most.

6. CHASING PERFECTION

Perfection is an impossible standard, yet so many of us spend years—sometimes decades—trying to reach it. Whether it's in our appearance, careers, or relationships, the pursuit of perfection only leads to frustration and disappointment.

Aging with grace means embracing imperfections, not fighting them. Wrinkles tell stories, mistakes teach lessons, and life feels much lighter when we stop trying to control every little detail.

The most poised and confident people aren't the ones who have everything figured out—they're the ones who have learned to embrace life as it is, flaws and all.

7. AVOIDING NEW EXPERIENCES

For a long time, many of us have stuck to what was familiar. We eat the same foods, visit the same places, and stay within our comfort zones. It feels safe—but it also feels stagnant.

One of the biggest secrets to aging with grace is staying open to new experiences. Trying something different—whether it's traveling somewhere new, picking up a hobby, or even just having a conversation with someone outside our usual circle—keeps life exciting and keeps us growing.

The moment we stop being curious about the world is the moment we start feeling old. Staying open, saying yes to opportunities, and welcoming change keeps us engaged with life in a way that no anti-aging cream ever could.

8. WORRYING ABOUT WHAT OTHERS THINK

Spending too much time worrying about how others see us is exhausting.

For years, many of us have second-guessed our choices, wondering if people would judge us. But

the truth is, most people are too busy with their own lives to scrutinize ours.

Aging with poise means letting go of the need for outside approval. Confidence doesn't come from being liked by everyone—it comes from being comfortable with who we are. The sooner we stop worrying about what others think, the freer we become. And that kind of freedom? It looks good on everyone.

9. NEGLECTING OUR RELATIONSHIPS

At the end of the day, it's not success, money, or achievements that matter most—it's the people we share our lives with.

Yet, it's easy to get caught up in daily responsibilities and let friendships and family connections fade into the background.

The biggest regret many people have later in life isn't what they did—it's who they lost touch with along the way. Aging with grace means making the effort to nurture relationships, check in on loved ones, and be present for the people who matter.

No one ages well in isolation. The love, laughter, and support we share with others are what truly make life meaningful.

BOTTOM LINE: AGING IS AN ART

Aging isn't something to fear—it's something to embrace. Every year brings new lessons, new experiences, and new chances to grow. But how we age depends on the choices we make along the way.

Letting go of habits that weigh us down allows us to move through life with greater ease and grace.

Because in the end, aging well isn't about staying young—it's about staying engaged, open, and connected to what truly matters.

"THE SECRET TO PERSONAL GROWTH LIES IN WHAT WE LEAVE BEHIND."

MR. CLEMENT CHIGALAGALA - HEADTEACHER



Dear teachers, students, and valued readers,

Gratefulness to the Almighty God for the good health and safety of our staff and students as we continue sailing through the 2024/25 Academic Year.

Throughout the past month, our students have been exposed to various opportunities through the YCS and SCOM trips. As we welcome the new month, we want to assure you that you will have great and memorable experiences that will help you excel in your academic journey. We are grateful for the overall behaviour, hard work, and diligence that our students demonstrated

in the recently concluded midterm examinations and in all other important aspects of campus life.

The future is in the hands of those who put in the time and effort now, so to all of our JCE and MSCE candidates, I hope this year's exams serve as a constant reminder to you to work hard in your studies and achieve your full potential.

We are very grateful to the staff for their unwavering dedication, self-control, and perseverance in seeing to it that the students' needs are met in every way.

Our esteemed parents and guardians can rest assured that they will never regret choosing St. John Girls Secondary School to assist in forming their child's future because the institution has implemented policies and procedures to guarantee that your child will grow up to be a trustworthy and responsible adult.

Allow me to take this chance to congratulate our students selected to undertake different courses at several public universities in Malawi. The time you have been anticipating has come; ensure you demonstrate to the world that you are truly products of St. John Girls Secondary School by putting in effort in your studies. We take pride in you.

Thank you all.

The Headteacher

St. John Girls' Secondary School

"THE FUTURE IS IN THE HANDS OF THOSE WHO PUT IN THE TIME AND EFFORT NOW."



1

SCOM MEMBERS PAUSE FOR A GROUP PHOTO AT MALOSA SECONDARY SCHOOL



2

YCS INTERACTIONS AT SPAS



3

ST. JOHN GIRLS' DRAMA SCENE



4

MR. MTAMBO PAUSING WITH HIS STUDENTS AFTER CLASS

ST. JOHN GIRLS' SECONDARY SCHOOL
INTEGRAL EDUCATION FOR GIRLS

17/17

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