

SOCIETY OF THE SACRED HEART PROVINCE OF INDIA NEWSLETTER



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My Experiences at Kaleidoscope 2018

This is my second Kaleidoscope in the college. I asked myself, what did I learn from this big event? On deeper reflection, I became aware that I have learnt a lot in the process of helping out at Kaleidoscope. I was inspired by the team work of the students.



I experienced their true love for the college and their dedication and commitment to their duty and their sense of responsibility. I would like to mention two teams which inspired me and taught me the value of students' dedication.

I was very inspired by the **Security Team**. They had a big number of F.Y.J.C. students in their team. What I liked in this team was they met every day and prepared the students, educating them to be kind, helpful and welcoming to all who come. They also trained them to manage security effectively. They advised them not to be rude but to handle difficult students and crisis situations with patience and wisdom.

The other team that inspired me was the **Fundamentals Team**. This team had to deal with the requirements for all the formal and informal programmes of Kaleidoscope. They had a lot of responsibility and had to be on their feet the whole time. They had to provide materials for different activities. They were thus the hub of all activity. They did this with great enthusiasm. What I liked in them was the collaboration and effectiveness with which they worked with each other.

Kiran Kumrawat, rscj

When Love and Compassion Overcome Fear

For some years now I avoid the use of lifts. My phobia is a real hindrance at times, but I have learnt to live with it. Walking upstairs is healthy, being unable to visit friends and relatives beyond seven floors in hospitals or in homes is a problem.

We often hear of Mothers who get some inner energy and power to move even heavy objects if their child is in danger. I had a similar experience recently and realized that I did get the grace to step into a closed lift to go 11 floors up to visit our Nursery child who is dying of cancer. With five tumours in his brain, and his little body fully affected, he is still fighting for survival.

Panav Doshi is just three years old. But he is a living miracle. His father is a CA, his mother a doctor. It is painful yet inspiring to see them smile through these difficult months.

Panav has made me realise each day is a blessing and a gift – how do I use it?



Mrs Aarti Goenka, his teacher, has been in constant touch with the mother to assure her of our prayers and support. She told us that a day did not go by without him saying, “Chalo, chalo, let’s go to school!”

Two weeks back, the parents brought Panav to school. He has lost his eyesight, but kept calling out names, and was smiling for joy.

The world stood still for a moment: parents and staff looked at this little family with awe and wonder. Many of us were reduced to tears, the mother burst out crying when she entered his class. Panav kept smiling, his dream fulfilled.

He continues to be held in our prayers and love.

- **Charlotte Bastion, rscj**

Life An Exciting Journey

Life can be described by varied metaphors. I like the metaphor of a train because it has a starting point and an ending point or destination and many stations all along! One gets into the train of life at birth. Slowly one adjusts to one’s surroundings and makes oneself comfortable. One then makes friends with those around, admires the changing scenes outside, enjoys the picnic food from one’s bag and the vendors who sell *Chatpatta* for *time pass* and of course the luxury of dozing every now and then, or taking a long nap whenever one wishes! With modern technology invading every space now, watching films, listening to music or songs or just gossiping or even doing business on the mobile or laptop is not uncommon today. Life is very enjoyable, busy, and full of amusement and fun! But as one approaches one’s destination, all activities come to a grinding halt. One gets busy tying up loose ends and packing up one’s scattered luggage, waiting expectantly for the train to pull into the final station.

As President of the Fellowship of Indian Missiologists (FOIM) I fulfilled my duties meticulously to the core: wrote my paper, made sure that the FOIM book was published in time and made all the arrangements for the Silver Jubilee celebrations of FOIM – souvenirs, bookmarks, welcome speeches, minute time management planning for the Research Conference cum Seminar, guests from abroad, entertainment, sight-seeing et al! Tickets for the FOIM Conference in Gujarat and a trip to the US were booked. I was scheduled to leave for Gujarat on 22nd October and to the US on 3rd January 2018. But, man proposes, but God disposes! God the Master Planner had a new and exciting plan for me. I was detected for breast cancer on 18th October 2017.

