



**Wake Stories of Sister Donard Collins, BVM**  
Caritas Studio, June 9, 2020

**LaVonne (Bonnie) Means, sister** *(Read by Karen Kittler, Bonnie's daughter)*

I remember a time before Charlotte went to the convent and I was dating Percy. In a joint effort with her younger sister Lorraine, they would delight in teasing me by repeating the catchy little phrase, "Mercy, mercy, here comes Percy." When Charlotte went to the convent, people were more than surprised. If you know Charlotte, you can read between the lines on this and figure it out in your own mind. All I can say is that Father McEvoy said that the nuns sure could use more people like Charlotte. When Charlie's 40th anniversary was in the forefront, we asked her if she would like to have a celebration in Marcus, Iowa. She let us know that most of her life was away from Marcus and the answer was a definite no. But, she did mention that she would love to go to Ireland where the BVMs started. Charlie knew what she wanted and Percy made the dream come true for Charlie and me to go along with our oldest sister Eileen. What a wonderful memory. During one of our dining experiences with Charlie, she had set her table with beautiful Havilland china, just a beautifully adorned table. Then we all laughed because she served her oleo margarine in the original plastic container. We had a good chuckle out of it. Charlie loved to read and crochet. She created endless baby blankets and prayer shawls along with numerous other items. Betty, Charlie, and I went to a line dance class in Marcus. Needless to say, she excelled far beyond both of us. She was naturally light on her feet. During our trip to Florida for our nephew's wedding, it was Charlie who thought Betty, myself, and she should go parasailing as we would never have a chance like that again. It was great! Five star, just like my sister Charlotte.

**Mike Kittler, grandnephew, son of Karen Kittler** *(Read by Karen Kittler)*

I remember Aunt Charlie being so young at heart. When we would all try to play a game at grandma's house and she wasn't familiar with it, she would be willing to learn something new and jump right in, whatever was going on. She would try all the things the kids were doing, never letting her age hold her back. She would try technology and always seemed to be willing to learn something new. She was one of the few who had a cell phone and email while others her age wouldn't be bothered with it. She was so sharp and witty and almost always wearing a smile.

**Angela, grandniece, daughter of Karen Kittler** *(Read by Karen Kittler)*

I have memories of Aunt Charlie's big smile and how she always took time to listen and show true concern for me when we would visit. She had a big heart and a warm, loving way about her. At Grandpa Percy's funeral, there were so many relatives and friends there for the luncheon afterwards. She took the time to come sit by me and made me feel loved when she could have been doing so many other things. She always made me feel that way when I was around her, like I was the most important person in the room. I am sure she made others feel the same way.

**Karen Kittler, niece**

As I think of my times with Aunt Charlie, I recall when she came to visit me as a child. She would come to the house with her suitcase. I could never understand why she even brought it as she was always dressed in what appeared to be the stereotypical habit. It never occurred to me that she may actually shower or bathe and have a change of clothes! Aunt Charlie was a very special lady. She knew what she believed in and wasn't afraid to let you know, but in such a kind and gentle way. She is the kind of lady you could talk to about anything whether you agreed on a specific topic or not, which lead to all kinds of discussions. Aunt Charlie carried a great gentle spirit

about her all the time no matter the circumstances. She would try anything once. Yet, she was also content in doing absolutely nothing. In one of her visits to our home during my adult life, we had planned several activities. She said, "Just give me a nice relaxing time to read my book." She was always comfortable in any situation, wonderful around people, yet at peace just being alone. It made us feel like she felt comfortable being her genuine self and expected nothing in return. The first time my husband met Aunt Charlie, she was reading a Harry Potter book. When he thinks about it, he chuckles because it gave him the immediate impression that she was a very down-to-earth kind of lady . . . and she was. During another visit to our home, Aunt Charlie, along with her sisters Betty, Vi (Viola), Eileen, and my mom Bonnie, and I decided to try our best at country line dancing. It was quite a hysterical time. As we watched the screen and ourselves, we quickly realized that Aunt Charlie was the only one managing to accomplish anything even close to the video. It seems like somehow she had taken all the skills in that area just for herself. Our dear Aunt Charlie was another Mary Poppins. She carried everything in her bag and did it well. She was a woman of faith, charm, love, humor, and empathy. Whatever was needed in any circumstance seemed to be right there in her little magic bag. She touched so many lives throughout her time on this earth. She will be missed dearly. I look forward to the day when we meet up with her in heaven.

