



# MIC MISSION NEWS



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## MISSION — *search for new image*



Truth, justice, and joy are the common heritage of all men, not of any single people or culture.

The only edition of the Gospels most people are ever likely to see is YOU!

The Christian of 1975 must understand his vocation to the apostolate within the reality of a rapidly evolving world. If the mission is to continue, it must do so from a motivation and with methods springing from the Christian's sincere understanding of his role in the real world. Acceptance of and respect for all peoples are not enough. There must also be communication and love.

To respect other cultures, but to refuse contact with them is to miss the point. Christ Jesus did not teach us to respect others by avoiding them. Truth, justice, and joy are the common heritage of all men, not of any single people or culture or geographic area.

The missionary of 1975 must be prepared to engage in dialogue with men of other cultures at the level of fundamental values. Herein lie the elements of a new mission image. We Christians must be able to listen, to learn, to become involved in a common search for light, to work with others in the building of a better world.

Since it is the duty of all Christians to share in the mission, each must become aware of his or her responsibility to LIVE THE GOSPEL. The medium is more important than the message. "What you are thunders, so I can't hear what you say" (Emerson).

## Thank You Lord

by Madeline Maillet, M.I.C.

*Sei Shonagon, a famous court lady who wrote novels and poems at the Japanese Imperial Court during the tenth century, mentions in a delightful essay, "persons and things to be thankful for". The following are a few examples: a son-in-law appreciated by his father-in-law; a daughter-in-law cherished by her mother-in-law; persons living together in perfect harmony; a sip of water when one wakes up thirsty at night; a child eating strawberries; a breeze from the sea; rain when the earth is parched; a clear moonlit night; bird's song in the early dawn...*

*How often do we stop to thank the Lord for his continuous bounties? Do we not usually take them for granted? A man once said, "I complained I had no shoes until I saw a man who had no feet." Each one of us could make out a list of persons and things for which to be thankful. For instance: the merry shouts of children at play; friendship and laughter shared; pain that passes, bringing blessed release; work to do and the strength to do it; keen eyesight and good hearing; the unexpected visit or letter of a dear one; the miracle of Spring; lovely gardens and shady trees; fast flowing rivers and placid lakes; rosy dawns and radiant sunsets; and last but not least, the promise of sunrise beyond the setting sun of life. See how much you can add to this short list and "be filled with thanksgiving". Col 2:7*

## KORIYAMA, JAPAN

# In Mary's Garden

by Teresia Keiko Hasegawa, M.I.C.

Koriyama City, formerly known under the poetic appellation of Fragrant Mountain, is situated at about four hours by train from the capital. If you walk or drive in the city's north-western direction, you will come to Maria En, Mary's Garden or Orphanage. It spells home to forty-seven homeless girls between the ages of two and fifteen.

Three M.I.C. Sisters share with a number of house mothers, (young girls with competent child care training), the task of educating these youngsters and preparing them to face life as useful members of society. For my part, I have been privileged to work at Maria En for many years. I love everyone of these children, but keep a particularly warm corner in my heart for the youngest of the flock.

Some time ago, while I was on night duty, I heard noises of giggling and romping from the littlest tots' dormitory. It was three in the morning. What was going on? I waited a while to see what would happen. Then, unseen by the children, I peeked through a curtained door. Suddenly, I heard Ma Chan, a chubby little girl nicknamed Panda, sing out in her childish treble, "Happy Birthday to you, Naoto Chan!" Four of them were sitting on one bed, while four others stood around clapping hands and singing each in turn, "Happy Birthday to you Panda Chan, Happy Birthday Hiroko Chan..." They were having a birthday party. One of them mimicked Sister Directress' voice, "Now, children, we will celebrate a birthday party." Ma Chan, the irrepressible, interrupted, "First, we must say a prayer." Pudgy hands were joined and, comically enough, they said the prayer before meals. Then more clapping of hands and singing.

