The View From The Bluff

MAY 2019

SISTERS OF CHARITY OF OUR LADY OF MERCY

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

Mother Isidore Barry 1875-1878

Thirty-three year old Elizabeth Barry of Augusta, Georgia, entered the Community on November 21, 1858 and was professed on March 25, 1861. Although Bishop Lynch had selected her to go with the Sisters to Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs in December, 1861, she was not sent because her musical talents were needed in the Academy of Our Lady of Mercy. Apparently, she remained in Charleston during the War. In 1872 Sister Isidore was elected Procuratrix of the Community and served in that office until her election as Mother Superior in August 1875.

The three years of Mother Isidore's administration were difficult ones. Community membership was stretched thin. Twenty-eight professed sisters were conducting an orphanage for girls on Motherhouse property on Queen Street, a boys' orphanage on Canon Street, the Academy of Our Lady of Mercy on Meeting Street, St. Mary's Free School on Society Street in Charleston, and St. Joseph's Academy in Sumter, SC. Records note that the Community owed creditors over $2000.00. To improve their financial condition, Mother Isidore and her Council closed the boarding department of the Academy of Our Lady of Mercy. For the next seven years the Academy accepted day students only. Luckily, the City of Charleston appropriated $6000 annually for the care of orphans. Without that support the Community would not have been able to care for these children. In a letter to Bishop Lynch, dated August 19,1877, Mother Isidore stated: "Our prospect is gloomy enough as many of the Sisters are in wretched health. We have been obliged to bring home one from the Boys' Asylum, the physician pronouncing her incurably diseased. Another is to be withdrawn from Sumter. These vacancies have to be filled from our midst. Our force being small and duties so scattered, we cannot fill all the posts satisfactorily." To improve the situation Mother Isidore went North in search of new members. She recruited two young women but neither persevered.

Mother Isidore's term in office expired in July 1878. She was appointed Directress of Saint Joseph's Academy, Sumter, and held that office until 1889. In her history of St. Joseph's Academy Sister De Lourdes Boyle, OLM, states: "Sister Isidore's gentle, guiding spirit was an inspiration to all who knew her. To quote Right Reverend J.J. Monaghan, 'Sister Isidore was long known for her musical gifts as well as for her quiet and saintly character.' With untiring zeal, she carried on admirably the academic work which had been so well established by her predecessors."

Sister Isidore died on October 27, 1893 and is buried in St. Lawrence Cemetery, Charleston.

The following pages show the 1875 contract between the City of Charleston and the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy for the care of orphans in the city. The contract is signed by Mother Isidore Barry.

The State of South Carolina
City of Charleston

Pursuant to the following resolutions adopted by the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Charleston in Common Council assembled on the 26th day of October 1875. "Resolved by the Mayor "and Aldermen of Charleston in City Council assembled, "That the Mayor and the Committee on Contracts be and "they or a Majority of them are hereby authorized and "directed to enter into Contract with the Sisters of Our "Lady of Mercy, or their authorized agent or Superior, "for the Support Clothing and Education of a number "of male and female orphans of this City not less than "Seventy five (75) at an annual Cost of Six Thousand "Dollars, or at the rate of Eighty Dollars per annum each "payable monthly at the City Treasury.

"Resolved That said Contract shall be for a term of "ten (10) years and that no Child below the age of "three, or above the age of Fourteen years shall be "entitled to any provision thereunder.

This Contract is now made and entered into between the City of Charleston and City Council of Charleston of the First Part, and the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy a body politic of the Second Part.

First. The City of Charleston and City Council of Charleston party of the First Part do hereby Covenant and agree for and in Consideration that the Sisters of Mercy, the party of the Second Part shall for the Period of ten (10) years Commencing the First day of November 1875, and ending the First day of November 1885, find Cloths, house rain and otherwise Care for a number of poor male and female orphan Children of this City, not less at anytime than Seventy Five (75) in number, and no Child below the Age of three years, or above the age of Fourteen

to pay to the said Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy the Sum of Six Thousand Dollars per annum, payable in monthly instalments the said monthly payments to be made by the City Treasurer upon a warrant from the Mayor of the City accompanied with Vouchers from the Sisters of Mercy showing the number ages Sex and nationality of the poor orphan children in their care -

Second The Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy the Party of the Second part do hereby Covenant and agree for and in Consideration of the aforesaid payment to them of Six Thousand Dollars per annum by the City of Charleston Party of the First part to find & clothe house train and care for at least Seventy Five (75) Male and Female poor orphan Children of this City for the period of ten (10) years Commencing the First of November 1875 and ending the First of November 1885 -

And the said parties to these presents do hereby bind themselves and their Successors each unto the other for the faithful performance of the terms and Conditions of this Contract.

