

SISTER M. CORDULA, O.S.F.
September, 26, 1967

Our Little Sister of the Chippewas has said a last goodbye. She slipped away to the Eternal Hills early Tuesday morning. With something like a shrug of the shoulders and the vaguest hint of a sigh, Sister Cordula went home.

"Home" was not now the North of the "Smiling Big Sea Water, "Home" now was God's Country, with a beauty greater than the towering pines of her Northland and the breathtaking wonder of its silence. Home was Eternity now.

She had been looking forward to it. When Sister Victoria's anniversary rolled around at the end of August, Sister Cordula had said in a pensive moment, "Vicki, come and get me!" though she had added as an afterthought, "but not yet!" This was late September now, however, and Sister Cordula was "so tired!"

She must have had a premonition that she would not see the close of her 94th year in November. She had been making an afghan for Mother Borromeo's feast day, but there was still a little more to do on it, and Sister Cordula, fretting that she would not have it ready in time, asked Sister Electa to finish it for her. It was Sister Cordula's last gift.

She could not respond when Mother said goodbye to her. She could not speak, and no one could know just how much she could hear. But the rosary remained in her left hand, and her fingers moved from bead to bead when those around her began "Hail Mary." Sister Cordula still kept tenuous contact with the world, even as she lingered on its borders.

She would have been pleased and proud -- but hardly surprised -- to know that Father Dominic knelt at her side the morning of her dying, leading the rosary that had been Sister Cordula's favorite prayer. She would probably have said, "Of course! The Franciscan Fathers always come!" And she would have let her mind slip back to all the years in Red Cliff and Bayfield and to the Fathers who had served her people there.

But that Tuesday morning not even "Hail Mary" could recall Sister Cordula, though her fingers still clasped her beads, and others answered for her, "Pray for us -- now and at the hour of our death!"

At 9:15 the hour struck for Sister Cordula, and our Little Sister of the Chippewas went home. It was the feast of Isaac Jogues and his missionary martyrs, and who knows? Sister Cordula may even now be explaining to Father Jogues and his Companions that the Chippewas were not responsible for what the Iroquois did!

GOD GRANT HER REST ETERNAL!

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