

CHN NEWS

**THE
NEWSLETTER OF
THE COMMUNITY
OF THE HOLY
NAME 2011/2012**



Journeys and Resting Places

Psalm 139 reassures us that God traces our journeys and our resting places, and 2011 has been another year of journeying for CHN, the Fellowship and our families and friends.

Certain journeys stand out for different reasons:

Sister Monica visited our two African Provinces and Sister Patricia of our South African Province spent three months with us here in England. Shirley Miller of the Fellowship and her husband Terry had a memorable trip to Venezuela and Sister Verena experienced a week's retreat on Bardsey Island.

Sisters at all different stages of their life in CHN continued the journey of discerning God's purposes for them; for Novice Sister Lucie this meant the commitment of Profession to First Vows in January, and in February Sister Catherine renewed her First Vows for a further year.

Sister Liliás spent time reflecting on a different journey, that of diminishment, and she writes movingly of her experience.

And, Sister Francesca Mary, after a rich and varied life, reached the end of her earthly journey in November 2010.

Sisters and members of the Fellowship continued to look together at how the Fellowship of the Holy Name could develop and evolve in the future.

Convent News

Celebrations



**Constance and
Father Norman**

The year began with Novice Sister Lucie's Profession In First Vows which took place on 25th January. It was good to welcome her friend Alan from Edinburgh, pictured here with Lucie, to share in the occasion.



Lucie and Alan

In February we rejoiced with Sister Constance on the 50th Anniversary of her Profession.

Fr. Norman Banks with whom Sister had worked in Newcastle was able to be with us to preside at the Eucharist.

Contents

Page 2	Convent News
Page 6	Sister Francesca R.I.P.
Page 7	A Retreat on Bardsey Island
Page 7	My Visit to England
Page 8	Africa, Here I come...Again
Page 12	Venezuelan Odyssey
Page 13	A Journey into Diminishment
Page 15	Hospitality
Page 18	Fellowship of the Holy Name
Page 19	Fellowship Day
Page 20	Stop Press



It was a great joy to celebrate the renewal of Sister Catherine's First Vows in the context of St Chrysostom's, Sunday Eucharist on 6th February.

Sister Monica, who had arranged to visit the Manchester household at this time preached a sermon about risk, and the laying down our small individual Picture of God, others and the world in order to make space for God's 'Big Picture'.

Father Ian, Julie, Catherine, Monica and Tracy at St Chrysostom's Guests

We welcomed many visitors to the Convent for Quiet Days, for Spiritual Companionship, to live alongside for a short while and for retreat at the Cottage; but our friends and neighbours also came on special occasions.

On New Year's Day we invited neighbours to an 'Open House' which was well supported and enjoyed by all who came.

During Lent we had local clergy involved in sector ministries to speak to us about their work and outreach in university, hospital, prison and industry chaplaincies. There was interesting discussion and we were given lots to pray about.

Open Garden

It was a lovely day for our Open Garden. We try to vary the time of year for it so the visitors can appreciate the beauty of the different seasons. Lots of neighbours and people from local churches crowd in. They know that there are plenty of plants for sale, cups of tea and homemade biscuits. We do not ask for an entry fee or charge for refreshments but somehow altogether people are overwhelmingly generous and we made £600.

It so good to see people just relaxing together around the garden and so many go quietly into the chapel and leave their prayer requests. We thank God for the beauty of His creation.

Super Soup Lunch

It was a Christian Aid initiative – Make a large pot of soup, invite friends, neighbours, people off the street – and all and sundry – for a bowl of soup and a roll. Donations to Christian Aid. So we said 'Why Not?'

Saturday April 2nd – the Convent kitchen was a hive of activity making soup – 4 large pans were ready – (only 2 varieties; tomato and leek and potato, more would have confused the issue) – and people arrived – from local churches, neighbours, friends and some who'd never been in before but were curious about the Convent at the end of the drive.



The soup was popular and many came back for seconds (we hope their donation was double!) Would it last out until closing time, we wondered? It did - just. People trickled in and eventually trickled out, replete with soup and pockets lighter – Christian Aid the richer by about £250.

Christian Aid said – “Thank you for all your amazing efforts. Whether you raised £2, £20 or £200, every pound you made will make a real difference.”

