



Congregation of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Scranton, PA Vol. 34, No. 1 Spring 2016





# Food is Something Holy

by Ellen Maroney, IHM

*Food, in the end, ...is something holy. It's not about nutrients and calories.  
It's about sharing. It's about honesty. It's about identity.*

Louise Fresco, Dutch scientist/writer



**A**s I sat down to gather my thoughts for the introduction to this issue of *Journey*, whose theme is Food, I unconsciously broke off and ate a good-sized piece of a Hazelnut Crunch candy bar someone had given me. I laughed a bit to myself when the realization of the connection struck me and I had to admit that I often resort to food when facing a deadline for an unfinished project or talk. It's also true that whenever our leadership team prepares to leave on a trip, one of our first priorities is to make sure we have the "snack bag" packed

and filled to the brim. There is no question that food is essential for our survival, but the notion of food and its meaning for us goes beyond just the physical level. As the articles in this issue reveal, food enriches our bodies, minds, and souls in a variety of intricate and multi-layered ways.

We humans are quite unique among God's creatures when it comes to food. Other creatures eat to live; humans, figuratively and literally, live to eat. Almost all of our cultural, religious, and social ceremonies involve food: weddings, First Communion, birthdays, anniversaries, Super Bowls, Thanksgivings, graduations, even funerals. We are by nature social beings whose need for food draws us to one another in friendship and community. At the same time, our minds, spirits, and souls are "fed" as fully as our bodies through these encounters. Even our experience of a little physical hunger between meals reminds us that we are not sufficient in and of ourselves: we need to be nourished with food—and so much more. This hunger also unites us with those in our world who daily lack even the most basic sustenance and who cannot imagine what a full stomach feels like. Pope Francis reminds us that we are called to help make that act of imagination possible for all people. Our willingness to be more generous with our time, talent, and resources (our own "loaves and fishes") draws us beyond our familiar boundaries, our comfort zones, and allows for the multiplication of those gifts with the gifts of others in order to help "feed" the poor and most vulnerable in our world.

Food, in all its forms, nourishes and delights us, comforts and tempts us, connects and challenges us. We become our truest selves when our deepest hungers—for acceptance, love, relationship, peace, justice, God—

are fed not by material possessions, wealth, or power, but by our reliance on God's love and mercy to provide us with the "daily bread" we need. In the celebration of Eucharist, we gather as a community, receive strength and encouragement from the Word, are fed by the bread and wine become Christ's body and blood, and then are sent forth to feed the hungers of the world. It is therefore our deep hungers from within that initiate and move us to share our bread with others. "The place God calls you to is the place where your deep gladness and the world's deep hunger meet." (Frederick Buechner, minister and writer).

During this Easter season, as we gather around and are fed at the table of the Lord, it might be well for each of us to contemplate the following questions: For what do I hunger deeply? How do I feed the hungers in my family? My workplace? My community? My world?

*Jesus, first Bread blessed and broken, you ask me to be your leaven.*

*You lift me to your Father and gift me with your loving.*

*I, just a handful of dough, am asked to be the leaven  
for a whole batch of people so that faith will rise in hearts.*

*It is humbling to be your leaven. It is risky to be your holy.*

*It is goodness to be your dough...*

*Jesus, first one blessed and broken,  
make of me a good handful of dough,  
one who trusts enough to be kneaded,  
one who loves enough to be shared.*

"A handful of dough," taken from *Fresh Bread*, by Joyce Rupp.  
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*Sister Ellen serves as president of the Congregation of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Scranton, PA.*



Congregation of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Scranton, Pennsylvania

Our mission as Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary of Scranton, Pennsylvania, is to follow Jesus as a community of disciples, aware that we are sent to be a clear and understandable prophetic witness to the presence of God in the world. - from the IHM Mission Statement

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Correspondence should be addressed to the *Journey* editor at: IHM Center, 2300 Adams Avenue, Scranton, PA 18509. E-mail: [communications@sistersofihm.org](mailto:communications@sistersofihm.org)

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# Feasting on Beauty

by Chris Koellhoffer, IHM

Imagine what a daily diet of the beautiful might do for our lives and our world.

For many years, I rode the PATH train back and forth between Jersey City, NJ, and Greenwich Village, NY, where I worked. Since most of the ride was underground, in darkness, in the bowels of a tunnel running underneath the Hudson River, there were no distractions, nothing to see. That barren landscape was reflected in the often vacant and weary expressions of my fellow commuters, who day after day got on the PATH, went to work, got on the PATH, went home. Monday to Friday, then repeat.

But in the month of December, all of that changed.

In December, as the train was rumbling along in utter darkness, we rounded a curve and came face to face with beauty. On the tunnel wall, track workers had fashioned and displayed a tiny Christmas tree, illumined so brightly that it pierced the darkness. Startled, we clapped and cheered and smiled and began talking to the strangers beside us. The whole mood of the train shifted. I suspect the crowd went home to their apartments and condos and houses as I did: carrying a more hopeful heart, grateful for the grace of that surprising blessing. In ways we couldn't articulate, our spirits had been touched by an act both playful and profound, an unexpected gift from anonymous transit employees. Something in each of us had changed. In that moment, we had feasted on beauty.

Remembering that whimsical Christmas tree reminds me of the Sanskrit phrase, *sarvam annam*, translated "Everything is food. Every last thing."<sup>1</sup> Everything we experience in life in some way enters into us. Beyond the food that nourishes our bodies and our physical well-being, what else have we invited into our everyday living? What else have we been feasting on, chewing, absorbing, digesting? How have we been attentive to feeding the life of the spirit, to savoring poetry, music, art, dance, delight, play, contemplation, stillness? Where have we let beauty in, and in what ways has it fed and transformed us and our world? And what connection exists between a steady diet of the beautiful and our desire and commitment to do justice and be people of peace?

Joan Chittister, OSB, reminds us that beauty is the bridge to justice, and that if in this millennium we really want justice, we must learn to cultivate beauty. "To bring peace, to nurture hope, to wage justice, then, it is necessary to teach beauty, or nothing is too valuable to be destroyed," she observes. "We may well be spending too much time teaching skills and productivity and efficiency and far too little time on music and art and flowers and literary appreciation. To raise a child well, we must seed a place in their souls for beauty. To live life fully, we must learn to take time out for beauty."<sup>2</sup>

In "Beautiful Things," Brian Andreas of Story People describes how beauty attracts the soul; how, once we get a taste of it, we're drawn in; how witnessing beauty deepens our desire to change unjust systems and structures that oppress and limit the human heart.



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"Once there was a girl & a boy who wanted to change the world & at first, they thought it'd be easy, because if everyone could see how beautiful it'd be, it'd take about a minute, but all the people they talked to were too busy busy busy to stop & listen. So, they went off & did beautiful things all on their own & pretty soon people were stopping & asking if they could come along & do that, too, & that's how they figured out how worlds change."<sup>3</sup>

When we feast on the beautiful, worlds can change. Fyodor Dostoyevsky believed in beauty as that type of catalyst. He would most probably have appreciated a recent study reported in the *NY Times*,<sup>4</sup> where researchers looked at the effect that experiences of nature, of wonder and awe, had on subjects. Among the documented results in those exposed to beauty of some kind on a regular basis were increased altruistic behavior, more sharing, more generosity toward the stranger, a greater willingness to help one's neighbor, a cooperative attitude.

No wonder the people most feared by repressive regimes are the poets and artists. Vaclav Havel, beloved poet and president of Czechoslovakia, insisted that his success in peacefully overcoming the totalitarian rule of his time was due to his choice of weapons: beautiful words.<sup>5</sup> Those who carry the loaves and fishes of imagination and hope feed us with the truth that there is another way. That there is an alternative to the cruelty and ugliness of sin and death. That God's dream of abundant life is possible for all people.

At times we may be so awe-deprived that we lose sight of the beautiful and the possible. In my dream for our world, I imagine a gathering of politicians and policy makers, world leaders and designers of national budgets, artists and dreamers and visionaries, every single one of us in this beautiful, yet wounded world. In my dream, it is December, and we are crammed together in the cars of a PATH train barreling along from 10<sup>th</sup> Street in Manhattan to Grove Street in Jersey City. Suddenly, a flash of light radiates through the darkness of the tunnel. We pause before a tree of hope and wonder.

We are fed, and we carry with us in memory the taste of that wondrous food.

## Endnotes

<sup>1</sup> Teddy Macker, "Poem for My Daughter," *This World*, White Cloud Press, 2015.

<sup>2</sup> Joan Chittister, OSB, "Beauty Is the Bridge to Justice," prayer

<sup>3</sup> Brian Andreas, "Beautiful Things," Story People

<sup>4</sup> Paul Piff and Dacher Keltner, "Why Do We Experience Awe?", *NY Times Sunday Review*, May 22, 2015

<sup>5</sup> Daniel O'Leary, "Poetry, please"

Sister Chris serves as coordinator of mobile spirituality ministry and also as editorial consultant for the *Sisters of IHM*, Scranton.



# Food is Memories



Duran, Ecuador, 1990, Marywood Service Trip: mounds of rice, every single solitary piece of chicken from ten

carcasses, carrots, eaten standing in the courtyard with the neighbors and a million kids. Better than Downton Abbey!

- Maria Rose Kelly, IHM



Helping my Mother bake Christmas cookies was always an exciting time. We have to eat the "broken" cookies.

Yum, yum!

- Judith Ann Ziegler, IHM



When I was a child, I remember coming home from Church on Sunday morning to the smell of gravy (sauce). The aroma filled the

whole house. Sunday in our home was pasta day! My mom would take hours making a meal for all to enjoy. As I look back on it, a very happy memory to cherish.

- Felicia Ann Parise, IHM



Cookies! Helping my mom bake them was always a special part of getting ready for Christmas. Nowadays I specialize in no-

sugar/low sugar varieties and enjoy making them and sharing them with friends.

- Kathleen Burns, IHM



These foods spark fond memories of family gatherings over the years: Swanko's kielbasa and Dad's Ukrainian egg cheese at Easter; Mom's and Paula's stuffing at Thanksgiving; Mom's cream cheese and rock cookies at Christmas.

- Donna Korba, IHM



Upon coming home from Christmas Midnight Mass (which was actually held at midnight), I remember my mom having

chicken a la king and biscuits for us to eat. That was when we stopped *waiting for* Santa and *became* Santa for our younger brothers and sisters. Thanks for making me remember this.

- Jane Snyder, IHM



One of my favorite memories of food is when I would come home from school and sit in the kitchen with my mom, telling her

all about my day while she prepared dinner. Prepping food with her will always be a special memory for me as I learned to cook and prepare but also to be listened to and to listen in the sharing that occurred.

