



**Vol. 8/No. 12 – December 2025**

**Kitty's Chronicle**

**Mercy Associates Newsletter**

### ***Prayers for the Sick***

Let us pray for the sick, especially our Associates, Sisters of Mercy, family members, friends and caregivers. May God touch them with comfort, healing and strength.

We pray for people who are on our list this week – Jaxon McKinney (grandnephew of Sister Maureen O'Keefe), Diane Hickey (sister-in-law of Cathy Hickey), Theresa Lacey (sister of Annie Brown), Marilyn Thurston, Patricia King, Sylvia Flood, Kevin Drover (husband of Geraldine Drover), Marion Bonia (sister of Anne Marie Davis), Sister Theresa Boland, George Bradbury (husband of Barbara Bradbury), Jim Wakeford (nephew of Sister Maureen O'Keefe), Mike Kelly (husband of Anna Kelly), Anne Walsh and Sister Maureen O'Keefe.

(If you wish to have your name or another person's name added to or removed from this list please let Sharon Drover know ([drover.sharon@yahoo.ca](mailto:drover.sharon@yahoo.ca)).





## ***Prayer for the Sick***

Through the Intercession of Catherine McAuley

God of Love and Mercy,  
You inspired Catherine McAuley,  
To serve your Son by responding

To the needs of her time.

Moved by her care for the Sick,  
We ask that through Her Prayers  
You reach out with Your Healing Love  
And restore them to full health

We ask this in complete  
Confidence through Jesus Christ, Your Son

Amen.

Catherine McAuley, Pray For Us

Amen.



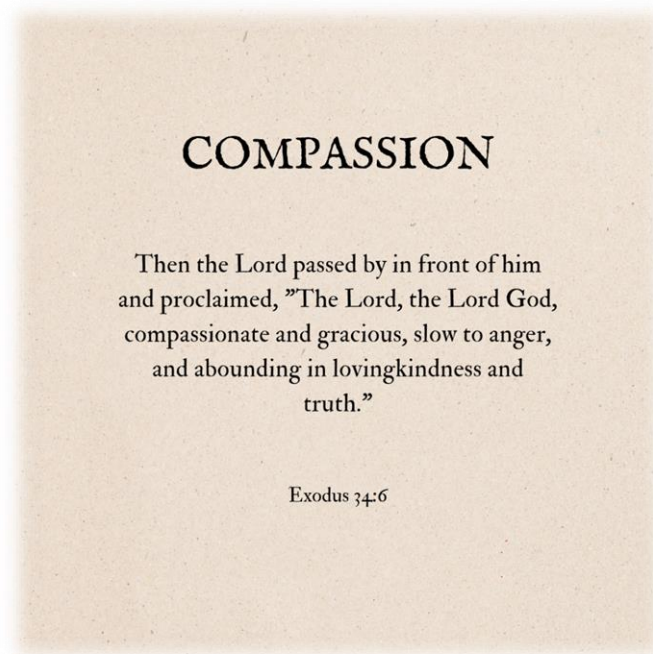
## ***Light a Candle***

Let us continue, in solidarity with Mercy Sisters, Associates and Colleagues around the world, to light a candle and pray for justice and peace.



