

SISTER M. SEVERINA, O.S.F.

January 10, 1963

It was a world of lonely whiteness; the wind that tore at the canvas was a stinging lash, and the muted voices chorusing the final prayers were brittle with the cold. It was January 12th, and little Sister Severina from her vantage point in Eternity was probably being very concerned about everyone. It was not hard to imagine her murmuring "Thank you, thank you!" as the cortege wound slowly through the snow at Resurrection Cemetery that Saturday morning.

For Sister Severina seemed always just a little surprised at life's kindness. Eighty-three years of living had not dulled her simplicity, and sixty-three years of religious life had only deepened her Franciscan joy.

From the very first she had loved Our Lady of Angels; there was only one flaw: "It's too good for me!" And she asked visiting Sisters in all seriousness, "Is your Reverend Mother going to build YOUR old Sisters a home as nice as this?" For Sister Severina it was never a question of taking things for granted.

As the days slipped into a new year, it became apparent that Sister was "going home." On New Year's Day she was wheeled to chapel for the last time; the next day she was anointed. The shadows were closing around her, but she had no complaints. "Pray for me," was her one request. Tenaciously she followed the prayers for the dying with Mother Borromeo on Monday afternoon, January 7th, though she could no longer respond to them. On Tuesday she received what was to be Viaticum. On Wednesday she slipped into a coma and at two o'clock Thursday afternoon, January 10th, little Sister Severina left her "beautiful home" at Our Lady of Angels for one more beautiful still. And it is not difficult to imagine her smiling wonder at that moment, and to hear an echo of delightful protest, "But it's too good for me!"

In 1902 Sister Severina had first pronounced her vows of dedication. Last June, sixty years later, she renewed them at her Diamond Jubilee. Those sixty years of prayerfulness, of docile obedience, of cheerful labor, had moulded a "very saintly religious," and it was this accolade her Sisters bestowed on her as they crowded her room at the last. Sister Severina would probably have waived aside the description as one that didn't fit her. After all, she was just the little "Bun Nun" of Hubbard Woods, who for sixteen years there had made "such good buns."

But those who knew the "little Bun Nun" knew also the saintly religious.

GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!!

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