

Letting Go

A photograph of dandelions in bloom against a bright blue sky with soft, wispy clouds. Several dandelion heads are in focus in the foreground, while many seeds are captured mid-air, blowing away from the heads, creating a sense of movement and release.

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Focus: Letting Go

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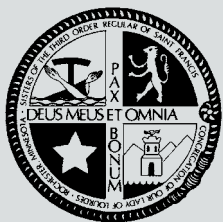
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Dear Friends and Family,

The prophet Isaiah speaks God's promise: "On this mountain the Lord Almighty will prepare a feast of *rich food* for **all peoples**, a *banquet of aged wine – the best of meats and finest of wines*." (Isaiah 25: 6) What a promise! No time limit! In this issue of Interchange we are invited to reflect on life's invitation to let go – to move gently, peacefully into that chapter of our lives that is the gift of aging. The writers remind us that our flow of life involves our living every moment richly, which includes chapters of needing to let go in order to move on into new opportunities. We experience learning that makes a difference, reminding us that we are always becoming. David Brooks so aptly describes this process as becoming "the better version of ourselves."



There is a consistent theme that runs through these articles: the choice is ours! In our faith we give expression to the meaning of surrender – "our longing to participate in God's unfolding within us." And dare I say, among us?

A new word is offered to enrich our vocabulary, *Solastalgia*. How it describes our current reality! We live at a time when everything about life seems to be out of our control. I am so reminded of our recent Pope Francis's invitation to live into the year 2025 as a pilgrim of hope!

Solastalgia challenges us to recognize reality, live into the grief that is part of our lives today, and find ways to live into our shared future in life-giving ways that empower ourselves and others. How do we truly cherish what we have, who we are, *the gifts that we have received, and respond in profound gratitude?* How do we nurture our vibrant tapestry of life in spite of what feels impossible?

Perhaps our brother Francis, in the words of Richard Rohr, offers us a life-giving pathway.

"Francis was a master of letting go of that which has become tired, empty and no longer serves, to *make room for the new*."

May the budding, bursting season of Spring overwhelm you with myriad expressions of God's new life!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Sister Tierney Trueman". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal line extending from the end.

Sister Tierney Trueman
President / Congregational Minister



Image by Janine Berardi from Pixabay

In Chapter 3 of the Book of Ecclesiastes, the opening line reads “There is an appointed time for everything.” Later, in verse 6, the reading becomes more specific: “[There is] a time to keep and a time to make room.” (*adapted*)

We have many transitions in our lives... from infant to toddler, child to teen, and teen to adult. We transition in small ways, even daily, and in large ways, which can impact our lives considerably. These transitions often include the process of letting go to make room. The rhythms of life consist of change – which frequently leads us to the discovery of letting go and making room. We are often confronted by the question, “Can I really live without something – even though I may treasure it a great deal?” There are many reasons to hold on to something that may tug at our heartstrings, but it is worthwhile to consider what happens when we let go. We can experience a new sense of freedom, and it opens us up to new possibilities.

This year, Pope Francis introduced the “Jubilee Year of Hope.” He ritually opened a special door in Rome which was to symbolize leaving the past and making room for hope. Pilgrims have flocked to Rome to participate in many events with an eagerness to grace

their lives with hope amidst the chaos in our world.

What does it take to make room? It takes a belief in a path we may have never traveled before, and having the courage to move forward.

The path of letting go is not only about things. Sometimes the path is filled with memories of unfinished business. We can recall a pain that still hurts, but now there is a willingness to confront that pain and be free of it. We may want to go the next step in a relationship; going deeper so that we may build a safety net to have someone companion us in times of distress and chaos.

Making room can also include forgiving ourselves or forgiving others, and releasing the burden of the experience. The freedom that comes is indeed a grace-filled moment. We challenge ourselves and make room for God’s love and mercy, which is just waiting to be released in our lives.

The path to making room is open to us. It may demand wisdom in making the best choices, and the realization that there is still much life to live. The choice is ours to declutter. Let go, make room, and choose to live a better life.

Image by un-perfekt from Pixabay



I went to the phone to call a friend and then realized she was no longer living. I feel sad, and while lingering in the sadness, I am aware that the relationship had many joys and those special memories come floating through my consciousness. This same emotional experience happens when I go to my new smaller bookcase and realize books I had long been attached to are now missing from my shelves.

What happened? Each day during Lent 2024, I passed forward at least one item or box of things from my apartment to prepare to move from a two-bedroom apartment to smaller accommodations at Assisi Heights. It was so painful to box up books that were my friends from grad school and my younger days. I had not touched them in years, so why was I keeping them? They were tangible memories of great moments in my life: moments of delightful new thoughts, moments of learning that made a difference in my behavior, and moments of discovery of God's love.

Sorting through the books to determine where best to give them was an exercise in grief and gratitude. Jan Richardson wrote, in *The Cure For Sorrow*, "...I do not know any medicine for grief but to let ourselves grieve." What important advice... to let ourselves grieve. The intimacy I felt with these books as friends who left me caused me to grieve their loss. I would miss them. But what was I missing if I had not been reading them in recent years?

As I allowed the sadness to subside, a new wave of feeling came over me, one of blessing. The importance of the missing books had been internalized. A parade of memories floated through my mind. The impact

of certain authors lingers with me. Ruth Burrows' *Guidelines for Mystical Prayer* was an early introduction to the nature of the interior life that later Saint Bonaventure deepened in me with the *Soul's Journey Into God*. Walter Wink's *Engaging the Powers* had a lasting imprint on my awareness of dealing with conflict. The self-awareness that came from books on the Enneagram provided a new kind of liberation from self-judgment. A special companion during COVID lockdown were poems by Sister Mary Brigh in *Gifts of Her Spirit*. Particularly the poem "Change" still stirs me when I imagine her writing this in 1968, while serving as Saint Marys Hospital administrator, when religious life was changing during the post-Vatican II years: "Change is a blessing, Change is a curse, Change is a builder, Change is a destroyer... the Word germinating in the dark earth. Change is inexorable, it is change." Recalling the copy of the Grail Psalms lightens my spirit when I remember singing them with Gelineau chant.

The time of grieving while wiping down empty shelves brought new consolation. If I desired to re-read a certain author I was assured that our public library could locate the book through inter-library loan. I also came to realize that having a favorite book in my hand would not recreate those first "aha" moments of delight and secure knowledge that the book had provided. What happened in the remembering was a new kind of pleasure. Saint Bonaventure, in chapter three of *Journey Into God*, wrote "the memory is similar to eternity whose undivided presentness extends to all times." My memory can access the joys of friendship at any time. What a blessing!!

The Blessing of Letting Go



Image by Valentina Shilkina

Trying to live in the spirit of Franciscan simplicity and poverty, I frequently tried to let go of “stuff” and would make trips to Goodwill or some place that took used clothing and other things. Having moved several times, I did not always have a lot to get rid of, but I knew I had more than I really needed. But it was “stuff.”

But, “letting go” took on a whole different meaning when I saw friends having to let go of spouses that they dearly loved. One friend had been married for fifty years, when her husband developed dementia. I observed as she gradually watched him lose his memory and his personality, and finally lost the memory that she was his wife. I was with her the last two nights before he had to move to assisted living, as it was no longer safe to keep him at home. I could only imagine that “letting go,” and knew that she was grief-stricken. I came across a poem by Jan Richardson called *Blessing for the Brokenhearted*, and when I showed

it to her, she asked me to read it at the Memorial Service.

Several weeks later, another very close friend lost her brother quite suddenly. Again, I showed her the blessing and she asked if I would read it for his Memorial. It was a long day and her husband had set up and taken down chairs, and assisted with whatever had to be done. During that night he developed chest pain and was taken to the hospital. The Doctors determined that his only chance was to have surgery. He did not survive. A third time I read this poem. There is no way to understand the loss and grief of losing loved ones, but this poem can add such comfort. It was Jan Richardson’s prayer when she lost her husband.

