

**A Family Gathering
Celebrating
Arleen McCarty Hynes, OSB
90 years young
May 3, 2006**



**Celebrated May 6, 2006
at the Family Homeplace
Kilfenora
Designed and Built by
Arleen and her beloved Emerson in 1941
The warm hearth to which
They brought their
Ten children home**

**Many thanks to Denis and Susanna
Now Most gracious lord and lady of the manor for hosting
Family: Denis, Susanna,
Patrick, Stephanie, Jared, Liza
Mary,
Hilary, Kathy, Aidan,
Brigid,
Peter,
TMore, MaryECVH, Jesse, Kylah, John t., Teagan,
Timothy,
Christopher
Sister Nancy,
Mary Jo and Mark Hughes
And dear friends
Bill and Lorraine Cofell,
Jodie O'Connell**



Denis Emerson Hynes July 24, 1942

First born, and our gracious host in our childhood home
Denis, he who is always there, said, as he often does, much in few words.

ARLEEN'S HAIKU

Her faith nurtured her
Family and confreres, all
Revered her calm way.

And his thoughts were expanded by his consort, the celebration's hostess *Susanna Humphrey Hynes*, the reigning gracious mistress of the Kilfenora homestead.

SISTER MARY MOM

She told me the first green of spring is gold
Now never will spring come again without me recognizing that.
All hepaticas will bring her memory back,
The violets remind me of her cheerfulness.
And each new golden leaf will shimmer like an enormous prize.
I'll remember her noticing a million little things.
Always nodding approvingly as though she had never seen them before.
And I can sit by my window and see her watching the birds from my chair.

Once she was the mistress of Kilfenora and her spirit has settled
In the trees, flowers and wild creatures.
The woodchucks will always be her woodchucks
As will generation after generation of little phoebes
Who build a nest in the rafters each spring.

So don't be alarmed if you hear me talking to her deep in the woods. She has known
this place well and it has known her.
Her footprints are all over it,
And I hope to honor her by walking in them.

Arleen has a deep love of tactile things.
Dreams of beauty, lovely smells, smooth touches,
And purple, beautiful, beautiful, purple.
She is nature's child and, for that, I truly love her.

Susanna Humphrey Hynes 5.2.2006

**Patrick Benedict Hynes,
February 11, 1944**

Second son, Second born conducted a "No Play" –orchestrating a tinkling of bells from the group as he read Bilbo's song with which Arleen announced her decision to join the Benedictines in September, 1980 and then explained the initial chorus of "NO-o-o-o-H" in reaction from her children has been turned into universal affirmation as we have witnessed at how becoming Sister Mary Mom 25 years ago has been a spiritual benefit to all.



SEPTEMBER 1980

Bilbo sang in Tolkein's Ring:

"The road goes ever on and on
Down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
And I must follow, if I can,
Pursuing it with eager feet,
Until it joins some larger way
Where many paths and errands meet,
And whither then? I cannot say."

I have reached a larger way and
will pursue it at the Convent of
St. Benedict, St. Joseph, Minn.
56374. Phone: 612-363-7711.

Mary Eileen Hynes-Berry
January 9, 1945
3rd born, first daughter, read her poem.

Arleen McCarty Hynes
Born 3 May 1916

Always, I think her children would agree, our mother
Rejoiced and found some way to be glad in the day the
Lord had made—as she learned at her Mamma’s knee—
Even from deepest sorrow understanding can grow;
Even the greatest joy may hold complex ambiguity;
Nothing in this wide world should be wonder-free.

Many might also, on reflection, agree how like a
Crazy quilt is the life our mother stitched together —
Cutting from the fabric of love and loss that came to hand
An array of patches, random sizes and shapes--those
Roles she played—sister, wife, mother, Sister in Christ;
Those life-long passions: poetry, prayer and family –
Yet how they fit together— beautifully unexpectedly.

How hard it is, those who love her do agree, to
Yield our mother into the arms of eternity-yet
Now do we so, rejoicing to know she will be
Embraced there by those most dear, by
Such a heavenly host, praising the Lord eternally.

Hilary Mark Hynes

March 1, 1946
4th child, 3rd son

Though frustrated by airline baggage confusion on the celebration day, he who was the “laughing boy” and is ever an artist, had constructed a moveable feast of images, celebrating Arleen’s life--

On exhibit in Sister/Mamma Arleen’s room at St Scholastica’s.



