

Series 7, No. 2
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MIC

MISSION NEWS

Easter

*(This is a translation
of a 10th century hymn. Author unknown.)*

*Awaked by love, both Salome
And Mary Magdalene made their way
Tomb-wards that morn, respects to pay
To Christ, Alleluia.
To their surprise and great dismay
They found the stone that on him lay
No longer there, but rolled away
By angels. Alleluia.
Gleaming as snow, in bright array,
These heralds sang this triumph gay:
"Friend, weep no more. Risen today
Is Christ. Alleluia.
And now no longer dread decay
Of death and grave, sin's price to pay.
For rise you too shall, one fine day,
With Christ. Alleluia!"*

Openness

*Openness sums up a loving attitude of availability.
Sisters Anthea Raso and Ditma Luz Trocio,
M.I.C., spread joy through song and music.*



"Spread joy everywhere you go. This is what our troubled world needs most." These words of Délia Tétreault, our Foundress, are still more relevant today than they were when she uttered them some 75 years ago. She wanted her daughters to be messengers of joy, of openness everywhere they were sent, to tender to everyone the "hospitality of the heart".

For her, "Open House" was to be held not only on special occasions, but every day of the year in the hearts of all Christians. This involves a constant willingness to remove barriers and obstacles; to tear down walls; to build bridges of easy approach to others.

Openness sums up a loving attitude of availability. Let us always be ready to give and to receive, to share and to exchange, to welcome others as God has welcomed us. Openness means extending to our fellowmen the "hospitality of the heart" when they need it most.



There are many languages but a smile speaks them all.

Saint Joseph, The Silent Man

by Madeline Maillet, M.I.C.

Hardworking, obedient, chaste, humble, Saint Joseph was above all a man of silence. The four Gospels may be searched in vain for a single word of his. And yet, his role, after the role of Mary, was of cardinal importance in the history of salvation.

Joseph was silent when confronted with Mary's condition, before they had lived together. He did not recriminate when Cesar's order sent him to distant Bethlehem with his wife who was near her confinement. In silence he bore the disdain and rejection of the people of Bethlehem. In silence he listened to the wonderful things related of the Child by shepherds and kings.

He raised no objection when the Angel of the Lord ordered him to take mother and babe and flee into Egypt. Silently he came and went, crossing boundaries, providing for his family in a strange country. And just when things had settled down and he looked forward to a tranquil home life, he left Egypt with Mary and Jesus, submissive to God's will, never asking why.

When Jesus, at the age of twelve, remained in the temple without warning, Joseph certainly suffered anguish and pain, but he remained silent. It was Mary who spoke for both. "Son, why did you do this to us? Your father and I have been terribly worried, trying to find you" (Luke 2: 48). For his part, Joseph remained in silent admiration before the Boy who was called his son.

He has taught us the important lesson that we glorify God not so much by what we say but by what we are. Today, silence is all the more necessary because we live in a perpetually noisy world. Joseph was a silent saint. But the lesson taught by this silence may be resumed in one short sentence: "Silence is like an incense of praise rising before the Lord."

PHILIPPINES

One Day with Loloy and Playmates

What Goes on in an Orphanage

As the bells in nearby Assumption Church toll the summons for early morning Mass, seven-year-old Loloy opens his sleepy eyes, stretches his puny arms, and surveys the world around him. In identical cots, his young roommates stir and slowly start the daily business of waking up, dressing, and going down to the refectory for breakfast, aided and coaxed by one or two staffers of the Child Jesus Home in F. Torres Street.

Loloy shuffles down the stairway of the two-storey, eight-room building, with the rest of the brood. He needs extra care and attention. Child of a demented mother who carried him about in the streets, he was laid to sleep on whichever sidewalk darkness overtook mother and son. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that Loloy did not develop normally. The duo's wanderings went on for some years, before the mother's condition was finally noticed and she was committed to the Davao Mental Hospital. Malnourished in body and mind, and ignorant of any language, Loloy was placed in the Child Jesus Home.

Breakfast at the Home consists of milk, bread, and oatmeal served under the cheery supervision of Sister Madeleine, M.I.C., directress. She is 48, a handsome, vivacious, motherly French-Canadian who has worked with novices, orphans, schoolchildren, Sapang-Palay squatters, Cursillistas, social workers, and Mindoro's Mangyans, according to the various assignments given her since her arrival in the Philippines in 1955.

Loloy sits at one of the low tables, happily anticipating his food. A helper has to spoon-feed him, but the rest of the children eat by themselves with many a joyful slurp and smacking of lips. Sister Madeleine observes them wistfully, thinking that the children could do with some fruit and vegetables.