We say that God is love and we can know that this is what holds us in times of terrible grief. Here is the poem:

Blessing for the Brokenhearted

There is no remedy for love but to love more.

- Henry David Thoreau

Let us agree
for now
that we will not say
the breaking
makes us stronger
or that it is better
to have this pain
than to have done
without this love.

Let us promise
we will not
tell ourselves
time will heal
the wound,
when every day
our waking
opens it anew.

Perhaps for now
it can be enough
to simply marvel
at the mystery
of how a heart

so broken
can go on beating,
as if it were made
for precisely this—

as if it knows
the only cure for love
is more of it,
as if it sees
the heart's sole remedy
for breaking
is to love still,

as if it trusts
that its own
persistent pulse
is the rhythm
of a blessing
we cannot
begin to fathom
but will save us
nonetheless.

- Jan Richardson

"Blessing for the Brokenhearted," Jan Richardson from *The Cure for Sorrow: A Book of Blessings for Times of Grief*, © 2020. janrichardson.com. Used with permission.

Surrender into the Flow of Your Life



Image by Gerd Altmann from Pixabay

*I step into the flow, and then I let go
I open my mind, my heart and my soul.
I surrender, I surrender, I open my mind,
my heart and my soul.*

I use this chant many times in retreat settings as an opportunity to step away from how I think things should go and step into the flow of what my life is. It is a time to ponder all that might be joyful, beautiful, difficult, turbulent, and uncertain. How do we know the spirit of the Holy One is with us in the midst of all that is, and keep our hearts and minds open to listening to where might God be calling? I believe God does not give us suffering to punish us, but is with us in our tears of suffering. God always calls us into greater mystery.

Surrender into the flow of our life is probably the hardest thing for any of us to do. To surrender is soul work, it is choice-making and trusting in the ground of our being, our God. How can we do this surrender in difficult situations such as managing physical pain, death of a loved one, a diagnosis of cancer, watching the suffering of others, or experiencing anxiety about decisions that are not in our control, which affect so many? It is very natural for us to have great worries,

anxieties, or concerns when we feel the pain and suffering in our hearts and in our world. Perhaps Viktor Frankl's quote, in *Man's Search for Meaning*, will help with this. "Forces beyond your control can take away everything you possess except one thing, your freedom to choose how you will respond to the situation." We all are infused with the capacity of choosing how we can respond to a situation. In our spiritual grounding, we can choose to turn over to a higher power all the things of which we are not in control. This doesn't make us complacent or uninvolved in the flow of our life. With prayer, discernment and meditation, we may ask, "what is mine to do and what is mine not to do?"

There is a difference between surrender and submission. In surrender, I hand over to a force, whom I call God, my trials, tribulations, anxieties, and worries so that I don't get hooked into a worry syndrome that spins me into more anxieties. For me, it is to commit my trust in God, who is much bigger than all of this and 'who has my back.' So how do I remember this? Perhaps it might be taking time in prayer/meditation every morning. It might be only 10 minutes where you reflect on the day. What choices can you make that will help you be a better person?



Image by Daniel Reche from Pixabay

In other words, ‘what is mine to do and what is mine not to do?’ Or if your mind is playing worse-case scenarios, take a deep breath and connect with the breath of the living God, who is within every breath of your being. Focus on beauty, which is another reflection of God. Sometimes walking in nature can be the best connection, knowing that God is with me without necessarily thinking or praying to God. Listen to music that can quiet the nervous system, or even sing your chant. Watch a “letting go” meditation on YouTube. Practice gratitude: don’t focus on what is wrong with your life but what is right. Use the mantra, “Be Still and know that I am God.” For some of us it may be praying the rosary. For others, it may be putting your trust in a beloved friend who can help you look at how you walk through this painful issue in your life. Allow yourself a good cry with the question, “where are you O, God, in this?” We have the grace of freedom to choose how we will respond to the situation. As you look into your heart filled with sufferings and losses, places where one has no control, can be an invitation to deepen your relationship with God. Our “Refuge” in all situations always promises to be with us and invites us into finding that inner place of rest. ‘Come to me, you who are weary and heavily burdened... I will give you rest.’ Matt 11:28

“Surrender signals the greatest shift of a human life... Rather than viewing surrender as giving up, we come to recognize it as an acknowledgment of our willingness, our longing to participate in Grace’s unfolding of us. We each can begin a beautiful improvisational dance with the sacred — mindfully surrendering the need to identify with, grasp onto, or push away. We recognize surrender as a sacrament.”

*Unbinding: The Grace Beyond Self
by Kathleen Dowling Singh*

We go forward, realizing there are many sacraments of life before us, as we listen to the flow of our lives and the freedom to make choices. May each of us find wisdom, grace and blessing in our lives. I offer you this blessing from John O’Donohue:

“Wisdom is the art of living in rhythm with your soul, your life, and the Divine.”

May you keep your minds and hearts open for the Mystery of God in the flow of life.

*“Unbinding: The Grace Beyond Self” by Kathleen Dowling Singh.
Wisdom Publications, © 2017.*

Life is What Happens



Image by Elif Hazal Özköse from Pixabay

*“Life is what happens while we are busy making other plans,” John Lennon wisely said.**

One of the things I have most loved about retirement is being able to live life more spontaneously. On most days, I decide what I will do for the day as I eat breakfast. My decision is based on my energy, the weather, and other relevant factors in that moment. Unfortunately, in our younger years we don’t usually have the luxury to live so spontaneously. We are encouraged, even pressured to decide if we want to go on to higher education, what type of career we want, where we want to live, etc.

I am willing to bet that all of us, at some time or another, have had our plans disrupted on either a small or larger scale. I’m quite sure we can all relate to feelings of disappointment when plans didn’t go our way. I have certainly done my share of grumbling over disruptions in plans. I always believed, however, that the really important plans I had made would continue to go as I had set forth.

One of the most impactful decisions I had to make was choosing a retirement date. Being diligent about making plans as I was growing up, I decided in 7th grade I wanted to be a Social Worker and I never

wavered from that. I chose the college I wanted to go to, applied, was accepted, and all went as planned for the 4 years needed. During my last quarter of college, my plans continued to go smoothly as I secured a job in Medical Social Work at Mayo Clinic. I loved the job and figured I would continue to work until I was 65, ensuring the best financial security possible for my retirement.

And then, despite my best laid plans, life intervened with other issues to consider. In my mid 50s, I experienced some significant health issues. My Mom had also died unexpectedly the year before and there were family needs. What was I to do when I had planned to work another 9 or 10 years?

I had always felt that the most important thing in life was to be happy. But, could I have the kind of happiness I had envisioned, if I could not continue working for the kind of financial security I thought I had to have?

I realized that I had to let go of my preconceived ideas of what wealth and/or abundance was and change my thoughts about how I could still be happy but with less financial security.

