

Adelante Juntos



Forward Together

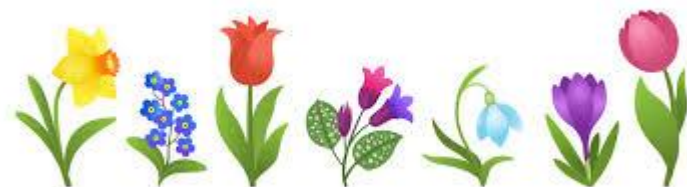
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From the Editor

Welcome to our Spring edition of "Adelante Junt@s"! We hope that you will find our submissions easy reading. Please send any comments or questions to me at terry@fcjcentre.ca. Sincere thanks to all who contributed their reflections.



Inching toward God

In a recent column, Father Ron Rolheiser invited his readers to reflect on the image of a mother who is supporting her young toddler in the process of learning to walk across a room. He writes: "Squatting on the floor in front of the child, an arm's length away, her fingertips just inches away from the fingertips of the child, she gently coaxes the child to risk taking a step forward; then when the child takes that step, she moves her fingertips back a few inches, and again gently tries to coax the child into risking another step. And so, all the way across the floor."

Sister Elizabeth Johnson, in her book "She Who Is" describes God as "the ground of what should be and what we hope will be, the power of being over against the ravages of nonbeing." If we connect the imagery of the mother and toddler with this understanding of God as the ground of what should be, we can imagine that as God gazes at us with unimaginable love, God is seeing abilities, gifts, strengths, talents within us that we have not yet begun to imagine or even possess, just like the toddler that does not yet know she can walk all the way across a room.

In today's readings, we will hear God speaking to us of living lives that are filled with virtue or right living. Another way of thinking about this is to say that God yearns for us to live lives where we are flourishing. Ezekiel writes of a God that calls us to life, who rejoices with every good choice we make, much as we might imagine the mother celebrating with her toddler after each step that she takes. In the gospel, Jesus calls his followers to the highest standards of discipleship, insisting that we let go of anger and resentments and be fully reconciled with the members of our communities. In both readings, God's expectations can seem beyond our capabilities, but God sees in us, abilities, strengths and talents that God is still calling forth in us and the people around us. Like the toddler, we are still coming into the fullness of being what we are meant to be: God sees what we can become and calls us towards that future.

This week is National Catholic Sisters week. At Boston College, there are 17+ different women's religious congregations represented, many of them at this Mass here today. Our congregations, over the centuries, have been involved in diverse ministries meant to support and help God's people as they birth the graces and talents that are being brought to life in them. This has meant a willingness to actively seek out situations in all of our contexts where social and political policies have gotten in the way of human flourishing. For example, in my own congregation, our Sisters founded and worked in schools to give the underprivileged access to education at a time when governments didn't yet offer socialized education. Today, Religious Sisters from our congregations accompany

homeless people, immigrants and asylum seekers. They are spiritual directors, retreat directors and parish workers, supporting those seeking deeper relationships with God. They are teachers and professors. They are doctors and nurses and chaplains, walking with the sick. They are lawyers and activists, speaking out against unjust government policies. And much more! And I encourage you to ask the Sisters about the different ministries of their congregations today.

We are not all called to be Religious Sisters or to enter religious congregations. Religious Life is just one way of serving God which we remember in a particular way here this week. However, we are all called to recognize the ways in which we are toddlers today. As toddlers listening to today's readings, I invite you to imagine God looking at you as one who sees all the potential you have, all that you will be. Imagine God calling you towards that future, calling you to realize new talents and new ways of living.

I think we're also invited in today's readings to imitate God's mothering energy. I invite you to look around at the members of your communities and consider what you can do to help them flourish. Encourage, affirm, empower. Try to see in the other, what they don't yet see in themselves. Let us work with God to create all that should be and all we hope will be. Amen.

