



**Sharing of Memories of Rosalie (Victor Ann) Glanz, BVM**  
Caritas Studio, March 4, 2021

**Janet Desmond, BVM, friend**

My dear friend Rosalie. In the 1980s, both Rosalie and I had returned to our hometown Milwaukee to help care for our mothers. In 1997, both our mothers had died and Rosalie wondered if I would be interested in sharing community and an apartment. YES! We moved into an apartment near our families, our parish, and the public library. Our friendship grew as we shared community for 15 years before Rosalie moved to Mount Carmel. We then became prayer partners.

Rosalie demonstrated her caring, loving, and generous spirit in many ways. At our parish, she volunteered as cantor, she was a member of the bell choir, and monthly made sandwiches for a family shelter. Rosalie was eager to help others. She volunteered at Service/Empowerment/Transformation (SET) Ministry, helping me in the development office and serving as intake person at one of SET's health clinics for elderly residents.

She helped our apartment neighbors very, very early in the morning. When the dad took mom to work, Rosalie sat in their apartment in case the two young children woke up and found no one home. I suspect the little girl work up early on those days just to visit with Rosalie. Rosalie became good friends with the family and often enjoyed Lebanese coffee (she loved her coffee) with the mom. Also Rosalie visited an elderly mother of our parishioners to provide respite for the daughters. She participated in a woman's spirituality group facilitated by BVM Virginia Stone and often shared books they were reading with me.

On the lighter side, when Rosalie was recovering from heart surgery, my 4-year-old grandnephew visited carrying his doctor kit. Rosalie allowed him to "take her vitals." He announced she was in good health.

Rosalie enjoyed her family parties. The kids called her Aunt R and always received warm hugs.

Many of you may be aware of the dish of candy Rosalie kept at her door at Mount Carmel. I think that tradition began at their family home. She continued to have a glass container with jelly beans or wrapped candy for any visitor. She liked jelly beans so much that we toured the Jelly Belly factory in Pleasant Prairie near Kenosha, Wis.

Finally, we all know that Rosalie and her dear sister Vickie were blessed with the gift of tears. Their sensitive hearts felt the joys and sorrows of friends and family. I pray in thanksgiving for Rosalie and all she shared with me. May she rejoice in everlasting glory. Amen.

**Susan Braun, niece**

I, too, have the gift of tears. It's not always wonderful, but it's good.

Mountain climber and bullfighter. Two things I bet you didn't know that Rosalie wanted to try. She told me that about two years ago. For a woman who did so much for countless others, she still dreamed big. I'd argue that she did climb mountains, working for others and quietly and humbly fighting for what's right. Rosalie's sister, Victoria, was my mom. My family along with my three brothers and their families lovingly remember and honor Rosalie or, as we called her, Aunt R. For a very petite woman, she carried around an enormous heart. This devoted woman

made it her life's mission to help others and pray for each one of us. She was loving, steadfast, knew her mind and held her ground with any topic she chose to engage in. I could tell you about the numerous things she has done in her life, but that has been mostly covered. I think I should tell you about what she meant to us, her family.

Rosalie has always been an integral part of the Steffes family. We were blessed that she lived in town for roughly 16 years, first caring for her mom and then moving in with Janet Desmond, a friend who had become very close through the years. Rosalie was always excited to come to every one of our gatherings—music concerts, dance performances, sporting events, backyard barbeques where she could send your croquet ball into the bushes if you were in her way. She went to baptisms, birthdays, First Communions, and countless Fourth of July and Christmas parties. It wasn't the same if Aunt R wasn't there. Her humor and love of life lived out big, her strength palatable. She and my mom Vickie were as close as sisters could be and spoke or saw each other daily.

As Rosalie got older, she moved back to Dubuque to be with her other family, the BVM sisters. She felt very much loved and at home there and knew it was the right place to be. She made one last trip to see my mom two years ago and ended up staying with her through a long illness and her passing. Her presence was an incredible support to our family, especially at that time. Her inner strength was enormous. In the past year, Rosalie and I would talk weekly and our families would make periodic visits to see her. We were fortunate to surprise her the day before her Diamond Jubilee celebration with an outdoor visit. She was always smiling and so appreciative of our visits. She just loved hearing what all her nephews and grandnieces and grandnephews were up to.

During our many conversations, she never complained about being sick, again speaking to her strength. She had a deep love for God and all her families. Her body may have been frail, but her mind was sharp to the end. Although she didn't make it to the bigger room where she was supposed to be moving, she opted instead for an upgrade to the best room. Rest in God's arms, Rosalie. You have been a good and faithful servant. We love you and miss you.

#### **Michael Steffes, nephew**

Rosalie is home now with Jesus, the love of her life. It's a nice choice, a super choice. I will share a moment, just one moment, I had with Rosalie as a youth. It was not a moment of great significance, but it illustrates the type of woman she is. I am saying "is" because she is alive.

