

350 Bernardsville Road  
Mendham, NJ 07945  
June 22, 2008

Dear Sisters and Companions of Pauline,

It is with sadness, but with great love and affection that I write this letter, informing you of the death of Companion of Pauline, Cecilia Spring, Danville Branch...my mother. God called "Ceil" home to Himself unexpectedly early in the day on June 15 at Holy Family Convent, Danville. When she would hear of someone dying suddenly, she would say, "I'll take that ticket any day." God gave her that wish!

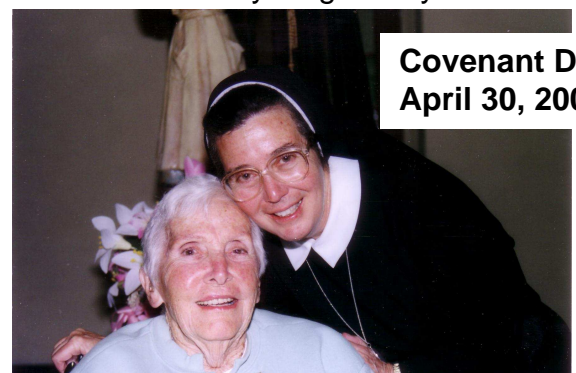
Cecilia O'Sullivan Spring was born December 11, 1916 in New Britain, CT. She lived in New Britain and then Kensington, CT since 1950 before moving to the Infirmary of the Sisters of Christian Charity, Danville PA, in 2004 where she was well-loved and cared for.

Cecilia was the daughter of John O'Sullivan and Lucy Saunders, both of New Britain. She is survived by daughters MaryAnn Litke of Coventry, RI and Sister Joseph, SCC of Mendham, NJ; sisters Eleanor O'Sullivan Jette and Barbara O'Sullivan Larese; and several nieces and nephews.

She was pre-deceased by her husband Joseph W. Spring (1966); Grandson William J. Litke; son-in-law William Litke; and siblings Lucy O'Sullivan, John O'Sullivan, Charles O'Sullivan, Francis O'Sullivan, Robert O'Sullivan, Lucy Eileen O'Sullivan, Mae O'Sullivan Close, Agnes O'Sullivan Noe, Bernardine O'Sullivan Baxer.

These are the facts of her life, but how does her daughter portray her to you who perhaps do not know her well? Let me begin by saying she was a typical girl who grew up in a large family whose father died when the youngest was 11 months old. According to stories, they really eked out an existence. When she married my father, he, too was from a large family and they expected to follow suit. God had other plans and when it became clear that I would be their only child, they adopted Mary Ann who immediately became a part of the family.

When my father died, my mother was only 48 and she forged ahead with her life. "Forged" is a mild word for the energy with which she undertook everything. Early in the morning she would be out walking, then to early morning Mass and then on to whatever the day would bring. In earlier years it would be off to work; in later years it would be to "putter" in the yard she loved so well. She was excellent at knitting and crocheting and made my sister and me many afghans, scarves, hats, mittens, etc.



During my 19 years as principal, she would knit or crochet gifts for the faculty for Christmas presents.

Four years ago, when it became clear she could no longer live on her own, my sister and I asked her if she would consider Holy Family Convent and Infirmary which had just become licensed for personal care. It was an immediate "fit". When I left her there for the first time, I said, "Mom, you will get used to this." Her response was, "I love it already."

What did she love about her life with the Sisters of Christian Charity at Holy Family Convent? Everything! But probably what she especially loved was the rhythm of prayer that she found there. In the last few years in her home, she was unable to attend daily Mass. Once again she was able to do so. Because of failing eyesight and hearing, she was unable to pray the Office with the Sisters, but was always present in chapel during that time. Each day, Sister Helen Joseph Waldman, one of the residents of Holy Family, would pray the rosary together with her. The rosary was my mother's constant companion, attached to her walker, much like the Sisters would wear the rosary as part of their habit. She loved the activities that occur several times a day on a daily basis. When I would ask her if she ever got lonesome or bored, she would always answer, "I have no time. We are always busy." The summer months (which for her would begin around April and last until November!) would find her enjoying the porch. She loved being outside enjoying God's beauty. She loved being a Companion of Pauline. Although not able to participate in the meetings because of her hearing and eyesight, she made sure that the aides would transfer her pin from one sweater to the next each day.

Her funeral Mass was celebrated by my cousin and my mother's godchild, Rev. Mark Jette. In his homily, he commented on her love for her Irish heritage. This was a theme throughout the Mass of Resurrection and the Irish Blessing was sung by the Sisters at the cemetery.

My sister and I want to thank you for your many expressions of sympathy and your prayers, which we know you will continue for your fellow Companion. We also want to thank especially for the love and care extended to Ceil by the Sisters at Holy Family Convent.

Forty-two years when my father died, on the day of his burial, my mother stood at the coffin and said, "Bye, Joe. I'll see you again some day." It is our belief that day was Father's Day, June 15, 2008.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Sister Joseph Spring, S.C.C." The signature is written in a cursive style.

Sister Joseph Spring, SCC