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January 2021

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FOREWORD

The first three days of February are normally days of joy and hope. In Ireland, on the 1st February, we celebrate our beloved St. Brigid and the first day of spring, as we look forward to new life. The feast of the Presentation and the celebration of the World Day of Prayer for Consecrated Life on the 2nd, give us further food for prayerful reflection. We remember the Miraculous blessing accorded the nascent *Holy Family* on the 3rd. So much to be grateful for, and give us hope.



This year, 2021, there has been much to dampen our joy and hope. For a year now, we watched the statistics of cases and deaths and hospitalisations due to Covid-19. rise and fall. We tried to look beyond the numbers and see that each one represented someone suffering in a way no one else could imagine, too many having to give up the struggle and leave others desolate and often destitute. We prayed for them and helped where we could, mainly by observing the recommendations on how to keep ourselves and others safe,

Then, we became a statistic. It reminded us, as our Founder did in 1851 that we are not exempt from the common law, that we “share all the fatigues, the trials and the dangers of the journey” encountered by everyone. We have long known how interrelated we, and all creation, are, and could not be too surprised in spite of the more than common care that

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From the Intervocational Coordinators Team

TIME ON OUR HANDS

If ever the above title was true it is now in this time of the pandemic. What do we do with time? I investigated the origin of time – time is passing non-stop and we follow it with clocks and calendars. It cannot be studied with microscopes and we cannot experiment with it. All we know is - it keeps passing.

The measurement of time began with the invention of sundials in ancient Egypt some time prior to 1500 BC. The basic unit of time was the period of daylight. The first clock using a balance wheel was invented in Europe in the 14th century.

The hourglass was another form of timekeeping device that was used in ancient times. It is said that this hourglass was the predecessor of the egg timer of modern time. It could be from the hourglass that the expression, “the sands of time are running out”, came. Time telling before clocks did take place. It was just done in a different way from today.

The first mechanical clock was made in 723 A.D. by a monk and mathematician – he called it “Water driven spherical birds-eye-view map of the Heavens.”.

The pendulum clock was invented in 1656 but was first conceived of by Galileo around 1602; it was the world’s most accurate timekeeping technology until the 1930s.

Horology is the study of the measurement of time. In current usage horology refers mainly to the study of mechanical time keeping devices. Various universities and colleges around the world offer degrees in horology. The clock today regulates our lives, telling us when to get up, when to eat, sleep, play and work.

With so many people working from home now there is little relief from our surroundings - we eat, sleep and work in the same place all the time. No interaction with fellow workers except by means of “Zoom” meetings on the computer. Even in religious life, the acceptance of “zoom” meetings has become necessary making it difficult for elderly religious who are not computer literate.

I am not surprised at the rebellion against the “lockdowns”; we all obeyed the initial lockdown but we are social people and feel the need for interaction. The rebellions themselves are what are called Superspreader Events - and so the virus is spread.

It has been a shock to all the world – this small virus that has now controlled how we may spend our time and behave. We can go out but we have to consider all the risks of this action. This is where our faith comes into play; we have to believe that God is there watching over us, and go on living.

I have found that people are kinder towards one another and I wondered if it was because we see so little of our friends and acquaintances now? A lot of communication now is electronic. I miss the face-to-face meetings with neighbors, fellow parishioners and friends.

There is more time for prayer and contemplation now. The Mass is electronic and is watched on YouTube by the many Catholics around the world. It is quite nice to have a choice of Mass from other countries. Nothing, however, can replace attending Mass in person. Some have got used to not going to church anymore, but the presence of God that is experienced in church be replaced. The

contemplation of how to fill in time brought about a search of the Bible and the perfect words were found for this time in our lives:

Ecclesiastes: 3, 1-8

There is a given time for everything and a time for every happening under heaven:

a time for giving birth, a time for dying,
a time for planting, a time for uprooting,
a time for killing, a time for healing,
a time for knocking down and a time for building,
a time for tears, a time for laughter, a time for mourning and a time for dancing,
a time for throwing stones and a time for gathering stones, a time for embracing and a time to refrain from embracing,
a time for searching, and a time for losing,
a time for keeping, a time for throwing away.
a time for tearing and a time for sewing,
a time to be silent and a time to speak,
a time for loving, and a time for hating,
a time for war and a time for peace.

