

SISTER M. ALPHONSE, O.S.F.
July 1, 1968

"Death, the necessary end, will come when it will come." The inevitable climax came for Sister Alphonse as the July afternoon was waning, and St. Ludmilla's was settling comfortably for a quiet evening. Sister Alphonse had gone to her room, and it was there that Sister Amadea found her, a little after five o'clock.

It had been a difficult day for Sister Alphonse. She "had such pain in her stomach," and had spent much of the day in bed. Late in the afternoon, however, she was up and about, but it took very little urging on the part of the Sisters to convince her to have a tray in her room. It was about 4:45 when she went upstairs for the last time.

Perhaps the hot and muggy Sunday had been to blame. It had been a bad day for an old heart. And it was the heart, it would seem, that failed Sister Alphonse.

It's impossible to know how she met the "necessary end." That it came quickly, is certain. That it was painless, is probable. Sister Alphonse simply went to her room and closed the door.

She had looked forward to the summer. She had asked to spend it at St. Ludmilla's and to take an extended home visit with Sister Alonzo, beginning on July 8th. She hadn't been home in three years, and was anxious to see her family again. Her year in Lillyville had been quiet and uneventful. She still missed her classroom -- after all, she'd had one for over 45 years! But there were other things to be done -- church work, for instance -- and gradually Sister Alphonse was adjusting to the idea that there were other needs for her to fill. She wanted to stay on mission "to help" -- she wanted to do what she could, and though she was a few months short of 71, Sister Alphonse never wanted to put in for complete retirement. Not while she could still "keep going."

Sister Alphonse would have celebrated her Golden Jubilee in '69. Perhaps she thought of that as '68's Jubilee Day became history. Perhaps she had already begun to plan for "next year." But for Sister Alphonse, as for her classmate Sister Michael, just four short years ago, there was a sudden turn in the road -- and all Eternity was before her.

She could not have dreamed that the summer would end so mysteriously. She could not have guessed as she climbed the stairs, that Christ would be waiting in the little room at St. Ludmilla's at the end of a quiet day.

GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!

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