

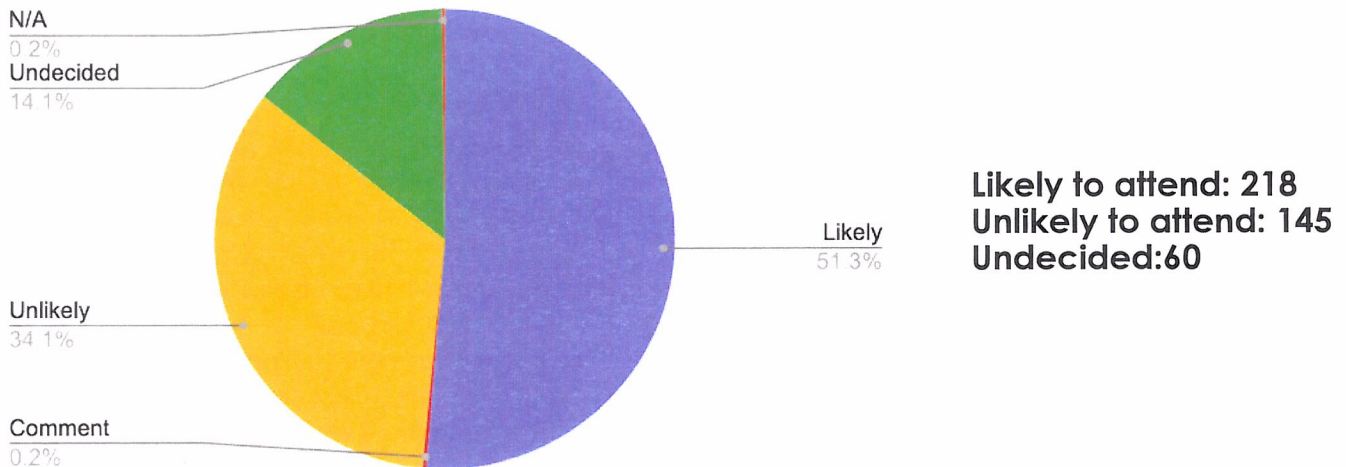


THE RESULTS OF THE LUNCHEON SURVEY ANNOUNCED

The Tribe Has Spoken (Loudly)... And we listened.

The Google Forms Survey that was launched in May through June 15th had an overwhelming response with 157 answering by internet and 276 write-ins for a total of 433 replies. Each write-in response was manually entered into the database and the statistics reflect your answers. This represents approximately **50%** of active AA members taking part. The survey is officially closed, and no more results will be tabulated

Count of Attend the luncheon



Many took the time to write comments and we read each and every one of them. We appreciate all the positive comments, and I will try to address some of the criticisms here. Our luncheon usually hosts between 150 to 250 guests in recent years and can be daunting to arrange but none the less is always worth the effort. There are many factors that go into the decisions that are made including: location, handicap accessibility, venue size, reputation, accessibility to hotels & mass transit, safety, parking and of course **cost**.

The Downtown Marriott, which hosted us in recent years, though convenient was very expensive. It did not include an open bar and the Alumnae Association subsidized \$80 per person in addition to the \$125 we each paid for our ticket. Although the space could accommodate everyone that wanted to attend, there were many concerns regarding



the financial burden to the attendees as well as the AA. There were many hidden venue costs, parking expenses as well as union regulations that made the fees astronomical for lunch.

So, in 2018-2019 an exhaustive undertaking was made for the search for a new venue that would please the majority. The Manhattan Penthouse ticked off most of the wish list, but the only drawback was the limited space of 200 guests. The previous year we had less than 200 attendees. We unfortunately did have to decline approximately 25 people at the last reunion whose responses were returned on or after the deadline date, due to maximum attendance being achieved and this was very upsetting for all.

We conducted an exit poll at the end of the 2019 Manhattan Penthouse luncheon with as many people that we could speak with, and the results were overwhelmingly positive of the venue and it's staff, so that is why we made the decision to return for 2020. Each year the number of attendees decreases by attrition and sadly the younger classes have not traditionally turned out in large numbers.

