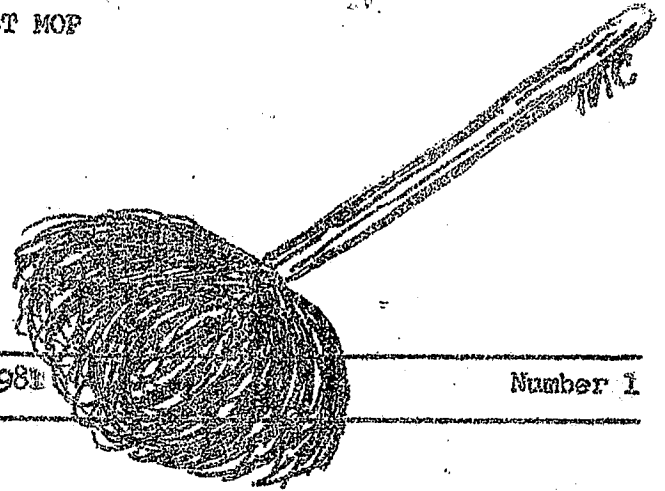


THE DUST MOP



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Dear

At long last -- my first and rather late 1981 summer "Dust Mop."

Well, first off -- the VP Fair at the riverfront which for weeks has been touted as the midwest extravaganza of the summer got off to a rousing start last Friday only to be drenched out yesterday around 4:30 pm when a heavy rain drove a reluctant crowd from the levee. Almost all the night events, especially the fireworks, there as well as at Washington U. and elsewhere around the city were canceled. So last night we had no spectacular sky show to view from the Medaille roof.

But we did have a scrumptious July 4 supper in the faculty dining room: pineapple halves hollowed out and filled with mouth-watering chicken salad on a bed of fresh pineapple chunks. Served with this creation were chips, Fritos, Pfeiffer's delicious pecan rolls, iced tea and lemonade. Some rather raucous games of Uno followed supper and after the games we were treated to Sisters Rose Genevieve and Agnes Cecile's super rich ice cream pie. Josephine, Teresine, Alberta Anne, Agatha, Marie Cecile and Florence Marie (our guest) won the fabulous prizes.

Yesterday morning, in time to celebrate the Fourth, Alfred, Stephanie and Marilyn returned from their retreat at MAC. The week before John Joseph, Agatha and I had been there for the CSJ retreat given by Father Dirk Zwetsloot. Some of you may remember him from the Advent penance service here last year. Because the directed retreat he was scheduled to be a part of at the Institute and which I had planned to make was canceled, he was kind enough to give me a directed retreat at MAC -- lucky for me.

Dorothea is in her second week basking in the Florida sun with Anna Rose and I can't remember who else. Mary G. left last Wednesday for her 30-day retreat at Hales Corner, just outside Milwaukee. She went via AMTRAK. Margaret Eugene is in Peoria for the weekend. She and Damien drove up Thursday afternoon and will return tonight. Early this morning Rose Marie left by car with her uncle and her mother for a two-week visit with relatives in Detroit. Her mother seems much improved after her recent hospitalization; we were all happy she felt up to the trip. Clarice Marie is recuperating so splendidly at Nazareth that we expect her home soon.

The student dining room seems to be shaping up finally; someone said workers plan to lay the carpet next week. The place should be a pleasant surprise for students returning in the fall. And Fontbonne wouldn't be Fontbonne if at least once a year it didn't put up a wall somewhere: this time it's Ryan's third floor east. Just beyond the staircase they've walled in hall space and with it a corner classroom and the two windows at the end of the hall. I'm still with Robert Frost when he says, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall. . . ."

In various spots on campus one sees dirt trails running through green lawns; these mark the now-filled trenches where plumbers have laid new pipes replacing those archaic ones that have given the college so much woe. The work has been going on

since the start of the summer session, and now our maintenance people are trying to turn the muddy tracks back into lush green grass. Heavy and frequent rain seems to hinder rather than help their endeavors.

Various summer session groups still come and go: gone ~~is~~ Elderhostel whose participants had nothing but superlatives for everything in their program (even the food service, mind you!), but clearly their darling was Don Burgo. And I for one was happy about that; it was a boost he needed. Gone, too, is the leadership group from St. Joe's; they all signed a card for the sisters in Medaille in appreciation for sharing not only our liturgies with them but some of our Pfeiffer goodies as well. And gone are the young people in the jazz seminar as well as the folks from the National Association of Independent Schools. Still here ~~are~~ students in science, business, communications and who knows what else.

Communications are coming in regarding the upcoming general chapter. A number of us are going to the opening mass at the Old Cathedral this coming Wednesday. Agnes Cecile and Stephanie have been asked to be ministers at the mass and, wonder of wonders, to come in on Tuesday for a practice! We're all curious to know why one has to practice ministering! Alberta, Marilyn and I are in the choir and so can view everything from the gallery. Bishop Warm will be the celebrant (which may be the reason there's a practice for ministers of the eucharist).

Must stop so I can run this off in time for Eileen to stamp the envelopes early in the morning. Continue to enjoy your summer. We miss you all. God be with you -- each and all.

With love,

*Margaret*

**POSTSCRIPT:**

Knew I'd forget something: while I was on retreat Jane Frances went to Chicago where we're all hoping doctors can completely mend her bum knee. So far no news about the surgery, but I'll keep you posted. Meanwhile do keep her in your prayers.

Tonight we were treated (one day late) to Wash U's magnificent fire works -- this time not from the roof but first from my room where trees obstructed our view and finally from the TV room where the view was unobstructed. Some watched the river-front fireworks show via TV which featured prior to that the lighting of Eads Bridge by the Veiled Prophet seated in all his phony splendor in a garish neon-lit barge. I still think it a mistake to have combined the Veiled Prophet affair with our Fourth celebration. But it was a beautiful night for all the people who the night before had been disappointed by the rain: the sky was clear and the moon, a sliver of a moon, was splendidly new. Now, for sure, I must run this off and get it in the early pick-up.