### **Randy Seggerman, nephew**

Thank you for inviting me to participate in the Sharing of Memories of Sister Donard, or as I knew her, Aunt Chuck. I am the tenth of 12 children born to Bob and Betty Seggerman. I am one of the several nephews and nieces with whom Aunt Chuck shared her playful outlook on life. My memory is not the best, so I looked through several emails I have. I thought I would read some of those. Some are just her responses to our emails to her. The first one is in regards to ice fishing. She never went ice fishing with us, but we always invited her. A February 2011 email: "I hope you all had success in your weekend of ice fishing. Did you get home in time to watch the Super Bowl? I even broke down and watched it with my neighbor. I think it was the chili that really attracted me since I am not much of a sports fan. But I was for the Packers. Love, Aunt Chuck." The Packers did win 31-25 over the Steelers. Another February 2011 email, my brother Rich was looking at buying an RV. He had tried to convince people that this was an investment opportunity. This was Aunt Chuck's response: "I really had to sleep on this investment. I'm glad that I slept even though it was a bit of a nightmare. I would advise Rich to wait until spring. Love, Aunt Chuck."

She sent several cards to us until she was at the point where her tremors would not allow her to send as many cards, so she started sending email cards. Christmas 2012: "Christmas Blessings! Dear Seggerman clan, It has been a good year. My visit home in August for the college reunion was fun. I also took a trip to Memphis to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the first Black parish in Tennessee. I had taught there in the early 1950s. I was delighted to meet about 10 of my former students. Otherwise, life goes on. I get a year older and a bit shakier with my essential tremor, but still have the energy to line dance. May 2013 hold many blessings for each of you. Know that you are kept in thoughts and prayers. Love, Aunt Chuck." Here's a little advice that Aunt Chuck provided in an email for those of us in retirement. My brother-in-law Ed was actually in retirement. "Congratulations, Ed! Make sure you have a schedule for your retirement or others will plan it for you. Love, Aunt Chuck."

Jumping ahead to Easter 2015: "Happy Easter! You were going to get an Easter card, but for some reason, it's been a busy two weeks. Sister Pat (Griffin), the sister with whom I live, had an emergency gall bladder surgery on March 24. After spending 24 hours in the ER and surgical waiting room, I've just not caught up with life. Hope you celebrate the feast of Easter in grand style. Love to you, Aunt Chuck." I think we all can appreciate the time she spent in the ER and surgical waiting room. That was just in her nature. Jumping ahead to July 2018. I think Karen made reference to this event. Several of us went down to Florida to celebrate my brother Pat's wedding. That's when the parasailing event took place. This is an email she sent after she returned. "It really hasn't taken me this long to recuperate from such a wonderful weekend. Thanks to all who made it possible—the bride and the groom, the wedding party, and just everyone. I had a very enjoyable time and now am trying to catch up on life. The comments to parasailing ran the gamut from 'That is great!' to 'I think you're all crazy!' Anyway, double thanks to all. Lots of love, Aunt Chuck." If you want to hear more about the parasailing, you can ask Donard's sisters Bonnie

and Betty about it. I think there are some photos of them doing that activity. I think they set a parasailing record in Florida. They can give you those details also.

