



STONE

A publication of the Ursulines of Brown County
St. Martin, Ohio, 45118-9507
Number 90 Autumn 2019

CORNER

GRATITUDE IS MADE OF...

G God's Gracious Generosity

R Response to God's gift of life and love

A Active service to others

T Time to be and belong

I Imagination to create a better world

T Talent to do what needs to be done

U Unity of mind and heart

D Desire to be our best selves

E Eternal Life



BLESS US, O LORD, AND THESE THY GIFTS, WHICH WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE FROM YOUR BOUNTY. THROUGH CHRIST, OUR LORD. AMEN.

Why do we relegate this prayer to a blessing before meals? What if we used it every day, all day? For instance: what if as a morning prayer: Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts which we are about to receive this day, from your bounty. Through Christ, our Lord. Or try: Bless us, O Lord and these thy gifts which we are about to receive (Fill in the blank with whatever activity is next on your list) from your bounty. Through Christ, our Lord.

GRATITUDE FOR LIFE



Straight to the hospital, Doctor said. His imperative resulted from blood tests explaining my extreme fatigue. My ignorance expected to hear anemia. Not so.

I was cordial to the woman behind the computer in Registration at Good Samaritan Hospital. I wanted to scream, “I was just diagnosed with leukemia!”

The elevator delivered me to the fifteenth floor. A nurse showed me to a room and said she would return. I scanned the room: sterile, hospital bed, sheets tucked perfectly; gown on pillow; night stand; bare tile bathroom, dull aqua plastic shower curtain. My view looked onto four sides of the building forming a square well, descending through floors and windows, to concrete below.

Alone, I sat down and caught up with myself. *leukemia*. I did not ask that I live. I did not ask that I be healed. I thought, “I have leukemia. I do not know where this chapter will take me or how it will end, but I can’t do it alone.”

This diagnosis launched me on a journey I hold today in great gratitude. I experienced dimensions of care one after another, before, during and after, from medical staff, Ursuline Academy, my family, my friends, members of the Ursulines, and from people I didn’t even know.

Before I settled in my room, nurses, aware a patient’s discharge freed a certain room, whisked me, my bed and belongings to a corner room three times larger, with a couch, recliner, windows on two sides, looking onto Clifton life. The nurses believed this space would contribute to persevering a possible three-week stay for chemo. The nurses’ action was one example of care and hope in the midst of leukemia.

So many stories! This one is vivid. After a chemo regiment, my immune system was gone. To prevent possible infection, I endured at home, one hundred days of isolation. I could eat only food boxed, frozen, canned. Definitely no fruits or vegetables. During that time, at one of my twice a week blood test appointments, I waited in a room with the door open. One doctor walked past with a gorgeous orange and a yellow peach in hand. I vowed I would taste one again.

Two years later, my great nephew and I tracked down the Georgia Peach truck’s visit to Cincinnati. A celebratory purchase, a twenty-five pound box, was placed in my back seat. Michael crawled in one side, I on the other. We whipped off the lid, grabbed a peach and bit into them. It did not matter they weren’t ripe. It was utter *eucharist*, Greek for thanksgiving. These five and a half years since my diagnosis I keep not a routine but the ritual of gratitude, purchasing peaches.

GRATITUDE FOR A LONG LIFE

One of the blessings of growing old is the opportunity to recall a long life from a different perspective. As I look back over my life and ponder where I have been, where I am now, what I have accomplished and what I have failed to do, the places I have been and the people I have known, I discover a pattern. Julia Chatfield spoke of the Unseen Hand that led to her Brown County adventure; that same Unseen Hand guides all our lives. Our lives are filled with miracles. For me the first miracle was that two people met, married and began a family that included me. It was a family built on love with two people who loved each other and showed us how to love. ***I am grateful!*** Another miracle is the place where I grew up and learned about life with friends and neighbors, one of whom invited me to Brown County where my mind and heart were enriched. ***I am grateful!*** One of the most beautiful places in the world is the place where Julia Chatfield and her Ursuline companions settled in 1845 and I have been granted the privilege of living and learning there for more than 70 years. ***I am grateful!*** Over the past year a new community at Mt. Notre Dame Health Center has embraced me and lovingly cared for all my needs, physical and spiritual. ***I am grateful!*** The Lord promised to be with us always. I have known His presence in the people who have surrounded me with love and guidance all the days of my life. I thank our gracious God for a life filled with evidence of His love! ***I am grateful!***

GRATITUDE FOR ETERNAL LIFE



Sister Clare Ragazzo



Sister Clare (Frances Giovanna) Ragazzo, died peacefully at Mt. Notre Dame Health Care Center on October 6, 2019, at the age of 97. A beloved member of the Ursulines of Brown County for 67 years. Sister Clare is the dear sister of Adelaide Ragazzo Oliver of Aflex, Kentucky, and several nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her parents Vito E. and Mary M. Battistello Ragazzo and her brother Vito E. Ragazzo, Jr. Sister Clare's primary ministry was education, having taught at the School of the Brown County Ursulines for 5 years, St. Vivian's for 2 years and 28 years at Ursuline Academy. Sr. Clare was versatile, teaching grades from fourth through twelfth, although her favorite was teaching History at the Academy. The students remember Sr. Clare's enthusiasm for the History she taught and sharing that love with them, making it interesting and memorable. Following her retirement from teaching, Sr. Clare worked in the finance office of the Comboni Missionaries for 10 years. Sr. Clare was a gardener at heart and used the flowers she grew to create beautiful note cards which she sold at local Craft Fairs and church festivals. A memorial Mass was celebrated on November 2nd at Mt. Notre Dame Health Care Center where she resided for the last three years.

URSULINES OF BROWN COUNTY
20860 STATE ROUTE 251
ST. MARTIN, OH 45118-9507

Non Profit Org
USPostage
PAID
Cincinnati, OH
Permit #4959



**BOTH CHATFIELD COLLEGE AND URSULINE ACADEMY IN THE PROCESS OF
PRESIDENTIAL SEARCHES**

A search is underway for the sixth President of Chatfield College. According to Tory Parlin, the Vice Chair of the Board of Trustees and Search Committee Chair, "Chatfield's sixth president will be a man or woman who is a practicing Catholic committed to providing Chatfield's community of diverse learners with an opportunity to better themselves, their families and their employability through higher education. The search is being conducted with the assistance of Gilman Partners. To see additional information and the job description, go to Chatfield's website at: www.chatfieldcollege.edu

Ursuline Academy of Cincinnati is also seeking a qualified individual to fill the position of President. The Philosophy of the school reads: "In the vision of St. Angela Merici, Ursuline empowers the young woman to recognize her unique gifts, to give voice to her ideals, to strive for personal and academic excellence, to seek justice through actions inspired by Gospel values, and to accept the challenge of human freedom with its accompanying responsibilities. Ursuline welcomes diversity and fosters community in an atmosphere of mutual respect." The search is being conducted with the assistance of OneSourceCenter for Nonprofit Excellence. To view the job description please refer to Ursuline's website at <https://www.ursulineacademy.org/about/employment>