Michelle Langlois, FCJ



Sharing from a Retreat during Covid

Recently, I was looking through my notes from a retreat I led during Covid....while I was in Edmonton. Having no new insights of my own right now, I decided to share some of the input from that retreat. The title of the experience was "A Steady Heart in Time of Crisis".... Perhaps some of the excerpts or prayers will be helpful ...

An excerpt from *Guerrillas of Grace* by Ted Loder:

O God, gather me now
to be with you
as you are with me.

Soothe my tiredness;
quiet my fretfulness...
relieve my compulsiveness;

Let me be easy for a moment.

Lord, release me
from the fears and guilts
which grip me so tightly;
from the expectations and opinions
which I so tightly grip.

O God, gather me
to be with you
as you are with me.

**Meditation about God as the Source of cosmic generosity:
an image from Brian Swimme**

“Every second, four million tons of the sun is being transformed into (this) light. That’s like a million elephants. So there’s another million elephants, another million elephants and if it weren’t for that ongoing bestowal of energy, we wouldn’t have any life on earth. So one way to think about the sun, every time you see it at dawn, is to think of it as an act of cosmic generosity. It’s this vast giveaway of energy that enables us to survive,

enables all of life to thrive. So we are surfing around the source of ongoing cosmic generosity.” (from a TV series called “The Sacred Balance”)

“Let Your Life Speak” is a book I have found helpful over the years. Its author is Parker Palmer, a Quaker. In that book, he writes about a time when he was searching for the next step in his life. At that time, he did not find the following Quaker teaching very helpful: “Have faith....the way will open.” The way was not opening, and he was getting impatient. One day, an elderly Quaker woman told him that in her 60+ years of living “Way has never opened in front of me....but a lot of way has closed behind me, and that’s had the same effect.” They laughed together....and suddenly Palmer had a new way of looking at his vocational journey....that guidance can come from what does not happen (way closing) as what does happen (way opening).

Joanna Walsh, FCJ



A Haiku from the Toronto CiM Group in Formation



Fingers of the dawn

Creep across the new-born world

God's hand come to hold.

James Hogan

Spirituality Within Health Care: Examining Healing and Curing

At a Conference for Consciousness & Human Evolution (TCCHE) held at the Airport Hilton in Toronto, Sept 13-15, 2024, that I attended, several people spoke about having been diagnosed with more than one cancer, but they were still living life to the fullest, feeling healthy and happy daily. A panel, including Dr. Bruce Lipton, spoke about how X-rays, MRI's and ultrasounds cannot show the "spirit" of a person diagnosed. And the panel agreed the spirit is the "divinity" within people. Members of the panel insisted that we are all sparks of the divine. Spirit is an invisible force, an energy field. Spirit is a piece of God. The panel also spoke about the "power of belief" and mind over matter; a person believing they are healthy despite a diagnosis. Healing is tapping into the divine part of self; we are light beings; spiritual beings having a human experience, the panel indicated. Additionally, the TCCHE panel suggested that altruism can allure the heart to leap across the fence of disbelief; it is a social contagion that can bring infectious happiness and healing while awakening a person's spirit.

When the TCCHE panel was questioned about the difference between being healed and cured, some panelists agreed that "curing" is a medical term. A person can be cured of cancer, and lose their life, because of the side effects of treatments, such as chemo or radiation. Curing may "fix the body" or just cover up symptoms. When the panel was questioned about the difference between healed and cured, they indicated that some healers believe that through them something is happening; they are channels; we have a body, but we are not just the body. Our identity is an energy field. Like media "we are the broadcast, not the source, which is the divine; divine intelligence is giving up ego".

