

In My Father's Hands

A botanist, a great scientist, came across a valley in the Himalayas where beautiful flowers were flowering, but there was no approach to it. It was very difficult to reach the valley – thousands of feet down. And he had never heard about these flowers. He had studied about all flowers; this was some new species, undiscovered. He was thrilled. He wanted to get those flowers but there was no way – what to do?

In a desperate effort, he took his small child, tied a rope under the child's arms, and dropped the child into the valley – afraid, perspiring, trembling... something may go wrong. And then the child reached and he plucked a few flowers. And the father shouted from the top of the hill: "Are you okay, my son? Are you not afraid?"

The son laughed. He said, "Why should I be afraid? – the rope is in my father's hands."

The life of venerable Mother Eliswa is a testimony of what it means to be **in the hands of the Father**. Like the little child of the story, she was able to say that her life was in the hands of God; those sacred hands which has never left anything incomplete. In those hands her life was insured where she had paid a premium of trusting Him blindly. As a result her confidence augmented and she faced the toughest encounters of her life with armistice attitude.

At sixteen, Eliswa was married to Vareed, the happy couple was blessed with the birth of a girl child 'Anna'. After a year and a half Vareed fell ill and breathed his last. Young widow was determined to be **in the hands of the Father** and journeyed along the path of life. In that frantic situation she experienced the glorious visit of the Master with His eternal plan. Thus she was chosen to become that indigenous seed from where emerged saplings to shelter many. Yes, she was chosen among many and set apart for a noble task to embark on a new era for the welfare of women flock of our society.

In This Jubilee year we are privileged to look forward for the beatification of our Foundress Mother Eliswa a true daughter of Holy Mother St. Teresa a lover of contemplative silence who found the spring of living water at the well of her heart and elucidated it in her famous treaty on prayer "Interior Castle".

Abba Father, hold my hands and let me journey with you to eternity. Amen!

