

autumn 2018



pursuing justice, we
seek god's gift of peace.

living peace

congregation of the sisters of st. joseph of peace

transformation



in this issue



The mission of *Living Peace*, a free biannual publication of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace is to build community with a diverse audience by engaging our readers in contemplation and action for justice and peace through informative and reflective articles, poetry and prayers.

If you wish to change your address, or if you or someone you know would like to be added to our *Living Peace* mailing list, please contact Linda Hanson at lhanson@csjp-olp.org or 425-467-5499.

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Cover Art: Mystical Threshold

Joan Fullerton grew up on the plains of Eastern Wyoming. In 2003 she made the leap of faith to relocate and paint full-time in Taos, NM. During her eight years in Taos, Fullerton made her mark and established her reputation as a well-known and respected artist and teacher. In 2010 she moved to Denver, CO where she now alternates painting in her studio with traveling to teach across the country and abroad.

Her work has been in galleries, juried shows and museums, and she has shown internationally in Canada, Italy and Japan. Her work has been widely published and can be viewed on her website: JoanFullerton.com. Her acclaimed online art experience "Paint Yourself Free" will be re-released January 2019. JoanFullertonWorkshops.com

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A Silent Momentum

by Melinda McDonald, CSJP

**God reminds Job how the dawn transforms the earth:
 “Forms take shape like clay beneath the seal,
 colors, like a garment being dyed.”** *Job 38:14*

What is the dawn that leads to a transformation of the earth? Transformation of the church, of congregations, of societies? Whatever other factors, it seems to me that a renewed commitment to the common good is a key to the spread of daylight. Often that means expanding the boundaries of our community of concern.

Some examples of societal transformation come to mind: the abolition of child labor as a common practice; the awareness that “ownership” of one human by another is unjust and oppressive; the shared obligation to provide safety and education to individuals.

I derive hope remembering the swift change in our culture’s perception of smoking. In 1990 the smell of cigarette smoke hung in every enclosed public space, from buses and subway cars to restaurants and concert halls. It was an expected part of life. By 2003, New York had banned smoking in nearly all indoor public spaces. We now generally agree that smokers are free to smoke, but that nonsmokers are also free to breathe smoke-free indoor air. Although the evidence had existed for decades, the momentum for change seemed to grow silently. The visible shift in behavior appeared to take place over just a few short years.

In each of these instances we acknowledged that some practices benefitting one group of people came at the expense of another

less recognized group of people. Our sense of the common good grew from a subset to the whole. This is the message and example that Jesus taught throughout his ministry: The beloved community is broader and deeper than what we experience and believe! In our church and in religious life, to follow Jesus is to examine the boundaries of our love and care.

Who and what might exist beyond the current borders of our concern? Members of a political party not our own? Priests or soldiers who abuse children? Species and ecosystems that don’t often grab our attention? As Sisters and Associates of St. Joseph of Peace, our daily examen includes looking at the quality of our love in all these relationships, at how we serve the good of the whole.

Let us pray for the fire of love to continue transforming our hearts and communities. Pierre Teilhard de Chardin predicts:

“The day will come when, after harnessing space, the winds, the tides, and gravitation, we shall harness for God the energies of love. And on that day, for the second time in the history of the world, we shall have discovered fire.” (*The Evolution of Chastity*, 1934)

Our prayers, wishes and actions contribute to a silent momentum whose outcome we cannot yet see. As we embrace the common good, what will “harnessing for God the energies of love” look like? Where will the light of that blazing fire shine?



FROM THE EDITOR

Complacency Is to Risk Drowning

by Jan Linley

Think about it: The pace of change has never been this fast, yet it will never be this slow again. (Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau, World Economic Forum, January 2018)

We can probably all agree on the truth of Prime Minister Trudeau's statement and attest to how it plays out in our day-to-day. We might also agree that change can be uncomfortable, even when we profess to welcome it. Many of us are worried about the changes we see playing out in the world. Will they cause profound transformation in the wrong direction? But change does not always equal transformation. So, what is the relationship between the two? Author, pastor and speaker Carey Nieuwhof writes that transformation occurs when "the change has been deep enough, long enough and effective enough to change your values and desires."

Change tends to be external, transformation internal. That applies to individuals or groups, to entire societies. It generally takes a series of—what may feel like painfully slow—changes to cause transformation. Transformation may come about as the result of a tragedy like the Grenfell Towers fire or as part of bigger systemic change such as immigration policy or arms trade. We have tried to focus, in this issue of *Living Peace*, on a few areas where there seem to be signs of hope that transformation is in motion and on areas where seeds of change need to take root and continue to grow.

Sister Margaret Byrne explores the response of the community and the government in the aftermath of the Grenfell Tower fire. Sister Katrina Alton and the Congregation's Peace through Justice Coordinator, Frank McCann look at two different versions of the immigration story, one in the UK and one in the US. Due to the current climate, we are unable to use the real names of the people in their respective articles. Meanwhile, Sister Susan Francois writes of some "surprising discoveries" as she examines social sin in the context of communities like the CSJP Congregation and the larger institution of the Church. She points out that transformation is messy and requires a commitment to hard work.

A cancer diagnosis causes Max Lewis to reflect on his attitude to it, to life and to bigger suffering in the world. Addiction is another prevalent disease in our society, and we felt an issue on transformation would not be complete without at least touching on it. Addiction transforms the addict and everyone in their lives and costs billions. It is eroding our societies in ways that are both blatant and subtle. Yet, the recovering addict is part of a holy transformation in the right direction.

Deborah Fleming, Congregation Chief Financial Officer, explains how years of living the vow of poverty

allows the sisters to continue to serve the world in unique ways today. Cristina Turino writes about one of the sisters' oldest ministries, St Joseph's School for the Blind, which has transformed, and been transformed by, thousands of lives since its inception.

And while we are remiss in not addressing climate change in this issue (we will make it up in future issues), we are delighted to have a beautiful original poem by Wendy Mitman Clarke, who like our cover artist, Joan Fullerton, frequently harmonizes with nature, on the page and off.

Susan Dewitt writes about the transformative power of poetry in her life. Indeed, outside of nature and God herself, art, literature and music wield a unique power to inspire and to transform.

The seeds of change often take time to bear fruit. It's a necessary challenge to keep the faith that our words and actions—from voting to making ourselves heard to having the courage of our convictions—do matter and will have an impact. Because to be complacent in a sea of change is to risk drowning.

