

MIC MISSION NEWS

JANUARY-FEBRUARY-MARCH 1999



In
Rhythm
with the
Seasons



30 YEARS OF M.I.C. PRESENCE
IN AFRICA

MIC MISSION NEWS

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MISSIONARY INTENTIONS 1999

JANUARY

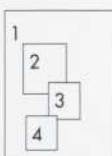
That men and women all over the world may open their hearts
to God the Father and become more united among themselves.

FEBRUARY

That the Church in Vietnam may have complete religious
freedom and the pastors needed to carry out her mission.

MARCH

That the local Churches of Asia may proclaim the Gospel with
fearless candour and in a way ever more in keeping with the
religious expectations of the Asian world.



COVER PAGE: AFRICA

1. Lake Malawi

2. The Church of Katete, Malawi
celebrates.

3. Sewing lessons. Yolande Laroche, M.I.C.

4. A friendly visit. Colette Leclerc, M.I.C.

Photos : M.I.C., Africa

Gifts of the Seasons

In the annual cycle of seasons, there is a time for sowing, a time for growing, a time for reaping and a time for rest and renewal. Like the seasons of the fields, so too, do the seasons of our life change. We have seasons of wonder and hope, seasons of joy and love, and seasons of dying and rising, seasons of faith. All of life is gift. It is for us then to welcome and bless the gifts each season brings.

For the M.I.C. Sisters of Africa, 1998 marked fifty years of faithfulness, fifty years of sowing and planting in Malawi and Zambia. The small seeds have grown into vital and life-giving trees. With renewed fervour and dedication, the M.I.C.s embark today on a new growing season on African soil.

1999, International Year of the Elderly - a season for a golden harvest of the spirit. What a privileged time to honour our elders, they who have mellowed with years and whose lives hold the garnered richness of wisdom and remembering.

We at the M.I.C. Missionary Press set out into 1999 facing a big challenge - that of having fewer personnel and a higher cost of managing our publications. To carry on with this magazine, we have chosen to follow the rhythm of the seasons and come to your home four times a year. We count on your friendship and appreciation of MIC MISSION NEWS to spread the word about it so that we can continue our mission. We thank you for the solidarity you have shown and the generous support you have given us all these years.

As the first issue of this new year reaches you, our thoughts and prayers will already be anticipating the Easter Season with its joyful message of hope and new life. Together, let us keep our hearts open and responsive as we listen daily to God in the changing seasons of our life.

Ma. Anthea Raso, mic



Young M.I.C. Sisters celebrate!



M.I.C. Sisters of Africa. Victoria Chirwa, M.I.C., 2nd row, 4th r., Bishop Joseph Makasa Zuza, Diocese of Mzuzu, 2nd row, 5th l.

CELEBRATING 50 YEARS IN AFRICA

BY VICTORIA CHIRWA, M.I.C.

Africa, May 1998. Our M.I.C. Community celebrates 50 years of presence in Malawi and Zambia. More than a thousand Christians joined us in Katete, Malawi to mark the event. It was a successful African feast, not only because of the pounding drums or of the dancers in multi-coloured costumes, but also because we were energized by the past and made ready to walk into the 21st century, the 3rd millennium.

Sr. Victoria Chirwa,
Provincial Superior of our
Community in Africa, recalls this
long missionary journey.

In the last fifty years of history, everything has changed in our continent and in the Church, creating a new situation for the mission. The decade of the sixties witnessed the collapse of the federation formed by the two Rhodesias and Nyassaland, which became three independent countries: Zambia, Malawi and Zimbabwe. After thirty years of independence, the wind of freedom blew once again, giving rise to a stronger desire for openness and democracy which brought on the collapse of the reigning dictatorships. The transformation experienced by the Church were equally significant. African bishops and priests took over the leadership and the small Christian communities have grown. A major process of inculturation has been initiated so that we may live the Christian faith in relation to our African cultural heritage. Today, our jubilee is the opportunity for us to retrace our steps, to assess all that has happened and to relive many memories.

THE FOUNDATION PERIOD

I was 15 years old when I first met the M.I.C. Sisters. My parents, both teachers and members of the Presbyterian Church of Central Africa had been transferred to the Emusa Government Primary School, which is very close to the M.I.C. mission of Kanyanga in Zambia. My contact with the Sisters during my holidays made me see their joy, their commitment and their togetherness with the people. They attracted me to become like them. One day, I remember as if it were yesterday, I told the Sisters that I wanted to be a nun. One of them told me that I could not become a nun because I was not a Catholic. Without delay I went to see the parish priest to enroll myself as a catechumen. He accepted me without questioning. Seven years later, I became the first African M.I.C. This was in 1964.

By then, the accomplishments of the M.I.C. Sisters were astonishing. Having first come in 1948, they responded to the urgent needs of the

people by establishing health centres, homecraft centres and primary schools. They also contributed in an outstanding way to the formation of catechists. By choosing to engage in the education of girls, they pioneered a new field of activity, for in those days, hardly anyone realized the necessity of higher education for girls. One or two years of schooling was considered enough for them. In 1963, the opening of Marymount Secondary School for girls, the only one in the northern region, provided access to university education for many young African women.

The Sisters' achievements in health care were just as amazing. They quickly set up dispensaries, maternity and mobile clinics to counter the diseases that plagued the population. In 1971, they entered into the new age of preventive medicine and joined the government and the World Health Organization in their training campaigns among the local people.

A MAJOR TURNING POINT

During the decade when Malawi and Zambia went from being British colonies to becoming independent, one-party states, the Ministry of Education decided the time had come to put all primary schools under African leadership. Our schools were thus gradually handed over to the government or to the Rosarian Sisters, an African religious Community. The same happened in the medical field: our health centres were gradually passed on to African hands. We kept only the Marymount Secondary School, the direction of the Kanyanga Health Centre and of St. Anne's Homecraft and Leadership Center. Several M.I.C. Sisters then had to turn to other types of commitment. The nurses became involved in prevention programs and pastoral activities for people affected with the AIDS virus. The teachers participated in pastoral work in schools, in diocesan



Mathematics lesson at Marymount Secondary School. Marie-Claire Lacombe M.I.C.

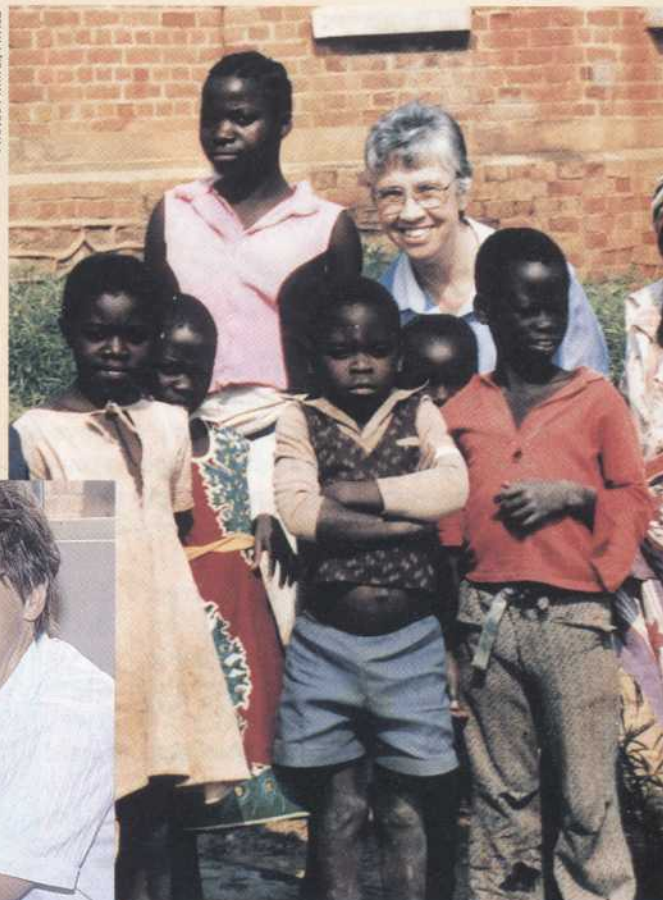
youth movements, parish ministries and the formation of catechists. They worked with young people, facilitated retreats and sessions, and promoted audio-visual means to proclaim the Good News.

