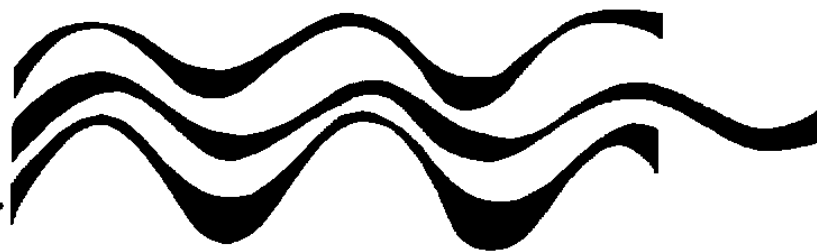


RSHM SOUNDINGS is a quarterly publication of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Eastern and Western American and Northern European Provinces, and Zambezi Region. Waves sent out, reflected back, reveal an inner reality not always evident on the surface. Thus SOUNDINGS probes RSHM life in expanding 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

Volume XXII, Number 3
Autumn 2014

REMEMBERING VIRGINIA MCNALLY, RSHM

A Letter of Sympathy to Sr. Kathleen Fagan

Dear Kathleen,

You and the entire RSHM community have my deepest sympathy in your loss of Ginny in the here and now. I have been struck yet again by a realization that grows deeper with each passing year, namely, that the crossing of our paths with the paths of particular individuals is neither accidental nor random. Rather, those crossings are fruit of Divine Conspiracy, of the wise and gracious workings of the Spirit, leading us home . . . to ourselves, to who we are meant to be, which is to say, who we are meant to be for others.

That is certainly the case in the crossing of my path with Ginny's during my undergraduate years at Marymount in Tarrytown. When sitting in Ellie's office one day I spied on her shelf a book on the prophets by Abraham Heschel and inquired about it. Ellie, of course, crafty Divine Conspirator that she can be, immediately loaned it to me, urging that I read it, which I did. Once Ellie and I discussed this, she suggested that an independent study of Scripture with Ginny might be possible, and Ginny generously agreed to take on this extra teaching duty. So for a semester, indeed a delightful one, we studied the prophets together, meeting in her office, which I still see in my mind's eyes as narrow, dark, and deep (ah! appropri-



Photo Ursula Mahoney, SHMPT 50

ate perhaps!).

As memories of my discussions with Ginny in that office have come back to me in recent days, Kathleen, I am struck once again by who Ginny was: smart but eminently humble; a critically and creatively astute woman of faith; passionate about learning, especially learning the Scriptures. I sensed even then, that the love for learning so evident in Ginny, was an expression of her desire for God. Needless to say, it spoke deeply to my own soul and quickened its desire. I remember Ginny also as a quiet, somewhat shy woman (especially compared to the flaming and comedic extrovert Ellie!),

but what a wonderful, kind of impish, sense of humor Ginny had! I loved how she could laugh at and make fun of herself—and oh my, what a delightful giggle! The sound of it in my “mind’s ear” makes me smile even now.

Our semester together was, for me, truly grace incarnate; and it is no exaggeration to say that it was the crucial turning point in my life, a turning toward home, toward becoming who I was meant to be . . . for others. I trust that Ginny is now deep in the Heart of God, enjoying communion with the revered Rabbi Heschel; with her sister Mary Milligan, another devoted lover of Scripture; with all the RSHM who have gone before her; in short, with all the saints who dwell now in the Fullness of God.

Jesus said, “If you make my word your home, you will truly be my disciples. You will know the truth, and the truth will set you free.” Ginny did indeed make the Divine Word her home, and so, though it grieves me to know that she is gone from y/our midst, I rejoice that she has indeed been set free—into God, into the Truth that is God. “In the beginning was the Relation.” Ginny is Home in that . . . now and forever. Alleluia!

