

SCARBORO MISSIONS

May-June 2010 \$1.00



OUR LADY'S MISSIONARIES SPECIAL ISSUE





Dear friend of Scarboro Missions...

In the centre of this issue you will find our donation envelope. Please remember us with your prayers and financial support so that we may witness to the Gospel overseas and in Canada. We will continue to be good stewards of all your gifts as we put ourselves at the service of others. Thank you for your faithfulness and generosity.



VOLUME 91, NUMBER 3
MAY-JUNE 2010

Publisher: Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
Editor/Designer: Kathy Gillis

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society (Charitable Reg. #11914 2164 RR0001) is a Roman Catholic missionary community involved in mission overseas and in Canada. Founded in Canada in 1918 by Fr. John Fraser, Scarboro's initial purpose was to train and send missionary priests to China. Forced to leave China after the Second World War, Scarboro began working in the Caribbean, Asia, and Latin America.

Scarboro Missions magazine publishes four editions each year, plus the calendar. The articles published represent the opinions of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the official position of the Society.

Please address all inquiries to: Scarboro Missions, 2685 Kingston Road, Scarborough, ON, M1M 1M4. Tel: 416-261-7135; Toll-free: 1-800-260-4815; Fax: 416-261-0820

Email: info@scarboromissions.ca (General)
editor@scarboromissions.ca (Magazine)
mid@scarboromissions.ca (Subscriptions)

Printed in Canada and mailed from Toronto East L.P.P., Scarborough, ON. Return postage guaranteed. ISSN 0700-6802

CONTENTS

FEATURES

Diversidad By Clarice Garvey, O.L.M.	4
Faith, hope, and love By Mona Kelly, O.L.M.	6
Finding community By Lucy Lee, O.L.M.	7
The last chapter By Clarice Garvey, O.L.M.	8
Stars of my journey By Anie Montejo, O.L.M.	10
Beauty in diversity By Mina Velasco, O.L.M. Associate	11
Womb of God By Mary Gauthier, O.L.M.	12
Life is worth living By Myra Trainor, O.L.M.	14
The prophetic way By Therese MacDonald, O.L.M.	17
Memorare By Marie Clarkson, O.L.M.	18
Becoming Neighbours, becoming friends By Gwen Legault, O.L.M.	20
A home of hope and compassion By Norma Samar, O.L.M.	22
Diversity—A world treasure By Patricia Kay, O.L.M.	23
Gratitude and grief, grief and gratitude ... <i>Excerpts from a journal</i> By Mary Alban Bouchard, C.S.J.	24

COLUMNS

Guest editorial By Frances Brady, O.L.M.	3
In Memory: Sister Pauline Doherty, O.L.M.	9
Crossword	21
FAQ (Frequently Asked Questions)	26

COVER: "In God's hands are the depths of the earth" (Psalm 95).
Drawing by Yolanda Cadavos.
Photos: Sr. Cecile Turner and her nephew Bert.
OLM Sisters in Brazil, L-R: Sisters Mona Kelly, Lucy Lee, and Clarice Garvey.

GUEST EDITORIAL



By Sr. Frances Brady, O.L.M.

God's gifts are magnificent and plentiful

Only the limitless diversity of creation can begin to reflect the glory of God to us for our appreciation and participation. Recognizing that we are dependent for survival on all the amazing variety of life forms on this planet Earth leads us to appreciation and gratitude.

Many in Canada are privileged to experience this diversity daily among the people of various cultures, customs, faiths, and talents with whom we live and work. We live and learn that God gifts us in limitless ways; that each person has something special to contribute to the human family and to the Earth that nourishes us; that the unique charism of each religious group can be expressed in a variety of ways responding to a wide range of needs and circumstances.

After many years spent abroad in various missions, the majority of Our Lady's Missionaries are now living in Toronto, the most multicultural city in the world. Toronto provides wonderful opportunities to experience the beauty and variety of cultures in our midst. Music, food, art, language, literature, and just about everything else from most places on the planet are placed within our reach.

With benefits come responsibilities: to meet differences with respect and to ask important questions. In our beautiful and welcoming country, how do we decide whom we welcome? How do we help newcomers to use their talents, skill, and education for the benefit of their families and the Canadian community? How can we balance our appreciation of goods from around the world with the cost, to human life and to the planet, of bringing them to us?

What God has created is magnificent and plentiful. Genuine gratitude invites us to responsible use and generous sharing of what is given for everyone. Such a sincere and heartfelt response is the one that will bring about our fulfilment and enjoyment of God's vast, diverse, and beautiful creation.∞



We are grateful for the continuing friendship and support of all at Scarboro Missions, for Kathy Gillis, editor of *Scarboro Missions* magazine, Sisters Christine Gebel and Noreen Kearns (above L-R) who worked with Kathy to prepare this issue, and for all of you who read our stories and encourage our missionary work.

Thanks to Ministry of the Arts, Congregation of St. Joseph, La Grange Park, Illinois (www.MinistryOfTheArts.org) for permission to reprint images from their 2009 calendar, "The New History of the Universe" in this issue of *Scarboro Missions* magazine. Below is a listing of all calendar artists and writers:

January: Universe Story—Our Story by Mary Southard, CSJ
February: Beyond Silence by Nancy Earle, SMIC
March: Once Upon A Universe by Mary Southard, CSJ
April: Sun Loving Earth by Dana Lynne Anderson, Courtesy of Dawn Publications
May: Life Emerging by Anne Camozzi
June: Cataclysm by Mary Southard, CSJ
July: How Flowers Changed the World by Mary Southard, CSJ
August: Wonder Awakens by Mary Southard, CSJ
September: Earth With A Human Face by Mary Southard CSJ
October: The Rise of Civilization by Dana Lynne Anderson
Courtesy of Dawn Publications
November: Passion of Earth II by Mary Southard CSJ
December: Communion by Nancy Earle, SMIC
The Story Writing Team: Kathy Sherman, CSJ, John Surette, SJ, Barbara Foreman, Mary Southard, CSJ.

Diversidade

By Sr. Clarice Garvey, O.L.M.

Each year for a number of years, our community here in Brazil has invited friends among whom we live and work to our house for an evening between Christmas and New Years.

The purpose of our gathering is to celebrate our delight in the Feast of the Birth of Jesus. It is also a time when we share the gifts and struggles of the past year, as well as strengthen our faith, courage, and friendship for the challenges in our ministries during the year to come.

The party always begins with the wonderful sounds of joy, the joy of friends meeting friends. This first part of the evening is particularly special to me. It is a moment when we, as Our Lady's Missionaries, are affirmed and celebrate our particular charism: hospitality and the bringing together of friends.

Given the numerous ecological disasters of 2009, both here in Brazil and throughout the world, and the political, economic and social disaster of the international meeting in Copenhagen, which had ended only a short time earlier, we chose "The New History of the Universe" as the topic of our reflection and discussion that evening.

We had a copy of "The New History of the Universe," and the benefit of a work done by a group of artists who had divided the history into 12 events and had painted incredibly beautiful images for each event.

While the description of each event was read aloud by two of our



L-R: Maria de Lourdes Perreira, Nanuia Martins, and Sr. Clarice Garvey reflecting on "The New History of the Universe."

