

## Frances Ann Misuraca Wicks, SFO

August 6, 1939 – February 18, 2010

Editor – TAU-USA (2003 – 2010)



Frances grew up in Harvey, Louisiana – across the river from New Orleans - a Sicilian community that celebrated their culture with St. Rosalie Day parades, St. Joseph Day Altars and, of course, good cooking. She graduated from St. Joseph Catholic School in Gretna, Louisiana, and then from St. Joseph Academy in Bay St. Louis, Mississippi. Her husband Bill, then her boyfriend, took her to the senior prom. A year later, they were married at St. Joseph Church in Gretna.

This is Bill telling it now. The romance began on our first date. I didn't have a date for the big LSU football game. Vincent, Frances brother, who also lived in the Engineering dorm, asked if I would like to ask his sister – I found out later that Vincent had, for a while, been bringing college boys home for Frances to look over. We doubled-dated with Vincent and Betty, soon to be his wife. The magic began at first glance; E-harmony could not come close to this match. After the date, Frances told Vincent, "If he is all I think he is, he is the one." Vincent replied, "Oh no, he is going to break your heart."



We were married June 7, 1958 at St. Joseph church in Gretna, and celebrated our 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary on that date in 2008. Frances lived her vocation as a wife and as a mother as if that was what God intended – with dedication and caring. This all came so natural to her. Our marriage was blessed with five children: William III, Guy Charles, Zina, Paul and Mary.

At the Mass of Christian Burial, Fr. Chris Dietz, O.F.M. Conv. presiding, each of her children spoke about their mom and the special love that she gave to each. Then I spoke. I used the lyrics of a song that was special to us. Here is why. Very often we were both working at the computer, she doing the TAU, and I working on the history. I would get a notion, click on I-tunes and play a song called Winterwood, by Don McLean. We would look at each other and know that it was time for a break – sometimes just a hug; sometimes a walk in our favorite park, and sometimes our Starbucks date where she would get a Tea Latte and I would get a Frappuccino and we would park in the parking lot and just sip and talk.

Back to the church – The words of the song are about hope and life. A line, "The birds like leaves on winter wood, sing hopeful songs on dismal days. They've learned to live life as they should. They are at peace with nature's ways." One particular stanza that I shared goes like this. "You are as natural as the night, and all that springs from you is good. And the children born beneath your light are like the birds on winter wood." Frances was so natural, so real. Everything that sprang from her was good. And our children are, in fact, filled with hope and love.

Frances and I were professed on October 3, 1982. She was Franciscan from birth. Her profession into the SFO was an official acknowledgement of this by the Church. Frances was in leadership at both the local, provincial and regional level. But the job she cherished most was that of editor of the TAU-USA. That was her ministry. That was what she loved to do.

I scan through her photo album and see a young girl growing up, always smiling, always laughing, as she always did. I feel so lucky to have been married to Frances. Her prayers, and she prayed often, and her life have brought her to where she was headed all along – to be with her heavenly Father. I had the pleasure of her company for a while, and I am forever grateful for that.



Frances As a young girl



Frances with her young family



Frances with her grown-up family