THE PRIORITIES

From the very beginning, wherever we were, the emphasis has been on the integral formation of African women. The valuable contribution of our Community to the Rosarian Sisters was also part of this priority. We continue along the same line with an increased awareness of its significance. At St. Anne's Homecraft and Leadership Centre of Chipata, nearly 60 young women are being prepared to become efficient agents of change in their own environment. Some of the Sisters continue facilitating women's groups

in remote villages. There has been significant progress, but there remains a long way to go. How can we fail to realize the difficulty of being a woman in Malawi and Zambia? How can we not see that the fundamental rights and freedom guaranteed to every citizen are neglected in the case of women when it comes to marriage, divorce, inheritance and devolution of property? In addition to the living conditions, how can we not question

Photos: M.I.C., Africa



Village children with Lise Brunet, M.I.C.



Caring for a newborn baby. Blanche Cloutier, M.I.C.

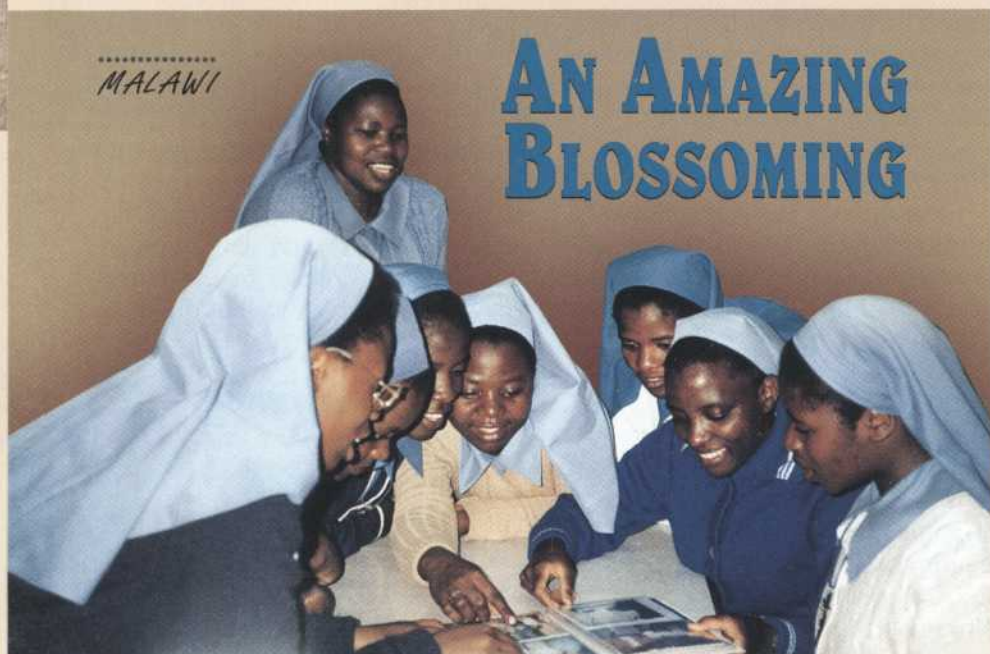
the fact that so many women just accept the role assigned to them?

In the 1980's, a long-awaited event gave our Community a new impetus: in 1984, we welcomed four African young women wishing to join us, and in 1987, an M.I.C. Novitiate was opened in Zambia. Up until then, we had directed many young women toward diocesan Communities and worked earnestly at the formation of an African religious Community, the Rosarian

Sisters. We were thus following the tradition held by most missionary Communities from Europe or America: to promote local vocations rooted in their own people. Those years of waiting had the advantage of highlighting and reaffirming the missionary character of our Community. Today, a number of young women make themselves available to leave their country for a mission, in turn steeping themselves in another culture. With them, the Church of Africa becomes mission-conscious

and opens herself to the universal dimension of faith.

This jubilee time is a source of life and abundant fruit. It helps us to become aware of the work of the Spirit among our people all along those years of intense missionary life. We thank God for it and want to cooperate with renewed enthusiasm in the growth and maturation of Christian communities, that they may become truly African and responsive to their missionary calling. □



Young Rosarian Sisters

BY VERONICA PHIRI, R.S.

During our 50 years on African soil, we have had the joy of witnessing the birth and growth of a young religious community, the Rosarian Sisters. Today, they serve with competence in different ministries. Sr. Veronica Phiri recalls her Community's remarkable journey.

In 1948, when the M.I.C. Sisters first established themselves in Katete and Mzambazi, their coming was an incredible novelty. They were the first religious our people had ever received. The people saw them teach and care for the sick, and appreciated their work, but they were astonished by their way of life. Therefore, when, in 1951, five ardent young Africans came together as the core group of a new female religious community, this was an unprecedented phenomenon. Five young women who would not marry, who would not have

children. This was inconceivable! What a shock for the parents, because our society's values are centered on the family. When a girl gets married, the parents receive a dowry, have the joy of being blessed with grandchildren...

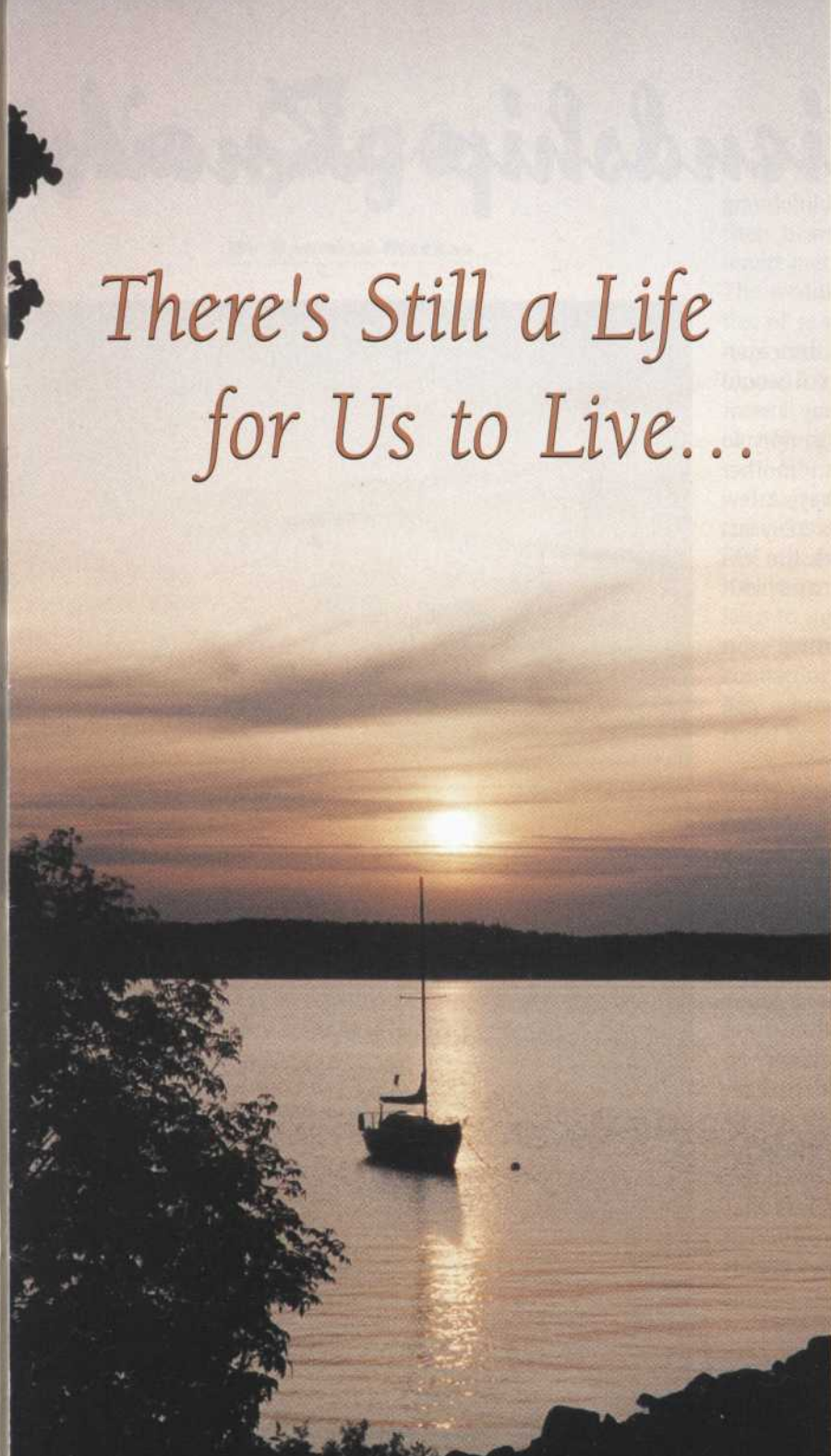
Yet, Bishop Marcel St-Denis, M. Afr., had no second thought about encouraging this audacious project. As Apostolic Prefect of Nyassa-North, now called Diocese of Mzuzu, Malawi, he had long wished for a typically African community, close to the people, aware of its problems