I was 17 years old and I asked Rosalie if she wanted to see a movie with me for her birthday. She said, "Yes." I said, "Well, the new *Star Wars* movie is hot in the theaters." I had no idea that that might not be the type of movie she would enjoy. She said, "Great." I proceeded to show up late to pick her up so we were very late to the movie. The long and short of it is that I took her late to a movie she had no interest in. She was *never* late and didn't like sci-fi. The funny thing was that I didn't even know that I didn't know. The beauty of the whole thing is that she didn't say a word. I found out later when I watched that movie again that we had missed almost half of it. I can't believe they even sold us the tickets. Not a word did she say. She was just being Rosalie. So awesome! All she ever demonstrated to me was love and acceptance. I am so thankful.

For those of you who know her, she was a particular person who liked things a certain way. I picture her in His arms being held in that certain particular way that only He can provide. I will see you soon, Rosalie.

#### **Daniel Steffes, nephew**

Unfortunately, I sometimes, too, have the gift of tears. I have many fond memories of Rosalie going way back to early childhood. Rosalie truly was present in our lives. As it is becoming more and more clear, she was never overbearing in any way, shape, or form. She taught us through example with a smile. I can't remember getting a lecture from Rosalie or being criticized. There was no judgment ever coming from Rosalie upon us in a family where imperfections were, quite frankly, easy to find.

Rosalie was always included in all our family events. She was truly an integral part of our family. To put it into perspective, my son, Spencer, expressed that it was like losing a grandmother. She truly was intertwined in our family—holidays, birthdays, baptisms, weddings.

Rosalie even came with us on some trips. In 1977, my Grandmother Glanz bought a trip for our entire family to go to Hawaii and Rosalie was included. I still remember seeing my mom and Rosalie dancing in the roaring surf of Maui. They were wearing their one-piece suits and swim caps. You'd hate to have that salt water get in your hair! It was a great memory that I will never forget.

At all family gatherings, we would play games as a group. Rosalie would join in with her own brand of joyful competition, yet adhering to the rules! She would always be a force to be reckoned with. She certainly was no pushover ever. When engaged in any type of conversation whether worldly or spiritual matters, Rosalie could hold her ground on any topic. She had great intellect and great wisdom.

Later in her life, the last three years of so, Rosalie and I would exchange emails quite often on political events, world events, humor, whatever was timely and topical. She was a very wise woman. I will greatly miss her counsel. She was a particular woman, as was mentioned.

After all of our official events are done here today, we will have a group of people over at our place. We will be toasting Rosalie with a seven and seven. She would say, "Dan, I want the seven and seven. Now that is just 7-Up and Seagram's 7. Just one and not too strong." As Janet mentioned earlier, Rosalie loved her coffee. I would make strong coffee. She would say, "Dan, I love your strong coffee, but it doesn't keep me awake at night." Well, I hate to tell you this Rosalie, but the reason my strong coffee didn't keep you at night was because the seven and seven highball I made you was just a little bit stronger."

Rosalie, you will be greatly missed. You are dearly loved. You will be fondly remembered by all of us.

#### **Colleen Clark Ebbesmeyer, former BVM**

My friendship with Sister Rosalie began in 1969 when I arrived in Kansas City to teach at O'Hara High School. I remember that whether teaching her Spanish classes, sitting on the stadium bleachers watching our team games, or doing any heavy housecleaning, etc., in the convent, Rosalie was always her petite, prim, polished self. She was still this way when I last visited her in person at Caritas a few years ago.

After Rosalie moved on from O'Hara, we stayed in contact through some in-person visits, but mostly through written correspondence, email, and phone calls. I think one reason we remained good friends through all these years is that we mostly, but not always, avoided the controversial topics and politics in which we held differing views. I am so grateful that we had a good long phone visit in early February when she said she was finally looking forward to moving to her corner room at Mount Carmel Bluffs and she wanted me to come see her there. I promised I would come in the spring. Those plans no longer hold, but I hold my dear friend Rosalie in my heart.

#### **Brother Bernard LoCoco, FSC**

Sister Rosalie and I first met when we were the founding faculty of O'Hara H.S. in Kansas City, Mo. This was 1965. Sister Rosalie was an excellent teacher and had a real affection for her students. In addition she was the moderator of the pep club and also in charge of the bookstore. I so admired her dedication to the students but also enjoyed her sense of humor. She remained at O'Hara years after I left, but we stayed in contact.

Once Sister Rosalie moved to Milwaukee, we would visit once or twice a year as I traveled to Door County, Wis. She got to know my family when we would meet at a restaurant for breakfast. It was during these later years when she was retired that our friendship deepened. Our conversations were more personal. I so admired the commitment to her vocation and how proud she was of the BVM community.

