



Sharing of Memories of C. Jean Hayen, BVM (Catherine Jean)

Caritas Studio, Jan. 12, 2021

Sister Mary McCauley, BVM

November 19, the day following Catherine Jean's tragic fall, was challenging, frightening and painful for our BVM family, as well as the Hayen family. Today, too, is a challenging and painful day.

At the same time today is a day filled with *gratitude, love and faith*.

- *Gratitude* for the life and spirit of Catherine Jean
- *Love and admiration* for who she was, and
- *Faith* in a God who knew Jean, loved her and right now knows too the pain and loss that we who have gathered for her funeral service are experiencing.

Throughout Jean's entire life and certainly following her tragic accident, she had complete trust in the presence and care of her God. It was this faith and the faith of all the members of the Hayen and BVM family that permitted her to struggle through the last six weeks of her life. For this we shall ever be grateful.

We will also be grateful for the evident peace Jean exhibited when she knew that she could struggle no more, that medically very little more could be done for her. The trauma of the accident on her frail body was just too much, so she wisely, courageously and peacefully chose to enter into the Hospice Program of Care.

Catherine Jean possessed an intense and resolute spirit. She was kind, conscientious, generous, and had a deep desire to assist anyone in need. She witnessed to a strong commitment to a number of critical social justice issues and was tireless in contacting our senators and congresspersons. In particular I shall always remember her for her work for *Bread for the World*, an agency that focuses on policy changes to end hunger.

Catherine Jean's physical presence may no longer be with us; however my hunch is that her tireless spirit will continue to call forth from each one of us a commitment to issues that were significant to her. Thank you, Jean, for showing us the way.

Bill Hayen, Brother

There were six children in Joe and Mildred's family; I was number five. Judi and I were six years apart. When I was born in 1948, I came into a family that enveloped you with love. In 1956, when I was just 8 years old, Joni, left the house and married Bill Davis. That was fine. A year later, Mary left and married Harold McCoy. When I was just 11, Judi left. I was just a little kid when those three girls left the house. I kind of had two families: the one before the three oldest ones left and the one with the three of us left behind.

I want to tell you one story about Judi as a singer at St. Pat's. In one of the photos, we were gathered around the upright piano at our old family home. Mom got me into piano lessons as a young kid. I studied piano for about a decade, but eventually I transitioned into learning how to play the organ at St. Pat's. Judi was very dependable except one morning at 6:30 a.m. Mass she was not there. I knew the parish depended upon the Hayen family

playing and singing. I took it upon myself to try to play and sing. The parish priest decided that that wasn't going to continue. I played again, but I never sang again at Mass.

Your dear Catherine Jean Hayen had to work some during high school. Do you know what costume she wore at a department store? She was the Easter Bunny. Little Billie and Margaret were taken downtown to the department store and saw the Easter Bunny.

Marcia and I took our wedding vows one year after Judi made her final vows as a BVM. I was a certified public accountant for a career and I "played" with banks throughout the State of Iowa. I audited them, both as an internal and an external auditor. I helped with regulatory compliance issues and computer security. Every once in a while, I would happen upon the town where Judi was serving as a teacher. A few of you may remember when the Dairy Queen man showed up. I would call my Sister sister that I was going to be in town and wanted to stop over at the convent that evening and say hello. I asked how many sisters were in the convent. So I would stop by Dairy Queen and get malts, shakes, sundaes, DQ bars and brought a bag of treats over to the convent. All the sisters would come in with their bathrobes and pajamas. They loved the ice cream. Now as a kid at St. Pat's, I could never have imagined joining sisters for a pajama party at the convent.

In 1995, when our parents were older, we needed to move them into a nursing home. They went to ManorCare in Cedar Rapids. Judi had her gerontology degree at that time. She was very helpful picking a home and then advocating for them. Mary, Judi and I would go to quarterly care conferences. Judi would manage to get a joint care conference with the administrator, the director of dietary services, the director of social services, and others from the center in there with us. She also arranged to get all the notes from ManorCare emailed to us before that meeting. She came in with questions, as did Mary and I. She was very helpful in caring for our parents those final years.

