



WHAT'S INSIDE?

FROM THE DESK OF VCMD
PAGE.....1

EDITOR'S SPEAK
PAGE.....2

MAX PANORAMA
PAGE3

MAX ARTICLES
PAGE.....4

EMPLOYEE NEW JOINEES
PAGE.....6



SCAN THE CODE
FOR THE
ARCHIVE
COLLECTION OF
NISHA

CHIEF EDITOR: NITESH CHAHARIA

DEPUTY EDITORS: RUPESH MISHRA
ANIK BOSE, KAUSHIK ROY

FROM THE DESK OF VCMD

Dear Maxians,

The Power of Learning

Sometime we wonder what makes people successful. There could be a lot of reasons but one common quality is that they have all been eager to continue learning. Successful managers and many highly successful people have an innate desire for information. They want to learn, discover new and experiment to feed their curiosity.

The flip side of the coin are those people who have reached a height in their career but will tend to stagnate as they stopped their quest to learn. Many experts feel that as they have been accepted as an authority their learning should end too. This is what an old management states of rising to the level of inefficiency. After a point those who stopped learning will stagnate and as technology and processes advance they will be a misfit. Their arrogance will result in a fall.

The process of continuous learning may also highlight the redundancy of earlier knowledge. Over the years, especially in the management processes, earlier theories and practices may have lost their relevance and it's imperative to reinvent and to rediscover. This will lead to declutter and at the same time further hone in one's skills. Education also comes from many and just not formal learning and training.

Post getting a formal education which is very important it is also equally essential to develop other skills. A mere formal degree is not necessarily a ticket to success. On the other hand, the lack of high degree does not stop many from being highly successful.

One must strive to see that non formal qualifications of common sense, negotiation skills, sales ability, and general business knowledge are also polished to move ahead in one's career. One always learns something new from the most unlikely. Just observance is one such platform.

One of the shackles of non learning is the fact of the comfort zone. One has to move out of it. To be only in the comfort zone is to stifle growth and limit life. Mere learning for oneself is just not enough. One also has to pass on the information and

knowledge so that one becomes a repository for information as a mentor. At the same time one is able to learn from peers and the team too.

Living a life full of wonder and a thirst for knowledge keeps one young. Medical Science proves that continuous learning and challenging yourself through puzzles, crosswords and brainteasers slows the onset of dementia.

I thus urge you all to read and educate in order to further improve oneself. I also request you all to share interesting learnings that we can print in Nishtha for others to learn too.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas & a very Happy New Year! Stay Safe...
VCMD



EDITOR'S SPEAK

Season's Greetings to NISHTHA family!

As the cold has hit the major part of the country, with Christmas' decorations, lights and carolling around the corner, let us spread the warmth to the unfortunate ones as well who are either freezing because of the cold, or cold because of the hardships they are going through.

With 2022 lying around the corner, I, on behalf of the Max family wish you well as we complete 2021, where we had attained lots of learning, loss even a few of our loved ones, had to inculcate new and best habits, but the hope and wish that tomorrow will be a better day should keep us through.

2021's battle is still not over, with these few days at hand, we can achieve and hustle for what we have promised for 2021.

18th December, the death anniversary of the Great Khasi poet, with one of his famous poems "Fortitude" abridged as:

"The heart too will grieve
Alone faraway;
The tears that gather
Are actually pearls."

A Merry Christmas to one and all, and wishes for a prosperous New Year!!

Regards,
Rupesh Mishra (Editor)



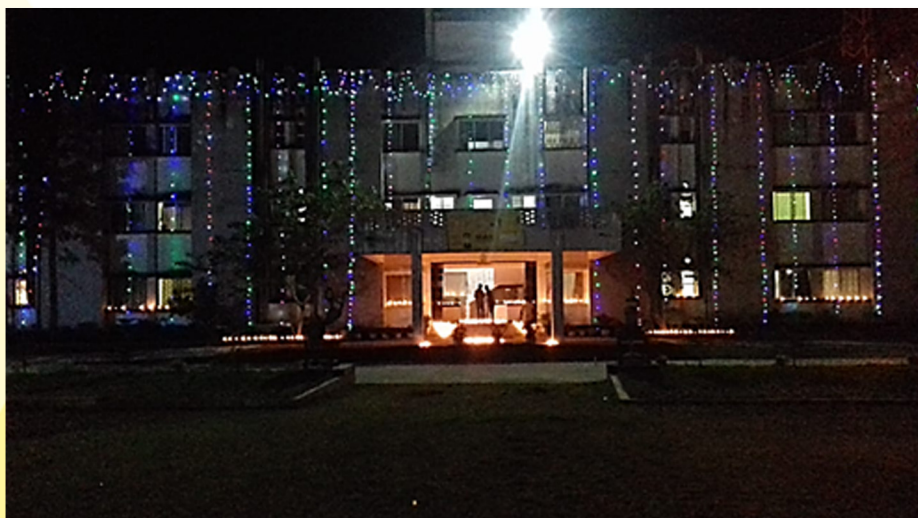


MAX PANORAMA



IN PLANT - 2021

Upholding the view to reduce air pollution and prevent a surge in novel coronavirus cases, Diwali has been celebrated in Plant firecracker-free. On this occasion, Office buildings, Guest House were light up with decorative lights, diyas and Diwali Laxmi Puja was held at Admin Office Building.





