

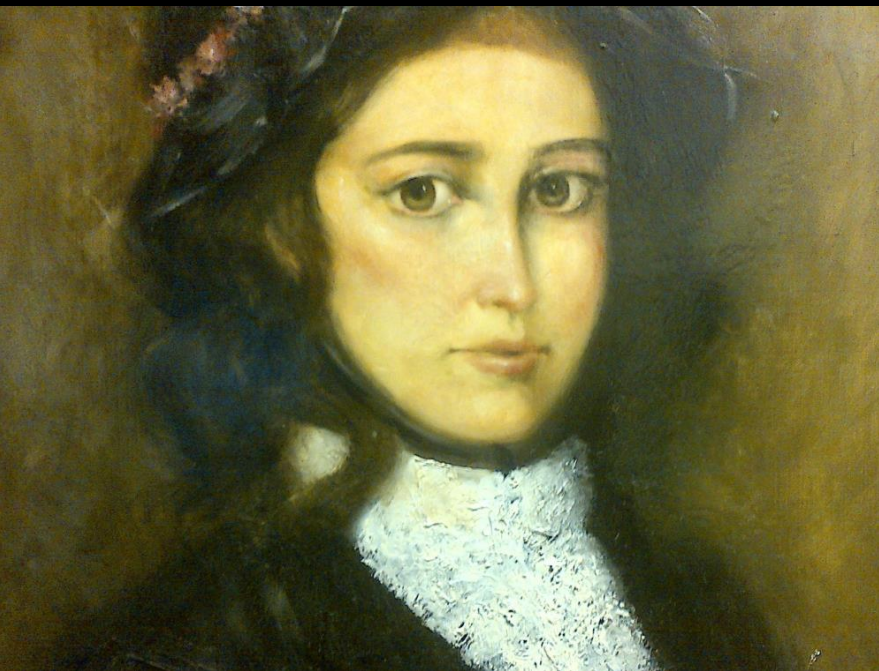
*A meditation with Elizabeth Ann Seton while  
she was in Quarantine in Italy*

An offering to the Sisters and Associates during this  
difficult time of isolation and concern,  
as we pray and hope for better days to come.

*A slide meditation created in 2017  
in the retreat ministry of  
Maureen Wild, SC*

- with permission to share it as you wish -

# *A meditation with Elizabeth Ann Seton*









December 1, 1803 - Elizabeth writes in her journal from the Lazaretto (place of quarantine) on the shores of Italy where she is with William and Anna.





