Prayer in the Sea

How do we bring home to ourselves the very imminent danger the low-lying nations of the world are in due to the threat of rising sea levels as a result of global warming? How do we make our prayer for the people of these nations real and connected? Why, by praying in the sea, of course!

That is exactly what a group of Christians did on the afternoon of Sunday, August 31st. Churches Together in Britain and Ireland organized a prayer service on Killiney beach. Eight hardy representatives of the mainline Christian churches, led by Eco-Congregation Ireland, assembled at the Dart station and proceeded from there to the beach.

It was a lovely afternoon, sunny, with a good breeze and strong waves breaking on the shore. Fiona, the Eco-Congregation secretary, led the prayers which we began on the beach -- prayers for those most affected by climate change, especially those in the low-lying islands in view of the upcoming UN meeting on the fate of those islands. But then, half-way through, she invited us to doff our shoes and sandals and wade into the sea for the second part of the prayer. Balancing on the shifting pebbles under our feet, and being well 'washed' by the waves, our prayers were definitely more heartfelt as we prayed for those whose homes may soon be submerged by this same sea, and prayed, also, that we human beings may learn to harness the great power of the sea for sustainable energy.

Elizabeth Johnson, CSJ, says there are three Christian responses called for in the light of the current environmental crisis: Contemplation, Asceticism and Prophecy. That day on the shore, we certainly did the first: it was a day to contemplate the glory of God revealed in the majesty of the sea. There was asceticism too: standing on that pebbly shore, in the sea, for 10 to 15 minutes was demanding, to say the least. (I must confess, though, that the greater asceticism on my part was to abandon the football semi-final between Donegal and Dublin to head out for the prayer!) And prophecy? People on the beach looked at us, but we did not even try to recruit some of them. However, our picture has appeared in the Irish Catholic, and now it may even appear in Seo agus Siúd - could that be prophecy?!

Ann Concannon
As we welcome in the long bright evenings we rejoice for Summer is with us, but even as we approach the longest day as yet there is no invitation to get the light, bright clothes from the closet. S.T. Coleridge could have been writing about this year - *Summer has set in with its usual severity.*

Since our last issue of Seo agus Siud, many important events have taken place.

Each General Chapter that ends leads us to a new beginning, so, may we begin this new time with thanksgiving and a commitment to make a difference as a group of St. Louis Sisters in the Irish Region. We express thanks to those Delegates who together shared their time and wisdom, both while at the Chapter and since in their de-briefing sessions. We pray that all will bear fruit into the future and that our Mission Statement become a central focus in our lives. Love is the most important gift we can offer both to God and to God’s people. It is in love that all we do finds its meaning and when together we bring our gifts to God’s service they create a beautiful expression of Christ to the world.

'It seems to me that love is everywhere….love is all around us. If you look for it I’ve got a sneaking suspicion…its all around where you are too!’ (Words from a song!)

We are delighted to welcome our new Central Leadership Team and wish them God’s blessing in all their undertakings when they take up office in August. We certainly have the ‘face’ of an International Institute now! Our present CLT, I imagine, have plenty with which to occupy themselves till then!!

We welcome Mary Connellan, Margaret Mary Joyce, Ann Matthews and Noreen Shankey, our new Regional Leadership Team and thank them for their gracious acceptance of this arduous role.

And we offer gratitude for the amazing work undertaken and achieved by Anne Kavanagh, Ann Matthews and Anne Murray. And thanks too, to the Support Teams that they had around them.

In a special way, we remember the many Sisters, Associates and family members who are presently struggling with illness or recent bereavements. May they all have the healing and comfort they need.

We are saddened by the recent deaths of Sisters Sheila O’Shea, Consilii O’Shaughnessy, Clare Maguire, Trea O’Donnell, Sheila Duffy, Theodore Lysaght and Kathryn Dillon. We extend our sincere sympathy to their families and communities and we thank God for their lives of faithful service.

And lastly let us remember to pray and give thanks to God for the many Sisters who celebrate Jubilees at this time-Platinum, Diamond, Golden, and Silver.

We end with a quote from a recent letter from our previous IRLT group, urging us to trust in an unchanging God as we journey in an ever-changing world. *God is always new and God is always now.* What better advice could we hear?

