

I am attaching and copying (for those who cannot open attachments) the reflections offered at Jean Harvey's wake and the homily preached at her funeral mass.

**Afternoon Wake Service reflections given by Sr. Mary Reynolds.**

I got to know Jean from our years teaching at Rosary Academy (from 1966) and later on when we worked together on the Executive Board of 1976-80.

One thing that stands out in my memory is that Jean had an inquisitive mind. She was a thinker; she probed. She came easily to a true Dominican vocation. She was a seeker of TRUTH – truth telling and truth seeking were very high values. When our congregation discussed identifying our focus as a ministry for justice, Jean didn't need to be convinced. For her, it was not *if* we should do this, but how soon we could "go public," proclaim it from the rooftops.

Jean brought this justice focus to wherever she was: to her ministry as an educator – she was a gifted math teacher; and also to her ministry as an administrator – she was a natural administrator – Sparkill Union Free School District (St. Agnes School); Office of Personnel Services for the congregation; New Hope Manor; Annunciation Parish in Biloxi, MS; and Queen of Peace Center, St. Louis. Jean functioned collegially, inviting opinions and listening to all sides before making a major decision.

When Jean was diagnosed with a serious illness, she found out as much as she could about the disease so as to understand how it would affect her and how she could continue to be as active as possible while she lived with it. As the disease progressed, her doctors became accustomed to very long conversations. While her quality of life was diminished, her attitude was one of acceptance. If there is such a thing as befriending an illness and working with it, Jean came close to that. It may have surprised the medical professionals with whom she worked that she lived 21 years after a serious diagnosis, but those who know Jean well are not surprised at all. Her illness never became the central focus of her life. Jean recommended a book to me: ***I Will Not Die An Unlived Life*** by Dawna Markova. I read a few lines:

***I will not die an unlived life.***

***I will not live in fear***

***of falling or catching fire.***

***I choose to inhabit my days,***

***to allow my living to open me,  
To make me less afraid,  
more accessible,  
To loosen my heart  
until it becomes a wing,  
a torch, a promise.  
I choose to risk my significance;  
to live so that which came to me as seed  
goes to the next as blossom  
and that which came to me as blossom,  
goes on as fruit.***

Despite all that was going on in her life, Jean found a balance and harmony that I envy. Her ministry responsibilities were taken very seriously, but it was also important to build in relaxation and fun. Parties and games were on the list of activities. I remember a game of Uno while Jean's mom was visiting. If you've played Uno you know that the first one out of cards wins. But you must remember to say UNO when you are out of cards or you lose the win. Jean put down her cards and while we waited for her to say Uno her mother piped up, "Jean said Uno." There are some wonderful pictures on the board of vacations and other trips that she and Rose took. They tell the story. A picture is worth....

When I lived with Jean and Rose in New City and Nanuet, Fluffy and Thomas Aquinas were their (and became) our pets. Of course the dogs were partial to Jean and Rose. It was fun to watch the dogs greeting them on arrival home each day and disarming them completely. Dog lovers among you can probably relate to the joy of this kind of relaxation.

And Jean was a master craftswoman. I'm sure many among you have received a handmade gift from Jean. There are some samples lying on the table. And the type of craft kept changing because she explored new ways of creating something beautiful. She might be working on macramé this time and next time it was knitting, or quilling or quilting or silhouetting – I made that last one up to describe something I received. When St. Agnes Residence opened, Jean sent two of her crafts for each of the sisters moving in at that time. One was a love knot (on the table); the other was a bookmark indicating each of the four pillars. Each of

these crafts was done in black and white. This was Jean's way of acknowledging a transition in these sisters' lives.

Jean was a free woman! She was an explorer of ideas and alternatives. At times, her explorations took her on a different path. Her spirituality was about adventure, compassion, earthiness, and big heartedness. Jean made a difference, and we are all the better for having had her walk among us.

Mary Reynolds OP  
September 1, 2011

**Evening Prayer reflections given by Sr. Ursula Joyce.**

What do you say about Jean Harvey?

There was so much complexity to Jean –

So many people were a part of her life – her family, Rose, of course, and her close friends, her network of companions on the journey, the hundreds of persons, young and old, that she touched in her varied ministries.

The topics that interested her (just about everything under the sun), the variety of ministries (St. Agnes, New Hope, Biloxi, Executive Team, higher education, addiction counseling), the things she did (from exploring caves to kissing dolphins to floating in hot air balloons to the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius), the places she visited (from Mexico to Alaska). -- They all added depth and breath to the person she was. But they did not change her. There was a consistency about Jean.

No matter how much time or how much distance may have passed between meetings, when you met again you just picked up the conversation where you left off. The Jean you knew when she was 20 was the same Jean who bid us all goodbye last Friday morning.

What do you say about Jean?

She was smart! BA's, MA's Ph.D.'s -- in math no less. An MSW thrown into the mix. But that wasn't what made her smart. It was her innate intelligence, her curiosity, her wish to understand, her search for truth. These are the things that made her mind so sharp.

The Dominican ideal of prayer and study was a perfect match for Jean. Were she a male who lived in the early days of the Order, I'm sure she would be attracted to the life of the humble learned friars and join the company of Thomas Aquinas and Albert and Jordon of Saxony.

What do you say about Jean?

She was a lily of the fields type of person. She didn't worry about what she wore as long as it was clean and neat. And I doubt she spent more than a sum total of \$50 at beauty parlors her whole life long. Think the years she sported a pony tail followed by years of the utilitarian and somewhat unruly wash and dry cut.

