

Lay Sisters. A few memories Sr. Sheila Moloney

When I was a Postulant, and first—year Novice, we just accepted and loved the Lay Sisters as part of the Community. I don't think I ever questioned their way of life. I just recognised that they all worked VERY hard indeed and were prayerful, devoted ladies.

We were a large group, and before we entered we were each allocated a number (Cash's Name tapes!) which had to be sewn into each item of clothing we possessed. I was number 300. Sister Felicity was in charge of the laundry, and knew us by our numbers more easily than our names initially. One day, at a meal, she enquired loudly (in her lovely Belgian accent) "Who is 288?" 288 is Fill-tee! Fill—tee 288!" the poor postulant in our group had to admit who she was, and for the rest of our Noviciate we referred to her as Filthy 288!! She left the DMJs much later on, but I will not reveal her identity as she may read this one day!

Sister Stephen (Mary McAvoy) suffered at our hands too. She was the Cook and we had to go over and help to serve the dinners at the Prep School in Forest Hill — St. Winefrede's. One day we happily served up what we thought was Yorkshire Pudding with the children's main course. When it came time for pudding, she presented us with jugs of syrup to be poured on the said Yorkshire Pudding but they had already eaten it! She had to go and find apples for them to eat instead _ and she was furious with how stupid we were!

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The following are some of the Eulogies and Memories of the Lay sisters in England.

Sr Annette Burns DMJ



Sr Annette Burns was born in Gravelhill, DunDonald, Scotland on 29th August 1911 and baptised Patience. Later, she took Theresa as her confirmation name.

After the onset of the Second World War, when she was in her late twenties, she entered with the Daughters of Mary and Joseph, then still known as Ladies of Mary.

As Sister Annette, she made her first vows in 1942 at the age of 31 and final vows 5 years later.

Her first community, as a professed sister, was in Coalville, Leicester. Sr Annette was there for only 2 years. She then moved to Coloma, Croydon in Tavistock Road for 3 years, returning there again in 1956 - after 9 yrs at St Anne's College in Sanderstead.

Anyone who knew her in the communities in which she lived, would immediately comment on how cheerful and pleasant she was to everyone: her sisters, the staff and the pupils. I personally experienced this as a pupil in Coloma. Sr Annette used to make fudge to sell to us at break time. She rapidly learnt our names and was always encouraging us to pop into chapel to say a wee prayer.

Full of anecdotes and stories, she could regale us with them in community, when time permitted, but was always very welcoming and interested in everyone and their doings.

Not only a great conversationalist, Sr Annette was a very hard worker. Be it laundry or kitchen or cleaning around the school or convent Sr Annette worked with a will. Even up to the age of 80, in St

Joseph's community, she insisted on cleaning the kitchen floor after lunch. She would sweep and wet mop it with great industry. Sr Annette liked to do her bit and it was with much reluctance that she finally acknowledged that she was no longer able for such exertions.

Sr Annette read widely and had a wonderful memory for detail. She had a particular interest in Church History. I remember once she asked me to explain to her exactly why the Orthodox Church had split from the Catholic Church.

Her retirement years were spent mainly at the Convent here in St Joseph's Community from 1983 up to the Millennium. At that point, after a particularly severe bout of bronchitis and pneumonia, Sr Annette asked to move to St Anne's Court. Although in many ways still quite active, she was becoming increasingly anxious at night and needed the reassurance that there were Staff on duty on whom she could call if necessary.

She spent her years at St Anne's Court very happily and when its closure was announced, she chose to go to the Wickham Court Nursing home so as to remain in the locality and so near her family.

Her family was very important to her. She was particular good to her brother Bobby who was an invalid in Scotland. Until he died, she went regularly to spend a few weeks with him. Sr Annette also received enormous pleasure from the visits made by her other brother Jackie, his wife Agnes and her niece Marie. Not only did she enjoy their visits to the Community, but she appreciated the outings she was able to enjoy with them and visits to their home. Sr Annette often spoke of how good they were to her and, on behalf of the Daughters of Mary and Joseph, I would like to offer them our sympathy and prayers.

They are saying goodbye to a cherished family member and we are saying goodbye to a very dear sister, who exemplified the 'cheerfulness, gentleness and politeness', which our founder said should characterise every DMJ. Seeing Sr Annette, no-one could doubt that she was happy to have given her life to Christ as a Daughter of Mary and Joseph.

Sr Annette was deeply prayerful. She took very seriously her commitment as a retired sister to pray for the work of our Congregation in all parts of the world, as well as any special intentions anyone might confide to her.