The last thing I want to share is not an email but I memory I have. I recall when several of us got together at the Holy Name Catholic Church in Marcus to celebrate a Sister Donard anniversary. The celebrant suggested that she face those attending the celebration during her vow renewal so that they could see her smiling face. She always had a smile on her face. She informed me later that she desired to remain facing the altar as the celebration was in regards to her anniversary with Christ and the church. Hopefully those of us in the pews understood. Aunt Chuck, you were a great lady, nun, and aunt to me. Lots of love from the Seggerman clan and peace be with you.

### **Father Miles Barrett, nephew**

On behalf of the Barrett clan—Mary Pat, Connie, myself, Kathy, Terry, Phil, Bill, Donna, Janice, and all their children and children’s children—as sure as Christ our Lord is present among us, I believe Aunt Charlie, Sister Donard, is in Christ with us. Dear Aunt Charlie, at the last meeting, Janice, Mary Pat, and Jerry Miller, Janice’s husband, had a tour by you through the Motherhouse. You took them all the way back to your novitiate and told them about how the place is being changed and things are being sold, making it so much better. Jerry was grateful, not only to have met you, but to have given you a goodbye and a hug. Jerry is big on hugs.

Thanks for joining in all the Collins family reunions in Marcus, Iowa. As a Barrett, thank you for attending one of our latest Barrett family reunions in 2017 out in Casper, Wyo. Your life was an inspiration to us. Thank you for all your love, prayers, and support, modeling Christ with such joy in good times and in hard times. You’ve been a consistent inspiration in a world of dualistic unrest, selfishness, and violence. I loved your wit, Aunt Charlie. Your Collins Irish humor had the wit of God’s truth in the moment. My favorite was when you blessed me with your left hand and said, “Well, I’ll bless you with my left until the Pope makes it right.” I cherish the memories of you visiting us in the 1950s by train, coming across Iowa to Marcus with your BVM traveling companion in full, black BVM habit with the white box frame and black veil. You had to be hot. You were so full of the joy of life. I visited you in Chicago at an elementary school and recall the smiles and joy in your students’ eyes that reflected your love for them. Such moments helped me answer my vocation. My personal favorite was celebrating morning Mass at the Motherhouse in Dubuque with you and your community. You sang like angels!

You Collins girls were always full of the zest of life. You had it in your Collins DNA. The photo of Grandma Collins at her 90th birthday party with Janice holding JD in her arms that proclaimed three generations of God’s gift of life. She was 90 and yet full of that zest. Your zest for life touched so many—hundreds, thousands of families—by your years of servant leadership on so many levels—education, resource, and spiritual formation. You must have mailed me Ronald Rolheiser, Henri Nouwen, Richard Rohr, James Martin, just to name a few. Your work in nursing and hospice, all full of that zest for the inspirational. As Richard Rohr said in *The Universal Christ*, you sought Christ in everyone and in all of His creation. I have two Barrett BVM aunts who influenced my vocation: Aunt Helen (Sister Bertilla Barrett) and Aunt Katie (Sister Ellen Therese Barrett). And I had you, Aunt Charlie. You were right there to model Christ to all people by being an example of Christ reaching out to the poor, ministering to the innercity Chicago students, volunteering at our orphanage in Honduras by creatively using Uncle Pat’s winter coat donation fund. Instead of buying your own winter coat, you got to Honduras and back with his support, much to his chagrin. When I asked why you went back to school after 27 years of teaching to get a nursing degree, you said, “To better care for the elderly sisters at the Motherhouse Infirmary during my summers.” Wow! You did it all with such humble, gentle strength.