Bibles Laid Open, Millions of Surprises

by Susan Dewitt, CSJP

A long time ago, when I was a proudly agnostic graduate student of English literature, I was captured by the poetry of George Herbert who spoke to God with intimate love and longing. He spoke to me as well, this well-born gentleman who, in 1629, turned away from courtly and political success to become the Anglican pastor of Bemerton, a small country parish.

My experience of God at that time was familial and theoretical: my ear was tuned to the rituals and language of the Anglican Mass and I knew a lot (or thought I did) about Christian history and theology, but I could not have imagined saying in anguish “Ah, my dear God! though I am clean forgot, / Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.”

His voice lived in my ear and heart for many years, along with the voices of Gerard Manley Hopkins, Emily Dickinson, T.S. Eliot, Denise Levertov, Mary Oliver, Lucille Clifton and so many others. I wanted my attention to be aesthetic, appreciative, but God kept breaking through. My friends, who knew me better than I knew myself, gave me peculiar gifts: a paperback *Lives of the Saints*, folk art images of St. Francis, St. Luke and – of course – St. Joseph, a simple cross. Or, as Herbert says, “Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in, / Bibles laid open, millions of surprises.”

One day in that long journey toward the Beloved I drove up the long dirt road through chamisa and sagebrush to the Monastery of Christ in the Desert in the Chama River Valley of northern New Mexico. There in the simple adobe chapel washed in the light from the mountains was a lectionary open to words that called me. And I knew, and cried, and remembered:

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

A few years later, that long journey led me to the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace and another mountaintop experience in Cathedral Lakes Provincial Park, British Columbia. Called to become a Catholic and then a CSJP, I found again my own gift for words and poetry. Herbert knew all about that:

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
and relish versing.




There is still so much more to be transformed in me, so much that is careless and inattentive and callous, but I hear what George Herbert knew so well: the path of love is opened for us by the One who calls us and loves us. In his best-known poem, Love III, Herbert speaks from the feast of love:

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lacked any thing.

A guest, I answered, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.



The Messy Work of Transformation

by Susan Rose Francois, CSJP

When a butterfly first stretches out its wings and takes flight, its metamorphosis is complete. The winged beauty emerges from a long and messy transformation process, filled with tight spaces, sticky substances, and the necessary passage of time. Newly transformed and freed from its earthbound structural makeup as a caterpillar, the butterfly can now fly and soar to new heights.

The transformation of human communities from the binding structures of social sin—racism, sexism, and other systems of abuse of power and oppression—is equally messy. This transformative process is an ongoing part of the critical work of establishing God’s reign of justice and peace. Because of our human condition, this transformation takes place over time as the truth of human dignity, equality and goodness overcome the reality of evil. Moreover, it requires the emergence of our individual and collective readiness to see that truth and commit to the hard work of transformation, so that we too, like the butterfly, can reach the full potential God imagines is possible.

Surprising Discoveries

The truth of structural sin, of course, is not always easy to see and can be even harder to own when it hits close to home. I recently made two surprising discoveries in our Congregation archives which illustrate this aspect of transformation. The first was an entry from our Congregation Council minutes in 1923:

“Request of Right Rev. Bishop Crimont of Alaska to admit to this Community an Indian girl (Russian

Esquimaux) was considered. This girl was brought up by the Sisters of St. Anne and was 40 years of age. A vote was taken and resulted in one in favor of and four opposed to her admission.”

I was looking for something else when I stumbled upon this entry, but it stopped me in my tracks. I have since found myself wondering about this unnamed woman, then 40 years of age, yet recorded for history only as an “Indian girl.”

I remember another story of one CSJP sister, now gone to heaven, who shared her sadness that her dear school friend was redirected to look at an African American order when she inquired about joining our community. How many more women of color were barred from entrance to our Congregation over the years? What gifts and challenges would they have brought to our mission of peace? In my lament, I echo the words of Sister Teresa Maya in her 2018 presidential address to the Leadership Conference of Women Religious: “We lost an entire generation of religious because of our prejudice, but our merciful God is giving us another chance!”

In their 1983 pastoral letter *Brothers and Sisters to Us*, the U.S. Bishops assert that racism “is not merely one sin among many.” Rather, it is a “radical evil” and the struggle against it “demands an equally radical transformation, in our own minds and hearts as well as in the structure of our society.” I lament our history of exclusion, even as I celebrate our increasing diversity and the sisters and associates from a variety of cultures who have joined us in recent years. I commit to the

transformation of my own heart and mind as I deepen the understanding of my own white privilege and the damaging effects of unconscious bias. This is the work of transformation.

Our founder Margaret Anna Cusack, known in religion as Mother Francis Clare, was herself engaged in the messy work of transformation. Her efforts to end systemic injustices, such as extreme poverty, led to struggles with the hierarchy and her eventual decision to leave both the Congregation she founded and the Catholic Church.

I have been drawn lately to dig into some of her writings from the years after her departure. In her 1889 book, *Life Inside the Church of Rome*—written just one year after she left—I discovered that her challenges with the hierarchy were not limited to political disagreements. A new element of her struggle emerges as she weaves the narrative of her own experiences and efforts to shine a spotlight on the abuse of power by members of the clergy.

She admits that it took her time to see the truth of this behavior. As a new Catholic, when she heard a young woman speak of a priest taking “certain familiarities which she resented,” she was quick to dismiss the accusations as false. “It took a long experience to undeceive me,” she writes.

This experience hit home when her new order was asked by a Bishop “to take charge of a mission where the priest had ruined four of his schoolmistresses, one after the other. His last victim had a child whom she could not support, and so her pitiful story came out.” After Mother Clare pressed the issue, the priest was sent away, “not in banishment . . . but was simply removed from one diocese to another where he retained his rank and his honours.”

At first his replacement seemed pleasant enough, but then another member of the clergy alerted her that the new priest had recently been in jail for public drunkenness and, “he added significantly,” had a housekeeper. After inquiring and finding the accusations

about the special relationship with the housekeeper to be true, she felt obliged to ask the Bishop to assign yet another new priest.

“Here was another flagrant instance of my inability to agree with my ecclesiastical superiors.” She remembers that the Bishop asked her if a bishop is too particular, what is he to do for priests? Nevertheless, he did assign a new priest and the other priest was “honourably removed to a country place, where it was supposed his delinquencies would be less noticed.”

New Light is Shining

No doubt this story was shockingly unbelievable to the faithful in 1889. Mother Clare knew this instinctively, but also recognized that one day the truth would come to light. “It is true that very little comes before the public, for the press is under a control which compels silence, but facts are told in private which one day will be remembered and told in public.” Sadly, today her narrative rings very true and far from an isolated incident. The current wave of the abuse crisis has shone new light on the structures that allowed this evil to pervade into the twenty-first century.

