



NEA NEWSLETTER



A New Year stands on my doorstep,
 ready to enter my life's journey.
 Something in me welcomes this visitor:
 the hope of bountiful blessings
 the joy of a new beginning
 the freshness of unclaimed surprises

Something in me rebuffs this visitor:
 the swiftness of the coming
 the boldness of the entrance
 the challenge of a year's good-bye.

Something in me fears this visitor:
 the unnamed events of future days
 the wisdom needed to walk love well
 the demands of giving away and growing.



A new year stands on my doorstep.
 with fragile caution I move
 to open the door for its entrance,
 my heart leaps with surprise,
 joy jumps in my eyes,
 for there beside this brand new year
 stands my God with outstretched hand!

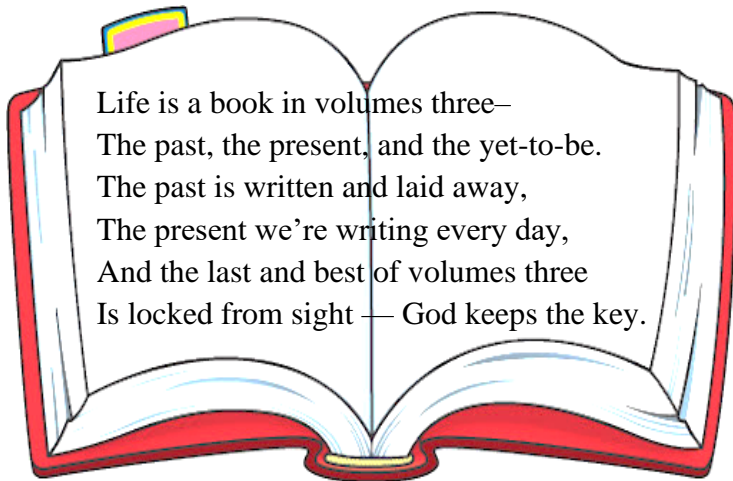
God smiles and gently asks of me:
 can we walk this year together?

And I, so overwhelmed with goodness,
 can barely whisper my reply: **“Welcome in!”**

Joyce Rupp



A few thoughts for the New Year



For success in the New Year, and for a life full of cheer
Keep your attitude positive and disregard the negative.
No matter what happens in the year keep looking forward
without fear

Find the good in all things
Show gratitude and thanksgiving
And the year will end on a positive ring.



The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
But stood out in the open plain
And always got its share of rain,
Never became a forest king
But lived and died a scrubby thing.



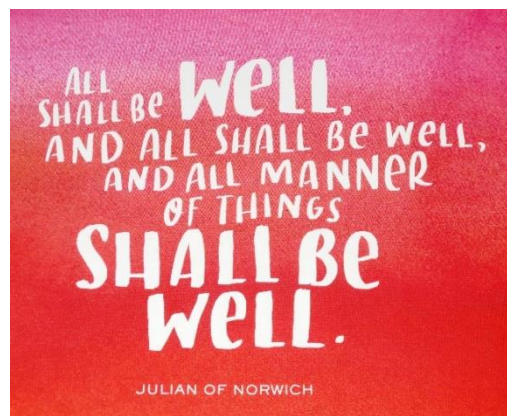
Brush away old heartaches.
Learn from our mistakes.
Another year is finally over.
A new dawn awakes.

Let the old year out.
Welcome the new one in.
Bury the bad things of the past
As a new year now begins.

Make your New Year wishes
As simple as you can.
Pray for peace and love,
Not for wealth or fame.

Pray for health and happiness.
Pray for your fellow man.
Pray for all the ones you love.
Pray for those who've lost their way.

May peace of heart fill all your days
may serenity grace your soul.
If it didn't bring you joy
just leave it behind.
Let's ring in the new year
with good things in mind.
Let go of bad memories
that brought heartache and pain
and let's turn a new leaf
with the smell of new rain.
Let's forget past mistakes
making amends for this year
Sending you these greetings
to bring you hope and cheer.
Happy New Year!



