



Number 56, december 2008

CB Inter In

Sisters of Charity of St. Charles Borromeo

“Watch for the new thing I am going to do”

During Advent, time of expectation, words of hope and encouragement for the future resounded again and again in the liturgy. In Isaiah 40 we find special words of hope: *‘Those who trust in the Lord for help will find their strength renewed’*. What more could we possibly want but strength with everything that awaits us in the coming year? Nobody knows what the future will bring, but what we can be certain of is the strength that will be given to us if only we are open to it.

As editorial staff we wanted to do something new. And, as you can see, it has started already. In that confused world of ours, we sometimes feel the need to lend more colour to our lives. A more colourful presentation of our international bulletin may contribute a little to this.

With the help of God a lot of new things have started in some areas of our Congregation. We are becoming more and more ‘worldwide’. This has everything to do with the intensity with which we want to share our experiences and feelings with others. In the three 2008 issues of our bulletin this happened frequently. We hope for the same kind of enthusiasm in the future.

**On behalf of the editorial staff
Sr Adeltruda Jongerius**

Divine Providence took care of everything

Sr Hedwig Wigi Astuti
Maastricht, the Netherlands

“My entire wealth for this work lay in God’s Providence. In this Providence I put all my trust, relying on the first article of the Creed: I believe in God, the Father Almighty.” (EG. 23).

As a Congregation we hold the Motherhouse in Maastricht dear, because in this house we are reminded again of the ideals, hope and burning desire of Mother Elisabeth. To us, the Motherhouse remains the symbol of belief, love, hope and hard work in God’s vi-

neyard. So as to maintain and care for the historical and spiritual heritage of the Congregation, the General Chapter of 2005 decided to establish a multicultural community in Maastricht as soon as possible. In order for this decision to take place, the General Board asked the two of us, sr Terry and I, to come to Maastricht where we, together with sr Floriana who has lived in the Netherlands for some time past, are to start this aforesaid multicultural com-

The first three sisters from the multicultural community in Maastricht (from left to right): sr Hedwig, sr Floriana and sr Terry.



munity. The Provincial Board of Indonesia agreed to this request.

We don't mind telling you that having to accept this missionary assignment was far from easy! In the beginning we felt useless and unworthy. In our innermost selves there was the struggle and the refusal. Sr Terry even said that she felt too old to start this new enterprise, the more thinking of her declining physical condition. I myself felt too inexperienced, too young also in religious life and then there is of course the handicap of not mastering foreign languages. My talents fall short and are rather limited for this mission. However, after several months had passed we were ready and willing to receive this missionary assignment. When considering the process we went through, we can only be thankful because we experienced how Divine Providence took care of everything. (cf EG. 60). We experienced easiness in every respect, especially when handling the papers. Everything was well prepared and passed off fluently and quickly. Sr Sessilia and the Provincial Board of Indonesia took care of all our life necessities, materially as well as spiritually. We were also given the opportunity to study the Dutch language. Awaiting the procedure that would grant us permission to go and live in the Netherlands, I even studied English in the Philippines for three months. Although until this moment my capability to speak Dutch and English remains limited, I am grateful that the Congregation has prepared and given me the opportunity to study these two languages.

We can only be thankful for the grace so abundantly showered upon us during this time of preparation. My personal experience is that God has given me a great deal more than I asked for and needed. From the start I have always asked the Lord: "If this is what You want from me, I implore You to prepare everything I need for this mission." And the Lord has listened to my prayer. When, during the retreat, we included our experiences in our prayers, we became more and more certain that this is what the Lord wants from us. The Lord has called and chosen us to be missionaries on the native soil of the Congregation. The Congregation has given us its great trust, so it is with great trust and with an open heart that we have received this missionary assignment. We have experienced the love of the sisters through their support, prayers and warm words. It has strengthened us. Like Mother Elisabeth we

are neither free from the comments of the people (cf. EG. 46) nor commented on because we are, indeed, still ignorant enough to start this work and possibly considered not worthy, yet. Nevertheless, we believe that the Good Lord will pour out His Grace and bless us daily more and more with what we need. (cf. EG. 49).

