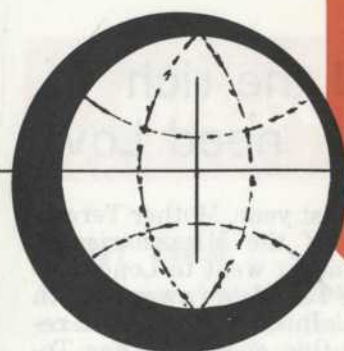




Holy Year in a Missionary Perspective

The Ecumenical Council was certainly a remarkable effort of renewal and it has clearly yielded fruit, especially in certain fields and in certain environments. But, on the whole, it has not been able to remedy a multiform crisis, which has been growing worse. Moreover, the impetus given by the Council has gradually lost its vigour. So the whole Christian people needs a powerful revival. But where will it draw the necessary dynamism? The Holy Spirit has made provision for it! He has inspired the Holy Father to have recourse to a Holy Year geared to a spiritual renewal of the People of God, which will make it possible to pursue, deepen, intensify and put into practice the work undertaken by the Council.

General convocation of the People of God

The Holy Year is going to mobilize the whole Church all over the world. For it will be extended methodically to all countries, to all the local Churches, all dioceses, all parishes, all movements, all insti-

tutions. These are the instructions given by the Pope himself. But he wants this conversion effort to begin with individuals. "What constitutes the essential aspect of the Holy Year is the inner renewal of man, of thinking man, who, in his effort of thought, has lost the certainty of truth... Man must be renewed from within. That is what the Gospel calls conversion, repentance, metanoia. It is a process of rebirth to oneself... It is a time of grace which, usually, is obtained only by bowing one's head... The man of today needs this interior renewal such as that hoped for by the Council" (9 May).

"The moment has come to make a choice that commits us... Will our life be Christian or not...? Do we wish to be real followers of Christ? Do we want to make God and Christ the centre that conditions and harmonizes our life, its drama of redemption...? Instead of making ourselves the centre of all our activity, let us extend our love to all our brothers, be they near or far away" (cf 16 May).

Reprinted from *Christ to the World*

Modern Litany for May

*Mother of God, see all my fears,
Hear my expressions of need.
Bring them to Jesus. O let Him hear
How I love Him in word and in deed!*

*Mother of God, teach me your faith,
Mother of Apostles, teach me to pray,
Mother of Truth, teach me your honesty,
Morning Glory, teach me your joy.*

*Road to God, teach me openness, deliver me
from my indifference.*

*Tower of freedom, teach me justice,
Garden of friendship, teach me loyalty,
Ocean of peace, teach me serenity.*

*Rock of Perseverance, intercede for me in
my work for unity.*

*Open my eyes, heart, and hands to others.
Teach me to bring comfort to the lonely.
Pray that I may never speak an unkind
word.*

*Mary, loving Mother, obtain wisdom and
fortitude for those of us who have been
blessed with children.*

*Virgin without equal, gentle beyond all
others, make us gentle and pure.*

*Guide us to the experience of creation in a
community of hope and trust.*

*Mary, Gate of Life, pray for us, that we
may praise your Son forever.*

Patricia Pelletier, M.I.C.



Mother love in Taiwan



LIGHT in the dark

by Marie Berthe Beaumont, M.I.C.

All was dark and gloomy in the provincial jail of Mati, Davao Oriental, Philippines, until March 25, 1971, when plans were made by the Women's Association to bring joy as well as spiritual and moral help to poor dejected prisoners.

Being coordinator of the Association I organized, with the help of some members, religious activities proper to the inmates. I found out, however, that this did not fully respond to the aim we had in mind. In order to keep people happy, I realized that it was necessary to keep them busy. How could this be done? Needing enlightenment, I turned in prayer to Mother Foundress who had such a compassionate heart for the needy and the distressed. And so the project of the Workshop began to take shape.



He enjoys weaving baskets.