- Mindy Welding, IHM



Food and family together were important times in our home. Holidays were extra special as the women gathered in the

kitchen to help prepare the meal and catch up on family happenings—while the men talked sports in the living room. Wonderful memories.

- Janet Jeffers, IHM



All during my growing up years, my father, mother, sister and brother with my aunt, uncle and cousins would go every summer for

a week to Pine Creek near Jersey Shore, PA, a great fishing and hunting area. A spaghetti dinner was our family tradition. My mother would make a big pot of sauce and we would feast on meatballs and spaghetti. My brother and nephews continue the tradition up to this day. My brother is the chief cook!

- Eleanor Mary Marconi, IHM



The mothers who are released from Bedford Hills, Taconic, Rikers Island or any other county prison to be reunited

with their children or coming with their babies, come to My Mother's House. It is the first house and place for them to live as a family provided by Hour Children. One of the major rules of the house is that everyone, mothers and children, has to eat at the table together, to share meals. It is always a big issue for the women to do that because they come from such a controlling environment where every minute of their lives is decided by someone else, so they resent and fight about it. But after a little while, they realize what a blessing it is to eat together. Eating brings many other blessings, building relationships with their children and the other mothers, sharing concerns and receiving advice, cooperating with each other. Eating together is just a door to a new life for the mothers and their children.

- Catherine Sitja y Balbastro, IHM



My mother's meals were always a delight. Every meal she prepared had a special Italian flair.

There is one memory, however, I especially cherish. Every Memorial Day my dad would take my sisters and me to downtown Pittsburgh to watch the Memorial Day parade. After the parade we would walk over to the Oyster House for a huge, delicious oyster sandwich, accompanied with a steaming hot chocolate. That's the childhood experience that I will always hold dear.

- Mary Lambert Rossi, IHM



My mom's meatballs were delicious. So delicious that while in high school, every time I brought a meatball sandwich

for lunch, Mom made an extra and

cut it into quarters so I could share it with my friends; this way I got to eat mine!

- Flo Marino, IHM



How often food will conjure memories of comfort and love from times past. Could we ever have imagined how wonderful those

memories would become as time goes by?

- Anita Maleski, IHM



A friend of mine, an undocumented immigrant, told me that she cannot return to her country to visit her family and friends

because on her return she would be denied access to the USA. One way, however, that she can visit her homeland is through food. The aromas and flavors of her "comida tipica" that she prepares at home or enjoys in a typical restaurant of her culture immediately transports her mentally back home. Maybe that is why we find such a variety of restaurants of different cultures opening all over our country.

Another reason to be grateful to our immigrant brothers and sisters!

- Mary Martha Gardiner, IHM



After much prodding by my Mom to "do something extra for Lent," my Dad spent Holy Thursday night at the Tenebrae service

at St. Ann's Monastery. Upon returning home early on Good Friday morning, Dad came into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator door saying he was hungry. My

*continued on page 18*

# The Presence of Jesus: Food for the Journey

by Nancy Hawkins, IHM

I love to learn about the time in which Jesus lived. I am fascinated by the family and social customs of Palestine and the surrounding territories. One area that always beckons to me is the importance of food and meals during the time of Jesus. It was the meal that defined social status and allowed for strangers to become friends. Hospitality was designated by the offering of food and the covenant on Sinai was celebrated with a meal up on the mountain. Most important of all is the Passover meal with its symbolic food that gives the Jewish people their holiest narrative of freedom from bondage. Jesus understood the significance of food for his people and he would use the importance of meals and nourishment to teach us that he is our food for the journey. He is present to us, and we “feed off him” when the people are gathered, the story is told, and the bread is broken. (This phase comes from John Shea, theologian and storyteller.)

We are social beings who thrive in healthy, nourishing community. From day one of our life we exist among others and we discover who we are as we are “fed” by the love and support of family and friends. Jesus understood the value of community. He called others to go through life with him. The call to the way of discipleship is a call to belong to a community, as is the call to worship. It was at meals where the followers of Jesus learned who he was, and how to form community. Every Holy Thursday we gather as believers and hear the Word of God proclaim Jesus’ washing the feet of his friends. In the context of a meal we learn how we are to love and minister to each other. We are told that where two or three are gathered in Jesus’ name, there he is among us. (Matt. 18:20) Jesus “feeds” us with his eternal presence and we in turn must feed each other.

One of my favorite doctrines is that of the Communion of Saints. This doctrine is so positive and consoling. It teaches us that the love we share with others will never end. The mystical body of Christ allows us to be forever joined with those who have gone before us. We are never truly alone, and we can rely on this communion to sustain us when lonely or afraid.

Not only are we fed by Jesus’ presence in community, we are fed by his presence in the Scriptures. We are called to make our home in the Word of God. I am always amazed and delighted in how the words of the Bible continue to nourish me throughout my life. I may pray the same passage twenty times and it still has new truths to teach. When I remain in the Word of God, I am remaining in Jesus who feeds my entire being. The Carthusian monk of the Middle Ages, Guigo II, wrote a beautiful passage about the power of doing *Lectio Divina*. He writes, “Reading seeks for the sweetness of a blessed life; meditation perceives it, prayer asks for it, and contemplation tastes it.” We are meant to “chew on” and “digest” the sacred text of the Bible. In our “tasting it” we encounter Jesus. When we bring it to our prayer we know its sweetness.

It is on the road to Emmaus where we see how the personal encounter with Jesus allows those grieving his death to be fed by the Word of God. “Did not our hearts burn within us as he (Jesus) talked to us on the road and explained the scriptures to us?” (Luke 24:30) What a wonderful moment for these two disciples who are fleeing Jerusalem! I once read that the Road to Emmaus passage should be read like a letter to the new Christian communities. The letter announces that the person of Jesus resides in their sacred texts and they will know Jesus in the depths of their being when they make their home in those words. “The Words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life!” (John 6:63) Indeed they are!

Jesus’ presence in the community and the Word finds its fulfillment at the Eucharistic table. All the many meals that Jesus shared with tax collectors, sinners, family and friends lead to this summit of our faith. Eucharistic worship is a celebration which shapes the community’s relationship to God and to one another. Jesus is truly present in the breaking of the bread and the offering of the cup. The Eucharist makes what Jesus did at the Last Supper present again. This communion not only remembers the past, but celebrates who we are in the now, and moves us into the future until he comes again. Jesus’ presence with us at the table prepares us for our journey of life. In John’s gospel we are told that Jesus is the bread of life, and if we believe in him and trust that he is real food and drink, we will have his life in us and we will live with him in eternal life. This is an incredible promise which often challenges the people of our age. Perhaps if we invite them to share in our table experience they will notice the power of community, the beauty of our sacred words, and recognize the Lord in the breaking of the bread as did the travelers to Emmaus.

As I have moved through my life, the significance of Jesus’ presence in the Eucharist has deepened and taken on new meaning. I know that this is the work of the Spirit. I love picturing Jesus at the shore, inviting me to a morning fish fry along with all others who long to be with him. I desire to sit by Jesus’ side as he opens the scriptures and teaches me how he is present in the people I meet on a daily basis. I hear him say, “Do not work for food that cannot last, but work for food that endures to eternal life.” (John 6:27) I will take him up on his offer.

*Sister Nancy serves on the faculty at St. Bernard’s School of Theology and Ministry in Rochester, NY.*



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# Mindful Eating

by Mary Ellen Merrick, IHM

In 1968, Lionel Bart was part of a company that released one of the most beloved musicals of all time. It was the movie version of *Oliver*, the story of a young boy who was an orphan living in horrid conditions with many other boys as a cheap work force. One scene depicts the young Oliver daring to beg for “more” gruel. The scene develops into the boys singing about food in a fantasy dream with the lyrics of “Food, Glorious Food.” They imagine all sorts of combinations such as “hot sausage and mustard” and “cold jelly and custard.” Remember?

Some people have fantasies involving food all the time. Here are a few of the more common types of food relationships that develop into what is referred to as Eating Disorders:

- Anorexia Nervosa - person suffers from intense feeling of being fat.
- Bulimia Nervosa - cyclical bingeing and purging episodes - fears getting fat.
- Anorexia Athletica - exercising to the point of exhaustion on a regular basis.
- Binge Eating Disorder - BED - eating when not physically hungry.

It is the area of BED or Compulsive Overeating that this article will seek to address. This is considered to be a food addiction just as substance use disorders and some process addictions are because the same area of the brain is involved. The limbic system (pleasure center) is a primitive area that enables humans to survive by doing things or ingesting foods that make them feel good. Humans are hardwired to do this. When the *need* to repeat something no longer just satisfies a basic human need and becomes an end in itself, some people will create a relationship that no longer serves them. It renders them becoming enslaved by it. Food can be one of these good things gone amuck!

Most of us are familiar with the phrase “comfort food.” The idea has been traced back to at least 1966 when the *Palm Beach Post* used it in a story: “Adults, when under severe emotional stress, turn to what could be called ‘comfort food’—food associated with the security of childhood, like mother’s poached egg or chicken soup.” Comfort foods may be consumed to positively pique emotions, relieve negative psychological effects, or to increase positive feelings.

One study divided college students’ comfort food identifications into four categories (nostalgic, indulgence, convenience, and physical) with a special emphasis on the deliberate selection of foods to modify mood, and indications that the medical-therapeutic use of particular foods may ultimately be a matter of mood alteration.

There may be some different patterns among women and men. Some male preferences include warm, hearty, meal-related foods such as steak, casseroles, and soups. Female preferences tend toward chocolate and ice cream. There are also some connections between consumption of comfort foods and guilt.

Some researchers suggest that the use of comfort foods as a response to emotional stress is a key contributor to the epidemic of obesity in the United States. The provocation of specific hormonal responses leading selectively to increases in abdominal fat is seen as a form of self-medication. An area of genetic research that may be helpful to consider is that there are “fat” genes in our systems. So-called “normal” subjects have 35 billion fat cells but individuals who develop obesity have 135 billion. Once this gets out of control it is very difficult to rein it in.

So, there is a dilemma that is different from other areas of addiction. *We have to eat!* It is not possible to have a goal that does not include food. People can do without alcohol and the other

sources of possible addictive illness. Necessary management of pain with appropriate and monitored medication is possible. Gambling, shopping, Internet, hoarding and other process addictions can be dealt with in various abstinent ways. Food and a culture that uses food as reward, that increases the amount of sugars and salt, that looks to use items that are not fresh but preserved, and advances single serving sizes that could easily feed several people, are gradually making it almost impossible to understand food as part of a balanced, healthy lifestyle.

One of the suggestions this article would offer is for readers to ask themselves on a regular basis, “Am I conscious of what I am eating and why?” This could be considered “mindful eating.” What I choose to ingest has an impact on my system, including my ability to think clearly. “How much sugar am I actually taking into my system each day?” Many would argue that sugar is the real “gateway” drug in the United States. Does my plate reflect balanced nutrition with fruits and vegetables forming the major portions?