Pope Francis has called for an unprecedented meeting of the Presidents of Bishops’ Conferences from around the world in February 2019. “Both abuse and its cover-up can no longer be tolerated,” declares the Vatican in a press statement, “and a different treatment for Bishops who have committed or covered up abuse, in fact represents a form of clericalism that is no longer acceptable.”

I pray for the intercession of Mother Clare for true transformation of structures which promote and protect human dignity, equality, justice and peace over and above structural sin and the abuse of power. May we, like the butterfly, emerge from the cocoon, ready, willing and able to commit to the messy work of transformation.

“In accord with our tradition we commit ourselves to promote peace in family life, in the church, and in society. We strive to respect the dignity of all persons, to value the gifts of creation, and to confront oppressive situations. We respond to God’s people in need and promote social justice as a way to peace.” (Constitution 11)

FrankSpeak

The Journey from Stranger to Family

by Frank McCann, CSJP-A

With their lives packed into a few suitcases, the young couple and their one-year old daughter were at the airport for their flight to America when the Taliban launched an attack on the airport in Kabul. After a three-day delay, they finally arrived at Newark Liberty International Airport on October 4, 2017. They were allowed entry to the country despite the “Muslim ban,” because he worked for a contractor who assisted the U.S. military in Kabul. They underwent years of what is known under the current administration as “extreme vetting.” After even more immigration screening, we searched for them in the crowded airport using a poor-quality photo texted to our phones.

“Salaam Aleichem! Welcome to America!”

So began our engagement with this young family over this past year. Pope Francis encourages us to welcome immigrants, to engage with people of another culture, “as an opportunity to build peace.” We were determined to do our part to create a relationship of mutual respect that would counter the rhetoric and policies of the current administration. We are, after all, one human family.

An early decision that would have cultural implications was the decision on where to find an apartment for them to live. Paterson, New Jersey is a low-income city nearby where there



are some Afghan residents, restaurants and shops. We invited the family to apartment shop with us explaining the characteristics of various neighborhoods, safety considerations and costs. Eventually we settled on an apartment in Teaneck, a racially and culturally diverse community where our church is located. It would mean fewer Afghan neighbors but would afford more opportunity for volunteers’ support. Happy with their Teaneck home, they have just renewed their lease for another year.

Parish volunteers started teaching English as a second language right away. Three teams were formed to spend time with the family every week. Their efforts continued even when the parents signed up for an ESL course offered by the local community

college three nights a week for three hours a night. Volunteers continue to provide transportation to and from the lessons as well as babysitting services.

Their language has come a long way. This week, the now two-year old was counting in English and holding up shapes and calling them by name. The child development specialist who babysat the other night commented on what a blessing it was to see an example of how children develop the same way despite different cultures and languages. We are, after all, one human family.

The lack of English and marketable skills presented challenges for job seeking. The husband wanted to work immediately on arrival, but official paperwork would take a few

weeks. He found employment six weeks after arrival in a commercial kitchen. His shy smile and work ethic made him a valued employee. Raises have improved his income level, but the apartment is still unaffordable. Affordable is defined as being 30% of income or less. They are not alone; 19 million renters in the US pay an unsustainable 50% or more of their income for housing.

Our family grew fearful after about seven or eight months. Catholic Charities was committed to help for six months, and help stopped abruptly at the six-month mark, catching the family off-guard. Shortly thereafter, they were cut off from receiving TANF (welfare) and SNAP (food stamps) benefits because, according to program rules, the husband was earning too much for the family to qualify. His work was steady but would

he need a second job? Culturally, it would be inappropriate for the mother to place her daughter in child care to work. It would also be a blow to the father's honor. Because they were told from the beginning our church had committed to subsidize the rent for a year, the family began to worry that we would soon abandon them too. We assured them otherwise and obtained a commitment from the pastor to continue to assist with rent.

As coordinator, I would see to the schedule of ESL classes, trips to food shopping, visits to doctors, etc. I came to realize these needs were all being taken care of naturally through the relationships that had been built over 10 months. Our continued daily involvement has moved far beyond being volunteers for a parish program to a genuine friendship.

The former volunteers continually comment on how the family could not be more appreciative. The family calls to say thank you, or to inquire about an ill family member. They are overwhelmed by the time we spend with them, driving, babysitting, shopping and they constantly want to show their appreciation. Groups have been invited to dinner where we are served many courses of delicious and plentiful Afghan dishes. Recently, we planned an informal second birthday party for the baby to be held in the park. It rained, so instead we were invited to the apartment where we were served a fabulous meal. They teach us about hospitality that is so deeply ingrained in the Afghan culture they share with us.

Strangers a year ago, we are now one family.

Sioux Prayer

Grandfather Great Spirit

All over the world the faces of living ones
are alike.

With tenderness they have come up out
of the ground.

Look upon your children that they may
face the winds and walk the good road to
the Day of Quiet.

Grandfather Great Spirit

Fill us with the Light.

Give us the strength to understand,
and the eyes to see.

Teach us to walk the soft Earth as relatives
to all that live.



One Needs the Other to Transform

by Katrina Alton, CSJP

The phrase “illegal immigrant” has become common parlance to describe men, women, and children, who because of economic poverty, can’t buy their way out of countries crucified by war and terrorism, or droughts and floods. Over the last 15 years all routes to enter the UK as a “refugee” have been closed, creating an asylum system so complex, so racist, and so arbitrary that even experts in this field struggle to keep abreast of changes.

Amidst this cacophony of hate speech and racist policies Pope Francis has constantly spoken of our Christian duty to welcome the stranger, asking “every parish, every religious community, every monastery” to offer hospitality. I’ve met lots of Christians who offer their spare bedroom to destitute asylum seekers, and the number of religious orders doing the same is growing. Religious often speak of the transformative experience of encountering people from other cultures, and the privilege of making real, “I was a stranger and you welcomed me” (Mt25). But what is it like to be destitute and have no choice but to live in a house of hospitality?

I travelled to Birmingham to meet Adam (not his real name), aged 33. For the last three years, Adam has lived in a house of hospitality run by a religious order. At any one time there can be up to six guests, so sometimes the men must share a bedroom. Along with the two priests who also live there, they each help with the household tasks and come together every evening for a meal. Over dinner there is the same banter and teasing that you would find in any family. Later, that night as we sit playing cards, I am struck by how quickly I become part of this intercultural and intergenerational “family”, each of us from a different country, each with a unique story. This is Adam’s story.