That last message, “a time for war and a time for peace” should give world leaders pause – with so many dying from the virus the death toll

from ongoing wars is a sad reflection on humankind. There are psalms to help us through the difficult times we are experiencing.

One of these is Psalm 13: “How long, Lord, will You forget me”. We should turn to God for patience this time of Covid-19. God is always there to comfort and strengthen us.

Psalm 55: “Cast your burden on the Lord, and He will sustain you.”, is another. God only asks that we trust when we cast our burdens on God. The only thing that matters, the only thing we can depend on is that we carry out the will of God, here and now.

Pray to God for strength and endurance during this time of pandemic. The sun still rises and sets every day. We need to rise and look forward to fulfilling our days as best we can. Pray and hope for the future.

The only constant in our lives is that we have “time on our hands” which must be placed in God’ hands.

Terri Fagan, HF Secular Member, RSA

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was taken to avert it. We are deeply saddened by our losses and concerned for those who are still struggling with infection.

The succession of funerals, chronicled later in these pages, might leave us desolate were it not that they are giving us an opportunity to give thanks for the years of dedicated service to God they represent. Each funeral has been special in every way,, and our thanks go to those who, regardless of their own pain, gave thought to preparing the details that inspired the homily, the choice of appropriate readings for each one, as well as the bidding prayers.

We cannot forget the hauntingly beautiful singing, with piano accompaniment, that added something of heaven to each ceremony. We must also thank the devoted Priests who were ever present in the sanctuary.

May Jesus, Mary and Joseph receive our departed members into their loving embrace, and guide protect us here on earth.

Happy New Year - January 2021!

Most people will be glad to see the back of 2020 it has been an exceedingly difficult year, but we have got through it and although we still have uncertainty ahead of us, we have hope we always have hope, but it may be in different degrees much better than wishful thinking.

Science had made a breakthrough we thank God for our scientists and the work they do, and we pray for all people on the front line that they may have the physical and mental strength to continue their work and to keep them and their families safe.

We have so many media outlets to keep us informed of what is happening in our world today and the future what would our Founder do in these times? I fancy he might have had his own TV programme; maybe not.

It would be his spiritually, faith and belief in the Holy Family that would show him the way and, of course, the person he was. My thoughts turn

to that Holy Family having to flee from Bethlehem into unknown exile and becoming refugees in such dangerous times, not knowing what was ahead of them, no media to inform them. We cannot imagine their plight and how frightened they may have been but what they had was their faith and belief in God.

Have you ever listened to someone telling you their story and then used the phrase, "the only thing I/you can do is pray". Well, what we should say is, "the one thing I/you can do is pray". This is our faith our belief.

As we enter a New Year full of hope we take our faith and belief with us.

Happy and a Blessed New Year!

Jesus Mary and Joseph Pray for us.

Marilyn (Skelmersdale)



A hug delights
It warms, It charms
It must be why
God gave us arms ..

But now because of this
'Horrible Bug'
We're sending you ALL
A 'Virtual Hug'
Our love, Our thoughts
And especially our prayers
Are guaranteed
Because - 'We Cares'!!!

From Margaret Ramsey

“I have plans to give you a future full of hope.” (Jeremiah 29:

Fr. P.B. Noailles, Founder of the *Holy Family* Association, reminded us that “the works of God are never more solid or more fruitful than when they appear to be on the verge of ruin.” While the COVID-19 virus brought home to us how fragile we are, we must not overlook some positive actions resulting from the virus. It’s a challenge and an opportunity to appreciate our interconnectedness and our place in the natural world: there may be a danger of forgetting about others who are suffering.