I would like to thank the staff of St Anne's Court, who cared for her so well in her latter years and the staff of the nursing home with whom she spent just a few months.

As recently as last September she seemed to have some kind of premonition that death was approaching and she said to me:

'When I die I want Fr Michael Cooley to say my Requiem Mass. You see, I knew him when he was a wee boy in Coloma Prep! Will you see to that for me?' So I promised her I would do my best and phoned him up to warn him of her request. Canon Michael is clearly no longer the 'wee boy' of her memories but we are very grateful to you Canon Michael for sparing the time from your busy inner city parish in order to honour her wish.

For the last few weeks of her life, Sr Annette was again the victim of bronchitis and pneumonia. She died very peacefully on 20th January 2005, having received the sacrament of the sick.

May she rest in peace.

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SISTER BENEDICT
(Agnes Stevenson)
1907 — 2004

Way back in 1934, our Sister Ben met with a very wise priest. She had entered with another Congregation, and was most unhappy there. He recommended that she visit the Daughters of Mary and Joseph in Scarborough. She often related that as soon as she walked through the door, she felt really at home and from then on she made everyone else who walked through any of our doors very much at home too.

Ben was born in Glasgow..... and never really lost her lovely accent. She made her First Vows in 1936, aged 29, and then her Final Vows during the War, in 1941.

Ben's entire life as a DMJ was one of total dedicated service to the Lord, and to her Sisters. On the day of her death, I had some lovely messages from our Sisters in various parts of the world. One said: "she was such a lovely person. I'm happy I had the opportunity to live with her. I am sure that you will miss her gentle presence and wonderful Scottish humour." Another wrote. "what an example of humble, faithful and loving commitment. How wonderful for her to be in heaven for Easter."



During her active years, Ben lived in Croydon, Scarborough and Merrow Grange, Guildford. I have had a letter from a Sister who lived with her in Merrow, and she wrote: "She was very hard working and always on her feet in the kitchen, preparing meals for the big Community and for the boarders. Nothing was too much trouble for her. I never heard her complain once. May she rest in peace and receive an abundant reward!" Apparently, Sister Ben was well—known by a great number of tramps and men of the road they knew that she would always greet them with a kind word and food and drink.

Ben loved music and dancing, and simply being in the presence of her Sisters in Community. She had a real gift for spotting a need, and responding to it. Just being with Ben was uplifting.

As Ben became older, she retired, reluctantly, to the St. Joseph's Community, here on this site. As she became frailer, she moved next door, into St. Anne's Court, where she was cared for with great love and attention until her peaceful death there on 6th April.

"Charity", says St. John Chrysostom, "does not consist in words only, nor in an empty interchange of external civilities, but in acts of real kindness." Our Founder quoted this in one of his letters. Surely Sister Ben was a living example of this. Her life was one of complete service to the Lord whom she loved so much, his Blessed Mother, to whom she had great devotion. and to those of us who are privileged to be able to call her our Sister.

Our Founder told us that "your labours will be crowned with the blessing of heaven. For those who know how to love are capable of great things." Sister Ben certainly knew how to love, and never neglected her prayer which was such an integral part of her daily work.

We will all miss little Sister Ben — but I am quite sure that she is now with the Risen Lord, and will gain many blessings for each one of us.

MAY SHE REST IN PEACE.



Annette and Ben as they were often seen helping each other along

Sr. Sheila Moloney

SR. LEONARD HARRISON- by Sr. Helen Conway

I was fond of Lenny, as we affectionately called her.

She was in Herne Bay community and I lived with her for more than a decade.

She had many talents. She was in charge of the Sacristy. She loved flowers, and adorned the altar beautifully, especially for Christmas and Easter, and when she went to buy flowers, she always chose ones that would last.

When the children of a couple in the parish had grown up and left home, they opened their home to some elderly people to care for them, and Lenny visited there often. She would take Holy Communion to the residents who wished. She came to know the residents well and at Christmas made little gifts for each one.



On Saturdays she walked up Mickleburgh Hill to visit those in the local Hospital.

She was part of the prayer group which met weekly at the Convent. She loved to sing and had a true and sweet voice. When I left Herne Bay Lenny continued the Prayer Group. She prepared the Meeting Room and welcomed the members.

She wrote a very good letter, newsy and well composed.

She loved poetry and could recite several verbatim. Once I asked her to dictate her favourite poem to me. I share it because I sense it was the inspiration for her life as a religious:

JESUS STOOD ON THE SHORE.

