


SOLT
Sisters'
SPOTLIGHT





*To bring all
peoples into
union with the
Most Holy
Trinity through
discipleship of
Jesus through
Mary.*



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Dear Friends,

The night I was elected General Sister Servant, I awoke at 2 a.m. in a panic, wondering how I could ever complete the Motherhouse campaign. “How can Jesus ask me to accomplish something so overwhelming?”

Today, as I write these words, my heart overflows with gratitude, and I am filled with awe at the goodness of our God. On December 5, we will dedicate our very first Motherhouse—a sacred space where our community can grow, pray, and serve together in unity. This day is nothing short of a miracle, a testament to the generosity and faithfulness of everyone who has supported our mission

When we first dreamed of a place to call our Motherhouse, it felt like a distant hope—something almost too grand to imagine. And yet, here we are, just weeks away from welcoming sisters, friends, and supporters into a space that has been prayed into existence. This dream would never have come to fruition without the loving support of so many people who have stood beside us, believed in our mission, and given so generously. “For nothing will be impossible with God” (Luke 1:37). This milestone is indeed proof of God’s faithfulness and His work in the hearts of our supporters.

The Motherhouse is more than a building; it is a symbol of our roots taking hold. As SOLT Sisters, we are called to be missionaries who go to the ends of the earth to bring others into deeper union with the Trinity. Yet, to go far, we must have a place to return and be grounded.

This Motherhouse is where our sisters can come home, renew their foundation in Christ, and strengthen our bonds as sisters. Gratitude fills my heart as I think of all who have made this dream possible. Each donation, prayer, and word of encouragement has been a precious gift that has brought us to this moment.

You have been God’s hands, His voice, and His heart to us. Thank you!

In Christ,



Sr. Mary Aloysius Kim, SOLT

Sister Mary Aloysius Kim, SOLT
General Sister Servant

*"Give thanks to the Lord, for He is good; His love endures forever."
— Psalm 136:1*



We indeed give thanks as you helped us raise \$200,000 more than our goal, allowing us to fully furnish the house before sisters move in.

Commitment Level	# Needed	# Gifts	Total Raised	\$\$ Goal
\$1,000,000	1	1	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
Transformation Gifts	1	1	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
\$500,000	5	4	\$2,000,000	\$2,000,000
\$250,000	6	6	\$1,500,000	\$1,500,000
\$100,000	9	13	\$1,300,000	\$900,000
Leadership Gifts	20	23	\$4,800,000	\$4,900,000
\$50,000	10	10	\$500,000	\$500,000
\$25,000	14	18	\$450,000	\$350,000
\$10,000	30	36	\$360,000	\$300,000
Major Gifts	54	59	\$1,310,000	\$1,150,000
\$5,000	50	48	\$240,000	\$250,000
\$3,000	48	28	\$87,000	\$144,000
\$1,000	56	125	\$125,000	\$56,000
\$1	MANY	1933	\$208,000	
Community Gifts	154	2072	\$660,000	\$450,000
Totals	277+	2155	\$7,770,000	\$7,500,000

Current photo of the Motherhouse. It's nearing completion.

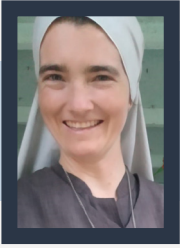
Brother Adam Schmitzer stands by the altar he is building for the new chapel

Sister Mary Aloysius, General Sister Servant and the construction project team inspect the Motherhouse.

Sr. Mary Aloysius, General Sister Servant and Laurel Sharpe, Motherhouse Campaign Director stand in the soon-to-be chapel.

Scan the QR code with phone camera to view a drone video of our Motherhouse.





Sister Gianna Marie Short, SOLT

Alone. Helpless. I was an hour away from Benque and the parish van was stuck in the ditch on the side of the road. It had overheated (as it is known to do) and now smelly steam was pouring out of it as the whistling sound went on and on.

At least I had a phone with data. I started to send messages. To Ethan, who was waiting for me to pick him up: Take the bus. I have car trouble.

Before I got any further, a woman walked up and asked what I needed. Before I finished explaining, a truck full of Mennonite farmers pulled up. As the lady explained what had happened, a man on his bike across the street gestured to me that he would be right back. Another truck pulled up and the driver offered his towline. There were so many offers, we had to start turning away help. After a scary minute or two, especially since the man who jumped into the front seat to steer spoke a different language, the van was safely back on the side of the road with only the twigs festooning the bumper giving evidence of its adventure.

Over the next eight hours that the van took to drag itself or be towed back to Benque, I marveled at their immediate generosity. I was never actually alone. In fact, I can do nothing alone. Everything I do is made possible only by the generous gift of people who owe me nothing.



Sharing hope, protecting life: A Sister's message for the next generation!



Cherishing life, one family at a time!

Everything I do is made possible only by the generous gift of people who owe me nothing.

For example, I recently gave a lesson on the importance of bonding with babies to a few mothers in the village of Arenal. The women were obviously very grateful for the lesson as well as the clothes and diapers I was able to give them. How could I accept their thanks? The online lesson is paid for by an anonymous donor. The computer and projector were given by a prayer group in Virginia. The space and wifi are given by the school. The clothes and diapers are donated from people around the parish. Even the students who laid out the clothes were donating their time for a scholarship given to them.