*Barbara, Enda & Méabh*

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**Memories of Irish Regional Day 2015**

[Images of Sisters holding bouquets, smiling and posing at the event.]

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[Signature: Barbara, Enda & Méabh]
Our Recently Deceased Sisters

Sr Sheila O’Shea
Born: 17 Oct 1930
Died: 13 Feb 2015

Sr Trea O’Donnell
Born: 28 Aug 1917
Died: 14 Apr 2015

Sr Clare Maguire
Born: 1 Mar 1924
Died: 15 Apr 2015

Sr Consilii O’Shaughnessy
Born: 24 Feb 1928
Died: 3 May 2015

Sr Sheila Duffy
Born: 5 Oct 1925
Died: 11 May 2015

Sr Theodore Lysaght
Born: 18 Jul 1928
Died: 6 June 2015

Sr Kathryn Dillon
Born: 25 Jan 1925
Died: 9 June 2015

Memories of Irish Regional Day 2015
I have recently had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with the great Jesuit Teilhard de Chardin. Many of us were influenced by him in the seventies and eighties, and some, like me, may have become engaged with other resources and allowed this contemplative’s work to gather dust in our minds. I am sure there are many others among us who have continued to be resourced by his writings.

A few years ago I heard parts of his ‘Mass on the world’ read as a meditation. I was enthralled, and set about searching for his work. I had discarded my original books in one of my many de-cluttering projects, and as often happens, I then regretted the losses! I asked others about him, I searched second hand book stores and, of course, combed the internet., I only recently found and downloaded it. I am nourished by his prayer and powerful images every morning. As I spend time with the text I feel I am reading a long poem that enters my heart and gives me amazing images. Take, for example, his sense of the sunrise and its power over our world:

Over there, on the horizon, the sun has just touched with light the outermost fringe of the eastern sky.

Once again, beneath this moving sheet of fire, the living surface of the earth wakes and trembles, and once again begins its fearful travail. I will place on my paten, O God, the harvest to be won by this renewal of labour. Into my chalice I shall pour all the sap which is to be pressed out this day from the earth’s fruits.

Reading this I feel united with all that is awakening in our fragile world. He succinctly expresses my prayer for this amazing universe in which I have the privilege to participate. It reminds me of witnessing the sun appearing on the horizon in Newgrange a few years ago, and like our ancestors I am humbled by this divine manifestation.

And then my prayer for those known and loved by me and those who are suffering in this troubled world is expressed by him:

One by one, Lord, I see and I love all those whom you have given me to sustain and charm my life. One by one also I number all those who make up that other beloved family which has gradually surrounded me, its unity fashioned out of the most disparate elements, with affinities of the heart, of scientific research and of thought. And again one by one — more vaguely it is true, yet all-inclusively — I call before me the whole vast anonymous army of living humanity; those who surround me and support me though I do not know them; those who come, and those who go; above all, those who in office, laboratory and factory, through their vision of truth or despite their error, truly believe in the progress of earthly reality and who today will take up again their impassioned pursuit of the light.

The images and the prayer feed me at odd times of the day. Standing at a checkout I recall his prayer and realise that these shoppers are some of those who ‘who surround me and support me though I do not know them’, or I can be challenged during my frequent distracted reveries at Mass to remember that I am part of ‘the vast anonymous army of living humanity’.

Reading Teilhard’s life story has taught me a lot about the importance of scholarship and about being faithful to one’s insights. Although much of his writing was censored by the Church during his lifetime he is now accepted and is an influence in the spirituality of our day. As I reflect on his writings I can pray Louis Bautain’s prayer for a ‘world healed, unified and restored through the saving wisdom of Christianity’ and am grateful that he too had a sense and desire for the unity of this world.

When Teilhard speaks of the cosmos emerging into being and growing gradually to its final complete-
ness as it loses those boundaries which to our eyes seem so immense, I am reminded of the interconnectedness of all creation and encouraged to move beyond the separation and divisions that exist at all levels of our understanding of life, boundaries of mind and heart that result in what Teilhard calls the fragmentation of creatures and the clash of their atoms. It is this fragmentation which stops us seeing, as Teilhard puts it, that everything is being; everywhere there is being and nothing but being. This brings me to reflections on our motto, Sint Unum, and the exhortations of our last two Chapters to live in right relationship with the whole community of life. And I pray that the boundaries, of prejudice, and hatred so prevalent in our fragmented world may melt into tolerance, compassion and love.