Katrina: How did you come to the UK?

Adam: *I came with my family from Zimbabwe when I was 16 on a student visa. After college I qualified as a site engineer and had a work visa. I tried to renew my visa but because I was late they refused. The UK Home Office has very strict rules when it comes to visa applications; if you make a mistake you will have to re-apply, if you miss a deadline your application will automatically be revoked. Before and during my time in the UK all my applications were done by my parents; it’s something I had never done and had no clue about. I only realized when it was brought up at work that my visa had expired. When that happens, you have to go back to your country and re-apply, which could take six months. This wasn’t an option for me. I had nowhere to go back to, especially with the country’s economic and political problems.*

K: What happened next?

A: *I lost my job and my flat. I applied for asylum, as my family all got the right to stay here in the UK; but I was refused. My lawyer told me to put in a second application on political grounds, but that didn’t work either. Now I have to wait under the 20-year amnesty rule.*

K: Is there light at the end of the tunnel?

A: *There is amnesty for people who have been in the UK more than 20 years. But the way things are going it’s hard to say...people like Trump are making it okay to be hostile towards immigrants. With right-wing governments popping up across Europe, and Brexit, it’s brought on a hostile environment – now there is no shame in being racist. Anyone coming here for asylum now is automatically on bail, which means if they break any rules they are done - an excuse to deport people.*

“Now there is no shame in being racist.”



K: How does that leave you feeling?

A: *Uncertain. The Solihull immigration reporting centre is just down the road, so you see their vans around here. Every time I see a van, my heart stops. That could be the end for me. Before all this I didn't have a clue what asylum seeking was about. This whole situation leaves me feeling hopeless sometimes, as an asylum seeker I feel powerless and deflated. Asylum seekers are seen as worse than second class citizens. In most places as soon as people know that you're an asylum seeker you're treated with no respect or dignity.*

K: How is it living here?

A: *There's some real characters here. If they are happy, you feel it, and if they are sad and blue, it hurts you too, and there is nothing you can do about it. I hate that about this place sometimes. I appreciate this house, and I do my bit in contributing: cooking, gardening and cleaning. I don't expect handouts, that's the way I was brought up, so I do what I can to help around the house. I have stayed in a night shelter before, and it's much better here.*

K: It sounds like this has taken its toll on your mental health.

A: *It's very hard. I try to keep myself busy volunteering. I think, when will it end? I want to be free to do what I want when I want. Simple things like going to the cinema, restaurant, or on a holiday. Sometimes I don't want to get out of bed. Being an asylum seeker puts a label on you, like I'm worthless and people are looking down on me. It destroys you; you feel hopeless and worthless. Even looking at the positive side of things, I get my right to remain, where do I start, how do I rebuild my life? In your 20's is when you start a family, make a home, start a business, but I have missed out on all that while waiting.*

K: What would you say to the UK Home Office?

A: *Have respect for people. There is no need to put them through this psychological torture – it messes with your health. I didn't care about politics before. I didn't know anything. Most people don't know what's out there; they can't imagine what people from Syria or Eritrea are running from. Most people don't think about what asylum seekers are going through. Most people don't care. Just give people a chance to build a life.*



After the interview Adam showed me the garden. He has worked hard transforming it into a wonderful vegetable patch, and he talks with enthusiasm about his voluntary work at a refugee project in town.

On the train home Adam's words haunted me, "Most people don't care", and I can't stop thinking about all he has lost, and the ongoing pain of living in this limbo, hoping that the amnesty rules don't change again before he gets his papers in 2020.

The next day Adam sent me this email and photo:

Hi Katrina,

This is a view of the sunset from my room (photo doesn't do it justice) Day and Night. Light and Dark. Hope and Hopelessness. One needs the other to transform. Transformation is an endless cycle. It's like what I was talking about during the interview, sometimes there are good days sometimes there are bad days, but at the end of the day it's like a journey. This is just a phase in my life; things will change one day.



Sequelae

by Jan Linley

While you've been lumbering along for centuries trying to overcome your divisions, I have loved you without regard to race, economic status, religion, sex, or gender orientation. I love you if you're smart or not so much, famous or anonymous, young or old. Ah sweet youth! I especially covet you, your tender spirit and mind so pliable. I have a soft spot for the broken, the wounded, any who need my solace.

I have known your family for many generations. I was quite close to your father, and knew your grandmother, your uncle, too, and your cousin John. There were many others. They were all so excited when you came along, had such hopes and dreams, but so did I. I couldn't wait for you to get older to get to know you better.

I wooed you like a lover on a springtime's eve making you blush and giggle. Your eyes twinkled as I released your inhibitions. It wasn't too long before we became inseparable. I went with you to all your parties and events—showing up at holiday dinners, birthday celebrations, weddings, graduations, anniversaries, intimate trysts, ballgames and barbecues. I was the life of every party.

And I am there now when you are alone, crying into the night fearful, sad and worried. I am there to keep you company while you binge-watch late night television, surf the internet for hours on end. I help you write witty or nasty comments on Facebook. Oh, how I love when we tweet.

When you wake up sick and tired from too much of me and vowing you will never go out with me again, casting your eyes away, I cringe outwardly while I secretly smirk knowing we will probably meet up again before the day is over. This will go on for days and weeks, months and years

while you live two lives. You love me. You hate me. I adore you. I am devoted to you.

I become possessive and enslave you in your very own body, your mind and soul my favorite playgrounds. I transform you into my own version of you. Your goals lose their luster, your dreams remain in the land of sleep. You begin to almost lose sight of yourself. You think about me all day long. When you go a day without me, you decide maybe this isn't the right time to break up after all. I couldn't be happier.

Alas, I see you are weary of our relationship, for real. You truly seem unhappy. You are not as enamored with me, which only makes me cling tighter. You decide we should break it off, but I won't allow it. We've all but stopped seeing your friends and family. We've made scenes and are no longer welcome. You are ashamed, but I don't care. Besides, they are too critical, always so worried. Why can't you quit our dysfunctional relationship? Where is your willpower? Your sense of self-worth? Where is the *you* they love? How can you be so selfish?

They don't understand that you have no control, and it's not your fault. If I have it my way, we will stay together 'til death do us part. And it will. I am hard on all your organs, on every system in your body, top to bottom, but if I can't have you, nobody will.

What is that you say? You are walking away for good? Really? You think you're better off without me? You say you are forever changed by me, made humble, returned to yourself? Well, all right then for you. I can find another to love in the blink of an eye, the birth of a babe. Look around you. I can own this nation, maybe the world.



