



Sisters of Charity
of Australia

Keep in Touch

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Inside this month

Welcome to the December 2021 edition of *Keep in Touch*.

In this edition, we look at the history of a portrait of M.M. John Cahill in the Sisters of Charity Heritage Centre and Archives.

In the Words of Remembrance section, we celebrate the lives of seven of our Sisters who have died in the past few months, and we also mark the Diamond and Platinum Jubilees of six of our Sisters.

Above, right: Christmas tree in Manger Square, Bethlehem, outside the fourth century Church of the Nativity

Adapting and responding to our on-going challenges

Welcome to *Keep in Touch* for December, the final edition in a difficult year for the world and the country.

For the second year we have adapted and responded to the challenges of COVID-19. We find ourselves wondering what have we learnt and what do we need to do in these changing and uncertain times?

So many have been infected and millions have lost their lives throughout the world. Perhaps as we journey through Advent to Christmas we might recall those for whom this season will not be so joyful. Let us pray for peace in the hearts of all who have suffered or are suffering.

In the Congregation, we are holding in our hearts and prayers the Sisters of Charity who have died since May. They are Sisters Margaret Mines, M. Mark Lehman, Marguerite Moloney, Kathleen Munce, Margaret Case, Helen Malone, Judith Clark, and Elizabeth Costigan, who all gave so much through their ministries and their long lives lived in the observance of the Congregation's motto – *Caritas Christi urget nos*. Seven of them are celebrated in their Words of Remembrance in this edition of *Walking with Us*. Sr Elizabeth's Words of Remembrance will be featured in the next edition of *Walking with Us*.

This year, we also celebrated the Platinum Jubilees of Sisters Patricia Heenan and Judith Clark RIP, and the Diamond Jubilees of Sisters Dorothy Bayliss, Karan Varker, Maureen Delaney, and Catherine Meese.

On behalf of the Congregation, I pray that you and your family and loved ones will be blessed with the peace, love and joy of the Christ child, the word of God made flesh for us.

- Lauren rsc



Humble beginnings

The story behind a familiar portrait

Many readers will be well-acquainted with the oil portrait of Mother Mary John Cahill, one of the first five pioneer Sisters of Charity to come from Ireland to Australia, and the first Superior of the Australian Congregation, painted by Irish-Tasmanian artist William Paul Dowling. While this depiction might be familiar, the story of the artist is perhaps less well-known, and shares parallels with the Sisters' own story.

A pioneer in many ways, M.M. John Cahill was also one of the first three Sisters to make the further journey to Hobart in 1847. While the first five who arrived in Sydney in 1838 left Ireland with no prospect of return, those who ventured to Tasmania too did so on a one-way voyage. Upon arrival in Hobart, M.M. John Cahill, Sr M. Francis de Sales O'Brien, and Sr M. Francis Xavier Williams stayed in temporary accommodation until St Joseph's Convent on Harrington St, adjoining St Joseph's Church, was completed.

Once settled, the Sisters began what would become a lasting and rich legacy of work in Tasmania. The endeavours of those Sisters were as varied as that of those who have come since – they began visiting the sick almost immediately, established regular visitation at the convict institutions including Cascades Female Factory where they were strictly forbidden from communicating with the Protestant women prisoners in any way, teaching at St Joseph's School and establishing many others thereafter, and later providing out of home care.

The Sisters journeyed to Hobart at the encouragement of Bishop Robert William Willson, the first Bishop of Hobart. Bishop Willson has his own connection to our portrait of M.M. John Cahill and its origins, which we will return to shortly.

Another new arrival to Van Diemen's Land in the 1840s, as it was still known by its European occupants at the time, was William Paul Dowling. Dowling was an Irish Nationalist and arrived in Hobart in 1849 following transportation to serve a life sentence resulting from his involvement with the Chartist movement. As was the case with many political convicts, Dowling was granted a ticket of leave upon arrival which allowed him to live and work in Hobart, and later Launceston, with relative freedom.

Dowling's stated occupation was artist, and he wasted no time in establishing a commercial portrait studio on Liverpool St just one month after his arrival. What followed was a varied career, in terms of both success and artistic styles, with Dowling later offering a style of hand-coloured portraiture photography. It seems Dowling was quick to make connections within the Catholic community in Hobart. His fiancée, Juliana, soon followed him to Hobart, and the pair was married in St Joseph's Church on May 3, 1850, by the Very Rev. William Hall, Vicar General.

Hall was a friend to both the Sisters of Charity and the Dowling family. It was Hall who supported Dowling's application for a pardon, with the Vicar General stating in the 1855 application for a conditional pardon "he has taught drawing in my school for some time past."

So to the portrait of M.M. John Cahill. While it has always been acknowledged within the Congregation that this portrait was painted by a Tasmanian convict artist, the identity of the artist was unknown for decades. And, while it was known within some corners of the art history world that a portrait of M.M. John Cahill existed within Dowling's body of work, its location was documented as unknown. It was not until 1994, when the Congregational Archives loaned the portrait to the National Portrait Gallery in Canberra (then housed in Old Parliament House) for an exhibition titled *All in the Family* that Dowling was confirmed as the artist.

What remains unclear today is precisely how M.M. John Cahill came to be one of Dowling's subjects, where she is amongst high profile company. The portrait of M.M. John Cahill is not dated but is recorded as ca 1853. This date is derived from the date of one of Dowling's other portraits, that which he painted of Bishop Willson in 1853. That portrait was completed the same year as two other prominent artworks by Dowling – *Our Lady* and *St Joseph*, which hang on either side of the altar in St Joseph's Church. While the Archbishop may have commissioned his own portrait, it seems much less likely that M.M. John Cahill or the Sisters of Charity would have done so for themselves at that time. It is highly possible that



Portrait of M.M. John Cahill painted by William Paul Dowling ca 1853 (Photographed by Tim Bauer), and M.M. John Cahill's brass crucifix

photographs of this portrait taken either by Dowling or his brother, Matthew, who followed William to Tasmania. These photographs show the portrait in its original state, including the original frame, and are indicative of the later photographic work of both Dowling brothers. These photographs may have been taken following M.M. John Cahill's death in 1864.