Teilhard shakes us out of worrying about the particular and the minutiae of everyday when he prays:

Lord, show us the true nature of charity: not a sterile fear of doing wrong but a vigorous determination that all of us together shall break open the doors of life; and give it finally - give it above all - through an ever-increasing awareness of your omnipresence, a blessed desire to go on advancing, discovering, fashioning and experiencing the world so as to penetrate ever further and further into yourself.

And how powerful is the following image: Blazing Spirit ..... be pleased yet once again to come down and breathe a soul into the newly formed, fragile film of matter with which this day the world is to be freshly clothed!

Gerard Manley Hopkins, his fellow Jesuit, has something of a related understanding of the meaning of creation in these lines from ‘God’s Grandeur’

There lives the dearest freshness deep down things; And though the last lights off the black West went Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs - Because the Holy Ghost over the bent World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

Teilhard feels the burden of his humanity, and it is consoling to read of his struggles: Instinctively, like all humankind, I would rather set up my tent here below on some hill-top of my own choosing. I am afraid, too, like all my fellow-humans, of the future too heavy with mystery and too wholly new, towards which time is driving me. Then like these people I wonder anxiously where life is leading me.... May this communion of bread with the Christ clothed in the powers which dilate the world free me from my timidities and my heedlessness!

As we accept change through strategic planning and through the ageing process I am aware of my own resistance to loss and possible discomfort, and I pray with Teilhard that I may live mindfully and with courage. Like him I would like to settle for the safe places. However, I hope that time would not so much drive us, as he suggests it might, but that we would engage with it in a creative and productive way.

In contemporary Ireland we have echoes of Teilhard de Chardin in some of our mystics and poets. Take John F Deane for example. He finishes one of his recent poems, Name and Nature with the following lines:

He is present, like the embrace of air or the inward forces of the seasons. Your name, Jesus, is the river on which I float, your name, Christ, the ocean where everything is in place, is shivering, beautiful, and apart.

I have been nourished by many great writers over the years, and I will continue to find support and solace in their work. My re-introduction to Pierre Teillhard de Chardin has been a gift to me these past few months. He might well smile at my simplistic appraisal of his work, but I’m happy to leave a study of his other scholarly work to others, while I immerse myself in his extraordinary imagery! No sharing of my favourite excerpts could do justice to the treat awaiting you when you re visit the writings of this amazing man! Marion Reynolds

Editor’s Note - Marion has kindly made available, a copy of Mass on the World as a Word Document. It can be emailed to any sister by emailing Barbara.

Further Note - Teilhard composed his Mass on the World when on a dig in China. The opening lines are: Since once again, Lord - though this time not in the forests of the Aisne but in the steppes of Asia - I have neither bread, nor wine, nor altar, I will raise myself beyond these symbols, up to the pure majesty of the real itself; I, your priest, will make the whole earth my altar and on it will offer you all the labours and sufferings of the world.
Sometimes it is just so difficult to say no! That was the experience I had last October, when Joyce Rupp, in a kind and lovely email asked if I would be free or interested in spending a few days with herself and another American sister on her “wild dream” of touring parts of the Dingle peninsula? She was due to give a workshop in Benburb, Co Tyrone on the 14/16 November and had some days to spare before moving on to England to give another workshop….

My immediate reaction was one of anxiety! The weather was so unpredictable in November and we could have sleet and snow! The journey was long to Kerry, I didn’t know the area all that well, and I’m not accustomed to being the tour guide. I had never met her friend, Margaret Stratman. What if something happened to us? Where would we find good accommodation? My anxiety levels soared…..and I contemplated turning down the offer! Having slept on the idea and talking it over with a few friends, I decided to say “yes”! I cannot describe adequately just how good a decision that was, and how lovely the whole trip was for the 3 of us….

The weekend in Benburb was just a delight and a large crowd had gathered in the Priory. The theme Joyce was working on with us was, “Metaphors for the Inner Journey”, inviting us to reflect on our relationship with God, self and others through the use of such metaphors as River, Well, Sea, Pilgrimage etc etc……coincidently at a moment in Ireland when the protests against water charges were in full flow!! Joyce quoted John O Donohue’s poem “In praise of water”…….Water: Voice of grief, Cry of love, In the flowing tear. Water: vehicle and idiom of all the inner voyaging that keeps us alive. Blessed be water, our first Mother.

