

Touched by compassion

To all the DMJ sisters who have touched our lives and are no longer with us,
This song is for you
It is a song of gratitude for your prayerful lives
A note of thanks for all you have been and done with your lives
A note of thanks for the time you spent travelling to unknown places
You were travelling to save and improve lives
You were travelling to share the Good news of Salvation
Your teaching, nursing, caring, knitting and house keeping services will forever be fruitful
Your contribution to transforming Humanity will forever be progressive

As the CVC family celebrates the 200 years of foundation, I would like to say thank you,
Thank you for being that person on our journey
There are many names to recall and there are many memories to remember
Below are the few memories that come to my mind, regularly



To Teresa Clements,
Thank you for sharing with us your love for the congregation,
the history of the church, your hospitality and your spiritual
guidance



To Cathleen McCarthy and to Joan O'Donoghue,
Your commitments to teaching and to feeding the
hungry will always be remembered. Cathleen
loved talking about her former students in Mary
Hill Uganda, loved Ugandans and supported
Ugandan families. Joan was committed to the work
with the homeless in London and used to make us
all laugh with her sense of humour!



To Esther Bossuyt- who enjoyed welcoming
people to the DMJ house in Bujumbura- and said funny exclamatory
sentences such as: "Mukama Wanje!" And "Ndakwisabye!", and used
to claim fluency in English language by these sentences: "The sky is
blue and the dog is in the garden."



To Laurette who worked tirelessly in Bujumbura for many years! Encouraged us to join her eating papaya seeds at breakfast and convinced that they provided anti-malarial properties and wanted us healthy!



To Mary Baptist- who taught me how to crochet and how to do knitting- who also introduced me to watching the University Challenge and Coronation Street!



To Mary Dorothy, who called me Beatrice for 6 months! We went for long walks, taught me names of some flowers along the way. We got lost at times, but we found our way back to Layhams road. She was struggling with new changes and was bearing the pain of losing her sister Mary Vincent.



To Etty Kelly- Your commitment to care for the sick. You were a generous and a very friendly person. Your many friends still miss you! I remember your words of wisdom and all your funny stories. Sometimes I look at the chair where you used to sit in Emmaus, and then I remember, you are not here. You are asleep, in silent eternal peace



To Kate Creedon- Thank you for being a sister and a friend. It was too sudden and too soon for you to go. I miss you every day and still remember the stories you used to tell us about your work with prisoners in Accra.



To Ruth whom I never met, who used sent me letters regularly with good wishes from California

And to Katie Mathias who repeatedly said “all shall be well” before she died in Mbarara and who taught me to sing: Ninyesiga Ruhanga Wenkaa Uwampangiiree, akanta Omunsi, egooo

And to all those who lie in silence; rest in peace
We will remember you, as we celebrate the gift of many lives touched in the past 200 years

And for you reading this note,
I am grateful for your presence and compassion today.
May compassion be a faithful companion.

From the African girl, touched by compassion!

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