A Weekend Visit to the Convent

Seven members of St Chrysostom’s church, Manchester, spent a weekend with the sisters at the Convent, with the opportunity to experience the Daily Office and Eucharist in the Chapel, to enjoy fellowship together in the Guest Cottage and to have some quiet time in the library or, thanks to the sunshine, in the gardens (and to see the daffodil field at its best!)



A Short Journey From the Convent



Is it a Constable or a Rembrandt?

and day trips, gardens and gadgets and many other things beside. Many come for a bit of company and a cup of coffee or to have some relief from caring for a spouse who may be not so well in one way or another. A lot of mutual sympathy and help goes on under the chatter.

A Motley Crew!

Sister Marjorie Jean goes weekly to an art group at a nearby village where members draw and paint whatever interests them. Also she goes to a craft group at Oakwood Church weekly.

There, members enjoy a great variety of activities or none... embroidery, knitting, card making, stencilling and whatever else someone has explored and wants to share.

In both groups conversation is lively, news of grandchildren and in some cases "greats". Discussion ranges over doctors and diabetic meals, strange callers

Branch House Snippets

Manchester: As a response to gun and knife crime in South Manchester the communities of Longsight and Moss Side have for the past eight years held a Peace Week; and we were pleased to join in. Various activities take place drawn from the different local cultures. Workshops on various kinds of music, dance, art etc take place and, among them, sessions for children on making lanterns which are then used in the lantern parade. Groups from the two areas march to the music of samba bands towards a central meeting point for an evening of celebration of the signs of peace around us.



Peace Lanterns



Procession around the New Church

We were also privileged to share in the consecration of the new local Russian Orthodox Church. An event, full of pomp and ceremony, wonderful music and plenty of icons and incense. The church, round the corner, is one of many denominations in the parish: Armenian Orthodox and Church of the Nazarene being two of the others less commonly encountered.

Lambeth: The Sisters are asked to be part of the Lambeth Palace hospitality team. This involves attending some of the Archbishop's receptions which provides opportunities to meet some very inspiring and interesting people.

The sisters also provide pastoral support for Lambeth Palace staff and in the past year this has ranged from the more usual idea of pastoral care to more esoteric items such as buttons and sewing items for mending a skirt and a waistcoat, an iron and ironing board for a staff member attending an evening reception, 'pet sitting,' use of the guest bed for emergency overnight stays, as well as a series of Lent lunches for members of staff. Staff needing a 'listening ear' know they can visit the Cottage at any time for a chat and a cup of tea.

Peterborough: As we live here, put down roots and try to befriend and pray for our neighbours, we hope that the offering of a bit of sympathy, a bit of garden beauty and a bit of stability, may offset some of the increasing problems as the under-privileged live with the results of the banking collapse and recession.

One of our favourite stories is about a four-year old neighbour, Stevie, who was fascinated by a flower which appeared near our garden gate. He would stop and stroke it, and bring his mum to look at it. Then one evening he rushed through the gate crying out, 'The beautiful flower's gone, the beautiful flower's gone!' Fearing petty vandalism, I ran to see, but found myself explaining, 'It's ok Stevie, it's gone to sleep; it's petals have all closed; it will wake in the morning and you will see it again and here are some more buds coming too.'

Sister Francesca Mary CHN
1916 – 2010
Professed 15th September 1953

Sister Francesca Mary was a woman of great determination. She hadn't a great deal of education and started her working life in service in one of the large establishments which still existed up to World War II. But she was always anxious to do something useful for people and for God and managed to get some training in what was then called by the awful title of 'Moral Welfare', and worked, I think, in a Mother and Baby Home.

It was inevitable, therefore when she entered CHN in 1950, that before long she would be working in one of the Community's Homes. She worked first at the Home of the Good Shepherd, just down the road from the Convent, which was mainly for girls under care and protection orders, and later at St Catherine's, West Malvern, the home for unmarried mothers and their babies. Francesca Mary had the same determination for people that she had for herself, that their lives would not be wasted even after an unfortunate beginning and her care and love helped many of the girls under her care to do very well. That they appreciated this is shown by the fact that some of them were in touch with her, and indeed visited her to the end of her life 40 years later. She even had visits from some of the 'babies'! A few months before she died, one of them visited her bringing her own teenage son to meet her.



