

Hello Dear Friends,

“These words are from an Italian song, it means more or less:  
Now I am holding the one who cannot feel me hold her.”

These words are strong for me now that my mother has died.

Hearing desperation in my fathers voice yesterday on the phone  
that my mother needed me in order to die in peace,  
I drove all night last night from Haiti to the Dominican Republic  
arriving there today at 5 AM thanks to Kieran and his team,  
and thanks to Vern and Mary Sue Conaway  
I flew to Connecticut, arriving at 1 PM today.

All six of us children, together with my father sat at my mother's bed  
and talked and shared stories about life and death.  
She was already far away, but listening I am sure.

We then we had the mass together at the bed-side and during the very consecration my mother  
died, surrounded by all of us when I said, “This is my body, given up for you.”

I thank all of you who have shared the last eight months with us.  
I thank you for your solidarity and prayers.

I had thought I had lost my chance to be with mom at the holy moment of death after spending  
days burying so many victims of the earthquake in Haiti since January 13<sup>th</sup> and caring for the  
desperately wounded.

Join me in thanking God for my mom's life and death. I thank you for all your concern and  
prayers for the tragedy in Haiti we are doing our best to face.

After my mothers funeral on Thursday, I will be ready to rejoin forces with all those  
doing our strong work in Haiti to continue help relieve the suffering there.

May God bless you,

Fr Rick Frechette