



## **Sister Rose Mary Barrood, SC**

Entered eternal life on April 20, 2020

I am convinced that God created some people who can never be duplicated. These individuals have an energy, a will, a zest for life that is both unique and challenging. Rose Mary Barrood was such a person. Born in the 1920's to an immigrant, hardworking Lebanese family she and her twelve brothers and sisters were raised with great expectations. Her parents were loving and hardworking. They taught their twelve children the importance of hard work, caring for each other, and the value of prayer and Church. They expected their children to pitch in with the family business and to assist at home. They were proud of their Lebanese heritage and Maronite Catholic Rite.

Rose had a great love of the Congregation. She and her life-long friend, Sr. John Louise, were true daughters of New Brunswick and admirers of Mother Benita who directed their entrance to the Sisters of Charity from St. Peter's, New Brunswick. In many conversations with Rose, she opined that "the congregation today needs women like Mother Benita." I think Rose emulated Mother Benita in one very obvious way - you never had to wonder what she was thinking.

Rose was a talented woman who learned to sew so she could save the family from buying clothes. She was so adept that she made her sister's wedding gown and her own high school prom dress. She was also an artist who painted portraits of her family and beautiful floral scenes. Her many art pieces decorated her family home.

Rose was not shy. She was quick to speak of her love for her parents, her brothers and sisters and the many different missions where she served. She spoke of her love of teaching primary grades and how she never had to raise her voice to correct a class or yell at an individual student.

Coming from a family rooted in another religious rite and steeped in her Lebanese heritage, she really found living in community a challenge. From 1972–2016, Rose lived at her family home; first caring for her aging parents and then as being caretaker for her widowed sister who was going blind. During this time she taught in a local catholic elementary school and then transitioned to being a pastoral care associate in Robert Wood Johnson hospital.

When care for her sister became too difficult and her own health needs were expanding, she made a major change of moving to the Motherhouse. Rose went from living in a small house with one person to living in a huge institutional setting with many people.

Rose was an unusual personality. She wanted so much to be of assistance to people and to be friends with everyone that sometimes she was misunderstood and, I think, suffered because of it.

I am grateful for the opportunity to have been Rose's councilor. She could be challenging, but she was never unkind. I have been blest to have this woman in my life. Rest in peace Sister Rose.

Sister Joan Repka, SC