Charlie, thank you for listening to God’s spirit and modeling so well Christ, right up to and through giving your death away—the last great gift of love. Ronald Rolheiser in *The Passion of Christ* described Jesus’ gift from Garden of Gethsemane to the Cross, trusting God while everything was being done to him, much like a patient in a hospital or hospice. Jesus, that miracle worker, stopped doing and accepted what was done to him, his passion, trusting God the Father. Jesus’ last great gift of love was giving his death away. Much as you did, Aunt Charlie. I wonder if you prepared for your passion with your own hospice ministry, daily prayers, encountering Christ in the

sacraments and rosaries. How often you must have turned to Mary, our Mother, to help you serve others, picking up your cross in prayerful unity, taking in their pain, and joining in Jesus' passion in this world, trusting God. Like Mary's fiat, your vocational "yes" continued to trust God for over 70 years of faithful service. You truly brought the light of Christ into this world. As you lived and died in Christ, so you are continuing to be in Christ, joining in our daily Masses and prayers. We ask you to please bless us and intercede for us to stay close to Christ and His Church and to build God's Kingdom in this challenging, dualistic world. May we be trusting in God at the hour of our death as you, Aunt Charlie, Sister Donard Collins, did so well in yours. On behalf of all the Barrett clan, we love you!

### **Irene Lukefahr, BVM**

I just want to say to Randy, Miles, and Karen that the first time the phone rang when I was living with Donard and someone asked for Charlie, I had no idea who Charlie was. The two-and-a-half years I lived with Donard, she always told stories of your family. She loved you all so much. Donard was among the first BVMs to live in the Circle Apartments. I think she lived there for over 20 years. In the course of those years, she lived with five of us. Of the previous four, three had died—Maddie Hogan, Lorraine Lifka, and her dear friend Pat Griffin, and another sister had moved out of state. Both Donard and I thought we were taking a risk when another BVM moved in. Which one was going to die? We did not know it was going to be Donard. During our years together, I both witnessed and received the blessing of Donard's joyful and generous heart. She was always willing to respond to the needs of others in any way she could. Many times it was being a medical companion, visiting the sisters, visiting the people to whom she had ministered at St. Patrick's Parish in Dubuque. She was a woman of wisdom and she often shared that wisdom with me. As I think Karen said, she was always honest. You always knew where Donard stood on any issue. She did not mince words, and yet she was very kind in her wisdom. She was devoted to her extended family – Bonnie, Betty, multiple nieces and nephews. It is great to hear from so many family members. She was a woman of prayer. She was talented at knitting and crocheting. She probably made 30 baby afghans or prayer shawls a month. Her little hands were always moving.

My favorite memory of Donard was how she loved to dance. I'm looking at the program that Pastoral Services made. I first noticed her in her line dancing uniform and the picture of Donard and Pat Galhouse dancing. Often about 9 o'clock at night, Donard would say, "Oh, I've got to practice my line dancing." She would get her CD and turn on the music and pretty soon she would be counting 1 – 2 – 3 – 4 – 1 – 2 – 3 – 4. She just loved it; it brought her so much joy. By our last visit, she had moved to Marian Hall. She knew that she did not want any more medical care. She told me that she intended to go on hospice. She said to me, "Sometimes our sisters wait too long to go on hospice." She went on hospice the next morning. As we shared our last conversation, we both expressed gratitude for the years we lived together. I said to her, "Donard, I think you are going to line dance your way into heaven." That's how I imagine her today—that wonderful smile, those little feet that would not keep still but enjoyed the fullness of the universal dance in God's presence. Thank you, Donard.

### **Eileen Healy, BVM**

I lived with Donard in the 1955-56 school year. It was her last year in Memphis. We shared a little, itty-bitty bedroom and two drawers in a dresser. That was the extent of our need for things back in 1955. The BVMs would appreciate that we still sat according to our community numbers in the dining and community room, which in that house was the same room. I watched her crochet night after night for all you folks. She made the most beautiful things. I was really in awe of her ability since I had known no one in my life, to that point, who crocheted. It was like magic to me. I so appreciated her love for her little nieces and nephews. I again lived with Donard in Seattle. All I can say is that she was so kind to me. She was all about being good to someone else. Truly she was very good to me in that period of time. Later, we worked together in the Motherhouse for five years. Again, she was good. She literally went the extra mile so often. If a sister needed a medical companion, Donard would go on long trips. I remember her taking a sister to Montana to be at a nephew's funeral. It meant so much to that sister. This sister needed nursing care every day. It was a wonderful example of using her many, many talents. I cannot speak too often of the kindness of Donard. She knew what she wanted. If there was a job to be done, there was no fooling

around. She went after that job and it got done as fast as possible. I so appreciated all my different times with Donard. Every minute of the time we worked and lived together are important to me.

