



Sister Margaret Annina Confoy, SC
Entered eternal life on September 15, 2022

Good morning, my name is Meme and I am one of Sister Margaret Annina's nieces. My sister Susie couldn't be here today, so I am reading the reflection she wrote.

Sister Margaret Annina was (and will always be) my aunt. To my sisters, cousins, and the rest of the family, she was and is Bets, Aunt Bets, and even Granny Bets. She was the third child of William and Margaret Confoy.

When Aunt Bets graduated from Cathedral in 1946, she had already known, since the second grade, her future was to be a Sister of Charity. On September 8, 1946, with the family's blessing, she joined her Band of '31.

Beginning with our Grandparents, our immediate family had all moved to Florida. Sister Margaret continued her teaching missions in various parishes in New Jersey. About seven or eight years later, Aunt Bets was transferred

to Florida where she taught at St. Mark in Boynton Beach and St. Francis of Assisi. After her parents passed away, she returned to New Jersey to continue her teaching ministry at St. Thomas School in Bloomfield. She mentioned this was her favorite assignment.

In 1983, she began her ministry in Sts. Peter & Paul School in St. Thomas of the Virgin Islands. She loved the people, the school, and everything about island life - except the beach. I'm sure many have heard from my aunt about the 87 steps to go down to the school and back up to the convent. I think she might have been training for the Olympics. If the climb wasn't enough, the iguanas presented an additional challenge. While in St. Thomas, she survived several hurricanes including one which tore the entire roof off the school.

Throughout her life, Aunt Bets experienced several health issues including cancer and treatment, not once, but three separate times. She was very pragmatic but had trust in her faith. She loved her doctor, but felt prayer was the best medicine. In fact, her last oncologist was of Jewish faith. He used to joke with her, "You have a Jewish boy rooting for you." Her response was, "No, I have two Jewish boys rooting for me!"

As if she didn't have enough on her plate, she took up crocheting. Boy, did she crochet! Every niece, nephew, great niece, friend who had a child, received an afghan. Every afghan request was fulfilled, even after she went to the Villa. She made caps, lap robes, and scarves. If you sent her the yarn, you got a product. She continued even as she was losing her eyesight.

In 2008, fearing for my aunt's safety as she was the only remaining Sister of Charity in the Virgin Islands, it was suggested she return to the states. She wasn't quite finished with her mission in the islands, so my sister, Meme, volunteered to move to St. Thomas to help her wrap up her assignment.

In 2010, Sister Margaret returned to the Motherhouse. She quickly became involved in the details of life in Convent Station.

Upon moving from the Motherhouse to the Villa, she took on many volunteer duties including her post at the front door, distributing mail, and Eucharist Minister during Masses. My aunt would make 14-17 calls daily to speak with the other residents at the Villa keeping them informed and raising their spirits.

It was our pleasure to visit with my aunt whenever possible until the pandemic hit. We loved having conversations with her. She was the last person in her immediate family who was full of information and always willing to answer our questions.

With the loss of the Villa, Sister Margaret moved to a health facility run by the Dominican Sisters. Through the kindness of friends like Joan McManus, Sister Judy Mertz, and many phone calls and visits, Aunt Bets settled in at St. Catherine of Siena.

Within the past month, many of my sisters including myself, and two of Sister Margaret's great nieces were able to visit with her. This made all of us so happy.

Thank you so much for being here today. I am sure Sister Margaret would appreciate all the good thoughts and prayers.

Meme Ungrady
Niece of Sister Margaret Annina