Then came the COVID pandemic... Most of NYC was shut down and The Manhattan Penthouse and many hotels were shuttered. The decision to cancel last year's luncheon was out of anyone's control and the deposit for 2020 was rolled into this year.

Although there were several alumnae who voiced in the survey that the luncheon should not be held in Manhattan anymore, the Board wished to keep alive the connection to the Greenwich Village area even though the hospital no longer exists. The logistical concerns for lodging and mass transportation also makes Manhattan a practical choice. And then there is the fact that there are many more venues in the concentrated area. Safety is very much on everyone's mind and every effort will absolutely be made in the decision-

making process with all of our security in mind.

Many responders also felt that even though they were not a member of the Golden or Silver anniversary that they would not be recognized as an anniversary class. As in past luncheons, only 25th and 50th year classes were given special attention with a speech and other meaningful touches. Every milestone class has traditionally been recognized during the luncheon by acknowledging their anniversary year, standing and applause from the attendees. That will still be the case at all future luncheons. We all share the same camaraderie, and the luncheon is a reunion for all years.

Thank you to all who participated in our inaugural survey and know that your opinion is always valued.

2021 LUNCHEON UPDATE

In the spirit of full disclosure here is what is happening, **as of now**. With all your comments in mind and the status of the Manhattan Penthouse being temporarily uncertain the luncheon committee again undertook another search for a suitable venue. One location, Pier 60 at Chelsea Piers could host everyone comfortably with a waterfront view but at a cost of approximately \$250/pp.

We explored hosting at St. Francis Xavier HS's beautiful new event room, but the maximum capacity was only 150 guests. Several other venues including The Hyatt, The W and Dream hotels were also explored and were either too small, too expensive, or not yet reopened for large events. A national catering manager which serves Xavier HS stated that due to the pandemic the hospitality industry was struggling to find people to

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work and that hourly wages have increased to meet demand causing labor costs to rise 3-4 times the pre-pandemic rate.

That brought us back to The Manhattan Penthouse which has recently reopened with the assistance of a federal COVID relief loan and has the \$5900 deposit from 2020 still in place. After a lengthy discussion with the Board of the AA, a vote was taken, and the decision was

made to stay with the Penthouse or forfeit our deposit. The individual cost per person was the deciding factor in this outcome.

Based on the survey results, the number of graduates likely to attend surpasses capacity at the Penthouse so we will be implementing the following guidelines:

- Members of the Jubilee classes (1970, 1971, 1995 & 1996) will have priority. A cutoff date for jubilarian responses will be set at September 15th
- Cut off for everyone else will be on a first come-first serve basis and will start on September 16th and end on October 1st or when seating capacity is reached
- Limit attendees to members in good standing of the AA since it subsidizes some of the expenses
- Limit guests to caregivers only
- **ABSOLUTELY NO ONE WILL BE ADMITTED AT THE DOOR** and security will be in place.

Many hours are volunteered by the Board behind the scenes and decisions are made with the best intentions and interests for **all** our members. We hope that everyone will understand the reasons and circumstances that went into the luncheon detail decisions. We hope that everyone will enjoy the fellowship at the Mass at St. Francis Xavier Church and

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

NEWSLETTER STAFF

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Bernadette Fleming Hemmer, '68
Maureen Garrett McElhinney, '68
SVHalum@gmail.com

Change of Address, Correspondence and Annual Dues of \$50.00

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28 Cowdrey Street
Warwick, New York 10990
845-544-2675
pcostellosvh@gmail.com

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suggest that mini reunions at local restaurants be considered if maximum capacity is reached at the Manhattan Penthouse.

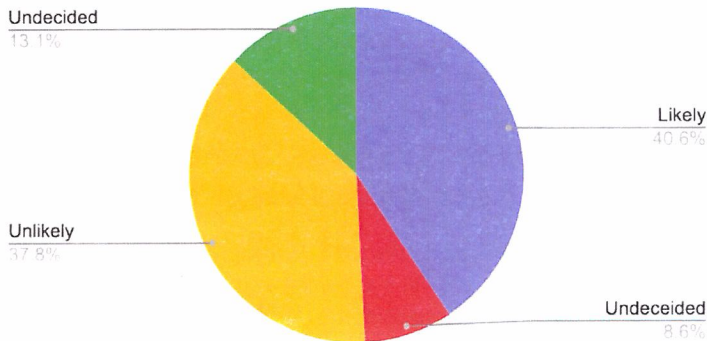
The 91st Annual Alumnae Luncheon information will be mailed in late August to active members, so please remember to mail your responses early.