## **From the Wisdom Circles**

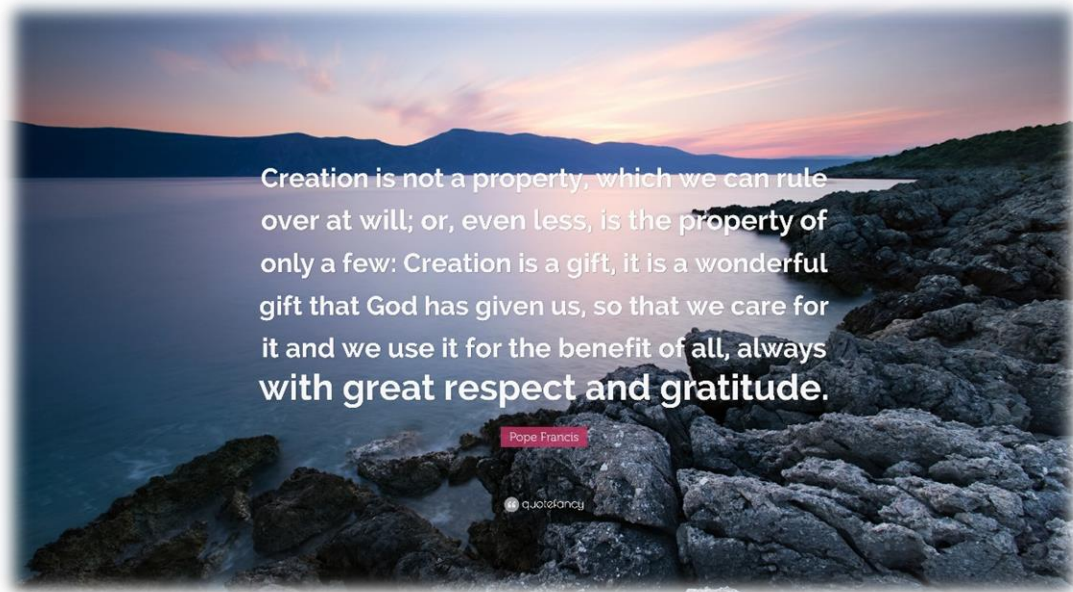
### ***Circle of Compassion***



## ***Contemplative Presence***



## ***Integrity of all Creation***







## Notes from the Associates/Sisters

### ITEMS OF INTEREST



### *Mercy Wellsprings*

We need constantly to contemplate the  
mystery of mercy.

It is a wellspring of joy,  
Serenity, and peace ...

From the heart of  
the Trinity, from the depths of the mystery  
of God, the great river of mercy wells up  
and overflows unceasingly. It is  
a spring that will never run dry,  
no matter how many people draw from it.

*Misericordiae vultus #2, #25*

## ***Retirement Celebration in Honour of Sister Maureen O’Keefe***

### **Thank you Sister Maureen O’Keefe!**

On Friday November 21<sup>st</sup>, Mercy Associates and Sisters of Mercy gathered to say a special Thank You to Sr. Maureen O’Keefe who retired as Co-ordinator of the Mercy Associates after her many years of service in this role. The event included a tribute poem by Associate Catherine Ryan; greetings by Sr. Diane Smyth Congregational Leader; the presentation of flowers, cards, gifts and a donation of \$1,000 from the Associates to the Mercy Charity in Peru “Misericordia”. The gathering was hosted by Mercy Associate coordinator, Barbara Hawley. This event formally marks the passing of Associate leadership co-ordination from the Sisters to the Associates themselves. At the conclusion of the formal program, those attending enjoyed a delicious reception.

Sr. Maureen’s life of service has included teaching in many schools in the province. The Associate movement began in 1994 and Sr. Maureen was involved in one way or another since that time.

In addition, Sr. Maureen was a founding member of ARCAN, the Atlantic Religious Congregations Associate Network, which was established in 2002, through the inspiration of Sr. Alma MacLellan CND and CND Associate Peg Madigan.

ARCAN is a committed network of Sisters and Associates within Atlantic Canada that draws from the aspiring traditions of each religious congregation and the deep and enduring spring of Gospel values.



Associate Catherine Penney Ryan reading the Poem she had written for Sister Maureen on this special occasion:

In Catherine's path you have walked  
lovingly, focused and driven,  
a chapter now comes to a close  
of your service freely given.

From Mercy's spirit you've shown us  
that kindness as an art,  
it's hard for us to find the words  
but know they come from the heart.

Through shared endeavours  
and through common cause,  
your little tripping about  
has surely given us pause.

The work you've done  
the difference you have made,  
in every small effort  
new foundations were laid.

For us you leave a legacy  
of gentle kindness and care.  
We see a warmth in your presence  
a light beyond compare.



The values have been sown  
in every shared ideal,  
in these few words we wanted  
to show that our gratitude is real.

For your guidance  
we offer you all of our praise,  
and thank you for  
your kind and compassionate ways.

The kettle is on  
cups and plates on the table,  
let's have tea and scones  
and a chat if we're able.

Many blessings Maureen  
our friend and Sister dear,  
we hold you in our hearts  
and also in our prayer.

And may I end as Catherine did  
in many of her lessons...  
"God bless and preserve you  
and send you every blessing".