In Loving Gratitude and Grief
Sue (Calef)
Ginny's Student

MEMORIES BY THE SEA

by St. Edward McLaughlin, RSHM

TARRYTOWN, NY What a blessing it was to return to Cormaria once again in July for the Festival of Learning! Memories of years gone by flooded in—the very early years with Mother Annunciation overseeing 100+ young nuns on vacation—unforgettable private and directed retreats made here—the beauty of Holy Week services. All these memories came to me as I wandered through the house and into chapel. "This is your home," Ann Marino's words of welcome rang very true for me.

Dr. Susan Calef, or just plain Sue as we know her, was a vivacious and learned presenter as she turned our hearts and minds to the Gospel of Mark. Jesus, the apostles, and the women of the gospel truly came alive in her presentations. Especially memorable for me were certain stories that Sue linked together in vivid and dramatic detail. Two lake scenes: the storm at sea (Mark 4: 35-41) and the walking on water (Mark 6:45-52) underlined *trust* and *confidence* as the meaning of *faith*.

Equally moving was her wonderful presentation of two women's stories: the woman with a hemorrhage, whose *faith*, in a sense, empowered Jesus to work a miracle of healing,—“If I but touch his garment”—and the Syrophenician woman who had the *courage* to talk back to authority—“Even the dogs eat the crumbs.”

Sue frequently reminded us of the essential link between the passion and death of Jesus and the RESURRECTION. The Greek words, "*Opiso mou*," Jesus' call to the apostles translated as "*Get in line behind me*," became a rallying cry for the week!

The Festival was over all too soon, but we left with a vivid sense of the personalities in Mark's gospel and with great gratitude to Sue, the Theology Study Committee, and the Cormaria staff for their contribution to our treasure chest of memories.♦

IN MEMORIAM

by Bea McMahon, RSHM



Hudson River viewed from the Bear Mountain Bridge

BRONX, NY I wrote the poem *Clear Water* in memory of Pete Seeger (1920-2014) at the time of his death. The songs which Pete wrote and sang spearheaded an American folk revival and championed folk music as an enduring heritage and a cry for social justice. During the late 1960s he launched a ship crusading for cleaner water on the Hudson River. The ship, the Clearwater, with its crew of musicians, became a beacon for environmental efforts and education. Students at Aquinas High School where I teach currently participate in a project called *Rocking the Boat* on the Bronx River. Inner-city teens learn the art of boat-building, and actually construct and launch their boat on the Bronx River. They learn all the maritime skills needed to be safe on the water, and apply those

skills to restoration of the health of the river. The environmental adventures of the project's founder Adam Green began with Pete Seeger on the Clearwater.

Clear Water

Like a river
crystal colored gift
of age old ice
open to harm and to healing
Intoxicated over time
by false profits dumping death
Seegered safe for swimming
rebounding
dirt free
in depths of plenty
shallows of need
flowing
overflowing
LOVE
fills the cracks in dry land
with whisper of seed.♦



Sue Calef with Ellen Marie Keane and Brigid Driscoll, RSHM

DO THIS IN MEMORY OF ME

When we *do this in memory* of Jesus, we make him present. When we remember those whom we love who are no longer with us, we make them present, but in a different way. How important it is to remember. How important it is to be grateful. . . And Eucharist is about remembering and being grateful.

Elizabeth Kolb, RSHM

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

The scene is still very vivid to me! I was a toddler, walking with my mother on the sidewalk near our home. I was on a leash! A child leash to keep me under control. I begged my mother to take me off the leash! Her first response was, "No, because you will run right in the street!" I promised that I would not, that I would walk nicely. My mother took off the leash and I RAN RIGHT OUT INTO THE STREET!

Edith Hart, RSHM
Bronx, NY

When I was about six years old, I learned that June 21, was the longest day of the year. My response was that I would walk home from school very leisurely because I knew that no matter how slowly I walked I would arrive home early.