Being the Director of the Institute of Compassionate Presence in the U.S., her understanding of the importance of being a compassionate person in our world today, echoed in every session. “What you do for yourself…any gesture of kindness, any gesture of gentleness, any gesture of honesty and clear-seeing, toward yourself…will affect how you experience your world. In fact, it will transform how you experience the world” …..If I picked up nothing else from that lovely w/end but this……it was about self-compassion.

So as we moved out of Benburb on Sunday 17th, to what Joyce called our “wonderful, wild, dream week in Ireland”, it was with a certain trepidation and expectation, and hope that all would be well. I need not have worried, as from day one, the weather was amazing for the whole week and kept warm and sunny! Even I couldn’t have predicted that, and it made our driving and sight-seeing so much more pleasant. In Monasterboice on our way back to Dublin, we happened on a group being given a guided tour of the ancient graveyard, and we all enjoyed a better commentary than I could have given! A good start!

Moving on the next day we took in a misty trip to Clonmacnoise, the early Christian site founded by St Ciarán, with all its amazing views of the Shannon, and the massive flooding there, as far as the eye could see! A light lunch in a nearby pub followed and on we went to Glenstal, where we had booked in for one night, and availed of the lovely Benedictine hospitality, and the delightful guidance of Noirin Ni Riain around the Icon Chapel, and a quiet prayer together. On to Dingle then and the magnificent scenery all along the way from Limerick to Dingle, stopping for a walk on Inch Strand….Joyce is a great walker and will take the opportunity for a good walk, as often as she can! Two nights in a B&B in Dingle,
gave us the possibility of a marvellous drive around Slea Head and the magnificence of the Wild Atlantic Way, especially in such beautiful weather! I kept telling the visitors that Kerry is like this all the time, in the hope that Bórd Fáilte might take me on!!

We could have spent longer on the Dingle Peninsula, but as the visitors wished to see the Ring of Kerry, we headed for Killarney, with its beautiful lakes, Ross castle, Tork Waterfall and drive along the Ring. The good weather followed us thankfully, and we saw the Ring in all its beauty! I believe the last time I was there I was about 5 years of age! It was great to see that Joyce and Margaret were so ready to switch off, relax and simply enjoy the landscape and beauty around them, and the slow pace of life in parts of Kerry….Getting a ride with the Jarvey, plus pony and trap, around Muckross House, and a visit to the ancient Franciscan Abbey, was a rare experience, but one not to be missed. Leaving Kerry behind wasn’t easy, but made easier by the arrival of the rain, as we took off for Dublin.

So why did I worry that all would not go smoothly? The God of the Journey came with us, keeping us safe and well….even to the point of finding Joyce’s wallet which had fallen out of the car, on the ground beside the car, sometime later! We had some great chats on just about every topic, some lovely meals out, all courtesy of Joyce! All accommodation and petrol paid for too, and at times it was difficult for me to pay for even a few sweets or a newspaper, such was their generosity! I will never forget this trip and came home feeling it was a huge privilege to have accompanied them around, and happy to get them both safely to the Airport, for their trip to London.

Méabh Ní Uallacháin

Addendum

Joyce has two new books out recently. *My soul feels Lean,* Poems of loss and restoration, and the other is *Fly while you still have wings* ...on her mother's life and death.
We have gathered here today on behalf of all the Sisters of the Institute across many cultures and time zones. Through us the whole Institute of St Louis is present here, gathered as one – one in our hearts and one in our desire to be totally dedicated to Christ and to the service of his people in this our time on the earth.

Our first task is to rejoice in this wonderful season of the Lord’s Resurrection. He has come through such incredible suffering. He has triumphed against all the odds, and we are so glad for him.

Our second task is to pray that the Holy Spirit will be with our delegates in the coming weeks, helping them to hear God’s call to the Institute at this time, to know better how to find means suitable to the people of our time, in order to bring new life to the mission entrusted to us by Christ.

Today’s Gospel is a special word of God to us, linking, as it does, Easter Sunday and this first Sunday after Easter. I have, therefore, based this homily on the Gospel, with a few little diversions, which I hope won’t confuse anybody.