The last thing to note is to avoid diets. They don’t work over time. Instead, look at a lifestyle that fits your individuality. Your needs are unlike anyone else. Pay attention to your hunger. Eating regularly throughout the day will prevent extremes in hunger that may lead to overeating. Get connected to food in a mindful way. Slow down. Focus on changing behavior, not results.

Finally, we all want to enjoy our food. At holiday times some dishes take us back to childhood and create memories for us to enjoy once again. Sometimes if a certain dish is not made or made in the usual way, there can be a feeling of disappointment. We have all created relationships with food. May you have a relationship with food that heals you, that energizes you and that fuels you to live up to your personal calling in this life!



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Sister Mary Ellen is the executive director of the Women’s Program at Guest House located in Lake Orion, MI.

# Food, Culture, and Hospitality

by Denise Montagne, IHM

I was born in a multicultural society, not much different from what we see around us in most cities, a society that savored various expressions of creative recipes. Food served at the table became an occasion for gathering more than a means of survival. At home we spent hours savoring meals, delighting in one another's presence, sharing anecdotes of the day, listening with astonishment and satisfaction to what was new. Sitting around the table became food for the soul, an invitation to share, laugh and enjoy a meal around the flavors of life. So today when I come to share at a table I come to encounter friendship and love; I come to encounter home. I believe this is a common denominator for most of us.



The gatherings at my grandparents' homes every Sunday, where we came together with a large group of relatives, friends and family, taught me about the importance of sharing and hospitality. Grandma in the kitchen with my seven aunts who went in and out, each one with a task at hand, preparing the meal that included a variety of dishes and setting up the tables for all of us who were invited. I loved my grandmother's gnocchi, which was my favorite dish. She would prepare the gnocchi in a soft cream cheese base. I believe no one could make better gnocchi than she. We take pride in our Peruvian cuisine since it is the sum of many efforts, and is also the fusion of many cultures including African, Spanish, Italian, French, German, Chinese and Japanese. Into the dishes of other cultures, we have been able to incorporate our unique Peruvian flavor and seasonings.

I am convinced of the importance of a welcoming heart when sharing a meal. I call it the culture of love. No wonder Jesus chose to stay with us in the Eucharist. Traveling around the coast, the mountains and the Amazon jungle regions in my country, I savored their unique variety of foods. I noticed we all had the same approach, as we are hospitable and welcoming in sharing this culinary and cultural experience with everyone we meet. This makes it so inviting, enriching and interdependent; it becomes a channel of conversation and sharing is inevitable.

As a woman of faith I have learned to invite Jesus to my table. I have learned to share, to give and receive at God's table of plenty. Sharing food and nourishing those in need was so important for Jesus. He shared at the table with friends and family and worried about the thousands who needed to be fed. He nourished his friends Martha, Mary and Lazarus with spiritual words that came from his heart. He invited the poor and the lame, the crippled and the blind, and told us that we would be blessed if we did the same, since they do not have the means to repay. He left us the Eucharist of his love so we, too, would follow in his steps. With Jesus it became a banquet where we encounter God who graces us in his presence and love when we reach out to those who are in need. It becomes essential for one's personal and spiritual growth to share with those who can't give back to us in the same measure. We allow our soul to be touched by God's hands and fed with the graces that flow from this encounter of love. As we serve with a servant's heart and consider others first, we create an atmosphere where people can truly be at home, becoming Eucharist to each other. Jesus' miracle of this shared meal of bread and fish selflessly feeds thousands. From the breaking of the bread on the mountain, the miracle is repeated in the breaking of the bread at one's home and at the table of the one in need.

I want to share with you a poem I wrote in 2005, as I was meditating on the passage of the multiplication of the bread and fish. I pray you may be blessed and fed in God's banquet of life.

## My Fish and Bread

I give my fish and bread. You bless them,  
multiplying my gifts in others, gifts of love  
to build here on Earth God's Kingdom of Heaven;  
selfless gifts that when shared  
with your wisdom and love, others are fed.

My heart eats from the pieces of bread  
shared by others; broken pieces of love,  
to bring life to my soul given.  
My soul is one in all and we become one  
in this act of sharing. Miraculous act of God,  
sacrifice of shared bread at your table.  
Broken pieces of life shared every time  
that in your name we are gathered.

This fish and bread you gave me first  
I give back to you in the name of our Father;  
Broken pieces of bread and fish served at your table  
are shared moments of life, justice, mercy and love,  
to bring us together.

Selfless gift of self in the breaking of this bread,  
fulfillment of revealed love becomes eternity's meal,  
Banquet where one serves and all serve our loving Father.  
Bread for the body and spirit that strengthens the soul of the gathered.  
We ask for our daily bread to be nourished.

*Sister Denise serves at Holy Cross High School in Dunmore, PA, where she teaches Spanish and Religion.*



# What Feeds Me



In addition to the Eucharist, I am nourished each day by the lives of faith-filled women like Mary and Theresa Maxis. Filled with gratitude, these and women like them exude strength and courage, creativity, and steadfastness centered in God.  
- Nancy Elder, IHM



In my work in religious education, I am fed by the joy and recognition in the eyes and faces of the children, teens, or adults who just had a moment of recognizing God's wondrous love and presence in their life.  
- Roberta Mary Harding, IHM



I like food especially at parties and jubilees. The food nourishes my body but the companionship feeds my spirit which I feel is more beneficial.  
- Anne Mary Boslett, IHM



When I began my ministry as Parish Social Minister at St. Sebastian's in Pittsburgh, I wondered why they sponsored a food pantry in such an affluent section of the North Hills. It was not too long before I realized that the poor are everywhere, sometimes hidden in the shadows of affluence, and it was indeed our privilege to serve them with respect and dignity.  
- Jane Ellis, IHM



Coffee connects me to: God, Earth, others.  
- Donna Korba, IHM



There are meals that nourish our bodies but what truly feeds me are those meals during which my body, soul and mind are nourished by the food, the company and the intangible connections that

exist among those at the table.  
- Mary Ellen Higgins, IHM



God's daily friendship along with the ingredients of family, friends, and food!  
- Suzanne Delaney, IHM



I am currently reading a book entitled "Jesus, the Teacher Within" by Lawrence Freeman, OSB. He remarks that, "In Christian art Mary is often shown reading, the model of the Christian into whom the Word enters, becomes enfleshed and grows to maturity." My food for my soul is reading. My spiritual director once told me, "God is your director through the books you read." Much has changed in religious life and formation since I entered the convent, but the instruction we received "to do spiritual reading for one half hour every day" rooted itself in my life from that time on.

This time of day is graced time and a space to listen to the voice of God through the writings of many current and past spiritual masters. Freeman also said, "Faith is a way of seeing depth and meaning in the ordinary." My sister-in-law is a reader of the most excellent books and shares them with me on my Kindle. The wonderful themes and characters (such as the Paris architect in the book of the same name, the twin doctors in "Cutting for Stone," Sarah in "These is my Words" and Sarah Thebarge's "The Invisible Girls: A Memoir") speak to my heart and soul in their lives of compassion, courage, ingenuity, self-sacrifice, and on and on. Truly, reading is the joy of my life.

- Ancilla Maloney, IHM



What feeds me the most is a week's retreat in the IHM hermitage.  
- Joan Ottman, IHM



The things that feed me: prayer, a good laugh, a meaningful conversation, an interesting book.  
- Jane Gaughan, IHM



Almost every time I sit down at the table I remember Rufina, a hungry, abandoned little girl that we met when we first came to Sicuni, Peru, about 25 years ago. She's now grown and has six children. Her husband is illiterate and makes little money. They survive on soup and tea most of the time. We share our leftovers with her family and help out whenever we can. Our grace before meals has become: "We thank you, Lord, for the food we are about to share. Bless those who have sown and reaped in our favor. Please care for those who lack what they need and have no one to share with them. We make this prayer in Jesus' name. Amen."  
- Eileen Egan, IHM



My participation in Sunday Eucharist extends beyond the final hymn sung in the chapel of Our Lady of Peace Residence. God continues to nourish me as I feed our frail, elderly sisters. Sharing this sacred time with them provides further sustenance for my soul.  
- Carrie Flood, IHM



While I have always been nourished by the Eucharist, I have found even deeper hungers fed when I receive it from the hands of an inmate at the prison where I am privileged to minister. For then Christ in the Eucharist comes to me from one who resembles Christ the "despised and rejected," who, despite his sufferings, continues to trust in his father—and then I am doubly fed.  
- Rosella Salvato, IHM



My faith and trust in God, the love and support from my natural and religious families, my relatives, friends, and my ministry are the gifts which feed my soul with peace and happiness.  
- Angela Miller, IHM



Various forms of music and creative arts have continued to feed me with a life-giving spirit from birth to being one of those children in the back seat of the car pleading with Dad to stop, by singing, "We all scream for ice-cream" to my later years, when a trinity of songs became favorites, namely, "What a Wonderful World," "This Little Light of Mine" and especially, "On That Holy Mountain" where "the wolf is the guest of the lamb" bringing peace. For me, both the lyrics and the music of these favorites continue to integrate the life-giving rhythm referred to in our IHM core values—a "wholeness of life rooted in God."  
- Mariam Pfeifer, IHM



I am nourished by a beautiful sunrise or sunset, a new baby, beautiful flowers, the ebb and flow of the ocean, a rainbow, being with my family and loved ones. These things and more nurture and refresh me and help me to realize more and more God's constant and everlasting presence with me.  
- Helene Hicks, IHM



My sister-in-law, Joanne, has had ALS for 10 years and I have the privilege of bringing Eucharist to her every Sunday. The expression of deep faith and gratitude on her face and in her eyes "feeds me" for the rest of the week.  
- Mary Ellen Coyne, IHM

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# Food: Joy vs. Burden

by Elizabeth A. DeMerchant

Food has been a source of income, field of study, and hobby for most of my family in Northern Maine. Easton, Maine, is a very small town that borders the Province of New Brunswick, Canada. The people tend to be tough and rugged like the weather. Seasonal cycles in Maine are living in winter; cleaning up from winter, or getting ready for winter. Farming, hunting, fishing, and gardening are ways of life in Northern Maine. As far as the eye can see, there are rolling hills of dark rich soil left from the last ice age. The number one cash crop has been potatoes, followed by grain, and more recently broccoli. My father was a potato farmer and my mother a home economics teacher at the local high school. As a child, I picked rock in the spring and potatoes in the fall and watched my mother practice recipes for her classes. Food was a way of life. What was a means of survival has become a hobby. Today, my 80-year-old parents farm the apple orchard that was my grandfather's retirement project.