After they passed – Mom in 1998 and Dad in 2001 – Judi was very instrumental in pushing my sisters and me to stay connected. She would arrange for sibling weekends. Sometimes we didn't necessarily want to get together because we had busy schedules. But Judi got us together, sometimes in Dubuque at Mount Carmel, sometimes at Joni's home in Cedar Rapids. Over the last year, especially with COVID-19, she pushed us and we all jumped into Zoom chats. The first one last summer, the company allowed unlimited chatter which led to a two-hour chat. During our third chat, we were cut off, so I purchased a personal Zoom subscription and we have been Zooming every month since then. We were planning for a Zoom chat shortly after the November 19th date when our dear sister was out on the grounds of Mount Carmel doing T'ai Chi. She's practiced for years so why she needed her notes, I don't know. A wind blew the notes and the cell phone to the ground and shortly thereafter Judi fell and was found 20 hours later. I do want to thank all for the almost daily updates about our sister and all who cared for her and assisted with our last Zoom chat, and to Mary McCauley who arranged for each of us to talk on the phone with Judi the night before she passed.

Judi knew who she was going to see – Jesus, Mary and Joseph, Joe & Mildred Hayen, our sister Linda who passed away in last August 31, and one of our sons who passed away in November 2016. She was going to look up Michael to see what he was up to. There are also other family members that Judi was to look up and check on.

Sister Carol Marie Baum, BVM

My sharing of Jean's death has a bitter sweet feeling for me at this time. We both entered in 1960 to make up the set that this past summer celebrated virtually 60 years as a BVM. However, it was not until the summer of 1998 when I came to Dubuque that I moved into the circle apartments as Jean had a vacancy. I was beginning ministry at the Motherhouse with Donard Collins and Eileen Healy. During these 21 years living together I got to know more intimately Jean, her family, her friends and the challenges she faced regarding her health. During the past couple of weeks I have had many moments to reflect and reference her determination, strong will and sheer grit in living out the day to day hurdles as she dealt with her 30 plus years of being diagnosed with brittle diabetes.

Jean was a seeker searching for better understanding and a deeper relationship with a loving God. This came to light in her justice actions via telephone calls and letter writing to legislators regarding immigration, refugee stances, human trafficking, gun violence or efforts to help those marginalized by various laws that were brought for a vote. A couple of projects dear to Jean's heart while working at Mount Carmel were her presentations on Bread for the World and getting out the vote via absentee ballots for our Mount Carmel sisters.

Most Sunday afternoons were times to catch up on connecting with friends, nursing home Associates, classmates and family members either by a visit, a phone call or a written message. She dearly loved her family and quite often was the mover and shaker to plan family reunions so they could see each other and catch up on the latest family events.

Two highlight experiences for us were a trip to Alaska leaving out of Portland, Ore., at the time we met for one of our BVM Senates. Our trip started with the land first and the second half was on the ship. During the time while on the ship, Jean received word that her father was dying and we needed to return to Cedar Rapids as soon as possible. It was with the help of the cruise staff that arrangements were made for us to leave the ship and head home.

A couple of years after our 50th Jubilee we flew to Hawaii. Needless to say her favorite was Hawaii as cold weather has never been her cup of tea. She relished her trips to the Carolinas to visit family with her sister Joni. The Outer Banks was a favorite retreat spot. Once again the ocean was a healing place for her. Water brought Jean to a place of peace and renewed spirit.

My prayers at this time for Jean were that God would ease her pain and suffering as these days lengthened knowing how diligently she tried to weather this storm and I am confident that her release and the peace she is experiencing in the arms of your loving God has brought her the freedom that she so desperately sought. Jean, enjoy the gift of eternal life - God's promise to you.

Sister Mary Jean Ferry, BVM

I have two stories I would like to tell about my friend Jean. You might title the first one "Giver of Gifts." No matter what the holiday, small or greater, Jean would have a gift to give. In fact, the name Jean means "precious gift." I was so surprised when Jean was still in the hospital that I received a gift from her. She was so organized that she had her Christmas gifts all wrapped and ready to give. I opened it and it was one of my most favorite books by Paula D'arcy. I thought, perhaps Jean has a message for us in this book – and she did. I opened it and the page talked about God's immense love for us. Any idea that we have of love or friendship is so small compared to God's great, enormous, expansive love for each of us. That's the message that Jean has for us: to remember God's personal, enormous love for each of us.

