

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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WINDOWS: A REFLECTION

by Jamie Burke Clark

In 2000, to mark the 30th anniversary of our graduation from "the Academy" (Marymount Secondary School) a handful of my classmates and I returned there. We made plans to begin the day by attending Mass in the Convent Chapel. We hoped to see some of the sisters whom we had known as students. As luck would have it, the RSHM were celebrating as well, with a Province Day. So, we were able to see many familiar faces.

During Mass, I became acutely aware of the colorful shafts of light beaming brilliantly through the stained glass windows. The reflection of colors and the dappled light patterns settled on the heads and shoulders of all those sitting ahead of me, showering each with a glow. Anointed by the sun, I mused.

My eyes were drawn up to the windows, as if I were seeing them for the first time. In particular, I was drawn to the Marian window directly above the altar. In it, a young kneeling woman in a white dress with a "marymount blue" sash is depicted with her hands raised, offering her heart to Mary. My mind swirled with a stream of thoughts: observations, reflections and flashbacks. In an instant, while focused on the sweet image of the girl, my thoughts sifted through a replay of the Sodality liturgy we celebrated when we became



children of Mary. Was the girl a child of Mary? Ah, I too, have a "marymount blue" ribbon! It held the oversized commemorative silver medal we were presented, as we

also knelt before the altar. My goodness, was it but half a lifetime ago when I too offered myself in tender idealism? The girl's gaze toward Mary, not only, connected me to my much younger self but also to all the sisters, here gathered. Perhaps, the girl was meant to represent the sisters as young aspirants? For a moment, I was transfixed and lost in reverie and prayer.

Suddenly, I found myself, in deep contemplation, handing up to Mary all the burdens and joys of my adult heart. Not having had a particular devotion to Mary prior to this, I found myself profoundly moved and humbled by this encounter. I realized that the window was a touchstone that revealed Mary to me in a way I had never fully perceived before.

Later that day, wanting to capture what I had experienced, I returned to the Chapel to take pictures of the stained glass windows. In the past few years, I have used many of those images as gifts. I was delighted to present a large image of the Marian window to the sisters for their living quarters in Lourdes Hall. Two images also hang in the Provincial's office. The photos of the windows were so well received, that the RSHM Eastern American Province selected one for their official Christmas card. ♦

WINDOWS ON THE WORLD

by Veronica Brand, RSHM

YONKERS, NY In the month of September a giant canvas mural was displayed in front of the UN General Assembly building in New York for the opening weeks of the **71st General Assembly** and the **High level Summit on Refugees and Migrants**. It was the face of a child emerging out of a dark background. The eyes of the child captured me – and seemed to draw me in as I walked by it, entering or leaving the General Assembly building. The well-known saying came home to me: “*eyes are the windows of the soul*”. What ‘window on the world’, did those eyes represent to me? What inner depth did they convey? One of them showed the reflection of an open door and in it the figure of a soldier. The other eye was mysteriously dark and penetrating. Lightly etched across the mural were two words. “**One Humanity**”.

The mural was the work done during a 48 hour period by artists and participants in the first **World Humanitarian Summit** held in **Istanbul** in May 2016. Thousands of people helped to create the art work, and their signatures provide the background texture and nuance. The mural was brought to New York to remind all who entered the United Nations of the commitments made at the Summit to address the vast and growing number of humanitarian needs in our world today.

As I contemplate that image I see the Syrian child clutching a toy in the midst of rubble, the little girl weighted down with the burden of a heavy container of water carried from a distant river to her remote village. I see the migrant girl who looks trustfully into the eyes of a stranger and is deceptively lured into a trafficked future. Yes, it is the innocent, wide-eyed look of this child that challenges us to see that “they” are us, that we are all one. It reminds me that the “*the joys and hopes, the sorrows and anxieties of the people of this age...*”(Gaudium et Spes 1) must find an echo in our hearts, evoking our shared responsibility for our “common home” where

no one should be left behind. We are **one humanity**.

Windows let in the light and draw us outside of ourselves into the world around us. But they also reveal us to ourselves. They reflect back to us our memories, our hopes and our dreams, painted on the broad canvas of our world today. They call forth what is deepest within us to “*act justly, love tenderly and walk humbly with our God*” (Micah 6:8).♦



STEERING WHEEL WINDOW

by Eileen Tuohy, RSHM

MONTEBELLO, CA Some time ago when the steering wheel of a car was no longer an option for me, the windows of local bus travel were opened up to me. It was a little scary at first, but it's amazing how many new windows I never thought of were opened up to me.