and capable of adjusting to the oncoming evolution. On his request, Madeleine Loranger, M.I.C., had already started to give guidance to these young women. She continued in this role and initiated them in their new way of life. In 1952, Bernadette Dumas, M.I.C., undertook with them the novitiate stage. In 1955, the five young African women made their commitment to the religious life. With the growth of Christian communities, our people now have a better understanding of the call to religious life.

For almost 20 years, the M.I.C. Sisters contributed to the formation and growth of our Community. In 1969, we were ready to shoulder the entire responsibility of leading our small Community. Today, it has grown and now bears fruit for the whole Church of the Diocese of Mzuzu. We carry out our commitments in hospitals, dispensaries, schools and parishes. We are now 75 sisters. Our mission is to bring light and warmth wherever we are.

We have a special devotion to the Holy Rosary; by meditating on the events of the lives of Jesus and Mary, we grow in their intimacy. Though we presently work in the Diocese of Mzuzu, we receive candidates from all regions of Malawi and two of them even came from the neighbouring country of Zambia. We try to promote among our young candidates a genuine Christian fellowship and a deep-rooted spiritual life. In our African society, which is undergoing great changes, our commitment to the service of the sick and the education of the youth calls for openness and creativity. New avenues of evangelization are opening before us. □

Photo: C. Chua, M.I.C.



There's Still a Life for Us to Live...

*There's still a life for us to live
In spite of fleeting time
There's still a life for us to live
To fill our days up to the brim
There's still a life for us to live
Whatever be the journey
There's still a life for us to live
Inviting us towards love.*

*Lord, it's getting late...
Tell us once again to carry on
In the Peace you alone can give...*

*Indeed, there are nights
When we are haunted by fear
Of not having reached the goals
On which we had set our hearts.*

*Yet, is it not also true
That in bringing happiness to others,
We have given our very best
To loved ones and to friends?*

*Indeed, we sometimes try
To hang on to the past
Without really knowing why
And without meaning to settle for it.*

*Yet, deep down, we realize
That the clock goes on ticking
That what really counts is to live
The present moment each of our days.*

*Indeed, there are times
When we suddenly feel a great void
As we remember our children.
For we are no less their parents
Once they no longer need us!
We can love them in ways other
Than holding them on our lap.*

*Lord, it's getting late...
Stay by our side in our silent prayer...*

*And while it's truly sad
To see loved ones around us
leave one after another,
And we pray for hours that God
may one day bring us together
This too is called life
And we shall not get around it.*

*No, it is not madness,
But quite simply love. □*

From a text by Robert Lebel



LA MAISON DES
GRANDS-PARENTS DE VILLERAY

Friendship Knows

One day, I cycled past the home of Eva, my paternal grandmother. I wanted to talk to her. I would have liked to go to her home the same way I went to mine - just to say hello, to confide in her or simply to be in touch. But because I didn't know my grandmother that well, I shied away and continued on my way. A few days later, she died suddenly of a stroke. I was 12 years old. This was my first encounter with death, with the loss of someone I had deprived myself of meeting, and with the sorrow of my father.

*There was a missing link
in my family history...
I had no grandparents.*

After this, I rarely met my paternal grandfather, Florient. On my mother's side, my grandparents were never a part of our family life. For me, my family consisted only of my parents. I had no sense of life's continuity and I felt this gap at a very early age. I could not, at the time, describe in exact terms what was bothering me, but I distinctly remember the feeling. I felt a void. A segment of my family history was missing... I had no grandparents.

It was only much later that I had the opportunity to encounter older people. Even though my parents had become grandparents many years ago, they were not elderly. I was sensitive to their problems with growing old, their health condition, retirement, socially-held opinions, but my thoughts on the matter went no further. I was busy enough with other things. But then, in 1990, I found myself in the middle of the events of the eighth colloquium of the International Federation of Senior Citizens' Associations.

I shall always remember how, the morning of the opening at the *Centre Pierre-de-Coubertin* in Montreal, when I opened the door of the conference hall, hundreds of white-haired people from about twenty countries busied themselves at various public booths. I was stunned and curious. They were here to defend their rights, to find out the facts about aging in the world, and to share their knowledge. They asserted themselves as full-fledged citizens. This was for me a time of awakening to the reality of the elderly and the beginning of new friendships. Subsequently, the *Fédération de l'Age d'Or du Québec* (Golden Age Federation) recruited me as development officer. This was, at the time, a newly created position, which required trips to so-called distant regions. The goal was to make connections with new regional associations of senior citizens and to set up development projects.

Photo: M.I.C., Vancouver, B.C.



Danielle Métras
Foundress and President,
Maison des Grands-parents de Villeray
(Grandparents' House of Villeray)

Danielle Métras has a rich experience with senior citizens. Her creativity and her interest in calling forth the best in people and in forming networks of cooperation have enabled her to start a number of innovative and stimulating projects. Her witness is an incentive for us to look with new eyes at the elderly people we meet and to understand them better.

No Age

By DANIELLE MÉTRAS



*They were a life force,
a breath of inspiration
to be captured and shared.
I could not but move to action.*

In those vast regions coloured by the typical temperament of their inhabitants, people are aware of their local history. Especially the older people, who are builders and pioneers, heads of large families, forerunners of the modern times. Since my trips to the regions lasted several days, I had the opportunity to become better acquainted with a good number of elderly people. They were in no way like the image I had been given of them. They were active, loving, concerned about the changes in society in terms of broken families, lost values, and they worried about their

grandchildren and about the future. These seniors opened their hearts to me and confided their concerns. The different memories they could recall made their eyes sparkle. The weddings, the first child, the hard work, the difficulties of newcomers on virgin land. They shared their heritage and spoke about the foundations of our history. I was moved by their vibrancy and social consciousness. They weren't just card players. They didn't want homes for the elderly, even though they were withdrawn from active life.

In all of these regions I discovered a common thread in the people's conversation. So many of them shared their life experiences - their sorrows, their dreams, what they had become. And the longer this went on, the less I could keep to myself all the testimonies I received. Indeed, I was now getting to know them. These were my elders, wise counsellors newly arrived in my life. They were a force of life, a breath of inspiration to be captured and shared. I could not but move to action.