Christ appeared in glory to his friends, his men and women disciples, bringing his peace and filling their hearts with joy. He also passed on his own mission to them: “As the Father sent me, I also send you.” His work on earth was done; theirs was about to begin.

Now, for some reason Thomas, one of the Twelve, was not present on Easter Sunday evening and so missed out on the whole experience – the joy, the excitement, the enthusiasm. He must have endured a whole week of sheer misery, the misery and loneliness of unbelief.

First Diversion: a little story that no one has ever heard before.

Many years ago when I was a second year pupil in school I found myself in a science class. I had no interest in the subject and didn’t really want to be there. So I used to take refuge in pleasant daydreaming. One day, noticing my faraway expression, the science teacher said to me: “Do you understand what I have just explained to the class?” I said: “No, I don’t understand.” Then I thought I ought to say something nice to the teacher and said: “But I believe you, Miss Hanratty.” Well, that was quite the wrong thing to say in a science class! She almost shouted back at me: “You don’t believe anything in science class; you have to prove everything.”

Down the centuries Thomas has been labelled ‘doubting Thomas’. It’s a bit harsh really, because the thing about him was that he had the mind of a scientist! In fact, it has recently been suggested that he should be declared patron saint of scientists! His stance was: “People don’t rise from the dead. That has been proved many times over. Therefore, unless I see the nail marks in his hands and put my finger into the place of the nails and put my hand into his side, I will not believe.” It seems that it would not have been enough for him to see Jesus – he had to touch, handle and feel the very holes in his body. He had to have his proof!

And then, this second Sunday of Easter, Jesus was there again among his friends. We can imagine the joy and excitement, but there must have been some tension in the room as well, because this time Thomas was present. What would happen now? What would Thomas do? What would Jesus do?

Jesus, respectful of the kind of person Thomas was, took the initiative and spoke directly to him: “Put your finger here, Thomas, and see my hands. Reach out your hand and put it into my side. Stop doubting and believe.” The response of a transformed Thomas was a mixture of ecstasy, deep awe and humility – My Lord and my God.

Second Diversion

Many centuries ago a custom grew up here in Ireland that at the Consecration in the Mass all the people would say out loud with great fervour ‘My Lord and my God’. Visitors to the country often remarked on this unusual addition to the liturgy. After Vatican II, when the liturgy was being revamped, permission was given by Rome to the Church in Ireland to use these words as one of the acclamations after the Consecration, in honour of the ancient custom, which links us right back to the very first time it was used by Thomas. So it is appropriate that we use it as our acclamation today and I suggest that each of us might say it in her own language, the language of her heart, because that is the language in which we best pray.
Jesus’ response to Thomas is surprising: “Because you have seen me, Thomas, You have believed. Blessed are those who have not seen and have believed.” He is speaking here to all of us. We are blessed beyond what Thomas was, we who believe and trust and dedicate ourselves to Christ in the ups and downs of our everyday lives, without seeing him. There was another side to Thomas, however: his wholehearted love for the Lord. A few weeks before his Passion, when Jesus mentioned going up to Jerusalem, some of his disciples tried to persuade him not to go because of the threat to his life there. They were afraid for him. And they were afraid for themselves as well. But what Thomas said was: “Let us also go that we may die with him.” That was Thomas at his best – full of enthusiastic, selfless love for Christ, not counting the cost of that love. And that is St Louis at its best too – full of the faith and love that enable us to give ourselves completely to Christ and work wholeheartedly in his service. Love is the heart of our life in the Institute of St Louis – as Bautain said: “love is our mark.”

Third Diversion
This is a short entry I found in an old issue of LINK (Spring 1997) in which an unknown novice in Juilly jotted down what she learned from a talk given by Mere Inez (successor to Mere Thérése) at the celebration of the first centenary of Turkenstein.

Today we had a very moving ceremony in the novitiate in honour of the centenary of the proclamation of the Pact of Union in the Heart of Jesus which was at the very origins of our congregation.

Reverend Mother Inez read for us the circumstances in which this act was made and explained clearly to us what the spirit of our institute should be: it is love or charity. Other communities excel in the practice of external mortification, others in the practice of obedience, but we should apply ourselves above all to charity since we were born of an act of love in the heart of Jesus.

