

*Sister Elizabeth Welter, BVM (Prudentia)*  
*Wake Stories/Reflections*  
*Marian Hall Chapel, Aug. 22, 2016*

**Sister Mary Anne Bradish, BVM**

I was at Pasadena, Calif., when Elizabeth lived there. I was taking a college algebra course by correspondence. I was frustrated because I wanted to get finished quickly. Elizabeth was my mentor. She was very helpful to me because she said, "You show every operation in a single line." I said, "That will take a whole page for a problem." She said, "Yes, that's what you do." I finished the course. Thanks, Elizabeth. Just one other point. I went to see Elizabeth's body just a little while ago. A lady was there who said she wouldn't be able to stay. She said, "Elizabeth taught me to knit. I have knitted many afghans since." Thank you, Elizabeth.

**Sister Donard Collins, BVM**

I was working at the Motherhouse when Elizabeth came to Mount Carmel. Because I am not good at the computer, Elizabeth would faithfully come in and show me little things to help me. I recall most that she gave me a beautiful crocheted doily that I keep under one of the plants on our coffee table. It so happens that doily has the same pattern I use quite often to make baby afghans. When I can't find my directions for the baby afghan, I take a look at that doily and I figure out once more the directions for row 9 and row 19. It always helps. Thanks, Liz.

**Sister Karen Conover, BVM, Support Services**

I've only known Elizabeth very briefly this year. Some months ago she asked me to come up to her room. Her book of Christian Prayer, which was very well-worn, had parted company with its cover. I went to our store of other copies. I said, "Elizabeth, this is really looking bad. Would you like one in the meantime and I'll see what I can do."

You could tell she was not interested in giving up what her fingers had touched for decades and prayed through. So we took out all the holy cards because she thought she might never see them again and left them in her room. I looked at the book and thought that a little clear packing tape carefully applied outside and inside would restore it for at least as long as she might be praying it. So I fixed it and brought it up to her. Her eyes just danced and she said, "Oh, thank you!" She gave me back the loaner and took her beloved prayer book.

What this says to me is that this is a woman who loved her God through the ordinary prayer of the church, day in and day out. I treasure the memory of her as a woman of prayer. I'm grateful for that. Thank you, Elizabeth.

**Paul Fulmer, Distant Cousin**

I had a brother in California who was a real character named Moose. He had a beard that looked like Moses' beard. He was a very wild character, but Sister Elizabeth loved him. They got along famously and had many good laughs together. My brother looked like a bum, but he had great pro-life tendencies. He would go behind commercial buildings and pick up bottles and cans. His garage—no cars or anything else would fit in there. He had nothing but bottles and

cans. Elizabeth thought this was a riot. He would take them in when the garage was full and get the money. The check would immediately go to a Los Angeles pro-life organization.

When Sister came here, he said, "You've got to keep up the family relationship." We try to do that, my wife and I. We live in the Galena Territory so we would come periodically and visit her. I must just compliment all of you BVMs who mistreated me in school, but I won't go back to that. I told a couple of sisters that story at both St. Jerome in Chicago and St. Mary in Clinton, Iowa. We would come and visit. She was so proud to be a BVM. She would always show us the latest thing she could do on the computer. Her knitting afghans was so special. What I will always remember is her smile. She just had a beatific vision. I used to kid her, "You are already there!" Now I'm so delighted that she is there and she can be happy. She was a special, special lady. You were fortunate to have her for 77 years.

### **Sister Joan Stritesky, BVM**

Elizabeth sat in the dining room at a certain table. Sometimes she would come late and sometimes she would be early. She did smile and I saw it a couple of times, but she wouldn't give me credit for having said something funny. I often wondered why that was so true of her. But then one day she said, "I cannot hear you!"

I'm thinking that all those days I was with her she never heard a joke I said. I hope now in heaven there's a replay because they were very good! Now Liz had a silence about her that you could not break through. I've often thought "The Hound of Heaven" is a very good reading for her. It's one of my favorites, but we never got together over it. I pray for all those who can't hear. But please smile when I tell a joke! Thanks, Liz, for all the times I had fun with you silently.

### **Sister Mary Healey, BVM**

I want to express a regret. When I came here some five years ago, Elizabeth was already extremely deaf. I don't know how long she had been that way. I used to eat with her in the dining room sometimes. I am blessed with an unusually penetrating voice. She could hear me and I found out what a charming conversationalist she was. Maybe no one here ever knew that and I'm sorry you missed all that.