*Sister Margaret Mollan, BVM (Laurice)*

*Wake Stories/Reflections*

*Marian Hall Chapel, March 2, 2017*

**Sister Mary Jean Ferry, BVM (St. Christopher)**

I had the privilege of living with Margaret Mollan in Pasadena, Calif. I admire her for many things, especially for a person who was so wise to make decisions by herself with the help of the Spirit. She herself chose to come to Mount Carmel. The rest of us stayed in Pasadena, but she came a year ahead.

At Mount Carmel, she lived on the third floor and knew when it was time to go down to assisted care on the second floor. A few months ago, it was her decision to go to the skilled care unit. I’m sure that when it was time to enter into the glory, it was her decision along with the Spirit. I admire Margaret for her simple living. She had nothing extra; she was constantly letting go.

She was a marvelous volunteer in Pasadena, constantly going to the Senior Center to be a receptionist, to help with meals, and to drive around the city with the police. She was always volunteering. We give thanks for Margaret’s life and I especially for her friendship.

**Sister Helen Maher Garvey, BVM (Robert Joseph)**

Margaret never drew attention to herself. She was quiet and reserved. When the time came for her diamond jubilee, those of us on the third floor asked what she would like; she wanted eggs benedict. On the day the kitchen was serving eggs benedict for breakfast, we reserved the little dining room and had a party for her. She stood up and told us about her life in a very gentle and candid way. The whole party was such a special thing for her. It was a very little thing that we did, but she enjoyed it so much and was so appreciative.

**Sister Katherine Keating, BVM (St. Wilma)**

I got to know Laurice back in 1961 at my first mission, which was Butte, Mont. She was a fun person to live with. She was a good teacher to watch. For anyone just coming out to the missions, it was just fun to be with her.

Ten years later, I was missioned to St. Cornelius in Chicago, and guess who was there. Laurice. It was a special time. My mother was on a waiting list to get into Addolorata Villa, so she lived with us for four months. Laurice became such a good friend to her. They watched television together and spent a lot of time together. I always appreciated that. When Laurice went to Carmel Catholic HS, she continued to visit my mother at Addolorata Villa, so their friendship grew over the years. I appreciate you very much, Margaret. You were a joy to my mother and me. Thank you.

**Sister Bertha Fox, BVM (Dolorose)**

Margaret was an adventurer; quiet, but an adventurer nonetheless. She went to China by herself and had a great time. After she came to Mount Carmel, she came to music medley class in the Roberta Kuhn Center. She had never gone to an opera, but was willing to risk it! She fell in love with opera and went to every one that she could. She supported all of us who were also going to opera. She was a gem.

**Sister Margaret Mear, BVM**

I was lucky enough to live with Margaret at my first mission at Carmel Catholic HS. I enjoyed her thoroughly. If she were a horse, she’d be a hot-blooded thoroughbred race horse. She was very good about sharing. She would tell me about Hawaii; she had gone to Hawaii. She was sure all the lizards there were waiting for her. She was scared to death of them and she would explain this with great fervor. She taped her windows and the door of her room so no lizard would get in there and get her. Lo and behold, the poor woman woke up in the middle of the night, and guess what was in the water glass. Well, that did it! I think she applied immediately to get out of Hawaii.

Apparently, she had never had a traffic accident. She was in Mundelein, Ill., and had a fender bender. She freaked! She turned around, ran home with the car, stuck it in the garage, shut the door, went up to her room and shut the door. Well, I was on door duty at that time. A nice Mundelein town police officer showed up and inquired politely if we had such and such a car with such and such a license. I looked at the log and, sure enough, there was her name on that car. I had to go up to her door and plead with her to come down to the parlor. However, the police were very nice and there were no nasty ramifications for leaving the scene of an accident. She was a great, wonderful friend.

**Sister Mary Paulino Crabb, BVM**

I lived with Margaret for many years in Pasadena, Calif. When we were at breakfast, she would seek a place at the same table where I was seated. We had nice conversations and loved to see each other. It is true that she was a person of her own decisions. When she did make her decisions, they were decisions. God bless her.

**Sister Mary Sattgast, BVM (Mary de Porres)**

I know that traveling was a favorite with Margaret. I had a brother who moved around the country and to other countries as well. He would bring me to visit him in the summertime. When I was visiting him in Korea, we went to church on Sunday and were sitting in the pew when all of the sudden, Margaret comes down the aisle. I saw her from the back, poked my brother and said, “She’s one of our sisters.” At the sign of peace, she turned and saw us. As the result of that, my brother, who was very generous, took us both out to breakfast. We had a good time. She remembered that and reminded me of the event just about every time we met afterwards.

