



## Hospital Sisters of St. Francis

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From: Brian C. Blasco

Director of Communications and Archivist - Assistant Coordinator of Community Life

Date: April 10, 2025

RE: Sister Ulrika Busch, OSF

Birth	April 15, 1851, in Rinkerode, Germany, and named Katharina
Parents	Wilhelm and Sophia Deavert (Hollmann) Busch
Entered HSOSF	October 10, 1872
Profession of First Vows	October 13, 1874
Missionary to the USA	October 1875 at age 24

### Assignments

Springfield, IL	St. John's Hospital	November 11, 1875	
Springfield, IL	St. John's Hospital	1879	Mother Superior
Muenster, Germany	Motherhouse	November 9, 1887	

### Entered Eternal Life

April 18, 1912, and buried in the Motherhouse Cemetery (Muenster, Germany)



Praised be Jesus Christ!

Springfield, 30 November 1875

Much loved, Reverend Mother!

Because of the three-week trip -- a very scary, wild one, I am now a long distance away from you, I long for information about you, Reverend Mother and my dear sisters. How is Reverend Father Director? How about our dear sick sisters? So much has happened here, lived through so much, that the last eight weeks have been such that we never (heard) dreamed or thought of.

I am in the midst of America, a large, English capitol of U.S.A. Illinois. We are here in the convent of the Ursuline sisters and study the English language, without it we can't get along. Reverend dear Mother, you have no idea how hard it is to live with people we don't know. We are the four: Sisters Cyrilla, Basilla, Crispina, and myself. Oh, the dear sisters here are so good to us, they care for us more than they care for themselves in each respect; it is true that Love is very resourceful, and never tires, the same is true of our neighbors, they give us what they can.

We are here less than a week and the young men's club gave us \$200. The young people -- especially the ladies -- care for covers for beds, kitchen utensils, machines, etc. People of high rank came to visit us and bring gifts of all kinds. A lady gave us \$10. People feel so sorry for us that we left our Motherland, more so they who were left behind and those who suffer there. The people feel more sisters and priests could come over so we may take care of them. In the beginning the English language was very hard to learn, but it seems like every day it is much better. If the teachers could or would talk slower, we could learn a lot faster, especially the Our Father, Hail Mary, Creed, the three divine virtues, and a few words from nursing.

The Reverend Mother here [Ursuline] asks the people for feathers for our beds and straw for mattresses. She is praying the Way of the Cross every morning that the Lord would protect us and bless us. In a few days we will move into our own house and eventually we'll be nursing for which we long with all our hearts. We only regret that there are so few of us because the harvest here is great.

We attended an English Mass two weeks ago and this Sunday a German Mass -- a small beginning. We feel like lost sheep, don't know where we belong. We don't want to tire to look after our brothers and sisters with prayers and sacrifices that the Lord may have mercy on them.

You probably heard about our voyage. We had terrific storms, we thought the devil was going to ruin us, that we never land in America, but the dear Lord wanted us here. We never even doubted the hand of God during the storm. We said our prayers then went to bed and let the devil [the storm] blow to his liking. We often thought he would get tired of it.

We were hungry for meat, potatoes, and herring. The absence of pumpernickel [bread] was for us a penance. We never seen it here nor heard of it. We had a lot of fried potatoes, or boiled meat, etc. A person gets used to most anything. The climate and the air are wonderful here, just like the people –we opened our doors and windows for fresh air, but in the evening we were freezing.

Reverend dear Mother, I experience doubt, which I can't understand: The Bishop gave us a new Director, and to be separated from our director. That is not good thinking and perhaps not possible. If this is so, it is a big sacrifice and, just like everything else, we need to do it with joy.

Dear Reverend Mother, to close I wish you and all my dear sisters a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year". We have hope that we and you receive the Christ Child and thus have a Merry Christmas. The sisters here possess too little and live so simply. They are here only a few years and started out very poor. They now live in a big convent and ask us to join them for Christmas. We live here in our house and still very uncomfortable. The Superior will ask Reverend Bishop for permission. Dear Reverend Mother, I close with the promise to pray for you with fervor and that I may live piously. I ask your prayers and also a letter.

