

The Parish of St. Charles Borromeo, Resurrection and All Saints



April 19, 2020 ~ Second Sunday of Easter

A Message from the Pastor ~ Fr. Gregory Chisholm, SJ

The Easter People

If Lent reminds us so clearly that we can be sinful men and women, then the Easter Season is a different reminder that we are also Easter People. We are baptized Christians, washed in the blood of the Lamb (Rev 7:14). We are baptized Christians, “the anointed ones” who have received the sign of the Holy Spirit (the Catechesis of St Cyril of Jerusalem).

Easter reminds the Christians of our Church that we are sent into the world to be images of Jesus Christ. In the welcome we give, the love we share and the stewardship of the gifts of God that we offer, we show ourselves and the world how identical to the Risen Lord we are.

The Easter character is shown so clearly by several of our Seniors and Young Adults who are organizing Prayer Services via phone chats. At Resurrection, there was a Prayer available on Easter Sunday morning. Among the Rosarians, there has already been a phone-based Rosary and another is planned for the coming week. The Lazarus Project sponsored a Stations of the Cross at the End of Lent. One of our Seniors has been connecting food and care services available through offices for the aged with other Seniors who are isolated. Some church members have developed their own Phone Trees to maintain connections among one another.

I am in awe of the Youth Directors and Religious Education directors at St. Charles and Resurrection who use Various Forms of Social Media to maintain a flow of information between themselves and young people in our Church. These Directors of Religious Education are teaching, on the one hand, but they are also inviting youth to share their joys and their concerns. These means help our youth see how active and present God is in their lives, especially in a time of strife and difficulty.

The suffering of those who mourn for the deceased has humbled me. Their tears and pain reflect the tragedy of all that has happened in our midst. Yet I also hear the thankfulness to God for the lives of those who have passed, and I see the genuine care these families are giving to their loved ones. I recently attended the funeral and burial of Bernice Bryan, mother of Diane Neblitt, who attends 11:45 am Mass regularly. The thankfulness to God and care for Bernice were so clear at these ceremonies.

Recently I also received an Obituary of Regina Peterson from her granddaughter, Sarita Hatcher. The Obituary was originally prepared by Regina herself and written in her own hand in 2009. It is easy to see from the Obituary that Easter runs in the family blood of some Christians. I reproduce Regina Peterson’s Obituary below.

In conclusion, Easter People, this may not have been the Easter we hoped for or the one we anticipated. Nevertheless, this is the Easter which has enabled our congregation to bring the very best of what it means to be an image of the Risen Lord, Jesus Christ, into the world.



REGINA OLDA PETERSON
Sunrise: April 2, 1924 ~ Sunset: March 31, 2020

“What follows is a letter which our grandmother wrote in 2009”

Ms Sarita Hatcher and Ms Sherisse Dozier

Dear family, friends, and church family,

After the last rites for my dear friend, Maxine Neely, Laura said I was the last one left, or as Meredith said the “matriarch” of the family. She said I had to write about my life because I was the only one to tell it. So here it goes.

My name is Olda Regina Peterson, daughter of the late Alexander and Ann Peterson. I was named Olda after a Danish queen and Regina for the blessed mother “Regina Coeli”. I was born in Frederiksted St. Croix, V.I. U.S.A on April 2, 1924. I am the last surviving sister who were Cynthia, Gloria, Consueo, and Monica. My mother lost seven babies, including two sets of twins, between my sister Cynthia and me. She also almost lost me, but I was saved by a Chinese doctor who had just started to practice on the island.

When I was 1 ½ years old I followed my sister Cynthia and my cousin Miriam to St. Patrick’s school because I wanted to go to school. My mother came to school to get me, but the mother superior had already put me in class. I must have put up a good argument because I was allowed to stay.

When we came to New York, I was three years old and in the first grade. My mother took me to St. Charles but was told I had to be five to start school. When I was five, I was enrolled at Resurrection school and loved every minute being taught by the Franciscan sisters of Baltimore.

When I was eight, I took my sister Monica, three years old, on the 7th Avenue bus and went to St. Patrick’s Cathedral to see Cardinal Hayes lying in state. Of course, the seat of my pants was heated up when we came home.

I graduated from Resurrection and attended Cathedral H.S. for two years, then decided I wanted to see what a Public School was like. I enrolled in George Washington H.S. because my friends from Resurrection were there and graduated in 1940.

I went to NYU for a short time, but there were no funds to continue as the Depression was on. When the War started, I went to work at Fada Radio making radios for airplanes. After the War I worked briefly for the VA then went to work for Social Services, retiring in 1982 assistant office manager.

I got my love of music from my parents. My mother sang in the choir at St. Patrick. My father was a musician until his health failed. He played all the wind instruments. My sister Connie was one of the original Lindy Hoppers. She traveled extensively with the late Lucky Millinder band.

When I was young, I sang in the Resurrection choir and in the annual plays. I was a member of the first girl scout troop formed at school, the CYO, Children of Mary, the dancer committee etc.

I also sang with a band formed to play at dances by the late Eddie Bonnemere. We appeared at the Rennie Park Palace and other dance halls in Harlem. I was also a member of the St. Charles mass choir.

I love to travel. I have been to London, Paris, Rome, Hawaii, the Netherlands, and Belgium. I have taken a picture of the late Pope Paul in Vatican City. I have a photo of the Mona Lisa that I snapped at the Louvre. I have loved my annual visits to Las Vegas, started with my sister Gloria in 1974. Last but not least I have played bingo from New Orleans to Canada. I was at the longest bingo game played at a race track in Canada. It made the Guinness Book of Records. I even played bingo in a "mum shop" in St. Croix. That was the happiest bingo caller I ever saw.

Well that is a small synopsis of some of the things I have done. It has been one heck of a journey and I have enjoyed every minute.

Now let me tell you a story about my darling daughter. When Laura was 1 ½, we were at the cleaners. A little boy exactly her size was standing next to his mother. Laura walked up to him wrapped her arms around him and kissed him on the lips. I knew I would never have a dull moment and what a ride it has been. I have to thank her for me staying around so long wondering what is next. She gave me two wonderful granddaughters Sarita and Sherisse (Mimi). I can't tell you how proud I am of them I could go on and on.

To all my relatives and friends, thank you for making my time here on earth worthwhile.

Regina Peterson

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**"Olda Regina Peterson leaves behind quite the legacy. She is survived by her granddaughters: Sarita Hatcher and Sherisse Dozier. Their spouses: Jamie Miranda and Brian Dozier. Great grandchildren Noelle Eva Hatcher-Miranda, Ava Regina Hatcher-Miranda, Lucian Brian Dozier, Charlotte Ann Hatcher Miranda, and Julian Arnold Dozier. She is also survived by beloved nieces, nephews, great nieces and nephews, and even great, great nieces and nephews. Cousins, God children, beloved friends...too many to list but all having had a special place in her heart."**