

Dear Olive,

You've come a long way since that day in 1946 when you first became aware of that call to religious life. Do you remember?

A missionary sister from Africa, or White African Sister, as they were called, came to talk to us about her mission in Africa. As she was about to leave, our teacher, Sister St. Marcel, a sister from Our Lady of the Missions, asked how many of the Grade 1 girls thought they would become nuns. You immediately raised your hand, along with a few others. And you thought to yourself, "They think that I am raising my hand just because that sister came to talk to us, but I am really going to become a nun." You were six years old!

Thank you, Olive, for having heeded that call that you heard at such a young age and that you nurtured within you over the years. Even as a girl, you liked to pray, attend mass, do your Stations of the Cross, attend the 40 hours' devotion, and go to church every November 2 to pray for the dead. You insisted on going to church every day in May for the rosary and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. You never missed a day, even if it meant leaving your friends in the middle of a ball game in our backyard. You also enjoyed climbing trees. It is no exaggeration to say that you spent a good part of your childhood between heaven and earth. Was it to get closer to God?

After you became "a sister" as you said you would at age six, I believe that you found other ways to be close to God – through teaching in the schools, organizing activities in retirement centres, as a support worker in a growth centre, leading liturgical singing, and now, as a member of a team working to reconcile Aboriginals and non-Aboriginals through the *Returning to Spirit* program. I can see that, by following your call, you found happiness and fulfillment in your life. And I thank God for that!

Thank you again!

Love and hugs,

Olive

Oblate missionary, St. Boniface