

# SEASONS

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SNDdeN US EAST-WEST QUARTERLY SUMMER 2021



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## Introduction

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**I**T IS ALMOST SUMMERTIME - those glorious few months when we yearn to catch up on favorite activities and immerse ourselves in pastimes such as reading that perfect mystery novel, enjoying that first glass of lemonade or catching the breeze from the ocean, lake or river on a sunny afternoon.

In the spirit of the season, we invite you to share your favorite memories of summers past, your recommendations for a good read or a fun movie, your planned staycations, venturing out, or virtual adventures in the here and now - from the end of June through the last days of September.”

Responding to the above prompt, sixteen talented authors present in this issue of SEASONS a mix of books you will want to read this summer in your leisure time, summertime poems and nostalgic memories of summers past in idyllic settings. Their articles will conjure up your own vacation memories, will bring to mind your own favorite books or movies, will touch your poetic soul and will invite you to get a drink and find a comfy spot where you can enjoy this splendid summer issue of SEASONS.

To the authors, the photographers, the proof readers and especially to Sister Terry Davis whose talent for artistic layout makes our words shine,

THANKS for the INVITATIONS to REMEMBER, REFLECT and GIVE THANKS!

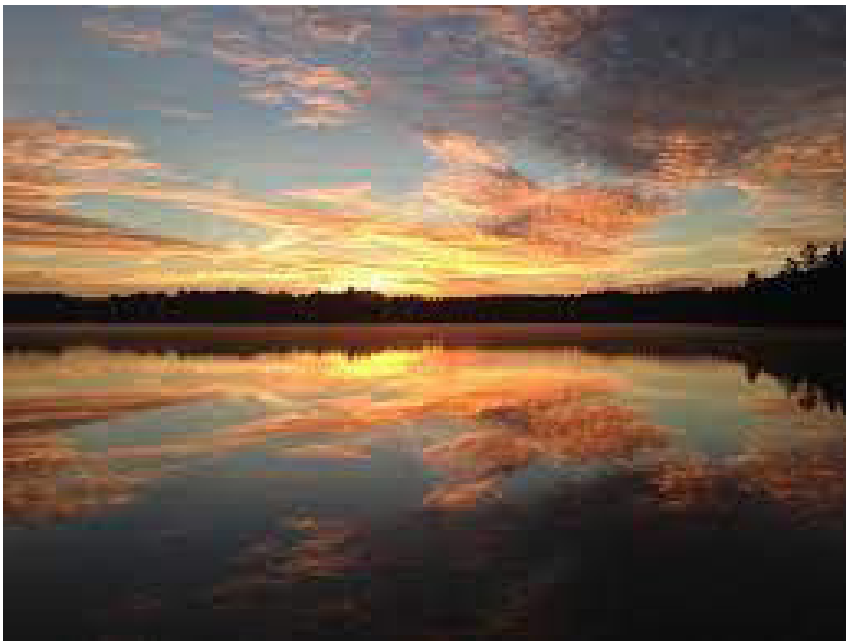
*The East-West Communications Support Circle:  
Sisters Mary Rose Crowley, Terry Davis, Barbara English,  
Maureen O'Brien, Catherine Waldron and Meg Glendon.  
EW Team Liaison: Sister Barbara Barry*

## Beauty of God: Transformative Moments

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*M*

**Y GREAT AUNT AGGIE HAD** a simple cabin on the shores of Beaver Lake in Derry, NH. Every summer my mother, grandmother, brother and I spent two weeks in that idyllic spot for vacation with Aggie and her older daughter, about ten years my senior. As I thought back on summer memories, my early teen years at Derry stood out for me.



*Beaver Lake, Derry, NH*

The weeks there were filled with beauty and peace. There were mornings of sitting in a small rowboat watching the sunrise, as Emily Dickenson would say, “a ribbon at a time;” and evenings, in the same little boat, watching the sun sink into the glassy lake waters. There were hours of swimming or just floating in the water and morning walks through the cool woods, sharing hopes and dreams with my older cousin. I remember sitting under the pine trees with my feet on a carpet of pine needles and

a shaft of sunlight spotlighting through the trees, filling me with a sense of gratitude and oneness with all around me.

It was at that time and in that place that God broke into my heart with a love and power that was irresistible. It was there, when I was about fourteen, that I knew in the depth of my being that I had to live solely for the creator of all the goodness and beauty that embraced me. The gift of those days has never left me and my memories of that setting still speak of the allurements of the good God in my life.