It was time to bring the party to an end. Softly I opened the door. "Good morning, my pets! What early risers you are!" Crumbs of bean cake were scattered all over comforters. But my darlings did



Sharing a Japanese meal.  
Center: the author; right: Sister Rita Blais, left: Sister Marie-Simone St-Amant, formerly in charge of Maria En.

not lose face. They joyfully surrounded me lisping, "Mama Chan! (they call me Mamma) Mama Chan! Good morning!" Who could have the heart to scold these charming offenders? I soon found out that the sweets intended for Ma Chan's birthday had been shared by all. Panda Chan looked embarrassed and started to explain, "Ano ne, Mama Chan, look, Mama... I ate one. Ma Chan ate a lot, Baby ate one..." Little faces anxiously scanned my own. "Well," I said trying hard to keep serious. "You've had your treat. I'm glad you all shared. But the next time, don't forget to invite Mama Chan to your birthday party. How about it?" All danced around me chanting, "Tan, tan, tan, tanjobi! Happy Birthday to all!" And thus the party ended up safely.

I think that the Lord's Kingdom is in the hearts of these little ones. Even though I have not become a mother in the natural order, I am thankful to have received from God, through the hands of Mary, this big family of forty-seven to care for. May Maria En be their happy home while they grow into adulthood.

## TAIPEI, TAIWAN

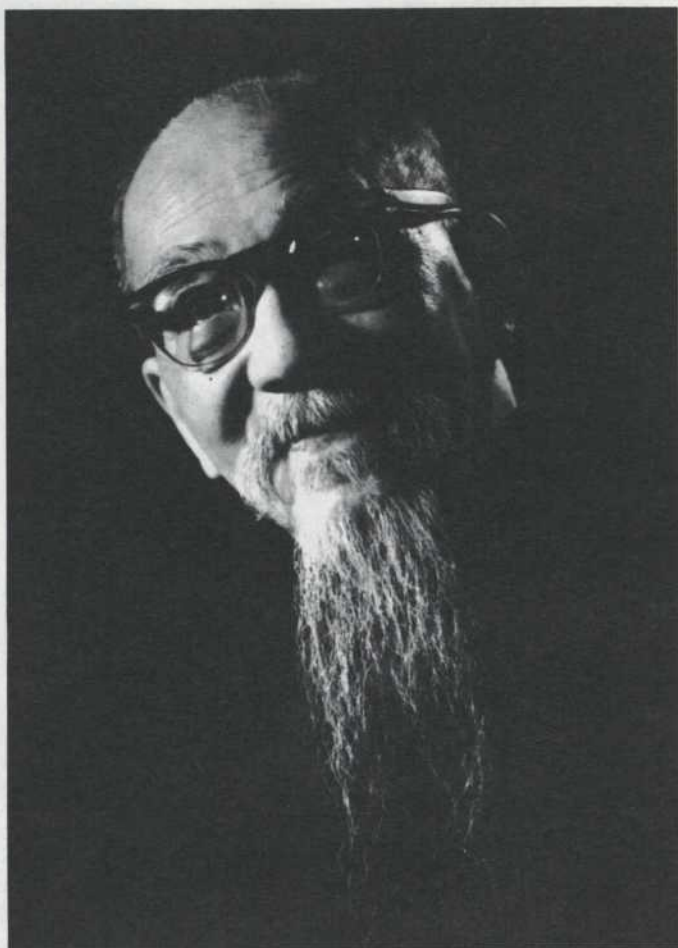
# The Key to Longevity

by Odile Malbœuf, M.I.C.

The Double Ninth Festival, ninth day of the ninth moon of the lunar calendar, is customarily observed in the country. For many centuries, this festival has been an occasion for mountain-climbing, considered an outdoor exercise beneficial to health and to longevity. In recent years, the Double Ninth has also been designated as Old People's Festival, when respect is paid to those who are advanced in age. Accordingly, the Mayor of Taipei has made it an annual practice to present a gift to those local residents who have reached or exceeded the age of 70 on the Double Ninth. Centenarians receive gifts more precious in value and, in addition, the Mayor honours them by paying them a personal visit to offer them his congratulations.