On October 7th 1918, the first ten missionaries went from the Netherlands to Indonesia. Now, ninety years later, on that same date the two of us left our motherland Indonesia in order to go and live in our new fatherland: the Netherlands. Our nostalgia at this moment is that in this new mission we will be able to direct and offer our whole lives to the Lord. May this multicultural community become an instrument and a sign of God's presence among people in today's society and produce fruit in abundance according to His Will. With a burning love, a deep belief and a strong hope, we will go forward to perform our mission. We believe many people (the sisters, our relatives and friends) are praying for us and for our new community. Indeed, what we need most this moment is help from heaven (as Mother Elisabeth prays). We believe that the prayers of so many people can shake heaven in such a way that, in the end, the Lord Himself will work His way in setting up and developing this newly to be formed community. May God's Name be blessed more and more and our fellowman be served sincerely.



One very hot afternoon, I went as usual by bus to Cipambuan, an isolated and closed village in the district of Bogor, located at a distance of 1 km from the toll-road. This village still has big and shady trees and cassava plants seem to grow everywhere. It is because they are the livelihood of this society of farmers. Knowing this, you'll no longer find it strange to see big piles of cassava lying in the yards of the villagers. Every day they are busy peeling these cassava plants. They do it in groups, from old till young, from morning till afternoon. And what is more, they are very good at it. Even the small children can do it with their eyes closed and without looking at their knives. The peeled cassava is dried first and then ground into flour.

All villagers of Cipambuan are Moslem. A great part of its original inhabitants is still illiterate. They don't watch television, don't listen to the radio, don't read newspapers, let alone use a cell phone. On average, the education they have received stops at the 2nd grade of Elementary school. This is because of a rule once set up by a village Kiai (an Islamic mullah) that has been maintained for years. According to this Kiai, modernity would cause sin. Yet, the newly arrived Moslems and some original villagers with an open mind (less radical, fundamental) refused to follow the Kiai's rule because they wanted their village to proceed and develop.

For almost two months I have been travelling to and from the village of Cipambuan to visit the House of Study. The House of Study is the place where children from Kindergarten till senior High School seek further training. The House of Study is open every Monday to Saturday, from 13:00 till 14:00^{hrs} p.m. The tutors are volunteers from the village of Cipambuan and surroundings. They have various professions e.g. private officials, public servants, teachers, ustadzes (Islamic minister of religion), university-students and housewives. The volunteers need assistance in making learning activity programmes and in coaching children because they do not, as a rule, have much didactical knowledge. Therefore, together with three friends from the De-

Sharing with each other

Sr Astrid Tulus
Kebayoran Baru, Indonesia



Sr Astrid (dressed in black) together with her fellow-students gives training to the volunteers.

partment of Education of Children at an Early Age, State University, Jakarta, I executed the PKL Programme (Field Activity Programme). The University offered this programme on the condition that a thesis will be redacted, after having finished the theoretical lectures. After having observed things for some time, we decided that the emphasis should be more on the assistance of the tutors of the House of Study amongst others by training them in how to make learning activity programmes and how to teach. Fact is that the House of Study does not have a curriculum, nor does it have an activity programme. They told us that they, rarely if ever, got didactical exercises and/or training. We asked them to group the children according to age. Besides, we had to check their health and see to it that the food they got to eat was nutritious enough.

I am thankful for the great many graceful experiences I gained during my PKL-time. Although all the tutors and the pupils are Moslem, they were open and willing to accept me for who I am. Together with them I feel and experience the spirit of sisterhood. The programmes we have made can work well and I admire the tutors' spirit wanting to learn something new in order to raise the educational level of these village kids. Although they are not from the

educational sector, they do feel great affinity towards it and possess a high spirit of subservience in this field. Because of this vocation they are willing to walk on foot from their homes all the way to the House of Study. Next to their nine-to-five job they make time to work on the future of the children of this village, which is so isolated from the world. Their motivation being that these kids should receive as much education as they can because they are the future of the nation.

