



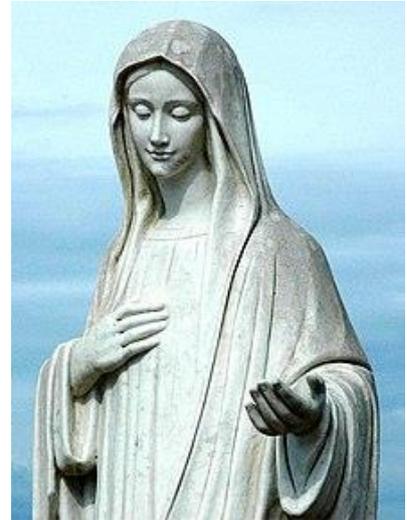
NEA NEWSLETTER



MAY NEWS 2022

Bring Flowers of the Rarest
 Bring flow'rs of the fairest,
 Bring flow'rs of the rarest,
 From garden and woodland
 And hillside and vale;
 Our full hearts are swelling,
 Our Glad voices telling
 The praise of the loveliest
 Rose of the vale.

O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,
 Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May,
 O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,
 Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May.



The First of May by Annette Wynne

If I could stay up late no doubt
 I'd catch the buds just bursting out;
 And up from every hidden root
 Would jump a tiny slender shoot;
 I wonder how seeds learn the way,
 They always know the very day—
 The pretty, happy first of May;
 If I could stay up then, no doubt
 I'd catch the buds just bursting out.

May Is Pretty, May Is Mild by Annette Wynne

May is pretty, May is mild,
 Dances like a happy child;
 Sing out, robin; spring out, flowers;
 April went with all her showers,
 And the world is green again;
 Come out, children, to the glen,
 To the meadows, to the wood,
 For the earth is clean and good,
 And the sky is clear and blue,
 And bright May is calling you!
 May is pretty, May is mild,
 Dances like a happy child,
 On a blessed holiday,
 Come out, children, join the play!



A tribute to Maureen shared by Sr Patsy Butler at the beginning of the Requiem Mass:

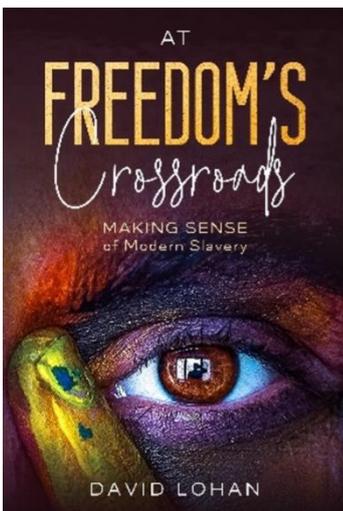
Good Morning. Fr Kieran has already welcomed everyone to this Sunday Mass and especially Sr Maureen`s relatives. As RSHM we want to reiterate that welcome to Sr. Maureen`s family. The fact that so many of them are here today .., over 20 from Ireland, England and Canada, shows how Sr Maureen loved them and they appreciated and returned that love. Maureen`s sisters Peggy in Canada and Kathleen, a Selly Park nun, would love to be here but are unable to travel due to their age and illness.



Maureen was a pupil in Ferrybank and then joined our Congregation and spent 72 yrs as an RSHM. At first she was known as Sr. Abigail. Her patron Abigail is the only women in the Hebrew Bible described as being “Intelligent and Beautiful.” two attributes which can be ascribed to Maureen. Maureen taught young children in Ferrybank and Roslyn, where she had great respect and love for children. Maureen was a private person but that did not prevent her from being courageous and free. In 1973, almost 50 yrs ago, during the Summer holidays, she decided to work in Boland`s Mills in Dublin. She wanted to experience how other people worked and lived and later on during her many years in Tallaght she was involved in helping women in Dublin who were out on the streets at night. Maureen always referred to them as “ladies of the night”.

Eventually she retired to Grianán Close where she created and nurtured a little garden near her apartment. A few years ago because of her failing health she moved into Madonna House where she was well cared for. During the past week when she was very low the Sisters and many of her family sat with her, held her hand and prayed. Maureen died peacefully and one of the Sisters said to me “Maureen died so peacefully and that is how I would like to died”.

Now Maureen ... Rest in Peace and enjoy your Resurrection with Jesus.



RECOMMENDED READING!

New book dissects modern slavery and human trafficking.

Ten years ago, author and activist David Lohan encountered the issue of modern slavery and human trafficking. Now he is announcing the release of his latest book

At Freedom`s Crossroads: Making Sense of Modern Slavery.

