



ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

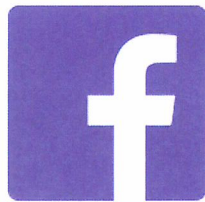


Alumnae Association Newsletter

Volume 61 Number 3 - Fall 2020

THE ANNUAL LUNCHEON AT THE MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE ON NOVEMBER 7TH HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY CANCELLED DUE TO COVID 19

This was an especially difficult decision but because we are a vulnerable population, the board unanimously agreed it is in everyone's best interest to postpone this year. A post card announcement was sent to all active members. As of now, we have secured 11/13/21 for the next reunion at the same location.



Please like us on Facebook at **St. Vincent's Hospital School of Nursing NYC**. This is the official SVH SON alumnae site and you can get up to date information and breaking news on alumnae events in real time. This is a great way to network with classmates, share information and even participate in discussions on the state of our organization. We currently have 568 members on this site and all graduates of SVH SON are welcome to join at no cost.

NEW UPDATED ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION WEBSITE

The board of directors have announced the unveiling of the new st. Vincent's hospital school of nursing alumnae association website. There are hundreds of pictures, class news, information on joining the association, transcript information, store and memorial information. Patti Caffrey '79 is the webmaster and did an outstanding job on redesigning and updating the site. There is a section to contact the alumnae association with any news you wish to be shared.

The site can be accessed by: <https://www.StVincentSchoolOfNursingAlums.org>





Patience, Fortitude, Perseverance



COVID-19 IN ESWATINI

The tiny country of Eswatini (formally Swaziland), already suffering from the highest HIV/AIDS and TB rates in the world, is now struggling with the horrific impact of COVID 19.

As the coronavirus pandemic spreads around the world, consuming global health resources, HIV/AIDS and TB are again increasing after several years of progress in reducing transmission.

Sadly, in response to this pandemic the HBC/PC (Home Based Care /Palliative Care) team, at Good Shepherd Mission Hospital where we work, was prevented from visiting patients in their homesteads. We felt the patients needed medical visits now more than ever but unfortunately no public health proposal or plea changed the outcome.

In response to this we partnered with 3 other small organizations, pooled our resources and knowledge and decided to continue to reach out to the neediest people in the Lubombo area of Swaziland (Eswatini) to help prevent this virus from causing more suffering. Starvation is on the rise which complicates the suffering of the poor and sick



After receiving a food pack this Gogo (Granny) fell to her knees and wept. She had not eaten in days and when we arrived she was mixing a foul smelling mixture made with rancid flour and dirty water.

Lack of clean water, soap, and money prevents rural people from being able to take measures to prevent COVID infection.

Gogo Vilane had never used "running water". We brought Tippy Taps and soap to homesteads to encourage hand washing.



Even in rural areas there is a need for face covering.



We hired Swazi women to sew masks so every homestead we visited received some.

Illiteracy in rural areas causes confusion and fear.



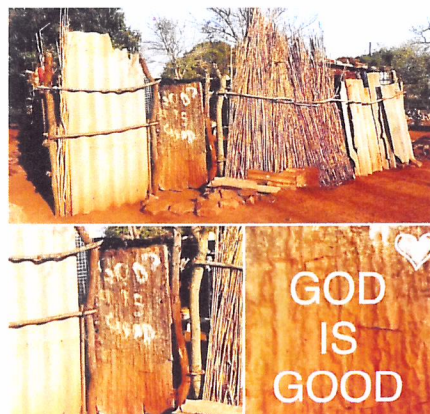
Explaining the reasons and the importance of masks, hygiene, distancing and answering questions was the support many needed and helped us understand their needs.

The faith, smiles and gratitude of the people we visit is a reminder that with love and care for each other we will get through this.

We have a dedicated fund through Catholic Medical Mission Board to help us continue this vital work. If you would like to donate please go to: <https://cmmmb.org/campaign/hartmanns-news/>

Siyabonga kakhulu,

Al and Kathleen



Faith, Hope and Charity



REMEMBERING CHRISTOPHER B. MILLS, MD 1947 - 2019



Last summer, the St. Vincent's Hospital community learned that Chris Mills was ill.

It was a shock! He had only recently retired from his surgical practice and was involved in many voluntary endeavors and as well as projects at home. Within a few weeks, Chris passed away, however he managed in those few weeks to contact

his many colleagues at SVH, and the residents he had trained and mentored during his long tenure at the hospital.

For those not acquainted with Chris, he was the consummate SVH caregiver. He trained at the hospital, completing his surgical residency under Dr. Thomas Nealon, completed a fellowship in Hyperalimentation in Pennsylvania, and returned to SVH, remaining at the hospital until its closure. At that time, as Chief of Surgery, he personally made sure that every resident was relocated to another hospital's residency program.