Love and compassion flow from the heart: they cannot be administered. We read and hear about lovely unselfish actions. What happens when a catastrophe happens outside our own country? How do we respond, especially when there are so many demands for help here at home? What a lovely response from a group of people in Co. Meath who came forward to help people in Croatia, where many were left homeless and hungry following an earthquake. In RTE’s news bulletin (10 January), we heard that “a truck containing aid to help thousands of people impacted by an earthquake in Croatia, had left our shores.” The turmoil of today is surely pointing to a new unfolding of God’s care for

the world. *“In the trials of life, you reveal your own heart: how solid it is, how merciful, how big or small.”* (Pope Francis). The Church cannot remain on the side-lines in the building of a better world. Again, Pope Francis says: *“I see a flow of mercy spilling out in our midst.”* Referring to the sacrifices so many have made - health workers, doctors, nurses, caregivers, chaplains – he invites us to *“honour their witness by following the paths they have lit for us.”*

We must not lose hope. It has been said that the human heart can go the length of God. Our own poet, Patrick Kavanagh, said that *“to be dead is to stop believing in the masterpieces we will begin tomorrow.”* Let us continue to lay foundations on which we will reclaim all that was good, and journey again towards the newness of Christ.

So, let us stay with the story surrounding us until, in the words of St. Peter, “the day dawns and the morning star rises in our hearts.” (1 Peter 19).

Sr. Catherine Moran, Newbridge Community



PEACE SUNDAY



Members of Pax Christi and J&P (Leeds) organised a prayer Service for Peace Sunday, January 19th, 2021. This was live-streamed on Zoom that very same day. Since COVID restrictions on Church Services are at present in force, I tuned in to this service. Actually, since last March I have attended online meetings with the Pax Christi group in the diocese.

In his message for the Catholic Church's World Day of Peace, Pope Francis appeals to the international community and every individual to foster a "culture of care" by advancing on the "path of fraternity, justice and peace between individuals, communities, peoples and nations."

The service highlighted a culture of care for earth and humanity. In her opening introduction one of the members of Pax Christi brought out that Creation and Incarnation are an integral entity and that Christmas does not end when the decorations come down. Christ is incarnated in every event and especially in our service to one another and caring for our Common Home.

The following poem by Michael Doherty spells this out.

*When the carols have been stilled,
When the star-topped tree is taken down,
When family and friends are gone home,
When we are back to our schedules
The work of Christmas begins:
To welcome the refugee,
To heal a broken planet,
To feed the hungry,
To build bridges of trust, not walls of fear,
To share our gifts,
To seek justice and peace for all people,
To bring Christ's light to the world.*

Another highlight of the programme was a reading of part of a speech by Oscar Romero expressing his close involvement with people. Diarmuid O' Murchu's Prayer to the Holy Spirit, calling the Spirit to breathe down on this troubled world, followed by a moment of quiet to allow the participants to reflect on what touched them at this moment, gave time for personal involvement. A rousing chorus of the song, 'There are the hands...' sung by a group of school children, brought home to all the tenderness and love expressed by the many frontline workers since the beginning of the COVID pandemic, a great symbol of peace.

What impressed me a great deal was to note how the organisers were lay people, as were most of those who zoomed in. If only the clergy of our diocese could take such an interest and be creative in liturgical services.

Sheila Griffiths (Bradford Community)

MY SOUL HAS A HAT

I counted my years
& realised that I have
Less time to live by,
Than I have lived so far.

I feel like a child who won a pack of candies: at first he ate them with pleasure
But when he realised that there was little left, he began to taste them intensely.

I have no time for endless meetings
where the statutes, rules, procedures & internal regulations are discussed,
knowing that nothing will be done.

I no longer have the patience
To stand absurd people who,
despite their chronological age,
have not grown up.

My time is too short:
I want the essence,
my spirit is in a hurry.
I do not have much candy
In the package anymore.

I want to live next to humans,
very realistic people who know
How to laugh at their mistakes,
Who are not inflated by their own triumphs
& who take responsibility for their actions.
In this way, human dignity is defended
and we live in truth and honesty.

It is the essentials that make life useful.
I want to surround myself with people
who know how to touch the hearts of those whom hard strokes of life
have learned to grow with sweet touches of the soul.