People advanced in age — octogenarians, nonagenarians, and especially centenarians — are often respectfully asked how they have managed to live so long. In other words, younger people wish to know the key to longevity. The answers given are not always the same. So far as men are concerned, one old gentleman may pride himself on his total abstinence from alcoholic drinks while another may frankly admit that he has never missed his daily glass of wine — of the brand he likes best. The same is true of coffee of any other beverage. This serves to show that different people have certain lifelong habits which cannot be easily changed.

Nevertheless, it is undeniable that people who live to a ripe old age must have acquired certain habits contributing to longevity.



Mr. Hsu lived to a happy and honoured old age.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is one, though admittedly old people need less hours of sleep than those who are much younger. Advice given by old people includes many other points. One should not overeat; obesity should be avoided; food taken every day should be nutritious enough; eating of fruits and vegetables must be encouraged; things which are sweet ought to be avoided. This list could be made longer, but this is enough. Factors involved in one's mental or psychological makeup must not be neglected. To simplify matters, we have drawn up a short list of "Don't's" on the basis of conversations we have had with people who have attained a ripe old age.

Here is the list. Don't get angry; anger does not do you any good. Don't hate anybody: hate is a double-edged sword. Don't quarrel with anybody; quarrelling is not conducive to mental stability. Don't worry about anything; wor-

ry cannot help you solve any problem. Don't get too excited; overexcitement disturbs your peace of mind. Don't engage in any fist fighting with others; you may be the loser and get badly beaten up. Don't secretly do anything harmful to others; you will have a guilty conscience. Don't do anything against the law; crime does not pay.

Of course many things can also be said on the positive side. The most important thing is to adopt a charitable attitude toward all other people. Such an attitude not only helps to maintain your mental or psychological equilibrium, it is beneficial to you physiologically. There is no absolute guarantee that the observance of these rules will make you an octogenarian, nonagenarian, or centenarian, but remember the age-old saying that "God helps those who help themselves." This is a very simple formula for the attainment of longevity.

## WOMEN IN JAPAN

Japan has long been considered a country of male dominance, although matriarchal overtones did exist in its distant past. The highest deity honoured, in the ancient pantheon of gods, was the goddess Amaterasu Omikami. The names of several empresses figured largely in Japan's early history. During the Muromachi period (1392-1573), lawlessness, violence, and confusion grew rampant over the land. When the heads of families or clans died, the surviving women were not strong enough to preserve unity. The downward road for feminine influence was made more precipitous by Buddhist precepts, according to which women were fundamentally more prone to sinfulness. Their only hope of salvation lay in total subservience to the male.

Japanese women now enjoy legal rights, are allowed to vote, and can be elected to the National Diet. However, despite the changes brought about, they remain more conservative than their Western sisters. From the moment they accept to work outside the home and become more or less involved in social life, they consider their traditional duties as housewives in a very different light.

Formerly, a marriage in Japan meant the union of one family with another by the arranged marriage. There was no love at the source of such an alliance. Nowadays, although *renai kekkon* (love marriages) are gaining in popularity, most Japanese marriages are still arranged through a go-between. This personage is free to praise candidates to an extent parents could not; he may bluntly ask delicate questions and take rebuffs that would be insulting to parents or principals. "Love comes after marriage," as the old Japanese saying goes. For this reason, arranged marriages are still acceptable to a great number of young people. A certain report states that 38% of the women ask the opinion of their relatives before deciding on the choice of a spouse. This goes to prove that, in Japan, much impor-

tance continues to be placed on family ties when the time comes to arrange a matrimonial alliance. However, women under twenty-four do manifest a certain repugnance for the conservative idea of an arranged marriage.

Compulsory education having been introduced in Japan during the 19th century, the Japanese people form one of the world's most literate nations, women included. Since 1973, about 90% of the girls pursue their Senior High School studies, whereas only 88.3% of the boys do so. But as far as higher graded studies are concerned, Japanese girls cannot stand comparison with Western girls. Only about 30% attend college or the university, although their number is yearly increasing.

In post-war years the number of women going out to work has increased in a notable manner. This is chiefly due to technical innovations, and to the lack of young workers resulting from the rapid growth of economy in the 60's. Of all the women above fifteen, 48% have a job — three times more than in 1950. In 1973, they represented 33% of the working force. However, the majority of women do part time work at home. Some say it is good to stop working when children are born, and to seek for outside jobs again when they have grown up.