Over the years, Chris wore many hats at SVH: Director of the Surgical Residency Program, Director of Quality Assurance, President of the Medical Board, and Director and Chief of Surgery. He was always approachable, and had a mild demeanor. He truly loved what he was doing, whether it was explaining a procedure to a patient or to a student nurse, performing surgery, mentoring a resident, or doing administrative tasks. He always seemed calm in the middle of chaos. He had a vibrant private practice as well, and provided the same attention to each and every patient.

In his short retirement, Chris volunteered at this local church, and was appointed to the Board of Trustees of the Sisters of Charity Ministry Network. He also continued to have many plans and projects to keep him busy.

Chris and his wife Diane have five children, one girl and four boys. He was very proud of his family, and it was reciprocal. At his funeral Mass, his daughter Daria, the oldest, and a nurse, gave an eulogy that presented lessons she learned from her father. It was a true and touching portrait of a

person who affected so many lives. Daria described him as a "kind, smart, creative, loving, strong and humble man".

Many Alumna, both medical and nursing, attended Chris's funeral Mass and were touched by Daria's eulogy. It was a true picture of the Chris we all knew. Daria suggested that attendees take some lessons from it, and incorporate one aspect into one's life as a way of honoring Chris. With Diane and Daria Mills permission, and some minor editing, the following are Daria's words:

WORK HARD AND STAY HUMBLE

My dad lived the life of a surgeon, with all the successes and sacrifices that come with it. He held important and prestigious positions of leadership within the hospital. He had a reputation of being highly skilled and was acknowledged regularly for his excellence. However, despite his status, he never put himself before others. I gained so much perspective going to the hospital with him, both as a little girl on the weekends, and several years later after nursing school. When walking around the various floors and departments, he made a point to say hello to everyone, even if he was in a rush, or preoccupied in thought. He explained that he felt it was important for others to feel acknowledged and appreciated. I remember him picking up loose trash from the floor and straightening pictures as he walked down the hallway. He truly considered the hospital to be an extension of himself, as one takes pride in their home.

NEVER STOP LEARNING AND BETTERING YOUR SELF

My Dad loved learning, constantly striving to better himself. Even though he knew so much about many things, he never lost the desire to learn more. He loved to read, and read incredibly fast. He read in the morning when the house was still. He would often read a complete book before anyone else was awake. Some days he read for leisure, but many days he read text books or books on leadership and self-improvement. He has copies of inspirational and motivational quotes hanging in his closet. He was never satisfied with the status-quo. Part of his learning was also teaching. My Dad

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loved to teach. He loved working with his students, residents and staff. His influence traveled beyond SVH as his residents settled outside NYC. He proved himself on his ability to breakdown complex information for the understanding of his audience- whether it was a student, patient or one of us, his kids. We learned so much from him; we made so many projects together in his workshop. In his retirement, he was doing similar projects with his grandchildren.

FIND AND CREATE BEAUTY AROUND YOU

When he was not at work, my Dad devoted his time to our family and our home. My Mom affectionately referred to him as her "Weekend Warrior". He attacked the backyard and his workshop with the same intensity he did his surgical practice. The backyard was his canvas. Over thirty-eight years, it evolved into a spectacular and peaceful oasis and my brothers were right beside him through it all. It is now better known as "Mills Park". He loved building furniture, and anything that would help with organization, as well as birdhouses. Recently, he was making lamps out of bottles, and soap. He just loved to create.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER

There is a poster in our basement that says, Unless You Love Someone, Nothing Else Makes Any Sense. My Dad loved my Mom, He loved all of us and let us know he did.

He knew just what to say, and when we needed to hear it. He was grateful for my Mom taking on all she did at home, allowing him to devote his full attention to the hospital. They were a true team, and an example of a partnership and loving marriage.

DO THINGS THAT MAKE YOU HAPPY

Besides working in the yard, my dad had other things that brought him happiness. He loved to swim, and shared that love with each of his children, and now grandchildren. He was incredibly proud of his butterfly and swan dive. He loved to sail, and my parents first date was on his sailboat. His importance is present throughout the house. He loved Hallmark movies, and romantic comedies, and played Christmas movies around the clock. My Dad loved giving back scratches, and now his grandchildren loved them as well. In his retirement, my Dad loved going to the 8am

Mass, finding peace there.

LIVE A LIFE VOID OF REGRET

In his final days, my Dad said that he had accomplished all he could want out of his career, and had no regrets. He said he had lived a happy life - a life that he was very proud of.

He was grateful for the opportunity to spend time with people he loved. He was diagnosed less than three weeks from his passing, and from that moment he knew what was ahead of him. And even in his darkest days, he still found something to be grateful for: closure and the opportunity to be surrounded by those who loved him. The closure he wanted was not for himself but for us, because even as he was suffering, he wanted others to be at peace. He was truly a remarkable man.

