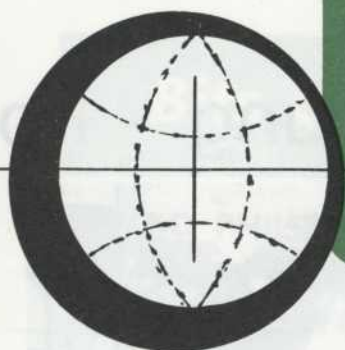




MIC MISSION NEWS

MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION — BOX 157, LAVAL BRANCH P.O., LAVAL, QUEBEC H7N 4Z4

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Come follow me!

by Pauline Roy, M.I.C.

Every vocation comprises three phases: a call from God, a personal response, a commitment. In all ages, the Lord has called men to His service. He calls but He does not compel for He respects man's liberty. In the Bible we find numerous examples of this divine call and of the human response given.

The Lord said to Abram, "Go from your country and your kindred, and your father's house to the land that I will show you" (*Gen 12:1*). So Abram went, as the Lord had told him. Moses heard His voice from the midst of the burning bush, "...Come. I will send you to Pharaoh that you may bring forth my people, the sons of Israel, out of Egypt" (*Ex 3:4*). And Moses went as God had bade him go. Isaiah heard the voice of the Lord asking, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us? Then he said, "Here I am! Send me." In the New Testament, Jesus called His first chosen ones, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men" (*Mt 4:19*). They immediately left everything and followed Him.

Since the days of the first apostles, countless men and women have heard the call and have followed Christ to the ends of the world. The "Come and follow me!" echoes down the centuries, down to our own times. In 1976, God is still calling, and men and women are still responding to His call.

We find in modern youth many good dispositions which fit them out to become "fishers of men". Our young people are haunted by the desire of universal brotherhood, of authenticity, of sharing, of justice. They want to BE, more than they want to HAVE. But an expert gardener knows that even the best seeds will not flourish except in suitable soil, prepared to receive and nurture it to maturity. As Christian parents, priests, religious, educators, we have the responsibility of helping the young respond to God's call. Creating a climate favourable to their growth into responsible adulthood. Actions speak louder than words. Our daily lives will prove with God's help that fidelity, devotedness to others, self-giving, are still possible. "The God who called you is true to His promise; He will not fail you" (*1 Th 5:24*).

A window open on the world of missions.



Go to Joseph

Out of character are the pictures which depict Saint Joseph as an old man, stooped and white-haired. He certainly had to be young and vigorous in order to carry out his arduous mission as husband of Mary and foster father of Christ Jesus.

No word of his is recorded in the Gospel. We are told only of his actions, of his generous response to the will of God as manifested in daily events. But his actions speak louder than words. He had the honour of taking the Word made flesh to a distant land ignorant of the true God. May we not say, that after Mary he was the first missionary of our Christian era?

More than ever today we must "go to Joseph". Our permissive society needs a renewed concept of marriage, of family, of love, of labour, of leisure. Husbands and wives, priests and religious, workers, the poor, the sick and the dying, the oppressed and the exploited, all will find assistance if they call upon the foster father of Jesus, our Saviour, and the protector of the universal Church.

JAPAN

HINA MATSURI or Dolls' Festival

by Rita Blais, M.I.C.

Hina Matsuri or Dolls' Festival originated in Japan towards the end of the Tokugawa period. It was first observed in "samurai" or warrior families and in those of rich merchants in large cities. Only during the Meiji era did it spread to the public at large and become a national event.

It is the girls' festival celebrated on March 3. All little girls rejoice at its approach for it is to them something like what Christmas is to all the children of America. Joy-inspiring for the mothers and grandmothers too, it is full of reminiscences of by-gone days.