After a tremendous amount of soul-searching, my heart and body both were clearly letting me know

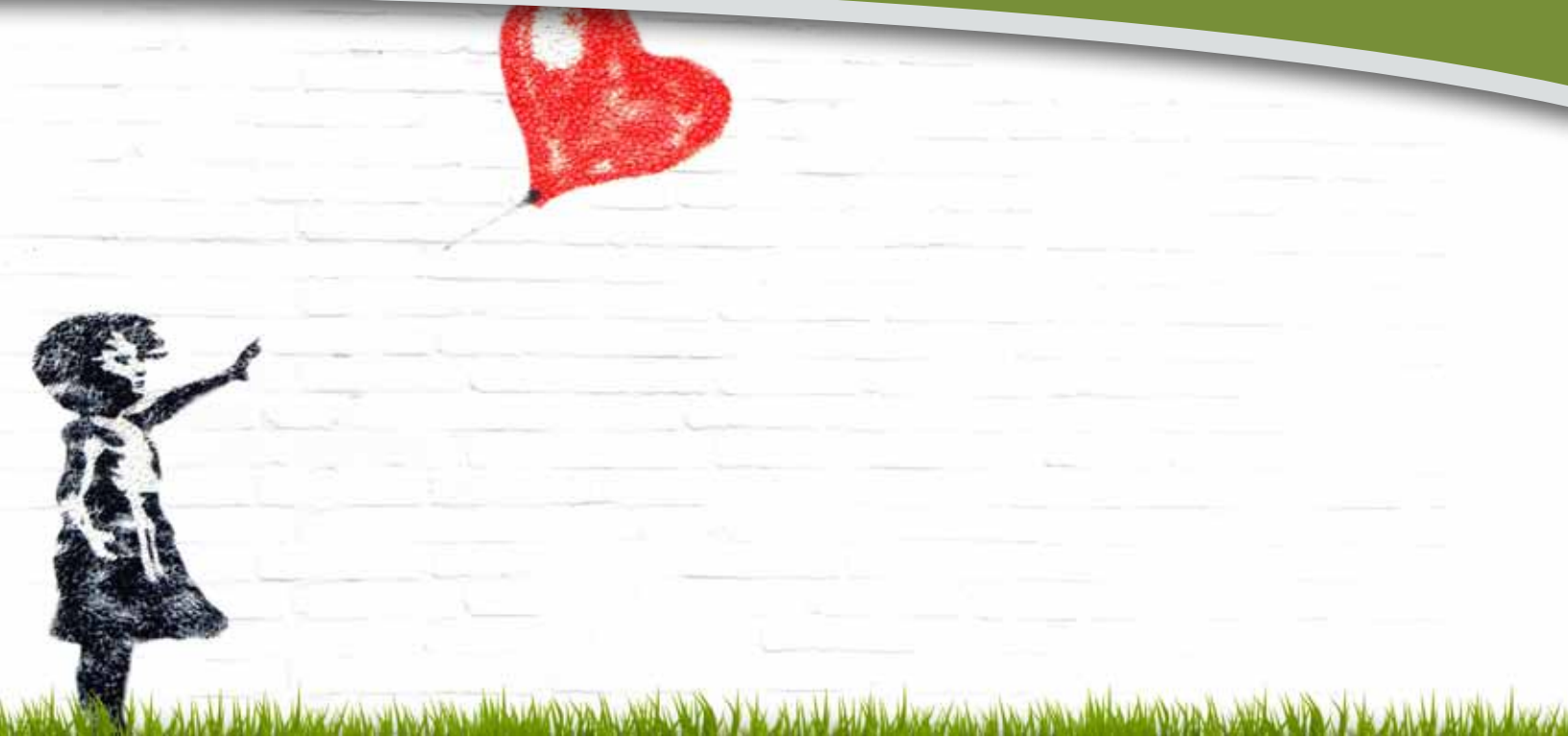


Image by NoName_13 from Pixabay

what I had to do. I made the decision to retire one month before my 56th birthday. I knew that, in spite of how much I had loved the 32 plus years of doing Social Work, it was time to move forward in a new direction. Despite the naysayers that thought I was making a huge mistake, mainly from a financial standpoint, I went ahead and retired.

While I did indeed have to live differently financially, my decision brought me gifts that were truly priceless and ones I had never imagined. My health improved dramatically and I found I had more energy than I had expected. I found great joy in being able to help my son with the self-employed business he was just starting up.

As time went on, he married and he and his wife gave birth to 3 boys. I was able to provide a large portion of their pre-school daycare, which turned out to be the most enjoyable, rewarding, and memorable “job” I have ever had. It was a priceless experience providing daycare as a Grandma. I was able to bond and create memories with them that I never would have been able to do had I not retired early.

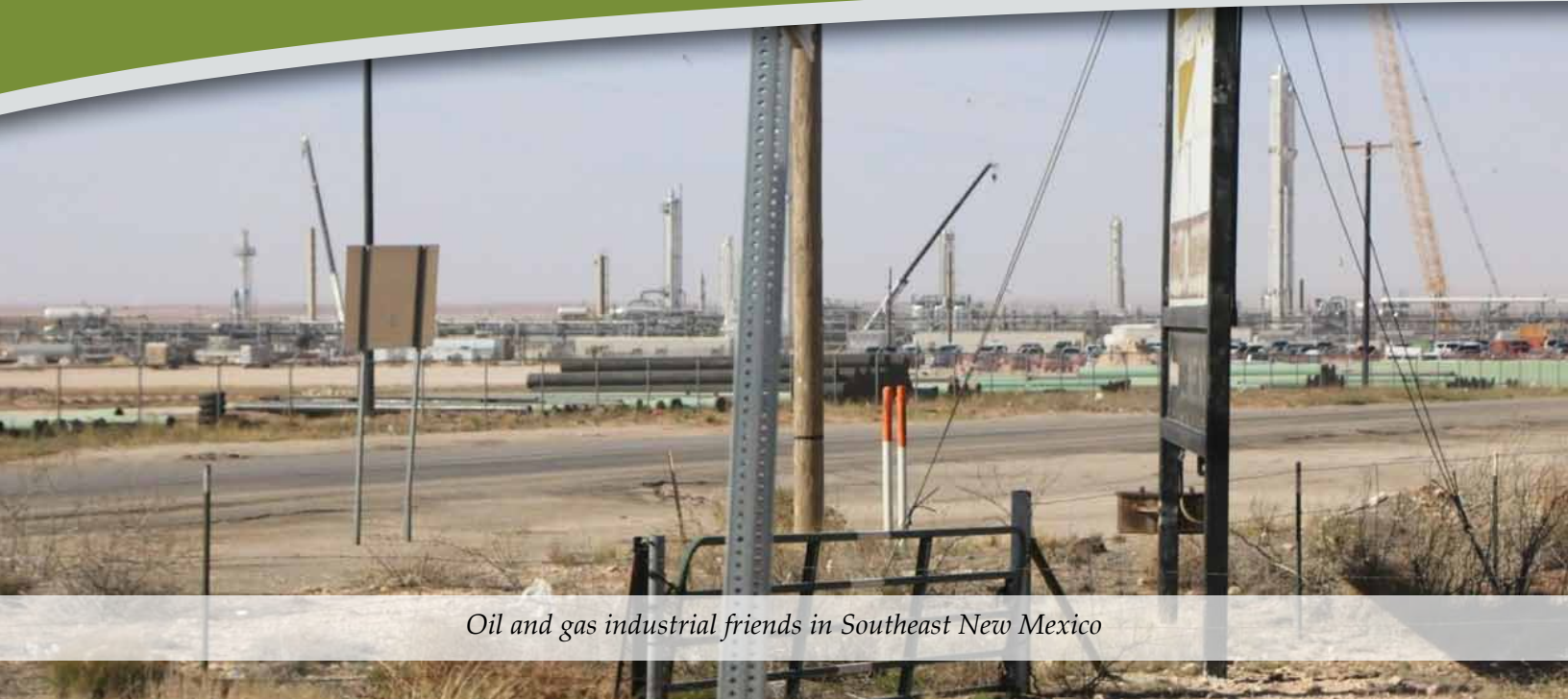
As I look back on my life, I realize how small some of the events were where I had to let go of my original plans. I have wondered so many times how much joy I gave up as I perseverated instead over

disappointments because something didn’t go the way I had wanted it to. I do believe John Lennon* had it right... “Life is what happens while we are busy making other plans.” I believe that I have learned better how to let go of preconceived ideas and plans and am now more able to embrace life with joy and happiness in whatever way life presents itself in this moment, here and now.

I feel very blessed in that I was able to have a career I loved so much for over 32 years and now enjoying going into my 23rd year of retirement, using the term loosely... I retired from Mayo, not from life. I am so grateful I was able to let go of my preconceived plans and shift gears as I did. With all of life’s joys and disappointments, many of which we have no control, happiness, my primary goal in life, truly is what we ourselves make of it. Abe Lincoln said it well, **“Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be.”**

I have wondered so many times how much joy I missed when plans didn’t go the way I wanted because I stayed so focused on the disappointments instead.