Reflecting on some formal personal experiences, I recalled a case of my husband being healed. When he arrived home in excruciating pain one afternoon, I rushed him to the emergency room at a local hospital. They were informed, after an X-ray was taken, that his intestine had blockage which prevented him from digesting any food or releasing toxins. A physician said my husband would need surgery within the next few days to remove the blockage. As an alternative to the surgical procedure, I put together a multi-faith prayer circle composed of believers from Christian, Jewish and Muslim communities who joined hands as they stood around my husband's bedside and prayed together. The circle was a caring group of individuals who demonstrated compassion and hope, as they prayerfully called out to the God of their understanding, while requesting divine healing. I felt electricity flowing in and out of me, as the group prayed. And I noticed that my husband's face was gradually taking on a healthy appearance.

After these prayers, my husband received Reiki from a friend. He claimed the treatment had given him energy and a sense of wellness. The following morning, my husband's X-ray showed a major change in the intestinal blockage and his physician suggested delaying surgery. Another prayer session the following evening appeared to have resulted in the blockage being totally removed, as my husband never required any surgery. Acting very healthy and happy, he left the hospital the following day. Several weeks later, the doctor stated that his X-rays taken did not show any evidence of the original diagnosis. This suggests he was both healed and cured.

Before this experience of being prayed for, my husband had doubted my dependence on faith and prayer when I was diagnosed with cancer. Being informed that an illness could annihilate my life within a few months if I didn't receive surgery, coerced me to look death in the face and embrace my dear life. During the traumatic moments of being within this life-or-death situation, I sought out spiritual healers and engaged in singing, dancing and writing before and after surgery.

Several Shaman healers entered my life at that time, and I benefited from their spiritual interventions, ranging from rituals to prayers. After spending time with two Shamans, I viewed my illness as a teacher and a blessing, not as an illness or a curse. I came to believe that some healing had already taken place before my surgery. On route to the operating room, I had also received the anointing of the sick by a priest who prayed for the surgical procedure to result in healing. Later, my physician could not explain how or why I had healed from the surgery and cancer so quickly and successfully. He said that he had sensed angels in the operating room guiding him in the surgical procedure.



More than 20 years after this surgery and all the prayers for me to heal, I am still healthy and happy, while conducting research on the importance of spirituality within health care models.

Nancy Angel Doetzel, CIM (Calgary)



Sparks of Hope Fan the Flames of Compassion

Over the past several years, I have served as a proud board member in support of 98 girls living and being educated in Our Lady of Kibeho Orphanage in Uganda. Most of the girls lost their parents to the HIV/AIDS epidemic. Through fundraising efforts and the generosity of our donors, we have managed to provide them with a safe home, food, formal education, and life skills training. The girls are equipped with what they need to thrive now and into the future. Our Lady of Kibeho Orphanage is a Catholic run operation, and nurturing the girls' faith life is a top priority.



To maintain our status as a registered, non-profit organization, we had to commit to at least one site visit to the orphanage. Much to my delight, the board chose me to go on this exciting adventure, and after numerous shots and travel arrangements, I left on November 14 for two weeks in Uganda. Upon my arrival at the airport, I was met with an emotional welcome party of 20 smiling, shy girls holding bouquets and their little

Ugandan flags. In less than a minute, they stormed me for a group hug! If that was not enough fanfare, a further extravagant reception awaited me as we drove onto the orphanage property. All of the girls were dressed in culturally traditional attire, dancing at a fever pitch to thunderous drummers, all taking place in the intense heat of midafternoon. Such an exhilarating experience, I was overwhelmed!



My visit consisted of very full days as I toured the facilities. Our Lady of Kibeho Orphanage has been in operation for over a decade, I was impressed to see how established the infrastructure was. I toured the dormitories, cafeteria, arts and craft room, the chapel, the nurse's station and finally the outdoor kitchen. Based on my previous life as an educator, I was particularly impressed with the classes I sat in on. The choir, under the guidance of a talented music teacher, not only sang the Ugandan anthem for my benefit, but also sang note-perfect O Canada

! Further highlights of my trip were the tour of the 14-acre farm, which supplies the orphanage with vegetables and fruit. Father JJ, the priest who comes for Mass every Thursday, presided over a special blessing of the fresh water system that was installed thanks to our board who generated funds from the Calgary Rotary Club and a Rotary Club in Uganda. This has been an absolute, miraculous game changer to have safe, clean, dependable water for these precious girls.