Dowling's portrait of M.M. John Cahill has become the basis of all depictions of her, given that there are no known photographs of this pioneer Sister. For that reason alone, it is a treasured and highly significant piece of the history of the Sisters of Charity in Australia. To have been painted by a former convict artist makes this portrait significant on a national level, while its international significance is cemented by Dowling and M.M. John Cahill's shared Irish origins. These connections are indicative of how enmeshed the history of the Sisters of Charity is with that of Australia more broadly.

Dowling's connections to women religious do not end with this portrait. His daughter, Juliana, named after her mother, entered the Sisters of St Joseph at Perthville, Bathurst in 1880. This was only the beginning of her tumultuous religious life, as she left the Sisters at Perthville after five years and was one of a group who cared for Father Julian Tenison-Woods prior to his death at St Vincent's Hospital, Sydney in 1889. Juliana re-joined religious life with the Sisters of St Joseph at Westbury following her return to Tasmania in 1892, and in the years following moved between various Sisters of St Joseph communities in Tasmania, Victoria, and New South Wales. Juliana's religious name was Sr Mary John, the same as that of the subject of this portrait painted by her father.

Story by Imogen Kennard-King, Archives Collections Registrar

M.M. John Cahill knew the artist, perhaps through their shared teaching work, if not simply through their mutual connections. Rev. Hall likely also played a part in connecting Willson, Dowling and M.M. John Cahill. It has been posited that Bishop Willson commissioned M. John Cahill's portrait, and this is certainly possible.

Alongside the process to commission this portrait, it is interesting to consider Dowling's artistic practice. Some elements of the portrait suggest Dowling

might have used a degree of artistic license, most notably on the crimping of the white cap visible under the veil, and the style of crucifix M.M. John Cahill is wearing. The crucifix depicted in the painting is quite elaborate and decorative in comparison to M.M. Cahill's own crucifix, which is held by the Congregational Archives. The similarities between this portrait and Dowling's depiction of Bishop Willson, which hangs in St Joseph's Church, have also been noted, with the two faces bearing a similarity. The Archives also holds original

Our Diamond Jubilarians

Marking their 60th anniversary of profession



Sr Dorothy Bayliss

Sr Dorothy Bayliss

Sr Dorothy was professed on August 8, 1961.

'To belong to God alone'



Clockwise, from top right:

Sr Dorothy Bayliss, nursing graduation day
 L-R Sr Dorothy Bayliss with SOLN sisters, Ra Maternity Hospital Fiji ca 1980
 L-R Srs Dorothy Bayliss, Eileen Thynne 2005
 Sisters of Charity Heritage Centre and Archives Opening



Sr Karan Varker at the Female Factory, 2005

Sr Karan Varker

Sr Karan Varker was professed on August 8, 1961.

'Let your word be done in me'



Clockwise, from top right:

L-R Srs Dorothy Bayliss, Karan Varker, Awara, Bougainville PNG ca 1986
 The celebration of Srs Karan and Dorothy for their Diamond Jubilee celebrated in Brisbane on August 15th, 2021
 L-R Srs Angela Burke, Karan Varker, Kerry Barrass, Shellharbour 1979





Sr Maureen Delaney

Sr Maureen was professed on August 8, 1961.

'To love without measure'



Sr Maureen Delaney

Clockwise, from top left:

Srs Gemma Martin, Maureen Delaney, Colleen Bell, and Elizabeth Dodds (seated), Sancta Sophia Convent, Glenroy 1983

Sr Maureen Delaney (back row, second left), Mt St Michael's College, Ashgrove, ca 1973



Sr Catherine Meese

Sr Cathy was professed on August 8, 1961.

'Abide in my love'



Sr Catherine Meese

Clockwise, from top left:

Sr Cathy Meese (left), Sr Dorothy Bayliss (right), Profession Day 1961

L-R Srs Virginia Wilkinson, Cathy Meese, Our Lady of Mount Carmel Primary School, Mt Pritchard, 1970

L-R Srs Cathy Meese, Dorothy Bayliss, Maureen Delaney, Karan Varker, Jean Marie Brennan



Our Diamond Jubilarians

Marking their 60th anniversary of profession

Sr Patricia Heenan

Sr Patricia was professed
on August 28, 1961.

*'Through Him,
with Him and
in Him'*



Clockwise, from top right:

Sr Patricia Heenan (far right)
Catholic Ladies College Convent 1972
L-R Srs Mary Frances Gould, Patricia Heenan,
Helen Clarke, Anne Crowley, Victoria Falls,
Zambia ca 1994
Sr Patricia with her Sisters at her Jubilee Mass
in the Giovanni Chapel, Kangaroo Point
Sr Patricia with the concelebrants at the Mass
to mark her Jubilee



During lockdowns last year and this year, the Sisters of Charity developed new ways in which to keep the Congregation informed and up to date with the doings of the Congregation. Here is the link to the video of the Portal Party which celebrated the Feast Day of Venerable Mary Aikenhead in August, 2021:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P2NxHGY54PQ>

Words of remembrance

Sr Judith Clark

October 12, 1927 – October 13, 2021

Mass of Christian Burial at St Ambrose Church, Concord West NSW on Friday, October 22, 2021.

Her personal motto:

'Be it done to me according to your word'



Sr Judith Clark

Sr Judith was remembered by Sr Genevieve Walsh:

Memories... we all have our own memories of Joan Clark, Sr Judith.

Joan Mary Clark was the second child of George Frederick and Clare Dorothea Clark. She had an older brother, Kevin, killed in World War II and a younger brother, Brian, recently deceased. Joan was born on October 12, 1927, in western Queensland.

Moving to Brisbane, Judith was taught by the Sisters of Charity in secondary school. After school, Joan Clark – as well as being a clerk/typist – joined the National Catholic Girls' Movement and through them followed a life of prayer, scripture, and action.

Sr Judith has memories... and she wrote:

"My mother often told the story of taking me to Benediction as a toddler. My mother was faithful in helping me 'know' and 'believe' in that Real Presence in which I always felt safe and protected. Through childhood years, I sought that "Presence" whenever possible, but particularly when I faced difficulty, heartbreak, or uncertainty in my life.