** While not the original author, John Lennon did use the phrase in his song “Beautiful Boy (Darling Boy.)”*



Oil and gas industrial friends in Southeast New Mexico

Our van is silent for the first two hours of the five-hour trip from the Permian oil and gas fields of Southeast New Mexico to Albuquerque. Seven faith leaders and I just experienced the first Immersion Retreat Experience meeting with community members, praying for healing of Earth and for wisdom on how to advocate for people and Earth in the vast oil and gas industrial fields.

“This is what the grasslands are supposed to look like,” one of my companions said, looking across miles of plains that held no oil and gas rigs, pump jacks, pipes, tanks, and brown toxic smelling sky.

Some of the participants told me later that it took two weeks for them to recover from this experience. Participants said they experienced a type of PTSD from the industrial assault upon Earth and communities. This was not the land they knew and they felt almost hopeless at the assault caused by corporate profit by those who also knew they were increasing climate change and devastation of life on Our Common Home.

What these and others experienced through immersion retreat experiences over the last six years has another name. What the people and community members living in the Permian Region experience as they live in a holy place that they no longer recognize and miss because of environmental degradation and growing

climate change is *solastalgia*.

Solastalgia, a term coined by Philosopher Glenn Albrecht around 2006, is a feeling of pain, distress and a longing for the environment or place/home where one lives that has been forever changed. This sense of homesickness is not about going home, because one still lives in the place that has been forever changed and is missed; but with homesickness one can go home. Increasingly today, many people are at home, but long for a place that is no longer right where they live due to extractivism, fires, droughts, floods and the ongoing effects of environmental degradation and climate change.

In January, I felt intensely the unprecedented fires in California from my home in New Mexico. The image that lived with me day and night were flames licking trees, and homes of people and creatures, and the flares that are common in the massive oil and gas fields in Southeast New Mexico. The flares of extractivism fired climate change and the burning in Southern California. Communities thousands of miles apart experience solastalgia. Places that were once sources of comfort, joy and beauty were destroyed along with a sense of security, safety and identity.

I still remember a conversation at one of the UN COP's (Conference of Parties from the UN Framework Convention on Climate Change) in 2009 with a woman farmer from Tanzania who said she no longer



Mountain fire burns areas

recognized her place because the seasons of rain and dryness no longer followed predictable patterns. “I just want my seasons back,” she said, knowing this was impossible and feeling helpless.

How do we live with and within our environments that are shifting so rapidly that we increasingly experience solstalgia and despair? How do we walk intergenerationally with young folk and interspecies with all creatures when we face growing climate catastrophe and extinctions?

What is most distressing with solstalgia is the sense of being out of control. It is a challenge to recognize reality, live through and with the grief, and find ways to live into the future in life giving ways as communities with beauty and purpose. What were in the past sources of grounding, solace, wisdom, home, land, and place are now constant reminders that this place will never be as it was again.

Solstalgia is a new human constructed condition and we are only beginning to grapple with the meaning of being human in such stressful and sorrowful times. But, individuals and communities are beginning to find ways through and forward solstalgia.

* Deep spiritual practices that evolve and nourish action are vital. Our bonds and spiritual connections within nature nurture connection, love and insights that are important to share with the young.

* Tangible ecological actions move us from helplessness to empowerment, emphasizing solution-driven mindsets over problem-focused ones.

* When we acknowledge our grief and channel it into positive action, we empower ourselves and others to protect the places we love and to safeguard biodiversity, transforming our sorrow into tangible steps for change.

* This moment offers an invitation or call to find new and creative ways to engage with our place and community in new ways. *Choosing Earth* is a project with a book and film <https://choosingearth.org/choosing-earth-documentary/> that offers an overview of reality and choices we can make. (If the hour film is too long for you, begin at 48 minutes to reflect upon the idea to hospice old systems while being midwives to new structures.)

* In an era where environmental challenges loom large, solstalgia serves as a poignant reminder of what is at stake. It is an invitation to cherish what we have and offer gratitude and reciprocity. This moment encourages us to grow collective capacity as diverse communities to foster a thriving future and create spiritual and harmonious balance that nurtures the vibrant tapestry of life — in spite of what may feel impossible.

Sister Avis Schons

(June 27, 1939 - November 14, 2024)



Sister Avis was born in Tracy, Minnesota, as the fourth child, quickly followed by her identical twin, Alice. Later the Schons family was complete with three younger siblings. Avis related that growing up on a farm with her sisters and brothers was a happy time. Avis was introduced to the Rochester Franciscan Sisters who taught in the Catholic school in Currie. In 1957, Avis began her Postulant year and her college education at St. Teresa's in Winona, Minnesota, where she obtained her B.S. degree and began her elementary education teaching career. After 16 years of teaching, she became a nurse aide on the pediatric floor at Saint Marys Hospital, Rochester, Minnesota. After completing a year, she was invited to teach in Bogotá, Colombia, but first needed to study the language. Following that, she taught at the Colegio Saint Francisca Romana (CSFR), Bogotá, Colombia; the best experience in her life as she lived in different cultures and learned different languages. After spending 9 years at CSFR, she returned to the United States. In 1988, she received a Master of Arts in Creation-Centered Spirituality. Again, Avis was called to missionary work and joined the Sisters serving in the Diocese of Chulucanas, Piura, Peru, working in pastoral ministry. There was great political unrest, so after 6 months, she returned to the United States. She was then hired as the Program Director for Catholic Charities in Vista, California. After 10 years spent serving the poor in Vista, she was elected to Congregational leadership as an Associate Minister. After a period of transition, Avis accepted employment with Channel One Inc., Rochester, Minnesota, in the Food Bank Customer Service. Avis later retired to Assisi Heights and became well known for the varieties of her jams. Avis always planted new rose bushes and spent hours tending the garden and harvesting the produce. The diagnosis of an incurable cancer of the brain meant the loss of many of the favorite things she loved to do. What she gained was a renewed love of her life in Community, a vocation to be a follower of Jesus as a Franciscan, and the complete love of her family.

Sister Jutta Gleichauf

(October 11, 1927 - December 17, 2024)



Hilda Genevieve Gleichauf was born in Ironton, Ohio. She was the fourth of five children. Jutta's love for sports started when she was in high school, where she became a cheerleader. After entering the Sisters of St. Francis in 1951, Jutta studied at the College of St. Teresa majoring in education. She taught grade school at St. Theodore's in Albert Lea (1954-1959). She taught business education from 1960-1966 at Lourdes High School. Jutta was a teacher and principal at Rollingstone High School from 1966-1967, then principal at Sacred Heart High School in Waseca from 1967-1968. Prior to returning to the College of St. Teresa to work in the business office, Jutta obtained her Master's degree in Business Administration by taking classes during the summer at Notre Dame University. In 1969, she became the assistant principal and teacher at Norfolk Catholic High School in Nebraska, before moving to Portsmouth, Ohio, where she was the business manager at Mercy Hospital from 1971-1973, and the assistant principal and teacher at Notre Dame High School from 1973-1974. Returning to Rochester in 1974, Jutta was the front office manager at Lourdes High School until she retired in 1999. In honor of her service to the staff and families of Lourdes High School, the Sister Jutta Gleichauf Scholarship was set up in her honor.

Jutta will be remembered for telling jokes and her quick wit. She loved singing alto in choir. Jutta was quick in lending a helping hand to anyone in need and rewarding anyone who helped her. She celebrated life! She radiated love to all who came to visit her ~ Sisters, friends and nursing staff alike.

