



THE VIEW FROM THE BLUFF MAY 2017

SISTERS OF CHARITY OF OUR LADY OF MERCY

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

May 18, 2017 marks the 117th anniversary of the death of Mother Teresa Barry, OLM

DEATH OF SISTER TERESA.
May 19th 1900

She had been a Member of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy for Seventy-one Years.

Mother Teresa Barry, after a short illness, died at the Convent of the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, in the 86th year of her age.

Mother Teresa, as she was familiarly known, was perhaps the oldest religieuse in the United States, having been seventy-one years in active service in the Order of the Sisters of Mercy in this city. Bishop England, of happy memory, founded the Order of Our Lady of Mercy in Charleston, in 1829, and Miss Barry, in her fifteenth year, was one of the first founders.

Miss Barry was born in Cork, Ireland, in the year 1814. She came to the United States with her family and located in Baltimore, Md.

For nearly half a century she has been the superioress of the Order in the diocese of Charleston, and has managed its affairs, spiritual and temporal, with an even and just hand, and up to a few weeks ago she was solicitous for the welfare of her spiritual daughters, who now mourn with deepest sorrow her demise. It is not possible to give anything like a sketch of her long life at this moment.

Her funeral services will take place in the Cathedral Chapel on Monday next at 10 A. M.

Information from the Archives about her life, death, and burial are presented in this issue of the View From The Bluff



THE SEASHORE REVIEW, MAY 26, 1900.

MOTHER TERESA

Died Last Fr' day and Was Buried Monday.

A LONG AND WELL SPENT LIFE.

Eighty-six Years of Age, Seventy-one in the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, and for Many Years the Mother Superior.

It really seems that the Creator fore-ordained some people for a certain work and blesses them with the virtues needed for the fulfillment of its duties. It is to the advantage of mankind that every one does not occupy the same station in life. It is to the welfare of all that vocations are different, and it is well that our lives do not run in the same groove, or that we do not all think alike, for by thus our work is diversified, and in this way we can be of service to each other, each one in his own particular way. And once we come to a knowledge of these necessary conditions the sooner do we have a regard and a respect for the lot of our neighbor and the work of our fellow-man. But, strange to say, as is often the case, one man's work is praised while another's is depreciated; one man's work is considered great while another's is never given its full value because perhaps of its lesser glory. To those occupying the humbler walks of life this depreciation of their work must sometimes cause thoughts of disappointment and regret, but to those who do their work always well, feeling assured and content that their pay and reward will be measured out by the Divine Judge, who knows the full value of each one's work, and whose promise of "well done" is a beacon light of hope to all toiling and struggling, but faithful souls, all thoughts of human praise are merely incidental, all hope of human reward is hardly considered. Their life's service is for God, their hope is in Him.

Such a life as this last mentioned was that of Mother Teresa. She entered the convent at the youthful age of 15 and lived there ever since, for seventy-one years, dying at the age of 86. She was a Miss Barry, and came from Cork, Ireland.

Her funeral services, at the Pro-Cathedral Monday, where a Solemn Pontifical Requiem High Mass was said by Bishop Northrop, assisted by all the Priests in the city, was largely attended, and among the congregation were many of her non-Catholic friends, who thus showed their high regard and

paid their last tribute of respect to her mortal remains.

The regular choir, with Madame Barbot as Organist, sang several choice selections in addition to the regular funeral musical service.

It was expected that the Bishop would deliver an eulogy over the venerable Mother, Superior for her holy life and great work but the congregation were somewhat disappointed. Bishop Northrop did make a few remarks, but they were to the effect that this good Sister had for some time previous expressed a wish that no such eulogy be made over her bier—only the service of the church and the prayers of the people. This was characteristic of her. It was in keeping with her life of seclusion, privation and prayer. She had left the glare of the world, and now she wanted none of its praises—only the prayers of the faithful. No one can but say that she was right, but it does seem a pity that the story of a life so full of usefulness should be withheld. Hers, indeed, was a noble example, and would have afforded good instruction and advice, and no one could have done it so well as the Bishop or some of the clergy—they who knew her better than any one else. One thing the Bishop did allude to was her seventy odd years of service in the Sisterhood. That by itself is an eulogy, that alone to any one who will reflect on it is a sermon.