Education, I have often thought, runs in the blood of my family, as they were educators before they left Ireland in the 1800s. Teaching about food is an integral part to my family. Food and nutrition are fundamental concepts to the profession as well as the teaching of home economics. I have more recently come to consider farmers, like my dad, as teachers about the love of the earth and the natural cycle of life as they demonstrate sustainable

farming techniques, employee motivation, equipment repair, business management, love of the animals and plants. Teaching builds confidence and transfers knowledge across the generations.

Food triggers memories and is often associated with joy. What is the last party or social you attended that did not serve food? It is joyful to share a common meal with family, friends, and community. It reflects culture, events, and resource availability. Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners, as well as new potatoes, were a great joy to me as a child. They were celebrations of hope with a lot of fun. Food is a great medium for creativity that enlivens the human senses. People are more inclined to try new foods that are visually appealing. Homes sell faster when they smell like baked goods. Food may speak when no words are necessary; for example, a beverage may say, "I am sorry," "I love you," or even "hello" without words. A snack or cookie given to an angry or hurting student can open the door to their heart to allow conversation to start. Food does more than just feed the physical body. Think about hot cocoa on a cold winter day or cold lemonade on a hot summer day. Food triggers memories and alters the physical, mental, and emotional states of people.

How can food be a burden?



Consider the person with weight challenges, the dieter, the teenage girls with anorexia nervosa, a busy parent who needs to prepare dinner after working all day, or someone experiencing food insecurity. Harvesting food becomes a burden when it snows on the potatoes in September, causing them to be taken to the processor for less money than it cost to produce the crop. And yet this action must be taken to ensure contract fulfillment in hopes of a future contract. Food is a burden when apples must be picked and buried to prevent the spread of disease. Or when a hurricane is coming in August as harvest commences, and thousands of pounds of apples must be picked overnight using the only lighting available, car lights. Food can be a burden. Any hungry person willing to wait in line for food, even just a loaf of bread, knows the burden of food. It can break one's heart to see children at school hoarding food because they have known hunger and food insecurity.

Life is full of paradox. Jesus lived a life of contradiction—of joy and of controversy. Contradiction keeps life authentic. Food is one example of how a medium may shift from joy to burden with situations and time. Historically, food was a chore, much like chopping wood or cleaning. Food can be utilitarian or burdensome. Our grandmothers and even mothers

canned and preserved foods as a chore. Today, men and women can/preserve food as a hobby and even make artisan pickles, jams/jellies, wines, and breads that are available in the marketplace or consumed personally. Resource availability and situation may shift the perspective of joy versus burden yielding the paradox of food and life. For example, on a busy night after work, the meal preparation can begin as a burden, then move to the joy of consuming the meal, and then shift back to burden with clean up.

During my years working in business, I found the average working mother started thinking about what is for dinner about 3:00 p.m. It was the daily "water cooler" talk in the afternoon among the women. They often described the burden of thinking up things everyone in the family would like for dinner. Typically, they shopped for supplies either during lunch or after work. Limited income families may feel an additional burden during the monthly financial cycle. Time, energy, money, and knowledge or experience are factors to determine if food is a joy or burden.

Joy and burden are opposite sides of the same coin. Is food an art or a science? Joy or burden? We live in a global marketplace, yet many people experience food insecurity. Food is a medium that represents one of the many paradoxes of life.

*Elizabeth is a candidate with the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in Scranton, PA.*



*DeMerchant family apple orchard in Northern Maine.*



*DeMerchant family potato farm in Northern Maine.*





## Some of Our Favorites

### Korean Fried Vegetables

"Ya-Che-Thy-Kim"

by Angela Kim, IHM



#### INGREDIENTS

1 sweet potato  
1 medium onion  
1 small carrot  
1.5 cups flour  
1 tablespoon corn starch  
1 egg  
¼ tsp. salt  
1.5 cups water  
Olive oil

#### COOKING DIRECTIONS

Step One: Thinly slice sweet potato, onion and carrot.  
Step Two: Add all ingredients (sliced vegetables, flour, corn starch, egg, salt, and water).  
Step Three: In a large skillet, heat olive oil to a high heat. Deep fry a large spoonful of vegetables until they are cooked through.  
Step Four: Serve immediately. Some may like to dip fried vegetables into soy sauce.



### Quinoa Salad with Avocado, Cherry Tomatoes, and Feta

by Dora Vizcarra, IHM



Serves 3 to 4 people

#### INGREDIENTS

Salad  
1½ cups cooked quinoa (Cook as per package instructions)  
1 avocado - diced  
1½ cups cherry tomatoes - sliced in half or quarters  
2 oz feta cheese - diced  
4 cups baby spinach - roughly chopped  
2 tbs red onion - minced  
½ cup of walnuts

Suggested Dressing: olive oil, white wine vinegar, dijon mustard, salt

#### INSTRUCTIONS

Cook quinoa as per package instructions. Let cool slightly when done.  
Chop spinach  
Dice avocado  
Slice cherry tomatoes  
Dice feta cheese  
Mince red onion  
Add cooked quinoa and walnuts  
Mix olive oil, white wine vinegar, honey, dijon mustard, black pepper and salt together.  
Toss salad with dressing and serve.



### Chiles Rellenos

Stuffed Chiles

by Elvia Yolanda Mata Ortega



Stuffed Chiles with cheese is a delicious recipe, and a tradition of Mexico.

#### INGREDIENTS

10 jalapeño chiles  
3 eggs  
½ cup of Flour  
Cooking oil for frying  
1 pound of white cheese ("Fresh cheese" from Mexico)  
½ diced onion

#### STEPS

Grill the chiles. You can put them in a plastic bag and leave them to cool.  
When they are cooled, take off the skin.  
Carefully open one side of the chile with a knife and remove the seeds and veins.  
Fill the chiles with a cheese and onion mixture.  
Dip them in the flour and set aside.  
Beat the whites of the eggs until they are stiff. Add the yolks and continue beating.  
Dip chiles in the egg and into the flour again.  
Heat up cooking oil in a frying pan.  
Fry chiles until crisp and turn over to fry other side.  
You can serve them alone as a snack or as a meal with garnishes.



### Turdilli

by Felicia Ann Parise, IHM



A traditional Calabrese (Southern Italian) cookie served at Christmas.

Turdilli are sweet deep fried cookies, shaped like gnocchi and drizzled with honey.

#### INGREDIENTS

1 pound of flour – approximately four cups  
5 ounces of honey  
4.5 ounces of extra virgin olive oil  
8.5 fluid ounces of Moscato wine, or other sweet wine (red)  
½ teaspoon of cinnamon powder  
1 orange  
Frying oil

#### INSTRUCTIONS

In a mixing bowl add flour, extra virgin olive oil, wine, cinnamon and the zest of an orange finely grated.  
Work the dough gently and be sure all ingredients are mixed together.  
Take a piece of dough, roll it and make a one inch strip. Cut the strip into small pieces of about one inch.  
With a fork, impress lines onto each of the pieces and curl them into small cylinders. The deeper the grooves on the cookies, the better they puff up as they fry and the ridges unless deep, tend to disappear.  
Fry all your Turdilli – to puffed and medium to dark brown color. Stir while frying so the cookies do not stick together.  
Drain on a paper towel.  
In a pan at low heat, melt the honey and add the juice of one orange.  
Let it cool and pour it over the Turdilli – toss the cookies in the mixture so that the cookies are fully saturated. You can add sprinkles if you wish to give some color variety.  
Cookies will keep about one week.





# Favorite Recipes



## Steamed Clams, Shrimp and Sausage in White Wine Sauce

by Mariette Quinn, IHM



### INGREDIENTS

5 tablespoons of extra virgin olive oil  
1 lb of sausage (hot or mild to your taste) cut into 1-inch pieces  
5 cloves of garlic smashed  
2 cups of dry white wine (or chicken broth)  
2 dozen clams, little necks or mahogany clams (scrubbed and cleaned)  
24 gulf shrimp (peeled and deveined)  
Old bay seasoning to taste

### STEPS

In a large sauté pan, heat 3 tablespoons of olive oil until hot (smoking). Add sausage and sauté over high heat until browned, 1 to 2 minutes. Add garlic, old bay seasoning and wine and bring to a boil, then add clams and shrimp and cover. Cook over medium heat for 3 to 4 minutes.

The clams should open and the shrimp should be thoroughly cooked (nice white color). Discard any unopened clams. Toss gently over low heat for a minute, remove from heat and drizzle with remaining olive oil. Dish into warmed dinner bowls and serve with garlic bread or serve over your favorite pasta.



## Skillet Irish Soda Bread

by Rosemaron Rynn, IHM



### INGREDIENTS

5 cups flour  
4 tps. baking powder  
¾ cup sugar  
3 tps. caraway seed (more if you like)  
1 pinch baking soda  
1 pinch salt  
1 cup raisins (more if you like)  
2 cups milk

### STEPS

Mix all dry ingredients and raisins together by hand to make certain that raisins are thoroughly mixed in. Add milk a little at a time, mixing thoroughly after each addition. (Use enough milk to moisten the batter so it is gloppy but not runny. Make sure all flour is moistened).

Pour batter into a well-greased, medium sized iron skillet and bake in a 350 degree oven for 50 – 60 minutes. Remove bread from skillet and let cool on a wire rack. Brush top of loaf with a mixture of heated milk and sugar. Cool completely before slicing. Enjoy!



## Crock Pot Chicken Cacciatore

by Sandy Grieco, IHM



The easiest Chicken Cacciatore yet! Throw it in the Crock-Pot and run all day to come home to the delicious smells coming from your kitchen.

### INGREDIENTS

Servings 4-6  
3 lbs. chicken, cut up in pieces (or use legs, thighs & breasts)  
1 large onion diced or sliced  
2 (6 ounce) cans of Tomato Paste  
1 jar of red pasta sauce (you can use whatever you like)  
6 ounces or large package of sliced mushrooms  
1 green, red or yellow bell pepper, chopped in slices  
2 garlic cloves, minced  
2 teaspoons oregano  
1 teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon of pepper  
3 tablespoons olive oil  
1 teaspoon crushed red pepper flakes (optional). This can make it hot!

Serve over your favorite pasta!



## Cocoa Cake with Mocha Icing and Raspberry Jelly

by Suzanne Delaney, IHM



### INGREDIENTS

½ cup powdered cocoa  
2 cups sugar  
½ cup butter  
2 eggs  
½ cup sour cream  
1 tsp. vanilla  
2 tsp. baking soda  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1½ cups flour  
3/4 cup strong boiling water

### STEPS

In the bottom of a bowl, mix cocoa in a little boiling water to make a thick paste. Add sugar and butter and cream well. Beat in eggs. Stir in sour cream and vanilla.