I am thankful for having been granted the opportunity to get to know and help these children. Despite their limited economical prospects, these children are eager to learn, even though it means having to cover a long distance by going on foot up and down the hills. These children's faces are so joyful, no trace of tiredness. Their enthusiasm to follow classes, knows no bounds.

The spirit of the tutors and children inspires me although I myself have to travel a long way from Jakarta to the village of Cipambuan. After having worked at school in the morning, I leave for Cipambuan in the early afternoon. Late in the afternoon I go home again and arrive at the convent towards dark.

Though tired there is a feeling of happiness in my heart because I experience that Divine Providence is always with me. Mother Elisabeth's spirit has become my strength. And because pushed by a heart burning to serve my fellowman, in my prayers I beseech the Lord that the assisting programme to the tutors in the House of Study does not stop after our PKL-time has come to an end. I do hope that the PKL-programme in the House of Study will find continuation. The infinitely good Lord must have listened to the prayer of His dishonourable servant. For, after our PKL-period has finished, the campus will send another group to the House of Study to continue the PKL-programme that we initiated.

I am really grateful and thankful for this graceful experience. I am conscious that I have learned much from the life of the villagers and their kids who are simple, unprejudiced and possess the spirit to, by means of study, get on in life. I also saw and felt clearly their spirit of sharing.

May I always keep alive this spirit in doing my missionary task, which the congregation entrusts to me this moment.

A manger

Sr Vincenza Pranawanti
Maastricht, the Netherlands

The song 'Away in a Manger' sounded melodiously from the CD-player standing next to the Christmas cave in a corner of my room. Automatically my heart joined in the singing of this Christmas carol. 'Away in the Manger', no crib for a bed, the little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head...'. It sounded very romantic, but the truth was far from romantic. 'No crib for a bed...', there was no cradle for His bed. These words reminded me of the days around the birth of the Prince of Peace, Joseph's and Mary's eldest son.

Mary and I were preparing lunch when Joseph arrived from town with shocking news. I couldn't believe my ears. My goodness, what is this all about? The government will have a census of the inhabitants and all people must register at the place of their origin? To Mary and Joseph it meant that they had to leave Nazareth and go to Bethlehem because that was the place where Joseph was born.

Joseph put all the instruments of his carpenter's workshop into cases. I helped Mary pack all the things she wanted to take with her. In fact I was a little concerned about Mary, because her moment of confinement was near. Yet, Mary herself looked very calm. "The Lord will arrange the best for all of us, Vins", she said. However, Mary was a little bit disappointed because she could not take the cradle for the baby with her, the product of Joseph's hard work for days. The last evening before leaving, I heard Mary say: "Jos, can't we take the cradle with us? I want the best piece that your hands have ever made to be a present for our firstborn Child." I totally agreed with Mary and tried to persuade Joseph by promising that I would carry it. But Joseph was against it and stood firm. "Having to carry it along will be a burden on us. But the sooner we shall return", he replied, while hanging the cradle at the rafter of the house. We left early in the morning. Mary was looking at the house that she was to leave behind any minute now. I saw Joseph brush away the tears that were rolling down her cheeks. Then he tightly locked the door and off we went. At the first bend I looked back once more in the direction of



the simple house, some tens of metres behind us. There hung the cradle!

After a very tiring journey, we arrived in Bethlehem. At the edge of the town, to be precise, where it was already crammed with people coming in from all parts of the country. Being unsuccessful in his efforts to put us up for the night, Joseph finally decided to stay in one of the caves at the hill outside the town of Bethlehem. Mary sat patiently waiting on a big stone near the opening of the cave while Joseph and I were busy tidying up this rather moist place.

