

SISTER M. JOSITA,, O.S.F.

March 29,, 1966

It was mid-November when the "Twinnies" came to O.L.A., following the fall that had fractured Sister Josita's hip. Not until March 4th was her cast removed, and she began the painful process of learning to walk again. It was hard, but as she gained confidence, there was a quiet pride of achievement. And always there was Sister Rosaria. Her Twin had accompanied her from the Motherhouse to the hospital in November. She was with her now at Our Lady of Angels. They were together, and for the Twinnies that was enough.

Part of the agony that filled the days from March 21st until early afternoon of the 29th was the realization that they were facing an ultimate parting. Sister Josita was going -- alone -- and there was nothing Sister Rosaria could do but stay close to her. They said little, but they had no need for words. They looked -- and their looks showed the unspoken devotion of two who had for over seventy years been as one.

Sister Josita was dying, but no one had the heart to mention the obvious to Sister Rosaria. On Saturday Sister Josita went into the coma from which she did not rally, but Sister Rosaria still clung to the fragile thread of hope. "She smiled at me four times today," she said to Sister Peter. But in her heart Sister Rosaria knew and accepted the inevitable. At last she could ask for prayers that her Twin might have an easy death. But "Don't hurry her," she added. "I want her as long as I can have her!"

The separation came suddenly, and when Death entered the room, he found Sister Rosaria standing at her sister's side. Sister Peter was there too, and as her professional eye recognized the final moment, she put her arm around Sister Rosaria. In that instant, Sister bent down to her Twin. It was one o'clock. Sister Rosaria kissed her just as Sister Josita stepped from Time to Eternity. It was as close as she could come to following her.

And afterwards? There were no tears, only a long, long look at the still form on the bed, and the deep, heavy sighing. Then she went to Chapel. "I was faithful to you," she had assured Sister Josita in the long hours when she sat at her Twin's side. No one who had ever known the Twinnies could have doubted that.

And Sister Josita, pain-free now and utterly at peace, must be telling everyone in heaven about her devoted Twin whose kiss she carried with her to the very throne of God.

GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!

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