Your obedient daughter, Sister Ulrika

Spring field 3 89/11 45.

*Die Legeantel der Dürrenstücken Mutter!*

U A. 405

Der ich sehr viel schreiben... 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839.

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[illegible]





## MOTHER ULRICA

Second Superioress from Sept. 12, '80-Nov. 9, '87

*"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."*

The Busch family of Rinkerode seconded the intentions of their daughter Catherine, born April 12<sup>th</sup> 1831 to retire from the world. Our young aspirant for Convent life had passed her twenty-first birthday when October 10, 1852 she sought admission to the Franciscan Community. In prayer and meditation she had fully weighed the greatness of the sacrifice she was about to make, namely, to renounce all without reservation or restriction, to flee a sinful world which outrages modesty, despises religion, vilifies the church and mocks even God himself. It's the most perfect of all sacrifices which the Savior demanded of his disciples: "If thou wilt be perfect, abandon all and follow Me." Such a heroic relinquishment calls for a conflict between nature and grace, hence many vocations have been destroyed by the cries of flesh and blood. Not so in the case of our young Postulant. Once admitted she was determined to persevere to the end. And what a brilliant Sister she was to become! Having completed the Novitiate, she was formally invested with the garb of a Franciscan Sister, Oct. 13, 1854, receiving the name Ulrica. Divine Providence had singled her out to do and accomplish great things for the Order. Her clear eyes looked out frankly upon the world, and her sane mind formed sound opinions and pronounced fair judgments tempered by the kindness of an unusually large and generous heart. In a measure, then, she was to attain all that she had hoped for, striven after and struggled for, a higher and nobler life for herself and Sisters, one that was satisfying, sustaining and comforting when sorely tried in the crucible of adversities. Sister Ulrica was detailed to be one of the twenty pioneer Sisters who in 1875 were to transplant a branch of the community in American soil. How well she worked and planned and successfully accomplished things as a Sister in the ranks, how keenly she computed, gauged and visioned future events as Superioress, the magnificent St. John's Hospital and the branch-houses erected during her tenure of office vividly and eloquently portray. They owe their present greatness, stability and efficiency in great measure to the alertness and initiative of Sister Ulrica who in the fall of 1880 succeeded to the office of Mother in lieu of Mother Angelica, then recalled to Germany. Her rather portly appearance slightly above middle height, her affable traits of character and those kindly eyes behind the spectacles inspired one with trust and confidence. To her Sister-Companions, even the youngest in the rank, Mother Ulrica was the embodiment of thoughtful motherliness, possessing the love and veneration of all the community members in marked degree. But as beside the lily and rose there often grows the passion flower, dear Mother Ulrica had learned in the school of obedience and self-renunciation how to submit to, patiently bear and faithfully carry out unwonted orders and rigorous exactions from on high, thereby undoubtedly increasing her store of merits for heaven.

*"Some shepherds can be filled with zeal  
Yet make sore wounds that will not heal"*

Her administration of the affairs of the American province will always remain a bright and luminous page in its history, and the mere mention of Mother Ulrica's name evokes sentiments of love and veneration in the ever grateful hearts of her surviving Sister-Companions. She was recalled to the Motherhouse of St. Mauritz, November 9, 1887, followed by the tears and prayers of her Community with whom she had shared good and evil days. Yes, it was a sad leave-taking, that last farewell to St. John's and her beloved Sisters. Never has parting from friend or home been so full of pathos. But her ardor and zeal never flagged notwithstanding the incongruity of her subsequent position. Work, telling work, had been characteristic of her religious life since the day of the profession of vows, and work she continued to perform to the very end. This was instanced at Rothenfelde where for some 25 years she presided during the summer months over a colony of scrofulous children, caring for the little unfortunate ones as only a mother could care for her own. At the Motherhouse her valuable services were in constant demand, especially in the sewing room where the productions of her fine art-needle-work elicited much admiration and unstinted praise.

In the early morning hour, April 18, 1913, all beloved Mother Ulrica went to her eternal reward. R. J. P.

