

In Memory of Sr. Jeanne Miller

~ Excerpts from the Homily of Fr. Norman Boyd, SA ~

Funeral Mass: January 31, 2013



REFLECTIONS about "Aunt Jeanne" - by Dianne Miller

As an eleven year old who had just lost my dad, and had already lost my mom, I had mixed feelings about having my Aunt, a nun, come live with us. I was afraid of all the new rules she would bring and how strict she might be. And, there were some adjustments, but, she was **the best thing that could** have happened to me.

My life has taken a different path because of her influences. Aunt Jeanne was goodness through and through.

Imagine what it must have been like: Aunt Jeanne inherited quite an awesome responsibility out of the blue, with a house full of kids, one of whom had leukemia. Aunt Jeanne was just the right person to care for Karen and to help her gracefully accept what was to come. I believe Karen had a profound impact on Aunt Jeanne as well. Eventually my siblings were leaving the house, and then it became just Aunt Jeanne and me.

By this time, Aunt Jeanne made a home for me, in fact Aunt Jeanne **was** my home. She doted over me, like I'd never been before. She would pay attention to the things I liked and we had many long conversations, it was during this time that a special bond grew between me and my "Tantie."

Thank you, Aunt Jeanne ~ and "thank you" to all the Sisters and Staff at Graymoor for caring so well for my Aunt Jeanne.



"In my Father's house there are many rooms" (John 14:2). And every once in a while, God opens one of those doors ever so slightly and we get a taste of Heaven.

"Although all we get in this life is a taste, just enough to water our pallet, to touch our hearts, to lift our spirits, a tiny glimpse of how good God is, His presence and His love. Yes, from time-to-time - perhaps even every day - His goodness is brought home to us in seeing maybe a beautiful sunrise or seeing a new insight into a Biblical passage;

maybe in an unexpected blessing, the return to the faith of a loved one. In those times, we get a small taste of the magnificent beauty of the Lord, just enough to whet our appetites, to fill our hearts with joy and a calming peace and deep sense of well-being.

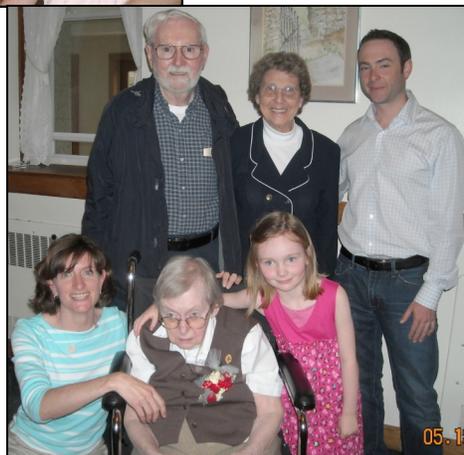
"Then, however, in death, we are showered with a total and unending diet of God's goodness, of His beauty and of His immense love for us. We are bathed in His goodness. As *Psalm 17* tells us: "*When I awake I shall see Your face and be filled with the sight of Your glory.*"

We can only imagine what it was like for **Sr. Jeanne Miller**.



'Beyond the sunset, O blissful morning
When with our Savior Heaven's just begun
Earth's toiling ended, O glorious dawning
Beyond the sunset when day is done.

'Beyond the sunset no clouds will gather
No storms will threaten, no fears annoy
O day of gladness, O day unending
Beyond the sunset eternal joy...



'Beyond the sunset,
O glad reunion;
With our dear loved
ones who have
gone before
In that fair
hometown
we'll know no
parting
Beyond the sunset
forever more
Beyond the sunset.'

"Here now
in our lives, we
have no idea what
joy really is, what
happiness is ...
Each of us will
realize this
'beyond the
sunset.'"