**Sister Francesca - Busy
with her Knitting**

The homes closed around 1970 owing to changing attitudes resulting in changing needs. After that Sister worked in a newly-opened Mission House in Basingstoke. Then for some years she lived in a sheltered housing complex in Nottingham with another sister; lastly, she was for a time at our house in Oakham. In all these places she made contacts with all kinds of people and because of how she was brought them nearer to God.

In 2006 she had a stroke which paralysed her down her right side and for a time took her speech. But determination and speech therapy restored it and though chair bound, she was as active as it was possible to be, interested in everything and on the whole very cheerful. She used to worry that she was useless and I used to reassure her that at the least she kept me cheerful and I was not the only one.

HIDDEN JOURNEY

Who will understand?
The journey of the soul
In the land of the spirits.
Who will understand?
The destiny of the soul
When the call comes.
Who will predict
The journey
Beckoning
To the
One
Called.

Sister Patricia Sibusisiwe
CHN

She kept her 94th birthday and her 57th Profession Anniversary before she had another stroke and died after a few weeks on All Souls Day 2010.

Sister Judith CHN

A Retreat on Bardsey Island

The morning we were scheduled to cross was very windy but the boat did go but only because the wind was from the north. I have never had such a choppy crossing nor got as drenchingly wet as the waves quite literally broke over us. All very exhilarating. The sun was shining so by the time I had walked to the hermitage – now called Careg Lofft as others besides retreatants or solitaries use it occasionally if it is free – I was almost dry. Because of the loft's varied use now, not only had the Bardsey Island Trust mended the ceiling so that one no longer consumed possible chunks of plaster with one's meals, but it was also freshly painted inside in white and simplified with-out any pictures etc. Upstairs LED battery powered bedside lights replaced the candles (Health and Safety!), bright enough to read by and there was a 'pot' so that one didn't have to get to the compost loo across the garden at night; a great boon. Even so it remains quite a challenge physically with the need to boil **and** filter-purify all water which was already in short supply, as there had been so little rain, to wash in the visibly green water from the butt and to empty the loo into a compost container on a platform alongside the garden in the field. Being little of stature that was quite a feat. But all was well and by pacing myself I visited all the bays and rocks I knew so well, the 'inland' haunts where the springs rise, the ruins and of course the oratory across the hermitage garden. But climbing a mountain was quite beyond me but didn't matter at all.



Bardsey Island from the Mainland

For those of you who love birds and beasts and flowers the island is wonderful. As it is designated as an area of special scientific interest and a nature reserve etc. everything is protected and nothing live but extraneous is allowed to be introduced. There are no snakes, rats or even rabbits since they all died from myxomatosis some years ago. This has led to a shortage of empty burrows for nesting Manx Shearwaters who now have to compete with an increasing population of puffins for housing.

It is always a shock to return to the mainland even after a short spell on an island like Bardsey. Traffic noise intrudes and though all the mod cons are most welcome – as far as I was concerned anyway – the adjustment takes time.

My visit to England - Sr. Patricia

It is so unbelievable that my time to be in England is up, as I feel like I have just arrived. To me, it seems like yesterday when I arrived from South Africa with Mother Monica!

When I came, tired and sleepy, the sisters introduced themselves and I was saying "Oh, my God! Will I be able to remember all these names? They were like too many! Not to mention all the rooms and the doors.

The first few days were like I am in a maze. I know this seems easy, but to a person like me with a minor problem of direction it is a big deal!

Coming to England for me has been refreshing, educational and inspiring. I was able to worship at about seven churches in Derby, one in Blackburn and at four in London (excluding services we had daily at Lambeth Palace). This all happened in the period between 14 April - 07 July.



Sister Patricia with Archbishop Rowan

The British Curriculum has similar features to the South African one. Both have curriculum statements for each subject from which teachers derive and develop their planning. Planning has three stages.

The resources at schools are advanced compared to ours. Learners have an excess to the use of the computers from Grade R (Reception class) to Year 6 (Grade 6).

England is rich with organised open spaces in forms of parks and woods. There are beautiful flowers in the people's homes as well as on the streets (hanging on lamp posts). I found this very refreshing and inspiring especially taking a walk to the woods.