"In my secondary school years, I identified very closely with Mary Aikenhead's life, which I first read at 11. I had a deep affection for my father, so I sorely missed his being part of my Catholic life, especially Sunday Mass. Thoughts of life as a Sister were ever present to me

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"The telling witness of the Sisters of Charity who taught me for four years always stayed with me, and without a doubt, influenced me greatly towards a religious vocation."

in my secondary school years. With the family grief caused by the tragic death of my brother, victim of a war crime necessitating Nuremberg trial outcomes, all thoughts of leaving for the Convent were dismissed. Further on, she wrote... "About my Dad, it was my greatest joy when, returning to my home parish thirteen years after I entered, my father, suddenly terminally ill, was baptised and received into the Church, and buried from the



Srs Gilbert Stewart, Mary Maguire, Edith King, Judith Clark, Carmena Kelly, St. Catherine Ellis, Mater Dei Convent 1962

church where we, as a family had worshipped together for many years without him, except on our Sacramental days. Perseverance had won the day. I had prayed daily for thirty-five years..."Please Jesus make my Dad a Catholic."

Judith loved being a Queenslander, loved her family, her niece and nephews and their families. She loved the Maroons and even a XXXX beer.

Congregation's Memories

Joan Clark entered the Novitiate February 26, 1949, at Potts Point, Sydney (she entered with another Queenslander Sr Patricia Heenan.)

Sr Judith Clark was professed a Sister of Charity August 28, 1951. She taught at Potts Point, Katoomba, Concord West (1954-55), then Essendon in Melbourne.

In 1959, she moved back to Sydney to St Canice's, Elizabeth Bay as principal. By 1961, she was back

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Words of remembrance

Sr Judith Clark

From page 7

in Queensland as the principal of Ashgrove, then St John's Wood.

Sr Judith then came back to Sydney, Ashfield as CCD Coordinator. In 1993, Sr Judith was at the Concord West parish and stayed until 2021.

Parish Memories... and the Parish has many memories!

August 28, 2021, was Sister Judith's Platinum Jubilee... how would we celebrate in this period of COVID?

So I rang the following, asking them could they send Sr Judith flowers for her Jubilee – The Parish, Jo, her niece, the School and VASA. Then I rang Anna, the Facility Manager, at St Vincent's Aged Care at Edgecliff, and told her what I had done. She started collecting vases!

On Friday, 27, St Vincent's Aged Care put on the most beautiful celebration for Sister Judith's Jubilee – remember, we could not attend due to COVID lockdowns. On Saturday, Councillor Sr Adele Cottrell-Dormer visited Sr Judith, who received Communion, renewed, her vows, and then enjoyed morning tea! Next, an Uber arrived with the School/ Parish Jubilee Book put together by Tania, Family Educator from St Ambrose School, depicting photos and messages from across 40 years of Sr Judith's life at Concord West. Sr Judith treasured this book!

On Saturday evening, the parish Mass was prayed in honour of Sr Judith. Fr Chaminda Wanigasena in his homily spoke of Sr Judith's gifts from Baptism that she demonstrated in her life that of



From left:

Sr Judith Clark, Bethlehem Convent 1982

Sr Judith and Sr Adele celebrate Sr Judith's Jubilee in August 2021

Priest, Shepherd and Prophet. Kerrie as VASA Coordinator delivered a tribute to Sr Judith naming all her achievements in the Parish. Sr Judith at Edgecliff was able to view, listen and be part of this special Mass and the PowerPoint presented. The Zoom party after Mass was really special as Sr Judith not only attended but was able to respond and return her special greetings to all those present on the screen.

Convent Memories

Sr Judith's front screen door would go "bang!"

Off to visit in her car, give Communion, baby sit, shop for people, etc... Always giving a listening ear, or to walk up the hill to the Church for Mass, Children's Liturgies, Catechetic Meetings, choir for Christmas and Easter, or just be in the front garden, pruning the roses, hosing the gardens, talking

to everyone that went by or handing out kumquats to those who loved to make jam!

Or she might pop down to the school for mini Vinnies, class visits or morning tea, round the corner of Consort Street for the VASA meetings/gatherings.

Now Sr Judith's front doorbell was not a normal bell but a cow bell! Its sound heralded people arriving for RCIA meetings, Lenten, and Advent Programs, receive instructions for becoming a Catholic or just visiting etc.

Her unit was her Sacred Space. There were photos of the family. Judith loved her family, prayed for them, would talk about them, and would visit them. Judith was a great reader, researcher, loved her TV, and she treasured her prayer times. There were times when she would ring a friend and say "I am worried about such and such, come and pray with me!"

Sr Helen Malone

November 21, 1923 – August 28, 2021

If any of the Sisters were sick or not well there would be two hot scones freshly made in a brown paper bag outside our doors. She was a superb cook!

Motto: *Be it done unto me according to Thy Word.*

Her recent life would have been a test of this motto. She was beautifully cared for by Ana, the Manager, and all the nurses. Despite the difficulties of the pandemic she loved seeing the Sisters and her visitors. Having been a constant communicator, all her life, by phone, email or text, her failing sight, and her wandering fingers made it difficult!

Keeping in touch was difficult. But there was evident in Judith an acceptance, especially when she was frail and not well. And in fact she was preparing to meet Jesus and in the presence of Sr Kathleen, our Community Member, she slipped from this life into Eternity.

Dear Judith, For your life and the many memories we all have, For your Dedication and Commitment, we thank you. Our Foundress, Mary Aikenhead, always asked of her Sisters "at all times be Extensively Useful."

Judith, you have excelled yourself and we are proud of you. Well done, Judith, well done!

Oh, I just remembered! Sr Judith.... this is hot off the press. Linda Mcfadden, the Principal of St Ambrose School, whispered to me that the School was going to introduce the Sr Judith Clark Christian Doctrine Award for the Graduating Class of Year 6!

Mass of Christian Burial at All Hallows Church, Balwyn on Thursday, September 9, 2021.

Her personal motto:

'My soul thirsts for the living God'



Sr Helen Malone

Selfless and without guile, a woman of deep faith and commitment, alive with integrity, creative and sometimes a bit unpredictable, gracious, and hospitable, a generous Sister of Charity, a devoted daughter and sister to her siblings, loving towards all who shared the journey. This is the Helen I came to know and love.

