

March 3, 2023

Moïse

On Wednesday, March 1st, Santa Chiara celebrated Moïse's 2nd birthday. Nobody actually knows Moïse's date of birth. He was brought to us near the middle of March 2021. As most of the Journal readers know, his teenage mother gave birth to him on a dirt street in Cite Soleil. Moments have the delivery, she handed the newborn child, his body still covered with birth fluid, to a stranger, an older woman. The teenager asked the woman to hold the baby until she returned with help. She never returned. The woman did her best to care for the child. She only gave him tea. After about a week, the woman realized the mother was not going to return and so she brought the child to Santa Chiara. The unnamed boy was clearly hungry. I raced down to local market and got some baby formula. I decided to keep the child. I named him. He spent nine months of his life living with me on the second floor, cared for by three nannies who watched him in shifts around the clock. About six months later, Steph entered our lives, and we became a family, mother, father, and son. I'm sorry I missed being with him on his birthday.





I miss my wife and son very much.
I wish I could have been there to celebrate his life, which has greatly blessed my life.

Collegio Sant' Isidoro

There are 14 Franciscan friars living in the 400-year-old building. Five are priests. There is one older brother, an American, who is a renowned scholar of Franciscan history, especially in the field of theology. I have met him before in California. When I arrived, he was on his way out the front gate. He saw me struggling with a big suitcase, as well as a backpack and a briefcase. He said the rocky uphill path would be hard to navigate with all that luggage. (Seems I ignored Jesus' advice *to take nothing for the journey*. We all ignore most of what Jesus said.) The brother took the huge suitcase and hauled it up to the front door. All the other friars are much younger and studying in Rome. At lunch on Wednesday, the day I arrived, a younger friar entered the refectory wearing a Notre Dame sweatshirt. I asked if he went to school there. He said he received his doctorate from the school. I told him about the essays in Notre Dame Magazine about my ministry in Haiti. He said he often reads the magazine on-line. Later that evening during Mass, I saw he was a priest; he was born in South Korea. I feel very much at home here.



It has been colder than I expected, and my jean jacket was enough when I went out for a cappuccino on Thursday morning. When a friar heard about my have enough warm clothing, he went and got me a jacket and two sweaters that belonged to a friar I liked very much when I lived at S. Isidoro; he is now 93 and living in Ireland. In fact, they gave me his old room...photos of it are on the next page.



Stairs leading to the second floor



The gate on the right side of the photo is the entrance to S.Isidoro on via Degli Artisti.

