

Sister Anne Marie Moroney, SC

Entered eternal life on May 23, 2024

This reflection was written by Sister Helen Moores, a lifelong friend of Sister Anne. I have added a few memories to it as well.

I met both Helen and Anne separately in my early years in the congregation, first through events in the Northern Province and later through ministry and committee experiences. Many years later I got to know them as a team when they were living in North Arlington or Kearny, and I served as their Councilor. I was immediately welcomed into their home (and accepted into the club) as a fellow Bostonian. Their home was always beautifully decorated for the season by Helen and meals were perfectly cooked by Anne. Teamwork!

Sister Anne Marie Moroney was born on October 20, 1942, in Salem, Massachusetts to Katherine and Maurice Moroney. She had two brothers, one older, Jim and one younger, Tom. Anne was lucky enough to be the infamous middle child.

Anne met the Sisters of Charity early on when she was introduced to two cousins who were both Sisters of Charity, but her real introduction came when she began school at St. Mary's in Salem which was staffed by the Sisters of Charity.

At completing elementary and high schools, Anne decided to enter the Sisters of Charity and journeyed from Salem to Convent Station in September 1960. It was during Anne's Postulant year and Helen's Junior Professed year that Anne and Helen met and became friends, a friendship that has lasted for 64 years. Anne remained at Convent to complete her degree: preparation for her future.

Anne's first assignment was St. Mary's School in Waterbury, Ct. where she taught the 4th grade. Helen had been at St. Mary's for two years at that point, so, this renewed their friendship. At St. Mary's Anne grew in her love of children and teaching.

Anne's next assignment was back in New Jersey, at Holy Trinity in Hackensack where she taught math to 7th and 8th graders. Simultaneously she did graduate work and earned a master's degree in Youth Ministry from Seton Hall University. This degree was quickly put to good use in her ministry at Holy Trinity as she became coach of the girls' basketball and volleyball teams, began teaching religion to CYO groups in the parish, and took on the responsibility of chaperone when CYO high school groups were attending functions in different cities in the United States. It takes a special person to engage in these ministries!

Following her work at Holy Trinity, Anne was called on to take on a different role in education, that of principal at Saint Peter's School in Jersey City. She enjoyed this challenge and served as principal for 20 years. Anne was always positive, and this was clearly evident in her role of leadership.

Later Anne accepted another challenging role as guidance counselor at St. Mary's High School in Jersey City, where she remained until the school closed. Leaving, Anne also left her involvement in educational ministry as she knew it and transitioned to health care at St. Mary's Hospital in Passaic, coordinating the outreach program. She remained in this position until her health forced her to retire in 2020. During this time St. Mary's was sold to Prime Healthcare; Anne supported many employees through this process.

Anne will be remembered for many reasons, not the least of which is her dry sense of humor. She had a quiet demeanor, so her humorous quips were sometimes unexpected. I remember one time I was writing her name



down and wasn't quite sure of the spelling of her last name: was it o's or a's or u's? She told me to think of the word "moron" and add "ey". I never forgot the spelling!

Anne also had a deep love for her family: her brother Tom and his wife Janet, her brother Jim and his wife Jane and her niece and nephews.

Finally, Anne will be remembered for her love of challenge, her embrace of what she was doing at a given time, and her devotion and love for children and senior citizens and much, much more.

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

Written by Sister Helen Moores, SC
Presented by Sister Ellen Dauwer, SC