Born and raised in Chicago, Dr. Holdsworth felt a deep attachment to her city, but even more to Oak Park, where she lived all her life. She enjoyed the sophistication of our Downtown stores and sometimes would come to class wearing the most beautiful handbags, necklaces and shoes to surround herself with a light aura of beauty, or a detail of color or shape. Even when you could not recognize the designer, just the cut and the style of what she was wearing would be enough to inspire admiration and a little envy. Her bright colors reminded us that Spring would be coming soon to calm our longings for a balmy weather. Although not a sports lover, she felt strongly drawn to the suffering of opera heroes and abandoned maidens whom she visited every season at the Lyric Opera of Chicago. As a good Chicagoan, she was not afraid of winter, just the opposite. The strength of her character was manifested in many other ways, above all, in her dedication to her students and her attachment to the rules and ways of the university. I do not know of any professor as generous with her time as she was. She must have offered hundreds of Independent Studies, sitting in her office while a young person went on and on discussing a book or a project. Thanks to her, many students in the Spanish section were able to graduate on time, even if this meant that she had to stay on campus longer than usual.

Dr. Holdsworth dedicated her life to the study of literature and languages. She knew Greek, Latin, French, German and Spanish, and could discuss the motivations and adventures of characters from hundreds of novels, but her favorite character of all was Don Quijote, to whom she dedicated a good number of articles. It was as if Don Quijote's quirkiness, his violent rages and his innocence incited her to reflect on the challenges we face as people, and to the unsolvable ambiguities of our lives. For that reason, being in the classroom for her was a type of ceremony; her students appreciated her dedication, but she also learned from them, from their concerns and hopes, as well as their fears and aspirations. As she gained in years, her curiosity for faraway places awakened, and she took many cruises to different parts of the world. I think she even visited Alaska twice.

Dr. Olympia González

For a number of years, she and I shared some events outside campus. One of my favorite excursions was going to lunch or dinner with her. Although she did not know how to cook, she knew how to pick a nice, flavorful dish in a good restaurant, and she ate it with relish. Once the food had disappeared from her plate, she never forgot to leave a very generous tips for the server. It was interesting to watch a waitress’s surprise when they saw the tip she would leave for them. She was also very generous with her colleagues and never forgot a birthday card, or one for Thanksgiving, Christmas or Easter. I still keep some of her cards. Just by looking at them I knew she had picked it specially for me. A person like Dr. Holdsworth is to be missed for many years to come. She was unique in many ways.
Carole was such a kind and generous soul. Anyone who was blessed with her encounter would quickly see that she was a force that lit up the room.

Teresa Mastropieri, Former MLL Admin & Current School of Law Director of Operations

In expressing my sadness for the loss of a dear Colleague, it is Carole's gentle voice and serene expression she had when we would say hi every single time we saw each other, that I want to remember. And, saying goodbye to you now, dear Carole, as so many times we talked about opera, I am sure you are already living in your supreme dream:

_In un sogno supremo_
_Si bea l'anima già_

Addio, Carole
from Dr. Anna Clara Ionta

My own contact with Carole was limited since I did not join the department as a full-time faculty member until the year of her retirement. However, I do remember two very distinct things about her. We served together for a year on the Grievance Committee, and there I very much appreciated her balanced and objective approach to the difficult cases we were dealing with. In an email exchange we had about one of those cases, she mentioned as an aside that she was reading the German philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer in the original. Wow, I thought, what erudition she must possess! I very much regretted that I never took the time to talk with her in greater detail about her wide-ranging scholarly interests. It is clear that they were quite remarkable.

Dr. Reinhard Andress

My friendship with Carole goes back to the early 1960’s when we were graduate students at Northwestern University! From mere acquaintances, fellow students, and then colleagues at Loyola, we became enduring friends. We shared confidences, plans, ideas, titles of books and talked about the trivial aspects of life that make for lasting human ties. Carole always had our best interests at heart. My husband, Humberto Robles, felt the same towards her. Over the years we frequented restaurants, participated in events, attended funerals, complained about quotidian things, and shared many delightful moments! Carole was bright and humble, kind and generous. We will miss her quiet way of saying she cared!

Dr. Mercedes M Robles, former Department Chair

I admired Carole Holdsworth for her many outstanding qualities. She was remarkable both as a person and as a professional. She was a distinguished scholar and a teacher who cared about her
students and was dedicated to Loyola. Both thoughtful and generous she also had great dignity and I counted her as one of my friends. Although we only saw each other once a year I will most definitely miss her and our fancy lunches as Chicago's top restaurants which she and I both loved. Carole was also a woman of faith and we can be assured that she has now gone to her eternal reward.

