



BRIDGE

for the

JOURNEY

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A Living Waters Columbarium Publication

In Remembrance of Life Given and Nourished

Lord, God, keep us in quiet
and peace.

Keep us safe and turn our
hearts to you
that we may be
ever mindful
of the unbounded love
of our mothers and
grandmothers.

May your love and peace bless
us and console us
and gently wipe every tear
from our eyes.

We ask this through Christ
our Lord,
and the Holy Spirit,
who together with you
live forever and ever.
Amen

Praying Through Grief. 1997.

April 8th marked our second annual Open House at Living Waters Columbarium! We once again welcomed many people from different areas of the city and beyond. Participants encountered first-hand the wonderful way in which the columbarium serves as a bridge between the community of the living and our beloved dead.

This month we celebrate Mary and the gift of all mothers. For many, Mother's Day will be a time to remember and celebrate a deceased mother. Take time to visit the cemetery where your mother is interred, and to give thanks for the blessings that she brought and continues to bring in your life. We prayerfully remember all the mothers who are entombed and memorialized in Living Waters Columbarium.

Mark your calendars: May 13-20 is the National Week for Life and the Family. Acknowledging that death is part of life, I encourage you to use this time to begin a conversation with your family about your wishes for the time of death. Living well means dying well, and this important conversation is sure to bring peace of mind.

Monique Gauthier



Mother's Day

- by Fr. Ron Rolheiser, OMI

For many years, I've had a bias against Mothers' Day. I'm not against the concept, it's a private grudge. My own mother died 40 years ago and my ignoring of Mothers' Day has been payback to the universe for that perceived injustice: Let the world celebrate, but count me out!

But time heals and occasionally makes us wiser. Now, on Mothers' Day, I'm always conscious of my own mother and find good reasons to celebrate.

You don't have to be alive to nurture someone, and such is the case with my mother. Jesus told us that we receive someone's spirit more purely after they have left us and I know that's true. Forty years after her death, I am more conscious of who my mother was and what she gave me than I was during all the years of my childhood when she was alive and her motherhood embraced me tangibly.

What my siblings and I are now conscious of, more clearly than when she was alive, is that we drew a long-straw. We had a good mother. It's as simple as that. In everything that was essential, she gave us what's important: security, protection, a sense of being wanted, a sense of being precious, adequate food, adequate clothing, the underlying sense that life is good, and, most



of all, the sense that we are in the hands always of a God who is trustworthy.

None of this, of course, came perfectly. My mother wasn't God. She had real limits and so did the energy and the resources she drew upon to nurture us. We were a large family and were chronically strapped economically. We had enough, but just, just enough. There were never any extras. That was also true for the attention and the affection she could give out to us individually. She didn't have the time, energy, or luxury to dote on any of us individually, even as none of us ever doubted that we were getting as much from her as if each of us had been an only child. But still, all of us felt her limits and live with the effects of that today.

But her chronic over-extension

was also her special gift: Like Jesus she multiplied the loaves and the fishes. Somehow she always found enough of everything, food, clothing, educational supplies, an extra cake or ribbon or whatever for a special occasion. Somehow we always had what we needed, just as somehow she made our family table stretch enough to feed anyone – neighbor, teacher, priest, salesman, or uncle-down-on-his luck – who happened to be around near mealtime. She believed something most of us don't, namely, that when you are with the Bread of Life you always have the resources you need, no matter how meager they appear. She trusted that there would always be enough, and there always was.

And she complemented my

father perfectly. You couldn't have ordered a better marriage from either Hollywood or a Catholic dating service. They found each other, soulmates, at a parish picnic and their affection and respect for each other was what, perhaps more than anything else, gave us, their children, an inchoate sense of safety, stability, and faith. My father was the moral compass, she was the heart; but they could reverse those roles and she could offer the moral challenge while he provided the sensitivity. Either way, they did it together and by the time they died, leaving behind a family that felt too young to be on its own, they had given us what they needed to, all the basic tools to build our own lives and to live with some buoyancy and joy. She died of pancreatitis and a broken heart, just three months after she had nursed my dad through a year-long, losing battle with cancer. As my dad lay dying, one of my brothers and I took her to a shop to buy a dress for the funeral. She splurged and bought the most expensive dress she'd ever purchased. When she tried on the dress the sales clerk told her: "You look terrific in that

dress! I hope you enjoy wearing it!" She wore it just twice, once to her husband's funeral and once to her own. The irony of the salesclerk's comment hasn't been lost.