### **Mary McCauley, BVM**

When I reflect on Donard's life and my relationship with her I am automatically called to offer a prayer of gratitude. In particular I am grateful for the privilege of having known, loved, and ministered with her in various roles within our BVM Community. Donard and I met in the fall of 1980 when I came from New York to serve as the administrator of Marian Hall. At that time Donard served as the 3-11 nurse . . . the only nurse in the house! I don't think she ever used the elevator because her dancing feet could go faster on the stairs! She was the one who really introduced me to life at Marian Hall. She was the one who assisted me to know, love, admire, and learn from our sick and frail BVMs. For this I shall always be grateful. As the years moved on, Donard and I again had the privilege of serving together in various roles at Mount Carmel, hence we got to know one another even better and to appreciate one another at a deeper level. Whatever Donard did she put her whole heart into it. She loved people. She loved life. She loved to serve and will always be remembered in my heart and in the hearts of many others for her integrity, generosity, simplicity, fidelity, joyfulness, honesty, and freedom. Thank you, Donard, for the privilege of knowing and loving you!

### **Anne Kendall, BVM**

Donard was a cherished member of the fabulous five—Anita Therese Hayes, Teresita Poulin, Pat Griffin, and me. As pictures will attest, we had many good times together—after Leadership Conference of Women Religious (LCWR) meetings, at our annual gathering in Salem, at the Spiders, or after a community meeting in Dubuque. There were rousing games of Yahtzee, Rubik's Cube, or putting a puzzle together. We solved together all the world, national, and BVM Community problems. There were prayers together, walks, and an occasional boat ride; however, one of Donard's greatest gifts to the fabulous five as well as the BVM Community was her generosity. A view of her various ministries would show that any ministry she was asked to do she did with enthusiasm, energy, and truth. I say the last attribute, because with Donard, what you saw or how she acted was exactly who she was. She was with us at Holy Redeemer, Montrose, helping to visit Jan Link, BVM each day. She traveled to Seattle to be a companion when Deanna Carr and Joyce Cox needed assistance to return to Dubuque. One of my own cherished memories was of Donard's attempting to teach me to line dance. I have a picture to prove that one! I know that Donard was very close to her family and was always accepting of who they were, and where they lived, and what they did. There is a hole in our hearts with her passing, but how blessed we were to have her with us.

### **Mary Jean Ferry, BVM**

My memories of Donard are memories filled with gratitude. Mary Nolan, Theresa Gleeson, and I lived in a small town in Texas for five years. Donard was our Regional. Her visit brightened our time there because we had very few visitors in that out-of-the-way place. She brought us her joyful spirit. I, also, thank Donard for being my prayer partner during the 7:30 Mass in the Motherhouse Chapel. Each morning our eyes would lock in a loving greeting. I give great thanks to Donard for traveling across country to care for sick BVMs. I especially remember her presence with Jan Link and Joyce Cox. Finally, I give thanks for Donard's dedication to exercise. We had many good times exercising together in the pool. Donard, thank you for your wholesome way of living, your fun relaxed spirit, your great generous heart, and your deep spirituality. You are dearly missed.