Africa here I come...again

It was a wonderful flight for my third visit to our CHN sisters in Lesotho and Zululand. I knew that I would receive a great welcome and I was not disappointed. But the journey had been tiring so I was looking forward to a good night's sleep. Suddenly I could hear it and then feel it. Something was giving me another great welcome. It was my friend the mosquito! There is an African proverb which says 'If you think you are too small to make a difference try sleeping in a closed room with a mosquito'. Well, I have spent several nights in a closed room with various mosquitoes so I can only think I needed the encouragement of knowing 'You can make a difference.' But how was I going to make a difference?

Highlights

- * meditating in the Convent's garden
- * eating some unusual food (fish pie and onion pie!)
- * visiting schools
- * staying at Blackburn (Sr. Jean's brother's place)
- * going to the races at Cartmel!
- * having meals in the pubs
- * visiting Vauxhall where our community CHN started
- * seeing the Queen during the Trooping of the Colour
- * worshipping at Lambeth Palace and Westminster Abbey
- * taking a picture with the Archbishop of

I believe that I have managed to read more than 30 books! Some of these books were just novels and children's books from which I have obtained vast spiritual lessons. The perspective concerning my calling has been sharpened for the good. As a person on sabbatical, I had more time to meditate and reflect.

There is a lot of knowledge we get from some of our older sisters who have been in the religious community for many years. From them we learn that whatever challenges we face God walks with us. This is what I am taking back to South Africa!



Children at the pre-school, where the Sisters help out



Students at the hostel where Sister Mary Selina works

Each time I feel very much at home in our two provinces as we certainly have a 'family likeness', a common ethos. The convents are places of support for the challenges and joys of each visit to an entirely different culture. The worship at our CHN offices is my foundation even when in a language I cannot understand. The prayer is essentially the same although expressed differently. It is usually more vibrant, even noisy, which by contrast emphasises the deep silences. The length of the church services although at first dauntingly long become meaningful and the worship real and authentic for me.

Each Visit confronts me with many more questions than answers.

The conundrum of poverty and riches,
The differing values in our cultures,
The opportunities for education and healthcare
-or lack of them!

Each visit helps me to find out about the outreach
In each of the two provinces.



Lisebo Mojaje, qualified as a doctor, hopes to return and serve in Lesotho

I am fascinated to listen to Sister Jabu who runs a clinic in Zululand. She speaks simply about her expertise among pregnant women who are HIV positive and her concern about the rising abusive use of the retro viral drugs among illegal drug addicts. I listen to the enthusiasm of Sister Malefu just starting her career in Leribe as an 'environmental nurse' and the work that she hopes to do in preventative medicine.

I find out from the sisters who teach that they are no longer to be called teachers but educators and that the pupils are to be called learners!

Each visit allows me to look at different aspects of the sisters' lives.

I find out about the developments and changes in their countries since the end of apartheid.

I meet with a generation of sisters who grew up only knowing about apartheid by hearsay.



Lisebo's mum who manages the Craft Centre at Leribe

AFRICAN TRACKS

The Sisters At Rosettenville



A Gathering of the Mothers Union

A former student helped by the Basotho Educational Trust, on a building site



Follow the Plough!



Youth Group

**Sisters Malineo and Leboheng
learning by Extension**



**Sisters Returning from Visiting the
Villages**

**Sisters outside the Chief's Office,
waiting for his Signature**





Students supported by the Basoto Educational Trust

During my first week I was able to visit colleges and schools on behalf of the small but lively charity called 'The Basoto Education Trust' set up some 30 years ago to sponsor technical students. It was encouraging to see the present students but also to meet some 'old' students in their places of work.

For the first time I visited Rosettenville (Johannesburg) where our sisters live and we had the opportunity of worshipping in the township of Sharpeville.

I was inspired by the huge congregation of young people there. Many of them may have had relatives who were among the 69 killed and the 180 injured at the Sharpeville Massacre 51 years ago.

They were shot down by the police while peacefully protesting about the Pass Laws. Seeing these vibrant and dignified young people I can think that maybe their ancestors did not die in vain.

Each day ends, wherever I am, with Compline and the time of reflection before it. Had I made a difference during my two month journey? I don't know. But I do know that I am different because of my African sisters.

Sometimes in the UK we say light-heartedly to each other "It's time to bother God again!" and I said this one evening to a very 'down to earth' sister but she replied "Oh, I don't bother God, I just go to chapel and He looks at me and He thinks what a beautiful creation He has made."