Modesty is usually a sign of merit and aversion to praise a sign of worth, but noble lives become a heritage to the beneficiaries, and so it is but right that we, whenever unbidden, hold up the picture of such beautiful examples for edification and emulation. Such lives as Mother Teresa's was full of noble acts of kindness. It is for those who were benefitted to say what they were, but some of them will never be known, for the way of the Christian is to follow the command of the Lord and not let the left hand know what the right hand doeth. So God alone knows what these many acts were. Sweet charity is not ornamented by ostentation; true love is not always found in the expressions of the tongue; actions speak louder than words; the little deeds of kindness tell more than all words can, for they spring from the throbbings of a true and pure heart.

Every one who knew this good old Sister knows that her life was a continuous record of good, and that supporting this good was a nature ever so disposed. It is not to be underestimated because she was a relig-

eous, for though they are guided by supernatural motives and sustained by supernatural graces, the natural natures and surroundings do not lose their power. A religious life is not one of uninterrupted prayer, they have their self-imposed duties to perform; they have life's battles to meet as much as any one else, and the trials and troubles of life weigh as heavy on them as any one else.

The worldly judge from the weakness of their own natures they will wonder at the devotion, but if they remember the heavenly graces they seek they will no longer marvel at their fortitude. With all this, however, association has its influences and to have held a position such as that of Mother Teresa called for the exercise of the greatest kindness and gentleness in the dealings with those who have given up their all in the outside world to devote the balance of their lives in the service of God.

They who may have been acquainted with any of these good ladies before their choice of this life and knew their good qualities and then saw them enter it can best appreciate what it is. They have brought with them culture and refinement and left friends and the ties and affection of home, one to teach, others to care for the orphan, and many to tend the sick. How well they have succeeded in teaching our youth can be attested by some of our best ladies in the land. Their care of the orphans excites the greatest admiration and exceeds some of the noblest deeds of philanthropy. These have both won them friends, but it remained for their care of the sick to win the admiration of the world. The warrior, ambitious for conquests that will make his name bright upon the pages of history, the literary man striving for intellectual superiority anxious that his name be foremost in the list of classics, both of these think that their callings are high up in the order of this world's work, but once stricken down, wounded or diseased, the hand that won great achievements with sword or pen, unsteady and helpless, their fevered brow smoothed and calmed by the gentle and magical touch of one so gentle, their every sign of pain watched and assuaged by ready relief, coming to under this kind treatment and once gazing upon the one who is like such a ministering angel, there is a fixed look, and then a settled stillness, but within there has been made a marked impression; the man of the world thinks to himself, ah, my work I thought was great, but yours is heavenly. Under Mother Teresa these good

works have been taken up, under her direction this good sisterhood has grown. They followed her funeral to the grave. The sight was impressive; the procession was formed by seniority, the oldest sisters first and so on down in that order.

The Bishop, too, and many of the Priests went to the cemetery; and they performed the last church rites over her grave. The large number of orphans were there also, lined around the railing of the lot enclosure. Tears stood in the eyes of many of them, for their tender hearts were touched. They may have been told of Mother Teresa's long and useful life, but until they themselves grow up and learn what life's stern realities are they will never be able to appreciate what sacrifices this good Sister and her companions have made for them. And no one but the recording angel can tell what they were and how many, and only God can do her justice.

SOLEMN AND IMPRESSIVE.

The Funeral Services of Sister Teresa Barry at the Pro-Cathedral Yesterday.

A solemn and impressive scene was enacted at the Pro-Cathedral yesterday morning, when the last sad rites were performed over the remains of the late Mother Teresa, who died Friday evening at the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy. For more than seventy years this godly woman had been an inmate of the religious house and had presided continuously over its affairs for more than half a century. It was, therefore, appropriate that those of her faith should assemble in numbers to pay this tribute to her worth. But there were no signs of ostentation or display. In severe simplicity the ceremonies were carried through and Bishop Northrop said but few words in conclusion. "It was the request of Mother Teresa," he said, "that there be no eulogy pronounced above her bier, and on this sad occasion it seems to me enough to say that she had for more than seventy years done a duty to God and kept aloof from the world."