The other story is entitled "Good-bye." It is so sad here at Mount Carmel, and at other places, that we don't have an opportunity to really say good-bye to a person. Of course I thought about that when Jean was so sick that I probably wouldn't have the chance to say good-bye. I was so surprised on the day before she died that Karen Conover called me and said, "Mary Jean, Jean wants to talk to you." Karen held the phone up to Jean's ear and we had an opportunity to talk about walking each other home. After a short while, I thought to myself about saying good-bye to her with all the love and attention that I have for her and I did that. I said, "Good-bye, Jean." She answered "Good-bye" so weak that I knew what she meant. With tears in my eyes, I hung up the phone and thought "What does good-bye really mean?" I looked it up on the computer. "Good-bye" really means "Go with God." That's Jean's message to us today to her family and to the whole world: "Go with God."

Sister Karen Conover, BVM

Jean was a helpful volunteer for needs in Support Services, and I was so grateful to have her willing hands and spirit make my job a bit lighter. We got to know one another in this way during the five years I have been on staff at Mount Carmel. We often enjoyed teasing one another.

I experienced her as a “super organized” person with lists made on tiny pieces of paper (so as never to waste anything). I also learned some of the very specific ways she did things, and I admired her as someone absolutely dedicated to the regimen dictated by her decades-long dance with diabetes. She was faithful to maintaining relationships with persons from all her various ministries and retreats or workshops.

When she returned from weeks at MercyOne Hospital just days before her death, I was asked to be the person from the BVM Community Life Services to assist her with personal things she wished to attend to. Because of her injuries, the neck brace and two arm slings, she really could not do any writing or reaching herself, but she had amazed people by getting on Zoom with a Roberta Kuhn class or shooting back a tiny email reply – all on her new smart phone. She made sure I knew *exactly* how to record the Christmas cards and letters she had received in her newly updated address book.

I was privileged to be present with her throughout most of the day before she died. I felt humbled to be there as a friend, to be the presence of the BVM congregation, and to share that time with her sister Joni and her niece Marie. Jean was clear about her wish to enter hospice, and she spent the day using the waning energy she still possessed to call her siblings, special BVM friends, and Lucille (her spiritual director). She also had me contact her two T'ai Chi groups with whom she had shared this prayer movement for 30 or 40 years. To all, she expressed her love, thanked them for their love and friendship, and enlisted their prayers that Jesus would come for her quickly.

Jean, God heard the prayer of your heart, and now you are enfolded in the Heart of God. Pray for us from eternity.

Joanne “Joni” Davis, Sister & BVM Associate

Judi was not only my sister, she was my best friend, my spiritual advisor, my confidant, and excellent companion. She loved going to my sons in North Carolina and to the beach. We have made many trips together to family, conferences, and fun places. Judi loved to spend time at my house sharing and working puzzles, and etc. She will be greatly missed.

Margaret “Margie” Fuller, Youngest Sister

I had just turned 10 years old when my older sister Judi entered the BVMs at Mount Carmel. I remember us driving up a steep drive to visit her there in a big room. I remember wondering, but never asked, if she still had her hair. The summer that I got married, mom, Judi and I took a bus to visit mom's parents and aunts, uncles and cousins in Geneva, Nebr. While we were there, we walked to town and got some dish towels to embroider. And Judi sewed her towel to her skirt! Judi was faithful about staying in contact. Judi was better than anyone else I know about remembering birthdays, and death dates of family, even my in-laws, as well as our aunts, uncles, and cousins. I miss my Sister sister dearly. May she rest in peace.

