

Sister Rose McNamee (Rose Angela), BVM
Wake Stories/Reflections
Marian Hall Chapel, June 5, 2014

Sister Katherine Keating, BVM

My last years of teaching were with Rose and two laypeople. We taught junior high at St. Ita in Chicago. We had the best time because the junior high was in the basement. Anybody who has taught junior high knows that nobody likes them at certain times of the year. We had a grand time. We had probably over thirty different languages in the group. I was glad Rose was the English teacher! Afterward when none of us were teaching there, we would continue getting together for dinner about every six weeks. We really enjoyed each other's company at school and away from school. So I just thank Rose because it was a very, very good experience for me. That's when I got out of teaching because I wanted to go out on a high note.

Sister Mary Angela Buser, BVM

In her final years, Rose was a very quiet woman. But she had one very favorite thing that I think needs to be expressed. She was a woman of gratitude. There were a number of occasions on which I received her gratitude. I remember several times walking on third floor in the middle of the day and Rose would be calling out, "Please cover me!" When there wasn't an aide in the area, I would go in and cover her. She always gave me a beautiful "Thank you." Another time I accompanied her to the doctor. Although it was a very quiet trip, when we returned home she said, "Thank you for being with me." On the Tuesday before her death, Rose wanted somebody with her and I had the privilege of being with her for a while. Most of the time, Rose was very quiet. But then once, after about an hour, she opened her eyes very, very wide and very deliberately said, "Thank you for accompanying me." Those were her last words to me. I think that the readings of today expressed the gratitude that she expressed even when she couldn't find words for many of her other thoughts.

Sister Susan Rink, BVM

Rose was at Mundelein College in the late 1970s and early 1980s. She had a very unusual position. Sister Margaret Irene Healy was very successful at writing grants. In one of the grants, she asked for money for secretarial help and she received that money. She hired Rose. Rose did typing and other clerical work; and she did it very efficiently. If you remember Sister Margaret Irene, she liked things done VERY well and Rose stratified her. Whenever I saw Rose over these past years, she always gave me a huge smile and remembered the days at Mundelein.

Sister Joan Newhart, BVM

Rose and I taught together at Immaculata High School in Chicago. Very often on weekends, I would take the commuter train to Arlington Heights and Rose would take the same commuter train to Crystal Lake. One famous weekend, which I think of as the comedy of errors, Rose was already on the train when I got on at Arlington Heights. It was a wintery, snowy holiday and the week before semester exams. We greeted each other and it didn't take me long to realize that I had left my case with all my exams in it at the station. Rose was equally concerned and stayed with me for which I was very grateful. We had to get off the train and try to find where to get

on another one to get back to Arlington Heights. We succeeded in doing that, but when we got to the station, the case wasn't there. So we plowed through the snow to my parents' apartment where we called the police. Yes, they had my case. My dad drove me to the police station while Rose was still extremely concerned and faithful to me. Upon arriving back at the apartment, the extreme cold outside and the warmth in the vestibule of the apartment caused my glasses to break into two pieces. By the time we had the case, it was too late to get a train back so we called Immaculata. I'm sure it was Alice Caulfield who came to the rescue and drove all the way to Arlington Heights and drove us home. Rose and I could often laugh about the train experience. I don't know if this was the occasion of Rose's pet name for me, which she still used, "the Newhart girl." Rose, I'm glad your new freedom brings you to joy.

Sister Catherine Dominick, BVM

Rose liked her sweets. Every once in a while I would get some candy and would give her a piece. She thought I was giving her a million dollars instead of a piece of candy. She was so thrilled. "Oh, you're giving me a piece? Thank you so much!" She loved her sweets so much.

Sister Mary Paul Francis Bailey, BVM

Rose and I got to be very good friends when we were at Mundelein. She lived just down the street from the condo where I was living. All the things which people have said before me are very true. She loved to party. She talked about a group of six or so who used to go out frequently to have a party. There was also a group at Mundelein who used to celebrate birthdays. We would go to one particular restaurant and have a nice time. There was always a little drink that went along with it. Rose was always a very appreciative woman. I drove her to the doctor regularly. Her doctor visits were long because they always included having a multitude of tests. Rose suffered greatly from her diabetes. It's true she loved chocolate; it was very difficult to keep her away from it! But in all of her life and even to the very last moment, she was most appreciative of every single thing anyone did. Those of you who have been in the chapel when she was there know that if you took her place, you knew it. "Somebody is sitting in MY chair!" I can hear her to this day. God love you Rose, because we sure did.

Sister Virginia Crilly, BVM

Thank you to all who shared your memories of Rose. I, too, remember when I would walk down the hall and she would say, "Come here. Can you cover me?" She was always most gracious and she always said, "Thank you very much."