Arose between 6 and 7, before the day had dawned,

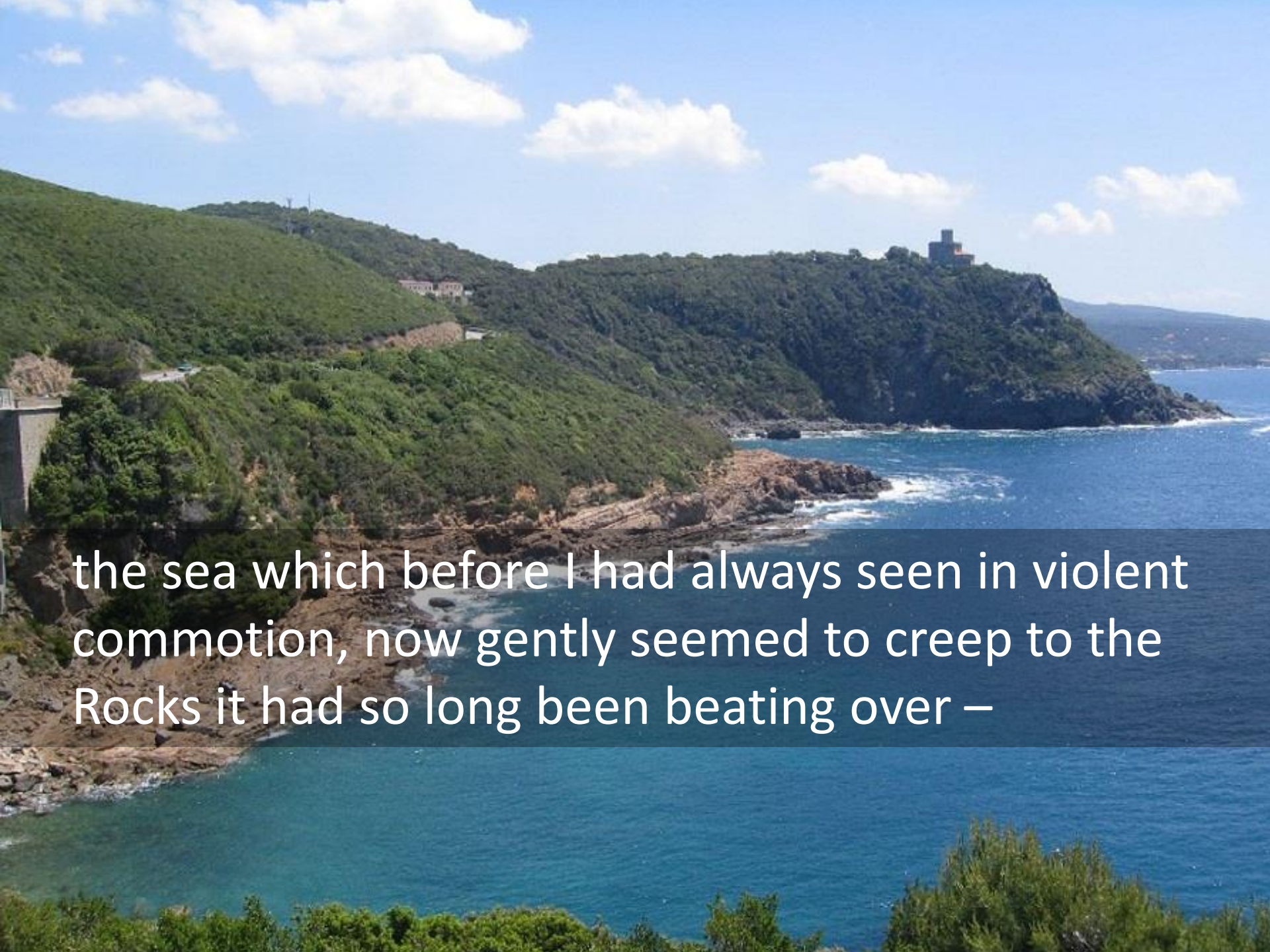




the light of the Moon opposite our window  
was still strongest – not a breath of wind –







the sea which before I had always seen in violent commotion, now gently seemed to creep to the Rocks it had so long been beating over –



everything around at rest except two little white  
gulls flying to the westward toward my Home –