Reflecting back on my two weeks visiting the orphanage and the school, plus the many interactions I shared with the children and the staff, it was a great comfort and affirming to witness how these faith-filled children are loved and so very well taken care of. From the outset, I appreciated the common Ugandan greeting, how they warmly hold on to your hands and say with such sincerity, "You are most welcome!"

Not only did I feel most welcome the entire time I spent in this beautiful country, but I also felt so abundantly blessed and grateful to experience up close and personal the joyful energy of the students and the unwavering commitment of the staff. As the name of the establishment might suggest, Our Lady of Kibeho Orphanage lives up to its namesake, instilling a palpable spirit that permeates all that they do, evidenced in their profound love and devotion to Mary, the Blessed Mother of Jesus.



Julian Di Castri, CIM (Edmonton)



Eucharistic Surprise

In the fall of 2024 I was asked by the principal of St. Dominic's Fine Arts School to take my presentation on "Finding God in Art" to her staff for a professional development day, on March 13, 2025. We entered into a quiet space and everyone had a copy of some piece of art to contemplate. For the second round we all chose another picture and I selected the portrait of a woman entirely made of fruits and vegetables that was hanging above the board of the classroom where we were. It intrigued me although it did not feel warm. The woman seemed very sure of herself and had many components. Wheat was her core which brought "Fruit of the vine and work of human hands" to



my mind. This phrase from the Offertory of the Mass applies to the woman as it does to the wine we offer to become the Blood of Christ. This painting or construction is Eucharistic, made from the gifts of the earth to be shared by all. In giving of herself totally, many will be fed and she will no longer be as an individual. Her life will become part of all who are willing and open to receive.

Since that day at the end of March, I came across the woman on the internet. It would seem that the artist had no Eucharistic intention in his creation. He was Arcimboldo.

"Arcimboldo was born in Milan, but became an unrivalled magician at ambiguous images, working four hundred years ago, mostly at the dazzling court of the Emperor Rudolph in Prague. This is his painting of Summer, usually in the Louvre in Paris, and one of a set of paintings of the four seasons." (from Internet)

Terry Smith, FCJ



Holy Thursday

The FCJ Sisters graciously invited the Companions in Mission (CiMs) and the CiMs in Formation to join them in a special celebration of Holy Thursday. This day holds deep significance as it commemorates the Institution of the Eucharist and the founding of the FCJ Society.

The evening began with a beautiful Mass, where we prayed together and reflected on the profound gift of the Eucharist and the spirit of service embodied by Jesus at the Last Supper.

After Mass, we shared a delicious supper together, strengthening the bonds between the Sisters and the CiMs. The meal was a time of warmth, joy, and gratitude, deepening the spirit of companionship that lies at the heart of the FCJ charism.

Following the meal, those who were able remained for a time of prayer before the Altar of Repose, spending quiet moments in reflection and thanksgiving for the blessings of the evening.

The celebration was a wonderful reminder of the unity and mission we share, and we are deeply grateful to the FCJ Sisters for their generous hospitality and spiritual leadership

Mirna Farahat, CIM (Calgary)



+Pope Francis' Example



The experience of witnessing live the Funeral of Pope Francis was surely worth the getting up in the middle of the night to watch it here in Calgary! It was such a moving tribute to a man who truly was a Pope of the People. People from all over the world coming together to pray and to offer thanks for the person and the ministry of Francis!

There were so many memorable moments: the faces of so many people standing for hours to pray at his coffin or to attend his Funeral Mass and burial, those who lined the streets between the two churches as the Pope's casket passed through the streets of Rome, ... so much to mull over! The homily was especially beautiful as the Cardinal, Cardinal Re, who, I understand is in his 90s, stood there offering us a heart-felt tribute to a man whom he obviously loved and admired.

