



Sister Patricia Godri, SC

Entered eternal life on January 7, 2024

My Aunt Pat was a very special woman. She touched the lives of countless individuals across ages, genders, races, and even state lines. My brother Dave and I were lucky enough to witness so many of her acts of kindness and generosity. When we were children, we spent many weekends at her apartments in New Jersey. She would take us to church events, where we would learn about how to care for others and about God. We would attend Native American pow-wows where we would learn about different cultures. She would take us exploring caves and aquariums around the state of New Jersey, to the movies, and to casinos (we got kicked out of a casino in Mississippi). When Dave and I spent the weekend at her house she would buy these special rolls for us which we still talk about to this day. When she moved to Mississippi I was devastated. Where were my brother and I going to go to have fun? My mom explained that Aunt Pat was doing God's work, but it was still difficult understand. We visited her for weeks during the summers and she continued to show us a different life than what we were used to. What I remember most about that time is how deeply she cared about the people in Mississippi and how much they cared about her. My aunt learned to speak Spanish fluently when she was older to communicate with her Congregation. She continued to keep her Native American ties with some of her best friends who were Native American. She turned the church in Carthage, Mississippi on Red Dog Road around. The congregation grew. She opened a daycare and a thrift store. My aunt gave her heart and her soul to the church.

It was a blessing nearly ten years ago when my aunt moved back to New Jersey. She had been gone for a long time. My brother and I did not see her as much as when we were children. Now finally she was home for good. My mom, her younger sister, was very sick with cancer. For the final few months of my mom's life, my aunt was beside her. It meant more to my mom than my aunt would ever know.

The last few years of my aunt's life were not easy. Dave and I are thankful that my aunt was able to get to know our spouses and to meet our children, Justin, and Sofia, especially since my mom was watching from heaven. We were thrilled that she could spend time with us, my dad, Jose, and our families. My aunt always treated my brother and I like we were her own children. We have always known that she had two families, the Sisters of Charity and us. She loved both families deeply. What I realized many years later is that my aunt treated everyone like they were family. Today I know that my Aunt Pat is resting comfortably in heaven, surrounded by dogs, my mom, my grandparents, and most importantly, God. She is with us in our hearts, guiding us every day. God Bless.

by Amanda Van Steyn Hart
Niece of Sister Pat