A Few Statistics from the World Health Organization

- On average every person in the world aged 15 years or older drinks 6.2 litres of pure alcohol per year.
- Less than half the population (38.3%) actually drinks alcohol, this means that those who do drink consume on average 17 litres of pure alcohol annually.
- Some 31 million persons have drug use disorders.
- Almost 11 million people inject drugs, of which 1.3 million are living with HIV, 5.5 million with hepatitis C, and 1 million with both HIV and hepatitis C.
- In 2012, 3.3 million deaths, or 5.9 percent of all global deaths (7.6 percent for men and 4.1 percent for women), were attributable to alcohol consumption.
- In 2014, alcohol contributed to more than 200 diseases and injury-related health conditions, most notably DSM-IV alcohol dependence, liver cirrhosis, cancers, and injuries.
- In 2012, 5.1 percent of the burden of disease and injury worldwide (139 million disability-adjusted life-years) was attributable to alcohol consumption.
- Globally, alcohol misuse was the fifth leading risk factor for premature death and disability in 2010. Among people between the ages of 15 and 49, it is the first. In the age group 20–39 years, approximately 25 percent of the total deaths are alcohol attributable.

There are many evolving statistics on addiction, few on recovery. One study (An eight-year perspective on the relationship between the duration of abstinence and other aspects of recovery. Dennis, Foss MA, Scott CK.) suggests the longer the abstinence, the lower the relapse rate:

- Only about a third of people who are abstinent less than a year will remain abstinent.
- For those who achieve a year of sobriety, less than half will relapse.
- If you can make it to 5 years of sobriety, your chance of relapse is less than 15 percent.

Partial list of addictions other than drugs and alcohol:

Eating Disorders	Exercise
Food	Gambling
Pornography	Sex
Shopping	Smoking
Technology	Work

The Long-Term Impact of Living the Vow of Poverty

by Deborah Fleming, Congregation Chief Financial Officer

The Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace have responded to the most critical needs of the times throughout their entire history. Sisters worked in ministries where they earned salaries and stipends but chose to live simply in fidelity to their vow of poverty. Funds not needed for immediate living expenses were invested with a constant eye toward continuing to respond to the changing critical needs of the times. New ministries were created, and financial assistance was given where it could have the most impact. Over time, the CSJPs have closed some ministries and sold some properties. Funds from these events were invested to provide for current operations, sisters' retirement expenses and ministry support.

change the way companies do business. Instead of not buying stocks, the Congregation began to engage with company management on issues of concern to them. With the help of the Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility and its regional partners, the Congregation has continuously participated in shareholder resolutions and dialogs with corporate management about policies and practices that promote social, economic and environmental justice. Some of the issues being targeted are: access to health, energy and the environment, global supply chain, gun safety, and human rights.

Beginning in the 1990s, many foundations and nonprofit organizations began to take a blended approach to investing to invest in line with their missions as well as to provide needed financial returns. The common belief was that returns for these kinds of investments would be below market rates. The CSJPs made the decision to invest responsibly wherever possible, and to make returns secondary to values.

Around 2007, the term impact investing emerged. Today there are many terms used to characterize impact investing: social venture capital, mission investment, social investment, sustainable, socially conscious, green or ethical investing. Whatever the terms or investment vehicles, the common goal is to measure social and environmental performance with the same emphasis as financial performance. People, the planet, and profit need to be considered together.

For many years, the two US regions of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace have had charitable investments in community development and loan funds. The Leviticus Fund invests capital to serve the poor by making loans to help provide housing, nonprofit facilities, and healthcare centers in the New York metropolitan area. Mercy Loan Fund provides flexible funding for affordable housing in 39 states, and Partners for the Common Good funds opportunities for the poor in 36 states.

In January 2017, a United Nations summit resulted in the adoption of 17 Sustainable Development Goals. These goals are a call to action so that all countries – poor, rich or in the middle – can work together in their efforts to end all forms of poverty, fight inequalities and tackle climate change. The adoption of these goals was a recognition that real global economic



Making an impact with investments is not a new concept for faith-based organizations. The Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace have been socially responsible investors for as long as there have been funds to invest. Historically, they have tried to express their values through investments primarily by avoiding investing in companies whose primary activity is objectionable, such as selling tobacco or weapons, or distributing pornography. Policies have been created that do not allow the purchase of such stocks.

In the 1990s, shareholder activism began to emerge as a way to use the power of investments to

growth means addressing a wide range of social needs such as education, health, job opportunities, climate change and environmental protection. The CSJPs were already making investments in funds that had adopted the guidance of these goals, and they continued to do so. An example is the WHEB Sustainability Fund in the UK region. This positive impact investor uses the 17 goals as a guide. It, specifically, focuses on opportunities created by the transition to a low carbon and sustainable global economy.

Recently the sisters made two new impact investments. The UNICEF USA Bridge Fund is a global fund that supports sustainable development, predominantly in Nigeria and South Sudan. This investment is helping save lives through education, nutrition, water and hygiene. While Global Partnerships is a fund that strives to expand opportunity for the poorest people by providing loans to social enterprises and cooperatives globally, particularly in Latin America and Africa.

Because of their simple lifestyle, the generosity of others and wise stewardship, the CSJPs are able to become more involved in impact investing as a way to continue and sustain the mission of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace into the future, and to continue to make impacts on the lives of the poor and marginalized around the world.

One of the sisters said it well: "Now I know that living my vow of poverty and efforts to live simply have been worth it. We, together, are healing the sick, sheltering the homeless, and providing opportunities for education where there are none. Living the vow of poverty enriches God's people, enriches our world, and also enriches our lives."

Note from the Tide, Falling

Broad Cove, Maine

by Wendy Mitman Clarke, Appearing in 50/50 by QuillsEdge Press

Let me go now.
How else will I ebb true
and clear, all my edges exposed?

Let the terns pierce me
over and over. The eager dart
of their diving does not hurt.

Let me breathe out
to make up for the long breath
in, the holding of so much

water, the manes of weed,
the shoaling mackerel, the burden
of current and time, entangled.

I see you there, listening,
the sound of me slipping
through seaweed fingers,

your coffee cup chipped
and stranded on the granite.
You left it again in your distress

and bare feet, always needful
for some answer beyond
the logic of the moon.

Don't be so selfish, for once.
Let the rocks warm themselves.
Let me lip tenderly the broken shell

and cobbled ruin of the ledge
so the smallest animals see the sun.
Let the mud glisten like silver.