In 2012, Helen jotted down a few memories and I will be sharing some of these in this reflection.

Our Sister Helen was born Eileen Frances to her parents John and Olive in 1923. She was the eldest of 4 children. Her siblings Michael and Jan were known to most of us. Her youngest brother Adrian died at just 2 months.

Helen's family home was in Camberwell where she lived until coming to Sydney to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity in 1945.

From Helen's jottings:

"I cannot say that my choice was wholehearted – I even hoped that I would be found unsuitable and be sent home! However, four months into postulancy all my defences crumbled, and a deep peace and sense of certainty came upon me."

For almost 40 of her 74 years of professed life as a Sister of Charity, Helen was engaged in the ministry of education, being assigned to schools and colleges in NSW, Victoria, and Tasmania. Teaching was a career that existed in her family and Helen felt that it was designed for her to follow this path.

She loved teaching but did not enjoy administration. In her own words,

"Helping to shape young minds has always been a privilege for me. Administration, on the other hand, has never been my strong point; thus, I found the task of Principal at St Mary's Hurstville (1976 – 1978) quite difficult. But I will never forget how supportive staff members were at all times."

In the late 1980's Helen seemed to find a niche that was just right for her! She became a volunteer helping adult refugees and migrants by teaching them English. She joined a group of teachers and offered one on one and small group classes to people in the high-rise flats in inner Melbourne.

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Words of remembrance

Sr Helen Malone

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There was no shortage of need and Helen was supremely generous in her availability, and often in creative and practical ways she assisted people to learn and to assimilate.

Helen's words again: "My students became a sort of extended family! I went to their weddings, birthdays, baptisms, funerals, national celebrations..."

It was during these days that I lived with Helen and have very vivid memories of her planning lessons and then setting out on the trams and buses to meet her students. One evening Helen was particularly late coming home. The community leader was becoming increasingly anxious.

When Helen arrived home and was asked for an explanation, she said that she met a man on the tram who needed help and so she went to his place to offer some assistance. There was quite a bit of consternation about this!

Another vivid memory I have is of the night of the Hoddle Street massacre. The sound of the bullets was terrifying. We knew that something terrible was happening.

Helen was heading to the front door. When asked what she was doing, she said she was going to see if she could offer some help.

It took the rest of us in the community to convince her that



Left:

(Front row, right) Sr Helen Malone (Principal), St Mary's Star of the Sea, Hurstville 1976

Below:

(Front row, right) Sr Helen Malone, Mt Carmel Convent, Sandy Bay 1970



it would not be safe, and that appropriate help would soon be on its way!

In 1988 I was asked to complete the planning of our sesquicentenary celebrations in Melbourne.

I spoke with Helen about what I thought the theme of the celebration would be and asked her if she would create a cover for the Mass booklet. She did this as an ink drawing, expressing our journey within the world enlivened by the Spirit. I still find this drawing inspiring.

I share these "moments" to highlight some of the remarkable qualities which Helen gave expression to during her life. These are far from exhaustive.

In her outreach to people, Helen always lived with an understanding

and motivation of the love God held for her and for all people, and she was confident that "nothing can come between us and the love of Christ".

Helen chose as her motto, "My soul thirsts for the living God."

She was always searching for a deeper understanding and relationship with her God.

Now she can hear God saying to her "remain in my love, for you have borne much fruit".

Go now and rest in peace with our love and gratitude, Helen.

- Laureen Dixon rsc,
Congregational Leader

Sr Marguerite Moloney

July 26, 1921 – June 19, 2021

**Mass of Christian burial at
St Monica's Catholic Church,
Moonee Ponds VIC.
Tuesday, June 29, 2021**

Her personal motto:

*'Heart of Jesus, my portion
and inheritance forever'*



Sr Marguerite Moloney

**Congregational Leader, Laureen
Dixon, remembers her Sister and
friend, Sr Marguerite:**

**The emphasis on the readings
chosen for this farewell liturgy
today is on love.**

As you ponder the sacred words,
love is...I'm sure you might do as
I did and easily transpose love is...
to Marguerite is...

Only once did I have the privilege
of living with Marg, but a lifelong
relationship was formed.

Now, I know I'm not unique –
because Marg to me was a people
magnet. She was always focussed
on the other and in her presence,
you would think you were the
only person in the world. What a
wonderful gift of loving.

In a letter written in 1978, by a
cousin she says: "when you came
through my door, I could feel love
all around me."

Marguerite was the youngest of
three children to dad, Parker, and
mother, Margaret. She had two
brothers Parker and Bryan. This was
a very loving nuclear family who
experienced some hardships during
the depression years.

When I visited Marg after her stroke,
she said and I quote: "Parker got the
brains, Bryan got the good looks
and after that there wasn't much left
for me!"

The Marguerite that each of us knew
and loved would be challenged to
agree with that!

When Marg came to the Novitiate
in Sydney, she was 23. Her mum
had died when she was 14. Her dad
was not all that happy about her
entering as both of her brothers had
left home. This was a wrench.

Marg had ministry appointments in
Sydney and Melbourne – you can
see the list on the inside cover of
the Mass booklet.

Another little story from a letter she
received in 2009:

"How lucky I was that you came to
Strathmore. I'm sure I would not
have had the opportunity to learn
the piano without your generosity,
kindness, and talent. It is only as I
have gotten older that I can fully
appreciate what you gave me.

All your time, patience, teaching
skills and most importantly
encouragement.

How fortunate I was to have all
that experience with you, singing
and playing guitar in the church

choir – allowing me to practise and
develop confidence that not only
helped me with music but assisted
me in many other facets of life."

As well as being a people magnet,
Marg was a great storyteller – many
of which are told against herself.

I'm sure everyone knows the "follow
me story"?

Whilst Marg was the Pastoral
Associate here at Moonee Ponds
there was to be a school carnival
one Sunday after Mass. A father with
his son, new to the parish asked
Marg if she could tell him where
Aberfeldie Park was. No problem
says Marg just follow me.

It wasn't until they were down the
block that Marg looked in the rear-
view mirror and saw the man and
his son running at a pace to try and
keep up with the leader!

What about the incident in St
Francis church?