At the drop of a hat, all plans changed. I had a Mastectomy on 27th October 2017 and a port for chemotherapy was inserted into me on 27th November. Chemotherapy began on 1st December 2017. As co-ordinator of JPIC of the Indian Province, I was scheduled to attend the International JPIC meeting in the Philippines in November 2018. From November 2017 to May 2018, I enjoyed doing JPIC work-getting communities to read, reflect and send me their responses, at times trying as well! June and July were spent with my own Silver Jubilee preparations. My Silver Jubilee went off well – I had three celebrations: one in the community on 18th July the real day, then a family celebration on 22nd July in a hall; and a dinner hosted by my community for the rscj of Sophia Campus 1st August!



In the patio of Palacio de Estafano

My Jubilee was a shower of blessings. Yes that's how it felt-celebrations galore! On 8th August was my God-child Dr Dale's birthday and the family had a big birthday bash for him. On 9th August I flew to Goa with my younger sister and brother-in-law for a short holiday – their generous Jubilee gift to me. It was like a real Honey-Moon trip as they did



In the casino

everything for me-carried my bag, made juices for me, arranged for tender coconut water daily et al. I had the luxury of a big AC room all to myself in their home and a super holiday far beyond my imagination! Our good neighbours in Goa sent us home-made Goan breakfasts every day which I enjoyed thoroughly. I was invited for lunch and dinner every day and even had to refuse invitations, as I had to return to Mumbai for my chemo. I just ate delicious meals in different hotels and homes mostly of relatives, prayed, slept a lot and partied frantically as I had not done for years-played Tambola in the club, saw a lovely musical Konkani Film *Nachom-ia Kumpasar*, went fishing to *Reis Magos* Fort, visited my brother Jude's *Palacio de Estafano*, an old palace converted into a hotel, his architectural Masterpiece; and even went to the Casino with a group of relatives. And all this in just a week!

I returned on 17th August, rested for two days and began my radiation planning on 20th August. I had my chemo on 21st Aug which was a disaster, as again I had reactions because of the port. I thus cancelled my radiation on 22nd Aug and so had my 1st radiation on my birthday, 23rd Aug. In this way my birthday this year was unique. The community organised two celebrations for my birthday - a big breakfast on the real day and again a celebration on Sunday 26th Aug with my family. We the College Community are indeed a happy and celebrating community! Praise the Lord.

Radiations were more difficult than the chemos, as I had to go daily. It drained me of my meagre energies. Radiations got over on 14th Sept. On 20th Sept I went to Rathodi for Fr Edward's sister, Ruby Aunty's 85th Birthday on 22nd Sept. It was a grand celebration at *Bageecha*, Malavni.



Aunty Ruby in the Centre at Bageecha

On Sunday 23rd Sept, I tagged on to the



With the Bandra Food Philanthropists

Ladies' Sodality of St

Anthony's Church, Malavni and Infant Jesus Chapel, Kharodi, and went to Mount Mary's Basilica, Bandra, along with two busloads of women of all ages. There I discovered that a man named Mathew from Cosma Colony, St Francis of Assisi Parish, Bandra, who began a good deed in 2009 of distributing free food packets to pilgrims coming to the Mount, on the 1st Sunday after the feast and fair; this has escalated and become a huge philanthropic work today, where 1600 pilgrims are fed.

I am now back to the grind, in my room 24x7. Who says life is boring? I enjoy every minute of my life and all that it has to offer me, for God loves a cheerful giver.

- **Mudita Sodder, rscj**

Waiting, Waiting In Hope, God Almighty!

In a moment of time, the sky opened and watered the earth.
 Glad heart, sing the praise of God!
 How cooling is the air,
 How I think of you –
 You came to gladden the dry parched land of farmers.
 Then they sowed the seed and,
 Giving love and care every day,

They watched the seed give birth
And new life start flourishing.
The paddy was ready to be harvested.
But before it could be reaped,
The earth shook, the mighty wind and rain came down.
Rock and sea grew furious
And upset the foundations of the earth.
In a moment of time, all hopes were washed away –
Human lives and animals, all destroyed.

