



Dear Sister

Summer at Fontbonne wouldn't be summer at Fontbonne if we didn't rush someone to St. Mary's emergency room in the wee hours of the morning. This time it was Sr. Dorothea who last Tuesday night was stricken with terrible pains and nausea. When the pain became unbearable at 4 am the next day, she knocked on Alberta Anne's door. After calling Dr. Redington, Alberta and Marilyn took her to St. Mary's; by 9 am Dorothea was registered as a patient in Room 230 where she remains while undergoing tests of various kinds. Redington called in a surgeon over the weekend who has now narrowed the trouble to her gall bladder or pancreas. We don't yet know whether or not any kind of surgery is in the doctors' plans. Well, now that I've disposed of this week's most dramatic story I'll move on to the next most dramatic and discussed news around these parts; namely, the weather.

Today Governor Teasdale declared Missouri a disaster area. Hundreds of people in the state and at least 95 in this area have already died from excessively high temperatures. Teasdale has ordered the National Guard to assist getting especially the elderly and young children to air-conditioned shelters set up all over the city. The National Guard also came in last week to install some kind of temporary air-conditioning system at City Hospital where poor patients have been suffering miserably from overheated wards and rooms; a number of them have died. Yesterday I was at the Harry Truman Restorative Center (originally Chronic Hospital) to celebrate two of my ladies' birthdays. It was painful to see how much they're suffering from the oppressive heat in that old non-airconditioned building. And the weatherman promises no let-up this week or even next. Today's temperatures are expected to go anywhere from 100° to 105°.

It's to this kind of torrid zone that Sr. Mary Gaydos returns tomorrow evening. Still we'll be glad to see her again and to hear about all her adventures. Sr. John Joseph, I'm sure, will be happy to relinquish the pitch pipe to Mary. Our singing sans organ these days would never get off were it not for that pitch pipe. Last week just after I had sent off your "Dust Mop" I discovered that Jeanene was home and indeed had been in St. Louis for a whole week before I knew it. She had gone to her parents' home when she returned from the West. I suppose I can say that Jeanene's and Mary's returns mark the start of the gang's summer trek back to Fontbonne.

Today after brunch James Lorene left with her family for a week's stay in Cuba (not Castro's but Missouri's); she'll return Friday. Rose Genevieve and Agnes Cecile got off safely last Friday for their Denver retreat and workshop; they'll return July 28. Teresine and Marie Cecile return from their MAC retreat this Wednesday. Sisters Alfred, Stephanie and Fabian surprised us all by coming in late Thursday night instead of this weekend as they had originally planned. They said they had a wonderful time but decided that it was too hot to stay in New Orleans when they had seen all they had wanted to see.

Monday the college is expecting a group of Japanese students who like last year's group will stay on campus while they see they see the city. So I'm brushing up on my Japanese as well as on my deep bows: o-hi-o ga-zai-mus, ko-nee-ch-i-wah and so forth.

Monday, too, marks the start of a two-week early childhood seminar sponsored and conducted by the folks in Washington, DC but hosted by us. They'll be living in Southwest and holding their sessions in the cool library. Occasionally I run into Father Prost who's here taking two or three courses this summer.

Last week just when I thought the chapel was almost ready for cleaning I ran into Bob the painter and he said he was told to paint the sanctuary because it needed it. So right now he has set up his scaffolding in the sanctuary where he paints away only in the mornings. Because he works half days, the job is slow-going. It doesn't look as if we'll be back in the chapel before August. One thing's pretty certain--it'll have to be ready for us to celebrate Mary Gaydos's golden jubilee on August 15.

Before I say "good-bye" here are a couple more funny-bone ticklers:

Who's the patron saint of advertisers? Francis of Sales

Who's the patron saint of cowards? Francis of Assisi.

OK, so they are corny? But they're all I have. Bye, bye.

With love,

*Sister Margaret*

PS:

Good thing I'm running this "Dust Mop" off on Monday. Just as I was going to press I happened to mention to Alberta Anne that I didn't see any seminar people around. No wonder--I'm a week too early! That early childhood outfit isn't coming until next Monday. Sorry about that.