Former Department Chair, Dr. Ann Bugliani

Some of you might know that until the middle 90s, Carole Holdsworth, an erudite and exemplary professor of Spanish literature, had never been to a Spanish-speaking country. Not only that, until her middle 50s, she had never been in a plane. I invited her to join me and some of our graduate students for the yearly conference that I was involved in, the International Association of Women’s Studies in Hispanic Literature and Culture. It was going to be held at Barnard University in New York. I promised that I would sit next to her on the plane and make all of the travel arrangements. To my delight, she agreed. As we took off, she said, “It really isn’t noisy at all!” I don’t know if she was thinking of what her parents might have said about air travel in the 50s. On the plane she stressed to me, “Now, I know that you’re an officer in this organization and that you have many friends to see. So don’t feel as though you have to baby-sit me.” I laughed and said, “Carole, for Heaven’s sakes, did you think I would entice you to come to New York with me and then abandon you? Of course you’re coming to any and all activities with me, and that includes shopping.” Since another of the participants was a devotee of Prada, I thought they might like to go to Barney’s and update their collection. Carole had literally dozens of designer hand bags and scarfs. Having accomplished that—they both bought new Pradas—I suggested that we go to the Met to see the production of Don Giovanni. Carole said, “But it’s a Friday night in season.” I said, “Just watch me.” We went to the Opera House at 6:00 and waited; and sure enough, some of the subscribers turned in wonderful main floor tickets just before curtain. It was a sublime experience! My final folly was to get her to go—just to see it—to “Limelight”—a disco in mid-town that was in a converted cathedral. That was certainly a new experience for Carole. She lasted fifteen minutes and then we put her in a cab.

On the last day, she said, “Do you think you and your friends would like to go to the Russian Tea Room for brunch?” I said, “Is the Pope Catholic?” Carole hosted four of us, beginning with Dom Perignon, for one of the most lavish brunches we had ever enjoyed. That was Carole: she had a secret sybaritic side, especially as concerned pastry. Though she was a teetotaler, she didn’t hesitate in treating us to the best champagne—two bottles of it.

That trip started Carole on her whirlwind travels that didn’t stop until a few years before her death: Rhine cruises, Alaskan excursions, Italian sojourns, Scandinavian stopovers—and always first-class, with college professors as the docents and Mercedes limos waiting for her at the airport. She came to Rome twice when I was working as Dean of Faculty at our Rome Center, and treated me and my secretary, Teresa Mastropieri, whom she loved, to lunch and then dinner in the three-star restaurant on top of the Rome Cavalieri, La Pergola. With desserts galore.

Dr. Susana Cavallo, Chair, Modern Languages & Literatures
I have so many warm memories of Carole that it is hard to know where to begin. Our friendship goes back some years. When I arrived at Loyola from Mundelein in 1991, Carole was the first to welcome me. She left a handwritten note in my mailbox inviting me to lunch. Remember notes? Of course, Carole continued in the epistolary mode long after others had come to regard it, and the typewriter, as quaint means of communication. You can imagine the reluctance with which she later accepted the computer.

Well, I responded to Carole’s note, we met for lunch, and the first thing she said, no doubt intending to put me at ease, was: “Have any pets?” I was prepared for “What are you working on?” Or “What are you teaching?” Or “Tell me about your family?” But not, “Have any pets?”

I quickly decided against mentioning the irritable Captain Corky Cockatiel and his incessant screeching that was making life miserable at home, opting instead to reach back in time to my childhood pet Alphonse, an adorable, playful little black kitten with white paws. Clearly that was the right choice. Carole smiled, and with great affection shared with me Marmalade’s life story. The rest is history.

Our friendship deepened over a period of several cats and twenty-seven years. Whether we were shopping for Native American jewelry or designer handbags—Carole loved shopping—or leisurely celebrating birthday lunches at fabulous restaurants, Carole knew how to enjoy life. Reading was another great joy for Carole. She read voraciously. Her admiring students often referred to her as “a walking library”, for Carole could engage in extensive conversation on a wide range of topics, from Golden Age literature to opera to sports to detective novels and, of course, pets.

I miss Carole very much and I am immensely thankful for the gift of her friendship. I mourn her passing, even as I am honored to celebrate her life.

