



OBITUARY

of our Sister Theresetta Haider

***17. Juli 1930 +22.Oktober 2020**

Sr. Theresetta was born on 17 July 1930 in Peilstein, Upper Austria, and died in the morning of 22 October 2020 in Wernberg.

Sr. Theresetta - or as you preferred to be called by your baptismal name for many years - Kamilla, you were the eldest daughter of the master glazier Karl Haider and his wife Maria. Mathilde was born one year after you. You had a small farm. You were a good pupil first in the primary schools in Peilstein, then in the secondary school in Rohrbach. The Hauptschule was closed at the beginning of 1945, so you could not finish the 4th class.

The big shock for you and the whole family was on 29 April when your father was shot by the Nazis. At that time the war had already ended in Vienna. He had always been a loyal Catholic and had never spared with criticism of Hitler and the regime. Your mother was always the mediator in disputes. You never quite got over the violent death of your father, which is very understandable. You spoke of your father as a martyr. Your mother, with the help of your sister and you, continued to run the glazier's workshop and the farm. Your sister later took over the business.

In July, you came to the office of the mayor of Peilstein as an assistant secretary, and you worked there until you entered the Wernberg convent on 1 October 1951. Your pastor writes that you are kindhearted and a role model for the girls, only a bit timid.

In the convent you worked in the host bakery and washed large quantities of dishes. You with your little figure! We must have overstrained you then and ask you now to forgive us. There are many reasons for your mental illness, which broke out in 1966. You were in various hospitals and nursing homes until you found a place where you felt comfortable with the

Wilplinger family in the Gurk valley in 2004. You always liked knitting a lot, especially clothes for yourself. You made very fine straw stars and you also liked to give them away.

This year in February you became in need of care and came home to us. You were lovingly cared for and showed your gratitude for it again and again. You smiled so sweetly from out of your bed.

How will God address you? Maybe neither Theresetta nor Kamilla? I am sure that He will give you a new name; He might say: You, my brave one, you often wounded one, you finally arrived at your destination, you my dear little one! Come, start your new life where you are completely healthy, know no worries and no tears and meet your father again.

Thank you for your bravely endured life and forgive us if we did not always appreciate you properly.

Sr. Pallotti Findenig