My return trips to Montreal always provided a complement to my experiences in the regions. I worked with two elderly women, Jacqueline Desjardins and Lucille Girard, who were involved with families and spoke the same socially unsaid truths as I had heard everywhere in the province. We complemented one another: I with my energy-consuming travels and daily work, and they with their desire to work together at a social plan. Though physically more set back, they were involved, at their own pace. I felt energized by their sensitivity and willingness to listen. I wished they had an official place among the people and among the decision makers - in particular, a place in the social and family forum.

It was important to find a credible way of making the senior citizens more visible and necessary to show how valuable they were. This was the greatest enrichment we could share. Some called us missionaries and we believed it. We were prompted by faith in what we were doing. For my part, I had neither the right nor the choice to remain passive. It was urgent for me to set up a place for inter-generation meeting, a place of intercultural sharing. Did these seniors with whom I worked, not have grandchildren of various cultures, grandchildren speaking a language other than their own, but with the same need: the need for love, for a sensitive heart and open arms, the need to get closer?

In the minds of the seniors, cellular families were to become social families. In their own way, at their own pace and according to their availability. Befriending time was essential. It allowed us to gather our energies and to confirm the fact that, despite the difficulties we met, bringing our similarities together would strengthen us. Time concurred with our faith, that faith which matures us in our difficulties. But obviously, our faith was also the love we

put into what we were prepared to give. All the voids which we identified thus needed to be filled. This is how the *Grandparents' House of Villeray* came into existence.

Friendship and tenderness are often the meeting point between generations.

Through the seniors of the House, we reached out to children afflicted with AIDS, to families in difficulty, to newly-arrived immigrants, to teenagers and to the seniors themselves. The seniors who contribute to the House receive just as much. They develop a better understanding of young people and their problems. Out of this understanding, friendships grow. The example of Anderson is quite eloquent. As I was working at the House on a very hot day, I decided to open the entrance door to let in some fresh air. A black child of about ten years stood at the bottom of the stairs. I greeted him. But this didn't seem to be enough. So I asked him if he wanted anything. He told me that, the previous year, he came regularly to the House to do his homework with the help of a grandmother. Now that he had moved away and no longer attended the same school, he didn't see her anymore and he missed her a lot. Moved by the situation, I invited him in and had him identify a photo of the grandmother who had impressed him so much. Once he had found her, he wrote a secret note to get in touch with her. This is one example of a gesture that had a long-term effect.



Young people show great interest in sharing with the elderly.

Friendship and tenderness are often the meeting point between generations. Children from other countries, far removed from their own grandparents who stayed abroad, are led to connect with elders here, thus providing them with a relationship of kindness. By their lived experiences, their availability and their desire to be active in society, these elderly men and women become socially better-known.

These initiatives have already earned them various recognition awards. Obviously, this is not the only thing that counts, but it does show that there is a place in a community for services such as those rendered by senior citizens. Growing old does not merely imply a decline of one's physical abilities, nor does it necessarily signal the loss of one's autonomy or one's withdrawal from society. It is a logical sequence of life which can mean that as long as one is willing to give, one can continue to be helpful and attentive to others. Supporting one another in exploring the values to be shared can only lead to a better understanding of the essence of life itself. Senior citizens cooperate by sharing reflections on love, difficulties, death, bereavement and friendship. They are now part and parcel of tangible solutions to collective well-being through natural and indispensable gestures. They remember having once lived closer to their neighbours, closer to their children, and having shared with those poorer than they. This is what they are now giving back. □

Photo: F. Gloutnez, ACPC



Claude Auger, President of the ACPC, presents the award discerned for our magazine to Céline Gauvin, M.I.C., editor of LE PRÉCURSEUR.

LE PRÉCURSEUR Receives an Award

Last October, on the occasion of its annual convention, *l'Association canadienne des périodiques catholiques*, ACPC (Canadian Association of Catholic Periodicals) presented several awards in recognition of the quality and initiative in the work of all its members. An Inter-ACPC Prize for the best quality of the French category was awarded to our magazine, **LE PRÉCURSEUR**. This recognition from the ACPC is valuable to our Community and encourages us to carry on with our missionary animation work. We take this occasion to thank the ACPC, which celebrates this year its 30th anniversary, for the steadfast support it offers to its members regarding the different needs in formation in the areas of editing, promotion and current pastoral issues in Quebec and in Canada. There is reason to celebrate!



Sylvia Lavoie, M.I.C.
from St-Dominique-du-
Rosaire,
Diocese of Amos.
Returned to Madagascar
in July 1998.



Solange Garneau, M.I.C.
from St-Prime,
Diocese of Chicoutimi.
Returned to Bolivia
in May 1998.



Céline Laurin, M.I.C.
from Midland,
Diocese of Toronto, Ont.
Returned to Malawi
in May 1998.



Gabrielle Tremblay, M.I.C.
from St-Bruno,
Diocese of Chicoutimi.
Returned to Peru
in May 1998.



Jeannine Lavallée, M.I.C.
from Montreal,
Diocese of Montreal.
Returned to Madagascar
in September 1998.



Françoise De Varennes,
M.I.C.
from Quebec,
Diocese of Quebec.
Returned to Madagascar
in September 1998.



Clémence Trudel, M.I.C.
from Amos,
Diocese of Amos.
Returned to Haiti
in August 1998.



Louisa Nicole, M.I.C.
from Beaupré,
Diocese of Quebec.
Returned to Japan
in September 1998.



Catherine Raveronomenjanahary, M.I.C.
from Masoarivo,
Diocese of Morondava,
Madagascar.
Returned to Cuba
in June 1998.



Jeanine Blanchard, M.I.C.
from Sherbrooke,
Diocese of Sherbrooke.
Returned to Japan
in September 1998.



Joan O'Brien,
lay missionary
from Montreal,
Diocese of Montreal.
Left for Japan
in September 1998.



Gisèle Vachon, M.I.C.
from St-Ambroise,
Diocese of Chicoutimi.
Returned to Haiti
in August 1998.

ALIVE WITH HOPE IN THE SPIRIT

Illustration : T. Moisan, M.I.C.

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THANK YOU FOR YOUR SOLIDARITY!

HERE IS THE
STORY OF
DÉLIA
TÉTREAULT,
A DAUGHTER
OF QUÉBEC.

DÉLIA'S
HEART WAS
AS BIG AS
THE WORLD!



PART II

The religious Community founded by Délia Tétreault was named the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. This Community is now in 14 countries and has more than 750 members of 17 different nationalities.

Délia was then 18 years old. She often thought about her dream of the ears of wheat turned into heads of children of all countries. She was looking for her way.

MY GOD, I WOULD
LIKE TO BE A
MISSIONARY. WHERE
SHOULD I GO?



After praying about it for a long time, a star shone in the distance... She would become a religious. She asked to enter Carmel, but was refused due to her frail health...

Seven years later, Délia left for Montreal. She worked ten years in a house where she looked after the poor, the sick and the immigrants. She spread the love of God among them.



SOMEONE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR...
HERE COME THE PAPER BOYS FOR
THEIR CATECHISM LESSON.

In 1902, a beautiful page of Canada's missionary history began. Délia rented a house. She welcomed companions who shared her dream.



HERE, WE PREPARE
YOUNG WOMEN FOR
THE MISSIONARY LIFE.

In China, on the island of Shek Lung, the Sisters cared for the lepers.



WE TAKE A GOOD
SUPPLY OF RICE

... AND
MEDICINE.

THESE WOMEN HAVE A
LOT OF COURAGE.

From Canada, Délia often wrote to her missionaries.



DO LOVE ONE
ANOTHER. TAKE
GOOD CARE OF
YOUR HEALTH. BE
ALWAYS CHEERFUL.
GIVE LOADS OF
HAPPINESS.

Then came

THE B
DESTROY

Later, she went to the Grey Nuns of Saint-Hyacinthe. They welcomed her with joy. Her desire of becoming a missionary was growing.