In Witness Whereof on this the fourth day of November One Thousand Eight hundred and Seventy Five the said The City of Charleston have hereunto affixed the Corporate Seal of the City with the Signatures of George S Cunningham Mayor, and E. C. Bowen and M. N. Collins Aldermen of the Committee on Contracts and the said The Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy have attached the Corporate Seal of their Institution with the Signature of Mother Mary Isidor Barry Superioress of the Sisters of Our Mercy

Geo S Cunningham Mayor

E C Bowen
M N Collins
Committee on Contracts

Mother Mary Isidore Barry
Superioress Convent of Mercy.

The Case Against Hunger…Senator Ernest 'Fritz' Hollings and Sister Mary Anthony Monahan, OLM

South Carolina retired Senator Ernest 'Fritz' Hollings died on April 6, 2019. He served in Washington from 1966-2005. At his funeral service United States Representative from South Carolina Jim Clyburn said, "He was a one of a kind statesman". He also mentioned the following poem in stating that Senator Hollings GREW during his years in office.

THANK God, a man can grow!
He is not bound
With earthward gaze to creep along the ground:
Though his beginnings be but poor and low,
Thank God, a man can grow!
The fire upon his altars may burn dim,
The torch he lighted may in darkness fail,
And nothing to rekindle it avail,—
Yet high beyond his dull horizon's rim,
Arcturus and the Pleiads beckon him.

Part of his "growth" was due to his relationship with our Sister Mary Anthony Monahan, OLM.

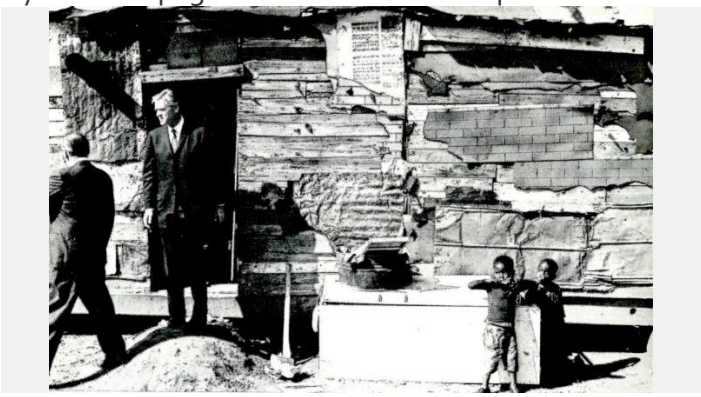
From Washington, DC at the news of Senator Holllings death South Carolina Congressman and U.S. House Majority Whip James Clyburn said:

"America has lost a one of a kind statesman. Fritz Hollings was an astute politician who was motivated by service. He was truly devoted to advancing the cause of our democracy and bettering the lives all Americans. I have been reflecting on the legacy of my friend Fritz Hollings in recent days as I studied the work he did on hunger and poverty. This year marks the 50th anniversary of his Hunger Tour, in which I was proud to play a small part. In January 1969, Sister Mary Anthony and I accompanied Fritz on a tour of an impoverished area of Charleston so he could see the plight of families who had been ignored by the government for too long. The conditions Fritz saw in Charleston and around the state impacted him so deeply that he challenged this country to change the distribution of food stamps and initiate the Women, Infants, and Children nutrition program. His actions provided hope and healing in communities in desperate need. He was a man with courage and conviction, who began his career protecting the status quo but changed as he learned and grew.

Also found on the internet was this piece of information:
"Well, you can't refuse a Sister" — Sister Mary Anthony Monahan, Fritz Hollings, and Hunger in South Carolina
Posted on January 13, 2012 by moorekv
One of the great joys in working at the Libraries is the friendships we develop with Library supporters — people who care about history and value what we do. Our friends support us with their time, money and energy. One key role they play is in scouting out materials which build on our collections.
Ms. Charline Brandt of Columbia is one such friend and recently we received a real treasure from her — material relating to Sister Mary Anthony Monahan

of the Sisters of Charity of Our Lady of Mercy and head of the Home for Children and Neighborhood House of Charleston. Sister Anthony is particularly important to SCPC because Fritz Hollings credits her for leading him to his investigation of hunger in the late 1960s. Ms. Brandt donated a copy of Sister Anthony's 1963 dissertation, Our Lady of Mercy Welfare Center: The Story of a Neighborhood House, and a scrapbook Ms. Brandt kept on Sister Anthony.