CLASS NOTES

ATTENTION ALL CLASSES :

Looking for pictures of Sister Grace Henke/ Sister Mary Adrienne for a video of remembrance. Anyone who has pictures please send them to khelfenstein@scny.org.

Class of 1961:

Donna Hickey writes she is looking forward to the 2021 Luncheon. She would like her classmates to get in touch with her to start planning their 60th reunion. She can be reached at **Donna Hickey MA, MPH, RN, 868 Buck Road, Stone Ridge, NY 12484**. Her cell # **646 530 0954**

Class of 1965 :

Life and Death and Love continue to survive in spite of these extreme times. In this past week we experienced sitting shiva via Zoom in honor and memory of Richard Kitt, a beloved family member who died suddenly on Long Island on March 30th. It is certainly not the same as being together in person but it something at least.

Yesterday as my husband and I took a walk on the deserted campus of nearby Siena College, we noticed several cars parked in one area of the campus. People got out of their vehicles and greeted each other jovially albeit at a distance. There were a couple of young men dressed in suits and one of them had a flower in his lapel. As we walked up an incline I got excited to see a young woman dressed in a lovely white dress. She was holding a small

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bouquet of flowers and a photographer, standing at a "safe" distance, was taking her picture. "Bob", I said, "I think it is a wedding! Can't we hang around for a little while and watch to see what's going to happen?" After all, to put it mildly, our schedule has been rather loose lately. Bob, forever a man of action, replies, "Ah come on Mary, I have a lot of things to do today and we don't even know these people." I remind him that everything is closed up tighter than a drum and there is literally no where to go and nothing to do. Nevertheless, I follow behind Bob as he starts to head back to our car which is parked across Route 9 in the Town Hall parking lot. As we are approaching our vehicle, I make a decision. I'm just about ready to say aloud "Bob, I'll drop you at home, but I'm coming back to find the wedding. At that very moment Bob speaks first and says, "I'll drive you back down Spring Street and I'll wait in the car while you go to investigate. "I feel immediately flooded with joy. I love Bob a lot at that moment as my spontaneous answer is "Hurray! Just call me Rita." Bob knows exactly what I mean, he knew my mother well.

I jump in the passenger side of the car and we dash back down to the spot on Spring St. where I first saw the joyful young woman dressed all in white. There is no one there and I feel discouraged and disappointed. Nonetheless, I ask Bob to pull up to one of the loved gates. I quickly ask him if he wants to come search for the wedding with me and as he says "no", he proceeds to open his cellphone and start playing on Facebook as I jump out of the car, run around the locked gate and proceed to look for the bride. In less than a short city block, I'm rewarded!! There, right before me, in a beautiful grotto lowered into the landscape, I see the wedding. It is a very tiny wedding (less than 10 people) and the people there are following the rules for social distancing. I feel tears welling as I stand there and watch

this beautiful expression of love. There is a young woman in the backyard maybe 20 feet away and I nod to her and say how this is touching my heart. She answers "the groom is my brother". To hear lifelong vows shared in this simple, beautiful way in the midst of such unprecedented worldwide upheaval was an amazing gift to me. It is hard to explain the feeling, you had to experience it firsthand. Sadly, Bob sat in the car a few hundred feet away and missed the whole thing.

Mary Beth Fries Buchner, SVH Class of 65

WITH HOPE IN THE RESURRECTION WE CELEBRATE SISTER GRACE HENKE WHO PASSED FROM DEATH TO LIFE ON APRIL 27, 2020 IN THE 69TH YEAR OF COMMITMENT AS A SISTER OF CHARITY OF NY



Sister Grace Henke (Sister Mary Adrienne) was born February 24, 1932, in the Bronx, New York, the daughter of Eugene and Frances Adrienne Le Merle Henke. Grace attended Blessed Sacrament School in the Bronx and Cathedral High School, Manhattan, and worked for a year before

entering the Sisters of Charity of New York on September 8, 1951. Sister Adrienne received a Nursing Diploma from Saint Vincent Hospital School of Nursing, a BS in Nursing and an MS in Medical/Surgical Nursing from Hunter College and a Doctor of Education in Nursing Research from Columbia University. New York State granted her a permanent Nursing License.

Sister Grace has ministered in the field of nursing and nursing education since she first began her studies at Saint Vincent's Hospital School of Nursing in 1954. For her

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first seven years at Saint Vincent's Hospital, she ministered on the wards as a Student Nurse, Staff Nurse, Assistant Head Nurse and the Relief Night Supervisor. After receiving her nursing degrees, Sister Grace began thirty-six years as an instructor in Saint Vincent's School of Nursing, teaching topics such as microbiology, anatomy and physiology, and medical physics. She initiated a bioethics course as well as courses in drug therapy and pharmacophysiology, and authored several professional textbooks, among them Med-Math: Dosage Calculation, Preparation and Administration. During this time, she began her service of twenty-one years as an Adjunct Professor of pharmacophysiology and medical ethics at the College of Mount Saint Vincent. Her sixteen years as a volunteer began when the School of Nursing closed in 1999.

