

**SISTER M. MICHAEL, O.S.F.**  
**May 1, 1964**

The ambulance was headed toward Cape Girardeau. Sister Angelica, returning from Cape to Benton, wondered briefly who might have been in an accident. It was only later she learned that Sister Michael, already on the last long mile to Eternity, had passed her on the Missouri road in the late afternoon.

Sister Michael had been "ailing." There were such pains in her arm and chest -- such difficulty breathing. She had called Sister Angelica in the early hours of Friday morning when the pain became intense with what the doctor suspected might have been an initial heart attack. When she kept her appointment with him in Sikeston Friday afternoon, he ordered her to the hospital. It was then that Sister Michael called Mother to give her the news. That was how it came about that except for Sister Roman, Mother was the last of her Sisters to speak to Sister Michael before the excruciating pain -- very likely anginal -- hit her with an agonizing force that threw her from the stretcher as the ambulance raced toward Cape Girardeau.

She was not alone. Sister Roman who had accompanied her to Sikeston was with her as she began her last journey to Cape. She was with her at St. Francis Hospital for the hurried anointing. It was 5:20 -- just sixty-five minutes after Sister Michael had said goodbye to Mother.

Neither could have known how final was the farewell. Sister had no foreboding, apparently. There was only deep gratitude when Mother told her to come to Joliet as soon as the doctor dismissed her from the hospital. "You come home to Our Lady of Angels," Mother said, and Sister Michael agreed -- "God bless you -- and thank you!"

For Sister Michael was tired. Forty-six years of uninterrupted work in the classroom had taken a toll. "Please, no study this summer!" she had requested, and she was eagerly looking forward to a "rest" before September.

Last May, Sister Michael was at Lansing when Sister Patrick was stricken. Did the memory of that Decoration Day flash momentarily across her mind? Did she think fleetingly of Sister Patrick's "I've got such terrible pain!" when the spasm suddenly knifed through her? Or was she, like Sister Patrick, engulfed in the sudden, devastating wave that swept her quickly into unconsciousness? Did her thoughts leap across the miles to Michigan, and was there a sudden desperate regret that Sister Virgil was not with her?

On Monday, May 4th, the children of Benton will file into St. Denis Church with their teacher for the last time. Then will begin the long drive which will bring Sister Michael "home to Our Lady of Angels." "God bless you -- and thank you!" she had said to Mother. Undoubtedly she would have echoed that thought to all her Sisters who received in stunned disbelief the news of her dying.

**GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!**  
\* \* \* \* \*