

# BROTHERLY LOVE

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Lord Jesus taught us to go and love our neighbours as ourselves. This love which often involves kindness and help for a fellow-human being I shall term “Brotherly Love”. Dear friends, I shall now tell two true stories of “pro-active brotherly love”.

Let us go back to the year 1847. In that year Ireland suffered a serious potato blight which resulted in widespread famine and deaths. So some of the community leaders decided that the people must flee to other places to survive. Thus many of these unfortunate people embarked on two old rickety ships and sailed to Canada and to America.

As one of these ships approached the Atlantic Coast of this country, the people on land learned of the overcrowding on board and the death and rampage caused by the virulent diseases of typhus and typhoid among the refugees who were already severely malnourished and lacked food and clean water – a truly tragic situation. At once the authorities in Quebec at that time had a quarantine camp set up on Grosse Isle – an island on the St Lawrence River – to accommodate these refugees. Seven young women took pity on them and volunteered to go to the camp to take care of the refugees. In the process they got infected and they, too, died from the terrible diseases. Theirs was truly an amazing act of brotherly love! O Lord, may they rest in peace.

In recent times, as we know from the newspapers there has been a bad shortage of priests in both Canada and U.S.A. Many of the descendants of the early immigrants from Ireland have filled the gaps in the parishes- the O’Brien, Murphies, O’Neills, O’Donnelllys, the

McNamaras, McHughes, Maldoons, McPhersons, Dalys, the Flanagans, the Donovans, Doyles, Malones, O’Sullivans, etc. In a sense, they could be said to be repaying the hospitality which their forebears enjoyed years ago. Praise the Lord!

Those of you who have been to Toronto may recall walking along King Street and Queen Street in the older Quarter. Not far from them is “Power Street”. This street was named after Bishop Power. This Bishop at the time went to live in the Grosse Isle quarantine camp to tend to the spiritual needs of the refugees. Eventually he too contracted the dreaded diseases and passed away. “Eternal rest grant unto the seven ladies and this good bishop, O Lord.” This story of Bishop Power reminds me of Father Damien who went to take care of the spiritual needs of the lepers on Molokai (near Hawaii in the Pacific Ocean). He lived among them, and caught leprosy and then, too, sacrificed his life. Now he is known as Blessed Father Damien.

**Let us fast forward to the present for the next story of brotherly love.**

Dear reader, do you know what do “M.S.F.” stand for? They stand for “Medecins Sans Frontieres” (English name is “Doctors Without Borders”). This wonderful organization regularly sends out teams of highly moral young volunteers. Many may be trained doctors and nurses or paramedics and dedicated lay men and women. They are sent to places throughout the world in bad need of health care, shelter, food and clean water. They are often the first relief teams to arrive at areas devastated by civil war in Africa, in the Niger, Liberia, Sierra Leone, Congo

Republic, Sudan and Djibouti. The grimness of the conditions may be gauged from the fact that the children they treated for the diseases occasioned by extreme malnutrition died within 20 hours of their admission into the mobile health clinics operated by these volunteers. "God bless them," I am proud to say that, at last count, 73 of these volunteers, many of whom gave up their livelihoods to volunteer, come (in the prime of life) from

coast to coast in Canada (New Brunswick, Quebec, Manitoba, B.C. and the Yukon). Again, these volunteers of brotherly love were among the first to arrive to actively help the victims in areas stricken by natural disasters such as the tsunami in S.E. Asia (Aceh, Indonesia, Sri Lanka and S.E. India) and the earthquake-levelled regions of Kashmiri India and Kashmiri Pakistan. May God bless their good work and brotherly love!

## *Songs of Praise*

### **"STAR OF THE SEA"**

Oh purest of creatures  
Sweet Mother sweet Maid  
The one spotless womb wherein  
Jesus was laid  
Dark night has come down on us,  
Mother and we  
Look out for Thy shining  
Sweet Star of the Sea  
Ave Ave Ave Maria, Ave Ave Ave Maria.

### **"THRONE GRACE"**

O come to the Throne of Grace  
O come to the Heart Most Pure  
To Mary our hope of life  
In whom salvation is sure  
Our Lady of Fatima hail  
Immaculate Mother of Grace  
Oh pray for us, help us today,  
Thou hope of the human race.

# 心田

林翠

我常常安步當車走去教堂。在必經之路上，有一家的庭園非常吸引我，每每使我駐足觀賞，甚至帶著虔敬的心情行注目禮，絕對捨不得踏上一腳，寧可繞道而行。

他們的草地細細密密，平平整整，像一幅翠綠的波斯地毯；他們的樹木，修剪得體，有的是一排整齊方正的屏風，有的是圓身的守門神，有的是螺旋形，有的婀娜多姿，各領風騷；正中有一座小天使，冬日裡塑料緊捆，呵護倍加，夏日裡涼水沐洗，光潔如新。

心儀已久的主人翁，終於一次參加第一台彌撒的清晨得見盧山真面目：年過不惑，個子短小，皮膚粗黑，身穿全白連衣連褲工作服，腳踏黑色網紅邊的水靴，手持水管逐一在淋水，非常專注，似乎邊做邊與他的寶貝們交談，有時還面帶笑容。

他的辛勤付出，使他的庭園一片欣榮景象；我們的心田呢？難道不正需要我們鬆鬆土，施施肥，澆澆水，讓她成為一個百花園，迎來我主人住！