- Catherine Penney Ryan

## *Other great pics from the Celebration*

*Associate Sharon Drover*



*MC Barbara Hawley,  
Associate Co-ordinator*



*Sr. Diane Smyth rsm  
Congregational Leader*



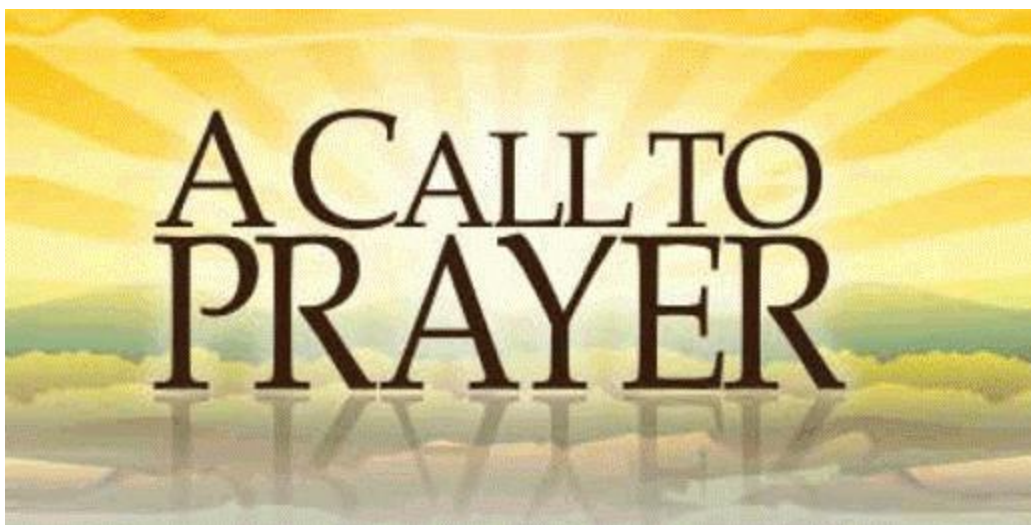
*Sr. Maureen O'Keefe  
rsm with Associate  
Cathy Foster*



*A view of the gathering of Sisters and  
Associates*



*Sr. Maureen O'Keefe rsm with her  
sister, Associate Anna Kelly*



### ***URGENT CALL TO PRAYER***

Note from Sister Elizabeth Davis

Sisters, Sister Mary Barron, the congregational leader of Our Lady of Apostles, became a good friend of mine at the Synod in Rome. She sent me this heart-breaking e-mail yesterday.

I reach out to you today with a heavy heart, seeking your prayerful solidarity in a grave situation that has struck our congregation and the wider Church in Nigeria. On 21 November 2025, armed men entered St. Mary's Catholic Primary and Secondary Schools in Papiri, Agwara LGA, Niger State, which belong to the Diocese of Kontagora and are managed by the Sisters of Our Lady of Apostles. During the attack, 315 students and staff were abducted. While approximately 50 pupils managed to escape, around 265 children and staff remain missing, including primary-aged pupils as young as five years old.

Today, 28 November 2025, marks the beginning of their second week in captivity. Families in Papiri are living with profound fear and uncertainty, waiting for news of their children. Our sisters in Nigeria, and across the 21 countries where we live and work, share in this anguish and are accompanying the community each day from afar. In response, we are building a global prayer initiative, inviting the whole Church to unite in intercession for the liberation of the Papiri School community. We believe

that the strength of our communion, expressed through prayer and solidarity, can bring hope to those who suffer and hasten the day of freedom for these children and their teachers. Please remember the Papiri School community in your personal and communal prayers. Share this intention with your networks, so that the cry of the Church may rise together. Stand with us in hope, trusting that God hears the cry of the poor and will not abandon His children. Thank you for your support and for embodying the spirit of synodality in this moment of trial. May our united prayer be a source of strength for the families and a sign of the Church's unwavering solidarity.



***Saint Lucy*** - Feast Day December 13

***Patron Saint of Blindness***

Lucy's history has been lost and all we really know for certain is that this brave woman who lived in Syracuse lost her life during the persecution of Christians in the early fourth century.



In the shining ranks of Catholic saints, Saint Lucy stands as a powerful symbol of faith, purity, and courage. Her name, which derives from 'lux' or 'lucis' in Latin, means 'light.' As one of the early Christian martyrs, Saint Lucy illuminates the path of faithfulness to Christ, even in the face of dire consequences.