In a separate bowl, stir together flour, baking soda, and salt. Add to the creamed mixture and stir thoroughly. Pour in hot water and stir or beat batter well. The dough will be runny.

Bake at 350° degrees for 30 minutes. Two round layer cake pans work well. Allow cake to cool for 5 minutes; then place cakes on wire rack to cool more before adding jelly and icing.

Spread raspberry jelly in between the layers.

### Mocha Icing

2 cups 10 X sugar  
2 sticks soft butter  
4 tablespoons cocoa  
4 teaspoons instant coffee





# Plumpy'Nut:

## The Miracle with the Funny Name

by Sister Margaret Gannon, IHM

**M**alnutrition is a major health challenge throughout the world. According to UNICEF in 2015, malnutrition is the cause of one-third of all the deaths of children under five years old in the developing world. In the 1990s, Andre Briend, a pediatric nutritionist, and Michel Lascanne, a food engineer, devised a dramatically successful remedy for acute malnutrition among children: Plumpy'Nut. Millions of children have been rescued from death through this innovation.

What makes Plumpy'Nut so successful? It is a combination of peanut paste, skim milk powder, sugar, vegetable oil, and the vitamins and minerals that the child needs. It is packed in a plastic wrapper and it is eaten (or sucked) right from the container; it does not need to be refrigerated or heated; it does not need to have water added (a serious concern where water is apt to be contaminated); best of all, it tastes good so the child is glad to eat it. Another advantage is that the recipient children seem to be free from the peanut allergies that afflict so many US children (Morrison, 2013).

Moreover, the child does not need to be hospitalized for malnutrition, and so avoids the possible infection so likely in hospitals. The mother is given a supply of Plumpy'Nut to feed to the child. She can take the child home and take care of her other children and attend to her work, which is vital for the family's survival. After two weeks she returns to the medical center for another supply of packets. She can continue as long as the child continues to show signs of malnutrition (Morrison 2013).

Nutriset is the French company that produces Plumpy'Nut. At their website (Nutriset.com) they explain the continuing progress they are making in combatting malnutrition. They have developed several other products, identified as Ready-to-Use-Therapeutic Foods (RUTFs).

These include among others: food supplements to prevent malnutrition rather than to cure it, supplements for pregnant and lactating mothers, and RUTFs for malnourished adults like refugees.

UNICEF purchases 83.3% of the product and other non-profits like Doctors Without Borders also buy the products.

Nutriset returns 80% of its profits to the company; Dr. Briend takes no payment for the product. Major portions of these funds are used to help countries in the developing world to produce the RUTFs locally, thereby encouraging the growth of industry in those countries (Rice, 2010).

There is a controversy about Plumpy'Nut and the other RUTFs that Nutriset produces. The company holds the patents for the products, so other companies cannot produce rival products.



When I think of the desperate mother bringing her near-death child to the medical center, and then taking her home with her supply of life-saving Plumpy'Nut, the question comes to my mind, "Then what?" Is she taking her child home to the same circumstances that caused the malnutrition in the first place—the same failed harvest? the same dried-up river? the same shortage of food for the family? the same exploitation from international and national corporations?



Nutriset currently allows thirty-two developing countries to produce without patent fees, requiring, however, that they buy the packet of vitamin and minerals and that they maintain the same packaging of the products. Nutriset also provides training and technical assistance for the emerging enterprises. The goal presented is "nutritional autonomy for all."

Here's the controversy: in 2015, UNICEF estimated that there are more than sixteen million extremely malnourished children under five in the developing world. The corporations and some "non-governmental organizations" (NGOs) argue that Nutriset's refusal to surrender its patents is causing the deaths of many of those

children, since the company cannot possibly meet that kind of demand.

It ought to be noted that the majority of those malnourished children live in Asia, mostly South Asia, in Bangladesh and India. Those countries have banned the importation of RUTFs, claiming that their own local products made of chick peas or rice and lentils, milk powder, soybean oil and micronutrients (vitamins and minerals) hold the same nutritional value, and profit local producers (BDNews, 2015; IRIN, 2011). So the controversy focuses mostly on African countries and on countries faced with emergency food shortage such as Haiti at the time of the earthquake.

Nutriset responds that big corporations moving their products into developing countries will destroy the smaller and newly established local industries. An example of the opposition Nutriset faces is the American Peanut Council, a lobby representing peanut growers, especially agribusiness companies in the United States. They have pressured for the opportunity to produce for the countries in Africa, despite the fact that some of these countries are themselves major peanut producers. (Rice, 2010). The record of some US food producers has not been good, both in concern for good nutrition and fairness to local enterprises. It also seems clear that for-profit corporations will not be imitating Nutriset's contribution of 80% of the profit to the progress of their own enterprises.



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# Food Security in the South Pacific:

## Why it behooves us to be “our brother’s keeper”

by Michael Daniels

### Overview

Scripture reminds us that we are called to be “our brother’s keeper.” This teaching also holds true in geopolitics in areas like food security, health security, and regional security architecture. Presently, a slow-moving crisis sweeps through the South Pacific causing casualty rates in excess of 70% while data from the World Bank estimates the total health expenditure on Non-Communicable Diseases (NCDs) such as hypertension, diabetes, and cancer to be as high 90%, 87%, and 81% of total GDP in Vanuatu, Samoa, and Tonga, respectively. At the national levels, treatment costs coupled with lost economic productivity places a greater strain on governments, thereby reducing Pacific Island Nations’ (PIN) capacities to address transnational challenges such as human-trafficking, drug-trafficking, and overfishing. Data from the security lens suggests America can benefit from mitigating the impact of NCDs because America is treaty-bound to defend the COFA nations in the South Pacific as if they were American territory. The South Pacific represents America’s largest border, and maintaining safe shipping lanes connecting the Americas, Asia, and Australia can support global trade.

### Disaster Risk Reduction

In Disaster Risk Reduction (DRR), the desired end-state is building local capacity to respond to crises without dependence on outside support. According to Reaves, Termini, & Burkle (2014),

excessive use of the military to project “soft power” through Humanitarian Assistance/Disaster Risk Reduction (HA/DRR) missions as a diplomatic tool takes away from the military’s core mission of “detering conflict, winning wars, and protecting US national security.” The implication that excessive use of the military for HA/DRR detracts from its core mission creates an opportunity for a modified approach.

### Food Security & Identifying Risk Groups

Over the past few decades, the concept of “food security” has expanded from ensuring adequate supply to include “nutritional security” to promote healthy growth and development in childhood to reduce the onset of disease in adulthood. Food security data from the Near-East identified the groups most at-risk are women and children, adults with low levels of education, and obese individuals. Consequently, engaging the at-risk groups first may prove most effective.

### Some Ways Forward

Data from Scandinavia, Japan, China, and the University of Hawaii suggest moderate exercise and healthier diets can stabilize diabetes and reduce complications (blindness and lower leg amputations). First, the 1991 Malmoe found that among patients with impaired glucose tolerance that reduced their body weight by 2.3 – 3.7%, improved their diet, and increased physical

activity with annual check-ups resulted in glucose normalization resulting in diabetes remission in more than 50% of the patients after the follow-up in 6 years. Second, data from China’s Da Qing

study found a 51% reduction of diabetes among patients who combined diet and exercise interventions and found that a 6-year intervention can “prevent or delay diabetes for up to 14 years after the active intervention.” Third, data from Japan’s Kumamoto Study (2000) found that “intensive glycemic control could improve the quality of life and save medical resources.” Fourth, data from the 2014 University of Hawaii’s 16-year study proved ‘diabetes could be prevented or delayed by 58% with exercise, weight loss, and nutrition changes’ such as ‘walking 150 minutes per week.’ Combined, the studies suggest NCDs can be minimized through healthier diets and lifestyle.

### Conclusion

Diverse data sources suggest some of the best strategies to promote DRR’s desired end-state of capacity-building in the South Pacific include engaging at-risk populations first and promoting healthy diet and lifestyles with



exercise may be the best ways to reduce NCDs. If we are willing and able to serve as “our brother’s keeper” by supporting strategic investment and engagement, we can mitigate the impact of NCDs and also reduce Pacific Island Nations’ healthcare costs, generate revenue, build capacity to respond to transnational crime, secure our largest border, honor our treaty obligations, maintain safe global shipping lanes, allow the military to focus on its core mission, and create and maintain a “better state of peace.”

*Mike Daniels is an educator committed to “engagement, education, and empowerment” at all levels. He teaches social studies and serves as a non-residential Worldwide Support for Development (WSD) Honda Fellow at Pacific Forum, US Center for Strategic & International Studies (CSIS) in Honolulu, HI.*

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So this is a serious debate, with good arguments on both sides: possible more rapid relief for millions of extremely malnourished children on the one hand, or possible advance of developing countries’ ability to provide nutrition for its own children, avoiding control and exploitation by developed countries’ industries.

When I think of the desperate mother bringing her near-death child to the medical center, and then taking her home with her supply of life-saving Plumpy’Nut, the question comes to my mind, “Then what?” Is she taking her child home to the same circumstances that caused the malnutrition in the first place—the same failed harvest? the same dried-up river? the same shortage of food for the family? the

same exploitation from international and national corporations? These considerations make me want to favor approaches that work to build up the economy of the developing countries, so that employment and living standards can rise as they have done over the years for developed countries. But it is a true dilemma that takes wisdom and honesty to resolve.

*Sister Margaret serves as a refugee resettlement volunteer with Catholic Social Services in Scranton, Pennsylvania.*

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*Friends of God**In Memoriam**and lovers of the dream**Shared here is the eulogy offered at the funeral Mass of each of our IHM sisters.*

Sister M. St. William Lynch, IHM  
May 28, 1924  
January 30, 2016  
by Sister Ellen Maroney, IHM

As we gather in celebration of the life of Sister St. William, I want to welcome very specially her nephew, Thomas, and his daughter, Felicia, her dear friends, Belinda and Mary Alice and Dottie, the members of her mission group, her friends and faculty members from St. Matthew's and Wyoming Area Catholic, and her many IHM friends, all whose lives she touched in so many wonderful ways.

I am very happy to welcome and thank our celebrant, Monsignor John Bergamo and Monsignor John Jordan for being here with us today. Monsignor Bergamo was St. William's pastor for many years at St. Matthew's parish in East Stroudsburg. Both are also long-time friends of our congregation.