Respectfully,
 Marilyn Lynaugh Strafer '80
 Membership Chairperson & Vice President

GENERAL MEETING SURVEY RESULTS

The other issue we were interested in surveying was in trialing a virtual general meeting. The planning committee has had some excellent speakers in the past with attendance turnout being disappointing. Even though our population did not grow up in the technological era, many members are interested in a Zoom platform to increase a connection to our Alumnae Association. This is a learning curve for many of us, but we can accommodate far more graduates at a fraction of the effort to commute to NYC for in-person meetings. This would be a bi-annual meeting in September and May of each year. The logistics of setting up a meeting would need to be worked out, but our official FaceBook page and SVH Alumnae Association website will be the primary places to announce the details of the meetings. A general USPS mailing will also provide the meeting information.

Count of Attend meetings via Zoom or Google Meet?



Likely: 171, 40.6%
Unlikely: 159, 37.8%
Undecided: 91, 21.7%

Thankyou to all who participated in our inaugural survey and know that your opinion is always valued.

CLASS NOTES

Class of 1968:

In early June a few of the class of 1968 met in Pawley's Island SC for a Post Pandemic reunion. Pictured here are Susan Faggiani, Bernadette Fleming Hemmer, Jo Fletcher Gilsdorf, Regina Gallagher McGowan and Maureen Garrett McElhinney . A good time was had by all with lots of reminiscing .



Class of 1971:

Everyone from the class of 1971 — This is your 50th reunion year. Please contact Bernadette Pisano Ellinsen at bpe2249@gmail.com or Mary M. Muehleck at pedalmmm7@aol.com for more information.

Class of 1979:

A class ring has been found with the inscription MAP. Please contact the alumni association if you want more information.

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Class of 1985:

Submitted by Mary Pat McDonald Wallace after reading Adriana Trigiani's letter in or last edition.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

It was a February evening in 1987 when a patient from the cardiac care step-down unit was transferred to Coleman 16 West. 16 West was the VIP unit at St. Vincent's Hospital in Greenwich Village.

Although, being the mid 1980s, it had become the defacto AIDS unit because of the private rooms. But that's another story. We still had some very important people, like Mother Teresa and Eva Gabor (or maybe it was Zsa Zsa). And then that second tier of VIPs, like priests and doctors' wives. But this night we got Tommy J. He was a jazz musician and composer. True, I had never heard of him. But then again I didn't know jazz. He was a real VIP. The chief of surgery, among other top administrators, came to visit him every evening. He was given steak dinners and other fancy meals and every evening a glass of wine. His hospital stay lasted four months. There was no rush to discharge him. Even though all we were doing for him was changing his chest dressing and administering an antibiotic. I got to know him very well and I loved taking care of him. I was in my late twenties, he was a couple of years older. He called me 'Jersey'. I was from Jersey City, and he was originally from Englewood, New Jersey. He would listen with his ear phones to his tapes on his cassette player and always be tapping out a beat. He was so cool.

Tommy was eventually discharged in early May and soon after I transferred over to community medicine. I worked with the homeless in different SROs and shelters along 8th Avenue. It was July and I needed to cover for a nurse at a church auditorium over on Lexington in the 20s. St. Vincent's had a small room at the back of the place to see clients. Our team consisted

