



MARYMOUNT HERMITAGE NEWSLETTER

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Country Living and God's Time

By Sister M. Beverly, H.S.M.

Late spring and early summer is my favorite time of year. This is the season when nature conspires to remind me of why I love living in the country. The fawns are born in late May and early June. So far, the fawn count is six...two singles and two sets of twins. I expect to see more fawns every day. What fun! The fawns go bouncing around like they are so happy to be born. Newborns are so tiny they can walk underneath their mother's bellies. They are so cute with their white spots and lively antics.

After almost thirty years, I know which ridge to watch to spot the newest fawns. These mule deer always seem to give birth in the same area, perhaps because it is protected, cool and shaded by a grove of trees. I can see the area perfectly from my kitchen window and check every morning for new arrivals. When the does bring the fawns over to the ridge where I live, they are already a week or so old, stronger and safer now. It is so beautiful to observe the attentive, patient watchfulness of the does. I can tell by the way they are listening and staring intently that a fawn is in the bushes nearby. The yearling does and little bucks are collecting in their own separate herds and I somehow imagine they are missing their mothers, but maybe not. Life has its inherent rhythms.

Another type of animal observation occurred about two months ago. It was actually April 12; I wrote it down in my life list. I was in the kitchen fixing my dinner and suddenly realized that a creature was just outside sitting on the top of the wood rack. I was shocked to realize this was a mammal I had never seen in my life. My Dad had always taught us to be very observant of birds and animals and I flatter

myself that I know a lot about native species. How could there be a living creature in front of me which I had never before seen?! I held my breath as I carefully noted every detail, hoping to memorize these important facts, before the critter ran away. The most striking thing was that the color of the body was not the same as the tail. If I had seen a stuffed animal like this, I would have scorned it as unrealistic. I had no idea such things could occur in nature. The body was a warm golden brown and the bushy tail, somewhat like a large tree squirrel's, was as red as red could be. Unbelievable!

I won't bore you with the other smaller but (to me) interesting details. I promptly decided that it had to be a member of the marmot family because the closest thing I had ever seen was a woodchuck. Woodchucks (or "rock chucks") are abundant in the rocky canyon south of Cambridge and similar habitats along Highway 95 with which I am so familiar.

That night, I consulted my authoritative book: Harper & Row's Complete Field Guide to North American Wildlife. It was a **hoary marmot** and they are not even supposed to be living in our area. I somehow decided that my visitor (or new resident?) was an immature female because "she" was only about half the size such creatures normally are, at least according to the book. Except for size, my new friend exactly matched the detailed description of that species. How exciting! I was interested to see how long she would stay and she seemed very content in the sun on the wood rack that evening for several hours. Against my wildest expectations, she was there again the next morning for several more hours, jumping from one place to another and looking very healthy and peaceful. I was tempted to write an arti-

cle for the May post about “the new Mesa resident” but alas, those were the only two days I observed her. I do not know if she dug a den somewhere nearby or decided to locate in another area altogether. Such are the mysteries and questions I enjoy while living in the country.

This time of year I am usually very active picking wildflowers. However last week, alas, I was sick with the stomach flu. Those days are gone now in a miserable blur. Unfortunately, the days were perfect for flower picking. This week, now that I am recuperated, the weather and winds are more turbulent. (Alas and a lack!) I have tons of dried, stored flowers and I always have other sources, like the domestic flowers which I grow in and harvest from the dining room window boxes, but if I miss the wildflowers, I feel I am missing my friends. I console myself by saying: There is always next year. God’s timing.

...which brings me to my last reflection. I am reading Pope Francis’s daily Mass homilies and getting to know our new spiritual father. I imagine that the effect of his words and actions are like that of the original Francis in Assisi centuries ago. When the saint preached, people repented.

On May 27, 2013, the Pope spoke about **God’s time**. I quote: “Each and every one of us needs to examine our conscience and find out what riches keep us from approaching Jesus on the road of life. They are the riches that come from our culture. The first is well-being or comfort...the culture of well-being that gives us little courage, makes us lazy and

selfish. We think comfort is enough...We are in love with temporal things, while what Jesus offers is infinite. We like the temporary because we are afraid of God’s time, the end of time...Wellness and transience are precisely the two riches of contemporary society that prevent us from going forward...[Regardless of our vocations,] if our whole lives are working towards the infinite, this is to follow Jesus closely.” (*L’Osservatore Romano*, 29 May, 2013, pg. 9)

God’s “time” is eternity; it is infinity; it is the depth of Love and Being which He Is. This papal insight really struck me because I live in such a miracle of beauty and peace. Sometimes people express that they are sad or worried about me because I live alone. Being so sick last week only augmented that. But I am not alone. All heaven dwells with me: God, Our Lady, all the angels and saints in this incredibly awesome gift of nature and grace which is Marymount Hermitage on Mesa hill in rural Idaho. There are so many people who are suffering so much and so unjustly throughout the world that I sometimes feel guilty having such grace given to me. However, if we each contribute to the Body of Christ as living cells (as I believe), then maybe my contribution is simply that: the joy of being alone with God and the peace He gives, which He alone can give. I was even at peace in my suffering last week, offering it for the good of the Church and the salvation of souls.

Let us pray for each other that we each may experience God’s joy and peace in our own hearts, lives, and little parts of the wider world.

God bless you!



The CCW of St. Mark’s Parish in Boise, ID made a donation of \$2,400 to Marymount Hermitage on June 1, 2013. Sister M. Beverly is pictured with the officers: Lou Ann Brown, Treasurer; Mary Glenn, President for 2013-2015; Faith Ann Swayne, Vice-president; Sharon Handley, Secretary; Cathy Kirk, past President for 2011-2013. This generous gift is a tremendous help in paying for the termite extermination storied in the May newsletter. Talk about God’s timing!!

The MARYMOUNT HERMITAGE NEWSLETTER is published by Marymount Hermitage, Inc., a non-profit, tax-exempt corporation in the State of Idaho. The Hermit Sisters of Mary are a canonically approved, Catholic community of women hermits, following the Rule of St. Benedict. The newsletter is published each month by the 15th on our website only. The purpose of the newsletter is to share the spirituality and material progress of Marymount Hermitage. Please pray that we may be faithful to our way of life in prayer and penance, solitude and silence for the sake of the Church and the world. Any donations are sincerely appreciated and are tax-deductible. Thank you in advance to those who have remembered Marymount Hermitage in their wills. God bless you!