The Sisters' chapel in Rosettenville

Venezuelan Odyssey

Our journey of a lifetime had arrived at last! We were off to Venezuela.

My friend of 52 years, Cynth had lived and worked there for 38 years first as a missionary with CLC, then, after her marriage to a Venezuelan Pastor, she worked with him in the church and together they started a Bible School for the denomination, where she is still the Director.

Reinaldo was tragically killed in a car crash 3 years ago, and we were delighted to be going to give a bit of moral support at her daughter's wedding and, to see the country and the people she has worked alongside and ministered to over the years.

Leaving Heathrow at 4am on a wet cold November day, we arrived at Caracas airport at 7.30 pm in 25°C. We stayed overnight in a hotel, giving our bodies a chance to adjust to the 5 hour delay, and left next



morning for San Cristobal, an hour's flight onward in the foothills of the Andes.

The scenery and terrain reminded us of a cross between South Africa and rural Spain, lush and jungly with a slightly uncared for air. Apparently the current Government does not spend money on infrastructure repairs, even though it has a lot of mineral wealth. If you can prove ownership of land you can build anything you want so houses are higgledy piggledy across hillsides and there appears to be one electric cable that everyone taps into.

Cynth lives in a secure apartment block with views of the mountains in San Cristobal which is in a valley with hills both sides so it's a long thin city!

The Church is Pentecostal, with a singing group, keyboard, two sets of drums and guitars, so the services were loud, long and in Spanish, so a joyful noise was made to the Lord!!

The first 2 weeks were taken up with THE WEDDING - so numerous trips to the city doing last minute things. The city is built on the American grid system, with 4 lanes of traffic each way and it was SOLID, a seething throng of buses taxis cars and lorries most of which would not be allowed on our roads!



The legal marriage is the civil ceremony which was held in the flat; but as Christians the Church ceremony was the important one. They were both fabulous and happy occasions. We had a trip to the nearest Nature reserve, and were blown away with the verdant hills and the wayside flowers, amaryllis, poinsettia, and plumbago trailing through the trees and we sat at the base of a double waterfall eating strawberries and cream in temperatures of 20° plus in November!

After the wedding we had a 5 day holiday with Cynth on the Caribbean Island of Margarita, which was all one expects bar the fact that due to unusual weather conditions there had been severe flooding, so we passed villages that had been decimated and were still being dried out. The blue Caribbean was brown and the white beaches were grey, but we lounged by the pool in warm sunshine and one day even shared it with Iguanas!

We feel very privileged to have shared a small part of life with these folk who love the Lord and are working for him in often difficult situations, of poverty, family pressure, a harsh regime in power, on the opposite side of the world. It has certainly given us some clearer insights on how to pray and support them.

Shirley Miller (FHN)

A Journey into Diminishment

Nineteen hundred and thirty three
The Loch Ness Monster rose from the sea;
My mother raised her head from the bed,
"Another girl" my father said.

That's how it all began – the last of eight – with one leg half-an-inch short, but the missing half-added to my tongue!

Until the age of six I was blessed with knowing most days spent at the seaside from April until October, when the family tent built like a house, was dismantled and taken home for the winter. September '39 saw the beginning of WW11 the end of beach days and a change of life style for me. August 1940 began a new programmed education and the cessation of the three R's,

but mercifully an elder brother before his death earlier in the year saw to it that I was a fluent reader.

I took up residence in the local Infirmary to rectify the shortness of my leg. All in vain, as the remedy submitted only pulled me to the bottom of the bed each night, and I could go no further. I was transferred to the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle, where of course I found children being evacuated to more countrified and safer residences. I stayed in the Women's Ward, and listened to conversations beyond my understanding, but alas my 'longer' tongue was not being exercised! We did not own a family car or even a donkey but my family managed to visit twice a week but only one person was allowed each bed. I survived the next three and a half years without any schooling at all, and my tongue was in excellent condition, even if my hip and leg were not as good as when this saga began!

By teen-age years I was coping with life and its physical limitations as though they didn't exist, because within the family I was considered as physically normal as they were.

At the age of fifteen I was convinced that as soon as I was eighteen I would quit office work and be involved in evangelistic work with a group of Franciscan Tertiaries (female) living a community life, whilst organizing a Diocesan Retreat House at the same time. The day after my 18th birthday our parish priest visited my mother and steered the conversation around to what I wanted to do. I returned home from work bounding up the stairs as I always did. "He's been," she said. "Who's been?" "You know, and you're not going." "I'll go when I'm 21." "You can do what you like then" she said.