Food at the Home comes mostly out of the kindness of the human heart. A

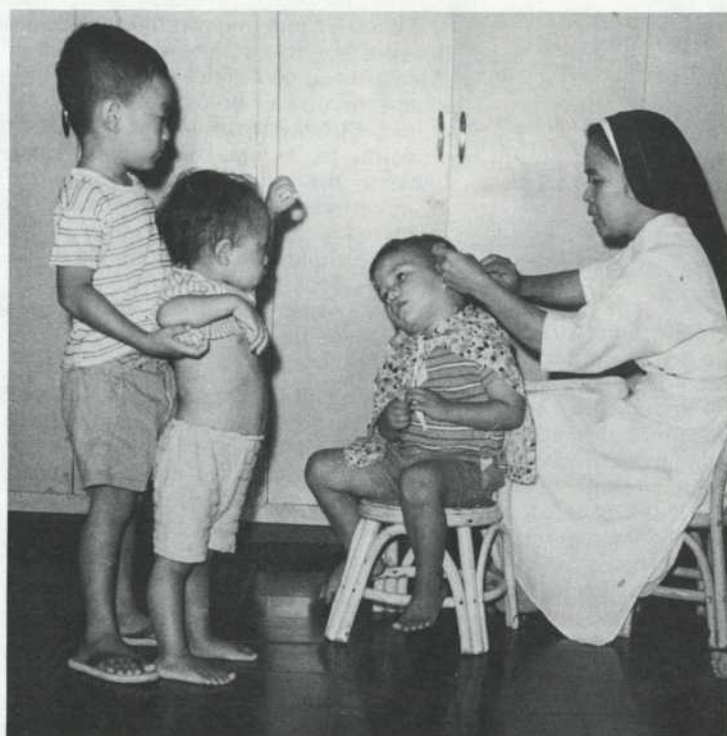
certain couple donates a hundred pesos worth of meat each month; a business firm makes out to the Home a monthly cheque for P300, ever since the establishment of the orphanage in 1956... Several years back, the Jayceerettes used to donate a sack of rice every month, but the practice has been dropped, and rice donations are now irregular.

"Whatever necessities people can't provide, we buy," Sister says matter-of-factly. Where does the money come from? "The Child Jesus Home is an institution of pure charity." It gives as well as it receives. "It receives most of its funds from the Stella Maris Academy, managed by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. All the net proceeds of the school canteen are set aside for the use of the children in the Child Jesus Home. Several civic and religious organizations look upon the Home as their favorite charity, especially at Christmas time.

Bathing follows breakfast, after which Loloy and his peers are let loose on the grounds to play. The fenced-in lot on which the Home stands was donated by the late Dona Vicenta Tionko y Monteverde. It provides ample space to accommodate swing, see-saws, slides, merry-go-rounds, and jungle gyms.

As the children play, quarrel, and jabber in Visayan and English, Eddie walks slowly into Sister's office, carrying in his arms his three-month-old son, Edwin. Eddie, 26, is jobless and will not be able to work if the care of Edwin cannot be turned over to someone else. The baby's mother left, nine days after giving him birth, and has not been heard of since. Eddie's only relative in Davao is his aged, ailing father. Eddie relates all this to Sister with much sighing and blinking away of tears.

Sister Madeleine gently explains that the orphanage is not in a position at present to admit children less than a year



*Having
a haircut.*

old, because it does not have the personnel nor the accouterments to care for babies. But she goes on to say that there is a list of prospective adopting parents waiting patiently for such a baby as Edwin to care for and love, and suggests that he be given up for adoption.

Eddie is heartbroken, but he cannot evade the harsh demands of reality. He brings Edwin out into the playground, gives him his bottle of milk, and savors what may be his last hour with his infant son. Some time elapses before Eddie returns to the office. He has finally decided to leave the baby for adoption.

Since its establishment, the Home has sheltered about 800 children. Many of these have been adopted by otherwise childless couples. Boys who outgrow the Home are transferred to Boys' Town where they learn to be independent and are taught a trade. Girls hang on to the Home until a suitable placement is found for them, sometimes with a relative or a kindly family able and willing to provide for their needs. While the girls are in the Home they go to school and are taught basic housekeeping.

By the time Eddie decides to leave Edwin in Sister's capable hands, the children are once again in the dining room for morning snacks. Loloy is fed his biscuits and milk, then skips to the 2nd floor with a staffer who carries a tray to a ten-year-old girl called Liberty. An asthmatic who has been in the Home for six years now, Liberty slowly eats her light fare, pausing for labored breathing. Loloy stares wide-eyed at the oxygen tank standing besides her bed. "This tank costs about a thousand and a half pesos,"

says Sister. "Truly, the Lord provides for His children."

