

SISTER M. HUBERTINE, O.S.F.

February 27, 1964

You lived so long in the shadows of a "half-way house," Sister. Your ninety years danced through your mind with no respect for chronology. Yesterday? Yesterday was "now," and you walked all the roads of the once-upon-a-time you had ever known.

Ninety years is a lot of living, Sister, a lot of remembering-time. And your Sisters are remembering now a lot of things that perhaps slipped away from you as you lingered in the twilight vestibule of Eternity. They remember the little cook whose Saturdays were dedicated to Our Lady, and who talked to her in the language of Hail Marys all through Our Lady's day. They remember the ejaculations that accompanied her peeling; they remember her kindly eyes, her smile.

They remember how in the old Infirmary, Sister, you would say when a priest came to visit, "Get Father a cup of coffee and a piece of pie." Your nurses remember how concerned you were about them. "You just go to the kitchen," was your order, "and take whatever you want!" Was it one of your old kitchens you were thinking about then? St. Boniface, perhaps, where you began in 1895, or Francis Xavier, or Freeport? Or was it Green Creek where your mission work came to an end?

There's no way of knowing, of course, but of one thing we can be sure, Sister: your kindness and concern didn't just happen after eighty years of living. That must have been your pattern all along the line. And when later communication failed you, and you could "get through" only occasionally to those around you, there was no hostility, no resistance. You tried as best you could to show your gratitude, and surely the Lord knew your incoherence for prayer.

You must have suffered a lot, Sister, and you couldn't even tell about it. But did you guess dimly through it all how everyone loved you? Did you know that everyone always "stopped in to see Sister Hubertine"? And do you know that Sister Nothburga will cherish always your sudden, perfectly clear words to her as she stood in your doorway Tuesday evening. "Come on in!" you said, and you motioned to her.

And, Sister, did you somehow keep heaven's door ajar until your dear old friends of the years could be with you? Or was it just providential that Sister Caroline, your "fellow Hollander," Sister Eucheria, Sister Geraldine, and Sister Casimir were all there at 7:30 when the shadows lifted and life began?

We'll never know, this side of Eternity, Sister, but we like to imagine with reverent wonder the Lord saying to you, "Come on in!" -- and through the mists of Time we think we can vaguely sense your smile.

GOD GRANT YOU REST ETERNAL!!

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