'THE CHRISTMAS ANGELS'

It was December 23, 1993. For a single mom who was going to college and supporting my children completely alone, Christmas was looking bleak. I looked around my little home, realization dawning like a slow, twisting pain. We were poor.

Our tiny house had two bedrooms, both off the living room. They were so small that my baby daughter's crib barely fit into one room, and my son's twin bed and dresser were squeezed into the other. There was no way they could share a room, so I made my bed every night on the living room floor.

The three of us shared the only closet in the house. We were snug, always only a few feet from each other, day and night. With no doors on the children's rooms, I could see and hear them at all times. It made them feel secure, and it made me feel close to them -- a blessing I wouldn't have had in other circumstances.

It was early evening, about eight o'clock. The snow was falling softly, silently, and my children were both asleep. I was wrapped in a blanket, sitting at the window, watching the powdery flakes flutter in the dimming light, when my front door vibrated with a pounding fist.

Alarmed, I wondered who would stop by unannounced on such a snowy winter night. I opened the door to find a group of strangers grinning from ear to ear, their arms laden with boxes and bags.

Confused, but finding their joyous spirit contagious, I grinned right back at them.

"Are you Susan?" The man stepped forward as he held out a box for me.

Nodding stupidly, unable to find my voice, I was sure they thought I was mentally deficient.

"These are for you." The woman thrust another box at me with a huge, beaming smile. The porch light and the snow falling behind her cast a glow over her dark hair, lending her an angelic appearance.

I looked down into her box. It was filled to the top with delicious treats, a fat turkey, and all the makings of a traditional Christmas dinner. My eyes filled with tears as the realization of why they were there washed over me.

Finally coming to my senses, I found my voice and invited them in. Following the husband were two children, staggering with the weight of their packages. The family introduced themselves and told me their packages were all gifts for my little family. This wonderful, beautiful family, who were total strangers to me, somehow knew exactly what we needed. They brought wrapped gifts for each of us, a full buffet for me to make on Christmas Day, and many "extras" that I could never afford. Visions of a beautiful, "normal" Christmas literally danced in my head. Somehow my secret wish for Christmas was materializing right in front of me. The desperate prayers of a single mom had been heard, and I knew right then that God had sent his angels my way.

My mysterious angels then handed me a white envelope, gave me another round of grins, and took turns hugging me. They wished me a Merry Christmas and disappeared into the night as suddenly as they had appeared.

Amazed and deeply touched, I looked around me at the boxes and gifts strewn at my feet and felt the ache of depression suddenly being transformed into a childlike joy. I began to cry. I cried hard, sobbing tears of the deepest gratitude. A great sense of peace filled me. The knowledge of God's love reaching into my tiny corner of the world enveloped me like a warm quilt. My heart was full. I fell to my knees amid all the boxes and offered a heartfelt prayer of thanks.

Getting to my feet, I wrapped myself in my blankets and sat once again to gaze out the window at the gently falling snow. Suddenly, I remembered the envelope. Like a child, I ripped it open and gasped at what I saw. A shower of bills flitted to the floor. Gathering them up, I began to count the five, ten, and twenty-dollar bills. As my vision blurred with tears, I counted the money, then recounted it to make sure I had it right. Sobbing again, I said it out loud: "One hundred dollars."

I looked at my children sleeping soundly, and through my tears I smiled my first happy, free-of-worry smile in a long, long time. My smile turned into a grin as I thought about tomorrow: Christmas Eve. One visit from complete strangers had magically turned a painful day into a special one that we would always remember...with happiness.

It is now several years since our Christmas angels visited. I have remarried, and our household is happy and richly blessed. Every year since that Christmas in 1993, we have chosen a family less blessed than we are. We bring them carefully selected gifts, food and treats, and as much money as we can spare. It's our way of passing on what was given to us. It's the "ripple effect" in motion. We hope that the cycle continues and that, someday, the families we share with will be able to pass it on, too.

-- Susan Fahncke



NEW JOINEES

PLANT

NAME OF EMPLOYEE	DEPT.	DESIG.
PINKU BIN	ELECTRICAL & INSTRUMENTATION	JR. TECHNICIAN
MUKHLESUR RAHMAN	PROCESS	ASST. MANAGER
MD DILWAR AHMAD	PROCESS	ENGINEER
RAM CHANDRA HAZARIKA	ADMINISTRATION	SECURITY SUPERVISOR
ROUSHAN KUMAR SHARMA	ELECTRICAL & INSTRUMENTATION	ITI TRAINEE

