



SISTER ROSE OF THE SACRED HEART OCD  
 MARY CATHERINE HOLLAND Our Website begins:  
 On August 12, 1954, four nuns holding one-way tickets for Reno, Nevada, left the Carmelite Monastery in Indianapolis. The next four nuns followed a few days later, and our Carmelite life took root in a small house on 829 North Virginia Street on the Feast of St. Bartholomew. Sister Rose came with the second group.

In the early morning hours of Saturday, August 6, the Feast of the Transfiguration of Christ, Sister Rose prayed aloud: “Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I love you...I adore you...come” and with these words completed her earthly journey... ninety-one years since her birth, seventy-four years since her entrance into Carmel, fifty-seven years in Reno...

When her obituary was published in our local paper, we were asked by many people: “Is that what she really said?” The answer is: “Yes!” Sister Rose, Carmelite, farmer, gardener, photographer, baker, devoted to Karl Rahner, had finished her earthly tasks and was eager and ready for the transition to heaven. So ready, that she brought a spirit of merriment to the Emergency Room as she said to all who entered her room: “No! I don’t want that procedure. Can’t you understand I am ready to go to heaven!”

Sister Rose was born on December 27, 1919 in St. Charles, Minnesota. In our Jubilee year of 2004 she described her affection for Nevada.

“The year was 1954. Bishop Dwyer of Reno had asked that we, the Carmelites of Indianapolis, establish a house of prayer in the Reno Diocese. Would I join the sisters in the venture? Feeling in my heart that God wanted this, I joined with seven other sisters. We came west. Little did I know or guess how life’s journey would continue.

Nevada, Desert-land  
 Land of Pyramid Lake and mountains  
 Land our acreage we would transform  
 and make an oasis in the desert

all of it revealing--the journey  
 desert land my prayer before my God  
 but just as well when needed--the looking up to  
 mountain height  
 or lesser height--the great sequoias we planted  
 the mountain running streams--the curious deer in flight  
 that paused and gazed at me.

... Nevada your uniqueness reflects the splendor and desire of a people thirsty, a people on the way—”

The lives Rose touched, the difference she made in so many lives, was evident as we celebrated the rituals of Christian death. At the vigil of prayer, the evening before the Mass of Resurrection, John Hancock, representative of generations of children who grew up coming to liturgy in our chapel spoke from his heart:  
 First, I would like to mention that the world lost a great hugger. She was built to hug like Secretariat was built to run. Sister Rose reminded me of a song by one of my favorite Bands; the Australian Heavy Metal Band, ACDC. From away back they have a song called; A Whole Lot of Rosie. She always made me think of that song and smile. A funny thing happened over the years. I came to realize that there truly was a whole lot of Sister Rose and a whole lot to her. There was a whole lot of love, compassion and commitment to her faith...a whole lot of things that I believe Jesus had hoped for in people were embodied by Rose.

Our Bishop, Randolph Calvo, at the Mass, referencing the Book of Kings’ account of the prophet Elijah, remembered the basic reality which shaped and formed Sister Rose, who, through her seventy-four years in Carmel, heard the voice of God:  
 not in the wind...not in the earthquake.not in the fire.....But in a tiny whispering sound.

As the Bishop noted: 'tiny whispering sound' is sometimes translated: 'the voice of sheer silence'

For Sister Rose, the silence of Carmel was informed by reading and no books were dearer to her than the works of Karl Rahner. This great theologian who guided the II Vatican Council also articulated the inner spiritual journey for Rose:

"The Christian of the future will be a mystic or will not exist at all...only if we direct our gaze to the heart of Christ, do we know what love is...We must eventually, in the luminous and in dark hours of life, try to pray: 'Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us...'" (Karl Rahner)

In our contemporary world we are always filling out forms and Rose had us smiling when we saw one of them listing her occupation as; "farmer". She retained her love for the earth throughout her life and visited her beloved garden just days before her death. Her vision of beauty and the vistas of Nevada were captured through her camera as was the history of our community. We owe the photographic account of our fifty-seven years in Reno to her collections of photos, catalogued and annotated.

Sister Rose will be remembered for her raisin bread, her deep-dish apple-pie, her kind concern for all who crossed her path, her care for family and friends, her unique laugh and sense of humor ... as we discussed one day, how quickly the week and month had passed, Rose reflected: "let me tell you: ninety one years just passed quickly!" Known in religious life as Rose of the Sacred Heart, she was asked if there was a particular saint for whom she had been named she said: "No." "So you are the Saint?" She smiled impishly: "You get it!!" And then she laughed!

On the 70th anniversary of her entrance into religious life she expressed her profound spiritual life:

How to duly express my gratitude for your love and support-I just don't know how---Finally I found two ditties I had written and a piece I called a poem---

The first one expresses-my pre-Carmel life. The second after musing on how we love one another--  
the poem

(my musing)

I'm a wild rose suckled-gathered from the wheat fields of south eastern Minnesota transplanted to garden of exquisite beauty I'm a wild rose--

Second ditty-musing in my advancing years--

I'm an ol' rag doll

Every one loves me

I feel like an ol' rag doll

cause every one loves me

But I--all I have to do

is just be-

just be an

ol' rag doll.

Some of you might not know that ocd after our names means order of discalced Carmelites-discalced meaning barefoot. barefoot because in St. Teresa's day we wore sandals-the deeper meaning being.-travelling lightly" leaving all".

Barefoot Lassie,

playing where wild roses grow -thistle weeds and all such things -tell me,. barefoot lassie - why you left all things -did you hear a dove's soft call? - a whisper in the night? O,barefoot lassie Pause I pray-tell me, tell me 'your secret way.

My barefoot lassie smiled to me

I listened well- I heard her say

There is One who won my heart that day

Whispering softly-"Follow me"

So up I got and barefoot went

I followed on Love guiding me

I followed Christ-God's loving way

I learned the secret

Follow, follow, Christ

CHRIST IS THE WAY.....You will be deeply missed beloved sister.