The Lord indeed provides medical care — the best in this city — thanks to Davao's eminent medical practitioners who offer their services free of charge. For instance, thirteen-year-old Elizabeth, who was received in the Home in 1972, her right leg flapping ineffectually from the ravages of polio, has had two operations to strengthen the limb and facilitate walking. The orthopedist who did the job, would not accept a single centavo for his work. Similarly, pediatricians and dentists to whom Sister brings her wards periodically for check-up and treatment consider it a privilege to serve the children free of charge.

A lunch of boiled meat and vegetables and a noon siesta readies Loloy and the others for an afternoon of play, punctuated by occasional snacks. When evening falls, another session of bathing is initiated, after which supper is served. The period after this meal is reserved for singing, reciting poems, telling Bible stories, and teaching object lessons in good manners, all of which Loloy enjoys. Soon, however, he and his companions grow sleepy. The little ones are given a drink of milk and are led to their beds, where they soon dream their innocent, happy dreams. Another day is done at the Child Jesus Home.

*Condensed from an article
by J. Bacani-Angeles*

VALLE de ANGELES, Honduras

Holy Week in Valle de Angeles

by Emilienne Marchand, M.I.C.

Although I deplore the fact that our parish church remains too often empty on ordinary Sundays, I cannot but admire the zeal displayed by our parishioners in celebrating Holy Week. Nothing, barring a major disaster, can keep them away. They are not called "Holy Week Christians" for nothing. It remains to be seen why they so easily keep away from church on ordinary Sundays... Priests are all too few and the same can be said of catechists. Sound religious instruction is woefully neglected.

MADAGASCAR

Malagasy Personal Names

by Angèle Lemaire, M.I.C.

Now, back to Holy Week... Early on Palm Sunday morning, crowds of palm-waving people spill into the village plaza and inside the church. Even the children proudly carry palm branches twice their height. All are in a festive mood. For them this is the great event of the year.

A special ceremony marks each day. Sunday begins with Mass, praying of the Rosary, colourful processions with costumed participants. On Monday, a huge cortege winds its way to the cemetery. The dear departed are not forgotten. They have their share in the celebrations. Our Lord accompanied by Peter heads the Holy Tuesday cortege. On Holy Wednesday, Magdalen in penitent garb follows her beloved Master. A special procession is organized on Maundy Thursday. The people accompany Jesus to Pilate's judgment seat.

All participants play their role with deepfelt reverence, as if the Passion were really taking place there and then. On Good Friday the body of Christ is solemnly laid to rest to the sound of muted drums; chosen groups of people keep watch during the night. Holy Saturday is called the day of Solitude kept in silent communing with the sorrowful Mother.

Towards 5:00 a.m., on Sunday morning, joy breaks out anew, for the Lord is risen. It is the most colourful celebration of the entire week. Angels appear to the women carrying ointments. Groups of the latter hold aloft a statue of our Lady, garbed in deep mourning, for a symbolic visit to the empty tomb... Then, the statue is robed in white and gold and carried back in triumph to the church. The apostles rush to and fro, in the excitement of the glorious morning. Considering the poverty and lack of resources of the majority of the people around here, I found the completeness and variety of the Holy Week programme truly remarkable.

I have never better understood than in Valle de Angeles that not all men accept and live out the Gospel message in the same way. Hondurans need to express their faith in a simple, emotional, and collective way. Such expressions may be deformed and confused to a certain extent with an ancestral heritage in which tradition plays an almost tyrannical role. But, they must be respected as the stammerings of an authentic religious sense. Faith always reaches man clothed in a cultural language, and traces of God's call may be found in the natural religious sense.

If you ask a Canadian or an American why he bears the same name as his father he replies that this is the custom. But, if you ask a Malagasy why all the names in his family are different he will tell you that it is perfectly normal for children not to take their father's name. Why? Because they are altogether different individuals. An old proverb declares, "Like father, like son." In counterpart, the Malagasy proverb asserts, "It is foolish for a son to want to resemble his father."

There exists a radical difference between our western conception of a personal name and that of the Malagasy. In the Great Isle, there are very few family names, except perhaps among Christians. The newborn child is given a name different from that of his father. His future destiny is believed to depend on his name which manifests his deep individual value.

When I first arrived here, I noticed that whenever I asked someone his or her name, I caused the person to feel embarrassed and even ashamed. I soon discovered the reason behind such behaviour. For the Malagasy, the telling of one's name is almost as shameful as going about stark naked! Usually, a person standing by will oblige and tell you the name of the person addressed.

According to the Malagasy, the personal name is looked upon as the "key to the soul". This is one reason why each individual's name must differ. However, there are certain exceptions to this custom. A child may have the same name as his father, for instance, if the latter gives his formal assent. Also, a child may adopt the father's name after the latter's death.

