

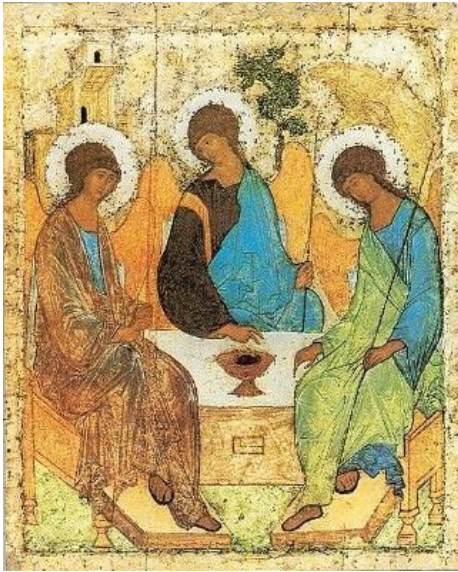


# NEA NEWSLETTER



JUNE NEWS 2021

## Trinity Sunday



In the Beginning, not in time or space,  
But in the quick before both space and time,  
In Life, in Love, in co-inherent Grace,  
In three in one and one in three, in rhyme,  
In music, in the whole creation story,  
In His own image, His imagination,  
The Triune Poet makes us for His glory,  
And makes us each the other's inspiration.  
He calls us out of darkness, chaos, chance,  
To improvise a music of our own,  
To sing the chord that calls us to the dance,  
Three notes resounding from a single tone,  
To sing the End in whom we all begin;  
Our God beyond, beside us and within.

*Many images have been used to try to explain the Trinity. Here are three of these:*

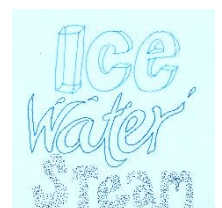
**Rublev's Icon.** It is a famous work of art depicting three angels sitting at Abraham's table. The angels are at once the figures from the story in Genesis about receiving strangers, and the persons of the trinity in perfect relationship with each other. A notable feature of the painting is that the persons, while at the table clearly in conversation with one another are all turned toward the viewer as though we were a fourth participant in the conversation, thus illustrating the outward moving love of the inward relationship of the triune God.

**Strength:** You can't go wrong with beautiful art for reaching people who might otherwise not grasp the subject. **Weakness:** It depicts the trinity as three separate persons which will then lead to questions about the unity of the godhead.



**The Shamrock.** St Patrick famously described the trinity to the people of Ireland by using the analogy of the 3-leaved shamrock. Each leaf on the plant appears whole and independent, but they are indivisibly part of a single stem. **Strength:** This explanation has the advantage of being historical, includes an effective visual aid, and emphasizes the equality and unity of the persons. **Weakness:** An inanimate object is in some ways a poor choice of analogy for the dynamic living trinity.

**Ice, Water, Steam.** The different states of matter are an effective illustration of how one thing can take three very different forms with different attributes. Similarly God can appear and act in history in dramatically different ways and remain one God. **Strength:** Strongly emphasizes the unity of God. **Weakness:** Fails to differentiate the persons or express how they are all simultaneously God, not modes appearing at different times.



The following prose poem seemed suitable for the Feast of the Visitation as depicted in this picture

**Don't Hesitate** — *Mary Oliver*



If you suddenly and unexpectedly feel joy,  
don't hesitate. Give in to it.  
There are plenty of lives and whole towns destroyed  
or about to be.  
We are not wise, and not very often kind.  
And much can never be redeemed.  
Still, life has some possibility left.  
Perhaps this is its way of fighting back,  
that sometimes something happens  
better than all the riches or power in the world.  
It could be anything,  
but very likely you notice it in the instant  
when love begins.  
Anyway, that's often the case.  
Anyway, whatever it is, don't be afraid of its plenty.  
Joy is not made to be a crumb.



**to Sister Joyce Attwood**  
on the occasion of your Platinum Jubilee  
as a Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary  
on 9 June 2021

**SHARED VIA WHATSAPP RECENTLY.**

*I asked a friend who had crossed 70 and is heading towards 80 what sort of changes she is feeling in herself? She sent me the following:*

1. After loving my parents, my siblings, my spouse, my children and my friends, I have now started loving myself.
2. I have realized that I am not "Atlas". The world does not rest on my shoulders.
3. I have stopped bargaining with vegetable and fruit vendors. A few pennies more is not going to break me, but it might help the poor fellow save for his daughter's school fees.
4. I leave my waitress a big tip. The extra money might bring a smile to her face. She is toiling much harder for a living than I am.

