



**Wake Stories of Mary Enid Lodding, BVM**  
Marian Hall Chapel, Aug. 1, 2018

**Denise Sedlack**

It was my joy to serve with Sister Enid at St. Philip the Apostle Parish in Addison, Ill. When I readied for this morning, I picked out my brightest, cheeriest outfit because in my life, she was a bright and cheery person. I'm a little choked up. I met Sister Enid back in 1995. I was a brand new principal and with it, I brought a basketful of naiveté. I met this woman of wisdom. She was my confidante, my friend, and just a dear person in my life. We only had two sisters on the staff. We affectionately called her Jesus' Little Sunbeam. Now we got in all kinds of trouble because she and I could laugh hardily at anything. I remember one evening we had a parish council meeting and we were so exhausted that everything was funny. We came down the stairs, both of us laughing over that we didn't know what we were laughing about. We had to sit literally on the bottom stair and laugh and laugh and laugh. The next morning when we saw each other, we had no clue to what we thought was so funny. That was Enid; she was such a person of joy. She was also a person of surprise. She shot from the hip. There were times that she had to tell this newbie principal, "You haven't a clue." She helped me through all of those days. We served together for only five years. However, she was one of those inspirations that kept me in the game for 15 more years. I will forever be grateful to her. We bought a little home in Galena, Ill. I remember going there one weekend and there was a little acrylic angel that said "God Bless Your Home" sitting on my doorstep. She said, "Welcome to Galena. When I go to Dubuque, I'll stop and see you." And she did. I still have that weathered little angel. When I looked at it this morning, I realized my friend was a little weathered too before she bid us adieu. I had the glorious joy of seeing her on July 16. We received a phone call and were told that she was in a care center. We went there and I did not expect her to be in the lunchroom. She couldn't speak to us, but she smiled. She was eating her chocolate ice cream. I whispered to her as an aide was trying to give her a piece of chopped up burger, "Enid, if this is one of your last meals, honey, you don't need that burger. You go eat that chocolate ice cream." She smiled. I don't know if she knew exactly who I was, but she knew I was a friendly face. When I see that little angel, I will always treasure the joy of Sister Enid in my life. Thanks to all of you beautiful sisters who helped to shape a beautiful person who helped shape by life. God bless all of you.

**Jolene Hilgoth, Niece**

We always had a very special relationship. She came home from Seattle when I was only in first grade. At that point, she wore the square habit. She was able to spend a little bit of time with us. That was my first encounter with her that I can remember. From then on, we always shared good times together. When she moved back to the Chicago area, when she moved to Wright Hall, even when she was in Iowa, she loved driving. She would drive home for all the holidays. She would be the butt of our jokes all the time. We would have a great time together and miss her presence at our table. We would always stick her with saying grace. However, she would be ready and would go on and on and on. Finally, we would say, "We're hungry! We're hungry!" One of my greatest memories is of Thanksgiving. We would go around the table and say for what we were thankful. The day after Thanksgiving was filled with one of things Sister loved to do most – go shopping! She loved her clothes. She loved to shop with the younger set and help us out. We would go the Friday after Thanksgiving with all the nutty people. We would get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and be there when the stores opened at 6 a.m. We would stand in line to buy Christmas lights and all the other stuff that was on sale. She would sit in the mall and hold all our packages. She would say, "I'll sit right here and you just keep bringing me your packages." She was a great lady. I know she struggled these last few months. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to be here with her because of my

health issues, but we did talk on the phone. I thank Sister Carl Loras Pilmaier for always taking good care of her. They had a very special relationship. She will be greatly missed.

**Patti Sue Stolfe, Former Co-Worker** *(Read by Sister Donard Collins, BVM)*

At times in life, you make what you think is a choice. I volunteered to work with Sister Enid in religious education. She was a nun, older, and in charge. I was a volunteer, younger, and Catholic schooled. Into the mix, I am sure, came the Holy Spirit. We worked together as equals at St. Philip the Apostle. The religious education program is richer for her work. We enjoyed each other as friends. We lunched at fancy restaurants. We went on the architectural cruise. We went to my husband's pizza restaurant where the staff fawned over her. We did attend scholastic seminars and spiritual retreats, too. Who knew the Holy Spirit could be as playful as Sister Enid while helping us grow.

**Sister Carol Marie Baum, BVM**

I got to know Enid when I was a young school girl. Enid was a companion with my sister, Sister Joann (Joaquin), for home visits. Enid was an exceptional primary teacher. We, the younger kids, were lucky that she shared her bag of tricks. Her bag of tricks was always at her side. We always had a school session while she was visiting. It was my younger sister Mary Lou, my younger brother David and I. She had an extraordinary laugh; I cannot duplicate it. It made everybody else join in. You couldn't keep a straight face with Enid in the house. When we came into the chapel today, Enid wanted a little something extra to happen, so we had a visit from a bat just to get things going. Enid, thank you for the gift you were to my family and the wonderful time that we had. Truly, we will remember that great laugh and your wonderful sense of humor.