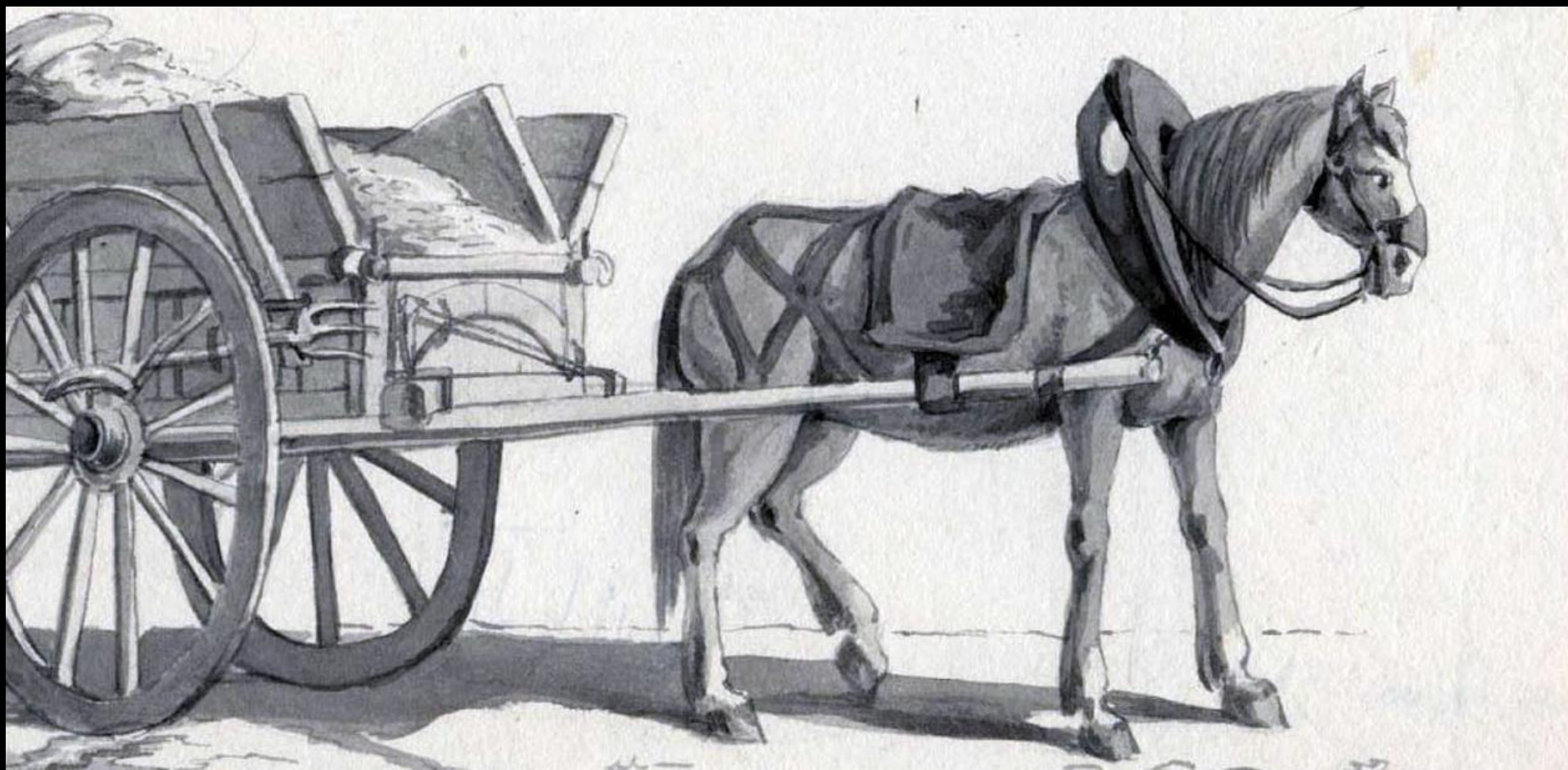


... At ten o'clock read  
with William and Anna  
– at twelve he was at  
rest – Anna playing in  
the next room –  
alone to all the World,  
one of those sweet  
pauses in Spirit,  
when the Body seems  
to be forgotten came  
over me –





[Elizabeth recalls an experience from her youth.]  
In the year 1789 when my Father was in England I  
jumped in the wagon that was driving to the woods  
for brush about a mile from Home. The Boy who  
drove it began to cut and I set off in the woods -





– soon found an outlet in a Meadow,





and a chestnut tree with several young ones growing round it, attracted my attention as a seat,





but when I came to it found rich moss under it and a warm sun – here then was a sweet bed.





The air still a clear blue vault above,  
the numberless sounds of Spring melody and joy