“Slavery and human trafficking are still with us. We can’t escape that reality. To understand why this is so, we must look to the past to make sense of modern slavery.” - *David Lohan*

Penned from detailed research conducted over many years, **At Freedom`s Crossroads** starts with an exploration of historical slavery in the antebellum United States. It draws upon the wisdom of former slaves such as Frederick Douglass, Harriet Ann Jacobs (*Incidents in the life of a slave girl*), and Solomon Northup (*12 Years A Slave*). The book then extends its range to include present-day realities, before using what has been learned to challenge the governmental approaches adopted by Sweden (Nordic Model), the Netherlands (legalization), and New Zealand (decriminalization) to combat sex trafficking in their prostitution sectors.

“An insightful and incredibly well researched book, *At Freedom's Crossroads* is highly recommended to anyone wishing to learn more about slavery, its construct and the worlds around us which profiteer from it, facilitate it and governments who choose to ignore it.”

-JP O’Sullivan of MECPATHS, Irish organisation working in partnership with the hospitality sector to prevent child trafficking.

It is available to order in-store at all good bookshops everywhere. It is also available in-store in Kennys Bookstore and from their online store at <https://www.kennys.ie>



Welcoming Ukrainian Refugees in Ireland

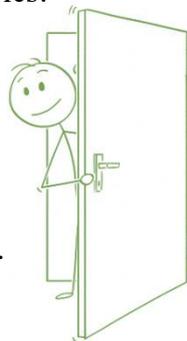
Forty-one member congregations and organisations of AMRI have offered accommodation to the incoming Ukrainian people driven from their land; including convents, retreat centres, former student accommodation, and houses big and small around the country. We estimate this translates into more than 500 rooms in total. AMRI is liaising with the Dept of Children and the Irish Refugee Council on the uptake of these offers.

A VISITOR

Christ came into my room the other day and
just stood there,
and I was bored to death.
I had work to do.

I wouldn't have minded if he'd been crippled
or something ... I do well with cripples!
But he just stood there ... all face
and with that damned guitar!

I didn't ask him to sit down,
He'd have stayed all day.
Let's be honest,
You can be crucified just so often ...
Then you've had it.
I mean you're useless,
no good to God, let alone anybody else.



So I said to him after a while,
“Well, what's up ... what is it you want?”
And he laughed ... stupid!
said he was just passing by
and thought he'd say hello.

Great.
I said “Hello”
So he left.
And I was so damned mad;
I couldn't even listen to the radio.
I went and got some coffee.

The trouble with Christ is
He always comes at the wrong time
and in the wrong garb!

John L'Heureux, S.J.



"The month of May is the pleasant time; its face is beautiful; the blackbird sings his full song, the living wood is his holding, the cuckoos are singing and ever singing; there is a welcome before the brightness of the summer." —*Lady Gregory*

"May, more than any other month of the year, wants us to feel most alive." —*Fennel Hudson*

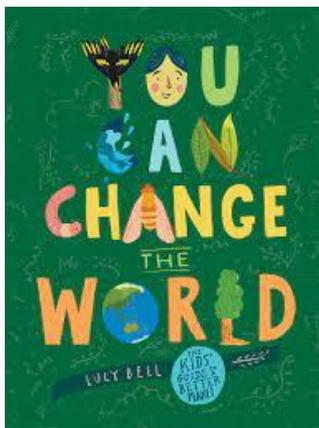
CHANGE – Hans Van Rostenberghe in Soul Sprinkles

Are we right now aware of the beauty of the sky?
 Are we aware that someone loves us?
 Are we aware right now that a bird is singing?
 Or is our mind drowning in the bad news,
 that is brought to us incessantly by the media?

Please go near a window and take a look.
 I think reading "news" more than once a day,
 is like killing our liveliness

Let us take a break from news.

Whether or not you worry about the war in Ukraine, will not change a thing.
 Whether or not you worry about a variety of potential corona variants, it will not matter to the world.
 Politicians will create some more destruction and in the end agree to stop the war.
 The pandemic will not last forever, it never has.



We feel for the victims of war.
 We feel for the hungry children in the world
 We feel for the victims of covid
 We feel for Yemen and Ukraine and Palestine

We may not be able to change these situations from where we live!
 But we CAN change the world.

HOW?

If in the coming day / week, you take a picture of a beautiful flower,
 send it to at least two people who, you feel, are in need of some beauty
 right now, then you will have changed the world a tiny little bit

If in the coming day you give a smile to at least three persons
 you will change the world a tiny little bit

Just by making tiny little changes in our own world, in our house,
 in our workplace in our village, we ARE changing the world.
 The more tiny changes we make, the more of these tiny changes can
 inspire others too.



