

TidBytes – January 2021

CHM internal community news to CHM sisters, associates, and staff

From BDRC - S. Micheline Curtis

Both vaccination shots have been given.

We are back eating in the dining room.

We are having Mass five days a week.

Sr. Ramona seems to be healing ok.

We are currently in the throes of another snow storm—to 10 inches expected. Pretty to look at from inside.

From Diana Gray

The movie “The Sapphires” was shown and Sister Lynn showed several Wednesday movies.

From HMC – S. Mary Rehmann

In the first week of the new year we welcomed Sr. Luz Maria Orozco back from Pittsburgh where she has been for many months. Because of COVID, friend Andrea could not stay to visit, or even, rest.

Political news, GA elections, January 6 events, the inauguration and related events were followed on CNN, MSNBC, PBS and C-SPAN networks. Wine and cheese preceded the noon meal on January 20 and the evening national celebration was viewed on TVs throughout the house.

January means what we locally call “deep cleaning”, equivalent to “spring cleaning” of rooms and apartments of HMC residents. Carpets shampooed, mattresses vacuumed and turned, blinds dusted, etc. Sue & Kathy are in charge. Residents prepare by having furniture surfaces “bare” and floors exposed, sometimes with movable items in the hall. Evidence of down-sizing can be seen at “give-away” locations, in recycle and trash bins.

Residents celebrated “National Popcorn Day” on January 19 by sampling 6 varieties made by Tammy Scheper of Food Service staff. “Chunky monkey” was a favorite with chocolate and nuts. Other flavors were white cheddar, sugar and cinnamon, ranch, and, a sure-favorite – caramel.

For all of you who ever worked on the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA), the U.S. Constitution may be close to prohibiting discrimination based on sex. CHMs supported the amendment in the late ‘70s and joined the interfaith Religious Committee for ERA (RCERA). The amendment had to be ratified by 38 states by June 30, 1982. It failed by 3 states. Now Nevada (2017), Illinois’ (2018) and Virginia (2020) have ratified. Bipartisan legislation has been introduced in both houses of the 117th Congress to remove the 1982 date and to recognize ratification by these states. There is precedent for removing the date like this. Stay tuned....

In addition to ZOOM conferences among Sisters and associates, residents have participated in video conferences sponsored by dioceses, LCWR, the USCCB, the National Catholic Reporter, NETWORK, government bodies, and all kinds of other organizations.

We continue to enjoy remnants of the Christmas season in the chapel including fir trees, red and white poinsettias and the white ribbons in the chapel windows with tree cutouts, again, thanks to Sr. Delphine.

At 10 on Sunday, we celebrate Masses on the community room TV with congregations from St. Anthony's and Our Lady of Victory in Davenport, and St. Mary's and St. Patrick's in Iowa City.

Residents have been following football and basketball teams: U of IA, IA State, Notre Dame and WVU. Men and women of the Iowa teams.

From Kelly

LCWR reflection book *Navigating Uncharted Waters*

- Orders and payments must be received by S. Marcia by February 5, 2021.
- Price: \$6.00
- Make checks payable to Congregation of the Humility of Mary or Sisters of Humility. *Please* keep this payment separate from other donations or payments.
- Please send your orders and payments to: S. Marcia Eckerman, Humility of Mary Center, 820 West Central Park Avenue, Davenport, Iowa 52804. You may contact S. Marcia at marciaechm@yahoo.com, Cell: 563-340-8940

Address Update

Dorothy Figueras: 11210 Schuetz Road, Creve Coeur, Mo 63146, Residence 314-266-3453, Cell 470-363-9000