Joseph went to the small river close to the cave to clean the manger we had found and I gathered some dry straw that was lying scattered on the ground. By putting straw in the manger and covering it with a piece of cloth, the two of us had managed to turn the manger into a real baby's bed. "Oh, what a pity, that we did not bring Joseph's cradle", I sighed and my heart shrank with pity. Past midnight, when Joseph had gone to buy some food, the beautiful Baby-Boy was born, Joseph's and Mary's firstborn Son. After I had wrapped the Baby in a thin blanket that Mary had especially sown for this occasion from an old piece of bed sheet, I laid the Baby in the 'box', which we had just prepared. I waited for Joseph in front of the cave and told him the pleasant news. We hurried inside. Mary was quietly sitting beside the manger. "Jos, the baby's cradle you made would, in

fact, have been very suitable to lay down our Child in tonight, wouldn't it?"

Mary said softly. Jokingly I interrupted: "Yes, and I know for sure that not one baby has such a beautiful cradle." "Indeed, not every baby has a carpenter for a father", Joseph answered with a small laugh. I left them in their happiness and stepped outside.

That night the air was so clear. I watched the sky. It was covered with stars. The story Mary had told me several months ago about the Boy she was carrying, now raised all kinds of questions in my mind. Why may Jesus not be born in a house and lie safely in a fine cradle made of cedar wood? Why does this special Child, as an angel foretold Mary, have to be born in a damp cave reeking of animals? Is a carpenter's house in the hills of the village of Nazareth not good enough? I don't understand.

The night was getting colder. I entered and settled down in a corner of the cave. Hardly had I closed my eyes when a noise broke the silence of the night. Before we knew what was happening, a youngster suddenly stuck his head round the entrance of the cave. "Is there a Baby here?" he asked. He saw the Little Beauty Who was lying in the manger. In a reflex Mary lifted Him up and held Jesus to her breast. This awoke Jesus from His sleep. Soon the whole cave was filled with a Baby's crying. Without waiting for an answer, the youngster had disappeared again.

Joseph grabbed his stick that was leaning against the wall and stepped to the entrance. Outside we heard someone cry: "Hey, this way, all of you! Joshua has found Him." From out of the darkness came a group of people heading for the cave. Joseph grasped his wooden stick tightly and, trembling slightly, I stood behind him holding a lantern. When they came near, I clearly saw that, in fact, they were a group of simple shepherds. "Is this place theirs?" I whispered to Joseph. An old man asked politely and a bit hesitantly: "May we come in? We... eh..., we have come to see a Baby who has just been born." I was very frightened. My goodness, they know! Joseph slipped inside and watched Mary. The tension began to wear off. "Yes..., yes..., do come in! Come on in!" said Joseph. They crowded into the narrow cave. The smallest shepherd sat down next to Mary, where he could see the Baby more clearly. They all knelt down. "Praise to the highest Lord," an old shepherd started the prayer of praise full of respect. "Christ, the Messiah... It is Him!" he said pointing at the Infant

Jesus who had fallen fast asleep again in Mary's lap. After it had been silent for a while, Joseph asked: "How did you know that my Son is the long awaited Messiah?" Joshua, the shepherd who had appeared first, told about the angels who had brought the glad tidings on the Saviour's birth. "And the angels gave us a special sign: *You will find a Baby wrapped in rags and lying in a manger*. It was of course possible that we might not find Him, wasn't it? But," while smiling broadly, he tapped Joseph on the shoulder... "tell me, how many babies born at Bethlehem do you think have a manger for their cradle? Only this One, right? Ha... ha... ha..." Laughter filled the animals' cave, which then felt crowded because of the presence of the shepherds. Suddenly we were startled by the crying of the Infant Jesus whose sleep was seemingly disturbed. Tenderly Mary put the tip of her finger into her Son's mouth. The atmosphere quietened down again and the shepherds asked permission to leave. I took them outside. The sky was still bright because of all the stars.