If we reach a certain percentage of people in the world, working on daily tiny positive changes,
 the whole world will evolve into the next revolution, which will be a wisdom revolution,
 which will be a kindness revolution.

Please start today, right now.

Take break from the news for a short while and focus on changing the world!

PLANET OF HOPE

Is there hope for the world as it is?
Is there any hope at all?
Is there hope for our children?
Or are we heading for an endless fall?

Is there hope that one day,
The world will be nice and kind?
Is there hope that almost all living here,
Will be able to enjoy peace of mind?

If all of us get desperate about the future
Because of all negativity we see on TV
There is indeed no hope for the world
Barren and lifeless, soon it may be.



But if we keep believing in humanity
If we are ready to make small changes every day
At least in our house or the place where we live,
If we are ready to give a smile to anyone crossing our way

If we are ready to stand in awe for all of nature's beauty
If we are ready to be grateful for all the love and peace
If everyone would perform in the next hour an act random kindness
Then the world will change and provide all with ease.



to Lelia, Florence and Coltridah as you celebrate your Jubilees- a trinitarian celebration! It is truly a time of great joy and hope for you and for all of us. We rejoice with

you and give thanks for all the blessings and graces you have each received. We give thanks too for the solid foundations that you and so many others have laid. We pray that growth of religious vocations will continue to flourish and that our charism will in new and different ways continue to give life to all.

CELEBRATION OF SHM JUBILEES IN ZAMBEZI

LELIA - DIAMOND,

FLORENCE AND COLTRIDAH -

SILVER



Congratulations
Sr. Lelia O'Shea
on the Diamond Jubilee

Congratulations
Sr. Florence Muuka
on the Silver Jubilee

Congratulations
Sr. Coltrida Mooya
on the Silver Jubilee

Composed by Virginia

To Lelia:

It's a long road from Dunamaggin to Chivuna,
A road that you have travelled on over sixty years,
Now as you celebrate the journey,
We rejoice with you and sing in thankfulness
For all that has been, on the way.
It was sometimes smooth, sometimes rocky, unpredictable,
But you never looked back or gave up.
You shared the journey with young and old
And gently lifted up the vulnerable.
You were no stranger to the homeless, the deprived,
Whether in the streets of London



Or in the forgotten areas of Chivuna,
Choma, Lusaka
You were ever there to lend a hand.
The young will cherish your calm compassion,
As you lead them into pastures new
And give them courage and strength to risk
An uncertain future knowing that others
Have journeyed along the route,
And understanding that saying 'Fiat'-a yes to a call
Is possible....

For Florence:



Florence you came as a bright -eyed young girl,
Eager to explore the mystery of a call,
To follow a path trodden by few
You left your family, friends and the lovely
Landscape of Nkong Kola, your homeland,
Ready to tread a path that diverged
And took you across the Zambezi River
To a land hitherto just a name, another place.
You settled gradually into the routine of Novitiate life
And with your companions blossomed
Where you were planted day by day.

You put a certain kind of seal on your call,
By opting for the vowed life.
And through the joys, sorrows and many challenges
You have reached the big milestone
Of twenty-five years of dedicated service
And faithfulness to your call.
You have grown in wisdom, age and grace.
Through multiple experiences you have become
A woman capable of embracing all in love.
Now as you gather in a harvest, you are ready
For the next part of that journey toward
The next twenty five.



For Coltridah:



Coltridah you came as a shy apprehensive young girl,
From Chivuna Parish to follow your call.
You knew from the very outset you would meet obstacles,
But nurtured and supported by your Grandmother,
Your mother and many others you felt impelled to go forward
and respond to the call with courage and fortitude.,
You experienced the depth of the call in your being,
And against many odds you persevered and trod the path.
You embraced the vowed life and looked ahead.
As you journeyed on, your great love for the downtrodden,
The vulnerable, and particularly the children grew,

You became a beacon of light in the midst of their darkness:
Caring for them in a deep way by recognising your own vulnerability
And through unlimited patience raised them up to levels
Beyond imagination- to a greater quality of life.
You are gifted with being a leader in multiple ways.
So to-day, we rejoice with you as you celebrate your Jubilee
And move in readiness to the next part of your journey.



*With love and best wishes to each one.
Love, remembrances and prayers and of course celebrating with
each one in spirit from all your Sisters in Ferrybank.*

A few pictures of the Celebration



DREAMER - Brian Moses

I dreamt I was an ocean
and no one polluted me.

I dreamt I was a whale
and no hunters chased after me.