*Barbara Metz, SNDdeN*

# Summer Memories and Learnings

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MEMORIES OF PAST SUMMERS and, hopefully, learnings by:

- ✿ Being a Buck-Private in the Rear Ranks of the neighborhood's WWII Marine Corps as we marched, sang military songs, tended victory gardens and collected newspapers in D.C.
- ✿ Swimming in the near-by 20' by 40' pool through a \$7 family membership to which we children contributed by doing household tasks
- ✿ Hiking with siblings over sand dunes, in pre-boardwalk and pre-lifeguard days, at Bethany Beach, jumping waves for hours and catching crabs
- ✿ Family traveling, gasoline no longer rationed, to Minnesota and Iowa; in twos, being with relatives on their farms with corn fields, cows, chickens, geese, draft horses, outhouse, windmill with no indoor water



*Bethany Beach,  
Baltimore*

- ✿ Visiting national parks in the West with parents and one sibling
- ✿ Being a camp counselor for swimming and archery at Camp Matoaka on the Chesapeake Bay
- ✿ Family traveling to Vermont to visit relatives and see all the states of New England
- ✿ Meeting rich and materially poor as a check-in clerk at the National Gallery of Art
- ✿ Working at the National Institutes of Health for college tuition
- ✿ Being a camp counselor again, but in full ND habit, at Our Lady of the Hills Camp, NC
- ✿ Studying summers at Catholic Univeristy of America and living with 100s of SNDdeNs at Trinity College.

Indeed, such varied experiences, so many giving people, so much for which to be grateful!

*Shawn Scanlan, SNDdeN*



## I Dream About a Cottage

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**S**PENT MY CHILDHOOD SUMMERS at Blackmore Pond in West Wareham, Massachusetts. We had a family compound where my grandparents and my mother's sisters have cottages. My Dad's family spent a lot of time there as well, along with our adopted aunts and uncles.

Some years when my mother rented out our cottage, she returned to Boston. With a little luck, I would manage to stay from June to August. My Aunt Vera and Aunt Mildred

invited me to stay with them since I was *no trouble*. We had daily tea parties. My cousins and I had our own tea cups and delicious cookies and tea cakes. Aunt Mildred was a born teacher. She taught me to knit and crochet. She would read all the books on my summer reading list and discuss them with me, so I always went back to school prepared. Aunt Vera was a talented seamstress and fortune-teller. As long as we promised not to tell anyone, she would read our palms, tea leaves and cards.

Our days included: swimming, playing, walking around the pond to the Boys Camp and to the Old

Indian Trail, playing cards, Canasta, Pinochle, Cribbage and board games and singing by the campfire. I was introduced to the Red Sox by listening to games with my Mother and Grandfather Gov.

Each evening, we prayed the rosary with Cardinal Cushing by my grandmother's garden. The Lily of the Rosary miraculously bloomed by the time we finished. I was in my twenties before I learned that it was a night blooming lily.

*Anne Malone, SNDdeN*



*Blackmore Pond,  
West Wareham, MA*

## Each Vacation Was the Best!

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**IT WAS 1983, AND IT HAD BEEN A DIFFICULT YEAR**

with many deaths and other kinds of upheaval. A group of us knew it was time for a vacation. Because we were not connected with formal education, we arranged a week at the beach in early October. Long Beach Island, New Jersey was the destination, thanks to Sister Ann Richard. With her help we contacted a rental agent – of course, a former SNDdeN student – and rented a delightful cottage about a block from the beach. Years went by, and each October saw a varied group of SNDdeNs descend on Long Beach Island, so peaceful in the fall and so beautiful from end to end.



We read, walked, sat on the beach, swam, worked on puzzles, solved the problems of the world and had a great rest. Although there were some regulars the group changed each year. What didn't change was the invitation to enjoy a delicious meal prepared by Sister Mary Daniel at the apartment on the beach where she and Sisters Ann Richard and Marie Sylvia vacationed. And always there was a meal of Spam we prepared

for ourselves, and the ice cream to be finished before we drove home! Every year included a trip to each end of the island: to the sandy dunes at the south end and the lighthouse at the north, from which we could see the lights of Atlantic City. And, of course, a visit to the Island's craft show. Each vacation was the best!