Yes, I'm in a hurry.
I'm in a hurry to live with the intensity that only maturity can give.
I do not intend to waste any of the remaining desserts.

I am sure they will be exquisite,
much more than those eaten so far.
My goal is to reach the end satisfied
and at peace with my loved ones and my conscience.

Poem by Mario de Andrade (San

Paolo 1893-1945)

Poet, novelist, essayist and

Submitted by Joan Farrell, Rock Ferry Community



BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS



During these difficult times, here in Rock Ferry, we take every opportunity to celebrate and give thanks for all we have.

On Thursday January 7th the Rock Ferry Community celebrated the 80th birthday of Sr. Teresa. Unfortunately, like with so many others during the past year due to the restrictions, friends, family members and Sisters could not be present.

However, as usual the staff rose to the occasion as they decorated with banners, balloons and cards, etc. Teresa got some beautiful bouquets of flowers. During



our lovely midday meal Hilda asked, "Whose birthday is it?" So Teresa came to her table and Hilda serenaded her with Happy Birthday. (As

many Sisters know, Hilda has a beautiful singing voice.) It brought back memories for

Teresa as Hilda visited Teresa's mum regularly in a nursing Home in Rock Ferry when Hilda was in the Community some years back.



After lunch, the staff organised a sing along and dancing to keep us all fit. We then enjoyed tea and birthday cake. As we started the day with prayer in thanksgiving for Teresa's life and the many lives she has touched, we now went once more to the chapel to pray in thanksgiving for

Teresa and in particular for her commitment to our Environment and the many serious issues she is involved in as Holy Family.

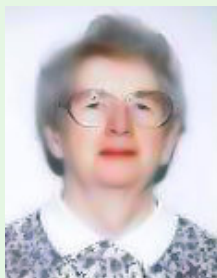
Teresa would like to thank all the Sisters who send gifts, cards and Masses, and also Maria our Matron and all our staff for their cards, gifts and planning to make this a very happy and memorable day.

Sr. Joan, Rock Ferry Community



Rock Ferry Community

IN MEMORIAM



Sr. Patricia O'Hara (1930 - 2021)

WORDS OF WELCOME AND TRIBUTE by Sr. Claire Mc Grath

This afternoon I am here representing Sr Colette, the leader of the local community here in Newbridge. Unfortunately, although well, Colette is in lockdown until Thursday. So, on behalf of Colette and all the members of the community here in Newbridge, I welcome you.

We want to extend a warm welcome to all who are joining us via live streaming today. I particularly welcome members of Patricia's family, her sister Bernadette joining us from Sligo, her brother Michael in Canada, her sister Mary on the Isle of Wright and her many nieces and nephews. Our condolences on the death of your sister and aunt.

I also welcome all the sisters of the Holy Family who are joining us, a warm welcome. Also, the lay members of the Holy Family, especially those joining us from Wrexham.

The family is being represented here today by Pauline Summers a good friend to Bernadette and Patricia, so thank you Pauline for your presence.

It is a sad day, no doubt, when we lose one member of our community but there is also hope and gratitude and Patricia has given us an example of that. When Patricia was close to death in the last few days, thankfully, Sr. Lil Meagher was allowed to visit her.

One aspect of our lives is the fact that our mission is not just about the work we do but it is that God is at the very heart of our lives. Our mission is to proclaim that through our whole lives, and this goes on right the end, until we breath our last breath. We had real evidence of this last week in Patricia's final hours. On Thursday afternoon when Lil sat with her Patricia spoke. Her words were only ones of love and gratitude.

She said, "Thank you, thank you I have known great love in my life, such wonderful friends. I am so grateful to God for my 90 years. I am grateful to all the Sisters and staff in the Convent who were not just my Sisters but my friends".

Patricia also spoke about the joy she felt at having spoken to her sister, Bernadette earlier that day. That conversation offered her a deep sense of peace. What a legacy she has left us.

So, this morning as we say farewell to Patricia let our hearts too be filled with gratitude that we have known her, experienced her love and her friendship.