In an oral history with SCPC, reflecting on his close relationship with Sister Anthony, the Senator reflected about her visit when she introduced him to the problem of hunger in South Carolina — "*She said, 'No, you don't understand it. I want you to come with me. Come with me.' Well, you can't refuse a Sister. You can be a big shot and busy, but you can't be that big and that busy. I said, 'Yes, ma'am.' We got in the car, and we went up around what we called the Mall."* There, Sister Anthony opened Hollings' eyes to the plight of South Carolina's poor.



Senator Fritz Hollings is dismayed by what he sees during his "Hunger Tour" of South Carolina.

He eventually wrote a book, *The Case Against Hunger*, which opened the eyes of the world to the problem of hunger in America. *'I began to understand some of the things Sister Anthony had been trying to tell me — that hunger was real, and it existed in hundreds of humans in my own home city. I saw what all America needs to see. The hungry are not able-bodied men, sitting around drunk and lazy on welfare. They are children. They are abandoned women, or the crippled, or the aged. They are that part of America for whom civil rights or first class citizenship is not a part of their wildest dreams."*

original materials have been placed at the South Carolina Library. Copies have been placed in a The Vertical File at SCPC under Sister Anthony's name. Truly, we stand on the shoulders of so many friends helping us develop our collections and programs. We thank Ms. Brandt for these wonderful materials documenting the life of a lady Senator Hollings has described as a "saint."