5. I stopped telling the elderly that they've already narrated that story many times. The story makes them walk down memory lane and relive their past.
6. I have learned not to correct people even when I know they are wrong. The onus of making everyone perfect is not on me. Peace is more precious than perfection.
7. I give compliments freely and generously. Compliments are a mood enhancer not only for the recipient, but also for me. And a small tip for the recipient of a compliment, never, NEVER turn it down, just say "Thank You."
8. I have learned not to bother about a crease or a spot on my shirt. Personality speaks louder than appearances.
9. I walk away from people who don't value me. They might not know my worth, but I do.
10. I remain cool when someone plays dirty to outrun me in the rat race. I am not a rat and neither am I in any race.
11. I am learning not to be embarrassed by my emotions. It's my emotions that make me human.
12. I have learned that it's better to drop the ego than to break a relationship. My ego will keep me aloof, whereas with relationships, I will never be alone.
13. I have learned to live each day as if it's the last. After all, it might be the last.
14. I am doing what makes me happy. I am responsible for my happiness, and I owe it to myself. Happiness is a choice. You can be happy at any time, just choose to be!

#### **EVELYN RIP** – from Barbara Bailey

Evelyn, hers was a long life of a woman who knew how to live life to the full ! Over the past few days as we remember, chat, send messages and cards sharing our memories of Evelyn there are some common strands: we recall a woman of zeal, full of energy, commitment, drive and thoroughness whether in the context of Schools St Monicas and Blessed Sacrament Liverpool, St Joseph's Primary School in Lisburn, Chivuna, Zambia, and parishes in Liverpool, Barrow, Castlemilk, and then in her last years here in Arrowsmith.

I knew her first in Seafield in the 1960s when she was one of the "outside school "nuns teaching in Blessed Sacrament, she would rush out after breakfast carrying bags of books, charts and cards to join the others in the mini - bus where, I am told, she travelled "pouring over her lesson plans". She was particularly remembered for her preparation of the children for the sacraments, a former pupil of hers in Lisburn fondly remembers her to this day as preparing her for her first communion. She always loved children and enjoyed the visits of local children visiting Arrowsmith.

It was after 20 years teaching and as headmistress in Blessed Sacrament school that Evelyn "retired" into working full time in St Matthew's Parish, Liverpool. She told me at the time that she had been head hunted by the parish priest and no wonder. Evelyn was enthusiastic about developing the new programmes of Catechetics which involved a lot of work with parents as well as children at parish level. Once again in community with her, I remember Evelyn's "drive". Indeed one morning after she had made a swift departure following Mass and breakfast she made an equally swift return. The wheels of her car had been stolen and, she explained with some indignation and a chuckle, that such was her hurry that she hadn't noticed until she had got in the car and felt it was rather low!

Another 20 years on I met up with her again in Castlemilk, now in her eighties still working full time in St Bartholemew's Parish. This time she was talking enthusiastically about starting a project she had never done before but saw a great need. With her teaching skills and concern for the marginalised she was up for the challenge. It was sacramental preparation for children with special needs and of course this meant supporting the families, especially the mothers. I heard she once went up to a school who wanted a child removed (against the mother's wishes) to "explain" forcibly how disruptive and harmful this would be to mother and child. I was impressed by her thoroughness, when a few years

later she had been preparing others to continue this work as she knew she would need to move on soon. She was tiring more easily and felt she couldn't cope with staying and being just part-time in the same place she had been full time! She continued to correspond with parishioners who remember her well to this day.

Still eager to serve, she eventually came to Arrowsmith in response to a request for volunteers to join the small community there in a supportive role. This she took seriously to the extent that she organised for herself a day off from her duties, when instead of the community mass she would go out to the Parish Mass, eat at different times and of course take long solitary walks on the shore .

This leads me to another strand of memories of Evelyn: walking and her love of freedom and the open air. She would speak of her childhood when the family had enjoyed much time in the countryside walking and boating. From her early days in Seafield onwards she would love going down to Noddfa for retreats, holidays and short breaks. She did this until just three years ago. Here she would (in her peak days) venture into the wild places in the mountains and apparently took a pair of scissors with her in case she got caught in the briars! When she took a sabbatical after her years of teaching in schools she chose to go with another sister to a hermitage on the remote Island Fetour in Scotland staying on the grounds of the Episcopalian sisters of the society of Our Lady and loved it.

Walking was one of the freedoms she enjoyed here in Arrowsmith until under a year ago, going down to the shore, meeting people (some continue to ask after her). People were concerned for her safety but she was prudent in not going out in bad weather conditions and shortening her walks. As in many things she managed her life well “worked hard and played hard” as someone remarked.

Of course Evelyn, had, I quote “her own way of doing things” and “her own opinions” sometimes strongly expressed. Yet she had an openness to new experiences and new ideas. She voraciously read the newspaper and “the Tablet” and liked to contribute to conversation on various topics. She was ecumenical in her outlook and work and over the years had enjoyed the challenges and richness of living and working among people with many different backgrounds, cultures and faith; keeping up contacts through correspondence and phone calls and visits from those in Zambia until very recently. She was kindly, gifted and appreciative of the giftedness and kindnesses of others. We miss her.

The photo on the back of the booklet was taken by a carer and shows Evelyn less than two weeks before she died. There she is, out in the sun, enjoying the company, smiling but longing all the same “to get out of this chair and just walk”.

A woman of deep faith and prayer, Evelyn, may you” walk with your Lord forever” as hand in hand you explore the many rooms and byways of heaven.

