

Eulogy for Sr. Rosemary Micka, CDP
May 24, 2018

We are in post-Pentecost week—just last Sunday we had the feast of the Holy Spirit—Sr. Rosemary’s favorite feast—and the day on which she went home to her Provident God.

Pentecost is the feast of locked doors—that are suddenly blown open! The Spirit of Second Chances breaks down the door and with a love so vast, all betrayals are forgiven.

The Spirit of love rushes in like a great wind and embraces each one with a sense of peace so profound that the doors of their souls fly open and a fire lights their hearts. This is what Pentecost is, not just 2000 years ago, but still happening today in our own lives if we allow it. I believe Sr. Rosemary understood the challenge of this feast and opened the door of her heart so very many of us gathered here today and to those not able to be present with us.

She spent 56 years of her ministerial life in education in some form or another—from teacher to principal, to tutor, to school secretary. Her door wasn’t locked, but rather always open to students, faculty, parents, parishioners; to her Sisters and associates in community, to her family and her faithful friends.

Though she taught in various places I think it would be safe to say that she was most revered by former students from Venice, IL in her earlier years, and then by the people of Westchester, IL where she spent the last 26 years of her education ministry.

Any of us who lived with Rosemary know that she was always willing to “roll up her sleeves and pitch in” when there was work to be done. We also know that she had a great sense of humor and could make us laugh with her sharp quips, puns, quick comebacks, and all those funny faces she is noted for among us.

Sr. Rosemary had a desire to please others and build community in the local convents where she lived. I know she didn’t really enjoy playing pinochle every Sunday afternoon, but we did—just to please one of the older Sisters on mission with us.

Though she was known to be organized, she did have a tendency to lose things every now and then and so developed a great trust that God would help her find whatever was lost, and you know what—God did!

Sr. Rosemary, in her 98 years of life, was a model of someone who never gave up. She had a deep prayer life, openness to whomever she encountered, and a loyalty to her family, community and friends that just never quit. She was definitely a life-long learner, even mastering learning computers, and she was always interested in what young people today were doing and thinking. From toddlers to the elderly, she made friends of all.

When she really retired and moved to St. Clare Villa, she still found many ways to contribute. In her ministry of prayer and care to those living at St. Clare's, she would often listen to their stories and be a comforting presence as they grieved the losses in their lives. She opened her heart in love, released the Holy Spirit within her, and the result was kindness and peace—and a warm hug.

In that upper room long ago Jesus poured out His Holy Spirit and chose the disciples to be the wounded, forgiven healers that would preach the Good News of God's great love!

Jesus chose Rosemary to be the same bearer of love and peace, to preach the Gospel of God's great love—she did it all these many years—and all of us are the better for having Rosemary in our lives.

And so today we are confident that a place has been prepared for her because she walked by faith, and her heart was not troubled—as we heard in the Scriptures chosen by Rosemary for her funeral mass. On that early morning of Pentecost Sunday, she heard the voice of Jesus say, “Arise, my Beloved, my beautiful one, and come”—come home.

Barbara McMullen, CDP