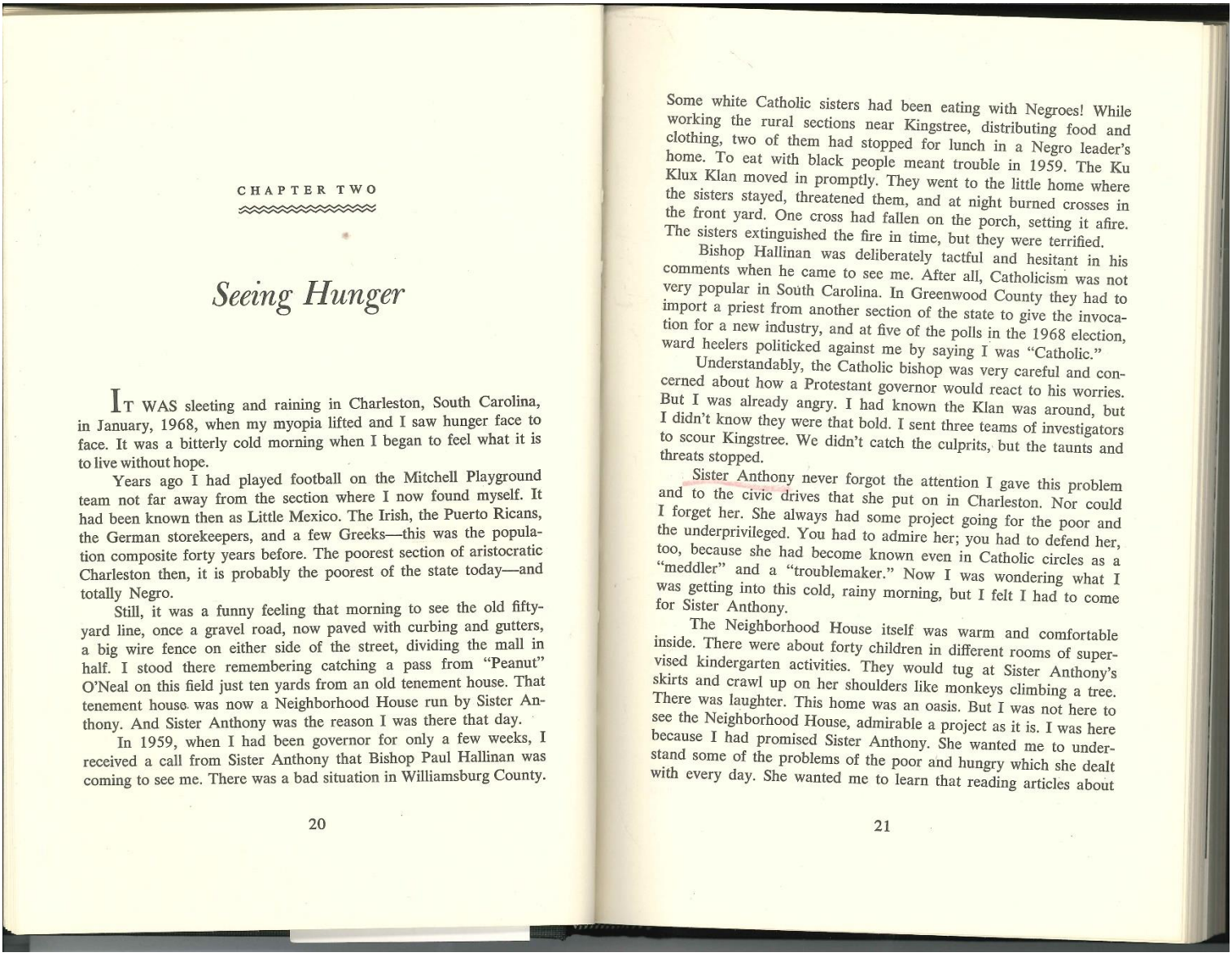
Contributed by Herb Hartsook

In his eulogy at Senator Hollings' funeral Rep. Clyburn said, "I received a phone call from Sister Mary Anthony in 1969. She said, I want you to come and walk with me and Senator Hollings. I'm going to show him some things here in Charleston's East Side that he wants to get to know about a little bit better. We took him on what was the first leg of the Hollings Poverty Tours. When we finished that poverty tour that day and Sister Anthony and I sat down with him I knew something would come of it. After visiting 15 counties in South Carolina he wrote his book, *The Case Against Hunger*. He was trying to prevent the ruining of lives!

Sister Anthony entered the OLMs 1934 and died in 1976.

Pages from Senator Ernest Hollings' book, *The Case Against Hunger:*

So, I can't say that I really saw hunger until I went traveling with a Catholic nun, Sister Anthony, in January, 1968. That was the first time I realized the extent and the danger of the problem. It was then for the first time that I realized it was my problem as a public official.



CHAPTER TWO

Seeing Hunger

IT WAS sleeting and raining in Charleston, South Carolina, in January, 1968, when my myopia lifted and I saw hunger face to face. It was a bitterly cold morning when I began to feel what it is to live without hope.

Years ago I had played football on the Mitchell Playground team not far away from the section where I now found myself. It had been known then as Little Mexico. The Irish, the Puerto Ricans, the German storekeepers, and a few Greeks—this was the population composite forty years before. The poorest section of aristocratic Charleston then, it is probably the poorest of the state today—and totally Negro.

Still, it was a funny feeling that morning to see the old fifty-yard line, once a gravel road, now paved with curbing and gutters, a big wire fence on either side of the street, dividing the mall in half. I stood there remembering catching a pass from "Peanut" O'Neal on this field just ten yards from an old tenement house. That tenement house was now a Neighborhood House run by Sister Anthony. And Sister Anthony was the reason I was there that day.

In 1959, when I had been governor for only a few weeks, I received a call from Sister Anthony that Bishop Paul Hallinan was coming to see me. There was a bad situation in Williamsburg County.

20

Some white Catholic sisters had been eating with Negroes! While working the rural sections near Kingstree, distributing food and clothing, two of them had stopped for lunch in a Negro leader's home. To eat with black people meant trouble in 1959. The Ku Klux Klan moved in promptly. They went to the little home where the sisters stayed, threatened them, and at night burned crosses in the front yard. One cross had fallen on the porch, setting it afire. The sisters extinguished the fire in time, but they were terrified.

Bishop Hallinan was deliberately tactful and hesitant in his comments when he came to see me. After all, Catholicism was not very popular in South Carolina. In Greenwood County they had to import a priest from another section of the state to give the invocation for a new industry, and at five of the polls in the 1968 election, ward heelers politicked against me by saying I was "Catholic."

Understandably, the Catholic bishop was very careful and concerned about how a Protestant governor would react to his worries. But I was already angry. I had known the Klan was around, but I didn't know they were that bold. I sent three teams of investigators to scour Kingstree. We didn't catch the culprits, but the taunts and threats stopped.

Sister Anthony never forgot the attention I gave this problem and to the civic drives that she put on in Charleston. Nor could I forget her. She always had some project going for the poor and the underprivileged. You had to admire her; you had to defend her, too, because she had become known even in Catholic circles as a "meddler" and a "troublemaker." Now I was wondering what I was getting into this cold, rainy morning, but I felt I had to come for Sister Anthony.