I think this took place during
the year when she was doing
Assumption.

It was time to kneel during Mass.
So, Marg reached down to lift the
kneeler down. Hmm... It was very
hard to move so Marg pulled and
pulled until the lady in front turned
around with a slight scowl. Marg
was pulling her shoe instead
of the kneeler.

When Marg told these stories she
usually said something like I broke
up or I fell apart. These stories never
lost their appeal.

The pioneering Marguerite took up
a position as a Pastoral Associate in
the late 70s.

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Words of remembrance

Sr Marguerite Moloney

From page 11

Fr John Lanigan PP at the time greeted Marg when she arrived. She asked him what he wished her to do in the parish and he replied, "Marg, I have no idea!" She realized then that this ministry was as new to him as it was to her.

These are Marg's words:

•••••

During the first couple of months, I walked around the parish to assess what were the needs amongst the parishioners.

It was evident to me that the elderly, the lonely and the disabled needed something more in their lives.

So, I gathered a wonderful group of about 20 ladies who formed a committee for what we called the "GET TOGETHER CLUB".

This gathering was held each month in the parish hall commencing with Mass, followed by "sherries" and a delicious afternoon tea prepared by the committee ladies, who also drove a number of people to and from the venue.

We were amazed that each month anything up to 200 people turned up, and by the way I had to persuade Fr Lanigan to have a ramp erected into the hall for access for wheelchairs and frames etc. This was done and Fr Lanigan called it, MOLONEY'S RAMP!!!"



Sr Marguerite Moloney giving a piano lesson, St Columba's College Essendon ca 1956

As we listen to the readings during this Mass, we are reminded and give thanks that the love of God was given expression in Marguerite's life.

Her nuclear family was the first place in which she experienced God's love, and this has been continued through her niece Marita and nephew Bryan and their families.

Their love and care of Marg has been outstanding and inspirational. We thank you for that and for allowing us to share with you.

When I had my visit with Marg after her stroke, she said, "Laur, I've got my bags packed".

After this, I said "I think (Sr) Colleen (Bell) is waiting for you with those bags. What do you think?"

Her reply: "Unspeakable grief. I have missed her so much".

Many of us are experiencing deep grief that Marg has gone from us, but we are deeply grateful for her life among us.

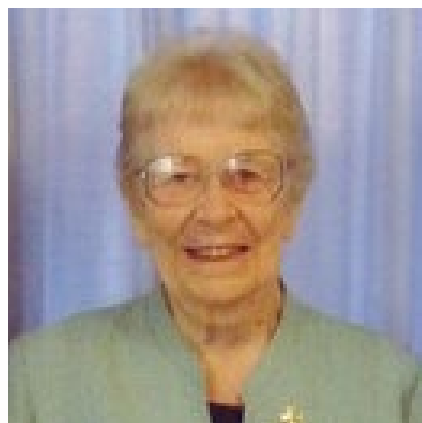
Sr Mark Lehmann

January 9, 1924 – June 21, 2021

Funeral Mass offered at Mary, Mother of Mercy Chapel, Barnet Avenue, Rookwood NSW on Thursday, 24 June 2021

Her personal motto:

'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit'



Sr M. Mark Lehmann

Sr Margaret Valentine remembers Sr M. Mark Lehmann:

We are here today to support each other and to express our deep love and gratitude for the life of Sr Mary Mark Lehmann.

Mark's life, so well and faithfully lived, spanned 97 years. To her family she was "Norma" and to those of us who knew and loved her as a Sister of Charity, she was always known affectionately as "Mark."

Born to Mortimor and Veronica, on January 10, 1924, she enjoyed the privilege of being the eldest sister to her siblings, Barry, Leslie, and Val. The family made its home in Lewisham, where they were surrounded by many other young families who enjoyed a similar lifestyle, pursuits, and activities.



Above, from left:

Srs Anne Crowley, M Pierina SMSM, Mark Lehmann, Donatus Harris, Cawaci, Fiji 1961



L-R MM Agnes Skewes, Srs Mark Lehmann, Florence Bailey, MM Peter Fennessy. At St Vincent's Convent prior to first Fiji Mission, 1957

Norma and her siblings commenced their primary education at St Thomas School, Lewisham. Mark, having won a bursary, travelled to St Vincent's College Potts Point, to complete the final two years of her secondary education.

After Norma left school, she commenced her adult working life in the city. As a young woman, she greatly enjoyed this time with family and friends all of whom, it would appear, had quite a zest for life and all it had to offer.

She occasionally spoke to me about the years between leaving school and entering religious life. She said, that during those years, she was not conscious of thinking as to whether she should or should not enter religious life. She just did not give that possibility serious thought at all.

Typical of her energy and like many young women in those years, she was busy working, socialising with her CYO friends, playing tennis, and practicing her faith as she lived a full and meaningful life. However, at the age of 24, Norma decided that now was the time for her to enter Religious Life.

So on February 2, 1948, Norma entered the Sisters of Charity Novitiate, along with seven other young women. She was professed on August 8, 1950, and given the Religious name Sr Mary Mark. This was the name she carried throughout her Religious life.

Mark spent many years in education – she commenced teaching in the primary grades, but it was quickly recognised that the primary aged children were not her best fit. She was then moved into secondary teaching where her giftedness and teaching skills were quickly recognised. She was a very popular and much loved teacher, a confidant and friend to many students and ex-students throughout NSW.

Mark's journey through religious life – presented her with many ministries and challenges. She was one of our first Sisters to be sent on overseas mission. She went to Fiji where, as Mother Mark, she spent eight years teaching English and helping the Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady of Nazareth to recognise and use their

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Words of remembrance

Sr Mark Lehmann

From page 13



Above, from left:

Sr Mark Lehmann's 80th birthday, Jan 2004
L-R Srs Annette Cunliffe, Mark Lehmann,
Gayle Reynolds

Back L-R Srs Faye Turner,
St Jude Doyle, Anne Mary Reynolds;
Front L-R Srs Sarah Ryan,
Mark Lehmann



special gifts and talents on their educational pathway. They were very happy years for Mark, and she was much loved by the Sisters.