Sister Rosalie was joyful and faithful member of the congregation of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin of Mary. She was a true educator who touched minds and hearts. I doubt if Sister Rosalie ever realized how she touched her students. It was the same with her peers; they admired her more than she realized. This is a surprise that awaits her.

Once she moved to Mount Carmel, we visited by phone and I sensed a growing vulnerability. I appreciated and admired this. I will miss Sister Rosalie but give thanks for the friendship over many years.

#### **Marilyn Wilson, BVM**

I remember with fondness and gratitude my relationship with Rosalie. She was my junior homeroom and senior Spanish teacher at Mount Carmel Academy, Wichita, Kan., in 1959-1960. She was very instrumental in nourishing my vocation (as well as other BVMs there). When I mentioned to her that I was interested in religious life, she was so supportive, gentle, and encouraging. But most important she was never pushy or overbearing (which I had experienced in elementary school with another congregation). I felt a sense of freedom. Whenever I encountered her over the years and reminded her of her influence on me, she responded with surprise and humility. So, Rosalie, with gratitude for your witnessing our core value of freedom, before we even articulated it. Peace.

#### **Susie Desmond Nettlesheim, niece of Janet Desmond, BVM**

My family and I have happy memories of time spent with Sister Rosalie. She was a wonderful companion for our aunt, Sister Janet Desmond, and we looked forward to seeing them together. Sister Rosalie always had a kind word for our children and took an interest as they grew. We enjoyed her singing with the St. Eugene parish choir and her company at family gatherings. We will miss her sweet smile and gentle nature. Sister Rosalie inspired us with her life as a faithful servant. Our sympathies to her family and the BVM sisters.

#### **Barbara Desmond, niece of Sister Janet Desmond, BVM**

My memories of Sister Rosalie are many, since she became Sister Janet's roommate. Sister Rosalie was a kind and caring "little lady" with a "big heart." Whenever we would be together she was always interested in hearing the latest news in the Desmond family. She will be missed by all of us.

#### **Suzanne Effinger, BVM**

Most Saturday evenings before COVID found six of us on Caritas third floor dining room playing Farkle. We waited for her to come up from the second floor. I can see her now as she came slowly down the hall pushing her walker. She was an original member of the group and taught me how to play. We had many laughs over the name of the game Farkle with the sisters and staff passing by. Rosalie is now the third member of that group to go to God.

#### **Mary Frances Reis, BVM**

Rosalie and I had been friends since novitiate days, and although we were never located close to each other, our relationship continued to grow through the years. Her humor and encouraging words were with me to the end. When I spoke to her a few days before she passed, she joked that although she was on hospice she didn't really feel like she was dying! After we chatted, I asked her if she wanted me to pray with her, and when I finished she asked if she could have a copy of the prayer. I kind of laughed and said that wouldn't be possible because I was praying from my heart. She said, "That was the most beautiful prayer I've ever heard." I have no idea what words the Spirit gave me, but I do know that Rosalie and I will always be connected in God's love.

#### **Dr. Mary Simon, former student**

Hermana Rosalía was one of my favorite teachers of all time. I had her for four rigorous but rewarding years of Honors Spanish at Carmel High School for Girls in Mundelein, Ill. Her spunk and zest for life, as evidenced by her perfectly coiffed hair and brilliant red lipstick, is only surpassed by her professionalism, diligence, and dedication, which taught me so much not only about Spanish but of life itself. I still recall her rote repetitions of Spanish grammar and famous sayings and how she would clap while conjugating verbs: "-o, -as, -a, -amos, -áis, -an!!!" "U and I are WEAK!!!" "Put the ACcent on the RIGHT sylLable!" And my favorite, "DUNKOPF!!!"

She was instrumental in my becoming fluent in Spanish. Due to her excellent tutelage, I have enjoyed years of international travel and now have Spanish patients from all over the world who are so pleased and grateful to have a doctor who knows their native language. She will be forever missed. I only regret not being able to thank her in person for everything she has done for me and my Spanish language education and professional career.

**Judy Mayotte, former BVM SM Vivia**

I met Rosalie when we BVMs, with the Christian Brothers, opened O'Hara High School in Kansas City, Mo. What I cherished most about Rosalie was her deep down laughter that spoke volumes about her joy in and love of life. Thanks be that she was a joyful part of my life as friend throughout the rest of her beautiful life. Thank you, God, for the bright spot she was on earth. May her laughter ring in heaven.

**H Kay Soulis, former student**

Sister Rosalie was a smiling and generous soul, and a tough teacher. I had her for Spanish class, and I must say, I was not a great student. I still have my Spanish book though, and my fond memories of a time gone by. Rest Sister, you have earned your peace.

**Beth Ann Zupec Kania, former student**

I took four years of high school Spanish from Sister Rosalie. She was a great teacher!