



WHAT ONE PERSON CAN DO

Born in 1799, Pauline Marie Jaricot was the daughter of a wealthy French merchant. Her father doted on his beautiful and talented daughter. But her wise mother early instilled in her heart the value of eternal things and a practical love for the poor.

Until she was 18, Pauline lived a life of luxury in the whirl of a privileged middle class society. She was the belle of every ball. As far back as she could remember she had been in love with life, with her family, with the world around her. However, beneath this frivolous exterior ran deep layers of generosity. God had marked her out for a high and unusual calling, but for a while, the struggle against Him almost tore her very life apart.

She was still a teenager when she surrendered to grace. A sermon on the futility of worldly life first turned her thoughts to the ideal she had always unconsciously cherished — to do something worthwhile for God. Once her mind was made up, there was no turning back. She chose to follow a vocation whose salient features were love and service without frontiers.

Pauline conceived the initial plan for the Society of the Propagation of the Faith when she was nineteen years old. Her efforts sparked a new vision of world missions. She wrote, "I feel I must work for the salvation of souls, not in one particular place, but all over the world. My vocation is to be at the beck and call of missionaries everywhere."

France was then in turmoil. Religious practice had slipped in a woeful manner. Pauline set about making her homeland say its prayers. With this aim in view, she organized the "Living Rosary" (1826). Her plan



PAULINE JARICOT

consisted in parcelling out decades of the Rosary, one to each person. These fifteen persons enrolled fifteen others, so that membership grew rapidly. By 1827, over one million persons were enrolled in France and abroad.

In France, Pauline Marie Jaricot was among the first to promote social justice. Both her parents were remarkable for their solicitude towards the needy whom her mother frequently visited. Pauline nourished the desire to restore to workers their dignity as

human beings. "It is useless to lecture workers," she used to say, "if we do not first help them out in practical ways."

Her plan for social justice had been duly examined and approved by the authorities. How then was it doomed to failure? On this subject an eminent priest wrote, "Souls like that of Miss Jaricot can believe neither in deception nor in base motivations." Pauline fell into the clutches of unscrupulous swindlers posing as friends and collaborators. Not only did they dilapidate funds destined to be spent on real estate for the workers; they plunged her up to her ears in debt.

Reduced to extreme poverty, Pauline applied for a certificate to prove that she was a pauper in need of social welfare. People who had once vied for the favours of the fashionable Miss Jaricot now looked down upon her with contempt. Aged and ailing, she was rejected by all except her beloved workers.

Even in the extremity of her trials, she bore no grudge. Maria Dubois, her faithful co-worker, affirmed, "She never complained, never answered impatiently when blamed and insulted. She remained silent, allowing her foes to have their say." She had resolved to pay every cent of her debts to her poorer creditors first of all, but God denied her this last consolation.

She died a pauper on January 9, 1862. This woman who dared to get involved gave an example of concern for world missions and social justice that stands for all time. With her, a chapter of the book of life has ended, but the book itself is not finished. It may be that one of us or perhaps several will add glorious chapters.

OTTAWA

THE CHINESE CENTRE

Coming to the Chinese Centre means more than just meeting people of the same culture and of the same faith, it means joy, hope, and love. The Chinese Centre is really a home for most of those who come. It gives such a warm, happy feeling that nobody can resist coming for a second time. Moments like those spent sitting on the balcony during the summer days and listening to the song of the birds or the laughter of children gives me a peaceful feeling that I cannot find anywhere else.

The Chinese Centre also means service. As a matter of fact, this was the original purpose for its existence. The Sisters and Miss Wong have provided valuable service over the years. Many people, especially students, have obtained a great deal of help from the Centre, either directly or indirectly. Directly from the Sisters or Miss Wong; indirectly from the members of the Chinese Centre, people of all professions and walks of life, stretching out friendly helping hands to the needy. In the past, I was one of those constantly asking for help. Now I realize that the joy of living is in giving and receiving. I won't be able to share that joy if I only know how to receive and not how to give. So I hope through this year, year

of the horse, year of action, I can offer some of my services to my community.

Of course people might remark the congregation is small, the atmosphere poor, the spiritual morale low, and that there's no sense of belonging. I would like these people to know that I come because I realize what a lot of efforts have gone into making the Centre function. So, instead of being critical, I did some positive thinking to make this gathering worthwhile for myself, for others and for the priest who willingly gives up so much of his precious time for our benefit. I know that we have to be helped by one another in order to grow. It is only through concern for one another that we can hope to progress. That's why I try to keep on coming. I want to be concerned about others, as I want others to be concerned about me.