When both husband and wife work, it is the woman who has the heaviest burden to carry, physically and psychologically. So far as the sharing of tasks is concerned, nearly half of the women say their husbands help with the housework only once in a while. Collaboration is somewhat higher when wives have professional jobs. However this may be, Japanese women still have far to go before they are given equal rights with men.

*Japan Bulletin*

Settsuko is a modern Japanese woman.



# On Learning Quechua

by Suzanne Labelle, M.I.C.

I happily recall how during my school days, I enjoyed studying English literature. Among the many authors, Chesterton was my favourite. I can still remember with pleasure the witty essay: "On Hating Strangers" in particular. Without any pretension at equaling or even imitating him, I have written a short essay of my own about something Chesterton would never have thought of: "On Learning Quechua".

Anybody going to live in a foreign country may expect to be in the obligation of learning one new language. One, but usually not two. If you ever settle in Bolivia and want to come into close contact with the majority of the people, you will have to learn Spanish as a matter of course. But this will rarely prove to be sufficient. According to the region where you live, you will have to learn also either Aymara or Quechua. These languages are still spoken by most Bolivians. Eighty five per cent are *mestizos* (half-breeds) or pure *Indios* (Indians) and speak one or other of these languages.

Chesterton once remarked that we hate people because we do not know them really well. So as not to be a stranger to the people I live with, and in order to know and love them better, I am learning Quechua.

The first thing to do if you are interested in this language is to get acquainted with pronunciation. There exists, in Quechua, consonants called "explosive". You write them with an apostrophe, and then you make them explode, as you pronounce them. Better not get mixed up! If you simply say *tanta*, you are speaking of a reunion; if you whisper *thanta*, you mean rag; but if what you want is bread, you had better clearly ask for *t'anta*.

After hurdling this difficulty, you must learn some vocabulary. Now, do not expect to find any words even faintly similar to En-

glish, French, Spanish, or German. I sometimes wish I knew Iroquois, Huron, or Algonquin! Maybe similarities might be found with Quechua at least in all the K-Y-W letters involved.

Even if it is not spoken at UN headquarters, Quechua is a language of great value. At times, you can find at least four words to express different shades of thought and its slightest differences of meaning. If you want somebody to come closer to you, you may simply say *qallay*. But if he is standing in front of you, you should say *chimpay* so that he may come to you from across the room or the street. Then if you want him to come close enough to whisper a secret or give him... or her a kiss, you say *sispay*. Moreover, to turn your command into an invitation, you might ask *sispariwai*, (*ri* means if you please). To inject a hint of tenderness, you could say *sispariririna* with as many *ri* as your heart feels inclined to add. Fortunately, as you can see, the Quechua language is not all grammar and vocabulary. It is also poetry and charm. How nice to say to somebody you love, "*Sonqoyki sonqoykipuni*." *Sonqo* heart, *y* stands for the possessive, and *yki* means yours, while *puni* means forever. So, "Your heart is in my heart forever!" This is the way Bolivia's heart has been in mine ever since I came to live in this most endearing country.

There is a Spanish saying which holds that one speaks English with businessmen, French with diplomats, Italian with young ladies, German with soldiers, and Spanish with God. Of course, this is more than debatable. I would rather say that one learns and speaks the language of the people one loves and wants to know and love better. For a missionary, this means he learns the language of the people among whom he works, in order to communicate with them and have them know and love God.

## Bits out of mission life

### TEGUCICALPA, HONDURAS

It is a pleasure for me to share with you all my experience as a student, spending a school term in Honduras. Since January 19, I have been working on a project called **Sociedad Amigos de Los Ninos** (Society of the Friends of Children). This project, launched eight years ago, comprises a children's village in Tegucicalpa, and another in the north, at Choloma. Besides, it conducts the Saint Martin Porres Home for young girls from 12 to 17, and the Miraflores Home for boys of the same age. All these young people are destitute, having been abandoned by their families or being of illegitimate birth. Many problems arise since these youngsters have never enjoyed genuine family life, but have experienced only rejection and misery. As my knowledge of Spanish is still rudimentary, my work chiefly consists in organizing a clothing department for the children of these institutions. My evenings are spent perfecting my knowledge of Spanish.