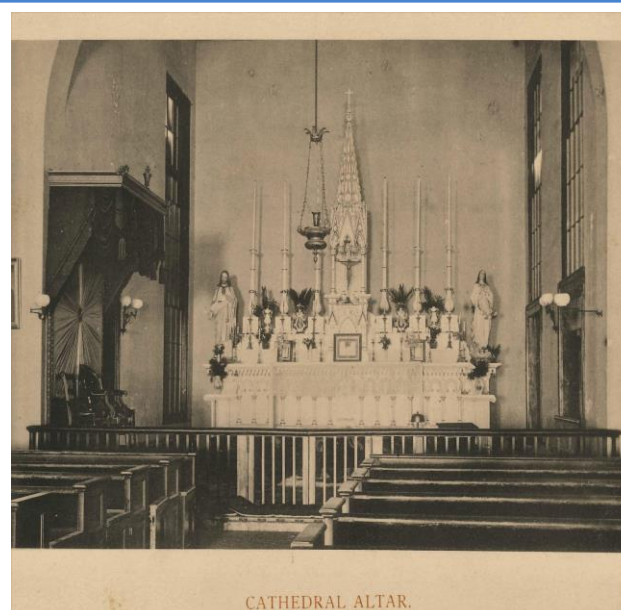
The remains, having been kept at the Convent, were brought to the Cathedral at 10 o'clock yesterday morning and the concourse of people in waiting clearly indicated how widespread was the love and veneration for this good woman. The vestrymen of the several Catholic congregations of the city acted as pallbearers and the casket was met at the Cathedral door by Bishop Northrop. As the procession passed up the aisle the choir sang softly, "Lead, Kindly Light." Behind the casket came the Sisters of Mercy and the boys and girls from the Catholic orphanages.

Preliminary to the Mass Miss Godard sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and then followed Dressler's Requiem Mass. Bishop Northrop conducted the service, with Mgre D. J. Quigley, archdeacon; Fathers Burbage and Kraft, deacons; Fathers Duffy and Wright, sub-deacons, and Father Budds, master of ceremonies. All of the members of the Catholic clergy were within the chancel rail.

After Mass the "Veni Jesu," "Cherubini" and "Liberate me Domine" were sung. For the returning procession a solemn organ postlude was played. From the Cathedral the casket was taken to St Lawrence Cemetery and the remains interred in the lot of the Sisters of Mercy.



Outside picture of the Pro-Cathedral site of the funeral.



Inside the Pro-Cathedral

Lead, Kindly Light a hymn with words written in 1833 by John Henry Newman as a poem titled "the Pillar of Cloud" (from the Book of Exodus) **was sung during the procession at Mother Teresa Barry's funeral**. In some hymnals, one may find a fourth verse added by Edward H Bickersteth Jr, Bishop of Exeter. It is usually sung to the tune *Lux Benigna*, composed by John Bacchus Dykes in 1865, to *Alberta* by William H Harris, or as a choral anthem by John Stainer (1886). Arthur Sullivan also did a setting, *Lux in Tenebris*, which Ian Bradley praises as a "much more sensitive and honest setting of Newman's ambiguity and expressions of doubt" than Dykes' "steady, reassuring" rhythms. As a young priest, Newman became sick while in Italy and was unable to travel for almost three weeks. In his own words:

Before starting from my inn, I sat down on my bed and began to sob bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer, "I have a work to do in England." I was aching to get home, yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed for whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio, and it was there that I wrote the lines, *Lead, Kindly Light*, which have since become so well known. Source: Wikipedia

"Lead, Kindly Light, amidst th'encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on.
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Meantime, along the narrow rugged path,
 Thyself hast trod,
 Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
 Home to my God.
 To rest forever after earthly strife
 In the calm light of everlasting life."

