



Sister Mary Patricia Moroney, SC

Entered eternal life on March 20, 2022

Good morning everyone. I'm Barbara Moroney, one of Sr Mary Pat's nieces and her Godchild. I'm honored to be here today to speak to you about my Aunt Mary, Sr Mary Patricia Moroney.

Aunt Mary was born March 19, 1936 and went to God on March 20, 2022. She was born the youngest of eight in NYC to Grandma Mollie and Grandpa John Moroney. She was the baby sister to Jack, Elizabeth, Richie, Helen, Ann, Marty, and Tommy. And was a loving Aunt to: Vincent, Judi, Marybeth, Claire, Kathleen, Charlie, Marty, Michael, Tommy and Maria, great nieces/nephews.

Aunt Mary lived a life of devotion to God, her Mother, her family and her students. She began her religious life at 13 and was very proud to serve God throughout her life, 69 blessed years. I remember speaking with her at a young age and her sharing how old she was when she joined the convent. It was something I didn't understand at the time but she always said it was a calling. She knew this was her life's purpose and she followed her calling without hesitation. She was a primary school teacher for 30 years and when she retired she was in Pastoral Care and became a beautician and decorator for the halls of the Villa and Motherhouse – she was so proud of the work she had done. Her sister, my Aunt Helen, worked in the office at a Beauty Academy I remember Aunt Mary talking her training at the school to become a beautician, she loved it! I think she enjoyed helping the other sisters feel good. She would offer me a haircut every now and then but I never actually took her up on it.

The Mission Statement of the Sisters of Charity is: As Sisters of Charity of Our Lady, we devote ourselves to the works of charity, and as true daughters in the heart of the Church, we serve others through the apostolates of education, caring for the sick, the aging and the poor, wherever there is a need.

I believe Aunt Mary lived this mission every day through the work and care she brought to her community, family, friends and students.

On a more personal level, I don't have a first memory of Aunt Mary but I can say she was a constant in my life from the very beginning. The most vivid memories I have from a child is that Aunt Mary was always with and taking care of Grandma Mollie. They would come to the house to visit for Sunday dinners, birthdays, and holidays. Aunt Mary lived next to St Francis Church in Ridgely Park with my grandmother for many years. She was able to teach and take care of Grandma during this time. As I was writing I thought about moments with Aunt Mary and what impact she had on my life. A few came to my mind so clearly and it dawned on me that Aunt Mary always spoke to me at the same level, even at a young age. A really profound moment for me was the day she told me my grandmother had passed. When I was 12, my dad had a stroke the day after my grandmother. My mom with my dad and no one wanted to tell me the sad news without her there. But for me, I knew something was up and everyone was hiding something. So... I called Aunt Mary and asked her how Grandma was. She said, "Oh Barbara, Grandma went to God." She didn't hesitate. I remember it so clearly. If you wanted the truth, Aunt Mary would share it with compassion. She didn't sugar coat, hide or deny anything. I'll be honest, sometimes it didn't feel so warm and fuzzy but it always came from a good place and it is really what you respect and remember about her – her authenticity. As I was telling some friends about her passing, there were several that shared with me they enjoyed talking with her at some time or another. I think she had a way of helping others by just listening and letting them be heard. She had impact greater than we can all imagine and what a great way to live and a great legacy to leave behind.

Aunt Mary loved her family, she was so proud of each and everyone one of us. She had pictures all over her room of her family. Even families I didn't know, she touched their lives. She loved when we would visit her in her place... see her Irish décor, it made her day. When we would come to her Jubilee's she would be so happy to have us all here. Today, there is a picture on the alter from her 60th Jubilee and until the end she knew that was her family. Over the years mom and I would visit with her and bring her lunch and some groceries – most importantly her roast beef, raisin bread and always some chocolate treats.... Her absolute favorite! She was a chocolate lover through and through.

About two months ago, Sister Ellen called to let us know she was going into hospice care. I wasn't surprised, but I will admit there was a part of me that thought she's strong, she's not going anywhere. Two years ago she had Covid and we thought then we may lose her, but she came out strong. As the weeks went by there were visits that were quiet and others that were happy.

On Saturday, March 19th, I had planned to visit for her birthday. There was a moment I thought, maybe I'll go tomorrow. I was having family over for St. Patrick's Day that day and maybe Sunday would be better. But I said no, go today. I brought her a shamrock plant and a Happy Birthday balloon. When I went into the room she was watching television and was so alert. I said Happy Birthday! She smiled... and asked, it's my birthday? It's the 19th? I said yes and she was so happy. We then looked at one of the family pictures in her room and talked about all of her brothers and sisters. She smiled and spoke a little about when they were younger.

Then I told her I was texting with all of her nieces and nephews and everyone was wishing her a Happy Birthday. She asked me again if it was her birthday and I said yes, it's your birthday! I can't tell you how wonderful it is to remind someone it's their birthday. As I was leaving she asked me who was behind her. I said no one, it's only the wall behind her. But for a brief moment, in my heart, I was thinking it's probably Grandma Mollie and the gang. She had been talking about her brothers and sisters so clearly, I truly believe they were with her.

On Sunday, March 20th my phone rang at 7 a.m. and it was Sister Ellen. I was surprised. Seeing how wonderful she was the day before and especially being her birthday, it felt surreal. But she was at peace with God and her family and I know in my heart she is watching over all of us from heaven.

Aunt Mary was happy and proud to be a Sister of Charity, a daughter, a sister, a sister-in-law, an aunt, a friend and a teacher to so many in her life. She loved being Irish, she loved to teach, travel, swim, enjoy a week in LBI some summers, eat steak, chocolate, and she loved movies and watching her favorite shows. And most importantly she loved to help by praying for those in need and those she loved.

As I come to the end of my remembrance, I want to thank you all for being here today to celebrate and honor the life of Sister Mary Patricia. When I was preparing for this, I asked her what she wanted me to share and I came across this twice in her notes and felt compelled to read to you:

On the Journey

Will you carry me up the mountain

It's a long winding road

The pathway is steep, it's a long, long way

Be with me on the journey and walk by my side

To leave my fears along the way

Aunt Mary – May the road rise to meet you, May the wind be always at your back. May the sunshine warm your face, the rain fall soft upon your fields. And until we meet again, may God hold you in the palm of his hand. Rest in Peace...

Barbara Moroney
(Niece of Sister Mary Patricia)