Mary Helen McCoy, Sister

I remember when Judi was little. Mom would put Nestle's Hair Gel on her naturally curly hair. Mom carefully combed it into her hair and formed banana curls. I was jealous because I have straight hair. Two of us girls got married in our late teens and Judi was Mom's helper in gardening and canning and later freezing when she was home. Judi was the leader in family gatherings even driving to Nebraska to see relatives. She orchestrated family reunions, all holidays at home, and, after our folks' passing, sibling get-togethers. Family was extremely important to her. She kept in touch with all relatives remembering births, deaths and anniversaries. For many years she sent postcards to any and all relatives that were sick or alone to let them know they were not forgotten. Her BVM family was not forgotten as she assisted those who had hearing or eyesight problems get what they needed to make life meaningful. She will be missed by many.

Sisters Patricia, Paula, Bernadine and Joanne, SVM

Sisters of the Visitation offer our sympathy and prayers for Sister Catherine Jean. We were fortunate to have Sister Jean as our house coordinator for five years. Jean was well liked by the sisters as well as by employees and carried out her ministry with care and concern. These years were good examples of intercommunity ministry. We are grateful and will continue to pray for Jean.

Sister Emilie Marie Lesniak, OSF, Friend, Lemont, Ill.

Jan. 1, 2021, is a day to remember and treasure the memory I have of Catherine Jean! Catherine Jean, a BVM, and I, Emilie Marie, a Franciscan, met 40 years ago when we came together to make a 30-day directed retreat at the Warrenville Cenacle. Actually, the Holy Spirit brought us together in "Silence." Little did we know then, as we know now, that our first encounter at this retreat would grow into a 40 year lasting spiritual friendship. A spiritual friendship is one of the greatest gifts of life that one receives from God – and Catherine Jean was one of those special gifts.

Since 1980, Catherine Jean and I shared the happenings of our lives with each other in person and with phone calls. We planned leisurely weekends together for spiritual enrichment and social events in Dubuque and Lemont. Every year since 2011 we always had a delightful fun-filled time together over the Memorial Day, Fourth of July and Labor Day weekends at the Salem House overlooking Hooker Lake in Wisconsin. I will always remember those special weekends. We took trips on the Mississippi River boat, visited the "Old World Wisconsin of the 1800s," the Milwaukee Zoo and other places in the local area. We attended Masses at St. Benedict's Abbey in Benet Lake, Wis., and St. Francis de Sales Church in Lake Geneva. We always made time for visits to the Lake Geneva Museums and the shops in town.

Since the closing of the Warrenville Cenacle in 2008, I always received a warm welcome when I came to make my retreats on this beautiful BVM campus overlooking the Mississippi River. When I arrived for the retreats over the years, Catherine Jean always left a welcome note and a flower in my room. Yes, when Catherine Jean and I crossed the white bridge of hope at the Warrenville Cenacle 40 years ago spending those days in quietude and solitude, in the peace and beauty of the sacred place, blessings that fell like snowflakes blanketed every corner of our lives.

Catherine Jean was a woman of prayer who loved unconditionally and a life-enhancing friend who was always supportive, especially in prayer. Our conversations and fun times helped us to celebrate the simple joys in life. Her words of wisdom will always remain in my heart. She lived life to the fullest. And now she is happy and pain-free at home with God and with all whose lives she touched and have gone before her into eternity.

Catherine Jean, you will always have a special place in my heart. You left me beautiful and lasting memories. Gratitude was always uppermost in your heart. You were always grateful to God for all the graces and blessings He had so graciously showered upon you in your 78 years of life. I will miss your smile, your gentle ways, your embracing hugs and your friendship. Your memory will always be alive and will live on forever in my heart. God bless you and love you for everything. Thank you, for the gift of spiritual friendship that we shared. Rest in peace, my special friend.

Sister Mary Frances Reis, BVM

To Catherine Jean
If there are semblances
of oceans and beaches
in the afterlife from earth
that is where I picture you, Catherine Jean.
Remembering our stays at the Carolina Outer Banks
I've seen you transformed by the surf, shells, and ocean's allure,

warmed in the dance on the sands,
gathering shells (yes, identifying them, for sure)
discovering seaweed designs and trails of ghost crabs,
merging poetry and science.
You were always being reborn
in the power and beauty of God's seacoast adorn.
Now you have been born anew
in the BVM Communion of Saints,
no less interested in serving us and others.
Exulting in the freedom of mind, body and spirit,
irresponsibly and wildly in love with God,
you are a heavenly beachcomber!
Gather us in your prayers! Amen! Alleluia!