Vocation director and formator of newly professed Sisters of Charity were other hats she wore during the 70s. Later she began a new group – "volunteer associates of the Sisters of Charity of Australia." VASCA's aim was to include members of all ages, faith traditions, and socio-economic groups to further the ministry of the Sisters of Charity. This group continues today.

She served the Congregation as Secretary General for many years, in partnership with her lifelong friend, Sr Claudia Doyle.

Retirement was not going to see Mark sitting around being idle. She kept abreast of Church matters, Congregational affairs, and world news. And she was always on the look out to respond to someone in need, like teaching English to migrant women including some of the carers at Auburn. While

journeying with Mark over these past five years as her companion, it became apparent to me that she had many great loves: Her family, especially her sister Val (she and Val would often meet at a central location for long lunches.

Later when Mark was in care, Val would visit her regularly, always bringing sandwiches for their lunch. They would then settle into a few games of scrabble – another great love of Mark's).

She had the gift of writing comical stories for special occasions which were spot on in regard to the Sisters she wrote about. Those stories were sometimes set to music. Had she not become a Sister of Charity she often said, she would have composed the lyrics and themes for the movies.

Mark had a great sense of humour and loved to receive copies of jokes. She shared these with other residents and then they went into a folder for safe keeping. Her Sisters in our Congregation and

her ex-students also were among her great loves.

She also loved to go out for lunch when she was well enough to do so (on many occasions Mark and I would set off for Lidcombe shopping centre where we would visit Woolworths in order to restock her cupboard, and then to one of the cafés for her usual Eggs Benedict.

Mark was never at a loss for something to do. With her prayers said and the rosary prayed the day would unfold for her: The newspaper would be read from cover to cover to be followed by the crossword puzzle and a read of a good novel; or listening to one of her many CDs – or a spot of television.

To the very end, Mark never failed to say thank you for what was done for her (except of course when the carers gave her a tablet – then she became stubborn and very uncooperative).

If you made her a cup of coffee, she always said – now you have one, too, and sit down and tell me what's been happening.

Many of you, present today, either here in the chapel or watching on live streaming, would have lots of stories to share with us about Mark. Your friendship and the interest and generosity you showed her were very much appreciated by her.

Mark, you will be greatly missed. Thank you for your wisdom, the example of your prayerfulness, your unflinching interest in and enthusiasm for life and the gratitude and hospitality you offered to all. Well done good and faithful friend.

Sr Kathleen Munce

October 30, 1922 — July 28, 2021

Funeral Mass offered for Sr Kathleen in the Giovanni Chapel, St Vincent's Private Hospital, Kangaroo Pt, Brisbane on August 5, 2021.

Her personal motto:

'God Alone'



Sr Kathleen Munce

Sr Jeannie Johnston remembers her friend of 37 years, Sr Kath:

It is not often that when one receives news of the death of a dearly loved member of the Congregation of the Sisters of Charity and a beloved companion that one's heart actually dances for joy and sings Psalm 138: "I give thanks to you, O Lord, with all my heart."

This was my reaction when I received a phone call from the Sisters' Queensland healthcare co-ordinator, Lynette Ybarzabal, on the afternoon of 28 July, telling me that Sr Kathleen had died.

Three times Kath journeyed to the Gates of Paradise and twice, God said to her, "Go back! We are not ready."



Sr Colleen Noonan and Sr Kathleen Munce, Caritas Christi, Wahroonga 1959

So twice Kathleen came back to us to linger yet a while longer, awaiting the final call which came on Wednesday, July 28: "Come! Veni Sponsa Christi.... Welcome home!"

Kathleen Anastasia Munce was born at Double Bay on October 30, 1922, the second child and only daughter of Peter Munce and Anastasia Fegan. Living at Double Bay in those days, Kath and her two brothers, Wally, and Pat, grew up "messing about in boats."

Kath, being a girl, was the forward hand and was quite deft at setting the spinnaker on their small boat. Kathleen attended Monte Oliveto Primary School at Edgecliff and then went on to do the Commercial Course at St Mary's Cathedral School in the city of Sydney.

On July 16, 1940, the Feast of Our Lady of Mt Carmel, Kathleen entered the Sisters of Charity and did her Novitiate at Bethania. She was professed on January 28, 1943. Having completed her training as a Primary School Teacher at

St Vincent's Training College, Kath's journey as a Sister of Charity was basically in New South Wales. In January 1944, Sr M Regina, as she was then known, was appointed to the staff of Mt St Patrick's Primary School, Paddington. Two years later, Kath was given her only interstate teaching appointment.

Like many of us in the teaching ministry, she was to live at St Columba's Convent, Essendon and to teach at St Teresa's Primary School, Essendon. In 1949 Kath returned to Sydney and joined the staff of St Raphael's Primary School, South Hurstville.

Kath loved music. It was at St Raphael's that Kath's musical gifts came to the fore. She trained the school choir to sing Gregorian Chant so that the Parish could hold the Easter Ceremonies in their own Parish Church instead of travelling across to St Mary's Hurstville.

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Words of remembrance

Sr Kathleen Munce

From page 15



Sr Rose Holman, Sr Kathleen Munce, Sr Jean Johnston, 2008

Her first stint as a principal was at St Canice's Primary School, Elizabeth Bay. However, many Juniors Professed at this time remember Kath as the Prefectress of the Mother House Chapel at St Vincent's Convent, Potts Point, who brought light, joy, and a relaxed spirit into their lives. Kath was the foundation principal at Stella Maris, Shellharbour.

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Throughout her life as a teacher what attracted people to Kath, and indeed throughout her whole life, was her smile and her gentleness. Gentleness is a gift of God. A gift which Kath developed and gave witness to throughout her life.

In 1975, Kath attended the Assumption Institute at Rosanna, Melbourne. Kath often said that the greatest blessing of her renewal year at Assumption was the gift of the most wonderful friend in her life, Sister Celia O' Brien, IBVM.

Celia was a true gift of God to Kath, and not only Celia but the whole O'Brien Family who embraced Kath as one of their own. On June 11, 2004, Celia joined Kath at Marycrest, the two friends spent these end times together until Celia's death on December 17, 2007.

Kath's motto God Alone says something about Kath's hidden life with Christ in God.

At times during her life Kath did journey with Christ in the agony in the Garden of Gethsemane and there were times when the burden of what lay before her provided difficulties for her.