Sister Bernadette Servaty

(October 9, 1921 - January 18, 2025)



Bernadette was born to Peter and Laura Servaty in Osseo, Minnesota, the second oldest of six children. When her father lost his job on the railroad during the Depression, he began farming near Albert Lea, where Bernadette liked to plant a garden with vegetables and flowers. After graduating from Albert Lea High School, she attended the College of Saint Teresa. She joined the Sisters of Saint Francis in 1941, during her junior year at college, receiving the name Sister Mary Jude. After novitiate, tuberculosis required her residency at the Denver Sanatorium which opened up the opportunity to study at the University of Denver, earning a degree in Economics and Administration. While serving as the treasurer and superior at the Denver facility, she received a call in the fall of 1961 which would shape her ministry for the rest of her life. She was asked to accompany Sister Eymard on a study

trip to the Scandinavian countries to learn about their gerontological research for the care of aged people, which prepared Bernadette to become the administrator for the new St. Anne's Hospice in Winona in 1962. The staff recalled her manner of empowering them to achieve their potential. It was said of her, "the sweet-faced and serene administrator of the hospice adds to their feeling of security and comfort."

Sister Bernadette lived with a deep sense of accomplishment in working in the area of business and administration in the health care field serving at St. Anne's Hospice, Sacred Heart Hospice, and assisting to organize the health care center at Assisi Heights. In her later years, she worked in the Business Office at Assisi Heights. Sister Bernadette exemplified the meaning of compassionate presence.

Sister Judine Klein

(August 29, 1928 - February 13, 2025)



Sister Judine was born in Dell Rapids, South Dakota, on southwestern Minnesota's doorstep. She was baptized Marie Delphine, and her nickname was Del. Joining the Sisters of St. Francis meant following her sibling sisters, Lucille (Sister Delphine) and Jeanette (Sister Marilla), and exchanging names. Her name proved complicated when traveling with her mother and sibling sisters to visit her grandparents in Luxembourg.

Sister Judine carried out her mother's Luxembourg traditions in meal presentations in her ministry of homemaking skills. She highlighted 'presentation' in her years as a resident homemaker with food and convent furniture re-arrangement in nine mid-western Minnesota towns of Adams, Tracy, Iona, Golden Valley, Chatfield, Rollingstone, St. Killian, St. James, and Rochester. In a situation of need, she did teach 49 students for one year. She

found satisfaction in a dual role as a homemaker and teacher aide and the opportunity to teach art classes for different grade levels.

She served for 40 years as the Assisi Heights' receptionist and the chief artist-in-residence for the display windows and Christmas décor in our parlors. She had 'the touch' and knew when the space had 'just enough'. She had a knack for repurposing almost anything leftover. She created a tap-dancing studio with lighting, music, and curb appeal located beneath the Council Room and a greenhouse beneath the chapel. Sister Judine was also known as an 'animal whisperer.' She spent 18 years house and pet sitting. Her love and care for their home and animals were much sought after by the owners. She also had a nanny ministry with children in family homes and at Northgate Health Care Center.

The Klein family was dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Sister Judine lived her inherited beliefs. In her 96 years, she followed a Marian spirituality religiously that she learned in her youth. The rosary was her constant companion.

Sister Kate Minar

(April 28, 1943 - March 14, 2025)



Sister Kathryn Minar, known as Kate, was born to James and Agnes Minar who lived on a farm near Northfield, Minnesota. Her seven sisters and one brother can attest to Kate's enjoyment of nature. Perhaps her avid interest in spring wildflowers reflects the joy of springtime after cold grey winters on the farm. But autumn was also a special time over the years when her sisters and sister-in-law would plan a trip to explore nature in various places around the United States. Kate would return from these excursions radiant with joy while she told of seeing new wildlife, and yes, visiting gift shops. Through Kate, we learned of the migration patterns of the Sandhill and whooping cranes, and the global conservation efforts to protect cranes. Kate was a walking encyclopedia on many topics beyond flowers and birds.

Sister Kate graduated from Bethlehem Academy in Faribault, in 1961, when she entered the three-year nursing program at Saint Marys Hospital. There she met the Franciscan Sisters, whom she later joined. Her ministry shifted from nursing to earning a Master's Degree in Library Science and a second Master's in Sociology. As a librarian at the College of Saint Teresa, her specialty was audiovisual equipment. Her focus in sociology was nonviolence. She could direct us to all authors and activists for peace. She not only studied nonviolence, but many times actively participated in the School of Americas (SOA) protests in Georgia. In the 1970s, she spent summers in South Carolina on staff with Project SAIL — Summer Achievement in Learning.

In 1992, Kate was invited to create a Franciscan Life Library at Tau Center that provided resources for a Sabbatical Program for Franciscans. That library was moved to Assisi Heights, and eventually closed in 2022. Every one of the 7,000 books had been personally cataloged by Kate and were her friends. If we were looking for a book whose author we could not remember, all we needed to do was to describe the book and Kate would go to the shelves and pull it out for us.

She was proud of her Czech heritage, and especially the canonization of Agnes of Prague. Her breadth of knowledge was complemented by her enjoyment of Community life. Kate spent many hours in the library quietness, but her personal attributes shout out her giftedness to us over the years.

.....

*Praised be you, my Lord,
through our Sister Bodily Death
from whom no living being
can escape.*

- St. Francis, Canticle of the Creatures

A Little Child Shall Teach Them

.....

*One hears turning wheels approaching,
a thirteen-year-old girl walks into chapel
four IV's hanging above on the IV stand
undaunted by treatments or easements.*

*She looks around and walks to what once
was a Confessional, high-varnished brown,
she pauses as though she wants to see inside
five minutes, ten minutes, then walks back.*

*Offering to show the confessional inside...
"Oh no!" she says, "the Light shines brightest
through the window there, the best place
to take it all inside of me, on my journey."*

*I do not know the illness this young girl
battles each day of her young life still...
what she teaches me is that she has said
yes, to the all the dark corners of her strife...*

*To free herself to seek the Light, only the
best in a chapel where miracles occur,
some physical cures, some peace of mind,
who can guess the mind of God?*

*The kind of peace only God can give, even unasked,
as the stream of person after person comes to seek,
some so young with stars in their eyes
not compromised, flooded full in God's Light.*

*Thank you for our chapel, God, for all seekers,
for all employees, as sacred keepers of love.
Keep my eyes on Your Light, even when in
times, the dark corners seem to own the night.*

Commit Your Work to the Lord



Image by andreas160578 from Pixabay

Commit your work to the Lord and your plans will be established. - Proverbs 16:3

June 11, 1999 marks the beginning of my journey toward letting go and accepting what is put before me. On that date, I accepted the invitation to become a Cojourner of the Sisters of St. Francis in Rochester, Minnesota. In that capacity, I was called to commit my life to their mission of peace by becoming a compassionate presence in the world. To advance this mission in the world, one must commit both life and work to become an extension of God's healing presence in the lives of others.

On a personal level, by entrusting my life work to the Lord, I recognize that He alone guides me to perform His service. Daily I pray for His guidance to be open to His plan for my life.

One of my first experiences with this commitment to service came through the request of Kate Welp, director of Hands for Humanity, to accompany a young Ecuadorian mother and her seriously ill baby during their stay at St. Marys Hospital. Her young son was undergoing life-saving cardiac surgery. My "assignment" was to accompany them to their first clinic appointment, but the cross-cultural friendship we forged at our initial meeting created an alliance that transcended their entire stay and beyond. While we could not speak the same language with our mouths, mother-to-mother, two women of faith, our hearts spoke the same language. No heroic undertakings were required of me; I simply offered my supportive presence, love, and continual prayer throughout her son's surgery and recovery.

In a similar vein, I have been called to reach out as an instrument of His peace to strangers coming alone to the Mayo Clinic. Many are very ill and far removed



Image by Myriams-Fotos from Pixabay

from their support systems at home. By extending my hand, the Lord's comfort and presence becomes evident to them in their time of need.

To lend a hand to those struggling with everyday life, I was called to give respite to a young mother of newborn twins. The joy of sharing in new life enriched my own.

