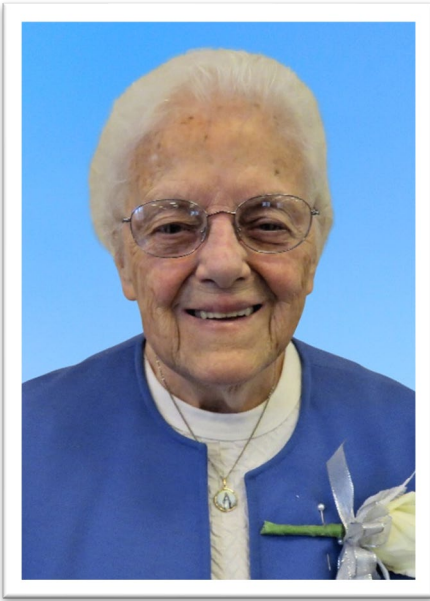


Sister Jean Stabile, SC

Entered eternal life on December 23, 2025



My name is Jean Marie Stabile Korn, and I'm Sister Jean's oldest niece. Thank you for the opportunity to speak about my aunt for a few minutes.

I looked up the word namesake, and it said, "someone you are intentionally named after." I like that definition, because I imagine my dad—Aunt Jean's brother—was proud of who his sister was and thought it was a fitting tribute to name me after her.

Aunt Jean was first and foremost a Sister of Charity, but she was also a friend to so many of you here, a teacher, a daughter, a sister-in-law, an aunt to four, a great-aunt to nine, and even a great-great-aunt to six little ones. Some of those babies were so new she never got to meet them—but we'll make sure they know exactly who she was.

Between my siblings and me, we have nine children—and since I'm also Aunt Jean to them, those nieces and nephews needed a way to tell us apart, so she became "Aunt Jean with the white hair." Just like her mother Helen, she really did have the most beautiful, vivid white hair. Mine, unfortunately, is more of a dull gray.

When we asked the kids to share their favorite memory of Aunt Jean with the white hair, they all said the same things: when she played games with them, when she taught them how to play cards, her extensive knowledge & love of sports, especially her favorite team, the Giants, and when she would take them for walks on the beach to find sea glass.

When Aunt Jean joined us on our beach vacations, it was tradition that she'd take the kids all for long walks, which, of course, was their parents' favorite part of the beach day. And somehow, no matter the tide, they'd always come back with sea glass. Aunt Jean clearly had a special touch. Maybe it was her close relationship with God... or maybe she kept a few extra pieces in her pocket so no one would be disappointed. We'll never know. It was always so great when we were vacationing on LBI, and she was "over at Harvey" – she loved her time at Maris Stella and we loved visiting her there.

Aunt Jean was an educator through and through, living out the spirit and guidance of the Sisters of Charity and their patron - - Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton. More than a few members of our family are either teachers or serving in education and I'm certain she had something to do with their choices.

As a child, Aunt Jean really expanded my horizons. She spent a handful of years teaching in a place so far away from our little town of Somerville, NJ that I could only imagine what it was like. I knew it was hot in the Virgin Islands though, because she got to wear her white habit! She was the only person I knew at the time who traveled by airplane. I have vivid memories of laying on our backs in the grass in the backyard, entirely convinced that every plane flying overhead had Aunt Jean on it – the four of us waving and yelling, "Hi Aunt Jean!" at the sky.

I also remember going to the Somerville train station with my dad to pick her up from wherever she was coming from. She'd walk through that long tunnel from the other side of the tracks, and we'd see her silhouette coming toward us in her habit. At a young age I was very aware that her arrival was something special and how happy it made our family.

But those train station pickups ended when she got her driver's license. What an exciting time that was for her. She would refer to our Nana's car – her mother – as Nanas Nifty Nova and she just loved the freedom

driving gave her. I don't know what her official title was at Convent, but I do know how much she loved driving her Sisters to their appointments well into her later years.

She had a great laugh, a genuine smile, and a fantastic sense of humor. We've heard plenty of stories from former students about her style of discipline—loving, but definitely firm. When Aunt Jean talked about people, if she liked you, she'd say you were “a honey.” And if you were a little edgy? You were “a sketch.”

Whenever we visited her at the convent, you could feel how happy she was to show us around her beautiful home and introduce us to her fellow Sisters. She always talked about how wonderful the staff were at Convent—she knew everyone by name—and she genuinely loved the food they cooked for her.

And every single time we talked on the phone or ended a visit, without fail, she'd say, “Love to all.”

So, I think that's the perfect way to end today.

Love to all who loved her, cared for her, cooked for her, were driven by her, taught by her, learned from her, and had their horizons expanded by her.

Love to all.

~ Jean Marie Stabile Korn, Sister Jean's niece