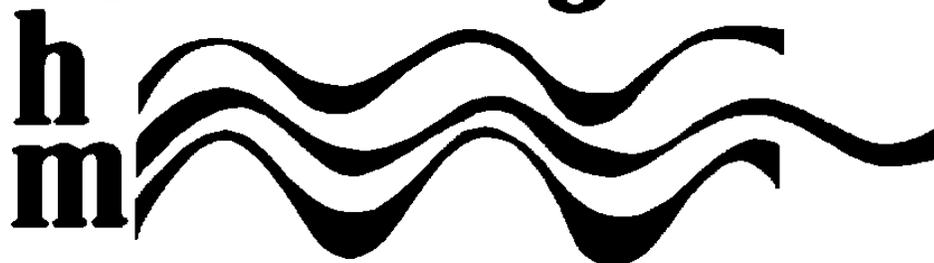


RSHM SOUNDINGS is a quarterly publication of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Eastern and Western American and Northern European Provinces, and Zambezi Region. Waves sent out, reflected back, reveal an inner reality not always evident on the surface. Thus SOUNDINGS probes RSHM life in expanding circles of ministry and community. You, our readers, are part of our life. We invite your comments and suggestions so that your thoughts may be reflected in these pages.

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Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary
English Speaking Provinces

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THE WINDING ROAD TO EMMAUS

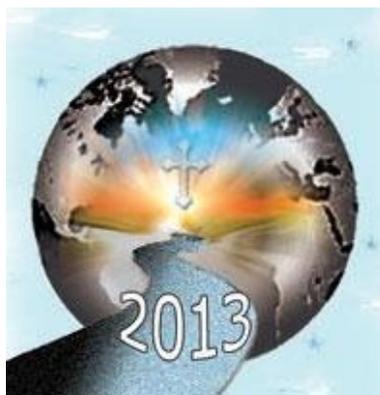
by Joanne Safian, RSHM

TARRYTOWN, NY. By the time you read this, the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary will have held our General Chapter from June 6-27 in Belo Horizonte, Brazil. So what is this all about?

Our Constitutions tell us that a General Chapter is the “highest internal authority of the Institute, [in which] we reflect on our life and mission in the Church and make decisions with a view to greater fidelity to our apostolic vocation. The General Chapter sets goals and establishes priorities for the Institute.” The Chapter also elects the General Superior and her Councilors.

The General Chapter meets every six years and typically engages in strategic planning, arriving at commitments and actions that are implemented throughout the Institute. For example, at the 2007 General Chapter, there were commitments that emphasized living out our spirituality in a global context, and moving beyond personal, cultural, and national boundaries to a broader Institute-wide vision. Although there were some action steps detailed under the various commitments, since Vatican II Chapters have set forth a vision and direction, rather than specific legislation.

Our journey began a year ago when Terezinha Cecchin, RSHM,



our General Superior, convoked the General Chapter. Over the next six months, each province or region held a provincial or regional chapter. Our Winter 2013 issue of *Soundings* included articles written by our lay colleagues and Extended Family who were invited guests at some of those chapters. The provincial and regional chapters also elected delegates to the General Chapter, in proportion to the number of sisters in the province or region. Including the General Council and Provincials, there will be 37 members and 3 invited sisters at the Chapter. There will also be RSHM and sisters from other congregations and lay staff who will assist as liturgists, minute-takers, and translators. The Chapter is conducted in English and Portuguese, the two major languages of our Institute.

The theme of our 2013 Chapter is “The Road to Emmaus,” based on

the Gospel account in Luke 24:13-35. When the provincial and regional chapters concluded, various “signposts” along the “Road to Emmaus” emerged. We used the sisters’ section of the Institute website to communicate preparatory material including reports from the General Council and from various Institute committees, the province and regional Chapter vision statements, profiles of the delegates, and other material. By the time the delegates arrive at the Chapter, we will have already become fairly well acquainted as companions on the journey, and an interactive forum on the website will enable sisters throughout the Institute to be present at the Chapter in a way not previously possible.

The fact that we are gathering in Belo Horizonte, Brazil is, in itself, a new stop on the road for us and a manifestation of our commitment to our internationality. Those of us who have not been to Brazil before are very much looking forward to the experience. Belo Horizonte is the third largest city in Brazil, and the home of our Brazilian provincial center, the Institute’s international novitiate, a Sacred Heart of Mary school, and other RSHM ministries.

