

**SISTER M. JEANETTE, O.S.F.  
July 24, 1964**

What was she like, this Sister, ill so long, a stranger to her younger Sisters in the Community, this Sister who suddenly on a hot July afternoon, went home at last to God? What was she like, our Sister Jeanette?

There are those who remember the happier days and the "gentle Sister -- always so quiet -- so unruffled." They recall how she "loved Latin," and they remember too how they sat in her classes at St. Francis Academy and admired their "beautiful Sister." They remember her artistic homeroom and her interest in "her girls." They remember that she was always "ladylike -- always willing to help." They remember that she was kind.

And they remember, too, her agonizing struggles when later the clouds of tragedy began to gather, and she started to retreat into a world that was all her own.

She was never entirely to leave it. And that, perhaps, was her own particular Purgatory. For it was a dark world, a world that stared from her tortured eyes when she struggled back from its shadows. And she was never unaware of its presence, even when she walked in apparent serenity the halls of Our Lady of Angels, or sat in the quiet chapel with the only One Who could really understand.

Sister Jeanette came home to the sheltering arms of Our Lady of Angels on January 6, 1962. There was gratitude and dignity in that homecoming. This was a journey's end -- this was home -- the newest and the last.

There were still the dark days, but there were also the lighter ones, days when she could do the tatting she loved, and receive the Sisters whom she welcomed with her old courtesy and quiet friendliness. "How glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed on a day not many weeks ago. "I think of you often!"

At the end, she lost the struggle, and the shadows engulfed her for the last time. There was no road back now, no voice strong enough to penetrate the void and recall her once more from her world of dreams. There was only a Light breaking through the darkness, as she walked, clear-eyed now, and unafraid, toward the only Reality.

On a picture taken on her Silver Jubilee Sister Jeanette had written, "Truly happy -- the only real happiness for me!"

It is hers now -- forever.

**GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!!**

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