I might compare each one of us to a piece of kindling: it has little value in itself, but if fire is put to it, it sparks and gives light and warmth. But if the kindling is taken away piece by piece, the burning will cease and we will die of cold! That's why I am trying through my weekly visit to invite more to join me in keeping the fire burning. Won't you do the same?

(Edited by Stella Chan)

PERU

Biblioteca Publica

by Rita Leblanc, M.I.C.

For a long time Mgr Prevost, first pastor of our diocese, had dreamed of organizing a library where wholesome literature could be made available to the young people of Pucallpa. This would help offset the nefarious influence of the shoddy literature offered by bookstores. In 1964, a start was made in a transformed garage situated on the mission grounds. A lay Canadian missionary assumed the direction for one year, on a voluntary basis.

After her departure, Mgr Prevost asked us to take over, and thus it happened that in 1965 I found myself appointed chief librarian. Little by little, the garage-library underwent a transformation. Chairs replaced the two large benches borrowed from the parish church. A few tables and racks were set up. The place gradually took on a more cheerful appearance. About thirty persons could be accommodated at a time. On special occasions, a number of stools were borrowed and as



Second from right: Sister Rita and her friends.

many as fifty students could be admitted.

Thanks to the generosity of Canadian friends, especially of the Foreign Mission priests, over 3,000 books and magazines were eventually acquired. But this is far from sufficient to satisfy the needs of our Peruvian friends.

MALAWI, C.A.

Golden

Jubilee

in Malawi

Fifty years of fidelity to the Lord in the religious and missionary life is no mean achievement. Sr Beatrice Tessier could not guess what awaited her when she first vowed herself to God on that memorable February 11, 1928. But, day by day, for over fifty years she has lived up to her commitment, cheerfully accepting God's will as revealed in the various tasks assigned her by her superiors.

The first twenty-six years of her religious life were spent in Canada — Montreal, Granby, Vancouver... During three of these years she underwent training to become a registered nurse. This period of hopeful waiting for an assignment to the distant field afforded her the precious opportunity of living close to Mother Foundress. For several years, she even enjoyed the privilege of caring for her in her last illness.

Finally, in 1951, the long-awaited call came for our missions in Africa. During the first years of her apostolate, she travelled from one mission to another, always ready to go where needs were the greatest. Thus from Kaseye where she opened a dispensary in 1951, she moved to Rumphi in 1952, and to Nkata Bay in 1953. Gifted as an organizer and a nurse, she was at the beck and call of all who needed her services.

Since the opening of our African missions, in 1948, the M.I.C. team had been directly under the direction of the Mother House in Montreal. In 1956, the missions were erected into a Region with Sister Beatrice as Regional Superior. In this capacity she gave full scope to her zeal and opened new mission posts in Kanyanga, Nyimba, and Chikungu.

Thank you dear Sister Beatrice for the example of your staunch fidelity and for your unfailing devotedness to the cause of our missions in Africa. God bless you and grant you many more golden years in the mission field.

The M.I.C. Team of C.A.

MALAWI, ZAMBIA, C.A.

Thirty Years of Apostolate in Africa

EVANGELIZATION THROUGH MEDICAL CARE (1948-1978)

Delia Tétreault's first thoughts of missionary apostolate turned to Africa. She felt a strong desire to carry the Good News to its peoples. Father John Forbes, W.F., a missionary on homeleave from Africa, who had been her good friend and advisor during the early years of the foundation, strongly encouraged her aspirations. But, God had other plans and the initial group of M.I.C. missionaries was assigned to Asia instead. It was only after her death that her dreams of African apostolate were realized. This year marks the thirtieth anniversary of the arrival of her daughters in Africa.



Photo credit: Pawek

Hale and hearty thanks to the under-five clinics.

Soon after their arrival in Africa, the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception organized several modest medical units in order to combat illness, especially among children. While they dispensed professional care, they kept in mind their Foundress' often repeated recommendation: "You must first of all see to the sick. Comfort them, relieve them as far as you can, convert them by your good example, your good advice, especially by your untiring devotedness." Acting upon this advice, the Sisters began by treating patients suffering from such widespread diseases as malaria, measles, gastro-enteritis, tuberculosis, parasitic and respiratory infections, rankling sores, etc. Malaria was Africa's worst curse, causing the highest death rate among children and even among adults.

