

**Name of Jubilarian:** Sister Rose Kreuzer

**Name of Birthplace/Hometown:** Milwaukee, Wisconsin

**Education, schools attended, and degrees received:**

St. Michael's Grade School – Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
Messmer High School – Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
Marian College – Fond du Lac, Wisconsin  
Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska – BA in Sociology  
St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri – Master in Social Work-Clinical in Psychiatry

**Overview of positions held, locations, and dates where Sister Rose has ministered:**

1959-1966, St. Agnes Hospital, Fond du Lac, WI, Director of Purchasing (Organized Central Purchasing)  
1966-1968, St. Clare Hospital, Assistant in Administrative Office  
1968-1970, Creighton University, Omaha, NE, Catholic Charities Office-3 mos.  
Clinical in Med. Soc. Work  
1970-1972, St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri:  
1970 & 1971, St. Louis State Hospital  
1971-1972, Missouri Institute of Psychiatry  
1972-Summer July thru Oct.; St. Louis Juvenile Court  
1972-1975, St. Agnes Hospital, Fond du Lac, WI, Social Work Services in Psych Department  
1975-1981 St. Agnes Hospital, FDL; Organized & was Director of Materials Management  
1981-1989, Marian College, FDL, WI; Assistant to Vice-President of Academic Affairs

**Thoughts on Religious Life:**

During my time in Social Work Services and sometimes after, I was asked to join the Chaplain when extreme conditions occurred, such as terrible highway accidents, shootings, tornados, etc., when a parent, mate or child was killed and those left behind to deal with the tragedy, were in shock and perhaps not even aware that someone had died in the event. When children were involved, either as victims of a parental loss or whatever the tragedy they may not understand, it was to help a child or children through whatever the conditions, either before or after their knowledge of what may have happened. These were unforgettable times for me to be able to respond to another in a time of great need. Adults or children, it was a time I could offer my best self as a person and as a religious. For me, it was a gift of God to be an instrument in bringing an awareness of God's presence and love to another in the most dire and devastating of circumstances!

In the parlance of the day, mine was a delayed vocation. From elementary grades on, I had thought about becoming a sister. In my extended family there were 7 or more sisters, and 7 priests in the families of my mother and father.

When I was about eight or nine years of age, my mother was in and out of the hospital for surgery on the first of two primary cancers. Four of my nine brothers were younger than I and I took care of them, especially the 3 youngest. The youngest was born after my

mom's surgeries for the first cancer. I learned to cook "by remembrance" of how my mom had done things. My dad and "the boys" were the victims of my trial and error method. They all survived and so did I!

When my mother died of a second cancer at 49, I was 16 and officially became "chief cook and bottle washer" whatever that was. Two or three of the older boys helped me the most – George with heavy cleaning, etc., and Bill with baking and keeping the family in cookies, especially at Christmas when he made all of mom's favorite Christmas cookies. Doing dishes was a family affair, during which, night after night, we all sang and harmonized the whole time. Bernie, an athlete, always had "practice" for something, so he was given the task (by our dad) of peeling the potatoes which could be done at his convenience as long as they were done by four o'clock. Everyone had an assigned task. "They were busy years but with the help and loving kindness of the Notre Dame Sisters, and a drastically shortened school-day, I finished high school and took care of home and family for the next sixteen years.

When the two youngest boys got married and within the following months my father died, suddenly and unexpectedly, at 32, I was free to give thought to what I wanted to do with my life.

After a year of consideration and leaving my job as a pharmaceutical buyer, I had many long conversations with a lifelong priest-friend, I applied and was accepted in the program at St. Agnes School of Nursing. During the first year I also decided to apply to CSA, a congregation I had heard of only briefly when I was a patient at a Milwaukee hospital a few years earlier. The rest is history, and I am here to celebrate a Jubilee I never thought I'd see. It is a miracle of grace and God's greatest gift to me.