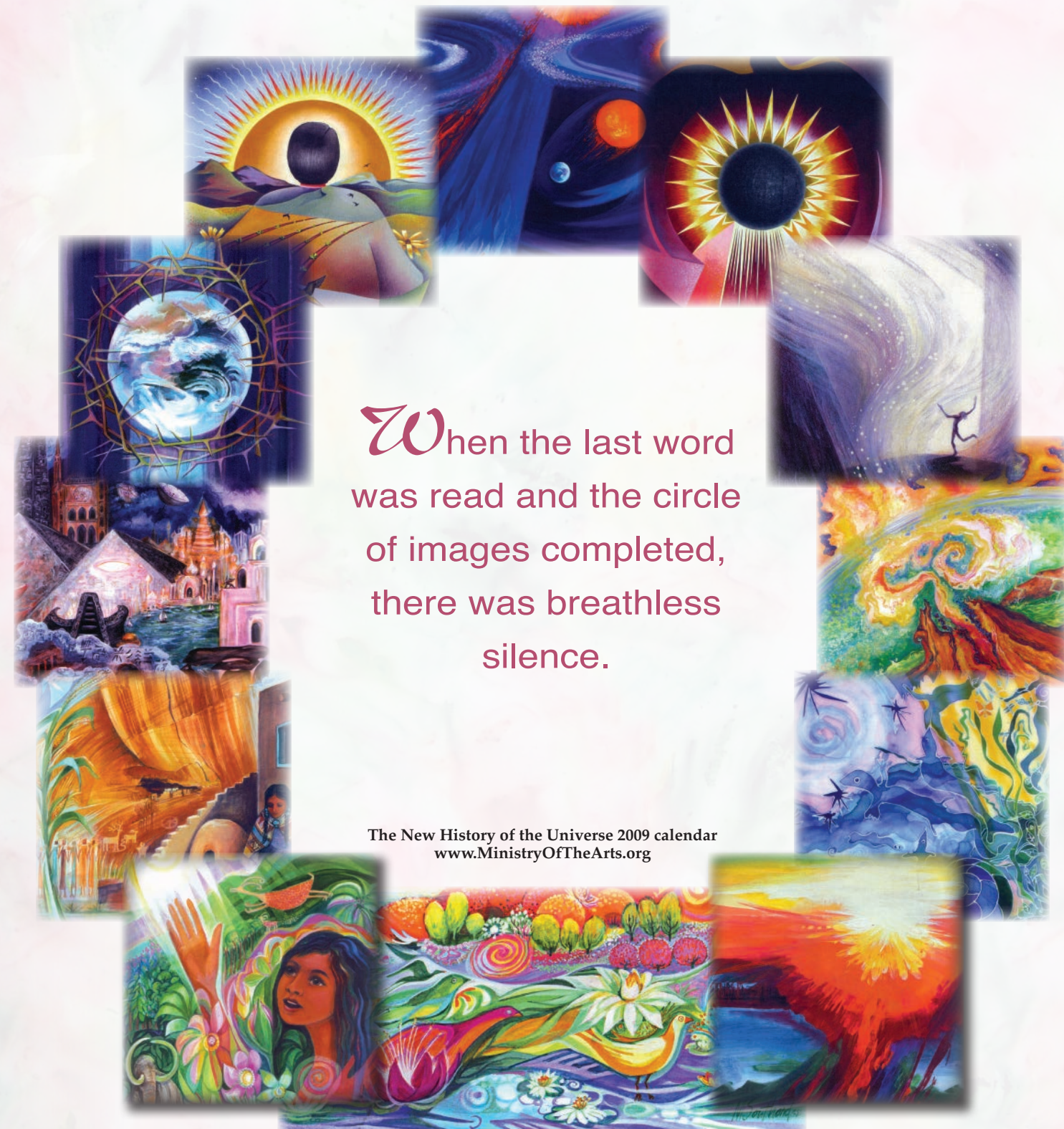
guests, the image representing the event was shown around the room and then laid on the floor to eventually form a circle. When the last word was read and the circle of images completed, there was breathless silence. It seemed that even the temperature in the room had dropped as bodies stilled and no one spoke.

Soon emotions soared and sharing as diverse as the ages and cultures of the group began. There was delight in the sheer beauty of the images, a strong sense of God present, tears of sadness at the destruction by humanity, tears of shame for our abuse of nature, fear for our future and for the future of the planet, questions about science and religion, about what we can do and how we can change our values. There were expressions of gratitude for life, of the power and gentleness of the Creation process, and pleas for an increased awareness, and on and on. But mostly there was just AWE!

This prayerful reflection time was followed by a quick and energetic move to the kitchen where platters of food, Canadian buffet style, were laid out for all to enjoy. Everyone felt free to find a place to sit and chat or to move from group to group where conversations continued and future connections were planned.

Gradually the mood changed, voices lowered and people began to move towards the door. The farewell ritual is a succession of Brazilian *abraços* (a warm, friendly hug) reminding us that we are all members of the same family and called to live as Jesus lived—in love, peace and harmony with all of Creation.

Memories of the shared reflection, the fun, the food, and the laughter, and every word of gratitude, made the hours of preparation more than worth it and renewed our commitment to do this again next year.∞



When the last word was read and the circle of images completed, there was breathless silence.

The New History of the Universe 2009 calendar
www.MinistryOfTheArts.org

Now if the whole life span of the fourteen-billion-year-old Universe were but one year, it was not until the 28th day of December that Earth brought forth flowers! They emerged secretly at first, during the great, green, slow-moving-earth period of the dinosaurs. Afterwards the presence of flowers rapidly changed the face of Earth. Color erupted everywhere in flowering plants and trees, which gave birth to fruits and seeds. These provided rich foods that sparked the

emergence of new species of animals, insects and birds, and the mammals too began their great unfolding. Seeds were carried forth everywhere, on winds, and wings and creatures' furry coats. Thus began the Cenozoic Era, the time of Earth's greatest, most colorful creativity, extravagant beauty, and biological diversity. It is the world we have known, our beautiful Sacred Earth Garden.

How Flowers Changed the World by Mary Southard, C.S.I.

Faith, hope, and love

By Sr. Mona Kelly, O.L.M.

Having been enriched by different cultures for more than 50 years, it is with much gratitude that I reflect on my missionary experience among the Igbirra, Ibo and Tiv people in Nigeria, Native Peoples in Northern Manitoba, as well as the people of Mozambique and Brazil.

One woman who comes to mind is Lucy. We first came to know her years ago in the nearby town of Alacrine where she lived with an alcoholic husband. With the support of Our Lady's Missionaries she moved with her three children to Bela Vista to escape the abuse she had endured from him. She worked hard cleaning houses, washing laundry by hand—doing just about anything in order to support herself and her children.

Lucy was by no means a stranger to hard work. At the age of nine, her parents had put her out to work. She wanted better for her own kids. They did begin school, but her son fell into drugs and dropped out. He would sell anything he could find in the house to buy more drugs. We tried to get him into a drug rehabilitation program, but he ran away after only 10 days.

Lucy's daughters did finish high school. One got married, moved out, and isn't really interested in visiting or helping her mother. The other spends her time hanging out with friends. She doesn't want to pursue further education, nor is she looking for work or helping her mother.

Lucy's whole life has been a story of rejection by her family, the very people one ought to be able to count on: parents, husband, children. And yet, she hasn't given up. She continues to work hard and sometimes asks us for a bit of help when she can't make ends meet. Her steadfast trust in God never wavers.

Lucy is just one of the countless persons who have touched my life throughout these 50 years, enabling me to deepen my own faith, hope, and love in God and in all people.∞

Having been enriched by different cultures for more than 50 years, it is with much gratitude that I reflect on my missionary experience...



Sr. Mona Kelly, currently in Brazil, has been celebrating mission for more than 50 years.

Finding community

By Sr. Lucy Lee, O.L.M.

Sewing, dancing, painting, games, and bead work are some of the many activities at GDFAM (Grupo de Desenvolvimento Familiar / Association for Family Support), the community centre in our area. On one afternoon I went to visit the centre and found Beverly Trach, our Scarboro companion, and Cícera, the director of the centre, playing a word game with the boys and girls who attend class there.

The children were enjoying the challenge of making words out of the letters that fell to them. They even helped one another to form words. They reminded me of the well known story of a group of differently-abled children who, when running a race, stopped to help one of their companions who had fallen. Once he was back on his feet, all the children crossed the finish line together. The teachers at GDFAM are kind and committed to inculcating such values in the students.

Upstairs over the library, a sewing class for a group of 10, men and women, was in session. The students and teachers were happily sharing their everyday life with one another even as they maintained the atmosphere of a class. The noise of the machines almost drowned out the joyful squeals of the children below.

Every Thursday, I teach a class of jewelry-making at the centre and provide the materials. The students craft their jewelry and sell it. Half of what they make is returned to me in order to buy more material. The other half is kept by them. It may be only a very small amount, but every little contribution to the family income can make a difference in the quality and amount of food that reaches the family table. And perhaps it gives them a bit of the sweet pleasure of having one's own spending money.