According to Christian legend, St. Lucy would visit the catacombs in Rome to deliver food and supplies to Christians who were hiding there, wearing a wreath of candles on her head to light the way in the darkness. St. Lucy's feast is celebrated in modern times, particularly

in Norwegian countries, where special breads are made to mark the occasion.

With all of the darkness and sadness looming in our world, we, as Catholics, are called to do what we can individually to help those around us: by being a light to them and bringing our joy to them.

As we head into Advent and prior to our celebrations of Christmas, may we all find an opportunity to be a light and a joy to those around us. Let us follow the example of St. Lucy and bring our own light into the darkness of the world around us to provide respite, care, and our presence for those who need it most. Let us also live out the actions described in the scripture readings during Advent: shout for joy, sing joyfully, be glad, cry out with joy and gladness, rejoice, and preach good news!



## Advent

Advent is a season of anticipation and spiritual preparation in the Christian faith, leading up to Christmas. The word "Advent" comes from the Latin *adventus*, meaning "coming" or "arrival".

Advent is a season of preparation—a time when Christians around the world pause, slow down, and ready their hearts for the coming of Jesus

Christ at Christmas. It is not just a countdown to December 25, but a spiritual journey that invites reflection, prayer, patience, and expectation. The four candles traditionally lit during Advent symbolize the unfolding story of salvation and the posture of the human heart awaiting the Savior.





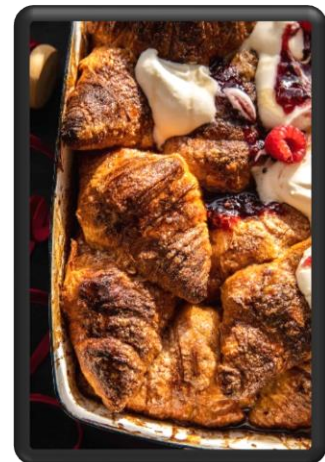
As the candles grow in light week after week, so does the anticipation. Advent teaches patience, builds faith, and reminds us of the greatest truth ever told: that God came near and continues to walk with His people. In a world longing for meaning, Advent quietly whispers a timeless message—Christ is coming, and His light is stronger than any darkness.



*From Kitty's Kitchen*

### ***Easy Eggnog Croissant French Toast***

Prepare this on Christmas Eve night and pop it in the oven Christmas morning for a delightful breakfast.



#### ***Ingredients:***

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup maple syrup
- 6 tablespoons salted butter, melted
- 8 large eggs, beaten
- 2 cups eggnog (or whole milk)
- 1 tablespoon vanilla extract
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon

- 1/4 teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon kosher salt
- 20-24 mini croissants
- 1-2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- Whipped cream, fruit preserves, or fresh fruit for serving

***Directions:***

1. Butter a 9×13 inch-baking dish.
2. In a bowl, mix mix the brown sugar, maple syrup, and butter. Spread the mixture in the bottom of the prepared baking dish.
3. In a large bowl, whisk together the eggs, eggnog/ milk, vanilla, cinnamon, nutmeg, and salt. Submerge each croissant into the egg mixture, allowing the croissant to sit for a minute and soak up the eggs. Arrange in the prepared baking dish. Pour the remaining egg mixture over the croissants.
4. Cover and place in the fridge for 1 hour or overnight. When ready to bake, preheat the oven to 375° F. Sprinkle the sugar evenly over the French toast. Bake for 40 minutes or until the French toast is golden and crisp. If the top begins to brown too quickly, loosely cover with foil.
5. Serve the French toast warm, topped with whipped cream (if desired), and fruit preserves.

Enjoy!!





From Kitty's Library

A Good Read...

### ***The Mill Girls***

The Newfoundland Women Who Transformed  
Canada's Industrial Heartland

Join Heather Barrett on an extraordinary journey as she uncovers the mystery of the Mill Girls. Using humor, drama, and heartwarming tales, their story illuminates the 1940's exodus of young single women from the then country of Newfoundland to Cambridge, an industrial city in Ontario.

The Mill Girls invaded Canada like a tidal wave, transforming the demographics, culture and economics of an entire region, and launching a feminist offensive before the word itself existed. Who were they? Why did they leave Newfoundland? And why did their stories vanish? This new book reads like a whodunnit, with heaping doses of comedy and inspiration.