As the name is above all a badge of individuality, the first name given at birth has no specific significance. It is used merely to call the child's attention: Koto or Doda for boys; Ketaka or Kala for girls. When the baby first shows signs of intelligence, it is given its definitive name determined according to various circumstances and complicated rules. Astrological surmises regarding the time of birth are taken into account. A diviner, expert in foretelling the future, is often called in on this occasion. The purpose of all this is to ensure the future destiny of the new member of the family.

Although the child who has been given a definitive name is not supposed to change it, certain events may warrant his doing so. For example, Razafy, a young herder, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, decides to go to school and eventually becomes a white collar worker. He may then change his name according to the new function he assumes. It may also happen that after a serious illness, a new name is adopted as the first supposedly brought bad luck.

Thus a person may occasionally be allowed to change names several times during his life. Marriage which is a major change in life does not, however, allow for a change of name. A Malagasy woman marries without adopting her husband's name.

I must add that in this atomic era, ancient customs are apt to be discarded. The Malagasy have become or are fast becoming citizens of the same global village as Russians, Americans, or Europeans. Accordingly the attention given to personal names is not so keen as it used to be.

The personal name is above all a badge of individuality.



His future destiny is believed to depend on his name which manifests his deep individual value.



The personal name is above all a badge of individuality.

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Chinese Music

Besides being pleasing to the ear, Chinese music has always reflected traditional regard for ceremony and moral righteousness. The ancient *Book of Change* declared, "There is nothing better than music for reforming people's manners and customs."

In former times, it was almost completely ritualistic. It held an important place in affairs of state and was considered an essential part of the educational system. Ceremonial music was used in religious rituals at the temples and in secular ceremonies at the imperial court. During the Chou dynasty (1122-256 B.C.) there was even a Minister of Music.

The fact that Chinese music was largely ceremonial does not mean that it lacked emotional appeal. As far back as 2255 B.C., a musician called Ta Shao composed a piece of music so moving that a great sage hearing it, over one thousand years later, was enchanted to such a degree that he lost all appetite for food during several months.

Folk music was also part of the Chinese heritage. Workmen sang to cheer themselves at work. Farmers sang to celebrate the harvest or to accompany the movements of sowing. Such melodies are still heard. They are simple and rhythmic, similar to the folk songs of other nations.

A unique aspect of Chinese music is its close association with the language. Chinese being an inflected tongue, there is difficulty distinguishing the point at which speech ends and song begins. In shops, clerks sing of the good quality, and reasonable price of their wares. In restaurants, orders are called from waiter to chef in a loud but melodic recitative. Street vendors have their distinctive cries. Their brief repetitive phrases tell housewives exactly the nature of the goods they are hawking.

MZIMBA, MALAWI, C.A.

Mutual Understanding

by Bernadette Dumas, M.I.C.

Mzimba is a small administrative centre situated in the diocese of Mzuzu, Malawi. Its population is made up of people belonging to various tribes who speak different tongues or dialects. This is true especially among those who work in administrative posts. As many are Christians, there is a problem of deciding which language should be used in religious ceremonies. The choice should really be between two as far as the liturgy is concerned.

The district being chiefly inhabited by Watumbuka, the Citumbuka language is used during the Sunday Eucharistic celebration. But the Wacewa are also numerous, especially among those working at the administrative centre. They should like to use their own Chichewa, the official language second to English in Malawi. Moreover, the Wacewa are Christians of the second or third generation. Many are adept in music and nearly all are good singers.

Lately, a meeting was held to discuss the problem. It was decided that each of the two tribes could have a separate choir whose members would sing alternatively at each Sunday Mass. Things went quite smoothly for a time, then friction arose between the two groups. A number of Wacewa even kept away from the church much to the sorrow of the pastor. Such a situation could not be countenanced. The pastor asked his assistant, Father Tobias, himself a member of the Watumbuka tribe, to settle the matter in the best possible manner.

The ideal occasion presented itself on the feast of Corpus Christi. Language and tribal problems were solved by Father Tobias officiating at the Eucharistic celebration that day. He decided that the order of the solemn procession would be as follows: the altar boys, the school children, and the Watumbuka choir members would come first; he would follow, at a short distance, carrying the Monstrance; next would come, at a similar distance, the Wacewa choir members, and the adults of the same tribe. The procession made its way around the church with due reverence, both choirs singing their hymns alternately, coming and going. Ever since, a spirit of mutual understanding reigns between the two tribes, thanks to Christ Jesus, the Prince of Peace, he who has redeemed men of all tribes, tongues, and nations.

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