

SISTER M. HUMILIANA, O.S.F.

November, 14, 1965

She had followed her two sisters to the convent, but she had been a long time alone. Sister Lydia had not lived for a Silver Jubilee; Sister Zita had fallen quite a bit short of her Fiftieth. It became a matter of family honor, then, for Sister Humiliana to celebrate a Diamond Jubilee, and no one was prouder on Jubilee morning this past June than Sister Humiliana. She had made it!

She had been 79 in April, but she didn't think of herself as "ready for the Infirmary YET!" and it was with reluctance that she consented to become a "patient." Once she had accepted the fact, however, she settled down contentedly. Not that she was completely inactive -- that was hardly her nature. Among other things, there were stamps to sort and band for Mother Immaculate, and there were Mass intentions to be arranged each week. Her days were occupied; she was content.

And gradually there was something else. Death finally became something about which she could speak freely; it was no longer a reality to fear, a truth to forget. As the year veered into November, she could say almost casually, "I don't think I'll get over this!" But death was not a cloud that shadowed her. She could enjoy a visit with her sister and nephew, and still remark that she didn't expect to see them again. She was active enough to go down to the Lobby to meet her brother, Father Emmanuel, on All Saints Day. He came again on the 7th, but Sister was not able to meet him then. She had suffered a relapse; the prayers for the dying had been offered, and she had been anointed. Still, it was not until November 10th that Sister Humiliana looked Death in the face. This, she knew, was going to be the last.

All that final week seems to have been a preparation for his coming. She had never been demonstrative, but as the days went on there was a noticeable change in her matter-of-fact appreciation. It was as though she wanted to make sure that everyone realized that she was grateful for the kindness and the care that surrounded her.

And to the end she was alert. On Saturday evening she wished Sister Mercedes a happy feast day, then checked herself. "Oh, I'm mixed up! It's not your feast day--it's Sister Mercedes Vollmer's anniversary!" (And it was!)

That night was to be her last. Sister Gemma on duty, saw the subtle change just before 12:30, and hurried for Sister Peter. There was no struggle; apparently with no conscious effort, Sister Humiliana made the great transition. She looked peaceful, contented, sleeping -- but her pulse had faded; her heart had given its final throb.

And in Eternity into which she stepped so easily, Sister Lydia and Sister Zita were waiting for a long-delayed family reunion. And at Our Lady of Angels Sister Celine was making a change in the week's Masses. Sister Humiliana's last schedule had not included the Mass of Requiem that was to be her own on Tuesday.

GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!!  
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