Patricia rest in peace, in love of the God you served all your life.



Sr Maureen Delaney
1928 - 2021

"It is always a sad occasion to lose a member of our community but, as we all know, this corona virus is the unwelcome visitor to so many families and ours is no exception. This is the second time in a week that we gather to pray and give thanks for a member of our community. In this Mass we praise and thank God for the person who was Maureen, her many gifts and talents."

With these words, St. Colette, leader of the *Holy Family* community in Newbridge set the tone for the celebration that followed.

She began by welcoming all those who were present in person or participating virtually. Family members in the Church were Sr. Esther, Maureen's blood sister and member of Newbridge community, their brother, Joe, and a niece who did the reading. Some sisters and staff made up the remaining number of participants allowed at a funeral. Colette extended a special welcome to the many *Holy Family* members, extended family and friends who were following the ceremony online.

She thanked the chief celebrant, Fr. Ruairí Ó'Domhnaill PP, and fellow clergy, the cantor and pianist for their contribution to the beauty of the Mass.

Maureen's pastoral activities were mainly in Britain. As sacristan in Rock Ferry, then the Noviciate, she impressed the novices by the care and reverence with which she did this. When she became assistant to the Novice Mistress, she spent a few years in Ireland. Then, back to England, she was involved in the residential care of children, after which she was appointed leader of the Sicklinghall community. Another important ministry took her to Livingstone as a pastoral care worker and member of the hospital chaplaincy team.

Her final placement in Britain was to Woodford, from where she retired to Newbridge in 2014.

MAY SHE REST IN PEACE



Sr. Ellen Teresa Butler

1931 - 2021

“It is always a sad occasion to lose a member of our community and when we think that Ellen was up and about until the virus struck two weeks ago, we realise how cruel this virus is,” said Sr. Colette at the beginning of Ellen’s funeral Mass.

She continued saying, “The last big celebration we enjoyed with Ellen was on December, 13th 2020 when she reached the ripe old age of 90. She was in great form that day and enjoyed all the fuss. She had phone calls from Coventry, Alice Springs, Australia and New Hampshire, U.S.A. and even though she couldn't hear very well, her relatives were happy to hear her voice and the rest of us enjoyed the chocolates and truffles!!

Ellen kept saying - ‘I can't believe I'm 90 years old’.

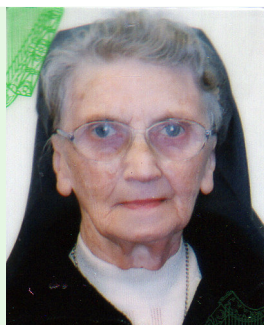
In August she celebrated 70 years in the *Holy Family* with three other Sisters living in the community.

Even though Ellen suffered from dementia in recent years, yet she didn't lose her wit and sense of fun. She wanted to participate in community life and had a little note-book in which she wrote down the programme for each day.

At night when saying good night to the rest of us she always added "and don't forget to go to bed".

So, Ellen you have left us many happy memories and we will miss you.

MAY YOU REST IN PEACE.



Sr. Columba Donnelly
1927 - 2021

We gather once again in thanksgiving for a life, a life well lived - the life of Sr Columba Donnelly.

We offer our condolences to Sr Columba's family especially her sister, Elizabeth, and her nephews and nieces.

This is a difficult time, no doubt of that, and as Sr Colette said in her introduction last week, we are in solidarity with so many people who are also suffering the effects of Covid-19 at this time.

We are all aware that It is especially difficult for the Sisters here in Newbridge but we know that so many are joining us today via livestreaming and that is a huge consolation. We welcome you and thank you for your support: the Holy Family Sisters, Lay members and friends.

We thank our devoted celebrants, among whom are: Frs. Ruari PP, Joe McDermott, Paul Lawlor O.P., Eugene, John Harris O.P. Who

Today in Ireland, it is the 1st day of Spring and there is hope in that. The weather may not reflect this but new life is happening. We watch as snowdrops, crocuses and even daffodil buds are beginning to appear. There is hope because this is a promise of new life, of better days ahead. I say this because that is what Columba wanted, looked forward to - NEW LIFE.