Stanza 1 In this first stanza Newman asks God, the "kindly Light," to lead him on. "Lead Thou me on," occurs three times in the poem. It is a prayer trusting in God's kindly providence, to lead Newman on through the tumult of life. He acknowledges that he is far from home. He looks for small steps forward, "one step enough for me." Home is England, yes, but home is also heaven. Life is like a dark journey, like the journey of the ancient Hebrews from slavery to their homeland flowing with milk and honey. In the Book of Exodus we read: "The Lord went in front of them in a pillar of cloud by day, to lead them

along the way, and in a pillar of fire by night, to give them light, so that they might travel by day and by night" (Ex 13:21).

Stanza 2 Having trustingly asked God to lead him on, Newman now confesses his sins. Past years had demonstrated perhaps a degree of complacency with his life, especially his life in the church. Newman was well known. He had cut quite an impressive figure at Oxford. He loved "the garish day." He was proud. The Sicilian illness, however, had laid him low. Newman seems to confess in the words "I was not ever thus" that he was not always able to see God's holy yet mysterious presence in his life, inviting him to flourish through a gentle but confident submission, a submission that in its very submitting is far from passive. Newman was marked by a constant and vivid sense of living in God's presence, but his Sicilian illness brought about a much-deepened awareness of this presence.

Stanza 3 This last stanza has been described as "magically beautiful." Now, aware of God's providential presence as never before, he moves into the unknown future with confident hope. The "kindly Light" will continue to lead him on. This is realist verse. Newman had traveled on a mule through the mountains of Sicily, a tough and dangerous journey over "moor and fen, crag and torrent." The physical dangers were all too real, not least his illness. But God has been with him, and God will lead him on "till the night is gone."

Thirty-two years after it was written, "The Pillar of the Cloud" was set to music by John B. Dykes (1823-1876). The music is simply splendid. Newman in point of fact attributed the popularity of the poem to Dykes's musical rendition. While there is something in that, it nonetheless remains true that the poem captivates because it is John Henry Newman. Not only is it Newman, but it is also ourselves, as we allow it to penetrate our thoughts before God, the kindly Light, who is leading us too through life "till the night is gone." Source: Our Sunday Visitor, 2009 You can listen to the song by going to Utube.

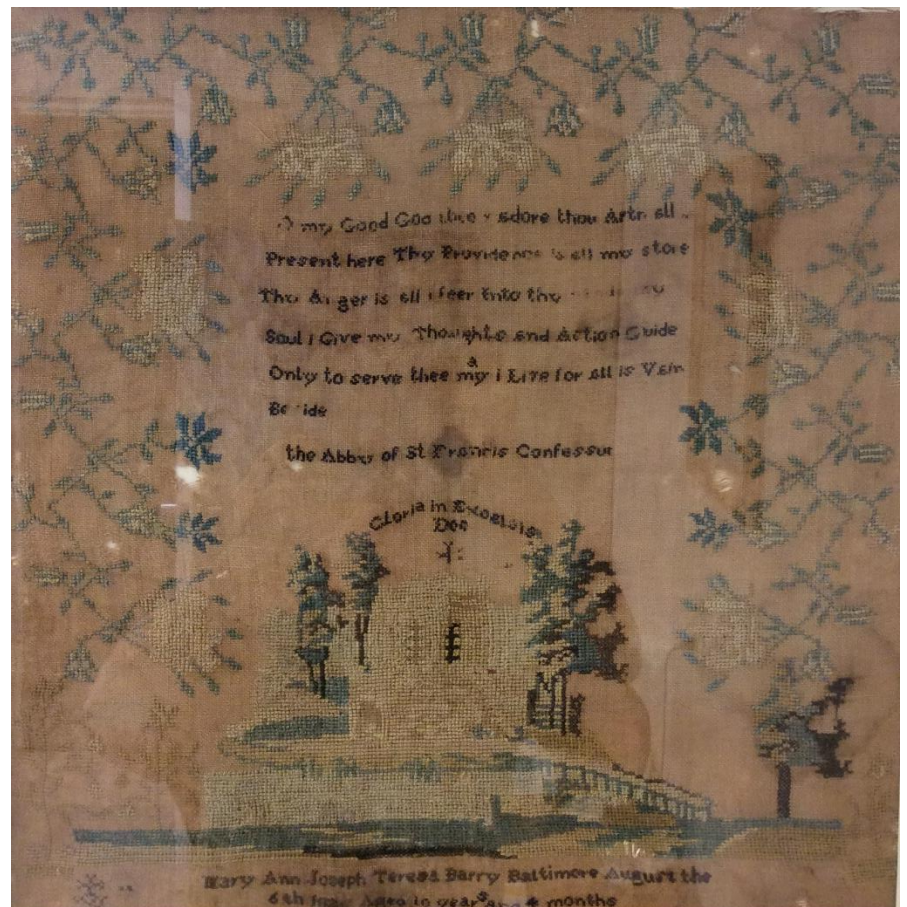
Sampler stitched by Teresa Barry while she was in Baltimore as a child. The sampler is housed in our archives.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