So that we can devote ourselves more to the practice or this virtue we are not enclosed so that we can be available to our neighbour in whatever way we are needed. We have no corporal penances so that we can remain healthy and ready to look after the sick or teach children etc. Our life together should be a family life but a family whose sentiments have been spiritualised because we are working for God.

Words, of course, can be lightly spoken, but the path of love and of loving, unselfish service is not an easy one for us any more than it was for Christ. Our faith and love can sometimes be costly and challenging. There can be moments of suffering and darkness in our lives when God may seem totally hidden, or even absent, times when we do not know what the Lord is doing, or indeed, if he is doing anything. At such times our faith and love must take the form of trust. It is important to keep close to him in the darkness and continue to trust in his guidance and care and love for us. Because at such times the Lord may well be leading us into new paths which we could never have foreseen or planned for, with new opportunities to serve him. Then we will understand.

The call to loving service challenges us on the corporate level also. We are a small institute and finding ways to serve the Gospel in a rapidly changing world and in the differing circumstances in which we live in various parts of the globe may seem a daunting task. But it is no more daunting than it was for Thomas and the early disciples who had the Lord’s command ringing in their ears: “Go and preach the Gospel to the whole world”. It is no more daunting either than it must have been for Louis Bautain and the first generation of the Sisters of St Louis who were trying to build up the church in France after the tragedy of the French Revolution.

As an institute, then, we have to think big (globally), holding the whole world in our hearts, and often have to act small (locally), wherever we are currently placed and with the advantages and diminishments we have at this time – some planting, some watering what others have sown, as Oscar Romero said, and still others of us letting go and passing on to others works built up by generations of our Sisters.

So, it seems to me that what we need above all in this our time is to be flexible and courageous, ever open to the guidance of the Spirit, and continue to live and work with the joy of the gospel in our hearts. We are enabled to do this and will continue to be enabled to do this because, as the Turkenstein Pact reminds us: “Our refuge in troubles and uncertainties will be the adorable Heart of Jesus, whose love we wish to make known to the whole world.”
Yosemite Valley

Heaven's Valley on Planet Earth
A sacred sanctuary
Unique, amazing, inspiring
Majestically beautiful
Magical!

Enfolding me within its gigantic walls
Walls not built by humans
But rising from below earth's floor
To heights that
Raise our eyes to the heavens.
These walls of granite
Do not feel like boundaries
Rather, one is lifted up
In amazement and wonder
At the grandeur of it all.

Rock faces portray
The golden face of morning sun
The silver glow of evening moonlight.

Snow capped ridges
Like icing on a cake decorate the peaks
Bringing the magic of winter
Into Spring and summer.

Waterfalls - the bridal veils of Yosemite
Cascade continuously
Spraying foam and plunging to earth
Filling the rivers with energy and life.

Rivers glisten like diamonds in the midday sun
As water gushes between rocks
En route to further nourish the earth
and journey to the ocean.

This sacred place
Touchess the deep recesses of my being
Here I feel earthed
One with nature

Following the bark of the majestic redwoods
I lift my eyes and my heart upward
Savouring the atmosphere embracing me
Taking me to itself.

In this place I feel at one with
The trees, rocks, rivers
While waterfalls
Feed my inner being with
White light, refreshment and energy.

This is a spiritual journey
Uplifting, inspiring, awesome
Inviting me to the depth of the creation story.

Touch

I touched their feet
They touched my heart
Fanning into flame
The embers of my compassion
lying dormant for lack of contact
With those who evoke it:

The almost toothless
With wounded feet and limbs,
The bunioned and calloused
Amazed that I should touch her,
The handsome and strong
Embodying sadness and vulnerability,
The fragile and agitated
All - longing to be touched
- to share their stories
- relishing the care
- so full of appreciation.

Precious people on the margins
Cast aside by society
Draw out from me
The compassion that cannot emerge
In a comfortable isolated world.
It takes the poor, the homeless
The marginalised, the sad
to touch our hearts
And call us to be
Who we are meant to be
The Compassion of God.
On the 1st May 2015 a very lovely 30 inch flat screen TV was put up for raffle by its owner, who didn’t really want it …that was the beginning of his life of rejection! A certain lady called Méabh won it and immediately said she really didn’t want it either, as she already had a TV…. and who could ever need two televisions in an apartment? In fact she didn’t even bring it home that night in case she just might become attached to it, so she left it there unopened, unwanted and unattached! Over the next 2 weeks she thought about it in a very removed and disinterested way, off and on …until one night she had a dream, and that was that maybe she should RAFFLE IT AGAIN!!