Mothers who have little daughters get busy several days before the feast, taking out the dolls carefully stored away the preceding year. They usually are old sets handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms. Parents who do not possess such dolls buy new sets for any girl-baby born since the preceding festival. This must be what Setsuko did for her first-born daughter Kimie, sitting up in front of the doll-stand, a tier of shelves resembling a flight of stairs. The photo gives us a good idea of the display of dolls and miniature household articles: mirror-stand, individual dinner tables, trays, decorated wooden bowls, a pot of cherry-blossoms... Fifteen dolls generally make up a set and they are displayed according to time-honoured tradition. The most highly valued are the Dairi-Sama, which represent the Emperor and Empress, resplendent in their ancient Court attire. They occupy the top shelf, the Emperor on the left, the Empress on the right as one faces

them, and they generally have behind them golden miniature folding screens. Then, on the lower shelves come the three court-ladies, or ladies-in-waiting, the five musicians, the two ministers and three court-officials or guardsmen.

On this day, little girls wear their loveliest kimonos. They receive their friends and gather in front of the doll-stand, ceremoniously exchanging wishes according to the rules of etiquette they have been taught. They look at the dolls and think about them, and with their guests enjoy the delicacies prepared: diamond-shaped cakes of sweet pink and white puffed-rice, mild rice wine, rice cooked with red beans, etc. The day is a happy one and is spent playing games and entertaining friends.

The first Hina Matsuri that occurs after a little girl's birth is of special importance. Relatives and friends come to offer her dolls and miniature articles as a token of their good wishes for her growth.

Once the festival is over, the dolls are carefully packed into wooden boxes and stored away until the following year.

Kimie, sitting up in front of the display, seems to wonder what it is all about. Her name means happiness and beauty.



BOLIVIA

Young - Poor



Sister Murielle animating a group of Aymara catechists in the Yungas.

It was with deepfelt joy that I participated in the celebration of Mission Sunday in my homeland this year, having just come home for a few months from the Yungas of Bolivia. Yungas is an Indian word applied to the rain forest area which extends, unbroken, along the eastern Andes, from Columbia to Santa Cruz. Here, a young Church is being rooted in the love of Christ and His Gospel. It is my privilege to share in its missionary activities.

This Church, at once young and

OUR MISSIONARIES WRITE

KATETE, MALAWI

Dear Friends,

Here I am with news from Katete, a lovely nook cradled in the mountains of Malawi, spreading its gardens down the slopes while its cottages lie in the valley. Though the mission started very humbly, significant changes have been brought about by the missionaries who are at work here. Schools have been built, as well as a small hospital, and a few houses for the teachers. However, a lot of urgent and interesting work remains to be done at the Mission Centre.

The parish extends to distant country places. There the local Church is implanted and sturdily growing, thanks to the efforts of lay apostles

or - Rich Church

by Murielle Dubé, M.I.C.



Sylvestre Carreno, first deacon of the Yungas, with his wife and son on the day of his ordination. Sylvestre is 48 years old.

poor, is made up of Aymara Indians who until twenty years ago were serfs exploited by powerful landowners. The majority have had only two or three years of elementary schooling. Resources in the area are meagre, and technical progress is practically unknown.

However, this is also a rich Church. Rich in men desirous of serving others, of helping to transform a world of harsh reality into a world of social justice and a true fraternity. These men cheerfully put their poverty at the service of the Gospel for



The new deacon distributes the Bread of Life.

the liberation of their brothers and sisters in Christ.

Last year, through the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, the Canadian Church donated \$5,000.00 to the young-poor-rich Church of the Yungas. In the name of all my Bolivian Aymara friends, I say the most grateful "Thank you". Thanks to their generosity, we will be able to do more for the formation of dynamic catechists and deacons who are eager to serve the Church but are very poor in the world's goods. God bless all those who have contributed to this fund!

The Army of lost Vocations

"It will be impossible to 'teach all nations' without more missionaries. In some of the remote fields, the Church needs men and women of culture and the soundest possible education. In every land she needs missionaries whose lives are blameless, whose hearts are so full of the love of God that to win one soul to Christ will thrill the very fibres of their being with exultant joy. Our Lord has formulated His universal plan and given His command to preach the Gospel to every creature; it follows that there must be, somewhere on this earth today, enough souls to carry out the scheme of Redemption. No one will deny that vocations by the thousands and tens of thousands have been lost in ages past. They are being lost today — for lack of instruction — perhaps for the lack of encouragement from those to whom we naturally look for initiative and guidance. Here is a subject for our prayer and solicitude."

