



FEEDBACK ON 375 YEARS IN THE HEART OF IT ALL!



What a great article to read in E-Current. I could not believe that it was home for me. We were raised in Point St. Charles and our back door was right on the farmland where the CNDs had their large farm. As kids my Mom would save all our egg crates and we would bring them over to the nuns who used them to sell their eggs and, in return, they would give us candy.

We used to spend so much time chasing their cows and getting the nuns angry. It was nice in later years to see how the entire property was turned into a museum. Even when I moved away in 1958 the farm, which had later shrunk in size, was still our back yard and we could always see it from our bedroom windows. My parents left that apartment in 1997...so all those years the FARM, as we called it, was home. Good to see the article. - Betty Dilio, CSC

Very interesting to see your participation in this significant event. Thank you for this communiqué. - Lise Veillette, CSC

Thank you for this beautiful information. Wish it were possible to see the exhibit - a legacy for sure! Congratulations to Sister Anastasie for the stained glass windows. What was visible is beautiful. Way to go Holy Cross -- spreading God's message -- cultivating the heart -- developing the mind! - Marie Noel, MSC

A Journey in Progress

For those who, happily, cannot know of the losses that come from a "brain



bleed”,such as loss of memory, understanding, the ability to walk, to have a righthand and right leg that no longer seemed to belong to me, let me say, it isn’tfunny. But it is surprising. And it’s a lot of work to recoup from these losses ... it can wear you down.

Forfourteen years, I served as Pastoral Minister in two small parishes in NewHampshire: St. Peter’s in Farmington and St. Mary’s in Rochester. Earlier this year, because of my age, eighty-oneyears young, I decided it was time for me to take on fewer responsibilities inthe near future. Initially, my plan wasto finish the year as it was because this past August we had lost a much lovedPastor, Father Dan Sinibaldi, to cancer. Father Thom Dustin, the present Pastor, agreed with my plan. At the appointed time, accommodating each ofus and the parishes, I planned to go to Nashua, New Hampshire, to help FatherPierre Baker at Blessed John XXIII Parish and live at Infant Jesus Convent inNashua.

Andthen, one evening, I stumbled and fell in the yard. This meant a trip to thehospital in Rochester followed by rehab. I recouped from this with prayer andkind-hearted visits and flowers with encouraging notesattached. But, shortly after returning home, I noticed one afternoon I wasbecoming disoriented with increasing numbness in my arm and hand. I was brought to the Portland Maine MedicalCenter where the doctors performed the first of two surgeries, a couple of daysapart, for a “brain bleed.” It wasduring one of the surgeries I was awakened by a “noise”. I don’t know how else to describe it. Thenoise I heard was the sound of a drill working in my head. Then I went back tosleep. I “heard”, but felt nothing. And,along with this mysterious experience, not once throughout the surgeries, the recovery,the strenuous therapies I receive here at Holy Cross Health Center– not oncehave I experienced pain. Fatigue? Oh, YES! But never pain.

Ihave recently written to the parishioners in the form of a Bulletin insert, an update of my journey so far. I wrote, in part: “*When Father Dan died you probably felt your prayers had not been heardas you believed they would be, as you prayed they would be. I have personallyimagined Father Dan saying to God, through your prayer, ‘Pass on to Lucie themiracle that might have been for me.’ I cannot imagine healing as well as Ihave, as quickly as I have, without a miracle .”* Presently, I have “graduated” from CognitiveTherapy but will continue the work needed toward full recovery through Physicaland Occupational Therapy. I neverthought I would have to learn, all over again, how to walk! ... how to write! ... howto speak! ... Nor did I thinkI would be taking driving lessons to run a motorized scooter! Yes, recovery maynot be funny, but *it is* full ofsurprises, and it **can** be fun!

Thank you all for your prayers prayed;



your prayers promised.

Lucie Ducas, CSC

With the help of Sally Stearns, CSC

U.S. Sector



A Message from Elodie Guiré

Good Day to You, Dear Sisters,

Though a simple thank you seems inadequate it can, nonetheless, offer much for the recipient.

At this end of my three years with the Dominicans, my thoughts are with you and are filled with gratitude to all who have made it possible for me to succeed in my studies.

Thank you for your many supportive gestures of prayer, advice, friendship, and support. With warm hearts, each of you played an important role; from far or near you accompanied me as my journey unfolded.

To you, sisters of North America, I thank you for your many kindnesses during my stay in your Region. In one way or another you contributed to this success. Thank you for the many wonderful moments in your company. The warm atmosphere of caring and understanding touched my heart. These years spent with you will remain with me and I leave filled with precious memories.

To you, my African sisters, I offer thanks for your caring attention of my family through your visits during my absence. You did all with sincerity and caring in the name of friendship and faith. May God reward you.

A few special words to the community of Canterbury are in order. The moral, spiritual, and intellectual support was so important for me during my time of formation. All was given with kindness and perfect competence. I am grateful to Sister Dung for the community animation; for Sister Collette's ministry of interior life; for Rollande's verification of my work; for Trinh's ministry of the arts and of urbanization; and for Sister Lucie's ministry of healthy dishes that nourished both body and soul. Thank you, thank you, thank you!

In Africa, especially in Mali, at the moment of departure one forgives and asks for forgiveness. Therefore, I ask forgiveness of those whom I may have offended and in turn I forgive those whom may have offended me.

I love you ... one and all ... Elodie Guiré, CSC

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