Margaret Tracy, RSHM
Wicklow, Ireland

I have wonderful memories of my mother, Irene Redmond Kanet. For me she was a companion in my adult years and in my young years I was her companion. Once we traveled several hours by car to a town far away to visit an old woman who had been the former housekeeper of our pastor. On the way my mother told me this woman was never married, had no children and few people came to visit her. I recognized that this woman was not a particular friend of my mother's. But I knew my mom cared for her and knew the old woman was lonely. As I relive these memories, I keep learning how my mother's invitations, which were never demanding, were lessons to me how ordinary acts of love make life extraordinary.

Kathleen Kanet, RSHM
New York, NY

My very first memory is at age 3, standing at our apartment screen door on Halloween night waiting for it to get dark enough to go "trick or treating." It took forever for that sun to go down!

Angela Milioto, RSHM
Los Angeles, CA

The year was 1943. The Japanese had entered the war and the town of Santa Monica was on alert. Every back yard had a victory garden but, overnight, all the Japanese gardeners disappeared. There were rumors of submarine sightings off the Santa Monica pier. I had the job of taking cans of saved fat to the grocery store. It would be made into soap for our soldiers. It was time to get ready for 2nd grade and I was excited to get back to school. This year I'd walk the six blocks with two other children in the neighborhood. Just before school began my Dad sat me down and told me, if anyone should ask, I was to say that I'm American. I didn't know that my grandfather was born in Germany. My Dad's car from his government job was always parked in plain sight just in case anyone would question our loyalty to the United States. As I look back to this time in history, these vivid memories arise.

Marilyn Ficht, RSHM
Los Angeles, CA

When I was 4 years old my grandmother died and was waked in our home. In later years, my mother often reminded me of the scene. Everyone was talking loudly, some having a drink and remembering funny incidents. Terribly distressed that all the noise would disturb Grandma who was sleeping, I went around begging people to speak softly "Shh...you'll wake her up!" A child's understanding of eternal rest?

Antoinette Tripaldi, RSHM
Los Angeles, CA

ALWAYS AN MBM GIRL

by Sr. Maria Garguilo, O.P.

BRONX, NY In my growing-up years, my family lived in the Bronx. When I was eleven or twelve my Mom and I would take the #12 bus to Fordham Road as Alexander's was "the place to shop." Coming home on Pelham Parkway we could see that a new school was being built. It was going to be a Catholic high school for girls. From the outside it was a beautiful building. I can remember the day I told my Mom that I wanted to go to that high school. She supported my decision from the beginning. That was how I first met the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary. My grade school experience was Sparkill Dominican.

The high school was Mother Butler Memorial, 1500 Pelham Parkway South, the place that holds many happy memories for me.

The first day of school, September of 1960, was both terrifying and exciting as we reported to our home rooms. I knew a few girls from my grammar school but there were so many new faces. I think there were six Freshman homerooms. I met my best friend that day, a redhead named Suellen. The Sisters looked very different from what I was used to. Their habits were dark; you could see very little of their faces; and you called them "Mother." I was intrigued.

When I look back on those happy days so many memories come flooding back—the yearly bazaars, celebrating Reverend Mother's feast day, the Glee Club Concerts, marching in the parades, dress uniform on First Fridays and of course the famous "white gloves." I loved it all! As a Freshman in high school, I don't think I realized the value of what I was about to receive and how important it would be to me later on in life. RSHMs educated the whole person, academically and spiritually, and taught us to act and think like young women.

I loved my classes, although Math was my nemesis. Sister St. Anne can attest to that! My love of

(continued on page 6)

JUDITH THE GIFT

by Anne Marie Keyes

Judith Savard, RSHM (1939-2004) was a legendary Art & Art History Chair at Marymount Manhattan College. She initiated creative communications channels for the Eastern American Province and served on the Soundings staff. The Soundings logo is her design.

Re-remembering –

“So you fell out of the sky too!
What planet are you from?”

Antoine Saint-Exupery –
The Little Prince.

Do we remember
with understanding?

Do we remember
without understanding?