January 1, 2021

Sister Nancy McCarthy, BVM

When we entered in 1960, Jeanie and I learned that the same BVM (Charmaine LeMaire) had prepared both of us, in different locations, but since I went to college first, we ended up in the same set. Charmaine had told me to be sure to look up Judi from Cedar Rapids, so I did and we became friends of sorts, but found we had little else in common other than our relationship with Charmaine. Later we shared much in connection with associates. I was amazed that both of her parents were associates when I started attending meetings and really enjoyed them. Later I had the privilege of working with C. Jean in the group formerly known as Midwest Associates (now CARMA). For over ten years, she more or less coordinated this group of sisters and associates from the area communities who met twice yearly and sponsored a gathering (in Sinsinawa) every two years. C. Jean was always very active in the group of Dubuque associates, and especially kept up with the older members after they could no longer actively participate. Anytime I was in Dubuque for any reason, we'd have at least one meal together and she'd also take me to visit some of the associates with whom she kept in touch. This keeping in touch was definitely one of her greatest gifts, and we worked together on many of our set reunions - notably our first celebrating 20 years. I've received many gifts from Jeanie since we've lived together here, especially the prayer group in which we shared, and the greatest was the opportunity for a Zoom call with her and Carol Spiegel the day before she started hospice.

Sister Carol Spiegel, BVM

Since our entrance in 1960, Jean and I have been friends. Having grown up in Cedar Rapids and Farley, we were close in geography as well as friendship. As time went on, our common values and interests deepened. In more recent years, my trips to Dubuque always included time with Jean. I have admired her passion for good ecology and pray now to Jean and Eileen Fuchs for our Earth. I will miss our visits and will always be grateful for the privilege of Zooming with Jean and Nancy McCarthy on December 30th. Jean had endured years of pain and suffering, but her spirit stayed vibrant until the end. Blessings, dear friend, and thank you.

Christine Olsem, BVM Associate & Employee

Soon after starting my job in the Secretary's office, Catherine Jean stopped by to drop off something for her file, as she frequently did. Immediately, I felt that I had met her before. Months later, I spotted an article in her file about her mission at St. Anthony's School in Dubuque. Mystery solved.

I first met Catherine Jean the Spring Semester of 1980. As a freshman at Clarke College who planned to be a teacher, I had to take Intro to Field Experiences, a course designed to help one decide between elementary or secondary education. I was assigned to Catherine Jean's classroom for my elementary experience. I was fortunate to witness firsthand the implementation of the science curriculum she developed. Desks were arranged into pods of four to facilitate a quick transition into a group activity. The students were excited, focused, and engaged. They knew their responsibilities and the expectations. As for me, well, Catherine Jean believed in the "experience" part

of the course and quickly put me to work offering assistance. Little was needed because the students were well-prepared and confident in their ability. She certainly was a blessing to her students.

After I became a BVM Associate, I was invited to join a prayer group comprised of both BVMs and Associates. Catherine Jean shared the task of leading us in lectio divina and centering prayer and did a wonderful job. She always arrived carrying a small bag. In it were the tools – a pen, a calendar and a notebook of lists – that kept her incredible organized. She was on top of everything that was happening. She constantly perused the prayer boards to add names to her list. She was always ready with a greeting card or to send a quick email when a message of concern, support and love was needed. She was such a gentle, caring, compassionate spirit.

While writing her eulogy, I found something she wrote that, every time I read it, I can hear her voice and see her smile. “Trust in God journeying with you and loving you every step of the way. Accept the challenges and blessings of each moment of every day. God is with you and loves you!” It is a message I need to hear and hear it often. Thank you, Catherine Jean. Blessings.

Suzie Wright, BVM Associate

I extend condolences to Associate Joni Davis and the rest of her family on the recent death of her sister, Catherine Jean Hayen, BVM. Catherine Jean’s passing creates a vacuum in my heart, and I am sure in the hearts of many associates and sisters alike. I am glad she is freed of pain, but I miss her dearly.