I MUST WORK AT GETTING CANADA TO SEND MISSIONARY SISTERS AND PRIESTS TO EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

A few months later, an epidemic began to spread. Délia had to return to her parents' home in Marieville. She took along her wonderful missionary dreams.



HERE COMES THE TRAIN...

On November 30, 1904, Archbishop Bruchési of Montreal was in Rome. He talked about Délia and her mission project with Pope Pius X.



ALL THE BLESSINGS OF HEAVEN WILL DESCEND ON THIS NEW COMMUNITY. YOU SHALL NAME IT: THE MISSIONARIES OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

September 1909.
First departure for China...



I AM LEAVING FOREVER!

FIVE MONTHS ON A SHIP! CHINA IS VERY FAR...

MY GOD, I WANT TO GET PEOPLE TO LOVE YOU.

Then came religious persecution... Délia was very concerned about her Sisters. How are they doing? Are they safe?

THE BOMBS WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING!

THE CATHEDRAL IS ON FIRE!

WE MUST GET AWAY...



As the years went by, more Sisters left for other countries. Délia's dream has come true: In Canada, the first Community of religious missionaries was expanding.



PEOPLE ARE WAITING FOR US IN JAPAN...

IN THE PHILIPPINES...

IN AFRICA...

IN MADAGASCAR...

IN LATIN AMERICA...



WORD AND LIFE

THE GIFT OF NEW LIFE

BY CHRISTIAN BEAULIEU

At each season of life, there are moments of difficulty and transitions to live. Everything happens as if one needed to be born again to a new way of being and living. These experiences lead us to deepen our faith in God and in Jesus. They prepare us for a new birth, a new way of loving which comes from God. The encounter of Nicodemus with Jesus is presented to us by Christian Beaulieu as an enlightening example of such an experience.

A certain Pharisee named Nicodemus, a member of the Jewish Sanhedrin, came to Jesus by night.

Rabbi, We know that you are a Teacher sent by God: No one could do the mighty works you are doing unless God were with him. (Jn 3:1-2)

Nicodemus! Here is a man who has come a long way, out of a dark night. Here is someone who woke up from a disappointing dream: *I thought life would be different...* This is the remark of a man who carries in his heart many questions even at a time in his life which should be a summit. A man who suffers because he sees his life declining, wasting away, as he feels a growing thirst for life, for youth, the thirst to live a wonderful life without end. A thirst which nothing in the world can quench!

But what is Nicodemus thinking about as he prepares to meet Jesus? He is looking for a word, a sign that will give his life a new meaning, a new direction. His aspirations are similar to those of any one who honestly seeks the truth. There has to be something else to life which escapes us. What is it? That is what prompts us to ask for advice, to seek help. How can we make our lives more meaningful? How can we enter the Kingdom? Who will free us of our limitations, of our finiteness, of the night of death? Who will heal us of our great dissatisfaction with life and with love? And what is the worth of a person or a life that is not eternal?

Jesus answered: *I tell you the truth: no one can see the Kingdom of God unless he is born again.*

Nicodemus said to him: *How can a grown man be born again?*

Do not be surprised, replied Jesus, because I tell you, you must all be born again. The wind blows wherever it wishes; you hear the sound it makes, but you do not know where it comes from or where it is going. It is the same way with everyone who is born of the Spirit... (Jn 3:3-5)



And what is Jesus' answer? *You must be born again.* This entails allowing the wind of the Spirit to knock down our human structures with their hidden flaws. It demands letting go of our defense mechanisms, somewhat like the chrysalis leaving its cocoon when it is ready to become a butterfly. Dying is a difficult task for one who has such a strong love of life, of those near and dear and of one's comforts. But love, life after death, will bring satisfaction only to those who keep their heart open and receptive. We must not wait for changes to happen in life, in the future and in death, as one waits for a train or a ship. We must make those changes, prepare them. We tend to say: *The world*

is as it is and we can't do anything about it. This is not true! The world, our loved ones, our life, our death, are what we make them.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT...

What, then, is happening inside of you such that everything you had built and arranged with love and persistence should be falling apart? And now that you could breathe a little and taste the fruit of your labours and sowing, everything crumbles, collapses and slips out of your grasp.

The time has come for you to do something you always had to put off till later, when you would have the time, when your children would be grown up, when you would retire. Now is the time, at last, to look after yourself. To be reborn, to experience a conversion. Yes, but how? Who can lead you through this night to the dawn of a new day?

Like Nicodemus, we are asked to believe beyond the night... our future awaits us. However, the rebirth which we hope for, the renewal and rejuvenation of our lives will happen in a way that is quite different from what we imagine. What we learned the hard way falls to pieces. Our narrow views for our loved ones are completely shattered. We had built beautiful homes for ourselves, to suit our own needs, and we have to give them up.

A LOVING ENCOUNTER

What then shall we do in the next few years, perhaps the last of our lives? I hope we are not preparing to die of old age, of wear and tear, or fatigue or cancer. Why not instead decide to die of love? It is the only way to grow old gracefully. To die of love, to believe in the fullness that will soon take hold of us, in the indescribable happiness that awaits us.

Is this not what love is all about? What death also is all about? The old, worn-out heart gives way to a new, youthful heart, one that expands to the measure of God's heart. In this heart of the Other who comes to dwell in us, a life-giving breath inspires and uplifts us. And we shut our eyes to open them to another world, ready for another kind of knowing, for a new grasp of things. A marvelous example of all this was the fiery experience of Nicodemus when Jesus came into his life. He was offered the gift of new life as he encountered Him whom he had long desired to meet. □

Photo : M.I.C., Vancouver, B. C.

Treasured Memories of a Grateful Heart

BY CÉLINE GAUVIN, M.I.C.



Madeleine Payette, M.I.C.

When journeying into the golden years, a new rhythm envelops the whirlwind pace of our days. There is time to look back at one's life, to discover what it has given us to *be* and to *become*. At the age of 90, Sr. Madeleine Payette recalls a wealth of souvenirs about her missionary life and shares with us what her journey of faith means to her today.

If with time, our large house of Pont-Viau has been rejuvenated with a few modern buildings, its appearance inside has been totally transformed. In the past a novitiate filled with many young novices, it now welcomes our elderly M.I.C. Sisters. These women, deeply marked by their long missionary experience, discover today the profound changes related to this stage of their life: withdrawal from certain activities, functional limitations and sickness, but also new social and apostolic roles. Women of prayer, imbued with the spirituality of thanksgiving bequeathed by our foundress, Délia Tétreault, the senior Sisters enrich our Community with a new fecundity. Living memoirs of an important period of history of the mission in different countries, they extend to us the inspiration that inhabited them. It is this look of affection and admiration that we set on them today.

Among all these faces known and loved, that of Sister Madeleine stands out in a special way. This exceptional missionary has deeply marked our Community, especially from 1952 to 1964 when she was our Superior General. She recalls, as though it were only yesterday, the first interior calls which directed her life. Quite young, at the age of eight, she read a lot. She loved poetry. In her books,

she travelled - from Tanzania to Mexico, fascinated with the words Kilimanjaro and Popocatepetl, passing the deep waters of the West Indies and its phantom ships. *My parents were of an outstanding goodness and uprightness. I was the eldest of a small family but it was an extended one with uncles, aunts and cousins. They all meant a lot to me and helped to prepare me for my future life. Love and the joys of life marked my years at home.*

Without realizing it, personal interior calls were becoming persistent... something was then happening within her, prompting her to take a closer look at life, love, the future. At the age of 12, she already thought seriously about religious life. An encounter at her school with the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception opened to her the vast horizons of the missions. Through hesitations and questionings, her vocation ripened but not without struggles. She turned to God for help. This time, the call was decisive: *You know full well what*

I want. On August 8, 1930, she left her family and friends and entered our Community, one still young with its 28 years of existence but well established in several mission countries. In Canada, the M.I.C. works were prospering. Sr. Madeleine was deeply impressed by Délia Tétreault's faith, her profound spiritual joy, her apostolic dynamism. *I was delighted with the Community! It was a Community where one was filled with wonder. We experienced God as Someone alive whom we were learning to discover. This was for me a fundamental experience.*



Celebrating 50, 60, 70 years of religious life

... with prayer at its very heart!