For whatever reason, she disliked her name, Mathilda. Her woman friends shortened it to Tilly, which she disliked even more. I'm not sure what my dad called her in the privacy of their intimacy, but I suspect it wasn't either of those names.

Anthropologists tell us that our mothers are our symbiotic link to life. They have to let us know that the universe wants us, that we're loveable simply for whom we are, that love doesn't have to be earned. My mother was too busy sometimes to nurture each of her children individually with that sense that we were unique, beautiful, and precious; but she mothered us in such a way that life itself and the God who grounds life, give us that precious gift. (ronrolheiser.com; May 2011)



Used with permission of the author, Oblate Father Ron Rolheiser. Currently, Father Rolheiser is serving as President of the Oblate School of Theology in San Antonio Texas. He

can be contacted through his website, www.rolheiser.com. Follow on Facebook www.facebook.com/ronrolheiser.



Mothers Entombed or Memorialized in Living Waters Columbarium

- Erlinda Aguilar
- Adele Ahoff
- Judy Behnke
- Nieves B. Bernardo
- Eliza Biala-Flisak
- Agnes Blampied
- Denise Boudreau
- Claudette Brisebois
- María Cruz Buchok
- Betty Carswell
- Fe Colina
- Clara de Wulf
- Margaret Derry
- Elizabeth Desjardins
- Thérèse Desjardins
- Lina Faustino
- Remedios Fernado
- Francine Gauthier
- Edith Labossière
- Yvette Laliberte
- Rose Marie Lampertz
- Marjorie Lebrun
- Rosalinda M. Manalo
- Jeanne Marion
- Helen Martens
- Rosario Mora
- Josefa V. Naval
- Bertha Okrainec
- Remigia A. Ortega
- Thérèse Plamondon
- Nada Puhalach
- Adelaida D. Salazar
- Luz S. Sarmiento
- Matilde Sorebillo
- Mary Sue Turcinek
- Nola Ann Wiechman-Praznik
- Moirá Wilman

Extended Visiting Hours on Mother's Day at Living Waters Columbarium

Sunday, May 13, 2018

8:00 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.

National Week for Life and the Family

- it's time to have 'the talk'

May 13-20 is the National Week for Life and the Family - a time to reflect on the sacredness of the family, to participate in activities that give witness to life, and to renew our commitment to honour all life, from conception to natural death. Although not the first thing that comes to mind, this special week is also a wonderful time for families to talk about their wishes for the time of death.- wishes about funeral celebrations, cremation, burials and cemeteries.



In spite of the certainty that each and every one of us will die, it seems that this is one talk many of us tend to avoid. The funeral industry often refers to such a conversation as 'the talk of a lifetime', and many websites even offer step by step suggestions as to how one might approach this 'delicate' topic with loved ones. All too often, the topic remains untouched until it is too late, and unfortunately, for many families, the grief and sadness resulting from a loved one's death is compounded by the number and

complexity of decisions to be made. If only they had had 'the talk'...

We find all kinds of reasons to avoid the topic: *I'm young, I'm not going to die anytime soon... My spouse, parents or children will get upset if I bring up the topic of death... I'm fine with whatever my family decides when I die... I just want something simple...*

Avoiding the conversation can have many unfortunate results, including emotional and financial burdens for the family of the deceased, decisions that do not reflect what the deceased would

have wanted, and perhaps even foregoing funeral rituals and interment altogether.

Take some time to have 'the talk' with your family, and know the peace and comfort that comes from bringing the dignity of life and death into one.

Monique Gauthier

Living Waters Columbarium

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