In a future issue of *Soundings*, we hope to include an account of our actual Chapter experience on the “Road to Emmaus.”♦

MANY PATHS, ONE JUBILEE

by Bea McMahon, RSHM

TARRYTOWN, NY. On April 27, 2013, the Eastern American Province celebrated our Jubilarians: **80 years:** Angela Hearne; **75 years:** Mary Bernarde Houlihan; **60 Years:** Anne Considine, Anne Barat Corcoran, Margaret Mary Dunleavy, John Bosco Gorla, Elvira Leal, Margaret Ann Landry, Frances Lane, Virginia McNally, Andrew Murcia, Eveline Murray, Amy Pomponio, Miriam Poveda, Mary Elizabeth Rathgeb and **25 Years:** Kathleen Cummins, Kathleen Murphy, and Catherine Mary Patten.

The following expression of gratitude was given by Bea McMahon at the close of the liturgy:

In the gospel story, the disciples spent HOURS on the road to Emmaus. We RSHM have spent MONTHS on the road to Emmaus, preparing for the General Chapter which will meet in Brazil in June. But these hardy travelers in the front benches, our Jubilarians, have spent 80 or 75 YEARS, 60 or 50 YEARS on the road to Emmaus. **80 years ago**, 1933 was a very good year: it marked the end of Prohibition, and glasses could be raised all over this land to toast the religious profession of Angela Hearne.

75 years ago, 1938, was memorable for many events. Two significant ones were in step. The March of Dimes was established to fight polio, and the march of Bernarde Houlihan to fight the good fight in consecrated life was begun. And what can we say of **60 years ago**, 1953? Dag Hammarskjöld became Secretary General of the United Nations. And the young women who were professed that year would often say the prayer that he wrote: "For all that has been, THANKS! For all that will be, YES!"

Who among us could forget **50 years ago**, 1963? Martin Luther King, Jr. gave his "I Have a Dream" speech to a quarter of a million people in the March on Washington. And the dreams of a group of



Jubilee Celebration 2013

novices were given a new impetus when they became RSHM.

These years marked the beginning of an amazing journey on unknown roads for the women we celebrate today. Part of the journey was in floor-length habits, but the dust of the road never settled on them. Part was in black-and-white travelling coats, but these were traded along the way for coats of many colors, including Peggy's purple! All of the journey was brightened and sustained by the One who walked with the Jubilarians. They recognized him in the people they loved and served all over the world.

Angela, Anne Barat, Anne Considine...you recognized Jesus in the summer campers at Cormaria, in babies birthed in Zimbabwe with the skillful help of a midwife, in math students at Marymount School of New York.

Bernarde, John Bosco, Peggy... you recognized Jesus in the young nuns under your direction in Tarrytown, in many General Councils in Rome, in campus ministry at Stony Brook University,

Frances, Elvira, Margaret Mary... you recognized Jesus in immigrant families at Corazón de Maria, in people from Bogota to the South Bronx, even in the New York Yankees!

Ginny, Andrew, Eveline...you recognized Jesus in the women of Danganvura, in the retreatants at Cormaria, as pastor in parishes in the Diocese of Richmond.

Amy, Miriam, Mary Elizabeth... you recognized Jesus in the Little

Flower children, in the elderly at Kateri Residence, in the faculty and students of Marymount College, Tarrytown.

Two Kathleens, as superb teachers and principals on three continents, and **Catherine Mary**, as national Director of Common Ground, and now as General Councillor, you recognized Jesus.

In our Sister Loretta, the Golden Jubilarian who is now in the full radiance of jubilee, we truly recognized Jesus.

Today we recognize Jesus in YOU. We give thanks for the life and love and splendid gifts of each one of our Jubilarians, and we ask God to fill your hearts with gladness as we continue the breaking of bread.♦

A RISKY ROAD

by Mrs. Munachonga

CHIVUNA, ZAMBIA. Once you get on the Magoye road to Chivuna, you are greeted by a rather gravelly stretch for a long way. I was driving my daughter Maya back to boarding school at St. Joseph's where she had qualified for the tenth senior grade. We were very happy and chatted all the way. It was also a rainy season and this year there was plenty of rain.

