

Sr. Margaret Rumsey, OSF

Sister Margaret or to her family “Aunt Stell” was a very special person in our lives. I was with her the entire length of her Florida career, first in Miami and then in Tampa. The Tampa girls became my family as they did hers.

She was well known in your community for her kindness and her ability to find a bargain. I was in a small restaurant in Port Charlotte where I live and I overheard a lady say she was going to the Jubilee in Olean. Being related to Margaret, I got up and went over and asked her if she knew my aunt. Oh, she said, she was amazing! If you were looking for something, she will find it for you in about 3 days at a thrift store or yard sale. She did love a bargain!

She loved her life, but I remember one day my mom sitting us down and explaining that we were praying for Aunt Stell, to find her way to the decision she was struggling with at the time. She was not sure if she if she wanted to be a nun or a nurse or both. Somehow not being a nun, to me, didn't sit well and although I prayed for God's will, I was pretty certain of the decision because she truly loved being a Franciscan Sister!

She was great at thinking outside the box and finding solutions. When she had to give up her beloved dog Lexi, she began volunteering at the shelter and shared her love on many dogs... problem solved

Even with her memory challenge, she always knew who we were and retained much of the information about her great nephews John Jay Long, the 5th and Trevor Long.

She remained feisty to the end. She would tell me she was coming to my house in Florida for her vacation. Only once did I make the mistake of telling her we would check with Sister Mary Lou at which point she informed me it was her vacation and she would go where she pleased... alrighty then

Quite often on Monday afternoon, my phone would ring and it would be Sister Sandy on Facebook Messenger, so Aunt Stell and I could see each other while we talked. She was a huge part of my life and will be dearly missed.

While going through her room last evening, my sister discovered this poem that I'm going to share as the last memory. She entitled it “When I Leave”:

When I leave this Mortal Shore, and Mosey rounds the world no more, don't weep, don't grieve, don't stop. I may have found a better job. Don't go and buy a large bouquet, for which you'll find it hard to pay. Don't stand around me looking blue. I may be better off than you.

We feel this pretty much summed up what Aunt Stell/Margaret would want us to do right now. Not be sad but to remember her with gladness and know that she is with God and the rest of her family!