**Sister Margaret Mary Cosgrove, BVM**

I have a couple of fond memories of Enid. One happened when I moved to Iowa City to study. As soon as the Directory came out, I got a phone call from Enid who had gone through the Directory and looked up who was living in Iowa City. She called to welcome me. It was such a nice gesture. Nothing like that had ever happened before. I was always so grateful that she did that. It meant that I would know one more person in Iowa City. When Enid was working at St. Thomas More, the university parish in Iowa City, Dan Ward was studying law at the University of Iowa. They got to be quite the good friends. I sent Dan an e-mail about Enid's death. He was expressing his sympathy, but also reminiscing about some of the trouble they got into together. Apparently, the pastor there was a challenge and they were mutual support for each other.

**Sister Mary Healey, BVM**

I hate to see Enid go without mentioning her vests. As was mentioned, she did like to shop particularly for vests, I think. Enid was director of religious education for about 30 years. She wore vests for each season. When she came to Wright Hall, where I was living, she brought her religious education wardrobe. Gradually, I think, she gave those things away to people who would put them to good use. She came in August. In September, she had a back-to-school vest with rulers, pencils, a bell and apples embroidered on it. On into autumn, she had two vests with varied colored leaves. Of course, there were the Halloween, Thanksgiving, St. Nicholas Day, and Christmas vests and so on until June. I was an elementary teacher myself and I know how the children love things like that. Maybe there were kids who came to class to see what Sister was wearing. Well, if it works, don't knock it.

**Cynthia Decker, Niece**

I wouldn't be here today if not for Sister Enid. My mother met my father because he was dating Sister. Sister went on to become a bride of Christ and my mother and father went on to have twelve children. I can truly say I wouldn't be here without Sister.

**Jeff Hilgoth, Grandnephew**

It was difficult to hear of Sister's passing and to tell my four young. She absolutely adored them and they adored her. She would send boxes of goodies all the time. They would get so excited when a package arrived from Sister Enid. They knew that Sister gave the best gifts. When I was very little, my grandmother, her sister, passed away.

I always felt that Sister Enid filled the void left by my grandmother. She was always there for all my milestones from growing up to graduating from college; all the holidays we spent together. I am going to miss her a lot. She always had a great sense of humor. We always gave her such a hard time. I would play with her hair because it would never move. It always looked the same. We just had little jokes like that back and forth. Actually, after I got married, she became very fond of my wife and put me to the side a little bit. My wife became the favorite. I was always a little jealous of that. I am very thankful that she was able to live a very full life and that we were able to share the times we had together and that my children know who Sister Enid is. I think that they are old enough and have had enough experiences to remember her. For that, I am very grateful. We're going to miss her. I love her.

#### **Sister Kate Keating, BVM**

I really didn't know Enid very well. When she was in Chicago at Wright Hall, she also spent time in a facility recuperating from an illness. Dorothy Gaffney and I went over to see her because they were very close. When we arrived, we asked, "Is there anything we can do for you, Enid?" She said, "Yes, I'd like to go out to lunch." I said, "Where would you like to go?" In Chicago, we could have gone anywhere. She chose McDonald's. We went out to McDonald's and she had the biggest burger you ever did see and just enjoyed it so much. When I came here, she said she got a gift certificate for Tony Roma's. She asked, "Would you take me over there? I like their ribs." We took her and Carl Loras Pilmaier went along. You've never seen anybody eat a full rack of ribs like she did. She used at least ten of those little wipes to clean off her mouth. It was a real joy to watch her eat. I just wondered if one of her relatives or friends gave her that gift certificate. She really enjoyed it.

#### **Sister Mary Alma Sullivan, BVM**

My story goes back several decades. When I was barely out of the Novitiate and at Holy Cross in Chicago, a sister who entered from Holy Cross was out at St. John in Seattle. I was told to exchange places with her. I am a native Chicagoan. My heart was broken that I would be sent to the state of Washington. Visiting my parents would not be so easy because I was going so far away. Enid was on the faculty at St. John's. She not only mentored me in terms of the culture, of the school, and little odds and ends, but she recognized that I was brokenhearted. God love her, she took me under her wing. She helped through a difficult time emotionally and mentored me in terms of the St. John practices. I will never forget that.

#### **Sister Jeroma Day, BVM**

It's been said that Enid loved ice cream. I think that she loved caramels even more. Most of you know she was diabetic. It was always a little conflict for me to go into her room, because I knew she wanted a caramel. Instead, I used Carl Loras as her conduit, expecting her to give Enid a caramel when it was a good time. If Enid wasn't feeling so well and maybe had her eyes closed and I would go in and speak to her, she would say, "Oh, you are the caramel lady." And then, she was wide awake.