Sitting vigil at the deathbed of friends and family, I have experienced the spiritual transition from this world into the next. As a professional nurse, I had been able to tend to the physical needs of the dying, while my commission as a Cojourner has guided me in ministering to the spiritual needs of both the family and the dying.

The strength I have gleaned as a Cojourner over the past 25 years has led my efforts beyond what I have

ever felt capable of or equipped to undertake. In one instance, I set up a defense fund for and actively spoke out in defense of a young man convicted of murder. Without the Lord as my guide, I could not have reached out in such a manner.

As a representative of the Franciscan community, I helped Hands for Humanity apply for a monetary grant from the Franciscans to purchase an automatic defibrillator for a clinic in Ecuador.

I am forever grateful for the invitation extended to me by the Sisters of St. Francis to join them in their mission to be a compassionate presence in the world. This association has taught me to be open and receptive to God's call each and every day. Through this experience, I have enjoyed extraordinary moments filled with God's grace and omnipotent love. I am truly blessed.

Letting Go – Discarding That Which No Longer Serves a Purpose

by Sister Bernadine Jax



Image by JayMantri from Pixabay

One of the hardest things we do in life is to “Let Go” and “Discard” that which is no longer needed. These two topics have to do with “release.” Some examples are leaving a home, a workplace, a group you joined, relationships (both good and toxic), and precious keepsakes, such as jewelry from a grandmother.

Marie Kondo, in her book, “Spark Joy,” gives much advice to discharge many things in our lives like clearing space, attaining peace and possibly an enjoyable lifestyle with purpose. If an object, such as a painted dish, does not spark joy when you look at it on the shelf everyday – why keep it? Donate it or give it away. She says “Keep what sparks joy and let go of the rest.”

Sometimes we need to release the guilt of giving something away that was gifted to us by a friend, but we really don’t like it. Can you get rid of it and move forward in your future by removing this unwanted gift in your life?

In my own life, I want to practice what I preach. Presently, I am releasing one of two small retreat rooms that contain multiple art pieces, paints, papers, and furniture. Recently, I sent two lovely watercolor paintings to a friend. She was pleased because she knew an artist in Charleston, South Carolina who would be happy to receive, sell or give them away. Off they went to their new homes.

Not all letting go is that easy. Sometimes we just need to throw something away that we no longer have a use

for anyone. Place in a sturdy bag and walk it to the garbage. This is a very difficult decision for many who have not gotten into the habit of discarding that which has lost all of its usage and joy.

In reading the book “What Your Clutter Is Trying to Tell You,” by Kerri Richardson, she believes that a person dealing with much clutter is a person who has strong emotional attachments, practices procrastination, and pleasing people. Does a particular item now, like a very worn comfortable chair, stop us from clearing away our clutter? Are you holding on to things from past relationships that cause you grief? Kerri says, “Sometimes there is a lot more clutter in your life than just physical items.”

Sometimes your soul is trying desperately to get your attention. It has something to say and is not being heard. This message may be a call for help. Listen to your clutter. If you don’t love it need it or use, it is clutter and it is keeping you from your true dreams and purpose in life.

In closing, Deepak Chopra says, “When you hold on too tightly, you block the very flow of life. Letting go is not about giving up, it is about trusting the intelligence of the universe to bring what is meant for you.”

“What Your Clutter is Trying to Tell You” by Kerri Richardson, Hay House, Inc., © 2017.

“Spark Joy” by Marie Kondo. Ten Speed Press/Berkeley, © 2016.



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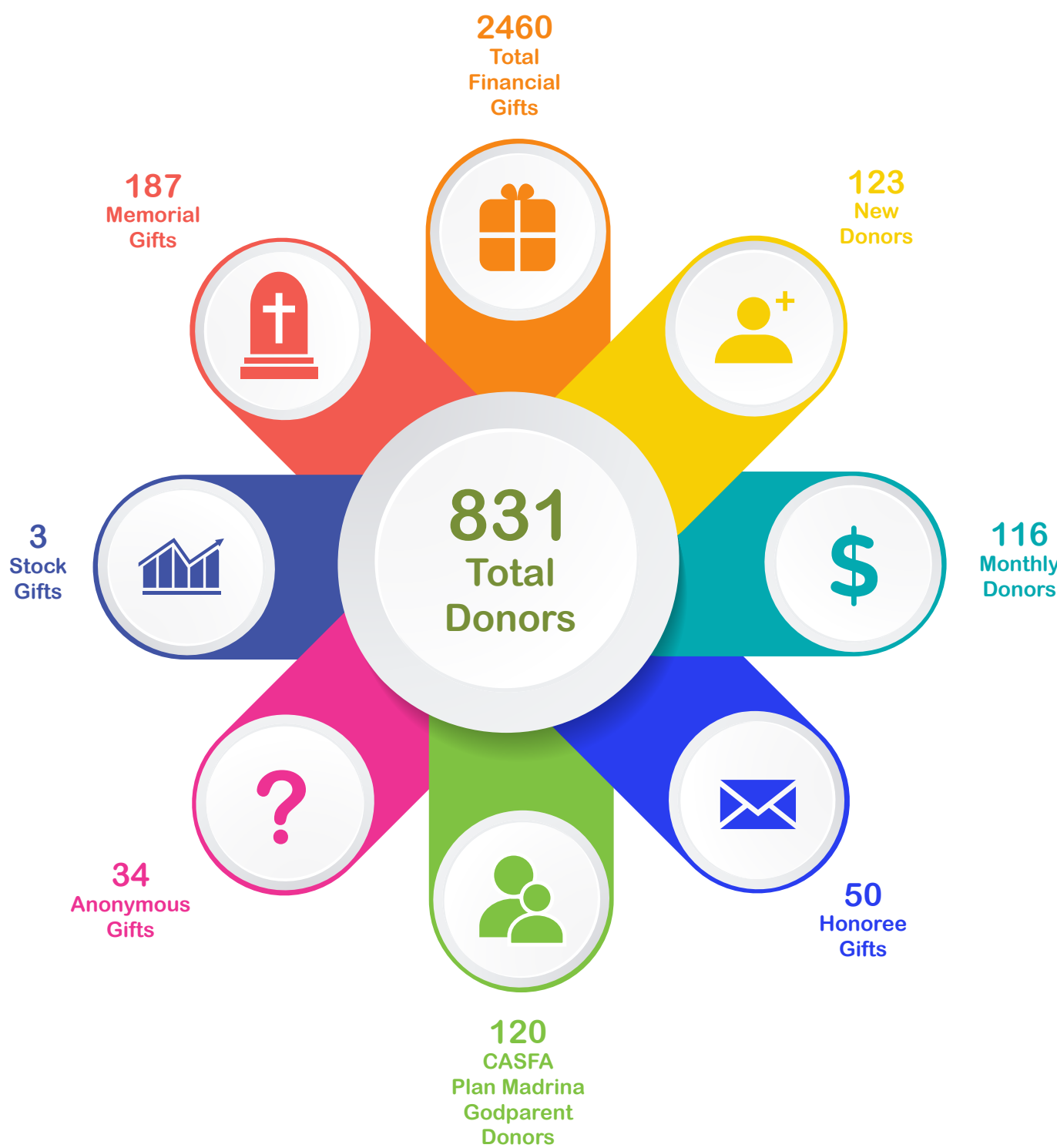
I don't remember that first "Letting Go." It was 80 some years ago. I can only imagine what it was like when I watch a child trying to let go of a hand or a chair as Mom and Dad are trying to get them to step out without a hand or a trusty piece of furniture. "Let Go!" and finally the courage of voices and hands extended make it possible to trust that they are right. I can do it or maybe the voices call and I let go and step and fall and get up and step and step which leads to a lifetime of steps.