*Top photo:*

*Sisters Catherine John MacDonald (RIP), Mary Donohue, Charlotte Fromshon (RIP), Catherine Horan, Terri Cattaneo, Edithann Kane*


*Bottom photo:*

*Sisters Catherine Horan and Charlotte Fromshon*

*Edithann Kane, SNDdeN*



## Wells, Maine: My Vacation Destination



**A**SI DRIVE, I HUNCH FORWARD A BIT knowing that the next street sign will be the turn I take to leave route 1. Mile Road is aptly named as it is the precise distance to the popular beach straight ahead. My body eases into relaxation when the marsh land appears and passengers call out observations of tide levels and guess if tides are coming in or going out.

For some the long sandy beach is their focus. One can easily walk for an hour briskly back and forth or leisurely at water's edge, collecting interesting shells or a treasured piece of beach glass. The descent from sand to water is gradual, perfect for families with children. (Here there are no sharks.)

For those of us who have aged beyond vigorous activities, there is a place to take it all in; long wooden benches. The scene below is always varied and interesting, frisbees, beach ball catch, horse shoe toss, and children building moats around their sand castles.

A short walk away is "home". There are places to watch the sunrise as you drink your morning coffee, to soak in the sun, to do jigsaw puzzles, watch videos, listen to music, read the paper. A short ride away is the Rachel Carson memorial walkway or farther along, Kennebunkport with all its attractions.

The memories of all the private retreats and group vacations enrich the affection I feel for this place.

I thank all the Sisters who found our house, the leadership who approved it, and all the hard working, dedicated Sisters who have maintained it over the years.

*Patricia Curran, SNDdeN*





## Daybreak over the Great Sippewissett Marsh

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**THE FACTS OF THE PHOTOGRAPH** are simple: It captures daybreak over the Great Sippewissett Marsh in Barnstable, Massachusetts, taken on a magnificent Sunday morning forty-one (41) years ago this July. Having kept an early morning rendezvous with low tide, colleagues and I had just returned to solid ground after collecting marsh sediment samples. We were fellows in a 1980 summer ecology program at the Marine Biological Laboratory (MBL) in Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

Only three years earlier, biological thought had been upended by the discovery of deep ocean hydrothermal vents and amazing arrays of life forms thriving there without any input from the sun! Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute and MBL scientists led much of the research. They and investigators from around the world were our instructors and mentors. Fellows were a diverse group coming from different disciplines, cultures and generations. It was a demanding and exciting summer that shaped the early years of my doctoral studies and electrified my passion for biology for a lifetime.

I had brought along my camera that morning to document sampling sites. As the sky broke, I shot the last frame of film. The sites, I'm sure, are long gone as are any data those samples provided. But that image, taken with mud covering my shoes and hydrogen sulfide wafting off the marsh; taken among colleagues who had become friends and jars of mud teeming with unseen life; that one image captures a most important summer. It hangs on my wall above a simple statue of Mary, Star of the Sea.

*Therese Dill, SNDdeN*



## Our Summer Community on Cape Cod

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**SOON AFTER I RETURNED FROM BRAZIL IN 1980**, Sisters Sue Murphy, Mary Clancy, Margaret Lanen and Kate Panetta, invited me to join them on “THE CAPE” the next summer. Within a few years Sheila Palmer joined us, then Mary Fitzpatrick and Virginia Mulhern. Sue and Virginia have gone home to God. The rest of us are still vacationing on the Cape and enjoying our time together as a summer time community. Together we make this happen by sharing our resources, financial and personal.

In the beginning, Sisters Sue Murphy, Mary Clancy, Margaret Lanen, Kate Panetta, and I would begin our search for an affordable Cape Cod rental in early Spring. Our goal was the least expensive! One time we were shown a small cabin with a bed set up in the kitchen! We did not rent that one. Another time we rented one that had a shed with two cots. It was fun until a big thunderstorm came through. Finally, over 25 years ago Sue Murphy, Sheila Palmer and Mary Clancy found a house on a dirt road in Dennisport. It is definitely our place on the Cape. It has all the essentials: back yard, outdoor shower, grill, internet, and even space for a hammock.

Although we do not consider ourselves as structured, there is a rhythm to our time together. Some read, play games on their Ipads, watch the Red Sox, watch MSNBC. Some are everyday beach goers, some prefer the shade and no sand between their toes. Scrabble, Rummikub, and Rummy keep us entertained in the evening and it can get pretty competitive. We have cruised around Hyannis Harbor, Cape Cod Canal, Provincetown, Cape Cod Bay; ferried to Martha’s Vineyard and Nantucket, and toured Sesuit Harbor and Cape Cod Bay on a lobster boat. We have enjoyed live theater at the Cape Cod Melody Tent and the famous Cape Cod Playhouse. We have tapped our feet and sung old favorites with the Platters during a Dinner Concert. Every year two or three of us go on a tour of Thrift Shops through the small towns along Route 28. There are bargains to be found and so many interesting people to meet.