C. Jean was an avid supporter of the associate program even before the Hayen sisters’ parents Joseph (d) and Mildred Hayen (d), joined the BVM Affiliate program in 1982 and Joni joined in 2007. She frequently attended associate retreats and encouraged associates to join clusters, book clubs, and congregational discussions.

I first met her as part of my discernment circle when seeking association. She was a bright spot in our meetings. She invited me to join the Wisdom Women Cluster.

Soon after my commitment ceremony, my primary companion Mary Frances Shaffer, BVM, died. C. Jean let me know that I was not alone and that there were many more companions on the journey together. She was a great help at translating congregational jargon and acronyms.

She supported my works on human trafficking and my choice to be an employee for the congregation. She was a fount of knowledge on many associates and held great joy in her sister Joni’s membership in our cluster and the book club they attended together.

C. Jean’s efforts to support the associate program also included participating in the discernment process for a few other associates and updating the ACT (Associate Coordinator Team) on the many associates’ celebrations and prayer concerns she discovered during her visits and calls.

After her fall, she stayed dedicated to her prayer ministry, the cluster, and book club. She even joined in a weekly Zoom trivia group shared by a few BVMs, associates, and my daughter.

C. Jean’s to-do lists, gentle reminders, and frequent laughs will be missed.

Karen Kane-Herber, Director, Roberta Kuhn Center

I was fortunate to work with C. Jean in the Roberta Kuhn Center. She eagerly awaited the brochure each summer and was usually enrolled in more than one class as a student. When she found the time in her life, she approached me about offering T'ai Chi classes in our program. Along with learning the fundamentals of T'ai Chi, her students were always warmly welcomed to our campus and many friendships resulted. Thank you for your genuine interest in and concern for others Jean. The Roberta Kuhn Center community and I will miss you!

Margaret (Becky) Molloy Nelle, Former Member, Set of 1960

Many sweet memories of C. Jean Hayen. Recently in several phone chats, she kept me updated on the gingko tree, on the roundabout on the Pine Walk path, and her many talents assisting seniors on their road to wellness. Another Iowa gal now an angel in heaven! Thanks, C. Jean, for all your mighty efforts given to our home here on earth. We won't forget the message on single-use plastics.

Sisters Marge Burkle, Marge Stadut, and Inez Turnmeyer, OSF, Franciscan Friends

Since 1989 we have been friends with Sr. Catherine Jean

- We have enjoyed days relaxing in the sun at your retreat house in Salem;
- We have eaten together in your Motherhouse dining room and in many restaurant establishments around town;
- We have had serious and some *not* so serious talks;
- We have had discussions and a few disagreements;
- We have played lots of card games and a few board games;
- We have laughed at jokes and shared many stories;
- We have cried and we have prayed for each other;
- We have lots of good, sacred memories and we'll remember Sister Catherine Jean as a friend who we respected and loved.

We are grateful to Sister Alice who has kept us informed of Jean's final days of her journey.

James L. Siepman, Friend

Sister Catherine Jean (Judi to me) was a lifetime friend. We grew up about a block from each other and half a block from St. Patrick's School and Church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The school was BVM led, staffed and inspired through our 13 years there, from kindergarten with Sister Mary Ann Margaret through 12th grade with Sister Ann Marie. The BVM presence was warmly felt in the working class neighborhood and crowded parish during those years.

Judi's life and mine took different paths. We went years without seeing each other but stayed loosely in contact through Sister Mary Ambrosina, a longtime St. Patrick's resident whose dignity was exceeded only by her friendliness and concern for others. I was not surprised when Judi entered the BVMS, and Sister Ambrosina kept me informed, always positively, about Judi's teaching years, even as she worried about Judi's health and workload.

Judi loved school reunions and was always after me and another male classmate to get to work preparing for the next one. Neither of us lived in Cedar Rapids or even Iowa, so we surmised that she had run out of patience with others closer to home but no longer so enamored of reunions. We organized, with the help of others, two or three reunions, but it became harder to do as the years rolled by.