What was Francis saying to us as we listened to some of Cardinal Re's words about him?

Francis established direct contact with individuals and peoples, eager to be close to everyone, with a marked attention to those in difficulty, giving himself without measure, especially to the marginalized, the least among us. He was a Pope among the people, with an open heart towards everyone. He was also a Pope attentive to the signs of the times and what the Holy Spirit was awakening in the Church. An open heart towards everybody!

With his characteristic vocabulary and language, rich in images and metaphors, he always sought to shed light on the problems of our time with the wisdom of the Gospel. He did so by offering a response guided by the light of faith and encouraging us to live as Christians amid the challenges and contradictions. He was realistic—life can be very difficult but we are called to live as followers of Jesus.

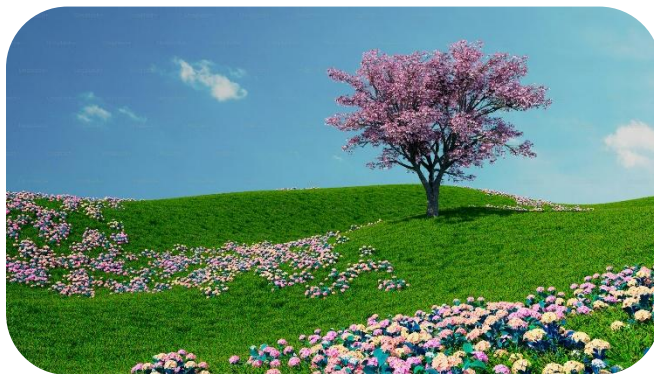
Rich in human warmth and deeply sensitive to today's challenges, Pope Francis truly shared the anxieties, sufferings and hopes of this time of globalization. He gave of himself by comforting and encouraging us with a message capable of reaching people's hearts in a

direct and immediate way. His charisma of welcome and listening, combined with a manner of behaviour in keeping with today's sensitivities, touched hearts and sought to reawaken moral and spiritual sensibilities.

Is not this our call as followers of Jesus –to be rich in human warmth, open to listening, ready to comfort and encourage one another, and to live as Jesus taught us to live: Loving God and loving one another and putting love into action in our daily lives?

May Francis help us, each of us, to follow Jesus as he did with great love, faith, humility and generosity! May we all make a difference in this world, as Pope Francis did, by being a living example of great Love2025.

Ann Marie Walsh, FCJ



Vision Quest



On April 3rd a few of us attended a very interesting CLC (FCJ Christian Life Centre) organized presentation by Rev. Tony Snow, a First Nations United Church pastor, on the theme of **'Indigenous Interpretations of Jesus' Journey in the Wilderness'**. He likened the 40 days Jesus spent in the wilderness with the 'vision quest' of Indigenous peoples in the Americas which is still practiced today, although less than

previously. Rev. Tony began by explaining some Indigenous foundational teachings: The presence of Creator God in all of creation; reciprocity (balance) in the natural order; the responsibility to nurture life, especially in community (tribe). Nowadays it is difficult to find a space in the wilderness that is adequate and where there will not be interference from

tourists or park rangers! His own tribe – Stoney Nakoda- has designated an area of their own Reserve where the youth can camp out for the 4 days of fasting and reflection.

Going into the wilderness on a ‘vision quest’ is being vulnerable – like a child. The purpose is to encounter the Spirit World, to face temptations, to suffer and move past the struggles. The ‘vision quest’ helps youths find meaning, confront their own ‘demons’, reflect on what they have learned from history, and find their role in the community. At the conclusion the youth is received by the community in a ritual celebration.

Doesn’t this sound similar to what Jesus experienced? It was following his time in the desert that Jesus went to his hometown synagogue and, quoting from Isaiah, declared his ‘reason for being’: to bring Good News to the poor, set prisoners free, give sight to the blind.... and proclaim the year of the Lord’s favour.