With no steering wheel or dense LA traffic to contend with my eyes could wander and absorb so much I never dared to before:

~ the beauty of God's world, the trees, the mountains, the floating clouds;

~ the bus routes that took me to so many places in Montebello and Los Angeles I had never been to before. For example travel from East to West LA takes me through ordinary dwelling places, high rise apartments and condos, the downtrodden and destitute of downtown LA, who live in rows of shacks, the long lines waiting for a free meal at a service center.

~ the variety of people who travel by bus, professionals, mothers with babies, wheelchair and handicapped people, school uniformed students—many I recognize from their outfits. e.g. CSHM, Santa Isabel (our connected schools), athletic shirts of all types.

~ the many languages heard on a bus—mostly English, Spanish and the Asian varieties.

The window of waiting and flexi-

bility is another part of bus travel. So much extra time has to be filtered in, but then one makes connections with people one never thought were possible, schools, churches, etc. We have more in common than we think.

The window of graciousness cannot be forgotten. Bus drivers are so helpful and patient with questions and directions, with helping the handicapped using the special ramp. So many times I have been offered a seat when I thought I was the younger. I do accept because a kindness offered should be a kindness received.

Sr. Eileen Buckley from the EAP did a lot of bus window traveling with me while she was in California. I miss her adventuresome presence. Maybe Tarrytown has a window of travel for her.

On the bus, reflection and prayer is another window. It makes one grateful for the many positive windows we as RSHM have received. Bus travel makes me see how so many others have to live on a daily basis.

An Irish line of verse comes to mind.

“May the sun always shine
on your window pane.

May the hand of a friend
always be near you.

May God fill your heart with
gladness and cheer.”

A TREASURE RESTORED

by Bea McMahon, RSHM

GARDEN CITY, NY Once upon a time, 26 Fairmount Boulevard in Garden City NY was a convent filled with RSHM who were teaching in the school just across the back yard. Today the convent plot is just a smooth green lawn. But one beautiful part of the convent chapel has been saved for posterity—a stained glass window picturing St. Anne with the young Mary at her knee.

On Sunday, June 12, 2016, RSHM were warmly welcomed by the pastor and parishioners of St. Anne's for the blessing of the window, now beautifully installed and lighted in the church vestibule.

The plaque above the window reads:

"That they may have life."
To honor the ministry of the
Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary
at St Anne's School and Parish
1950-2008

This stained glass window from the St. Anne Convent Chapel has been reclaimed and displayed through the Eagle Scout Project of Michael McGoldrick Boy Scout Troup 134 and the generosity of the parishioners.

Boy Scout Troop 134 in full uniform were present with the McGoldrick family. Sr. Judith Golden, OP (Sr. Thomas Golden's niece) who works at St. Anne's parish, had been actively involved in promoting the project and added a very gracious presence to the celebration.♦



Michael McGoldrick with RSHM (l. to r.) Sisters. Mary Elizabeth Rathgeb, Bea McMahon, Maeve O'Connor, Marion Fahey, Sally Murphy, Clare McBrien, Kathleen Cummins

NEXT ISSUE:
GRATITUDE



Window created by Genevieve Underwood, RSHM located at Danish Lutheran Church, Loma Linda, California

WINDOWS

by Margaret Ellen O'Connell, RSHM

Sit quietly and look
spiritually within the
windows of yourself.

See God's love
shining through you
to the world. See God's
love shining through
others back to you. Enjoy
the wonder of this
indwelling God.
Throughout the day,
be aware of
yourself and others
as windows of God.

***The eye through
which I see God is
the same eye through
which God sees me.***

Meister Eckhart

PRE-NOVITIATE: EXPERIENCING LIFE ANEW

by Rudo Chisvo, Cecilia Kasirori, and Previladge Gunyere

CHINHOYI, ZAMBIA When we came to Chinhoyi to start our pre-novitiate, we knew conflicting emotions of joy, sorrow and fear. We were sad to be leaving the only places we had called home. We were leaving our families to live with women to whom we were not related. Could we fit in? Could we be accepted as we are? However, we were also very enthusiastic to experience religious life.

Our stay with the sisters in the RSHM community in Chinhoyi has taught us many new things: praying together; living as a community; sharing things in common. The life of a sister is not exactly easy and free. You have to learn to multi-task and to have a life rooted in Christ through prayer. One has to use her leisure time in a meaningful way; for example, doing craft work and using one's gifts in a good way.

When we were growing up, what we used to call prayer was just a few minutes of making demands and commands to God. It was always wanting, and not taking time to reflect and have a better understanding of who God really is. This has changed. The environment where we now stay differs from that in



which we grew up, and the atmosphere makes you want to pray. We have learned to use the scriptures by first reading the story and then listening to what the passage means to us. We now listen to scripture as God's message to us. Formerly, we used to read a scripture story and not really see the meaning or lesson behind it. Now we are trying to understand each story as deeply as the Spirit gives us to understand. We have realized that prayer is a relationship with God who loves us.