At the beginning of July 1971, the Provincial Governor, Leopoldo Lopez, assured me he would assume all the expenses entailed by the erection of a Workshop which could be annexed to the provincial jail. By August of the same year, the building was up and ready to be used. I then set to work, assisted by 31 women, members of the Association. In our Handicraft Shop, accommodations were made for courses in adult education, tailoring, painting, carpentry, and weaving.

Thanks to the cooperation of devoted parish workers, I was able to organize a "live in seminar", three days of encounter with God, for the prisoners. In September 1971, the first Mass was offered in the Handicraft Shop, honouring the feast of Saint Nicholas of Tolentino, patron saint of Mati Parish.

Months went by, and our prisoners became quite skillful. Means had to be found to sell the articles they made. This could provide them with pocket money to buy soap, toothpaste, cigarettes, and other items. Several could even put a little money in the bank to pay their lawyers. We now needed a place in which to display the articles made.

God came to our help. Religious congregations, municipal and provincial governments, civic-spirited organizations, and friends from close and far heartily contributed financial aid. Thanks to them all, a Gift Shop was made possible. Unfortunately, when martial law was enacted these quarters had to be converted into prison cells. So here we are now dreaming of another building that might serve as a multi-purpose centre.

I remain confident that generous souls will heed Christ's words, "I was in prison and you visited me", and again, "What you have done to the least of my brethren you have done it unto me".



Courses in tailoring.

EVEN the rich need Love

Early last year, Mother Teresa, Foundress of the Missionaries of Charity (India) went to London to receive the Templeton award worth \$88,000.00. Interviewed on her reactions to this event, Mother Teresa replied with her customary warm-hearted simplicity:

"You are wondering how it felt for me to go from the misery of the destitute in Calcutta, to the glamour of a London presentation by high-ranking officials. Well, I found no great difference in reality. It is people you meet everywhere. They may look different, be dressed in a different manner, have a different education or position, but they are all the same. They are all people to be loved. They are hungry for love. Every person needs to be loved.

"I met many distinguished people at the presentation of the award. The Lord Mayor of London presided; the Duke of Edinburgh presented the prize. In all, there were about 800 persons present. The wonderful thing about it was the religious atmosphere. To have all these people talk about God was a wonderful experience for me.

"In London, it was the connecting up of people that impressed me. God's ways are strange. Here God was using me, a most unlikely instrument: firstly, a missionary, not a fashionable word these days; secondly, a nun in the setting of London City's Guildhall; thirdly, an Indian, for I am an Indian by adoption, to bring people together to hear of and talk about God's love.

"I have been asked what I said on this occasion. I told those people about the poor, the lepers, the rejected, even the alcoholics whom we serve. Many of them are wonderful personalities. The experience we have from serving them, we wish to pass on to those who have not had that beautiful experience which is one of the great rewards of our work.

"When I rose to thank His Royal Highness, I first of all thanked God for allowing this award to be presented me for our poor people. I then suggested that those present seek out the lonely. Even the rich need love."

TAIWAN

A little child shall lead them

by Jeanne Nadeau, M.I.C.

In 1965, Mgr Philippe Côté, S.J., exiled bishop of Suchow, asked us to organize a kindergarten at Nan Ao, a remote mountain village. According to him, there is no better means of reaching the parents than caring for the young. The Taiwanese are very fond of their children. No sacrifice seems too great to make sure that the latter will be given the best education possible.

Sixty tots attended our classes the first year, a number which was soon more than doubled.

I was happy to experience in Nan Ao the truth of the old biblical line, "A little child shall lead them"! Twenty adults, parents of our pupils, who had listened to the simple doctrine lessons given in the classroom, enrolled as catechumens at the mission centre. Listening to



Chou Tch'en has long long thoughts.

the innocent prattle of their offspring and to their naive prayers, they had been led to investigate the truths taught by the Catholic Church. Within two years, these twenty catechumens were baptized and other parents in turn enrolled for doctrinal instruction.