(An editorial from THE FIELD AFAR of February 1907, still applicable today.)



Every week, when the weather permits, a Rosarian Sister and I ride out to these schools to encourage teachers and pupils.

who have taken to heart the advancement of their respective sectors. Our own task consists in visiting and encouraging these people of goodwill who often have difficult problems to tackle.

Most of the schools receive subsidies from the government, but there are still a few that depend on the mission to survive. The photo enclosed shows the work we do to help the teachers of these schools that are not subsidized. Each week, when the

weather permits, a Rosarian Sister and I ride to these schools to encourage teachers and pupils.

Teachers in these country schools have not been trained for the work they are doing. They have merely completed their Primary School and are trying by correspondence courses to attain a High School certificate. Should they be found to have natural dispositions for teaching, this experience will afford them a better chance of being later admitted to a Teacher Training Centre.

We take the opportunity, when all the pupils are present, (one group comes in the morning, the other in the afternoon), to dispense lessons in Christian Doctrine. Their eagerness in listening to the word of God or looking at pictures illustrating Bible scenes, manifests their hunger and thirst for God. A third school, way out in the country area of Bumbunya, also needs our help with its numerous children eager to learn, but

whose parents are poor in worldly goods.

A new building of baked bricks has gone up. It will replace the old thatched-roof school which is threatening collapse. The parents of the children have undertaken this praiseworthy job. They prepared brick-kilns which were kept going night and day for a whole week. Then they carried the bricks in a wheel-barrow to the building site. Women and children also helped carrying bricks on their heads. Unfortunately, our people having no experience in administration, found it impossible to complete the enterprise for lack of money. So brand-new walls are now standing but the school is minus a roof and is threatened by the rainy season. We cannot help admiring these poor people who, despite their poverty, courageously try to prepare a better future for their children.

The pastoral team of Katete by Pauline Brodeur, M.I.C.

TAIWAN

Grandma's Eleventh Hour

by Odile Malbœuf, M.I.C.

Reverend Father Ouimet, S.J., baptizes Grandma Chan.



In his Gospel narrative, Saint Matthew tells us a parable about the labourers who came in at the eleventh hour. Ninety-five-year-old Grandma Chan was one of these latecomers. Until recently, she had lived with a married son's family in Hong Kong. When the latter decided to emigrate to Canada with his wife and children, another son of hers living in Taipei, Taiwan, welcomed her into his home.

The entire Chan family is Catholic. Grandma was the sole exception. No sooner had she arrived in Taipei, however, than she declared she wanted to become Christian. It was a happy surprise for her son who had

never broached the subject in a direct manner. He confided, "Although I refrained from urging her to be baptized, I always prayed that she herself would some day make up her mind to do so. She is such a wonderful person! I felt sure she could not help going to heaven."

One Sunday, after Mass, Mr. Chan asked Sister Marcelle, M.I.C., if she knew any Sister who might speak enough Cantonese to prepare his mother for Baptism. As I was the only one who did know a smattering of the language, I was chosen to instruct Grandma in the rudiments of the faith.

At our first meeting, I realized that our catechumen knew still less Cantonese than I did, the Tai Shan dialect being her mother tongue. We got along fine together. She soon grasped at least the basic fact that God is Love. One day, as I was trying to explain some simple religious notions, she interrupted me saying, "Look, Sister, I do love God. Don't you think that's enough?" The words of Saint Paul came back to my mind, "Love is the fulfillment of the law..." Sister Margaret, one of our Chinese Sisters, accompanied me to Mr. Chan's house once in a while. Mr. Chan always made us feel at home and helped us translate simple religious instruction for his mother's benefit.

How happy we all were when Grandma was finally baptized by Father Ouimet, S.J. I only wish our Canadian young people could know something of the joy that filled the hearts of the missionaries present on this memorable occasion. May God grant them the grace to respond generously if He sees fit to call them to the missionary apostolate.