We all can remember a morning, that has fled upon time's fleet wings,
A morning that found us titled as Brides of the King of Kings.

And He, as our Lord and Master accepted our love and vows,
And gave in return His riches, and made each in truth His spouse.
He bid us then, trust Him only, with never a doubt or fear.
He launched out on the waters, and gave us His boat to steer.
He told us to cross the ocean, and if wild storms should roar,
to pay no heed to the wind or waves, but to look to Him on the shore,
that He would await our coming out there on the other side,
And count each effort it cost us to struggle against the tide.
We took the oars from our Master, His hands left marks of blood,
And we set to work in earnest to cross the surging flood.
What mattered it where we were working, what mattered a choppy sea?
We were nearing the shore and the Master, was waiting for you and me.

Since then what chances and changes, what strange mishaps we have known,
What days and nights we have drifted, tossed up and down on the foam?
What storms, and then what sunshine, what fog and mist and rain?
'till oft it seemed we were fated to never touch land again.
the scenes around us are different, and we, have changed still more,
But one thing never alters, the figure out there on the shore.

As the past has gone like a match light, so the future will flash as well.
What more we have of our journey, not one of us here can tell.
The boats we know are His choosing, as well as the sails and oar,
And we must work with the things He gives us, and look to Him on the shore
And if we work hard, while another lies down in the boat to rest,
We know 'tis so He wills it, and His will is always the best.
the boat is sure to go forward, we are sure the shore to reach.
And oh, to think of the welcome, in store, on the silvery beach
At home, oh Lord for ever, His own beloved bride,
Forever to feel His Presence, and never to leave His side.
What matters it where we are working, what matters it what we do,
We are nearing the shore and the Master is waiting for me and you.



Words of Remembrance Sr. Leonard (Mary) Harrison – Sr Sheila Moloney

'Little Mary', as she was affectionately known by her family on account of her small stature, was the daughter of Alban Harrison's second wife Sarah, who was also called Harrison. She had two step brothers by his first wife; Willie and Leonard, who inspired her chosen name in religion. Her mother died in childbirth, so she was brought up by relations in the village of Littlebeck, near Whitby. Her cousin Jennie often told the tale of carrying 'Little Mary' as an infant in her arms across the fields and receiving unwelcome looks at a "teenage mother". Alban was one of a large family, which gave Little Mary many relations.

Lennie's aunt, Sr. Wilfreda, was also a dmj —and after many years in America was part of the community in Forest Hill when Lennie entered in 1939.

Lennie made her first vows in 1941 and was portress in Croydon for seven years. She then moved to Forest Hill as portress and cook. During the fifteen years she spent there she was well known to many

of the parents who came to the convent door looking for Sr Mary John, the Superior or Sr Anna, the headmistress. She was remembered as excellent at her job because she was polite, very discrete and coped well with the many parents

Lennie was also practical and very caring. She could cope with any emergency e. g. a child who had had a little 'accident' - she soon had them cleaned up, smiling and on their way. She also served the teaching staff their lunch with grace and the priests their breakfast and was much appreciated for this.

She is well remembered for giving and serving teas for any Visitors and she excelled at this too. She was a warm and friendly person and you could always count on a wonderful smile that would keep you going through the day.

While she was at Forest Hill, she did some cookery classes and flower arrangement classes and she put both to great use during the rest of her life. She would press flowers and make them into little pictures. Lennie moved to Bedford Park as cook in 1966 and continued to welcome and care for visitors and the sisters.

Lennie was a person of many gifts and talents, some of which were discovered and developed later in her life. She gave pleasure to many using and sharing them. She had a great love of nature — flowers and birds — and boy did she know their names.

She created beautiful flower arrangements and loved doing so. Her artistic ability came to light in cake decorating for special occasions. Once Lennie was in the middle of making a cake and just as she was ready to put the icing on, she took ill. Olive came in to help her and threw away the icing Lennie had just prepared.

When Lennie entered, we had two types of sister, the choir sisters and the lay sisters. Lennie entered as a lay sister. She had been given her mother's wedding ring which she was very attached to, but, because it was gold and the lay sisters had to have silver rings, her ring was given to another dmj, Sr. Domitilla, to Lennie's immense sadness. However our Lennie never gave up on anything — when Sr. Domitilla died the practice of silver rings for some sisters and gold for others was finished and so Lennie asked for her mother's ring back. She was given it and wore it proudly for the rest of her life.