NEW YEAR - NEW ME!

January is traditionally the time for new beginnings. It's an ideal time to make little changes in our lives no matter what our circumstances. The following are a few suggestions from The International Catholic Stewardship Council:

Stewardship of Prayer: To cultivate a closer, deeper relationship with God make a new commitment to a time each day to listen to God's voice.



Stewardship of Family/ Community: Those nearest to us often get short shrift. Resolve to give time to those with whom you live – celebrating meals, socialising, conversing, giving others your time.

Stewardship of Health: Make one healthy change in your eating habits.
Add a few minutes of extra exercise to each day's routine.



Stewardship of Possessions: Want less. Live more simply. Do you own your possessions, or do they own you? Challenge yourself to sacrifice something you like but that you know another person needs more than you.

Treat others with respect.



Stewardship of the Parish/ Neighbourhood: Take a renewed interest in others outside your circle e.g. neighbours, carers, employees, people in the parish, locality etc. Appreciate them and let them know.

Stewardship of Money: Think about what you are doing with your money. Plan your spending and don't spend reactively or impulsively.

Stewardship of Work: Do your best at whatever you do. Resolve to learn something new and maybe share what you learn with others.



Stewardship of Mind: Resolve to read something regularly that enhances your life.



Stewardship of the Poor: Resolve to give support and aid to the poor in some specific way this year. Bring them into your prayer life as well.

MYSELF – Edgar A. Guest

I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able as days go by,
always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
and hate myself for the things I've done.
I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
a lot of secrets about myself
and fool myself as I come and go
into thinking no one will ever know
the kind of person I really am,
I don't want to dress myself up in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect
I want to deserve all men's respect;
but here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.
I never can hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself and so,
whatever happens I want to be
self-respecting and conscience free.

REMEMBER RULE #6

A WISDOM STORY

Two Prime ministers were sitting in a room discussing affairs of state. Suddenly a man bursts in, apoplectic with fury, shouting and stamping and banging his fist on the desk. The resident prime minister admonishes him: “*Peter,*” he says, “*kindly remember Rule Number 6,*” whereupon Peter is instantly restored to complete calm, apologizes, and withdraws.

The politicians return to their conversation, only to be interrupted yet again twenty minutes later by an hysterical woman gesticulating wildly, her hair flying. Again, the intruder is greeted with the words: “*Marie, please remember Rule Number 6.*” Complete calm descends once more, and she too withdraws with a bow and an apology.

When the scene is repeated for a third time, the visiting prime minister addresses his colleague:

“My dear friend, I’ve seen many things in my life, but never anything as remarkable as this. Would you be willing to share with me the secret of this Rule Number 6?”

“Very simple,” replies the resident prime minister.

“Rule Number 6 is ‘Don’t take yourself so damn seriously.’”

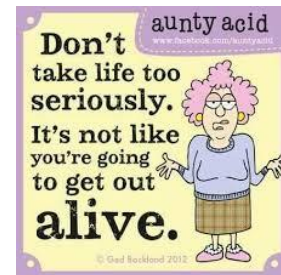
“Ah,” says his visitor, *“that is a fine rule.”*

After a moment of pondering, he inquires,

“And what, may I ask, are the other rules?” ...

“There aren’t any.”

Source: Benjamin Zander & Rosamund Stone Zander



Resources for the Week of Christian Unity 18 – 25 Jan this year have been prepared by Christians in the Middle East and are widely available on the internet.

There Is Strength In Unity

Sometimes, there is strength in numbers
Sometimes, the numbers are given strength
Tiny grains of sand make up the entire beach
A small handful of grains is easily moved
It is impossible, however, to move the entire beach
So, there is strength in unity!
Yes, there is strength in unity!

Christ and His Father are united
Christ prayed that His Church must be united

Divisions make failure a certainty
Alienations ensure fallouts in any family
Divisions widens cracks
Unity mends those cracks
Sometimes, there is strength in numbers
Sometimes, the numbers are given strength
There is strength in unity!
There is strength in unity!