In the last few years, her gentle presence lit up the room with a smile and sometimes even a song, but when she was asked, "How are you Columba?" her answer was that she wanted to go to God, to be united with her parents and those she loved. This was her wish and her prayer.

She trusted completely in her God, in the One who would take her HOME to be united with all those she loved.

Now she is. This faith in God, in new life, removed all fear and so she died peacefully surrounded by her community here in the Convent.

Columba, R.I.P

Ellen's Second Homeland

When I arrived in Lesotho in 1957, Sr. Mary Philip, whom we all now know as Ellen, was the only Irish sister in the country. She was in her mid to late 20s and was loved and appreciated by the *Holy Family* community of Roma, comprising 7 other nationalities – Basotho, French, English, Spanish, Polish, South African, German – for her dedication and willingness to put her hand to any task that needed to be done. Her Irish wit and sense of humour also endeared her to all.

She had a great rapport with the pupils of St. Mary's Institution, the majority of whom were boarders. They called her 'M'e Filipi and gave her the honour of a nickname – 'M'a Pinki - because of her fresh Irish complexion and rosy cheeks.

Like all newcomers, Ellen began to study the local language, Sesotho. She was fortunate in having a knowledge of French to communicate with other "foreign missionaries" whose first language was French (Canadian). As the medium of instruction in Secondary Education was English, she had no problem there.

Ellen managed to complete her BA degree and Teacher's Diploma while also doing quite a few hours teaching at St. Mary's, as well as taking her turn in supervising the boarders. This Institution, as it was called, was a combined Secondary School and Training College, one of several in existence then. Ellen taught in the Training College and eventually became the Principal, a task she did so efficiently it was ranked among the first in the country. I'm sure

there are many retired teachers in Lesotho who remember her and will be saddened at news of her death.

As the country advanced and gained independence, a National Teacher Training College was established, so ending the need for any others.

Ellen and a Polish sister, Theodora, who had also taught in the TC, were then called to put



their talents and experience to use in another sphere. They began to work with Mazenod Printing Press, the first Printing Company in the country and run by the Oblates. They collaborated in producing Primary School textbooks. One of them, Ellen's work, was a geography textbook which was in use for many years.

For a section on coal mining, a friend in South Africa arranged for her to join a guided tour of a coalmine. As an author, she was allowed a companion and all expenses were paid - the plane trip to the site of the mine (I can't remember where), the tour of the mine, lunch and trip back to Johannesburg. I was the companion and I have to say it was a memorable experience.

The time came when Ellen felt a new call and she left Lesotho to discern what her future was to be. After a short time in South Africa, she returned to her first homeland, where her story has just ended.

Sile McGowan, Griffith Downs

MEMORIES OF A DEAR FRIEND

Ellen Butler

I was with Ellen for about 10 years in Roma, Lesotho, from 1967. She was Principal of St. Mary's Training College and it was from her that I learnt, practically, how to teach. I learnt the theory at the local University! I used to sit in at the back of her classes when I was free! She was a brilliant teacher, not using too many words, very clear and always plenty of humour thrown in! She could be strict at times but the students really appreciated her.

In 1972 Ellen had fallen out of a tree! She'd been pruning, as we all did in the Winter holidays. As a result, she dislocated her right shoulder and, in the classroom, could only write at the bottom of the blackboard! As the pain lessened, I had an idea.

"Why don't we ask Val Doonican to help you," I asked. "And what is it that he could do for me?" she asked with that quizzical look on her face!

"Well, we could do some exercises to his music" I said!

Her sister Linda in Coventry used to send her the latest records which I enjoyed even more than she did. We set to with *Rafferty's motor car*, *Are ye right there Michael*, *are ye right? Walk tall* and *Delaney's Donkey*. Val really helped!