We love having company. We have welcomed family, friends, sisters from here and beyond, who have spent a day with us and almost always stayed for our grilled dinner of the day. Families have included three generations: SNDdeN, niece and grand niece. I am posting a Fruit Pizza recipe shared with me by Kate Panetta’s niece, Mary Regina, during one of her visits. It looks intricate, but it is not. It is fun to make and delicious. The picture was taken last Friday! **Come for a visit!**

# FRUIT PIZZA

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**BEFORE BEGINNING**, be sure to choose the fruits you want to use: blueberries, strawberries, kiwi, canned mandarins, raspberries,

## CRUST

Preheat oven 375



Lightly oil round or jelly roll pan

Mix until fluffy:

½ cup margarine

¼ cup light brown sugar

Whisk together:

1 cup flour

¼ cup oatmeal (quick cooking or original)

¼ cup finely chopped walnuts

Mix dry ingredients into margarine and sugar

Spread into oiled pan making thin crust

BAKE 10/12 minutes

COOL

While the crust is baking, make the cream.

## CREAM

Blend well and chill:

1 14oz can Sweetened Condensed Milk

½ cup Sour Cream

¼ cup Lemon Juice

1Tsp Vanilla

Refrigerate until ready to create Pizza

When crust is cool, spread the cream on to the crust. Spread the fruit on to the cream into whatever design you wish. The Pizza can be refrigerated for a day or two, but best eaten soon after it is ready.

*Ellen Dabrieo, SNDdeN*



## Summer in Monterey

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**S**UMMER IN MONTEREY: breathing in the warm fragrance of the ballpark's cut grass mingling with salty, ocean-side, early evening air; sounds of teenage girls cheering, teasing softball teammates, bats cracking, gloves smacking; vivid colors of their sporty backpacks, matching fingernail lacquers, swinging ponytails in the most intricate braids; sights of youthful umpires, proud parents, impatient seagulls, younger siblings darting in and out of the stands, dreaming dreams of playing ball when they grow up.



*Monterey Bay,  
CA*

I can't help smiling as I pass them, heading for the Sports' Center treadmill to enjoy baseball too, but high on a screen, savoring our catcher's extra-base hits, the wizardry of our Gold Glove shortstop, and astounded at the umpire's inability to recognize the strike zone. We win again! Not torture, but heart-stopping plays as the City resounds with "I Left My Heart in San Francisco."

I walk outside, grateful again for the rare, sweet, warm summer evening, fog banks banished to the other side of Pacific Grove. The softball game is in extra innings; I peer through the chain link fence and thank our good God for these grace-filled moments and memories. In three minutes I am home: sitting, praying, gazing out at the ripples of Lake El Estero, home to a great blue heron pair, way too many geese, and one shy white egret, grateful for the sunset shimmering through the oak and manzanita trees: "Lord, may my prayer rise like incense in your sight; may this place be filled with the fragrance of Christ."

*Sharon McMillan, SNDdeN*



## A “Staycation” in Hawaii

LITTLE DID WE KNOW AT VILLA JULIE RESIDENCE that in the afternoon of April 30, 2021 we would be transported to Hawaii. Thinking – rightly – that in the midst of cleaning out precious mementos, books, and photos, and packing up winter clothes, Villa Julie Sisters could use something to take their minds off their eventual move to other homes, Carmel Hall was transformed into a Hawaiian beach, complete with palm tree, coconuts, pineapples, good food, and games.

*Edithann Kane, SNDdeN*







## Two Must Reads

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TWO OF THE BOOKS I'VE READ RECENTLY have left me with a new awareness of the sin of racism: **Caste: The Origins of our Discontent** by Isabel Wilkerson and **Me and White Supremacy** by Layla Saad.

**Caste** is a gripping analysis of societies based on separation of classes. I learned much about India's lengthy history of groups born into a particular status and value. The book also reflects the shocking inequities in the United States, such as vaccine availability, health care access, and racial profiling. It provides a further insight, that Hitler based his practice of annihilating the Jews on the U.S. treatment of people of color. Wilkerson additionally includes some of her personal experiences as a woman of color researcher being overlooked and devalued. **Caste** is a must-read.