GDFAM is a great place for companionship, learning, sharing, and being challenged.∞



L-R: An afternoon game of Scrabble at the Grupo de Desenvolvimento Familiar, (Association for Family Support) with (L-R) Tatiele, Sr. Lucy Lee, Cícera, and Bernardo.

The last chapter

By Sr. Clarice Garvey, O.L.M.

For some years, *Scarboro Missions* magazine's special issues on Our Lady's Missionaries have carried the ongoing story of a large number of families in Brazil who lived on a road-side for two years in plastic tents. They endured tropical heat and deluge rains while the sector of the Federal government responsible for agrarian reform was negotiating with a landowner for the sale of his property.

While the talks were going on, the leaders among the group of families were busy designing a work structure to facilitate the organization of this very large number of people who hoped to eventually own this land together. They divided themselves into three groups according to the three regions from which they came.

Last year's magazine article contained the heartbreaking news that the negotiations had broken down when the landowner refused to sell and the people were forced to look for other areas to live.

With the faith and courage of the poor who know that God hears their cry, each group continued to meet, work, and pray together, as well as to support other groups.

It is with great delight and gratitude to our Creator that I can now announce that they have all since been settled on lands which they own together as groups. Now they are in the process of building homes, planting and fishing to provide their own food, as well as growing as a community and becoming certified entities with the right to financial assistance from the government.

These people know that they are among those to whom God spoke in the words of the Prophet Isaiah, "I will build a New Heaven and a New Earth."

They also know that they are among those who are helping to bring about the fulfillment of that promise.∞

"Wherever there is injustice in the world the Spirit is actively at work prompting resistance, hope, courage, and change."

Theologian Edward Schillebeeckx



Members of a large group of displaced families whom Sr. Clarice Garvey has accompanied over the years in their struggle for land. Ceara, Brazil.



SR. PAULINE DOHERTY, O.L.M. 1920-2009

Our Sister Pauline died November 20, 2009, after a long missionary life. Pauline was born on November 13, 1920, and filled her 89 years with love, joy, and service. After becoming a nurse and working in various Canadian hospitals, Pauline responded to God's call by entering Our Lady's Missionaries in 1952. The following are tributes from our Sisters who grew to love and appreciate who Pauline was, and how she shared and learned from others during her lifetime.

Sr. Mary Hughes, who lived and worked with Pauline and who remained her devoted lifelong friend writes:

"In 1965 Pauline came to Brazil, and for the next 10 years worked as a staff nurse in the Fortaleza University Hospital. Answering a need for nurses, Pauline moved to Palmacia, a small town in the interior of Fortaleza. After learning about the needs of the area, and at the request and with the help of the townspeople, Pauline was instrumental in constructing a small maternity hospital. She also was active in providing the proper and necessary obstetrical training for the staff. It was a service the town wanted and needed and the hospital is still functioning today."



Lifelong friends, Sr. Mary Hughes (left) and Sr. Pauline Doherty who were in mission together in Brazil for many years. Right: Zeneide offers bread at Sr. Pauline's memorial mass and Sr. Clarice Garvey gives the eulogy. Fortelaza, Brazil.

During a memorial mass in Fortaleza, Sr. Clarice Garvey reminded everyone that Pauline, an excellent cook, had taught many women from the area how to bake bread. Sr. Clarice said:

"Let us remember now the person she was. Pauline was an alert, lovable, and efficient nurse. In her later years, Pauline had time to show her love for nature as she took care of the flowers, birds, and the herbs in her special garden. The children of the neighbourhood had full access to her time and house. She kept toys and games for them as they enjoyed endless hours playing there. Their parents always knew they were safe at Pauline's house. She was a good counsellor with the capacity to listen with the wisdom she had learned over the long years of her life. Pauline lived a true spirituality based on a strong faith and a close relationship with God. The proof of this was the joy she received from associating with the poor and marginalized. For everyone who knew her, Pauline was a friend, companion and much loved OLM."∞



Stars of my journey

By Sr. Anie Montejo, O.L.M.

It is often said that the Philippines celebrates the longest Christmas season of any country in the world. Indeed with the arrival of the “ber” months: September, October, November, and December, one begins to see a multitude of Christmas decorations everywhere. The most popular decoration of all is the Christmas star. However, arriving at my family home for our New Year’s celebration this year, I didn’t see any stars or other decorations. The house looked rather lonely to me and I couldn’t help but wonder where their Christmas spirit had gone. My mother simply smiled when I shared these thoughts and feelings with her and said, “The true meaning of Christmas is the joy in your heart.” Of course, my mother was right. My little nieces and nephews as well as my family and friends who were visiting together in our home were the true stars of the season.

Preparing now to leave the Philippines for my new mission assignment in Brazil, I find myself cherishing many memories of other stars in my life: those who welcomed me into their hearts and became an epiphany of God—people through whom I have seen the face of God. These are the stars that have guided my journey, and with their love and support, I feel well prepared to head off for a new mission:

★ An elder in my village who continually welcomes me into her home and asked me for a copy of a photograph taken of us together. She has



Sr. Anie Montejo and Gregoria Bagongon, an elder in Anie’s village and one of the guiding stars of Anie’s journey.
Graphic, top left: “The New History of the Universe”, www.MinistryOfTheArts.org

been a friend and guide since my childhood and I treasure our relationship.

★ One of the ecology leaders in our archdiocese, whom we call *Tatay* (Dad) and who faces a huge task in coordinating us in the work to bring awareness of the many ecological issues of our area to the people. He encourages me to pursue my new mission in Brazil with zeal.

★ Liezel, my teammate in the archdiocesan ecology program who greets me with the words, “Sr. Anie, *padayon ta’g laban sa atong kinaiyahan*” (Let us continue to protect our Mother Earth). Her enthusiasm and commitment at such a young age inspires me

to continue my journey.

★ And lately, a letter of appreciation written by a friend at the time of my *despidida* (farewell party) spurs me to great gratitude for all those who have been guiding stars in my life.

Naming the stars of my journey—persons and experiences of my past—deepens my commitment and faith and gives me the impetus to follow my missionary call to Brazil. I pray for the ability to recognize new stars in the persons and events to be encountered there.∞

Liezel Salting

Beauty in diversity

By Mina Velasco, O.L.M. Associate

Before coming to Canada nine years ago as a landed immigrant, I was among several dozen Filipinos required to attend a seminar on life in the Great White North. My strongest memory from that day is of being told the importance of respecting Canadians’ sense of personal space. We were advised that it would be good to keep a distance of about two or three feet between ourselves and the person to whom we were speaking.

I was intrigued by this, coming from a culture that had almost entirely no concept of such an idea as “personal space.”

Little did I know that coming to North America would be something like a Pentecost experience: it is a microcosm of the real world, where people of different races, cultures, languages and creeds gather to live together peacefully (something one would like to see of the world at large).

My Canadian experience reminds me of a poem written by the 19th century Jesuit priest Gerard Manley Hopkins, who in his work “Pied Beauty” described the world of nature and of humankind as a mixture of “dappled things”:

**Glory be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls, finches’ wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.**

Indeed, Canada is a land of so many differences under one sky.

**All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change: Praise him.∞**

Norma Samar, O.L.M.



Mina Velasco, an OLM associate, enjoys a beautiful flower garden.



Womb of God

By Sr. Mary Gauthier, O.L.M.

Recently I had the privilege of journeying on a retreat with the staff of Sabakan, which in the local dialect of Cebuano means “womb.” Seeing the needs of abused women and children, the Christian community of Pagadian City responded with the creation of this training and resource centre offering free legal aid to indigent clients. The centre promotes and protects the human rights of women and children using creative methodologies. Since its beginnings in 1997, services have grown to include Gender Sensitivity Training, Prevention Education against Child Abuse, Understanding Psychosocial and Psychosexual Development, and many other types of service. Sabakan also specifically encourages and facilitates dialogue between women of different faiths.