Sister Grace used her interests and skills for the elderly and adults with developmental disabilities. She volunteered as a certified ombudsman for the New York State Office of the Aging and became a Board Member of Lifespire, Inc., the Bronx Organization for the Learning Disabled (BOLD), and a member of the Scientific and Ethics Review Board of Saint Vincent's Catholic Medical Centers of New York. In 2003, she was honored by Saint Vincent's Medical Center with the Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton Award. In her later volunteer years, Sister Grace offered service at Saint Joseph's Medical Center, Sisters of Charity Multi-Service Center, both in Yonkers, and the Hyatt Classic Residence (now the Five Star Premier Residences of Yonkers.) In 2014, Sister Grace chose to move to the Assisted Living Program of Jewish Home Lifecare (now The New Jewish Home) in the Bronx, as a coordinator for the Sisters of Charity in residence. She died April 27, 2020, at the Saint Vincent de Paul Rehabilitation Center in the Bronx.

Sister Grace was an excellent teacher and nurse, known for her kindness, compassion, and marvelous sense of humor. She was able to convey her own love of teaching and nursing to her many students over the years. Sister Grace ministered as a Sister of Charity for sixty-eight years and her love for life and ministry was apparent in all she did. We rejoice with her as she enters the presence of our loving God, greeted with the words, "Welcome home, my good and faithful servant." Rest in peace, Sister Grace.

CLASS NOTES:

Please keep in touch with us by sending us your class year and email address to **SVHalum@gmail.com**. Alum frequently request information about their classmates, particularly to reconnect for reunions.

WEBSITE:

Sweatshirts and tee shirts are still available at the SVH Shop. Please visit the site for review of Class Notes, Photo Gallery, SVH Shop, and more.

stvincentsschoolofnursingalums.org

TRANSCRIPTS:

Save for future reference!

Please note that effective immediately, requests for transcripts and education verification must be submitted in writing and require a \$20 processing fee. Mail requests to:

Transcripts
Sisters of Charity of New York
6301 Riverdale Avenue
Bronx, New York 10471-1093

Please include the following information:

Full Name at the time of graduation
Year of Graduation
A processing fee of \$20 made payable to:
Sisters of Charity of New York

Allow up to two weeks for the receipt of information

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ETERNAL REST GRANT UNTO THEM O LORD

Aileen Moroney McGuinness '43

Eileen Gringle York '44

Theresa Philbin Patterson '50

Rita Rowland '50

Eileen O'Dwyer Madden '53 , Mother of Maureen Madden Peters '85 & Teresa Madden Harrington '81

Charlotte Neff Vaughn '55

Sister Grace Henke '57

Margaret Ann McCorry Dowd '58

Marguerite Mern O'Regan '59

Nancy Leavy Brannigan '61

Barbara Hughes Mulligan '61

Emily Lloyd Walsh '61

Patricia Madden Sheehan '66

Mary Jane Bikowski Kennedy '67

Doreen MacNish '71

Martin Fullam, husband of Mary Ellen Healy Fullam '49

Joseph Mahoney , husband of Ellen McCormick Mahoney '63

Brian McGowan , son of Rosemary McGuire McGowan '57 and nephew of Joyce McGuire Rzonca '68

Student Nurse Statues

Interested in a statue of an SVH student nurse, right down to the bandage scissors carried in her apron and the crease in her cap? These 8.5" statues, in color or metallic bronze, are available for \$25.00 plus shipping and handling of \$15.00. Please order from:

Sr. Kathleen Aucoin, SC

Seton Arts Studio

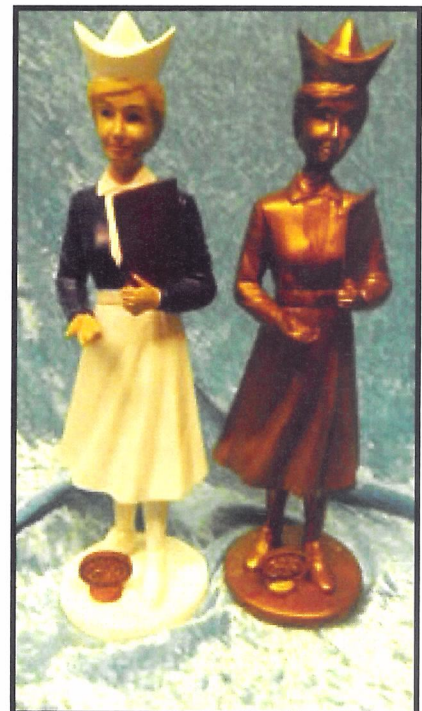
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