

Jane Arthur Duffy

I was one of seven children — four boys and three girls — born to Arthur Duffy and Mary Jane Fiero June 11 in Jackson, Michigan. As the fourth child, I was often called the “meat



in the sandwich.” At baptism, I was given the name Barbara Jean.

As a child, I was very much a tomboy, and my lifelong love of baseball began

when I joined my brothers on the neighborhood diamond.



Our family was especially blessed by the presence of my Grandmother Duffy, who lived with us until her death. It was she who first inspired my love for prayer, a gift that has stayed with me throughout my life.

I attended St. John School in Jackson from first through 11th grade. On my way home from



school, I often stopped at church to spend time in prayer. My ninth grade teacher, Sister Virgilene Brand, noticed this practice and one day said to me, “Perhaps you will be invited one day to give yourself entirely to God.” Sisters Emily

Joseph Trudeau and Agnes Rita Skelly affirmed that invitation and further inspired my vocation to the IHM congregation.

After completing the 11th grade, I entered the postulate during

the centennial year. Because I still needed to finish my high school credits, I remained a postulant for more than a year. On Aug. 15, 1946, I was received into the novitiate and given the name Jane Arthur, in honor of my mother and father — a name I continue to cherish.

I began a long and fulfilling ministry in education, teaching primary and middle grades in schools throughout Michigan. One of my greatest joys — and a wonderful surprise — was being missioned to my home parish, St. John’s in Jackson. My final mission was at Holy Redeemer School in Detroit, where I spent 33 very happy years.

For 55 years, I had the privilege of preparing thousands of children for many important “firsts,” including First Communion and Confirmation. One especially meaningful moment was attending the ordination of one of my former students and lifelong friends, Father Jim Arsenault.

In 2003, I retired to the Motherhouse, where I have found great joy in serving my sisters in many ways — most especially by being a caring sister and friend. I often reflect on how truly blessed we are. We have everything we need, along with time for prayer and reflection. I thank God each day and pray for continued blessings upon our community and all who have supported me throughout my 80-year journey as an IHM. Praise, Love, Thanksgiving!

80 years