Oratory, Délia Tétreault Pavilion

The formation years allowed me to deepen the motive of our consecrated life and our apostolate - "to be, in the name of our brothers and sisters, a perpetual thanksgiving in the Church". It was inspiring to listen to sharings about the missions by our returning Sisters. I, too, was prepared to set out to the ends of the earth. I also discovered another face of Mary, a face full of tenderness, poverty and audacity.

The year 1952 was a turning point for our Community. Sister Madeleine, then on mission in the Philippines since six years, was recalled to Canada and appointed Superior General. The small Community that she knew in 1930 was now in full expansion. At this period, we received more requests than we could possibly accept. China had closed its doors. The invitation from Pope Pius XII to go to South America was a call from the Spirit. It was necessary to open new mission posts while keeping in mind the consolidation of already existing ones. That period was greatly marked by technological advances,

especially in the fields of travel and mass-media. Television allowed us to follow the unfolding of the sessions of the Second Vatican Council. Increasing mission needs called for more professional competence, a must for our missionaries. Our Sisters in the missions, particularly those who left for life, returned to Canada to pursue their studies. Everything took place at the same time.

The time had also come to open novitiates in the different countries where we had established missions. Essentially, we wanted to share with young women of all nationalities the fundamental spiritual experience, starting point of our missionary life: to welcome the gift of faith in wonder and thanksgiving. It is this gift of faith that Délia Tétreault welcomed with all her being. It is the soul of the Community she

founded. The mission became the expression of this interior dynamism, of this profound life. It is wonderful to understand the journey undertaken by our Community. It was an incredible and heroic adventure. At each turning point of history, there were new beginnings: China - Taiwan, Cuba - South America. Today I am living in retirement, but for all that, I do not remain idle. I contemplate the action of God in my life, in the life of my Community. I find it important to be in solidarity with our missionaries who are at the initial stage of their religious life as well as with those who are coming to the end. I do my utmost to know our young Sisters from various countries, to follow the evolution of their formation and projects. Look, I have before my eyes this Chinese inscription translated in three languages: Thank and praise the Lord! This little poster offers me a daily invitation to 'visit' our different missions. There are also the lay missionaries and the Associates to our Community. These are new forms of commitment with us.

Today, our M.I.C. Community has become international. All aspects of our life are affected by it. A wealth of cultural diversities which asks of us great openness and acceptance of differences. Internationality is not just a word, it is a way of life, adds Sr. Madeleine. What allows us to live this reality in depth, is that Délia Tétreault has bequeathed us with her spirituality, the secret of her interior life. Each M.I.C. Sister lives it in a personal way but there is something common which gushes forth and brings us together. The same spirit which fills us with dynamism sends us out in mission. Our Community pastoral plan and the deepening of our spirit of thanksgiving continue to bind us together. We speak the same language.

The life of our senior M.I.C. Sisters is a witness that love alone can make life fruitful. Each season of life bestowed abundant blessings on them... each blessing, an invitation for us to give thanks! □

92-year-old Anita Julien, artist-painter, still delights in creating beauty.



The Oshimizu Home



Marc Laforge, P.M.E.,
director of the Home
and Day-Care Centre
of Oshimizu

By MARC LAFORTE, P.M.E.

A pioneer initiative in Hirosaki, Japan, the Oshimizu Home for the aged has since shared its long experience with several newly-established institutions.

Marc Laforge, a priest of the Foreign Mission Society and for 12 years now, director of the Home, relates how the mission is carried on in this place where people are cared for until their final days.

Twenty-six years ago, P.M.E. Father Robert Vallée¹ founded in Hirosaki, situated 700 kilometers north of Tokyo, the Hirosaki Oshimizu Home, a residence for the care of the elderly. It was the second of the kind in this city of 175,000 people. At the time, there were a little more than 150 homes in Japan for elderly people requiring shelter and long-term care. In the year 2000, when the population of Japan is expected to exceed 126 million, these homes will house 290,000 elderly people. These figures give us an idea of the hard reality of rapid aging in the Japanese population and the impact of this new situation on family and social life.

HOW TO COPE WITH THIS REALITY?

The striking post-war economic rise of Japan has considerably affected the mode of life, the traditions, the social and family structures of the population. Urban agglomerations and life-style, directly linked to the economy, have influenced the distribution of tasks and responsibilities. In such a context, it has become increasingly difficult for families to look after sick and aged parents. Women especially meet grave difficulties because the duties naturally

fall on them. Bonds of affection with aged parents remain but the responsibility of caring for them has somehow slowed down. Establishments providing care and combining the advantages of hospitals and rest homes must thus constantly evolve to allow the elderly to welcome old age with dignity.

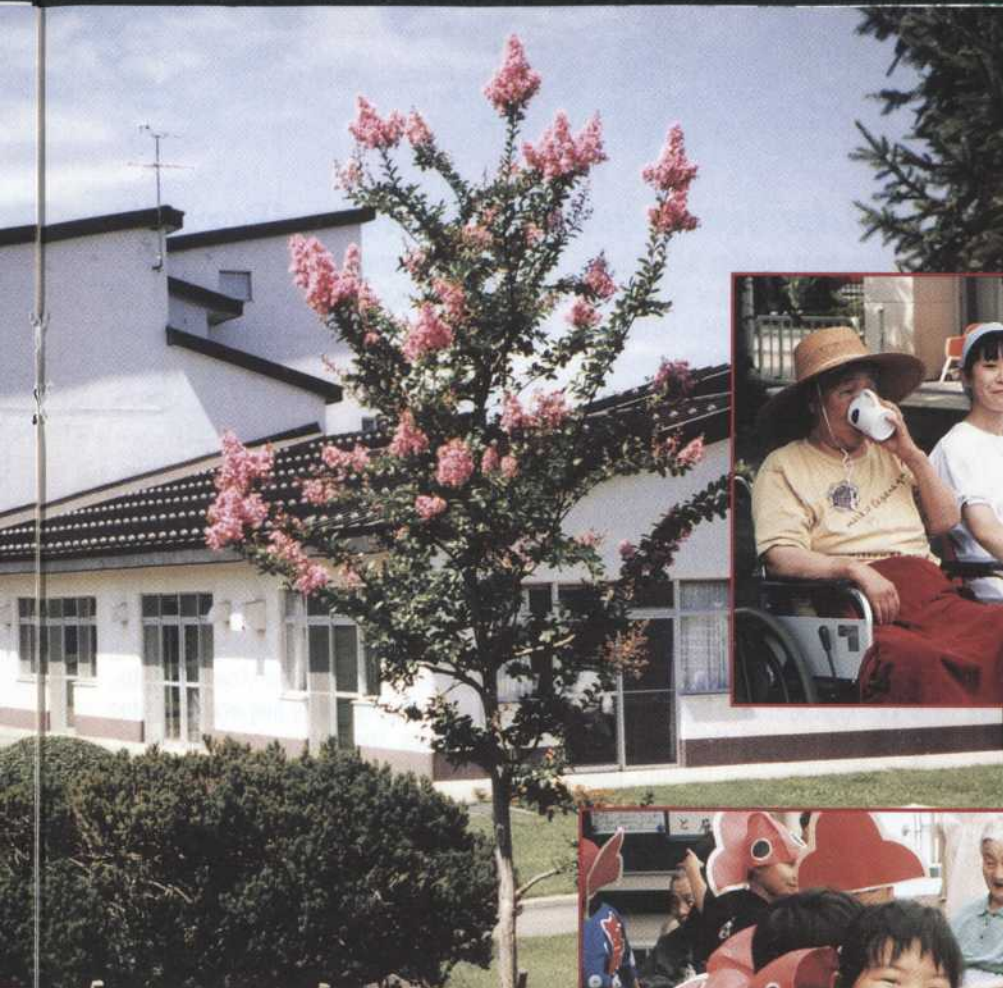
Oshimizu Home is currently the residence of 80 elderly persons. An adequate number of competent personnel provide for their well-being. The Home blends quite naturally with the urban community and is now part of the Japanese social reality. On the same grounds as the Home are three other establishments: a Day-Care Centre for 60 children and two Day-care centres for the mentally deficient. The vast property, landscaped with beautiful gardens, invites the residents for a stroll. Often, as the children perform activities, the elderly watch in delight. A close cooperation also exists within the four institutions of Oshimizu. Every year, some 25 meetings are organized, bringing together the residents of the Home and the children of the Day-Care Centre; such gatherings being most beneficial to both groups.