My car was quite low for Lusaka main roads, and this route heading to the school was very muddy. It was becoming impossible to continue driving. Finally, we got stuck in a large pool and sputtered to a stop. The heavens opened, and we were soaked to the skin. Luckily, we were helped by some men who pulled the car out with an ox-cart.

This road, deplorable as it is, does not wind to nowhere, but to a beautiful mission school that has sent forth many intelligent, innovative young women of mother Zambia. So we must wind our way back and try to influence authorities to work on this road.♦

CHANGES ALONG THE WAY

by Margaret McKenna, RSHM

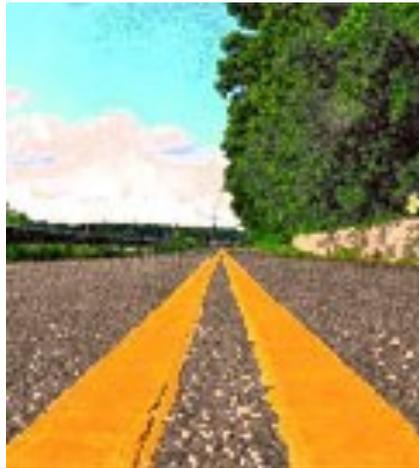
LOS ANGELES, CA. Lately, my friends and family have been sending me jokes that humorously reflect the “joys” of aging. What is amazing about aging jokes is that they make a connection to our life’s journey—and often surprise us by the rich memories that have paved our path and have been woven into our lives.

For me, it was eye-opening to think that I have seen the reign of seven popes, 13 presidents, and a number of wars both hot and cold. I was part of the world that saw the fearful build their bomb shelters, and I stood in fearful silence in the hours of the Cuban Missile Crisis. I am part of the same world that mourned the assassination of two Kennedys and Martin Luther King, Jr. and I am among the favored who saw the works of Mother Teresa of Calcutta and numerous other saintly people.

I am also one of the millions whose early technological skills involved turning on the radio. People of my generation cringed at the sound of the squeaky door introducing “The Shadow,” and most kids knew the Hi-Ho Silver call mimicking the Lone Ranger and his faithful companion Tonto.

But then came the technology explosion and I watched as television took over, and the world grew smaller and more connected. In a short time, television screens changed from 12 inches to the current wall size, from black and white to the current HD color, and from “rabbit ears” to satellite. I recalled how the suave sounds of Perry Como balanced the controversial moves of Elvis, and moved on to the anti-war songs of Joan Baez and Judy Collins, then on again to the harsh angry sounds of hard rock, eventually reaching the country sounds of Taylor Swift. The humor is that today’s I-pod generation is fascinated by the sounds of the Beach Boys!

But of course, the most impact-



ful change came when the wall telephone was set free from its moorings to move unfettered to wherever your pocket could take it. The good news is that you are always connected; the bad news is that you are always connected! The humor is that a majority of young people today never knew that a wall phone even existed at all!

Of real importance is that during my lifetime the strides made in the equal rights movement eventually led to a strong woman secretary of state in the administration of an African American president in a country whose concerns span the globe and even the atmosphere beyond it.

On further reflection, it occurred to me that the road we all walk is enriched by a variety of people, places, and events that enrich us, shake us, and sometimes challenge us to the core of our being. Life is a gift and a mystery of faith that requires us to embrace the bends in the road and learn their lessons. There is a great WEAVER busy at work. ♦

NEXT ISSUE:

THE POWER OF NOW

UP-HILL TO GLORY

by Pierre Dullaghan, RSHM

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

BARROW, ENGLAND. This, the first line from a poem by Christina Rossetti sprang to my mind when I read the title for the current edition of *Soundings*. It evoked many memories of my own wandering, winding journey along my SHM road.

In my heart it was the question I asked myself as I planted my foot on Novitiate soil. The answer, the second line of the poem, challenged me as I set out on my way:

Yes, to the very end.

The next two lines express an on-going dialogue, which I am sure I uttered from time to time:

*Will the day’s journey take the whole day long?
From morn till night, my friend.*

As I take a look back from my present situation, I find in the questions and answers of the poem a positive review of my journey—the restful, re-assuring times being a support to help me cope with difficult, weary turns:

*But is there for the night a resting place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin?
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that Inn.*

Journeying on a winding road can often be a lonely experience but I have always found at such lonely moments companionship and friendly exchange to lighten the way as expressed in the next verse of my chosen poem:

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

(continued on page 6)

OCEAN LANES AND SUBWAY TUNNELS

As told to Bea McMahon, RSHM by Thecla Aguilar, RSHM

BROOKLYN, NY. The winding roads of my life began in Bogota, Colombia 80 years ago. They still wind back there every few years when I visit my brother Vicente. I could not have imagined, when we started life together, that my road would go so far and wide and hold so many blessings.