I never mentioned it again to my mother. Three weeks before my 21st birthday I told my sister to go to bed early as I was going to speak to both parents, and so she did. All my mother said was, "I thought you had forgotten all about it. So I went after my 21st birthday party!

For nearly five years as a Franciscan Tertiary I lived life believing there was no such word as 'no' if asked to do something you had never done

before. It was very exciting but rather 'hair raising' at times, and fostered much joy and laughter! Sadly, when it came to asking whether we could become "Professed Religious" and keep our brown dress and cloak as "Habits" the request was refused as the 'First Order' was not able to cope with the idea at that time. So the journey for me and others moved on.

I came to where I am, (and in the last 50 odd years 'old Arthur-itis' has been a constant companion) and I may say, I came with the cry of many saying "you'll never stick it. It's not your cup of tea!" But as there was nothing else on offer at that time – my cuppa it had to be!

For 40 of those years variety has been the 'spice of life' with regard to all that I have been involved in, whether or not I **felt** I could do it. What has rejoiced my heart wherever I have been sent, has been the lovely people I have met from various walks of life that I doubt I would have met any other way. Many times in fear and trembling I learned the truth of the Bible words 'My grace is sufficient for you, for my strength is made perfect in weakness'.

However, ten years ago a Specialist examined my right knee to possibly replace it, and having wriggled it around a bit, I found the descent from the couch was impossible, and immediately was trundled on a trolley for an X-ray – DISLOCATED HIP! This kept the Convent in laughter for several days! (Can't say I blamed them.) They visited well whenever I was '**inside**' over the next four years, and on vacating the premises and becoming an 'Out-Patient,' after three years or so, the end decision was the knees were 'inoperable'. So an electric wheelchair became my inseparable daily friend!

I am learning the hard way, the great truth of the Christian life that it's not 'doing' that is most important, but 'being'. One can talk and preach on this subject so eloquently whilst one is 'fleet of foot' and able to extricate oneself from any difficult situation, but it's not so easy to put active words into practice when the time arrives! When frustration takes hold with a firm grip, then the quick temper and self-defensive repartee needs

necessary discipline - that would be better learned in younger days!

This article is entitled "limited journey" but I don't honestly believe I have been impeded in enjoying life as it has opened up for me the vocation I believed I was called to. I was richly blessed in having a family who never allowed me to think I was different to anyone else, for we all have our limitations. This encouraged me greatly in

accepting a great truth, that *inability* loses its power if one exercises 'positive thinking – and mind over matter'. We can 'do' what we *want to do!* However, as 'Old Age' advances, one has to begin re-thinking and accepting the fact, that one of the finest virtues we must struggle to achieve, is the art of 'growing old gracefully' and accepting inevitable limitations that cannot be avoided. And it ain't easy!

Sister Liliās CHN

HOSPITALITY - OUR VISITORS AND GUESTS

DAY VISITORS

At the Convent, we have rooms available for a day or part of a day. Rooms can be booked by individuals or groups wanting space for prayer, study, reading or just 'being'.

Individuals – to book a room: please call the Convent on 01332 671 716 or email bursarsoffice@tiscali.co.uk or write to the Bursar's Office marking correspondence 'Quiet Day'.

The suggested donation for a Quiet Day from January 2011 is £5.00 (10.00am – 4.00pm) With lunch £8.00 (lunch must be booked in advance)

Groups – If you have a group of 10 or more people wishing to book a room please write to the Assistant Provincial at the Convent. A group booking will only be confirmed when the Assistant has received the booking request letter.

The suggested donation for groups from January 2011 is £4.00 per person (this includes coffee, tea, during the day).

The maximum number we can accommodate in a group is 25.

Please note, the Convent is closed Mondays.

OUR GUEST COTTAGE

People on journeys need places to stop. Places to put down their luggage, sleep, be fed, talk to fellow travellers, look at their surroundings, make sure they're going in the right direction and summon the strength for the next leg of the expedition.

24 – 26 February 2012
God of our Journeying

A retreat especially for those new to the experience.