Her reunion advocacy never faltered, and I believe our last clear communication touched on the subject. I'm sure she is looking for former reunion participants and possible organizers in her new home. I'll bet she has more success there. The message of reunions will be better understood and freely embraced. Sister Reunion will be pleased.

Joan Marie Ward Hoffmann, Friend

Dear Judi, for more than 60 years you have been my dearest and most loyal friend. Your loving, kind, loyal, thoughtful and prayerful ways have been an example to me and given me strength. I am grateful to you.

Whenever I visited your family home in Cedar Rapids, your dear parents and siblings were so warm and welcoming. The most special visit was being present when you professed your final vows at your parish church in Cedar Rapids. Your dad secretly told me that your sister, Linda, would be arriving to join your family for this

special occasion. He devised a ploy that you and he would give me “a tour of Cedar Rapids”. Of course, he drove straight to the airport to pick up Linda - much to your surprise and delight!

How about the excursion by train to Portland, Ore., to visit your relatives, who were so welcoming!! A fond memory. I cherish memories of your visits to our home in Appleton, Wis. We had fun enjoying Wisconsin Dells, etc. Above all, though, I appreciated you driving your dear parents from Cedar Rapids to Appleton to spend time with us.

There are so many other memories, too – our phone visits, notes, e-mails, taking turns sending the same Halloween card to each other year after year (you started that one)!! How kind you were to visit and hand deliver my notes and cards to Sister Carol Frances [Jegen], BVM (my favorite high school and college teacher).

I miss you terribly. Please intercede for us who are left behind and grieving. This is not good-bye, dearest Judi, but “until we meet again.” Love.

Joan Marie Ward Hoffmann, Friend

Dear Hayen Family – Mary, Joni, Bill, Margie – I am grieving with you. Your sister Judi has been a dearest and most loyal friend. When I visited her at your family home in Cedar Rapids, your parents were so welcoming. I was truly honored when Judi drove your parents to Appleton, Wis., to visit us. I can only imagine that she received a great welcome in heaven and is reunited with your dear parents and your sister, Linda, as well as her BVM sisters and many friends. You are a loving family. I miss Judi so very much, as I know you do, too. Thinking of each of you and your families.

Lynne Conlin, Friend

Judi was my best friend in elementary and high school at St. Patrick’s in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. We spent a lot of time together including sleepovers. Her mom helped us sew matching PJs. I always strived to be on the honor roll because of her example. There were so many good memories then and now. She will always be remembered for her goodness and kindness.

Jean McDonnell, Classmate

Judi was a kind, gentle, caring little girl who grew into a giant of a woman of concern, compassion, and justice. Judi and I were classmates at St. Pat's in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, from first grade through high school. She was in our Camp Fire group and finished the highest rank. She was at daily Mass and often sang when needed. She not only was attentive to her classmates, but to their families. May she rest in peace.

Nancy Lease, Friend

Sister Catherine Jean taught two of our children at St. Anthony’s in Dubuque, Iowa. They still speak highly of her as one of their best teachers. She was an enthusiastic member of the Music Medley class and I appreciated her support. She even managed to attend our last class via Zoom! Sister Catherine Jean was one of the most caring, gracious people I’ve ever been fortunate to know. We will all miss her.

Marilyn Dansart, Dubuque Franciscan Associate.

I am honored to be able to share a few words remembering Sister Catherine Jean. I first met Catherine Jean about 25 years ago at a presentation on contemplative prayer. At that time she was accustomed to spending time everyday praying in centering prayer. She shared her knowledge and her appreciation of centering prayer, and I was moved to follow her lead. Soon I began to pray daily in the manner of centering prayer. I owe so much to Catherine Jean in many ways, especially in terms of my prayer practice, and of course we all know what a delight it was just being in her presence. In more recent years, she and I occasionally used to meet each other at one of the Dubuque churches that had an 11a.m. daily mass and after CJ and I shared mass we would quietly sit and do our centering prayer together in the church. Usually our prayer was followed by sharing lunch together at a nearby eatery. The last time we were together briefly we were looking forward to getting together again this

spring, but it is comforting to know that I have a new saint in heaven interceding for me from up above and I'll be talking in my way to CJ.