Honduras has been marked by a series of natural disasters. The people feel they are exploited by powerful cliques but cannot do much about it. All work in fear and in continual hardship, eking out a miserable livelihood. They need leaders who could rescue them from a morass of apathy and destitution. There is so much to be done from a missionary point of view, that I would willingly spend my life among them.

Michelle Payette, M.I.C.

### SAN FRANCISCO

Many things have happened since I last wrote to you, and one of the most wonderful of all was the purchasing and opening of our new Holy Spirit House of Formation in the suburbs of San Francisco. At 2700 Merion Drive in San Bruno, California, we now have a lovely home where, we hope, many young girls of different nationalities and races will come to prepare to take our place in a few years from now. It is the beginning of the realization of a dream that many M.I.C.'s have dreamed for many years. In some mysterious design of the Lord, after many months of useless and almost hopeless search-

ing, we found the right place while Sister Marie Thérèse Beaudette was with us at Christmas. After Mother General's visit in January, the purchase was completed on February 4, birthday of our Mother Foundress. The Sisters entered on February 5, the anniversary of her Baptism.

I am sending this message only to my very good friends, as it is my only way to make sure you will all receive a message from the bottom of my heart. You see, all the house business is in my hands along with the regular work at the school and the Mission. I assure you that for an inexperienced real estate agent like me, it was some feat of heroism to get everything done and not lose my head! Lawyer's visits, State correspondence for Tax Exemptions, Federal Exemption, County Tax Exemption as a non-profit corporation, the forming of the corporation and having it legalized in California, etc. It was fun because I knew what the end product would be, but if ever you hear that I have lost all my screws, you'll understand why. TRYING TO DO THREE JOBS IN ONE is still my crazy lot. Now, thank God, all is finished and I get joy out of letting Sisters Jacqueline and Louise take over the responsibility of their new home.

That's about it! My heart still thinks of you, **now one, now the other**, you whose lives have touched mine so intimately and are so many, many miles distant. A little of each of you has touched me, and so I am different because of what you have added to my life. I have been enriched in the many wonderful friendships I have formed in the course of my 56 years, and for all of these I daily thank God.

God love and keep you always!  
How I long to go visit you!

Love,

Patricia Blanchet, M.I.C.

### TAIWAN

In the passing away of President Chiang Kai-shek, the Chinese of Taiwan have lost their greatest leader. It is certainly an irreparable loss not only for the people of this country, but also for freedom loving people all over the world.

This passing away is just like the falling of a big star from the firmament,

to which the death of a great leader of a nation has always been compared in this country.

The atmosphere of grief, mourning, and weeping was conveyed to all the nation through the mass media, as more than 260,000 persons paid a last tribute to their beloved leader whose body lay in state in the Dr. Sun Yat Sen Memorial Hall. People began arriving as early as 9.30 p.m., in front of the hall, to wait quietly for admission at the scheduled time 9.00 a.m. when a state funeral was conducted. Many are those who mourn, "Nobody can ever replace him in our hearts."

Odile Malbœuf, M.I.C.

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over the world. Over twenty of our patients are associated with her community as co-workers. Another group of twenty-seven have made the vow of never complaining in order to obtain autochthonous Haitian priestly and religious vocations. The blind form their own apostolic association. As they cannot help with housework or in the garden, they pledge themselves to visit the bedridden at the Home daily so as to encourage them and pray with them. I am always deeply touched to see them groping from one bed to the other, cheering up their friends.

**Q — Do you have common prayers?**

**A —** Yes, all join in short but fervent prayers three times a day. Haitians are gifted with rich mellow voices and they enjoy singing, so they need not be coaxed to sing hymns.