Brigid Ann Hynes-Cherin

March 28, 1948

5th child, second daughter

Gifted her mother with yet another free airline ticket—this time a first class ticket to heaven

Then, in her efficient effective way, Brigid orchestrated the composition of group poem, by eliciting lines from those present, she herself, providing the refrain.

Part I: Children

I remember Momma when

1

We took a sled ride down the hill under the full moon one snowy night at Kilfenora (Mary)

2

I had a special birthday and Emerson and Arleen took me to the National Gallery all by myself. (Tim)

3

She would gladly sit in a wheelchair at the National Gallery so she could appreciate the pictures without having to walk. (Hilary)

***We remembered Mamma then
and when she is gone, we will smile and remember again.***

I remember Momma when

4

Mamma took naps after I went to school and the little kids got in fireplace ashes. (Denis)

5

Whenever she saw a butterfly and was thrilled as if it were the first time. (Brigid)

6

In 1945, on V-J day, Mamma's hot tears fell on my cheeks: the war was done. (Patrick)

***We remembered Mamma then
and when she is gone, we will smile and remember again.***

I remember Momma when

7

When multitasking by talking on the phone while ironing, she took the iron to cheek instead of to phone (TMore)

8

She would awaken us to say “Listen to the birds—Spring is here! Spring’s first green is gold. (Peter)

9

She took me to the Supreme Court to see Miranda win. (Chris)

***We remembered Mamma then
and when she is gone, we will smile and remember again.***

Part II: Grandchildren

I remember Gramarley when

She gave me an impromptu decorative tin can for my birthday—willing to celebrate though she didn’t remember it (Jesse)

She gave me a stuffed cat, even though she hates cats. (Aidan)

She took me and Johanna and Paul and Rachel to see the Wizard of Oz at the Circle Theater. (Stephanie)

For Christmas we received the candy cane story of St Joseph. (Kylah)

She left a chocolate biblical scene on my bed (Liza)

I was given the responsibility of blocking Gramarley’s old lady shoes in all the family photos. (Teagan)

***We remembered Gramarley then
and when she is gone, we will smile and remember again.***

Peter McCarty Hynes

August 21, 1949

6th child, 4th son

uniquely middled as youngest of the oldest, oldest of the youngest

spoke in his eloquent extemporaneous way of how very much his mother
always has and always will mean to him.

Thomas More (TMORE) Hynes

JUNE 26, 1953

8TH child, 6TH son

Born on his parents' 12th wedding anniversary

Allowed that Arleen was the best mother he has ever had.

Timothy John Hynes

October 14, 1955

Who has been known to introduce himself very accurately as “The 7th Son
of a Nun”—

One of the few exemplars of a very rare breed,

Read the letter he had emailed via Denis:

Dear Sister Mom,

Books and poetry, libraries and galleries, mother of many, defender of the faith, supporter of the party, Irish-American, yours-our blood runs thick with toil and our roots run deep into the earth, here we stand many generations removed from the pain of our birth.

Early memory—coming out of the woods when the moving van was being loaded by two big strange men carrying our sofa up the ramp, running inside, crying, “Mommy, mommy, they are taking our furniture away!” and you saying, “It’s okay, Silly Billy, don’t you remember we are moving to Washington. Daddy has a new job.”

You have done a lot of explaining over the years, much of it practical, solid advice, like “You attract more bees with sugar water than with vinegar.” And, “there are two ways to take a bath, the happy way or the sad way, but you have to get clean at least once a week.”

Perhaps more important was your tender regard, love and emphasis on the intangible, ineffable, and the eternal.

In good cheer, your seventh son

Tim John Hynes

Christopher Leo Hynes

May 8, 1957

10th child, 8th son—who was told as the tenth child of two tenths, he should marry one of the same. Instead, he wisely followed his heart instead of tradition and married the lovely Olivia.

THERE'S A DANCE IN THE OLD GIRL YET

IN THE WINTER AND SPRING
SHE BORE US ALL

THRU SUMMER AND FALL
SHE BORE US ALL

.IN THE HOUSE SHE BUILT
WITH DADDY SO TALL
SHE LOVED US ALL.