Qiniso Mogale



Aline celebrates 90 years

It was a very small and select group of the four of us, here in Ealing, who met on the eve of Aline's 90th. Birthday to begin the celebrations!

Aline's family – and our sisters from Ilford and Upminster – were not with us, due to the uncertainty created by Covid and its high presence in Ealing – but nothing could dampen our joy and happiness to celebrate the occasion of Aline's 90th birthday.

One of the amazingly creative things to come out of Covid and lockdowns has been the rise in the use of ZOOM and TEAMS and it was just sheer joy to welcome all of Aline's family on zoom as we savoured their wonderfully creative and generous gift of 'Afternoon Tea' from Betty Blythe! We don't know her personally but her tearoom provides party teas to anywhere in the country! It was superb.

Of course, that was just the eve of Aline's birthday – we had yet to celebrate on the actual Monday 10th.

We did that in style too and enjoyed each other's company, while doing some forward planning to have both our sisters from the other side of London and Aline's family join us for a meal, when life has returned to being a bit more normal than at present. Surrounded by the myriad of cards she received, Aline basked in the occasion, and this photo reflects her joy and appreciation of the everyone's thoughtfulness.



Carmel, Joanna and Mary Jo Martin

But really, we also need
to learn how to love
one another as women.
How to appreciate and
respect each other.

“Strong people
don't
put others down...
They
lift them up.”

Let Your Words
SPEAK GRACE
TO THOSE
WHO HEAR
THEM.



We Are One in Christ – Sam Hargreaves

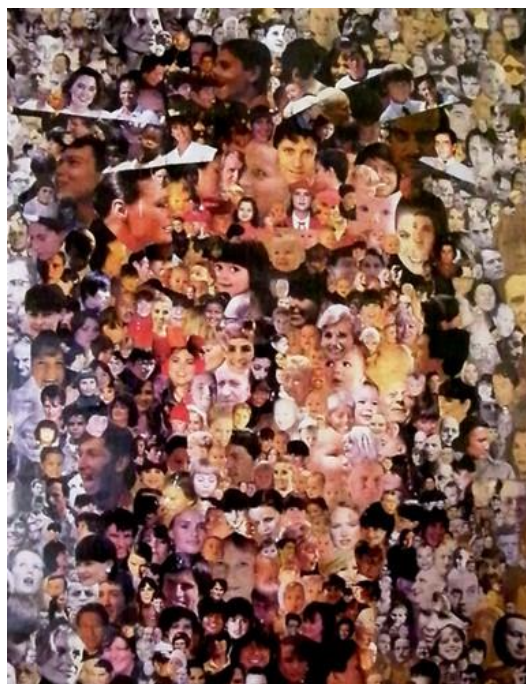
We are many,
God's great diversity,
yet we are one in Christ.

Different faces, different races,
yet we are one in Christ.

Butchers, bakers, website makers,
bankers, tailors, teachers, sailors,
yet we are one in Christ.

Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
single, married, broken, carried,
yet we are one in Christ.

The happy, the clappy,
the barely out of nappies,
the ancient, the modern,
the famous, the forgotten,
yet we are one in Christ.





Some hopeful, some hopeless,
 some cope well, some cope less.
 Some sure and some doubt,
 some whisper, some shout,
yet we are one in Christ.

Those with abundance,
 those with need,
 those who are generous
 or wrestle with greed,
yet we are one in Christ.

A broken body,
 torn apart,
 mars God's image,
 breaks God's heart.
 And yet our Father knows how the end will be,
 when all his kids will sing in harmony

.....
that we are one in Christ.



We are the Earth (from *Dominique*)

Buddhist monk and teacher Thich Nhat Hanh describes our inherent connection to the Earth and how that understanding can shift our behaviour.

At this very moment,
 the Earth is above you,
 below you,
 all around you,
 and even inside you.
 The Earth is everywhere.