**Sister Patricia McNamara, BVM (Jane Joseph)**

I had a good time being Margaret’s companion. She surely was a person who loved to travel and see new things. She had a wonderful spirit. This was in the 1960s when it was unusual to go for such a long trip. We started out in Egypt and then all of Israel and then Rome. We were great adventurers; those were very happy days.

**Lynn Chapman, Former Mount Carmel Liturgist (Read by Sister Julie O’Neill, BVM)**

So sorry to hear about dear Margaret. Such a beautiful woman in her own quiet and unassuming way. I will always remember when she began as a lector and was “forced” out of her comfort zone. She thanked me many times for that. I appreciated her and her gentle gifts so much.

**Sister Julie O’Neill, BVM**

My sharing goes along with gentle. At the time of her diamond jubilee, Margaret received several plants. She would be the first to tell you that she did not have a green thumb. Her plants died despite her loving care. One day, at a meal in the dining room, she was telling those of us at the table that she had these several dead plants in the room and just couldn’t bring herself to get rid of them. I offered to come to her room and dispose of the dead plants, which I did. Ever after that, she and I had this special little connection and she called me her “plant mortician.” When she moved from the third floor to the second floor, I got her a new little plant and we talked about how to take care of it. She was doing rather well, but then she moved to Marian Hall where the windowsills are so much smaller and the heating is so intense. I suggested she change to artificial flowers. So last fall, which was her first fall season in her Marian Hall room, we had a little bouquet of autumn flowers and then we changed to a little artificial poinsettia. I am presuming that the next ones are still in her room where she died because she had red flowers for Valentine’s Day. A week ago today, I went with her to her room and we talked about what she wanted next. She had chosen some lavender flowers, which never made it to her room before she went to heaven. May she now enjoy every flower she ever want, and now she doesn’t have to water them.

**Sister Irene Lukefahr, BVM**

My sister Kathy lived with Margaret when Kathy was missioned at St. Gertrude’s in Chicago, Ill. That was about 1968. There were quite a few young sisters in the house; it was rather challenging for all of them. But, as my sister would say, Margaret was very young at heart. She was just a wonderful, wonderful support to those sisters and especially my sister. So often Margaret would say, “How is Kathy? She was such a dear.” Thank you, Margaret, for supporting the young sisters. I have to say that I am so touched by this prayer service, not so much because of the attention on Margaret, but the attention on our mission. The texts are so timely. Thank you.

**Sister Dolores Becker, BVM**

Margaret taught me how to toll the bell for an execution. It was one of her favorite ministries. That seems rather strange that that would be so. I was always so impressed that there is an eerie silence in the whole house when that prayer begins. One time I couldn’t keep my appointment for the tolling and Margaret said, “If you ever need a substitute, just call me and I’ll be there.” So, Margaret, I’m hoping that now that you’re in heaven and you’ve got Jesus’ ear, you can help me and others work to abolish the death penalty. Thank you for teaching me. Enjoy eternity.

**Terry Mollan, Nephew**

Aunt Marge would want me to extend her sincere thanks and that of the family for the kindness and hospitality that the staff and the community showed her here. I’ve never add a conversation with her where she didn’t mentioned how she had everything she wanted or needed. She was so happy to be here. Thank you. Now a story that is hopefully more humorous than anything else. This comes down through the family. Her brothers and parents, my grandparents, were present for this. After she professed, she was in San Jose for a little bit and then came back to Chicago for a visit with her parents. She informed them that she would be going to Hawaii on a mission and would be unable to come home for eight years, as was the custom. This was about 1948. She spent some time with the family and when it was time to leave, they all, including her two brothers who later became priests, my father and her parents, my grandparents, went to Union Station in Chicago where the train would take her to California and a boat to Kauai, the island where she taught. Her mother was furious and hysterical for almost the whole month. Only daughter, eight years. It was not a good time. They were at the train station, they were bidding her good-bye, and the train is there. At this point, it is worthwhile noting that her mother, Laura, grew up here in Dubuque and went to elementary school and high school here. One of her good friends became a BVM. As Aunt Marge was getting on the train, my grandmother spotted her BVM friend, headed down there and got into a big battle with her. “Why did they send her . . . You know I have only one daughter . . . Eight years is a long time . . . How could they do this to me?” She said, “Your daughter volunteered.” My Aunt Marge observed this from the other platform, knew what happened, and got on the train quickly. My grandmother got on the train after her and went car to car looking her, just furious. She never found her and was tossed off the train. We later found out that Aunt Marge locked herself in the washroom and hid until the train pulled out. She was very dedicated and enjoyed her time there, except for the lizards, as someone said, and the centipedes. We miss her greatly. Thank you for the kindness you extended to her.