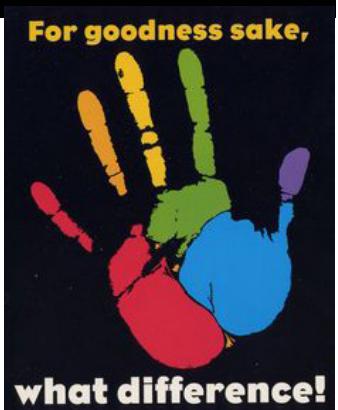
**Me and White Supremacy** is a primer on how racism shows up in our daily lives.

Based on the early stages of U.S. history, Saad identifies multiple layers, assumptions, attitudes and practices of how the United States has become dependent on maintaining classism. She also highlights how divisions in our country continue to plague us even after the term of our 45<sup>th</sup> President.

**Me and White Supremacy** provides a thorough examen of our personal attitudes and behaviors that reinforce the lie that we of lighter color are entitled to privileged treatment. It is also a must-read.

Saad offers a format for discussing the book's content and implications. If interested in forming a small discussion group, please let me know.

*Catherine Waldron, SNDdeN*





## The Book of Rosy, a Mother's Story of Separation at the Border

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**THE BOOK OF ROSY, a Mother's Story of Separation at the Border** is a biblical story of slavery, exodus and the promised land. Rosayra Pablo Cruz narrates her story, one all too familiar to us, of the tragic conditions of living in Guatemala. She is a widow with four children, surrounded by crime, extortion and gang violence. Fearing for her life and the lives of her children, she leaves two daughters with her mother and flees the country with her two sons. Their journey is perilous but they finally arrive at the Arizona border of the United States. Victims of the zero tolerance policy, Rosy is separated from her children and placed in a detention center for women.

There are outcries across the USA about this policy and practice. A feisty and wise woman, Julie Schwietert Collazo, with the support of her immigrant husband and a band of friends, organizes **Immigrant Families Together** (IFT). This organization raises bond money and with the help of a dedicated lawyer begins to release mothers from the detention centers, reunite them with their children and set them up with living conditions and support systems so they can attain asylum status and succeed in their new country.

You will read this story with tears in your eyes and a heart pulsing with pride at the bravery of Rosy, the grassroots organizing of IFT and the warmhearted response of volunteers. Just short of 250 pages, it nonetheless covers the history of those currently seeking asylum at the U.S. southern border.

*Barbara English, SNDdeN*





## Jefferson's Daughters: Three Sisters, White and Black in a Young America

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**HIS HISTORY BY CATHERINE KERRISON IS** so related to women's issues and racial issues today. Jefferson became a widower after ten years of marriage and the births of six children, only two of whom grew into adulthood. When Jefferson was sent to France he took his eldest daughter Martha and enrolled her in a convent school in Paris. When Martha expressed her desire to become a Catholic and a religious, Jefferson removed her from that school.

Sally Hemings was the slave chaperone for Jefferson's younger daughter Maria who crossed the Atlantic to Paris two years after her father and older sister had arrived in Paris. Thomas Jefferson did not leave a written record of his children with his slave, Sally Hemings. It was only in the 1990s that DNA tests revealed Jefferson's paternity. Kerrison searches letters and documents of early America to reveal how women often gave birth to ten or twelve children but only three or five would survive to adulthood.



Jefferson's beautiful home of Monticello was designed to give him space and light for his library, but the space for his eldest daughter Martha Jefferson Randolph, who oversaw Jefferson's housekeeping and who educated her ten children was poorly lit and cramped. There are no letters of Sally or her daughter Harriet, yet Kerrison is able to deduce what arrangements Sally and Jefferson had made to induce Sally to leave her freedom in Paris to return to slavery in Virginia. The unanswered hows and whys of such complex issues add mystery to this good story.

*Carolyn Buhs, SNDdeN*

## The Summer Gift of Listening

One of the best things about summer vacation for me is having the time to leisurely read a novel or enjoy an audiobook. I am finding that listening to Robin Wall Kimmerer's narration of her **Braiding Sweetgrass** is as moving an experience as reading it. Robin is one of the few authors who can present her words equally well in print and orally and in ways that flow naturally. Chapter by chapter you can listen to her telling us about the history and wisdom of plants and of the indigenous Native Americans who have kept that knowledge alive. You can also view her TED Talk on "Reclaiming the Honorable Harvest" - [youtu.be/Lz1vgfZ3etE](https://youtu.be/Lz1vgfZ3etE) - and experience her gentle but powerful voice and be enlivened by her storytelling. What a gift!