From Des Moines – Sr. Jeanie Hagedorn

As we begin a new year, a new U.S. Administration, and continuing discernment of CHMs about the future I've been reflecting. Instead of writing about our activities of this month I would like to share a few personal musings. This month I also celebrated my 82nd birthday, and as I continue to age, I am appreciating more and more the gift of aging. Oh, yes, I would much rather it did not include more physical diminishment and new pain and suffering. But I have discovered the tradeoff is the time for reflection, both on my own life's journey and that of the CHMs, our country and world. I have treasured this time for contemplative prayer whether in listening to the Spirit in my own soul, being open to the Word of Scripture, composing the CHM story and prayer for our gathering, hearing the voices of suffering coming to us on the daily news or being inspired by the wisdom of a young poet at Joe Biden and Kamala Harris' Inauguration ceremony. These weeks have been, yes, a time of heartbreak, disbelief, anger and fear, but also a time of grace, hope, new beginnings and joy. I would like to invite you to join me in reflecting on our journeys, personal and communal. I have asked to include for your reflection the original poem the young Amanda Gorman read at the Inauguration yesterday. Her words of wisdom as a twenty-two-year-old Black American woman may speak to us on our journey as CHMs and members of the global family. *Jeanie*

“The Hill We Climb”
by Amanda Gorman
Inauguration Ceremony, January 20, 2021

When day comes, we ask ourselves, where can we find light in this never-ending shade?

The loss we carry, a sea we must wade. We braved the belly of the beast.

We’ve learned that quiet isn’t always peace, and the norms and notions of what just is, isn’t always justice.

And yet the dawn is hours before we knew it.

Somehow, we do it, somehow, we weathered and witnessed a nation that isn’t broken, but simply unfinished.

We, the successors of a country and a time where a skinny Black girl descended from slaves and raised by a single mother can dream of becoming president, only to find herself reciting for one.

And yes, we are far from polished, far from pristine. But that doesn’t mean we are striving to form a union that is perfect.

We are striving to forge our union with purpose, to compose a country committed to all cultures, colors, characters, and conditions of man.

And so, we lift our gaze not at what stands between us, but what stands before us.

We close the divide because we know to put our future first, we must first put our differences aside.

We lay down our arms so we can reach out our arms to one another.

We seek harm to none and harmony for all. Let the globe, if nothing else, say this is true -that even as we grieved, we grew. That even as we hurt, we hoped. That even as we tired, we tried. That we’ll forever be tied together, victorious, not because we will never again know defeat, but because we will never again sow division.

Scripture tells us to envision that everyone shall sit under their own vine and fig tree, and no one shall make them afraid.

If we’re to live up to our own time, then victory won’t lie in the blade, but in all the bridges we’ve made.

That is the promised glade, the hill we climb if only we dare it.

Because being American is more than a pride we inherit. It's the past we step into and how we repair it.

We've seen a force that would shatter our nation rather than share it, would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy, and this effort very nearly succeeded.

But while democracy can be periodically delayed, it can never be permanently defeated.

In this truth, in this faith we trust for while we have our eyes on the future, history has its eyes on us. This is the era of just redemption. We feared it at its deception, we did not feel prepared to be the heirs of such a terrifying hour. But within it, we found the power to author a new chapter, to offer hope and laughter to ourselves.

So, while once we asked, how could we possibly prevail over catastrophe? Now we assert, how could catastrophe possibly prevail over us?

We will not march back to what was, but move to what shall be, a country that is bruised but whole, benevolent but bold, fierce and free.

We will not be turned around or interrupted by intimidation because we know our inaction and inertia will be the inheritance of the next generation. Our blunders become their burdens. But one thing is certain. If we merge mercy with might and might with right, then love becomes our legacy and change our children's birthright.

So, let us leave behind a country better than the one we were left. With every breath of my bronze pounded chest, we will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one. We will rise from the gold-rimmed hills of the West. We will rise from the windswept Northeast where our forefathers first realized revolution. We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities of the Midwestern states. We will rise from the sunbaked South.

We will rebuild, reconcile, and recover. In every known nook of our nation and every corner called our country, our people diverse and beautiful will emerge battered and beautiful.

When day comes, we step out of the shade of flame. And unafraid, the new dawn blooms as we free it. For there is always light if only we're brave enough to see it, if only we're brave enough to be it.