I also want to express thanks to Sisters Jean, Eleanor Mary, and Mary Kay, the administrators here at Our Lady of Peace, and the OLP staff, for their loving care for St. William. "I urge you to live in a manner worthy of the call you have received, with all humility and gentleness, with patience, bearing with one another through love, striving to preserve the unity of the spirit through the bond of peace." Ephesians 4: 1-3

These words from Paul's Letter to the Ephesians speak so clearly to me of the beautiful gift of life Sister St. William was for us: humble and gentle, patient (most of the time!), forgiving and loving (always!), peacemaker and unifier (except when playing her favorite card game!). At the wake service yesterday, as we shared some memories of her life among us, those qualities were mentioned frequently in the expressions of deep gratitude for this special woman whose love and trust in God

overflowed into those she met. She absolutely delighted in the joy of life and in sharing that joy with others. Her gentle wit and warm smile engaged and welcomed all those around her, especially her beloved students. She loved life and lived it with grace, simplicity, and great-heartedness. Her honesty, goodness, and integrity touched us and moved us closer to the God she loved so deeply.

During her almost seventy-one years as a religious, St. William served as a teacher and principal in schools and catechetical centers in Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, and North Carolina. A woman of great creativity and many interests, her passion was clearly teaching. The "R" word (retire) was not in her vocabulary, so later on, she spent her days in school as a tutor, library assistant, and volunteer for almost anything that would be a help to her students. Dottie told me yesterday that, at age 79, St. William decided to take a Montessori class to learn new methods of teaching young children about the mass and gospel stories. So for that semester, she travelled once a week from Exeter to Tarrytown, NY and back for this class! For her, teaching was obviously not just a profession; it was a mission. She loved learning, all learning, and she was uniquely able to communicate that love to her students, parents, and fellow teachers. She cared deeply about them as individuals and took time to get to know them and offer words of advice or encouragement or challenge. As a teacher, as an IHM, as a person, St. William's impact on all of us can truly be called "everlasting."

St. William loved her family and relished being with, and talking about, them. We recall today the life of her mother and father, Irene and Patrick, her sister Kathryn, and brothers, Francis, Joseph, and Martin, with whom she is celebrating a joyous reunion in heaven. We ask God to fill with hope and peace the hearts of her niece, Linda, and nephews, Thomas, Dennis, and Peter, and their families, her cousins, and her dear friends, Belinda and Mary Alice, Dottie, and Antoinette. We remember, too, her band and mission group members, her many friends, her IHM sisters, especially those in Household 3A, and those who lovingly cared for her here at Our Lady of Peace. We trust that the gentleness and kindness that was always a part of St. William's life

will live on in each of them.

We loved St. William as sister, friend, teacher, mentor, decorator, card shark, flower arranger, and so much more. Mostly we loved her for what she taught us each and every day about God's love, fidelity, and joy. Truly, St. William did indeed live a life worthy of the call she received. We were blessed by the remarkable life of this true saint among us. May we think of her and know that she, and God, are with us always.

Tom will now place the scriptures on St. William's casket, for she heard the Word of God, she staked her life upon it and received life to the full... the Word now beckons her home.



Sister Mary Hugh Placilla, IHM  
June 6, 1930  
January 17, 2016  
by Sister Ellen Maroney, IHM

As we gather to celebrate the life of Sister Mary Hugh, I want to welcome very specially her nieces: Diane and her husband Tom, Valerie and her husband Mike, Charlotte, and Gail and her husband John; her nephews: Tom and his wife Pam, Mel and his wife Kathy, and Tim and his wife Margaret, and all her grandnieces and grandnephews and their families from near and far, her IHM sisters, and all her many friends whose lives she touched in so many wonderful ways.

I am very happy to welcome and thank our celebrant, Father Don Williams, a long-time friend of Mary Hugh's and of the IHM congregation.

I also want to express thanks to Sisters Jean, Eleanor Mary, and Mary Kay, the administrators here at Our Lady of Peace, and the OLP staff, for their constant care for Mary Hugh during her time here.

"Those we hold closest to our hearts never truly leave us. They live on in the kindness they have shared

and the love they brought into our lives."

How true this statement is regarding the lasting legacy of Mary Hugh, or Aunt Trudy, as her family called her. During this past week, and yesterday at the wake service, some wonderful stories were shared about her generosity, compassion, wisdom, persistence, humor, and love, especially of her family and her IHM community. She delighted us with her friendship and counsel, awakened us to the cause of justice and peace, especially on behalf of the most vulnerable among us, blessed us with her unshakeable trust in God's love and mercy for all, and taught us the inherent value of joy and laughter, even at some of her own famous "Trudyisms." She was a part of the very fabric of our lives and her lessons remain deep in our minds and hearts, never to be forgotten.

So today we give gratitude for the life of Mary Hugh and the countless ways she shared life and love with us as aunt, friend, companion, teacher, mentor, minister, and so much more during her nearly sixty-four years of religious life. Her students heard her voice of gentle but determined reasoning mixed with kindness, humor, and an eternal belief in the potential of each. As a pastoral administrator assistant, spiritual development coordinator, and pastoral minister, she shared her enthusiasm, generosity, dedication, and deep reverence for each person. Mary Hugh had a special gift for mentoring others in the faith and in the study of scripture, and for encouraging those she taught to be mentors as well. Her ministry with the Choctaw Indians in Mississippi was a particular joy to her; not surprisingly, she even took lessons to try to learn the Choctaw language.

Mary Hugh was a woman always in motion and always on a mission, it seems. I was with her at Bishop Hannan High School here in Scranton, and she was constantly planning projects for her students and teachers, to get involved in, whether they wanted to or not! She believed an experience was worth a thousand words, so she was never content to just talk about poverty or injustice or racism with her students; she planned service trips to the soup kitchen, a letter writing campaign supporting equal pay for women, and role

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*Inspire us**In Memoriam**with lives of meaning*

playing situations of injustice toward others because of racism. Things were never dull or quiet around Mary Hugh, and we loved that about her. Her mission always was to make each person and situation better and more deeply aware of God's love for all. And that she certainly did, whether it was rearranging your furniture at home, whether you asked her to or not, or her daily witness of God's care and concern for all those with whom she lived and ministered. Mary Hugh lived and shared God's love every day, and we are all better for her having been a part of our lives.

We remember very specially today Mary Hugh's parents, Gertrude and Mel, and her brothers, Donald, Mel, and Richard, and her sister, Betty, who now welcome her home to an eternal, all-encompassing love. We ask God to fill with hope and peace the hearts of her nieces and nephews and all her loving relatives, her IHM sisters, especially those in Household 4A here at Our Lady of Peace, the staff and administrators at Our Lady of Peace, and all with whom Mary Hugh shared life.

No one is indispensable in God's kingdom here on earth, but a few are irreplaceable. For her family and those who knew and shared life with Mary Hugh, she was truly "one of a kind." I think the following adaptation of Psalm 15 is a fitting tribute to her lasting place in our hearts: Lord, who can be trusted with power, and who may act in your place? Those with a passion for justice, who speak the truth from their hearts; who have let go of selfish interests and grown beyond their own lives; who see the wretched as their family and the poor as their flesh and blood. They alone are impartial and worthy of the people's trust. Their compassion lights up the whole earth, and their kindness endures forever. (adaptation of Psalm 15; A Book of Psalms, translations by Stephen Mitchell)

Mary Hugh indeed was a light in our lives. May her example continue to inspire and comfort us always.

I now ask Gail and Charlotte to place the Bible, and Sisters Regina and Eileen to place the crucifix, on Mary Hugh's casket, for she heard the Word of God, she staked her life upon it and received life to the full... the Word now beckons her home.



Sister Mary Louise Conlon, IHM  
September 23, 1928  
January 3, 2016  
by Sister Ellen Maroney, IHM

As we gather to celebrate the life of Sister Mary Louise, I want to welcome all of her family, especially her brothers, Joe and Tom and his wife, Josephine, the families of Mary Louise's beloved nieces and nephews, and grand-nieces and nephews, and her friends who are able to be with us today.

I want to thank Monsignor Bannick, our great friend, for being here to celebrate this Mass. As always, we are so grateful for your being with us.

I also would like to express thanks to Sisters Jean, Eleanor Mary, and Mary Kay, the administrators here at OLP, and the entire OLP staff for their loving care and support of Mary Louise, and also the staff of LIFE Geisinger for their care and attention to her life.

"My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord; My spirit rejoices in God my savior."

Yesterday, as I talked to family members and listened to the wonderful remembrances about Mary Louise during her wake service, these words, from the Magnificat on the back of her prayer card, seem to capture the true source of her goodness and spirituality. Her joyful, humble, and welcoming spirit came from her deep inner trust and faith in a God she loved unreservedly and who loved her in the same way. We witnessed her genuine kindness and concern for others, her generosity and gentle compassion, her joyfulness and willingness to lend a helping hand whenever needed. Of course, as I said yesterday, maybe that came from being the only girl among five brothers! I was also told yesterday that the five brothers were five very good reasons why Mary Louise decided at a very early age to enter the convent!

For almost sixty-seven years of religious life, Mary Louise witnessed her dedication to God and to serving others through her many wonderful and varied gifts. She ministered as a teacher, a director of religious education, a pastoral minister, a coordinator of a diocesan outreach program for the elderly, a hospital medical records clerk, an assistant director of personnel at Marywood University, an assistant in the IHM Art Studio, and finally, a prayer minister at the Marian Convent and here at Our Lady of Peace. Talk about being open to where the Spirit leads! I don't know of too many people with a resume that can match Mary Louise's. But her greatest accomplishments were not all those positions she held, significant though they were; it was not what she did, but how she did it that truly impacted countless children and families. As her legendary love for, and gift of, decorating wherever she was brought beauty to her surroundings, so her inner beauty brought light and kindness to those whose lives she touched. Mary Louise lifted us Godward through her goodness, and it is that legacy of love we celebrate today.

We heard yesterday too about Mary Louise's great love for her family. Her versatility and freedom of spirit came from this family who loved and nurtured her and who instilled in her that deep faith in, and love of, God. Tom told us the story of their mother sitting on our former motherhouse porch, holding young Mary Louise on her lap, and praying, "Blessed Mother, take her here." I'm not sure if that was a prayer of faith or maybe hope or desperation in order to save Mary Louise from her five brothers, but that prayer was answered and we are all blessed because of that.

We remember today very specially her parents, Mary and John, and her brothers, John and James, with whom she is rejoicing in heaven as we speak. We pray especially for her brothers, Joseph, Patrick, and Thomas, her in-laws, and her nieces, nephews, and cousins, and their families, who will miss her dearly. Our prayers are also with her many IHM friends, her Band members, the sisters and staff here at Our Lady of Peace and LIFE Geisinger, and all who knew and loved her.

We celebrate Mary Louise today as a sister and friend in so many ways. We have been blessed

by her presence among us and are richer for having journeyed along with her. May God's embrace be yours for all eternity, Mary Louise.

Mary Louise's brother, Joe, will now place the scriptures on Mary Louise's casket, for she heard the Word of God, she staked her life upon it and received life to the full... the Word now beckons her home.



