June the 15th was World Elder Abuse Awareness day; sadly many of our elder population are physically, emotionally and financially abused. We all need to challenge disrespectful attitudes towards older people and treat them with respect and compassion and report abuse.

I work as a health professional in the care of the Older Person; my role when the necessity arises is to assess their needs with the objective of keeping them in their own homes with supports where possible. If this cannot be met, the next step is assess them for the appropriate level of residential care for which there are four levels.

Common comments I often hear from the older person is ‘I don't feel valued, I am useless, no one listens to me, my family are all working, they are busy I don’t want to be a burden.’ We need to remember that behind that frail old body is a person who has lived loved and laughed and could most likely tell us a thing or two. Many have fought and lived through wars, depressions and hardships and just get on with it without the counseling or debriefing privileges that we have to day. The new residential facility that has just been built complete with all the bells and whistles may be appealing to the younger generation, but the older person is often happier remaining in his or her home which may not be what others see as the optimum choice or what society dictates.

Don’t get me wrong I am not against care facilities when they are the best option.

We just need to listen to our older people, respect their wishes and remember if they are competent they are allowed to make their own choices and take risks. We need to value them and when necessary assist them make safe choices with compassion.

‘The burden of age is lighter for those who feel respected and loved by the young.’

Cicero 106 – 43 BCE
Compassion takes many forms, and for me I like to feel that we don’t even acknowledge what we are doing as compassion. There and then I decided to act on my instinct.

One day at church as usual, I spoke to the people in the back row, as I made my way to my seat. I spoke to Sheryl as she looked very yellowish and grey at the same time. It turned out she had been diagnosed with Ovarian and Lung cancer. I had gone to primary school with Sheryl and also danced with her. I was determined to look after Sheryl as much as I could. So, I asked her what would be of practical use to her, and the response was just come and see me.

That turned into lovely trips in the car to Wellington hospital. Sheryl gave me many answers and pearls of wisdom to my family problems. Sheryl’s positivity literally shone around her. I sat for a few hours as she received chemotherapy, as many people came and went from that unit, on a daily basis.

Sheryl and I spent time together, reminiscing, eating, combining our trips for mutual benefit, laughing, sitting in the car at the beach, minding her dog “Misty” so Sheryl can complete her bucket list. I am only one of the many people Sheryl relates to. What a privilege for me. We hardly ever talk about death but when we do it is positive. AMEN GOD BLESS.

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Associates of the Presentation Sisters lost a committed brother and friend with the passing of Fr Kevin Morton on June 8 in Dunedin. He will be missed by many but the memory of his ready smile, easy manner and strong faith will remain with family and friends in particular. Kevin seldom missed a Presentation gathering.

He was proud of being a first day pupil at St Peter Chanel School in Green Island and as a strong supporter of Catholic Education he was dedicated to his role as a founding member of the Nano Nagle Trust in 2009. Throughout his childhood and beyond, Fr Kevin was prone to health glitches but was undeterred in his calling to become a priest.

Following ordination he served in several parishes including assistant at St Joseph’s Cathedral in Dunedin, Lawrence, parish priest at Forbury, Dunedin, Riversdale in Northern Southland and Avondale, Auckland. He was also a Chaplain to the Catholic Pacific Island community in Dunedin where he made many lasting friendships. The mana with which he was held by these peoples, some who came from as far away as Auckland, was evident at the Requiem Mass held in St Peter Chanel Church on Friday, June 12, where a Samoan Choir paid tribute to him with a stirring Communion Hymn.

Fr Kevin loved rugby and was a longtime stalwart of the Green Island Rugby Club, serving as secretary for several years. His health was not always the best and it deteriorated further when about six months ago he was diagnosed with cancer. After a time in hospital he was most grateful to be cared for by Fr Mark Chamberlain and helpers at Holy Name Presbytery, Dunedin, where he died shortly after the 41st anniversary of his profession. He was in his mid-60s.

She was a woman who in her simplicity dared greatly...

dared to let herself be guided by the Spirit of God.

And when the Spirit like some will-o’-the-wisp
on the mountains, led her
from the warmth of what was safe and comfortable,
out past the four walls of what
was ‘enough and reasonable’
away beyond the security of the familiar,
tried and proven,
she followed with laughter in her heart!

For she had caught a glimpse of the Divine delight
in reversing human logic,
in drawing power from weakness,
wisdom from folly,
Life from death.

Raphael Consedine pbvm
Where are they now?   Juliana (Sally) Purcell pbvm

I came to NZ in August of 1965 and returned to Ireland in April of 2004.
I lived and worked in Paraparaumu, Manaia in Taranaki, Taita, Eastbourne and Wellington.
I now live and do a little work in Fethard, Co Tipperary.
I am on call to the staff and pupils of Presentation/ Patrician, Secondary School. I see those who wish to have a chat with someone willing to listen! Spiritual and emotional etc problems come to light and I can occasionally meet those needs. I also keep in touch with those who return after leaving school and wish to continue with me. My brothers and sisters are getting older, so I spend more time visiting them - I am 'out' every Sunday afternoon and enjoy it very much. Currently I provide 'work experience' to one 17 year old girl who needs money to help finance her course next year. It is not a job as such and she is not paid a wage. She helps me in the garden, house and kitchen and I pay her from a fund provided by the Presentations for Local Ministry.

It’s nice to keep in touch with NZ where I enjoyed my working life. I've been retired since I came to Ireland. Love to anyone who remembers me.

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