Called to the dinner table, one day, Chou Tch'en aged six, refused to eat her rice before she had prayed. Although non-Christians, her parents listened respectfully while their child prayed, "Dear Lord, thank you for giving us such good things to eat. Bless papa, mamma, my brothers and sisters. Amen." Only after making the Sign of the Cross did Chou Tch'en consent to eat. I am convinced that Mgr Côté's surmise was right. The children do lead their parents to Christ.

waiting to be done and too few people to do them. Today, as I read over her answer, I cannot help wiping away a tear or two. Read it for yourself and tell me whether she was not a gallant old lady and a courageous missionary in her own right.

My dear Daughter,

We read and reread your letter. You may be sure I understand your motives and approve them with all my heart. Of course, I cannot help wanting to see your dear face once again... I am now eighty-three and not as robust as I used to be, and you have been away for such a long time. But, if you are needed over there, I cannot but encourage you to stay and do all you can to make the Saviour known and loved in that pagan land. My dear child, I gave you to the Lord willingly and cheerfully. I was never one to go back on my word. Keep on with your missionary tasks and God will give me the grace to accept His will. The only thing that really counts is doing His will.

God accepted my mother's generous offer but, in His mercy, he saw fit to reward her in an unexpected manner. A few months later, our Congregation convened its first General Chapter and I was elected delegate for the China missions.

I saw my dear mother again, much to her satisfaction and mine. This is my Mother's Day tribute to one who kindled in my heart the flame of my missionary vocation.

Gratia Blanchet, M.I.C.

Sister Gratia chats with one of her Chinese friends.



Tribute to Mother on Mother's Day

Sister Gratia born in Taftville, Conn., U.S.A., on June 1, 1894, was only a few months old when the family moved to Drummondville, Canada. In 1912, she joined the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Montreal. Assigned to the mission of Canton, China, on December 8, 1915, she assumed management of the Sheklung Lazaretto, and was later put in charge of a Canton hospital for mental cases. On November 10, 1951, she found herself expelled from Canton, one of the last five remaining MIC's who were still there. She went to Hong Kong where she saw to the building of Good Hope School which she supervised until 1965. Then in her seventies, she engaged in various pastoral activities. She was recalled to Canada in 1973 after 58 years of mission work in China. Now stationed in Pont Viau, Laval City, Quebec, Sister is still active in community work.

The other day as I was sorting old letters, I came upon one which my mother had written me after the war. I had been gone from her all of twenty-three years. Moreover, during the four years of World War II, I had been completely cut off from her and the rest of the family. Hearing that

I had been expelled from Canton by the Communists she wrote, urgently inviting me to come home and rest. She dearly wanted to see me once again as she was getting on in years. In my answer, I gently tried to make her understand that I could not leave the mission just then. There were too many tasks

"From the streets of San Francisco"

Dear friends of the Missions:

We are convinced that each one of us has been sent by her home Church to the Church of San Francisco to cooperate with the authorities in working for the Church's mission among the non-Christians of this archdiocese. The mission of the CHURCH TODAY has no limitations of space, time, country. It is a mission to ALL non-Christians no matter where they are located.

Coming to the actual apostolate, St. Mary's Chinese Day School has an enrolment of 327 students from first to eighth grade. Of these, only 23% are Christian; the other 77% are non-Christian. This great majority of our students and their parents have no notion at all of God, and they display a shocking lack of any need for God. Time and time again we sit to talk to a parent, for one reason or another, and we discover this total lack of interest in anything that has to do with God or religion.

At the beginning of the last school year, over 700 letters were sent out to the parents and to others in the mission to announce a special Adult Education Course which was to be given by a team made up of the two Paulist Fathers in charge of the mission, a Sister of St. Joseph who works in Chinatown, Sister Mary Tan, M.I.C., and a few lay volunteers. Of the 700 letters, only seven were answered! A little later Sister Mary sent out over 500 letters to announce the Sunday C.C.D. classes. Moreover, these classes were announced over T.V. and radio. The results? Only 30 children came.

