



Sister Elizabeth Cahill

Entered eternal life on April 23, 2017

God was really the center of Betty's life. Her quiet times every morning, her yearly retreats which she so looked forward to each year and drew so much from, centered her in God. You could count on her calm, steady presence in every situation. Betty was a daughter of the Church, as Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton urged our sisters to be, Betty excelled in whatever ministry she felt called to, and she strove to prepare herself by prayer and study for each of them. She was director of religious education, pastoral minister in adult formation; served as a representative of the Sister of Charity Federation, a Non-Governmental Organization in the United Nations, and a member of the Council of the Sisters of Charity. Betty's final service to the sick and the elderly at Maywood completed her circle of Church ministry to every age group.

She was appreciative of her brother, Mick and his wife Min and Min's son, Al, and of her brother, Matt and his wife, Gloria. She loved her sister Pat and her nephews, Ed and Joe and Joyce, Joe's wife. She was so grateful to celebrate good times with them and, lately, to have their support especially these last weeks. The miles to Carteret, and wherever her family lived, seemed like no distance at all to Betty. She was there as a faithful sister and aunt, sharing in all that needed to be done.

Sister Marie Russo

As I listened to people this afternoon and tonight, I was reminded of a reading we had heard while in the novitiate. It ended with the question, "What would it be like if someone were to say to you, in meeting you today, I have met Jesus"? That came to me as people spoke about Sister Betty today. Her presence, her ability to know you, her willingness to listen to each person, spoke to me of the way Jesus was on his journey. Life was about a journey for Betty. Words such as courage, adventuresome, willing to go wherever God led her, describe the Betty that I knew that, we knew. She was curious, she had a desire to learn about everything and anything that she met. We studied Spanish together. As you know languages are not easy to learn as you grow older. We struggled, we laughed, and we always went on to learn more. It was a part of the journey that was needed in order to serve all people. She was inclusive of everybody.

Betty was a blessing to be with. She saw this turn in her journey as a time to be and in her words, "whatever will be will be." A month or so ago, Marie and I had the opportunity to be with Betty alone, which was rare as the sisters with whom she lived and her family were very present to her. During "our time", we had an opportunity to talk about our relationship of fifty seven years. We laughed and we cried. At one point I said to Betty, "Would you like to have some music, would you like to sing a song"? She quickly replied, "Que sera, sera". I put the song on, using my phone, and we sang. Betty moved to the rhythm of the song while sitting in her wheel

chair. She laughed, we all laughed. She was happy and so were we. It was a moment of grace that Marie and I will always cherish.

Being with Matt, and Sister Eleanor in Betty's dying moments, was a blessing. At one point, she smiled. At another point she looked as if she wanted to say something and then opened her eyes and looked up and then very peacefully continued her journey onto a new home. Betty, we will miss you. We are very grateful for having you as a part of our lives. Adios. Bienvenida a su casa! So long and welcome home!

Sister Judy Mertz