

CSA JUBILARIAN 2019

Name of Jubilarian: Loretta Meidl

Name of Birthplace/Hometown: Ladysmith, WI

Education: Schools/colleges/universities attended and degrees received:

While living in New York I earned credits in methodology of teaching Language Arts, Math, and Social Studies for elementary school children from the College of Mount Saint Vincent in Riverdale, New York. I also took courses in Educational Psychology and courses for the educationally handicapped children.

I attended Spanish courses from the Instituto de Estudios Ibero Americanas in Coahuila, Mexico.

I earned advanced certification in religious education for the Milwaukee Archdiocese and the Toledo Diocese.

Please name the places where you have ministered; if possible, list years. If you were a teacher, please name the parish or school, location, dates, and grade levels taught:

Two Rivers, WI – laundry

Fond du Lac WI – motherhouse laundry

St. Joseph Springs Farm, Fond du Lac, WI – cooking

St. Clare Hospital, Kansas – cooking

St. Catherine, Kansas – cooking

St. Joseph, Rosemount, MN – cooking

Holy Family Orphanage, Marquette, MI – worked with children

St. John, Defiance, OH – cooking

Beloit Catholic High School, Beloit, WI – cooking

1971-75 Our Lady Queen of Angels, New York, NY – teacher aide

1975-83 St. Louis & St. Patrick, Fond du Lac, WI – Spanish

Holy Angels, St. Margaret Mary, and St. Rose, Milwaukee, WI – Librarian

Fond du Lac, WI – Foster grandparent program

Share a story about a time, an event, or an experience in your vowed life that affirms or speaks to your lifelong commitment as a vowed woman religious.

Share what it means to you to be celebrating jubilee in CSA and in the global Church.

Share a poem, a prayer, a reflection that has captured for you, the story of your journey in religious life.

Anyone who has lived with Sister Loretta can attest to her sense of humor. Two of her nieces, Marilyn and Rita share the following story that points to Sister Loretta and her ability to laugh at herself.

If memory serves us, it was a cold day in late fall, at least cold enough so that we had to wear our jackets. Rita and I pulled up to the front door of Nazareth Court, Rita driving her little red pickup truck. We were hoping the Sisters would let us use a convent car to take Sisters Carmella and Loretta to dinner because Rita's truck was small, with no back doors on the truck. But when that didn't work out, we asked Loretta if she thought she could manage riding in the back seat. She decided she could manage even though we knew it wouldn't be easy to get four passengers into a truck not designed to accommodate adults in the tiny back seat. To add to the challenge, we knew that both Loretta and Carmella had bad knees and neither one was petite. Somehow all of us managed to get in. Rita was behind the wheel, Carmella was in the front passenger seat,

Loretta and I were scrunched in the back on a truncated bench. When we arrived at the restaurant Rita managed to find a parking spot right in front of the main entrance.

Perfect, I thought, the Sisters would not have to walk far. Rita got out and went around to help Sister Carmella out. Both of them on the pavement, Rita pushed the driver's seat forward as far as possible, took Loretta's hand and gently tugged. Eventually, halfway in, halfway out, Loretta realized she was totally stuck. I expected to hear frustration in her breathing, anger in her eyes, and total exasperation in her voice. Instead, she laughed a little at first, then harder and harder as she realized the hopelessness of the situation. Recognizing our responsibility for all of this, Rita kept on tugging from the front and I continued to push from behind, both of us begging Loretta to stop laughing and help. Of course, by this time we were all laughing. Given where we were, customers were watching as they made their way in and out of the restaurant. They probably realized as we did that, we might have to call 911 and request the "jaws of life." Sister Carmella stood next to the truck, her eyes closed, her head raised toward heaven, her hands steeped in prayer: "Merciful Father, help us." Eventually we managed on our own. During dinner Sister Carmella suggested that Sister Loretta have a stiff drink to help her exit when we got back to the convent. We decided that would be a good thing for all of us and indulged although Rita feared it might relax her too much as we would never be able to pry her loose a second time. We did, however, finally manage with a push and pull and a little stool from the convent Chapel.