The Neighborhood House itself was warm and comfortable inside. There were about forty children in different rooms of supervised kindergarten activities. They would tug at Sister Anthony's skirts and crawl up on her shoulders like monkeys climbing a tree. There was laughter. This home was an oasis. But I was not here to see the Neighborhood House, admirable a project as it is. I was here because I had promised Sister Anthony. She wanted me to understand some of the problems of the poor and hungry which she dealt with every day. She wanted me to learn that reading articles about

21

hunger and poverty was one thing; seeing and feeling and smelling hunger was another.

Outside it was still raining and freezing. Cold and wet, we moved from door to door, alley to alley. Before we had gone a block, I was miserable. My first feelings were that it was a mess. Nevertheless it was an eye-opener! I began to see the pattern of fatherless families—six "head" in this house, nine "head" in the next; *i.e.*, nine children cared for by an aunt or grandmother.

I began to understand some of the things Sister Anthony had been trying to tell me—that hunger was real, and it existed in hundreds of humans in my own home city. I saw what all America needs to see. The hungry are not able-bodied men, sitting around drunk and lazy on welfare. They are children. They are abandoned women, or the crippled, or the aged. They are that part of America for whom civil rights or first class citizenship is not a part of their wildest dreams.

In the first house, there was an aunt—pronounced "ont"—in the mixture of Negro patois and gullah language. She had seven children. Two were hers and the rest belonged to friends who had just left them there and disappeared. They had no mother or father. They were huddled around, dressed in filthy rags, trying to keep warm from their own shared body heat. In the next house was a grandmother with nine children. None were hers, just a collection from Lord knows where, all of them in need of food.

Farther down this dirty little alley was a mother of eight—all hers. But she did not have a husband. Most of the children were fathered by different men. One had gone to New York, another to Chicago, and a third to Florida. She didn't know about the others. None of them had ever sent a penny to help take care of the children. But those men who visited her in the evening constituted a "man in the house" in the eyes of the local welfare worker, and because of the rules for aid to dependent children, those kids were not getting any kind of food or other assistance.

This was middle ghetto poverty at its worst. The street was unpaved and muddy. The shacks all looked as if they were leaning on each other, and if one were pulled down they all would topple like a house of cards. Women and children stood on the porches and balconies, half dressed despite the freezing weather. They had

no television sets there. It reminded me of the cocktail party banter about the poor and the complaint that they can't be so bad off—"Look at that TV antenna." There were no books, either.

The day was not a happy one for me. Some of my convictions about the poor had been shattered. Some of my time-earned ideas were quickly forced out of the window.

I returned home that night still thinking about the things I had heard for years—things such as, "They like poverty." "They are lazy." "They don't want to work"—and I wondered, why didn't people work? Why didn't they try to better themselves?

"They do," Sister Anthony had told me that first day, pointing to a new school at the end of the block. "You ought to see the adult training courses there at night. There are hundreds there every evening trying to better themselves."

To me this was most dramatic. I had seen the worst of slums with my own eyes and yet right alongside of it, the adults at night after work were trying to better themselves.

"If I could tell in the same breath of the poor trying [to improve themselves], even while hungry, maybe somebody will listen," Sister Anthony said, her face and voice suffused with hope. "No one pays any attention to them. They would be thrilled if a United States senator would come. I am sure they would hold a special program."

"No," I countered, "no special program."

I would come, but I didn't want any publicity. We had intentionally "slummed" without the TV or newsmen. I was trying to get my facts straight before I started trying my case. And these desperate wretches I was seeing and talking to were frightened enough without TV lights blaring. They wouldn't talk at all then.

That next night proved to me the willingness and the desire of the poor. It was nine o'clock. There was never a more miserable night; it was unrelentingly bitter, sleeting, and raining. Yet, there gathered in the auditorium were seven hundred to eight hundred men and women. They had all paid their own bus fare to get there for the three-hour lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic. One of them was a cook who worked for a short time for our family. She came up to me to tell me how she was learning to speak better and do simple math so that she could get a job at a local plant.

United Nations Days in May

On 2 March 2010, by resolution 64/257, the General Assembly invited all Member States, organizations of the United Nations system, non-governmental organizations and individuals to observe 8-9 May in an appropriate manner to pay tribute to all victims of the Second World War. The Secretary-General called the Second World War "one of the most epic struggles for freedom and liberation in history," adding that "its cost was beyond calculation, beyond comprehension: 40 million civilians dead; 20 million soldiers, nearly half of those in the Soviet Union alone." In resolution 69/267, the General Assembly recalled that the Second World War "brought untold sorrow to humankind, particularly in Europe, Asia, Africa, the Pacific and other parts of the world."

