

**SISTER M. MILADA, O.S.F.**

February 24, 1963

Chicago's winter was not easy on a heart nearly seventy-three years old, and Sister Milada, on duty every day in St. Ludmilla's seventh grade classroom, began to feel the strain. It was mid-January when the first attack occurred, and the doctor ordered her to the hospital. She remained there a week, and then came to Our Lady of Angels to stay "for another week."

But the week lengthened into five and strength did not return. Her heart was weakening, and though she never quite lost the determination to go back to the classroom -- "Sister Austin has no one to replace me!" -- with the passing days came a silent resignation to what she undoubtedly knew to be the inevitable. And though she was at her best the weekend of the 16th when her nieces from Michigan and Sister Austin and Sister Cecile Marie from St. Ludmilla's came to see her, she knew she would never go back to her class again.

Her cheerfulness remained, however. To Father Louis Antl, visiting her as she finished breakfast Sunday morning, she confided, "I'm feeling much better today." She meant it; there was no premonition, and Father could not say just why he had lingered on the floor, prolonging his visits to the other Sisters. But when shortly afterwards the urgent call came, "Is Father still here?" the reason became apparent.

For Sister Milada had quietly slipped away while Sister Peter and Sister Grace were attending her. It was such a quiet passage that it was almost imperceptible. Her final heart attack had simply cut the life line, and without struggle, without fear, Sister Milada went home to God. It was 9:10 Sunday morning.

Sister never went back to St. Ludmilla's, but St. Ludmilla's came to her. There were no classes on February 26th.

Last June Sister Milada, head erect, step firm, had walked to the altar to renew her vows of dedication after fifty golden years. It was her shining day, and her eyes said more plainly than any words, "It's all been so worthwhile!" That is the message that beams from her Jubilee picture, and surely it must have been her thought at that moment when she quietly made the transition from Time to Eternity.

**GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!**