Ciaran’s quick thinking led to a cry to AUCTION the by now, sad and abandoned T.V…. The “Auctioneer” called for any advance on €50.?? Up and up it went with promises here and there, for this and that, between a € and £ and $ ………confusion reigned alongside great enthusiasm!! Ethiopia was winning the day!! Then a young man called Dave visiting from England topped it at £200, and in his kindness, decided he couldn’t take it home so he gave it back to the lady Méabh, as a PRESENT!!! Then another kind guest handed her £120……..

The lady Méabh was near to being overwhelmed by now and totally confused, as she was back to square one!! The poor TV was coming back to her???. Another lovely lady named Noilín read the expression on Méabh’s face and rushed over with a new offer, and there the poor TV was finally given a good and welcoming home! And the Sisters Justina, Benedicta and Ijanada will soon be receiving a lovely gift of €900.00 to help with their Kindergarten group or whatever the greatest need is ………and we hope the poor rejected TV is happy, and its self-esteem restored, in its new home in Ballygawley!! A new way for the Global North to help the Global South!! A long story, but worth every minute of the effort in the long run !

Thanks to everyone and the St Louis Sisters greatly appreciate this generosity…. Especially Ijanada, Justina and Benedicta in Dawhan, Ethiopia…..

Méabh Ní Uallacháin
## 2015 Jubilarians

### Platinum Jubilarians
- Maura Byron (California)
- Julie Conole (California)
- Sheila Finnegan
- Mary Jo Hand
- Nuala McCluskey
- Felicity McEnnis
- Annuncia Murphy

### Deceased
- Cabrina Dolan
- Philippa Healy
- Eilis Jeffers
- Eileen Monks
- Rose Neeson
- Anthony Ryan
- Evarista Scanlon

### Diamond Jubilarians
- Catherine Brennan
- Agnes Mary Devine
- Angela Dolphin
- Imelda Doolin
- Bridget Flannery
- Laura Gormley (California)
- Noreen Hurley
- Grace Jordan
- Thecla Kelly
- Teresa Marry (California)
- Frances McManus
- Bernadine Moran
- Carina Muldoon
- Noreen Murphy
- Fionnuala O’Hanlon
- Noreen O’Riordain (California)
- Paschalina O’Shea
- Bernadette Smith

### Deceased
- Gregory McGreal
- Margaret Flynn

### Golden Jubilarians
- Karen Collier (California)
- Pauline Haughian
- Máabh Ni Uallachain
- Monica Adeya

### Deceased
- Katey Dougan

### Silver Jubilarians
- Christiana Adegoroye (Nigeria)
- Joyce Eyiah (Ghana)
- Catherine Fafila (Nigeria)
- Christiana Ibiang (Nigeria)

### Deceased
- Lucia Akindiose

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## Acknowledgements

**Sr Ancilla with her friend Elizabeth Farley celebrating her 90th birthday**

Dear Sisters, Thank you for so many consoling and inspirational messages received when my sister Helen Leahy entered eternal life. Your kindness is much appreciated also by my remaining sister, Eithne Maguire, my brother Colum and the Leahy family. May we continue in communion of resurrection, prayer and hope. Gratefully,

Pauline Mc Govern

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Dear Sisters, once again I think you for your kind expressions of sympathy on the death of my brother, Jim. I am most grateful for the masses, letters, calls etc I have received. They have been a great source of comfort and consolation to me. A mass has been offered for your intentions. Gratefully,

Mary Hayes

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On behalf of myself, my sister –in –Mary, her children and all the Brennan family I thank you most sincerely for your messages of sympathy, prayer and Masses when my brother Gerry died. A very special thank you to the Sisters and Associates who travelled distances to attend the wake at the family home and the funeral Mass the following day. Your support and concern are gratefully acknowledged and appreciated. Blessings,

Catherine Brennan

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Thank you most sincerely for your support and kindness at the time of our sister, Clare’s death. Your prayers, and shared memories continue to be a treasured strength and inspiration for us. Gratefully,

Olivia and Christina Keogh

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