Retreat Guide Sister Pippa



The Guest Cottage

The Cottage guest house is a homely stopping place. Guests can be as quiet and private as they wish, join in worship as they wish, study and pray, or sit and relax and unwind. They are welcome to

use the Convent library and enjoy the spacious gardens. We have 7 bedrooms, one double, and one other small room.

Individually guided retreats can be offered as can individual help for people new to the retreat experience. Cell groups, study groups and retreat groups are welcome to book the cottage for their needs.

To book into the Cottage or to discuss your needs, telephone Sister Pippa on 01332 670483, write to the Convent or email: guestsisterchn@googlemail.com

ALONGSIDERS

Living alongside the Sisters is a different way of experiencing the Religious Life. Alongsiders can experience life in a Convent in more depth than our guests who are at one remove from the day to day life in the convent. Alongsiders can gain understanding of the pace and rhythm of life in the quiet atmosphere of a place of prayer.

The reasons people will become alongsiders are varied. Some come to help out the Sisters on a practical level, to take time out from their busy lives, perhaps to take a breath and take stock. These alongsiders, together with attending all the offices with the sisters, will usually help out in the day to day chores, vacuuming the floors, helping with the washing up or perhaps helping out in the garden (where there's always something to do!). This experience tends to be for a short period of maybe two or three weeks.

In the longer term, the Convent also has space for those who are taking a sabbatical perhaps and may need a bit of space and quiet to study, read or rest. This space is also available for those who need somewhere to complete a thesis or to undertake some serious study time.

There is also a place for those who are considering a vocation, perhaps to the religious life or possibly to some other calling. The quietness of the Convent may

give them the space and time to seriously consider

where God is calling them, in a place that is quiet, prayerful and where the pace of life is slower. The Convent may be a place where they can ask questions and discuss issues that are concerning them.

As part of a gap year, time in the Convent may allow a young person to acquire a different perspective on the meaning of life. Again it may be a place for reflection, for learning or just experiencing a different way of living.

Whatever may be the reason, if you feel that you would like to experience life inside a convent please write to the Assistant Superior at the Convent.

Alongsiders 2011 have included:

Fellowship Members

An Aspirant to the Religious Life

Overseas Students from local Universities

Someone taking a sabbatical

Someone taking a private retreat



Thanks from our Students!

MAIN CONVENT

Convent of the Holy Name
Morley Road
Oakwood
Derby DE21 4QZ

Main Convent – 01332 671716
Guest Cottage – 01332 670483
guestsisterchn@googlemail.com
bursarsoffice@tiscali.co.uk
Web: www.chnderby.org

PETERBOROUGH HOUSE

The Sisters CHN
Allextion Gardens
Welland Estate
Peterborough
PE1 4UW

MANCHESTER HOUSE

The Sisters CHN
St John's Rectory
St John's Road
Longsight
Manchester
M13 0WU

chnmanchester@yahoo.co.uk

LAMBETH HOUSE

The Sisters CHN
Cottage 5
Lambeth Palace
London
SE1 7JU

THANK YOU

The editing team would like to thank everyone who sent a letter or donation after our last edition.

The cost of producing this magazine is approximately **£3** per copy. All donations towards the cost of its production are gratefully received.

Published by

THE COMMUNITY OF THE HOLY NAME

Reg. Charity No. 250256

Printed by

Moorleys Print & Publishing Ltd.
23 Park Road, Ilkeston
Derby, DE7 5DA
Tel/Fax 0115 932 0643

The FELLOWSHIP of the HOLY NAME

Members commit to a disciplined life of worship and service to God, His Church, and the world around them. There is mutual support between the Community and the Fellowship - members live by a personal Rule of Life, and have one of the sisters to encourage and support them in their Christian Pilgrimage and the living out of their Rule.

There is an annual gathering of members ("Fellowship Day") at the Convent. There are also [three](#) Area meetings, in Chester, Malvern and Derby which the members organise.

A newsletter and intercession leaflet is sent out regularly.

The Community usually hosts a Retreat for fellowship members in September, which is usually around the time of Fellowship Day.

In the past year –

The Fellowship has admitted one new member.

Fellowship members have spent time at the [Convent](#) to help cover for sisters' holidays and retreats and others have helped in the guest house, telephone room and library. We are grateful for their support and generosity.

A group of [six](#) members of the fellowship were convened from various parts of the country to look at the future direction of the Fellowship. They made many constructive suggestions for the way forward.