But Kath was the epitome of Hope: Kath believed that Hope enabled her to listen to the melody of the future, to smile and to dance before God even though her body was ageing.

One thing Kath used to say to me when I would take her back to her room after Mass in Mt Olivet Chapel was "Jeannie, growing old is not for pussycats!" Getting old was not easy for Kath as she saw the diminishment of her gifts and talents.

Kath was musical – she loved to sing, she loved to play her flute, but the tremors of old age affected

her voice, her ability to play her flute and her beautiful copperplate handwriting. Kath with her courage accepted this as every day her ability to function became less and less.

For 18 years Kath was the Receptionist at Mt St Michael's College, Ashgrove, and everyone who came to the front office spoke about the little, gentle Sister with the beaming smile.

Kath was like the sparrow who sought a home in the house of God, a resting place beneath the altar of the Lord. Every day here at Marycrest for as long as she was able, Kath sat outside the front doors of Marycrest smiling and saying "Hello" to everyone who passed by.

But Kath also fed the birds, fed the lizards and the water dragons, and fed Tigerlily, the feral cat. One of the lasting mementos of Kath's long sojourn at Marycrest will be the signs outside Marycrest advising people not to feed the birds, not to feed the lizards! Kath said to me once that life is not a matter of being dealt a good hand but of playing a poor hand well.

Today as we celebrate her life, we thank God for the gift of Kathleen Munce in our lives as Sisters of Charity.

For the 37 years that I have known Kath, she never once complained, even though at times life did deal her a poor hand. She embraced all with a smile and the radiance of that smile proclaimed that it is the love of Christ that impels us.

So, pray for us, Kath. We will miss you. We will miss your gentle, smiling presence.

Sr Margaret Case

August 18, 1931 – August 5, 2021

**Mass of Christian Burial, at
St Vincent de Paul Church,
Strathmore, Melbourne on
August 18, 2021**

Her personal motto:

*'Thanks be to God and
Mary Immaculate'*



Sr Margaret Case

It was February 2, 1956 – 65 years ago – that I first met Margaret Case, writes Sr Denise Hannebery:

At the Essendon Airport we boarded a TAA plane to Sydney. It was my very first time on a plane – I think Margaret might have travelled on a plane before – but we were off on the big adventure to join the Sisters of Charity of Australia.

We were met in Sydney by two Sisters of Charity and taken to Potts Point. From there we were driven to Wahroonga where a brand new Novitiate awaited us.

We were the first group to begin our training in this new Novitiate and we were the largest group ever to join the Sisters of Charity – there were 17 of us. The Novitiate was built for



Above:

Sr Virginia Mahony, Sr Margaret Case, Our Lady Help of Christians School, Eltham 1976

Srs celebrating their Silver Jubilee 1983, Sr Margaret Case back row, 2nd on right

80 and there were 53 in training at that time. It did not take very long for me to know that Margaret grew up in Williamstown with her parents, Margaret and Alfred, and her brothers, Richard, Pat and Bernard, and her sister Maureen. Margaret travelled from Williamstown to CLC to school and had just completed her Leaving Certificate when we met.

Margaret had a great love for her family, and they were very loving and supportive, especially her only sister, Maureen. Two of her brothers, Richard, and Bernard, were into sailing and we all knew when they were in the Melbourne to Hobart Yacht Race. We would be glued to the radio or TV to hear their progress. By the time I lived in Hobart it was Margaret's two nephews who were sailing so I can remember going down to the Dock in Hobart to see them sail in. It was very exciting. I can also remember meeting them and telling them I knew their Auntie Margaret.

Pat was into cars and car racing. He came to see Margaret, when

we were still in the Novitiate, proudly showing Margaret and us, his very dirty, dusty car – I think he had just come from racing in Bathurst.

Most of us, who came from interstate, did not see our parents for six months. They were invited to come to our "Clothing in the White Veils." No one was allowed to take photos of any Novices but luckily Mother Joseph did not know that Mr Case, who was sitting in the front seat, in the Chapel, had his camera with him. He took wonderful photos and generously sent them to our parents who treasured them. The photos I reproduced in our booklet where all photos Mum had safely kept.

On that special 'white veil' day we all received a new name – not chosen by us but given to us. Some of our group were lucky enough to get a female Saint's name but Margaret and myself got a male saint's name. Margaret was Sister Patricius, which is Latin for Patrick, and I was Sister Denis.

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Words of remembrance

Sr Margaret Case

From page 17

I did wonder why I had to go to Fort Street Boys High School to do an exam, when I was in NSW!

It was customary too in those days to be a Nurse or a Teacher, whether you were suited to that vocation or not. Margaret became an infant schoolteacher, but it was not until 1978, after doing a year of renewal, at the National Pastoral Institute, that she decided to look at other options. The first was a Parish Coordinator's role at St Gabriel's Reservoir and the following year, a CCD role at Leura and then at Cabramatta.

There was a beautiful tribute to Margaret in the Sacred Heart Cabramatta Parish Newsletter this weekend. It read:

•••••

"In 1980 Sr Margaret arrived at Sacred Heart Cabramatta and eagerly joined our Liturgical/Sacramental team and worked on improving existing well-established programs, for the catechists, including workshops, to assist in planning interesting lessons. Sister had the gift of music and singing which proved invaluable in the Liturgies and Masses for special occasions such as First Holy Communion, Easter, and Christmas. Sister spent four very happy years at Cabramatta in this role. She was gifted with a great sense of humour and always had a twinkle in her eye!"

That sense of humour was spoken of as a "whimsical sense of humour" by her friend, Sister Josephine Cannell, who is 103 years old and has a magnificent memory. She is here with us today. She often took Margaret to Comely Bank in Healesville, and they worked happily together to care for the property. When Josephine went to Sydney for two years it was Margaret who looked after Comely Bank. She really enjoyed this.

But it was to Josephine that Margaret confided that she would really like to study music again, but she would need a good teacher. Josephine contacted an ex-student of CLC who worked at the Conservatorium and was a Professor at the University. She prepared Margaret for more music exams and those who lived with Margaret at Strathmore at that time, me included, knew all those exam pieces off by heart – in our heads not with our fingers!