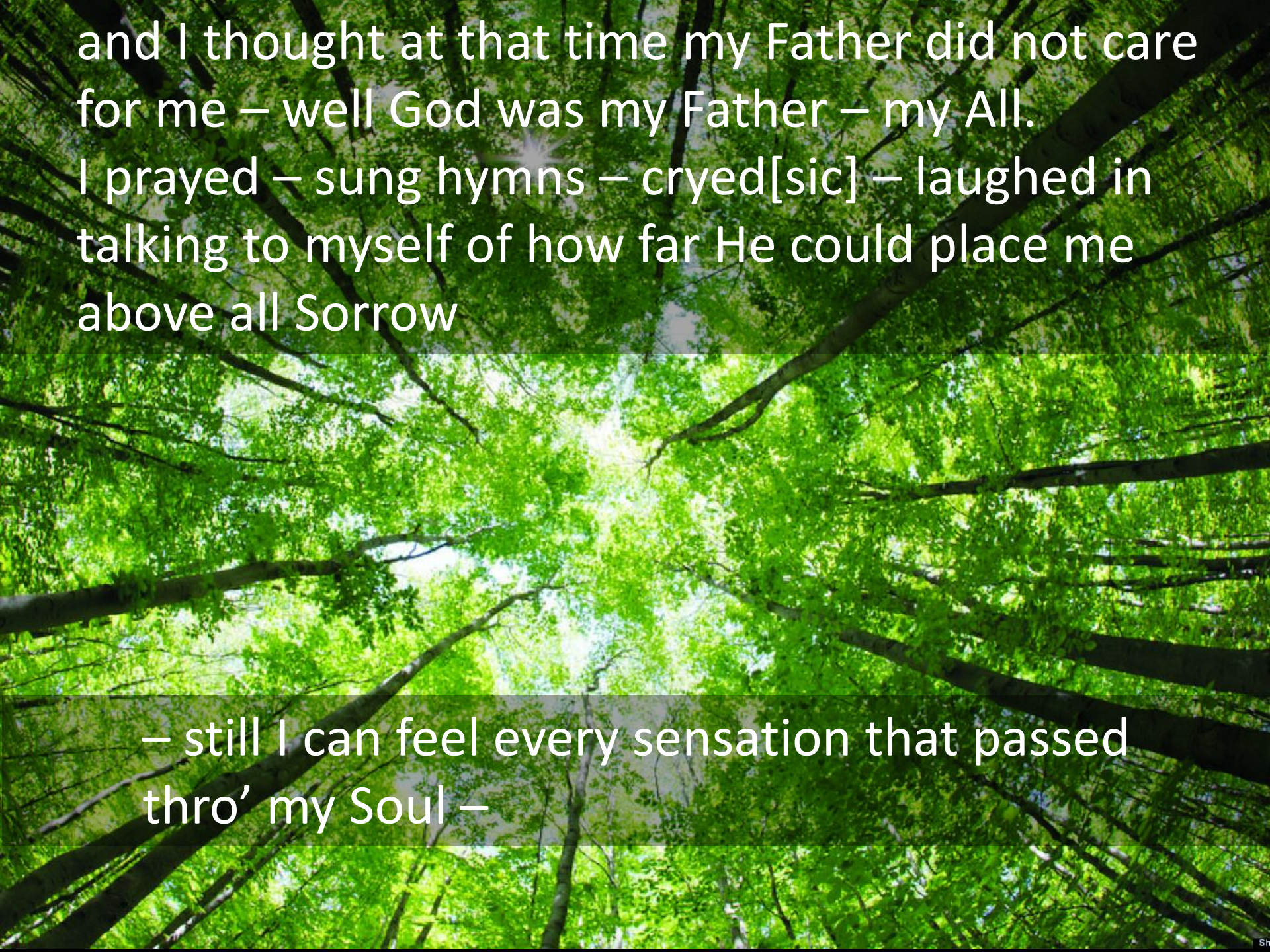




– the sweet clovers and wild flowers I had got by the way and a heart as innocent as a human heart could be filled with even enthusiastic love to God and admiration of his works





