



REND YOUR *heart*  
AND NOT YOUR GARMENTS.

Joel 2:13

VOLUME 16, ISSUE 2

# INDIAN PROVINCE NEWSLETTER

*Dear Brothers and friends of Edmund,*



“And when great souls die, after a period peace blooms, slowly and always irregularly. Spaces fill with a kind of soothing electric vibration. Our senses, restored, never to be the same, whisper to us. They existed. They existed. We can be. Be and be better. For they existed.”— Maya Angelou

And let us not forget the Gale family as they cope with the loss of their much loved mother, and grand mother.

As the year progresses, it would be appropriate to congratulate all our Brothers who are celebrating their Diamond, Golden and Silver Jubilees in our province.

Bob Beddoe, Tommy Samuel, Simon Coelho, Larry Miranda, Robert Fernandes and Paistar. May God bless them very specially and may they continue in the mission of Edmund Rice for many years to come.

Yours fraternally

*Mark*



## GRIEVING AS A SPIRITUAL EXERCISE

In a remarkable book, *The Inner Voice of Love*, written while he was in a deep emotional depression, Henri Nouwen shares these words: “The great challenge is living your wounds through instead of thinking them through. It is better to cry than to worry, better to feel your wounds deeply than to try to understand them, better to let them enter into your silence than to talk about them. The choice you face constantly is whether you are taking your hurts to your head or to your heart. In your head you analyze them, find their causes and consequences, and coin words to speak and write about them. But no final healing is likely to come from that source. You need to let your wounds go down into your heart. Then you can live them through and discover that they will not destroy you. Your heart is greater than your wounds.”

He’s right; your heart is greater than your wounds, though it needs caution in dealing with them. Wounds can soften your heart; but they can also harden your heart and freeze it in bitterness. So what’s the path here? What leads to warmth and what leads to coldness?

In a remarkable essay, *The Drama of the Gifted Child*, the Swiss psychologist, Alice Miller, tells us what hardens the heart and what softens it. She does so by outlining a particular drama that commonly unfolds in many lives. For her, giftedness does not refer to intellectual prowess but to sensitivity. The gifted child is the sensitive child. But that gift, sensitivity, is a mixed blessing. Positively, it lets you feel things more deeply so that the joys of living will mean more to you than to someone who is more callous. That’s its upside.

Conversely, however, if you are sensitive you will habitually fear disappointing others and will forever fear not measuring up. And your inadequacy to always measure up will habitually trigger feelings of anxiety and guilt within you. As well, if you are extraordinarily sensitive, you will tend to be self-effacing to a fault, letting others have their way while you swallow hard as your own needs aren’t met and then absorb the consequences. Not least, if you feel things deeply you will also feel hurt more deeply. That’s the downside of sensitivity and makes for the drama that Alice Miller calls the “drama of the gifted child”, the drama of the sensitive person.

Further, in her view, for many of us that drama will only begin to really play itself out in our middle and later years, constellating in frustration, disappointment, anger, and bitterness, as the wounds of our childhood and early adulthood begin to break through and overpower the inner mechanisms we have set up to resist them. In mid-life and



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beyond, our wounds will make themselves heard so strongly that our habitual ways of denial and coping no longer work. In mid-life you realize that your mother did love your sister better than you, that your father in fact didn't care much about you, and that all those hurts you absorbed because you swallowed hard and played the stoic are still gnawing away bitterly inside you. That's how the drama eventually culminates, in a heart that's angry.

So where does that leave us? For Alice Miller, the answer lies in grieving. Our wounds are real and there is nothing we can do about them, pure and simple. The clock can't be turned back. We cannot relive our lives so as to provide ourselves with different parents, different childhood friends, different experiences on the playground, different choices, and a different temperament. We can only move forward so as to live beyond our wounds. And we do that by grieving. Alice Miller submits that the entire psychological and spiritual task of midlife and beyond is that of grieving, mourning our wounds until the very foundations of our lives shake enough so that there can be transformation.

A deep psychological scar is the same as having some part of your body permanently damaged in an accident. You will never be whole again and nothing can change that. But you can be happy again; perhaps more happy than ever before. But that loss of wholeness must be grieved or it will manifest itself in anger, bitterness, and jealous regrets.

The Jesuit music composer and spiritual writer, Roc O'Connor, makes the same point, with the added comment that the grieving process also calls for a long patience within which we need to wait long enough so that the healing can occur according to its own natural rhythms. We need, he says, to embrace our wounded humanity and not act out. What's helpful, he suggests, is to grieve our human limitations. Then we can endure hunger, emptiness, disappointment, and humiliation without looking for a quick fix – or for a fix at all. We should not try to fill our emptiness too quickly without sufficient waiting.

