

Sister Evelyn Lebiecz

Entered eternal life on January 1, 2019



Good Morning, my name is Joann and I am Sister Evelyn Lebiecz niece. My mother, Eleanor L. Alex, predeceased Sister Evelyn three months ago. I would like to think they were not only sisters, but best friends. My mom probably would have died from a broken heart if Sister Evelyn passed before her.

My earliest memories of the Lebiecz Family were from Spring Street in Paterson where Sister Evelyn's mother, my grandmother lived in a two family house. My aunt was the youngest of nine children. The oldest is my aunt Frances who will be 102 this April. My uncle Ben, who is a Catholic priest lives at the Mother of the Redeemer Monastery in Louisiana.

I can briefly describe my aunt Evy with a few adjectives, adventurous, energetic and devoted to God. She "did it all" in her 83 years on earth. She was a nun, a nurse, earned her pilot's license and was a wonderful sister to her family members. She was born in Paterson and went on to deliver many babies in Jackson, Mississippi, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, Lima, Peru, Bolivia and Fort Myers, Florida before she made her way back to Paterson. She loved to be needed and do what she could for anyone, as many of you seated here already know.

When I was 7 years old in 1965, my aunt Evy would take me into NYC on a bus from Paterson to Port Authority to visit a friend of hers who worked at New York University Hospital. We would always stop for lunch in the heart of Times Square either at Horn & Hardart Automat where I was mesmerized at the manner in which they served food from a window or Tad's Steaks where we would run in, grab a tray and order our meal. She was fearless and I ran right alongside her in that great big busy city. She did nothing slowly.

Sister Evy always told me I was her birthday present as I was born on her birthdate, July 26th. Each year I would hunt down a card with a picture of a nun on the front of her birthday card, she loved it!

She and my mom would play Rummy Cube at my mother's apartment in Glen Rock. Somehow, she would always manage to talk a resident into unlocking the front door to surprise my mom. This went on for years. I watched her health deteriorate until she entered St. Joseph's Rehab Center, the very same building where she volunteered every Tuesday. Last week she was lying in one of the beds needing help herself.

I would like to thank Sister Elise, Sister Diane and Sister Pauline who kept me informed about aunt Evy's health issues. Thank you for the endless hours you spent at her bedside. You are all very special.

Rest in peace aunt Evy and I promise to carry on our birthday celebration!

Joann Greenfield,
niece of Sister Evelyn