

SISTER M. EDMUND, O.S.F.
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St. Boniface is celebrating its Centenary this spring, and "Of course, I want to go!" said Sister Edmund just last week. "I'm one of the Boniface kids!" It probably did not enter her mind that the trip to Chicago was anything but certain. After all, as she so often informed her companions, "I'm not sick -- there's just no room at the Motherhouse!"

And indeed, until Saturday, the 14th, Sister Edmund maintained her "resident but not patient" concept at O.L.A. True, she could get outdoors only with the wheel chair, and she waited eagerly for her "chauffeur," Sister Anthony, to come for the "walk" they took even on the coldest days. But that was no indication that she was SICK! Then, Saturday and Sunday found her in bed, and on Monday she shook her head when Sister Peter asked if she wanted the specialty Sister Dora often made her. Spareribs and sauerkraut no longer tempted Sister Edmund, nor did the pretzels and Schlitz which she had relished as late as Thursday evening. She did not say as much, but it was evident to those around her that Sister Edmund was going down hill fast.

There had been indications, of course, that her 86 years were taking their toll. Of late she had reverted more and more to things of the past, to Bavaria and the long ago. But she never quite lost contact with the present, and the nightly newscast was a ritual with her. Thursday evening found her before the TV screen for the last briefing on world affairs.

Did she guess she was dying that Monday? It was hard to say for sure. She had never talked about death, and to the end she kept her confidence. Certain it is that Death came gently, almost as though he feared to frighten her. When the prayers for the dying began at 2:15, consciousness was fleeting. She seemed to react to her name, but that was all. Then at 3:20, respiration changed, and very quietly Death laid his hand on Sister Edmund.

The Sisters had crowded her room as soon as the word went out that she was dying. There were her old friends, charter members of O.L.A.; there was Sister Alexander, representing the College, where Sister Edmund had headed the German Department for so many years. And there too were the Aides, Marge and Helen, who had waited on her so faithfully. They had lost their identity with Sister Edmund. Instead, Marge's black and Helen's white hair gave them a new identification. "Schwartzkopf" and "Weisskopf" she called them. And if in those final moments she knew they were at her side, Sister Edmund must have found their presence, like that of her Sisters, both natural and comforting.

And if she could have given one parting word, surely that word would have been "Auf Wiedersehen!"

GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!