### **Christine Olsem, BVM Associate**

After the announcement of the Mount Carmel lockdown due to the pandemic, I only had a short time to see Donard one last time to say goodbye. She was peacefully sleeping in her chair; I had no choice but to wake her. She looked up and in a split second her face lit up as she broke into a huge smile. We talked and she shared a story about her mother and then told me that I always do such a good job writing the eulogies for our BVM sisters. Shortly after making my commitment as a BVM Associate in 2014, I was invited to join a BVM/Associate prayer group. Donard was one of the founding members. She frequently did the second reading of the Scripture during Lectio Divina, often using the translation from *The Message*. Her voice was always filled with such faith and passion. When I think of Donard, a brief encounter often comes to mind. I was walking past the Caritas Dining

Room after a music practice in the Motherhouse Chapel when I met Donard. She was getting something to drink and invited me to join her. For the next half hour, we sat together sharing and listening. I don't remember a single thing we discussed. I just remember the peace I felt simply being in her presence, gazing into those sparkling eyes and enjoying her beautiful smile. I remember thinking, "We all could use more people like Donard in our lives."

#### **Bob Seggerman, nephew**

Such a loving person. The world has lost a great spirit.

#### **Richard Seggerman, nephew**

Aunt Chuck, you had such a kind, caring, and non-judgmental heart. Thanks for your example of how to live a Christ-like life. You were always so much fun to be around and will truly be missed!

#### **Ron Seggerman, nephew**

Sister Donard was such a blessing to everyone she knew. She was a shining example of Christian virtue, so kind and loving. However, she was not milquetoast. She was bold when speaking up for social justice issues and for those without power or position. Aunt Chuck was a treasure on earth as she will be in heaven.

#### **Chuck Waggoner, nephew**

Shirleen and I are thankful we got to see her at the Motherhouse in September when we were traveling in Iowa. She will be missed by all. She visited us in Michigan with Miles in early 1970s. Our kids thought it was neat to have a great aunt that was a nun.

#### **Mary Pat Crawford, niece**

Aunt Charlie was a "fun nun" and taught us a lot about being happy with who you are! She's the last of my three BVM aunts to pass away but will not be forgotten. She managed to share some easy card games with most of us at one time or another. We will miss her sweet and mischievous smile and quick wit. May she rest in peace.

#### **Mary Janine Wolff, BVM**

I had the privilege of living with Donard at St. Anthony's where I was teaching first grade and she was the night nurse at Marian Hall. One Friday morning in class I wasn't very well, so when I came home for lunch, I told Lollie, our cook, that I was going up to my room to lie down for an hour and if I wasn't down stairs by 12:30, to come up and wake me so I could get to the playground before the bell rang to bring the children across the street to our classroom. I went right to sleep and woke up with a start. It was 2:00! I jumped out of bed and ran to my classroom, not knowing what I would find. I heard laughing as I reached for the door, and there was Donard having very good time with the little ones! That was Donard, always stepping in whatever, wherever, there was a need.

#### **Catherine Jean Hayen, BVM**

Donard was always willing to volunteer and respond to any community and/or BVM sister's need, be it in California, Dubuque, or any place. I appreciated the insights she shared in our prayer group and in our book club. My memory is that she was always hopeful and accepting of her many health challenges.

#### **Brigid Mary Hart, BVM**

I knew Donard from our days on-call together. Her spirit of presence, joy, sincerity, and welcome made my day. Remembering her care, service, and faithfulness to Sisters Lorraine Lifka and Pat Griffin at the time of their deaths made it harder to see Donard called home in this time of social distancing.

#### **Nancy McCarthy, BVM**

My strongest link with Donard was during the time that she served on Associate Coordinating Committee (ACC) when I was a member of the Associate Coordinating Team. Her service was invaluable. I know that previous to this, she'd long been active with the Dubuque area associates. Her support was much appreciated by many.

**Georgeann Quinlan, BVM**

Donard was my "garage-mate" when I came in June 2018. Besides making me feel most welcome she even brought in my trash cans each week! In Enneagram language, Donard was a "flaming two." Always of service! A small group of us were in water exercise twice a week. If we did not have three people, we couldn't do the session. Donard loved being part of it but always said she'd come "if she didn't have a doctor run with someone." What a giving person she was!