She always found time for friends. But you had to fit into her schedule when she came to N.Y. That might mean meeting for breakfast in the diner, or riding up to New City at lunch time to get a pastrami sandwich at the Jewish deli, or going to Piermont at supper time in search of the perfect Caesar Salad.

Jean must have been one of the few people left in the world who still wrote letters by hand. The stationery often had a picture taken by Rose.

We know how much she loved animals. Aquinas traveled with her from New York to St. Louis. And when she was in New York she always made a point of visiting NAWR and then NASU and then Trina. She ignored her allergies and played and hugged them even though her nose started running and her eyes started burning.

When I first came to know Jean in the late 1960's, she often talked about Siegfried, the 4000 pound walrus who was a star attraction at the St. Louis Zoo. He ate 65 pounds of clams and mackerel every day. He was said to have a wicked sense of humor because he squirted water at unsuspecting visitors to the zoo. But he also let you tickle his chin. On my first visit to St. Louis, the first place Jean took me was to the zoo to meet her friend Siegfried.

When you were around Jean you could never say someone was “bad”. She would immediately tell you there was no such thing as a “bad” kid or a “bad” dog or a “bad” anything. Their behavior might be unacceptable but the person or the dog was “good”! Lesson well taken.

Jean’s hands were never idle. They were busy making beautiful things, always intricate, often minute. You could see in them the mathematician and the artist. And the generous giver of gifts.

Jean was warm and affectionate. She would give you a quick hug and mumble quickly “I love you.” She was a mush but never mushy.

You could have fun with Jean and many of the pictures displayed on the boards show her laughing and having a good time. But Jean also wanted serious conversations and she was quick to ask why you said or believed something. She probed and probed and in the process helped you clarify your own thinking. She wasn’t very tolerant of bull fluff. She kept at an idea until she understood where you were coming from, even if she didn’t agree with you. She had that look (lips pursed, brow a little furrowed, eyes focused) and when you saw it you knew you were in for some heavy duty talking.

Her approach to her illness through the years is a measure of the woman she was. She studied it, found out about treatments, did what she could to deal with it, and then for the next 20+ years got on with her life. At the end, she wanted to stay at home and her friends and God’s mercy made that possible.

Margo said to me this afternoon, “Do you have a Mary Oliver poem?” As a matter of fact I do. It seems appropriate for Jean.

In my last conversation with her about 2 or 3 weeks ago, she asked me if I had read RADICAL AMAZEMENT by Jean Cannoto. It is subtitled “Contemplative Lessons from Black Holes, Supernovas, and Other Wonders of the Universe”.

Mary Oliver’s poem is *Trying to Be Thoughtful in the First Brights of Dawn*

I am thinking, or trying to think, about all the  
imponderables for which we have

no answers, yet endless interest all the  
range of our lives, and it's

good for the head no doubt to undertake such  
meditation; Mystery, after all,  
is God's other name, and deserves our

considerations surely. But, but ---  
excuse me now, please; it's morning, heavenly bright,  
and my irrepressible heart begs me to hurry on  
into the next exquisite moment.

Go in peace, good friend. You leave a hole in our hearts but we do not begrudge  
you your NEXT EXQUISITE MOMENT.

### Funeral Mass Homily given by Rev. Christopher Johnson, OP

Homily preached by Rev. Christopher Johnson, OP at Sr. Jean Harvey's funeral mass on September 2,  
2011.

On Monday January 30, 1649 King Charles I walked through a tall window in the banqueting chamber of  
Whitehall onto the scaffold. He took off his gloves and then he removed the Garter Jewel from his  
neck. He handed them to his chaplain, the Bishop of London, William Judson. As he did so he said one  
word to Juxon:

"REMEMBER"!

And that is why we are here this morning: TO REMEMBER/ and in that remembering create a mosaic –  
made possible only because of this collective remembering. For by remembering we insure that Jean as  
a person still remains/ by remember we insure that Jean was not just SOMEONE/ she was THIS ONE! //  
and for good or evil / for good and evil // changed and transformed a whole little world: family, friends,  
acquaintances. So we gather here because love impels us to acknowledge the kind of Hope that Jean  
possessed/vague and uncertain and confused to be sure – like most of us/ but hope nonetheless.

As sophisticated as we may become there are certain ingrained realities of childhood whose shackles  
one cannot break/and one of these for Jean was a promise that was made /// that whoever loved and  
believed would never die, but would rise on the last day. THIS was the hope from which Jean could  
never escape: that death is next to the last word / not the last word // that death is almost the end but  
not quite //// that the day of death is terrible but that tomorrow will be different.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the German Protestant theologian and Pastor, who himself died as a prisoner of  
the Nazis, wrote that nothing can make up for the absence of someone whom we lived. He said: "It is  
nonsense to say that God fills the gap, God does not fill it, but, on the contrary, keeps it open – and so  
helps us to keep alive our remembering of each other – even at the cost of pain."

So my sisters and brothers, if we wish to reduce the revelation of a Mediterranean Jewish peasant to its most simple equation it is this: it is alright to hope. Indeed, he said more than that! He told us to dream our most impossible dreams / to fantasize our wildest imaginings ... to hope our most extravagant hopes. Then he told us: where our dreams / our fantasies / our hopes / our expectations leave off, an inexhaustible love begins. C.S. Lewis describes ... toward the end of his book A GRIEF OBSERVED written after the death of his wife Joy:

“When I lay this awesome question before God: Why?? Why? I get no answer, but a rather special sort of no answer. It is not the locked Door. It is more like a Silent / certain not uncompassionate / gaze. As though he shook his head not in refusal, but waving the question: Like, Shalom, child --- IN TIME!