

SISTER M. JANE FRANCES, O.S.F.  
December 21, 1965

For weeks the Infirmary had seemed like Eternity's Antechamber. It had been a hard autumn on Upper C, and as December wore on, Death seemed always just outside any of several doors. On the 21st, he paused at Room 210 for "Janie."

That was what everyone called her -- what everyone had always called her -- and it was more than a charming diminutive. Janie, -- kindly, considerate, always courteous -- Janie long ago learned the art of "relating," and those who through the years had known her listening heart, knew that in Janie they had a friend, one who sensed their problems and reached out instinctively to help.

She said little about her own problems. She spoke of them just to the Lord. Perhaps that is why in those last days when life ticked off its hours, she responded to prayer when the rest of the world had receded, and she lingered, waiting for the call that would take her Home. It was a prayerfulness that had been long years deepening and growing. It was a lifetime's culmination. It was "Janie."

She must have known that Sister Salome and Sister Ellen Clare would be with her. They did not leave her side during the long hours of that December afternoon when every moment seemed the final breathing. Their prayers and those of her brother Jim -- and of the other Sisters who kept constant vigil -- could not pierce the shadow that enveloped her. Janie was already breaking through the mists of Time.

She had been anointed that morning, and Father Alphonse himself had led the prayers for the dying. Mother Borromeo had come later to stand at her side, stroke her head, and say, "Goodbye, Janie!" And the shallow breathing kept on -- and the afternoon went on -- and finally it was 4:35 -- and it was time for Janie to go.

In her room were the unopened Christmas gifts and the Crib that Sister Ellen Clare had brought her on Sunday. The Infant King had always been close to Janie's heart. And perhaps because she was very close to His own, the Lord beckoned Sister Jane Frances -- "Janie" -- to His Heaven for Christmas -- and a peace surpassing all understanding.

**GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!**

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