In many areas of our rich, materialistic countries, thousands of people live with only one great life value — MONEY — because money is their only chance for survival. That is exactly what we find here in San Francisco Chinatown.

What, you may ask, is being done for these 70,000 Chinese Americans? What in particular are M.I.C. Sisters doing in San Francisco? To this we answer:

— In a spirit of thanksgiving we try to share God's great gift of Faith with those entrusted to our care. We share with God's children what He has given us so

generously, so abundantly — FAITH.

— We are here to spread Christ's goodness and joy. Is this not fulfilling our missionary vocation? In THANKFULNESS — to spread joy and goodness?

— In Mark 16:15 we read: "Go out into the world, proclaim and spread the good news to all." What is this good news if it is not good news of joy and goodness?

To conclude, here are the results of our first year's work. From the 327 students we have had, five were baptized with the consent of their parents and of the Director of the mission. All were Sister Mary Tan's students: two from the 8th grade; two from the 7th grade; one from the 4th grade. We also had thirteen First Communicants among our students, and fourteen Confirmations. Hearts filled with gratitude, we thank God for these apostolic rewards, and we continue to try to live in Love, in Joy, in Hope so that our TEAM may truly be an effective instrument of the apostolate in San Francisco Chinatown.

With all our love in Christ,
M.I.C. Sisters, San Francisco

Come to Lufita

by Germaine Morin, M.I.C.



Germaine Morin, M.I.C.,
who returned to Africa
last December.

Would you like to spend a Sunday with me in the outpost of Lufita, situated at about seven miles from Kaseye, Malawi? I'm sure you would enjoy yourself and spend a very profitable day with my African friends. Lufita is a small village in the bush. Priests being scarce in this part of the world, the faithful have Mass only once a month. But they meet every Sunday for catechism classes in their modest bush chapel. It is my privilege to organize these Sunday meetings.

My first care, as soon as I arrive in the morning, is to ring the hoe. Yes, the hoe! We are too poor around here to have a bell. Instead, we use an African hoe slung from the rafters of the chapel and a piece of pipe as clapper. The sound is not exactly melodious but it serves its purpose. Adults and children flock in, eager to shake hands. I know each one by name. All feel they are loved and wanted.

After a friendly chat, catechism classes begin, the people squatting on the dirt floor, or sitting on low benches. The atmosphere is relaxed, more like a friendly conversation than a lesson. Attention never wavers. Then the prayers of the Mass begin. Africans love to sing. They have wonderfully warm rich voices. Untutored as my little flock of Lufita is, all sing in four parts, the Kyrie, the Gloria, the Sanctus, and the Agnus Dei in their own language.

How touching it is to hear them enumerate their various petitions during the time allotted for universal prayers! Their prayers spring from the heart. Peace is asked for, and health, and

good crops... Someone mentions a neighbour who is sick. "Please cure him, dear Lord." A bereaved mother sobs, "My child is dead. I miss him so, help me, dear Saviour." Some farmers ask for rain. Others plead, "Send us more priests so we can have Mass every Sunday and receive Communion." As the time for the Offertory draws near, the people form in a procession, bringing their offerings to the makeshift altar: eggs, maize, vegetables, fruit, etc. Everything is done with utmost reverence.

When comes the time for Communion, you should hear how fervently they express their desire to receive Jesus in the Eucharist. Appropriate hymns of thanksgiving are sung with gusto.

After Mass, all gather outside for another chat before I leave for my mission post. A man remarks, "What a woman you are! That was a fine sermon you gave. I understood every word!" There is another round of handshakes and off I go, thanking the Lord for the great privilege of being his missionary.