But now, 80 years later, the encouragement is reversed. "I notice you are hesitant. I notice you are grabbing for the banister. Maybe it's time to get a cane or a walker?" "Oh, I can do it. I don't need any help yet!" But then, maybe I do, but I don't want to appear to be growing

old. That first cane! How do I use it? "I'm smart enough to operate a cane." "No, wrong hand!" "But it is my right leg that is giving me trouble." "So put the cane in your left hand and pair with your right leg to give it support." "Oh, I get it!"

Now is the time to let go of pride. Now is the time to let go of control that can get us into trouble; bigger trouble that can cause bigger damage to our bodies. Now is the time to be smart and humble and trust that those with experience, like our parents long ago, are there to help us in this next step in growing old safely. Not just in walking, but in other ways as we move into unexplored territory. May we learn to LET GO and step into better days ahead.

Donor Overview



In total, we received 2,460 Financial Gifts this year. This impressive figure reflects your dedication and empowers the Sisters' initiatives, allowing them to continue their ministries of service, prayer, and influence. Financial donations are the backbone of the Sisters' missions, outreach, safety, and health.

Last year's receipt of 3 Stock Gifts demonstrates varying ways to contribute. Gifting stocks can be beneficial for you by providing tax advantages, while simultaneously allowing the Sisters to utilize these resources for crucial maintenance of Assisi Heights, events, healthcare, support of their missions, and much more.

The Sisters of Saint Francis are excited to welcome 123 new supporters. Each new donor breathes renewed hope and energy into Assisi Heights and beyond. New Donors also reinforce the Sisters' missions and enable them to continue moving forward, in a safe and healthy environment.

Among our donors, 116 individuals contribute regularly each month. Monthly donations provide a reliable stream of support that allows the Sisters to plan effectively, ensuring their missions, health, and safety, can continue to flourish year-round.

With a count of 831 active donors, the Sisters of Saint Francis thrive on community generosity and individual contributions. The wide array of supporters underscores the varied ways you choose to give, enhancing the overall impact.

We are grateful for the support of 120 CASFA Plan Madrina donors (godparents). These generous sponsors commit to supporting the tuition of a student at Colegio Anexo San Francisco de Asis, in Bogotá, Colombia. Becoming a CASFA godparent fosters a deeper connection to the Sisters' CASFA mission and extends vital education to the students most in need.



Did You Know?

Automatic withdrawal from your checking account or credit card is a worry-free way to make your monthly gift. There are no fees associated, and it is as easy as letting us know your routing number, account number, and the name on the account along with providing us with a voided check. On the 15th of each month, your designated dollar amount will be withdrawn and allocated to the fund of your choice at Assisi Heights.



You can use your credit card to support the mission and ministry of the Sisters of Saint Francis. To make a secure, on line donation, click on the homepage "Donate Now" button at www.rochesterfranciscan.org. Visa, MasterCard, American Express, and Discover cards are accepted.



Contact Information

Please feel free to email or call the Office of Mission Advancement at 507.529.3536 with any questions.

Brooke Rice-Stivers, Coordinator | brooke.stivers@rochesterfranciscan.org

Committing ourselves to be a compassionate presence for peace in our world, while striving for justice and reverence for all creation, is possible because of our generous benefactors.

Gifts received October 1, 2023 through September 30, 2024.

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In Memory of:

Isabel Agusti
Francis Appel
Jerilyn Arendt
Emma Babcock
Mary Ruth Baldus
Sister Francine Balster
Sister Joy Barth
Sister Vinciana Bauer
Sister Patricia Beck
Sister Faber Bird
Sister Romaine Boch
Fr. Eugene T. Bohn
Sister Margaret Louise Branton
Sister Pauline Brick
Sister Enda Brown
Tom & Mae Lou Byrne
Sister Marguerite Cahill
Mary Campion
Sister Alice Campion
Harold R. Carey
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We are grateful for gifts given in honor of a Sister or loved one who has been a vital part of your life.

We remember those who have gone before us, and you, our generous benefactors, through the daily prayers of our Sisters.

Gifts received October 1, 2023 through September 30, 2024.

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In Honor of:

All CST Alumnae & Staff
 All Sisters at St. Marys
 Sister Caroline Berres, OSC
 Patrick J. Brennan
 Sister Rita Brom
 Sister Jesse Capparelli
 Karen & Jack Cichy
 College of St. Teresa Sisters
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Kathleen Van Groll
 The Postulant Class of 1961
 The Retirement of Jeanne Klein
 The Sisters who taught at CST
 Sister Alice Thraen
 Anna Valeria
 Sister Colleen Waterman
 Sister Linda Wieser
 Sister Edith Zamboni

Thankful for Our Donors

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With the support of our benefactors, Sisters are able to continue their ministries of service, prayer and influence. We continue to share our message through Facebook and our website, as well as through our traditional media such as the *Interchange*. We are truly blessed by each one of you!

Letting Go of the Old, Moving Forward With the New



Construction of Assisi Heights, 1953

1955 was one of the most memorable years in the Congregation. Seventy years ago, the Rochester Franciscans moved from the original Motherhouse on Center Street to Assisi Heights.

Before the Move

It was the 1940's and the community was outgrowing their aging building downtown. Just after World War II, the Congregation's Committee on Building began planning a new facility.

In the November 16, 1946 issue of Franciscan Tidings (the Congregation's internal newsletter), the Sisters were asked for their input:

"We are all aware of our need of a new Motherhouse. At present, it is difficult to predict when it can be built, due to the uncertainty of available materials and labor. It is not too soon, however, to begin our plans for the location of the Motherhouse... Of primary importance in selecting a location is the choice between a city and a country site."

The Sisters were reminded that the new Motherhouse would need to fulfill the needs of three groups: the Administration/staff of the Congregation, the

Infirmary for the sick and elderly, and the Novitiate for the new Sisters.

The Committee on Building identified criteria to judge the merits of two different sites (either in the city near the hospital, or in the country), and the Sisters were asked to respond.

Some of the criteria included: initial costs as well as costs for upkeep once built, travel to the Mayo Clinic and hospital and town and trains, accommodations and transportation for visitors, and, most importantly: "Which will make for a better religious life?"

After the decision was made, the land on the edge of town was purchased in 1949, and groundbreaking for the Motherhouse was on June 13, 1952. For the next three years, the hilltop was a buzz of activity – numerous workers coming and going to prepare the building. Even before the official moving date in 1955, Sisters had been coming regularly to the Heights to tend the gardens and pick the numerous apples growing on the property.

Memories from the Summer of 1954

In the summer of 1954, young Sisters went back and forth from the old motherhouse to Assisi

Heights to help prepare for its future occupants. A "Chronicle" (written during the summer of 1954 by Sisters engaged in making the drapes in the middle of construction) said *"today we had dinner in town as there were Confessions at one o'clock, then Office. We were anxious to get back 'home'..."* So early on, Assisi Heights became "home" and "town" was the Center St. Motherhouse.

There was much work to be done – a good thing that there large classes of young women with lots of energy! And with a true Franciscan attitude of joy in the midst of the work, they found some light-hearted moments. Again from the "Chronicle" of that 1954 group of Sisters, the author wrote about some of the workgroup assembling in the Council Room (which was being used as the sewing room) on the first night to have a "Council" meeting. Their agenda included such serious topics as choosing a name for the cat that had met them at the front door and adopted the new residents (no name was chosen that night).

The major task during that summer was for the Sisters to prepare the drapes for all the rooms. Any of you readers who have been to Assisi Heights, or seen photos, know that there are MANY windows. They

set up an assembly system to sew over 400 pairs of drapes, the amount they wanted in place before most of the Sisters moved in.

They also sewed the curtains to be installed in the Auditorium. As stated at that time, *"Each one seemed to weigh a ton, more or less, and it took four of us to lay them out and get them squared off and cut."*

Their routine included sewing work in the morning, lunch, a half hour to walk outside or rest, and then a few more hours of sewing. At 3:00 pm, they went up near Mrs. Wilson's house for picnic lunches and to say the Office.