Paula Mullen, FCJ

It's Dangerous to Read Newspapers

Each time I hit a key on my electric typewriter, speaking of
peaceful trees
Another village explodes.

This quote from a poem by Margaret Atwood was written at the time of the Vietnam War in the 1960s and 1970's. And now it's me who reads of similar destruction in: Ukraine, Yemen, Palestine, Sudan, DRC, and Lebanon. When a conflict dies down a new one always seems to take its place. To be honest, I often skim the articles because the details can be confusing and disheartening. Even half an hour of reading bumps up my anxiety and my hope evaporates a little more. It's easy to feel overwhelmed and powerless in the face of this global chaos.

Yet I persist in reading the newspaper, one that is dropped outside the door by my neighbour Pat six mornings a week. I am especially grateful for his

generosity because reading a physical newspaper keeps me from endlessly scrolling on the internet and increasing my anxiety.

Why do I do it? I believe it is my responsibility as a Christian to be informed; not to hide my head in the sand. The news informs me of the issues about which I need to pray today, which petitions to sign and where my donations are most needed. Desmond Tutu said, "we are placed in this world of hatred, violence, anger, injustice, and oppression to help God transform it, transfigure it, and change it so that there will be compassion, laughter, joy, peace, reconciliation, fellowship, friendship, and togetherness." My newspaper reading can help me be part of that. And it reminds me of my need to be grateful, immensely grateful, for the life I have.

Laura Krefting, CIM (Edmonton)

Welcoming the Wild

Emerging as a glimmer in an unexpected place
if welcomed, it grows more substantial
and becomes a being—a wildling.

Coming to life in me
prompted by otherness beyond my horizon
off my radar

Not controlled, available or even accessible to me
expressing itself as it will, shyly or boldly
unhindered by my boundaries or my desires

connecting in unanticipated ways
contributing to my wholeness and integration

Do all of my life's gifts begin as wildlings?
has this been the pattern?
is part of the gift their wild nature?

What can I learn so I may welcome the wild
without scaring it away
content to protect it, observe it develop in stillness
free from wanting to cultivate or tame it?

Free from claiming ownership or dominion,
I want to make space for the wild to pop up...

Madeleine Gregg, FCJ



Treasures from the Archives [MEM 964]

Does this bring back memories for you? This black leather sewing kit, a 'housewife' or 'hussif', dates from the 1920s. It features a medal of Our Lady on its exterior, and contains needles, fine thread in gray and beige, and a tiny packet of needles stamped 'Abel Morrall's. Griffin Brand, no. 9 - Manufactured Expressly for The Hudson's Bay Stores.' Tucked into a small pocket in its interior is a miniature letter in a tiny envelope, addressed to Soeur Philomena, Uccle Novitiate. The letter, beautifully written in French, purports to be from Fr. Stanislas Kostka, SJ. Translated, it says, it is addressed from 'Heaven, Love Quarter, Street of Faith', and begins, "My Child, what a beautiful name is the one destined for you! Bear it worthily on earth so that you may deserve to have it engraved forever on your forehead. Try to keep your eyes constantly fixed on your divine model and follow with exactitude the love of grace. Pray earnestly to the Queen of Heaven so that after having been the Faithful Companion of her Son on earth, you may still bear this beautiful name in Heaven. Your brother, all yours, Stanislaus Kostka, SJ." Acc. 13.22.

Housewife (noun): "A little case or bag for materials used in sewing, and for other articles of female work."



As the envelope is addressed to 'Soeur Philomena', and Philomena Feist made her temporary vows in Uccle on July 31, 1929, we assume it likely that she received the 'hussif' as a gift while she was a novice for the Feast of St. Stanislaus in November 1927.

For those who enjoy reading the original:

(French original transcription)

Au ciel!