In 1974 Lennie moved north to "God's own country" and became housekeeper in Middlesbrough where she remained until 1982. She was back near her beloved family and made the most of it. Family was always important for Lennie and she was very proud of them all. During her time in Middlesbrough, she cared for and visited her brother on a regular basis, which he appreciated very much indeed.

In more recent years she made some lovely cards and was always well ahead sending her mail for Christmas and Easter. Her hand-knitted chicks often provided a nice decoration for the table for Easter. All her gifts were not only evident in what she created with her hands — but her feet took over when she entertained many a gathering with "The sailors' hornpipe"! Yes, Lennie loved music and singing and in fact had a very sweet singing voice. She was often found playing little ditties on the piano.

All these gifts added to her vast contribution to community. She took delight and pride in taking her turn to prepare evening prayer, her choice and recitation of poetry, scripture and hymns, all added to and gave a rich dimension to our community prayer. She would often recite the poem "The master on the shore"

She loved her holidays with Sr. Mary McAvoy and these were prefaced by a few trips to the market to pick up some bargains! She took delight in returning with a big smile on her face as she showed us her day's purchases.

Lennie then moved back south in 1982 and became Housekeeper and Sacristan in Herne Bay. She had more time and was encouraged to further develop her talents by Sr Marie Paula and for the first time she studied Catechetics and was able to use this in the parish and she was very proud of herself. It was during her time at Herne Bay that she was diagnosed as diabetic and that was a great burden for her as she had a sweet tooth.

She was also very interested in sport, especially tennis, and each time the tennis came on she would predict that Tim Henman would never win Wimbledon. And her words came true.

Lennie never forgot her roots in Yorkshire and her family and so the programme "Heartbeat" meant a lot to her as it showed all the places she knew and loved where she had grown up. In later life, she stayed many times with her cousin Cissie and was always made very welcome by her family.

She also showed good judgement e.g, when she quietly asked to move from Herne Bay as her health deteriorated and it was not possible for the sisters to have mass in the house each day. She knew that she could no longer manage to get across the busy street to get to mass with the high winds that could easily blow her over. Lennie moved into St. Anne's Court in 2002, then into Wickham Court in 2004 and finally into Coloma Court when it was opened.

Lennie celebrated her 80th birthday in county Donegal with Francis Duffy's family, with cake and presents, and remarked that it was her first birthday she could recall celebrating with her family. She thoroughly enjoyed the holiday.

Lennie was a very gentle person who always had a warm welcome for everyone. She was really interested in people and always had a warm smile. One day Fr. Tim Nolan came into Coloma Court to say mass and he asked her where her smile was. Lennie quickly replied I don't feel like it today but moments later out came that wonderful smile for him.

Lennie did not do great things that were very visible but she was, and is, a great example of 'the little ones' who quietly and faithfully live their lives in response to God's love. Judging by the number of sisters from all over our congregation who have written, she had a tremendous effect on us all.

Lennie celebrated her diamond Jubilee of 60 years of religious profession in 2001 with Mary Clement. At the same time, Collette Anne celebrated 70 years of religious profession and Mary Dymphna 50 years. Each one of them a true sign and faithful witness in living out their response to God's call. At the end of their mass booklet it said: May the Lord bless you and keep you — that is our prayer today as Lennie enjoys that in the arms of the Lord.

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SISTER AGNES FOLLEY
3rd February 1909 – 23rd December 2000

Sister Agnes was born in Kent. She became a Catholic when a young woman, and then Entered our Congregation early in the War in 1940. Those war years were so difficult for everyone __ but in Agnes' case they were years when she was able to show the devotion to hard work that would remain with her throughout her long and fruitful Religious Life.

Agnes was a wonderful Cook. There are many of us here today who can vouch for this! She cooked for us in the 'old' Coloma in Tavistock Road, then went from there to our House in Coalville, Leicestershire. After the War ended, she returned to Croydon, then from there she took her talents to our School in Merrow Grange, Guildford. She was needed in St. Anne's, Sanderstead, in the middle of her time in Merrow, so left Guildford for two years. She returned in 1952, and spent six happy years working in the Boarders' Dining Room. She went back to Croydon for a year in 1960, and then moved on to our House in Forest Hill. She had a great love of children, and she was greatly loved by the children in Croydon, Morrow and then Forest Hill.

In the early 60's, we opened a House in Cosham, Portsmouth. This is where I first got to know Sister Agnes.