A little while later I was sent to the doctor. The Sister in charge asked, "What did the doctor say?" I told her she said I needed a holiday by the sea, the first holiday in 6 years! I asked if Ellen could come with me because she needed one, too, after falling out of that tree! And that's how the two of us got to Durban! We had so much fun with our sisters there in Maris Stella.

One day when we were walking along the beach I started to sing "Hail thou Star of Ocean, Portal of the Sky" The tide was coming in and the waves of the Indian Ocean were roaring. In Primary School Ellen had been

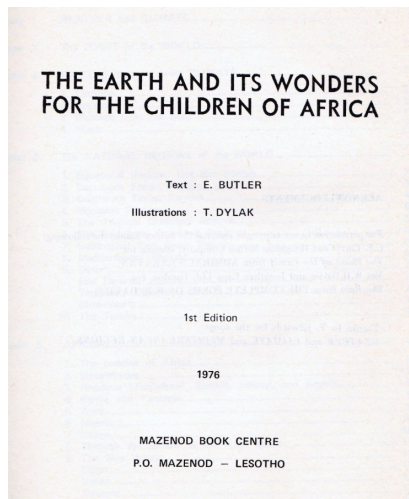


told she couldn't sing so, for Ellen, that was that! But now she had her chance and she took it! If she was off key it didn't matter; I couldn't hear! She was singing her heart out and it was a wonderful moment! For both of us!

Another great moment was when we were given tickets for a Val Doonican concert. He "happened" to be in Durban when we were there! We'd already written to tell him how his records were being used in Lesotho, so we decided to go and introduce ourselves to him!

Other happy memories are when Ellen and Theodore (Polish sister) were writing Geography, History and Bible books for Primary Schools. I was roped in a bit to proof read and label the drawings. I have the Geography book here!





Some years later Ellen transferred to the South African Province and was very happy in the Northern Transvaal with Cathy O’Gorman.

When Ellen returned to Britain and Ireland from South Africa she was asked to help out in different houses during the summer. Her niece, Marie, rang her one day to ask if she knew how many more moves she’d be getting as her address book was already full and she’d need to buy another one!

I’d like to end with a prayer which Ellen wrote out for me on the back of a lovely card. On the front was a lovely pink hydrangea with the words, “When friendship encourages fidelity it is the most beautiful thing of all”

On the back of the card she wrote:

GOD BLESS YOU

Dear friend of mine there is no way in which I could address you

With more sincerity of heart than just to say God bless you!

My words could wish that all your cares would be a little lighter

And I could send you Greeting cards to make your hours brighter

And I could promise you the depth of faithful understanding

But I am sure no other thought or message would impress you

As lovingly or lastingly as asking God to bless you.

And so I say GOD BLESS you in every good endeavour

And may His guiding grace be yours forever and forever.
Eily

*Teresa Edwards, Rock Ferry
(27th January 2021 the day God called her home)*

This photo of Ellen and Theodora appeared in the weekly newspaper, Moeletsi oa Basotho, published by Mazenod Press.

The headline. **Sechaba sea ba leboha**, means

The Nation thanks them



**Sechaba sea
ba lebohela**

UPCOMING EVENTS

	FEBRUARY DATES
Monday, 1 st	Feast of St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland
Wednesday, 3 rd	Miraculous Benediction accorded to the <i>Holy Family</i> (1822)
Thursday, 4 th	First International Day of Human Fraternity*
Monday, 8 th	Death of our Founder (1861) Our Founder was declared Venerable (1988) St. Josephine Bakhita, Patroness of Trafficked People**
Thursday, 11 th	Funeral of our Founder (1851)
Wednesday, 17 th	Ash Wednesday Feast of the Flight into Egypt

* In December 2020, the 75th session of the United Nations General Assembly unanimously adopted a resolution based on an initiative that was introduced by the United Arab Emirates, Bahrain, Egypt and Saudi Arabia. The UN said that the proclamation of this Day is "a response to growing religious hatred amid the COVID-19 pandemic."

** In 2015, Pope Francis declared her feast day as the first International Day of Prayer and Awareness of Human Trafficking. A range of resources to mark the day can be found [here](#).