

SISTER M. GENEVIEVE, O.S.F.

June 17, 1968

So many of us never really got to know you, Sister Genevieve. You slipped back to us in 1962, a Charter Member of Our Lady of Angels -- and it was from Our Lady of Angels that you once again slipped from us on a chilly afternoon during the quiet of retreat. It was a last "going away" for you, Sister Genevieve, and it was one you didn't dread.

We wish we could have known you better. Those of us who could drop in only on occasion didn't become familiar enough to you to warrant any special attention. When you met us, you repeated our name, but if it didn't ring a bell from the past, it was just a name. You repeated it, and your eyes searched our face, but if no one else with that name had crossed your convent path in the sixty-nine years you'd traveled it, it's a good bet that you didn't try to remember it.

The scroll of the years had many memories, didn't it, Sister Genevieve? Your childhood-- your sister -- and some long ago person who had hurt you so deeply that the scars were indelible. Who was it that had hurt you, Sister Genevieve? Who, in that yesterday, so long ago?

But there were happy memories too, weren't there? You'd begun your novitiate on Our Lady's Day in February, back in 1899. Sister Caroline had been with you -- and Sister Caroline was sharing with you now the sunset and the shadows. "Sister Caroline is a good Sister," you said in a tone of complete authority. "She prays!" And you prayed too, didn't you, Sister Genevieve? "Every day," you answered. "I say my prayers every day!"

You must have done that through all the grey mists of the years. Your prayers couldn't have been something you just took up again when you came home to us and to Our Lady of Angels. They must have been part of the clouded, torturous years, a link to the reality you could never completely grasp. They were part of your life -- and though Time had played strange tricks on you, Sister Genevieve, it could not destroy everything. And so, "I say my prayers every day!"

You were glad to be "home" weren't you, Sister Genevieve, once strangeness faded to familiarity? And your fears began to dissolve in the warmth and love of Our Lady of Angels. But you kept one dread: the wheel chair. Did it loom in your mind as something that would again take you away? It's hard to say. We only know you wouldn't have it!

If only we could have reassured you, Sister Genevieve, that you didn't have a thing to worry about! Oh, you must have known it towards the last, at any rate, just as you knew, "I'm going to die!" You didn't set the hour for that, but you could have had the afternoon in mind when you casually said it Monday morning.

We found you, just after three, Sister Genevieve, and there was utter peace on your face.

GOD GRANT YOU REST ETERNAL!

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