



NEA NEWSLETTER



JULY 2023

LET JULY BE JULY by Morgan Harper Nichols (student)

Even here, you are growing.
 When August is approaching
 and you feel a little restless
 thinking about how
 this month might end
 and how
 this year might end
 and how you are supposed to
 start again,
 you are growing,
 you are growing,
 in grace
 courage
 strength.



And it is okay
 if it does not feel like it.
 It is okay if there are moments
 where you cannot see
 the way you have grown,
 because far beneath the surface
 the seeds have still been sown.
 The ground beneath your feet
 is still a bed for new beginnings.

So much is changing around you
 but you are changing, too.



You are so much more
 than the brokenness
 that you were certain
 would define you.

It has not been easy for you.
 You have worked so hard
 to be the positive one.
 You have given your best
 in areas of your life
 where the effort
 was not returned.

And this has made it so hard
 for you to keep going,
 and there have been days
 where you were not sure
 if it was even possible.
 But after everything,
 here you are,
 just a little stronger,
 holding on a little longer,
 and you still found room for hope.

So take heart
 breathe deep
 you are still becoming
 who you were meant to be.

Let July be July.
 Let August be August.
 And let yourself
 just be
 even in
 the uncertainty.
 You don't have to fix
 everything.
 You don't have solve
 everything.
 And you can still
 find peace
 and grow
 in the wild
 of changing things.



“Deep summer is when laziness finds respectability.”

– Sam Keen

“A vacation is what you take when you can no longer take what you’ve been taking.” – Earl Wilson



Sr Teresina O’Byrne celebrated her big 98th birthday on the 9th of July in Madonna House.



Giving Thanks For Summer

Father, Creator of all, thank You for summer!
Thank you for the warmth of the sun
and the increased daylight.
Thank You for the beauty I see all around me
and for the opportunity to be outside and enjoy Your creation.
Thank You for the increased time I have to be with my friends and family,
and for the more casual pace of the summer season.
Draw me closer to You this summer.
Teach me how I can pray
no matter where I am or what I am doing.
Warm my soul with the awareness of Your presence
and light my path with Your Word and Counsel.
As I enjoy Your creation, create in me
a pure heart and a hunger and a thirst for You.

- Author Unknown



A WISDOM STORY - THE TEACHER'S HAND

When Mrs. Klein told her first graders to draw a picture of something for which they were thankful, she thought how little these children, who lived in a deteriorating neighbourhood, actually had to be thankful for. She knew that most of the class would draw pictures of friends, family or pets. That was what they believed was expected of them.

What took Mrs. Klein aback was Douglas's picture. Douglas was so forlorn and likely to be found close in her shadow as they went outside for playtime. Douglas's drawing was simply this:

A hand, obviously, but whose hand?

The class was captivated by his image. *"I think it must be the hand of God that brings us food,"* said one student.

"A farmer," said another, *"because they grow our food."*

"It looks more like a policeman, and they protect us."

"I think," said Lavinia, who was always so serious, *"that it is supposed to be all the hands that help us, but Douglas could only draw one of them."*

Mrs. Klein had almost forgotten Douglas in her pleasure at finding the class so responsive. When she had the others at work on another project, she bent over his desk and asked whose hand it was.

Douglas mumbled, *"It's yours, Teacher."*

Then Mrs. Klein recalled that she had taken Douglas by the hand from time to time; she often did that with the children. But that it should have meant so much to Douglas ...