The tolling of the Christmas bells of the Saint Servaasbasilica in Maastricht awoke me from my daydream. The song 'Away in a Manger' still sounded softly. Before I put out the battery-candles that lighted my Christmas cave, I looked again at the pretty Baby who lay in a manger. A manger, ...yes, the simple manger has reminded me that, to His Son who was to become Man, Our Father had prepared a special cradle as a sign for the shepherds. Joseph was right. The cedar wooden baby cradle could wait for them to return to Nazareth again. From Joseph I have learned to surrender myself to Divine Providence. For, although it may not always be according to my plans and wishes, God always gives the best to me.

When I am driving

Sr Restie L. Ucab
Tagaytay City, The Philippines

My father was a driver. He drove different cars but spent most of his time driving ten-wheeler trucks before he resigned and looked for greener pastures. This is what I remember from my childhood. Sometimes he parked the ten-wheeler truck along the road near our house. The children were amused and curious of this big-size truck, parked near our house. In my village we simply used to call everything that passed by on the road 'car'. We had no specific names for vehicles. I joined the other children in climbing the truck. As a kid I felt proud because my father was the owner. So I tended to boast to other children.

One significant event I remember, is that my father once asked my mother to dress us up so that he could drop us off near the church in our town before proceeding to his destination. This happened way back in the eighties when there was only little transportation in the place where we lived. I remember feeling proud because I was

to ride in a truck with my father.

I saw my father and how hard he tried to manoeuvre the truck. He pushed and pulled the gear while turning his head backwards. He moved the truck forward, backward and sideward until it was in the right direction. I saw him sweat and almost lose his temper. Father did not say anything to us. We were all quiet including my mother. But deep within me there was this very strong feeling that kept popping up. I did not know what it was. I could neither describe nor name it. On that moment I was only certain that the feeling was there.

I did not give any importance to it but as I grew up it became obvious that this feeling had a deeper meaning. I could not capture at once the reality of that feeling but gradually began to understand it when I went to live on my own.

I had lots of different experiences in my life. At a given moment I was forced to stop and listen to and recall my past

experiences. Then I understood better the feeling evoked upon looking at my father, manoeuvring the truck while we were quietly waiting for what was to happen next. The presence of my father made us feel safe and secure.

Every time I encounter difficulties I remember how my father overcame the hardships that he had come across when driving. The lesson I learned from this was that inner strength is very important in facing shortcomings. That's why my father was so quiet and focused while manoeuvring the truck. In confronting difficulties, stillness, patience, and senses are important. Listening to that inner voice telling you to stay calm, gives you the capacity to sustain and to endure. Sometimes I ask myself "Kaya ko ba to"? (Will I make it?). Though I saw my father break out in a sweat more than once, I knew he could make it.

The temptation of being offered many choices in life is very deceiving. Sometimes I chose to be in a particular

direction believing that I had picked the right one. But again and again my father showed me that sometimes you have to take risks, in order to make the right choice. I had been given a great many choices in life but even more so when I became a religious. Choices, which supposed that no decisions needed to be taken. Choices in the personal and relational area and in the material and technological field. Choices, which sometimes are detrimental to my vows and commitment. Therefore I need to have a clear vision of my priorities. Just like my father struggled to get his truck in the right direction, I sometimes struggle to make the choices that will not harm my vocation. My father loved and valued driving because this was the career he had chosen. In the same way, I also love my vocation and my chosen lifestyle. My father did not mention faith, prayer and God to us. But I had this strong intuition that in silence his faith, prayer and God were deeply rooted into his being. To protect my vocation I need a deeply

rooted faith and the conviction that there is nothing I shall want in God. Every time I am confronted with my choices I ask myself: "Do I really need this?" By asking myself this I become aware of the great many choices the world offers.