Tradition had always been an important factor in the lives of African women. They were fettered by time-honoured customs which, for instance, obliged pregnant women to remain sequestered in their village. Local midwives were unwilling to give up their jobs. It was only after long and often fruitless efforts on the part of the missionaries that they finally agreed to have expectant mothers sent to the Medical Centre. But this was not the

end of the problem. Foreign nurses found it difficult to grasp the people's mentality concerning the family. It soon became evident that the presence of African midwives was a necessity as well as a precious help. The latter, however, were reluctant to accept the fact that young African midwives could be regularly trained, and expected to function in an efficient manner.

Preventive medicine

Although prenatal clinics had been in operation in several organized centres a report, published in May 1970, revealed that hardly ten per cent of the 0-5 year old population had been reached. Out of this number, forty per cent of the babies were below normal weight. During 1968, this effort was promoted by the Association of Malawian and Private Hospitals including our MIC Units, that of Kanyanga excepted. Between the years 1968-1970 the number of clinics rose from 65 to 97. Despite these concerted efforts, the rate of infantile mortality remained very high: 140/1000. One third of the children did not reach the age of five.

In Zambia, our Kanyanga medical team collaborated in a prevention and vaccination programme. In 1971, a total of 1,524 prenatal visits were registered,

while care was dispensed to 8,581 0-5 year old children in four different clinics.

Mini-plan

The planning team WHO (World Health Organization) having visited Malawi in 1971, proposed the devising of a National Health Programme, for the dispensation of essential care. While awaiting the realization of this programme, a Mini-plan was elaborated, the aim of which was to immunize the greatest number possible of babies against certain contagious diseases. M.I.C. medical services were then inserted within this governmental plan. Apart from Mzimba Mobile Unit, six others were put in operation in each of the Units. Public health improved thanks to prenatal care, to early immunization, and to hygienic measures taken in maternity clinics.

Today

The M.I.C. medical team never settles down for good. It constantly harnesses the deed to the need. In Kaseye, for instance, a plan for the building of a hospital was in suspense for several years. Meanwhile, the Government Hospital of Chitipa, situated about twelve miles from Katete, was enlarged and renewed. Our plans for a hospital were scrapped. Instead, we started making plans for a Health Centre comprising a maternity-dispensary. The team which had been trained in view of the projected hospital went on to serve elsewhere.

Intercommunal collaboration, and cooperation with the Government are part of our action plan. The prior objective of the medical team is to prepare the way for the local people to take over, not only regarding the diffusion of the Gospel but equally regarding the works of mercy. While caring for the bodies, living temples of Christ, do we not attain the hearts, opening them to true life? It is therefore with a feeling of deep gratitude that we record the good our benefactors have helped us realize. We must admit that meagre local resources are and will long continue to be insufficient to respond to present needs.

Thirty years of medical service have allowed the M.I.C. Sisters in Central Africa to enjoy the privilege of being "a warm and gratuitous presence of the healing Christ, a presence that bends over the whole person to help it make itself whole."

(Adapted from report sent by M.I.C medical team of Malawi and Zambia.)

JAPAN

Weddings

Japanese Style



Japanese bride in formal attire.

In most Western countries, June is a popular month for weddings. Not so in Japan where *taian* or "lucky" days must be selected, and *butsumetsu* "unlucky" days avoided. The season matters less, although autumn is usually preferred.

The so-called love marriages are gaining in popularity, but most marriages in Japan are still arranged through a professional go-between. The latter can praise the candidates to an extent the parents could not, ask delicate questions bluntly, and take rebuffs which would be insulting to parents or principals. Since the Japanese feel that love comes after marriage, such arrangements remain acceptable to the majority of young people.

Most Japanese are married in a Shinto ceremony. The high point of the celebration is the exchange of the *san san ku do*, literally "three three nine times", because both the groom and the bride drink three times out of three cups of different sizes. The rest of the ceremony is usually taken up by lengthy speeches. These may give detailed explanations on the formal qualities of the wedded pair: the bride's flower arranging license, her prowess in cooking, etc; the groom's brilliant performance at a prestige university, etc. Prospective in-laws often hire

experts to investigate the background of bride or groom to be.

Westerners tend to think that arranged marriages in Japan are outdated. In fact, according to a Japanese daily, far more people have their marriages arranged today than a hundred years ago. A daughter or a son's future is too important to be left to chance.

That Is Why

We all express Him in different ways

So that everyone may hear

In the language he understands.

That is why we are all different.

Why no two people are ever wholly alike,

Why life seems so unequal,

Why we are all in such different places and circumstances.

Simply, that in all places,

In all languages, Christ may be uttered

Through men to men.