of a doctor, a social worker and a nurse. As I was oriented to the health office, I noticed hefty bags on top of the cabinets with names written on them. One bag had the name Tommy J. on it. I asked the team members about the bags. They said when a client might be going away somewhere the health team bags his or her belongings and watches over them. "Oh", I said. And then I mused, "I took care of a Tommy J. on 16 West." "Yeah, that's our Tommy J.," they responded. And I said, very indignantly, "No, the Tommy J. I took care of was a jazz musician and a VIP." At this, they started laughing at me. They then proceeded to tell me about Tommy. He lived most of the time on the street, had a history of IV drug abuse, developed endocarditis and was routed from community medicine to in-house for surgery. Two days after surgery he spiked a temp and became deathly ill. A chest xray showed a foreign mass--it was a gauze pad. He was brought back into surgery, reopened, the gauze pad was removed and thereafter treated royally. The question was did he know of the medical error which could have provided him with a nice settlement or was he okay remaining in the penthouse of St. Vincent's, eating steak and drinking wine and having girls like me take care of him.

Believe it or not, as I left the shelter that day, I walked right into Tommy. He yelled "Jersey, what are you doing here?" I told him how I was filling in for the nurse who was usually there, and he awkwardly said he was picking up mail for a friend of his.

As time went on I would see Tommy at the clinic in the O'Toole building. Sometimes he was there for a check up, most times it was just a place to hang

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out, use the bathroom, or come in from the heat or cold, depending on the weather. And most times he was high. If I were not with a patient, I would sit with him in the waiting area. That's when I got to know Tommy J.

Yes, he was from Englewood. He grew up in a middle class Black family, got decent grades and was an athlete. His parents assumed he was going to go to college. But he got in with the wrong crowd and started doing drugs. Minor arrests of drug possession and distribution grew into a Rikers stay due to armed robbery of a liquor store. The part about him being a jazz musician never came up. But one time I did ask him if he knew the circumstances of his surgery and why he was treated like a king on 16 West. He did know. But he said 'people make mistakes--I know that from personal experience. And those doctors were good guys. Heck, if I was given some kind of settlement, I would have burned through it in a matter of weeks and then probably be dead at the end of it. Money's no good.'

Our unlikely friendship grew. I shared my background of growing up with five sisters in an Irish Catholic household. He loved listening to my stories. And he was one of the first people I told (after my husband and my parents) that I was going to have a baby. After that revelation, our relationship intensified. He became my protector out on the street, sometimes walking me up to the Westside Cluster on 30th Street (a women's shelter), waiting for me outside and then on to the Traveler's Hotel on 40th. As I became visibly pregnant, he would walk on the street side and take my arm when crossing the street. I think his protective instinct might have had something to do with my size--4' 11" and 95 pounds (add about 15 to 20 during that third trimester). He was north of 6' 2". And maybe he was concerned about my naivete. He appeared genuinely irritated with me at times. I would see someone I knew from one of the shelters and approach that person to see how he was doing. He would palm my head

and redirect me. "Not now, Jersey. He's in the middle of a transaction." He was the big brother I never had.

One day I was assigned to the Jane Street Hotel--at the time it was a men's shelter. As I made 'home' visits to our clients from the clinic, Tommy waited for me downstairs. It was a Wednesday morning, and many of the residents had just received and cashed in their SSI checks and were enjoying the fruits of this small sum by drinking Thunderbird out front. Tommy was known among the crowd and was invited to join them. As I was making my way to the different rooms, I heard a man yelling 'nurse' in a panicked voice from the top floor. I ran the two flights up where I found one of our clients thrashing about on the floor. I knew him and knew he had a seizure disorder. I got down on the floor and put his head in between my legs to protect him from trauma and instructed the man who was yelling for a nurse to find a phone and call 911. When the police arrived, the party outside the lobby stopped. Tommy asked what was going on. He was told 'something about a nurse having a seizure' (the telephone caller was not a good historian). Tommy raced up the stairs, practically knocking over one of the cops. When he arrived at the top, the man had stopped seizing and was lying peacefully between my legs.

Tommy looked scared to death and then calming down, said "Ahh, Jersey. What the hell are you doing? You can catch something from him."

It was November, just a couple of weeks before my due date. I was at the clinic in the back with a patient. Tommy walked back to me (he had free reign, especially when the receptionist knew

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it was me he was coming to see). He asked me for a five. I told him I only had a dollar and that I needed it for the Path train. He was outraged. He shouted, "What's the matter with you? In your condition. What if you needed a taxi?" And he stormed out. I went about my work, and a little while later he came back. He stuffed a bill in my lab coat pocket. It was a 20. He said, "Jersey, don't be stupid." I yelled to him that I didn't want it, but he just walked out. I never saw him again.