Even as they serve, the staff is very aware of their own need for prayer and their dependence on a creative, loving God. Listening to their sharing while on retreat gave me a glimpse of a group of people who are also sensitive to the needs of their clients. Inday Yap, the coordinator at Sabakan, says that in their experience, a male image of God has a negative impact on those who have been abused because it so often connotes fear, dominance and power. Rather, the staff asked themselves how they could bring forth an image of a loving God, a God who empowers those who have felt so very powerless at the time of abuse.

Inday also explains that those who have already gone through the heal-



Sr. Mary Gauthier and Dading Colon enjoy friendship in the Philippines. Above: Sr. Mary and Sr. Lorie Nuñez in the Philippines.

Graphic, top left: “The New History of the Universe”, www.MinistryOfTheArts.org

ing process often become volunteers who in turn share their experience with others. This can be very powerful. At one of the meetings someone asked, “How do you know you are healed?” The volunteer replied, “If I weren’t healed I wouldn’t be able to stand in front of all of you to tell my story.”

At times, the staff goes out to parishes and schools to raise awareness. There they encourage students to tell their stories while everyone listens with respect. As a result, the students are able to say with pride, “Our stories have become sacred.” This helps them to really believe that they are special children of God.

This is why I feel so privileged to have accompanied the staff of Sabakan on their retreat. I have seen and heard how they listen to hear the

voice of God in their own hearts so as to find the strength and courage to listen well and to truly hear the voice of the abuse survivor. Listening to their stories of struggle and growth has strengthened me to continue to walk in faith and to trust in a loving, compassionate God.

As those who are in the healing process begin to say, “God is with us, in us, around us and beside us. Why should we fear? Our power is within,” it is evident that Sabakan does indeed live up to its name, “womb,” a place of new life and new possibilities. This can be an invitation to us all as we live and work for the Reign of God in our diverse societies. It can also be an invitation for us to care for our Earth, the very Womb of God.∞

Anie Montejo, OLM

Getting along

By Joy Tumamac, O.L.M. Associate

For several years I have attended Sunday mass with the prisoners at the provincial jail in the city of Cagayan de Oro on the island of Mindanao, Philippines. My prison ministry has been an amazing experience. I have come to realize that some of the prisoners are innocent, others are victims of injustice, and some have really committed the crime of which they are accused. Whether rich, middle class or poor, and from all walks of life, all find themselves overcrowded in a small building with not really enough water, air or light. They do try to adjust to each other and have managed to live in relative harmony despite their differences in beliefs, principles, ideology and a myriad of other things. Of course, they still argue with each other, but they tell me that at the end of each day they make a point of settling their differences so that they can sleep peacefully.

When talking to the prisoners, I feel saddened by their situation, but they always express much hope that with God’s help, they will be reunited with their families one day. They all look forward to Saturdays and Sundays because this is when relatives and friends are able to visit, bringing food and other necessities.

Respect and love for one another is the key to their being able to live peacefully behind bars. The prisoners do try to respect each others’ individuality and uniqueness as children of God. They say that we all worship one and the same God regardless of religion, race, or dialect.

When I compare my time at work—where we are concerned only with making a good living—with my time at the provincial jail, I realize that the prisoners have something to teach me about what is really important in life: getting along with each other.∞

Christine Gebel, OLM



L-R: Nimfa Codilan and Joy Tumamac, OLM Associates in the Philippines.

The diversity of life

By Nimfa Codilan
O.L.M. Associate

As a teacher and as an OLM Associate near Cagayan de Oro, I am always meeting and communicating with different people in different places. Each encounter is a new discovery and an opportunity to celebrate the diverse gifts of another.

At school, the gifts and personalities of all the teachers work together in our desire to instill in each child a love of learning and the determination to finish their studies. It is fascinating to welcome a class of students at the beginning of the school year and then get to know each one individually, hoping that my love and care will enable them to grow and flourish.

As an OLM Associate I have the opportunity to visit and give support to two communities. In Macanhan, people work so hard just to survive each day, trying to earn enough money for food, water and the rent for their homes, which are little more than shacks. In Zayas, they are fighting for justice in regards to ownership of their land. Their hardships are many. And yet, the people of Macanhan and Zayas can still smile despite their difficulties.

Reflecting on all the different people who have become a part of my life, I can say that spending time with each one is for me another celebration of the diversity of life.∞

Life is worth living

By Sr. Myra Trainor, O.L.M.

Many fulfilling years of my life were spent in Japan and in the Philippines where I had a diversity of ministries with our rural health program, prisoners, and campus ministry. In my retirement I am grateful to be able to volunteer as a pastoral visitor at Providence Healthcare in Toronto. One resi-

dent I meet is Jeffery Bond, who for 15 years had an enterprising business in Australia. Last year Jeff was losing his ability to walk and after some months was diagnosed with ALS (Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis) also known as Lou Gehrig's disease. Realizing that his life was being cut short, he decided to close shop and

return to his family and native country, Canada.

While the disease continues to creep up his fit-looking body—and Jeff is beginning to have problems in his neck and arms—one can be deceived by his remarkable smile for everyone and his realistic courage.

Research into the disease and the options that are available help him to live his life with knowledge of his illness and the process of it. He tells me that one has 26 months from the time of diagnosis to death. This sad situation takes me back to our rural health program in the Philippines where life for many was expected to be short.

Still, Jeff says that life is worth living and it is important to enjoy it. So he wakes up in the morning and thinks of the things he can do rather than the things he cannot do. With this positive attitude, he uses to the full each precious moment of time that we often take for granted until we too are summoned to another aspect in our life's journey.

Jeff is obviously sustained by his God. He tells me that he cannot imagine a person not having faith because with faith he finds his peace of mind and comfort. This face of God, which I see in Jeff, is one I have seen many times in the courageous people whom I knew in the Philippines.∞

Christine Gebel, O.L.M.



Sr. Myra Trainor with Jeffery Bond, a friend at Providence Health Care. Toronto.



By Sr. Christine Gebel, O.L.M.

Teach us to pray

Learning to pray is a life-long project. These days I am learning at an Anglican convent and my teacher is Sr. Constance Joanna Gefvert, a Sister of St. John the Divine as well as a priest. Her course, *Rooted in God: Prayer as the Soil of Ministry*, is being offered through Wycliffe College and any student of the Toronto School of Theology is welcome to enroll.

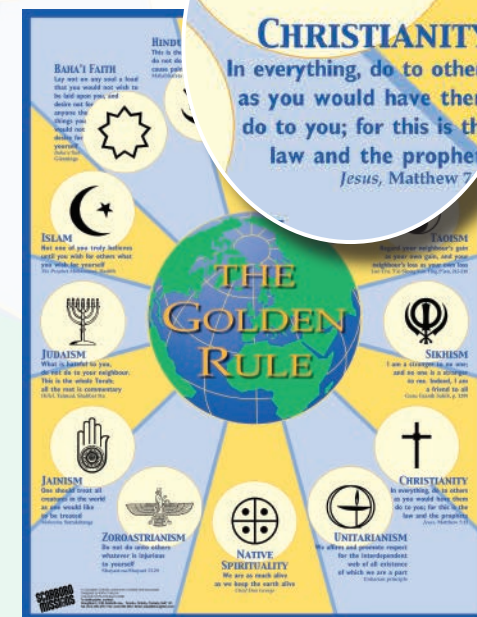
Thus, my classmates come from various Christian traditions and there are also those who are "seekers." They are not yet sure where they most belong, but they know that they want to deepen their spiritual life. In addition to Sr. Constance Joanna's input, we regularly gather in small groups to share our experiences of prayer. At these times, we are also learning from each other.

While living in the Philippines, involved in Muslim-Christian dialogue, I soon learned to expect my Muslim friends to excuse themselves for a short while during meetings when the call to prayer sounded. Indeed, five times each day the call to prayer rang out from a nearby mosque, teaching me the importance of fidelity to prayer.

Here in Canada, I cannot call my Jewish friend on the Sabbath or on other holy days because she would not pick up the telephone. On these days she avoids any action that would create or destroy, and focuses on being and letting everyone and everything else simply be. This allows her to spend time with her family and close neighbours celebrating God's goodness and the goodness of all creation. This friend teaches me that it is possible amidst the hustle and bustle of life to make time to be with God.