Dr. Deni Heyck

“We started our Master’s degree in Spanish Literature at Loyola University Chicago in August 2005. Our first class was Medieval Literature with Dr. Holdsworth. It was instantly apparent how knowledgeable she was. You could listen to her talk about the tiniest details from a text (no notes required!) for hours. Even though she was not able to look her students in the eye—she was too shy for that—, we always felt that she was a kind person who cared about us, not only as students but as individuals. She had a way of putting us at ease when she observed our teaching because she would smile and participate along with the other students. It was a unique way to show that she was engaged and cared about our success and that of our own students for those 50 minutes. We remember Dr. Holdsworth fondly for her intellect, kindness and overall cheerfulness. She will be greatly missed.
Carole was a kind person with whom I shared many experiences over a long period in 1970s and 1980s when we were both teaching at the Water Tower Campus. We always used to talk about our pets - my dogs and her cats - and every year at Christmas we faithfully exchanged Christmas cards. She never missed a year. It is very sad to me to think of a world without Carole and her professionalism and kind humanity.

Dr. Sergio Corsi

I clearly remember, rain or shine, you could always see an older lady coming in and out the classrooms in Crown Center, with her slow-moving steps and graceful and kind smiles. Later, I learned she was our beloved Spanish professor Carole. For over 50 years, she tirelessly taught her students, made enormous contributions to her field, and cordially worked with everyone at Loyola. I am deeply honored to have had Carole as a colleague.

May Carole rest in peace.

Hong Chen

Carole will be well remembered at Loyola for her dedication and service, and she leaves behind a legacy in our graduate program. She remains the longest serving graduate faculty member in the program's history, and countless students built their careers as teachers, academicians, translators, and more, thanks to Carole's dedicated service. Many of these same students still use her class materials and the notes from her lectures to teach their own classes. Carole's continued service over many years at Loyola speaks to the way in which she loved teaching and how she cared for her students.

Dr. D. Scott Hendrickson. S.J.

I had the fortune of being a student of Professor Holdsworth at Loyola. Prof. Holdsworth demonstrated in her teaching a confidence and scholarly comfort from medieval to 20th century literature. From her, I learned to appreciate that one should never box themselves into a lone expertise, but rather, seek out and learn, learn and learn. And now, as a current instructor myself at Loyola, I hope I can convey that same message to my students: to seek out and devour as much knowledge as possible, share it with everyone and never stop learning.

David Beltran, Former Student
Carole was gentle, kind, and thoughtful, always looking to offer help and support. I will remember and admire her dedication to her students and the quiet but important ways through which she showed me and others support and encouragement. Rest in peace, Carole.

Dr. Ana Rodríguez Navas

My admiration for Carole deepened as the years passed as I observed her continuing dedication as a teacher and mentor of both graduate and undergraduate students and her continuing personal cultivation of the life of the mind and spirit. She was a constant fount of knowledge and wise counsel on both administrative and academic matters. It was always a delight to converse with her on literary and cultural matters and her intellectual curiosity and critical sharpness were still impressively in evidence at the end of her career. She radiated a sense of quiet but forceful strength of character and remains an ideal aspirational exemplar for the college-teaching profession she so cherished and honored with her good-nature and exquisitely humble dedication.

Dr. Wiley Feinstein, former Chair of MLL

In the 10 years that I knew her, Carole was many things to me: a friend, a mentor, and the reader (on her insistence) for my tenure review. I first met her during my campus interview at Loyola University. At one point my schedule allowed for a half-hour break, and she and I spent it talking about our literary interests. Her erudition was immediately evident. Her primary areas of interest were Spanish literature of the Middle Ages, the Golden Age and the 20th-century. One axiom of literature professors is that they must be both specialists and generalists, but in my first years at Loyola it was obvious that she was a specialist in all areas of Spanish literature. Wisdom, however, was not what set Carole apart from her peers. In a crowded field of egos, Carole’s combination of knowledge and humility made her not only unique but exemplary.

As all who knew her can attest, Carole had an enormous heart. For me, two memories stand for many others. I received, without fail, an annual Christmas card from her—a gesture that was thoughtful though not unexpected given her deep religious faith. But one year in mid-June I received a card from her on Father’s Day. In it she spoke of my wife, Jen, and my newborn daughter, Elyse, and wrote the following: “Hi Alrick. I don’t know if Jen mentioned that I met up with her on Facebook and got to see Elyse and at least one of the dogs. What a little sweetheart! She looked like a pretty little Buddha receiving adoration from the faithful! Take care, Carole”. I’m still moved by her thoughtfulness on an occasion I had previously held to be reserved for one’s immediate family.
Lastly, I would like to offer two quotes that befit Carole as both a dedicated intellectual as well as an exemplary human being. As Carole herself would likely find unsurprising, both characterizations are aptly expressed in *D.Q*. The first is as follows: “There is no book so bad [...] that it does not have something good in it”--a quote that stands as a fitting metaphor for Carole’s view of both literature and humanity generally. And the second--“Those two fatal words, Mine and Thine”--is a beautiful reminder of Carole’s singular unpretentiousness and generosity, qualities all too rare in these times. *Siempre serás amada por quienes has amado.*