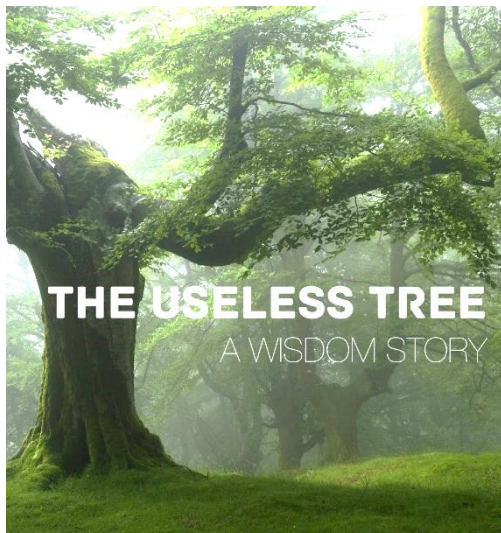
*Barbara*



*Dressed up  
to celebrate  
V Day.*

*Enjoying the Sun*





A carpenter and his apprentice were walking together through a large forest. And when they came across a tall, huge, gnarled, old, beautiful oak tree, the carpenter asked his apprentice:

*“Do you know why this tree is so tall, so huge, so gnarled, so old and beautiful?”*

The apprentice looked at his master and said:

*“No...why?”*

*“Well,”*

the carpenter said,

*“because it is useless. If it had been useful it would have been cut long ago and made into tables and chairs, but because it is useless it could grow so tall and so beautiful that you can sit in its shade and relax.”*

## Joyce's platinum jubilee celebrations – Liverpool

We celebrated this with a simple community prayer on the 9th and on the 13th with a special lunch in Seafeld joining Arrowsmith outside in the sunshine later for tea and the cutting of the cake! A joyful occasion for all as we have not been together since Covid.



In the following poem "Maybe" Mary Oliver picks up where Mark's story of Jesus calming the storm ([Mark 4:35-41](#)), read last Sunday, leaves off: the sea is silky and sorry, but soon enough, the people get restless. Something different has crossed the threshold. We may plead for deliverance, but the truth is we're often attached — more than attached — to the way things are, the devil we know, and wary when things threaten to change.

In this way, Oliver helps us understand Mark's story, and its aftermath, on a deeper level. "Everybody was saved that night," yes, the disciples and also the "other boats" Mark says were with them — but at its core, the episode is more unsettling than settling. The disciples are astonished, and also unnerved. "Who then is this?" they ask. Even they, who've left everything to follow him, who presumably believe him to be someone extraordinary, the Messiah, the deliverer — even they are perplexed, eyes widening. *Who then is this?* The storm has gone silent. But now they're left with him, and with his tender, luminous demands.

*A thousand times more frightening / than the killer sea.*



### MAYBE – Mary Oliver

Sweet Jesus, talking  
his melancholy madness,  
stood up in the boat  
and the sea lay down,

silky and sorry,  
So everybody was saved  
that night.  
But you know how it is

when something  
different crosses  
the threshold — the uncles  
mutter together,



the women walk away,  
the young brother begins  
to sharpen his knife.  
Nobody knows what the soul is.

It comes and goes  
like the wind over the water —  
sometimes, for days,  
you don't think of it.

Maybe, after the sermon,  
after the multitude was fed,  
one or two of them felt  
the soul slip forth

like a tremor of pure sunlight  
before exhaustion,  
that wants to swallow everything,  
gripped their bones and left them

miserable and sleepy,  
as they are now, forgetting  
how the wind tore at the sails  
before he rose and talked to it —

tender and luminous and demanding  
as he always was —  
a thousand times more frightening  
than the killer sea.

## The Journey Continues . . .

The journey in question is that of Sr. Teresa McCarthy who, in the not-too-distant future, will journey from Scotland back to her native land to take up residence in Naomh Brid. So it's back to Ferrybank where her RSHM journey began almost sixty years ago.

To wish her well as she journeys and to say farewell, the community in Carlisle – Moira, Margot and Catherine - invited the Castlemilk Community –Teresa and Margaret – to join them for a get-together-before-you-go celebration.

On Thursday, 17 June, Teresa and Margaret arrived in time for the parish Mass at noon, after which we all enjoyed a superb lunch and then a relaxing time with coffee and many stories from Teresa about the numerous places and ministries she had been involved in since leaving Ireland forty years ago. The time together passed quickly until, after a final cup of tea, Margaret and Teresa were on the road again with Carlisle's renewed good wishes for the next part of Teresa's journey and a propitious arrival at her chosen destination.

Happy travelling Teresa. May you know God's presence in all your journeying.  
*Catherine Dolan*



## The Summer Day – Mary Oliver

Who made the world?  
Who made the swan, and the black bear?

Who made the grasshopper?



This grasshopper, I mean -  
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,  
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,  
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up  
and down -

who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.  
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.  
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.

I don't know exactly what a prayer is.  
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down  
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,  
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the  
fields,  
which is what I have been doing all day.



Tell me, what else should I have done?  
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?

**Tell me, what is it you plan to do  
with your one wild and precious life?**