Vicars for Religious were a new phenomenon in the Church, and we were asked if we could be of assistance to the newly-appointed Vicar for Religious in the Portsmouth Diocese Canon O'Connell. Agnes was asked, and she readily moved one bus-stop down the road to a separate house... Southlandsand there she looked after Canon O'Connell with immense devotion and discretion. She remained there with his successor... Fr. Fishwick, and these were very happy years for Agnes, as she also began to do some work with the children in Paulsgrove. She began the Brownies there, and absolutely loved this. She studied Catechetics too at this time, and obtained her Diploma — and then in 1964 she received her Warrant as Guide Captain and Brown Owl. She really loved her Brownies, and they too loved Agnes. She was kind and gentle, but also a good disciplinarian. This was evident too when she left Portsmouth in 1974, and assisted with the children in the Prep. School in St. Anne's, Sanderstead. She then moved on to West Wickham, then to our new House in Clapham, then to Heme Bay as she became more elderly, and was able to lead a more relaxed life there at the sea-side.

In 1994, Sister Agnes had to leave Herne Bay as she needed more medical care, and she moved to this site, to our own St. Anne's Court. In her file there is a letter that she wrote at this time. She realises that moving to St. Anne's is a big step, but she accepts it so willingly and readily, writing... "there will be people there who will be able to help me and do things for me and I shall certainly let them help me. All here are willing to help me, but they all have full-time jobs, and I need regular care." "I am very contented". One of the great joys for her in moving to St. Anne's was the fact that she did not have to go out to Mass, but need only go downstairs to the Chapel for Daily Mass.

There can be no doubt that Sister Agnes was loved in St. Anne's, and was very happy there. She was kind to the Staff and to the other residents, and they really appreciated her. When I returned to St. Anne's immediately after having had the privilege of being with Sister Agnes as she died, I met some of the Staff. They were really distressed at the news of her death, and one said to me that if she could take home only one of the Residents for Christmas, it would be Sister Agnes! And she had bought her Christmas present too!



As a Daughter of Mary and Joseph, Sister Agnes Elsie lived a happy, fulfilled life of service to all those with whom she came into contact. She loved her family, and they too loved Agnes. After her death, I commented to one of her relatives that it was amazing that at 91 Agnes had absolutely no wrinkles? She replied that it was because she was always so contented. She loved and served God, then her neighbours. Her priorities were always very clear her Religious Life of prayer was very important to her. We have been very privileged to have had Agnes as our Sister for so many years. I am sure that now she is enjoying the hundredfold that the Lord promised to those who are faithful to Him.

MAY SHE REST IN PEACE

Sister Sheila Moloney
West Wickham
2nd January 2001

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Eulogy for Sr. Colette Anne

Colette Anne, Annie McLeod, was born on 20th April 1910 in Govan, Glasgow. She was so proud of her Scottish heritage to her very last breath. She never lost her dream that one day we might open a convent in Scotland.

Colette made her first vows on 9th April 1931 just before her 21st birthday and she made her final vows in our Mother House in Belgium in 1936 aged 25. Next year would have been the 80th anniversary of her vows but 79 years of religious life is quite an achievement in itself and her fidelity and prayer were a great inspiration to us all.

Colette spent many years in Belgium all through the Second World War and for some years after that. As one of her tasks, she helped care for the borders in the DMJ schools in Belgium. She would often tell us many stories of her life there with the sisters. She was a great story teller and would often lapse into story during conversations and you had to listen to the end of the story. Usually there was a bit of truth and a lot of embellishment in her stories. There was one about me dancing round the kitchen in Merlewood with her and a sweeping brush but actually it was Mary Lees!

She did a variety of ministries from being infirmarian to Econom and at one time she was Matron to the pupils in one of our schools. She did a lot of voluntary visiting and always spent a great deal of time in prayer. You could always rely on her prayerful support even when she was confined to bed.

When Colette returned from Belgium in the sixties, it was around the time that, as Catholics, we were being introduced to bible study. She arrived back carrying her bible and told us that she would only be able to go back to Belgium if she knew her bible. So every day, no matter the work, she read and studied the bible.

Colette was a very fervent member of the Charismatic Renewal and would go up regularly to their meetings in London. She also belonged to a local prayer group and was still in contact with them when we celebrated her hundredth birthday in April this year. She also attended the annual charismatic meeting in Southampton until she could no longer travel.

She was also very devoted to Padre Pio and often enrolled us in his Novenas.