We strongly encourage you to go to our mercy website:

[www.sistersofmercynf.org](http://www.sistersofmercynf.org) and have a look at the ASSOCIATE section.

There are many new additions, lots of photos and some videos. Should you have any issues getting onto the website, please let us know and we will provide assistance.

We hope that you will enjoy and be encouraged to keep working for the growth of our Mercy Associate relationship.



## Poetry Pause



by Alfred Lord Tennyson

*Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.*

*Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.*

*Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more,  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.*

*Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.*

*Ring out the want, the care the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.*

*Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.*

*Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.*



*Ring in the one valian and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.*



***Pause for Thought ...***



- Pin by Dianne Watling On Christmas /True Friendship



## *The Curious Christmas Cake*

*My cousin, Bess could bake a cake  
to set before a Queen.*

*But sometimes things to do go wrong  
are best left 'sight unseen'.*

*Now many a cake she's baked before  
and never made a slip.*

*But on this day I write about  
she finally lost her grip.*

*Oh, I don't mean she went raving mad and  
went screaming out the door.*

*I mean she actually lost her grip  
and the cake fell on the floor.*

*And what a marvelous cake it was  
before that awful time.  
But it's what she did to cover up  
that was the terrible crime.*

*The cake sat on the oven rack  
as my cousin moved about.  
One last glance up at the clock  
time to take it out.*

*She opened up her oven door  
with her mitts on, reached inside.  
Lifted out the beauteous form  
and held it up with pride.*

*That's when everything went wrong.  
In her haste to get to town,  
She hooked her foot in a kitchen mat,  
and she and the cake went down.*

*The pot flew from her flailing arms,  
and hit the kitchen door.  
The cake shot out like a cannon ball,  
and slammed into the floor.*

*It exploded like a hand grenade  
and flew throughout the room.  
While my cousin struggled to her feet,  
trying hard to fight the gloom.*

*The cake that once exciting stood,  
behind the oven door.  
Now lay in a million little bits  
upon the kitchen floor.*

*Raisins rolled around the porch,  
glazed cherries everywhere.  
Mixed peel clung to her apron strings,  
there were chopped nuts in her hair.*

*Now what to do,  
my cousin is a woman of strong stuff.  
She's had hard times throughout her life,  
and said, enough's enough.*

*She swept together all the mess  
and put it in a bowl.  
And was standing over the garbage bin,  
when she saw the Mason's trowel.*

*Why not, she says, I'll fix it up  
like the way it was before.  
The cake is still the cake it was  
it only hit the floor.*

*I'll form it and I'll shape it,  
so I'll never have to tell.  
And when it's iced and prettied up,  
sure they'll never know it fell.*

*So with the Mason's trowel in hand,  
she bent down to her task.  
But the stuff that wound up in the cake  
my son, you shouldn't ask.*

*Some grains of sand, some brittle bugs,  
catfood she hadn't swept.  
If you had seen what she iced over,  
I know you would have wept!*

*A loonie that she lost last year,  
need I tell you more.  
The cat sprang from the kitchen chair,  
and bolted for the door.*



*She took the cake to the parish hall  
to enter the contest there.  
They give out ribbons for the best baked cakes  
like they do from year to year.*

*'Course the crowd all gathered around Bess' cake,  
she was the Harbour's best.  
And they carved it up and doled it up  
and put it to the test.*

*Sis Morgan found the loonie,  
and put it in her purse.  
The raisins camouflaged the bugs,  
and were eaten none the worse.*

*They asked Aunt Mary what she thought.  
She said, my dear, thought it was grand.  
Although the bit I was chewing on there,  
Tasted just like sand.*

*The catfood passed for new mixed peel,  
and every bit was eat.  
And everyone in the hall agreed,  
they'd had a lovely treat.*

*Well, how did the story end, you ask.  
Well you'd never believe your eyes.  
When the Judges appeared upon the stage,  
They awarded Bess first prize!*

- Hubert Furey



# *the* LAST WORD

*“May God preserve and bless you and grant you  
all the graces and precious gifts  
reserved for this holy season.”*

- Catherine McAuley, Letter to Frances Warde, December 23, 1837