Four members of the Fellowship (the '41 brigade) shared a joint 70th birthday celebration with the Community.

Comments after this year's Fellowship Day:

"Thank you for a wonderful day. There is so much love shared it almost overwhelms me"

"It is good to catch up with old friends and their news, to have news of the sisters and the developing Fellowship, and of course to gain new insights into Lesotho."



**How many 70-year-olds
does it take...?**

FELLOWSHIP R.I.P.

*Desiree Helm
Nancy Lesley*

FELLOWSHIP DAY

The theme of Fellowship Day this year seems to have been journeying; first we had members arriving from far and wide – from as far a field as Chester and as close as Nottingham, to meet up with old friends, share each other's news and to make new friends. Members were asked to bring a friend with them who wasn't a member of the Fellowship and a number of new faces as well as some others who were more well known appeared.

After a bracing cup of tea and much chat, everyone headed for chapel where Sister Monica regaled the assembly with tales of her travels in Africa. She was in Africa partly as part of her duties as Provincial Superior of the Community and partly as one of the trustees of the Besotho

Education Trust – a charity set up by the Community to support poorer students who want to go into vocational education (car maintenance, dressmaking etc.), but can't afford to pay for it.

Monica told many tales of her adventures, some funny (when at an African service, don't put all the money you have into the first collection – there will be others!) others with a serious message but all with a point to them. To read more of her adventures and thoughts about Africa, see page 8.



Sister Monica speaking in Chapel



An attentive Audience – everyone listening intently

Shirley Miller had been attending a friend's daughters wedding. (See page 12 for a full account).

After a short break, we came together again to celebrate together with a rousing sung Eucharist before a refreshing cuppa, a home made biscuit and more chat before everyone departed for the day.

After a lunch of salad and jacket spuds (we were hoping that people would be able to sit out in the patio area for lunch but the weather wasn't quite clement enough) we returned to chapel to hear the Community news, of the doings of our branch houses and also of the goings-on of some of the members of the Fellowship – who appear to be very widely travelled- including a fascinating insight in marriages in South America, where



**Milk or Sugar?
Conversation around
the Tea Trolley!**

STOP PRESS

GUESS WHO CAME TO DINNER?



**Charlie and
Archbishop Rowan**

Derby Diocese, the northern outpost of his Province, had been preparing for months for a pastoral visit from the Archbishop of Canterbury. From Friday till Sunday morning, his every waking minute had been filled with demanding engagements. After preaching at a grand service in the Cathedral, he eventually arrived with his staff to eat Sunday dinner with ...us!

After meeting Charlie our Sunday cook, the Archbishop, joined us for Midday office before we all sat down to the delicious Sunday lunch Charlie had prepared for us.

He must have been exhausted, but he managed to convey, in his own inimitable way, that socialising with a group of Sisters, mostly elderly and many hard of hearing, was the very thing he most wanted to do. In this Archbishop the Church of England is most richly blessed.

ASKING THE QUESTIONS

'Towards all that is unsolved in your heart, be patient!

Try to love the questions.

Do not seek the answers which cannot be given, you would not be able to live them.

Live everything!

Live the questions now!

You will gradually without noticing it, live into the answers some distant day.'

(from Letters to a young Poet by **René Rilke**)

The Junior Professed Conference (Junior Professed are brothers and sisters who have taken vows for a set period of time, with the future hope of making a life commitment to the Religious Life) met together at the Convent of St Mary the Virgin, Wantage from 19th – 23rd September 2011.

The theme of the conference was 'Discernment' and our speaker, Sister Jane Bertelsen from the Franciscan Missionaries of the Divine Motherhood, a Catholic Religious order, spoke about both personal discernment and discernment in community and gave the gathering much to think about.

There was also time for socializing (and for the athletic, football!) , catching up with friends made at other conferences, exchanging ideas and news and discussing issues that are affecting all communities.

Thursday was a free day, for us to relax and chat and take a trip out in the local area. Some decided to remain in Wantage and look around the town, one person went to Oxford, another walked part of the Ridgeway path before meeting up with a group who had taken the easier option and driven over to the Vale of the White Horse to see this magnificent ancient monument. This group then retired to Wantage for a cup of tea and a toasted teacake in one of the local cafès!



The Junior Professed