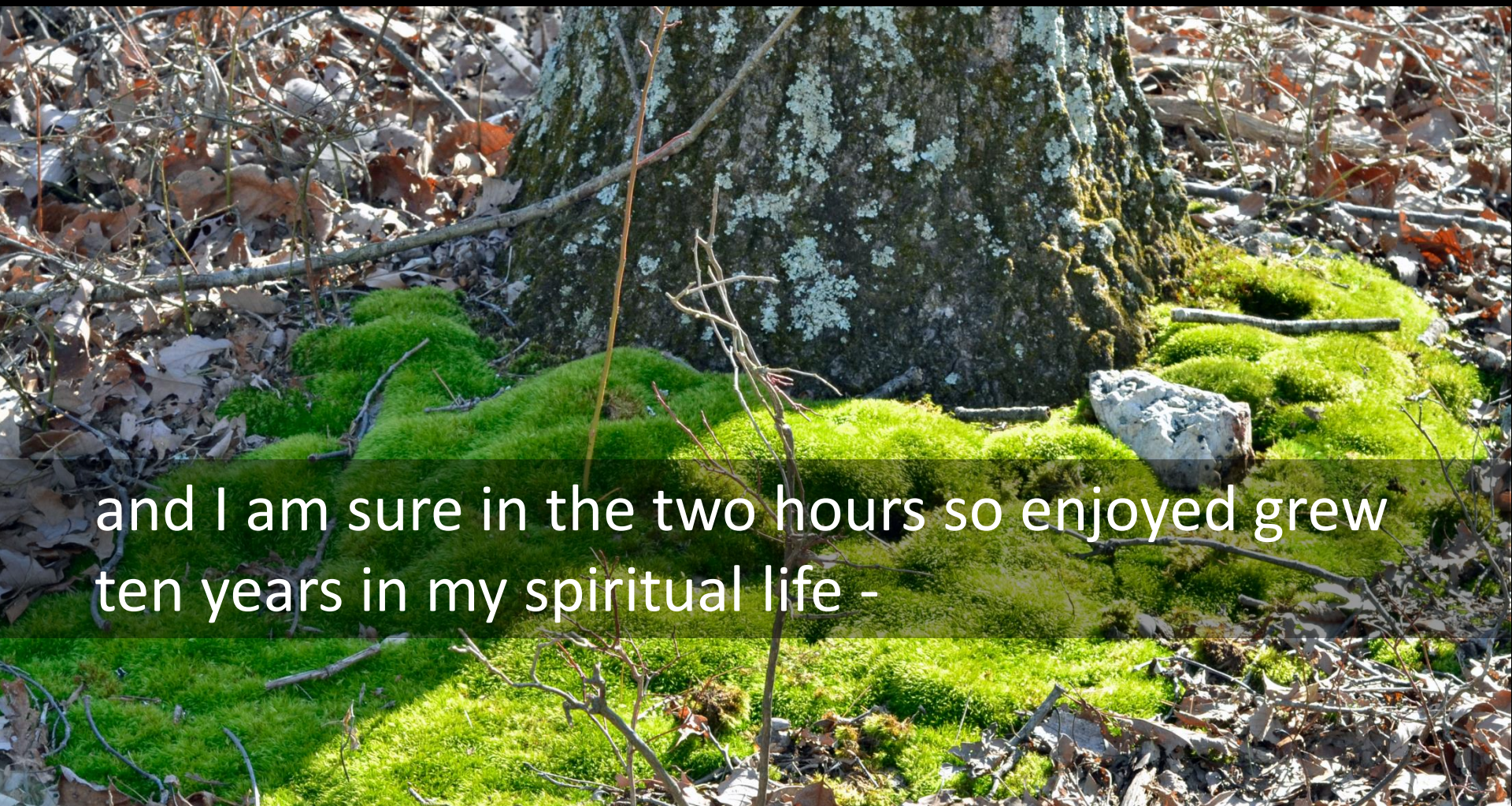


and I thought at that time my Father did not care  
for me – well God was my Father – my All.  
I prayed – sung hymns – cried[sic] – laughed in  
talking to myself of how far He could place me  
above all Sorrow

– still I can feel every sensation that passed  
thro' my Soul –



Then layed [sic] still to enjoy the Heavenly Peace  
that came over my Soul;

A photograph of a forest floor. In the center, a large tree trunk is covered in thick green moss and white lichen. The ground is covered with fallen brown leaves and dry branches. A semi-transparent dark green banner is overlaid on the lower half of the image, containing white text.

and I am sure in the two hours so enjoyed grew  
ten years in my spiritual life -





– still I can feel every sensation that passed  
thro' my Soul –





– still I can feel every sensation that passed thro' my Soul –



Well, all this came strong in my head this morning when, as I tell you, the Body let the Spirit alone.

I had both Prayed and cried [sic] heartily which is my daily and often hourly Comfort, and closing my eyes, with my head on the table lived all these sweet hours over again, made believe I was under the chestnut tree -





