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Dear

Happy Bastille Day! Sorry I'm late with this week's "Dust Mop"--am too busy meeting my first obligation; namely, gathering news and meeting deadlines for the general chapter, a frantic, frenzied business (for sure, as Anwar Sadat would say!).

Yesterday's election process at Carondelet which we all were permitted to witness for, I think, the first time in the history of the congregation was a moving experience as was the Mass of Thanksgiving following the election. The singing at the Mass drew raves (Fontbonne's contribution to the choir included Alberta, Marilyn, Rita Marie and me). Mary Ann Mulligan did a splendid job directing us; Mary was at the organ; and Nancy Hayden, Ruth Yates and Mary McGlone with their guitars. Gretchen, Mary McGlone and Nancy Kennedy were the soloists. It was all beautiful and exceedingly hot in the gallery. For most of the mass we stood on risers in the cradle of the institute's unairconditioned chapel. Enough of all this--you'll read it all in the news releases supposed to have gone to press today. But they didn't because Carondelet where the material is printed and mailed had a power failure in the neighborhood. So the presses didn't roll and meeting my deadlines didn't mean much.

After yesterday's mass we were all invited to a picnic box supper at Carondelet. Most people headed with their boxes (chicken, slaw, potato salad, cold drink, cookies or fresh melon) for air-conditioned or fan-supplied rooms: library, auditorium or dining room. But my crowd--Mary, Marilyn, Alberta, Sheila and I--for old times' sake headed for benches in the yard overlooking the Mississippi and loved it all.

When we arrived home we were pretty shocked to find our elders feeling oh so good after having treated themselves to a happy hour. Only a few of us are home this week simply because we've had more goings than comings. Dorothea is back from a sun-filled fun time in Florida. Friday Fabian flew to Augusta, Georgia; Sunday at 5:30 am Stephanie, Alfred and Agatha took off by car for Atlanta and neighboring places; around 10 am the same day James Lorene left for Florida with two carloads of Hogan family; in the afternoon Teresine and Marie Cecile left for retreat at Mac. And Mary Hugh left last Thursday via Greyhound for Kansas City; Agnes Cecile and Rose Genevieve last Friday for retreat in the Colorado Rockies. Rose Marie is still in Detroit. There it 'tis.

Temperatures in St. Louis have been soaring into the 90's for days and we're promised no let-up. Today, one of the warmest days of the summer here, the newly-elected general superior and her newly-elected assistant together with the nominees for general council left Mercy Center at 9:30 am for the chapter of elections at Carondelet where they will remain until they've elected the four council members. What a time to be at Carondelet! Betty Moslander and her assistant are there, too, as facilitators for the election process. Everyone seems most happy about the general superior and assistant general superior choices. Good grief, didn't I say "enough of this"?

Now what shall I say about those dirt trails on campus and about progress in the student dining room? Well, the dirt trails are still clearly just that--dirt trails sparsely marked here and there with pathetic tufts of green grass. And the dining room? Typically the workmen laid the carpet before completing all the messy portions of their job. Covering the new rug (dull grey, quite drab seemingly) is a large expanse of plastic and covering the plastic is an equally large expanse of debris. But work there is moving forward.

What else? Last Monday (or was it Sunday?) the Hickey girls--some thirty of them--moved into St. Joe's. Summer school continues on. And, oh, I almost forgot--the admissions offices also got new carpeting--same kind that's in the dining room. Surely there must have been a walloping good sale on the stuff.

For now--farewell until the next "Dust Mop" which I hope I can manage, if not on time then at least late. Take care. Peace.

With love,
Margaret

PS: Forgot to say that Sisters Josephine, Alberta, Marilyn, and I spent a beautiful Sadhana weekend on prayer (Tony deMello, SJ from India) at St. Louis U's Busch Center. It really was smashingly good, particularly the Sadhana exercises. And it was Margaret Desiss who was the instigator AND creator of last Sunday's happy hour. In the morning she and Margaret Eugene treated us to a super delicious Sunday brunch.

No surgery yet for Sister Jane Frances. Please continue to keep her in your prayers. The doctor is trying to rid her knees of the infection.

Am now truly signing off.