



## **Sister Patricia Mary McMullen**

Entered eternal life on May 27, 2017

I would like each of us to ponder this question for the next few minutes. Did the good Lord throw away the mold after he created Patricia McMullen, Sister of Charity?

This is not a somber occasion – who among us can say the name Patricia, Aunt Pat, Sister Pat and not smile. But on this occasion condolences to all who loved Pat, Sisters of Charity, family and friends.

Her Big Heart poured out love for the Sisters of Charity, for Family, for the College of Saint Elizabeth and the High Schools where she served with her megawatt smile or stern demeanor and \$100,000 voice. She loved being the matriarch of the McMullen, Sullivan Clan. She told me not too long ago that she was so proud of her blend of McMullen, Sullivan's and their sense of caring and family. Having known you, now parents and grandparents, I must tell you of one of the traumatic experiences of my relationship with Patricia. At that time you were all very young, in fact Elizabeth Seton was an infant on a blanket in the living room at 402 Tuttle Avenue. One particular Halloween Patricia invited me to her famous Halloween party, but I wasn't prepared for my introduction to Pat's Halloween party. Aunt Emily, commandeering activities in the kitchen; kids everywhere running up and down the stairs between the kitchen and living room; pinning the tail on the donkey and candied apples in the dining room and dunking for apples in the living room. The front doorbell ringing with trick or treaters who Patricia insisted must do a trick as chaos reigned, and all the while Aunt Anne sat in the corner and finally looked at me and said "I told you so", yet Patricia loved every minute of it!

Another experience involving Patricia was on a trip to Ireland when Patricia insisted on driving through the Wicklow Mountains. When she thought I was going to have a nervous breakdown, I talked her into changing drivers! We spent hours laughing and sharing Patricia stories. As we reflect on Patricia the educator we realize that she was a natural born teacher and administrator. She imbued in her students a love of the written word. She was the Principal at three different High Schools: St. Cecilia's, Englewood, Immaculate Conception, Montclair (her alma mater) and the Academy of Saint Elizabeth. She was the Vice Principal at Marylawn of the Oranges where perhaps her claims to fame were the acquisition of her Black Seal Boiler License and the mysterious disappearance of numerous squirrels.

She had an innate ability as a fund raiser whose many generous benefactors assisted in major renovations especially at Saint Elizabeth's Academy. Beneath a stern exterior and commanding presence was a pussy cat, who supported teachers, guided students, welcomed parents and extended hospitality to visitors.

Perhaps it was inquisitiveness that aided her various successful ventures. It was not unusual for my phone to ring at 10:30 p.m., "Maureen, this is Patricia, what just happened to Notre Dame?"

Her love of the Sisters of Charity was unconditional. When she presided at the front door of the Villa she would engage Sisters in discussing community events. She was open to new ideas and changes taking place within the congregation. Her years at the Villa presented Patricia with myriad opportunities for spiritual reading. The little table next to her chair was filled with spiritual books she was eager to discuss with Sister visitors. A rich prayer life became even more enriched during this time of her life. She had more opportunities to pray for many of us individually and for those requesting or in need of prayer.

In many ways Patricia changed after she made the decision to come to the Villa. The hectic paced life she had lived became a more reflective one. On numerous occasions she would say “I am at peace.” Failing health was calmly accepted, yet she never lost her sense of humor. She accepted the death of her younger sister, Emily, a Sister of St. Joseph of Chestnut Hill with equanimity. Though too ill to attend Emily’s funeral, the family supplied her with vivid details of the wake and funeral including a video of the Mass.

I began by asking you if you thought the Lord threw away the mold when he created Patricia McMullen, Sister of Charity. My answer is YES and I suspect I am in the majority.

In closing, no one and I mean **no one** could work a room like Patricia. What must heaven be experiencing!

Thank you Patricia for being you and sharing your uniqueness with all of us.

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

Sister Maureen Crowley