We have also had a chance to learn about and understand scripture more broadly than before. We have been tracing the covenant that God made with His people; the covenant that was fulfilled by Christ Jesus. We are also studying the Gos-

pel of Luke and seeing how Luke portrays Jesus differently than the other gospel writers.

In our prayer we also ask for help in the various ministries in which we are involved. We are working with the Missionary Childhood (younger children) and youth from Musha we Bethania (Home of Bethany) parish in Chinhoyi. We are also teaching at Hope Tariro Hope and Ruvimbo Primary Schools. Even though we are not trained teachers, we have discovered there are many ways we can help the primary school children. We are involved in teaching catechism at the parish and, once in a while, we visit Chengetanai, an old people's home. We are certain that everyone will agree with us that it is an awesome feeling to realize one has made a difference in someone's life. All we can do is thank the Almighty God for the grace, strength, and patience He has given us in carrying out these ministries.

Our hearts indeed are grateful for the many ways in which windows have been opened in our lives because of our decision to become RSHM pre-novices. ♦

A WINDOW ON THE LIFE OF IMMIGRANT FARMWORKERS

by Christina Jindra

IMMOKALEE, FLORIDA Immokalee is a small migrant community in the middle of a tomato field in the middle of a swamp. That's how I describe my current location to others. Despite its isolation, this town is an interesting epicenter of culture and activity. Immokalee's population mainly consists of immigrant families from Mexico, Guatemala, and Haiti. The farmworkers here face every type of adversity. They balance work, family, and justice. I wanted to be a part of the community and learn more about it. Right now, my focus is citizenship. Each morning, I work under Sr. Maureen Kelleher's lead-



ership at a Legal Aid office. My role there is filing citizenship applications. In the afternoons, I work at a school, assisting parents through the

citizenship process and preparing them for the exam. The two service sites complement one another perfectly. In the morning, I learn about the logistics of citizenship from a legal perspective. In the afternoons, I learn about the other side of the process through the clients' eyes. I love my clients. They are kind, hard-working people. The older population is especially close to my heart. They show up for their appointments an hour early, bags of documents under each arm. They speak to me with care, calling me things like "mi niña" (my child) or "mi amor" (my love). They sit across from me with

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REUNION OPENS A WINDOW ON THE FUTURE

by Pierre Dullaghan, RSHM

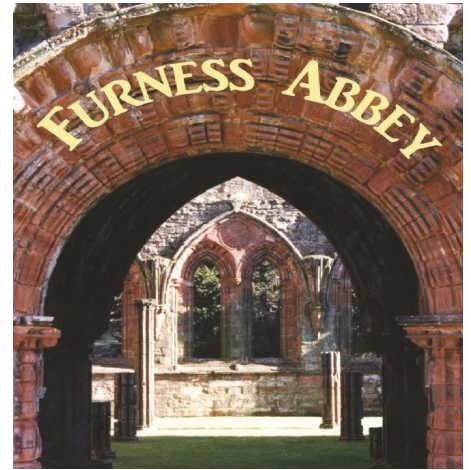
BARROW-IN-FURNESS, ENGLAND

An important and interesting event for us here in Furness, for Community, Extended Family and Past Pupils of Crosslands Convent School, was the visit of Sr Rosamond, Superior General. Thanks to information circulated by word-of-mouth, e-mails, Facebook pages, and the Parish Bulletin, many people joined us at mid-day for Mass and a Shared Lunch and then, in the evening, at the Novena for the Centenary of St Columba's Parish and School.

Sr Roz was much impressed by the great turnout and expressed her pleasure at having the opportunity to meet and speak to so many people

associated with the RSHM. She gave a vivid picture of the present and future mission of the Institute and the challenges for the future living out of our charism. It was a most enjoyable get-together for all. It was particularly exciting for the 'Old Girls' and so good to hear exclamations of joy as former classmates met again after many years. I feel it gave many people an appetite to repeat this sort of reunion.

Sr Roz was also very pleased to visit Furness Abbey and Crosslands School, then to pray with us at the Cemetery at Crosslands where many of our Sisters are buried. ♦



CHURCH OF THE MAGDALENE

Excerpted from the Parish Archives by Monica Walsh, RSHM

TARRYTOWN, NY Nestled in a hamlet not far from Marymount, Tarrytown, the Church of the Magdalene is a country church drawing its parishioners from more than fifteen surrounding towns and villages. Roads leading to the hamlet pass by rolling fields protected by stone walls. A handful of homes, large and small, a school, two churches, and a fire house are located in the center of the village. The white frame country church stands in the midst of this community of homes surrounded by the large acreage of the Rockefeller homes and estates.