Let me change everything.



The **Heart** Has Its Reasons

by Margaret Byrne, CSJP

The horrific fire that took 72 lives and destroyed Grenfell Tower in London in June 2017 has faded from the media, but for those following the story much has been happening. However, to ask if there has been a transformation is surely premature. A transformation of what? Among whom, where? And what would a transformation look like in any of a multitude of places and people, individuals or collectively? Superficially, one could judge that there's been no transformation, not if one thinks in terms of some great change, a reorientation, a lasting conversion or a happy ever after scenario. History may well see the fire as a turning point but, a year and a bit on, it is surely too early to say. For now, and for too many, change has been slow in coming.

At the time of the first anniversary of the fire, we heard that more than half of the families who had been living in Grenfell Tower or the immediate neighbourhood were still waiting to be rehoused in permanent accommodation. Although this figure is being steadily reduced, the catalogue of broken

promises on the part of the Government and the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea erodes trust at a time when mutual trust is so greatly needed. One pertinent example: the announcement at the end of July 2018 that the Borough Council would soon take control of the site was greeted with outrage on the part of many survivors who blame the Council itself for the cheapskate refurbishment that, it seems, contributed to the fire and for the coldness, not to speak of tardiness, of the official response afterwards. Very quickly, however, that decision about handing control to the Council was rescinded with the Government itself taking over responsibility and re-committing to putting the bereaved, survivors and the local community at the heart of all decisions on the future of the site. So, a change of heart there, but hardly a transformation. Very significant tensions remain and the public inquiry which is still in its early stages will surely increase the strains as it focuses on a long list of issues that may or may not have contributed to the tragedy.

However, the aftermath of the fire has led to several wonderfully generous and creative initiatives. They called to mind something I read recently in Daniel G. Groody's book, *Globalization, Spirituality, and Justice: Navigating a Path to Peace*. He says that "Spirituality begins in the human heart... Lived out in its personal and public dimensions, spirituality is the way in which the invisible heart of God is made visible to the world." Yes, the heart has its reasons and many responses to Grenfell touch into that deep place which only the heart can know. Even to enumerate some of these responses risks robbing them of their deepest meaning. But I shall list a few.

First, there is the pervasive presence of the heart symbol for Grenfell, a green heart in this case, to remember those who died and as a sign of hope. In the days after



the fire, a trail of hearts appeared along the pavement near Grenfell leading to the place where a local artist sat making heart-shaped frames out of willow, one for each floor of the tower. Of what use are woven hearts at such a time? Given the enormity of the tragedy what else could the artist contribute from her own talents and from her own breaking heart? Today the heart symbol is ubiquitous around Grenfell and willow hearts bearing the words Dignity, Unity, Grace, Peace, Justice, Love are carried in silent walks round the site.

Then there is music. Seraphima Kennedy, writing in the *Guardian* newspaper at the time of the first anniversary, quoted Bertold Brecht, "In the dark times will there also be singing? Yes, there will also be singing" said Brecht. "About the dark times." And singing there is, mostly of determination not to let the darkness win. The congregation gathered at St Clement's Church made it clear, "We shall go out, from strength to strength go on... We'll make the tunes for those who sing no longer."

Several Grenfell songs, including one written and recorded by two teenagers in tribute to friends they had lost, attest to the power of music to bring people together in their efforts to express the inexpressible. The cover of "Bridge Over Troubled Water" by Artists for Grenfell Towers touches into this need to express oneself even while one can't find the words.

*Yeah, I don't know where to begin
So I'll start by saying I refuse to forget you
I refuse to be silenced
I refuse to neglect you
That's for every last soul up in Grenfell.*

The song's producer, Simon Cowell, listened to that song, spoke of how moved he was and said the one word it brought to mind was simply "community". And community is so deeply a matter of the heart, a step towards the transformation of today's overly individualised and privatised society.

Another beautiful song, "GRENFELL from Today," was created by Philip Stopford and Andrew Longfield on the initiative of *Cornwall Hugs Grenfell*. The young choristers of Truro Cathedral sing of the search for "a new day, a new way" where we "create a world we're worthy of...", where we listen and learn to love..., where we all play a part..., where a stranger turns into a friend". You listen to that song and know these are not empty aspirations but real heart-felt commitments to build a better world.

Then there is the project called *Cornwall Hugs Grenfell*. Down in beautiful Cornwall, Esme Page watched the awful inferno, but did not allow the horrific scenes to overwhelm her. Instead, she thought of the needs of the survivors and allowed her heart to be convinced that, yes, something could be done, not by



Esme Page alone but with the tremendous support of the Cornish people and thousands more. So *Cornwall Hugs Grenfell* was created to offer free holidays to survivors and to the firefighters involved. Following the fire itself many of the survivors could not even weep, could hardly feel, so busy were they in holding together what remained of their families. But a week in the tranquil beauty of Cornwall was cathartic. "Cornwall gave me the time and space to deal with my 'true' emotions. There was no more suppressing," wrote one survivor. "The calm and gentle atmosphere of Cornwall encouraged me to let out the pain and take in some of the healing." Some of the healing... – not it all, but it had begun. Likewise, a grandmother shared: "I've felt a transformation in myself. I've felt myself unwind... the knots in my shoulders, the rocks on my shoulders, dissipated. I've seen my daughter transform from feeling weepy all the time into someone who feels and looks elevated." A transformation surely. I see the generous response from Cornwall as a way in which the invisible heart of God is made visible to the world.

There is so much more one could say about the many "small" responses. Why not google *Cornwall Hugs Grenfell* or Grenfell United or the many other organisations that sprang up after the fire? Most definitely, the community spirit is alive and well.

So, to return to the idea of transformation, yes, thank God, many individuals and small groups are experiencing the loving heart of God through the loving actions of others. This is a transformation we can celebrate.



CANCER JOURNEY: Eeyore or Pollyanna?

by Max Lewis, CSJP-A

As a card-carrying neurotic, I expected my first inpatient hospital experience to be awful. There's a reason my friend calls me Eeyore. That was 12 years ago when I needed surgery for popliteal aneurysms. Despite my obsessiveness, I failed to follow the pre-surgery instructions correctly, and as a result I was advised that the type of anesthesia which would be used would cause me to wake up as I was being wheeled into the post-operative recovery room, rather than to slowly awaken. Boredom-averse as I am, I brought a book.

When the post-op nurse saw me reading, she exclaimed, "You're reading!! Get Out! Get out of my post-op! You're wasting space!"