Quoted from "The Shield"

KANYANGA, ZAMBIA

Roaming the Bush

by Henriette Sylvestre, M.I.C.

For several months past I have been travelling in the bush with African guides who know hundreds of medicinal herbs. Up to now, I have found 52 different sorts of roots and leaves used in the treatment of various diseases. Until I began this research work, I could hardly believe that the bush contained so many "treasures" waiting to be discovered.

In order to succeed in my research, I have to reward my guides, and buy the necessary equipment for classification. Fortunately, a generous cousin of mine offered to defray my expenses. Thanks to him, I lately travelled to Dar-es-Salaam for a study session. I had been invited by Dr. Kitundu, member of the faculty of medicine at Tanzania

University. During the last three years, these people collected over 3,000 kinds of medicinal plants. They are at work on the second phase of their research—the preparation of specimens, the mixture, and the dosage. The third phase will consist in putting their findings on the market.

My own research work progresses slowly as I have little leisure. I have already forwarded various roots and leaves to the Brussels University laboratory of toxicology and also to a Montreal herbalist. After being analysed these plants will be returned to me with a report on their properties and composition.

Once I have acquired the necessary knowledge, I will be able to contact

those who use bush remedies in caring for the sick. It will then be possible for me to tell them which herbs are poisonous and which are beneficial, and advise them about accurate dosage. This will prevent the frequent cases of poisoning brought to our attention at the dispensary.

Roaming through the bush, I also learn interesting facts about local customs. I come into closer contact with the people, their goodwill, their cooperation on the clan level.

My role as a missionary Sister consists in helping these people discover God's plan of love throughout history. Africans easily perceive that their ancestors really believed in the God who spoke to Abraham, who intervened in the history of mankind in order to realize his plan of redemption through Christ Jesus. The diverse human elements hidden in their fundamental religious sense may be considered "seeds of the Word" which will eventually come to fruition.

THANKSGIVING

NORTH AMERICA

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated for the first time in the United States in 1621. Of the 101 Pilgrim Fathers who landed at Plymouth in 1620, 46 died within the year, and were buried on a rocky eminence dominating the city. In 1621, however, twenty-nine acres of wheat plus six acres of barley and peas produced a bountiful harvest. Therefore, Governor Bradford made provision for a day of prayerful thanksgiving to be observed on December 13 of that same year. An Indian chief accompanied by sixty of his braves, in full regalia, participated in the celebration. Subsequently, the last Thursday in November was appointed as national Thanksgiving Day for the United States.

In Canada, Thanksgiving was first proclaimed in 1879 and was observed on November 6. During the following years, earlier and later dates were tried. The first Thanksgiving Days were harvest festivals or days of gratitude to God for good crops. For this reason, the holiday still takes place late in the fall, after the crops have been gathered. In 1931, Thanksgiving Day in Canada was appointed to be held on the second Monday in October.

KOREA

America is not alone in holding Thanksgiving celebrations. From ancient times, people of many nations have felt the same need to express thanks for the fruits of the earth and other mercies. In Korea, for instance, a festival called *Chu-Suk* was celebrated towards the end of September. This being the time when crops were gathered, the first gatherings were carefully laid aside for the occasion. On the holiday proper, villagers, wearing their most colourful outfits, climbed the hills to their ancestors' tombs, carrying baskets full of freshly picked fruit and of wheat cakes. This was a day for a family get-together. Even distant relatives assembled, since families had been buried on the same hill for many generations. To begin with, everyone bowed respectfully in front of the tombs in thanksgiving for divine blessings during the past year. Then all returned

to their villages and the celebration lasted through the night. Children played noisy games, while adults drank freshly made wine and sang merrily.

JAPAN

In Japan, a thanksgiving festival had long been observed by the Imperial court in order to thank the deity of agriculture for plentiful harvests. A national thanksgiving holiday is now observed on November 23. On this occasion, people recall the dignity of labour and express gratitude for the abundance of heavenly blessings. The day is called *kinro kansha no hi* which literally means Labour Day Thanksgiving.

ISRAEL

Sukkot or the Feast of Tabernacles is a Jewish festival which originally marked the end of the harvest season. It lasts nine days. During this festival, traditional Jews live in huts in which their ancestors lived during their wanderings in the desert. The ancient Hebrews celebrated Sukkot as a festival of thanksgiving. They formed joyous parades carrying branches of palm, myrtle, and willow trees. These are still used in the festival at the present time.

