

"The senior sisters of a community make up its crown; the young solemnly professed are its strength; the novitiate sisters are its hope for tomorrow."

- Mother Mary Francis, P.C.C.

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*Mañana - a treasure chest of riches*

As we enter the DIAMOND jubilee year of our monastery, it has become very evident to us that our whole life is a TREASURE CHEST -- permit us to spill out some of its riches before you in this issue of Mañana!

### PEARLS OF WISDOM

From our Dear Mistress

Our Dear Mistress Clare celebrated the PEARL anniversary of her profession this year, so we asked her if she would kindly submit to being interviewed for this issue. She agreed to answer one question!

**Q: What do you, as Dear Mistress, most look forward to as we prepare for Christmas in the novitiate?**

"It is a great joy and privilege to introduce our new members to the cherished monastic customs which help us to enter so deeply into the mysteries of Advent and Christmas. After the solemnity of All Saints on November 1, as we enter into our monastic Advent, we always reflect on the fact that four weeks of Church Advent simply aren't long enough for a Franciscan to really prepare for the celebration of Christmas; we need every day of these eight weeks to be ready to rightly commemorate the wonder of the Incarnation. The actual experience of Advent and Christmas in the monastery is quite beyond words! Introducing a postulant to this blessed season, I see it all through her eyes, with all its freshness and beauty. There is nothing quite like the first monastic Christmas -- or the thirty-first, or the sixty-first."

### MORE PEARLS...FROM THE PAST



Another PEARL we discovered in our treasure chest was our Mother Vicarress, who made profession in the same year as Dear Mistress, and became editor of Mañana shortly thereafter, when the former editor (now our Mother Abbess) went into community! She was very happy to be interviewed for this Mañana:

**Q: What was most enjoyable about being the editor of Mañana, thirty years ago?**

"I liked to write about the utterly delightful aspects of the ordinary things in our life. For instance, there was an article about watering the garden, which was a lot of

hard work. (Editor's note: This gem can be discovered below in its second printing!) On the other hand, there were so many humorous things about it that nobody would have known about if we hadn't written about them! I also enjoyed assigning the articles to the different sisters. We had one sister who didn't think she could write, but she had a very good, original style. I gave her an article and said, 'You can write it! I know you can.' She did it very well! Before I did the articles, I posted a card saying, 'Mañana is coming! Any suggestions?' It was enjoyable to read their suggestions. Also, it was challenging. I never really typed well, but in the long run, I actually began typing the stencils for the Mañana issues. The joy of it was the challenges it held, working on it in our already-full life, doing it well, bringing out the joy and delightfulness in our life, and giving the sisters a chance to participate."

**Q: Do you have anything you would like to say to our Mañana readers today?**

"They are such an important part of our life, and it was a joy to share our life with them. They were always so responsive to anything we did, so it was a small return that we could make for their support of our life, for their prayers for us in the novitiate -- I know they prayed for us!"

"Expertise"

by Sister M. Jeannine, junior

The American Heritage Dictionary defines an expert as one "having or demonstrating impressive skill, dexterity, or knowledge." Two years of having the charge of watering a large section of the vegetable field in a semi-arid land can give one the sense of being something of an "expert." The knowledge attained is considerable -- the leaky places in each hose, the hoses that kink, the faucets that leak, the ups and downs and bends in the furrow bed, the weak places in the trench walls that forewarn of possible floods into the path. One learns how quickly the "just watered" rows dry out in the hot desert sun, and the frequency of watering needed by different vegetables at varied stages of growth. The knowledge of how quickly different furrows fill and how to get them filled in the time between work and classes and hours of prayer promote the sense of "expertise." But then one tries to move the hose from the carrots to the squash...