**Q — What do you find most encouraging in this sort of work, Sister Rachel?**

**A —** My greatest encouragement comes from the almost miraculous change effected in newcomers after they have lived with us for a short time. All are struck by the affection shown by residents. They are surprised to find themselves surrounded with loving care and to have countless little attentions showered on them. They are made to feel they belong, they are listened to for the first time perhaps in their lives. "Life here is wonderful," they are told. "We are brothers and sisters." Every time a newcomer is thus welcomed, I feel that Christ has come into our midst. This is my greatest reward.

# Golden Age in Haiti

Born in Saint Liboire, Que., in 1916, Sister Rachel entered our Novitiate, August 8, 1937, and was professed February 11, 1940. In 1943, she was one of the first group of M.I.C. Sisters assigned to Haiti where she has laboured for 31 years among the poorest of the poor. She is at present on home leave. After visiting her aged father 91, she intends to travel in order to get our old people interested in helping other less fortunate elders, before returning to the Cap Haitien Home for the Aged where she hopes to work for at least another ten years. Her mother died last November, aged 84. It was a painful sacrifice for Sister Rachel not to be at her bedside when she died. She was not at that time able to leave her post.

**Q — Sister Rachel, have you always worked among the aged in Haiti?**

**A —** Not at first. I taught elementary classes for four years before being assigned to the Les Côteaux Home for the aged. A few years later I was transferred to the Cap Haitien Communal Refuge for needy senior citizens where I have been ever since. All in all, I have been in the service of the needy aged for twenty seven years.

**Q — At present how many guests have you at Cap Haitien?**

**A —** Over one hundred and fifty men and women of whom fifty are blind, twenty-four are hopelessly crippled, eighteen are paralysed, and seventeen are epileptics. All these men and women have nowhere else to go. This is the condition for their being admitted. Some have no remaining family, others are rejected by those who should care for them. Often enough, it is a case of extreme poverty when children or grandchildren can no longer care for their own.

**Q — How does this Home manage in a financial way?**

**A —** The Public Health Service gives an allowance of about \$0.85 per head daily. This is supposed to cover everything but it hardly can be expected to do that. The Catholic Medical Mission Board provides free medicine. De Rance, Inc., an Amer-

ican concern, has donated \$4,680.00 for the salaries of five employees during two years. OXFAM donates \$2,000.00 a year. Benefactors, tourists, friends, make up for the rest.

**Q — I think I heard you mention something about how Canadian people living in Senior Citizens' Homes help you out...**

**A —** Indeed they do. For instance, Harricana Home for the Aged in Amos, Abitibi, regularly sends financial aid to our Cap Haitien Home. The old people of Canada hold out helping hands to the less fortunate old people in Haiti.

**Q — I think this is a wonderful idea and a practical example of true Christian solidarity.**

**A —** Our old people are very grateful for the assistance they receive and pray fervently for their benefactors. During my home leave, I intend to make the rounds of all the senior citizens who have befriended us in order to thank them for their generosity. It will encourage them to know that, for example, when they give up the price of one packet of cigarettes a day they may provide food for one person for two days at the Cap Haitien Home. Even if each person in Senior Citizens' Homes offered only fifty cents or one dollar a day, it would still mean a good deal to us.

**Q — Could you give us an idea of your daily doings at the Home?**



Sister Rachel coaxes a smile from her aged father. The death of his wife has left him sad and listless.

**A —** Willingly. The daily schedule starts with breakfast at 7:15. Guardians and employees have seen to the rising routine. Breakfast consists of a one-cent bun, some fruits according to the season, and a bowl of sweetened coffee.

**Q — What about the dinner menu?**

**A —** Dinner consists of boiled manioc, potatoes, three cents worth of meat, and fruit. Thanks to OXFAM we now have a large freezer, so we can buy beef on the hoof, which costs less. Supper is more frugal according to what we can get. I remember that it once happened our kitchen cupboards were bare of food. How sad I felt to tell my friends I could not provide any supper for them that day! But they put up a cheerful front. "Never mind Mamma," (Mamma is the name these old people give me) "It won't harm us for once to go without." However this is exceptional. I have a firm belief that God will provide and He does in a sometimes startling manner.

**Q — You mentioned apostolic activities among your old people. What are these?**

**A —** You have probably all heard about the splendid work Mother Teresa is doing for poor people all

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