TAIWAN

Every year, in the month of October, the Hakka who live in Taiwan, celebrate the *Ping an sya* or festival of peace. This celebration is meant to knit closer bonds of friendship among the people. At the same time, it is a thanksgiving festival in honour of harvest deities. Farmers flock to the pagodas, bringing gifts of food prepared for family meals. A modest banquet is offered in every household where at least one outside guest must be invited to share in the good things prepared. Whoever fails to do so is the butt of his neighbours' ridicule. It is considered an unlucky thing which may invite disaster during the course of the year.

MADAGASCAR

In nearly all regions of Madagascar, the first harvest of rice is marked by

a festival called *santa-bary* or inauguration of rice. This custom of offering the first-fruits to God was observed for ages past, and the original formula of offering is still used. *Santa-bary* was really a festival of thanksgiving. Before harvesting the first sheaves and before eating the newly harvested rice, the following prayer was said: "We are happy and grateful for the first-fruits of this year's harvest. As they do not really belong to us, we beg your permission to eat them. May our offering be agreeable to you, and call down your blessings upon us and our families."

Excerpt from a letter sent by Mrs. Flavia de Marques to all M.I.C.'s over the world, especially those who worked in Cuba.

My dear Canadian Sisters,

In the month of February 1977, you celebrated the 75th anniversary of the founding of your Community and I rejoiced with you. All of you have a place in my heart, especially those who lived in Cuba and with whom I spent part of my life. Thank God I had the good fortune of having you as educators. No words can express my feelings of gratitude for all I have received, more particularly for the Catholic faith. Maybe you had dreamt of having more religious vocations from our Island. Do not be disappointed if it has not been so. I am not a religious, but I deeply feel my vocation as a laywoman, involved in the service of the Lord. My work is to help my people in exile and prepare the Cuban children of my parish for their First Communion. My husband and I are among the directors of a movement called IMPACT for the families who have children between three and eleven years of age. I am president of the *Committee for Life* (Latin) of Miami, for the protection of the unborn, etc... I do not mention this to show what I am doing. It is indeed very little compared to all I have received, but I want you to know my preoccupations as I accomplish a service which I could not render today if you had not long ago sown the seed in my heart. Now, it is bearing fruit in Miami, where it is urgently required. May my humble testimony be an encouragement for you in your holy mission of helping other peoples. I have not been able to express my deepfelt sentiments as I would have liked to. I dream of seeing you all again some day, and I embrace you fraternally.

(signed) Flavia Hernandez de Marques

A Shining Little Deed

by Therese Guenette, M.I.C.

While I was missioned in Hong Kong, I once received a very nice letter from a Grail Sister, expressing the wish that it be read to all the pupils of the Primary Section, at the customary Morning Assembly. It was a most encouraging letter of praise in which. Sister X related a fact that had deeply impressed her. She wanted the students to know about it.

On the previous day, as she had boarded a bus at the peak hour, she found that there were no seats available. Two little girls immediately got up and offered her their seat. Then with charming simplicity they entertained her in fluent English. Surprised and eager to know which school these two charming little ladies attended, she inquired and learned that they were studying at the Good Hope Primary School. Hence her letter sent to my office. She ended praising the two girls' behaviour, without mentioning their names, and invited others to imitate this good deed. As Sister X had requested, I read her letter at the Morning Assembly, adding my own praise of the girls, unknown to me but not to the good Lord.

At recess, a little girl came nervously to my office, to tell me that she was one of those who had done the good turn to the Sister on the bus. As a rule, the Chinese are too modest to prone their good deeds. But N. tried her best to convince me, insisting that she really was the polite little girl mentioned in Sister's letter. "If this is the case," I replied, "the good Lord is pleased with you and you must certainly feel very happy inside."

A few days later, I received a long letter from my young friend. I could not



Sister Thérèse has a friendly chat with two students.

help being touched by her frankness, and still more when I learned the reason for her dishonesty: her beloved father is incapacitated, his body being twisted like an "S" to use her expression. As she loves him dearly, she had invented the story to make him feel proud and happy. She thought that if she told him she had earned the headmistress' praise, because she had done a good turn to the

lady in the bus, he would feel elated. But God was knocking gently at the door of her heart. Before her invented story could be told, the love of God had enabled her to admit very humbly, her little mischief to me. I am sure she still remembers how this pretended good turn to the lady in the bus turned out to be a very good turn to God and to her own self.

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MIC MISSION NEWS
is a bimonthly published by
the Miss. Sisters of the Imm. Conc.

Box 157, Laval Branch P.O.
Laval - Quebec, H7N 4Z4

Second Class Mail Registration No. 0358
Return Postage Guaranteed