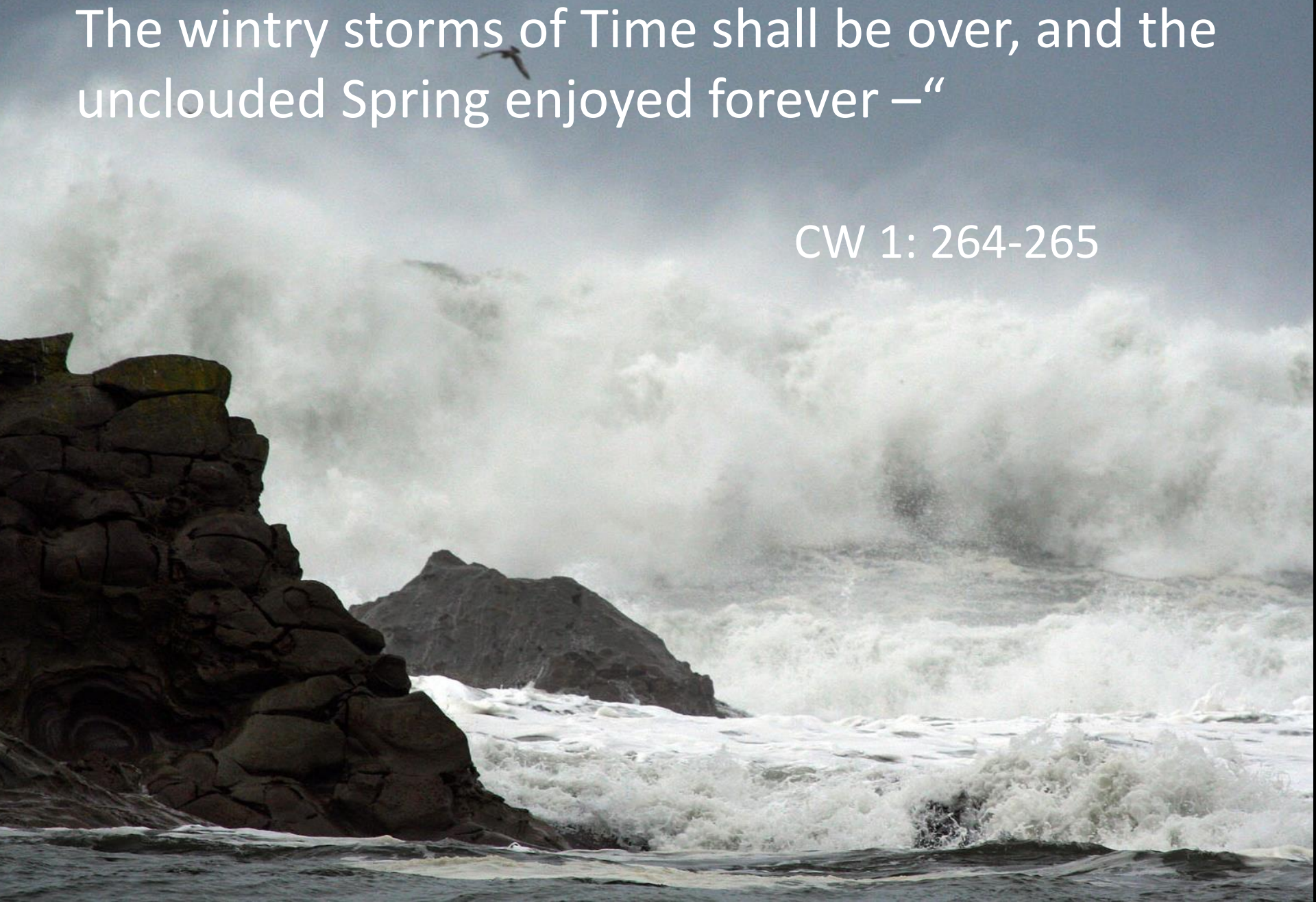
felt so peaceable a heart – so full of love to God –  
such confidence and hope in Him... in the Bond of  
Peace, and that Holyness which will be perfected in  
the Union Eternal –





The wintry storms of Time shall be over, and the  
unclouded Spring enjoyed forever —“

CW 1: 264-265









# *Prayer*

Like light dappling through the leaves of a tree  
And wind stirring its branches,  
Like birdsong sounding from the heights of an  
orchard, and of oak and maple trees,

And the scent of blossom after rainfall,  
So you dapple and sound in the human soul,  
So you stir into motion all that lives.



Let your graces flow this day into my soul,  
and into the souls of all who are broken,  
uprooted and full of sorrow.

Let your graces flow this day to heal our  
wounded Earth.

Let your graces flow O God, let your graces flow ...

J. Philip Newell