Bees and other pollinators, such as butterflies, bats and hummingbirds, are increasingly under threat from human activities. Pollinators allow many plants, including many food crops, to reproduce. Not only do pollinators contribute directly to food security, but they are key to conserving biodiversity - a cornerstone of the Sustainable Development Goals. They also serve as sentinels for emergent environmental risks, signaling the health of local ecosystems.Invasive insects, pesticides, land-use change and monocropping practices may reduce available nutrients and pose threats to bee colonies. To raise awareness of the importance of pollinators, the threats they face and their contribution to sustainable development, the UN designated 20 May as World Bee Day.

Why this date?

20 May coincides with the birthday of Anton Janša, who in the 18th century pioneered modern beekeeping techniques in his native Slovenia and praised the bees for their ability to work so hard, while needing so little attention.

Living together in peace is all about accepting differences and having the ability to listen to, recognize, respect and appreciate others, as well as living in a peaceful and united way.

The UN General-Assembly, in its resolution 72/130, declared 16 May the International Day of Living Together in Peace, as a means of regularly mobilizing the efforts of the international community to promote peace, tolerance, inclusion, understanding and solidarity. The Day aims to uphold the desire to live and act together, united in differences and diversity, in order to build a sustainable world of peace, solidarity and harmony.

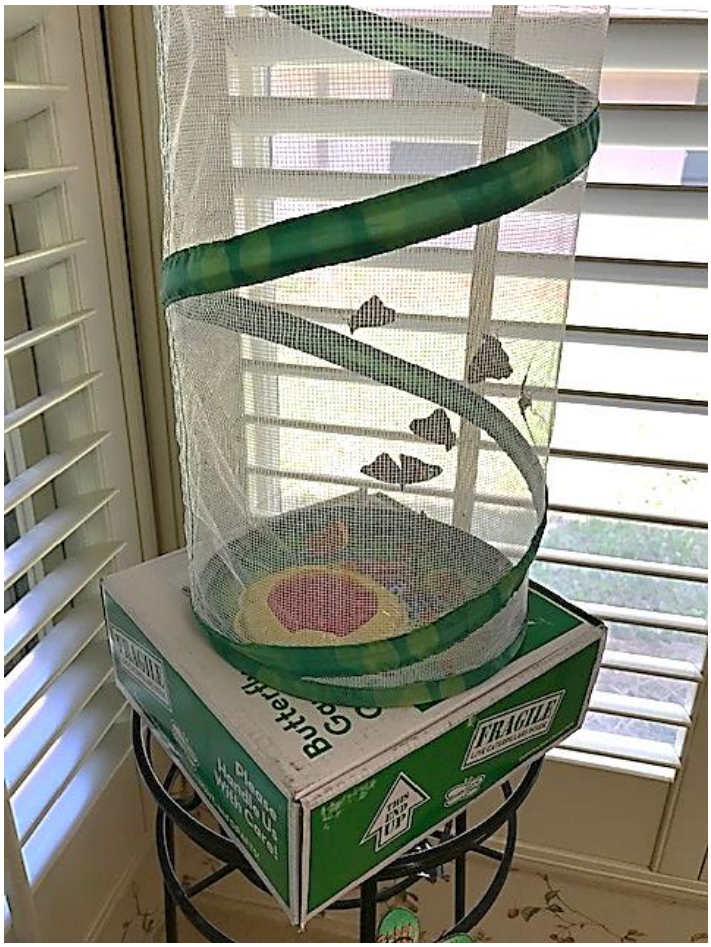
The Day invites countries to further promote reconciliation to help to ensure peace and sustainable development, including by working with communities, faith leaders and other relevant actors, through reconciliatory measures and acts of service and by encouraging forgiveness and compassion among individuals.

Care for our common home

Beach Sweep for Earth Day 2019

For Earth Day 2019 we had a beach cleanup. In thirty minutes bottles, cans, glass, plastic hose, wood, broken chair, electrical wire, styrofoam, paper, plastic eye glasses, fabric, glass and one unopened can of beer were found and removed. Thanks to all who participated!

Butterfly Release



Sr. Ann released our six butterflies in the center garden on April 23nd. We enjoyed watching the transformation from caterpillar to butterfly. All were safely released landing in the grass at first and then some explored the bushes and flowers. One immediately flew over the building toward the water! We hope they enjoy their new home outdoors in our yard!