



Sister Iris Ann Ledden, SSND

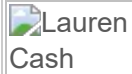
September 12, 1936 - July 18, 2020

Sister Iris Ann Ledden, SSND, beloved member of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, dear daughter of the late J. Henry and Margaret Mary Loretto (Walsh) Ledden. Survived by her sisters: Mrs. Bernadette White and Ms. Jeanne Ledden and a niece, nephews, cousins and many friends.

A Memorial Mass will be scheduled at a later date.

Contributions in memory of Sister Iris Ann Ledden may be made to the School Sisters of Notre Dame, 6401 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, MD 21212.

Tribute Wall

 Lauren
Cash

“ Although I only met her 2 years ago, as the retired nun who lived in apartment 2D (with the beagle whose name I never got right), Sister Iris became special to me, in a way that I had not expected.

Not long after I moved into my current apartment in August 2018 I met one of my neighbors, Sister Iris. She was an older woman with sweet smile and kind eyes, standing out front with her beagle. She introduced herself as Iris and welcomed me to the building. When she introduced her dog, I thought she said, Scruffy. A few months later I got a look at his tag and thought it said Scruppy. Assuming I'd misunderstood her initially, I called him Scruppy for about a year and a half. It wasn't until a few days ago that I learned his actual name was Scrappy 🐶👤♀

Sister Iris and I would talk or wave whenever we met outside or passed each other in the building. She knew most of the other residents and was a reliable source for the latest apartment scoop. She was often outside with Scruffy/Scruppy/Scrappy and I would stop to chat on my way in and out.

Over the past two years I learned from our chats that she was a retired nun, a member of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. She would ask about my work as a therapist and tell me about her time as a spiritual director, which she preferred to call 'spiritual journey companion'. When I learned about her move to Maryland from Kentucky in recent years, I told her about being born in KY. We then discovered that she spent most of her life in a city not far from where my brother now lives. She would travel back for a month or two each year, staying with friends. She was always looking forward to her next visit. When I took the time to listen and ask questions, she shared stories of her numerous trips abroad, providing aid and support in sometimes dangerous circumstances.

Back in March when the quarantine began, we agreed that since I couldn't visit my Grandmas because of the pandemic, she could be my stand-in. It started as a light offhand comment, but we both got

teary by the end of the chat.

My last chat with Sister Iris was on July 5th. Scrappy had just returned from an overnight adventure after slipping his collar during some fireworks on the 4th. She was so relieved to have him back and talked about a new harness she was going to buy for him. She told me that in a few days she was leaving for her annual KY visit. Her best friend was coming to pick her up and they would drive out together (with Scrappy). She was so happy that she could still go this year, even though the trip would be much shorter. She talked about how much her friend loved Scrappy and how much Scrappy seemed to like the long drive. As I walked away I told her that it was good to chat, as always, and that if I didn't see her before she left, I hoped she'd have a wonderful time with her friend and feel refreshed by her trip. I didn't see her after that.

Sister Iris (83) passed away on July 18, in Lexington, KY. She was staying with her best friend, who had already agreed to care for Scrappy when Iris was no longer able.

Although I only met her 2 years ago, as the retired nun who lived in apartment 2D (with the beagle whose name I never got right), Sister Iris was special to me, in a way that I didn't expect. I will miss our chats.

-Lauren (neighbor)

Lauren Cash - July 25, 2020 at 01:05 PM