



Wake Stories of Sister Madalyn Hogan, BVM (Renata)
Marian Hall Chapel, May 22, 2018

Dennis Pauly (*Read by Sister Diane Forster, BVM*)

I remember "Sister Renata" from when I worked at Clarke College in the kitchen. She was always a lot of fun. Later on, she was my little sister's first grade teacher at St. Anthony's. She certainly lived a full life.

Kathleen Jackson, Former BVM (*Read by Sister Diane Forster, BVM*)

God bless the dear, good Sister. Happy Heavening to her!

Sister Carol Marie Baum, BVM

I met Maddie when I moved to Dubuque in 1998. She was living in the Circle Apartments across from us with Donard Collins, BVM. Joy is one of the hallmarks of Maddie, especially her laughter. There is no way I can even describe what it was like other than her whole being jiggled when she laughed. She was an exuberant person. We had the opportunity to take a couple of trips to the Spiders (BVM leisure house). When we were up there, she was always the one who wanted to make sure that she held up her end of the bargain in doing enough work to be along with the crowd, even though we were there to relax.

We had a good time playing cards. She was a consummate card player. She loved any type of card game, but her two favorites were 500 and Bridge. In later years, we managed to get in at least six games before she would say, "I think I've played enough. I need to go back to my room." I am wearing a scarf from the craft fair that she gave me. It's a Diane Forster original. It has one of my favorites – butterflies, which she knew were special to me. Maddie, I hope that as you enjoy the beauty of heaven, you continue to spread your joy with us.

Jenna Posey, Former Mt Carmel CNA

I had the pleasure of working with Maddie for about a year. As many of you know, she loved to make little hats for the babies at the hospitals. One of my best friends recently had a little girl. I asked Maddie if she would make a hat for her. You would have thought the Cubs won the World Series all over again. She was so excited. She asked me a dozen questions about colors. She asked me probably 20 times if the baby was born yet, because she wanted to give her the hat. I had the pleasure of taking a picture of the baby in the hat and showing it to her before she went to heaven. She was very excited about that. Thank you, Maddie, for making Olivia's hat. She looks adorable in it.

Sister Donard Collins, BVM

I lived with Maddie when we first moved into the apartments in Carmel Circle. Maddie didn't know me and I really didn't know Maddie, but we thought we could make a go of it, and we certainly did.

Maddie was an excellent cook. She made the best lemon bars. I would like to share one story with you. There was a gathering over in 940 D one night. Because we knew it would be late when we came home, we turned on our outside light. It was getting dark when we returned. We went to the apartment and Maddie said, "My key doesn't work." I said, "And the lightbulb is already burned out." I unscrewed the lightbulb and I'm standing there waiting for Maddie to get the door open. I kept seeing other things that were missing. Finally, Maddie said, "You try the door with your key." I was trying the door when Maddie awakened to the fact we were at the wrong apartment. She runs down the sidewalk and leaves me standing there as poor Marguerite Neumann and Eugena Sullivan opened the door wondering who is trying to break into their house. Each time someone comes to 920 A and says "Oh, are we at the wrong place," I understand.

Sister Bernadette McManigal, BVM

I had the privilege of accompanying Maddie to the doctor a few weeks ago. We were at the Mercy doctor offices. As we went in, several people greeted her and then the word spread from office to office. We had nurses and office staff from all kinds of offices coming out to hug Maddie. She knew them and asked questions about their lives. I knew I was with a real star.

Teri Bryant, Niece

Madalyn was such an adorable woman, easy to laugh. She taught me so many things – how to play cards and Scrabble. However, she would get very angry with me when we would play Scrabble because I took too long to find a word. She finally put an egg timer on me; I had to have it done by the time the egg timer ran out. I told her, "You're a teacher. Why would you like me to play 'we' when I could spell 'welcome?'" She was just life loving. She would have very strange things happen to her that ended up being very funny. The first one to laugh was Aunt Madalyn. She always had fun and had a smile on her face. She was a very sweet person. I will miss her very much.

Sister Bertha Fox, BVM

I knew Sister Mary Renata when she was teaching at St. Anthony's in Dubuque and I was a student at Clarke College. Because the St. Anthony sisters lived at Clarke, we got to know sisters other than the Clarke faculty. She was a beautiful, young sister and just so joyful that a group of us used to meet her when she came home so that we could walk with her and she could laugh and talk. She was a great example. Out of that group that used to meet with her, three of us entered the BVMs.