All summer they had many visitors stopping to see the building, and those were often welcomed as breaks from their work to give a tour to the visitors: Rochester Franciscans from near and far, priests and other religious, family members, and curious town folk.

Again from the 1954 Chronicle: *"Didn't write a word yesterday because all we did was sew as hard as we could on the hottest day of the year. It was terribly hot out here so we could imagine what it must be like in town and in Winona. Did any of you ever try to sew 475 yards of anything and expect to see an end to it? We figured out today that there are at least 13 different operations in making a drape, each requiring handling by some person."*

Those operations included: measuring & cutting material; pressing first fold of a side hem; pinning a side hem; sewing side hems; pinning the bottom hem... sewing on hooks, pressing the entire drape, folding, tying in pairs, and storing the drapes.



Sister Cyprian Burke with original Assisi Heights drapes.

Letting Go of the Old, Moving Forward With the New... continued

FRANCISCAN TIDINGS

Published at the Motherhouse of the Sisters of Saint Francis, Rochester, Minnesota

Volume IX

March 17, 1955

Number 1

ON THE MOVE TO ASSISI HEIGHTS!

March 8 - The first eight Sisters move to Assisi Heights. (Mother M. Alcuin, Sister M. Callista, Sister Mary, Sister M. Alonzo, Sister M. Evangelista, Sister Constantius, Sister M. Annella, Sister M. Josette) On the afternoon of this day Father Ploof blesses each room in the three floors in Unit I where these Sisters have taken up residence.

March 9 - 10 - Work continues throughout the building. The Novices are busy with preparations to move into the novitiate quarters. Furniture is set up in the dining room. The ceiling plaster is begun in the Chapel and the altars are in place. Each morning we go to Mass at the old motherhouse - this first morning we are delayed because no one has the key to the gate!

March 11 - At four o'clock the members of the Board of Governors of the Mayo Clinic are, at their request, taken on a tour of the new motherhouse. They think the building to be simple, beautiful and serviceable. They express great pleasure that the Sisters of Saint Francis finally have a suitable motherhouse.

March 12 - The Board of Trustees holds its first meeting on Assisi Heights. At noon the first dinner is served in the new refectory. Members of the Board of Trustees and the Building Committee are guests of honor.

March 13 - Our First Sunday at the new motherhouse - it is very quiet and we rest after a most strenuous week.

March 14 - 15 - Preparations continue for the coming of the Novices. Work progresses in the Infirmary Section. It is confidently hoped that all things will be ready for complete occupancy of the building in early May. On the afternoon of March 15 Father Ploof blesses the Novitiate and Community College sections.

March 16 - Seventy Novices arrive with Sister Lucretia to take up their residence here. The Novitiate Chapel is spotless and beautiful, ready for the first Mass to be said there on the morrow.

March 17 - The first Mass on Assisi Heights. The new motherhouse is truly home to us now for God has established His home in our midst. We bid Him today "a thousand times welcome!"

Franciscan Tidings - Documents the first several days

The Spring of 1955

Comments about the grotto and the shrine to Our Lady of Lourdes (located partway up the driveway):
... "Father Nicholas Tinney, our retreat master, erected Stations of the Cross and a hand carved crucifix, done by Sister M. Kristin and Sister M. Tiernan. It is interesting to note that the wood for the crucifix was taken from the trunk of one of the Christmas trees used the previous year. The square nails which hold the form to the cross also have an interesting history. They were taken from the oldest part of the old motherhouse as it was being torn down."

Sister Marga Ernster (Class of 1953) wrote a multi-page letter to her parents describing the move; it is

wonderful for the Archives to have such a detailed explanation.

The move was an efficient and organized endeavor: "A few days before we moved ourselves we packed our suitcases and sent them out. The novices who were out there working unpacked the suitcases and sent them back to us again."

- March 16 was the official moving day for the novitiate. "We had class with Fr. Ploof at 9am as usual, though we just sat on chairs - our desks were gone. From 10am to 2pm two cars were going back and forth to the Motherhouse. We each took our own belongings that we hadn't already sent (usually a suitcase, a box, and our arms full) and waited for a car. Five novices would go in each load with all belongings - you can be sure that the trunk and every space was used."

... , mattresses, chairs, and just everything. A few days before we moved ourselves we packed our suitcases and sent them out. The novices who were out there working unpacked the suitcases and sent them back to us again. We had drawn names for our roommates so we already knew where we were sleeping. Some of the novices are in triple bedrooms and others are in double rooms. My roommate is Sister Neal and I am ^{on} fourth floor.

Sister Marga Ernster (Class of 1953) wrote a multi-page letter to her parents describing the move.

- "The next day, March 17, we had Morning Prayer and meditation in chapel. Then we came out of the chapel and assembled and Fr. Ploof began to bless the new chapel. He read the prayers outside and then we entered the chapel. There was also the Litany of the Saints and other prayers and Father went around the chapel sprinkling holy water on the walls, etc... we had our first Mass in the St. Clare Novitiate Chapel... The pews for the chapel are to come the first of April. Until then we are using classroom desks – metal folding chairs with an armrest for writing. We are kneeling on the floor but we don't mind."

- "The professed Sisters will be moving in May or possibly before then. The dedication of the main chapel is set for May 31 and by then practically everything should be finished and all Sisters should be living here."

A fun item in the Archives is a chronology of the first few months of life at Assisi Heights: a listing every few days of which Sisters had moved in that day, the many visitors (including 1529 persons who toured during three hours in one day!), the special occasions (blessing and hanging of the Stations, retreats and professions, meetings).

Dedication of the Motherhouse was on October 4. In addition to 543 Rochester Franciscans, there were 2 Archbishops, 5 Bishops, 101 priests, 6 Mothers General/Provincials, 23 Sisters of other congregations, and 70 lay guests.

Seventy years later, it helps to have the written accounts in the Archives to help imagine the anticipation and excitement of those early days of moving in and getting settled in the "City on the Hill" (as it was dubbed in the local newspaper).



First Mass in St. Clare Chapel

Letting Go Prayer



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In my ministry as a Catholic chaplain in hospital settings, I used this prayer initially with cardiac patients and their families to reduce stress. I would lead a patient through it and explain the impact of stress on our physical, emotional, and spiritual hearts. And I encouraged them to use this tool as a daily check-in prayer.

The *Letting Go Prayer* is a self-assessment tool as well as a reminder to entrust our stressful concerns to God. As you read through the poem, if three or more of the phrases “pop” out at you, you will know the person, place, or circumstance of your life it touches. Entrust that person, place, or circumstance to God

as you know God. Likely, it is nothing you can “fix” or you would have done so already. If you pick up the concern again, entrust that person, place, or circumstance to God again, and again, and again.

Release the distress from your physical form—your body. Do not continue to carry the stress itself. This is not an abandonment of the person or concern. However, it is a realization that holding the stress in your physical body is detrimental. Holding the stress physically does nothing to “fix” the concern. Entrust yourself and your loved one to the Healer of every illness and the God of the Journey.

Letting Go Prayer

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To let go doesn't mean to stop caring. It means I can't do it for someone else.

To let go is not to cut myself off. It's the realization that I can't control another.

To let go is not to enable, but to allow learning from natural consequence.

To let go is to admit powerlessness which means the outcome is not in my hands.

To let go is not to care for, but to care about.

To let go is not to fix, but to be supportive.

To let go is not to judge, but to allow another to be a human being.

*To let go is not to be in the middle arranging all the outcomes,
but to allow others to affect their own outcomes.*

To let go is not to be protective; it is to permit another to face reality.

To let go is not to deny but to accept.

*To let go is not to nag, scold, or argue, but to search out
my own shortcomings and to correct them.*

*To let go is not to adjust everything to my desires, but to take
each day as it comes, and to cherish the moment.*

*To let go is not to criticize and regulate anyone,
but to try to become whatever dream I can be.*

To let go is not to regret the past, but to grow and live for the future.

To let go is to fear less and to love more.

Anonymous



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