You may be used to thinking of the Earth as only the ground beneath your feet. But the water, the sea, the sky, and everything around us comes from the Earth. Everything outside us and everything inside us comes from the Earth. We often forget that the planet we are living on has given us all the elements that make up our bodies. The water in our flesh, our bones, and all the microscopic cells inside our bodies all come from the Earth and are part of the Earth.

The Earth is not just the environment we live in. We are the Earth and we are always carrying her within us. Realizing this, we can see that the Earth is truly alive. We are a living, breathing manifestation of this beautiful and generous planet.

Knowing this, we can begin to transform our relationship to the Earth. We can begin to walk differently and to care for her differently. We will fall completely in love with the Earth.





When we are in love with someone or something, there is no separation between ourselves and the person or thing we love. We do whatever we can for them and this brings us great joy and nourishment. That is the relationship each of us can have with the Earth. That is the relationship each of us must have with the Earth if the Earth is to survive, and if we are to survive as well. If we think about the Earth as just the environment around us, we experience ourselves and the Earth as separate entities. We may see the planet only in terms of what it can do for us.

We need to recognize that the planet and the people on it are ultimately one and the same. . . .

Thich Nhat Hanh, *Love Letter to the Earth*

Thích Nhất Hạnh, the Vietnamese monk who [popularized mindfulness](#) in the West and whose vast peace writings introduced countless people to Buddhist ideas and practices, died Jan. 22, 2022, at the age of 95 at Từ Hiếu Pagoda, the Buddhist temple in Hue, Vietnam, where he entered monastic life at the age of 16 and returned to prepare for his death in 2019.



Celebrating
80
YEARS **in spite of Covid**

Here is Dorothy enjoying a small party for her 80th birthday last Saturday 22nd January. She was not able to have visitors due to covid restrictions. She did point out that P. Gailhac was looking on from the wall behind her!

Congratulations Dorothy!

INTRODUCTION TO SISTER KATHERINE QUILLIGANS REQUIEM MASS

Ellen O'Leary

At the end of her long life of devoted service we are gathered here to bid a fond farewell to our dear sister Katherine.

It is my privilege on behalf of the Sacred Heart of Mary sisters to welcome you all here today.

Katherine was a great lover of family and is the last member of her own family. I welcome you, her immediate family whom she loved dearly and always appreciated spending time with you all in her native Clare. When that was no longer possible, she loved and appreciated your visits to her here in Ferrybank.

I also welcome her Sacred Heart of Mary family, especially Madonna House community and the manager and carers who looked after her so well. I welcome Fr. Kieran and the parish community and those unable to be present and who are assisting on the web.



We all have our own special memories of Katherine. Let us pause for a moment and in the silence of our own hearts say our own special thank you to her.

Hospitality was the hallmark of Katherine and was central to her many and varied ministries. When she was portress here in Ferrybank there is a story told of a homeless man who came by train from Dublin on a regular basis. Katherine would give him his dinner, look after him and then he'd get the train back to Dublin. This is just one example of how she reached out to the vulnerable in society which is very much part of our charism as Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary.

In the past few months Katherine lost some of her zest for life when she could no longer read. Her niece, Bernie, who visited her on a regular basis always brought her the *Clare Champion*

which she read from cover to cover. I'm not sure whether it was not being able to read that or her many prayer books that she missed the most!

I feel I speak for all of us when I say her memory will live on in our hearts in many ways, when we hear birds singing or when the first buds appear in the garden - as nature had a special place in her heart.

Katherine, you will be always have a special place in my heart. I thank you for the memories and count on your continued love and support of all of us from your new resting place. May you rest in peace.

Ellen

"The Weaver"

My life is but a weaving,
between my God and me,
I do not choose the colors,
He worketh steadily,
Oftimes He weaveth sorrow,
and I in foolish pride,
Forget He sees the upper,
and I the underside.
Not till the loom is silent,
and shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unroll the canvas
and explain the reason why.
The dark threads are as needful
in the skillful Weaver's hand,
As the threads of gold and silver
in the pattern He has planned.

~ANONYMOUS

www.ShelleyHitz.com