Therese Mackin, BVM

I taught with Maddie at St. Anthony's. I always enjoyed when we were living at Clarke and rode back and forth in a car. I remember Maddie meeting a little boy who came into her classroom. He had fallen down and was crying and feeling very sad about life and himself. I remember well Maddie taking the little boy in her arms and saying, "You're alright. You're just fine."

Sister Loretta Hubl, BVM

I'm in a wheelchair and so was Maddie. Very often, when we would go back to our rooms, we would meet on the elevator. We made a little pact that every time we would meet, we would hold hands. Some people would ask, "Why are you holding hands?" She would quickly answer, "Because we like each other." They wouldn't say anything more. The next time someone asked, she would say, "You're just jealous." I'm going to miss holding her hand.

Sister Mary Angele Lutgen, BVM

I first met Maddie in the 1970s when she, Catherine Jean Hayen and I went to do a summer of volunteer service at Clarksdale, Miss. We rode down together. We taught school in the morning and in the afternoon, we did projects. It was the hottest time of the day. The first year, we painted the outside of the shotgun house that would later become my classroom. After going to Clarksdale for two summers, both Maddie and I went fulltime and spent years there. Maddie was 20 years older than I was, but she worked probably twice as hard with everything that she did. She was lots of fun. Thank you, Maddie.

Sister Maureen Patrice Fury, BVM

I lived with Maddie at St. Anthony's for nine years, but Maddie was retired. Carol Marie mentioned that Maddie loved cards. Whenever we had a snow day, Marcellita Brown and Maddie would say, "Let's play cards." There we would be at 10 o'clock in the morning playing cards. In the opening song we sang "Love is kind." That reflects Maddie. A former member who came to visit Maddie many times used to say, "Maddie was so kind to the young sisters." Maddie, thank you for your kindness and your love.

Sister Eileen Healey

During relocation with the Motherhouse renovation, Maddie lived in the Hotel Julien. The 14 or 15 sisters who were going to live there met and each one was picking her room. We came to the last two. I don't even remember who the other sister was, but they both seemed to want the same room. Maddie very graciously said, "That's OK. I'll take whatever is left." The next day I went around making sure everyone was comfortable. Her room was in perfect order. She even had a little dressing room on the side and a sitting room. She ended up with what I considered the best room in the hotel. I always thought it was a gift to her because she was so gracious.

Sister Margaret Mary Cosgrove, BVM

As some of you may remember, the hearse had some difficulties after the committal service. I was walking up the BVM Center hill and saw a blue pickup come toward me very, very slowly. I looked over into the bed and there was Maddie in her casket. It was so typical that something funny would happen to Maddie at her committal service. I thought, if she could, she would sit up and laugh.

Sister Karen Conover, BVM

Maureen O'Brien, BVM and I lived together for many years in San Francisco. Somewhere several decades past, Maddie was assigned to be our prayer. When we came to Mt. Carmel, we always sought her out and had a little visit. I'm fearful that we ignored her more than we should have. We really counted on her prayers during some very wild-and-wooly times in St. Paul's Parish with school closures, selling of buildings, etc.

Then I moved here almost three years ago and counted on her prayers as I made that transition. Diane Forster, BVM and I moved into an apartment at St. Columbkille's and had Maddie for our prayer. There was this ongoing connection. I always felt I could trust that she was there with her support and love and a sense of setting us free to do whatever needed to be done and let God take care of things. I'm grateful to you, Maddie, for your love, prayers, and faithfulness through many decades.

Sister Carol Marie Baum, BVM

I want to pick up on what Margaret Mary had to say. Maddie was originally in the Cadillac hearse to go down to the gravesite. When they couldn't get it to start, they called the maintenance truck to come up in order to take her down, but it didn't end there. When they got down to the cemetery to bury her, they couldn't get the backhoe working to fill the grave. Another hiccup getting her buried. Maddie wanted to make sure, in her wonderful style, that this would be a memorable event in all aspects. Thanks, Maddie, for the laughter.

Karen Kane-Herber, Director of the Roberta Kuhn Center

One of my first years as Robert Kuhn director, Maddie signed up for a class called "Psychology of Aging." It was a very popular class. A few BVMs have taken it, but mostly laypeople. One day I was walking past the Motherhouse mailroom and Maddie was on the glider swing patiently waiting for the mail to be passed. She was swinging her legs off the edge because she was too short for her feet to touch the ground. I smiled to myself and thought how beautiful was her youthful exuberance. I asked how her class was going. She said that she absolutely loved it. Another sister was waiting with her and said, "What class are you taking?" She said, "'Psychology of Aging' with Dr. Gerry Beckman." The sister asked, "Well, what do you do in that class?" Maddie said, "We learn how to get old" and then giggled. Thank you, Maddie.