When I completed the novitiate in Tarrytown, I was assigned to SHM Academy on Marmion Avenue in the Bronx. As a young sister with very limited English, I faced many challenges in preparing meals for the community. Since all the other sisters were across the courtyard in the school, I was alone most of the day. I remember especially a little duck that Sr. Campion's students had nurtured into life. He was in his box on the porch, quacking ceaselessly. I thought that maybe some company would soothe him, so I brought him into the kitchen. He became quite contented, but never wanted me out of his sight. If I went down to the basement, he waddled over to the door at the top of the stairs and quacked frantically until I appeared again! He was a memorable part of that stretch of the road.

Life in the Bronx was soon to give way to more suburban locales: St. Anne's in Garden City, NY, and then Arlington and Richmond, Virginia. The transition from St. Anne's, a smaller community with



Sr. Thecla and students of Marymount International School Paris

one focus on the school, to the large community in Arlington with three different schools/college on campus and St. John's School nearby, was overwhelming for me. What helped me through was the kindness of Mother Louise Hogan who became an enduring presence in my life.

St. Bridget's in Richmond was the scene of my first work with children as an assistant in the kindergarten. I loved it there, but in 1979 received a call from Sr. Columba, about needs in the lower grades in Marymount, Paris. The thought of another language and further distance was daunting, but good friends in Richmond said "Go for it! Your world will be expanded, and we'll come to visit." It was, and they did!

The children became a delightful part of my life. One time when we were on a field trip a little one, David, who wasn't Catholic, asked if he could sit beside me. I welcomed him and then made the sign of the cross and said the prayer "Angel of God..." as the bus began to move. A little later, when I was exclaiming over the sun finally appearing, he said very seriously, as if in explanation, signing himself with the cross "Yes, what you did... and blah, blah, blah!"

The next decade and a half was an introduction to Europe, with stints in Paris, London and Rome. Two years at the Generalate began with a call from Sr. Patricia Connor. It was a life-giving time with a lovely community and many visitors. Shopping for food in Italian markets was a challenge. The thoughtful, daily help of Sr. Marguerite McLaughlin was a blessing.

Finally, my road wound back to the States again, bringing me to the beauty of Cormaria, and eventually to my present home in St. Catharine's Convent in Brooklyn. The leisure of retirement allows me the

(continued on page 6)

(continued from page 5)

with families where there was a substantial risk that the children would have to be placed in foster care.

We had been asked to work with Brian's family because his mother's severe depression was compromising her ability to care for her children who now numbered four. Shortly after we started working with them, Brian called me early one morning to say that his mother wouldn't wake up and that he had called 911. I arrived along with the rescue squad and it was pretty clear that his mom had overdosed. Brian rode with his mom in the ambulance and my coworker met them at the hospital while I turned my attention to the two school age girls and the six week old baby boy.

With medication and therapy, Brian's mom recovered and was able to resume her parenting. My coworker and I provided daily support for several months until they regained their equilibrium.

The next step on my winding road was a return to NY to attend law school. Three years later I was back in southwest Virginia working with Legal Aid. Brian's mom contacted our office when her application for federally subsidized housing was denied. Our advocacy was instrumental in obtaining housing for her and Brian's younger siblings. But whenever I asked about Brian, she simply said that he had finished high school and gone to live with his dad in another state. I always wondered how this smart personable fellow was really doing.

A month ago while grocery shopping, I was approached by a young man who identified himself as Brian. I was so thrilled and we had a great time reminiscing about the "fishing report" and how I helped him prepare for the school spelling bee where he came in second. He said he wanted me to know that even though he was just a kid, he remembered everything we had done for his family and really appreciated it. It was a lovely stop on my winding road! ♦

TRANS-ATLANTIC TO TRANS-WORLD

by Brigid Driscoll, RSHM

TARRYTOWN, NY. Year after year the route wound in a triangular pattern from Europe to Africa to the Americas and back again, transporting more than 15 million men, women, and children over a period of some 400 years. This was the largest forced migration in history and undeniably one of the most inhumane.