It has also been my privilege to be a part of a few of Scarboro Missions' interfaith retreats for high school students as well as attend some of their interfaith lectures for adults. By meeting people of many faiths one can learn so much about prayer.

Over the years my experience has shown me that there is great diversity in the how, the where, and the when of prayer, and there is great unity in the why: to become ever more aware of the Divine, who is Love, and to let that great love spill over into all my other relationships.∞



Golden Rule poster
Presents the Golden Rule
in 13 religions

Produced by Scarboro Missions
Actual size 22"x29"

Order from Broughtons Books & Gifts:

Tel: 416-690-4777

Email: sales@bbroughton.com

Other excellent Golden Rule
resources may be downloaded free
from the Scarboro Missions website:

www.scarboromissions.ca

Sr. Rosemary Williamson is currently applying to join the Christian Peacemakers' Team (CPT) and to participate in a CPT delegation to Grassy Narrows in Northern Ontario.



Out of the Cold

Late each Monday afternoon, Sr. Joan Missiaen and I head for the Out of the Cold program of St. Brigid's Parish in Toronto. Here we help out in serving supper to more than one hundred people. Sr. Susan Moran, co-founder of the program often accompanies us and is well known by many of our guests.

There we join Monica Donovan (top photo at right), an OLM associate and one of the original founders of St. Brigid's program, who has been working all day, sorting and preparing clothing for our guests. Vita Jan, a great worker, is also there preparing a delicious and nourishing meal which will be served in the evening and also a warm breakfast to be served before people leave the next morning. Also present are Therese Minoque along with her sons, Patrick, Brian, Daniel, and his friend Chantel, all university students. They are experts at washing and sterilizing the many dishes, pots, and pans used to prepare and serve the meal.

The three of us feel blessed to spend time and share stories with the guests and many volunteers that gather at St. Brigid's every Monday evening.∞

Sr. Cecile Turner, O.L.M.

Out of the Cold welcomes those who suffer from loneliness, hunger, and homelessness. These are our sisters and brothers who are poor in Toronto, other cities in Ontario and throughout Canada. All of us who are privileged to work in Out of the Cold are greatly blest by the love and compassion we encounter among the homeless we meet.

The Out of the Cold program has grown into a family of Interfaith churches, synagogues, mosques, as well as individuals and families that open their lives and doors, welcoming our sisters and brothers to dinner, overnight and breakfast in the morning.∞

Sr. Susan Moran, O.L.M.

L-R: Out of the Cold volunteers Marie Foley, Vita Jan, Myles Cummins, and Rebecca Jan with Sr. Susan Moran.

Photos by Sr. Christine Gebel, OLM.



L-R: Sr. Cecile Turner, Out of Cold volunteer Margaret McAndrew, and Sr. Joan Missiaen.

The prophetic way

By Sr. Therese MacDonald, O.L.M.

Joining Our Lady's Missionaries in 1951 to serve God as a missionary, the farthest thing from my mind was the idea that religious life means to live in a prophetic way. Yet this is exactly what it means, says Sr. Sandra Schneiders of the Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary of Monroe, Michigan. Sr. Sandra is a Professor of New Testament Studies and Christian Spirituality and has done much work on behalf of religious life. As I now see it, this prophetic way of life is about being with people, experiencing the same situations, understanding these situations in the light of God's love, and sharing this understanding. Doubtlessly this sounds like a big undertaking, but I am trying.

Today, religious Sisters, in spite of the fact that most are senior citizens, are still interesting, happy, and full of life, as well as interested in the world around them—trying to live the prophetic way.

My ministry is with "Becoming Neighbours," a program in which women and men religious around Toronto accompany new Canadians. In conversations with the two people whom I accompany, I am learning how it feels to be an immigrant in Canada in 2010. It helps that in the past I myself went to Brazil not speaking a word of Portuguese and had to work in that milieu. I try to understand the experiences of my new friends, sympathize with them, and offer some bit of advice. This ministry gives me a little idea of what so many people with whom I share

This form of life is about being with people, experiencing the same situations, understanding these situations in the light of God's love, and sharing this understanding. Doubtlessly this sounds like a big undertaking, but I am trying.



Bernardo Bedoya, a lawyer from Colombia, visits Sr. Therese MacDonald at Our Lady's Missionaries' motherhouse in Toronto.

this city have to face.

One of my friends is a lawyer from Colombia. As I listen to his problems and chat with him, he in turn gets to practice and improve his command of English. I look forward to these weekly meetings and it seems that the feeling is mutual.

A few years ago I was introduced to a Muslim woman, formerly from Iran. I was able to help her by polishing her résumé and also practicing

English with her. Gradually our meetings became fewer and fewer, and I hadn't heard from her for more than a year. However, recently she phoned me and we were both thrilled to reconnect. Soon she is coming to visit.

Reflecting on these experiences in the light of God's love, I hope that I am still living the prophetic way.∞

Christine Gebel, OLM

MEMORARE

By Sr. Marie Clarkson, O.L.M.

Remind me
O mother
you
whose nurturing
spirit
lives connected
with all of creation
the past
the present
and all
that is yet to come

remind me
of the energy
of life
empowering me
to stand tall
facing gales
or gentle breezes
to walk softly
over grassy plain
or rocky hill
to embrace
all that is yet to be

remind me
O mother
of my loving centre
my tender core
remind me
of the newness
of each moment
of blessings received
and blessings
bestowed
of the blessing
that I am

remind me
O mother

Sr. Marie Clarkson
holds her grand-
nephew Eric.

Student of the Universe



By Sr. Myra Trainor, O.L.M.

The Universe manifests a marvellous diversity of peoples, animals, plants, and other living and non-living things, and our ecological responsibility is to preserve and enjoy this wondrous creation. No one, I believe, had greater appreciation of and sensitivity to our planet, indeed our universe, than the late ecotheologian, Thomas Berry. Some of us OLMs were fortunate enough to attend his lectures in Port Burwell, Ontario, in which he showed his profound scientific knowledge and respect for the Earth. We need to lower our voices, he said, and to listen to the various creatures of the Earth, each telling its own story. Thomas told us that our human story is integral to the destiny of the Earth and our own well being can be achieved only through ensuring the wellbeing of the entire natural world about us.

On December 21, 2009, at St. Gabriel's parish in Toronto, a beautiful memorial service was held to honour the life and work of Thomas Berry. It was a fitting tribute to this humble, dedicated man. He leaves behind him the legacy of his writings outlining his dream for the Earth which will continue to inspire many people for years to come. For our part, we OLMs try to follow his example by a more attentive and respectful relationship with Creation. Our own Sr. Christine Gebel gives symposiums on the values Thomas taught, hoping to spread the good news.∞

"Each being in the universe is unique. Each being gives to the universe something that no other being can provide. Thus the inherent value of each reality. Each leaf is different, as is each snowflake, each flower, each dawn, each sunset. At the human level, each individual seems to be almost a different species."

Thomas Berry, *The Christian Future and the Fate of the Earth*
Maryknoll, New York: Orbis Press, 2009

Graphics on pp. 18-19, "The New History of the Universe", www.MinistryOfTheArts.org

We, the members of Our Lady's Missionaries, are totally dependent on the support of family, friends, and other benefactors. We are always grateful for your thoughts and prayers and for the monetary donations we receive from estates, donations in lieu of flowers at the time of a death, parish collections, the Catholic Women's League and Ladies' Guild annual donation, and from you who send personal contributions. All donations are tax deductible.

Background graphics, pp 18-19:
"The New History of the Universe"
www.MinistryOfTheArts.org

Becoming Neighbours becoming friends

By Sr. Gwen Legault, O.L.M.

Becoming Neighbours is a joint ministry of 19 congregations of men and women religious in the Archdiocese of Toronto who hope to alleviate some of the appalling problems faced by immigrants and refugees new to Canada.

In 2008 I volunteered through Becoming Neighbours to teach reading and writing skills to Joy, a young woman from Nigeria. Before returning to Canada, I had been teaching deaf children in Nigeria for three decades, so my arms automatically opened to welcome Joy.