And we won't ever make peace with our wounds without sufficient grieving.

*Ronald Rolheiser*

## ERLE LAURENCE MIRANDA

### GOLDEN JUBILEE ADDRESS

“And one man in his time plays many parts.” These profound words from Shakespeare beautifully capture the essence of the extraordinary journey of our Golden Jubilarian, Br. Erle Miranda. His life story is a testament to the diverse roles he has embraced





and the indelible mark he has left on the work of our province.

Erle's journey began amidst the serene surroundings of St. Mary's, Mount Abu, where, at 13 years and 10 months, he embarked on a transformative chapter by joining Mount Carmel. Little did he know that this momentous decision would pave the way for a lifetime devoted to the Christian Brothers.

After completing his school studies and postulancy, Erle ventured into the Novitiate in 1976, marking the commencement of a journey that would define his future. His unwavering commitment and seriousness during those formative years have shaped the remarkable individual we celebrate today. His single-minded dedication to the vocation of being a Christian Brother has been the guiding force behind his every action.

In accepting the name Laurence as his religious identity, Erle became affectionately known as Larry. This name symbolizes the spirit of his journey—a journey marked by dedication, faith, and an unwavering commitment to service.

Even now, after all these years, Larry remains deeply rooted in the values instilled during his novitiate. His commitment echoes through his daily prayers and steadfast attendance at the Eucharist. From these sacred moments, he draws the strength needed to carry out his divine mission with grace and resilience.

As we celebrate Larry's Golden Jubilee, we reflect on the many roles he has played throughout his life—a student, a novice, a Christian Brother, and, above all, a beacon of inspiration for us all.

Larry's missionary journey unfolded with a sense of humor, marking its beginning with his first posting



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to St. Edmund's School, Shillong—a mere 10-minute journey from the Novitiate. The novices, recognizing the significance of this moment, rallied together to assist Larry in transporting his belongings, in a creative manner, utilizing a wheelbarrow for the



task. This makeshift mode of transportation fondly referred to as the "four anna change," became an unconventional yet memorable chapter in the province's history—a testament to the spirit of innovation and unity that defined Larry's early days.

As we reflect on Larry's journey from the humble wheelbarrow ride to the extensive horizons of his missionary endeavours, we celebrate not just the miles travelled but the countless lives touched. Each step, each posting, and each interaction contributed to the rich message of a person who played many parts in the grand show of life—a true Christian Brother, an inspiring religious person, and a cherished friend.

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to the Miranda family, whose unwavering support and encouragement have been the foundation of Larry's journey. Their profound influence has not only instilled the seed of vocation in Larry but has also blossomed into a flourishing commitment.



Larry served in many CB institutions in various capacities, but during his tenure as Principal of St. Edmund's College, he dedicated himself to the transformative expansion of the institution's infrastructure and the





introduction of advanced courses. With a steadfast commitment to the vision of Blessed Edmund Rice, he aimed to make quality education and facilities accessible to a broader spectrum of students in the Northeast.

Larry is disciplined when it comes to looking after his physical health. His regular exercises which we observe are a reminder to all of us to look after our health and well-being.

With a deep passion for the growth and vitality of the Congregation, it is encouraging to see you, Larry, support the Vocation promoters.

You endeared yourself to the Go-For-It group, constantly reminding us of the significance of the annual meetings and encouraging the Brothers to make themselves convenient to attend. The pilgrimage to the Holy Land which you initiated for those who had completed 40-plus years as a Christian Brother was an achievement that helped us enrich our spiritual life.

Larry, we thank you for the gift you are to the Christian Brothers, and as you continue to have a passion for education and your genuine interest in the welfare of the ones placed under our care. We wish you good health to continue in all your endeavours.

I thank my God each time I think of you and when I pray for you, I pray with joy.

*Ad Multos Annos*

*Placid Henriques*

**Help the first-time voters to register and vote in this election**



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## A BROTHER FOR ALL SEASONS



The unexpected passing of Peter Clinch has left me with a great sadness. I have some very vivid and pleasant memories of Peter that I would like to recall.

I first got to know Peter in 2003 after a meeting of the Province Leadership Teams in Adelaide. After the meeting I attended a course in Sydney and then proceeded to Melbourne. I stayed with Peter in one of the two cottages in which the PLT stayed.