The Sisters of Charity Leadership Council arranged for one of the two garages here at Strathmore, to be converted into a Music Room for Margaret, so she could take private pupils for music lessons. Children would run around, after school, to have music lessons with Margaret. It was at this same time Margaret joined the parish choir here – she really enjoyed that and made wonderful friendships with the choir members.

After some years Margaret had a desire to learn the harp so she could go into Aged Care Facilities and share music therapy with the sick and elderly.

This was unwittingly preparing Margaret to leave Moonee Ponds where she was living at the time,

to go to St Catherine's Balwyn on May 16, 2014.

Usually this transition is very difficult, but for Margaret it was a very peaceful change. She joined in all the activities at St Catherine's, and she played the piano at some of their social gatherings.

During the seven years at St Catherine's, Margaret has inspired many of us with her peace and deep sense of gratitude. It would seem to me, that it has been her personal motto, written in her heart and around her Profession ring, that has brought this about. Margaret's motto is Deo Gratias et Maria Immaculata – Thanks be to God and Mary Immaculate. As Margaret slowly became more and more immobile and cheerfully rocked gently in her special chair, the words she uttered most to her wonderful carers were "thank you," Deo Gratias.

She greatly appreciated when a carer would paint her nails, or put some pearls around her neck, or a beautiful scarf. It was Mary Gabrielle and Liz Reid who have been very great carers and health supporters of Margaret over these seven years, and there was never a special occasion when they would not arrange prayer and a delicious afternoon tea. I can remember one gathering when Margaret said, "Did I hear someone say cake!" Margaret loved cakes and chocolates.

Fortunately Jesus talked about the Heavenly Banquet so I think she will enjoy Heaven!

Today we can all join Margaret in saying "Deo Gratias et Maria Immaculata" – "Thanks be to God and Mary Immaculate!" Amen.

Sr Margaret Mines, OAM

May 21, 1934 – June 12, 2021

Mass of Christian Burial, at St John the Baptist Church, Enoggera Qld, on Friday, June 18, 2021

Her personal motto:

'Mihi vivere est Christus'
(For me to live is Christ)



Sr Margaret Mines



Above:

Sr Margaret Mines (Principal) with staff, Mater Dei Primary School, St John's Wood

Mt St Michael's Convent, Ashgrove ca 1960 – (back row far right) Sr Margaret Mines

Sr Libbey Byrne remembers Sr Margaret:

On May 22, the day after her 87th birthday, I received an email from Margaret. Among other things, it contained instructions to get into her unit and the words, "My vows are in a gold box in the top drawer."

Last Monday, I went to the drawer, found the box, conveniently labelled "My Vows" with Margaret's handwritten vows from 1954 and '59 – and so much more besides.

Quietly, and with purpose, Margaret prepared herself, and us, for the death she knew was coming.

When I look at the box now, it's like a boxed set of "How to Be a Sister of Charity".

The box contained reflections, some jubilee liturgies, and other objects to illustrate the living embodiment of a vowed life, especially our fourth vow of Service of the Poor.

For Margaret, the motto: *For me, to live is Christ*, permeated her days and nights as the love of Christ impelled her life's journey.

Some of you who did not know well her have asked: "What was Margaret like?" ... the simple answer – she was a Sister of Charity. In her words to the Mt St Michael's girls:

As a Sister of Charity, I learned how to pray better and how to listen for the quiet voice of God that has inspired me and led me on all these years.

Trained as a Primary Teacher, Margaret spread the message of God's love to the small children in her care, enjoying their learning to read and preparing them to receive first Communion and Confirmation – in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane.

In 1984, called to a new ministry in Pastoral Care at St Vincent's Hospital Sydney, Margaret wrote:

... a new and strange disease puzzled the doctors. People got very sick very quickly... and died quickly... it was a time of great fear... the media made F-E-A-R the big headline and warned people to avoid those who had the disease...

... there was a lot of discrimination and injustice...

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Words of remembrance

Sr Margaret Mines, OAM

From page 19

I was scared too at first... so I prayed for courage and got on with life urged on by the love of Christ. I came to know people living with HIV/AIDS as wonderful people, so brave and grateful that at St Vincent's Hospital they were treated with respect... all patients were shown the love and tenderness of God by the wonderful staff I worked alongside.

Family members and friends came to visit, and Margaret got to know them too... many of you will be watching today. She said, mostly I just listened to them, but I listened to God and listened to myself too, thinking about all I was learning from the stories of life I was hearing from the patients, their families, and friends.

Because of the discrimination, people were saying it would be good to have a place, a space where they could be respected for who they were, where people would understand them, where they would not always be reminded about their disease.

And so, the Tree of Hope was born – in an old school library at Surrey Hills. Margaret worked there for the next ten years providing hospitality and a listening ear to all who came.

What Margaret didn't tell the MSM girls was of her being awarded Medal of the Order of Australia in 1994 and World Aids Day Medal in 1996, or that she would sometimes sit up all night with those dying of the disease.

In 2006 Margaret returned to Ashgrove in Brisbane... about three streets away from the house where she grew up and close to members of her family. In her "retirement" Margaret worked as a volunteer at the Faber Centre of Ignatian Spirituality in Bardon, was a friend to Mt St Michael's College community and organised Remembrance Services for deceased sisters at Toowoomba and Nudgee cemeteries in November.

A car accident in 2015 led to Margaret's physical world shrinking considerably, but she remained faithful to her connections with the friends and families she had known during her ministry to people living with HIV/AIDS through many phone calls and email, to family members and to the friends she made here at St John the Baptist Parish and Retirement Community.

She reflected: we go on with courage to work with others, often on the margins, the edges of life, finding those in need.

There are many more words to be said but as the writer of John's Gospel expressed it "I suppose the world could not contain" the stories to be told.

The last words now belong to Margaret and inspired our choice of Gospel today:

.....

As a pastoral carer, I often thought I was like "the hem of his garment" – "If I touch the hem, I will be healed and saved."

His garment would have been dragged along in mud and so on, maybe frayed at the edges etc – just like me.

We were showing the love of God to people, praying with them, touching them, giving them hope by being there for them.

We were given the courage to go on, we touched his garment... They did too, through us.

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