



ST. DAMIEN OF MOLOKAI, SS.CC.

LABOR DAY 2011

Dear Friends & Benefactors,

As we celebrate Labor Day, the life of our own Saint Damien of Molokai comes to mind. He was holy and religious and a priest, but he also labored, physically—very physically. He built churches, schools and hospitals. He established two orphanages—one for boys and one for girls. He constructed a water way so there would be fresh water available. He made coffins and dug graves for the people he quickly had come to love. And through all of the building he did with his hands, he also built hope for those to whom no hope had been given. He built dreams where there was no thought of even a tomorrow. He showed his people that what was left of their lives was precious. He restored their dignity. With his life, Damien created a real picture of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary in action.



ARTIST PEGGY CHUN'S PORTRAIT OF ST. DAMIEN



“with his hands... he built hope for those to whom no hope had been given...”



As we celebrate Labor Day, it is a great time to remember all of those who have labored for us in order that we might live freely and creatively...that we might live with dreams that can come true. We remember all those whose labors went unseen and often unappreciated, but who, none the less, built our families and our homes, our futures and our Country. For all of them, we give thanks to God.

We also thank God for all our human labors, in homes, in classrooms, in all those places we take for granted but don't want to live without; for all those who serve us in any way, and for the works of our own minds and hands and hearts as well...for all of these things we continue to thank God.

Our Religious of the Sacred Hearts serve in many places where the needs are so visible and numerous and where resources are so limited. We work, we work hard, and we work with love. Please help us to help others. We can do so much more together than any of us can do alone.



With all God's blessings and love,

Fr. Stan

FR. STAN KOLASA, SS.CC.
DIRECTOR OF DEVELOPMENT



A Memory of This Missionary

Who knew, during seminary training for the priesthood that these hands, the hands of a priest and artist, would one day build coffins for the poor and dig their graves? Who knew that after long journeys over roads with so many potholes that discs in my back would be misplaced? Who knew that going to celebrate Mass would mean getting in a ferry boat each week, no matter how rough the waters, and then traveling back in the truck onto those potholed roads? Who knew that Mass would begin very early in the morning and then not end until late, very late at night...and then be able to eat? Who knew the agonies of injustice toward the poorest would include me too?

Who knew? God knew. I thank God I didn't know because I may have been tempted to say no to among the happiest days of my life living as Damien did. Who knew? God knew. God always knows.

Yes God! Yes God, Yes!