The parish was originally established as an offshoot of St. Teresa's in Sleepy Hollow, then North Tarrytown. Rev. Joseph P. Egan donated a house and a tiny piece of property in Pocantico Hills to the newly formed parish and construction of a small country church began in 1894.

Much of the early financial success of the Church was due to the generous support of James Butler of the Butler grocery chain, and cousin of Mother Joseph Butler, Foundress of Marymount.

On Saturday, March 23, 1894, a stained glass window of the Annunciation of the Archangel Gabriel to

the Virgin Mary was put in the new Church building. It was the first of a series of fifteen windows and was a gift from Mr. James Butler. Many of the windows were donated in memory or honor of members of the family—today we see the names of Pierce, James Jr., Willie, Beatrice, Genevieve, Mary Lizzie, and George, all children of James and Mary Anne. As so many of the windows were donated by the Butler family, the Church of the Magdalene was one time referred to as "the Butler Church."

These windows are a beautiful example of Tiffany-like stained glass executed at the height of the American stained glass period. They are believed to be the work of the John Lafarge studio in New York City. At that time Lafarge and Tiffany were the main studios.

La Farge experimented with color problems, especially in the medium of stained glass. His work rivaled the beauty of medieval windows and added new resources by his use of opalescent glass and by his original methods of layering and welding the glass.

In January, 1896 a large and beautiful memorial window was pre-

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EDITORS:

Cecilia Brizuela
Bea McMahon, RSHM
Pierre Dullaghan, RSHM
Ellen Marie Keane, RSHM
Denise Osterhaus, RSHM
Margaret Treacy, RSHM
Monica Walsh, RSHM
Mary Alice Young, RSHM

ART EDITOR: Edith Hart, RSHM
LAYOUT: Bianca Haglich, RSHM

www.rshm.org; www.rshm-nep.org;
province@rshmeap.org

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FARMWORKERS cont. from pg. 4

a nervous, excited energy, perched on the edge of their seats and lean forward to better catch every word. Meeting with me is the first step on their long road to citizenship. I feel honored to walk part of the journey with them. Each one of them has a different story of what brought them here and why they want to become U.S. citizens. The clients are diverse but they all have one thing in common: they all consider the United States home. There is a lot of joy in the office but there is also a lot of heartbreak. There are events that never should have happened and childhoods that never should have been stolen. Many of our clients

have been through horrors both in their native countries and in the United States. They have faced shame, abuse, prejudice, and poverty. For me, it is a privilege to support these individuals as they fight for their dreams. Living in this community gives me the unique opportunity to meet people I never would have met otherwise. Our lives cross and their stories become a part of my story. Their intrinsic value shines out of each community member. It reminds me daily that we are all important. We are all worthy of the dignity that a legal status affords. My hope and prayer is that that each person can feel their own worth and know that they are welcomed by society.♦

MAGDALENE cont. from pg. 5

sented to the church by Mrs. Reynard in memory of her deceased husband. The Reynards had a 12 acre estate on the corner of McKeel and Warren Avenues in Tarrytown. Mr. Butler purchased this estate to fulfill a wish of his beloved late wife. On December 8, 1907, Mr. Butler donated the property to the RSHM in memory of his wife Mary Anne. Mr. Butler's cousin, Mother Marie Joseph Butler said "in honor of Mary Immaculate and in memory of Mary Anne Butler, we shall call this new home Marymount."♦

CONTRIBUTORS

Veronica Brand, RSHM, is the RSHM NGO Representative at the United Nations. Jamie Burke Clark is a Volunteer at Marymount Convent, Tarrytown, NY and serves on the EAP Extended Family Core Committee. Pierre Dullaghan, RSHM, retired in Barrow, England, is *Soundings* coordinator for the Northern European Province. Christina Jindra is an RSHM Volunteer in Immokalee, Florida. Bea McMahon, RSHM, is Director of Development at Aquinas High School, Bronx, NY. Margaret Ellen O'Connell, RSHM, is Chaplain at Providence Little Company of Mary, San Pedro, California. Eileen Tuohy, RSHM, is Secretary/Treasurer for the Western American Province in Los Angeles, California. Monica Walsh, RSHM, is a member of the EAP Provincial Council, Tarrytown, NY. Rudo Chisvo, Cecilia Kasirori, and Previladge Gunyere are pre-novices in Chinhoyi, Zimbabwe.

Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary
50 Wilson Park Drive
Tarrytown, New York 10591
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