For me, mission is God's self-revelation and involvement in the world, no matter where. Mission has many dimensions, from witness and spirituality to justice and peace, but always it includes God's preferential option for the poor. The mission of Becoming Neighbours is to offer a hand to those facing countless challenges in their transition, but in my case, it was reciprocal. Joy, her sons Alex and Kenny, and I have had many opportunities to extend to each other welcome, understanding, love, and friendship. They have been a blessing to me.

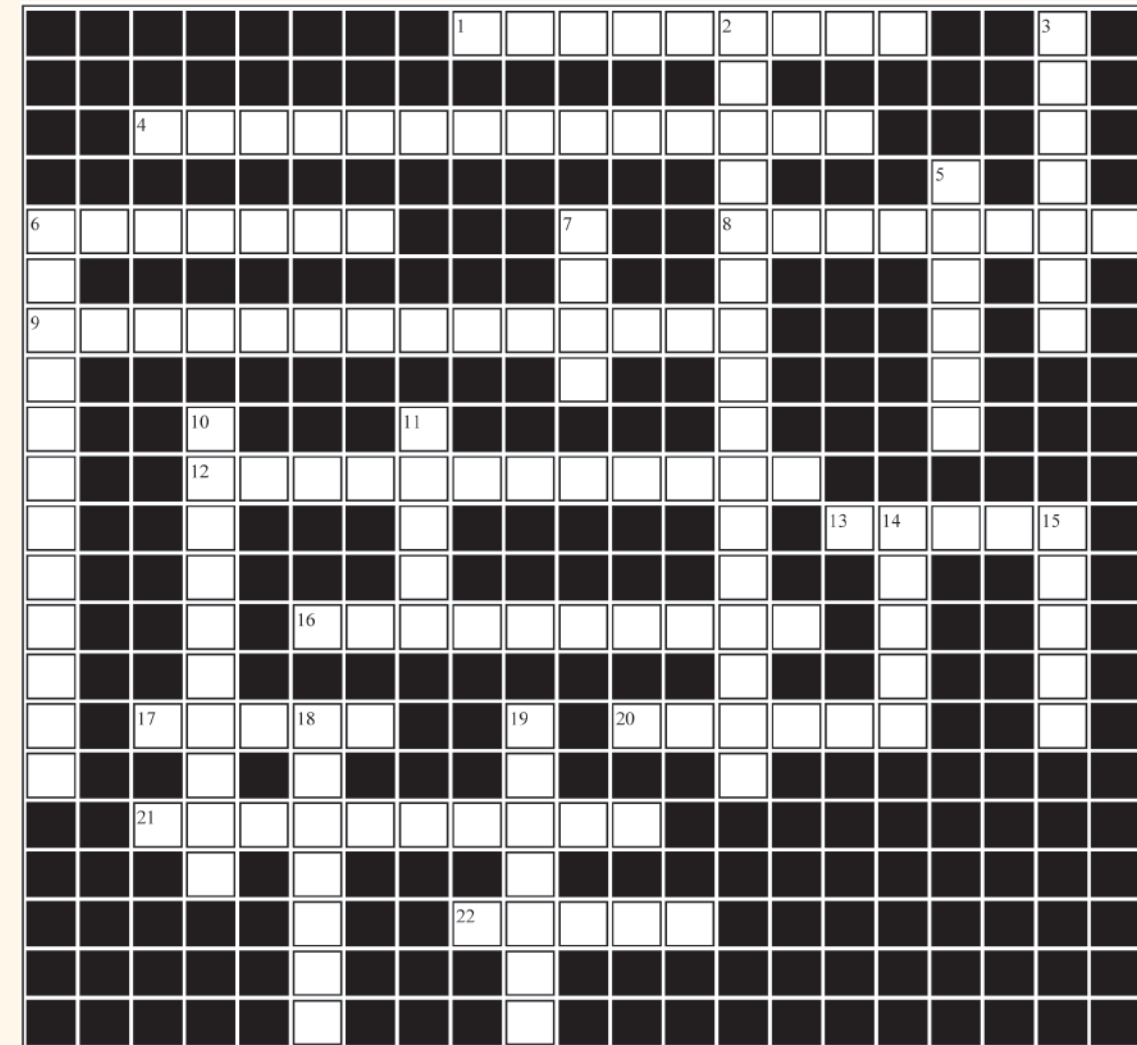
Besides our weekly classes, we have gone on excursions: skating at the Moss Park arena, attending birthday parties at Sojourn House, and Baptism ceremonies at St. Paul's Basilica. In February of last year, on Family Day, we took a picnic lunch to Centre Island. The ferry ride was exciting as we cut through the ice. It was a memorable day, but this year we opted to slide down the snowy slopes near Taylor Creek Park after a hot lunch at home.

In my relationship with Joy I have experienced mission as a call to reconciliation and compassionate love.∞



L-R: Alex, Joy, and Kenny are welcomed by Sr. Gwen Legault.
Above: Kenny and Alex sledding on Family Day. Photos by Sr. Christine Gebel.

Our resident puzzle expert, Sr. Doris MacDonell, has crafted our crossword puzzle. When Sr. Doris is not solving puzzles of the crossword and jigsaw sort, she is solving puzzles in the OLM finance office and the archives. See answers on page 26.



ACROSS

1. Theme of this magazine
4. Founder of OLMs
6. Philippine dialogue between Christians and _____
8. Capital of Brazil
9. Great commandment
12. Sr. of St. Joseph Co-Foundress of OLMs
13. First OLM mission outside of Canada
16. Ontario diocese where OLMs were founded
17. Location of disastrous earthquake in January 2010
20. Capital of Philippines
21. Capital of Guyana
22. Noted prize for peace

DOWN

2. Canadian Society of priests and laity for mission
3. To send
5. The good thief
6. Major health problem in developing countries
7. Widow's contribution
10. Group connected to OLMs
11. Development and _____
14. Capital of Nigeria
15. Name of OLM Associate who wrote an article in this magazine
18. Location of OLM central house
19. Global concern

A home of hope and compassion

By Sr. Norma Samar, O.L.M.

Canada is a beautiful country. All the world's cultures exist within her population. Amidst this diversity, what are our Canadian ideals? Presently, I am a volunteer at Nazareth House, which is directed by Sr. June Dwyer of the Sisters of St. Joseph. With the help of all the staff, Sr. June works to build community for the women who live there.

All who come to their doorstep have different stories to tell. At Nazareth House they find refuge, peace, and joy with other women who also experience hardship and struggles in living day to day. Sr. June and her staff strive with these women to bring about a healthy atmosphere of love, peace, support, and compassion—values that are needed in every human community.

The evening meal is the best time to see everyone together, sharing their experiences of the day along with food that they take turns to prepare. Crystal's words speak of her deep appreciation of Nazareth House and how much her life has changed since coming there:

"I was eight months pregnant, homeless, and single with no family. On my arrival I was given a clean room and a laundry day, as well as an addiction counselor who guided me through the Nazareth House Program and offered me other programs in the community. One of these was Breaking the Cycle, a program of Mother Craft College of Early Childhood Education. I am now 14 months clean and sober, and have learned living skills so that I can take responsibility for my daily living and the effective care of my child—a healthy, beautiful, loving and charming little girl. I would not have had her in my care if it were not for Nazareth House. Soon I will be ready to move out on my own and continue my programs. I am trusted by the Child Protection Services to live on my own with my daughter and care for her. I have decided to go back to school by the end of the year. I have to thank Sister June and staff for giving me the opportunity to have a life and for the many skills I have learned as well as for the support I received as I went through my struggles. Lastly, I would like to thank Sister Norma for volunteering on Fridays and helping me cook or share, and watching over my child."

Many women leave Nazareth House well on their way to healing, with new hope and courage, believing in their self-worth to continue the journey into wholeness and independence.∞



At Nazareth House in Toronto. Seated L-R: Crystal and baby, Sr. June Dwyer of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and Michelle and baby. Front L-R: Suzana and Sr. Norma Samar. Graphic: "The New History of the Universe" www.MinistryOfTheArts.org



By Sr. Patricia Kay, O.L.M.