Sisters Odile and Margaret rejoice with Grandma.

Bits out of mission life

DAVAO PHILIPPINES

Sister Marie Jeanne Tanguay

Dies at 55 from Acute Heart Attack

Sister Marie Jeanne, Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, residing at our Lady of Good Counsel, Davao City, passed away at the convent after receiving the last anointing from Father J. Roy, SSS, on the morning of November 1, All Saints' Day, from an acute heart attack.

She was better known as "the smiling Sister of the kitchen" for it was her main occupation to see to the preparation of meals for the Cursillos, Retreats, and Seminars of all sorts held at the Cursillo House. Her funeral Mass was presided over by our beloved Archbishop assisted by Bishop Capalla and Father Denis, Regional Superior of the PME, and concelebrated by 50 priests. It was attended by many Sisters of all Orders, Stella Maris students, Holy Cross and Ateneo delegates, and lay people, a great number of whom either Cursillistas or members of the People's Adoration League.

Born 55 years ago, at St. Pie de Bagot, Province of Quebec, Canada, to Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon Tanguay, Marie Jeanne enjoyed a happy family life in the company of her five brothers and sisters. At the age of 23, she responded to God's call to the missionary life.

Out of her 32 years as a religious she spent 18 in the Philippines. She loved the Filipino people, and although not gifted for learning languages, she kept on trying, taking special courses in English and Visayan in order to better communicate God's Good News. Whether she was assigned to Manila, Padada, Davao City, her main assignment always was to be in charge of the Nutrition Service,

charge which she fulfilled with a sense of mission and with great joy.

She was happy to help train cooks for Conventos. Besides culinary art, she endeavoured to instill in them spiritual motivation for the work. Had not her life ended so abruptly, she would have held a seminar for all cooks during the Christmas holiday season.

Her deep spirit of faith made her see God in persons and events. Her sense of hospitality coupled with unconditional service made her accessible to all, Bishops or beggars, priests or laymen, Sisters or helpers. Passers-by found her kitchen door always wide open.

Sister Marie Jeanne was bubbling over with life and joy. Her days seemed too short as she went along beautifying the gardens, the altars, lending a listening ear to priests (Canadians and Filipinos alike), walking to the Blessed Sacrament Shrine daily for her adoration, preparing and holding Bible Sharing sessions with her helpers or giving occasional French lessons to students.

Summing up Sister Marie Jeanne's life we can say that she was a WOMAN, totally committed and fulfilled. She was a CHRISTIAN who believed in God's personal love for men; she was a religious and a missionary who lived in gratitude and joy for having been chosen to tell the world His story of love.

The MIC Sisters would like to express their sincere gratitude for the overwhelming sympathy manifested on the occasion of the return HOME of their SISTER MARIE JEANNE.

Taken from a Davao Catholic Newspaper

Life on Andean Heights

Agnes Bouchard was born at Petite Rivière Ouelle, Charlevoix County, Quebec, April 13, 1934. She entered our Congregation August 8, 1954. After her religious profession, she taught in our Délia Tetreault Elementary School in Montreal for eleven years. In 1967 she was assigned to our missions in Peru. She pursued studies in social service for four years at the Lima University. Since her graduation, she has been doing field work in the Peruvian Andes. Sister Agnes, at present on home leave, tells us about her life among the Indians of the remote Espinar region to which she was assigned in 1972.

Q — Sister Agnes, could you give us a brief description of the region of Espinar?

A — Espinar is in a remote part of Peru, situated in the Cuzco Department. There is nothing attractive about the scenery. Not a tree, not a shrub in sight. The only things that do grow are the quinoa or pigweed, coarse stubble, and small sized potatoes. Everything is drab and austere except for the colourful clothes worn by the Indians.

Q — What about the weather?

A — We live at an altitude of about 13,000 feet, so the warmest weather we get is 30° or 40° F above zero, even during what is called the summer. Glistening Andean peaks surround us on every side.