I find myself in an independent world, in which, more than once, I express my preferences can choose and make decisions. Actually, I take decisions or make choices in everything I do. Now I understand why Mother Elisabeth always asked supplications from heaven so that in every decision and choice she had to make it always was God's will. Apart from that, Mother Elisabeth had a clear preference and that was to become a servant of Yahweh. She bombarded heaven with her prayers so that on the feast of Our Lady of Assumption she heard the blessed 'Yes' from heaven 'All things will come'.

Now I am the driver. My father taught me how to become brave and courageous enough to pass the test of life. As the saying goes: "Don't think too

much of the problems in life. They are just test papers given by God to see how much we learn in His subject "Life". If you think you failed just review it through 'prayer'. Mother Elisabeth has shown me the right choice and direction, in asking God, to always when I am driving show me the right way.

Multicultural Religious Life

Sr Reparatrice Grégoire
Maastricht, the Netherlands

Thursday October 23rd, it was again the annual meeting day for foreign religious who fulfil a missionary assignment in the Netherlands. This year we had been invited to come and stay in the beautiful castle/monastery of the Holy Ghost Fathers at Gemert.

On entering the spacious hall the furnishings immediately hit the eye. Brown and green cloths had been draped from the stage all the way to the ground. Across lay a wide blue strip and on top of that a smaller white cloth, depicting a landscape traversed by a river. The symbolism was as follows: the fertility of the Netherlands comes mainly from rivers that rise in foreign countries and carry along fertile soil and life-giving water to this country. In the same way we should look upon missionaries from abroad who, each one from their respective area, try to continue religious life and let it bear fruit in their ministry.

Theme of this day was: TOUCHED BY GOD – MOVED FOR PEOPLE.

After Isaiah 43, 19: "Watch for the new thing I am going to do, it is happening

already – you can see it now!"

We started the day with a prayer meditation, supported by a gorgeous powerpoint-presentation, which embellished the theme with pictures, psalms and texts. This was followed by two personal testimonies: one from a Philippine SSPS sister and one from an MSC associated member. This sister described in broad outlines how, through the contact with other religious, she became interested in religious life. The desire, the struggle, the surrender how to give meaning to her calling here and now in the Netherlands.

The second testimony came from a laywoman who, through doing voluntary work in a parish, joined in with the MSC Fathers. From this contact grew the wish to start something new. She wanted to give more meaning to her life and be of service to the church. She got in touch with other lay people who, just like her, wanted to live a more meaningful, spiritual life. The Founder of the SMC Fathers (Father Chevalier †) became their guide. From now on they called themselves "the Chevalier fami-

ly" It is on a lay basis that they can join in and on a voluntary basis, for a shorter or a longer period, make their promise of commitment. They follow in a trail of prayer, meditation, study and deepening and try to experience this through the Love of the Sacred Heart. They also have great faith in Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Her story was longer and gripping. It was obvious that a woman was speaking who testified to a new form of religious life, rooted in today's world.

After having heard both stories we were given the opportunity to ask questions. The morning raced by.

In the afternoon we were divided into conversation groups of ten people each. The following questions were put to us:

- 1) Did you have a feeling of déjà vu on hearing both stories?
- 2) What were your experiences from the personal 'Yes' to the common 'Yes'? In how far could you share and pass on your newly received vocation to others?
- 3) What difficulties and possibilities did you encounter and could you re-shape difficulties into possibilities.

The diversity of conversation partners generated a multitude of reactions, which gave food for thought. It was suggested to us to note down per question some of the most important com-

“Working with the bargees enriched my life”

Sr Adeltruda Jongerius
Maastricht, the Netherlands

On October 4th it was sixty years ago that sister Vincentia Faase entered our congregation. She celebrated her 60th of religious life on September 28th last. On this occasion she was interviewed by a journalist from the “canal shipping bulletin”.