Some time ago I spoke of Judith's life as the artist's canvas, the canvas that Judith structured with sure lines, with bold colors. Remembering Judith for me or for any of us who knew her certainly evokes those lines and colors. The memories are rich, the tales are varied.

I read recently of someone recalling a conversation that at the time of the conversation did not seem important.

“I tell myself . . . that we're terrible judges of the present moment, maybe because the present doesn't actually exist: all is memory, this sentence that I just wrote is already a memory, this word is a memory that you reader, just read.” (Juan Gabriel Vasquez, *The Sound of Things Falling*.)

Many moments of our lives may not be so noticed in life as they are after life. So, here after ten years, we recall Judith into our lives. These words, suggested by her friends as Judith “one-words,” the words, the images, the tales they

evoke, re-member Judith in ever new life and presence to all of us.

A valiant woman
Ahead of her time
Alive!
All inclusive
Aunt
Beautiful!
Bob
Caring
Champion Tennis Player
Compassionate
Connector of people and their stories in teaching art history
Contemplative
Creative
Deeply concerned
Expansive
Fresh
Daughter
Sister
“Twin” cousin
Fun-loving
GIFT

A gift generally makes you happy and that was Judith. Whether talking about serious issues or joking around, Judith always left you feeling good.

And finally a gift is special to the receiver and is something that makes you want to say thank you. Clearly Judith was to me, and to



many, something very special in my life. Thank you, Judith, for what you were and continue to be . . . a gift for all time.

Teacher
Honest
Innovative
Irreverent!
Loyal
Mystic
Open ended Seer

Judith told me once that she parked on Riverside Drive and got tickets there, but this was better than monthly garage rental! For this I'd say "A woman of strong single-syllabled words (when she'd get the ticket) who was "funnily practical" about the "cost."

If I was en route to Judith's for some reason or other, I'd usually ask her if there was anything she needed. Oftentimes it wasn't a quart of milk or head of lettuce but rather "nourishment" for her fish! Judith was very particular about the "nourishment" for her fish; who else would call fish food nourishment? I often found myself in very strange neighborhoods in the city tracking down such "fish food" for Judith.

Sensitive to all around her
and to her surroundings

Sexy
Sincere
Solitary
Strong, yet delicate and caring,
like a flower
SUMMER IN THE CITY
Vermeer
Vibrant
Vikings and the Gi-Gi's

THE FULL CIRCLE –An ever enlarging circle was Judith”

We keep Judith and one another alive as we continue to remember who Judith was and is, and who we are and have been, and speak those words aloud. With love.♦



In Penmaenmawr, Mary Dunne celebrated eighty-five years of memories with family and RSHM

THE GIFT OF MEMORY

by Mary Dunne, RSHM

The Gift of Memory

We are our memories,
the happy and the sad,
the good and the bad
that we have lived.

Thomas Moore

Looking back over eighty five years, I recall many experiences—from living on a farm in childhood to later years in religious life.

One very vivid memory is of the day I left home to enter the novitiate. The mood in the house was somber as I was leaving my parents and eight siblings for good, never to return to the family home—as was the accepted norm at that time. My father, a man of simple faith and few words, went out to the usual calls of duty around the farm yard. When I was about to leave he gave me a very firm handshake in his own quiet way with the words, “God be with you”, meaning every syllable of the prayer. What were his thoughts subsequently as he went back to the calves and the hay? I wonder.

Also connected to entering was saying good bye to my mother at the convent hall door and seeing her walking down the avenue to catch the train back home. I can only imagine her thoughts and emotions as she made that journey.

I have many very happy memories of my two terms in Ferrybank Community and Good Counsel School. One day, in a prayer class with eight year olds, Jenny piped up, “You don’t have to say prayers, and you can just talk to God as you do to your mammy”. Out of the mouths of babes!