Diversity A world treasure

The consciousness of the world is being seared by the ongoing witness of courage, resiliency, patience, and spirituality of our brothers and sisters in Haiti in response to the disaster that came upon them in January. Situated as their island is on a geological fault, the shift of huge tectonic plates beneath them and the resulting earthquake caused a terrible death toll and total destruction of much of the country's fragile infrastructure all in a few seconds. And as we have seen, the aftermath was horrific.

True enough, we have all heard of natural disasters like the great tsunami of 2004 and ongoing wars in places like the Congo where in recent years millions have died in the fighting or from hunger and disease. Yet we scarcely can remember any other event that in a few seconds caused such terrible death and destruction as did the earth shifting beneath Haiti. But as we saw the pictures of the dead, the wounded, the abandoned children and the total devastation, something else soon became the story: the Haitian people themselves. From a history of slavery, revolution, oppression, and poverty, they had forged an indomitable spirit that now came to be recognized by a world in awe.

We of the OLM community have had the privilege of living in less developed parts of the world where we witnessed desperate poverty with its accompanying hunger, disease and high mortality. In countries such as Brazil, the Philippines, Nigeria,

Ours was the unique opportunity to experience the indigenous cultures of diverse peoples. Ours was the special privilege to share their food, their stories, their songs and the different ways they looked at life.

and Guyana, as well as in relief work in highly troubled areas, we came to know how the poor suffer, and in each place we experienced their incredible courage, faith, and care of one another.

Ours was the unique opportunity to experience the indigenous cultures of diverse peoples. Ours was the special privilege to share their food, their stories, their songs, and the different ways they looked at life. All this was enhanced by sharing their languages even if imperfectly. We were witnesses to the attitudes and the strengths of peoples so like the Haitians. We can each speak names of individuals who taught us so much just by the way they responded to hardship even as the brave Haitians give witness to the entire world today. Stephen Puddicombe of CBC Radio in one of his broadcasts told of a mother in Port-au-Prince with an untreated broken leg staking out a few feet of space under a tree where she protected her three little daughters in the terrible days after the quake.



Haitian mothers and their children in happier times before the earthquake struck. Photo by Scarboro missionary Kate O'Donnell.

Canada has a very special bond with the Haitian people. Many of their diaspora emigrated to Quebec and other parts of Canada speaking their creole language and the French of the colonial rulers of the past. And of course, even our present Governor General, Michaëlle Jean, is of Haitian origin.

All of us now are called to be one with these suffering Haitian people, to carry in our hearts our brothers and sisters crying out for love, understanding, and healing as they set about building a new life. We pray for the wisdom needed for their just resettlement, for constant consultation with Haitians, and a sustained effort to gather consensus even as generous donors and interested countries gather to help make plans for the country's future. And each of us is called to continue to help in any way we can as we celebrate the indomitability of the human spirit that the Haitian people now manifest to us all.∞

Gratitude and grief

Grief and gratitude ...*Excerpts from a journal*

By Sr. Mary Alban Bouchard, C.S.J.

DAY 1, JANUARY 12: We were at the Diocesan Conference Centre during a Caribbean Religious Mission Assembly. During our coffee break, at about 4:40 p.m., there came a rumbling sound that became a trembling, then a powerful shaking. Someone called out “*tremblement de terre*” and at that, everyone was thrown to the floor. The huge coffee urn went down and people tried to scurry on all fours to get outside. There was no control; we were flung. We were fortunate to be in a one storey building that did not fall on us. Our water supply and telephones were cut, even cell phone service was down. We stayed outside, stunned, sitting on the few cement benches or on the ground. There were periodic tremors; a strong one at 11:00 p.m. We slept on the ground, side-by-side, as best we could.

Floods, hurricanes, cyclones are one thing, but nothing holds the terror of the earth convulsing under your feet. The stars were never so beautiful, so clear and close as in the post earthquake blackout, as if the celestial order was compensating for the terrestrial chaos.

DAY 2, JANUARY 13: ...None of us yet knew the dimensions of the quake. When we made our way into the heart of Port-au-Prince haltingly, stopped by piles of rubble and having to turn back and try another artery, seeing the bodies lined along the side of the street and people searching for the faces of loved ones, it began to dawn on us and we wondered what we would find when we

arrived at our homes.

We drove into the yard of College Marie-Anne where I lived. All was rubble. Our residence was crumbled with the contents spilling down amid twisted iron and plaster as if some huge hand had crushed it. I stood there in awe, realizing I had been spared. The yard was filling up with homeless and injured people, mothers and children, neighbours. News of casualties and deaths began to trickle in from the streets...

DAY 3, JANUARY 14: ...At this season, hot days are followed by a chill breeze from the sea during the night. We had little to cover us and rain would have caused panic. We were spared and given the canopy of stars once more... In the morning, more news of casualties and damage... The face of Port-au-Prince was altered... I was sitting still a lot, making notes to help process what I was living and to record the courage, faith and resilience of the Haitian people. Neighbours and friends kept coming into the College to see if I was still alive.

DAY 4, JANUARY 15: Rain held off again. The star-studded sky seemed to contradict us... We were living on the edge. Not only because of the blackout and lack of communication, and from sleeping on the ground with that cold breeze descending on us from the sea, but we were constantly aware of the next tremor that may come and come it did. We stopped counting. I could not

give anything; my money was now inaccessible. I could only endure with the people...

DAY 5, JANUARY 16: ...A quiet night except for shooting, which I presumed was about looting prevention... People were still coming into the yard to find a safe place. They had no yards! It was getting noisier. People cried out at every tremor. At nightfall the families marked out their little squares with a line of small rocks and they were orderly and friendly toward one another. We were all in the same fix and uncertainty. I walked about once more, bidding goodnight...

DAY 6, JANUARY 17: ...There was snoring all night near me. To get warm, I briefly sneaked into the one building left up but cracked. I went back out and slept to 6:15 a.m. The celebration of liturgy was solemn, compassionate and pastoral... One of the Haitian young men brought a plastic chair for me to sit on. I was probably the oldest one there...

This day had four special gifts. One, Sr. Mary called from Matthew House early in the morning. Two, I reached Sr. Margaret. Three, the Eucharist. Four, the visit of Les and Peter from the *Globe and Mail*. Actually, five gifts: a new orangey silver sliver of moon at nightfall.

DAY 7, JANUARY 18: ...I sat writing and reflecting and praying, as I do several times a day, when two little girls, part of a family of five I



Above: Sr. Mary Alban Bouchard of the Sisters of St. Joseph stands in front of her severely damaged home. At right: Some of the extensive damage witnessed by Sr. Bouchard. Port au Prince, Haiti. January 2010.



have been playing with, dashed up to me, smothered me with kisses and then ran away giggling. Unless you become as little children... I knew my heavenly Father was caring for me. I had known it since the first rumble of the earthquake.

DAY 8, JANUARY 19: ...This “*evenement*” (happening), as many here named it, had a quality of end time as described in Matthew’s Gospel, Chapter 24: “As at the time of Noah, while all were unaware, the flood came, so. Then two men will be in the field; one will be taken and one left. Two women will be grinding corn together, one will be taken and one will be left.” It was amazingly so with buildings and people alike in this city... And I prayed, prayed in silence with no words. There were no words... Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

DAY 9, JANUARY 20: ...I was writing smaller and smaller, as it was my last sheet of paper. What was hard was the inability to keep in touch...

Still, in my reflections I came to the knowledge that the greatest invention of humans was not harnessing electricity, nor was it telephones, or gunpowder, or nuclear fission, or rockets to the moon. The greatest invention of humans was SOAP. Water is greater but we didn’t invent it. ...These days were teaching me how to live one day at a time, how to be at peace with complete insecurity. Yet the stars were so brilliant, I felt close to heaven... I made a definite decision to present myself at the Embassy next morning...

DAY 10, JANUARY 21: ...Jean drove me to the Canadian Embassy... I felt overcome by grief at leaving. I thought I would never return to Port-au-Prince... I had received my travel document... I prayed for no rain and then fell asleep in peace.

DAY 11, JANUARY 22: ...I had another wave of grief at going. I had tried so hard to stay but there was no point, no money, no place to go, no communication, no more choice.

