

SISTER M. THEOCLETE, O.S.F.

June 23, 1968

The summer was just beginning, and it promised to be a quiet, restful one for Sister Theoclete. She had asked Mother Borromeo to stay on at the Academy because "I can rest there, and I can give a few music lessons." So the summer exodus did not affect Sister Theoclete.

But other things did. She had been called home in early June for the death of her brother -- she herself was not feeling too well -- and was, in fact, scheduled to go into St. Joseph's Hospital on Monday, the 24th, for a check-up. All in all, though, Sister Theoclete, visiting on the Motherhouse grounds on Jubilee Day, did not seem to be living on borrowed time. And that is why the news on Sunday morning shocked her Sisters, her family, her many friends.

She had not been too well the night before, and though she wasn't really hungry -- it was, she said, "hard to eat," -- did take a supper tray in her room. Then she went to bed -- and it was there that Sister Clementia found her at 8:40 Sunday morning, right after the Community Mass. Sometime -- perhaps as the night was lifting -- Sister Theoclete's heart valve closed, and without pain or struggle, perhaps even as she slept, Sister Theoclete went to God. It seemed to be only a deep, deep sleep -- until one touched her arm and felt the cold. Then one knew.

But knowing was not the same as realizing -- and realization came slowly as the shock waves broke around the Academy and reached out to the rest of the Community. There would be no music pupils for Sister Theoclete this summer -- or ever again.

She was a musician to her fingertips -- and it isn't possible to think of her apart from the music she loved. She was a Master Organist, sensitive always to the beautiful and the good. And her sphere of influence stretched back over forty years, beginning at St. Raymond's and ending at St. Francis Academy. In between there had been Mansfield -- Englewood -- Bishop Ready. There had been church organs, music pupils, music classes -- and always there had been an artistic sensitivity for "the best."

"Grand Old Saint Mary's" in Columbus will have a High School Reunion on June 29th. Sister Theoclete would have loved being there, mingling with all those who loyally claim St. Mary's as Alma Mater, and who have accepted with mixed emotions the end of an era. Sister Theoclete would have added her special spark to that reunion -- meeting old friends, making new ones -- sociable and pleasant, happy to be a part of it all.

Sister Theoclete went home on Sunday to an ever bigger and better reunion. She'll probably divert her attention from the heavenly choirs on Wednesday, to listen approvingly to the "In Paradisum" that she loved. It won't be in Latin, of course, but after all, with Sister Theoclete it was the music that counted.

And when the echoes have died away, Sister Theoclete will concentrate completely on what the Seraphim have to offer.

**GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!!**