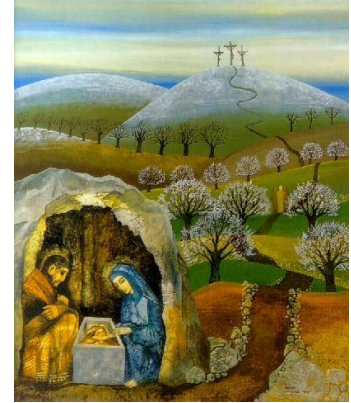


1817 – 2017 Celebrations

Mary, Jeanne-Marie and each of us
Mary, Jeanne-Marie and each of us

3. *A Time To Be Born...*

The time came for her to give birth. She gave birth to a son, her firstborn. She wrapped him in a blanket and laid him in a manger, because there was no room in the hostel. Lk 2: 6-7 (MSG)



(Filmstrip Monique Biraud 1956)

In 1817

a letter from Pierre Colin arrives from Cerdon...

an invitation...

and a beginning.

Jeanne-Marie

Refusing all Mgr Devie's attempts to have them join other communities, Jeanne - Marie spoke out boldly. "My Lord, there are two of us...we left home and family to start the Society of Mary." RMJ 101, 7

One cannot think without being deeply moved of all they had to suffer in their new surroundings, housed in a draughty little thatched cottage, the approach to which was difficult and wild, dirty and very damp, with no heating but what came from a stable below their room, where there was a horse for whose benefit all holes had been carefully stuffed up. In the depth of winter they were without fire-wood or provisions, but they were always light-hearted, never uttering the least complaint, with no regret for the comfort they had left behind. They did not even think of letting their people know how they were placed; these would certainly have hastened to provide abundantly for their needs. One of them told me one day that it was impossible to understand what joy they experienced in that little thatched cottage. RMJ 162, 9-10

Did you have to overcome obstacles on leaving home? How did you feel?

Think back to the beginnings of your unit...

**to recent experiences of hardship, maybe due to natural disasters...
to challenging times.**

What do you think Jeanne Marie might say to us today?