

#### TOWARDS TOMORROW

Madeleine Sophie, just in case the melody of their song should reach us: 'Glory to God, peace to his people'. Let us wander through this place where Someone has begun to-exist-for-others. Let us come to him without artificial efforts to empty ourselves of ourselves in order to be like him: it is only when you have found a treasure that you joyfully sell the rest, as he will tell us when he grows up. Only when our ears have caught the music, will our feet be able to dance. We must let ourselves be carried away by it, hum it, murmur it in the secrecy of our hearts. And if it is granted to us, let us dance to his rhythm, mad as it may seem.

Mary Louise (Mamie) Jenkins, rscJ of the USA, is a musician. She majored in music at Manhattanville College, before entering the Society. She taught music in school until, aware of her diminishing energy, she made the decision to train as a music therapist, so that when she was no longer able to work in school, she could continue her ministry through her music.

I was supposedly retired when I came to Washington in 1989, but I was appointed Campus Minister for the youngsters at Stone Ridge Sacred Heart School and am at the school from eight till noon each morning. I am free in the afternoons and work as a music therapist at two nursing homes twice a week, and I also provide therapy to handicapped youngsters.

Most of my adult clientele suffer from Alzheimer's disease and they are truly *anawim*. The minds of many of them have diminished, but their spirit and their love of life is unimpaired. They need to know that they are loved, wanted and esteemed, and I feel that music is the one gift that can help them. They need to regain a sense of well-being. I try to say to them, 'Your memory has gone, but music can help you to relate in a way that many things cannot.' So I introduce music from the twenties, thirties and forties, and people who have not spoken for years begin to communicate. Doctors and nurses are amazed when patients who have given no sign of life suddenly

#### CREATIVE WOMEN

begin to relate to me, to their family, friends and to one another. And what gives life to them, gives life to me.

I feel that God has given me the gift of helping these suffering people through music; they can still remember significant things, and to a point can share their memories with others. I see my ministry demonstrating our charism, because this is shown forth in the love of the Heart of Jesus. I do this with children and alumnae, with rich and poor, and with black and white. I am called to minister through music to people who are so often overlooked or abandoned. Music enables them to give: if they cannot sing, they can play an instrument or dance with me. All are revived by music. Their eyes come alive again and they are touched by the love of the Heart of Jesus.

Meeda Inglis, from the Irish/Scottish Province, wrote of her art.

Born in 1913 into a family of artists and poets, from my earliest years I looked on art as a way of life. After twelve years at Arbroath High School (on the East Coast of Scotland), four years at Grays School of Art in Aberdeen, I won a scholarship to the Hospitalfield Post-Graduate School of Painting and moved back to Arbroath. A few years later, in 1937, I entered the Society. The novitiate was then at Mount Anville, Dublin, where I was in for a traumatic experience. At that time, in addition to the difference between the Irish and Scots, art had no place in community life, while in schools it was considered to be a non-essential extra. Part of me survived the noviceship, but I lost touch with one half of myself.

When I left the noviceship I taught, and continued to feel half dead. During these years, however, I discovered that prayer is also a way of life and this helped me to struggle on until my health broke down, and it was thought that returning to Scotland would revive me. In Edinburgh I was able to teach art at Craiglockart College. Until I retired from teaching in 1979, prayer and art seemed to run in parallel lines and I still had the feeling that I was not a whole person.

Having retired I was given the opportunity to spend time