

IN MEMORIAM



Sr. Mary Brendan Jordan

BORN: January 1924

ENTERED CONGREGATION: August 4, 1940

DIED: May 15, 2016

Early in the morning on Pentecost, our Sister Brendan slipped quietly into the waiting arms of her loving God. In her earthly life, Brendan was full of energy, with a quick wit, and a radiant smile. We will miss her.

Teresa Mary Jordan was born in January 1924 to Michael and Katherine (Mulloy) Jordan in Cleveland, Ohio. Her parents emigrated from County Mayo in Ireland, met and married in Cleveland. Brendan was very proud of her Irish heritage. If you knew Brendan you would know that she was Irish from the tip of her toes to the top of her head.

Brendan had a happy childhood. She was the sixth of nine children. She would write about her early years as “pleasant and comfy.” She knew her parents loved her and her siblings. They were the ones who instilled the faith that would support her throughout her life. She wrote, “We played our games, we did our chores, but the thrill for me was school; where classes, play, and a zillion processions made life special.”

Brendan was involved in all the activities of high school. She attended dances, went to sporting events, and laughed with her many friends. But it was also in high school that she began thinking about religious life. She and her family attended Our Lady of Good Counsel parish, where she would meet and get to know the Sisters of the Precious Blood. And so in 1940, at the young age of 16, she entered our Congregation.

After novitiate and her early days of formation, Sister Brendan began the

ministry that she loved. She would be an educator. For 73 years, including this past year, she ministered in a school in some capacity. She taught in grade schools, high schools, was a principal, an assistant principal, a media specialist, a supervisor of teachers, and an academic advisor. Brendan liked being in school, particularly high school, and she liked teaching teenagers. A former student teacher of hers wrote: “Professionally, Sister combines practical experience with educational theory to such a high level of perfection that she is indeed a master teacher in every sense of the word.”

Her years in education took her from Phoenix, to Wapakoneta, to Cincinnati, and for the last 40 years at Mullen High School in Denver. At Mullen, she founded the De la Salle program that helps disadvantaged youth to be successful in school. And the Sister Brendan Jordan Scholarship Program was started and named for her; it helps families who cannot afford the tuition at Mullen. Sister Brendan was certainly loved and respected by those she met each day.

Sister Brendan loved life. She was a woman of energy, strength and action. She loved her two families; her religious family and her blood family. She enjoyed spending time with both. In her younger days she enjoyed travel, particularly to Ireland, but she also liked bicycling, skiing, walking and hiking. In quieter moments she read, sewed, and worked crossword puzzles.

But most importantly, Sister Brendan

was a woman of faith. No life is not without difficulties and it was her faith that got Brendan through the dark days. Her prayer was constant, and she was intimate with her Lord. I think her favorite prayer, commonly attributed to St. Therese, tells us a lot about Brendan’s relationship with God and about herself. It reads:

*May today there be peace within.
May you trust God that you are
exactly where you are meant to be.
May you not forget the infinite
possibilities that are born of faith.*

*May you use those gifts that you
have received, and pass on the love
that has been given to you!
May you be content, knowing that
you are a child of God!*

*Let this presence settle into your bones,
And allow your soul the freedom to
sing,
dance,
and love.
It is there for each and every one of us!*
(St. Therese)

Brendan, you are finally home. You are back with your loving parents, brothers and sisters, and the Sisters of the Precious Blood who went before you. And I have no doubt that on that Pentecost morning when you met Jesus, he opened his arms to you and said “Welcome home my good and faithful daughter,” and he said it in an Irish brogue.

— Sister Linda Pleiman