Bits out of mission life

PONT VIAU

A very pleasant meeting recently occurred between the junior members of our Community (postulants, novices, and scholastics) and the missionaries on furlough. The latter organized the welcoming party. They were eager to know the younger Sisters who had joined the Community while they were away on the missions.

Our guests arrived for supper. Afterwards, all went to the missionaries' quarters. Each one introduced herself and a Bingo game started. Modest prizes were distributed to the luckier Sisters, shared with those who had less chance. The friendly exchanges that followed were particularly appreciated. Our juniors confided their aspirations while the seniors shared with them the experiences of their missionary life abroad. Refreshments were served and all parted happier, knowing one another better.

MADAGASCAR

Since my return from the homeland, I have been very busy rediscovering Madagascar. My first ten years in the Happy Island were spent on the western coast, facing Mozambique. At present, I am stationed in the mountain region. Things here are somewhat different although the customs are about the same, with only slight variations.

The other day, I was invited to an intimate family celebration — the FAMADIANA or turning over the dead. I hear you ask, "What on earth can this be?" One of the greatest values cherished by this people is reverence for the ancestors of the race. They believe in the latter's nearness even after death has claimed them. Their preoccupation with the mystery of death explains the tombs built half below, half above the ground, the rejoicings with which the ancestors are periodically taken out for an airing. Hence the FAMADIANA. When a body has lain in a tomb so long that the LAMBAMENE or shawls in which it was wrapped have fallen to pieces, it is time for the family to replace them.

Therefore, every four or five years the tomb is opened, the remains taken

out and carefully wrapped up in brand new shawls. Far from being a sad event, this is a joyful occasion, a happy meeting with the beloved dead.

After the body has been placed under an awning, cattle are sacrificed while relatives sing and dance. Then the remains are taken back to the tomb which is sealed until the next turning over. These customs have been christianized in many families. Expenses incurred in the buying of cattle, shawls, musicians' fees may bring debt or even ruin to certain families. Nobody, however, would dream of depriving the ancestors of what is considered their due. For the Malagasy, the dead are the "bamboo stock from which the shoots spring".

Cécile Millette, M.I.C.

MALAWI, AFRICA

According to recent statistics, there are three hundred child-care clinics in Malawi. They cater to the needs of twenty to thirty per cent of the entire population. This means that there is still a lot of work to be done before we reach a desirable eighty per cent. Last April, I was appointed coordinator for the Chitipa district. If we take into account the great distances to be covered and the lack of communications, this is no sinecure. The nine different clinics I must visit regularly are situated at distances between eleven and one hundred and two miles. It is impossible to visit two clinics on the same day as they are too far apart and the roads are very bad.

My work also extends to visiting schools in remote districts to explain the work. To reach these schools, I often have to walk for hours over steep mountain paths. In level areas, I am fortunate in having a tough little jeep which can tackle the caprices of almost any kind of road. I usually send my programme ahead of time so the mothers can round up their children for vaccination. Courses on hygiene are given to adults. The chief trouble hereabout is the many different dialects spoken by the people. If only I could speak them all! But my itinerant life leaves me little time in which to study.

Slides would also be of great help in illustrating the lessons. However, in order to be able to use them, I would need a projector and a small dynamo to make it work. I do have some tapes in the various dialects. You should see the astonishment of the women and children when they hear the tapes "talk" in their own language. Even if the project of a hospital in Kaseye has not yet evolved after five years into anything practical, I do hope that my little projector will eventually be realized.

Yvette Carle, M.I.C.