This triangular slave trade connected the economies of three continents and proceeded in three steps. The ships left Western Europe for Africa loaded with goods which were to be exchanged for slaves. On their arrival in Africa the captains traded their merchandise for captive slaves. Weapons and gun powder were the most important commodities, but textiles, pearls, and other manufactured goods, as well as rum, were also in high demand. The exchange could last from one week to several months. The second step was the crossing of the Atlantic. Africans were transported to America to be sold throughout the continent. The third step connected America to Europe. The slave traders brought back mostly agricultural products, produced by the slaves. The main product was sugar, followed by



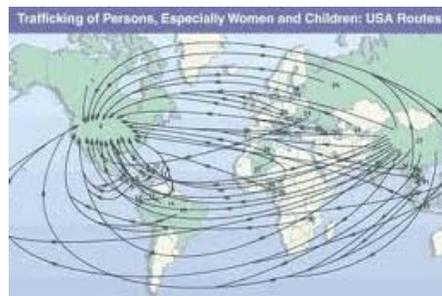
cotton, coffee, tobacco, and rice.

One entire circuit lasted approximately eighteen months. In order to be able to transport the maximum number of slaves, the ship's steerage was frequently removed, resulting in overcrowding and innumerable deaths. In the early nineteenth century it was becoming clear to the international community that the trade of enslaved people was no longer tolerable and was therefore abolished in most countries by the 1870s. In 1948 The UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights stated, "No one shall be held in slavery or servitude; slavery and the slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms."

However in 2013, the world is witnessing the plague of a new form of slavery which involves some 27

million people—human trafficking, defined as "the recruitment, transportation, transfer, harboring or receipt of persons, by means of threat or use of force or other forms of coercion, of abduction, of fraud, of deception, of the abuse of power or of a position of vulnerability or of the giving or receiving of payments or benefits to achieve the consent of a person having control over another person, for the purpose of exploitation."

What, if any, is the difference from the trans-Atlantic version of slavery? One big difference is that the pattern of movement is no longer simply triangular. It is now worldwide and covers the entire globe in winding routes. This must also be abolished—NOW.♦



JUST DOWN THE ROAD: A FAMILY REMEMBERED

by Maria Timoney, RSHM



WYTHEVILLE, VA. I first met Brian when he was in middle school and we had been living in Speedwell in southwest Virginia for four years. He was a neighbor and enjoyed riding his bicycle down the road to our house to visit. His mother worked at a local sewing factory where I had worked for a year. Unlike me, she struggled alone to raise three children on that minimum wage income.

I wrote a column called the "Speedwell News" for our local newspaper. I collected news from

the various churches, descriptions of family reunions and, during hunting season reported on the number of deer slain by local hunters. Brian loved to fish and in the spring he would give me the "fishing report" which consisted of suggestions for the best places to catch fish based on his personal experience. I would include this information in the weekly column, which thrilled him.

Two years after I first met Brian, I began working with a family therapist as part of a two person social-work team. We worked intensely

(continued on page 4)

(continued from page 3)

*Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just
in sight?
They will not keep you standing at
the door.*

Those who have gone before! I think here of the many SHM travelers who have reached their journey's end. I think of Father Gailhac with his driving spirit of enthusiasm urging us on, encouraging us to face the difficult turnings on the road as challenges to be overcome and not as problems to be faced. I think also of the many friends with whom I laughed and cried over the pot-holes along the way. Thinking of them 'standing at the door' helps me to keep jogging along!

Yes, there are times when the way ahead seems hidden in mist, making me wonder where the windings are leading me but always there are signposts to keep the fire of enthusiasm alight, such as that reminder in Psalm 33; 'Look towards the Lord and be radiant'. All this is so well expressed in the final verse of my poem:

*Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and
weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all
who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.*

Yes, everlasting joy when the end of the up-hill winding road is reached.....Alleluia!♦



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(continued from page 4)

freedom to volunteer in a soup kitchen in Manhattan.

The winding tunnels of NYC subways have replaced the earlier paths between countries and continents. The poor, the hungry, and the elderly have replaced my little companions of yore. All those I have met along the way have shown me the face of God.♦

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