Q — What are your living conditions?

A — We live in three rented rooms in a native house. One of them is fairly large and is used for meetings. There is only one window, but two doors allow for ventilation and also for cold drafts. We live, as much as possible, on the same level as the people do. The bishop has kindly arranged for us to have a private tap and a washroom in a small rear patio. Of course, the house does not boast of electric appliances. The town power, turned on only at night, is so feeble that no electric iron can be used. We heat water and do our cooking on a primitive oil stove.

Q — How do you manage for the food problem?

A — We live on the staple roasted maize, cheese, quinoa (which resem-



Sister Agnes discusses the subject of her thesis with Dr. Fugeora, Dean of the faculty of human sciences.

bles millet), and potatoes. Every Sunday, we go to market with the townspeople. This is the only time when trucks laden with milk, vegetables, fruit, and perhaps a little meat come in from the outside. We can buy whole wheat bread and margarine.

Q — Are any animals raised in your area?

A — Yes, there are llamas, alpacas, vicunas, and sheep which subsist on a sort of coarse grass or on lichens. The silky wool of the vicunas is so highly prized, that these animals are protected by law. Children usually do the herding. During the night, the herds are parked in stout enclosures to prevent their being stolen. Each proprietor brands his own stock or merely uses distinctive paint brushes on parts of the animals' shaggy coats.

Q — I have often heard of the damage done by the excessive use of coca. Does this abuse still exist?

A — Abuse is perhaps not the right term here. The Indians chew coca leaves (mixed with lime) to ease the pangs of hunger, and to dull the bite of wintry winds to which they are subjected at 12,000 or 13,000 feet, in

the Andes. Besides, it seems to give them strength. I have seen them stoically carrying loads of 150 pounds roped to their backs. The average Andean Indian chews about one pound of coca leaves a day. But the plant is not all benefit for these poor people. While it eases the pangs of hunger, coca numbs the brain and shortens life expectancy to something less than 30 years.

Q — What sort of fuel can be used since you say there are neither trees nor shrubs?

A — The most commonly used fuel consists in the dried droppings of the herds. Such fuel is used sparingly and only for cooking purposes. For our own use we have a small oil stove. In Espinar we can live our poverty to the hilt. We are a happy little family of three Sisters — two M.I.C.'s and one Sacred Heart nun.

Watch our next issue for the continuation of this interesting interview.



We live in three rented rooms in a native house.

Couriers Old and New...

either direction. When the latter arrived, they transmitted a verbal message to the next courier who made the run, at top speed, to the following station. Whoever did not transmit the message or divulged it to any other than the next courier was punished with death. But such was the faithfulness of the couriers that neither entreaty nor menace could extort it from them.

COURIERS OLD AND NEW

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" or so the old saying goes. The lengthy postal strike we have had and the inconveniences resulting therefrom may have at least one good effect — making us appreciate what we have perhaps too often taken for granted. It was not until 1755 that our country's first regular post-office was opened in Halifax. Until then, messengers carried official dispatches and handled private letters at fixed rates. The bulk of the mail was carried by persons travelling from one place to another.

Long before our postal system was organized, however, an efficient relay service functioned in Peru, under the rule of the Incas. According to a Spanish writer of the time, it was the best system of post which could be devised. Runners known as *chasquis* ran in relays between Quito and Cuzco — a distance of 1,250 miles — in five days. They ran at an altitude ranging from 6,000 to 17,000 feet, quite an exploit.

Speed was essential to the Inca rulers. Distances were so enormous, that uprisings could only be quelled by the swift marching of warriors to centres of rebellion. To facilitate the task of the runners, courier service stations were built about one and a half mile apart. Such stations comprised bed and hearth and could accommodate two men at a time. Food was provided by the villages through which they passed. The couriers were trained from early youth to run on Andean heights. Their abnormally developed lungs, the result of living in high altitudes, fitted them with the requirements of splendid athletes.

These men worked on fifteen-day shifts. Their duty was to watch the road for the coming of runners from

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