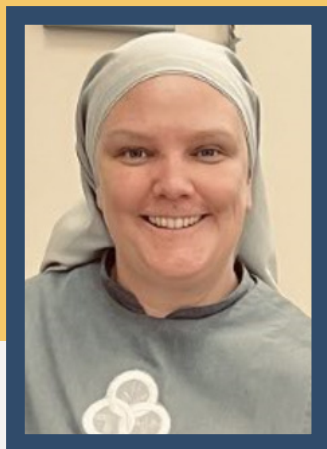
All I have to give is what has been given to me. I have no more strength of myself than I had in pulling the van out.

*Sharing joy, spreading Faith:
Sr. Gianna's heart and a student's smile!*





Sr. Caritas with two teens and a volunteer at a youth event.



Grateful In His Garden

Sister Maryam Caritas Sparke, SOLT



Teens writing prayer intentions at The Global Celebration of Young People.

My heart was filled with deep sadness one evening as I knelt in the chapel and read the prayer petitions of teens from a recent youth night. These teens were asking God to help them with their anxiety, depression, grief, confusion, self-doubt, and other deep-seated struggles. As I knelt in the chapel, my heart was overcome with sorrow, a sorrow unlike I had experienced in ministry before. The immensity of pain that these young people carry brought me to tears.

I have the privilege of serving in the Diocese of Corpus Christi in the Office of Youth Ministry. In this work, I experience a good amount of joy and laughter, but I also encounter a lot of pain. Words cannot describe how these two are so interconnected in ministry, and yet mysteriously, they are. On any given youth night, or at any youth conference, teens fill the room with laughter, smiles, and yet, when asked "What do you need prayers for?" I realize just how heavy their crosses are. And for this, I am truly grateful.

In the Garden of Gethsemane, Jesus' sorrow led Him to sweat blood. I am overcome with gratitude that Jesus has allowed me to experience a shared sorrow with Him. The sorrow He shares with me is a sorrow that so many of these young people carry daily, their hurts. I am forever grateful for these written prayer intentions, and for those who speak to me at the end of a youth night because of their grief, sadness, confusion, or trials. What a privileged place to be with Jesus in this ministry and, in a very small way, His Garden of Gethsemane.

Can I Help You?



Sister MaryRose Feeley, SOLT

No question proceeds more repeatedly from the mouths of the 2nd graders than this one!

Often I have thought to myself: The most helpful thing would be for all the students to simply sit on the carpet and follow my instructions. Yet, their desire to help and their hope-filled plea always moves me to find a way they can participate in the day's work. It makes me happy to be with the children and, in their efforts, to see the truth of my own.

I wonder how often I come before Christ in prayer with the same disposition - Can I help you? While He has already made it clear - one thing is necessary, to sit at my feet and listen to my Word. Yet, in His generosity, He allows me to participate in His work of saving souls.

Like the children, day-to-day my role is quite simple - picking up pencils, forming a line, singing a song, or watching the time. Yet He delights in my participation, and more deeply, He delights in me.

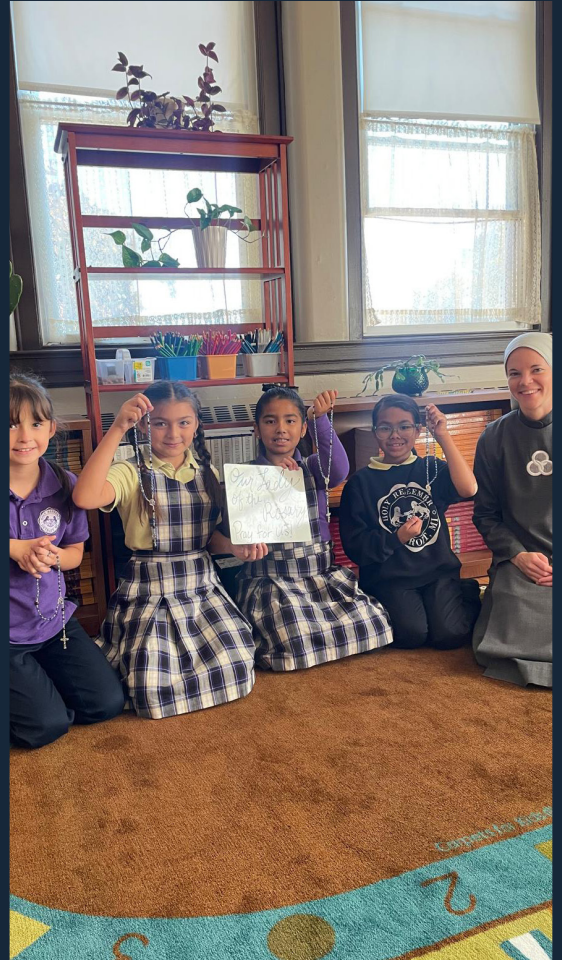
And while my efforts have value (as do theirs), I know a day will come when I will grow too old to pick up pencils, too weak to stand in line, my voice will fail, and maybe I won't be able to keep time. But the Truth will remain, and just as the children before me, He will delight in my presence simply because He delights in me.

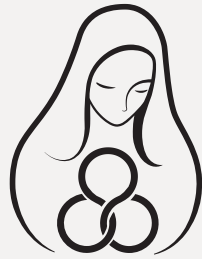
Top Left: Sr. Mary Rose teaching a 5th grade religion student at Holy Redeemer grade school.

Top Right: The student leadership team on high ropes course during a Fall formation retreat.

Bottom Left: Sister Mary Rose enjoying the company of Detroit's SOLT Missionary Volunteers and SOLT Brothers at a parish convivio.

Bottom Right: Making and praying the rosary for missions around the world with 3rd grade students.





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of the Most Holy Trinity

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