

Heartbeats

**Servants of the
Holy Heart of Mary**

April, 2018

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A Spring Poem from Sr. June Hoffman

Carol, in response to your request, I send you a poem by Robert Louis Stevenson, which has been a part of me for a long time. In college at Mount Mary College many years ago, I belonged to a singing group where I learned this poem which was set to simple music. Each year at this time I aggravate my community by trying to sing it in a child's voice, which I guess I don't do very well. It is from Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses". I think the title is "The Birds".

The Birds

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow
candlelight,
in summer quite the other
way,
I have to go to bed by day.
I have to go to bed and see
the birds still hopping in the
tree
and hear the grown-up
peoples' feet
as they go by me on the
street.

Now does it not seem hard
to you
when all the sky is clear
and blue,
and I should like so much to
play
to have to go to bed, BY
DAY!



Sr. Loretta Finn's Blessing as PSMH Welcomes AMITA President Mark Frey

Note: On Wednesday, March 28, Sr. Loretta Finn represented the Servants of the Holy Heart of Mary at a brief prayer and welcoming of Mark Frey, the CEO of AMITA as he toured St. Mary's. Providentially, the date chosen for the meeting was the anniversary of the foundation of St. Mary's. Following are Sr. Loretta's words.

The Servants of the Holy Heart of Mary was founded at Paris during the religious and political turmoil of the mid 1800 for the orphaned and abandoned children of Paris. Father Delaplace and Marie Moisan wanted to serve the desperately poor so, in 1860 they opened the Holy Family Orphanage for the Christian education of children. As the number of children at the orphanage grew, more young women came to assist. Within a few years the women expressed a desire to consecrate themselves to God and the Congregation of the Servants of the Holy Heart of Mary was formed for the Christian education of children and care of the sick in hospitals and in their own homes.

As the Congregation grew, Father Delaplace discerned a call to open mission in the United States, and Canada.

Today we continue to serve in a variety of ministries in France, United States, Canada, Cameroon, Cuba,

Argentina, Peru and the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

The history of St. Mary's Hospital goes back to 1897 when 3 SSCMs staffed the first hospital in Kankakee, EMERGENCY HOSPITAL, a two -story building with 11 beds.

It is with great joy that I am still able to volunteer in Pastoral Care at St. Mary's and keep 'alive' the spirit of the founding sisters: faith, service and family spirit.

My prayer is that St. Mary's Hospital will always be blessed with an administrator and staff, employees and volunteers, who witness values of hope, compassion and authentic care with excellence and a family spirit.

Our prayers are with you, Mark. May the Holy Spirit be your guide and your strength.

On March 25, our Servant Companion Rama Canney renewed her commitment for 5 years. She sends a letter to you....Carol, sscm

April 4, 2018

Dear Sisters,

You may know by now, I requested permission from Sr. Carol, to participate in the Servant Companion Program for the next 5 years. After discernment by me, my community and Sr. Carol, the request was granted! My heart is full of gratitude and love for all of you!

I am privileged to be one with you, to work and live with you. I find the SSCM religious order to be a) alive in Christ, b) sincere sharers of the Good News of Christ, c) effective in bringing about a deeper love for Christ in self and others, and d) heartfelt in bringing Christ's love and help to those we encounter on our many and varied paths.

Here are just a few specific reasons, I feel I am called to be a part of the SSCM family:

- I feel the charism of faith, family-love and self-giving is an ever-present, strong umbrella protecting against the culture of greed, self-centeredness, disregard

for people and forgetfulness of God.

- I love and benefit greatly from days of recollection, community prayer, retreats and province days.
- Although life is very busy, there is encouragement and enough time for solitude and silence.
- I love to be around the Sisters of our Province.
- I continue to grow in love, faith and charity and understand more deeply what "God's definition of love" means.
- The desire to give my life in service to God continues to grow.
- I see in each Sister in my community various attributes that are attractive and inspiring.
- The long-time gentle nudging to live more simply, with moderation, and to want less has progressed and I am making progress.
- The accountability that comes in community to: ministry, prayer, daily Eucharist and a Christ-like way of living is good for me.
- I enjoy the camaraderie, support and encouragement from the Sisters and the women and men we associate with.

Certainly, there are challenges, but the benefits far, far outweigh them. Frankly, the challenges are most likely good for me. I don't think my spiritual life, my ministry, or my emotional life would be so Spirit-filled if I was not one with you. It is my goal and hope that I am also an asset and a help to the community I live in, and to the province in general.

I wanted you to know what I think of you and what a blessing you are!
In Christ's love,
Rama Canney

Spring Thoughts from Sister Carol

For me, spring is synonymous with baseball. My family is a baseball loving one. My uncle, Bud Smola, was a pitcher in the minor leagues before and after his service in WWII. He told us that he was one of the reasons Jackie Robinson made the major leagues. (Because Jackie would always get a hit off my uncle).

Growing up, I loved to watch the young men

blasting the covers off 16" softballs at Sawyer Avenue School playground across from my home. I enjoyed watching my uncle pitch semi-pro ball on Sunday afternoons. I always liked baseball but I can track my love for the sport back to a particular time and place. Time: June 3, 1955. Place: 35th and Shields on the South Side of Chicago, Comiskey Park. I was 11 years old. I don't remember who took me to that magical place with the bright lights and the green, green grass, but I am eternally grateful. The Chicago White Sox became my team of choice that night when they beat the hated New York Yankees in a close game, 3 – 2.

Through my high school years, I was a dedicated fan of the game. The players were much easier to access at that time. They graciously signed autographs for free. They and their families came to fan club picnics at near-by forest preserves. They played baseball from February to September and had real jobs like our dads in the off-season.

If it weren't for Comiskey Park, I do not know when I would have met people of other races. It is there that

the restroom matrons of the right and left field powder rooms treated us like their daughters. "Don't you run after those ball players!" "Be good girls, now." It is when Penny shared her photo album with pictures of her wedding and Alice invited us to her home on Lawrence Avenue, that some long-standing prejudices were diminished. It was when we joined the fan club for Minnie Minoso, led by Afro-American young women, and they joined our clubs, that our love for the game changed our outlook on those who we would not have otherwise easily known or understood.

I know I kid about the Cubs, but I wish them well. My heart is always with the South Siders, though. I like the way the White Sox took bold steps and traded away some stars to get some younger and untried players. That sounds like hope and risk to me. I will be watching them closely this season and hope to get to a number of games. Go, Sox!