

SISTER M. GERALDINE, O.S.F.
March 1, 1967

She hadn't wanted to come home, not even when the severe heart attack struck her that May of '61 at Englewood. She hadn't wanted to come to O. L. A. the following January. She hadn't wanted to "give up" at all, even though she'd been "musician-organist" for fifty years, ever since 1911 when she left the Motherhouse for St. Peter's, Mansfield. Sister Geraldine hadn't wanted to "retire." And it was only gradually that she came to acknowledge that her boundless energy was bowing to the weight of the years.

The admission came reluctantly, but it did come. And the memory of other places -- of Freeport where she had spent 31 years -- of Englewood -- of Elgin -- of St. Clement's, Chicago -- of St. John's, Joliet -- merged into a many-faceted Yesterday. Our Lady of Angels was home now. She would never leave it again.

Her dying began with the new year, really, though she had periods of revival when she was "better again." At one of those times she heard with interest that Sister Peter was to be one of the summer's Jubilarians, and she spent some puzzled moments trying to decide whether her nurse was "Golden" or "Silver." The next big concern was what to give her. "I used to crochet," she said, "but I don't think I can do that now." Finally she hit upon a unique gift: She would play the organ for Sister Peter. Further, she had decided what the Jubilee Concert would be: Gounod's March. But then she began to slip once more, and a few days later she told Sister that "Maybe someone else will have to play it."

Her mind remained clear to the end. The one question she asked Mother Borromeo on her return from South America was "How's Sister Johanna?" Sister had shared Englewood days with Sister Geraldine, and the latter did not forget the "young Sister" who had been so kind to her.

On Wednesday morning she received what was to be her Viaticum. All through the night she had begged, "Jesus - Mary - Joseph - Come!" in a voice that grew progressively weaker. At 9:30 that morning the change occurred. A half-hour separated Sister Geraldine from Eternity. With her were Sister Felix who had through the years been so solicitous for her needs -- and Sister DeLourdes who long ago at Englewood had been one of her choir girls.

Sister Leonore was not at Our Lady of Angels that Wednesday morning, but in the Motherhouse Chapel she was saying Stations for her friend, just as that friend was making the Great Transition. But Sister Leonore had already said her goodbye. On Sister Geraldine's birthday, February 16th, Sister Leonore had said at parting, "Well, Sister Geraldine, I'll meet you in heaven!"

And at ten o'clock on the first day of St. Joseph's month, Sister Geraldine went ahead to prepare for that final reunion.

GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!

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