Sister Michlyn Grella, IHM  
April 1, 1931  
December 15, 2015  
by Sister Ellen Maroney, IHM

As we gather to celebrate the life of Sister Michlyn, I want to welcome her sister, Gloria, her cousin, Gerry and Gerry's husband, Bob, the members of her Band, the Sisters with whom she lived here at OLP, and all who are able to be with us today.

A special thank you to Father Kilpatrick for his presence. Father knows us so well and is a true friend. We very much appreciate you being with us, Father.

I would also like to express thanks to Sisters Jean, Eleanor Mary, and Mary Kay, the administrators here at OLP, and the entire OLP staff for their constant care and support of Michlyn.

Blest is she who believed that the promises made to her by our God would be fulfilled.

Yesterday, as we shared some wonderful stories about Michlyn during the wake service, these words seem to capture for me the measure of her impact on those she met. We knew her as sister, teacher, principal, librarian, nurse assistant, O.T. aide, receptionist, and prayer minister, but, most of all, as friend and a woman of extraordinary faith and trust in the God she loved and served throughout her life. Her ever-present smile and her kind and gentle compassion and graciousness brightened the lives of

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*Faithful ones**In Memoriam**delighting in God's love*

innumerable students and those who walked life's journey with her, as we heard so often in the remembrances yesterday. The wonderful stories about her generosity, courage, joy, and yes, even her patience with her friends whose idea of perfectionism was a distant cry from her own, proved unmistakably that our lives were better for having known her.

We celebrate and give thanks, then, for Michlyn's life among us, for her unwavering love of God and her great gratitude for all that God and life gave her, the rejoicings as well as the sufferings. Her life was an example to me of the incredible power of deep faith and trust in God to overcome the darkness in each of our own lives that sometimes seems so overwhelming, whether it be caused by illness, loneliness, or loss of any kind. Michlyn's vulnerability became her strength and her gift to us because she profoundly understood that gentle compassion, kindness, and understanding of others is a source of God's healing and light in our world. She brought those gifts to those with whom she lived and ministered.

We bring thoughts of Michlyn's goodness to our prayer today as we also remember very specially her parents, Teresa and Michael, and her sisters, Rose and Virginia, who now welcome her home to the eternal, all-encompassing love of her God.

We pray in a special way for those who will miss her dearly, especially her sister, Gloria, her cousin, Gerry and Gerry's husband, Bob, her friends in community, the staff and Sisters here at Our Lady of Peace, especially those in Household 2B, and all who knew and loved her. We ask the God of all consolation to comfort all of us at this time of loss.

Michlyn's presence among us challenged and encouraged us, stretched and comforted us. Her compassion for others softened our hearts; her illness reminded us that despite our own woundedness, we can each make a distinctive contribution to our world that is good and sacred; her searching for life's meaning drew us in and ever closer to the God in whom she had absolute trust. We are forever changed and forever grateful because Michlyn was in our lives.

Gloria will now place the scriptures on Michlyn's casket, for indeed Michlyn heard the Word of God, she staked her life upon it and received life to the full... the Word now beckons her home.



Sister Linda Anne Greenberg, IHM  
August 25, 1939  
November 28, 2015  
by Sister Ellen Maroney, IHM

As we gather to celebrate the life of Sister Linda Anne, I want to welcome very specially her brother, Dave, and his wife, Barbara, her IHM sisters in Sacred Heart Community, her Band members and all her IHM family, the staff members and participants of LIFE Geisinger, and all her many friends whose lives she touched in so many ways.

I am very happy to welcome and thank our celebrant, Monsignor Bannick, and Fathers Blake and Williams, all dear friends of our IHM community.

Blest is she who believed that the promises made to her by our God would be fulfilled.

We give gratitude today for the life of Linda Anne and the countless ways she shared life and love with us as sister, friend, companion, teacher, and minister during her more than fifty-three years of religious life. To her students she was the voice of gentle reasoning mixed with kindness, humor, and enduring belief in each one's potential. As a liturgical director, pastoral minister, and chaplain, she brought the gifts of enthusiasm, generosity, dedication, compassion, and a deep love and reverence for each individual. Her love of others was rooted in her love of her God and she shared that love tirelessly.

As the news of Linda Anne's death spread last Saturday evening, the universal reaction was one of disbelief and shock. After all, she was a vibrant and devoted chaplain to the participants and staff at LIFE Geisinger, a meticulous sacristan at OLP, involved in planning and taking part in various services and activities for the LIFE participants, a liturgist and beloved musician at both OLP and the IHM Center—and these were only

her part time day job! She delighted in accompanying in prayer and study those interested in becoming IHM associates and was always looking to start a new group as soon as one finished. She relished the beauty and harmony of music and nature. She loved her family and treasured her time with them. She had a zest for shopping. The day before she died, in fact, she braved the dreaded "black Friday" hordes of shoppers to get some good deals on Christmas gifts for family members. And of course her ability to turn a simple, passing greeting into a 30 or 45 minute conversation about almost anything was legendary.

In short, Linda Anne's life bespoke a kind of anxious urgency in all she did, as if she were on a mission. Yesterday, as we shared some wonderful stories about her generosity, love, compassion, and quiet yet profound kindness toward others, I couldn't help but think what a lesson her life, far more than her death, was to all of us. Linda, I believe, knew deeply that love of God and love of others was what truly mattered in our lives, not grandiose accomplishments, awards, or titles. She taught us about love every day of her life by her actions: her simple visits to an ill LIFE participant, her dropping off a hot meal to those in need, her efforts to care for children who lost their mother, the sharing of her musical gifts, and the countless other seemingly small, ordinary kindnesses for others that showed, far better than mere words, that they were loved. Mother Teresa once said, "I am not sure exactly what heaven will be like, but I know that when we die, ...God will not ask, 'How many things have you done in your life?' rather he will ask, 'How much love did you put into what you did?'" May we all lead lives that can answer that question as eloquently as Linda Anne did last Saturday evening.

We remember very specially today Linda Anne's parents, Theresa and Isadore, and her step-mother, Mildred, who now welcome her home to an eternal, all-encompassing love. We ask God to fill with hope and peace the hearts of Linda Anne's brother and sister-in-law, Dave and Barbara, her nieces and nephews, her sisters in Sacred Heart Community, her Band members, all her many IHM friends, the staff and participants at LIFE Geisinger, and all with whom Linda Anne shared life.

Dave and Barbara will now place the scriptures on Linda Anne's casket, for she heard the Word of God, she staked her life upon it and received life to the full... the Word now beckons her home.



Sister M. Barbara DuMont, IHM  
August 15, 1925  
November 21, 2015  
by Sister Kathryn Clauss, IHM

As we gather to celebrate and give thanks for the life of our Sister Barbara DuMont I would like to welcome Father James McGahagan, our celebrant, who worked with Sister at Sacred Heart Parish in Peckville, Sister's faithful friends from New York, Paula and George Renous, her friends from Sacred Heart parish in Peckville, and her family and friends who join us online.

Now as we begin let us remember with gratitude Sister Barbara's parents, Paul and Mildred, her brothers Jack, Frederick, John, Matthew, Clement and her sister Barbara who now welcome her home.

Sister Barbara, a native of British Columbia, first met IHM Sisters as a high school boarding student at the IHM Academy in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. She joined other valiant Western women who entered the congregation from the Pacific Northwest and began a life of service with a "joyful, loving, hospitable and self-emptying spirit, reflecting that humility and simplicity which present a clear and understandable witness to Christ, who welcomed everyone." Those words are from our Mission Statement and they reflect many of the comments about Sister Barbara that were shared during the wake service yesterday. Sister Barbara was a clear and understandable witness to Christ in community and in mission as a teacher, a religious educator, a leader, sister, and a friend. To each local community

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*We carry on your light,**In Memoriam**we call upon your name*

and ministry, she brought her desire to love people as God loves them, she brought her good sense of humor, her keen intelligence with a high dose of practicality, her compassionate heart that enabled her to listen well and respond with gentleness and kindness. We know that the gentleness and kindness that Sister Barbara extended to others returned to her one-hundred fold in her life here at Our Lady of Peace Residence.

I would like to thank Sisters Jean Coughlin, Eleanor Mary Marconi and Mary Kay Faliskie, our Administrators at OLP, Sister's community members in household 2B, the staff at OLP and the LIFE Geisinger staff for your generosity and for the love you showered on Sister Barbara. We are grateful to each of you and all of you.

Before concluding I want to make sure that you know that Sister Barbara will be buried with her family in British Columbia. At the end of the Liturgy we will move to the foyer outside the Chapel where the prayer of committal will be offered and the *Salve Regina* sung.

Paula Renous will now place the scripture on Sister Barbara's coffin. It is open to the letter of James. In Chapter 3, verse 13 of James states: Who is wise and understanding among you? Let them show it by their good lives and by deeds done in the humility that comes from wisdom."

Sister Barbara, your life gives meaning to this passage for us. We are grateful for your gifts of wisdom and understanding. You modeled for us how a good life and humble deeds flow from the wisdom nurtured by the Word of God. We believe that it is Jesus, God's Word, who now welcomes you home.



Sister M. Eamon O'Neill, IHM  
February 26, 1929  
November 16, 2015  
by Sister Kathryn Clauss, IHM

As we gather to celebrate our Sister Eamon we are blessed by the gathering of the families who gave meaning to Sister's life—her O'Neill family, her Marywood family, and her IHM family. We welcome Sister's nieces Mary and her husband Ron Schlie; Lori and her husband Art Scudo; her nephews Matthew and Eddie Purcell, her very close and sister-like cousin Genny O'Neill, and cousins who join us online from Northern Ireland. We welcome our colleagues in mission from Marywood University who serve as an honor guard for sister today. We welcome all IHM sisters and friends who join us here and online. Thank you for your presence among us. I would also like to take this opportunity to thank Sisters Jean, Mary Kay, Eleanor Mary and the Staff at Our Lady of Peace Residence for their compassionate care of Sister Eamon.

Yesterday before the wake service I asked Sister Eamon's niece Mary how Eamon referred to herself, thinking she would say EEMON, EEMEN, Amon. Her response was wonderful. Mary indicated that Eamon referred to herself as HERSELF, a wonderful Irish form of self-referral. Sister Eamon's Irish heritage was a very important part of her life and a way of being that was nurtured in her family. As we remember Sister Eamon's great Irish family and extended family here and in Ireland, we pray in a special way for those who loved and supported her and who now welcome her home: her father, Edward, her mothers, Loretta and Elizabeth, her sister, Leona and brother, William and we remember Sister Eamon's dear friend, Sister Gilmary Speirs.