A REASSURING AND SPIRIT-FILLED PRESENCE

The spirit of Jesus is what animates the Oshimizu Home. *Whatever you do to one of these, the least of my brothers, you do to me.* (Mt 25: 40). Though most of the employees are not Christians, the values of service and freedom permeate the institution and exert a veiled influence on them and on the residents, such that an atmosphere of joy is often noticed by the visitors. The residents are free to go out for a walk whenever they wish; there are no steps, slopes or locked doors to keep them from circulating. Employees, volunteers, interns or family members take those incapable of moving around by themselves for a stroll in the gardens, a treat which the residents greatly appreciate. We give extra care to those of our residents who are senile. As children of God, we consider them our brothers and sisters and strive to treat them as we ourselves would like to be treated.

One day, at mealtime, as I was feeding an invalid and senile resident, the thought then came to me to sing a



Photos : M. Laforce, P.M.E.

A section of the Home. Residents occupy the first floor; rooms on the 2nd and 3rd floors are for families and visitors.



Interns enjoy spending some free moments with the residents.



Residents of the Home and children of the Day-Care Centre celebrate together.

Japanese song for her. To my great surprise, from the beginning to the end of the song, she looked at me intently, her beautiful dark eyes wide open, brightly alive like the stars. As she usually kept her eyes shut, I saw them at that moment for the first time! This episode strengthened my conviction that we must always give a personal touch and relate with the residents. This is the role of one of two Sisters of Charity of Ottawa working with us - that of being a loving and welcoming presence and to provide psychological and spiritual assistance to our many beneficiaries.

JOURNEYING TOGETHER

All the residents can participate in the numerous activities organized by the Home during the year: Christmas and Easter parties at which the families and support committee members are invited, shows featuring folk dances and the Festival of the Elderly in which hundreds of people of the neighbourhood participate. Every

month, tea ceremonials, handicraft workshops, moments of prayer and other events are prepared by the employees and resource persons. About fifteen people attend Mass regularly, several of them non-Christians. In fact, out of 80 residents, only 16 are Christians, including 12 Catholics, one Anglican and three Protestants of different denominations. Once a month, an anniversary funeral Mass is celebrated for the beneficiaries who died since the foundation of the Home. A lector recites the names of the deceased at the beginning of the Mass; after Communion, according to Japanese custom, there is an

offering of incense by each participant. Some residents have expressed their gratitude for this attentiveness towards the deceased, knowing full well that they themselves will not be forgotten. *To journey with* is one of the mottoes of the Oshimizu Home. We try earnestly to surround our elderly residents with the care they most need - the respect of their dignity and rights. We accompany them according to their own rhythm, along the journey which is theirs. □

¹ Robert Vallée, P.M.E., from the Diocese of Joliette, died in Japan in 1980

In the Garden of God

*Parting here on earth
foreshadows a
rendez-vous in eternity*

Délia Tétreault, M.I.C.

Sister Adrienne Granger (Rose-des-Anges)

Adrienne was born on May 5, 1912, in St-Gabriel-de-Brandon, Diocese of Joliette. She made her profession in the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception on August 5, 1939.

As a young religious, her services were first required in sewing. She spent her best years in our retreat houses of Joliette, Outremont, Quebec, St-Jean and Rimouski. With her many skills and her sense of responsibility and dedication, she took on numerous tasks to provide a comfortable stay for the retreatants. She had an intuitive sense of the little things that gave joy to her companions and to the guests. In those large convents where retreats took place one after another with groups of 50 to 80 women and young girls, Sister Adrienne had a hand in every chore. She understood the missionary impact of this demanding

work and performed it with serenity and deep joy.

Her frail state of health ruled out the possibility for Sister Adrienne to live the mission in foreign countries. Many times over the years, she had to undergo surgery. Profoundly attached to our Foundress, Délia Tétreault, whom she was privileged to meet on several occasions, she kept her teachings to heart and endeavoured to live according to the spirituality she bequeathed our Community. In 1989, Sr. Adrienne retired in Pont-Viau. This afforded her some long moments of reflection and prayer. She died on April 10, 1998, at the age of 85, having lived 61 years in religious life.



Sister Laurette Lapointe (Saint-Dominique)

Born on May 11, 1918, in Jonquière, Diocese of Chicoutimi, Laurette entered the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception on August 8, 1940.

As a professed Sister, she first taught in Trois-Rivières, then at the Mother House. In 1950, she received an assignment for Cuba. There, in the parochial schools of Los Arabos and Máximo Gómez, she continued her teaching career at both the elementary and the secondary levels. She was also called upon to work at various apostolic activities in the parish. After the nationalization of our schools in Cuba in 1961 and the repatriation of most of our missionaries, Sister Laurette was among the ten sisters who continued their mission in Cuba. Along with her companions, she reorganized parish activities. Going in pairs from one parish to another, they taught catechism and visited the families and the sick. She lived with courage the privations of this period.



In 1968, Sister Laurette left for Guatemala where she organized the new mission of Champerico. She then went to Santiago, Chile in 1970 and later, to Lima, Peru. In these different mission places, she devoted herself ardently to parish ministry. In 1984, she returned to Canada for good.

She was glad to open an art studio in Trois-Rivières where she had up to 60 students attending her classes. Three years later, she was struck by an illness in the midst of her activities and entered our infirmary of Pont-Viau. Her strength and her faculties declined. On April 10, 1998, at the age of 79, she handed her life over to God. A painful coincidence for all the members of her family - that very same day, her elder sister Alice, a Franciscan Missionary of Mary, died in Lebanon.

Sister Laurette was gifted with many talents. She made her mark among those around her by her serenity, her burning zeal, her confident prayer, her love of the poor and her attraction to what is beautiful.

Sister Jacqueline Bastien (*Joseph-du-Sacré-Coeur*)

Jacqueline was born in Ottawa on March 17, 1925. She made her profession in the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception on August 5, 1950.

She taught during a few years before leaving for Malawi, Africa in 1958. A teacher in the elementary school of Karonga and later, of Kaseye, she was then given the charge of opening a new secondary school for girls in Mzuzu. This project she successfully brought to completion. The Marymount Girls' Secondary School developed rapidly, earning a good

name. Here, Sister Jacqueline gave her full measure. She endeavoured to provide an integral formation for the students and personally gave courses in mathematics. Through her initiative, extra-curricular activities were developed: singing, music, sports, drama, needlework and Catholic action movements.

Having returned to Canada in 1974, she worked for ten years as secretary and bursar in the general, and then provincial administration of our Community. She



returned to Africa in 1984 and became the administrator of our dispensaries of Kaseye and then of Kanyanga in Zambia. In 1996, she came back to Canada for good. Assigned to Pont-Viau, she worked in the accounts until the very end. She had a generous heart and her presence to her family, Community and friends everywhere was of exceptional quality. She was rushed to the emergency room of Sacré-Coeur Hospital in Cartierville and died on April 19, 1998, at the age of 73. Her departure left everyone with a great void.