How sad in heart!
Again they turn to you, O mighty God.
You are the destroyer and the source of life.

- Terezita Puthiampuram, rscj



Exploring - Who Am I?

A 'live-in' was organised for the members of the Association of Christian Students (ACS), previously known as the Duchesne Club, during the Ganesh festival break. Eleven students ranging from FYJC to TYBA participated in this activity. We were happy to have good participation from the FYBSc too, thanks to the efforts of Sr. Rajani. The live-in began early evening of the 12th of September and concluded on the 13th evening.

Over the years the focus of ACS has been four-pronged, namely, deepening one's relationship with God, understanding oneself/personality development, building a network of interpersonal relationships among the students and incorporating some element of service or outreach. And the objective of this live-in was to help them understand themselves and each other, and to guide them to a deeper relationship with

God. Basically we wanted them to have a rich enjoyable experience so that it would motivate them and encourage active participation in the activities of the club.

The theme for this program was “Who Am I?” There were various sessions and activities organised. The participants were invited to explore the question “Who Am I?” in and through all their experiences as well their own personal reflection/prayer. The session began with prayer followed by the introduction of each one, a simple icebreaker and a



sharing of expectations. This was followed by a reflection and sharing on what was their understanding/ relationship with God. This was also expressed in symbolic drawings. In the evening after supper, Sr. Rajani and Kiran accompanied them for a walk to Amaron Garden where they enjoyed the scenic beauty of the sea and played some games. The day ended with the participants watching the movie ‘Love Comes Softly’.

The next morning, after breakfast, the girls were guided to spend some time in dialogue with nature followed by a sharing of this experience. Later in the morning they had an input on the various aspects of the self and how each of these needs to be nurtured. This was followed by time for interaction/games and a review and feedback session. The students had an enjoyable and meaningful experience. We are hoping to have a follow-up session in Bhokar at the end of October.



- *Patricia D’Souza, rscj*

A Tryst with Philippine



One of the special dimensions of my recent trip to the US – to be a part of the Frontiers Conference, where I had been asked to present a paper – was being able to reconnect with two of my co-probanists in this, our 20th year since making our final vows. For Yuka Arita (a Japanese rscj from the Philippine province), Erzébet Szilágyi (from Hungary) and myself, it was indeed a grace that not only were we able to meet, but that it was happening in the context of a pilgrimage to Sugar Creek and a conference inspired by Philippine.

And truly, we felt so close to Philippine in those days. The USC province and the alumnae of the Sacred Heart schools of the region made the experience a blessed one. The evening before, we were given a historical background to the period. The next morning, at crack of dawn, we were off. The bus ride was five hours long, but it gave the three of us the opportunity to catch up on the news of the last 20 years – or it would have, except that jet-lag caught up with me, and I slept through most of the journey! But we made up for it in the next few days, so I didn't feel too cheated or too sheepish.

As we reached Kansas, there were a number of stops, first at the Indian Pay Station near St.



Mary's, then at one of the former Sacred Heart Schools, now called 'Skyscraper of the Prairie', and then to the cemetery where a number of our early sisters were buried. But the peak of the pilgrimage, for me at least, was the next day, when we visited the Saint Rose Philippine Duchesne Memorial Park at St. Mary's Mission. The Park is located on the very site where Philippine's log cabin and the tiny settlement stood. Little remains of the early buildings, but there are some traces, and the spaces occupied by the cabin etc are marked out.

For me, the moment when I felt Philippine's presence most strongly was towards the beginning of the woods, at a spot where it is believed that Philippine would sit each day and say her rosary – remnants of a broken rosary found under a rock there supported this belief. Perhaps the story is apocryphal, but I know that as I stood there, I was enveloped by such a strong feeling of her presence, inviting me to enter the silence and the darkness with her, reminding me

of the price she had paid for all that the fledgling foundation had achieved, smiling as she assured me that at the core lay the pearl of great price, which for us is epitomised by His Heart. A profoundly moving moment, the memory of which lies 'locked in my heart-strings'.... Thank you, USC province, thank you, Philippine!

- **Ananda Amritmahal, rscj**