**Eileen Crowley, former BVM**

I was lucky enough to live with Donard at the Blessed Sacrament convent in Chicago. Sister taught first grade while I taught 6th-8th graders science and math. One of my favorite memories was when Donard's family sent her an electric blanket. Well, our convent was very drafty and downright cold, so Sister shared this blanket with all thirteen of us missioned there. This wonderful blanket was passed from room to room so each of us slept snugly every 13th day. My first purchase after leaving the convent was an electric blanket. I am retired and now live in Hawaii. Donard was always so positive and giving. She remained my dear friend throughout her life. I really was blessed to be her friend.

**Patricia Bernhold, former BVM**

I have been friends with Sister Donard since 1966! We taught together at Blessed Sacrament School in Chicago. Sister taught first grade; I taught 6th-8th Language Arts. Donard was so creative! She had use of two rooms. When her students completed a lesson, off they would go to another classroom loaded with audiovisual equipment. These first graders knew how to set up filmstrips and even movies. This totally blew my mind! Another time Sister had to take a class to qualify for some document. We knew she should be teaching this class, not taking it. My favorite memory was when her family sent her an electric blanket. Our bedrooms were so cold. Sister shared the blanket so everyone got to use it every two weeks or so. I left the convent, but stayed friends throughout these many years. I thank God for her friendship and love!

**Mary Jo Larson, former BVM**

I have special memories of Donard when we would gather at Fort Benning, Ga., every November to protest the School of the Americas. She was always so welcoming and it was such a delight to share that weekend of witness. I was honored to help carry the BVM banner with her one year. Rest well, dear Donard.

**Mary Monahan, former BVM**

I will miss Sister Donard very much. We taught together at Christ the King in Seattle. She taught fifth and I taught first. Our classrooms were across from each other. She was so kind and loving and full of the devil. We had a lot of fun and laughs together. I left the BVM Community but we stayed connected through calls and visits. A couple years ago we met up in Seattle and drove around Christ the King school and shared many happy memories. That was the last time I saw her, but we continued to talk by phone. May you rest in His peace.

**Judith Boston, former BVM**

Sister Donard was a faithful communicator, writing frequently with news of happenings at Mount Carmel. She loved her community and shared lovingly about it. I will miss her beautiful letters and spirit.

**Nancy Petulla, former BVM**

Sister Donard was a "laugh with you" blessing. My 15 years as a BVM was part of the foundation of my 82 years of life and my continued 33 years of working for the church.

**Sandy Moses, Line Dance Instructor, Roberta Kuhn Center**

One of the pleasures of being a student and/or instructor at Roberta Kuhn is getting to know special people. I am so touched today by the notice in the newspaper of the death of Sister Donard. I was a student in the line dancing

class with her for a year or two and I always thought if I were to become ill, she was who I would want to care for me. Such a sweet, special lady. Just wanted to express my thoughts to someone in your community.

**Doug Stillings, friend**

Sister Donard was such a kind and gentle person and blessed me with regular notes and letters as my prayer partner. I am grateful I was able to learn so much from her.

**Erin Yount, friend**

What a beautiful person and soul. I feel grateful for the limited time I had with her over the years.

**Trina Riley, friend**

Sister Donard inspired and encouraged me to pursue a nursing career when we worked together at Marion Hall in the 1970s. She was an awesome, gentle soul, and I will cherish her spirit forever. May she rest in perpetual peace.

**Diane Forster, BVM**

I worked very briefly with Donard for a couple of summers as an aide in Marian Hall when she was the nurse. I had been told what to ask the sister to do and the sister refused to do that. So I went out in the hall and said to Donard, "She's declining to do what you told me she should do." Donard, was, amazingly, instantly furious, but then stepped into sister's room and did a 180. She was so kind and generous with the sister and got her to do what she was supposed to do.

**Dean Rohwer**

One of the nicest people to ever walk the Earth. I'll always remember her story of doing outreach in the sketchy areas of Kansas City back in the 1970s and 1980s and the "friendly" notes left on her car. The world's going to miss you, Chuck.