*Jean Stoner, SNDdeN*

## Two Rave Reviews Braiding Sweetgrass

We understand that we are *kin* to all creation. Still, it is a bit of a shock when plants are treated as intelligent beings. We have to pause when Maple and Heron are treated as non-human persons.

Robin Wall Kimmerer is an enrolled member of the Potowamatomie Nation. Her **Braiding Sweetgrass**, first published in 2013, became a best seller this pandemic year. I listened to this holy text as an audio book, narrated by Kimmerer herself. Her dear voice whispered this *hymn of love to the world* straight to my soul. Kimmerer's words paint vivid images of Skywoman, native ceremonies, elders, and sweetgrass baskets.

"Are all raindrops created equal?" Of course not! **Pit, pit, pit, shurr, bloink, popp, ratatatat...** Kimmerer encourages us: think less and listen more.

You will connect with nature even if you are reading in the subway. Gratitude will overwhelm you. Such richness and beauty. But these gifts are not meant for us to keep. Our work and our joy are to pass them along; we have caregiving responsibilities for our Earth.

Did you ever teach, as I did, that animate and inanimate creatures were resources for us to use? *Lord have mercy!* This is colonizer mentality! But we can repent now. Abide by the rules of Braiding Sweetgrass' Honorable Harvest:

Ask permission.

Don't take the first, or the last.

Take only what you need.

Never waste.

Spend your time being where you are.

Give thanks to Mother Earth who sustains our lives with many gifts.

*Denise Curry, SNDdeN*



## Summertime and the Living Is Easy?

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“Summertime and the Living Is Easy”  
So say the lyrics  
Of an old Summer Song.

Not so, though, for too many  
Of our Sisters and Brothers,  
Especially If:

- You Have Been Made Poor  
By structural inequities  
And can't afford an air conditioner
  
- You Are A Person of Color  
Who is devalued and dehumanized  
Because of the color of your skin
  
- You Have Lost Hope  
and can't see a way to get hold of It  
Again, just now.

May Each of You Come Across  
A Stream of Light,  
Of Blessing  
To Lead You  
Safely Home.  
Amen.

*Maureen McLaughlin, SNDdeN*



## Hillbilly Elegy:

### A Memoir of Family and Culture in Crisis

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J.D. Vance's **HILLBILLY ELEGY** went on my to read list in 2016 when it was published. It took me five years to get around to reading the book, watching Vance's Ted Talk, "America's Forgotten Working Class" and seeing the 2020 Netflix movie version.

There is no explanation for why it took so long. Maybe reviews read became a substitute for the book and produced a dose of avoidance. Or maybe I needed time to shape questions and connections which use Vance's journey not as a model, but as a flexible pattern for reflection.

He wrote his memoir from within his acknowledged identity as a hillbilly with roots in the soils of Jackson, Kentucky and Middletown, Ohio. These roots moored him, but didn't tether him to the generations which shaped his early identity.

He said he chose to write his story from within a life, not as an academic observer of other lives. He put facts and feelings into commenting on the ongoing saga of the 2016 election, the political shift of family and friends from staunchly Democrat to Republican and the pessimism of working-class whites who genuinely felt and still feel left behind.

I carry some of his insights with me as I continue to reflect on my story from within an unfinished life. They position a searchlight on membership in a congregation of women religious who need to question whether we are becoming inhabitants of a gated community not a gateway to new and diverse members. **Hillbilly Elegy** is a gateway book with the power to generate an endless flow of questions.

*Maureen O'Brien, SNDdeN*





## What Trees Teach Us

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**SUMMER BRINGS US THE GIFT OF TREES -**  
a vision of shimmering green...  
Beauty in Diversity / Diversity in Beauty.  
Trees teach us so much- about life, about age,  
about communion.

I share with you a poem by the Brazilian poet,  
Olavo Bilac. He captures the great wisdom of the  
trees and what they teach us.

Look at these old trees  
More beautiful  
Than the younger ones,  
More friendly.  
Each one a beauty, each one a friend.  
They proclaim: "We are aged winners!"

In their shade humans, beasts, insects  
Live free of hunger,  
Of weariness.  
In their branches are sheltered  
The song and joy of chattering birds.

Let us not mourn our youth.  
Let us age laughing.  
Let us age as strong trees age.

In the glory of joy and goodness  
We wrap the birds in our branches  
We give shade and comfort to those who suffer.

*(Translation from Portuguese- Mary Alice McCabe)*

*Olavo Bilac*