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Sister M. Ada Weirick

The noon-day Angelus, while greeting our Lady, tolled also the passing of Sister M. Ada, who after a difficult illness of several months, died in the Motherhouse Infirmary on Tuesday, November 28. She was sixty-one years of age and had entered the convent from St. Mary's parish, Columbus, in February of 1922.

The history of Sister's illness began two years earlier, when she had surgery for a cancerous condition. She made a good recovery and resumed her duties at her Columbus mission. Hospitalized again in Chicago last August, she was given no hope of receiving help and was brought to Joliet September 19th. Here merely palliative surgery was done on November 16th, after which she was brought back to the Infirmary. The time was mercifully not too long.

At the funeral services held in the Motherhouse chapel on Friday, December 1st, His Excellency Bishop McNamara presided at the Solemn Requiem Mass celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. E. A. Burkley, pastor of St. Mary's, Columbus, who also officiated at the burial ceremonies in Resurrection Cemetery.

Sister Ada's convent career spanned thirty-seven years. Willing, versatile, energetic, she covered a broad field in her teaching. Her entire career was devoted to work in the high school, which usually implies specialization. Although Sister's major was library science, she taught domestic science and the commercial subjects, and most of the Liberal arts as well. Her classes included such varied departments as Latin, English, religion, mathematics, history, and library science - and all these subjects she handled competently.

Teacher, librarian, prefect - these were her titles. Her first appointment was at St. Francis Academy, where for six years she taught Latin and the business subjects and for seven years was librarian and prefect of resident students. Not only as students, but throughout later years, the girls she supervised spoke highly of the excellent guidance and careful training she gave them. They reminisced fondly on her youthful spirit and sympathetic outlook, as well as her constant motherly care.

As librarian she had the prime requisite, a love of books, and she helped students develop a love of reading. Orderly and systematic, with artistic tastes, she kept the library attractive and serviceable.

Her two years at Marybrook Academy when the Community first took over the school followed the pattern of service she had set. They included tireless labor to get the building in condition and to help inaugurate the school's new policies. Her next ten years were spent in Chicago at St. Clement and Ss. Peter and Paul High Schools, and her last seven years were devoted to her home parish high school, St. Mary's. During this time in Columbus, Sister, besides her school and library duties, took care of her sick mother and helped in the home each week-end.

This was consistent with her constant helpfulness. It always seemed wherever there was need, there was Sister Ada to help eliminate it. In school and convent she gave of herself generously, cheerfully. She was an excellent cook, and the year around she assisted with special menus. During Christmas vacation she would for some days take over the preparation of meals to give the cook time off.

When Sister became ill, it was a new experience to her, one which she accepted with faith and love; but her inactivity was strange and trying to her. The real test came those last weeks when there was nothing further to hope for, and everything to endure. In great pain, she would cry to her mother for help and would beg, "O Jesus, come and get me." The last few days brought quiet. The last morning Father Bellarmine's faithful praying and his repeated absolutions were a comfort. Immediately preceding her death his last benediction fell softly, and with her passing the Angelus tolled.

Unto Sister Ada the Angel of the Lord had also declared, and her answer, too, was "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." - To those about her, it was the symbol of release and redemption. And the final free and triumphant ringing of the bell seemed the very voice of the Bridegroom:

Now the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone.
Arise, my beloved, and come!