Found in the June 4, 1961 Annals of Camilla Hall

"Expression of Gratitude on the Occasion of Our First Anniversary at Camilla Hall"

Sent: June 4, 1961

Dear Mother Maria Pacis...



MARY

CAMILLA

EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE

ON

THE OCCASION

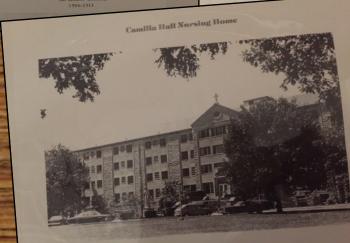
OF

OUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY

AT

CANTILLA HALL

June 4, 1961



A. M. D. G.

Dear Mother Maria Pacis, Members of the Council, including our own dear Mother Franceline--our weekend guest Superiors, and loved Sisters:

We chant a kind of Magnificat today in celebrating our first birth-day in our love-built home, Camilla Hall. Under God's Providence, we owe this monument of love to dear Mother Maria Pacis and all who have aided her in erecting this modern and adequately equipped Infirmary.

Surrounded by God's grandeur, overlooking the beautiful valley, we can glance from any window and as we look at blossoming nature say:
"Life has loveliness to sell." Part of that loveliness is within these newly-built walls, for here we possess all that makes life both spiritual and temporal a thing of joy.

With the poet who looked at all the loveliness which life had to sell and wrote the memorable poem: "These I have loved," we may paraphrase and say: "These we love:

Our Mother General whose prayers, planning, and forethought gave her sick and suffering Sisters this home.

Our Council Members whose advice and counsel have contributed to its erection.

Our Superior who is solicitous for the health and happiness of her spiritual daughters, especially those Saints-in-waiting who face the gateway of eternity.

We love and appreciate our dedicated nurses who give us loving, patient care, day and night, and who are the heralds of the King each morning at Communion for the infirm. We appreciate our culinary department, its head and staff who try to make each meal a banquet and our refectory another Supper Room with a Divine Guest.

We love, too, dear Mother Maria Pacis, your frequent visits to Camilla and the individual greeting you extend to each Sister.

Our chapel, we love, whose simple architecture is like frozen music."

We might conclude with all this loveliness by saying: "We love, too,
the Rose Window in our Chapel which throws its glow of Mary-blue upon the
tabernacle where Love dwells," To that Love itself we breathe a prayer of
gratitude to you, dear Mother, and whisper: "Thank God for our God of
Loveliness."



PRAYER