



## **Sister Joseph Marie McManus**

Entered eternal life on November 14, 2016

Born Mary McManus in New Brunswick – which was also the birthplace of her parents; attended Saint Peter’s High School and went to Rutgers for further study – she definitely was a New Brunswick woman!

Entered the Sisters of Charity 1939 and has served the Sisters of Charity for 77 years. What a wonderful life!

Sister Joseph taught in West Orange, Union City, Hackensack, Academy of Saint Elizabeth, East Orange Catholic and for 33 years was teacher, resident, and parish historian at St. Peter’s in New Brunswick. While living in New Brunswick, Sister Joseph also cared for her father for many years – he lived to be 100! She was a faithful daughter.

When she moved to Convent in 2002, it was not easy for her to leave St. Peter’s but she did it; and then in 2005 she moved to the Villa where she has resided for the past 11 years.

These are facts recorded on her life card but how do you capture 77 years as a Sister of Charity and 97 years of life in a few words.

As I mentioned to people here, there was life outside of New Brunswick. I have known Sister Joseph for 68 years – she taught me in the seventh grade in Our Lady of Lourdes, West Orange – her first mission. She was a young sister who was full of energy and life. Many of you remember her as the “mushroom” sister, but I have many different memories of her- as the first Sister in the convent to get a driver’s license wearing the modified cap; playing basketball in the playground; driving us to basketball games; and being the moderator for the Demonstration Mass, when I played the piano for the practices. Many days I would stay after school to help her and Sr. Mary Patricia, and they would send me to the corner store to buy an ice cream cone with “jimmies”! It was during those days and activities that I got to really know Sister Jo as she was fondly called. Some people in West Orange still remember her with great fondness. In 2009, she was honored by the parish and it was a wonderful night of remembrances for her and for many of her former pupils.

Sister Joseph taught me in the seventh grade. It was then that I really felt a calling to be a sister. In her way she invited me to consider becoming a Sister of Charity. She was changed from OLL when I was a sophomore in HS, but whenever she came to OLL to visit her dear friend – Sister Mary Patricia Haggerty- she would call me to come and visit. After high school, when I told my family that I wanted to enter the community, my father was very concerned that I would have milk for meals – Sr. Joseph assured him that was not a problem, and through the years she has been there to support and encourage me. Sister Joseph was a part of our family. When she returned to West Orange, she would park in my mom’s or my sister’s driveway and enjoy the festivities.

Sister Joseph loved everything Irish: her visits to Ireland; her love of classical music. When she moved to the Villa in 2005, she set up her old “Victrola” in the hallway near her room and enjoyed sitting there listening, and inviting others to join her.

These past few years have been very difficult for her. She had lost her mobility to move around and much of her memory – except for the distant past. However, she was always grateful for a visit or a smile. The Sisters of Charity have lost a dear and treasured woman.

On behalf of the Sisters of Charity we extend our condolences to her niece and her family, cousins and friends from West Orange and New Brunswick.

A special thanks to the Villa staff for their care of our sister and friend, and to all who visited her. Thank you Sister Joseph: for your support and encouragement, for the gift you were in my life and in the lives of my family and so many others; for your 77 years of dedicated service to the Congregation and to the People of God.

You will truly be missed – your wonderful smile. Indeed you have finished the race and may you rest in peace.

May the road rise to meet you; may the wind be always at your back  
May the sun shine warm upon your face; the rains fall soft upon your fields  
and until we meet again May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

Sister Mary Morley