Peter was a gracious host. He took me to a number of places. I remember going to the top floor of one of the big hotels and looking down at the Melbourne Cricket ground. He also took me around to various schools in Melbourne and the residences of Brothers who were in Medical care. He introduced me to one of the Brothers in the medical care facility and told me that the Senior Brothers was his first Superior when he went out on mission. The Senior Brother immediately asked Peter who he was! Peter then said to me in an aside, he obviously did not vote for me

Peter came to India a few years later and helped the Brothers in Dumdum conduct a youth camp. He also did a retreat with the Brothers preparing for Final Profession.

He then came to Goa for a few days and we spent a few pleasant hours at John Seagull. A person came up to us and asked us if we were religious. He was the Superior General of the Pilar Fathers and he was obviously impressed by Peter's conversation.

That evening he attended a get together with the friends of the Brothers. In the photograph above are Senan's parents and David Ryan's Mum and Sister.





Over the years, I kept up with Peter sending him emails whenever there was some news in the media about the Brothers in Australia which was always one sided. He never failed to reply and was very balanced in his response. I also listened to him being interviewed by the Royal commission. His replies were honest and straight forward with no diplomatic clichés.

It was a great honour for me to know Peter (Clinchy) to his friends. The Congregation, Brothers and legion of friends will miss him.

*Mark*

## ST. ALOYSIUS 5TH SEMESTER RESULTS



Our 3 candidates doing their degree in St. Aloysius College, Mangalore, have achieved excellent results in their second last semester. Given below are the percentage marks of each of them.

Emilianus 72%

Ritesh 73%

Sonshine 80%

Brothers keep them in your prayers as they move to the final Semester and discern on joining the Novitiate thereafter.

*John Pereira*

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## Pedalling Towards a Greener Future: Together We Can Make a Difference



Local  
Leadership



Awareness  
Campaign



Sustainable  
Practices



Street Play

**FOR A  
BETTER  
FUTURE**



Beyond School  
Borders



Bringing Awareness



Youth  
Engagement



Environmental  
Stewardship

The bustling streets of Asansol witnessed a remarkable event on February 10, 2024: the 2nd Edition of the Cycle Rally for Climate Change, spearheaded by St. Patrick's Higher Secondary School in collaboration with the esteemed NGO, 'The Nature'. It was a day brimming with enthusiasm as students, teachers, ex-students, parents and dignitaries came together to champion a common cause: Safeguarding Our Planet.

Students and teachers representing twelve schools of Asansol added a vibrant touch to the rally. Their energetic participation not only symbolized unity but also highlighted the collective determination of the participants to combat climate change.

The occasion was graced by esteemed dignitaries from Asansol including Sri Moloy Ghatak (Minister of Law, Judiciary and Labour), Shri Ponnambalam S., the District Magistrate and the Deputy Mayor, Mr. Avijit Ghatak among others.

The event served as a powerful platform for raising awareness on climate change and promoting sustainable practices, emphasizing our collective responsibility to protect the environment. We hope this event serves as a catalyst for continued efforts towards a greener, more sustainable future for generations to come.

- Ms. Sriparna Mondal  
St. Patrick's H.S. School, Asansol





## St. Aloysius School Kollam



Three Brothers of the GFI group visited the school where the Brothers were teaching in Kollam till the mid-1960s.

Raj, Jerome and Placid are posing in front of what was at one time the Brothers residence.

### According to Wikipedia:

St Aloysius Higher Secondary School (formerly St Aloysius English School) is a Catholic high school located in the District of Kollam in the Roman Catholic Diocese of Quilon. [1] It was founded by the Congregation of Christian Brothers in 1896,[2] with the main building completed in 1900.[3]

In 1932 it had 23 lay teachers and 479 pupils.[4]

This school is located near to Vaddy beach, Kollam around the corner from Vaddy Church.

Nearly 4000 students study in this institution, which was upgraded to senior secondary school.

The main subjects in Higher secondary section are science, computer science and commerce.

The High School is currently co-educational.



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## Poetry Section

### SHORE-SHELLS

*Will the guilty please stand up?*

What she sells on the sea-side shore

Are not sea-shells, I'm sure.

If she's sixteen, she isn't more –

Possibly even fewer.

Survival is her only aim.

Let preachers lower their voices.

Sick males impose this flesh-flush game,

To leave her few free choices.

Let him who is without a sin

Denounce this hungry girl.

Life is the treasure she must win

Against a sex-sick world.

What she must sell are body and soul.

The thief is lust-led men.

God grant, before this child grow old,

Shells will be free again.

*Brendan* January 2024

## OUR VOTE OUR VOICE

**Do not forget to exercise your franchise.**

**Vote and facilitate others to have the same  
opportunity.**