She put me in such a great mood that my hospital stay got off to an auspicious start. Despite this promising beginning, I still expected a terrible experience. What happened, though, was that for my remaining few days in the hospital I simply felt like I was one member of a group, the rest of whose members were tender, dedicated caregivers. My month-long recovery went well.

I've been in great health ever since, so being diagnosed with esophageal cancer in March of this year was quite a surprise; I'd had no symptoms. But the exceptional experience years before prepared me to have a positive view. However, I do have my principles! One must be loyal to one's neuroses. The first couple of weeks I was obsessed with data, reading articles and research, poring over graphs and charts, determined to calculate my prognosis to within

five decimal points. I didn't know how to feel beyond shocked and numb. Most of all I felt the deep desire to spend many, many more years with my wonderful wife Kathy.

As it turns out, my incredible Kathy and my CSJP community were able to soothe my neurotic Eeyore with their inimitable love and support, a healthy dose of faith, and oh yes, a little honey. Shortly after I was diagnosed, Kathy and I attended the CSJP Spring Assembly at St. Mary-on-the-Lake. Even then, I was able to realize that Kathy would be just as beautiful, Lake Washington would be just as beautiful, the sisters and associates would be just as beautiful, no matter what transpired with my health. God's creation would continue to be ineffably gracious.

And so, it has been. I went through five weeks of chemotherapy and radiation feeling happy and peaceful. On August 6th I'll have an esophagectomy. Although the prognosis won't be clear until after the surgery, it really feels as though any fear I might be expected to feel just isn't present. The healthcare staff have been so delightful, so lovely, so inspiring. It's quite moving to watch them tease each other, and me, to keep me entertained and in good humor. It doesn't hurt that our wonderful oncology nurse practitioner Amy calls our sweet oncologist 'Peanut'. My prayer is that our world can move in the direction of everyone's job being dedicated to caring and compassion, like theirs are. More nurses, fewer hedge fund managers!

Sitting daily in the radiation waiting room, I again felt like part of a group, of both caring staff and



patients with perhaps more difficult situations than mine. There is nothing like extra time on your hands and the not so subtle reminder of the value of life to bring priorities and justice to the fore. I've led such a privileged life. I've carried this default assumption that everything in my life should be easy, pleasant, and go my way, unlike the experience of 90% of my sisters and brothers. I thought about them the most in that waiting room. What if I were sitting in a bus terminal in El Salvador instead of a radiation waiting room? Would I hear that the man on my left had been abused by the police? Would the young woman on my right tell me about her brother who'd been murdered by the gangs?

My liberation theology studies this past year have been a profound blessing, showing me that there's a different perspective. It's just simply not all about me! It's about all of us! Campesinos in El Salvador, nurses in the US, villagers in Kenya. In a way that I can't really explain, I feel connected: I feel connected to my cancer caregivers, to my earlier aneurysm caregivers, to our wonderful CSJP sisters and associates. I hope it isn't too presumptuous to say it, but I feel connected to the oppressed people of Latin America I've been reading about via liberation theology. And most of all, I feel so blessedly connected to my incredible Kathy. Oh, and did I mention that my friend who calls me Eeyore says some days I'm a Pollyanna? I think the truth is on all days I'm blessed whatever name I'm called.

Photos from the PazSalud mission, El Salvador

When We Run Out of Words

by Katrina Alton, CSJP

SECOND IN A TWO-PART SERIES

What happens when we run out of words? We can become frustrated, angry or resentful, and in those moments maybe we lash out. Conversely, when we run out of words, it may take us to a deeper place, a place where our creativity and light reside, a place where we open to the new, a place where our best and truest self dwells.

The arms trade seems to epitomize the worst that can happen when we run out of words, creating a cycle of violence that brings vast wealth to arms company shareholders and untold misery to the victims of war. So how do we speak truth to this power?

Last summer, Campaign Against the Arms Trade (CAAT) brought together a diverse and creative range of groups to stop one of the largest arms fairs in the world setting up in one of the poorest London boroughs. Defence & Security Equipment International (DSEI) is subsidized by the UK government. Despite many reports showing that successive arms fairs have been found to sell weapons that are illegal in the UK, DSEI continues but not unchallenged. Each day the road into the event was blocked, and one such day the activists were all people of faith declaring they have NO FAITH IN WAR. When I first took part in such actions in 2009, we were few in number, with only a handful of arrests. Last year hundreds took part, and there were 112 arrests. I spoke to a few women of various faith traditions who took part and asked them to share what motivates them. When they run out of words how do they express their belief in another way, the way of nonviolent love?

Julie Watson, 50 London




My faith tradition was first Anglican and then the Quaker faith, where I still feel most at home, if anywhere, as I am pretty agnostic these days.

I am not exactly sure what motivates me... I act intuitively from a sense of justice and love that is greater than human, certainly far greater than me! My husband has a clearer articulation of his Quaker

faith, but we generally end up in the same place as regards issues of concern, and as we physically did (with our teenage son) on the day I was at DSEI. Simon was arrested, which after the initial surprise (Oh - there's someone over there who's been arrested. Oh - it's my husband!), felt like our wedding day, when a distressed and possibly suicidal woman asked for us to spend time with her after everyone had gone home from the Quaker Meeting House. It felt like something we were doing together as "helpmates".

My son and I took part in the creative day of action, "Art the Arms Fair", and I feel that the power of the non-verbal is underrated. When we run out of words that are not being heard or become intoxicated with the power of our own words, we can make a different witness. When my husband was arrested, I was holding a large blue billowing banner. It had no slogans but

offered a soft, wave-like energy in opposition to the hard-brutal force of the army helicopter landing nearby.

The children (including our own) at DSEI gave me hope that swords can be turned into ploughshares. Our race is almost run, the world is theirs and the simplicity of this child's chalk drawing spoke powerfully to me. 



Ceri Pryke-Hendy, 31 Nottingham



I'm Methodist. Since I became a Christian when I was 19, I've been involved in the SPEAK Network (a Christian social justice group) but I've also had the chance to spend time on the Catholic Worker farm in Rickmansworth, done an MA in Mission & Ministry, and now I try to put my faith into action in my work as a support worker at a homelessness charity.

I believe that Jesus came to bring peace and clearly demonstrated nonviolence and love. It can be difficult to know how to bring peace to the world when the wars that rage are so complex, and the conflicts go back so far, the scale of destruction can seem irreparable, all the power is the hands of an unreachable few, and it's all taking place in far off countries. But the DSEI arms fair reminds us that even the war machine can be broken down into its component parts: war requires the buying and selling of weapons. When it's happening on our doorstep and sponsored by our government, then I feel we are complicit and we must speak out.