O my good God Thee I adore;
Thou art all present here,
Thy Providence is all my store;
Thy anger is all I fear,
Into thy hands my soul I give,
My thoughts and actions guide,
Only to serve Thee may I live,
For all is vain beside.

The Abbey of St., Francis, Confessor.

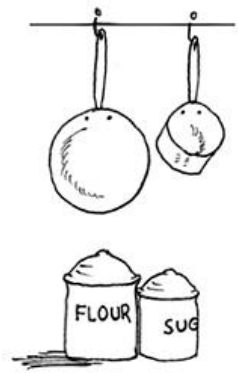
Mary Ann Joseph Teresa Barry.
Baltimore August the 6th. 1825.
Aged 10 years and 4 months.



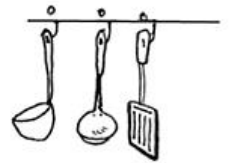


In honor of Earth Day, the College of Charleston students partnered with the Department of Natural Resources to place oyster shells and plant sea grass on the shore of our motherhouse grounds. This was done to preserve the beach from erosion and help increase the sea grass growth. What a fun Earth Day activity it was!





WILL COOK FOR FRIENDS



Cooking, Baking, & the Pursuit of Tastiness

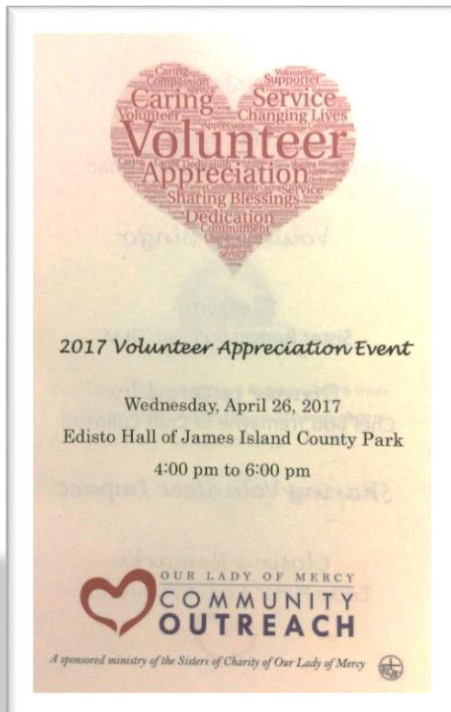


Former CFO Graydon Vadas, his daughter Elaine Hamdan and her husband Faust, cooked a wonderful dinner for the sisters at the Motherhouse! A very fine menu of pork wellington, chicken breast stuffed with kale and cheese, mushroom sauce, red potatoes, asparagus, and dessert which was a delicious pound cake with strawberry sauce.

Bon Appétit



Eagle Scout project by Joseph Hart and companions. They installed birdhouses around the motherhouse property. Four of the boxes are occupied!



Spending time honoring the Outreach Volunteers.