Dr. Alrick Knight

“The truth may be stretched thin, but it never breaks, and it always surfaces above lies, as oil floats on water.”
—*Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, Don Quixote*

Like Cervantes’ Quixote, Dr. Carole Holdsworth was a source of strength and light in an often dismal world. She has touched all our hearts in so many different ways and her loss weighs upon us heavily. To me, Dr. Holdsworth was a mentor, teacher and friend. I first met Dr. Holdsworth when I applied for a secretarial position in the Department of Modern Languages and Literatures at Loyola University Chicago. Dr. Holdsworth was Chair of the Department at that time and I was fortunate to be hired by her. Upon working in the Department, it quickly became evident to me that I was not only surrounded by some of the most renowned scholars in the world, but by dedicated, kind, and compassionate people; and Modern Languages and Literatures quickly became home to me. Dr. Holdsworth’s warmth, wisdom, and sense of humor made my work a pleasure. Having just graduated college and without a family of my own, Dr. Holdsworth and the Department mentored me during my graduate studies, comforted me in times of personal crisis and helped me grow as a person, which might sound like a cliché, but perhaps is the greatest gift one person can give to another. I will remember Dr. Holdsworth as being generous to a fault, always remembering birthdays and special occasions. She had a passion for teaching and research and genuine concern for her students and colleagues. Even when her health began to fail, Dr. Holdsworth remained committed to her students and to her work in the Department. A lover of animals, Dr. Holdsworth provided a good home to her cats, Marmalade and Venus. Thank you for all you have given us. Rest in peace, dear friend.

Tricia Clemente, Administrative Assistant, Regina Dominican High School

Muchas gracias por compartir por tantos años su sabiduría.

I have met several Loyola graduates (who are now in their 40s) who ask me about you and wonder if you are still teaching and would I reply, "Yes, Dra. Carole Holdsworth is still teaching!" I always enjoyed our conversations on *El Libro de Buen Amor* and other Iberian Medieval literary texts. I never knew your profound love for cats until Marcela Brusa let me know that she and you would share cat stories and books on cats! I can still recall the day you
gave me a copy of Adelaida García Morales’ 1994 novel *Las mujeres de Héctor* and making me laugh when I read the title.

Dios la bendiga y todos en MLL la extrañamos mucho.

Dr. Héctor García

Carole is one of the faculty members in the Modern Languages & Literatures Department at Loyola who was firmly entrenched in her position as a Spanish professor when I started working there as a young man in 1989.

Carole was warm and welcoming from the start. She was a model professor and model colleague in every sense. My primary responsibility to our faculty at the time was hands-on assistance with using technology in the classroom. Carole was one of the people who made this job a pleasure. Most of the time she asked us to deliver and start the VCR—a machine that played video tapes. We rolled them around on a cart, with a big TV monitor looming dangerously on top of the cart. Once we had delivered the cart Carole would often ask us if we could kindly wait a couple of minutes and push the “Play” button to start the film once the students were seated.

What I remember about Carole in this process was:

She always made her requests in advance.

She always wrote them out on the little forms I provided and placed them neatly into my mailbox, long after most others had abandoned this practice.

She always greeted whomever showed up to help her in the classroom with a big smile.

Carole always, always said thank you.

If we did our job correctly, Carole thanked us.

If we made a mistake, Carole said “Oh, don’t worry, it’s okay, we’ll show that film clip next class period.” There was never a hint of reprimand in her voice or in her style.

Of course as things evolved, at some point we stopped delivering VCR’s to classrooms. In Carole’s later years we spent a good amount of time helping her with her personal office computer, a machine she tolerated but never befriended. But regardless of the particular issue, her ability to make you feel needed, and adequate, and appreciated never abated.

Finally, I’d like to say that although Carole was many things to many people, to many of us, including my children, she was the Candy Lady. Over the years Carole brought probably
thousands of bags of chocolate to the workplace and shared them with colleagues. And my children will never forget Carole, even though I don’t believe they ever met her. Every Christmas we had a box of fine chocolates from her, a little gift that she gave us annually. At some point my children would ask, “Dad, are we going to get chocolates again from your professor friend?” They always looked forward to that. Suffice it that she bought chocolates we really couldn’t afford, and she had excellent taste. The variety of choice was Frango mints from Marshall Fields. And the only time I say Carole seem a little annoyed was when Frango mint production left Chicago and Marshall Field’s had to stop selling them. At that point Carole apologized for having to resort to a second-rate variety like Godiva. That really bugged her.

Thank you, Carole, for years of good-natured collegiality and for your kindness.

David Pankratz, Director of the Language Learning Resource Center