I dreamt I was air
and nothing blackened me.

I dreamt I was a stream
and nobody poisoned me.

I dreamt I was an elephant
and nobody stole my ivory.

I dreamt I was a rainforest
and no one cut down my trees.

I dreamt I painted a smile
on the face of the earth
for all to see.



Illustration by Piet Grobler



We had a lot to celebrate - belated Jubilees, significant and ordinary birthdays that have been missed in order of occurrence - past and present:

Past: Mary - Golden - February 2021:
Ellen - Diamond - August 2021:
Rosie - special Birthday - September 2021
Catherine G - Golden- November 2021:

Current: Dominique - Diamond - May 2022:
Chrissie - Diamond - August 2022
plus a significant birthday later in the year!

Ordinary birthdays for Anne and Maisie that we have been unable to celebrate at the appropriate times.

Also ... morning mass on 19th May was offered in memory of Catherine Dunne RIP who would have celebrated her diamond jubilee with Dominique



*My Dear Sisters,
Your cards and good wishes for my
diamond jubilee were received with
joy and gratitude. Thank you for your
kind words and warm friendship -
much appreciated. Marie Dominique*



Visitation Villanelle

She came to me, the mother of my Lord,
and grinned with amazement at the sight.
All creation with me seemed to roar.

Grey haired, belly swollen like a gourd,
I stood to kiss her in the morning light.
She came to me, the mother of my Lord.

Her voice, as she crossed the threshold of my door,
rang through my womb – from a great height,
all creation with me seemed to roar.

The baby leapt – tethered only by the cord.
The joy coursing through us! I shouted outright.
She came to me, the mother of my Lord.

Already she faced her share of the sword
She who believed all God said would be, might –
All creation with me seemed to roar.

Blessed one! With your yes you moved us toward
the home we long for, and all things made right.
She came to me, the mother of my Lord.
All creation with me seemed to roar.

Sarah O'Brien

PEACE



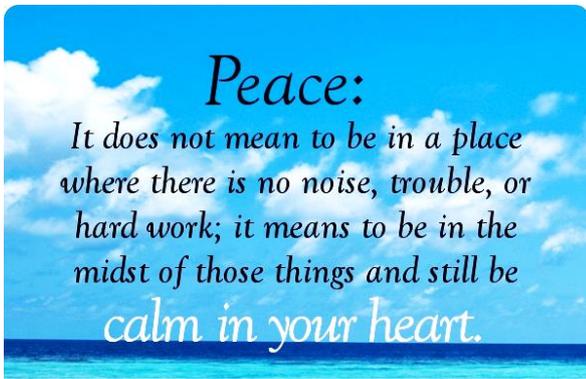
Peace starts
Deep inside
Right in our hearts

Peace, gently it blows
The magic of silence
It flows, it flows, it flows

Have you been aware
That late at night
Peace is there.

Have you been aware
That early in the morning
Peace is there





Let us find peace where it is
And send to this great big world
A little bit of peaceful bliss
Wars may rage,
filled with hate
We can bring to all some ease
By sending a bit of awesome peace
Just through becoming aware
That there is sooooo much peace to share.

SUDDENLY – RS Thomas

Suddenly after long silence
he has become voluble.
He addresses me from a myriad
directions with the fluency
of water, the articulateness
of green leaves; and in the genes,
too, the components
of my existence. The rock,
so long speechless, is the library
of his poetry. He sings to me
in the chain-saw, writes
with the surgeon's hand
on the skin's parchment messages
of healing. The weather
is his mind's turbine
driving the earth's bulk round
and around on its remedial
journey. I have no need
to despair; as at
some second Pentecost
of a Gentile, I listen to the things
round me: weeds, stones, instruments,
the machine itself, all
speaking to me in the vernacular
of the purposes of One who is.

"You will not be
punished for
your anger, you
will be punished
by your anger."

A WISDOM STORY -

TO WHOM DOES THE GIFT BELONG

One day the Buddha was walking through a village.

A very angry and rude young man came up and began insulting him, hurling all kinds of rude words at him, intended to ridicule and demean him.

The Buddha was not upset by these insults. Instead, he asked the young man, *"Tell me, if you buy a gift for someone, and that person does not take it, to whom does the gift belong?"*

The young man was surprised to be asked such a strange question and answered, *"It would belong to me, because I bought the gift."*

The Buddha smiled and said, *"That is correct. And it is exactly the same with your anger.*

If you become angry with me and I do not get insulted, then the anger falls back on you. You are then the only one who becomes unhappy, not me. All you have done is hurt yourself."