

Sister Mary Imelda

Dolores Gabriella Dwyer

August 10, 1927 – April 21, 2021

Professed June 18, 1950



*In Loving Memory of
Sr. Mary Imelda, O.P.*

How lovely is your dwelling place,

O Lord, of power and might.

Alleluia

Sister was born in Bergen NJ, the youngest of six children born to Christopher and Josephine Dwyer, all who have predeceased her. As Sister was being prepared for First Communion, the teacher said "fold your hands on the desk, close your eyes and I will tell you something that will knock your socks off". Sister believed in the Great Mystery of the true Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist. This faith in the Eucharist became a living part of her life. As a young lady working in the bank, the boss offered her his two tickets inviting her to Christmas Midnight Mass at Corpus Christi Monastery. This was a profound experience of the Divine and shortly after in 1948 she entered the monastery to dedicate her whole life in adoration and thanksgiving to the Eucharist.

Sister is the last of our first generation sisters, who lived here without heat or electricity, before Cardinal Spellman stepped in and had the house renovated. Also before Vatican II when the old French penances were being used. Sister Imelda will tell you, " I loved it all" .

She had door duty in the morning and was always available by telephone to family, friends and priests whom she prayed with and counseled over the years. All looked forward to her bubbling, happy voice to "make their day"! Sister had beautiful script and handled all the correspondence from our benefactors. She could be seen on her way to Adoration, always a book in hand, faithful to the Divine Office. She especially loved the Psalms and had many versions.

Sister baked altar breads by hand for forty years, a time consuming process, meditating on the large crucifix on the wall in front of her and her Scripture.

A few months ago her legs became weak and she was unable to get up. When asked how she was feeling, the response was always the same, TERRRRIFIC! When you stopped to visit she would flash a smile or a wink, happy to the end, waiting for her Jesus to take her home. She lost the ability to swallow and was assisted for a very short time with oxygen and passed surrounded by all the sisters, praying and singing the Salve.

Sister leaves many family and friends who have always been attentive to her and are assured by her prayers for them before Jesus in heaven.

This verse from Baruch 4:34 comes to mind when we think of her: The One before whom the stars at their posts shine and rejoice when He calls them, they answer, "Here we are!" shining with joy for their maker.

Funeral Mass was with 6 priests but no other attendees. Gravesite was outside in the backyard because the vault was considered too cramped because of Covid. First time for this I think.