



Sister Margaret Hewitt

Entered eternal life on May 12, 2017

When I think of my friend, Sr. Peggy Hewitt, my heart is filled with great love. She was the consummate Sister of Charity living with great simplicity and humility, yet having a profound effect on all whom she encountered. She suffered much but she managed “to keep her gentleness and her smile.” Peggy’s life was one of many commas due to sickness, yet, she kept on going when many of us would have put a period.

Saint Vincent de Paul’s quote “Wear yourself out in the service of the poor” applies to Peggy. She had an inner strength that consumed her and empowered her to give the more that St. Vincent asks of us. I remember when she gave up full time teaching at Saint Mary’s in Jersey City and decided to continue to tutor there. Her hours remained the same and her passion never dwindled. She had a special knack for reaching not only the students who were gifted but also those who struggled most. Peggy’s teaching did not end with high school. For many years she taught a RCIA religion class every Sunday morning at St. Patrick in Jersey City.

I remember when her sight failed. How she loved to go to the library to get books on tape. It was about this time when Peggy gave up driving and would depend on people to give her rides. I used to accompany her to the library every now and then to borrow tapes and return them. We soon realized that Peggy had gone through them all. The library had no more tapes for Peggy. But she found a way around that. She found a company which sent her tapes on a regular basis. Nothing could hold back her love of learning.

Her love of literature continued to the end. She loved to teach and was beloved by her students. How blessed they were to have such a brilliant teacher whose breadth and depth of knowledge prepared them well. It was the lessons beyond the textbook that Peggy gave that touched them deeply. She was the personification of calmness and gentleness. She radiated a peace that rubbed off on her students. Her very presence was all that was needed to rein in all things chaotic. Her students knew that she gave her all for them and they reciprocated.

Peggy would stay up for long hours watching “Masterpiece Theatre” on Channel 13. She would remember every detail and integrate the material into her lessons. She loved the English language and was the master grammarian. I could envision her in a countryside English garden drinking tea from a fine teacup conversing with Oxford professors about the fine details of English grammar.

Peggy loved fine things and she was always dressed impeccably. Everything had to match and she wore her clothes beautifully. Shopping for clothes with her was an adventure because she loved to examine the material, the washing directions and the match with what she had. She was a lady in the best sense of the word.

Peggy loved to travel, especially with her band mates. She would be the one visiting the museums and admiring the fine architecture while the others would be doing the tourist thing. Many great memories were made during these trips.

She loved being a Sister of Charity and was very devoted to her prayers. She was a great example to me of a sister who suffered but who still gave everything she had for the glory and honor of God. Her prayer time was sacred to her and she now will reap her reward in Heaven.

Peggy loved her family and she was very attached to them. She appreciated all that they did for her and loved being included in family gatherings. She always acknowledged their goodness and how connected she felt to everyone.

And so as we bid farewell to our lovely Peggy, I want to leave you with a few lines from one of her favorite poets, Alfred, Lord Tennyson:

“I hold it true, whatever befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
‘Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”

Rest in peace, my friend,....until we meet again.

Sister Agatha Mathangani