Grasp the hose at the juncture where the little piece of plastic seep hose slips on. A squirt of water in the

(continued on back)

(continued from front)

face informs you that you have kinked the seep hose. Temporarily blind, you set your left foot into the just-filled furrow. Leave your wooden sandal in the mud and proceed on barefoot, confident in the prospect of greater speed. Still keeping the seep connected to the hose with your hand, weave it among the closely-set squash plants. The water backing up along your arm past your elbow in the direction of your shoulder indicates a defect in the weaving. Once you get the seep straight and the water flowing down the furrow, step back to watch. As expected, you have the hose with the permanent-press coils that do not come out until it reaches 110 degrees in the shade (which it rarely does). As the hose swings out of the furrow and begins digging a crater in the newly-planted carrot row nearby, look around for the brick which all knowledgeable furrow-tenders keep on hand. Grasp the swinging hose and force it back into the squash, repeating the arm irrigation technique. Next, retrieve the seep which has slipped off with the force of the water and place the gushing hose within the now-flattened pieces. The resulting squirts and sprays serve as a cooling refresher on a hot day. Set the brick on top and retreat, mission accomplished.

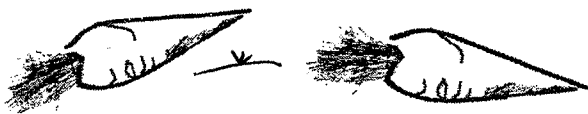
As you depart, retrieved wooden sandal in hand, reflect on how the word "expert" comes from the Latin word *experiri*, "to try," and says nothing about dexterity or skill. Consoled, utter a small prayer for rain and look forward with confidence to the future.

(Autumn 1980)



LOST: One small white nova veil!

When a young woman first enters the Roswell cloister, she is known as our "nova," the Latin term for a "new one." When Carianne entered on April 16, we quickly grew fond of seeing the little white veil in choir, in procession to meals, and in the refectory. But ever since July 16, the birthday of our Mother St. Clare, we have LOST our nova! However, we aren't distressed at all -- because on that special day, Nova Carianne became Postulant Carianne, taking off her nova veil forever to exchange it for the black postulant veil, the sign that she has become a "full-fledged" postulant. Is she happy about this? It isn't hard to guess the answer to that -- especially since she now signs her notes "Postulant Carianne, P.C.C.I.T.M." (that is, "Poor Clare Colettine In The Making"). However, she has also FOUND that being a postulant means taking on new responsibilities, and is presently busy learning the charge given her by Mother Abbess at our "Graces of Working" chapter in September: Second Martha! The Marthas perform very important services for the community, taking care of the laundry, making sure things run smoothly on washday, checking to be sure doors are locked, and serving in any way possible, true to the Gospel origin of their title ("And Martha served"). So if Postulant Carianne, P.C.C.I.T.M., doesn't have time to sign all those letters after her name, you'll understand why -- especially because, in her joy over her new charge, she has taken to signing her notes with "your Second Martha" instead! (Unfortunately, she was also unavailable for comment for this issue of *Mañana*, due to her many and varied new responsibilities, which did not allow time for an interview!)



### Our 24-carrot garden



This *Mañana* wouldn't be complete without some mention of buried treasure -- that's right, we have some in our novitiate gardens! This year we were hoping for at least "24-carrots" but harvested only six baby carrots, leaving the rest in the ground in the hopes that the foliage would flower later on. However, a recent cold snap has suggested that the first frost might foil our flowering foliage, so our buried 18-carrot treasure is going to remain in the ground for now!

### ADVERTISEMENT

If you happen to know any young ladies who have an adventuresome light in their eyes and are searching for the pearl of great price, we would love to unlock for them the treasures hidden within the vast acres of our monastic enclosure. Our life can't help but sparkle when you look at all its facets in the light of a generous and eager heart. The treasures displayed in our new-and-improved website will speak for themselves!

[www.poorclaresroswell.com](http://www.poorclaresroswell.com)



Our dear Mother Mary Francis always exhorted us to "mine our own gold" within the enclosure, and so we eagerly look forward to each visit of our loved Mother Abbess to the novitiate. Currently she is gifting us with reflections on the prayers which we say each day, revealing their riches to us in her own gem-laden conferences. Here is a tiny glimpse into the stores of her love, poured out upon us: "Be grateful that we have so many riches to ponder during our daily prayer. There is so much there -- we want to be plundering and pondering the riches all around. They are there for us to plunder and ponder; we are not just to walk through life not noticing things. Be like miners noticing the veins of gold all over the place, and go at it! Happy 'going at it' today!"