Throughout her life, God's Word

focused Sister Eamon as a woman in mission. She had a great desire to assist children and adults in the development of their ability to read and to understand the printed word. This was evident in her work with elementary, high school and college level students and her volunteer work in the SCOLA program. She knew that once individuals could break open and understand what they read, they could have confidence and independence as learners and work toward realizing their human potential. Empowerment of students and adults was central to Sister's role as a teacher, as the principal of her alma mater, Most Holy Rosary School in Syracuse, as an Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Wilmington, DE, as the Director of the Raisin River Project, a collaborate endeavor in the late 1980s with Marywood College and IHM Sisters to provide tutorial services for elementary level students, and in her service as the Dean of the Graduate School and later the Director of the ACT 101 program at Marywood College. Sister was a woman focused on furthering the teaching Mission of Jesus and journeying with people toward the light of new understanding.

In the stories that were shared yesterday during the wake service we discovered that Sister Eamon was also a woman with a Mission, especially when it came to traveling with her IHM Sisters. She loved to drive and when she got behind the wheel she was good to go the distance regardless of the length of the trip. When she got into the car, she loved the company of her sisters and created outings for them to enjoy. When on a mission, she never traveled the same route. She had a full complement of alternate ways to get where she was going. Sisters who traveled with her now benefit from knowing a variety of ways to get around Scranton. Travel for Sister Eamon seemed to be more about the joy of the journey than it was the destination.

Sister Eamon's life was a journey with God and with those who were part of her life in family, community, and in mission. Her life was a journey whose map was the word of God and whose final destination was the heart of God and we know that she has arrived.

Sister Eamon's niece, Mary, will now place the scripture on Sister's casket; it is opened to Psalm 119.

These are words that Sister Eamon not only prayed but lived throughout her life: With all my heart I seek You, God. Your word is imprinted upon my heart that I may walk in Your Light.... Strengthen me according to your Word, lead me gently into the Light for I have chosen the way of faithfulness, with trust in You.



Sister M. Adrian Barrett, IHM  
February 14, 1929  
October 12, 2015  
by Sister Ellen Maroney, IHM

As we gather to celebrate the life of Sister Adrian, I want to welcome very specially her sister, Marie, and all her family members who are able to be with us today, her IHM sisters, and her Friends of the Poor family, and all her many friends whose lives she touched.

I would first like to offer some words of thanks on behalf of Adrian's family and her IHM family:

I especially want to thank Bishop Bambera and Bishop Timlin, both friends of Adrian and long-time supporters of her many efforts on behalf of those in need, for their presence here with us. Special thanks to another long-time friend of Adrian's, Monsignor Quinn, for being here today and for his help with the planning of this liturgy. I also want to express our thanks for the presence of so many priests, several of whom helped Adrian as seminarians at Camp St. Andrew. That was an experience most of them have never forgotten.

I want to thank Monsignor Van Loon, who could not be here with us today, but who graciously offered this site for Adrian's funeral, and the efforts of the entire parish staff to accommodate whatever we needed with much graciousness and generosity. We are so grateful. Thank you, too,

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Obituaries for  
IHM Sisters  
may be found on the  
Sisters of IHM web page

[www.sistersofihm.org](http://www.sistersofihm.org)

*Walk closely by our side**In Memoriam**until that day when we shall meet again*

to Linda Orseck, our music director, and this wonderful group of talented musicians.

My deepest thanks to everyone who helped with all the preparations for Adrian's wake and funeral liturgy, from all the planning to creating the ceremony booklets to preparing the food: to everyone, a huge thank you.

I would like to thank Sisters Jean, Eleanor Mary, and Mary Kay, the administrators at Our Lady of Peace Residence, and the entire OLP staff for their care and support of Adrian and her family. We are also so very grateful to the Hospice of the Sacred Heart staff members for their loving attention to Adrian.

Finally, I want to acknowledge and thank specially Adrian's family, whom she loved deeply and relied upon, and who were a constant

support to her, and Sisters Maryalice Jacquinot and Ann Walsh, who inherited the leadership of Friends of the Poor from Adrian, (some pretty large sneakers to fill!) and also all the wonderful volunteers there, who have continued the legacy of service begun by Adrian. The IHM commitment to those most vulnerable in our society is alive and well in their efforts and the help of so many in this community. "The true impact of a life well lived is shown in the lives touched along our journey. By that standard, Sister Adrian Barrett had an extraordinary life."

That quote speaks to the heart of who this special individual was and why so many of us are gathered here today.

Wherever she went, whether to the corridors of Congress or the side

streets of Scranton's neighborhoods, Adrian carried within her a deep mindfulness of a mission of selfless service for others. In witnessing that throughout her life, she taught us about the inherent dignity and value of every single person. As I noted yesterday, Adrian's lesson plans for how to live were not lengthy lectures or well-written textbooks, but rather her simple yet profound example of deep respect and love for all, rooted in her belief in the inherent presence of God's goodness in each person. Like Pope Francis, Adrian understood, far more than most of us, that God's call to love one another is a call, not an option, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the imprisoned, shelter the homeless, and walk with the marginalized.

Throughout her eighty-six years

of life in perpetual motion on behalf of others, Adrian left an indelible imprint of love, courage, service, and compassion on the lives of thousands whom she touched, and our lives are far better and more meaningful for having known her. I think it is safe to say that God and all of heaven have had their tempo of living stepped up quite a bit since she arrived!

And so today we give abundant thanks to God for the gift of Adrian's life among us and celebrate the beginning of her eternal life in heaven. I now ask Marie to place the scriptures on Adrian's casket, for Adrian heard the Word of God; indeed, she staked her life upon it, and received life to the full... the Word now beckons her home.

*Food is Memories from p. 4*

Mom, in total disbelief, turned around to see Dad eating a left-over hot dog. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak!

- Marie Lourdes Vanston, IHM



A wonderful memory of food that I have is that of freshly baked homemade bread which my grandmother, Helena

Auer, baked for us every Saturday afternoon. Four delicious-smelling hearty loaves awaited us. They tasted so good, and nourished not only the ten kids we were, but the grown-ups as well. We each wanted to be the one to get the crust first.

- Michael Marie Hartman, IHM



The menu for a favorite meal in my family is a simple one, BLT sandwiches with homegrown

tomatoes flavored with my father's hard work and summer's sunshine. Even today when my mother invites us for BLTs, we know that the tomatoes are ripe. Happily the next generation also enjoys this tradition.

- Maryalice Jacquinot, IHM



After noon Mass on the Equator in Kenya, twenty-five parishioners, many of whom had started walking to

Mass at 4:00 a.m., celebrated a sharing of the food they brought with them. I was privileged to be with them in this triple banquet of Eucharist, community and picnic as Eucharistic Minister in this rich/poverty gathering.

- Robert Mary Murphy, IHM



My Dad would always make homemade Polish sausage for the Christmas and Easter holidays. After he passed on, my Irish

Mom and I tried to duplicate the recipe. As I look back, although we never succeeded we were quite happy in not being able to "measure up."

- Anitra Nemotko, IHM



During our Christmas Eve fish supper, our family broke Oplatki (blessed wafer) while asking forgiveness from one another.

- Mary Ann Remus, IHM



Sundays were always special in our home! You could smell the roast as we came in from Mass and our dining room table

was set with a white tablecloth and our best dishes. We were always thrilled when it was our turn to have our grandfather join us. When I close my eyes the scene is still very vivid to this day!

- Ritamary Mayan, IHM



One of my grandniece's favorite meals (and mine too) is a German dish "Speck mit Nudeln" (bacon with noodles.)

My nephew described it to a friend who was joining us for dinner as, "It looks terrible but it's delicious."

- Miriam Joseph Reinhardt, IHM



When I was growing up my family took a lot of day trips to the beach and we often brought peanut butter and jelly on saltines

and Fig Newtons for snacks. To this day if I close my eyes and eat either one of those things I can almost hear the ocean!

- Rachel Terry, IHM



Once when I was on a medical mission trip to Mexico our group was serving in a jungle region of Vera Cruz when a villager came up the

path with a freshly picked bunch of bananas for our breakfast. While the fruit was delicious, I was more touched by this man's generous outpouring of hospitality.

- Jean Coughlin, IHM



My family owned an Italian food market. As I was growing up we ate what today is labeled "gourmet Italian specialties."

Food was the great connector with the neighborhood, our family, and the stranger. Around the table of homemade pasta covered with gravy (sauce to others) and meatballs we felt a deep communion with each other. To this day my sisters carry on the tradition—delicious food lovingly prepared, gratefully eaten, enriched with stories, and seasoned with laughter. Take and eat. Mangia! Mangia!

- Jean Louise Bachetti, IHM



The opportunity to share deep conversation and a meal (usually pizza) with sisters and friends during congregation meeting weekends.

- Grace Surdovel, IHM



Plumpy 'Nut cont. from page 13

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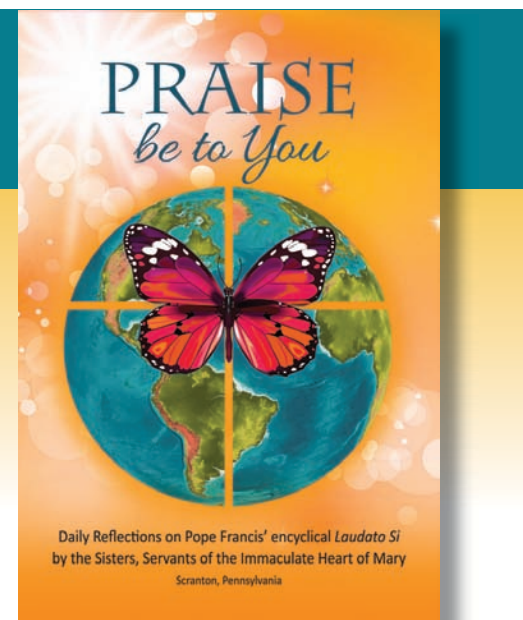
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What Feeds Me from page 8



Belonging to a large family one learns that there is always enough food for everyone. When I was growing up, my mother had her own spiritual ritual for feeding our spirit. Whenever I was heading off to a special event (an exam, speech, performance, or competition of any kind), my mother would always put the sign of the cross on my forehead and her prayer was, "May God go

with you." This was always food for the journey for me.  
- Catherine Gilvary, IHM



Food is often the catalyst that nourishes and maintains relationships—spiritually (Eucharist) as well as socially.  
- Eileen Coleman, IHM



One of my best food memories is from the day of my entrance, November 10, 1993, at our River Street Convent in Scranton. The whole leadership team and local community received me that day and warmly welcomed my Mom and Dad, sister Karen, and two-year-old niece, Megan. Prepared for us by Sister Sheila Reilly (with the help, I am sure,

of all the sisters) was a delicious chicken dinner. I will never forget that experience of IHM hospitality that included a wonderful meal.  
- Fran Fasolka, IHM





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