10 LITTLE INDIANS
SHE TAUGHT TO BE CHEIFS
FREE THINKERS THRU AND THRU
SHE LOVED US ALL

THE YEARS OF JOY AND PAIN
SHE WATCHED US GROW AND LEARN
SHE LOVED US ALL

THE DEATH OF HER BELOVED
EMERSON AND MICHAEL
SHE BORE IT ALL

THRU HER LOVE OF POEMS
SHE LEARNED TO HEAL
OTHERS
AND HERSELF
SHE BORE IT ALL

NEVER ONCE DID SHE
LOSE SIGHT
OF THE GOAL
SHE LOVED US ALL

LIFE IS TO GROW
GROW AND GROW
SHE LOVED US ALL

THRU IT ALL
SHE LOVED GOD
AND GOD LOVED HER
SHE BORE IT ALL

SHE TOOK THE VOW
AND SHOWED US HOW
TO LOVE IS ALL.

NOW SHE'S 90
AND IT'S PLAIN TO SEE
SHE LOVED US ALL
SHE LOVED US ALL.

Chris also read the heartfelt letter written by his lovely Olivia at the dawn of the celebration

"Olivia Primanis" <primanis@mail.utexas.edu>
<christopherhynesart@yahoo.com>; "denis hynes"
<2oldpeas@cloudnet.com> Saturday, May 06, 2006 12:35 PM

For momma on her birthday

Dear Momma,

I see and feel you in all your children and grand children. Your joy in living.
Your belief in the goodness and value of every human being.

Your compassion for human foibles that has held your heart open- no matter what.

Your belief in education and your continuous fight for equality and self determination for every citizen in the world.

Your understanding that this earthly life is more truly reflected in a rich and unique poem.

Your encouragement of each person's individuality.

Your spirituality that guides us all beyond our temporal feelings to God.

I thank you for taking me into the McCarty-Hynes family circle that your life has inspired and guided. It is a richer treasure than I could ever have imagined.

You really walk the talk- giving me boundless inspiration and strength to live a full life.

I love you.

Olivia

Words were also the gift from MARY JOAN WILLETTE HUGHES joined us, in the house where she and her love of many years MARK HUGHES gathered and sang as “college kids” and where they celebrated their engagement many moons ago.

AMEN
So Be It

You learn you are pregnant
with death.

Even before your birth, a shadow-cell
waited to grow in hidden geography. Now, tentacle
roots reach, claim inner terrains of your body.

You grace us still, as we circle within your light.
Aspens grown to full beauty bless earth and sky;
roots are deep and golden leaves shimmer praise.

Will death come on its own terms, or will there be
war: to excise by surgery, to delay by chemo and
pills, or to target errant cells with radiation rays?

How will you labor, in bonus days, to birth death?
Will your soul look back at life, or ahead for life
as the plume of darkness sweeps across your eyes?

You make your only choice.
You say, Amen.

Mary Willette Hughes

MARK HUGHES honored Arleen and all by echoing the words of his mother-in-law, Florence Hynes Willette (Aunty Dutch), another relative poet of great merit in the Hynes family

LAST LEAF

**The last leaf hangs in the steel-blue air,
Gallantly crimson and devil-may-care.**

**Like a mighty fan the wind sweeps through But the red leaf clings
though rent in two.**

**Though rent in two it spins and swings Like a vivid bird on dazzling
wings.**

**Some hour the vector wind will call
And the leaf will slip; the leaf will fall;**

**But its crimson dust on the snow will spill
Devil-may-care and gallant still.**

Florence Hynes Willette

Mary Jo shared this lovely, loving tribute from **John Fox**, recent president of NAPT (National Association of Poetry Therapy), a professional group who considers Arleen as a matriarch.

BEAUTY

"Where beauty is perceived, an integration of self takes place."
Arleen Hynes

If you lean close and are still
Even a handful of words: lily, Blue,
ring, whisper, prayer
Breathe into you what she means.

John Fox, C.P.T.

Though we do not have the paper record, we remember the tributes voiced by

Liza, Elizabeth Florence Hynes, youngest daughter of Patrick and Mary Elizabeth Hughes Hynes, who spoke from the heart about how important she has found the legacy she feels Gramarley embodies: of having a robust faith, whatever it may be, of being reflective, and of caring .

Kylah McCarty Hynes, daughter of Thomas More and Mary Elizabeth Carroll Hynes, testified to the rich gift that a loving caring family is, in moments of sorrow and moments, like the ones we shared this day, of joy.

The event was video recorded by granddaughter, the excellent **Stephanie Hynes**.

Other tributes included

Photo greeting from grandson, Daniel Berry

A crown hand-crafted by youngest granddaughter, Miranda Hynes,

Pictures of Ava and Tyra Berry with their great grandmother, taken on Sebastien and Mia's April visit.