I can hear you think what is it that makes this celebration of our fellow sister so special? It was so special to Nijmegen because sr Vincentia holds a special place in the local KSCC short for Catholic Social & Cultural Centre for bargemen; a place we may call unique in our congregation.

Sister Vincentia is too modest to write about this herself but thinks it is O.K. if we copy part of the aforementioned interview for our CB Inter In bulletin. It reads as follows:

At the age of twenty-four she entered the convent although she'd always

wanted to get married and start a large family. After taking temporary vows she ended up in nursing for which she followed a nurse's training course. For many years she worked as matron in several hospitals, last and longest (eighteen years) in the Canisius hospital in Nijmegen.

When sr Vincentia turned sixty she could go into retirement. They asked her to start working as a volunteer in the hospital where she would render special services such as counselling and spiritually assisting patients and their relatives when needed.

As Nijmegen lies on the river Waal, and is a central meeting point for bargees, the sick from their community are often admitted to this hospital and thus come under her care.

When she was still matron of the surgical ward she, through the help of a

bargeman who had been admitted for a longer period, got in touch with the chaplain of the bargees who told her that when she had retired she could come and work with him as a volunteer for the bargemen people. This is how, in 1986, sr Vincentia ended up working with the congregation of bargemen. She was immediately asked to take care of the sick bargees but also assisted in pastoral and welfare work. She loves it and feels it has enriched her life.

“Caring for all these bargees, visiting them in the hospital and making appointments for them in case they have to see a doctor is rewarding and fulfilling” she says.

Till today sr Vincentia still does a lot for hospitalized bargees. In fact we could best call her the Florence Nigh-



ments and a prayer that would voice our feelings. To this end each group had received three bright blue pieces of paper in the shape of a wave and a paper apple. The ‘blue waves’ on which we wrote our impressions based on the three questions put to us were, after we had ended our conversation, placed on the white strip of the river which

presented a special effect of life and motion. The leaders copied some of the most striking texts and presented them to the participants. We could respond to that again.

Last but not least there was a Eucharistic celebration with songs and texts in different languages, with symbolisms of the seven flames, and the prayers

(12x) that the groups had written down; songs, prayers and texts all radiating great faith, burning hope and deep trust.

That was what you could feel and see on this day:

Faith in God... He is still calling;
Trust in people... they look for answers;

Lovingly doing what should be done.
What has not been in vain.

“Watch for the new thing I am going to do, it is happening already – you can see it now!”

An inspiring day, embraced by a lot of many enthusiastic people from opposite ends of the world who have come here to help develop God's Kingdom amongst people.



*Christ's birth is
a gift of joy,
a blessing of hope
and
a promise of peace
for the world.*

*Merry Christmas and
Best Wishes for the
New Year*

Colofon

CB Inter In is published thrice
a year

Editorial staff

Sr Adeltruda, sr Clazina, sr Rosaria
and sr Vincenza

Translations

Secretariate generalate

Editor-coordinator

Jaap van Term

Printer

Drukkerij G. Creemers
Sint Odiliënberg

Mail address

P.O. Box 206, 6200 AE Maastricht
The Netherlands

tingale amongst bargemen. However, sr Vincentia does a whole lot more next to the abovementioned activities. Her heart is in mission. Given her age this could be said to be remarkable. Therefore it is understandable that the diamond convent jubilee of our fellow sister became one big celebration.

It all started with a Eucharistic celebration at the Bargee Centre, during and after which great thanks and appreciation fell to sr Vincentia. Following the celebration there was a big reception

The day after she herself said: "It was wonderful, it's beyond words. And for our mission in Vietnam we collected €

2500. Isn't that great!" She will continue to do this beautiful work, health permitting. "But that is not up to me", she observes in closing.

Sr Vincentia Faase (second on the right) in the Eucharistic celebration on occasion of her 60th anniversary of religious life.



KSCC SCHIPPERSCENTRUM NIJMEGEN