DAVAO, Philippines

Speak of the signs of the times and surely seminars are one of these signs. Seminars of all sorts are abundantly spawning all over the Philippines from the most sophisticated areas to the most rural places. One of the latest series of seminars has been the brainchild of the creative and dynamic Sisters of the city of Davao. The city has about 200,000 inhabitants who are either nativeborn or migrants from the other parts of the Philippine archipelago. "Visions of Life Seminars" aim at providing information to young girls in search of their calling. The MIC Sisters who have contributed to the realization of this project are Sisters Antoinette Castonguay, Digna Magtiby, and Angelita Villarin. Since its birth, four seminars have been held in different convents in the city. Ordinarily, the program runs as follows:

FIRST DAY: Through group dynamics, the young girls deepen the meaning of their Christian calling to life, to love. Hence activities on life symbols, on womanhood, on community building and service to fellowmen fill the day.

SECOND DAY: A talk or sharing on the person of Christ as the center or axis of all vocations provides the motor of the day. The participants are also enlightened on the merits of the state of single blessedness, the married life, and the secular institutes. The most appreciated package is the sharing by the Sisters of the beginnings of their religious commitment.

THIRD DAY: On this last day the missionary vocation is presented as a sharing of the missionary task of the Church. The aspect of "ad extra" is emphasized. Prayer sessions, awareness sessions, contemplation periods, and singing are interspersed throughout the seminar. Finally, the seminar is brought to a close by the re-touching of one's sketch of the life symbol one made on the first day. So far, results have been quite rewarding and what else could be more ardently wished for by the organizers than our prayers for more "Zoom-Zoom" power to get the Seminars going with vitality.

Lima Students Have Ambitions



My first ambition as a Peruvian is to help my homeland and achieve its ideal of development and commitment. I want to be a professional because I can thus become a more useful member of society. As a Christian, I pray for a deepening of faith in my own country and all over the world. I hope to see the end of war and hunger everywhere.

Beberly Pozada Pita



My greatest ambition is to be happy by making others happy and assisting them in all their needs. I want to work as a professional. My parents deserve to see me succeed in my chosen career. They worked so hard to give me a good education. I want them to be proud of their daughter. Later on, I will have my own home which I want to be respectable and happy.

Mirtha Colehado Gavino



My ideal is to become a great woman, a competent professional, and later on a good wife and mother. I hope my children will become loyal sons of the homeland who will serve it always and help it develop. Through my love and tenderness, I would like to wipe away all injustice and selfishness which keep men at a distance from God.

Cecilia Cruz Valderrama



I hope to become a competent professional in order to help my country achieve development at all levels. Perhaps I will be able to do something for our society in general. Also, I want to obtain a strengthening of my faith in God. Without faith men cannot hope to live in harmony with one another. Another ambition of mine is to make my family happy and secure. If we cheerfully do the will of God in all things we will be sure to be united with him in heaven.

Guadalupe de Soto

WE NEED YOU

One week, as we did not have any money to buy bandages, we omitted our visit to the lepers. When next we called, they inquired, "Why didn't you come last week?" We answered that we did not have any bandages to dress their sores. Their eyes held reproach. "It's not the bandages that really matter," they countered. "We missed you. You must promise to come every week, even if you do not have any bandages. We need you."

*Sister Claire,
Missionary of Charity, INDIA*

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5 letter words

ELECT
GRACE

6 letter words

ENRAPT
MOTHER
ROSARY
YAHWEH

7 letter words

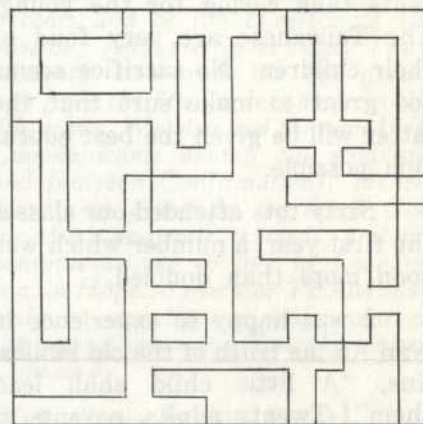
AMIALE
ANGELUS
RADIANT

8 letter words

FAITHFUL
NAZARETH

9 letter words

ADMIRABLE
BEAUTIFUL



SOLUTION