Quartier de l'Amour

Rue de la Fidélité

Mon Enfant,

Quel beau nom que celui qui vous est destiné porter – le dignement sur la terre afin de mériter de l'avoir gravé à jamais sur le front pour cela, tachez d'avoir les yeux constamment fixés sur votre divin Modèle et suivez avec exactitude et amour tous les mouvements de la grâce. Priez bien la Reine du Ciel afin qu'après avoir été la Fidèle Compagne de son Fils sur la terre vous pussiez porter encore ce beau nom au ciel.

Votre frère tout votre

Stanislaus Kostka S.J.

(MEM 964, i.e. Memorabilia))



Sr. Philomena Feist, FCJ

March 6, 1997

Carol Hollywood, Archivist



A Few Memories of Sister Ellen McCarthy FCJ

in the Area of the Americas

Ellen participated in the weekend retreats we held in St. Philomena's in Portsmouth, R.I. that were for college-aged young women. She personified enthusiasm. Her skill at basketball was well known and in later years she coached students in the sport.

When Ellen was discerning religious life, I had the privilege of accompanying her as we progressed through a book called Pray – The Spiritual Exercises for Busy People. I think that she was the first person to organize the younger members of the Providence communities to go to Roger Williams Park for a sunrise service very early on Easter morning. It was a beautiful and memorable experience. When the Novitiate Community was formed in Pawtucket, R.I., I was a member. One special time was when Sr. Therese Dyer, the novice director, phoned the AMA (the motor association) for assistance with the car she drove. She needed to do that quite frequently so on one particular day the novices, including Ellen, decided to compose a letter from the AMA. I believe that Ellen was the main author. It looked very official, complete with a cancelled stamp and return address. Although it had "arrived" with the rest of the day's mail, Therese made no mention of it, either at Evening Prayer or at supper until quite late. She was sure that the motor association was obliged to help whenever she called and that there was no limit as the letter had told her. Laughter erupted!

Once when we had a gathering of the Province or Area, Ellen gave a talk on justice. One point that I have often remembered was that the U.S. President at the end of the Second World War had encouraged that machines not be made durable but that they should need frequent replacements, thus increasing the workforce.



Ellen served as editor for the U.S. Province's newsletter and even answered questions on behalf of, or rather, as Marie Madeleine. Ellen had many gifts, a big heart and a tremendous zest for life. May she be enjoying life fully now, face-to-face with our loving God.

Terry Smith, FCJ

Ellen and I had a number of "bonding experiences" during the years when she lived in Tuscaloosa, many of which happened around the time of the tornado in 2011. Here are a few:

Ellen found it increasingly difficult to fit into the sedan she had been driving. So when it was time to get a new vehicle, she purchased a KIA Soul. She found the car she wanted and Roberta transferred enough money into our community account for the car's purchase. She was very pleased with the car, which was much more comfortable for her, and had it for about 10 days before the tornado hit Tuscaloosa. Here is the car after the tornado:



Clearly, it was a total write-off. So we went back to the KIA dealership and I was able to purchase the \$18,000.00 replacement car by using my credit card, which had accumulated a line of credit of \$35,000.00! This was--and still is--the largest single purchase I ever made using a credit card!!!! We laughed about that for years!

Ellen loved Chloe, the mixed breed dog owned by our CiM friends, Judy and Steve Scully. with whom we lived for three months after the tornado, while we searched for a new house. At one CiM meeting before the tornado, the 20 or so CiMs, Ellen, Helen, and I were sitting



on chairs around the living room. Ellen had a nice basket on the floor next to her chair for Chloe to lie down on during the meeting, but Chloe wouldn't settle, no matter what Ellen tried to do. Ellen was getting quite frustrated, as Chloe loved Ellen and normally, was quick to obey. Looking around, I had an inspiration: I pulled up a dining room chair and invited Chloe to sit on it, to join the circle. She immediately hopped up on the chair and remained there quite happily until the meeting was over!

Madeleine Gregg, FCJ



Ellen, Nancy Mitchell, Madeleine