Sister Simone Leboeuf (*Saint-Alphonse-de-Liguori*)

Simone was born on the 5th of October, 1914, in Fortierville, Diocese of Quebec. She made her profession as a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception on February 2, 1937.

Sister Simone left for Haiti in 1945. She worked there as a nurse for 34 years. She loved the Haitian people and devoted herself among the poorest. She brought them a message of hope and through her kindness, gave concrete expressions of Christ's love for each of them. Sister Simone received 100 to 150 patients a day at the dispensary.



Every week, walking through the village or riding across the mountains on horseback, she also visited the sick who were housebound. With the help of the people, she saw to the construction of a dispensary, a rectory and of several schools. In 1958, she built a beautiful shrine to Our Lady of Lourdes in La Boule, a town with tourist attractions. Thousands of people came to it to pray. This was one of her great joys as a missionary. In 1962, in Deschappelles, she founded and directed a school of auxiliary nurses which rendered excellent services to the local

hospital. Everywhere she went, Sister Simone carried out extraordinary pioneer work and exerted exceptional leadership.

She returned to Canada for good in 1979. For nearly 20 years, she cared for our sick sisters and accompanied hundreds of them through their terminal period. Death did not catch her unprepared. She lived her final years to the full. In an especially moving spiritual testament, she wrote: *Father, I commend my soul into your hands with all my love.* She died in an act of confidence and self-surrender on May 7, 1998. She was 83 years of age.

Sister Antoinette Couvrette (*Saint-Alphonse-du-Rédempteur*)

Antoinette was born on June 13, 1912, in Ste-Dorothée, Laval. On August 5, 1938, she made her final commitment in the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

For nearly 10 years, she travelled across Quebec province to promote missionary awareness in the parishes and schools. In 1947, she left for the south of China. In Canton, she directed an orphanage and a home for abandoned children. The times were unsettled. People feared the coming of the communists who were mobilized in the North. In 1949, the party's military overtook the city, and at the end of 1950, they took possession of our houses. Along

with her four companions, Sister Antoinette spent 23 months in detention under very harsh conditions. She stayed six months in cells or common rooms, with a daily ration of two meals consisting of dry rice and green vegetables, and with boards on trestles serving as table, chair and bed. She underwent a public trial in front of several thousand people and was driven around the city in a truck, with people throwing insults and stones at her. Exhausted and broken by rheumatism, she returned to Canada in 1953.



in charge of the formation of the novices; she served in this capacity for 12 years. Her great spirit of faith, her brilliant mind and her gentle firmness marked generations of novices. Then, for 20 years, she worked at missionary promotion. In 1993, she went into retirement at our house of Verchères. In May 1998, her strength diminished. She was brought to our infirmary of Pont-Viau and on the next day, she entered the Hôtel-Dieu Hospital in Montreal. She died on May 29, 1998, at the age of 85, ending a life of self-giving intensely lived.

Two years later, Sister Antoinette was put

Jeanne Guinois, M.I.C.

Sowing Seeds of Mission



Srs. Gisèle, Léa, and Sylvia with Mrs. Diane Blanchet during a visit to a secondary school

They have returned ...
Sr. Léa Nelson and
Sr. Gisèle Vachon
to Haiti,
Sr. Sylvia Lavoie
to Madagascar.
They keep precious
memories of their
visits to schools
in Quebec and
in Ontario. The
children they met
were friendly,
responsive and
mission-minded!

Since 1920, generations of M.I.C. Sisters have visited school after school to make young people aware of the missions. For what purpose? So that the students may come to know children of other lands

and to invite them to show their solidarity through prayer, friendship and sharing. This is a tradition still alive in the hearts of thousands of adults today. Indeed, a tradition which has passed through time and now wears the colours of our generation. This is what we discovered by accepting this service of the Church.

We spent most of the time on the road as itinerant teams. We left for a few weeks, a few months even, to meet school children in remote regions. For our team, it was a missionary adventure, an experience of being warmly welcomed in families, schools and parishes. It also meant witnessing to the work of the Spirit in people's hearts and seeing their responses and reactions to the calls of the Spirit. Everywhere, the children were captivated by these encounters. The sharing, illustrated with symbolic objects from different countries, filled them with enthusiasm. But can a 30 to 40-minute presentation possibly bear fruit? Happily, the catechists and pastoral animators also attending these gatherings committed themselves to contribute to the growth of what had been sown. The children always prepared surprises for us - a letter, a drawing, a short sharing. They related in their very own way their eagerness to do something for the missions and to be in solidarity with others. Here are a few examples:



Pupils
from
Vars



From Vars, Ontario. After Sr. Gisèle's visit, the pupils chose to express in a concrete way their solidarity with children of Haiti. Pennies were collected. The schoolchildren took a subscription to the magazine *Le Précurseur*. They gave the rest of the amount collected to the parish priest who marvelled at their desire to be of help, to be useful and to be in solidarity with others.

From Grand-Mère, Quebec. "Sr. Gisèle and Sr. Léa visited our school. They gave our teacher a booklet which speaks of Délia Tétreault. I borrowed it. My friends and I found it very interesting. We want to become missionaries when we grow up. We now have our club, *Ami-Monde*" **Amélie**

From Amos, Quebec. "Dear Sylvia, I liked the activity you presented to us very much because your message was interesting and new for me. I had no idea that I could be a missionary and I had never paid attention to know what it meant. But now I am trying to get more information about missionaries and their mission work." **Véronique**

"Saloma Tompoko, Sylvia. I loved your visit! At first, I thought that a missionary was an adventurer. But now I know that a missionary is a person who brings what is BEAUTIFUL, GOOD AND TRUE!" **Alexandre**

Yes, indeed, we have received a lot from the children. They have shared with us their dreams and the values that inspire them. What an unforgettable experience!

Sr. Léa, Sr. Gisèle and Sr. Sylvia



At La Reine, Abitibi, schoolchildren filled with enthusiasm and a sense of solidarity

TO CONTACT
THE MISSIONARY SISTERS
OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
HERE ARE A FEW ADDRESSES:

CANADA:

THE GENERALATE
AND MISSION PROCURE
 121 Maplewood Avenue
 Outremont, QC Canada
 H2V 2M2 Tel.: (514) 274-5691

MISSIONARY ANIMATION CENTER
 314 St. Catherine Road
 Outremont, QC Canada
 H2V 2B4 Tel.: (514) 495-1551

OFFICE OF THE DÉLIA TÊTREAU CAUSE
 100 Place Juge Desnoyers
 Pont-Viau, Laval, QC Canada
 H7G 1A4 Tel.: (450) 663-6460

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CUBA:

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 Calle 33, No 3409 - Entre 34 y 36
 Playa, Ciudad de la Habana
 Cuba, 12100

HAITI:

MAISON PROVINCIALE (DELMAS)
 C.P. 1085,
 Port-au-Prince, Haïti, Les Antilles

HONG KONG:

PROVINCIAL HOUSE
 Good Hope Convent
 381 Jat's Incline
 Kowloon, Hong Kong

JAPAN:

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 Fu Hsing South Road, Section 2
 Taipei 106, Taiwan

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Photo: M.I.C., Malawi

Preparing to set out on a fishing trip - Malawi, Africa

The world has all that it takes to be beautiful,
ever in movement, ever in mutation.
The diversity of persons, the vastness of their tasks,
resemble the stained-glass window of Your creation.

The harmony of colours is very often blurred
because a colour is not at the rendez-vous.
What an oversight in failing to invite her: she will
forever be missing in the brightness of the Whole.

It is a matter of setting out to tell the News:
Each person is valuable and precious to God.
The boat is fragile, but Your presence reassures us
when the sea is hostile and the hull splits.
The mission is infinite, risks intensify its beauty,
when the sail is bursting with the breath of the Spirit.

Philippe Perdrix

**ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE RELIGIOUS OR LAY MISSIONARY LIFE?
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