Of my ten very happy years in Scotland, six were in school and four in parish pastoral work. The poorer people in Castlemilk were a joy. There were three of us in community, Elizabeth in her late seventies with two of us much younger and fitter. We had a small house that happened to be not too far from the local inn. Occasionally this brought a knock on the door from a stranger, somewhat disoriented and

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A HERITAGE REMEMBERED AND LIVED

by Sarah Thomas & Siobhan Berry

NEUILLY, FRANCE The RSHM Heritage Award Program is an enriching learning experience that is being piloted at Marymount International School, Paris. A committee of faculty members developed this program for the Grade 8 students. Our goal is that the students will grow in their individual sense of agency through their active engagement in the RSHM Heritage Award Program, recognizing their own ability to become discerning members of the RSHM global learning community.

For this program, each goal of the RSHM Network of Schools has been used as an educational standard to anchor the learning and growth of the students. With the wide array of potential projects to fulfill the five goals, our aim is to attend to all aspects of our students’ characters. The criteria for the RSHM Heritage Award Program have been developed to be accessible to our heterogeneous student body whose diverse talents provide the rich fabric of our international community.

In the words of Mother Butler, “The aims of a Marymount education are manifold: to educate the heart and mind, and to provide for each student’s total growth, intellectually, spiritually, socially, and physically.”

Goal 1: To foster a personal relationship with God - *Student participants will explore their spirituality.*

Goal 2: To create unity through diversity - *Student participants will experience team building*

through sports.

Goal 3: To instill a life-long love of learning - *Student participants will develop and express critical thinking skills.*

Goal 4: To encourage and affirm personal growth - *Student participants will facilitate a learning experience for others.*

Goal 5: To awaken a consciousness of social justice - *Student participants will actively serve their community.*

Goal 6: To fulfill the Mission of the RSHM: That all may have life - *Student participants will conduct a personal reflection on what they have learned about themselves and how their experience is a reflection of the Mission of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary.*

The students who have chosen to participate were asked to find an adult sponsor who could support their projects as they fulfilled the program’s requirements. At the end of the year, the students presented a portfolio of their activities to representatives from the Administration and faculty. In this presentation, the students shared their personal reflections about the process and explained how their projects embody the goals of the RSHM Schools. It is our hope that participation in the RSHM Heritage Award Program will help the Marymount International School, Paris student participants to see themselves as active and valuable representatives of the RSHM Global learning community.♦

GIFT OF MEMORY cont. from pg.5

rather unsteady on his feet. Our kindly feisty neighbour, Nancy, would be to the rescue immediately. She would face him in the direction of home, which usually was not too far away. "Keep going, son!" were her parting words.

A very recent lovely memory is from our Millennium Meeting in Penmaenmawr in Wales. We celebrated my eighty fifth birthday. Patricia rose to the occasion with a lovely long log cake. It could have made it to the Guinness Book of Records! My nephew and family were able to join us for the Celebration. The evening ended with a session of Capicatar (wellness practices). A wonderful time was had by all.

"Blessed are those who remember what they receive and forget what they give." ♦

AN MBM GIRL cont. from pg. 3

Latin began with Mother Georgelen as my teacher and continued through college. There were so many wonderful religious women educators: Mother Denis (whom I would meet again later on in life), Mothers Peter, Elizabeth, St. Anne, Johanna, Roberta, Gabriel, Emmanuel, Jerome, and St. Mark to name just a few. The tuition was \$35.00 per month—what a bargain for such a wonderful education!

The facilities were beautiful, the library, the art room, and the cafeteria where we talked and laughed and looked forward to the next dance chaperoned by our teachers—happy times!

I have spent my professional career as an educator and am so grateful for the gift I was given exactly fifty years ago in September. I

write this article as a tribute to the RSHM Community and the education they provided to all the students in their schools. Through the hard work of my parents I was fortunate to be one of those students. As I look back lovingly over those four years, I want to say THANK YOU for the gift you gave me. I will always be an MBM girl!

Sr. Maria Garguilo, O.P.
Class of 1964

NEXT ISSUE:
FRANCIS, REBUILD MY CHURCH

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