Colette was very clever with her hands and did mosaics and all kinds of craft work. She was very methodical and organised her equipment very well. If you needed to borrow something she knew exactly where to find it. She was also very fond of oranges and lemons and her cure for a cold was an onion boiled in milk. Sr. June remembers all the letters that Colette wrote to her when she was on mission in Ghana, keeping her up to date with all the news and she was very grateful and appreciative of her taking the time to do that.

Her most remarkable ministry was when she was in Merlewood. She discovered that the Patrol Officer in Sanderstead was retiring. The crossing was just outside of St Anne's School and a few paces away from the convent — so what did she do? She decided that it was a good opportunity to meet with the children and parents and so she went in and applied for the job. We knew nothing about it until she came back, having got the job, with her lollypop sign and uniform. Thereafter, she would dutifully go out in all kinds of weather in the morning, twice at lunch time, and when the school closed. She was intrepid in her control of the traffic, the children and their parents and it was a great apostolate as, in talking to the parents and children, she got lots of things to pray about for them. Colette became a well-known and much appreciated figure to many children and their parents.



After her retirement Colette joined St. Joseph's Community and, although in 1991 she had a fall and broke her leg, she did recover. However eventually Colette had to go into our St Anne's our Care home where she was well looked after by Sr Etty and her staff. From there she moved into the Wickham Court Nursing Home and finally into Coloma Court, where she was very well looked after until her death. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Maria and the staff for their love and care for Colette. She had been confined to her bed for many years due to a broken leg that did not heal. When you went to see her you could always rely on her lovely smile. She spent a lot of time sleeping in her latter days but when I woke her up she was always delighted to see me.

We had a great day for her 100th Birthday and she enjoyed every minute of the day and all the



(Colette with Goretta and Eileen on her 100th Birthday)

attention. The photographer came from the local paper and the headline read "100th Birthday fun for Annie the nun!" She got her letter from the queen and told me she wasn't as good looking as her mother! We had mass relayed to her bedroom where she stayed with Barbara, her very good and faithful friend of charismatic days, and we had a lovely tea later in the day when she cut her cake. She wore her lovely pink bed jacket sent by her sister from Scotland and was very proud of it.

Recently, when Sr. Helen went to see her and asked her "How are you Colette?" She replied "Making the best of life." That is how she lived and that is how she died.

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Sister Mary Patrick O'Grady



Sister Mary Patrick O'Grady, born in Co. Limerick, Eire, was called to her eternal home on the evening of Thursday, February 4th 1988. She had celebrated her Golden Jubilee of her Religious Profession at Easter 1986.

Most of her Novitiate Days were spent in St; Monica's, Forest Hill when she, exercised culinary duties under the guidance of Mother Anastasia Hickey. The novices who lived with her at that time will always remember her great devotion to Fr. Willie Doyle, an Irish Jesuit, who lost his life in the 1914—1918 war. She emulated his mathematical accountancy to the then popular devotion of Ejaculatory Prayer. Our recreations. were enlivened by her frequent injection of his religious maxims, e. g. "jumping out of bed as if it were on fire".

She was a person who liked change and because of this she lived in several of our convents. She was a very devoted worker and in all places she had a large concourse of friends. During the war she was evacuated to Hatchlands with St. Anne's school, and here her apostolate among the young boarders and their parents gave her life-long appreciation and friendship.

During her work in Scarborough she went through a traumatic experience. Her health deteriorated and she underwent a major operation for cancer. Nobody expected her to live. Despite all medical opinions she rallied and gradually began to regain her strength. With great courage she carried on, nevertheless this experience was never forgotten and caused her much anxiety and fear during the rest of her life. In spite of this she nobly carried on various work in our convents. Her devotion to Fr. Willie grew into a loving and tender devotion to Mary. The Rosary was now a great devotion and she encouraged the sisters to join with her every day in reciting this prayer. During the latter years of her life Mary Patrick was drawn to visit the shrines of Our Lady - Knock, Lourdes and Fatima. These pilgrimages brought her immense joy and peace. In this period of retirement at St. Joseph's she lived to care for and help the older sisters there.

Her sudden death was a great shock to us here, and to all her religious sisters, and to her family. Her two sisters, a sister-in-law; and four nephews came from Ireland to her funeral. The Requiem Mass and the last prayers brought joy and peace to us, and to her family. A moving moment was when her four devoted nephews came forward to shoulder her coffin into and from the chapel. It was evident how much she was loved and appreciated by her family. 'May she now enjoy eternal peace and rest.

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(From Sr. Mary Anastasia of St. Joseph's Convent, West Wickham)

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