I think that creativity in campaigning brings new life both to the activism and the activists. We know more than ever that we need to bring beauty as well as revealing destruction, to present

our message in new ways for ourselves as much as for others.

I'm part of a campaigning choir and find that demonstrations are more enjoyable and sustainable when I'm singing, and others are more receptive to what we're saying. I would like to think that the numbers are growing because previous actions have brought more awareness to the arms fair and as more people find out about it, they want to speak out against it. We are building on the work of previous activists and the impact is increasing. ☪



Henrietta Cullinan, 56 London



I am a married woman, mother and grandmother. I am involved with the London Catholic Worker, the Faith and Resistance Network, Pax Christi, and Voices for Creative Nonviolence. I am a Christian,

originally Anglican but converted to Catholicism in my twenties.

My faith teaches me to love life, to focus on things that are life-giving for me and others. The arms fair focuses only on bloodshed and death, particularly for the poor and the children of the poor. The gospel teaches nonviolence and peace-making.

Earlier this year I learnt the early Christians were forbidden from fighting in the Roman Army because of the idolatry in which the army held the weapons, camps, armour, all the instruments of war. It is the same now. People put their faith in weapons... instead of nonviolent peace-making, dialogue and all the other ways available.

The arms fair makes known its existence in order to sell more weapons. The police make it plain they are there to protect the arms fair, as a 'legitimate business' even though their job, they told me, is 'to protect human life'. Being arrested is a tool that is available to us. I am putting my time and physical presence—as I lie in the road, sit in a police cell, sit in a court room—behind the message. For me, this is a very prayerful act.

We all need to be able to do 'our thing' in protest, whether that's singing, dancing, as in this photo of women blocking the road whilst dancing their traditional Palestinian Dabke, which is why the faith day works so well. We can do our thing, sing and pray at the same time as protest. In fact, the prayer is the protest. ☪



History and Roots

ST. JOSEPH SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND: Nurturing Abilities for Over 100 Years

by Cristina Turino



Since their earliest days, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace had expressed an interest in the care and instruction of the blind poor. At the same time, Rosalie Grant, a similarly motivated, Catholic parishioner, was given permission to open a refuge in Jersey City. To systemize the endeavor, Bishop Wigger of Newark invited the Congregation to take the reins of the three-year-old Home for the Blind in 1889. This initiated the founding of St. Joseph's School for the Blind, the first Catholic school for blind children on the East Coast, which still stands today as an ambitious innovator in the education of the visually-impaired.

In 1891, Mother Ignatius and four sisters set out to operate the Home, formally educate the children, and collect alms to sustain it all. They hired a blind teacher to instruct the children in braille and other subjects. Eventually, a couple of the older students assisted in lessons, as others translated books into braille for their



library. Boys were taught on the fourth floor of the newly constructed home, while girls studied at three nearby cottages. Although initially serving the residents of the Home, the school soon welcomed boarding students from all-over the nation and other countries. Their education was afforded by donations, but largely by the revenue accrued from the sisters' publication, *The St. Joseph's Messenger and Advocate of the Blind*.

By 1929, the Congregation built a five-story structure that could accommodate their growing student body. The building had 12 classrooms, rooms for vocational study, a library, gymnasium, infirmary, indoor swimming pool, roof garden and dormitories. The children were instructed by sisters in the Diocesan curriculum and took all the required exams. There was an emphasis on braille, arithmetic, and the use of models and reliefs for tactile visualization. Students also partook in music, vocal, dance, art and crafts classes and received speech and physical therapies and counseling. They were often taken on cultural and recreational excursions and participated in the Boy or Girl Scouts. Pupils attended from first through twelfth grade, though some studied at local Catholic high schools while still lodging at the School for the Blind. A few enrolled in university. Others elected to learn trades at the Home, like mattress-making or weaving.

As schools became better equipped at accommodating blind children, the School for the Blind shifted its focus to integrating current students into society and working exclusively with visually-impaired children with multiple disabilities, who had fewer resources. In 1960, they began transitioning the population of 45, mostly boarders, into their local schools. Ready children were sent to a neighboring elementary school or to their district high schools. In conjunction with the Mount Carmel Guild, which provided



assistance and brailled materials, itinerant teachers oriented the children in their new environments and visited their schools on selected days for 50-minute lessons in braille fundamentals or to supply books.

The second part of the mission required the gradual transformation of the institute. The staff slowly grew with the introduction of more sisters and employment of experts in mobility, psychiatry, social work, special education, and other specialties. Sisters undertook coursework in standard and emerging methods in special needs education and received certifications. The evolving curriculum was tailored to meet every child's specific needs and abilities. And, classroom space was reconfigured as students were encouraged to live at home. Still, for a short period, the lack of space inhibited the acceptance of new students. Meanwhile, a new law resulted in most of the educational fees being covered by state funds, leaving the school to gather the rest via fundraisers and donations.

In the last 58 years, St. Joseph's School for the Blind has continued to change and grow to enhance the lives of visually-impaired children with multiple disabilities by nurturing their abilities. In 2007, it relocated to a 75,000 square foot, state-of-the-art facility, where they currently serve 63 students aged 3-21 in day programs for preschool through high school and 61 children under three-years old in the Early Intervention Program. The staff is comprised of 60 qualified educators, therapists, specialists, social workers, and other professionals. Since 2012, they have also provided services and activities for adults 21 and older with special needs.



we invite you to **connect & participate**

consider becoming a sister

In the USA contact:

Sister Coralie Muzzy, CSJP, Congregation Vocation/
Formation Director, cmuzzy@csjp-olp.org

In the UK, contact:

Sister Maureen Brennan, CSJP, Regional Vocation
Director, maureenbrennancsjp@gmail.com

consider becoming an associate

Women or men who share our concerns and
charism, contact:

Sister Coralie Muzzy, CSJP, Congregation Vocation/
Formation Director, cmuzzy@csjp-olp.org

request prayer support

*Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything,
by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let
your requests be made known to God.*

—Philippians 4:6

Our sisters and associates pray daily for friends, supporters, all who ask our prayers and those linked with us through the Pious Union of Prayer. The original purpose of this Union was to form a network of prayer for peace in homes and in families. Send a request online by selecting "Prayer Request" from our website home page menu, www.csjp.org or by mail in the U.S. using the return envelope.

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Personal transformation can
and does have global effects.
As we go, so goes the world, for
the world is us. The revolution
that will save the world is
ultimately a personal one.

Marianne Williamson