Please God, let me come back... Finally I was on the bus to the airport...

DAY 12, JANUARY 23: ...The flight to Montreal Military Base arrived at 4:00 a.m. We were met by the Red Cross workers with warm blankets and plastic mukluks which felt wonderful... I just can’t describe how beautiful the volunteers were, how welcoming to the Haitians, a good number of whom were children and the elderly... I arrived in Toronto at 7:00 p.m. Many sisters were waiting...

I know I speak for the Haitian people, especially of Port-au-Prince, in saying a deep-felt “Thank you” for your generous and practical love in the recent donations to our Haiti Fund for rescue and restoration.∞

Our Lady’s Missionaries wishes to thank Sr. Mary Alban of the Sisters of St. Joseph for sharing these reflections from her journal. We wish her Godspeed as she prepares to return to Haiti where she works with women and their children in their efforts to get out of poverty.

FAQs *(Frequently Asked Questions)*

What is the connection between Scarboro Missions and Our Lady's Missionaries?

In 1966 Our Lady's Missionaries joined Scarboro missionaries in Southern Leyte, Philippines, working together as we did years later in New Amsterdam, Guyana. Lifelong friendships have developed as we share similar values and mission experience. Today, OLMs in Brazil work together with Scarboro missionary Beverly Trach.

Sr. Joan Missiaen, OLM

How do you define mission?

As Christians we are called to be missionaries by believing in Christ, following him and carrying on the work of Jesus in our world today according to our abilities and calling in life. During a prayer meeting which I attended in the Philippines, one young mother stated: "I am so happy now to know that I can be a missionary right here in my own home with my family and in my community." That day she realized more deeply her Christian calling and experienced the joy of this awareness.

Sr. Margaret Walsh, OLM

How do Our Lady's Missionaries support themselves?

Through the generosity of our families, friends and benefactors, we have served the needy in various parts of the world for more than 60 years. Today, we continue in various ministries in the Philippines, Brazil and Canada. Your generous support assists us in bringing the Good News to those in need.

Sr. Rosemary Hughes, OLM

What struck you the most when you returned to live in Canada?



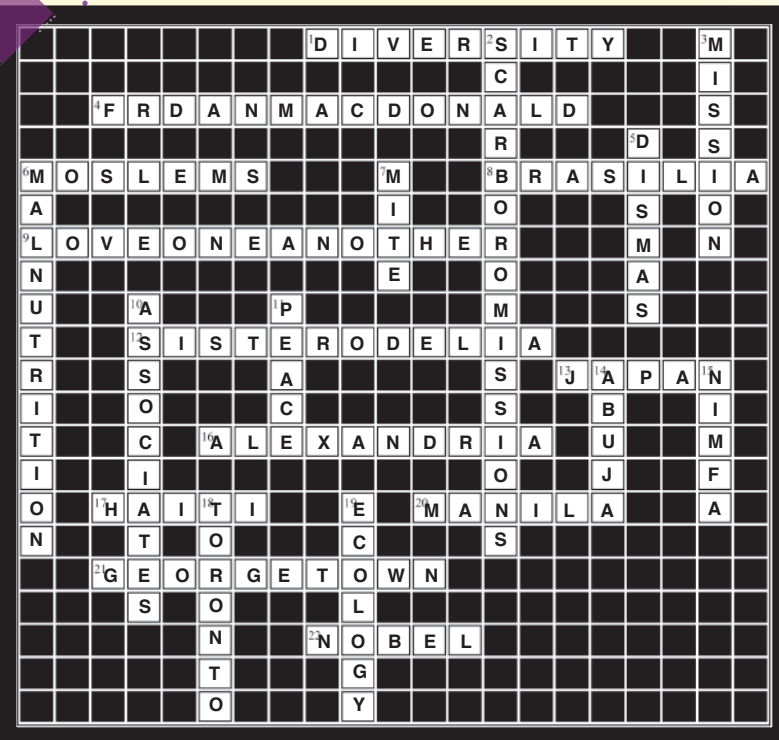
Everyone seemed to be rushing to wherever they were going. Few, if any, made eye contact. I felt invisible and somehow helpless to make a difference.

Sr. Mary Deighan, OLM

What do you miss most about living outside of Canada now that you are permanently here?

Nigerians have a marvellous way of being present. No chance meeting was unimportant, no greeting superficial. Their presence wrapped around me, enfolded me and drew me again and again into the blessing of their friendship.

Sr. Suzanne Marshall, OLM



Answers to crossword puzzle on page 21.




Sr. Elaine MacInnes and Timothy at a Dismas Fellowship Gathering. Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto.

are the men and women who enjoy these evenings. The food is great, always with a home-baked flavour that everyone prizes. Deacon Michael Walsh leads the fun part with all his heart and soul. His fellow deacon, Bill Radigan, helps as well and kindly chauffeurs me and a couple of the ex-prisoners to and from the church. The group is called “The Dismas Fellowship”. Dismas is the name traditionally given to the good thief on Mount Calvary that first Good Friday. As Christ promised the first Dismas, we too are on our Way with him.[∞]

I remember

By Sr. Rosemarie Donovan, O.L.M.



Shortly, before returning to Canada I attended a retirement party for our faithful driver of 40 years. Theodore had played a prominent role in the activities of our various ministries. For the past 20 years he had served at St. Joseph Rehab Centre driving people to their physio treatments, surgical appointments, and so on.

He is an Igbo from Igbo land and our staff members dressed him that evening in full traditional Tiv garb: a distinguished honour for anyone from outside their Tiv tribe. Supper (“chop” in pigeon English) followed, along with great music, dancing, and fun.

One staff person, Iorshee, teacher of the Knitting Workshop and a paraplegic, abandoned his wheelchair and made his way to the centre of the floor. There he announced his wish to dance for Theodore. The rhythmical tempo of his movements was electrifying. Finally, Theodore, standing tall, took Iorshee's hands and joined him in the dance. When Theodore sat down, Iorshee manoeuvred himself over to him, took off his watch and placed it on Theodore's wrist saying, "I never want you to forget us."

A modern parable?∞



Theodore dances with Iorshee, a paraplegic, at a party celebrating Theodore's retirement after 40 years of service to the St. Joseph Rehab Centre and to Our Lady's Missionaries in ministry there. Nigeria.

The Dismas promise

By Sr. Elaine MacInnes, O.L.M.

After going into prisons to teach meditation for about 30 years, I suppose it was inevitable that someday I would “graduate” into working with ex-prisoners as well.

It all began last fall when a mutual friend, Jerry McCullough, introduced me to Rev. Harry Nigh, a Mennonite pastor in Mississauga, and Eusebia da Silva, a community chaplain for Corrections Canada. Rooted in Christian principles, these two wonderful people decided to bring together both ex-prisoners and volunteers for a bi-monthly one-on-one interaction of feasting, praying, sharing, singing, dancing, and general good will and good fun.

All these healing and helpful activities are in full gear every time I go to the Walmer Road Baptist Church Hall to participate. The men and women who are on parole, either living in a hostel or fully released in private quarters, all agree that Friday is the loneliest day of the week for them, so that day was chosen as our time for socializing. Many

are the men and women who enjoy these evenings. The food is great, always with a home-baked flavour that everyone prizes. Deacon Michael Walsh leads the fun part with all his heart and soul. His fellow deacon, Bill Radigan, helps as well and kindly chauffeurs me and a couple of the ex-prisoners to and from the church. The group is called “The Dismas Fellowship”. Dismas is the name traditionally given to the good thief on Mount Calvary that first Good Friday. As Christ promised the first Dismas, we too are on our Way with him.[∞]



A journey continues...

Sr. Anie Montejo, OLM, from the Philippines, has recently arrived in Brazil to continue her missionary life there. Please keep her in your prayers as she goes through all the adjusting involved in starting afresh in a new country—new food, new climate, new language, new culture...



Thank you for your continued interest and support.

Our Lady's Missionaries

2 Leander Court

Toronto, ON M4B 2W1

Tel: (416) 752-0263; Fax: (416) 752-3425

Email: olm@bellnet.ca

www.ourladysmissionaries.ca