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Sister M. Concordia Schubert

Sister M. Concordia, after years of impaired health, died suddenly of a heart attack in the Convent Infirmary on Monday, August 21, 1961, at 7:35 a.m. Sister had that morning gone to the Oratory for Holy Communion, intending to remain for Mass, but at the Consecration she felt ill and left. Sister Peter, returning from Mass, put her to bed. She was reluctant to have her habit removed because 'she wanted to die in it.' Sister reassured her by putting scapular and cord on the bed, Father Angelo anointed her, the Sisters gathered around her bed recited ejaculatory prayers, and in less than ten minutes, with no sign of struggle, she expired.

Sister, returning from her summer's stay at the Academy the preceding Tuesday, had been reported rather unwell, but Dr. Duffy after an EKG on Wednesday, felt there was no immediate danger. Sister herself felt she 'would not get over this, for this time it was her heart.' Sister died where she had worked - on the Fourth Floor Infirmary.

The Requiem Mass was celebrated Thursday the 24th by her brother, Father Oscar Schubert, of Tucson, Arizona. Her nephew, Father Gerold Schubert, O.F.M. was deacon, gave the final absolution, and led the prayers at Resurrection Cemetery.

Sister Concordia, dying at 74, had been received into the Congregation fifty-seven years earlier. She had taught school for twenty-three years at various Ohio and Illinois missions, when seizures of epilepsy made it necessary for her to discontinue teaching. For the next thirty-three years she was a faithful assistant in the Motherhouse Infirmary. Her assiduous mending prolonged by many months the service of infirmary linens; her mopping and dusting kept the rooms "hospital clean," and her dishwashing lightened serving for the Sister cook. These chores she continued to do until the end, although in recent years her powers had been failing. What she lacked in strength she made up in good will, and she would not easily shorten a schedule or leave unfinished the work she had set for her self. To her, diminished effort meant inferior results, and she could not content herself with hurried or imperfect work.

Sister's exact and methodical manner gave rise at times to amusing little sidelights. Her speech, both enunciation and diction, were models of precision. In her cupboards, each pan and each dish had its special place. Should an unsuspecting substitute take over the dishwashing, Sister would later with amazed murmurs of "I declare!" and "Who'd have thought it?" rearrange the whole assemblage, putting each piece in its proper place. When Sister Peter first took over the fourth floor infirmary, she was often inducted in the various intricacies of the work with the gently helpful "for thirty years we did it this way; yes, indeed."

Of a sympathetic nature, friendly, obliging, patient, and prayerful, Sister was well placed among the sick. Her own infirmity made her compassionate with the ills of others. Subject to periodic attacks of epilepsy, she accepted her handicap without self pity. On one occasion, regaining consciousness after an attack, she apologized for having been troublesome to the Sister who had helped her. "This is my cross," she said, her blue eyes grave with the memory of another Cross, a Cross that was her comfort. She made the Passion a frequent meditation, and the Stations of the Cross were a favorite devotion, if indeed one devotion could be so singled out when so many were loved. There was no feast, no liturgical season, that failed to inspire her ready prayerfulness.

Perhaps connected with her piety was her complete devotion to her Reverend brother Charles, whose letters, with their deep spirituality, were always a special event in her life. - Nor was her family unaware of the true virtue of their sister. At the time of Sister Mary's funeral, one brother remarked, "We think Sister Concordia is a saint." And the Sister he was speaking to said, "So do we." For Sister Concordia, all the Sisters agreed, was "a person who never spoke uncharitably of anyone." And doesn't St. James give the norm: "If anyone offend not in words, the same is a perfect man"? And isn't a perfect man ripe for Heaven? -- Receive her, Lord, we pray, among Thy glorious blessed!