

## MEMOIRE OF MY JOURNEY OF LIFE IN THE CONGREGATION

Saying goodbye and moving on can sometimes be painful and un comfortable. I had since longed to become a religious. Time came for me to say goodbye to the people I was living with parents, sisters and brothers then go to join another life of which I had no idea of how I was going to live!

I had neither doubts nor hesitations of not managing this life. Never could I ever think of any misunderstanding among sisters living this life.

First year postulants. All together we were ten members in the community. Five sisters, three first year postulants, and two second years.

Life was so good in our community and much joy was shared among us.

What gave us more joy was; sisters staying with us in formation house Josephine, Annonciata, Mona, Lucy Sagal and Pascazia our formator? These sisters were good to us, understanding and they let us be.

I experienced joys while doing our daily activities. Like weeding our banana plantation. In this activity during dry season; a lot of bananas ripen, so most of the time while weeding we ate yellow bananas, carried some to the community and so prepared meals like lunch was not a big deal for us.

The community bursar bought us sugar canes whenever she went for shopping which was done once in a week on a Saturday.

We ate the sugar cane under the mango tree opposite Josephine's room who would sometimes peep in the window and say to us (**mwebare**) meaning well done!

We enjoyed eating mingled posho. On our menu it was 3 times a week. We ate it hot and cold so long as it was well mingled.

Games like scrabble rummy during recreation, music and dancing like when we had celebration; birthday parties and congregation feast, all these gave me joy.

Because of all these good moments, getting settled in a new environment with new people, to me it was very easy to adapt. Also meeting new people interacting and sharing with the group, spending some personal time in prayer and meditation, recollections being introduced to a new life different from that at home.

Time comes, first step is finished. Bidding farewell to us getting ready for the second step. As life continued I came to learn that our life is an active process. It is a lifelong experience of much movement and frequent change and it encompasses new, unfamiliar encounters and interactions with other people.

Letting go and moving on. This was through the experience of prayer and meditation when I grew up with an idea that our life journey invites us to meet, greet then bid farewell to numerous people along the way. Bidding farewell and having to move on.

Time, energy, interest and concern shared with people in places that have become significant as taken part in things that enriched and increased the value of both my experiences and relationships.

**By Mary Nevis Mutesi.**