I had my baby girl a week later, went on maternity leave and returned to work three months later back to the floor as a per diem nurse on the evening shift. (It was easier for child care purposes.) I stayed in touch with my community medicine colleagues and would ask about Tommy. They didn't recall seeing him or if they did, he was just part of the scenery.

It's now about 30 years later, and I think of him every so often. Chances are he left this earth a while ago. I like to think he's playing some jazz on his harp.

ESWATINI (SWAZILAND) UPDATE

Dear Family and Friends,
 We said farewell to Swazi families and the HBC team in June 2020 and have not been able to return due to the pandemic. We were so hopeful when a vaccine was discovered but only 1% of Swazi people are vaccinated. In recent weeks a violent political uprising has occurred as the Swazi people plead for a more democratic government. We are not sure when we will be on the ground again but you can be sure that the Home Based Care/Palliative Care Team continues to care for the poor and sick. We speak with them several times a week and continue to make sure your gifts are directly impacting lives of the Swazi people. Poverty, malnutrition and disease have been exacerbated by COVID and violence.

Please pray that open hearts and minds will prevail and a peaceful solution can soon be found.



Thank you so much,
 Al and Kathleen Maldini Hartman '68

PS: To continue your support for the Home Based/Palliative Care Team please go HERE:

<https://cmmb.org/campaign/hartmanns-news/>

ST. VINCENT HOSPITAL FLOOR TILES

Floor Tiles as seen in the photo below are available for sale on a first come first serve basis. All those interested please contact Ms. Mindy Gordon, Director, Archives and Museum, Sisters of Charity of New York, 6302 Riverdale Avenue, Bronx, NY, 10471-1093, phone 718-549-9410 or SCArchives@scny.org



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ETERNAL REST GRANT UNTO THEM O LORD

Marie Dougherty Barnwell '40
Claire Duggan McMullin '43
Catherine Coughlan Neville '54
Florence George Marchi '56
Elaine Jantschewsky Modiest '57
Betty Ann Smith Kirchhofer '58
Lynn Tilton McCarthy '58
Kathleen O'Dwyer McAdam '59
Nancy Leavy Brannigan '61
Marie Wright Landers '61
Louise Messina Sen '61
Marylou Oldfield Napolitano '62
Elizabeth Hilterhaus Stroz '63, mother of Andrea Stroz '98
Eileen Dowling White '71
Josephine McDonagh '77

Edmund Attanasio, brother of Irene Attanasio Munno '55 ¹
Dr. Borden, husband of Jean Barthelheim Borden '66 ¹²
Edward Cummings & Joseph Cummings, brothers of Dorothy Cummings Santospirito '86 ¹⁵
Edmund Doxey, husband of Diane Halliday Doxey '61 ⁵
Patrick Wayne Driskill, son of Carol Hunter Driskill '66 ¹³
Peter Fontaine, husband of Eileen O'Leary Fontaine '69 ¹⁵
Winifred Grace, sister & Edward White, son of Margaret Grace White '55 ²
James Geraghty, brother of Alice Geraghty Graham '55 ³
Timothy Harrigan, son of Martha Majeski Harrigan '59 ⁴
Richard Hickey, brother of Dorothy Hickey '61 ⁶
Bernard H. Keary, husband of Jeanine Souque Keary '62 ⁸
Harry J. Mulry, husband of Judith Rankin Mulry '68 ¹⁴
Francis A. Slayne, husband of Kathleen Mann Slayne '61 ⁷
Michael Stroz, husband of Elizabeth Hilterhaus '63 & father of Andrea Stroz '98 ⁹
Luciano Sanchez, husband of Ann Woodward '92 ¹⁷
Deacon John F. Vassallo Jr., husband of Barbara Ravold Vassallo '64 ¹¹
Richard Weissenberger, husband of Patricia Scully Weissenberger '63 ¹⁰

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.

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